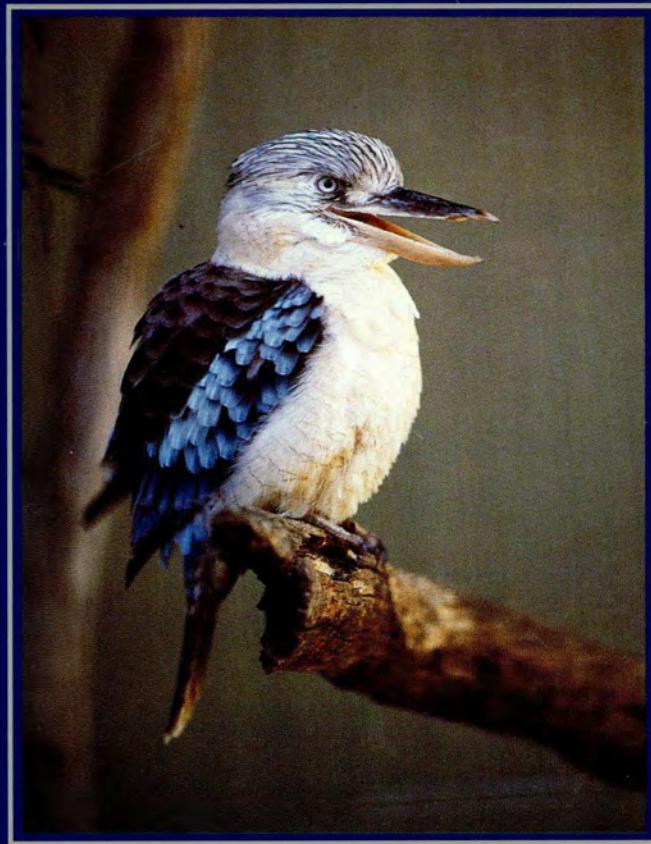


K O O K A B U R R A



75  
1915 - 1990  
DIAMOND JUBILEE

1 9 9 0



PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE  
A College of the Uniting Church in Australia

K    0    0    K    A    B    U    R    R    A  
1    9    9    0

1915

1990



Cover photo: D. Gillam

CORNER McNEIL AND VIEW STREETS, PEPPERMINT GROVE  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

# SCHOOL ORGANIZATION

## THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

The Moderator of the Uniting Church in W.A.  
 Mr J.Y. Langdon, M.Sc. (Agric.). Chairman  
 Mrs S. Andrew  
 Mr R.E. Argyle  
 Hon. M.J. Craig (nom. by Old Collegians' Association)  
 Mr J. Farrell, B.Sc., T.Cert., M.A.C.S.  
 Mrs H. Grzyb, A.I.M.M. (nom. by Old Collegians' Association)  
 Mr T. Humphry, B.Eng. (Hons).  
 Mrs J.A. McLarty (nom. by Parents' Association)  
 Mr M. Murray, B. Comm.  
 Mr P. Pearse, A.A.I.I., A.F.A.I.M. (nom. by Parents' Association)  
 Mr H. Plaistowe, F.A.S.A.  
 Rev. P. Sindle, B.A.

Mr C. Poynton, B.E., M.L.E. (Aust.), Dip. Chem. Eng. (Lond.), B. Comm.  
 Rev. W. Snook, B.Sc. (Hons), B.D.  
 Dr. R. Stratton, B.A., Dip. Ed. B.Ed., Ph.D.  
 Dr. N. Tuckwell, B.A., B.Ed. (Hons), M.Ed., Grad. Dip. Admin.,  
 M.Ed. Admin., Ph.D

## Life Members

Mr F.G. Barr, J.P., B.A., Dip.Ed. Mrs V. Hill  
 Mr C.H. Snowden, F.C.I.V. Mr J. Livingston  
 Miss M. Stewart Mrs F. Stimson

## Secretary to the College

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

## THE SCHOOL STAFF 1990

**Principal:** Mrs H.J. Day, B.A., Dip.Ed., L.Mus., L.T.C.L., A.A.S.A., M.A.C.E., F.I.E.A., A.A.I.M.  
**Director of Pastoral Care and Discipline,**  
**Senior Resident-in-charge Boarding House and Deputy Principal:** Mrs G. Bull, Dip.Home Sc., Teach.Cert., M.A.C.E.

**Director of Administration:** Mr P. Alp, B.App.Sc. (Physics), Grad.Dip.Comput., Dip.Teach., M.I.E.A.

**Director of Junior School:** Mrs P. Temby B.A., Dip.Ed.

**Director of Studies:** Mr A. Tibbitt, M.A. (Hons) (Oxon.), P.G.C.E.

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

**Counsellor:** Mrs J. Huleup, B.A., Dip.Ed., M.A.P.S.

**Development Officer:** Ms R. Lukin, T.A.L.F.

**Registrar:** Mrs D. Lee

**Head of Staff:** Miss J. Rankin, M.A., T.H.C., L.S.D.A.

### Heads of Departments:

**English** - Miss J. Rankin, M.A., T.H.C., L.S.D.A.

**Library** - Mrs J. Nicholls, B.App.Sc.Lib.Stud., Grad.Dip.Ed., Grad.Dip.Reading Studies.

**Mathematics** - Mrs S. Rankin, B.A., Teach. Cert.

**Music** - Mr B. McNess, B.Mus., Teach.Cert., A.Mus.A.

**Personal & Vocational Education** - Mrs N. Wood, B.A. Dip.Teach.

**Physical Education** - Mrs K. Knight - B.P.E., Dip.Ed. (Senior Resident - Boarding House)

**Practical & Creative Arts** - Mrs J. Hetherington, B.A. (Hons)

**Science** - Mr R. Rennie, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

**Humanities** - Mrs M. Best, Teach.Cert., Dip.R.S.A.

### House Advisers:

**Baird** - Miss P. Wright, B.A., Dip.Ed.

**Carmichael** - Mrs S. Jenkin, B.A., Dip.Ed. (also assists to Dir. Pastoral Care)

**Ferguson** - Mrs J. MacLean, Dip.Teach., Cert.Phys.Ed.(Edin.)

**McNeil** - Mrs J. McMahon, Teach.Cert., Grad.Dip. (Media)

**Stewart** - Mrs H. Heptinstall, B.Sc. (Hons), Cert.Ed., Dip.Lib.Stud.

**Summers** - Mrs E. Milne, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.

### Other Academic Staff

Mrs H. Atchison, Teach. Cert. - Junior School

Mrs L. Bynon, B.A. Dip.Ed. - English, French

Miss J. Buckenara, B. Ed., Dip. Teach, Science

Mrs C. Cable, B.A., Dip.Ed. - Drama

Miss A. Coughlan , B.A. (Ed.) - violin

Mrs D. Cuneo, B.A., Dip.Teach. - French, Japanese

Mrs M. Davies, B.Ed., Dip. Teach., Grad.Dip. (Reading) - Junior School

Mrs H. Downing, M.Sc., U.E.D. - Science

Mrs J. Duzevich, B.Sc., Dip.Ed. - Science

Mrs T. Ebert, Dip.Teach. - Junior School

Mrs J. Eddington, B.Ed., Dip.Phys.Ed. - Physical Education

Mrs J. Edmunds, B.A., Teach.Cert., Dip.Lib.St., Grad.Dip.Children's Literature - Junior School

Mr J. Eyres, B.Sc. - Science

Mr T. Fetherston, M.App.Sc., B.Ed. - Computing  
 Mrs M. Flecker, Dip.P.E., Teach.Cert. - Physical Education

Mrs S. Forbes, Teach. Cert., Lic.Speech&Drama - Drama

Mrs A. Forma, B.Phys.Ed., Dip.Ed. - Counselling  
 Mrs K. Frichot, B.A., Teach.Cert.-Ancient History

Mrs C. Gadsdon, B.A., Dip.Ed. - Social Studies, English

Mrs M. Gadsdon, A.Mus.A. - Music (piano)

Miss L. Georgeson, B.P.Ed., Dip.Ed. (Primary), Grad.Dip.Educ.Studies - Junior School

Mrs M. Greig, Dip.Teach., Grad.Dip. (Reading), M.A.C.E.-Junior School

Mrs M. Goodlet, B.Ed., Dip.Teach. - Junior School

Miss J. Hannon, B.Phys.Ed., Dip.Ed. - Physical Education, Resident - Boarding House

Miss C. Harrington, B.Ed., - Science

Mrs D. Hockings, B.A., Dip.Ed. - Economics, Mathematics

Ms D. Holmes, Dip.Teach. - Junior School

Mr W. James Vis. Music - Flute and saxophone

Mrs S. Jarvis, Cordon Bleu - Home Economics

Mr B. Jenkins, Grad. Dip. Comp. Ed., Dip. Teach. - Co-ordinator of Computing

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

Mrs K. Jones, Pipe Band - Pipe drumming

Mr C. Kan, B.A. (Ed.) - Clarinet

Mrs E. Kenworthy, B.A., Teach.Cert. - Junior School

Mrs C. Lanagan, B.A., Teach.Cert. - Mathematics

Mr S. Lancaster - Cello

Mr H. Lankester B.A., B.Ed. - Social Studies

Mr R. Leach, B.A., Dip.Ed.,M.Phil. - English

Mrs G. Marsh, Teach. Cert. - Junior School

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

Mrs J. McGuinness B.A., Teach. Cert - French

Mr R. McMahon , A.Mus.A. - Guitar

Mrs F. Millar, Dip.Teach. - Computing

Mrs A. Miller - bagpipes

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

Remediation - English

Mrs A. Moon, B.A., Dip.Ed. - Social Studies, English

Mrs C. Muir, A.T.C.L., A.Mus.A. - Music, Junior School

Mrs S. Nicholls, B.Mus.(Hons), A.Mus.A., L.Mus.A. - Oboe

Mrs L. O'Callaghan, A.T.C., A.T.A., B.A.(Fine Arts) Dip. Ed., H.C. - Art

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

Mr R. Pedretti, Dip.Teach. - Media

Mrs C. Pidgeon, M.Sc., Dip.Ed. - Science

Mr B. Reoch, B.Sc. - Maths

Mrs C. Robinson, Fashion Dip.Teach.Cert. - Home Economics

Mrs A. Saffen, B.Sc. (Hons) - Mathematics

Mr M. Saunders, B.A., Dip. Teach. - English

Mrs R. Saunders, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. - Mathematics

Mr S. Shaw, B.A. (Hons), Grad.Dip.Recreation - Percussion

Miss M. Simpson, Dip.Teach. - Accounting, Business Studies

Mrs A. Smith, B.A., Dip.Ed. - Early Childhood Studies, R.E.

Mrs H. Stead, B.Sc.(Hons), PGCE - Maths (P/T)

Mrs A. Tarulli, B.A., Dip.Ed. - English

Miss L. Tayler - Flute

Mr D. Thornton, M.Ed., Dip.Teach., A.A.T. - Art  
 Mr B. Underwood, LTCL, MIIMT, Music

Mr R. Vickers, B.A. Hons., Grad.Dip.Ed. - Social Studies

Miss E. Viner, B.Phys.Ed., Dip.Ed. - Physical and Health Ed.

Mrs J. Walters, B.A., Teach.Cert. - Junior School

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

Mrs K. Whipp, B.Ed. - Physical Education

Miss A. Whitfield, B.Ed., Dip.Teach. - Junior School

Mrs M. Williamson - Music

Mrs D. Woodend, Teach.Cert. - Kindergarten

### Other Staff

Mrs G. Bennett - Laboratory Assistant

Mrs M. Black, Teach. Cert.,- Boarding House

Miss C. Dalton - Clerk/Typist

Mr A. Earnshaw - Groundsman

Miss J. Emerson, Ass.Dip.Lib.Media - Library Technician

Miss A. Fillingham - Clerk

Mr K. Forbes - Maintenance

Mrs B. Frost, Dip. App. Sc. - Laboratory Technician

Mr R. Gittings - Gardener

Mrs A. Greenhalgh - Principal's Secretary

Miss S. Hall - Receptionist/typist

Mrs I. Hann - Kindergarten Aide

Mrs A. Harris - Boarding House

Mrs P. Hatch, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., T.H.C. - Boarding House

Miss J. Hedemann - Administrative Assistant

Mr S. Hill - Maintenance

Mr P. Horlin - Maintenance

Mrs J. Hunter, S.R.N. - Nursing Sister

Mr K. Hutchings - Groundsman

Mrs N. Jeffs - Boarding House

Mr D. Kamasz - Groundsman

Mr M. Kay - Groundsman

Mrs S. Kenton, Ass.Dip.Lib.Media - P/T Library Technician

Miss D. King - P/T Media Technician

Mrs O. Knock - Home Economics & Media Assistant

Mrs J. Laing - Clerk/typist

Miss C. Lamar - Library Clerk

Mrs J. Lewis - Boarding House

Mrs G. Martin, B.A., Grad.Dip.Lib.Studies - Assistant Librarian

Mr A. Mulford, F.S.C.A., M.B.I.M. - Accountant

Mrs M. Olden - Receptionist/Clerk

Miss M. Olsen - Secretary/Receptionist - Development Office

Mr R. Parkin - Maintenance Foreman

Mrs C. Parker - Kindergarten Aide

Mr C. Prater - Property Supervisor

Mrs J. Ritchie - P/T Art Technician

Ms K. Rogers - Accounts Clerk

Mrs C. Rushworth - Boarding House

Mrs S. Sadler, S.R.N. - Nursing Sister

Miss S. Skelhorn - Clerk/typist

Miss E. Stenhouse - Kindergarten Helper (P/T)

Mr D. Wilson-Adams - Maintenance



# EDITORIAL



The Year Eleven debating team also excelled, winning the Year Eleven division of the Independent Schools' Debating Competition.

1990 also saw the launch of the Diamond Jubilee Appeal. Through the setting of fundraising goals the Foundation aims to achieve the School's financial independence for the benefit of its future students.

To celebrate our Diamond Jubilee this year's *Kookaburra* contains a special Art and Literature Supplement. The Supplement contains poetry and prose written by both Junior and Senior School students. This year, for the first time, colour reproductions of art and photography have been included. Our cover incorporates the theme of the Diamond Jubilee. The beautiful photograph was kindly provided by Dallas Gillam.

In closing I would like to express my appreciation to all the people who have made the production of this year's *Kookaburra* possible. Mrs McMahon and Mrs McArthur have provided consistent support and advice to the entire committee, Mr Leach and Miss Rankin have co-ordinated and assisted with the compiling of the Supplement, Mrs Lukin has acted as 'liaison officer' with the printing company and Mr Pedretti has provided his services as the official photographer. Without the kind assistance of these staff members the task of the editorial committee would have been very difficult indeed.

Thanks must also go to all the members of the Photographic and Literary Committees for all their work in producing and compiling the content of *Kookaburra*. Special thanks must go to the Year Eleven Media students who adopted the role of the Photographic Committee when the Year Twelves were on exam leave. Their assistance prevented many 'editorial headaches.'

Sara-Jane, Bettina and Kelly, in their roles as sub-editors, managed specific areas of *Kookaburra*'s production. Their continual dedication and effort throughout the year ensured the successful completion of the 1990 edition.

Finally, I would like to wish the best of luck and good fortune to all the Year Twelves venturing out into the "real world" and those who will remain behind to keep building the tradition and the future of P.L.C.

Jocelyn King

many months rehearsing before touring in Singapore and Canada. The season at the Playhouse allowed them to reveal their depth of talent to sell-out audiences of families, friends and admirers.

P.L.C students excelled in many different areas throughout the year, as can be seen from the many "success stories" contained in our Arts and Sports reports. Special mention must go to a number of girls who were selected to represent Western Australia in various sports. Alison Mills was selected in the State under seventeen volleyball team and Michelle Duckworth was a reserve for the under fifteens. Joanna Morton and Kerry Crawford were both selected in State hockey teams. Michelle Worland was a member of the State under sixteen netball team and Elizabeth Shave and Jane McGillivray represented the State in diving.

Special congratulations must also go to Michelle Telfer who continued her successful international gymnastics career at the 1990 Commonwealth Games. Michelle won both a team Silver and individual Bronze in Auckland, making us all feel very proud of her achievements.

## Kookaburra Committee

Back (L-R) T Davies, R Sermon, H Hayter, F Amey, N McCandless, R Stone  
Front A McCandless, E Penny, B Bowling, J King, S-J Elderfield, K Spinley, K Barrett  
Absent E Young, G Cotton, J Pilmer

1990 has proved to be a year of exciting activities, changes, achievements and of course the celebration of the School's birthday.

The Seventy-fifth Anniversary Gala Dinner Dance saw many ex-students, friends and students' parents gather in the Senior School quadrangle for the "birthday party" - providing the Year Twelves with another opportunity to refine their waitressing skills.

The Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the College has also provided the entire School community with an opportunity to reflect on the School's past and the changes it has undergone since its establishment in 1915. Being a student of the 1990's, attending a school so well adapted to modern society, it is often difficult to fully appreciate the influence of history and tradition. Perhaps, when we look back in another seventy five years, we will understand more fully the impact the School has had on both its students and the community.

The Midnite Youth Theatre Company production of *The Birds* proved a tremendous success. Students from both P.L.C and Christ Church Grammar School spent

# FROM THE PRINCIPAL



PLC is a very special place for me and for many others, where the sense of belonging is strong. It is this 'family feel' that is so important as it provides the care, stability and support that enables the girls of our School to develop so admirably.

This year has been our Diamond Jubilee Year when we have celebrated seventy five years of growth and the sense of belonging has been heightened by the many visits of Old Collegians, and the many functions attended by members of the School family. When intending parents and students come for their interview, I always stress that when the **student** enrolls, the **family** joins the School. It is important to me that education is seen as a co-operative process where we work together towards life-long education.

I encourage PLC students to face the future with optimism. I know that there are many difficulties to surmount at present, but I also know that in times of adversity people give of their best. I encourage all girls to take advantage of

the many opportunities available to do their best at all times, and to tackle tasks with confidence and enthusiasm.

You must become citizens of the world, with a broad outlook and a caring philosophy. You must become creative, independent thinkers, jealously guarding your right to have an opinion. If you are wise you will always keep a sense of humour and beware of taking yourselves too seriously. Be confident of your abilities. Remember our motto, "Labore et Honore", which means "with work and honour". It reminds us that everything we do should be done with respect, effort and integrity.

My very best wishes go with the girls who are leaving us this year. My grateful thanks go to Tanya Davies, my very special "Head Girl". I look forward to the returning of present Collegians as Old Collegians in the future.

## SPEECH NIGHT

The 1989 Speech Night was once again a memorable occasion and a fitting end to another successful year. Although the evening was thoroughly enjoyable, the absence of our late Principal, Miss Heather Barr, was felt by all. Mrs Day, Mr Langdon, Miss Montgomery and Brigitte Watson all spoke of Miss Barr's dedication to the school and the high respect in which she was held by students, Staff and the school community as a whole.

After the procession across the stage of the Year Twelve students, Staff, the Official Party and Council, Mr Langdon, Chairman of the School Council, gave a short speech concerning the future planning of P.L.C.

The 1989 Principal's Report covered all aspects of school life. Mrs Day spoke about the all round development of "the P.L.C. girl" and how extra-curricular activities play a major role in school life. She thanked both students and Staff for their work and achievements throughout the year and expressed her enthusiasm for continued involvement for all in P.L.C. life.

Miss Joan Montgomery directed her speech towards the Year Twelves. She spoke about their future as individuals and as school leavers, stressing the importance of personal and ethical values in a caring society. After her speech, which was greatly appreciated, she then presented the prizes.

Brigitte Watson, Head Prefect, gave the traditional farewell speech, emphasising the friendship and support which developed in Year Twelve as these girls struggled through their final year of school.

The musical performance in the later half of the evening was received warmly. Items were presented by all groups including an impressive dance item *The Greatest Love* accompanied by a trio of singers. A beautiful piano solo by Laksni Pamuntjak and *Memory* sung by the choir were other highlights of the entertainment.

The evening concluded with the departure of the Year Twelves through a guard of honour formed by the Staff. This finale was an appropriate ending to the Year Twelves' school days and to the 1989 academic year for the rest of P.L.C.

Hazel Day

Robyn Sermon



# HEAD PREFECT'S REPORT

It's strange, but now the year is drawing to a close and the Year Twelves are already starting to reminisce, people keep saying to me, "When you first started at P.L.C. I'll bet you didn't think you'd become Head Prefect". I'm absolutely sure that they're right but then as an overawed Year Six in the boarding house, I didn't really expect to reach Year Twelve! (Perhaps that in itself is a minor achievement.) When the School Officials for 1990 were first announced people waited - as they always do - to see how well I could cope, not only with being the first boarder to be Head Prefect for twenty-five years but with the strain of having to have neat hair for the whole year. The second goal has met with moderate success but the first has been a great success. I have had the benefit of having vocal opinions very close at hand and though at times this has been trying, I have been able to base my decisions on a wide variety of interests so have had more chance of making the right ones.

This year has been a particularly busy and eventful one for me and indeed the rest of the school. The start of our Diamond Jubilee year was celebrated by a lavish Gala Dance which was to be the beginning of many invitations to dinner for the officials of Year Twelve - unfortunately not to dine, but to act as waitresses! If we have gained nothing else from this year, most Year Twelves will be very accomplished at serving dinners. And with the launch of the School Foundation this year as well, my requests for volunteers to help serve ("This will be the last time, I promise") was beginning to wear a little thin. (Now that the dinners have finished, however, I know the girls are glad they were given the opportunity to participate so much in these special activities.)

The production of the video, to be shown at the Foundation dinners, caused great excitement for some girls, great embarrassment to others and a feeling of resigned acceptance on the part of the teachers whose classes were being interrupted. Fortunately, the final product made it all worthwhile.

Perhaps one of the most anticipated events in a girl's final school year is her Year Twelve Dance, and ours lacked none of the expectations. This important occasion was held at the Hyatt. Everyone looked beautiful and it was a lovely evening. The prefects also attended the

Year Eleven Dance and Year Ten social, which both proved illuminating experiences.

Part of the responsibilities of being Head Prefect involves chairing Student Council and Student Forum meetings. Forum this year came up with some wonderful ideas especially in the conservation area and I hope some of their suggestions will be implemented in the canteen early next year. A big thank you to members of the Forum during both semesters. You did a great job and I'm only sorry that lack of time prevented the second semester Forum from contributing more. The more formal atmosphere of Student Council required a little more organisation and again some important issues were raised. One that keeps coming up regularly is that of lack of recognition for the less senior officials of the school such as House Arts and Sports Captains. Students who work with these girls are very aware of the amount of time they put into their jobs without always receiving the recognition that they deserve.

With a reduction in the number of scheduled student assemblies a lot of the younger girls say they are losing contact with the prefects and that they don't know the Student Council and Forum representatives, despite continual efforts to make the representatives of each year group known to the rest of the student body. I hope that next year's officials will come up with a solution to this problem which seems to haunt every Head Prefect. I'd also like to take the opportunity to say thank you to the Student Council members of both Year Twelve and Year Eleven who provided some spirited debate and truly represented the ideals of the school.

Something that every Head Prefect's report contains is a reference to the wonderful school spirit at P.L.C. We have always been a school that prides itself on its achievements of excellence but school morale is built up when we support those people and teams whose achievements are not so high. Winning is not everything; it is the participation which is of benefit to the individual. P.L.C. is a school where every girl has every opportunity to participate and is encouraged to achieve her best. It is the wonderful example and guidance of Mrs Day and Mrs Bull that fosters this ideal of achievement to the best of one's ability.



**Head Prefect** Tanya Davies

My job has been made so much easier to have the advice and friendship of Mrs Day and the benefit of her experience to achieve my best.

To all the Year Twelves, thank you for being such a wonderful and supportive year for me. I could never have made it without your help. Thanks to Kieren for being so organised, to Alli for making me appreciate sport and to Robyn, for when faced with adversity we knew we could rely on each other.

I cannot begin to describe how much I have enjoyed this year. No one said it would be easy but I have found the few inevitable occasions when the pressure is very intense were far outnumbered by the many times when I have been bursting with pride for my school and for the girls who go there, and so proud to have been chosen to represent them. I wish next year's officials the very best of luck and although it will never be plain sailing, you will have so many opportunities and experiences to remember that the bad times will seem a small price to pay.

That famous Latin saying *Carpe Diem* sums up what I wish to say to P.L.C. students: *Seize the Day* and make the most of everything that P.L.C. has to offer to you.

Tanya Davies



## **Boarding House Prefects**

*Back (L-R) Bettina Bowling, Robyn Sermon, Jodie Stewart Front Emma Penny, Claire Wilkinson*



# SENIOR BOARDER'S REPORT

Five years later and here I am, nearing the end of my school days. It seems only yesterday I waved good-bye to my tearful parents, excitedly bounded up the stairs and hurled myself into P.L.C. boarding life. After the initial week of settling in and the discovery of new found independence, reality hit hard. I would have to learn those desirable skills of washing, ironing (one that I still have not, and will not master), cleaning my room and, most importantly, battling to get a place in front of the T.V.

But many things have changed since the early days when a hundred girls watched one television and even the traditional hunger pains in boarders' stomachs are subsiding! Starving boarders are no longer starving! (*Almost - Ed.*)

Since Year Eight we have laughed, cried, fought and shared nearly every emotion with each other, developing a special bond. At the beginning of 1990 we entered the final leg of our marathon run - Year Twelve.

1990 has been a very successful year for the boarding house. We welcomed both Mrs Knight and Miss Hannon onto the staff, causing many to tremble at the prospect of having two P.E. teachers in our midst. Compulsory early morning running was envisaged by several, but thankfully it was never suggested.

1990 also saw minor structural changes within the boarding house in order to accommodate the largest number of boarders ever - 186. The beloved "boy-friend line," (alias Year Twelve phone) was taken from its own secluded corner and literally placed on a stair landing in order to make way for a new dormitory. Many similar changes occurred but despite rather cramped conditions we've managed to survive them.

Thanks to the staff, weekend outings and activities have proved very popular. Outings to Rottnest, ice-skating, ten-pin bowling, horse riding and an unbelievable number of social invitations meant that weekends were never quiet. In second term P.L.C. hosted Year Eight, Year Nine and Year Ten socials, which proved educational experiences for all! Back in the boarding house constant activities took place. Chocolate making and cake decorating revealed some creative flair and activities involving present making were worthwhile.

The P.E. teachers did manage to exert some influence, with weekly aerobic sessions beginning in third term for the more "sporty" Year Elevens and Twelves. We also entered a boarders' hockey team into the Metropolitan Schoolgirls' Competition. This venture began shakily but in our inaugural year the team made it to the Grand Final, though unfortunately they were defeated. Fellow boarders were highly enthusiastic spectators. Who could forget the "official cheer squad" which supported the team so vocally at all the matches?

Nationwide, the caterers, also staged a Hawaiian night in second term. This was fun for everyone as they adorned themselves with hibiscus, sarongs and boarding house sheets.

Regular - or not so regular - forum meetings were conducted, which gave us the opportunity to make positive changes within the boarding house. From the rather informal meetings we managed to make many changes - from a new shower curtain to the most celebrated of all events, the re-introduction of tuck-shop. The tuck-shop was organized by a selected group of Year Elevens who opened it on weekends and on Open Day. Not surprisingly, it proved to be a gold mine and everyone, especially the famished Year Twelves, will be eternally grateful for its existence, especially during those dark hours of study.

The tuck-shop, combined with two wonderful Boarders' Markets, which raised up to three hundred dollars each, boosted boarding house funds tremendously. The debate will now rage on about what to buy with the profits and for which year group.

The most exciting boarding house event is happening as I write this report. We are all anxiously waiting the arrival of our newest member, who will be the one hundred and eighty-seventh boarder. Abe - a red German short-haired pointer - is on his way and I'm quite sure he will be the most walked and petted dog in the world. (I wish not only the girls luck in training Abe, but Abe luck in living with a hundred and eighty six tormented teenagers!!)

As my year as Senior Boarder concludes I reflect on the exciting and enjoyable year it has been. There have been many good times and lots of laughs but it has also had its trying moments. Being Senior



**Senior Boarder** Robyn Sermon

Boarder has given me an insight into the effort and time taken in running both the school and the boarding house smoothly.

The boarding house staff must be thanked for their patience and perseverance throughout the entire year and for their endless devotion in attempting to keep the peace. Thanks must go to Mrs Day but especially to Mrs Bull. Her sleepless nights and constant concern often go unnoticed but this year has given me the opportunity to 'witness' the care and responsibility she takes in trying to ensure the utmost happiness for all boarders. I must also personally thank her for her support and the confidence she showed in me.

Thanks also to the Year Twelves and my wonderful prefects - Jodie, Claire, Bettina and Emma - for their support during my many nervous breakdowns. A special thank you to Tanya for her "calming" words, honesty and friendship when it was needed most.

Best wishes to next year's Head Boarder, Jayne Nottle.

Last of all, I return to the poor Year Twelves as exams loom ahead and they gaze through the bars at the awaiting world. I know many of them will certainly be as anxious to leave boarding house life as they were to begin it, but will treasure the memories and friendships forever.

# SERVICE REPORT



**Service Coordinator** Kathryn Weekes

1990 began with an enormous amount of enthusiasm, mainly contributed by the eight house representatives. Another great source of enthusiasm was Mrs Zayan, whose advice and knowledge have been greatly appreciated. A special thanks must also go to Mrs Smith and Miss Wright, whose organisation of the various street appeals throughout the year has been tremendous.

The first and most important lesson I learned about the art of fund-raising this year was to sell what was in the greatest demand - food. Our first major fund-raising activity was the hot cross bun drive and, as could be expected, this was a great success.

In second term we started off with a hot dog day, which was very well organised by Stewart House and this was soon followed by a Casual Day. Both of these events were very successful. Next we had a street appeal which was well organised by Miss Wright and was very rewarding for all those who participated.

The most exciting and successful event of the whole year was the mini-fete, which was held in the undercroft on the first Open Day of the year. The fete included a number of stalls, such as SAVE (thanks Mr Pedretti!), Amnesty International

(thanks Mr Vicars!), Good Samaritans and a stall for each house selling produce, cakes, plants etcetera. It was widely thought that the mini-fete added a special touch to the overall success of the day and it certainly added something to the Service Fund's bank account!

After selling such a vast amount of food, the Service Committee discovered a new and interesting product which seemed financially promising - unique P.L.C. notebooks. Sales were a bit disappointing but our spirits were soon lifted once again as a result of the successful muffin drive we held soon after.

Throughout the year the enthusiasm of all the Service Representatives has been fantastic and I would like to give them special thanks for all their help and ideas. Thank you to:

Baird	Natalie Erskine
Carmichael	Katie Robertson
Ferguson	Samantha Bardill
McNeil	Katrina Joyce and Jocelyn McLarty

Stewart

Kate Prickett

Summers

Elizabeth Clarkson

My thanks also go to Mrs Day and Mrs Bull and the members of the Student Council for their support and good advice.

Over all, my year as Service Co-ordinator has been very interesting and rewarding and I hope that the tradition P.L.C. has set in its aim of helping the underprivileged and less fortunate will continue. And finally, I would like to wish next year's Service Co-ordinator, Sally Voce, the best of luck and I hope that she enjoys the position as much as I have done this year.

*Katie Weekes*



**Service Committee**

*Back (L-R)* R Schonell, J McLarty, S Bardill, K Robertson, K Joyce *Front* E Clarkson, K Prickett, K Weekes, N Erskine.



# STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

Headed by our highly competent chairperson and Head Prefect, Tanya Davies, the 1990 Student Council has discussed an array of controversial and interesting issues, as well as the more mundane matters which seem to appear annually on the agenda. The celebrations of the School's seventy-fifth anniversary have made many of our duties unique, with the end result being a Student Council (and several other enthusiastic Year Twelves) all expert in waitressing!

Shortly into first term discussions about the Year Twelve dinner-dance began and, as always, the selection of the most suitable entertainment became a heated issue. The idea of hiring a D.J. was suggested, but a vote within the year group showed the traditional live band to be the most popular option. Factors such as quality and cost were then discussed, resulting in the choice of *Faces*.

The Student Council's objective of acting as a liaison between students and staff has been quite successfully fulfilled this year, despite the lack of regular student assemblies. Meetings have been particularly enhanced by the innovative suggestions put forward by the members of the Student Forum, especially with reference to P.L.C.'s role in the protection of our environment. These ideas, such as the need for significant reduction in paper consumption within the school, have been canvassed extensively and we hope that these ideas will be discussed in even more detail and possibly implemented by the Student Council of 1991.

Topics such as the most strategic placement of rubbish bins and other general



## Student Council

*Back (L-R)* S Jones, B Robertson, K Hantke, K Langdon, K Weekes, A Thunder, M Morris, R Paterson *Front* B Moore, R Sermon, T Davies, K Gara, E Clement, S Bardill.

matters have once again found their way into the boardroom, as they have in every other year in the history of the Student Council.

Last year's Student Council is to be thanked for a successful effort to introduce additional decoration to the blazer pockets of Prefects and Student Council members. These have been well received and have increased students' awareness of Officials. Our own successes have included the introduction of aerobics for Year Twelves during lunchtime and

obtaining permission for members of the Interschool Swimming and Athletics teams to have breakfast in the boarding house after morning training sessions.

As seems to have been the case with all previous Student Councils, we have all too soon discovered that the limitations of time have prevented us from achieving all that we would have liked. However, we are confident that next year's Student Council will uphold the School's high standards under the guidance of Mrs Day and Mrs Bull, and we wish them luck.

Rebecca Paterson



## YEAR 11 STUDENT COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

*Back L-R* P Horwood, S Voce, S Foreman, T Adonis, E Easton  
*Front* L Pearce, F Reid, S Mackie



## FORUM

*Back L-R* C Hogg, P Horwood, E Kopke, K Sounness, S Weaver  
*Centre* D Hovell, Y Pearce, S Price, A Smith *Front* S Mackie, L Couani, M Stirling, C Murray, N Howard

## SCHOOL SERVICE

On the 19th of August, 1915, the decision to establish a Presbyterian school for girls was made. This year, exactly seventy five years from that date, the Annual School Service was held in Saint Andrew's Uniting Church.

As is traditional, the service began with the School Hymn, *Land of our Birth*, while the official party entered. Following this, the Chorale sang the introit, *Hear Us, O Saviour*, and then Mrs Zayan led the Congregation in the opening prayer.

This year the Service was different from those of previous years as the sermon was replaced by a special presentation consisting of three parts representing important stages in the "birth" of our College.

Students read excerpts from Genesis, then Reverend Sindle gave a brief account of the events preceding the founding of the School, followed by a summary of important developments in P.L.C history. Another innovation in this year's Commemorative Service was a dance performance by three Year Elevens (Tamieka Menzies-Mason, Lizzie Burt and Sue Foreman) accompanied by Kathryn Brodie playing the flute and the singing of the Chorale.

The Choir then sang the traditional hymn, *Jerusalem*, during the collection of the Offering. (All money was donated to the Mission and Service fund of the Uniting Church.)

Lastly, Mrs Day led the congregation in a prayer prior to the departure of the Official Party to the singing of the hymn, *God Be In My Head*, by the Choir.

This year's Service was one of many highlights of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. It was enjoyed by everyone who attended - students, staff, friends and families of the School community and will be remembered by all as a special occasion.

*Sara-Jane Elderfield*



## DIAMOND JUBILEE GARDEN LUNCHEON

On the 21st March, the Diamond Jubilee Garden Luncheon, organised by the Mothers' Auxiliary, was held in Goldsmith Road at the home of Mrs Lesley Davies. Mrs Gillian Smith and Mrs Hazel Day welcomed the one hundred mothers, old girls and one father who attended the buffet-style meal. This included a lovely choice of fish, chicken, beef and numerous salads, served outside around the pool. The school flag was proudly flying and the tables were decorated with beautiful flowers and table ware which were all co-ordinated in PLC colours. The weather was lovely and the "city mothers" were happy to welcome some boarders' mothers, including Mrs Jenny Joyce who had hosted a country mothers' luncheon last year.

It was late in the afternoon before people started to leave, with everyone having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We were especially thankful that the rain that was forecast did not come till the next day!

*Tanya Davies*

## DIAMOND JUBILEE GALA DINNER DANCE

Saturday 24th February 1990

**6.30pm:** Swarms of nervous Year Twelve officials arrive disguised as waitresses. The plan is to ambush parents and staff by surrounding them with kamikaze troops trying to balance trays on one hand while removing cutlery with the other.

**6.45pm:** The leaders of the resistance (actually Nationwide caterers) hold a secret meeting with the "waitresses" to decide on a more definite line of attack. One group of girls will lead the first charge by infiltrating the adults' ranks with hors d'oeuvres while the other group of girls will lead a backup charge later in the evening.

**7.00pm:** The invaders begin to arrive, apparently unaware of the fate which awaits them.

Seriously though, from a waitress's viewpoint, I can only say that the evening was a total success. The quadrangle has never looked better, the guests looked beautiful, the food was delicious (was that why the waitresses looked so satisfied?) and heaps of fun was had by everyone!

Perhaps the biggest highlight of the evening was seeing the Old Collegians returning to the fold. Some were "new" old girls, like Samantha Argyle, who played the pipes for the last time in PLC uniform, some were "middling" old girls such as Sara Maciver and Alexandra Jones, who sang with their usual flair and brilliance, some were parents (I won't mention how old they are!) and the most special was definitely the oldest Old Collegian attending the dinner, Mrs Freda Stimson.

Yes, this was indeed a great way to begin PLC's seventy-fifth year. Let's hope the class of 1990 is still around in another seventy-five years, so that we too can say "I remember when ....".

*Bettina Bowling*



# JUNIOR SCHOOL

The Junior School has had an interesting and productive year throughout 1990. The girls have participated in many varied activities.

The Soroptimists' Concerts for the elderly residents of nursing homes was held in Term One. This was a delightful occasion in which the Year 6 students entertained the visitors and all other classes contributed towards the performance and the afternoon tea.

This year we have had a Years Four and Five choir and a Years Six and Seven choir, both of whom received high commendation for their singing at the Primary Schools' Choral Festival. The Year Six and Seven choir also sang at the Cottesloe Uniting Church Fete.

On Performing Arts Open Day, parents and visitors saw an interesting cross-section of activities undertaken by the girls. The Public Speaking competition winners were *Year One*: Melanie Oddy,

*Year Two*: Lucy Atkins, *Year Three*: Cassia Lovel, *Year Four*: Rebecca Brown, *Year Five*: Andrea Alvarez, *Year Six*: Lisa Howells, *Year Seven*: Anita Hansen. All girls spoke clearly and confidently. The Year Four and Year Five classes played recorder, the Years Four and Five and Years Six and Seven choir sang, and folk dancing was performed by all age groups. We had two most enjoyable musical plays, one by Year Two and the other by Year Seven GR. The girls' art works, which had recently been in the JSHAA's Art and Craft exhibition were also on display.

Year Six had a successful and instructive camp at Pickering Brook, as did Year Seven who went to Point Walter.

The Year Seven students had outstanding success in the Australian Schools' Science Competition, with twenty-six girls gaining a credit or distinction award. Astrid Dahl gained the highest marks for a Western Australian girl student.

In Term three the school farewelled Mrs Greig, our teacher of Seven GR, who retired due to ill-health. She had been at PLC for twenty-five years and her many talents will be missed by all. We wish her a happy retirement.

The year will conclude with the Kindergarten Nativity Play, followed by the Junior School Speech Night and Church Service.

Best wishes to all for a joyful Christmas season and holiday, and our thoughts are especially with our departing Year Seven girls as they move to the Senior School.

My thanks are extended to the fine, supportive staff of the Junior School, and to all students and parents who have enabled us to have a happy and successful year.

*Patricia Temby  
Director, Junior School*



**Baird House Representatives:** L-R E-J Bovell, A Price, T Maskell, B Money Abs S McGillvray, A McDonald



**McNeil House Representatives:** Back L-R S Barker, A Hansen, P Kelly, B Webster Front C O'Callaghan, C Harris



**Carmichael House Representatives:** Back L-R N Petrelis, A Poynton, B John, E Martin Front B Moffitt, J Leys



**Stewart House Representatives:** Back L-R S Lillis, K Fitzpatrick, P Lovel, M Robinson Front N Lewis, C Fuhrmann



**Ferguson House Representatives:** Back L-R N Ford, A Mackie, S Swain, P Kilburn Front J Mullineux M Sulcs



**Summers House Representatives:** Back L-R J Taseff, N de la Motte, T Caldwell, B Pearce Front E Reading, N Duckworth



#### JUNIOR SCHOOL ENSEMBLE

Back L-R R Iles, R Blackmore, H Tabert, J Kenyon, D Jayaraman  
Centre J Nelson, K Hovell, S Dixon, K Hartz Front R Brown  
A Matich





## KINDERGARTEN







# ARTS REPORT

The first year of a new decade has come to an end, with P.L.C. maintaining high levels of achievement in the Arts. Much of this can be attributed to the efforts of the House Arts Captains: Angela, Emma, Bec, Michaela, Erika, Nicky, Ali and Laura. To them and many others - congratulations and thank you for all your assistance and enthusiasm! All of us were guided through our tasks by Mrs Hetherington, who again provided all the answers for the most trying situations with her usual patience and good humour. On behalf of all the Arts Captains, my thanks go to her and all the other staff members who were involved with the Arts activities during the year.

Early in the first term several girls were involved with Christ Church Grammar in a production entitled *The Birds*. After numerous rehearsals the cast gave a very professional performance to an appreciative home audience before packing their bags and setting off for Singapore, then Canada, where they gained invaluable experience. Upon returning to Perth the company then played to full houses during a short season at the Playhouse.

First semester's Open Arts Day arrived on the 9th May and the inter-house choir, drama, public speaking and debating competitions took place. Most houses chose comedies to perform and it was noticed that actresses in the Carmichael play had great difficulty keeping straight faces between their lines! Great enthusiasm was shown by all and this resulted in a most enjoyable day. Congratulations to McNeil on winning both the choir and drama competitions.

The Year Twelve production this year was *Our Town* which involved the entire Theatre Arts group. This required countless hours of rehearsal and co-ordination of scenery and costumes. Again, all were ably supported by Mrs Hetherington.

Numerous other theatrical productions took place this year in which P.L.C. girls were involved. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was produced with Christ Church Grammar, *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *The Thwarting of Baron Bollingrew* were performed in conjunction with Scotch College, and P.L.C. combined with Trinity College for *West Side Story*.

Early in third term music students were once again whisked away to Fairbridge



Arts Captain Kieren Gara

Village for five days of intensive practice and performance. Although it was hard work the Music Camp was most enjoyable. Who can forget the mud, the disappearing wood and the gourmet delights? The highlight of the weekend was a stirring performance to a packed hall of P.L.C. parents and friends. Thank you to all music staff who assisted.

The Pipe, Concert and Stage Bands were called upon to perform in public many times throughout the year - including Anzac Day, when the Choir and Chorale were also involved. The combined choral concert with Guildford Grammar was magnificent and the Stage Band was well received in York at the Jazz Festival.

Mock Trials, Interschool Debating and Public Speaking competitions occurred all through the year and in all these P.L.C. acquitted itself well. Thank you to Mrs Frichot, Mr Saunders and Mrs Tarulli.

The second Arts Day was held on 3rd September and provided a myriad of sights and sounds. There were performances in all areas from singing, to dance, to monologues. In the Functional Arts

previously hidden abilities of many of our colleagues emerged. Cakes, paintings, crafts and the literature on display highlighted the fact that P.L.C. has a wealth of talent. The finals of the Inter-house Public Speaking also took place on this day.

Ferguson House enjoyed all the spoils of victory when they were declared winners of both the Performing and Functional Arts, as well as the Public Speaking! Stewart Year Twelves, however, dazzled us all (as they did last year) with their incredible dance routine!

To conclude, I would again like to express my appreciation to the Arts Captains and others who assisted during the year. I have enjoyed my position as Arts Captain immensely and as a result will regard 1990, my final year at P.L.C., as a highlight of my school days.

I also wish the incoming Arts Captain, Catherine Murray, all the best for 1991.

Kieren Gara



### STAGE BAND

*Back L-R* A McCandless, K Langdon, C Murray, H Wilcox *4th row* S Bardill, T Sim, D Ferry, N McCandless, E Clement *3rd row* Mr B Underwood, S Tubby, A Ladyman, C Low, G Micke, T West *2nd row* J Munro, B Moore, T Davies, K Gara, S Foreman, E Wilson *Front* K Hantke, R Paterson, R Sermon, M Egan, R Amey.

## STAGE BAND

At the Stage Band's first practice for 1990 on February 8th there were more than a few shaky notes, which made all of us realize how much practice we had not done and how much we needed to do! Fortunately for us we have had the expert training, teaching and encouragement of Mr Brian Underwood, (former Captain and Conductor of the Fifth Military District Band) who over the past year has helped us to improve dramatically.

Our first formal appearance was at the Year Eleven Dance in May. We greatly enjoyed playing for them, although they seemed to find our presence slightly unnerving. Despite this, a few couples braved the dance floor after one or two numbers so we played an encore to extend our performance, whether they liked it or not!

The next major event was the notorious Music Camp at Fairbridge Farm. After two days of rehearsing we gave a very informal concert especially for students and staff who were interested. This was most enjoyable for everyone concerned. We then went on to play for some primary school students from various towns in the district and again at Rowethorpe Village for its elderly residents. On both occasions we were received with a great deal of enthusiasm. We were then asked by the Old Collegians' Association to provide

some light entertainment for their annual dinner. To receive such an invitation really boosted our morale and, judging by the encouraging thanks we received from our audience, both personally and in applause, our performance was greatly appreciated.

The W.A. Jazz Festival was our next "gig" and of all our performances this year I believe this was the most exciting and enjoyable. Being able to play for an unknown audience, whom we know will be critical, and then being applauded by them is very rewarding. This year all twenty-six members of the Stage Band invaded the Sermon household for the weekend of the 29th and 30th September. (Many thanks to Mr and Mrs Sermon for providing accommodation and a delicious dinner on Saturday night.)

For our first performance on Saturday afternoon I think nerves overwhelmed us, but on Sunday (after a very enjoyable evening, consisting of dancing for most, meeting new friends for others, and receiving flowers for one lucky person) we played with much more confidence, enthusiasm and "togetherness". Our audience on Sunday also helped our performance as it included many families and representatives of the school, including Mrs Day and Mrs Bull.

We not only enjoyed playing and dancing but also listening to the professionals present their best to the audience.

Listening as well as playing is not only valuable but actually essential in any musician's career.

I believe the W.A. Jazz Festival was and is a great experience for all young and new musicians and if you are given the chance to be a part of it or even just listen to and observe the professionals who attend it, you should do so.

Our most grateful appreciation goes to the Sermons and also to Mr Devlin, our chauffeur, as without him we would literally never have arrived in York in the first place!

As our final performance for 1990 (and the last one ever for the Year Twelve members of the Stage Band) we will be performing in front of our largest audience at the Entertainment Centre on Speech Night. As this night is especially important we are rehearsing very hard so that we will be totally prepared to perform our very best.

Congratulations to everyone involved in the Stage Band this year and thank you to Mr Underwood for bringing us up to a really good standard and then motivating us to continue to even greater heights.

Good luck to all the members of the Stage Band next year, I hope 1991 brings just as much, if not more, success as this year has done.

Samantha Bardill



### CONCERT BAND

*Back L-R* B Underwood, R Stone, S Bardill, A McCandless, A Ladyman, C Murray, N McCandless, H Wilcox, E Clement, C Walsh, R Dean *4th row* C Forbes, B Edmunds, H Picton-Warlow, D Ferry, T West, D Hovell, S Kelly, S Mutch, T Cooper, K Brodie, K Crawley *3rd row* E Kopke, C Cooper, B Andrew, S Tubby, T Sim, K Gara, J Munro, K Williams, M Fletcher, M Gardiner *2nd row* J Munckton, R Sermon, R Paterson, B Moore, C Wilkinson, L Gara, G Micke, J Tremlett, C Low, S Foreman, K Sadler *Front* A Robson, J Egan, K Munckton, M Greer, C-L Davies, M Riggall, S Huggins, A Mutch, C Mildern, E Wilson, N Hyde, R Amey, J Bunning

## CONCERT BAND

At the end of last year it was clear that the Concert Band would have to undergo some very significant changes as we were not only to lose the 1989 Year Twelves, who made up one third of our number, but also Mr Brian Rust, who had given so much time to both Concert and Stage Bands in his years at P.L.C.

1990 has certainly been memorable for the Concert Band. We were fortunate to gain as our new conductor Mr Brian Underwood (formerly conductor of the renowned Fifth Military District Band) and, with his expert assistance and encouragement, the standard of the Band has immensely improved.

We demonstrated this improvement to the School at the Easter Service and then began preparing for the Anzac Day parade on April 25th. This involved numerous rehearsals during which we had to refresh our memories on the difference between our left foot and our right foot, in order to

master the complicated art of marching in time, in line and playing tunefully- all simultaneously.

Anzac Day was, as always, a beautiful hot, mid-summer day in autumn and everyone sweltered in stockings and blazers, but fortunately no one collapsed from sunstroke or heat exhaustion. The marchers, both young and elderly, were all delighted with our presence as they have been for many years.

We then descended on Fairbridge Farm once again, and proceeded to rehearse for the three concerts on camp and for the open concert held in the gym on the weekend after camp. All the concerts on camp were received very well, especially the Family Concert on Sunday.

The concert given at school on the following weekend for families and friends consisted of performances by the Concert Band, the Stage Band and the City of Perth Brass Band. We performed

separately, and then for the finale we combined for *Instant*, a piece that is enjoyable to listen to as well as to play.

For the Year Twelves the most memorable performance and possibly the highlight of their musical careers at P.L.C. is on Speech Night. It should be evident then how much the Band has improved over the past year.

I have enjoyed being the Concert Band Captain for 1990, and will conclude with a thank you to Mr Underwood, who has exercised an enormous amount of patience over the year. Also congratulations and thanks to all the members of the Concert Band of 1990 who made that improvement and success possible.

Best wishes to the Concert Band and especially Kathryn Brodie, Band Captain for 1991. I hope the Singapore tour is enjoyable and very successful.

Samantha Bardill



## CHORALE

Back L-R N Poynton, R Stone, H Wilcox, T Davies, M Fletcher, C Piper, C Murray 4th row L Stone, K Wallace, S Pratt, L Munro, D Hovell, A McLarty, R Dean, E Mazzucchelli, A Mercer 3rd row B Andrew, K Hantke, K Munro, E Frichot, T Farley, S Foreman, C Low, N Frichot 2nd row J Edwards, L Edelman, C House, M Morris, N Pericles, S Litwin, H Picton-Warlow, S Rees, A Mills, J Mills Front R Paterson, J John, K Sheehan, A Mutch, L Pearce, F Reid, M Scott, K Ludecke, B Bowling

## CHORALE

It has been another busy year for the Chorale but as usual a fulfilling one and all our performances have been very rewarding.

Our first performance was on May 20th for the Red Cross Church Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication. On this occasion we sang a number of our well-practised songs which were well received by the audience.

Our next performance was at P.L.C.'s Music Camp. At the Church Service on Sunday 6th August in the Fairbridge Chapel we sang *Hear Us, O Saviour* which sounded even better than usual because of the building's wonderful acoustics. (Although we had to "rug up" because the Chapel is freezing on a winter's night, we consider ourselves very lucky to have been allowed to rehearse there as the practice gave us an idea of how loudly we needed to sing and how far to project our voices.)

The Chorale sang at two concerts during the Music Camp and each time we performed the better we sounded. At the first concert the audience came from a

number of primary schools in the Southwest area and the little children probably entertained us as much as we did them. By way of contrast, the second concert was at a Retirement Village. Although the space was limited, we squashed together and sang our hearts out! (Our efforts were rewarded by the obvious appreciation of the listeners.)

The annual School Service was held at Saint Andrew's on August 19th and once again the Chorale excelled. We sang again *Hear Us, O Saviour* which is a favourite in our repertoire of Church music.

The most exciting performance for the Chorale was our combined concert with Guildford Grammar School on September 2nd. For this special concert we sang Vivaldi's *Gloria* conducted by John Beaverstock. The performance was a credit to both schools and the experience was very rewarding. Before the performance of *Gloria* the Chorale sang a bracket of songs including one of our other favourites, *Jesus Child*.

All the extra rehearsals proved to have been worthwhile as the quality of the singing was outstanding. All girls must be congratulated on their efforts.

On September 16th the Chorale was invited to participate in the Church Service which joined the Cottesloe and Swanbourne parishes of the Uniting Church. It was clear that the congregation really appreciated our singing and we were pleased with the standard we were able to achieve on that occasion. Our last performance for the year will be at Speech Night and this will be well and truly the Year Twelve students' last performance with the P.L.C. Chorale.

On behalf of the Chorale I would like to thank Mrs Williamson for all her vocal guidance and support. Without her enthusiasm and continual encouragement the Chorale would not have reached the high standard of which its members may be proud. Thank you also to Mrs Page, Miss Coughlan and Mr McNess for accompanying us at our rehearsals and performances.

Lastly, I would like to congratulate every Chorale member for all the wonderful singing you have done over the year. I feel privileged to have been the Choral Captain for 1990. Keep up the hard work, and keep singing beautifully!

Katherine Munro



## CHOIR

*Back L-R N Poynton, C Piper, R Stone, H Wilcox, J Keen, K Brodie, L Price, M Fletcher, K Sounness, S Rees 6th row E Frichot, K Pile, A Bishop, S Greenup, T West, D Hovell, A McLarty, R Dean, R Byass, V Mee 5th row J Edwards, L Stone, K Toovey, S Pratt, L Munro, L Gara, A Jorgensen, J Warren, K Peter, H McKenzie 4th row R Winckel, J Hocking, B Andrew, K Hantke, K Munro, T Davies, N Sanbrook, C Low, S Litwin, J Bunning 3rd row A Stratford, S Stratford, K Tubby, C McCloy, C House, S Price, M Morris, A Mutch, T Farley, S Prickett, B Grave, S Litwin, S Foreman, A Ahmad 2nd row J Wheatley, L Edelman, K Pilkinson, S Tubby, S Huggins, J Bartley, S Lingard, M Scott, A Motherwell, M Roberts, C Anderson, N Pericles Front E Jackson, S Pickard, H Fitzpatrick, F Lee, K Sheehan, J Donald, R Walker, A Johnson, C Raines, M West, J John.*

## CHOIR

This year the Choir has nearly doubled in number and Studio One is bursting at the seams! It is wonderful to see such enthusiasm.

The Choir's first performance was at the School's Annual Easter Service and the singing was of a standard that promised a good year ahead.

At the Music Camp the Choir proved to be a well rehearsed and talented group. We sang popular songs from the hit musical *Phantom of The Opera* and audiences loved them. We also sang *Allelujah* which was fun to sing as well as to listen to. The P.L.C. Choir really was a huge success at Music Camp. Well done to everyone involved!

A specially exciting performance for singers of the Choir and Chorale was on August 11th when we sang the National Anthem at one of the Wildcats' basketball games. The Anthem never sounded better and we were able to watch the game free of charge!

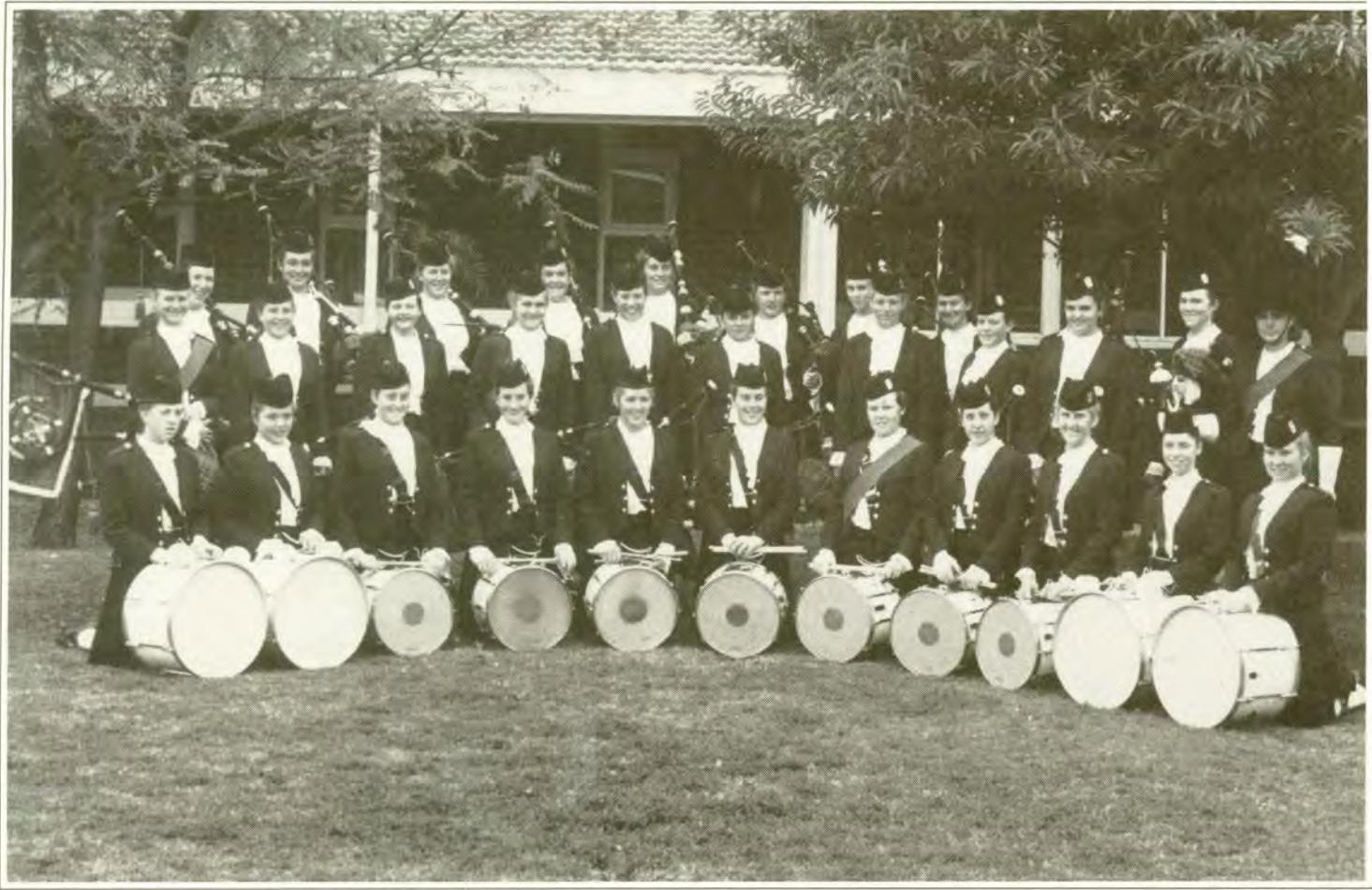
The Annual School Service was another chance for the Choir to demonstrate their talent and we did just that. We sang *Allelujah, God Be In My Head* and, during a dance performance, *By Name I have Called You*.

The Choir's final performance will be at Speech Night in December. Many thanks must go to Mr McNess for his encouragement and support throughout the year.

The Choir has established an extremely high standard of singing this year and Mr McNess gave us his time, patience and wisdom to make the Choir sound as good as it does now. Thank you! Thank you also to Mrs Page and Miss Coughlan for accompanying the Choir.

Congratulations to all Choir members on their singing this year. Your dedication and enthusiasm has been wonderful and the Choir has simply never been better. Keep it up!

*Katherine Munro*



## PIPE BAND

*Back L-R K Wittber, J Nottle, T Russell, E Matthews, N Kelly, S Addison, G Devlin, T Crombie, K Joyce, D O'Driscoll, B Bowling, J Stewart, K Wilkinson, J Anderson, A Turnseck, J Manton, A Walden, D Goldthorpe, J King. Front S Tribe, A Shepherdson, L Munro, E Finlayson, K Wallace, E Young, G Cotton, K Gara, S Lapsley, F Reid.*

## PIPE BAND

This year, as usual, our many performances will be fondly remembered. The year began with the Interschool Swimming Carnival - the first time the Pipe Band has played at this event. The exciting "night" atmosphere was very inspiring and a great way to start the year.

Our next major turnout was for the Anzac Day Parade. Although April 25th was during the school holidays many girls still made the effort to attend - which was most pleasing indeed. While the proposal of playing with the Marching Band may have been met by some initial scepticism, the result was outstanding. Our rendition of *Scotland the Brave* was appreciated by all (including Scotch!).

Third term saw the band in high demand, with performances being given at Swan Cottages, Murdoch University, the Foundation Dinners and the reunion of

Normandy Veterans at St Columbus Church.

Once again, the music camp was beneficial not only to individual members but to the general playing standard of the band as a whole. All those hours monotonously chantering and drumming certainly paid off!

The Pipe Band Association State Championship Solos saw a very high standard shown by all our members who participated, with a number gaining places. Every girl who competed was a credit to the band, as it certainly takes a lot of confidence to step out on one's own!

The Royal Show saw the band perform accompanied by eight other pipe bands for a massed band display. This was a BIG performance to say the least!!

Fourth term saw the band invited to play

for an international cricket match at Lilac Hill Park. We all felt honoured to play in the presence of the English touring team and so many of Australia's "internationals". This was followed by a very successful turnout at the Interschool Athletics.

Thanks must go to Mrs Millar and Mr and Mrs Jones for all the fabulous support and help they have given the entire band throughout the year.

Congratulations to all our members for making the Pipe Band as successful as it is. All the best of luck for next year and the trip to Singapore! Good luck especially to Jane (Drum Major 1991), Sonja (Pipe Major 1991) and Kym (Lead Stroke 1991). We hope you enjoy it as much as we did!

*Jos, Tinke and Liz*



## STRING ENSEMBLE

Back L-R C House, A Bishop, N Pericles, R Dean Front C Murray, A Levinson, G Bolden

## STRING ENSEMBLE

The "orchestra" of 1989 has metamorphised into the "string ensemble" of 1990! Earlier this year it was decided that it would be more beneficial to conduct a 'string ensemble' (violins, violas, celli) as opposed to an orchestra including wind instruments.

The ensemble comprises eight members - two violins, two violas, two celli. This year it is being conducted by Ollie Cuneo, who is currently studying music at U.W.A.

The string ensemble rehearses once a week when we enjoy some fine music-making. After an uncertain start to the year the ensemble has made good progress and is to play at a Senior Citizens' Home early in fourth term.

Music Camp this year was a great success as it provided the time for some intensive rehearsals. The rehearsal time and effort put in by all who were involved was rewarded by some fine performances (Clarissa's rendition of *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* was a pleasure to listen to.)

Sincere thanks to Miss Coughlan and Ollie Cuneo who were a tremendous help to the string ensemble on the Music Camp.

Keep up the good work, strings!

Beccy Dean

## MUSIC CAMP

This year the P.L.C. Music Department once again travelled down to Fairbridge Farm for an action-packed weekend of hard work and lots of fun! Many girls have come to look forward to music camps and this year definitely lived up to expectations. A lot of preparation goes into the camp, organizing what to take and bag packing - and that's only the food! There are also hours of rehearsals early in the morning and after school, as well as individual practice.

Much of the time at camp is spent rehearsing, perfecting old music and learning new pieces. Saturday night was an exception, as the Stage Band put on a performance for everyone and we were all able to let down our hair and dance. (Even the teachers got up on the dance floor!)

The Church Service was held on Sunday morning and was once again a memorable event with the church overflowing with girls and parents. The soloists - Katherine Munro, Melinda Fletcher and Clarissa House - added a unique and special touch to the Service.

The Church Service was followed by a picnic with parents and friends. Take-away chicken and chips were a much-appreciated change from camp food and two-minute noodles, then following this nutritious lunch we put on an informal concert for the many visitors.

On Monday our hard work was put to the test with two concerts, the first performed at Mundijong to the Primary School pupils of Mundijong, Serpentine, Oxford and Jarrahdale. The children joined in the performance, with some playing percussion instruments and conducting the band. They proved to be a very enthusiastic audience, with many dancing to the music played by the Stage Band.

The concert at Rowethorpe Village in Bentley was a contrast, demonstrating the appeal of music to all age groups. The music seemed to bridge the gap between us and the elderly audience, who seemed moved by many of the items and the Pipe Band especially brought back memories for many people. This concert was a rewarding experience for all concerned.

All of the ensembles performed at a high standard. Some of the credit belongs to us, but we wouldn't have had the opportunity without the music teachers who put in so much time organising and rehearsing us.

I would also like to say good luck to everyone travelling to Singapore next year and wish them every success.

Bettina Moore



# THE BIRDS

*The Birds* was undoubtedly the most worthwhile as well as enjoyable venture I have ever embarked upon in my life and I know that many others who participated in it feel the same.

*The Birds* "epic" began with auditions of P.L.C. and Christ Church students late last year from which a final cast and crew of thirty were selected.

Local playwright , Tony Nicholls, was commissioned to adapt this classic comedy of Aristophanes (an ancient Greek writer) into a version socially and culturally relevant to modern Australian society. The script was left incomplete, thus encouraging the actors to build up their own characters and contribute to the play as a whole.

Finally, after almost three months of gruelling rehearsals, sacrificed weekends and a great struggle trying to meet school as well as rehearsal demands, the day of departure on our tour arrived! On Friday March 23rd observers at Perth International Airport saw a gaggle of excited would-be actors, crew and teachers (would they be smiling so hard if they knew what they'd let themselves in for?) boarding the flight. What a sight we must have looked four hours later when we landed at Singapore airport - hot and sweaty in full school uniform (complete with crushed berets and blazers), and feathers bursting out of our suitcases! And where on earth were the Singaporean government officials who were meant to be meeting us???

We quickly settled into our quarters in Singapore - most of us at the local university and a few (whom we suspect of prior knowledge and bribery) at the "luxurious" YMCA.

We soon settled into an easy routine of shopping, sightseeing and, of course, rehearsing but when the Festival actually began we found that *The Birds* had not been sufficiently (if at all) advertised around Singapore and tiny audiences left us asking ourselves the same question as we asked on our night of arrival: 'Where on earth is everyone?' However, the appreciation of those who did come to the show pushed us to do our very best, polishing our performance for the Canadian leg of the tour.

Vancouver was undeniably incomparably 'awesome' with its friendly people, huge audiences as well as its surrounding mountains and snowfields. Who could

blame us for not wanting to return home ever?

We gave many rewarding performances in Vancouver as well as in the little town of Vernon where we spent four hectic, performance-packed days. We were privileged to have the opportunity to act in reputable theatres in Vancouver as well as 'flapping our feathers' and 'plugging our computers' in several high schools that were just like the ones in American movies.

In Vancouver we were also lucky enough to be able to meet and work with the very prestigious Vancouver Youth Theatre. They are a warm, open group of people who (I'm sure I can say this without offending anyone) greatly surpassed the Midnite Youth Theatre company in singing prowess.

*The Birds* tour was an amazing experience. Professionally it was an extraordinary opportunity for people our age to perform in such a wide variety of venues and to such diverse audiences.

The cast was composed of very talented actors and the crew did an incredibly difficult and often underrated job very well. I mean, how easy would it be (even for the most ambidextrous of us) to take nervous actors through thirty-second costume changes, make sure all props were in their correct places, all the while searching frantically for the much sought after "Gee" and "Brickred"?

Here I must take the opportunity to thank many people who contributed to the

success of *The Birds*. Firstly, thank you to all the parents. In more ways than one it would not have been possible without you. Thank you also to our director, Tony Howes, for his endless dedication and talent. It was he, together with vocal coach, Marybeth Williamson, who elicited from us performances and notes we did not realise we were capable of.

Thank you to Trudy Johnson, our choreographer, physical warm-up tyrant and general pal for her tireless energy and dancing ability.

Our appreciation must also extend to Anne Murray, our costume and makeup designer and Ena Herman, the tour co-ordinator. And obviously we must say thank you to the creators of this production of *The Birds*. Without Tony Nicholls' vibrant script and John Bates' magnificent music our play simply would not have been.

One of the best things about *The Birds* was that we all became very close during rehearsals and this excellent rapport cultivated during the tour was immediately obvious during the sell-out season at the Playhouse which culminated in a final night of streamers, tears and the inevitable speeches.

*The Birds* was a brilliant play adapted by a brilliant bunch of people and performed by a brilliant cast. (I'm really not biased!) The whole project was a phenomenal success and a tribute to all who participated.

Holly Ralph





## YEAR TWELVE PRODUCTION

On the evenings of the 26th and 27th of July 1990, the Year Twelve Theatre Arts students performed Thornton Wilder's play *Our Town*. After separate class rehearsals, it was the final few days of holidays that brought together the two classes to work on the combined performance. Scenes were constructed and reconstructed and the cast saw what seemed like endless weddings, funerals and a young couple falling in love over and over again. However, from this gruelling weekend emerged a play almost ready for public viewing, not to mention numerous caffeine addicts.

There were moments when nothing seemed to go right and the mysterious disappearance of several black umbrellas from back-stage contributed to the frustration. There was also a last-minute change of roles to add to the stress. However, despite set backs, everything came together somehow and performances ran smoothly, except for the runaway fence on the second night, and other small technical failures. The vastly different audiences enjoyed the play, and it was noted that certain audience members were moved to tears. (Not Mr Leach.)

Thank you to Mrs Hetherington for the time and effort she gave to the play. She proved once again that with hard work it is possible to put together a production in a relatively short span of time.

*Robyn Schonell*





## INTERSCHOOL DEBATING

Well...1990 has seen a rapid influx of members and the equally rapid *outflux* of others, if there is such a word! In the midst of all this activity, the trusty few got on with what they were best at - debating! To these people I say a sincere thank you for making my job so much easier and congratulations on all your achievements, whether they were outstanding wins, close losses or brilliant participation and enthusiasm.

P.L.C entered two teams in the first competition of the year - the West Australian Debating League (WADC). Special mention must be made of two Year Tens, Carolyn Hogg and Kirsten Dahl, who bravely volunteered (???) to join the senior team in the absence of any Year Twelve debaters.

The WADC competition was great experience for all debaters, new and old, with the number of losses equalling the number of wins. Consequently, all were determined to improve their standard and prove themselves invincible in the next competition, the AHISA. (The Associated Heads of Independent Schools Association) Their efforts paid off, with one of the Year Eight teams reaching the semi-final where they were narrowly defeated by Christ Church Grammar School. Congratulations Nancy, Nikki and Kelly! The Year Eleven team managed to reach the Grand Final after defeating St Mary's by three points. They then proved their brilliance by annihilating Hale - a unanimous decision by no less than three adjudicators.

Special congratulations to Sarah, Natasha, Linda and Amy.

Finally, I have to say that this year would have been impossible and (almost) unbearable without the help and leadership of Mr Saunders. His occasional mid-debate snores and constant use of Wesley sport analogies kept us on our toes and in good humour!!! (*Me too - Ed*) The co-ordinated trips to Hungry Jack's were also greatly appreciated! To Sarah Steed, next year's captain, go my best wishes...and, if you need them, commiserations. (It's a job which can either be heaps of fun or excruciatingly frustrating.)

Good luck everyone and remember...soft words and hard arguments will win you the game!



### DEBATING

*Back L-R* Mr Saunders, N Lannin, S Steed, N Poynton, K Sounness, L Price, T Cook, P Barr *3rd row* L Murray, N Howard, N Wakelin, C Hogg, M Stirling, K Moss, A Hutchison, S Berg, *2nd row* S Boshart, C Murray, H Fitzpatrick, B Scott, B Lonnie, S Dunstan, S Rees *Front* G Rosendorff, K Sheehan, F Lee, L Julian, T Nicholls, M Kennaugh, B Bowling.

## INTERHOUSE PUBLIC SPEAKING

The Interhouse Public Speaking Competition once again provoked some very humorous (and some very moralistic) responses to the various topics. Competitors were divided into year groups and the first round was held on the first Arts Day of the year in May. One girl from each

house spoke on the selected topic for a set period of time, while a panel of staff members acted as adjudicators, then the first two place-getters in that round went into the finals which were held on the second Arts Day in September. This time Joanna Farrell (1987 Arts Captain) adjudicated while the two finalists in each year spoke on different topics. Again some highly entertaining speeches were produced. The results of the finals are as follows:

Year	Topic	First	Second
8	<i>Watching T.V. is a Mental Health Hazard</i>	Emma Shave	Nancy Howard
9	<i>Readers of Women's Magazines Get What They Deserve</i>	Sophie Gargett	Catherine House
10	<i>"Life Be In It": A Message Foreign to the Australian Way of Life</i>	Lara Edelman	Caroline Hogg
11	<i>Marriage Makes the Man</i>	Amy Hutchison	Amanda Beeck
12	<i>Government is Too Serious to be Left to Politicians</i>	Tanya Davies	Jessamine Tan

Bettina Bowling  
Debating Captain

Tanya Davies

## HOUSE PLAYS

The house plays for 1990 once again revealed a wonderful array of dramatic talent and artistic interpretation. The six plays were performed on the two nights of May 7th and 8th and adjudicated on Arts Day, May 9th, by Miss Melissa Carter. The plays were of an extremely high standard and each individual play clearly represented the hard work, sleepless nights and hair tearing efforts of the house Arts Captains.

As in every year the adjudicator found it difficult to separate the plays but nevertheless she awarded McNeil's brilliantly acted and directed play *The Laundry Girls* first place. *The Laundry Girls* was a balanced mixture of humour and emotion which left a few of the audience in tears. The play awarded second place, *The Guilty Generation*, presented by Summers, had a very frightening, serious message and the setting captured that feeling extremely well.

Carmichael presented a very humorous play, *The Dyspeptic Ogre* in which the actresses seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Baird's play *The Lottery* was based on a popular short story by Shirley Jackson and finished on a chilling note. Stewart presented *Snow Bright and the Seven Wharfies* which was a hilarious adaptation of the original fairytale, while Ferguson's play, *Marble Arch* offered a satirical view of the lifestyle of the rich and famous.

The plays were a tremendous success after many weeks of rehearsals (and a lot of fried chicken!) Thanks go to Mrs Hetherington for her calming influence on hysterical directors and to Miss Carter for her difficult task of adjudication.



## RESULTS:

1. McNeil *The Laundry Girls*  
Director: Rebecca Paterson  
Best Actress: Tanya Davies
2. Summers *The Guilty Generation*  
Director: Laura Clarke  
Best Actress: Kerry Lin Gustafson
3. Carmichael *The Dyspeptic Ogre*  
Director: Emma Clement  
Best Actress: Lara Edelman
4. Baird *The Lottery*  
Director: Angela Petros  
Best Actress: Robyn Sermon
5. Stewart *Snow Bright and the Seven Wharfies*  
Director: Nicki McCandless  
Best Actress: Simone Shugg
6. Ferguson *Marble Arch*  
Director: Michaela Williams  
Best Actress: Anna Greer



## HOUSE CHOIRS

In 1990 the level of performance of the house choirs was very high. Although the variety of pieces was limited (four houses chose Beatles' songs) the adjudicator, Mrs Debbie Stanton, was very impressed, commending the clear diction of all choirs involved.

The results this year were:

- First - McNeil  
Second - Carmichael  
Third - Baird

Congratulations to all girls involved and especially to the conductors, Arts Captains and House Captains for their tireless work at rehearsals. Good luck to next year's choirs and keep up the high standard.

Karen Hantke  
Year 12





## NEPAL TRIP

On the 29th September at seven am, seven Year Eleven P.L.C girls and Mrs Gadsdon, and five Year Eleven Hale boys and their teacher, Mr Moir, as well as Andrew Stewart, assembled at Perth International Airport for flight 490 to Bangkok.

Upon arrival we were taken by coach to the Baiyoke Apartment Hotel where we stayed for the next two days. Our time in Bangkok was mainly spent sightseeing and shopping and then on the Monday we flew from Bangkok to Kathmandu.

Once reaching Kathmandu we were transferred to the Tibet Guest House. Along the way we caught our first glimpses of the Kathmandu streets and the people - so different from anything we had ever seen before.

That afternoon was spent looking around the streets at the stalls and shops in the general area. The next day we had a final briefing on our fifteen day trek and were given last minute details before we all took off to spend some money! Real wool jumpers were available at very low cost and everyone went crazy over all the jewellery which was also incredibly cheap.

On Wednesday October 3rd we had a short flight to a town called Pokhara,

which is where we began the trek. We were met by the sherpas (guides) and porters, who carried all our belongings. The first day of trekking was reasonably short but hard and hot and at 2pm we reached camp where everything had already been set up for us and afternoon tea was waiting.

The second day started well until we realised that we had entered "leech country" and soon cries of "leech", could be heard all along the trail, and everyone was terrified to remove their feet from their boots for fear of discovering something unpleasant!

As the days went by and we climbed higher the views of the spectacular mountains became more beautiful. If we were tired during the day, exhaustion was soon forgotten as we reached camp and saw our scenery for the evening.

We reached our highest point on the tenth day of trekking. This was Machapuchare Base Camp, and it was here that it snowed for most of the second night. There wasn't quite enough to build a snowman, but the guys discovered that there was enough to throw snowballs at us unsuspecting girls while we were minding our own business in the toilet tent!

We trekked to the Annapurna Base Camp for a better glimpse of the mountains, but we didn't stay at this point (4237m) - however we witnessed an avalanche in progress which was a bit of excitement for the morning.

It took us five more days to get back to Pokhara where we spent one night enjoying the luxuries of a shower and flushing toilet. We then drove back to Kathmandu, spending another two nights there shopping and sightseeing and then we flew back to Bangkok where we spent another day shopping before most of us went to McDonalds for the first time in three weeks.

We returned to Perth on Monday 22nd October, and although we were excited about seeing our families again, we were all saddened at the thought of the most wonderful trip of a lifetime ending. As a group we had all become really close and experienced a lot together.

Special thanks must go to Mrs Gadsdon for arranging the trip for us, and all of us highly recommend it to anyone who ever has the opportunity to go. As for us - we're now planning to conquer Mount Everest!

Ainslie Reddin





# SPORTS REPORT

It's hard to believe that we're at the end of another year and that my time as Sports Captain is over. I would like to extend a general thank you to all students in the school for their contribution and enthusiasm which enabled this year's results to be so successful.

Sport at P.L.C. offers so many opportunities to students, not only to improve skills and to learn self discipline at training sessions, but to form friendships with other girls of all years within the school. I think that it was those essential qualities which helped to create a special bond between members of the P.L.C. community, so that we consequently achieved such a high level of school spirit throughout 1990.

This year, P.L.C. hosted the I.G.S.S.A. Swimming Competition and with the support of many of the P.L.C. students around the marshalling arena, as well as from students, staff, family and friends in the stands the P.L.C. team gained fourth place in a closely-contested competition.

The skill of our volleyball players has risen to great heights this year. Mrs Maclean was, as usual, a most encouraging and supportive coach and her tireless efforts and unfailing faith in the volleyballers was reflected in the second placing the team gained in the I.G.S.S.A. Competition.

P.L.C. participants in the Interschool Tennis Competition were equally successful as we finished in second position over all. Team members displayed dedication, skill and strength throughout the season.

The 1990 hockey results were outstanding! We won first place pennants in the Senior A, Junior A and Junior C competitions. These results were influential in placing P.L.C. as the over all champion school in the I.G.S.S.A. Hockey Competition. Special mention should be made of Jo Morton, who was selected in the State under-sixteen schoolgirls' team, and Kerrie Crawford, who represented W.A. in the under-eighteen hockey championships. Congratulations on your achievements.

P.L.C. was also very successful in the I.G.S.S.A. Gymnastics Competition. Due to the dedication of the gymnasts during what seemed a long season, P.L.C. came second. Special congratulations to Michelle Telfer who won a



**Sports Captain** Allison Thunder

bronze medal at the Commonwealth Games at the beginning of the year. Michelle is certainly a champion and we feel honoured to have her at P.L.C. Although her continual successes in gymnastics involve strenuous training sessions, Michelle has not neglected other school sporting events, which demonstrates true school spirit and is one example of the general attitude of all P.L.C. girls.

The athletics season made a rather slow start this year, however this took on a new perspective as the girls settled into their training programmes. The depth and spirit of our team has always been a prominent feature in the continual success of P.L.C. not only in athletics but all the sporting events. We are extremely fortunate at P.L.C. to have experienced and skilled coaches for athletics. Thank you to William and Melanie Hutton, Julian Mathias, and Katie Stannage for their valuable contribution to our athletics team.

This year it was great to see the involvement of some of the staff members in student versus staff competitions. Games which were held at lunchtimes included volleyball, basketball, hockey and even football. These matches were not only enjoyed by those involved but also by the remainder of the school who were always on the side-lines cheering and supporting the players. (Just a word of warning to

the staff: it might be worth having a few training sessions between now and next year's matches against the students to give them a bit of competition!)

My year as School Sports Captain would not have been so rewarding without the support and understanding of Mrs Knight, Mrs Maclean, Mrs Whipp, Miss Viner, Mrs Flecker and Miss Hannon. I sincerely thank you for all your help. Your encouragement, devotion and organisation of all our inter-school teams was greatly appreciated.

To my fellow Sports Officials (Pippa, Julia, Millie, Tanya Marie, Ann and Lisa) who set such a wonderful example to their houses - thank you! Your commitment and organisation enabled all the inter-house activities to run smoothly throughout the year.

This year, although all too short it seems, has been one which I have enjoyed immensely. Congratulations and best of luck to next year's Sports Captain, Alison Mills, and the other sports officials. The most important aspect of your job is to enjoy yourselves.

Finally, to all the students who will be competing in sporting events next year - good luck! I hope 1991 proves to be successful, rewarding and memorable.

*Allison Thunder*

## SWIMMING



### Year 12 Swimming

*Back (L-R) G Unsworth, M White, J Roe, E Mazzuchelli, N McCandless, A McCandless  
Centre K Robertson, H Hayter, T-M Davies, S Bardill, J Pilmer Front J Davis, A Thunder, P Dickson, G Cotton, K Hanke, K Barrett.*



### Year 11 Swimming

*Back (L-R) A Mills, F Gardiner, D Boichel, A Price, P Horwood, C Walsh Centre E Keen, L Lovell, H Wright, A Kasonga, E Smith, C Murray Front S Mackie, F Reid, K Bowlay, D House.*



### Year 10 Swimming

*Back (L-R) H Wilcox, E Kopke, J Tremlett, A Turnseck, K Ryan, N Wakelin Centre C House, J Morton, J Humphrys, D Hovell, J Edis Front K Riley, Y Pearce, T West, L Edelman.*

On Friday the 16th March the I.G.S.S.A. Swimming Competition for 1990 was held at Beatty Park with P.L.C. as hostess school.

Our swimming team had been training since the Christmas holidays and we were all confident and prepared to meet our competition for the ultimate test on that Friday night. Our school's enthusiasm was unbelievable - even keener than any previous year which I have experienced - and with such encouragement and support we managed to perform our very best on the night, coming fourth.

Congratulations to both the Year Nine and Year Eleven teams for winning the pennant in their year; it was a tremendous effort.

There are many outstanding swimmers at P.L.C. but on the night of the 16th and the last few days building up to that date we managed to all work together as one, and felt we could boast of more spirit and support for team members than any other school participating.

I would like to thank Mrs Knight and Miss Hannon for the hard work they put into the organisation of this year's Swimming Competition, and for the hours they spent training us to make the girls in our team such strong competitors.

*Philippa Dickson*





## DIVING

Once again PLC divers are to be congratulated for the high standard achieved this year. All girls gave their best to perform well.

I must thank everyone on the team for their enthusiasm and determination. This approach is essential as the standard of competition becomes increasingly demanding.

PLC performed well to finish in fourth place in the IGSSA Competition. Special congratulations must go to Jane McGillvray, Year Eight, who won the first division, Georgina Walsh, Year Eight, who came second in second division, Kim Crawley, Year Ten, who also came second in the second division and Natasha Hyde, Year Ten who gained third place in second division.

The standard of the performance at the State Schoolgirls' Competition was also very high and there were many outstanding results achieved.

Thanks must be extended to our new coach, Juliette Jones, who devoted a substantial amount of time and patience to the training of the PLC divers. All team members also appreciated the efforts of Mrs Whipp, whose continued encouragement helped to keep spirits high.

It was good to be part of a team in which every girl was so supportive towards the others. We worked hard but we also had a lot of fun.

Good luck to next year's team!

Katherine Barrett



### Year 9 Swimming

*Back (L-R) M Worland, L Gara, M Duckworth, A Walden, J Bunning, S Gooch  
Centre J Wheatley, M Stirling, F Bush, H Fitzpatrick, A Smith, C Thorley Front A Mutch, C Petersen, C Jenour, M West, L Julian.*



### Year 8 Swimming

*Back (L-R) C Murray, S Dunstan, E Prowse, J McGillvray, T Green, Centre T Camac, P Bennett, C Wright, G Walsh, R Nicholson, P Thunder Front J Thorley, F Smith, E Shave, J Hayter, K McQueen.*



### Diving

*Back (L-R) K Wilkinson, A Mills, J Nottle, J McGillvray, L Munro, L Wetherell, A Jorgensen, C Webb 3rd row L Lovell, K Anderson, A Head, K Crawley, B Lonnie, N Williams, E Waddell 2nd row A Thunder, N Telfer, E Shave, N Hyde, R Morris, C Bell, F McKechnie Front A Mutch, G Walsh, K Halford, K Barrett, Z Phillips, L Edelman, P Thunder.*

## TENNIS



### Year 8 Tennis

*Back (L-R) T Smith, E Prowse, C Treloar, E Campbell, J Hart Centre L Hutton, T Camac, K Gillam, J Sorensen, L Couani Front S Maddox, B Chu, G Calnan, J Hayter.*



### Junior Tennis

*Back (L-R) J Egan, M Williams, K Treloar, K Williams, J Officer, M Logue, M Duckworth, J Williams, J Bedford-Brown, J Tremlett Centre J Morton, J Wheatley, M West, L Gara, C Seubert, M Caporn, S Addison, S Hemley, M Thompson, A Nielsen Front M Cooksley, A Robson, J Andersen, G Wilkins, M Worland, K Crossing, A Walden, C-L Davies, E Paterson, D O'Driscoll.*



### Senior Tennis

*Back (L-R) S Voce, P Cooke, K Moir, C Willmott, E Mazzuchelli, K Gara, A Hamersley, P Horrex, C Walsh Centre C Simenson, H Wright, N Trenorden, H Hayter, A Pinnick, S Jenour, T Crombie, N Houston, K Brodie Front M Egan, K Houghton, K Hantke, T-M Davies, K Crawford, A Hutchison.*

This year the number of tennis enthusiasts was overwhelming, especially in the younger years. Not only did the teams do well over all but their sportsmanship was outstanding and deserves credit.

I'm sure everyone has enjoyed playing this year and on behalf of all of teams I would like to thank Mrs Flecker for all her time, worry and support. I would also like to wish future tennis teams good luck and hope they keep up the good results.

*Karen Hantke*





## VOLLEYBALL

Mrs Maclean and Miss Viner have, once again, put in the hard work to produce the volleyballers for which PLC is renowned. Sincere thanks must go to them for their dedication and hard work.

The volleyball this year has been of a particularly high standard from the Senior A to the Year Eight teams. It is important to note, however, it is not just the winning that counts but the enthusiasm and spirit. All girls are to be commended for this.

I hope everyone who participated had fun and I would like to wish them the best of luck for the future. As they say, "Bring home the bacon!"

*Karen Hantke*



### Senior Volleyball

*Back (L-R) P Cooke, S Bardill, A Mills, K Moir, C Willmott, T-M Davies, T Sim, K Spinley, N Rathbone Centre A Mercer, A Stewart, E Easton, K Lawrence, J Crone, J Munro, A Beeck, K Wittber, D Goldthorpe Front S Pratt, S Triggs, K Anderson, K Barrett, K Hantke, A Thunder, J Munckton, I Tam, L Pearce.*



### Junior Volleyball

*Back (L-R) K Sounness, D Hill, J Keen, M Duckworth, K Williams, J Hocking, R Luttrell 3rd row E Kopke, G Zadow, N Ross, C Daw, M Neill, K Crossing, F Ainsworth, C Seubert 2nd row J Marquis, N Meares, M Worland, T House, M Boyle, M Thompson, R Morris Front A Robson, H Fitzpatrick, S Addison (Capt.), K Munckton, J George.*



### Year 8 Volleyball

*Back (L-R) N Parkinson, A Stringfellow, C Treloar, J McGillivray, A Stein, T Smith Centre S Colombera, E Barr, E Raffan, C Wright, K Gillam, J Hart, L Couani, A Stewart Front Y L Ong, E Shave, C Murray, E Prowse, J Sorensen, J Hayter, G Walsh.*



### SENIOR BASKETBALL

*Back L-R M Goff, C Morrison, A Spragg, R Sounness, J Skipworth, N Riggall, F Gardiner Centre L Lovell, A Mills, D Gillam, J Nottle, C Willmott, K Moir, R Winckel Front S Brooks, N Capper, K Hantke, E Easton, F Reid, S Lapsley*



### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

*Back L-R C Seubert, J Williams, T Patiniotis, M Logue, J Andersen, K Williams G Zadow 4th row A Robson, S Tubby, M Caporn, K Toovey, S Addison, E Wendt, K Tubby, A Nielsen, 3rd row G Knowles, J Bunning, A Walden, S Price, S Davis, K McDonough, A McDonough, D Norton 2nd row C Orr, C Raines, H Fitzpatrick, C Mildern, S Greenup, E Colombera, S Pickard Front L Yong, J Bedford-Brown, J Marquis, K Treloar, D Hill, A Turnseck.*



### YEAR 8 BASKETBALL

*Back L-R G Calnan, A Stein, E Prowse, J McGillvray, C Treloar, N Parkinson, J Hart, K Moss Centre S Tribe, J Koh, T Smith, A Moir, K Gillam, G Walsh, C Wright, F Smith Front P Bennett, J Greenup, J Thrum, P Thunder, B Scott, R Winata*

## BASKETBALL

Basketball in 1990 was once again a great success. Despite the frequent interruptions of exams and various other commitments, all participants were eager and enjoyed themselves both at training and during the games. All proved themselves to be very worthy basketballers and special commendation must be extended to the Year Eights who quite rightly chose basketball over netball.

Many thanks must go to our enthusiastic and supportive coaches, Mrs Maclean and Georgie Dutry who helped P.L.C. to achieve the placing of fifth over all. Well done to all of the basketballers and good luck in 1991!

*Robyn Winckel*





## NETBALL

The 1990 netball season began with many enthusiastic netball players from all years. It was very pleasing to see so many younger girls of the school wanting to play netball, especially the Juniors who were so enthusiastic that there were eight teams.

The Junior D team was the only team to win a pennant and although no other teams received pennants, their efforts and sportsmanship were of a very high standard, most achieving second or third placings.

Thanks must go to Mrs Whipp, Miss Hannon and Miss Burns for their continual encouragement throughout the netball season. Best of luck for the 1991 netball season.

### RESULTS:

<i>Senior:</i>	A	-	second
	B	-	fifth
	C	-	fifth
	D	-	sixth

<i>Junior:</i>	A	-	second
	B	-	second
	C	-	third
	D	-	first
	E	-	second
	F	-	second
	G	-	third
	H	-	fifth

<i>Year Eight:</i>	A	-	third
	B	-	fourth
	C	-	fourth
	D	-	fourth

*Emma Clement*



### SENIOR NETBALL

*Back L-R S Bardill, D Wilkinson, E Young, E Waddell, M Banfield, K Robertson, A McCandless 3rd row T Cooper, E Clement, C Murray, C Cooper, D Gillam, T Crombie, S Voce, S Kelly 2nd row K Hantke, H Wright, E Smith, N Capper, N Trenorden, A Reddin, K Brodie, K Wittber, A Hutchison Front P Cooke, E Dowsett, S Crossing, S Jenour, S Battley, S Mackie, C Bell, L Pearce, F Cheffers*



### JUNIOR NETBALL

*Back L-R D Hill, M Duckworth, J Williams, M Logue, E Wendt, S Howe, S Addison, J Andersen, B Edmunds, N Wakelin 5th row C Seubert, M Neill, K Wilkinson, N Armstrong, S Hemley, A Ahmad, S Tubby, L Manton, K Crossing, T Cook, N Ross 4th row C House, M Hofmann, F Bush, K Riley, K McDonough, N Meares, D Norton, B Lonnie, M Boyle, N Bodycoat, M Thompson 3rd row A Stratford, K Evershed, S Davis, H Fitzpatrick, M Gmeiner, M Caporn, A Donald, S Cann, G Farrell, K Tubby, D Ferry 2nd row F Tribe, J Edwards, C Mackie, M West, M Worland, L Fitzgibbon, K Halford, J Richardson, M Johnston, N Holdsworth, A Greer, C Shepherdson, J Moir Front J Keen, M Fletcher, M Whittall, K Treloar, R Glatz, A Snowball, C Jenkinson, C Paparde, B Davies, J Wheatley*



### YEAR 8 NETBALL

*Back L-R L Couani, F Bodycoat, K Gillam, A Stringfellow, J Hart, S Berg, F Smith 3rd row E Prowse, L Crossing, R Nicholson, K McQueen, G Rosendorff, S Dunstan, P Stiff, T Debijl 2nd row J Thorley, M Branson, E Shave, T Camac, S Macpherson, C Murray, B Chu, T Nicholls Front J Hayter, J Reading, E Raffan, S Fleming, C Wright, S Colombera, S Maddox, E Coyle, J Schwann*

## HOCKEY

Due to the exceptionally high standard of hockey at P.L.C. this year we won first place pennants in the Senior A, Junior A and Junior C divisions of the I.G.S.S.A. Competition while the Junior B team was runner-up. Over all we were champion school for 1990.

Special congratulations must go to Kerri Crawford, who was selected in the Under-eighteen State team, and Jo Morton, who also represented Western Australia in the Under-sixteen State Schoolgirls' Competition.

This year P.L.C. took up the invitation to attend a hockey clinic (at the Commonwealth Stadium) run by the coach of the Australian Women's Olympic hockey team, Brian Glencross and Assistant Coach, Peter Frietag. The chance to train with such elite coaches was a valuable experience for both the Senior and Junior A squads.

This year, P.L.C. hockey players were involved in hosting a number of English girls who came to Australia on a hockey tour. In a match against them, P.L.C. Senior A team won 4 - 0. The success of the P.L.C. team in this match was even noted in local newspapers, *The Chronicle* and *High School News*.

This year, boarders from Years Eight and Nine formed a hockey team and entered a State-wide school competition on Saturday mornings. They achieved outstanding results by becoming runner-up school. Congratulations to these boarders for their achievements and many thanks to Robyn Sermon for her involvement and organisation as coach.

Thank you Miss Viner, Mrs Knight, Mr Tibbitt and Julie Sandilands for your time and support as coaches of the hockey teams. Your efforts were very much appreciated.

I would like to extend my best wishes to next year's hockey players for an equally successful year in 1991. Good luck!!!

*Alli Thunder*



### SENIOR HOCKEY

Back L-R C Simenson, B Andrew, K Sadler, C Willmott, F Gardiner, K Moir, E Easton  
Centre R Sermon, C Wilkinson, K Gara, K Crawford, A Bushell, A Thunder, E Keen  
Front M Egan, J Davis, S Yu, F Reid, K Gilmore, K Bowlay



### JUNIOR HOCKEY

Back L-R S Gladman, K Williams, E Matthews, E Finlayson, E Kopke, C Hogg, J Hocking, K Sounness 4th row J Marquis, M Gardiner, F Ainsworth, A Walden, T Patiniotis, K Pilkington, A Bishop, G Zadow 3rd row S Price, C Mildern, C McDonald, K Toovey, K Wallace, C Daw, Y Pearce, R Morris, K Pile, V Mee 2nd row C Raines, L Gara, S Pickard, L Munro, S Knox, T House, J Edis, A Turnseck, J Tremlett Front M Noble, K Munckton, A Robson, J Morton, D O'Driscoll, L Julian, G Micke, J Manton, J Paganoni, A Jorgensen



### YEAR 8 HOCKEY

Back L-R S Prickett, G Calnan, T Smith, C Treloar, K Moss, S Tribe, J Sorensen Front A Grant, J Greenup, A Stewart, L Erskine, P Thunder, Y L Ong, A Levinson



## CRICKET 1989/90

At the start of the 1989 cricket season great enthusiasm was shown with over thirty girls from nearly every year expressing interest in playing. Even when it was discovered that training was in the morning their enthusiasm was only slightly dampened.

We finished fifth in the WA Schoolgirls' Cricket Competition but we must have been the team with the most spirit. Our mini-Mexican wave became famous (or perhaps infamous) as well as several of our war cries. The games were held on Saturday morning which was quite a disadvantage. On more than one occasion a few rather tired looking girls only just managed to make it to the match.

We learned a lot throughout the season and I'm sure that next year's team will do well. Much of the credit for our success must go to Mr Pedretti and the team mascot, Bess (Mr Pedretti's dog). Thanks must also go to Mrs Hatch who gave up her Saturday mornings to score for us. Good luck for next year.

Sarah Yu



### Cricket

*Back (L-R) N Allan, F Gardiner, E Easton, J King, J Davis, K Turton Centre K Houghton, C Mildern, M Gardiner, M Egan Front K Toovey, S Yu.*

## CROSS-COUNTRY

Yet another cross-country competition has come and gone leaving memories of fog, cold, frosty morning training and satisfaction. The team again competed well, with everyone displaying considerable talent in dodging trees, logs and sand patches. A strong contingent of P.L.C. supporters was present on the day, offering plenty of support and encouragement.

The cross-country squad was selected following the Interhouse Competition and weeks of intensive training and must be congratulated on their terrific result, a close fourth. This was a real achievement considering the number of girls who were ill and unable to run.

On behalf of the squad I would like to thank Miss Viner for her never-ending support and encouragement. Well done team and good luck in 1991.

Kieren Gara



### Cross Country

*Back Row: C Wilkinson, T Sim, N Erskine, J Keen, K Gara, K Williams, C Treloar, J.Koh, E.McKenzie. 4th Row: S Stratford, A Snowball, J Tremlett, M Logue, A Walden, J Moir, G Farrell, A Mercer. 3rd Row: D Hovell, E Colombera, F Ainsworth, L Gara, S Stirling, K Bowlay 2nd Row: J Edis, L Edelman, S Yu, K Joyce, S Colombera, M Stirling, K McQueen, T Camac, J Davis. 1st Row: A Stewart, K Gee, A Bennett, K Sheehan, C Raines, S Lapsley, J Hayter.*

## ARTISTIC GYM

The P.L.C. Gymnastics team did exceptionally well this year. Outstanding results were achieved, proving the early and intense training sessions worthwhile. This year's competitions were said to have been the closest for many years. The team fought hard and were only narrowly defeated by the "elite" St Mary's team.

In the first of the competitions, the State School Girls' Championships, all divisions placed well, with Division Three Seniors victorious against a very strong Penrhos team. The over all results saw P.L.C. second by only 6.15 points.

The St Mary's girls looked worried as we plunged into the I.G.S.S.A. competition. P.L.C. teams in all divisions performed very well indeed, with Division Two competitors sharing first place with St Mary's, but over all St Mary's was once again dominant and P.L.C. was placed second, the difference being 14.1 points.

Our team spirit was extremely strong this year as we could sense that victory was close. We could not have achieved such a high standard without our coaches. Our thanks must go to Emma, Mrs Whipp, Mrs Knight and Miss Burns for all their help and support.

Best of luck to all the competitors in 1991 - "Go for gold!"

*Kyffin Anderson*

## RHYTHMIC GYM

Rhythmic Gym was once again a fabulous success. Each year the standard of performance has increased and this year was no exception. Everyone performed well in the annual competitions and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Special thanks must be extended to Miss Burns who made up several routines and devoted a lot of time and effort to help us perfect them. Congratulations to all of the competitors and good luck to next year's team.

*Robyn Winckel*



### ARTISTIC GYMNASTICS

*Back L-R N Erskine, A Thunder, S Jones, J Pilmer K Anderson, K Barrett, A Head, N Hyde, S Gain 3rd row J Keen, K Crawley, A Donald, S Cann, R Morris, E Dry, E Caddy, M Telfer, Z Phillips, C Webb 2nd row E Jackson, A Taseff, C Thorley, K McQueen, A Martin, E Shave, C Anderson, R Amey, B Lonnie, L Edelman Front K Gee, J Thomas, A Mutch, A Grant, P Thunder, L Julian, C Tan, N Telfer, G Walsh*



### RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS

*Back L-R E Caddy, R Morris, R Winckel, A Head, C Paparde Centre M Moir, E Jackson, C Murray, Z Phillips, Y Wallman Front S Colombera, A Bennett, N Telfer, R Amey*



## INTER-HIGH SCHOOLS ONE DAY EVENT

On Sunday the 17th of June, the Inter-High Schools One Day Event was held at the Gosnells Community Recreation Complex. P.L.C. entered one team of four riders consisting of Jocelyn King, Claire Wilkinson, Katie Crossing and Rebecca Luttrell, and also entered Danielle McAllister and Sonja Day as individual competitors.

The competition required all riders to demonstrate their ability in the three equestrian disciplines of dressage, cross country and showjumping, and in all of these P.L.C. riders performed well. Over all, the P.L.C. team was very successful, as we were placed fourth out of twenty five teams from high schools all over the State, and Jocelyn King was fifth in the upper school individual section. The day was very enjoyable, and thanks must go to Mrs McAllister, who as our team manager, did so much to organize the P.L.C. team.

This was the first time P.L.C. has competed in the event for a number of years and I hope that the success of the P.L.C. contingent this year will mean continued participation in the future.

*Claire Wilkinson*



### INTER-HIGH SCHOOL ONE DAY EVENT

L-R S Day, C Wilkinson, K Crossing, R Luttrell, J King, D McAllister



### DANCE

This year's dance programme has continued to be very lively, with girls from all years and standards participating to produce excellent results.

With the guidance and choreography of Mrs Julie Doyle, students worked hard at both beginners' and advanced levels to produce two pieces for the Dance Festival 1990. *Rock Steady* was produced by the Beginners' group while *I'm Hip* was the work of students from the advanced level. Both dances were of a high standard and were performed and received well.

Jazz ballet continued with the assistance of Emma Hawkins, who (with Kim Hughes) adjudicated the dance section of this year's Performing Arts Competition.

An extremely high level of performance was displayed and all who competed should be congratulated.

On behalf of all who took part in dance this year I would like to thank Mrs Doyle and Emma Hawkins for their time and patience over the year. Good luck for 1991!

*Natalie Erskine*



# ATHLETICS



## YEAR 11/12 ATHLETICS

Back (L-R) E Mazzuchelli, S Bardill, K Gara, E Smith, A Mercer, R Sounness  
3rd row T Sim, K Langdon, R Winckel, E Easton, A Thunder  
2nd row C Cooper, S Mutch, C Morrison, C Willmott, E Wilson  
Front A Mills, P Cook, M Egan, K Bowlay, S Lapsley, T Cooper, J Nottle

Congratulations are due to the P.L.C Athletics team for coming second in both the trophy and the over all Dunkling trophy. Such success shows an absolutely brilliant effort. I'm sure next year we can overcome this obsession we have with second place so that we can dislodge M.L.C from their throne!

We were winners all round. The appearance of the team was quite superb on the day, and our spirit was so strong the other schools really had to fight.

The spirit of the school as a whole was absolutely fantastic. Without such wonderful support we couldn't have done as well as we did. They boosted our morale tremendously.

It goes without saying that without the P.E staff we couldn't have done anything at all!

There were several outside coaches - the Hutton family and Katie Stannage - who must be sincerely thanked as well.

While there are all these people to thank and congratulate, one hundred percent of the praise goes to the athletes themselves. They put in months of training, despite the demands of school work and other commitments. They devoted a lot of



## YEAR 9 ATHLETICS

Back (L-R) J Edwards, S Rees, C Seubert  
4th row C House, C Jenour, K Wilkinson, B Davies  
3rd row J Toovey, M Worland, L Gara, J Marquis  
Front C.L. Davies, C Mildern, A Robson, C Raines, D Rosen





# REPORT

time, early mornings and late afternoons. This dedication is really admirable.

The team was very strong all round this year, and we were placed highly in the competition for every year pennant. Congratulations especially to the Year Eight team who took out the trophy for their division. It was well deserved. No doubt they will do the same next year.

Thank you to all the Year Eleven and Twelve girls who marshalled the team on the day. You did a really great job.

Thanks also to the Year Twelve girls who led the school with war-cries. They had an enormous task to carry out and managed to get everyone to behave impeccably, yet without any diminishing of enthusiasm. All credit, too, to the Pipe Band who gave another of their riveting performances which added to the spirit of the occasion.

We were all very pleased with the results and in my opinion (*totally unbiased - Ed*) every single member of the squad was a winner. We all did our best as all P.L.C teams will continue to do. Congratulations everyone!!

*Kate Langdon*



## YEAR 10 ATHLETICS

*Back (L-R) K Williams, M Whittall, J Williams, E Matthews, H Wilcox  
4th row J Officer, C Jenkinson, C Hogg, S Addison  
3rd row S Robinson, T Patiniotis, A Turnseck, M Logue  
2nd row N Meares, S Tubby, M Caporn, J Andersen, F Ainsworth  
Front J Humphrys, K Riley, J Morton, N Holdsworth, S Cann*



## YEAR 8 ATHLETICS

*Back (L-R) L Koh, E Prowse, J McGillvray, C Treloar  
3rd row B Chu, T Debijl  
2nd row C Murray, S Prickett, K Gillam, T Camac, K McQueen  
Front B Scott, E Shave, M Branson, G Walsh, T Smith, S Colombera*

# BAIRD

1990 has been a fantastic start to a new decade for Baird. Our success and enthusiasm were quite unequalled by any other house.

Our first opportunity to demonstrate one of our many talents came with the Inter-house Swimming Competition. Baird finished a creditable third in the swimming and performed even better to gain a second in the diving. Congratulations to all who participated, especially to Fiona Smith, champion for Year Eight and Julia Davis, runner-up for Year Twelve.

Leaving all other volleyball teams totally humiliated, Baird managed to gain victories in both Senior and Junior divisions. Our gymnasts trained hard and competed at a high standard to gain a third placing, with champion Kim Crawley and runner-up Natalie Erskine.

All girls, encouraged by bribes of chocolate, ran well in the Cross-country, with the Year Twelves winning their division. Baird's success continued with a victory in the senior hockey.

Baird provided tough competition in the Inter-house Athletics with a final placing of third. Michelle Branson was the Year Eight Champion with Jane McGillivray as runner-up. Sally Addison was the Year Ten runner-up and Pia Cooke was the Year Eleven champion athlete. Well done to all





# REPORT

who participated on the day. Baird continued their success to gain first place in the marching, which we assure Stewart was an unbiased result!

Our success was not limited to the sporting field as Baird proved to be all-round competitors in the Arts as well.

Baird's performance of the House Play *The Lottery* was well received by the audience. Congratulations to Robyn Sermon who was Best Actress. (Your scream will be remembered for a long time yet, Robyn). Our Public Speakers competed well and special congratulations to Sophie Gargett, Year Nine, who won her section and Carolyn Hogg, who reached the final round.

Baird showed great enthusiasm in the Performing and Functional Arts, with many entries in both sections. Our dancers proved to be especially talented. Baird finished with a final place of fourth in the Performing Arts and third in the Functional Arts. Well done everyone. It was a fantastic effort.

Thanks to Miss Wright for all her efforts and support as House Adviser.

Good luck to next year's officials, Pia, Sarah and Kerrie, and a big thank you to everyone for making 1990 such a great year for Baird!

*Julia, Angela and Bianca*



# CARMICHAEL

As we come to the end of another year we take time to reflect on Carmichael's achievements in the past year. We put in a memorable effort with many triumphs and a few character-building experiences.

Carmichaelians demonstrated their artistic flair once again with a third place in the House Plays. A larger cast than usual, directed by Emma Clement put on a performance of Percival Wilde's play, *The Dyspeptic Ogre*. This was a great success and special congratulations go to Lara Edelman who was Best Actress and Alana Smith who was Best Supporting Actress. Thanks to all those who helped with the production and made it such a worthwhile experience.

We showed our true colours in the House Choir Competition - coming from behind to take second place by one point with a truly toe-tapping, hand-clapping recital of the Beatles' *Yesterday*.

Our oratorical skills were demonstrated in the public speaking and debating. We won the Year Nine and Year Ten public speaking and were second over all. Congratulations to Lara Edelman (again) and Amy Hutchison.

On Arts Day the Carmichael girls participated in all sections of dance, drama and music. The Carmichael Pipe Band did extremely well and won the Pipe Band Competition. Many girls also entered the functional side of the Arts Competition to show their skill in cooking, composition and/or handicrafts. We were eventually placed a modest sixth in the Performing Arts and fifth in the Functional Arts.



# REPORT

It takes a lot of time and effort to organise the Arts and all of the credit goes to Emma.

Not only did Carmichael girls demonstrate their talents in the Arts but we also participated in sports. Although we came sixth in both the athletics and the swimming we were actually saving ourselves for the more glamorous sports such as the diving, which we won. We were placed fourth in the marching at the athletics but we felt Carmichael's skills in this activity were under-rated.

In the Interhouse Gymnastics Competition we pulled out our secret weapons - the Telfers - and achieved a second placing over all. Congratulations to Nicola Telfer who was Year Nine champion.

Although we came sixth in the Cross Country it has to be said that we showed great determination. Thanks to all who participated.

The Juniors did well in the netball and hockey - coming third over all in this competition.

Thanks must go to Lisa, who did a great job of organising and encouraging the participants, and as none of these activities would be possible without the help and support of Carmichael staff and our House Adviser, Mrs Jenkin, we would like to thank them all for their help.

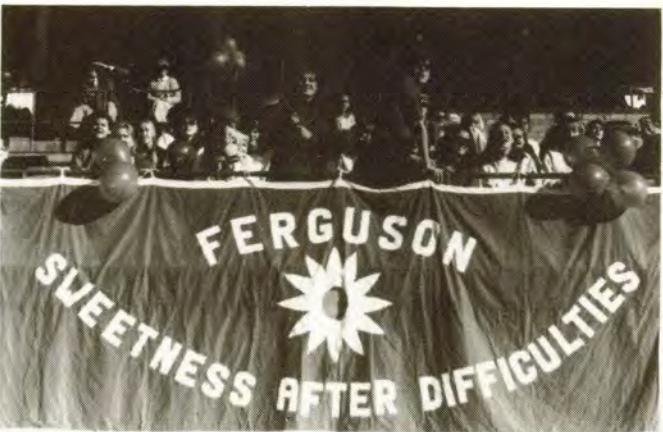
We have enjoyed our time as House Officials and although we didn't win many things we always had a great time trying!

Before moving on to even bigger and better things, we wish the best of luck to Alison, Trudi and Fiona for next year and to all of Carmichael House for the future.

*Bettina, Emma and Lisa*



# FERGUSON



Well deserved congratulations must be extended to all members of the house. Their eagerness to participate and tremendous team spirit has made 1990 an extremely successful year for Ferguson.

Ferguson's success in the sporting arena, under the skilful guidance of Ann Mercer, was the result of whole - hearted participation by both our athletes and highly vocal supporters.

The Inter-house Swimming Carnival saw numbers of "flying fish" emerge from school uniform! Their efforts enabled the Ferguson clan to achieve first place in the swimming and third place in the diving. Special congratulations to our year champions and runners up: Liz Shave and Rosemary Nicholson (Year Eight), Carolyn Jenour and Meisha Stirling (Year Nine) and Suzanne Stirling (Year Eleven).

The dedication of our gymnasts was rewarded when they gained first place in the Inter-house Gymnastics Competition. Thanks for the endless hours of training. We appreciate the time and effort spent to achieve such a high standard.

The number of Fergusonites eager to participate in team sports was remarkable and there were some very impressive results, including a second place in the Inter-house Athletics. (Congratulations to McNeil.) Exceptional performances were given by Ann Mercer (Year Twelve Champion) and Trilby Smith (Runner up for the Championship in Year Eight). The united effort of the whole house (one day we will be able to jog like soldiers!) resulted in an enjoyable and successful day for Ferguson.

An outstanding achievement was etched into Ferguson history with *one hundred percent* participation by Fergusonites in the Cross Country. This did wonders for house spirit as well as giving each girl (especially the former "non-runners") a real sense of achievement, especially when Ferguson gained first place.

Ferguson also excelled in the Arts this year. The performance of the house play, *Marble Arch*, directed by Michaela Williams, was the result of a lot of time and effort by both backstage crew and budding actresses Anna Greer, Catherine Forbes, Emma Jackson and Gemma Greer. (Congratulations to Anna who was Best Actress).

The first Arts Day was also the occasion of the House Choir



# REPORT

Competition as well as the Public Speaking and Debating Competition. Although Ferguson was not awarded a place, our rendition of the Beatles' song 'A little help from my friends' was well-received by the audience. Our public speakers Liz Shave (Year Eight) and Catherine House (Year Nine) did exceptionally well, as did the Year Eight and Year Nine debaters who won their debates.

Ferguson sold pancakes as the lunchtime delicacy on Arts Day to raise money for the Service Fund. This was a great success. Special thanks to Sam Bardill (service representative) and all the Sunday morning "flippers" of pancakes.

Masterful organization of Ferguson's efforts in both Performing and Functional Arts by Erika Mazzucchelli, our Arts Captain, resulted in a high level of participation as well as a good standard of performance in both competitions.

Thank you to those who braved the spot-light to perform in front of audiences and to those who gave their time and effort to create their art masterpieces. The united Ferguson effort resulted in the winning of both Performing and Functional Arts as well as the Public Speaking Competition over all. Well done!

A new event on the house calender was the introduction of an evening Chapel Service for each house. The Ferguson House Service was held on Sunday September 16th in the Junior School hall and provided an opportunity for house members to participate in the actual presentation of the service, which went very well. It is to be hoped that attendance at the service will be even better next year.

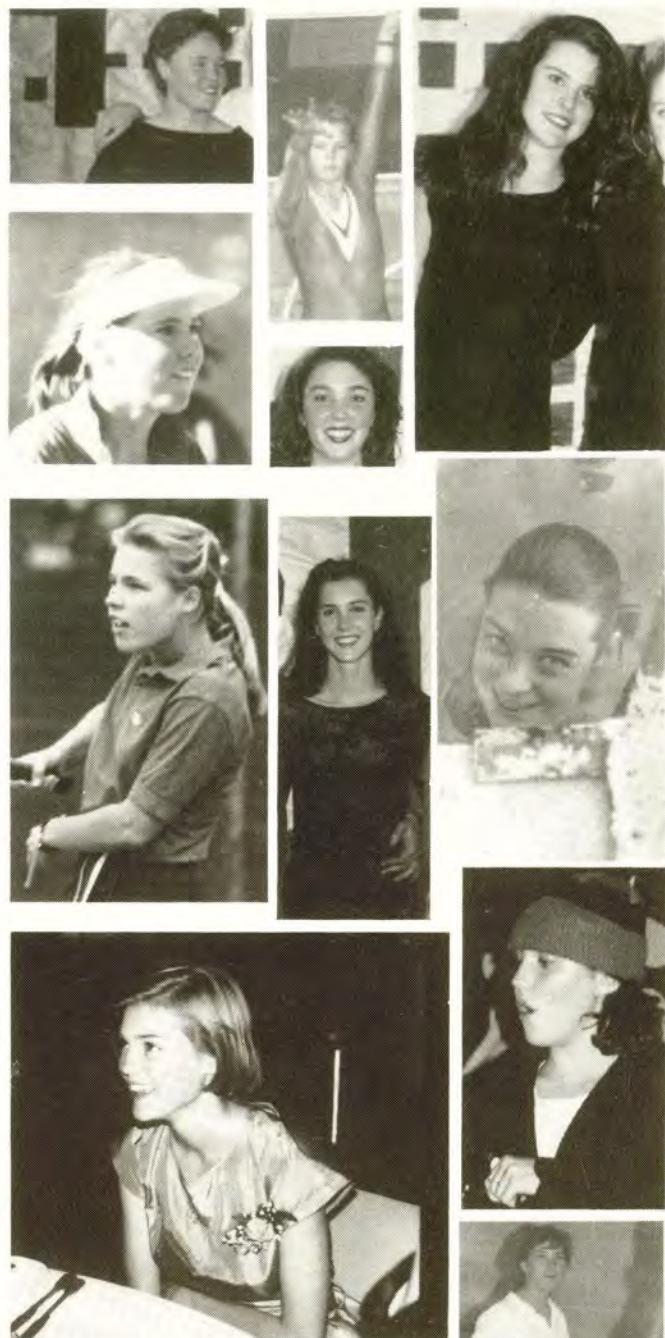
1990 was successful for Ferguson because of the tremendous house spirit and whole-hearted participation by all Fergusonites.

Thank you Mrs MacLean for being a truly inspirational House Adviser and to Mrs Millar and all the Year Twelves for their encouragement and support.

Best wishes and good luck to next year's house officials, Patti, Lizz and Sasha.

Finally, thanks to all Fergos. Keep up that wonderful Ferguson house spirit!

*Melinda, Ann and Erika*



# McNEIL



KATE: Well Beccy, Millie, we've done it again. McNeil has performed outstandingly, inspired by last year's efforts. How do things look from your end Millie?

MILLIE: Well, we earned a 'credible' fourth in the Interhouse Swimming, we WON the Interhouse Athletics, despite bombing out in the marching. We placed highly in all other house sporting activities including first placings in every year group for Interhouse Cross-country.

KATE: Wow!! I guess we're just really good, eh? So Beccy, how's the Arts end of it?

BECCY: Well, we excelled in the Arts Day competitions, including a first place in the House Play AND House Choir. Our production of *The Laundry Girls* was very successful and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone involved. Rehearsals were a mixture of immeasurable talent, sordid gossip, Kentucky Fried and FUN!! The singing of *When I'm Sixty Four* was also enjoyed by our House Choir and led to an impressive victory by our capable conductress, Katherine Munro.

KATE: So basically, what you're saying is that we are champions and have continued an awesome tradition in McNeil??!

BECCY & MILLIE: Well yes, that *is* what we're saying!!

BECCY: But we have other people to thank like Joc McLarty and Tink Joyce who were the Service Co-ordinators for McNeil this year. They did a wonderful job organising and co-ordinating fund raising events for the house. They were really great.

MILLIE: Yeah, and I think Jody Munckton did an admirable

# REPORT

job with the lost property for McNeil. (We never had much of it, I might add.)

KATE: And, readers, you must realise the enormous amount of work both Millie and Beccy have done for McNeil. They have dedicated a lot of time to organise and enthuse everyone so that participation was overwhelming.

MILLIE: I must admit, now is not the time for eating humble pie, McNeilians. We have CONQUERED!! The results of all our efforts speak for themselves and have made me proud to be Sports Captain of McNeil.

BECCY: I agree with Millie. But without all the assistance of the McNeil staff we couldn't have managed. Huge thanks to Mrs McMahon who has been at the head of McNeil during our triumphs. She has been a wonderful inspiration and source of wisdom for us all. Thanks Mrs Mac!! Millie and I are also grateful to Kate for her assistance in helping us maintain our sanity. She has been a great example to everyone in the house.

KATE: Aw, shucks.

MILLIE: Generally, McNeil happens to be P.L.C.'s Ultimate House. The support and co-operation shown this year, especially to me in the sporting arena, has been brilliant. Keep up the superiority next year girls! WHAT A HOUSE!!

ALL: Yes, really it's the absolutely wonderful house spirit which has knocked the other houses for six, and made our jobs so much easier. McNeil is very special. Good luck next year, especially to our 1991 leaders, Carmen, Anna and Susannah.

*Kate, Beccy and Millie*



# STEWART

Throughout the year Stewart House once again demonstrated its outstanding enthusiasm and supreme ability in all areas. We could not have managed our excellence without the support of the entire house and we would like to congratulate those who have willingly (and unwillingly) participated throughout the year.

We demonstrated our continued sporting prowess when our softball team annihilated all other insignificant teams at the conclusion of 1989, then the 1990 Interhouse Swimming Competition was an indication of how well we would perform for the rest of this year. We finished second over all, with special congratulations to Tiffany West and Pippa Dickson who were year champions for Year Ten and Twelve respectively. The diving team, although not victorious, provided interesting, if not entertaining, competition.

Next on the agenda was the Interhouse Cross-country, where to everyone's shock and surprise (not because some were running in bloomers) Stewart displayed world-class running style and team spirit to confound all critics and finish a creditable second, the most outstanding years being Years Eight, Nine and Ten. (The Eights and Tens won and the Year Nines were placed second).

We continued to reveal our athletic abilities in the Inter-house Athletics. Special mention must be





# REPORT

given to Fi Young who took on the hurdles with amazing style, agility and speed...truly something to remember, or in Fi's case to forget! Over all, we provided solid competition, and finished a satisfying fourth. However we were convinced that it was only overwhelming bias that deprived us of our title in the marching competition. (Though perhaps we exhausted all our talent during the track and field events.)

As usual, the prowess of the girls from Stewart was not confined to sporting events but also evident in the Arts. The performing and Functional Arts Day proved again the house spirit of Stewart with brilliant efforts by many. Special congratulations to Simone Shugg and thanks to the whole cast of the house play and also to the house choir.

Thank you to all who have participated and supported Stewart in house activities. Thanks also go to Mrs Heptinstall and Mrs Smith for their continuing dedication and support of the house and this year's Year Twelves.

Best of luck for next year's House Officials - Susan, Catie and Jenne - and to the whole house for future activities.

*Karen, Pip, Ali and Nicky*



# SUMMERS

1990, celebrating P.L.C.'s 75th Diamond Jubilee, has been a very successful year for Summers, maintaining the high standard of participation. Summers has always been known for its house spirit, and it is a pleasure to say that this year has been no exception. We were also honoured this year as Kieren Gara was the Arts Captain of the school and we had two boarding house prefects, Bettina Bowling and Claire Wilkinson.

We began the year in the sporting department by gaining fifth position in the Inter-house Swimming. Congratulations to everyone, especially Kirsty Bowlay and Yonnene Pearce for their achievements. Summers also came fifth in the Diving Competition. We proceeded to take fifth place in the senior and junior Inter-house Tennis. Next up was the Gymnastics Competition in which we came (you guessed it) fifth. Cross-country came around quickly, and we improved our average, and came fourth! Congratulations on Lainie Gara's first place in Year Nine, and to Kirsty Bowlay's second place in Year Eleven. And thank you Jane Humphrys for your great enthusiasm. (*I'll second that - Ed.*)

Our luck improved when we won the senior basketball, then went on to win the junior hockey and senior netball. Congratulations everyone - well done! We secured third place in the senior hockey and fourth in the junior netball. The juniors also did well in gaining fifth place in the basketball and in the volleyball the juniors came second and seniors came fifth. Well done, teams!

We had a great day for the Inter-house Athletics. Thanks to all the girls who competed at such short notice, due to many others being sick. We came fifth (again) in the Athletics and our marching was by far the best, however we came third. Special mention must be made of our Year champions and runner-up champions: Caroline Jenkinson, Lainie Gara and Alison Mills.

All these sports were arranged by our very capable Sports Captain, Tanya-Marie. (Thanks for everything T.M. Hope your head's all right and we'll get your dented locker fixed!!) Thank you to all the girls who competed in sports this year. We really appreciated your participation. We would especially like to





# REPORT

thank the boarders who were continually being placed in events when replacements were needed. Also, thank you Mrs Mills for all your support and helpful supply of "bribes".

Summers also demonstrated the depth of its talent in the Arts department this year. We started the year by coming second in a very tough House Play Competition. Summers performed *The Guilty Generation* under Laura's capable direction. A special thank you must be made to Lisa Micke who did an outstanding job as stage manager. Congratulations to all the cast and crew on your very entertaining performance.

In the House Choir Competition we presented an "interesting" version of *Jellicle Cats*. We came sixth but, well.... it was a good try!

Our debating was a great achievement, especially the Year Tens (Jane Humphrys, Genevieve Wilkins and Caroline Jenkinson) who won. Also, congratulations to the Year Eights (Christina Treloar, Georgina Rosendorff and Amy Stringfellow) who came third. We did equally well in the Public Speaking with Nancy Howard coming second and Jessamine Tan also second.

The year flew by and suddenly we found ourselves at the Functional and Performing Arts.... Now for more thanks: these go out to our Service Fund representative, Beth Clarkson, and to Bettina Bowling for co-ordinating the debating. On behalf of the Year Twelves I would like to thank Mrs Cable for putting up with us over the years - we'll really miss you. Thank you to all the other house tutors, and especially our wonderful House Adviser, Mrs Milne. Thank you for all your support, enthusiasm and constant concern.

Lastly, we would like to thank all the girls in Summers for their co-operation. You have all been a credit to the house.

We've really enjoyed being Summers' captains for 1990. We'd like to wish Summers good luck for the years to come, and congratulations to next year's officials, Dallas, Fleur and Kirsty.

*Sarah, Laura, and Tanya-Marie*



## YEAR ELEVEN DANCE

On the afternoon of Friday, May 11th, the school gym was alive with excited Year Elevens busily putting up the last of the decorations for the Year Eleven Dance.

The theme (after many lunchtimes spent deciding) was Black, White and Gold. The gym was magically transformed with a frieze around the walls, three projections on one wall, and parachutes and helium balloons covering the ceiling. The semi-formal dress gave the whole evening a friendly and relaxed atmosphere.

Special thanks must go to all the teachers involved, the decorating committee, decorators, art students and all parents who put in so much time and effort to make the dance a success.

*Zoe Turner*



## YEAR TWELVE DANCE

On the afternoon of Friday April 6th hairdressing and beauty salons prepared for a rush of customers and Myer's at the Grove suddenly found they were out of stockings. Why?....It was the day of P.L.C.'s Year Twelve Dance. As dusk fell, one hundred and fifty girls could be found scattered around the Metropolitan area in various stages of adornment and nervous panic.

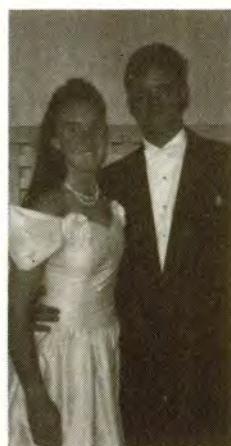
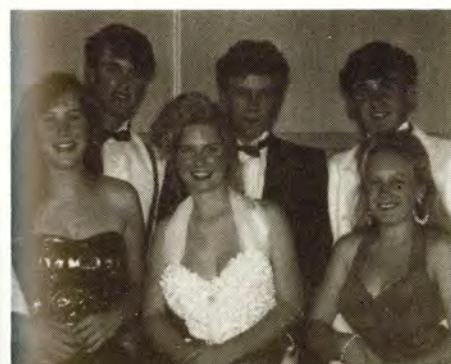
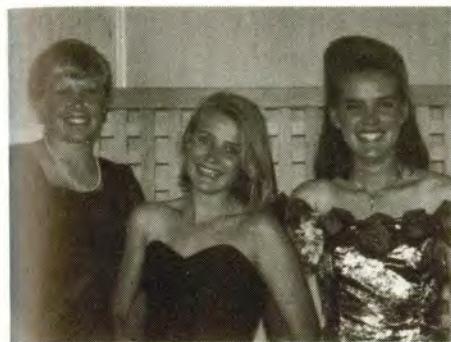
Finally the time came to make our way to the venue chosen for the Big Occasion, the Hyatt, which was gradually graced with an entourage of bubbling beauties (some of whom arrived later than others) with their handsome hand-picked beaux at their sides.

The ballroom was decorated in pink and grey, with each table having as its centrepiece a beautiful bowl of colour-coordinated flowers.

We found our tables and the evening was spent talking, flitting from table to table, eating the delicious food, and dancing to our hearts' content to the selection of music performed by the band, *Faces*.

All too soon the night came to an end. However, the spirit of the evening will not be forgotten by any Year Twelve. Many thanks go to Mrs McMahon and Mr Pedretti who spent the night under hot lights taking photos to immortalize the occasion for us. Special thanks to Mrs Bull and Tanya for organising this splendid highlight of our final year. It was a super success!

*Melanie Roberts*



## YOUNG ACHIEVEMENT

Painted Terracotta Pots were this year's product for the Young Achievers' venture SKY YA, sponsored by Hammersley Iron. Our group of nineteen students started the venture with a lot of enthusiasm and excitement. The first job to do was to choose a name and, although we thought this was quite hard, it proved to be one of the easiest tasks of all.

Our product was chosen after a few weeks of discussion and market research. Terracotta pots were chosen as we felt that we would be able to stencil designs on them taking about twenty minutes a pot. (These projections proved unmanageable and most pots ended up being designed individually.)

We had four stalls, two at PLC, one at the Trade Fair and one at the Grove Plaza, Peppermint Grove. Everyone participated fully throughout the venture and our sales went quite well.

Over all, I think that everyone enjoyed participating in the Young Achievement Programme. It proved to be a very valuable experience and I would recommend it to others.

*Tara Cooper*

## FIFTY MILE WALK

On Friday 1st June, thirteen eager P.L.C. girls and twenty one energetic boys from Scotch College, a dozen promising helpers and a handful of unsuspecting teachers were piled into buses with luggage, food and other supplies. Destination: Moray (near Dwellingup) where we were to begin the 1990 fifty mile walk.

The campsite consisted of a single bunkhouse, bathrooms and a high-tech kitchen area, and as we looked around our sleeping quarters we realised that our choice of bedding was limited: the wooden floor, bunk beds - minus mattresses - or the planked balcony. No-one could decide which was the best deal.

We arose at 3am, after a sleepless night, to find one or two over-eager girls rummaging around in the dark for their torches. Breakfast was hurriedly eaten, and photos were taken, then at 4am we set off.

The first few hours were the most enjoyable, as there was some beautiful scenery



## YOUNG ACHIEVEMENT

*Back L-R S Webb, A White, C Cooper, A Price, S Kelly, T Cooper Centre D Cheng, A Reddin, E Newland, S Heng, S Weaver, N Grant Front F Stewart, E Wilson, C Low, T Menzies-Mason, P Crewe, W Lee.*

which looked its best in the early morning light, but this feeling of pleasure soon disappeared.

As the morning wore on and the sun came up everyone started to peel off gloves, beanies and scarves and began to notice their feet.

We had one stop an hour. The first stop was five minutes, the one at the second hour was ten minutes, at the third hour, five minutes and at the fourth hour there was a twenty minute meal break. They all seemed about a minute long, except for the five minute breaks, which didn't seem like a break because by the time you'd ducked into the bush to obey Nature's Call and then found your way out, you had to run to catch up with everyone!

By late afternoon most people were experiencing at least some discomfort, but only a few showed it. The majority of people had switched off to the pain by switching on to their walkmen.

At this stage we really took advantage of the helpers, who on the breaks ran around endlessly after us. From then it was the inviting thought of dinner at the twenty-

minute break that lured us on. Then after dinner we walked into Dwellingup and at about 9.15 pm started the last leg which led us home (back to Moray).

The sound of bagpipes playing at the finishing line was a welcome sound, and the finishing line was an even more welcome sight. The helpers had built a bonfire and streamers and balloons were everywhere. Thanks must go to them for all their supportive work. All the participants were appreciative, even though most were too tired to show it.

Thanks must go to all those who made this year's walk so successful. Congratulations to all walkers including Mrs Moon, Mr Vickers, Mr Pedretti and Mrs Gadsdon, who has now completed her fourth walk.

I would like to encourage anyone who is interested in attempting the fifty mile walk to do so, as it is a rewarding experience to prove to yourself you can actually do it!

*Alison Pidgeon and Carmen Willmott*



## SKI TRIP

Friday 13th July, commonly known as Black Friday, was certainly black especially at 11.55 p.m. when twenty five excited P.L.C girls took off from Perth Domestic Terminal heading for Falls Creek. This was the beginning of the annual ten-day Ski Trip. Accompanied by Mrs Saffen, we had all said our goodbyes to family and friends before running across the tarmac to board the plane.

When we arrived in Melbourne, Mr and Mrs Whipp joined our group for a five a.m. breakfast. The rest of the day we spent travelling on a bus to Falls Creek. For many of us this was the first experience of snow and when someone sighted some of it on the side of the road everyone became very excited!

By the time we reached our destination it was mid-afternoon and everyone was eager to check into our lodge, Silver Ski. After the sorting out of rooms we settled in and were introduced to the staff of Silver Ski Lodge. All being extremely eager to begin skiing, we headed down to Gebi's to have our boots and skis fitted. The afternoon quickly passed away, with most people dressing in their ski gear and acting childishly in the snow.

Monday proved eventful. After climbing the home trail, we finally reach the 'Bowl' where our first lesson began. Splitting us into two groups, our two instructors, Bruno (who was French and turned out to be the favourite of many people) and Matt, took each class for our daily two-hour lessons. Everyone found the skiing concept a little hard to grasp at first, but after numerous falls and spills most of the group were able to hold themselves up on two skis for one run.

Our daily routine was breakfast at eight, which proved a little early for some of the group, followed by skiing in numbers until lunch time. We then split into our groups for skiing lessons, and soon mastered our skiing techniques. In between skiing sessions everyone stopped at either the Frying Pan or Cloud Nine for a hot chocolate or cool drink and a bite to eat, if funds permitted. Our nightly activities varied, but the highlight was the Hoodoo Guru's concert, which was held at the Sundance Lodge. It proved very enjoyable for all and the night kept rolling till the early hours of the morning for some (or at least one).

We experienced typical Eastern States weather on the last few days of the ski trip

but everyone made the most of the snow despite the conditions. On the last day of our stay some took advantage of the snow, while others went shopping for memorabilia.

After sadly leaving the Silver Ski Lodge we joined the Hale boys on the bus trip back to Melbourne where we stayed the night at the Victoria Hotel. Most of the next day was filled with spending the remainder of our travellers' cheques.

With our suit cases bulging we boarded the delayed flight to Adelaide, then continued our flight home to be reunited with awaiting parents and friends.

Thanks should go to Mr and Mrs Whipp and Mrs Saffen for doing a great job and making the 1990 Falls Creek Ski Trip so enjoyable.

*Taryn Crombie and Helen Wright*

## WORK EXPERIENCE

In May of this year all Year Elevens were offered the chance to participate in a week of Work Experience in the job of their choice.

The program is designed so students can experience a week in a particular occupation in order to gain a better understanding of what the work involved entails.

For some, choosing an occupation was the most difficult part of the entire program. For those who were unsure it offered them a chance to "try out" an occupation they hadn't previously considered. Jobs chosen ranged from hotel management to work in C.A.L.M.

The week began with much apprehension as we had visions of being forced to work a twelve hour day with no coffee or recess breaks! However, as the week progressed most found their occupations less onerous than expected and in some cases quite fascinating.

The return to school the following week was something of a rude shock and by comparison seemed positively boring! However, we did have many amusing stories and experiences to share with friends. We all found work experience most beneficial and for many it was a fresh source of inspiration to help us apply ourselves to study for the next few years.

Many thanks must go to Mrs Wood for all the time and effort she put into arranging the placements. Without her invaluable help and advice the week wouldn't have been so wonderfully successful.

*Catie Low*

## ILE DE LA RÉUNION

The very name Ile de la Réunion conjures up a romantic image of a tropical island complete with palm trees, tropical fruits and a beautiful, sunny climate. During July, five of us from P.L.C. (Emma Colombera, Carolyn Hogg, Lian Koh, Sarah Kelly and Catherine Murray) participated in an exchange programme and discovered Réunion for ourselves. In all, sixty-five Western Australian students spent four weeks on the tiny French island which is situated in the Indian Ocean just off the east coast of Africa. Each of us stayed with a Réunionaise family and adopted their lifestyle. This meant going to the local school (college or lycée), to the movies, to the beach, and living the life of a typical French (Réunionaise) teenager. The people of the island comprise an amazing mixture of races and nationalities. Europeans, Africans, Creoles and Indians go to school and work together with no racial disharmony at all.

We were all amazed to find, on such a small island, so many different types of vegetation, climates, and land forms. Within a short drive you would suddenly find yourself in a totally different region. To us it seemed like lots of different countries in one! You could set off from an area on the western coast, where it was warm with white beaches and you would soon find yourself in a volcanic area with beaches of black sand and rainforest vegetation. The change was dramatic. We all experienced so many new, different and exciting things on Réunion: visiting the active volcano, hiking in the mountains (which were incredibly beautiful), meeting new people, and tasting all the different kinds of *cuisine* of the island - from tropical fruits to traditional curries.

Most of us discovered after only a short while that the Réunionaise approach to food is very different from that of Australians. They consider (as do the French) that cooking is almost an art form and would very rarely 'grab a bite to eat' or buy take-away food. (Nor would they think twice about eating cat or dog.) Interestingly, imported kangaroo meat is a fairly common meal there.

One of the most exciting things for all of us, though, was to speak French in a French country. This was something for which no text book could prepare us. To look out the car window and see the billboards written in French, to watch TV each night in French and just to hear the language spoken all around us was wonderful.

We are all looking forward to hosting the students from Réunion when they arrive in January and we strongly encourage any student of French at P.L.C. to consider taking part in the Réunion Exchange Programme next year.

*Sarah Kelly and Catherine Murray*

## MEDIA CAMP

On the weekend of the 31st of March and 1st of April the Year Eleven and Twelve media students descended upon the Mandurah Holiday Village for the annual pilgrimage known as Media Camp. After spending Friday afternoon loading the school trailer with equal amounts of equipment and food, the happy, jovial bunch began the journey south.

While the purpose of camp is for Year Elevens and Twelves to complete photographic and video assignments, any uninitiated observers could have been forgiven for thinking otherwise. However, all girls showed maximum efficiency in completing assignments as quickly as possible so that they could enjoy the other (even more important??) activities of the weekend. These included shopping (for more food!) relaxing on the beach, making use of the spa, sauna and steam room, relaxing by the pool, playing games of "Mini-tennis", rollerskating, visiting the Amusement Park (which happened to be closed) and watching videos.

While the relaxing side of the weekend was enjoyed by all, the constructive side unearthed some incredible talent. The Year Elevens, faced with the daunting task of "colour", proved that they had incredible pools of natural talent and brilliance. Meanwhile, certain media teachers were out discovering a wonderful affinity with life on the other side of the camera. Mr Pedretti's acting debut not only earned him a pre-dawn view of the beach and a mild case of pneumonia, but also hot croissants for breakfast, courtesy of the Year Twelves.



Media Camp

The weekend was enjoyed by all and, apart from a few major technical mishaps, assignments were completed in a wonderful 'real world' environment.

Beware Mandurah - they will return next year.

*Jocelyn King*

## MOCK TRIAL REPORT

The Mock Trial Competition is sponsored by the Law Society of Western Australia, along with several major law firms in Perth. The competition consists of a series of trials, frequently held in the Central Law Courts. This year sixty-four teams from both government and independent schools entered.

Each team comprises two barristers, one solicitor, two witnesses and a court orderly or Magistrate's clerk (depending on whether the team is prosecuting or defending).

After a very successful year in 1989 (in which we reached the semi-finals) this year's Mock Trial team began well by winning our first two trials easily. However, the third proved to be more difficult and we were defeated by a small margin, which unfortunately eliminated us from the competition.

Thanks must go to Mrs Frichot for her constant support and encouragement and to our coach, Mr John Foulsham, for the time he devoted to helping us prepare our cases.

On a final note, I would like to encourage Year Elevens to participate in the Mock

Trials next year. They provide an excellent opportunity to observe the legal system first hand and to become familiar with legal procedures.

*Angela Petros*

## YEAR 12 GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

On Monday July 2nd at 11 o'clock, twenty-one shivering girls could be seen in View Street huddling together around the P.L.C. bus, arguing over who would ride in the comfort of the mini-bus with Mr Lankester. This was the beginning of our two-day trip to York, ninety-seven kilometres from Perth. Our purpose was to observe the intensive crop and livestock farming systems in the York region.

After an hour and a half of driving we finally reached the town site, and Faversham House with its burning log fire and the wonderful smells of Mrs Davies' home cooking.

The first thing we did was to walk around town, exploring the side streets, chatting to the locals and (of course) along the way observing the town's land use. Then we returned to the warmth of the fire, set up our tape recorders and listened to the talks given to us by Mr Porteous, General manager of the York Co-operative Society, and Mr Tony Boyle, a local farmer in the area. On the completion of the guests' talks we sampled some of Mrs Davies' roast lamb and apple pie, then, feeling contented and lazy, we all settled down in front of the fire to enjoy a pyjama parade (which was won by Deanne) and an interesting game of charades.

Tuesday morning, with everyone sparkly and cheerful, we had a quick breakfast, cleaned the house and set off for the Davies' farm "Hillside". We toured the farm, learning about their new farming system, then returned to a lovely lasagne lunch in the sun.

"Photo Time" and Alf had the job of taking photos of the group with more than ten cameras hanging from his arm.

Thanks go to Mrs Davies for her country hospitality and to Mrs Wood, Alf and Mr Lankester for a wonderful job in organising the trip. Everyone had a great time as well as learning a great deal more about the crop and livestock farming system.

*Kate Prickett*



## FRENCH TRIP

On the 22nd September 1990, twenty three students (sixteen girls, seven boys) and two teachers set off for four glorious weeks to feast their eyes on the wondrous sights of France.

We boarded the Thai Airways plane in great anticipation of what lay ahead, little knowing that four hours after take-off we were to have a scare when the oxygen masks came down as the plane was falling, falling, losing pressure so that an emergency landing in Singapore was necessary. What an experience!

After stopping in Singapore, then Bangkok (where we had a relaxing swim and went shopping) then another touch down in Copenhagen, we finally arrived at Charles de Gaulle airport on Sunday morning, Paris time.

We settled into our hostel and in the early afternoon set off to experience the beautiful sights of Paris. During our four-day stay we saw everything worth seeing - Notre Dame, Champs Elysée, Arc de Triomphe, Sacre-Coeur, Pompidou Centre, the Louvre, Montmartre, Versailles, Eiffel Tower, Hotel Invalides, Saint-Chapelle and Musée D'orsay. And how could anyone forget the shopping - les Halles, Galerie Lafayette and, on our last night, Blud St. Michel complete with reggae dancers! We cruised on a Bateau Mouche on the Seine, wandered the streets of Paris, sipped cocoa in the cafes and constantly ran the risk of being hit by a speeding moped!

On Thursday morning at 6.15 a.m. (we woke at 6 a.m.) we were downstairs ready to board the bus that would take us to the TGU. None of us wanted to leave Paris, many already deciding to return as soon as possible.

Four hours later we arrived in Annecy, full of nervous apprehension about meeting our French families - who all turned out to be fantastic.

One of the highlights was our trip to Chamonix, where we took cable cars to the top of the mountains where the view was magnificent, especially for those who had never seen snow before. (Even though we couldn't actually touch it, seeing it was exciting enough for most.) We also had the pleasure of hiking with backpacks up to the top of a mountain. Twenty six of us slept in a mountain refuge on a wooden floor then trekked back down the next morning. Looking back, it was a lot of fun. (Really!)

Out last ten days were spent in Aix-en-Provence, a beautiful university city full of students, so it was always full of life and activity with plenty to do. We had many excursions, including a visit to a school in Marseille and a tour of the city where we made many new friends.

Then it was back to Paris for our last night, and a return to Sacre-Coeur and to

Blud St Michel. The next morning we left, sad to leave France but happy to know we were going home.

The French Trip is a brilliant experience and I would recommend it to everyone doing French in Year Eleven next year.

Fiona Stewart

## OUTWARD BOUND '90



Melinda Fletcher

On September 19th, around one hundred nervously hyperactive Year Tens, along with several rather dazed-looking teachers, crammed onto waiting buses to begin what was to become one of the most 'dynamic' (to say the least) ten days of their lives.

Our adventure started almost immediately. After a fairly exhausting seven-hour bus trip we arrived at the middle of nowhere (which was apparently where we were headed) and we were rather unceremoniously dumped to begin Outward Bound. This was enough to strike terror into the hearts of most, with only a reassuring few insisting that it was probably 'not as bad as it seemed.' But it did seem pretty bad; we had been abandoned in the middle of the bush with no shelter, no showers and no warm beds.

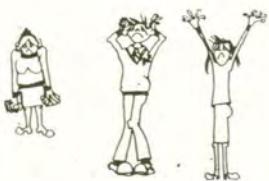
However, as horrific as the above may sound, Outward Bound did, in fact, turn out to be a very worthwhile experience. Although by about day four, school was even beginning to sound an attractive alternative, for the better part of the ten days we all really enjoyed ourselves. During the time at camp we all accomplished several activities including a ropes course (a terrifying fifteen metres from the ground), abseiling from both a tree and a cliff, rock climbing, hiking through

bush and rafting. They were all extremely challenging and really fun to do.

We all learned a lot, becoming especially practised at laughing (or at least smiling) at bad situations. These may have involved being led through thigh-deep swamps by 'expert' navigators, waking up in a saturated state of depression to find your precious "bivvy" flapping wildly over someone else's head, paddling frantically in a desperate dash for shore as your raft slowly deflated beneath you, or even hacking your way through impenetrable rainforest only to find you had been heading in the wrong direction!!

Outward Bound was a great character building experience. We accomplished things we may never have even thought to try and (looking back) we actually had fun doing it. Within our groups we learned to become less selfish because we had to work as a team. In general, everyone got on really well and we all made a lot of new friends. It was the experience of a lifetime and we returned home tired, half-starved and smelly but with some fantastic and, in some cases, unique memories that will undoubtedly last forever.

Danielle Ferry and Devika Hovell



# PROVERBIAL

## - Mrs Best

- \* Oops - I've got the wrong class!!



## - Mrs Dowding

- \* If you plan a nervous breakdown they're more relaxing.

## - Mrs Duzevich

- \* Copy it down ever so smartly!
- \* Chop, chop!!



## - Mrs Hockings

- \* Gadaffi is as mad as a meat axe.
- \* Don't hang out the windows ladies!!

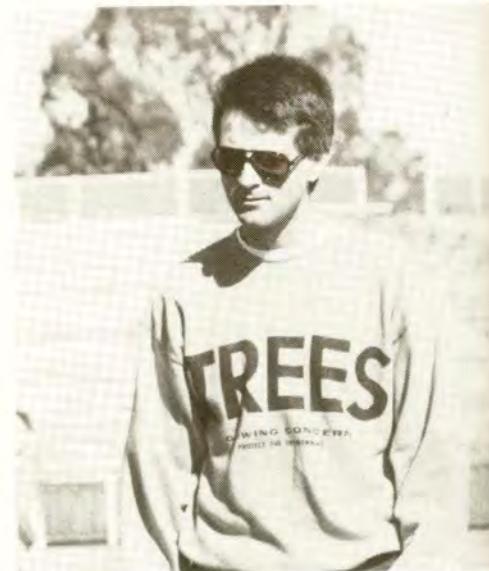
## - Mr Lankester

- \* Basically girls, the cows do the same things in all of the zones.



## - Mrs Jenkin

- \* Don't change into a girl half-way through!
- \* Mrs Bull? Elle se cache dans l'armoire (She's hiding in the cupboard)



## - Mr Leach

- \* (*Continued from last year - Ed.*) Jane Austen still doesn't do much for me.
- \* I thought that was rather profound - c'mon girls, write that down!

## - Mrs McArthur

- \* Here I am, perched up here in my place - isolated from everyone...again.
- \* When I was studying Jane Austen, way back in the Dark Ages not long after the Ark was first set afloat...
- \* I'll do the in-between bits - that'll keep me happy for the period.



## - Mr Pedretti

- \* I want a poofteenth of milk in my tea.

## - Mrs Pidgeon

- \* Mrs Beetroot has been cutting up these Bennetts for me. Mrs Beetroot???

- \* Half the population is walking around with a very serious risk factor and that is that they're males.
- \* The kidney has quite an intimate connection with the artery.
- \* I'm confused at the best of times but it's a bit worse now.

## - Mrs Rankin

- \* Let's pretend we're Arabs and go backwards.

# PEDAGOGY



## - Miss Rankin

- \* Once again the narrator is being so terribly wicked! Isn't he naughty?



## - Mr Vickers

- \* Where's Alison? Where's Alison? Is she sick again today?
- \* M.P.s can bring up anything they want in Parliament - except their lunch.
- \* It's the time factor girls - I'm more stressed than you!!



## - Mrs Ward

- \* We'll all be happy little molecules.
- \* Dotted to the degree of dottiness.

## - Mr Rennie

- \* If you swing your little sister around on a rope...
- \* People who live near power lines are complaining that they cause headaches, nausea and pregnancy.
- \* If you get hit by a tub of margarine travelling at...
- \* I am an aeroplane...



## - Mr Reoch

- \* I am a forty-four year old man - I can have a heart attack any time.
- \* Anyone who does that should have a baby toenail ripped off with a blunt, rusty instrument.

## - Mr Saunders

- \* I was 15 and male so I was stupid.
- \* When I was at Wesley...
- \* Don't call me Butch!
- \* Boom, boom, boom!!



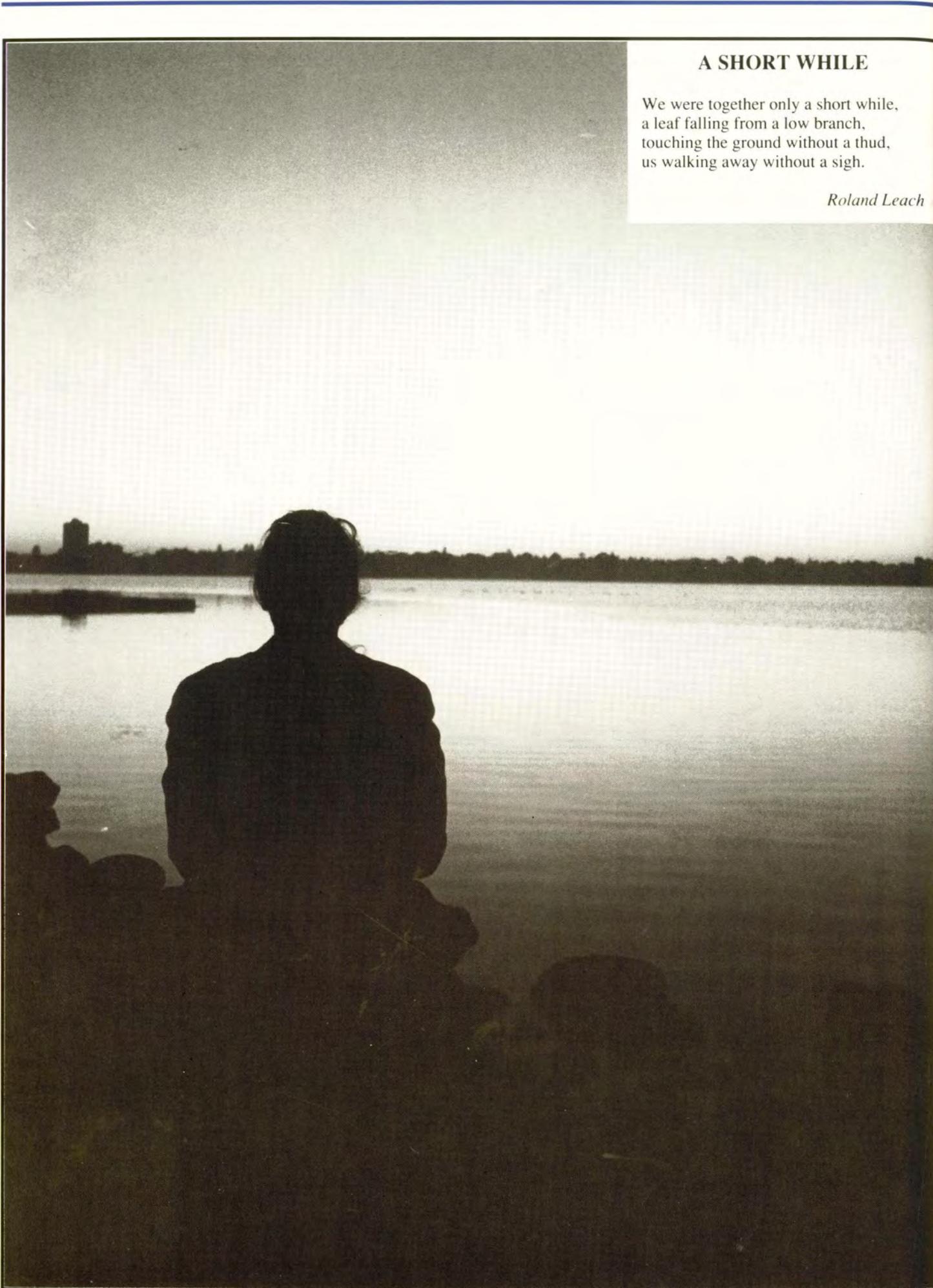
## - Mr Tibbitt

- \* When I was at Scotch...
- \* Fiscal drag has nothing to do with the government smoking.
- \* At the risk of Economics going mad...
- \* I'm often stuck up in my office.
- \* Get down on your knees and beg!

## A SHORT WHILE

We were together only a short while,  
a leaf falling from a low branch,  
touching the ground without a thud,  
us walking away without a sigh.

*Roland Leach*





**Fiona Amey** (Fi-Fi) 2 years. To meet, marry and to have the kids of a rich, German, red-headed tennis star.

**Kyffin Anderson** (Kyff, Spliff) 5 years. Leader of The Flying Squadron - Falls Creek.

**Antoinette Ang** (Angy, Wabbit) 10 years. To turn off my nose.

**Kelly Atkinson** (Kel) 1 year. To be happy.

**Melissa Banfield** 2 years. To find out what homework is.

**Samantha Bardill** (Sam) 5 years too long. To decide what I'm going to do next year before next year.

**Katherine Barrett** (Stoog, Rhona, Boogie) 9 years. To build an art centre at Shark Bay with a muffin factory out the back.

**Michelle Bennett** 6 years. To be the next Steven Spielberg.

**Emma Berry** (Em, Reece, Beryls) 2 years. To meet all the guys in my homework diary and live with them all in France.

**Lisa Bolton** (Bolts, Lees, Lou) 8 years. To find out what's under the bonnet.

**Bettina Bowling** (Betty, Little B, Bubbles) 5 years. To be a director more famous than Alfred Hitchcock, richer than Steven Spielberg and as good as Peter Weir.

**Stella Brooks** (Stel, Welly, Belle) 5 years. To "SNACK" till I die.

**Melissa Brown** (Mel, Brownie, Mellie) 7 years. To become a successful graphic artist and earn millions.

**Maria Chilvers** (M'ria, Chil) 5 years. To go through a week without being called an Italian.





**Phui Furng Ching** (Springroll) 1 year. To be an extra fantastic, fabulous business woman.



**Laura Clarke** (Lauz) 5 years. To be a lean, mean, goddess machine.



**Elizabeth Clarkson** (Beth, Womble, Macbeth) 5 years. To find a Year 8 smaller than me.



**Emma Clement** (Em, Clem, Phlegm) 5 years. Anyone got any ideas?



**Kate Cobbold** (Cobb, Drac, Spac) 10 years. To be a lab technician at Rydell High.



**Charlotte Collins** (Lotto, Blotto) 6 years part-time. To make sure Birthday Bill sees no more birthdays.



**Katherine Cooper** (Katie, Kate) 9 years. To go a day without chocolate.



**Gabrielle Cotton** (Gab, Scab, Rotton) 5 years. To marry into the mafia and own every Gelate icecream shop.



**Melissa Couani** (Mel, Melly, Smel) 2 years. To get through one whole day without pulling out a mono.



**Tanya Davies** (Tanny, Head, Tilly) 7 years. Never to wash up another plate in my life.



**Tanya-Marie Davies** (T-M, Marie, Amoeba) 5 years. To be the fifth Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle.



**Julia Davis** (Jules) 5 years. To prove that all the teachers really do love me!



**Philippa Dickson** (Pippa, Pip, Dicko) 10 years. To meet the man of my dreams in the lane way.



**Melissa Egan** (Millie, McMilly, Elle) Can't remember. Not to be mistaken for Elle McPherson.



**Sara-Jane Elderfield** (S-G-J, Janey, Jay) 5 years.



**Natalie Erskine** (Nat, Natto, Natalooosh) 4 and a bit. To motivate my motivation.



**Tobi Farley** (Tobs, Uncle) 2 1/2 years. To find my ambition!! No, really, to be filthy rich! I don't know.



**Sarah Forman** (Beaves, Sar) 6 years. To stay injury-free for at least 24 hours.



**Emma Frichot** (Em, Jude, Emblem) 6 years. To be rich enough to pay off my lunch debts.



**Nina Frichot** (Neen, Ninja Nina, Neno) 6 years. To be rich enough to own a clog factory.



**Kieren Gara** (Kev, Stick, Kiers) 6 years. To get an "A", and to start the car in winter.



**Ereena Georgiades** (Reen, PHB) 4 years.



**Claire Glatz** (Clu, Clairabelle) 6 years. To survive T.E.E.



**Davina Goldthorpe** (Dav, Daf, Dags) 5 years. To be a truck driver's assistant or a communist nun.



**Morag Greer** (Haggis, Hags, Morgs) 3 years. To be able to ride a bike without falling off.



**Karen Hantke** (Karry, Kazza, George) 8 years. To find Stella the right snack.



**Melanie Hardie** (Bellany, Smell) 5 years. To find the perfect mix and match boyfriend.



**Bianca Hartz** (Unky, Biunks, B.B. Baracus) 14 long years! To take over Bob Hawke's job.



**Heidi Hayter** (Heids, Asparagus) 5 years.  
To touch my toes.



**Li Lu Hiew** 3 years. To travel to Europe alone.



**Sophie Hill** (Sukie, Soph, Bill) 7 1/2 years.  
To reach the "Golden Lights" with Morrissey.



**Eng Ling Ho** (Enggee) 1 year. To fulfil my dreams.



**Alison Hopkins** (Ali, Al) 5 years. To connect with the perfect truck driver and compare regrowth.



**Angela Humphrys** (Ang, A.W.E.H.) 5 years. For Mrs Bull to realise I'm not that bad.



**Nicole Ikin** (Nik) 3 years. To become an honorary member of the T.M.N.T. Fan Club.



**Fiona Jayaraman** (Fi, Muscles, Finona) 10 years. To grow coconuts and go for a trip with the cook on Julianne's horse.



**Sarah Jones** (Jonesy, Sarz, Kroogs) 5 years. To get the TV back.



**Katrina Joyce** (Tink, Clinker) 5 years. To run to New Zealand, to go skiing and then run back.



**Jocelyn King** (Jos) 5 years. To be happy, successful, wealthy and discover someone gullible enough to marry me.



**Paik Tsin Koh** (Tsino) 3 years. To photosynthesize.



**Meng Wei Kok** 2 years. To get good grades without studying for them.



**Shay Kuehlmann** (Shay-O-Hay) 3 years. I just wanna be a star!

**Jennifer Langdon** (Kate, The Deli, Langers) 5 years. To invent the biggest chocolate bar in the world.



**Danielle Lannin** (Dani) 2 years. To provide everyone in the world with a meal and a roof over their heads.



**Jackie Lin** (Jack) 3 1/2 years. To be a stockbroker.



**Jodie Loaring** (Jodes, J.J., Belinda B) 5 years. To teach certain people a lesson and to have a hot time.



**Jodie-Anne Maher** (Jode, Jerry, Jodie Minogue) 6 years. To be a Super, Ultra, Mega Pop Star. Move over Kylie!



**Rebecca Martin** (Bec) 5 years. To cut off Yean Mei's rat's tail.



**Erika Mazzucchelli** (Richi, Ery, Ecka) 8 years. To find someone to put in my locket.



**Alison McCandless** (Ali, Al, Bloke) 5 years. To get to band on time.



**Nicole McCandless** (Nicky, Nik) 5 years.



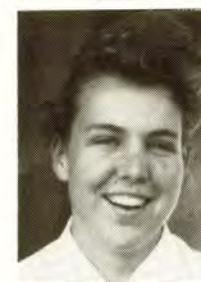
**Catriona McCloy** (Trundle-Bundle, Catty, Tawdy) 4 3/4 years. For my parents to realise that human beings are more important than pig dogs.



**Cheryl-Lea McGuigan** (Chez) 2 years. To go back to Auckland and meet a rich guy but never settle down!



**Jocelyn McLarty** (Jos) 5 years.



**Ann Mercer** (Annie Pannie) 7 1/2 years. To break the sound barrier!!\*?



**Lisa Micke** (Leese) 5 years. To have Imelda Marcos' shoe cupboard.



**Felicity Miller** (Flick, Flicka, Dolly) 5 years. To be the pirate beetle of investment portfolios.



**Sasha Missal** (Slash the Gash, Curry Puff) 9 years. To make sure Birthday Bill sees no more birthdays.



**Siti Faireena Mohamed** (Reena, Rojack, Acis) 2 years. To find myself and then conquer the world.



**Bettina Moore** (Betty, Tina, Betteen) 5 years.



**Rhena Moore** (Rhen) 6 years. To fly higher than Neil Armstrong.



**Lisa Morgan** (Lis, Weesa) 7 years. To drive to Bianca's house without hitting the kerb.



**Melinda Morris** (Mel) 7 years. To be a Sumo mud wrestler.



**Alison Motherwell** (Al, Big Al, Motherwell) 5 years. To get home before sunset.



**Jody Munckton** (Jodes, Jodester) 5 years. To say something that actually makes sense and create the Blue Rose.



**Julie Munro** (Jules, Poodle) 5 years. To go one day without talking on the telephone.



**Katherine Munro** (Kate, Kath) 9 years. To grow a longer tongue so I can roll my "r's"!



**Shena Neil-Smith** (Hussy, Shenette, Dina) 5 years. To jump the train off its tracks for the rest of my life and NEVER to be a hausfrau.



**Lay Peng Ng** (Penny, Shouldy, Chubby) 1½ years. To travel the world and be successful.



**Yean Mei Ong** (Ratty, Mei, Ongy, Turtle) 3 years. To stay 5 forever and for someone to cut off my rat's tail.



**Rebecca Paterson** (Bec, Beccus, Booky) 5 years. To grow legs.

**Davina Peacock** (Dee, Nene, Darweena) 4 years. To reveal my natural hair colour.

**Emma Penny** (Em, Em Pen, Embo) 5 years. To become a photographer, live in a castle in the Swiss Alps and indulge on Swiss chocolate.

**Angela Petros** (Ang) 5 years. To be first to the canteen.

**Evonne Phua** 2 years. To do well in life.

**Jennifer Pilmer** (Jen, Piggy, Juniper) 7 years. To be a boarding house mistress.

**Anne Pinnick** (Annie, Fanny) 5 years. To pick up where Toni left off.

**Michelle Preston** (Miffy, Miff McMuffin, Burger) 9 years. To be a door-to-door clog salesman.

**Kate Prickett** (Katie-Pops) 6 great years. To get my licence without killing the instructor or myself.

**Holly Ralph** (Ralph, Hol) 7 years part-time. To go to school for a whole week.

**Yasmin Ramsey** (Yas, Mafron, Yasminette) 5 years. To live in Jamaica with some black man called Ziggy.

**Nicole Rathbone** (Bushy) 1 year. To be the president of Afghanistan.

**Natalie Richardson** (Nat, Natlie) 5 years. To learn to drive before my teenage years are over.

**Melanie Roberts** (Mel, Big Bopper, Water Melly) 5 years. To be a kindy mum, drive an MG, and finance Madame May's.





**Bianca Robertson** (Bi, Bibs) 4 1/2 years.  
To be the Master of the Universe.



**Katie Robertson** (Katie Bunny, Little Gremmie) 4 years. To be rich, marry Paul and learn to cook.



**Julienne Roe** (Jules, Enne, Ennie) 5 years.  
To successfully smuggle a horse through the customs of Bangkok Airport.



**Tina Russell** (Teen, Been, Sherry, Doreen)  
5 years. (Never to be called Doreen again!! - Ed.)



**Robyn Schonell** (Rob, Robbie, Wobyn) 5 years. To teach basket weaving to old ladies.



**Robyn Sermon** (Rob, Bahgwan, Bob) 5 years. To have a male secretary, a black BMW and C.R. babies.



**Lucy Sharbanee** (Luce, Lou, Lucia) 4 years. To be five-foot-six and blonde.



**Natasha Shugg** (Tash, Hash) 2 years. To walk on the wild side with Lou Reed.



**Tanya Sim** (Dan, Dim Sim, Ostrich) 5 years. To be a crumpet packer.



**Kelly Spinley** (Kel, Kelbell) 5 years. To live life like there's no tomorrow.



**Angela Stewart** (Ang, Angie, Sepo) 4 years. To prove that going to school doesn't mean going to classes.



**Jodie-Anne Stewart** (Jodes, Jodester) 5 years.



**Ruth Stone** (Ruthy, Roo) 12 years. Ambition?!



**Jessamine Tan** (Jess) 3 years. To really live.



**Fiona Thomson** (Fi, Fee-Fi, Finone) 4 years. To complete my clog enamel formula.



**Allison Thunder** (Ali, DaFuzz) 9 years. To be like the Fitness Instructor on Police Academy - Sergeant O'Callahan.



**Samantha Tidy** (Sam, T.T., Gus [The snail]) 8 years. To find out if the rumours about Santa Claus are true.



**Fleur Trevisan** (Eddie) 3 years. To meet one of my parents' friends without them asking what I want to be when I grow up.



**Katie Turton** (Tartan, K.T. Tatey Kurtin) 5 years. To always remember the night before the morning after.



**Gabrielle Unsworth** (Gabbie, Gabs) 5 years. To amaze my family and friends by making a fake candle out of a banana and an almond and to watch their faces as I eat it.



**Hannah Vincent** (Bam-Bam, Vince, Hanno) 6 1/2 years. To replace the Brown Hornet on Fat Albert and the Cosby kids.



**Elizabeth Waddell** (Libby, Lib, Chickito) 6 years. To be able to wear clogs without socks.



**Katherine Warren** (Katester) 6 years. To live life on a high.



**Holly Way** (Hal, Burger, Way) 3 years. To take off and fly and never come down.



**Kathryn Weekes** (Kitz, Kates, Kitty) 8 years. To become a rabbit or a Siberian clog dancer.



**Lisa Wetherell** (Leese, Poodle, Giz) 8 years. To be able to keep within the speed limit.



**Michelle White** (Olly, Dimples, Mitch) 5 years. To meet Joel Beeson and to finally start my diet on the day I say I will.



**Claire Wilkinson** (Helga, Clarabelle, Claire Bear) 3 years. To grow a strawberry the size of Mt Everest and to be a milkmaid in the Swiss Alps.



**Deanne Wilkinson** (Dee, Carly, Mona) 5 years. To be recognised as myself, not Carly or Mona etc.



**Annabel Williams** (Belle) 7 years. To tell a story in less than 5 minutes minus the animation.



**Robyn Winckel** (Rob, Leaf Moon Beam) 5 years. To be a tree.



**Kirsten Wittber** (Kirst) 5 years. To pass maths.



**Siew Yien Wong** (Aidah, Pancake) 2 years. To be an extraordinary business woman.



**Francesca Yeo** (Franz, Fran, Ces) 2 years. To get into Uni and get a car.



**Liza Yong** (Lizard) 2 years. To be successful.



**Elizabeth Young** (Sally Pig, Lizbeth, Liz) 5 years. To photograph Greece and Africa for *National Geographic*.



**Fiona Young** (Fi Fi, Feotus, Fibo) 6 years. To become one of James Bond's women.

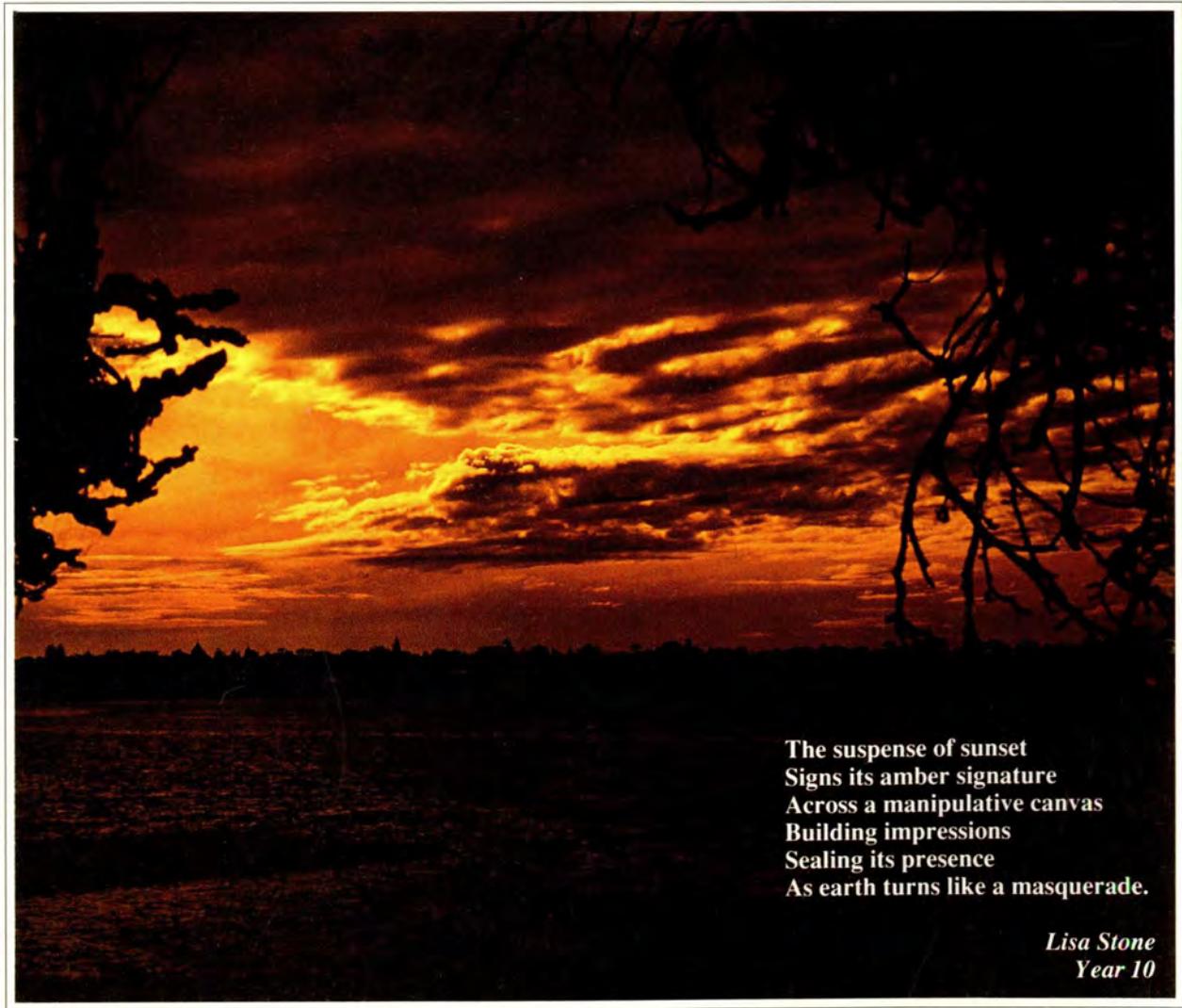


**Sarah Yu** (Sars, Ugly) 5 years too many. To be a Doug Anthony Allstar and to grow some legs.



# Empty Pages Dance Again

A Selection Of Creative Work From Students  
In Years 1-12



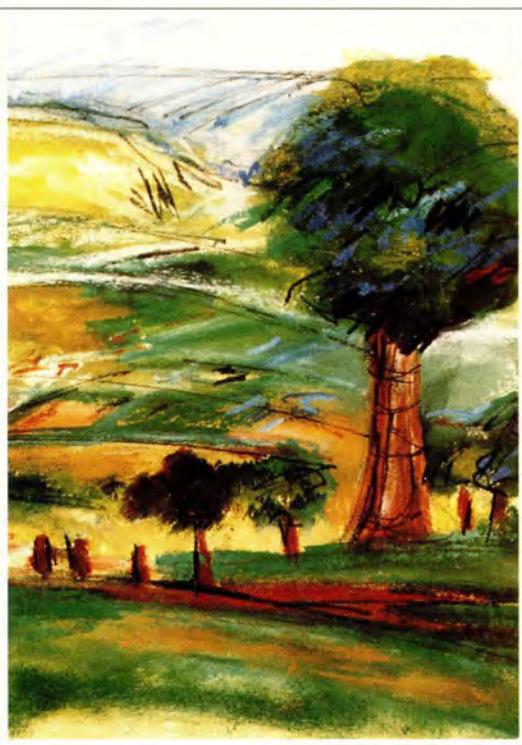
The suspense of sunset  
Signs its amber signature  
Across a manipulative canvas  
Building impressions  
Sealing its presence  
As earth turns like a masquerade.

*Lisa Stone  
Year 10*

photo: S. Pye



Michelle Preston  
Year 12  
Painting



Melissa Brown  
Year 12  
Drawing



Becky Webster  
Year 7  
Drawing



Alison McAndless Year 12  
Silkscreen Printed Doona Cover



## NOTHINGNESS

I could fill this page with nothing  
An expanse of meaningless words  
of an endless land  
That leads over the horizon  
To a serpent sea  
where I lie  
Watching time  
Crashing with death's ferocity  
Upon the shore.  
Until swept silently back into life's arms  
A forgotten image of nothingness.

*Paula Holmes  
Year 10*

## DEATH

White shells of colour.  
Gravestones of love.  
Misty dreams;  
A petal of time.

*Carolyn Hogg  
Year 10*

## DESTINY UNKNOWN

Windswept travellers on polystyrene horses,  
Driftwood on sand, a collage of fate.

## ALBATROSS CLOUDS

Albatross clouds  
dark riders on a windy steed  
skim over thirsty sands  
spinifex armies  
salute,  
heaven's serpent  
in its coat of colours  
bending upon desert oceans  
only the pipers ready tune  
as wet petals fall.

*Vicky Patton  
Year 11*

*Lara Edelman  
Year 10*

## BROTHERLY ADDICTION

Zeus spins his golden web  
And scrapes the white demon  
Into a heavenly peak.  
Poseidon is careful  
To keep his wits polished  
He wishes he could wash the world away.

Hades dreams of his kin.  
His hands quiver with longing  
In brotherly love they donate  
The curtains that draw across his eyes  
And the gutter for His grave.

*Jennie Officer  
Year 10*



photo: K. Barrett

## AFTERMATH

The wind floated its gradual path  
through the tortured sky, bright  
beacons of dust smothering tepid  
remains. Silent sirens echo  
phantom calls in the Everest evening.  
A mute dream  
brushes a careful passage beyond.

*Tanya Davies  
Year 12*

## PAN

A thorned stem is his face,  
and on it lies a closed bud.  
He lies content in his Arcadian gutter palace.

Their jester  
Who treads the lonely rings of life  
paying for perfection,  
And with their mocking glances  
he returns to his own rare riches.

*Lian Koh  
Year 10*



photo: N. Giblett



photo: N. Giblett

## THE UPRISING

Shy sun you blush  
fire against the sultry sands  
turning the mirror of destiny -  
spinning in the wake of  
the brightest twilight blue  
yet  
you lower your lashes  
crush Tiananmen tears  
only to rise upon my  
window sill  
stiff and sorry.  
Oh my sun  
I see you  
standing red in the blood of your world  
stay safe let me  
look  
sate my leached lust  
once more  
till death flies with the moon.

*Bettina Bowling  
Year 12*

## AYERS ROCK

Like the heaving bosom of an old maid it rises from the dust,  
Dirt as red as blood stretching to the tumultuous sky.  
The trodden earth cracking under the strain of the menacing sun.  
Walked on by tourists  
Their cameras clicking,  
Travelled over by blackmen,  
Their legends and fables filling the crevices of the rock  
Quiet  
The silence releases the stories,  
They tumble swiftly down the sun baked sides of this mountain of wisdom  
A melodical murmuring in a tongue not my own.  
But still I understand,  
Its presence fills my soul,  
It lives.

*Susie Cann  
Year 10*

## THE ATHENS CIRCUS FIRE

Nostrils flared in thirty cages at the warning of the air,  
The warmth so slowly creeping Through the bars of death.  
Eyes rolled at each other, But found no safety there.  
The canvas was a rain of black confetti Celebrating death's many marriages;  
The menagerie, laughter's martyrs. Shrieked in terrible tongues;  
Searching through their pain for some way in which to cope  
But no weeping god had come to help them, And they died,  
Huddled around such sprinting hearts Knowing there was no hell but there.  
And at the end  
Amidst the elegies of smoke cascading over slaughter  
Only one survivor. As in the beginning,  
Quiet, menacingly alone, the memories.  
They meander forward out of destruction.  
The cold life sliding over ash.

*Robyn Bernadt  
Year 9*



photo: B. Bowling



## LIBERTY

"Liberty," they cry  
As they march the street  
"Equality," they chant  
As they voice their wishes.

If you cannot speak  
You are silent.  
The silent lose.

The trees cannot speak  
The wind must voice their thoughts.  
Though the animals talk  
We cannot understand.  
Perhaps we do not want to understand,  
Only to rule.

We want power.  
The power to rule over all.  
It will never be.  
So we content ourselves with the one  
power we can have  
The power to kill.

The power to kill  
Kill all that does not bend to our rules.  
The rules that make us, equal humans.  
Free.  
But the rules chain them to uncertainty  
For the rest of their short lives.

Samantha Rees  
Year 9

## THE FACTORY

A voyeur of Fisher-Price families  
In their soap-box houses.  
Solitary women with painted plastic faces  
Uniformed males with tedious, striped ties.  
Boys and girls draped in impractical  
finery.  
Feeding glassy-eyed teddy-bears sherry  
and caviar.  
She drifts to the mirror  
And paints a porcelain smile on her  
worried face.  
Intoxicated by the everlasting fragrance  
Of her cardboard roses.  
Her staccato steps carry her down the  
Vacant hallway.  
Almost instinctively the acrylic redness of  
Her fingernail merges with the elevator  
button  
She is drawn inside, a single iron filing  
In a magnetic field.  
She descends and steps out on to  
The conveyor belt of life.

Lara Edelman  
Year 10

## TELL ME

In misty wraps of utopia, a home  
nurtured, built up. A wall to protect you?

Echoes of tomorrow, like threads of torn  
silk,  
twist reluctantly through your head.  
And from the dust, a soul from diamonds  
and gold, evolves on the broken wind.  
So will your soul fly - so they tell me.  
Or in some world with a locked gate  
for mercy,  
A cross and a nail for forgiveness.

"Tell me do you see what I hear?  
Feel what I think?"

Above and below me suffocating in pools  
of blood,  
in an aura of antiseptic glory.  
The spirit will live stifling,  
surrounding, destroying, acid-decaying  
my belief.

"Tell me the love you feel - for me?"  
Protect me  
    carrying tears of  
    anger  
    sweat  
    pain  
    passion  
    resistance  
like a fly on decaying meat  
a disease from a festering sore

Oh my child, is this all I could offer you?  
A test tube for instinct,  
a metal bowl for an ashen shroud.

"Tell me, I must know,  
where is it that you sleep tonight?"

Catherine Low  
Year 11



## THE CITY

The murmur of the city mingles with the blanket of smog.  
The buildings scream as they reach for the sky to escape;  
Stretching and taunting,  
They are shocking in their endeavours.  
Riddles of streets, puzzle their way across the city,  
And hide in the opening shadows of daylight.  
Traffic lights, regimented and severe,  
Send out their warnings in a confusion of colour.  
The blaze of neon lights,  
Desperately wait for the morning to be released.  
This is the womb of humanity;  
The tortured conglomeration of the metropolis.

An abandoned newspaper divides  
And scurries in the wind,  
This forgotten corner of the city cowers in its loneliness.  
It proudly displays its host of straggling trees;  
The leaves at their feet,  
like writhing corpses,  
are reminiscent of life; but only vaguely.  
They too rustle, undecidedly.  
The paper makes a move,  
and there is an alarming sense of acceptance,  
as a piece nestles among the shedded leaves.  
The wind is exaltant at this victory,  
and whistles imperceptibly away;  
the only witness to the scene.

The silence struggles, and eventually  
surrenders to the force of the city.  
The sounds fill the air in a myriad of rhythms;  
the rustlings, the warnings, the screaming,  
subside in the murmur  
and conform.

Then as the sun retreats in the gloom of dusk,  
the wreaths of exhaust spiral upwards,  
and are disguised in the living gold air.  
The night is wedged between storeys,  
until the workers retire,  
from this cruel world.

The lights, in the secret of the night,  
pulsate an illusive fluorescence.  
The city is moving in a vibration of light,  
biding its time until the sentence is announced.  
Somewhere, there is a revolution,  
and the street's lights are exterminated.

And the city subsides,  
temporarily,  
the hollow emptiness reverberates  
along one-way streets,  
and is sometimes dragged in the wake  
of a flowing vehicle.

Sarah Jones  
Year 12

## UNDER AN IVORY MOON

Under an ivory moon,  
a beam of stale light  
intrudes into a suffocating room.  
While a cockroach scuffles  
over an old newspaper  
shattering a deathly silence.  
A rose sits in the corner,  
bowing its head shamedly  
as if the decay of the room  
had seeped into its  
delicate petals.

Under an ivory moon,  
sits a man.  
A beam of topaz light  
is overwhelmed by the  
radiance and warmth of the room.  
He envelopes a girl  
into his secure arms,  
her eyes sparkle with juvenility.  
Her carefree laughter resounds.

The ivory beam lurks  
over me  
and prises my eyes open.  
Again I am greeted by the  
venomous cold and squalor.

Lian Koh  
Year 10



## A CHILD'S NIGHT SKY

Gabriella  
On cold wet  
windy nights  
the Thunder  
roars and  
lightning  
strikes.

Gabriella McLean  
Year 1

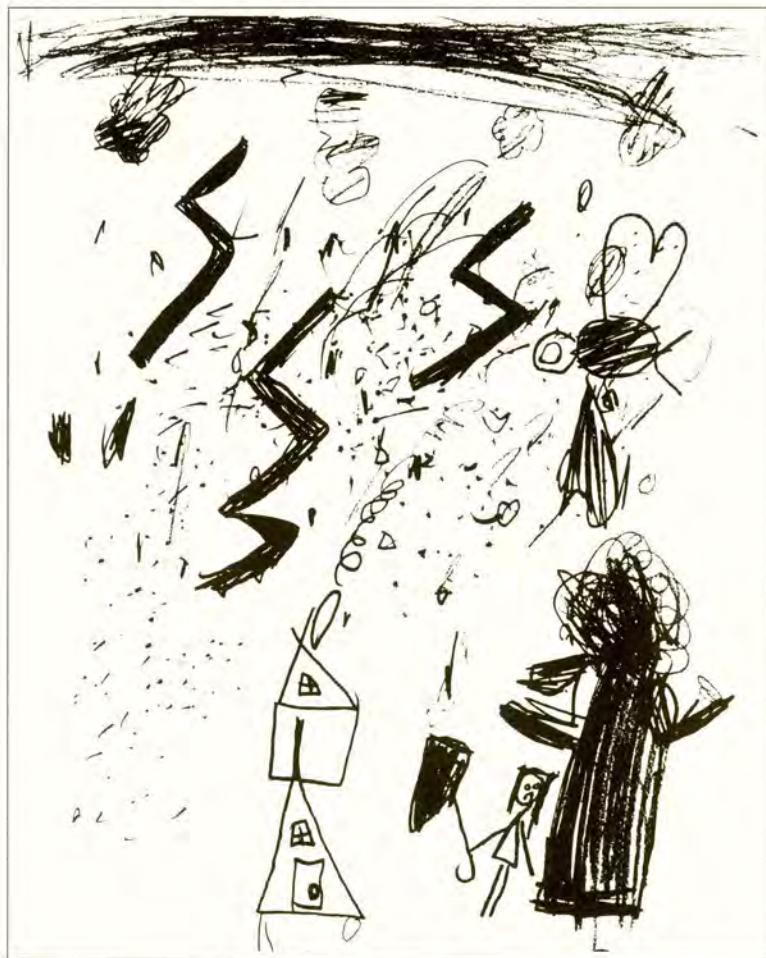
To an astronomer  
the night sky is a job,  
To a child  
the night sky  
is a whole new world,  
The stars are like great scoops of ice-cream  
scattered on a black sheet,  
The moon, a white banana,  
hanging with the stars,  
Then the ice-cream stars melt  
and the banana moon falls from the sky,  
The black sheet turns blue.

Georgina Rosendorff  
Year 8

## THE WIND

The wind is so strong  
Uproots trees  
Chases leaves and  
Howls down my chimney.

Claire-Marie Alexander  
Year 3



art: G. Yeu

## DARKNESS

Twinkling stars  
Black clouds drifting over the silvery moon.  
Creaking timber gates  
Cats screeching and meowing  
Footsteps creeping stealthily  
Spooky shadows  
Misty black darkness  
Ghosts and Goblins running and jumping.  
Outside the window lightning is streaking.  
Frogs croaking, possums scampering  
Branches tapping against the glass  
Whispering people, rattling chairs,  
Shadows lurking.

Rebecca Vaughan  
Year 5



## THE FRIENDLY BUNYIP

There was once a Bunyip and his name was Brownie Bunyip. One Monday morning he decided to have a party on Wednesday morning. He invited all of his friends. They were called Bertie kookaburra, Belinda koala, Briony kangaroo and Katie echidna. It was Wednesday morning and all his friends came except his friend the billabong beast who was very mean. They went down to the billabong to have a drink and they saw the billabong beast. They were so scared that they all ran away and they were never seen again.

Sarah Jackson  
Year 2



photo: N. McCandless

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON: JOHN STREET CAFÉ

The azure sky swathes the afternoon in a sleepy blanket as,  
In jest,  
The sea breeze gently strokes the faces of idle customers.  
The sun  
Peeks through the local pines  
To spy on Sunday.

Roy Orbison hums over the loud speaker...  
a family, content over a lunch time snack  
bathe in their comfortable chatter  
And happily nuzzle  
Colourful ice cream cones.  
Sweet petals float on the wind  
As laughter parades casually around the tables...  
Tanned bodies,  
Cheerfully cocky,  
Leave their surfboards for a while  
To be kissed by the afternoon  
Sunlight  
And nonchalantly watch a young couple,  
Designer hats shading their delicate features,  
Intelligently discuss nothing.  
The businessman sips his  
Cappuccino  
And momentarily forgets  
Monday.

*Devika Hovell  
Year 10*

## THE BLUES CAFÉ

The saxophone's dulcet tones hang in the air;  
a junkyard of souls  
a junkyard of dreams.  
Some are salvaged, others lost.  
Hazy is the room full of empty chairs, and empty tables,  
Hazy are their lives.

A low murmur of voices slices the thick air,  
A door is opened and the blinding light crashes in.  
The master emerges.  
He clings to the shadows for comfort.  
The click of his case opening echoing, echoing, echoing.  
He caresses his instrument.  
His lips embrace it  
His fingers fondle it  
His life revolves around it.  
A passionate rhythm invades the room  
and the world is no more.

*Jessica Edis  
Year 10*



photo: L. Keen



## CAFÉ LUST

I  
We fail to notice  
when the winged moon  
ambles across a peacock sky  
and see only our own  
smokey glances  
shared over coffee.

II  
Left-bank lovers are aware  
the brittle scent  
of cement lilacs  
which curdle the breeze  
as they sip the morning mist  
rising from their cups.

*Sara-Jane Elderfield  
Year 12*



photo: E. Young

## HER OWN FAULT

Still the girl is, mid the hubbub of a dying city. Unseeing. Blank. She stands suffocated between high rise tombs which reach up like grave yard ghosts to haunt her.

A harsh, solitary voice greets her in a mushroom cloud of welcome and yet she is alone. A world of glooming shadows dance in sinister haste beyond her heels. The voice hails her again, this time with right arm extended, the boney hand clawing at her body.

"Hello!" it says, "you know me! I'm your friend! Your lover ... your God. You will serve me and only me. Love me and I will provide." Ah ... love. A cold war determination to gain absolute power to destroy if so desired. Moving on to larger battlefields when such a goal is achieved; in the end all the more tragic.

He told her he would always be there. "You can count on me!" he says. She smirks and wonders where he will end his

quest. Oh yes ... she could count on him all right, but only now, too late did she realise what he was providing.

He was a heavenly devil, out to capture the world ... waiting cheerily until her one step faltered on the footpath. She imagines what hell will be like. All that fire and brimstone. Would it touch her? Create some wanton madness in her mind? Maybe her spirit would detonate in a nuclear blast so enthusiastic that calm could finally slump down, crashing her will to the ground.

The finale, of course, would be the man examining her with his icicle eyes.

"I used to know her" he would say. "In a way, she was a nice girl. Pity she had to die like this, but then that's science, isn't it?" He would move on, making way for the less keen spectators. He would shake hands with her father and pat her mother on the shoulder and then leave, arms pumping briskly in time with his satisfied

stride. The thought reminds her of the present and she turns to scowl at the street, watching his jaunty departure. They had been standing outside the doctor's surgery, both oblivious to the outside world, the rushing, angry crowds every-which way. He had known what was to come from the expression her face carried. He had looked at her then as though he had chemically combined her existence for his own sadistic pleasure in her destruction.

"I am dying" she had said. "You gave me your disease."

"I didn't give it away," he smiled. "Oh no, you took it as your right!"

She turns now and looks a moment at her reflection in a shop window, as though a Hiroshima child regarding Yahweh the murderer. Then, too, she turns and walks away.

Bettina Bowling  
Year 12



## MAN OF THE CLIFFS

It is a cold and misty night as Cathleen sits staring at the moon above, amongst the millions of stars that shimmer towards her across the sea. She sits, propped up against an old stone wall that crumbles behind her as she relaxes against it gently. This separates two fields of lush green clover with the sea below, which is at the foot of a steep and dangerous cliff. All that is heard in the still night is the crashing of tedious waves echoing against the rocky cliff walls. Unknowingly to Cathleen an old man comes up from behind her, startling her so she cries with her hands over her cool, pale face.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you."

"That's all right, it's my fault anyway. I've been upset for quite a while." Cathleen said sobbing.

"Why would a darling like yourself be sad?"

"I'm not really sad, I'm just lonely."

"How about I tell you a true story to make you forget awhile. I'll keep you company"

"Please, that would be wonderful, kind sir."

"Okay, it's about a strange man that arrived here quite some time ago. No one knew anything about him at all. He was a mystery of the cliffs all on his own. This was because the only time we saw him was when he begged for food and water.

People thought he lived on the beaches or where we are right now," the old man said as he sat down on the misty wet grass. "He seemed to be lonely and poor, but extremely talented and wise as well. This is because he used to paint scenes of the landscape like the coast, farm land, the town, Milky Wood Forest and people - especially their faces because he was fascinated by them.

He used to give away his paintings to people but asked them to keep it secret, we don't know why, so it was all a big mystery. This man dressed in all black, his coat, pants, hat, even his tattered boots, but contrasting with that was his pale white face.

One painting I do remember well was entitled 'Moment lost in time.' The scene was of these cliffs below. Waves exploding against rocky outcrops and solid walls of stone, the angry clouds moved overhead, dark and heavy, the day turned to night and it was a land without colour. The energy of that painting as the storm broke through was, and I'm sure still is, powerful. But one night, bam, he disappeared as if he was blown away by his own storm.

Of course, silly rumours were spread around like butter on toast, but I'm certain they're all hog-wash. At least you know the truth now that he was a great artist and that he needed no reason for his farewell. I see it has come suddenly, quietly and leave suddenly quietly." Cathleen sat there quietly thinking for a moment, then

as she turned to thank him, he - the old man had vanished suddenly as well. She gave out an ironic chuckle but stopped because she knew that was rude and mean. Cathleen stood up slowly, wiping the crumbs of the stone wall from her back, looking to see the old man stepping away but no he had gone, out of sight but not out of mind. She decided to walk down to the edge of town to see if she could notice the mystery old man down at the pub, maybe drinking Guinness or whisky to keep out the chill of the night air. Maybe this was where he was going in the first place. But no, Cathleen was wrong again. This old man had literally vanished. Walking away, she stopped again and thought filled her mind. It was going to take quite a while but Cathleen rushed home as fast as possible because she knew she was right this time.

Catching her breath, that was lagging some time behind her pace, Cathleen knew she was right. Standing at the back gate of her home stood a painting. Picking it up, she noticed in the dim moonlight of the oil two small figures embraced by that moon and she could feel the warmth rise from the canvas and touch her heart. This made Cathleen so happy, she knew she would never be lonely again when looking at this painting made by a wonderful and talented mystery man.

Tracy House  
Year 10



photo: A. Jorgensen

## DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT

Africa engulfs the land with all the compassion of an angered tigress.  
Sandy seas give compliment, the undulating flatness of the land  
To meet the yellow sky  
In a hazy fog.  
The futile heat licks unpleasantly at life  
Forcing a leopard to abandon its power  
To the shadow of a tree

A motor thrashes at the silence  
The battered, khaki exterior of the automobile  
Contrasts heavily with the starkness of the African landscape  
The stranger inside swipes at a stubby chin - ('bloody flies')  
Discomfort builds as the wetness under his arms  
Increases  
Through the windscreen,  
A sudden movement diverts his attention.  
A great elephant entwines its trunk around a branch  
She beckons to her child...  
Do not wander.  
Stay close.  
The child hurries to obey  
And plays at the feet of his mother.  
She returns to her foraging  
Oblivious.

He climbs from the air conditioned jeep.  
The grey mass in the distance  
Becomes an apparition of wealth in the eyes of the  
Stranger.  
He extracts the gun from its velvet lined case  
And lifts it to his shoulder.  
Pulse rate rises...  
Adrenalin pumps...  
The trigger is pulled  
A piercing trumpet  
Stings the tranquility of the landscape.  
The elephant charges aimlessly  
In a desperate effort to awaken her head from the living nightmare  
Enveloping it  
Another shot...  
Her leg buckles beneath her.  
Her curdling moans bequeath to the land her hopeless anger  
As she drops clumsily  
To the earth.  
In desperation, she expels a  
Deafening roar -  
A fanfare, not of submission  
But of defiance  
All is silent  
With fearful caution  
The child approaches her.  
His face, interspersed with perplexity  
At once shrivels in pain and understanding  
And, as if in echo to his mother's voice  
Whispers parting words.

Devika Hovell  
Year 10

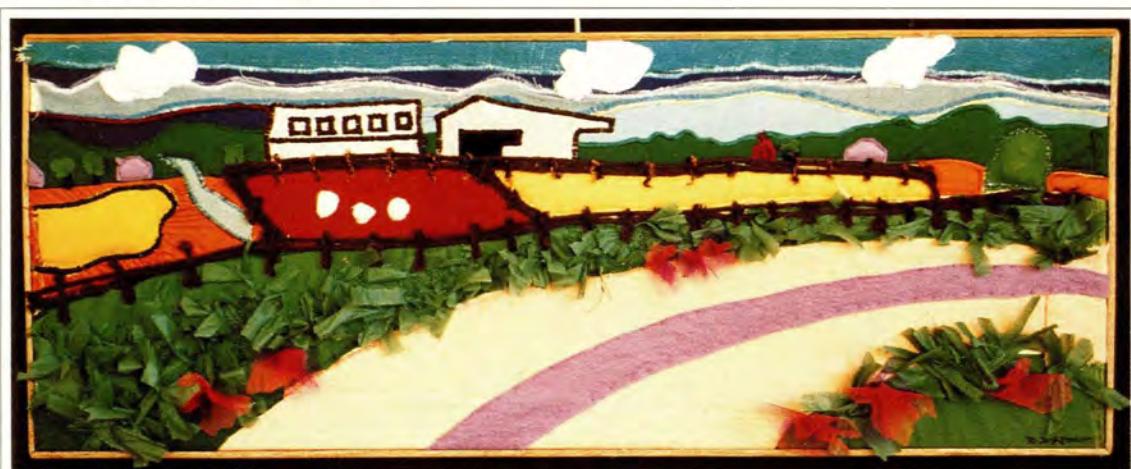


A.M.



Kristy Panton  
Year 11  
Lino Print

Katie Lawrence Year 11 Drawing



Jeni Tremlett  
Year 10  
Applique Wall  
Hanging

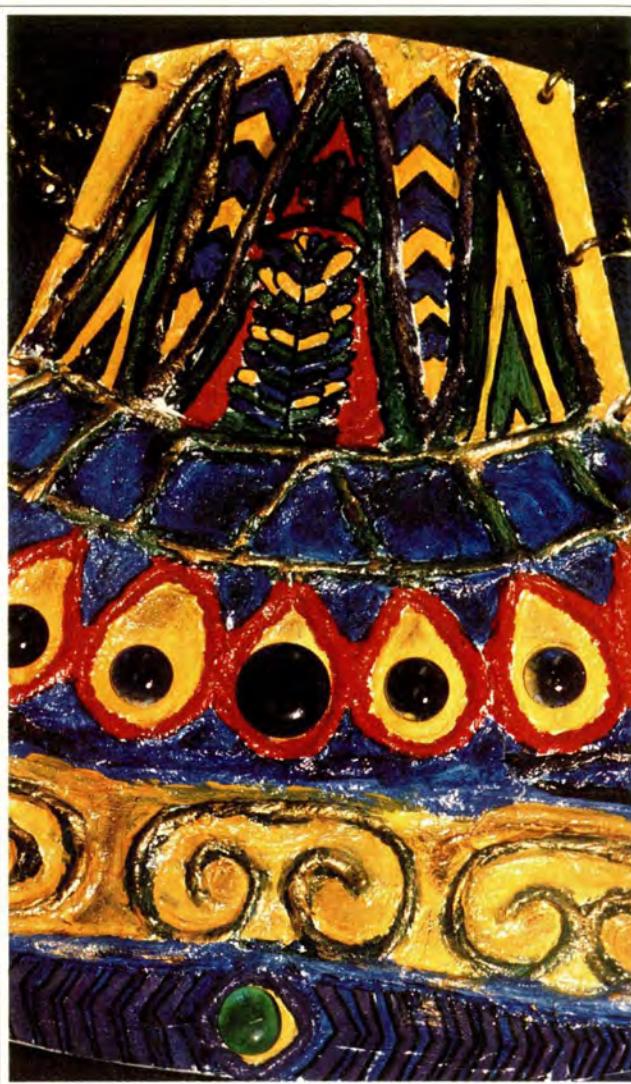


Jenny Crone Year 11  
Drawing





Kathryn Pilkington Year 10 Ceramic Bowl



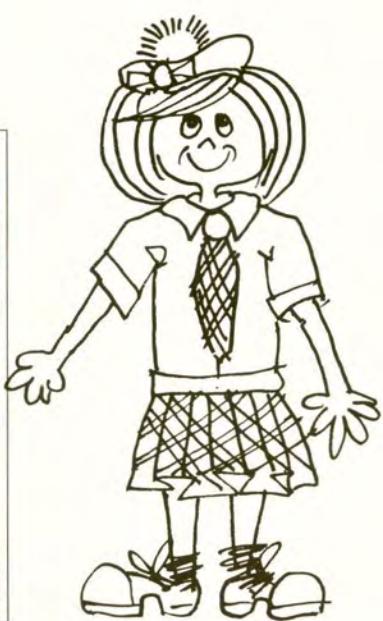
Katherine Wilkinson Year 9  
Costume Jewellery

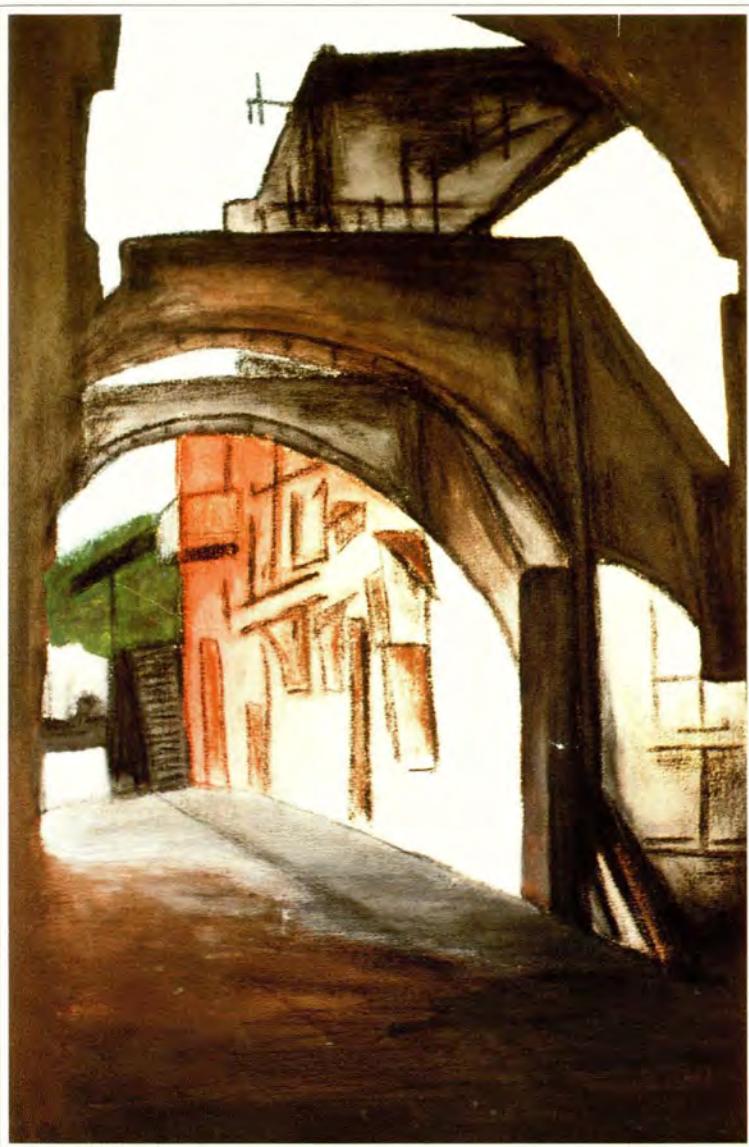


Machiko Muramatsu Year 7 Drawing



Junior School Fabric and Paper Collage





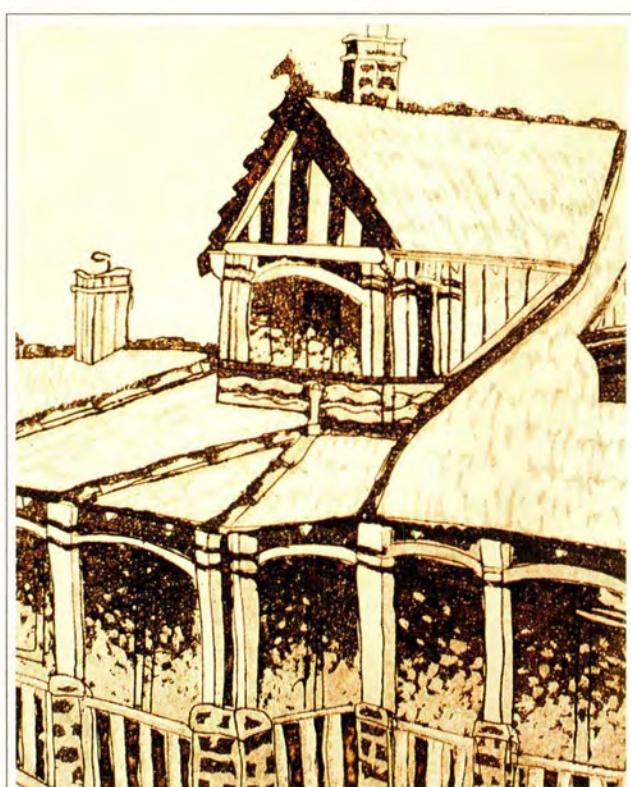
Alison McCandless Year 12 Painting



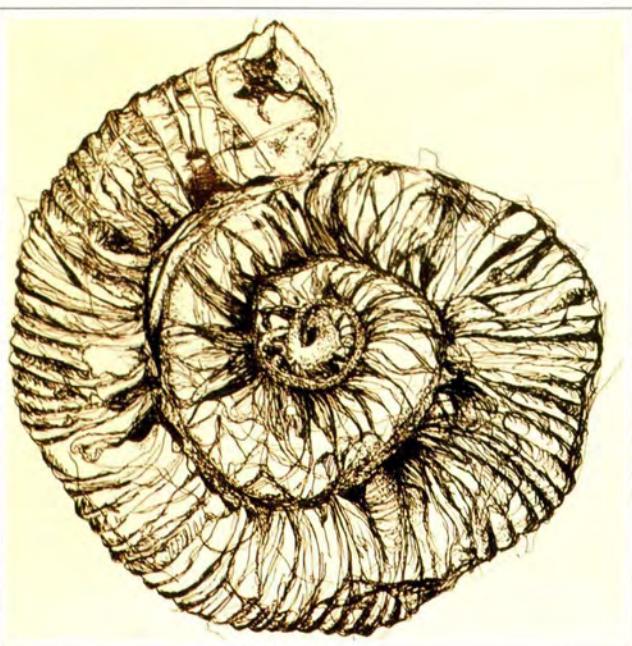
Nicole Francis Year 10  
Ceramics



Jade Nelson Year 4  
Painting



Katie Lawrence Year 11  
Printmaking-Etching



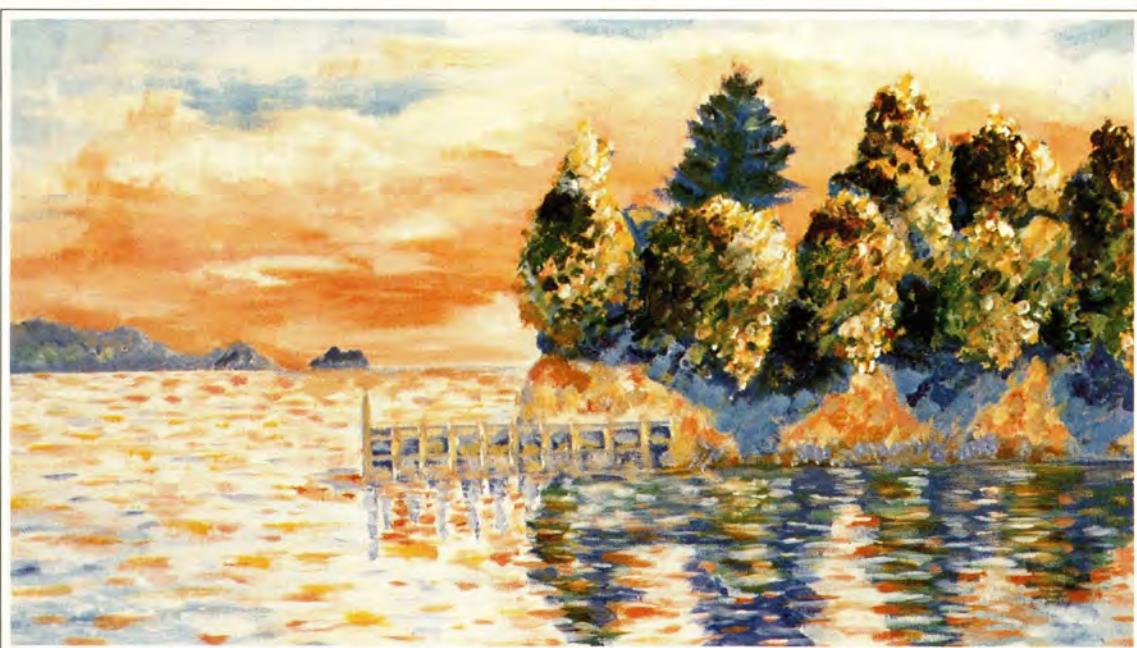
*Yasmin Ramsey*  
*Year 12*  
*Drawing*



*Marion Neill*  
*Year 10*  
*Ceramics*



*Peta Horrex*  
*Year 11*  
*Textiles - Fabric Painting*



*Katherine Barrett*  
*Year 12*  
*Painting*



## PRYZ HAWN

The walkway rounded the corner and glided quietly to my block of dwellings. I watched the sun slipping below the horizon. It was three hours to nightfall on a Friday afternoon. The double day stretched before me invitingly - the prospect of a whole two days without the horror of education was very attractive. Two days to do only what I wanted not what any creature or being told me to. I stepped off the walk ramp and quickly levitated up the vacuum tube to our second story living space. The droning of the walkway was greatly subdued inside the glass box I called home. Outside our entrance, the sunlight shone though the prisms walls, creating a mass of colour which fell to the floor and died in agony. It glinted off the pristine white tuberails and almost blinded me. Naturally, there was not a speck of dust or a leaf out of place anywhere. My parent was very fussy.

The automatic doors slid open with a smile and I entered our anteroom. Two things hit me - the smell of cooking meat and the tail of the potted cat near our front door. It was a remarkably handsome ginger and white specimen. The hunter must have been greatly skilled capturing the animal just as it was springing away from him, its eyes wide open in terror. The result was a finely preserved beast in excellent condition a real conversation piece.

I gave up struggling through the jungle of plants in our anteroom and simply teleported into the foodspace. My parent was standing at the flamemaking seasoning a haunch of what looked like cattle as it slowly turned over the fire.

"Hello parent" I thought. She turned. I could sense the waves of warm caring emotion coming from her. "Hello dear", she projected, and the message came floating to me gently. She was so happy to see me - I could tell. For a while her attention was taken off the cattle roasting and focussed totally on me.

"How was education?" she inquired, genuinely curious. Being in this living space all of her days made her bored and eager for any form of excitement. I could understand. Although it was a beautiful foodspace with a large picture window looking out into our yard and upon the new roll of grass, which she had swept clean as a whistle. The individual blades all radiated an aura of happiness - happy because I was home. Grass was so affectionate I wished only that it could talk. However, my parent did become very

lonely sometimes - shut up all day with nowhere to go and only our possessions for company. Of course, there was nothing wrong with our plants, our furniture, our clothing - it just was that they have such undeveloped minds - no chance for stimulating interaction. Not their faults, of course, but still ...

My mother ceased stirring the pot of roots and came over to me. "My baby" she murmured. "You're growing up so fast. Soon you'll be sending out spores of your own and leaving me." Her thought patterns showed just how upset she was at being left alone.

"Don't be silly, parent." I thought, attempting to pull a screen of reassurance around my mind. "I won't leave you. Never." I took some food squares from the cooler and unwrapped one. The plastic covering opened its eyes suddenly in shock and terror. "No!" it screamed shrilly. "Don't! Don't! Let me live! Please!!" It kicked and fought, trying to escape my grasp with all its might. I stalked across the food space and threw it in the waste disposal unit, ignoring its cries as it fell down the plughole. I bit into one of the squares. They were dry and synthetic, but at least they were edible.

My parent removed the meat from the flame-maker and set it in the warmer. "You didn't tidy your sleep-space OR make your cushion this morning," she projected crossly. "How many times do I have to think you something?" She telekinetized some plates from an airocket and gave them to me. "Set the eat-space, will you?" she asked.

"Did you feed the human yet?" I thought, knowing very well that she hadn't. My parent had never liked the human. She thought it made too much mess in her spotless house. I suppose she was right - humans had always been disgustingly messy.

"Oh no! I forgot" she replied. "Give it some carbohydrate foodsquares - and some calcium. My acquaintances are coming over tomorrow and I want it to look its best."

We wasted so much time and money on this human - keeping it to a regular diet, giving it exercise periods, keeping its cage clean. I wondered why - it never served any purpose. It just sat still all day long, babbling to itself in its verbal dialect. I went into the utilityspace where the human's cage was. Even though its mind was so primitive, I had to admit that today it appeared reasonably respectable. Its skin was clear, its clothing was neat. Yet it looked unhappy. It was talking to

itself, as always. I couldn't understand its speech. I didn't see the point in learning the time-wasting, confusing human language. It was much easier to thought-project.

I opened the foodsquares and dumped them into the human's bowl. I refilled its water and, holding my nose, emptied its pot. I left the foodsquare wrappers on the floor near the human's cage. Perhaps their primitive minds could interact. Throughout this, the human took no notice of me. It crouched in a corner of its cage, silently looking at its surroundings dully. By when I began to leave the room, it suddenly leaped up. Shouting incomprehensibly it grabbed the bars of its cage and shook them, trying to break free. It yelled at me at the top of its voice, begging me, entreating me to do something - but what? It kicked the bars and screamed hysterically as if it was in pain. I couldn't understand anything of its speech except for one word it shouted many times - "pryz-hawn." It made no sense. As I left the room it began to cry loudly, gasping for breath. It turned and lay down on the floor of its cage, sobbing with grief, totally disregarding me, lost in a world of its own.

I locked the door and placed a kinetic seal around it. I couldn't have the human escape. I returned to the foodspace. My parent had finished making our meal and was sitting at the sink, mentally vibrating the dirt off the dishes. When she had finished I asked her "Parent, what's pryz-hawn?"

She sat back, exhausted. It was a while before she had the energy to think. When she finally did it was vague thought. "Pryz-hawn? Pryz-hawn? Where'd you hear that?"

"Oh, the human was saying it."

"Oh, prison! Yes, yes. It was an ancient human method of punishment. They'd confine people to tiny, tiny spaces for many years, sometimes their whole life." I was shocked. "But why? What's the point?"

"Oh, I don't know. Humans always were a funny race. So petty and undeveloped - stupid creatures. Listen, could you go and purchase me some cow extract?"

"Of course" I projected. But as I left our livingspace and teleported on to the walkway, my thoughts were not on food, or males, or even education. I was thinking of the human. Alone, isolated, despairing, it its cage, in its room, in its ... prison.

Helen Wilcox  
Year 10

## ANOTHER WORLD

Each blade of grass entwines in its own web of dew,  
Sturdy mushrooms proudly sporting their broad silken hats,  
Fragile creatures costumed in brightly coloured suits,  
The crisp water in the tiny pool hugging close to  
the comfort of rocks,  
This world of fragile fascination stretched out  
beneath our feet.

*Susie Cann  
Year 10*

## GARDENS

Gardens have colours  
Violet white  
Bright and pretty  
Ladybirds' palace.

*Sarah MacKellar  
Year 3*

## NATURE'S SEDUCTION

Vestal virgins dance  
the colours  
as softly powdered rain taps  
the roots  
from which I have emerged

drugged by the scents of living  
to wed the magic of fertility

*Bianca Robertson  
Year 12*



## SATIN FEATHERS

Petals sprinkling in the rain  
as satin feathers flirt  
grasping the shadows,  
readily seduced.

*Bianca Robertson  
Year 12*

## THE DAWN PIPER

Intense darkness  
yielding no diamond light  
velvet ripples  
stirred by drifting wind;  
the only movement  
in the empty night  
then the dawn piper  
clad in cloudy pastel warmth  
sets the silence swaying  
with his whispering flute  
the music swells  
growing with the light  
the loneliness retreats  
wet earth yields life  
empty pages dance again  
as the orchestra of time  
plays on.

*Samantha Weaver  
Year 11*



## EGRET

As a large white egret swoops down to rest,  
its long feathered wings flowing like bed sheets in the wind  
stacked up high, high as the Sydney tower,  
The king of all native birds of the north.

*Candice Thorley  
Year 9*

## LOVE STORY

As wine hits the bottom of a glass,  
aromas of purples,  
thoughts of pink,  
memories of apricots,  
trees silhouetted,  
the sky is telling,  
God's message,  
of all evil in the day,  
as it moves beyond reach,  
a saxophone plays  
softly.

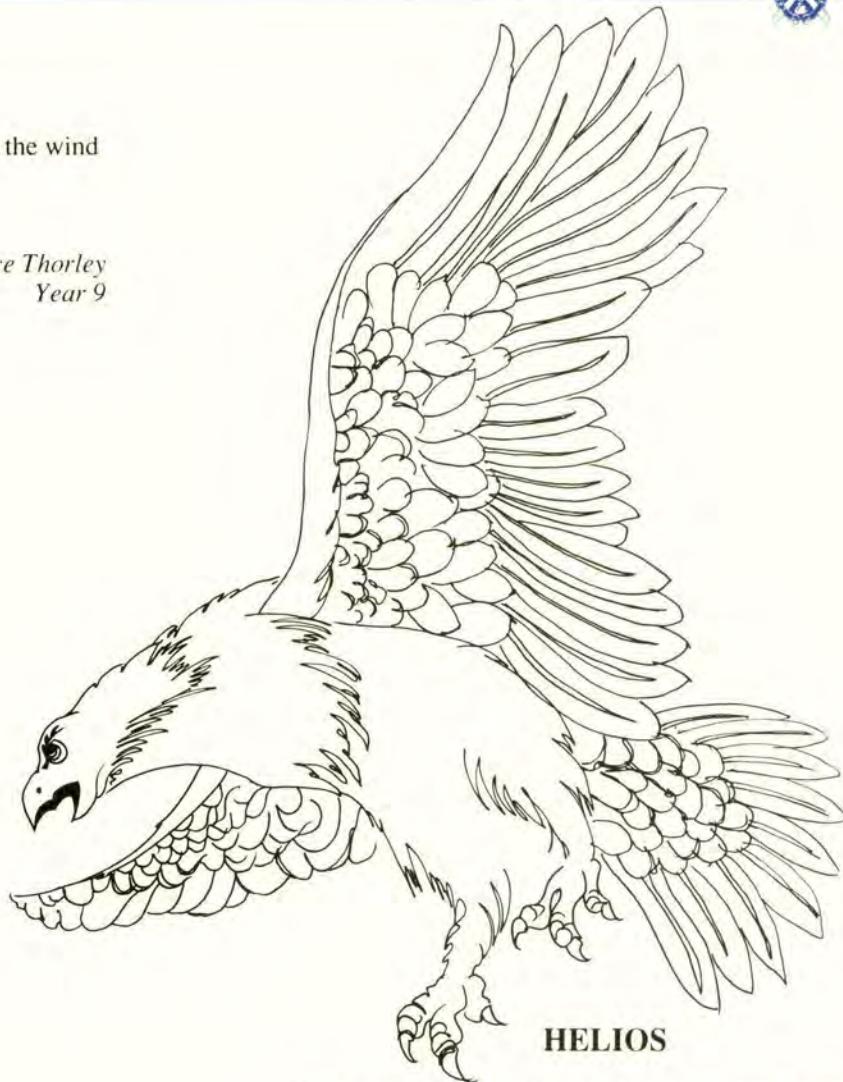
*Cindy Dau  
Year 10*

## NOCTURNE

The air is hushed, still, expectant,  
The silence is heavy,  
A blanket spreading out  
Waiting, waiting,  
Then, gently - so gently  
A sprinkling of notes - like delicate jewels  
Strewn out into the air.  
Just there - a whisper  
Then again - falling crystals, each with thousands of shining facets  
A rainbow of radiant colours.  
Suddenly, it dies away - and returns, subtly  
The melody like raindrops, cascading like a waterfall.  
Each not a clear star, diamonds on velvet.  
Beams of light, stabbing into the darkness  
Calling softly but with such passion  
The deep, dark answer  
The rich, velvety timbre of the bass,  
Murmuring quietly, not wishing to disturb the tranquil melody.

Reaching out into the blackness,  
A rhapsody - pure joy  
The harmony carefully complementing but never, never leading.

A conversation, one light, one dark  
The trills like birdsong  
The arpeggios like streams cascading  
Then, the harmony leaves  
And the melody is left to finish the dance  
It decreases, less and less  
Until no notes are created, and only the memory  
Lingers on the evening air.



## HELIOS

His horses danced and winged across sweet heaven,  
Flashes of glint like a silver ring.  
Helios held steady,  
For his hands were strong.

The digital watch on a wrist of muscle,  
Signals the time to begin.

The alarm clock shocks,  
As the sun,  
starts its plight through mystical shadows  
Over mountains and hollows to  
The people of freedom,  
From the communist dictators of Olympia.

Quel heure est-il? Helios asks  
Drawing close to the vault of heaven  
Time to go, replied winged friends,  
Muscles strained from the golden sun.

Vitality no more,  
The sun is weak,  
Yet it is a sealed bridge,  
Which crosses the canal of clouds.

From the sealed bridge,  
One can see the bright lights of home.

*Helen Wilcox  
Year 10*

*Kate Williams  
Year 10*

## MOTHER

A lazy sun lies back on a sapphire hammock and looks up towards nothing with tired eyes. One blink and she'd miss the lot.

Somewhere close, I can hear a scream. Whether it's a flower or a tree or even a human, I cannot tell. Trapped in such a closed environment it gets hard.

On a thirsty plain a crippled tree joins its unknown friend where drinks are free and you can look out. On a breakaway in a red bowl a boulder keeps watch. It's scarred and pitted and cradles the stark white bones of a thousand sacrifices. Underneath, fox cubsgulp life to the echoes of red ochre memories.

Around the corner silver rolls silently between mountains topped with clouds. Firs line the shores and melt into their reflections. Downstairs there's a carbon copy in cobalt blue and emerald green hanging up alongside a straw hat. It grips to the wall and hopes its good enough in its gilt frame.

Four billion people cherish the thought of some year somewhere when someone stepped on the moon. I swing from a ray of light and laugh until I can cry no longer. My great longing begs to be satisfied but at the moment only a few get to look out. It can't go on forever. One day someone will make it out here and I might be able to correct where I went wrong and send them back. Occasionally, an eye meets mine and I wink and it turns

away. Back to the trap that's just plain ultimate.

It's a burden but that's life. All seventy years of it. Then its nose down, feet up in a bit of wood with a window so that everyone can spill tears into the powerless eyes and say goodbye. Off to another life that's even better than that last great one, that no one believes in and everyone relishes. They're never thought about 'cause no one would want them back again.

Least of all the darkie who chews a coca leaf and thinks of me and briefly ponders on how I was created. His eyes blacken and the cores dilate and he reckons it must have been Buddha or God or Mohammed or Zeus or Emilio or whoever all those others are.

And he turns to me and reaps my harvest for a bit more joy and forgets about me.

In a little room I have been created on canvas. Golden sunlight caresses my upturned face and long hair swirls in unpredictable waves around its angelicness. I am surrounded by green green grass and pretty white and yellow flowers. A lamb eats from my hand, and all quiet animals cluster around me. I am a magnet of attraction. I am a person: I am a woman.

Little do they know.

Outside the room with me inside someone chunders in a gutter. A lion rips an antelope into shreds and knows the bones so that only time can equal the whiteness.

I walk across a sea that ripples with people. Every other part of me has been destroyed, obliterated and drowned. My hope is fading as fast as the colours of day.

"Mother!" The earsplitting yell sears the silence and I spin around at the sound of my name.

I watch a child in Reeboks run straight through me. Time after time.

*Jennie Officer  
Year 10*

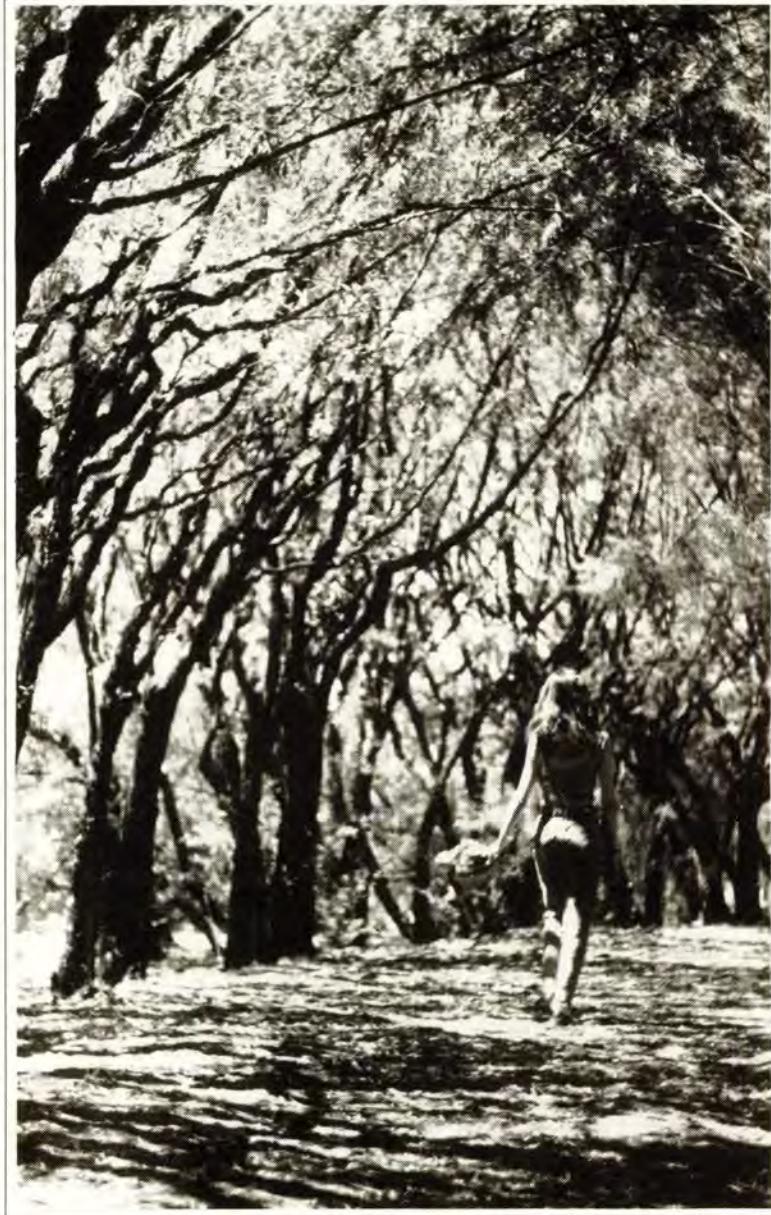


photo: S. Heng.



photo: J. Barnes.

## FIRST DAY HORROR

The dragon loomed before me as it had done for many a small child.  
My mother's big hand warmly squeezed mine,  
the door opened,  
the dragon's mouth.  
Its long tongue waiting to roll me in.  
Its keeper lingering at its throat,  
smiling as genuinely as a bank teller.  
She comes forward, takes me,  
her hand clinging,  
a sucking sea anemone.  
As I leave my world, my mother watches.  
The mouth closes and jagged teeth separate us.  
Through the dark oesophagus to the stomach I am promptly led to where other children sit bundled, their expressions digested.  
Fallen tears swamp the classroom.  
In the corner of my eye a tear desperately tries to hold on, like a climber on a cliff but its hands are wet with despair and it looks grim.  
It was only one of many.

*Margot Whittall  
Year 10*

## "THE LITTER PROBLEM IS STILL NOT GOOD"

The wet road shimmers in the pale streetlights  
Admiring its sleek, svelte, black skin.  
It smooths down its zebra stripes,  
Blinks its eyes.  
Paper cups, cigarette butts lie scattered in the gutter  
Dead, dying, old ladies with bulging shopping bags.  
Talking softly, growing sodden, saturated.  
Echoing footsteps  
Another cigarette falls, and has its life crushed out  
Its corpse lies disfigured, distorted.  
The crowd, as if on a signal,  
Quietly disperses from its grave, paying their respects.  
Rain shatters from cobwebs,  
Garbage lids clatter,  
A burst of loud music,  
And the pale lights glow.

*Helen Wilcox  
Year 10*

## ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON FAMOUS EGG

On Friday 13th January, 1989, an assassination attempt was made on world famous Professor, Humpty Dumpty.

Mr Dumpty was giving a lecture at Eggsmouth, W.A., when drilling commenced through a cement pile very close by. This caused such a tremor that Mr Dumpty suffered excessive shell-shock and began to fracture. This is known to be a deliberate attempt to assassinate Mr Dumpty. It is suspected that the notorious criminals Eggs Benedict and his Asian counterpart Egg Fu Yong are responsible. The motive is still unknown.

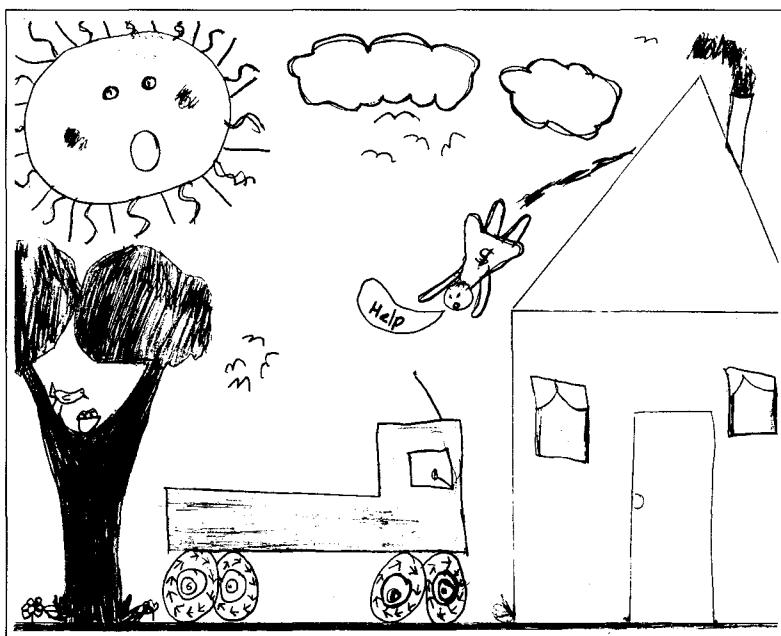
Professor Dumpty is now recovering at Charles Gardner Hospital in Perth, in Wards 3, 5 and 9. He will resume lecturing, in June, at the Australian Department of Agriculture. At this point the criminals are still at large, as police do not have sufficient incriminating evidence to convict any suspects. However, police are now becoming quite eggcited as a new clue leading to the whereabouts of the outlaws has just been discovered. "We've nearly cracked the case", said Detective Luckigess. Hopefully, the criminals will be found, and justice will be dealt.

*Astrid Dahl  
Year 7*

# I Felt Horrible

One day Evan told me that one day a boy dreamed that he was Superman. When the boy woke up he was on a roof and fell down. I was extremely sad. I felt horrible. I felt like a garbage truck.

Philippa Morris Year 3



art: K. Locke.

## THE NEEDLE

A packet opened  
The sound of squelching  
As the needle drank its drink.  
A question asked.  
Sudden pain, the needle now in my arm.  
A squirting feeling, when the needle was sick.  
The pain gone.  
The needle's out,  
I better leave.  
Before I faint.

"Nothing to it - honestly!"  
I retort to the nervous next in line!

Tanya Debijl  
Year 8

## MOTHERS

Everybody knows that mothers are absurd  
They run around the kitchen yelling  
things that are unheard,  
They yell at you for the mess that  
the baby has just done,  
They yell at you for hitting their unimportant son,  
If you put a grain of sand on the kitchen floor,  
She has a mental fit and yells in a giant roar,  
"You spac, you spaz! Look what you  
have dropped! Some sand!  
From now those horrible blue and white shoes  
are permanently banned."  
I hope now you fully agree,  
I hope now that you can completely see,  
That mothers aren't my cup of tea.

Savannah Hind  
Year 8



## THE WOMEN OF THE FUTURE

I am a young girl.  
I am my mother's bluey-green eyes.  
I am my father's long legs.

I am all I see.  
The sun sinking into the sea.  
Babies trying to tell you something.  
Ants scuttling into their home,  
that they built themselves.  
People getting told off.

I am all I hear.  
Sisters fighting with one another.  
People cheering at a carnival.  
The birds twittering to each other.  
Waves crashing on the shore.

I am all I feel and taste.  
My cosy, warm doona.  
The fire warming your toes.  
A cat purring up your leg.  
Pancake with sugar and cinnamon.  
A crisp, refreshing piece of watermelon on a hot day.

And all I remember  
My golden labrador, Chester.  
The cold winters making my feet numb.  
Being the last one to be picked up from school.

I am all I've been taught.  
Look before you leap.  
And never, ever hit anybody back.

I am all I think.  
What will I be when I grow-up?  
Should I...or shouldn't I...?

I am all of those things.

I am like a flower.  
And all of these things are trapped inside when I am a bud.  
When the day comes, I'll open my petals.  
And be free  
Because

I am the Woman of the Future.

Nicole De La Motte  
Year 7

## I AM....

I am all I see:  
Lightning on an inky black sky,  
colours of a rainbow.  
People worried about how they look,  
And others lying in a gutter on the streets.

I am all I hear:  
Hail stones on a tin roof.  
Footsteps when you're alone in an empty house.  
Mr Whippy coming around the corner.

I am all I taste:  
Sinking my teeth into a caramel of a fantale.  
The bitter taste of a lemon.  
Chocolate disappearing in your mouth, like money.  
Swallowing salt water at the beach.

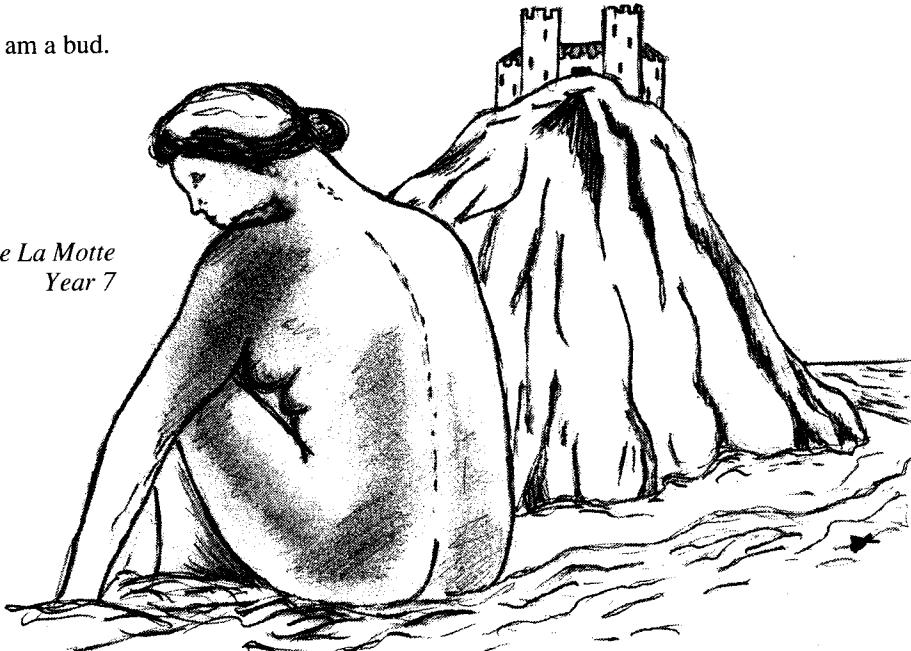
I am all I remember:  
The pain of having needles.  
Going for long walks on a warm night.  
Getting dumped in a wave double the size of me.

I am all I think:  
My holidays overseas.  
Will I get my homework finished?  
Fairy "e" goes away when "ing" comes to stay.

I am all I smell:  
The smell of a baby, clean and fresh.  
Pools with too much chlorine.

I'm like a new born chicken all ready to discover the world around me.

Anna McDonald  
Year 7



## DOMESTICATION

Dear Peter Russel Clarke,

My name is David Shaplers. I'm sixteen years old and, over the years of bored Friday afternoon TV watching, have absorbed quite a few of your daily recipe programmes. So one day I decided to make one of these concoctions, which you had assured us was quite simple and straightforward. It was not one that would stick in your mind, unlike your baked cauliflower and brussel sprout casserole, or your savoury baked bean meringues. It was cottage farm loaf. Yes, good old fashioned, homemade bread. Mother's Day was coming up, so I decided to surprise her. You asked us to write and tell you about our various failures and successes, so here I go.

You began by asking me to, "Grab eight kilograms of plain flour". You kept saying 'plain', Pete, but you didn't spell it. Well, we live near the airport so I biked out and found out that no baking actually gets done in the air. Those poor excuses for small bricks that they hand around are actually cooked on the ground. So, I bought some flour from the deli on

the way home which the shopkeeper told me was 'self raising'. It sounded OK, to me.

Then you said "take a pint of water". But mate, this is the twenty-first century. We don't use pints anymore. So I nicked down to the local pub with my false ID and a litre coke bottle to ask the barman to fill it up with a pint of beer. Then when I got home I poured it into a small milk bottle, to measure how much water to fill the coke bottle back up with. And, just as a small point of interest. Did you know, your 'pint' is about the same size as an ordinary glass milk bottle?

Next you said a pinch of salt. No problems. The window next door was open.

Then came yeast - a lump the size of a walnut, which you said, "Could be obtained from any baker". So I went around to my nearest baker, Ernie Baker who runs the local petrol station. But he'd never heard of the stuff. But by luck I got some at the cake shop. It's this sort of yellow goo and it smells rank.

You then said put the flour, yeast, salt and water into a bowl and knead it for around twenty minutes. That was pretty tricky, but I pride myself on mastering the

method. I found that if you separate the dough into two parts and put it in two separate bowls on the floor, then place a knee in each bowl and hold onto the edge of the kitchen table for support, it's then plain sailing. It also helps if you roll up your jeans before starting.

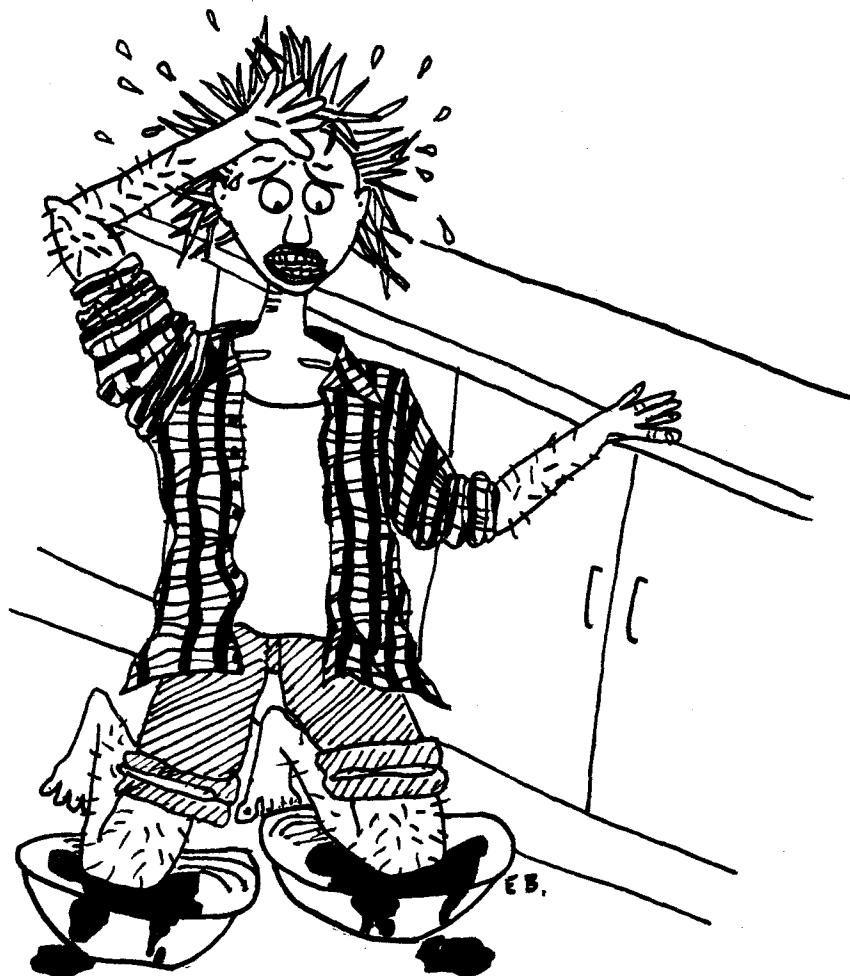
The next instruction was to find a warm place about 20°C and to put the bowl in to prove it. I found a good spot under the dog and put the bowl in, but it didn't prove anything to me. Could have been 10°C or 100°C for all I care, so I took it back out again.

Next I had to grease my tin. That I could deal with happily. I got out my new bike grease (I got it for my birthday). And, pump, pump, pump, job finished.

Finally I was instructed to put the dough into my tin and press it down well. Then bake it in a low oven for four hours. Well, this was a tough one to be faced with when so near to victory, and frankly Pete I thought our old wood burner oven was pretty close to the ground to start with. But off came the twenty centimetre legs. (Took me a full half an hour as well). And in went my bread.

To be honest with you I was slightly disappointed when I took out my creation four hours later. It looked more like a blistery black lump of charcoal than the delicious, mouth watering result you predicted. It smelled like our garage on a hot day. Plus it would not come out of the tin. You said to run a knife around the edge and shake it out, but eventually I drilled a hole and using a crowbar I threw my body weight against it to try and lever it out. It sort of worked. I heard a cracking sound and looked over to an empty tin. My loaf was no where to be seen. I found it the next day stuck to the ceiling, where it had congealed into a cross between a gargoyle and one of those plaster ceiling decorations people hang lights from.

Not that I really want to criticise you, Pete, but don't you think your recipes are a wee bit complicated? I happen to be a pretty handy, practical sort of guy, but many of your listeners are women, Pete, and how some of them would have coped.....



Alana Smith  
Year 9



## A SNAKY EXPERIENCE

It was a Thursday night, Mum had to go to a P and C meeting at the school. I decided to go along with her and sleep in the car. When Mum was ready, I bundled myself into the car, with my pillow, sleeping bag and my apple dessert. The meeting started at 8.30. We arrived at 8.20 because Mum had to have a word to the council as she was Treasurer. By 9.00 I had fallen asleep. We arrived home at 11.00. Mum opened my car door and I almost fell out still half asleep. I crawled out of my sleeping bag, picked it up and shut the door of the car. At the garage door were a pair of old boots and three bags full of cans and bottles. I almost stepped on a bag as I staggered into the house. The zip on my sleeping bag brushed across one of the plastic bags behind me. All of a sudden I heard a rustle.

I went inside and put the sleeping bag away. When I came out into the kitchen, Mum was trying to find a document that she had accidentally left on the bench. I told her about the rustling in the garage and she said it was probably a stray cat. We went out to get the last load of things; Mum's purse and my pillow. We went around the outside way this time to let the dog out. I was halfway back with the purse when Mum yelled. As I could not understand her, I ran to see what was the matter. Poking my head around the corner I could just see a black snake slithering from the front of the car into one of the old boots. In a few seconds it came out of a hole where the boot had worn and slithered into hiding between the bags. Now I understood what Mum wanted. I ran to the beam near the corner of the house, on which hung a piece of heavy-duty wire that was twisted. This was our snake-stick.

I handed the snake-stick to Mum who was watching the bags carefully. Nothing moved. She walked warily over to the bags, you could just see the tip of the tail moving. She gingerly picked up one of the bags, the black tail wriggled further in behind the other bags and disappeared. Mum grasped the snake-stick firmly and lifted the second bag. The snake was sitting on the end of its tail ready to pounce. She struck it sharply in the middle of its back, knocking it to the ground. Then she jumped back quickly, as even though a snake's back may be broken it can still flick its head around and bite you. Luckily Mum had hit it close enough to the head because a few seconds later it tried to flick itself at her.

Quickly Mum struck it again, but this time just behind the head which paralysed it completely. She struck it a few more times just to make sure it was dead.

The next day I took it to school in an ice-cream container, it just fitted. It would have to have been at least one metre long. By the time I got it to school yellow stripes showed quite clearly around the body of the snake, so we figured it must have been a Tiger snake. That day, when I was at school, Mum found some little, pink, baby snakes in our garden. She killed them with the spade and went on gardening until I got home. We went inside and had a cup of tea. Mum mentioned the baby snakes and we guessed that the snake we killed must have been their mother. After that we found no more snakes around the house.

Kathryn Brown  
Year 6

## HOW THE TIGER SNAKE GOT ITS SHAPE

Long ago, in the days of Dreamtime, the tiger snake was black with no fangs. The echidna had spikes but didn't have a long tongue. One day the echidna said he was

the best at fighting and he also said, "I challenge someone to a fight". The snake spoke up, "I challenge you then if no one else will".

They decided to have the fight on the yellow banked river. As they were fighting a small group of animals gathered around. The snake was winning. He pulled on the echidna's short tongue and stretched it. There were two spikes on echidna's back that were poisonous. The snake bit into the poisonous spikes and they stuck into his mouth and wouldn't come out.

Finally the fight was over and the snake won. He had yellow sand all over him. When he got to his rock his wife said, "Lie on top of the rock", so he did. After a few hours the sand had melted into stripes. He looked at himself and thought, "I am prettier than my wife".

His wife could hear him think and said "leave this rock at once".

He crawled slowly away into the bush. From that day on the snake has been called the "Tiger Snake" because of its stripes and ever since snakes have had fangs.

Rebecca Brown  
Year 4



## MY DREAMS OF THE COUNTRY

At dawn the rooster starts crowing and the birds start carolling. I can hear the creek gurgling. I can smell grass and freshly mown lawn. The view of the sun and the hill is wonderful. I can see dew trickling down eucalyptus leaves. I listen to the lowing of cattle and the sheep bleating. The horses are grazing and are neighing gently in a near by pasture. The kookaburra can now be heard in the old gum tree. I hear the little frogs croaking and see a swarm of butterflies all different colours shining like gold and silver in the sun. Bees are humming in my ears. The air is crisp and fresh and the sun is shining mildly. My dreams all pass away when all I can hear are people walking and talking and cars zipping by. I'm back to city life.

*Stephanie Reisch  
Year 5*



photo: A. Jorgensen.

## BUSHES

Prickly sharp bushes  
Soft bushes  
Flowers on them  
I pick and smell.

*Tara Roy  
Year 3*

## THE FARMER

The motor sputters, and chokes to life  
The white ute slowly makes its way  
Skirting the edge of the ploughed field.  
The tractor and seed bin stand abandoned  
Silhouetted against the gold-stained sky.  
Mountain ducks glide on a breath of wind  
The light is slowly fading.  
The farmer is weary.  
It has been a hard day's work.  
His hands rest lightly on the wheel.  
His eyelids droop.  
The beam of the headlights,  
Cuts through the dusk  
Alighting on the road.  
The ute turns on to the gravel track.  
He relaxes.  
Soon the homestead rises out of the  
moonlit fields.  
The ute pulls into the drive  
And is suddenly still  
The croaking of the frogs  
Floats out of the darkness  
The illuminating light  
Floods the porch  
His dog leaps up in joyful greeting.  
He opens the door  
And smells the rich scent of his meal,  
Waiting, hot in the oven.  
All the children are sleeping soundly,  
His wife is waiting  
He sinks down in his chair,  
A can of beer in hand.  
The flames crackle and dance in the open  
hearth  
Home.



photo: B. Bowling.

*Kate Sounness  
Year 9*

## THE KINGFISHER

If I draw too close it flies away.  
Otherwise it doesn't notice me at all:  
The small kingfisher  
That comes to my garden at nightfall,  
And sets me fishing for image and metaphor.  
It is a brush-stroke of blue,  
Framed among apples,  
Famed among feathers.  
Motionless, it dives deep into pools of praise  
And surfaces with itself,  
Conveying nothing else.  
It shapes the sprawling tree  
By reference to itself:  
A sharp cynosure.  
Without knowledge of self,  
It enacts itself precisely.

*Robyn Bernadt  
Year 9*

## SHATTERED LOVE

Vase shattered,  
As was my heart.  
Gone, he was gone.  
He left me empty,  
Like the fridge.  
- it was his turn to shop.  
The shadows around me seem larger.  
The glass left a cut on my finger,  
And in my life.  
Who will feed the cat?

*Marian Neill  
Year 10*

## NYLON SPIRIT

Statuesque among the splintered glass  
enveloping the Earth in a fragrant embrace.  
Blossoming forth from the hammer of graffiti,  
a pale pink blossom dawns.

A drill whines in the silence,  
but still she sits  
clothed in tobacco  
waiting for the sun to shine through the evergreen,  
to veil her nylon heart.

But the breeze brings relief,  
a glimmer of green salvation  
against the grey.

*Angela Snowball  
Year 10*



photo: B. Bowling.

## VINE HACKING

The people before us have let the house  
Go, allowed the jungle garden to devour  
What lawn there was. Breakfast Friday morning,  
Hot-cross-bun in hand, I explored the emerald depths  
Of the old "orchard". Mostly citrus, but for two old vines,  
Overgrown of their trellis, sliding  
Through the lemon tree like  
Thick green pythons. Dried-out  
Black-snakes wriggling over the mandarines, ending  
High in an ageing fig, their  
Loose ends charmed by the cloud-turbaned  
Pipes of the wind...

Later, after grilled fish luncheon, picking up the  
Hacksaw and the secateurs, stalking silently past the  
Fig and mandarines, I hack the vines more vehemently  
Than the most intrepid  
Amazon explorer

*Kelly Atkinson  
Year 12*



art: A. Williams.

## THE WILLOW TREE

Gently, majestically the willow leaves sway,  
With the rhythm of the whispering wind.  
Two lovers find shelter under this misty,  
Mysterious wave,  
Engulfing them into its perfectness.

Fiona Lee  
Year 9

## THE NIGHTMARE DANCERS

In the twilight,  
their soft coloured robes,  
billow gently in the evening breeze.  
The figures rise from the ground  
and the inaudible music begins.

The ghostly figures start to dance.

They sway and swirl  
to the sound of the music.  
Their gentleness matching  
the softness of their flowing robes.  
The figures rise and fall  
like shadows against the starry sky,  
and then, all is silent.

The figures crouch into the Earth  
as light spills across the ground.

Natasha Poynton  
Year 10

## SOMEWHERE, NOWHERE, EVERYWHERE

As far as therapy sessions went, this one wasn't too bad. But as always, it hurt. And it wasn't as if it was doing any good. Everyone knew he was dying. This was just prolonging the agony.

Jamie Edward Cocks was a 10 year old boy with the fatal disease, leukemia. He enjoyed football, P.E. and lots of other outdoor things. But now he was an outsider, in everything, except of course, therapy.

Still, he comforted himself, he'd have a good half hour on his book.

Not that it was a book, more of a journal of his journeys to the kingdom. A kingdom of no pain, of freedom and especially, friends.

His friends didn't understand that his disease wasn't contagious, like measles or chicken pox. They didn't kill, he scoffed. Not like leukemia. Trivial diseases like that didn't need chemotherapy, that left you bald, with scars that would be with you the rest of your short life.

He was sick of feeling tired after a few hours. The only place he was safe was in Somewhere, Nowhere, Everywhere.

Two hours later, tucked safely in bed, his giant hand flew across the pages of a slightly worn exercise book. The ideas jumbled in his mind as a smile lit his pale face.

All of a sudden the tired cancerous body was transformed into a warrior prince, riding into battle. His people cheered him as they threw petals at him. He waved an indulgent hand, enjoying the praise.

Behind him, rode the servants, their trained eyes watching the young prince.

Jamie's fine silks hugged his tanned body. His hand waved generously to his subjects as he approached the temple where he would be crowned today.

A few minutes later, he sat on the throne while the priest's hand stood poised above him. The crown began its descent.....

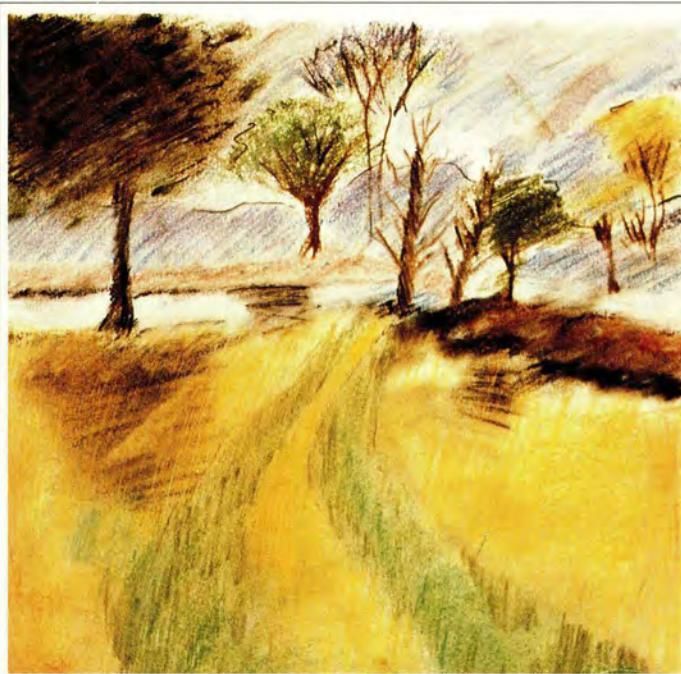
A knock on the door brought Jamie back to reality. His parents stood, uncertain smiles on their faces as they regarded him.

At Twelve that night a sharp pain shot through his side. He muffled a scream. Pain was so frequent that he tried to hide it now. But a moment later it was so intense that he struggled, trying to free himself of it.

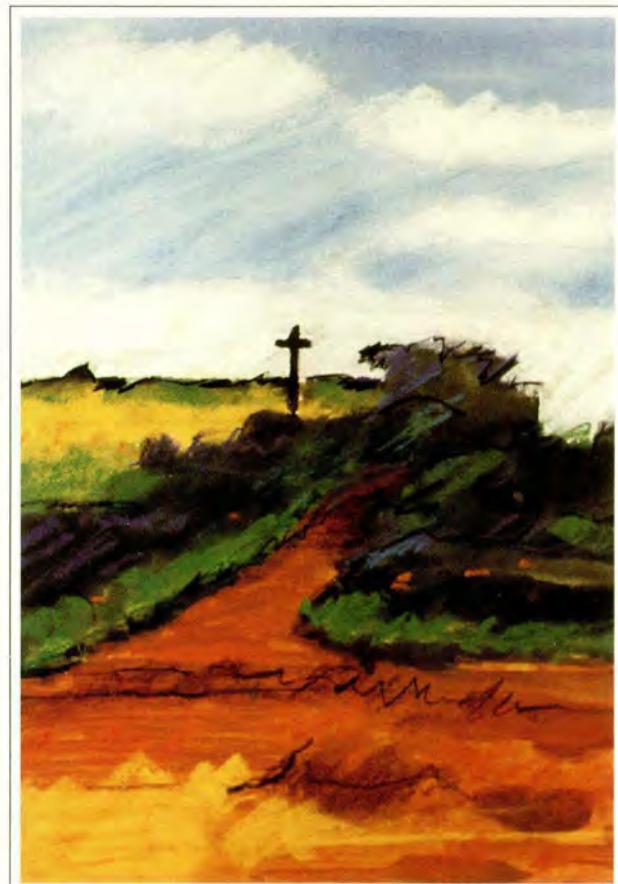
The next morning the nurse found Jamie, happy, content with no pain. His face was pale, his bald head still as his little body rested.

A worn pile of books lay under his hand. Jamie was happy taking his country to battle, a fight that he would win even though he would lose his own for life. But it was not in that worn shell that Jamie Edward Cocks was prisoner. His soul was one with King Jamie, ruler and sovereign of **Somewhere, Nowhere, Everywhere**.

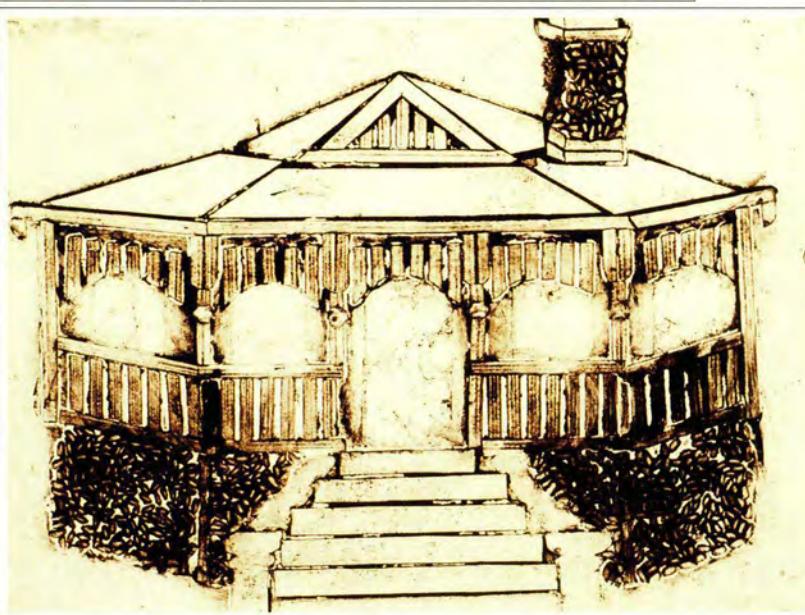
Samantha Rees  
Year 9



Trish Johns  
Year 11  
Drawing



Ereena Georgiades  
Year 12  
Drawing



Susan Foreman Year 11  
Printmaking - Collagraph



Nicole Ikin Year 12 Painting

## LEAVING

You must leave now  
upon this full-tide morning

to leave the innocent shores  
over an ageing swell

to where a horizon blurs  
its signatures of some future self:

that other woman you will become  
when the ribboned school-girl  
is left in memory's mist,

that other woman you have dreamed  
and must now make  
from more than statues of flesh.

Tomorrow's wind calls you now  
with its whimsical promises

and you will leave.

*Roland Leach*

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE  
A College of the Uniting Church in Australia  
Peppermint Grove, Western Australia