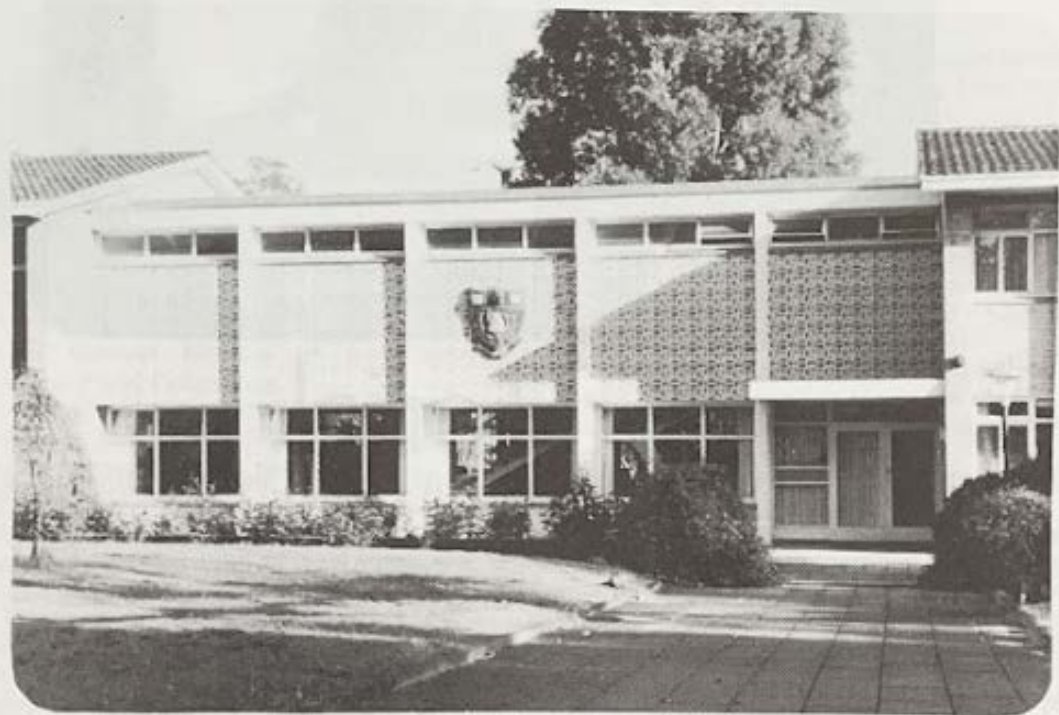




veritate 1980

VERITATE '80



St. Catherine's College



Editorial.

This year being one in which most college members have played musical residencies, the task of co-editing the mag was taken on late in the year and in maintaining the tradition of mag editors of the past, we left the compiling of the mag to the last minute, resulting in much panic, nightmares, heartaches, fistfights, sobbing and ulcers.

A word from one of the editors:

Having spent the past few weeks dreaming nightly of being chased through the corridors by a gigantic typewriter waving a handful of Veritate at me, I have come to appreciate the amount of work which goes into a college magazine.

More seriously though, it has been a very rewarding and enjoyable experience getting this year's magazine out on time. Trying to charm the business world into believing that VERITATE is well worth the inclusion of their advertisements, swapping printers a fortnight before 'going to print' not to mention having to dust off our black leathers and bikie chains in order to effectively instil the urgency of the deadline for articles to college members are just some of the unexpected tactics we had to use in becoming co-editors.

So here it is, the 1980 edition of VERITATE. We hope you all enjoy it. Thanks to the committee, and all the contributors; without your help and enthusiasm none of this would have been possible.

Today Veritate

tomorrow

the New York Times!
the eds.

Magazine Committee:

*(co-editors): Linley Taylor and Margaret Bailey,
(committee): Anna Arangio, Sue Wilson, Anna Wilkins,
Suzanne Robinson, Sarah Moore, Sue Moir,
Kerry Reid.*

HERE IS A "POTTED" VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF ST. CATHERINES.



- 1928 First General Meeting of the Women's College Fund Committee.
- 1929 Ceremony of laying of Foundation Stone of Hackett Buildings – Fund Committee provided afternoon tea for 500 guests at 1 shilling per head.
- 1930 One thousand cards, each representing twenty "bricks" were printed to be sold to raise money – 15 raised on Graduation Day. Total amount raised to date £991.2.10.
- 1931 £12 raised from a Bridge Party.
- 1932 50 bridge tables purchased for 8s. 10d each, these to be rented out at 1s. each.
- 1933 Professor Whitfield suggested that the cost of running the proposed college might be reduced if the students did the housework and the cooking. However, it was felt that while the students could do a great deal towards keeping their rooms tidy, great practical difficulties would be experienced in the cooking!
- 1934 Secretary empowered to buy two suitable cardboard boxes in which to keep papers.
- 1935 First Fete held on November 21st, incorporating Folk Dancing, Dramatic Entertainment, Cake Stall, Curiosity Shop, Lolly Pop Tent, etc. etc. – £200 raised.

- 1937 Total funds reach £1991.
- 1938 Discussion on cost of running a college based on 10 students paying 25 shillings per week. Total expenditure on food for one year estimated at £198.
- 1939 Cost of erecting first college buildings estimated at £4000 – Annual Fete cancelled owing to outbreak of war.
- 1940 Fund Committee retains identity but makes no appeal for money because of the war effort.
- 1941 Royal Commission into the University expresses itself as being in favour of a residential college for women.
- 1942 Bridge tables loaned to the University Branch of the Red Cross Society.
- 1943 Total assets £2731.6.8.
- 1944 Survey conducted on housing conditions of students. 108 women living away from home, 56% of whom had inadequate conditions for study.
- 1945 Utilization of Bachelors' Officers' Quarters (on site of Currie Hall) for a women's hostel authorised by the Senate.
- 1946 Women's Hostel opens, catering for 34 students – hostel to be known as University Women's College. Original Meeting of College Council.
- 1947 Official letterhead paper printed.
- 1948 Fees increased to £2.7.6 per week.
- 1949 Incorporation of College finalized and Common Seal designed.
- 1950 Visiting hours extended to 10 p.m. on Saturdays & Sundays.
- 1951 Plans from Sheffield & Nottingham studied to give ideas for new college buildings.
- 1952 New blazer displayed – many people "rather overcome by amount of braid" – later some braid was removed.
- 1953 First college typewriter purchased.
- 1954 Urgent request from students for mirrors and an electric iron – both requests granted.
- 1955 Letter sent to Men's Hostel expressing concern about noise and lack of discipline.
- 1956 Laundry lost from college – CIB said sought.
- 1957 Prowler apprehended by CIB on Easter Tuesday.
- 1958 University Colleges Joint Appeal set-up.
- 1959 Quote received for first College Buildings (Whitfield Wing) £92,460.
- 1960 Whitfield opens and first cleaner employed (Mrs. Jess Blower who stayed until 1979). Matron reports that the boiler is giving trouble again (times don't change!).
- 1961 Flyscreens installed, banksias planted and bore sunk.

- 1962 Fees now at £7 per week.
- 1963 Park Road Wing opened.
- 1964 Decided that number of showers per student should be increased!
- 1965 Link building in the planning stage – decided after some discussion to retain balconies.
- 1966 High table installed and used for Formal Dinner.
- 1967 Fees raised to \$16 – first rise in 5 years. (Inflation was not galloping.) High Table chairs acquired.
- 1968 Scrap Book of college displayed for first time (in exactly the same place as it is today).
- 1969 Rejected suitor lights fire in Foyer causing \$1000 worth of damage. Senior students admitted to Council meetings for the first time.
- 1970 Prescott Wing opens successfully – serious flooding occurred on second floor after the first rains.
- 1971 Library extended and some downstairs Whitfield bedroom converted to Tutorial Rooms.
- 1972 Music rooms leaking – Link entrance remodelled and roof built to protect the Music rooms from the rain.
- 1973 Women's Fund Committee raise money for a film projector for the student club.
- 1974 First unmarried male tutor enters college. (He survived). Grand Piano purchased and Women's Fund Committee purchase sewing machine for students.
- 1975 Academic gowns no longer compulsory for evening meals.
- 1976 Junior Common Room air conditioned. Students very co-operative during the few crises of the year. St. Caths equal first in WICSA but lost to St. Thomas More on a countback.
- 1977 First male Acting Warden of College – he survived.
- 1978 First two babies take up residence (Carla Pascoe and Andrew Johnson). Garden Party held to celebrate fiftieth anniversary. St. Caths won WICSA for the first time.
- 1979 Ex-residents association formed (The Aikatherines). There are already over one hundred life members.
- 1980



POPPY
FLORIST

MEMBER OF
INTERFLORA

45 HAMPDEN RD.
HOLLYWOOD W.A.

6009

PHONE: (09) 3861623

SENIOR STUDENT'S REPORT

Looking back on my year as Senior Student, I am surprised at the variety of things I have done and the very busy year for St. Catherines and a very successful one.

The orientation programme for newcomers to college was held for the first time this year. It proved very successful and as a result will now be an annual event.

St. Catherines won the WICSA cup again this year. I extend my thanks and congratulations to Flick, the co-ordinators, the players and the supporters for this great achievement.

Everyone is still waiting with baited breaths but hopefully this year we will see the installation of a court and a pool in the college grounds. I'm sure this would prove a great asset to college.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my term as Senior Students of St. Catherines. A great deal of thanks – for their time and effort – is due to my committee – Meredith, Marilena, Judith, and Jane. Thanks too, to Rosemary for her help and friendship.

Good luck for your exams and always.

Sheralee



HOUSE COMMITTEE:

ORIENTATION 1980

A first for St. Cats this year was the introduction of an orientation programme for freshmen. Its aim was to soften the blow that the first day at a tertiary institution can have and to help first years meet others of their year and some of the seniors of college.

Participants were asked to arrive in college by 3pm Wednesday, 20th February, but some we didn't see till a few days later! There was pre-dinner drinks in the foyer at 5.30 pm and then a really scrumptious buffet dinner, courtesy of Phil, culinary delights such as three different pavlovas, the likes of which were never seen again. Both parents and guests were welcome and everyone ate and ate and ate

That night for the especially tender-hearted Collegians, such as myself, the film 'Window to the Sky' was shown. If the number of tears spent was anything to go by, the film was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Bright and early (9am) next morning there was an address by the Student Committee followed by a tour of college and the grounds. After morning tea (more cakes and bickies) the body of the first years split into faculty groups and especially selected university staff talked to students about courses and careers. Mr Keith Houghton, sub-dean of commerce, spent a good half hour talking to a group consisting of only two members, Jane Warburton and myself — the others in the group had prior engagements! We all then adjourned to RR's house for a B.B.Q. lunch. It was lovely sitting out under the trees eating steak and swatting the flies away. At 2 pm representatives from TEAS, Student Health, Uni Library and the Counselling Service gave talks and ironed out a few queries.

3.30 pm — 5.30 pm: A gruelling two hours was spent wandering around Uni, pointing out places of interest such as lecture theatres, tute rooms and the Uni Tavern. A tour was organized for those N.C.A.E. students at Cats who intend to go there, and we even ventured into the other colleges.

Entertainment that night was Bingo, but I like many other leaders was exhausted and gave it a miss.

Friday was the actual Uni Orientation Day; lots of speeches, Guild Fair and in the evening more speeches, singing, a Guild Show and a Folk Dance.

A very hectic day!

Saturday was generally a rest day with sports activities arranged for the afternoon and a B.B.Q. in the courtyard.

Sunday was very quiet. Preparations were made for the big day after a wind-up discussion over a coffee in the JCR it was off to bed.



The Orientation Committee consisted of: Sheralee, Mededith, Anna's A & W, Marilena Qu, Judy Heaft, Jill Walsh, Erica Trepp, Penny Sand, Mary Cosenza and myself.

Thanks also must go to Mr and Mrs Warder help was invaluable. The general feelings Orientation 1980 was that it was a highly successful affair and great fun. I feel sure that with support Orientation that 1981 will be just as fun for all those involved.

Jo B



Wonderfully Incredulous Collection
of Spectacular Athletes.

We have done it again — won that W.I.C.S.A. trophy for the second year in a row. Our gallant efforts, trials and tribulations were all bombarded into an extremely successful sporting round up for 1980.



In regard to the efforts I would especially like to thank all the individual reps. who have backed me up and put all their energy into rounding up participants and the spectators and making all the sports equally enjoyable.

Cats sports has boomed this year with one third of the total 150 participating and spectating. Supporters are always welcome to urge on the participants — morally, vocally, physically and musically.

Soccer social day was a great success and a new addition to the W.I.C.S.A. calendar. This was not for points although we still managed to show the others what we are made of.

Athletics wound the year up and with presentations, drinking and dancing the W.I.C.S.A. year was over.

All that remains to be said is to look after yourselves, start to train for 1981 swimming sports.

GOOD LUCK AND KEEP SMILING
IN '81.

Felicity Carr alias Flick



SWIMMING REPORT

The team started "seriously" training two weeks before the inter-college swimming carnival was held. Perhaps, 'seriously' is not really the right word to use, for most training sessions did not pass without some fun being incorporated into the hour (½ hour?).

When training first started, most of us found that we were not as fit as we would have liked. But, by the end of the two weeks we were all able to swim a full 50m without stopping for a rest!!! Due to a valiant team effort (and a little foul play by some of us in the novelty events), St. Catherine's came 2nd overall.

Special thanks to all the girls in the team:

Tessie Casson, Tonia Brockman, Flick Carr, Linda Guinness, Maryanne D, Elaine T, Cathy Viner, Sue Blackburn, Katie Barnes and Judy Heaft, and thanks to all the enthusiastic supporters.

**Elaine Tan,
Swimming Rep.**



TENNIS TEAM:

From Left: Cathy R, Heather C, Jill W, John R,
Julianne D, Flick C, Sheralee E.



TENNIS REPORT

St. Catherine's College achieved a sporting second spot being beaten only on technical grounds by an aggressive Currie Hall team. Their coach outpointed our gentlemanly coach (yours truly) in pre-match legalistic gymnastics.

Convincing wins over St. Thomas More, St. Columba and Kingswood are ample evidence of our tennis competence.

Of more significance, we enjoyed depth in our team, far too many eager participants to fill available places, spirited early morning training sessions and our reputation as sportspeople well and truly intact.

John Reynolds



NETBALL REPORT

Sunday, 13th July saw St. Catherines 1980 Netball team win convincingly against Kingswood and St. Thomas Moore colleges. With magnificent and skillful play the defence continually bought the ball forward and in the attack the players combined efficiently to score well.

Our first match on Sunday, 20th July was as equally encouraging - we beat Currie Hall county.

With our hopes high and despite Rose Cahill's late arrival (she almost had us forfeiting) we had our hardest match to play.

Columba, however with a contingent of players including the A grade netballers proved too good for us, on the day, despite a desperate effort from all Cat's players.

Thanks to our super efficient scorer, Anna A. Well done.

Leonie Feld



Back row L to R: Theresa M, Cathy R, Rose C, Leonie F, Dorte V and Lyndell F.
Front row L to R: Anna A, Felicity C, Jane S, Meredith D.
Absent: Gillion T.



W.I.C.S.A. HOCKEY REPORT

The response to the call for hockey players was as good as it was for most of the inter-college sports with some 15 girls offering their services over the two weekends of hockey. We were able to form a very able team, so were quite confident of success; probably a little too confident, because though we were never in any real danger of being beaten, we certainly did it the hard way.

On the first weekend we played and comfortably beat Kingswood and Tommy Moore. The full backs and goalie found activity a bit scarce, so converted to extra forwards after having discarded the pads. This produced too much crowding but we soon settled to a more workable system, and started to show results.

The team had depleted somewhat the next weekend but that didn't stop us defeating Currie Hall who to that stage appeared to be our greatest rivals. Unfortunately we let Columba score an early goal, and we were unable to retrieve any more than one goal (despite numerous opportunities to score more). We finished two-players short, so did well to hold the opposition to a one-all draw.

As it turned-out we came out victors because we were the only unbeaten side, and as such put St. Catherine's back into contention for the W.I.C.S.A. Cup; which as you know, we won for the second year in succession. Let's work at it and do as well again next year.

Rosemary Cahill.





BASKETBALL:

From Left (Standing): Keringa Barnes, Rosie Cahill, Chris Brown, Lyndal Fitzgibbon, Sheralee Edwards, Tonia Brockman.

Front Row: Cassie Bussell, Jude Heaft, Meridith Dawn, Maryanne Dawson.

Sun. Guild Physical Recreation Centre

Katie Supersport, the champion WICSA sportswoman, proved her value at St. Catherine's College once again by leading the victory in the Basketball Competition held today.

In the first game, Miss Supersport started a little nervously, losing the first jump-ball. With a few encouraging words from the coach, she soon gained control of the game, and lead the team to a six point winning margin at half time. In the second-half Katie dribbled delightfully, passed perfectly and shot superbly. The opposition players were demoralised by the dazzling display of dexterity shown by Miss Supersport. At the final siren, the score was St. Catherine's - lots

Opposition - not very much

Best Players - Katie Supersport, and many others.

Top Scorers - Katie Supersport, and many others.

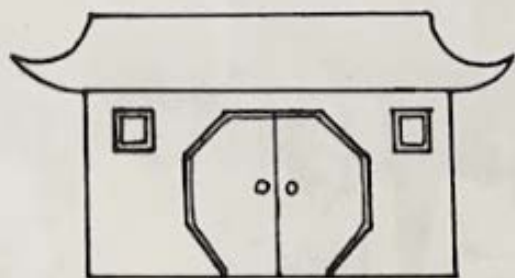


CHINESE VILLAGE

RESTAURANT

17 BROADWAY NEDLANDS

PHONE: 386 2965



THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN AND THE GLYCOGEN OVERSHOOT

St. Cat's tacticians for the WICSA cross country run readied to approach the event scientifically. Strict dietary controls were placed on all competitors in order to build up a glycogen overshoot and hence obtain maximum speed and efficiency.

This meant that competitors Lyndall, Sheralee, Erica, Maryanne, Julie C, Tanya S, Uma, Amanda and Lorna were given the opportunity to make complete gluttons of ourselves for the three days preceding the run. Cake, chocolate, pizza, more chocolate — without feeling guilty! No wonder we had more participants than any other college.

Many thanks to all runners. We all finished the course, notably Lyndall who was first across the line and beat the existing WICSA record by nearly two minutes (proving the worth of Biochemistry?)

Erica,
Cross country rep.



Lyndall comes through!



WICSA ATHLETICS REPORT 1980

This year's women's intercollege athletics held on Sunday, 28th September, proved to be a thrilling battle between colleges. A close duel between St. Cats and Columba raged throughout the day and it wasn't until the final event of the day – the Women's relay, that the overall result was decided. Unfortunately St. Cats was beaten by a short nose and this resulted in Columba winning the athletics by 1 point. Thanks must go to all girls who competed for Cats:

Lyndall, Kerry, Sherine, Charis, Theresa, Guinness, Jude and Flick. Charis and Guin performed particularly well – Charis winning the long jump with a leap of 5 metres and the 2nd division 200 metres, and Guin who threw both the discus and the shot put so well resulting in two more wins for St. Cats.

The day ended with a presentation of Trophies to the winning colleges and this was followed by a BBQ which was enjoyed by all. Special congratulations must go to the St. Cats. sculling team for performing so well in the boat races! Thanks again to all competitors



**Kirtsen Smith,
Ath. Rep. 1980**

VOLLEYBALL:

From Left (Standing): Saroja Ramaswami, Flick Carr, Lyndal Fitzgibbon, Kerry Reid, Sue Lamb (Sitting): Sheralee Edwards, Cathy Ridge, Chris Brown.

WICSA VOLLEYBALL

On Sunday, 14th the St. Cats. Team comfortably won the WICSA Volleyball competition to gain a healthy overall lead.

The results are:

- St. Cats – 4 Games
- Tommy More – 3 Games
- Currie Hall – 2 Games
- Kingswood – 1 Game
- Columba – Nil.

Our heartfelt commiserations to the losing teams and warm congratulations to our own brilliant performers –

Chris B, Flick C, Cheralee E, Lyndall F, Sue L, Saroja R, Kerry R and Cathy R. (The only mistakes were made when neglecting the game to pose for action photos!!). Also, thanks to the many supporters (including the George's trumpeteer) who variously expressed their encouragement, especially during the last exciting and deciding game against Tommy More.



SQUASH REPORT

The squash events for this year have consisted of, a squash ladder, the WICSA Squash, and the Chan Kim Lim Cup.

In first term, a squash ladder was put up onto the main notice board. The idea behind this ladder, was to keep squash active within college, and to have an idea of the players in college. Between first and second term, the ladder was given a rest, by being taken down. After its little holiday, it was put back up again.

With the WICSA Squash nearing, a team was picked to play against all the other colleges. We had the trials on a Tuesday night from which six people were chosen for the team. This was done after much sweating and ball bashing. Guess who the team were? Starting with no-one in particular, they were, Tricia, Jane, Meredith, Sheralee, Flick and I, who managed to scrape in by the skin of my teeth. Before each game against a college, a team of four was selected to play. What fun we had! Tricia who didn't seem to like sweating, made squash look like relaxing on the Gold Coast, lots of fun and not much hard work. Flick's mouth guard and footy socks made the opponent think twice about winning. Overall, it was a lot of fun. We ended up coming second in the WICSA Squash. Currie Hall managed to squeeze through our front lines and beat us. Thank you for your efforts in the games girls, and also thank you to our spectators, Michelle, Kathy and Jud.

Now that you have all started to go to sleep, how about you wake-up and I'll tell you about the (wait for it) Chan Kim Lim Cup. Last year, for the first time this squash competition was started. More than anything, this is a competition between squash players, but to make it more interesting, we try and have girl versus guy matches. Everyone is given a handicap accordingly, and then played off against each other. This is not a competition for the squashed, handicapped people as someone originally thought. Overall, eighty two people participated, twenty seven girls and fifty five guys. Round one started in week four of third term, and it looks like the finals will be in week six. Along with a show on grandfinal night, the winner will get his or her name on the Chan Kim Lim Cup. The two finalists will receive a squash racket each, and runner ups (semi-finalists) will receive wrist and head bands.

It's been a lot of fun organizing and being in the squash events for this year. Thank you everybody.

Mary Cozenza

SQUASH TEAM:

*From Left: Flick Carr, Mark Cozenza, Tricia Snape, Sheralee Edwards, Meredith Dawn.
Missing: Jane Moody.*





soccer

softball



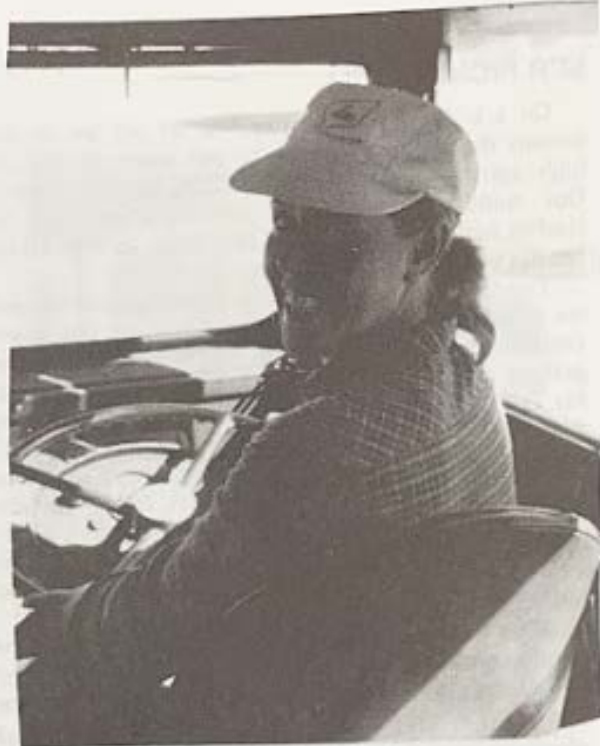
SCR REPORT

Significant increase in membership reflected the efforts of the previous Chairman, Pete Johnson in reviving the activities of the Senior Common Room. A close relationship was enjoyed with the executive of the Junior Common Room and activities have largely been provided in which the whole of college can participate.

Of special mention are the newly involved activities including group visits to cultural activities out of college (Travelling North, Evita and Breaker Morant) and pleasant Sunday morning get togethers over coffee. These get togethers allow yours truly to display one of his hidden talents as an outstanding and truly authentic pastry cook!

Particular thanks go to Maryanne who doubled competently as Social Secretary and coach driver.

John Reynolds,
Chairperson



Broadway
Lady
BOUTIQUE

WE'VE GOT
EVERYTHING
YOU NEED...

WANDER IN ~
LOOKING'S FREE!

STUDENT DISCOUNT

386-6242

CATHY REINDLER
SHOP 2

10 BROADWAY NEDLANDS

SCR PICNIC

On a brilliant August day, we set off for an unknown destination (except to our trusty driver), in high spirits, following the WICSA Cross Country. Our numbers were down unfortunately, due to clashes with other activities, but 18 or so fronted up for the occasion.

The Georgian bus was hired for a nominal fee and we were fortunate to have our very own bus driver (without hat), Maryanne or "Major Dawson". After getting away at about 11.30 a.m. we headed East for the hills with much song and merriment, lead by a couple of the more vocal members of our group. Our very capable driver manipulated many a winding road (and post), to arrive at Araluen, but was unable to stop the bus until aided by a friendly park attendant. Some very relieved passengers, curiously made a rapid disembarkment while our scouts were instructed to find a suitable spot.

After taking over a spread of grassed slopes and one family group, our few experienced campers and girl guides attended to the task of fire making. Several self-selected and hungry cooks proceeded to look after the preparation of our dinner while others were happy to relax and indulge in a little wine. Steaks and chops were followed with some delicious cake from the "Reynolds Kitchen", which had to be rationed out to the starving tribe.

Following lunch, other picnickers in the park received a free and entertaining performance by the "Cats Bush Band", consisting of Flick on foghorn, Sheralee on Spoons, Maryanne on bottle blowing, Penny on comb and others on miscellaneous (such as cake tins, cans & sticks).

An expedition to "Araleun peak" was decided upon and "Sherpa Sanderson" led the way through the wilds of the bush and the rugged terrain. After successfully tackling the narrow crossing of the raging Araluen rapids, the expedition party moved on up the treacherous slopes. Only three brave "bushies" conquered the peak, while most of the party rested on the slopes and others retreated back to camp.

The descent was far from dull with several military manoeuvres and surprise tactics attempted by our "major".

Refreshments awaited the weary hikers on their return to camp and then it was time to make moves for the trip back to college. The return journey was accompanied by more song and merriment, this time louder and with greater enthusiasm, and by skillful acrobatics performed on the railings.

We all returned to college feeling rather weary but, for such an excellent day, it was well worthwhile. Hopefully, next year, there can be more than just one college picnic and involve a greater majority of the students. This type of activity is an excellent opportunity for students, who do not have transport or have not ventured out of the city, to see more of the surrounding areas and sights that Perth has to offer.



SOCIAL SECRETARY 1980.

The duties of Social Secretary include such things as attending regular House Committee meetings, Social committee meetings and discussions with the Warden. Also part of the job is the organization of functions and formal dinners throughout the year. An explanation of activities that are forth coming is given at each general meeting.

The Social Committee this year was comprised of nine girls. The number of girls involved in activities organization changes throughout the year as new girls come to college and older residents leave. This committee is truly the Social Secretary's mainstay and my gratitude goes out to my committee for the support and help they have given me throughout the year.

The Barn Dance, which was held in April had an excellent turnout, with a large number of students and tutors from other colleges attending.

Mid-year Blues was a rage with the theme being "Future Shock". And after seeing some of the girls dressed up according to how they interpreted the theme, I'm sure some of them should have been born fifty years from now. All in all it was a fun night.

Also the College Ball, which was held in July proved to be a great success. Thanks to all who were involved in making the night run so smoothly.

I have enjoyed my position as Social Secretary at St. Catherine's and I've gained a great deal of experience from the work involved; I'm really glad it was such a good year for everybody.

Judith Heaft.



Oh! Bertha dear, I do like your necklace.





river cruise



MID YEAR BLUES

Two cartons of champagne were consumed in the fifteen minutes allotted to pre-dinner drinks and it didn't stop at that. The theme "Future Shock" was well supported by all who participated. We had "Red People" namely the tutors, and a blue eared Warden and consort (Were they time lords?). Margaret Bailey won the prize for the most unhumanlike thing and Maryanne Dawson was the most original test tube baby ever.

The food fight was fortunately stopped by Rosemary - so no-one went hungry. After the great binge in the dining room we all moved to the JCR and quadrangle where a plentiful supply of beer was on hand.

Select members of our community, the SCR members and our two guests from St. Georges Simon Malah and Ben Darbyshire (had he been dieting or was it really Greg Harrison 'monking' around?) retired to the SCR for port and coffee.

Meanwhile the remainder of the fun loving girls had successfully mingled with visitors from other colleges and had the keg almost empty (Couldn't let it go flat).

Cathy Ridgen had the dubious distinction of being the first of this year's freshers to be ponded in our very own pond. Thank goodness Rocket had been removed to a quieter place for the evening.

Thanks go to all those people who tidied the mess (made by outsiders of course) afterwards and let's hope next year's mid-year Blues may be as enjoyable as this years was.

Tonia Brockman





mid-year blues



drama

This year the Dramatic Society presented you with much hard work, dedication and panic stricken weeks of rehearsal, the most fantastic array of actors yet to hit "Broadway" (sorry - typing mistake!) I mean St. George's Dining Hall. As you know, if you were lucky enough to fight through the huge crowds and manage to see the plays, we had three of them. "The Farce of the Devil's Bridge", "The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven" and "Unhand Me Squire". All were equally successful and a great deal of effort was put in by all concerned to produce three excellent plays.

Of course, our gratitude goes to our three directors, Ron Harwood who directed "The Farce of the Devil's Bridge"; Steven Harper who direct "The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven" and Karen Harwood who directed "Unhand Me Squire". Without the help of these delightful and dedicated directors we would not have presented you with any plays at all (and you wouldn't have had the pleasure of reading this).



"The Farce of the Devil's Bridge" was the first play and Tonia, being the first on stage every night, did a marvellous job at Property Mistress. This play needed a lot of imagination to visualize the scene but with the brilliant performance of the cast, (a special mention to our lovely "Brave Cat" - Linley) this play was well accepted by the audience and Ron did a marvellous job to get this play on the road with such short notice and many hassles with rehearsals, stage and many other loopholes which needed mending.



The second play, "The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven", had a larger cast and such a variety of personalities to portray, that the work of Steve, our director was really remarkable. The hardest part in rehearsals was teaching Bobby Nightingale to kiss a Nun. We all thought this would be easy for Bobby, but maybe guilt overtook him? This play required many long rehearsals and thanks go to the cast for persisting with all the hard work and the long lines. Of course we must congratulate Rosemary Reynolds for the fantastic job she did as "Mrs Muggins". I'm not at all sure she wasn't meant really to be a Mrs Muggins instead of St. Cath's warden but then again I think we all see the Mrs Muggins in her charming and helpful personality because of course, without her help and supplying of most of the cast's costumes, and also the venue for our after play party, I'm sure the play would not have been half as successful. Joff Davies also did a marvellous job as he had so much to do and so many lines to learn.

The last play, but definitely not the least was "Unhand Me Squire" - a real melodrama. Here our thanks must also go out to the audience for their participation in "booing" and "hissing" the Squire and putting up with the Village Girls and their ridiculous dance (speaking with experience). Rehearsals for this play were all great fun as we all laughed during the running through of the play every time. Charis did a wonderful job at "Sweet Fanny" - although for a moment we didn't know if she'd make it to the plays (glad to see you're better Charis).

Once again Joff showed his acting expertise and Gavin showed his love of the stage as a particularly evil "Sir Jasper". Our "beautiful Princess Cookie Lickie Pot, . ." who was Sherine at her best, nearly caused the cast to break down laughing every night when she came on stage - to say nothing of the audience. The person to thank for this production is Karen. She put a lot of effort into it I'm sure she enjoyed every minute of it.



This year we had a lot of hassles with getting these marvellous directors and finding a venue. Thanks go to the Warden of St. George's for allowing us to hold the plays at St. Georges. There are so many people to thank who all deserve a mention, because without any one of them the show would have fallen flat. I must especially thank Phil Cornish who did all the work from both ends as our own producers, Monique and Rhoda left college before the plays went on the road. Phil did much running around from college to college (don't say that you didn't enjoy visiting St. Catherines, Phil) and running here, there and everywhere to organize the stage lights, costumes, and many other errands a producer has to do.



Kerry did a very good job of the programme, showing off her artistic talents and putting in much effort to have it finished by the time the show went on. And the list goes on but I'm afraid I can't thank everyone who helped as the list is endless and I have probably already bored you to tears!

I regret that the plays ended so quickly. The three nights seemed to flash by so fast. I know I shall miss sitting on the bench with Mrs Muggins as we had wonderful conversations every night and the Nun (alias Fiona) will have to go back to her convent where she will be safe from Bobby Nightingale!



So with the Bridge mended, our Cat from St. Cath's having got the cream, we say goodnight and well done to the cast of "The Farce of the Devil's Bridge". And to "Alton the Unbeliever" - hard luck - but maybe you should "play more snap" with a lunatic than spend your time cursing. Congratulations to the cast of "The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven". And finally with Fanny falling for the Squire and everyone living happily ever after, from the great cast of "Unhand Me Squire" - "In unison we'll say goodnight".

And now it is my cue to say goodnight as well. Thank you to everyone involved in the plays in any respect as without them we wouldn't have been up to scratch. Good luck to the actors and hopefully we'll see some of them again next year for 1981's plays.

■ ■ ■

UNI CAMP FOR KIDS

Having been pursued by the editor, and threatened with the 'Guild Heavies' (sounds frightening) or her own personal mafia I decided to write an article for the college magazine.

At the time I began my first draft (a very one-sided view, and rather boring) I had a headache, a sore arm and an aching back, accompanied by numerous aspects of a cold. I had just been on a Uni Camp for Kids Picnic...

As a 'freshette' at the beginning of this year, I was persuaded by older college people to attend the Uni Camp for Kids AGM. What fate. Somehow I was elected (unopposed, I might add - I should have smelt a rat) to the position of female fresher rep. and thus the fun began. This means attending committee meetings and completing sundry tasks concerned with the administration as well as recruiting leaders for picnics and camps. College has proved extremely good in this way - a happy Friday afternoon in the tavern and your colleagues may be persuaded once, if never again. (That has been known to happen!) Also, the kitchen is very obliging in providing extra food for picnic lunches. Perhaps it would be a good idea to explain the idea of Uni Camp for Kids. The general aim is to provide a day out once or twice a year on a picnic for underprivileged children, or children of one-parent families, who are recommended to the club by social welfare people. As well as the three picnics there are three or four camps held annually at the Alfred Coves Crippled Children's campsite at Point Peron. Often these camps are the one holiday the child gets all year - and it's a holiday for the parents as well. Again, as with the picnics there is a male and female leader who look after the children for the full period of the camp.

Mention of the picnic probably put some people off - I wouldn't blame all of my aillings on the kids that day, just most of them! No, seriously although the picnics wear everybody out (and I have known a newly-recruited leader to say she had a splitting headache been to bed, (at 7.00 p.m.) and slept fourteen hours straight - gee I felt guilty, they are usually very enjoyable. The kids are supposed to be picked up at about half past nine (that depends on the driver's ability in reading road maps!) and taken to the picnic site, where the leaders give some incentive to play and depending on how much energy the kids have the leaders may be beaten into submission. Lunch? 'I'm hungry' and unfortunately they don't eat slowly, so you don't get a rest then, either. I have seen leaders dragged in up to four directions at once, which is particularly disturbing if the victim is moving front on in the direction of a tree.

The farm as opposed to a park like King's Park or Bibra Lake with swings, has a tractor and trailer used for 'hay rides' - about four people per square foot, and some patient ponies for pony rides. The kids were sorry to leave, but I daresay many leaders were not.

Afterwards came the reward - the show at Creswell Park Pavillion where many leaders inebriated themselves to forget their wrenched elbows, dislocated shoulders and perhaps the odd broken back. Long Live Camp for Kids!

Caroline Howe.



Stairs? Phys. Edders don't need 'em.

Ground floor Park Road is the place where freshmen seem to thrive,
With all the college pondings its a wonder they survive,
They sit around in corridors if they should want to chat,
Drink coffee in the dingy light and never seem to mind,
That where they live is cold and dark and other things like that,
The atmosphere is full of fun you disregard the rest,
You make good friends at college and you say, "It's cool for Cat's,"
It's cool for Cat's.

Upstairs Park Road is the place where everyone is couth,
They spend their lives repenting for their misspent freshman youth,
They tell their folks on visits that they've settled down at last,
They're constantly reminded of the rages and the strain,
They spend their free time raging and improving on the past,
And when it gets too much for them they lie about and sigh,
That if they live till ninety it will still be cool for Cat's,
It's cool for Cat's.

Link may be quite little and the rooms there number few,
But watch out if you tell the people living there your view,
They'll say their wing's exclusive and the balconies are fine,
They're great as five-room thoroughfares, for cozy little chats,
And really quite tremendous as another washing line,
And when it's time for coffee in the pantry with the chairs,
They sit and tell each other just how cool it is for Cat's,
It's cool for Cat's.

Whitfeld has a lot of things we never get to see -
The inside of the men's loo and the black and white T.V.,
The library and tutorial rooms are also on the list,
We tell ourselves, when prodded by a little pang of guilt,
That things we never used before are things we never missed,
And the girls in Whitfeld love it all and take it in their stride,
Some sit out on their balconies and know it's cool for Cat's,
It's cool for Cat's.

Prescott wing may look serene, sedate and all the rest,
But inside it is full of life if you can spot the guest,
They say that we are fossils and that we are all clapped out,
We have great trouble walking and we hold each other up,
But anyone who says we're past it needs their mouth washed out,
We'll never need museums or an archeologist
'Cos Cat's will keep us cool, yet it's still very cool for Cat's,
It's cool for Cat's.

Put all of us together and just see what we can do.
Who went and won the WICSA and then brought it home to you?
They used some filthy tactics and they slung a lot of mud,
So we tripped them by the ankles as we pushed their faces in,
But they didn't take no notice when they screamed out for our blood.
Spectators asked us how it feels to take the WICSA out.
We ripped our knee pads off and said "It's cool to be a Cat."
It's cool for Cat's.

COOL

FOR



CATS

Scriv and Port.



St. Catherine's



College 1980

close-ups



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celebrities



**FAR AWAY FROM HOME
STATE OF EXCITEMENT
AUSTRALIA:**

Dear Western Staters,

We have had a really great stay in your State of EXCITEMENT – ???

We are deeply sorry that we have not been converted to go to shows instead of parties (although you still drink as much – water that is.), eat polony instead of devon (although it still tastes the same), wear bathers instead of togs (although they still feel the same) – although we have been educated not to grace the scene with dessert boots . . . on our feet for those who don't know where you wear them.

Thanks anyway for making our stay in the West a memorable and happy one.

Good Luck and Good Times in the future,
Lots of Luv

The 'ODD COUPLE' sorry the 'EASTERN STATERS',
Lyndall and Flick



THE PISCATORIAL PROGRESS REPORT

Or
THE FISHPOND SAGA: The true story of two girls pitting their courage, integrity and sheer genius against the elements – and winning.

As we left on the S.S. Beagle, fearlessly heading towards the Galapagos Islands, heedless of the thirty foot waves thundering menacingly around our fragile five foot rowboat, we . . . oops, sorry!

1980 has been something of a trial attempt to ascertain if it is actually possible for us to maintain basic life, of some form, in the St. Catherine's fishpond. Having fully explored all the possibilities – octopii, rock lobsters, piranha – we perspicaciously decided on the obvious choice – goldfish.

There was an initial setback in the theft of the girl on the dolphin, after which the pond had to be recemented, and the subsequent state of the water suggested it would support nothing more substantial than mosquito larvae. However the water cleared and the first fish "Rocket", (I wonder why we called it that?!) kindly donated by our beloved Warden R.R., was ceremoniously dropped . . . err. . . gently lowered . . . into the pond as our tester. After recovering from the initial shock of Rocket not only surviving, but apparently thriving, (showing that sustained life was not beyond us) another five fish were added as well as some lillies, courtesy of Sheila. Thus by the seventh week of first term the pond was ready to continue that evolutionary process first begun millions of years ago when Man, Anna and Anna first crawled out of some primeval swamp.

In the eighth week (so soon!?) we had the first of the small blockbuster mini-series of our little accidents, and one of our goldfish sort of died(ish). Since then we have, heedless of life and limb fought side by side, shoulder to shoulder in an ever continuing struggle against numerous bushforemen barbecues, highschool camps, accountants barbecues and other sundry social activities; undaunted in our efforts to keep the fish alive. To cut a long story, and our embarrassment, short, as it stands there are three fish left and there are certainly lillies in evidence, though no-one could call them prolific. Therefore, we conclude that it is not impossible for life to exist in the pond, although there continues a constant struggle against difficulties in its maintenance.

In conclusion, we would like to thank all those people who have helped us with this monumental biological masterpiece, including Rosemary, Syd, and especially our gardener Paul.

Yours,

Anna H. Butler and Anna C. Darwin



Our fish pond caretakers with a Geelong goldfish.

CANTEEN REPORT

On Monday the 6th March the canteen manageresses threw back the concertina door marking the annual opening of the St. Catherines canteen, to reveal a disappointing meagre crowd. No-one was interested in the banana & chocolate icecream over which we had risked our friendship and no-one became particularly excited about our introductory offer of free party whistles (except Anna).

As time went by, students became remarkably well conditioned to the 7 p.m. & 9 p.m. bell and came crawling out of the woodwork to arrive salivating at the canteen door. Sales subsequently improved. We became connoisseurs of icecream flavours and experts in the selection of lollies.

At this point we feel the need to warn prospective canteen manageresses of that dastardly dragon, of that feared company . . . yes, of the perils of the Peters' men. Oh, future manageresses be warned for this job isn't all gained calories. We have had to bear with ever increasing anguish, the cumulation of bills for pasties, fish, corn, peas, beans, frozen fowls and many other such healthy foods that we understandably couldn't bring ourselves to order for our canteen.

In conclusion, we must thank all of the canteen helpers and those gluttons without which we couldn't survive. Finally allow us to quote from a previous canteen manageress who inspired us when saying, "Down with Weight Watchers".

Linley and Jill



ST CATHERINES SWAP BARBEQUE TERM

After the Georgian swap barbeque and numerous social functions during the first and second terms, our swap barbeque started out being a peaceful affair. Girls from college wandered their rooms at various times between six and seven and partake of the food, drink and good fun. The Georgians arrived in dribs and drabs to join the making.

The first keg was well underway and barbeque doing their usual thoughtful smoking out of hungry hoardes. When at eight o'clock most people submitted themselves to a ride on the Georgian and Parksy's driving back to St Georges to mark the annoucement of their next years Senior Studies. The vote went to Greg Harrison, who was discovered suitably dressed in a wet suit sitting on his deck chair in the middle of the pond.

After many pondings and much good humour, jibing the party returned to St. Catherines only to pass along Winthrop Avenue by Peter Alderson on his one manpower bicycle on which he went on to win the inaugural "Beat the bus back" race.

Into the third keg now and many dulled minds were still enjoying themselves. Anna Wilkins danced to the "Horror Picture Show," Gavin Marsh was swimming in our pond. Cyril Cornish found the JC floor very hard, Charis Neuman found the wall very hard, and all those trying to get to sleep found it very hard.

Tonia Brockman

SOCIETIES COUNCIL 1980

As everyone took their places according to some unspoken, yet perceptible, ranking order around the President, I took my place in what I felt sure was an uncontroversial seat and apprehensively awaited the start of proceedings. However, my Parliamentary aspirations were shattered when the member of my right whispered in my ear "Would yer like some Gum?". Smoking is only allowed by consent of all adults present so something has to be done to pass the time!

Having attended a couple of Soc. Council meetings before this particularly important one, I was well aware of the necessity of not doing anything that in any way could make oneself a target of ridicule or criticism. Soc. Council by its very nature has to scrutinise and criticise all persons and proposals that come before it.

Soc. Council controls all the money that is allocated in one form or another to all student clubs on campus. We benefit each year with the magazine grant (we hope!).

How do you get money from Soc. Council? . . . Essentially a representative of a club which is applying for money for some equipment or venture goes to a Soc. Council meeting and presents a case for the money. This can be fun! The Finance Committee of the Council and all club representatives present at the meeting question and evaluate the case and generally give the rep a hard time.

One year an unsuspecting novice from a newly formed group of New Wave Punk Rock Homosexuals represented his club's claim for a couch for the club room! . . . They should have tried cake raffle me thinks. Fortunately a magazine grant application is fairly standard and is always considered along with all the other colleges. Soc. Council also provides you with an opportunity to see at first hand many of the likely candidates for the Guild Elections. Similarly if you are interested in Guild politics Soc. Council rep provides you with a first foothold into the arena.

College Soc. Council rep does not require a lot of time and it can be quite entertaining into the bargain . . . But don't forget your Gum!

Cathy Porteous



Sid and Paul boiling a bit of water for one of their accumulative coffee breaks.

WHAT GUILD COUNCILLORS REALLY DO — or Have You Ever Wondered What Happened To Your \$65?

This year as Ed Council President I set about recovering all the money I have paid to the Guild in the last three years. I made a flying start with a free, all-expenses paid trip to Melbourne. This alone covered my Guild fees, so being a good-hearted soul I then went about spending yours.

Next came the Education Council Budget of \$8000. Unfortunately the Council was not amused at my idea of a Presidential trip to survey the educational institutions in Europe, so I had to settle for spending it in a more mundane fashion. There was however some compensation as the Guild supplied free sandwiches after all the meetings so on your behalf I ate more sandwiches than any other Guild Councillor.

Seriously, though, Education Council functioned well this year. The St. Catharines representatives were Julia Brierty then Margaret Bailey, both of whom managed to sit through the long and usually boring meetings.

Ed Council, for those who haven't heard of it, is the link between the faculty societies and the Guild and also co-ordinates all of the Education campaigns on campus. It also gives grants for interstate conferences, including the Australian Colleges Conference which was held in Adelaide.

This year Ed Council has also been involved with the current education issues such as swot-vac and library hours. I believe Ed Council has achieved something this year and I look forward to being involved again next year.

Susan Wilson

PROSH '80

Prosh began at 7.30 a.m. on a cold morning as sleepy-eyed people gathered on the median strip in front of College for a shivering champagne breakfast. We compensated for this by the sale of over 300 papers, being sold to the generous and not so generous city commuters, who were held up at the lights (mainly by a certain saleswoman). Sales came to an abrupt end with the intervention of the abominable policemen.

During the course of the morning we joined forces with the Georgians, changed nationalities and became Iranian hostages. We were imprisoned outside Wesley Church under the guard of Harrison's regiment. Half time entertainment was produced by Abdul Alderson and his followers with their intermittent praying (or prayer mats facing Mecca, i.e. all directions) in the Hay Street intersection, much to the amusement of the crowd.

The whole affair ended in a parade around the streets of Perth in the Georgian Bus.

Thanks to all those involved in the stunts and the sale of papers and who helped in any other way. It was quite successful and I hope next year will be even better!

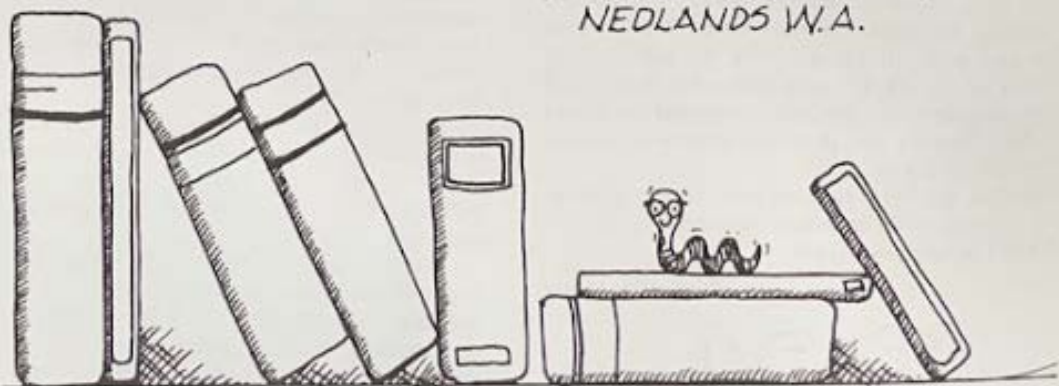
Jill Tennekoon,
Prosh Rep. 1980



Breaky on the median strip.

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ST CATHERINE'S BALL

We made a great start to this years Ball with many weeks spent worrying about clothing, hair styles and partners. But despite all this all was under control by the time the Ball arrived. Pies and pasties with sauce sufficed for tea in expectation of a marvellous supper later on in the evening. Those who arrived late for tea after their customary Friday afternoon in the Uni Tavern had to put up with a cold tea. (Could it have been nerves that drove them there?)

By six o'clock most of our nervous debutantes were ready with the older more experienced ballgoers still deciding which dress to wear or how to do their hair. Seven thirty came and the last minute rush was evident. But by seven fifty the bonnie lasses were wondering if the man of their choice was going to arrive on time - some did.

Pre Ball drinks were held in several rooms around college. It was remarked in Judith Heaft's room that everyone looked like they were off to a funeral. So much for the popularity and panache of black.



Eight thirty saw most couples heading for our dining room hall now transformed into many coloured many splended ballroom courtesy of streamers, dimmed lights, a mirror ball and the social committee's decore team.

The first band began playing about this time due to the shyness of all the young men present the dancing was started by two very enthusiastic young ladies. The ice was shattered completely by this attempt and with the help of a bit of the free flowing champagne the dance floor was soon filled with couples.

Photographs were taken by the expert Gary Parkes through out the evening so most events were recorded on film. Apart from his photographic duties Mr Parkes along with Mr David Brown doubled as a bouncer for our protection - all and sundry were welcomed at the door.

Supper was in the JCR and lived up to everyone's expectations, Phil really did himself proud. You had to be quick if you wanted to satisfy your appetite.

After supper the second band "Tuxedo Wave" played. Most of the champagne had disappeared by now so beer drinking was the order of the day. At midnight Arthur arrived and tried to pacify some of the excited people wandering the corridors. The music and Ball petered out some time around two o'clock and only the after effects, hangovers, and cleaning up remained.

Many thanks to our Social President for a wonderful evening.

Tonia Brockman.



CAT'S





BALL



original contributions

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF COMPLAINT

I wish to lodge a formal complaint against the dishonesty and disreputable behaviour of the residents of the far end of Fairway.

On September 7, myself and a companion, (both of whom shall remain anonymous due to impending law suits), spent an entire afternoon contemplating our evening's recreation. After much fevered discussion we concluded that the Sunday session could provide suitable amusement for our totally bored selves.

After spending the good part of an hour rectifying the mess that our almighty creator had cursed us with (faces to the non-literary), and filled with great enthusiasm and expectations, we ventured forth into the great unknown. Alas, fate was not on our side of the world, for gathering overhead were masses of grey, suggesting that devastating disaster, which, without suitable precautions could lead to the abortion of any evening jaunts – yes, rain. Without umbrellas we were doomed to an intimate evening with Ted Bull (plug here for 6IX). Being opposed to the possession of such 'uncool' objects as umbrellas (along with the financial outlay involved), a search for two loose ones was carried out. With the promise of great care and prompt return, and an alibi of going to the Reid Library, we left clutching two very obvious long ones.

As we neared Steve's, and the rain had not graced us with its unwanted presence, curses did issue from our dry lips – with our umbrellas we would appear quite the sort of dags that any self respecting human would choose to avoid. Hearts beating fast a solution had to be found – where could these distasteful 'things' reeking with unsophistication be deposited while we became intoxicated? As the great chapel of glory came within sight, desperate measures seemed inevitable. With great ease, we planted them amongst the bushes and sign posts of a block of affluent town houses. Feeling secure in our decision, we marched onwards, smug grins lacing our faces.

Two hours and many scotches later, we rolled down Fairway with uplifted spirits, undaunted by the rain that was seeping through the sky. Filled with immense pride at our ingenuity, we thought of our hidden treasures that would soon be at hand. Well, I've been around in my time but never in my wildest dreams did I imagine the sight that would be the cause of much grief. Those wondrous umbrellas, previously disdained, were gone – stolen – missing – just not there!

Could it be a joke, were they planted elsewhere, hanging from a branch perhaps – such explanations swam around the intoxicated grey cells. Hearts heavy, and empty handed, we returned, dreading the fateful moment of truth when explanations and new umbrellas would be handed over. Well, I'm not one to complain but . . .

by Betty

A WORD FROM A "FRESHER"

"A fresher you are and a fresher is what I'll call you!" said the harsh unrelenting male voice.

"I resent that" I cried defensively.

"No Miss FRESHER" and he stressed the word unnecessarily "you resemble it!"

And so the conversation, if it could be called that, continued; an irate young girl locked in verbal combat with a sophisticated Georgian of second year something or other course.

Ah the joys of being a freshman. People from all over just love to remind poor wretched first years of their almost plebian position. What we really need is some great martyr to stand up for our cause! I wonder though, next year when we have the hazardous year behind us, will we put the pressure on the incoming first years? We probably will! "And why not?" demand the vast majority.

"We've been subject to the whims of sophomores and seniors for one whole year! If they can do it to us, why can't we do it to the new people?" I must have heard this argument a dozen times before.

And so the procession continues over the years. We progress from tormented "freshers" just learning the ropes, to gloating sophomores and seniors, who, after one, two, three or in some cases, four years of experience are old hands.

Let's just be thankful that we must only undergo one year of adject misery before we too can gloat. And what about the generations of freshmen to come? Maybe we'll wish them luck before we get into gear for gloating.

Sarah Moore



A.M.S. REPORT (or "The compulsive reading section.")

Among the other important events of this year is an A.M.S. (Alternative Marxist Society) which tentatively poked its way into emergence from the precincts of upstairs Park Road.

Fighting for our right to a position amongst the Liberal dominated corridor the first three members "reared their ugly heads". Steadily and stealthily the proletariatism of the corridor began. Muttering our motto "Students of St. Catherines unite - you have nothing to lose but your hot water," in hushed monotones (so we didn't get attacked by staunch Liberals) we oozed our way into peoples' rooms and permeated their common sense with such wonderful Marxist idioms as: "Marx was Jewish by origin, Protestant by necessity, and lived among Catholics."

And even better than this we advocated lots of free things for the masses, (we advocated but didn't get them but the beauty lies in the actual attempt.)

A.M.S. meetings were few and far between and the society demanded nothing but extreme loyalty from its members. All members of the Society abandoned capitalist pleasures for the joys of Marxism, joint ownership was one of our major issues and so a lot of coffee swapping went on amongst our elitist clan. Funny that the loudest music in the corridor should issue forth from a reasonably expensive stereo set privately owned by our President. (This same President swears it was all part of her "Music for the masses" campaign. Pity we aren't all wrapt in Bob Dylan's wailing at two o'clock in the morning, isn't it Margaret and Betsy!).

Anyway we as a self elected group are proud to let it be known that during our peak our total membership number was higher than the original Marxist Society. This is a real victory because they are big time Communists.

Anyway I'll have to leave it there because I've got to get my Rolls Royce down to the garage before lunch, (Isn't it dreadful when your second car cracks up!) And then I'm off to Rio for a dinner date. Catch you later.

MB

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . .

Presently I am hearing a programme on a priest's view of adolescence, his view of youth today. Blah, blah, blah . . . the misfortunes of a generation lost for a sense of personal identity.

God! What my adolescence has meant to me! Guilt — the preponderant aspect of my early years. What wasted years they were. But, I must say, my dear readers, guilt is indeed an element of human nature, one cannot abide by.

I sometimes wonder whether all my needs to appear complex, suffer guilt pangs, are just aspects of my so called intellectual sophistication. Perhaps of my so called intellectual sophistication. Perhaps of my dear girls, as much as I would pride myself as being an 'intellectual par excellence', this feeling mainly stems from my incapacity to accept myself for what I am — an ordinary person needing to 'make ends meet'. God! Divine faith above, why in hell were humans ever born. To be subject to a million and one injustices known as human plight — heart-aches, miseries, umpteen misfortunes. GOD! Why, why, why!

Man looks into the empty cosmos in hope to find an answer but all he sees in sight are the meaningless stars a million light years away.

Perhaps I am a fool. Life serves no other purpose than having a car, belonging to an inexplicable system.

Why then be a fool and question? For I know the pre-occupation to be futile. Whilst I brag of being an intellectual — I am penniless.

Uma Nair

A FEW GEMS OF PHILOSOPHY.

*When you are a victim of cupid
Just remember this terse little verse,
To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
But to let a kiss fool you is worse!*

*"Happiness resides not in possessions and not in gold,
the feelings of happiness dwells in the soul".
Democritus.*

A TYPICAL A.G.M.

Meeting opened at 7.30 p.m.

"If anyone is not here tell the person sitting next to you to say so in a loud voice please."

30,000 reports are given by the respective reporters and seconded by residents literally beating each other to a pulp to get their names down in the minutes. (Today St Catherines — tomorrow the World.)

"Generally business has been pretty slow, but if anyone has anything to say, speak now or forever hold your piece." (which piece was that Chris?)

An arthritic secretary pipes up, "Could you speak a little slower please."

We are gathered here on this solemn Tuesday night being in both sound mind and body to distribute the estate of the late St. Catherine's Social Fund, be it on your heads.

The grave motion concerning the swimming pool has finally been passed, (loud cheers are heard in the crematorium).

7th standing ovation "Morgue my words, what a great moment for St. Catherines. A moment never to be remembered."

Heard above the 8th standing ovation —

"What about the typewriters?" This is shouted down by the frantic, hysterical crowd — surging forward desperately reaching for pieces of clothing, locks of hair, ANYTHING to remember this wonderful night by.

The crowd murmurs "Can this night last forever?" It is beginning to look that way. Then the crowd goes quiet, caught in the magic of the moment, as a feeble voice asks "What colour are the typewriter keys going to be?". At this profound oratory the crowd makes a beeline for the sticky buns.

"The meeting is adjourned until Christmas vacation when we will meet to discuss the imperative point brought forward concerning the typewriters."

Meeting closed at 11.59 a.m.

Anon.

THE END OF LOWER PARK ROAD REPORT

Known as "Freshman's Land", Lower Park Road has had its share of events during the year. Rooms 67 to 80 make up the bottom section of this corridor. From the beginning of the year there has been a few changes in the members of this elite group.

Jane Cool was the first to leave and Amuthar took over possession of her room. Gill was next to leave, leaving behind a trail of devastation as she bucketed everyone in sight the night she left. Tricia became the new resident - a much quieter neighbour. Warby then left and left room 77 vacant for a while until Julie returned - bringing with her a bit of life back to this end of Park Road, and also destroying the freshman image of Park Road.

Jane became first year rep. showing the talent of this end of Park Road. Well done, Jane. We had a few flashers in the bathroom one at the beginning of the year and one this term. That's about the only sour note of the whole year.

Tonia's birthday will be remembered by most of us as we filled her room with toilet paper and balloons and made a birthday cake for her. This was devoured in less than a minute while sitting in the corridor disturbing everyone.

Helen's room was one night mysteriously evacuated - not of its occupant, but of all its furniture, and set up in the foyer near her room. Poor Helen, but they say a change is as good as a holiday.

Ding Dong's (Chris) room was also emptied but not of everything. She was left with 2 orange witch's caps (M.R.D. - thanks). It took her a while to recover all her furniture and clothes from various places around the college.

One night most residents will remember is the Georgians pubathon. (After they all got totally drunk several Georgians came visiting) very kind of them! After covering Chris's room with Milo and riding bikes up and down the corridor and stairs, they then proceeded to flake out in the corridor, leaving several of us to nurse them back to health - one guy being locked in the girls toilets by Arthur and the rest being kicked out. As soon as Arthur appeared everyone vacated the corridor and ended up in my room. This was alright until my fish tank nearly gained a glass of cider and I kicked them out.

At the first half of the year Jane's room became the social room. Her door was nearly always open with bodies crammed in. A few complaints were made but it was still great fun - not much work was done by any of us at that stage.



Julia and Riggers - wish we could afford to have a weeks holiday in Kalbarri.

A few raids were launched by the Georgians but this was after we had firstly raided them. First term Ding Dong had her room powdered and her bed moisturized after we raided Bruce Howard's room. Several girls took chase but to no avail.

Then this term quite a few girls raided during their 3rd term general meeting. We got ponded for this and then during our meeting all our door handles were stolen and Julia's door completely removed! Between all these events were the college events like the River Cruise, Mid Year Blues, The Ball and other events.

I'm not sure how much work got done, but I know everyone is going to pass as it is already starting to quieten down as exams get closer.

Good luck girls and I hope to see you next year if you all come back.

Cathy Rigden

POETRY

MY "BABY BEN"

The hands with wings do fly – around, around
Pinioned to the centre they are bound
To travel along their path without respite
Accurate only dependent on the might
Of the force on the spring behind –
Circumventory manipulation to rewind.

Three hundred and sixty degrees of light and dark
Between cock crow and lunar bark.
In blackness do shine the dots and dashes
Phosphorescent glow in minute splashes.
Inexorable motion to predetermined instant.
A cacophonous rescue from distant
Subconscious depths gravitated to intimate rambling.
Denial is impossible – Oh that demonical rringg!!

Theresa Mountford

The sun
and the sand
and nothing and
me.

I stand there
vulnerable,
a tree.

The wind attacks me,
blows at me,
buffets me.
A gale, life
uproots me
with ease born of
practice,
As I grow
I become
gnarled, seasoned
as the tree of knowledge.

I am a reed.
The wind,
no longer callous.
Around me is green,
life is beautiful,
fruitful,
worthwhile.

The wind
flows over me,
no longer able
to beat me,
defeat me.
I am stable,
I am alive.

Jane Sallie

CITY AT NIGHT

The night has come.

The lights are one, reflected in still waters of the Swan,
Yellows, greens, pinks and blues.
Some are moving, some are still.

Across the river, the faraway lights twinkle, they hum
with the roar of night traffic.

Advertising lights flash on, then off.

A hamburger, lights up above a burger bar.

The red light is on, the cars waiting, the green –
off!

Downstairs a cafe light plays on to the street, the noise
of people, talking, singing, laughing.

Church bells chime.

A taxi waits beside the hotel, with the flashes of the
orange tip of a smoke, revealing a mans presence.

The air is chilly, the stars, twinkle.

A drunk, walks down a dark alley clutching a bottle,
an only love:–

Advertising lights flash on – then off.

The night proceeds.

The sky gloss pink, a newday is born.

Advertising lights flash on – then off.

Sally Smith,

A HANDFUL OF SAND

As my pen slowly glides along
This empty piece of paper
My heart is silently churning out
All the words I have ever wanted to say to you
Filling up these empty spaces.

But now, I know, it is too late
All too late to say anything
Except I love you.
So, I pour down to your new house
My handful of sand
That can only say 'Goodbye'
it was too late to say anything else.

So goodbye my love
My brother, goodbye.
You will always be in my heart,
Never forgotten.

And the tears of death roll on

Chris

Rugged
foetal – like.
Bird – head, wing – tucked,
blanket – snuggled,
down – diddy – down.
Body, sleep snuggled,
mattress swallowed,
in feather cuddled
snore – filled bliss.
In the coal – black
cold – black
sleep warm – tight night.

Jane Sallie.

I set my gaze upon a flower
Full bloom-an ecstasy of life,
Pagan Eros woken with its pulsing light.
I drank its essence with my soul,
Its surging sap became my own,
The air encompassing did groan;
I looked again and it was gone.

Diane Lyette.

LIVING IN A UNIVERSITY COLLEGE – a distinct
art form.

St Catherine's college, home for the insane and the
incurable,

It, I think the inmates will agree, quite unedurable
But if we students were residing elsewhere there would
be

Too great a risk to others in the Perth community
And similarly there could be a danger we may be
P'raps caused to think like other members of society.

... And so 'tis best for all concerned if we stay
where we are
So we can keep our minds a blank, and others
keep afar.

Jane Betts

FREE OF LOVE

You had a feeling in the days of echoing laughter
that said – we are one.

Naming it love, it naturally became transcient
and so did I.

From profound belief to ultimate grief;
Strained laughter that said

–I am one.

by Betty Repacholi

THE TRAUMA OF BAKING ONESELF

Lying on the heated granules of sand,
With skin open to the penetrating rays;
Roasting away like a barbecued chicken;
Your body feels cool, calm and relaxed.
But then, tomorrow will come –
You're a walking hot plate, emitting heat.
With skin cracked and tight,
Joints stiff and moveless;
Bed-ridden!
Weeping blisters seep their tears;
And floating flakes of skin are shed.
Your back dries into a mass of freckles;
Your face takes on a multitude of shades,
From browns to reds and pinks,
Like blotches of paint on a page.
Then, as summer draws to an end
You inherit certain new features;
But not even a glimpse
Of that Golden Brown Tan!

Anonymous

FRESHMAN.

When we first made our appearance
Into these 'entrancing' buildings
We were locked between ourselves
New faces, new environment.

Little were we to know
That these people were to become our friends
It didn't seem that way.
We all asked the same questions
'Where are you from?'
'What are you doing here?'
All that verbal rubbish we dribble.

We are classed as the freshmen
A name we frequently heard
at anytime.

'Freshmen, answer the phone'
'Freshman shut up'
'Freshman go to bed.'
Let them feel brave!

But we have made it through the year.
Some of us left, (was it the food?)
But the rest strived on.
We'll be back next year (no where else to live.)
Sophomores to call the next girls
"Freshmen,

by the Freshmen 1980.

THE DRIFTER.

Your soul is flowing faster now
Than it ever did before.
Like the mountain stream
You roam the inland shores.

Quenching those before you
And increasing your capacity to love.
You the fast moving river
And I the unchangeable mountain.

I stand immovable by time
Experiencing as you do.
Yet never do I travel
Quite as far as you.

The mountain stands the same
Through rough and through the smooth,
A river is always rippled,
Always on the move.

We flow together seldom
And how lonely it all seems.
Though the miles of travel widen
The mountain will remain embedded with you.

by Sue

PUSH, PEDAL

push, pedal.
Ride against the wind.
Head down.
Feet moving.
Take the bike, they said.
Ride it into town.
Push, pedal.
Ride across the beach.
You must beat the tide.
Try not to think of,
the white face,
the cliff,
the accident.
Take the bike they said
Beat the tide
Get help.
Push, pedal.

Sally Smith

FIRE

Finger prints taken.
Inks still wet.
Don't usually get caught, usually run.
But just had to stay, got did she burn.
All it took, a dirty rag, few matches, a bit of kero
Those groovy flames lapping those exam papers.
Was only gonna burn them, but could not resist.
All it took, a splash more of kero on those
dark brown boards.
The smell, the crackle, the smoke.
It was beaut.
It was fantastic.
Should have run, when I heard those ruddy sirens.
They'll all pay when I get out.
I'll burn them all.
Teachers, books.
The lot.
The ink's dry now, it's dry in the cracks.

Sally Smith,
St. Catherine's College,
Nedlands, 6009 PERTH W.A.

A NEWLAND FARM

Hakeas bursting out of dry seed pods,
revealing bright pink and red cushion flowers.
Small delicate flowers, lily of the valley,
lace like creepers, green coral leaves grasping the
earth for support.
Brown arable ground, from where the trees
spring up like Easter Island statues.
Green wheat seedlings pushing dirt aside with their
green hands to pull themselves up to meet the sun.
Bush turkeys walking as graceful as Dior models.

Debts to be paid.
Housed in a shed.
Breakdown, old machinery.
Miles and miles to anywhere.
Isolation.
Hot summers.
Cold, wet winters.
Hands marked and blistered by mallee roots.
Making bread.
Dirt.
Poverty.

The wheat cheque arrives.
Clean faces.
Clean clothes.
Painted nails.
Brushed hair, sparkling.
Celebrations in town – wine!
The long journey home, happy content.
Up at sunrise, old clothes.
A new season.

Sally Smith

THOUGHTS

Life is like a brook,
An endless flow of nothing,
But the little things –
And it is the little things
That count.

Your life doesn't stop flowing,
Until the end.
And even then
Like a brook –
It is a new beginning.

I AM A CAMERA

I am a camera with its shutter open, recording.
Recording;
My classroom with its green carpet and pale wall.
The blackboard staring down at me.
Words on the board, in all are few,
a love note, Robert and Kaye and Friday, the name
of the day.
Simile, heads the next board and the words,
"His eyes moved like a fish in the green depths of his
green goggles"
The public address system crooked and tranquil,
for once.
A teacher in blues and brown sits at a
work laden desk and frowns.
A spider web in the corner arranged
like delicate lace.
The pin up board with posters and notices,
and the news of a race.
Students in brown, yellow and green striped
blazers, writing.
The windows, closed retaining the precious heat
and revealing the cold exterior.
Whispers from students.
Myself writing.
By blue and yellow pen.
My watch catching the light shining . . .
Some day they will all have to be developed and fixed.

Sally Smith

Chris.

DEFEAT

*The infinite power of thy creator
encompasses my soul in the depths of feeling;
I survive.
Life progresses through the multitude of dreams
and love regresses further into oblivion.
In limbo I fight against reality and desire,
strength denied, I crumble,
and walk back from whence I came.*

by Betty Repacholi

AN ODE TO THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

*There was movement at St. Catherine's, for the word had passed around,
that the editors of the College Mag. had named the deadline day.
Veritate needed material, if it was to ever get off the ground,
And every girl and committee-man, was to gather to the fray.
So the tired and noted writers, from their apartments near and far,
Whole-heartedly mustered themselves, at their typewriters overnight.
Many had long loved writing, and simply drew from their repertoire,
And the slightly less experienced snuffed the challenge with delight.
There were the poets, first and foremost, who kept articles flowing in,
Until the Eds protested, "We want more than poems, you know."
And there were the columnists, who with prodding did begin
To persuade themselves that, after all, perhaps they'd give it a go.
And the photographer from Columba came, in the morning at 7.15,
She assembled us on the steps, and we posed in the Winthrop sun.
Then we trooped gamely into breakfast, saying "It's all for the magazine."
But the Eds were still unhappy, much work was yet to be done.
The advertisements were next in line, and the local shops were haunted
As extra sources of income, to add to the grant from the Guild.
The Committee drew up the ads, then back to the shops they sauntered,
To seek their clients' approval, and have their coffers filled.
Enough material was collected now, the Eds could pick and choose,
They spent hours discussing and arguing, and learning about design,
Sorting the articles, good from bad, and wondering which to use,
Til soon it was time to set their mag, on the printers assembly line.
And when Veritate was given out, on Valedictory Dinner night,
The Mag. Committee was relieved, there was a magazine after all.
And although they remembered, all the hours and all the fights,
They knew they'd met the challenge, and agreed they'd had a ball.*

Elizabeth Banjo O'Brien

WHO'S WHO!

Flick C: Quote 'I can't think of anything stupid I've done all year.'

MARY: Newest arrival. Thinking of rebuilding St Cats.

KERRY: Alias weeedy. Comes alive at midnight, seen with a guitar in one hand, banjo in the other while painting a Mona Lisa with her feet supporting a cider glass on her chin.

ANNE F: Very (note very) clean teeth — is this why she's always shopping for Colgate.

SHOBANA: Often seen leaving college wearing nothing but a sheet and a red dot.

JUDY W: Has a love affair with a skimpy towel. Is this why the Georgians beat a path to her door?

SALLY: A strong romance with a young blonde male (ie Andrew).

JILL W: Runs an illegal nightclub. Beware she is very grumpy in the mornings.

NARELLE: Helps run the illegal nightclub. I wonder how she caught glandular fever.

JANE W: Is there really superglue holding her to that Georgian flower? (Iris)

JACKIE T: Trying her hardest to hoist her drunken habits on the innocent Downstairs Whitfield residents.

PETER & CATHARINA: They make it worthwhile to crawl out of bed on Sunday mornings.

FLO: The cleaner Substitute mother we love the way you turn the soil in our rooms.

ANDREW: The resident flasher. Eat your heart out Richard Gere.

MR WHITFIELD: Yoga fanatic, hangs from the wall in all sorts of peculiar positions.

VICKI S: Often seen dashing out to put a nappy on her VW.

DELWYN E: Studying hard to be top of second year law.

CAROLYN H: Changed boyfriends from a rower to a rugby player and then died of old age in the play. Was the strain too much????

Who's who in the geriatric ward!!!!!!

JUD H: A regal Welshie who loves stuffed music and loud toys.

JANET E: The life and spirit of the dining room owes much to the irrepressible Miss. E.

MICHELLE H: With this swinging little raver, who has currently taken up pole vaulting, life is an extremely noisy and enjoyable affair.



JANE: Likes abducting posters from public places, like the pedestrian underpass.

JACKIE C: Renowned for her voluble cries of LORRRRRRRna and "Shoot yoor face yoo".

LOU PATRONI: Aspirations of setting up a little Italy in Park Road with curtain manufacturing as an onside.

JULIA B: Our newly aquired dictator, can't quite manage a moustache though.

TONIA B: Limp along to the tune of "Brock Lobster".

CATHY R: Constant Riggerous training for her ice cream marathons.

JODY C: "Um, er, ar, mm, er, sorry cant stop, must rush off."

SARAH M: Take a Trek to this girls" toadstool, cute enough to be rapt in beaux.

CHRIS B: Vaguely related to an Avon lady.

ROSIE M: A little sheepish, though time will tell.

FLICK M: Our tennis star, hewed down by a shearer man.

FIONA C: Campaign Manager extraordinaire.
MARY C: The blue and green fitness machine.
MARION D: Who says talking makes your hair curly.
SHARON H: Animal instincts come out during exams.

ANNE M: A fire alarm in a room could not make any more noise than two alarm clocks.

MELISSA H: Is a bike as a room companion a common practice in U.S.A.

LISA K: Lurks in the history of the medieval.

CHERYL L: Look who she has dug up.

MARIA M: 7.30 SHERalee's reliable alarm clock in bike alley without fall.

SOM SONG: This would make a good line for a song.

CATHY V: Why does she run so far? Who is chasing her?

SUE W: Suggestion from Prescott residents — Turn your alarm clock off or get one which everyone would like to wake up.

LORRAINE Y: Keeps the gold fish shop business.

ERICA T: A Med student who has lately shown more interest in the anatomy of trees.

MARY F: She can cook, clean, wash and iron perfectly but she needs a little help with her mending.

ERICA B: Taunts all those in the A-D mailbox by leaving loads of mail there for weeks on end.

NETTA D: The flash of lurid striped socks staggering along at 6.30 am the mournful mechanical protest of a lurching Corolla at night.

Who else?

JILL W: Until recently she was tucked up in bed by 9 pm. But now she's 'bowened' to be up all night.

SHERINE T: A retired rager. This lovely vetran now diverts her time and energyes into Hike riding, and Bewgilling.

GILLIAN T: Often seen chatting to her boyfriend's kneecaps.

TRACY P: Our tigress, tamed by a tennis coach. Score? Love all, of course.

CECILE P: Our continental cookie with a delicious accent.

KATHY S: Engaged to a fiery theolgian.

HALIMATON A: Our Prescott Cordon Bleu.

NINA R: "The pretty one from lower Prescott".

VICKI S: Ex-Mary Quant model.



DIANE B: A lonely Lucifereea?

SUE B: Soberly reads Charles Dickens.

HELEN B: Out of college, and then in again.

KIRSTEN S: Does she still live here?

KATIE B: Has a bicycle for a room-mate.

JANE B: Worried about her door's illness — adoles-cent acne perhaps?

HEATHER C: Runner up in the squash tournament; found the handicap too much to handle.

SUE R: Fell out of a rowing boat and in doing so accomplished the supposedly impossible.

CHERYL T: Is never in college.

JUDITH H: Spends 80% of her time in bed and the other 20% in the bathroom.

LINDA G: Guinness/Phyllis or whatever — hic, hic, and hic.

ELIZABETH O'B: Alias Fozzie Bear partially due to her ability to walk through plate glass doors and anything else which happens to be directly in front of her.

ANNA B: This resident is so quiet we couldn't even track her down to find the necessary quote.

KARINA D: Where's my little black book? Or the telephone directory, its much the same."

LISA G: At Fiona's for the weekend.

CHRIS A: "At Dratefords, you can buy them for \$9.99 and \$14.99 cob."

JENNY L's: Mother runs up an incredible telephone bill trying to locate her.

LORNA Mc: Hoards incredible amounts of disprin and aspirin for the morning after the night before victims.



MOUNTFORD T: When Terrie arrives back after a hard day at our local institution (NC) to find a geyday on her memo board - Marie Osmond eat your heart out!

KAHL S: Sue is renowned for her decisiveness, I suppose, oh, I don't know, oh yes, maybe...

SENGUPTA R: Is there any truth to the rumour that our meek, mild, quiet, studious Ratna went shopping in Barbarella's?

QUADRIO M: Mother figure of Link not only because she holds the key to the cash box but also because she possesses the 'voice of authority'.

DAVIES J: Jill and Chris, when seen together are a walking advert for matching perms.

GUNN L: Lulu is a crusader for our culinary cause and the most reliable menu in college.

RAWLIK T: What Teresa lacks in height she makes up for in courage, who else would be game to wear pineapple slippers?

AMANDA: Into coffee, talking, and ... ?

JUDITH: Keeps very regular hours, we only know she's in when she appears to tell us to turn ourselves down.

CHARIS: Miss almost, but not quite, personality, she doesn't like high decibel sound either.

ROSIE: Has discovered that with her new bike she can get up at 8.57 and still get to her 9 am lecture on time.

BOROTHY: English wench with the high pitched, chant.

ESTELLE: Young variety is the spice of life.



LIZ G: Would you trust your legal problems with the owner of a suicidal potplants and delinquent Bunny Bikies.

JULIANNE D: No relation to those swingers at Stonehenge!

WENDY P: Perplexes taxi drivers at 2 in the morning.

BATHY P: Cathy Port, overwrought by her new escort, had to resort to leaving college for a fortnight (in brackets night).



SIEW HOON KOH: Goes in for the ancient Japanese custom of taking her shoes off and airing them in the corridor.

JENNY W: What undiscovered talents elude us, from this new girl - to the upper Whitfield Brigade.

EMMY: Why not the Old English British Bangers? Who says we don't know what they are?

ELLEN C: Is it possible that we will see her with the WA symphony orchestra one day.

ELAINE G: A giggling Stirling Moss 2nd on our Perth Roads.

DENISE L: A connoisseur of the more lifeless forms. **CHRISTINE T:** Tell us Chris how can the bed break because one guy sat on it?

SHIROBA M: Put in an order for your pearly whites girls.

RANDY: Resident punk rocker (comes complete with mini skirt).

LAURA C: Keep your chocky biscuits away from Pretty boy.



BETSY: Life is full of 'le french serenader situations', isn't it. Rumoured to have one philosophy in life - try anything once, but does this justify asking strange men out?

LYNDA: Our very own democratic social butterfly - wasn't amused when someone defaced her Don Chipp poster.

REBECCA: Quietly appears on the scene and quietly leaves the scene.

MICHELLE: OUT - ph. 381 2453

MARGARET: Bob Dylan!!! anytime, anyplace, any night, any hour any volume.

BOB: Sometimes referred to as Bobbikins, the 'sobering' influence of Park Road Upstairs.



ANNA W: After one o'clock, Bleep, Bleep, Bleep.

SHERALEE E: Are there any limits to the Senior Students entertainment allowance.

CHRIS T: The girl who always wears pink!!

JAN K: 'He doesn't really live here all the time!'

JULIE T: Julie's cup of tea - a cup of milk, tonne of sugar, and a dash of tea for taste.

MONIQUE D: Never there.

SHANTI M: You'll always find her in the med library studying?????

KERINGA: Well known for being the only female at her wild parties;

Wan L: Constantly seen smiling (I wonder what she's been up to?) Also known as Downstairs Whitfield Doctor.

DEBBIE OH: Probably the newest girl in college, one seems to be an apt student of direction - she doesn't seem to have gotten lost once yet.

LYN A: She attends STC and is often seen running between the said institution and college. Her attempts at looking studious are almost successful.

SHIRIN F: Recently arrived, seems to be a conscientious type, but noticeably anonymous. She existed without a name tag on her door for quite a while and no one could find her.

CASSIE B: Has been seen running around college with a tape measure and peering at all paintings. Also been know to turn up at meals with daubs of paint on her nose - would never have guessed that she was an art student.

ROBIN M: Tall and slender, this young lady seems to be the quiet type who gets along well with her books.

JULIE C: Has a series of sayings to her name - solar not nuclear; save native forests. A real little conservationist is our Julie.

THERESA R: It has recently been discovered that she has hidden talents and if given a chance would use them to populate the college with origami animals.

TESSY C: Has a bike fetish. Is rarely seen without her precious bicycle by her side (except when she is riding it).

TRICIA S: Favourite sport would have to be squash. Also has tendencies towards sleeping in the sun and walking around like a lobster for at least a week afterwards.

SUE B: Has never been known to say 'boo to a goose' or anyone else for that matter, she however has a bright happy smile.

AMUTHAR K: Known for the delicious spicy smelling concoctions she brews in the downstairs Park Road kitchen.

ANGELA T: 'Furtive' appearances in bright reds, yellows and purples make this young lady quite memorable.

JANE S: First year rep. who takes her position very seriously . . . or so she would have us believe.

DAVID M: Downstairs Park Road tutor and resident psychologist. David may be found behind the door with the signs 'END OF FREEWAY' And 'SAFE SAFETY ZONE'.

VERONICA: Our very own angel lady. She cleans and mops with a will and always has a cheery word for each of the girls.

MAUREEN: She's the best and we're glad she's ours.

LINLEY T: We wonder how she copes with the hours she keeps.

LUPTON G: Most like lieutenants in uniform, but feathers? Talk about Frankenfurter being individual.

- TINE W:** Ex-hillbilly with a cheery hello.
- JO B:** Don't worry about missing out on any episodes of Dallas. Jo will fill you in on the latest.
- UMA:** Watch out folks for that seductive, stimulating, scintillating, silky black dress.
- DEBALEENA:** Whose barbecue was pulled apart to create the exquisite bookshelf.
- GILLIAN:** Isn't there a story about Noah and the great flood.
- ELAINE:** The pseudomedical student who nearly cracked under the enormous pressure of doing two half units.
- BAROJA:** Does she visit the Uni doctor to get the latest developments on plant care.
- SUE:** Do we really need 19 metres of material for one square dancin' dress.
- ANDREA:** Did she really lock the keys in her room or was the ladder part of her plans to elope?
- RUTH:** After hours office for the botany and zool departments.
- GEORGINA:** Who's the little churchmouse on the corner.
- KATHY:** If the college library is closed just pop up and see Kathy girls, there's sure to be a book spare.
- JANET C:** Guess who found the solution for late assignments, tell us about the early morning sun Janet.
- GRACE K:** It seems that chocolate biscuits and ice cream etc etc doesn't help Grace to reach her target of 90 pounds.
- SUK FAN HUNG:** An expert in Chinese Calligraphy.
- MARY LI:** As she'll be leaving Perth for good very soon you may get a good bargain for any of her possessions. (Radio, cassette recorder, typewriter etc).
- SYLVIA T:** Imagines herself as a female Liberace — why then does she practice in the dead of night.
- SUE L:** Entertains 'millions' with her improptu puppet shows.
- PAT L:** Wouldn't like to meet her in a dark alley — she's our Ju-jitsu queen!
- MARY-ANNE D:** A med-student, phys-edder and member of the Army Reserve should have the basic knowledge of self-defence to combat sunburn (try toothpaste as a camouflage for retreat).
- LYNDALL F:** Wise married women know best (or do they)!
- LEONIE F:** Black is beautiful!
- MEREDITH D:** Meredith can often be seen catching crabs and stroking on the Swan at 6 in the morning.
- ANNA A:** Girls! Pass me my glasses. I don't want to miss out.
- Fiona C:** The sweet little thing dreamt about that passionate kiss for weeks.

fabrienne hair design

STUDENT DISCOUNT
MON-THURS

386 2342

19 BROADWAY
NEDLANDS

15%
DISCOUNT
CAMPUS PHARMACY
UNI of W.A. / Behind Travel Agency and
Next to Bookshop
ON ALL STOCK
AND
PHOTOGRAPHIC
EQUIPMENT

