

The Towers



Penrith High 1983

Byron Hoop

Big Jim flies North.



P.S. "I hope they will be O.K. without me....."

EDITORIAL

Perhaps it may be said that the mark of a successful editor is being able to sit back and watch other people doing all the hard work. By any standard, the task of supervising the production of this year's edition of 'The Towers' has been a remarkably pleasant and easy one.

Early this year, a frenetic and unruly gang of Year 11 students tore themselves away from their studies, assumed the respectable guise of a Magazine Committee and began to roam the streets of Penrith pleading, persuading and cajoling financial contributions from the local business community. Our sponsors replied in magnificent fashion; their continuing generosity to and steadfast support for the school allowed us to maintain the highly professional level of presentation of this magazine.

Throughout the year, the students of Penrith High, in their accustomed style, nonchalantly peeled off a string of the most surprising and exciting pieces of imaginative writing and reminded us all of the enormous creative potential within our school. Members of staff joined in with reports on the wide range of sporting, social and cultural activities that daily go on around us.

The production of this magazine is an expression of all the forces that hold the key to the continued life and vitality of Penrith High. The final act for you, the reader, is now a simple one. Enjoy your reading.

CAPTAIN'S REPORT

Unforgettable - that's what you are.
Yes, Penrith High, that's what you are -
simply unforgettable.

No matter how we look upon this moment, the fact is that Year 12's days have come to an end and now it is time for us to stand up and be counted in the real world that awaits us outside. Although we do not know what tomorrow brings, we do know what is behind us and that no matter what happens no-one can ever change that. That is certainly some consolation; the past years spent at Penrith High will always be a part of us and never be forgotten.

To recollect some of the magical moments of the past six years, the best I can do is mention sports carnivals, Tiona, bushband, discos, sickees and hope that a few memories are re-lived and hopefully a few smiles produced.

When you think about it a school is much more than a few bricks and windows. A school is in fact what the people in it make it and I think that is why Penrith is such a fine school. The teachers and students of our school form one mighty collection of people and let's hope that many student-student and teacher-student relationships remain intact for many years to come. While on the subject of teachers, I think it would be unfair if I didn't thank each and every one of the teachers for their contribution to our education and extend extra special thanks to our leaders, Mr Gormly and Mr Bancroft, and our form masters, Mr Marshall and Mr Durham (both past and present). For your leadership and guiding hand we sincerely thank you.

Now it is time to say goodbye; to our fellow students, our teachers, and the many friends we made on the way.

Michael Wholohan