



JUNE 2022

EDITION / FOUR

THE COLLEGIATE PRESS



From the Principal



I wish to thank Grace Tame, and her partner Max Heerey, for the steps they have taken in recent times to reconnect with Collegiate and the time they have given to engage with our students and staff so generously. I cannot imagine how difficult this must have been – the Integrity, Compassion and incredible Courage demonstrated by them has inspired and motivated our older students; to them Grace embodies extraordinary tenacity, bravery, and leadership, and the connection she has established with them has helped to further fan the flames of change and to promote the asking questions that need to be asked.

Over the past few years, we have tried to take steps to better understand and acknowledge the times when our students, and their families, have been

failed, betrayed, and harmed – sexually, physically and emotionally – by some within our School community. We know we still have some way to go but we are committed to fully understanding and recognising the reality of our past and know that this is an essential step towards the creation of a better future for all Collegiate students – past, present, and future.

In May 2019, Collegiate was one of the first Tasmanian schools (and the first independent girls' school in Australia) to achieve independent accreditation under the Safeguarding Children Program, an initiative developed by the Australian Childhood Foundation after the *Royal Commission into Institutional Responses into Child Sexual Abuse*; we have just achieved reaccreditation for another three years. This accreditation acknowledges the policy, guidelines and practices that have been developed by the School under the Australian Childhood Foundation Safeguarding Children Framework. Every member of the Collegiate community who has a role in working with children is required to complete considerable training as part of this accreditation. It is a very real and impactful program that seeks to change the way we think of and respond to potential instances of child abuse.

In recent years, we have also reviewed and improved our pastoral care management structures to enhance the care and support of all our students. As part of this, we are committed to ensuring that the student voice is prioritised at all times. We have also allocated more time for the delivery of our Health Curriculum and introduced a series of education sessions with our students from Years 6 to 12 with the Sexual Assault Support Service (SASS), a Hobart-based organisation dedicated to the prevention of sexual harm.

We are also committed to ensuring that survivors, and those that have suffered trauma, have options for reaching out and finding support. We have engaged the services of an independent counsellor, Pauline Ryan. Pauline has worked with adult survivors of childhood sexual abuse for almost 40 years.

Pauline Ryan | Independent Counsellor | 0412 677 015
Experience in working with adult survivors of childhood sexual abuse

If you are aware of someone who is a survivor of historical child sexual abuse at the School who may not know of this service, you are encouraged to share this information with them. Alternatively, any former students and their families are welcome to contact me directly on (03) 6211 4910 or principal@collegiate.tas.edu.au.

The first part of 2022 hasn't been an easy one with COVID infections, close-contact isolation requirements, mask wearing, and restrictions on gatherings on-campus. We are looking forward to a, hopefully, slightly easier time in Semester 2 as some restrictions ease and we hope further restrictions will soon come to pass as we learn to live with COVID. In the meantime, publications such as this play an important role for our community; whilst we are grateful for the in-person and virtual gatherings we have been able to maintain, we are all missing the ability to freely come together for important School community activities and events, and I hope you'll find this edition of *The Collegiate Press* will go some way to helping you feel more connected and informed.

I also want to thank Dr William Simon and his team for taking *The Collegiate Press* in a new direction, with student voice and perspectives coming through loud and clear. I thank also current and former staff members, and alumni, for their valuable contributions to this edition.

Dr Adam Forsyth

Editor's Note



It is my honour and privilege to assume the reins of *The Collegiate Press*. This publication is not synonymous with our annual School Magazine, although they share the same Collegiate DNA. Whereas the School Magazine is a tremendous repository of the events that take place each year, I would

like *The Collegiate Press* to dive more deeply and reflectively into issues relevant to our School experiences. Seasoned journalists often talk about finding the right tone and vibe of a publication. To hone in on this, I took my lead from the iconic Sister Phyllis, S.C. who commented on the purpose of the publication you are now reading. She reported back in 1906, "the aim and object of a Collegiate publication are first to establish a bond of union between old and present members of the School, and secondly to help forward the budding genius of our girls by providing a periodical where talents may be developed, and a healthy criticism courted." As always, Sister Phyllis was a prescient force to be reckoned with.

Accordingly, many of the stories contained in this issue of *The Collegiate Press* are written by 2021 and 2022 students. Together with Meg Johnson (Rimes 2002), we have resurrected a former Collegiate tradition: the Press Gang. This group of budding journalists, made up of students from Years 8-12, meets fortnightly on Thursdays. You can enjoy some of their work in this issue, but many of their articles will be published in future editions.

To celebrate the unique experiences afforded by a Collegiate education and as a way of celebrating 130 years since the School's founding, we include an homage to our living history, that is, we celebrate the multigenerational families of current Collegiate students. We might be treading on dangerous ground here, and I sincerely hope we have not left anybody out. And if we have, please get in touch. Thanks to Liz Thomson, Deb Betts, Dr Julie Rimes, and especially the families themselves for filling in some gaps in my plundering of the Archives. I would also be very interested to hear from former students whose extended families have attended Collegiate for at least three generations.

The contents of this issue are deliberately diverse in content, tone, and intent. Collectively, however, they provide an organic snapshot of the life of St Michael's Collegiate. I hope *The Collegiate Press* continues to provide a connection between our School, its Community, and its Alumni.

I would like to especially thank former student Grace Tame, for taking the time to return to Collegiate for an exclusive interview for this publication. Her advocacy for survivors of sexual abuse is admiral and courageous and I wholeheartedly agree with her assertion that such a complex and urgent social issue demands a systematic solution. Grace's interview with Gracie Middleton is, I believe, another step, in forging a fairer foundation for our Collegiate Community.

Dr William Simon

Fragments of Understanding: A Dialogue with Grace Tame

Gracie Katharine Middleton, Year 12

Grace Tame is one of the nation's foremost advocates for understanding and connection. There's a reason that her speeches elicit tears, and that her name is enmeshed in a public narrative of bearing and baring scars. "You've got to be real with people," she explains, "like why films are really effective at inciting certain emotions and inspiring people to take action. And sometimes *not* your dry, one-hour... PowerPoint presentation on something". Any film producer would envy her ability to bore into hearts.

Following Grace's address in the Emily Centre last year, students streamed out into the courtyard to share with her their own most raw, vulnerable experiences. The queue to speak to her one-on-one was massive, and yet she afforded every individual time and compassion. While her reputation as a beacon of hope enabled them to consider imparting such monumental trust with a stranger, it's her unabashed openness and honest emotion that allowed her to reach each student. In that way, her words and ears have changed lives.

Yet while her ability to connect with individuals is profound, it's the populace that the *Grace Tame Foundation* seeks to engage. "We're chipping away, and we want to do it through structural change". A systemic issue such as sexual abuse demands a systemic solution, one which Grace defines in three words: *Stop Gaslighting Survivors*. The *Stop Gaslighting Survivors* Campaign aims to reform both the legislation and the education surrounding sexual crime. The ACT, Queensland, South Australia and the Northern Territory still criminalise some

version of 'maintaining a relationship' as opposed to 'persistent sexual abuse of a child'. The legislative language is complex and diverse with only two jurisdictions, Victoria and Western Australia not using the word 'relationship' at all. "The systems and institutions that are designed to protect us, whether that be police, the media, or the courts—they often actually... mimic the behaviour patterns of predators, wherein they hold all of the power. And you're left not knowing the right thing to do or say, or what's coming next," Grace explains.

The modern narrative of sexual assault is far from faithful to survivors' experiences. "I only realised what grooming was when I was 22 years old," Grace admits, "seven years after the repeated assault I experienced". Prior to this, she had no language to describe her experience: persistent rape at the hands of an abusive teacher. And as such, there was no means of processing the crime, effectively forcing the enormity into an insidious half-existence.

On one hand, survivors' physical and psychological scarring persists for years, decades, and at worst, lifetimes. On the other, without a means of explaining these scars, guilt and confusion fester, barring those afflicted from speaking up. Presenting an additional barrier to seeking solace is societal stigma.

Mythology teems with seductresses weaponising false rape accusations against men. And figures, ranging from Achilles to

These incarnations of femme fatales fester in the cultural backdrop, providing macabre set pieces for a society in which survivors are inherently gaslit.



Grace with the 2022 Prefects, showing their support for The Grace Tame Foundation



Grace with fiancé Max Heerey, Chief Operating Officer of the Foundation

Harvey Weinstein, are infamous for treating women as chattels to ogle and shatter. These incarnations of femme fatales fester in the cultural backdrop, providing macabre set pieces for a society in which survivors are inherently gaslit. Sexual crime and rape culture have long been dismissed as nonentities; by this logic, those afflicted must thus have some agenda. Women are taught to dress conservatively, lest their beauty precipitate an apparently inevitable assault; deference is instructed and enforced, lest the fair sex raise an ugly complaint against authority. It's no wonder that the average abuse survivor takes 24 years to disclose their story.

Grace's narrative diverges in that regard. While she navigated the fallout of the abuse, the perpetrator was released from prison 16 months short of fulfilling his full 2 year and 10 month sentence. He promptly boasted about the crime on social media, deeming his position 'enviable'; later, in a 2017 interview with Bettina Arndt, he claimed to be the real victim. Though Arndt's interview identified Grace by name, thereby breaking Tasmanian law, the same legislation that forbade the media from identifying sexual abuse survivors also barred those self-same survivors from speaking out. Grace's sole means of protesting the interview's content would be through using pseudonyms.

No longer would it be dubbed 'maintaining a sexual relationship with a minor', which implies the victim to have somehow consented, but 'persistent sexual abuse of a child'.

Rather than be silenced, in 2018, she and seventeen other survivors, spoke to journalist Nina Funnel, who created and ran the #LetHerSpeak campaign, fuelling a movement that stunned headlines and struck minds. Their activism caused Section 194K, the inadvertent gag law vilated by Arndt and the paedophile, to morph at the turn of the decade. Now, with written consent, survivors aged 18 or over could identify themselves. Yet further, the crime perpetrated against Grace and others was relabelled to reflect reality. No longer would it be dubbed 'maintaining a sexual relationship with a minor', which implies the victim to have somehow consented, but 'persistent sexual abuse of a child'.

"The wording of the offence 'maintaining a sexual relationship'," Grace explains, "gave official license [so that my abuser] was actually able to use the wording of that charge to argue that "No, I'm not... a paedophile; I was charged with maintaining a sexual relationship".

We set up the *Grace Tame Foundation* with the ultimate goal of creating a future free from the sexual abuse of children and others. That's our main purpose, and obviously, that's a huge goal; probably it won't occur in my lifetime, sadly... But we're chipping away, and we want to do it through structural change, because we can see that even through having these conversations and changing people's minds, ultimately, it's built into the foundations of our society."

The legislative prong of Grace's mission has a name: 'The Harmony Campaign.' Between each Australian state and territory, the definitions of sexual intercourse, rape, consent, and grooming are at odds; nor does the age of consent align across the country. A fragmented legislative concept of sexual abuse yields eight separate punishments across jurisdictions; bar Victoria, Tasmania, and Western Australia, these punishments all respond to crimes whose names attest to relationships, rather than abuses. Changing Tasmanian legislature, as #LetHerSpeak did, is not enough; the law must be federally codified and unified. Otherwise, fragmented laws will fragment popular understanding of sexual crime, inadvertently gaslighting those afflicted.

While Grace stands as CEO of the Foundation, she's not alone in her pursuit of harmony across states. "Max Heerey, my fiancé, is the Chief Operating Officer, and then as far as our advisory board, we have Dr Michael Salter, a professor at UNSW who is a highly respected and well-published expert in grooming and we've got Michael Bradley [of Marque Lawyers]; and then we have Claire Rogers, who is the former CEO of *World Vision*," Grace's eyes gleam. "She's awesome!" Despite the isolating nature of sexual crime, the Foundation doesn't exist as an extension of Grace, but as a voice for survivors' rights—human rights. Grace records that "Jacoba Brash is no longer on our Advisory Board, having been sworn in as Justice of the Federal Circuit and Family Court of Australia, meaning that she is sadly unable to hold the position. We are still friends, however."

In 2021, Grace was recognised as Australian of the Year, allowing her to advocate by telling her story. However, much honour was embedded into the position, its emotional toll was immense, with a fiendish schedule and a job requirement that she bare her trauma to the nation day after day. The honour of Australian of the Year placed the spotlight on Grace herself—one woman, a thousand podiums, and myriad pairs of eyes and ears that would, at the shortest notice, either welcome her drive, or excoriate her. "I've had literally the mainstream media hurling abuse at me all year—they're not very good at heckling, might I add, but they've been doing it all year." Even if she has a "thick skin", the scrutiny on her is immense. Bearing the weight of an entire country's narrative of sexual assault, she's often been treated as traumas assembled behind a face, rather than a face that merely happens to carry trauma. Those unwilling to confront the structures upholding that trauma thus hurl their fear of being uprooted at her. And in polarising her very existence, audiences take aim *ad hominem*.

"We're also a philanthropic foundation, so we seek to align with other organisations and programs that are aimed at teaching people about grooming; about, like, healthy relationships; education, and... protective behaviours is another one: ...teaching kids as early as possible about what their boundaries are."



Grace speaking at the Emily Centre in 2021

That's a significant cruelty to inflict on anyone. But when perpetrated against a survivor of not only trauma, but also of searing anorexia nervosa, it's an extension of abuse. Systematic. Entrenched. Isolating. I ask Grace Tame what its like *not* being Australian of the Year; rather than respond verbally, she exhales and smiles beatifically, pinching the air as if grasping a slice of heaven itself. Though still in the centre of the public eye, no longer is she to be perceived as an individual. Rather than having her name be the representative for countless stories, hers stands amongst many. Grace Tame is the nation's foremost advocate for understanding and connection, but 'foremost', rather than 'only'. She is not alone.

At 27 years old, Grace Tame is one of the nation's teachers of compassion and recovery. On that fateful day in Linmor Hall, eyes fixed upon her, or else sunk to white knuckles and wavering hands. Her words enraptured hearts, tore into veins.

Ceaseless. Lucid. Terrible. Hopeful: for all her willing vulnerability, Grace teaches *hope*. "Prevention is key, and education is our primary means of prevention." Legislative reform can't occur without a holistic understanding of the need for change. "We're also a philanthropic foundation, so we seek to align with other organisations and programs that are aimed at teaching people about grooming; about, healthy relationships; education, and... protective behaviours is another one: ...teaching kids as early as possible about what their boundaries are."

She continues: "When I was younger, it was basically conditioned into me that I couldn't let adults down... basically, saying no to an adult wasn't really an option. ...The word boundaries, to me, was only relevant in terms of playing tug of war." She admits that there may be a generational difference; but even so, work still cries out to be done. If the youth could be raised to comprehend and defer to boundaries, the world will be safer.

Yet it's not only this self-protection that Grace seeks to instil. The Grace Tame Foundation seeks to demystify and deconstruct grooming, a facet of child sexual abuse that seldom makes headlines. Survivors have long been gaslit to believe they are in some way responsible for the abuse. In fact, perpetrators seek out the vulnerable and isolated, and isolate them further, drawing them away from those who could potentially intervene. Elucidating this process allows for preventative action against sexual violence; in other words, knowledge is security.

And knowledge is power, for understanding retracts power from abusers and abuser-mimicking authorities. In educating the nation, the Grace Tame Foundation is modifying its very structure. Out with the dictatorship of manipulation. All rise for the democracy of understanding and justice.

Change won't come easily. "I can't make [the media] happy," Grace admits; "there's always a degree of mal-contentedness out there, and it's never going to be good enough." Even so, she will work, just as she has thus far, to build a fairer world. And she is not alone.



Grace wearing the Leavers' top with her Foundation logo

Now, Grace Tame stands within a chorus of revolutionary voices. Voices crying out for legislative precision and compassion. Voices crying out for preventative education. Voices crying out to be understood, and to bring about understanding. The Grace Tame Foundation condenses those voices to expand the sphere in which they might be heard. They will not be gaslit. They will not be silenced.

Grace Tame is amongst the nation's foremost faces of compassion, of grief, of hope. She is Australia's eyes, burning with courage and scorching justice into the landscape of the future. And she is Australia's heart of integrity, beating and bleeding and breathing. She survives, and now, she extends her hand to you.

Editor's Note: As Gracie Middleton reports, Grace Tame's address to the Senior School in 2021 was remarkable, courageous, compassionate, and conciliatory. Following from this, the Year 12 class chose *The Grace Tame Foundation* as their official charity for 2022.

Living History: Multigenerational Collegiate Families – Part of our Heritage and Uniqueness

William Simon

As a way of celebrating Collegiate's 130th year since the Sisters of the Church (Sisters May, Lucy, Hannah, Rose, Irene, Bridget, and Phyllis) established the School in 1892, we look at some of our multigenerational Collegiate families and how in some cases the connections of our present students harken back to 1892. Such a story is remarkable and is certainly worth celebrating.

When young Lucie Bignell first stepped inside the school gates at Anglesea, some eight years ago, she did so confidently and happily. This is because her older sister, Bess, had already been attending Collegiate for three years. As had her mother, Meg Bignell (Warner, 1992), many of her aunts and cousins and indeed her grandmother, Professor Kate Warner AC (Friend, 1965).

The most-cited reason why families continue to support the School by enrolling subsequent generations here was our strong academic curriculum.

Indeed, when we asked all our multigenerational families of current students if it was less daunting for their child to start at Collegiate knowing that other family members had gone there, their response was unanimous. They commented that the latest family member to attend Collegiate knows that they are already part of the community and have already established a sense of tradition. The multigenerational students had already absorbed so much of the School's lore and had visited the campus many times previously, so they already felt at home. Parents also commented on an understanding of things like uniform regulations, the different campuses, and traditions like St Michael's Day and our Advent services because these have been discussed in family gatherings. Jane Reid (Sheahan, 1996) comments, "my mum and I have often talked fondly of our years at Collegiate, and my daughter knows many of my friends now and knows that we went to school together. Even her teacher and I were at school together. That gave her a sense of belonging before she even started."

The most-cited reason why families continue to support the School by enrolling subsequent

generations here was our strong academic curriculum. Coming in second position was the happy memories and fruitful experiences accrued here by previous family members.

Also high on the list were the School's high expectations, the tradition of well-prepared teachers employed by the School, and the nature of the School as a single-sex educational institution.

Another reason that was popular amongst our multigenerational families was the small class sizes at the School, its traditions, and its facilities. Other factors that helped families continue their association with the School included our welcoming environment, the fact that children are happy to be attending school, our Christian ethos, and the commitment to individualised learning.

Also mentioned in the School response were the grounds and our location, our values of respecting differences, and finally, how the School provides a successful path into tertiary education.

The positive memories of school life at Collegiate

All parents of current students who have attended our school for three or more generations were invited to complete a survey. When asked about positive memories of school life at Collegiate for members of their families, nearly all recalled many fond memories of their schooling, the friendships forged, and the School's core values. A culture of hard work, a myriad of extracurricular activities (drama, debating, music, school camps, sports, swimming carnivals and school fairs), and excellent teachers were also mentioned by many.

Many reported that these contribute to a feeling of being "part of a community." For example, Jane Reid (Sheahan, 1996) recalls, "I am still friends with girls I met at Collegiate. Most of them relate to the friendships I developed and continue to hold dear and many of them I still have in my life today some 25 years on." Jane continues, "I spent 16 years following my time at the University in Sydney, and one of the most exciting things about moving back to Tassie was knowing that Chloe would be able to go to Collegiate. Mum and I both have incredibly fond memories of our school years." Similarly, Rebecca Wallbank (Frankcombe, 1992) adds, "being in the Boarding House was a wonderful experience for me, and I have many beautiful

memories involving friendship, camaraderie as well as learning how to deal with challenges, independently, a long way from home!"

What aspects of Collegiate do you value?

This question solicited many uncannily similar responses. Chief among what parents value about Collegiate was the quality of education, hard work, the facilities, the excellent teaching staff, and the breadth of experiences that Collegiate offers. In addition, many commented that they value the traditions of the School, the friendships forged here, and the Collegiate community, which includes the guidance that the Alumni offer the School. One beautifully-phrased response commented on "the family atmosphere – every girl is known and appreciated for who she is." Christine Laugher (Heather, 1972), the sister of our Deputy Principal, Debra Williamson (Heather, 1978), echoes this, reporting that she values "being part of the Collegiate family." Another typical comment echoed by many was this: "I value the high expectations from staff for the behaviour of my children and their learning. I value the respectful and inclusive community at Collegiate that celebrates diversity. I love the traditions and long history of the School. I am very grateful for the many opportunities that Collegiate offers my children in sport, drama, dance, choir, and co-curricular activities.

An interesting perspective cited by parents among the aspects they value about the School related to the opportunities for girls to mix and do activities with other year groups while Collegiate's values (Courage, Integrity and Compassion) were also cited by parents. In her deliberation, Jeanette Steedman-Cross (Steedman, 1988) commented that she values "single-sex education for girls, aimed at empowering them for their future, and to become good global citizens."

Patricia Brammall (Marriott, 1962) is the grandmother of current students Bea and Evie Brammall and was also a Junior teacher at Collegiate between 1985 and 2004. This affords her a unique insight into what is valued at Collegiate. She states, "I value the education I received and the friends I made as a pupil. As a teacher, I valued the staff with whom I worked, the leadership, the great students I taught, the fun we had, and their parents' support and encouragement."

What has remained the same during your family's Collegiate involvement?

Many of our third and fourth generational parents commented on the School's traditions, School values, sense of community, and a focus on quality education. However, they also asserted that the underlying ethos, school pride, family atmosphere, and vision of the School have remained constant in the last one hundred and thirty years.

Characteristic responses mentioned the support and care for every student seen at Collegiate. They also emphasised a balanced and varied curriculum, a high standard of expectations, and the encouragement to participate and achieve, emphasising whole-person development; all have remained distinct features of a Collegiate education. Nichola Ball (Chapman, 1965), whose family affiliation with Collegiate started in the 19th century, spoke for many by identifying "the fostering of friendships and opportunities for the girls" as another aspect of a Collegiate education that has remained constant throughout our history.

Unsurprisingly, many parents cited the cream bun days as something that has endured in the School's history. Others noted the boater hats and blazers, which adds weight to the School's present struggle to stress how important these items of the Collegiate school uniform are. One respondent cheekily added, "luckily, some things haven't remained, so my daughter no longer has to wear gloves and brown underwear [although] I'm not sure the underwear rule was ever checked."

Do you think inclusion and diversity at Collegiate have increased over time?

Inclusion and diversity are two factors that are often aired when discussing the changing of an institution over time. Much gain has been achieved in this area, including offering community scholarships for students to attend who otherwise would not have access to a Collegiate education. However, some parents commented that it was difficult for them to comment on this because they had not enjoyed much exposure to formal approaches undertaken by the School regarding inclusion and diversity.

Notwithstanding, most respondents to our survey responded positively to this, affirming that the diversity at Collegiate has increased over the years, a reflection of society in general. A typical comment includes the following: "more now than ever, although Collegiate has always accepted girls from everywhere!" Our multigenerational respondents maintain that students can now express their individuality much more freely and safely and feel valued and empowered. Another alumna adds, "I admire how the School's current management has 'moved with the times' and embraced diversity, especially regarding the students' sexuality and gender identity. I am also very proud of how the School cares and provides for its students with special needs and learning difficulties."

Teaching the 'whole student.'

We finally asked our multigenerational parents if they think the School takes a child's feelings and experiences more into account now than in the past. Nearly all responses were affirmative, routinely starting with the adverbs of absolutely and definitely. Parents agreed that the current curriculum aims to make learning relevant and current. Also noted were: students connect with their learning on a more personal level. Collegiate focuses on looking after the students' mental health and feelings, with a high standard of pastoral care amongst its teaching and support staff. Jeanette Steedman-Cross (Steedman, 1988) adds, "individuality is valued and encouraged today more than 40 years ago when conformity and adherence to authority were demanded." One respondent, tellingly, qualified their positive response by commenting, "from what I have seen, yes. But I think that is a change we have seen society-wide, i.e. respecting and listening to what children have to say and treating children as individuals so that they do not get lost in a system." Lynne Bowes (Young, 1964) affirms that a Collegiate education is indeed a wholistic one possibly "because of changing social values and a duty of care designed to encourage more involvement."

Nearly all parents interviewed for this article indicated they are proud that they have a daughter at Collegiate and hope to continue this family tradition. I thank them for their time, insight, and willingness to share their precious memories and photographs. I sincerely hope their long-established association with our School continues to flourish.

Multigenerational beloved traditions

Despite an array of new curriculum initiatives at the School, we asked our Alumni to identify some activities and traditions that remain multigenerational favourites. The following nominated by our parents make interesting reading:

- Cream bun day
- House structure/House rivalry and competitions
- The School's commitment to sports brings students, teachers, parents and grandparents together. School swimming and athletics carnivals, and rowing were all cited here.
- Having three generations on the sidelines of a Saturday morning Hockey game.
- Grandparents' Day
- The School Fair
- Church services, Cathedral visits and attending services in the Collegiate chapel.
- St Michael's Day, ANZAC Day commemorations
- Drama and music – and pride in their performance
- Graduations ceremonies, the ringing of the bell, and throwing of the boaters in the air at Speech Night



Multigeneration Family Snapshots of Current Students

Chloe Reid (Year 3) is the daughter of Jane Reid (Sheahan, 1996). Her grandmother is Anne Mason (Conway, 1968), her great grandmother is Phyllis Florence Conway (Berry 1939-1940), and her great great grandmother is Eleanor Berry (Crabtree, 1912).

Bea Brammall (Year 4) and Evie Brammall (Year 7) are the granddaughters of Patricia Brammall (Marriott, 1962), who also taught at Collegiate. Head Prefect 1992 Eliza Grant (Brammall, 1992) is their aunt. Interestingly, Eliza's aunt Margaret (Meg) Brewster (Brammall, 1954) was also School Head Prefect in 1954. The Brammall girls are also related to Rosalind Brammall (1972), Ruth Brammall (1953) who also taught piano at the School. Edith Gwendoline Brammall (Whitchurch, 1926) and Mayscel Brammall (Alcock, 1931) - all School Alumni and members of this family.

Eve Porter, currently in Kindergarten, is the daughter of Dr Erin Kelly (2001) and aunt to Lisa Pennington (2007). Her grandmother Debbie Kelly and great aunt Sandra Pennington, (Drew, 1976) both work at Collegiate. Another of Eve's family members, her grandmother Mrs Eileen Drew was an active member of the Parents' Association in the 1970s.

Current students Lucie Bignell (Year 7) and Bess Bignell (Year 10) are the daughters of Meg Bignell (Warner, 1992) and cousins to Nell Bradshaw (2020), Rowena Friend (2002), Victoria Warner (2005), Diana Warner (2007), and Sophie Warner (2012). Their aunt Emily Warner (1990) also attended Collegiate as did their grandmother, Professor Kate Warner AC (Friend, 1966) and their great aunt Jill Holloway (1969), mother of Rowena Friend.

Martha Read (Year 8), Faye Read (Year 10), and Esther Read (Year 12) are the daughters of Amanda Bowes, (1991) and cousins to Angela Salter, Louise Chesterman (Cooper, 1983), and Prudence Maguire. Their aunt Felicity Molineux (Bowes, 1993) was Head Girl in 1993. Their grandmother is Lynne Bowes (Young, 1964). The Read sisters' great aunts Diane Cooper (Young, 1964), Helen Maguire (Young, 1957), and Barbara Black (Young, 1961) also attended the School. In the previous generation, Dorothy Sealy (Read, 1941) is their great aunt, as is Joy Brammell (Young).

Peggy Wallbank (Year 3) and Mabel Wallbank (Year 7) are the daughters of Rebecca Wallbank (Frankcombe, 1992) who is currently teaching at the Junior school, and they are the granddaughters of Susan Wallbank (Newman, 1967).

Chloe Dean (Year 5) is the daughter of Kellie Dean (Laugher, 1995) and niece of Rachel Scalonge (Laugher, 1998), and Louise Thornton (Laugher, 2001). Her grandmother is Christine Laugher (Heather, 1972). Her great aunt, Deb Williamson (Heather, 1978) is currently Collegiate's Deputy Principal.

Josephine Strutton (Year 5) and Genevieve Strutton (Year 7) are the daughters of Anna Nicholas (1989). Their grandmother is Sally Osborne (Way, 1965).

Elizabeth McShane (Bisdee, 1966) is the grandmother of Max McShane (Year 7). Sue Oldham (Bisdee, 1959) is Max's great aunt, and Sybil Bisdee (1924) is her great grandmother.

Daisy Steedman-Cross (Year 6) is the stepsister of Yvette Cross (Year 12). Their mother Jeanette Steedman-Cross (Steedman, 1988) and aunts Trudy Steedman (1990) and Caroleyn Goldsmith (Steedman, 1993) are all Collegiate Alumni. Their proud grandmother Keir Steedman (McLagan, 1965) is an active member of the Tremayne Club and the Alumni Association.

Sisters Haidee Scott (Prep), Lily Scott (Year 8) and Elsie Scott (Year 9) are the daughters of Sarah Scott (Burbury, 1993). Their grandmother is Susie Burbury (Wilson, 1959).

Lula Herbon (Year 9) and India Herbon (Year 6) are the daughters of Alice Herbon (Wood, 1994) and nieces of Kate Burrell (Wood, 1997). Their grandmother is Tam McMichael (Johnston, 1966).

Current Head Girl, Tori Fish (Year 12) is the daughter of Belinda Fish (Hazell, 1992) who also taught at the School. Gwen Hazell (Smart, 1942) is her great-grandmother.



Anne Mason, Chloe and Jane Reid



The Reids



Dr Erin Kelly and daughter Eve



The Bignell Family



The Strutton Family



The Steedman Family



The Heather Family

Living History: A Look at Multigenerational Collegiate Families Associated with our 19th Century Beginnings

Catherine Ackland, Jane Kabalan, William Simon, and Simon Walker

As a way of celebrating Collegiate’s 130th year since the Sisters of the Church established the School in 1892, we would like to pay tribute to four multigenerational Collegiate families of current students whose family members have been attending Collegiate since the nineteenth century. Indeed, the first of these families can trace its Collegiate connection to 1892.

The Batchelor/Lewis/Reynolds family

Cousins Charlotte Batchelor (Year 3) and Addison Batchelor (Year 4) can trace their Collegiate affiliation all the way back to the School’s founding in 1892. Their family history is slightly interrupted because their mothers did not attend this school. The cousins of the Batchelor sisters include, Kendal Lewis (2008), Penny Neve (1990), House Captain Pip Turner (Mills, 1994), House Captain Natalie Rider (Mills, 1997), Lindy Ingram (Mills, 1965), Tina Sykes (Mills, 1968-1972), and Sandra Neve (Mills, 1961).

Their grandmother is Jill Batchelor (Lewis, 1968) and their great aunts are Kaye Calvert (Lewis, 1966) and Wendy Hatzikides (Lewis, 1965). Their great grandmother is Nancy Lewis (Reynolds) who commenced at Collegiate in 1926. Nancy ‘Nan’ Lewis was also a swimming teacher at the Collegiate Pool until she was eighty years old. Nan’s name appears many times in the Australian National Top Ten record holders. Additionally, in the early years of AUSSI in Tasmania Nan competed in the National Titles and the First Australian Masters Games in 1987.

Nan’s sister, Ellie Mills (Reynolds, 1937), is a great great aunt of Charlotte and Addison. Ellie was COGA’s first Fellow in 1988 and President of COGA (1976-1977). Our conference room in the Davies Building is named in her honour. Gwen Bessel (Reynolds) commenced at Collegiate 1914 and is a sister of Nancy Lewis.

As the daughter of Gwen, Claire Reynolds (1892) is the great great great aunt of the Batchelor sisters. Claire commenced in the first intake in 1892 and has the distinction of being the first student to complete her education at Collegiate.

The Bodycoat/Farmer/Taylor/Benson/Westbrook Family

Sophie Bodycoat is currently enrolled in Year 5. Her mother Louise (Leitch 1995) is a School alumna and currently teaches at Collegiate. Sophie’s aunt is Brierlie Godfrey-Kemp (Godfrey, 2003). Sophie’s grandmother is Delia Leitch (Farmer, 1971), and Jane Cook (Farmer, 1973), Karyn Crawford (Farmer, 1974), and Pam Leitch (Partridge, 1964) are her great aunts. Sophie’s great grandmother was Dawn Farmer (Taylor, 1940), and her great great grandmother is Youla Royle-Taylor (Benson, 1911). Her great, great, great aunts are Beryl Wilson/Deas-Thompson (Benson, 1893) and Hilda Westbrook (1893).



Sophie Bodycoat, Louise Bodycoat (Leitch, 1995), Delia Leitch (Famer, 1971) and Dawn Farmer (Taylor, 1940)



Sophie Burbury (Windsor, 1996) Louise Bodycoat (Leitch, 1995) and Jo Harris (Glade-Wright, 1995) at the 1995 SATIS Athletics



Jill Batchelor



Youla Royle-Taylor (Benson, 1911) and Dawn Taylor pictured circa 1936

The Windsor/Ball/Chapman/Bethune/Cox/Clark Family

Anglesea student Fleur Windsor is presently in Year 1. Her mother Susannah Windsor (Ball, 2001) is a current School Board member. Fleur's aunts are Alexandra Ball (2006), Caroline Ball (Head Girl in 2004), Katharine Ball (1997), and Sophie Burbury (Windsor, 1996). Fleur's grandmother is Nichola Ball (Chapman, 1965) and her great grandmother is Helen Chapman (Bethune, 1929). Fay Cox (Edge, 1940) is her great aunt. Fay's own mother was Mary Cox (Clark) who graduated from the School in its first few years of operation.

The Walker/Kabalan/Ackland/Foster/Wood/Seal Family

Cousins Samia Kabalan (Year 9) and Ashley Walker (Year 11) are descendants of Hilda Wood (Seal, 1899), their great great grandmother. Hilda's daughter Patricia Foster (Wood, 1921) is their great grandmother.

Samia enjoys an unbroken association with Collegiate that stretches five generations back to the nineteenth century. Her mother is Jane Kabalan (Ackland, 1987) and Anna Roberts (Ackland, 1988) and Sarah Barrington (Ackland, 1990) are her aunts.

“the individualised care that my mother, my daughter, Samia and I have all experienced really does set you up for life.”

Samia's grandmother is Catherine 'Cate' Ackland (Foster, 1954), and her aunts are Mary Adamson (Foster, 1956) and Jane Walker (Foster, 1948). Jane Walker is Ashley's grandmother.

In tracing the family history of this fifth-generation Collegiate family, we corresponded with Catherine Ackland, who was called Cate whilst at School, and her daughter, Jane Kabalan. The latter possesses many fond memories of her years at Collegiate. Most of them relate to the friendships she developed, especially in the Boarding House. Jane recalls the kindness of numerous staff who were always willing to go that extra mile with academic assistance or emotional support. She confides that she values the quality of education and facilities and the breadth of experiences that Collegiate offers. Jane maintains that our current Principal, Dr Forsyth, is an outstanding Head who practises the School's values without exception. Jane believes this is what can make or break a girl's experience of the School, as it really sets the tone of their overall school journey. She states, “the individualised care that my mother, my daughter, Samia and I have all experienced really does set you up for life.”

Her mother, Catherine, concurs regarding the School's values and focus on quality education. “No pretences,” she declares, “a down to earth school with a caring, competent, and hardworking staff who care about each individual.”

Jane certainly remembers having cream buns, our School's foremost tradition. Still, intriguingly, her mother and Aunt Mary, who attended Collegiate in the 1950s, do not recall this tradition, or indeed the fruit buns that preceded the cream buns.

Jane discloses that for the last three generations, “we have all been extremely proud Montgomery girls. My sister Anna was the Head of Monty in 1988. Blazers, gloves, summer hats, and various winter hats have been another constant feature. In the warmer weather, we all have worn straw hats. My



Hilda Seal

mother wore a felt hat initially in the winter that transitioned into the maroon beret that I also wore. Between me leaving Collegiate in 1987 and my youngest sister Sarah leaving in 1990, the beret was swapped over to a maroon felt hat. Until my daughter's time at Collegiate, my mum and I remember wearing brown underpants. Students would be lined up in the Hall and asked to all bend over to ensure we were wearing the school regulation underpants!” Jane adds that any misdemeanour regarding uniform was unfailingly noted in a book at the entry points of the School grounds.

Music was another common bond of the Ackland family. Jane and her sister Mary were in the orchestra, and all of the Foster girls loved singing. Presently, Samia continues this passion and was encouraged to continue playing her harp in music lessons, an instrument that she learnt outside of school. She also had piano and violin lessons at Collegiate.

Jane recalls hearing about Patricia Wood's midnight feast of sardines on the chapel roof. “My sisters Anna and Sarah sometimes climbed on the roof to retrieve a whole bucket of tennis balls from the gutters. I remember being reprimanded numerous times for climbing the Chinese Elm tree after school. ‘Young ladies do not climb,’ I was told.”

“I was excellent with numbers but didn't even do maths because only bright students did maths in those days.”

According to Catherine Ackland, their ancestor Hilda Seal, the youngest of her family, was sent to Collegiate as it was a school for *ladies* and boasted family values. Hilda's daughter, Patricia Wood (Seal, 1921), spent a couple of years in the Boarding House at Collegiate, possibly from 1920 to 1923. Patricia's father was a bank manager and was moved every couple of years to different areas of NSW, Victoria, and South Australia. They lived in areas that possibly did not have a suitable school, so Patricia came to Hobart for those years. Her grandparents, Matthew and Marian Seal, lived in Elizabeth Street, and their fondness for Patricia was probably an additional factor in coming to Hobart for schooling.

Catherine recalls, “my older sister Mary and I were moved from Fahan to Collegiate in 1949. After the war, there was a shortage of teachers, and Mum and Dad decided we would be better off at Collegiate with more teachers on staff. Also, living only a block away on Hampden Road made it very convenient. So, when my parents went to the UK in 1951, Mary and I moved into the Boarding House.”



Samia Kabalan



Ashley Walker (Year 11) and Jane Walker (Foster, 1954)



The four Foster sisters (L to R) Mary Adamson, Jane Walker, Cate Ackland, Ann Carrington-Jones



Jane Ackland

Catherine embarked on her Collegiate education in Form 1 and Mary in Grade 3B. According to her, both sisters were delighted to be at Collegiate. However, Catherine experienced considerable difficulty because she did not learn to read until she was aged nine or ten, and spelling was likewise a struggle. She notes, "I followed in my mother's footsteps in her struggle to spell, and I failed English every year of my school days! However, my parents were most supportive as was the School. I was excellent with numbers but didn't even do maths because only bright students did maths in those days."

Catherine remembers some teachers very clearly, particularly Miss Irvine, who pleaded with the progressive Sister Dorothea for permission for her to be tested outside of the School. Sadly, the resultant psychologist's report mentioned 'retardation', which did not bolster Catherine's confidence. However, Catherine admits that report writing has come a long way. "When I read our grandchildren's reports, I feel reassured because [the reports] indicate how they are progressing in all different facets of school life."

Catherine and her husband, David, sent their three daughters as boarders to Collegiate because of the excellent and caring teaching staff, the responsible and friendly Boarding House, and the welcoming environment for both girls and their parents. The School's Christian ethos and the reality of the girls coming from many different backgrounds were also contributing factors to choosing Collegiate.

The Walkers

As reassured by members of our multigeneration families, their Collegiate association is not always linear. Ashley Walker's line of Collegiate ancestors is slightly fractured. Ashley shares Samia's great great grandmother Hilda Wood and great-grandmother Patricia Foster as Collegiate alumni. Still, according to Ashley's dad, Simon Walker, the wheels "fell off the Collegiate bus" regarding her more immediate family members. Ashley's grandmother Jane Walker (Foster) attended Collegiate in 1939 as an eight-year-old for six weeks before being politely asked to leave. According to Simon, the details are somewhat murky. Before joining Collegiate, Jane and her younger sister Ann Carrington-Jones (Foster) were home-schooled by a Swiss governess. Unfortunately, they bickered constantly, and the noise irritated their strict businessman father. He responded by sending them on the long trek from their Hampden Road family home, across Davey Street, to the Collegiate Boarding House, presumably to learn a bit of discipline. Sadly, "the matrons" there were even less impressed with the sisters' bickering, so one of them had to leave, and Jane drew the short straw. She transferred to Fahan and later attended Toorak College in Victoria.

"as was the case with Jane a generation before, the family's go-to solution for handling an out-of-control child was to hand her over to Collegiate"

Yin Leng, Ashley's mother, grew up in Ipoh, a large industrial town in Malaysia, and consequently could not attend Collegiate. Nonetheless, Ashley's aunt Mary Wood (Walker) attended Collegiate as a four-year-old in 1964, albeit under similarly inauspicious circumstances as Jane. Again, the details are somewhat murky and, again, they involve a younger sibling. Simon narrates, "as was the case with Jane a generation before, the family's go-to solution for handling an out-of-control child was to hand her over to Collegiate. Mary spent a year there, during which time, we are told, no children were harmed."

Ashley has been at Collegiate for nine years following the Walker family's move from Canberra to Hobart and has absolutely thrived. Yin Leng and Simon Walker couldn't be happier with the School. They are proud that they have a daughter at Collegiate and hope to have a granddaughter here as well! In short, the Walkers, by their own admission, may not be the most eminent of intergenerational Collegiate families, but they reassure William Simon they are working on it.



Mary Walker



Jane Walker (Foster, 1948)

Our Collegiate Traditions

Isabelle Walls, 2021 Leaver



Our School is one steeped in history and tradition. Our current and former students, staff, parents, Alumni and Tremayne members all treasure the practices that the St Michael's Collegiate community have continued to uphold throughout the years. As a school leaver, I have experienced the traditions of our School as a student for the last time. Over the past twelve years, I have undertaken, recited, memorised, and enjoyed participating in the customs unique to our community. Sometimes, such traditions are taken for granted until you realise you are completing them for the last time. I reached this realisation, while singing the St Michael's School Hymn at St David's Cathedral for the last time as a student. As someone who treasures the moments significant to my School, this realisation prompted me to reflect on other traditions that our community recognises and continues to implement.

The most obvious, for most current and former students, is Cream Bun Day, held as close to the School's birthday as possible. This is a highlight for many as the School provides every staff member and student with a cream bun after the morning's Cathedral service. This is one of my favourite school traditions, not because of the cream buns but for the opportunities to hear all about the history of the School's birthday. During a discussion with Tremayne member, Keir Steedman (McLagan, 1965), she commented on the difference between our cream bun day and the ones she enjoyed while a student at the School. "We would hire a bus, and the whole school would go down to Seven Mile Beach for the day. The Sisters were in their regalia, despite the sunny spring weather."

Another Tremayne member recollected having cream buns and fizzy cordial while everyone played games in Linmor Hall. It's funny how one change to a tradition creates an uproar. Even though it was currant buns which were traditionally supplied by the Sisters to the students, a very large outcry ensued when the School attempted to revert to this tradition in recent years. Currant buns just weren't acceptable anymore. The tradition had changed.

These hymns that unite our community can instil a sense of harmony and tradition within the School.

Many other traditions valued by the School community revolve around singing. As an Anglican school, hymns are sung at the beginning of each Assembly and Chapel service. Although the repertoire is somewhat minimal, many can be categorised as 'oldies, but goodies' such as "The Servant King," "Shout to the Lord", and the undisputed crowd favourite, "Shine Jesus Shine." These hymns that unite our community can instil a sense of harmony and tradition within the School. This is because the purpose of hymns is not only to worship the Lord but to unify the congregation while singing.

More notable anthems such as the "St Michael's Hymn", the "School Song", and the "School Prayer" proudly display the traditions most outwardly promulgated by our School. These pieces have such an impact on the Collegiate community, so much so, that Tremayne members can still sing them for memory. Many students continue to treasure and recall these pieces long after they have graduated

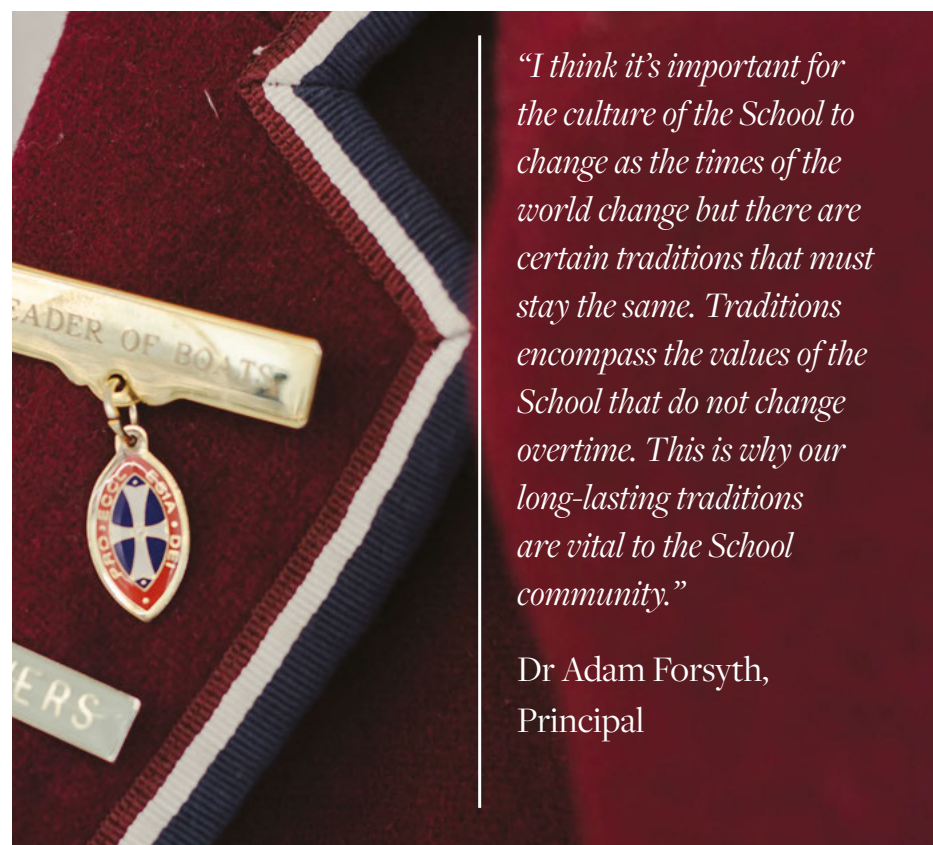
from Collegiate, often being performed at weddings, funerals, memorials, and celebrations of our Collegiate Alumni. I honestly feel that singing is the one tradition that the Collegiate community holds most dear.

The recent coronavirus pandemic has highlighted a Collegiate tradition that is most pressing for current students at the School. Speech Night has undergone numerous adjustments and changes. However, the Leavers of 2021 have only known one tradition – Speech Night at the Derwent Entertainment Centre (DEC) with balloons, and the joyous tossing of our boaters in the air. It needs to be said, however, that this proud Collegiate tradition is a recently established one, even though, the tossing of caps can be traced back to the US Naval Academy in 1912. The current COVID crisis threatened this event from taking place, but thankfully through negotiations with a receptive staffing committee, the 2021 Leavers of this year were able to enjoy this rich school tradition.

I love this School tradition. They give current students a sense of connection to the girls who have come before them.

Olivia Viney (Head Prefect 2021) speaking on behalf of most students affirmed, "I love this School tradition. It gives current students a sense of connection to the girls who have come before them. I was so proud and happy with the way that the Year 12 students rallied to keep the tradition of Speech Night at the DEC."

Speech Night is, by far, the most exciting event of the School calendar. I believed this when I was a little girl in Year 1, and I still believe it now. Maybe it's the endless rehearsals, amazing performances, or acknowledgments of remarkable achievements. Or maybe it is simply a reality check that school is over, *for real*. Whatever it is, the excitement reverberating in the Centre as the Leavers toss their boaters into the air is like no other. It is a tradition that signals the end, and the fast approach of the next phase in one's life as a Collegiate Alumni.



"I think it's important for the culture of the School to change as the times of the world change but there are certain traditions that must stay the same. Traditions encompass the values of the School that do not change overtime. This is why our long-lasting traditions are vital to the School community."

Dr Adam Forsyth,
Principal

Our School is one steeped in history and tradition, of birthdays, hymns, and Speech Nights. Our traditions are entrenched in the life of the School. Our Principal of St Michael's Collegiate School, concurs adding, "I think it's important for the culture of the School to change as the times of the world change. But certain traditions must stay the same. Traditions encompass the values of the School that do not change overtime. This is why our long-lasting traditions are vital to the Collegiate community." As Dr William Simon notes, "traditions are not antithetical to progressive thinking. Everything we do in life emanates from a body of knowledge, intellectual, cultural and scientific from those who have come before us. So, yes, some traditions, are worth preserving, while others who have reached their expiry date, ought to be consigned to the dust bin of history."

Further reflections on our School traditions

School traditions, of course, are not set in stone, but they are subject to change. One such ritual involves naming the school graduates, who are not called 'old girls' anymore, but 'alumni'. This term was chosen over the gendered term, 'alumnae', because of its inclusiveness. A subset of our school alumni involves the Tremayne Club, which is open to members who have graduated from the School over fifty years ago. The Tremayne Club continues to play a vital role in the life of the School and will do so in years to come.

The Ringing of the Bell for the final Assembly of the Year 12 graduating class is another cherished School tradition, although as we discovered it is relatively new in our 130 year history. As the bell ringing sounds, more and more Year 12 students now conclude their high school journey before going off to the big scary adult world. This unique bell, located at the centre of the Senior Campus, watches over every move of every student in the school day. Even though it is located at such a central location, students are not to touch it (or, quite obviously, ring it) before the special last day of school. After receiving their graduation statement, the graduating students run out of Linmor Hall into a human archway of Collegiate students. It has a special arrangement. This archway has a special physical arrangement in order of year group: the youngest starting the archway at Linmor Hall, and the oldest ending at the bell. This symbolises a student's journey at Collegiate, running through the years they have experienced and welcoming a new journey ahead. Another new scene can be witnessed as the last student rings the bell. Tears and laughter spread across the campus, with parents and friends of graduands collecting final memories. This scene repeats every year, with different people but united by the same connection: Collegiate.

Meanwhile, as the year nears its end, the sporting of pigtails by Year 10 students is another ebullient tradition. Pigtails are the particular hairstyle that every girl has worn at least once in their life, probably most often in primary school. But this hairstyle usually disappears after attaining a certain age, maybe because of growing up and realising numerous possibilities and opportunities in this great world exist beyond this naïve hairstyle. Getting to the end of Year 10, students all pick a day to wear pigtails to say a last goodbye to their childhood. Going into Years 11 and 12 means getting closer to leaving School and moving into adulthood. This day then becomes the students' "fond farewell" to their carefree and stressless childhood, as they emerge into the big wide world with more opportunities and experiences awaiting.

Other traditions such as the wearing of the Leavers' jumpers, the Year 12 Farewell Assembly, Inter-House debating competitions, various sleepovers at school, the House system, House Fashion Parades, and House Performances endure. Some traditions, however, are dispensed with over time. For instance, parents are no longer involved in the everyday running of the School. For example, the early school canteen, located outside the double doors of Linmor Hall, where students lined up along the brick wall out into the courtyard whilst the mothers and volunteers manned the canteen. Another Collegiate tradition that has reached its expiry date was teachers dressing up as nuns for St Michael's Day. Collegiate alumna and long-term staff member Mrs Jenny Jones (Heath, 1982) recalls that this masquerade stopped a long time ago because it was considered disrespectful towards the Sisters and their memory.

Jaida Vanderplas (Year 8), Meg Rogers and Tiffany Wong (Year 10, 2022).

Collegiate School Song (J. Scott Power)

Chorus

Four Verses

School Song

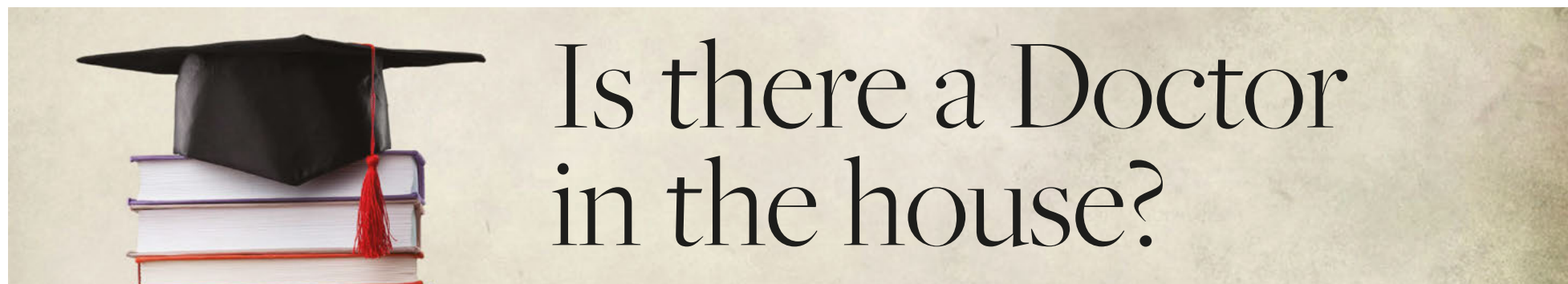
Words and Music by James Scott-Power

We sing thy praise, beloved school
Thy daughters proudly own thy rule,
Who learn beneath thy gentle sway
The need to work, the need to pray.
May e'er thy path be strewn with flowers
O Alma Mater, school of ours.

The red and white with pride we wear,
The red for grit to do and dare,
The white to keep in work and game
Unsullied still thy fairest name.
May e'er thy path be strewn with flowers
O Alma Mater, school of ours.

Not yet is all the battle done,
Not yet the triumph hath been won,
But in the stress we look to thee,
And what thou art, we strive to be.
May e'er thy path be strewn with flowers
O Alma Mater, school of ours.

And so as long as days shall last,
Where'er in life our lot be cast,
Thy daughters shall remember thee
With love as boundless as the sea.
May e'er thy path be strewn with flowers
O Alma Mater, school of ours.



Is there a Doctor in the house?

A Doctor in Philosophy refers to the highest academic level awarded by a university following a course of study. The first PhD was awarded in the mid 12th century. A PhD is not connected to the subject of philosophy per se, but as a term originating in Greek, it denotes a lover of knowledge. Having a doctorate is a universal recognition that you are now recognised as an expert in your chosen discipline. A PhD is required for most jobs in academia and major international agencies. Even though some research suggests that a PhD can allow the recipient to earn above the national wage average, there is little financial incentive for completing it. Unfailingly, the doctors we interviewed for this article all attest they did it for the love of their subject and their love for learning.

Recently, *The Atlantic* concluded that fewer than one per cent of all teachers have doctorates, so having eight teachers holding Doctor of Philosophy degrees at one school is a phenomenal achievement and something that delights the School and its parent community. Locally, the Australian Professional Standards for Teachers advocate that highly qualified teachers are an essential hallmark of a school's commitment to improvement and ensuring strong academic results for their students. Dr Adam Forsyth is tickled pink Collegiate can boast eight of its teachers have earned their doctorates and believes this is something we ought to publicise and celebrate, which is precisely what we are doing here. We asked our eight doctors (Dr Craig Adams, Dr Michael Berry, Dr Louise Bloomfield, Dr Lance Coad, Dr Laure Despland, Dr Adam Forsyth, Dr Michaela Guest, and Dr William Simon) the same eight questions, and here are some of their responses. Not everyone responded to all questions.

When and where did you receive your PhD?

Dr Adams: My PhD was conferred in 2009 by the University of Queensland. I chose to study there because I was awarded a scholarship for my graduate studies from UQ and because I found an excellent supervisor to work with.

Dr Berry: I completed my PhD thesis in 2011 at UTAS.

Dr Bloomfield: I was awarded my PhD by Curtin University in 2018.

Dr Coad: In 2013, I was awarded my PhD by Curtin University. I had chosen Curtin because, at the time, there was the opportunity of working remotely but with a local support group of students. I was able to combine the arrangement with full-time teaching. I won't describe the receipt of my doctorate as a culmination or a reward: it was neither. It was an endorsement that mattered, but there was no time to soak in satisfaction.

Dr Despland: Between 2007 and 2013, I undertook a PhD in Environmental Science and Management at Southern Cross University (Lismore, NSW), collaborating with the NSW Department of Primary Industries and the University of Neuchâtel Switzerland.

Dr Forsyth: I completed my PhD in 2006 at the Queensland University of Technology (QUT) in the School of Natural Resources Sciences. I chose QUT as I had completed my two undergraduate degrees there. In addition, I knew the cross-disciplinary research in the catchments they had underway in some susceptible estuarine and marine areas appealed to me. Furthermore, their industry links and laboratory facilities were first class. Plus, the collegial nature of the postgrads and staff made for a fun and stimulating, intellectually and socially, environment.

Dr Guest: I was awarded my PhD in 2004 from Griffith University. I chose Griffith University as I had long wanted to study marine and estuarine systems, and I connected with the work of the researchers at that uni during my undergraduate days.

Dr Simon: I completed my PhD in 2016 in adaptation studies while working full-time at Collegiate. Discovering Dr Imelda Whelehan was working on the Hobart campus was the deciding factor for me in choosing UTAS, for she is considered a guru in this field worldwide. Also, I was keen to graduate from my new adopted homeland, Tasmania.

What was your PhD about?

Dr Adams: I studied the work of Alain Robbe-Grillet, the leader of the French literary movement, the Nouveau Roman (New Novel). I argued that Robbe-Grillet's literary depictions of these concepts in his novels mirror how these ideas were described in philosophical works, especially in the work of French philosopher Gilles Deleuze. Accordingly, I suggested that readers interpret the novels not as simple modern texts that question conventional narrative strategies, as had been the typical approach before my study, but rather that they should read them through the lens of these philosophical concepts.

Dr Berry: I explored the Latin poetry of a Roman poet named Sextus Propertius and examined his construction of landscapes and how they can be read as metaphors for poetry and poetic composition.

Dr Bloomfield: My thesis was a phenomenological interpretive inquiry accompanied by a series of photographic images that expressed both the provocative and enigmatic pushing and pulling forces of tension. The PhD title of my thesis encapsulates its subject matter: "Through the lens of tension: an art educator's quest to understand if the art her students produce has honour and purpose as a product of integrity and veracity."

Dr Coad: My research was never about obtaining a qualification, so much as engaging in an exploration of matters I had been interested in and still am. I had dabbled in major school administrative roles, perhaps the career path expected of me, but had never found the minutiae of day-to-day management as stimulating or as sustaining as more foundational questions. So I decided to explore what mathematics is, how we do it, and what that might mean for me, a teacher.

Dr Despland: My research aimed to develop and investigate Bauxsolä (seawater-neutralised red mud) pellets for the bio-geochemical treatment of municipal wastewater.

Dr Forsyth: The deterioration of estuarine and marine water quality in southeast Queensland raised concerns about the possible off-site impacts from the intensive management of the *Pinus* plantations, which is a significant land use along the coastal plain between Brisbane and the Sunshine Coast. Additionally, forest managers have raised questions over the effects of the management practices on soil, water, and nutrient resources within plantations. Throughout my study, I assessed the overall effectiveness of the currently adopted Best Management Practices in protecting on-site soil, water, and nutrient resources and safeguarding off-site waters from pollution.

Dr Guest: I studied the movement of carbon across habitat boundaries (funky, huh!). I used biochemical tracer techniques to examine how carbon is transferred between saltmarsh and mangrove habitats in the food web. I spent many hours crawling around in mud with crabs and estuarine slugs. The time of the low tide drove my life, and I loved it.

Dr Simon: My PhD was a natural extension of my work as an English teacher and my passion for Australian writing and film. I researched how Australian identity is impacted when Australian novels (e.g. *The Slap*), plays (e.g. *Don's Party*), poems (e.g. *The Man from Snowy River*), memoirs (e.g. *Chopper*) and short stories (e.g. *The Turning*) are adapted into cinematic works. Mainly how hegemonic masculinities are performed in literary and cinematic texts, how this has an impact on society and how it has given way to toxic masculinity. I explored some 350 texts as part of my work, starting with *Picnic at Hanging Rock* in 1975 and concluding with *Holding the Man* in 2015.



Back row: Dr William Simon, Dr Adam Forsyth, Dr Craig Adams Front row: Dr Laure Despland, Dr Michaela Guest, Dr Lance Coad, Dr Louise Bloomfield. Absent: Dr Michael Berry

What were some of the rewarding experiences you gained whilst studying?

Dr Adams: The most rewarding experience of my PhD was winning a research travel grant. The grant allowed me to fully fund a trip to France and research at two amazing specialist libraries in France, the Bibliothèque Nationale de France in Paris and a small research library called IMEC in Normandy, which holds all of Robbe-Grillet's original handwritten manuscripts. During the trip to IMEC, I met some fantastic people, which led to some unforgettable experiences.

Dr Berry: I enjoyed working on one long project by myself, managing my own time, for three years. There was a real sense of satisfaction in finishing.

Dr Bloomfield: I cherished most of the reading, the rigour and the conversations with students and peers that came from my research.

Dr Coad: Being with the ideas, reading current research—signing on for a program of study gave access to databases, which alone was enough to justify the enrolment—and discovering resonances in ancient texts helped me to feel located: I understood what I was doing, I had a sense of why I was doing it, and I was trying to find out more about how to do it. There is something to be said for having your head in the clouds while your feet are in the clay. For me, research helped me engender perspective, but more than that, it helped me admit my inner nature. In the final analysis, I was just expressing myself in a format that my society afforded me. If I could have painted, I would have done that. Perhaps I did.

Dr Despland: Contributing to my field of expertise during my PhD, I have published five papers and presented my work at the IWA World Water Congress, Montreal, Canada (19–24 Sep 2010) and at the Oz Water Conference, Sydney (8–10 May 2012).

Dr Forsyth: Aside from meeting my wonderful wife Meg, who was also a postgrad at the time, my most rewarding experiences involved working in the field with scientists, forestry staff teams, seafood industry representatives, farmers and landowners who all offered unique perspectives and knowledge. Also, spending extended periods immersed in the company of trees, creeks, and estuaries was terrific.

Dr Guest: I felt privileged to develop a detailed understanding of estuarine and marine systems and learnt that we tend to love those things we understand and

connect with. My studies also taught me how to structure information to support my own learning and the conditions under which I learn best. This has been an asset whenever I want to understand something new.

Dr Simon: My PhD catalysed the importance of collecting, scrutinising data and basing my teaching on the findings from such data. Despite all the anxiety, fear, trepidation, exhaustion, stress and insecurity one feels at various junctures in their candidature, a PhD is such an excellent opportunity to demonstrate your lifelong commitment to learning and also, as the Ancient Greeks would say, a great way of getting to “know thyself.” I also learned humility by reflecting on the feedback from my supervisors and discovering the joy of hard editing.

What was the most challenging aspect of completing your PhD?

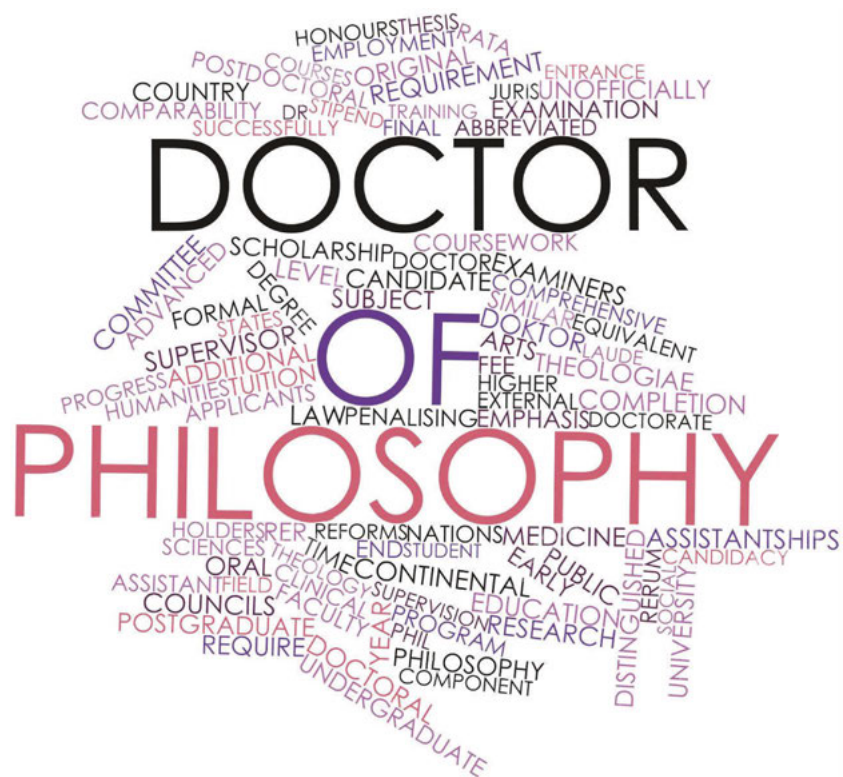
Dr Adams: Finishing. In the middle of my PhD, I took some time off to live and work in France, teaching at a French high school in Montbrison, near Lyon. After returning to Australia, getting back into research full time was difficult because I just wanted to return to France as soon as possible. Thankfully, I was able to return soon after completing my PhD.

Dr Berry: The PhD itself wasn't all that challenging, but it did require consistent work and time management. I was lucky enough to have scholarships, so I could do my PhD full-time, although I was teaching Latin at Collegiate and Latin and Ancient Greek at Uni and completing a Diploma of Teaching all at the same time in one year!

Dr Bloomfield: For me, the challenge of constantly questioning myself to try and communicate what it is about art and art-making that has such an influential role to play. Equally, the need to honour the students in my academic care as I described my interactions with them. Finally, perseverance was a considerable element as I needed to remind myself how to refine and articulate the essence of my thesis question.

Dr Forsyth: The most challenging aspect for me was the write-up phase underway when we had a newborn baby, Rosie. Meg and I managed to juggle things, and Rosie undertook her first field trip when she was just a few months old!

Dr Guest: I loved doing my PhD, though I learnt early that I needed to pace myself. A fellow academic told me that the Honours year was like a sprint, and the PhD was the marathon, so I had to learn how to stay the distance. It was great advice.



Dr Coad: It was not easy to combine work with study: the very nature of research requires immersion, which meant dedicating term breaks to reading, reflecting and writing. Those who have not experienced a philosophically oriented research project might be surprised at contemplation and thought requirements. I won't be the only student who has abandoned an early draft to the flames, richer for the experience, more aware of solipsism's dangers and better positioned to craft something more coherent.

Dr Simon: Combining this intellectually fulfilling work with the rigours of working full-time and running a busy department certainly posed its challenges. Ultimately though, the experience was so soul-enriching that all the hassle was worth it. Becoming accustomed to relentlessly keeping accurate notes from the work of others was another additional challenge as well learning to be a proud intellectual lone wolf since the institutional support at the university was lacking. Editing was the final challenge for me because I had to reduce the word count of the thesis by half to a manageable 110,00 words.

Has your PhD had an impact on your teaching?

Dr Adams: It allowed me to develop an expertise in French language and culture and a profound passion and love of French and language learning. I believe language learning is precious for how it makes us see the world differently.

Dr Bloomfield: Immeasurably, it helped me to help my students to be able to express their ideas in a way that exalts the true purpose of art for them. Interpreting art and its meaning add another layer to the phenomenological enigma and challenge. My studies enriched my ability to design a curriculum that endeavours to provoke expressive artmaking that has integrity.

Dr Forsyth: My PhD had an impact on my teaching in many ways – but most importantly, I hope it has helped me communicate to my students that the best science occurs when different subject disciplines work together. Cross-disciplinary thinking and working collaboratively will be vital in solving the many wicked problems our world faces now and in the future.

Dr Guest: My ability to understand my own learning needs informs my teaching as I consider the diversity of learners and how I can reshape a task or an idea to connect with the different needs of students.

Dr Simon: Primarily, it reiterated for me the challenges and the joys of the role of teachers as researchers and how this can have a positive impact on students' learning. The PhD has also affirmed the importance of deadlines and parameters and getting started. Don't wait for a moment of clarity before you begin writing. An apple may never fall on your head! The best way to gain confidence in writing your thesis is by eschewing procrastination and starting to actually do it. In researching, rely on summarizing, paraphrasing, and concept mapping in your notebook. Do this by hand, do not type. Additionally, access to expensive databases like Taylor & Francis Online through your university account is a godsend for my students.

Has your PhD changed the way you view academia and society at large?

Dr Adams: Yes, as a result, I genuinely believe in the value of ideas and their impact on our lives. People read, watch movies, and engage with art because these texts help them to understand the world through the views they express. For example, one of the best examples of what humanities can offer is the fact that many people who may never have studied humanities understand the notion that we live in a 'postmodern world'. The idea of postmodernity was not discovered in a lab but came out of research by scholars and theorists in the humanities and has had a profound effect on how many people view the world.

Dr Bloomfield: I have always had respect and admiration for scholars and people who question what they do to guide others on pathways of inquiry.

Dr Coad: I have little to no interest in academia.

I am going to try to be a good person, to live a good life; I don't quite know what "good" means, but then, I am at least aware of the deeply implicated role my body's sense of good plays in the construction of an ethical position. I do not try to separate my body from my self-being, nor do I imagine many of us are so easily broken into duelling parts. When I teach, I try to see more than individuals whilst reading each student as a complex intermingling of conscious and subliminal intentionalities. We are layered; we are dynamical; we change and become; we change and become.

Dr Forsyth: I once thought I'd like to be an academic, but working alongside lecturers during my PhD cured me of that – I was astounded at the constant pressure and fight for funding and the time this consumed.

Dr Guest: I love having studied science and marine ecology in particular. I love the way it gives me a window to the physical world. It makes it a richer place and continues to spark new curiosities about the world around me.

Dr Simon: Professional networking is paramount in one's work and professional status and something which is encouraged and nurtured, not only through online services/apps, such as LinkedIn but also by attending conferences and workshops in one's areas of expertise. Paying respect/homage to more established researchers in one's field is far from kowtowing but a clever move that will be mutually beneficial. In addition, mentors and searchers can often provide fresh insights into your work, enhancing the perspectives of a sole researcher.

Would you recommend this type of study to other teachers?

Dr Adams: Yes, I think it allows teachers to gain an exceptional level of expertise in their field, which could help them in their teaching. It is also potentially inspiring to students to see that exploring ideas and making new discoveries is possible.

Dr Berry: I think it can be very rewarding but also very demanding. I'd recommend it to people who really want to do it.

Dr Bloomfield: Absolutely. I miss it!

Dr Coad: No. Everyone has to find their own way, and study is not for all; this type of study certainly. Would I recommend that teachers immerse themselves in the learning process? Yes, particularly if the learning process is attended to with a deliberate awareness of how it feels to learn, what it means to learn, what difficulties beset the endeavour and what goods attach to it. A teacher who does not learn is not well situated to understand learning.

Dr Forsyth: Yes, absolutely! Every teacher has within them a deep passion for their subject, and having the chance to complete an intensive reach project related to this passion is highly motivating for the teacher. In addition, the benefits for their students / school is immense!

Dr Guest: I would recommend learning about what you love in whatever form that takes.

Dr Simon: Indubitably, yes. Professionally as a teacher, I have always maintained that the best way to keep abreast in your chosen field is by participating in an ongoing review of relevant research and literature. Of course, being a doctoral candidate, on top of your full-time work, is a cannibalistic time vortex, but despite that, I would unreservedly urge all teachers to give it a go!

Unexpected Pathways

The Collegiate Press Gang

In this new regular column, we invite our Collegiate alumni to tell us the different pathways their professional lives have taken them from those they had previously envisaged.

Jordan Eastway (2015)

Six months after finishing her Law and Arts double degree at Bond University, Jordan Eastway was working in a brewery making beer. But let's wind back the clock to 2015 when this Reibey girl was the Head Girl at Collegiate. We asked her to share some of her memories from Collegiate

"I have nothing but positive memories of Collegiate. I loved all of our Outdoor Education trips, and looking back, I am so grateful that we were allowed to explore the beautiful state of Tassie as much as we did! Ordinary, everyday memories are some of my favourite - classes where all we would do is laugh, having lunch chats and interacting with all grades and teachers. My favourite year at Collegiate was undoubtedly Year 12 - I felt so close to my classmates, and the camaraderie between the older and younger grades was extraordinary. I loved every performance we gave at Assembly - especially our rendition of *The Climb* and *Shine Jesus Shine*.

Jordan feels fortunate to have so many friends from Collegiate spread around the country and overseas. She shares a unit in Melbourne with a former schoolmate.

In her final year at school, Jordan confronted the inevitable stress of determining which courses to apply for. She admits that, "I didn't really know what I wanted to do, so I just tried the 'apply for absolutely everything' approach. It was hard to balance the enjoyment of Year 12 with the knowledge that I had impending decisions to make."

In retrospect deciding on Arts/Laws was a sensible option for Jordan at the time because it aligned with her exceptional scholastic aptitude. Her teachers were convinced she would score the high ATAR needed for this double degree. Jordan recalls that "I loved studying sociology, so I knew I wanted to pursue a social science, and an Arts degree enabled me to major in Criminology. I enjoyed Legal Studies in Year 12, and it was one of the subjects I was excited to learn more about post-school - I felt I had more to learn and understand. I thought a double degree that combined something fun/one of my passions (Arts) combined with something practical like the law would give me a good grounding for whatever career I decided to pursue."

It was while completing her degree, that Jordan felt perhaps this was not the right career pathway for her and this gnawing feeling crystallised after graduating. "While I really enjoyed learning about the legal system at school and uni, the adversarial nature of the job wasn't really for me. While lawyers do so much more than negotiate and settle disputes, I'm not at my best in conflict and just felt the career wasn't a fit for the life I wanted. That being said, in my current role, I use so many of the skills I was taught in law school! It was a fantastic foundation in learning to develop arguments/opinions, research, write and sort relevant information out - skills I use every day."

This brings us back to the brewery. Jordan met some representatives of Asahi Beverages, the company she currently works for at a Career Fair. This would, would undoubtedly please Mrs Bonnitcha, our career expert at Collegiate.



Jordan is currently a Corporate Affairs Specialist at Asahi Beverages working in external communications, helping write media releases and responding to journalists' questions about Asahi Beverages. Jordan tells us, "I also work in the responsible drinking and advertising space, which is something I really love doing. I help our marketing teams determine which campaigns are compliant with Australia's alcohol and non-alcohol advertising standards - I love seeing the brand side of the business and how different people view different campaigns. My law background probably helps me with this part of the job - I can see things from different perspectives and can consider where risk outweighs the reward."

The Collegiate Press Gang was keen to find out from Jordan if anything she did at school such as the curriculum, extracurricular, leadership responsibilities was helpful in her new, unexpected career. "Undertaking leadership responsibilities throughout Senior School definitely helped me be more comfortable in my skin and taught me how to communicate with others. In Year 12, I was constantly communicating with younger grades, older grades, parents, teachers, and some external stakeholders - I really learnt how to adapt my communication style to the audience I was with and quickly learnt the value of being genuine. Having this confidence helps me in the corporate world as I'm less intimidated by others and don't feel the need to try as hard to impress people anymore!"

Part of the process of maturation in life is learning to accept and indeed to relish uncertainties. When we asked Jordan where she would like to be professionally in five years' time, she said, "To be honest, I'm not too sure! I'm still figuring out what I like doing, and who I am outside of work. I'd like to be in a position where I am challenged and fulfilled - whatever that looks like for me."

We wish Jordan all the best in her new professional life. She assures us that Collegiate will always hold a special place in her heart, and she promises to stay in touch.

If you would like to share your own story about an unexpected professional pathway, please email William.simon@collegiate.tas.edu.au

Three Collegiate Alumni: Proud Recipients of Westpac Scholarships

The Collegiate Press Gang

We congratulate Catelyn Richards (2011) as one of the 2022 recipients of a Westpac Scholarship. This is also an excellent opportunity to congratulate Grace Constable (2011) and Charlotte Jones (2015), two Collegiate alumni who are also the proud recipients of Westpac scholarships, which had only been awarded to young Australians since 2017. Grace was awarded her scholarship in 2018 while studying at UNSW, and Charlotte, studying at UTAS, was a 2021 recipient.

The scholarship awarded annually by Westpac Scholars creates a better future for all Australians by investing in like-minded people from all walks of life with ambition, ideas, and drive to help Australia prosper and grow. Westpac organises their initiative around the worthy categories of technology and innovation, Australia's deep cultural, political and economic relationships with Asia, and promotes positive social change.

Catelyn Richards (Class of 2011)

Catelyn was previously the Collegiate 2011 Social Awareness and Spirituality Prefect and Deputy Head Girl. Catelyn was at Collegiate between 2009 and 2011, and she thanks the School for its encouragement and support. She is particularly proud that three out of the five sole Westpac scholars in Tasmania are Collegiate alumni. She writes, "I believe it demonstrates how Collegiate contributes to socially-minded students and care about the community." Catelyn continues, "Coming

from a lower socioeconomic background, I wouldn't have had the opportunity to study at Collegiate had you not supported me with scholarships at the time of my enrolment. I am eternally grateful for this and know that I continue to be a proud Collegiate alumna for this reason."

According to Catelyn, the financial component is substantial indeed. It will cover the entirety of her course fees and subsidise an international experience. In addition, this financial security will allow Catelyn to combine her passion for climate change resilience with her profession as a nurse.

Catelyn also confides that she has learned a great deal about herself through applying for the Westpac. It allowed her to grow more confident and care less about what others thought of her. But, more importantly, it facilitated the journey of becoming an authentic leader in a way that makes sense for herself and her interests and her profession. She tells, "I know what I stand for and now have confidence in the contribution I make to nursing."

Catelyn credits Collegiate for her strong work ethic. She adds that the School "taught me that equity and equality are not the same thing." We asked Catelyn about her lasting memories of Collegiate.

"Studying English at school was one of my happiest memories at Collegiate. I was a boarding schoolgirl, so I'll never forget the memories I forged with my sisters. These included dinner time prayers and fighting over the best showers; being convinced the Boarding House was haunted; hiding in cupboards to scare unsuspecting victims walking by. I also was a big fan of the library - and naturally parked myself there as often as I could. Ms Heath would let me

read the 'advance copies' books sent to the library for testing before being printed and ordered. I loved this special privilege and always emphatically agreed with her book analysis, possibly just to keep getting access to them! One of my favourite books *A Monster Calls* was introduced to me in this way.

Charlotte Jones (Class of 2015)

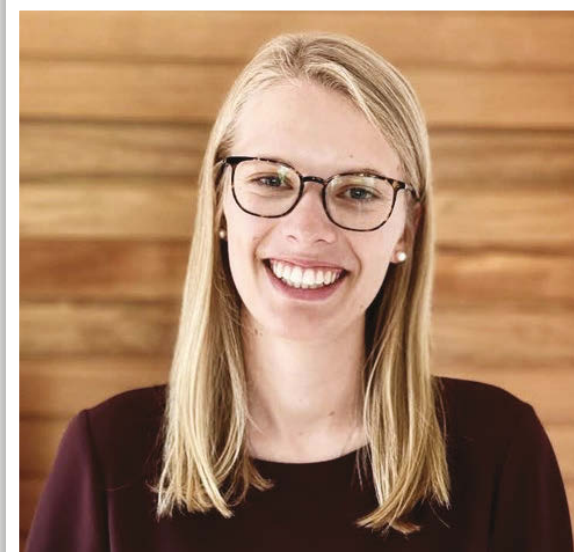
My ambition is to contribute meaningfully to my local and global communities through my two passions: chemical research and education. I aspire to lead multidisciplinary research at the interface between chemistry and medicine. As part of my PhD project, I use chemistry to create new molecules that stick to DNA in unusual ways for future applications in anticancer medication. Alongside my research, I seek to utilise my love of teaching to help ensure that STEM education of the future is inclusive, equitable and inspiring. I enjoy bushwalking, juggling, and playing the piano in my spare time.

I received the Westpac Future Leaders Scholarship in 2021 to study my PhD in Human Geography at the University of Tasmania School of Geography, Planning and Spatial Sciences. My research investigates the emotional significance of climate change for young people in Australia and how this impacts their intergenerational interactions and orientations towards their personal and planetary futures.

A Future Leader Scholar receives up to \$120,000 to assist with living and research costs of their postgraduate study. As you can imagine, this has been a transformative opportunity, opening various doors for innovative, creative, and participatory



Catelyn Richards



Charlotte Jones



Grace Constable

research. Thus far, it has enabled me to launch an Australian national survey into young people and climate emotions, attend national conferences, engage with international courses and receive resources I would not be able to otherwise. Over the next two and a half years, the financial provisions of this scholarship will enable me to undertake arts-based and participatory research with young people across Australia and intergenerational workshops."

This scholarship also involves a dedicated Leadership Program. As a scholar cohort, we meet with leaders from across the country to learn and unlearn, question, listen, and reflect and act. I have begun this course with my fellow 2021 scholars online and I am immensely looking forward to being able to engage with our postponed in-person leadership programs in Sydney and Adelaide later this year.

The moment of receiving the phone call from Westpac was one of disbelief and exultation. Being able to share the surprise and new possibilities with those who had supported me was again one of significant joy. Networks for people helped usher me to this moment, and I was grateful to all.

At Collegiate, I understood the potentiality, significance, and meaning of asking questions, seeking justice, and pursuing change with others. I was able to foster leadership, persistence, creativity and collaboration through the encouragement and dedication of others within the Collegiate community.

I can quite confidently say that without the joys and intrigue of pre-tertiary Geography with Mrs Shield, I would not be doing the research I now am. The inspiring introduction to the discipline I currently teach, research, and admire opened pathways of immense possibility for me.

Grace Constable (Class of 2011)

I received the Westpac Scholarship in 2018. It allowed me to study for a PhD in Chemistry at the University of New South Wales. My research focuses on designing and making new molecules for medicinal applications, primarily aiming toward anticancer therapies.

I'm incredibly grateful for the opportunities this scholarship has provided. Aside from the financial aspect, there are two other significant components to the scholarship. The first is a year-long leadership development program, which in practicality hasn't ended because I still engage with the skills and people, I met through this. Among other things, I found the program helped build my confidence – not in that I now think I have strengths I didn't know I had. Still, I can reflect more clearly on my values and goals and, therefore, act with more conviction. The second component is the broad network of people it has introduced me to. My STEM-bubble burst when I started the program and met people working in fields I hadn't even heard of. From tech to social change to Australia-Asia ties, it gave me a far greater appreciation for the different ways individuals can contribute to enacting positive

change and many more lenses to look through when making my own decisions. More tangibly, my plans post-PhD have changed quite a lot over my study and are heavily influenced by engaging with this broad network.

My advice to anybody hoping to apply for this scholarship is first to try to be authentic. Secondly, reach out to prior recipients and people you trust for support if you feel your confidence wavers – a few LinkedIn messages can go a long way to quash imposter syndrome or break down a long application.

I graduated from Collegiate in 2011. My time here played a formative role in developing my keenness for STEM and education, values relating to service. It helped develop my appreciation for having a solid support base. I was fortunate to have a group of friends and teachers who encouraged me to stretch myself. I worked collaboratively and respectfully regardless of differences in age, experience or strengths. This has influenced how I engage with challenges, work with others and ask for and help others.

Among many happy memories I have of my time at Collegiate, some are goofing around outside, in the library or House areas during study breaks; camps like Cradle to Collegiate and after-school sports; anything Mitchell-related; and, the thrill of the last-minute cramming associated with German vocab tests. I also enjoyed returning after I graduated to teach circus and for my first science tutoring job – I'm still tutoring, 10 years later!



Tremayne Club High Tea

Members of the Tremayne Club are warmly invited to High Tea at Hadley's Orient Hotel.

Where: Murray Street
When: Monday 20 June, 12pm to 2pm
Cost: \$45 per person

A bus will be available to transport ladies from Collegiate to Hadley's and return if required.

Numbers are limited and RSVPs are essential for the High Tea and Transport by Friday 10 June to:

Deborah French on 6211 4908 or email deborah.french@collegiate.tas.edu.au



St Michael's Collegiate



Tremayne Club Lunch

Please join us for lunch with Meg Bignell, Alumni of 1992 and esteemed author of *The Sparkle Pages*, *The Angry Women's Choir* and *Welcome to Nowhere River*.



Where: St Michael's Collegiate School, Linmor Hall
When: Thursday 18 August, 12pm to 2pm
Cost: \$10 per person



RSVPs essential by Thursday 11 August to:

Deborah French on 6211 4908 or email deborah.french@collegiate.tas.edu.au



St Michael's Collegiate

Madeleine McGregor: 2022 Rhodes Scholar

In November last year, Madeleine McGregor was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for Tasmania, which is indeed such a great privilege. She feels very “honoured and grateful” for this prestigious scholarship, although it was a big shock when she first heard the news. However, Maddy regains the humility for which her teachers remember her when she admits that she cannot take all the credit for this win. Borrowing a phrase from former USA Secretary of State, Mrs Hillary Clinton, Maddy admits “it takes a village” to raise and nurture one’s passion for justice. She credits her family, Collegiate, her tertiary experiences at ANU, and the work she has carried out for the Aboriginal Legal Service in the East Kimberley for this recognition.

Maddy was a student at Collegiate from 2007 to 2015 and Academic Prefect, Oratory and Cross Country Captain in Year 12. Since then, Maddy has studied Law (Hons.) and Economics at the ANU, supported by the Tuckwell Scholarship. Maddy maintains Collegiate was instrumental in finding her voice as an advocate for social justice. She states, “my time at Collegiate was formative and lively. It provided an environment to develop my own opinions and grow into my own person. I am very grateful for my time there.”

Maddy was glad to return to Collegiate to and take morning tea with her Senior School teachers, including Dr Simon, Mme Byers, Dr Coad, Dr Bloomfield, and Mr Bennett. During this visit, Maddy expressed her appreciation for everything the School had done for her and reiterated that participating in debating contributed to her tertiary success. While touring the School, Maddy confided how impressed she was with our recent renovations and innovation. She assured me that she would be keen to return, when time allowed, to participate in any online

forums designed to inspire Collegiate students to achieve their best and ignite their passions for the betterment of their fellow Australians.

Winning the Rhodes Scholarship after winning the Tuckwell Scholarship is an apt reminder of how institutions and benefactors can assist young people in achieving their best in practical ways. The financial support afforded to scholarship recipients provides a degree of security. It frees them from thinking about ‘earning a living’, which can be stressful and time-consuming, although rewarding in its right. Maddy talked about the money from the scholarship that offered her the chance to work full-time on grassroots movements. Madeleine has contributed to positive change within a range of communities and causes. Some examples of her work include addressing the mischaracterisation of Islam at the Tasmanian Lions Youth of the Year Program, undertaking research and media for Hon. Dr Andrew Leigh MP’s marriage equality campaign, and co-founding the National Council of Women Australia’s Youth Subcommittee. Maddy asserts, “the mentorship and genuine support from the Tuckwell Program have been truly transformational.”

Maddy has extended the considerable debating experience she gained at Collegiate with her participation in mooting at ANU. Unsurprisingly, Maddy is a big supporter of mooting, and she advises all students interested in a career in the law to do likewise. For the legally uninitiated, according to Wikipedia, mooting involves the simulation of court or arbitration proceedings, usually involving drafting memorials or memoranda and participating in oral arguments. Maddy contests, mooting is the most critical and engaging way to ‘learn the law’. One of her fellow mooters at ANU was Tom Dunbabin, former Head Boy at Hutchins (2017), who also studied English Literature at Collegiate. Together they were part of the ANU team, which was crowned joint champions of Sir Harry Gibbs Constitutional Law Moot in October 2021.

At ANU Maddy’s passion for the law was soon transformed to a genuine passion for human



Madeleine with Her Excellency the Honourable Barbara Baker AC

rights law. She credits her experience working with Aboriginal people in the Kimberley for this. She says, “I chose to go there because I have always been passionate about human rights and inequalities and wanted to explore the human rights issues within our own country. It was confronting; the law wasn’t just the tool for justice I’d hoped but was also a weapon of oppression and power.” Maddy consolidated this experience through a study tour in Geneva, realising that much of the work in human rights often takes place in isolation from the people it affects. Maddy prefers to be an agent for social change that is ‘community-driven’, with a focus on the role grass-root social movements can play in enforcing human rights. For the near future, Maddy hope to apply an understanding of solidarity movements to opportunities for enforcing the rights of Australian First Nations in light of the Uluru Statement from the Heart and Black Lives Matter movements.

When she completes her tertiary studies in international and comparative human rights, Maddy plans to work as a human rights lawyer, focusing on human movement lawyering and strengthening human rights structures in Australia, particularly concerning our First Nations people.

We wish Madeleine well, and we are so proud of her achievements.

Editor’s Note: In 2019, Collegiate Alumna Bella Dower (2015) was a contender for the Australia-at-large Rhodes Scholarship. Bella, a talented jeweller, was the 2019 Artist in Residence at the University of Tasmania’s School of Creative Arts and Media. Additionally, Collegiate alumna, Charlotte Jones, was also one of the four finalists for the Rhodes Scholarship in Tasmania for 2019.



Madeleine (centre) with Tom Dunbabin (left) and Ben Durkin, who represented ANU College of Law at the 2021 Sir Harry Gibbs Constitutional Law Moot. The team were joint champions of the competition.

Patricia Giles: A Unique Tasmanian Artist

William Simon and Louise Bloomfield

Patricia Giles (1932-2021) is one of Tasmania's best-loved watercolour artists and a much-loved Collegiate figure. A dedicated painter, Patricia Giles was a celebrated artist who pursued the truthful representation of Tasmania's wilds, highlands, and coasts. Her passion to record experiences of such remote and unstructured regions has seen her explore our island state extensively. Indeed, she delighted the rest of the world with her visual interpretations of the state.

Like most of her remarkable watercolours, works held at Collegiate feature the wild landscapes of Tasmania's East Coast and her beloved currawongs. The birds found all over Tasmania served as a singular inspiration for Giles. She admired their playfulness, raucous voice, and mischievousness. Patricia's love for Tasmania is indisputable. She had confessed that "she just loves Tasmania" and loves painting it. She worked on her craft for decades, ever since she held her first one-woman show back in the 1950s.

Not surprisingly, for a landscape artist, Patricia Giles was dedicated to environmental causes long before these became mainstream. Her ardent activism to prevent flooding Lake Pedder in the 1970s is well documented. However, it was just one of her many quests to preserve the precious Tasmania ecology that was her muse. Her active environmental work helped establish Giles as a respected, valued and beloved community member.

Patricia Giles was a prolific artist who dedicated herself to her art, viewing it as a sacred commitment. Many admirers of her work who met Giles routinely speak of her 'drive' to paint. This started early when her father had built Patricia her own studio where she continued to work for the next five decades. On many occasions, Giles would confess to visitors to her art studio that she was nourished by the essence of the natural environment, which she relished. One such visitor, former Collegiate Principal, Mrs Robyn Kronenberg, records, "I fondly remember Patricia, a warm, passionate and generous woman, who loved her school almost as much as she loved her art."

Part of the charm of Giles' work is her commitment to truth. Working within the untamed and tempestuous landscape of Tasmania, Patricia Giles explored the world around her in an energetic and symbiotic way. Her love for colour and the landscape fuelled her imagination, and her representation of powerful images gave prowess to her signature style. Her loose subdued, and luminous marks rendered the atmosphere uniquely.

Patricia Giles did not care for gimmicks and special effects. Like the romantic poets of a bygone era, Giles believed that she should remain faithful to the naturalness of the Tasmania bush. She did not embellish what she saw before her because she fervently believed that it was her patriotic duty to replicate the colours that nature provided. Not that she was afraid of colour. In fact, some of her watercolours, particularly the ones featuring her beloved currawongs, are very vibrant.

Dr Louise Bloomfield, Head of Expressive Arts at Collegiate, writes that Patricia Giles found camaraderie in fellow painters as part of the Sunday Painters. Collectively, they would set out into the wilderness to capture the world in a way that was unique, full of artistic integrity and connected to the human spirit. Their shared endeavours forged a partnership to celebrate the unique Tasmanian landscape adding power to their respective artistic careers. Dr Bloomfield has met Patricia Giles on many occasions and discloses, "Patricia's energy and vitality for life and painting was infectious. Her studio space was true to the 'artist as collector' as it was filled with studies, drawings, explorations of shape and form, not to mention her paint laden palette that captured the remnants of each session in her studio. The colours layered over and over each other to create a sculptured wave of pure colour."



Simply put, painting for Giles was her life, and for her life was painting. Since 1956, the work of Patricia Giles has been represented in over thirty solo and group exhibitions, including the Wynne Prize, Watercolour Institute, Sydney, Adelaide Festival. In addition, her work is held in many prestigious collections such as the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery, Hobart, the University of Tasmania, the Australian National University, Australian Studies Centre University of London, and the Australian Embassy in Berlin.

Collegiate is honoured to host a precious and generous collection of her works in the heritage-listed Cananore building. This collection maps out a timeline of her art-making. In addition, we have been gifted some of her personal library in more recent times, which gives us so many new and old resources for learning and viewing.

The Collegiate Community mourns the passing of Patricia Giles (1946), who was an active member of the Tremayne Club. She was a distinct Tasmanian artist who inspired many and a great lady who was generous and kind. As her official biographer, Dr Alison Alexander (Pillinger, 1967), asserts in her book, *The Waking Dream of Art Patricia Giles, Painter*, "those wonderful printings of Tasmanian scenery — she loved wild unspoilt scenery — awoke people to the beauty of Tasmania." Undoubtedly, Patricia Giles's work will continue to delight and inspire generations for years to come.



As a way of honouring the memory of Patricia Giles we asked students in Year 10 to use her artworks as inspiration for their imaginative writing. Included here are some of their efforts.

Collegiate Boarding House and Gardens

The brush strokes in Patricia Giles's painting of the Collegiate Boarding House and Gardens tell us more than just a fleeting moment. The colours render the warmth and homeliness of the Boarding House, and over all these years, the feelings still stay the same. Giles's painting captures a moment that discloses the love and a truly important part of the School. The tree that stands in the yard that hangs over the top of the painting provides us with a perspective of hot days and the shade it would provide. It captures the moment of the tree swaying in the cool breeze and remains frozen and nostalgically in time.

Lola de Boer, Year 10, 2022



Peace

Dew hangs thick on her leaves
 Eyes brimming with tears,
 Day has yet to break through all her shades of jealousy
 But she is not jealous
 I can feel her eyes tugging at me
 Her whispers whipping through my curls,
 As the misty blanket settles in for another unbroken day
 I should feel the gloom settle in around me
 But I don't

I smell the splash of fresh rain
 I hear the far-off call of a mother returning home
 It's calming

Like the cold side of a pillow on a hot night
 or the smell of candles on a birthday cake
 Her spindly arms reach out to me
 She takes my grief and longing
 And so, I am left with peace.

India Blackhall, Year 10, 2022



Dreaming

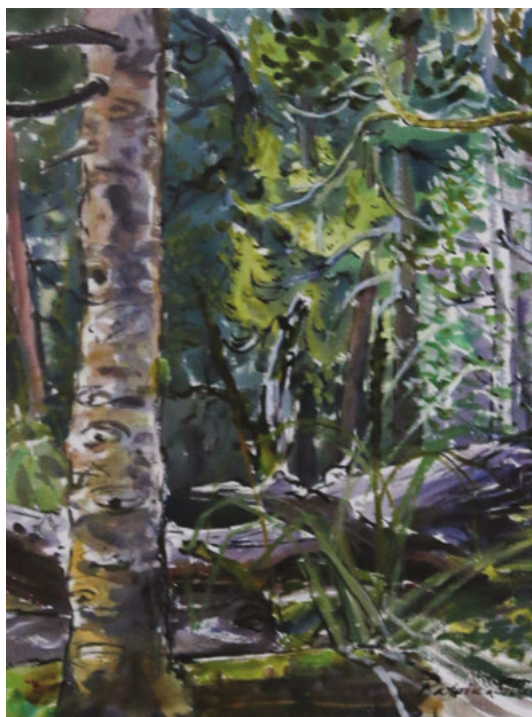
Rising out of the clouds
 A long mountain path
 But and twisted
 Shape a serpent skin
 Trees scraping for breath
 All bow to the right
 As if they can see their saviour
 While low scraggily plants
 Pale flowers blushing berries
 Atheists of the kingdom
 Sit and rattle
 Using the wind to whisper gossip
 Across their country
 The lichen sleeps on sunny rocks
 As if a cold-blooded animal
 Little green lizards
 The rocks
 Scales on the snakes back
 Sing stories of a time
 Called dreaming

Emily Bleasel, Year 10, 2022

Early Rise

Through the morning fog,
 As the sun wakes,
 They walk.
 With a heavy load and dreary eye,
 They walk.
 Passing by the wiry tree and gentle moss,
 carpeted along rows of flowers,
 They walk.
 Like honey, the sunlight pools over the horizon,
 spilling onto the cobblestone.
 They walk.
 Windowpanes glint with light; like ice, it shines.
 They walk.
 A second pair of footsteps,
 Warm embrace huddled laughter.
 They walk in tandem.
 Ringing ears, a jostle of keys,
 They walk in tandem.
 Cool shade, an echo of a voice.
 The school day begins.

Isobel Sykes-Garland, Year 10, 2022



A triolet

Goodbye goodbye, sweet summer's day
 I shall miss your warmth
 To the distant storm I will yield and obey
 Goodbye, goodbye, sweet summer's day
 Much to my dismay
 Of my fate I am uninformed
 Goodbye, goodbye, sweet summer's day
 I shall miss your warmth

Neena Fraser, Year 10, 2022



Vale Wendy Sullivan

William Simon and Vicki Paterson (Burbury, 1966)

Mrs. Wendy Sullivan taught at Collegiate from 1983 until 2001 before retiring to settle with her husband on his family farm at Penguin. Her two daughters, Emma and Caitlin also attended Collegiate. Wendy was a great teacher. She was that unusual and precious blend of being a great academic and an empathetic people person. She was passionate about history and loved the students who were curious, questioning and who came to share her passion.

According to former Collegiate Deputy Principal, Mrs Cawley Farrell, Wendy was an exceptional teacher and her mind was sharp and analytical. Our Head of Mathematics, Dr Lance Coad, adds Wendy was “a warmly safe heart for those in need of kindness, constancy and direction. In her role as Dean, I would see her face firmly set to deliver an admonishment, before collapsing to a crinkling smile, as she and child both knew a wrong once done can be forgiven and bested with love.” Indeed, Wendy Sullivan was warm and compassionate as well, with a brilliant sense of humour. A former student remembers that Mrs Sullivan was so enthused about a contested topic that she talked until she ran out of breath.

Many readers will recall that Wendy first organised and ran the Medieval Feast for the whole of the Year 8 cohort. Everyone dressed up in appropriate costumes and ate food that was true to Medieval European food, much of which was prepared and cooked by Wendy. One year Wendy even organised for a pig's head decoration in the middle of the “top table.” The students, and the staff involved, loved it, not so much the pig but the feast.

Wendy loved the Collegiate School and its community, as much as she loved teaching. She loved the camaraderie, she loved the garden – she didn't even mind doing playground duty because it allowed her time to wander and admire the garden – she loved the heritage listed elm tree in the front garden on which small children played, at least until the advent of extreme Occupational Health and Safety. She loved her students and she loved sharing her knowledge and understanding. As co-ordinator of Debating she enjoyed coaching students to think logically and express themselves clearly

Wendy's senior students loved and admired her. In turn, she loved those students who were curious and eager to learn. She taught them to think critically and to make connections in History, to value good, historical films and books and to ask pertinent questions. She loved the advent of technology and used it to advantage in her classroom.

Importantly, Wendy never stopped learning. Before retiring Wendy was an early and very enthusiastic adopter of new technology and the way it could be integrated into teaching.

Wendy was the first Dean of Reibey House when the pastoral care system became House based and vertical in 1993. She chose the colours from the selection on offer (suffragette colours!), decided on the name and designed the House banner. Dr Lance Coad was one of her tutors in Reibey, and current teacher Ms Kirsten Viney (2000) was a former Reibey girl. Wendy was known as one who worked tirelessly with difficult students and Reibey became the go-to House for those who would benefit from her care and attention. Wendy was very patient and really worried about these girls and truly helped to make school a better place for them. She also worked well with our first international students, before there was an ESL teacher for them. Wendy had come to Collegiate with plenty of experience in Victoria and NSW, but truly loved Collegiate's atmosphere, dedicated staff, and gardens! She was still speaking of her students, and the heritage listed elm tree outside the Davies Building a few days before she died. Her lengthy Collegiate stint was definitely her favourite job. She remained active, socially aware and dedicated to issues of social justice in her retirement. And she never stopped teaching. In 2021, Wendy lectured on China to the members of Wynyard U3A in August/September last year. All those who knew her work as a teacher would claim that Wendy embodied a way of being that serves still as a model for our times. Tasmania has lost a wonderful, intelligent, compassionate citizen.



Wendy Sullivan

Since the chairs have been at Collegiate...



Postcodes and the **Australian Dollar** were **invented**.

Humans **landed on the moon** for the **first time**.

There have been **ten** different Collegiate School **Principals**.

Sixteen different **Prime Ministers** of Australia.

Please help our chairs retire.

<https://chair4chair.raisely.com>

Living With COVID: Echoes of The Spanish Flu

Eve Harkness, Year 12, 2022

“Influenza! Influenza” that is the word that has been in everyone’s mouth for the last two or three months! There have been great upheavals on account of it. Of course, the School had to be closed, and a great many of the boarders went home.”

So reports Joan Allport, a former Collegiate student (who later taught at the School), about the Spanish Flu in 1919. Additionally, she eerily records some of the School’s measures to protect the students from this deadly outbreak. These included isolation, desks placed three feet apart and as far as possible, and ‘outside’ learning. Allport continues:

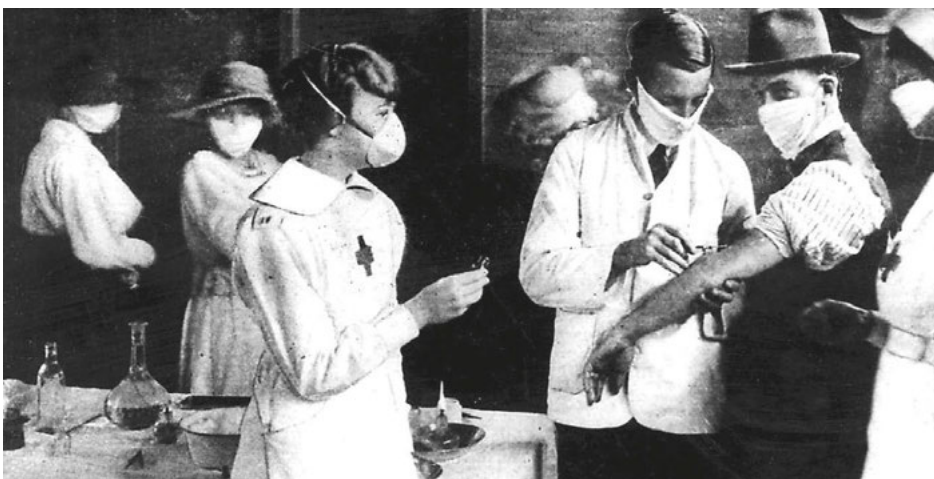
“The two classes studying for the public examination have been having lessons all the time, but in a different way. For the most part, the classes have been held on the Tremayne verandah, and the girls had to sit three feet apart owing to regulations issued by the Health Department. Of course, we went around with a tape every morning and measured the exact distance.”

Remarkably, we adopted similar measures in our battle against another pandemic some one hundred years later. And just as we all experienced throughout 2020-2022, there were many cancellations back in 1919, including the Fancy Dress Ball in the School Hall and the “the enthronement of the new Bishop of Tasmania.” Sister Phyllis’s stay in Sydney was extended from six weeks to six months because she came down with influenza but, thankfully, made a good recovery. The Sisters back in 1919, despite their lack of medical knowledge, exercised a significant duty of care and promptly introduced inoculations for all Collegiate girls. Likewise, over one hundred later, history repeats itself.

After the recent COVID vaccination precautions St Michael’s Collegiate in late 2021, many have been analysing and reflecting on the similarities between the 1919 Spanish Influenza and the Coronavirus pandemic. Will this history help current Australians end the pandemic, or will the lessons from the past be largely ignored?

Large-scale transportation brought both epidemics to our Australian shores. It was the S.S. Mataram, in 1918, allegedly brought the first case of the Spanish Flu to Australia. Similarly, it is thought that another boat, the Ruby Princess, was responsible for the initial deadly COVID-19 outbreak in Tasmania.

To repel the spread of COVID-19 many measures were put in place in 2020 to prevent the virus from spreading further. These included social distancing, check-in apps, hand sanitiser, hand washing, a ban of visitors from abroad, travel limits, wearing masks, working from home, cleaning surfaces, and hotel quarantine. Such measures experienced varying levels of success. For example, at Collegiate, learning from home ensued for roughly two months in early 2020. We have instituted social distancing measures since then, which still prevail. The recent Tasmanian 3-day-lockdown meant another day of online learning in 2021, followed by three days of wearing masks to school and in public. In 2022, we continue to follow the advice of the Department of Health. Students, staff, and all those who visit the School must have their temperature checked daily, wear face masks, and undergo rapid antigen tests at the point of need.



Spanish Flu injections

These preventative policies enacted during the COVID-19 pandemic echoed those decreed during the Spanish Flu in 1919. All libraries, schools, churches, theatres, halls, and indoor amusement facilities were closed back then. In addition, infected individuals, public transportation commuters and patrons in public places were obliged to wear masks.

The most obvious application of the history of influenza is to draw lessons for future crisis management. Many policy experts have drawn parallels between COVID-19 and the blunders incurred during the Spanish Flu pandemic. For example, following the imposition of social limits in March 2020, historian Frank Bongiorno observed that Victorian authorities’ early relaxation of social limitations when the COVID crisis arose from a mistake, echoing mistakes made in Victoria and NSW in 2019.

When the Spanish Flu first came to Australia, and Tasmania in particular, travellers were held in quarantine camps located at seaports and state borders to protect the public and help prevent the spread of infection. Soldiers returning from the First World War were quarantined at Barnes Bay on Bruny Island and at the Old Claremont Hotel. Ships leaving Australian ports for the Pacific were required to quarantine pre-departure until no evidence of virus was found onboard.

The Spanish Flu didn’t hit Tasmania until August 1919, approximately two months after the mainland. During this time, Tasmania was still largely isolated from mainland Australia which meant the local government was severely underprepared for the pandemic. News from overseas describing the millions dying overseas made the situation more alarming. Young adults were affected most, and men more than women. The supply of food and other essential goods ran out quickly, and the state had to import most goods from the mainland to survive.

Roughly 12,000 Australians died because of the Spanish Flu, while only half that number have succumbed to COVID-19 so far in Australia, as of March 2022.

Collegiate’s recent COVID-19 vaccination clinic and the measures adopted have positively impacted students and the community. Still, it remains to be seen whether applying the broader public health measures learnt from the Spanish Flu outbreak will positively impact Australian society.



Collegiate boarders in isolation in 2022



Bruny Island Quarantine Station

COVID narratives

Repeat

It's just so hard.
 days blurring together,
 repeat, repeat, repeat.
 I can't remember what day it is.
 Is it a Tuesday, or a Wednesday?
 I think there might have been a weekend,
 But every day is the same,
 so there's no way to tell.
 I wake up,
 I turn my computer on,
 I sit in a chair for eight hours,
 I turn my computer off,
 I go to sleep,
 I repeat.

Everyone says it's just so hard.
 days blurring together,
 but my whole life is like that,
 and now I can see a difference,
 repeat, repeat, repeat,
 but it gives me a routine.
 I can't remember what day it is,
 but I have school,
 I am in class,
 so I must.
 Every day is the same,
 and I love it.
 I wake up,
 I turn on my computer,
 I go to class,
 I walk the dog,
 I cook lunch,
 I go to class,
 I turn my computer off,
 I read a book,
 I go to sleep,
 I repeat.
 I thrive.

Jenna Rogers, Year 10, 2021

Quarantine

How the day goes by,
Like another chapter.
Turning page and tide,
Like the moon on the shore.
How we stay confined,
In this safe enclosure.
We keep composure,
But lose our minds.
How I try to write,
When I don't feel so good.
Tell my friends goodbye,
Least they catch my frightful mood.
Now I'm stuck inside,
And there's nothing to do.
I'm sad and confused,
Just wonderin',
What can a lonely girl do,
For a world that's caving in.
And when will we start to heal,
So life can feel like life again?

Zoe Logan, Year 10, 2021

MARCH 25TH

She fell behind the mountain
Her waltz light and low
Trees of glass and fields of wool
Caught the afterglow.

We all hide from the thunder
All we ever know
But when the world is stuck
Where shall autumn go?

The day the world was closing
On March twenty-fifth
When storms weren't scary
And our childhood was a myth.

Lily Ward, Year 10, 2021

Days of COVID-19

I walk. Tension increases. I jog. Terrifying thoughts fog my mind. I sprint. Finding it harder to inhale with each breath. Mass amounts of people walking towards me. I race through the crowd; I see blurs of light blue against the dull background. I can't find my way out. Panic strikes. I am surrounded by clones of masked zombies, the same vague expression, eyes staring straight forward, oblivious to the rest of the world. I find myself spinning around repeatedly, not sure which way is forwards and which way is backwards. Finally, a glimpse of bright red catches my attention. My mind clears. I only have one focus. I'm starting to make my way towards it; the mob parts like the red sea. Reaching my destination, I stand in front of the tall, clear double doors. Gazing in. Nurses are frantically rushing around in blue scrubs. Concern and alarm are stricken across their faces. I continue to stare into the waiting room with glassy eyes. Hoping that I'm not too late.

Elise Mitchell, Year 10, 2021

Rapunzel

Barricaded in a tower. My days are long, yet the weeks past fast. I don't know how long I've been here. I feel dull. There is a single-window revealing trees and a grassy clearing. I know beyond is civilisation. It looks welcoming and bright. I'm told that it is something to be feared, that people are to be feared. I should keep my distance, or better, deny their existence. Sometimes I hear voices. It tells me that people interact despite the dangers. It makes me upset. I don't want to miss out. When that happens, I close my window and shut myself off. It makes me feel better.

Ashlev Walker, Year 10, 2021

My Life Before

I sit back in my chair, leaning against the cold glass window. The same repetitive speech slowly drains from my ears, and everything becomes silent.

My eyes open, I look up, the sun shining through the breaks of buildings in the skyline, the sound of traffic fills my ears just enough to notice it. The smell of petrol mixed in the warm summer air made my nose tingle. The streets flooded with people, all with places to go.

There are no masks, no 1.5-metre social distancing, no one is driven mad by the obsessive need to sanitize their hands.

Everything is normal. Peaceful.

I walked through the crowds, not knowing what I took for granted.

I see my friends across from me, under the little red glowing man. I stand and watch, waiting for them to cross the distance between us, taking in what's around me but not understanding how perfect this moment could be.

There, I was happy.

Slowly it all starts to fade. My day, my life, my regular, everything starts to disappear around me. Then, finally, I began to hear the familiar speech I had come so accustomed to.

I feel the cold glass against my cheek.

I awake to where I had come from and so foolishly left.

The computer on with the same lecture I would soon remember and my textbook in front of me.

I sigh, remembering my life before and how I wish I hadn't taken it for granted.

Georgia Viney, Year 10, 2021

2022 REUNION WEEKEND

Saturday 17 and Sunday 18 September

The Collegiate Alumni invites the Classes of 2017, 2012, 2007, 2002, 1992, 1982, 1972, 1962, 1952 to a weekend of friendship and celebration.

More details to follow with formal invitation.

St Michael's Collegiate Alumni Association





Artwork by Jemma Powers, Year 11, 2022

Wearing Face Masks at School The Collegiate Press Gang

Here is a fascinating fact: no deaths resulting from the seasonal flu were recorded in 2020 in Australia, whereas almost a thousand deaths were recorded from this in pre-COVID 2019. The closing of the borders has kept the seasonal flu out of Australia, but according to University of NSW's Professor Raina MacIntyre, the infection-control measures we all adopted, out of necessity, have also played their part. Wearing face masks was one such measure.

In many Asian countries, wearing masks is seen as a socially responsible convention, particularly if the wearer might be experiencing symptoms of the common cold. Therefore, most people in Asia look at the donning of a face mask as part of their social responsibility. However, in the West, often we have tended to view at people wearing masks with suspicion.

Experts agree that face masks worn by people with cold and flu symptoms, or COVID-19, stop viruses from being passed on. The Corona Virus can spread through droplets and particles released into the air by speaking, singing, coughing, or sneezing. The same holds true for other viruses as well.

But what is the consensus from our Collegiate staff and students about mask-wearing in 2022? We have summarised their sentiments in two parts: the pros and the cons.

Doctors tell us that face masks protect the wearer and the community, not only from COVID but also other viruses, such as the common flu.

Pros

There have been very few *apparent* advantages to mask-wearing at school other than the obvious ones relating to disease prevention. Doctors tell us that face masks protect the wearer and the community, not only from COVID but also other viruses, such as the common flu. A good face mask can circumvent the way COVID-19 spreads through the air because it affords excellent protection. More importantly, it helps protect others if you, the wearer, have the virus and are unaware because you are asymptomatic. Science is telling us that while all masks offer some protection against the Omicron strain, increasingly more people rely on the N94/N95 masks, also known as P2 in Australia.

Students have also commented that another advantage associated with face masks is the protection they offer from accidental teacher spitting. The same applies to an incidental deluge from your athletic friends or fellow choir members. Jemma Power, of Year 11, perceptively adds that mask-wearing as an interim measure "provides some 'breathing' space for science to find cures for COVID-19". Looking further afield for positives of mask wearing one student even hypothesised that the criminal classes would find face masks advantageous. This is because the police will find it more challenging to obtain a criminal's DNA if the felons wear a face mask. Imagine the challenges involved sketching someone whilst they don a face mask.



Middle School students, 2022

Some people think face masks are stylish, and others have commented that they are cool. Some thought that you save a lot of money wearing masks because you don't need to apply lip gloss so frequently. As one student proposed, many students have commented that people can't see your negative facial expressions, or 'silly faces', whilst wearing them. Smiling to show agreement is also a thing of the past. Wearing face masks can also help you avoid awkward social situations. Rosie Shelley of Year 11 even claims that face masks protect her face from the chilly Tasmania air. Similarly, another student claims that face masks offer a modicum of protection because you almost become invisible to your old nemeses. In a similar vein, another student added that you can talk to yourself for as long as you like whilst wearing a face mask without your friends trying to ring for the ambulance.

Cons

Most students surveyed responded that single-use face masks are bad for the environment because there is nowhere for them to go other than the bin. Several face masks and PPE recycling initiatives overseas (in the US, France, and New Zealand) have not seen the light of day here in Tasmania yet. The expense associated with face masks is another disadvantage, especially since most students find that they need to wear at least two or three masks daily to prevent them from becoming soggy, stale, or smelly.

Face masks make it impossible for teachers to hand out papers, which in the past, they would do so with a touch of spit. Learning the names of new students gets more complicated with face masks, too – although this seems to be more of a problem for teachers. Jenna Rogers, of Year 11, adds that teachers find it difficult to gauge if students understand a particularly challenging part of the lesson when their faces are covered. Because of this, some teachers have started to rely on the 'thumbs up or thumbs down' survey tool to diagnose student understanding.

But by far, however, the biggest problem with face masks involves wearing glasses and sunglasses, which sends bespectacled friends into a permanent state of fogginess.

Many students also reported that face masks negatively impact learning if you can't understand what the teacher is saying – in some instances when it is essential to see the teacher form particular words in another language for example, this becomes even more of a problem.

Skin irritations and problems with acne have also been reported by students. Some have talked about feelings of claustrophobia, stating that face masks restrict your breathing and prevent you from completing once-pleasurable tasks such as stopping to smell the roses. Another complication is the mess you can find yourself in when negotiating the mask's straps and dangling earrings!



The masked Year 12s in 2021

Another complaint is that face masks muffle the voice making it hard to understand what others are saying. Of course, this is shocking for people with hearing problems and hearing-impaired people who need to read lips. But by far, however, the biggest problem with face masks involves wearing glasses and sunglasses, which sends bespectacled friends into a permanent state of fogginess. Imagine how poor Spider-Man, Deadpool, Iron Man, Elektra, not to mention Darth Vader, felt most of the time.

So, the stigma associated with mask-wearing and, indeed, face coverings in the past is beginning to dissipate.

Interestingly enough, many students surveyed commented that elsewhere, on the mainland, mask-wearing has been relaxed too early, given their high infection rates. However, even when mask-wearing is no longer a requirement in Tasmanian schools, many students, and some teachers we spoke to stated they will continue to wear one. And indeed, wearing masks when visiting hospitals and aged-care homes will help protect the most vulnerable members of our community.

Astutely, a student in Year 12, who wishes to remain anonymous, confided that many adolescents feel the gift of invincibility, so, therefore, donning a face mask is a reminder of our vulnerability and our mortality. However, students have also commented that the proliferation of face masks in 2022 has made wearing one normalised. So, the stigma associated with mask-wearing and, indeed, face coverings in the past is beginning to dissipate.

Overall, it appears that for Collegiate students, even though most dislike wearing face masks, they recognise its part in preventing viral diseases. Furthermore, face masks foster a community spirit since all of us are in this together.



Year 12 students Jessica and Sophie with masks in 2022

Year 12 students receive microchips

Antonia Brancher, Year 12, 2021

COVID-19 is such a cataclysmic event in our lived experience, so it is not surprising that Antonia Brancher has written this quirky response – a mixture of fact and humour. We have included this here as a way of preserving for posterity the responses of our students to this pandemic. Things have improved a great deal since this article was written. As of 25 March 2022, more than 99 per cent of people aged 12 and over in Tasmania have had two doses of a COVID-19 vaccine.



The author, after receiving her second dose of the Pfizer vaccine.



In a massive win for Bill Gates and 5G, the Year 11 and 12 students received their first dose of the 'COVID-19' 'vaccination' as part of the Government's School Vaccination Program. Once widely regarded as having the efficiency and speed of a one-legged horse, students are now finding that connecting to the School's new 5G network is a breeze. "It's wonderful," said a student, "the chip even lets you make contactless payments." So much for anti-vax brigade and their conspiracy theories. Sorry – you've probably heard that one before, to varying degrees of seriousness. The ten or so students due to be vaccinated alongside me at approximately 8:50am certainly bandied this joke about, in that curious tone that people invariably adopt when they want you to know that they are being ironic.

The atmosphere of any medical waiting room is always suffused with apprehension, expectancy, nerves, but our Vaccination Centre in G1 positively thrummed with it. School-based vaccination programs have been recorded as occurring as early as 1932. Almost everyone in the room had memories of the last time they had been vaccinated at school in Year 7, then against HPV, Diphtheria and Pertussis, but this was clearly a different ballgame, with much higher stakes.

Our lived experience of the world without a vaccine highlighted the urgency of receiving it as quickly as possible. All of us wanted the vaccine, each for our own private, but ultimately varied reasons: visiting a boyfriend recently moved to Texas, a grandmother in England needing visiting, final-year examinations that needed sitting, and formal dresses in Melbourne just sitting on shelves. These thoughts sat quietly in the backs of minds, the rewards sweeter than spun sugar, but primarily people were focused on not thinking about the actual needle. Deep down, though they are loath to admit it, even your SAS Troopers and Iron Athletes dislike the feel of the needle's nip.

A defining feature of this particular school-based vaccination program is that it is the first-ever to vaccinate students using an mRNA vaccine. In Australia, mRNA vaccines are supplied either by Pfizer or Moderna and use a long-researched and well-understood tenet of cellular biology.

We can think of DNA as a sort of recipe book stored in the cupboard – it gives instructions on how to make absolutely everything. Without it, our 'kitchen' (think cells) wouldn't be able to function. However, the DNA recipe book is extensive, and if we want to make a specific recipe, we don't want to lug the whole book into the kitchen. So, we snap a picture on an instant camera and take the photo to the kitchen. This 'photo' is called messenger RNA. It has all the exact instructions as the DNA recipe, only it's better because it just has the instructions for that particular recipe.

Our lived experience of the world without a vaccine highlighted the urgency of receiving it as quickly as possible.

But what does this have to do with a vaccine? Well, an mRNA vaccine is similar to having your Aunt Marge drop off a photocopy of one of her recipes – it's not part of your DNA. Still, your cells follow the instructions that it sets out and makes what is called a 'spike protein', which are the spikes found outside the virus that causes COVID-19. The manufactured spike protein is then displayed outside your body cells.

The cells of your immune system constantly check whether cells have made any meals that aren't part of your personal recipe book, and so when they notice the spike protein, they go ham on it. A cascade of events triggers the production of antibodies, which attach to the spike protein like a lock fits a key. Antibodies are particular about what they bind to, and so each bacteria, virus and pathogen is targeted by a specific antibody. The presence of antibodies tells a specific immune cell to kill anything attached to spike proteins like this one.

Suppose the actual COVID-19 virus should happen to enter the body after vaccination. In that case, the immune system already knows what it looks like and how to kill it - having the antibodies ready means that the body can kill the virus before it can wreak significant-to-fatal damage. Isn't science cool?

It only took the actions of a lone idiot to highlight the importance of this lifebuoy out of the pandemic. As of 19 October 2021, 83% of Tasmanians sixteen and over have had at least one dose of a vaccine, with 69% being fully vaccinated – not enough for herd immunity, and so into lockdown went the Apple Isle.

The short sharp lockdown was like being dunked in icy cold water for many. It was a poignant reminder of what would happen if we didn't follow the health advice of our experts. Our school-based vaccination program was cancelled like the first pilot of an expensive show. So, we made do with whatever clinic had the capacity, many went to Princes' Wharf, others to the pop-up clinic at the University of Tasmania's Sandy Bay campus.

Whilst the population of Tasmania has remained relatively unscathed in 2021, we must not become complacent. After all, the borders to the mainland and the rest of the world will open in December. To protect the vulnerable among us, we must continue to wear masks, wash our hands, and above all, get vaccinated. It really is worth it – you even get a sticker at the end.

School Tales: Starting at Collegiate during the Pandemic

Katrina Mitchell, Year 12, Class of 2021



December 2019: Wuhan City, China. The plague snuck up on us like Beyonce's Lemonade.

At which point, a 17-year-old girl had been halfway around the world on a pair of metal wings only to be halted, in all probability, by the remnants of some demented bat who'd found a way to simultaneously ruin not only the world's economy but Genz's holiday from boomer criticism before the era of TikTok.

There is no doubt that if this aforementioned bat had kept their wings to themselves, St Michael's Collegiate's Year 12 students would have been spared many failed bananas bread attempts and the endless tears of their teachers.

To put it factually, studies have found school students to be more in need of reassurance the world isn't going to end now more than ever, by a staggering one million per cent.

Snap back to two years ago. Then, Australia had just been through hell with the devastating Australian fires before the pandemic was unleashed on the world. I must say, as, for originality, mother nature need look no farther than Steven Sodergren's *Contagion*, the Matt Damon film scarily anticipating events nine years following, as if God had found himself a fan, and wanted to wreak hell upon his creation by way of testing their strength and faith.

Through all the stupidity and a dozen other world-destructing events coinciding, I, Katrina Mitchell, was moving across oceans, crossing the Bass Strait. Unfortunately, my parents, the source of this spontaneous decision – were still lost in the romanticism which follows spontaneity, blind to earth's descent into hell.

March 11, 2020: Director-General Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus declares COVID-19 to be a pandemic. After that, following months of lockdown, from Sydney to regional NSW, to multiple rental houses and Airbnbs in Hobart, quarantines, and guilting myself into home workouts.

March 31, 2020: NSW issues the first official lockdown. Students are required to learn from home. Following this announcement, I shared my mother's inability to connect her phone to Bluetooth, realising that technology was against us.

I won't date the next series of events. They all blurred together until they no longer held any significance. All activities under the sun were postponed or cancelled until further notice. COVID-19 was responsible for the continual and infuriating postponement or cancellation of everything, from the release of *Guardians of the Galaxy 3* to the Tokyo Olympics.



Online school at our beach house

Still living in NSW, I, along with my two sisters, had transferred to a school I had little knowledge of. The only part of it I was privy to being a miserly freebie package including a pen and poorly chosen bag of lollies. A little recommendation for the school: banana lollies are nobody's first choice.

So, like a ghost, I vanished from one online existence to another. Hobart's school system was very much the same. However, I had no knowledge of this. All details of my schooling heading into Term 2 were in the hands of my parents and the unknown Registrar's voice on the end of the phone.

While my future was being decided, I was experiencing what anyone living in a dangerous pandemic did: hot summer days at the beach interrupted only by occasional breaks for classes. Upon arriving at the Apple Isle, we isolated at our beach house. Only later I realised everyone in Tasmania calls this a shack. Conveniently, it is not so hard to log onto Microsoft Teams, post a message in the chat that your technology isn't working and let your presence become ambiguous. One of my soon-to-become friends did precisely that, but they shall remain nameless.

I did sit through occasional explanatory face-time-like meetings which were extremely stressful because I was simultaneously baking a cake. Worrying it might wither, burn, or be eaten in its entirety before the meet-and-greets were over. I still recall the end of that conversation. "Do you have any questions for us?"

"... No."

"Oh... ok... cool."

An abrupt "bye". A closing of the laptop lid.

Ahh, nothing like online first impressions. Yes, I made it to the cake before my sisters demolished it.

Re-doing a term of school online, assignments and all is no easy feat. However, Collegiate's educational system ensured catch-up lessons were a priority, else I would have never been educated on the origins of Boney M.'s "Rasputin". Were online classes in a new state bizarre? No. I knew the routine only too well, having lived through it before. Turn your camera on for a couple of seconds and say a fun fact (e.g. "I'm from New South Wales!").

Despite the nerves that turning a camera on brings, the continuous struggle involving Microsoft Teams' mics and cameras, meant one never knew who was even present or listening at the beginning of class or cooking themselves up a 5-course meal – darn those technical difficulties.

An epiphanous experience I had during the transition relates to the existence of men. In my classes, to clarify. This confusion lasted until Term 3 when I was informed that these men who photobombed every class were not, in fact, a couple of randoms, but Hutchins boys, members of the Cooperating Schools Program that Collegiate shares with its brother school.

With any luck, the universe will have deemed 2021 a trivial number, only fit for the purpose of having me graduate. But, sadly, the pandemic deprived us of hugs, vitamin D, and sanity.

I hope our school remains open for business for all students in 2022.

If you have a Collegiate-inspired personal story that you would like to share, please email this to william.simon@collegiate.tas.edu.au

The Case for Debating: Skills for Life

Gypsy Polacheck (Oracy Captain 2021) and Indie Sarma (Oracy Captain, Year 12, 2022)

I once debated a flat earther. He got so mad he stormed off, saying he would walk to the edge of the earth to prove me wrong. Of course, he'll come around eventually.

Nelson Mandela, Oprah Winfrey, Margaret Thatcher, Malcolm X and Bruce Springsteen are five legendary figures who all share something in common. They were star debaters during high school.

As we delve into another debating season at Collegiate, this is an apt opportunity to reflect on our recent success in debating, and the reason why so many think it contributes significantly to holistic education.

Scholarly research concludes that debating offers its participants numerous, often life-long, benefits, which can only be acquired in the debating setting. Perhaps this is because it is such an interdisciplinary activity. Debating fosters a more rational approach to decision-making as the students use well-reasoned arguments which are supported by data and apt real-life examples. To see this approach in action is quite empowering. Debating also fosters what is often called rhetorical eloquence because by presenting their own specific case, often in such a compelling manner, the debaters feel their own confidence increase. As does their self-esteem.

Debating in the Middle School occurs on a school level through English classes and friendly inter-House debating. Debating in Years 7 to 12 assumes a more formal level through the competitive debating season organised by the Tasmanian Debating Union. The TDU is a volunteer organisation that consists of university students and professionals, including lawyers and academics.

In today's age and political climate, the skill of understanding and responding to arguments is critically important. Debating challenges students to eruditely engage with ideas and current issues that even our politicians struggle with, all while having the pressure of an audience and adjudicator watching. It takes a lot of courage to debate, and I commend all students who stepped up to the challenge. Dr Simon opines, "seeing such engaged, intelligent, and compassionate people at debating gives me significant hope for the future."

Debating at Collegiate in 2021 was a highly successful season with a record number of students participating and eight teams from Years 7 to 12. Five of these teams made it to the semi-finals in their age group (one in each competition division). The Year 8 team (Harriet Gould, Remi Bischoff, Moira Hodgkins, Isla Shering and Maddy Hall), the Year 9 team (Olivia Goerss, Isobel Sykes-Garland, Grace Gregson, Kitty Atkinson, Océane Ford and Madeline Wicks) and the College 3 team (Jasmine Power, Momo Hou, Catherine Gourlay

and Gypsy Polacheck) won their respective divisions, leaving Collegiate with an impressive number of shields on display in the library.

Gypsy Polacheck, 2021 Oracy Captain, writes, "I have been debating for five years now, and the skills, friends, and knowledge I have gained through the 'sport' will be with me for the rest of my life." By her own admission, Gypsy was a legendary debater who was shy when she first tackled debating back when she was in Year 8. However, by immersing herself in the debating community in Hobart, representing Collegiate, she found herself at the National Team, representing Tasmania, and was invited to join the Australian Debating contingent in the international arena.

It's hard enough already as a young person and a woman to get your voice out there and express your opinions, so it's a huge advantage to have worked through that during school years

Similar sentiments are shared by Maddy McGregor (2014). She is the latest Collegiate graduate to win the prestigious Rhodes Scholarship. Maddy visited the School in 2021 and expressed her appreciation for everything the School had done for her and reiterate that participating in debating was a contributing factor in her tertiary success. She explained that debating was a vital asset when applying for the Tuckwell Scholarship, a program offered to only 25 students across Australia each year. Fellow debater Adeline Gabriel (2014) writes that her team, which reached the grand final, was "definitely spear-headed by Maddy". Adeline has now finished a medical degree with Melbourne University through its rural clinical school. She chose to do this because she loves "to stay out bush as much as possible."

Debating, Adeline discloses, was always her "adrenaline rush for the week." She advises current students that "it is incredibly healthy to tackle things that scare you and desensitise yourself to that thing and to the barrier of fear in general." As argued earlier in this article, debating affords many benefits to its participants. Adeline writes that debating "has meant that I have never had a problem expressing myself in public or making presentations for whatever occasion in my post-school life. It means I can focus on the subject matter rather than focus on the widely feared hurdle of public speaking. It's hard enough already as a young person and a woman to get your voice out there and express your opinions, so it's a huge advantage to have worked through that during school years." And it can yield monetary benefits as well. Using her debating skills, Adeline writes that "in 2017 two of my uni mates and I entered an ethics case competition, which won us an all-expenses trip to LA to compete there - which we also won."

Crafting a logical, evidence-based, compelling argument has been one of the most important skills I've needed - at uni, in work, in volunteering and in my personal life

Another impressive Collegiate debater was Jesse Horder-Geraghty (2016), who enrolled at Collegiate in Year 11 partly because she was so dedicated to debating. Like most notable debaters, Jesse was an academic all-rounder who was the School's Deputy Head Girl. Jesse recently completed a Bachelor of Arts, majoring in International & Political Studies and Economics at the University of Melbourne. During her degree, Jesse interned and then worked at the renowned Grattan Institute, where she put her debating into action because, according to her, "a fair bit of internal and public debating takes place here." In addition, Jesse has secured a graduate role at Nous Group, an international management consultancy focused on shaping world-class businesses, effective governments, and empowered communities.



Adeline Gabriel (2014)

Jesse's fondest memory from her debating years at Collegiate was the lunch-time training sessions in Dr Simon's classroom in the Emily Building. She writes, "we always squeezed in plenty of laughs between case prep, and it meant so much to me to have time with other people who just loved knowledge and a good chat." Jesse, interviewed for this article, says that debating has assisted her post-school life. She writes, "crafting a logical, evidence-based, compelling argument has been one of the most important skills I've needed - at uni, in work, in volunteering and in my personal life. Debating set me up to do that and also taught me that it often doesn't matter if you're right unless you can help others understand that too." She urges all girls to get involved in debating, reassuring them that it is fun. "It is a team sport for those who love learning about new issues in the world, or just being right." Jesse also advocates that debating is "a cure for a few other challenges you may have - it forces you to get past any public speaking jitters, trains you to write an essay structure in under an hour, helps you make friends at different schools and looks great on uni/scholarship/job applications."

Indie Sarma, the Collegiate 2022 Oracy Captain, certainly values what debating has provided her. She writes, "I have been debating since 2015, and it has provided me with lessons and skills that I will use for the rest of my life. The knowledge I have gained through this sport is something I use in my everyday life - in exams, presentations at school and even in how I address others. Through this sport I have met so many people and had the chance to work with them, help them, and learn from them. I feel so privileged to be a part of this incredible debating community and, to anyone who has not debated or is pondering it, do not miss out on this opportunity of a lifetime."



2021 Oracy Captain, Gypsy Polacheck



Maddy McGregor (2014), the latest Collegiate graduate to win the prestigious Rhodes Scholarship

Collegiate Parents & Friends' Association

The Parents and Friends' Association extends a welcome to all current and new Collegiate families.

The P&F meet at 6:30pm on the first Wednesday of each month during school terms (currently via Zoom). All parents, guardians, carers and friends are welcome to attend. The Zoom code is provided through the Parent Portal.

Please find below the link to the new P&F Facebook page. This page will be a source of information on upcoming events and details on how you can become involved.
Collegiate Parents & Friends' Association | Facebook

If you are interested in taking on the role of parent representative for your year group or would like to assist with organising an event, please get in touch either through the Facebook group or by contacting Karen Jones, President, on mobile 0408 577 952.

SAVE THE DATE Friday 24 June – Family Event Friday 9 September – Quiz Night



Scholarly Progress and Self-worth: A Delicate Balance

Katarina Djeric, Year 12, 2021

For some people, school is their haven, where they can be with their friends and learn to their heart's desire. However, others find school a debilitating experience that can be bad for their mental health. Students around Tasmania sit their TASC exams in November, a time of immense stress and uncertainty. The need to excel in studies is at the forefront of many people's minds, which can wage war with the other part that strives for a sense of mental peace. The need for academic validation from others and oneself creates a divide in an individual's mind that will not be quelled until they seek solace in a few fleeting hours of sleep. Is the education system at fault for letting students push themselves beyond their breaking points? Is it ok to put mental health first during examinations?

After speaking with various students, I have found various opinions on whether examinations are worth the stress. I discovered some strategies others use for their peace of mind and wellbeing. Some students unequivocally believe that examinations are necessary to obtain results for university and the stressful environment is essential to focus on their work. Others believe that their worth is not defined by their ATAR or TCE score. Whilst it is crucial to undertake examinations and work hard to achieve your goals, harming your mental health is not ideal. A delicate balance needs to be forged between the two. You cannot sit an exam or effectively study when you are waging war with your mind on a slither of sleep. Most people need seven to eight hours of sleep to function to their best ability. The School has constantly promoted focusing on wellbeing to be the best version of yourself, so why does this message get lost when the academic hammer comes crashing down?

I spoke with a student who takes time to focus on her mental health by enjoying the Botanical Gardens as a reading retreat in order to gain a sense of peace. There is no better way to enhance one's mental health than to turn off the screens and sit out in nature whilst letting your mind wander. For her, exams are not everything; she does not define her worth through them. Many of us believe that we must get into university, as a pathway to a professional career. However, we



The serenity of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Hobart

live in a society where increasingly people branch off into new avenues that are considered alternative and prove that, yes, doing your best in an area you love is essential.

Collegiate helps us as students to learn essential life skills that we can use to navigate in society and help to shape it in a positive and affirming way. We know from the world and those around us that it is good to challenge things that we feel are harmful towards the health of those around us and ourselves. We can change harmful stereotypes that perpetuate unattainable images of what a person "should be" through questioning and speaking up. There is no single mould that we should fill as individuals. Our paths as individuals are unique. However, that should not mean that we are assessed 'more' or 'less' than others, when our chosen paths may not be as conventional or considered meritorious.

Let us now examine why exams may be harmful and unfair for each student. An individual who may be considered academically gifted may excel in all areas of their internal grades. They are excellent at using their memory for assignments and in-class tests. However, when it comes time for the end of year exams, they crumble under the pressure of writing four essays in three hours. Their final mark will not reflect their hard work throughout the year, but rather how well they went in their end of year exams. What they have studied for this one exam will not be utilised and remembered long-term. When parents impose expectations on their children, it creates an urgency to do well for the sake of appeasing others rather than for the sake of learning and doing your best. Students may study well into the night and morning, they may skip out on meals to fit in extra study time, or they may even take stimulants to enhance their focus. There are many damaging methods people engage in to study for exams which can cause long-term implications on their mental health. This needless studying only creates a superficial understanding of subjects rather than absorbing them for practical use.

On the other side of the debate, we must not forget that examinations can be rewarding diagnostic tools. Exams allow educators to examine the quality of students' work as exams are much harder to cheat on than assignments and in-class assessments. Writing for *The Conversation* in 2014, Penny Van Bergen and Rod Lane assert that "there is [ample] evidence that both studying for and sitting exams deepens learning". They noted that studying is similar to exercising; the more we exercise, the more robust our muscles grow. In terms of learning, the more we use our brains to locate information, the stronger our memory pathway grows long-term.

I want to reiterate the importance of placing mental health at the forefront of people's minds. While I believe that exams can be a useful tool in determining our overall marks, they do not reflect our character and self-worth. Hard work is vital for school and learning, so why don't people prioritise hard work for their mental health? We need healthy minds to work to the best of our abilities; the two coincide. We place so much value on our achievements which can be beneficial but at the same time debilitating. Students can reach burnout at the end of the year, which can hinder their decision to decide their futures. Learning institutions should prioritise the students' ability to flourish in distinct ways and maintain their mental wellbeing in the long term.

The Journey of a Collegiate Long Service Leaver

Imogen Rogers, Year 12, 2021

What is it like being a Long Service Leaver of Collegiate? I have fifteen years of memories and experiences I will cherish forever. Collegiate has shaped and developed me into the woman I am today. Since 2007, the many experiences and memories forged at this school have shaped my beliefs, actions and behaviours, interactions and reflections of everyday life. From Friday cooking sessions in Kindergarten with Mrs McLaren to the Year 5 challenge, getting stitches on Year 9 camp, and memorable English lessons with Dr Simon, I have many memories of Collegiate.

Friends such as Mikayla Browne have been alongside me on this journey. The consolidation of friendship is just one of the many benefits afforded to us, Collegiate lifers. I commenced my Collegiate journey began in 2007, in Early Learning (ELC), as a baby-faced, innocent, platinum-blond hair, little three-year-old. It was here where I started socialising with the people who I now call my oldest friends. On my birthday in November, in Kinder, I was introduced to my cat, Wiggles, a stray kitten, discovered under a car outside my Dad's Vet Centre in Montrose. He remained alongside me through my long Collegiate journey until this year, when sadly, Wiggles passed away in June this year, at the age of twelve. I also made my acting debut as a shepherd in the Kinder Nativity Play at All Saints Church.

Prep in 2009 was with Miss Ball (now Mrs Burke). Some of the memories from that year include celebrating 100 days of Prep and finishing the iconic 'Rainbow words'. Prep was also the first time I was introduced to the Harry Potter book series, a cultural phenomenon that has had an impact on most of my generation.

Year 1 in 2010 with Miss Huxley included joining in Junior School chapel and assembly services in the



Imogen Rogers first day of Kindergarten in 2008

Alkira 'pit', joining daily fitness, every morning, led by the Year 4 leaders and travelling to Europe and the Middle East in the summer holidays, experiencing a 'White Christmas.' My Year 2 memories with Miss Smith, in 2011 include the volcanic baking soda experiment on the playground and giving Miss Smith an 'Easter egg,' full of Easter egg wrappers as a prank.

In Year 3, we moved into Alkira, where we felt pretty mature as the leaders of the Junior School. My Year 3 teacher was Ms Rogers, who planned the game 'wink murderer' every afternoon, after lessons. Mrs Brown, another Year 3 teacher, taught us some Māori stories, traditions and language, such as 'Te Ika a Maui,' about the creation of the North Island.

The shift from being a Year 4 leader of the Junior School to becoming the youngest grade in Middle School was extremely daunting. Changing campuses also brought about many new students, some of whom are now my closest friends.

Year 6, in 2015, included the Canberra trip, where I first experienced hay fever, an affliction that has plagued me since. Unfortunately, I missed my grade's first multi-day camp, at Lime Bay, to go to Mooloolaba, in the Sunshine Coast, as Dad was doing a half-ironman that week. As a family, we also had the opportunity to travel to Thailand in the Term 1 holidays, as my cousins lived in Bangkok. I also made the Cross-Country team for the first (and last) time.

Years 7 and 8 were a blur, but Year 9 remains iridescent. The four camps of 'Year 9 ASPIRE' helped me become resilient, patient, and to work well with others. The first camp, in Cockle Creek, had so many dramatic changes to the initial plan, including having to go to Hastings Caves because of the inclement weather. Then, on the last day (when we were supposed to be camping), the campsite flooded, and we had to drive to Southport and stay the night in bunk beds. The next camp was the Tarkine, which included bike riding fifty kilometres from Arthur's River to Corinna and walking up Mt Donaldson and getting lost. The third camp, mountain biking in Derby, took a significant toll on me and my confidence. Despite being one of the most experienced mountain bike riders on the camp, on the second day of the camp, with 400 metres of track, I mistook a corner, face-planting into a sharp rock and smashing my right eyebrow.

Year 10 was the last year before the pre-tertiary pain of Years 11 and 12. It was daunting, having mid- and end-of-year exams for the first time. I did a significant amount of maturing and growing up during Year 11, putting all my effort into my studies, as grades and marks were more critical, and counted for internal marks in TASC grades. I had to 'work smarter, not harder,' a quote Mr Jones told me during parent-teacher interviews in Year 9. I still try to stick to that rule and make sure that I am on track with my studies.



2018 in Tarraleah, near Lake Sinclair

By the beginning of my final year, I had my own strategies to 'beat the TASC game'. I also was able to do more subjects that I enjoyed and be taught by phenomenal teachers who were approachable, experts in their field, and nurturing. All of my subjects this year were English and Humanities based, and my experiences from Year 11 helped me navigate how I was going to study for my subjects for this year.

Coming back to the question: 'What is it like being a long service leaver of Collegiate?' I can honestly say that having one education organisation throughout my school life has shaped me into a unique individual. My teachers' experiences, advice, and nurture have helped me express myself. My friends, whom I have met through school, have helped me develop what and who I like to associate myself with and whom I will like to associate myself with in the future. To create a welcoming and safe environment where I can (somewhat) freely rant about sport and pop culture without fear of censure.

Being in one educational organisation for my entire schooling life means that I am so much more connected to this school than some of my peers, who have not been at this school for as long as I have. I am so much more nostalgic, leaving this school, which has been a part of my life for fifteen years, the constant, consistent part of my life, which I now have to say goodbye to.

I will always have Collegiate in my heart. It is where I have done the most growing up and maturing (especially in the last few years). Collegiate is the first path I have taken, and now I must continue on my path by myself, which has already been shaped and designed by the influences of this school. I will always cherish the experiences I have had at school, with the incredible group of young people I have shared my schooling path with over the years.

This PBL Thing!

Todd Blackhall, Director of Experiential Learning

Project-based learning is not as new as it might think.

Traditionally, schools and students relied on rote memorisation for learning, and often, the teacher's role was as 'a sage on the stage' who imparted valuable information. Students were considered vessels to absorb information and knowledge and reproduce it verbatim to demonstrate their understanding. But this traditional view of learning was never exclusively endorsed by all. Confucius in China and Aristotle in Greece were just two thinkers who believed that students learn best by doing. That might explain why the mythical figure of Hercules had to perform his famous Labours so he could learn from the act of doing. Another ancient Greek, Socrates, went a step further and insisted that the best type of learning is carried out through questioning, inquiry, and critical thinking.

In the twentieth century, American philosopher John Dewey supported such a way of thinking. He asserted that by doing, one learns best and that "education is life itself." Likewise, Italian childhood expert Maria Montessori supports Dewey's assertions. Her unique type of education believes that children thrive in active learning environments, learn to solve problems, cooperate with others, and grow up as responsible and adaptive members of society.

Helping define our understanding of Experiential Learning, we continue to develop programs that encompass adventurous learning outdoors, meaningful service learning, project-based learning, and environmental education to support personal fulfilment.

PBL, or project-based learning, has prospered in the last fifty years ago and has been adopted as an effective teaching strategy in diverse fields such as medicine, engineering, and economics. But experts remind people that for problem-based learning to succeed, it needs to be organised and supported. It reiterates active, student-directed learning, providing students with an opportunity to learn what they need to know.

Using PBL, students are tasked with solving problems that sometimes they pose themselves or participating in simulations that echo scenarios they might encounter in their future working lives. For PBL to be successful, the projects undertaken by students must have relevance in their life.

The three methodologies first identified by Socrates, questioning, inquiry, and critical thinking, are all strategies that remain very relevant in today's PBL classrooms. Our current Collegiate Strategic Plan synthesises learning and pastoral care with experiential learning. Helping define our understanding of Experiential Learning, we continue to develop programs that encompass adventurous learning outdoors, meaningful service learning, project-based learning, and environmental education to support personal fulfilment.

Project-based learning is as much about the process of learning as it is about the product. Students are challenged to learn more about their own learning strengths, qualities, and skills as they manage time and space to pursue a response to a problem, or undertake a passion project. Projects must be open-ended and are more effective when students consider various solutions and can defend their answers.

Starting in Year 5 as 'Freedom to Learn' and culminating with the 'Fusion' elective in Year 10, PBL allows students to choose and/or develop 'driving questions', mould the learning journey, oversee the presentation methods and even contribute towards the assessment. In addition, students have suggested PBL has been a way to encourage projects of their own, develop negotiation and collaboration skills, and connect more with real interests and problems.

Responses to some thought-provoking 'driving questions' have produced some great pieces of work. Of note is one student's individual work on designing a floor plan for a restaurant that takes into account a range of mental health requirements. This included developing a menu and researching lighting and



Tomato produce at the Junior School

music for each zone, suitable for various patrons. Another project was a business partnership that evolved from a shared interest in making jewellery from salvaged cutlery. This group developed a business plan, designed a logo and produced some prototype pieces for display. A social enterprise element was embedded into their marketing plan as a percentage of sales would go to selected organisations advocating for climate change awareness. A third project was based on a passion for drawing. This student developed a picture book for Junior School students and was able to present it to our Junior School Library.

The learning outcomes of our PBL classes at Collegiate are drawn from the general capabilities of the Australian Curriculum. These include developing inquiry and research skills and promoting critical thinking to generate ideas and seek solutions. The following 'driving questions' have been some of the pursuits of students in the past year.

- How can I make learning fun from a young age by developing a picture book?
- How is our world evolving around zero climate emissions and developing electric car infrastructure?
- How can learning Auslan contribute to celebrating school diversity?
- How can we capture school culture through film?
- Why do so many people enjoy mystery stories?
- How can indoor plants contribute to a healthy learning environment?



PBL trainer Nicole Dyson

Our PBL delivery has been enhanced by a recent series of coaching and professional learning with Nicole Dyson of *Future Anything* – a company that provides fully resourced and curriculum aligned programs that support educators to deliver engaging learning that links to life. Nicole has delivered a series of one-hour sessions to provide a launchpad and momentum for the year ahead. Twelve staff teaching a PBL class or unit have worked with Nicole to enhance their PBL skill set and develop a common language and approaches to managing students undertaking a broad range of student-led inquiries.

Outdoor Learning

Last year a team got together to determine a way forward for revitalising the Junior School Garden. Our vision is to develop a rich outdoor learning space where both visitors and plants can thrive. To promote a connection with nature and learning outdoors. To produce food for students to use in cooking, and studies of nutrition and the life cycle. To provide an outdoor learning space for students to be curious, to sit, observe, write and draw. To enhance a sense of community as many stakeholders work together to get the most out of this initiative.

The garden has become a key focus for various Experiential Learning teams. Posed as a problem to the 9/10 Fusion PBL elective students, they have developed some outdoor furniture and brightened the space with a pastel pallet, new sign and welcoming entrance.

Meanwhile, students in Years 1 and Year 2 have had the opportunity to harvest the crops planted last year. Over the course of this term, students have collected tomatoes as well as zucchini, pumpkin and apples. Soon, we will be ready to move from harvest to cooking sessions.

The ideas for this rich outdoor learning space are endless and we look forward to more groups getting involved in using the space.

Environmental Education

Year level programs including the Year 8 and 9 ASPIRE programs incorporate environmental awareness and service elements. To date students have explored tree ecology, measured and made forest observations, discussed waste management, transport infrastructure, invasive species and developed action plans to assist with decreasing our impact on our personal and shared places.

This element is especially important as we help students shape solutions and awareness to problems that are current and topical in society. These experiences have occurred offsite in locations where learning is hands on and often led by community experts and organisations.



Experiential Learning

Marine Environments

Michaela Guest, Teacher of Experiential Learning



The Year 9/10 Marine Environment subject is an immersive elective where learners study the ecology and human impacts on marine environments in more depth than is explored in younger years. Science, Indigenous and Art perspectives enable learners to observe, connect and care for the marine environment through a wide range of experiences.

Field-based learning is key to this elective with a marine camp, and visits to a diverse range of marine habitats including beach, bay, reef, and saltmarsh. Industry representatives from UTAS, IMAS, CSIRO and Amnesty International will support student learning through site visits, presentations and activities, and demonstrate how UN global goals 'life below the water', 'climate action' and 'industry, innovation and infrastructure' are being met.

Learners also develop skills in activities such as species surveying and identification, snorkelling, stand up paddle boarding, free-diving, and surfing. The course continues a marine thread that links with, 9 ASPIRE and 10 Connect expedition trips (e.g. SCUBA), experiential learning programs in Years 10 to 12 and senior courses such as Biology, Environmental Science, Outdoor Leadership, Geography (TASC) and Maritime Studies (VET). The course covers a broader range of areas compared to Year 8 Marine Encounters and see students develop a deeper understanding through field-based and project work.

As part of this focus, students spent the day with Rodney Dillon at Murrayfield Station on Bruny Island. Rodney Dillon is a Palawa elder from Tasmania and the Indigenous Rights Advisor for Amnesty International Australia, member of the Stolen Generations Alliance: Australians for Truth, Justice and Healing, and a former Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commissioner (ATSIC) for Tasmania. Murrayfield Station is an iconic Tasmanian farming property operated by the Indigenous Land and Sea Corporation (ILSC) and is now operating as an ongoing sheep farm managed by the weetapoono Aboriginal Corporation. We were very privileged to have Rodney share his history as a Palawa man, hopes for a shared future together and knowledge of sea country on Bruny. It was a beautiful day listening, talking, snorkelling, and exploring sites important to indigenous understanding and use of the sea. Our heartfelt gratitude is extended to Rodney Dillon for his generosity, humour and patience as he shared his story through the day.

Celebrations, Commemorations

Celebrations



Her Excellency the Honourable Barbara Baker AC (1975) has been appointed as the new Tasmania Governor in 2021, the 29th Governor of our State. Her Excellency is an Australian barrister and former judge. She is the second Collegiate alumni to hold this venerated position. Her Excellency graduated from the University of Tasmania with a combined Arts/Law degree in 1980. She was admitted to the Supreme Court of Tasmania in 1983. After working as a Solicitor at Simmons Wolfhagen and then as a Legal Officer at the Office of

the Solicitor General of Tasmania, she joined the law firm of Murdoch Clarke, becoming the first female partner in 1993. On 14 June 2021 Her Excellency was appointed a Companion of the Order of Australia (AC) for her eminent service to the people of Tasmania through leading contributions to the law, to the judiciary and to the administration of justice, particularly in the area of family law, to professional legal organisations, and as a mentor and role model for young women. Her Excellency retired as a judge of the Federal Circuit Court of Australia on 31 January 2021 after becoming the first Tasmanian woman to be appointed as a Federal Magistrate in 2008.



Ms Alison Watkins, AM (Gill, 1959) has been appointed as the new Chancellor of the University of Tasmania, a position she will hold until December 2025. A Collegiate alumna, Alison grew up on a farm in regional Tasmania and studied at the University of Tasmania. She is an experienced CEO and non-executive director. Alison's previous roles include Group Managing Director of Coca-Cola Amatil, Chief Executive Officer of GrainCorp Limited and Berri Limited, and Managing Director of Regional Banking at ANZ. Alison spent 10 years at McKinsey & Company from 1989-1999 and became a partner of the firm in 1996.

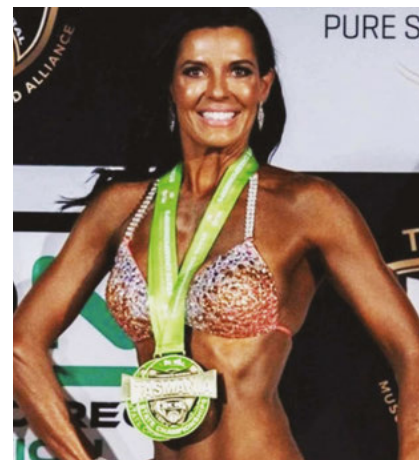
Madeleine McGregor (2015) was awarded the 2022 Rhodes Scholarship for Tasmania. Maddy was a student at Collegiate from 2007-2015, and Academic Prefect, Oratory and Cross Country Captain in Year 12. Since then, Maddy has studied Law (Hons.) and Economics at the ANU, supported by the Tuckwell Scholarship. Maddy has worked with the Aboriginal Legal Service in the East Kimberley, audited the Universal Periodic Review at the Human Rights Council in Geneva, and co-founded two women's rights organisations. She will study the Bachelor of Civil Laws and a Master of Philosophy (Law), with a focus on international and comparative human rights. She plans to work as a human rights lawyer, with a focus on human movement lawyering and strengthening human rights structures in Australia, particularly in relation to our First Nations people.



Nell Bradshaw (2020), is a finalist in the Henry Jones Art Prize for her painting 'Abundance of Apples' (oil on canvas).



Kathryn Doyle (Wiggins, 1994) has entered four divisions in the ICN National Bodybuilding and bikini modelling competitions and won all four.



We remember the following members of our Collegiate Community who have sadly passed away

Jennifer Aston (Ellis, 1962)

Passed away 18 January 2022

Darrell Fisher, former Collegiate Board Member.

Passed away in December, aged 81.

He served on Board from 1 June 1988 to 31 May 1992

Susan Cameron (Pitt, 1961)

Passed away aged 77

Linda Kelly (Pennington-Smith, 1977)

Passed away peacefully on 10 May 2021

Rita Whitehouse (Trappes, 1961)

Passed peacefully at home, aged 78

June Laing (Birtwistle, 1949)

Passed peacefully at Freemasons House, aged 89

Frances Harbutt (Verrell, 1940)

Passed peacefully at Freemasons House, aged 98

and School Events

Discovery Day 2022

On Saturday 2 April Collegiate hosted its inaugural Discovery Day in the Innovative Futures Lab (the IF Lab) on the Senior School campus. It provided visitors with opportunities to view facilities, interact with technology and participate in workshops. A conversation with Isabella Serban, a Year 8 boarder, revealed that Izzy's favourite activities were the scientific experiments and the picture frame making. "I really enjoyed watching the scientific experiments," she stated. "They were interesting and engaging, and the other children watching were captivated with the series of colours and shapes." Visitors were impressed with how we created extraordinary learning experiences that ignite curiosity, upend perceptions, inspire investigations, and promote collaboration. The science experiments included 'making the genie come out of the bottle', an experiment which involved mixing reacting chemicals together to create a smoke like gas, Elephant's Toothpaste, coloured flame and a bottle toss competition. Visitors, in particular children, had the chance to let their curiosity roam free through exhibits and activities across all three levels of the IF Lab. Other Discovery Day activities included digital fabrication, scientific demonstrations, and tinkering activities. Miss Han was a prominent organiser and volunteer both before and throughout the day. "When you love something, you just want to share how amazing it is with other people. This is how I feel about Collegiate, and today was an opportunity for me to share all the great parts of Collegiate. I love this school so much, so today was an amazing experience for me!"

Ruby Sparshott, Year 9, 2022

Clean Up Australia Day

On Sunday 6 March, Clean Up Australia Day, nearly 30 Collegiate students joined this nationwide initiative. The Collegiate team chose the Rivulet Track in South Hobart as their clean up area. Apart from the act of giving to the community, it has been a valuable learning experience for many of them through discussions around what is recyclable rubbish and the negative impact of the rubbish on our environment.

2022 SSATIS Swimming Carnival

On Tuesday 1 March, the senior Collegiate Swimming Team competed at the 2022 SSATIS Swimming Carnival. The team consisted of swimmers from Years 7 to 12, competing in a range of events. We had several outstanding performances, as well as everyone just giving it their very best, with a very enthusiastic cheer squad on the sidelines. Beatrix Bayley was asked to join the team on the day of the competition for the U16 team to fill a relay team. We would like to thank her for her efforts. Another outstanding member of the team was Lacy Kamprad, breaking the 50 Breaststroke record in a time of 36.11 seconds, which had stood for 21 years. The results were outstanding.

The 2021/22 Rowing Season

This year's rowing season ended with 3 very successful regattas attended by Collegiate Rowers: The All Schools State Championships, Head of the River and Nationals. Some highlights are included below.

All Schools State Championships: Championship and an Aggregate Shield. Overall Girls Aggregate Shield. Open Eight: Bow: Rose Curry, Rosie Forsyth, Lucy Stubbs, Maggie West, Elise Bird, Kira Chernov, Aida McCoid, Heather Curry, Cox: Claudia Johnston

Head of the River. Shields were presented to the following crews: Under 16 Eight (Charlotte Elrick, Olivia Bridgeman, Erin Kingston, Alice Dalton, Georgina Witt, Ava Parsons, Mia Healy, Chloe Leicester, and Charlie Upston), Open Eight (Rose Curry, Rosie Forsyth, Lucy Stubbs, Maggie West, Elise Bird, Kira Chernov, Aida McCoid, Heather Curry, and Claudia Johnston), and the Junior Aggregate Shield

Nationals – Bronze Under 19 Coxless Four: Bow: Elise Bird, Rosie Forsyth, Aida McCoid and Heather Curry.

Courtney Blyth, Rowing Coordinator



Discovery Day scientific demonstration



Clean Up Australia Day



The Collegiate Swimming Team



Collegiate Rowing 2022

Location, location, location

Lilliana Lickiss and Nina Schultz, Year 12, 2021

There are many things that define and make up a Collegiate student whether that be subjects, friendships, or hairstyles. But there is one thing that physically defines Collegiate; that being its location. 218 Macquarie St signifies the address of our school, a 130-year-old institution. The many years that have gone into the development of this school have contributed to the current atmosphere that we Year 12 students experience, defined by our own unique tone at Collegiate. The geographic location of Collegiate on the outskirts of the Hobart CBD has made our school a frequent accommodator of heavy traffic, noisy cars, and hyperactive children ready to go swimming. While these may sound like cons, they contribute to the identity that defines Collegiate. Reaching our final year of education, we have become well versed in navigating busy streets and finding prime locations in town.

Whilst we have many years of experience, we share commonalities with the younger grades as well, whether that be drop-off, pick-up or waiting at the traffic lights, the battle between time and attendance. Thanks to this school, we have gained Courage, Integrity, and Compassion, as well as a profound appreciation for our location.

Throughout the duration of our education, we have developed numerous skills, many of which are attributed to the location of Collegiate. Much like the City of Kadesh, from the Battle of Kadesh 1274 BCE, Collegiate is a strategic location, surrounded by a man-made mote, the heavy current and sway of the tide determined by peak hour traffic. While an ally on the behalf of transport, these streets surrounding Collegiate which comprise of, Macquarie, Molle, Davey, and Barrack St, is one of the greatest adversaries of a Collegiate student. The school battle plan, known by all students, involves the essential rules for all students crossing between Senior and Middle School, to cross the lights at the intersection of Macquarie and Molle Street. This is a secret operation known to the inhabitants of this school, traffic lights which last an exceptionally long time to handle the wave of students that may burst forth at any point in the day. While there is ample time to cross, once the red stop light begins to flash, a student must resign themselves to the arduous wait. This lengthy wait has contributed to our virtue of patience, an essential skill in life, which has made us set for life. We have experienced distinctive character growth throughout the course of our education. From a young Middle Schooler terrified of the daunting flow of cars, to a Year 12, a master at the art of evasion and successful road crossing. The courage we have gained allows us to confidently walk out of the School and make a safe passage home, a point of great pride for many students.

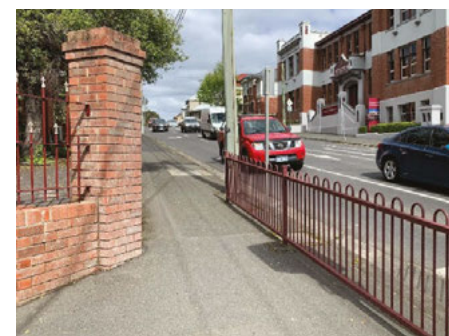
Despite the numerous abilities we have gained throughout the years, there is a joint struggle experienced throughout the community which the public and students face on a daily basis; the perils of naming the four streets which surround the School. You might think that attending the School for several years, passing through this area on a daily basis would result in a complete trivia level knowledge of the surroundings of the School, but that's where you're wrong. The frequent disappointment that lingers in the ear of a student, once their phone call with their parents ends after they ask "wait, which street is that again?" is a familiar phrase known to many.



Speaking of cars, the time sensitive operation that students must complete each day vacating the car, is a familiar and terrifying experience. Navigating the peak hour traffic, morning and afternoon, has made us efficient in preparation for the day which faces us. The speedy eviction from the car, or other modes of transport, has assisted us in time management and punctuality. This skill has prepared us to join society when it comes to organisation and readiness for new situations and swift thinking, an essential talent in the life of a Year 12 student. However, we have also learned through this the important value of patience. Unique to us as rural students we have become well-conditioned to bide our time in wait on the long ride to school, due to our rural living arrangements. This impacts us, as while other students do not experience this arduous journey each day, we believe it is still a defining feature that has contributed to our connection to the School despite our physical separation, this long-distance relationship that we make work 5 days a week. Due to this long trip, we are exposed to the many wonders that encompass the flora and fauna of Tasmania.

Despite our own distance from the School, we find that the geographic location of St Michael's Collegiate is a benefit to the environment due to its close proximity to surrounding infrastructure. Neighbouring bus stops allow students a safe way home, security in their mode of transport, as well as reducing the carbon emissions that would otherwise be produced from individual cars transporting students. The close location of our school to the central business district of Hobart is an excellent feature of this school. It builds community amongst students when leaving a hard day's work to go and get a treat with their friends or just go for a stroll and do some window shopping. The nature of a Collegiate girl is defined by the need to walk places. We as a collective assist our health and mobility from a range of features, whether that be the numerous sets of stairs at school or walking down to St David's Cathedral to appreciate the sheer existence of our school. The location is an essential feature of this enjoyment where students are united in their school colours, red and white with pride we wear. Though many know us for the maroon, navy and white much like that of toothpaste, as we keep the environment around us clean.

To an impartial observer this location might be nothing more than a benefit, a school which accommodates a bunch of children. However to us soon to be graduates the location is something that will remain with us as we drive through the city of Hobart lingering memories of the best routes to take to avoid foot traffic, friendships made in crossing the street before the light turned red and the sight of younger generations readying themselves to face the swift exit from their car as they themselves become the next masters of handling the location Collegiate resides with Compassion, Integrity and Courage.



Using Preferred Pronouns to Respect Nonbinary Gender Identity

Ash Polzin (2016) and members of the Press Gang

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less." Lewis Carroll 1871

Collegiate in 2022 proudly provides a happy, safe, and nurturing learning environment that respects and values tradition but also inclusivity. Research indicates that students learn best when they feel that their school supports and values them and that, furthermore, this positive school experience promotes their lifelong learning goals. We would like to believe that our three core values of Integrity, Compassion and Courage are at the heart of all aspects of school life. Accordingly, Collegiate is and will continue to be free from any conduct and behaviours, such as violence, discrimination, harassment, and vilification, that impede learning and impact anyone's wellbeing.

Some people find it irritating to accept that language inevitably changes because of cultural shifts. Consider the kerfuffle early in 2022 with rapid antigen tests, when a couple of years ago, any talks of RATS would be enough to call for a pest exterminator. Dr Simon still has conniptions when people use 'personal best' as a verb, but he has begrudgingly admitted defeat because language is organic.

The Department of NSW states succinctly that "most people express the gender corresponding to their biological sex. However, some people have gender identity or expression different from that traditionally associated with assigned sex at birth." This article is about using pronouns to respect nonbinary gender identity.

The English language has traditionally operated on a binary system with personal pronouns when referring to individual people: we have masculine pronouns (he, him, and his) and feminine pronouns (she, her, and hers) that indicate the gender of a person to whom we are referring. Other languages, such as Greek, have an additional gender, neuter. These are gender pronouns. Mr Mackey observes that "in French and Hebrew, the default pronoun is always the masculine form. But things do change, and last year, a student informed me about the increased use of the non-binary French form, iel."

Since we cannot know a person's gender identity simply by looking at them, to assume someone's pronouns when replacing their name in any form of communication can be disrespectful and hurtful. Accordingly, it is now considered acceptable to use the plural pronouns (they, them, and their) to refer to singular persons (such as a doctor, a student, a waiter etc.) when we do not know their gender or when their gender is non-binary (some people prefer the term 'agender.' This usage of 'they' ensures inclusivity in communication because it avoids making assumptions about a person's gender. 'They' as a singular, non-binary pronoun was named the 'Word of the Year' in 2015 in Australia, and in 2020, The American Dialect Society voted the personal pronoun 'they' as the word of the decade.

Since the 1300s, English speakers have created over two hundred gender-neutral third-person pronouns to escape the binary pronouns he/she. In the 1800s, the first neopronoun to be

added to the dictionary thon/thonself (believed to be a contraction of that-one) was added to the dictionary, where it remained for several decades, only being removed later due to a lack of use.

Gender-neutral pronouns as an escape from the gender binary of man and woman have been something that people have been trying to achieve for hundreds of years, so it only seems natural that as language evolves and society progresses, we do too. We can change the language to better fit the people it represents. Gender is a social construct, and so are the words we use to describe it. Over 100 discriminatory laws have been introduced in the United States this year alone. The most recent one introduced in Australia forbids transgender people to play a selected range of sports. Laws like this cause anger and hurt to transgender people, leading to outrage and protests.

Pronouns are part of gender expression and not gender identity, and that gender expression and gender identity are two separate parts of a person's identity. In short, pronouns do not equal gender. Another Press Gang member contests, "gender is a social construct. There are certain ways that each gender must dress and act to be socially acceptable. Recently, there has been more space for people to experiment with their gender identity and pronouns, which is a great thing. If you feel more comfortable with one (or more) set of pronouns than another, then I don't see why you shouldn't be able to use them."



Fellow Year 11 student, Eleanor Stevenson, writes that many people, IRL (in real life) and online, use either a gender-neutral set of pronouns such as it, they, ze, xem, one or use multiple pronouns sets: he, she/they/he, xe/vis/him/her). Some pronouns such as she/her are feminine, some pronouns are masculine he/him, and many pronouns are gender-neutral: they/per/ey/nem/aer. Despite their connections to masculinity, femininity and androgyny pronouns are not exclusive to a specific gender.

We asked students and staff what they think about using gender-neutral pronouns as part of this article. Many posited that it can be challenging for people to adapt to new names and pronouns. Still, such change is relatively common in a school environment. For example, one student pointed out that teachers get married and divorced all the time, and we manage to change their title and name - and what's a title if not a pronoun? Indeed, many of our alumni have changed their given names, surnames, and/or preferred pronouns since they were enrolled at the School. A year 10 student notes, "if teachers could do a better job at respecting pronouns. Every day I'm misgendered, and it's awkward having to correct a teacher."

Adrian Zeckendorf of Year 11 writes, "I think it's just the respectful thing to do. Suppose somebody has said that something makes them uncomfortable. In that case, it's your duty as somebody who respects them to modify your behaviour to make them more comfortable. I understand there will be an adjustment period where you may mess up a couple of times, but as long as you're making an effort, that's what matters."

Another Collegiate Press Gang member adds, "she/her never fitted me, especially the way 'she' was used to refer to me. It was only around three years ago when I discovered that you can actually change your pronouns, gender and name. For about two years after that, I was too scared to come out and say, 'hey, I don't like my name, can I change it? Also, I don't like she/her; what about they/them or he/him?'"

Ash Polzin (2016) has an interesting perspective about promoting one's personal and preferred pronouns. "Inviting everyone to share their pronouns can put people in really uncomfortable situations. Especially in the school environment, there could be issues with calling home, particularly for people who aren't cis but aren't out for whatever reason or don't know what pronouns they want. Also, sharing their pronouns can place them in the painful situation of having to deadname and misgender themselves - much worse than just not sharing in the first place!"

We also asked our interviewees if they have friends or relatives who wish to use non-binary pronouns and what can we all do to support them. One responder confessed that their family is openly against trans and queer people, so pleading with them to respect the use of non-binary pronouns remains a challenge. Another responder stated, "Friends were easier, but my family still doesn't totally respect my identity, which is really hard, but I don't have any other choices, so I make do."

Ash Polzin echoes this sentiment and recalls, "home was extremely awful, although my parents have come around since then and now use my name and pronouns. So when I started socially transitioning, I was grateful that my friends and some teachers at school started calling me Ash. However, they were required to do this, almost surreptitiously."

Another student writes, "I think I was about twelve when I first started to feel that the pronouns, she/her did not conform to how I felt about my identity. At first, I went with she/they, then changed a couple more times before I settled on he/they."

Respect isn't just about referring to them as their gender; it is about fully believing, understanding, and seeing them.

Eleanor Stevenson of Year 11 advises, "asking for someone's pronouns can be a great way to respect them without resulting in an accidental misgendering. Before confirming the pronouns of someone, I will often use they/them for them. If someone I know changes their pronouns, I will practise referring to them with those pronouns either in conversation with others or by talking about them to myself to get used to them. Language is often subconscious, so when you have been referring to someone as something for a long time, it can be difficult to swap; however, practice can make it much easier, and I am now at a point where I can switch the pronouns and name, I refer to others by very quickly when I am made aware of the change. If ever I mess up someone's name or pronouns (which can happen, especially if the change is recent), I will simply catch myself; correct quickly and move on. There is no use in issuing a grand apology or making it all about you "it's just so hard to change the pronouns I use for you" - (what not to say). It isn't about me; it's about making the other feel respected."

Respecting someone's gender is more than just using their pronouns. It involves understanding/respecting/and seeing them as their gender. It's all well and good to see a nonbinary individual and call them they/them. But, if you aren't going to take the time to learn to see them as nonbinary and remove all previous preconceived notions of gender, then you can't ever fully support them. Respect isn't just about referring to them as their gender; it is about fully believing, understanding, and seeing them. When interviewed for this article, Dr Simon indicated, "I welcome and rejoice in any student expressing and feeling comfortable in their identity. Inclusivity, compassion and ensuring that students feel safe at school are vital to me, so I see this as another pathway in which we can ensure that Collegiate students are happy."

We also asked interviewees what the School can do to improve the school life of students who identify as non-binary, queer, male or trans. Foremost in the responders' minds was the need for all students to feel safe, supported, and nurtured. Many mentioned that it was daunting to navigate the different gendered facilities and activities at school.



For example, wearing a gendered school uniform, using gendered bathrooms, going on school camps and participating in school sports teams. Some students suggested changing Male/Female toilets to Hutchins students/Collegiate students but including things like sanitary pads/tampons in both bathrooms. Other suggestions included changerooms and bathrooms people can access. Ash Polzin affirms, "I used the disabled toilets reserved for the Hutchins boys and teachers in the Emily building. That made me feel better." Ash proposes having male student toilets (or all-gender bathrooms) would be a good move for Collegiate because the School can now embrace a new ethos of inclusivity. Ash also writes that he "did use the men's in the PAC though, especially after school doing theatre tech stuff when there were fewer people around... just little things that made it more bearable."

Referring to students with gender-neutral language (not boys or girls but students) was another common suggestion. Many have commented that changes needed to be enacted under the Cooperating School program at both schools. One proposal was 'removing Mr/Ms from both the Hutchins/Collegiate school sites. Also mentioned was the possibility for pronouns to be added to myCollegiate, with an option to not have them for students that are either not out or don't want to be outed to parents/friends. In addition, age-appropriate education on queer identities needs to be taught in Health classes by teachers/students who have been educated themselves. To support this proposal, our interviewees commented that many trans people realise that they aren't their birth gender or find a disconnect with their birth gender as young as four. Some trans students would also like to see themselves represented across the curriculum, not just in the sexuality education class and English but also in Health, politics, and Religious Education. This is especially concerning when young people are in school contexts in which they are invisibilised or outright hostile and transphobic. One responder also observed, "Teachers can feel incredibly sidelined if they don't toe the line regarding cisgender norms and heteronormativity." The Human Rights Law Centre writes that "research does suggest that LGBTQI+ students and staff experience higher rates of discrimination in religious schools."



Ash Polzin writes that navigating a trans identity at the Senior School between 2014 and 2016 was not a bed of roses but having supportive teachers was really helpful. “When quizzed by a school executive about why I was always in sports uniform, I blurted out, ‘uhhh, I’m trans! The skirt makes me dysphoric’. She was just totally fine with that, and it never came up again.” Ash also adds that knowing that other kids at school were queer or trans or non-normative helped “because I was convinced, I was the only one for most of the time I was there.”

Many students and staff interviewed stated that it was challenging to adapt to people changing their pronouns or their gender identity. This first stems from a lack of discussion and education on pronouns or gender identities because it is something that is not systematically or sensitively taught either at school or at home. This is what needs to change. Eleanor Stevenson adds, “the difficulty is often a result of being ignorant and not because someone changing their name/pronouns was actually hard to adapt to. Referring to someone by their pronouns/name becomes a lot easier when you start to see them as their gender, and not think of them as what you thought they were.” Mrs Thomas records, “I am happy to use whatever pronoun people feel they identify with. It is easy to adapt to use pronouns one-on-one with people, but sometimes you forget when addressing a large group of people.”

Similarly, Mrs Johnson comments, “Gender-neutral pronouns are a great step towards greater inclusivity and respect for everyone. I’m glad that there’s growing awareness regarding pronouns, and it is becoming part of our everyday culture. Adapting to people changing their pronouns is a bit difficult, but like with most things, the more you do it, the easier it gets.”

A senior student writes, “My family took forever to get used to them, and they still get it wrong every now and then, after a year. So, when they call me she/her, it makes me feel kind of weird. Like it doesn’t feel like me.” Another student echoes this view: “my grandparents never use the correct pronouns and name for me. My dad remembers my name but never my pronouns. It makes me frustrated because they know I don’t like she/her and my deadname, so I get confused about why they still use it when referring to me. When I came out to my grandparents, they said to my face”, ‘No, we won’t call you that name; we don’t like it. And those pronouns aren’t good for you. You are a girl; act like it.’ Their opposition makes me confused and angry because I still love them.”

Ms Longbottom observes that changing pronouns is not a big deal claiming necessarily, rather it is “just another bit of information we discover in the journey of getting to know a person. However, many people are adapting to pronouns being something that is not assumed. Cognitively, this can present a shift in the way of thinking, and change is always hard! Part of it is being kind and patient with ourselves and each other. Getting to know others has always involved a bit of awkward navigation, and, with love in our hearts, we will figure it out.” Mrs Scott observes, “I think it is vital to use pronouns that people are comfortable with – and I’m delighted to use any that makes a person feel good about themselves. It can get tricky in whole groups, where I make the most mistakes! It is not difficult to adapt to people changing their pronouns; it takes a little time.” Indeed, the more educated one is on queer identities, the easier it is for them to understand trans/nonbinary individuals and the more straightforward it becomes to see them for them and refer to them as such. All students and staff interviewed affirm there has definitely been progress at the School in respecting students’ preferred pronouns. A click of the button on Synergetic (the School’s database) can now inform teachers of the preferred pronouns of individual students. A student currently in Year 11 recalls, “in Year 7, we requested that a pride flag be hung up for Pride month and were told ‘no’ because ‘we don’t want to make that kind of statement’. “Three years later, there has been a massive improvement in respecting trans identities, from removing the title Mr/Ms from the Collegiate page to teachers wearing pronoun pins and making a conscious effort to respect the trans and gender diverse students.

Another Collegiate student observes “it is nice to have a uniform option that isn’t a skirt/dress. The School

also has a very supportive staff, and it’s nice to know that we can talk to them whenever we need to. Of course, it will always be challenging, with Collegiate being an all-girl school. Still, it’s definitely feeling as if it’s getting better.”

A senior student concurs, “definitely, much progress has been achieved in the last couple of years. When I was Adlatum in Year 7, the School’s attitude to the LGBTQI+ community differed. It’s a lot better now, and I think it’s really great that I can have my preferred name without changing it legally. This makes school life a lot easier.

Another student writes, “the feeling when someone misgenders you is tough to describe; for me, it just hurts. It feels like a lack of respect, that they can’t put in the basic effort to make me comfortable, and that they don’t respect me or my identity. My family rarely uses my name and never uses my pronouns, which hurts a lot.”

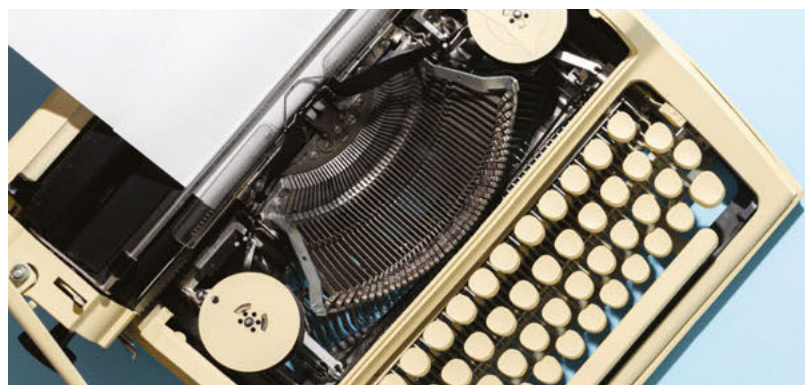
Ms Longbottom adds, “I’m proud to be a part of a school community that is open to change and puts its values upfront. However, that doesn’t mean that we have finished our inclusion journey. As a cis gendered person, my perspective on this is to listen to the experience of others who are navigating our school from an LGBTQI+ perspective and finding out what I can do to support them.”

Most cis people accept trans people no matter their gender, pronoun choice, religion, background and what they’ve done in the past. Singers often dedicate songs to the trans community and wave the progress flag at their concerts. A few singers who have done this include Ariana Grande, Lady Gaga and Harry Styles. This shows their support for the community and makes trans people feel valid.

When people support trans people and respect pronouns, it gets the Earth closer to a trans-safe world. As more people show their support, transgender people are becoming braver and more determined to fight for their rights as humans.

Editor’s Note: Since completing his tertiary education in Queensland, Ash Polzin has become a consultant, specialising in LGBTQI+ sensitivity training and looks forward to returning to Collegiate and speaking to the staff and senior students. The names of Year 8-10 students interviewed have been omitted as a way of respectfully protecting their identity and that of family members.





Reflective Life Writing

According to Oscar Wilde, 'memory is the diary we all carry about with us', so as another way of celebrating our 130 years, we decided to publish some beautiful reflective pieces containing precious memories, written by current students and Collegiate alumni. Please enjoy them.

Figs

I'd watch my father trail the gravel road to the South Arm shack in late January. The sea winds would run their fingers through his dark peppered hair, a backdrop of blue ocean, and, slung over his shoulder like a Santa's sack, would be a tote bag bulging with figs.

Picked from the tree a little way from our mint-green weatherboard building, the figs were fresh, sun-warmed, and lightly crusted with salt. On this trip, Betty, my friend and companion, eyed their teardrop shapes with mild curiosity. Like folklore, the fig was something she'd heard of but never tasted. After learning this, one from the overflowing collection, ripe and swollen with purple, was sliced in half and offered. The wine-red wound revealed itself, rimmed with pale green pith, packed in with soft, fleshy texture. Brain-like. Alien-like. She nibbled tentatively on the edge of her half, scared by its seed-studded starscape, its cosmic quality. My teeth punctured into it. The fig's floral sweetness filled my jaw. The exploding consistency swished along my gums, the roof of my mouth, as inquisitive with my tastebuds as I was with its flesh. Rich and syrupy and likened to the taste of honey. Although Betty was indifferent to the fruit, I was entranced by my first fig of the season. It awakened the perennial craving for their warm, dark taste. There, in that cosy little shack, with thin green tendrils trailing from the bitten chunk of my fig, I could understand why Eve succumbed to the Forbidden Fruit in the Garden of Eden, shamefully covering her bare skin in fig leaves. I could appreciate the

enlightenment Siddhartha Gautama reached underneath the fig tree's sacred branches, why wasps readily sacrifice themselves for this fruit. Even now, as the weather has aged and moved on, my mouth craves its taste – still salivates at the thought.

The next day, Dad returned in the same fashion. A brand-new batch of figs, swinging from the bag emblazoned with 'Vote Tony Out'. How peculiar that politics and figs could coexist like this in the same universe. We were drowning in overabundance, in the superfluity of these figs. Our fruit bowl mounded with their sleek, smooth skin, spilling across the table like street cats in Abu Dhabi. A reoccurring joke began a broken record. "What's for lunch?" "Figs!" And there was truth in this humour - the fruit crept into every meal. Sliced with muesli and yoghurt for breakfast, paired with crackers and soft cheese for lunch, cubed and nestled amongst lettuce leaves for dinner. The celestial texture became human and familiar. We pushed past the 2-3 daily recommendations for fear of them spoiling and overripening in the summer heat. Such lush flesh wasted once old and wrinkled and sagging with age. When Betty packed her sleeping bag and toiletries in the boot of her car, Dad jokingly offered her a handful of figs for the road. She laughed, but within its timbre was the horror that a bag might be buckled into her back seat.

Zara Casimaty, Year 12, 2022

Just Wait for the Sea Breeze

I never understood why she was so focused on the Sea Breeze. It was something that happened every day and yet, to Mum, it was always an event to anticipate. All summer when the air was dry with heat, but we were sticky within the stuffy rooms of a too small house, relief would only come with the Sea Breeze. The doors would be thrown open and the tang of salt and eucalypt would flow through the house with the ever-reliable Sea Breeze.

A new chapter in the day.

A fresh start to the evening.

The sea has been a constant in my life. It has always been near to me, just down the road, an old friend to turn to when I needed it. On holidays it was always the central focus, a house near the beach, a picnic at the beach, a walk down the beach. As if those mysterious depths had made a claim on us that drew us to the shore like a magnet so that we would never be far from it.

Resisting this call leads to restlessness and a boiling ball of urgency settling in our stomachs. Bending to the whims of the ocean results in an overwhelming tranquil feeling that hangs on our frames as shadows.

I have spent so many hours, days, years by the sea that each time I think about that oh so familiar white capped blue teasing at a stretch of gritty sand I can tell you about a list of memories as long as I am tall. There is, however, one instance that sits in my mind as clearly as the name of my street. A beach that remains unchanged and waiting, a silent, shiftless shore and a sandcastle.

It is the sandcastle that triggers the memory of this beach for I have never seen one like it since. At a time when princesses and fairy tales were forefront in my mind, the sandcastle was the most captivating thing about that beach. It wasn't very tall, nor did it have an expansive moat that curved around the base to

capture the rising tide, or an intricate bridge that could hold the weight of a gull, but it was the grandest castle to have ever been constructed.

We were all there at that beach, my parents, my brother and my sisters. A big family holiday, a road trip from Melbourne to Noosa, the longest drive I could imagine. That beach marked the end of the route, the culmination of my parents' tireless effort to keep a family together; to appease the petulant, adolescent indifference of a sixteen-year-old and the curious, wandering mind of a four-year-old, all the while hoping that the middle two would figure themselves out. That beach created a space all our own, where we could be in the one place at the one time, lost in individual galaxies. My brother led the way, putting as much distance between himself and his annoying little sisters as he could but still hanging close to his family, in a way only the oldest can. My sisters walked ahead of me, and I watched them as they dwelt in their own thoughts, sharing small glimpses to worlds' five years apart, one holding such promise, the other guarding fond memories. I strolled behind them, holding the warm, comforting hand of my mother, absorbed in my childish musings and observations. Dad lagged behind us all, keeping a watchful eye over everyone but allowing his mind to slow after weeks of work. We were a small parade marching down the beach, each in step with a different drum and each one of us quiet in that solemn way that so often accompanies the end of a holiday. Our silence matched the beach, we were a reflection of it as much as it was a mirror image of us.

The sandcastle made for a sudden interruption to the silence of that beach. There was one man kneeling beside it, moulding the sodden, clay-like sand into walls capable of holding its own weight, of withstanding the inevitable Sea Breeze. He crafted turrets in swirling spires and arches that mimicked gothic cathedrals. It was a quiet, stately castle that could only ever be formed of sand. To attempt its recreation on any other scale would have made a mockery of its small statured

grandeur. Any crude marble carving or granite imitation could never bend to the mind of the architect so willingly.

The sandcastle stood proudly on the beach, bathed in the warm glow of tiny candles. Each window in the castle had been filled with a flickering flame, standing tall for a minute then buckling in the slightest shift of air, before quickly snapping back to a rigid pillar of heat. The light of the day faded into the deepest blue of the far-off ocean and evanescent beams of gold spilled over the sand, dancing with the waves and playing tag with the shadows. Dusk blanketed the beach in its cosy, grey embrace, engulfing that which had long since dulled to the gentlest whisper of shifting sand. The cacophony of children squealing in raucous delight, and gulls shrieking in hunger and jealousy. All lost to the lasting stillness of a weary day. Amongst this, the sandcastle shone with its dozens of candles, and I planted my feet in that sun-baked sand, captured in a mousetrap of creeping towers and curling torches.

I stood and I stared, too enraptured by the images filling my head to notice the effect of my sudden halt. Our procession had come to a standstill, as though waiting for our commander to bark out the next orders, the right direction. In that moment the commander was me, but I, the youngest and so prone to being lost in myself, paid little heed to the grumbled why have we stopped and it's just a sandcastle. That 'just' sandcastle was transforming in front of me, that 'just' sandcastle was brimming with the echoes of fairy voices and those 'just' windows held the silhouettes of the tiniest of sprites.

I lingered beside the sandcastle, waiting for a glimpse of something I knew deep down would not be there but what I so desperately hoped could be. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my brother give up on waiting, and I kept my gaze ahead but let my thoughts travel with him as he wandered down the beach, muttering about stupid sandcastles. I saw him frown out to the rolling sea, pinning his gaze to a spot in the waves that never moved but no one else could find. His shoulders heavy with

the pressures of a boy transitioning from a time of spaceships and keepings off, to planning for university applications and a life beyond the classroom walls.

As I kept one eye on the glimmering sandcastle and one on the tense form of my brother, I felt a stirring in the air around me. The Sea Breeze had come tumbling over the waves and swept across the beach as the last cloud lost its rosy hue and faded into the darkening sky. It skipped over forgotten shoes and towels and whipped through blades of spinifex, whistling a melancholy tune. The Sea Breeze tugged at my hair and dragged its soothing caress across my palm, lingering on my fingers, beckoning me to play. It urged me to follow as it travelled along the shore, sweeping loose granules of sand over the compact beach, a white film pulled over by invisible fingers.

Those same fingers tugged at my brother, sifting through his hair and resting on his shoulders. I watched him turn his face to the breeze, the deep furrows in his brow ironed out by the weight of the ocean. His rigid frame shuddered at the sudden chill of the wind before unfolding and collapsing in relief. A small smile flittered across his face and I felt my lips quirk with it. He had been waiting for it, counting on its reliable presence. Yearning for the change.

I could never understand why Mum was so focused on the Sea Breeze, why it was such a momentous event when it happened every day. But that day, when I saw my brother lift his head to feel the shifting air, I knew. The ocean has always had a pull on us, an unexplainable connection that binds us to its craggy cliffs and swirling sandy shores. For us, the Sea Breeze is more than just a reliable weather pattern, or a consistent method of escaping hot summer days.

It marks a new chapter to turn towards.

A sign of a fresh start to a tired story.

Heidi Blake, Year 12, 2019

This (Pâtissière) Life

Sugar. Almond flour. Egg whites, lightly whipped into a glossy meringue. Fold like fresh laundry. Pipe into mostly-perfect circles. Bake. Lament the fact that you only possess four baking trays. Remove from oven after sixteen minutes. Cool. Fill. Avoid your sister's covetous hands. Pack into a box, or arrange on a plate, to await consumption. Do it all over again.

Macarons are finicky things. Heat the sugar a degree too high, use an oven without perfect air circulation, whip the meringue for a second too long, and they will undoubtedly fall apart, end up hollow, or lopsided. So, of course, macarons well suit a perfectionist such as me. Baking is a science, and I put more effort into measuring sugar in my kitchen than I do hydrochloric acid in my chemistry class. I can gauge the difference in chemistry and factor them into the relevant calculations—macarons exhibit no such mercies. My family comes from a line of confectioners; perhaps molten sugar runs in my veins.

It was a calm summer afternoon when my grandfather taught me the secret family recipes—brittles to fruit drops to coconut ice. A few kilos of sugar sat on the kitchen countertop as I listened to the safety briefing; soon I was wrapped up in long sleeves and oven mitts that stretched to my elbows to protect me from the molten burn of white-hot sugar. My grandfather's preferred shield was experience and grit as he dunked calloused asbestos hands into just-poured toffee. He told me stories of the sweet shop he grew up in—icing sugar dusting the acid drops and the floor, toffee being poured out onto massive metal slabs, people-watching from the rafters as customers walked in.

Our sugar dynasty, like so many Tasmanian icons, including the thylacine, has sadly ended. The sweet shop is long since sold, but its spirit haunts me still. Echoes of the past linger with the creation of each new batch of cakes and chocolates, folded into mixtures as airy as meringue. They whisper comforting

thought and insights to me. These days, our kitchen's staples are not toffee or barley sugar, but the flour and dough of pastry. Scents of cocoa and cinnamon waft out the window more often than not on a weekend afternoon. Confectionery is a subtly different craft to that of the pâtissière, but it is one of care and creation just the same.

Of all pastries, macarons are my signature creation. Macarons are no simple task, though—one must set aside a whole day for the precise methods and practices required to make this French biscuit. Macarons come in all kinds of flavours: chewy, golden caramel, lavender buttercream, or even the seasonal candy cane in

December. There's an inevitable drama to their creation, the contrast of waiting and the anticipation of the very fine line between perfectly golden and burnt. The slow expectation as one waits by the stove for the sugar to darken, slowly, slowly, slowly, to transmogrify into caramel, as if waiting by a window for a lover to return from afar. The sudden colour change, marking the moment it's done, sugar bubbling and spitting like a witch's cauldron.

The kitchen is not spared from the hurricane that accompanies my baking process. Flour and bowls are dealt all over the benches, like a deck of cards. Saucepans are precariously stacked on the precipice of the sink, challenging the slightest breeze to tip them over. Jars of nutmeg and cinnamon and vanilla beans are piled by the stove. The world around me is inconsequential as suddenly the most important thing I need to do is to make sure the meringue comes out perfectly: smooth and glossy, whipped for no longer than eight minutes, topped with soft peaks like snow-covered mountains.

Baking is a science, one of precise numbers and scales and chemical reactions, yet it also exists in the world of art; the delicate processes of measuring and mixing combined with the art of carefully piping creams and fillings into pastry shells, and the decoration of each individual macaron. Bread is twisted into elaborate braids, apple slices rolled into sugar-dusted roses, and choux pastry dipped into marbled chocolate patterns.

There is a calming sense to the work of a pâtissière with the repetitive motions of kneading bread dough and rolling it over and over again. In times of stress or just boredom, I often find myself with a bowl and spoon in hand. It is a skilled mastered in practice, repetition, and the perfection of the same recipe by making it hundreds of times. And yet, these pastries are made to be consumed, an impermanent, ephemeral creation, recorded and reflected only by the shadows of flour and sugar left in empty boxes.

To be a baker, a pâtissière, one must put hours into a creation that is to be experienced and tasted for only a few moments, only to arise the next day and start again.

Memories, dreams, desires and nostalgic secrets whispered through the ages.

Sugar. Almond flour. Egg whites. Beat. Bake.

Do it all over again.

Catherine Gourlay, Year 12, 2021

Quince Tree

There is a house on the corner.

It's all red-brick and roof tiles. The T.V. antenna (cruelly sharp, sharply cruel) interrupts the softness of the sky. Sometimes, the spindly metal looks like a fracture through the clouds them-selves.

A dusty and cracked playset around the back, shabby attempts at a formal English garden towards the front. The birdbath, yellowed and chipped, seems to deter the little brown birds instead of inviting them.

You can always hear the birds.

Rose bushes alongside the driveway. Despite being set in an orderly line, their haphazard growth acts as a testament to a previous abandonment. The love and loss of a passion. Soft petals hidden by too many thorns.

A quince tree. Old, twisted, home to a few too many bugs. It's not a pretty tree; where its limbs were severed years before, the wood has clotted and rotted in a vain attempt to heal. Its fruit, no matter how much sugar and spice is used to poach it, is never suitable for eating.

Of course, these sights would be particularly difficult to perceive due to the large hedge, standing proudly in front of the property. Always a little too wide, too tall; casting the occupants of the house in a jagged and pockmarked shadow. Hiding them.

This house is a home.

Or at least, it will be. Because a house isn't really a home until it's been lived in, and the residents of this house have only just moved in.

For one particular resident, this house, this place of old, half-broken, half-dead things, will be the only house she has ever lived in.

The only home she will ever know.

Creaks and cracks and groans. High-pitched squealing that bounces against the walls. Short, soft shuffles against a rough carpet. A mother's voice; stern, but not harsh, scolding:

You'll put holes in your socks, and then we'll have to buy new ones.

The sounds of a still-stagnant house being assaulted by children who have a specialty in making their own means of entertainment.

A happy memory.

But the house is not a home. Not yet.

The family is still adjusting, still finding their footholds in a world that is full of twists and turns. It's too early, and while they've had time to settle, there hasn't quite been a break in the new and unfamiliar storm to really settle.

You could almost hear it, in the late-night anxious murmurings of the grown-ups, the clicking of gardening tools in the occasional afternoon; in the way the neighbours muttered, thinking we couldn't hear, or understand. The surprised exclamation following the discovery of something new. Sounds of children, interrupting the senile, quaint surroundings.

I can remember a lot about the house that wasn't yet a home. For the first few years, we slept on odd mattresses on the floor, because we didn't have bedframes. We shifted bedrooms around often.

First, it was me and my parents in one room, my brother and sister in the other. Then, all three children in one room, my parents in the other. My sister and I sharing a room, so that my brother could finally have his own.

No, during these early years, we had not settled.

I didn't like the carpet. It was an old-fashioned kind, because the house was old fashioned, just like the house next door, and the one after that, and the one after that. Rolling pills of material, hard and scratchy from years of being walked upon. A Berber carpet, it was called.

If I recall correctly, it was difficult to get stains out.

The intrusive noisiness of my mother's dishwashing clashed with the sounds of the television. Sitting on the carpet, my siblings held smoothies. I don't remember what was in them, I remembered that it didn't taste particularly nice. My smoothie was in my favourite cup (my mother's vain attempt to entice me into drinking it), innocently placed on the floor. While I didn't like the smoothie, even at three years of age, I feared my mother's wrath more. I was torn between two evils: gross smoothie that

I could drink myself, or my angry mother force-feeding it to me. Either way, I knew the beverage had to go somewhere.

What no-one actually anticipated, however, was that the smoothie would end up on the floor.

On the carpet.

I must have been distracted by the T.V., or maybe I was simply trying to get further away from the offending beverage. My leg kicked outwards, and with a feeling of impending doom, I watched as the cup tipped over, spilling the blended fruit over the carpet. Oh no. The awkward pinkish colour seeped into the material.

'Fight-or-flight' is what people talk about when experiencing a moment of terror, whether they try to combat the opposing force, or run from it. What some people don't know, however, is that there is a third option.

Horrified, I froze.

But for a moment, nothing happened. My siblings were still watching T.V., my father was sitting on a chair, half-asleep. The rhythmless, tuneless cacophony music of the kitchen continued.

Maybe, I thought hopefully, maybe no-one's noticed. I stared as the smoothie spread outwards. For some reason, I considered it a victory; I didn't have to drink it!

My victory was very short-lived. The triumph was quickly extinguished by my mother's enraged scolding, and by my two siblings immediately copying her.

Suddenly, I was the worst child on the planet, and I was trying my best not to cry.

Thankfully, this newfound insecurity was pushed to the back of my mind when my father, startled awake by the chaos, stood up and planted his socked foot directly into the smoothie. Out of the corner of my watery eye, I could have sworn that my mother almost smiled.

The carpet was rougher and slightly pink where the stain was. My family forgot about the incident, I think, but whenever I walked past that spot, I would remind myself of the importance of eating food quickly.

Before it had time to leave a bad impression.

There is a house on the corner.

It's all pale plaster and sleek metal. The wooden deck is a washed-out sort of red, and you can see where the coating has streaked down, crimson outlines. Sometimes, the coating will bleed into the grass, staining it with rust. Life and decay. The unchangeable course of age.

There is a sad chicken coop around the back, a few fruit trees toward the front. The fruit that they produce doesn't seem to have a consistent schedule, as if the calendar they follow isn't one that we know. The fruit grows best when the plant has been neglected.

The garage, separate from the house, is simple and square. Enough room for two cars and more, even though it looks like it shouldn't. It's unassuming, but at certain times in the early morning, the lights might flicker on. A beacon for things lost in the dark.

The quince tree remains. It grows toward the sky, despite the rotted remnants of previous attempts lower down. The spiders find haven in the hollows of the gnarled, twisted trunk; welcome guests that guard the fruit. The fruit itself is now used for jam, the only way it can be sweet enough to eat.

The house is no longer hidden. The hedge (too hard to maintain, too much work, not enough time) has been cut down for many years, and replaced with three small trees that brush the heads of strangers who walk past. The sun is free to shine on the property. The occupants smile back.

This house is a home.

It has been for some time. The residents have lived in this house, the residents love the house, and they will continue to do so for many years to come.

For one particular resident, this house, this place of sun and tears and age is the only house she has ever lived in.

She has grown and changed with the house, she is the only one who knows how to listen, and how to simply be in the house.

This is the only home she knows.

Marissa Chu, Year 12, 2020

Cabbage Patch

It wasn't really a cabbage patch. I don't think cabbages were ever grown there. Tomatoes and carrots may be, and possibly some potatoes, but not cabbages.

So, while I'm not unequivocally sure of why I connect that name to my primary school vegetable patch, I do know, for sure, that I was part of the gardening group that tended to the plants growing there.

Of course, due to being so young at the time, I don't remember many details about this neophyte gardening group, or even what it was like being part of the group until the day came when I was kicked out.

The group was run twice weekly by the Deputy Principal, who was a ghastly woman, with a mean face and hair that was dyed blonde every other week to try and hide the fact that she was getting too old to relate to young children anymore. That sounds horrible, but to put it in perspective, a few years after the story that I am referring to now came about, she banned all children from grade three to six, (the senior students of the school), from running anywhere in the school except the edges of the oval, which were sloped at almost a forty-five-degree angle. Not even *on* the oval. No, no running on the flat, green, soft-to-fall-on, well-watered-grass oval, because there were maybe three teeny-tiny, grade one boys who liked to play soccer every lunchtime on the oval. Meaning, therefore, the space was off-limits for big-kid games like 'Keepings-Off' or 'Cops and Robbers' or any other form of outdoor entertainment that could be had as a child.

Mrs Heery. *Gah.*

I've side-tracked myself, sorry. The gardening group, which was run twice weekly by the Deputy Principal, was only small, with maybe seven or eight students from Kinder through to Four. I was in prep, which is what we called the year before grade one while I was in primary school, and it was early in the year, too, so I was about five years old. My mum still has pictures from back then, when she would braid my hair into two plaits, and one would always poke out from behind my head further than the other, and my mouth was gappy with missing teeth, and my eyes seemed to be larger than any other feature on my soft, little, baby-fat face.

I can't remember if it was before or after school on that fateful day, as the gardening group marched down the footpath, armed to the teeth with shovels, spades, rakes and shears. It was overcast, but still quite bright, the sun struggling to push its way through the clouds to pour down upon the earth in a blanket of pale, grey light, as it sometimes does after it's rained recently.

We walked diligently past the newly built grade three/ four classrooms to the back corner of the school, squashed onto the hill between Mr Sorentino's class and the back fence, and we were split into groups.

The task of the day? Weeding, we were told.

In which lies the first problem. Being five years old often comes with little experience and little knowledge, and to be perfectly frank, I honestly don't think that at five years old I could have told you the difference between a sunflower and a dandelion.

Alright, I naively thought to myself, *weeding. I can do that.*

So, off I went, toddling away to my assigned patch of dirt and plant and sitting down before it.

The leaves sprouting from the ground looked messy in my eyes and appeared a nasty colour. The bright Crayola-green that was usually assigned to any type of foliage was not bright at all, and instead a darker muddier green, with purple spilling its meandering way across the crumpled surfaces. There seemed to be quite a few of the ruffled leaves growing from the same spot in the ground to form an unruly, five-year-old's-knee-high bundle of plant. I also noticed at the time that there seemed to be quite a few of the plants, all growing in a wonky line in the garden patch.

Gee, no wonder they asked us to do the weeding.

Also working on my garden patch was the leader of the gardening group. Gabby was in grade four, and so significantly older than me in my little head, even though it was only by four years.

You would think, that being an older student, and the leader of the group, that she would have had some sense of responsibility somewhere in her, and as

a younger student I looked up to her because of those supposed leadership qualities.

Later I discovered that Gabby came from a large family and that every single one of the five children sharing that particular surname was often manipulative and dishonest when it came to getting what they wanted. Especially in Cops and Robbers.

However, being a five-year-old, I didn't know about any of that yet, and, being eager to please as well as somewhat aware of my lack of horticulture expertise, I asked if these plants, with the purple and scrunched leaves, were the weeds I was supposed to be eradicating from the school's prized garden patch.

I was told that yes, yes, they were, and upon inquiring whether I should pull all of them out, that yes, I should.

I completed that task beautifully and thoroughly, and by the time I'd made it through all twelve of the plants, I was immensely proud of myself. I would be a weeding extraordinaire. Gardening would be my new hobby, and I would come to the gardening group every week to prove over and over my great gardening skill, and all the others would be in awe of me. One day I would be the leader of the gardening group, and then maybe one day a prep girl would ask *me* if those plants were weeds, and then I would tell her, confidently, that yes, yes they were.

Mrs Heery did not share my opinion.

Mrs Heery saw my beautifully uprooted weeds, and went bright red in the face, her eyes squinting until she looked even meaner than before.

Mrs Heery started to yell at me, and everyone started to stare.

"Why did you pull those all out? I told you to weed! Not uproot all the lettuce!"

And gosh, I remember the feeling of my stomach dropping and my face draining of colour, then lighting right back up into a brilliant scarlet as a lump formed in my throat that made it difficult to swallow.

"*I was just doing what I was told,*" I tried to tell her. "*I asked the gardening leader,*" I said.

Of course, the gardening leader denied ever speaking to me in the first place, so now I was guilty of ripping out all the lettuce and trying to pin the blame on someone else. I was not allowed to go back to the gardening group, Mrs Heery said. I was banned from even walking through the gate.

I went home and cried angry, frustrated and frightened tears. My parents didn't really understand what had happened and tried to tell me that it was fine, and Mrs Heery probably didn't mean it like that. I didn't believe them and refused to go back the next week. I declined even after they came to school, which was a rare occurrence because they both worked full time. They met with Mrs Heery about what had happened, and Mrs Heery told them she'd never banned me from the gardening group. Even so, I avoided that particular corner of the school for years.

It was a horrible experience at the time, and I remember feeling cheated by the girl who was supposed to be my leader, as well as terrified of the Deputy Principal. Not just because it's horrific to be shouted at in front of a group of people by someone, especially as a five-year-old, but also because I had messed up.

I had messed up big time in my little brain, and I had let everyone down, including myself.

Over ten years later, I can look back on it and tell the story as a funny one, intended to make everyone laugh, but I'm still quietly terrified of messing up and failing others.

In saying that, I can confidently say that I am the only one who remembers the cabbage patch incident. Mrs Ross, my grade five teacher who I came later to admire greatly, told me that I needed to stop worrying about the little things because they wouldn't matter to anyone in the future.

She was right. I may still be scared, but the difference that ten years makes is that I finally don't let it stop me anymore, (believe me it's been a process,) and I hope that Mrs Ross would be proud of me for that.

Mrs Heery however, can jump in a lake.

Eva Davis, Year 12, 2019.



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