

1974

BUNBURY CATHOLIC COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL 2

BUNBURY W.A.

1974



CREST

The suggested crest is designed to convey the centrality of Christ and Church to our College in Bunbury. In a very real sense we are the Church in Bunbury and the rising red and green spires reflect the presence of the Church and our own aspiration for the higher Good in life.

The 'M's' making the spires remind of the two great teaching orders involved in the formation of the College, the Sisters of Mercy and the Marist Brothers.

Finally, the simplicity of design reflects, we hope, the gospel call to simplicity and unadorned truth, which should characterise our College.

Brother Vincent

EDITORIAL

The second edition of the Bunbury Catholic College magazine was undertaken with great enthusiasm by Fourth Year students. With Cathie Thomas as our editor and Mrs. Jenour on the sidelines, we soon assembled material fit for reading with two aims in view.

The Magazine Committee's first aim is that we hope we have provided students and staff with an accurate and fair representation of school '74. Our second aim is that people who read the magazine enjoy it and find that there is an historical or personal significance for those who attended Bunbury Catholic College during 1974.

For the first time Fourth Year students have had complete freedom regarding the format our school magazine will have and we hope it becomes traditional for Fourth Year students to undertake the burden of compiling a sensible, readable magazine.

Magazine Committee

MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

This year's publication of the College Magazine marks a step forward in responsible student participation in the life of the College. It is a participation that we hope will grow over the years and extend into all areas of College life.

In many ways 1974 has been a year of consolidation following monumental changes in our structure last year, a year when we watched our new buildings rise from the ground at Rodstead Street and prepare for the exciting possibilities in '75 when the entire secondary school would be at one site.

Opportunities of leadership, school unity, identity and school spirit present themselves as a clear challenge for 1975, and it is with hope that we close the book on '74 and turn to the new year ahead.

Br. Vincent Ryan.



Sr. Perpetua and Br. Vincent Ryan discuss the new library building.



BISHOP'S ADDRESS

As we come to the end of another school year, we might say that for the students and teachers of Bunbury Catholic College it is the end of an era, and we hope that shortly after the beginning of the 1975 school year all our high school students will move into new and newly renovated class rooms on one campus.

For everyone associated with the College, this will be a happy occasion. I must pay tribute to the teachers who, in the past two years, have made such sacrifices to carry out their duties under difficult conditions, and the students who co-operated with them so well.

Now, as a result of generous Government assistance backed by the generous sacrificial giving of our parishioners, our new building complex is under way.

And now what next? Here I might say it is over to you, the students.

Our Religious Brothers and Sisters, your Priests, your parents—not forgetting our wonderful College Education Board—all of us have made great sacrifices because we believe in our young boys and girls; we hope and pray that our faith in you will be justified.

You have seen the advertisement "The Army Needs you"; I might say to you, the students: "The World Needs You"; it needs you, the students, who have Christian ideals, students who believe in God, students who are not ashamed to live and be recognised as followers of Jesus Christ to whom you can turn as your Friend and indeed as your Brother as you pray in the words of St. Richard of Chinchester:—

"O Holy Jesus, my Friend and my Brother,
Of Thee three things we pray
To know Thee more clearly
To love Thee more dearly
To follow Thee more nearly
Day by day."

If you are inspired by such sentiments as the students of today and our citizens of tomorrow, then all the sacrifices that have been made will be well worthwhile.

To all of you who are doing examinations, be assured that our prayers to the Holy Spirit for your success will be with you every day; to those of you who say good-bye to Bunbury Catholic College, may God be with you always and guide you safely through life; to the teachers may God bless you for work well done.

Your Friend,

+ Myles McKeon, Bishop of Bunbury.



BACK: Mr. R. Dracup, Mrs. L. Cransberg, Mr. G. Kissane, Sr. Martha, Br. Reginald, Mrs. J. Goddard, Sr. Maureen, Br. Evan, Br. Dennis, Sr. Senan.
ABSENT: Mr. S. LaFaber & Mrs. J. Jenour
FRONT: Br. Andrew, Mrs. Wunnenberg, Br. Vincent, Sr. Perpetua, Mr. C. Pereira, Mrs. Guigan.



Mr. W. Broderick

THE SCHOOL BOARD

This has been another notable year for the Catholic Education System in Bunbury. We have had the usual number of difficulties but with goodwill and hard work from all concerned most of these have been overcome.

The most noticeable achievement this year is the commencement of the new buildings on the Rodstead Street site. There were many anxious moments and some hard bargaining with the authorities concerned before the building contract could be signed.

Although the present building and renovation programme is still Stage I of the overall project it will enable us to achieve what was the ultimate goal of Stage II of the project. That was to accommodate all the secondary students on the Rodstead Street site.

This should make administration and teaching easier and allow the senior students ample opportunity to demonstrate those qualities of leadership we all expect from them.

We will still lack some desirable facilities in the way of increased laboratory space and more permanent class rooms but this should not stop the "spirit" of the school developing. After all, it is not the buildings that make a school great but rather the people in the buildings.

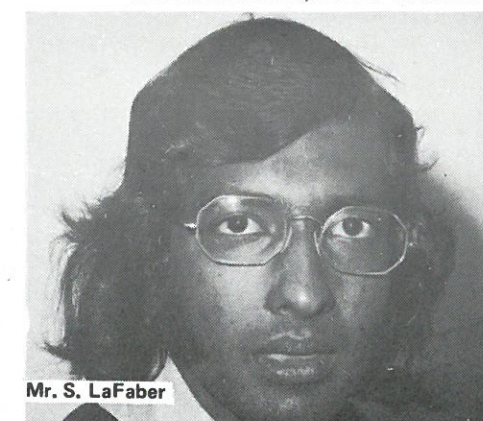
The Bunbury Board of Catholic Education is not only responsible for the Secondary School but also for the three Primary Schools at St. Thomas', St. Mary's and St. Joseph's. When we think of Bunbury Catholic College we should remember this covers all four schools.

For our whole system to operate effectively it is necessary to have the support of all Catholic parents and that support should start from the beginning of a child's school life. It is our policy to provide the facilities for Catholic Education from 1st Grade to Leaving for every Catholic child whose parents desire it.

The development at Rodstead Street will help ease accommodation difficulties at St. Joseph's. With increased support from Catholic parents further development would be called for at St. Mary's and St. Thomas' and perhaps further afield.

I would like to thank all members of the Board and also members of the staff for their help and co-operation this year. Special mention should also be made of the Knights of the Southern Cross who have undertaken the reconstruction of St. Joseph's Hall. I am sure we can all face 1975 with much more confidence in the success of our whole system of Education than we have ever had before.

W. D. Broderick, Board Chairman.



Mr. S. LaFaber

SYMPATHIES TO SYD.

Students of the school, particularly the art students send sympathies to Mr. La Faber, temporarily residing in St. John of God's Hospital, with a broken leg.

*Sue Nevin & Le-Anne Smallshaw,
Form IV.*

THE SEMI-ROCK

During the last week of the first term, the five secondary classes held their first social event for the year. It was an informal social and was appropriately named, 'The Semi-Rock'. The proceeds from the evening went to a very fitting cause, the buying of the new school bus, which is a much needed source of transport at Bunbury Catholic College.

Overall it was a very enjoyable evening for everybody, including the various members of the teaching staff who assisted with the supervising during the night.

Thanks must go to the Charles Denver Club Group who generously offered to play at the Semi-Rock, free of charge. Their music was enjoyed by all. Thanks must also go to local radio personality, Tim Hartnell, who hosted the evening and made it such a pleasant night for everyone.

Greg Cartledge, Form IV, Green

SCHOOL BUS

Early this year, during March, B.C.C. held a Walk-a-thon in which students from all classes, teachers and parents braved the heat and walked a course of twenty kilometres through Bunbury.

The aim of the Walk-a-thon was to raise sufficient funds for a much needed school bus. The response from students was tremendous, and with over 500 people participating, a total of above seven thousand dollars was raised, through the Walk-a-thon. This amount was enough to cover the costs of a sparkling new bus.

Since its arrival at the school, the bus has been in great use. It has been used for several trips to Perth and also to Busselton. The new bus now opens up more opportunities for students to hold camps or go on excursions without having the worry about transport.

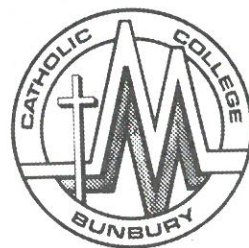
Up to the end of this year the bus travelled a total of about four thousand kilometres, which shows how much the bus has been in use.

So far the bus has been free from accidents, and with Mr. Morton behind the wheel, we are confident it will remain that way.

Greg Cartledge, Form IV, Green



Above: The presentation of the keys to Mr. Morton by Mr. Krikke.



Below: The exchange of the keys for the cheque between the Third Year Representatives and Mr. Krikke.

WALK-OR-BUST-ATHON

Tromp, tromp, squeak, squeak, patter, patter. What is the cause of all this commotion? Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's the spectre of weary travellers walking back to Bunbury again, after our old bus (code number NBG007) breaks down again.

After six months of walking, the students, parents and staff got sick of this, and decided to buy a new bus.

With accustomed aplomb, we appointed a committee of parents:— Mr. F. Leslie, Chairman; Mr. B. Hollier; Mr. P. O'Connor, Mr. R. Goddard and Mrs. W. Herring. Staff:— Br. Andrew; Br. William; Sr. Loretta; and Mr. La Faber. And, of course students:— A. Blee; S. Bastian; F. Jenkins; and K. Norrie.

This committee performed incredibly well, stirring up people to earn their \$8 (\$8 x 650 students = \$5200 = bus). The easiest way to raise money was by a Walk-a-thon, especially after so much practice!!

And so B-Day dawned.

The stampede started off and lasted all of 5km (up to the first check-point). Then with drinks all around, the rampage stopped as people slaked their raging thirst. This incredible thirst, made itself felt all along the way, with disappointed late-comers finding bone-dry drink containers lying around.

At last, after spending hours upon hours trudging in the searing hot sun (it was overcast), we found that some people (namely everybody else), must have taken a short cut because they beat us.

At the race track (where some heroic persons cooked the food, etc), you received three tickets entitling you to one steak (imagine cooking 650 steaks!), one cool drink and one ice-cream. (With a bit of luck, a person could end up with 2 steaks, 3 cool drinks and 2 ice-creams — some people just don't like cool drinks or ice-creams). Then, after a meal, we staggered up to a "Roberts" bus and so back to St. Joseph's, from whence we started.

On the way back, we saw some lost souls being shepherded to the race track by Br. Reginald, and so the saga of the walk-or-bust-athon ended. With special gratitude to all who participated.

BALANCE SHEET

FUND RAISING:—

Walk-a-thon (B.C.C.)
Spell-a-thon (St. Mary's, St. Thomas')
Dance (Denver Club and 6TZ-CI's Mike Warren)
Donations from various industries and businesses around Bunbury

Total: \$7,392.75

EXPENDITURE:—

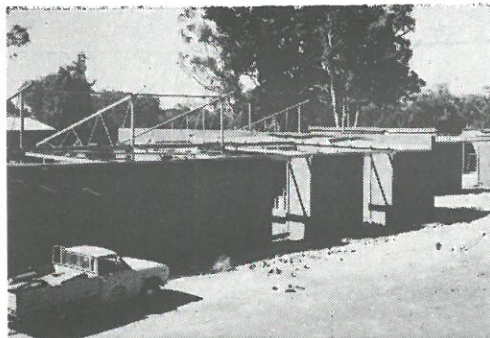
Walk-a-thon Expenses \$ 338.03
Cost of Bus 6,543.00
Roof Rack 100.00
Roof Rack Cover 30.00
First Aid Kit 10.00
Heater-Demister 140.00
Fire Extinguisher 32.00
Plaque and Sign Writing 50.00

Total: \$7,243.03

Credit Balance \$ 149.72

At the time of printing this article, a decision still has to be made as to whether to purchase a Radio-Cassette for the bus, or divide the \$149.72 among St. Thomas', St. Mary's, B.C.C. Primary, and B.C.C. Secondary for library books.





THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Bunbury Catholic College is having a new library built at Rodstead Street, which will provide pleasant study accommodation for all members of the senior school. However, the most pleasing library building cannot be called a 'good' library unless the collection it houses is adequate for its users' needs.

As the 'find out for yourself' method of teaching gains popularity, school libraries are increasingly becoming the hub around which the academic life of the school revolves. Students are being asked, more and more, to do their own research into given topics, and they cannot do this without a large and up to date library collection, which should include books, pamphlets, illustrations, slides, tapes - in fact, material in any form, which can provide the information sought.

We have the basis of our library stock already with the combined libraries of St. Joseph's and Marist Brothers, together with many volumes from the old Donnybrook and Bridgetown schools. This year we have had a grant from the Commonwealth of \$790, which has been used to fill some of the many gaps in the basic collection. Recently the Librarian has almost disappeared under a deluge of post-being the results of a circular letter sent to Government departments, institutions and firms offering free educational material.

Now that we have a skeleton framework, we hope that, next year, students and parents will assist with various fund raising activities to help 'put the flesh on these bones', so that present and future students will have a really first class library for their research.

Mrs. M. Field, School Librarian

CHAPLAIN'S REPORT

I am often asked by the students what is my role as Chaplain to the College. I guess it is a fair enough question too! On reflection I sometimes see myself as a "Pooh-Bah"! Pooh Bah is a character from Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Mikado' - he is "Lord High Everything Else", many things rolled into one!

My first concern is for the spiritual welfare of our students - that is why I was ordained a Priest. Each class has confession and a "Class Mass" once a term. This is an essential part of the school curriculum; we cannot take too lightly that the Mass is the beginning and end of our whole life. In the main, I have been edified by the co-operation of teachers and students in the preparation and participation of the class Masses... it has shown me just what our young people can do if only we take time out to lead them gently.

Class retreats and seminars are essential. There have been a few during 1974 - I would like to see more of this type of thing in the years ahead. I believe that our students need to get away from the books, the hustle and bustle of 'their life' and spend some time in quiet with God. Let's face it, we all need it, so do our students, especially now, in these formative years.

There has been much concern about religious instruction in our schools, from my observation in the senior school, the students are receiving an adequate education in their religion. We have been following the programme set down for Catholic schools in the Archdiocese of Perth. However, our work in this field cannot bear fruit unless it has its foundation in the home. Far too often, parents say, "We'll leave the religion up to the school". The parents are the primary educators of their children in all fields of education and knowledge.

My role as Chaplain does not exist in the "school" situation alone. It is necessary for me to be with our students in their many activities "outside". I have found that through contact with the young people in sporting, social and other recreational activities I can do much. One essential result is that in these situations one can build up a fine relationship, which otherwise, would not have been so easy "at school".

In conclusion, my sincere thanks to Br. Vincent, Sister Perpetua and the Staff of the College for their ready co-operation, for, without their support I would have been lost!! To the students, all that I can say is, "thanks". Your openness, co-operation and friendship during 1974 have been a great encouragement to me.

Let us pray and work together next year that, we may grow together, being real witnesses to Christ in a society that needs each of us so much.

Father Evan Penberthy, Chaplain.



SCHOOL MASS

To mark the beginning of our school year, our Chaplain, Father Penberthy, said Mass in the Cathedral. The Prayer of the Faithful were spoken by Gary Malatesta, assisted by Tim Platts and Marlene Tonkes.



FIRST YEAR RED

BACK: A. Bignell, K. Bryant, Rampin, P. Fogliani, M. Bycroft, J. Bartlett, J. Cooper, S. Daly, S. Douglas, M. Frisina.

MIDDLE: J. Depiazzi, J. Campbell, T. Downes, M. Dowson, B. Bain, M. Casteall, J. Chidlow, M. Demarti, V. Galati, R. Cavallaro, P. Fantasia.

FRONT: S. Cavolli, J. Brewer, G. Buswell, K. Flynn, C. Broderick, Mrs. Guiguen, D. Curnow, O. Frammartino, G. Daqui, C. Cooke.

FIRST YEAR RED

In our class we have fifteen gentlemen and eighteen well behaved perfect ladies. Our home-room teacher has a touch of French about her, that is, Mrs. Guiguen.

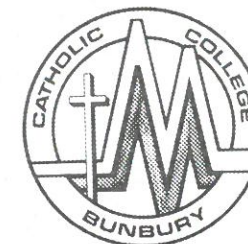
Our class, however, strangely enough, has the reputation of being one of the noisiest and most active in the school. One Brother (unnamed) even maintains that we are "the most sinful, unruly, undisciplined group" he has seen, what could possibly have earned us such a description?

This year has been pretty uneventful, except for the day when our cherished green door crashed to pieces.

Naturally we contributed quite willingly to the Walk-a-thon and our class raised the third highest amount of money. Some of the teachers, especially Mrs. Guiguen, had a hard time completing the course and was grateful for the weekend to rest her aching legs and nurse her blisters. At the finish we were rewarded by the school Cordon Bleu himself, Chef Brother Vincent, cooking some hamburgers which varied from rare for the early arrivals to medium-rare for the average walker, to well-cooked for the slower ones, and completely burnt for the ones who travelled at speeds of up to 2 kilometres an hour.

We also tried to organise an end of term celebration but unfortunately the party was not the success that we had hoped for.

However, all of us went to the socials, had a wonderful time and we are looking forward to an end of the year picnic or maybe a camp.



FIRST YEAR GREEN

There are thirty-one "baby groovers" in First Year Green. Our home-room teacher, Mrs. Wunnerburg is also our Physical Education teacher.

Our main class activities during this year were our famous melodramatic play "The Message", a visit to the Shell Museum and a class visit to Busselton to see the eclipse with Brother Andrew.

In an inter-class volley ball competition, our boys defeated First Year Red. At the S.W. Amateur Athletic Association Sports held at Capel our outstanding athletes were Dana McRobb, Ann Meyer, Inge Hofstee, and Gavern House.

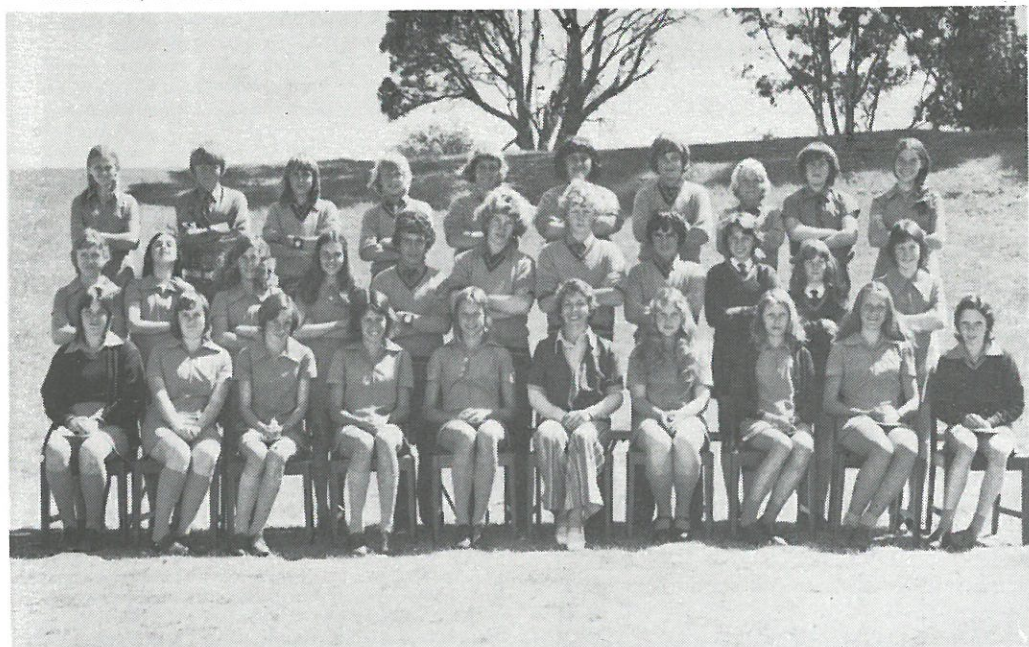
We aren't the most industrious angels of the school, but we all hope to live up to our spiritual imagine.

Vivienne Kus, Form I



FIRST YEAR WHITE

BACK: I. Sexton, H. Strand, M. Pereira, J. Tonkes, A. Paul, M. Panizza, S. Payne, R. Young, D. Parisella, N. Widmer, M. Rampin.
MIDDLE: M. Thomas, A. Princi, R. Trimboli, A. Papalia, C. Price, K. Wragg, A. Waters, R. Olimpio, J. Monger, L. Tonner, C. Robinson, R. Papalia.
FRONT: T. Rooney, A. White, D. Robinson, T. Pelle, Br. James, D. Tortortello, F. Tourney, F. Pinfeld, M. Scibilia, I. Wilson.



FIRST YEAR GREEN

BACK: Bev Norman, Shane Hastie, Ricki Mazza, Graham Jeffery, Ross Gallop, Ralf Mosca, Brett Molinari, Vincent Howes, Kevin Haylock, Vivienne Kus.
MIDDLE: Elizabeth Good, Mary Madaffari, Cathy May, Leonie Maher, Nicky Fucile, Noel Henderson, Gavin House, Mark Handcock, Ann Meyer, Dana McRobb, Tracy McCamish
FRONT: Quinta Lewin, Dale Gordon, Anette King, Jenny Maslin, Helen Hirniak, Mrs. Wunnenberg, Michelle Grahame, Toni Harris, Cathy McKenna, Margaret Jackson.

FIRST YEAR WHITE

Well, there's just so much to tell of our class that we don't know where to start. Apart from being the brightest of all classes, we're also the cleanest—and even Brother Vincent will back us up there!

To begin with, our class is composed of nationalities from all over the world; Italians, Irish, English, Spanish, Danish, Canadian and Australian. What a mixture!

Our athletes are Andre White, Lisa Tonnar, Ralph Papalia, and Henryk Strand. They all did very well in our carnival with many wins.

Some of us entered the Bunbury Musical Festival; Fleur Tournay, Annette Waters and Denise Tortortello for recorder, Denise Tortortello, Tracey Peak and Ralph Papalia for piano. They were very successful with the help of music teacher, Sr. Paschal.

In the second term we had a walk-a-thon to raise money for our new bus. Because our class raised the most money, we were rewarded with a trip to Perth which was most enjoyable.

In the third term, we produced a play "Nursery Rhymes" to support the Grade 7's performance, "Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat". Thanks to Sr. Senan, Br. James, and Mrs. Rogerson; it turned out great, and was performed for three nights.

All this year we've tried to make our class into one we can all be proud of, and thanks to all its members, we're succeeding.

Many thanks to all the teachers, especially Br. James, who have helped us through our first year of secondary life.

Annette Waters & Tracey Peake



SECOND YEAR RED

BACK: N. Brookes, T. Cooper, L. Brewer, E. Coonan, B. Dyre, M. Cavallaro, S. Frisina, R. Cartledge, K. Buswell, M. Fleay, P. Cunningham, D. Eddy.
MIDDLE: G. Collins, D. Buswell, R. Buswell, M. Caudle, D. Buck, P. Depiazzi, A. Davies, C. Ardel, M. Good, R. Cull.
FRONT: C. Harnett, M. Harris, S. Cooke, N. Galati, Sr. Maureen, B. Flynn, M. Dagostino, L. Green, C. Crosby, S. Connolly.

SECOND YEAR RED

Second Year Red's outlook is a very high one. Literally speaking, we are looking down on everyone, you see we are located on the top storey. We have many talents in 2 Red, such as our magician, Noel Brooke, who has a very queer appetite, he disposes of cigarettes before your very eyes.

Valerie Bluett is another of our rare talents. Valerie goes against her female instincts; instead of buying she makes money to give away. I am referring to her wonderful effort of raising \$52.90 for the WALKORBUSTATHON.

Bruce Dyre is another special person of 2 Red. He has an extra sense. Bruce has a talent of knowing when the important, or not so important tests are coming up.

We are also lucky to have the presence of a star dancer, Raylene Cull. Also we have a first class debating team, composed of Adam Davies, Margaret Good, and Michael Caudle.

Our outstanding sporting members are the Buswells, Kelly, Deanne, and Raylene. Other well-known athletes are G. Collins, B. Flynn, S. Cooke, P. Depiazzi, and D. Buck. Our class has the backbone of the B.C.C. swimming squad, which competed against other schools gallantly. The members of the swimming squad are Lindsay Brewer, Michael Caudle (the U/14 Swimming Champion), Susan Cooke, D. Buck and Raylene Buswell.

Our scholastic abilities are kept fresh by the following pupils: Megan Harris, Margaret Good, Michael Caudle, Marina D'Agostino, and Adam Davies.



SECOND YEAR GREEN

BACK: P. Gardiner, T. Graffin, N. Goffe, S. Gallop, T. Morrison, P. Johnson, P. Jeffery, P. Malatesta, C. Haylock, J. King.
MIDDLE: P. Handcock, G. Nabasko, K. Harvey, B. Hynes, B. Kershaw, T. Luvera, M. Macri, F. Mustica, B. Maguire, R. Macnish.
FRONT: J. House, J. O'Connor, K. Hislop, T. Malatesta, Mr. Dracup, F. Panuccio, J. Norman, L. Lycciadello, S. Matabone, J. Panizza.

SECOND YEAR GREEN

Hi there! Remember us? What have we been up to this year?

We have lost a few of our members since we last wrote; they have gone to seek fame and fortune in other pastures. They will have no difficulty in this respect for the background received by membership of our class for one or two years is enough to stand anyone in good stead for the rest of their days.

Uncle Tom Graffin came in from out of the cold to sample the splendours of education in these hallowed halls. John King travelled all the way from foreign parts to do likewise. Both have settled in to our queer ways really well and both are welcome amongst us.

We are rather a noisy class. The teachers noticed this. We are very fond of our school work. The teachers did not notice this. We are a very clever class, at least, our teacher tells us so.

As well as being an academically minded class, we are strongly represented by students in sporting teams and athletics. A number of teams from Football, Hockey and Netball made the finals.

A visit to St. Mark's Church at Picton was part of our religious studies. Have you ever associated a prayer about the things you did or didn't do with a vegetable garden? It was quite a "turnip" when Sue Boni "lettuce" hear her vegetable Prayer!!

We will carry on giving good examples to the rest of the school, and hope they too, will progress and be more like us!!

Mr. R. Dracup

SECOND YEAR WHITE

Too white? Well the hot summer days will soon fix that! And then we'll be too brown!

If you cast your memory back to last year, you will find that not too many people understood our 1st Year White sketches of school and teachers. This year we are going to pretend we are sane, and write our report.

During this year, we have had many class functions, and first of all we would like to thank all those who helped to make them possible... the Strands at Boyanup, Brother Vincent and Sister Perpetua, Father Penberthy, Father Conlan, Sister Maureen, Mrs. Goddard, Brother James, and especially Brother Andrew and the class committees... Sally, Julie, Carol, Phillip P., Phillip R., Sammy, Lui, Ainslee, Penny, Lola, Joe, Paul, Ray and David V.

Our first function was a trip to Ocean Beach where there was plenty of surfing for the surfies, ducking for the more spirited, squirting of drinks, and a water fight - which the girls won! There was a barbecue at Strand's which we all enjoyed very much. Then our camp at Binningup - which was quite a survival test as we had to cook our own meals!

But as a class we get along very well and we think the above function, uninviting as they may sound, had something to do with this. We hope that our proposed canoe trip, a camp with the other second years, and a possible end-of-the-year-going-somewhere, will be just as enjoyable.

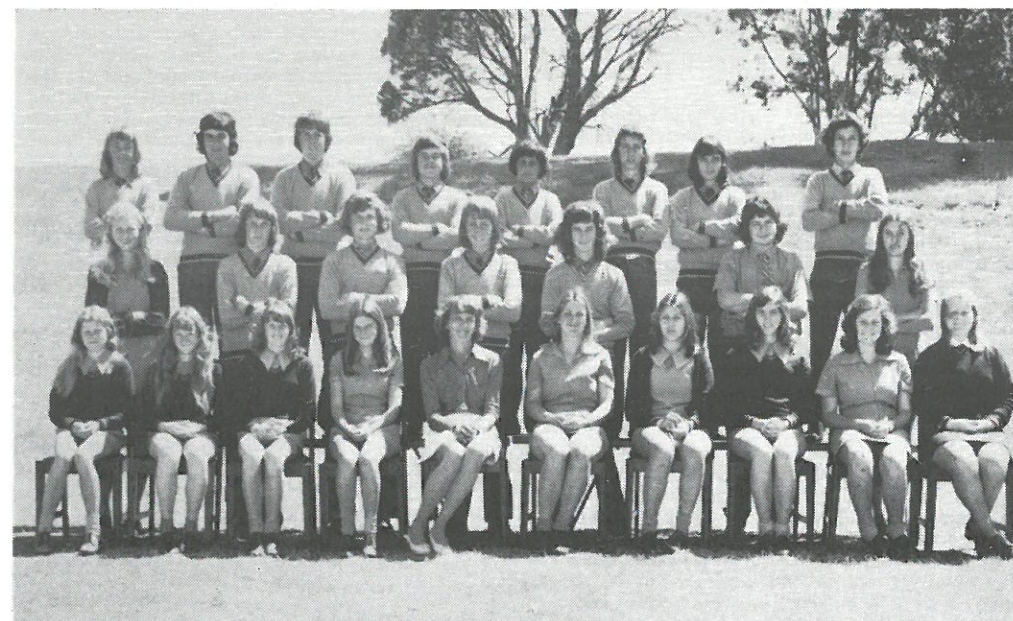
Our talents, both on the sporting fields and elsewhere, are many - too many to mention - but most important of all is that we have been able to put up with one another with very few hassles. So until next year, Brother Andrew and 2 White say "au revoir".

*David Vann, Sally Platts,
Julie Ranson & Carol Sale.*



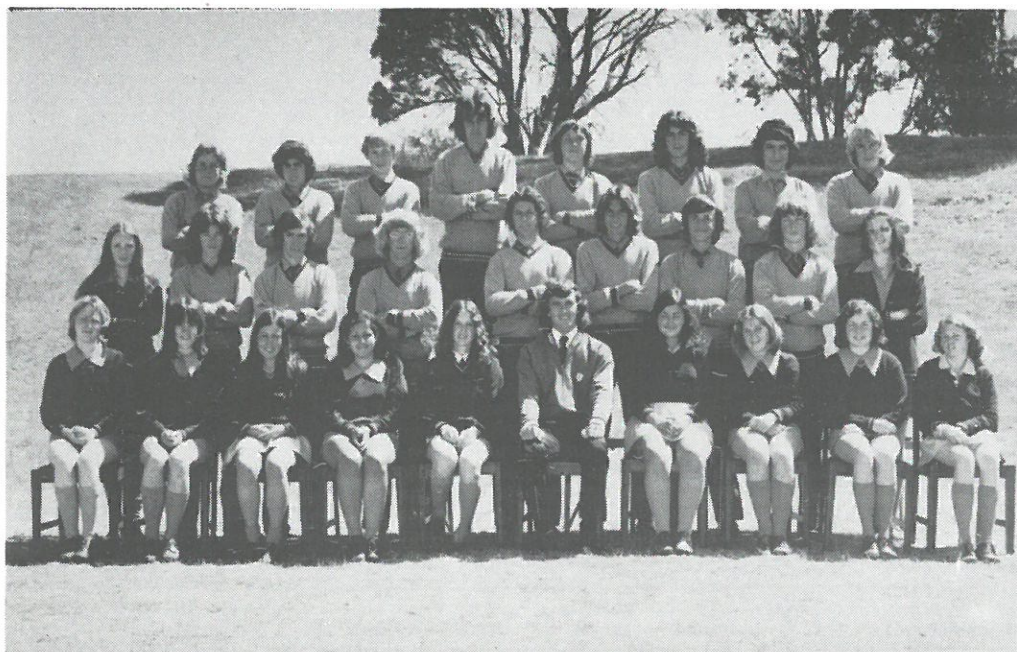
SECOND YEAR WHITE

BACK: T. Lewsly, P. Reilly, R. O'Mara, T. Spagnolo, D. Reilly, B. Price, P. Young, D. Vann, L. Rampin, P. Price, S. Strano.
MIDDLE: G. Timpani, E. Zaccaginni, P. Strand, A. Wright, T. Smith, R. Preston, J. Zappia, B. Robinson, J. Ranson, C. Sale, S. Platts.
FRONT: K. Raffety, L. Ratcliffe, S. Wells, M. Timpani, Br. Andrew, P. Scibilia, A. Teleni, D. Valli, L. Szymanski, S. Stevenson.



THIRD YEAR GREEN

BACK: C. Garvey, P. Ieraci, G. Humble, N. Morrison, V. Galati, F. Frisina, B. Mason, R. Harwood.
MIDDLE: J. Hutcheson, D. Gardiner, K. Fredericks, M. Fleay, G. Mair, S. Frayne, J. Hudson.
FRONT: S. Harris, S. Mitchell, L. McRobb, M. Marigliani, Mrs. L. Cransberg, B. Covaks, H. Kulkulka, Y. Host, J. Herring, S. Kershaw.



THIRD YEAR RED

BACK: K. Buswell, M. Calabro, G. Eddy, N. Condello, G. Fitzgerald, G. DeMarte, P. Degiorgio.
MIDDLE: K. Dowsen, R. Chester, D. Buswell, P. Blechynden, R. Depoloni, T. Calabrese, R. Bertelli, A. Blee, P. Broderick.
FRONT: K. Greaves, M. Downs, M. DeMarte, M. Ghasseb, W. Babich, Bro. Br. Reginald, M. Demarco P. Anthony, A. Busher, C. Donovan.

THIRD YEAR RED

Undoubtedly, the most outstanding class of '74, was B.C.C.'s Third Year Red.

We are certainly a very sporting class with such great names as Ross Chester, Bob Bertelli, Kevin Buswell, Norman Denham, Rob Deploni and Vince Durkin in the world of football. Representing Netball was Paula Anthony, Wendy Babich, Susan Bastian, Kerry Dowson and Pia Broderick. Laurie Donovan, Peter Blechynden and Anthony Blee did well in hockey, each representing his respective team in the Grand Final. And not forgetting our famous Soccer team, which carried off every award to be won, players in 3 Red were Kevin, Mal Calabro, Tony Calabrese, Nick Condello, Gino Demarte, Vince and Rob Depoloni, who were all grateful to Ross for his untiring support and encouragement.

We will soon be expecting some of our girls to be turned out in beautiful, self-made clothes as Maria Demarte, Kathy Greave, Mary Gilligan, Cindy Donovan, Paula Anthony, Mimina Demarco and Wendy Babich attend the dressmaking class. Then, we have actors and actresses in Maria Ghasseb, Kerry, Rob Depoloni, Gino, Nick, Mal, Anne-Marie Busher, Peter Blechynden, Anthony and Pia who will contribute to the Production of 'The Pirates of Penzance'.

In all our activities this year, we have been backed by Phil Degiorgio. Thanks, Phil!

Greg Eddy put up a creditable performance in the Quiz team against the Grammar School while Anne-Marie represented us most admirably in the State-wide Maths Camp. Greg Fitzgerald acquitted himself well at the Sailing Club and earlier on this year, Pia competed in the Rostrum Junior Public Speaking, addressing the audience on the topic, 'The Working Mother'.

Rob Bertelli was the Under 15 and also the Junior Boys champion in our annual Sports Carnival while Tony was the Boys Under 16 Runner-up. Damian Buswell, our only competitive bike cyclist won various awards in that sport.

Sue and Anthony represented our school on the Junior Town Council this year and also helped tremendously towards the Bus Appeal by contributing to the organising of the Walk-a-Thon and the Semi-Rock.

Lastly, we are all much appreciative of the help and encouragement our teachers have given us over the year, especially to Brother Reg, our Religion teacher and Form teacher.

To all of our class who will be leaving this year, Good luck, and for those who are staying on - Look out, 4th. year - here we come!

Pia Broderick



THIRD YEAR WHITE

BACK: Peter Tomlinson, Stephen Wragg, Rolfe Palumbo, Shane O'Brien, Mark Robinson, Stephen O'Donoghue, Brad Shine.
MIDDLE: Geoff Tracey, Marian Van Heerwaarden, Marlene Tonkes, Stephen Sampey, Claude Pesce, Kleyn Pereira, Neil Regan, Debby Norrie, Katerina Pelle, Tim Platts.
FRONT: Mary Papalia, Ann Taylor, Helen Pickup, Mr. Chris Pereira, Shelagh Smallman, Julie Payne, Miriam Vittiglia, Jeanine Vivian.

THIRD YEAR WHITE

3 White is 'the class of '74'. Our home-room teacher, Mr. Pereira is the greatest teacher you could get, and the class of 3 White would like to thank him very much for putting up with us. 1974 has been a very rewarding year for many of the students in 3 White. Here are just a few examples:-

Miriam Vittiglia
Stephen Wragg

- won the U/16 and U/18 singing solo in this years Musical Festival.
- was a member of the mathematics team, who represented our school this year.

Marian Vanheerwaarden
Geoffrey Tracey
Marlene Tonkes
Anne Taylor
Stephen Sampey

- was the U/16 and senior girl champion in our school sports.
- represented us in all the quiz teams against the Grammar School.
- was awarded fairest and best for the Centaurs netball team.
- was awarded 'the most outstanding umpire'.
- nominated for the junior sportsman of the year, and was chosen for the State Hockey team.

Bradley Shine
Timothy Platts
Claude Pesce
Julie Payne

- fairest and best for Marist in a Perth football carnival.
- most improved in cricket.
- U/16 boy champion in our athletic carnival.
- was a member of a debate team against 4th. years and made an appearance on Telehelp.

Kleyn Pereira

- was nominated for the state team in hockey, but was unlucky not to be selected.

Shane O'Brien
Brett Norrish
Debbie Norrie

- represented the school in soccer.
- U/16 boy champion swimmer against the Grammar.

Stephen O'Donoghue
Helen Pickup
Neil Regan
Katrina Pelle
Ralph Palumbo
Gail Trappitt
Jeanine Vivian
Peter Tomlinson
Shelagh Smallman
Mark Robinson
Mary Papalia

- was a member of the mathematics team and the quiz team against the Grammar, and was runner-up for fairest and best in the Centaurs netball team.
- the quietest boy in the class.
- even though she's not the greatest athlete in the class, she's the keenest.
- is a trier. Tries hard at everything.
- is the quietest girl in the class.
- is one of the gentlemen of the class.
- is one of our best sportswomen.
- one of the ladies of the class. Tries hard at school.
- another trier. Always tries very hard.
- one of the female comics of the class.
- a very good athlete who tries hard at school.
- another of the ladies of the class.

We also have quite a few students who left school during the year:-

Ian Wearing
Suzanne Thornborough
Jim Robertson
Steven Read
Donald Preston

- is now a panel beater for a local firm.
- now in a job in a local supermarket.
- was captain of the soccer team, but now works for his father.
- is a tiler.
- works in an abattoir.

FOURTH YEAR

Fourth Year students have had a fairly active year participating in the numerous activities concerned with the school. This year we have been faced with much responsibility which we have met to the best of our ability.

Our annual Rockingham camp in mid-April was very enjoyable for everyone involved. Father Penberthy conducted the masses and prayer meetings and played an important part in our numerous discussions. Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Griffin and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were our cooks.

The camp following this was held at the Binningup Youth Campsite. Four boys and Brother Leo from Saint Louis School in Perth were invited to join us in studying our school play "The Crucible". Mrs. Rogerson, with Sister Perpetua and Brother Vincent, led the various study sessions and Father Conlan conducted the Sunday Mass.

On the second of August, a social for the Secondary classes was held at the Surf Club with music provided by the "Sessionaires". Second Year Red organised this evening, and for all the Fourth Year students it was enjoyable.

A History excursion to Busselton was organised for the Fourth Year students during the second term. Brother Evan and Mrs. Jenour accompanied us, and after an interesting study of Wonerup House and the Anglican Church and cemetery we were met by Mr. Jack Lord, a pioneer of the Group Settlement Scheme at Jindong.

He took us to a Machinery Museum where he showed us the various machines used by the farmers. Mr. Lord then accompanied us through the surrounding districts of Busselton to survey the different sites of former "group farms". This day was valuable to all the students by "putting into practice" what was learnt about Group Settlements in our History studies.

A Crazy Dress Fashion Parade was held by the Fourth Year Students on October ninth, to raise money for the Annual Ball. It was a tremendous success and exceptionally entertaining for the secondary classes.

Various students in Fourth Year have had a very successful year with sporting activities. Shaun O'Callaghan is South West "Junior Sportsman of the Year". This award is given on the basis of general sporting ability and personal qualities. Teresa Salmon was chosen to join a team which represented Bunbury at the Annual Country Week Netball Carnival in Perth. Ailsa Price and Peter Eddy were the Open Champions in the Faction Sports held on the eleventh of October at Rodstead Street. Numerous others reached a high standard during the Hockey and Netball season.

These activities in which we all participated throughout this year have been thoroughly enjoyed by us, and we look forward to another year as satisfying as 1974.

*Ailsa Price, Anne Macnish,
Therese Salmon & Catherine Good.*



FOURTH YEARS WITH BR. EVAN

BACK:
(L to R)
S. O'Callaghan
B. Mudry
P. Styants
P. Smith
C. Cartledge
R. Jenkins
P. Eddy

FRONT:
Br. Evan O'Halloran
I. Italiano
F. Allsop
A. Galati

FOURTH YEARS IN LIBRARY

STANDING:
(L to R)
J. Vann,
G. Pereira
G. Reilly
R. Buswell
Mrs. Field
S. Nevin
F. Jenkins
J. Frisina

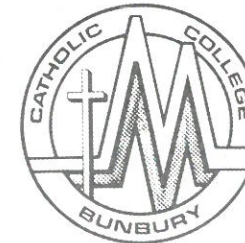


BACK: P. Cumming, C. Hynes, M. Hutcheson,
S. Davies.
FRONT: L. Gordon, Mrs. J. Jenour, A. Griffin.



BACK: F. Castrilli, A. Macnish, T. Petit, P. Harris.
FRONT: Mr. G. Kissane, T. Salmon, R. Clements.

FORM IV



BACK: A. Norton, C. Good, A. Price.
FRONT: G. Broderick, L. Smallshaw, Sr. Perpetua.



THE FINAL NOTE

1974 began grimly. Being the last of twelve years of dedicated study it levelled, ruthlessly the grisly burden of intense anxiety and worry upon the minds of those staunch young people venturing into its murky depths. It was a year bound to bring a result that would ultimately decide the future and the lives of thirty people; no matter how petty or worthless, important or great, that have to be lived. Placing a large amount of responsibility into the competent hands of the teachers concerned, the intrepid students began their gruelling walk down the treacherous path towards the final goal.

But seriously, 1974 was a million laughs. Among other things it brought together that active, virile little fun group just busting to get back into study and discover new techniques of building model aeroplanes from test sheets and library books from Mrs. Field's special reference book section. By March they had the blue prints for an F111 Super Jet completed after 14 Economics periods and a recess, a record that's bound to hold any Fifth Year class.

In April, a rest period was organised and the guys and girls moved campus Rockingham-ward, looking for new demonstration grounds. They found it in the controversial existence of a nunnery. Within a matter of three days the task was completed and the building was officially recognised as the Happy Home for Stray Camels.

After another rest period classes resumed with the usual explosion of excitement and in June the second term commenced. Actually a slightly subdued collection of people faced the blackboard this term (nasty, nasty first term exams) and Economics periods were for Economics.

A cloud of sadness also prevailed, mainly on the guys, because of the absence of a member of the female sect. There was a hole where one, Kerry Cartledge, used to smile. Then suddenly all eyes bulged with terror as the class was threatened with a forthcoming mock leaving, there was a terrific scramble as thirty ravenous homo-sapiens fought furiously for fifteen paper F111's. Study had begun.

The exams went well and after that agonising first week in the third term all sights were levelled on the now looming finals. With the new study routine established and the course of revision set out before the reformed delinquents could see light in the distance and this time it wasn't someone smoking in the corridor.

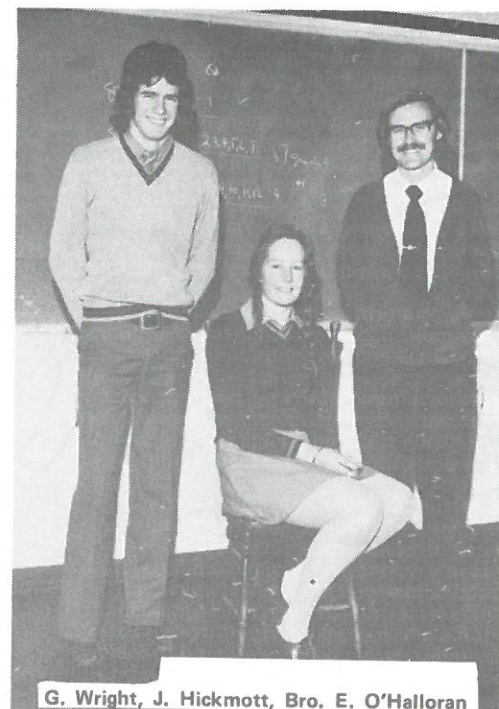
The time for thought had come with the preparing pretty well over and the exams nearly upon them, the only thing left was a plan for the future. The gang would soon split up, each individual would spread the ideals and impressions formed during his school life to others he will come in contact with. What a world!!

But seriously a big thanks is deserved by the teaching staff who did so readily offer their valuable assistance. And to all of those students waiting for the worst, to put your minds at rest, you'll fail.



BACK: M. Frisina
D. Vidos
S. Galati
FRONT: J. Mead
D. Walker
M. Harris
M. Montague

BACK: D. Regan
G. Buswell
L. Tomasi
C. Anthony
FRONT: P. Garbelini
T. Buoro
J. O'Neil
L. Milligan



G. Wright, J. Hickmott, Bro. E. O'Halloran

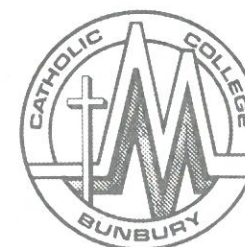


BACK: P. Garvey,
K. Hannah,
T. Platts,
FRONT: M. Calligaro,
R. Maher,
J. Hickmott,
P. Shine.



BACK: R. Norman,
P. Herring,
O. Casagrande,
FRONT: J. Pelle
C. Cavallaro,
K. Knorne,
M. Paul

FORM V



OUR COLLEGE CAMPS

FIFTH YEAR CAMP

The camp saw its beginning on the 18th. of March, 1974, (a date we remember well because we were all anxious to participate in the swimming carnival, But)

During the two days of the camp we indulged in activities which involved extreme exertion of energy - Table tennis, popl, and eating being among the most popular.

We visited Penguin Island, where guided by our Penguin Island expert, we expected to sight masses of the little creatures. But none were seen.

During our stay at Rockingham we were provided with entertainment in the form of a film; '2001: The Space Odyssey'. It can be recommended for its superb use of colour.

In the best of moods we left on a journey to which we were unaccustomed: we arrived in Bunbury in two hours, you see we were not travelling in our old unreliable bus.

Like all good things the camp involved some tedious chores such as cleaning up before we departed.

Thanks must go to Father Penberthy and Sister Bernadette (who provided us with the bulk of the meals), and also to anyone who assisted in any way.

Loretta Tomasi, Form V



FOURTH YEAR CAMP

On the 16th. to 18th. April, the fourth year students went on a Christian Living Camp at Rockingham.

We were kindly taken up to the camp by Mr. Good, Mr. and Mrs. Broderick, Mrs. Macnish, Mrs. Colton and Mrs. Smallshaw and returned in a Roberts' bus.

The excellent meals, cooked by Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, were very much appreciated and we thank these people for making our camp, meal wise, a success.

Father Penberthy, Sister Perpetua and Brother Vincent all helped to provide us with an interesting programme over the two days. The main theme of the camp was 'Relationship with Others'.

We all enjoyed the camp and the friendly atmosphere in which it was held, and found it of great value.

SECOND YEAR CAMP

In our new school bus, class 2 Red left the school to go to the Busselton Baptist Youth Camp Site for our second term camp, the theme of which was to be 'The Community'. We were supervised by Brother Reginald and Sister Maureen and our cooks were Tina Cavalaro and Frances Jenkins. The evening we settled in and after some wearying activities we retired.

Rising at 6 o'clock we went for some awakening walks along the beach and returned to find breakfast on our tables. Monsignor arrived and we had a mass, then enjoyed a delicious barb-a-que lunch. After this we were allowed a certain time to ourselves, during which we walked into town.

On returning to the camp we had showers and following this a marriage ceremony was performed which proved fatal for the bride, who, during the waltz stubbed her toe on a protruding nail and because of a lack of medical supplies was rushed to the hospital.

Tea was then served with a menu of soup, mince and cordial which was eaten with enthusiasm. We then participated in some games which included cat and mouse, musical balloons and charades. Towards the end of the evening we had a sing-a-long.

The bus arrived and we returned to Bunbury after a much enjoyed weekend.

Second Year Red extend their thanks to Tina Cavallaro and Frances Jenkins for their help in preparing the meals.

Margaret Good, Form II, Red



SECOND YEAR WHITE CAMP

On the 10th. to 11th. August, second year white class accompanied by Sister Maureen and Brother Andrew attended a camp at Binningup.

The new school bus left Bunbury at 5.30 p.m. Saturday. On arrival at the camp site, dormitories were quickly allocated and occupied, followed by tea served in the hall by Sister Maureen and a group of students. After tea everyone joined in a session of games followed by a mass which was celebrated by Father Conlan.

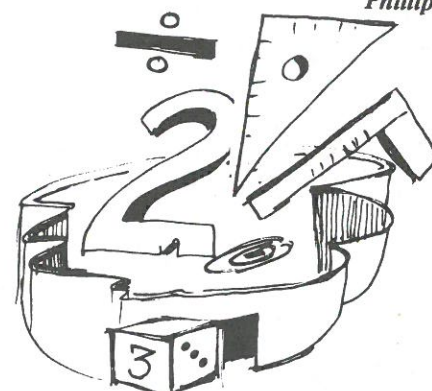
A midnight jaunt along the beach livened everyone up. Lights out at 1.30 a.m., talking to cease at 2.00 a.m. were a few of the many restrictions observed by the students.

Seven o'clock Sunday morning saw everyone rise and shine and breakfast was soon served. A hike along the beach took place later in the morning. A variety of items washed up by the winter seas were collected and the discovery of a live sea-snake and other marine life added excitement to the walk.

A barb-a-que lunch was devoured by a hungry group. Everyone enjoyed a free afternoon after which afternoon tea was served, to provide everyone with enough energy to clean up. Hasty packing left more time for leisure before everyone deserted the camp site and boarded the bus at 5.30 for home.

Every individual did their little bit to make the camp a success. Many thanks to Brother Andrew, Sister Maureen, Father Conlan, and the students who attended and made the camp most enjoyable.

Phillip Price



THE CRUCIBLE CAMP

During the second term, a group of willing parents transported 25 fourth year students to Binningup for a week-end camp.

The camp was designed to enrich the English students' understanding of the play 'The Crucible'. At the camp site we were joined by a group of four boys from St. Louis and Brother Leo.

Saturday and Sunday were spent enjoying organized games and acting portions from the play. Among the actors were Father Conlan, Brother Vincent and Brother Leo. The acting was directed by Mrs. Rogerson.

The cooks, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, whose meals were greatly appreciated by everyone, did a fine weekend's work. Many thanks are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Father Conlan, Brother Leo, and to the parents who transported the students to and from Bunbury.

Sue Nevin, Form IV

THE MATHS CAMP

Maths you say: Sounds dull but not really. For on the weekend of the 5th. to 7th. July, Janet Hudson, Anne-Marie Busher, Stephen Wragg and I (Debbie Norrie) and 178 other second and third year students from all over W.A. gathered at the Point Walter Camp Site, for the 1974 Mathematics Games Competition, organized by the Mathematics Association, and I can honestly say we weren't in the least bored, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

The weekend included sitting through games designed to develop strategies, lasting for about 2½ hours at a time.

Never have I seen so many students so eager to do maths. It was a very rewarding experience, for myself and the others, and I am pleased to say we improved last years result of 19th. to a very hard worked for 18th. Maybe one day our school will be awarded the shield, not too far in the distant future. Good-luck next years team.

Debbie Norrie, Form III, White



FOURTH YEAR CAMP



SOCIAL

On the second of August this year, Form II class, held a social which 215 students attended, and over two hundred dollars was raised towards the bus fund.

The social was compered by local radio personality, Tim Hartnell, who generously offered his services to make it such an enjoyable evening for all.

Music was provided by the 'Sessionaires' and as an added attraction, free records and prizes were given to the lucky dancing partners.

Thanks must go to the Student Social Committee, Judy Giacci, Susan Cooke, Dean Buck, Michael Cavallaro and Peter Cunningham, who organized the social and made it such a successful one.

Greg Cartledge, Form IV

THE TRIP TO PERTH

After our new bus had arrived, our class (1st. Year, White) were taken on a trip to Perth as a reward for the class raising the most money in the walkathon.

At 8.30 a.m. we left, accompanied by Brother James. When we arrived in Perth we went to Parliament House. A tour through the building was conducted by June Craig and John Sibson, after which we went to Kings Park for lunch. After exploring the grounds, we continued on our way to the Museum, which proved to be very interesting.

From the Museum, we visited the Concert Hall, which was enormous; with countless rows of seats and red carpet on the floor and partially spread on the walls.

After our inspection of the building, we began our journey back to Bunbury.

We arrived at about 7 p.m., tired but happy after such an enjoyable trip.

Coralee Robinson, Form I, White

INTERSCHOOL ACTIVITIES

INTER-SCHOOL DEBATING

At the time this report was written, we had not as yet, had our final debate against the Cathedral Grammar School for 1974.

Our first debate was held at the college. Our team (affirmative) consisted of Scott Frayne first speaker, Anthony Blee second speaker, and Jane Herring third speaker. The topic 'The Achievement Certificate should be abolished'. The results of this debate were very close, and we were defeated by a very confident Grammar School team.

As they say 'You learn by your mistakes', and that is what happened.

A more determined and confident team consisting of Don Gardiner as first speaker, Sandra Kershaw second speaker, and third speaker Scott Frayne, represented the college for the second debate. They put forward a convincing argument on the subject, 'That the world has not improved'. We won this debate by a reasonable margin.

And now we are anxiously awaiting our third and deciding debate. We'll have to throw everything into this one if we hope to achieve victory.

Scott Frayne, Form III, Green

STUDY EXCURSIONS—THE ECLIPSE

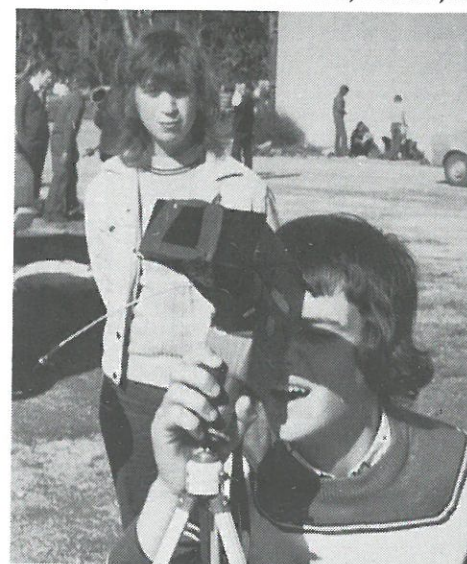
On Thursday 20th. June about 30 students from 1st., 2nd. and 3rd. Year went to Augusta to observe the total eclipse.

They arrived at about 11.00 a.m. and went to watch a large group of amateurs at work. The first contact between sun and moon was at 11.48, and the total eclipse at 1.12 and it lasted for about three minutes.

All the students who made the trip voiced their appreciation of the beautiful spectacle the eclipse produced.

Thanks to all parents and clergy in providing transport - Mons. Cunningham and Mr. Dan Clarke (Burekup) for organizing at the Augusta end, and Mrs. Bastian, Mrs. Rooney, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Chidlow, Br. Roderick and Father Conlan for transport.

F. Atherton, Form I, Red



B.C.G.S. BALL

Friday, 16th September marked the night of the Bunbury Cathedral Grammar School Ball to which three Fourth Year couples: among whom were, Anne Macnish, Julie Frisina, Frances Jenkins, Mark Hutcheson, Peter Cumming, and Peter Styants, from Bunbury Catholic College were invited.

The function, which began at 8 p.m. and finished at 11.30, was attended by about fifty people. The dancers, who were accompanied by the band Hi Velocity, thoroughly enjoyed the night.

Cathy Hynes, Form IV, Green

JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL

After elections within the school, Sue Bastian, Julie Frisina, Peter Cumming, and Anthony Blee were selected to represent Bunbury Catholic College on the Junior Town Council for 1974.

The idea of the council is to act on the basis of the Official Bunbury Town Council, selecting a project to work on for the coming months. After much research, a submission on this project is presented to the official council for consideration and recommendation.

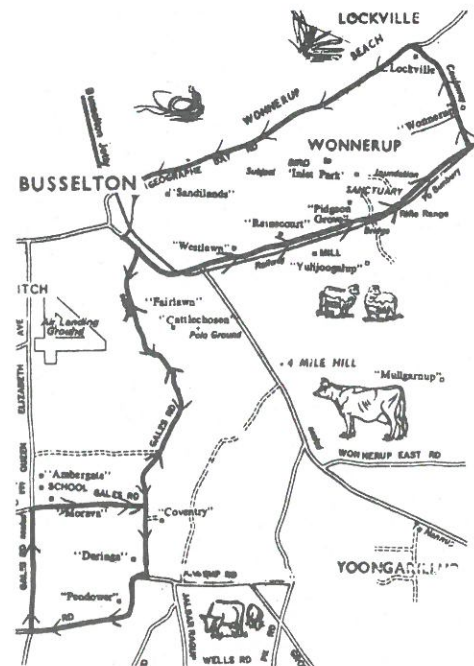
The project for 1974 is a survey of the need for a community centre in Bunbury. At this time the project is in full swing and much enthusiasm is being generated as the importance of such a project is recognised by all.

The Junior Town Council provides of all Bunbury senior schools represented with an opportunity to observe local government meeting procedure at first hand. Those elected onto the Council are thankful for, and relish this opportunity presented to them.

Anthony Blee



HISTORY EXCURSION TO BUSSELTON



GROUP SETTLEMENT SCHEME

On Tuesday Aug. 20th., our 4th. year History Class travelled to Busseton on our new bus to the Group Settlement area East of Busseton.

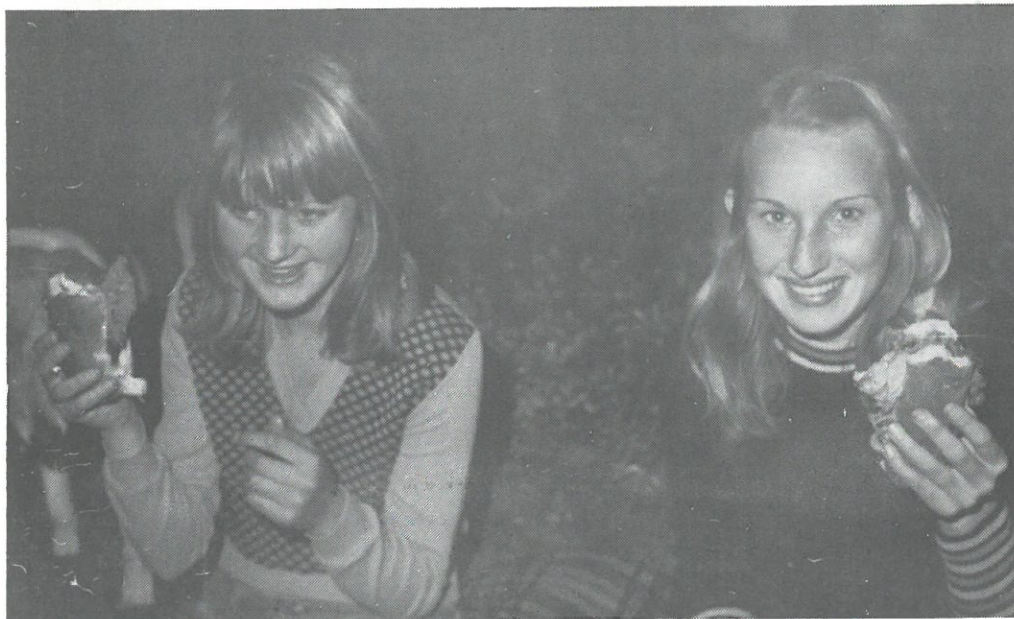
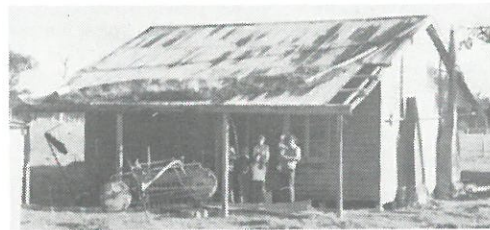
We first visited Layman's homestead at Wonnerup which has now been taken over by the National Trust.

After reaching Busseton we met Mr. Lord, President of Busseton Historical Society who was to be our guide. Mr. Lord was a boy of eleven when his father was granted a Group Settlement Farm. We visited the Machinery Museum and then followed the narrow roads in the Jindong - Treeton direction. We stopped periodically and examined typical houses of the time and the spot where the original camp was erected by the 'Groupies'.

We came to understand very clearly why it was the disastrous affair it turned out to be and how despondent many of these pioneers became.

Ross Buswell, IV Form

BARBECUE FOR FORM II



CLUBS



HORSE RIDING CLUB

This was the inaugural year for the horse-riding club, and it is very popular. There was a waiting list and the people from this very smartly filled any vacancies which arose during the course. Some of the pupils decided that the affinity for horses was definitely terminal, whilst others gained more of an affinity. One of our first year girls, Lisa Tonner, would get all my votes for the most adaptable beginner.

There is just one topic about which they are all very sore, and that is trotting without any stirrups. Ask any of them!

L. L. Wunnenberg

GROOMING AND DEPORTMENT

The club consists of 23 girls who are keen to learn all about proper posture, correct food, hair-care, manicure, skin-care, make-up, and etiquette, with the help of Mrs. Whittle and Mrs. Guigen.

So as to improve their deportment, the girls were taught a modelling routine which they could form on the cat-walk at the end of the term for their parents and friends. Each girl modelled two outfits, then a presentation was made to Mrs. Whittle as a token of our appreciation for her efforts and kindness.

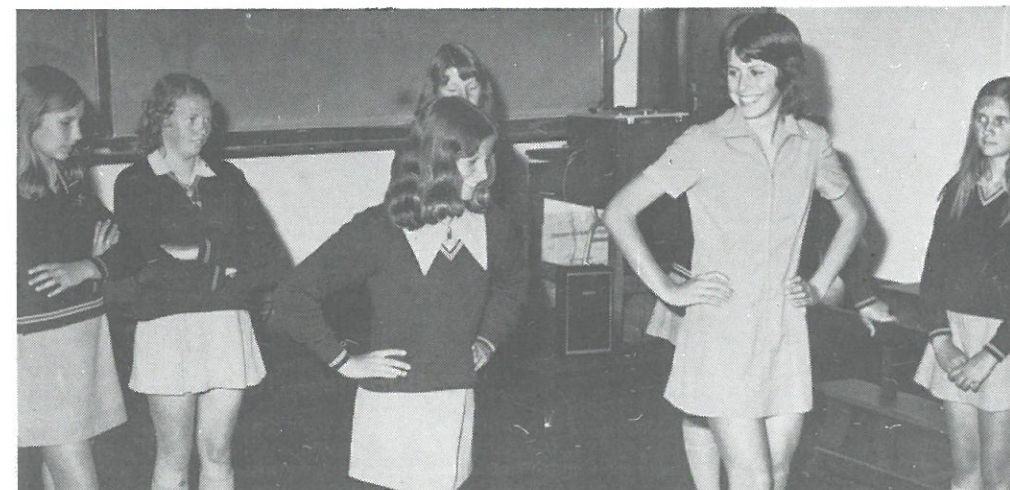
M. Guigen



HOME FABRICS



MATHS ENRICHMENT



DANCING CLUB

RADIO CLUB

This past academic year, the Grammar School and Bunbury Catholic College, have joined in many activities, one being the Radio Club which meets every Monday after school, to work towards the A.O.L.C.P. (Amateur Operator Certificate of Proficiency), as well as the construction of projects.

Each year around September, the Radio Club visits the Ockley Radio Club and stays with them for a weekend.

This Club is centred in Narrogin, but operates from an old farm house, just out of town. During the time we were there, we used the Coubs Call-Sign, which is VK6OR (Victor Kilo Six Ocean Radio.)

We left Bunbury at 4.30 p.m. and did not reach the farm until 9 p.m., due to a shattered windscreen near Collie.

After we had unpacked, we listened to Karl one of the Club members, talking to such countries as Russia, Finland and Kuwait on the radio.

Karl operates a Swan (brand name) P.E.P. (Peak Envelope Power) S.S.B. (Single Sideband) transceiver, through a two element cubicalquad antenna.

The next day, we went into Narrogin to see about the windscreen and survey the town.

At the farm, at 1.30 after Karl had arrived, we called Japan back to see if any amateurs could hear us and we were instantly answered by twenty or thirty stations trying to answer us at the same time. This hectic life went on until 6 p.m., when conditions deteriorated and we lost contact.

By 8.30, Sunday morning, we had packed up and left for 6 NA, the Narrogin Radio Station, where Karl was a technician and he showed us around.

From there we went to 6 WA Wagin. Glen, one of the technicians, showed us around, and told us that 6 WA controlled the coverage for the Great Eastern Districts.

The \$500,000 transmitter broadcasts 55 kilowatts and is so powerful that it will light up a fluorescent tube held close to it. The transmitter broadcasts through a 685 ft. antenna.

In case of fire, an alarm rings and one has 30 seconds to leave the building before it is flooded with carbon-dioxide. An electronic black-box handles most of the controls but it is not a hundred percent effective and so a technician looks after it.

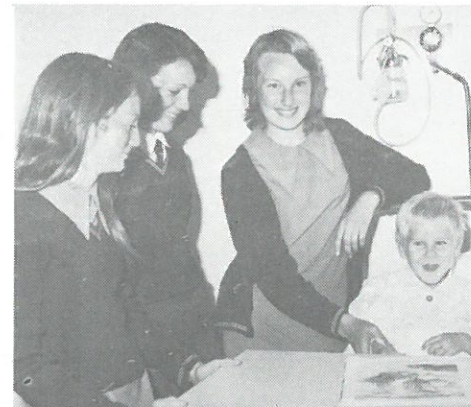
After lunch, we left 6 WA, for Bunbury, and after running out of petrol at Darkan due to a faulty petrol gauge, we arrived at our destination at 5.30 p.m.

Those who went from the Grammar School were : Mr. Peterson, J. Barber, B. Hitchcock, M. Middlemas, I. Lewis, and M. Brown.

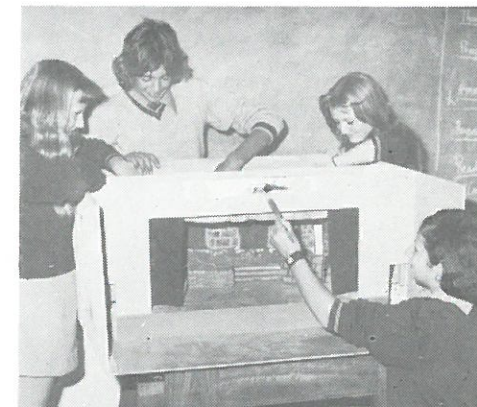
From B.C.C. were Brother Andrew, M. Castieau and P. Hancock. Thanks are extended to Mr. Petterson, Brother Andrew and to all who helped in making this interesting and at times exhausting week-end such a success.

Paul Handcock, Form II, Green

TYPING CLUB



Social Action with Br. James



Set designing with Sr. Maureen



Pottery with Mrs. Hutcheson



Art Enrichment with Mr. LaFaber



Manicure and Hair Care with Mrs. Guiguen



Grooming & Deportment with Mrs. Whittle

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

After departing from the Rodstead Street site on Saturday August 3rd. at 6.30 p.m. the various cars and our school bus met at the Busseton Church after an hours travelling. Forming a proud procession we journeyed on, cautiously dodging swamps of water flooding the road. Eventually we spotted the sign marking our arrival at the Four Square Gospel Camp.

Our aim of the camp was pursued immediately and so the singing began with Mr. Don McCaskill leading and adding humour to the work. That night, many people lost quite a bit of sleep due to joyful students wandering the dark corridors with the idea of night exploring.

On Sunday we followed the same lines of work, but with Mrs. Jenkins and Sister Maureen organizing the actors with Mrs. Clifton at the piano. Mr. Roy Martin, Sister Perpetua, and Brother Vincent accompanied the singers to form an even stronger chorus.

This camp was a great help for the cast of the 'Pirates of Penzance' as it familiarized them with some difficult parts of the play. Many thanks are extended to Mr. Don McCaskill, Sister Maureen, Mrs. Clifton, Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. Dracup, Sister Perpetua, Brother Vincent and all the other 'behind the scene' organizers whose contribution to the camp was invaluable.



Drama with Sr. Maureen



Point to Point with Br. Andrew

JOIN THE CRAZE

Point to Point art using a needle and thread can be done by anyone and has become a popular craft.

In the recent Harvey show, Br. Andrew came second in the adult section, while Barbara Hynes gained a first in the junior section at the Brunswick show.

CAREERS WEEK

Careers week for third years saw education with a 'difference' — the difference of course being due to the fact that the traditional form of acquiring educational experience was not being learnt in the normal class-room situation.

Approximately a half of the students who feel they may pursue higher studies spent a week in Perth, visiting various tertiary institutions (the University, W.A.I.T., Churchlands Teacher's College, Social Welfare Institutions and Hospitals) listening to different guest speakers and filling in the rest of their spare time with some recreation. You know the old saying 'All work and no play makes Jack/Jill a dull boy/girl'.

Thanks are due to Sister Maureen who organized the week in Perth and to Brother Andrew who acted as bus driver and general manager of the tour and also to the various people in Perth who billeted these students.

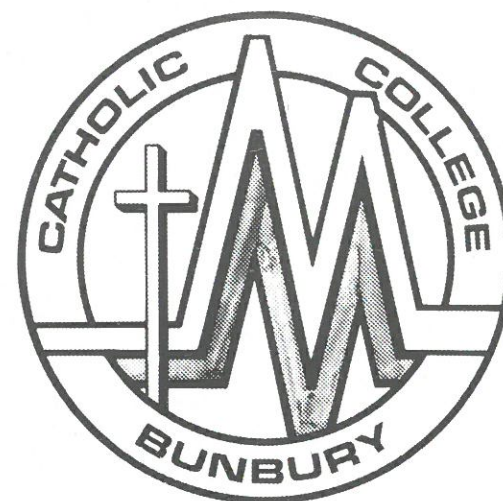
What about the other half of the third years? A week was also organized here in Bunbury. Grateful thanks are due to the speakers who visited our students on Monday and Tuesday. For the rest of the week an invaluable time for them was spent in various occupations, business firms and shops in the locality. Just as the employers seemed pleased to have such fine calibre of students working on their premises so our students were doubly thrilled to be there; caring for the sick in St. John's, meeting and serving the needs of people in Boans, the Library, Mr. Mair's office, D'Vorak's, Car Trimmers, de Kayes Salon and our builders — Mr. Perkins, our groundsman Viv Morton and other businesses that may have been overlooked.

Hopefully what was learnt at school was being applied in a practical situation and experience. I'm sure everyone benefitted.

BUNBURY CATHOLIC COLLEGE

PRIMARY SECTION

INAUGURAL YEAR 1974



THE PRIMARY PRINCIPAL

The focus of Bunbury Catholic Primary in 1974 has been to establish a community — a Christian Community comprising the staff, children, parents and the wider community in which we live. We see our role as developing each person's potential in a meaningful way both for the individual and society. In order to develop growth efforts have been made to stimulate interest, enable the children to develop expertise and acquire enriched concepts. With this in mind, Bunbury Catholic College Primary school has been involved in a wide variety of experiences ranging from the formal classroom, to club activities, drama productions and participation in liturgical and civic life. Our school endeavours to be a sign of the Christian values that we are striving to develop.

Brother Peter



Br. Peter with Sr. Loretta



JOSEPH AND HIS AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT

This show, performed by the Grade Sevens, was equal to, or better than, stage productions of older students. It was comparable in technique and finesse to the Eastern States production 'Godspell'.

Gary Malatesta, as Joseph, and Kim Hislop, as Pharoah, sang very polished solos. Also Chris Bignell as Potiphar made a very arrogant millionaire, and Anne Bartley was delightfully seductive as his wife. These are but a few of the outstanding cast, but they were ably supported by the rest of the Grade Sevens.

Father Hugh Galloway, Mrs. Gloria Rogerson, Sister Loretta, Brother Dennis and many other valuable helpers made the performance so professional.

Many thanks also to the two doormen, Brother Andrew and Brother Evan, the Fourth Year usherettes, and all the other 'behind the scenes' helpers.

That the production was extremely popular is evident in the fact there was a demand performance the following week, and there was a full house each night.

To quote Mrs. M. Herring: 'There is many a group, amateur and professional, that would be overwhelmed to have three encores and the cast leave the stage to a standing ovation'.

*Sue Nevin & Le-Anne Smallshaw
Form IV Red*



ENGLISH ENRICHMENT CENTRE

A NEWCOMERS EXPERIENCE

Before we left Ireland we toured the country all around. I remember getting on to the ferry to cross the Irish Sea. My Aunty Betty, Aunty Doris and several other relatives came to see us off. Being young and only seven, I was excited, but it broke my parents heart to leave their country. My mother had tears in her eyes leaving her friends but wisely I told her we would make more in Australia, and I was so right.

We set sail at 9 p.m. and docked at England at one o'clock. A couple of days later we boarded the 'Fair Star' the ship in which we were to travel half way across the world. We had lunch on the ship and then started on our long journey to a foreign land.

Near the end of the first week we docked at 'Las Palmas' a strip of land on the top of Africa belonging to Spain. It was spotless. Every house was white and at 6 in the morning men were raking the white sand. Unfortunately not many shops were open but we managed to buy some things.

At about 10 a.m. we headed for Cape Town. My Dad was quite excited now for he had previously spent two years in Africa. As we approached it, a tug boat came out to meet us with bad news. The dock was full and we would be delayed one day. We put down anchor and spent the night there.

In the morning we started moving again. This time we travelled at about 10 miles per hour. From a distance Cape Town looked terrific but in fact it was the exact opposite. It was filthy. As soon as we came out of our air conditioned cabin the heat hit us. It was like a plastic sheet suffocating us. There wasn't even a breeze. There seemed to be no air to breathe. The greatest shock was yet to come. I looked over the railing of the ship and I nearly fell over it in surprise. Walking on the pavement was a boy with no shirt or shoes on. You just wouldn't do this in Ireland because it was too cold, but apart from everything else the boy was black.

I had never even thought of a person being any colour, except white before. I just couldn't believe my eyes.

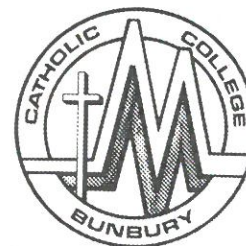
Well I was glad to leave Cape Town. We were all very disappointed. Anyway to make up for disappointment we had a wonderful time on the ship. Every night there were socials and films for the adults and Mum and Dad were always doing something. The children also had a marvellous time. There were special games put on and even a fancy dress ball. I dressed as a Spanish lady and had a great time. On Christmas Eve the Captain even gave a party and everyone received presents. I received a sewing basket and my brothers had soldier and cow-boy outfits.

We arrived in Australia on December 28th. In Ireland I used to get asthma. I had been troubled with this complaint from the age of four and I just lived on penicillin.

The day we arrived in Australia, I had my worst attack and although it was a blazing hot day I was wrapped up in my Mum's fur coat, I was freezing.

Although I'm very happy in Australia, sometimes I'm sad for I remember a great deal about Ireland and I really miss my cousins. Some day, I hope when I become a doctor, to return to my own country.

Annette Waters, Form I White



ENGLISH ENRICHMENT CENTRE

An English Enrichment Centre has been established in the Bunbury Catholic College this term. This was made possible by a Federal Grant which provides English Language lessons for Non English Speaking Migrants. Two English language teachers work in the new Enrichment Centre and children throughout the Primary School and students in the secondary department are benefiting. The necessary Audio equipment has been provided by the Catholic Commission in Perth and special thanks must be given to Rosemary Tong - the Co-ordinator and Gay Wright the advisory member of staff. Both the people have shown considerable interest and made the whole project possible.

In the immediate future, an adult migrant centre will be established for Non English Speaking Adult Migrants. These Centres are free and a survey is being opened at present to determine the need.

Betty Parry & Dale Mosedale

FOOTBALL GRAND FINAL

It was a great victory for the Harvey Brunswick team and supporters. This has been their first Premiership win since 1960 so you can imagine the thrills they were having. There were screams of wild excitement in the changerooms. Even women attached themselves to the tired players.

My Uncle Joe (known as Joe Italiano) is the President of the Harvey Brunswick Football Club and was feeling on 'top of the world'. He said 'this was the greatest year for the maroons and one which we shall never forget'. In 1960 the club opened and that same year they won the premiership, and in 1974 with their new club rooms open they won the premiership again. After this great event all the players of Harvey Brunswick, full of excitement put my Uncle Joe under the shower fully clothed.

Their Captain-coach Terry House, was also feeling 'on top of the world'. He said 'the two ambitions I started out to do earlier in the year was to beat South Bunbury and win the Premiership and sure enough we did it'. 'Terry House is the best coach you can get' said some of the Harvey Brunswick players. I agree with that statement.

After the victory talk at the Maroons new Club there was a huge crowd cheering and celebrating. The next day Joe Italiano took one of the cattle trucks and drove around to some of the suburbs, drinking and singing were some of the main things they were doing, even the ladies followed them in a ute with a huge amount of supporters following them also. They continued this all week.

It was a Memorable occasion.

Rosie Trimboli, First Year White

PRIMARY CREATIVE WRITING

AUTUMN

Yellow, green, brown and gold are beautiful colours. Those are the colours of the leaves in Autumn. To and fro the wind blows the leaves, swishing them around. The wind is so strong that it can blow away the leaves till summer comes again. Away the leaves blow smacking up against the wall. When the leaves are gone I can see all different sorts of branch designs whirling and twirling around. I like Autumn.

Michelle Widmer, Grade 4

AT THE BEACH

The waves are smashing on the shore. The seaweed on the gleaming yellow sand is like monstrous green fingers stretching out to catch you. White foam sprays in the air as it crashes against the pebbles. Colourful shells of all shapes and sizes are scattered all along the beach.

Frances Hansen, Grade 4

THE HAY

When I play in the hay,
I like the sunny day,
I play with cow,
Then I hear bow-wow.

Wayne Peake, Grade 4

THE SHELL

Picking up the shell
I could hear —
The swishing of distant beaches,
The seaweed crinkling up on a
Hot Beach,
The squawking of happy seagulls,
The rhythm of people walking
Along the beach.

Maree Leslie, Grade 6, Green

OUR NEW BUS

Today the grade twos went for a ride in the new bus. It was nice and smooth and white. I was sitting next to Suzanne and Kim. It has some ash-trays, I had one in front of me. Mr. Morton was driving it.

Marianne Stelmach, Grade II

THE LION

The old lion is very still,
But his eyes are always open;
He knows the hunters are there ready to kill.
Suddenly, he hears footsteps coming near,
The old lion cannot run
Because he is weary and done —
Bang goes the shotgun, down comes the lion,
There he lies still;
But his eyes are not open.

Luciano Simioni, Grade 6, Green

THE SEAL

When he dives from the rocks,
When he darts through the waves,
When he glides through his eerie undersea cave.

He swims like a fish,
With a flick of his tail,
He's off again now on his undersea trail.

But then comes the dark,
When he lays down his head,
And then goes to sleep on his undersea bed.

Dianne Hansen, Grade 6, Green

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

Once a crow was searching for water. Then his eye caught on a pitcher. He looked in it and found water on the bottom, but he just could not get at it.

Then he had a bright idea, and he put a pebble in his beak and dropped it in. He dropped more and more until it was filled.

The water rose to the top and he was able to get a drink. I think he really deserved it, don't you?

Sandra Bocchetti, Grade IV, Red



CREAM CAKE DREAMS

I watched her put the gladwrap over it, that gorgeous cream cake. I could see the cream oozing from that deliciously sugared and creamed cake. It was a very big cake; the likes of which I had never seen.

My mother had put it in the refrigerator, so I meant to ask her for it tonight when I came home from school. But as a precaution to make sure the cake was still there, just about half a minute before I should be going to the bus stop to catch the bus, I peeped in the fridge and I just ran out of the door then to the bus stop.

During the day, I thought I should change tactics a little.

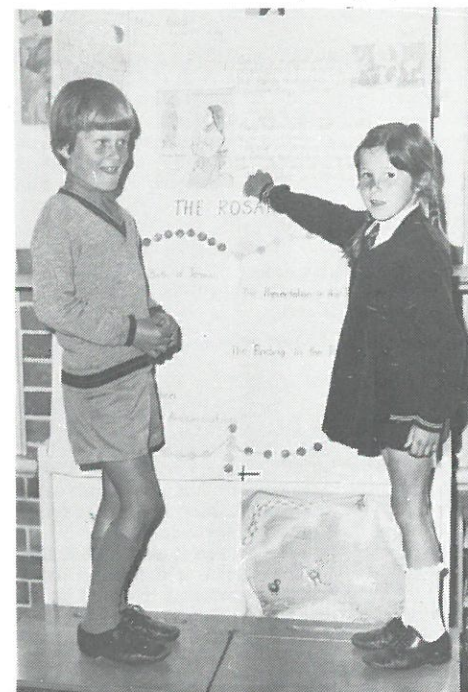
That night when I got home, and said hi! to my mother and told her that days' news, I was thinking of a plan. My mother was having a chat with our next door neighbours, and when she came back in, she found that the lunch dishes were dried, the table set and the meal was getting put on. After dinner, when my mother said I could have the cream cake, I was really happy. But when I went to get my cake, I couldn't find it. Puzzled, I turned around and then saw my five-year-old sister with cream and bits of cake all over her face, and I felt so disappointed.

Anne Stevens, Grade 7, Green

AN ANGRY SEA

One windy Saturday afternoon, my sister and I went for a walk along the beach. We hadn't gone very far when my sister spotted a wave about three metres high. It had a bluey-green colour of which was full of froth and a few pebbles floating about on top. The sun was gleaming like gold on the waters edge. The wind looked like it was trying to blow the wave in two pieces like a plate broken in two.

Tony Colgan, Grade 4



AS I SAT GAZING

As I sat gazing I saw an angry-looking sea having a fight with the cold, hard rocks. The sea was beating and bashing itself against the rocks and turning into tiny pieces of foam and being carried away by the cold wind. The sea rolled up into another wave and then furiously bashed itself into the rocks. As it hit the rocks it doubled back into the sea as if it was in pain throwing itself back into the ocean. The gloomy sharp rocks pierced and hit harshly at the ocean. At this attack the sea rolled into a wave and thrust itself into the rocks. After being pushed back and scattered into the wind the ocean began to die. It gave one more effort to defeat the rocks. Sadly, the wave didn't have enough strength so it sank back into the ocean and the sea became gentle and calm.

Elizabeth Piacentini, Grade 7, Green

I AM TO DIE

I am to die from a disease that is fatal for the Carrier. Oh! the pains I suffer! Shall they soon be at an end?

As I leave my family and best friend, I remember the happy times we had.

Why? Oh! Why did it have to be me to suffer this disease with misery?

God, I am but young, save me, why must you torment me in such a way?

Through my eyes, the world looked bright — days were days, nights were nights.

The pain will not stop. My head turns faster and faster.

I want to feel my heart, but my hand doesn't reach for it. I start crying. The thought of my lying there, dying, makes me sad. My heart beat fades, my limp body lays in the heat. The time has come for me to meet my spiritual image.

Kieran Thomas, Grade 7, Green

ATTACK

As I was walking home from school I heard a scream, I turned around to see what was there, but all I heard was some rustling in the bushes behind me, I turned and ran only to find some-one in front to stop me from running. I was cornered. What were they going to do to me.

The man in front of me took a hankie from his pocket and folded it in the shape of a blindfold, put it over my eyes and led me to a car. He told me to 'get into the car' and gave me a push. We started off, and after a while I heard the sounds of children's voices laughing and playing, so I guessed we were going past a school. Then a little later on I heard the car's motor stop so I guessed we were where they were going to hold me captive. Then one of them took off the blindfold and gave me a pad and pen and said to me: 'Write a letter to your parents and tell them to pay a ransom of \$100,000 if they want to see you alive again'.

I gave them the letter and said to them 'What if they won't pay?' 'That's your bad luck if they don't'. Said one. So I guessed they meant business. One of them went off in a car to post the letter, and the other went to get some wood for the fire.

All of a sudden the window opened and a policeman came in. He got hold of my arm and pulled me through the window to a police car out the side, and in the back of the car were the two men so all was well.

Leanne Brimson, Grade 7, Green

THE BUSH FIRE

'Nuttie! Cherry! come here I want to tell you something'.

'Who said that?' said Nutty.

'Mum did, you great ding bat,' replied Cherry.

'Now dears, you're not going to like this, but I must tell you your Aunt Nutmeg is coming'.

'What? She can't be,' shouted Cherry quite surprised.

'How awful'.

'Look, why don't you both go for a walk while I get the house cleaned up?'

So the two little gum nuts walked slowly through the bush looking so worried.

'By the way, Cherry, who is Aunt Nutmeg?'

'Oh, you'll find out'.

As they were walking through the bush Nutty (being a nut) found a match and thought it was a stick with a red bug on the end of it, and tried to shoo it off.

'Shoo! get off you horrible thing. Cherry, how do you get a red bug off a stick?' Cherry, being so worried, said 'Scrape it off' and just as Nutty struck, he realised. 'NUTTY! NO! Oh, now look what you've done. You've started a bush fire. Quick, get out of the way'.

'Well, it wasn't my fault'.

'Oh, shut-up, and get some sand'. After three hours work, they managed to get the fire out, and they went straight home before Nutty got them into any more trouble.

Lisa Chamley, Grade 6, Green

THURSDAY

On our sports day we are having an egg and spoon race, a three-legged race and a sack race.

Kylie Troy, Grade 1

THE STORM

It was a beautiful summer day out at sea. People were taking a vacation on a big ship for their school or work holidays. They were shouting and laughing, when all of a sudden the sky turned black and eerie. The rain started pelting down. The waves grew bigger and bigger. Everyone ran from the top deck screaming and shouting. Large crashes of thunder could be heard above the raging sea. Waves hit the ship, and sometimes flew over the ship. Lightning lit the sky and it seemed like the heavens would open. The sails of the ship were torn and ragged-looking, not like before the storm. Suddenly everything stopped! Everything was quiet once more.

Susanne Quinn, Grade 6, Green

TREASURE HUNT

I live in a family of three - my father, my mother and myself. One day when I came home from riding 'Silver', I looked in the letter box and found a letter addressed to me from California. It was from a family which wanted to know about our town before they came for a visit. Our town had been slowly losing its population and was deserted except for a few out of town ranches.

I tidied up the house next door for the visitors to sleep in.

Later on, at the table, I thought of what I would show them. I decided we would go fishing, riding, rock collecting and mountain climbing.

The Cross family arrived early next morning. To my surprise, the children had brought a very old diary of the town's history. They gave me this to study.

At the end I saw some faded words which I made out to be 'GOLD IN HIDDEN CAVE IN CANYON'.

I told Glen and Michelle about it and we agreed to go hunting for the cave early in the morning.

Morning came and the only clue we had was to look for a cross. We searched all day without a sign. As the night fell a huge cross was noticed on a rock above our staring, tired eyes. We jumped up and started another search but we couldn't find anything.

Michelle, becoming tired, sat down. After a while she felt a cool breeze on her back. Glen and I got a stick and wedged open a crack behind her. There in front of us lay a beautiful cave - a glimmering waterfall of stone.

Stephen Irwin, Grade 7, Green

A FLOWER

One glittering morning when I was taking a walk I saw a beautiful flower. It had red petals with yellow in the centre. The garden had other fancy designed flowers but this one was colourful.

The dew of the trees fell on it and it passed it one by one. It looked at me as if to say, 'Am I beautiful?' The sky shone on it so it would shine. I glimpsed at its little red lollie-pops that made my mouth water. As the glimmering day passed the flower closed his curtains and went to sleep.

Cathy McCaughey, Grade 4

THE ANT

Once an ant was working,
Very very hard,
In the woods collecting,
(Which was our back yard.)

He was getting very tired,
And very weary, too,
When along came a friend and said,
'How do you do?'

Wayne Ivory, Grade IV, Red

A STORMY SEA

A wave crashes onto the rocks and makes a spray like fluffy powder. The rocks are moss and shells that make nice gardens for the sand. The water on the rocks resemble water rushing down a drain pipe. A pool of foam is like snow wobbling in the wind. Even the wind blows the sand along the beach.

Peter Castieau, Grade 4

A WATTLE TREE

One fine morning I was playing in a park. Suddenly I saw a beautiful big yellow wattle tree. It was colourful and big. I gazed at it, then a sudden wind came and blew off the lovely yellow balls.

Then I looked up at the balls and they were like a tremendous rainbow.

Alan Douglas, Grade 4



CATS

Cats are furry, as furry can be.
I love cats because they are very clean.
Whenever they are angry they climb upon a tree.
Or when they are teased, they always hiss and scratch.
Sometimes how wicked can they be!
Witches' black cats screeching night and day,
Casting spells upon the town.
How happy would I be every night
When my pussy goes to bed.
Goodnight.

Michelle Fogliani, Grade IV, Red

IN THE MOUNTAINS

My house is among the mountains, all covered in snow. It's made of logs and sticks. The windows are made of bamboo. My food is rabbits and deer. My hut is blue and white, and it sits right on top of the silky hill.

There are a lot of trees and flowers there. It's beautiful and shady in the mountains.

Marie Rowe, Grade 5, Green



CATS

Cats are sometimes sleepy cats,
Happy cats and droopy cats.
Cats like to sleep anywhere
Under the chair, on a bed or
Almost anywhere.
Black cat yawns,
Opens her jaws,
Stretches her legs,
And shows her claws.

Janine Colum, Grade IV, Red

THE WATTLE TREE

On Sunday I went for a ride and observed a wattle tree. It had little yellow, dazzling balls hanging from the long slim branches. A gust of wind arose and a few little balls fell off. They flew over a barren hill and a field of flowers like five little space ships dashing through the wind. Then they fell to the bare ground.

Greg Archibald, Grade 4

MY DAD

I like my Dad because he fixes up things that I like, like my go-cart which breaks down every four laps.

Sometimes he takes us to the beach where he puts me and my dog on my surfboard. When my Dad sees a big wave coming he gets ready then he pushes the surfboard, he hops on the end, and we go zooming into the shore.

Sometimes when my Dad feels alright he takes me rabbit trapping; I have a rabbit's fur for my desk.

Greg Howard, Grade IV, Red

FOOTBALL

Last Sunday there was a good match between Harvey-Brunswick and South Bunbury. There were lots of people there. The South Bunbury football club was packed with people. After the juniors had finished and the seniors had come out on the field, there were balloons and streamers everywhere. There were people clapping and cheering.

At three-quarter time there was a big fight. All the football players were in the fight. At the end of the match, the Harvey-Brunswick players were very happy because they had won.

Vicki Sly, Grade III, Green

SONG OF CREATION

First he made the moon,
Then he made the sun;
But then of course the animals —
One by one.

Adam the first;
Eve the second;
Cain and Abel then I reckon!!

Little possums and monkeys run free.
Tiny birds make for a tree!

Then of course God made me!!!!

Judy Cunningham, Grade 6, Green

MY PRAYER

Teach me to work,
Teach me to play.
Teach me to Love,
To be friendly and pray.

Anne Meehan, Grade 5, Green

PLAY

Play in the hay
with Kay,
Then play with the cow,
and go and plough.
Pigs in pens,
chase the hens.
Horses in stables,
eat on the tables.
Sheep in a heap
little Bo Peep.

Sean Thomas, Grade 4

MY DOG

When my dog lies up on my bed,
He always curls up by my head.
He runs a lot and chases me,
Sometimes he chases cats up trees!
I love him a lot, and he loves me.
We're friends together, can't you see?
Sometimes he's good, But sometimes he's not,
You see, he chases cars a lot!
One day he barked at a very old man,
And the old man picked up a rusty can,
But my dog still barked at that old man.
And I'm sure if I hadn't called him away,
He would have barked the live-long day.
But I still love my dog, and he loves me,
We'll always be friends — he and me.

Adrian Waters, Grade 5, Green

AN OLD LADY

Her back is hunched, her head bowed forward,
her eyelids fluttering, not a flirtation, just mere
exhaustion. Her hands are soft and wrinkled.
Hidden are the many years of toil, of hardships in
drought and flood. Her face is soft and mellowed,
still carrying the smile of sweetness of years gone
by. Every line, every crease tells a story, some good,
some bad. But now this lady has done her time,
she has grown, she has loved, she has brought child-
ren into the world; she has laughed, she has cried,
she has lived, and she has died.

Janet Hudson, Form III

THE SEA

The sea is a boundless stage,
A softly-harsh lit theatre,
Audience by shining eyes,
Witnessing an age-long performance,
The actors eternal movement,
Reflecting the warm applause by nature.

Catherine Hynes, Form IV, Green

MY WISH

I wish I knew the magic words
Saint Francis spoke to little birds.
Then, never in a flash of blue,
Would a shy little fairy pass from view.
And willy-wag-tail find a tree,
At least ten paces on from me,
And even Robins seem to say,
'I like you better far away'.
But each would flutter round my head,
And be my little friends instead.

Deanne Buswell, Form II, Red

THE OLD TRAMP

The old tramp slowly progressed down the hill.
He was small and thin with wrinkles covering his
forehead. His hands were creased and scarred,
showing signs of hardships during earlier years. The
clothes he wore were worn and tattered, and as he
walked, his back was slightly bent. His eyes ex-
pressed sadness. They were sagged, and sacks of
unslept nights surrounded them. The outlines of
cheekbones protruding his near skinless face ...

And yet! A smile, I see on this old face, giving
me great admiration for this old man!

Miriam Vittiglia, Form III

THE WAY

Life,
I'm moving inwards,
Climbing upwards,
I'm coming into view,
I'm struggling as a tiny part —
In this million-fold rat race.
Struggling, running, fighting — living.
I'm straying into horror, darkness.
People, like building bricks,
Piecing together, making life a maze.
Now light comes my way again.
I see the vastness of peace,
The tree of life stands out
And I fight my way to fulfillment — peace.

Pia Broderick, Form III

NIGHT

Where would the bright night be
without the light of the shining star,
which reflects its glory from the setting sun.
How could the trees sing, without
the help of the gentle wind
that rustles its leaves with a sigh.
And when the train rushes by, at
sight with its persistent sound —
shattering the peace of the night;
what happens to sleep?

Christine Crosby, Form II, Red

IN THE GHETTOS

Down, deep in the
heart of the Ghettos,
There is a scream of pain.
Another child is born;
Born into a world of
Hunger, Violence and Hate.
The only love he will know
Is that of his mother.
The only food he will know
Is his mother's milk.
The Violence and Hate he will know
When he is a man.

Somewhere else in the Ghetto
There's another sound;
The shot of a gun ringing
Through the tall, black
Forsaken buildings; lying in the
Gutter is a still, bloody form.

Sandra Kershaw, Form III, Green

HAIKU Glass

Odd shape, orange brown,
Worn and broken; a fragment
Of years gone by.

Carmen Broderick, Form I, Red

SYLLABLE POEMS

The Storm

Storm!
Whistling,
Moaning hell,
Tempered wild wind,
Lightning flashing, now.
Raining gently,
Softly now,
Gone.

John Bartley, Form I, Red

The Flower

Slowly
Opening,
Beautiful
Petals appear.
A big yellow face,
Red hair, green dress,
Delicate
Looking
Flower.

Susan Cavoli, Form I, Red

WHEN THE RAIN CAME

Dawn emerging wan weak, from the womb of the night. Throwing a pink frown across the forehead of the night.

A mountain jutting out its crag of a chin bristling with pine tree whiskers. A gush of bird, a song, a patter of dew, a cloud, and a rainbow warning suddenly sunshine and perfect blue — a December day in the morning.

The banks were of lush green grass, with gaily painted flowers clinging desperately to the fertile soil whilst a line of daffodils make a yellow bonfire along the hedge.

Butterflies, like flowers drifting in the wind, butterflies looking like bow-ties in the hair of the grass, butterflies thistle stopping across the paddock.

Trees throwing their leafy arms across a sunny road. Trees blanketed in moss. A lark descending in lovely little curves of sound. A flight of ducks rising brilliantly coloured arrowheads before the bow-strings of the wind.

Sunshine as thick as country butter on home made bread. The days are melting one by one — like pats of butter in the sun. Though golden hours will still go on, summer's on its way — now gone.

Days evaporate under a hot December sun. The clouds shepherding woolly flocks across the sky. Winds moving through the grass; sifting out its long ripples like the swaying of the sea. Hours passing like the lazy cattle moving across a landscape.

The rain has come. The clouds have wiped their feet on the dry towelled land and has soiled the earth. The waters have washed the dust, fed the earth and destroyed the sun, and have gone again as if they hadn't come.

Night has come. Twilight falling like grey silk. Dusk crept across the sky like a closing eyelid.

Night has enveloped the rite of the day.

The peaceful scrawl has gone.

Debbie Norrie, Form III

MARRIAGE IN THE OPEN

With the excitement of my marriage to my girlfriend, Gail, I was riding on my motorbike drinking Ginger Ale.

First round the corner, then up a hill,

Next thing I knew, I was taking a spill.

The Doc. came in to plaster my leg,

My girlfriend followed with 'You've broken your leg'.

The very next day the Reverend came in,

He said 'Is it still on or is it the end?'

My leg in plaster, a girl at my side,

I said 'Yes' (as I still had pride.)

Reverend said, 'This is life.'

I now pronounce you man and wife.

Dale Gordon, Form I, Green

G-G-G-GHOSTS

Big large haunted house,
Everything's quiet, quiet as a mouse.
Weeping willows crying outside,
Come out you ghosts, there's nothing to hide.
Footsteps thumping on the stair,
I looked around but nobody's there —
Behind the cupboard I crawled and hid;
I heard a noise — I'm sure I did.
The candle fell, I looked around,
There it laid, Broken on the ground.
Dark, vague, shadows on the wall;
Was it a ghost I really saw?

Dana McRobb, Form I

WHEN THE RAINS CAME

It was the third season of the worst drought we had ever experienced. The whole station was like a vast bewildering desert. The sparkling sun beat down continually, relentlessly, burning to wilting skeleton any living plant in sight. The ground was as hard as an old, worn brick, as dry as weathered parchment. A fresh drop of water had not been seen or tasted for a long, long time.

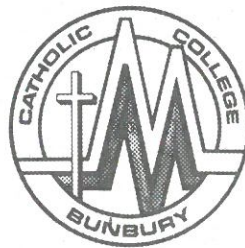
The sheep either stood shakily on their legs or lay panting in the little shade now left for them. The once golden, full ears of wheat were now reduced to single sticks of a dirty brown colour protruding from the parched earth.

The air was still and heavy with humidity, the heat was stifling. Overhead, the skies darkened, the clouds hung limply, changing position all the time. All tools were laid down, for to work was impossible. It was hardly possible even to breathe.

And then, it came, gradually at first, tapping loudly on the hard ground with big, heavy, drops, then steadily building up to a constant drumming on the earth that could not absorb it. Then, it was a blinding downpour, and still the long awaited rain poured from the heavily burdened dark clouds, transforming the dusty station into a huge mud-bath.

The drought was broken.

Pia Broderick, 3rd. Year



SECONDARY CREATIVE WRITING

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

Sunday
They marched — one thousand in all,
Placards held high, Gapon in front.
The numbers increased,
Each body searching for deliverance.

Sunday
Enthusiasm heightened,
The pace quickened,
Men with eager faces,
Ready to confront the Tsar.

Sunday
The Cossacks attacked —
The troops fired.
One thousand of Gapon's fell,
Blood, their garb.

Oh foolish Tsar,
Oh discredited Russia
Oh that Bloody Sunday.

Robyn Jenkins, Form IV, Red

WHAT IS OLD?

The silted river meanders,
the gnarled oak groans.

But he sits —
alone and frightened
pale and silent
weeping,

dreaming
of youth.

The back floorboards creak,
the dusty cobwebs shimmer,
But he listens
to the distant chatter,
the whistling wind,
pampered,
bred,

of age.

The mother stoops to her child,
the albatross spreads his wings.
But he's forgotten
in the noise and confusion,
the guilt of time
lost,

mellow,
with age

Fiona Allsop, Form IV, Red

DYLAN THOMAS PORTRAIT Form I Red

Did you ever see the spring?
Brightness, birds-fluttering,
morning dew, children playing.

Selena Daly

Did you ever see a deer?
Melting eyes, graceful ballerina, two-toed-leaper.

Kerry Flynn

Did you ever see a fire?
Fire-fingers playing a log piano.

J. Calabrese

EZRA POUND COUPLETS Form I Red

An elephant with its trunk outstretched;
A German tank with its gun-turret protruding.

James Chidlow

Nature looking after her world;
A mother treasuring her baby.

Susan Douglas

A dove in the presence of an elephant;
A school child in the presence of a teacher.

J. Campbell

A surfer on a thunderous powerful wave;
A water-beetle, helpless in a drainpipe.

Angela Bignell

An ant weaving in and out of fellow workers;
A rugby team battling their way to the top.

Michael Dowson

A flashy sportscar, passing other traffic;
A seagull flying over a summer beach.

Vince Galati

THE STRUGGLE

I looked with great fascination at the struggle
between land and sea,
the waves attacked violently the nearing shore.
They rose up in angry breakers
hurling themselves against the land in furious
assault,
the violent water, brown and grey
flung against the rocky shoreline
and was forced in cracks between the rocks
to form pools where it flowed back to sea.

Angie Galati, 4th. Year, Green

WORK

The scintillating pressure
Exerted on the feeble hardworking body,
Overpowers the zest to work,
And you remain there flat-footed,
Like a paralysed idiot.

Sweat, seeping out of the muscular frame,
As the hard worker uses all his energy,
Weeping over a shovel,
A job he dislikes,
But he needs the money to stay alive.

Work, becoming shorter every day,
Unions run the working man,
Striking for practically nothing,
But for better working conditions
Which were better yesterday.

Good jobs and bad jobs are in our society,
Better jobs and worse jobs,
Whatever we choose to work at,
We must like the job,
Even though you hate work.

Work, keeps people alive,
The money you earn
Can buy you food and other things,
But work will not buy everything;
You earn, and you just have to learn to live with it.

G. Tracey, Form III

THE NEW AWAKENING

Each of us is blind, a blindness of life around us. We live our life as we want to, forgetting those around us, blotting them out, they are there, but we are unknowing.

This life-style, is it really us? Surely it's a cover-up. This we cannot call life. At some time, this blackness must switch to a dominance of light and love. An uncovering of this cover-up, a new life of brilliance — slowly at first, as with anything just awakening. Still, the people around us take shape, our eyes become an opening to realization, the light of the world shines in.

Anthony Blee, Form III

THE KILLER

From the swirling sands of the desert loomed a dark figure. A man staggered forward, occasionally tripping and stumbling. He shouted until his voice was hoarse and dry and his tongue was like leather.

'Water, water', came the delirious cry, whose echo was soon choked in the still air. Finally, with one last despairing sob, he dropped to his knees, and pitched forward into the sand, and lay still. He saw nothing; he heard nothing; there was nothing to be heard. Only the tune of still, lonely silence echoed eerily through sand and rock, and rose with the shimmering heat, then pierced its death call into the heart of a dying man. It is a tune with no sound; and there is no man to hear it.

Kerry Flynn, Form I, Red

THE OLD MAN

The twinkle of youth still glistens in the brown eyes of the hunch-backed cleaner. His head, tipped with silver streaks, showed the age of the old man whose wrinkles were like furrowed scars. His hands were hard and cracked from the handling of shovels and brooms. His nose protrudes clearly and is tipped by a wart which instantly causes the children to dislike him. But his friendly face and warm heart which burns like a bright candle has won him many friends during his last few years.

Stephen Wragg, Form III

SHORES OF ROCKINGHAM

As I laze on the beach,
I see two worlds.

I look one way and I see
Industry in motion,
A dredge pumping continuously,
The good earth being lifted.

I look another way and see
The water, the sky, the yellowness of the beach.
Sea gulls crying, shags sighing,
Sunshine and moonshine revolving around the earth.
Man can only ruin some of these things;
But he ruins himself,
As they are a part of life and us.

Helen Pickup, Form III

DREAMS

Night came, and darkness filled the room.
I lay there, thinking of what I would dream tonight.
Fear filled my weak body,
Thoughts of terror and danger flashed through my mind;

Murder, blood, people in pain,
These were the thoughts I received;
None of pleasure and happiness.
Time passed, and I found myself reaching for something.

But what was it?
I kept revolving, round and round.
I kept falling, deeper and deeper.
But I could not stop.
I began screaming, louder and louder.
But no-one heard.
I was lost, beyond all help;
Gone to a world unknown.

Miriam Vittiglia, Form III

A CEMETERY

The air is daunt, and the cold, grey cement stones stand, placid in the decayed, rotten and almost forgotten uncontrollable grass. The life has passed from this deserted place, and death is triumphant again.

GHOSTS

The creeping shadows, the darkened lanes,
The crying of ghosts and the dragging of chains.
The waving of trees at the midnight hour,
Make a shadow of hands ready to devour.
All these I think as I climb the stairs,
Are they true? No-one cares.
But as the candle flame grows small,
The ghostly figure batters at my door!

Vivienne Kus, Form I, Green

THE WOUND

The incision was made, my leg
A tangled mass of disease.
The Blood pulsed out forming bubbles,
It gushed forth and covered my recumbent form.
The blood felt warm and sticky and
The remaining pulp of my muscles confronted
A mill of silence.

Doryne Jenkins, Form III

UTOPIA

Utopia,
A dreamland,
Where all men's thoughts may fly,
Yet where no man may follow;
Utopia,
A heaven
Where many souls are winging,
Leaving the earth-bound, fettered;
Utopia
A fantasy,
Of which countless men have dreamed,
Yet none have ever found;
Utopia,
A mystery,
A question, never answered.
A dream, yet to come true;
Utopia.

Cathie Thomas, Form IV, Green

"BUNBURY IN RETROSPECT"

THE SETTLEMENT OF AUSTRALIND

The 'Western Australian Company' was formed in 1841 in England to establish a settlement on the eastern edge of Leschenault Inlet. The Company purchased the land from Colonel Latour (103,000 acres situated on the eastern side of the Leschenault Inlet) and James Stirling (1,000 acres on the shore of the inlet).

They had plans to establish a townsite of 1,000 acres, and the divided remaining 100,000 acres was to be developed into small farms. Purchasers were able to select any part of allotments of 100 acres each, worth one hundred and one pounds, and ten pounds for each town allotment of one-quarter acre. Applications for allotments greatly exceeded the number to be disposed of, and every purchase was completed on the day appointed. The Western Australian Company made sixty thousand pounds from the sale of the land.

The inhabitants of Australind arrived on the 'Parkfield' under the supervision of Marshall Waller Clifton. Also with his family were soldiers, builders, a doctor, a surveyor and other settlers. They arrived in March, 1841. The ship anchored at Casuarina Point, and the settlers rowed up the estuary to Australind.

The township was planned by M.W. Clifton, assisted by T. Greensell acting architect and surveyor, and F.W. Thompson, acting engineer and surveyor. Australind was planned on a grand scale with churches, colleges, a hospital, roads, markets and a quay.

Sufficient food was a continual problem and the settlers could not overcome the lack of it. Because of the sandy coastal soil, cereal crops would not grow and vegetables were scarce. Fruit was unobtainable. As much trading as was possible was done with the American whalers which called frequently.

The few vegetables grown were very inadequate to keep up the strength of the settlers necessary for work, and potatoes became their main diet.

As there was no refrigeration, meat soon went bad, and had to be eaten salted or as soon as possible.

Due to the sandy coastal soil, irregular shipping and unsuitable food, the Australind settlement failed and many of the settlers left Australind. Amongst the few families who remained were the Cliftons, Forrests, Johnstons and Wollastons.

At the present time, Australind is a small settlement with many inhabitants. It still has only one church and a small garage. The large factory of Laporte, which processes Titanium Oxide, is its only industry and it provides much of the population of Australind with employment.

Catherine Good & Ailsa Price
PARADE HOTEL

The Parade Hotel was built by Mr. Quayle in what was then known as White Road, now Austral Parade. In the construction, use was made of some of the material from the 'Carbett Castle' a ship which ran aground in Koombana Bay after a storm. This was in 1897, and as it was an iron ship, they couldn't refloat it, so they salvaged everything moveable. The Parade Hotel made use of the stairway, a piano and a leather smoking room suite. (This bannister of the stairway was removed in 1966).

The building was of brick made at Glen Iris brickworks and the verandah was made of iron lace and wood supports. There were nine bedrooms upstairs and all the amenities were downstairs. One particular room known as the 'Golf Room' was used as a clubroom by the Bunbury Golf Club which had its course nearby during that time at Mill Point.

In 1908 the Hotel changed ownership and it was bought by my Grandfather, Mr. Mick Ward Snr. who had lately owned the Shamrock Hotel in Greenbushes, then a thriving tin mining community. It remained in the Ward family for 66 years, though it was leased by many during those years. About this same time, Mr. Ward built a retaining wall near the estuary from the ballast stones brought by ships.

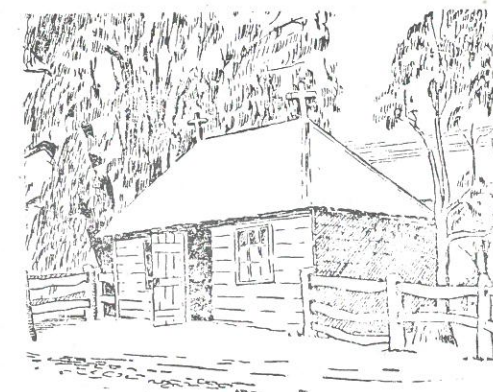
In 1947, my uncle Mick Ward Jnr., in partnership with my parents, took it over and they undertook extensive alterations as the building was beginning to show its age.

Due to the post-war shortage of building materials, the delicensed Duke of Cornwall Hotel in Greenbushes was purchased and its demolition provided a sufficient quantity of timber for these additions. The outdoor amenities were added at this time.

In 1966, the verandah was removed and the entire frontage took on a completely different appearance. Aggregate was used as a covering and the early Colonial Style was no longer visible. The internal facilities were further modernized and enlarged and motel units added later.

Quayle would no longer recognize the hotel he built if he were to return today!

Sue Nevin, Form IV



From the beginning of the sixties and through to the turn of the century, Bunbury experienced a boom period when the population increased to 3,000 in 1904, and many large timber-milling companies were formed. In 1902, for example, a powerful company was formed of the strongest and headed by Messrs. Millar Bros. This of course had a direct effect on the timber industry as a whole, increasing production, quality and quantity, which consequently increased trade in the port due to shipping traffic, and gave it wider power and recognition.

Fiona Allsop, Form IV

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

John Boyle O'Reilly was brought out to Western Australia as a political prisoner aboard the 'Hougoumont' in January, 1868. A secret society of which O'Reilly was a member, had been plotting to make Ireland a Republic and had been infiltrated by English spies. As a result he and several other members of this society were transported to Fremantle jail.

He was literate, wrote poetry, talked and argued well so he was appointed librarian to the Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Fremantle Prison.

Just under three weeks after his appointment to that position, he was transferred to Bunbury to be a member of the road party that was to clear the road between Bunbury and the Vasse.

The road gang consisted of twenty prisoners, under Warden Henry Woodman. These prisoners were not closely guarded because escape was believed to be hopeless, as to one side lay virgin bush, to the other, the Indian Ocean.

While he was stationed with the Vasse road party twenty five convicts escaped from the Bunbury district. O'Reilly was the twenty-fifth to escape. All except O'Reilly were recaptured.

Each road party needed a clerk to assist the Warden in the compilation of the daily reports, the distribution of stores, delivery of messages and general management of the group's activities. O'Reilly was soon given this job.

One of O'Reilly's duties as Probationary Acting Constable, was to carry the weekly returns into the depot, which was at the Bunbury Police Station. These returns had to be delivered each week. Once he was a few minutes late and had all privileges stopped for six months. While he was at the Police Station, he was shown a black-edged envelope, which he knew to be tragic news. For some reason, he did not open this and six months elapsed before he learnt of his mother's death.

While cutting through the bush the gang came upon a particularly fine specimen of Jarrah, right in the surveyed path of the roadway. When O'Reilly pleaded to the Warden to spare this specimen, he was allowed to appeal to the Principal Warden, Woodrow, at the Bunbury depot. Woodrow thought it such a joke, that he told his wife. This made her curious, so she set out to view this tree. She was so impressed that in due course orders were given to spare the tree.

John Boyle O'Reilly's tree, stood as a landmark at Picton Junction till 1953, when it fell under the axe - it had been dead for years.

O'Reilly had been toying with the idea of escape for some time. He formed a firm friendship with the Roman Catholic priest, another Irishman, Father McCabe. The latter at that time was organizing the rebuilding of the first Catholic Church in Bunbury. Father McCabe knew that it would not be possible without organization and outside help,

so he advised O'Reilly to bide his time till he should hear from him.

Father McCabe, proceeded to plan carefully over the next four months. The main idea was to get O'Reilly away on one of the visiting American Whaling Ships. The Irish community at that time was very closely knit. An overseer, Thomas Little, for the landowner, Charles Prinsep, employed many Irish workers at the Prinsep Estate at Dardanup. The estate ran down to the water's edge and it was proposed to hide till arrangements could be made with the ship's master, Captain Baker, of the American whaling ship, 'Vigilant', to pick up O'Reilly at the rendezvous point.

On the evening of February 17th., O'Reilly escaped from the Koagulup camp as arranged.

Three hours were allowed for him to make his way through the bush to the large tree which was near the present sight of the Coca-Cola factory, east of Picton.

He was to hide till he heard someone whistle, 'St. Patrick's day'. The Maguire brothers brought a horse for O'Reilly and rode with him to the north-side of the Leschenault inlet, where a boat was hidden. Their tracks were covered by a mob of cattle, driven across them as arranged by Maguire.

'Vigilant' cleared port on Feb. 18th. and James Maguire and O'Reilly rowed out to sea to meet it outside territorial waters, as arranged. The ship sailed straight past them, however. This could only mean Captain Baker was very nervous and hesitant about having O'Reilly aboard his ship.

Returning to shore O'Reilly was hidden on the Jackson Family farm (friend of James Maguire) near Dardanup for two weeks.

March 3 - Father McCabe made fresh arrangements with Captain Gifford, Captain of the American Whaler 'Gazelle'. This time O'Reilly was rescued successfully. He then transferred to another whaling ship the 'Sapphire' and arrived in Liverpool on October 13th.

He then signed on as 3rd. mate aboard the American ship 'Bombay' and landed at Philadelphia on November 23rd., 1869.

O'Reilly made further arrangements with Captain George Anthony, who was captain of the ship 'Catalpa', and his other Irish companions to sail back to Bunbury, to organize a daring escape of other Fenians.

On March 28th., 1876, the 'Catalpa' anchored in Bunbury, where O'Reilly made his arrangements for the escape.

On Easter Monday morning, April 17th., 1876, O'Reilly and his companions carried out the daring escape of six of the ten remaining Fenians from Fremantle Gaol. They transported them to Rockingham where the 'Catalpa' lay waiting off Rockingham beach, and the escape was successfully carried out.

Jerome Vann & Greg Reilly THE CLIFTONS OF AUSTRALIND

Marshall Waller Clifton, his wife Elinor, and their children, who included, Robert William, Gervaise, Charles, Worsley (after whom the settlement near Collie is named), Louisa, Ellen and Mary were among the first settlers of Australind. The family lived in England until Marshall Waller, Elinor and all his family except Frances Marshall and George (the latter joined the family later) immigrated to Australia on the 'Parkfield'. On the 18th. March, 1841, this ship entered Koombana Bay with 125 men, women and children aboard

(including the Clifton's) some of whom had the intention of taking up land for farming. Others were classified on the passenger list as tradesmen and farm labourers.

Those settling at Australind were allowed a town allotment and a rural allotment of one hundred acres for which lots were drawn. Marshall Waller named his town allotment 'Upton House' and the rural allotment five miles to the east he called 'Alverstoke' after the village where he had lived near Gosport, Hampshire.

Marshall Waller Clifton was the Chief Commissioner for the Western Australian Company that had been formed in England and he was to direct and manage the affairs of that Company in the Colony. His duties were to sell the town and rural land allotments to settlers. Marshall also surveyed land for further settlement away from Australind, and provided rations for working emigrants.

To return to the family, Louisa Clifton, Marshall's daughter later married Mr. George Eliot, who had recently been appointed the first Resident Magistrate for the district and they lived in a modest thatched cottage on Bury Hill where St. John of God Hospital now stands. Robert Williams, his wife Christina and their children moved to Alverstoke in 1849 and stayed there until 1861 when they returned to Upton House because of their children's schooling. Robert Williams died there in 1897, Christina in 1910. When Marshall Waller died, his widow Elinor and her two unmarried children, Gervaise and Ellen, moved to Alverstoke and worked the farm.

When the early pioneers arrived, there was naturally not a bridge over any of the rivers between Fremantle and Busselton. It was not until March 2nd., 1845, that the bridge was built over the Brunswick River at Australind, Marshall Waller being the first person to ride over it. The bridges over the Collie and the Preston rivers, between Bunbury and Australind, were built by Pearce Clifton, who became the Resident Magistrate. Part of the finance for these bridges was supplied by the Government, while the rest came from public subscription.

The trade in Sandalwood, that later grew to quite a large business in Bunbury, commenced in 1847. Notes taken from the diary of Marshall Waller Clifton, still in possession of the family, show that at a public meeting held in Bunbury on May 25th. of that year, Pearce Clifton brought forward a proposition for an expedition to the Williams with all the carts of the district to bring in sandalwood. This was unanimously agreed to and the owners of ten carts put down their names to take part in it. This was before any route had been set out to the Williams. On September 22nd. of the same year, Mr. George Eliot, Pearce Clifton and Mr. F. Gregory (a Government surveyor) with a party of men started out to find and mark out a suitable road. They marked out a line from Norah Gully going up through the 'Iron Pot' to the Williams, a distance of fifty-nine miles and returned on October 17th. (this is now known as the Old Sandalwood Road).

Marshall Waller Clifton's dreams were shattered when the Western Australian Company failed to succeed after investors withdrew much of their money. This was because reports were sent back to England about unsuitable land at the Australind settlement area. However, Marshall would have been most satisfied to see Australind as a small township, with surrounding farms as he had planned them, one hundred and thirty years ago.

Anne MacNish, Form IV

EARLY POSTAL SERVICES IN BUNBURY

The earliest Postal Service in the Bunbury district was established at Australind, as it was the township of Port Leschenault which was the former name of Bunbury.

Marshall Walter Clifton, as administrator of the Australind settlement, had the full responsibility of distributing the mail. No Post Office was built but Marshall Clifton was given a small sum of money to build a room onto his house, to house postal properties.

Sailing ships were a popular sight as mail was an important link with the home land - England. Flags were run up as signals. One flag signified local and interstate mail and two flags were for English and overseas mail. Mr. Clifton sailed his boat to Port Leschenault to collect the mail as roads were only tracks and the Collie and Preston rivers did not have bridges over them. Settlers looked forward to mail which was often six months old by the time it arrived.

The first postman in this vast South Western area was a native, called King Peter. He ran with outward mail to the Vasse and returned with inward mail. He also did this as far as Mandurah. He was immensely proud of the 'Paper Yabber' that he carried and was extremely reliable with it though often he was waylaid and was late.

After the erection of a mail room, postal duties were handed over to a member of Mr. Clifton's family. This non-official Post Office existed for over a hundred years and was pulled down in 1963.

With the township of Australind not coming to fruition as the centre of the district, many of the earliest settlers moved away, so Port Leschenault became the town of Bunbury and in 1841 a Post Office was established here. Mrs. Mary Knight, the wife of the Tidewater (Customs employee) was the first post mistress, at fifteen pound p.a. salary. In 1894, the present post office was erected and in 1895 a Telegraph Exchange was established with twenty members.

After the Sailing Ships ceased to call and before the railway was built to Bunbury, the mail delivery was by way of mail coaches which also carried passengers. With a total of four horses pulling the coach an expert horseman was needed to control the four horses as the roads were appallingly rough. The coach travelled in 'Stages' between Bunbury, Perth, Fremantle, Vasse and the Blackwood.

When the railways were built, the coaches stopped running on the main routes. They often progressed to a buggy on these shorter trips and 'Royal Mail' was painted over the sides. The mail and papers were carried in Canvas bags, inscribed R.M. and hung from the dashboard of the buggy. The mailman gradually became the general 'fetcher' and 'carrier' for all the district. Farmers came to meet him and he obligingly carted information, messages, medicines and provisions from one to another and from town to them. He was also the bearer of social news. He informed everyone where the Church Services would be held, and where there would be a dance next full moon. It had to be at full moon in order for the buggies to find their way and because the lanterns only threw a small amount of light.

Gina Broderick, 4th. Year

SPORTS SECTION

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION REPORT

At the beginning of the year, the swimming carnival was very successful. Apart from the training, which was very enjoyable in the hot weather, the competitors performed well. Time wasted was cut to a minimum due to good organisation, and the whole thing flowed along. Co-operation from the parents with the various chores is always appreciated.

In 1975, I'll have a word with the powers that be, and organise a really warm day, so the competitors won't feel like Eskimos taking a bath.

During first term, we built up a lot of muscle in preparation for a first term athletics carnival. As it happened the suitable days were all used up, so it was postponed until third term. Needless to say, all that muscle got pretty slack during the winter term, playing softball and other minor games. However one good thing came out of it, the girls are keen to put a team into the local Softball Association this summer. Here's hoping they are successful there too.

The winter sports season continued to be a reasonably successful one for College students. During the Opening Day on which was held the parade, some teams took off prizes for best-dressed. In the following weeks, they cracked a mention in nearly all sports, even if only in the narrowly beaten areas. I'd like to mention here that when our College people are competing in association games, and other local competitions, it is necessary for them

to co-operate fully, and not get the tag of being 'dropouts', for leaving their teams short, and not turning up for training. Also, social functions should be supported, as they are entirely for the benefit of the players.

With the advent of the new additions to our College, will come extra, and very necessary sporting and P.E. facilities. I am confident that this will encourage a greater interest in all associated activities.

Athletics carnivals loom large on the immediate horizon. Our own faction carnival is on Sunday 13th. October and despite the fact that it is a long weekend, you are urged to support it fully. Our boys compete in Perth on the 20th., and our girls have their competition on November 3rd. Extra training is being held on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and the bus will take those people home afterwards.

The new track and general layout will provide an additional novelty, and the grassed banks make a natural grandstand. Events on our own track and field programme will include: 100 m. hurdles, discus, shotput, javelin, circular relays, and triple, broad and high jumps. Most of these are included in the programmes for the 20th. and the 3rd.

So my friend, enter into the spirit of things, be willing to co-operate, and together we can make success happen.

Mrs. Wunnenberg



BACK: L. Tonner, J. Ransome, R. Buswell, J. Hutcheson, H. Hirniak, J. Panizza, J. Hudson, H. Pickup, C. Crosby, M. Jackson.
MIDDLE: C. Cook, M. Vanheerwarden, M. Tonks, Mrs. Wunnenberg, T. Host, D. Norrie, D. McRobb,
FRONT: S. Cooke, G. Collins, R. Cull, D. Buswell.



BACK: S. Wragg, B. Shine, J. King, K. Buswell, R. Cavallaro, P. Johnston.
MIDDLE: R. Bertalli, T. Calabrese, G. Demarte, R. Chester, C. Pesce, P. Geffery, H. Strand, D. Buck, A. Blee, P. Henderson.
FRONT: T. Downs, M. Panizza, G. Geffery, Bro. Reginald, Mr. Kissane, J. Chidlow, J. Depiazzi, R. Harwood, R. McNish.

RESULTS OF S.W. AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AT CAPEL

13 year old 4 x 100 relay won by	A. White A. Meyer D. McRobb L. Tonner	GAVIN HOUSE 13 years rs	2nd. 4 x 100 metres Relay
13 year old 4 x 400 relay won by	A. Meyer D. McRobb I. Hofstee S. Daly	PAUL DEPIAZZI 14 years	1st. 4 x 100 metres Relay 1st. 4 x 400 metres Relay 2nd. Discus 3rd. Javelin
14 year old 4 x 100 second place	A. White D. McRobb A. Meyer L. Tonner	JAMES CHIDLOW 13 years	1st. 100 metres Hurdles 2nd. 4 x 100 Relay
DANA McROBB 13 years	1st. Hurdles 3rd. 400 metres 3rd. 100 metres	PETER JEFFREY 14 years	2nd. Discus (15 year old) 2nd. Shot Put 1st. 100 metres 3rd. Discus (14 year old) 1st. 4 x 400 metres Relay 1st. 4 x 100 metres Relay
ANN MEYER 13 years	1st. 400 metres 1st. 1500 metres	PAUL JOHNSTON 14 years	2nd. 100 metres 2nd. Triple jump 2nd. Long jump 2nd. 4 x 100 Relay 1st. 4 x 100 Relay
LISA TONNER 13 years	2nd. 1500 metres 2nd. Triple jump 3rd. Long jump		
SELENA DALY 13 years	3rd. 100 metres Hurdles 3rd. 1500 metres		
INGE HOFSTEE 13 years	2nd. Hurdles		
HELEN PICKUP 15 years	2nd. Javelin 3rd. 800 metre walk 4th. Hurdles		
PAUL FOGLIANI 13 years	2nd. Heat 1 Hurdles 2nd. Relay		

These are the S.W. Annual Championships.

SWIMMING

In February this year, the B.C.C. held its second annual swimming carnival at the Bunbury Aquatic Centre. The competitive atmosphere between teams, was a credit to all participants.

The Red team dominated most results, and they won clearly from Green, Gold and Blue respectively.

The final results were:

1. Red	317½
2. Green	248½
3. Gold	183
4. Blue	128

Age Champions:

	BOYS	GIRLS
U/13	J. TONKES	K. WRAGG S. DOUGLAS
U/14	M. CAUDLE	J. RANSON
U/15	B. NORRISH	B. KOVACS
OPEN	J. ROBERTSON	A. PRICE



Later on during the month B.C.C. competed in a carnival against the Cathedral Grammar School, in which our representatives lost by a very narrow margin. We indeed put up a sturdy fight but the Grammar School were the better team on the day. We hope that B.C.C. will turn the tables next year.

The boys from B.C.C. competed in the Marist Catholic College Carnival in Perth, later in the year in which they performed creditably for a school of our size.

Outstanding performances were given by Brett Norrish who scored three wins and a third. Neil Regan and Jim Robertson also did well with several placings to each of their credit.

S. Wragg, Form III, White



BASKETBALL

Bunbury Catholic College commenced its second year of basketball in mid-November. There were ten male teams and for the first time four female teams entered. Also for the first time a mini-ball competition was introduced. This being for the U/10.

Young Danny Platts won the inaugural fairest and best trophy, and a number of other students received awards for a successful year. They are:

GIRLS

U/16 div (2) G. Trappit Coach A. Armstrong
U/16 div (1) B. Flynne Coach N. Wells,
A. Hastie.

U/18 div (1) T. Buswell Coach Br. Evan
U/18 div (2) J. Frisina Coach Br. Evan

BOYS

U/13 div (1) K. Ransom
U/13 div (3) B. Panizza
U/13 div (2) A. Eaton
U/14 S. Hastie
U/15 T. Cooper Coach B. Cunningham

U/16 div (1) S. O'Callaghan Coach Br. Evan
U/16 div (2) N. Denham Coach Br. Evan
U/17 div (2) A. White Coach A. White
U/17 div (1) J. Robertson Coach C. Seegar

Our greatest thanks to the coach of Mini Ball, Br. Peter and to the president of Basketball, Mr. Les Cooper, both of whom gave their time to help out in the 1972-73 season.

Kevin Buswell, Ross Chester, Form III



BACK: N. Morrison, D. Buswell, S. Frayne,
Mr. Pereira (coach), R. Harwood, P. Blechyden.
FRONT: M. Fleay, S. Sampey (Captain),
K. Pereira, L. Donovan, A. Blee,
ABSENT: G. Tracey, D. Gardiner.

B RESERVE GIRLS HOCKEY

After a bad start to the season (losing the first two games) we began a tighter programme of training, with noticeable results.

During the season the players learnt to play new positions, and with a team effort we reached the semi-finals. After a promising victory we went on to defeat Newton Moore in the finals. Capel defeated us two - nil in the grand final.

All in all, it was a good season, and we would like to thank Mrs. Norrish, our coach, for the help and encouragement she gave to us, to make it so successful.

I. Hofstee & A. Meyer

BEST DRESSED AWARD

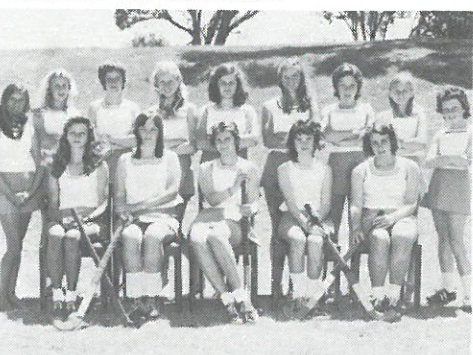
The girls A-Reserve and B-Grade hockey teams both won the awards for the best dressed teams in their respective divisions at the opening of the Winter Sports.



BACK: T. Morrison, P. Malatesta, T. Cooper.
FRONT: R. Cartledge, N. Goff, P. Cunningham.



BACK: M. Byenoft, B. Molinary, M. Pereira,
P. Fogliani, J. Bartley.
FRONT: R. Gallop, P. Henderson, J. Campbell,
M. Hancock, B. Price.
ABSENT: M. Price (Coach).



BACK: J. Calabrese, K. Hislop, J. Ransome,
J. Hutcheson, J. Herring, C. McKenna,
M. Jackson, B. Norman, A. Bignell.
FRONT: S. Cooke, Q. Lewin, S. Mattaboni,
C. Cook, H. Pickup

GIRLS NETBALL TEAMS



BACK: K. Dowson, P. Broderick, T. Host,
H. Kukulka, A. Taylor
FRONT: M. Vanheerwarden, M. Tonks,
D. Knorrie.



S. Mitchell, P. Anthony, W. Babich, S. Smallman,
C. Sale, L. McRobb.



BACK: G. Collins, T. Malatesta, D. Buswell,
S. Platts, R. Cull.
KNEELING: C. Crosby, B. Flynn



D. McRobb, J. Maslin, G. Buswell, K. Bryant,
C. Broderick, A. Waters.

MARIST FOOTBALL '74

MARIST U/16 FOOTBALL TEAM

Quite a good season has recently been completed by the Marist U/16 football team. Considering we were one of the smallest sides in the competition we did well against the stronger and bigger opposition. The spirit and determination that existed within the club made up for these handicaps.

Taking these handicaps into consideration we played exceptionally well to win the first semi-final against a strong Bunbury side. This was probably our best game for the season. Unfortunately this good-form was not long with us as we were well defeated in the preliminary final.

All team members would like to thank Brother Reginald for his time and effort that he put into coaching us, and to Mr. Cooper for his strong work as team manager.

Timothy Platts, Form III



BACK: Mr. L. Cooper (Manager), S. Mountford, G. Demarte, N. Denham, C. Pesce, R. DePoloni, S. O'Brien, Br. Reginald (Coach)
MIDDLE: M. Fleay, P. Malatesta, T. Platts, J. King, K. Buswell, R. Bertelli, P. Young
FRONT: T. Morrison, Kel. Buswell, R. Chester, S. O'Callaghan (Captain), R. O'Mara, L. Brewer, T. Cooper.
ABSENT: R. McNish, R. Cartledge, M. Cavallaro.



Mr. R. Culf, Mr. Eaton.
BACK: G. Malatesta, G. Culf, A. Eaton, M. Damiani, M. Sale, K. Ranson, P. Depiazzi.
MIDDLE: B. Kestle, M. Panizza, M. Castieau, R. Cavallaro, N. Goff, J. Tonkes, M. diMarte.
FRONT: S. Buswell, S. McNish, P. Johnston, J. Depiazzi, P. Cunningham.

MARIST U/14 FOOTBALL TEAM

Firstly we would like to convey our thanks to our coach Mr. Culf and Mr. Ranson for the outstanding job they did for us during the season.

At the beginning of the season our team started off extremely well, winning our first four games by comfortable margins. At the end of the first round (10 games) we finished second on the premiership ladder.

Unfortunately the second round was rather up and down (mostly down) for our team. We lost five of our ten games. For some unknown reason the team seemed to lose confidence within each other and when this happened the team started to go backward in its approach to the game. Because of this we finished sixth on the premiership ladder at the end of the season.

Lastly we would like to thank the members of the team for their sportsmanship, and their parents for the support they gave us.

THANK-YOU.

Paul Johnston, Neil Goff, Form II

OUTSTANDING SPORTSMEN

STATE SCHOOL-BOY HOCKEY TEAM

There were six representatives from B.C.C. to attend the trials which lasted five weeks. There were about 500 boys going for the side.

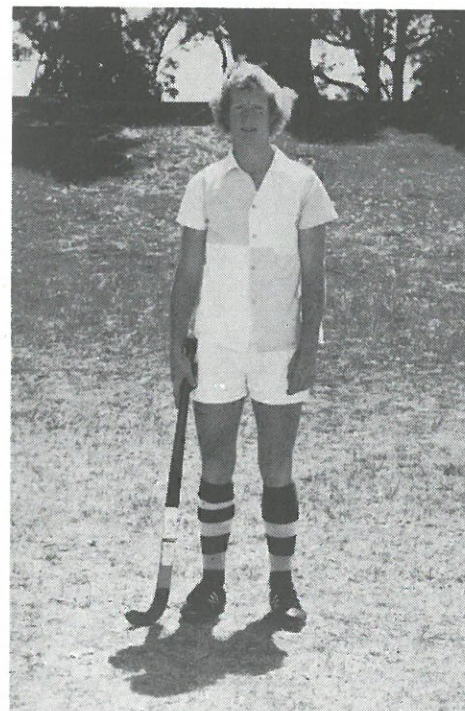
When the team was selected, there being fifteen on the side, we had to travel from Bunbury to Perth to attend training matches every Sunday and Tuesday.

We left for Melbourne on the 26th. August and were scheduled to leave on the 28th. August, but with fear of the transport strike we left two days earlier to be certain that we arrived in time.

We played our first game on Saturday 31st. August against Queensland, beating them 3 - 2. Next we played South Australia on Sunday 1st. September, also winning this match quite easily, 6 - 1. On the Monday we played against the A.C.T. defeating them with ease 4 - 1. We then played Tasmania, who were also defeated 3 - 1. Wednesday was a rest day on which the team went up to Lake Mountain to spend the day in the snow. That must have been the start to our bad luck, for the next day we played N.S.W. and lost for the first time, with three points to our nil. Our run of bad luck continued and on Friday we lost to Victoria 3 - 0. New South Wales, with 10 points, ended up to be the overall winner. Western Australia with 8 points came second and Victoria with 6 points in third position.

We left Melbourne on Sunday 3rd. September. We all had a great time but I feel we were all glad to be home.

Steven Sampey



S. Sampey

JUNIOR SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Friday 4th. October, Shaun O'Callaghan was nominated as Junior Sportsman of the Year. The nomination is given for general sporting ability and for the character and personal qualities of the individual concerned. In effect the award says that of all the Junior Sportsmen in Bunbury the one most able to act as a worthy representative for this town is Shaun. Congratulations.



S. O'Callaghan



THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



Magazine Committee
BACK: P. Eddy, C. Thomas, A. Griffin,
FRONT: M. Hutcheson, C. Hynes, P. Cumming



BACK: I. Italiano, L. Gordon, B. Mudry, G. Cartledge,
FRONT: A. Galati, P. Styants, S. O'Callaghan

Sincere thanks must go to all the fourth year students, who worked tirelessly, and efficiently, under the direction of Mrs. Jenour. Without their dedicated and industrious work, there would not have been a magazine. They worked with undoubted enthusiasm on all aspects of the magazine preparation including typing, editing and occasionally censoring.

As all can see, the fruits of their labour is an extremely well produced magazine which will be a pleasure to look back on in years to come.

Mr. G. Kissane, Science Master



SR. M. BERNADETTE

Recognition must be made to Sr. M. Bernadette for her services in the school where she gives her time freely, teaching typing a few periods every week. Thank you Sister for your very kind and generous donation of yourself to help us out.

The Magazine Committee wishes to thank the Primary School for allowing us to include some of their work here, even though they need their material for their own magazine. We are particularly grateful for their co-operation, especially Brother Peter, who gave up a considerable amount of time, even while he was so busy that it always took hours to locate him when we wished to see him.

The students of the College wish to thank Mrs. Cull, Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Hastie for their superb handling of the administrative side of Bunbury Catholic College. A very special thanks goes to Mr. Morton, our all-round handy man, bus driver, and comedian for his efforts behind the school scene during 1974.

Peter Eddy, Form IV

PARENTS' & FRIENDS' NOTES

On Monday, 25th. February, the 1974 Management Committee of the Bunbury Catholic College P. & F. Association was elected, and our second year as a combined P. & F. commenced. Together with Brother Vincent and Brother Peter, Sister Amy, Sister Superior, Sister Perpetua and Sister Loretta, members hereunder occupied the following positions:

President	Mr. Terry Pearson
Vice President	Mr. Norm Eaton
Secretary	Mrs. Grace Vidler
Treasurer	Mr. John Downes

Sub-Committees:

Works: Mr. Lou Bertelli, Mr. Bernie Rowney, Mrs. Betty Meyer, Mr. Mick Busher
Social: Mrs. Lorraine Rowe, Mrs. Greta Macnish, Mr. Norm Eaton, Mrs. M. Humble.

Fund-raising: (Stalls) Mrs. E. Barker, Mrs. N. Smallshaw, Mrs. G. Vidler

Now, nearing the end of the year, we can look back to a most enjoyable Annual Ball, a very successful June Stall, a series of interesting and enjoyable Quiz nights, and a Children's Fancy Dress Ball, all of which have raised a considerable amount of money for the P. & F. Our Melbourne Cup Luncheon is still to come, but no doubt will prove as enjoyable as last year.

The Walkathon was this year claimed and organised by the Brothers and Senior Students, to enable them to purchase a bus for school use, and although the P. & F. Association was sorry to lose this fundraiser, it was realised the bus would save parents a lot of expense indirectly.

Brother Evan organised a very successful Busy Bee for a host of minor and major maintenance problems, which culminated in proposals for the complete renovation of St. Joseph's Hall, a venue the P. & F. Association has long hoped to see come into its own again.

May I, on behalf of the Management Committee express thanks for the help and support afforded us during this past year, and for myself, I would like to express my thanks to the Committee, Principals and Staff, and also to the Office Staff, who have never hesitated to assist me in many ways, no matter how busy they may have been, whenever I have asked.

Mrs. G. Vidler, Hon. Sec.