

**BUNBURY  
CATHOLIC  
COLLEGE**

**'78'**

# 1978



We chose to design the front cover, in the shape of a Jig-saw cross, to represent the way, through our schooling, we came together piece by piece as a community to become fully aware of the love Christ has for us. It dominates our cover, as it dominates our life.



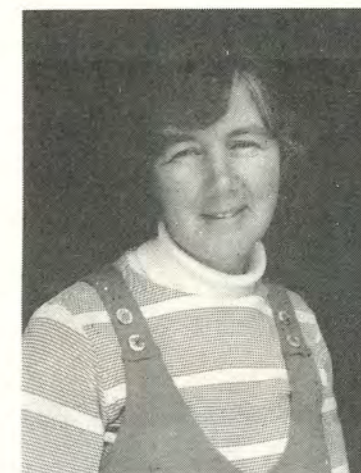
The picture above shows our own Bishop being received by the late Pope Paul VI. Our prayers go out for the late Pope Paul VI and the recently deceased Pope John Paul 1 and our own Bishop Myles.

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

*The end of the year is a fitting time to pause and reflect on the many and varied experiences of the school year and compare these with our goals and aspirations. In the following pages some of these experiences are highlighted for all to share in the successes, failures, joys and tribulations recorded therein, and that we might reflect on BCC Vintage 1978.*

*Settling in to a new school in a new State is formidable enough, but I have found the transition relatively smooth, and this is in no small measure due to the efforts of Sister Maureen, our Principal Mistress. Always available to provide advice, initiative, assistance and encouragement, she will be missed next year at BCC as she embarks on full-time studies. Thanks Maureen, and all the best in your studies.*

*Looking to 1979, it is envisaged that new buildings to be erected at Rodsted Street will not simply modify the school skyline but considerably enhance the quality of education offered. Although education is most surely more than bricks and mortar, these are necessary to adequately accommodate students in surroundings consistent with our student-centred teaching methods. We at BCC believe that a Catholic school is an essential and integral part of the parish community, a place for the education of tomorrow's citizens in the context of their relationship with God and their fellow man. Such a system is worthy of the trust of parents and deserves at least the basic facilities.*



I would like to share something precious from Thomas Merton which says so much about my experiences at Bunbury Catholic College.

'True encounter with another  
awakens something  
in the depth of our being,  
something  
we did not know was there,  
True encounter with another  
liberates something in us,  
a power  
we did not know we had,  
a hope,

a capacity for life,  
a resilience,  
an ability to bounce back  
when we thought  
we were completely defeated,  
a capacity to grow  
and change,  
a power  
of creative transformation!

Now that the time has come for me to say 'Goodbye' to the College Community, I am very conscious of the richness of my experience and my own personal growth in the last six years. I want to thank each of you, staff and students, for this experience and the friendship you have given me.

I pray that the good things that have begun in you may continue to grow — and that you may live in the peace and joy of Jesus.

MAUREEN McCARTHY

## FATHER PEMBATHY'S REPORT

"Darling you are growing old – Silver threads among the gold....." so the old song goes –! It's not so much the "silver threads among the gold", but rather, the golden threads disappearing!! I don't put this down to the stress and strain of being Chaplain at B.C.C. – the losing of golden threads is a natural event I'm sure!

1978 has been a wonderful year for me at B.C.C. I guess we've all come a long way – especially me; this is my fifth year at the college and it has been 'the' best. I've enjoyed working with the staff and the students.

I believe that this year's Yr 12 is one of the best – they are all not the 'nurds' they pretend to be! Yr 12 you're great, thanks so much for the year, I wish you every blessing in the future, and I hope that in a few years time we might have a 'nurd evening'!!!

B.C.C. is beginning to grow into a community, and there's still a lot more growing to do, we're only 6 years old – many great people have left their mark and have given something to us. It's up to each of us to look forward to 1979 especially with the determination to continue what has begun – may the Lord bless you all.

FATHER PEMBATHY

## BRAIN TEASER

There are five houses in a row each of a different colour occupied by five different nationalities.

Each man smokes a different brand of cigarette, keeps a different kind of pet and drinks a different kind of drink.

The Norwegian lives in the house on the left.

Milk is drunk in the middle house.

The Philip Morris smoker keeps snails.

The man who owns the fox lives next door to the man who keeps the horse.

The Englishman lives in a red house.

Lucky Strike are smoked in the house to where the milk is drunk.

The Spaniard owns a dog.

The ivory house is immediately to the left of the green house.

The Ukranian drinks tea.

The Norwegian lives next to the blue house.

Orange juice is drunk in the house next to the man who smokes Marlboro.

Coffee is drunk in the green house.

The Japanese smokes Marlboro.

Kools are smoked in the yellow house.

The man who owns the horse smokes Chesterfield.

THE QUESTION IS:

Who drinks water?

Who owns the Zebra?

## THANKS

In the production of this magazine the School gratefully acknowledges the assistance of The R. & I. Bank, Coles New World and Les D'Vorak.



Relaxation time on Year 8 Camp, Pt Peron.

## The Staff...



MR. BENSON



SR. THECLA



MRS. SMEE



SR. AMY



MISS FIDDICK

Dear Staff,

We are now entering the end of the term (thank God), but we're not just leaving with nothing, but some great memories and many more sad.

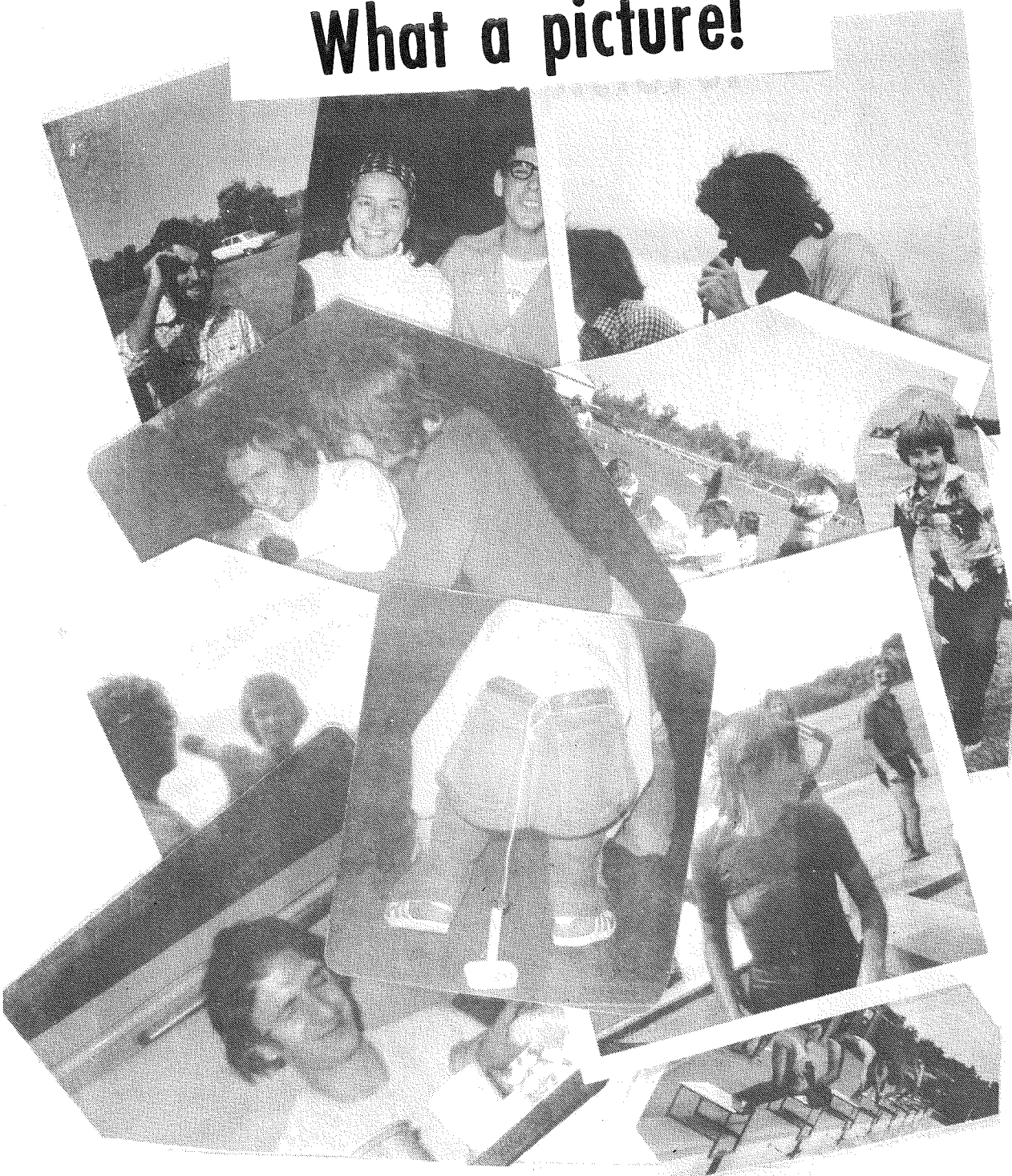
I suppose you'll all be happy to leave us Lovely Kids, but don't despair, some of us will be rejoined, in this happy reunion for some more fun and excitement. There are many good times that we can recall, but can't write about all of them.

Leaving now might be hard for some of us, but put your head up high and leave with dignity.

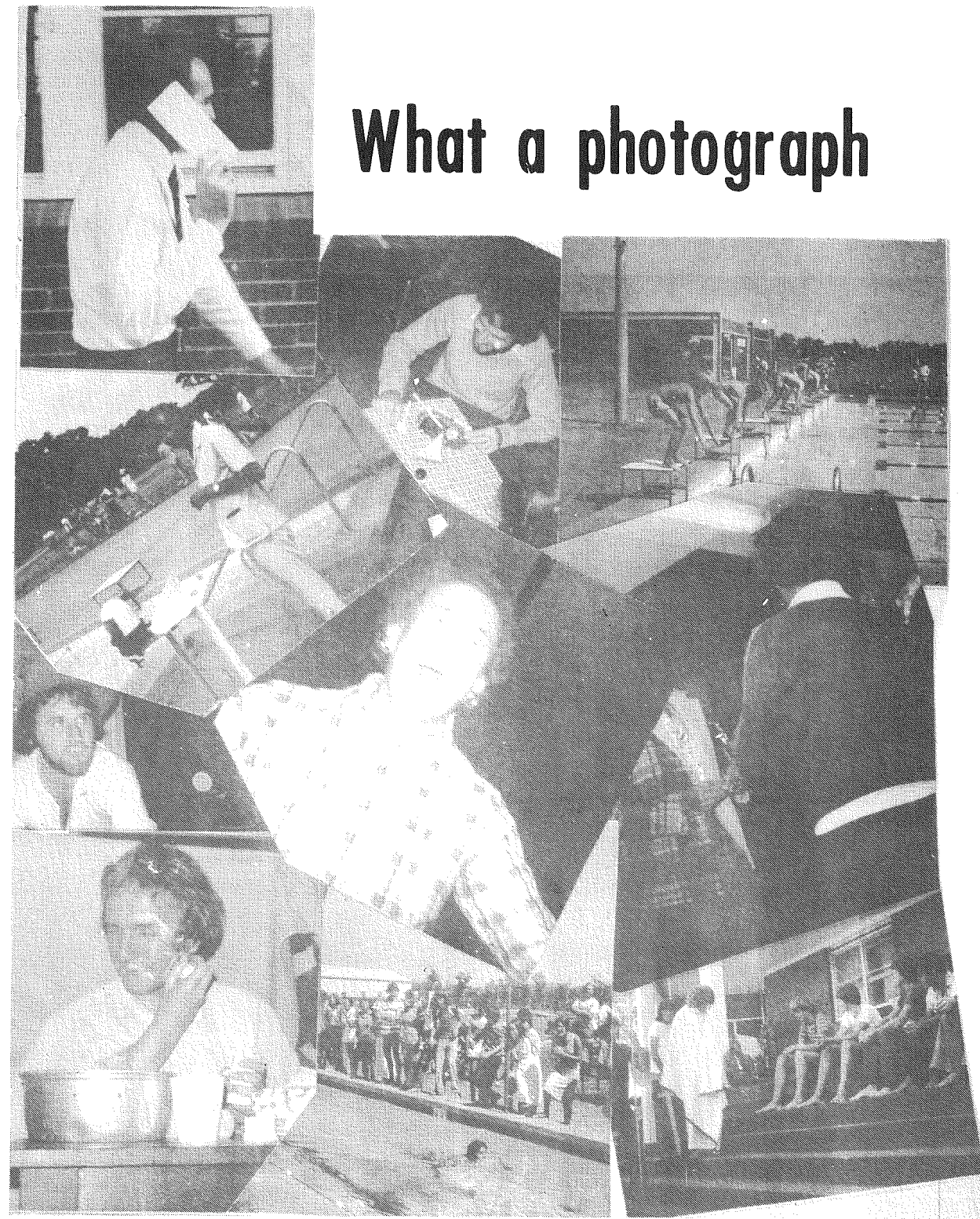
Bye and GOOD LUCK,

FROM ALL THE STUDENTS

# What a picture!



# What a photograph



# PUZZLE PAGE

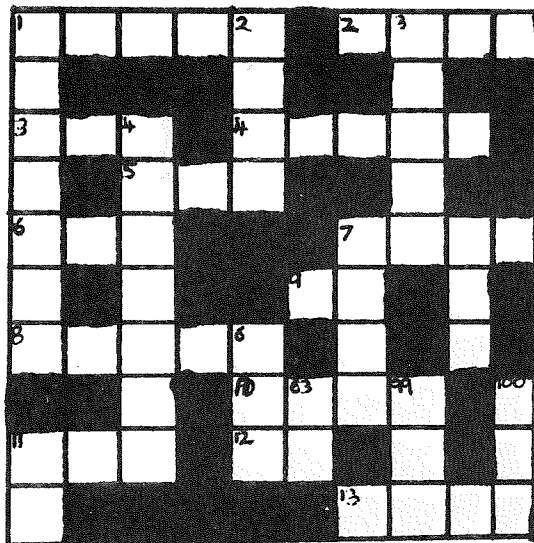
SPOT  
THE  
ERROR  
7

$$2+2=4$$

$$3 \times 3 = 10$$

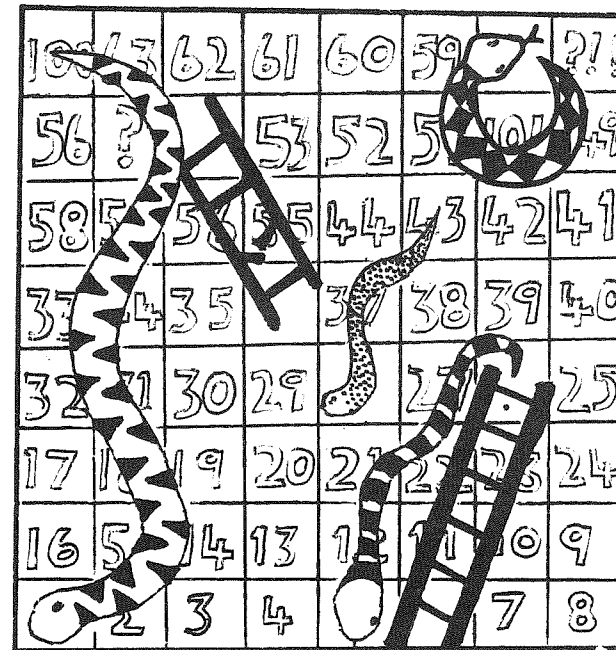
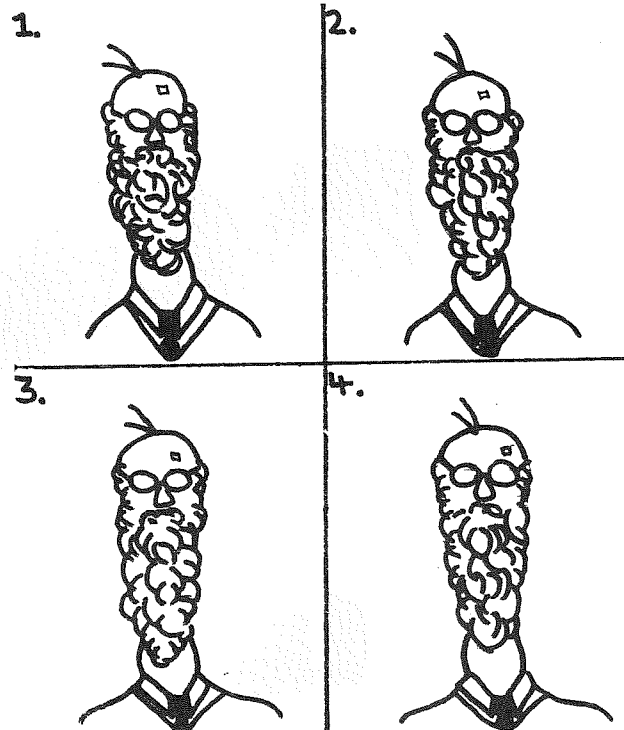
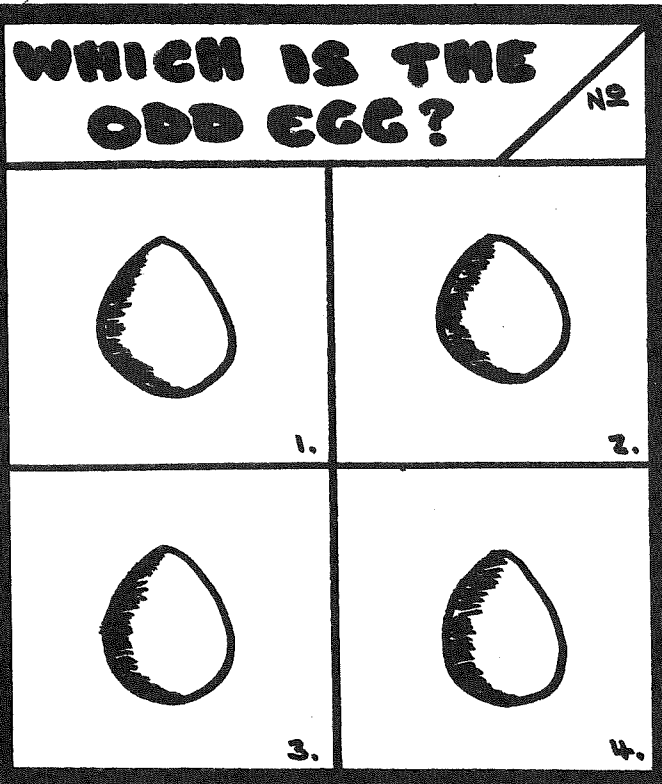
$$\begin{array}{r} +5 \\ 9 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} +2 \\ 7 \end{array}$$



ACROSS: 1 Worst subject, 2 Read a . . . , 3 When you see a teacher . . . , 4 When you're at school you age, 5 Wanted when you're at school, 6 Like greedy pigs, 7 "Have to go to the toilet", 8 Teachers say we are this, 9 Opposite to out of school, 10 A word not in the dictionary, 11 School's a . . . smell? 12 Short for Eddy, 13 School.

DOWN: 1 Another word not in the English language, 2 They say our heads are full of it, 3 More than one over in cricket, 4 You learn it, 5 ? 6 Adam's mate, 7 The first 4 letters in answer, 11 You say it to the school, 100 The, 63 LSD without the S, 99 Sheep say this.



Q. What does a 12 foot parrot say?  
A. Polly want a cracker. NOW!

ANONYMOUS

Q. How do you make Holy water?  
A. Boil Hell out of it!

ANONYMOUS

My dog has no nose.  
Q. How does he smell?  
A. Terrible.

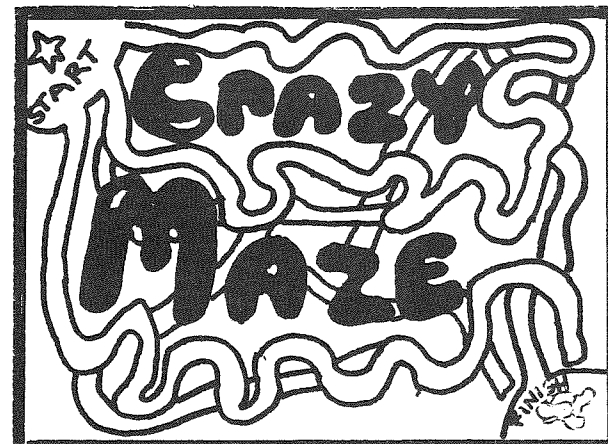
ANONYMOUS

Do you know that my milkman comes from Pakistan?  
Wow! He's got a large milkround hasn't he!

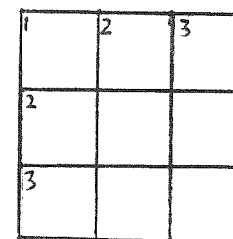
ANONYMOUS

Q. How was the Grand Canyon formed?  
A. A Jew dropped a cent down a rabbit hole!

ANONYMOUS



THE ADVENTURES OF BAMBI  
as wed like to hear it!



CLUES:  
1. . . . . did that.  
2. . . . . do you do.  
3. Do your . . . . .  
A very difficult puzzle from Sandra Slattery

ANSWERS:  
Spot the error:  
 $2 + 2 = 4$   
Spot the difference:  
No. 2 is shortsighted, the rest are longsighted.  
Which is the odd egg?  
No. 4 is hard boiled.  
CROSS WORD  
BLOW IT!  
Puzzle Block:  
1. Who  
2. How  
3. Own



#### '8 RED'

**Back Row:** Paul Chester, Brendan Besson, Vittorio Crevaton, Anthony Giele, Terry Townsend.  
**Third Row:** Allan Gardiner, Paul Calabrese, Stephen Davis, Adrian Della-Vedova, Andrew Treby, Anthony Colgan, John Dellaca.  
**Second Row:** Bert Gianfrancesco, Rosa Decoppi, Delfina Chiappalone, Brigid Busher, Cathy Botteon, Loretta Depiazzi, Donelle Browning, Gary Jenkins.  
**Front:** Linda Delladone, Janine Colum, Genevieve Downes, Pauline Dillon, Jennifer Goff, Denise Drake-Brockman, Linda Irwin.

#### SCHOOL DAY

Everyday I go to school  
 I think I am a fool  
 All's we do is work, work, work,  
 When I grow up I'll be a clerk.

At Recess we go and play  
 That's the best period of the day  
 At lunch we muck around  
 But we're not allowed to go into town.  
 TERRY TOWNSEND, 8 Red.

#### WATER

"Pitter, Patter!", falls the rain,  
 On my bedroom window pane.  
 The splashing rains causing floods,  
 All my gardens filled with mud.

Waves roll up the beach so high,  
 All the surfies pass us by.  
 The waves crash down with a crunch,  
 All the seashells in a bunch.

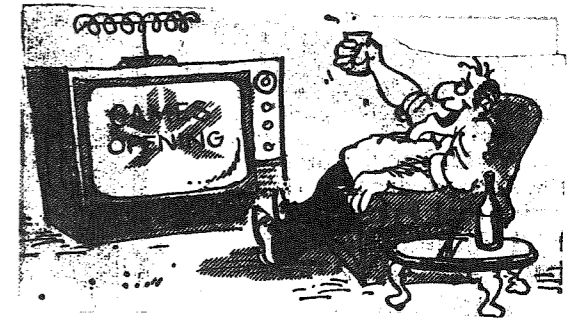
"Drip, Drip!", goes the tap,  
 Feels like waves in your lap.  
 It sound, Oh! so kind,  
 But still puts shivers up your spine.

Selfishness is a gift of nature. Unselfishness is an Accomplishment.

#### THE ELEPHANT

Down in the valley,  
 Where the apple trees grow.  
 There stood a mouse on an elephant's toe.  
 The elephant said with a tear in his eye,  
 "Pick on someone your own size!"

8 Red.



If we did the things we were capable of doing we would literally astound ourselves.

#### DROUGHT

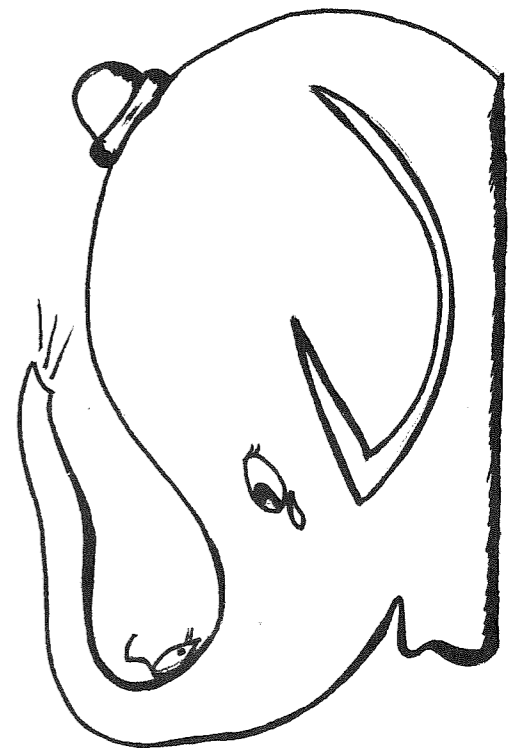
The sun seeps down onto the ground  
 It has for many days and nights  
 It's quiet, there is no sound  
 No gaily looking sights.

A sound gently rings  
 Throughout the countryside  
 A bird gently sings  
 The sound goes quiet till it has died.

The land is all dead and dry  
 There is a drought on in this land  
 Now it looks like everything shall die  
 Nothing is left but dry sand.

No water can be seen  
 For many miles around  
 The country is mean looking and sad  
 Dryness is all that can be found.

YES THE COUNTRY SIDE IS DEAD. . . . .  
 PAULINE DILLON, 8 Red



#### SOUNDS!

Sounds are like colours,  
 For you hear them everywhere,  
 Like the sounds in the night,  
 That aren't really there.

There are sounds of sick cars,  
 Or trucks heading west,  
 But sounds of fast trains,  
 Are the ones that are best.

There are many bad sounds,  
 Which the wars have brought,  
 For all deaths were cold-blooded,  
 In the battles that were fought.

Some drivers on the freeway,  
 Ignore the road division,  
 And many times a day,  
 It results in a collision.

Many times a day,  
 Different people's tempers bend,  
 But I won't argue,  
 For this is this poem's end.  
 TONY COLGAN, 8 Red.

The hardest job of all is trying to look busy when you're not.



**'8 GREEN'**

First Row: F. Marra, R. Madaffari, S. Hannon, M. Kukulka, A. Moore, D. Ferretti, L. Morrison.  
 Second Row: V. Gaffney, J. Leslie, C. Hynes, R. Bourne, C. Hilditch, C. Irvin, J. Higgs, S. Munday.  
 Third Row: S. Italiano, P. Hillier, P. Maher, G. Howard, G. Italiano, W. Ivory, S. Heasman.  
 Fourth Row: M. Macamish, D. Monteleone, P. Hynes, P. Laves.

#### WIND

I saw a ship  
 One windy night  
 Swimming so fast –  
 All bluey and white,  
 Over the ocean,  
 Like a leaf –  
 In the wind,  
 A runaway ship.

Then somebody said –  
 "It's the fish that swim,  
 Not the ship that  
 Goes tossing by."

Who minds?  
 Because I don't mind that,  
 I saw the ship  
 Go swimming by,  
 Like a leaf caught in a wave –  
 Of wind.

The rushing wind –  
 Wind racing fast,  
 Pushing her on  
 Ever so fast.

GREG HOWARD, 8 Green

#### FLYING

One night I looked up to the sky  
 And saw the moon and the stars  
 Move swiftly by.  
 The stars shone bright on that  
 Lovely summer night,  
 Like a loose toy balloon was the  
 Runaway moon.

The stars and the moon  
 Brightened up the sky  
 Like flowers when they bloom,  
 On a lovely sunny day.  
 As I stood there watching the stars and  
 The moon I realized that they would fade  
 Away very soon for the sun was about to  
 Rise.

ROSA MADAFFARRI, 8 Green

#### 8 GREEN CLASS REPORT

This is Rank 3 Martian Scout Kroton with my report on activities of average humans. The location B.C.C. 8 Green home-room.

Earthlings appear quite out of this world.

SPECIMEN 1. This creature has abnormal use of vocal cords and is subjected to mistreatment by all SPECIMEN 2, 3, 4. These seem to react in a quite similar fashion to specimen 1.

SPECIMEN 5. This creature has quite a large lung structure and along with specimens 6 and 7 receives extra privileges and less disciplinary action, than other trainees.

SPECIMENS 8, 9. These creatures have underdeveloped mental skills and are subjected to extra care because of this retardation.

SPECIMEN 10. This creature is physically contracted and converses with specimen 9.

SPECIMEN 11. This creature has very little head strand growth and appears very interested in armoured conflict.

SPECIMEN 12. This specimen is very interested in self reproduction and facial contact.

SPECIMENS 13-29. These specimens all receive about the same disciplinary action and privileges as each

other also their capabilities are practically equivalent. It is obvious that 98.7% of earthlings communicate through sound waves and have not developed the simple skill of telepathy and unlike us they cannot change their form. They move by exerting backward pressure on the planet's surface through two long slender physical adaptations named legs. They expire after approximately 80 earth years. As you know I have been placed among the humans to study them. Recently we were put on a very primitive survival test, which the humans called an orienteering course. We had the help of a direction device and markers to guide us. Even with such a simple course specimens 2, 3, 12 and 21 became lost in the greenery. They are now communicating about a recreational excursion in the next educational time period. THIS CONCLUDES MY REPORT.

WAYNE IVORY, PAUL MAHER.

#### BUNBURY

The Geographe glided along the water  
 And came to a beautiful bay,  
 And the captain said when he saw this sight,  
 "This is the place to stay".

He named this place Port Leschenault  
 After the Botanist Latoole,  
 And just at the turn of the century,  
 Thirty ships would enter this pool.

Now the lords were not used to working so hard,  
 'Twas usually hired workmen would do,  
 The chopping, the cutting, the clearing of land,  
 And all of the housebuilding too.

The land was a great disappointment,  
 Barren and unpastured field,  
 No buildings for stock as well as poor land,  
 Contrived to make a low yield.

But as the old proverb says  
 One will reap what he sows  
 And so we have conquered this land  
 And that's how the story goes.

WAYNE IVORY, 8 Green.

#### THE MUSICIAN

A musician on the corner stood,  
 Fluting away to the crowd he would,  
 The beautiful noise drifted through the air,  
 Everyone was merry and danced in pairs.

Oh the street was a grand sight to behold,  
 Colours flashing and twirling untold,  
 The hearts of the people were filled with joy,  
 As the Musician stood on the corner nearby.

A. MOORE, 8 Green

WILLIAM COWPER:  
 1741-1800  
 Detested sport/That owes  
 its pleasures to another's  
 pain.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: If all the year were  
 1564-1616  
 (Henry IV Pt 1)  
 playing holidays, To sport  
 would be as tedious as to  
 work.

DOUGLAS JERROLD: The only athletic sport I  
 1803-1857  
 ever mastered was back-  
 gammon.

#### GUESS WHO?





Top Row: P. Humble, D. Sampey, J. Simioni, A. Papandroulakis, M. Remus.  
 Third Row: A. Stranow, F. Scabillia, A. Shinnick, P. Russell, D. Price, G. Rafferty, S. Sabitino.  
 Second Row: L. Price, A. Stephenson, K. Percell, S. Reilly, F. Rodgers, L. Robinson, T. Galarty, B. Saunders, C. Parks.  
 Bottom Row: M. Spinelli, D. Vercase, M. Quain, R. Underwood, L. Wragg, J. Panizza, C. Sharpe.

### THE POOR OLD HORSE

People, people everywhere,  
 Waiting in silence so rare,  
 The red lights flash,  
 The crowds are tense,  
 The starter shakes,  
 For the horses are ready to break,  
 The jockey crouches.

Out dash the horses stride in stride,  
 the grass so green,  
 the fence so white,  
 the dash at deadly flight.

The jockeys shake off the hard blowing wind,  
 The horses enter the straight at raging speed,  
 This will prove the best in the field,  
 The slashing, crashing of the whips.

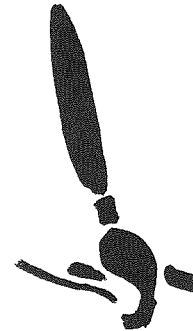
The crowds laugh, cry and run,  
 With lots of joy their horse has won,  
 The red hot favourite has finally scored,  
 As the crowd stands and cheers with joy,  
 The jockey stands up and pats the horse  
 As the horse pants and shakes his head in relief.

FIONA RODGERS, 8 White.

### A PRAYER

The leaf is like a sign of love just hanging there up  
 above,  
 The branch is like hands that reach out to God.  
 The honkey nut is like bells of heaven  
 The brick is like a part of God's creation.

DONALD SAMPEY, 8 White.

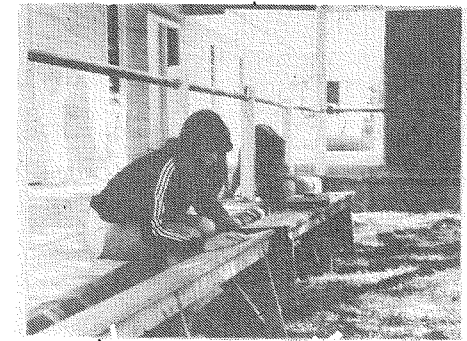


My granny went down to the  
 cellar,  
 To see where the gas leak  
 might be,  
 She struck a match to see  
 better,  
 Oh, bring back my granny to  
 me.

ANONYMOUS

Forty white horses on a red hill,  
 Now they stamp, now they champ,  
 Now they stand still.  
 What are they?

(Teeth)



BEAUTY

Oh, the moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin,  
 His boots are cracklin', for the want of blackin',  
 And his baggy little trousers, they need mending,  
 Before they send him, to the Dardanelles.

ANONYMOUS.

### YEAR 8 CAMP REPORT

On Tuesday morning, 26th September, a herd of Year 8 students were seen mysteriously leaving the grounds of Bunbury Catholic College.

Where were they going? (The further the better, the parents and the teachers thought alike).

We went to Point Peron, a crippled children's home. We arrived at approximately 11.30 a.m. and all quickly organised ourselves into the dormitories provided with 6 to 9 beds a dorm.

Unfortunately, we were set to work straight away with our first of eight two hour sessions. We were split up into eight groups, all doing separate sessions and duties. (Tough Luck!!!) Everyone agreed that it was murder doing the tea dishes. . . .

That night we had a games night and later on in the night we had supper and were sent to bed.

The next morning, Wednesday, we were literally dragged out of bed at some unearthly hour to go on an early morning run. That day we had three sessions split up by morning tea and lunch. In our small amount of free time those who chose to go swimming went, and those who didn't got thrown in anyway. . .

This evening saw a film through and it was called "Twisted Nerve". To the delight of the boys and to the terror of some of the girls, it was a horror film! After the film I dare say there were no fingernails left.

On Thursday we had our delightful run again and the three sessions. All split up the same as on Wednesday. For a change the night turned into a social. Many of the boys dressed up as girls. The stars of the social were Gloria Jenkins, alias Gary Jenkins, and the 'KISS' group.

On Friday, being our last day, we had a long and tiring walk instead of a run because the teacher (Mrs. Goddard) forgot to wake the girls up.

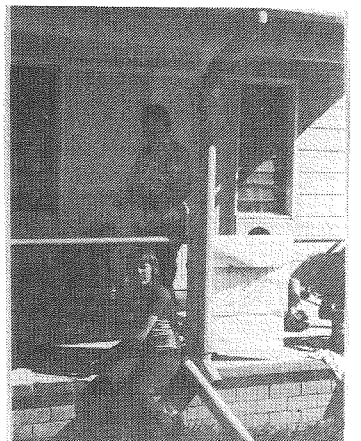
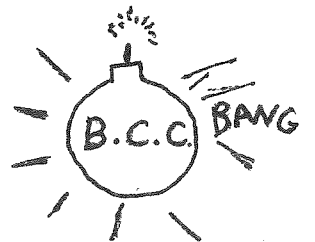
We finally staggered into breakfast for our last meal in the dining room.

After breakfast we had our final session and packed ready to leave. But alas, we had our last duty of cleaning a totally clean campsite. We then had to eat our lunch and departed for Bunbury at approximately 2.00 p.m.

We thank all the cooks and the teachers who either cooked lovely meals or taught great subjects.

All in all it was a great camp!

ANONYMOUS





**'9 RED'**

**Top:** Brett Buswell, Michael Telini, Kevin Depiazzi, Danny Platts, Paul Bartley, Bernard Tarbottom, Greg Zapelli, Gavin Cunningham.

**Third Row:** Marie Row, Colleen Gaffney, Sharon Barbetti, Julie Gardiner, Silvana Rampin, Susan Bailey, Julie Olimpio, Camala Condella.

**Second Row:** Greg Donovan, Pamela Mazza, Michael Quadrio, Steven Busher, Justin Partridge, Phillip Mosca, Peter Spriggins, Ted Adrill, Sandra Slattery, George Kontorinis.

**First Row:** Louise McRobb, Sandra Ruvidini, Flavia Calligaro, Sherylee Vivian, Jackie Standish, Sonja Heasman, Shirley Pelusey, Josephine Ferraro.

#### YEAR NINE RED CLASS REPORT

Welkome two 9 read tha klass off 35 brite, intelegent Kwiet well manered. Ass ewe kan sea, ow spelin has inprooted with the halp off misses hofff

Weel ennuff off tha spelin an on two mafthes. Wee had 40.1 cids in ow klass (tha .1 was a porchen off daniels nose)

bak two tha 40.1 I left and now wee haf 35.1 knott two mention Mrr Neeld, sowe wee will wee stode him on his Head two change him into a resiprakill, and sister (not mine) mooreen kame inn and sayed that mrr neeld was a mixxed up fracshum and knott a fracshum of an idiot as wee had thought hee was?

Now science is our beast suject wee mite knott no the melting point of a likwid butt wee shore no the boiling point of Misses Petars. Wee kan rekall one of our many incidints in the wen wee broke twoo of misses Petars best theromites, had 3 fires and broke a beaker messes petars reached herr boiling point off OoC.

Now with mr Neeld, it seems two bee the bright spirk off oure day. With a crimson shirt, molty thick glasses, bulky mostache and his smelly joggers, itt couldn't bee betta

For the funny spirks in oure klass, (not counting us) their is paul BartLey himself, with Daniel Platts who putts hees nose in no and then., tha Dardanup brothers, (steve and kevin) are showing good movement in there hands. And theirs a trade mark on steve's trousers were he slipped in old Bettys's mess (cow dung)

Silvanna, Sandra, Louise and Sandra are the loud moths and hulligans off the klass who say nice compli ments about mr neelds, terrible mostache, smelly sandshoes and his face witch is knott four publication.

Thats the klass of '78 who as you can sea wee alll hav a grate sense off humour.

SILVANNA, SANDRA, LOUISE & SANDRA.

**RED  
is  
the  
best**

#### YEAR NINE RED TEACHER'S REPORT

9 Red are a funny class, with funny habits.

They are a class full of individuals – each attempting to go their own way, in their own time, no matter what the teacher says.

It is a well balanced class, with some intelligence, some not so bright, some talented at sport, some who couldn't walk 100m let alone run it. All of the class, however, are adept at making noise.

9 Red is without doubt the best noise makers in this school.

They also have the biggest hearts – together they raised more money, during lent, than any other class.

OF THAT I AM PROUD.

D NIELD.



#### THE YEAR 9 CAMP

The place we went to was Point Walter, which is right on the Swan River. The first day we arrived (Tuesday) we had minor games, and the teams were Nerds, Misfits, Hobos and Tramps. Mr Whitelaw's and Mr. Nield's teams were old rivals and drew the minor games.

That night the girls in dorm 2 had a disco and Miss McDonagh slept through the whole thing.

The next day groups three and four went to Perth and groups one and two went to Fremantle. In Perth we saw Curtin House, where we talked with Miss McGinty's brother Jim in the Board Room; we also went to Trades Hall. Then we went ten pin bowling and shopping. One of the students bought a dog mess and put it in front of the man at the Post Office Museum. That night all the girls in dorm 1 had a laugh when Mr Whitelaw went to his dorm and thought every one was asleep and started to get dressed for bed, we had the torch focused on him. Mr Whitelaw, we love your RED pyjamas.

The next day we went to Fremantle and first off we went to Wesfarmers Wool Sheds, and everyone was given a sample of wool. Then we went to the Maritime Museum in which a student got the shock of his life when he opened a Staff Only door and set off the burglar alarm.

All in all we had a lot of FUN.

SANDRA SLATTERY

#### YEAR NINE RED ALPHABET

A is for Ardille, one of a kind  
B is for Busher and Barbetti, who milk cows  
C is for Calligaro who has a one tracked mind  
D is for Detention which we are threatened with  
E is for Empty, for there is no-one by that name  
F is for Ferraro, small in size but big in heart  
G is for Gaffney from South Africa  
H is for Heasman, comes from Harvey  
I is for Intelligent, which we are not  
J is for Junk, which we hand up  
K is for Kontorinis, who's small and cuddly  
L is for Life which we bring to school  
M is for Mo which belongs to Mr Nield  
N is for Nield which is i before e except after c  
O is for Olimpio which we once had  
P is for Platts the artist of the class  
Q is for Quadrio who thinks himself good  
R is for Rampin who 'nose' it all  
S is for Standish who's our female athletic champ  
T is for Telini who begins the crazes  
U is for Untidiness for which we win first prize  
V is for Vivian who's in the centre of everything  
W is for Wishing that we could get out of this zoo  
X is for Xavier which is our colour  
Y is for Young which we all are except Mr Nield  
Z is for Zappelli,  
Well, that's our class and its habits.

CARMELA, JOSEPHINE,  
SHERYLEE and MARY.



#### BLACK SWANS

The black swans glided gracefully  
Across the cool, reflecting, mirrorlike water  
The shady green bushes  
Sent shadows across the water  
Making the water appear  
In a light and dark fashion. . . . .

Still the black swans swam  
Passing broken twigs  
And sticks, poking up through the mud  
Weeds and reeds floating around. . . . .

Now and then, one or two swans  
Would dip their heads in the water  
And preen themselves, with the cool, refreshing water  
Then they would run their beaks in the water,  
And lifting up their long, sleek necks  
They would slowly swallow their catch.

Still the black swans glided gracefully  
Across the cool, reflecting, mirrorlike water. . . . .

S. RAMPIN



**Top Row:** Marie Downs, Marian Kessel, Fionnula Hannon, Cindy Parkinson, Julie Melchiorrie, Julie Spriggins, Marcelle Broderick, Glenys Malatesta.  
**Third Row:** Robert Depiazzi, Michael Jennings, Craig Rogers, Ross Zoccali, Michael King, Steven Quain, Rocky Macri, Mario Morribito.  
**Second Row:** Sarha Stevens, Debbie Dowson, Paul Depiazzi, Linda Costigan, George Kontorinis, Leesanda Papalia, Anthony Panuccio, Patrick Bones.  
**Front Row:** Pier Reise, Suzie Cooper, Maria Sabitino, Antoinette Chiplone, Anne-Louise Nicholas, Colleen Malatesta, Jenny Good.

Class Teacher — Miss Fiddick

## Leesanda Papalia's

## CLASS REPORT

Miss Fiddick is our Homeroom teacher and there were 34 students in our class, but Maria Sabatino has left for Italy and George Kontorinis left earlier this year for Greece. However, we gained a student, Wayne Thornborough, from Bunbury High School.

Miss Fiddick is getting married and will be leaving shortly before the end of term two.

Our house representatives are Craig Rogers and Fionnula Hannon, who, so far have done a good job organizing class activities. During the term, Miss Fiddick and our star hockey player, Glenys Malatesta, went to Perth for Country Week Hockey Carnival. We were fortunate in having Mrs Winston as a replacement teacher during this time.

Mary-Anne Kessel has an important role (cough, cough) in our class, taking lunches from Tuckshop to class day after day.

Anthony Panuccio and Michael House are the lights of the class, keeping the students and Miss Fiddick aware and on their toes.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

This magazine must have been written by a mob of BEEP . . . Especially the editors of the puzzle page.

Signed Mad.

Dear Mad,

You're completely right  
Signed BEEP.

Dearest Editor,

Mmmmmmm, I love your style, how about meeting me tonight at Barry White's.

Signed Cyril Percyfold.

Dearest Cyril,

How about 8.00?

Dear Editor,

I think the price of this magazine is too high, I can't buy it any more, I shall kill myself.

Signed Troubled.

Dear Troubled,

Go ahead.

Dear Editor,

I think your page is fantastic, very imaginative and full of colour.

Signed Sambo.

Dear Sambo,

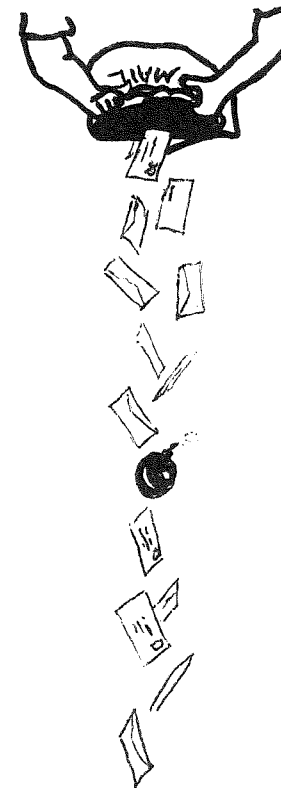
How about meeting me at the Welly for a glass of gin.

We had our elections for the Integrated Studies Advisory Committee in which all the students participated.

There were four candidates: Anne-Louise Nicholas, from the A.S.S. party (Aid to Slave-driven Students); Rocky Macri from I.S.P.P. (I.S. Progressive Party); Fionnula Hannon from the S.U.P.E.R. party (Students United Party for Educational Rights) and Leesanda Papalia of C.A.O.S. (Campaign Against Overworked Students). The candidates prepared speeches and tried in vain to convince students that they would make I.S. better. However, only one candidate could win. The elections were held on 28th July with the following result:

1.	Leesanda Papalia	26 votes
1.	Rocky Macri	15 votes
3.	Fionnula Hannon	14 votes
4.	Anne-Louise Nicholas	13 votes

This concludes some of the events of our class.



## HE WILL WAKE UP DEAD

A soldier sat amongst his Friends who were dead and dying,  
In the trenches, the only one left, alone and crying,  
He came to war to look for battle fun and glory,  
Instead he finds not joy but blood and gory.

He thinks there is nothing left, now or forever,  
For this will scare him, now or never,  
He never thought of losing or being wounded or dead,  
He now sits cold with a bandage round his head.

A plane goes over dropping bombs on his land,  
The noise drives him insane, angry and mad,  
He wishes it were a dream, to be home warm in bed,  
But unfortunately for him, he will wake up dead.

CINDY PARKINSON



## THE SUPERMARKET

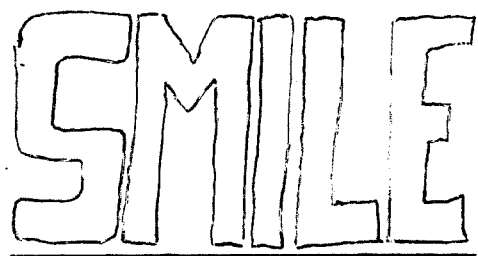
Silence,  
Open doors,  
A small rush  
Then no longer hush.

Trolleys  
Quick grabs,  
Just like theft  
Then there's none left.

Food  
All sorts  
An onion dip  
Is a tasty tip.

Cashiers  
Money recorders  
All pinging aloud  
Just for the crowd.

Boxes  
Grocery carriers  
Big and small  
Short, torn and tall.  
LEESANDA PAPALIA,  
Year 9 Green.



A man is not a man  
IF HE IS A WOMAN!



**Front Row:** Anita Irving, Sandra Harris, Dianne Sly, Margaret Cross, Claire Myer, Sheree Thomas, Sarah Basse.  
**Second Row:** Mr. Whitelaw, Lisa Maidment, Pamela Buswell, Maureen Connolly, Helen Hastie, Anne Meehan, Luchia Sabatino, Rita Monteleone, Mary Millar.  
**Third Row:** Shane Dillon, Nigel Richardson, Bill Scott, Paul Rowney, Dean Mudford, Simon Percival, Dave Atherton, Tim Crosby, Taylor Clements  
**Back Row:** Tony Hynes, Nicki Ciffollilo, Adrian Waters, Anthony Paonni, Mauro Zorzi, Andrew Tanner, Greg Reimers.  
**Absent:** Susan Nonie

#### CLASS REPORT NINE WHITE

9 White is an easy going class with an easy going teacher, Mr. Whitelaw. Things took a long time to get started at the beginning of the year, at least for me, because this is my first year at B.C.C.

In the first term the projects were hard and only slightly interesting, but second term made things a little better because we had a camp three weeks into the second term, of which there were many highlights.

Also in the second term Mr. Whitelaw started issuing words as punishment (which wasn't for the best, especially for the main offenders, such as Anthony Paonni, Bill Scott, Dean Mudford, Tony Heinz and Adrian Waters). Taylor Clements was not given words for punishment, but for being late about four times a week the excuses were that a train held them up or the car wouldn't start.

In our class we have many patriots to their own country. Anthony Paonni is pro Italian, Nigel Richardson is pro English and Adrian Waters is pro Irish. Overall the class isn't bad. But one thing for sure – the best period of the week is homeroom FRIDAY!

S. PERCIVAL

# 9 white are bright

#### CLASS OF CLASSES

Nine white is the class for me,  
 We are the best can't you see,  
 Mr. Whitelaw's our teacher, and it's true,  
 If you don't work well it's detention for you.

We have the best teacher, and kids as well,  
 With a class like us it's not hard to tell,  
 We all work hard, and well it's true,  
 We don't stop at all until the day is through.

Heed my words, for what I say is right,  
 And I bet if you had a choice of classes,  
 You'd pick nine white too.

MARY MILLER

#### LIQUIDISED

I'm falling, help me,  
 Down, down into a bottomless pit  
 A never ending darkness,  
 A darkness so bright it's blinding,  
 Two, five, ten minutes.

Continuously falling, will it never end,  
 Maybe I'll fall forever, Wait!  
 I'm slowing down,  
 I'm stopping, suspended in nothing.

Silence, darkness, heat,  
 Heat! Why do I suddenly feel so hot,  
 Why don't my eardrums burst?  
 A moaning and deafening scream.

That noise is driving me mad,  
 Pounding in my head,  
 And, oh, the noise  
 The screaming driving me insane.

The silence, the silence ceases  
 But the heat increases,  
 Increases twenty fold,  
 Now my skin is melting, and so is my body.

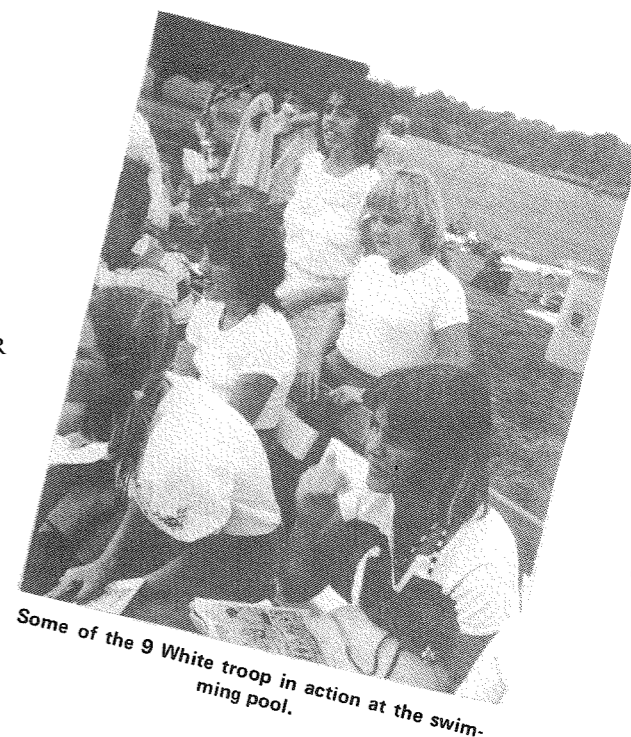
And now as my head sinks into my liquid body  
 A body melted beyond recognition,  
 I wonder who I am . . . . .  
 Then stop.

K. DEPIAZZI

# 9 WHITE

**TOMATOES**  
 Squishy, Squashy  
 Red and quashy  
 Yummy tummy  
 I will eat them all.

My dog likes them too  
 Smell the smell  
 Suck the juice  
 That's a tomato



Some of the 9 White troop in action at the swimming pool.



#### A DAY AT THE BEACH

The day was hot  
 The air was still  
 The sand like a boiling pot  
 But the water was cool

The sea did roar  
 Just like a lion  
 There were people galore  
 Plus me and Brian.

The waves were big  
 And plentiful  
 So we decided to dig  
 A sand castle

When we went in  
 The waves did rise  
 I got chundered  
 With sand up to my eyes

It happened so fast  
 So I prayed  
 That I could last it  
 Without being afraid.



# Literature



## THE LAND

The cool, green land stretches before me  
The trees swaying slowly  
Leaves rustling.

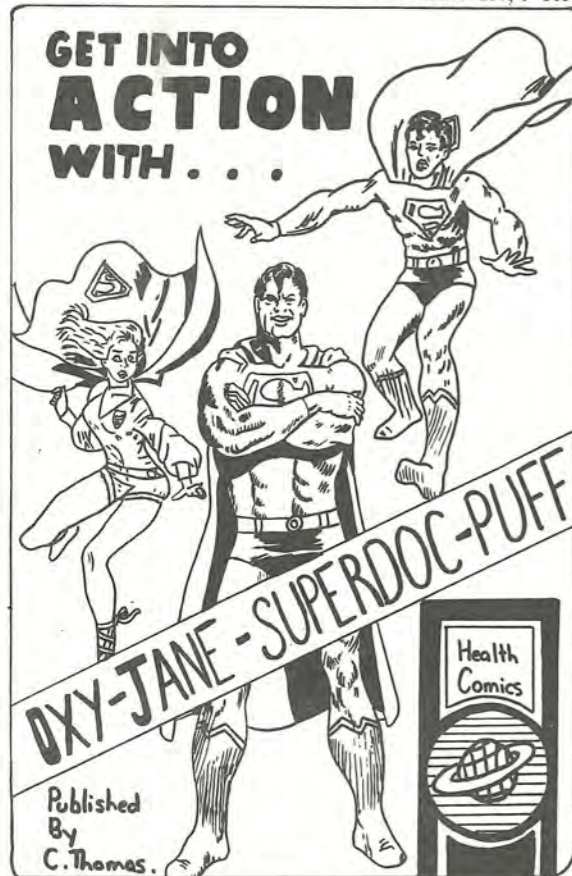
All around me is shaded silence  
No birds singing  
Cool silence.

The soft wind blows against my face  
Trees with protective branches  
Dotted sunlight.

Standing alone in solitary silence  
Nothing there to worry me  
Serene peace.

Me and the cool green land,  
Standing absorbed in thought  
Silently alone.

S. RAMPIN, 9 Red



## POOR TOM

At the table sits poor Tom,  
As the food goes by  
He cannot eat a single bite,  
He seems to have no appetite.

## DESTRUCTION

The night was dark and stormy  
Wind howled with all its might,  
Our whole world was in a turmoil,  
A really frightening sight.

So many years we'd argued  
Amongst so many nations,  
Uranium was the foremost thought,  
Power and glory seemed greater than salvation.

The plans as always have an end,  
The day had come at last.  
For forty years it had been said  
'World war three would only be one blast'.

It never really made much sense,  
No-one ever knew who did it,  
One button pressed; that's all there was,  
World War three, it really  
'BLEW IT'

N. MANONI



# AND ART

## EVOLUTION

I stand  
Amidst crystal waters,  
My feet embedded  
In cool round pebbles.  
The waters ripple around my brown ankles,  
The sky birds crow  
Their ugly call.  
The scream of Big creatures  
From the stenching swamp beyond;  
But they disturb me none.  
My shoulders are bare  
As I stand naked  
Near my home.  
The smell of sweet food  
Edifies through the home of my ancestors.  
The cries of my brothers  
Ringing in my heart.

The firm, brown bank  
Lies before me  
As I take another splashing step  
Away from the cries I love.  
I reach out to feel his strong, dark hand  
Clasp around mine.  
He stares at me in happiness.  
But I will not look in his eyes.  
My future home lays behind him,  
A large, warm, happy home  
Which is yet so cold and frightening  
As we step towards the forbidding hole.  
My head is thundering memories,  
For here I stand  
The seed of new generations,  
Yet I am only a frightened child.

JULIE GARDNER, 9 Red.



## A MIDNIGHT BUNGLE

(The characters in this story are entirely fictitious,  
to protect the innocent.)

One pitch black, spine chilling thriller of a night  
at the Silverspring Homestead, around 12 . . . . .  
"I want to suck your blood"  
"Aaagh"  
Bang Bang  
"Pant, pant, pant"  
"Back Dracula, Back, Aaagh"  
"Great show wasn't it Wally?"  
"Yup"  
"Let's get to bed"  
"Yup"  
Click, Pop  
"Oh damn, the power's gone out, light a candle so we can see  
what we are doing,"  
"Yup"  
"Can't you say anything but YUP?"  
"Dunno"  
"Ah, light at last," said Fred  
Ka Ploosh  
"What was that?"  
"The toilet flushing," answered Wally  
"I know that, but who did it?"  
"It does it itself, to relieve the pressure"  
"You know, I was scared just then Wally, I mean we're all  
alone in a house miles from anyone."  
"Keep quiet Fred, you're getting me scared"  
"Hey, Wally, did you hear that noise?"  
"Yup, wonder what it is."  
Aaagh, Meooooow  
"Help, Wally, we're being invaded!"  
"Something's got the cat!"  
"Oh, I wish mum and dad were here"  
Woof, Woof, Moo, Moo,  
"It's scaring all the animals"  
Bang! Bang! Creak!  
"It's going into the laundry, it'll be here next. What are we  
going to do, Wally?"  
"Pity the power isn't on, we might be able to see something."  
"Don't you ever get scared, Wally?"  
"Hardly ever."  
"Well, then, get me out of here!"  
"How?"  
"Somehow!"  
"I'll get the gun!"  
"You can't kill Dracula with bullets"  
"It's not a Dracula"  
"Yes it is . . . I can feel it. The end is near."

The end was near. Not for him, but for the cat  
who walked through the door, ignoring his battle scars and  
with his head high, showed the world the prize rabbit he had  
just killed, and which was hanging from his mouth. Alas!  
the trigger happy fool with an old .303 had already fired a  
bullet as the invader walked in the door. The blackness lifted  
as the S.E.C. once again restored power to the outback  
around Dardanup.

Then the eyes of the two heros fell upon the door and  
saw the bloody fragments left by the blast, decorating the  
house - wall to wall.

MARK DEPIAZZI, 10 Red.

# Introducing... 10 RED

## A THOUGHT

A thought is something treasured,  
To last you through the day,  
Of something you wish to keep to yourself,  
And something to remain that way.

A thought can be sad,  
A thought can be mean,  
But most of all I like happy thoughts,  
So sweet, sentimental and serene.

So remember when you're lonely,  
Or simply feeling down,  
A thought will always stay with you,  
No matter who's around.

MAXINE BONES.



## BIRTH OF WAVES

From dark and the depths,  
Oh egg is conceived through silent wash,  
The feotus kicks slowly to the pool of light,  
Rising up through violent flares.  
It grows, it moves, eating its own self,  
What power it contains in its birth  
To prod its head upward to see life is good.  
What thoughts flash as it sees for the first time,  
To stand higher,  
Feet on the back of the mother,  
To run fast toward the alien shore;  
Attain the unattainable,  
And to fall and die in the attempt.  
This is life.

GARY FEARON



# 10 RED

## CAMP REPORT YEAR 10 RED

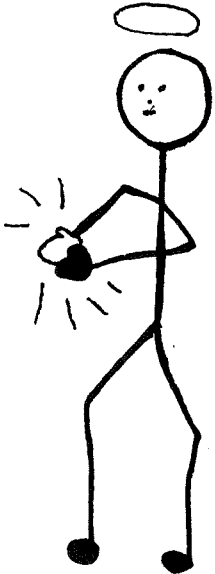
On Monday, 19th June all the year 10s left for Manjedal, Boys Scout Camp, situated just out of Bedford, for a week of what we thought wasn't going to be a FUN camp, however, all came to the reverse opinion.

Nearly every night we had a disco and it was organized by everyone. Wednesday saw the great orienteering race. It was well entered into, and enjoyed by all participants. The winner was Peter Amonini - after a recount. Thursday night we had a mass, this was celebrated by Fr Pemberthy and appeared to be quite enjoyable.

There appeared to be at least four courageous people in year 10, as one after one, they dove into the apparently 'freezing cold' water.

Although many had good fortune on this small holiday, one person happened to be unfortunate enough to have the legs of his jeans burnt off up to the thigh. Maybe next time, Fred, you won't leave them there!!! - a bit closer would be just right. All in all everyone had a great time, and it would be one camp we will never forget.

COLLEEN COLGAN



## YEAR TEN RED TEACHER'S REPORT

It was quite exciting to come as a new staff member to B.C.C. this year and meet 10 Red, most of whom had been together in 9 Red. We welcomed back Scott Reidel and James Davies after some years absence from the school, and Carmel Ward who came during term 2 from Merredin.

Lisa Charnley and Peter Amonini, the class captains, deserve our thanks for their dedication to their duties. The class has been a pleasant, vital group, many taking a leading part in school activities, for example Suzanne Curnow and Jodi Cook in the Catherine McAulay Lunchtime Cafe, the theatre group members, Lucia Buoro, Judy Cunningham, Lisa Charnley, Gabrielle Gardiner, Gary Fearon, James Davies in the production of the Grey Angel, while all contributed enthusiastically to the Holy Week Passion play.

Many have been prominent in the sporting aspect of school life, both here at school and at Hay Park on Saturdays.

Towards the end of the year all participated in a very profitable week's work experience, suitably acknowledged by John Crowhurst in the "Western Herald".

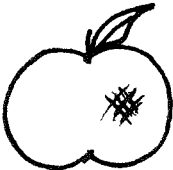
Best wishes to all for the future, especially to those who will be leaving school to take up a career. May God Bless you in everything.

BROTHER NOEL

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Degree in Hassling  
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C. CULPH



## WATER

Water can be fat  
Water can be thin  
In any shaped object  
Water can fit in.

Water can be hot  
Water can be cold  
Water can be new and fresh  
Or water can be old.

Water can be warming  
Water can be chilling  
A giant waterfall  
Can be rather thrilling

But whether water's good or not  
It's up to you and I  
Just remember that without it  
We would shrivel up and die.

GARY STEWART



## YEAR 10 RED

Back Row: G. Butler, G. Fearon, S. Reidel, M. Corr, G. Bell.  
Third Row: F. Digregorio, P. Garvey, P. Amonini, J. Crowhurst, G. Stewart, T. Busher.  
Second Row: J. Cunningham, G. Gardiner, S. Dowson, J. Cook, L. Charnley, L. Buoro, C. Culph, C. Colgan.  
Absent: J. Campbell

# 10 GREEN'S Surprising Results...

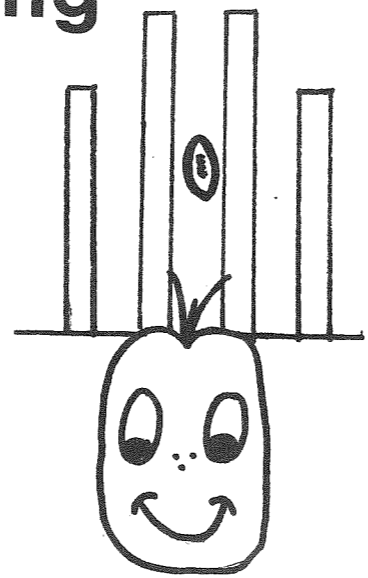
## 10 GREEN CLASS REPORT

Within our star studded class one can find many outstanding students. We begin by looking at our contribution to Green's dazzling win at the swimming carnival. We had such champs as Kerri, Sari and Brendon. Frank put in a grand performance at our athletic carnival. As well as a grand competitor Frank and Maree have taken on the sporting responsibilities as they are Green's Junior House Captains.

Among the class we have a few brain waves, which were exercised in the Debate and Quiz against the Grammar school. Congratulations to Damian, the competitor for Green. Fortunately, we won the Quiz, but unfortunately lost the Debate. Better luck next time!

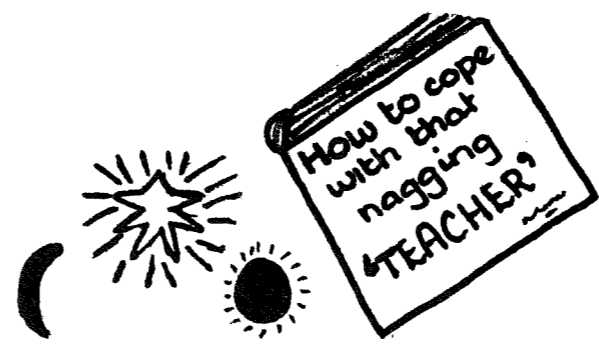
At the beginning of the year, David Wells received a letter, to say he had won a tech drawing competition. With the cricket, we had the next Dennis Lillee in our classroom. This lad, Leigh Millar, came runner-up in the Bunbury Cricket Association.

DAVID WELLS, MAREE LESLIE



Front Row: L. Jenkins, P. Gianfrancesco, A. Melchorri, M. MacNish, P. Hiller, C. Bell, S. Gordon  
 Second Row: J. Harrison, R. Hoff, K. Martin, N. Manoni, M. Leslie, C. Hynes, D. Maher  
 Third Row: B. Panizza, L. Millar, T. Lawrence, R. Higgs, F. Morabito, M. Murphit  
 Top Row: B. Minchim, P. Morellini, M. Hilditch, P. Meyer, B. Hynes

# ...More to come



## YEAR 10 GREEN TEACHER'S REPORT

It must have come as quite a shock to the Greens to have my face in front of them every day instead of the popular dynamo Brother Doug, but they came up smiling and showed the flexibility which is the prerogative of the young.

I have enjoyed my time with them and really have some happy memories. The camp, in particular was a most rewarding experience. Some who seemed unwilling to go at first became agreeably surprised and it was always difficult to find a sad face. Poor Linda was the only one who went down for a night but recovered quickly. I would like to commend the class for their friendliness, good manners (NEARLY always) and enthusiasm when it was needed.

God Bless You All.

MRS BYRNE

## LITERATURE - "LONE BEACH"

Laying on the beach,  
 I watch the gulls give their cry, far above.  
 The scorching sun, beating down on oiled backs.  
 Children playing in the shallows.

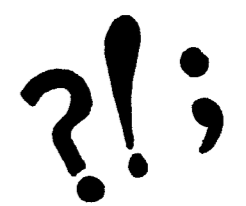
I listen closely to the constant lap, lap of the sea,  
 The monotonous sound, lulls me to sleep.  
 And there I lay for the afternoon.

Slowly the day gets cooler,  
 The sun is blotted out by passing clouds,  
 Slowly, one by one the people leave, reluctantly,  
 One gull flies away, the rest follow.

Slowly, slowly the water creeps in,  
 It comes closer, closer, crawling around me,  
 It slides around, lapping my sides,  
 I wake and rub my weary eyes.

I wearily stretch my sun scorched legs,  
 And pick up my wet towel and head for home.  
 The last cry of a gull, echoes on the lone beach.

MARION MacNISH



## COLLECTIONS OF LIFE

A tiny bud becomes a flower,  
 A minute grows into an hour.  
 Droplets of water make a stream,  
 A human being is one of a team.

Worried thoughts become a fear,  
 While four seasons pass into a year  
 Grey clouds gather to make a storm,  
 A million sunrays burn night to dawn.

Dozens of birds fly as a flock,  
 Many grains of earth are formed as rocks.  
 Happiness grows from smiles and love,  
 Romance from moonlight and pale stars above.

One and one make more than two,  
 It surely creates a world that's new.  
 ANONYMOUS

## THE TAP

Out of the ground  
 Comes a steel pole,  
 Out of the pole,  
 Comes Water!  
 Dripping in tiny droplets,  
 Hitting the ground,  
 It makes a lake,  
 Not a big lake,  
 Only a small lake of droplets,  
 Where tiny animals swim.  
 Out of the ground comes  
 A steel pole  
 Out of the ground  
 COMES WATER.

PHILLIP MORELLINI



# YEAR 10 WHITE



Back Row: M. Wright, O. Waters, B. Rafferty, G. Terrell.  
 Third Row: D. Pruiti, B. Tournay, R. Reeve, B. Stewart, M. Reilly, D. Trimboli.  
 Second Row: Mr C. Randall, M. Schuts, F. Tarbotton, R. Zaccagnini, A. Rowney, K. Rodgers, M. Roberts, G. Spencer, E. Valli.  
 Front Row: T. Paul, M. Ruvidini, M. Shepherdson, J. Sergi, L. Young, P. Price, S. Wragg, M. Timpani.

## YEAR 10 WHITE CLASS REPORT

This year 10 White have been very active, although it may only be noticed in the year 10 circle. As you already know White won the athletic carnival; easily I might add! Theresa Paul took off the Under 16 girls' trophy for the carnival, but only won by one point from Michelle Ruvidini, who is also in White and a very efficient house captain along with Luciano Simioni.

We also have a talented music lover in our midst, young Ormonde Waters who recently joined a now popular group, brilliantly named "Rabbit Ears".

Not only do we have musicians in our class but a professional ballroom dancer, Ricky Zaccagnini. He showed his remarkable ability at our camp held in June this year.

We would like to thank Mr Randall who is a terrific homeroom teacher. He has held social occasions at his residence in Australind — which have all added up to enjoyment.

## THE PLANET EARTH

A tiny spaceship circled the world,  
 From underneath some legs unfurled.  
 It landed softly on the ground,  
 The door slid open without a sound.

Creature from Planet Krace,  
 Walked about with the human race.  
 They saw the state the world was in,  
 And blocked their ears at all the din.

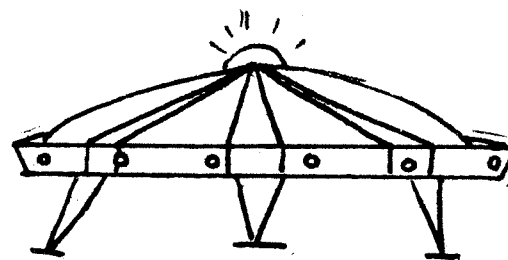
The heard the cars and boats and trains,  
 They heard the factories and aeroplanes.  
 The noisy crowds, the sounds of war,  
 The guns, the tanks and then they saw:

The starving children, the men's cries,  
 The dying animals and darkened skies,  
 Drunken people, a noisy band,  
 Crime and hate throughout the land.

The creatures from the Planet Krace,  
 After they'd seen the human race,  
 With all its anger and its hate,  
 Knew that it was much too late.

So they boarded their tiny ship,  
 And away from Earth they slipped,  
 Disgusted, but glad that they,  
 Were only there for less than a day.

T. PAUL



## LIFE ON A FARM

As the sun crept out of its shell, in the early hours,  
 It was I the first one to rise,  
 Full of anxiety I rushed about  
 Waking the others from their sleep.

I was soon outside drawing the fresh air into my lungs,  
 Preparing for the work and looking which lay in front of me,  
 Work had soon begun that I had never done.  
 Of course I did not do the hard work the farmer was doing.

## TEACHER'S REPORT YEAR 10 WHITE

The camp was a success from every point of view and this was good: Over the year we have seen many innovations and I suppose this is a good thing otherwise like stale bread our minds become muddled: As time passes we look forward to what can be termed for many — the parting of the ways: New horizons — new work — new challenges and new companions: Yet it is time to reflect that for those who return there also will be changes: Time does not stand still — and the rich pattern of events over the last year mean nothing if they have not taught us all something about each other — "a caring and a sharing" attitude. This is what makes school other than a place of academic humdrum.

DR CONRAD NEVILLE RANDALL

## CAMP REPORT

I'm not going to give you a dull, boring, repetitious, ill-humoured report about our camp, I'm going to give you an unexciting, tiring report about our year 10 camp.

Our camp was during 2nd term and we went to. . . . Manjedal at Byford (just South East of Perth).

On the way, the trip was quite good. There were interesting sights to see and as soon as we knew it the trip was over and we were at camp Manjedal.

At the camp the boys went to their dorms and the girls went to theirs. The teachers with us were Mr. Randall, Br Noel, Mrs. Byrnes, Sr Maureen and Mr. Russell.

On the first day there wasn't much action but a lot of organization.

Our cooks were made up of parents who voluntarily came and we thank them very much.

On the second day it was much like the first, on the third day it was much like the second, on the fourth day it was much like the third and on the fifth day we cleaned up the mess we had made. We boarded the waiting bus and returned to school at 3.00 on Friday.

Now for more detail! During the days we had such activities as cutting up newspapers and sticking them on ourselves. Treasure hunts organised by Mr. Randall, survival courses and discos every night. There were lots of other exciting games we played but I can't mention them as I don't remember the names.

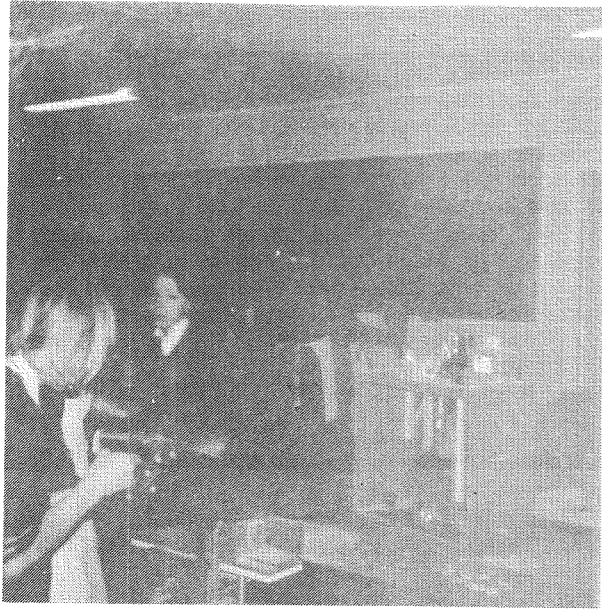
Now to sum up what I have just said. Our school camp was a good one and we all enjoyed the experience of sharing a part of ourselves with others. We year 10's, would like to thank the teachers and mothers who came to the camp to supervise and cook for us.

LUCIANO SIMIONI

Feeding the horses, fowls and working here and there,  
 My day of work was soon gone, as the sun crept away  
 The days passed, it was not I the first to rise but the last,  
 My anxiety had worn away like a pair of old shoes.

The life on a farm was different from the city,  
 But never would I continue my life on a farm.

M. TIMPANI



SHOP

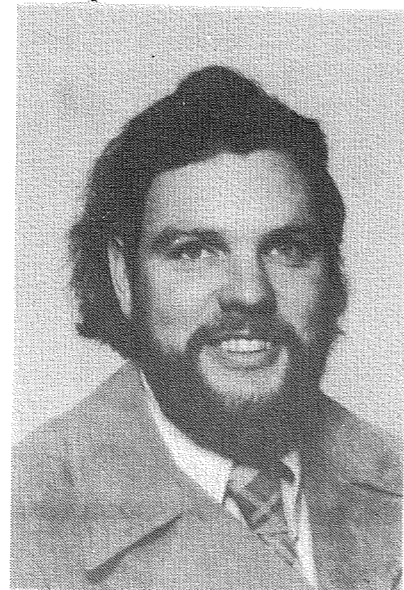
# COLES NEW WORLD

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K

BANK

## R. & I.

*The Bank that lives here*



### WOODWORK

This year after a considerable amount of work by everyone associated with B.C.C. our new woodwork centre opened, with a suitable christening. Mr. Russell joined the Industrial Arts Team and has taken on the role of "chippy" at the school. The woodwork centre can only be described as a tremendous success as it is by far the most popular option choice of students: we cater for 88% of all students in years 8 to 10, and the room is used continually.

Students, both boys and girls, are learning new skills, acquiring an understanding of the properties of wood and producing worthwhile projects. This success then will not only help them be carpenters and make home repairs but will provide a valuable leisure time activity which is more and more needed in our changing society.

Our year was highlighted by two "catastrophies", the first being a considerable amount of damage caused when a tree fell on the room during cyclone Alby; the second being when an anonymous student broke a file into many pieces and brought the year 10 class to an absolute standstill.

### TECHNICAL DRAWING

This year Technical Drawing has seen a change of student emphasis, where once only boys with a few "brave" girls entered the course, this year girls have mounted a major invasion. This has caused some friendly rivalry to see who can produce the best results — far be it for me to say who is winning. The standard of work has improved considerably throughout all years justifying the inclusion of T.D. in year 8 for all students.

Ex students are finding how valuable drawing can be as they enter technical fields, and this year we have a strong group of students tackling surveying at Bunbury Tech. Senior students are also finding that T.D. can be rewarding, while different from most senior T.A.E. subjects.

MR. SMEE



From left to right: Gabrielle Gardner, Susanne Wragg, Lisa Charnley, Michelle Ruvidini, Suzanne Curnow, Lucia Buro, Judy Cunningham, Sue Dowson, Gary Fearon, Ormond Waters.  
Absent: Mandy Shepherdson, James Davies.

### THE PROBLEM OF PUTTING ON A PLAY

First of all you have to decide what play you are going to do and for a group which has only three boys, this is rather difficult if you are to give everyone a fair go. Having selected a play the theatre group reads and discusses some of the problems that would arise. e.g. what type of stage to use, costumes etc. Various people are chosen to play each part. Over the next ten weeks the group holds rehearsals. At the beginning of these rehearsals they merely consist of reading the lines and getting the feel of the character. Later on, at a set date, it is expected that not only have the students memorized their lines, but have mastered their role. Along with this at various times scene building sessions are held where often we gather or construct the costumes, props and other stage effects. If time permits we then have a dress rehearsal. Opening night reveals unthought-of errors, i.e. a tendency to laugh, however further practice usually removes these problems. Whilst the play is running one of the biggest problems the actor faces is to maintain the role and are usually told to act as if this was the first time that they had performed this part. Final night is usually a sad affair, as it means the ending of many good associations. As always the place must be cleaned up and we do this after the final showing. The last thing we do is to have a party, talk over happy incidents and if we all feel well enough, talk about the next play.

MR. NIELD, SUZANNE CURNOW

### THE THIRD WORLD

Mr. Barry Downs is our teacher. He gives us a fair bit of homework but it is for our own good.

During this year we have studied the under-developed countries. We have covered such topics as What is Development, Trade, Aid, Population growth, Health, Food, Agriculture, Industrialization, Education, Attitudes and Values. We have studied these fairly deeply, but there is, of course, a lot more to be learnt but we only have a year to learn and only have a certain amount of exercise books in Bunbury so we have to stop somewhere and I guess this is where I stop.

S. CURNOW

## CAREER EDUCATION 1978

Are you a patient person? Can you concentrate for long periods? Do you pay attention to details? What academic standards have you reached? How practical are you? What is your potential? What are your goals? How are you going to reach them?

During the 1978 Career Education programme these are a few of the hundreds of similar questions Year 10 students have been asked to answer honestly. Hopefully it has given them some means of assessing their own abilities, interests and potential, which are necessary facts required before looking at a number of suitable careers and how to obtain them.

The practical aspects of the course included telephone etiquette, interview procedure, letter writing, applying for jobs and probably the highlight of the whole course was the Work Experience Week which appeared to be both valuable and enjoyable. The Year 10 students were a credit to their school and almost without exception received excellent reports from their employers.

From my point of view the main value of the course is to bring forward the realization that one must develop concrete and constructive ideas of a future career, a realization that often occurs only after leaving school.

During the course the student is led to develop skills of communication with employers and fellow workers and is placed in a situation where goals must be recognized and methods of attaining them planned.

To all my students I wish you well and I sincerely hope that you will be able to apply those things learnt and discussed in class to the world of work in reality. I believe that if you can face that new world with confidence and determination you will be a success.

Good luck and God bless.

MRS HOUGH



"IT'S GOING  
TO SPOIL THE  
WHOLE  
NEIGHBORHOOD!"

*To learn you must  
want to be taught!*

## CLOTHING AND FABRICS

Mrs. Goddard is our teacher. She is very helpful and is always willing to help us when we come across unpicking and similar things.

During this year we have made skirts, tops and have started some type of embroidery.

We have also been busy with raising money for the Catherine McAulay Centre which is a centre for deprived children.

At Christmas time we are off to visit them all and give each child a small gift to show that we care.

S. CURNOW

## BOOKKEEPING

The Book keeping class consisted of about nineteen students at the beginning of the year, of which three dropped out at the end of second term.

Mrs Cransberg has been teaching us various journals, how to post them to the ledger, and then showing us how to check our work for accuracy with a trial balance.

At the beginning of the year we had to learn the theory, which took several weeks to grasp. Through the year we have had numerous tests, one assignment, and homework nearly every week.

NOELLEEN MANONI



## OPTIONS

### YEAR 10 OPTION (TYPING)

A few changes have been made this term to our typing class. The first major change was the tossing out of the old Facit typewriters, and the arrival of our brand new IMPERIAL typewriters. Sr Senan was very excited when our new typewriters came, because Sister has been wanting them for ages. Instead of having typewriters that are always playing up, we are now able to complete a sentence without any mistakes (I hope).

Sister Senan has taught us a great deal over the past one and a half years and we all thank her very much, for trying to put up with us.

THE OPTION A TYPING CLASS

## CONSUMER EDUCATION REPORT

Mrs. Byrne takes a group of year 10's on Tuesdays and Thursdays for Consumer Education. So far we have studied Hire Purchase, Banking Business organizations, Budgeting, Income and Taxation, Credit Buying, and learning how to use cheques properly. Now we are studying food. So far we have gone on excursions to Town Council offices, Commonwealth Bank, Tech School. Also we have been to court (to watch). We have had people to the school to talk to us. The police have talked to us about drugs, a man from the Credit Union also came. So far, it has been an interesting year.

LEIGH MILLER, GARRY BUTLER

# YEAR 11



**Back Row:** S. Browning, K. Norris, R. Jennings, B. Handcock, A. Dowson, R. Fearon, R. Bass, B. Decinque.  
**Third Row:** G. Malatesta, J. Herring, J. Busher, P. Blee, S. Richardson, B. Mellowship, K. Hislop, P. Depiazzi, L. Miller.  
**Second Row:** S. Vann, J. Mudford, A. Stephenson, L. Rogers, C. Morellini, D. Botman, A. Blee, S. Outridge, A. Green, S. Rodgers.  
**Front:** L. Young, M. Jackson, S. Heasman, M. Buoro, B. Crowhurst, D. Gordon, R. Saunders, A. Depiazzi, J. Garvey, E. Piacentini.

## YEAR ELEVEN'S STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

To date, Mrs Goddard's fantastic kids have survived the gruelling work piled upon us by unrelenting teachers. Since we have made the "big leap" from being the ilk of Year 10, to the sophisticated position of Year 11, we have lost only four students. For the rest there is hope that we may survive the tremendous pressure of imminent exams. To add extra stress and strain, organisation commitments were thrust upon the class. Hazards experienced on biology excursions proved the capacity of our students to deal with uncommon situations, and assisted in bringing in this condemned group together as a family. "Little Daddy", Br Bern the Bear, and Mummy, Mrs. G. complete the unit.

Under the extreme claustrophobic, UFO (alias frisbie) invaded, conditions of our homeroom, periodical aimless wanderings of our minds is inevitable. However, in such a harsh environment, with the aid of Harry Butler and under the religious eye of Father John Whitelaw, Year 11 continue to strive toward the ultimate goal of survival.

ANONYMOUS



# camp



# report

*"We all knew they were mad now we have the proof"*



T. L. PEACOCK, 1785-1866: He was sent, as usual, to a public school, where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university where it was carefully taken out of him.

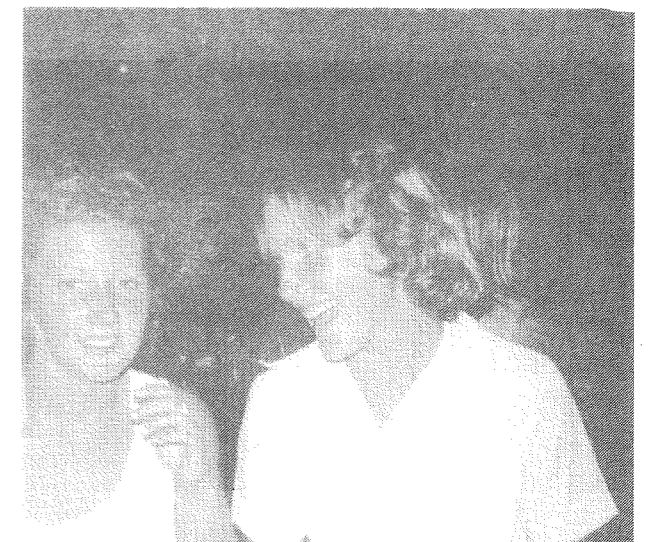
## YEAR 11 TEACHER'S REPORT

It has been my pleasure, for the last three terms, to teach the Year 11 students, who incidentally consider themselves to be the elite of Bunbury Catholic College.

Apart from a few delays from the ILK of the class we have struggled seemingly aimlessly through the year. But with a firm hand in control, from yours truly, a class like Year 11 can be controlled very easily, and on some occasions (which are very rare) they, (the ilk) are very co-operative.

Yours sincerely,

JENNY GODDARD



# YEAR 12



Back Row: B. Molinari, S. Cavoli, J. Depiazzi, J. Maslin, T. Downes  
 Third Row: F. Tournay, F. Clements, J. Tonkes, A. Davies, J. Shine, C. Price.  
 Second Row: Mrs. J. Peters (Homeroom Teacher), K. Haylock, A. Meyer, R. Young, E. Good, C. Broderick, M. Handcock,  
 A. King, M. Panizza  
 Front: S. Young, M. Bycroft, A. Bignell, J. Bartley, R. Papalia, J. Cooper, M. Browning, F. Pinfold.

## YEAR 12 CLASS REPORT

After six weeks of continuous hassles from certain members of the magazine committee, I have finally decided to put my school work aside for a few moments to make a general comment giving you readers a little more knowledge of the leaders of the school.

Year 12, ah. . . . . what more can I say? A small group of dedicated individuals who are closely combined in turning their parent's savings into a bank overdraft.

Amongst the class we have eight or so persons with their licenses (two bikes) – "or so" are the people without licenses who drive on the road anyway, and the remainder of the girls are still practising in their backyards driving parents to insanity.

By the way parents, don't worry, one morsel of the old grey matter, about your child's future, as your budding offspring has had the opportunity to attend numerous camps, lectures, wild parties and artistic evenings, to totally relax his or her 'nervous system', for the T.A.E. with outstanding results for both parties. i.e. If they are accepted into a tertiary institution, the students have finally escaped their parents' clutches and vice-versa.

This year, we have had the pleasure of Joan Peters (Mum) as our homeroom teacher. With such students as J. Bartley and M. Panizza, who are riddled with sickness, I assure you, 'Mum' deserves her nick-name.

Our camp was a brilliant success with Haylock, Depiazzi as the Downs mob, were getting caught for stealing food stuffs at 12 o'clock at night, while the teachers were silently indulging in the evils of drink.

New members to our class, Adam Davies and Mark Browning, have adapted quite well to their new environment and have already received 26 convictions between the two of them.

Carmen Broderick, who is of the female sex, has done very well this year in Geography, considering her obvious disadvantages.

By the way, the fact that Sarah Young tops the humanities, is a stupid misinterpretation as she has merely forged the first name with yours truly. The last six months, the Bee Gee girls, Liz Good, Ann Meyer, Annette King, Ralph Papalia and Jeff Tonkes have continuously given the class a bad name, which must here be rectified. These people have been studying phonetics and human biology and are fascinated in the 'Gibb Brothers' low pitched voices.

ROGER YOUNG

## CAMP REPORT – ONE WEEK IN THE LIFE OF YEAR 12

High, I mean Hi!

I finished the grass and I wasn't mowing it. (joke). Now to serious business.

The annual Year 12 Camp was held at Marajuana. . . . . I mean Manjedal Boy Scouts Camp, a stone's throw from Byford, that immaculate suburbia.

The camp agenda comprised of LSD (long serious discussions) and P.O.T. (plenty of talk) sessions. A main concern among the Proletariat was the shortage in supply of Alcohol. This situation was rectified by J. Whitelaw, who somehow had plenty for every one (including Mick).

The students regarded Mrs Meyer, Broderick and Heasman as their HEROIN(E) for cooking such delicious meals, including HASHISH potatoes.

The underlying theme of the camp was somewhat misinterpreted. The staff were amongst the violaters who generally thought the camp was organized for serious reasons.

Compared to their camp, Ivan Devinovich had a great time.

We would like to extend a special thank you to Viv Morton, for sending us on a very good trip, with the bus I mean. The bus barely survived the strenuous ride, (mainly because of the petrol shortage in the tank). It was concluded that students siphoned petrol from the tank and were busily sniffing it, for obvious reasons. When we encountered the temporary breakdown, the students were asking CAN/NA/BUS in this condition make it to the camp site. To everyone's dismay, we did.

Throughout the night the teachers engaged themselves in many a drunken orgy, frequently raiding the stores and keeping all of us poor innocent students awake till early in the mornings. We, the students, were forced into forming the ACID (Against Continuous Indulgent Drunkenness). The teachers then made a SPEEDY recovery and everything was back to normal.

The pleasing aspect about the camp was the teacher-student relationships, that were strengthened by mutual involvement. Students were given sufficient free time and this was spent either walking around the bush or not walking around the bush (some students even walked through the bush).

Environmentalism, Harry Butler, would have been slightly concerned, because the natural bush habitat that surrounded the campsite, was slightly disturbed. However, he would have been pleased to see the increased bird-life that surrounded the camp.

At night, the students were pre-occupied in various activities. Many students spent this time sleeping in the dorms. (The ladies and men's dorms were separated, naturally or unnaturally, which ever you please). Joan St. Peters, led a choir of students to the music of the tape, "Good Ship Venus"

Probably the highlight of the camp was the modified version of what is known in modern terminology as a MASS. Students Staff and Cooks, rocked to the beat of Heavy Pamberthy.

Time flew, (not for some students who stayed awake from dark till dawn), and our suit cases were packed. We left Marajuana . . . . ? Manjedale with fairly HIGH impressions of the camp. The cooks didn't succeed in poisoning the students. We offer our condolences as well as our thanks to the cooks, especially Mrs Goddard, who undertook the task of keeping an eye on the cooks.

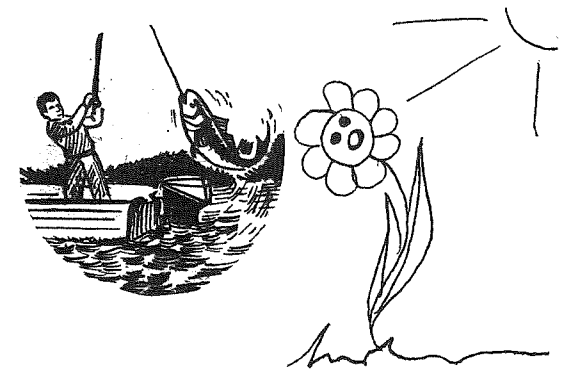
Special thanks to Heavy Pamberthy (the pusher) for supplying the students with various goodies, including Elizabeth.

RALPH & ADAM SOLHENISTVN'S

The authors of this masterpiece, those world renowned comedy duo Ralph & Adam Pty Ltd, are now spending their time in a special labour camp (Bunbury Catholic College) for writing this master piece. This extract is now prohibited in other countries.

Memo for the day. . . . .

WHEN YOU SEE A BLUE BANANA TRY TO CHEER IT UP!



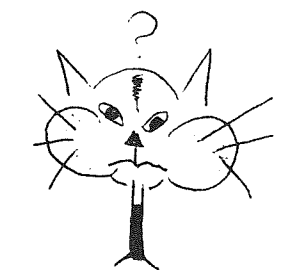
Found throughout the remote parts of Australia is a species of wildlife which is now becoming extinct. The animal belongs to the phylum "Swan Lager" but is commonly known as "Tinny". This rare species can only be found in its natural habitat – the tropical Beer Gardens, and only breeds under conditions known by Biologists, as the "Beer Pot".

For fear of the species extinction it has been advised against for the captivity of the "Tinny".

## The Dead Tree in the Beer Garden at Midday in Winter

Lonely  
 Forgotten  
 Dead Tree,  
 Outlined  
 With  
 A solar halo  
 Rough  
 Wind whipped  
 Sunburnt  
 Lopped

Star against the sky.  
 JAMES DEPIAZZI  
 Year 12



To put on weight  
 Is not the plan  
 That fills the plate  
 Of modern man.

## Who Undid the Puppy Dog's Chain???????

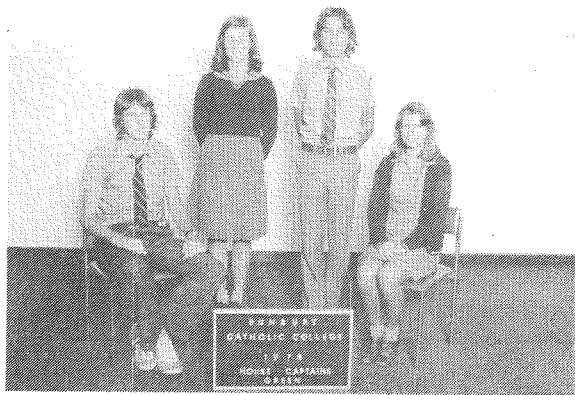
The little boy sits  
 Crying softly alone  
 There's a post and a chain  
 And a big white bone

But nowhere in sight  
 Is the little boy's pet  
 The puppy he loves  
 From the chain has been let.

Free in a world that is blind,  
 World without care  
 A little boy's puppy  
 Is somewhere out there.

JAMES DEPIAZZI,  
 Year 12

# Sport in our School



## GREEN HOUSE REPORT

This year Green has achieved many goals. To help it to reach these goals, captains — both senior and junior — were chosen. Ann Meyer and Jeff Tonkes were the senior captains, aided by Maree Leslie and Frank Morabito, the junior captains. Class representatives were chosen from years 8, 9 and 11. The year 8 representatives are Greg Howard and Joanne Leslie, followed by the year 9 representatives Fionnula Hannon and Craig Howard, and succeeded finally by the year 11 house representatives Gary Malatesta and John Busher.

Green won the swimming carnival and dominated the term two Thursday sport afternoons. Many of our team members and captains are also now in training for the Catholic College—Cathedral Grammar Athletic Carnival.

All in all a great team and year!!

MAREE LESLIE

## RED HOUSE REPORT

1978, a year for change in school developments and an origin to a new house system where we year 10s have so far pioneered. During term one we were confronted with elections for six year ten house captains to represent the three house colours, Red, White and Green. Our main job has been to organise sport for years 8, 9 and 10.

Every second Monday we attend a house captain meeting where we discuss matters which have arisen, with the other year 10 and year 12 house captains. Our job is made easier due to the fact that we have class representatives. They are:

Year 8 — Brendan Beeson and Pauline Dillon.

Year 9 — Bernard Tarbottan and Sandra Slattery.

At this point we would like to thank the representatives for assisting us. So far we have had an enjoyable time and for the rest of the year we hope to keep it that way.

PETER AMONINI & LISA CHARNLEY

**GREEN HOUSE CAPTAINS**  
Jeff Tonkes, Maree Leslie, Frank Morabito, Ann Meyer

## WHITE HOUSE REPORT

1978 brought the introduction of the first White house, in the history of Bunbury Catholic College. We were very successful in leading the way on the athletic field and appreciated the competition put up by Green and Red houses. First term also saw the achievement of first place on the Premiership ladder by White house.

We would like to thank the teachers involved in supporting the team, in particular Mr. Les Fabre who went out of his way to train our very capable team.

Thanks also to the team members for such a successful year. The support was overwhelming. We would also like to thank the team representatives in each class, mainly:

Year 8      Andrew Shinnick  
             Maree Quain  
             Robyn Underwood

Year 9      Dianne Sly  
             Bill Scott

(Vice Captains)  
Year 10      Michelle Ruvidini  
             Luciano Simioni

Year 11      Patrick Blee  
             Sarah Rogers

All in all, 1978 was a very successful beginning to the White House.

CAPTAINS ELIZABETH GOOD,  
KEVIN HAYLOCK.



**CRICKET No. 3 SIDE**  
Back: Mario Zorzie, Steven Richardson, Richard Fearon, Patrick Garvey.  
Front: David Atherton, Peter Spriggins, Ken Norris, Louie Miller, Greg Bell.



## VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Lisa Rodgers, Joanne Mudford, Stacey Outridge, Murray Bycroft, Rosemary Saunders, Elizabeth Piacentini.  
Front Row: Mark Panizza, Brett Molinari, Jeff Tonkes, Roger Young, Mark Handcock, Tim Downes.

## MEN'S VOLLEYBALL

The school has two Volleyball teams, which play on Wednesday night. Each team is open to outsiders who usually represent the better parts of the team. Games are held at the Southway Hall & Army Drill Hall at D. (docile) battalion.

Players from here (school, where else) are:- Mr. J. Whitelaw — undoubtedly the star of the side, but usually never comes out on Wednesday nights. Mr. D. Nield — His glasses are fogged by the constant transpiration of water vapour from his brow, no excuse.

Mr. L. Faber — Rumour has it Les came to B.C.C. on a contract to play volleyball. But this is only a rumour.

Master M. Panizza — should receive a knighthood for his outstanding contribution to his side, or better still be paid to play.

Master B. Molinari — Lives in Tilley Crescent, and shines like a tilly lamp with a wet mantle.

Master J. Tonkes — A tall blonde haired lad who makes up for his lack of Ability, with a lack of ability.

Master M. Handcock — is on the transfer list, we'll pay other teams to have him.

Master M. Bycroft — His performances are match winning — He wins the game for the other team.

Master B. Panizza — Brother of a champion, but with less than half his ability.

This year the teams have met mixed success, Strikers 1 are on top, Strikers 2 on the bottom. Many thanks to John Whitelaw for his tireless efforts in training and organizing the teams (remember me next Wednesday, J. W.).

Yours in Strife,

MARK PANIZZA, Year 12



## CRICKET No. 1 SIDE

Back Row: John Crowhurst, Paul Meyer, Leigh Millar, Robert Bass  
Front Row: Fred Tarbotton, Kevin Bertelli, Mark Panizza, Gary Malatesta, Phillip Depiazzi

## SWIMMING REPORT

We had a good year in the pool. In our house swimming carnival, Green came out on top, followed closely by White.

In the interschool carnival B.C.G.S. took back the shield but next year under the leadership of Mr Les Faber we will regain the shield.

## CRICKET REPORT

In the 1977/78 season BCC was well represented in cricket. The school had one team in A grade and two teams in B Grade. All teams made the finals but only BCC 2 were able to make the grand final, which they won easily.

Many of our boys also had the honour of representing Bunbury at country week. The BCC players contributed well to Bunbury's success in Perth.

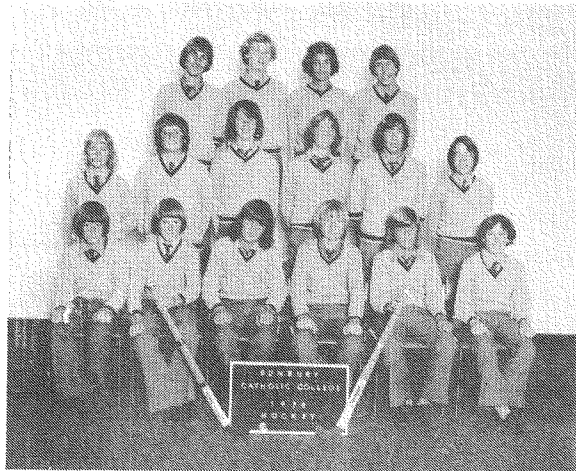
PHILLIP DEPIAZZI



## SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back Row: Brendan Mincham, Tim Downes, Kim Hislop.  
Middle Row: Maxine Bones, Sarah Rodgers, Elizabeth Good, Kerry-Ann Martin, Clare Meyer.  
Front Row: Gary Malatesta, Margaret Cross, Kevin Depiazzi, Sandra Ruvidini, Greg Howard.

R.I.P.  
P.S. Send all letters of remembrance to Bunbury Lawn Cemetery, Catholic Section.



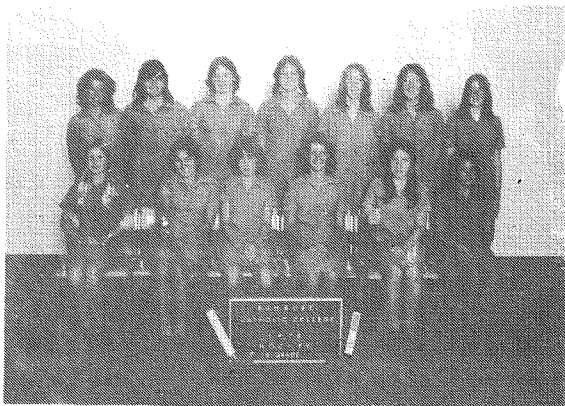
### BOYS' HOCKEY

The Bunbury Catholic College's boys' hockey teams have just completed a hard competitive competition with other schools around the Bunbury area. The College's B Grade team did not succeed in too many games this year, hopefully they will be more successful in the next hockey season.

The A Grade team, on the other hand, had one of their best seasons ever. Under the coaching of Mr McGeogh the team finished second, after a disappointing loss to Bunbury High, in the grand final. At the winter wind up in sports, several people received trophies for their accomplishments throughout the season. In our team trophies were handed out to:

1. Kim Hislop
2. Murray Pearson, and
3. Brendon Mincham.

An excellent performance. I would also like to congratulate the rest of the team in both A Grade and B Grade for their efforts throughout the season.  
SCOTT REIDEL



### FURTHER THOUGHTS

MAX BEERBOHM, 1872-1956: Undergraduates woe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford or Cambridge.

SAKI, 1870-1916: You can't expect a boy to be depraved until he has been to a good school.



### GIRLS A2 HOCKEY REPORT

Our coach is Maureen Slattery, our team is called Beavers College, and is made up of B.C.C. students and outside players who have previously played for Beavers Hockey Club, or are past students of the college.

The team members are:

Belinda Crowhurst, Quinta Lewin, Sheree Rowe, Christine Culph, Carolyn Bell, Dianne Sly, Leanne McSweeney, Lynn McMiles, Sheryl Norrish, Margaret Cross, Karen Hislop.

We had quite a good season ending fourth on the ladder. We reached the semi-finals but after the third replay, our chances for the Grand Final were lost when we were beaten by a determined Newton Moore side.

This season we won 10 games, drew 3 and lost 3.

CHRISTINE CULPH



### HOW McDUGAL TOPPED THE SCORE

A peaceful spot is Piper's Flat. The folk that live around — They keep themselves by keeping sheep and turning up the ground;  
But the climate is erratic, and the consequences are  
The struggle with the elements is everlasting war.  
We plough, and sow, and harrow — then sit down and pray for rain;  
And then we all get flooded out and have to start again.  
But the folk are now rejoicing as they ne'er rejoiced before.  
For we've played Molongo cricket, and McDougal topped the score!

Molongo had a head on it, and challenged us to play  
A single innings match for lunch — the losing team to pay,  
We were not great guns at cricket, but we couldn't well say no,  
So we all began to practise, and we let the reaping go.  
We scoured the Flat for ten miles round to muster up our men,  
But when the list was totalled we could only number ten.  
Then up spoke big Tim Brady: he was always slow to speak,  
And he said, "What price McDougal, who lives down at Cooper's Creek.

So we sent for old McDougal, and he stated in reply  
That he'd never played at cricket, but he'd half a mind to try.  
He couldn't come to practise — he was getting in his hay,  
But he guessed he'd show the beggars from Molongo how to play.  
Now, McDougal was a Scotsman, and a canny one at that,  
So he started in to practise with a paling for a bat.  
He got Mrs Mac. to bowl to him, but she couldn't run at all,  
So he trained his sheep-dog Pincher, how to scout and fetch the ball.

Now Pincher was no puppy; he was old, and worn, and grey;  
But he understood McDougal, and — accustomed to obey —  
When McDougal cried out, "Ftch it!" he would fetch it in a trice,  
But until the word was "Drop it!" he would grip it like a vice.  
And each succeeding night they played until the light grew dim;  
Sometimes McDougal struck the ball — sometimes the ball struck him!  
Each time he struck, the ball would plough a furrow in the ground;  
And when he missed the impetus would turn him three times round.

The fatal day at length arrived — the day that was to see  
Molongo bite the dust, or Piper's Flat knocked up a tree!  
Molongo's captain won the toss, and sent his men to bat,  
And they gave some leather hunting to the men of Piper's Flat.  
When the ball sped where McDougal stood, firm planted in his track,  
He shut his eyes, and turned him round and stopped it — with his back!  
The highest score was twenty two, the total sixty six,  
When Brady sent a yorker down that scattered Johnson's sticks.

Then Piper's Flat went in to bat, for glory and renown,  
But like the grass before the scythe, our wickets tumbled down.  
"Nine wickets for seventeen, with fifty more to win!"  
Our captain heaved a heavy sigh, and sent McDougal in.  
"Ten pounds to one you'll lose it!" cried a barracker from town;  
But McDougal said, "I'll tak' it mon!" and plonked the money down.  
Then he girded up his moleskins in a self-reliant style,  
Threw off his hat and boots and faced the bowler with a smile.

He held the bat the wrong side out, and Johnson with a grin  
Stepped lightly to the bowling crease and sent a "wobbler" in;  
McDougal spooned it softly back, and Johnson waited there,  
But McDougal, crying "Fetch it!" started running like a hare.  
Molongo shouted "Victory! he's out as sure as eggs,"  
When Pincher started through the crown, and ran through Johnson's legs.  
He seized the ball like lightning; then he ran behind a log,  
And McDougal kept on running, while Molongo chased the dog!

They chased him up, they chased him down, they chased him round, and then  
He darted through the slip-rail as the scorer shouted "Ten!"  
McDougal puffed, Molongo swore; excitement was intense;  
As the scorer marked down twenty, Pincher cleared a barbed wire fence.  
"Let us head!" cried Molongo, "Brain the mongrel with a bat!"  
"Run it out, good old McDougal!" yelled the men of Piper's Flat.  
And McDougal kept on jogging, and then Pincher doubled back,  
And the scorer counted "Forty" as they raced across the track.

McDougal's legs were going fast, Molongo's breath was gone —  
But still Molongo chased the dog — McDougal struggled on.  
When the scorer shouted "Fifty" then they knew the chase would cease;  
And McDougal gasped out "Drop it!" as he dropped within his crease.  
Then Pincher dropped the ball, and as instinctively he knew  
Discretion was the wiser plan, he disappeared from view;  
And as Molongo's beaten men exhausted lay around  
We raised McDougal shoulder-high, and bore him from the ground.

We bore him to MacGuiness's, where punch was ready laid,  
And filled him up with whiskey-punch, for which Molongo paid.  
We drank his health in bumpers and we cheered him three times three,  
And when Molongo got its breath Molongo joined the spree.  
And the critics say they never saw a cricket match like that,  
When McDougal broke the record in the game at Piper's Flat;  
And the folk are jubilating as they never did before;  
For we played Molongo cricket — and McDougal topped the score!



### BOYS' CRICKET SIDE

Back: Donald Sampy, Victor Crevaton, Patrick Hynes.  
Middle: Paul Humble, Peter Laves, Greg Howard, Guy Italiano, Tony Colgan.  
Front: Frank Scabilla, Sammy Sabatino, Chris Parks, Paul Chester, Michael Kenny.



### Y.C.S. REPORT

Y.C.S. stands for "Young Christian Students". This is a youth group; a movement led for, by and among upper secondary students. We are a local, diocesan, national and international movement.

We have assistants for this group. They are Br Doug Walsh, Br Gerard Toohey and our chaplain Fr Evan Pemberthy. We are not a problem solving group but a group of students around the same age coming together once a fortnight to discuss freely matters that are of importance to us.

In Y.C.S. there are a number of personal qualities achieved. You become aware of the fact that you are an individual.

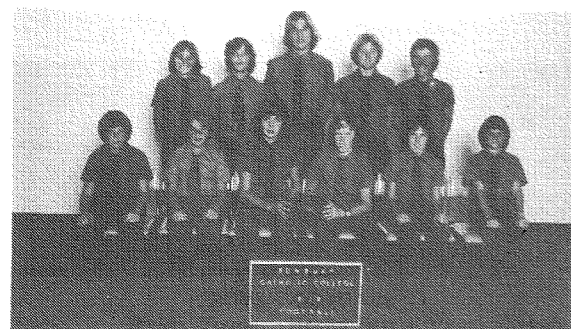
We have a main aim which is building up a bond of trust, honesty and awareness between yourself and others.

Y.C.S. derives its energy from Christ and it has the mission of our basic method of discussion.

Two specific tasks stand out in Y.C.S. These are:

1. Formation and education of the student body,
2. To be able to listen to someone is even greater than being able to give a positive answer.

DALE GORDON,  
(Inter-Diocesan Representative)



### BOYS' FOOTBALL

Back: Baden Young, Rocky Macri, Victor Crevaton, Andrew Trebe, Greg Howard.  
Front: John Delaca, Michael Kenny, Tony Colgan, Greg Donavon, Paul Chester, Shaun Heasman.

Y.C.S.  
Front Row: Elizabeth Good, Carmel Broderick, Jenny Maslin, John Depiazzi, Mark Handcock, Debbie Botman, Angela Blee, Sarah Rodgers.  
Middle Row: Br. Douglas, Gary Malatesta, Barry Mellowship, Richard Fearon, Tim Downes, Patrick Blee, Murray Bycroft, Kevin Hayloft, Philip Depiazzi.  
Back Row: Lisa Rodgers, Belinda Crowhurst, Dale Gordon, Fiona Clements, Susan Vann, Angela Bignell, Margaret Jackson, Sarah Young.

### STAFF ORIENTEERING DAY

With great preparation most of the staff, before Term Three, ventured off for a staff orienteering day at Wellington Mills. When there, Mr Les Fabre explained mysterious compass techniques to an incredulous crowd. This was further confused by the map that he presented. The fact that it was raining didn't help either. Those teachers with greater brains than courage then left, following plan "A". Plan "A" involved finding minute discs placed at ridiculous positions in the immediate vicinity.

Those teachers with more courage than brains ventured forth on following plan "B". Plan "B" involved finding similar minute discs in different, more widely dispersed areas. I will now explain the course of plan "B".

Teachers left either on their own or in pairs at two minute intervals (it was still raining). I was the second-last team to leave. Upon reaching my first destination via my compass, I proceeded along a fence to find the disc, guided by the team that left after me. The next point was located five metres north-east of a waterhole; the same pair also assisted me to find it.

From here, one had to cross the road to locate the next disc located at the edge of a clearing; aided once again. It was here that I made my first error, I believed the map! I also believed the compass! I tried several attempts and many different methods (one involving a druid love-song) to locate the disc at the edge of the clearing. I tried to approach it from the south, but I found a previously undiscovered creek. . . . up to my knees! Then I tried approaching it from the north and found a second previously undiscovered creek. It was Mr. Fabre who eventually pointed me in the right direction.

Leaving the clearing in the direction of the first previously undiscovered creek, in dense scrub located by the side of a log, there it was. From here one had to cross dense scrub to find marker number 69. It was many hours later that I ventured from this scrub, without marker number 69. Believing that my compass was out, I decided to look to the sun to find north. I decided that the sun rose in the north and using this hereto unknown information to seek marker number 69, I was soon forced to call out as loud as my voice would allow and I was once again redirected by Mr. Fabre. This marker was five metres east of a termite mound; I found three termite mounds and it was the third one that led me to marker number 69.

The next marker was 200 metres away and without any help I found it. I then decided to call it a day and headed back to the base. In the calculations to see who had won plan "A", it was found that Mr. La Faber and his lady friend had covered it in the shortest time. Plan "B" was won by Br. Bernard and Mr. Smee in a time of one hour, five minutes. My time disqualified me from winning.  
MR NIELD

### NETBALL REPORT

This year, 1978, there were seven netball teams which were made up of students from years 8, 9, 10 and 11. Out of the seven teams, five were successful.

Concordes 5 and 9 reached the semi-finals, Concordes 7 and 8 reached the second semi-finals, and Concordes 10 which was made up of our year 8s, went right through to the grand final by 0.7% and ended up winning it.

Concordes 4 and 6 were not quite as successful but still put all their effort into their games.

The coaches of each of the teams were:

Concordes 10	Mrs Moore . . . . .	Premiers B5
Concordes 9	Lisa Munnings. . . . .	B4
Concordes 8	Mrs Nield. . . . .	B3
Concordes 7	Gail Buswell . . . . .	B3
Concordes 6	Self coached. . . . .	A6
Concordes 5	Mrs Bryant. . . . .	A5
Concordes 4	Mrs Gordon . . . . .	A5

SARI GORDON



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Margaret Cross, Cathy Botton, Silvana Rampin, Carolyn Hilditch, Maree Leslie.  
Middle Row: Josephine Sergi, Sandra Harris, Susan Norrie, Joanne Leslie, Flavia Callagaro, Caroline Bell.  
Front Row: Louise MacRobb, Sandra Ruvidini, Rosa De-Coppi, Dianne Sly, Catherine Percal, Pauline Dillon.

Ten little atom bombs sitting on a world,  
Ten little armoured tanks rolling in a twirl,  
Ten little H bombs flying at a call,  
Ten little missiles very, very tall.

If one little atom bomb should accidentally fall,  
There would be no atom bombs,  
No H bombs,  
No armoured tanks,  
No missiles,  
And no world at all.

JAMES DAVIES

BOYS' BASKETBALL  
L to R: Mark MacCamish, Greg Howard, Paul Maher, Paul Chester.



### GIRLS' NETBALL, YEARS 10, 11 & 12

Back Row: Maree Leslie, Kelly Rodgers, Christine Morrellini, Carmel Broderick.  
Front Row: Linda Jenkins, Teresa Paul, Mario Buoro, Sarah Rodgers, Anita Melchiorre, Sari Gordon.

### BASKETBALL REPORT

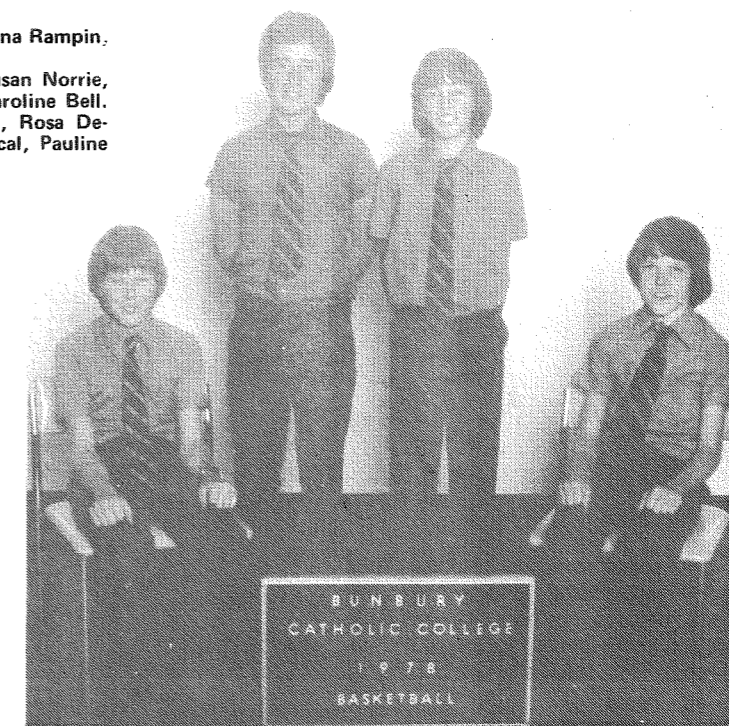
Throughout last season none of our senior teams were successful enough to reach the grand final. We had many teams, however, entered in the competition. The amalgamation of our club, Celtics, with Tornadoes caused many of our students to join Tornadoes Black or any other club. The U/16 Division 2 team was coached by Glenys Collins. The fairest and best for this team was Maree Leslie and Veronica Webb was the runner up.

The U/16 Division 1 finished fourth on the ladder and was coached by Helen Hirniak. The fairest and best for this team was Michelle Ruvidini.

The U/14 Division 1 team was coached by Peter Cunningham. The fairest and best being Karen Grieve.

We hope to have a more successful season this year.

MAREE LESLIE



# FUTURE EVENTS

## COMPUTER CLUB

One of the newest additions to our school's facilities that everyone should know about by now is Frieda, the Wonder Brain. Due to her presence there has arisen from the dregs of students, a new breed of student, more intelligent than the usual type, he is the computer club member!!

Not so exciting you say? But mucking around with Frieda both increases the intelligence of the student and also gives him some experience with computer programming and this is the aim of the computer club.

Br Bernard, Frieda's personal slave, is more or less, the head of the club and admits and expels students when he deems it necessary. Rolf Harris sometimes helps him a bit by wobbling his board at Frieda so as to inspire her. I heard on the grapevine yesterday that she's going to programme Mick so that he can talk! Stand by for further information.

At the moment the computer club stands at about fifty people strong and more are joining all the time. Some of the growing "bright sparks" are Damian Maher and Adrian Waters, not to mention Br Bernard.

ANONYMOUS



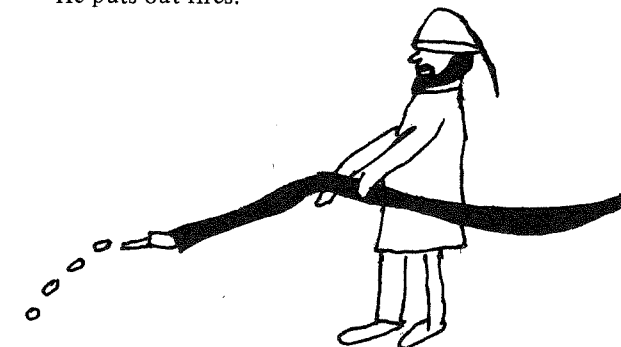
## A LESSON LEARNT

I wonder what it would be like  
Living on the moon  
Looking down on planet Earth,  
and thinking "Oh, what goons!"

Here we are on the moon  
riding on our bikes  
While all they do down below  
Is carry on with strikes.

You see them here, you see them there,  
Little Martians everywhere,  
No worries or woes like those below  
because we've learnt our lesson so.

LUCIA BUORO



## MY BROTHER BILL

My brother Bill is a fireman bold,  
He puts out fires,  
He's only twenty-four years old,  
He puts out fires.  
He went to fight a fire one night  
Somebody shouted dynamite,  
Wherever he is he'll be alright,  
He puts out fires.

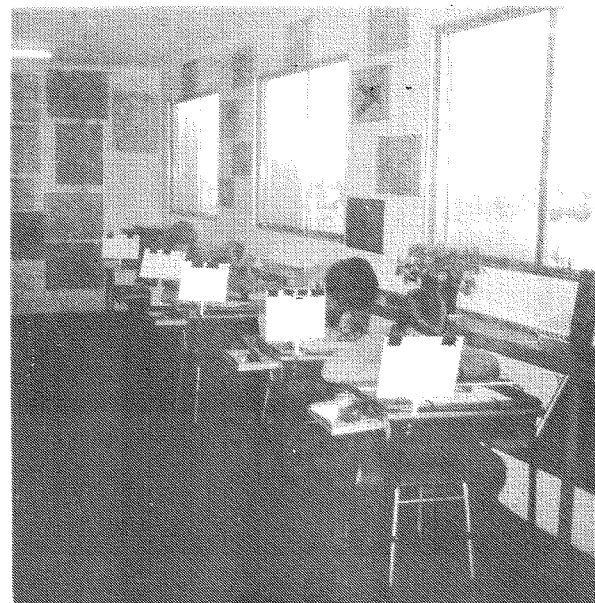
## PROJECT S. A. L. T.

Firstly we do not plan to introduce P.E.P.P.E.R. the year after nor are we terribly worried about Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, rather we wish to introduce a Programme for Students with Academic Learning Talents.

Just as now some students take remedial courses as part of their skills lessons in Integrated Studies, it is felt that students with superior academic skills require special classes to help them reach their full potential.

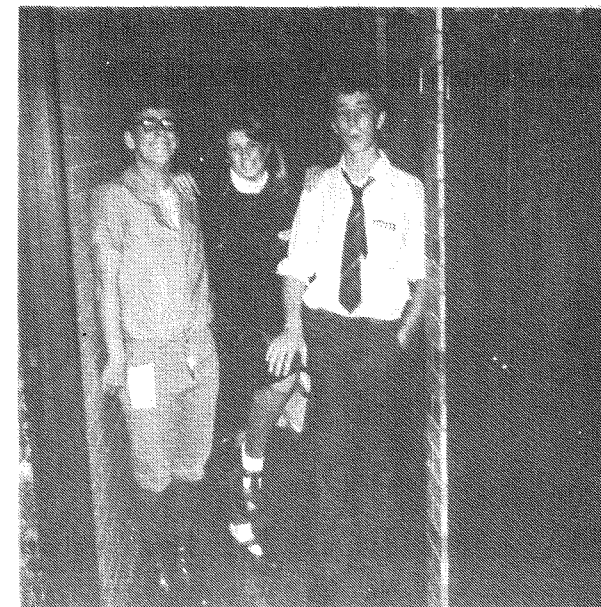
Students who take part in such a course would be expected to complete all their normal classwork as well as attend a special class for two periods per week on a regular basis where they would be given work to stimulate them and encourage them to experiment and learn.

A course such as this is not only seen to benefit the gifted student, it is also envisaged that through helping these students to reach their full potential the school will benefit in that these students will encourage others to improve their academic aspirations.



## NEW ARRIVALS

As you may or may not already know, we will be welcoming three new teachers to our school next year. Mr Bycroft (the one who needs the aerogard) teaches origami and how to make Sukiyaki and how to eat with chopsticks. Miss Meyer is of a dubious nature and we haven't quite found out what she teaches (although we are wondering what put the smile on Mr Bycroft's face). Mr Panizza is very handy to have around, although he is quite nefarious. It is hoped that these three may be able to fill the gaps left by Sister Maureen's departure.



## ORIENTEERING

Fairly recently we have had some outings during which both students AND staff have gained some experience of orienteering. We are lucky here in that the South West is an ideal location for this type of sport because of its many forests. Wellington Mills, for instance, is one very good area and is only a half-hour drive from our school. I hope soon to start a club as there are a lot of people interested and WILL enter teams and individuals in the School Championships next year. We have all the maps and equipment that are needed to carry on successfully.

I also have a view to investigating canoeing possibilities and hope to achieve some success in this.

LES FABRE

## OOR WEE SCHOOL

Oor wee school's the best wee school,  
It's made wi' bricks and plaster;  
The only thing that's wrong wi' it,  
Is the baldy-headed master.

He goes to the pub on a Saturday  
He goes to church on Sunday.  
To pray to God to give him strength,  
To murder the Wee'uns\* on Monday.  
\*children

ANONYMOUS

# Autographs

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

I would like to start off by thanking all those who helped us to produce this year's magazine; the Year 10 Theatre Option, Mr Nield, Kevin Depiazzi, for supplying us with some photographic material, those who made donations towards the cost of production, those who supplied us with articles, those who gave up their time in order to write class reports and sporting reports and anyone else whom I have neglected to mention.

It has proved to be quite a trying experience trying to put a whole lot of articles into some semblance of order so as to look like a magazine but I am sure that when this is printed it will all be worth it. Finally, I would just like to wish the people who are producing next year's magazine a lot of luck and I hope that they have as much fun (!?) as we have had.

ORMONDE WATERS

## WINNER

This year's winner of the School's Magazine Competition was James Depiazzi, a prize well deserved!

