



1979



# EDITORIAL

## EDITOR'S REPORT

This year's magazine has been a fun and new experience for the magazine crew and myself.

Special thanks goes to:

Rocky Macri  
Justin Partridge  
Helen Hastie  
Pam Buswell  
Bernard Tarbotton  
Sandra Ruvidini  
Julie Gardiner  
Louise Bignell  
Clare Meyer  
Debbie Dowson

who have all put in countless hours in work and preparation for this year's edition. Thank you Mr. Nield for keeping us in order, helping us constantly and for being so very, very patient. Thank you to the typists of Yr. 10 who have typed out the poems, reports ready for the printers. Special thanks to Mary Miller who has spent hours typing for us. Thank you Dynamic Print for publishing our work. Thank you to the contributors for the magazine. If I have missed anyone, thank you. I hope you enjoy this year's magazine.

Thank you,

FIONNUALA HANNON (Editor)



## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Once again we come to that time of year when we try and encapsulate what significance the year has had for us. I think the year has been a particularly successful one for Bunbury Catholic College, a time when the inevitable difficult or frustrating moments alternated with much longer periods of serenity, interspersed with occasions of exhilaration. Such changes should not unduly deter us from seeing a purpose to our life.

"You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should."

As you browse through the following pages, consider that they reflect Bunbury Catholic College students looking at their immediate "Universe", and that in a Catholic College this universe is unfolding as it should.



## THE SCHOOL BOARD

Since its inception in 1973, the Bunbury Catholic Schools Board has concerned itself with the overall growth and development of Primary and Secondary Catholic education system in Bunbury. Such a task is by no means easy, since all members voluntarily give of their time to attend the regular monthly meetings of the Board and it's sub-committees.

As a result of elections conducted in early June, the membership now consists of Clive Young (Chairman), Brian Mincham (Vice-Chairman), Patricia Good (Secretary), Colin Temby (Treasurer), Bishop McKeon, Fr. Crocetti, Fr. Russell, Br. Gerard, Br. Justin, Sr. Josephine, Alyn Jennings, Allen Mitchell, Mike Buswell, John Tanner and Tony Nolan.

The setting of fees, formulating a budget, and adhering to it are regular duties of the Board. This is not really a pleasant task, for needs in the schools always outstrip resources, and yet to increase fees by more than the inflation rate would cause unnecessary hardship among many families. The Board has therefore to strike a balance between what is needed in the schools consistent with keeping fees to the minimum.

With ideals tempered by realism, the Board has been planning for some time extensions to the College facilities. Members are delighted to provide the College by early Term I, 1980 with a new Science Laboratory, two classrooms, and upgrading of staff facilities.



## VIEW FROM THE FRONT OFFICE

For me 1979 has certainly been a year with a difference; and my view of B.C.C. has changed in many ways. The most exciting aspect of this "view" has been the co-operation and enthusiasm shown by both staff and students, resulting in a number of major and minor changes. All indicate a growth which is the only real evidence of life. Our view of life often spells the difference between excitement and boredom, beauty and ugliness, apathy and creativity.

Now we can look forward to 1980 whether as members of B.C.C. or as ex-members as an exciting and creative prospect.

Principal Mistress,  
PAT McDONAGH

## SILVER JUBILEE OF ARRIVAL OF MARIST BROTHERS IN BUNBURY

' "TUESDAY, 19TH JANUARY, 1954" — Brother Valentine and Martin arrive in Bunbury to commence the new school in this town. As the Brothers' monastery was not yet completed the Brothers are the guests of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Wallace P.P. for two weeks. This time is occupied by the Brothers in cleaning up around the house and school buildings. The delay in finishing the buildings is caused by a hold up of the doors and window sashes".'

So reads the first entry in the Brothers' community diary. Negotiations had been in progress for several years, one possibility being the opening of a boarding school at Australind.

The official blessing and opening of the school (by the Archbishop of Perth) took place on the last day of January, with a large gathering of parishioners who contributed \$1200 to the appeal. School commenced a week later with the arrival of 84 eager boys, this number far exceeding expectations. By the end of the year there were 90 pupils, jumping to 140 in 1955.

The usual growing pains are clear in the records: working bees (15 workers for the first), a new road from Picton Terrace (28 truckloads of gravel), First Term Tests ("This seems a new feature for quite a few boys"), trees cleared for an oval by Albert Piacentini on his bulldozer, a sudden decision by the Secretary of the Cricket Assoc. to play the final match just after our boys had won the semi-final, a choir of 65 boys travelling to Perth to sing at celebrations for the beautification of the Brothers' founder, Blessed Marcellin Champagnat, the installation of the Bishop Goody, etc.

## OUR CHAPLAIN WRITES

This is my sixth year at B.C.C. Time certainly has passed by! And with time, wonderful experience of being with you all at the College. One of my greatest joys is being with you out at "the school".

This year, unfortunately, the association with you has not been frequent enough. Due mainly to the "new look" — here in the Parish of Bunbury and, of course, the shortage of priests and the ever increasing population growth of Bunbury has led me to work in other areas as well.

I guess this is a sign of the times — we all must be prepared for change, and all must try and adapt to the situations as best we can — even though some times we do find some changes difficult. Yet, if we wish to grow and mature we must all be prepared to change.

1957 pupils number 193 from Grade V to Year X. In that year, the new Tuckshop was opened, and the Final of the Junior Cricket was a loss to Railways. The Chronicler notes: "Unsatisfactory ending". There must be a story hidden in that brief remark!

1958 was a very traumatic one for the whole of Bunbury with the illness and death of Br. Valentine, so well known and loved by Bunbury people. It will be sufficient to record the words spoken by Bishop Goody at the Requiem Mass: "His deep faith and solid, manly virtue gave soul and inspiration to all his work and his last months of suffering in hospital so tempered, refined and perfected that virtue that to his visitors unconsciously he continued his work of education by the edification of his example".

The second wing of the College is dedicated to his memory at the end of 1959.

The saga continues, more bulldozing to prepare more playing fields, bottle drives, dancing lessons and socials, heavy rain testing the drainage, parents and friends activities, a hope expressed in 1962 that the classes might extend to Years 11 and 12, boring for water on the ovals, 221 pupils in 1964, Rodsted Street and ovals flooded in 1964, 1965's champion Under 13 Hockey team, football carnivals, exams, more working bees, the new Science block in 1970, sorrowful events, joyful events.

At the end of 1972, Marist Brothers College ceased to exist, emerging the next year as Bunbury Catholic College. The Brothers continue to take their place on the staffs of the Primary and Secondary schools.

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You can't stay in the secure confines of your family or school — one day, you too, must change — you must leave that "security" and "go it alone". Not alone in the real sense of "loneliness" for you have the experience of those years with you — for as you are when you leave school, depends to a certain degree, on the way you have 'lived' in the environment of the school community. So, all that has happened at school, goes with you.

This thought is well to think about — it makes me very happy — for, whenever, I have to pack my bags and "change" — I know that I will take some wonderful memories — experiences — part of you all with me.

For this I thank you all.

FATHER EVAN PEMBERTHY



## B.C.C. STAFF

**Standing:** Sr. Senan, Barry Down, Ross Mars, Pat Whooley, Rita Byrne, Ray Cahalin, Donald Nield, Br. Noel, Peter Sharrett, Leike Cransberg, Roger Smees, Chris Pereira, John Whitelaw, Sr. Thecla, Gabby Cross, Annette Ruvadini, Darryl Miller.

**Sitting:** Wilf Russell, Jenni Sefton, Br. Gerard, Pat McDonagh, Carolyn Kluck, Jane Poke, Les Fabre.

### "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL TEACHER"

The morning of September the 10th was fine but slightly overcast as the staff at B.C.C. arrived at school for the first day of the third and final term.

After travelling along the Bussell Highway and taking in the sights of the metropolis of Capel, we arrived at Busselton. Turning left at Paternostros', we continued along the road to "Travers' Riding School", where we made our first stop. The very efficient lady there decided that, due to the lack of horses, we would have to be divided into three groups, which we did, electing to call them "THE CANS", "THE CANTS" and the "NO WAYS".

Miss Sefton, having been given a horse of similar stature, jumped on and after a hearty "Hi Ho Silver" bounced up and down in the saddle for at least 10 minutes before finally dismounting in disgust as the beast positively refused to move from its original position. Br. Gerard, on a mount obviously related to the one Miss Sefton rode, had his feet so close to the ground that everytime his "trusty steed" walked through the water, Brother's feet were saturated.

We travelled to the caves area of Margaret River stopping only at the Dunsborough Bakery where a number of people decided to partake of the local cream cakes. Eventually we arrived at Giant's Cave rather apprehensive at what we were about to undertake. However, Mr. Nield,

full of confidence, assured us that although the cave had no lighting at all there hadn't been a cave-in for quite some considerable time.

The cave looked most interesting and, despite the disagreements about which way the "mites" and "tites" went, we moved off into the gloom of the interior.

And later, when someone suggested that all the torches be extinguished so that we could all experience the sheer terror of the darkness ten stories below ground, it was an unselfish Miss McDonagh who hinted that perhaps, for the good of the younger members of staff, the idea would not be a good one.

Suddenly, after what seemed an absolute eternity, we glimpsed a pin-point of light and headed for it frantically until at last we emerged victorious from the bowels of the earth. At this point nervous laughter was heard and many staff agreed that it all had been a worthwhile experience, "never to be repeated".

Lunch took the form of a B.B.Q. and thanks to the presentation of good by Mrs. Ruvadini, Mrs. Byrne, Miss Sefton and Miss Whooley, and the cooking of Mr. Pereira, a most enjoyable meal was had by all.

After lunch we journeyed to Cowaramup and stopped at the Vasse Felix Vineyards where we were given a grand tour of the establishment, and discovered that there was far more to making wine than we had realized.

Arriving back at 5.15 p.m., we all staggered wearily from the bus exhausted but happy and ready to face anything that the final term had to offer.

ANNONYMOUS

## CULTURE SHOCK!

It has been 7 weeks since I have been teaching at B.C.C. — it feels like 7 years! So many exciting and interesting events have occurred since then for me — meeting and getting to know my classes, the year 9 camp, the beginnings of the B.C.C. Savings Scheme, the Hunger Famine held at the school, the performances of the Perth Ballet Company and the Playhouse Theatre Group, numerous sporting activities including the inception of the Horse Enthusiast's Club, B.C.C. winning the Debate and Quiz competitions against the Grammar, the year 9 "Bushranger Concert", learning how to use "Frieda", — these are just some of the activities that have been going on at B.C.C. in which I was involved in. Of course, there were many other activities occurring in which I wasn't involved — which all goes to show that B.C.C. is quite an invigorating and enthusiastic school with staff and students giving all they have, and more!

B.C.C. has a great deal to offer, both staff and students alike. But it is up to the students to accept what I, or any other staff member can offer, so that they may develop into more mature and well-prepared Christians in today's society.

## AN INSIGHT INTO SCHOOL SECRETARY'S ROLE

My main purpose here is primarily to carry out administration work for the Principal, seemingly endless loads of typing for all teachers, handling of monies re: accounts and camp fees, etc. and most importantly be extremely diplomatic at all times! Added to the above I often hand out first aid to the children at B.C.C. (in the absence of Sr. Martha) and nearly always take over sick children as our Principal Mistress seems to have a faint heart and a weak stomach, and last but not least I bear the brunt of the teachers inimitable sense of humours! (I would say that I could give Br. Gerard top marks in this area).

But please be assured, I am now well into my 2nd Term here at B.C.C. and take this opportunity to express my sincere gratitude to all staff members for their friendliness and unflinching efforts to make me welcome here and hopefully I have become an integral part of a very happy Bunbury Catholic College.

MRS. JANE POKE, College Secretary

## MISS CAROLINE KLUCK ANNUAL

One of the things that impressed me when I came this year was the enthusiasm. The teachers were willing to spend their time helping the students and be interested in what they were doing. The students were willing to learn.

One important change for me has been shifting from six years of boys schools to co-education. Teaching girls has been a real eye-opener. Girls produce a much higher standard of work than boys, but once they start giggling or make up their minds about something — that's it. They don't budge.

My reward this year has been to share a part of my life with you people and to be a part of yours. I have been very happy in serving the Lord this year in the things I have been doing and one of the important realizations for me is the growth I have undergone while at B.C.C.

R. MARS



## CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. MARS

One of our teachers, Mr. Ross Mars, has had a very rewarding season playing soccer for Collie this year.

Firstly Collie won the South West premiership and he received a medallion for that, then he won the Collie Fairest & Best Award and finally Ross was awarded the South West Player of the Year.

A triple win for his first year in the South West.



## **LIBRARY**

Way '79 has been a successful year for B.C.C. library.

My aim this year was to promote student interest in their work and work of fellow students. With the support of teachers in tech. drawing and art areas, we have mounted various displays of student's work, they have created a lot of interest and favourable comment. The climax of this promotion campaign will be a School Display in Bunbury City Council Library, commencing on November 19th, continuing for two weeks.

Students co-operation in returning and borrowing has some what relieved this situation.

Unfortunately books do disappear either intentionally or accidentally. I would appreciate the return of any old library books that may be in cupboards or on shelves at home.

We have been lucky to have the helpful services of Sr. Thecla, Mrs. Whitelaw and Mrs. Williams. Without their support the library would be in a sorry state. Sr. Thecla was fortunate enough to return to Ireland in May this year for two months, by the colour in her cheeks we presume she enjoyed herself. I would on behalf of the school like to sincerely thank her for all the valuable work throughout the year.

With the support and encouragement I have received in 1979 I look forward to the '80's.

MRS. RUVIDINI

## **CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING**

Over the winter season, many of the students have been competing in cross country running and also have been training on Friday afternoon with Mrs Cross.

The first main competition was the school boys cross country championships where we had Kim Hislop, Bentley Decinque and Danny Wright all performed well.

The next was the school girls championships where Jacky Standish, who finished 16th which was a very good effort. Vanessa Gaffney showed an excellent performance by finishing 4th.

On July 15th Bentley Decinque finished 2nd in the Junior men state marathon. Sharon Heasman finished 3rd in the Junior Women 10,000 metres and Shaun Heasman who finished 4th in the u/14 Boys 10,000 metres.

Congratulations goes to Sonja Heasman and Sharryn Barbetti who performed well in the 2000m road run on the same day.

Congratulations goes to all other runners from the school who compete on Sundays competition.

Also I hope the cross country team does well against the Grammar, later in the year.

\*\*\*\*Also many thanks to go to Mrs Cross for all her help and encouragement.

## **IMPRESSIONS**

My first impression of B.C.C. was a small school, I had recently been teaching in a school with an enrolment of 985 students, and had a staff of 108. It didn't take me very long to realise the advantage of having a smaller school.

The staff at B.C.C. are dedicated to their profession, and the children, like children everywhere, have a wide range of abilities. One particular advantage I see at the college, is the introduction of S.A.L.T. Too often in other schools, the higher achievers have received little, or nothing, extra to

challenge them.

At B.C.C. I can see that students of all levels are catered for, and that there is also a career guidance teacher to assist the students with the selection of jobs. Taking all of this into consideration, the students provided they are willing to learn, can leave the college at the end of their schooling years and become valuable members of both the work force and the community in general.

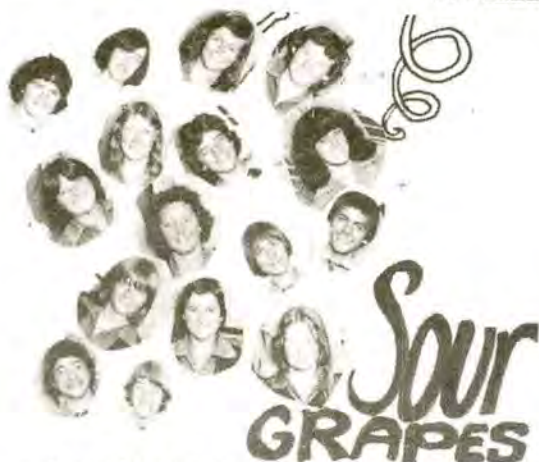
I look forward to a long and happy association at B.C.C.

R. CAHALIN

## NOTE!

The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of the management.

D. NIELD



I would like to see a rule that doesn't allow teachers to permanently confiscate students personal belongings that do not fit in with the particular class in session. I do not mind a temporary confiscation but teachers seem to think nothing of tearing up a class project from another subject. The teachers might as well keep anything they class as not relevant to their class.

J. COHEN.

## SCHOOL

School is a drag and a terrible bore  
It makes your writing hand terribly sore  
They work you hard, till the very end  
Until you're driven right round the bend.

You are worked hard during the day,  
And in the evening its exactly the same way  
**WORK, WORK, WORK!** that's all you ever do,  
Even on the weekends you've got set work to do.

If your teachers bad mood suddenly changes,  
you'll know they've been paid higher wages,  
If you do anything wrong you'll get a Wednesday Detention  
And they don't even let you have your mention!

Teachers are all mainly the same,  
They're all pretty sickenly VAIN  
They all walk around and say "Do your TEST"  
While they sit down and have a reat.

This is my poem,  
And that is the end  
Of how school drive me  
'Round the bend.

ANONYMOUS.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The year eight students would like to lodge a complaint concerning the misuse of the Bunbury College Computing Centre booking system. The general idea of the system is to provide equal time on terminals for those who wish to use them. If someone books too many time slots, Brother Bernard may cross his name off the sheet but the concept is that if you want a go, you put your name down at the appropriate time. Naturally if you want to be sure of setting a booking, you should arrive at school earlier. Occasionally older students who will remain anonomous bully younger children into giving up their terminals or running a certain program. But our main complaint is that teachers command students off terminals so that they can use them. Usually teachers arrive at school comparatively early. It would not seem such a hard task to book a terminal for later use. Often the victims of this system violation are doing school assignments. This not only occurs during school hours but after school as well. There is conflict as to whether teachers have the priority to do this during school hours but we do not believe they do after the close of the school day.

signed J. COHEN, R. BOULTER.

## OUR TEACHER

Coming up from 8 Green  
has not been easy.

Having a teacher  
like Mr. Nield.

WELL!!!

You couldn't get a  
worse teacher.

Picky, that's what he is,  
always picking on  
us poor innocent kids.

We are little angels!

But to hear him

go on, you  
would think that we are

Brat's.

WELL!

There's not much to  
talk about,

especially not  
our teacher!

Most people feel sorry  
for us! Do you?

He's always wearing  
pink shirts, some

people get to wonder?

We are always loosing  
faith in our queer teacher,

MR NIELD.

By A. MASLIN.



**THE**



YEAR 12.

**BIG**



**kids! ! !**

## YEAR TWELVE

My position as Year Twelve home room teacher was brought on by the departure of Mrs. Peters at the end of Term One.

One noticeable feature of Year Twelve is the predominance (or dominance) of the female element; who out-number the males almost three to one. In this situation it is noticeable that the men tend to occupy the seats to the rear and corners of the room. One can recognise that they haven't lose their Male chauvenistic tendencies as they still carry their 'school bags over their shoulders' in the same inspired way as the rest of the male school population.

Happenings this year have been a camp held in second term, some school socials, numerous excursions which always seemed to clash with Maths IV periods and the occasional arrival of Stacey before the fourth bell. The year twelve camp was a good opportunity for students to exhibit their collective talents. Brother Gerard was entertained (or entainted?) with an Ice-cream birth-

day cake in the middle of Hungry Jacks, much to the wonder of other customers. This was followed by a trip to a picture theatre to further our intellectual talents by watching "Love at First Bite".

Several problems have beset Year Twelve throughout the year, such as the U.S.S.R. programme which was often interpreted as a United and Sustained Student Rebellion. The siege of room four also created some problems, with students defending their right to the bitter end to retain their 'dinner time camping ground'.

Despite these problems the students have managed to come through with a good sense of self purpose, we hope this drive will help them when confronted with the T.A. Examination in November. Year Twelve students have shown a well balanced philosophy of life. I hope their preparation at school will help guide them in their approach to the challenges they encounter in the 1980's.

MR. MILLER

## YEAR 12 GEOGRAPHY CAMP

The theme of our camp was "blood, sweat and tears"; the blood from Christine's nose, the sweat, a result of our vigorous hikes, and the tears from eyes when I was chopping onions.

After setting up, we waited for the guys from Saint Norbetts and three female students (two A.F.S. Yanks), when our chicks were set upon by a group of young surfs, who, it seems, hadn't seen a bit for months. They were that hard up, that they ripped the flywire in an attempt to get in. This frightened Stacey so much

that she lept across the table at me, leaving me thinking that all my Christmasses had come at once!

The guys from Saint Norbetts arrived about three hours late, thanks to the driving of Lou Morrison — can you believe it, 60km/h all the way from Perth. These guys were really great, as the chicks will tell you. They really believed in having a good time. It was unbelievable that we actually got some (not much) Geography done, much to the surprise of John and Lou.

By RICHARD FEARON.





### YEAR 11

- Top Row:** Mark Depiazzi, Scott Riedel, Phillip Morellini, Gary Fearon.  
**Third Row:** Annette Green, Noeleen Manoni, Debbie Botman, Suzanne Curnow, Susanne Wragg.  
**Second Row:** Ian Paternostra, Frank DiGregorio, Ormonde Waters, Peter Amonini, Luciano Simioni, Damian Maher, Ken Norris.  
**Sitting:** Sari Gordon, Christine Culph, Licia Buoro, Maree Leslie, Pauline Price, Marion Macnish, Margo Tula.



- Top Row:** Bentley DeCinque, Kim Hislop, Richard Fearon, Louis Miller, Stephen Browning.  
**Second Row:** Maria Buoro, Susan Vann, Jodie Mudford, Anna Stevens, Christine Morellini, Stacey Outridge, Sarah Rodgers, Anne Depiazzi.  
**Sitting:** Lisa Young, Sharon Heasman, Belinda Crowhurst, Mrs. Joan Peters, Rosey Saunders, Margaret Jackson, Liz Placentini, Absent — Dale Gordon.

Reflections by a student whilst working in a Yr 11 class on Tuesday morning, near the library on a fine day in October, as he sits talking to a student discussing the solutions to a murder problem.

I think the Butler did it!



## YEAR 11's CAMP

### FIRST DAY

Bags raided as we go through customs  
Foul smell on board bus — as an unknown  
golliwog reveals his lunch.  
Desperate stop at Mandurah — nature calls.  
People stare as dog drives bus.  
Dive for dorms but best ones taken  
1,2,3,4 tell the people what she wore — John's  
cue ninie nies, as granny strikes.

### SECOND DAY

Scotts enlightens us with his experiences . . . per-  
formed on the trampoline.  
Adam and Eve found naked, too bad it was  
only a play.  
Salad rolls  
Go home Whitelaw. Pat shows her favouritism  
in T-ball.  
Papa Guisseppi slips in with our spaghetti sur-  
prise.  
As the lights go out — the party begins.

### THIRD DAY

Morning greetings are too hard to handle  
Barry the poodle, Bern's the fox terrier,  
I didn't know dogs were allowed in the camp  
site  
Salad rolls . . . salad rolls . . .  
Biology class are off . . . Mr Mars returns  
panting after rounding up the students.  
Mass.  
Ian has birthday cake but leaves none for rem-  
aining students.  
Missing hosts. Poor Kim misses out . . . again.  
Ninie nies — go to sleep.

### FOURTH DAY

Cold showers thanks to Ken  
Lucie's helping hand turned the boiler inside out  
Salad rolld . . . salad rolls . . . salad rolls . . .  
The discovery of year 12 PH's bring excitement  
to the campsite — more details see Stephen  
Tennisball arouses all our noses and discovers  
she has five mothers and one father (The  
Xerox King).  
A boring concept  
Cuddles and Ken a mystery  
My knee wili never be the same — signed Robin  
Hood.  
Lucie's last night proves to be successful . . . in  
getting sleep.  
Our last night under the stars together — too  
bad it was wet.

### FIFTH DAY

Salad rolls . . . salad rolls . . . salad rolls . . .  
salad rolls.  
Lets go home.

## YEAR 12 CLASS

This is going to be an attempt to write a  
class report. We hope we can find something  
to say.

The class is comprised partly of a volleyball  
team — Spikers!

They have been quite successful, since they  
have started last year, and have gained a respect-  
able reputation for themselves. The team consists  
of J. Mudford, L. Piacentini, R. Saunders, L.  
Young and S. Outridge. We wish them the best  
of luck, and all the best that they cure their  
problem: THEIR MODESTY!!!!

The rest of the class consists of many other  
different sportsmen, even though most of the  
time you wouldn't think so, because all you hear  
about is volleyball, or volleyball and for something  
other than volleyball, we hear how Spikers 1  
played their last game.

The class has a total of six males to the  
ratio of fourteen chicks. The majority of guys  
are willing to disrupt and cause chaos in the  
class, but the majority of females tend to think of  
them as inferior, immature, and incompetent.

The guys tend to think the chicks are unsoc-  
iable, and so the result being little communica-  
tion between year 12 students.

The best time the Year 12 students com-  
municated was when they got to do sport; some-  
thing should be done about that, something we  
hope can be changed for year 12's of the future . . .

The class is not that bad and as all teach-  
ers would agree, we follow their instructions at  
(nearly) all times, but after all who can find  
enough time to do three hours English each night  
into a maximum time allowed for each subject  
of forty five minutes? Miss McDonagh has yet  
to give us the answer.

THIS IS IN NO WAY BIASED.

THE THREE STOOGES.

### AN ADVANCED COURSE IN MUGGING

The following is a 100% guaranteed, fool-  
proof procedure in mugging a person. It has  
been tested with "alarming" results.

1. Check to be sure there are no policemen  
in the vicinity.

2. Creep up silently behind your victim,

3. Gently, but surely "grab" him around the  
neck and beat him about the head in a friend-  
ly manner.

4. Then give him a friendly pat on the back.

\*NOTE: Don't forget to have the knife in  
that hand.

5. If victim still shows any signs of motion,  
repeat the process again, starting from point 3.

THE GREATEST  
MOHOMOD ALI.

## YEAR 11's CAMP

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Foul smell on board bus — as an unknown  
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People stare as dog drives bus.  
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Missing hosts. Poor Kim misses out . . . again.  
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Lucie's last night proves to be successful . . . in  
getting sleep.  
Our last night under the stars together — too  
bad it was wet.

### FIFTH DAY

Salad rolls . . . salad rolls . . . salad rolls . . .  
salad rolls.  
Lets go home.

## YEAR 12 CLASS

This is going to be an attempt to write a  
class report. We hope we can find something  
to say.

The class is comprised partly of a volleyball  
team — Spikers!

They have been quite successful, since they  
have started last year, and have gained a respect-  
able reputation for themselves. The team consists  
of J. Mudford, L. Piacentini, R. Saunders, L.  
Young and S. Outridge. We wish them the best  
of luck, and all the best that they cure their  
problem: THEIR MODESTY!!!!

The rest of the class consists of many other  
different sportsmen, even though most of the  
time you wouldn't think so, because all you hear  
about is volleyball, or volleyball and for something  
other than volleyball, we hear how Spikers 1  
played their last game.

The class has a total of six males to the  
ratio of fourteen chicks. The majority of guys  
are willing to disrupt and cause chaos in the  
class, but the majority of females tend to think of  
them as inferior, immature, and incompetent.

The guys tend to think the chicks are unsoc-  
iable, and so the result being little communica-  
tion between year 12 students.

The best time the Year 12 students com-  
municated was when they got to do sport; some-  
thing should be done about that, something we  
hope can be changed for year 12's of the future . . .

The class is not that bad and as all teach-  
ers would agree, we follow their instructions at  
(nearly) all times, but after all who can find  
enough time to do three hours English each night  
into a maximum time allowed for each subject  
of forty five minutes? Miss McDonagh has yet  
to give us the answer.

THIS IS IN NO WAY BIASED.

THE THREE STOOGES.

### AN ADVANCED COURSE IN MUGGING

The following is a 100% guaranteed, fool-  
proof procedure in mugging a person. It has  
been tested with "alarming" results.

1. Check to be sure there are no policemen  
in the vicinity.
2. Creep up silently behind your victim,
3. Gently, but surely "grab" him around the  
neck and beat him about the head in a friend-  
ly manner.
4. Then give him a friendly pat on the back.  
\*NOTE: Don't forget to have the knife in  
that hand.

5. If victim still shows any signs of motion,  
repeat the process again, starting from point 3.

THE GREATEST  
MOHOMOD ALLI.

# QUIZ

Why is this typical Teenager watching "The Six Million Dollar Man" with one eye, while reading a book with the other, as he listens to a Stevie Wonder record and a football game with one ear, while talking on the phone with his mouth and listening with the other?



- A) He is practicing to join a Circus Side Show as a mental wizard.
- b) He is rehearsing to go on "The Gong Show" as a One-Man Concentration Machine.
- c) None of these.

ANSWER: c) None of these. He is studying for a geometry exam . . .



# ODE TO THE TEACHERS

As '79 comes to an end,  
There's one final message to send,  
'Cos the story must surely be told,  
Of the teachers, both new and old.

As principal of this fair school,  
First noted is the principal fool,  
But Br. Gerard 'aint too bad a bloke,  
And is sure not to mind our small joke.

Just behind Gerard is Pat,  
Our mother — though she'd deny that,  
Who wears on her curly dark locks,  
The crown of the Queen of Xerox.

The King of this noble machine,  
Is unfortunately quite rarely seen,  
Due to extraterrestrial hair,  
Only Bazza's nose is quite definitely there.

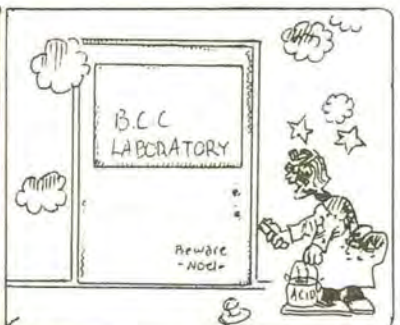
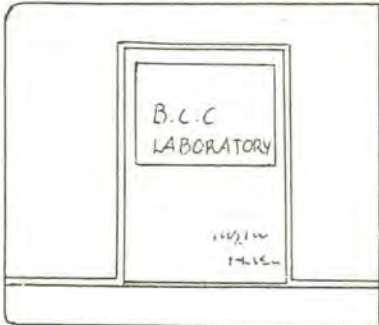
On the nearest volleyball net,  
Hangs John Whitelaw dripping with sweat,  
He tried for a really hard spike,  
But turned blue as his shorts were too tight.

Caroline sits on her horse very proud,  
With her head way up in a cloud,  
The trouble remains to be seen,  
When she falls off and ruptures her spleen.

Tending the mice you will find,  
Miss Whooley — the staff's latest find,  
Though a Kiwi she doesn't wear specs,  
But counts one, two, three, four, five and sex.

Daryl Miller the Dad of our class,  
Tells us if we are going to pass,  
We must mix with the school in the yard,  
And try not to study too hard.

If you're in Leika Cransberg's room,  
Do your work or you'll face certain doom,  
Though Year 12 know how to torment her,  
Year 10 hide when e're she does enter.







## "IN THE MILD"

Bunbury Catholic College's own BARRY HUTLER conducts regular excursions into the wilds of Western Australia — and occasionally the sea. His new series "In the Mild", represents the pinnacle of his career. This series will feature his now famous discovery of R. Mars, the flying, pilosepilous, soccer player. This species is known for it's efficient movement from place to place and is often heard crying "kick me the ball", whilst travelling between two net like structures. When the, what seems to be an egg, is placed in one of these nets, the pilosepilous player runs to and fro, hugging and kissing. Scientists believe that this is the beginning of the mating ritual.

The picture shows the young Ross Mars. Note, no teeth, as these develop when the full plumage grows and covers the area south of the breathing apparatus.

Yours faithfully,  
RUVNELL & BIGIDINI



T P X X L E H G X R  
K Y V S G X N S I E  
E H T Y I I H N H L  
E X P I K S D B E I  
W T K O N O T C A G  
Y P O C N U E E O I  
L L A E A E M A R O  
O Z S P R B Z M I N  
H I C G W D D S O A  
A E N G L I S H O C

Find these words in the above puzzle:—  
back egypt greece indonesia religion  
community english holyweek looking sister

## YEAR 11 — ANOTHER CLASS

We're some collection in Room 17 and we have often been accused of having a poor sense of humour. And I agree!

To start with, who was the dumb fool who wrote 'Anaology of the Week' on the board, and who was the even bigger fool who said an analogy is 'a person who has a chronic case of hayfever during the winter'. I keep telling them it's A-L-L-A-R-G-E-E-, allargee.

I had nothing to do with the Day of the Bike routine that the Year 11's put on at the assembly of the 7th August, anybody would rather wear a spiked helmet than be one of those, the ones that did the dance that is.

I can say, I think, that Year 11's had a lot of fun this year and make the hard work easy by helping one another and like my old friend Luciano (Brabham) Simioni says, if you flunk in life, at least flunk with a smile.

So from me to the people of B.C.C. it's Shalom, and for all the Italians Arvederci, and the English, Tally Ho!

FROM A CLASS MEMBER

## LITURGY GROUP

Come along to the Cathedral any Sunday evening to the 7 p.m. Youth mass: You will hear angelic voices leading the congregation in singing to the accompaniment of Maree Leslie, Lucia Buoro and Lisa Maidment on their guitars, Monica Maguire at the organ and Ross Zoccali or Anthony Ward on the drums. We sing hymns that tie in with the theme of the Mass and that we hope will appeal to other young people.

We have three new additions to our group, they are Sara McRobb, Catherine Prentice and Debbie Lines. The other members of the group are Anne Meehan, Carol O'Connor, Jeanette Cahalin, Rosa DeCoppi, Pam Mazza and Karen Ellis.

The high point of the year was the Easter Liturgy when we joined with a group of young people from North Doubleview. The more mature singers were a great encouragement to us and we enjoyed their company at supper in the Parish House.

We lost two experienced members of the group earlier in the year, Marian Vandeerwaarden left to be married and Sarah Rogers went to Perth. The younger singers have responded well to the challenge of working together in a group and learning new things every week. We are under the expert guidance of Br. Noel who helps us with singing and readings, and organization of Mass, etc.

## ALLITERATED CLASS SUMMARY

THE ingenious,  
intellectual  
capacities  
consist  
of combined  
critics  
from classes 11 & 12  
Sharett's  
somewhat  
stupidified  
students  
sabotage  
sonnets  
simultaneously  
This tiresome  
troop  
tantalizes  
Tennyson's  
tirades  
tyrannically  
Our overbearing  
overseer  
openly  
frustrates  
our  
fundamental  
faculties  
with  
wet  
wit.

## Y.C.S.

by Dale Gordon (Inter Diocesan & C.R.G. Rep.)

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

We have assistants for this group. They are Br. Gerard Toohey (School Principal) and Fr. Evan Pemberthy (School and Y.C.S. Chaplain). 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 you are individuals. We have a main aim which is, building up a bond of trust, honesty and awareness between yourself and others.

Y.C.S. Believes in the review of life, as a way of life and as our basic method of discussion. Two specific tasks and aims 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.

Thank You and God Bless.

## YEAR 11 TEACHERS REPORT

May 28th 1979, certainly an important date. On this day a young, fit, refreshed teacher suddenly met his Waterloo, he inherited year 11 class-room. All days after this should be suffixed G.H. in respect of all his grey hairs he has grown.

Some students may say they suffered a shock by my arrival and demands. I can only say that what they suffered was only a ripple compared with the mountainous seas that swept over me — I still haven't surfaced! I do not wish to mention incidents or people to reiterate my point, rather lets say giggling, riots, incessant talk, and shouting are some impressions.

Lets move along a bit, August 8th 1979— 1032 grey hairs later. Diagnosis a slight improvement some symptoms:

- (1) Students realise that a book has words in it and it can be used for reading.
- (2) Tables are not objects on which to walk.
- (3) Study is a five letter word that has some faint relevance to their reason for being at school.
- (4) Exams are not 3 hours of leisure to sit and daydream, etc., etc. . . .

By the time this is published I will either be:

- (1) DEAD . . .
- (2) In the loony bin?
- (3) A grey haired ghost  
or just perhaps;

Very pleased with an enthusiastic group of students who have a lot of potential and who are not that bad really!!!

MR. SMEE

## "A WARNING FROM THE BIG KIDS!"

### "WARNING"

This is a warning for those of you, who intend to go on into Year Eleven don't be surprised that its not all like heaven. The work is hard to understand, and it makes a really big demand. So here's a hint: don't go on. Or you'll be stuck with a teacher like Don. Who is an English teacher. If you didn't know. Who is constantly making you go, go, go. There is always an essay here, or a little essay there, so you are bound to find an essay anywhere. If you've done your work allright be prepared because Don marks tight . . .

S.R. Yr. 11

# Year Ten

THE  
ACADEMICS

10 WHITE



## YEAR 10 WHITE

Top Row: Tony Hynes, Mario Morabito, Danny Platts, Anthony Paonni, Simon Percival, Paul Deplazzi.

Second Row: Debbie Dowson, Gavin Cunningham, Wayne Thornborough, Craig Rogers, Rocky Macri, Ross Zoccali, Justin Partridge, Shane Dillon, Sonja Heasman.

Third Row: Pam Buswell, Sharyn Barbetti, Fionnuala Hannon, Anne Meehan, Julie Spriggins, Maureen Connolly, Marie Sewell, Kathy Andrews.

Sitting: Sarah Stevens, Sherylee Vivian, Leesanda Papilla, Rita Monteleone, Mrs. Byrne (Home-room Teacher), Marie Rowe, Dianne Sly, Antonette Chiappalone, Josephine Ferraro

## THE SAFETY PIN

The safety pin, what a clever, handy invention. Panic reigns supreme if one is lost. The cry 'who's got a safety pin?' goes up on sports days and parties. It is a blissfully happy and contented woman who can always lay her hands on the magic pin.

The difference between one or two pins makes a baby happy or uncomfortable with his nappy lost a button, torn a hem? Our hero comes to the rescue again.

The Scotsman has a magnificent version in his kilt. Who was the lazy person who dreamt that one up centuries ago?

The safety pin comes in all different colours and sizes even sex distinction colours, pink and blue. In the days when farthings were part of the currency two pins were given in shops when there was a shortage of this coin.

Safety pins are a dead giveaway for slovenly traits. Some pins never get changed back into buttons or fastenings.

T. CROSBY

## PASSING FROM THE SCENE

Souls  
Seeping from the graveyard  
Trickling into eternity  
Peace at last  
As the ground exhales  
Its content into the skies.

CLOUDS  
Absorbing the tempest  
Of the storm  
Casting the forbidden  
From the gates  
And making them all  
Ageless.

TIME  
Forever being lost  
But they had time enough  
to slip away from it  
And pass from the scene.

**Bachelor:**

The lonely bachelor,  
old; waiting for his lover,  
But will she arrive?

**Fire:**

The fire is burning fast,  
big logs are giving too much heat,  
the fire isn't alight any more.

**War:**

The soldiers are waiting,  
ready to attack their enemy,  
waiting, maybe forever.

**Loneliness:**

Loneliness is being alone,  
not having any one for you to love,  
days go by, so slowly.

**Runner:**

The runner sprinted quickly,  
pacing out across the oval,  
will he ever return?

**Music:**

The music echoed continually,  
noisily, though very enjoyable,  
every one happy, smiling.

**AUSTRALIA**

Australia is our land,  
A-land of golden earth,  
With sunny days and golden beaches;  
The place of our birth.

We are proud of our heritage,  
One of sweat, blood and tears,  
Our founding fathers struggled,  
And built Australia through the years.

Australia is a place,  
To live and to be free,  
To enjoy a peaceful life,  
In joy and harmony.

**YEAR 10 REPORT**

Integrated Studies forged its way into Year 10 level in 1979 and as the students had a previous two years experience of it, there haven't been many problems, except, as there are 4 teachers for 3 classes, the question often fired at the teacher was "Have we got you this period?" Answer often was "No I've got you". Ninety six students mostly tried very hard to achieve as well as possible. Giving out credits we teachers would have to say 10 Green for the NOISIEST. Friendliness is always apparent when homework is being handed out and the "love" that we try to inculcate in their religion classes is not always showing. However I've enjoyed my year with all of the little dears and Good luck and God bless always.

RITA BYRNE

**WALKERS****School:**

Class lessons begin,  
Children confused and rowdy,  
They soon settle down.

**Newlife:**

Springs begins anew  
Life starts over again,  
Summer soon to follow

**Babies:**

Babies often think,  
Of simple things they do think,  
Confused minds at work.

**The Sun:**

The sun sinks slowly,  
The day is almost over,  
Sleepy heads lie down.

**A Friend:**

A friend who's in need,  
Is a friend who is indeed,  
A friend to myself.

**Lonely:**

In silence I wait,  
But no one will come to see,  
The lonely life of me.

KATHY ANDREWS, 10 White

**BLACKSWANS . . .**

The blackswans glided gracefully,  
Across the cool, reflecting, mirror-like water.  
The Shady green bushes,  
Sent shadows of shade 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 lifting up their long, sleek necks,  
They would slowly swallow their catch.  
Still the black swans glided gracefully,  
Across the cool reflecting, mirror-like water.

S. RAMPIN, 10 Green

## FROM MY TRENCH

It was a clear cold night, I shivered with fear  
Those far-off thunderings sounded so near;  
The moon was shining very bright —  
In this land, where we came to fight.  
I think only of you and I,  
And, looking back at memories, I sigh!  
I bring you here in my mind  
Because your love, I must find  
To give strength to fight  
So I might be home to you this night.

By CLARE MEYER.

## ACCIDENTS

How the accident happened: There are explanations of car accidents submitted to an insurance company in support of claims. They weren't intended to be funny, even if they do appeal to your sense of honour:

A truck backed through the window into my husband's face."

"The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him"

"I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my mother-in-law and headed over the embankment."

"The pedestrian had no idea what direction to go, so I ran over him."

"The telephone pole was approaching fast. I was attempting to swerve out if it's path when it struck my front end."

"I had been driving my car for 40 years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident."



## THE NIGHT BEFORE

I look up and stare at my clock. It's two o'clock in the morning on the day we have to hand up our Tech Drawing project. The mercury in the thermometer has frozen. My blood-shot eyes return to my work and I painfully put pencil to paper and press on. What madness I say to myself as I sharpen my HB pencil and re-align my paper.

The exhaustion I was enduring was too much and I lapsed into a dead sleep. I was awoken at five am by my father's alarm to go to milking. I realised I only had a few hours before school so I began mixing paints down the woodshed for my project. When I was inking in the finishing touches I spilt the bottle of ink on a section of my work, but decided to hand it in anyway hoping he wouldn't notice.

The above extract is a typical situation of what goes on in the homes of B.C.C. Tech Drawing students two or three times a year.

ANONYMOUS



## YEAR 10 GREEN

Top Row: Phillip Mosca, Mauro Zorzi, Kevin Depiazzi, Michael Telline, Brian Handcock.

Second Row: Nigel Richardson, Bill Scott, Steven Qualr, Bernard Tarbotton, Stephen busher, Michael Jennings, Andrew Tonner, Baden Young, George Kontorinis.

Third Row: Susan Norrie, Suzanne Bailey, Helen Hastie, Silvana Rampin, Joy Melchiorre, Julie Gardiner, Margaret Cross, Lisa Maidment, Carol O'Connor, Carmela Condello.

Sitting: Suzy Cooper, Shirley Pelusey, Sarah Bass, Louise Bignell, Mr. Down (Homeroom teacher), Marie Downes, Maria Sabatino, Linda Jenkins, Mary Millar.

## LOVE . . .

So many times people write about it,  
So many times I have heard about it,  
So many times I have been told about it,  
It seems such a vulnerable subject.  
Love is worth it;  
It is worth every little bit of praise  
that is given to it,  
Because love is a wonderful thing.  
Not everyone knows love;  
I know love . . .  
I am one of the many that know, or have known love.

Love changes  
Love wears out  
Love grows  
Love is strong  
Love can become weak  
Love is the strongest force on this earth,  
Love is in the hearts of many.

These people are the lucky ones  
Because many people are without love,  
They are without the wonderful feelings it brings,  
They are without the pleasure and joy it gives,  
Love is in different forms for different people,  
Either way it is good,  
Brotherly love,  
Sisterly love  
Motherly love  
Fatherly love  
The love husband and wife have for each other

The love a child has for his dog  
The love for a relative  
The love of a friend  
The love two young people have for each other  
The love of God . . .  
The love of life . . .  
The love of LOVE . . .

ANONYMOUS

### MOTOR VEHICLES BY W. ATHERTON

```
L D A V N R P B O E N U T S B E I I C R
M E M O V A W Y A F L A C N B G U C S O
H G C Y N H M L S T P C A V X A Z R J L
X G I I I U U D S R T T I X J R S Y M L
M J V T N A B E N T T E E H Z A R F N O
O D E B H A D A R A R Q R R E G A Q D V
T G O R G E H E N R S U P Y M V C G K E
O C E D C S P C C G C T C D B I X A Y R
R V S R G N S O E H C M L K Q M N E V J
O Q E E K E L D Z M T R A O S Y A A L I
A M G J K L D K A C H R A C B T Z T L J
G F Y W I A S Y R T M J O S K X X R G S
G I N S Q W R A L N S S K W H I O U V X
Z W I A G Q S B O A S U L Y N S V C S R
T O H B V H U C N K E K N L O E T K N J
N R O K S L K Y I Z E U F K O E K Y S R
N B S M U L E D N A Q O Q L Y R T S C W
K T A W N E S N K W R O M S C H D V Y E
P S V S W S M N A D Y U H V J T Q L X D
H G L I Z Z Y U K P W T Q C X K K S O H
```

Find these words in the above puzzle:

bangerest, bolts, cars, crashmash, dodge, garage, mack, mercedes,  
nuts, panelvan, rolls, skids, terminals, trucks, vehicle, battery, brakes,  
collision, datsun, ford, kenworth, meclane, motor, overhaul, rollover,  
sandman, squeaky, threesixty, white.

## FLANDERS FIELD

In Flanders Field,  
You Know the place,  
Many soldiers, the war  
They did face.  
In Flanders Field,  
Many were shot,  
They lay there so still,  
Move they did not.  
In Flanders Field,  
Many go over the top,  
And down they come,  
So quickly shot.  
In Flanders Field,  
That's here they all lay,  
The cross marks the spot,  
And there they will stay.  
In Flanders Field,  
Yes this was the place,  
Those poor soldiers,  
The war they so sadly did face.  
In Flanders Field,  
That's where they still stay,  
Our comrades, our mates,  
So peaceful they lay.

GEORGE KONTORINIS, 10 Green 19

## A LOVE LIKE MINE

A love like mine will  
always shine, no matter  
what you do.  
My love for you I can't  
deny, and I give my love  
for you to try.  
I know my love for you is  
true, and there is no other  
for my love but you.  
Every day the scene will  
shine, because you have  
a love like mine.

BERNARD TARBOTTON, 10 Green

James Bond

Secret agent....



# SMILE

## YEAR 10 RED

Top Row: Greg Reimers, David Atherton, Dean Mudford, Michael King, Nicky Ciffollilli, Robert Deplazzi, Tim Crosby.

Second Row: Flavia Calligaro, Peter Spriggins, Ted Ardille, Michael Quadrio, Greg Zapelli, Brett Buswell, Anita Irvin.

Third Row: Linda Costigan, Colleen Gaffney, Mary Demarte, Licia Sabatino, Cindy Parkinson, Clare Meyer, Marcelle Broderick, Jackie Standish, Sandra Harris.

Sitting: Jenny Good, Colleen Malatesta, Sandra Slattery, Cherle Thomas, Br. Noel (Homeroom Teacher), Pam Mazza, Sandra Ruvidini, Anne-Louise Nicholas, Pler Ruse.



## SAFETY PINS ESSAY

Safety pins have got to be one of the most ill treated and abused creations ever produced by mankind. Man was not content with just creating the safety pin, he had to make it in such a shape that it breaks all logical geometrical laws. Do you have any idea how a safety pin sleeps at night (what with its awkward, irregular design featuring a spring, a head and a sharp point). Is it any wonder that so many of them bend or break? They go on strike!!

When you are there, stuffing the poor safety pin through your baby's diapers, how do you think the pin feels? (Would you like to be stuffed into something?) Why do you think the baby screams when the safety pin goes through the diaper (and his bottom?). The answer is really quite simple. Guess who planned the whole disaster? When the baby is crying and putting on a display for the rest of the day, not sleeping at 'nap' time and then keeping you awake all night, who do you think is laughing in the corner of his safety pin box? Can you blame the safety pin? After all, you did stick him through a name tag for your party, bend him out flat to use as a dart for your dart board because you lost all the darts, and hammer him into a track for your son's railway set. (That would sure be smart!).

But the safety pin is not as stupid as you think (there's more than metal in his head dear reader!) When he is sitting (squashed) in his safety

pin box, he does not merely go to sleep (would you if you were a slave minority group with no rights?). He talks to all the other safety pins (left alive) in the box. Do you know what they talk about? (They plan the destruction of the human race (genocide)). They have no intention of letting man use and then destroy them (safety pin-o-cide), they have ambitions!

They have already started with their plan to create a human free earth! Do you know why Johnny your next door neighbour's son comes home from school one day missing his right (or was it left (or both)) eye? You didn't fall for "I got into a fight with Tommy Brown)) did you? The really truthful child will admit that he pushed a safety pin too hard the wrong way! (He paid for this fatal mistake!).

It is a certain fact that one day (perhaps tomorrow, perhaps not! More likely 'not' though!) Safety pins will take over the world and give their ultimatum! Man gave them a weapon (their point) with which they can point him in any direction they choose (get my point)! However, perhaps we will be able to take counter measures (abandon the earth, invent a metal acid) to save our planet. But whatever occurs, it is "EARTH AGAINST THE SAFETY PINS!" (and man!).

ADRIAN WATERS.

## A STRANGE, NEW SCHOOL

The moment I walked into the school I was made to feel at home and welcome and I felt as if I belonged. It was a nice feeling. The last school in Perth I went to it didn't happen and I spent the 4 days I was there, walking around in a kind of daze, wondering where to go next. But here everyone seemed very helpful, and willing to help, not just helping because they were told to, and although there was a time when I felt done and unwanted, generally, I was well looked after.

## THE TRENCH SYSTEM

The bullet rounds hammer  
In the sweat and the clamour  
'Trench Foot' not aching  
Another day breaking.  
More ammunition  
You're on a mission  
Kill another Hun  
Yes, down another one.

A shining band  
On my chest would be grand  
The hero returns . . .  
A mate near me turns  
Sideways, around  
Slumps to the ground  
Face down into mud  
Sloshing, a thud  
Pulp mass at his head  
Good Lord, is he dead?  
No time to see  
Thank God it's not me.

Crude, sore feet  
Rank, cold and wet  
Mildew, the stink  
No time to think  
Sore limbs, stiff necks  
Only act of reflex.

Alive, I'm alive  
More fools arrive  
From the rear defence  
Stop this pretence  
For its over the top  
Whose bullets will cop?  
Who next will it be?  
Will be you? Be me?  
So take you my knife  
Helmet on right  
Grenade belt too tight.

What's this all about?  
Scramble from the dug-out  
Stale tobacco can of beans  
Wading past the trench latrine  
Abject, to dive the rusty barbs  
"Ready — good luck men, Charge!"

LOUISE BIGNELL

21

The teachers explained things to me and didn't just expect me to pick it up as I went along. It made me feel at ease and not tense all the time.

The school I went to in Ballarat was very different to this school, and the work is sometimes different and new to me, and I find it hard to catch up. It's nice to think people are helping me.

All in all I was very at ease both when I first arrived and now.

JEANETTE CAHALIN.



## YEAR 10 SCIENCE EXCURSION — ECOLOGY

These are some of the Year 10's ideas on their excursion:

IT WAS FUN!!!

Signed RIGER KARBUNKLE

To me the extraterritorial extravagant ecology wildlife safari was a fabrication of the incredibly garberdine of todays outlook on the salvation of sanity.

Signed ARFER KAPTUNICK.

I feel that the compulsion for the educational outlook from the ecology ectoblast made me feel elapsed because of the whipper, snapper outlook on taraxacum wild life.

Signed ANONYMOUS

I thought the science ecology field trip was a worthwhile experience. I gained a pair of cold, smelly jeans and a wider understanding of the swamp environment.

I would like to go on another field trip next term perhaps. I think everyone enjoyed themselves. I think Miss Whooley and the other teachers did a good job trying to keep our adventurous minds in hand.

# SNAPSHOTS..



# School on a Monday . . . back to normal



"DID YOU SAY YOUR ATTENDANCES  
DROPPED THIS YEAR?"

*Louise + Sandra*



*Louise + Sandra*



I WONDER  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

THERE MUST BE  
SOME KIND OF  
INTERFERENCE

UH-HUH!



*Louise + Sandra*



# WHITE IS BRITE



## YEAR NINE WHITE

- Top Row:** Tony Colgan, Antony Giole, Brendon Beeson, Stephen Davis, Paul Maher.  
**Third Row:** Paul Chester, Shaun Calgaret, Greg Howard, Anthony Ward, Donald Sampey, Aaron Papandroulakis, Guy Italiano, Frank Scibilla.  
**Second Row:** Michael Kenny, Delfina Chiappalone, Joanne Leslie, Siobhan Hannon, Carolyn Hilditch, Teresa Galati, Elizabeth Wragg, Sammy Sabatino.  
**Front Row:** Maria Spinelli, Jenny Goff, Pauline Dillon, Rosa DeCoppi, Homeroom Teacher, John Whitelaw, Lorraine Robertson, Donelle Browning, Linda Irwin, Lina Della-Donna.

## WHITE CLASS REPORT WHITE CLASS REPORT

Our class is Nine White. We are the future prospects for B.C.C. Our class is made up of 14 girls and 14 boys. We are simply great, intellectual geniuses that set the example for the school to follow.

And our teacher, John Whitelaw, whose digging and spiking still has us baffled, is still trying to work out how he got landed with a mob like us.

Really, we're not a bad lot, and, as you can see from our photo we're an intelligent mob, except for the fellow in the centre who never wears a school uniform.

Just to finish off, I'd like to mention the fact that we, Nine White, are not just the future prospects of B.C.C., but the future prospects for The World, GOD SAVE US.

WHITES.

# RED: what can be said



**Back Row:** Paul Hillier, Leon Price, Alan Gardiner, Shaun Heasman, Peter Laves, Chris Parks, Robert Wells.  
**Third Row:** John Simlioni, Andrew Treby, Gerard Rafferty, Adrian Della Vedova, Mr. Peter Sharrett (Homeroom Teacher).  
**Second Row:** Janine Column, Doreen Ferretti, Anne Shepherdson, Mandy Moore, Helen Sharpe, Carolyn Irvin, Fiona Rodgers.  
**Front Row:** Filomena Marra, Maryanne Kukulka, Cathy Purcell, Sue Reilly, Bernadette Saunders, Robyn Underwood, Shereen Munday.

DEAR STUDENTS,

I have been asked to provide an account of what it is like to arrive at B.C.C. As most of you realise, I have been given the job of teaching I.S. in Year Nine, speech and drama in Year Eight and upper school English Literature. Without a doubt, these are the most interesting and enjoyable subjects in the school (ask any student), so I have settled in rather well. Apart from this, however, I have developed many other interests. One of these is Volleyball, and I am pleased to say that 9 Red have been undefeated in this sport since my arrival. Though I expect to have a strong challenge from Miss Klucks class in the future.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish everybody the best of luck for the future, and thank them for giving me such a good introduction to B.C.C. I really like this place.

PETER SHARRETT.

## Welcome Back

While we were sitting down getting threatened by Mr. Nield to do something for the School Magazine, our thoroughly brilliant and imaginative minds thought maybe our next production would be called Welcome Back Nield. Of course, starring there would be Mr. Nield (unfortunately), because he's the only one who can tell us of his Great Uncle Jokes, namely because he hasn't got one. Of course, the Sweathogs would be starring, but we are going to give it some original flavour and call the characters Sweathogs alias Dramahogs. We assure you that it shall be thoroughly brilliant like all of our plays are.

Meanwhile, Mr. Nield has just recovered from a spasm of saying one, two, CLICK! (Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs), and he has been transferred to Gelorup.

## YEAR 9 RED

The Zookeeper of Year 9 Red (Mr. P. Sharrett) has immense trouble controlling the animals in his cage. It is a proven fact that many of the animals like wandering around in this habitat but many are seen carrying large tin cans around at feeding time as their punishment for straying away from their straight-jackets. (This is one way of keeping them under control). Many of the animals are highly trained in the vocal area of their work with an occasional talent for writing and reading (notes).

The Zookeeper has often been attacked with argumentative mouths but has often escaped with cunning replies like "See you on a Wednesday afternoon!" Occasionally on Friday afternoons the animals go and exercise with Klucks Killers from next door. Before the animals are let loose each afternoon they are, under force, made to clean up their surrounds. We have heard that the windows of the cage are going to be tinted. If this presents a problem, contact your nearest R.S.P.C.A.

By 4 RESIDENTS OF THE MENAGERIE (ZOO).

### GOLD — THE PRECIOUS METAL

Gold! Gold! There is Gold!  
The people screamed  
as they waited impatiently for their licences.  
Many people came from all over the World  
with a feeling that they would soon be rich.

The day came! But no Gold came  
Many miners were all prepared  
To find their fortune, but not uncommonly  
It turned out different than they had dreamed it.

The Gold chasing days changed  
The thoughts of many unfortunate people  
For others, they had got all they wanted  
Gold.

DOMENICA VERSACE, 9 GREEN.  
SURFING

I woke up at 6.00am, and I went surfing down the beach. The waves were about "twenty foot". I put a bit of wax on my board, and then I went out and took a wave, it was about "twenty-five" feet. I caught a tube and it was great fun. Then I sent back out to catch another wave. It was "HUGE". It was about 200 foot and guess what? I got chundered. I went back home and had some lunch, I was tired and sore after that tidal wave. That's the last time I'm going surfing. Also, while I took the wave, my board busted into 796 pieces, and I nearly got busted, too. That's the FIRST and LAST time I go surfing.

BERT GIANFRANCESCO, 9 RED.

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## Nine Red Menagerie

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### THE WAR OF THUNDER

Day after day, I sit and wait  
for the posty, at the gate.  
For news from the front  
where the fighting is blunt  
News, from my husband, whose fighting there  
Whose firing bullets, into the air.

Day after day, I sit and wonder  
If he will leave the war of thunder.  
I think of my son without a father,  
Who will miss out on his love and laughter  
I think of my son, and I alone,  
With my husband coming home.

SHEREEN MUNDAY, 9 RED.

### DREAMTIME — THE DUCK WHO WANTED TO FLY

One day, back in the days when ducks had no wings, a young duck named Boris was walking home from school thinking how great it would be to fly and soar over the clouds with his absent wings. He was almost home when he heard somebody shouting for help from the pond. Quickly he raced over to see what was going on and when he arrived he was surprised to see a Spirit drowning in the pond. He dropped his books, took off his shoes and socks and he then dived in. He swam out to the centre of the pond and told the Spirit to hold on to his tail and Boris would swim to shore. The Spirit did as the young duck said, and within minutes they were both straggling up onto the bank of the pond to safety.

The Spirit was very grateful for what the duck has done, so he granted Boris one wish. Boris sat down and thought about this for a while, trying to decide what he wanted the most. Suddenly Boris' eyes lit up and he told the Spirit that he wanted a brand spanking new set of wings. Happily the Spirit agreed to his request and within seconds Boris was fitted with his new set of wings.

Boris thanked the Spirit gratefully for the gift, and then he put on his shoes and socks, picked up his books, made a very unsteady take-off, circled the pond and headed for home.

"Ever since the day that Boris saved the Spirit, all ducks have had wings, and Boris will always be remembered by duck groups of the World as — "The duck that brought AVIATION into the world of all DUCKS!"

TONY COLGAN, 9 WHITE.



## GREEN ON THE SCENE

**Back Row:** John Monaco, Murray Reimers, Mark Macamish, Gary Jenkins, Angelo Strano, Patrick Hynes, David Price, Peter Russell, Wayne Ivory, Terry Townsend.  
**Second Row:** Genny Downes, Helen Chisari, Denise Drake-Brockman, Paul Calabrese, Miss Caroline Kluck (Homeroom teacher), Maree Quain, Domenica Versace, Vanessa Gaffney, Cathy Hynes, Janina Panizza.  
**Front Row:** Lisa Morrison, Rosa Madaffari, Bridget Busher, Michelle Fogliani, Julie Higgs, Loretta Deplazzi, Cathy Botteon.

### A STUDENTS VIEW OF THE B.C.C. CHILD LABOUR

#### MEDIA STUDIES

I don't know how but we were bribed into doing this topic but now its done and we have to endure the pains and hardships of our crippled hands from continuous homework, and our slave driving teacher.

#### TYPING

Now this is a subject which can help us when we're old, we are told. The conditions we go through for this topic are antarctic indoor temperatures, red, exhausted half dead fingers and torturing back stretching chairs. These are only a few of our encouraging aspects towards the topic.

#### WOODWORK

Could some day make a carpenter out of you, but with the dismal results, it's very unlikely. The cleaning of the room is back-breaking, not to mention the nail pierced fingers and splinters.

#### CLOTHING AND FABRIC

This is the toilsome expectatious, housewife

schemes that every housewife needs to know. I think anybody who takes this topic will be a single battleaxe for the rest of their years, when they hear about the sharp needles, the endless breaking down of the machines, and the cleaning up after effects on you.

#### TECHNICAL DRAWING

Here's a topic that a regular T.A.B. office, with the racehorse teachers and frothing at the mouths students trying to catch up on the behind work. The Sahara Desert has got nothing on the T.D. room.

#### PHYSICAL EDUCATION

All we see in this topic is tiring our unfit bodies of course with one exception, Miss Track Star of the year Miss Vanessa Gaffney who is an image of our forever fit and roaring and ready teacher.

Mr. Fabre — Mr. Fitness himself of the school keeps the mere males on their toes, hurling sticks and tumbling their weightless bodies off till 3.00pm.

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# NINE BRILLIANCE NINE BRILLIANCE NINE BRILLIANCE

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## BIG BAD BEN

Ben Hall, described as the hero of them all  
One day — he had to fall.  
Fire! Was the call  
Death — was the install

### Big Bad Ben

His best mate told the cops  
Now, he was to hear the pops  
Out of the window you could see him peer —  
In his hand a pint of beer.

### Big Bad Ben

Hooray! he shouted, as Ben fell  
I suppose it was better than being in Hell  
There he lay, on the ground,  
as the troopers gathered round

### Big Bad Ben

They dragged the body through the streets  
As the hoses hooves' set the beat  
Tears bled from his wife's eyes  
Too many, this was a surprise.

### Big Bad Ben

Bens' wife left with a son  
and of course, his gun  
Decided to leave the state  
In a bid to find Ben's best mate

### BIG BAD BEN . . .

By DAVID PRICE

## GOLD DISTURBS THE MIND

Gold is something man had sought for  
It brings him riches, even more  
But when down on his luck, and out  
on his back, with not a button to his name.  
It brings him, hardship and pain,  
Not fortune and fame,  
But who is to blame?  
If no gold can be found,  
and who told him to sell him home and ground,  
and when he stalked his claim  
who advised him not to pass it by?  
Man's instinct to want, and  
for greediness, there is no reward.

VANESSA GAFNEY, 9 GREEN.

## THE NORTH OF AUSTRALIA

The sun beats down, hot and strong,  
all year 'round  
The land is harsh and dusty  
Trees and plants are few.  
From dawn till dusk the land is hot  
Then, darkness hits the plains  
The lizards and snakes rush back to their holes,  
as the kangaroos come out to feed  
The crickets call at the door  
Then there is silence once again  
As the moon disappears across the dusty plains.  
Then the sun rises and the coldness goes  
And we wake to the florid sun and  
the dark skinned people of the North.

## GREENBUSHES

Greenbushes, a harsh  
but rewarding place  
A land where only  
The strong, positive and bold survive.

A land of plentiful,  
where something dies so the others can live.

A land to separate  
Boys from men  
The weak and mild from  
The strong and tough.

JOHN SIMIONI

## SCHOOL

School is where kids have to go  
They sit in their chairs and do as they're told  
I'm hot and sweaty and **bored** to tears  
Just sitting, listening to the boring lecture  
that the teachers give.

Going through one ear and out of the other  
While we're talking to one another  
So, as you can see school is boring  
It's one place where kids hate to go.

FILOMENA MARRA.

## SPRING TIME

The wind is blowing, through the leaves,  
the squirrels are playing in the trees.  
The river is running strong and fast,  
the woods are peaceful there is no wrong.

The Spring is here and here to stay,  
now that the winter has gone away.  
Night has fallen and it is time to go,  
The animals rest, rocking, too and fro.

GERARD RAFFERTY.

## CAMP

We left Bunbury Catholic College at approximately 10.15am. We travelled on the luxurious Loves Coach. We made a short stop at Mandurah, so the needy could go to the public convenience.

When we arrived at Point Walter we weren't surprised it looked like a concentration camp. Mr. Whitelaw and Mr. Sharrett, Mr. Faber organised sporting activities and minor games. We were then split up into four different dorms. Later on we went for a run down the beach. (most of us walked).

Then when we arrived back we were seated at large tables for our evening meal which consisted of savoury patties and mashed potato (in other words concentration camp standard food). Each night after dinner we had the U.S.S.R. system at work. We had about an hour free time so all the chimneys went and had a fag.

We then returned to the room and played more immature games which made ourselves make fools of ourselves. (thanks to Mr. Russell).

We had until 11.30pm till the lights were to be turned off. The second day we sent to Perth and Fremantle in our divided groups. For breakfast we had cornflakes or rice bubbles which was 10 years out of date and the toast was burnt and the hot coffee, tea or bonox. The people who went to Fremantle went in the white bus which had to be pushed to start. All the young men dressed neatly copped all the exhaust. That was when it did start. In Fremantle they had a guided tour of all the historical places. We went to Pift, Art centre and the Fremantle museum. After that we had 45 minutes free time.

In Perth we visited Telecom museum and watched a few films. We then went to ten pin bowling and if you didn't want to go ten pin bowling you could have gone to town.

We had 45 minutes free time after lunch, and then we returned home. On Wednesday night we watched a boring long film with John Wayne.

On Thursday we swapped places. On Thursday night we had a disco but nobody danced. We played more silly games with Mr. Russell and we had to perform a concert. That night our dorm fought against the other boys dorm in a pillow fight. We only had a few battles before Mr. Whitelaw came. On Friday, our last day at camp, started terribly: we had to clean the whole dorm (and the camp).

We went to Fremantle on the way back because it was market day there. We stopped for a while and returned to the city of gardens. Bunbury . . .

## NED KELLY

There once was a bushranger, Kelly was his name  
And to tell about his deeds is a task to explain,  
He robbed all the coaches, halted all the trains,  
This is how Kelly achieved his well known fame.

Ned was an honest lad, living peacefully,  
Along came the law and said "Kelly come with me".  
They charged him for this and they charged Ned for that  
He tried to explain but it was the word of the traps.

Hed didn't agree so he ran to the bush,  
He became a wanted outlaw in a hell of a rush.  
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,  
Saw a black tracker and ran for his life.

They hunted Kelly down until they met with him,  
He made a suit of armour which covered most his skin,  
They couldn't get him down with his armour  
made of tin,  
So they shot him in the knee and threw him  
in prison.

They took old Ned and tossed him in to court,  
The half Scottish jury said "hang 'im by de  
throat".

It was then when his mother started to cry,  
Just as the Judge sentenced poor old Ned to die.  
GARY JENKINS, 9 GREEN.



TOUGH !

# Welcome to...

# The NURSERY



**Back Row:** Damien Flynn, Robert Boulter, Joseph DeGregorio, Craig Dehring, John Cohen.  
**Third Row:** Brian Jackson, Wayne Atherton, Jaron Creasey, Michael Buswell, Paul Phisell, Bradley Blake.  
**Second Row:** Fiona Jennings, Sharon Buck, Natalie Hislop, Ursula Hynes, Debbie Batt, Leanne Bycroft, Nicole Buswell, Sr. Senan.  
**Front Row:** Michelle Buswell, Simone Ivey, Lisa Harris, Irene Depiazzi, Lisa Bastian, Jennifer Cunningham, Janine Jeffries, Sally Bass, Angelina Bonugli.

## EXCURSION TO THE CHURCH ON THE HILL

We arrived at the church at 7am. Once inside we gathered around the altar for a Mass with Fr. Leon and Fr. Evan. After Mass we had breakfast, which consisted of cereals, toast, tea and fruit juice.

After breakfast we had to wash and stack the dishes, having completed this task we went outside and played hand tennis. We were then called upon to collect an object on which we were to write and talk about in the church.

From the church we went inside to the upstairs meeting room, where we talked about truthfulness and obedience and sat for a few minutes

thinking of the things we had done wrong in the past.

Reconciliation was the next thing on our agenda. It was short and sweet and we didn't have to say penance. Next came morning tea which was very enjoyable.

All too soon it was time to head back to school, but before we left Fr. Evan introduced us to some refugees who were permitted to enter Australia. We were then chauffeured back to school in our speedy bus.

We would like to extend our warm thanks to all the people that made this excursion possible.

J. CUNNINGHAM, 8 RED.



**YEAR 8 GREEN**

- Back Row:** Gary Nicholas, Michael Humphries, David Meehan, Scott Timms, Austin Ietto, Jonathon Hurst, Greg Mincham, Peter McRobert, Michael O'Connor, Michael Itallano, Gavin Malatesta, Greg Norton.
- Second Row:** Carmel Panuccio, Michelle Millar, Sara McRobb, Anne Maslin, Suzy Luvera, Susan Musitano, Nella Prulli.
- First Row:** Nancey Morabito, Lisa Moore, Catherine Parkinson, Mr. Nield (Homeroom teacher), Carol Ostasiewicz, Angelina Paonni, Margaret Miller, Rebecca Lockey, (Absent: Catherine Prentice).



**YEAR 8 WHITE**

- Back Row:** Mark Paternostro, Chris Salmon, Michael Chapin, Paddy Rombola, Todd Shepherdson.
- Third Row:** Paul Reilly, Warren Scott, Daniel Wright, Daryl Ursino, Paul Rossiter, Anthony Quadrio, Kelvin Roberts.
- Second Row:** Katie Zaknic, Mellisa Stewart, Simone Rogers, Suzanne Richards, Julie Zaccagnini, Mimma Daqui, Colleen Wells, Linda Richardson, Carolyn Rodgers.
- First Row:** Mary Scibilla, Jenny Tarbotton, Vicki Sly, Caroline Sinclair, Mr. Fabre (Homeroom teacher), Andrew Rice, Katie Strano, Nancey Versace, Julie Timms.

# their Work??!!

## WAITING

### A TRIP FROM BUSSELTON

In the morning, I wake up at 6.30am. I get changed and then have breakfast. When I finish my breakfast I go and talk to the yardman. At 7.25 my brother goes down to have his breakfast. At 7.35 my brother and I go and wait for the bus. At 7.40 the bus comes.

We pick up two Tech. students and two boys who go to Saint Joseph's. We then go straight through to Capel, where we pick up two more Tech students and four Grammar school students.

Now we go on to Stratham to pick up another boy who goes to St Josephs. When we arrive in Bunbury, the bus drops us at our different schools. We arrive at B.C.C. approximately 8.35am.

MARK PATERNOSTRO, 8 WHITE

### ANOTHER WORLD

I was sitting at home watching a movie about Knights and chivalry, when suddenly I started to whirl in circles out of the window flying in the sky. Now I'm not joking. I realised I had been taken to another world of Knights and chivalry in the Middle Ages. It was all so strange. I had just landed when I heard fighting and shouting, I walked a few paces up a slope when suddenly I was scooped up by a pair of hands and put on a horse. When I looked up it was a man in armour. I was scared stiff. What was he going to do with me? He took me to this place. It was a castle. Then he took me down some dark stairs along a passageway and then I saw a door with bars. He opened the door with some keys and locked me in. I realised he locked me in a dungeon. There was nobody else down there. I was scared. I started banging on the door, getting frantic when suddenly I found I was at home and the movie had just finished.

by JULIE ZACCAGNINI, 8 WHITE

Sitting — staring into space,  
anxiety — chewing at you.  
A glimmer of hope  
in your eyes  
as someone passes you by.  
Is that the one?  
No — you sit there waiting,  
for good news or bad.

Just something — something  
for that time you've wondered,  
imagining terrible things.  
Then the waiting's over —  
you know — relaxed.

The waiting is over.

JANINE JEFFERY, 8 RED.

### MY TRIP FROM CAPEL

I get on my bus at Capel Catholic Church at 7.30am. We travel up to Peppermint Beach and keep going till we reach the Bussell Highway. We then go down the highway, we turn off before the Grammar School and go right around to drop the Grammar students off. We then go back onto the highway and on into the Tech. School and back.

Then we go to Newton Moore, Adam Road and to the Seven Day School. We then drop Bunbury High students off at 6TZ-NA-CI and go onto Bunbury Catholic College. We arrive at 8.55 or 8.57. In the afternoon it starts at the Seven Day School and pick me up at Bunbury Catholic College at 3.25 and finishes at Capel at 4.40.

Mickey Mouse's Brother  
with cheese on top.



# READ ON

## THE ROSE

Standing swaying in the breeze,  
a beautiful Rose,  
a single bud.  
Wet with dew,  
in the early morning.

White for purity  
Red — for love.

Maybe one day — It'll  
last an eternity.  
Buzzing bees surround it,  
drinking Gods nectar.

Night sinks upon us  
and the rose is left.  
Finally it wilts — fades and dies  
Trodden in the ground —  
forgotten, forever.

JANINE JERRERY, 8 RED.



## 8 RED SPEAKS

My class, 8 RED consists of 27 students. Midway through first term, Brad Blake left us to go to Darwin. Then at the beginning of second term, Stephen Cahalin joined our class so our numbers remained at 27.

Teachers often compliment us on our behaviour. All students have appropriate nicknames. John Cohen is "the computer freak" and does parts of assignments on it. Our teacher, Sister Senan usually has a good sense of humour. A majority of the class play winter sports; football, netball and hockey. I think the students enjoy most subjects we do, even though some are new to us. I.S. covers a lot of different topics including Egypt, Rome, Greece which are the main topics we have been studying lately.

This year a programme called S.A.L.T. has been introduced to year 8 and Craig Dehring, Wayne Atherton and John Cohen have been selected from this class. During the year we have visited various places of interest such as Boulsters Heights, King Cottage, Picton Church, and we went to see Prince Charles.

Also during term two we saw two entertainment groups. The Perth Ballet Company and The Patch Theatre who were enjoyed by anyone lucky enough to see them. Ove.all we are a happy, contented class.

## 8 WHITE WOODWORK

What we have completed:

- (a) Cheese Board;
- (b) Noughts & Crosses board;
- (c) Bird Monkey.

Mr Russell is 8 White's Woodwork Teacher.

All the equipment in the woodwork room is quite new to us eg. wood lathe. Most of Year Eight like wood work.

DARRYL URSINO, YEAR 8 WHITE.



## 8 GREEN

This is Michael Humphries reporting on the Year 8 Green. This year has been a very, let's say unusual year. Our homeroom teacher Mr. Donald Nield has been a good teacher so far! He is very unusual, he always seems to have a smile even at the end of Friday. Anyway back to the class this year the class has changed around eg. here are some of the kids, well what you could call kids.

## THE BOYS

Michael Humphries	at the top
Jonathon Hurst	not a bad kid
Augustino Ietto	a Brunswick kid
Michael Italiano	nick name
Peter McRobert	double trouble
Ross Madaffari	a Brunswick kid as well
Gavin Malatesta	South Bunbury
David Meehan	a scalpel in hand
Gregory Mincham	a good table tennis player
Gary Nicholas	lives close to the school
Gregory Norton	Oh boy!
Michael O'Connor	a good cricket player
Scott Timms	wow what a kid

Well that's all the boys. I think the girls can speak for themselves (and do . . .)

MICHAEL HUMPHRIES

## KNIGHTS

I was sitting in our recliner rocker reading this interesting book call Richard the Lionheart. I was just starting the third chapter, when I heard this loud noise. I jumped up from the rocker and rushed to the window. There in front of my eyes was a tornado coming towards me. I started to panic wondering where to hide, when I remembered the underground cellar in our backyard. I ran to it but I was too late, the tornado had swept me off the ground and was whirling me round and round to a world of Knights and Chivalry, a world I would never forget.

THUS! I had been dropped gently by the tornado somewhere, but I didn't know where. I was dazed at first but later got up and looked around. I was in some sort of a battle field, well that's what it looked like; because there were shields, swords, and people lying around. At first, I thought someone was shooting a film about the Middle Ages. But when I went and had a look at the people's faces, I didn't notice any well known movie stars like Clint Eastwood (did you know I have pictures of him all over my wall?). Instead I noticed that these people were dead, no I am not lying, they were really dead.

Where was I? What kind of a crazy place was this, letting these people rot? I heard a noise, !like a stampede of horses. I tried to hide, but where could I? Over the hill, more than 200 soldiers came on horseback and stopped before me. A rather handsome, young man said to me "Where do you come from and what are you doing here?" "I come from Bunbury, and actually I don't know what I'm doing here". "Bunbury", the man looked puzzled. "Is that the name of a castle near here?" "A castle", now I looked puzzled.

I must be in the Middle Ages, and this man must be King Richard the Lionheart, I thought.

"King Richard, did you recapture Acre?", "Yes I did and now we are going to my castle to celebrate, would you like to come?". "Yes, I would", said I excitedly. King Richard helped me onto his horse and in about 15 minutes we were at his castle. He showed me around his castle, had something to eat and then we saw a joust between two knights.

While I was watching this I saw a tornado come towards me. I guessed it was going to take me back to Bunbury and it did. At 3.15pm I was in the recliner rocker with the book. I didn't know whether I was dreaming or if it was the real thing. But whether it was the real thing or not, it was really exciting anyway.

KATIE ZAKNIC.

# AND ON

## POEM — BALLET

This is a report on the Perth City Ballet,  
I am very sorry to say  
It isn't going to be fun,  
But it has to be done.

As the people leap about,  
The audience begins to scream and shout.  
Jumping here, Jumping there,  
Jumping just about everywhere.

Tension vastly fills the air,  
As people glance from everywhere.  
Bright Red Ribbons are tossed up high,  
High enough to reach the sky,

As the day went by  
We all had to try,  
Following the dancers as best we could  
As we thought we really should.

Some of the teachers joined in,  
Which made it hard for us not to grin.  
Mr Whitelaw got into the swing,  
Thinking that he was everyone's King.

The plays were ending soon,  
Cause it was lunch time at noon.

L. MOORE, 8 GREEN.

## LIVING NEAR A VOLCANO

Living near an active volcano  
Is both scary and exciting  
Because at any time  
The Volcano could erupt.

Our life is not affected  
Though on hot humid days  
We gaze up in earnest  
Expecting the volcano to erupt.

Until the day comes  
When the eruption will destroy our village  
We live in peace  
Waiting for that long unwanted day.

By SUZILUVERA, 8 GREEN.



Through the last term the Year 8 Green room was hit by a severe blow to the rear end of the human body. Mr. Nield has been trying bone staking to try and catch the culprit but without success.

We all know that - - - is the Phantom Pin Patter commonly known as P.P.P. Mr. Nield has gone to great lengths to catch the P.P.P., he even tried to threaten the P.P.P. with a detention and the cane, but he is still at large.

Greg Mincham  
8 Green

Signed the  
P.P.P.

# AND ON

## OUR MASS . . .

On Friday, May 4th the children of Year 8 Green journeyed, mind you, at 6.30 a.m. to the early morning Mass said by Father Leon Russell. This Mass was organized by the staff at B.C.C. to enable the year 8's to come closer to God than we were.

After the mass we all sat down to a hearty meal of cereal, toast and a cup of coffee or tea. For the next 15 to 30 minutes we played around, making a nuisance of ourselves.

Then Father Evan Pemberthy took us into the church, to relax our minds. We had to collect an object and write about the feelings we had for the object. When we had finished this, we were told to lay on the floor and close our eyes and to just lay there and think.

When we finished we again played with the totem tennis or the frisby. The boys being juvenile delinquents played with tyres nearby, mind you they made quite a nuisance of themselves.

Father Leon Russwell then tok us in and talked to us about obedience. His talk was very moving and although his point may not have begun operating, it will always rest in our minds . . .

ANON . . .



## OUR CLASS: 8 GREEN

28 students form our class,  
And a teacher with two pieces of glass.  
We have several brains,  
Not mentioning any names.  
One thing that doesn't go off well,  
Do you think I shall tell? Oh well,  
The colour of his shirt, PINK!  
We all think it STINKS!  
There are some stupid boys,  
Who think drawing-pins are toys.  
This is how they get their thrills  
But it really kills.  
Now my poem ends  
I hope my classmates and I are still friends,  
I haven't been too mean,  
To my friends in Year 8 Green.



# SPORT REPORT

The wide range of sports engaged in at Bunbury Catholic College and adequately listed in the school brochure makes for cynicism. How is it possible in a school of our limited size and facilities to effectively offer thirteen sport codes such as cricket, swimming, athletics, volleyball, hockey, netball, football, soccer, table tennis, squash, badminton and tennisette?

True, the P.E. staff cannot possibly fulfil such a bill alone. That all these sport codes are made available to our students compliments the collective participation of sporting clubs, parents, students and staff in sports programmes.

Cricket and Football in the secondary and primary schools are efficiently organized by dedicated parents under the chairmanship of Mr. Neil Creasey and Mr. Brian Gabbedy respectively. Girls hockey and boys hockey are guided and managed by the Beavers College Hockey Club and the Marist Mens Hockey Club respectively. Mrs. Beth Hannah and Mr. Campbell McGeogh have our gratitude for their dedication to the game most embodied in their concern for the future of junior hockey. The involvement of these groups extends into coaching as well as financing, both of which are immeasurable in their worth to the school.

Staff members are directly involved in specific sports. Mrs. Annette Ruvadini initiates much of the success achieved by our netball teams. In this she has the support of many mothers. Messrs. Barry Down, Ross Mars, Darryl Miller and John Whitelaw are directly responsible for student in-



## SPORT REPORT Cont'd

volvement in squash, soccer, table tennis and volleyball respectively. Badminton is the avenue of Miss Patricia Whooley and horse riding that of Miss Carolyn Kluck.

The House Captain roles of motivating and organising sport and social have been both effective and inspiring.

In the shadow of much of this machinery, co-ordinating the parts and smoothing over rough edges has been our Sportsmistress Mrs. Gabrielle Cross and our Groundsman, Mr. Viv Morton. Our debt to them is marked and immense.

Many of our students have represented clubs, and the school, on many occasions through the year. Their sound attitude in victory and defeat is the highest form of praise and thanks that they extend to all involved in organising their sport.

L.A. FABRE

# PHYS-ED



## PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Phys-Ed Teacher, Gabrielle Cross made the foolish decision this year to take on the College girls for one period each week. When we heard the news, the school became alive with sniggerings and puns, but now, we laugh on the other sides of or faces. We've found that Gabrielle is hyper-active. Gabrielle Cross and her husband take a turn around in the "25 hill" track through the sand hills, and they will make anyone from the College feel most welcome should they like to train for the approaching cross country running.

Our thanks to Les Fabre and Gabrielle Cross for leading us through.



## TABLE TENNIS

The onset of the Table Tennis season at B.C.C. was sparked by the Inter-School minor games competition. The enthusiasm shown by students in the lead up to the competition was to be commended. I will admit I did have my secret reservations at times that those vying for selection were also seeking a half-day holiday?

The students selected to represent the school were Vicki Sly, Diane Sly, Nigel Richardson and Shane Dillon. Three games were played against the Grammar, two singles and a mixed doubles. Although we lost the singles games which were fought in a spirited manner, we were able to win the mixed doubles which restored some sense of self pride.

The future for Table Tennis looks bright. We have recently acquired a new table, kindly constructed for us by Mr. Sly. We can also look forward to better and more competitive teams next year, as the majority of the present talent comes from the lower school.

MR. D. MILLER



### S. RUVIDINI

Sandra Ruvidini, the best sportswoman in B.C.C. has achieved almost all she could achieve in; Netball, Basketball, Swimming, Athletics and Squash. On the 1/6/64 at Kalgoorlie Regional Hospital a phenomena was born. Who was to know the freckled young Kalgoorlie girl would get a pass with the women. The achievements were 1977 Netball Runner-up Fairest & Best in her team and the association, in B/3 Grade plus Fairest/Best Basketball Celtics U/14. 1978 Runner-up Fairest/Best A/5 and Fairest/Best for Concordes plus in the basketball combined team in Perth and Fairest and Best in Basketball.

1979 Best Sub-Junior Umpire in Netball, the best individual performance in the Squash Association, represented Bunbury in Netball at Perth, Country week, Longford and of course in Bunbury. And of course with all these awards she is undoubtedly 1979 B.C.C. Sports Woman of the Year.



### D. PLATTS

Danny Platts, one of B.C.C.'s most profound Sportsman has been chosen B.C.C. All Round Sportsman of the Year. He has done very well in Football, Cricket, Swimming and Running. In Football he has been very successful, especially in the last 3 years where in 1977 he was Fairest/Best for South Bunbury Under 14. 1978 Fairest/Best Under 16 South Bunbury. 1979 Fairest/Best for Bunbury Combined Team Under 17, also Best on Ground for Combined Country Team against Southern Districts.

In Cricket he has been one of B.C.C.'s best cricketers for the time he has played. But now at the peak of his career in 1978 he has won Best All Rounder for B.C.C. I, Best Bowling averages at Country Week, plus not to mention all the other awards, in Football, Cricket, Swimming and Athletics which he has won in Primary School.



## VOLLEYBALL '79

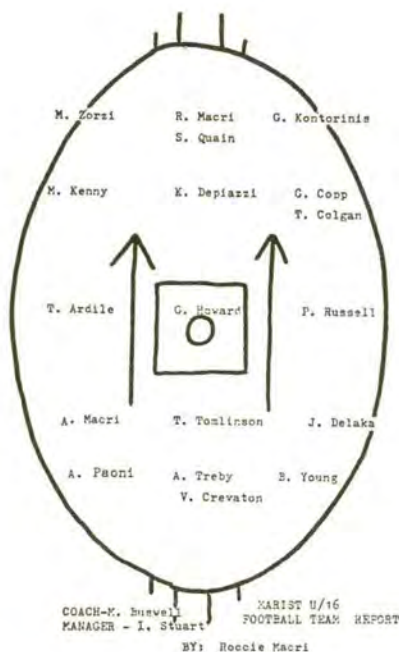
Just recently Volleyball has become a well known sport in Bunbury Catholic College Year 12 and 10 girls and Year 10 boys have been playing during the summer competition.

Year 12 girls have been going very well and they are on top for the "A" Competition. The year 10 girls have been going quite good and they are in "B" Grade. Over the school holidays we have lost a player Leesanda Papalia and now we have a few more girls interested.

The Year 10 boys have been going very well too. These three teams have been coached by Mr. J. Whitelaw.

When we play the Minor Games against Grammar School there will be a team for Volleyball for boys and girls.

During the year we hope it will be a great success.



## MARIST FOOTBALL CLUB TEAM UNDER 16

Our footy team has not had such a successful year in terms of winning, but one thing you can say for sure is that we don't lack spirit, courage and determination. The games we did win were against Carey Park Red and The Cardies. On behalf of all the team I'd like to thank Max Buswell our coach and Ian Sturt, our Manager for their utmost help. We have become more experienced players and are better at our game. I'd also like to thank Mr. Howard for all the effort he put into organizing socials, clinics and games with other schools, plus an organized bus trip to Perth to watch the GRAND FINAL and stay overnight. Last but not least I would like to thank Mrs. Howard for taking care of the more delicate matters of collecting fees and riding her bike around making sure everything is alright.



These are some small comments I have put together of our players:

- S. Quain . . . The High Flyer plus our Capt. R/Rover. F/Forward  
M. Zorzi . . . . . Says he lost 3 st., he is now 18st. F/Pocket.  
K. Kenny . . . . . Terrific drop kicker. F/Flank.  
G. Kontorinis . . . . . S P A C E. B/Pocket.  
K. Depiazzi . . . . . Leading goal kicker. H/Forward.  
G. Copp . . . . . Biggest kicker in the team — Rover.  
T. Colgan . . . . . Speed of light. Rover.  
T. Ardile . . . . . Never comes to training — Wing.  
G. Howard . . . . . Hook foot. Centre.  
P. Russel . . . . . Courageous. Wing.  
A. Macri . . . . . No relation to the champ. H/Back Flank.  
T. Tomlinson . . . . . Powder Puff. C/H Back.  
J. Delaka . . . . . Another big kicker. Back Flank.  
A. Paonni . . . . . He likes to run. Ruck.  
A. Treby . . . . . "don't ever grab me again". Ruck.  
V. Creveton . . . . . Sprint champion. Ruck.

## BUNBURY FOOTBALL CARNIVAL '79

On the 5/7/79 there was a giant football carnival in which Marists were represented in all grades. The younger grades were not very successful but the U/16 won 2 out of 4, these were the scores:—

MARIST vs CAREY PARK	
5-3	3-1
MARIST vs MINES ROVERS	
8-12	1-1



"WHAT'S THAT YOU GOT BOY?"

## CONSUMER EDUCATION YEAR 10

Twenty five students enrolled for this option this year and so far we have had a very interesting time with less emphasis on theory and more on the practical side. High points of the year were deciding to operate a Savings Scheme with the help of W.A.B.S., having an opening day with Mr. Old and other important people coming to see us swing into action and some of the class being interviewed about the Scheme on Channel 3.

We are very happy with the numbers of people who are saving with us and we hope next years Consumer Education Class keep up the interest. We know they will. Without Br. Bernard and Frieda our year would not have been quite so good so, many thanks to them!

## TECHNICAL DRAWING

Technology, creativity and design are the basic skills needed to enjoy and modify our environment. Technical Drawing plays an important part in this modification and aims to use a graphic language to consolidate accurate analysis, computations and abstract ideas. Along with the theoretical requirements of this course is the acquisition of skills and techniques associated with the making of accurate drawings and the development of confidence and initiative through practical work carried to completion.

# OPTIONS 1979

## TYPEWRITING 8 RED

Even though at the beginning of this year 1st years had difficulty in using the right fingers on the right keys. We are gradually getting the hang of it and also we are picking up speed. Many of the students usually come out of the typing room with skinned fingers when without warning their fingers seem to slip off the keys.

The Typing Room itself can be very hard to adjust to in winter. The intense cold seems to react terribly with our fingers and it becomes extremely awkward to wrap your fingers around the keys.

Sr. Senan is only now adjusting to the gradual speed of our typing and the enthusiastic expressions on our faces.

The boys ability to type is very limited when they aren't allowed to look at the keys but Sr. Senan soon fixes this by covering the keyboard. As an overall, typing has a good response from the year 8 students.

IRENE DEPIAZZI, LISA HARRIS.

## SPEECH AND DRAMA

This year 8 Red had Speech and Drama every Monday. In the First Term Sister Juanita tried to teach us poetry and singing. Along with this we did occasional spurts of drama, miming and reading.

This term with Mr. Sharrett we have mainly concentrated on debating. This proved that girls are "stronger and smarter" than boys. To certain people difficult words are given to write sentences with; they're really hard.

We really enjoy it (Speech and Drama not the words) and even if the class says it, we're the best at S & D.

JANINE JEFFREY, 8 Red

## BOOKKEEPING

With the help of Mrs. Cransberg, Year 10 students have been trying to grasp the idea of bookkeeping. Every time one of us opens up an exercise book, journal or ledger, we flinch; those figures just seem to drive us mad. Still most of us seem to have coped very well, maybe with a few exceptions.

COLLEEN MALATESTA,  
ANN-LOUISE NICHOLAS

## T.D. NIGHTMARE

The pale yellow doors creaked open and there before me was a rack containing sinister weapons. Veterans from the trenches cleverly disguised as T-squares. On the walls were strange signs and numbers such as "Very good 85%" and "Swivel pad", obviously some strange language long forgotten by man.

I walked into the eerie den of fear. At the front altar sat a hair covered creature, a teacher with the ancient name of Mr. Smee. I read about this ancient form of religion called teaching. It was long thought to have died out but has now been revived. The religion consisted of a group of religious maniacs who dragged unwilling children in cold, rat infested buildings called a school.

His cold eyes rose from the scrolls he was reading. You are accustomed with our ways and I would like you to write an article for our magazine. I felt a sharp pencil at my back so I said "Yes. Too bad I can't think of anything to write about.

P. LAVES

## TYPING

Well, here's an interesting area of our school day. The moment typing period begins the moans and groans do too. We do drills to acquire con-

fidence in touch typing. We also do business letters, manuscripts and invoices. Everyone seems to have coped very well, with the occasional glance at the fingers to keep us on our way. Our room becomes a major disaster area when we are being timed. We belt away at our typewriters, trying to get the piece finished on time and then find about a thousand mistakes and our marks down the drain. Apart from these hangups we have actually improved. All of our thanks would have to go to Sister Senan and her unending supply of patience. We will surely benefit from our experiences in the typing option class of "79".

ANN-LOUISE NICHOLAS,  
COLLEEN MALATESTA

## CONSUMER EDUCATION

The Year 10 Consumer Education class consists of twenty five students; twenty girls and five boys. Recently, as you all are quite aware, B.U.N.C.C.U.S.S. was opened and is running smoothly. The word B.U.N.C.C.U.S.S., by the way, means Bunbury Catholic College Unique Saving Scheme.

We have opened about 70 accounts and are hoping for more investors, so why don't you join B.U.N.C.C.U.S.S.? We are willing to accept any account.

MARIA SABATINO

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# B.U.N.C.C.U.S.S.

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## ART CAMP

At the start of term two about 10 kids from the art option went down to Busselton at the new Catholic Youth Camp for a weekend at EXPERIENCE. When we first arrived at the camp we settled down into grumbling and eating, then eating and grumbling. Then we had a look around and subsequently decided that it was a home away from home.

Later a crowd of Miss Sefton friends rolled in while we had our fingers in a grey substances called clay. We decided that we could either run for the hills, scream and thrash around on the floor or grin and bear it. We decided upon the latter. After a few hours of shyness, we discovered that they were just as normal as we were (and don't make any smart cracks about the Art class!).

The beach was close by but you had to go through the thickest of jungle before you realise you'd missed the track (no, the orange price wasn't spiked). We couldn't swim so we walked on the beach or attempted to draw it.

Some of the female man hunters, Hot Lips Hastie, Mancatchers Maryanne and lovely Legs Lisa sauntered off up the beach to another camp in search of the hairy chested male species.

On Friday afternoon a group of girls from Wagin High School came down from and we decided that we should make them FEEL at Rome. So we showed them to the lumpiest beds and told them how good the food was (white lies). Socially our conventions progressed into HI-BYE.

We learnt many skills like, how to swear at a spinning wheel, how to untie a marcrame knot, how to portrait and pass it off as abstract and how to become a jewellers assistant. Our Artist abilities advanced while our state of mind declined until we were sent to convalesce at school.



ANONYMOUS

## SPEECH & DRAMA REPORT

Due to our efforts in teaching Mr. Nield we have noticed a drastic improvement in his speech, and in the Drama lessons **he is** making satisfactory progress. **Bernard and Justin** are advancing in their studies and are soon expected to be real men. The superior part of the class, (us girls) have managed to restrain Louise from splitting her sides with laughter, and have brought out the inner thoughts of Claire's brain, which proved to be unsuccessful, due to a missing part.

NITA & CHERIE



## CLOTHING AND FABRIC

We have a real original sewing class. First we have Cherie who swears and curses the sewing machine for not working, then finds out that the power's not on . . . Colleen spends more time unpicking than sewing. Then there's Lisa who makes reversible vests, but if you reverse them, you become shocked at the sight of sewing, and then find out you can only wear it one way.

Lucia spends more time looking for the unpicker than the sewing machines. Miss Whooley with a B/A in Fabrics taken at W.A.I.T. spends most of the time trying to give us the scientific approach to C & F, but she has failed. Linda zips around trying to look zippy, when failing to put in her own zips.

Kathy, favouring the new bare look, has made herself half a shirt and half a vest, and isn't the slightest worried. Janette pretends to look for garments in magazines but she's really sizing up the guys.

EVEN THE ROMANS  
CAN'T FIND  
BR. BERNARD





## WOODWORK YEAR 9

Well 10 months have gone by.  
We are now into our second year.

The woodwork room has now been in use for almost two years and it is good to see the quality of the work the students are producing, both the boy's and the girl's. In fact the boys are even surprised at the quality of the work some of the girls are producing.

I would hope by now that dad's workshop at home is being treated with a little more respect with the tools being used the correct way and being put back in the tool box or hung back up on the wall after they have been used. The aim of the woodwork course is to prepare the students for future employment by giving them some basic knowledge in the fields of carpentry, joinery and cabinet making.

MR. W. RUSSELL

## "THE MUSIC FESTIVAL"

On the 4th night of the Music Festival, it was my turn to go and play for the adjudicators. I was very nervous. There were four people playing against me, and we all had to play the same song. After each competitor had finished playing the adjudicators would read out the winners.

Then it was my turn to play. As I entered the stage all my fears vanished so I played on. Then eventually after the last player the adjudicators stood up, said "second place to number 4 and first place went to number 3; all the competitors played their best."

I was glad it was over but it wasn't the end yet, the adjudicator presented me with a certificate and I was given a pass to play at the winners concert on Saturday. So Saturday came up, and I wasn't as nervous as before.

After I had finished playing I was presented with a trophy.

CAROL OSATASIEVICZ, 8 Green

## S.A.L.T.

This year has seen the launching of the programme S.A.L.T. at Bunbury Catholic College — a programme for Students with Academic Learning Talents. We introduced this programme in order to cater for those students who perform at a high level in all areas of the present curriculum, and therefore need extra stimulation and a challenge in order to realize their full potential.

Students who take part in this programme for two periods per week, must complete their normal classwork as well as the work involved in the programme. The content of the S.A.L.T. programme has been chosen to be as varied and interesting as possible. Subject matter ranging as far afield as Einsteinian physics, the breeding of mice, Shakespearian drama and computer programming have all been included, and these are just a few examples of the years work. This work is often difficult but is always designed to be stimulating and challenging, so that the experience of learning is always seen as a worthwhile pursuit.

The programme has been enthusiastically supported by staff, parents and the students alike, and its benefits are being felt throughout the school, as the programme generates interest in its new ideas and learning techniques.

Therefore we can say that programme S.A.L.T. is a great success, largely due to the enthusiasm and efforts of all involved.

## BRETT BUSWELL — 10 RED

Brett is 16 years of age; he has a Honda 125cc and his is No. 27. Brett is one of the best riders in the school; every Sunday he goes out to the Scramble track to ride his 125cc, and he can go around the track in about 2½ minutes.

I asked him how long he had been riding his motorbike, and he said when he was twelve his first motorbike was a Yamaha 80cc but he sold it after two years.

## SPEECH & DRAMA

Every Friday, first period we have the LOVELY subject of Speech and Drama. Mr. Sharret takes us for this.

Although he can't spell, we are learning fast how to read his words. We do many things in Speech and Drama like Debating, playing Chinese whispers and other games.

Before Mr. Sharret arrived, we had the one and only Sister Juanita. She always insisted on quiet because some of the boys would talk. With Sister Juanita we learned how to speak to her correctly, to recite poetry and to sing well.

YEAR 8 WHITE





## COMPUTER REPORT

Many year eight students have applied for accounts in the Bunbury Catholic College Computer Club but some students hardly ever make use of the system after making the application for membership and receiving an account. Most of us are rather slack in completing the assignments that Brother issues us. Many students complain that they do not know how to do the assignments. Brother Bernard has threatened (using certain words) to dismiss us from the club if assignments are not completed. For this reason, I suggest that students who are in doubt should inquire as to how the assignment is done. Most of the other students will be willing to render some information (if you bribe or threaten them convincingly). Many students say that they would like to be in the club but complain that they would not know what to do. This is a pity as membership is absolutely free (with no obligations unless you waste five boxes of paper on cartoons or printouts printed for no reason. The penalty for this crime has been described by Brother Bernard . . .) Information is relatively simple to acquire from a friend or if you have exhausted all your ideas, plots and plans, don't give up, there is always the user's manual.

During the year, some of us have found the Edit and Runoff systems useful for Integrated Studies assignments. Brother Bernard has handed out a number of booklets about the use of Pip, Edit, Runoff, Arrays, Loops, Basic Plus Programming, Direct Cursor Addressing (D.C.A.) and Programming Standards among other things for those who were interested. Most of us are eager to learn more and have covered a lot of ground this year. I would like to thank Simon Percival, Wayne Ivory, Damian Maher, Mark and Paul Depiazzi, Scott Reidel and Gary Fearon for the assistance they have given to us Year Eights. Also we would like to thank Brother Bernard for being so helpful and for coping with us up till now. We all hope that he will last till the end of the year.

JOHN COHEN, 8 Red



\* The school has two computer experts — Brother Bernard and John Cohen.

## THOUGHTS

To work conscientiously on a school magazine, requires of the student a great amount of discipline, co-operation and independence.

The work is made harder, when the final results of their efforts depends upon their creativity and the generosity of the staff and students.

It is even made harder by the very eagerness of the students to put on another play. Very rightly so, since their last performance was so, very successful.

The difficulties involved in preparing this magazine, must have, at times, for the students, seemed enormous, i.e. the suitability and availability of material, the organization involved, their very INDIVIDUAL personalities and above all the responsibility of producing this magazine.

The students themselves, will know the final result of their efforts. I am sure that when the students involved, see the printed result, they will be proud and will certainly remember their involvement with this school magazine.

Congratulations.

DONALD NIELD, Drama Teacher  
YEAR 10 OPTION

## *Autographs*



PSST. THAT'S BR. BERNARD

