

# NEWMAN SIENA COLLEGE



*through shadows*

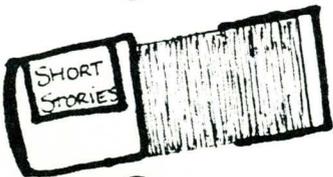
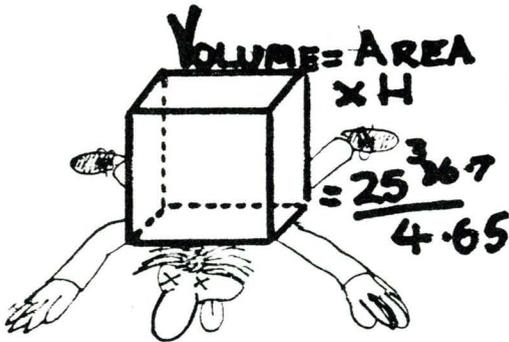
*and images to truth*

**1985**

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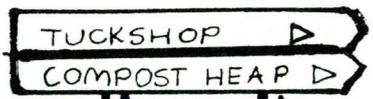
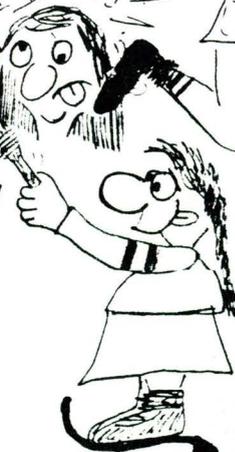
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# NEWSMAN



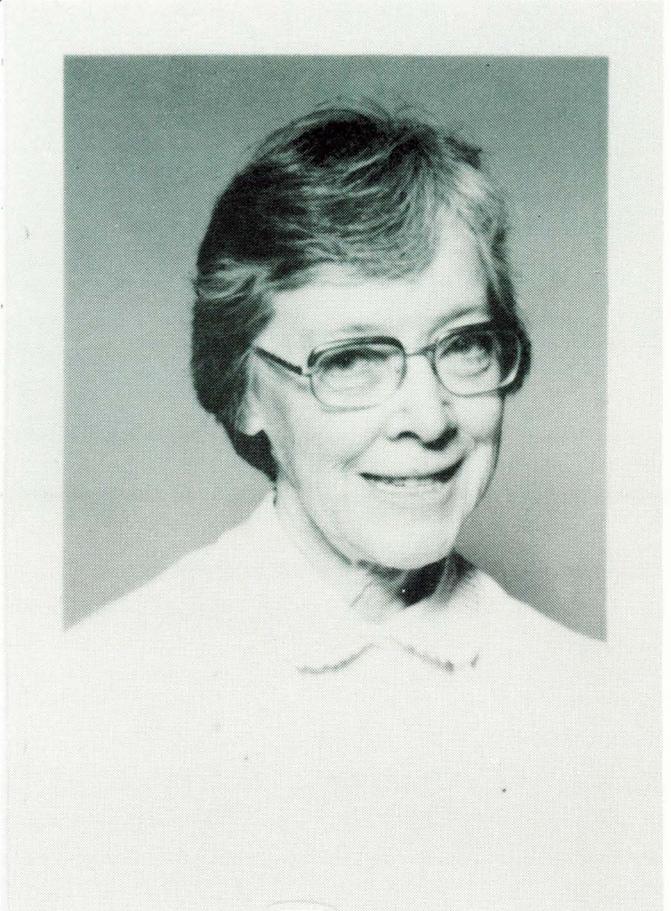
*Siena*

REPORT  
NAME: ARRAGONNA FALE  
NOTE:  
THE SCHOOL WILL NOT  
TAKE RESPONSIBILITY  
FOR ANY HEART ATTACK  
VICTIMS



# Year Book

# Principal's Message



## Principal's Message

As the end of another year approaches, I look back over the past months with a sense of gratitude for the many blessings and joys that we have experienced: the co-operation and support of the members of staff, the willing help and interest of so many parents, the growth in maturity of the majority of the students and the joyful enthusiasm and spirit shown by them in the various school activities. I think of the sincerity and prayerfulness evident on the Religion Seminar days and in the Classroom Masses and of the excitement of winning the A.C.C. Swimming

It would be less than honest to say that it has been all joy, but any disappointment has been tinged with hope — hope that something of the love and concern, the truth and honesty, reverence and acceptance for all, the gratitude, that we have tried to inculcate, will have been assimilated and will be evident later if not now.

It is not possible to mention by name all those who have contributed to making 1986 a happy and successful year but I am deeply appreciative of all that has been done. In particular, I should like to express my gratitude to Brother Joseph, Mrs Voss and each member of staff, to Mr John Broderick and the members of the College Board, to Mrs Faye Agnello and the Ladies Auxiliary, to Mr Barry Strack and the members of the Parents & Friends' Association and to Sue-Ellen, Danny, Catherine and Eddie for the leadership that they have exercised so happily and well throughout the year.

My hope and prayer is that the Year 9 students who are leaving us will continue to contribute something of real value during their years at the Senior School and that the Year 8 students will make their own very special contribution to Newman Siena in 1986.

May God bless you all.

Sr. M. Perpetua. O.P.

# Deputy Principal's Report



Brother Joseph celebrating his 25 years as a Marist Brother.

## **Br Joe's Report**

1985 seems to have come and gone very quickly. At the time of writing this, we are just about to start our Year 9 Camps. The pleasant memories of last year's are still fresh in our minds.

This year has been a very significant one in terms of the school curriculum in that it has seen the implementation of some of the Beazley Recommendations in Year 8. The students are most fortunate in having such a rich course and it has been most pleasing to see how teachers and students have adapted to the new course structure.

As in all years, as far as I am concerned, the year will be remembered for its students, especially the Year 9s. This group has acquitted itself very well. One of the highlights of the year has been the Second Term Social and I am confident that the Camps will be equally as successful.

I wish all students an abundance of God's blessings in the future. May the Year 9s settle into Senior School well and may the Year 8s provide excellent leadership for Newman Siena in 1986.



**Staff**

Fourth Row, from left: M. Ford, K. Hunt, P. Slattery, J. Mirco, T. Lark, G. Knox, M. Diamond, M. Happ.  
 Third Row: J. Burette, V. Battistessa, A. Malone, K. Biagi, S. Wilson, A. Fordham, C. Chipperfield, J. Morris, M. Armitage, M. Pinner, M. Macauley.  
 Second Row: Br. Domnus, N. Brown, M. Evans, G. Hill, Sr. M. Maria, M. Roberts, J. Cavanagh, I. Wade, Sr. M. Antoninus, A. Ruidini, Y. Taylor, D. Fong.  
 Front Row: K. Smith, Sr. M. Assumpta, Sr. M. Gemma, M. Foster, S. Voss, Sr. M. Perpetua (Principal), Br. Joseph Hughes, M. Kulen-Smith, Sr. M. Cecilia, R. Palmer, Br. John.  
 Absent: Mr E. Pearce, A. Foster, N. Morson, L. Dean, E. King, J. Lindsay, D. Dixon.

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# Reflection '85

*Sue-Ellen Luscombe  
Daniel Cooper  
Catherine Manolikos  
Edward Moala*



Standing: Edward Moala (Deputy Head Boy), Sue-Ellen Luscombe (Head Girl).  
Seated: Daniel Cooper (Head Boy), Catherine Manolikos (Deputy Head Girl).

Well, 1985 has flown by and what a year!

It has been eventful and exciting for all the students of Newman Siena and hopefully the same applies to the staff.

Many 'firsts' have accompanied this year, making it an especially memorable one. We held our first social; the Year 9s took part in their first disco social, which was very successful; in athletics the junior boys won the Athletics Cup for the first time as Newman Siena. It was a great effort!

Another first was the religious seminars for the Year 8s. During previous years, only the Year 9s have taken part in these.

1985 has also been an important year for Brother Joe, as it marked his 25th year as a Marist brother.

Throughout the year, there were a number of highlights through all facets of school life. The students from Years 8 and 9 were all given the opportunity to participate in religious seminars. This enabled us all to examine the religious aspects of our lives.

Academically, all our students have performed well throughout the year. In the Westpac Australian Mathematics Competition, many of the students received credits and distinctions. This was an outstanding accomplishment!

In the sporting field, Newman Siena again highlighted what fierce competitors we are by performing creditably and gaining many valuable points for Newman in the Swimming Carnival.

Siena again performed outstandingly at the ACC Athletics Carnival held at Perry Lakes, gaining first in Junior Boys and second in Junior Girls. We also did well in the ACC Cross Country.

There was a high level of participation in all social activities. Both Years' socials were well attended with everyone enjoying themselves in the relaxed, happy atmosphere.

The Year 9 camps, of course, were a highlight of the year, and we thank Br. Joe and the rest of the staff for the endless organisation put towards these.

We have been privileged to serve as School Prefects during 1985. We would sincerely like to thank Sr. Perpetua, Br. Joe and all other staff members for their continued support. To our fellow students, too, a special word of thanks.

1985 has been a very special year in our lives, and one that we will always remember.



Friendship

# SEMINARS

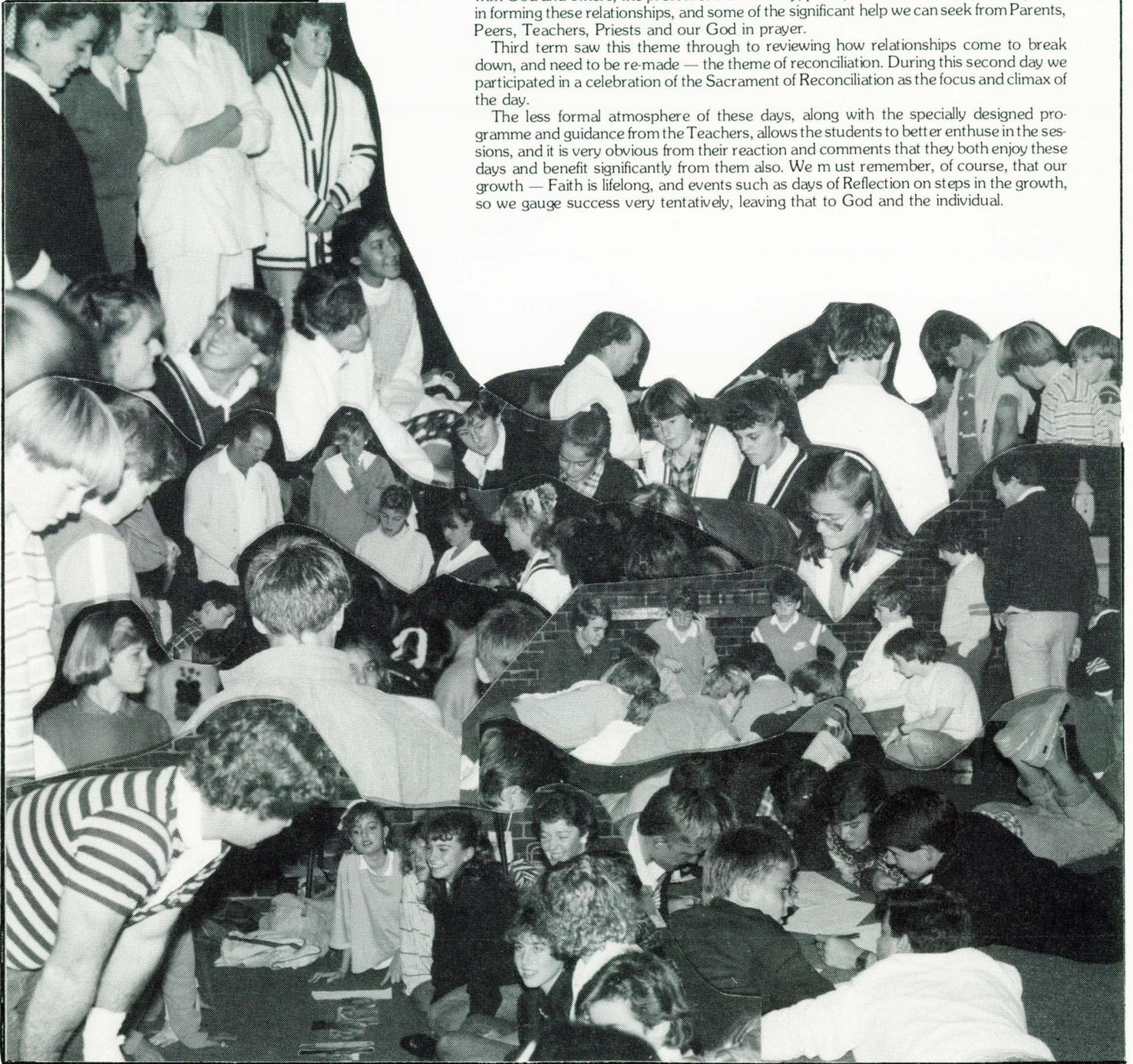
## Seminar Day/Reflection Days

On two occasions this year our Year 9 students have enjoyed a day of reflection at the North Perth Redemptorist Monastery. These days enable the Students to listen, discuss and reflect on a matter of concern to their religious and personal growth to wholeness.

During the second term the focus was on relationships, investigating just how we relate with God and others, the pressures from society, peers, media to which we are subjected in forming these relationships, and some of the significant help we can seek from Parents, Peers, Teachers, Priests and our God in prayer.

Third term saw this theme through to reviewing how relationships come to break down, and need to be re-made — the theme of reconciliation. During this second day we participated in a celebration of the Sacrament of Reconciliation as the focus and climax of the day.

The less formal atmosphere of these days, along with the specially designed programme and guidance from the Teachers, allows the students to better enthuse in the sessions, and it is very obvious from their reaction and comments that they both enjoy these days and benefit significantly from them also. We must remember, of course, that our growth — Faith is lifelong, and events such as days of Reflection on steps in the growth, so we gauge success very tentatively, leaving that to God and the individual.

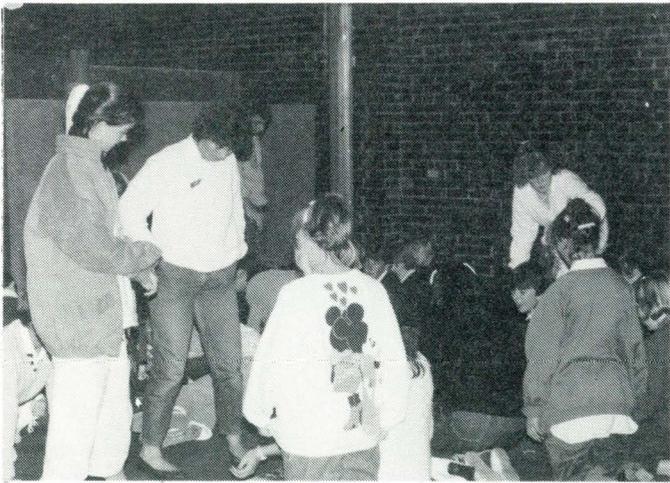




Look! I've had about enough of this!



I don't think the guys and gals get on too well here!



OK so I am pigeon-toed!



No, I'm the centre of attention here



Well! That doesn't necessarily follow



Should we go and talk to them ... or not?

# Mass

## MASS

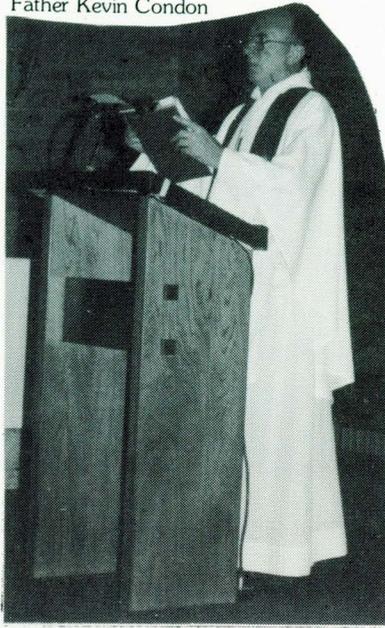
Family Mass celebrated by Fr. Kevin Condon at Holy Rosary Church, Doubleview on March 5th was well supported by Parents and Students of Newman Siena.

During the course of the Mass, Class Captains badges were blessed and presented to the successful students by Home Room Teachers.

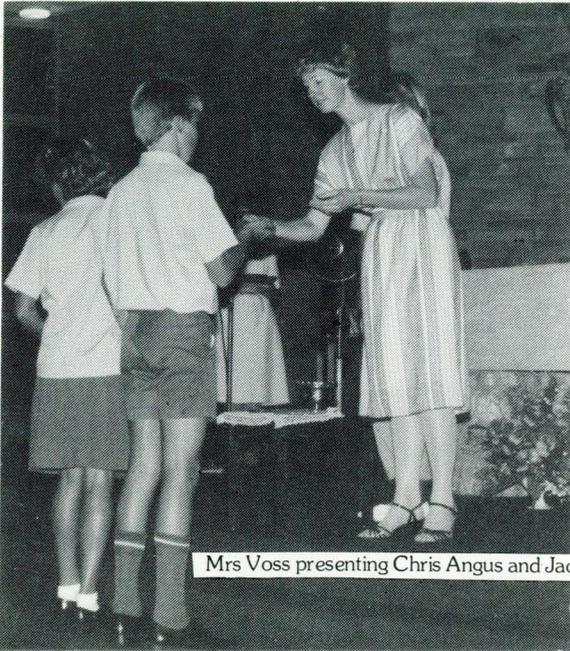
Sr. Perpetua expressed her sincere gratitude and thanks to the Parents and Friends for their organisation and support in preparation of the Mass.

At the conclusion of the Mass everyone was invited to partake of supper in the School Hall.

Father Kevin Condon



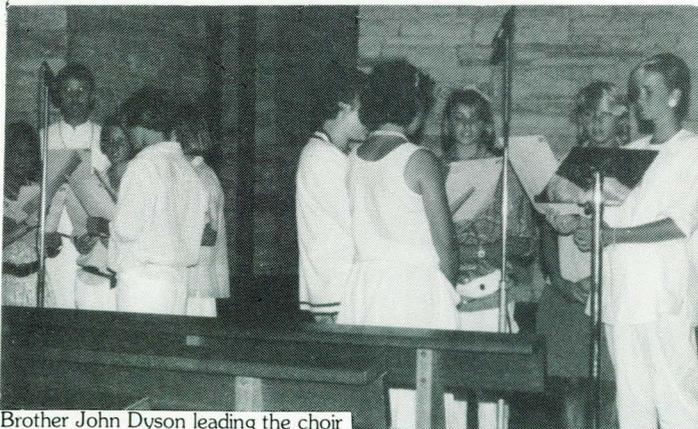
Banner designed by capable Art Staff at Newman Siena



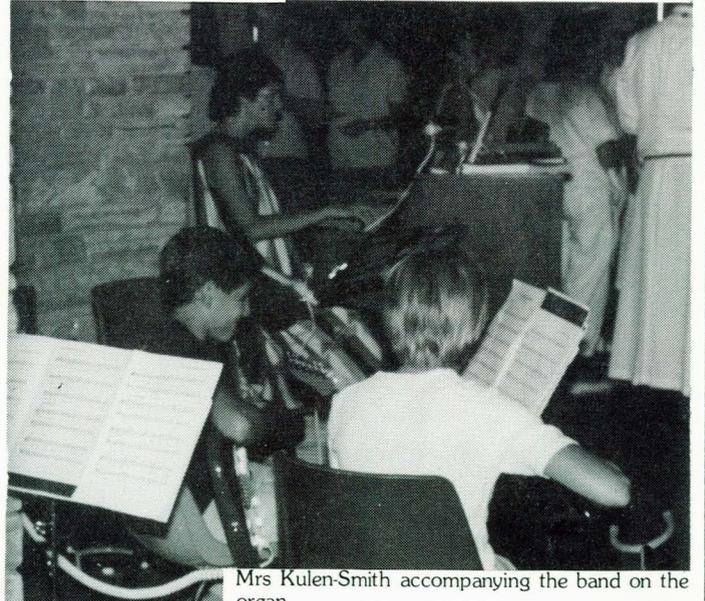
Mrs Voss presenting Chris Angus and Jacqui Boyle



Mrs Fordham and Eliza Zotti



Brother John Dyson leading the choir



Mrs Kulen-Smith accompanying the band on the organ

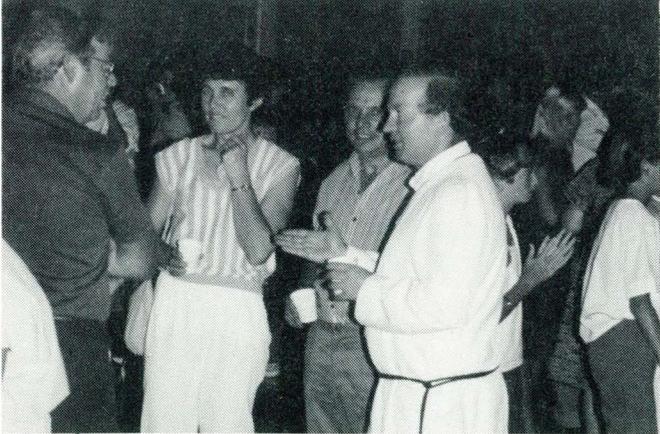
# Supper



Jason Barbetti checking out the biscuits



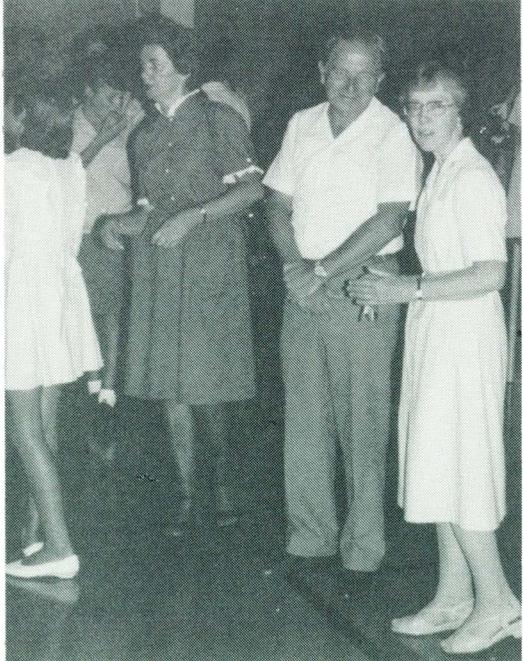
Sr. Antonius showing deep concern



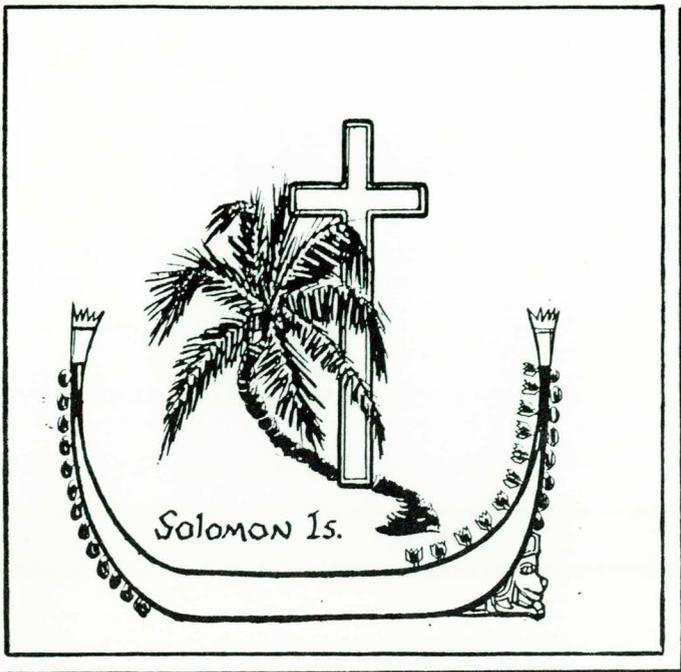
Br. Joseph Hughes discussing School Policy with a group of Parents



"Goodnight Br!"



Sr. M. Perpetua on Candid Camera



**Celebrating The Feast of Saint Dominic with our Special Guest Brother Simon**

A lunch hour Mass in the School Library was the occasion for many of us to hear Brother Simon speak about why he became a Dominican and how he is looking forward to his ordination to the priesthood.

Celebrating with Father Nick, the Staff and students, the feast of St Dominic was a happy celebration of the spirit of Dominic: to present to the world the Gospel of Jesus Christ in truth and in love.

Brother Simon can be seen doing the "seagull dance", as well as playing the guitar and singing.



from **Br Simon**

30/10/25

Dear Staff & Students

Just a short note  
to say thank you for the  
gift you have given me, &  
for letting me into your school  
and share with you. I didn't  
have the chance to see you all  
yet I know you are all loving  
caring & kind people.

For all the students wishing  
you all the best in your exams  
& in your future.

Hoping to see some of you  
visiting us in the Solomons.  
You will be in my Prayers.

Wishing you all Merry  
Christmas & Happy.

I am leaving Brisbane tomorrow  
to go back to the Solomons

Once again

With

warmest thanks and

appreciation

for your

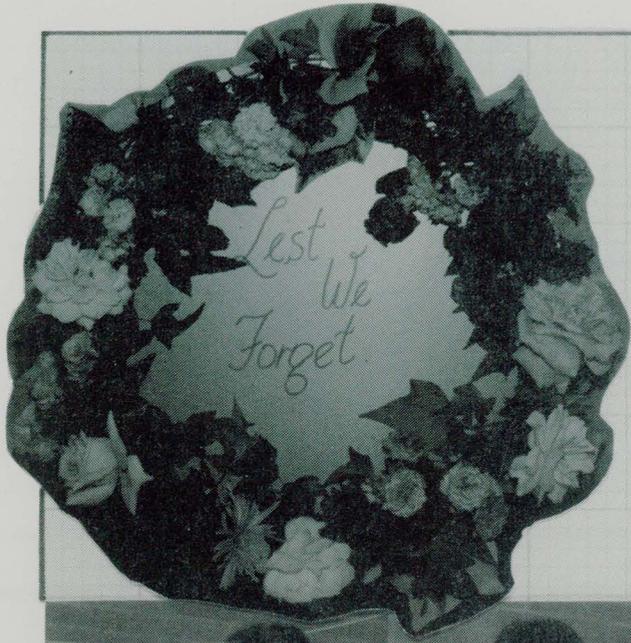
thoughtfulness

Love & Prayers

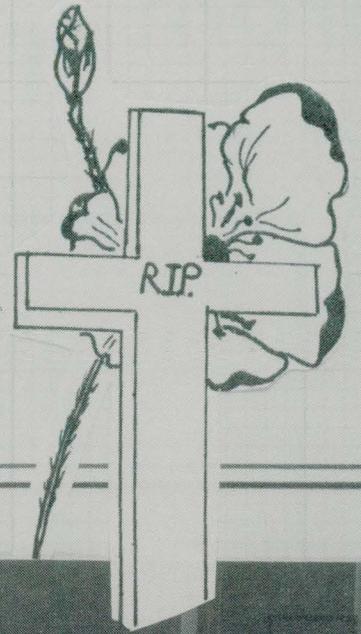
Br. Simon O.P.

Thank  
You





# Anzac Day





# DESCRIPTIVE WRITING

78 Bloxhoi Petrodovoreds  
Moscow USSR 1571  
23rd March, 1985

**Dear Eliza,**

I am writing to you, because I feel so lonely. I'm so depressed. What am I going to do? I'm the last living person left in this city, at least I think so. I haven't heard or seen a living thing for weeks. Not since the night of the bombing. It was awful.

I was sleeping peacefully, like everybody, or most of the people, here in Moscow. Suddenly everything was so bright! I didn't know what was happening, but I soon found out that this was a nuclear war.

I ran to the bomb shelter. I had built it as soon as they gave the warning. Now I'm glad I did. My food supply is getting less and less each day. I try not to eat much but when I see the food I can't help myself.

I get so lonely just sitting around this small place. Why did this happen? What did the people get out of this? Nothing. Everything is dead. There is no green plant or tree left. The city is in ruins — the part I've seen, anyway. I remember only a few weeks ago, the flowers were blooming in the parks and children were yelling in the playground. It makes me sad thinking about it. At first the silence made me uneasy, but now it is terrifying.

At the beginning I was scared about the after-effects, but soon I realised that our area was pretty lucky. I don't know why. I never knew that being lonely could affect somebody as much as it does me. Now I understand old, lonely people. I nearly go hysterical at the end of each day. Just looking out the door makes me wish I had died with all the other people who died in their sleep. They don't have to live through all this. They don't know what it's like.

I long to see the sun again. The sky is overcast and everything is dull grey. There is no colour anywhere. Everything is dead, not even a bird is singing or a stray dog is walking down the road like they used to do.

The weather is getting colder even though it is summer. This must be the nuclear winter I've heard so much about.

I think I'm slowly dying — not from radiation poisoning, but from being lonely, confused, scared; from eating out of tins and no proper water. I long to have a carrot or a lettuce leaf, but there is no fresh food.

But most of all I think I am desperate, desperate to see another person. Desperate for someone to talk to, to share my thoughts with. Someone who can help me live through this. Someone who can make life better than it is now.

Your friend,  
*Barbara Schnabel*

## **The Escape of the Tormented Spirit**

Her pale, withered face was illuminated in the darkness like a distant star. She lay motionless on the long, thin bed, the only sound being the continuous hum of the large "Thorman 2000" that monitored and sustained her failing heartbeat.

My eyes scanned over her slight body and came to rest on the two surprisingly large grey eyes that stared perpetually toward the open window. I wondered for the thousandth time what thoughts were captured in that large, oval skull.

From somewhere I heard the high-pitched cry of a bird I was unable to place, and then a sudden coldness filled the room. For the first time I felt an intruder in another world: a single spectator who was never meant to be.

Something was happening in this tiny room that I couldn't quite place. There was a kind of unearthly glow surrounding her fragile skeleton and her eyes shone with youthful expectancy. The cold hand of fear wrapped its torturous fingers around me.

For what seemed an eternity I stood motionless, an animal trapped by its stronger, more agile predator. Out of the intolerable silence I could hear the faint, almost dream-like voices of young girls. Their voices were raised in harmony such as I had never heard before. A phantom scent tingled hopelessly before my nostrils; it reminded me of the ferment of fine wine. There was a gentle moan from somewhere nearby and then the room was enclosed in darkness, as if a large, black curtain had been drawn across a mystical stage.

I struggled in vain to focus upon a possible route of escape. My efforts were in vain. I no longer felt enclosed by walls and tiling, but a strange sense of fear possessed me. Willing myself back to a reality I was not sure existed, I peered around me in search of my old, withered charge. A single ray of light chanced to fall upon her frame. I froze, enchanted by the light that danced merrily through her childish grey eyes.

There was an astounding sound like a harp, playing slowly, magically. A gentle breeze played at the curtained window before all became suddenly still. The constant hum of the life support system ceased and a sigh of pure happiness resounded in the enclosure.

As I watched, entranced, those sparkling grey eyes closed for the last time and a mystical ray of light shot through the open window and came to rest in the heavens — the distant star I had recognised in her pale, withered features.

*Kirsty Cranley*

The old woman was finally free...

# Blind Person

My life is a bed of rose petals slowly drifting down to earth. A world where the sun is forever rising, the colours warming my heart, the rays probing even the darkest corners of my mind.

Sometimes I am clumsy; I stumble and fall; my eyes stare ahead of me, sockets of nothingness. Sometimes I am frustrated and tears well up in my eyes. Often I need someone to help me, someone who cares. Many a time I cry out. Usually someone is there, but sometimes no-one comes and I am alone. I need people to give me support when I'm down, and, just like anyone else, to praise me when I rise again.

People think life should be hard, but when you live with a disability you grow to forget about it. Only other people make you remember. They are the ones who feel awkward; they are the ones who need to turn their heads away. I do not need help. I can cope. It's the others who need it.

Man needs other people but he does not need to be able to see them in order to enjoy them. He can hear them, touch them, know them. As I pass people on the streets I can feel their moods, sense their thoughts. I am not blinded to their sorrows, but I can see their joy.

I find it hard to get used to new surroundings but live easily in the old. I know where I'm going and what I'm doing. Often I feel that I do see more than others, for my blindness is not that of prejudice, it is not my own doing. I can weigh the rights and wrongs evenly, but for many the scales are tipped.

My life is not perpetual darkness as many think. It is not shadowy and miserable. My thoughts are, instead, resplendent in shining robes. A glimmer of sunshine flicks through my heart each time someone I meet is happy. My world is not dark. It is as bright as the city at night, and as wonderful as the sun setting into the deep cavernous mouth of the ocean.

I have nothing to fear. In my world nothing can harm me. I can see no evil. No-one can frown. . . my world is free and safe from this. At first I was worried and scared. How could I survive, not being able to see the beauty and magnificence of our world? I realise now, though, that life is not just for seeing. Beauty is found in a friend's voice, a warm hand, the aroma of a newly baked cake, a running stream.

In my world I can blot out all the evil. I admit sometimes I do miss out on some of the goodness — but not all. Sight is not all there is to life.

One by one people march past me, days come, days go. I am safe in my world of rose petals, where life is happy and people are filled with joy. In my memory I do not see the agony and suffering, just the love and kindness I need.

*Natalia Norris*

## The Pool of Fire

Come here people, listen and look  
I'm telling you about the world's  
Hottest Book.  
It's "The Pool of Fire"  
It will set you alight  
It's really unreal  
Not just all right.  
It's full of excitement  
Fun for all  
If you read it  
You'll have a ball.  
It's about these people  
Who fight these hot guys  
They're green and slimy  
With three goggle eyes.  
They are called the masters  
And everyone hates them  
Especially the group  
Of elite, uncapped men.  
The men thought of a way  
To attack the city.  
They put alcohol in the water  
To make them groggy.  
I will tell you no more  
Or give away the plot  
Because I know you'll get it  
It's really hot.  
It's action-packed  
Great fun to read.  
This is a book  
That everyone heeds.  
If you don't get it, I'll break your leg.  
Ask your Mum for the money  
If you don't get it, beg.

*Jonathon Rochford (Year 8)*

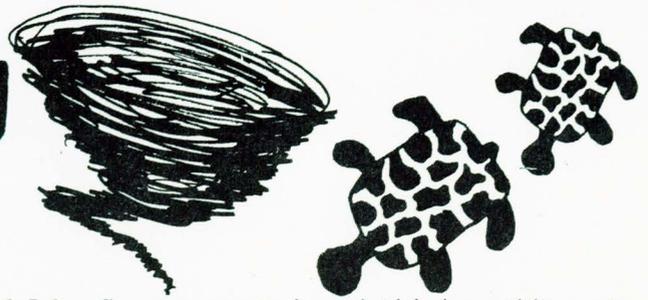
## The Pool of Fire

"The Pool of Fire" is a great book  
Just pick it up and have a look.  
It's really great and action-packed  
Of when the cities are attacked.  
I've read it over and over again  
And my favourite character is Will and his friend.  
It's a struggle and fight to save the  
Country so that the masters can't rule  
You and me.  
As you finish the first page  
You'll feel as if you're in that age.  
It's the best book and so unreal  
Once it's read you can't guess how you'll feel.  
The Tripods who are cruel and tall  
They have three legs and clippers and that's not all.  
They live in the City of Lead and Gold  
And what they do cannot be told.  
Quick! You must act one fast  
Because they just won't last.  
And if it ever just might happen to you  
You've read this book and you'll know what to do!

*Amanda Jefferson (Year 8)*

# Survival Diary

SURVIVAL DIARY  
BY  
PHILLIP DAVIDSON



**July 10th** — I've decided to keep this diary to keep track of the date and how long it takes me to reach the Galapagos Islands, about 1000 kilometres west of Ecuador. My name is David Lassiter, an eighteen year old university student. My yacht, the Santa Mara, is a twelve metre trimaran.

Many delays have cost me weeks over schedule for this voyage and I am in doubt as to whether to go because of the approaching hurricane season.

Though I'm in doubt I set sail for the Galapagos Islands. The approaching hurricane season meant I would have to leave the Santa Mara in Ecuador and fly home, returning the following year to sail the boat back to Perth. I felt there was enough time to reach my destination in safety.

**July 11th** — There are two critical risks I have to consider. If I sail in the well travelled sea lanes, the Santa Mara might be struck down at night by some large vessel which might have missed seeing my small boat or couldn't turn in time to miss the Santa Mara. The second critical consideration was if I sailed a few hundred kilometres from the shore to avoid any larger boats. By doing this I would be far from help in case of an emergency.

I decided to take the route avoiding other vessels. I'm sailing about 1,000 kilometres clear of the well travelled sea lanes. I hope to God it was the right decision. If it isn't I know I will be doomed.

**July 12th, 10.00 a.m.** — Overcast and foggy weather have made me question this route. As well as being foggy and overcast I have not seen a plane or ship since I left port. This worries me because my two-way radio's batteries aren't recharging well and only allow for communication within a twenty to twenty five kilometre radius.

I expect a tropical storm but I don't know how bad a tropical storm it would be. My feeling is that the Santa Mara, with her stable three-hull construction could ride out any ordinary tropical storm. Looking out of my cabin I notice continual light rain starting to descend. For once in my life I am really scared. I am alone.

**3.00 p.m.** — Torrential rain is settling and the once light breeze has turned into gale force winds making the waves rise. I fear the worst. I have prepared my boat for the storm. Now I will sit and wait.

**July 15th** - I'm not sure of the date exactly. I can't remember how many days I went through hell. It was about 10 p.m. that the real trouble started. The hurricane had hit with its full force. Gale force winds and waves that looked thirty metres high hit the Santa Mara.

I was sure it was the end. Clinging to the Santa Mara took all my strength although I had tied myself down. I was too exhausted to panic. Shortly before dawn a monstrous wave hurled the Santa Mara sideways and another flipped it upside down. I had tied myself down and was now underwater struggling desperately to free myself.

Visions of people drowning flooded my mind. I pictured drowning as a slow and cruel death. Having been underwater for a few minutes I knew time was running out and I could feel myself becoming weaker. With one last desperate surge of energy I broke free of the rope and swam to the surface.

Managing to scramble up on the keel I lashed myself there with my safety rope. With a surprising swiftness the ocean suddenly calmed.

"I must be in the eye" I thought to myself. This was the chance I had been waiting for. I made haste in getting the life raft and as many supplies as I could handle as well as this diary. A shark's fin I faintly saw in the distance as the life raft inflated.

As abruptly as the the hurricane had calmed it started again. The life raft, with its tent like top design helped in keeping the water out which was the main thing. Gusting winds and towering waves threatened the orange life raft but it managed to stay afloat. A line I had attached to the life raft and Santa Mara soon snapped. Within minutes I had lost sight of the capsized Santa Mara.

Hurricane conditions raged all that day and far into the night. My raft was thrown in endless climbs and drops. Keeping inside the life raft was hard and I had to muster all my strength just to survive. At least several times wanting to give up and die was the easy way out of it.

My will power was strong though, and I hung on. After many hours battling the storm I must have drifted into unconsciousness. I found myself looking into a grey sky. It was a cold morning and I was thankful the storm had ceased and I was alive.

Rations I had managed to salvage from the Santa Mara while getting the life raft consisted of only five one litre cans of water and four tins of food which I figured would last me two weeks. My feeling at the line connecting the Santa Mara and the life raft that snapped was disappointment. I would have been able to salvage more supplies.

**16th July** — I've never appreciated a good night's sleep until this morning. After those days of pure exhaustion it was good to have a peaceful and uninterrupted sleep. I tried not to remind myself that I was due in the Galapagos Islands until the 4th of August and it would be at least three weeks before anybody missed me. As well as that, I also tried not to remind myself that the current and wind would be carrying me further out into the Pacific.

**July 17th** — Another new problem I now have to face. I realise that slowly but surely the life raft is losing air. The overhead canopy is partly deflated, and no matter how often I bail, water still splashes in. It is now becoming hard to sleep because of this problem. The sky is still cold and grey which I hope isn't the start of a new storm. I don't think either the raft or I could handle another storm.

Praying, which once wasn't a very big part in my life, is now a big part. I pray to the Lord for better weather and to get me home safely so I can see my family again.

**July 18th** — This morning the sun came out. It was the first sun I had seen in many days. This was much appreciated as I could dry my clothes and warm myself.

The sun also has its disadvantages. I become thirsty more often and am getting badly sunburnt because the canopy of the life raft is gradually collapsing. To solve these problems I have put a hat on and I spend many hours a day in the water. This prevents me from getting as sunburnt. The raft didn't deflate as much after this idea.

**July 19th** — Today I found out how desperate I'm growing. Shortly after dawn I sighted a large sea turtle swimming majestically past the raft.

Grabbing the turtle viciously I wrestled with it, desperate to kill so I could drink its blood and eat its meat. I tried sawing it repeatedly, strangling it, even drowning it. I felt so exhausted at this fight that I gave up and pushed it overboard. I felt like crying because I had realised how helpless I was.

**July 20th** - Every day I can feel myself becoming weaker and weaker. The large sea turtle has given me an idea. With the rope attached to the side of the raft and a hook skilfully made from a piece of tin from an empty water can together with some tinned meat I have constructed my very own fishing rod which I am very proud of. It took me most of the day to construct but I'm hoping it's worth the effort.

**July 21st** — Today is my birthday, I think. I would be satisfied with just one fish as a present. The only fish I have sighted are sharks which occasionally circle my sinking craft.

**July 22nd** — My birthday was a disappointing one. I fished all day and didn't manage to catch a thing. I was surprised because I had read in books that a floating object attracted fish. I feel it's the sharks. Damn those sharks!

**July 23** — More and more sharks I have noticed are gathering near my life raft each day which is making it impossible for me to hang outside the raft in the water. This is causing the life raft to deflate faster as well as my body becoming badly sunburnt. My thirstiness is more frequent. My will to survive is growing weaker. I don't know what to do.

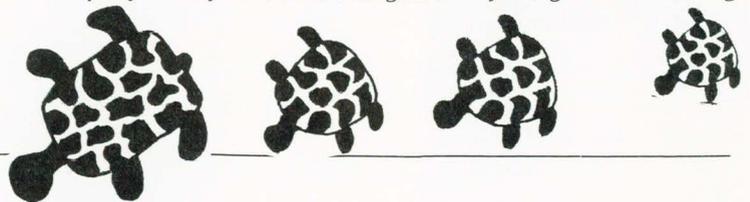
**July 24th** — Praying to God must have done me some good. I was lucky in catching a meal-size fish. Eating raw fish tasted foul but I was glad I was eating something.

**July 25th** - I notice myself lying down more often. I feel I am getting weaker. Sitting down to write this diary is strenuous. My life raft is half submerged in the water and I estimate it will last another two days.

**July 26th** - This afternoon I had used up the last of the rations. It doesn't bother me that much because the life raft will only last another day. If I don't starve to death I will get eaten by the sharks. If help doesn't come in the next day or so I am done for. The sun and lack of water have made me a little delirious which makes writing in this diary an effort.

**July 27th** - I can't believe I'm going to die. I don't believe it although I know this is going to be the last time I'm going to write in this diary. I'm writing in the morning because I don't know if I'll survive past midday.

Water seeps into my raft; bit by bit. I can't be bothered to bucket it out; I accept my fate. My will to survive has gone and my strength is next to nothing.



## The Tragedy Of A Teenager

This story is about a normal teenage boy, involved in a normal situation. But what happens is totally unexpected. It brings great sorrow and frustration to the boy's family. And it could have been avoided.

We take you into a two storey house in a neat suburb. It is the home of the MacAuley's. Mr and Mrs MacAuley and their three children; Trevor, Anthony and Timothy. The oldest is a university student, the middle child nearing the end of high school. The youngest, Timothy, is in Year 10.

It was the morning of Tim's fifteenth birthday. He awoke early, and seeing it was at a time his parents wouldn't appreciate being awakened, he lay back on his pillow.

His mind was swirling with thoughts. Mainly Tim was wondering about what he might receive. A clock radio? No, Tony had one of those, and since he shared a room with him, his parents would say it is impractical to have two. A tape deck? Maybe, but he hadn't dropped any hints towards one. A surfboard? Not possible, he wasn't the surfing type. What? What could it be? His mind groped frantically for the answer that wasn't there.

The wooden grandfather clock in the hall struck seven. Tim listened to the chimes, sounding one after the other. He breathed a sigh of relief. Soon his mother would be padding up the carpeted stairway, clinking dishes on a tray.

Tim was growing anxious, as his mother had yet to appear, and it was ten minutes after seven. Tim listened to Tony's rhythmical snoring and the running water in the bathroom.

A creak from the bunk below signalled that Tony was awake. A sleepy head appeared eye-level with Tim's, rubbing its eyes.

"Happy Birthday, mate," it said, between yawns.

"Where's Mum?" he inquired, child-like.

"You'll have to get up for this birthday," said Tony, who was now fully awake.

Tim changed into boardshorts and a surf T-shirt. He had an extraordinary physique. It made Tim feel ashamed of the scrawny sticks he had for arms and legs. If only he had some muscle, instead of skin and bone, his friends wouldn't laugh when he wore a bathing suit.

Tim dressed and went downstairs. There he greeted his mother and father. Trevor motioned to him.

"Come outside to the garage, little one," he said, using his Dracula voice.

They went outside via the laundry door with the rest of the family following closely. Trevor opened the garage door.

"WOW!" was all Tim uttered in the next five minutes. For standing there, much to his delight, was a beautiful racing bicycle. It was metallic blue, with 12 speed Shimani gears and disc brakes. It looked impressive with the light shimmering on the glossy paint, and the curve in the handlebars was just right. Tim was speechless, but his face said it all. His family stood back, beaming.

"Can I ride it now?" came the timid first words.

"Of course, son. Happy Birthday," said his father, graciously.

By lunchtime, Tim was cruising up and down the road and gliding around corners. It was a marvellous piece of machinery and Tim handled it like a professional.

"Gosh Tim, you're as good on that as I am at surfing," Tony teased. Tim guffawed. "Am not," was the stern reply.

After a special birthday dinner, Mr MacAuley talked to Tim about road and bicycle safety.

"You be very careful on those roads, Timothy. Observe all the road rules." The list went on alarmingly, but Tim wasn't really listening.

"I'm picking up a safety item from the bike shop tomorrow, and then you may ride your bike to school."

Tim thought about what it could be. Probably some gadget you attach to keep your brakes from failing or something.

As his father had promised, he brought home a large box for Tim. He opened the lid and carefully lifted out the object. A helmet! It didn't half look smashing, what with brilliant yellow plastic and a sophisticated shape. This should bring the girls in droves!

Riding to school the next day, Tim looked straight ahead, unaware of the funny looks and snickers aimed at him. Parking his bike at the rack, he proceeded to remove his hat. Surely everyone had seen him by now. Tim hoped the gang had seen it, too. Actually, the gang had seen it, and they didn't like it.

"Hey MacAuley," called Spider, the leader of the gang, the school's toughest group. Tim went across to him, bag slung carelessly over his shoulder, helmet in his hand.

"Follow me." Tim followed. Spider was a guy to be obeyed. They went to a corner of the oval claimed as the gang's. No one dared go near it.

Thoughts raced through Tim's mind.

"Maybe they want to initiate me!" he thought.

Tim dropped his bag but held on to his helmet. Spider ordered everyone else to clear out.

"Me and MacAuley are going to have a little talk," he jeered. Spider faced him,

his protuberant eyes filled with annoyance.

"Look Timmy, your bike's cool, but the hat ain't," he said.

Tim stared at him, unbelievably.

"I said man, ditch the head-gear, or I'll do it for you," Spider repeated, saying every syllable clearly, tauntingly.

"Why?" asked Tim, slowly.

"For Pete's sake, you look like a pansy wearing that thing. Ever seen yourself in a mirror with it on? Bet you haven't.

Tim shook his head glumly.

"Well, don't wear it again. This is your last warning." With that, he walked away, leaving Tim alone. He picked up his bag and threw it over his shoulder. He was in a mess now. What could he do?

As he mounted his speedster that afternoon, an idea struck him. He kicked himself for not thinking of it before. He only needed to wear it where his mother might see him. He tucked his helmet into his bag and set off for home, hoping his brother wouldn't notice. Unfortunately he had.

"Hey, Tim, you forgot something!" called Tony. Tim ignored him and coasted down the hill.

About a block from his house, Tim put on his helmet. Perfect! Once on his street, he saw his mother out the front, watering the garden. His mother looked up as he pulled up in front of the garage.

"Glad to see you're wearing your hat, darling," she said.

"Yeah, Mum." He put his bike away and hung his hat up on a nail. How he hated that thing! All it did was make him look silly and cause rifts at school. Just as well his plan was working so far.

The practice of removing the hat a block from home every morning and replacing it in the afternoon was getting to Tony.

"One day Mum or Dad will see you without it, and then what are you going to do?" Tony was applying the pressure to Tim.

"Maybe," but Tim didn't want to listen to his brother droning on.

"Say Tony, will you swear to secrecy about this?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," Tony shook his head nervously.

"Please, my reputation is at stake," Tim was begging Tony to promise.

"Okay, I promise!" Tony was exasperated.

"Thanks, Tony," breathed Tim. The problem was solved once again.

Still no one knew about the secret Tim and Tony shared, not even Trevor. As we know, all good things come to an end, and the end was near for Tim.

Coasting down the hill after school, Tim let his mind wander. Soon he was going too fast to stop at the intersection.

Suddenly, an oncoming car snapped Tim's mind back to reality. On impulse, he pressed his brakes; too hard. The front wheel stopped abruptly, flinging Tim over the handlebars, head first.

He landed with an echoing thud and rolled dangerously onto the road. Another driver, not paying attention, tried to stop, but to no avail. He tried to swerve, but it was too late. His wheel's clipped Tim's head.

Timothy MacAuley was in a coma for two months. Doctors were amazed that he managed to survive, much less emerge from his sleep. But Tim will never know the difference. His brain has been partially destroyed.

Now, almost a year since the accident, he sits in a wheelchair, totally immobile, staring lifelessly into space. He still has vision, but he cannot see. He can hear, but it means nothing. For Tim has no memory of previous times, he doesn't respond when his name is called. He has lost his identity. Tim's brain doesn't have the capacity to learn, to remember, to love.

Although clinically Tim is alive, in his parents' hearts he remains dead.

by  
Renee  
Massere





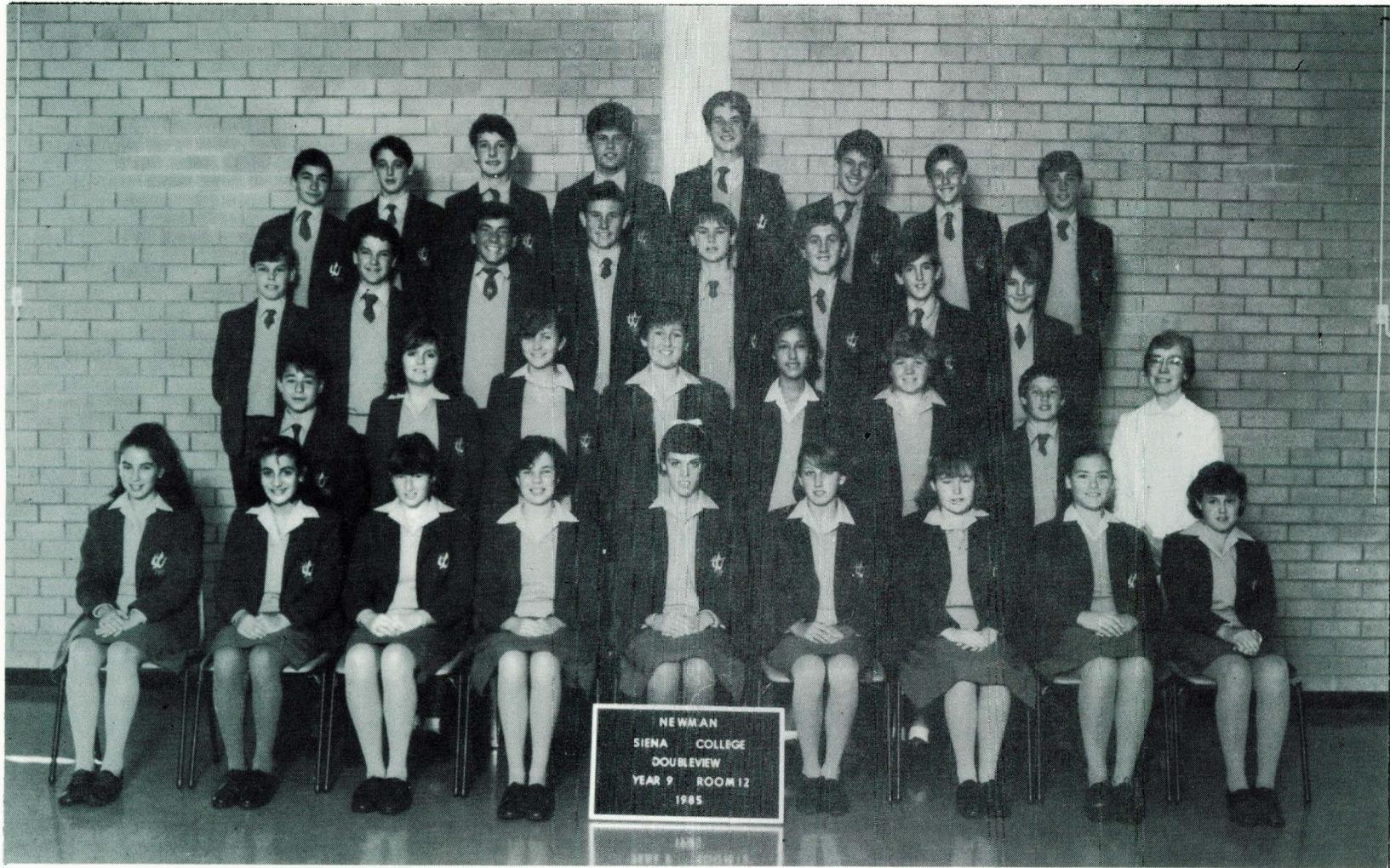
**Year 9 Room 10**

Fourth Row, from left: C. Gallagher, J. Mercer, D. Johns, E. Moala, S. Stafford, A. Gardiner, J. Newall, B. Klyne, W. McMahon.  
 Third Row: S. Merrey, B. Van Lamoen, M. Hempzell, B. Joseph, D. Schwarzbach, A. Piggot, M. Chin, C. Davies.  
 Second Row: M. Costantino, E. Clocherty, M. Joyce, K. Cranley, D. Craig, S. Davies, S. Wong, D. Coutas.  
 Front Row: S. Lally, M. Pallett, S. Smith, S. E. Luscombe, S. Johnson, B. Hamilton, B. O'Sullivan, S. Radici, G. Moscardini  
 Teacher: Br. John, Mrs Macaulay.



#### Year 9 Room 11

Fourth Row, from left: T. O'Rourke, B. Smith, J. Skewes, S. Leighton, C. Senz, P. Monkhouse, J. Leach, J. O'Neil.  
 Third Row: R. Nagajek, M. Martin, R. Stegena, P. Dyer, M. Garvey, D. Watson, P. Waldon, C. McGovern, P. Paratore.  
 Second Row: Mrs Morris, D. Pearle, K. Atkinson, A. Figliomeni, M. Martino, K. Szczepanski, K. Lee, S. MacNaughton, G. Kift, Mrs Cavanagh.  
 Front Row: R. Carpenter, K. Julian, R. Bonney, R. Italiano, S. Bentley, J. Breen, F. Bavcevich, L. Gallen, N. Watts.  
 Teacher: Mrs Morris, Mrs Cavanagh.



**Year 9 Room 12**

Fourth Row, from left: P. Starceвич, A. McAullay, M. Anderton, P. Stewart, L. Garswood, P. McGovern, J. Branchi, I. Bannon.  
 Third Row: S. Rule, B. Robinson, J. Spiro, P. Haddleton, A. Callan, M. Trefry, C. Byrne, S. Tenger.  
 Second Row: D. Aquilia, K. Storen, S. Glamuzina, L. Mottershead, J. Stanion, J. Tredget, W. Hancock.  
 Front Row: R. Zappavigna, C. Manolikos, M. Woods, N. Pow, E. Carr, R. White, M. Severn, M. Truda, E. Newby.  
 Teacher: Sister Perpetua.



**Year 9 Room 13**

Fourth Row, from left: M. Corica, D. Bosenberg, G. Bott, C. Angus, E. Barton, T. Croswell.  
 Third Row: A. Firth, C. Bradshaw, R. Eastwood, M. Secourable, J. Hampton, D. Preston, J. Elliott, B. Marchesani, D. White.  
 Second Row: T. Martin, N. Barnard, A. Daniele, M. Gordon, J. Miotti, P. Smith, N. Asphar, H. Madden, N. Colgan.  
 Front Row: R. Palmer, R. Margaria, P. Siavelis, L. Pike, C. Blakeney, J. MacDonald, J. Boyle, A. Giordano, L. Peachey.  
 Teachers: Miss S. Wilson, Mr M. Diamond.



**Year 9 Room 14**

Fourth Row, from left: A. Jacobs, K. Craft, M. Farinosi, S. Hoyne, J. Gladwell, S. Powell.  
 Third Row: E. Spadek, D. O'Rourke, G. Coughlan, P. Maslen, D. Connolly, J. Gray, J. Brennan, G. Bicknell, P. Bank.  
 Second Row: P. Fisher, G. Davies, A. Letch, D. Maloney, D. Rochford, J. Brodalka, B. Allen, P. Frediani.  
 Front Row: T. Palazzo, R. Lanza, J. O'Connor, T. McCabe, C. King, M. Hoey, S. Curtis, S. Phillips, R. Massese.  
 Teacher: Mr Ford, Mrs Battistessa.



#### Year 9 Room 15

Fourth Row, from left: J. Allan, O. Kaisin, J. Ryan, T. Simms, T. Mills, C. Fong, C. Payne, D. Haynes.  
 Third Row: B. Lynch, N. Trim, S. Daws, A. Rushton, E. Dempsey, R. Smith, K. Miller, M. Landwehr, M. Zammit.  
 Second Row: S. Ross, B. Green, A. Robinson, G. Willison, D. O'Regan, M. Newman, R. Sorrell, M. Gibson.  
 Front Row: R. Poga, R. Narbey, T. Papalia, T. Conroy, L. Ware, M. East, M. Donovan, P. Rosser, P. Louie.  
 Teacher: Br. Joe, Mrs Biagi, Miss Smith.



**Year 9 Room 17**

Fourth Row, from left: S. Tangney, V. Goodard, L. Myers, A. Viskovich, K. Bermingham, E. Zotti, M. Lamond, G. Nicholls.  
 Third Row: T. Van Kampen, A. Appelbee, M. Wild, R. Hayward, G. Wright, P. Atkinson, A. Turfrey, D. Pelusey, S. de Mamiel.  
 Second Row: C. Harrold, T. Woodard, A. Cheney, P. Davidson, M. Fisher, J. Bandy, P. Haber, R. Lee.  
 Front Row: L. Henryon, K. Prus, M. Agnello, N. Norris, S. Caley, B. Schnable, N. Attard, M. Argyropoulos, E. Vivian.  
 Teacher: Mrs Voss, Mrs Foster and Mr Morson — absent.



#### Year 9 Room 16

Fourth Row, from left: P. Ricciardello, M. Sheehan, B. Bucat, T. Creed, D. Cooper, E. Schnell, A. Stevens.  
 Third Row: C. Preedy, C. Carter, D. Airey, C. Cahill, K. Reside, K. Thomson, R. Kaaks, G. Corry.  
 Second Row: C. D'Souza, H. Jabr, A. Collins, S. Miller, G. Wheeler, C. Ford, P. Watts, J. Landwehr.  
 Front Row: A. Moyle, M. Duncan, C. Marzo, A. deStumberg, K. Harrison, P. Di Lanzo, K. Johnston, M. Strack, J. Cummings.  
 Teacher: Mr Knox.



**Year 8 Room 2**

Fourth Row, from left: T. Gleeson, J. Kennedy, S. Crogan, C. Whitten, K. Webster, K. Green, A. Jefferson, S. Wisniewski, C. Portwood.  
 Third Row: M. Capolingua, J. Barbetti, J. Rochford, C. Spencer, B. Smith, D. Lyndon, P. Kavanagh, S. Newman.  
 Second Row: T. Dunn, K. Mansfield, V. Galluccia, G. Edwards, D. Donaldson, B. Caccamo, M. Pforr, F Zappavigna.  
 Front Row: C. McMillen, E. Stroud, A. Rolfe, T. Carlile, T. Stinson, E. Foppli, G. Cole, D. Hangchi, C. Pegrum.  
 Teacher: Mr Fong, Mrs Burette.



#### **Year 8 Room 1**

Fourth Row, from left: M. Harris, R. Johnson, M. Broderick, M. Woolfe, J. Figliomeni, K. Parry, J. McDermid.  
 Third Row: B. Roach, S. Abbott, C. Jones, J. Burton, S. Monkhouse, J. Gray, N. Barbarich.  
 Second Row: P. White, R. Savino, A. Lowe, E. Donatti, L. Crannigan, D. Paton, B. Williams, J. Hardiman.  
 Front Row: L. D'Amelio, A. Hill, R. Smith, L. Ross, A. Kovacs, U. Flynn, N. Webb, C. Tyson, L. Spencer.  
 Teacher: Mrs Hill, Mr Lark.



**Year 8 Room 3**

Fourth Row, from left: M. Fragapane, C. Place, K. Klimaszweska, K. Gava, K. Duffy, K. Waddell, K. Winterbourne, L. Byrne, M. Tan.  
 Third Row: Z. Sarich, J. Rix, M. Quinn, M. Kelly, R. Geoghegan, F. Hamilton, D. McDonald.  
 Second Row: D. Sullivan, C. Parnell, R. Murphy, S. Grech, A. Carpene, D. Clapp, A. Langen, T. Carboni.  
 Front Row: J. McEvoy, F. Rapinese, E. Mercer, D. Cooper, Y. Zarzycki, T. Xanthis, M. Marris, R. Donovan, A. Gelle.  
 Teacher: Br. Domnus, Mrs Fordham.



#### Year 8 Room 5

Fourth Row, from left: V. Kaisin, L. McGuire, L. Murray, K. Fitzgerald, K. Jancee, T. Nissen, D. Gallagher.  
 Third Row: M. Connell, D. Perrett, P. McDonald, T. Venning, B. Martin, A. Vocisano, Q. Leach.  
 Second Row: G. Holmes, C. Cook, S. Sloss, P. Carrington, R. Tassone, J. Cooke, R. Leembruggen, B. Papotto.  
 Front Row: L. Sertorio, E. Mann, L. Pelusey, A. Marzo, R. Gazia, M. Callan, C. Hayward, S. Coltrona, D. Toovey.  
 Teacher: Sr. Cecilia, Mr Hunt.



**Year 8 Room 6**

Fourth Row, from left: S. Lee, A. Arto, J. Myers, L. Dainton, C. Carroll, M. Barry, C. Evangelista, N. Smith.

Third Row: K. Tenger, J. Young, G. Wakelam, A. Nowrojee, C. Benetti, B. Ptolomey, J. Flaherty.

Second Row: T. Standen, S. Scorer, C. Franconi, S. Herd, K. Strahan, C. Power, N. Hirst, G. Corish.

Front Row: K. Hanley, C. Truda, M. McCreddin, E. Ronson, J. Cullinane, M. Nunn, S. Partigliani, L. Gorman, J. Healy. Absent: S. Fitzsimmons.

Teacher: Sr. Antoninus.



#### Year 8 Room 7

Fourth Row, from left: P. Muir, P. McGrath, P. Davidson, J. Saulsman, A. diLollo, P. Gilbert, D. Rushton, J. Carrocci.  
 Third Row: R. Condelli, B. Stevens, M. Kolin, F. Aquino, S. Dec, L. Twomey K. Fitzgibbons.  
 Second Row: A. Smith, G. Kanair, L. Slyth, N. Babich, B. Goldsmith, H. Eddy, P. Kuenen, B. Elliott.  
 Front Row: T. Parker, L. Radici, A. Rispoli, N. Palmer, S. Asphar, L. Kelly, M. Franklin, A. Kennedy, N. Carter.  
 Teacher: Mr Slattery, Mrs Roberts.



**Year 8 Room 8**

Fourth Row, from left: S. Garvey, J. Brewton, D. Gascoigne, A. Pains, L. Dransfield, T. Mullins, B. Trestrail.  
 Third Row: A. Hyman, M. Adlam, J. Campbell, C. Beichert, J. Rose, K. Anthony, A. Radwell, D. Barton.  
 Second Row: J. O'Callaghan, S. Lowndes, C. McFarlane, J. Edwards, D. Figliomeni, D. Davies, D. Kelly, C. Storey.  
 Front Row: L. Ronchi, S. Wynne, T. Duffy, S. Chan, I. Gibbons, L. O'Donnell, E. Stilian, A. Italiano, M. DeLeo.  
 Teacher: Mr Mirco, Sister M. Gemma.



#### Year 8 Room 9

Fourth Row, from left: C. Johnston, P. Torre, A. Sarnes, M. deStumberg, P. McMahon, C. Luxford, G. Reilly.  
 Third Row: C. Reynolds, K. Kinsella, M. Heath, K. Sands, A. Amoroso, G. Schnabel, M. Hanlon.  
 Second Row: F. Sturniolo, T. Boekeman, S. Mills, D. Murphy, D. Toghil, G. Field, I. Fletcher, L. O'Sullivan, T. Farrell.  
 Front Row: E. Esposito, S. Ragan, H. Giagtzis, A. Bevacqua, A. Venetis, C. Bohdan, R. Schifferli, L. Gladwell, V. Corica.  
 Teacher: Mrs Taylor, Mrs Palmer.

# Country & Western

## Year 8 Social

At 7.30pm on the 5th of the 7th 1985, many students began rolling into the crowded and busy hall.

The theme of the night was bush-band.

The hall was decorated with stars and cows that the art students had been busy making.

For many it was the first social and although it took awhile to get off the ground, everyone enjoyed themselves.

I feel the highlight of the night was Mr Foster, the physical education teacher, dressed as a cowboy, complete with hat and black bandana.

The band played country music and encouraged everyone to get up and dance.

Special thanks to all the people who helped in organising the evening, especially those responsible for decorating the hall, which helped create that special atmosphere which made the night such a success. Also worthy of special thanks Br. Joe, Sr. Perpetua, Head Girl, Sue Ellen, and Head Boy Daniel and their deputies Catherine and Eddie; Teachers who gave up their free time to supervise the evening.

*K. Kinsella*



Gee Jennifer you're a great dancer! — Thanks Jay



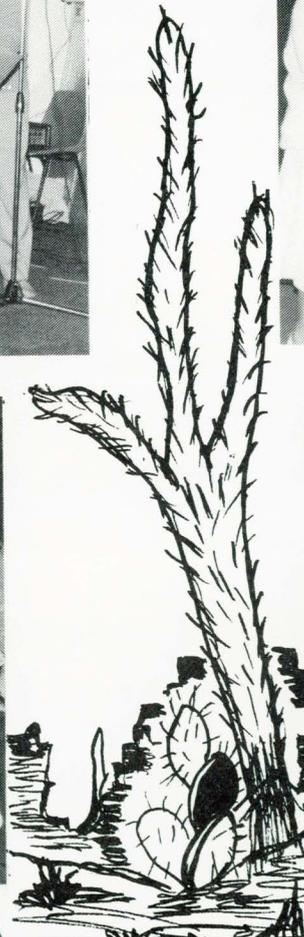
10% Bigger Picnic ... Unbelievable



Cmon you lot ... smile!



No, let me go



Heh, Heh, He's mine



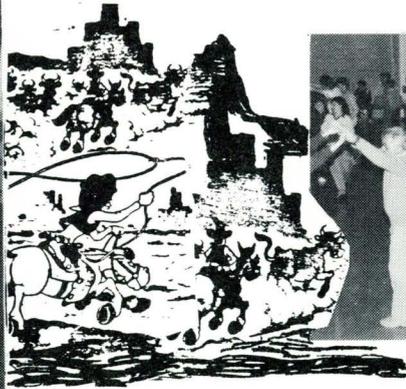
Help it's the monster from the deep



Fancy dressers always get the girls



Now cool it fellas, I've got the next dance with that chick



Oranges and Lemons



the Tartan Twins



Do not disurb. Gossip session in progress

# & Country Western



## Year 9 Social

Howdy Pardners! This is your local Y.B. (Year Book) spokesman here to report on the weird, wild and whacky events that occurred on the night of the Year 9 Country and Western Social.

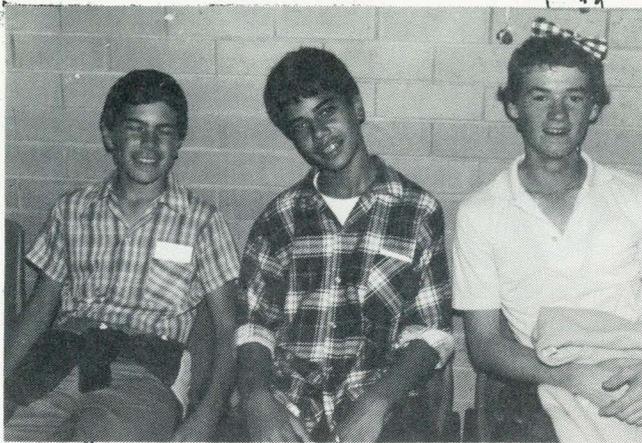
Hot diggitty, I can tell you it was one helluva night!

You thought the Year 9s were ordinary, everyday students, but on the sixteenth of May, they showed their true colours.

That's right folks ... Hillbillies! (in disguise).

Everyone really got into the spirit of the night and kicked up their heels to do the ... barn dance!! (Well nobody's perfect!)

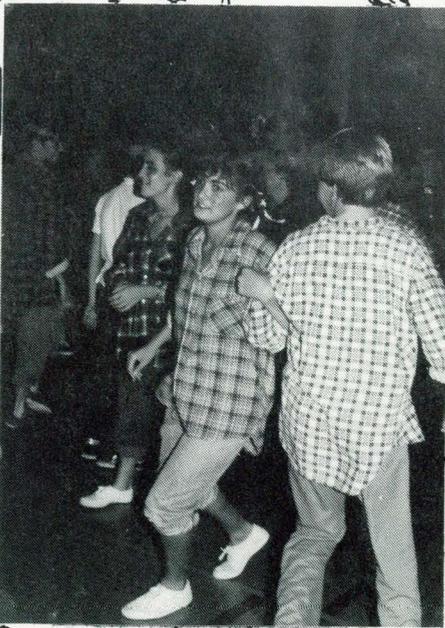
Seriously folks the night was very successful. Everyone enjoyed themselves, even the Teachers!



The Three Stooges



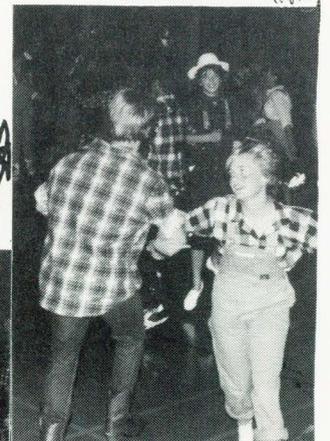
The Lone Ranger



Swing yer pardner to the left



Will you please go home with me tonight?



Mmm ... let me think about it



No



Ole!

Mrs Fordham and Br. John

Steady on girls!

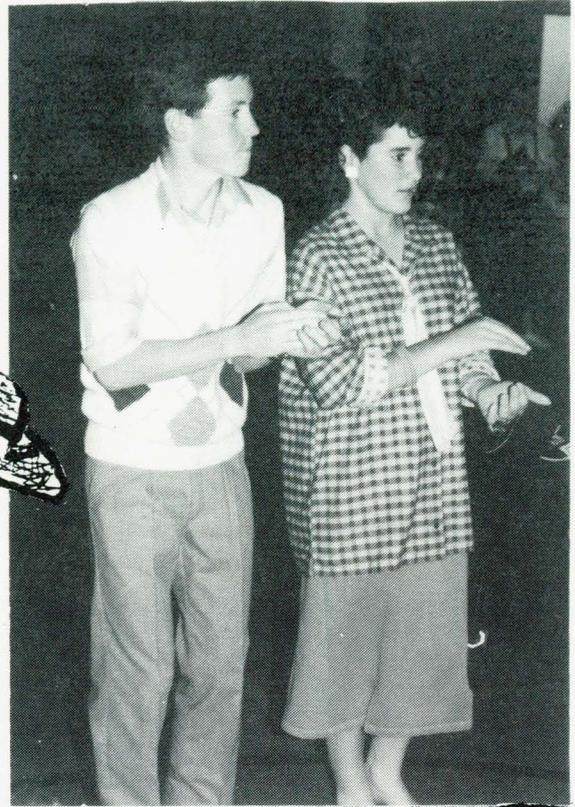
Oh! He's here!



Mr Lark swinging his partner



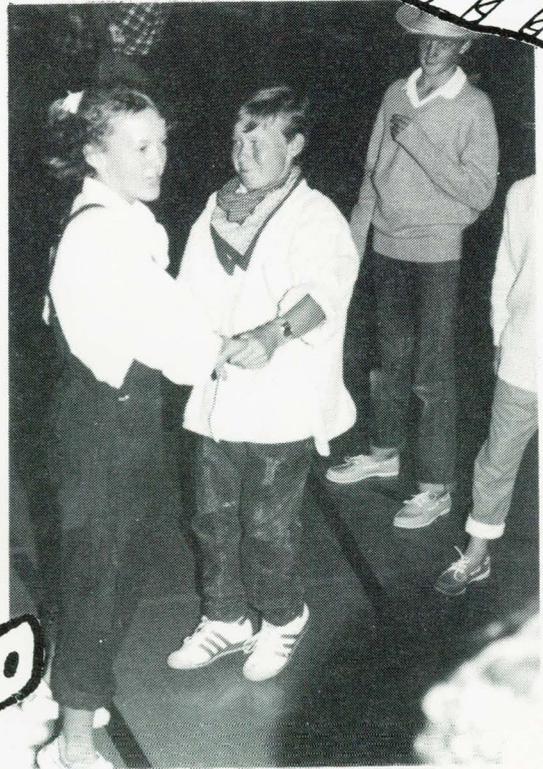
Yee Ha Grandma!



It's about so big.



How big did you say? This big.



Help!

# Mission's Day

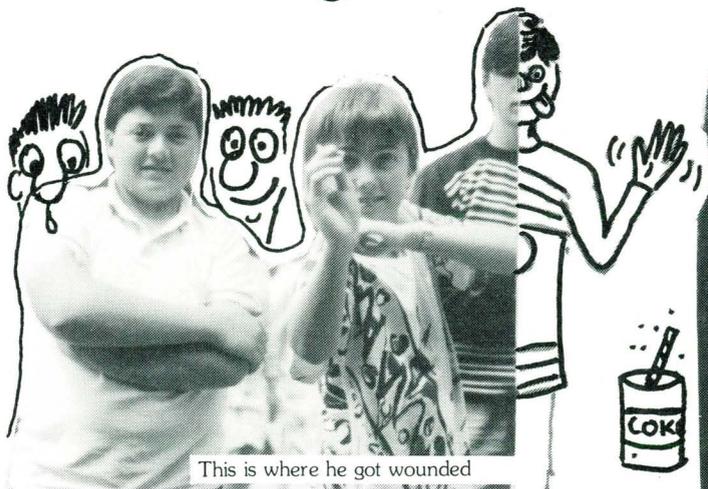
The Mission Day held last week resulted in \$1000 for the Solomon Island Missions. This was a remarkable effort for a very simple event and we know it will be much appreciated by the Sisters and Brothers working there.



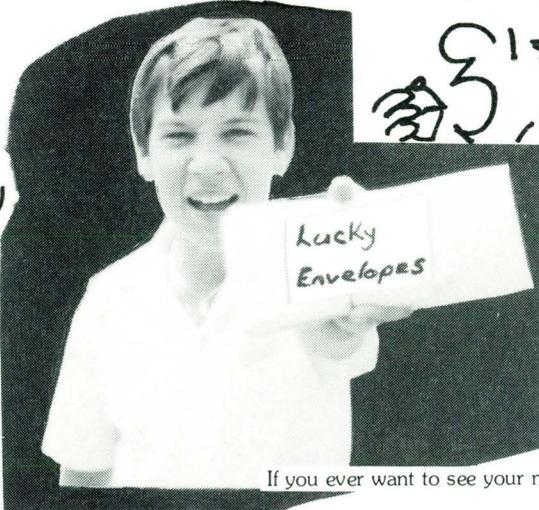
Greg Norman eat your heart out



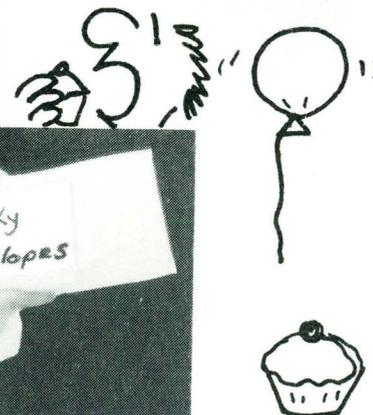
Sister Perpetua eat your heart out



This is where he got wounded



If you ever want to see your mother and father again ...

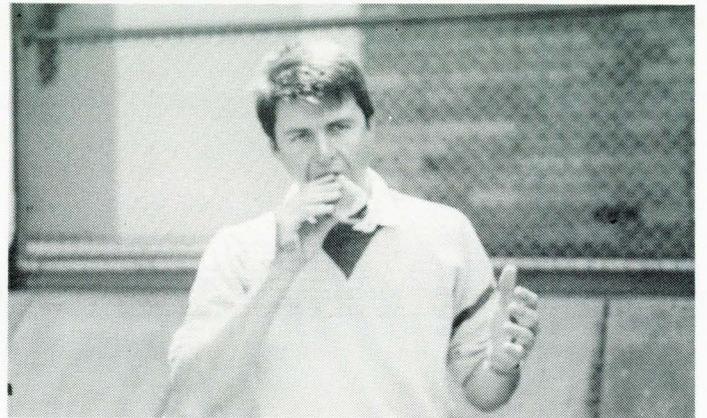




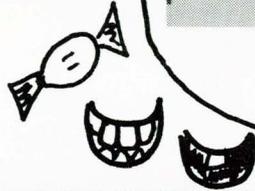
Did I ever tell you the one about ...



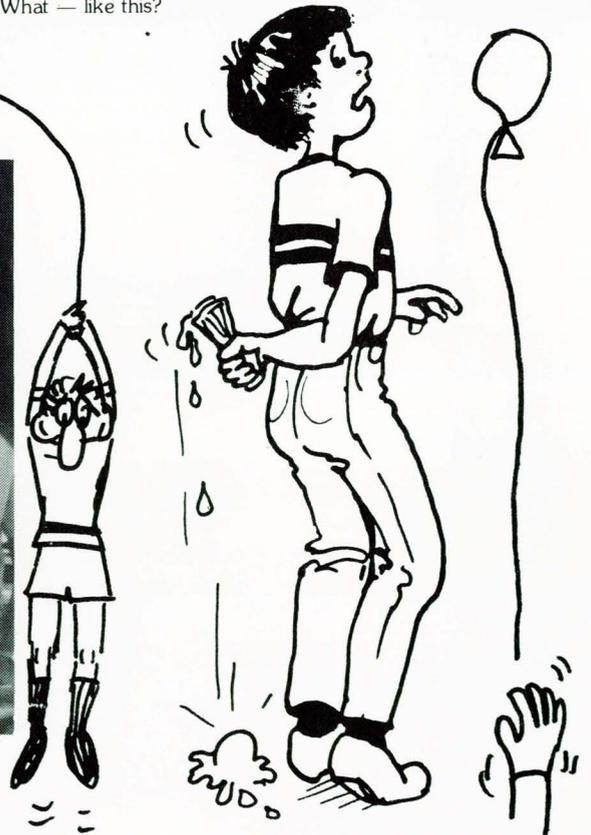
Finally showing a profit, Mrs Roberts!



What — like this?



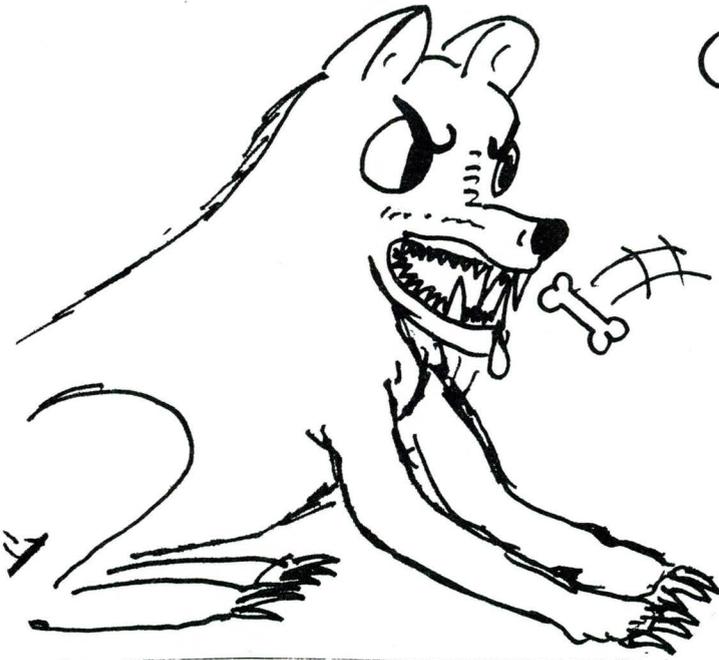
Wow! He was the first customer not to die from my toffees





Ha! We're finally showing a profit with this sucker

NO! PLEASE DON'T  
EAT ME- MERCY! I  
BEG OF YOU, I'M JUST  
A HARMLESS BURGER!



N-n- nice doggy ... n-now c-come on



I know! Why don't we play with a hockey ball included in the game?



Look, I'm sorry, but if we don't get a 10% pay rise, then we're not playing

# Br. Joe's Party

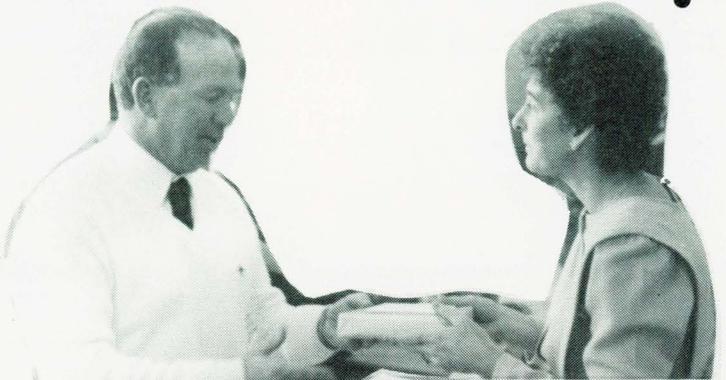
**Br. Joe:** Celebrating 25 years in the Marist Brothers.

Family: 2nd youngest in a family of eight. Strong family ties. It's a great bonus to be stationed back in the West near to family.

Education: Primary: St Joseph's and Marist Brothers' Northam.

Secondary: Marist Brothers' Juniorate at Wangaratta in Victoria.

Appointments: 1963-1964 Bunbury  
1965 Bulleen (Melbourne)  
1966-1967 Sale (Victoria)  
1968-1973 North Fitzroy (Melbourne)  
1974-1978 Camberwell (Melbourne) Principal  
1979 Mitchell Park (Adelaide)  
1980 Churchlands:  
1 year of study at WAIT  
2 years as Principal of the Middle School  
3 years as Deputy at Newman Siena.



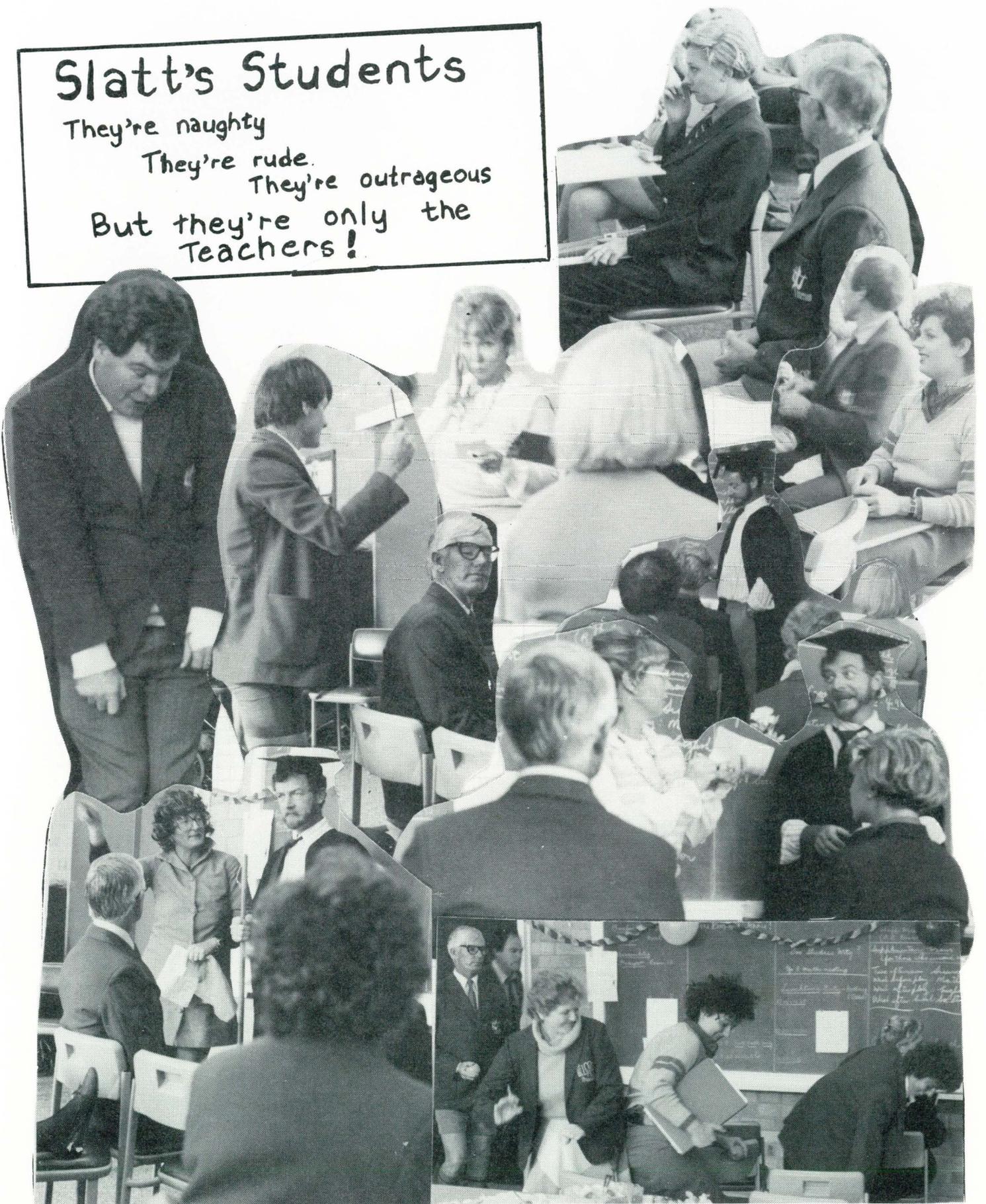
# Slatt's Students

They're naughty

They're rude.

They're outrageous

But they're only the  
Teachers!



# Picnic at King's Park

This event was organised in appreciation of all the marvellous work done by the tuckshop ladies during the year; the many hours they contribute, catering to the appetites of the staff and students in the Newman school community.

Mrs Fayle Agnello and her Committee are to be congratulated on the organisation (even the weather) of this popular social event. Br. Joe capably handled the cooking department.

On arrival at Kings Park, the ladies were greeted with champagne and orange juice, tempted by a selection of appetising hors d'oeuvres, followed by a delicious barbecue of steak and sausages.

The highlight of the luncheon was the variety and colourful presentation of salads. Feeling as though they had eaten elegant sufficiency, temptation struck again: fresh fruit salad and large bowls of cream; coffee and a selection of cakes for afternoon tea.

Many ladies took the opportunity to stroll away that full contented feeling one gets after eating too much.

Some mothers think this picnic is not so much a 'thank you' for previous years work, but an inducement for volunteering next year! Either way, it is a special day and thanks again to the Ladies Auxiliary Committee.



Left to right: Mesdames Ryan, Mann and Duffy.



Left to right: Mesdames Dransfield, Gardiner, Tognini and Severn.



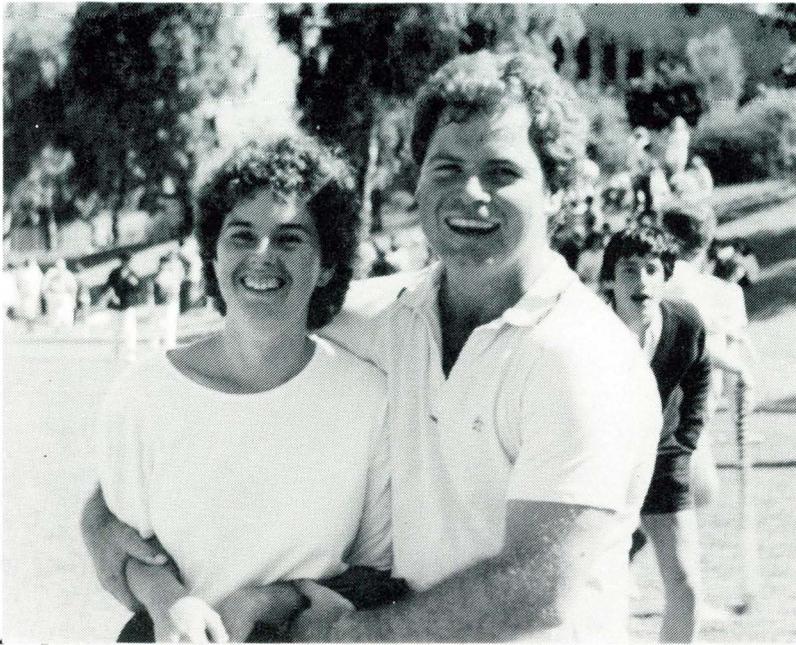
Left to right: Mesdames Fracaro, Slyth, Yujnovich, Cooke and Scales.



Mothers enjoying group discussion led by Eileen Foley.



Left to right: Mesdames Eddy, Nice and Toovey.



# *Farewell*

## **Farewell**

"We will not let her go! We will not give her up!"

The cry rose up from the classrooms of Newman Siena, while they watched regretfully as Mrs Vicki Battistessa turned to say goodbye.

After teaching for three years at Newman Siena College, Mrs Battistessa has given our school up in favour of Lumen Christi College, Gosnells. How could she!?!

Yet we say farewell and thank her for participating so actively in the School's activities and wish her every happiness in the future.

# *Retirement*

## **Retirement**

After 11 years of valued service our Librarian, Nan McMahon, retired for reasons of health and it was with regret we farewelled her.

Nan's initiative, willingness to be involved, interest in students, support of members of Staff was always appreciated.

The Way '79 Programme was initiated by her and will long be remembered for its stimulation and for the success with which it was carried out.

Nan's forte was the efficient, effective organisation of the Library at all times.

We wish her health and happiness in her retirement.





# Special Athletes

## Special Athletes

The hearts of many New Siena Children were touched on the day a very unique sports carnival took place.

An interschool sports for disadvantaged children was staged on the Siena oval. The young children's unknowing air of innocence inspired all the students to participate fully in the spirit of the day. Their smiling faces and enthusiastic approach to the Carnival endeared them to all they met.

Br. John organised this day to give encouragement and support to these special children. The wish was to break down the barriers formed between less fortunate children and ourselves.

The day proved successful in all aspects. The students benefited from the experience, and the children enjoyed themselves immensely.



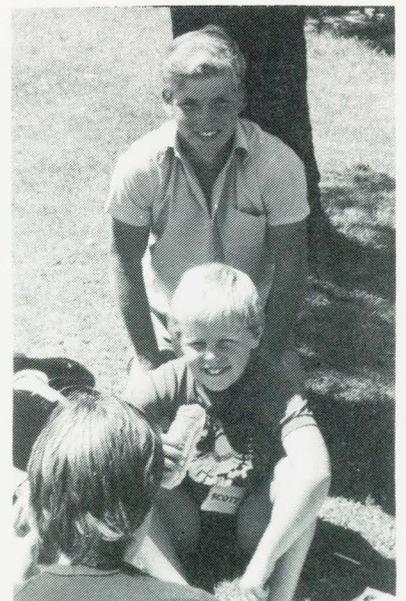
"Hey Man, what do they put in these things?"



... Kidnappers.



OK. Hold it right there ... fine.



I didn't know it was B.Y.O.



Get your hands off the food.



Hi! Ho! Silver, away.



Best Buddies.



"Are you for real".

## Buona Pasqua (Happy Easter)

In April '85, the Year 9 Italian students held an International Easter Food Show. They displayed various Countries' traditional Easter dishes, including Greek, Italian, English, Danish and Russian foods.

There were 23 individual dishes, each made with particular care and pride, owing to the enthusiasm this project aroused.

The food varied from simple (but delicious) sweet biscuits to beautiful cakes and buns.

Certainly one of the most outstanding dishes was a Russian 'Pashka', a dome-like cake decorated with mixed peel and fruit pieces. This was made by Cristiano Bradshaw, from Room 13.

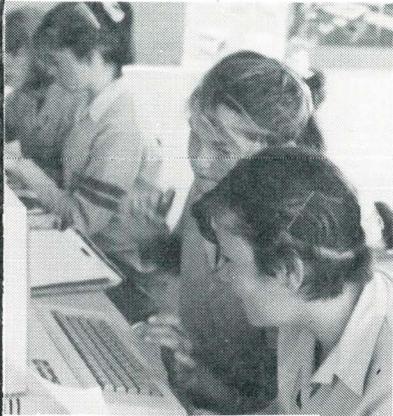
All the Students produced excellent foods, but space has prevented me from mentioning them all.

The event was a great success, partly due to the students' work and the superb organisation by Mrs Biagi, the Year 9 Italian teacher. Well done everyone!

*Rena Massese — Room 14*



# COMPUTERS IN EDUCATION



You're doing it wrong again.



Hey, tell us how to do this question.

Computing at Siena took a significant step forward in 1985, with the introduction of an option course for Year 9 students.

One hundred and sixty students opted to continue their Year 8 studies of computing in Year 9. Their course included a detailed study of computers and their impact on society as well as investigating the many varied applications of computers, such as word processing, spreadsheets, data processing, simulation and leisure.

Students also continued programming in Logo and some excellent results were achieved.

All Year 8 students completed a Computer Awareness Course. The course involved looking at computer systems, data processing, word processing and some programming in Logo.

For many students, this was their first introduction to computing and they found it both exciting and challenging.

This year, a greater number of staff were involved in teaching computing. Mr Mirco assisted by taking a Year 8, while Mr Knox helped out with Year 9s.

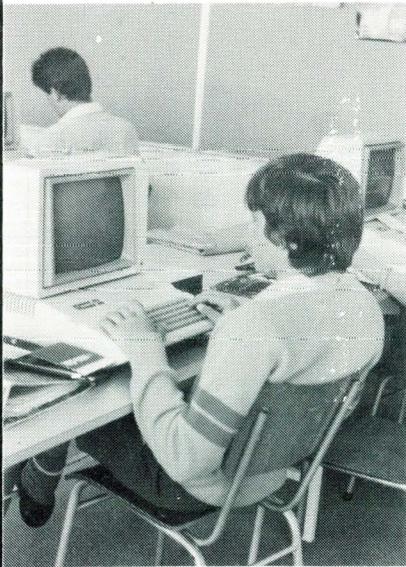
In the third, Mr Lark took his well-earned long service leave and he was relieved by Mr Crothers. The computing room was also used by other staff as they brought their subject classes in to use the computers to assist them in their learning.

Parent courses were offered again and were well attended. These closely followed the Year 8 Computer Awareness Course.

It is great to see the computer room in full use by students but computing at Siena won't stop there. Efforts are underway already to see how computing can be integrated more into other subject areas. This is in line with the Beazley Report, which supports the view that computer education is an 'across-the-curriculum' responsibility in which the school is to be involved.

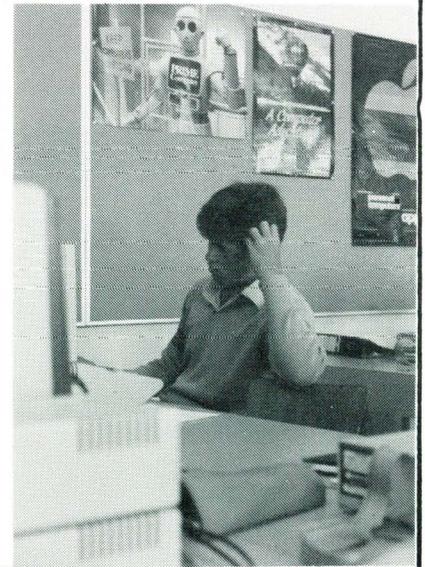
Best wishes are extended to all Year 9 students for next year and a special thank you to those who helped pioneer the course in 1985.

## Computers in Education



Gentlemen, start your engines.

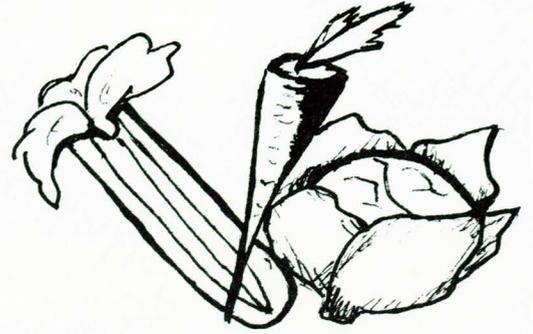
This whole lesson's beyond me.



# FOOD

# AND

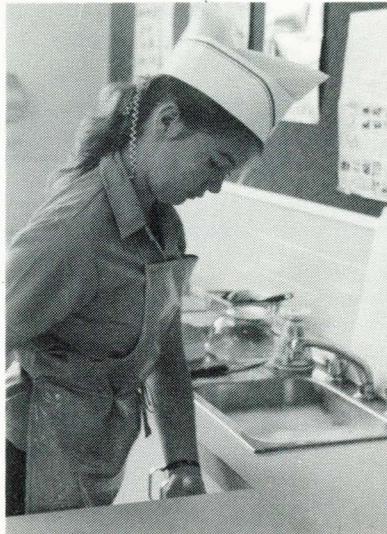
# NUTRITION



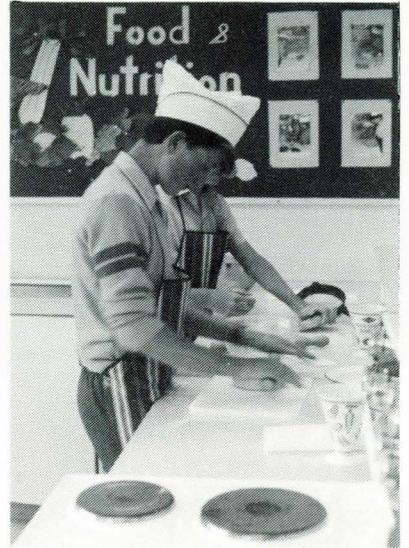
How do you want him — fried or roasted?  
(Heh, heh)



Watch out, or you'll be next!



Palmolive ... Mild on hands, while you do the dishes



I'm not even getting paid for this



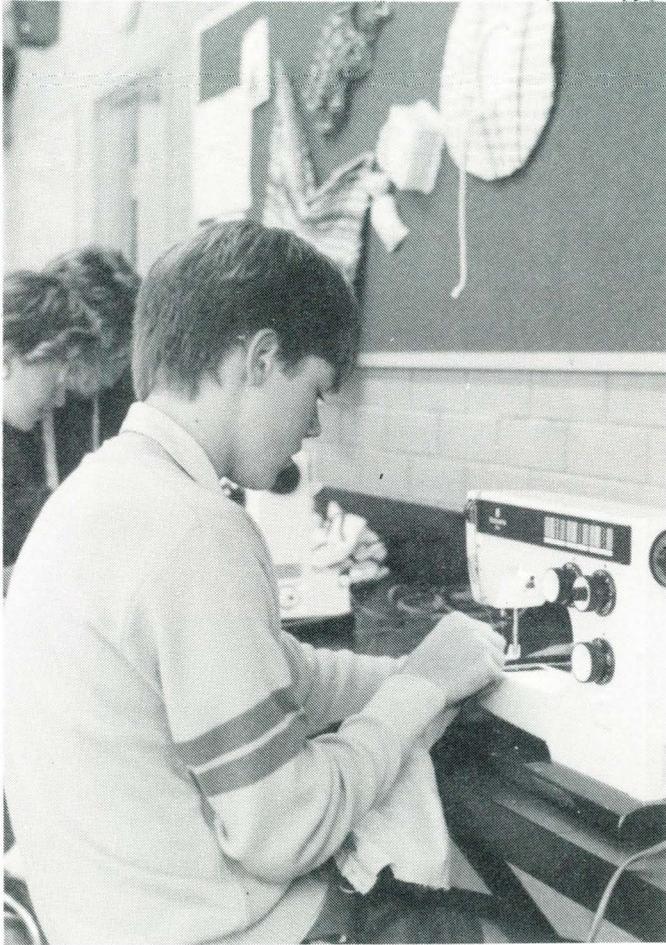
This'll be great



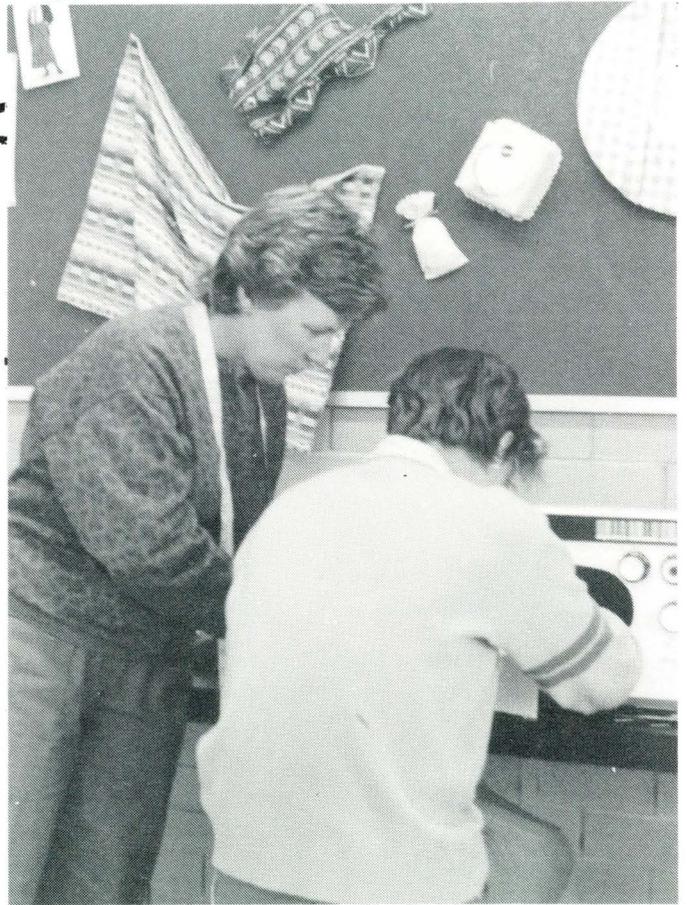
Oh!?!



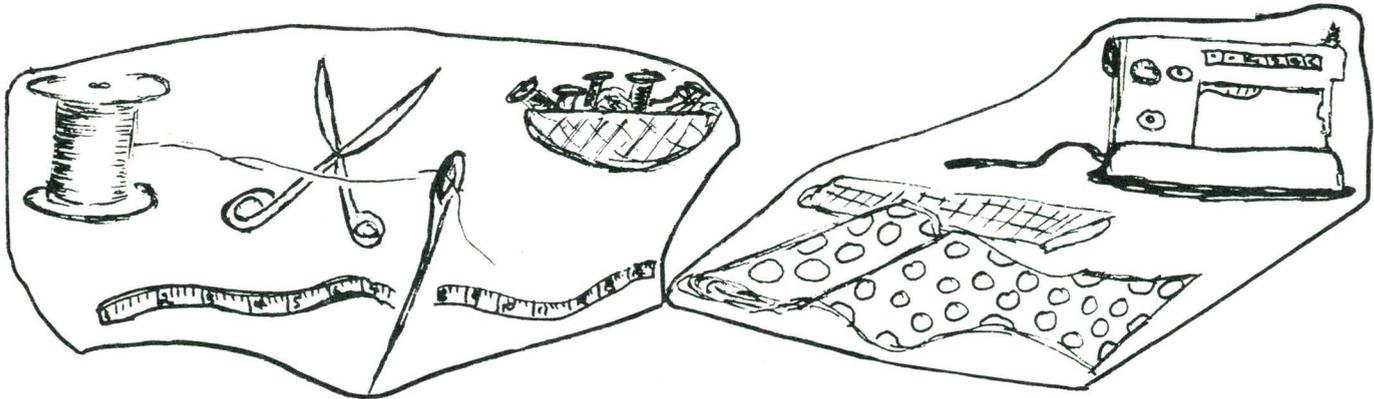
# Clothing and Fabrics

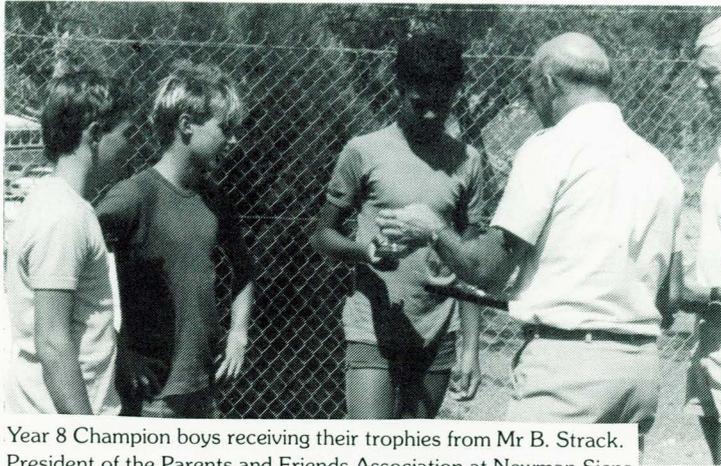


David Haynes carefully bias binding his board shorts



Mrs Dixon supervising Kerri Bermingham's seams

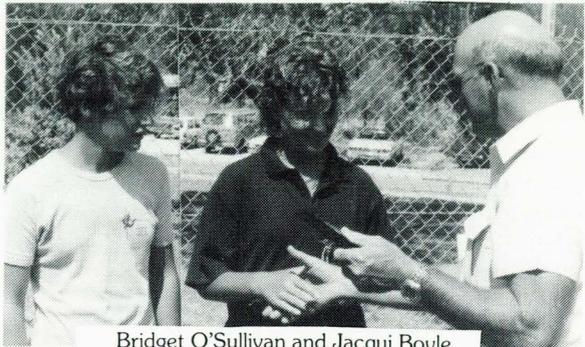




Year 8 Champion boys receiving their trophies from Mr B. Strack. President of the Parents and Friends Association at Newman Siena College.  
Alan Nowrojee, Fraser Hamilton and Danny McDonald.



Smiling competitor — G. Carter.



Bridget O'Sullivan and Jacqui Boyle.

**Results:**

- 1st — BLUE: 1063 points (Rooms 3, 5, 12, 13)
- 2nd — RED: 1004 points (Rooms 1, 2, 10, 11)
- 3rd — GOLD: 961 points (Rooms 8, 9, 16, 17)
- 4th — GREEN: 948 points (Rooms 6, 7, 14, 15)

**Year 8 Championships**

- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Girls: 1st — Kerry Sands | Boys: 1st — Alan Nowrojee |
| 2nd — Katrina Fitzgerald | 2nd — Fraser Hamilton     |
| 3rd — Lisa Kelly         | 3rd — Daniel McDonald     |

**Year 9 Championships**

- |                           |                           |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Girls: 1st — Jacqui Boyle | Boys: 1st — Brendan Green |
| 2nd — Bridget O'Sullivan  | 2nd — Greg Wheeler        |
| 3rd — Kelly Reside        | 3rd — James Ryan          |



Year 9 Champion boys Brendan Green, Greg Wheeler and James Ryan.



Sr. M. Perpetua and Mr Morson discussing events of the day.

## Newman Siena Swimming Carnival

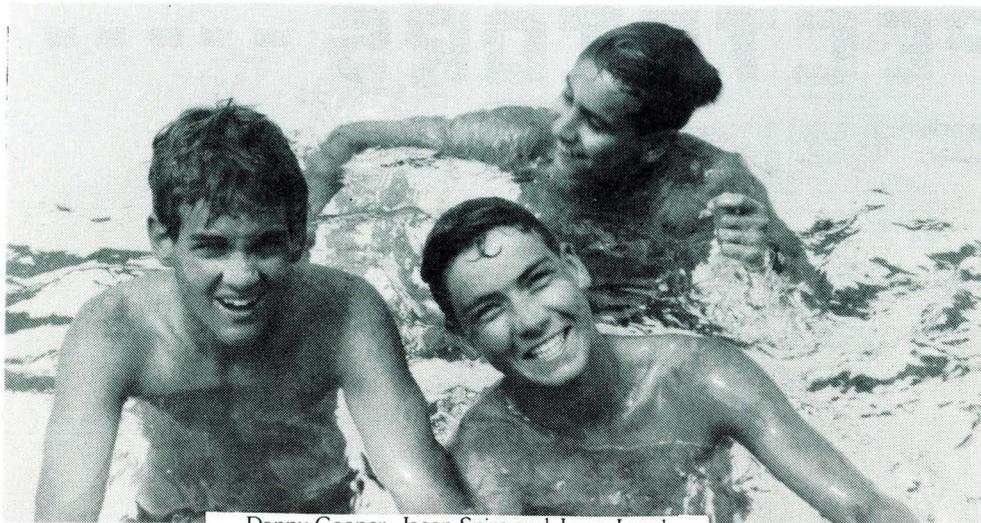
A change in format for the organisation of teams resulted in a very happy, enjoyable and successful carnival.

The teams were composed of four home-room classes (two Year 8 and two Year 9) and had tremendous team spirit and sportsmanship.

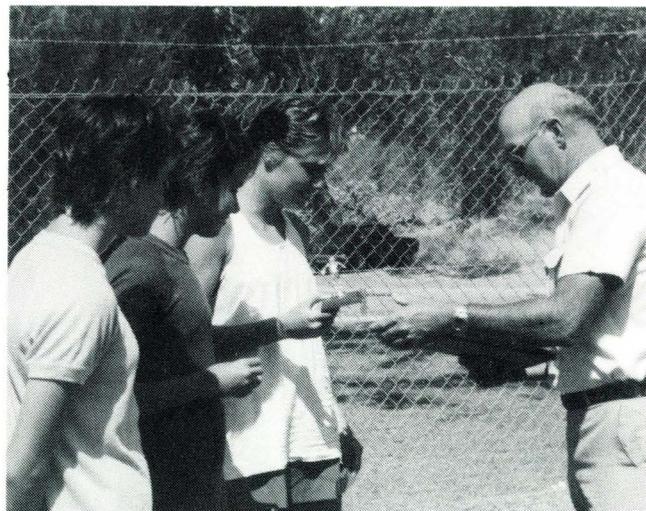
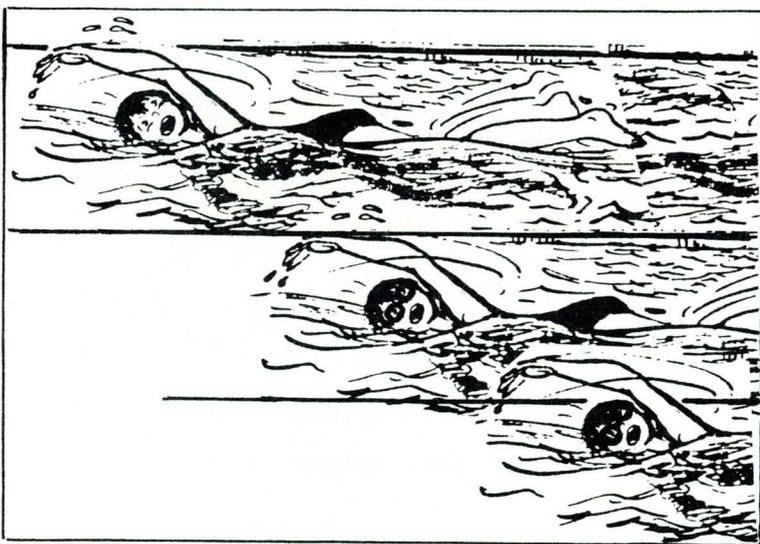
We are very grateful to Mr Morson and Miss Smith for the organisation and smooth running of the carnival, and to the staff who assisted in many ways, to the parents who helped in any way, and to the parents who just came to support us.

Special congratulations go to Blue House (Rooms 3, 5, 12 and 13) and to the Years 8 and 9 champions.

Congratulations also go to all the swimmers who competed with such terrific spirit, effort and enthusiasm.



Danny Cooper, Jason Spiro and Jason Leach.



Year 8 Champion girls receiving their trophies from Mr B. Strack.  
Kerri Sands, Katrina Fitzgerald and Lisa Kelly.



Chris Angus, Jason Spiro, Jacqui Boyle and Bridget O'Sullivan.

# --- SPECTATORS ---



Hey! The pool's over here.



Well, this is our selection for the next race.



Students thoroughly engrossed in getting themselves on camera.



Camerman caught some enthusiasm in the Red Camp.



Oops! You can't keep Brendan out of the action.



A band of Siena headhunters.



**Combined Aggregate**

1st Newman 833  
2nd J.T.C. 781½  
3rd S.T.A. 536

**Under 14 Relay**

**A Division — 3rd place**

Gavin Nowrojee  
James Ryan  
Chris Angus  
Paul Haddleton

**B Division — 3rd place**

Andrew Stevens  
Danny Cooper  
Paul Stewart  
Craig Harrold

**Junior Boys**

1st J.T.C. 159  
2nd Newman 155  
3rd Mazenod 152

**Senior Boys**

1st Newman 271  
2nd J.T.C. 253  
3rd Servite 193

**Aggregate Boys**

1st Newman 436  
2nd J.T.C. 432  
3rd Mazenod 313

**Under 13 Relay**

**A Division — 1st place**

Frazer Hamilton Peter McDonald  
Alan Nowrojee Anthony Paini

**B Division — 1st place**

Derek Knox Simon Abbott  
Christopher Carroll Phillip Muir

**Under 14 Boys**

Gavin Nowrojee — 2nd place in freestyle, breaststroke and backstroke.  
Eddie Moala — 2nd in breaststroke.

**Under 13 Boys**

Alan Nowrojee — 1st in freestyle  
Frazer Hamilton — 1st in freestyle and breaststroke.

**A.C.C. Swimming**

Back Row: A. Piani, C. Carroll, A. Stevens, D. Cooper, G. Wright, P. Haddleton, P. Stewart, C. Angus, J. Ryan, E. Moala.

Third Row: B. Trestrail, J. Boyle, K. Fitzgerald, L. Kelly, K. Sands, K. Reside, K. Webster, E. Dempster, S. Hoyne, L. Pike, M. Franklyn, B. O'Sullivan, A. Nowrojee.

Second Row: P. Muir, D. McDonald, D. Rushton, E. Barton, N. Norris, T. Xanthis, K. Green, G. Reilly, F. Hamilton, S. Abbott, C. Harrold.

Front Row: L. Gallen, C. Hayward, G. Moscardini, M. Broderick, E. Foppoli, S. Wisniewski, E. Stilian.

**INTERSCHOOL SWIMMING CARNIVAL**

Victory at last is ours!

After almost seven years of playing second fiddle to John XXIII, Newman has at last shown the world what it is really made of! They won not only the Junior Girls' and Senior Boys' Section but also the combined aggregate of the whole Interschool Swimming Carnival.

After hours upon hours of strenuous training and hard work on behalf of the squad and P.E. staff, our school has at last come out on top!

You thought we were good last year! Here is a sample of the brilliance that made our school Number 1.

**Under 13 Girls**

Katrina Fitzgerald — 1st place in breaststroke and butterfly (record time).  
2nd place in freestyle and backstroke.

Marisa Broderick — 1st place in breaststroke.

**B Division — first place**

**Under 14 Girls**

Kerry Sands — 1st in breaststroke and back stroke. 2nd in butterfly and freestyle.

Lisa Kelly — 1st place in freestyle. 3rd in backstroke.

Jacqui Boyle — 1st in backstroke.

**Under 13 Relay:**

**A Division — Record Time**

Decima Cooper  
Sharon Wisniewski  
Marisa Broderick  
Katrina Fitzgerald

**Under 14 Relay**

**A Division — 1st place**

Lisa Kelly  
Bridget O'Sullivan  
Jacqui Boyle  
Kerri Sands

Congratulations to all the other members of the squad, who found on the day that luck was not on their side.

Thank you, also, to those who trained hard and well but were not given the opportunity to swim. Your time and effort was greatly appreciated.

Finally, thanks for the enthusiastic support provided by the spectators and cheer squad.

*It was a great day!*

Great team effort! There were also many outstanding results in relays and individual events.

# VALLEY PENTATHLON

## Pentathlon Relay

Did we need a challenge? That was the question teams 601 and 602 asked themselves, feeling fit, ready to be tested over any endurance course. Staff and students of Newman Siena possessed the specialist athletes required to enter this gruelling Pentathlon Relay Event, the reply was "Yes! we do need a challenge." So enter they did.

Sunday, 6th October, 1985, the day we were put to the test. The Inaugural Valley Pentathlon Relay, conducted over courses at different venues; Avon Valley, Walyunga National Park, Great Northern Highway.

Teams as follows:

Equestrian  
Cycling  
Canoeing  
Swimming  
Running

601  
Helga Smith  
James Mercer  
Paul Dyer  
Mr Knox  
Eamon Barton

602  
Miss Smith  
Ian Fletcher  
Tim Mullins  
Brendan Trestrail  
Andrew Collins

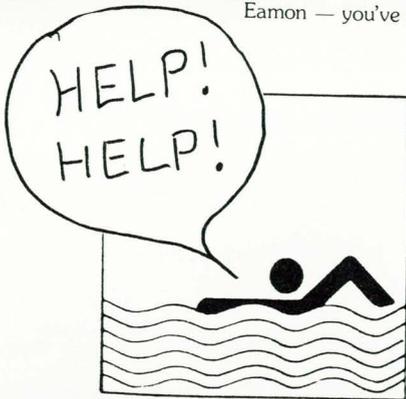
Team 601, disaster struck on the canoeing section, at that stage they were holding third place, finally finishing in eleventh place.

Team 602 finished fourth in the School's competition and are to be congratulated for their performances.

Perhaps next year Newman Siena will achieve the same high standard set by Team 602. We all thoroughly enjoyed the challenge. Good going team!

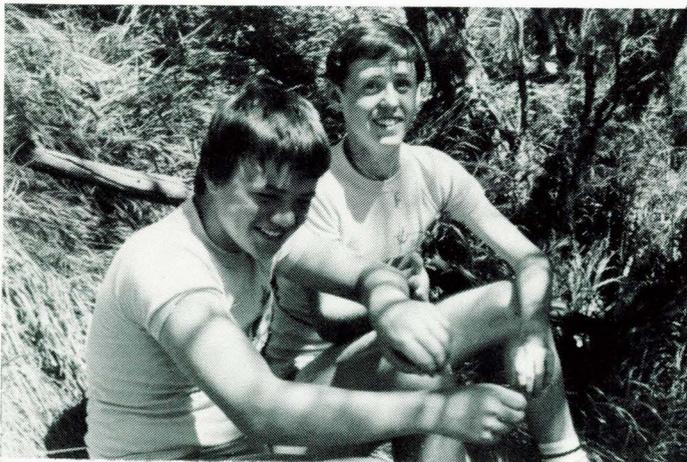


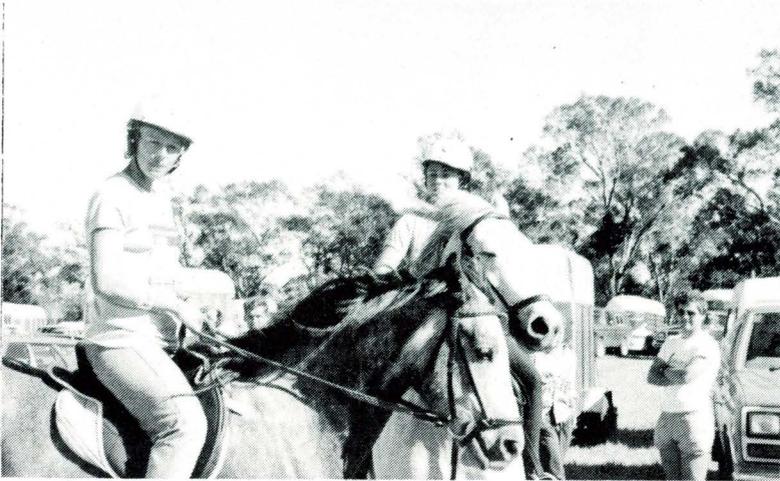
Eamon — you've got dandruff



Well, I thought it was a good joke

Oh, did you have to?!

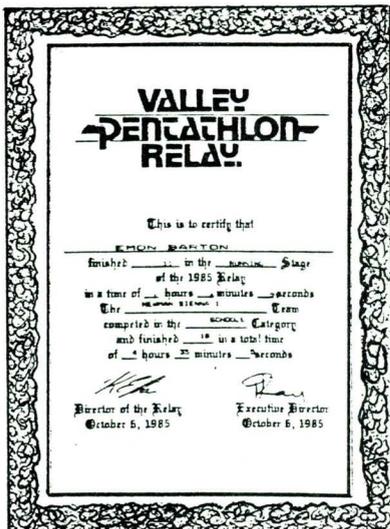




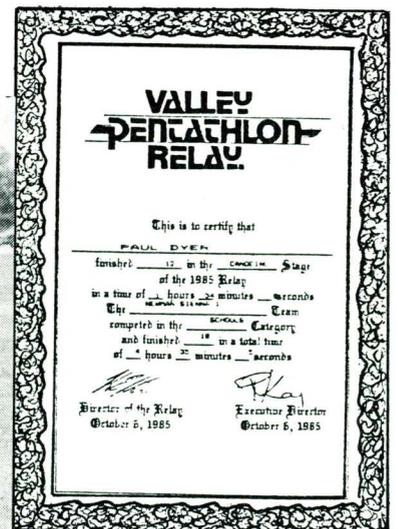
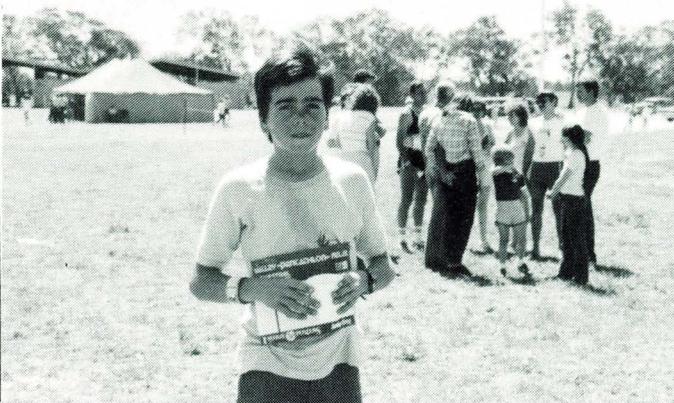
Where's the ignition key?



This is as far as school loyalty goes!



Andrew Collins reporting . Channel Nine News.





Back Row: Mr Mirco, T. Parker, K. Webster, C. Cahill.  
 Front Row: M. Fragapane, K. Prus, R. Bonney, M. Gordon, L. Henryon, S. Phillips, L. Spencer.



## HOCKEY

With experienced members from last year's team on the side, combined with energetic Year 8s, the Year 9 Girls Hockey Team produced great opposition to all opposing sides.

The team spirit was strong and this kept us inspired through our many losses.

With Mr Mirco as Team Tactician and unbiased umpire all produced their best effort.

Thanks to all the many parents and friends who helped along especially Mrs Phillips (Sarah Year 9) who was always there to help and support us.

Of course a round of applause and sincere thanks must go to Mr Mirco for his intelligent coaching and patience through all the bad times "Thursday Training Sessions".

Finally, being Captain of the Team was a privilege and a position that gave me great pride.

*Marsha Gordon*



**Hockey Boys Year 8**

Back Row: P. McDonald, P. Gilbert, A. DiLillo, P. Torre, T. Venning.  
 Front Row: C. Storey, J. Young, P. McGrath, S. Lowndes, D. Rushton, S. Monkhouse, G. Kanjar



**Hockey Boys Year 9**

Back Row: A. Gardiner, J. Ryan, C. Preedy, P. Haddleton, M. Sheehan, A. Stevens, M. Treffy.  
 Front Row: C. Ford, C. Byrne, D. Schwarzbach, J. Mercer, R. Stegna, M. Mansell, T. Martin.



# Football

## Marist Football 13s

Back Row: A. Collins, G. Reilly, A. Piani, A. Carpeno

Middle Row: A. Smith, Z. Sarich, B. Stevens, S. Lee, J. Barbetti, J. Cook

Front Row: T. Carboni, G. Holmes, R. Murphy, Q. Leach, C. Cook, M. Capolingua, P. White.

### 13s Team Report

**Coach: Pat Murphy**  
**Manager: Brian Cook**

Season 1985 for the 13s side can go on record as being most successful. It was a real thrill to see so many players showing marked improvement in their football skills and general maturity.

Early in the season the players had to accept a change in their coach following John Beverly's departure to the country. However, they accepted the change and their support and the support of the parents was most appreciated.

In closing, I must pay particular thanks to the team manager, Brian Cook, boundary umpire, Kevin Collins, team doctor, Joe DiCamillo and all parents for their assistance and support.

For my part, coaching the boys was a real pleasure and I respect them for the real respect they showed to me. They are an outstanding group of young men.

*Pat Murphy*

Floyd Aquino  
Jason Barbetti  
Mark Capolingua  
Andrew Carpini  
Andrew Collins  
Jeremy Cook  
Chris Cooke  
Dom DiCamillo  
Sean Hasson  
Quenton Leach  
Stephen Lee  
Richard Murphy  
Anthony Painsi  
Greg Riley  
Zachary Sarich  
Ashley Smith  
Brendon Stevens  
Peter White  
Byron Williams

A high flyer  
Looking good until he broke his leg  
Fights like a tiger  
Never far from the ball  
Fast mover and straight shooter  
A sure mark and a real worker  
Solid defence  
Steady as a rock, good team man  
Late starter, but terrific addition  
Top player with heaps of potential  
Always in there trying his best  
Skilled player who works for the team  
Strong and reliable player at all times  
New found full back, plenty of potential  
Tough opponent for anyone to beat  
Came into his own, a real competitor  
Always there — always trying  
Grit and determination, great player  
A loyal team man and trier.

50 Games: Andrew Carpeno; Zachary Sarich  
100 Games: Richard Murphy





**Marist Football 14s**  
**Coach: M. Secourable**  
**Manager: G. Harrold**

Back Row: B. Bucat, C. Senz, C. Angus  
 Third Row: D. O'Reagan, M. Secourable, P. McGovern, D. Johns, P. McMahon  
 Second Row: I. Bannon, G. Corry, A. McAullay, J. Branchi, J. Leach, M. Hemsell  
 Front Row: D. White, J. Bandy, J. Elliott, T. Creed, M. Fisher, C. Harrold, P. Watts  
 Absent: G. Nowrojee, J. Gray

**Chris Angus**

Another huge season from Chris. Consistently gets upwards of 30 possessions per game. The perfect link man, and complements this with good honest tough football.

**Joshua Bandy**

An intelligent forward, sidelined for some weeks through injury, but courageously returned to be a part of the side.

**Ivan Bannon**

A courageous, aggressive, determined, skilful and mobile player who always leaves his mark on a game. His grand final performance will long be remembered.

**Justin Branchi**

Would run through a brick wall if told to, displaying the worth of attacking the ball. Came at age in the finals.

**Ben Bucat — Vice Captain**

A footballer with immense heart. The words give-up do not exist to Ben, no matter what his condition. A man I respect and admire for sheer tenacity, courage, honesty and loyalty.

**Grant Corry**

A tremendous giver towards the cause of the team, for which he will do anything. A true team man.

**Tim Creed — Captain**

The Rock of Gibraltar. One of our recruits, who took over the captaincy and led from the front all season. A reliable, dedicated performer, with a football brain to match.

**John Elliott**

A quieter year from a player who always fights to destroy the ball, like a true back-man. Always does his job.

**Martin Fisher**

A player who singlemindedly fights for the team. 1985 saw "fish" reach new heights in personal performance. Well done.

**Jason Gray**

A quiet but efficient player, who especially towards the end — as the pressure went on — proved his worth as a vigorous and thoughtful defender. A 'big game' man.

**Craig Harrold**

Beginning to show an uncanny ability to read the play and make position. Will blossom with time and become a damaging small man.

**Matt Hemsell**

After a slow start, Matt fired and proved what a reliable and courageous defender he is. A fearless player always prepared to commit his body for a team mate.

**David Johns**

A thinking, heady footballer who fired us with a new spirit and enthusiasm. Proved himself a vital focal point up forward and many goals can be expected from his boot in the future.

**Jason Leach**

Showed flashes of clever anticipation — both kicking goals himself and providing opportunities for team mates. With maturity and confidence will become a damaging forward.

**Andrew MacAulay**

A player who showed marked improvement during the year through sheer persistence and application. Another crusader towards the team cause.

**Paul McGovern**

A player with untapped potential who can win a game off his own boot. Is starting to recognise the importance of mental discipline and attitude, and with this, could go a long way.

**Paul McMahon**

One of a group who I consider the backbone of this side. A huge contributor through pure unselfish team spirit.

**Gavin Nowrojee**

A strong, tenacious and skilful footballer who provided us with added mobility midfield. Always prepared to work long and hard to do everything right and with polish.

**Danny O'Regan**

A most intelligent footballer, always thinking that one step ahead. Consistently creates opportunities for team mates further afield.

**Martin Secourable**

Slotted into centre-half-back and as the year progressed, became increasingly solid and reliable. A player with a promising future who will torment many opponents.

**Cameron Senz**

the gentle giant who performed a mammoth task in the ruck. His willingness to constantly feed the ball out to running players highlighted his teammanship and football maturity.

**Paul Watts**

A clever and skilful rover whose knowledge how to read, gather and effectively dispose of the ball proved to be a huge asset for us midfield.

**David White**

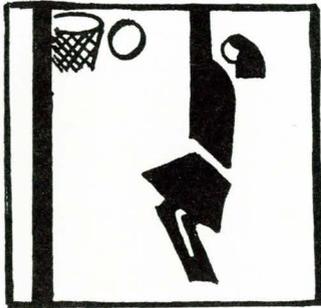
A typical White! — gutsy, determined, always in the thick of things. Ventures where angels fear to tread!

50 games: Gavin Nowrojee

100 games: Chris Angus, Jason Gray, Danny O'Regan



**Netball Year 9 — A**  
 Back Row: K. Cranley, J. Miot, S. Luscombe.  
 Front Row: S. Lally, C. Carter, L. Pike, K. Lee, M. Duncan.



## NETBALL

### Netball Report '85

The depth of talent in netball in Siena is outstanding and this was reflected in the excellent results achieved this year.

Enthusiastic participation was again a feature of Netball at Siena with over one hundred and thirty girls taking part in the Saturday morning A.C.C. Competition.

Many thanks to all the coaches who put in so much time and effort into coaching the girls.

#### Results:

Year 8  
 A1 — 1st  
 A2 — 6th  
 B — 3rd  
 C1 — 1st  
 C2 — 4th  
 D4 — 2nd  
 E1 — 3rd  
 E2 — 1st

Year 9  
 A — 4th  
 B — 1st  
 C — 3rd  
 D1 — 1st  
 D2 — 3rd

Good luck to all teams for next season.  
 Miss K. Smith — Phys. Ed. Teacher



**Netball Year 9 B**

Back Row: S. Johnson, L. Myers.  
 Front Row: R. Margaria, F. Bavcevic, C. King, G. Moscardini, R. Carpenter.



**Netball Year 9 C**

Back Row: E. Cloherty, J. O'Connor.  
 Front Row: R. Palmer, N. Asphar, M. Agnello, M. Strack, P. Louie.



**Netball Year 9 D1**

Back Row: G. MacDonald, K. Szczepanski.

Front Row: L. Peachey, B. Schnable, S. Radici, T. Rosser, E. Newby.



**Netball Year 9 D2**

Back Row: J. Cummings, M. Hoey, M. Pallett, J. Breen.

Front Row: R. Narbey, S. MacNaughton, K. Atkinson, N. Norris, N. Attard.



**Netball Year 8 A1**

Back Row: M. Franklyn, L. Kelly, C. Waddell, K. Fitzgerald.  
 Front Row: R. Smith, M. Broderick, S. Wisniewski, K. Winterbourne, J. Healy.



**Netball Year 8 A2**

Back Row: K. Strahan, K. Duffy, K. Klimaszewska.  
 Front Row: S. Asphar, N. Palmer, K. Green, R. Gazia, C. Portwood.



**Netball Year 8 B**

Back Row: K. Parry, L. Murray, T. Stinson.

Front Row: K. Tyson, S. Coltrona, E. Stilian, L. Cramnigan, R. Johnson.



**Netball Year 8 C1**

Back Row: M. Adlam, J. Rose, K. Boden.

Front Row: E. Mann, C. Hayward, J. Kennedy, S. Partigliani, L. Gladwell.

Absent: H. Eddy.



**Netball Year 8 C2**

Back Row: F. Rapinese, A. Jefferson, M. Woolfe, T. Nissen.  
 Front Row: L. Byrne, L. Slyth, A. Rolfe, L. Ronchi, L. Pelusey.



**Netball Year 8D**

Back Row: L. Radici, Y. Zarzycki, K. Gava, J. Campbell.  
 Front Row: L. Gorman, J. Cullinane, M. McCreddin, T. Carlisle, M. DiLeo.



**Netball Year 8 E1**

Back Row: E. Mercer, C. Place, A. Rispoli, K. Whitten, E. Ronson.  
 Front Row: A. Italiano, E. Stroud, D. Gallagher, D. Toovey, A. Gelle.



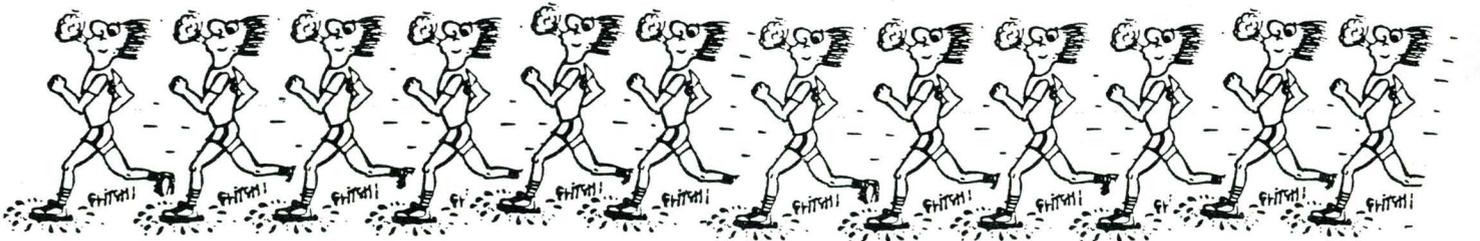
**Netball Year 8 E2**

Back Row: M. Harris, K. Kinsella, C. Schnabel.  
 Front Row: V. Corica, R. Schifferli, J. McEvoy, J. McDermid, S. Herd.

# A.C.C. Cross Country



Mr Sprylan and Mr Foster discussing race tactics with the students

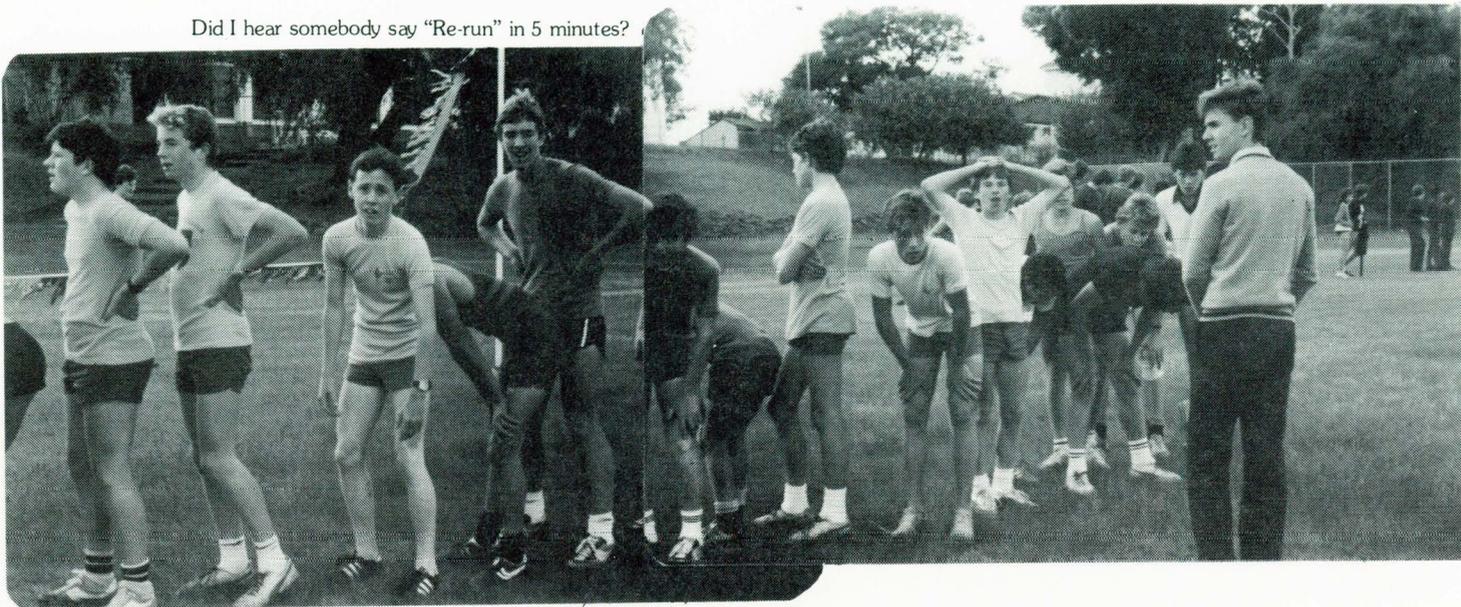


"Come on Lia, we can do it for New Siena"



"Get those toes behind that line!"

Did I hear somebody say "Re-run" in 5 minutes?



Are you all right! Or do you want a "hand"?



Let's start training for next year's cross country



We are the girls from Newman Siena



**A.C.C. Cross Country**

Back Row: E. Barton, J. Allen, L. Dainton, C. Senz, A. Stevens, L. Dransfield.  
 Third Row: D. O'Rourke, G. Schnabel, K. Lee, K. Webster, L. Pike, K. Klimaszewska, P. Fisher, N. Colgan.  
 Second Row: P. White, B. Williams, D. Clapp, P. Davidson, A. Vocisano, G. Reilly, M. Cornell, T. Boekman.  
 Front Row: A. Radwell, S. Ragan, V. Kaisin, R. Carpenter, M. Duncan, T. Duffy, C. McMillen.



**CROSS COUNTRY**





# BLUE ATHLETICS

# 85



## Newman Athletics

Roll up! Roll up! For the Greatest Show on Earth... The Newman Siena Athletics Carnival!

Yes, and a great day it was, to be sure!

People gathered from near and far to see and participate in this exciting day.

The day was very enjoyable, thanks to all the time spent by the staff before the carnival, and the effort given by the students on the day.

Congratulations are in order for everyone who joined the activities, but special praise must be given to the Champions:

Year 8 Girls:	1. K. Klimaszewska.....	70
	2. K. Winterbourne.....	64
	3. M. Nunn.....	59
Year 8 Boys:	1. A. Nowrojee.....	64
	2. L. Dransfiels.....	62
	3. L. Dainton.....	58
Year 9 Girls:	1. L. Pike.....	80
	2. L. Myers.....	41
	3. L. Peachey.....	41
	4. M. Farinosi.....	37
Year 9 Boys:	1. C. Senz.....	64
	T. Simms.....	64
	2. T. Mills.....	54

The team results were:

1st Blue.....	1234
2nd Green.....	1233
3rd Gold.....	1135
4th Red.....	984

Our gratitude goes to all, not just the winners, for joining wholeheartedly into the carnival. We are grateful for the many hours of extra time given by the physical education staff in preparation for this sporting carnival.





**ATHLETICS DAY CAPTIONS**

- 1 Go Gold.
- 2 Straight Banana Company.
- 3 And it's goodnight from him.
- 4 Confering about final results.
- 5 Go Green.
- 6 Go Red.

1



-2



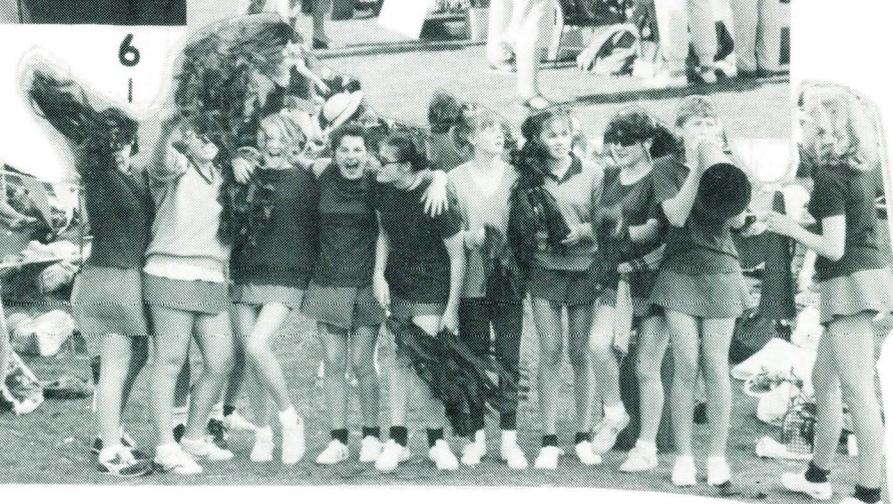
3-



-4



5



6

# Volleyball...



## Volleyball Year 9

Back Row: K. Reside, K. Bermingham, M. Farinosi  
Front Row: C. King, V. Goddard, S. Hoyne, S. Daws, P. DiLanzo

## CHESS

It is pleasing to see so many students interested in Chess.

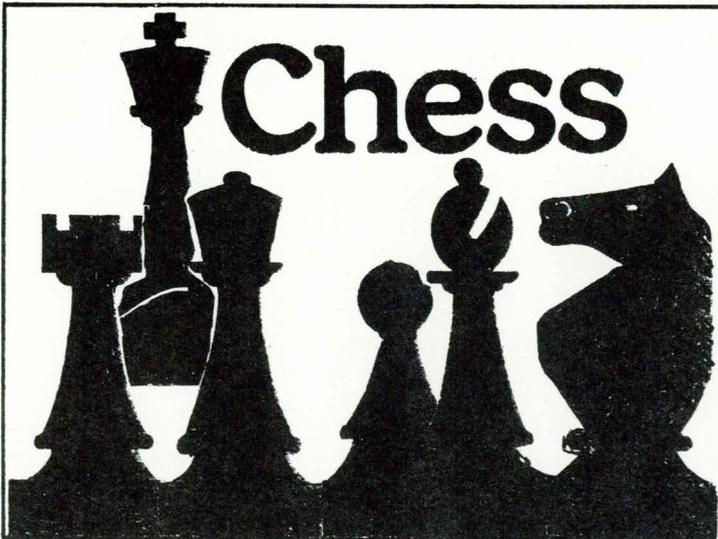
To accommodate and foster this interest a competition was conducted in Term II. Chess games were keenly contested in the Library at lunchtime, a few games lasted more than a day, some not so long. Fittingly the final of the Year 9 division between Phillip Davidson and Ben Joseph lasted three days. Ben was the victor by a narrow margin.

Tenacious Danny McDonald wore down his opposition although he encountered some opposition from David Figliomeni and Colin Spencer, to be Year 8 division winner.

Finally we pitted Ben against Danny to establish who was Siena's King of the Chess Board. After a keenly fought game Ben defeated Danny. Finalists will receive a book award at the end of the year.

Thank you to all who contested the competition.

Next year we hope to install a Chess Bumper Board to encourage and maintain present interest in Chess.



Ben Joseph and Danny McDonald fighting it out at the Chess Board.

## Tennis Report

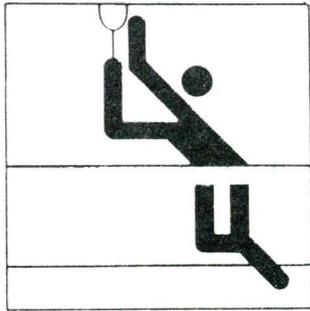
Siena fielded three tennis teams this year; two Year 9 teams and one Year 8 team.

Like most of the A.C.C. sporting competitions, the tennis was held on Saturday mornings at various venues around the metropolitan area during 1st term. Many thanks to the parents who helped out with the transport of the girls and for supporting the girls during their matches.

The overall results were very impressive with the Year 8 team finishing second. Congratulations to Kristie Waddell, Lynda Byrne, Libby Crannigan and Kali Strahan.

The Year 9B team, consisting of Cathy Manolikas, Renee Margaria, Anne Rushton and Shannon Lally, finished third and the Year 9A team did extremely well to win their pennant for the second year in a row. Well done Sharon Johnson, Eliza Zotti, Jane Tredget and Rebecca White.

Best of luck to next year's teams.



## TENNIS



### Tennis Year 9

Back Row: S. Lally, E. Zotti, S. Johnson.  
 Front Row: R. Margaria, R. White, J. Tredget, C. Manolikas.  
 Absent: A. Rushton.



### Tennis Year 8

Left to Right: L. Byrne, K. Waddell, K. Strahan, L. Crannigan.

# Essential Staff



Mrs Margaret Armitage, Bursar at Newman Siena College. Well! Well! Europe or Bali?



## Essential Staff

How would we have survived without them? I'm sure everyone knows what is meant by this question. They spend hours rushing after forgetful students, caring for stragglers who arrive at school after the starting bell and looking after the sick students.

Yet, we always demanded our weekly newsletter every Wednesday. I am positive all students and teachers alike join us, as we offer our heartfelt gratitude to all members of the Office Staff.

Thank you Mrs Brown, Mrs Evans and Sister Maria!



Mr F. Godden 'Jack of all trades'. Well! What job is next on the list?



Lillian Clarke, Canteen Manageress at Newman Siena College Here in my hand is the 1986 Menu and Price List

# Philip Hits the Headlines

Hi! My name is Philip Paratore, my interests lie mainly in music and art.

I collect anything to do with music, albums, posters, key-rings, badges calendars, magazines and almost anything.

I am also very interested in collecting pop-memorabilia (paraphernalia). I have a very large collection of autographs of music artists such as: INXS, Models, Eurogliders and Michael Jackson. I have had photos taken with some of the artists as well.

Once I leave school I'm pretty sure I would like to study Producing, directing of films, music, videos and television, plus I'm very interested in graphic design, I've already done a lot of designs.

I've even had a lot of interest in my work from such media, music personalities as the "Models" (Wow).  
Bye for now.

Philip Paratore

## Philip makes prime Madonna appeal

PERTH music fanatic, Philip Paratore, is tired of missing out on seeing his favourite international performers as Perth is left off tour after tour.

Philip, 14, says he wants the same chance to see the stars perform as the rest of Australia.

The prospect of Madonna leaving Perth off her Australian tour schedule was the final straw.

"It's not just Madonna. Perth has already missed out on Tears For Fears and the Style Council," Philip said.

The young connoisseur of music

considers Madonna a talented entertainer and is disappointed Perth continually misses out on international artists.

"Final dates for Madonna's tour haven't been set, but there is a good chance her end-of-year tour won't include Perth," he said.

Philip has organised a petition to encourage international artists, especially Madonna, to add Perth to their tours.

The petition, which already has close to 1000 signatures, is a final plea to WEA records.

"The only problem Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide fans have is getting wet queuing for tickets," said Philip.

"The people of Perth would kill to get drenched in the rain as long as the act they wanted to see came to town."  
Petitions have been left at Sound One record shop in Wesley Arcade and Karrinyup.

Article Published in  
Sunday Independent June 30,  
1985

Philip with Michael Hutchins, lead singer with INXS.



# CAMP YANCHEP.

## YANCHEP CAMPS — YEAR 9

Once again the months of October and November were the scene of Newmanites invading Club Capricorn, Yanchep, for their weekend camps.

It was a learning experience, especially when we found out what the camp theme of 'roughing it' meant — Friday night's meal of greasy fish and chips.

Pitching of the tents was done with the minimum of fuss except for one 'possible tragedy' which was quickly overcome by the good sense of Br. Joe and Mr Foster.

After our learning experience at dinner, we went for a beach walk in conditions that could only be described as dismal.

After numerous attempted attacks on Miss Prunster by certain individuals we set back to the campsite, where some of us went to sleep; the rest of us sat around the campfire.

As soon as it was light, many raced up 'Mt Everest' for tobogganing races, while others got breakfast ready, after which we were all mustered for our trip to Yanchep National Park. There, we all participated in a 14 km endurance hike. After tramping over rocks, through dense bush, sand, bitumen and boggy patches, we realised we had made a serious mistake in starting on the hike.

When we returned to the side of the lake, many of us pigged out on hot dogs, then we created 'World War III on the High Seas!' After a word from the ranger, we headed back to camp to make use of the many facilities made available to us, such as tennis courts and swimming pool, not to mention the local delicatessen.

Many friendships were made and bonded together on camp by the feeling of friendliness in the air. We began to realise the teachers were human, and reachable, too.

On Sunday morning, all were up bright and early for the big clean-up, after which we visited Two Rocks — as some of the pictures show.

Mass was celebrated in the Yanchep Primary School library; everyone meaningfully participated.

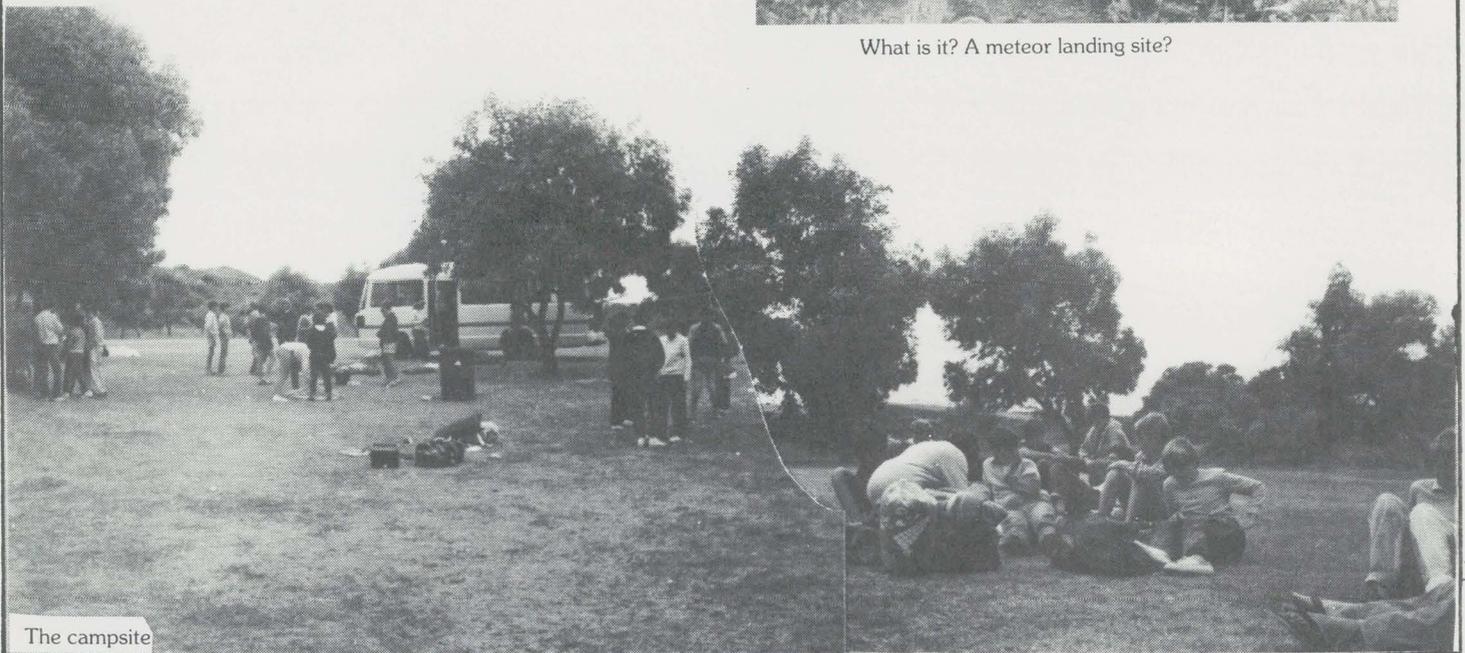
A round of applause and sincere thanks must go to all the helpers, especially Margaret Rushton and Marissa McEvoy, who were always there to help, and aid in mealtime preparation.



The 'L' Club.



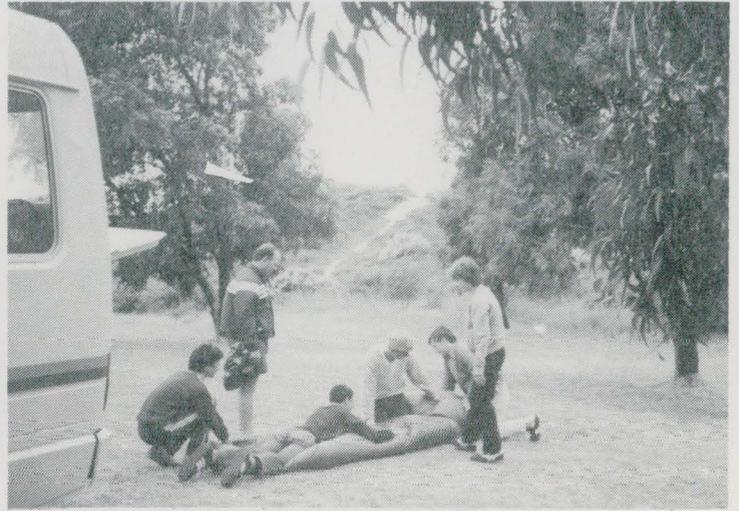
What is it? A meteor landing site?



The campsite



These tourists!!



Hey, I'm down here!



Look at Karen! I'm getting out of here!



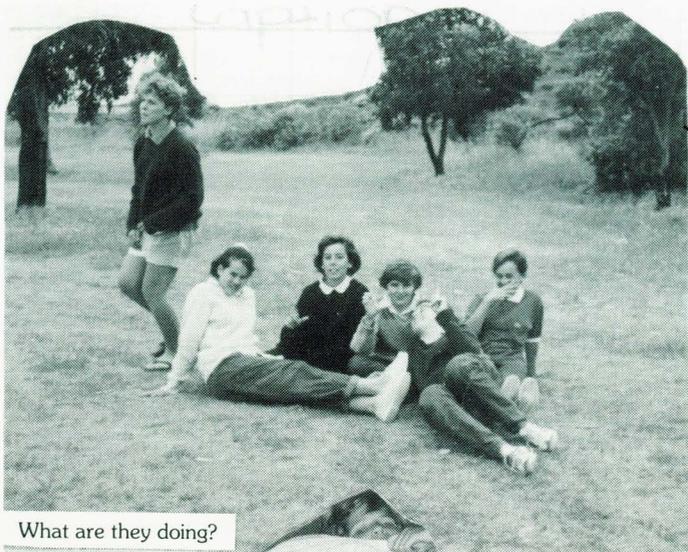
Well! What do you expect! Smiling faces?



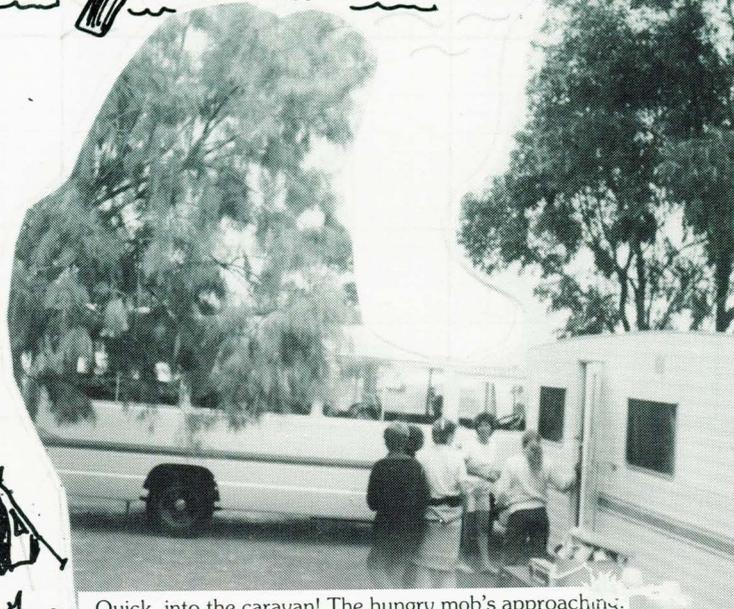
On the bus.



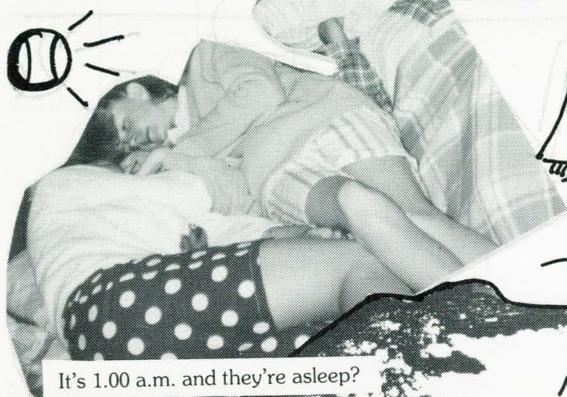
I get the feeling I'm being ignored!



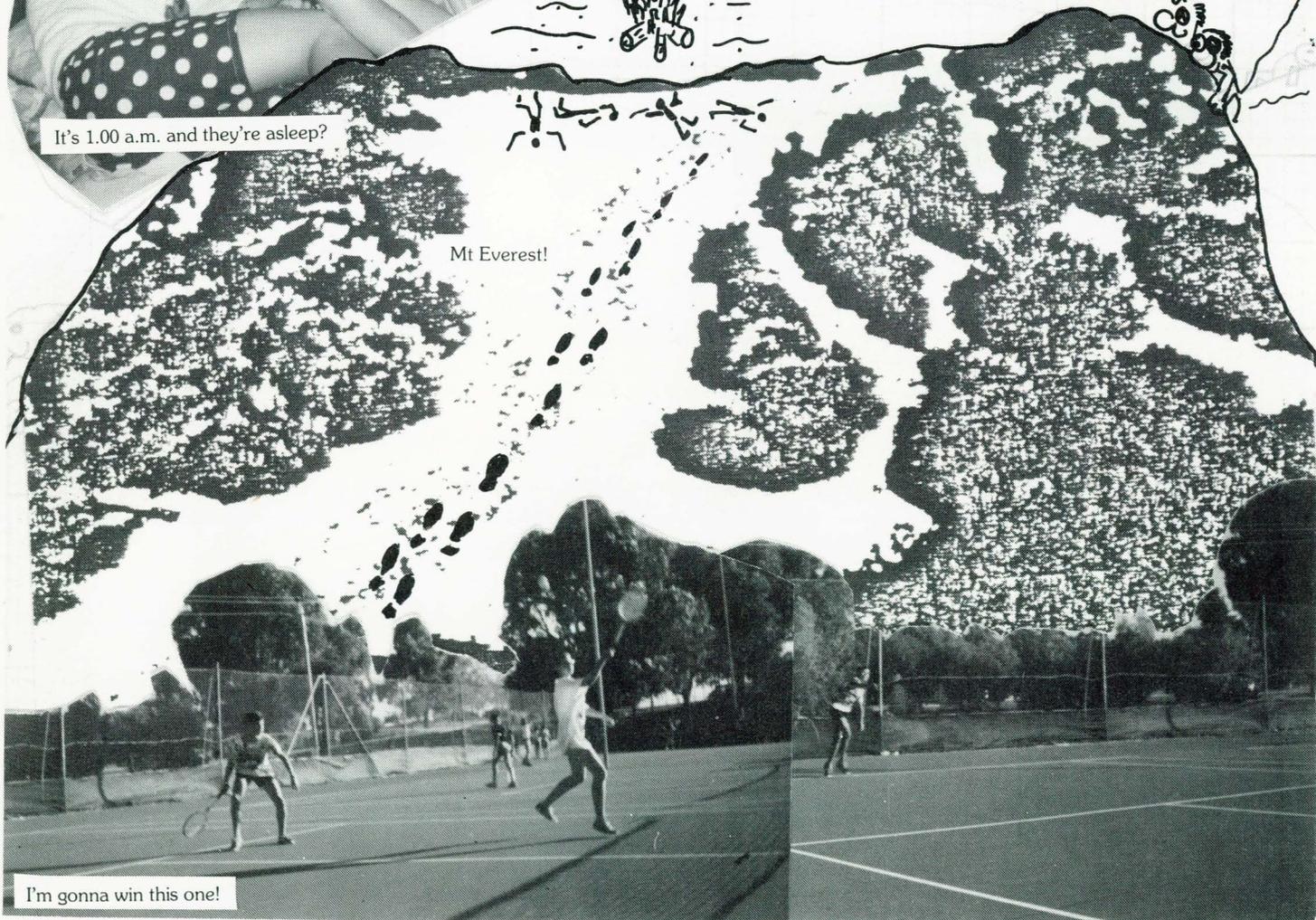
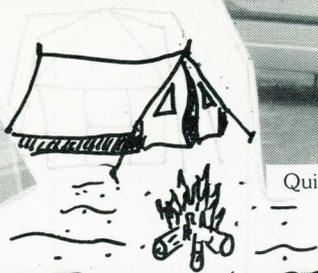
What are they doing?



Quick, into the caravan! The hungry mob's approaching.



It's 1.00 a.m. and they're asleep?



Mt Everest!

I'm gonna win this one!

# Worthy of Note

I was first introduced to the accordion at the age of 9½ years by my parents. They urged me to take private music lessons. I took to it easily but as I progressed I had to work on the same pieces of music.

The times I liked playing most were at the North Perth Music Festival, I was naturally nervous on my first performance but, I gained confidence as I entered more and more concerts. Sometimes I regretted playing this unpopular instrument, but after thinking about it I realised how lucky I was to have the opportunity to be taught and to be able to learn an instrument at all.

At this year's music festival all the hard work paid off, finally I came second in my section out of twenty three very talented musicians.

I had to work for four and a half years to achieve this standard with a lot of help from my parents.

Richard Tassone — Year 9

## Year 8

Jay Burton  
 Alan Nowrojee  
 Chris Carrol  
 Philip Muir  
 Katrina Fitzgerald  
 Kerry Sands  
 Lisa Kelly  
 Samantha Wynne  
 Richard Tassone

1st High Jump (1.80m) World Record U/12 Aw Yeah!  
 1st Triple High Jump  
 State Basketball U/13  
 State Basketball U/13  
 Swimming  
 Swimming  
 Shell Novice Championships — Gold 50m Backstroke  
 Theatrical Singing and Dancing  
 Piano Accordion — Music Examinations

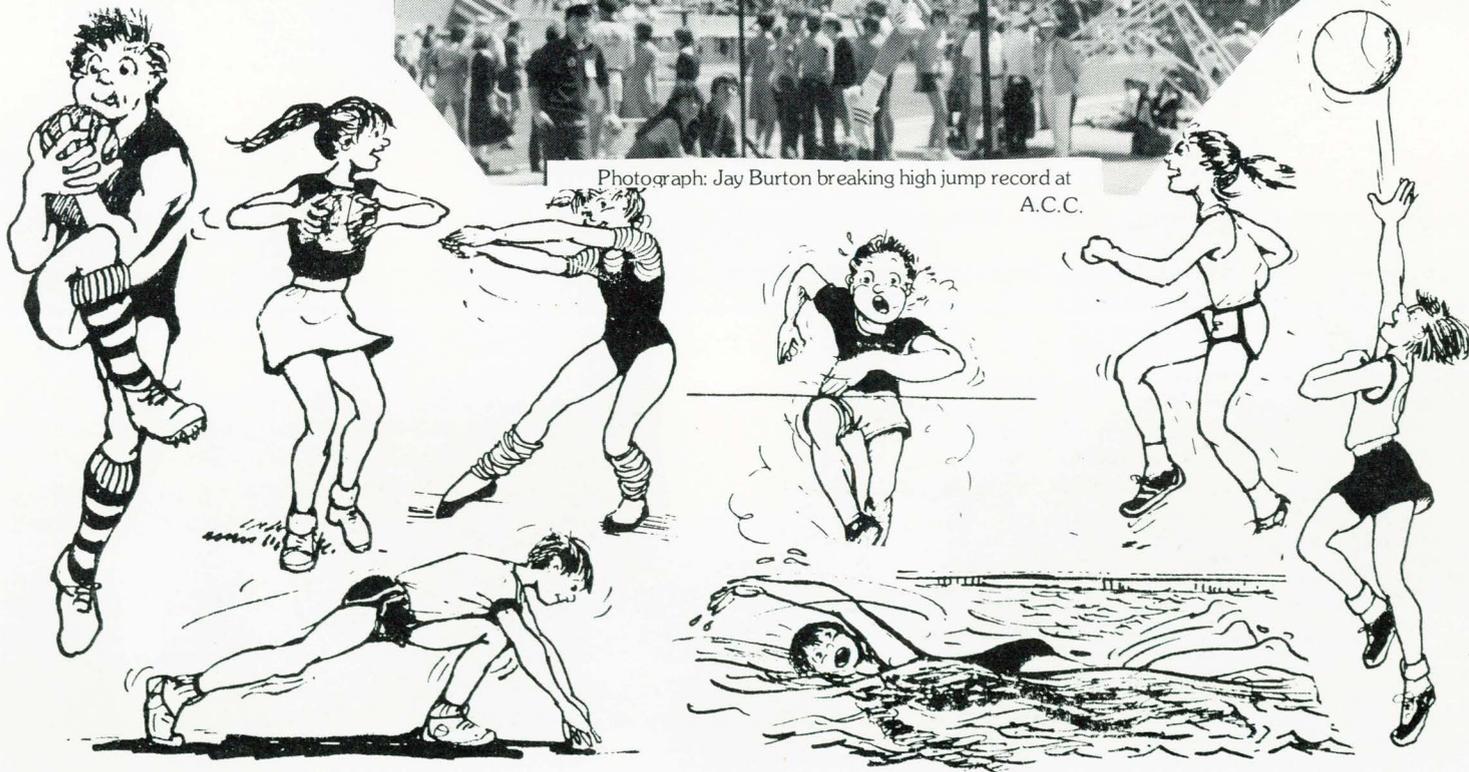
## Year 9

Andrew Collins  
 Lara Meyer  
 Nathan Gallaher

State Championships 1500m Gold  
 Currently competing in the S.G.I.O. school girls and boys championships  
 State Squash Representative in Perth



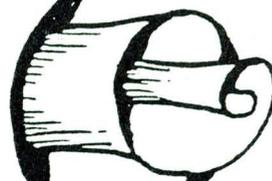
Photograph: Jay Burton breaking high jump record at A.C.C.







# Westpac Maths Competition



## Year 8

**DISTINCTION:** Isaleyarna Gibbons, Angelo Vocisano, Gregory Reilly, Abigail Kennedy, Linda Gladwell, Kali Strahan, James Young, Lisa Kelly, Denise Hangchi, Katie Winterbourne, Justin Hardiman, Matthew Quinn, Gabriele Schnabel, Philip Muir, Shannon Herd, Shaun Newman, Linda Radici, Tracy Stinson, Mark Capolingua, Sharon Wisniewski, Philip McGrath, David Rushton, Christiane Beichert, Yolanta Zarzyski, Catherine Whitten, Catherine Franconi, Larisa O'Donnell, Terese Xanthis, Raymond Condelli, Nyree Babich, Richard Geoghegan, Erica Foppoli, Anna Amoroso, David Donaldson, Colin Spencer, Cameron Parnell, Byron Williams.

**CREDIT:** Duncan Barton, Melissa Woolfe, Kane Mansfield, Karen Duffy, Susanne Coltrona, Joanne Cullinane, Jane Healy, Katie Klimaszewska, Susana Ragan, Leah Sertorio, Melanie Marris, Michael Pforr, Stuart Monkhouse, Annette Gelle, Stewart Lowndes, Maryanne Franklyn, Caroline Hayward, Zachary Sarich, Suyin Chan, Alison Rispoli, Brendan Trestrail, Jane Rose, Lachlan Dainton, Todd Venning, Belinda Goldsmith, Tamzin Parker, Dennis Murphy, Michael Kelly, Paul Kavanagh, Rachel Gazia, Ciara Tyson, Cecilia McMillen, Christopher Storey, Kylie Green, Troy Boekeman, Nathan Smith, Paul Kuenen, Jason Barbeti, Lindsay O'Sullivan, Gerard Field, Reginald Myers, Floyd Aquino, Richard Toovey, Stephen Lee, Jason Edwards, Peter Davidson, Jarrod Saulsman, Kevin Fitzgibbon, Tammy Duffy, Natasha Hirst, Daniel Sullivan, David Clapp, Luke Twomey, Daniel McDonald, Ross Leembruggen, Elizabeth Mercer, Adam Langer, Joseph Carrocci, Alison Italiano, Michael Barry, Damien Lyndon, Michelle Callan, Gavan Corish, Catherine Pegrum, Stuart Sloss, Anita Bevacqua, Catherine Portwood, Maree De Leo, Glenn McLeod, Elena Esposito, Emma-Kate Mann, Nathan Barbarich, Glen Holmes, Corey Johnson, Dean Paton, Eleta Ronson, Marni Adlam, Darren Gascoigne, Christopher Cooke, Rochelle Donovan, Shelley Scorer, Luke Dransfield, Melanie Tan, Richard Tassone, Natalie Carter, Kerri Sands, Alfredo Arto, Lynda Byrne, David Toghil, Carl Evangelista.

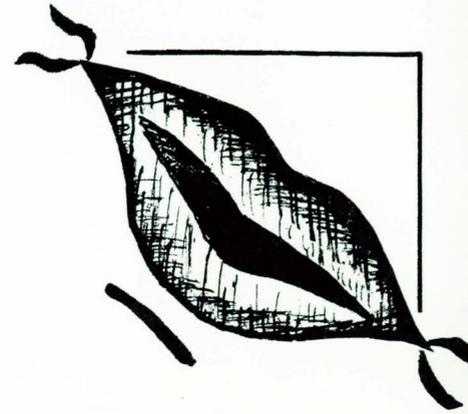
## Year 9

**DISTINCTION:** Sean Stafford, Phillip Davidson, Melissa Joyce, Sue-Ellen Luscombe, Mark Anderton, Natalia Norris, Richard Stegena, Benjamin Bucat, Catherine Manolikos, David Parle, Andrew Collins, Arthur Callan, Michael Chin, Martin Fisher, Kirsty Cranley, Mark Zammit, Michelle Severn, Adele Jacobs, Kathy Atkinson, Jason Gray, Justin Hampton, Barbara Schnabel, Edward Spadek, Kristy Lee, Paul Starcevic, Diane Airey.

**CREDIT:** Hani Jabr, Stephen Rule, Shannon Lally, Daniel Cooper, Michael Newman, Lucy Peachey, Colleen Carter, Bevan Van Lamoen, Moreno Berti, Mia Farinosi, Megan Duncan, Sumi MacNaughton, Cleon Fong, James Ryan, Bronwyn Hamilton, Jason Leach, Monique Pallett, Christopher Preedy, Paul Watts, Brendan Lynch, Gillian MacDonald, Gregory Wheeler, Sarah Phillips, Saskia Curtis, Damian Schwarzbach, Ben Joseph, Kellie Reside, Jarrod O'Neil, Karen Prus, Colin Gallagher, Leanne Gallen, Michael Mansell, Olivier Kaisin, Paul Atkinson, Cristiano Bradshaw, Bradley Allen, Conor Byrne, Gary Wright, Denise Craig, Edward Noala, Bridget O'Sullivan, Andrew Turfrey, Mark Gibson, David Lapsley.



Awarded  
To \_\_\_\_\_



# Specialist Speech

"How, Now, Brown, Cow."

I am sure you always wondered why such beautifully speaking children emerged from the ranks of Newman Siena. Well now, you must be let into a well kept secret... Mrs Malone's specialist speech classes!

Anne Malone has been teaching speech for several years, but she has only been working at Siena for two marvellous (we hope) years. This time she had the honour of escorting 75 prize pupils to trial before examiners from the Australian Music Examinations Board. The students were forced to undergo rigid tests but Mrs Malone had high hopes for their survival.

Mrs Malone will continue private speech lessons next year and for many years in the future.

Congratulations, Aunty Molly!

## Art

African masks created by Mrs Fordham's Year 9 art students.



# EDITORIAL



## **MAGAZINE COMMITTEE:**

Left to Right: Marsha Gordon, Michael Chin,  
Monique Pallett, Natalia Norris.

## **EDITORIAL**

Whew, what a relief! 1985 is drawing rapidly to a halt. You can hear the wheels grinding. Yes, I'm sure everyone can vividly remember the pathetic moaning that issued forth from their houses at the beginning of the year.

"No, Mum, No I beg you, don't send me there again, not that place, not....  
School !! Aaargh!!! — and that was just the "Teachers".

Another school year is over. Another School Magazine is presented for public viewing. No longer will we spend our lunch-times slaving our hearts out, cutting and snipping, snipping and cutting. No longer will our days be filled to overflowing with work. It got to the stage where it was almost unbearable, each day a new story, each week a new design.

Now it is over, but it was not done without help. We would like to thank all the Office Staff, Mrs Wade, Miss Smith, Mrs Voss and especially Mrs. Ruvadini, without whom all our ideas would still be pinned on the drawing board.