

ROCKINGHAM HOCKEY CLUB

YEARBOOK
1989



Danny Hall.

Editor's Report.

More reports, more photographs, more frivolity, more sledges than ever before! Yes, it is the 1989 Rockingham Hockey Club Yearbook, the most eagerly awaited publication since the 1988 Yearbook. No expense or reputation has been saved in bringing you this manifestation of mental deliberation. Credit (and any libel actions) must be given to :-

Steve D'Souza & Scott Walker (for writing some of it)

Donna Tierney (for typing all of it)

Ink Spot Printing (for printing it)

Margaret Atkinson (for taking highly embarrassing photographs)

and

Members of Rocky Hockey Club (for being in it)

Phil Lucas
Editor

Donna Tierney
Co-Editor

(any similarity between people and characters portrayed in this publication and real life is deliberate and purely intentional and their own bloody fault)

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President's Report

My third year as president is now drawing to a close in what has been my hardest of all.

This year started with the float to mark Rockingham becoming a City. Then came the phone books, setting the basis for our strong financial position, which Larry has very capably overseen. The letterbox drop, in March, ensured membership would not only be maintained, but guaranteed two more teams, under 15's and Regional South 2B's.

Each year I have tried to carry out at least one major achievement. This year, of course, was the completion and opening of our clubrooms. Many would not realize the effort and commitment of a small band of volunteers to achieve that end. Not to mention the patience, understanding and support of their better halves. Volunteers even came from that foreign land to the east, thanks Allan.

The clubrooms I thought would have been the making of the club but instead it almost broke it. Some would use such things for their own ends and glory.

There are two types of members we could do without in the club management. Those we call the "gunners", say they will do all and do nothing; and those who would use their position within the club for their own benefit.

Whilst some teams hopes of a place in the finals were dashed it has been a good year in that all grades have been maintained.

This club is now poised to either move on with continued growth and strength, or if those who would, for what ever reason they may have, continue to cause disruption and disharmony, then the club will fall back to a minor one struggling to survive instead of becoming a force within hockey to be respected. Please if we all put our club and its wellbeing in the forefront of our minds it will be to all our benefits.

It was to be a year of consolidation but as you can see all aspects of the club have continued on a steady but sure move ahead.

In closing I would like to thank all those who helped to ensure the success the club enjoyed this year; and I call on all of you to reflect on the contents of this yearbook.

Good luck to all for next year.

Laurie Doncon
President

Social Club Report

The completion of the new clubrooms for the 1989 season saw a rapid increase in the work of the Social Club.

It soon became evident with the turn-over of the club that a restructuring of the Social Club was needed. This resulted in the successful implementation of the bar committee.

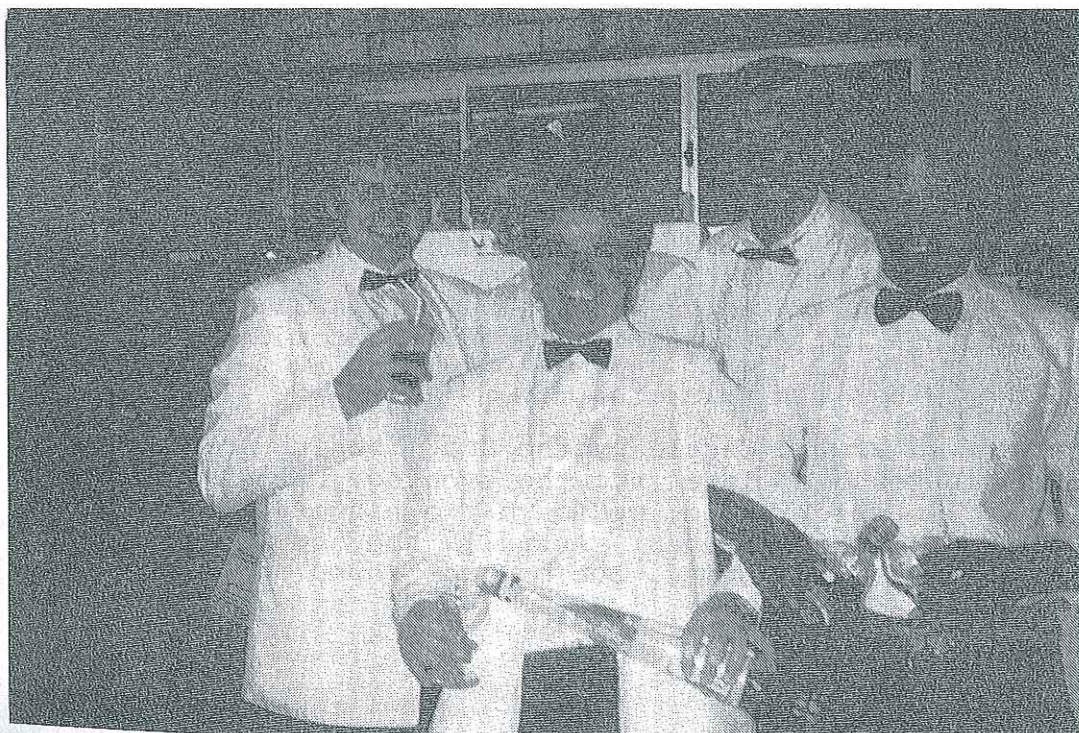
Some of the more successful social functions this year included, the Champagne Breakfast, the Cocktail Night and the Quiz Night, thanks to the efforts of our newly found quiz master Sid Czabotar. Another innovation, the 50's club, has not only raised revenue for the club, but aside from the cash prizes, it means fifty people will have received free Wind-up tickets. I hope this will continue with support in future years.

A special thanks must go to the two ladies who braved the cold, the black-outs and the cockroaches to ensure all players and supporters has food to eat. They also managed to make a few dollars for the club, to Ella and Devinia thank you very much.

One thing evident from the 1989 season, we no longer have a "put your money on the fridge" Social Club. The Social Club has developed into a small business, with over \$11,000 passing through the books this year through bar takings, social functions, the 50's club and the canteen. This is the most money ever to go through the Social Club books and whilst figures are not yet finalised, it is estimated that the profit for the club will be approximately \$3,000.

To the Social Club committee and everyone who lent a hand during the year, thank you for another very successful year for the Social Club.

Aidan Tansey
Social Club President



BUNBURY!!

A GREAT DEAL OF NOISE AND COMMOTION, ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT *1

The days were long and tiring, the nights ablaze with alcohol. The air was filled with the sound of airborne dummies whistling about our docile heads, and crashing into the piles of empty cans, from which came our only defence.

Our crusade began with a luxury Mercedes vehicle, foolishly released to us by Transperth (at least it would have been foolish of them, if we'd told them we were taking it). As things turned out, Fang and Conrad were found to be AWOL, but after 17 laps of Rockingham looking for the little p...s, we finally gave in (nobody was disheartened). Finally, after stocking up with rations from Sam's, we began our quest.

Well into our journey, we found Conrad, wandering the streets just outside Mandurah. He was clearly in something of a daze, but that was nothing compared to after his reprimanding, although some noticed his mood change to delight after the spanking session.

Our driver, (kidnapped from Transperth, when we stole the bus) drove to the best of his ability. Needless to say that nerves were shattered and bodies were battered, but worst of all, our beer spilt all over the palce. Stops for clean underwear began to out number p..s stops (also known as s...t stops - we don't want to offend the Feminists).

Following one of those frequent interruptions, two of our number (Tyson Tierney and Casius Coulter) who had forgotten to reposition their genitals, became somewhat agitated and began to brawl. It was a pretty pathetic affair, but because of the confined space and impending risk to personal injury, close friends rushed to the scene... to get a better view. Alas the two antagonists withdrew, their partners threatening them with a night of wild passion, (yes the interfering women once again ruin the fun).

A short time later with rations running low, we pulled into that famous hall of gourmet cuisine, Hungary Jacks - Bunbury; only to find the b...ds had removed the mirrors from the ceiling giving us nowhere to dispose of our stick-ons. We left in disgust, taking with us head protection for the following day's battle.

We arrived at the Castle by the Sea (looking more like the Shack on the Lakeshore) late into the evening, but early into the night. On checking in, we found two niggers who had stowed away in the wheel arches. Actually they could have been whities and just covered in mud, but one was raped and beaten anyway (it

was then that his racial attributes were confirmed); the other said he didn't go in for that sort of thing.

As usual, a party room was chosen at the Chatuea le Mir. Unfortunately, due to poor choice, the party was quite small this year. (The room chosen belonged to Brett Simpson, and with him in there, few others could fit).

Mark Allen (the Cadbury Kid) was once again on the scene to perform his well rehearsed party trick, involving 'a glass and a half' of alcoholic beverage, followed by two days of intensive care treatment as he throws up several gallons of spew, unable to touch another drop for the weekend.

Also as usual for a Bunbury weekend, the party room was wrecked. No it wasn't Molly jumping over everything, nor was it Phil Lucas throwing sugar everywhere. It wasn't even Steve Eaves going for a record number of spews in a weekend (set by him with six great internal lurches). No this year, the party room was left intact by its guests, and wrecked by its occupants after everybody had left. Several beds were destroyed in the ensuing chair fit, and cans and debris were thrown everywhere. The next morning the site was declared a National Disaster Area, and visited by the Prime Minister who was obviously distressed. He eventually burst into tears over what he described as 'Ay errr... another act of wanton vandalism, clearly perpetrated by that bloody arab with the (sniff) poncey teatowel round his head.'

The big loser at cards this year was Pinky. I heard somewhere that Jerone actually won, though I find that very hard to believe. Sac wasn't there on Friday night, but dutifully showed up on Saturday to hand over his weeks pay.

No one took to sleeping out on the landing this year. Apparently, the would-be participants had difficulty getting a double bed through the door. Interested parties were left to the poor substitute practice of smashing holes in their ceilings, and hoping that they were on the top floor. The cleaners once again showed that they were surprised by nothing, asking only if more blankets were required.

Little else happened that weekend. A lot of people were sick, some played hockey, most continued drinking. A great number of players sustained severe injuries with many pulling harp strings and copping hits 'in the heart'.

The Masters showed up on Saturday in full strength, looking like forman material in their nice new white shirts, (bulging at the seams from years of excessive bodily abuse). I believe they did win a few games though, with Westy scoring his first goal in 28 seasons of playing centre forward.

Less than can be said for Rockinghams 3rd side. Playing against Bayswater-Morley (who were down 6 players - many with legs missing), this sordid bunch of hapless jerks, (none of whom could block a

ball with a tank, or score from the goal line with a bazooka), were held to 0-0 at half time. After stacking the side with a few better players, we managed to go one up (the ring-ins weren't much better). However, noticing the disparity, Conrad Pargin and Brett Simpson defected to the opposition, and managed to pull one back.

It was then that our fearless leader Tearful Tansey released an almighty explosion. A 2000lb Dummy devastated the arena throwing mud all over the Masters in their beautiful white shirts. They were forced to change into their regular strips.

With play no longer possible, and the competition officials hot on our heels, we fled back to our camp. We later received a phone call from Conrad at the Rose Hotel, who apologised for it taking so long, but he's finally found a fight with a group of locals, and we were welcome to join the fun.... PLEASE!!!

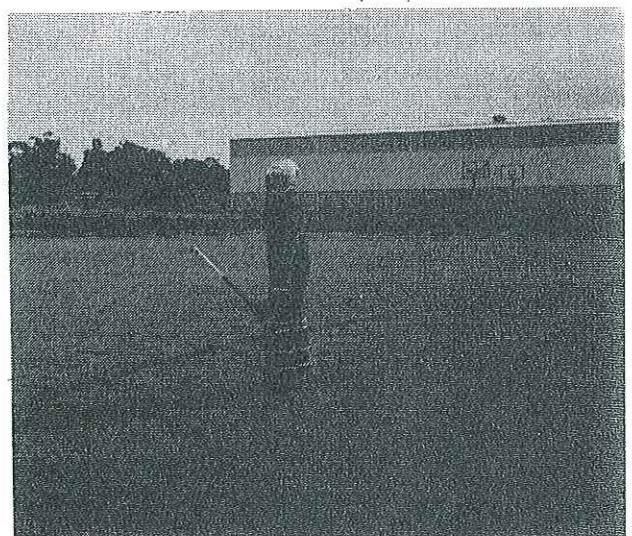
Later in the day we decided that perhaps we'd better find a restaurant for dinner. However, due to our complete disorganisation, we found it difficult to book anywhere, (and after the girls tore all the restaurant pages out of the public phone directories, so did everybody else in town)..

However, we finally found some suckers at a place called The Top of the Town - a charming little restaurant (until we got there) complete with it's own version of Ricky May. This lovely gentleman provided us with hours of entertainment filled with wonderful cartoons and hilarious jokes. At around midnight however, having had about all we could take we launched into a song on a disastrous attempt to drown out his piano. Led by Phil Lucas, the idea was doomed from the start, and after a few verses of ballads sounding like a random note generator, we ended the feeble effort and returned to the Chateau to nurse our sadly abused eardrums.

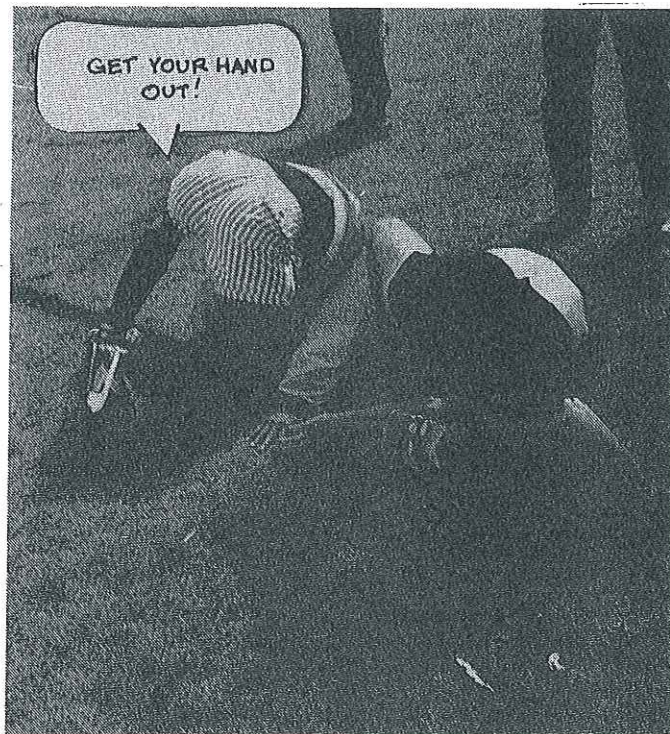
Sunday was steeped in tradition, with all three teams victorious in not reaching the finals. Phil Lucas and Bryan Taylor both had a attempt at keeping goals, with Phil making many brilliant saves from shots that were missing the goals anyway.

Bryan on the other hand was superb, as indicated by this picture of him in perfect position to cover any attack.

CENSORED!



Late into the day, while waiting for the Rockingham 3rd side to lose its final game, a short, witless jerk with thick glasses and a notorious black lamebrain decided to have a game of twister, using the base line of a field, the 'right green' and the 'left green'. The two (pictured) made spectacles of themselves maintaining perfect symmetry as they positioned themselves above each others pelvises. Unfortunately the game ended when the players wanted to take a long corner. The boys were left to untangle their legs, and pull their hands out from each others loins.



The trip home was largely uneventful (meaning I was too sloshed to remember what happened). A few points stand out; we sang... we played I-spy... we whistled... and all those other poxy things. I'm told we stopped at the Lake Clifton and made a lot of noise, drank a lot more, and p[er]formed a fair bit too.

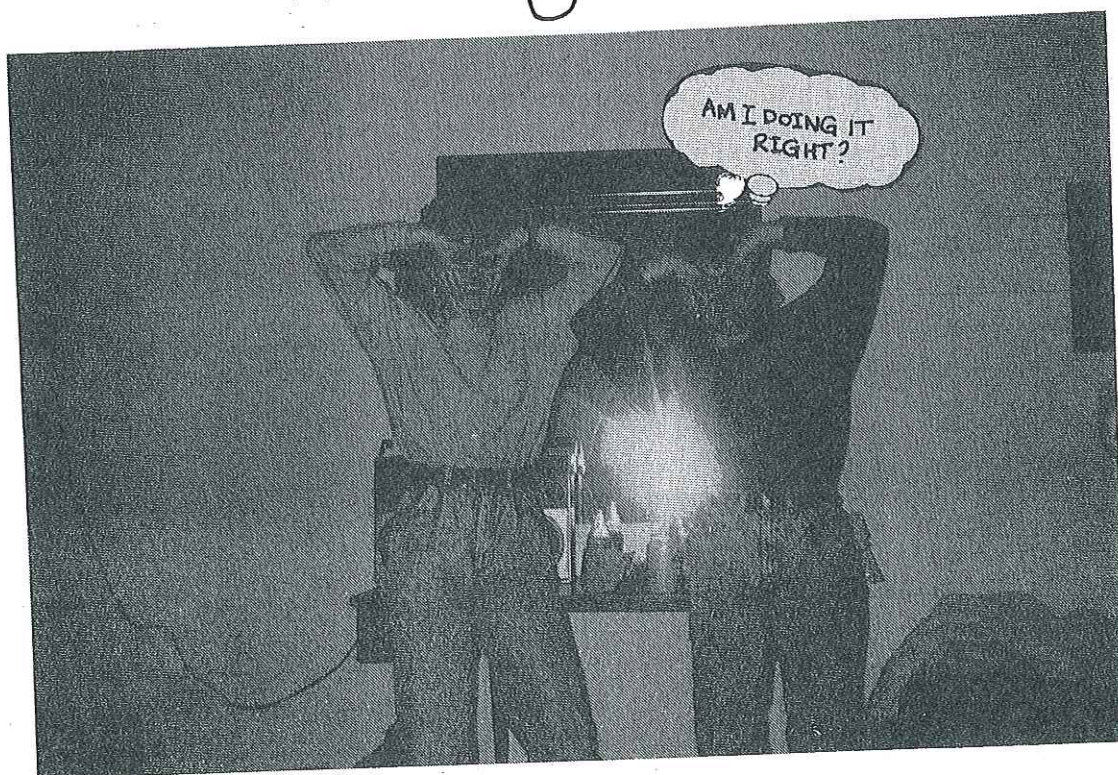
We finally arrived home in the early evening and said good-bye to another exciting adventure and complete waste of time. Special thanks go to Ron who did us a great service driving us around, and to Carrol who put up with all our bad language and distasteful behaviour (and who incidently can't wait to do it again).

Footnote

*1

You may find much of this verse to be cryptic, Much is also bullshit. The authors make no apology. Those who were present will understand. Those who abstained can launch themselves in a sexual action towards a nearby planetary satellite.

Bunbury-Part I



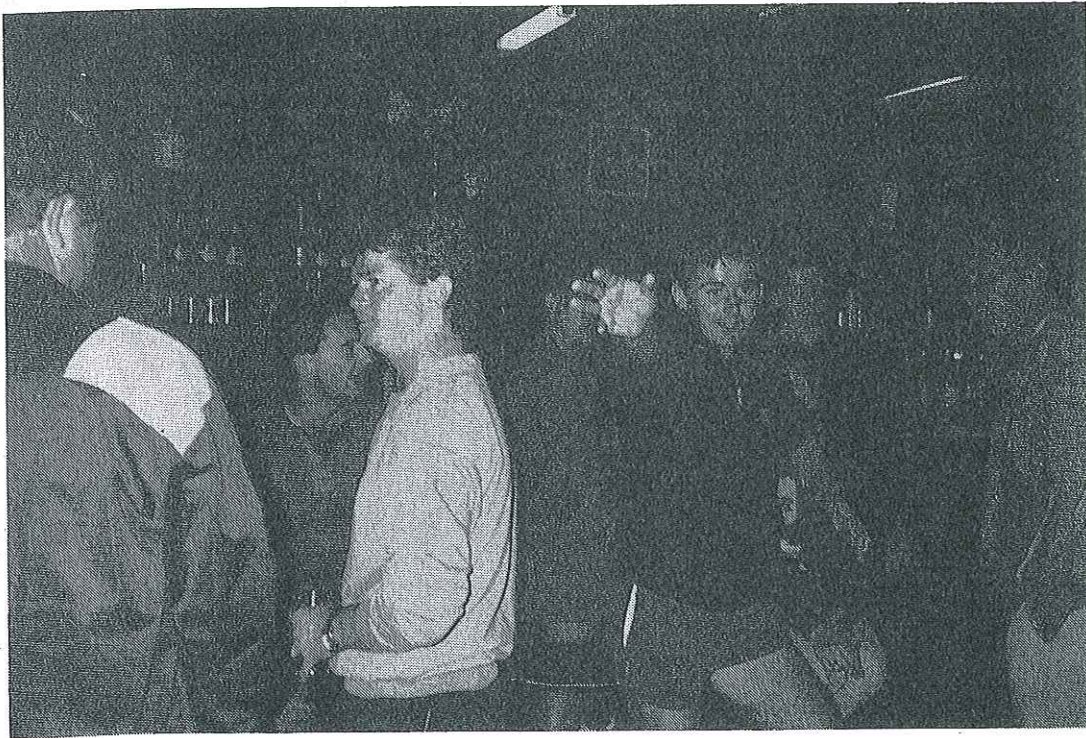
Their spaceship's light can be seen in the background



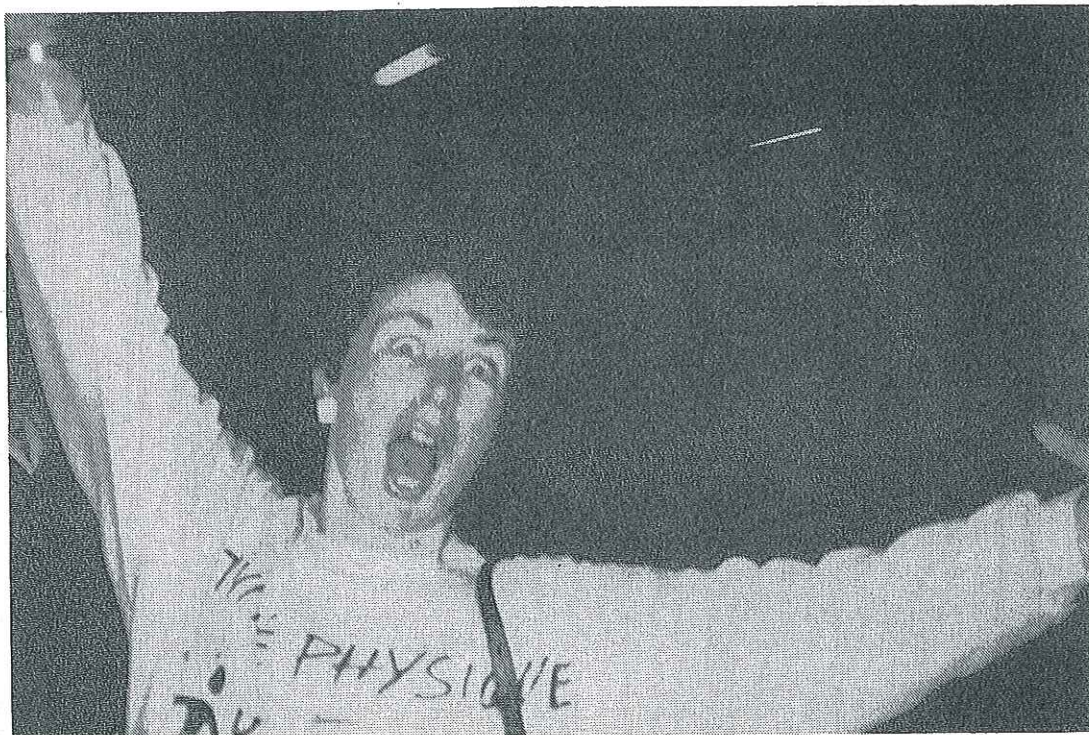
(Their just jealous of the editor's beauty)

Part II

8



Aidan Tansey practising his dummy spitting technique, whilst Brad Aiberti demonstrates to Ron the importance of hand signals whilst in control of a bus.

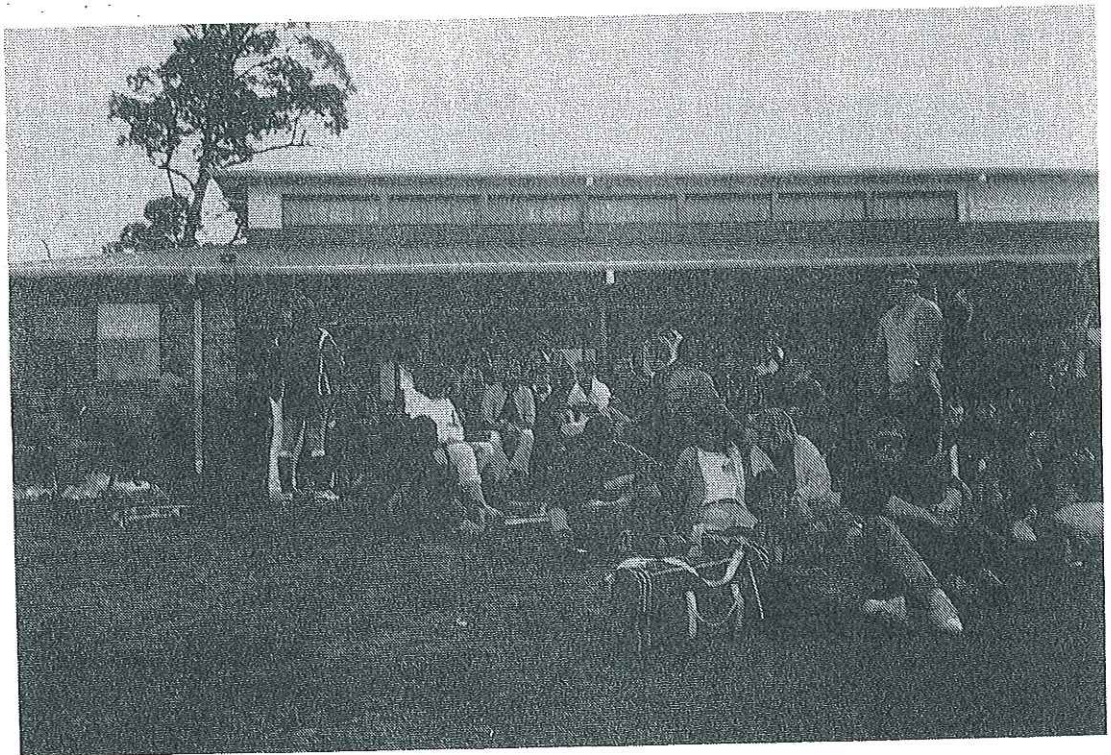


It's OK!! Their married.

Part III



No comment required!!



If you look really, really closely you can see one of the Masters at Bunbury.

CONRAD ...
SHOKING OFF HIS
SOCKS... AND
SPENDING THE
NIGHT ... WITH A
TOILET ROLL



Cocktail Night

Well that's about all I remember of the cocktail night, and only because I kept the invitation. Never mind, the following account of that fateful night is based on a true story. Any similarity to real people or actual events would be incredibly lucky. Names have been changed to protect the innocent, not that cocktail-swilling hockey players can be thought of as innocent.

We were assured on the invite something deep and meaningful like "laughter is the tonic, the relief, the surcease for pain". I couldn't quite work out what it was supposed to mean, but there was plenty of laughing on the night and no-one was in obvious pain, so it must have been true.

I don't know anything about what happened before 9pm, not because that's when I regained consciousness, but because that's when I arrived at the Clubrooms. The trouble with being punctual is that there's no-one there to appreciate it, so I arrived not quite fashionably late.

Things were ticking along slowly at first, and understandably so. A number of our club members don't grasp their sticks with as much vigor as they did in younger years, but it must be said they still use their sticks more than the average middle-ager. That explains the sly grin they put on after they have a few beers and say they're off to play squash.

Growing old isn't so bad when you consider the alternative, and these veterans are still standing after seeing a few generations of under-17's entering the club nights fresh-faced and upstanding and leaving green-faced and horizontal.

It didn't take long for everyone to realise that we were actually going to enjoy ourselves, although I don't know how much of this was conscious effort and how much was the spirits being dished out by Aiden, Mike, Lingo, Pinky and Jerone. The lads behind the bar (there actually is a bar now) looked very smooth, and they had our best interests at heart by making sure no-one had more than the safe limit of four standard drinks (at a time).

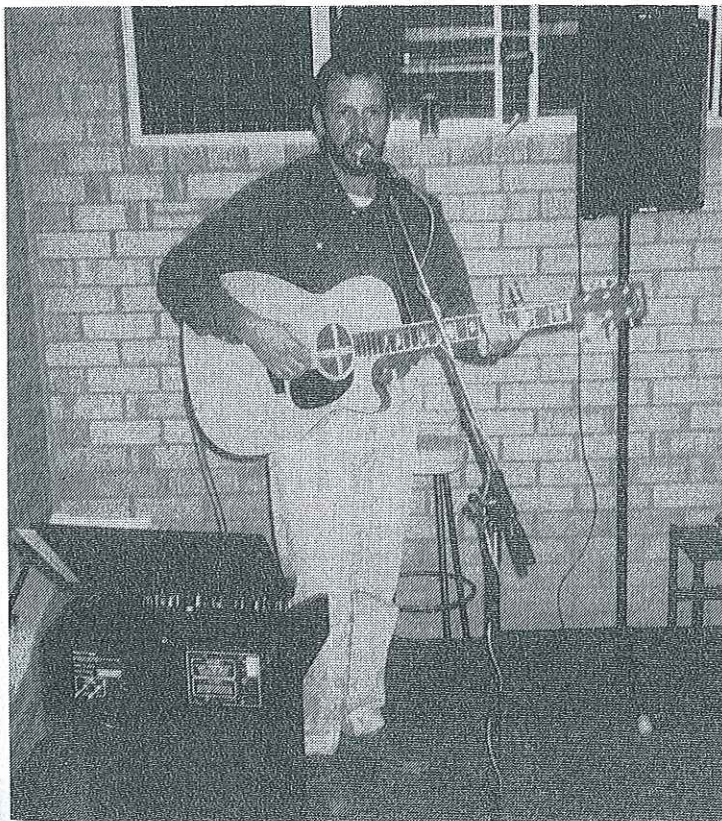
Things really started firing up and before you could say "let's form a committee to see if we're having fun yet", people were singing, dancing and slamming down cocktails of ever-increasing strength. Speaking of slamming down cocktails, enter a certain young half-back from the LC's. Bryan Taylor (not his real name) decided he wanted to try some tequila slammers. After a few warm-ups Bryan couldn't be convinced that tequila slammers didn't contain five measures of vodka. Exit a certain young half-back from the LC's.

Tequila Slammer Contest - second round after Bryan Taylor abstained to drive the porcelain bus home.



Other things happened on the night but if you want to read about them you'll have to write about them yourself. Everyone I've spoken to has said that it was a good night. Mind you, the word good has many meanings. For example, if a man were to shoot his grandmother at a range of five hundred yards, I would call him a good shot, but not necessarily a good man.

Seriously though, thanks must go to Tony Henry and the social committee for putting on an excellent night, and Bryan Taylor asked for a special thank you to go to the little Mexican man who makes tequila for putting on his excellent out of stomach experience.

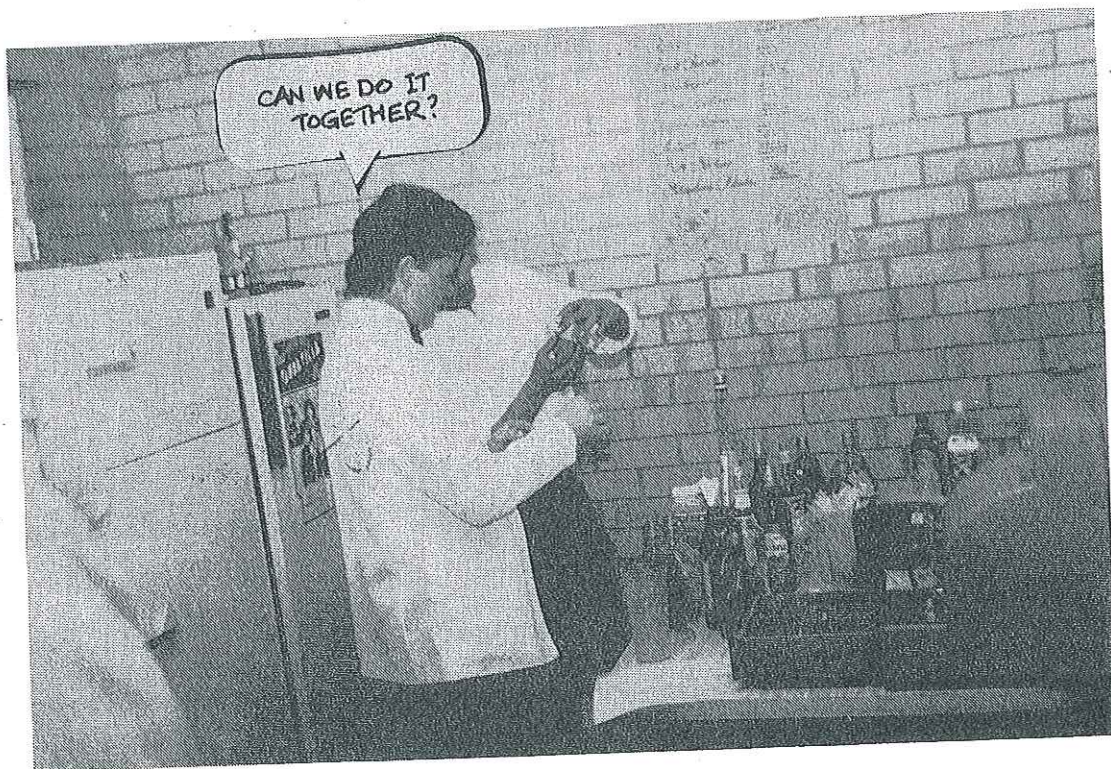


Our version of
Neil Young
(alias Tony Henry)

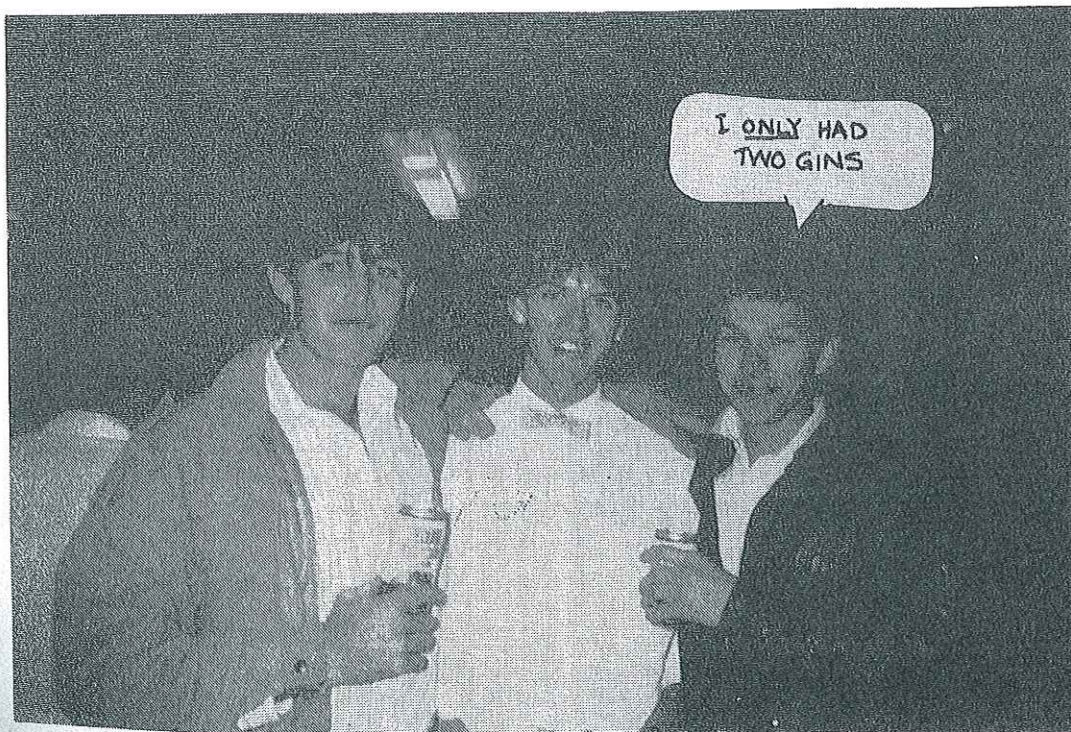
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ng

ly
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The Cocktail



Night!!



Mandurah Women

Mandurah Ladies have had a very successful season with only one loss throughout.

As usual we commenced the season without a goalie, with each girl having her turn of putting the pads on. Belinda Haines came to our rescue again and put the pads on for our finals. All girls agree that this is one position that they do not want to fill.

We've also been lucky enough to gain the services of Mike Tierney as coach for our last few games. All girls have benefitted tremendously from Mike's experience and our thanks go to him for his efforts.



The Team

Rhonda Ford, Wendy Wales, Terri Fuller, Sharon Williams, Cathy Doust, Katherine Taylforth, Debbie Irwin, Belinda Haines, Robin Palermo, Joy Klinck, Donna Tierney, Virginia Trezona, Kerry Beckman.

Wendy Wales
Captain

Coastal Womens'

The two teams who played in the Coastal Districts Womens Hockey Association this year were:

A Grade:

Linda Annandale
Karen Bailey
Rhonda Guy
Joan Johns (Capt.)
Rochelle D'Lugi
Natalie Mortimer

Rowena McInnes
Karen Birks
Kerry Reynolds
Tonia D'Lugi
Maureen Coles
Pam Ford

These girls played hard and had one draw, but were unable to win a game. They were a happy team and if they had trained consistently would have had lots of success. It is hoped that they will all return to the club next year. Congratulations to the best players for the season.

B Grade:

Lesley Piggott
Sandi O'Neil
Lisa Farrell
Rebecca Milroy
Cassandra Geaney
Catherine Hutchison

Raelene Wherlock
Carmen Meehan
Trina Ashworth (Capt.)
Melissa Incerpi
Megan Carroll
Melinda Wherlock

These girls did well considering they trained very little during the season. They had some good wins and began to play a passing game towards the end of the last round, which gave them their 3rd position on the table. They won their first semi final and move up to play again, in the 2nd semi final, good luck. Congratulations to the best players of the season and the club hope to see you all back next year.

Pam Ford
Coach

Under 13s

It is unfortunate sometimes but, if we waited for a non-playing coach, Rockingham and many other slubs, would not have a junior side. Thanks to Bob McDonald and Chris Cunningham and all other parents for their support once again this year. Thanks also to Hawkeye, Ken and Dave for their support as Co-coaches for the season.

Although most juniors reading this probably won't appreciate this remark, but take it from me, most of our success this year comes because of terrific parent support.

Well the future of our club is secure for the next decade, with the dedication and talent of our under 13 members. Last year, after re-introducing junior metro sides into our club and making it into the preliminary finals of this first year of hockey (in itself a great achievement), these players carried on with it this year by finishing first and second in their respective premiership grades. Both sides played in the Challenge Cup, resulting in the E grade winning the only flag for the club so far this year (finals results not yet known).

Like all sides senior and junior, sides are made up of team members, some very talented, others will learn from these players and their own experiences. Fortunately, the everlasting cry of all backs "Why haven't we got any forwards?" has been answered with several players scoring well through the season.

Kim Devereux (53 goals), Nicolas Cunningham (25 goals),
Scott Rawson (12 goals), Braydon Smith (9 goals), Clint
Mills (8 goals).

Congratulations to both teams for breaking the following records, with special mention to Kim Devereux and Trent Watters who, if they continue playing and improving the way they have this year, as hard working TEAM members, have a bright future in hockey. All players learn if you play as a team, you will always be part of a team.

Records

Most goals (individual) - Junior	
Kim Devereux	53
Most goals in a match (individual) - Junior	
Kim Devereux	7
Most hat tricks (season) - Junior	
Kim Devereux	9
Most consecutive wins - Junior	
Under 13G	10
Most wins - Juniors	
Under 13G	14
Best average goals for game - Junior	
Under 13G	4.3

Alan Mills
Coach

The Teams

U/13E - Scott Rawson, Jason Watters, Kim Devereux, Clint Mills, Krist McDonald, Kriss Heedes, Katie Stafford, Mike Adair, Kristy Mills, Alistair Macrae, Shenagh Macrae, Leigh McDonald, Graham Bell, Trent Watters.



U/13G - Ben Adams, Kellan Reynolds, Braydon Smith, Colin Duthie, Nicolas Cunningham, Brad Crannage, Iain Ward, James Dolan, Phillip Baudains, Mark Fauntleroy, Daniel Young, Neville Henderson, Justin Tregear, Robert Pradera.



Footnote: Hopefully when the girls involved with the teams here out grow under 13's we will have a metro ladies side for them to play in.

Under 15's

The under 15's team this year had a difficult start to the season. Two teams withdrew from their division, which left only 5 teams and 2 good games a round. The team started short then managed to reach 14 players, then lost three due to injury and illness.

From having very easy wins at the start, the boys found they met many new faces in the last round and suffered several losses, but still managed to make the finals.



Under 17's

n. At the start of the season the guys looked pretty ordinary. There was plenty of talent in the side, all they needed was someone to show them how to use it. I volunteered mainly because my younger brother was in the team.

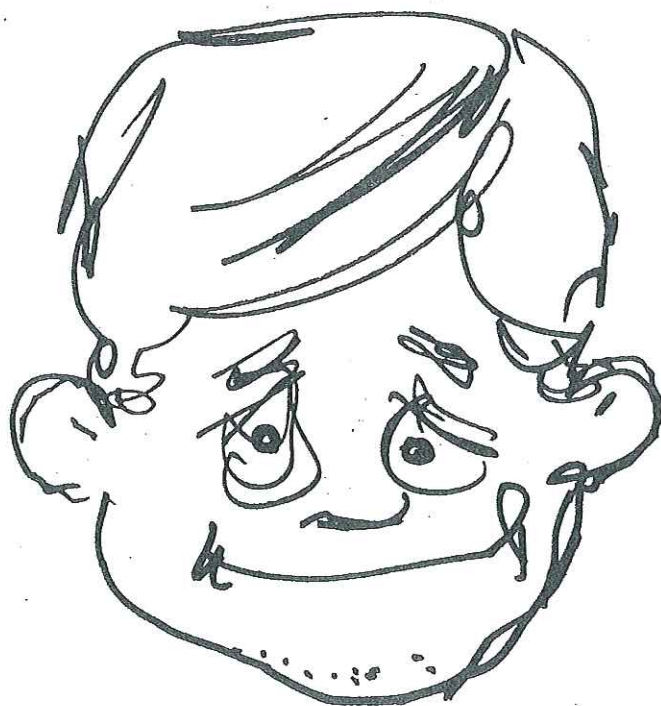
With a lot of help from Phillip Lucas, the under 17's improved each week and their first win came late in the first round. They then went on to win most of their games in the second round and nearly made the finals.

As Phil and I played ourselves, we missed many of their games. I'm certain that had we been able to attend all their games, they would have made the finals.

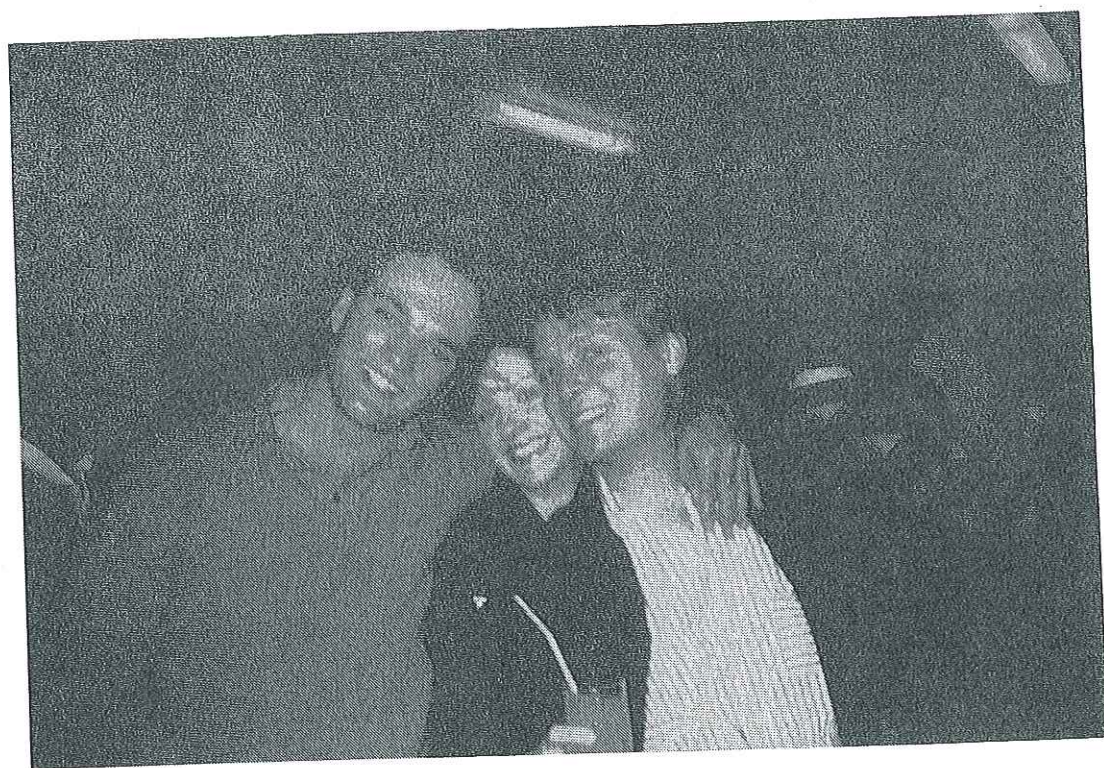
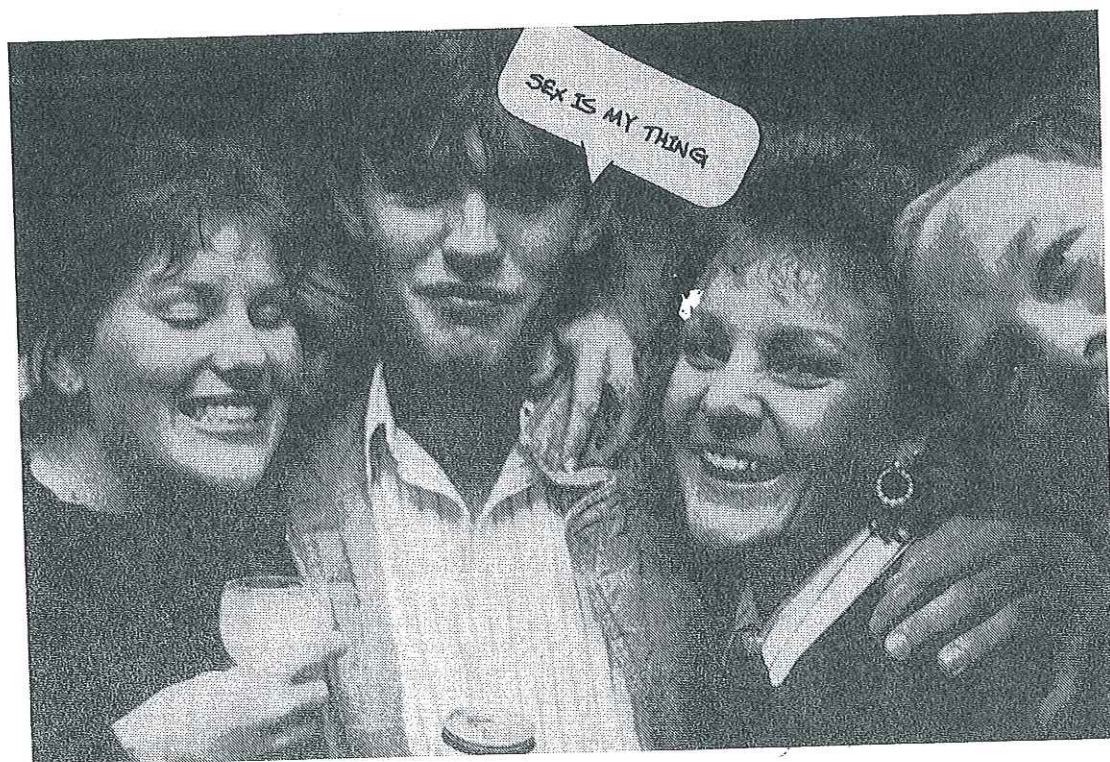
Looking back on this season, I'm glad I volunteered to coach, I know the players enjoyed this season and I'm sure most of them will be playing hockey for us next year.

Jeroen Ophorst
Coach

Ed Note:- The strength and competitiveness of the under 17's this year is a credit to both Jeroen Ophorst and his players. Hopefully, next year we will have a full-time under 17 coach, so that they can realise their true potential and talent.



The Yuk



Pages!!



Masters

Season '89 has been the most successful on record for the Masters. After a couple of early heavy defeats, the side re-grouped and reorganised, with very good results.

Having had fourteen players for the greater part of the season has not been without problems. Making sure equal game time for all was an early problem, but one that was solved due to some sensible planning by Mal and Al.

We've played more systems than most lotto syndicates, but have finally settled on one where there is a minimum of running for all.

The biggest difference this year, is the way in which many players lifted their skill level. There is a willingness to play a shorter game and rely on other team members. This has resulted in a very enjoyable style of game evolving. Success has come this year, due to a team that enjoys the game and enjoys the support of each other. We approach the finals this year for the first time, and what ever the result this season will have been a great one.

I am confident that the same team will take to the field next year and provide the club with a senior side that players yet to reach that illustrious age of 35, will be able to plan on playing in, in the years to come.



Team Notes:-

Marty - the team umpire and noted authority on the rules of hockey.
Also saves goals.

Vas - "Mine". Kept Telecom in business while in Bunbury



Young Kenny - played in more positions than listed in the "Karma Sutra". No good after 7.30pm.

Kevin (Mr Plod) Scorer - has seen the shadier side of life, usually when having a beer with the Masters after the game.

Laurie (El Pres) - gazelle like dashes all over the ground, usually managing to collide with several opposition players.

Al Mills - Duty Member of the highest order, stunning runs from full back, trying to get to the forward line where he thought he should be playing.

Wild Man Wilson - Greatest supporter of the 'Quit' Campaign and noted for loud shouts of "Mine Mal" in the end of season clash with the Regionals.

Hawkeye - lays claim to having passed every goal to anyone who scored for the Masters. Another great "Duty Member" and master of the shift change.

El Sid - Offside specialist. Strong left side tendencies and looks wobbly on the right. Scored a nasty eye injury after scoring against the Regionals.

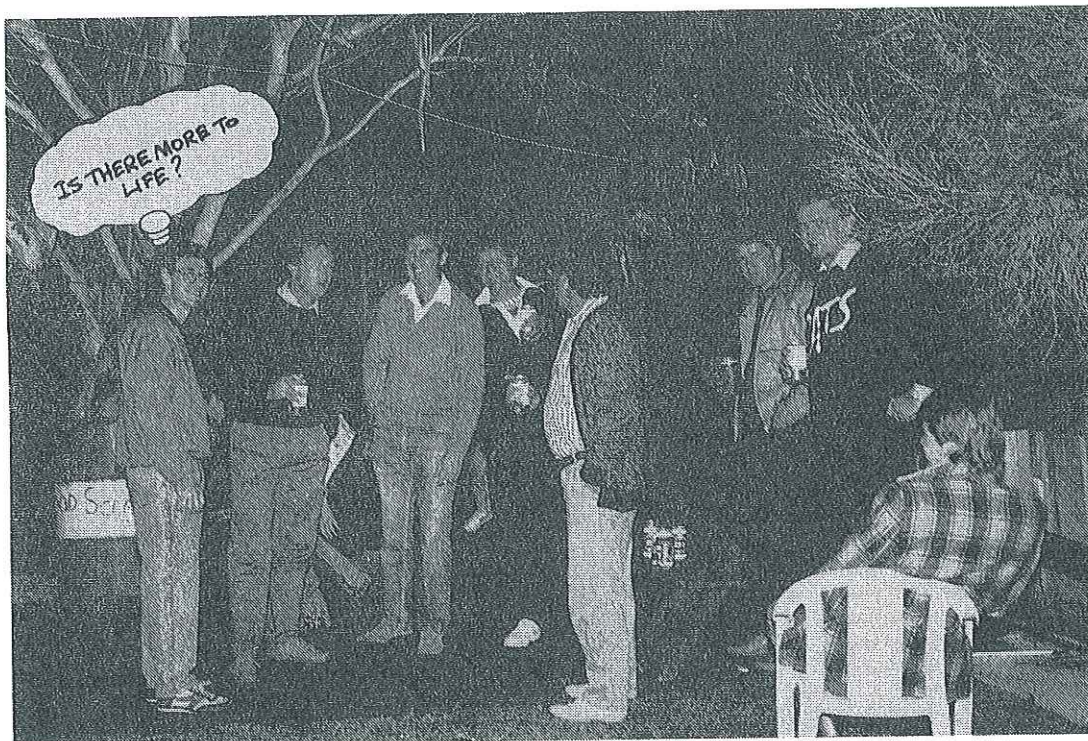
Westy - Twenty eight uears of hockey have produced two goals, and we play him in the forward line. Takes flicks doesn't he Mal?

Mal Mc - runs here, runs there, runs everywhere. Sometimes with the ball, sometimes without, Survived a weekend in Bunbury with Wildman Wilson as his room-mate.

Terry Evans - "Whose got a smoke", "Whose got a beer". Twang! was that a hamstring we heard? (A loss to the forward line).

Hit Man Ellis - "Got ya two dollars?" "Switch, Switch, Switch to the right", "Spread out", "Mark someone, anyone."

The Skipper - A mild mannered leader of men. Responsible for the master stroke of placing Bob Wilson on the left wing. Pure genius!



In all seriousness many thanks for a fine season to all, especially our faithful supporters.

Ian Francis
Captain

RS2B Report

Well, that was the season that was. As far as we were concerned, a season for inducting new players and moulding an effective team.

Moulding an effective team was made a little difficult by the loss of so many players from the club, and the subsequent promotion of highly trained and motivated RS2B players.

A season of lows such as :-

being beaten by Kwinana... twice
losing 14-0 with only seven players (a valiant effort though)
midgies at Kwinana
training on a cow paddock
playing in 32 degree heat
losing the Masters/Regional Challenge

and highs such as :-

seeing the team become an effective hockey unit
seeing under 17's perform in the team (we've got a lot of depth there)
winning twice against WASPS
finishing the season not wooden spooners

As usual for the lowest graded side in the club, many people played for us throughout the season. Special thanks to the Under 17's, Masters, RS2A's for their support. However, there was a central corps of players, apologies to those I miss, and they were:-

Phil (I'll take them all out) Cassas
Larry (Just as I get my chip shot going, it's banned) Lourenz
Scott (What tooth?) Johnstone
Anthony (Johnno) Johnstone
Steve (Douz) D'Souza
Gary (Just enjoy yourselves) Smith
David (Keep it a secret but, pass it to me) Carroll
Glen (Speedie) Skeets
Steve (Slide tackle) Eaves
Rob (I'll play anywhere) Beckman
Kim (The quiet achiever) McDonald
Mark (What kerb?) South
Ashley (What eyebrow?) Coulter
Ashley (Who needs a groin anyway?) Black
Mark (Mr Goals) Medlock

Awards were as follows with congratulations:-

Phil Cassas	Best and Fairest Player
Larry Lourenz	Runner-up
Gary Smith	Team Player Award

So there it is season 1989, best to all for 1990.

Gary Smith
Captain.

CENSORED

RS2A Report

The 1989 season ended on a disappointing note for the RS2A side, being deprived of a position in the finals only by percentage. However, all said and done we must look at the positive aspects of the season.

It was encouraging to see the strength of the under 17 players who were capable of slotting into the regional sides and playing competitively on a weekly basis.

The introduction of a second regional side this year meant that the RS2A side had support from that side, and this was reflected in our standard of hockey for the first year in a higher grade. On behalf of the RS2A side I would like to thank all the players of RS2B for their valuable support throughout the season.

With continued growth and consolidation of the club, the Regional sides are assured of success in the 1990 season.

Congratulations to the trophy winners for the Regional South 2A side:-

Fairest and Best
Runner-Up
Team Award

Steve Eaves
Gordon Blyth
Ashley Black

Best of luck to all players for the 1990 season.

Aidan Tansey
Coach, Regionals



Aidan Tansey Captain/Coach of the RS2A's
(Alias Mario Tansellini - head of the Rockingham Branch of the Mafia Inc)

2C's Report

1989 has been a very enjoyable season for me personally and one I will look back on with fond memories. It was very disappointing for the team not to make the finals but a lot of positive things came out of the season. Probably the most important from a club point of view was the standard of the young players who started the season as extras and became dominant towards the end of the season. I think a lot of thanks must go to the seniore players in the side who never stopped encouraging and supporting. They also created a very stabilising influence as the season went by with not a harsh word being spoken.

When I look back and search for reasons why we didn't make the Finals, I immediately think back to some very ordinary performances against the bottom sides and I think the rest of the team will agree. They were games we should have won, especially after you look at the results we had against the top sides, when we proved how good a side we were when we put our heads down. We had a bit of a fade out in the second half of the season, which I think can be put down to attendances at training, whilst with work commitments and Pinky's mystery illnesses couldn't be helped. Although blokes were coming down when they could make it, and like all sides, we had players there every week without fail.

I'd just like to thank the selection committee, I thought it worked as well as any that I have been involved with, also Deano and Ron Capps, who captained the side and gave me a lot of help, and everyone who played or was involved with the 2C's mens side, for the support they gave me this year.

RDHC DOT-TO-DOT COMPETITION.

INSTRUCTIONS

COMPLETE DOT-TO-DOT
DIAGRAM

COMPLETE PHRASE.

AND ENTRY TO -

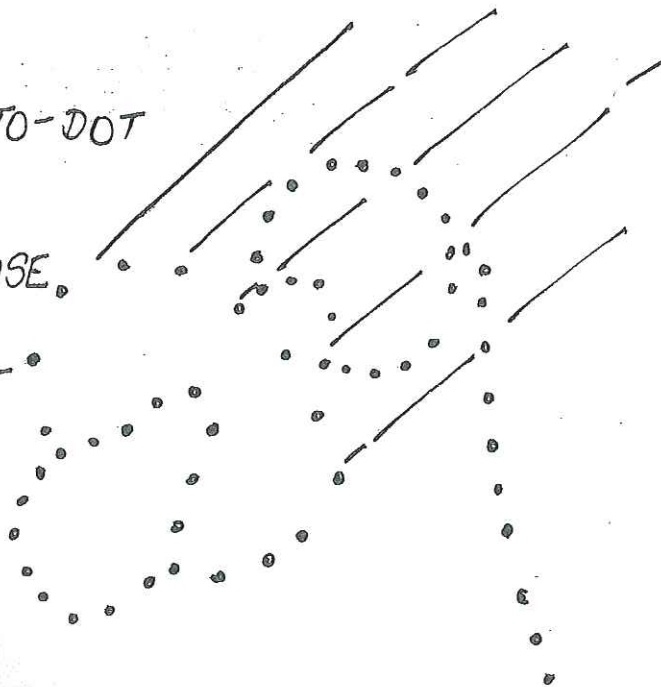
IMMY SPIT
ONTEST.

- WHOEVER

D.H.C.

D. Box 69

Q. The most used
and abused
tool of an
RDHC player
is their
D --- Y.



1C's Report

The 1989 season for the 1C's was a building experience, in which our aim was to consolidate our position in 1C's. We achieved this by showing our ability to beat all the sides in the competition. Unfortunately, we showed we were also able to lose to them. But, all in all our record of 8 wins, 2 draws, and 8 losses, shows a large improvement in our second year and a foundation to build on.

I feel I should mention something of the players:-

Bryan Taylor moving back to halfback and playing it very well.
 Phil Lucas moving to left wing and becoming one of the best wingers in the club.
 Paul Youlden playing fullback very well and showing some good form at inner.



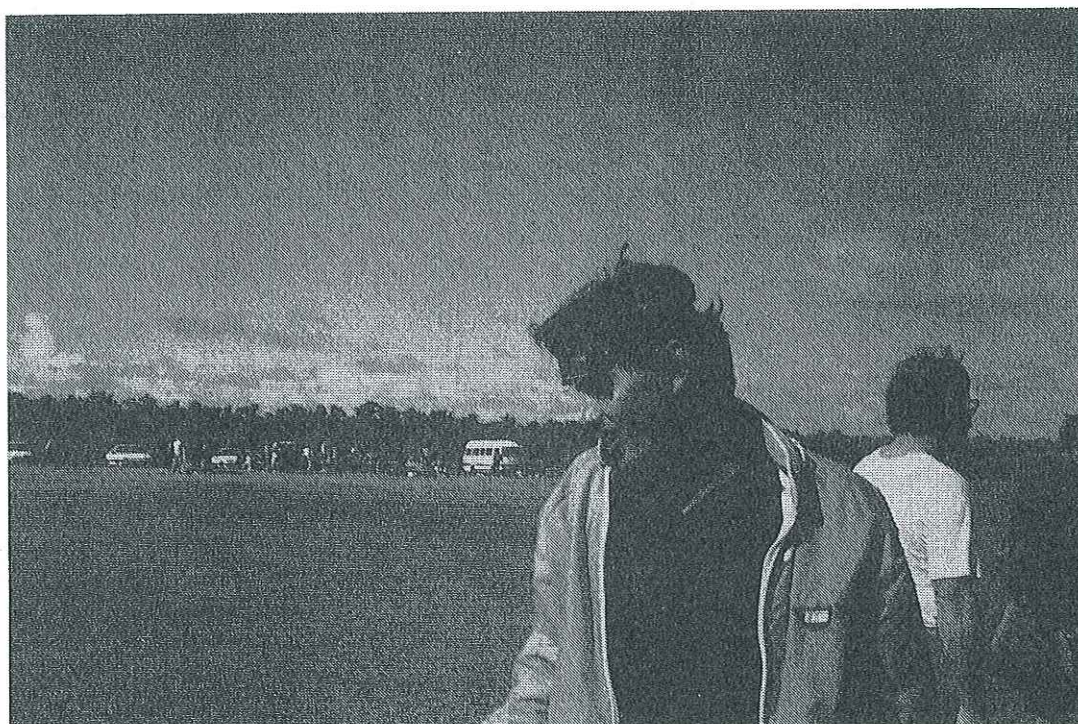
Rob Taylor showing that he is on the road to becoming a strong halfback.
 Dave Elliott playing most positions and playing them well.
 Scott Walker's first year in and showing his natural talent.
 Mark Allen showing the ability to become a strong right winger.
 And, of course, Geoff Amos dependable as ever.

Goal keeping was a task shouldered by the old and the new in Greg Gelfi and Paul Graham, both showing that they are capable.

The season has also seen new members to the team in Saekson Puangsombut, Dean Lings, Jeroen Ophorst and Mark Bruce, all showing the ability to play in this grade.

My thanks to all the players who played and also trained with me
and good luck for next year.

Mike Tierney
LC's Coach.

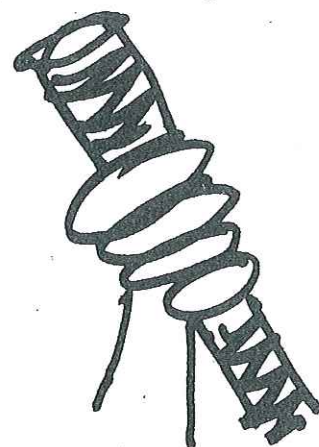


Mike trying to contact beings in outer space. (i.e. the LC's side)

"MICHAEL"



WHEN I SAY
ON THE STICK...
I MEAN ..ON THE
STICK



Trophy Winners

Mandurah Women

Fairest & Best	Wendy Wales
Runner Up	Virginia Trezona
Team Player	Rhonda Ford

Coastal Districts Womens A

Fairest & Best	Karen Birks
Runner Up	Rochelle D'Lugi
Team Player	Pam Ford

Coastal Districts Women B

Fairest & Best	Sandi O'Neill
Runner Up	Leslie Piggott
Team Player	Leslie Piggott

Under 17's

Fairest & Best	Russell Chitty
Runner Up	Ross Walker
Team Player	Greg Halden

Masters

Fairest & Best	Ian Francis
Runner-Up	Terry Evans
Team Player	Kevin Scorer

RS2B's

Fairest & Best	Phil Cassas
Runner Up	Larry Lourenz
Team Player	Gary Smith

RS2A's

Fairest & Best	Steven Eaves
Runner Up	Gordon Blyth
Team Player	Ashley Black

2C's

Fairest & Best	Ron Capps
Runner Up	Ian Nairn
Team Player	Clinton Cooke

1C's

Fairest & Best	Bryan Taylor
Runner Up	Geoff Amos
Team Player	Robert Taylor

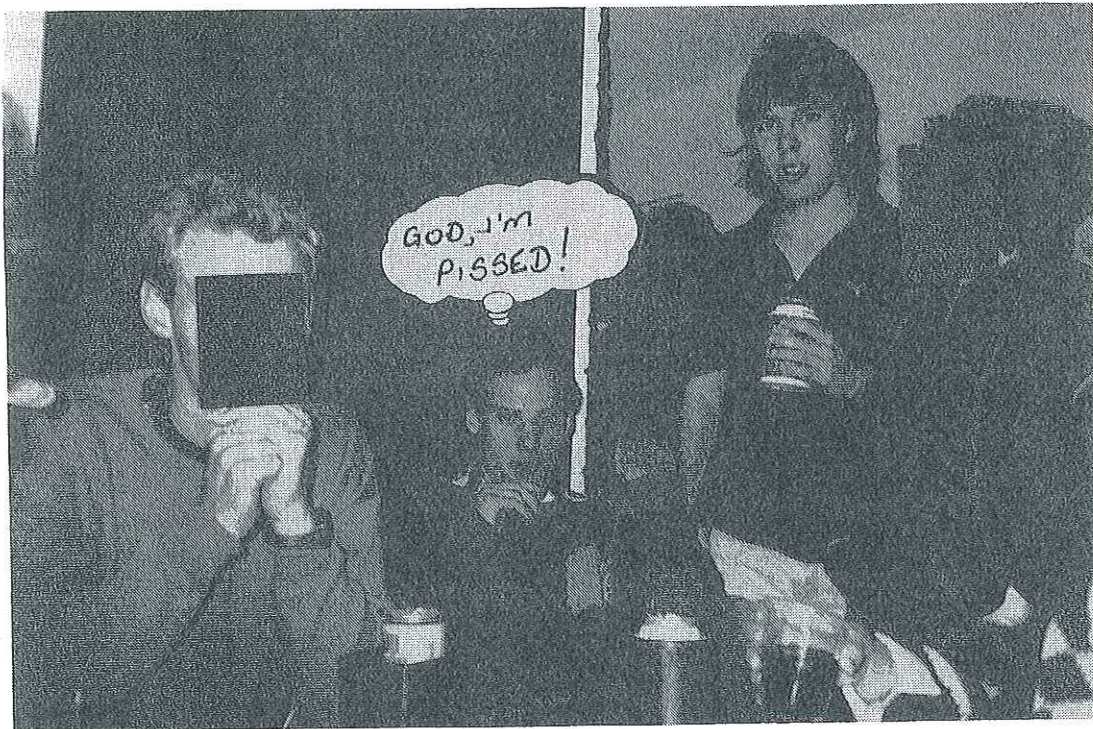
Finalists



Bunbury Best Tongue Competition



WANTED DEAD or ALIVE



Martin "I never spill me beer" Barnett

Peter "Molly" Molnar

CRIME:-

Charged with desertion of Rockingham Hockey Club without buying a beer before they left (a more heinous crime you cannot commit).

Last Known Whereabouts:-

Martin Barnett: travelling east on an Emu Export truck proclaiming "I've found heaven" (now believed to be in or about Queensland).

Peter Molnar: shifting huge great pieces of black stuff down south somewhere (no not Aboriginals!!)

REWARD:-

All expenses paid trip to take them back to where you found them.