



THURUNA

THE MAGAZINE OF

CABRAMATTA HIGH SCHOOL

1969



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

MR. J. HOLME, B.A.

As I stroll in the grounds of the School at the recesses, as I watch the boys and girls at work or at play, I speculate on what each gets out of school !

These speculations make me think of the well-known truth "*You get as much out of anything, as you put into it.*" This truth applies to you at school. You get as much out of school as you put into it. If you give nothing to your studies, your sport, your other school activities, you get nothing from them. If you are conscientious and enthusiastic about your efforts, you achieve a sense of satisfaction and real pleasure.

By adopting such a positive attitude, you assist in improving the standard of the School. Your help can be enormous in whatever field you care to give it. Your rewards will be in equal abundance. Your satisfaction in scholastic achievement, in sport or in the very pleasure of being a member of this School, are all part of the reward of giving in order to receive.

I recommend these thoughts to you.

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Mrs. A. Speer



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EDITORIAL

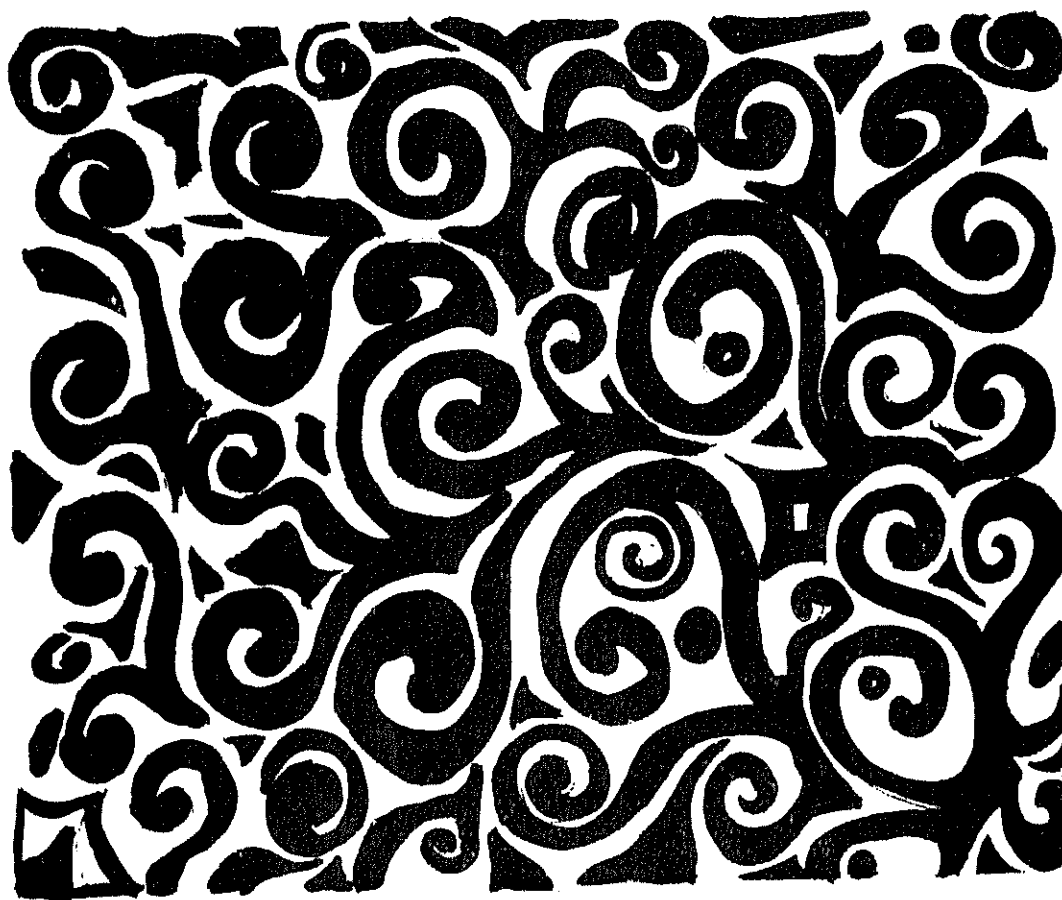
This year's edition will, I believe, measure up to the standard of past efforts. It was interesting to note that, as the collection of material was underway, a number of students showed a very pleasing interest. In particular, I would mention John Fazio, William Pinfold, John Kerrison and Mervyn Middling whose contributions in the photography and art field were most encouraging.

In regard to poetry, the magazine probably has better entries than in the last two years. In particular, I would refer to the brief but charming lyrics of Lesley Graham and to Ron Cavan's sincerely expressed emotions which have earned him the poetry award. This year's prose perhaps suffered by comparison. Too many short stories were of the "shipwreck" — "haunted house" variety. Students should look to the work of Nina Spitzmacher and Amanda Fazio to see that literary prose may, like poetry, express the deepest of feelings. Amanda's contribution earned her this year's prose award. Criticising the prose contributions further, I am a little disappointed to note that there have been very few essays in the field of constructive criticism of contemporary affairs. Surely there are many areas that must be of major concern to senior students.

Finally, I thank all teachers and students who have contributed and assisted this year.

F. Wilson





Jan Thatcher, 3A

THE ENCHANTING FOREST OF THE MAIDEN, PRISCILLA

Known to people near, let alone afar
she cannot be
enticed by a fairyland of make believe
and reality —
the times cannot permit her eyes to see
the outside world around
of colour hate, war and makeshift lives
'n sin upon this ground —
for she lives her life in a far-away place
free from moral stain
t' live with peace and tranquility
in her own enchanting domain.

Priscilla is only one theme, of which
beauty represents
the world in which she lives is also
in all: pretence —
in all possible magnitudes of contentment
and in soft clouds above
that's where you'll find my lovely
in a rapture of love —
with nature's bronze brown body
watching all within
an invisible veil of dreamland dust
deluding all transgression.

R. J. Caven, 6A

THE TREE ON THE HIGHWAY

A tree on a highway is not an extremely unusual circumstance but when thought about it could be.

The history of the tree on Highway 44 dates back many centuries to the time when highways weren't thought of to take the place of a maze of small cobbled roads which would turn one insane trying to get through them.

The place: Spain, time: 1756, in the palace of Isabell and Ferdinand. Isabell is arguing with Ferdinand about the number of colonies Spain has. Finally to get some peace and quiet, Ferdinand agrees to send out explorers in search for new lands and summoned his well-liked explorer, Carlos Montoya.

Ferdinand explains the situation to Carlos and tells him to take ships and men and see if he could find and settle lands which have not yet been mapped.

Carlos, months later with his fleet, set sail in search for land for his country and his king.

Many months of battling raging seas, perilous ocean currents, and the hot steamy regions of the equator passed but finally their efforts were well rewarded. At last they'd reached land, and in honour of the event Carlos planted a young tree. Years passed and the plant grew into a fine tall tree, which has been tended by the villagers who'd resided there.

Centuries later, the government wanted to put through a project for a highway right through the centre of the tiny village. The people knew that this meant the fine tall tree which was their whole and only history would have to be destroyed.

The villagers protested, campaigning throughout the country and now this once quiet small village was the centre of controversy. The villagers were determined to prove that their history was much more important than a highway but the government, on the other hand, believed that the highway was more important and was determined that this project should go through.

Finally, after many months of battling, it appeared that the villagers had won, but time proved otherwise and the trouble arose again. Soon after the fresh rise of conflict, a compromise was reached. The people and the government both agreed that the highway project would go through and the tree would be preserved.

Months later the highway was begun and the tree restored by placing a cement block around it securing it to the ground.

Now, many years later, there it stands the piece of history which the villagers had so strongly fought for.

Nora Molocznyk, 3B



INTERACT CLUB — 1969

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P. CASH, G. RUTHERFORD, G. PETERS, D. HELER
Front Row, left to right — R. PLOMP, B. CRAIG, Mr. L. BRADY, Mr. J. HOLME, Mrs. M. COSTELLO,
F. BURRISS, N. SMITH



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Mrs. C. McCORMICK, J. MORRIS, M. HOWLIN, E. STEVENSON, P. LOTHIAN
Bottom Row, left to right — M. CRAIG, S. DORSMAN, S. THOMAS, M. MIDDLEING, T. SKOPIN,
P. WILLIAMS, D. JACK, R. BUREK

Take down these walls,
Away these chains.
Take away these clothes,
Which around me lay.
Take away,
The worry and care.

They say we are progressing.
Progressing where?
The more we progress,
The more that we care.
Progressing backwards to
No one knows where.

P O E M

Give me a life as free as a breeze,
Blowing softly the brown autumn leaves.
Caress me with warmth and light of day.
Take all your wars and bombs away.

Give me a field with fresh air in plenty,
Give me to hunt my food daily
And to cook on a hillside open and free,
The carefree life is life only to me.

And when days of anguish
Have floated away,
And coal dust of black,
And smoke of grey.
Then life will be happy
Once more with no gate,
No fences, no wars and no hate.

And risen on coal dust
Fine flowers will bloom
And herald the ending
Of impending doom.

Take down these walls
Away these chains
Take away these clothes
Which around me lay
Take away
The worry and the care
Give me green fields
And lots of fresh air.

D. L. Oakes

A GIRL IS A TROUBLIN ME

I've been a waitin here
Searchin, who knows where
like a hope — prayin'
for one touch of your hair.

The reason for the split was
baby — you tell me
one minute things were like flowers in grass
for those in love t' see
we know ma and pa had split man
but wernt that enough
for us to part like this —
things are gettin tough

like a load on my mind
of questions entwined
for now you aint mine.

But still a lamp shines at my window, dear
just if ya happen t' see
a ray of moonlight to ponder upon
an explanation for me.

The cat's name was Don as I
recollect constantly
some far-off jerk like
which I care not to see
for it's you stuck in my memory
(but as many a dream has faded
and many an attitude has fallen)
our two souls should be

like one in eternity
for all the world to see —
posthumously.

Only one kiss it was
the kiss o' death it must a been crude
for you shrugged off girl
and I'm in a pondering mood.

So if ya read this epitaph
as it's bound t' be mine
be sure to drop me a line
at that station
at the other end o' time.
so I'll have peace o' mine
to know friends still remember and say,
"He died with a memory" on that day
when she turned
away
without ya or nay
the explanation
lost in the dusts
of time.

If this epilogue is read today
by the girl with whom
I wish to stay (think man think)
as a last wish I hope and pray
that she'll be mine . . .
some day.

R. Caven, 6A

FOURTH FORM — JENOLAN CAVES FIELD TRIP

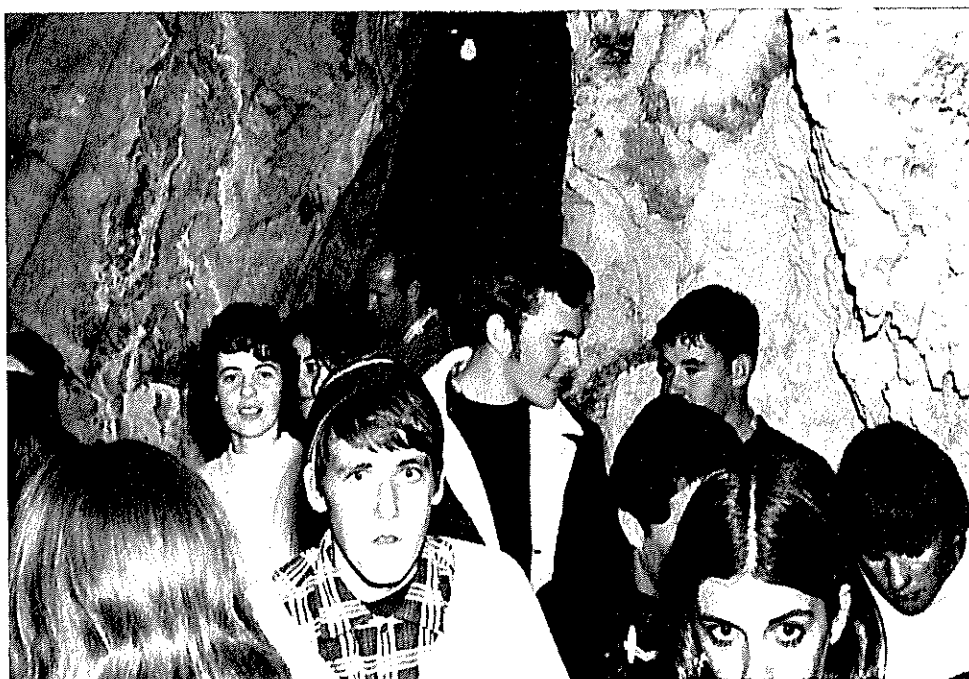
The Jenolan Caves are situated beyond the Sydney Basin approximately 100 miles west of Sydney. They are located in limestone which was formed during the Silurian period many millions of years ago.

This field trip was attended by an overwhelming hundred or so students, five teachers one photographer, and eight hundred and sixty-seven pieces of baggage.

The coach moved up Aladore Avenue on the 17th July, very close to the scheduled time — which is strange for most excursions. We were on our way and feeling quite happy until the inevitable happened — we were told to take out our “textbook” of prepared field notes as we were stopping at various places along the route. These stops however, were found to be informative and interesting.

The first of our stops was to study river deposition at the gravel beds at Castlereagh where samples of rock such as porphyry and quartzite were collected. Other stops of interest were Kurrajong Lookout, Mount Tomah, Mitchell's Ridge and the cafe at Bell where we indulged in lunch. From Hartley we travelled on to Jenolan Caves House, where we alighted from the coach and moved into our plush accommodation for the night.

Shortly after, we inspected the Grand Arch, the Carlotta Arch and the Devil's Coachhouse — all three were spectacular sights and well worth the arduous hike over the countryside. At different points along the route Mr. Reed amused the party by relating stories about Silurian giants from warm shallow seas fighting in caves with batholiths and monoclines, creating terrible havoc and causing rivers to be uplifted overnight, resulting in granite tors and level skylines.



“ DEEP DOWN UNDER ” — THE LUCAS CAVE

Left to right — Miss Fisk, Miss Friedmann, Gary Mottley, Zdrauka Telac,
Bill Kings, Gary Stafford, Jar e Bridle, Darryl Howlin



"A TOUCH OF CLASS" — DINING IN JENOLAN CAVES HOUSE

Left to right — Maureen Ring, Maureen Long, David Hanchard, Jane Bridle,
Jennifer Smith, Gunther Neszpor



THE COACH TRIP HOME

Left to right — Jackie Fletcher, E. Mathieson, Brian Wilson, Pam Williams,
Kevin Dickson, Tania Skopin
Front — Yvette Alavoine

After we had satisfied ourselves over dinner, the party made a tour of the Lucas Cave, one of the largest of the Jenolan Caves. Many interesting features were observed in this cave such as the Cathedral cavern and the Broken Column. Also, the observation of the stalactites and stalagmites was of major interest. These were formed by the slow, steady action of acidic waters on limestone.

After returning from the Lucas Cave it was quite late, so we were "advised" and directed to go to bed. Most went to bed to enjoy well-earned sleep but some decided to make unscheduled excursions to unscheduled locations.

The next morning, which was four o'clock for some . . . and a very sleepy one for others, breakfast was served at a reasonable hour allowing many to make a biological inspection of the wildlife around the caves. A couple of rock wallabies, several possums and some rare birds were sighted. Overall, the surrounding limestone country proved to be very interesting and especially suited to the photographers.

At the end of our morning hike we returned to the Caves House for lunch after which our endless line of cases were squeezed into the coaches and the slow haul from the bottom of Jenolan Valley began.

On the return journey another two stops were made — one at the Cox's River to study a granite intrusion (and female prowess at climbing fences) and lastly a final pleasure stop at Katoomba.

Many weary pupils then settled back to slumber for the final miles home.
Our thanks to all the staff concerned.

Brian Wilson and Mark McCann, 4A *Slightly edited by Mr. Reed*



"A MOMENT OF RESPIRE" — JENOLAN CAVES HOUSE

*Left to right — Carol Dudson, Lilli Neibosynski, Yvette Alavoine, Connie Werner,
Pam West, Sue Mataruga, Jane Bridle, Jill Benson, Anna Everts*

SHORT STORY

He felt quite grown now and had, since he received his own transport. In fact, for a nineteen-year-old, he felt quite independent and extremely self-reliant. The new day hailed his first test run and he was quite eager to try out his new toy. His dejection had long since passed and anticipation of this event had built up to such a fervent peak that he had been unable to sleep the previous two nights.

And now he was ready. The motor failed to respond to his first attempt to set it in motion, but at the second turn of the key, it sprang to life. Gingerly, he moved it forward. Its progress, at first hampered by his lack of knowledge, rapidly increased until it seemed to him that he was leaving all others far behind. Its steering was easily affected by a simple hand control.

As he advanced he was attracted to the sounds of the local football match. When

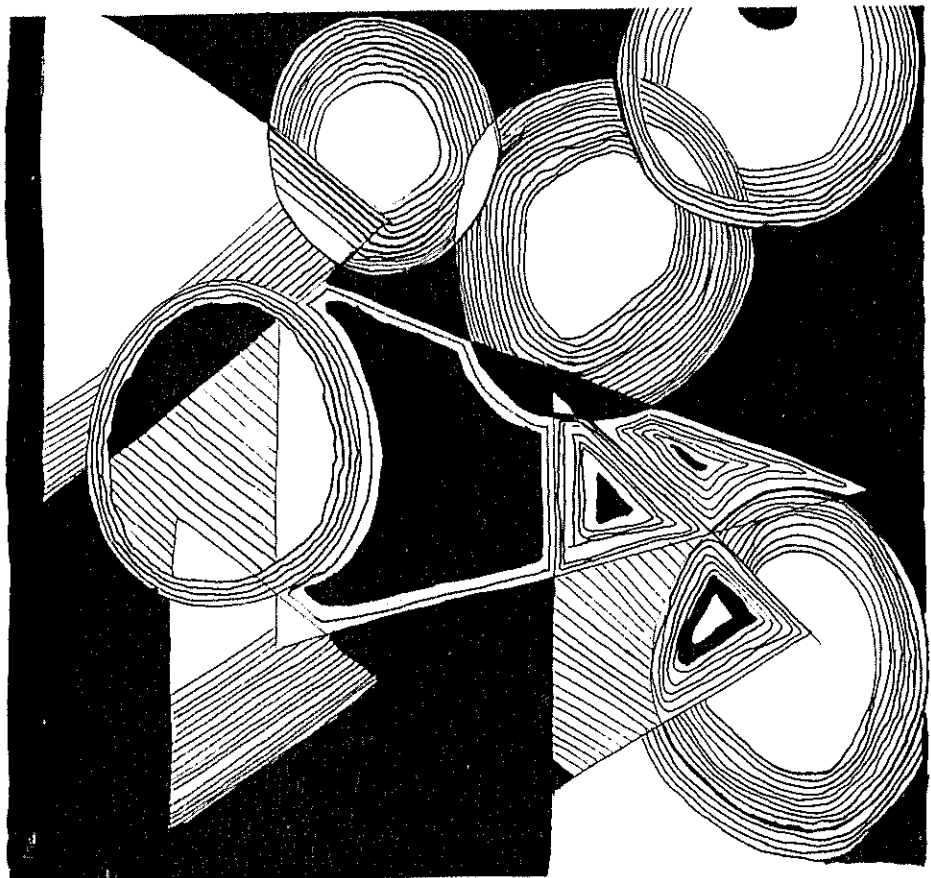
he stopped to watch, memories of the occasions on which he had desperately tried to play, but had been unable, arose before him. Glancing around him he caught the eye of one of the spectators. She was on the opposite side of the park and in her excitement during the game, often caught his attention. As the match was drawing to a close, she seemed to be signalling to him to come and join her.

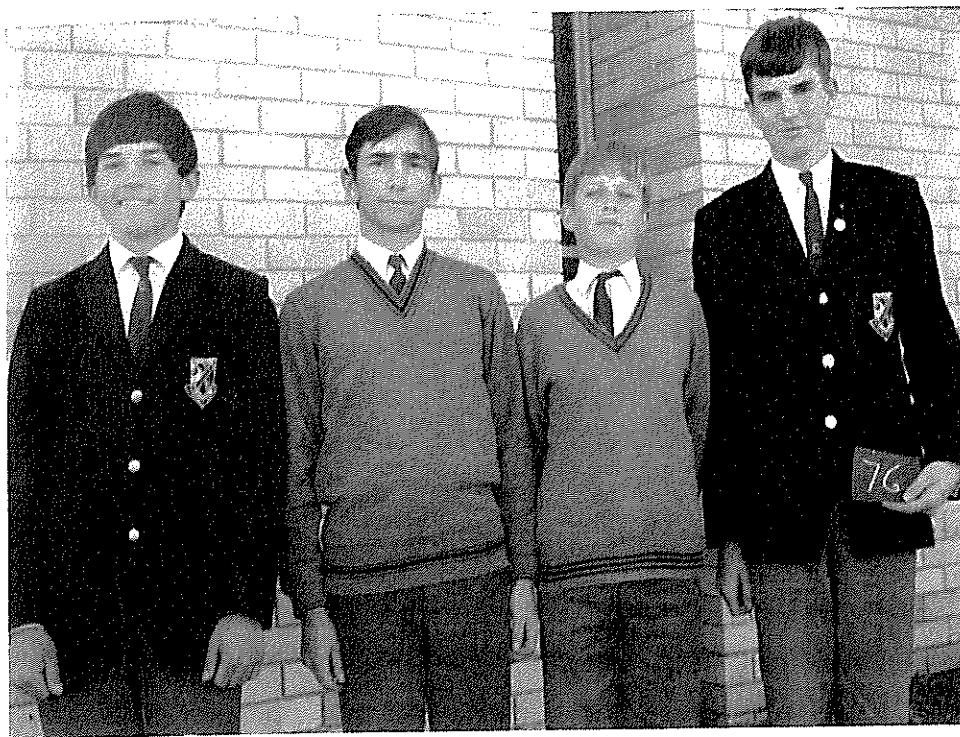
He started his motor, but by the time he had travelled only half the distance, he could no longer find her. Then he saw, getting into a nearby car, with a group of friends, the girl he had spied earlier. With a glance over her shoulder, and a gay laugh, she climbed into the seat and the vehicle departed.

After all, he reflected, he should not blame her who could really like a boy who was strapped to a wheel chair.

Lynne McCann, 5A

Cornelia Werner,
4A





CHESS CLUB

Left to right — T. KORZENIOWSKI, D. HELER, R. FAWCETT, N. SMITH

FOLK CONCERT

In September, a folk concert in which the popular trio, the "Twiliters", appeared, was presented in the Assembly Hall.

The members of the group were Greg Ferris, Kerry White and Jim Maguire and they entertained the large crowd with a polished performance of some well-known folk songs. They opened with a Negro Spiritual, "Cottonfields", and followed this by a humorous comedy routine centred around an aboriginal song.

The audience appeared to enjoy the performance and joined in the chorus of some of the more familiar numbers.

The highlight of the performance was "Gauntanamera" in which the audience participated.

The concert ended with a stirring rendition of "If I had a Hammer".

These songs presented to the pupils' views of folk composers, such as Pete Seeger. The emotion and feeling written into the folk songs was conveyed to them, especially in some of the moving Negro Spirituals.

Judging by the enthusiasm generated by the audience, we may expect to see more of this type of entertainment in the future.

GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION BY SENIOR STUDENTS TO THE CENTRAL WEST OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Students were careful not to bid mistakenly for a mob of sheep during an afternoon auction at the Forbes Municipal Saleyards



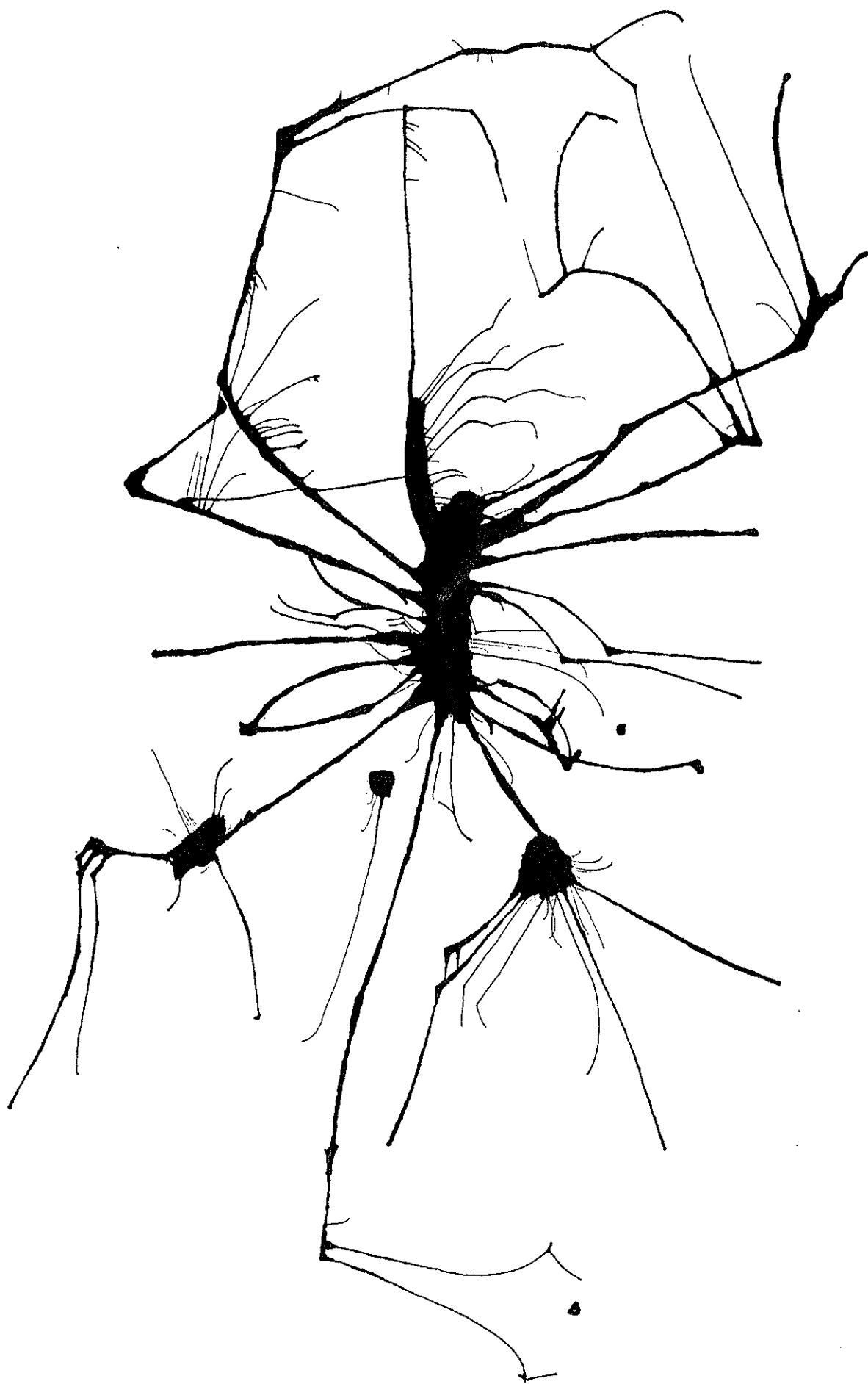
Admiration for the stud bull at "Yarnell" — the large grazing property of Mr. R. Dawson near Condobolin



Mr. Jim Watts of "Austinmere" via Parkes explains wheat varieties to students from Cabramatta High School on their visit to the Central West during the August vacation



A demonstration of the post hole digger at Mr. Watt's property shows well the amount of preparation willingly undertaken by the farmers in order to show the students various aspects of their routine



SIXTH FORM SCIENCE

FIELD TRIP TO GEROA

On a cold bleak Thursday in the merry month of March, a band of courageous Sixth Form Science students set out on a two-day overnight Field Trip to Geroa; presumably under the guidance of three notorious members of the science staff, namely, Mr. Reed, Mr. Courts and Miss Fisk.

The first scheduled stop on our two-day epic was the tiny hamlet of Waterfall, where much to everyone's surprise, Mr. Reed found some latente. Continuing on the dangerous road south we stopped a few times to enjoy the scenic views.

The last major stop was that of Bombo Quarry, near Kiama, where, after a few cracks of the whip we were forced to walk and climb for miles. In the dangerous spots, the age old courtesy of "ladies before gentlemen" was adopted. After completing various assignments, one of which was tracing a basaltic dyke, and taking note of the various geological formations, the party headed into Kiama for lunch.

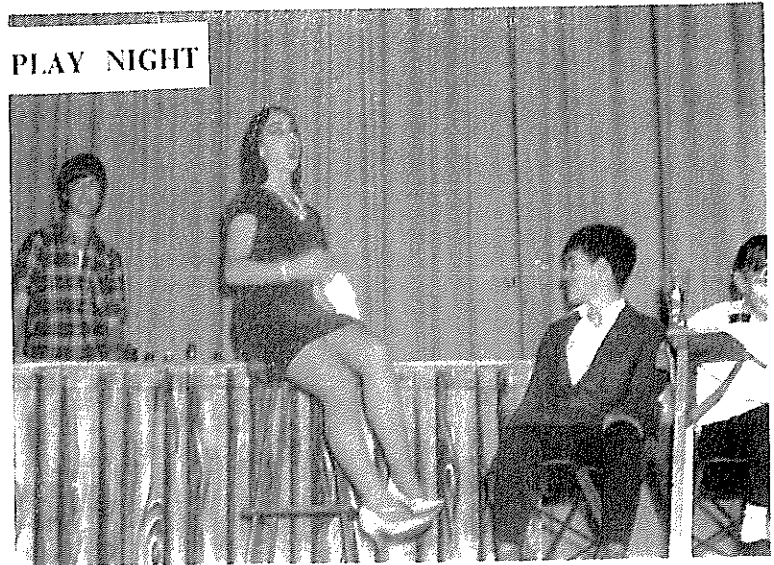
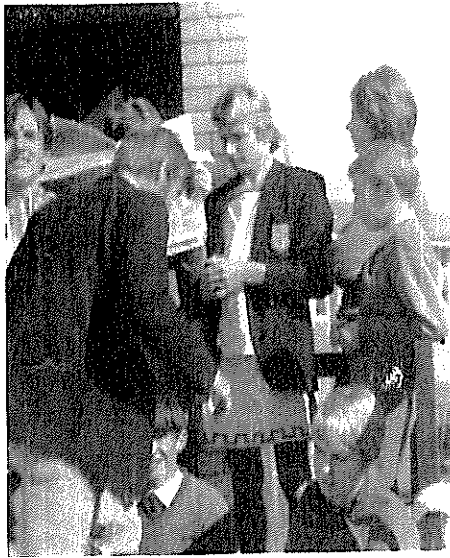
Lunch completed and thirsts quenched, the bus, and its contents, started off once more and after a brief stop at the Little Blow Hole which conveniently blew for us, continued on to Geroa.

At last Geroa was reached, but not without material losses to certain members of our party who had lost their esky containing a whole week's supply of coke; confiscated by the management. An eventful night passed, which was commenced by a series of lectures on the sights we had seen and would see. Curfew time had arrived, anyone caught outside would be stoned. The night's entertainment was highlighted with a solo by Louis Armstrong II, at 2 a.m. on his battered bugle.

Friday morning was spent surveying the various geological characteristics of the rock platform. Mr. Reed conducted the Geology, Miss Fisk the Biology and Mr. Courts interpreted to the ignorant masses. Many rare fossils and unusual rocks were discovered and also many other items of geological and biological interest, especially Bert Sem's camera.

Completely tired out, we were given a tumultuous farewell by the inhabitants of Geroa, who were relieved to know that they would be left in peace for another twelve months.

P. Mills, 6A



WHAT IS MATURITY?

The Government of this, our country, seems to think that a man is mature if he has passed the magical age of twenty-one when all men are mysteriously transformed from ignorant schoolboys into wise and learned men. This, as I have stated, is the Government's view on the matter. However, I am of the opinion that real maturity goes deeper than this. To illustrate my point I have made some remarkable and enlightening observations of maturity at work and from these I shall attempt to ascertain exactly what maturity is.

My first observation was of three mature men working on a road. I was walking towards them with a good friend who dresses somewhat modernly and has shoulder-length hair. As we neared these **obviously well-educated men of great wisdom** we were greeted with such welcoming words as "Git ya 'air cut ya long-'aired loon" and "Giv 'sa kiss Shirley". Realising that these were learned, mature men and we were merely ignorant schoolboys, we were reluctant to engage in argumentative conversation and so we walked on.

Our next encounter with maturity was had at the local meeting place where men may engage in learned discourse. Upon making some enquiries, we found this place of learning had a most peculiar name; The Pub. Here, once again, we were fortunate enough to sample the workings of maturity. Over a bar was being served a refreshing stimulant known as beer (the taste of which I found quite disgusting; but who am I to criticise the drinking habits of the mature) and these mature members of our society seemed to spend large amounts of their hard-earned money in the consumption of such (between the learned discourses of course).

We also observed a steady stream of learned men leaving this hallowed place and forming an orderly, yet somewhat wobbling procession up the main street. We were puzzled at this and decided to investigate the destination of these learned men. As we neared the end of our journey we could hear the excited voices of maturity crying, "come on yar b..... git up and run ya b....., run." Anxious to discover the meaning of learned words, we entered an establishment known in social circles as the T.A.B. As far as we would make out, this establishment was some sort of public resting place reserved for mature and learned people. Words cannot explain the intense excitement we felt at being once again in the company of the mature members of our community. Seated on the steps of this building we could see mature men listening attentively to a small radio receiver. Being learned men, they were listening to some sort of parliamentary debate for we noticed that they were deeply engrossed in the programme. Our assumption was further confirmed by such utterances as "ya son of a Portugese pig" and "Royal Diplomat ain't got a chance in a million" which we assumed were expressions of disagreement with a speaker's argument.

Realising that we were out of place in this environment and not wishing to be in the way of such learned goings on, we decided to further our investigations by visiting an establishment known as "The Pink Pussycat" which we knew was frequented by only the mature. From our observations, we came to the conclusion that this too was a place of learning. Here was the place where the mature people of our fair city congregate to eat and simultaneously attend what was apparently a study of the anatomy of the female body. It was certainly a

stirring sight to see adult men who, even at times of eating, were striving to increase their knowledge. In fact, a couple of these mature men, eager to supplement their knowledge of the subject with first hand information, had to be restrained from boarding the platform and making a detailed examination of the female involved. Isn't it heartwarming to know, dear reader, that there exists in this **glorious** metropolis, an institution so dedicated to the advancement of learning, that it quenches the overwhelming thirst for learning that is so characteristic of maturity, as well as relieving the pains of hunger?

Another highly significant trait that distinguishes the mature from the immature, is their selection of literature. To observe this trait at first hand, we decided to visit the local newsagency and see just what form of literature the mature man of today is reading. Upon observing that the most popular piece of literature purchased was one called "Man", we decided to buy a copy. Inside we found various pictures of the nude female form in poses exposing every part. Here, once again, it was in the interest of learning. It was obvious to us that this was a treatise on the physical make-up of the female body and as such, was designed solely for the communication of knowledge.

Having gained sufficient evidence on the matter I am now in a position to ascertain exactly what maturity is and with this purpose in mind, I have compiled a summary in point form of the characteristics of maturity.

1. A mature man must condemn all that he does not understand.
2. He must be unwilling to do away with obsolete ideas on fashion and, in particular, the length of hair.
3. He must be adept at the fine art of swearing and must feel duty-bound to use this language as often as possible.
4. He must become an alcoholic to prove his maturity.
5. He must throw away his money on the activity of gambling.
6. He must have a maniacal lust for sexual perversion.

If these are the qualifications needed to become a mature and wise being human, I for one should like to remain an "uncivilised" teenager; however ignorant I may be.

Mervyn Middling, 5B



BRISKI Vladimir

A R O S E

Marja Lehto, 3B

Have you ever seen a rose,
So delicately planted,
Standing stately in her pose,
So fragile, weak, enchanted,
See how nice and curved she bends,
When the breezes blow,
A perfumed fragrance she doth send,
Which seems to flow and flow,
The passers-by all stoop and sigh,
As the fragrance draws them nearer,
And they are transfixed in this wondrous state
Until the dim light becomes clearer,
At last her true form is revealed,
Around her delicate stature,
The hideous thorns do yield.



BERTA

Repetition
of line
and contrast
of shape.



PREFECTS — 1969

Back Row, left to right — S. CUTRUPI, B. CRAIG, M. SAWICKI, J. RATTUR, P. MILLS,
P. KRAUKLIS, A. ATLEE, E. STEVENSON, D. ROOKE, G. SCOTT
Second Back Row, left to right — J. MORRIS, S. DORSMAN, R. KAY, M. JANSON, M. LLUBOBRATOVIC,
A. KIMMEL, R. MAY, E. SKOPIN, P. ASLANIDES, J. VERRELL
Second Front Row, left to right — N. SPITZMACHER, G. SHAW, M. SHALAVIN, C. BOSCHIERO
E. WEBBER, P. LOTHIAN, D. SHEEHAN, G. JEWELL, C. VALE, A. KELLY, B. KREUGER
Front Row, left to right — C. REID, M. HOWLIN, Mr. R. GALLAGHER, G. ARMITAGE, Miss J. KING
Mr. J. HOLME, F. REED, Mr. J. LAMBERT, L. BARBOUR, A. MOSKAL



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS — 1969

Back Row, left to right — N. GAN, A. KELLY, J. VERRELL, B. CRAIG, P. MILNE, J. FAZIO, R. SIMPSON,
C. MARTIN, D. HELER
Middle Row, left to right — T. SKOPIN, M. REDMAN, S. THOMAS, S. DORSMAN, L. McCANN
E. VRHOVSEK, J. MORRIS, D. SHEEHAN
Front Row, left to right — F. REED, M. HOWLIN, L. BARBOUR, G. ARMITAGE, M. VANAGS,
Mr. J. HOLME, M. LLUBOBRATOVIC, C. REED, E. SKOPIN, E. STEVENSON

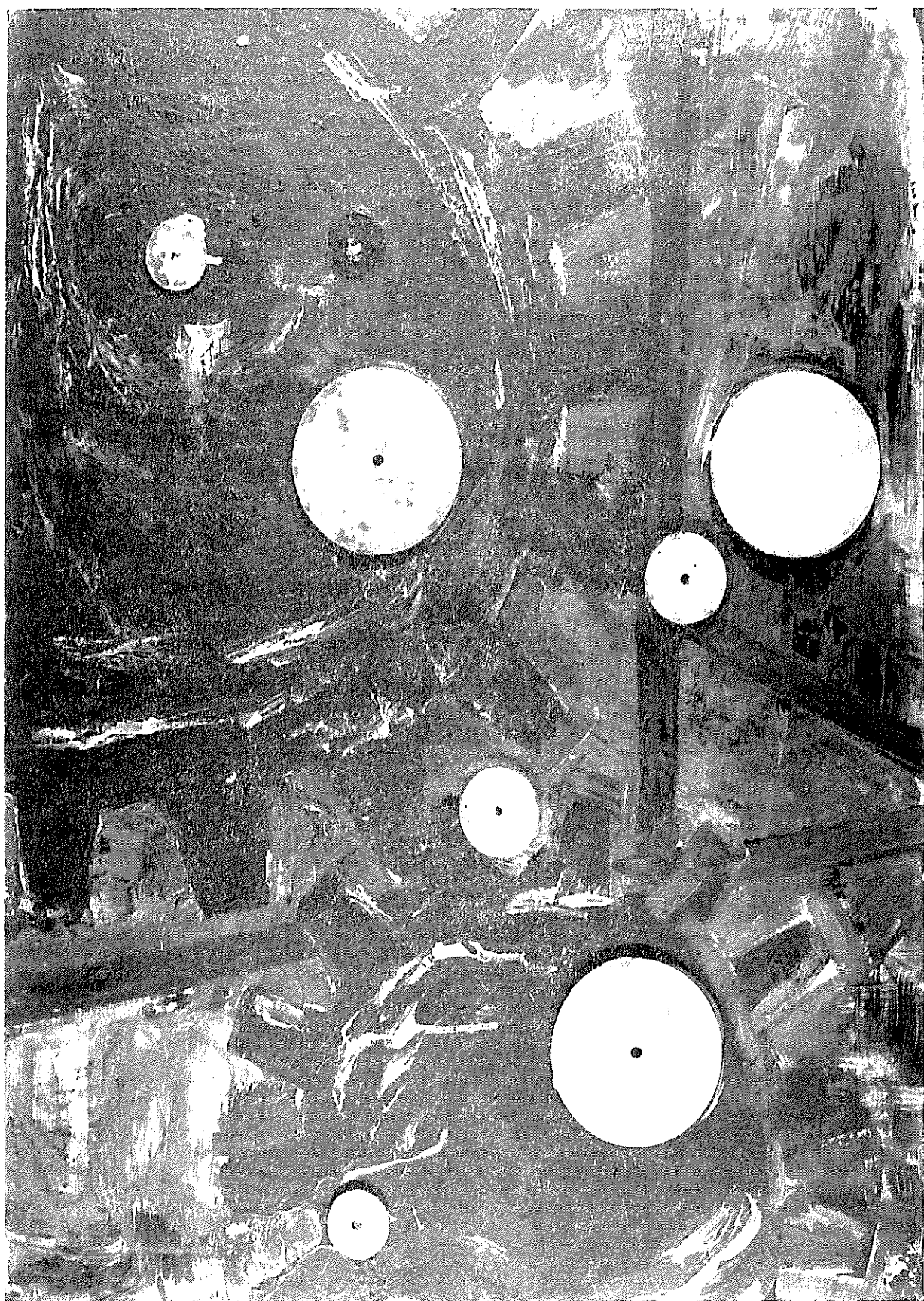
BLACK AND WHITE

The experience of dusk
 twilight zone,
the death of day and
have you seen
the virtue of a new-born lamb
unassisted
by hands belonging to man
on a field
of green and yellow shades
dark here — light there
as the day
expires.

And the lamb rises, to
 woo its mother
and replenish —
this time by itself,
as its mother eats the grass
 and the lamb
 is cold
because
the night is cold
and the night is dark
because —
 the lamb is black.

The experience of dawn
 twilight zone,
the death of night . . . and
have you seen
the cessation of life
assisted
by fate and by nature
because frail bodies
so young
and on a cold winter's night
as the lamb
expires.

R. J. Caven, 6A





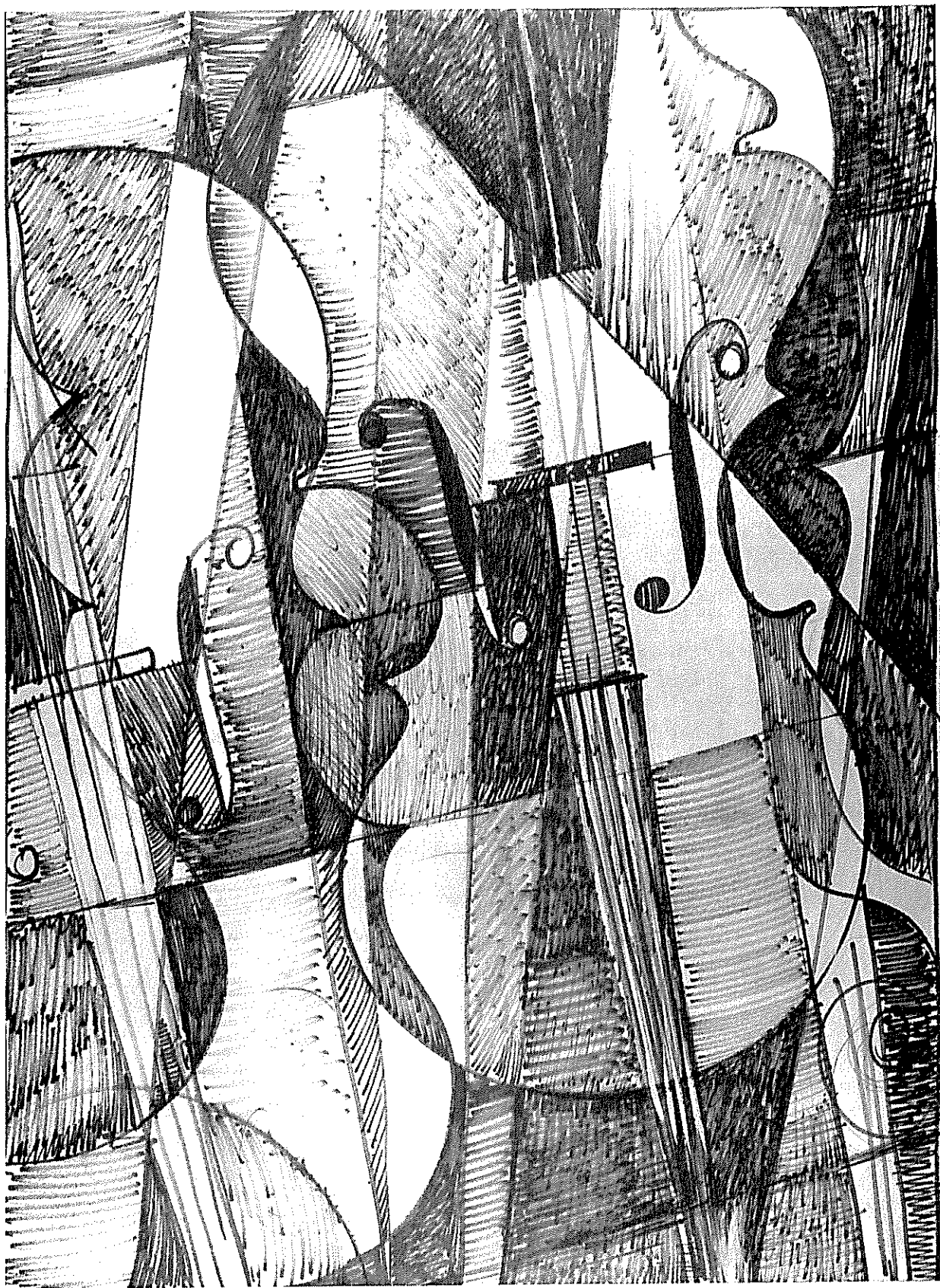
On a Sunday morning I was lying in the back yard reading the paper, as is the habit of many suburban dwellers and I noted a small brown bird alight on my clothesline — mistaking it for a new “form of tree” perhaps, whose leaves are donned and shed on a weekly basis. Then it puzzled me why I had turned my attention to this brown bird rather than continue the rather intriguing article on science which I had been reading. There have been many birds before who have chosen to grace our steel tree and yet have not attracted my interest as this one did. It quivered its tail and chirped in garrulous communion with the solitary peg on the clothesline, innocent of its abstracted observer, (me). Finding his plastic companion uncommunicative, my feathered friend swooped down upon my dog’s breakfast left-overs and made a luncheon of them. I was glad that my dog’s consideration in not finishing his breakfast had been of service to this wayward wanderer. Having eaten his fill the bird flew to a barren plum tree to sing a song of thanks for the meal with which he had been provided and left me to my contemplations.

To return to my earlier question regarding my fascination for such a commonplace event — how often do we urbanites, we suburban dwellers, get the chance to observe nature? We should be grateful for the snippets that we still see, for with the progress, these are slipping away from us all too fast.

In the space of a lifetime — 60 years — man has jumped from the ability to lift his feet from the ground in an aeroplane, to the ability to lift himself from the earth to the moon. Should we be joyous in this technological advance, which has enabled us to fly higher than the little brown bird, or should we be downcast in the knowledge that with progress, there is an accompanying movement away from contact with nature: and nature is, after all, where the evolution of man began — the origin of man. Do we not owe this debt to nature? Is there not an ominous ring, then, to the advance of civilisation? This is a cynical view of civilisation — a gloomy forecast, yet who can be blind to the lack of understanding and lack of unity between the world’s countries?

The answer to world peace lies not in solely ameliorative leagues, and conferences, but in a genuine willingness of man to accept the other man’s viewpoint, reform his own measures to suit not only himself, but also his neighbour’s.

Nina Spitzmacher, 6A



THESEUS AND THE FAMOUS BED

A Play Written and Adapted From the Greek Myth

- Narrator:* Theseus of our story is an ancient Greek hero. He is on his way to "ATHENS" and it is nearly evening. As he is on a narrow point of the road, there suddenly appears a strange man standing in front of him.
- Stranger:* "Hello, I see you're tired. Do you want to have a good sleep in a fantastic bed. My master owns this bed and if you tell him a good story, you can sleep in it. Besides, you get a good meal."
- Theseus:* "Will this bed fit me? As you see I'm a little taller than normal people."
- Stranger:* "Oh yes, this bed fits everyone because it's no ordinary bed."
- Theseus:* "That sounds good, but I'm much too tired to tell your master a story. I don't think that you told me your name."
- Stranger:* "My name doesn't matter. Just call me servant. If you are too tired to tell my master a story, you can tell him one in the morning and you get the meal plus the bed."
- Theseus:* "If it is like you said, I will accept your offer."
- Narrator:* "As they approached a river, they saw only a wooden bridge. As the leading servant came to the middle, one piece of wood broke under his weight. He fell into the fast-running river."
- Servant:* "Help, save my life, help."
- Narrator:* "Theseus didn't wait long. He ran along the river bank, overtook the servant and jumped in front of him into the water. Theseus was a better swimmer than the servant, so he caught him and swam with him out of the water."
- Servant:* "Thank you stranger, thank you. You saved my life and because of that I'll save yours."
- Theseus:* "You needn't thank me, I would have done that for anyone. Don't call me stranger, my name is Theseus. How will you save my life, if it isn't in danger?"
- Servant:* "Your life is in danger, I told you that it is. I said that my master's bed fits everyone. That's true, because if you are too tall for the bed and your feet are hanging over, he cuts them off. If you are too short, he stretches your body. Both methods end in the same way, you finish a dead man. Here is my plan to save you. While you're asleep, I've got to tie up your hands. This time I will not tie your hands very strongly, so that you can free yourself."

Theseus: "What is the name of your terrifying master?"

Servant: "His name is Procrustes. He is a cruel animal and not a human being. But now, act as if nothing is happening, because we are near the house."

Narrator: "They were approaching a castle, where Procrustes was excitedly waiting for the servant's return."

Servant: "Master, here is a stranger, who wants to rest in your 'all-people-fitting bed'. But, he is too tired to tell you a story."

Procrustes: "Well, if he is too tired to tell a story, he can tell it tomorrow. Meanwhile, he can go to the room, eat the prepared meal, and then he can sleep in the fabulous bed."

Narrator: "Indeed, there was a fine, clear wine and a big juicy steak. The bed of course, was too short for Theseus, his feet were hanging over. After Theseus changed his wet clothes for dry pyjamas, he lay down in the soft bed. After a while Procrustes and the servant came in. The servant tied his hands very loosely. Procrustes tied his feet very strongly. Suddenly, life came into Theseus and he grabbed the surprised Procrustes. Procrustes, much too weak, was hopelessly trying to escape, but it was no use. Meanwhile, Theseus pressed until Procrustes' ribs broke and he died."

Theseus: "So, servant, you're free now and I can go to Athens to see my father."

Servant: "Thank you, Theseus, thank you, next time I'll look for a better master."

So each is going his own way, leaving a memory of the other in his mind.

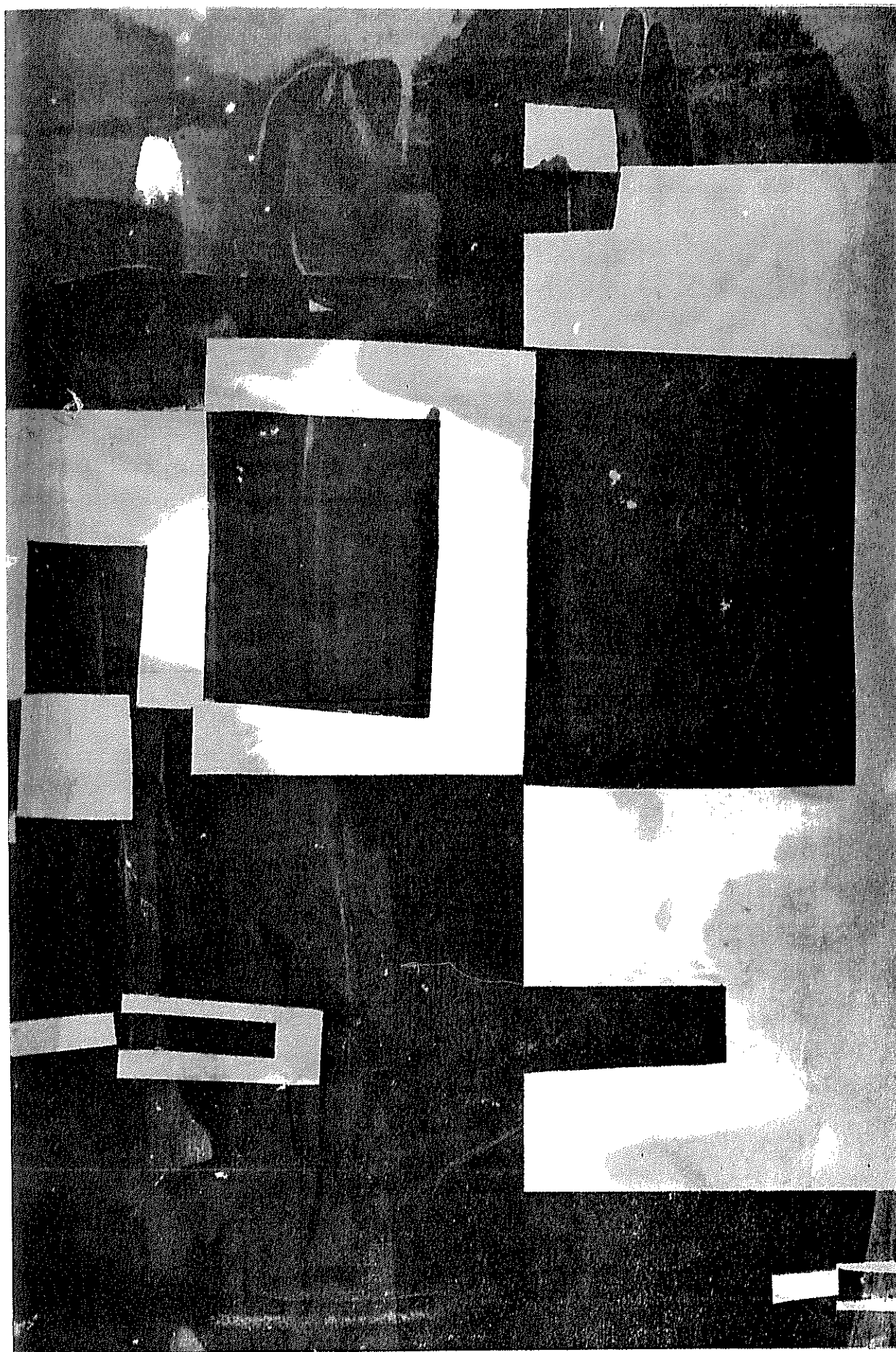
Ferdinand Schnur, 2A

GREEN EYES, GREY HAIR AND MAROON LIPS

Down a shabby stair,
Past walls specked with dirt,
Away from the fresh, clean air
Dwells the Klu Klux Klambert.
Stuck away in some dark corner,
Working in a dream
Sits a woeful mourner
For the dying Wyndham Scheme.
Striving, slaving but ever-serving
The gods of Lear, of Brutus and of Kent,
All the while vaguely mumbling
"Up the Establishment !"

Along a nearby hall,
Across an open court,
Near a slanting wall,
Lives the master of the fort.
Directing little green men
Through tasks of arduous chore,
"Pick up that maroon pen
And work, work evermore!"
Carefully cleaning his plot of grass,
Looking after his realm,
Dirty shoes **will not** pass
'Cause God is at the helm.
As the sun sets on the shrine
And lingers on the dome,
Co-existence flows like wine
For here we have a happy home.

Matthew Howlin, 6A



A Series of Short Poems by Amanda Fazio, 3A

IMAGES IN THE MIND

The arteries and intestines all were leaking blood,
The liver was secreting bile.
And the pattern, mauve, purple and crimson was beautiful,
But, O God ! The smell was vile !

HAIRY FEET

My Grandma's got twenty-seven hairy feet,
My Grandma's got hairy feet !
She walks on them all day and night
No wonder they hurt — her shoes are too tight
O yes ! My Grandma's got twenty-seven hairy feet,
My Grandma's got hairy feet.

MEMORIUM

A little tree was growing high,
It was ten feet in height
And all the passersby would sigh,
It was a pretty sight.
But a nasty builder decided to pull it down
And now a concrete pathway marks the spot,
Of where the tree once stood
And still would have, if the builder was good.

A STORY

A little bird went flying high
And sat upon my tree,
"Hello Girl," said the little bird,
"I have a story to tell to thee."
One day I was a flying by,
When I saw a pumpkin in the sky
And then I saw a great blue bow
Go tripping past, ho ho ho,
Well, don't you know !
I said I was flying high.

SHORT STORY

Down into the briny deep, we dropped from above in seconds. From a million cracks and crevices, eyes seemed to be watching our slow descent. The black around us engulfed our sphere as we descended through a film of dark weed.

It was now quite apparent that we had reached the bottom of this trench, the deepest part of the Hipsake Sea.

From the weed, the world around us was illuminated phosphorescently by the continuous deposition of micro-organic creatures which, over the centuries became luminous through decay, like the dial of a wrist watch. Suddenly everything became dark as if there was a large blanket covering our sphere shadowing us from the little that there was of diffused light from the surface.

The professor and I left the ship. I ventured out with the professor, in the event of some freak occurrence. I felt a bit uneasy, with this massive mile expanse of water between us, the bell and the mother ship. John, the third member of the party, stayed inside to look after the instruments and operate the pressure lock.

Suddenly the professor stopped as if frozen a few feet from me. I swam up to see what was ahead. A tremendous blow hit the back of my head and I constricted like a dying fish in its death throes. Unconsciousness slipped into my body and I dropped as a leaf in a stagnant wind into the soft bed of ooze that seemed to be summoning me into its waiting arms.

As suddenly as unconsciousness came it departed. I rose from my bed and looked around me trying to get my eyes once again accustomed to sight. They focused on a dark allonoid mass suspended over our vehicle by four bright green frog-looking creatures clad in their under sea attire.

One beckoned to another to his left, who quickly came to life swimming at a great speed tugging at the rubbery mass once suspended above the bell. Quickly the others followed heading in the direction of a large grotto, brilliantly covered with flamboyant alluring pink shades of coral into which little fish darted to evade the oncoming creatures.

Four entered and were concealed by its dark interior. I retreated to the bell, not relishing the thought of pursuing after into its inky blackness. The professor had not returned and John accompanied me in his search after the renewal of my breathing cylinders. The light from the flare manacled to my hand cut a broad shaft into the grotto as we carefully moved onwards.

It was a dead end — but where to from here? I received a nudge from beside me. As I turned one of John's flippers disappeared behind a large boulder that hid a small tributary running off to the left. I followed but I had lost sight of him. I swam furiously hoping to catch sight of him around the next bend of the slender shaft. I stopped swimming and still I found myself being pulled rapidly to the opening of a transparent glassy dome.

Inside, the suction stopped and my natural bouyancy drew me closer to the surface of the partly oxygen-filled dome. The air had a musty smell and was quite cold, but it was still good to be breathing fresh air and not the re-cycled stuff in my tanks. Surrounding were the signs of some advanced culture, none of which I had ever dreamed of. Towering marble statues and frescoes on the walls of the milky buildings.

Suddenly there was the sound of a hunt, with the baying of dogs and the simultaneous blowing of trumpets. Two grey figures emerged from a small aperture in a stone wall and plunged headlong into the water ahead. Gladly, I beckoned to the professor and John and we quickly flew down the slender shaft, through the grotto and back to the bell.

As the bell broke the surface of the water, our eyes almost blistered at the intensity of the sun. We sat round absorbing its warmth and I related the tale to the disbelief of the multitudes surrounding.

L. J. Stevens

FEAR

The eerie stone building lay in the depths of ruin. Amongst the weeds and overgrown hedges one could hear a rat scurrying out of sight.

Behind the house, with the broken windows and creaking doors, grew a towering old elm tree. It swayed frantically in the cold wind.

To break this monotonous silence it took only one inquisitive boy to come traipsing down the lane. The creaking gate could be heard dragging along the bed of gravel it rested upon. The grubby pair of hands could be seen wiping away the cobwebs and dust off the broken windows just to gain a sight of the interior of the supposedly haunted house. He was unable to see in, but strained to incredible degrees without succession. He began to think about the possibility of meeting a ghost.

His eyes began to fill with salty tears. They trickled down his flushed cheeks and hung clingingly on his chin. His muscles tensed as the terror welled up inside him. He let out a blood curdling scream and went running frenzied down the path. He was blind to the obstacles which lay in his way. A protruding rock, unnoticed by the panic-filled eyes, became that ever-dreaded obstruction.

He lay motionless on the ground. Alas! He will never again know fear anymore, neither will he feel joy.

Marja Lehto, 3B

SHORT STORY

Terry sat on her bed, waiting for her mother to come home. It was much later than the time that Mrs. Walker had told Terry to expect her. The sunlight was fading fast, but Terry didn't bother to turn on the lamp.

As she sat there wondering about her mother she took a mental inventory of all their worldly possessions. There was her mother's bed in the far corner with a battered screen around it. Then underneath the window was the lounge chair that Mrs. Walker had been given by her mother for a wedding gift.

Terry was disgusted when she saw the filth and grime on the table and the two chairs where they ate all of their meals. The portable primus stove stood on the cabinet that contained their groceries and kitchen utensils.

Behind the door was the old 'fridge that kept breaking down and at the foot of Terry's bed was the wardrobe that contained all of their clothes.

Terry became increasingly despondent and depressed at her way of life, and this, along with the knowledge that her mother didn't really care for her caused her, to turn on the gas jet, but not to light the flame.

As she was being overcome by the fumes she visualised the way that she would have liked her children to have been brought up. She realised that if only she could stay awake and turn off the gas jet she could have this life for her children. Gradually she edged her way to the stove, driven on by the thoughts of wholesome children playing on swings in an outer-suburban backyard.

The stove was only a few feet away when she collapsed and as she lay on the floor she could feel the gas shortening her last, few precious breaths. She could see her life passing before her and then there was nothing.

The neighbours smelt gas and broke into the flat, to find Terry dead. Her mother never did come home. They thought this was why Terry had taken her life, but they were wrong.

Amanda Fazio, 3A

THE ESSENCE

Belief in some thing and . . .
Hope for some one.
Either may bring
The rays of the sun.
Rivers can be crossed,
Great deeds may be done,
But achievement is lost
If you're not the one.
Life is a game
To be played and enjoyed,
To kill or to maim
Are things to avoid.

Memories are mere toys
To ponder and to dream
Remembering the noise
Of things that but seem.
Life is the door,
Love is the frame
So give more and more
And let's play the game.

Matthew Howlin, 6A

OPEN THE WINDOWS AND LET CHRISTMAS IN

There are very few of us so embittered that we don't feel some joy, excitement and a sense of wonder at Christmas, whether we have long grown past believing in Santa Claus, the reindeer, and Santa's little elf helpers or whether we still half believe in them. Like Scrooge, most of us find that we can't ignore Christmas, we can't even just let it happen to us, we must actively open the windows and let Christmas in.

What has this got to do with School, you may ask? We are, (thank goodness!) on holiday over Christmas. Well, it may not have much to do with School, but it has got a lot to do with the School library.

Many times the Library Prefects (Susan Westwood, 3A; Gail White, 3A; John Garven, 3B; Frank Jedrasiak, 3E; Len Kernos, 3A; Greg Pinfold, 3B and Bruce Rickard, 3C) and I feel rather like Santa Claus and his helpers when we have a number of new books to process and put on the shelves. But this is only half of the story. Like Christmas you cannot ignore the library, and you shouldn't just "let it happen" to you. Rather you must open the windows of your mind and let books in. Opening a new book can be as exciting as opening a present on Christmas morning and we have roughly 6,000 "presents" for you and more coming in almost every week.

We know that at the moment the "wrappings" of the library are not too attractive, but there are plans afoot to improve the interior decorating. More important, though, is the way in which we are trying to broaden the range of the books so that we really will have something to give every single person in the School, something that will make Christmas at least 42 weeks long for everybody.

J. K. Cram, *Librarian*

THE OPERATION

The operation on a mouse on Education Day this year was performed by a 4th Year student using a scalpel, scissors, curved tweezers, probe, pins and a wooden block. The pupil pinned the mouse's feet back to proceed with the operation. Everybody stood as the scalpel sliced through the furry white skin and then the skin was pinned back leaving the mouse pinned flat on its back.

The pupil next used a scalpel to open the layers of the abdominal wall. This exposed the stomach on the left side, the liver and spleen on the right side, and the large and small intestine at the lower end of the body. Sharp scissors were then used to cut the soft tissue between the ribs which exposed minute lungs and tiny heart which is the most important function of the body. These were barely seen by the human eye as they are so small in such a tiny body as that of a mouse.

I found this demonstration most interesting as it showed how our own body functions (which is of the same principle) as that of a mouse.

K. Symington, 1D





Metals are in demand
Man is in command
Metals are his slaves
Metals with which he paves
The way for industry.

B. Clark, 3A

Industry, beauty, our slaves;
Man-made slaves
For man-made uses
Man has taken a metal,
Processed, shaped;
Made it a thing of artistic beauty
Or has he taken it, processed it, shaped it;
Enslaved it so much
It now enslaves him?

PORT KEMBLA STEELWORKS

On Thursday, 7th August, there was an excursion to Port Kembla Steelworks. Being prepared for the worst, fifty hardy second formers braved the chill morn and set on the long arduous journey. As we went along we listened to Mrs. Croker's thrilling talk about geological formation of the Sydney Basin. We also occupied ourselves with the exciting reading material supplied by Mrs. Croker.

We stopped at the top of Bulli Pass and there was a mad rush to the comfort houses. When everyone was comfortable we stood and admired the view and took in great lungfuls of fresh unpolluted air (so different to Cabra High's).

After a safe descent down Bulli Pass, we soon reached our destination. We were greeted cordially and went in and donned our exquisite yellow hats. At the Blast Furnace we were split into separate parties with guides who were to remain our constant companions for the rest of the day. After a bit more showing of the works we went back and had what we had been waiting for all day — lunch! This lunch consisted of some neatly cut sandwiches, a cake and a bottle of jet propelled muscle juice (milk).

After lunch we were shown a coloured film on mining. We then went to the Rolling Mills and watched steel being rolled. On returning our hats we were given an orange and a sample bag containing three little rocks.

We boarded our own bus and waving madly, farewelled the imposing structure of the steelworks. We arrived home safely after a successful excursion and our thanks must go to the people who made it possible.

Janet Plummer, 2A

P O E M

Lynne McCann, 5A

It stands alone on the crest of the hill;
Its naked branches victim of countless storms
All beauty and grace of old, now gone,
Killed by the neglect of man and time.

Skeleton fingers reach to the sky
In the hope that a heavenly reprieve
Might pardon it from the sentenced doom
Of years of helpless uselessness.

Each struggle against the seasonal faces
Weakens it, but not enough
That its plight be ended,
For it is destined to live thus.

Incapable of ever growing younger,
Unable to end this stagnant lasting,
Existing through the anguish of life,
It must live, and yet is dead!



Anna Everts, 4A

THE DEPENDANT

Isn't it strange;
If you're waiting it crawls,
If you're late it flies,
A neutral sort of thing
It's on its own,
It doesn't cry,
It doesn't even smile
And as a tiny baby,
It needs a tender hand,
To keep it moving every day.

An unemotional object,
Sometimes big, sometimes small,
But very unemotional.
It does not care for anything,
Not even for the hand,
That keeps it going day by day,
That kind unselfish hand.

But, it is a good thing,
It does not hate,
It has no prejudice,
It does not care whether black or white,
Whichever one will do,
As long as it has a hand,
A tender hand,
To keep it going through the day,
Until another comes,
And then, another hand, or the same,
To keep its inside moving,
The dependant — Timepiece.

M. McCann, 4A

ACHIEVEMENT

Success makes a cheerful sound when played alongside failure and the taste of it is easy to endure; but more things are required for success than would first be thought.

Devotion and application to a set ideal are the basic qualities for success in any avenue of life. Mere flukes do not occur often enough to be relied upon and chance is an unreliable person. It is found that the person who succeeds is invariably the one who can talk to and convince himself that something can — and will — be done. No obstacle should be too great, no peak insurmountable.

But, once you have convinced yourself that you **can** do what you set out to, perseverance is needed. There is no point practising the piano one morning and staying in bed the next because the only thing you'll accomplish is to become a successful sleeper.

All men are supposedly equal and, while disparities do occur, if the will is great enough, then the way is open.

Matthew Howlin, 6A

ALONE

I sat alone, listening, just listening
Hearing the rain upon the roof
Old, worn and musty, the colour —
Set back in the hills
Desolate, cold and still.

POEM

His dark, sleek body gleams in the sun,
As he searches for prey on this hot summer's day.
Forked tongue out, his frigid eyes stare at a field mouse,
Which suddenly cries out at the pain of the venom —
That seeps into his tiny body.

Lesley Graham, 3A

SPORTSMASTERS' REPORT

1969 has been a good sports year. There has been a good participation shown by most boys in all years. However, apathy still remains amongst the few but this minority have, this year, been well-overshadowed by the true sportsmen of the School.

Chakola	Mr. R. Newton	A. Atlee	S. Bryce
Korella	Mr. P. Reed	A. Kelly	I. Hirst
Kuredulla	Mr. J. Curtis	P. Nenadic	F. Reed
Kukaru	Mr. J. Lammas	J. Verrell	T. Wadley

The Swimming Carnival Zone trophy is again spending a further year at Cabramatta. The athletes of the School are not yet available in sufficient number to win the athletics trophy. However, we did manage to score more points this year. In the cross-country championships we did quite well as a school, with the 14 year team easily winning their age division.

The Winter Competition produced some surprises when it came to the semi-finals. Here, all the teams except the 13 Years Soccer Team made the semi-finals. From the semi finals the 1st Grade and 3rd Grade Open Teams, plus the 13 Year Rugby League team went on to the Grand Final and won through. In Soccer the 15 Years and 14 Years teams went on to the Grand Final and went down after playing well. Throughout the Winter Competition our teams have continued to improve and I hope it heralds good performances for the 1970 Winter Competition.

Our performances in the State School Competitions was very gratifying. The First Grade Soccer playing extremely well and eventually losing to Punchbowl Boys' High School after giving them a very hard game. The 1st Grade Rugby League side played well in the Parramatta Knock-Out Competition. They were triumphant and went on to play in the State Knock-Out Competition. They were drawn to play Tamworth, the 1969 University Shield Holders, on SYDNEY CRICKET GROUND but owing to weather conditions the game was cancelled.

<i>Team</i>	<i>Coach</i>	<i>Zone Achievement</i>
1st Grade Rugby League	Mr. R. Andrews	1st Grade Zone Premiers Open Grade Parramatta Knock-Out Winners.
2nd Grade Rugby League	Mr. R. Breckenridge	Semi-finalists
3rd Grade Rugby League	Mr. F. Wilson	Undefeated Zone Premiers
15 Years Rugby League	Mr. M. Barlow	Semi-finalists
14 Years Rugby League	Mr. J. Curtis	Semi-finalists
13 Years Rugby League	Mr. J. Lammas	Zone Premiers
1st Grade Soccer	Mr. E. Turnbull	Semi-finalists
15 Years Soccer	Mr. D. Francis	Grand Finalists
14 Years Soccer	Mr. B. Mitford	Grand Finalists
13 Years Soccer	Mr. R. Newton	"Wooden Spooners"

SCHOOL ATHLETICS CARNIVAL:

On Wednesday, 9th July, 1969, the Twelfth Annual Athletics Carnival was held at Cabramatta Sports Ground. This was preceded by the House Carnivals in order to select the teams. As usual, all hurdle events and some of the field events were conducted before the carnival. The response for many of these events was very limited; the only event producing any number of entrants was the javelin event.

The day of the Carnival was fine and warm and this led to good competition. The surprise of the competition being the number of points accrued by Chakola House who went on to win the Inter-House Points Competition. This House had been the last house for many years but by fielding a full house team they collected all the "spare" points. A fine example, which no doubt will be copied next year by the other houses so making the final result much closer.

Age Champions:

13 Years	M. Clark
14 Years	G. Perrin
15 Years	I. Martin
16 Years	J. Rattur
Open	A. Kelly

ZONE ATHLETICS CARNIVAL:

It was a good day for athletics both in watching and participating. One upsetting fact both to myself and the team managers, was the point that a few of the members who were chosen to represent the School at this level of competition had neither the manners nor the decency to let the officials know of their non-participation at the carnival. This led to the difficulty of having to try and field a full team from those who did take an active part.

On looking back over previous years' final school placings we did no better, being fifth out of seven schools; but we did accrue 113 more points than the previous year. We did put in some very fine performances. To the boys and girls going on to the State Athletics Carnival we, as a school, wish them every success and to all who enthusiastically participated at Zone level — "Well done", and many thanks for your co-operation. I also offer my sincere thanks to all the staff who assisted so well to make the carnival run so smoothly.

Zone Representatives:

J. Verrell	R. Parker	A. Kelly	S. Willmott	S. Bryce
J. Rattur	B. Bell	A. Meyer	W. Paag	G. Perrin
M. Sawicki				

In the Summer Competitions we are well placed although no competition result table is to hand. All the cricket teams are playing well. In basketball it appears that the junior teams are the more proficient with many of these boys continuing their training throughout the winter season. The water polo teams, although not too successful are enjoying this very strenuous game. In golf, the team is doing quite well but have not yet produced any outstanding performances. Tennis in the Zone is very limited owing to the lack of facilities, but even so, this does not daunt the teams. The team members have played very well and are judged to be lying in favourable positions in the competition.

Best and Fairest Awards:

CRICKET:

1st Grade
2nd Grade K. Dickson
14 Years L. Pleasance/D. Saunders
13 Years G. Cranney

WATER POLO:

Seniors F. Gogosevic
Juniors B. Connors

RUGBY LEAGUE:

1st Grade A. Kelly
2nd Grade H. Mikolacjyk
3rd Grade I. Parnaby
15 Years D. Howlin
14 Years G. Perrin
13 Years G. Holton

BASKETBALL:

1st Grade J. Rattur
2nd Grade D. Arhypiw
15 Years P. Sauvere
14 Years A. Meyer
13 Years C. Calandra

GOLF:

Open Grade B. Wilson

SOCCER:

1st Grade J. Bowie
Tasman Cup M. Middleton
15 Years I. Martin
14 Years R. Dalcol
13 Years P. Williams

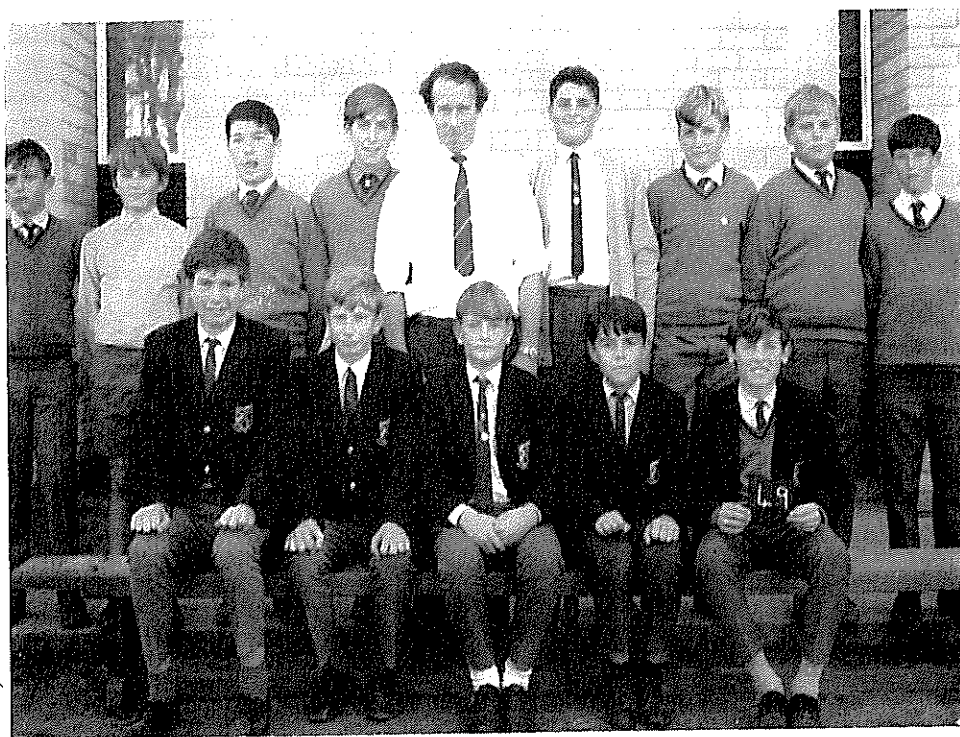
TENNIS:

1st Grade No boy can be singled out
15 Years because they are all playing
at a high standard.
14 Years S. White

To all boys who represented the Zone in sport, who played in State or Open Competitions I congratulate them on carrying the spirit of sport through the school and into these competitions.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all members of staff for their help during the year, especially at the Swimming and Athletics Carnivals. Special mention must be made of the house masters for the special effort required of them, and also to all the staff members who gave up much of their own time to coach grade teams. I think that the members of these teams appreciate your efforts as much as I do.

To Mr. Holme, Mr. Gallagher, Miss King and the clerical staff I also give my thanks for their assistance during the year.



13 YEARS RUGBY LEAGUE — ZONE PREMIERS

Back Row, left to right — B. SEYMOUR, B. BOWD, R. DENNIS, B. DRASER, Mr. LAMMAS,
C. CALANDRA, P. CHARLWOOD, H. WAWRZYNIAK, M. TAYLOR
Front Row, left to right — J. SEGALLA, P. SEGALLA, M. HIRST, T. MARINKOVIC, G. HOLTON



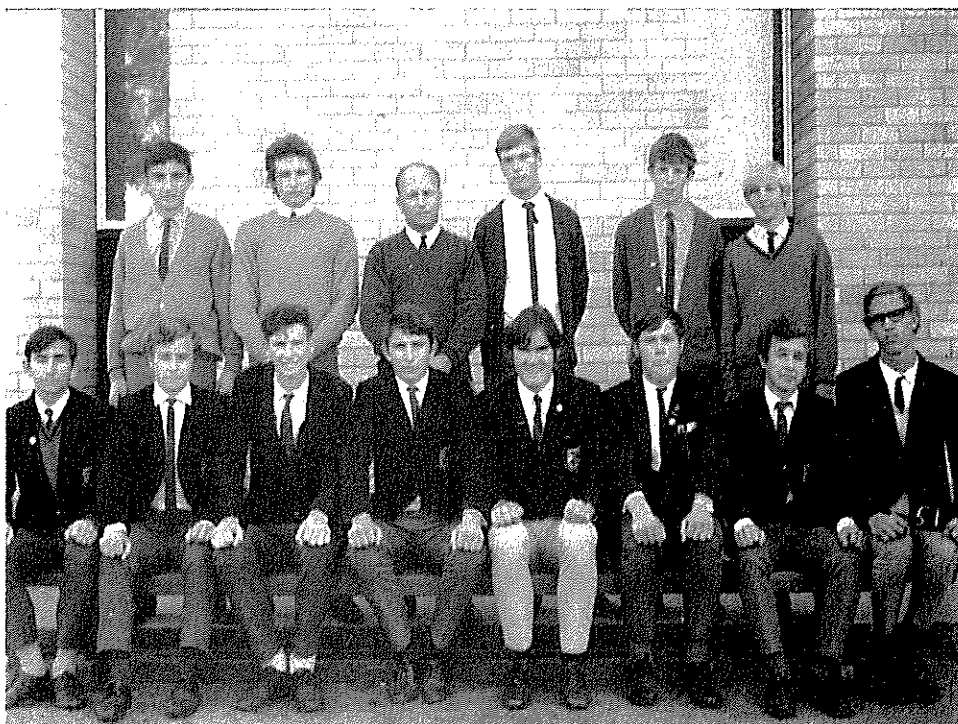
FIRST GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE

Back Row, left to right — A. KELLY, H. MIKOLAJCZYK, G. KIMOLAJCZYK, C. BOSCHIERO
Middle Row, left to right — R. CAVEN, P. HAWKINS, I. HIRST, D. MOODY, G. CARTWRIGHT
Front Row, left to right — F. BURRISS, M. HOWLIN, G. SCOTT, J. O'BRIEN, M. SAWICKI, D. HUMBLEY



THIRD GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE

Back Row, left to right — K. TRUDGETT, P. McBURNEY, G. CHARLWOOD, G. NESZPOR
S. APOSTOLATOS, G. HADARIN, N. ERZIKOFF, P. BURRIS
Front Row, left to right — N. SMITH, B. CRAIG, N. PARNABY *Captain*, P. CARR, Mr. F. WILSON
G. ENGLISH, R. BOWD, A. McDONALD, T. KORZENIOWSKI



SOCCER — TASMAN CUP

Back Row, left to right — R. DALCOL, M. MIDDLEING, Mr. E. TURNBULL *Coach*, G. CHARLWOOD
S. WILLMOTT, I. MARTIN
Front Row, left to right — D. HELEK, F. SAVARTON, J. BOWIE, E. STEVENSON, J. RATTUR,
P. LOTHIAN, M. SAVARTON, R. PLOMP

THIRD GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE:

This year the Third Grade Rugby League team had the distinction of being undefeated Premiers. This is all the more praiseworthy when it is realised that this performance has been repeated only once in the history of Rugby League in the School.

Against an opposition which improved vastly as the season progressed, Cabramatta did not appear in any real danger of defeat in any match. Throughout the season Cabramatta's play was characterised by many fluent backline movements resulting in many tries.

However, the match which must be best remembered was the final, played against Bonnyrigg. Here Cabramatta was severely tested by the opposition's hefty pack of forwards. But, in a match of rugged stand-up tackling, Ian Parnaby and his team emerged, clearly superior and with flying colours, winning 6—0, a score which flattered Bonnyrigg. Perhaps the best testimony to the rocklike defence of Cabramatta in this match was the remarkable fact that although Bonnyrigg enjoyed an equal share of possession they were hemmed in in their own territory during the entire second half.

The difficulties involved in choosing a best and fairest player are all but insuperable — a number of performances being separated by a hair's breadth. Stellas Apostolatis' service to his backline was excellent, the strong running of Greg Hadarin was always a feature, Steven Novak seldom failed to get his share of the ball, Neil Smith's rugged tackling and running was a thorn in the side of every opposing team, Phillip McBurney's tackling was non-stop, while Grahame Charlewood's powerful running and tackling made him one of the key men of the side. Ray Bowd's toughness in tackling and running was outstanding as was Peter Carr's, while Alan McDonald showed a safe pair of hands at full back. Ian Parnaby's intelligent play as a captain and his excellence both in attack and defence must I feel very narrowly earn him the award of Best and Fairest Player.

Nevertheless, Third Grade's effort was essentially a team one and it was the main factor in their magnificent performance.

My congratulations are extended to them all, and I was proud to be their coach.

F. Wilson

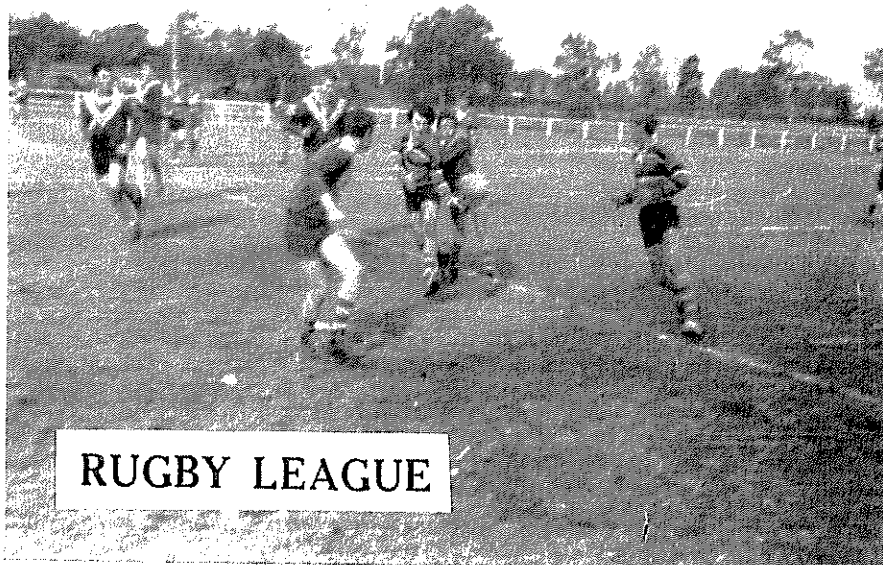
SECOND GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE:

An enthusiastic bunch of 5th and 6th Formers appeared at training early in the season. However, this enthusiasm waned towards the end of the season when training was needed.

Throughout the season Second Grade played eleven games for five very exciting wins one draw and five losses, including their semi-final defeat. In this match Cabramatta was leading 10 — 6 late into the second half until their condition ran out. Westfields gained victory in the last minute of play 13 — 10.

All the team played well throughout the season with Henry Mikolacjk the Best and Fairest Player. Paul Milne was the most consistent and Ciano Bosciero the most improved player throughout the season.

R. Breckenridge, *Coach*



RUGBY LEAGUE

TASMAN CUP

Best and Fairest Player, Mervyn Middling

This year's squad can justly claim pride of place over all previous Cabramatta High School squads to enter this worthwhile Statewide Knock-Out Competition. The school won the first two rounds of the competition but were narrowly defeated in the third. In the first round against Campbelltown, Cabramatta quickly went to a 3 nil lead before half-time but the scores were dramatically changed to 3 — 2 in the second half before Cabramatta again established supremacy and emerged winners by 5 goals to 2. The second round match against Port Kembla was played on the School oval before a large crowd of school supporters. The visitors had the better of the first half although they could not score. Cabramatta gradually got their measure and clearly won 1 nil when Robert Dalcol sent a sizzling drive into the net, much to the delight of the crowd.

The Third Round match against Punchbowl High was one to be remembered by players and spectators alike. Punchbowl were first to score and looked like overwhelming Cabramatta with their bigger players and greater experience. But Graham Charlewood sent the teams back to the dressing rooms on equal terms with a classic free kick into the far corner of the goal. Punchbowl then went to the lead early in the second half, only to see Steven Willmott deceive the goalkeeper with clever ball control and an angled shot which was a delight to behold. Not to be denied Punchbowl clinched their third goal in time to win a hard fought match by 3 goals to 2 after Mervyn Middling had partially effected a save but was unable to clear the ball effectively.

The Open Premiership was keenly contested and Cabramatta deservedly emerged as Minor Premiers as a result of a great team spirit and some determined and at times, clever play.

Much credit must go to captain Jim Bowie who was the backbone of the side and deserves the title of Best and Fairest.

Other players worthy of mention would be Ed Stevenson, Steven Willmott, Drago Heler and Alan Atlee, although all players acquitted themselves well and were a pleasure to coach.

E. Turnbull, *Coach*

13 YEARS SOCCER:

The 13 Years Soccer Team had rather an unsuccessful season, winning only two matches and drawing a similar number. The large number of boys in the team (18 at one stage) unfortunately reduced the possibility of the team developing good understanding and teamwork. Another factor in the disappointing result was the failure of many players to attend training regularly. Several players showed considerable promise which should enable them to find a place in the 14 Years Team next year. These were Vinco Cor, Pius Sultan, Paul Williams and Michael Olling.



FOURTEEN YEARS CRICKET

Back Row, left to right — G. JAMES, Vice Captain N. KAVANAGH, D. SAUNDERS, K. WATSON
A. COLLINS, L. PLEASANCE Captain
Front Row, left to right — A. INGS, P. GENDLE R. CHALMERS, C. HAWKINS, M. BRYCE
M. GIBSON, R. KIRBYSHIRE

14 YEARS CRICKET:

The team, under the sensible captaincy of Les. Pleasance, is enjoying a highly successful year.

All five matches so far played have resulted in first-innings wins to Cabramatta, which has the impressive record of having lost only 21 wickets for a total of 417 runs, while dismissing 47 of their opponents for only 319.

As these figures suggest, both batsmen and bowlers have done well, supported by keen fielding. Outstanding in a strong team have been batsmen Les. Pleasance (av. 55), Ross Kirbyshire (40) and Colin Hawkins (31), while David Saunders (12—49) and Michael Bryce (10—63), including a hat-trick against Bonnyrigg) have excelled.

J. Anderson, *Coach*

14 YEARS BOYS TENNIS:

The boys have combined well to be in second place at this stage of the competition.

Each player has shown improvement in standard of play, while their standard of general sportsmanship, etc., has always been high.

They have been good ambassadors of the School and true to the words of the School song: "Let us play the game whether win or lose in honour let us vie."

Best and Fairest Player was Stephen White.

A. W. Fryar, *Coach*

SPORTSMISTRESS' REPORT

"The most important thing is to participate, not to win."

This year has seen a continuation of the high number of girls representing the school in grade sport, Cross Country, Athletics and Swimming — approximately 50% of the total number of girls in the School. There have been a few triumphs and the play has been of a high standard in all sports. Above all, the girls have gained great enjoyment from their matches and they have proven themselves to be worthy members of the school by their sportsmanship and fair play.

Unfortunately, there are still a few girls who make any feeble excuse to miss sport, but these girls are most definitely in the minority group. They have yet to learn that you get from life only what you put into it and that participation and co-operation can only bring enjoyment.

House Sport:

The House Patrons, Captains and Vice Captains for 1969 were:-

Chakola	Mrs. Croker	Lynda Barbour	Shirley Dorsman
Korella	Miss Fisk	Pat Kruse	Sylvia Lehto
Kuredulla	Miss Hockley	Alex Moskal	Gay Rutherford
Kukaru	Mrs. McCormick	Carol Vale	Gaye Steel

By their enthusiasm they have made the Carnivals successful and I thank them on behalf of their House members.

Inter-house matches were played throughout the winter and summer seasons in Basketball and Softball respectively. The results of these matches were:

	<i>Basketball</i>	<i>Softball</i>
First	Chakola	Chakola
Second	Kuredulla	Kuredulla
Third	Korella	Korella
Fourth	Kukaru	Kukaru

During winter the sports available were Basketball, Golf, Gymnastics, Hockey, International Rules, Softball, Swimming, Tennis, Vigoro and Volley Ball. Golf, Gymnastics and Volley Ball were new additions, available chiefly to senior pupils.

The summer sports are Golf, Softball, Swimming, Tennis, Ten Pin Bowling, Vigoro and Volley Ball. New additions here are Golf, Ten Pin Bowling and Volley Ball, again available chiefly to senior pupils.

Swimming, during the summer terms, has an average attendance of 200. There are special classes for non-swimmers and poor swimmers, and graded classes receiving life-saving instruction for proficient swimmers. Many of last year's non-swimmers are now in life-saving classes and the same will happen next year. Winter swimming provides the opportunity for advanced swimmers to keep up their training and gives First Formers the opportunity to go swimming (First Form do not attend swimming in summer as our numbers have to be limited). Unfortunately the traditional swimming school, usually held for First Form at the end of third term, has been deleted from the school programme sport this year.

INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL

A most successful season! Three teams playing in the semi-finals and two teams winning the grand final!

The First Grade Team was undefeated throughout the season and fully deserved its win, especially as there were only five players in the team.

The Second Graders battled magnificently to victory in the grand final, after having been defeated three times during the competition. These girls worked very well as a "team" and are expected to reach greater heights next season.

Congratulations must go to all the Third Graders for their fine performances in their first year of playing this game. Each girl improved markedly and we hope for progress beyond the semi-finals next year.

A. Todd, Coach

FIRST GRADE, SECOND GRADE and 15 YEARS

All three teams played well throughout the competition, the First Grade and the 15 Years both being extremely successful up to the semi-finals. The 15 Years team, in fact, was undefeated at that stage, while the First Grade had been defeated once. Unfortunately, illness dogged both teams on that day. The Second Grade did not meet with such success, but played well considering the general lack of experience.

Outstanding players included Shirley Dorsman, Jill Benson, Jane Bridle, Julie Gill, Wendy Trasler, Cathy Whitlam and Sue Titley.

Mrs. McCormick, Coach

14 YEARS

Team members: L. Cremens, D. Bundy (*captain*), E. Hamilton, D. Tuck, K. Bint, D. Ryan, S. Layton and reserves L. Brown and J. Moore.

This team had considerable success throughout the season. They were beaten only three times, each time by the same team from Sefton High School. They narrowly defeated Westfields in the semi-finals, but were again defeated by Sefton in the finals.

These girls were quiet and co-operative and represented the School well with their friendliness and sportsmanship.

The Best and Fairest Player for the season was Debbie Jack.

A. Hockley, Coach

13 Years A and B:

These teams fared exceptionally well this season, with both teams reaching the finals. The 13 'A' won their final match 15—7 and the 13 'B' went down, trying to the end, to Sefton. The girls have settled in well through the season and towards the end were showing excellent team work.

Outstanding players were Maureen McElhinney, Christine Wilks, Kim Tracy, Wendy Armstrong, Pam Schinkell, Elizabeth Butera, Dianne Inglis, Daphne Beard, Mary Moore and Fedora Tonkih.

Mrs. Mead, Coach

Hockey — First Grade:

This team reached the semi-finals and lost 2—1 to Westfields in a very close match. This team has displayed exceptionally good sportsmanship and behaviour throughout the competition and the standard of play has been excellent, the girls always playing as a team.

The outstanding players have been Anne Waddington, an excellent runner who could gain almost any ground; Pat Kruse, always persevering and displaying undying energy; Mary Parici, a strong hitter and excellent as a back; Robyn Sanderson, always up and ready to receive passes. Their coach is very proud of the whole team.

Miss Fisk, Coach

Hockey — Second Grade:

With another season's experience this should develop into a very successful team as improvement was evident as the season continued. The opposing teams usually consisted of members who had played in previous seasons, while nearly all of our girls were new to the game. Although the successes were few, as a result, they were pleasing, as was the attitude of the team members. While they usually did not win they always displayed good sportsmanship to their opponents.

Outstanding players were Maxine Armitage and Joan Geraghty (captain). Perhaps the hardest worker and most consistent player was Suzanne Williams.

Miss Buckworth, Coach

Softball — First Grade:

Has won all matches so far and seems set for the premiership. The team spirit is outstanding and enthusiasm really runs high. All players are worthy of special mention and two, Pat Kruse (captain) and Lorraine Caven, have been selected into the Sydney Western Area team.

Others are Elizabeth Bukovec, Sue Mataruga, Wendy Trasler, Cathy Whitlam, Beverly Clifford, Chistine Johnson and Eileen Black.

Mrs. Toodd, Coach

Softball — Second Grade:

Has won all matches with the exception of one against Sefton, which was a tie. The girls have played as a team, with a high degree of co-operation and have a very good chance of winning the competition.

Players worthy of mention are Irene O'Brien, Rhonda Barnes, Cherry Richards, Cathie Bamblett, Anne Rutherford, Cheryle Douglas, Janice Klimenko and Lee Schwarz (now left).

Miss Hockley, Coach

Softball — 14 Years:

This team is well-known for its quiet co-operation and good sportsmanship. The girls played well in all their matches although losing some. At present they are leading the competition and have an extremely good chance of winning.

This team has some excellent and consistent players in Christine Wilks, Susan Layton and Elaine Mason.

Mrs. Mead, Coach

Softball — 13 Years "A" and "B":

These teams are doing extremely well and are both playing in the same division. It has become evident that the "B" team has a slight lead over the "A" team, defeating them on two occasions. Both teams should be highly placed in the final point score — possibly first and second.

Best players from two very good teams are Debbie O'Dowd, Pam Schinkell, Kim Tracy, Maureen McElhinney and Kerri Woods.

Mrs. Mead, Coach

Vigoro — First Grade:

The Vigoro team this year has done better in the competition than in the past few years and we have actually won a few games! Julie O'Dowd has done a very good job as captain, ably supported by the vice captain, Janice Lumb.

Worthy of special mention are Julie O'Dowd, best and fairest, Mavis Williams, who has consistently played well and enthusiastically, and both Susan Johnson and Janice Lumb, without whose batting we would not have done nearly so well.

Miss Hawyard, Coach

Volley Ball — First Grade:

This is the first season in the Zone and in this School, that Volley Ball has been included. To date the team is faring reasonably well with several wins to its credit.

All team members have shown good enthusiasm and have done their best at all times. The players who are outstanding at this stage are Anne Kimmel, Irene Kmita and Leshia Bubniuk.

Coach, Mrs. Carrol, assisted by Anne Kimmel

Best and Fairest Awards:

SOFTBALL:

1st Grade	Pat Kruse
2nd Grade	Janice Klimenko
14 Years	Christine Wilks
13 Years	Pam Schinkell
13 Years 'B'	Kim Tracy

BASKETBALL:

1st Grade	Shirley Dorsman
2nd Grade	Jane Bridle
15 Years	Wendy Trasler
14 Years	Debbie Jack
13 Years 'A'	Christine Wilks
13 Years 'B'	Elizabeth Butera

VIGORO:

1st Grade	Julie O'Dowd
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VOLLEY BALL:

1st Grade	Anne Kimmel
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TENNIS:

Senior	Denise Pickering
Junior	Millie Gergich

HOCKEY:

1st Grade	{ Pat Kruse
		{ Anne Waddington
2nd Grade	Maxine Armitage

INTERNATIONAL RULES:

1st Grade	Sue Heather
2nd Grade	Nancy Leyton
3rd Grade	Elaine Paul

Girls' Age Champions:

13 Years	Christine Wilks
14 Years	Marianne Berends
15 Years	Cathy Whitlam
16 Years	Dianne Behan
Open	Nancy Leyton

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

Sharon Behan: Won the G.S.S.S.A. State Schoolgirls' 15 Years Cross Country; Came second in the State 15 Years Cross Country Championship; came second in the Australian Cross Country Championship; set new track records at our Athletics Carnival and the Zone Carnival; was placed in all events at the G.S.S.S.A. Athletics Carnival.

Lorraine Caven: Has been selected in the Metropolitan Western Area Softball team and this year has represented the School in Basketball, Softball and Swimming.

Pat Kruse: Captained the State Schoolgirls' Softball team from the catcher's position and led the team to victory in three matches against Queensland. Has been selected to catch for the Metropolitan Western Area Softball team. Has represented her School in Softball, Hockey, Athletics, Swimming and Diving this year, Coaches junior teams.

Sue Titley: Sue has been to the fore in sport since her arrival last year. This year she has represented her School very ably in Basketball, Swimming and Athletics and the Zone in Swimming and Athletics. Sue can always be relied upon to compete not only in her own events but in events where others have failed to appear.

Cathy Whitlam: Was Age Champion at our Swimming Carnival and also at our Athletics Carnival. Cathy has represented the Zone admirably in Swimming and has represented her School in Swimming, Athletics, Softball, Basketball and Diving this year.

Appreciation:

The year would not be successful without the assistance of many teachers who have taken on the demanding tasks of House Patrons and Grade Coaches. Worthy of special special mention are Mrs. Todd (International Rules and Softball), Miss Hockley (Basketball, Softball and House Patron) and Mrs Mead (Basketball and Softball) for taking Grade teams in both summer and winter. Thank you all, coaches and patrons, for giving up so much of your time in the interests of sport.

Three teachers very worthy of praise and thanks are Miss Chalker, Mrs. Porteus and Miss Buckworth. Between them they have taught very many non-swimmers and strugglers to become proficient swimmers. I am sure that these children, and their parents deeply appreciate their efforts and the efforts of all the Life-Saving teachers.

In conclusion, I give my thanks and appreciation to:-

1. Mr. Holme and Mr. Gallagher for their advice and assistance.
2. Mrs. Biffin, Mrs. Coogan and Mrs. Davies for their considerable help.
3. Mr. Barrass for carrying out most ably the exacting task of Sportsmaster and for keeping up the high level of harmony between the Sport Departments.

As this will be my final report I would like to sincerely thank all students and teachers who have made Tuesday afternoon sport worthwhile and made my stay at Cabramatta High a happy one. Good luck, good health and enjoyable sport to you all.

J. A. King, Sportsmistress



JUNIOR and SENIOR TENNIS

*Back Row, left to right — J. SCHUBERTH, S. FORD, Mrs. CROKER, B. ROBERTSON, Mrs. WALES
M. GERGICH, J. GRIMALDI*

Front Row, left to right — D. WRIGHT, D. PICKERING, C. SMITH, L. NIEBOZNYNSKI, C. HILL

GRADE TENNIS

During the winter season, our School had two Tennis teams in the Lansdowne Zone Competition. The Junior team consisted of Diane Wright, Janis Schuberth, Joanne Grimaldi and Millie Gergich. This team reached the semi-finals, but unfortunately, were defeated by Sefton.

The players in the Senior team were Christine Hill, Carol Smith, Sharon Ford, Bronwyn Robertson, Lilli Neibozynski and Denise Pickering. A strong team, they reached the finals and played against Sefton. Unfortunately, Sefton proved a little too fast for our girls and they were defeated into second place.

J. Croker, Coach



BASKETBALL

Back Row, left to right — D. JACK, L. BROWN, Miss HOCKLEY, L. CREMERS
Front Row, left to right — S. LAYTON, D. BUNDY, K. BINT



FIFTEEN YEARS and OPEN BASKETBALL — PREMIERS

Back Row, left to right — J. FLETCHER, R. BARNES, A. RUTHERFORD, B. PEARCE, G. WOODHAM
J. GILL, S. MATARUGA
Middle Row, left to right — E. BLACK, S. TITLEY, S. DORSMAN, M. JONES, J. MORRIS, L. McCANN
L. CAVEN, J. BRINDLE, A. WATSON
Front Row, left to right — J. O'DOWD, C. RICHARDS, J. BENSON, E. BUKOVEC, C. JOHNSTON
Mrs. McCORMICK, C. WHITLAM, W. TRASLER, D. TRACY



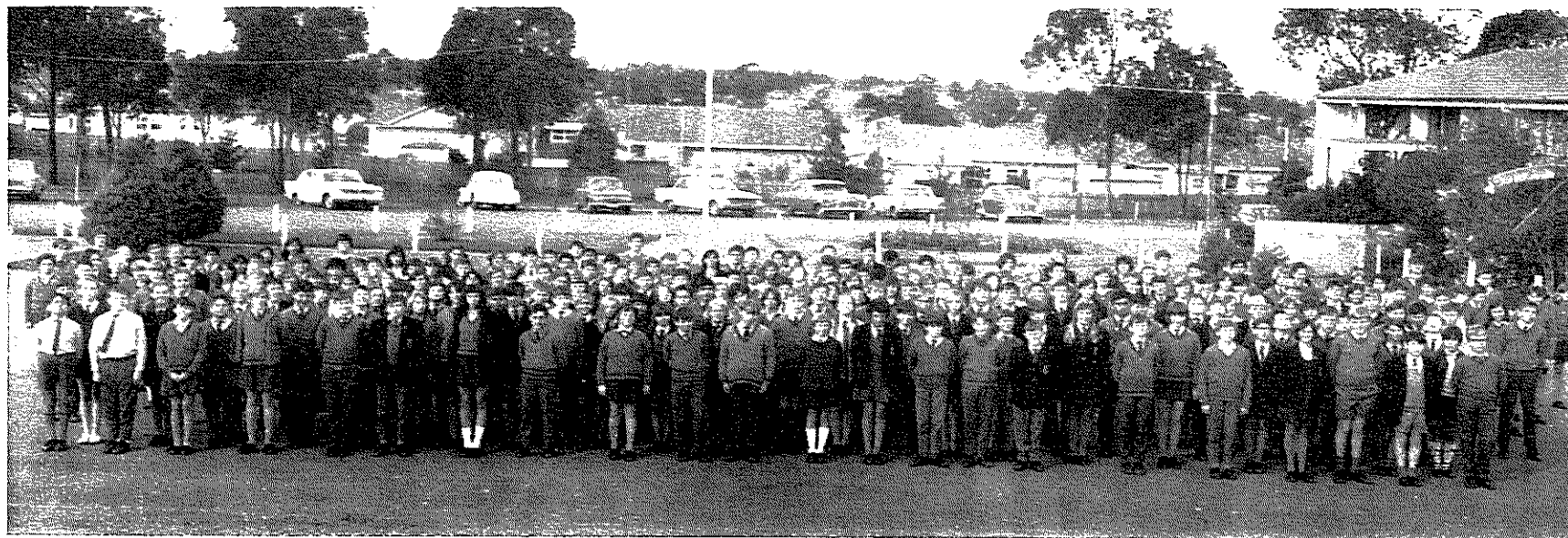
THIRTEEN YEARS BASKETBALL

Back Row, left to right — B. STARMANS, J. MARKS, Mrs. MEAD, K. WOODS, M. COTTER
Middle Row, left to right — V. DAWSON, P. SCHINKELL, K. TRACY, M. MOREO, E. BUTERA
Front Row, left to right — G. CHARLWOOD, L. PICKERING, D. INGLIS, C. WILKS, M. McELHINNEY, F. TONKIH



BASKETBALL — INTERNATIONAL RULES — 'A' and 'B' DIVISION PREMIERS

Back Row, left to right — H. SURMA, R. NESZPOR, A. HOLZHERR, A. MOSKAL, Mrs. TODD
S. HEATHER, J. KLIMENKO, K. BAMBLETT, E. TELAC
Front Row, left to right — E. PAUL, N. LEYTON, M. DIKLIC, J. SYMINGTON, R. DINGWELL
I. O'BRIEN, D. LEACH, C. DOUGLAS



FIRST FORM — 1969

4A — BOYS

DICKSON	Kevin
HOWLIN	Darryl
KARIPOFF	Nicolas
LAMB	Chris
McCANN	Mark
NOVAKOVIC	Alex
REID	Gregory
SHERER	Ronald
STANTON	Bruce
PLOMP	Carlos
WILSON	Bryan

4A — GIRLS

ALAVOINE	Yvette
BENSON	Jill
BRIDLE	Jane
CHOCKCHING	Judith
DUDSON	Carol
GILL	Judith
GOFF	Noeline
HIGGINS	Kathleen
HOLZHERR	Anita
HOLZHERR	Monica
JEROSHENKO	Anna
KRUEGER	Sieglene
MATARUGA	Susanne
MAY	Carole
NEIBOZYNSKI	Lilli
PEARCE	Barbara
ROBERTSON	Bronwyn
SKOPIN	Tatania
TRASLER	Wendy
WATSON	Lynette
WERNER	Cornelia
WEST	Beverly
WILLIAMS	Pamela

4B — BOYS

BOWD	Allan
BRESCIA	Bruno
BROWNE	Ronald
CHARLWOOD	Graham
COUPER	Gary
DAWSON	John
ENGLISH	Jeremy
HANSHAW	David
McBURNEY	Phillip
MONTIFIORRE	Alan
RYNOTT	Peter
SHELLEY	Christopher
STRANGWAY	Steven
VERSACE	Mark
RIKS	Wolfgang

4B — GIRLS

BERLINSKY	Ann
DE HERT	Ingrid
EVERTS	Anna
FORD	Sharyn
GALBRAITH	Helen
JACK	Karen
KITTO	Janice
MACLEOD	Leanne
O'DOWD	Julie
PAPPAS	Freda
PIPER	Lynnette
RICHARDS	Cherry
ROOKE	Gail
SCOTT	Janette
STEENSIL	Antoinette
SULMAN	Joyce
WEST	Pamela
WHITLAM	Catherine
WOODHAM	Gail

4C — BOYS

ALLAN	Bruce
BLACK	Greig
GRIFFITHS	David
HAMILTON	James
HOMANN	Axel
KANE	Gerard
KNOWLES	Stephen
MATHIESON	Eian
NESZPOR	Gunther
PRICE	David
SCHIMANOWSKY	Edward
TRUDGETT	Kenneth
WARD	Ian
EATON	Eric

4D — BOYS

AITCHISON	Brian
BOWERS	Kenneth
BURRISS	Peter
SRAWFORD	Wayne
COX	John
GREEN	John
HANCHARD	Greg
KEATES	Alan
KINGS	William
KOSIAK	Alex
KRESTENSEN	Ian
MEUDELL	Phillip
MOTTLEY	Gary
RICE	John
ROGERS	Steven
TELAC	Zdravuko
ZAROWSKI	John

4E — BOYS

BISHOP	Allan
DRAPER	Gary
DUNCOMBE	Brian
ELLIOTT	Chris
ERZIKOFF	Nicolai
GILBERT	John
KIRPICHNIKOV	Jakov
MALONEY	Bruce
MODZELEWSKI	Weislaw
MOXHAM	Paul
NOVAK	Steven
PHILLIS	John
SCZOTKA	Florian
STAFFORD	Gary
TIGANI	Domenic
WALLER	Douglas
WATTERS	Geoffrey
WOODS	John
THOMPSON	Stephen

4C — GIRLS

CASTLE	Wendy
CLIFFORD	Beverly
FLETCHER	Jacqueline
JOHNSON	Christine
MOTUSENKO	Tamara
MURPHY	Pat
RAVEN	Carla
RING	Maureen
ROSE	Cheryl
SMITH	Jennifer
SZADY	Elizabeth
WALSH	Kathleen
WILKINSON	Susan
WILLIAMS	Lynda

4D — GIRLS

ARPHYPIW	Lucy
BLACK	Eileen
CHRISTESEN	Rhonda
DOUGLAS	Geordie
ERMAK	Galina
HAYES	Carol
KIRPICHNIKOV	Pamela
KISS	Berta
LANG	Anne
LEYTON	Nancy
LONG	Maureen
LUMB	Janice
ROOS	Margaret
SIMMONS	Lynette
SZYMANSKI	Aline

4E — GIRLS

ANNESLEY	Kaye
BACALES	Barbara
BEHAN	Diane
EL KHOURI	Graciana
GROOME	Linda
KIRPICHNIKOV	Efrosina
LUC	Therese
McMULLEN	Brenda
PATERSON	Margaret
SEMENOFF	Natasha
SNARE	Margaret
WATSON	Angela
WATSON	Christine
WITTS	Diane

6A — BOYS

BIGGENDEN	Terry
BUREK	Richard
CAVEN	Ronald
DONOHUE	Michael
GAN	Nicholas
HAWKINS	Phillip
HOWLIN	Matthew
KONONEWSKY	Tolly
LOTHIAN	Phillip
LUCAS	George
SCOTT	Glenn
REED	Frank
SHAW	Gary
STEVENSON	Edward

6B — BOYS

ATLEE	Alan
BOSCHIERO	Ciano
DEMKIW	Robert
DOBBS	Fred
HIRST	Ian
HOLLOWAY	Barry
JEWELL	Graeme
JOHNSON	Frank
KELLY	Allen
KORSHUN	Peter
MADDOCK	Neil
MILLS	Paul
MOODY	Doug
NENADIC	Peter
ROOKE	Donald
SAVARTON	Frank
SAVARTON	Martin
VERRELL	John
WILLIAMS	Steven

6C — BOYS

ARHYPIW	Eugene
BRYCE	Stephen
CZAJKOWSKYJ	Ivan
CARTWRIGHT	Greg
CUTRUPI	Sam
HUMBLEY	David
KEMPIAK	Stephen
KRAUKLIS	Patrick
LEYTON	Adrian
LINDFIELD	Ian
O'BRIEN	John
PARKER	Robert
SAWICKI	Michael
SEMCIW	Roman
SEMENETZ	Ben
TELISZCZAK	Michael

6A — GIRLS

ARMITAGE	Gillian
BARBOUR	Lynda
JANSEN	Marion
LJUBOBRATOVIC	Milena
KRUEGER	Brunhild
REID	Christine
ROGER	Marion
SHALAVIN	Marina
SHEEHAN	Dianne
SKOPIN	Erina
SPITZMACHER	Nina
VANAGS	Mara
WEBBER	Elaine

6B — GIRLS

ASLANIDES	Phillis
KIMMEL	Anne
MUCHARCZUK	Rosie
MAY	Robyn
MOSKAL	Alexandra
VALE	Carol

6C — GIRLS

KMITA	Irena
STRELIS	Melita