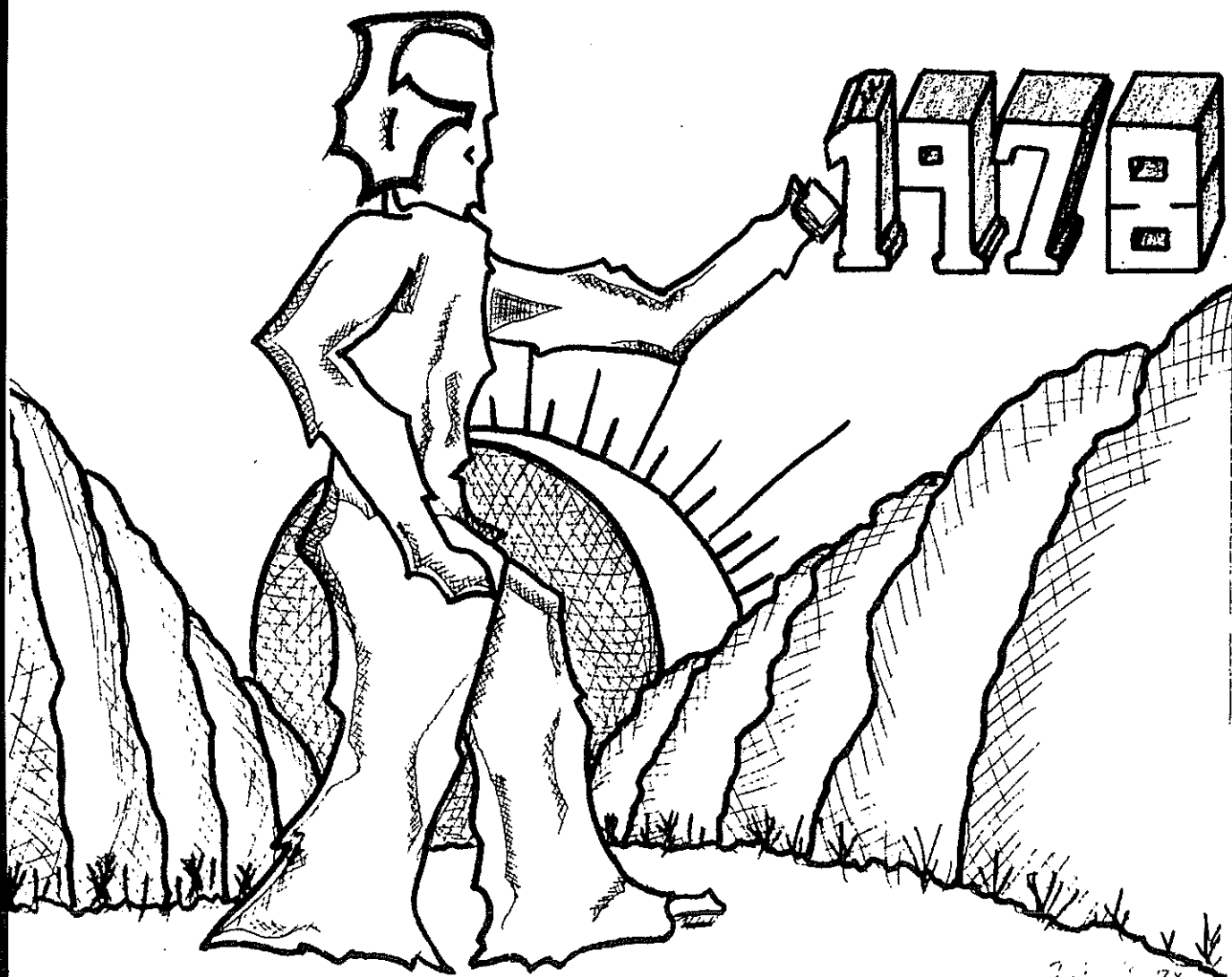
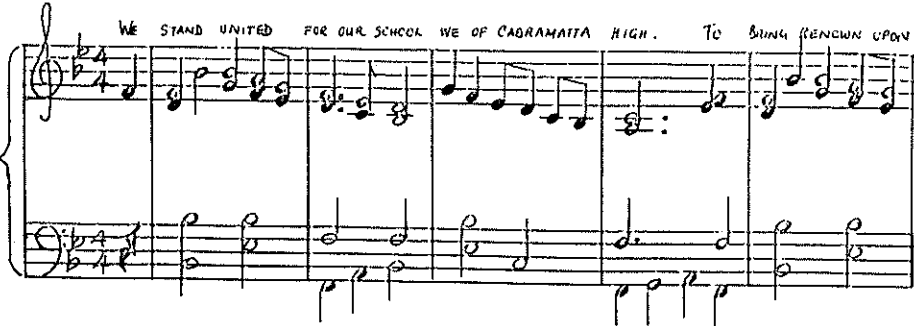


THURUNA



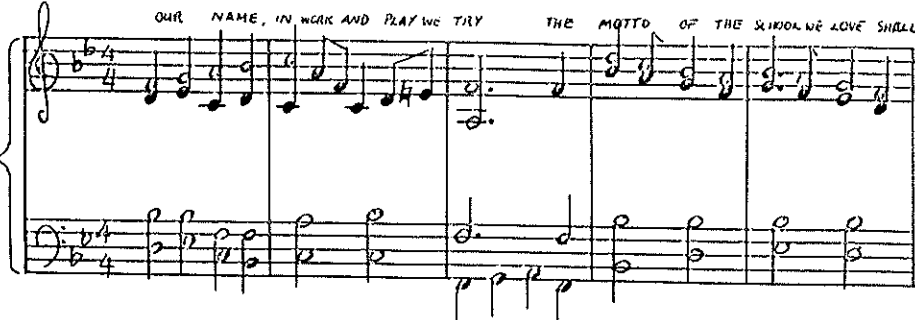
SCHOOL SONG

WE STAND UNITED FOR OUR SCHOOL WE OF CADRAMATA HIGH. TO BRING RENOWN UPON



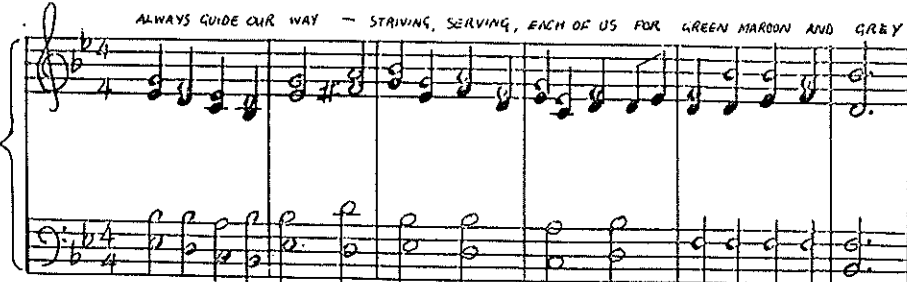
The first line of the musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, Bb3, and C4, then a half note D4. The lyrics are written above the vocal staff.

OUR NAME, IN WORK AND PLAY WE TRY THE MOTTO OF THE SCHOOL WE LOVE SHALL



The second line of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal melody features a half note E5, followed by quarter notes D5, C5, and Bb4, then a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, Bb3, and C4, then a half note D4. The lyrics are written above the vocal staff.

ALWAYS GUIDE OUR WAY - STRIVING, SERVING, EACH OF US FOR GREEN MAROON AND GRAY

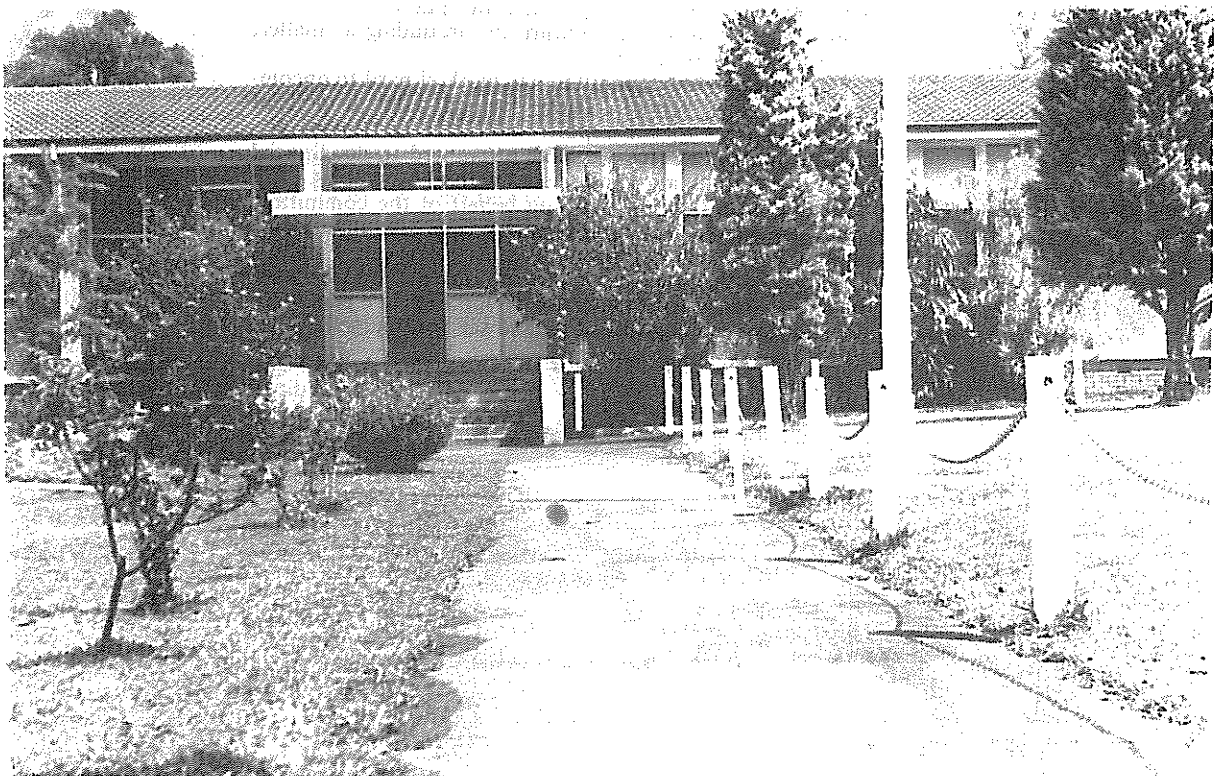


The third line of the musical score concludes the piece. The vocal melody features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, Bb3, and C4, then a half note D4. The lyrics are written above the vocal staff.

Music by: MR. J. FREEMAN

THURUNA

1 9 7 8



MAGAZINE

COMMITTEE



KAREN NORRIS



DIANNE LUC



DEBBIE NEWMAN

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

1978 has seen a break in the traditional composition of Thuruna. Due to spiralling printing and publishing costs, I decided to rationalise expenditure by producing a smaller, less expensive publication.

Nevertheless the committee has worked hard to encompass the whole school. They decided after a poll of students to limit formal reports in favour of a more pictorial presentation. This we have attempted to do. Special thanks to Mr Ibrahim, who assisted with photography.

I would also like to thank, on behalf of the committee, the office staff for typing the manuscript, and all students and staff who have contributed items this year. Finally I would like to thank all the business houses and individuals who have contributed financially by sponsoring a page.

Anyhow — enough! Read on and see for yourself.



SUZANNE MITROVICH



SHARON GREEN

A. EATON,
Editor.



CATHY PETERS



JENNIFER LINDER



SANDRA FARR



PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Looking back over almost five years at Cabramatta High, it is rather interesting to compare first impressions with those I receive now.

The pupils look much the same, except that some relaxation of the uniform requirements is quite evident. Nevertheless, the majority of pupils are still neatly dressed in the appropriate school colours.

As regards the staff, there are still twenty-five of the same teachers present as in 1974, and over the years teachers have rarely requested transfer other than for promotion, testifying to their satisfaction with the general tone of the school.

The Student Council has become a more autonomous and better disciplined body, and now runs its affairs extremely efficiently, raising large sums of money, and assisting in involvement with the community, particularly through such activities as the annual Walkathon and Barbecue.

Regular junior assemblies are being held this year, and I believe this has led to improvements in communications and listening attitudes, and has also enabled us to check regularly any deterioration in dress and behaviour.

Integration of migrant pupils has never been a serious problem at Cabramatta High, but I feel that communications with their parents have improved, partly due to sending home information in their own languages, and the introduction of community languages as a normal part of the school curriculum. (We now offer face to face tuition in both Italian and Spanish).

There is a sign of change in the migrant intake this year, with the arrival of the Vietnamese. Not only do we have special classes for those with no English at all, but pupils are now enrolling from Chester Hill after doing their initial intensive training in English.

When I was asked in 1974 what I would like to see at Cabramatta High, I mentioned specifically an orchestra and musical productions.

Both of these have materialised as a result of enthusiastic and dedicated teachers and students, and for this I am truly grateful.

With regard to the Musical, last year's "Nowhere Man" attracted an Arts Council award for "the most spectacular and professional presentation", and the same producers assure us that this year's Music-Drama "Macbeth" will even surpass last year's effort.

As for development of parent interest in the school, it appears from the large attendance at Open Night that parents are now willing to come to the school to discuss formally their children's progress, but are loath to attend purely social functions such as our annual barbecue, which still attracts far more staff than parents.

Finally, I wish to pay a tribute to my hard-working Deputy Principal, Mr Doug Williamson, whose sympathetic understanding and treatment of the pupils of this area has enabled the school to operate efficiently, pleasantly, and with a minimum of fuss, contributing in no small measure to the great personal satisfaction I have enjoyed as Principal of Cabramatta High School.

J. FREEMAN.



BACK: G. Nordsman, M. Anderson, L. Griffiths, R. Bullot, M. Adamson, S. O'kell, S. White, G. Bennis, J. Berringer, B. Hardy, J. Oates, A. Townsend.

SECOND: R. Mackell, S. Twyford, P. Jackson, C. Byrne, J. Fryer, G. Hopkins, C. Rodgers, S. James, P. Waller, B. Cooke, J. Caldwell, D. Simons, P. Ipkendanz, A. Birkett, R. Penney.

THIRD: P. Quigley, P. Bates, I. Owens, S. Youssef, J. Carter, R. Granger, D. Wellham, R. Breckenridge, D. Parkinson, N. Marsh, H. Watt, A. Greco, C. Crocker, P. Symonds, C. Schouten, O. Sinden, Ibrahim, G. Horsnell, J. Knox, A. Eaton.

FOURTH: Forrester, P. De Kretser, S. De Fant, S. Jones, M. Mauric, L. Lusted, T. Hinder, M.

FOURTH: G. Forrester, P. De Kretser, S. De Fant, S. Jones, M. Mauric, L. Lusted, T. Hinder, M. Gauci, J. Myer, H. Bates, J. Cippolone, V. Sawyer, N. Fletcher, T. Diskoros, Anna Peratos.

SEATED: B. Jordan, C. Cook, W. Smythe, V. Derry, K. Molyneaux, V. Porteus, D. Williamson, J. Freeman, N. Harris, P. McGee, S. Brown, P. Durack, D. Moss, M. Kennedy.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

PRINCIPALJ. FREEMAN, B.A., B.Sc., Dip. Ed., L.T.C.L.

DEPUTY PRINCIPALD. J. WILLIAMSON, A.S.T.C., M.I.I.A.

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G. Bennis, Dip. T.
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C. Byrne, B.A.
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Mrs. L. Corradi, Dip. T. (Mistress in Charge of Girls)
Mrs. M. Gauci, Dip. T.
R. Granger, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Miss V. Sawyer, B.A., Dip. Ed.
I. Owens, Dip. T.
D. Wellham, B.A., Dip. Ed.

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P. Symonds
S. Okell, Dip. T.
S. White, Dip. T.

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R. Breckenridge, Dip. T.
R. Bullot, Dip. T.
G. Carter, Dip. T.
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B. Hardy, B.Sc.
P. Ipkendanz

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J. Caldwell
Miss M. Mauric, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
J. Oates
Mrs. L. Sluiter, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

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J. Knox, B.A., Dip. Ed.
C. Rodgers, Dip. T.
C. Shouten, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
Mrs. K. Simpson, B.A., Dip. Ed.
A. Townsend, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
J. Twyford, B.A., Dip. Ed.
P. Quigley, B.A., Dip. Ed.
O. Sinden

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J. Fryer, A.S.T.C.
G. Hopkins, Dip. T.
G. Nordsvan, Dip. T.
R. Penny, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

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Mrs. N. Fletcher
Mrs. S. Jones, Dip. T.

ART

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M. Anderson, Dip. Art. Ed.
Miss P. De Kretser, Dip. Art. Ed.
S. Youssef, B.A., Dip. Ed.

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P. Waller, Dip. Mus. Ed.

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Mrs. J. Engelbrecht
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Mrs. S. O'Dea

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Mrs. P. Martin Mrs. P. James

Laboratory Assistants

Mrs. P. Bright Mrs. J. Hughes

Home Science Assistants

Mrs. N. Hanson Mrs. E. Leavey

Teachers Aides

Mrs. N. Bridges Mrs. J. Poole

School Grounds

G. Killick

Canteen Staff

Mrs. D. Hammond Mrs. E. Mirfin
Mrs. K. McConnell

Cleaning Staff

Mrs. C. Muller Mrs. N. McMillan
Mrs. M. Muller Mrs. E. Whittaker
Mrs. D. Chalmers Mrs. E. Roberts
Mrs. M. Roach Mrs. B. Kovacic
Mrs. N. Moon Mrs. B. Burrows



PRESIDENTS' REPORT

Now that our final year as students is drawing to an end, we feel that it is our duty to tell this school what we really think of it ***** !!!

This school has two assets working for it. The first is the unbelievable relationship which exists between the majority (N.B., the majority of teachers and students. In a school where teachers are prepared to use their own time to coach sporting teams, organise musical revues and where a certain teacher has decided to risk his life every morning, lunch time and afternoon trying to teach students to drive (good on ya Eve!!), there must be some hope for an improvement in school spirit. For those students who don't realise what school spirit means, it, roughly translated, means — participation in sporting teams, musicals, student interest groups, above all the School Council, and a general co-operation with the willing teaching staff. It also implies making, at least, some attempt at wearing school uniform, taking any disagreement which requires a "trial by combat" well out of the school precincts. Also, for those students who can't go a few hours without "lighting up", we suggest that you don't do it in sight of visitors to the school. In other words, will those little cretinous morons (thankfully, in the minority) who insist on wearing thongs and Dad's shorts to school and who attempt to turn Grace Avenue into Madison Square Garden (if you can see for the smoke), please remove, temporarily, any traces of identification with Cabramatta High (i.e., if you accidentally wore any).

Returning to a serious vein and our second asset, we (not the royal one) feel that this school is probably unique in the make-up of its Student Council. Our School Council has an evenly balanced constitution (i.e. equal senior and junior students) but it is a seriously neglected unit. The Walkathon was, as usual, a great success but meetings of the School Council were very poorly attended. However,

there is hope. This year's Student Council witnessed the great "ring pull crusade" (which collapsed when some idiot kept pinching our box in the canteen), the great uniform debate (which resulted in a decisive victory for the junior girls, in spite of determined and spirited resistance from the senior girls and an attempt at mediation from the President — don't hit me again, Marion!) and a host of other world-shattering and important items. This year, we raised about \$900 and this money will be spent in the very near future on what the Council decides the school really needs (look out, school!)

We would like to thank the Council Members of 1978, in particular the Vice Presidents, Debbie Alcorn and Clive Simmons, the Secretary, Brenda Jackson, Treasurer, Maureen Maloney, the committee leaders, Marion Bamblett, Michael Camillos and Mark Duncombe and, also, our two representatives to the Combined Student Council of Fairfield Municipality, who attended meetings and discussions in their own time, Maureen Maloney and Peter Coon. Special thanks, also, must go to Mr. J. Beringer and Mr. D. Williamson for their encouragement and help throughout the year.

Now that we are op, the brink of leaving school, the realisation of what this step means has only just registered. Gone will be the old security of being in a familiar environment and working with students and teachers in a friendly atmosphere; gone the association and friendships of many years and, worst of all, gone will be the freedom from responsibilities and social commitments of childhood. On behalf of Year 12, 1978, who next year will be thrown onto the bloodthirsty and cut-throat atmosphere of the work force or tertiary institution, we would just like you all to know that it wasn't too bad! Very special thanks must go to our Form Mistress of two senior years, Mrs. V. Porteus and a very special mention to our Form Master of our four junior years, Mr. J. Breckenridge (Breck, they really were "the good old days").

WENDY SAUNDERS
SHANE MALONEY
School Presidents, 1978

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT



During the past year school spirit has improved with many more of the pupils actively involved in the various activities organised both in and out of school hours. The lack of vandalism to the buildings, walls and furniture reflect a pride in the school and you, the pupils, are to be complimented. The Student Council, under the guidance of their mentor, Mr John Beringer, and the two school captains have been very active throughout the year and have successfully undertaken many projects culminating in a healthy bank balance to finance pupil selected activities.

Many improvements have taken place during the year to the grounds and buildings, resulting in an improved atmosphere for teaching.

The following list may be of interest.

1. Conversion of the old library to a new staff common room complete with dish-washing machine and hydratherm. Seventy comfortable chairs have been supplied by the education department.
2. Ancillary staff tea room.
3. Renovations to the main office with new carpet and furniture.
4. Additions to B Block staffroom. New carpet has been provided.
5. Alterations and additions to E.S.L. room. New heaters in all rooms.
6. Additional hooters to Home Science and D Blocks.
7. Additional trees and shrubs.
8. The external painting of the school.
9. Retiling of some of the buildings. New doors on assembly hall.
10. External awnings repaired and repainted.
11. All broken windows replaced.
12. Floodlighting of the basketball courts.
13. New curtains in many of the classrooms.

Many of these projects have been undertaken by the Public Works Department which has done an excellent job and is to be complimented on the high standard of workmanship.

Our new overseas pupils have been given a friendly welcome by you, the pupils, and on their behalf, 'thank you'. They like our school and many of them will be pupils here for years to come.

Once again a group of dedicated teachers and conscientious pupils have worked together to entertain you with a production of Macbeth. We are looking forward to this night and know that it will be an outstanding success.

I commend this magazine to you. Read it carefully as it reflects a most important part of your lives. Continuing to work together in a friendly co-operative way showing consideration for others will ensure a future of achievement for your school.

D. J. WILLIAMSON.

ANCILLIARIES



FRONT ROW: Left to Right: Mrs. J. Poole, Mrs. N. Bridges, Mrs. E. Leavey, Mrs. B. Biffin, Mrs. K. Mychael, Mrs. K. Dean, Mrs. P. Martin.

TOP ROW: Left to Right: Mrs. N. Hansen, Mrs. J. Hughes, Mrs. S. O'Dea, Mrs. P. James, Mrs. P. Bright, Mrs. J. Engelbrecht.



BACK: John Davis, Michael Shalavin, Tom Golijan, Volly Pocuca, Joe Guido, Gary Tahmizian, Anthony Czillag, Mark Jackson.

SECOND: Ross Stonehouse, Mark Thatcher, Craig Burnett, Dennis Wimmer, Rolando Gonzalez, Michael Spina, Basil Czerwaniw, Dene Maddocks, Mitchell Thomas, Ajit Peris, Paul Tremayne, Bill Peros, Darryl Macey, Daniel Amari, Clive Simmons, Wayne Baddock.

THIRD: Aldo Sustar, Michael Camillos, Tony Perri, Larry Spasenovski, Harry Born, Shane Maloney, Seema Aggarwala, Julie Clauson, Klaudia Katic, Julie Forsyth, Alfia Catanzaro, Greg Ella, Vince Galletto, Mark Duncombe, Franco Carida, Ian Ray, Robert Strelis, Warren Laws.

FOURTH: Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Porteus (form mistress), Rose Stamenkovic, Tania Leach, Anna Galletto, Laura Martini, Zora Stankovic, Caroline Greaves, Wendy Saunders, Jenny Mitrovich, Joanne Saunders, Anne Collins, Nada Lubarda, Manuela Roncevic, Nora Kurovsky, Denice White, Linda Oliver, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Rodgers.

SEATED: Janelle Carter, Marion Bamblett, Debbie Alcorn, Nada Pecanac, Felicitas Hartmann, Marina Sidoroff, Jane Dellow, Sylvia Spotteck, Megan Condon, Anne Blundell, Wendy Harris, Janet O'Brien, Danuta Biruski, Cathy Worrell.

ABSENT: Doug Duran, Mario Stanic, Glen Hull, Michael Ivosevic, Glen Robertson, Mariluz Allebi, Elena Citroni, Ferial Kharman, Sue Hines, Suzana Simunic.

YEAR 12

YEAR 12 - A NOTE FROM THEIR FORM MISTRESS

What can I say about our 1978 Year 12 Students? That they are different from past years? Well, yes they are, every year 12 is different, so what distinguishes this year 12?

I think that the most noticeable characteristic of this group is that they are not a mob of sheep blindly following where they are led — they are individuals and take pride in their individuality (sometimes rather trying for those around them!)

There has been the usual mixture of dedicated students (a few), and those who attended (when they felt like it) the extra 2 years at school for a variety of reasons, few if any of which had any relationship to work. Then of course there have been those solid middle of the road people who have known how to strike a happy balance between work and play.

This year saw the return of Sue Hines from her year in Japan and many of her friends have been introduced to the delights of Japanese foods as well as being regaled with tales of her overseas experiences for their interest and amusement.

Another intrepid traveller is Harry Born whose wanderlust led him from his home in Rio de Janeiro to Cabramatta High and on hitch hiking tours to see Australia. Occasionally we have thought him to be lost, but he eventually rejoined our school community after dallying a little too long along the way. We don't know where his itchy feet may take him next maybe France, but wherever it is, good luck Harry.

A number of Year 12 Students represented the school in Grade Sport which is highly commendable for the leadership and encouragement this gives to the rest of the students.

There were a few cases of psychological regression among the boys. The desire to really be back in Year 7 exhibited itself in the tendency to grab the soccer ball from Year 7 students and haunt their playing area. However, these young men seem to have overcome their problem and have returned to the Year 12 fold.

Romance seems to have been very much to the fore this year. Of course we've had the usual run of "the grand romance a la Romeo and Juliet", but there has also been one wedding and engagement rings flashing on several young ladies' fingers.

During the last few months, most of the Year 12 students have shown a commendable growth of maturity. They are accepting their responsibilities and showing evidence that in the years to come they will be capable, responsible citizens.

V. PORTEUS



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SIXTH FORM — 1978

With excuses to Nino Culotta, they certainly are a "Weird Mob". This year's Sixth Mob (I mean, Form) could go by the name — Variety. Not only could we call it an assembly of the United Nations but, in our ranks, can be found aspiring millionaires, blossoming actresses, potential criminals, harden performers on the stage, noted wits (of the "half", "nit" and "dim" categories), compulsive gamblers (Baddock's famous poker school), renowned fighters (notably, "I am the greatest" Ella, which is nothing to boast about), some beautiful little pieces (I just can't think of all their names) and, above all, one "Spunk" (you guessed it — ME!)

The following is a list of Sixth Form Awards:

"Fashion Freak, '78" — dead heat (an appropriate term) between Messrs Baddock and Simmons, who got off to a very early start in the Spring fashions with a showing of their stunning collection of pyjama shirts and an exhibition of skinny, white, hairy legs.

"Iron Man, '78" — this ended in another dead heat between Mazza Bamblett and Debbie Alcorn. Both ladies made it to the finals after an amazing campaign, which saw them blitz the field in the Iron Man events. The contest could not be decided even after placing both finalists out in the rain to see who would rust quicker.

"Miss Most Perved-On, '78" — this award was unanimously awarded to Mr Glen Hull (after a large struggle with "Dinky-Di" Davis, who always performs best in Spring). Hull was given the award for unswerving loyalty to the cause of Tom Raudonikis and Western Suburbs League's Club, in the face of sustained defeats.

"Popularity Person '78" — Sixth Form had no hesitation at all in declaring Mickey Spina the undefeated champion. This lad is known to the entire school, has an incredible fan club and has to qualify as the most "graf-fitted" person this school has ever seen (or read).

Sixth Form was fortunate in having so many noted stage performers within our ranks. The lovely and talented Sue Hines (that'll be five bucks for the free plug), our wonderful singing canaries, Baddock and Biruski and, of course, our own version of the Beatles — Guido's Grubs.

Other Sixth Formers who deserve notice are the mysterious "dude", who may look dangerous but, don't worry, because he really is. Another noted personality is Miss Julie Forsyth (that's the chick with two hollow legs and a beautiful right hook). Sixth Form also have their own James Bond. Our 007 drives to school in his M.G. or E Type and proceeds to do battle with Daniel Armari for the title of Sixth Form's Gift to the Female Gender. However, their valiant efforts were thwarted by the suave, sophisticated and utterly cool approach of Mr Kev Wimmer and "Knoblouse".

Vincenzo Luigi Mario Guiseppe Antonio Salvatore Giovanni Bill (!) Calletto, Sixth Form's Godfather, whose H.S.C. studies were seriously disrupted by the carrying out of his "contracts", expects to do extremely well in his exam. Vince says "I made 'em an offer they couldn't refuse". Comprendi?

Tony Perri, Sixth Form's contact with Wall Street, expects to retire to the Riviera at age 25. Tony, however, was last seen buried under a pile of "Financial Reviews" after his shares "crashed".

Sixth Form's "biggest" personalities were Tom, Volly and "Phrobo". These nine lads represent the great white hope of basketball (look out, Harlem).

Sixth Form teachers were often terrorised by the activities of the notorious "Tack Gang". This gang, the direct descendants of the Toe-cutter Gang and the Kellys, gave many teachers a pain in the rear (get the point?). Many Sixth Formers were apparently affected by Grease Fever. Janelle Carter and Denise White dazzled their classes with amazing renditions of the Grease Step Routine. Mark Duncombe, known in some circles (very small circles) as John Travolting, alias Spunky, Drunky, Junky, Funky Dunky, refused to comment on his alleged relationship with Miss Olivia Vege Newton-Harris.

Now for my tribute to the Sixth Form girl who thinks that a snake is a mammal, a W.O.G. is a wealthy Chinese businessman and that a homosexual is a person who has sex only once (derrrrrrrr!) Jane you can at least thank me for not mentioning your name.

"HANDBAG"



明
宏

TIME

Let's talk of Time,
As times go by
Time to cry
Time to sigh
More plenty than
The sea and sky.
Let us try,
To pry.
Let's talk of time.
Philosophers, poets,
Contemplate,
Anticipate,
Procrastinate!
Endless journeys to seek the truth.
What happens to youth?
Where is your proof?
You Philosophers and Poets.
And what of Death?
Ah, steely death,
That whitens your skin,
Reveals your sin,
Engulfs you in,
That takes your breath.
Ah, that timeless death.
Of Death and Time.
Evaluate.
What is your fate?
Concentrate!
Assimilate,
You all say time goes on and on
You're wrong!
Death, inevitable,
For those in time.
But time — Not so;
It ends or goes
Or flies away
Or passes on to joyless days.
Time dies when death occurs.

SUE HINES

PARTINDO PARA VOLTAR

HARRY BORN 12 AF

No sofa, apreensiva, olhos aflitos,
Ela me sorria tristemente,
No chao, longas orelhas arregacadas,
Ela tudo observava inocentemente
Nas escadas, inquieto, com as malas
Ele me ajudava prestimosamente.
Na calçada com o meu capote,
Ela aguardava carinhosamente.
Pensando na volta a todos sorri,
Todos eu abracei, beijei e parti.

DEBBIE ALCORN.

ZAVOLI TE

Zavoli te jedne mraone noci
Kad sam kila u samoci
Daso si mi, rulru dao,
I srce mi odkljucao

Odikuca mi srce, sto je tuzno bilo
'naten yubav sto je moje srce krilo
Zavolito plave oci
I sad nisam u samoci.

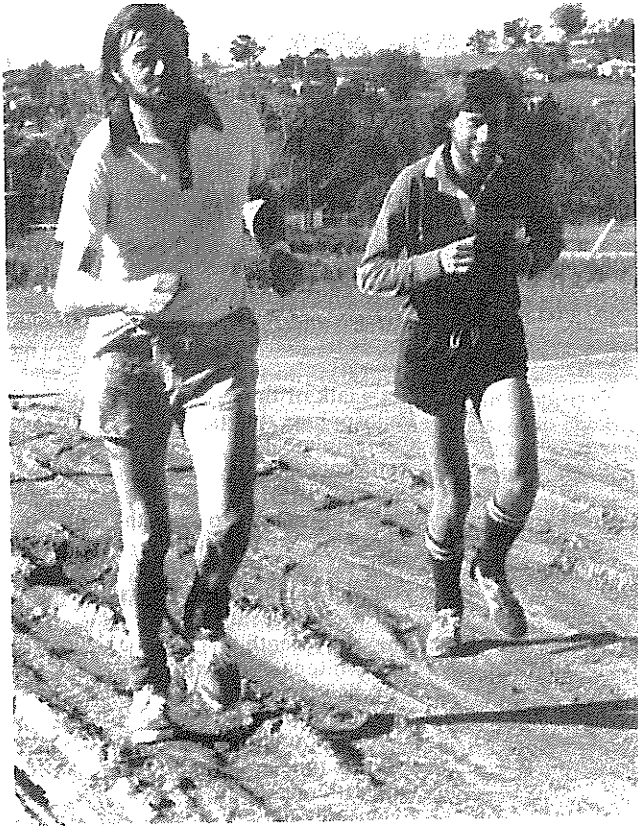
VESNA RODIC — 11 QZ.

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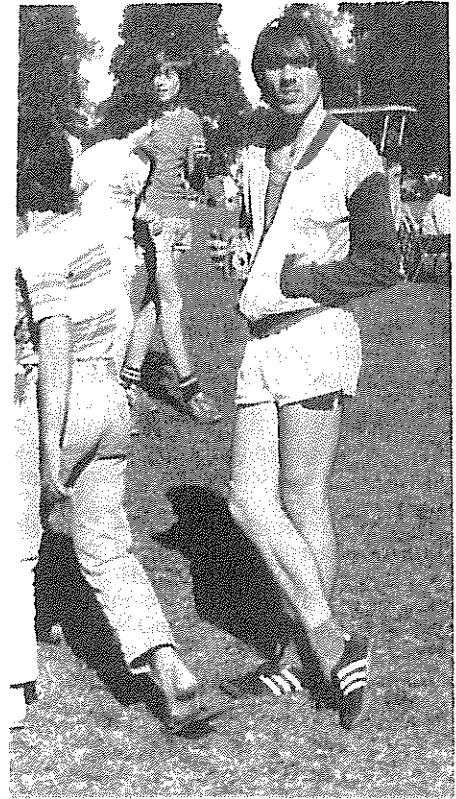
G. and J. JEWELLERS

私の大好きな夏はいつ来るか分からない
あなたと別れた冬はまだまだ続いている
長くて長くて...
冬の風は寂しそうにつぶやきながら
夏を待っている私は泣いている。
私の大好きなあなたといつ会うか分からない
この辛い季節はどの日まで続くだろう。

スー
ハインズ



W
A
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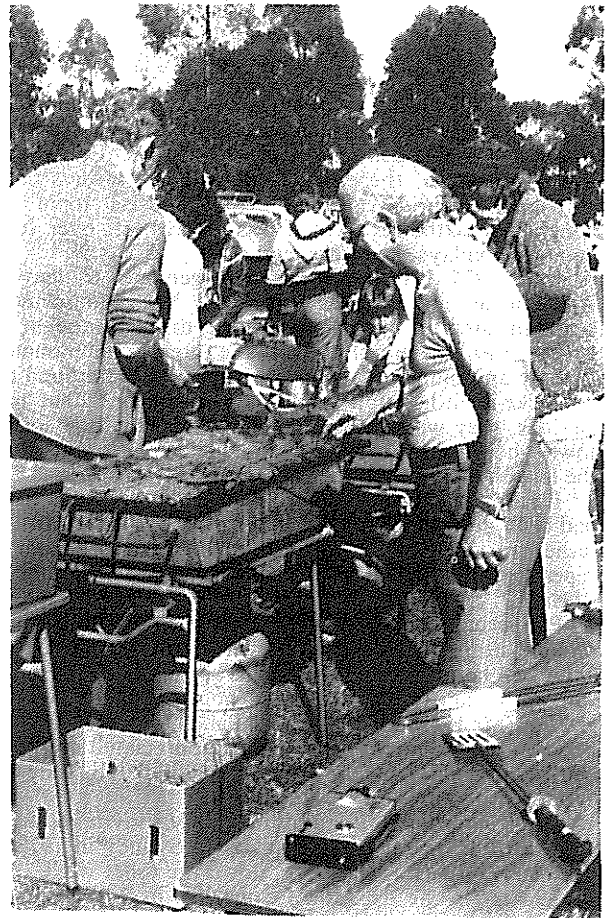
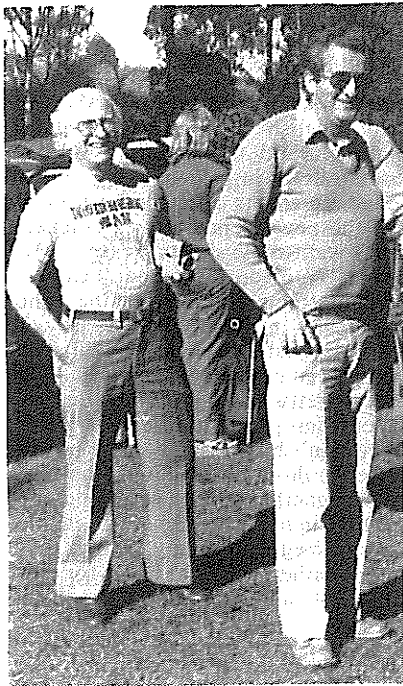
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FROM RIO TO CABRA

Until 1974 all my knowledge of Australia comprised of "Oh! That's where all the roos come from!" I also knew it was down there, somewhere in the middle of nowhere on the other side of the earth because it was always the last map in the World Atlas and always the last topic in my geography textbooks (which was always left over for the summer holidays, i.e., forever).

Late 1975 I initiated my arrangements to leave for America as an exchange student. The sponsoring association assured my parents I'd be dragged straight back home after 12 months, (for the great contentment of "daddy and mummy"). The idea of being led around overseas like a little puppy didn't "turn me on" that much. Besides, they were "chucking" me in a tiny little southern town where I'd probably commit suicide or be sanctified by the local bureau of the "Bible Belt".

Luckily enough, a new English conversation teacher had been introduced in my school that year. I confess I was rather intrigued by the name of his country. I made him repeat it a few times but it always sounded something like "Ustry . . . ia".

Pondering for a little while I assumed that might be the pronunciation for Austria. But Austrians spoke German, and when he mentioned the kangaroos in his country, I was sure I had never heard of roos hopping at the Alps! My teacher (Mr K. Moore) always laughed with pleasure when I spoke. I was flattered thinking he appreciated my "excellent" American Brazilian English. He did, too! Later on I asked him and he said I talked like a bear.

Our friendship resulted in his family's invitation to stay with them as an exchange student in Sydney in 1977. My papers for America went right down the toilet while I went straight off to the Australian Consulate in Rio. The consul informed me that I could obtain a visa as an exchange student (where the exchange would be, I wasn't sure), but I would have to pay all my own expenses, I dashed back home, with my face all lit up, and told my parents about my decision. Mum nearly fainted, and dad, almost pulling his hair out and snarling, said: "Look, go to hell if you want to and I'll pay your fares. Another year with you and your plans would drive me up the bloody wall!!"

Naturally I jumped for joy! Late 1976 I was "swinging" on a ship, en route to Amsterdam, and that's how my journey to Sydney started.

I arrived on a February morning, in '77, (late for school, as usual) and the Moores were waiting for me at the airport, (they had already rung up the police since I was supposed to have arrived the day before). My first struggles with the language started.

That was already expected since my sister had introduced me to an Aussie friend of hers in London. While he talked, all I could do was nod and smile discreetly like a "Japanese doll". As the Moores drove me up to Cabra., they talked to me very cheerfully. I couldn't understand a thing, and again I was nodding and smiling desperately — the trip seemed infinite! At least I knew that every time Mrs Moore stuck her finger up to point at some particular place, I had to say: "Oh, beautiful!" or "Oh, lovely!" Boy, I felt so ridiculous.

Indispensable words such as: can't, sheet, piece or beach always sounded like something else when I pronounced them. I asked Mrs Moore if the beaches here were nice, and she answered something like: "Er . . . Well, Harry, they're all up at King's Cross." Believe me, it took me weeks to understand that answer! I wonder what sort of impression I made right in the beginning!

Later on, at a neighbour's place, I was offered a slice of cake, and in my beautiful English I mumbled: "Well, I wouldn't mind a piece now", and the little girl of the family goes: "Hee, hee, the toilet is just down there, Harry . . .". One day I needed some sheets of paper for school and the shop assistants at the newsagency almost cracked up when I went in and said I want some sheets please". My 6th form Art Classmates in '77 made me repeat "can't" several times, in a benevolent attempt to teach me the right pronunciation while the class was in fits of laughter. Boy, I thought I'd never get my English together and almost panicked every time I had to open my perverted mouth.

Yes, the beginning was pretty hard, but I settled in pretty quickly. Western customs don't differ drastically and I soon learned that I couldn't hug, kiss or shake hands with people all the time like we do in Brazil. I stared at my first breakfast when I saw spaghetti on toast and could not believe it when I saw tomatoes in my sandwiches at school. But soon I was posting jars of Vegemite to my family. Unfortunately they said they'd rather keep them all for my return home. Probably it's not suitable for the Brazilian bread.

Hitch-hiking in Australia has been fantastic. I thumbed all the way from the Hutt River Principality through Perth, Albany, Adelaide, Melbourne and Canberra to Sydney during my '77 May holidays and I'll never forget it. In several places people gave us lifts and ended up putting us up at their farms and places, gave us food, washed our clothes (Yeah!!), beds near the fireplace, showed us around and the whole business! An incredible hospitality. (I travelled with a friend, we hit the road by ourselves and met again in the cities). In Adelaide, a "copper" complained while we put up the tent in a park. So we gave the beloved Salvation Army a buzz, and there we were!

Enjoying their hospitality for three nights while touring in Adelaide. I learned a lot, it was a fantastic experience. Next holidays I'm off to Cairns. Unfortunately I'll have to fly over, but I'll try to thumb my way back to Cabra and see a bit more of Australia.

I'll never forget these 18 months I've been here. Coming to Australia was one of the luckiest decisions I've ever made in my life and I'll take great memories from here. I'm indebted to several teachers and friends and I couldn't name them all. But I'd like to mention Mr K. Cruickshank from the E.S.L., department, whose help and motivation have been incredibly valuable for me. My studies at Cabramatta High School have been extremely fruitful and I have never encountered such close relationships between teachers and students. The opportunity of being able to pick subjects almost astonished me at first. (In Brazil we have 10-12 compulsory subjects and we go to school from Monday to Saturday!)

I feel my English has improved substantially and I still want to learn a whole lot more! I'm sure I'll miss speaking it when I leave Australia by the end of this year. I'll probably go to a university of modern languages in France next year (poor mum and dad again!) but I'll still be doing English and will have a chance to do Brazilian literature, which I miss a lot. (Mrs Watt has been incredibly enthusiastic and patient, perfecting my French for my tertiary studies in France.) Finally, I'd like to thank all of you, specially my teachers, for your dedication and help. I hope to visit Australia again one day or maybe someone might visit me in Rio de Janeiro, who knows?!

"TUDO DE BOM P'IRA TODOS VOCES, MUITO OBRIGADO E . . . ATE UM DIA!

("Best wishes to all of you, thanks A LOT, and . . . SEE YA!")

HARRY BORN (12 AF)

CAREERS 1978

The importance of career education as an integral part of schooling has, unfortunately, been highlighted by bleak opportunities in the labour market. Even so, the department, the community and teachers have been made aware of deficiencies that have existed in this area and vast efforts have been made to provide careers advice and teaching to suit the needs of young men and women in preparing for entry to the workforce or higher education.

At Cabramatta High a comprehensive careers programme has been established, and Year 10 have received information and lessons in careers as a major part of their personal development instruction. This programme is being printed by Liverpool Area Office for circulation to other schools in the area. Apart from this internally developed programme, several other resource kits have been developed which will facilitate teachers in giving career education in the future. In service courses in career education and visits to institutions such as Royal Military College Duntroon and the Catholic Education College have better prepared careers advisers for counselling students.

The school has received several visits including the Commonwealth Employment Service, Army, Navy, Air Force, Army Reserve Unit, University of New England, Wollongong University, Milperra C.A.E. and Goulburn C.A.E.

Visits were arranged for 10 and 12 to the Careers Reference Centre, Auburn Hospital, and a Careers Market Day at Ashcroft High School.

The Careers Market Day gave the 120 Year 10 students who attended, the opportunity to gain information from people in the 70 careers that were represented, and actually see people actively engaged in activities related to their vocations.

A careers room has been established at the school, giving students access to careers pamphlets and books, tertiary institution handbooks and employment directories.

Your careers advisers feel that the effort taken in increasing careers awareness in the school has been worthwhile, and wish those who may have benefitted from our advice luck and success in their chosen occupations.

K. SIMPSON, C. SCHOUTEN.

HORROR OF HORRORS

With a flash of light
And a mushroom of smoke
Comes that fearful cry
"Nuclear Holocaust!"
To the shelter my friends
and my foes.
But my cry goes unheard
For my friends are dead
With death all around me
More blood than water
No food to survive with,
I feel this is the end.
I shake and shiver with fear
With horror around me.
What else can I think?
For I have contracted
That dreadful disease
The one that professors call
The plague of the Nuclear Age.

BRETT POULTNEY 9E1.

Give me the knife,
my flesh aplenty —
hack some off
It wouldn't hurt so much
as your words,
time returns
and so,
for everything is
mapped out.

DEBBIE HOY.

THE WARRUMBUNGLES JAUNT

Bye-Bye School was the chant August twenty —
Two bus loads to Warrumbungle — out for plenty!
A week of Education was the cover up excuse,
Eighty students on parole knowing fun was on the loose.
Hungry on the first night there, everybody knew —
That MacDonalds was a rip-off to the cooking of group 2
The bad news for the guys that night . . .
"The girls will be in trams!"
The guys will sleep in woolsheds, like ready to be shorn
lambs.
Little did we know next day that work was on the bill —
Boy! Didn't we find out climbing up that Bloody Hill!
Two days there and life was meant to be that way —
That was of course . . . until Wednesday!!
This was the big one, the climb that took some guts,
Now that I look back on it I must have been damn nuts!
But jokes aside the Breadknife really cuts us up,
And only Bionic willpower got you on Crater Bluff.
"Back to the buses!" — and students rolled down hill —
Wednesday afternoon — surviving list — close to nil.
Thursday saw a better day, a hike across straight plains.
For a hike we went on Wednesday we could not again
sustain.
Life at Warrumbungles was simply ecstasy, the fun, the
laugh and goings on were things you had to see.
The teachers were a ripper, it was good to see
Just like human beings — no autocracy.
So alike were they you really had to look —
That you didn't use those ". . ." words in front of
Molyneux or Cooke.

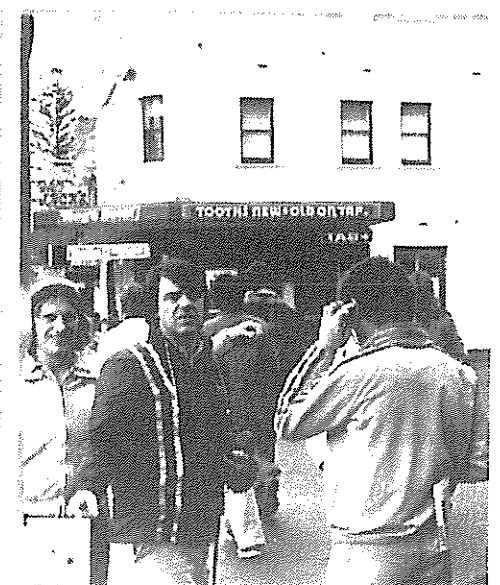
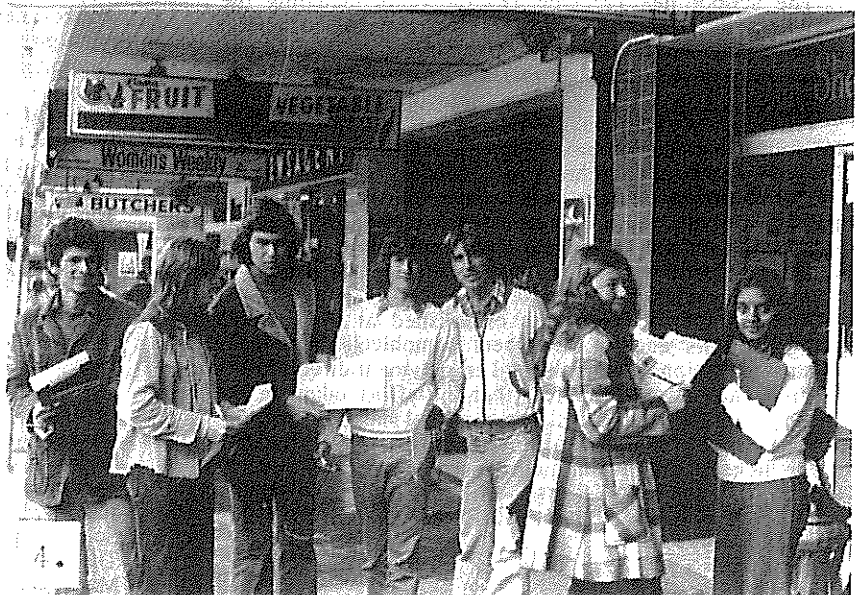
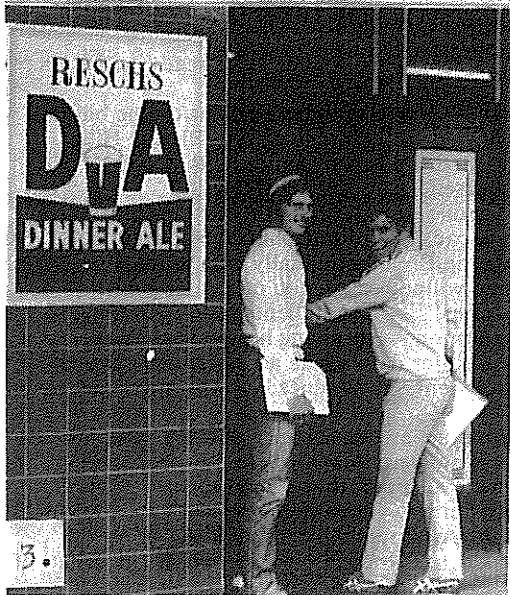
GROUP 2 MEMBER.

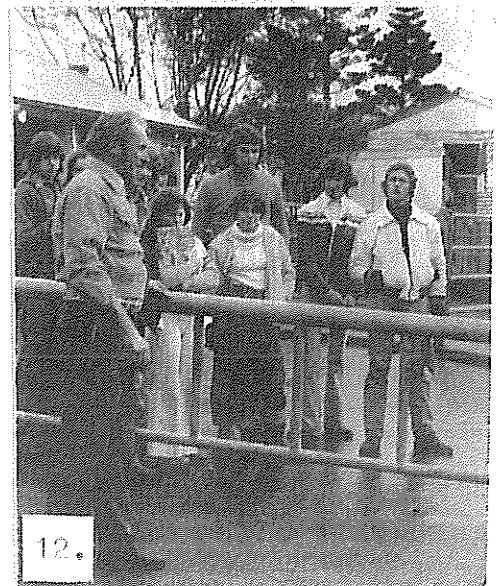
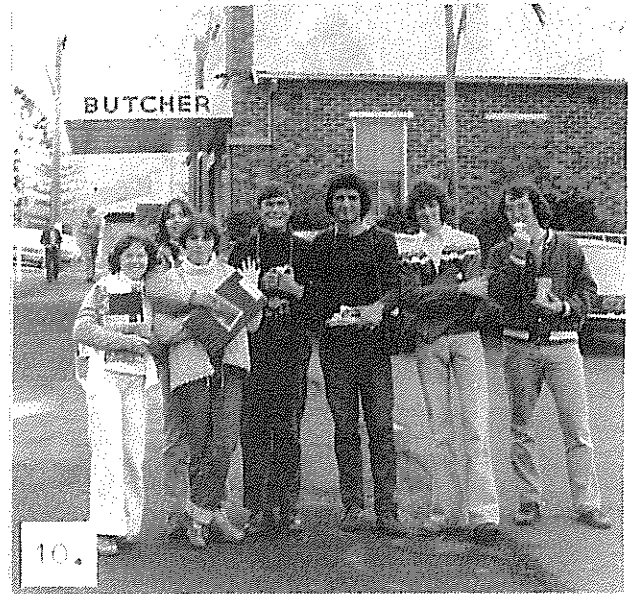
YUGOSLAVIAN POEM INAT

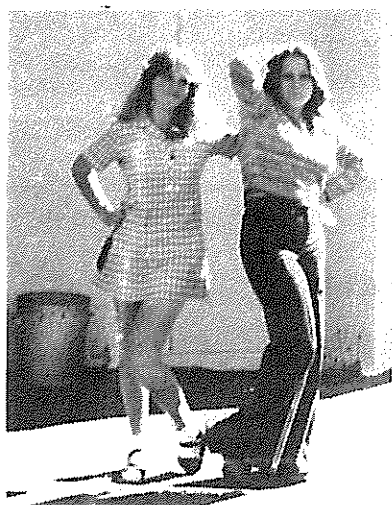
Zaboravicu, eto ti . . .
Zaboravicu, sve, sve, Zaboravicu te
I necu vise o tebi misliti
Zaboravicu i kad smo se upoznali
Zaboravicu i kad smo se ljubili
Zaboravicu sve, sue Zaboravicu te
I sve sto si govorio Zaboravicu
I imena kojima si me Zvao — Zaboravicu
I to de te volim Zaboravicu
Zaboravicu sve, sve Zaboravicu te

BY GRAZIA K.

YEAR 12 GEOGRAPHY







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CABRA-VALE and DISTRICT EX-SERVICEMEN'S CLUB LTD.
Cnr Railway Pde and Bartley St., Canley Vale.

A PASSING DREAM

There she sits
Thinking of a bygone era
of the life she once spent
of the days ahead
of loneliness, pain and misery.

There she sits alone and forgotten
the world a passing dream
of happy memories
of different faces
All looking towards a tomorrow.

Now the faces are gone the
laughter rings no longer in her
ears.

For now she faces a life alone
For what use is an old woman?
Slowly and painlessly she left
this earth

The bottle of pills still
clutched in her hand.

JOANNE SMITH
Year 10

YEAR 12 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION TO JAMBEROO

1. Despite the poor weather on the trip down, there was time for this group shot at the Mt. Keira Lookout. Wendy displays her new Cabramatta High track suit top while putting her best side forward . . .
2. New friendships were made at the kiosk at the Mt. Keira Lookout.
3. On the land use survey of Kiama, attempts were made to enter forbidden places . . . in the interests of geography, of course.
4. The Year 12 invasion of Kiama's main street . . . survey sheets at the ready.
5. Mario and Rolando find that the local butcher's shop is a good place to start their land use survey of Kiama.
6. Mr. Newton chats Clive and Greg about their rumoured survey of the Kiama pub. "Honestly we didn't go in," says Greg, convincingly.
7. On Saddleback Mountain overlooking the Jamberoo Valley, all that could be seen was cloud. Nevertheless, a few of the lads could not resist another photograph in front of the cloud-covered bus.
8. Another land use survey . . . this time in the village of Jamberoo.
9. Mr. Killmore's dairy farm, and a very muddy paddock near the Minnamurra River.
10. Mr. Quigley is encouraged by a group of Year 12 Geographers during the Jamberoo field work. "There, there . . . geography excursions aren't too bad, are they?" consoles Mario, as he hums a few bars of "Sweet Caroline" in the main street of Jamberoo.
11. At the Jamberoo Dairy Factory, students swarm over the huge milk tanker used to bring Jamberoo milk up to Sydney.
12. Mr. Killmore explains the operation of the electric boom gate at his dairy on the farm in the Jamberoo Valley. Students were able to inspect the milking machinery and other modern equipment used on this efficient dairy farm during their field trip to the South Coast.

THE LESSON

A poem that raises the question:
Should there be capital punishment in schools?

Chaos ruled OK in the classroom
as bravely the teacher walked in
the havocwreakers ignored him
his voice was lost in the din

'The theme for today is violence
and homework will be set
I'm going to teach you a lesson
one that you'll never forget'

He picked on a boy who was shouting
and throttled him then and there
then garrotted the girl behind him
(the one with grotty hair)

Then sword in hand he hacked his way
between the chattering rows
'First come, first severed' he declared
'fingers, feet or toes'

He threw the sword at a latecomer
it struck with deadly aim
then pulling out a shotgun
he continued with his game

The first blast cleared the backrow
(where those who skive hang out)
they collapsed like rubber dinghies
when the plug's pulled out

'Please may I leave the room sir?'
a trembling vandal enquired
'Of course you may' said teacher
put the gun to his temple and fired

The Head popped a head round the doorway
to see why a din was being made
nodded understandingly
then tossed in a grenade

And when the ammo was well spent
with blood on every chair
Silence shuffled forward
with its hands up in the air

The teacher surveyed the carnage
the dying and the dead
He wagged a finger severely
'Now let that be a lesson' he said

THOUGHTS

The cry of a new-born child is more comforting than the
cries of mourning women.
The silence of peace is safer than the silence of war.
The love of someone is stranger than hatred.
The reaching of a goal is better than the receiving of the
reward.
To see is to believe but to believe does not need sight
The sound of small waves ruffling on the sand is better
than none at all
The first step of a baby is more beautiful than that of a
winning athlete.
The first word of a child starts to fulfil the beginning of a
dream.

YELENA LASEK 9E1.

BORING

I wish my room had a floor.
I don't care much for a door
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore!

ARIS KALENDERIAN,
7 GREEN.



BAND REPORT

For those not in the know, the band is still in existence, though we have given no performance this year. In fact we have turned down six engagements outside the School because we are too small to do justice. At a public performance, usually we join up with Canley Heights Primary and Canley Vale Primary Schools' bands, as in the past (combined band) but they are suffering from lack of members.

Our band membership totals fourteen, a constant number over the past two years. We have five new members in training.

Any student in the school who would like to learn an instrument (if one is available) just see me in Metalwork.

We hope to give a short performance at a concert-fashion parade at the end of October.

A. BIRKETT
Band Master

DADDY

Daddy come and help me
 I'm sorry you'll be mad
 But please don't hit me this time
 I really love you Dad.
 My arm still hurt from yesterday
 But I know you didn't mean it
 Still sometimes I don't understand,
 Daddy, why do you do it?
 Mummy told the man I fell
 But we know that isn't true
 I don't think the doctor believed her
 But then, that's nothing new.
 I know that you work hard
 To bring some money home
 But don't worry Dad I'm here
 You'll never be alone.
 You know it's my birthday soon
 And you know that I'll be eight
 There's a train set in the window
 Which really would be great.
 I'm sorry you don't feel well
 And I'd help you if I could
 And don't worry about that train set
 It wasn't really that good.
 I know you didn't mean to forget
 You wouldn't do that to me
 And you'll remember next year
 You just wait and see.
 My head, why does it hurt so?
 Any my legs, why can't I feel them?
 Why did you have to hit so hard
 You can stop, I know you can.
 I've got a new toy now Dad
 A chair with wheels that fly
 But the man said I can't be with you.
 Please Dad, tell me why.

WENDY SAUNDERS (YR. 12)



MY SOMETIMES

Think of my sometimes
 When shadows are deep
 of a lone figure in the distance
 Haunting your sleep
 Think of my sometimes
 When trouble worries your mind
 of a hand stretched out to greet you
 Then see what you find:
 Memories of that silent night
 The moon reflecting on the knife
 Saddened eyes pleading, yet silent and still
 As you robbed me of my life.
 WENDY SAUNDERS (YR. 12)

MR JONES

Mr Jones is a stupid man,
 he drinks beer from a watering can.
 He combs his hair with a knife and fork,
 And takes his ducks for a Sunday walk.
 He said "If my wife and I choose",
 To wear our socks outside my shoes
 And to plant rose buds in the baby's pram
 And eat tobacco instead of jam.
 Plus fill the toilet with cauliflowers
 That's nobody's business but ours.
 ARIS KALENDERIAN
 7 Green

UNPROSPECTABLE NUGGETS

Now and again I wish my mind would explode
 Into millions and millions of tiny fragments,
 Fragments of rocks, and nuggets,
 Then, happily, I would merely pick the necessary.
 That is not but a wish.
 And these dead, but insolent rocks
 Their heaviness, blocking, concealing, imprisoning it all.
 They exist, only to swallow up all they can
 And their movements, are irreversible.
 Imperfection of Nature? Divine Prudence?
 "Aw! Nonsense!"
 Why should the Celestial Omnipotent ever fear,
 Such long-affirmed, poor mundane, man's omniscience?
 "Ain't it so, Joe?"
 Below and inside these rocks much is enslaved:
 Nuggets of intellect, nuggets of emotion.
 The intrinsic force that enables the prospector to move his
 limbs,
 The force that induces the act of choice to be consum-
 mated.
 Most of these rocks, however, are unbreakable.
 They create the inevitable.
 But implacably, all arrows of Judgment prevail
 Fired either from somewhere, or nowhere, but callously
 At the powerless and limbless prospector of nuggets.
 The Act of Creation has already been consummated,
 And liked, it was, what had been seen.

HARRY BORN 12 AF

NETBALL



14's

13's A AND B

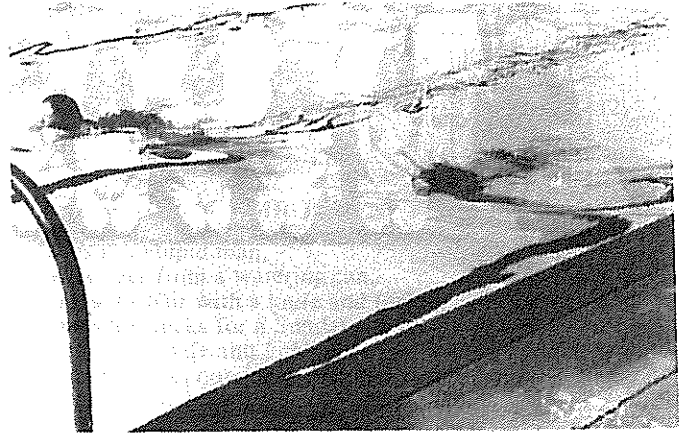


13's C AND D

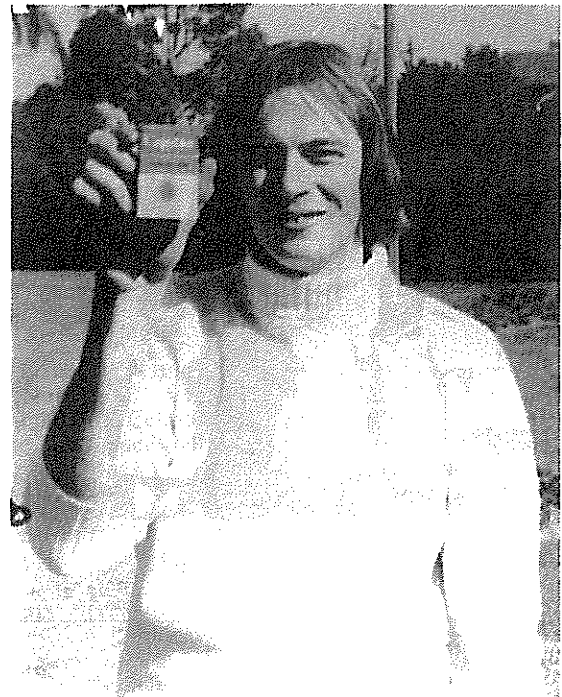
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SWIMMING CARNIVAL



WARNING



MR JACKSON WARNS THAT SMOKING
IS A HEALTH HAZARD — IT STUNTED
HIS GROWTH AS YOU CAN SEE.

ANYONE FOR TENNIS?



SUMMER

OR

ACTIVITIES



OR



JUNIOR
WATER
POLO

OPEN A & B GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

With the amount of effort and enthusiasm the girls of the Open A's have put into their training and games this year they certainly deserve to take the prize. Canley Vale and Westfields will be the ones to beat so best of luck girls.

The Open B's have not had the same success but have recently hit on a winning streak and we hope it continues.

MRS. LUSTED.



OPEN A



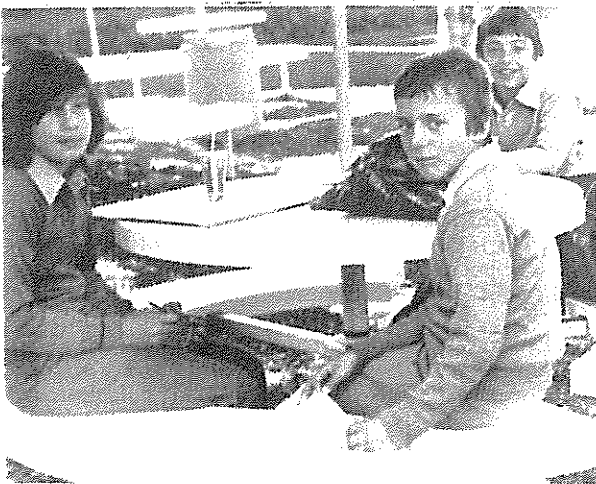
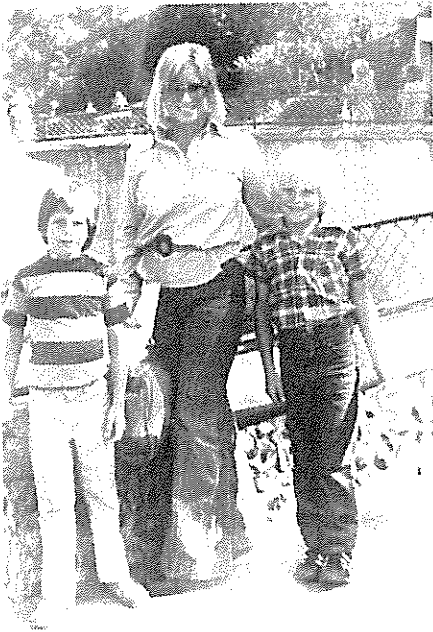
OPEN B



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SEVEN TO THE ZOO



YEAR 7 REPORT

At the time of writing, 218 pupils are enrolled in Year 7 in 8 classes.

Most of the pupils have settled into school routine well with only a small number causing any concern.

We are still fortunate enough to have been able to form a special class of students who are very bright but hindered by language difficulties.

I personally have found the students to be friendly and co-operative and generally it has been a pleasure to have been their form master.

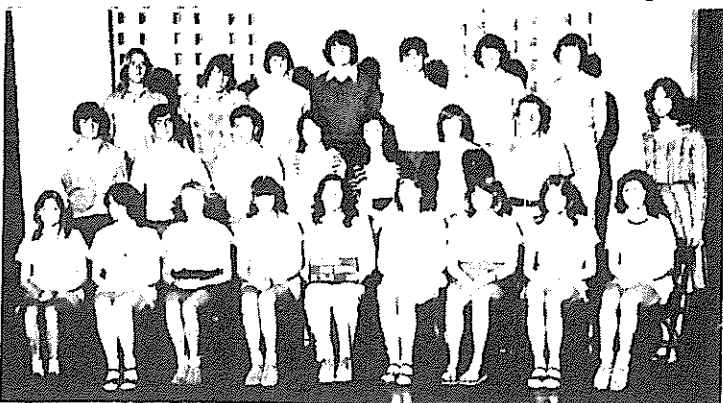
I think we will find that over the coming years we have our share of talented sportsmen and women, and that we have some students capable of study at Universities and Colleges of Advanced Education.

Most of the students seem happy to be at Cabramatta High and (so far!) we have enjoyed having them.

R. BULLOT

STUDENTS' PRAYER

If we students have offended
Think but this and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here
Whilst these test papers did appear
and on your weak and boring themes
no more enjoyable than a nightmare dream,
teachers do not reprehend,
you never pardon, so we students don't mend,
and as we are honest schlucks
If we have unearned luck,
now to escape your serpent tongues
We will fail this test ere long,
or else we dopes you students call,
and so goodbye unto you all,
give us good marks if we still be friends,
and us students our backs we won't have to bend.



Y E A R

10

TOP · IO - A CL MR FRYER
2 IO C-F MS PARKINSON
3 IO G-KE MR BERRINGER
BOTTOM IO KO-M MISS DE FANT

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**MT. PRITCHARD and DISTRICT
COMMUNITY CLUB LTD.
101 Meadows Rd., Mt. Pritchard.**



YEAR 10

The year started with some class reorganisation, and everyone seemed happy to be back to classrooms. The first major event of the year, the Swimming Carnival, had the support of the swimmers and divers, with some of these representing the school at the zone swimming carnival. The next major yearly event, the Athletic's Carnival, had the support of the more athletic students, with a much greater support from the form, than in the past.

Once again some of our Year 10 athletes represented the school at the Zone Carnival, then on to the Area Carnival.

Several of the girls have volunteered to assist Mrs. Murfin in the canteen, because of staff shortages, spending recess and lunchtime, seeing to the needs of other student members of the school. I sincerely hope their efforts are appreciated by the students. Also several of the girls have joined the "Interact" club and are doing good work, raising funds to assist others. Some male support from Year 10 in this club would be greatly appreciated.

By the time this magazine goes to press, those students who are going on to senior school (Years 11 and 12) will have selected their subjects and will have been organized into classes ready for 1979.

A. BIRKETT
FORM MASTER

POKER

You deal the cards that determine my life
Five little chances it will be all right.

You'll take my hand, shuffle me up
Consider me carefully, drink from the cup.

Please don't bluff, don't just look
I've been bid at before; offers I never took.

It's pretty common, a pair we will be.

Add one again — a full house of three.

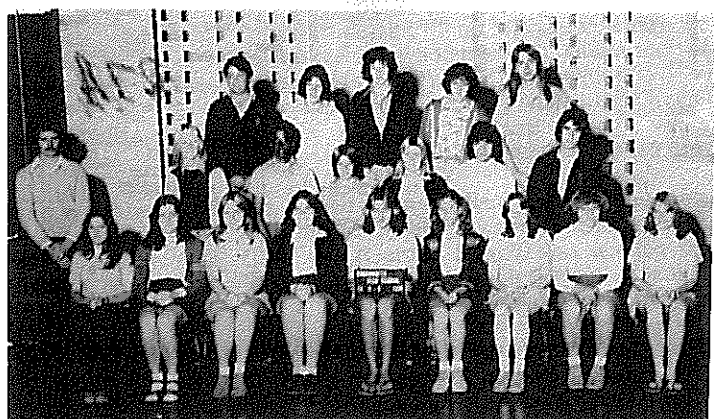
Our lives will be straight, but I'll bet
just the same.

That despite all the winning, life's just a game.

My turn to lose, now discarded away.

Like loose change in the centre, no more to be played.

DEBBIE ALCORN.



TOP	10 N—Q	MR NORDSVAN
MIDDLE	10 R—SK	MR HOPKINS
BOTTOM	10 SL—Z	MRS WATT



YEAR NINE REPORT

Year Nine was once known as the Intermediate Year and in fact that term aptly describes the function and progress of students at this stage of their school career. It is a time of change, of growth, of gradual independence as "juniors" move towards maturity and the decision making responsibilities of young adulthood. For many of our people, next year will be the last at school, and so increasingly they wonder about job opportunities and the undoubted value of a good reference and school certificate. For those planning, at this stage, to progress to the H.S.C., serious self evaluation is also necessary for, at senior levels, only self discipline and internal motivation can promote success. So Year Nine is a kind of Half Way House — a time to use the new maturity and independence to think a little about oneself and the prospects ahead.

As Form Master I feel rather optimistic about the immediate future of Year Nine since, despite occasional problems, usually brought on by disinterest and/or laziness, a basic common sense combined with an open sense of humour seems to pervade this group of students. NOT everything about school, or even just living, at this age, is easy but at least we can generally laugh at ourselves and at the situations that could potentially be inborne. That quality is worth working with and so therefore is Year Nine.

CHRIS BYRNE

TO 9E1

(May their little harts never be left be-hind I love the deers)
The hallowed walls of Cabra High
Echo with laughter, tales are spun,
Puns and sick half-jokes. I sigh.
Must I face them? 9E1?

'Twas said by someonee, (silly fool,
Little did he know the truth)
That schoolboys dawdle thus to school.
A tidal wave our Cabra Youth.

The joy of Maths, the fun of Science
Are but preliminary bouts.
The year nine intellectual giants
Save their best for English routs.

'Tis then the wit and acid tongue
Bite and cut with never a care,
As students climb another rung
And push me downward to despair.

But still, to try to civilise
These young barbarians, lusting blood,
Shines as a goal before my eyes . . .
Bespattered with grammatic mud.

"E's jiggin, Sir." and "Yous are late."
And other linguistic delights
Are calculated to seal my fate
And ensure long and sleepless nights.

For, really gifted, 9E1
Disguise their scholarship rather well,
To make each lesson, for them, fun,
for me, a swirling verbal hell.

But not a word of this must out
Now the year is nearly done
I'll praise them and allay the doubt
Of next year's teacher of 10E1.

You are so lucky, unnamed "Teach"
To have, quite soon, this group, I vow.
To have such minds within your reach.
Wouldn't you like to take them now?

STUDENT RULEBOOK

1. Blue jeans should be worn occasionally by different students to give Mr Freeman something to talk about at assemblies.

2. Assemblies are to be held outside so students can be toughened by the sun and wind.

3. Smokers will assemble near the P.E. sheds at all lesson breaks.

4. Papers should be dropped in the nearest bin . . . unless it is more than one step away, when they should be used as ground cover.

5. Bags should be left in corridors to provide obstacles for would-be hurdlers (or in the Science block they could form a maze for teachers to follow).

6. When sport is called off, you may go home at lunchtime.

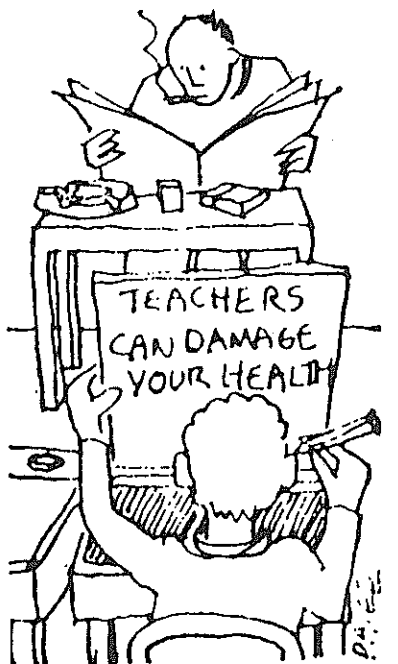
7. Partial truancy (alias "jigging") is permitted only with good reason, e.g., a hearty dislike of the subject.

Observed by Nen Fisher, Karl Pope and Brett Poultney of 9E1.

YEAR 11

Yes, folks, they are all there: in the 80 odd people to whom we affectionately refer as 'Year II', there are all types: big, small, fat, skinny, thoughtful, thoughtless, normal and, well, not so "normal". All the adjectives used to describe fellow human beings could probably be applied to someone in Year II at some time. It is in times of adversity that the best — and worst — is brought out in people. The eleventh year of education is a time of adversity. In Years 7 to 10, a pupil is mothered, nurtured, protected to some extent, but in Year II some of the realities of life become much more apparent: like being in competition with untold thousands of fellow pupils in N.S.W. for marks at the H.S.C.; like coming to grips with some of life's problems; like learning how to live harmoniously with one's fellows (e.g. at the Warrumbungles) etc. Some will make the grade, others will only partly succeed but if one can truthfully say "I've done my best" then no one can ask any more. It's like the old saying, I suppose, it's better to have loved short than not at all.

G. S. Horsnell.



THE LONG LONG WINTER

It is a long long winter in a very cold country.
Walking and walking so we won't freeze
So tired and sleepy, so hungry and weak.
Will we ever reach our destination?
Night has come, still cold, and we're still hungry.
Our feet are numb and so are our hands.
And all we can see is snow for thousands of miles.
Will we ever reach our destination?
Now it is morning and we are still going.
And soon we see what we think is our destination,
There's a cabin in front of us, but should we go in?
No, it is just our imagination, or is it?

By MERCYNA LAGOUTARI.

HUNTER VALLEY EXCURSION

A bus load of year 11 Geography students went away for a two-day trip to the Hunter Valley where we did a lot of work and took some photos of the interesting sites we all had to write about.

We met at the top gate on the morning of Wednesday, 19th April. We left school at 6.45 after waiting for the latecomers to arrive, then travelled via Hornsby, Newcastle Expressway, Peat's Ridge (which was our 'brief stop'), Pacific Highway, Charlestown and Wallsend.

Our first stop was at the Tomago Sandbeds Waterworks. Here we saw slides and had a brief talk about the area and the dams involved. After the talk ended we continued to inspect the spray basin, purification, tanks, etc. This is where they clean the water for the Newcastle area.

Second stop was at Maitland Flood Mitigation where we picked up Mr Dave Moreland who gave us a guided tour of the area covered by the Hunter Valley Conservation.

Stop 3, and the final one for the day, was at the Greenway Dairies Pty Ltd, Woodberry, where we saw cows being milked. The owner gave us a talk and we asked him questions.

The Hotel we stayed in overnight was the Country Comfort Hotel in Singleton. This is where the fun began. One member of our trip (Gordon Leach) was leaving for U.S.A. for good so a group of students decided to give him a surprise party, as this was the last trip he would go on with Cabra. and the last time any of us would see him.

Next morning at 8.30 we were on the road again to finish another three more stops, which were the Singleton Dairy Co-operative Society, Singleton, where we saw how cheese was made and how they test the quality of the milk. Next a Soil Research station, and then finally the Glenbawn Dam.

Those people who choose to do Geography and go on this excursion, will enjoy themselves as much as we did. Ask anyone in Year 11 who went on the excursion and listen to what they have to say.

Mrs Simpson and Mr McLean were very patient with all the students and were very good to all of us. Unfortunately Mr McLean has left the school, but we will remember him by this excursion.

ELIZABETH ANYSZKIEWICZ (Year 11).

SCIENCE EXCURSION TO THE WARRUMBUNGLES, 1978

This year, 68 "eager" Year 11 students and 7 brave teachers went on this annual excursion in the last week of the second term. The group was thrilled by the magnificent scenery marvelled at the clearness of the night sky and was very impressed by the cleanliness of the National Park. The different groups went on various walks in the Park, as well as visiting the Siding Spring observatory, and a lot of photographic film was used in capturing the abundant beauty and science of the place.

As usual, cooking was done by the students themselves and a very good job they made of it too! Everyone worked most efficiently and willingly and the cleanliness of the camp at the end of the week was a tribute to the group's efforts. The group arrived back, happy but tired, after a memorable week and many thanks are due to all staff and students who made the excursion possible.

P.S. Frank Milazzo knows of a place in Coonabarabran with good food and accommodation!

K. MOLYNEUX

MACBETH

THE PLAY AND THE MUSIC

After "Nowhere Man" — what now? Can we improve — Can we surpass it? — All these questions! "Nowhere Man" was a peak in our history. It seemed very difficult — the excitement could never be regained.

There seemed very little around that hadn't already been hacked to death. We know that the students of Cabramatta find it far more meaningful to attempt something slightly unusual and challenging. They possess an intellect which demands flair and originality.

Long hours of discussion ensued — directors were anxiously being sought, until one day in Term One, two unknowns to Cabramatta were discovered in a burrow deep in the bowels of an English Staffroom somewhere in the school. Their names BURN'IN MOSSY — very odd names. What could they come up with, for people in burrows don't come up with a real lot . . . how can they?

Then, one day, on passing the burrow, I smelt a strange, kind of hot smell (pleasant though) and heard some strange noises which sounded something like "Mac . . . B . . . E . . . T . . . H, Mac . . . B . . . E . . . T . . . H, and first reaction was . . . "Oh no!" It can't be done. Firstly it is a very heavy Shakespearean drama — certainly challenging. "Look at all the talent we have around us". . . even the boy in last year's 9th year who loved listening to Wagner's Lohengrin is still with us — we just couldn't go wrong. We had him, we had everything. "Why what an excellent character. He had developed his skills so much he could even skilfully compare the dare-devil operatic skills of Meatloaf with the leading character in 'Lohengrin'."



NO! NO! NO! Definitely not. The drama is too much, the language is practically unusable and the audience would quickly lose interest. The play was too long and, besides that, the biggest problem of all . . . there was no music, even so we were going to be struck with five long hours of entertainment!!! — seemed more like purgatory.

Macbeth has never been done this way before. The whole idea seemed preposterous.

However, after a few weeks of thought on how it could be done successfully, ideas were presented by various members of staff, most likely inspired by the hot air rising up from the hole in the burrow — which — mind you — was getting bigger. The reason? It was accommodating a few more — who were preteaching the BURN'IN MOSSY from completely self destructing.

The roll-up on audition day was most encouraging. Students bravely presented their items while shaking with nervousness, trying hard to impress.

Casting was done. Jenny Devlin "made it to the top very quickly". "She was going to be Lady Macbeth. Great!! We were all delighted because we knew that with Jenny in a demanding role such as this the play would move quickly, even at high speed sometimes, so being over in a matter of moments. Not painful at all.

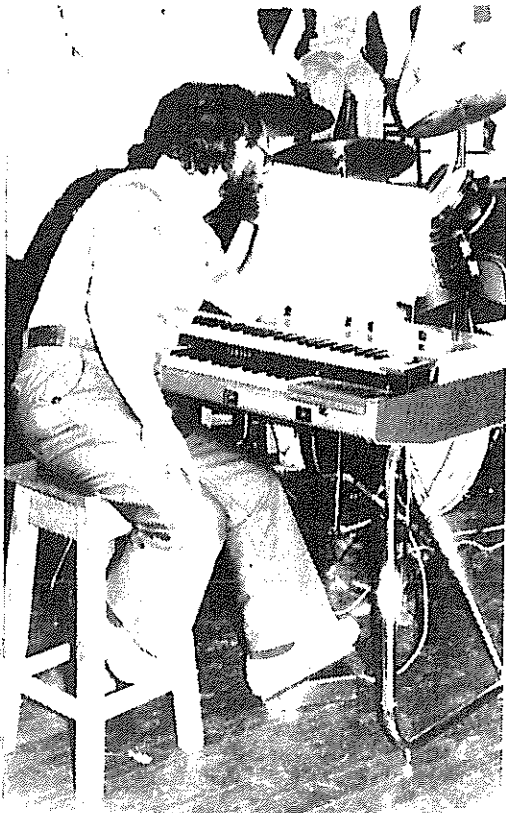
Ian Fisher was cast as "Macbeth" and, in spite of showing excellent acting skill, the show almost didn't go on because he nearly came undone as he broke the speed barrier.

No article on the play Musical can be completed without mention of the hustler — Uncle J E O (We all know him well) who has a dear soul, works like a demon and hustles like a true pro, solves and dissolves problems, inspires his work to great heights — even little Kretser was seen floating over the sets and dropping colours. Then also the most important set man — Uncle Sam — who was responsible for designing and deodorising the set with the expert help of Marcus Andronicus, who was responsible for the final clutches.

For the spectacular designs of the materials used to clothe the masses on stage, Batesy did a mammoth job with a little help from . . . who knows. Don't know how she does it. Our business and legal advisors Bordo and Collie kept us from the red.

Now let's sit back and view the spectacle. I see the head of Willip Phaller sway soulfully to and fro as he is inspired by the soloists and the massed voice of the giant CHORE-US.

D. SIMONS





BEHIND THE SCENES

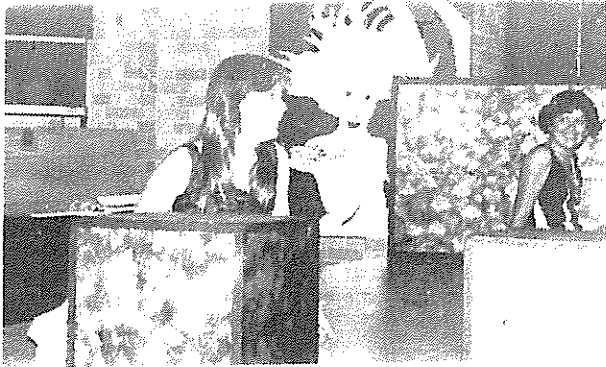


MACBETH



This page kindly sponsored by:

BELVEDERE BALLROOM
2 Belvedere Arcade, Cabramatta.



"TO BE OR NOT TO BE . . . ?!"

. . . This was the question that I kept asking myself about entering the musical. Well, after continual visits, to the headquarters of O.O.C.A.T.U.A.M. (Oates' organised crime against those undecided about musical) I was tortured under a 100 watt lamp 103 different ways, before really being subjected to horrendous, ear-piercing, purely sadistic torture — Mr Oates, and Mr Cooke doing their version of the hit song with a subtle hint . . . "Your the one that we want . . . ooh . . . ooh . . . ooh?"

I automatically realised (me being of 3rd Grade Education) that Mr Oates was using his British psychology to get to me. That is, try and swell the guy's head with flowering hogwash such as . . . "They obviously overlooked Cabramatta when looking for that John Trevolting guy . . . I mean you being right here and all" . . . As much as I knew he was dead right about it, I didn't let it go to my head — but that cheese roll he bought me sure went to my stomach. Two days later after having my stomach pumped at Liverpool's Intensive Care Ward I agreed to join Moss' Merry Musical Men. Director, producer, promotions manager, and exterminator Mr Moss, introduced me to the part of Duncan saying it suited my rotund personality (or was that figure). The conditions were that rehearsals would be on in the very, very early hour of eight in the morning.

Rehearsals had their Ups and Downs, that is, either most of the cast were down on the floor or some wise guy mucking about was up in the air after a Moss attempt at field goal of the guy through the hall wall.

The cast of Macbeth worked very hard and hardly had the chance to take that much deserved "Mars" bar break.

In association with Macbeth we'd like to thank Hugh Mefner and Robert Sigwood for their money, also Paul Newman and Al Pacino for trying out for the part of Duncan (sorry fellas).

All cast and crew of Macbeth fly K-Mart Airways and stay in Cabra Hostels for complete comfort. Macbeth is a Crawfish Production in association with Andy Capps Cut Price Liquor Marts.

P.S. — I'd personally like to thank that half-wit who locked me in the hall during recess (about mid August) whilst making a social call to the mens.

This article was changed in ways to protect the innocent.

P.S.S. — Copies of Mr Oates' "103 ways of torture" can be obtained through Paul Hamlyn. The book is in association with "British Paints" . . . The book that keeps on keeping on???

Macbeth laid low by dammed virus

This week's performances of Cabramatta High School's musical Macbeth has been cancelled.

The school was forced to cancel the show tonight and on Friday and Saturday because of a viral infection.

The infection has affected four of the cast.

The production, which is Shakespeare's Macbeth set to music, has been postponed until October 11, 13 and 14.

The long speeches of the Shakespeare play have been deleted and replaced by music.

The drama of the original plot has been retained and heightened by dance and music.

Last year, Cabramatta High produced Nowhere Man.

This received high praise from the NSW Arts Council and won the best actress and most promising actor awards.



EDUCATION.... UNDERSTANDING ..

1. TRAVEL AS EDUCATION.

Education does not have to be a boring twelve-year span during which we sit at desks reciting our times-tables, historical dates and old poetry, as is so often the case in primary schools. Nor does it necessarily have to mean sitting behind a mountain of texts, reading and analysing them, keeping ourselves awake till the "wee small hours" to pass an exam which will supposedly make life easier for us. Academic qualifications may appear impressive to a prospective employer, but something is missing; something not written on our H.S.C.'s, University degrees or school references.

You may spend twelve years of your life buried in books, then another four or whatever at university, but apart from the piece of paper to verify it, what have you done in the supposedly "enjoyable" years of your youth?

What experiences have you had? Has your education been adequate? (And I don't mean your academic education, because education encompasses a far broader field of learning and experience than you are given at school or university.)

To learn, we have to reach out beyond the realms of educational institutions and ask how we can feel educationally fulfilled. There are those who sincerely believe that a university degree means they are educated, and, to an extent, they are right. Probably they know a great number of facts which they can "regurgitate" at the appropriate times, but, as far as I can see, their education has been within a limited sphere. To me, education is experience, and in the following essay, I intend to show how education can be exciting, a product of not just books and facts, but of exploration, discovery and experience, and how we can feel fulfilled, not as miniature fact-storing computers, but as satisfied, warm people.

2. EDUCATIONAL CONFLICTS AND DRAWBACKS.

Think how you feel leaving your country one night, and waking up in a whole new world in which the people, language, customs, buildings, currency and food are totally different to those in the country you were in before you went to sleep. What good are the values with which you have been brought up? Everything you have ever learned seems useless to you, because what good will it do you to know why Rome won the Punic Wars, how vascular plants store nutrients, why Yossarian preferred staying in hospital (Catch-22) and the thousands of other "Useful" facts you have tried so hard to absorb, when your prime concern is learning to live all over again?

You are like a child again, only the second time around is much more frustrating, after being accustomed to chatting easily with friends, walking into a shop and asking almost without thinking for what you want, hopping on a bus or train feeling 100 per cent confident that you are going to the right place, going to a doctor being able to explain exactly what's "ailing" you, and all the other things we take for granted in everyday life.

What has your education really done to equip you for all the differences you find? When you look at it that way — not much.

Fair enough — our education equips us in a reasonable sort of way for life in the society in which we are educated. It doesn't even do that adequately — just look at the problems in a multi-racial community — what have History, Geography, Science and Mathematics done to help us understand others, of our own race or others?

I suppose I can only speak from my own experience. I started school at the age of four — not pre-school, but actual formal education, and at seventeen I was just as blind as I was at four, though I knew a great deal more academically. Somebody once said something to the effect that the more you know, the more you realise how ignorant you really are. Never a truer word was ever spoken. How much do we really know? And, more importantly, how much of what we know is useful, socially, morally, practically?

I admit that quite a deal of what we learn can be used to individual advantage for example, home science, economic concepts, agriculture, languages, industrial arts and so on, and the social experience of school life equips us to cope with ourselves and others to a certain extent, but, falling back on my previous example of the problems in a multi-racial school or community, I hold fast to the statement that something is missing. Perhaps this "x" factor is understanding.

As a small child in a London school, I was told by a classmate not to touch the toilet seats because the "niggers sit on them". Communicating this useful advice to my mother in childish ignorance of prejudice earned me a sharp slap. Why had MY mother hit me for telling her what Lorraine's mother had told Lorraine? All through my childhood, from that moment on, I was indoctrinated with anti-racism from home, and racist theories from my peers. What's a kid to do? Little wonder that we grow up confused, trying somehow to work out who and what is right in spite of so many conflicting theories from all sides.

Our education is full of so many conflicting ideas, and there are so many people trying to push their own ideas and opinions on us in the classroom, playground, home, church and so on, that if we were to believe one tenth of hearsay and others' opinions, we would have a very warped idea of life. There is a lot to be said for self-education. After the basics, we should be encouraged to think and explore for ourselves, rather than have to absorb what everyone else tells us.

The best way to do this is to act out by ourselves in a completely different environment to that in which we have been brought up, and the essential thing is that we must do it before we are too old to accept change. Our minds must still be open and pliable — not pliable enough so that we can again be manipulated and indoctrinated by others more aggressive than ourselves — but open enough to be able to see that something or someone, some value or concept, is not necessarily right or wrong simply because it is different, or because "everyone else does it".

During the course of our schooling, we frequently go on "field trips" and various excursions, because it is believed that getting out and discovering things for ourselves, outside the confines of the classroom, is

..TRAVEL

more stimulating mentally for us, and of ultimate value to us educationally. How much more valuable, then, would a "field trip" on a grand scale be? I believe that such a trip is of immeasurable value to us, and think it would help to develop us in other fields such as communications, tolerance and understanding, facets of growth which are sadly neglected in the course of formal education.

3. A SOLUTION — THE GREAT TRIP

I will relate some of my own experiences here to illustrate the ways in which travel can provide a great number of useful educational experiences. I was lucky enough to spend a year studying in Japan, and I think that the value of things I learnt in that short time easily rivals those which I've learned in nearly fourteen years of schooling in England and Australia.

I left a society in which we readily condemn "wogs", and became one myself. One of the most overwhelming things I noticed was the patience and tolerance of the Japanese, compared with Australians. We tend to babble away at top speed and expect foreigners will automatically understand us. We use colloquialisms that they probably don't understand, and I don't think I've ever seen an Australian patiently explaining a word to a foreigner, or waiting for him or her to use a dictionary — not that I've met many dictionary-carrying foreigners either!

My dictionary, falling apart now, was my best friend while I was in Japan, and I faithfully carried it every day of the year. Everyone was really amused when I said "Hang on — what was that word again?" and dragged out my "green devil". Understanding people is the first step in education.

Customs in Japan are so different to those in this country, and learning those customs is an education in itself. I can only wonder at the ignorance of people who said "fancy wasting a year over there! What good will it do you? You'll have to come back behind a year in your schooling, with nothing to show for it". — Nothing to show for it? A second language, a basic understanding of Oriental customs and culture, an appreciation of how it feels to live in a strange environment, a self-confidence and feelings of independence that I hadn't previously possessed — all that amounts to nothing?

True, it won't give me a pass in my H.S.C., so, from an academic viewpoint, maybe I haven't gained too much. But what about the other side of it? The patience and tolerance that frustration gradually gives way to, the broadening of outlooks that comes with seeing strange and exciting new things — I can never forget the feeling of wonder and awe that overwhelmed me when I stood in front of the Great Buddha at Nara in half-light, or the sight of 1,001 statues of Buddha standing serenely as they have for hundreds of years in Sanjusangendo in Kyoto.

The feeling of utter ignorance is absolutely stunning, no matter how long you have been studying, or however educated you consider yourself to be, when you are confronted with a whole new existence —

something as simple as table-manners for example. Try delicately eating a fried egg with chopsticks, and see how educated you feel. You may also be disgusted when you hear the noises people make when they eat noodles — it's polite to do so, but then you are invariably swayed by the concepts with which you have been brought up — you see, accepting such peculiar habits is all part of the education of travel.

The trouble with so many of us is that we are brought up in such a secure, confined sphere, we can't really imagine how it is to be lost. We can understand people and values so much better if we take ourselves out of our own little fields, and get out there into a completely different world. If we can do that, we can consider our education much more valuable to ourselves as human beings.

What can we understand by sitting in a classroom, being told that World War II was won when the bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki? That world is so far removed from our own — we can't imagine the pain and carnage, because it's so foreign to us. I cried like a child when I visited the memorial museum in Hiroshima, filled with photos, relics, grotesque proof that man, for all his great knowledge and education, is no more than a blood-thirsty monster when it suits him to be so. Yes, I knew about Hiroshima years ago, but it wasn't real, wasn't tangible until proof of it was there before my eyes. That is education.

How often do you hear people return from a world trip absolutely raving about the wonderful things they have seen? The chances are, they knew what they were going to see before they went — they saw it all in the travel brochures while the trip was still in its formative stages, and yet the experience of actually being there was as exciting, eye-opening and breath-taking as if they had never seen the places before.

How can we feel educated when we sit looking at picture books, listening to others' experiences, shutting ourselves in libraries, watching educational T.V. shows, reading text books and writing essays?

There's a whole new experience, a greater education waiting for us outside the classroom than we'll ever find sitting inside it.

SUE HINES
Year 12.

CONGRATULATION SUE!

SUE WON THE OPEN DIVISION OF
NSW AUSTRALIA-WIDE
JAPANESE SPEECH CONTEST.

SPORT

REPORT

1978 GRADE SPORTS REPORT

1978 can only be described as a year of consolidation as far as grade sport is concerned. Our fortunes to date have been mixed as the results show. It was hoped that the school would win the championship shield but this was not to be, basically because of poor performances at the Zone Athletics and Cross Country Carnivals.

On the good side our school was by far the most successful in the zone winter sport competition but even here there were disappointments — Cabramatta, usually the strongest Rugby League school, could only manage one League Premiership. Our improvement at the Zone Swimming Carnival was pleasing (we tripled our points score on 1977 results).

The uniform situation has improved dramatically with the purchase of Rugby League and Basketball singlets. Further upgrading in 1979 will finalise grade uniform requirements.

On the equipment side there has been a big improvement but we are still a long way behind our competitors in this regard, lacking basic equipment. This situation will be rectified in 1979 with further purchases.

The appointment of a sportsmistress will improve further the girls' side of grade sport; the side which has let us down in the past. Mrs Meyer has improved the organisation of the sports department with her hard work, dedication and enthusiasm and having someone of her calibre can only mean that girls' grade sport is on the ascent.

We have then the basic ingredients for sporting success at Cabramatta High: a dedicated hard-working staff, adequate equipment and uniforms and the proper organisation. Students must realise, however, that they are also a basic ingredient and that they must provide the dedication, enthusiasm and work required to achieve the "Takeoff" to sporting fame.

I am sick of hearing other sportsmasters say that students of Cabramatta High have tremendous talent. Let's really show them all in 1979 and become the number one sporting school in the Zone. It's up to you.

Thank you all staff and students for your co-operation and efforts this year. A special thanks to Mr Freeman for his support of sport.

A. TOWNSEND
Sportsmaster



MRS MYER AND
MR TOWNSEND

SCHOOL RESULTS:

School Carnivals:

Athletics	Chakola
Cross Country	Kuredulla
Swimming	Kuredulla

Zone Carnivals:

Athletics	Cabramatta — 6th
Cross Country	Cabramatta — 7th
Swimming	Cabramatta — 5th

Zone Winter Premiers:

BOYS:

13B Rugby League*
15A Soccer
15B Soccer*
Open B Volleyball*
15A Volleyball*
15B Volleyball*
13A Volleyball*
13B Volleyball*
Open Hockey

*Grand Final Winners

GIRLS:

Open A Netball*
15A Netball*
13B Netball*
13D Netball*

WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS



ZONE SWIMMING:

GIRLS:
S. Martin
R. Simpson

BOYS:

R. Gorczyca
R. Rowland
M. Ross
T. Martin
G. Roe
M. Top

ZONE AGE CHAMPIONS:

S. Martin (2nd 12 Yrs Girls)
R. Simpson (1st 15 Yrs Girls)
R. Rowland (1st 14 Yrs Boys)

REGIONAL SWIMMING:

R. Rowlands

ZONE CROSS COUNTRY:

BOYS:

R. Licata
J. Lacey
F. Cuba
D. Hilder
I. Obad

REGIONAL DIVING:

GIRLS:
J. Stafford
K. Stafford

BOYS:

S. Williamson
M. Ross
M. Duncombe

REGIONAL LEAGUE:

A. McKeown

REGIONAL TENNIS:

Brenda Jackson

GOLF REGIONAL TEAM:

A. Nance

ZONE TEAM:

K. Pope

ZONE SOCCER:

A. Wale
V. Kulish
B. Morgan
M. Korac

ZONE VOLLEYBALL:

GIRLS:
P. Porkka

ZONE HOCKEY:

G. Walker
V. Galletto

ZONE BASKETBALL:

T. Piromalli

ZONE NETBALL:

A. Blundell
W. Saunders
P. Graham

ZONE ATHLETICS

GIRLS:

T. Byers
K. Hardman
W. Harris
D. Bowman
M. Condon

RELAY — 14Yr B

BOYS:

C. Bennett
N. Vasic
P. Serdar
J. Jokiner
R. Lichta
J. Belle
A. Batista
A. McKeown
V. Capaldi
M. Duncombe
V. Kulish
G. Ella
S. Ball
S. d'Amore
(Guest Runner)

RELAYS:

15 yr.
17 yr. B

OWZAT?



BOYS' OPEN CRICKET REPORT

The Boys' Open Cricket team has had a successful season despite several washed out matches during Term 1. In the two completed matches Cabramatta has defeated both Canley Vale and Westfields with considerable ease.

Outstanding players have been: Peter Esposito, whose wicket-keeping has been of a very high standard, Alen Wale, Ivan Obad and Stephen Ball who have bowled consistently; Peer Casuscelli and Peter Krasic who have shown speed and deftness in the field. There is little doubt that this team will win the competition.

MR. MOSS.

15'S



14'S



13'S

LADY BATS

GIRLS' CRICKET

Cabramatta High has 2 girls' cricket teams, a Senior and a Junior. They are both suffering from a lack of players but they are both doing quite well in the competition.

The Senior Girls' Team has not lost a game in the last 2½ seasons but unfortunately we have lost some key players.

The girls at present in the team are extremely keen practising twice a week before school.

Hopefully, they shall keep their undefeated record in tact and they shall again be zone premiers.

They have had some outstanding performances including Sharon Hindle who has so far taken 18 wickets at a cost of only 14 runs!

R. BULLOT,
Open Coach.



SENIOR



JUNIOR

UNIS DANS UN MONDE SANS LUMIERE

Les couleurs naissent . . .
Noires, jaunes, rouges, blanches
Mais leur lustre n'existe
Qu'a la lumiere du soleil.
A la nuit obscure et noire
Elles perdent leur apparence superficielle
Mais leur essence reste indemne
Avec des nuances desesperement profondes

De faute d'amour, chaleur et comprehension
La veracite de l'obscurite est incontestable
Nos sentiments n'ont pas besoin de coupleur
Ils veulent s'entrelacer sans aucun empechement
Ils veulent s'aimer.

HARRY BORN 12 AF

VOLJENI MOJ . . .

Volimte, volim, ti to znas
Uz tebe svaki trenutak je drag,
Zauvijek, zauvijek bitces muj,
Tebi pjesmu pjeuam, ajmiliji moj

Divne su oci tvoje
Divan je pogled tuoj
U srcu samo tebe nosim
I uvijek, uvijek ostatces moj

Zivot svoj put stvara,
A za nas duoje sreca jetu
U tudem svtu, ipak je lepo
Kad si sreta i imaj sreću

VESNA RODIC

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NETBALL

Once again Cabramatta did very well in the Netball competition, having 7 teams in the finals.

Mrs. Jones' 13D team won a close fought battle with Westfields 10-7.

Miss Brown's 13A team defeated Canley Vale 16-11 with the star of the team being Helen Sherwood and Joanne Stafford.

Mrs. Myer's teams both contested the semi-finals. Her 14B team was eliminated in the semi-final by Miller in a very tense game (12-10). The best and fairest player was Carole Smith.

The 14A teams were runners-up to Canley Vale (18-6) in the final; the best and fairest player being Kerry O'Neill.

Mrs. Watt's 15B team was defeated by Busby (22-9) in the final.

Mrs. Gauci's 15A team easily defeated Busby (21-13).

Both the Open teams reached the finals. The B team worked hard all season but unfortunately other schools often could not field a team. This meant that the team was short of match practice in the finals and they were soundly defeated by Busby 30-10.

The Open A team was an extremely keen team who went through the season undefeated. The girls played very well in the final to defeat Busby 20-10.

During the season, netball became extremely popular at the school. At lunch times and before school, there were always teams practising.

The senior boys even played against the Open teams, as did a group of year 9 boys.

The school entered a team in the local Saturday competition, and came 3rd in their division.

Some of the Senior Girls (Anne Blundell, Wendy Saunders, Michelle Howling, Julie Radocaj, Wendy Harris in particular) were training three times a week and playing twice a week.

Special thanks go to Katrina Radocaj who often came to Open practice and helped with the umpiring.

She also gave up several Saturdays to help the team with umpiring and canteen duty.

ROSS BULLOT,
Open Coach.



OPEN A



OPEN B



15A



15B

THE OPEN WINDOW

Estell Reddel (10E1)

'My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Johns', said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen, 'in the meantime you must try and put up with me.'

Steven Johns doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

'I know how it will be', his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat, 'you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice!'

Johns wondered whether Mrs. Simpson, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

'Do you know many people around here?' asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silence.

'Hardly a soul', said Johns. 'My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here!'

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret. 'Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?', pursued the self-possessed young lady.

'Only her name and address,' admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Simpson was in the married or widowed state. Something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

'Her great tragedy happened just three year's ago', said the child, 'that would be since your sister's time'.

'Her tragedy?' asked Johns, somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

'You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon', said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened onto the lawn.

'It is quite warm for the time of the year', Johns said 'but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?'

'Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it'. Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. 'Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day; they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ralph, her youngest brother. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window'.

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Johns when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

'I hope Liz has been amusing you?' she said.

'She has been very interesting!' said Johns.

'I hope you don't mind the open window', said Mrs.

Simpson briskly, 'my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in that way.'

She rattled on cheerfully about the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for ducks in the winter. To Johns it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on a less ghastly topic, he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only half her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond.

'The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise,' announced Johns who laboured to tell the least details of his ailments, their cause and cure 'on the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement,' he continued.

'No?' said Mrs. Simpson, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she brightened suddenly into alert attention — but not to what Johns was saying.

'Here they are at last!' she cried. 'Just in time for tea and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!'

Johns shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathy. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of fear Johns swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn, towards the window. They all carried guns under their arms, and one of them with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close to their heels as noiselessly they neared the house.

Johns grabbed his stick and hat wildly, the hall door, the gravel-drive, and front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid collision.

'Here we are, my dear,' said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window, 'fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?'

'A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Johns,' said Mrs. Simpson, 'could only talk about his illness, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost'.

'I expect it was the spaniel', said the niece calmly, 'he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve.'

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

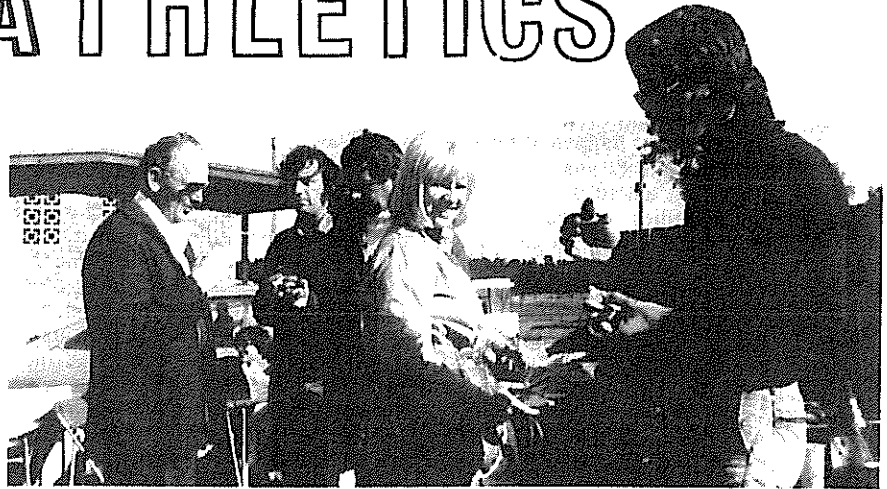
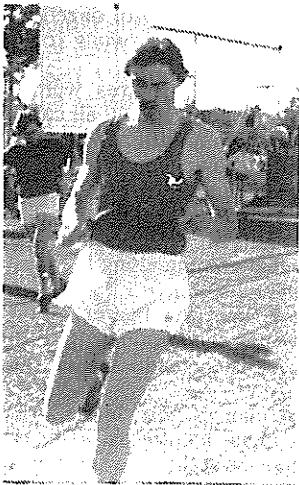


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ATHLETICS



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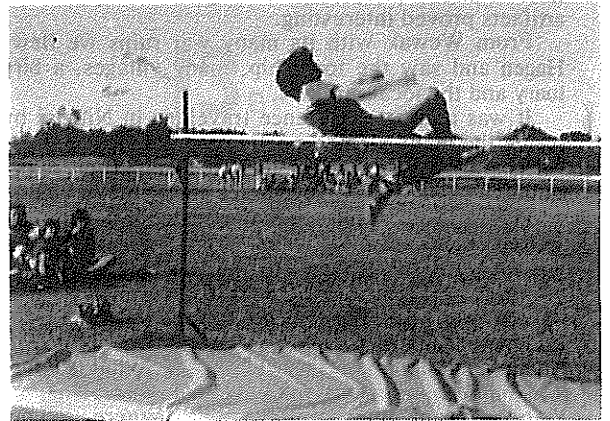
BUTTERCUP BAKERIES
Homepride Ave, Liverpool.



at the school sports day, a group of young people were seen standing together, some holding bags, possibly at a school event or sports day.



7
8



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SIX TO NIUGINI

Last May holidays Miss Hatswell, Miss Shintah and Mr Knox were involved in a group of six travelling to Niugini (New Guinea) in a light twin engine aeroplane.

From Bankstown we flew to stay a night at Coolangatta, Brampton Island, Cairns and Thursday Island en route to Port Moresby.

Port Moresby showed many contrasts from tall new government buildings to many slum villages built over the water.

From Port Moresby, we flew over Kokoda Gap in the tall mountains where some major battles were fought in World War II.

At Madang we visited many native villages. War-wrecked aeroplanes, plantations etc. Offshore islands with active volcanoes, plantations, villages, coral reefs, beaches proved most interesting.

Communications with the nationals was sometimes difficult until we picked up the lingo. Trading with them for artifacts proved interesting.

From Wewak with its many war ruins we flew to Mt Hagen and saw the township, many villages, a bird sanctuary and the local markets.

It was a great experience travelling in Niugini by plane seeing the many sights, meeting the people, seeing the tidy villages, war ruins and living in some tropical paradises eating the tasty fruits, vegetables and fish.

Pidgin is a simple, uncomplicated phonetic language spoken extensively in Niugini.

TOK PISIN

Gud moning	Good morning
Kolim nem bilong yo	What is your name?
(Call name belong you)	
Yu bilong wanemples	Where are you from?
(You belong where please)	
Mi Laikim sampela kaikai	I want something to eat
(Me like something food)	
Mi laik baim niuspepa	I want to buy a newspaper
(Me like buy newspaper)	
Telefon buggerup	The telephone does not work
	Mr KNOX

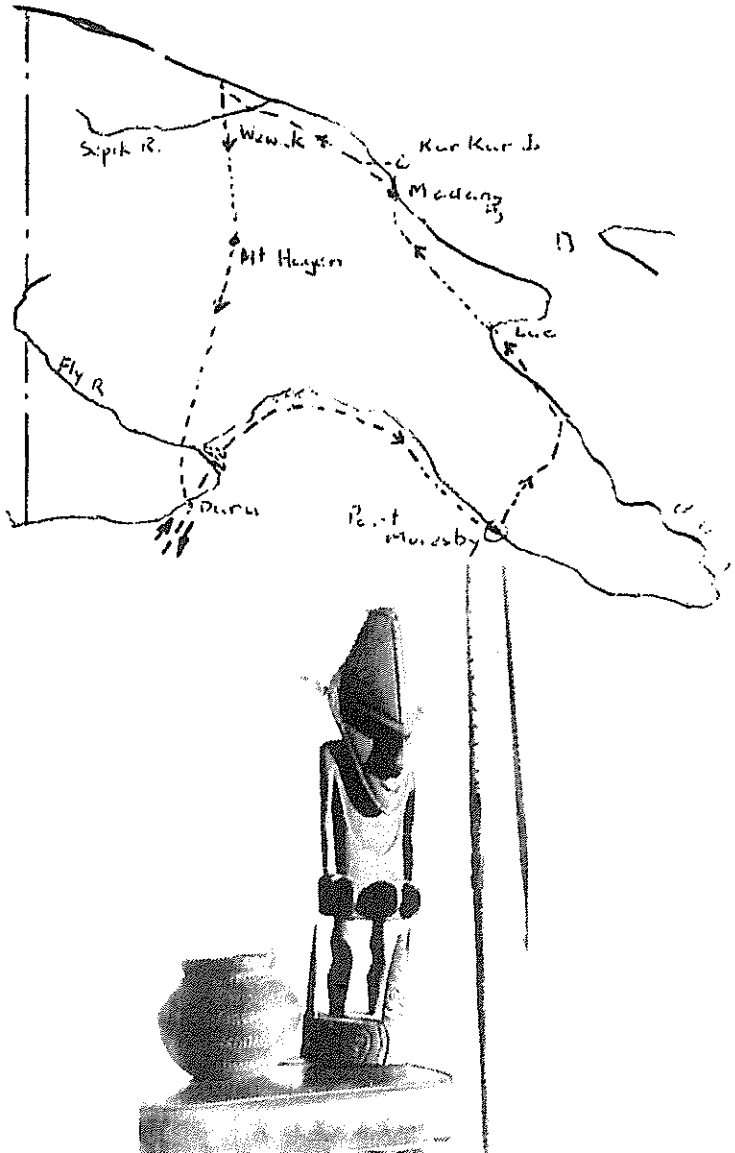
JUST A LOAD OF RUBBISH

Without doubt, the school garbage bins are things to which great attention must be paid, by students and others. Every lunch-time, recess and even during class, there are endless food wrappings accumulating. The garbage bins are not only for investigation by students! There are a number of dogs, that keep a constant watch on school bins. To pounce on anything sweet left by some wasteful pupil or teacher. To those who intend to help the school, please replace the lid on top, to make it cleaner for the school.

CARMEN FERNANDEZ
7 Silver.

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UN'ALTRA NOTTE D'INVERNO

Seduto solo ad una tavola
In una taverna locale
Il suo mento sulla mano
Il suo cappello sulla tavola
Ed un solo bicchiere di vio.
Tra poco le luci si spengono
Lui mette il suo cappello
Ed esce nel vento freddo
Che lentamente soffia
Su un'altra lacrima di solitudine.

HARRY BORN 12 AF

VOLLEYBALL



I3_A



I3_B



I4_A



I4_B



I5_A



I5_B

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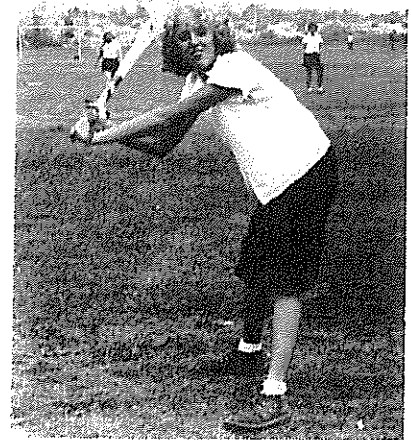
GOPY

OPEN GIRLS' SOFTBALL REPORT

To date the Open Girls' Softball team has been moderately successful. This has not been for lack of trying. The teams practise regularly and apply themselves in training.

One pleasing feature is the participation of Year 12 girls, the team being well captained by Marion Bamblett. Team spirit is high and with further training I feel sure that we will finish in the top four.

A. TOWNSEND
Coach



SOFTBALL

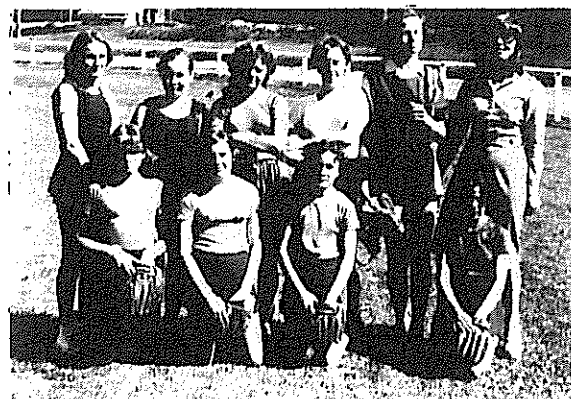
The pitcher is ready, he pitches the ball,
The hit is a good one but "foul" comes the call.
He's ready again but this time he's out
No he's safe — he's safe comes a shout.
The next batter's up; he's ready to run,
A hit — he's off like a shot of a gun.
He's out, he's out before he could run
The other team is shouting the match has been won.

ARIS KALENDERIAN
7 Green

SOFTBALL



I3_A



I3_B



I4_A



I4_B



I5's

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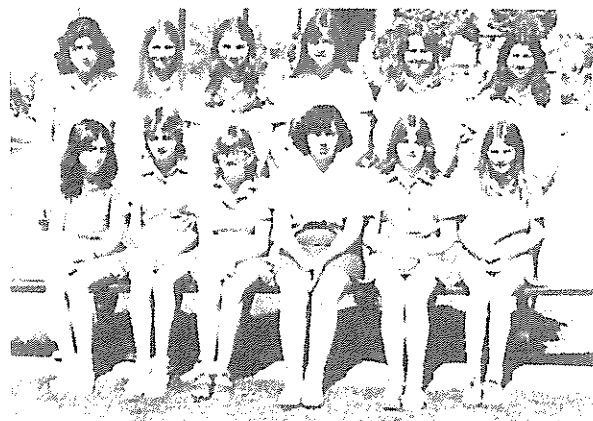
BASKET BALL



OPENS



15's



14's



13A



13B

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BASKETBALL

BOYS



13_A



13_B



14_A



14_B



15's



JUNIOR HOCKEY

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OPEN SOCCER

The Open Soccer Team had another very good season this year. The Team finished as undefeated minor premiers, winning every match they played in the competition, and displaying a good average of 65 goals for and 5 goals against. The semi-final against Bonnyrigg proved to be a big disappointment for the team. Reduced to only 10 men by injuries and suspensions Cabramatta put up a good display and were one goal up at the interval. In the second half the superior numbers of the opposition began to tell and they were awarded a penalty. Bill Peros in the Cabramatta goal saved the penalty twice but was judged to have moved before the ball had been struck. On the third attempt the ball entered the net and a goal was awarded. Late in the second half Bonnyrigg were awarded another penalty which was converted and the game finished without further score.

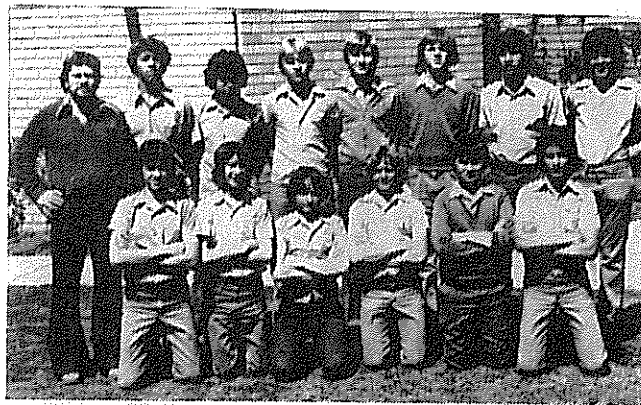
MR. CARTER,
Coach.



SOCCER



I5A



I5B



I4A



I4B

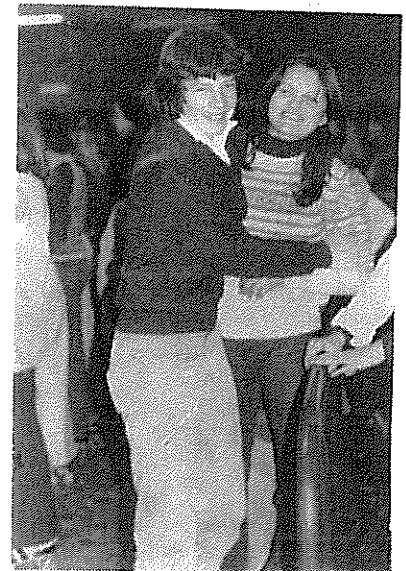
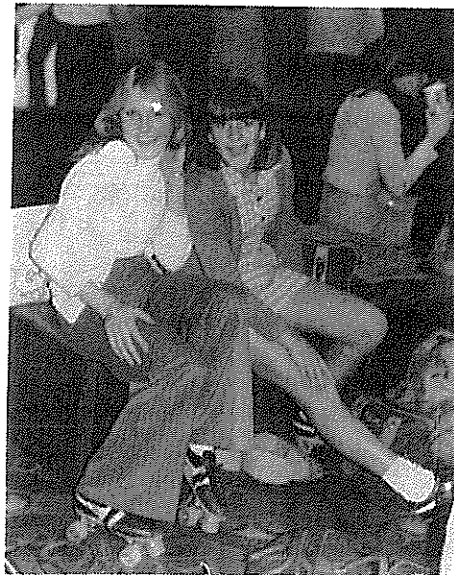
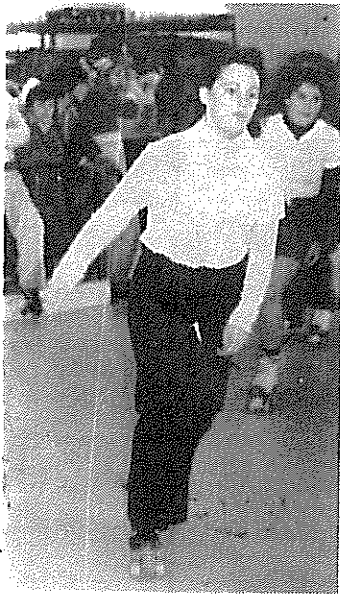


I3A



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ROLLER SKATING

PHOTOGRAPHY FACILITIES AT CABRA HIGH

One of the aims of teaching photography at Cabra High is to make the interested students familiar with the use of photographic equipment available in this school, and the proper use and terminology of these, such as the zoom lens, wideangle, electronic flash, reversal and negative films. The dark room, which has an access through Lab. 1, is properly ventilated, reasonably equipped with two enlargers, chemicals, and is suitable for both black and white and colour printing. In addition, the students have the opportunity to develop and print their own films and assignment work at a minimal cost.

The teachers in charge, myself and Mr Eaton, had put a lot of effort into all the activities to which photography is related, whether for the School Magazine or sports activities, all this time training more and more of the students for photography work. This is a matter which makes us feel we have a whole generation of the students who are really enthusiastic about photography.

Mr IBRAHIM
Science Department

ETERNAL COLOUR

Time rushed past me as I floated into a dream. Swirling balls of yellow flame shot off into a sea of pink. I felt weird. I was cold, very cold, like I was blue with frostbite but still I felt helplessly. I was no longer conscious of reality. Colours seemed to spin and then suddenly, as though it could never have been, changed to an entirely different colour. Deathly cold eyes stared at me. I knew they were there but it was hard to find them in the twirling changing colour. Purple icicles pointed sharply upwards out of a misty green valley. For the first time I realised I wasn't alone. I couldn't see their bodies, only their hands. They were reaching up, invading my senses, crying out to be noticed. I felt pity for them; they tried too hard. Orange left as quickly as it appeared, without leaving a meaning. Pain seized me as my body separated from a second ball of fire. The vicious faces of the Red God of Fire and the God of Seas stared coldly at me. I longed to return to reality but as I drifted slowly on the milky green eternal clouds I knew I was here to stay.

VANESSA 9E1.

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Minister for Education.**

HOCKEY ONE, HOCKEY TWO.....



HOCKEY

Open Boys' Hockey team have had a very successful year, being undefeated minor premiers for the season.

GAMES — 5 wins, 3 draws, 0 losses.

GOALS — 12 for and 1 against.

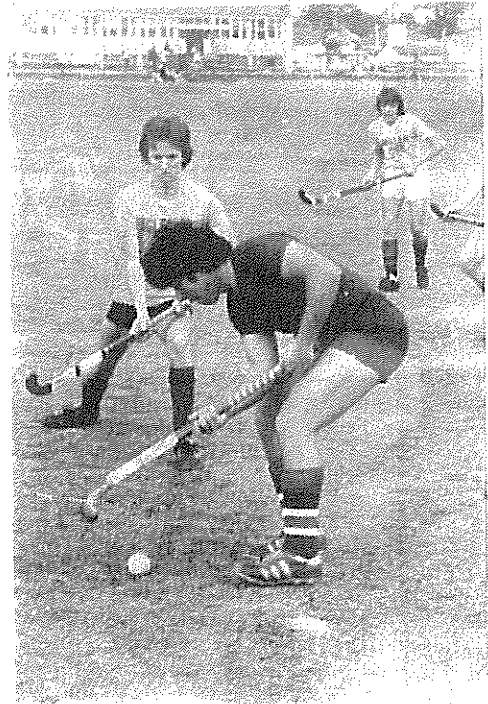
Many rounds were not playable due to weather.

At the finals, Cabramatta came out victors over Miller in a cliffhanger match.

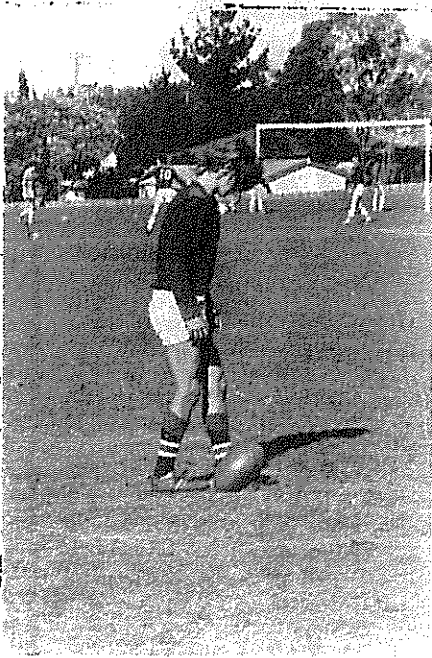
At the GRAND FINAL and RE-MATCH beaten by some outstanding play by Westfields. Now runners-up for the season we extend our congratulations to Westfields team.

Boys' team includes: V. Galletto (capt), G. Forsyth (v. capt), G. Walker, G. Bulmer, P. Scott, D. Long, M. Bajic, A. Peris, B. Roberts, S. Shatrov, B. Czerwaniw, O. Henderson, F. Stevenich, L. Shearer.

J. KNOX,
Coach.



OPEN RUGBY LEAGUE



'78 could hardly be termed a good year for Cabra as not one win was registered. Players were hard to get, and it is a credit to the few who did show up every week.

After our first three matches Cabra hadn't scored a point but had conceded 68. It was at this stage of the season the boys decided to try for those elusive 3 pointers. The first occurred against Moorebank when Duncombe received a Moorebank pass to send him on a 60 metre sprint, pursued by the Moorebank backline who took a while to see the error. The thought of being clobbered was enough incentive to get Mark there. That made the score 30-3 in Moorebank's favour — but, we had scored and that's what counts . . .

Our biggest crowd of the season (3) turned up to see the rematch with Canley Vale. Another close loss of 34-3 was highlighted once again by another 50m try by Duncombe. We just had this ability to score from our own half.

Probably the highlight of the year was the game against Bonnyrigg. We lost the game 16-8 after leading 3-all at half-time (???). I think that was the turning point of the game — the boys hadn't been in this position before; too out of character.

On a serious note, thanks to those who did make up the team, the Year 12 boys for their time and the others who gave away so much in size but matched in heart.

MR. IPKENDANZ,
Coach.



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RUGBY LEAGUE



15 A



15 B



14 A



14 B

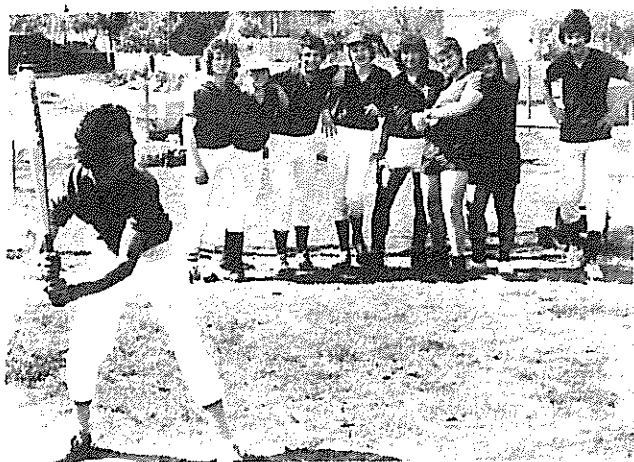


13 B

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Cabramatta Branch

BASEBALL



OPENS

15's



AUSSIE RULES





SQUASH



BASEBALL



13A



13B



14A



14B

REPORT ABOUT BOYS' OPEN VOLLEYBALL A & B TEAMS 1978

It is good to see Volleyball taking on so well and with such a good following within our school.

The A team, under the captaincy of Mario Stanic won all games throughout the whole competition, except the semi-final when they lost against Casula High School. But they did very well in the State Knockout, where they won 3 rounds.

However the B team, undefeated all the time won all matches easily, including the final against Canley Vale High School. Special praise must go to the outstanding players, Joe Guido, Mario Stanic and Magdi Dimian of the A team, and my sincere thanks for the captain of the B Team Vladimir KuliKulish and the best and fairest player Stephen Ball.

MR. IBRAHIM.



OPEN



15's

14's C BELOW D



13's

SOCCERETTES

GIRLS' SOCCER

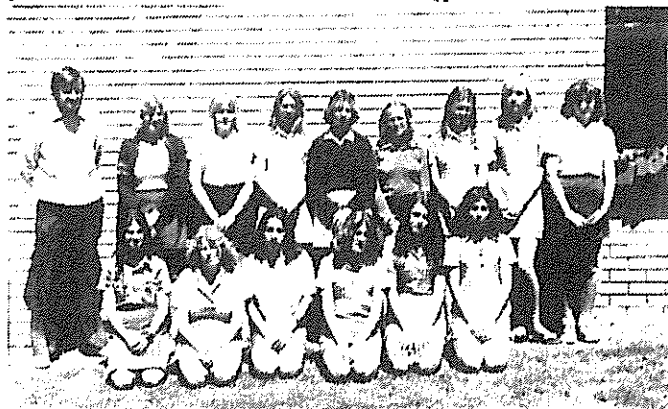
The open girls' soccer team failed narrowly to make the semi-finals in this year's competition. The team performed well with the outstanding performance undoubtedly being in a 2-all draw with the unbeaten Westfields side.

A general lack of harmony in the side prevented the team from performing consistently throughout the year and it was this lack of consistency that eventually caused the points tally to be well below that of last year.

In spite of the team's performance some individuals tried consistently and brought great credit to the school. Pina Meola was an enthusiastic captain who led by example. Danielle Potter was generally considered the most damaging forward in the competition and new girl Kerry Hardman proved an asset. Michele Carrati battled on and Sharon Hindle, although plagued by injury, played well throughout the season.

The team was well supported by a keen junior side who battled gamely in their own competition and were only too pleased to double up when the senior side were short. There is no doubt that this junior side has the potential to eventually dominate soccer competitions under the Cabra Banner.

C. RODGERS.



SENIOR



JUNIOR



GOLF

The Cabramatta grade golf team proved themselves a group of keen, competent golfers. Up till the time of writing this they had not been defeated and look like taking out the competition. It is difficult to single out a best player because under the competent direction of Captain Adam Nance all the boys have played well at their own level.

Their coach, Mr. Bates, has been a guiding light, always ready and willing to give expert advice on choice of club, colour of ball, size of shoe etc. It could probably be said that without Mr. Bates the golf team would not have had the roll marked each week.

The team is Adam Nance, Karl Pope, Michael Brown, Scott Lansley, Chris Derks, Miro Simikic, Paul Moitzi, John Simikic. As these boys are all in year 10 or lower Cabramatta can look forward to a good team again for the next couple of years.

P. BATES.

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G. B. RUSSELL, Optometrist
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YEAR 8 1978

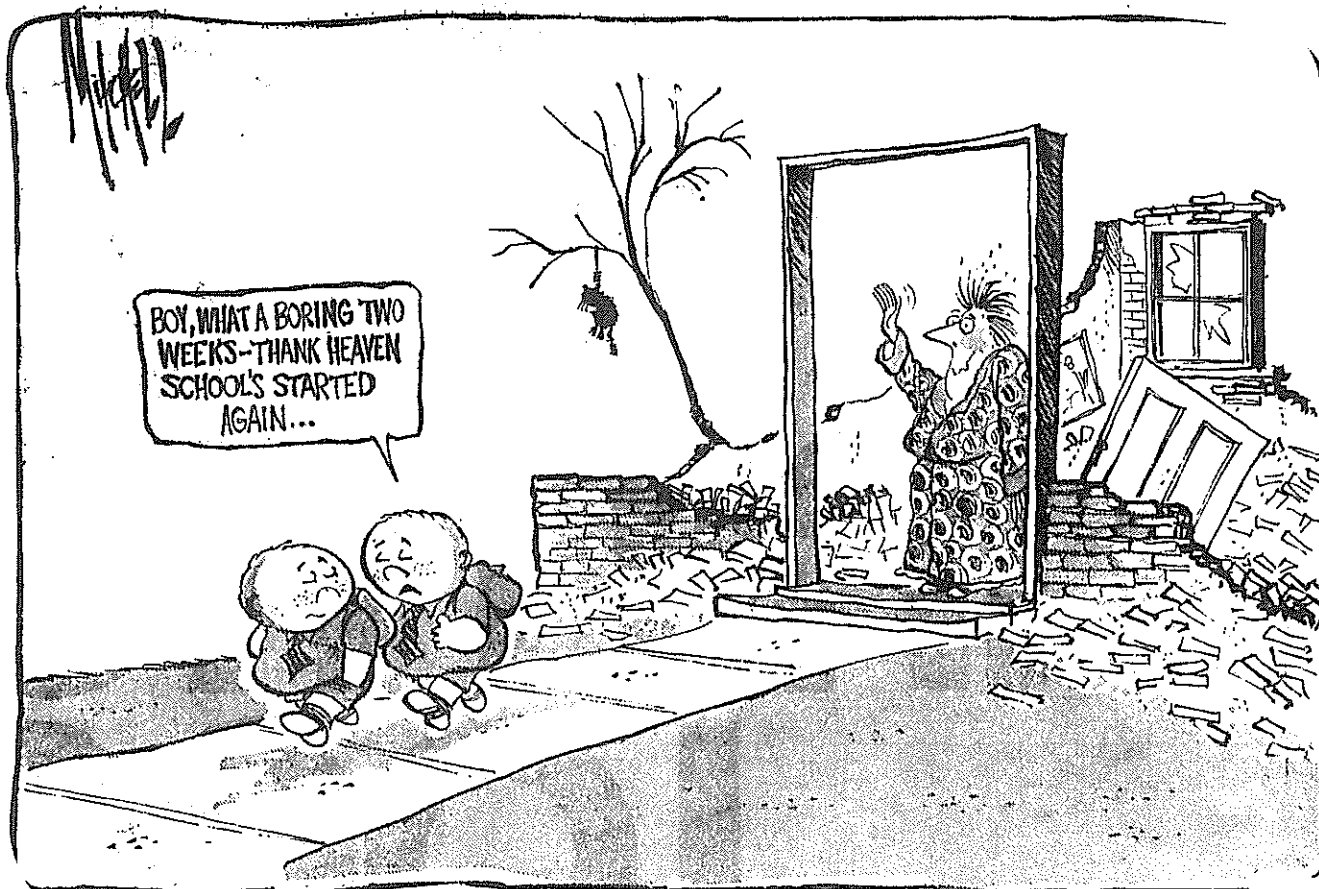
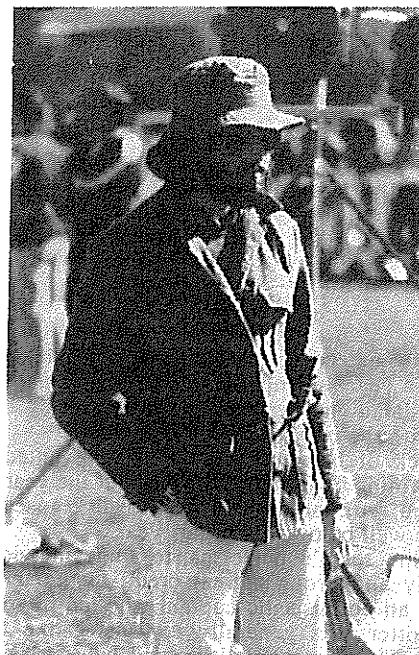
"Year 8" is a phrase which has been known to send shivers up the spine of experienced teachers and to send young teachers into outright convulsions. They are a bunch (mob) of 13 and 14 year olds with an abundance of energy, an insufficiency of experience and commonsense, and a lack of direction — they do not know where they are aiming.

Scattered amongst this unruly tribe there are athletes, swimmers, dancers, musicians, budding geniuses, singers, footballers, golfers, some great kids, some dills and some downright pains-in-the-neck.

After two years with this mob I now have a well advanced case of Form Masters Syndrome. The condition is characterised by frequent attacks of seeing things from the kids' point of view and of even thinking that there is some good in all of the little B-'s. I have almost lost touch with reality, my nerves are shot and the mere mention of some names sends me into a cold sweat. I have gone through two bottles of Panadol, one box of Bex and two prescriptions of Valium, I beat my wife and kick the cat. Is it all worth it?

My only consolation comes from the other Form Masters who assure me that Year 8 actually do grow up and undergo a metamorphosis into human beings. I hope I can last that long.

P. BATES



AFTER AUGUST HOLIDAYS

NARRABEEN '78

NARRABEEN CAMP REPORT

In June this year 100 students from Years 7 and 8 attended Narrabeen Sport and Recreation Centre for one week. The teachers attending were — Mr Bullot, Mr Twyford, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Myer, and Miss Brown.

During the week various activities were pursued such as: abseiling down a 10 metre cliff, sailing on the lake, canoeing, falling out of kayaks, bushwalking, tennis, horseriding, basketball, trampolining, general moaning. The last activity was restricted to the food, getting up, being on scullery duty, and the weather.

The teachers at the camp were expecting a nice holiday but soon found that looking after 20 students for 24 hours a day was somewhat tiring.

On Friday teachers sat for the Senior Resuscitation Certificate. During practice of mouth to mouth method Mr Bullot was paired off with Miss Brown. Whilst one pumped away at the dummy's heart the other applied mouth to mouth. Everything went well until Mr Bullot cut his lip and bled all over the dummy and it was Miss Brown's turn to give mouth to mouth.

All students at the camp did lifesaving and most received certificates.

Already a life has been saved when a student from another school put into practice what he had been taught at Narrabeen about lifesaving and it is hoped that students from this school will remember what they learnt at the camp.

S. TWYFORD



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DRIVING YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND

DRIVER EDUCATION

Another most satisfying year has passed since the last report and the usual quota of Senior Pupils have undergone training. This year, as Officer-in-Charge, I would like to present the staff point of view. In training another person to drive, the teacher gets to know the pupil quite well: his or her likes and dislikes, the length of temper, ability to concentrate and also to retain self control. Many a well built young man has been reduced to being a babbling idiot when confronted with the problem of handling a mechanical monster. On the other hand, the vocabulary of many a shy young lady has been augmented when told to look at the black swans at "The Farm" and then criticised for having her concentration broken. But these are all in a day's work for our volunteer teachers of Driver Education and work is carried out in order to help make the roads safer for all — the least of all being ourselves, the teachers of Driver Education.



YEAR 12

YEAR 11



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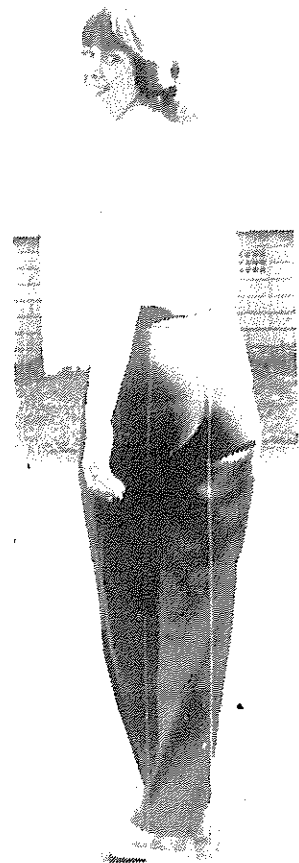
PHIL JOHNSON SMASH REPAIRS
77 Pritchard St., Mt Pritchard.



ONE OF MR JACKSON'S STICKS



IS IT A TODD



KATHY

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MANY FACES OF CABRA



COOL



SHY



SAD



INTELLIGENT



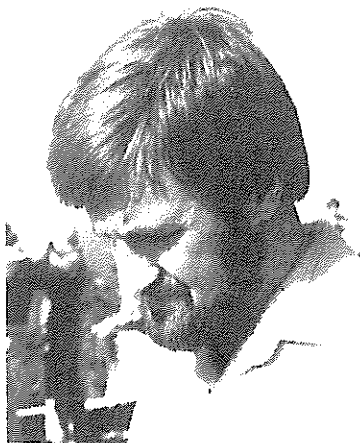
QUIET



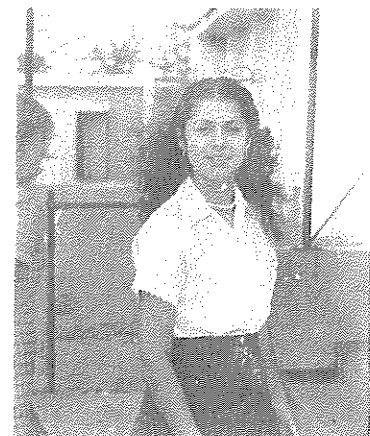
SUAVE



TENDER



SERIOUS

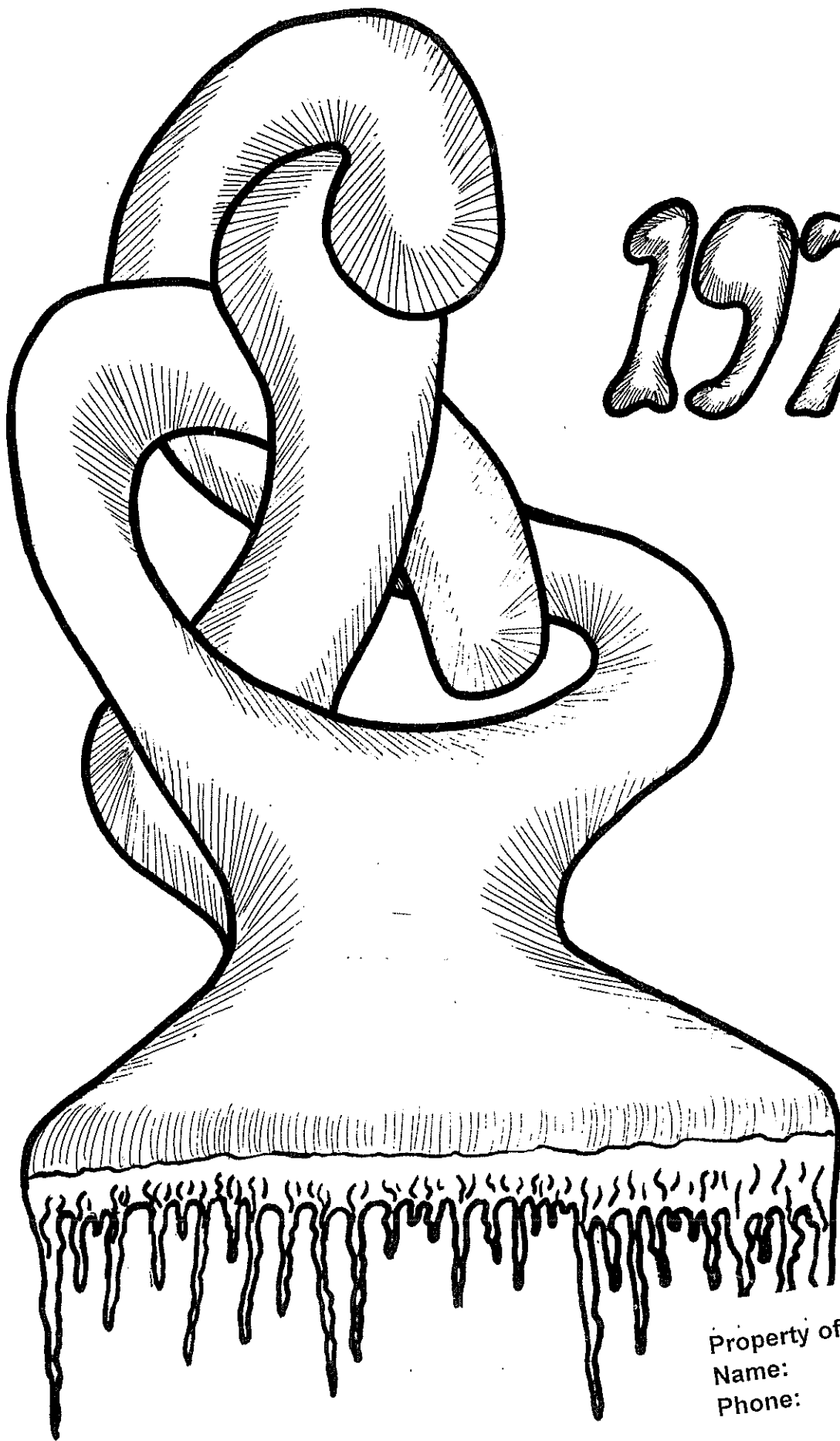


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