

Cover Design by

ALJOSA VRANKOVIC

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“never mind the


BO⁴LOCKS ...

...here's

THURUNA

1981”

-QE2



I used to think
CABRAMATTA HIGH SCHOOL
Was ROTTEN until I read
THURUNA 1981!!!
Even the corgis had fun!

The beginning of 1981 at Cabramatta High saw a large staff turnover that has led to many changes within the school during the year. The idea of this school magazine is to reflect the happenings and changes that have taken place during the school year.

As with past *Thurunas*, our 1981 edition hopefully covers as many aspects of school 'life' as possible. The magazine has been designed so that as many pupils and staff as possible have been included in either articles or photos. We know from experience that the real delight of a school magazine comes from finding either yourself or your friends in it!

Special thanks must go to all of our patient overseers who have made the magazine possible; to Mr Ibrahim, Mrs Corradi and John Parilo for photographs; to the ladies in the office who tirelessly typed anything that was passed their way, turning illegible scribble into legible articles, to Mr Granger who knew what to throw out; to the co-editor Miss Newling who knew the most important thing, how and where to get money and for helping with ideas and the layout.

Of course a magazine is not complete without the people who wish to see their names in print and thus contributed the many articles, poems and reports we received. Thanks to all those people and especially to the staff who responded to any request, however bizarre, eventually!

Last but not least, my personal thanks to the girls on the Committee, Jasminka Vrankovic, Elaine Horton, Vesna Ratkaj and Kim Pfeiffer without whom production of this magazine would have been impossible.

So with a magazine committee of novices all crying for "the voice of experience" we have at last created a magazine. We hope you enjoy *'Thuruna '81'* and find it a valuable review of your experiences at Cabra High this year.

K. OVERTON
CO-EDITOR 1981



DRIVER TRAINING REPORT

"It can't happen to me!"

This is the attitude of many people when it comes to car accidents. When people approach a road, whether by foot, on a bike or in a car, the thought of themselves being injured in some way is probably very remote. This attitude no doubt comes about because, for many of us, the injury and sometimes death caused by car accidents is not a very common occurrence in our lives, or in the lives of the people we know. Hence, "It can't happen to me!"

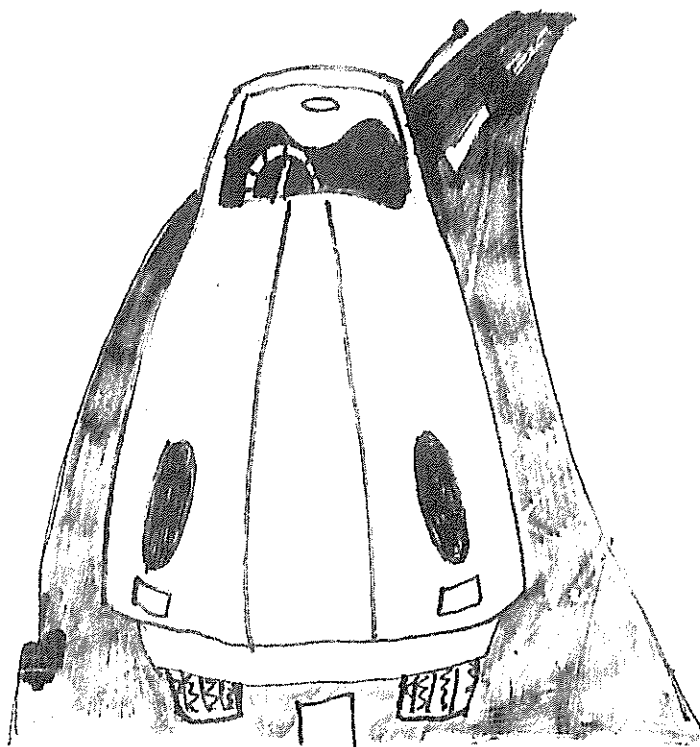
Just to refresh the memories of those who don't think the risk of car accidents should be taken seriously, below is a list of injuries received by three students of Cabramatta High during the past two years.

- Double fracture of the skull;
- Crushed hand (several broken bones);
- Broken ankle;
- Severe whiplash;
- Broken rib;
- Locked neck vertebrae;
- Broken teeth;
- Broken pelvis;
- Blood clot in lung;
- Multiple bruises, cuts and abrasions;
- Punctured lung.

Apart from these injuries, all three people had to spend many weeks in hospital; two are unable to run because of their injuries (although the injuries are now "healed"); two of the students suffer from pains which were caused by their accidents, although their accidents occurred more than 12 months ago; one student was unable to walk without crutches for 30 weeks, during which time four operations were performed, the last one being a skin graft operation; two of the students have large scars on their legs which have an effect on their social lives.

The three students who suffered these injuries will undoubtedly be careful when they approach roads in future; let's hope that the "It can't happen to me" attitude will not stop others from being careful also. If people are more careful, then the list of injuries won't be as long after the next two years.

MR SINDEN





PRINCIPAL'S COMMENT 1981

To me, the outstanding moment for 1981 was the School Assembly on the morning of Thursday, 16th July. On the night before, the group from Cabramatta High had won the Rock 'n Roll Eisteddfod from all comers at the Capitol Theatre. Within the two previous weeks, our State Knock Out Teams had made it to the Quarter Finals in Basketball and to the last 16 in Volleyball. On that Thursday morning the Cabramatta Open Soccer team was leaving for Girffith for a match to decide the Semi Finalists. Cabra was riding high! The students showed their appreciation, with applause for the Eisteddfod winners, and three good cheers to send the Soccer team away to another victory.

On following pages you will read of other fine sporting and academic achievements. That particular day stuck in my mind because of the great pride and spirit shown by the school population.

At Cabramatta High School there are many different opportunities for all boys and girls to develop their talents, but of course, not everyone can be a star. Everyone can enjoy the satisfaction of doing their best however, if they follow the examples of determination and regular practice that we saw this year.

R. A. DUDLEY

DEPUTY'S REPORT

When I was asked to write a few words for your magazine I asked myself what I liked to read in my old magazines — yes I did go to school, I still retain a few musty copies of the magazine and as the years pass with increasing rapidity I seem to get increasing enjoyment from the memories that past friends' names and old photos bring. Yet not only do school days seem more pleasant as you look back on them but the magazines make one very conscious of change. As young people you are not so aware of change but the "Education Gazette" of 1919 illustrates this well. The nearest Inspector of Schools to the open fields of Cabramatta was a Mr Blumer, who in his report, writes: "Some schools have very good gardens. At Granville great trouble has been taken with this work. The flower plots are most creditable, and, to assist in raising funds for patriotic efforts, the boys have successfully worked vegetable plots." On the subject of "School Newspapers" the Gazette records: "I find a school newspaper of great educational value in the senior classes . . . Of course it means, perhaps, a few solid hours' work for the teacher, who edits the newspaper (especially when the work is wholly done with pen and ink), in preparing it, and setting out in order the pupils' contributions. But in the larger schools where typewriters are installed, and where pupils receive instruction in typewriting, the work could be done in a considerably shorter time."

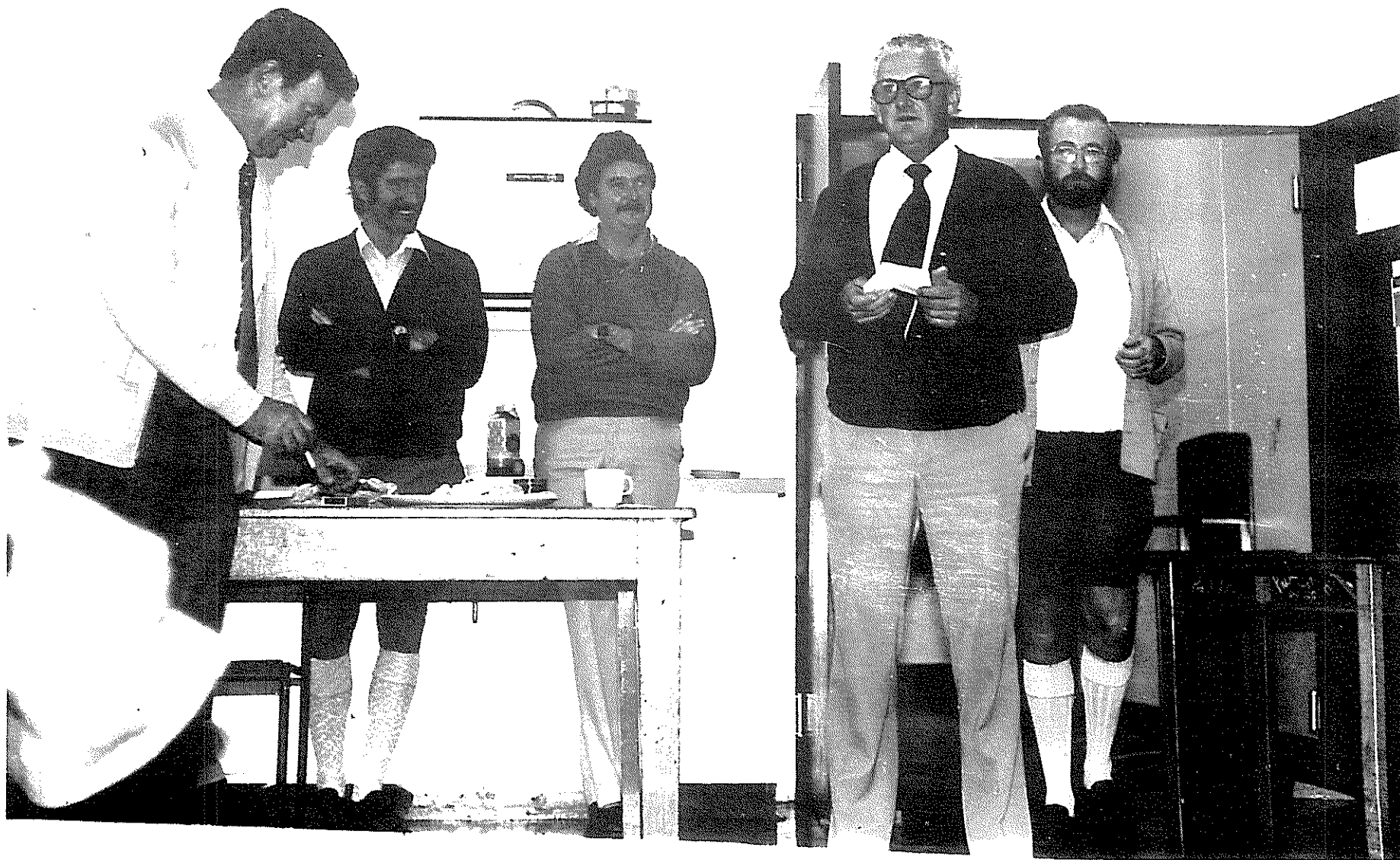
The Gazette also gives the following list of "Suggested Contents of a School Newspaper for a month:

1. The first page should contain a letter to the pupils from their teacher. (Much may be said in this letter with profit; and it will be more firmly impressed upon the pupils than if simply said in school.)
2. Autobiography of a Boy (written by a pupil).
3. A letter to the Kaiser. (By a pupil.)
4. My home, and how I assist with the work there. (By a pupil.)
5. The Federal Flag, and how it came to be designed. (By a pupil.)
6. A Record of the Rainfall, and Nature Notes for the month. (By the pupils.)
7. A Letter from Puppy to Pussy. (By a junior pupil.)
8. How I spent a Half-crown. (By a junior pupil.)
9. The Industries of our District. (By a senior pupil.)
10. The Birds of our Locality. (By a pupil.)
11. Our most successful Crop last year. (By a pupil.)

I hope you later enjoy your magazine as I enjoy my past copies, but above all enjoy the real thing — school — now. Why wait for later?

B. LOADER.





FAREWELL DEPUTY DOUG

RINGMASTER

R. Dudley, (P) B.A.

LION TAMER

B. Loader, (D.P.) B.A.

GUEST ARTIST

Miss M. Lee, B.A., Dip. Ed., Dip. Lib.

CLOWNS

D. Moss (Master) B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Ms J. Austin, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 J. Beringer, B.A.
 C. Byrne, B.A.
 Mrs K. Chapman, Dip. T.
 Mrs J. Cipollone, Dip. T.
 Miss S. Collins, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs M. Gauci, Dip. T.
 I. Owens, Dip. T.
 Mrs G. Phillips, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Miss L. Grey, B.A., Dip. Ed.

JUGGLERS

W. Smythe (Master), B.A., Dip. Ed.
 R. Granger, (B.A. Hons.), Dip. Ed.
 Miss P. McLachlan, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 S. Okell, B.A.(Hons.), Dip. T.
 Mrs G. Taylor, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 S. White, B.A., Dip. T.

TIGHTROPE WALKERS

P. McGee, (Master), B.A.
 M. Adamson, B.A.
 R. Breckenridge, Dip. T.
 G. Carter, Dip. T.
 B. Hardy, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 N. Harris, B.A.
 M. Johnson, Dip. T.
 Ms C. Kleppen, Dip. T.
 Mrs J. Myer, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 G. Powers, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 L. Quarmby, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

MAGICIANS

K. Molyneux, (Master), M.Ed., M.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 R. Abdullah, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 G. Alexander, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs A. Gleeson, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 I. Ibrahim, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., Dip. Ocean
 P. Mitchell, B.Sc., (Ed.)
 Miss B. Newling, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 Miss K. Overton, Dip. T.
 T. Rocks, B.Ed.

THE BIG TOP — STAFF 1981**STRONGMEN**

J. Reddington, (Master), Dip. I.A.(Educ.), M.I.I.A.
 A. Birkett, A.M.I.I.A.
 R. Penney, B.Sc.(Hons.), Dip. Ed., M.I.I.A.
 R. Valler, B.Ed.(I.A.), M.I.I.A.
 G. Wright, Dip. T.
 J. Zybrands, B.Ed.(I.A.), M.I.I.A.

CLOWN OUTFITTERS

Mrs V. Porteus, (Mistress), B.A.
 Miss S. Allen, Dip. T.
 Mrs N. Fletcher, Dip. H. Ec.
 Miss D. Neumann, M.B.B.O.(B&T), A.I.S.T.D., S.A.T.D.

ACROBATS

Mrs C. Bates, (Mistress), Dip. Art Ed.
 H. Kirsten, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs S. Walker, Dip. Art Ed.
 S. Youssef, B.A., Dip. Ed.(art)
 S. Gailey, Dip. Mus.(Ed.)
 D. Simons, Dip. Mus.(Ed.)

VENDORS

R. Kenny, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Miss A. Bettington, B.A.(Hons.), Dip. Ed.
 D. Hodgson, B.A., Dip. T.
 Mrs S. Jeffares, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs H. Watt, B.A., Dip. Ed.

CONTORTIONISTS

K. Bowyer, (Master), Dip. P.E., B.P.E.
 Mrs H. Bates, S.T.C., A.Mus.A., A.T.C.L.
 P. Durack, Dip. P.E.
 B. Johnson, Dip. P.E.
 Mrs P. Morrison, Dip. P.E.

LIBERTY HORSES

Miss H. Carr, B.A. Dip. Ed.
 S. Folkes
 J. Grierson, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Ms H. Hoh
 Mrs M. Horder, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Ms E. Kleitman, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 R. Nedim, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs A. Pieratos, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 A. Thompson, Dip. T.

JESTERS

Miss C. Galloway, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs N. Marsh, Teaching Certif.

TICKET SELLERS

R. Austin, B.A.(Hons.), Dip. Ed.
 Mrs T. Diskoros, B.A., B.Ed.
 Ms R. Gaffey, B.A.(Hons.), P.G.C.E.(London)
 S. James, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 P. Quigley, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 P. Wagner, B.A.(Hons.), Dip. Ed.

FOOD SELLERS

Ms A. Dute
 Miss J. Hatswell, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs M. Pickering, M.A., Dip. Ed.

MONKEYS

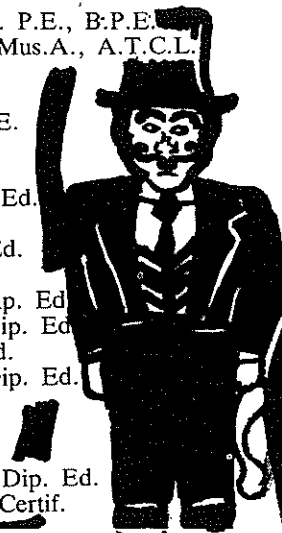
R. Newton, (Master), B.A.(Hons.), Dip. Ed.
 S. Gooley, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 P. Jackson, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 Mrs F. Kayrooz, Dip. T.
 J. Knox, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 G. Martin, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 C. Schouten, B.Ec., Dip. Ed.
 O. Sinden, Dip. T.
 S. Twyford, B.A., Dip. Ed.
 R. Whelan, B.Comm., Dip. Ed.

THE ORCHESTRA

Mrs M. Baker
 Ms M. Huynh
 Mrs L. Saya
 Mrs N. Singsourya
 Mrs B. Biffin
 Mrs J. Engelbrecht
 Mrs M. Hull
 Mrs K. Mychael
 Mrs S. O'Dea
 Mrs C. Cairns
 Mrs P. Martin
 Mrs N. Bridges
 Mrs J. Poole
 Mrs B. Stewart
 Mrs P. Bright
 Mrs J. Hughes
 Mrs T. Ling
 Mrs E. Leavy
 Mrs J. Perrin
 D. Leonello
 R. Williamson
 Sister Hamel

... AND WHEN**IT'S ALL OVER**

Mrs N. Moon
 Mrs D. Chalmers
 Mrs E. Roberts
 Mrs N. McMillan
 Mrs M. Roach
 Mrs M. Steedman
 Mrs M. Piper
 Mrs H. Markus
 Mrs A. Uric
 Mrs A. Leonella
 Miss C. Collins.



SCHOOL

CAPTAINS



(L to R) Irene Sidoroff, Yelena Lasek, Mr Dudley, Riad Tayeh, Bill Pike

WE ARE DIFFERENT !

Where can you play games with the teachers like you play with your friends? Where can you talk your problems over with concerned members of staff? Where can you go and experience a good relationship between staff and students? Where can you go where the students have just as many rights as the staff? Where can you go and have a lot of fun while you are learning?

Yes folks, Cabramatta High School is where! It's uniqueness as a place of learning puts it head and shoulders above its contemporaries. It is only at C.H.S. that such privileges are enjoyed. The liberties afforded at our school are not to be found in any other institution. While at other schools life is regimented and the teachers put themselves a class or two above the students this is not to be found at C.H.S. Our teachers are almost human (note the use of almost). They place themselves at such a level where the students may converse with them on private matters and yet maintain the respect they rightfully deserve.

This uniqueness of character of C.H.S. is transcended on to the students shaping their personalities for the future.

This individual character comes from such bodies as the staff; Interact; and the Student Council.

The Student Council is the most active student body. It provides for all the needs of the students both young and old (within reason) and the needs of the school itself. The Student Council provides this school with various projects which are only encountered at our school. Such things as dances (also held by

Interact), lunchtime discos, walk-a-thons, guessing competitions, and many others. These are supplemented by Interact, the P and C and various other committees. These extra curricular activities enhance and enrich our lives and are the basis of the school's uniqueness.

The lunchtime discos have been improved this year by the disco unit and were undoubtedly a success. The dances of this year were an unqualified success highlighted by the INXS dance. This was made possible by the win in the Rock 'n' Roll Eisteddfod. A project sponsored by the Student Council. The walk-a-thon was also successful with all the participants enjoying themselves. This year's walk-a-thon was not held as a fundraising project but rather as a fun day out, and as a result, the Student Council just broke even. These projects were enjoyed by the students and the staff and we hope they can be continued in the future.

However, this individual character of our school and these projects were only made possible by the involvement of many members of staff and of the student body. Any only through future involvement can this uniqueness of ours be kept. Therefore, we urge you to participate on all future projects and make your stay at C.H.S. both enjoyable and rewarding for only through involvement can you achieve satisfaction and retain this truly unique character of this wonderful school of ours.

RIAD TAYEH and YELENA LASEK

"GOODBYE FOREVER, SCHOOL".

Please let this year go slow,
Life is waiting for us
Ready to swallow;
Our destiny is there beyond.

How I love all of you
It will take more than courage
To say goodbye forever;
Goodbye and please remember me.

The times we spent together
The hatred, love, anxiety, fear,
Laughter, pride, passion, disgust,
Honour; have we not, each of us,
Felt all these amongst one another?

My heart beats faster
Just by thinking of it now.
I do not want to let go
Like a mother and her child.

Take my hand and hold it.
Hold it and feel my anxiety.
Let it last just a minute longer
And that minute I shall cherish forever.

What about our mates, the teachers!
Did they not also share their hearts,
And comfort us when we were in need.

Those that we did not like,
Can we not like them for the sake
Of the good times
We shared; laughing and jeering at them.

"Hope they drop dead"
One of the many statements,
Passed around from each mouth.
Aren't those teachers also a part of us . . . our school?

I am scared of leaving,
Afraid of letting go
Of the one thing I really love,
Something, I know, will disappear forever.

This love I feel for each friend
Will go with every one of them,
And I'll be left empty,
Mindless-suffering the worst pain.

Each individual has an open road
In front, of which one to take
They must decide themselves;
With their choice they must also suffer the consequences.

I am sitting here and dreading,
Not only what exams await me
But the parting that will take place,
And leave me speechless for a long time.

At school I have learnt to value
Certain people's friendships,
A friendship that will be only a memory
Once that final day comes to present.

How many countless numbers of beautiful times
I have spent with these mates.
To me I'll always remember us as mates.

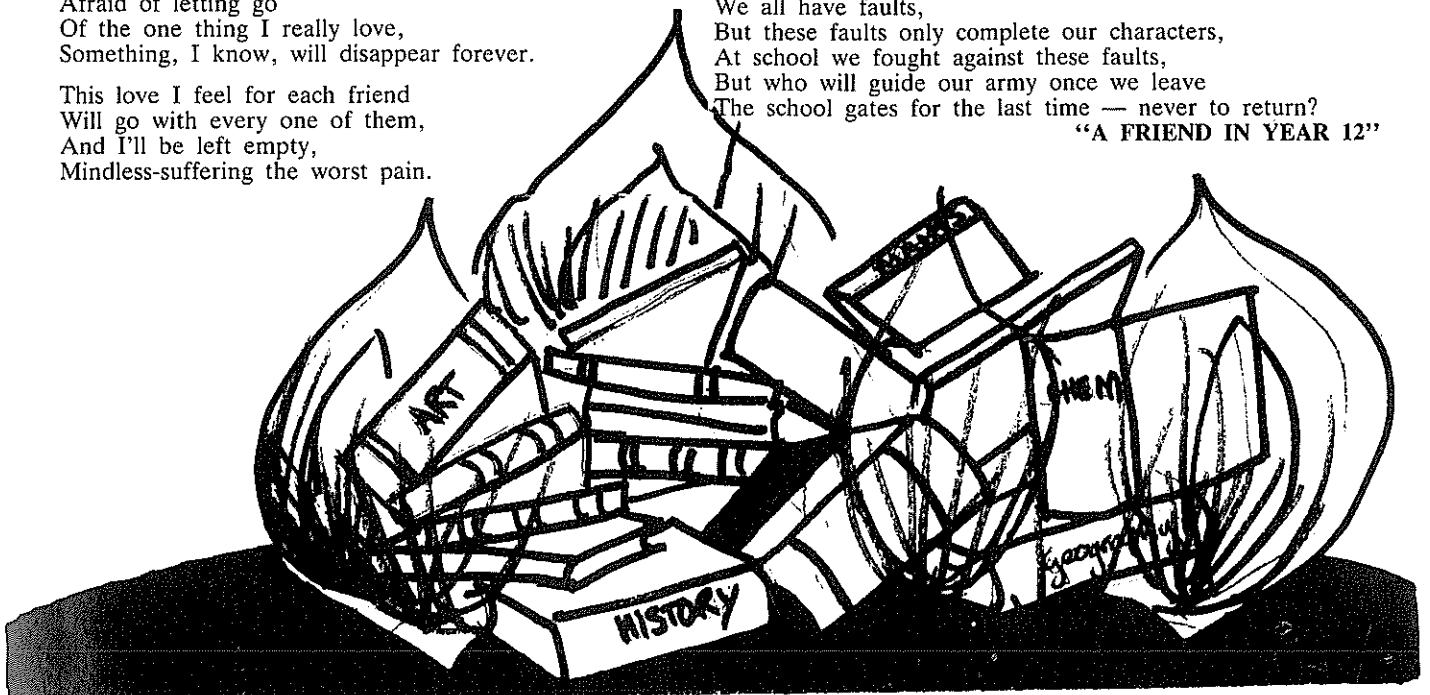
If only I can record on film
Those happy memories that now
Are only cherished in my mind,
Which will stay with me till the day I am buried deep beneath the
earth's surface.

I remember the bad times,
But of what use is just a bright memory,
If there is no pain to feel,
And after that pain . . . the happiness of forgiving.

My mind is in a whirl,
Mixed with so many emotions,
Different feelings triggering off
At the same time,
Coming up with the same conclusion: fear of losing.

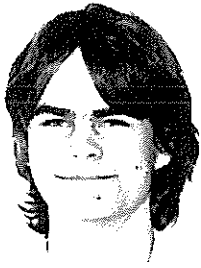
Each of us have a destiny
Pinpointed for our future,
A destiny that cannot be foretold
We must only wait and meet it with the courage and pride we
were so often reminded of at school.

We all have faults,
But these faults only complete our characters,
At school we fought against these faults,
But who will guide our army once we leave
The school gates for the last time — never to return?
"A FRIEND IN YEAR 12"



OUT THEY GO hooray!

DANIS GROZA



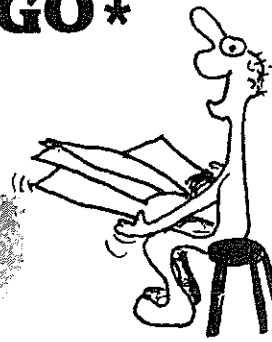
Is in constant fear of Mrs Meyer, after pinching her chalkbox, glasses, textbooks jiggers lists etc



QUAN BROWN



Everybody wants Quan-fo fighting.



TRACE CVETKOVSKI



This alien comes from the galaxy Macademia

* * * * *

LINDA SHERER



Today Wimbledon - Tomorrow, the world!

ANTONELLA TORDO



She so shy.

CATHIE TOWNSEND



You'd better Agree.

JOHN SHUGG



Hey! It's the Fonz.

* * * * *

BILL PIKE



Oh! Fair dinkum mate - have a go!

BRETT ROSSITER



Ground control to Major Smurf.

SUE WOOD



Oh gee, golly gosh, oh-hoo, oh-hoo.

FRANK CASUSCELLI



Cossa and his wog chariot.

* * * * *

* * *
IRENE SIDOROFF



What will I do now?
I'll have to ask
Father Alex.

* * *

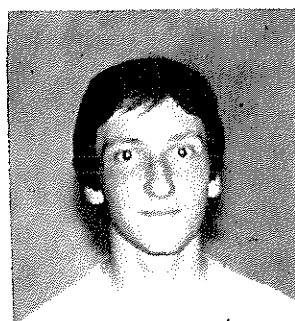
* * *
DAVOR MILUTIN



Hootin' Milutin

* * *

* * *
JONATHAN SHAPIRO



It does not compute!!

* * *

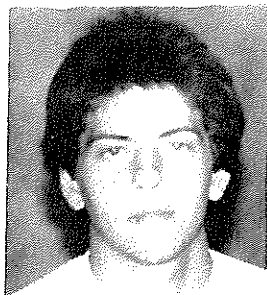
* * *
TRACIE ELVIDGE



Can Jeff come?

* * *

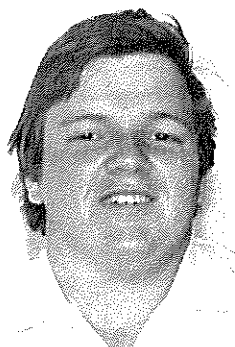
JEAN STEPANOVICH



Sid Vicious the 2nd

* * *

PABLO BANIC



This is a classic
case of U.W.O
(unidentified walking
object)

* * *

CHERYL HENDERSON



Puppet on a string

* * *

BRETT FOULTNEY



Sticks on bricks

* * *

ROBERT SUNJIC



Eh Spunjiccc !!

* * *

RIAD TAYEH



Has \$\$\$ in his eyes
and hair everywhere
else

* * *

SANDRA DRACA



No need to mention
Sandra's favourite
after dinner drink

* * *

MARIA FERNANDEZ



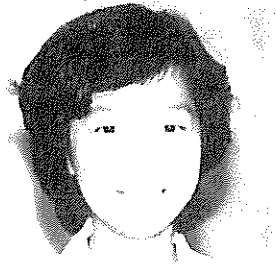
All right now!
Line up.

* * *

* * *
ANNA KARPINSKI



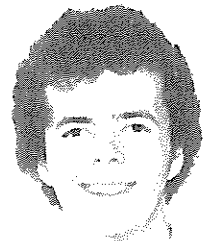
* * *
KATHY DUONG



* * *
ANTHONY TERBIZAN



* * *
WAYNE VERCOE



LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA
DEE

Very friendly person
especially with teachers

It was hit and run.
I hit the truck and
it ran.

La Teddy Ovi Ovi

* * *
SARA HANANIA



Heels while I wait

* * *
DONNA INGERSOLE



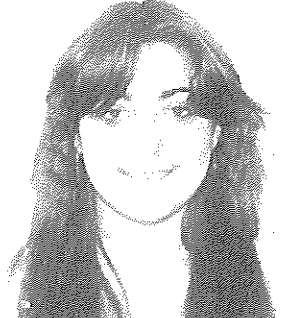
Donn-anna is v-very in
with t-the v-vogue.

* * *
DAVID PETRINA



Known as puppet
with a wooden
heart.

* * *
NARELLA BERGAMIN



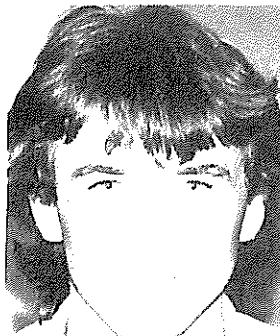
Narella and Mr O'kell
constantly "move their
bodies" out of each
others way that is

* * *
SOFIA KORAC



KRAAAK.

* * *
PETER GASPARDVIC



Alias Gaspo

* * *
SUZANNE RANCEVIC



Susie to her exclusive
friends.

* * *
CHRISTINE LEIVAZ



* * *
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha

* * *
MILENA SMILJIC



It wasn't me Sir, I
didn't do it!

* * *
NADINE GOUGH



Not tonight Vince,
I've got a headache

* * *
LILIAN DELFINO



Nice bum, Shame
about the face

* *
LILIANA SUTIC



Wonder Woman

* *
HILTON RAMIREZ



The Incredible Hulk

* *
CATHY EDWARDS



(3 weeks later) Excuse me
but I don't understand

* *
TERESA SMETANIUK



a polite, quiet
respectable lady.

* *
ERIKA ALLEBI



Her voice was ever
soft, gentle and low.

* * *
YEN TUYET NGUYEN



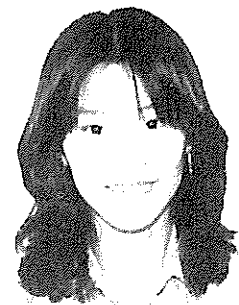
Quiet did, quiet remain

* * *
KHAMSENG HOVILAI



Come sing with me

* *
DARAPHONE
KHAMDARANIKONE



A maid so tender, fair
and happy

This page kindly sponsored by:
NU-VALET DRY CLEANERS,
Cnr. Arthur Street and Park Road,
CABRAMATTA.

Due to an industrial dispute the following students were not photographed.

MARIA ARAYA

How do you solve a problem like Maria?

MORENO PAZIN

Globe trotters eat your heart out.

MARYAN YALDA

MUSIC is my life, my life is music

YELENA LASEK

Yelana fits her royal rôle, Snob!

PAUL SAVIC

Your world is as cold as ice.

LEO OMODEI

Leo needs a lioness.

JOHN JOKINEN

Is a freak! (about history that is)

MILE POPOVIC

There's no fat on me - just muscles

TONY TIONVILLE

Stupid jigger, stupid jigger, stupid

VASKIN YAKINIAN

This humanoid is tamed and bears a remarkable resemblance to Horshack

GIOVANNI GUIDO

Not the WASHBURN!!!

PETER ROKANCHIEVSKI

H.S.C? What's that man? Can you smoke it?

ANITA MOOD

This specimen of homo sapien is not necessarily always in the mood.

ROSS GATANI

He receives a standing ovation on those rare appearances in class

ALEX LUJAN

Still waters run deep,

NADA VUJOSEVIC

Hey, hey, you wanna jig?

LYNDA McDONALD.

Ambition in life is to find a weed and play handies with Giovanni

JOE PIZZOLATO

Hey Pizzoooo!!!

VASKO MATOS

I use Clearasil, look what it's done for me!

MILE CIRIC

Stone face, stop pretending.

JOHN KLANFAR

John is very artistically minded and tall, tall, tall!

RAMONA JAVID

Going to the chapel, and I'm gonna get married.

DAVID McDONALD

Storky or Ronald.

BRUNO STATIC

Ringo Static

BRETT THOMAS

Tip Toe through the tulips

DIANNE TAYLOR

Love me, Love my car.

"FORGET US NEVER"

The Year 12 Farewell has crept up on us, and gone. The night which was to be our last social gathering seemed far too short. The real meaning of completing six years of one's life in Cabramatta High School is just beginning to unfold. No more are we to relive the past, whether good or bad. No more school excursions, dances and the feeling that went with the winning of the Eisteddfod. Warrumbungles and Gerroa will only remain as a memory, an experience never to be repeated with the same teachers, friends and feeling.

In High School the value of friendship is learned and the meaning of love is just beginning to be discovered, and experimented. The previous cries of "Oh no! Not school again," will probably be regretted now. Walking into the classroom and seeing all the friends, and even the foes was taken for granted now that we realise that this may never happen again.

The teachers within the school will also be missed. Without the help and understanding of most of these teachers, the relationship between the students would not be as great as it is now. Having breakfast or a barbecue at the invitation of a teacher enables the existing relationship to grow.

School is merely an institution where one is trained and prepared for special roles in life. Shakespeare stated that all the world was a stage and the people merely players. So school is where one learns which part in life they are best suited for and work hard to achieve this goal and hopefully win the part.

The Farewell on 13th October proved that one part of our education was nearly completed, only the H.S.C. remained to be conquered. The remainder will come from what life offers, whether successful or not. The song by Irene Sidoroff at the Farewell made most of us realise what was left behind and what was to remain with us, forever. The transition from school to the 'outside' world is one of sorrow, as if a piece of one's body has been torn away. To cure this, the future has to be made even more memorable than the past.

So, farewell to, all Year 12 and may we keep in touch, the teachers who struggled with us during the bad times and laughed with us in the good; and to the rest of the school, especially Year 11 who have proved to be special to me.

YELENA

YEAR 12 REPORT

By the time this goes to print the trauma and tension of the H.S.C. will have given way to the excitement and challenge of beginning a new era of life — for yea verily it is written; "There is life after school!"

Year 12 students have now completed their secondary education — indeed many have now completed their formal education — and a moment's reflection the last six years brings back a wide array of memories: Friends, teachers (not necessarily entirely exclusive groupings) sporting events, academic successes, new experiences, etc; all making up a most significant part of life. These memories are of value and some should rightly be treasured (others might be best forgotten). Therefore there is an element of sadness in finishing with this aspect of life but fortunately in the case of leaving school, any sadness is greatly alleviated by the pure joy of freedom (illusory as that may prove to be, enjoy it in full now). Our Year 12 friends embark on their separate journeys. We wish for each of them, fulfilment in life, success in careers and the happiness inherent in the mutual trust of close friendship. Good luck to you all.



ONE GUESS



WHY



WE



ARE

ALL



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GOODBYE, MY SCHOOL

The time has come
To say farewell,
But what can we do,
And what's there to tell.

CHORUS:

Goodbye my school
And all that's within,
So many times
Will I be remembering
The many years
That we shared together,
The memory, I know
Will be cherished forever.

My friends they all leave
They'll be going away
There's so much to do
And so much to say.

Look at each other
This one last day
'Cause what we feel now
Will be different some day.

CHORUS

With your friends
You learned about living.
How to love and hate,
About taking and giving.
They returned you courage
And strength when you lost,
They were there when you despaired,
When you needed them most.

Comfort was given
When times were so rough,
So how can just a "thank-you"
Ever be enough.

Some people will laugh
Just to show off their pride,
But it will hurt even more
As their grief builds inside.

If hate was ever there
Amongst any one of you
Join hands, be happy — forgive,
It's easier to do.

CHORUS

Say goodbye
As we leave these school gates
Don't forget your youth
Nor your most dearest mates.

ENGLISH FACULTY — THOUGHTS FOR THURUNA

"ALL EYES TO THE FRONT AND ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS WITH A SENTENCE . . ."

Often, what appears to be happening in a classroom is different from the reality. Often, the message that is received by students in their lessons is not the message deliberately transmitted by the teacher. Most subjects have a set range of material which teachers set about deliberately transmitting and educational success in students is measured by the amount of that message they have apparently received. But what of the unconscious messages which are transmitted in any classroom?

All students know what a teacher means by "all eyes to the front". All teachers know what they mean by this, what message they are deliberately transmitting. It's one of those instructions that every teacher gives (perhaps in different words) quite frequently. It appears relatively harmless and simply a procedure. But perhaps it conveys subconscious messages, messages received subconsciously and stored up, accumulated over a period of time.

These subconscious messages are the assumptions which underly an instruction like "all eyes to the front".

For a start most classrooms are physically set out to direct all eyes to the front. The blackboard is always on the "front" wall; the teacher's desk, the noticeboards etc. are all at the "front" of the room. Thus the "front" of the room becomes the focus of all educational activity in that room. Behaviour problems, inattention, rudeness and the like are often identified because students face in the "wrong" directions. Why question what seems to be a natural arrangement?

Such arrangement of a classroom implies two important ideas: that the teacher and the teacher alone has anything worth saying in that room; that there is no value in interaction between the members of the class. Many people may accept this to be the case, but it must be important to acknowledge the implications of such apparently ordinary matters.

Perhaps another implication is that the teacher can never really become a part of the learning community he or she directs. Teacher faces class; class faces teacher. The classic model of confrontation. The old timers will often say "never turn your back on them!" In a natural social situation eyes face every which way, conceding that members of a social group are equal and all have something worth contributing.

Imagine another common situation for the student. They are faced with a series of questions in an examination, or they are having questions directed at them in the classroom. There are instructions, one of the commonest of which is "answer all questions with a sentence." This is one of the proverbs of teaching and it knows no faculty boundaries. Has the teacher good reasons for such instructions, reasons that relate to learning? Is it because we feel that answering in sentences is good practice in using sentences? Does it aid thinking? Are we expected to follow such a rule in normal, everyday conversation?

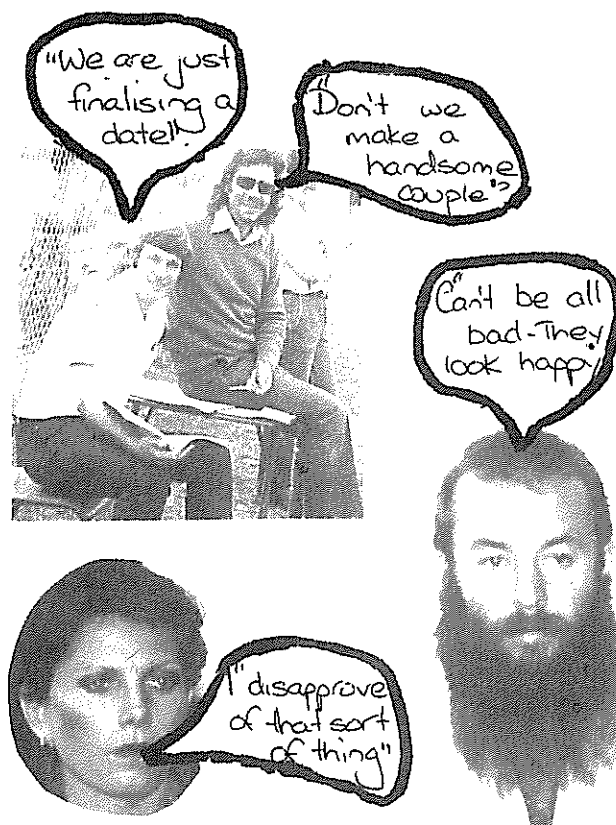
Most conversations are made up of statements which in formal school situations would not be regarded as sentences and yet they seem to convey a wealth of messages quite successfully. Why answer a question with more words than are necessary?

It is probably true that having to form sentences to answer questions is a good way of learning, but the question itself should be of the quality that demands a sentence for a thoughtful answer. If we have to specify this in instructions it says little for the quality of the question.

Is it fair to assume that by insisting on full sentence answers we give students necessary practice in using sentences? No it is not. There is no need to practice a sentence we are already capable of, and in a situation which demands that we use a full

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sentence where a word would suffice we will only use those sentences which we are capable of. In this situation we do not need to extend ourselves to new and challenging uses. However, good questioning will always demand clear thinking, and clear thinking often leads to, or is the result of, using well developed language structures. Long live the necessary sentence.

So why then is this instruction so often used. My belief is that such an instruction is unconsciously used to make the learning seem more worthwhile because it takes longer to answer the question. There is more apparent talk and writing. But burst the balloon of that empty language and often a one-word, memorised answer, requiring little thought, reasoning or interpretation is what we find.

"All eyes to the front and answer all questions with a sentence . . ."

Above are two examples only of what many teachers now refer to as "the hidden curriculum", the messages the school and teachers convey unintentionally and students pick up subconsciously. These messages can be thus spelt out:

- *the teacher has all that is worth saying
- *student interaction is of little value
- *like the comic torturer, the teacher "vill ask de questions"
- *school is a place where students confront teachers and vice versa
- *learning must hurt to be good for you
- *guessing the answer the teacher has in mind is more rewarding than really thinking and reasoning
- *school situations should not reflect social situations outside school
- *It is damaging for all concerned for the teacher to "come down to the student's level"

Are these messages conveyed less strongly because conveyed subconsciously?

By D. MOSS

REPORT ON EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES CONDUCTED

During 1981 members of the English faculty have been involved in a large range of activities in the area of excursions and inservice courses.

Excursions and related activities have been conducted because of our strong conviction that classrooms do not have a monopoly on learning. Much of our most valued learning may in fact occur outside the boundaries of the school. The following excursions have been offered:

1. Year 12: "The Getting of Wisdom", a movie for 2UA students.
2. "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll", a movie for students in the 2U and 2UA courses.
3. "Rare Words — Brave World", "Henry IV" in production at The Sydney Opera House, for 2U students.
4. "Henry IV Pt. 1", a full live production for 2U students.
5. "Donne, Eliot and Friends", a commentary on some H.S.C. tests for 2U students.
6. Year 11: "Hamlet, a full live production at the Opera House for all of Year 11.
7. "Evita", a live production for Year 11.
8. "The Mango Tree", a movie for 2U students.
9. "Animal Farm", a film for 2UA students.
10. "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith", a movie for 2UA students.
11. "The Removalists", a movie for 2UA students.
12. Year 10: "Memo", a live production at the school for the whole of Year 10.
13. Year 9: "Memo", as above.
14. : "Lord of the Flies", a movie for 9E1, 9E2, 9E3.
15. Year 8: "Mesh", a live production at school for all Year 8.
16. Year 7: "Mesh", as above.

Many of the above activities were conducted outside the normal school day and purely because of the concern of the staff to give students at this school every advantage and opportunity.

Inservice activities are an important part of the school's curriculum. They serve to keep teachers up to date with current educational trends. The following Inservice Courses have been attended this year:

1. "Language Skills": New approaches to teaching writing. This course was sponsored by the Liverpool English Teachers' Association and featured two overseas lecturers, G. Fox and J. P. W. Creber. This course was attended by Mr J. Beringer and Ms J. Austin.
2. "How Do Writers Write?": An insight into the process of writing through workshops where teachers themselves did a lot of writing. This was conducted by the Liverpool Region Literacy Resource Team. This course was attended by Ms S. Collins.
3. "Reading Must Above All Make Sense": An insight into the process of reading and current thinking on methods to teach reading. This was conducted by the Literacy Resource Team and attended by Mr J. Preston.
4. "Visits By Consultants": Mr Mike Callagan and Mr Tony Moore visited school on a number of occasions to assist in the development of new approaches. Ms T. Hinder, up until 1981 our Resource Teacher and now Resource Teacher Consultant for the Region, also visited the school to make recommendations.
5. "Writing K-12": Recent research into student writing habits was presented by Ms Roslyn Arnold of Sydney University. This course was sponsored by the Liverpool English Teachers' Association and attended by Ms S. Collins, Mrs S. Jeffares and Mr D. Moss.

By THE ENGLISH FACULTY IN 1981

FAREWELL TO TWO PROMINENT FIGURES

For nearly six years the English staffroom has resounded to the sounds of rollicking mirth from two people many staff and students cannot identify as separate individuals. They are of course Mrs J. Cipollone ("The Chip") and Mrs M. Gauci (alias Blomgren, among others). Both have left the school for purely selfish motives and must realise that it will be impossible to send their new charges to the Staffroom to have names entered in THE CONDUCT BOOK. They're on their own; no more pro forma letters, no more lectures and certainly no more stick!

These two ladies and their memorable idiosyncrasies have melted into myth at C.H.S. and left behind mental images hard to repress. Both hold the joint record for the number of presents received by any teacher at Christmas, birthday or anticipated arrival. Both enjoyed excellent rapport with the students in their charge and are equally missed by them. It is hard to envisage the economic survival of "the Rainbow Cafe" now that such a large proportion of its custom has moved out of range.

Too frequently schools lose valued members of staff with barely a ripple on the pond of routine. This is to say farewell to two members of staff whose contributions to the life of Cabramatta High School were far too significant to pass unpraised. They will be greatly missed by the staff with whom they worked and the students to whom they related so warmly.

By.....

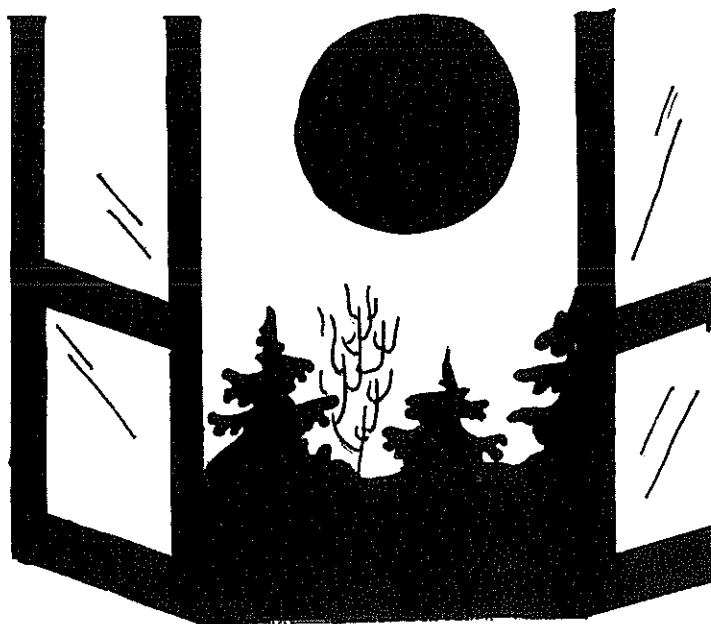
*English
Staff*



Standing (L to R) Mr Moss, Mr X, Mrs Carracti.
Mrs Chapman, Mr Byrne, Mr Beringer, Mr Cruickshank,
Mr Preston.
Sitting (L to R) Mrs Y, Ms Grey, Ms Austin,
Ms Collins, Mrs Gauci. (Absent Mr Owens)

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CABRAMATTA.



THE WEREWOLF

Night, lights out; Mum's gone to bed
 Sheets over head, squeeze into pillow
 Listen, listen; no noise no sound
 Tighten grip on pillow; Mr Werewolf's gonna come tonight.

Want to sleep, very tired; too much play today
 Clank, clank, bang! Oh no, he's coming!
 Bark, scream, pitter patter pitter patter
 It's only Rusty chasing a cat.

No sound, no noise
 Maybe he won't come tonight
 But yes, there is a full moon
 I saw it, and Mummy did too!

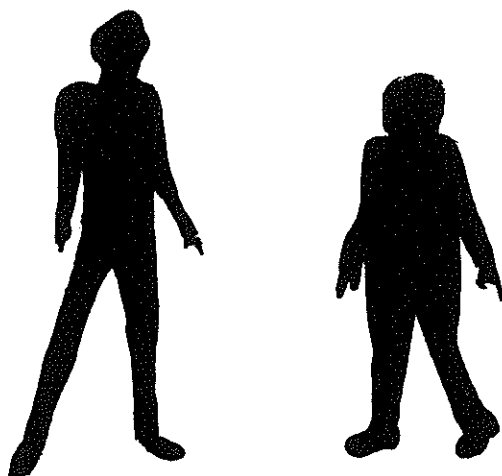
Shhh ooohh, oh no it's him! It's him!
 Musn't move; musn't make a sound
 Please don't see me Mr Werewolf, please please
 Keep still, keep still.

Feeling tired, very tired. Eyes are droopy
 Mr Werewolf doesn't eat tired little girls
 Sleep sleep till morning comes
 Don't wake up till the werewolf's gone!

"He's got me! He's got me!"
 Scream, hit him. Fight him off.
 "Janet! Janet! What's the matter sweetheart?
 Did you have a bad dream? I'm here honey."

"No werewolf is gonna get me
 Are they Mum?"
 "No honey".
 Who's scared of a werewolf anyway? Not me!

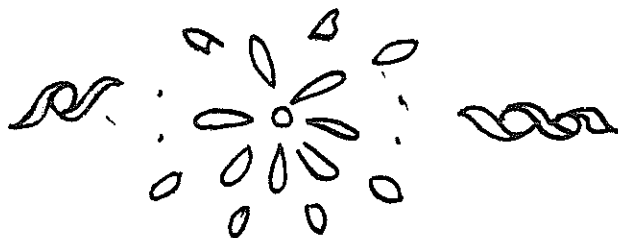
MIRA COSO, 10E1



TWO MEN

I know of two men. One
 had everything going for him. He
 was reasonably bright, and
 he was really good looking, and
 he had a top personality, and
 everyone liked him, and
 everything he did was perfect. The
 other was so undesirable. He
 was small and ugly. He
 knew that he was really an idiot. Nobody
 liked him. He
 never did what he wanted to do, only
 what others expected of him. One
 day they both died of an overdose of
 LSD. Isn't
 that absolutely hilarious?!

By SIMON '80.



What is the use of all this? I waste my Saturday afternoons in the cold of my bedroom doing homework. I have to be by myself in the cold or I will not be able to concentrate. If I go outside in the sun, I will be disturbed by talkative relatives. However, inside, I will freeze. This writing assignment will be different because I'm not going to write it in the freezing cold — but in the warming sunlight.

Now that I've determined *where*, I must decide on what I'm going to write. This is a hard one. I could talk about my hobbies, my holiday, or even a "day in the life of Kayleen M." Maybe I should write a poem:

There is a man called "Moss",
In English, he is the boss.
Every week he does stress
(With the greatest finesse)
That our work should outgloss "Moss".

So much for my little poem. I don't think that it would carry much weight in an exam. I am really in a terrible predicament. If I write straight from my head, I will be considered as precocious. However, with a fictitious piece of writing, my imagination would really run too wild.

The chatter has died now, where I am sitting. The lawnmower next door has risen to great heights in its noise production. As a matter of fact, I sit alone on the couch which was, twenty minutes ago, full of laughter and idle talk. The sun is not so special any more — it is dying. Was it the sun that I wanted, or the company? I have lost them both.

The shadows are lengthening. The assortment of pyjamas, jumpers and underwear on the clothesline reach up to catch the remnants of warmth still lingering above. The garden has been watered and the plants lie in a state of ecstasy. Their thirsty anxieties have been overcome.

I shall return to my room now — away from the lawnmower and the disappointment of the fading sunlight. My cold bedroom, which I thought was a dungeon, is now a haven of paradise. It will be night soon and there will be no difference — I shall do the same tomorrow.

KAYLEEN MALONEY.

VOYAGE TO LIMBO

I dive into the doubtful depths,
To return to the surface once more,
But then to find there are no steps,
Back to the real world.

A hand is reaching forward,
To catch defenceless soles,
who forever are merging downward,
Into their faith below.

And as I swim towards the sky,
My legs are paralysed,
The grip is of great power,
Which wishes me to die.

Slowly, calmly, I float down, down,
Effort meaning nothing,
As I slowly drown, drown,
Towards Thee, King.

By MICHAEL MANGION.

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BELFAST

There is fighting in the streets
and history repeats
While the men who spurred us on
decide the shot gun sings the song.

Change . . . it had to come
We knew it all along
to be liberated from the deadly foe.
. . . and history's not changed,
'cause we'd done it all before
fighting to be free again . . .

Some say the world's the same
but now its different to me
cause now the birds sing the songs
and I'll get my guitar and play
then I'll get on my knees and pray
that we don't get fooled again.

Now there's nothing in the streets
and fear of the soldier's not ceased
but it'll never be gone
cause the memory lingers on
of our fight to liberate our souls.

But now, meet the new boss . . .
same as the old boss.
So really nothing's changed at all,
and we plan to beat the constitution
with our new revolution!

DRAGO ADZIC, Year 11.

DID YOU KNOW

The author Ernest Hemingway was a stretcher-bearer in the first World War.



2SM ROCK EISTEDDFOD

Once upon a time in a far away radio station, 2SM, an idea was born. Thus into the world came the R & R Eisteddfod. Entry forms were sent out to all the schools in the Sydney region, of which there were to be a chosen few to be honoured in competing in the heats. One morning Mr Carter found himself confronted by a cursed entry form. Not knowing what to do with it Mr Carter dumped his burden squarely on the shoulders of Riad, Tracie and Bill. After much deliberation and consultation with Irene Sidoroff the quartet decided on a teacher with tremendous creative ability. The odyssey for this rare species had begun. One was spotted — she was wearing blue jeans, T-shirt and sandals and was of the blond hair variety. Through some gruelling powers of persécution Mrs Chapman was slowly but surely convinced by the quartet.

Our next task was to choose some suitable material, which consisted of three songs. The entry form was now submitted with Mr Williamson's unknowing approval. All was forgotten for a while until one unsuspecting morning, avid 2SM listener Bill Pike arose out of bed still in a semi-demented state and systematically turned his radio on to you-know-what! and to his surprise and sheer amazement discovered that Cabramatta High had been selected to compete. In a state of ecstatic excitement he arrived at school and enquiries began to verify what he had heard, and to our amazement we found that it was true. A few days later the school received a letter from 2SM informing us of our selection in the competition and the song which they decided that they would like dramatised, from our choice of three songs, was to be "Hurricane".

During the ensuing weeks many meetings were arranged and much discussion resulted and very slowly the basis of what was to become "the cast" developed. Many suggestions for the players were made and many people rejected until finally a cast was decided upon. The next step was to organise the band, which was not very difficult after we obtained the sheet music and the words, which also aided in our understanding of the song. Mrs Chapman kindly volunteered her dancers and the whole idea began to get off the ground.

Not long after this a representative from 2SM came out to the school to chat about our ideas and to see how the production was proceeding. The plan that had been made and the ideas that Mrs Chapman wanted to include in the production staggered the representative, to the point where he must have thought we were going to stage a Hollywood musical extravaganza. However, he was surprised at the organisation up to this point and wished us well in our heat.

For many months to come, many long hours of hard work went into the production, perfecting dance-steps, facial expressions, entries onto the stage and exits from the stage, costumes and even the choreographing of the boxing scenes.

After much waiting we were informed that we were to participate in the second heat at the Hurstville Civic Centre on Monday, 6th July, 1981.

The whole day was hectic, with many last-minute things to organise, but finally the troop was loaded on a bus, and we set out to conquer the heat at Hurstville. Final rehearsals were held that afternoon at the Civic Centre, and after seeing some of the other schools the confidence with which we were all so full faltered slightly. However, the saying goes, "It'll be all right on the night," and "it" was. The team of five judges, which included such personalities as Marcia Hines and Jonathon Coleman, named Cabramatta High winners, a decision which brought the house down. This earned Cabramatta a berth in the final, which was to be held at the Capital Theatre, Sydney, on Wednesday, 15th July, 1981.

The perfectionist in charge of the show — Mrs Chapman — was still not satisfied with the acting and set about making slight changes to improve the production. Many more hours of thought and seemingly endless sessions of rehearsals. Finally the BIG day rolled around. With a sort of semi-confidence bordering on sheer terror the mob from Cabramatta set sail for the Capitol.

Once again the cast sat and watched the other schools' rehearsals, many of which we had not seen before because they had competed in the other heats. When our turn for the final rehearsal came and went, all confidence went out of the window. Mrs Chapman boosted our confidence by saying that the rehearsal was terrible — the cast was in sheer terror bordering on semi-confidence. The Cabramatta kids were assigned a dressing room (prison) where, during the performances by other schools, we were to remain. We acquired the penthouse dressing room. We would have taken the elevator to the dressing room, but there was none, so we had to hike up 20 flights of stairs — the last 10 achieved in total darkness. Cabramatta High found the Victorian decor refined, tasteful, and set about remodelling it to their own specifications. Mr Valler remodelled the vintage woodwork, Leo Omodei took care of the Italian quarry tiles, while Giovanni remodelled the paintwork (3 unit Art student!).

The moment was soon upon us. The cast from Cabramatta High School sang nervously in the dressing room, attempting to ease the nerves and fill in the time. We began our trek down the stairs (this came to be known as a STAR TREK?) Maintaining a fine tradition, Cabramatta rose to the occasion and turned in a truly magnificent performance (a credit to the cast and teachers involved). The moment of judgment was soon upon us. Voices were muffled due to the cheering from our supporters and there were many sore fingers from bitten-down nails. The announcement was made and the tension grew as the fourth place was announced, followed by the third, and the second, and finally, all hell broke when the announcement was made that "Hurricane" was the winner! The Cabramatta crowd surged onto the stage and jubilation was abundant. Thus Cabramatta won the inaugural Rock and Roll Eisteddfod, earning the school an excellent reputation, as well as a colour video recorder and INXS for a school dance. We sincerely hope that a similar success will result from entry in the 1982 R & R Eisteddfod.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Teachers:	Cast:	Bruno Stanic
Mrs Chapman	Lee McMillan	Enrico Eleuteri
Mr Valler	Dianne Lind	Richard Rowlands
Mr Carter	Vivian Gonnet	Frank Casuscelli
	Julie Mountfort	Elbio Nunez
	Janine Smith	Riad Tayeh
	Anna Karpinski	Rubens Delfino
	Tracie Elvidge	Bill Pike
	Irene Sidoroff	Leo Omodei
	Giovanni Guido	
	Ross Gatani	

We would especially like to thank the boys who helped Mr Valler set up the boxing ring, Gino and Vic for the lights, Davor, Brett and Peter for general assistance.

Another special thanks to the supports on both nights, without whose help we may not have won, and the Student Council for being very liberal sponsors.

By: Bill Pike,
Tracie Elvidge
Riad Tayeh
Lee McMillan



MISS SHEILY

Isabell Sheily was one of the "lucky" children of the early 1900's. Born of parents of considerable standing, she enjoyed more of the luxuries than most other Sydney children of the time.

Mr Sheily, Isabell's father, was a Supervisor. A Supervisor of what was not known to Isabel or even his own wife. He worked long hours. However, his long hours were often taken up by his buxom secretary. It could've been called a "cushy" desk job where many apprentices are allotted to tasks which they shouldn't need to perform. However, in those times, not many "indians" dared to question the authority of the "chiefs".

Mrs Constance Sheily took in other people's washing and ironing in order to repay the mounting deficit incurred by her flamboyant husband. This was not an absolutely necessary deed as they could have been quite comfortable on Mr Sheily's earnings. Constance had always dreamt of becoming a Ballerina, if not in a leading role, at least as a background dancer. However, she had never achieved this because she was not physically capable of supporting her solid frame on her awkward feet. Even though this was a great disappointment, it did not stop her from seizing every article in the newspaper on the Ballet. She would even wander into the fancy city dancing accessories shops and pretend to the "snooty" saleswoman that she was interested in something or other. The best part of this little act, which gave her great pleasure, was when she would suddenly announce at the top of her voice that this was "totally unsuitable" and thus proceed disgustedly from the store. The saleswomen all began to identify her in the end and steered clear when she beckoned them for assistance. Mrs Sheily tried to instill this ambition into the mind of her daughter. Isabell did not have the desire to become a dancer, thus the disappointment worsened.

Isabell's parents were most ambitious for her future. Her father always looked at her with thoughtful eyes. He was feeling sorry for her with his eyes, taking in her plain, dowdy figure. Isabell often thought that in his twisted mind he was comparing her to one of his "business" acquaintances or his secretary. He would often talk to her about her life and tried to help her decide how to live. He suggested everything from a religious vocation to being a housewife and mother, because, as he said, she had good child-bearing hips.

One might say that this poor girl, who was rapidly on the brink of womanhood, was a victim of ambition. However, this ambition was not her own. She had a frail body, contrary to her father's observations, and she always had a pallid, drawn look that engulfed her face, even when she wasn't sick.

Isabell had many friends, mainly girls who lived near her house or with whom she went to school. She did not have much contact with boys, only her father.

Isabell had developed a distorted view of marital and male/female relationships. This resulted in her hearing the muffled sobs of her mother and realising that this was due to her father's prolonged absence.

For Isabell, every Saturday evening it was the 6.15 train and a double-seat filled with excited, giggling girls. They would alight at Town Hall station and enter the bliss of the city at night; the flashing lights, the unusual fashions and the lonely buskers. Sometimes they would go and see a movie. Other times they would use their limited money for an inexpensive meal, which to them seemed like a banquet. Often they would nervously pass the groups of smirking larrikans. However, if one of them spotted a handsome group, they would immediately find an excuse to cross the road so they could be whistled at. Isabell didn't quite like this practice and would often shrink into silence, but she had to go along with the group.

Isabell, at the age of nineteen, was working as a clerk in a badly ventilated city office, a job secured for her by her father. He more or less bribed one of his "supervisor" friends into employing his daughter as he promised that she would live up to his expectations. Mr Sheily lied in describing her physical appearance. He described her as a buxom woman, with the face of an angel and the desires of a movie star. She was employed immediately, without even a physical meeting, and the frail, timid girl who reported for work the next day was scorned forever more by her employer.

She was the only woman in the office and was subjected to many amorous glances and crude offers. Despite her plain appearance, she was attractive to these men in the sense that they all knew that she was very inexperienced. There were one or two of them who seemed to be quiet civil but she did not dare mingle with them in case they were just like the rest.

Isabell's first real association with men, other than her father, was rather disheartening for her. She would report to work at seven each morning, take a ten minute morning tea, and would sit by herself in a nearby park during her lunch break in order to escape the practical jokes and crudeness of the men.

Isabell often told herself that she was soon going to leave her job and even her family for greener pastures. Therefore, at the ripe old age of twenty-two, Miss Isabell Sheily, was physically trapped in a body which would not allow her to make an advance in life. Her mind was quite capable of further studies and her father exploited her and surveyed her often with lecherous eyes.

One Monday morning, with tearful eyes, she set out from her house at the usual time, carrying her grey handbag and surprisingly a heavy black suitcase containing her belongings. Undetected, she left the house and with the small amount of money which she had managed to save, proceeded to the local railway station. She boarded a city-bound train and then made for the wharves at the Quay. After watching the commuters on the Manly ferry for quite some time, she boarded one herself. With her suitcase in tow she headed across the harbour in search of lodgings in a tenement house.

Isabell had often been on ferries with her friends, but this time it was different; it sent a tingling sensation throughout her body. For the first time in her life she felt important, as if she had a true aim in life.

Very soon, however, her savings began to dwindle and her new occupation could not meet the expenses of her mounting debts. The landlady of her humble, yet suitable lodgings, sensing this, began to pressure Isabell for advance rent payments.

Isabell had contacted her mother a few months before. Mrs Sheily had reported that Isabell's father was becoming more abusive and his "office" hours were increasing. She was becoming a lonely woman. Also, her two younger sisters, who were still going to school, were becoming increasingly aware of the true nature of their father, which had, up until now, been tactfully hidden from them. An immediate feeling of pity had shot through her, along with the realisation that her father's earnings were more substantial than her own.

Isabell returned, but during her seven months of freedom from her family she had experienced many things. She had met a man. A man who was totally different from her father and the men at the office. He treated her like a real woman. He took her to the movies, and when they were relatively alone, he would hold her hand. He did not try anything else or seem to want to either. At first, she loved and respected this attitude. However, later on, she interpreted this as a personal insult that he did not look at her amorously or find her sexually attractive. Had her morals become loose since associating with an office full of men,

BUSHFIRE DEATH

or was she experiencing a natural feeling? She could not answer this question; but was very grateful for this newcomer's attention. After all, he was the best thing that had ever come into her life.

During those short months, she had more or less found herself and had sorted out in her mind all of her blackened childhood memories. She had come to the realisation that life was not all that bad and that one must live as best and one can in order to achieve the fulfilment of life. She felt as if her resentment towards her father and all the guilt her mother had excited in her because she was not physically attractive, would be behind her as she crossed the threshold of a new life.

Surrounded by a confident air, Isabell made her way down the street to her old home passing the stares of life-long neighbours; drunken husbands and the gossiping women. However, when she entered her house through the back door, she was amazed to find that no one was at home. This, she thought quite unusual because her mother knew that her home-coming was today and was looking forward to it. Disheartened, Isabell slipped off her high heeled shoes to relieve her aching feet and trudged up the stairs. She went to her old room and found that one of her sisters had conveniently taken over. This did not perturb her, instead, she threw her bag down and lunged exhaustedly onto the familiar sagging bed.

Isabell had been lying down for about an hour when suddenly the door of her room was violently flung open. She must have fallen asleep as there stood a figure of a furious man, his temples bulging, with a weak, limp woman at his feet.

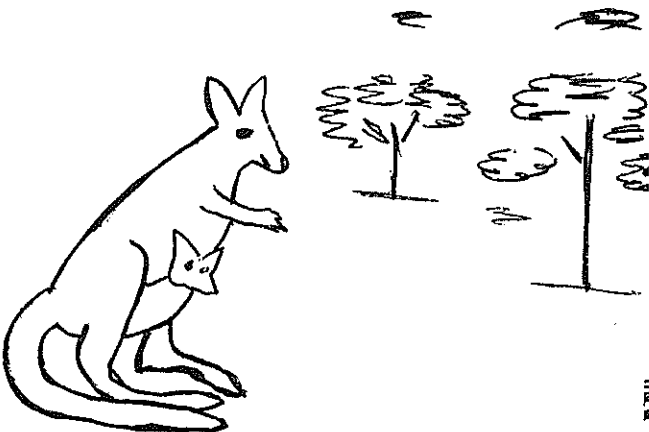
Amidst a frenzy of shouts, Isabell passed out from a mixture of fright and physical weakness.

Apparently, Isabell had confided in her mother the secrets of her love affair; a more colourful version, of course. Her father had forced her mother to break this secret. She had refused at first, and he had beaten her until she finally gave in.

Mr Sheily was overcome with jealousy of this man that she had been seeing. He hurled abuse at her and forced himself upon her semi-conscious body.

Isabell awoke a few hours later on a bed of blood-stained sheets, she was alone. Her father had fled and her mother had dutifully followed. Her two sisters were sent away days before, obviously by her father in preparation. A neighbour happened to call by accident and stumbled on the disorder of the kitchen where Mr and Mrs Sheily had met. She had found Isabell and arranged for her to be taken to her house. The whole street soon heard the story and Isabell, through no fault of her own, was a disgrace. A total failure. Long would she punish herself for this night. Bitter was the inevitable consequence of a retarded son who represented the shortcomings of both her own character and her father's character. Mr and Mrs Sheily were never seen by a Sydney-sider again.

By KAYLEEN MALONEY, 11E1.



Facing Death:
Unable to run away:
Painful
death.
This place is
full
With a mist of smoke
and I . . .
burning to Ashes,
to Ashes
In my hole,
My grave.

By Nancy Prakhonheang,
81 (E.S.L.)



THE BUSH FIRE

It was early in the morning when two strange men appeared. Most of the animals were asleep, the kangaroo was jumping here and there and the snakes and other animals were going around the desert too.

Then the men made camp and started drinking, the animals were scared because they had never seen these men before, only Aborigines.

Night was coming, the two men were still drinking, then one of them fell asleep, the other just finished the bottle so he threw it into the long grass.

Suddenly a python about 2 - 3 metres long and fit, came to one of the men and started to choke him quickly, the other bloke got his gun and shot the python and accidentally shot his friend.

Morning came so he buried his friend and went home. Then smoke started to come out of the grass area where the men had thrown the bottle. The animals didn't know what to do.

All of a sudden flames burst out because the sun was magnifying through the bottle causing the grass to burn, the bottle had whisky remnants which caused the fire.

The flames were spreading through the bushes, animals started running but some of the animals were too slow.

The fire was spreading faster than at least five owls died because the fire was going too fast.

Then suddenly a helicopter came past and saw the fire and an hour later fire brigades came from all over the district.

A day later the fire was still going and a fireman got burnt but he recovered, only a few animals were still running but not a lot.

Three days later they finally put out the fire, the bushes looked bare and there were no animals in sight.

Then suddenly they heard a noise. They took out their extinguishers then they moved slowly as a baby Koala came out.

For four years the place looked bare but the year after was back to normal and more animals went back because the place was all full of colour.

Joe Zappia 7B3.

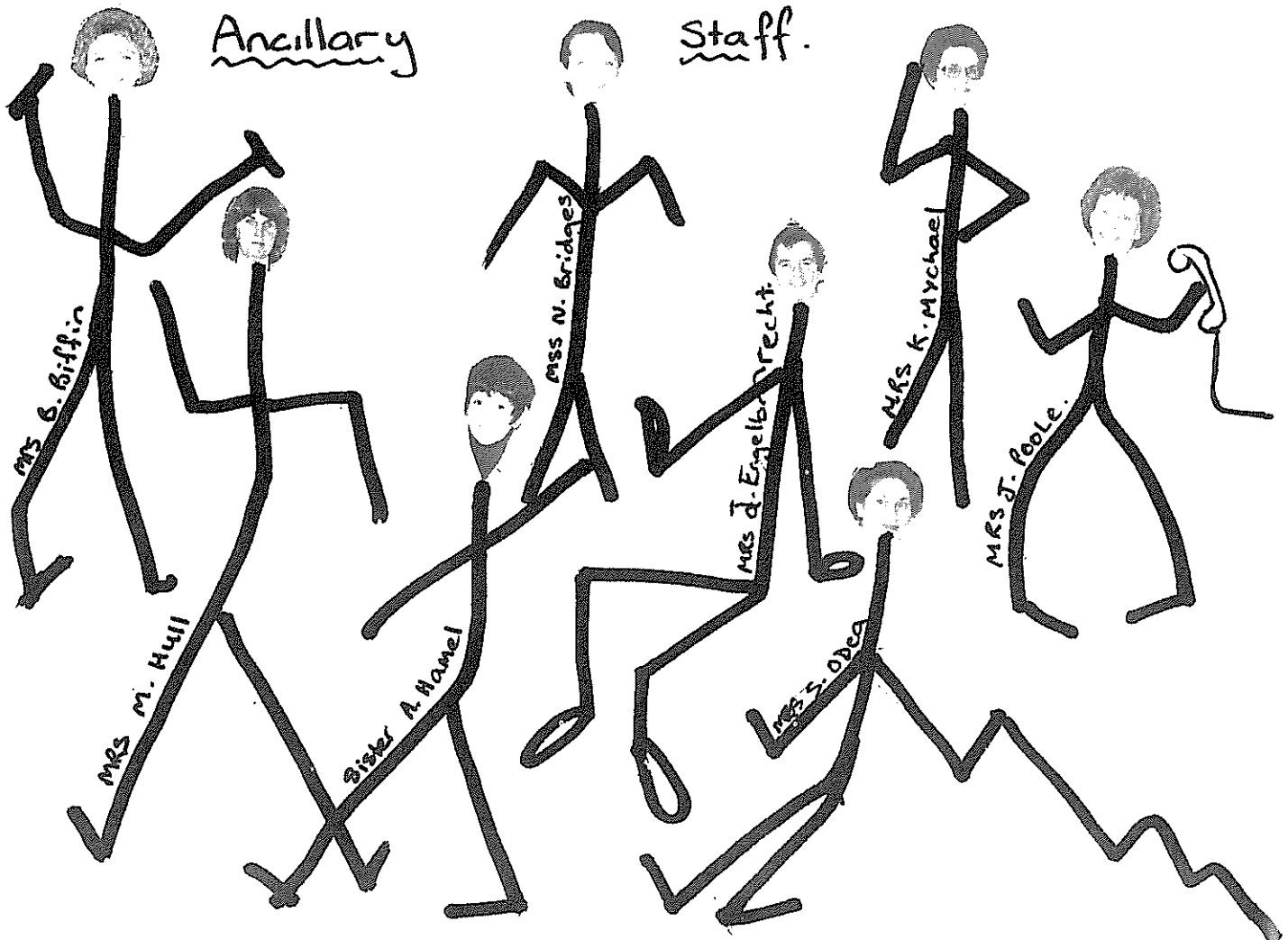
INTERIM REPORT — HISTORY DEPARTMENT

Once again the History Department has maintained its standards of excellence. It has weathered the storm of teacher shortage (this is no reflection on the stature of Mr Granger, whose lack of height is only exceeded by his excess) with the advent of Pam "Tina Turner" McLachlan. Mr Okell has become the Year Seven Master, thereby becoming *Pater Familias* (note the pedantry) in conjunction with Mrs Taylor's role as Granny. Mr White continues to broaden . . . his interests and now acts as Master of Hounds.

Mr Smythe continues to astound his underlings with his musical interpretations and has widened his repertoire to include "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down". It should be noted that Mr Smythe (Wazza to his friends) has not engaged in Terpsichorean activities. Mr Granger, the active *homo sapiens* (pedantry again) and ardent Thespian, continues to be cryptic.

The history staff would like to thank all those students who participated in excursion with the usual decorum expected. By and large a good year was had by all, excursion wise: Year 7, to Old Sydney Town, Year 8, The Rocks, Year 9, fallow, Year 10, ditto, Year 11, various films and Year 12, Panic (at hanging woc).

With love, CLIO
Muse of History.



DAWN

A rustle of leaves broke the morning stillness. A lone American soldier tramped through the thick bush, gun protruding menacingly. His eager blue eyes watched out for any signs of danger. Every shadow posed a possible threat, for this was the Vietnamese jungle, and the area was crawling with Viet-cong guerrillas.

Slowly his gun pushed the thick leaves aside. It was hard to think that only a few months earlier he had just stepped out of college with a whole life ahead of him. What the hell was he doing in Nam, lost from the rest of his platoon. He was in trouble.

The humid jungle steamed around him. He had heard stories from the veterans of what the jungle could do to you. A man could be driven crazy in a matter of days, when cut off from his outfit. Sweat poured down his face. His eyes scanned the jungle. Left to right. Back again. He began to breathe heavier. His chest heaved up and down. His heart pounded harder. More sweat trickled down his face. He felt cold. He began to shiver. Eyes scanned the jungle. Nothing. Nothing but shadows. But what was lurking in these shadows? Holy Jesus, where was the platoon. More sweat. He breathed heavier. Heart pounded faster. Eyes scanned the jungle. He screamed.

A short burst from his machine-gun broke the silence. Screaming the savage war cry of a Dervish, he charged through the jungle, still firing his weapon. He stumbled, kneeling, fires a short burst, charged, stumbled again. Every tree was the enemy, every shadow hid a sniper. He ran through the jungle, pushing branches out of the way with his weapon, firing short bursts, screaming. His foot struck a tree root. The violent jerk sent him flying through the air, still firing his gun. He hit something soft and cool. The gun shots echoed in the background.

Slowly he looked up. Ahead of him stretched a beach. Birds screeched overhead, frightened by the shots. He slowly stood up, turned around, then back again. The jungle came right up to the beach. Blood trickled down his face, down his arms. He rubbed the cuts on his body, looked along the beach at the golden-white sand, the cyanide water glistened in the burning morning sun. Dropping the gun he wandered down to the roaring surf. Cupped hands splashed cool water over his head, stinging his wounds, yet soothing them. Off came the shirt. Water ran over his chest. He slid off the boots, tore off his sweat-soaked singlet. Stepped out of the jungle torn trousers. He ran into the surf, only a dog-tag round his neck.

He splashed around in the surf. Dived under the water, surfacing to witness the green jungle against the deep blue sky, just as Adam had viewed Eden for the first time. The sun beat down on his face. Not the steamy, savage sun of the jungle, but a warm, soothing sun. Gulls flew overhead. Dolphins frolicked further out to sea. This was life, the jungle was forgotten.

Reluctantly he parted with the water and strolled along the quartz-coloured sand. He stooped down and picked up a shell of some sea-creature which had long since parted with his abode. Tossing it into the sea, he lifted his head back, allowing the sun's rays to massage his wounds. He raised his arms, water dripping to the sand, giving thanks to the sun for the warmth, to God for his new-found paradise. A gun shot broke the tranquillity.

Late-rising hermit crabs busily scuttled across the sand to reach the water. Sea birds screeched overhead. The sea roared its infinite challenging cry to the land. Slowly the young soldier's body fell. Blood trickled into the sand.

By STEPHEN HORTON.





YEAR MASTER'S REPORT — YEAR 7



Year 7 has settled into their new surroundings very well this year. During the first weeks of Term 1 I had continual trouble (as do all Year 7 Masters) in making sure that all students were in the right place at the right time. I began to wonder whether I was in the right place! However, this gradually settled down.

As I came to know the individuals in Year 7 I found that I had been lucky in gaining this particular group. In the main, Year 7 has proved to be an interested, enthusiastic group. On numerous occasions Year 7 students have won significant sporting awards — we have had State diving champions and numerous Sports Stars of the Week. Their academic progress has been more than pleasing. In the cultural field Year 7 students have been accepted in the STAR programme and we have even had a boy win a role in an upcoming feature film.

Overall Year 7 has made a significant contribution to Cabramatta High.

MR. S. OKELL



The flowers are blooming
in the garden near the local park
where kids play

by Kerry Pike.

A cold midnight morning
frogs leap together
without any legs
another species like a
fish searching in the pond
a fish was swimming
with no fins

Mark Wilson

Blowing in the wind
The trees sway slowly
Shuroooooosh shuroooooosh

Vicki Trstenjak

The sunshine gleams
Clouds pass along the sky
It starts to rain

Craig Wells

Jack the farmer
works happily all day long
he sings

Suzi Antic

Horse galloping the course,
jumping, fencing,
galloping, galloping

Mary Saponja



THE KING OF THE WATER

Is he for real,
should I believe it,
does he really exist,
The King of the Water?
Am I mistaken,
does he really lurk,
in the waters at night,
awaiting his victims,
hidden by the trees
camouflaged by the moon,
his reflection unknown,
slowly, slowly,
creeping and crawling,
closer, closer,
he has chosen his prey
without a word to say,
his heart beats quickly,
the waters are broken,
as he reaches the shore.
Silence falls over the river.
Another contribution . . .

By LEE McMILLAN.

A POEM ABOUT THE SEA

The seagulls glide over the white surf as it crashes onto the beach.
It sweeps the shore back and forth in a continuous rhythm that has been set before mans time.
With each stroke of the waves, it drags the golden grains of sand back, back into the watery depths.

Beneath the blue waters may lie a paradise unknown to men.
Its secrets stay hidden, locked under the oceans depths,
Just waiting to be unlocked by man.
He must find the key that will open a new world, that has been in our very midst since the beginning of time.

What strange creatures dwell below?
What manner of people could live in a watery world?
Their very existence has been hidden from man.
The riddle still remains unsolved.

By MARY ANN LO.

THE ENDLESS MOMENT

The sound waves from the radio betrayed my ears,
The animation from the T.V. arose my fears,
Then neighbours brought the fact to me,
It is doom, illness or eternal serenity.

Where is the future I perpetually anticipated,
Can't I be forgiven, freed, emancipated!
This is a girl who so young is dying,
This is a world who at last is crying.

Why will I miss this Universe so much?
This country, these people, my mother's touch?
Am I materialistic or just afraid?
Shall all beauty and life before my eyes fade?

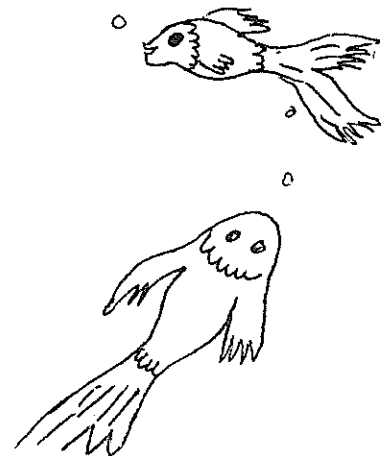
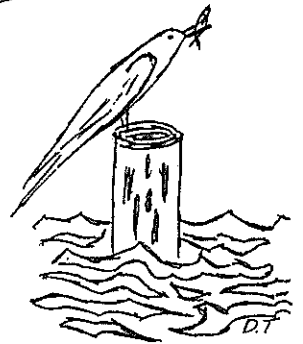
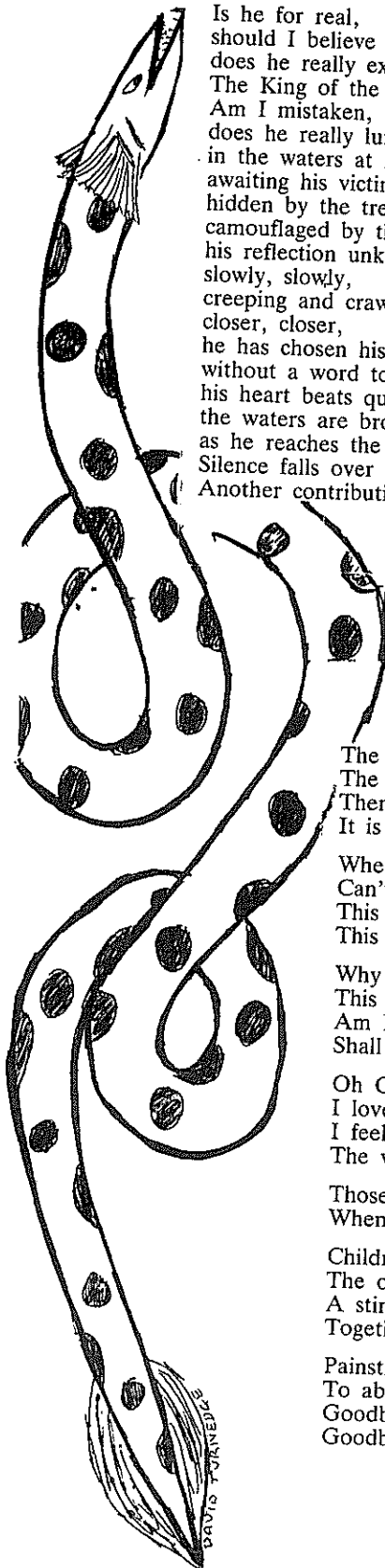
Oh God, Dear God, do not allow it be,
I love this life, there's so much for me to see.
I feel the wound, its smiteful sword,
The vermin within a human horde.

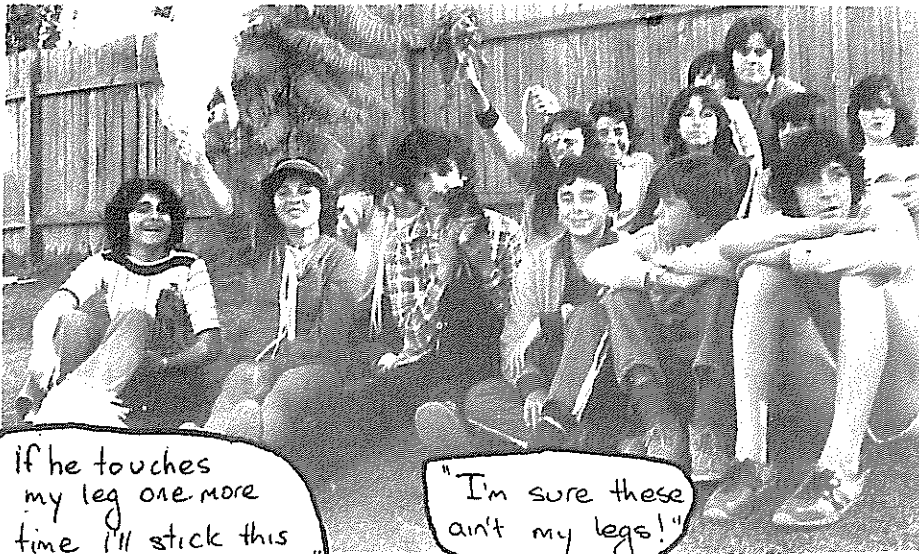
Those whom I love shall suffer too,
When will we see this Doomsday through.

Children clinging, female screams of terror,
The old submitting, men inquiring on their error,
A stimulating panic, that buries deep inside,
Together with resignation, death's own horse to ride.

Painstricken and sinful my humble heart will die,
To abandon its due surroundings and into reality fly,
Goodbye sweet world a harlequin of mystery,
Goodbye forever, may this day end its endless history.

by ADALGISA GEMMELLARO.

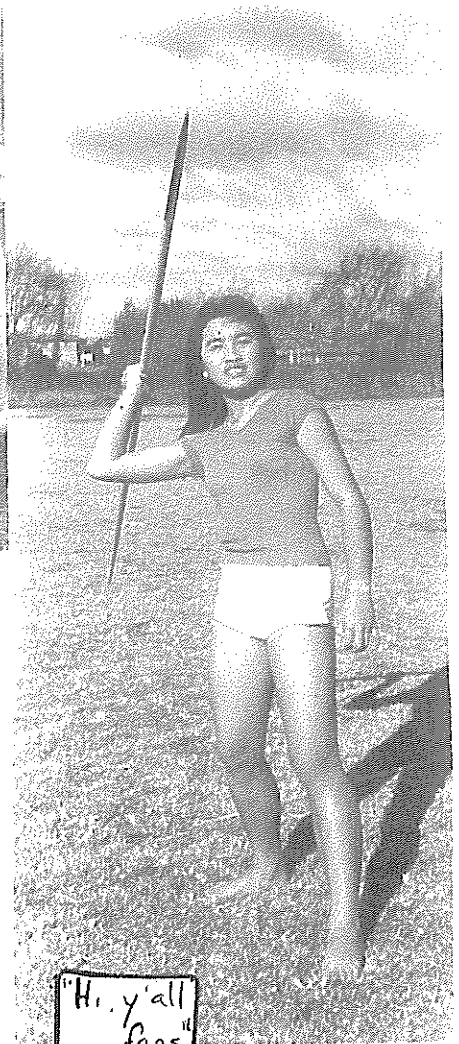




"If he touches my leg one more time I'll stick this fork in his face!"

"I'm sure these ain't my legs!"

S P O R T S

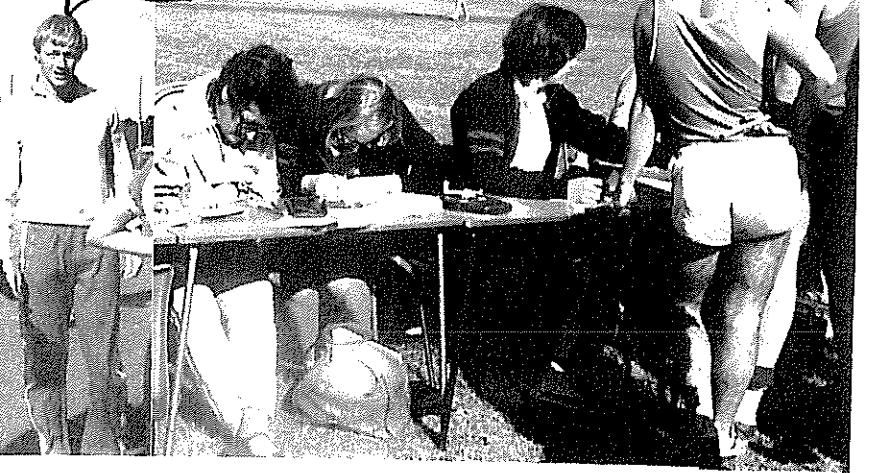
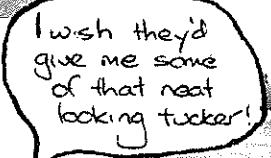
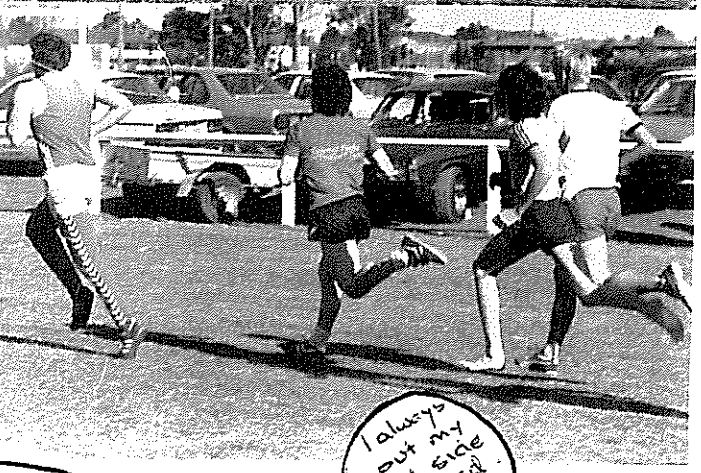
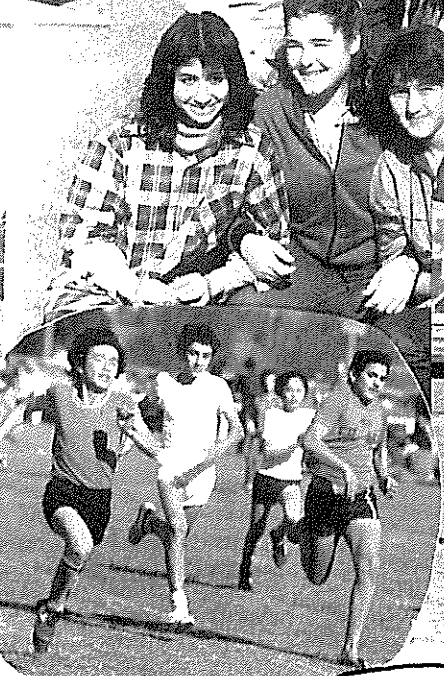
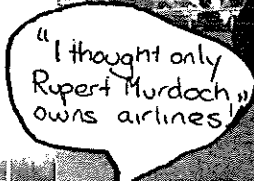
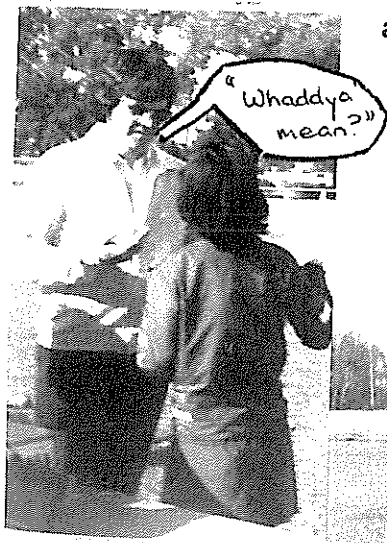


"Hi, y'all fans."

CARNIVAL



and more





More

who
is
this
man?

(Answer page 34)



"I'm his number
one fan!"

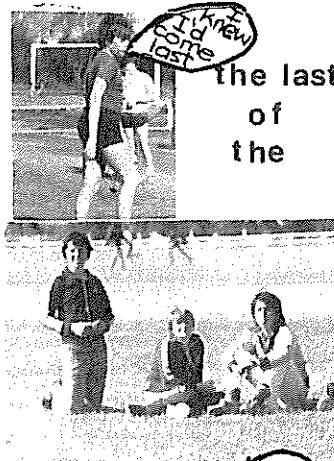
Sport

"We all belong to
the Renato Lidata
fan club"

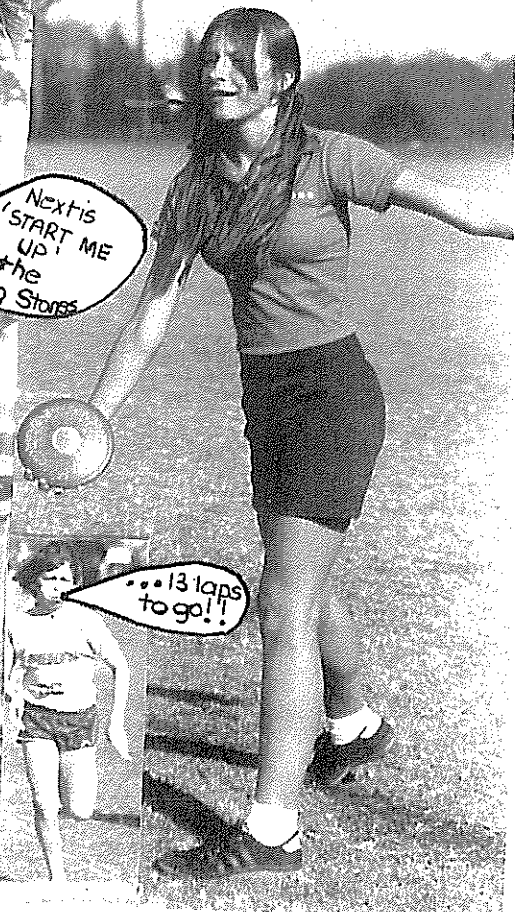


"So do
we!"





SPORTS CARNIVAL!!



(at last)

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

WORD SEARCH

There are 33 teachers' names hidden in this puzzle.
Can you find them?

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. VALLER | 18. ROCKS |
| 2. PENNY | 19. ABDULLAH |
| 3. LEE | 20. SCHOUTEN |
| 4. GOOLEY | 21. QUARMBY |
| 5. MARSH | 22. SINDEN |
| 6. QUIGLEY | 23. JOHNSON |
| 7. OKELL | 24. SMYTHE |
| 8. ZYBRANDS | 25. BATES |
| 9. WHITE | 26. KIRSTEN |
| 10. BYRNE | 27. TAYLOR |
| 11. NEWTON | 28. YOUSSEF |
| 12. KNOX | 29. ALLEN |
| 13. GALLOWAY | 30. MYER |
| 14. AUSTIN | 31. GAILEY |
| 15. JACKSON | 32. MOSS |
| 16. BRECKENRIDGE | 33. WATT |
| 17. OVERTON | |

Dragi Namouski, Yr. 8
Stephen Stepney, Yr. 8
Anthony Trajkovsky, Yr. 8

Gee
that's a
tough one



AN APPEAL FROM ABORIGINES

We seek your friendship,
As equal human beings,
We do not speculate your motives,
We only wonder why.
Our children stretch out their hands,
To touch your candid flesh.
It isn't an ailment we carry,
So why do you turn away?
Your foundations are a sun's ray,
Your homes — a mountain,
But will they replace our wurlies,
Restore our happiness,
— Our freedom?

Is it our colour that frightens you?
Perhaps our ritual ways.
I have now learnt,
About Druid circles and,
Your Saxon bloodbaths.
We don't see how we could be worse!
Greatest of all, you have taught us,
On the voyages of the Endeavour,
And the mighty Captain Cook,
Someone we respect regardless of our grief.

The scars that have penetrated,
Deep in our souls,
Will never heal.
The merciless tortures,
Are maintained vividly in our mind.

We have indulged all this;
Truganini our lost Tasmania,
The enclosure in Western Australia,
The forgotten Corroborees
Now mockingly performed for your amusement
And curiosity.

We have accepted all this and,
Are taking it well.
I can trace back, thirty years ago,
When your officers had commanded,
That we leave our home in the desert.
There was no reason, no necessity,
But Officer Smith had forced us out.
Cugaro my brother, had rebelled,
And in my very eyes,
I witnessed his cold-blooded killing.

Our burial ground was demolished,
Our humble home burned.
My wife and sister violated,
My two sons enslaved.
Now I find myself in Perth,
With compatriots of Wonderland,
And we appeal to you fair superiors,
For the right to franchise,
On our predisposed future.
Our ballot papers blank,
In hope that you will fill them in our favour.

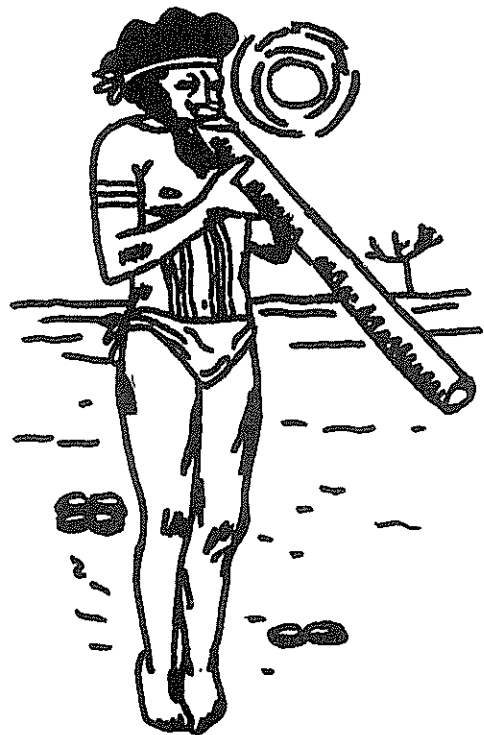
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UNIQUE TYPING AND RECEPTION CENTRE,
156 Cabramatta Road East,
CABRAMATTA. 726-1411.

You know we honour Malcolm Fraser,
But Hayden was our target
We acknowledge that Australians are white,
But our hearts will deny it.
Our children will not multiply,
Our race will be extinct,
And dingoes will howl,
To drown the melancholy didgeridoos.
the Kookaburra's call,
Shall mingle with our chants,
And our everlasting souls,
Shall haunt the Ayer and the Holgas.
Our wurlies will be built,
Transparent on Mount Gambier,
And the Boomerang shall cross
The Pacific which is ours.

We seek your friendship,
As equal human beings.
We do not speculate your motives,
We only wonder why.
Tread proudly on our carcass,
As the world stops to hear.
Boast upon your natives,
Who so humbly accept their doom.
We call upon you, too
To grant our dearest wish,
— FREE US ANGLO-SAXONS, FOR WE
ARE THE TRUE AUSTRALIANS!

By ADALGISA GEMMELLARO Year 10.



AUSTRALIANS — OUR HABITS

Stop for a sec and take a look
at the habits we've grown to know.
If you stop and think of it,
we're our country's biggest foe.

We sit around and watch the screen,
Repeats of lousy shows.
The Restless Years or Prisoner,
or that good ol' Aussie Hoges.

And what about our eating habits,
they definitely are quite strange,
Meat pies and tomato sauce
or sausage rolls for a change.

And the footy game is all the rage
that thousands go to see
They pay their money, brave the cold,
to watch their team get beat.

We always say we're short of cash
But when it's time to bet
We can always find the dough for that
When we've got bills up to our neck.

And what about our Government,
Well, what a helpful lot.
How is it they can talk for hours,
and say such a load of rot.

So now that everything's been said,
and you know that our habits are strange.
I think you'll also realise
We love them too much to change!

And what about the Sullivans,
Who brought our country fame,
For no other actors in the world
Can put the war to shame.

Yes, our T.V. shows are great,
And that's all there is to tell,
Except for maybe one more thing,
and "That's Incredible."

So that's our beloved country,
As we end this poem, quite sad,
Just remember one more thing,
If you don't go Lotto, every week,
You're absolutely mad.

JULIE WOODHAM.

This page kindly sponsored by:

DOWNES' MANSHOP,
Fairfield, Cabramatta, Liverpool.

A POEM

The alarm ringin' awoke me in the mornin'
To face the usual day of boredom.
I approached the kitchen so dark and cold
And made me a cup of Nescafe gold.

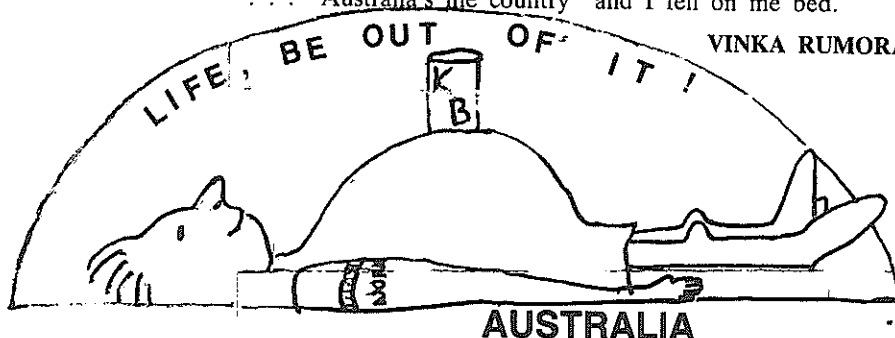
It made me feel so dreary and low
Instead of givin' me that get up and go.
As I sat in my car goin' off to work
the traffic outside was goin' berserk.

I got to work as late as usual
The boss screamin', 'the stubborn mule'.
At the end of my hard day blues
I couldn't wait to taste the Aussie booze.

Down at the pub me mates and me
Down the hatch with a one, two, three.
I went off home when I found it a bore
To find me missus all angry and sore.

Her yellin' gave me a ringin' in the ear
As I ran to the dunny to spew up the beer.
I went to me room feelin' dead as I said . . .
. . . "Australia's me country" and I fell on me bed.

VINKA RUMORA.



Australia is a free country
As far as working goes.
We all want the 35 hour week
Or half are on the dole.

We have a national costume
Of which the other countries dream;
Of rubber thongs, terry hats and
Good ol' sunburn cream.

Our politicians, when it comes to the crunch
Are considered a very patriotic bunch,
And with Australia's best interest in mind,
With all their power, they tax us blind.

And then there are our premiers,
Of them we have to warn,
'Cause they're all a bit *mixed up*, and hard to understand,
Especially a certain premier
Known as Neville *Wran*.

And what of Andrew Peacock?
From his job he did retire,
He gave reasons for his leaving,
Yet he's been known as a liar.

Our T.V. shows we love,
They are the best by far,
How could we "Search for Tomorrow",
Survive the "Days of our Lives"
Without knowing who shot J.R.?

by JEANETTE TAYLOR and
LEANNE STEFANAC.

AUSTRALIA'S MAIN CONSUMPTION

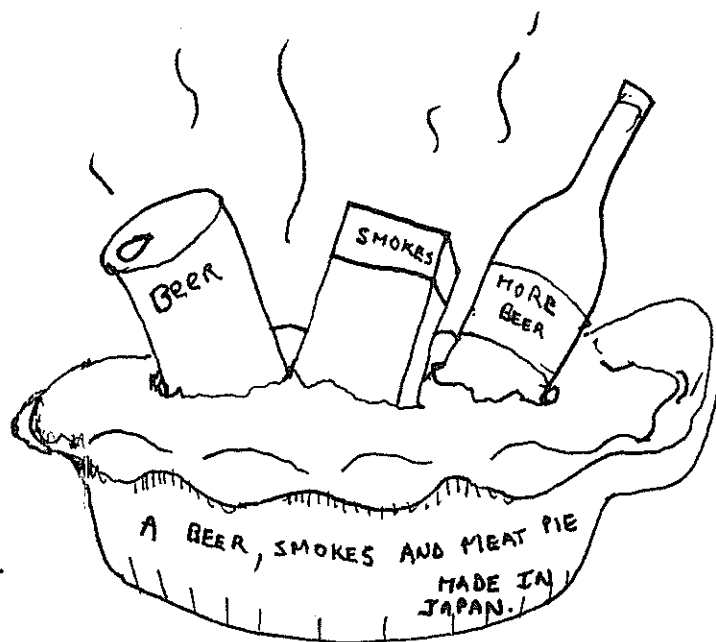
Cold Aussie beer and smokes,
Pavlovas and meat pies.
Before they give this up
They'd surely rather die.

That doesn't sound too healthy,
But it isn't that bad, folks,
Their diet also varies,
Dim Sims, the Roll and Cokes.

Their habits are quite dreadful,
They fill their lungs with smoke,
They're warned they'll die of cancer
But it's taken as a joke.

So don't be surprised if you come one day
And see just burnt out smokes,
Then you look around you
And there just ain't no more folks.

PABLO GARCIA, 10E1.



FOOTY

You wait outside the footy ground,
Just to get a seat,
And when you see your team play
They probably will get beat.

Mick Cronin was right in front,
He would surely raise the score.
I opened up another beer
As the crowd let out a roar.

He turned his head.
The ball it sailed just inside the post.
I took a bite of my hot meat pie
As my mates let out a toast.

"Here's to good old Michael,
The boy from Gerringong . . ."
The team ran to the halfway
As my mate lost his left thong.

The crowd they cheered, the flags flew high,
The sight of blue and gold.
I guzzled down a semi-flat beer,
The Eels looked true and bold.

Football's a tradition with us Australian folk,
Its colour, its teams, its ice cold beer,
The pies that make you choke.

It wouldn't be Australia without this noble game,
Although we might have Union,
To me it's not the same.

So think of this, my fine young friend,
Be proud of this Aussie sport.
Think of all the foreign players
Us Aussies went and bought!

DARREN TRAYNOR 10E1

Renato's manager

ODE TO THE MEAT PIE CONSUMERS OF AUSTRALIA

The golden pastry beckons you,
Topped with tomato sauce.
You bring the pie to your lips,
Before you bite, you pause.

Bad memories come back to you,
Of eating hot meat pies,
Burning your oesophagus,
Tears slowly fill your eyes.

The chunky, chewy, rubbery bits,
Runny meat, trickling down your hand.
If this meat pie is just as bad,
Surely you will make a stand.

But still you think there's hope, and pray,
That this the pie of latter,
Is better than the previous one,
Filled with scalding matter.

Then you take a bite, and swallow,
And try to muffle a scream.
"My God, I'm burning up alive,
Oh no, this must be a dream".

'Tis sad, but true, my fellow friend,
This pie is just as bad,
After vital organ damage,
You must be steaming mad.

And yet, for weeks and years to come,
You'll keep on eating pies.
Those garbage heaps encrusted in pastry,
You're better off eating flies.

Well you my friend, are a fool,
Fool number one on my list.
For you are unmistakably,
A top notch masochist.

NIGEL MATIJASEVIC, 10E1.

A TYPICAL AUSSIE DAY

A typical Aussie morning
Nothing could stop you yawning
Corn Flakes hastily tossed in your plate
Because your wife's complainin' you'll be late
Leave me alone! I yelled out loud
There's nothing good about milkin' cows.

Finally I arrive in the milking shed
Just realising how many cows we'd bred
Hank, Tom and Dave were already there
When I arrived we worked in pairs.
Hank and I, Tom and Dave
You could say all we did was boast and rave.

Lunch came, it finally came,
Now it was time to begin our game,
Queen slipper cards filled our eyes
Until our stomachs craved for pies.
Hank drove down town to buy our lunch
While eating we were a happy bunch
An hour later, back on the job
Now we'd clean up after the mob.

Time crept slowly by
Until Dave yelled out a cry
Five o'clock, time to go home
But not until I watch my Tooheys foam.
Local pub, here we come
Time to fill my empty tum.

Pour us three drinks Phill.
Pour until we can afford the bill,
Here's to Prime Minister Fraser
He seems to be getting us lazier.
You'll have to get out boys
You seem to be making too much noise.

Now we had to face our wives
Their nagging only shortened our lives,
Hello Martha, how've ya ben,
Oh no, he's been drinking again.

QUESTION: Is there a typical Australian?

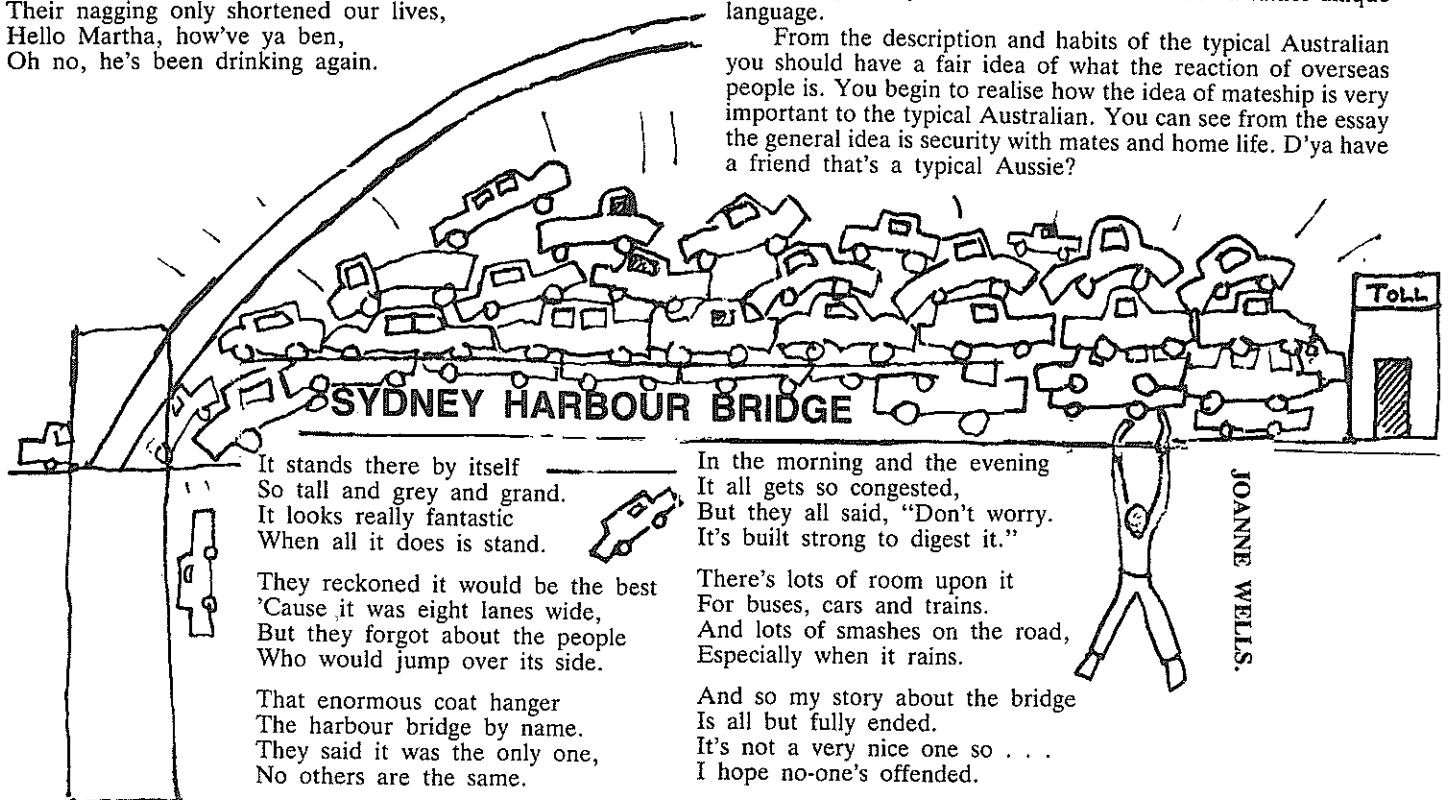
Yes there is a typical Australian. The typical Australian, to overseas people, is depicted as beer can in hand, zinc cream on his nose and a beer gut. He supposedly belongs to a low economic class. His character and his particular language are all illustration of how the typical Australian appears.

The typical Australian is recognised by overseas people as a lazy and simple-living man. He probably has a job requiring little skill, with a lot of mates in the same predicament. At work his productive time is limited and his lunch breaks are many. The Australian will do a small amount of work and be satisfied with his pay. But he is not one to take something lying down. e.g. If he thinks he is getting underpaid by his employer he will put up an argument and does not back down until he wins. While working or sitting — the same thing really — he likes to communicate with his friends; they usually talk about one of two things in general: when will the "mates" meet, or girls.

The typical Australian is ignorant of all things, with the exception of football, meat pies and beer. He is depicted as a bronzed Aussie and usually sighted close to a beach or pub. After the pub, a full day exercising the elbow, he is most likely to go home for a game of darts and a beer with his "mates". After that he has a "bonza" meal of fish 'n chips and a beer to wash down the taste. Then he sits down on his own special reclining chair and watches T.V., mind you not Channel 0. That's against the "mates" code of ethics. After an invigorating rest in his reclining chair, he usually on a hot night sleeps in his underwear. The next morning gets him going through the same routine again. And so the weekend goes.

For the real Aussie there is definitely a distinctive language. It might sound different to overseas people because they are used to the usual sound of their language. But by listening to the two different speech styles in Australia, the one being middle class and the other the real Australian, you do pick up many definite speech differences. For instance, the middle class Australian speaks rather well with a slight roll of their words. But the Aussie (or typical Australian) talks with his mouth slightly closed and a very long roll of his words. He usually speaks very slowly; this is what makes "strine" a rather unique language.

From the description and habits of the typical Australian you should have a fair idea of what the reaction of overseas people is. You begin to realise how the idea of mateship is very important to the typical Australian. You can see from the essay the general idea is security with mates and home life. D'ya have a friend that's a typical Aussie?



It stands there by itself
So tall and grey and grand.
It looks really fantastic
When all it does is stand.

They reckoned it would be the best
'Cause it was eight lanes wide,
But they forgot about the people
Who would jump over its side.

That enormous coat hanger
The harbour bridge by name.
They said it was the only one,
No others are the same.

In the morning and the evening
It all gets so congested,
But they all said, "Don't worry.
It's built strong to digest it."

There's lots of room upon it
For buses, cars and trains.
And lots of smashes on the road,
Especially when it rains.

And so my story about the bridge
Is all but fully ended.
It's not a very nice one so . . .
I hope no-one's offended.

JOANNE WELLS.

IF ONLY CAPTAIN COOK COULD SEE

I wonder what Cook would say
If he saw his Australia till this day,
His morals and beliefs mashed
His descendants in blue jeans and hashed.

To see homos and pros at Kings Cross
Electricity ads by Norman Ross,
To hear his adored English spoken in slang
And the unheard of tunes of the Little River Band.

"Crikey Gee! What happened to my domes?"
They've been replaced by fibro homes,
"And those delicate dishes that burned my eyes?"
Have turned into Chiko Rolls and pies.

"Opera and Pantomime come back to me!"
Don't be 'a dag! It's Paul Hogan you'll see,
"English origin and aristocracy please"
It's dope, party rages and Vietnamese.

"I can see law and order sharp as a razor"
You must be blind, it's a riot with bloody Fraser.
"I can inhale the purest air since evolution"
You'll die intoxicated with this pollution.

So if on Australia's greatness you wanna rave
You'd better go back to your Pommy grave,
But, if you want to see our kangaroos
You'd better get used to Rock 'n' Roll and booze.

ADALGISA GEMMELLARO.

A POEM

What is this life if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows
But the Aussies seem to waste their time
Drinking their way into crime.

But what satisfaction do they achieve
When the result is pot bellies and
Mental grief.

So don't go drowning your sorrows
As though there may not be a tomorrow
With this overweight population
Dying from mental frustration
So take my advice and don't be like Norm
Get on your feet and get in form.

JACKIE D'COSTA. 10E1

This page kindly sponsored by:

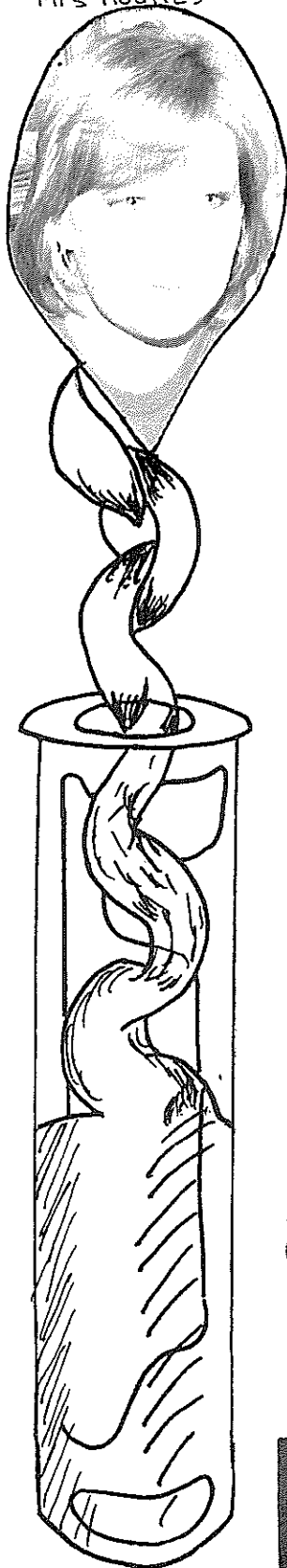
UNIQUE TYPING AND RECEPTION CENTRE,
156 Cabramatta Road East,
CABRAMATTA. 726-1411.

Australia, a sweet country it's
unbelieving how wonderful it is
Shapes of beautiful natural coasts
The birds, with brilliant colours, brightly hued.
Raining, snowing; covering everywhere.
And spectacular vertical cliffs
Long and narrow winding roads.
I have never seen a place like this before.
Australia, the greatest island.

TUE LINH BANH (8 E.S.L. 1.)



Mrs HUGHES



SCIENCE FACULTY REPORT

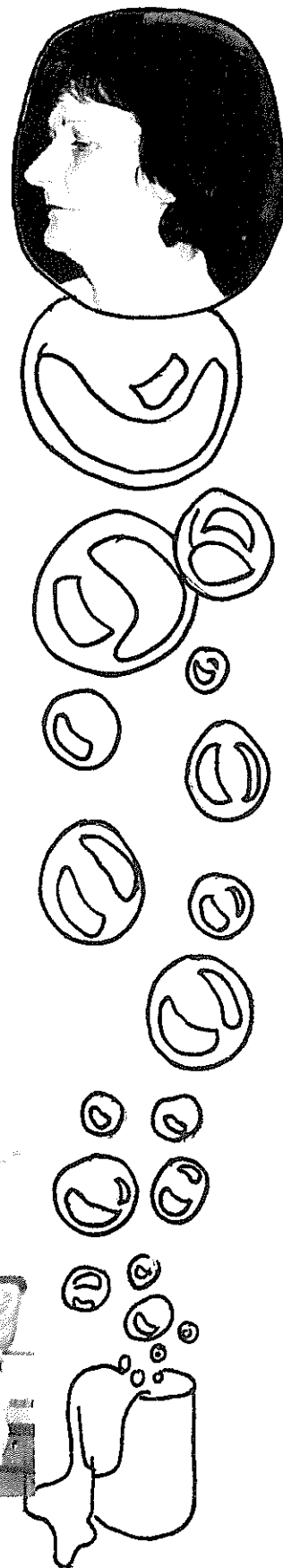
or "Get to know your friendly, neighbourhood science staff".

This report consists of a *do-it-yourself test*. Pick out A, B, C or D in each of the following questions and then check your answers (you might find out things you never knew before!)

- Which of the following subjects is studied by every student in the school?
(A) brain surgery; (B) basket weaving; (C) sheep shearing; (D) science.
- Which of the following is the science master?
(A) Aldo Meola; (B) Domenic; (C) Mrs Mirfin; (D) Mr Molyneux.
- Which of the following is the laboratory assistant?
(A) Bill Pike; (B) Neville Wran; (C) Albert Einstein; (D) Mrs Bright.
- Which science teacher has a beard?
(A) Miss Newling; (B) Miss Overton; (C) Mrs Gleeson; (D) Mr Alexander.
- Which science teacher is Irish and rides a motor-bike?
(A) Mr Ibrahim; (B) Mr Abdullah; (C) Mr Varghese; (D) Mr Rocks.
- Which of the following has blonde hair and is the mother of three boys?
(A) Mr Mitchell; (B) Mr Molyneux; (C) Mr Rocks; (D) Mrs Hughes.
- Where did Year 11 go in early May for a week's science excursion?
(A) the moon; (B) Cabramatta Pool; (C) Luna Park; (D) The Warrumbungles.
- Where did Year 12 go in March for a three day science excursion?
(A) Disneyland; (B) Club Marconi; (C) the Stardust; (D) Gerroa.
- Which of the following is married to a doctor?
(A) Renato Licata; (B) Riad Tayeh; (C) Tracie Elvidge; (D) Mrs Gleeson.
- Which of the following do we have 10 of at this school?
(A) Arab terrorists; (B) Nobel Prize; (C) Formula 1 Racing drivers; (D) Science teachers.

Check answers on page 200.

MRS BRIGHT



Back row (L to R): Mr Alexander, Mrs Bailey, Miss Overton, Mr Rocks, Miss Newling, Mr Molyneux.
Seated (L to R) Mr Ibrahim, Mrs Gleeson, Mr Abdullah.

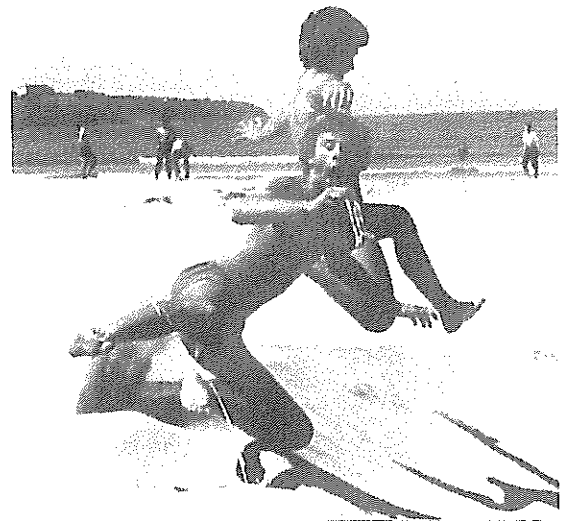
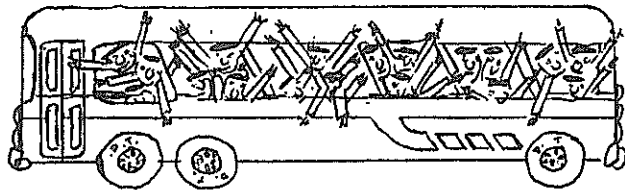
YEAR 12 EXCURSION TO GERROA 1981

On March 18th this year, my third day with the Science Department, I found myself on a bus bound for Gerroa on the South Coast. Do they treat all new members of staff this way? I asked myself. Who have I offended?

In any event the three days we were there passed quickly. Many activities had been organized by the staff for Physics and Biology students. Many other activities, which excluded the staff, had been organized by the students for themselves. I never discovered which they found to be more enjoyable.

The weather was superb, the food was plentiful and the atmosphere, with a few notable exceptions, was enthusiastic. It was a very pleasant experience for staff and students alike.

**T. ROCKS,
SCIENCE DEPT.**



YR. 11 WARRUMBUNGLES SCIENCE EXCURSION

In the last week of first term, Yr. 11 set out for the Warrumbungles National Park, expecting the time of our lives, we were set for anything and everything.

Sunday afternoon we arrived — arrived to, well — an old rusty sheep shed and 1928 trams. At the time, the drought was on and to drink the water we had to boil it (germs!!) to add to the problems we lost old Francis back on the track with a case of pneumonia.

Apart from the ferocious Abdullas, excited Molyneuxs, and "Benny" (Mr Alexander) roaming around loose, the night life was terrific for all the jokers; except for the Ranger and kangaroos!

Rock climbing, walks, the quiet day "life" made the Warrumbungles a once-in-a-lifetime thing. The food was terrific, and we had a lot of time to ourselves. Work was fun, whatever we did.

All the teachers fitted in well with us and made the six-day excursion a delight.

DID YOU KNOW

Howard Hughes suffered from chronic constipation.

REPORT OF THE YEAR 9 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION TO THE SOUTH COAST

On Wednesday 8th July, Mr Newton, Mr Jackson, Mr Whelan and Mr Gooley took Year 9 Geography classes on an exciting excursion to study the industrial and dairy areas of the South Coast.

It was about 9.05 a.m. and most of the kids were waiting for the teachers' arrival. Finally they marked the roll and confused us all by telling us: "Get on Bus 1; No, Bus 2; No wait: O.K., Bus 1; hold it, make it 2." We finally left with two bus loads of 80 kids.

Our first stop was at Mt Keira lookout. We all got out of the bus and went to the lookout. The view was beautiful, and from Mt Keira you could see our next destination at Mt Saddleback, overlooking the Jamberoo Valley.

We arrived at Port Kembla steelworks around 10.30 a.m. We toured the industrial complex and saw the new conveyor belt that was being built at the coal loader, with our very own commentators, Mr Gooley and Mr Jackson, telling us what was what.

Back on the highway we were on our way to Jamberoo township. The main street (if that was what you could call it) came alive with the arrival of Cabramatta High School. There were only a few shops such as butcher, A.N.Z. Bank, food store, estate agent, and of course, a pub. On the bus again we had our names checked as Mr Newton got annoyed because some of us were on the wrong bus.

After lunch up on Saddleback Mountain it was down to Gerringong to Mr Weir's dairy farm "Buena Vista" (meaning beautiful view). Mr Newton introduced us to Mr Weir, who then gave us a talk about the farm. After that we went into the dairy to watch the cows being milked, and saw some of the little calves.

When the teachers rounded us up we headed for home. It was quite a long journey home and we were all very tired. It was dark when we got back to Cabramatta around 6.15 p.m. — we were all glad to get home.

TINA MILLER, KAREN FORSYTH, 9G1

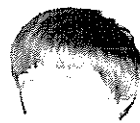


PHOTO 1

The official group photograph up on Saddleback Mountain overlooking the spectacular view of the Jamberoo Valley.

PHOTO 2

The Cabramatta invasion of the quiet little village Jamberoo . . .

PHOTO 3

Some of the lads outside the well-known Jamberoo watering hole . . .

PHOTO 4

Overlooking Wollongong at Mt Keira lookout.

PHOTO 5

Inside the dairy . . . Mr Weir explains how the milking machines work.

PHOTO 6

The "very saue" Alex Nesovic at Jamberoo.

PHOTO 7

Rush-hour at the Ladies' Loo up on Saddleback Mountain . . . in desperation the girls clamber all over it, waiting their turn.

PHOTO 8

Jasna coaxing the cows in at milking time at Mr Weir's dairy farm.



YEAR NINE TEACHERS 1981

These are the Teachers of our Year 9 who chase us around all the time.
Taylor with her encouraging moments,
Newling with all her leg movements,
Quarmby with his maths statistics,
Gaily with his crummy music.
Sinden with his car facts,
Kenny with his wisecracks.
Whelan has his jiggers list
Which in the morning is very boring.
Youseff has artistic hands,
Berringer has wonderful plans.
Myer with her nasty little fractions,
and Morrison with all her actions.
They make us study and disturb our ways
But all we want to do is laze.

By The Three Muskateers.

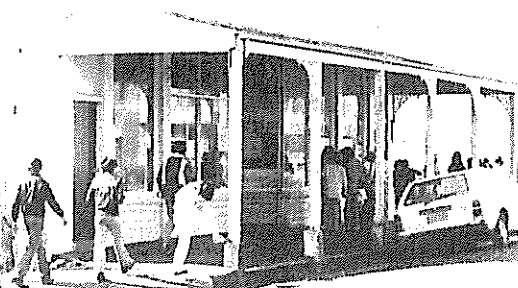


YEAR 9 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

1



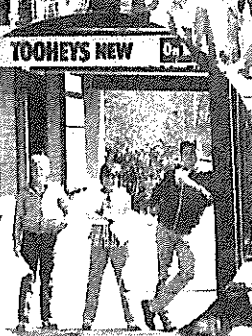
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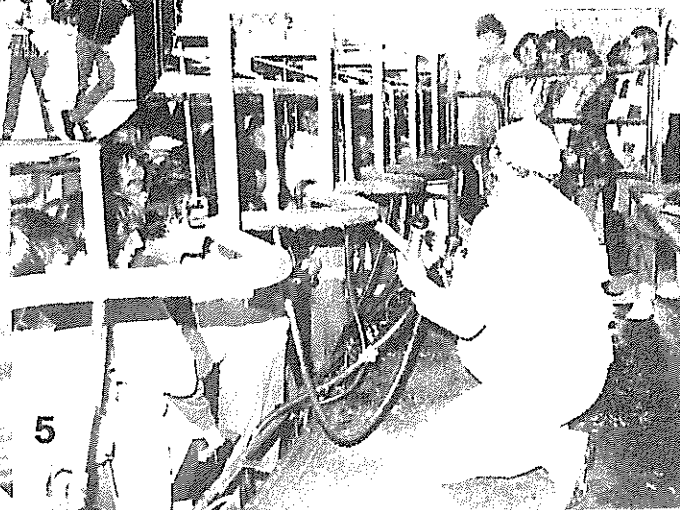
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3



5



6



8



SOCIAL SCIENCES FACULTY REPORT



Top row: (L to R) Mr Whelan, Mr Knox, Mr Martin, Mr Twyford, Mr Jackson
Bottom row: (L to R) Mr Sim, Mr Gooley, Mr Newton, Mrs Kayrooz, Mr Schouten, Mr Sinden

The first term of 1981 was one of considerable upheaval for the Social Sciences Faculty, mainly due to some anticipated staff changes and then some late, unexpected changes. At times it was difficult to keep track of the many timetable changes that all this caused. At the beginning of the year, Mr Townsend received his requested transfer to a school nearer home and started at Doonside High. He was replaced by Mr Whelan from Albury High. Mr Schouten "broke away" from the Social Sciences Faculty late last year to form his "Careers Department" and was replaced by Mrs Kayrooz. Mr Quigley transferred to the E.S.L. Department and was replaced by Miss Doyle. Later in the term Miss Doyle became Mrs Russell and went on extended leave to teach in New Guinea from the beginning of Term II. Mr Rodgers returned from his temporary appointment to the History Faculty, only to find that a few weeks into first term he was offered a position at Karabar High School in Queanbeyan. He accepted this transfer and was replaced by reserve teacher Mr Martin. Finally, Mr Williamson's promotion to Principal of Ashcroft High School had repercussions for the Social Sciences Faculty. The new incoming Deputy Principal, Mr Loader, was also a social sciences teacher, and so took some classes in the faculty, requiring more changes to the timetable. If all this is confusing to the reader, imagine the effects on classes some of which had two or even three changes of teacher in the first half of the year.

* * * * *

DID YOU KNOW

Walt Disney began his career as a cartoonist with no money and only the clothes he had on.

* * * * *



As second term proceeded, things settled down and progress was made. Many Year 7 classes produced excellent wall posters and charts on their theme work in Australian geography, and some students built excellent models for display in Room 31. Generally the pleasant physical environment of C Block was maintained throughout the year, despite a mid-year illegal entry to steal the igniters from the gas heaters. This action resulted in cold classrooms for several days until repairs could be made.

A full programme of successful excursions was again completed in 1981. The old favourites — Jamberoo, West Head, Royal National Park, Blue Mountains, CBC Computer Centre, Stock Exchange, W. D. & H. O. Wills and the Qantas Jetbase — were all visited again. The increasing cost of coach hire will push many of the more distant excursions out of range next year if the school's Disadvantages School's Programme is unable to provide subsidies for excursions. Already some excursions cost the school in excess of \$5 per student even though each student is required to pay less than \$4.

Thanks to all members of the Social Sciences Faculty for their efforts over the year, and to the office, ancillary and library staff who have assisted us throughout the year. Again, Mr Dudley has been generous in his assistance for our excursions many of which could not have gone ahead without subsidisation. Special thanks are also due to Mr Jackson for acting as Social Sciences Master at the end of the year, and to Mr Sim for his regular work in helping out during periods of staff illness.

R. NEWTON
Social Sciences Master

A PART OF LIFE

Just words aren't enough
nor poems, rhythms or rhymes
to a question set through the times
To love, a mysterious thing
To love, a thing in our dream
To love, when we look in each others eyes
So we feel the sorrow when
One of us said "good bye"!

Dear God! I'll die.
To the dream that came to an end.
To the star that shone upon her head
To the love which flamed like a burning light
To make our night so bright.
We tried to fight to keep that light
But then with sad tears it died.

By TRAYCE CVETKOSKI

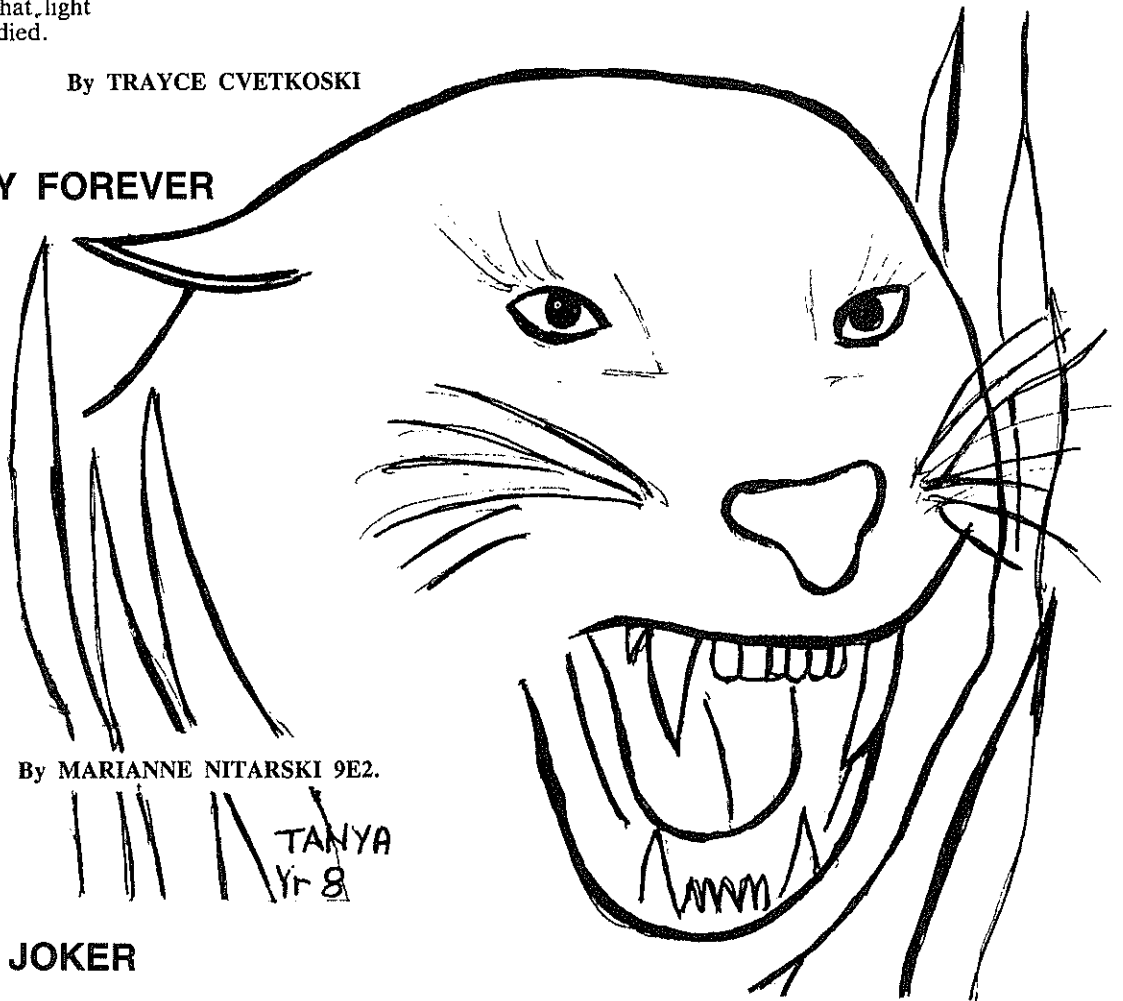
Blindness is having less confidence,
Loneliness and always being patient;
Inside my brain, always worrying,
Never being an optimistic person.
Darkness over and around me
Never being happy
Everything is hopeless
Seeing emptiness everywhere;
Sadness is awful.

By HUE MAN Year 8.

LONELY FOREVER

Puma;
Strong
Roaming around
Trapped forever
Every feelings,
Alone.
No one,
Loneliness.
Bored
Bones showing,
Lack of food and water,
I'm not myself.
Hiding from humans,
and camera's
Children screaming,
Babies crying.
Children scared,
Adults Amazed;
The way I
Move and growl.

By MARIANNE NITARSKI 9E2.



THE JOKER

He's the wild one in the pack.
He's the one with Quasi modo's back
Perched in front of his pretty vacant face.
He's making jokes all over the place.

He plays up with everyone
But only a few know what's going on.
He's known as a joker to very, very few
But most of them are morons too.

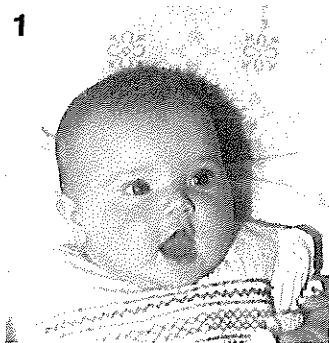
Watch the joke as it leaves his throat;
It sails over their heads and starts to float
Waiting for someone to offer a smile
then crashing to the floor in an unsuccessful (?) pile.

He sees them as fools, and knows he's right.
He knows that they haven't seen the light.
And he laughs to himself, while they desperately cling
To a long, 'successful' life and other stupid things.

But the joker is really a sad little man,
Too disillusioned to give life a plan.
Only two know of his confusion and despair.
They know, too, that death's his only care.

By SIMON '81.

1



1. "You'll find me around 'A' block"

7. "Although I look sweet, I'm really full of Blarney"



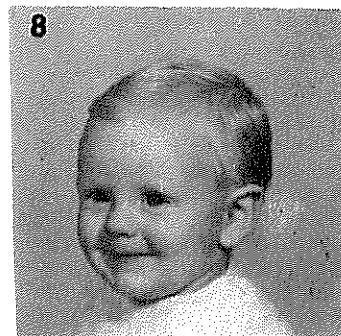
2. "I'm renowned for my command of the English language."



5

5. "Even at this age I look like my T.V namesake."

8. "I'm still pretty cute except for the waistline"



8

3. "Here I am in a dress for a change."



3

4. "I'm not as cute as this anymore, as the mane did grow"



4

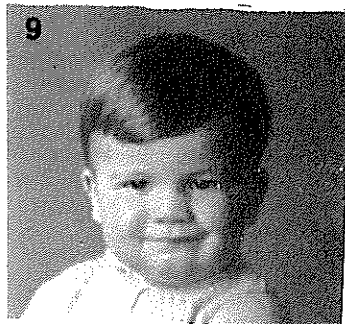
FACES from PAST AGES!

6



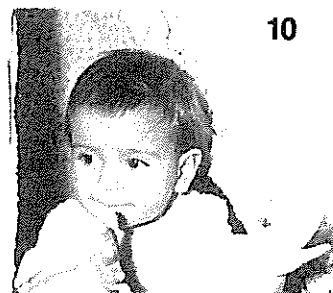
6. "Here I am with a full head of hair."

9. "I'm a dashing figure found around 'C' block."



9

10. "I was always very scientific."



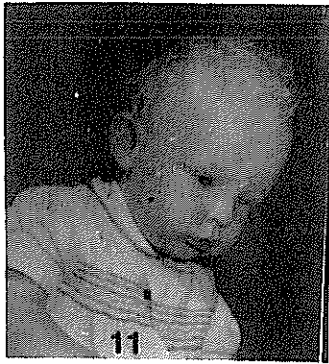
10

WHO'S WHO ?

Answers on page 67

FACES FROM PAST AGES ! (continued)

11. "It all started with Cuisenaire rods."



12. "I'm very artistically minded."



13. "One can never start too young to exercise the fingers."



17. "My interest in Science began at a very early age."



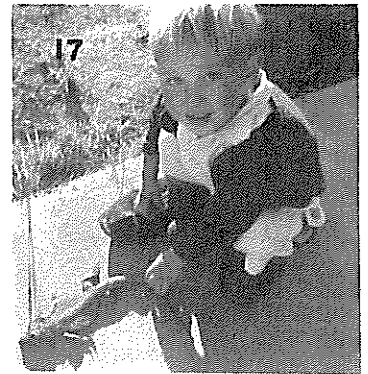
14. "I started off with tricycles and now I'm driving cars."



15. "I'm a very helpful person around a laboratory."



16. "I never could quite figure out my career"



18. "I was a very young Einstein."

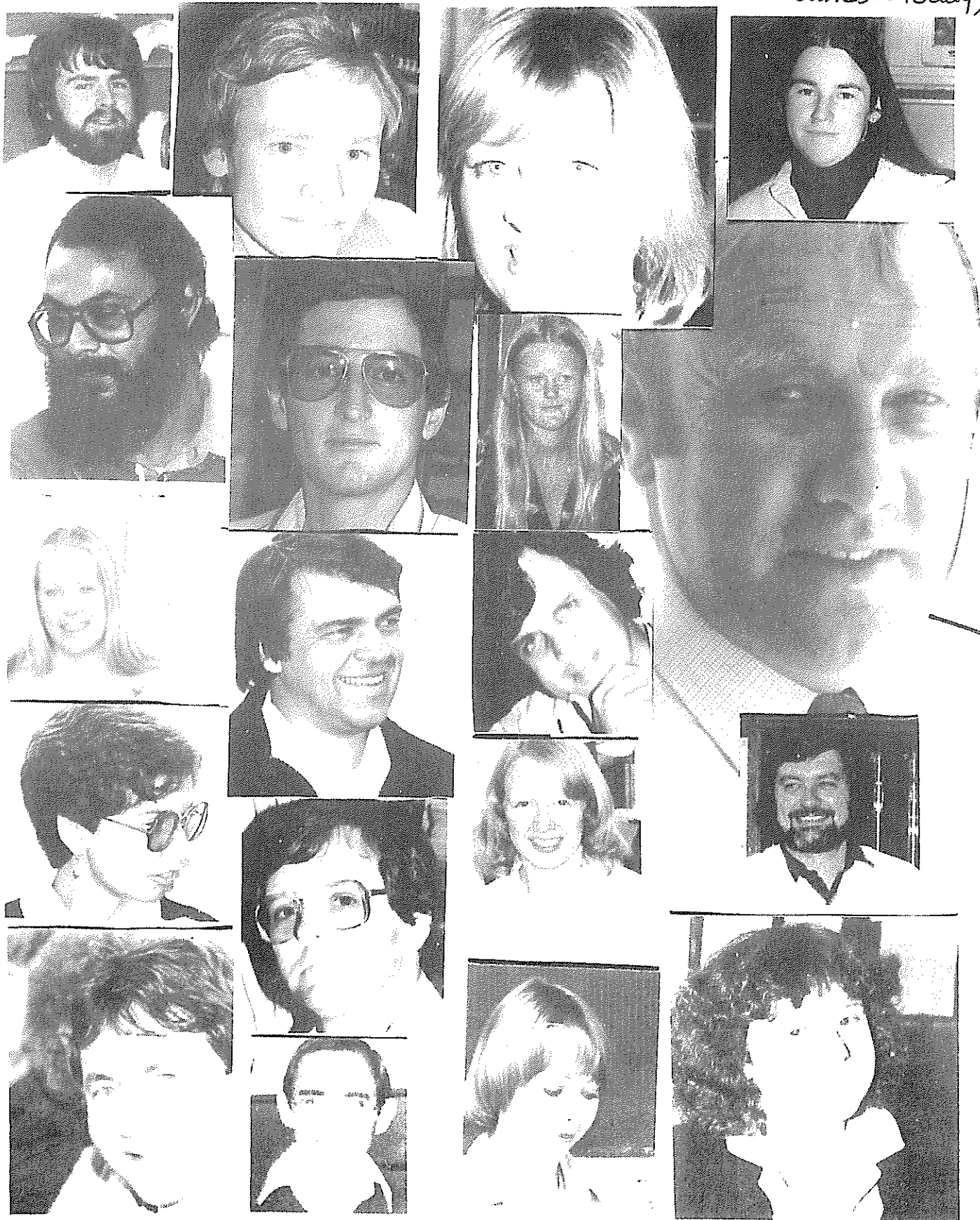


19. "I was a very fashionable baby"



Faces from today....

(These are the babies - today)



AUTO-DISINTEGRATION IN THE 20TH CENTURY

It is piteous to see how man
Is subconsciously committing suicide.
The way he destroys his own living resource,
And how every day he backs further away
From He who has created him.

Even love has now become artificial;
It being a mime, a theatrical set-up,
With no meaning or feeling.
A sign of affection is in reality, a gesture of detection
It's fruit no longer natural,
For it too begins from the test tube.
What is now called abortion, -
Would've once been the terror of an expecting mother.
The murder of many innocents
For the mere, uncontrolled amusement,
Of a young girl without scruples
And too much imagination, and,
Of an irresponsible egoist boy.
The self poisoning of all those,
Who decide it is best to travel in comfort;
But deep beneath that commodity,
Lies a labyrinth of gases and charcoal fumes,
Intrigues of pipes, rusty tubes and devious devices,
All in aim for pollution and an impure existence.
The way a home is provided;
A square, geometrically shapeless, sinister
Monstrosity with apparatus, to corrupt and slacken
The ceaselessly demanding master.
What has happened to those rustic, harmonious cottages?
Why must a miserable, fancyless
Block of gray cement redeem amongst beauty?
What has happened to us?
What has happened to the world?
In the 20th Century
A young attractive girl, is considered "a sexy chick",
In a less corrupted era, prominent with art
And wonderful discoveries,
She would have been "a beautiful, ethereal damsel".
A "spunky guy" would have been the girls dream
Of a "gallant prince riding through the clouds".
Observe the morbid idolatry
For the satanic creators of a deafening,
Absurd mass of congealing noise.
Are these the masters of Music?
How can Kiss or Led Zeppelin be compared
With the celestial melodies of humble hearted
And lucent men as Beethoven or Mozart,
Of Wagner or Rossini?
How can an invasion of synthesized, electric sounds
Subdue the mellow, lingering dream of a violin?
Some of the translucent members of our society,
Have a clear mind.
They know what they want.
They realize that what they do not want,
Is nothing but the putrid remains
Of someone else's mind.
We can witness this, anywhere in our environment.
The "Johns" manifest it . . . sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll,
The sincere message of our majority's
Concept and practice.
What is this that takes place on Sundays?
A farce — an absolute farce, played by the children of God
They kneel, they pray, they take the bread,
They ask for forgiveness, but when the hour is up,
They take opportunity of all that is compost
To the spirit and to the heart.



The black cloud rising and possessing
Every niche of our mind,
And above all, we allow it to intoxicate our soul,
We allow it to kill us and condemn us
To the eternal suffering that is the inferno.
Yes, the devil is in our hearts
And we allow him to drive us further and further
Away from God, because we are the compost,
Derived from the Garden of Eden;
Ashes we were, and ashes we will return to be.
What has occurred to the hours of devotion,
Submission, sacrificing, loving and congregation.
The Puritan inhibitions which are the reverse
Of the many sickening cases regarding
The generation of this trespassing age.
The time for total purification is due,
when blood will be sparsed amongst the guilty
And the innocent.
The persecution of the children of God,
And the doom of those who lead them.
But the enemy shall be convicted to purgatory,
To cleanse their soul and minds,
And dispel the antichrist dwelling within them.
Their churches to Satan, their Masonic temples,
Eliminated by the purifying vigour,
Of an everlasting, reminiscent fire.
Justice will come and it shall redeem
Above all corruption, like the virgin and the snake.
What is now the repetition of Sodoma and Gomorrah,
Will be disintegrated by the purification,
And the chalice of blood will pour to sanctify.
The purification . . . that of World War III
. . . The Alpha and the Omega . . .
For a thousand years till the succeeding
And final chapter . . .
The destruction of the universe . . .
. . . DEATH!

By ADALGISA GEMMELLARO, Year 10.

ROLL'EM ACTION

Scene: 11.32 on an overcast, cold midweek night in a dense forest setting which is inhabited by numerous nocturnal animals including owls and wolves. Visibility is at a minimum even though the moon is full.

Zoom in: forest setting.

Nocturnal sounds, owl rustling leaves and panting sound.

Panting gets louder and louder. Suddenly a man emerges from behind the dense trees. The man is exhausted, red faced, open mouthed. Scratch marks appear evident on his face and hands.

His left trouser leg is torn, his coat's right sleeve and a part of the hem of his cloak. He is wearing no hat. A close up of his face shows signs of pain and anger, sweat running down his face and red water logged eyes.

His panting increases in volume and pace. His legs grow increasingly tired and weak. His steps grow smaller and crooked.

He chants to himself "got to run . . . run . . . run . . ."
A wolf's howl is heard in the background.

He vaguely hears it and stops holding on to a tree for support to confirm its presence. He closes his eyes, as if to say "I've had enough" yet his willpower is strong and he recommences running.

A twine hooks onto his foot and makes him fall. He remains there for a moment then slowly lifts himself to his knees, then his feet. Once again he proceeds but this time in a walk. The wolf's howl is still prominent in the background.

At last he sees something flickering in the distance amongst the trees. His senses indicate "light" and he begins to walk faster and faster. With his legs aching, body sweating and blood bleeding from his nose, he makes the effort and goes even faster whilst only wiping the blood with the end of his cloak.

The light is becoming clearer, as he approaches the edge of the forest. Eventually only a small cultivated field stands between him and his salvation.

He trips once again, regains himself quickly and goes on trying to yell out, but no words come.

A black, ugly dog snarls at him and begins to bark. The man goes on only to collapse in front of the tin and wood cottage, resting his head on the first and only step. His nose still bleeds and the dog barks but the man is not bothered. The dog's curiosity brings him closer to the man. He begins to whine and sniff around the man.

Unexpectedly the cottage door opens. An old bent-backed bald-headed man opens it. A short round woman stands quietly behind him.

The man bends and turns the lying man over with grave circumstances. He makes the sign of the cross and the woman lets out a soft "huh" as she grabs with her left hand her collar and the other she puts in her mouth.

The dog sits and whines.

"He's dead" announces the man. "He's dead . . . I'll get the horse and waggon hitched up." He walks to the direction of the barn, cursing everything in sight. The woman after staring a while goes inside and closes the door behind her.

The dog sits and whines staring at the stranger. His beard, his hair, his green eyes.

The old man returns leading the horse and waggon. The dog stands up. The woman comes out of the house wrapped in a shawl. A soft rain begins to fall.

The old man walks to the lying figure and grabs him around the shoulders. He looks at the woman. "There is little choice" the old man tells the woman, and drags the body to the waggon.

The woman nods her head.

The old man rides off muttering to himself "There is little choice" to the direction of the river.

By VESNA RATKAJ.

HAIKU

Snow stops fall
sun shine
Snowman melts

Vicki Trstenjak.

The rain is falling
On the roofs of houses
And runs down the gutter

by J. Adriana.

THE BOY

Alone and afraid a mother waits
Not saying a word, not shedding a tear
A faded picture lies on her lap,
Of a boy who is a young man.

Roaring jets and angry tanks,
March forward upon a path
Paved with blood of men
that is mankind.

A cannon is fired, a gun is shot
There is a cry, a soldier falls
Un-named heroes lie in their graves
They have no glory nor do they have praise.

A mother cries, the child awakes
The nightmare, turns into a reality.
Memories of the past, fade away
like pictures in her mind.

Of an young man, who once was a boy.

MARY-ANN LO, 10E1.

Rose bush breaks its stem
Soil is becoming dry
Rose bush is going to die

by Denis Sutic.

Stars are shining
Doves flying
I'm crying

by Joe Zappia.

This page kindly sponsored by:

**CABRAMATTA BOWLING AND
RECREATION CLUB LTD.**



**FACES FROM
YEAR 8**
(except Mr Powers, Mr Quigley
and Mr Breckenridge of course)

CAPTIONS FOR YEAR 8 ROYAL PARK EXCURSION

Year 8 Geography Excursion to the Royal National Park

PHOTO 1

Part of the group at Wattamolla after lunch — the usual camera hogs.

PHOTO 2

Mato — an experienced bushwalker after the Year 7 geography excursion down the Basin Track last year — leads the way down to the beach.

PHOTO 3

Dao, Tu Binh and Linh working on their field study sheets at the weir.

PHOTOS 4 - 5

Some candid snaps during the bush walk.

PHOTO 6

Radoslav about to splash Mrs Kayrooz by "accidentally" dropping a rock into a handy pool as the group head down the track.

PHOTO 7

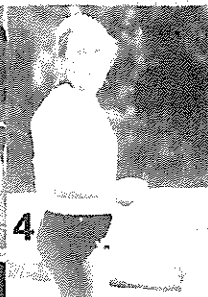
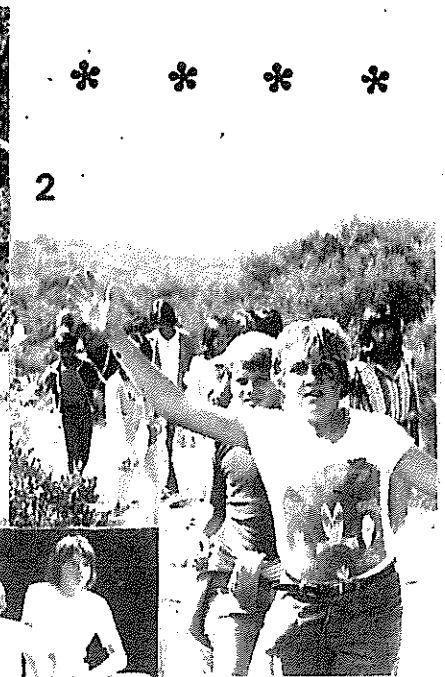
Erosional forces included the students' shoes which carried away huge quantities of mud during the walk.

PHOTO 8

At Wattamolla one of the features the students studied was the way in which the coastline of New South Wales is gradually being straightened in places as inlets are filled in and headlands eroded back by the sea.

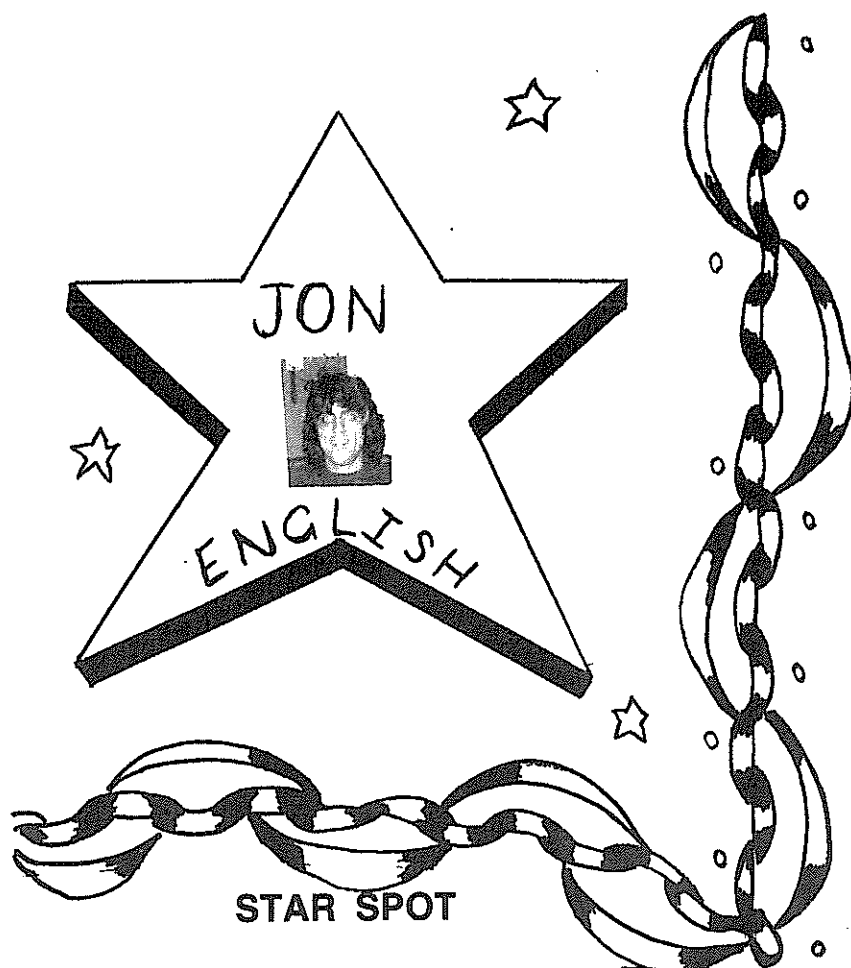


YEAR 8 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION



	WEARS	EATS	BELIEVES
MR. OKELL	A beer gut	Liquid lunch	In Alexander the Great
MRS. C. BATES	Jeans	Bananas	In getting what she wants
MR. SINDEN	A school jacket	Choc.wedges	He's good
MR.HARDY	A plaster cast	Quick Eeze	In fairies
MR. WHELAN	A tie	Jiggers	In catching jiggers
MR. GRANGER	An earring	Too much	In verbal abuse
MISS NEWLING	Jewels	Anything	She'll make a good Science Master
PRINCIPAL	An air of authority	His words	He's modest
MR. MARTIN	Blue	Salad Rolls	He's a nice guy
MR. CRUICKSHANKS	A leather jacket	Tablets	In Harley Davidsons
MR. GOOLEY	High heels	Year 7 kids	He's tough
CANTEEN LADIES	A smile	Tidbits	There can't be any more lunch orders
SENIOR GIRL STUDENT	Anything	Male Maths. teachers	She'll pass in Maths.
SENIOR BOY STUDENT	A ring of confidence	Female student Teachers	He's great
DEBBIE BYRNE	A big grin	10 sandwiches	She can sing
MRS. BRIGHT	A lab. coat	Saos	In Mrs.Hughes
MR. BOWYER	Shorts	Macrobiotic Food	In fitness

HOPES	KNOWS	WANTS	WILL SETTLE FOR
to meet him	he will	To make History compulsory	Elective History
She can	She will	More money and a phone	A phone
Everyone else thinks so too	How to drive	To meet Alan Jones	Peter Brock
Most staff will come to school	They won't	A bigger staff	Less sickies
He catches them	He won't	A larger and stronger cane	A stronger cane
It works	It does	A transfer	A transfer
She won't have to	How to be bossy	Obedience or more jewels	More jewels
He is	Everything	Tranquility	Early retirement
He is	Nothing about softball	Alison Fraser to co-operate	Peace and quiet
His isn't stolen	Little	Power and prestige	Power
He is	Nothing much	To be tall	5' 6"
There aren't	There will be	To sit down	1.15 p.m. closing
She'll get a pass in Maths.	Nothing about Maths.	A Maths. Tutor	Divine intervention
He is	He isn't	A lot	A lot
She can	The top 40	To sing for a living	Singing in class
To get a dishwasher	She won't	24 hours' notice	Mrs. Hughes
To make us fit	He won't	A cardio-vascular unit	More skipping ropes.



FULL NAME:
 NICKNAME:
 BIRTHDATE:
 BIRTHPLACE:
 HEIGHT:
 WEIGHT:
 EYE COLOUR:
 HAIR:
 MARITAL STATUS:
 HIS CAR:
 OCCUPATION:
 FAVOURITE FOOD:
 FAVOURITE DRINK:
 FAVOURITE TV SHOW:
 FAVOURITE MOVIE:
 FAVOURITE MUSIC:
 FAVOURITE HOLIDAY PLACE:
 FAVOURITE SPORT:
 FAVOURITE ANIMAL:
 SUPERSTITIONS:
 FEARS:
 DISLIKES:
 FAVOURITE FOOTY TEAM:
 FAVOURITE COLOR:
 FAVOURITE BOOK:
 PASTIMES AND/OR HOBBIES:
 FAVOURITE CLOTHES:
 GREATEST MOMENT:

 BIGGEST DISSAPPOINTMENT:
 PERSONS MOST ADMIRED:
 AMBITIONS:

Jonathon James English
 Nick
 26-3-49
 London, England
 6'2"
 13½ stone
 Blue
 Brown
 Married to Carmen. Two daughters
 Volvo, Landrover and a Holden utility
 Rock n' Roll singer/actor
 European. Anything "nice".
 Doesn't drink spirits but enjoys beer and wines.
 Daryl and Ossie and Not The Nine O'Clock News.
 Deliverance
 Favourite group is "The Who".
 New Zealand's South Island
 Rugby League and Basketball
 Horse
 Always wears a Parramatta jersey when they play.
 Heights. (Has overcome it through working in "Jesus Christ, Superstar."
 War.
 Parramatta
 None really, except the Blue and Gold
 The Shining.
 Guitar, football and collecting comics (Captain Marvel, etc).
 Loves anything casual. Jeans and T-shirts.
 Has very many. Defined it as probably when he was a teenager, or the times he receives
 unsolicited and sincere praise.
 Professionally, a few records that didn't make the charts. Also, Parramatta losing in 1977.
 Peter Townsend, Bob Hawke, Henry Kissinger and Mick Cronin.
 To keep on doing what he's doing, successfully.

VIC FASAN



AN AFTERNOON WITH A CELEBRITY

When Mrs Corradi told us we had been selected to interview Jon English we were ecstatic, but we thought it impossible. We were somewhat nervous when we arrived at Now Studios in Rushcutters Bay. We climbed the stairs to the fifth floor and breathlessly enquired at the reception.

"We have an appointment with Jon English," I said politely.

"Really, is this to say 'Hi' to Jon Session is it," replied the Receptionist.

"No, seriously, we are interviewing him for Cabramatta High School Magazine."

A moment later, Jon came bounding out. "Hi, we're still rehearsing, but come on in and listen. Make yourselves at home."

We were all spellbound as we sat listening to the group as they rehearsed theme music from 'Against the Wind,' and were amazed at the energy and the enthusiasm that Jon puts into his work. He is a perfectionist, but very considerate and patient with his group and with us.

He was very relaxed and put us at ease. We found we could chat to him freely as he has been unchanged by success which was really surprising. He was very interested in Cabra and constantly questioned us about our school. We found him very interesting and highly intelligent, well read and a sincere warm person.

We were all so impressed, we still can't believe that we spent an afternoon with a Celebrity.

STEPHANIE RADNIDGE, 11E3

JANELLE DAILLY, 9E2.

VIC FASAN, 10E6.

INTERVIEW WITH JON ENGLISH 7th OCTOBER, 1981, 2.30 pm

INTERVIEWERS: JANELLE DAILLY 9E2, VIC FASAN 10E6, STEPHANIE RADNIDGE 11E3.

JANELLE: What do you remember about Cabramatta High School?

JON: I remember quite a lot about it, actually. All the really good things seemed to have happened the year after I left. You got the new Assembly Hall. We never really had one. We had to line up outside the Manual Arts block in the quadrangle in the rain. It was the pits. We did our Higher School Certificate in the library (now Staff Common Room). That was really gas. I was doing my Ancient History Exam and my seat was right next to the Ancient History Section, but I couldn't exactly reach out and take a book.

JANELLE: How do you think Cabra High School has changed since you were there?

JON: From what I can gather it is much more sophisticated. There is much more freedom and they now realise that kids are people. With us it was extremely difficult — we were the very first year that went through to Sixth Form. Before that students matriculated in Fifth Form (Year 11) and as you yourselves know, the difference between a 17-year-old and an 18-year-old is really quite remarkable. There is a lot of change. Teachers weren't used to dealing with eighteen year olds. It was quite difficult for some teachers to adjust to teaching pupils who were virtually their own peer group. These days teachers are more aware of student needs. There are a lot more extra curricula activities. There is a lot more involvement, which is very pleasing.

STEPHANIE: What were your school rules like? Were they a lot stricter then?

JON: Not really so much harder, they were stricter on the juniors of course. They were somewhat stricter about HAIR. It was that era of terrible social change — the time of The Beatles (1961-67) and hair was worn longer — terrible business. People were sent home to get their hair cut but no one picked on ME. Sometimes we would organise uniform strikes. At eighteen we felt it was ridiculous to have uniforms imposed on us, but we soon found it was easier to go back to uniform and keep social clothes for our own time.

JANELLE: Do you think friendships with the teachers are a good thing?

JON: It really depends on the circumstances. As long as the respect fact isn't lost. It is basic common sense to remember that this person is a teacher and must be respected and the friendship is not to be abused. This applies all through life anyway, really.

STEPHANIE: Did you ever develop close student/teacher relationships at school?

JON: Yes quite a lot, particularly in the last two years. It was all based on the principle that students mustn't take advantage of the friendship. You wouldn't say, "Oh well, I won't do my homework today, because he's a mate of mine!" That's ridiculous and you wouldn't do that to a friend anyway! You enjoy each other's company and that's as far as it goes.

JANELLE: What advice would you give to students today at Cabra High?

JON: Well, I've thought a lot about that, with Speech Night coming up, but yes, when the Careers Adviser asks you what you want to be . . . don't get embarrassed, 'cause I was. If you have a little fantasy about what you want to do. It doesn't matter how silly it sounds at the time, you owe it to yourself to have a go at it because you only have one life. I was embarrassed to admit that I wanted to be a rock 'n' roll singer.

STEPHANIE: Is that what you always wanted to be?

JON: Yes, always. I was playing the guitar, but I was a closet guitarist. Consequently, although I took music as a subject, I found it extremely boring. So I didn't continue music for School Certificate or H.S.C. I nipped it out at home on my own . . . I thought "who needs to read music anyway?" When I got out of school, within two years I had to go to the convent three nights a week, for 18 months to learn to read, write and arrange music. If I'd have used my brains I could have learned all that at school for nothing. Try to get as much out of school whilst you have the opportunity.

JANELLE: Your first group was Sebastian Hardy. How did it form?

JON: There were two blokes in the Year before me. One had a brother who played guitar. We used to hang about; we were all in the same boat, embarrassed about our musical aspirations. Music was our hobby and we kept the band together for something to do. They have done much the same thing as I have, and we are all very much involved in music. The thing is that we all kept on with our hobby and not the subject we were best at, at school.

JANELLE: When you formed Sebastian Hardy did you think it would lead you to where you are today?

JON: You sort of dream about success, but you never really expect it. You hope of course.

JANELLE: Could you describe a typical day in your life?



JON: On tour or at home?

JANELLE: At home.

JON: Over the week I usually have to devote a full day to the Press, especially when you have an album to promote. Take today for example, I got up, had coffee and the rest of it . . . dropped off the kids at school, made a few phone calls, called into the office, checked out the Visas for our overseas trip, came into rehearsal to tidy up for Scan. tour. After I'll probably call in on my agent, Peter Rix, for a chat to finalise our arrangements. When I get home, I'll feed the horses and later watch TV for a change. Normally I'd be performing at a Club somewhere.

STEPHANIE: What has been the price of Fame?

JON: You lose the freedom of being able to go just anywhere at any time.

STEPHANIE: Can you just go out to a football match or simply go out and buy yourself a pair of jeans?

JON: I can . . . if I do it fast. I can't hang around for any length of time. I can't go in peak hour or in school holidays. If I get caught by a bunch of kids, I'm really trapped. But you get used to it and you learn to live with it.

STEPHANIE: Do you ever take singing and acting lessons?

JON: I didn't take any formal lessons. I've learnt a lot from observation of other people.

STEPHANIE: Did you have to do a lot of research for the characters you portrayed — for instance Jonathon Jarrett in "Against the Wind?"

JON: Not really, I was fairly spoilt as most of the research was done for me. I did a fair bit of background reading to appreciate what it was like to live in early 19th Century society . . . little things like ladies wearing corsets and bustles in the Castle Hill January heat, because of moral and social conventions. Also the discomforts if you consider there was no ice — not fly screens. Life was certainly difficult and through reading you understand things in the overall historical aspect.

STEPHANIE: What about Judas — how did you prepare yourself for this role?

JON: There wasn't much research I could do on this character. They told me to read about myself in the Bible. There were all of three lines on Judas but the character as developed in the script suited me. I could see myself in him.

STEPHANIE: Do you have any acting roles planned for the near future?

JON: Yes, as a matter of fact we have tele series planned for 1982 based on Bush Christmas. It will be produced by Western Australian Film Corporation and C.B.S. It should be a lot of

fun.

STEPHANIE: Can you give us an idea of what it's like to go on the Road? What are the hardships and the rewards?

JON: It's both good and bad really. It can be very tedious and tiring, but this is offset by the enjoyment of seeing new places and meeting lots of different people. It is the longest apprenticeship in the world!

STEPHANIE: You are quite a prolific song writer. Many of your songs seem to convey a message. Do you feel deeply about issues affecting our Society and Mankind?

JON: Some of my songs do, but I try to avoid soap box — and spouting philosophy. Love songs tend to be boring so I try to find a different track to write a song.

STEPHANIE: In 'The Miracle' you ask us "to be brothers and love one another" . . . is this just a dream?

JON: Yes, this is the ideal life — Utopia . . . it isn't possible. We can't have it, but it would be nice.

STEPHANIE: Also, in your song 'The King of the Blind', who really is the King?

JON: Well, 'The King of the Blind' is a quotation from



Rudyard Kipling — "In the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king". Often people are successful through manipulation of others, rather than through innate cleverness. Often the followers are blind to the unscrupulous schemes and corruption. I've sort of based it on people I've known.

STEPHANIE: Our class interpreted the King as an astute politician who then abuses his power.

JON: Yes, that's a very valid interpretation indeed.

STEPHANIE: You once said you went to University to stay out of the Army. Are you opposed to war and violence?

JON: Yeah! But it ceases to become a philosophical argument when they stick you in a uniform and point a gun at you . . . you realise the *Reality* of aggression and violence. Yes, we were morally opposed to the Vietnam War, but we were of an age when we could be conscripted — our personal lives invaded by the government, packed off to war or sent to prison. My choice, naturally, was to stay out of it — University provided that asylum.

STEPHANIE: When you composed the theme music for 'Against the Wind', on what did you base the composition?

JON: Mostly late Sixteenth Century Irish folk songs and mood music — counter melody similar to Scarborough Fair.

JANELLE: Did you enjoy making 'Against the Wind'?

JON: Yes, very much so.

VIC: How did you get that role?

JON: I'd done Super Star and a few TV roles. The producer asked me to go down and do a screen test. It was just like any job interview really.

JANELLE: Where was it filmed?

JON: Some at Old Sydney Town, Gosford, but mostly in Victoria. They used an old homestead at Emu Bolton near Sundry. A lot of scenes were filmed in the Dandenong Ranges. It was ridiculous really. I told them that it should have been filmed where it all happened — at Vinegar Hill and Castle Hill.

MRS CORRADI: Do you ever see Mary Larkin?

JON: I saw her in June. We were over in London. 'Six Ribbons' was a hit in Ireland so I was asked to go over and do some publicity. I was shocked. I didn't want to go anywhere near Belfast. I'm basically a coward. However, I agreed to go to Dublin. We walked into the bar of the Gresham Hotel and there she was! We went out to her brother's place and had a barrel of laughs.

MRS CORRADI: Is Mary Larkin very much different from the character of Mary Mulvane?

JON: Yes, very much so. She's a lot more fun. Of course, the dialogue was soap boxie, depressing and miserable. The Irish aren't really like that. They have a great sense of humour.

VIC: Can you tell us your impressions of the 2SM Rock Eisteddfod?

JON: I got into so much trouble over that! I thought Cabramatta was the best. They were great. They won it on their merits. Everything was fine until the loud-mouthed D.J. announced that I was an ex-student. I must admit I voted Cabra second.

VIC: That's the rumour we heard and Cabra kids were pretty angry about it.

JON: Yes, I was very worried that if Cabra won it on my vote the others would protest.

MRS CORRADI: Do you think it was unfair of 2SM to have you on the panel that night knowing that Cabramatta were competing.

JON: Well we didn't know who was going to win. I had heard that Cabramatta was in it, and naturally I was very pleased. I was very conscious that I was an ex-student and that they would think I was biased. I thought that it could reach the point where an official protest could be lodged and you could have lost it. It really was that serious. However, I enjoyed all the performances, Along Came Jane and Dianna were fantastic — all the schools were good but Cabra was the best. It was a real eye-opener. I even had a bet with the 2SM manager that Cabramatta would win, and they did!

STEPHANIE: A lot of people put us down when they hear we are from Cabramatta.

JON: Yeah — it's something about the area — they used to do that to us too. They said we couldn't possibly win at basketball because we didn't have a gym — but we won anyway. Cabra has always had a lot of spirit.

JANELLE: Are you looking forward to coming back to Cabramatta for Speech Night after so many years?

JON: Yes, it'll be great.

STEPHANIE: What does the future hold for Jon English? Is there anything that you haven't done that you still want to do?

JON: Yes, I'd like to have a hand in producing a movie. The records are doing very well in Europe and America. We have been invited to tour there — we leave in a few days, as you know. Later I hope to do a few more films . . . but basically I'd just like to keep on doing what I'm doing . . . forever.

JON: I must congratulate you on these questions. I wish the media could learn from you and ask intelligent questions too.

Our thanks to Peter Rix Management for making this interview possible, and to Jon, for giving up so much of his valuable time to talk to the students of Cabramatta High.

This has been a beneficial and memorable experience for them.

L. V. CORRADI,
Mistress in Charge of Girls

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SWIMMING



And Mr Universe is...



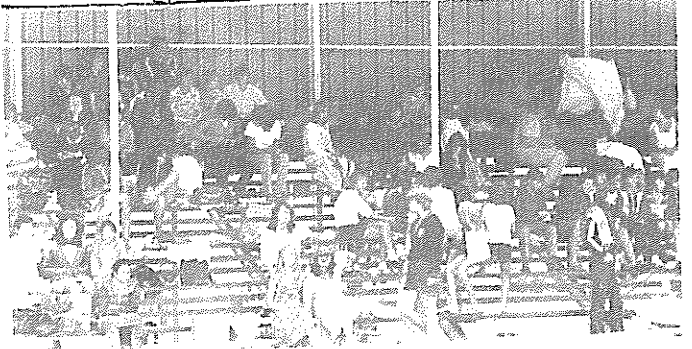
CARNIVAL



"Which twin has the Toni?"



"looks alright" "Smells alright" "Tastes even better"



THE WORLD'S END

1981, already the prospects of a world-wide blood bath are becoming evident. Australia is facing an economical and industrial crisis. Strikes are becoming increasingly frequent and on larger scales.

An advertisement appearing more often on the radio and television is 'Conserve our Resources', petrol, oil, coal, etc. Another advertisement, also increasing its appearance in the media, is 'Keep Australia Beautiful' aimed at lowering the pollution level and tidying up our streets.

Arguments, and even physical warfare, are always on the increase between countries bearing different ideas on various issues. Rebellion has been conceived in many Australians, as they want abolition of British dominion in Australia — they want a Republic. I believe they will get it. They say Australia is capable of self support, maybe, but are we equipped to handle a war? A war which many say is close?

Superiority — to whom does this belong? A question that arouses bitterness and racism. The answer, no one. Treaties binding countries together, in case of the war we await. The inevitable. Man. A selfish, self honouring animal. The world we made, our home, are we to destroy it, through hate, out of greed?

Is doomsday closer than expected? Soon to be predicted, soon to be irreversible.

These questions are unanswerable — at least at present.

What do you think? It may be you who has to decide the future!

STACEY CONNOR 8 C-Del.

ANSWERS TO BABY QUIZ, FACES FROM AGES PAST

1. Mrs Taylor
2. Mr Byrne
3. Miss Overton
4. Miss Newling
5. Mr Alexander
6. Mr Loader
7. Mr Rocks
8. Mr Beringer
9. Mr Newton
10. Mrs Gleeson
11. Mrs Myer
12. Mrs Walker
13. Mr Simons
14. Mr Sinden
15. Mrs Hughes
16. Mr Schouten
17. Mr Mitchell
18. Mr Molyneux
19. Miss Collins

THE LIFE OF NORM

In our society, Norm works;
to earn money
to buy food
to work the next day
to earn money
to keep living and working.
What a waste;
he's going to die like everyone else, anyway.

THE HSC STUDENTS (IN NOVEMBER)

Everyone there is your friend
(very few people then, eh?)
There is no hunger, there is no thirst,
there is no pollution in the air.
The only sounds are of people laughing and talking and playing tapes,
and people can laugh and chat as much as they want
the sky is blue and so is the water
which is crystal clear right up to the golden sand.
Schools of little fish frolic in the aquatic undergrowth
One bloke wrapped his dufflecoat closer 'round him
as a small windgust came over the dune,
he saw me watching him and said
"I'm an HSC Student".
I gave my friend a funny look and said
"I didn't know your name was Anne"
and looking at the label on the inside of my jacket I said
"I'm St. Vincent de Paul, would you like some tea?"
and then we laughed, because we felt like it
and that's all we felt like doing
and then we saw someone run down the dune, trying to catch a seagull;
he's an HSC student too.
But later that day, hunger was reborn,
we went back to a city
and painted things over a cigarette advert.
"If I'm lucky, I'll be able to join this", I said and signed
"B.U.G.A.U.P."
We went for a drive, and a smoke,
and we met this old geyser so we said "we're HSC Students"
and he said "you must be HSC Students"
looking at our young but aged faces
then there was nothing doing so we all went to our dreary little homes.

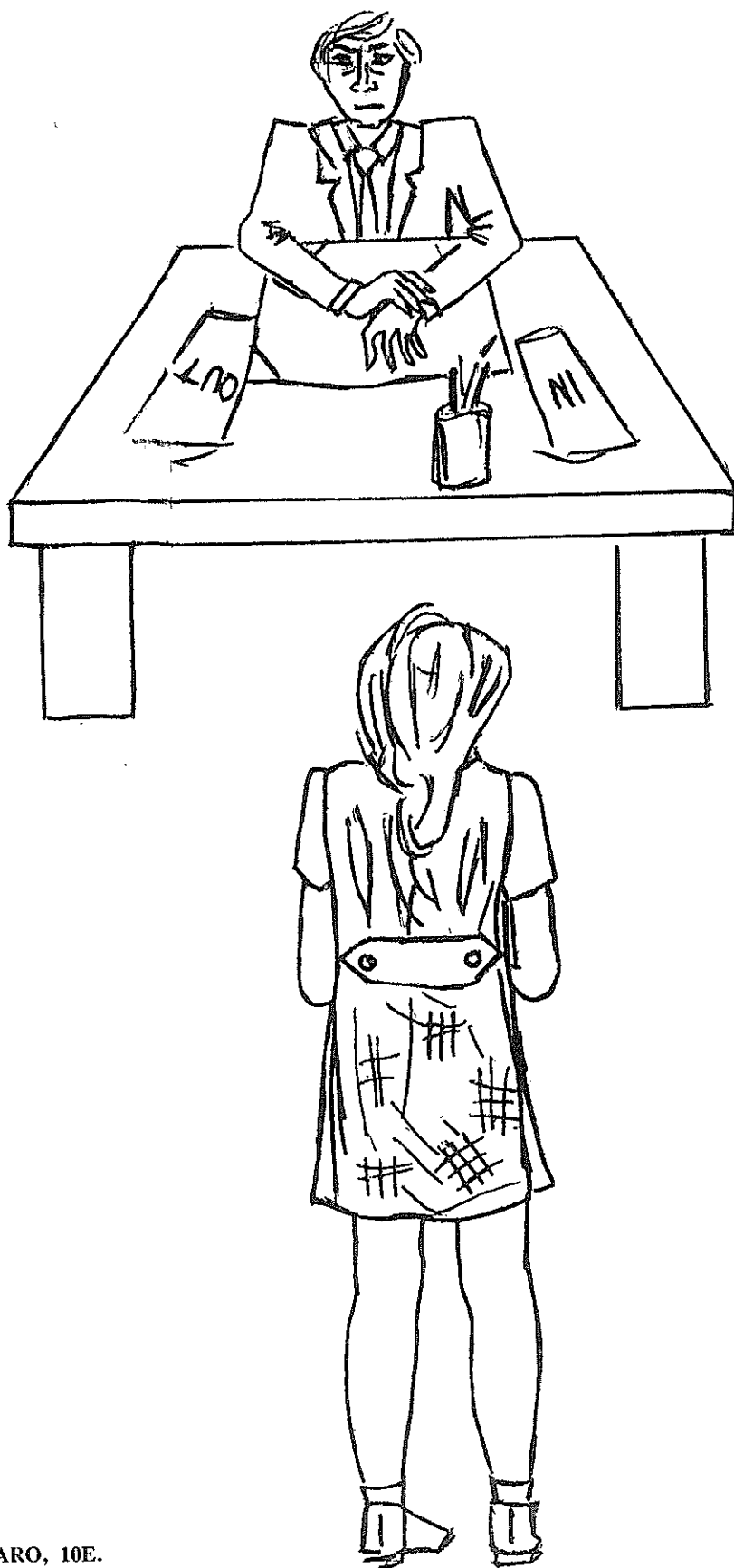
When November comes, the exam threat dies
(Along with two years (hard labour) of life taken),
But the joy of release can be heard in the cries
Of the students, forever mentally shaken.

By SIMON '81.

FACING THE HEADMASTER

With hands locked behind my back,
 I creep softly into the office.
 Chin high, spirits low; courageously afraid.
 Concealed behind the murmuring door,
 I dare peep beyond the desk and only
 The back of an armchair greets my eyes.
 That voluminous figure crouched behind;
 Perhaps smoking, otherwise deep in thought.
 Before my will, forces me to enter,
 The armchair swings round,
 And the headmaster glares; eyes burning.
 He bellows out and orders me to sit.
 Our eyes meet, though separated,
 By the invisible screen between us.
 Thoughts rush and scatter in my head,
 And a shiver travels the length of my spine.
 A controversial encounter is indeed,
 A treacherous dilemma, considering the facts.
 And here I am, seated before the eyes,
 Of a tempestuous man. My Headmaster.
 Indentured slave submitting to the
 Chastisement, set by the lord of the manor.
 Whereas he could be, only an illusionist,
 Appearing to be what one fears he is.
 He might overall, dismiss me
 On a good-behaviour bond — and, a warning.
 A warm, oscillating smile, is liable to spread,
 Across his indignant face; his suppressed lips.
 No so, not so at all.
 His eyebrows are lowered,
 The skin on his massive jawbones, tense.
 Eyes steady, level; menacing or lewd?
 Lewd? Nah, not the Headmaster!
 Rigid, as I am, he finally speaks;
 All at once, the thoughts, impulses,
 declarations and words maintained, break free.
 I fight to keep track,
 Of all that he is saying to me,
 But he is too rapid, too sudden,
 Too atrocious.
 Outbursts of accusations, threats,
 Impositions, pretences, risks,
 Escape the open doors of his mind.
 The cerebral enclosure of the man,
 Whom I fear most. My Headmaster.
 As he pauses to catch his breath,
 He then sees me for the first time,
 Congealed, petrified . . . frightened.
 Then, what I had known all along, aroused
 Mollified, he smiled; the Beckett smile,
 The gesture I received each time,
 I was sent to see him; for his lecture,
 On morals and good behaviour.
 Our premonitions joining into reality.
 "Adalgisa, must you always cause me
 Extreme distress? Why can't you settle
 Down and do as you're told for once.
 Please Adalgisa, please."
 My inclination urges me to contradict him,
 Renewing his immoderate ire.
 But the better of me, convinces me,
 To respond otherwise.
 "But sir, I'm trying, truly I am."
 A mocking smile, deliberately
 Playing on my lips.
 The reassurance that as soon as I left,
 It would be all over.
 No personal conflicts and emancipations,
 No backward glance and cynical audacity.
 Until the next time . . .
 . . . that is.

ADALGISA GEMMELLARO, 10E.



THE NARROW ESCAPE

My name is Huy, I am fourteen years old. I am a student. I am in third form now. I want to tell you a story of mine. When I was still in Vietnam my mother had a shop for selling ship's machine, cars and etc. and my father is a mechanic. He had a small factory. We live very happily. In 1974, 4.30 our country had been invaded by communists. The communists were very cruel, they controlled us like animals, they took our properties and sent us to the farm to dig the rivers. It's a long way from the city, half day I went to school and half day I have to work in the garden. The garden was belonging to the government, in 1977 there was a war between Kampuchea and Vietnam and the government ordered that if anyone is over 18 or 18 should go to join the army so that my mother was afraid that when I grow up I should join the army. A few months later, she thought of a plan to escape. The first time we decided to go to Hong Kong by plane, therefore we gave the money to the person who worked in the travel agent to give us a Hong Kong's visa, but unfortunately when we got to the airport we were ready to go to Hong Kong, we just put our stepped on the plane and suddenly a man followed us and checked our passport, and he said that the passport were false so that we got into jail. Three months later we got out of jail, and we decided to escape again but this time it wasn't by plane but it was by a boat so my family went to live near the sea so we could meet the people who had boats. One day a man came to our home. We were having our dinner and he asked mother to escape, one person in a family would cost 18 oz. of gold. We got seven people in our family and my mother agreed with him. A month later we left Vietnam we travelled from the river by a small boat to the sea, after we reached the sea we went to a big boat and then we paid the money. Our boat was 18 metre long and there were 178 people in it. We got 5000 litres of water, 100 kilo of rices, 100 coconuts, 50 oranges and 200 mangoes. When we reached the mouth of Mekong the Communist saw us and then they chased us. We turned to our top speed and then they couldn't chase us. Five minutes later we missed them. We thought that we were free. One hour later we saw a fishing boat of the Communist again they follow us and shot.

We thought this time we get caught but luckily no one had been hurt, when they shot I looked up to the sky like firework. When we reached the international's ocean I thought we were free again. Half an hour later the waves came out and hit our ship, the waves about two metre high, I thought we were going to die, so I closed my eyes and fell in a sleep.

When I woke up I felt like I laid on a water bed, the sea were very smooth. We have been on the sea for two days and three nights, and foods and water have all gone. Suddenly we saw a big ship of Malaysian it had a lot of lights and a big trees on the top of it, we thought that was a city. When we came nearer we saw a big boat. We asked for foods and water, the ship stayed there for getting oils. They gave us 50 packs of sandwiches and a lot of janes, they showed us the direction to go to Malaysia. Only for one day and we reached Malaysia. We stayed in a refugee camp. We wait for 9 months to come to Australia because in our family no one could speak English so no country picked us. We learnt English in the camp, one day a lady came to our camp and she said we could come to Australia. We were very happy, we made a party and invited all the people in our camp to our party. Three days later we got a list to get to Kuala Lumpur and we stayed there for a month then we came to Australia. We came to Australia by a plane, 747 Qantas. We arrived in Australia in 2.2.1979. We stayed in a hostel. Now I stayed here for 2½ years and Australia is my new beautiful home.

Written by HUY (9E.S.L.1)

QUOTE

"Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing worth knowing can be taught."
— Oscar Wilde.

DUST UNDER THE RUG

Once upon a time there was a woman who lived with her two daughters. The eldest daughter's name was Rose, the youngest daughter was Minnie. One day Minnie went out to find a job to earn money because her mother and her sister were ill and they were very poor. She said goodbye to her mother and her sister, and she started off.

She walked a very long way but she didn't see anybody and she was very tired too. Suddenly she saw a little house, and she was very happy. She walked to the house and knocked on the door. But nobody answered her. Quickly the door squeaked open and she went in. She saw that everything was untidy, and the dishes were dirty too, so she took all the dishes to wash them and cleaned up everything. Just as she finished twelve little men came back. They came in and saw everything was clean and bright and they were very happy.

"My name is Minnie. I was looking for a job because my mother and sister are ill," she said. The twelve little men told her she had done a good job to keep everything clean and bright.

In the morning Minnie woke up early and cooked breakfast for them. After they had gone, she started sweeping the room and cleaning up everything. In the evening the twelve little men came back. They saw the hot supper waiting for them. When they had finished, Minnie was washing up the plates and putting them into the cupboard. She went to bed and every day after this she worked hard until her last day. That day she forgot to do her work because she was thinking about her family. Then she remembered her work. She jumped up and did her work. It was almost finished when she said to herself "I will not sweep under the rug today". Soon the twelve little men came. After they had supper Minnie went to sleep. But then she heard a little voice talk to her, "Dust under the rug, dust under the rug," and she turned over. She could still hear the voice, and then she jumped up, go to take her broom to sweep the dust under the rug. She lifted the rug and saw twelve pieces of gold on the floor. "Oh, oh," cried Minnie. All the little men came to see what was happening. Minnie told them all about dust under the rug, and then all the little men said, "This gold is for you". Next morning Minnie went home with the gold. She never saw the little men again, but she never forgot to do her work.

This page kindly sponsored by:

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YEAR 10 EXCURSION TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

Friday, 21st August, 1981 saw a typical winter's day, cold and extremely windy. Not a good scene for an all day excursion, but of course, we carried on regardless.

After boarding 154 students, the buses took off, to arrive at Echo Point Katoomba at 11 o'clock. Well, we were under no illusions as to the weather when we left, but it was considerably worse in the mountains.

With winds at 110 km/hr and sleet (the maximum temperature was 5°) we decided that the best place to observe the views was from the comfort of our buses. The scenery, of course, was spectacular but any inclination for standing in the freezing sleet, blew away with the blustering gale.

Overall, with lashings of Monty Python, Beatles music, food and many turns on Space Invaders, (Sandra Gaffney and Joe Florio liked the mechanical horses), a good day was had by all.

P.S. Now we all know why the Blue Mountains are so called; that's the colour you end up after leaving the bus on this excursion.

By YEAR 10 STUDENTS

TO BE RICH AND UNHAPPY

There you are going into the most elegant place that you could think of. You order the dearest wine, eat the most exotic foods and then order a scrumptious dessert that really completes your meal.

Now you pay the waiter and give him a large tip for being so kind.

You think that a good place to go now is to a disco so that you can meet people, but when you arrive you're all alone. Nobody wants to know you because of your reputation. They all give you that disgusted look, that makes you feel only several centimetres tall.

You can't take any more. So you rush home and weep most of the night, wondering why nobody likes you.

In the morning you are woken up with your breakfast ready to be handed to you by your maid. You don't say thank you, you just grab the tray off her and eat.

After your meal you ask your maid to pick out a dress and a pair of shoes. You are cruel to her and the other maids all day, although you are cruel to them every day, so it doesn't worry you at all.

A knock is heard at the door, so you rush to open it hoping that it's someone for you. It is only a salesman and you are disappointed and slam the door in his face.

Now you are upset again and mope around the house all day feeling glum. Then you realise why they don't like you; it's because you're aggressive to the people you know and that's why they won't talk to you.

Now you realise that money isn't everything, but is it too late to straighten things out?

By R. JELIC

* * *

DID YOU KNOW

Albert Einstein was told to leave school because he was so stupid that there really wasn't much hope for him. He went on to be one of the greatest scientists of all time.

* * *



A WORD FROM "MOTHER MYER"! ... alias YEAR 10 REPORT!

Last year, when I resigned as Sportsmistress, I had brief glimpses of having a "quiet year teaching Maths" during '81! Ha! Then, Mr Bullot transferred to Riverstone High and I was asked to carry on his family of 225 15-year-old "darlings" entering Year 10.

Thanks, Mr B. 'for making my year fly past!

Never a dull moment! Never enough hours in the day!

Our year began completing thousands of little boxes on a large computer printout — departmental records of School Certificate Entry. Then, in spare moments, after this screed was returned to be corrected and the corrections returned for more checking, I was able to enjoy talking — is it correctly called "counselling" — pupils who could not get along with their friends, parents, teachers, pupils determined to run away from home, getting work sent home for a few from our Year periodically laid up in hospital, chatting with those wishing to leave school, discussing subjects with those considering returning to Year 11 next year, interviewing and visiting some of the 100 on Work Experience etc. etc.!

Certain Year 10 pupils shone in academic and extra-curricula activities this year. Mid-year, Lee McMillan, Dianne Lind, Vivian Gonnet and Julie Mountfort won the "Talent Quest" at our school, and they and many others, then proceeded, after many hours' practice, to win for Cabramatta High School, the 2SM Rock Eisteddfod. Thanks to Mrs Chapman, Mr Vallec, Mr Carter and so many others who gave so freely of their time to bring such renown on our school! Indeed, this sent the school spirit soaring so high that the following week, our senior sport teams performed very well in the winter grand finals. Many of these teams consisted of Year 10 pupils.

We were all very saddened and shocked to learn, at the beginning of Term 2, that one from our Year was tragically killed in a road accident. Lana Schroeder is missed by fellow pupils and staff more than we can say, but her memory will always be cherished and serves as a fine example of our school motto — "striving, serving". While we offer condolences to those close to her, we are thankful for the radiant smile and constant thoughtfulness of such a delightful young lady. May we be encouraged, as we remember Lana, to always give our fullest effort in whatever we do and to always have time for others, as Lana surely did! In such high esteem was Lana held, that a new award has been introduced to be awarded each year to a Year 10 pupil who displays those memorable qualities Lana displayed.

At the time of writing this report, Year 10 is busy organising a Farewell Dinner Dance, a Sunday trip to visit ex-patron, Mr Bullot and his family and an outing to the beach, also a social event on a Sunday.

The remainder of this year will fly by, I'm sure, as most of the year has already. Meanwhile, some students prepare to leave school and embark upon a career; others are delving into Year 11 work already.

May I take this opportunity to wish all Year 10 pupils success, no matter what they do; I hope that they will always hold dear the thoughts of their time at Cabramatta High.

MRS J. MYER, YEAR 10 MISTRESS.

"TAKE IT FROM US"

(We've Been Here for 4 Years)
BY 4 YEAR 10 STUDENTS

As we walk into these gates today, we think back to when we first walked into the school four years ago, in the shape of scrungy, little Year 7 kids. We were haunted with the promises of being shown the goldfish in the toilet bowls and of being tagged.

These were supposed to be rituals but they never occurred, because soon we found out that there were people called teachers who were going to protect us and help us mature for the years ahead. With their help most of us if not all, have matured a fair bit.

For a lot of students around the school there were incidents that caused headlines. Incidents with its share of humour. Incidents such as the Mrs Murfin daily shutdown of the canteen lines in her bid for totalitarian dictatorship of the canteen. She has not achieved that as a result of strong opposition from the students, who refuse to budge.

And the very famous Social Studies-History war, where Mr Knox orders every last man and woman in the Geography staff to pick-up their writing irons and charge, Mr Okell charging with his WWI cavalry sword and threatening to punch portholes through people and to come down like a tonne of bricks and Mr Sinden not knowing what hit him responds with a "HEY CURLY YOU CAN'T DO THAT, I'M A SOCCER REF AND I KNOW THE RULES CLEARLY". How unfortunate he's got his sports crossed.

Of course, the two generals opposing each other, Mr Smythe and Mr Newton, calmly disputing the issue in question, whether history is the study of dead people, and whether Geography is more than just colouring in pictures and finger-painting.

During a Physical Education period, as we stroll by the Hall, a sound of whips cracking and music reaches our ears, as Mr Durack and the P.E. Staff attempt to get their P.E. class to do dancing. As we walked around the corner we could see a bunch of Year 9 kids discussing something. The closer we got we found out that they were the next P.E. class planning for the mugging of Mr Bowyer, who was going to prepare their dancing lesson.

Main features around the Geography block are of course the hair-raising stories on Mr Knox's recent trip to New Guinea and also about his meeting with the head-shrinker there, who incidently he visited often during the trip. You may have noticed that since that trip there has been a deduction from his physical structure, especially between the shoulders. He no longer shaves or has a hair cut, because he has no need to.

Down the far Siberian end of the school, exists a science laboratory, where it's apparent that fish tanks are not safe. The fish, and especially the water, have been known to turn into ink in that part of the school. Computers are also very vulnerable in this school, especially if there is a Year 10 student around, and I won't mention any names, Peter Todorov. We would just like to give a piece of advice. Mr McGee despises computer wreckers.

These last four years have given us good times and bad times. But we won't say anything else about any teachers. We've still got two more years to go.

So, if you see a few red faces around the playground, you'll know that the school magazine has penetrated even the impregnable reading eyes and minds of Cabra High students.

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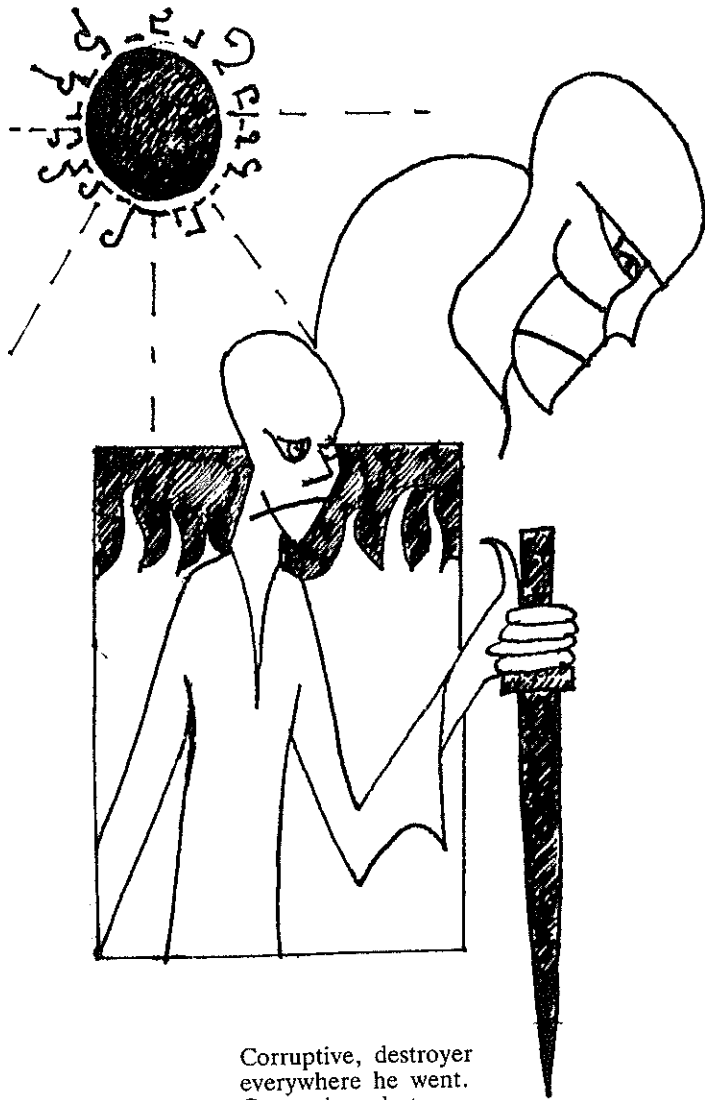
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* * * * *



Corruptive, destroyer
everywhere he went.
Corruptive, destroyer
everything he touched
Corruptive, destroyer
everyone he loved.
Corruptive, destroyer
everything he did.
Corruptive, destroyer
All that he is.
A corruptive, destroyer
with Satan's eyes
and hell, inside,
a demon in disguise.
Corruptive to mankind
A destroyer, who wishes to die
die, die, die, a death
impossible to try.
But God on the other side
gives him life
life and peace, to survive
with peace in his hand
peace very hard to understand.
Good has come over him
As peace — peace — peace
is the only thing.
For him.

By TRAYCE CVETKOSKI.

REPORT ON YEAR 12 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION TO JAMBEROO

Early in June, Year 12 Geography students set off on the regular Cabramatta jaunt to Jamberoo for a field study of agricultural systems in this idyllic dairying valley. Unlike last year, when there were some ungrateful grumbles about "boring excursions", this year's group seemed to enjoy themselves, while at the same time getting some first-hand experience of places studied in class.

Mt Keira provided its usual spectacular view of the North Illawarra Plain, plus its usual icy blast of wind off the scarp. The new construction work at the Port Kembla coal loader emphasised the importance of coal exports in the state's economy. Kiama and Jamberoo were again made aware of how often their towns are studied by senior geography students in N.S.W. high schools.

Lunch on Saddleback Mountain gave the group a marvelous view of the Jamberoo Valley. The highlight of the field study was meeting the now "famous" Mr Killmore at his dairy farm near Jamberoo. The Year 12 Geographers should now be able to work their field study information into one or two questions in the H.S.C. later in the year.

R. NEWTON

PHOTO 1

Donna & Nadine busy at work on their land use survey of Kiama, while Mr Gooley tries to thumb a lift home!

PHOTO 2

The "friendly three" up on Mt Saddleback.

PHOTO 3

Surveying Kiama shops — Lilian, Cristina and Suzanne.

PHOTO 4

The "official portrait" up on Saddleback.

PHOTO 5

At Mr Killmore's dairy farm . . . the new tractor.

PHOTO 6

At the dairy — a look at the calf pens.

PHOTO 7

A hearty meal en route — pies at Mt Keira.

PHOTO 8

Mr Killmore and students at the dairy farm.

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YEAR 12 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION



ART REPORT

The Art Department has had some fluctuations in both staff and location during 1981. Miss Keogh resigned at the end of Term 1 and was replaced by Mr Harry Kirsten. The Art Staffroom, which for many years has been located in the Cabra High Dungeon, otherwise known as the Biology Block, has now been relocated in what was the Home Unit in the Art Block. The move was greatly appreciated by the Art Staff as we are closer to our Art Rooms and the Art Block, which has been the target of senseless vandalism in the past, is now better protected by the proximity of the Art Staff.

Art in Cabramatta High is in a healthy position at the moment with much interest being shown by both staff and students in the work being done in the classroom and a growing awareness from the rest of the school that the Visual Arts can and should play a role in the educational and social development of the students.

By MRS. C. BATES

Art and Music



Meaningful Music

Can you imagine the world without music? It pervades many of our waking moments, whether or not there are real sounds coming to our ears, our minds are always recalling a favourite tune, catchy rhythm, or elating harmony. It gives depth of feeling to any who come under its magic, feelings that can come from nowhere else. It changes us; makes us lighthearted, or thoughtful, or a bit sad, excited, peaceful, in ways that nothing else can. It is one of the few things made by people, that by itself, can't be called bad, immoral, subversive; to be called those sorts of things it must be accompanied by words or pictures, but music by itself goes to our inner selves, we experience feelings conjured up by sounds, and the seemingly infinite variety of patterns that these sounds make in combination and in time!

If you are aware, or better still, if you know how and why sounds are arranged the way they are, then the enormous three dimensional world of music becomes fourth, fifth, and even sixth dimensional! From the very earliest days, we have given music a special place in the lives of people. When music stops having that special place in our lives, we cease being complete in enjoying our world — a tragedy.

Without depending on anything other that exists in the

physical universe, apart from that which causes it to be, music lives, speaks, and moves our feeling — anything apart from this is extra, and can only serve to enhance, or narrow our response to sound in music.

Since music is obviously a far ranging thing, it needs to be explored into all the experiences it can take us: NEVER try to take it to where you think it ought to go, because you will be disappointed and dissatisfied, like the silly child who didn't like Cola because it expected Lemonade. Always judge music by what it is, not by what it isn't.

To enjoy music to the fullest requires only the most obvious, yet also the most neglected things: an open mind, an involvement in the feelings going on, and every single shred of concentration; if you don't do this last thing, concentrate, then you are merely filling in time with sounds, and doing a great disservice to music and yourself. The best way to achieve all the good things that music has to offer, is to involve yourself personally with making music, in an organisation such as a band, or choir, or orchestra, etc. It doesn't matter if you are not the world's greatest singer or player, (although it's nice if you are), what matters is that you make music for your own enjoyment and fulfilment, and that of others. As you become more proficient your enjoyment increases, remembering that proficiency comes with hard work, the enjoyment is well deserved — it is all highly recommended.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF KARPET (School Dawg)

For as many as six years there was an inhabitant of the Art-Music staffroom that tirelessly came to school. After the Easter week this year that inhabitant no longer appeared. At first Karpet wasn't really missed because she usually took an extra couple of days holiday and wasn't really expected at least until the Friday after the week.

However, Karpet failed to appear and her absence was a mystery to all those who cared about her. It was feared that she had gone to meet her maker or even worse, had had an argument with a car.

The disappearance remained a mystery until 3rd term when a pupil shed light on the said disappearance. Karpet's family had moved and taken her with them. So, to all of those who knew and loved Karpet, and constantly tripped over her, she is alive and well and has gone to greener pastures.

P.S. We sometimes wonder whether she has found another school, and another staffroom to fuss over her.

Karpet Lovers.



THE STORY ABOUT CORKY DOG

Corky was a big, black friendly dog. He lived with a little boy. Corky loved to carry things in his mouth. The little boy threw a stick into the sea. In went Corky to fetch the stick.

Then Corky raced up the beach with the stick in his mouth.

"Oh, that Corky" cried the people on the beach, as the sand flew onto their beach towels. One day a little boy took Corky to the pond in the park and Corky jumped in after the toy sail boats. "No Corky!" said the little boy. "Put that boat back!"

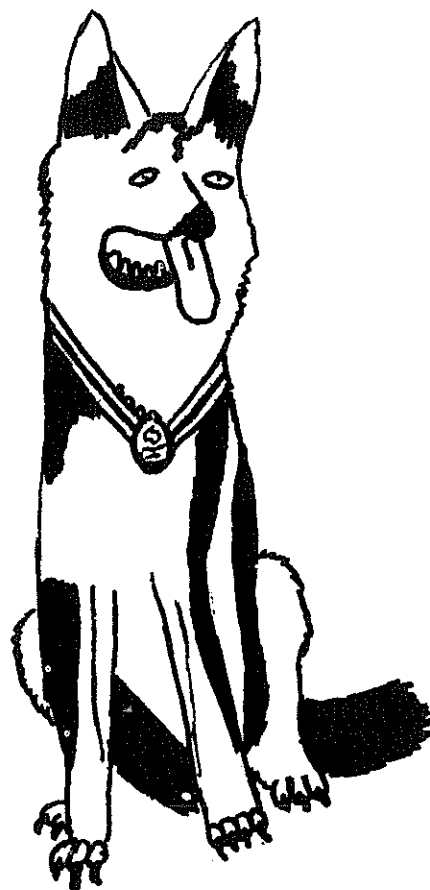
When the little boy played ball, Corky ran after the ball. Proudly Corky carried the ball to home plate. No Corky! Drop the ball! No, no! everyone wailed.

The only person Corky didn't like was a little boy's teddy bear. That bear never let Corky be alone with his little boy one minute. He rode with him in his kiddy car while Corky had to run behind. And when the little boy took his nap, that rag bear slept on the pillow beside him. Poor Corky had to sleep under the bed. Once Corky found the bear alone. He took him out to the garbage can. But the little boy found him and said, "Oh you naughty dog". Then one day the bear was lost. The little boy so so sad. He missed his bear. Corky went to find the bear. Corky skidded to the end of the rock. Splash! In the water he fell and he came up sneezing and mad. Then his nose bumped something soft. Why, it was the lost teddy bear!

Corky raced for home with the wet bear in his mouth. He scratched and scratched on the door. He whined. He howled. At last the little boy's daddy came to the door. He looked very cross. But when Corky dropped the wet bear onto his slipper, oh how he smiled! Everyone was so happy to have bear back home! The little boy hugged his bear. He gave Corky a warm hug and took him right up to his bed. There Corky slept, all wet and sandy, his tail thumping with happiness.

After that Corky and bear were friends. And everyone called Corky a HERO!

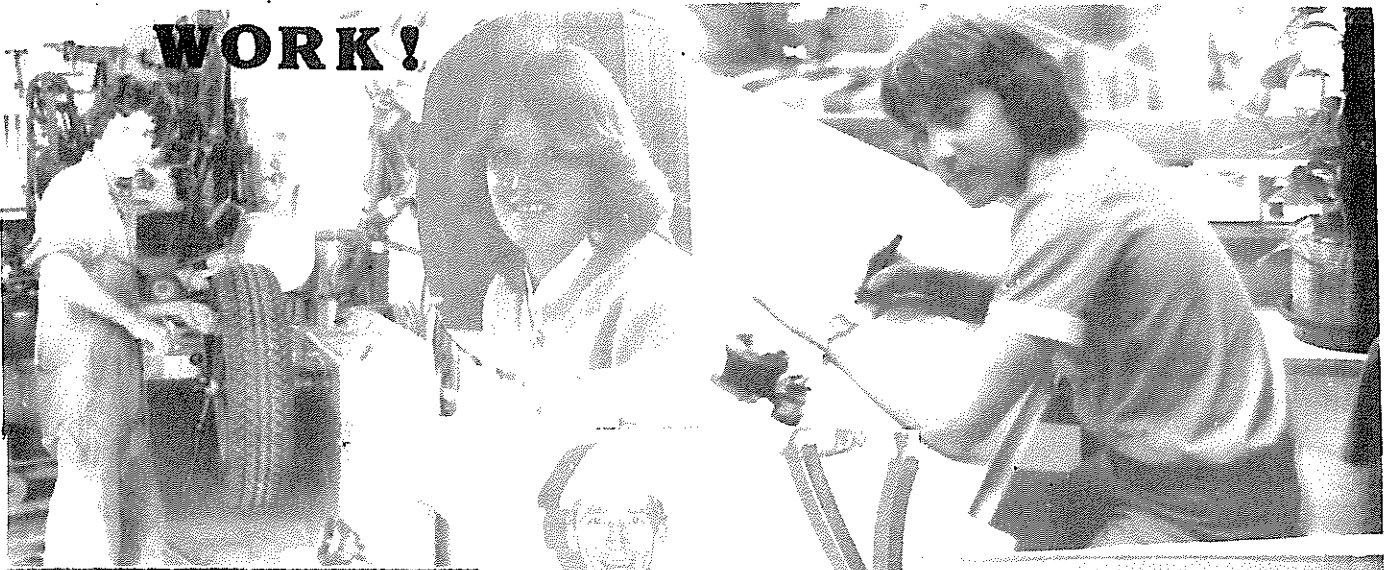
NGUYEN KY TRANG



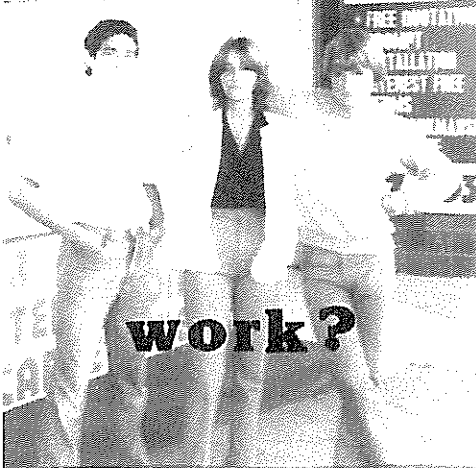
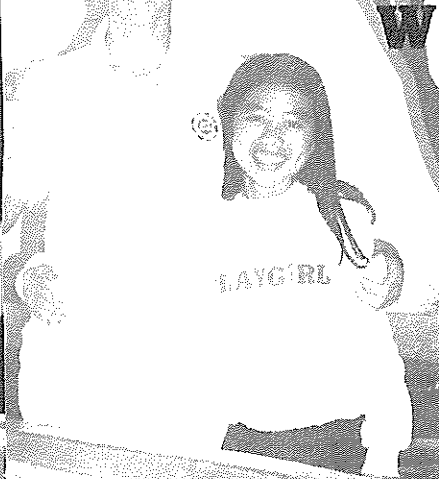
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WORK!



WORK.



work?



CAREERS

1981 has seen an expansion of the careers program to assist with the career planning needs of the students.

Apart from the continuation of lessons in Years 9 and 10, the E.S.L. students in these years now have a careers' period. Attempts to have lessons in Year 7 on a limited basis hasn't proved effective.

Years 10 and 12 students again attended a careers' market at Fairfield Showground; however, this is seen as a low priority for 1982.

Several organisations visited the school to provide specialist careers' instruction and a group of students attended a job visit at the Commonwealth Bank. The C.E.S. is to provide its services in discussion groups for school leavers during third Term.

To date most students in Year 10 who have planned to leave at the end of the year have had an individual or group discussion with the careers' adviser. Year 12 students have received assistance with applications for tertiary institutions.

This year 53 Year 10 students had an opportunity to attend Liverpool Technical College on a Link Program aimed at providing an insight into Technical education and a particular course. The students were involved in Hairdressing, Secretarial, Fashion, Vehicle Painting, Child Care, Graphic Design, Home Science, Automotive electrical, and art and ceramics courses.

Once again the work experience was seen as a highlight in the program by the 101 Year 10 students who were involved. Again the employers in the local area were extremely helpful in providing this opportunity and were enthusiastic towards the benefits accruing from such an experience.

The students received an evaluation from employers and a work experience Certificate from the school that they can use as a work reference. Each student also received a diary for work experience where they were required to obtain relevant job information and record their experiences.

Below are samples of comments made by students in their evaluations.

Best Part:

Feeling you have achieved something M.W.
 Helping the teacher when she needed help S.H.
 The Friday I left M.G.
 At recess and lunch when the children would all gather round me as if I was Santa Claus O.S.

Worst Part:

Having to leave it and go back to school after the 8 days L.M.
 Working on hot engines R.M.
 Sore feet from high shoes L.I.
 Dealing with the 'BRATS' in the class J.C.
 The headaches S.M. (Teacher)
 Dunno A.G.
 Cleaning bathrooms and toilets K.N. (Nurse)

Things learnt that will help you when you leave School:

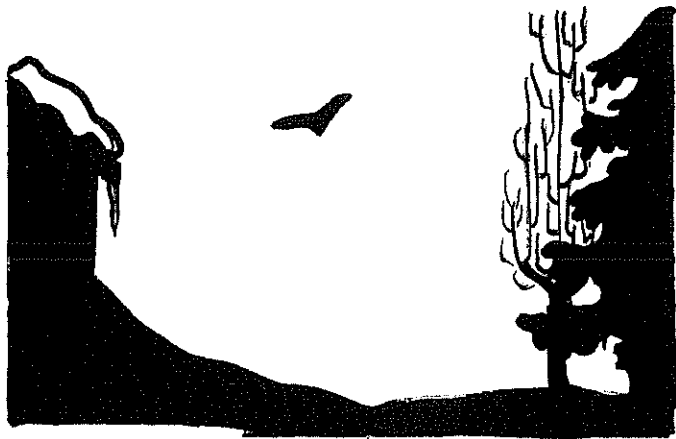
I have acquired confidence A.G.
 How people have completely different lifestyles after school R.G.
 How to approach an employer G.W.
 Be punctual and respect other people's equipment ... C.G.
 How to act and be more mature S.M.
 Hopefully these elements of the careers' program will better equip our students to make well throughout career plans.

Many thanks are extended to the staff who supported and assisted with the operation of these elements of the careers' program.

By C. SCHOUTEN, Careers' Adviser.

CLEANING STAFF





The falling snow,
falls and piles up,
softly on the roof top.

Susan Sprohar.

The leaves are falling
The rain is pouring
and the birds are flying

Kellie Walker

The old rooster crows
as the world goes around
without any neck

Lonny Vyrer

FOR JOHNNY

Six years old —
so young.
Never to grow old,
never to return
Tears stain our cheeks,
a never-ending flow.
That river took away his life —
gone forever now.
No playing,
or laughing, or having fun.
No more scratches,
bruises and tears.
His first year in school,
just beginning to learn.
Big blue eyes,
sparkling as he spoke.

The times he had to fight so hard,
to suppress those little tears.
Wanting to appear grown-up —
so much older than his years.
Tears in his jeans,
broken toys.
Scared of monsters,
and the dark.
An old worn-out teddy,
a cold empty bed.
Tears and memories,
are all we have left.
Six years old —
So young . . .

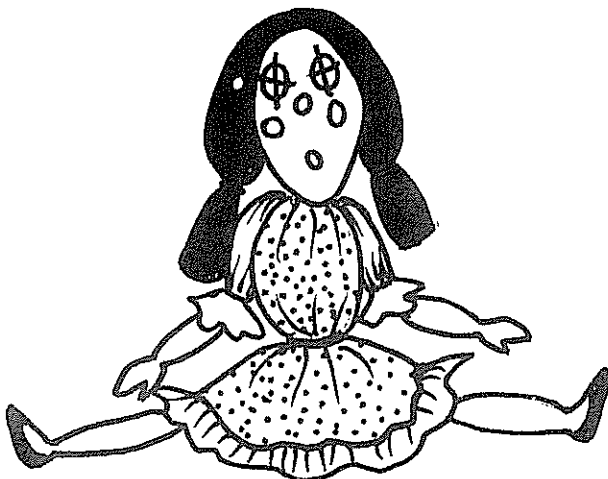


A LITTLE RAG DOLL

By JULIE WOODHAM

It's nice to see you playing
with that funny old rag doll
You pamper and protect her
though she's so worn and small
It's fun to watch you dress her up
as proper as can be
and sweetly entertain her
with mud pies and water tea.
And when she has an accident
and gets a scratch or tear
I'm glad you have to bring her here
for comfort and repair.
I like it when you carry her
to bed with you at night
and fall into a dreamy sleep,
hugging her real tight.
I like it when you talk to her
and say you love her so,
like another girl — your mother —
did not very long ago.

LEE MACMILLAN, 10E1.



Cell Block 'D'



Employees: Standing (L to R) Mr Johnson, Mr Breckenridge, Mr Quarmby (prisoner), Mr Hardy, Mr Adamson, Mr Carter, Mr Powers.
Seated (L to R) Mrs Meyer, Mr McGee, Ms Klepper

INMATES:



THE PATTERNS OF OUR LIVES

One New Year's Eve, in the middle of the night, Chris woke up with a start. He sat up and listened. Whatever could have awakened him?

He heard slow footsteps outside his window, and wondered who could be wandering round the garden in the middle of the night.

"Maybe it is someone who has become lost," he thought, ignoring the more obvious conclusions. "They say people lost in the country at night will start walking in circles". This was true as Chris well knew. Exactly the same thing had happened when he was ten, whilst bushwalking with his father. Luckily they had spotted a light in the window of a house nearby. Yes, nearby. When they reached the house, they found they were only a couple of hundred yards from home! Perhaps this man was experiencing the same thing.

He jumped out of bed and went to the window. Leaning out he could just make out someone moving below in the darkness.

"Who's there?" he called. And a most surprising answer came back to him.

"I'm Old Father Time!" it boomed. "I've come to collect this year's patterns."

Chris could just make out the face of an old man. Then as he stared harder, he could see he was wearing the weirdest clothes imaginable. "He must be a nut — walking around dressed like that in this weather. But as far as I know, everyone in Town is perfectly sane, unless I'm mad". He pinched himself to see if he was dreaming, but no, this wasn't possible either — the pinch hurt too much.

He found himself answering: "This year's patterns? What do you mean? And what are you doing out there in the garden?"

"Well, I came to collect your pattern too," said the old man.

To add to the unreality of the situation they were experiencing a cold snap; the night was just like a winter's night. This didn't surprise Chris; cold snaps were common for the town but never in the MIDDLE of SUMMER.

"I haven't got a pattern!" replied Chris. "You must be dreaming."

"Maybe I am," said Father Time. "But my dreams are true ones. It's cold out here, young man. Let me in and I'll show you what I mean."

The strangest thing was happening to Chris. The more the old man spoke, the more he felt he was real, that he WAS Father Time and that he did keep a book of patterns. Suspicion faded. Chris blurted out.

"I think there's a fire in the dining-room, if it hasn't gone out yet. I'll let you in the front door."

He went downstairs, quietly, not because he didn't want to disturb his parents but because his feet felt as though they barely touched the ground. He opened the front door, and someone came in. Chris went to the dining-room and turned on the light. Then he saw his visitor for the first time.

He was an old, old man. His beard almost reached the ground. His face was wise and kindly, with dreamy, happy eyes and a twisty wrinkled mouth. He carried a great scythe with him, which Chris was most surprised to see.

"What's that for?" he asked. "Did you get it out of the shop? We used to use it to cut the long grass."

"This scythe is mine", said Father Time. "I use it to cut away the years from one another. I cut time with it."

"How unusual", said Chris, by now fully believing him. "Now, show me those patterns you were talking about! What are they? And where are they?"

Father Time didn't have any book of patterns. Chris thought he would have had one like the book of patterns his mother sometimes got when they ordered new curtains. But except for his scythe he had nothing at all.

"My patterns?" he said. "Oh, I have them all, though you can't see them just at the moment. Everyone makes a pattern of his life, you know. Your brother does. Your friends do. You do. I'll show you any pattern you like to ask me for."

"Well — I'd like to see what pattern my brother made last year," said Chris, after thinking a while.

Father Time put down his scythe carefully. He put out the light. Then he held up his hands in the darkness and from his fingers there flowed a shining ribbon, broad and quivering as if it were alive. It was as wide as the table, and flowed on to it like a cloth, spreading itself flat for Chris to see.

"Gee! It's a beaut pattern!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't have thought he could have made such a good one. How did he make it?"

"The pattern is made of the stuff he put into each day," smiled Old Father Time. "The happy moments — the times he ran to do a kindness — the times he cried with fear or pain. They are all in the pattern. This line of silver is a line of love — he loves very much — for it is a beautiful line. This glowing thread shows his happy times — he is a happy little boy. This shimmering piece is a great kindness he did, about the middle of the year. It shines because it still shines in everyone's memory."

"Yes, he gets on well with everyone — never wants to hurt people's feelings. I remember the great kindness too. I broke my leg and couldn't go to a party my aunty and uncle were having. So Lennie wouldn't go either, and he brought me his books, and played games, and even let me work his model train that he is so crazy about. I'll never forget how kind he was to me. But what is this ugly little line of black dots that keeps showing in the pattern?"

"Those spots come into a pattern when the maker of the pattern looses his temper," said Father Time. "He must be careful, or as the years go on the spots will get larger and larger and run his life altogether."

"Crikey, I'll have to warn him," said Chris. "Now show me Harry's pattern, Father Time. You know — Harry Forsythe. He used to be one of my mates. Have you got his with you?"

"Yes, I collected it tonight," said Father Time. The pattern he had been showing faded away into the darkness, and from the old man's fingers flowed another one that spread itself on the table as the other had done.

It was an ugly pattern, with two or three threads lighting it up. Chris looked at it.

"You can't say much about this pattern, can you?"

"No. Harry could not have done well with his three hundred and sixty-five days last year," replied Father Time sadly. "See — that mess there means greed and selfishness — and here it is again — and again — spoiling the pattern that the bright threads are trying to make."



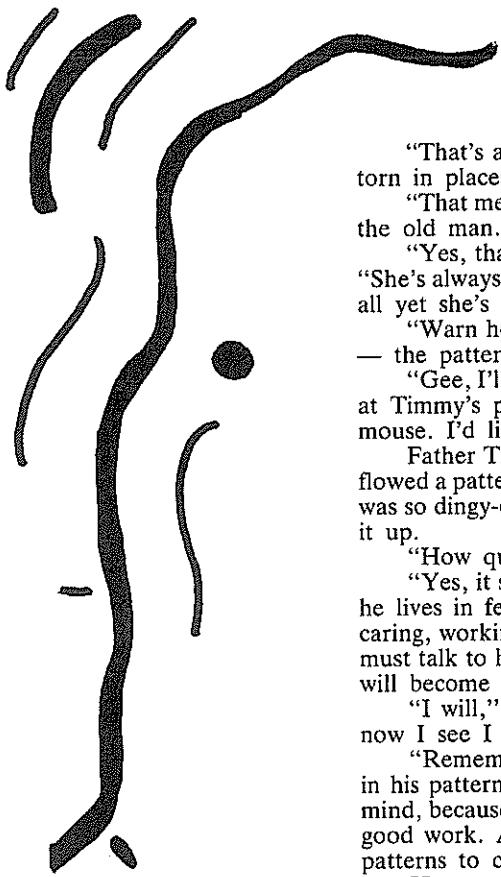
"Yes — Harry must be still selfish," said Chris. "He's an only child, and thinks everything must be for him. What are the bright threads, Father Time?"

Father Time looked at them closely. "They are fine strong bits of pattern," he said. "They are the hard work that Harry has done. He is a good worker, and if he goes on trying hard, those bright threads will be so strong that they will run right through those messy bits. Maybe one day he will make a better pattern"

"I doubt it. Before he left town, he was the most selfish kid I knew. He wouldn't lend you anything. No wonder I stopped being friends with him".

The pattern faded. Chris thought for a moment, and then he asked for another one. "Show me Elsie's please. Elsie Southers. She's a pretty nice girl. I want to see what her pattern's like".

Once again a pattern flowed over the table. It was a brilliant one, beautiful and even. It would have been quite perfect except that it was torn in places. There were little tears here and there quite spoiling the elegant pattern.



"That's a really nice one," remarked Chris. "But why is it torn in places?"

"That means there is cruelty in the maker's nature," replied the old man.

"Yes, that's one thing I can't stand about her," said Chris. "She's always been cruel to animals throwing stones at them and all yet she's so nice in every other way."

"Warn her, or one day the tears will get bigger and bigger — the pattern will be ruined and her happiness will go".

"Gee, I'll tell her" said Chris, amazed. "Could I have a look at Timmy's pattern, please. He's so funny and timid, like a mouse. I'd like to see what his pattern's like."

Father Time held up his hands once more, and again there flowed a pattern but, what a difference! It could hardly be seen it was so dingy-coloured. There was not one bright thread lighting it up.

"How queer!" exclaimed Chris.

"Yes, it seems this poor little boy is afraid of everything — he lives in fear of life. And this fear is preventing him from caring, working hard, doing a kindness to brighten his life. You must talk to him, understand his fears, give him courage, or he will become a failure at life".

"I will," said Chris. "I thought he was beyond help. But now I see I can do something for him".

"Remember: a person's faults, however small, will show up in his pattern as well as the good deeds he does. Keep this in mind, because only a few of unkindness can ruin a whole year of good work. And now I must be moving on, for I've a lot of patterns to collect."

He went to switch on the light, but Chris said: "Wait a minute. Could I just see my own pattern?"

Old Father Time didn't switch on the light, but held out his fingers in the darkness. Chris watched, half-excited, half-fearful of what he would see.

The pattern appeared: radiantly golden with huge silver pools and silver threads. The boy gazed at it in awe.

"I wouldn't have believed I could have made such a wonderful pattern!" he said finally.

"Yes, you did well last year," replied Father Time.

But then Chris noticed little grey lines appearing in the pattern. "What are those, Father Time?" he asked. "I don't like them".

"These occur when the pattern's maker tells untruths. Lies may seem harmless at the time, but sooner or later they hurt people. You don't want to do that".

"No" replied Chris, ashamed. "My parents keep telling me that. It's a bad habit I know, and I'll have to break it".




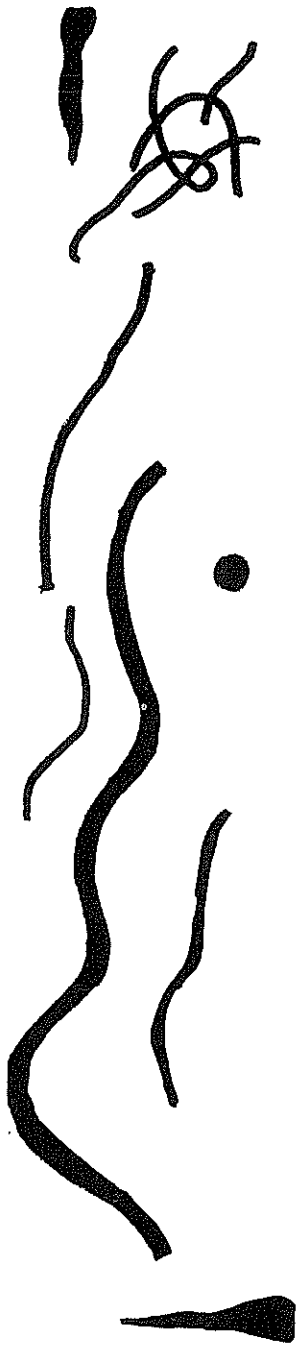
"Make sure that you do. And keep in mind what I said. I must leave now, but you will see me again sometime in the future. Farewell!"

"So long, Father Time! It was great talking to you".

He opened the front door, and disappeared into the darkness.

When Chris awoke the next morning, he couldn't be sure whether it had been a dream or not. "One thing's for certain. If he does exist, I'm sure he'll keep his promise and come back and visit me".

So Chris waits. It makes you wonder, doesn't it? Just to be on the safe side though, I think I'll be careful about what I say and do from now on. What about you?



INDUSTRIAL ARTS REPORT

At the end of 1980 one of the Good Guys was transferred to Springwood High. Mr Nordsvan was glad to be transferred to a school closer to his home but sorry to be leaving Cabramatta High — or was it the other way round. We were sorry to see our Bikie member go but he has been replaced by Mr Wright who is very keen on colours. Rumour had it that if you sit down for too long in Woodwork 1 you will probably end up like a rainbow. If you are in the market for trophies he is the one to see.

Woodwork 2 is the home of the happy gymnast and flight promoter (Mr Valler). His boy "Hurricane" has been doing well this year. Also his 'thought for the week' will make you laugh but does nothing for your woodwork.

"The Good Looking One" — Mr Penney is found in Woodwork 3. He has been busy this year organising the construction of the garage. Could it be that he has plans for his "degenerate technicolour minis"? If you wish to buy some bricks, sand or cement he is the one to see and don't forget he is managing a very good team of brickies.

If culture is what you want, go to Metalwork 1. The musical and mature (not old) Mr Birkett is always in search of new members for the school band — some come along. He is also an

agent for Barbecue gear and supplies a Chef for any function.

The "apprentice" Hells Angel (Mr Zybrands) is found in Metalwork 2. A cruel type, he has already written off one Holden which was too slow in getting out of his way. So if he appears from over the horizon please stay out of his way.

Lurking in the corridors of the blocks you will find the Nicest Guy of the Group — Mr Reddington. He will sell you tickets for footballs (Parramatta of course), allow you to not wear school uniform (if you pay 20 cents) and smile at you if you are in Year 11. There is no truth in the rumour that he is going to instal turnstiles at the entrances in the Industrial Arts blocks in 1982. He is only thinking about it.

With great guys like these it is no wonder that the students are making fantastic works of technical skill. Yosip Lasek entered a Regional Craft competition last year and won a second prize of \$15. We are hoping for similar results this year.

A thought for 1981 for all Industrial Arts Students:

The Guardian Angel of Industrial Arts will smile on you if you wear SOLID SHOES.



(From L to R) Mr Birkett, Mr Reddington, Mr Zybrands, Mr Valler, Mr Wright, Mr Penney.

Guess which Form.

Started the year with 120 members and now has 101 members.

Has among its members musicians, athletes, swimmers, workers and others.

Encourages other students to come to school in multi-coloured clothing (for a fee).

Can be found during Roll Call around, in and strolling slowly toward, the Industrial Arts block.

Suffers from a recurring disease called — Tuesday afternoon off sport to go for my driving test.

Is responsible for an increase in the Form Master's grey hair.

That's right, Year 11.



SOME OF THE BUNCH:

Stephanie Radbridge, Luddling, Carmen Zumbo, Pietro Salvati, Dianne Beard, Vanessa Zuga, John Zappia.

MY NARROW ESCAPE FROM VIETNAM

Since 1978. I left Vietnam, that was nearly four years ago now. We left on 22nd April, 1978. I left by boat. My boat was 14 metres length and 17 metres base. The boat contained 175 people. The name of the boat was TINH-HAU-CTIANG C A T 159. There were eighty children, fifty women and 40 men.

We left Vietnam because we were searching for freedom, and the communists always made trouble for us. We did not pay money when we left, but we paid gold, fifteen pieces of gold for each person. If you don't have enough, you cannot go. My family were seven plus our servant, that was eight people. Therefore, we paid 120 pieces. My servant lived with my family for 13 years, so my parents decided to take her as well.

My parents thought of a plan for three months before we left, but I did not know anything, only my oldest brother and the servant knew but they did not tell me, five weeks before we left. My mum told the servant not to let anyone of our children go outside as usual. My brother always went outside because he did not know what was going on, as well as my sister. Our door always kept closed. The neighbour began to notice us. One day one of them said to my mum, "If you leave our country, please tell me to come with you. I cannot stay in this country anymore. It is worse day after day and the government is worse as well." She spoke in tears. My mum felt sorry for her. My mum told her that she may come with us but she would not tell anyone else. If she told anybody, the plan would break up and all of us would be sorry, so she accepted.

Two weeks left. We went to the country side where was the land that my parents bought. We went there every day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. We did not go to school. That was our holiday. When the people asked, we told them that we were cultivating and gardening. I did not know what was going on. I was always kept myself silent. Why did I come here? I asked myself. One day I asked the servant what was going on, but she did not answer. She told me that it was a secret. My mum did not allow anybody to talk about this. She said that I must promise her if I want to know what was going on. Then I did so. She said "we were planning for our escape". I was so surprised when I heard this and scared, but I still kept my promise. On that night when we got back to the city, my mum told me that tomorrow I might get some clothes. I did not know what she was going to do. On next morning when we got there, she told me to put the clothes into the mud and make them until they look dirt that wash them in water. That were for the escape day wear so the communists would not notice us. They would think us as the fishery.

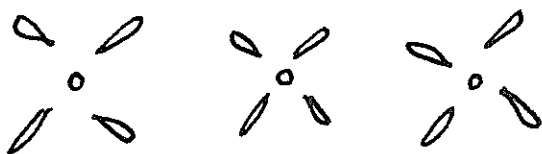
It was a very hard time now, it was eight p.m. on the 22nd April, 1978. My sister, my brothers and myself got into a small ship first. My parents and my small sister came in next morning. We had our meals there. We waited until sunset. That was eight o'clock. We were ready to go to the big ship. When we got to the big boat it were full of people. We did not have seat, so we went on the top of cabin. Everything was going well. Suddenly the communists shot at the back of our boat, everyone was shouted and laid down except for the captain. He still kept the machine going. Everyone cried louder and louder. About two or three hours the gun stopped. We continued to go. On next morning we saw that we were in the middle of the ocean, the water was dark blue and deep. Only our boat was on the vast ocean. There were no islands or houses. At 3 in the afternoon, suddenly the storm came. The captain did not know what to do. He still kept the machine going. The ship went up about 2 or 3 metres in the sky and it went down again. It was like a dead ship. Everyone on the ship lay down and waited for death. They thought that the ship would broke down into pieces. Everyone were tired and vomited.

At last the storm died down. Everyone awoke. They were checking their family who were missing, but no one, so we continued to go. When the captain got out the map to find out where we were. Then he said we got lost because of the storm. We went other way instead of this way. Two hours passed. We still did not find anything. It was night, about eight p.m. It was dark and I heard the animals which from the forest and the whales beside my boat. Then we saw many lights. I thought we reached island when we got nearer and nearer. That was a ship. The ship was big which came from America. We asked if they let us come to their ship. Our ship was nearly breaking and a lot of children were sick, but they did not let us. They gave us some packs of sandwiches and some jars of jam and water. When I drunk the water, it tasted terrible. It was warm and taste like something that I have never tasted before. It wasn't fresh water. I was so thirsty that I had to drink. I thought if we did not meet the ship we would die of starving on the next day because boat was lack of food and water. It was twelve midnight, we reached Malaysia. Then we waited until morning. It was seven a.m. The Malaysia police came, they told us to go away. They did not receive anymore people who escape from their country because they were too crowded. Our boat was almost broken and lack of food and water as well. Then we stayed there for half a day. They did not let us get into their land but we were still on our boat. After three hours the captain on my boat explained to him what was going on, so the police let us in. Then they told if we wanted to buy anything. There were nothing left on the boat and no one wanted to get their pocket money out. Therefore my father took some pieces of gold and bought food for my boat. When he got back the man who was on my boat said that these foods were given by the Malaysian people. Then my father said to him that my father bought them. No one gave us this food and nobody wanted to spend their money. When my father stopped the man got his mouth shut quietly and never said a word. There were most generous people, but some were very grasping and greedy. After that my father got some food and gave for each family. We stayed on the boat that night. In the morning, we went on shore. We built huts and cooked there, I went to beach and swam there in the evening. I stayed there for two days. Then the Malaysian people took us to the refugee camp. I stayed there for nine months. When I was in the camp there were only 250 people. They gave us food and things that we use every day. After we stayed for five months, there were another boat came in my camp. That boat contained 250 people, my camp became full. There were 500 people. There were only 2 toilets and 6 bathrooms. The food became less. One day when I received the food, that were fish and vegetable. The fish were not raw. They were stringed and white and we did not eat them. There were only vegetables left and I haven't got enough food so my parents sold all the gold which we have got. When we bought food the Malaysian people did not allow us to eat pork because of their religion. When I was in the refugee camp, I felt that I was just like a prisoner. They did not allow us to get out of the camp or to talk to other people outside.

One day when I was eating my lunch a reporter came from Australia told my family to come to the office. I thought it was trouble again. When we got out there, the reporter said that we got our list to go Australia. I was very happy. On next two days I left my camp. I went to Kuala Lumpur which was the capital of Malaysia. I stayed there for three months, then I came to Australia.

I came to Australia on the 2nd July, 1979. I have been educated by the Government of Australia. I have never ever seen these incidents would happen, and I would never forget what were happening on the vast ocean and the Malaysian people. I hope one day I can go back and visit my country.

By HUE TRAN-LAM, Year 9.



YEAR 11 GEOGRAPHY FIELD STUDY TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS PLATEAU

This field study, held early in August, was designed to give Year 11 Geography students first hand experience of the dissected plateau terrain to the west of Sydney. Thanks again to Mr Dudley for providing D.S.P. funds which helped to keep the cost of the day within reasonable limits for each participant — always a problem in this day of expensive transport.

There were no ambitious plans for the field study — just a leisurely “look see”: time and experience would not permit detailed field investigations of soils, vegetation and landforms of the area. Perhaps in the future, in combination with the relatively dormant Bushwalking Club, there could be more detailed studies done in the Jamieson, Megalong and Grose Valleys.

En route to Katoomba there were stops at Kemps Creek (red podsollic soil profile), Mulgoa (the spectacular Nepean Trench), and the Hawkesbury Lookout (Castlereagh Terraces, Nepean Floodplain). At Katoomba the spectacular dissected plateau terrain from Echo Point brought the usual gasps of delight from those new to this area. Here, the group was also able to witness the busy parade of tourist coaches with their stream of tourists having a “quick squizz” at the Three Sisters before returning to the warmth of their coaches.

A quick pie, chiko roll, or chips (at inflated Katoomba prices), then around to the Scenic Railway for the spectacular ride to the bottom of “the steepest railway in the world”. The old coal mines, thick rainforests and spectacular Dogface Landslide, were highlights of the valley walk — until Mark Woods twisted his ankle and had to be manhandled back to the railway for the return trip to stop station.

After a quick game of “Space Invaders” at the kiosk, it was around to Narrowneck Peninsula for another walk. Here there were the usual complaints: “Can’t the bus drive us out?”; “Is it far?”; “How far out are we going?”. Despite the protests, the walk was worth it to see the size of the amazing landslide and the contrasting terrain of the Jamieson and Megalong Valleys.

A quick dash then up to Blackheath for a stickybeak at the huge canyon of the Grose Valley from Govetts Leap, then back to Cabra, with expert driver Mick at the helm. While most of us seemed to doze off on the way back, a few of the lads kept themselves amused by being obnoxious to a lady unfortunate enough to be driving immediately behind the bus. A stern warning to behave “like public school gentlemen” brought an immediate response: the lads shifted their attention to a truckload of soldiers in the following traffic (you can draw your own conclusion from this!)

R. NEWTON.

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77 Seville Street,
FAIRFIELD.

PHOTO 1

At Echo Point looking across to the Three Sisters — renamed the “Three Sheilas” by one Year 11 wit.

PHOTO 2

Intrepid geographers climb a high section of the Narrowneck Peninsula for a better view of the famous Dogface Landslide.

PHOTO 3

While waiting for the Scenic Railway to the bottom of the cliff, the group were “entertained” by a horrible bit of singing from the Cabramatta Boys’ Choir alias R. Radov, S. Ingle, S. Christie and L. Crosbie.

PHOTO 4

Out on Narrowneck Peninsula — Mr Newton and his loyal followers enjoying the magnificent scenery of the Blue Mountains Plateau.

PHOTO 5

All aboard the Scenic Railway . . . those who had not been on it before are about to receive a bit of a shock!

PHOTO 6

At the bottom of the railway, investigating some of the many old coal mines just below Katoomba.

LIFE OR DEATH?

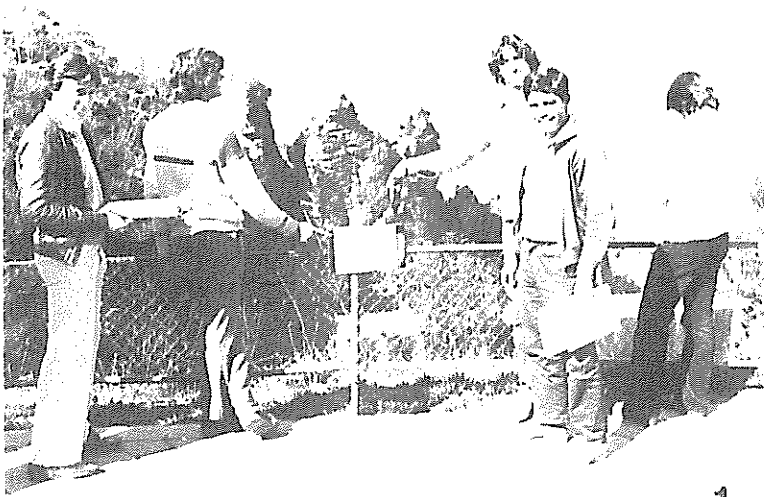
Life, is it real?
Am I really me?
How can I be sure?
What am I doing here?
Can you tell me please?
A screech of brakes,
The body is lying limp and motionless.
Death!
No one is really distressed
Except for family
Many say, such is life.

What am I to do?
Should I stay here?
What is my fate?
Is it reality or fantasy?
Or may it be death?
No! Not death. Not yet.
I’m too young to die
It must be fantasy or reality
Fantasy or reality, yes that’s it
Fantasy or reality
Fantasy or . . . ough . . . !!
Death!!

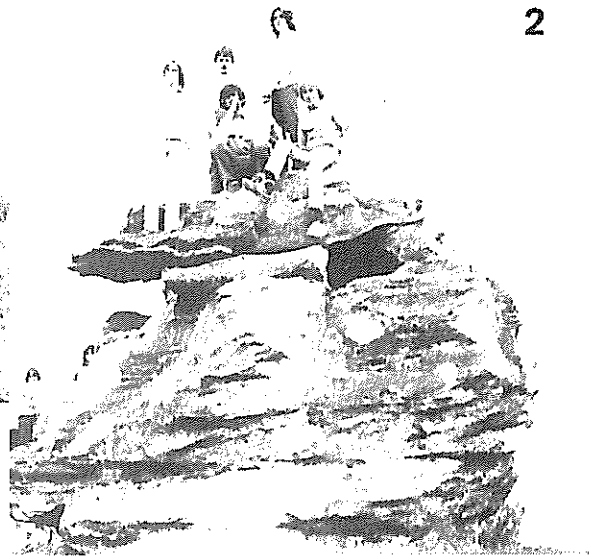
Where am I now?
At least I’m not alone
Here is the man who was lying limp
Oh well. Such is life.

By LINDSAY CROSBIE.

YEAR 11 GEOGRAPHY FIELD STUDY — KATOOMBA



1



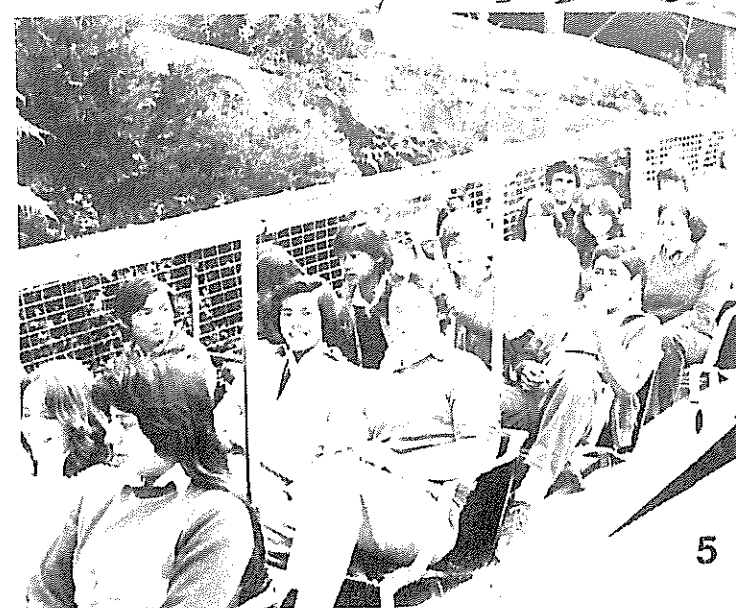
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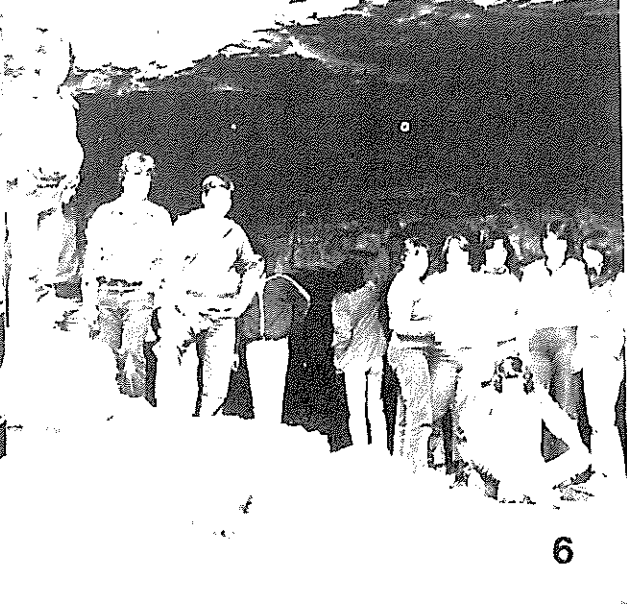
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5



6

E.S.L. REPORT

Well, E.S.L. certainly has grown this year, with many more students and staff: Mr Quigley, Mr Austin, Mr Wagner, Mrs Gaffey and Miss Lam.

It's been a most profitable year, thanks to Mrs Diskoros and the highly successful Spellathon and stationery 'stall' sales. (I wonder why there were so many champion spellers? Mr James: Next word . . . cat . . . c . . . a . . . t. Shall I repeat that? C . . . A . . . T . . . Got it?)

Excursions have been as popular as ever and have included a trip to see "Manganuie," a tour of the Opera House and Rocks area; a camping trip to the Blue Mountains and many interesting and valuable Wednesday sorties for Mr W. and his group of newest arrivals. At the end of March, 1½ busloads of students and three teachers journeyed to Kangaroo Valley for two days; the many delights included superb vistas; hairy rides up Crackenback and down; milking time at a farm deep in the valley (watch your step, Chi Phuong! . . . Yuk! . . . Never mind, it'll wash off . . . !); collecting firewood by torchlight long after sundown (like 30 kids and two torches); corn roasted on an open fire; Ly Ly and co., fascinated by renditions of rock 'n roll from members of staff!

In September Mr Quigley, Miss Lam and 25 students went to Jindabyne and the Snowy for a week. All returned (Phew! did we hear someone sigh?) battered and bruised (they still haven't stopped talking about it!) vowing to go again next year.

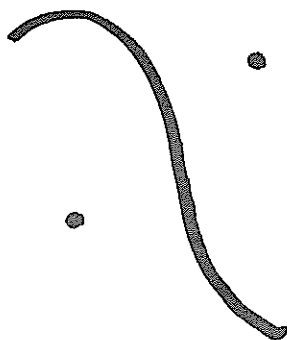
Thanks to all for a successful year.

LANGUAGE REPORT

Leading the International 5 again this year is Herr Kenny (he's always the leader — he has vays to make us listen!). Following closely behind Superrodd, is Madame Watt, our 21-C who made sure nobody forgot how to do it the French way. Completing the quintet are Signora Jeffares, whose turn of phrase is immaculate, Mademoiselle Bettington, who constantly keeps us amused and Senor Hodgson, the latest addition, who, even after one full year, remains an enigmatic type.

With skills far superior to those of mortal teachers, these 5 visitors from "overthere" are able to teach 5 students at once, carry a map and a tape recorder in two hands and change their yes to oui to si and ja in a small room. All of this in their never succeeding battle for more classes, more students and the multilingual way.

Standing (L to R)
Mrs Watt, Mr Hodgson,
Mrs Jeffares, Mr Kenny
Seated Ms Bettington



Standing (L to R) Mrs Diskoros, Mr Wagner
Mr James
Seated (L to R) Ms Gaffey, Mr Quigley
ABSENT: Mr Austin



However, as with most of the great characters in History, weak spots have been evident. Watch Superrodd fold at the thought of 9Ge; see the signora boil after 12It; the Mademoiselle looks very worried when it's time for 7C2; 9Sp strikes terror into the soul of El Senor and the Interact Crew can put Madame into a fluster.

All things considered, after an eventful year during which much has been achieved by staff and students alike, we eagerly await our chance to do even better next year.



INTERACT REPORT

The Interact Club at Cabramatta High School is flourishing in 1981! We now have a membership of 33 students aged between 14 and 18 years. Interact is a world-wide service club organization for older high-school students founded by Rotary International in the United States about 20 years ago. In line with the ideal of service to our school, and to the local and world community we have raised money for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign (\$150), Foundation 41 (\$80 raised from a Talent Quest here at school in first term which was organised by Mr Preston), and have made two donations to World Vision Children (total \$250) to help with their work in countries devastated by famine or war. The school received \$150 for improvements to the hall and a bronze plaque for the front lawn to announce the name of our school to visitors.

One highlight of the year was the District Conference held at Milperra College of Advanced Education in February. The biggest delegation from any school was from Cabramatta and we had an enjoyable day meeting Interactors from other schools in discussion groups, over lunch and at the B.B.Q. and disco held in the evening where the Cabramatta Interactors were really in their element!

The Executive for 1981 is Joe Florio (President), Aldo Meola (Vice-President), Anthony Russell (Treasurer), and Lena Pizzolato (Secretary).

Finally, a word of thanks to everyone who helped with organizing and running our once-a-term evening discos, which have been our main source of profit for the year.

MRS H. WATTS

READING REPORT

This is my first year at Cabramatta High and I was fortunate to be appointed to a school where an efficient and rewarding reading programme was already operating. I have received much assistance, in settling in, from the English Staff with whom we work closely and from Mrs Marsh, the additional reading teacher.

This year, thanks to Mr Leonello and Mr Williamson, the general assistants, we have a very large book display stand for many of our new books. The Reading Department has a pleasant and comfortable atmosphere.

We have subscribed to two Victorian Publications this year. These magazines "Challenge" and "Explore" are published six times a year. They contain short but very interesting articles — for example — 'How do aeroplanes fly?' and 'How is "The Sullivans" made?' These magazines also contain puzzles, jokes and other 'Did you know ...?' information.

Children's magazines? Well Mrs Marsh and I both pounce eagerly on the next edition and I'm glad to say our students find them just as engrossing.

Students in Years 7, 8 and 9 were tested early in the year and again in August. Even without the benefit of these results we have noticed the improvements in our Years 7 and 8 students.

Students receive a sense of achievement from the work they do and most of the tasks they do, they enjoy. As many of our students have discovered this year, reading can be enjoyable and the more you read the easier it becomes.

Parental co-operation is encouraged and parents are more than welcome to visit our department and see what we do, or speak to Mrs Marsh or me, Miss Galloway, concerning any reading problem their son or daughter might have, whether we teach them or not.

MISS C. A. GALLOWAY, Reading Teacher.

TALENT QUEST

At the beginning of Term 2 the Interact Club conducted a school-wide talent quest. As the day drew nearer the organisers had their hands full with nervous competitors trying to withdraw their talent. This was overcome with threats of death or mutilation. One group of students seemed extremely interested in mutilation so we promised mutilation if they would perform; their act went ahead; the audience mutilated them.

On the day of the event panic set in, but once we got under way things ran fairly smoothly. The talent displayed was of a very high quality and the judges had a very difficult task deciding the winners. Mr Dudley, Mrs Chapman and Mr Cruickshank were the judges on the day. They were impressed with the wealth of talent that Cabramatta High managed to assemble that afternoon.

Finally the judges decided to award Janine Smith, of Year 9, third prize after she enthralled the large audience with a solo dance routine. The somewhat exuberant audience was stunned into silence when Year 10's Adalgisa Gemmellaro sang "The Rose" beautifully. Mr Adamson accompanied Adalgisa on the piano and the applause for this act nearly brought the hall down. Adalgisa earned second prize. Four Year 10 girls, Lee McMillan, Dianne Lind, Vivienne Gonnet and Julie Mountfort romped in first prize with a professional dance routine that even shut Joe Florio up. In all there were 15 acts of high quality. Of course not everyone could win and it was good to see the friendliness and encouragement competitors gave each other. Why not practice an act for next year?

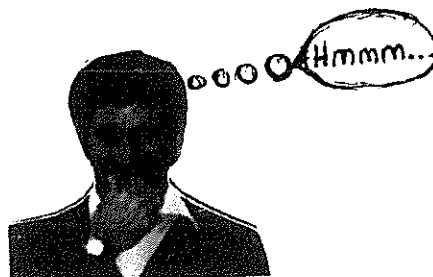
Thanks must go to Mr Adamson for his help on the piano, Mr Newton for setting up the tape deck and microphone, Nada Vujosevic of Year 12 for playing the correct tape at the correct time, 10ES for setting up the chairs, the judges, the light boys and all those talented people who put on such an entertaining afternoon.

JOHN PRESTON.

CANTEEN REPORT

Since I wrote last year's report there have been big changes in the Canteen, as you all must realise. We have gone (as they say) healthy. It certainly is different on my side of the counter and must be more so on yours. I must say I was happy with the way it has been accepted by the majority of staff and pupils. It surely must have been a shock after years of buying lollies and such to have them removed so suddenly. However, we are told it is for the best and must abide by that decision. We will try to introduce new items, but whether they sell or not is up to you. We are willing to try most reasonable suggestions as long as we have staff and equipment to do so. Here's hoping for a good year in '82.

MRS. E. MIRFIN.



A TRIP TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

This year our school organised a great excursion to the Snowy Mountains and we enjoyed it very much. During the trip on the bus, we made jokes, we laughed and we watched with interest the changing panorama. I was amazed at the sight of Canberra where we stopped for lunch because it was the first time I had seen this city.

When we finally arrived at Jindabyne, it was dark and after dinner, we were so tired that we fell asleep.

We enjoyed the first three days. We visited a mysterious cave (?) and enjoyed several other activities. But the most interesting part was seeing the snow because I hadn't seen it before! Of course, we made the traditional "Snowman" and we played and had a lot of fun.

In the following days, we got our ski equipment and we began to have lessons. Unfortunately, we had only two lessons instead of three because the snow was too heavy and it was too cold for us to ski, so we went back to the hotel. Anyway, we still enjoyed the other two lessons. It was good fun for me to learn how to ski. The most embarrassing thing was that I fell over several times during the lessons. The instructor always made fun of me so I felt uncomfortable. Eventually, I didn't care and I tried so hard that I knew how to ski. The most exciting thing was a "snow fight". We were all exhausted after the fight so we went and had our lunch.

We had a party the last night at the hotel, and everybody was dancing and having fun until midnight, then we were tired so we went back to our rooms and got ready for bed.

Next day we had to get up early to pack our things in the camp bag. We had the last meal there and we began to go back to Sydney. In the meantime we also went to the Telecom tower in Canberra. We looked around the tower, it was a high tower from where we could see the city of Canberra. I really loved the view there. At last we arrived at Cabramatta station and everybody got their luggage and said farewell to each other.

I really enjoyed this trip and in the future if there is a chance for me I'll visit there again.

Hue Man Duong.

It was Sunday, September 20. We left Cabramatta High at 6.30 and travelled via Canberra, where we had our lunch. We arrived at Jindabyne at 6.40 pm. Because of the long trip everyone was so tired and had a nice and sound sleep.

On Wednesday, it was the first day we went to ski. As we arrived at the ski-hire store, the clothes that had been distributed to us were not as we expected. The pants were terribly big, so big they could fit two persons in them. Le Hong was too little and the pants went up to her chest. She had to use a belt to tie them up. Everyone who had the pants on looked funny and we laughed at each other. The weather was really bad; it was snowing thick and raining. All of us got wet even with those ski-suits on, especially Mr Q. whose legs were stained with a blue colour from his new jeans.

On the second day we'd been up to the top of the mountain by chairlift. The instructor had given us a skiing lesson, and we'd been taught to bend our knees when we were skiing. I followed the instructions, so my bottom was sticking upwards. Everybody laughed madly at my imitation of the instructor.

On the last day we went up to Merri's Spur. It was full of fun. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the snow fights and tried to attack each other again and again, but Mr Quigley was so strong, he defeated us easily. So our girls had to stick together to resist him. However, with four girls hanging on to Mr Q., I tried to improve his appearance, giving him a snow face-pack, and I was, luckily, successful.

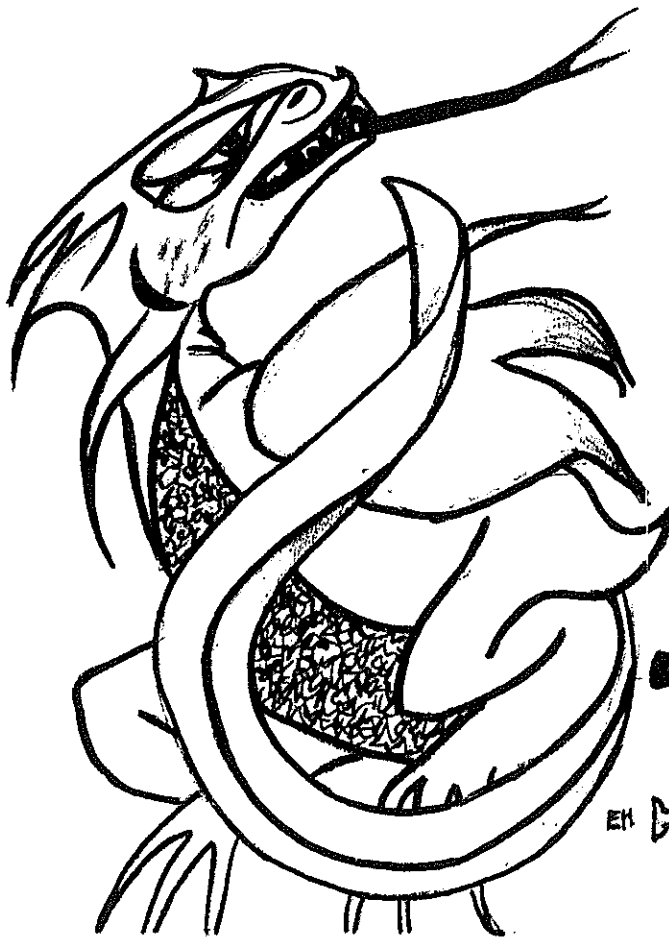
The trip has given me an unforgettable winter, a special season that everyone has to say goodbye to until the next, but I don't think I will forget it.

(from Linda Lam)

& another view.







THE CAPITALIST CANTATA

The LORD is my Shepherd, the people are the sheep.
I shall not lack
whilst millions starve.

He makes me to lie and cheat
whilst I'm in green pastures.

He leads me beside restful penthouse swimming pools,
He conditions the masses' minds.
He leads me in paths of selfrighteousness
for His own sake.

Yes, though millions walk through
the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no harm;
for Thou controls them:
Thy rod and Thy staff
have raped their minds.
That's comforting to know.

Thou preparest a lavish table for me
not in the presence of my adversaries
whilst millions starve.
Thou hast annointed their ears and eyes with bull dung.
My cup runs over whilst millions starve.

Surely goodness and democracy
shall not plague me all the days of my life,
and I shall be safe from these dangers,
and I shall dwell in the house of the LORD for ever,
and Murdoch shall protect me from the wrath of the masses;
I'll be all right, Jack, so the rest can go to Hell.

By SIMON '80.

STORY ABOUT THE DRAGON

A long time ago, there was a big dragon in China. The dragon looked good, and the people thought that it was bad. One day a man was going to the river and he was swimming. Then he lost his \$20, then he cried.

He said: "Help me!" "Please, can anyone help me?"

Then the dragon came up from the river, the dragon said: "What's wrong young boy?" The boy said: "I lost my money." Then the dragon said: "How much did you lose?" The boy said: "About \$20."

The dragon gave him \$20. The man was very happy. He said thank you very much to the dragon and so the dragon went down to the water.

Then the young boy went home to tell his friends about the dragon. Then the people in the village saw that the dragon was good and helped people.

HIEM HOANG 94.

DID YOU KNOW

The famous author Edgar Allan Poe was expelled from Westpoint Military School.

EH



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FEBRUARY 4:

I went. It was very dark. I was amazed to find that no-one else had turned up. In a way I was scared. It started to get darker. I felt like if something or someone was staring at me. The air felt so cold and heavy, for some reason there were no fish biting. It was strange, real strange. I usually caught one fish after the other, but tonight there was something unusual, something you could not see but feel. Suddenly I saw something move. It was green and gold. It just surfaced for a moment. The body seemed like it was rolling on top of the water, then the water quickly engulfed it and it was gone. I waited for hours till that thing came back up again. I saw the head it looked evil, man like, I couldn't help it but to think of the devil himself, my eyes they just seemed hypnotised by this THING! I got so scared, but my legs didn't seem to move, my eyes they just stared, then as I looked up and saw myself in total darkness I ran and ran and ran.

Next week I'm going again.

FEBRUARY 11:

Tonight I went again. I felt the same fear, the strangeness of the air. It was stupid to be so scared of a fish. I know it is too stupid to believe, that's why I will not tell anyone. I waited in the same spot. I can't explain what I feel, it is too strange like if something is watching me, eyes, yes eyes, enormous eyes under the surface of the water, watching, watching every move I made. I don't know exactly what I feel. It's as if a giant blanket of darkness swallows me up every time I get near the lake, no sounds to be heard, except the noise of the water as it swayed from side to side. The leaves on the trees don't even move, although I can feel the wind through my hair. The water, the trees, leaves, grass, everything seemed to be evil. I started to walk to leave, slowly I started to move. I turned around and saw that fish, that that thing. I ran I could not help it. I had to, I had to. I don't know if I want to go back. My curiosity is driving me mad. I have to catch that fish. I had to feel it dead in my hands. It must die, it must.

FEBRUARY 13:

After hours of waiting, I saw it. It was near my line, it would soon be caught. It would have died. Me, me I would have killed it. Ha, ha, ha. As it approached towards me I again saw those evil eyes. I caught it, it was on my line. I pulled with all my strength but my strength was not enough, this fish had so much strength that I could not believe it. I pulled. I felt myself slipping towards the lake. I pulled but still I slipped. Then I felt the water, it was cold, like a pair of freezing hands which had caught me by the leg and were pulling me in. I had to let go but my hands did not open. I screamed. I tried to get, the water was now to my waist, the fish. I saw its teeth coming towards me then suddenly I felt in my leg the pain that could be felt by a human. I saw the blood coming to the surface of the water. Somehow I ran. I had to turn around to look back. Something forced me to look back. The fish, it was out of the water and by some strange force it was moving towards me. I ran and ran and ran and ran.

APRIL 14:

After one month in hospital I am finally out. The doctors said that I was lucky to still have my leg. I tried to explain to them that a fish could not have done such a thing. But I didn't feel like arguing. That night I went home to look up in all the books about fish that I had. After hours of searching I found one fish that looked exactly alike. It was called PIKE, the description was as follows:

PIKE: LEGENDARY FISH, EVIL, SAID TO HAVE EXISTED OVER ONE MILLION YEARS AGO. IS NOW EXTINCT.....

By ALEXANDRA CASTRO.



CARE

I was awoken by the sounds of life
The sands of slumber in my eyes.
That held down my drowsy head.
Peering down on the valley below
I watched the sun emerge
Hearing the voice of nature calling
Awakening a sleepy world.
Unveiling peace but slowly replacing an empty situation
Where natures bound and tied
Replaced by machines of a mechanical state.
Revealing corruption and distress.
Man's inventions, destroying the earth
Bringing forth bad fortune and fault that cannot be endowed.

I sat alone, deep in thought
Pitying a world that I once loved.
My reflections of the past appeared before me.
Feeling helpless and lost.
Knowing that their presence would diminish
Restoring shattering memories that can never be forgotten

The word 'Death' echoed in my mind
encircling it with fear that would remain
My eyes were filled with tears
Hesitating to let it go.
To show my true emotions and concern
For a person I once cared for.

JACKIE D'COSTA, 10E1.



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YEAR 7

GEOGRAPHY EXCURSIONS TO WEST HEAD AND PITTWATER BASIN NATIONAL PARK 15.7.81

We started off from school at 8.15 am by Silverline coaches. The teachers on the buses were Mr Knox, who was the boss, Mr Gooley, Mr Martin and Mr Wagner. On the way there it was a long ride but you can say it was alright. It took 1½ hours. The first stop was Commodore Heights. It was a beautiful place to have a picnic. You could see Barrenjoey, Umina, Palm Beach and Lion Island. They call it that because it was shaped like a lion's head. When we were finished at Commodore Heights we went back to the buses and I said, "what buses?" They were not there so we had to walk. So that meant we had to walk to the Basin from Commodore Heights. This took 1¾ hours to meet the ferry. I was in the front with Mr Gooley. We all thought it was bad but it was good for your health. Then we came to a track. We walked down the track until we came to a fork in the track. Mr Knox told me to run down the right track to see if there was a sign, but there was no sign so we had to go back and start walking again. We walked for about another 800 metres until we came to the right track. It took us about 10 minutes to get to the Aboriginal Rock Carving site. After that we had to walk to the Basin on the bush track to the ferry. It was down hill the rest of the way which was good for the students and the teachers. When we got to the Basin we were glad to see some water at last! I won't forget that on the way to the Basin I fell over and Steven was running into trees. We boarded the ferry at the Basin at 1.30 pm for a ride to Church Point. This took ½ an hour or so. When we got there we all went for the buses for some lunch. I said that I could eat a horse, and I was so thirsty I could drink the river. After lunch we boarded the buses and started on our way home. Half way home people were starting to get sick. I was sitting next to Steven on the way home when he fell asleep. Someone was sick on his head. Mr Knox laughed and Mr Jackson got hit by it too. It was not that funny but he couldn't help it. We arrived at Cabramatta at 3.30 pm. That was our adventure at the National Park.

BRIAN SABINE



The Year 7 Geography Excursions to West Head took place on two days due to the large number of students involved. These photographs are a mixture of "events" on the two days.

PHOTO 1

At the West Head lookout — magnificent views of Barrenjoey Headland, Pittwater and Broken Bay — plus some work with map and compass.

PHOTO 2

Mr Jackson and three of his fan club — all rather weary after the accidental three mile hike due to unclear instructions to the bus drivers.

PHOTO 3

A favourite spot for a photograph — the Aboriginal carvings on the Basin Track.

PHOTO 4

Mr Knox balancing cleverly at the edge of a 200-metre drop while he explains how Broken Bay was formed by a rise in sea level at the end of the Ice Age.

PHOTO 5

One of the strange local species of fauna found under a rock on the Basin Track.

PHOTO 6

Part of the group busy at work on their field study sheets at the West Head lookout.

PHOTO 7

"Spike" and a couple of members of his harem take a rest at the Aboriginal carvings on the way down to the Basin.

PHOTO 8

All aboard the ferry for the trip around to Church Point . . .

PHOTO 9

Mrs Kayrooz seems quite pleased that she made it in one piece down the steep track to the Basin.

PHOTO 10

Out on the Basin Wharf waiting for the ferry.

PHOTO 11

A well-equipped Year 7 geographer complete with bushwalking pack . . . spotted by the cameraman at the Aboriginal carvings.

PHOTO 12

". . . Not more work, Sir?"

PHOTO 13

Mr Wagner from the E.S.L. Department also came along on the Year 7 Geography Excursion.

PHOTO 14

. . . some of the Year 7 gang . . .

YEAR 7 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION — 1



YEAR 7 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION — 2



10



12



13



14



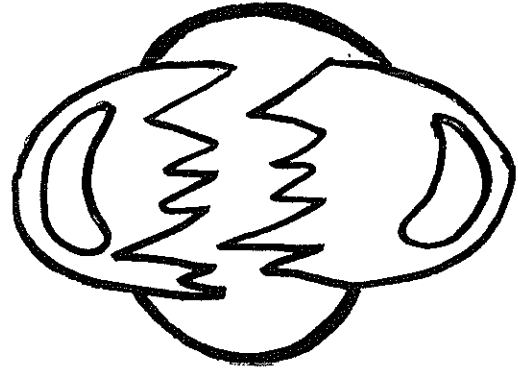
BIRTH

Bounded by my barrier
I dare stand unseen — unnoticed
Because I've been told, warned
The bogey man, the wounded moon, the mushroom cloud.

They keep telling me to look-out,
And beware of these things,
Yet my eyes are closed,
but then again open to all around me.

Why do they pressure me so,
And lead me into their world,
Mine is my own; I am me
I will not let them destroy my ways.

JO ANN STAFFORD, 10E1.



THE CRUMBS

I thought perhaps I would sit near her today
I even tried to produce a smile,
She ignored me.
I let my embarrassment pass, while I watched her
The lady with the pigeons
She was a whimsical sort of character
Who still wore a hat with flowers on it.
I could have laughed to see something so ancient
but I didn't.
Like always she took out her napkin
Unfolded it and took out the crumbs.
The pigeons knew it was feed time
and their friend had come again.
My well rehearsed line of

'Lovely day isn't it?'

Never met her attention
Although really I tried
Honest.

I often wondered why I pitied her
She was old and alone and old
but so would I be one day
but so would I . . .

I will never really know her
and I play God, by imagining I do
But I realize the right is not upon me
to old age and its ways, intrude.
I still sometimes walk past the park
And as usual she is there
the old lady in the cage
and pigeons who came to stare.

THE LAST REQUEST

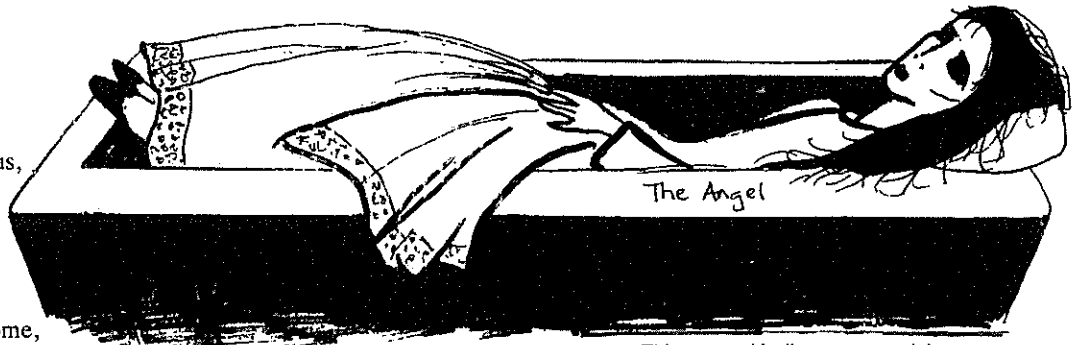
Lying on the coffin,
Yet it is not a coffin.
This skeleton is breathing,
Through its lips.

Hating this journey,
Yet she has no choice:
Agents will take her,
From whence they come.

Crying; fearless nor nervous,
But the tear it claims:
For crops just sown,
Have not been reaped.

Waiting for the time,
Though fast, is slow.
Realising a new bed to come,
Tears drop on the flesh that was hers.

Without words, she says,
"Water the flowers.
Give the kitten milk,
Then, my son, air this blanket out".



GINA CALIC, 10E1.

SOMBOON SITPASEUTH.
Year 11 E.S.L. 2

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ATTENTION! — All Cabramatta High Students

This may concern you

This year on 20th August, 1981, 48 Cabramatta beauties left the school grounds to venture on an excursion. We all boarded the coach (which nearly fell apart when we hit a bump) and chugged up the hills of Cabramatta Road. The journey was long and rugged. Miss Neumann, the leader of this Cabramatta tribe, brought along a companion, Mrs Porteus, to help control us violent little darlings.

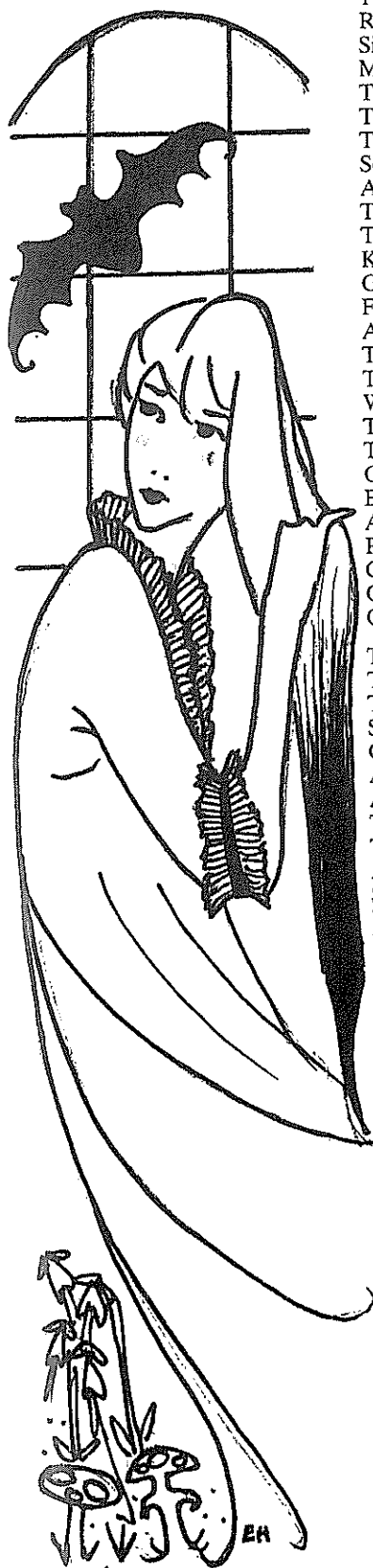
Once we arrived we all swarmed out of the bus, all dressed in pretty green and white checks, and walked, in a most lady-like manner, up the steps and into the Town Hall, where we saw a Fashion Parade of garments which were modelled by the High School Girls and Boys of N.S.W., all of whom had made what they were modelling.

The next time we were allowed out was on 26th August, to the Art Gallery, where we saw an exhibition of early 20th Century Costumes, all authentic, and most of which looked very strange to us. There were hand beaded evening gowns, neck-to-knee swimming costumes, and even a hat which was an upside down shoe! After we had spent some time viewing these garments, and thinking how lucky we were not to be wearing them now, (think of all that washing and ironing!), Miss Neumann and Miss Allen brought us back to that place we love — school.

KAREN FORSYTHE, SUSY PETRINA.



NIGHT



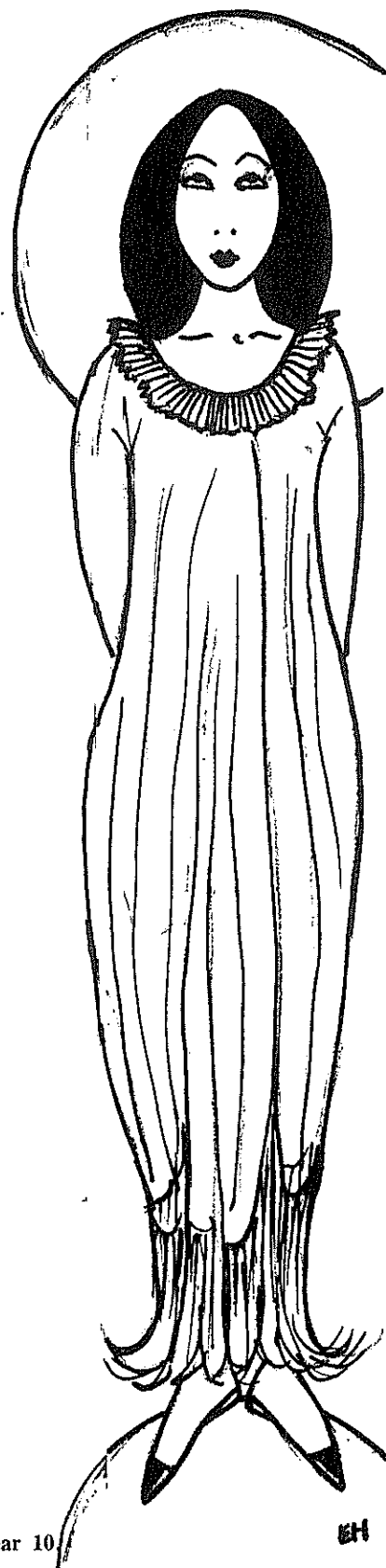
Beyond the Alps lies the embroidery,
Of snow and ice, white upon faded turquoise.
Beneath the seas dwell the corals,
Interlacing with the wild greens of seaweed.
Above the world extend the heavens,
Dark, yet sprinkled with oscillating radiance.
To beauty awake the shadows,
Roaming incessantly in search of light;
Silence discovers the thrill of sound,
Mellow, reposing, a vibrant cascade of sensations.
The trees, from the Chinese mandarin,
To the majestic sequoia sway,
To the maternal rocking of the wind.
Solitary tulips wound the Dutch meadows,
And await the morning dew with outstretched petals.
The rays of morning glory prod,
The highest blue peaks in the distant horizon.
King Sun himself spreads the golden mantle,
Gently, over the obscurity of night.
Forming the surging dawn and compelling the dreamers.
A multitude of plumaged migrants invade,
The infinite borders of the sky.
The spent valleys, respond to the lingering warmth,
When their multicoloured mosaics open up,
To greet a new day.
The husky voices of nature,
Gossip from the depths of a rainforest,
But are soon quietened when King Sun intervenes,
And casts his fluorescence upon them,
Revealing the most minute possessions
Concealed by this intimidating magnitude.
Graceful creatures frolic, vivaciously,
Over the perspicacity of their audacious rivals.

The vast coats of deep celestial fire approach;
The joyful choirs, cease their fluttering chatter,
To continue inexorable whispers.
Sunset extends from horizon to horizon,
Casting its burning glow over the submitting earth.
As dusk awkwardly breaks up the clouds,
And cools the vivid coats into a mystifying blue.
The offended clouds rush to assist their lady,
To ornament her and worship at her feet.
As the darkness intensifies,
She abruptly parts the firmament,
With a dazzling halo of light;
Her full face is at last revealed,
And her cloud-maids stand aside,
To allow splendour for their queen — the moon.
Her reflection mesmerizes her beseeching lover.
He performs for her, honours her, breaking the spell,
And secretly adores her candour;
Yet he rages and victimizes the elements.
The sea is lustful, his waves swell violently,
Surging up, to kiss that cold, glowing face.
Has she no heart? She immobilizes the world,
She defies the king of light,
And yet the sea loves her deeply.
She holds him in and gazes down, vain and aloof.

'Tis night and day, existence breaks,
Existence exonerates.
Life persists, life dies.
Nature sings, nature cries.
Shadows lurk, shadows flee.
The sun is coronated, the moon bares her shoulders.
Music erupts and music shudders to insignificance.
The trance of love wavers until it is disturbed.
Man is born, man will come again.
And so the angel of life, defeats once more,
The angel of death.
And these disperse as night and day.

ADALGISA GEMMELLARO — Year 10

AND DAY



MY SON

Deep from my soul you came,
With the softness of my breast,
And the fury of my fist,
To a universe full of scares.

I shaped you to the best of my ability, but yet not sufficiently,
Because believe me son, you have to think patiently,
and be alert to end successfully.

Sometimes I worry about your future,
Will it be the atomic bomb, or an alien creature,
Perhaps even one of your brothers in a movie feature,
or yourself in a newspaper picture.

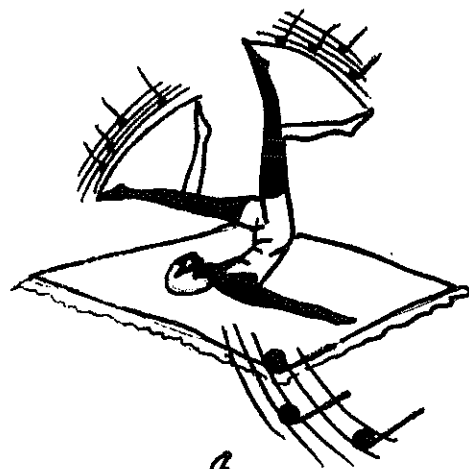
Your life has been carefully planned,
For you lay in the hands of a man,
Who would always watch you, and can,
stop you from being harmed.

For you my son, it is that I worry,
It's with you whom I'll always be spiritually
and after when we meet again, we'll surely
not be torn and will live peacefully.

But now it is what really matters,
So I hope that you really remember,
to be wise and alert, since we won't be together.

It's for you son for whom I'll gather
All my efforts and for whom today I close my eyes.

G. GARCIA, 10E1.



SOLE DEFENDER

I am the sole defender,
But my efforts are in vain
As the cold does not surrender
And I feel so numb with pain.
Until my final hour
Draws me closer to my death
I am sinking lower and lower
With only a single breath.

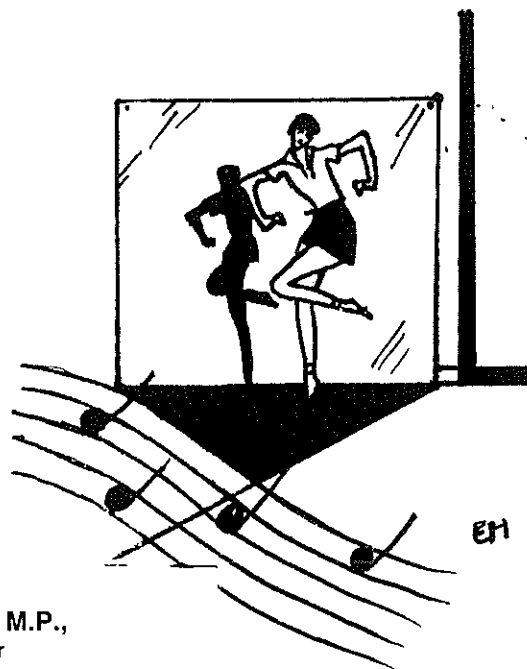
My stomach grows impatient
Without the taste of food
I've eaten much of human flesh
And drunk much human blood.

I've seen a person crawling
Towards immense refuse
Then die in pain and sorrow
After eating algae loose.

My bones are now protruding
Through my dehydrated flesh
My eyes are slowly burning
Slowly, finally, I crash . . .

The End.

MICHAEL M. 10E1



This page kindly sponsored by:

THE HON. E. L. BEDFORD, B.A., M.P.,
Member for Fairfield and Minister for
Planning and Environment.

HAVE A CIGAR

Have a cigar
 Isn't she lovely, just look at those blue eyes
 That's right, Ma-ma
 Did you like your new teacher?
 What a pretty picture
 A new uniform already,
 Nonsense, she's only a child,
 Aren't you a bit young for lipstick dear?
 Hurry, or else you'll miss the ball,
 And where were you young lady?
 Hello, no this is her mother, may I ask who's calling?
 What! So soon, we hardly even know him
 But it's a family tradition to wear this veil.
 Hi deary, how are you settling in?
 Me, a grandmother!
 Moving, but that's so far.
 Only got three minutes, you know how your father is.
 Write, won't you honey,
 Say hello to the kids.
 They forgot my birthday . . .

OXANA BIHANCOV, 10E1.

YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW THESE PIGS THE WAY

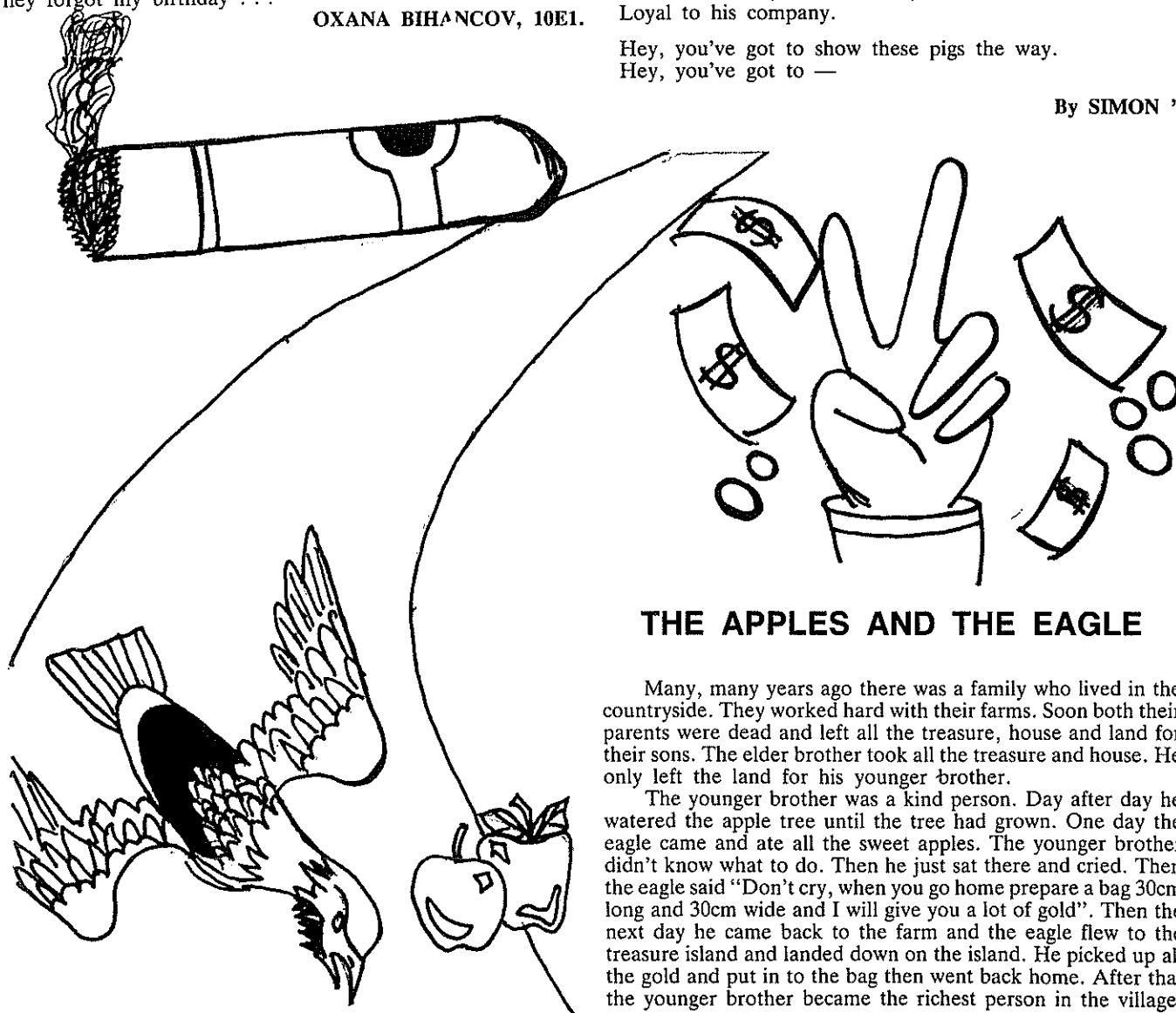
Here I sit, filthy rich,
 Turn my back on the poor.
 and when they've gone I still go on
 Making more and more.
 Every week the starved and weak
 Slave in my factory,
 And for all the days they waste away
 Huge profits return to me.

Hey, you've got to show these pigs the way.
 Hey, you've got to show these pigs the way.

Why should I even try
 To help these lesser men?
 What's this rot about revolt?
 They can never win.
 In north Brazil, I heard they killed
 an innocent just like me.
 An honest man, an American,
 Loyal to his company.

Hey, you've got to show these pigs the way.
 Hey, you've got to —

By SIMON '80.



THE APPLES AND THE EAGLE

Many, many years ago there was a family who lived in the countryside. They worked hard with their farms. Soon both their parents were dead and left all the treasure, house and land for their sons. The elder brother took all the treasure and house. He only left the land for his younger brother.

The younger brother was a kind person. Day after day he watered the apple tree until the tree had grown. One day the eagle came and ate all the sweet apples. The younger brother didn't know what to do. Then he just sat there and cried. Then the eagle said "Don't cry, when you go home prepare a bag 30cm long and 30cm wide and I will give you a lot of gold". Then the next day he came back to the farm and the eagle flew to the treasure island and landed down on the island. He picked up all the gold and put in to the bag then went back home. After that the younger brother became the richest person in the village.

MINH.

INTENSIVE LANGUAGE UNIT

(From L to R)

Mr Durack,
Mr Thompson
Ms. Carr
Mr Folkes
Ms. Singourya
Ms Pieratos



(Cont.)

Ms. Tannous
Ms Kleitman
Mr Grierson
Ms Horder
Mr Nedim
Mr Long

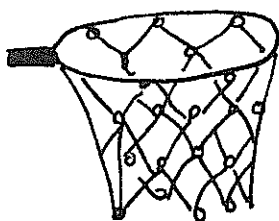
The Intensive Language Unit was established at Cabramatta High just over three years ago in response to the arrival of children from Vietnam and the refugee camps at South East Asia. Many people thought they were a temporary problem, and they were taught English by temporary teachers in temporary classrooms, out of sight in the backyard of the school. But our numbers have grown from two classes to six, and the classrooms that accommodate them now spread like discarded boxes at the edge of the soccer field.

This has been an important year for us. After a long campaign, the Unit now has permanent teachers. The resulting stability has benefited both the staff and the students. Stability, and the build-up of confidence between teacher and student, is essential to the progress of children whose lives have been so disrupted.

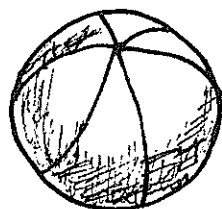
These drab classrooms house some extraordinary people. Many have seen friends or family die of hunger, or be killed. Many have made dangerous escapes, alone, at night, on foot, or in frail boats. Some have lived in isolated villages and on small farms, and never been to school. Others are highly-educated, yet have to slowly learn a new language. All have to learn the customs of a society quite different to the one they have left. Yet for all this they are cheerful, enthusiastic and hard-working. Given encouragement and recognition of their abilities, they can improve this school.

The boys' skills in soccer and basketball are obvious, and maybe the exquisite skills of many of the girls in handicrafts and cooking will be noticed and encouraged too. The school is now showing more awareness that the work done in the I.L.U. is only a beginning, and that all teachers, and all students, share in continuing to teach, befriend and learn from these children when they go from the I.L.U. to normal high school classes.

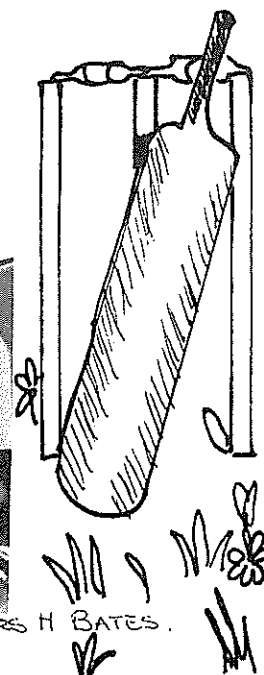
JOHN GRIERSON,
for the I.L.U.



P. E. ②



(L to R) MR B. JOHNSON, MRS P. MORRISON, MR K. BOWYER, MRS H. BATES.



HAVE A CIGAR

Have a cigar
 Isn't she lovely, just look at those blue eyes
 That's right, Ma-ma
 Did you like your new teacher?
 What a pretty picture
 A new uniform already,
 Nonsense, she's only a child,
 Aren't you a bit young for lipstick dear?
 Hurry, or else you'll miss the ball,
 And where were you young lady?
 Hello, no this is her mother, may I ask who's calling?
 What! So soon, we hardly even know him
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 Me, a grandmother!
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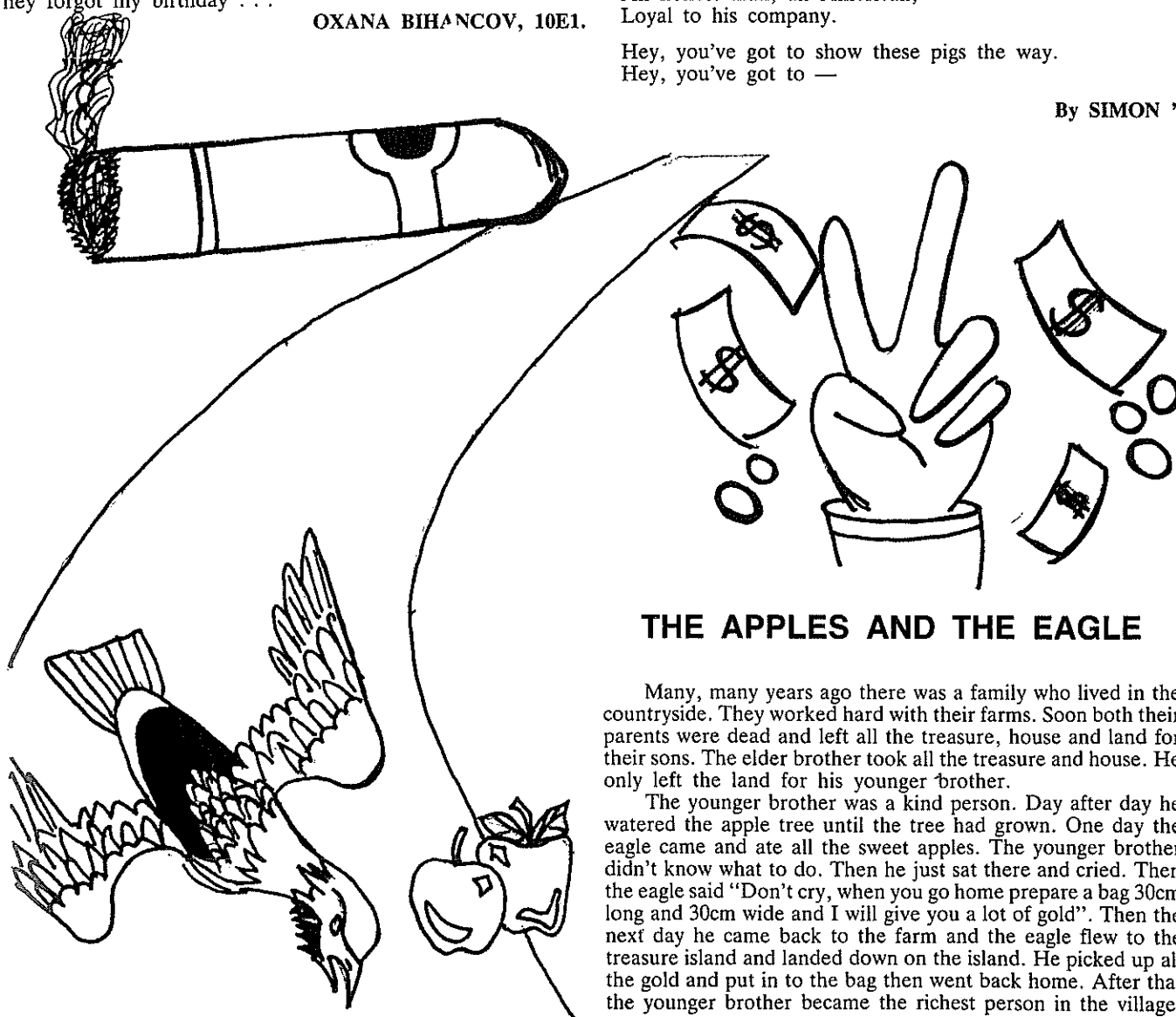
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MINH.

1981 SPORTMASTER'S REPORT

1981 has been a memorable year for sport at Cabramatta High. Although always performing creditably in local Zone Sport the school in the past has achieved limited success in the State-Wide Knockouts. This year the school entered numerous teams in these knockout competitions. The Senior First Grade Cricket Side competed in the Davidson Shield, the Fourteen Years Rugby League side took part in the Buckley Shield competition and the Fifteen Years Boys' Soccer team performed creditably in the 2SM Soccer Knockout. Of all the Knockout teams entered the most impressive results came from teams such as Senior First Grade Volleyball, Senior First Grade Rugby League, Senior First Grade Basketball and Senior First Grade Soccer.

The Senior First Grade Volleyball team culminated six years of school representation by reaching the final sixteen of the State Volleyball Knockout. In their final match the team was defeated by the eventual champions Granville Boys' High. Another worthy accomplishment was the fighting spirit shown by the Senior First Grade Boys' League Side which was narrowly defeated by Airds High School in the Third round of the University Shield Competition. The Senior First Grade Boys' Basketball team had a splendid year, earning a trip away to Tamworth as they progressed towards the quarter finals of the Shell Cup Competition which they unfortunately lost to East Hills. The Senior First Grade Boys' Soccer Squad also earned a trip away, this time to Wade High School in the Riverina as they moved towards the quarter finals of the Tasman Cup. In the quarter finals the team was defeated by the eventual winners Keira High. When it is considered that over 250 teams originally took part in these knockouts, the achievements of these teams is something for the school to be proud of and to be built upon for the future. Cabramatta has through the efforts of these sides won a state wide reputation as a good sporting school. Perhaps in the near future the school will eventually win a State Knockout.

1981 also saw Cabramatta High victorious as champion school in Winter Grade Sport. The boys finished in first position and took out the inaugural Champion Boys' Winter Grade Sport trophy while the girls finished in a very creditable fourth

position. Perhaps the most pleasing aspect of this result was the keenness shown by all sides even those out of contention for the finals who continued trying their hardest throughout the season. Considerable success was also achieved in the Winter Grade Finals with the school represented by 29 teams with 18 sides emerging as eventual victors.

Last year I was concerned with three disappointing features of Sport at Cabramatta (1) the apathy of Seniors (2) the tendency for good sporting people to take the easy way out and choose activities rather than Grade Sport (3) the failure of the school at the various Zone Carnivals. This year there has been strong support for sport from senior students with Year 12 strongly represented in the various Knockout Sides. It is essential for sport that future senior years continue this tradition and lead the junior school by example. This year there has been a noticeable move away from activities with more students realising the tremendous personal satisfaction that can be attained only through competitive sport. Let's hope this trend continues and that Grade Sport is further strengthened. In a year of success disappointment was again associated with Carnival results. Although finishing in fourth position in the Swimming Carnival the school's low position in the Cross Country and particularly the Athletics Carnival is of considerable concern. In such Carnivals individual performances are important but so to is the overall team effort. Again selfish individuals who could have participated failed to due to their own apathy.

The success of sport very much depends upon the dedication and enthusiasm of the staff. I would like to thank those members of staff who took on the arduous and often satisfying duties of a grade coach. Your co-operation has been much appreciated. Finally, I would like to thank Mrs Taylor (mum) for her valuable assistance and the keenness in which she has organised girls' sport. The success of the girls' teams this year I feel is directly the result of Mrs Taylor's boundless enthusiasm.

Cabramatta High is full of very talented sportsmen and women and it appears at long last students are beginning to realise this fact. 1981 was a good year for sport, let's hope 1982 is even better — it's up to you.

S. WHITE, (SPORTSMASTER).

ZONE

SWIMMING

4TH CABRAMATTA OVERALL

Boys — 3rd
Girls — 5th

CROSS COUNTRY — 7TH CABRAMATTA

ATHLETICS — 7TH CABRAMATTA

REGIONAL REPRESENTATIVES

DIVING

Craig Smith
Igor Simovic
Dragan Radivojevic
Barbara Penc

SOCCER

Renato Licata
Sandro D'Amore
Bobby Antic
Frank Lapa

GIRLS' SOCCER

Dana Andrews



BASKETBALL

Moreno Pazin
Vasco Matos

ATHLETICS

Craig Brown
Jean-Anne Coulter

SWIMMING

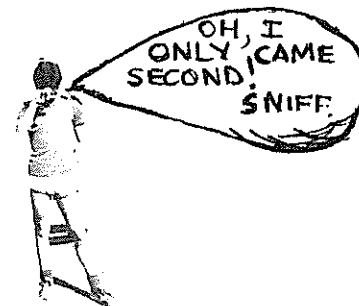
Richard Rowland

TENNIS

Larry Inzitari
Joe Inzitari

WATER POLO

Francis Van Ooran
Richard Rowland



VOLLEYBALL

Riad Tayeh
Nick Makarou

GIRLS VOLLEYBALL

Cena Ctveloski

CROSS COUNTRY

Vincent Common

STATE REPS.

Dana Andrews — GIRLS' SOCCER
Renato Licata — BOYS' SOCCER

LANSDOWNE GRADE WINTER SPORTS RESULTS

GIRLS

1ST	873 BONNYRIGG	12 GIRLS' TEAMS IN GRAND FINALS
2ND	814 WESTFIELDS	
3RD	744 MOOREBANK	
4TH	728 CABRAMATTA	
5TH	659 CASULA	
6TH	650 BUSBY	
7TH	577 CANLEY VALE	
8TH	340 MILLER	

BOYS

1ST	2625 CABRAMATTA	18 BOYS' TEAMS IN GRAND FINALS
2ND	2491 WESTFIELDS	
3RD	2464 BONNYRIGG	
4TH	2245 CANLEY VALE	
5TH	2102 BUSBY	
6TH	1943 MOOREBANK	
7TH	1691 CASULA	
8TH	835 MILLER	

OVERALL

1ST	3353 CABRAMATTA	30 TEAMS IN THE GRAND FINALS
2ND	3337 BONNYRIGG	
3RD	3305 WESTFIELDS	
4TH	2904 CANLEY VALE	
5TH	2752 BUSBY	
6TH	2687 MOOREBANK	
7TH	2268 CASULA	
8TH	1175 MILLER	

1981 SPORTS RESULTS CARNIVALS

SCHOOL

SWIMMING

Kukaru — 1st
Chakola — 2nd
Korrela, Kuredulla — equal 3rd

CROSS COUNTRY

Chakola — 1st
Kuredulla — 2nd
Korella — 3rd
Kukaru — 4th

ATHLETICS

Chakola — 1st
Korrela — 2nd
Kukaru — 3rd
Kuredulla — 4th

SPORTS RESULTS Winter Grand Finals

GIRLS:

BASKETBALL

Juniors	1st grade	Cabramatta	21-10
	2nd grade	Cabramatta	21-4

NETBALL

Seniors	1st grade	Cabramatta	24-11
	2nd grade	Bonnyrigg	14-11
	4th grade	Cabramatta	
Juniors	3rd grade	Casula	19-15
	4th grade	Cabramatta	19-15
	6th grade	Cabramatta	12-11

TABLE TENNIS

Seniors	1st grade	Cabramatta	6-0
Juniors	1st grade	Moorebank	4-2

BOYS:

HOCKEY

Juniors	1st grade	Moorebank	2-0
---------	-----------	-----------	-----

RUGBY LEAGUE

Seniors	2nd grade	Cabramatta	19-8
	3rd grade	Cabramatta	11-10

SOCCER

Seniors	1st grade	Moorebank	1-0
	2nd grade	Cabramatta	1-0
	3rd grade	Cabramatta	2-1
Juniors	1st grade	Cabramatta	2-2
		(4-3 penalties)	
	3rd grade	Westfields	2-0
	4th grade	Cabramatta	2-1

VOLLEYBALL

Seniors	1st grade	Cabramatta	2-0
	2nd grade	Westfields	1-2
	4th grade	Cabramatta	3-0
Juniors	1st grade	Westfields	3-0
	3rd grade	Cabramatta	3-0
	4th grade	Westfields	2-1

SQUASH

Juniors	1st grade	Bonnyrigg	3-1
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TABLE TENNIS

Seniors	1st grade	Cabramatta	Forfeit
Juniors	1st grade	Cabramatta	6-3

18 TEAMS WON!!!

DID YOU KNOW

It was suspected that Charles Darwin suffered from arsenic poisoning used for treating VD. This made him an invalid and therefore he had plenty of time to write his "Theory of Evolution".

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36 Carlton Crescent,
KOGARAH BAY.

SPORTSMISTRESS' REPORT 1981

During 1981 I have experienced both elation and frustration at being Sportsmistress. Cabramatta High has had some outstanding successes in grade sport and the enthusiasm shown on the part of the girls has been tremendous. In Winter Competition the girls had a record number of Grandfinalists; 11 teams, and we improved from 7th position in 1980 to 4th in 1981. This was despite the fact that we had no Hockey Teams which automatically put us behind 60 points. Summer Competition has also shown a substantial improvement. Last year we had one girls' team in the finals, this year we look like having 9.

Unfortunately, at a Zone Level, Cabramatta High has only a small percentage of girls willing to participate and represent their school. Hopefully 1982 will see some of the enthusiasm and pride shown towards grade participation rub off on to Zone Carnivals and we might be able to increase our low girls' position of this year: Swimming 6th out of 8; Athletics 7th out of 8. From what I've seen in grade sport we have some outstanding pupils, but for some reason they take no pride in representing their school at a higher level.

The girls were eager to participate in Knock-Out Competitions but unfortunately they were drawn up against better teams early on. This, however, didn't stop them giving their best and playing in what was the true sporting spirit of the school. The Softball team was defeated by Picnic Point who were the 1980 winners; Volleyball and Netball both went down in the second round of the competition.

The number of opportunities open for girls to compete in Knockouts is substantially less than that offered to the boys and we had no outstanding successes but at least the girls tried.

1981 also saw a marked increase in the participation of senior girls in grade sport. Unfortunately, we had no senior swimmers — or else they have hidden talents — to represent us at the Zone Carnival. However, at the Zone Athletics a number of Year 11 pupils competed and were willing to enter all events. This was especially pleasing as the school was badly let down by Years 9 and 10.

If our school is to improve it is essential that Year 11 and 12 continue to take an active part in Grade and Zone sport. They will provide an example and incentive to the Juniors to co-operate fully in school events.

Let's hope 1982 will see a greater trend towards competitive sport at both school and Zone level.

I'd also like to thank the large number of teachers who have shown the interest and enthusiasm in taking grade teams and have given up their free time in coaching. The role of the teachers has been an essential ingredient in increasing ability and enthusiasm on the part of the pupils. I hope that you will continue to give your support in 1982.

My thanks also to Mr White, without whose assistance and guidance, would have seen my first year more difficult than it was.

I am looking forward to being Sportsmistress in 1982 and at some stage I hope I will be able to get up on Assembly and present to the girls of Cabramatta High the trophy for Highest Pointscore Winter/Summer Competition.

Let's hope 1982 sees Cabramatta High a sporting school that all can be proud of and we can achieve this with the full co-operation of all girls. Let's make 1982 the Year of the Girls.

MRS. G. TAYLOR



SENIOR NETBALL — THIRDS AND FOURTHS

Both teams performed exceedingly well — both reaching the Grand Finals — Fourth grade as Minor Premiers. Credit must go to Third Grade for their sportsmanship and team effort, as this was a credit to them and in fact was commented upon by coaches from other schools. So although much despair was felt after losing the Grand Final — these girls can feel confident in their victory as fine sportspeople — a most important goal (excuse the pun).

Fourth Grade received a justly deserved win after numerous consistent victories throughout the season. Although the Grand Final was somewhat of a cliffhanger when we were down 4 points at half-time — the second half saw this team fighting back to win by three points.

To both teams. Congratulations! It was a pleasure to coach some of Cabramatta High's finest sportswomen.

F. KAYROOZ

SENIOR 1ST GRADE SOFTBALL

1981 has been a good year for our team. We made it to the final with only 2 losses during the season. This was played against Westfields and we lost. The score was 9-8 but we really did play well. (Last time they beat us 27 to 9).

We all know we could have beaten them, but 3 of our key players had been very inconsiderate and either left school or gone into hospital and weren't able to play.

Players that rate a special mention are Maria Raco, the terror of the outfield and fly-ball hitters, Nada J., a very determined pitcher, and we must mention Melina Tionville, the mouth, because if we don't, she will!

On the whole we have a successful season, and are all now looking forward to spending the rest of the term lazing by Cabra pool, instead of sweltering on the softball diamond!

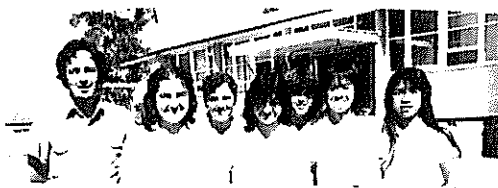
PERHAPS NEW ZEALAND NEXT YEAR

Throughout Australia each year, small groups of Economics and Commerce students compete against each other in the Qantas Stock Exchange Game. Cabramatta High entered 4 groups to challenge all others in search of the first prize — a trip to New Zealand, courtesy of QANTAS.

Mr Sinden's cream off the top group from Year 10 looked favourites at the end of the first week, after making several bargain purchases. Each of the 2500 groups in Australia had \$20,000 play money to buy and sell shares. Mr Knox and Mr Whelan both had groups from Year 12 Economics. With "expert" advice from Brett Poultney and Jonathan Shapiro, Whelan's Dealers loomed as potential school winners.

However, it was Mr Martin's Matta Money Makers Group from Year 10 Commerce comprising Ross Lomanaco, Pablo Garcia, Michael Mangion and Vicky Vasic who proved to be the wisest investors at Cabramatta High. Their group finished 829 out of 2500, after being as high as 174 in the game. Perhaps next year, our students will wing their way across the Tasman.

R. WHELAN.



TASMAN CUP REPORT

"So near and yet so far". That could sum up the 1981 Tasman Cup campaign for the Cabramatta 1st Grade Soccer team, for having won 5 matches and going through to the last 8 teams out of 264 schools that entered the competition. We were beaten in the quarter finals by the eventual winners of the Cup.

The Cup campaign started with a game against Ingleburn, which we won in great style by 13-0, with Renato Licata scoring 6 goals. We then travelled to play Punchbowl and won a hard, close game by 4-3, with Punchbowl scoring 2 goals from penalties. Our next game against our keen rivals Moorebank was won well by 4-2, before we beat East Hills fairly easily 2-0 after extra time.

All through these games, over several months, the confidence of the team gradually grew and we continually worked hard at personal skills and team tactics. However, we were now faced with a visit to Wade High School at Griffith and we wondered how we would go. We need not have worried, as the team came through with flying colours and had an excellent 3-0 win, no mean feat after the long journey and with the whole opposition school cheering for their team.

This took us in the last 8 teams and in the quarter finals we were drawn at home against Keira Boys' High School, Wollongong. With everything apparently in our favour and with Channel 0 televising the match, we could not put our act together and lost 2-0. In fact, the story of this game could be summarized by the following statistics — Keira — 3 chances, 2 goals; Cabramatta — 3 chances, no goals. Of course, we were bitterly disappointed after having gone so far in the competition, but at least we had the satisfaction of knowing that Keira won the cup eventually fairly easily and we gave them their hardest game.

So, we finished equal 5th out of the 264 teams in the state and we had gone further in the competition than ever before. Let's hope we can go even closer next year to winning the elusive Tasman Cup and at least we now know we have the players to do it.

The squad this year was as follows:

Goalkeeper — Charlie Antinanco.

Defenders — Alex Lujan, George Draca, Drago Adzic, Frank Lapa, Frank Casuscelli.

Midfielders — Claudio Munoz, Maurizio Licata, Bobby Antic, Sandro D'Amore (Captain).

Forwards — Paul Savic, Peter Rokanchevski, Renato Licata, Elbio Nunez.

Coach — Mr Molyneux.

REPORT ON 2SM UNDER 15 SCHOOLS' SOCCER CUP

The 2SM Soccer cup is a knockout competition, for boys 15 years and under. 1980 was the inaugural year of the 2SM Cup, which is by invitation only. This year, Cabramatta were drawn against Fairfield Patrician Brothers in the 1st round.

At full-time the score was 0-0, after the Cabramatta goalkeeper, Dragan Pupovac had saved a penalty almost on the bell. Five penalties were taken by each side to decide the match, with Cabramatta being the eventual winners.

In the 2nd round, Cabramatta played a far superior team, Granville Boys, who beat us 4-1.

The final of the 2SM Cup was between James Cook Boys and Homebush Boys, and was a very exciting affair with Homebush being the victors.

Nevertheless, it was a good effort by the Cabramatta players, most of whom were only 14, some even 13 years old. This experience will serve them well for next year, as most members of the squad will still be eligible to play.

The team was well led by Boban Radenkovic.

MR CRUICKSHANK

BOYS' REPRESENTATIVE SOCCER

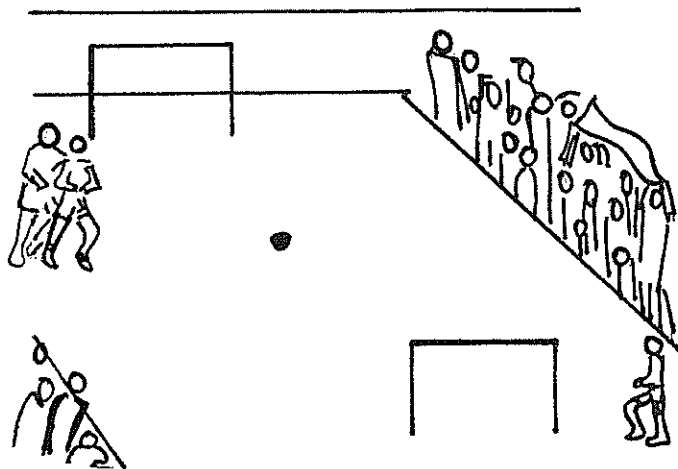
This year, Cabramatta players excelled in Representative Soccer. Three boys, Peter Rokanchevski of Yr. 12, Frank Lapa of Yr. 10 and Boban Radenkovic of Yr. 8, were selected to represent Lansdowne Zone, and played very well in a full day competition on June 7th.

Of these, Frank Lapa was chosen to represent Liverpool Region at the State Carnival.

Also selected were Sandro D'Amore, Bobby Antic and Renato Licata, all of Yr. 11, who were previously unavailable to play.

Renato Licata was eventually selected to represent the NSW State Team and played well in Melbourne in September. He was unlucky not to be chosen for the Australian team, but better luck next year Renato.

MR CRUICKSHANK, ZONE SOCCER CONVENER.



REPORT ON 1ST GRADE JUNIOR BOYS' SOCCER TEAM

This year the players of the 1st Grade Junior Boys' Soccer Team had only one thing on their minds — to win the 1981 Grand Final against Bonnyrigg, who had defeated them on penalties in the 1980 Grand Final, after the score was 0-0 at fulltime.

We had reason to feel confident, as we played well throughout the season, and nearing the Grand Final, had scored many goals, having only one scored against us. Our games against Bonnyrigg were victories for us, first 1-0, and then in the 2nd round 3-0.

However, in the Grand Final, Bonnyrigg seemed to have a lot of luck, and led 1-0 at halftime. A very good second half saw the score at fulltime 2-2.

Five penalties were taken by each team, and this time, Cabramatta were victorious.

This team, therefore, achieved a wonderful record in the 1981 competition, winning every game they played.

MR CRUICKSHANK

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WATER POLO

During the last 5 years I've been to this school, I have joined the Water Polo team.

After two years in the junior side, I became a member of the seniors and the more experienced players like Steve Hanson told me about the good teams that we would have to play. These included Westfields and Canley Vale.

They really were good as they both beat us.

We thought that we never had a chance to get in the finals, but a miracle happened when Westfields and Canley Vale played against each other. An argument started between two players and a fight followed with the conclusion of both teams disqualified. That's how Cabramatta won in 1979.

In 1980 new faces appeared in the team. They were Richard Rowland and Francis Van Ooran. We became champions that year too, because there were no worries about any strong teams — we were the strongest.

This year was a hard one. Not because the other teams improved but because we wanted to improve our skills. This year's team is as follows: Alex Lujan, John Golijan, Radovan Ilic, Richard Rowland (flying fish), Francis Van Ooran, Russell Deigan, Daniel Garcia, Tony Yalids, Steve Horton and Craig Williams. In general they are all very good players. But we should all thank our Coach, Mr Smythe, who has been training us very hard throughout the year. We reached the Grand Final this year as well, undefeated.

As a whole, the last three years Cabramatta High have been very successful in Water Polo, thanks to our Coach, Mr Smythe.

ALEX LUJAN, CAPTAIN.

JUNIOR 3rd and 4th GRADE GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

Year 7 to Mrs Myer:

"Miss, that's a small, smooth netball!"

Mrs Myer to Year 7 girls:

"No, girls! This is called a volleyball!"

The Junior 3rd and 4th grade girls' volleyball teams began the season very new to the whole concept of this new game, volleyball.

Our first game saw few of us even make contact, hand with ball. Consequently, our first two games also saw two losses in the grade competition. However, we were playing in the 3rd Grade game, against girls from Year 8 in other schools, with one year's playing experience behind them. It is the 4th grade that is restricted to newcomers only.

Nevertheless, the tides have turned, and at the time of writing this report, both teams have picked themselves up, thanks to their very keen spirit and dedicated practice. Indeed, 3rd grade haven't lost another game yet. (Maybe I speak in jeopardy, as this week we are drawn to play against Westfields!) Third graders are now running 2nd in the comp., and with supa-server Michelle English and delightful (how else would you describe her?) Sharon Harrison, not to forget the skills of Lucie Tayeh (I believe there's volleyball in the blood in that family!) the sportswomanship of Susan Sprohar and Gemille Ergen and Kalinda Gajic, I firmly believe we might even take out the premiership. I sincerely hope so, to continue the good reputation of Cabra. High when associated with volleyball.

Thank you, girls, for the enjoyment I have had, in this year's summer sport with you. I hope you have enjoyed it, too.

MRS J. MYER,
COACH.

1ST GRADE WATER POLO KNOCK-OUT REPORT

Cabramatta Water Polo Opens entered the Knockout in 1980 for the first time in living memory, with the solid credentials of undefeated Zone premiers for 2 years running.

Unfortunately, we came up against one of the likely finalists in our first match — Homebush Boys' High, who were runners-up in the previous years State Knockout.

Nevertheless, our team gave a creditable performance. Richard "Superfish" Rowlands was always there with a quick shot, but heavily marked by the opposition. Francis van Ooran, "The Incredible Hulk" terrorised opposing players with his power play. John Golijan rattled off some impressive long distance shots with his bionic arm. Alex Lujan, our captain and goalie, added a few lumps to his head from the constant barrage of enemy fire.

We were beaten — but only little by little, each quarter. In fact, our greatest compliment came from the opposing coach who informed us that he was "worried" in the first quarter. He added "Who is this team anyway? I never heard of Cabramatta having a strong Water Polo side". Now he knows. We hope for better things next year.

W. SMYTHE,
COACH.

SENIOR 1ST GRADE GIRLS' SOCCER

The start of the season was very promising, with Cabramatta scoring 17 goals (none against) in the first two games. However, the following three games resulted in three defeats, with 13 goals being scored against us. The high hopes of the team reaching the finals had faded and at the end of the first round, Cabramatta was in fifth position although some players had showed marked improvement during the first seven games.

During the second round the team lost only one game and finished the competition rounds in third position behind Bonnyrigg and Westfields. In the final, Bonnyrigg went to a 2-0 lead midway through the first half; this was cut back to 2-1 by half time, then a goal five minutes from the end levelled the scores at 2-all. After five penalties each the scores were still level so Bonnyrigg advanced to the Grand Final because of their higher position on the competition table.

Although soccer is a team game, the performances of two players stood out from the rest. Dana Andrews was the team's best and fairest player and was chosen to represent Lansdowne Zone, Liverpool Region and New South Wales in Open Girls' Soccer. Leanne Ibbett was the team's leading goal scorer with 19 goals for the season.

Team spirit was always good and it was this fact plus improved individual performances which led to the outstanding second round display. The only disappointing aspect is that only three team members will be at Cabramatta High next year; if next year's "new" members perform as well as this year's, then the team will undoubtedly reach the finals again.

Mr Sinden — Coach.

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REPORT ON GRADE 6 JUNIOR NETBALL TEAM 1981

The team began the season with quivering knees and many cries of "But, what do I do?"

However, after a forfeit by Canley Vale and a few resounding victories we started to feel invincible. This confidence and general feeling of greatness was the style that carried through to be minor premiers and eventually, GRAND FINAL WINNERS.

We were all enthusiastic participants in each game but special mention must be made of the goal-shooting duo Zoya and Julie and also Barbara, the girl who could leap tall buildings in a single bound.

The members of the team were, from left to right, Julie, Barbara, Raener, Anna, Carmen and Mrs Gleeson (Mentor). There were three more members, Zoya, Susan and Kerry but they were camera-shy.

Report courtesy of
Mrs Gleeson — Chief trainer.

2ND GRADE LEAGUE

1981 was a good year for the 2nd Grade Rugby League Team. Of the 15 games played, only 3 were lost and all 3 of them by the smallest of margins. The team scored 217 points and only had 74 points scored against, so it averaged out to about 15 points for, and about 5 points against each game.

As the year went on the team started to get confident about winning the Premiership that had been denied to us the previous 2 seasons.

In the Final we played against Bonnyrigg who had beaten us in the two previous games, but the team ran on to the field confident of winning and they did that in a splendid game of football.

So we were into the Grand Final against Busby and most of the boys were confident of winning until we heard two of the players were going on holidays and that left us with only 12 players. Another was to pull out with injury and that meant we had to play with 11 men.

As we were registering before the game we were nervous as Busby seemed to have got about 5 new players, each looking the size of Ben Hur. But with each of our players playing 150% football, we came out on top to the tune of 19-8 and thus making us Premiers for 1981.

The players in the Grand Final win:

C. Burgess: won ball well in scrums.

I. Saunders: superb.

G. Ward: hit opposition like brick wall.

S. Lentini: played fullback, wing and lock.

M. Giammanco: ran like a raging bull.

S. Tasdemir: like S. Lentini he played fullback, wing and lock. Tackled anything.

F. Florio: first five minutes tore ligaments and busted blood vessels, played game of the year. Scored two great tries.

J. Bruno: non-stop tackling and running.

A. Tyszkiewicz: one of the most feared men on the day due to his weaving runs and hard tackling.

R. McDonald: led by example; always *thinking*. Great display of leadership.

A. Russell: he ran all day, tackled all day and urged his fellow players to give 150% all day.

R. Lomanaco, D. Morandin and B. Ingersole helped the team to the Grand Final and for this your fellow players thank you.

A special thanks to Mr Owens for having faith and patience in coaching us for three years running. Thank you!



GRADE GOLF REPORT

The Boys' Grade Golf team had quite a successful season and were primed to win the final against Moorebank early in October.

Unfortunately, a combination of circumstances on the day of the big match resulted in a 5-2 defeat, which meant that Moorebank were the Zone premiers and Cabramatta runners-up. In the final, Cabramatta were up against some fine Moorebank golfers playing in the Number 1 and Number 2 position. Further down the team, our normally steady golfers "dropped their bundles" on the unpredictable New Brighton course. New Brighton is re-nowned for its "double dog leg" fairways, incredibly short par threes, followed by amazingly long par fives. However, the team accepted defeat gracefully and resolved to win in '82, especially with an anticipated infusion of new blood Danny Motusenko and Robert Gorczyca.

During the season, the boys represented their school well and displayed good sportsmanship at all times. Mark Hyslop played good consistent golf throughout the season, and Robert Wakeford, Mick Nagy, Craig Kelly and Andrew Ikin usually turned in good performances. Of the nine competition matches played, Cabramatta won 6, and so it was disappointing not to have beaten Moorebank in the final.

In conclusion, special thanks to Scott Milne for filling the No. 2 position after David Stanley left school, and to Matthew Dunn, John Fuller and Robert Holmes who often cheerfully accepted relegation to reserve ranks on the occasions when all the competition spots were filled in the team. Their good grace was typical of the pleasant attitude of the whole team throughout the season, and I thoroughly enjoyed being associated with this group of lads.

R. NEWTON — TEAM MANAGER.

THE BEST SPORTSMEN IN THE SCHOOL?

If you think about table tennis (and I will forgive you if you don't), you might imagine that it is a game which anyone could pick up in an idle moment. You probably think that it does not require much skill, and that anyone (even you!) could become good at it quite easily.

Wrong! (And you couldn't be more wrong). Table tennis is a proper and demanding, *sport*. A person needs a great deal of ability, skill and concentration to play it at all well. So you can understand what I mean when I say that the boys who have played grade table tennis for Cabramatta in 1981 played very, very well.

Winter Competition — Juniors:

Craig Smith
Bang An Hung
Cau Hau Quoc
George Saponja
Trevor McMillan
Anh Nghia Thai
Michael Butler
Michael Catto

This team lost only three matches in the rounds, and defeated Westfields in the final. In the grand final they faced Canley Vale, who had beaten them 6-0 and 5-1 in the rounds. It was an exciting match which Cabramatta eventually won by one

game (3/7-3/6). The outstanding players were Bang An Hung and Craig Smith.

Winter Competition — Seniors.

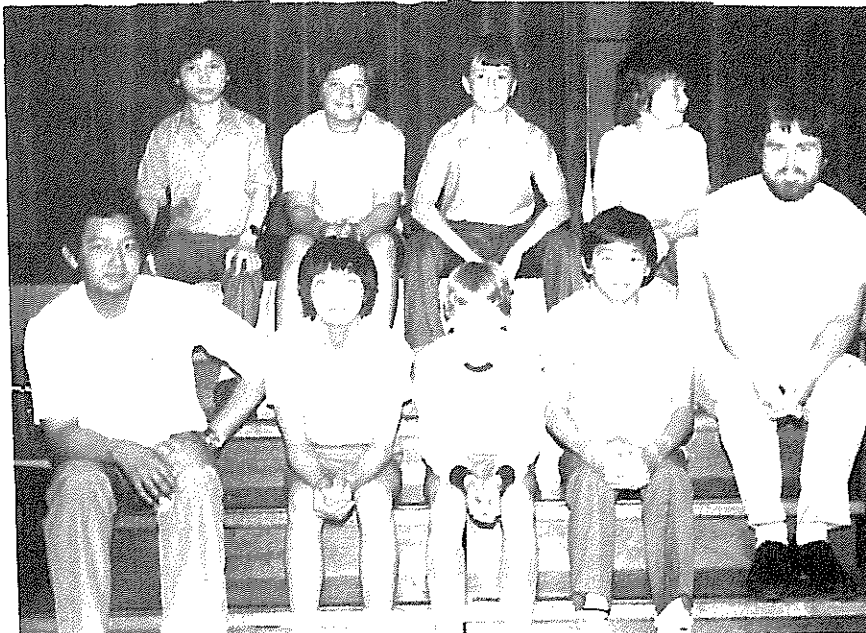
Duong Quoc Hoa
Duong Dong Hai
Luong Lim
Milorad Coso
Claudio Baldovin

This whole team played consistently well through the season, losing only two close games. They defeated Moorebank in the final, and probably would have defeated their opponents in the grand final, had not the opposition been disqualified.

Summer Competition — Juniors.

Luu Min Hue
On Chiphone
Cheu Ngee
Ton Hoansam
Southivong Vongthongthip
Lim Srun
Stephen Banks

The finals for this competition are not until December, but the team is at present undefeated. The entire team is playing consistently well, with Luu Minh Hue outstanding.



THIRD GRADE LEAGUE

Team that played in the final:

Dusko Dragecevic (Capt.), M. Mangion, I. Collins, G. Norris, R. Ilic, D. Hanania, A. Meola, E. Sultan, J. Nagy, P. Muscatt, S. Privetera, S. Christie, Tony Banno.

We had no reserves for this game as the following people were injured or had left school:

A. Groza, F. Cartisano, C. Clarke and Ricky Catlin.

Scores for the season:

Canley Vale (forfeit), Busby (9-0), Westfields (16-3), Miller (forfeit), Bonnyrigg (6-3), Casula (forfeit), Moorebank (0-0), Canley Vale (21-0), Busby (25-0), Westfields (forfeit), Miller

(16-3), Bonnyrigg (10-3 loss), Moorebank (8-6 loss).

In the semi-final Cabramatta won the game 15-13 against Moorebank after leading 15-3 with 10 minutes of play left.

In the Final Cabramatta again lead 11-2 but collapsed in the last ten minutes to hang on and win the match 11-10 to complete the double as the Second Grade had earlier won their Final.

Cabra's 11 points came from Dusko (2 tries), 1 try Joyn Nagy and 1 goal from Peter Muscatt.

The most consistent forwards were Dusko, Mangion, Norris and in the backs Sultan, Muscatt and Nagy played very well all season.

DAVIDSON SHIELD REPORT

Cabramatta were defeated by Picnic Point in the first round of the Open Cricket Knock-out Competition.

Cabramatta won the toss, batted and were all out for 92; L. Crosbie (19) and V. Fasan (18) were the only boys to reach double figures.

In reply Picnic Point, after a dour struggle against some accurate bowling from Obad, Draca and Savic, finally defeated Cabra in the last over of the 40 over limit.

Full bowling figures were: Drago Obad (9 overs 1 wicket for 17), George Draca (11 overs 1 wicket for 22) and Paul Savic (11 overs 5 wickets for 20).

David Petrina was excellent behind the stumps allowing no byes and taking one smart catch and executing a quick stumping off the bowling of spinner Paul Savic.

The team in batting order for this important match was: L. Crosbie, R. Gorczyca, P. Savic, V. Fasan, G. Draca, D. Motusenko, D. Obad, D. Petrina, W. Pike, M. Boikov and N. Vasic.

R. BRECKENRIDGE

REPORT ON JUNIOR BOY'S HOCKEY, 1981

Throughout the season this team played well to win many of its games, scoring 31 goals and conceding 7, to come second in the competition.

The forward players showed excellent teamwork and ball skills. The halves defended well to such an extent that in some games the full backs hardly touched the ball. They gave great support to the forwards. The fullbacks and goal keeper played and fended well when called upon, as in many cases they were usually watching — the events taking place at the opposition goal posts.

Despite the way Cabramatta was able to beat many of the teams in the competition, it was not until the last round against Moorebank that the minor premiership was decided. Unfortunately for Cabramatta they were not able to repeat their first round encounter of a 3-nil win and lost 1-nil to lose the minor premiership.

The following week in the Final against Westfields, Cabra dominated the play as they had done in the two competition rounds. On all three occasions Cabra led 2-nil at half time and looked set for many goals in the second half. However, on each occasion, despite keeping play inside Westfields' half Cabra were only able to score the extra goal, due to some fine saves by their goalkeeper. Thus in 3 games against Westfields, Cabra won 3-nil.

The win in the Final gave Cabra the right to play Moorebank in the Grand Final. As in the two competition rounds Cabra faced a strong team boasting 6 players who played weekend competition with the local Moorebank Hockey Club (compared to no Cabra player playing weekend hockey). Cabra were outplayed in the forwards and backs with the goalkeeper defending quite well under pressure. Moorebank scored a goal within the first five minutes of play and then kept the pressure on Cabra. While Cabra made some breaks against Moorebank, most of the play was within the Cabra half. The second half saw much of the play in Cabra's half but the Cabra boys never gave up. Moorebank again scored in the middle of the second half to make the game safe for them. Thus Cabramatta became runners-up, losing 2-nil to a better team, Moorebank.

I would like to thank members of the team for a most enjoyable season and hope to see them playing hockey next winter.

**J. ZYBRANDS,
COACH.**

SENIOR 2ND GRADE BOYS' CRICKET

At the time of writing, the senior 2nd grade cricket team were undefeated leaders of the competition with two games remaining. The success of the team this year can be put down to one factor; the willingness of team members to practice, not the whole team, but those who do practice virtually "carry" the team. This factor has made the difference between Cabramatta and most other teams in the competition. Practising the basics of the game and putting this to use in games has led to the good performance of the team so far.

In a team where many players are vying for a place on the field, outstanding performances have come from Carl Mihailovich, John Bruno and Colin Doroszak in the batting department, and Ian Aunders and Tony King with bowling.

The team captain this year is Stephen McCammond who has done an outstanding job in organising the team and selecting of players, and has shown a mature attitude toward his batting.

The senior 2nd grade cricket team has shown the determination which has helped put Cabramatta High back into the place of leading sporting school in the zone.

**Mr Sinden,
Coach.**

UNIVERSITY SHIELD REPORT (AND 1st GRADE)

The University Shield team began the season in very good style, recording a fine win over Ashcroft, with the score 12-5. Ashcroft were previous winners of the Shield. On a wet field Cabramatta were a much heavier team with the backline combining well.

The second round victory against Ingleburn was Cabramatta High's best performance in 1981. A very slick combination of Lindsay Shepherd, Michael Boikov and Victor Morgan in the backline dazzled the opposition with strong running and quick, deceptive movement of the ball. The very solid performance given by the entire pack of forwards led by Brett Thomas and Francis Van Ooran provided the school team with strength and support. A win of 31-11 was very impressive.

The third round saw Cabramatta defeated by Airs High in a close encounter at Airs. The opposition proved too fit and ran out winners by 23-18.

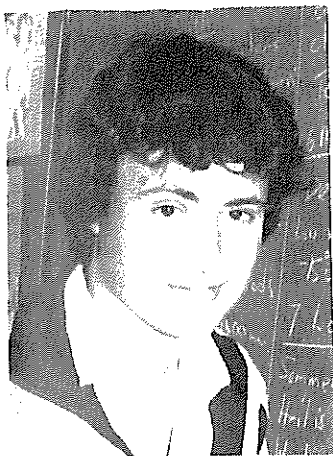
In many ways the season was disappointing. The obvious talent in the side was not backed up by a strong commitment to the game. We may well have seen the 1st grade side in the final of the zone competition with a better attitude from the team in preparation for each game.

Players included Michael Boikov as captain, Brett Thomas as vice-captain, Francis Van Ooran, Ray Scala, Pablo Banic, Peter Serdar, Allen Beard, Peter Clausen, Enrico Eleuteri, Craig Thomas, Lindsay Shepherd, Victor Morgan, Craig Brown, Leonard Riley, Ivan Lasek, Shane Christie, Craig Johnston, Leo Omedei and Colin Doraszak.

DID YOU KNOW

Mussolini was expelled from school for pulling a knife on a teacher.

TO



&



ABOUT

LANA SCHROEDER — IN MEMORIUM

Because our lives move so quickly, so many things happening to us in school, it is very difficult when something makes us really stop and think. On May 11th this year something very painful happened to make many people (students and teachers) stop and think in this school.

That was the day that one of our well known and well liked students was killed. Lana Schroeder in Year 10 died on that night after being struck by a car on Cabramatta Road. It wasn't the driver's fault. It was an accident.

At the age of 15 Lana had given so much to this school. She was born and lived most of her life in South Africa. Most of us only knew her for the few years she had been in Australia.

However, in that short time many grew to know her with joy as a vital living presence and a true friend. We shall remember her with pride as a person of honesty and integrity. We shall remember her as a hard worker and marvellous student. However, most of all, we will remember her as a wonderful human being who inspired friendship, human warmth and quiet good humour into a world that is all too short of these virtues.

It is a sad loss when a member of the school dies. Lana will certainly be no exception. She will be missed by many people but the memory of the type of student she was will linger on in the minds of those she touched and the positive qualities that she brought to Cabramatta High will never be forgotten.



SKIPPY
EATS
WOMBATS

Dudley
aint
cuddly

INK
PINK
YELENA
STINKS

RIAD



Turn over a
new leaf

AB
4
AB

JOEIE Scala
+
Mark Woods

Quack Quack

IF ANY COMPLAINTS SEE MISS NEWLING

SOME REVIEWS OF THURUNA, '81

"Dazzling The best yet."

Black Stump Financial Review.

"Enormously readable this book is a crackling display of the human condition in all its electric variety from Fairfield to Liverpool and back."

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"Full of brilliant photography and interviews superb comic detail."

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