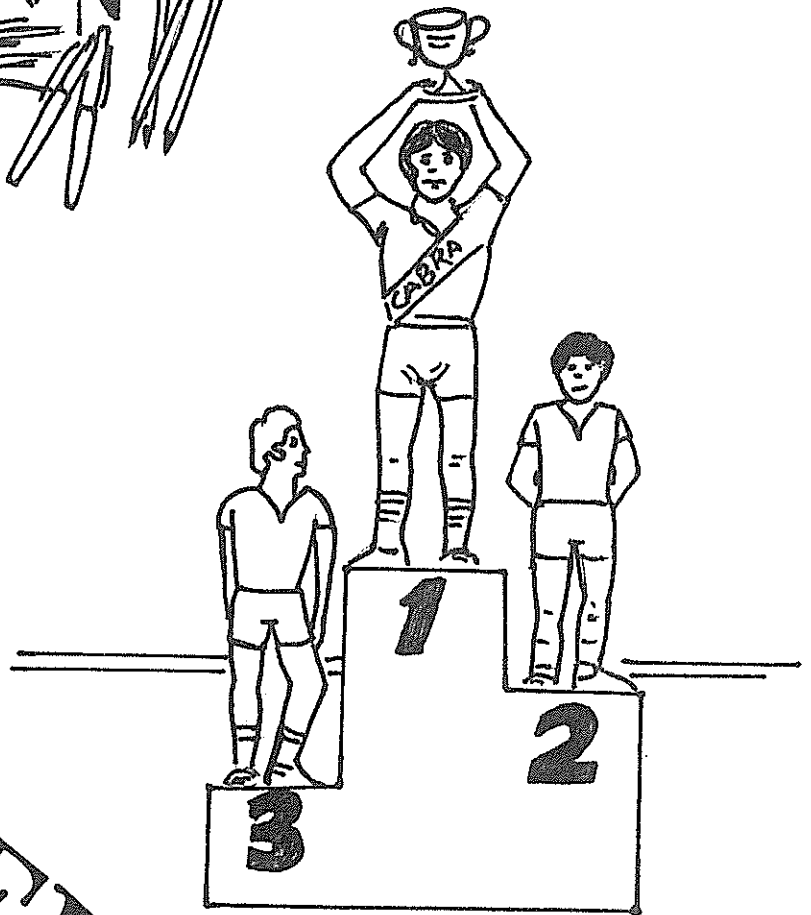
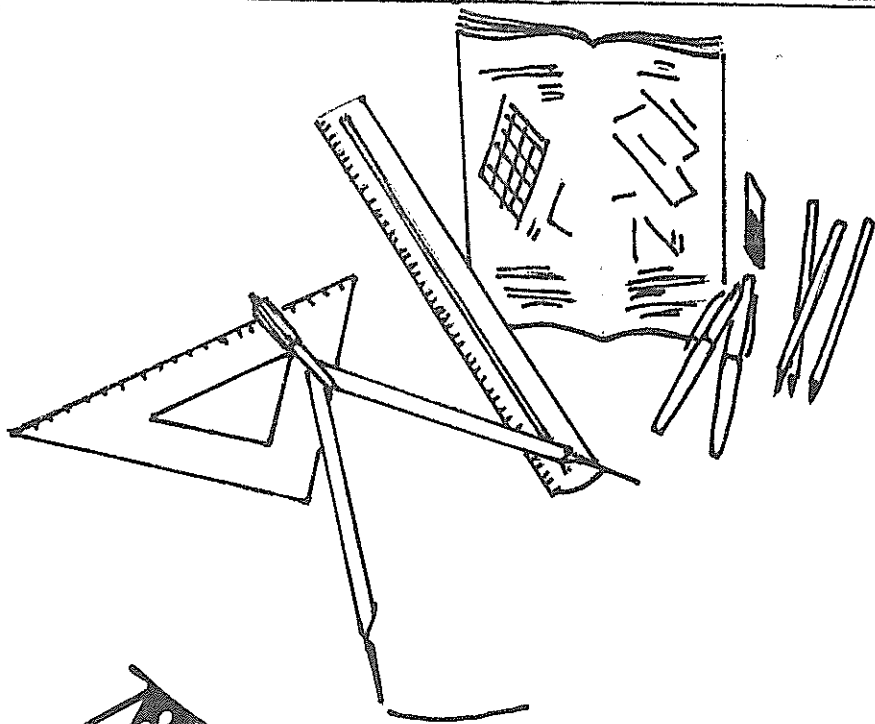


Thurunda





ACHIEVEMENT 1983



FOREWORD

I'm sitting on a bus in north Queensland, the weather is great, the people are "troppo"C'est la vie..... The bus is called "The Bitch" (Brisbane International Tour Coach Hire), she is jet black, with tinted windows. She has three couches, full video and stereo systems, two beds, air conditioning, a bar and a kitchen. She is very, very sexy.....Inside, the band and I are going crazy.

That's just it see? You don't know what to do next. Sometimes, I think I'd rather be one of the locals with their open mouths and "XXXX" stubbies, pointing and nudging each other, dreaming of what it's like inside, while we just sail past in our sleek black womb. They dream....we know....I bet their dreams are better than ours!

So what the hell has all this got to do with Cabramatta High School? I'll tell you....I went there in the sixties....I was all snotty and pre-pubescent when I arrived, (straight off the boat, a real skinny white Pommie with a "Sweeney" accent!) When I left I was older, a little wiser, a lot taller and had a mass of insecurities. My last thoughts as I walked out the gates were:

"Well that's that! Now how the hell am I going to stay out of the Army?"

There was no Assembly Hall then you know. Every morning, come rain or shine, we used to gather in the area near the Manual Arts block, to listen to whoever talk about whatever. On hot days the first formers used to throw up in the middle of the Deputy's speech on moral conduct. He used to hate that....I thought it was funny!!!

I suppose the guys still sneak a smoke behind the toilet block, and you still have those blushing, nervous rendezvous with the opposite sex up by the shops, because you heard from a friend that he or she likes you. I suppose you still have plodders and jocks, bullies and heroes, good teachers and bad teachers, fun times and boring times. Nothing really changes, just the fashions.....

So he still hasn't shown us the connection eh?

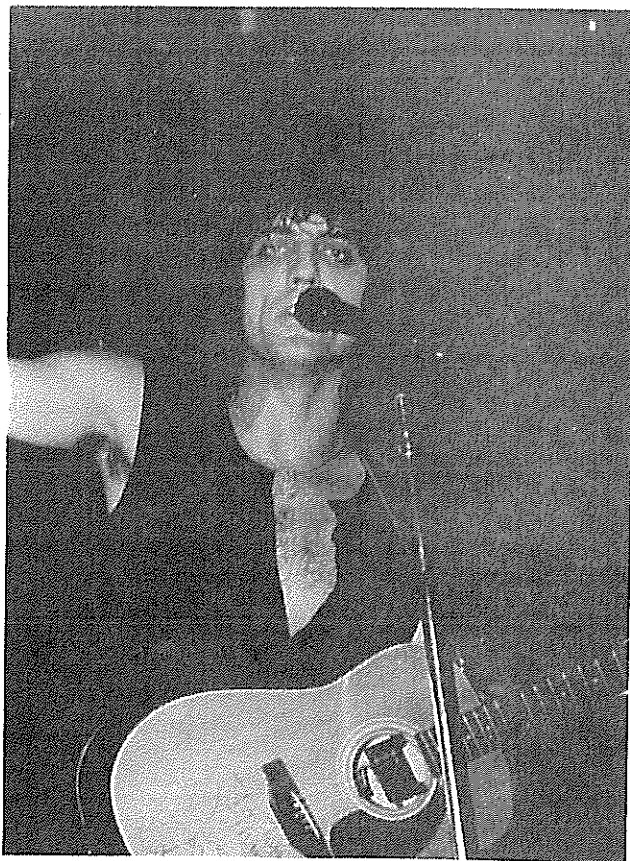
O.K. here it is.....

I'm on The Bitch and I'm bitching. Later I'll think what a great time it was.

At Cabramatta I just took it as it came. However in retrospect I had some of the best times in my life. I met some of the best people in the world, I grew and I changed, and she made me what I am today, be it good, bad, or indifferent.

Enjoy Cabra for me, will you? Maybe one day you'll feel like I do about her

Happy 25th,
Many more
Jon English



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

It is a privilege to have the opportunity to write an editorial for the Silver Jubilee Edition of *Thuruna*. The name "*Thuruna*", which means "together" in the Aboriginal language was especially chosen many years ago by the students of Cabramatta High School because it best described the spirit and tradition of our School. Nothing has changed. For a quarter of a century the pupils and teachers have worked together, striving and serving and growing together, learning from each other, exchanging ideas for ideals and experience for youthful enthusiasm and inspiration.

In this special year for Cabramatta the students and staff have demonstrated again the Spirit of *Thuruna* by working together on many projects so that 1983 has certainly been a year of achievement.

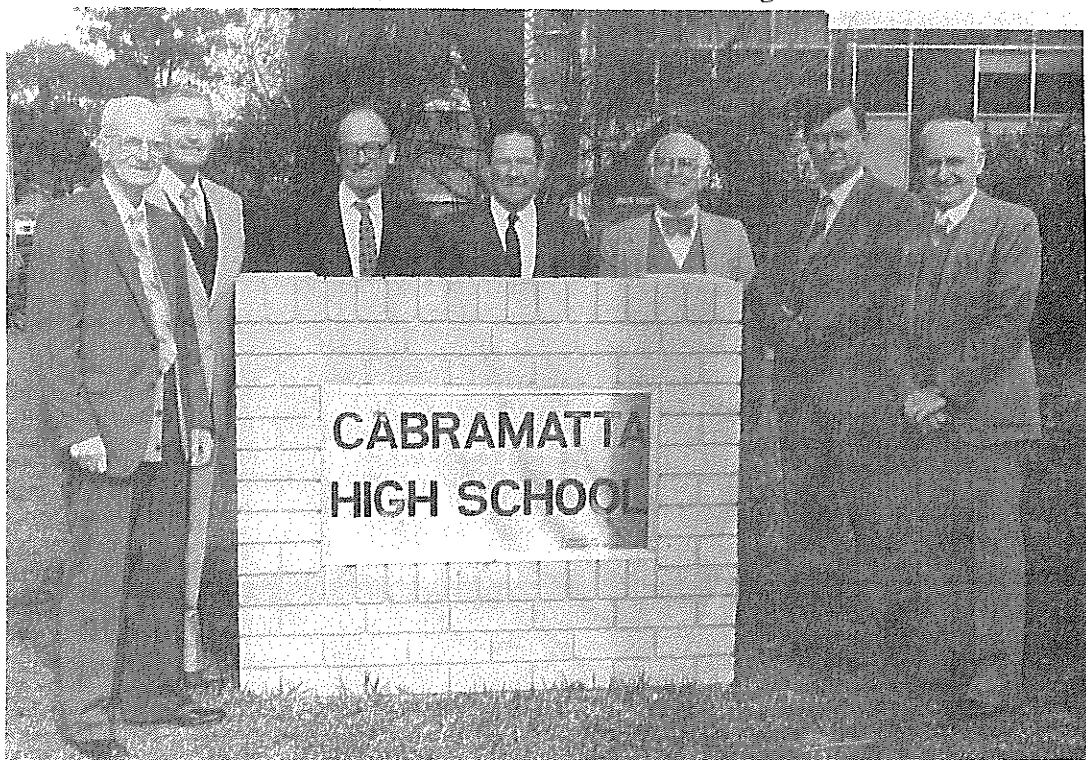
A magnificent Silver Jubilee Booklet tracing the history of our school has been produced by Mr. Smythe of the History Department together with the energy and enthusiasm of so many teachers, students and ex-students who still remember fondly (or otherwise) their days at Cabramatta High.

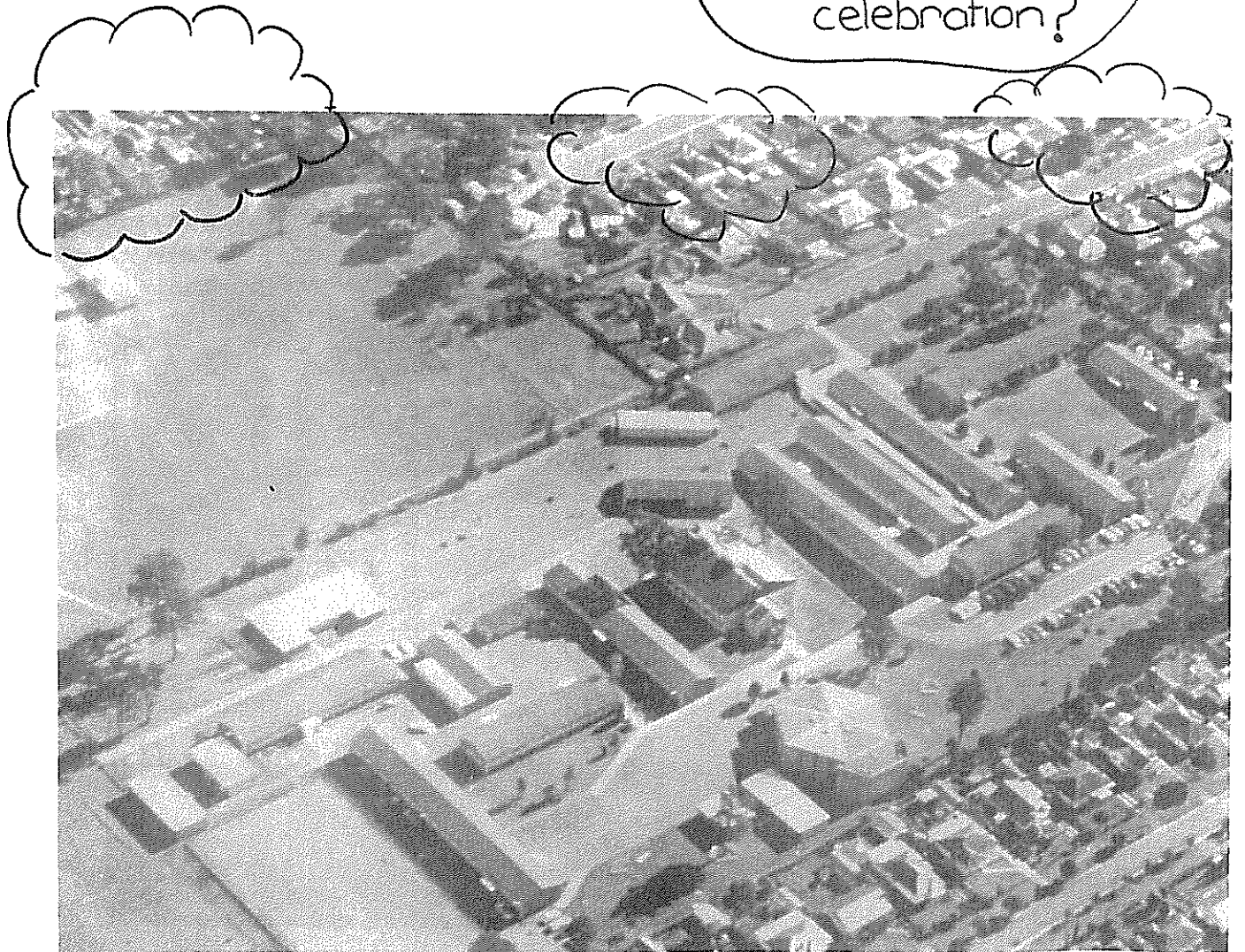
There have been many pleasurable and educational activities throughout the year but one week in particular illustrates well what Cabra is all about. An incredible Musical, "*The War of the Worlds*", was presented in which pupils and teachers combined their talents. It was a fine and rewarding experience for both the cast and audiences. The next morning Year 11 students and teachers loaded the coaches and set off for a week in the Warrumbungles, which for the majority of students, provided a unique learning experience and fostered a closer Form spirit.

This edition of *Thuruna* was compiled in a relatively short time, with students and teachers working feverishly to gather the articles, sketches and photographs which illustrate the many facets of your lives at Cabramatta High. This is your School and your Magazine and we hope you will keep it as a record of your year together.

LYNN CORRADI - Editor.

- * The *Thuruna* Committee wish to thank Mr. Waide for his encouragement and support during the past few months. He saved us so much of the unnecessary anxiety associated with the publication of such a Magazine.





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PRINCIPAL Mr. J.B. Waide
DEPUTY PRINCIPAL Mr. B. Loader

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Mistress in Charge of Girls..Mrs.L.Corradi
 Special Administration.....Mr. P. Durack
 Mr. J. Howard

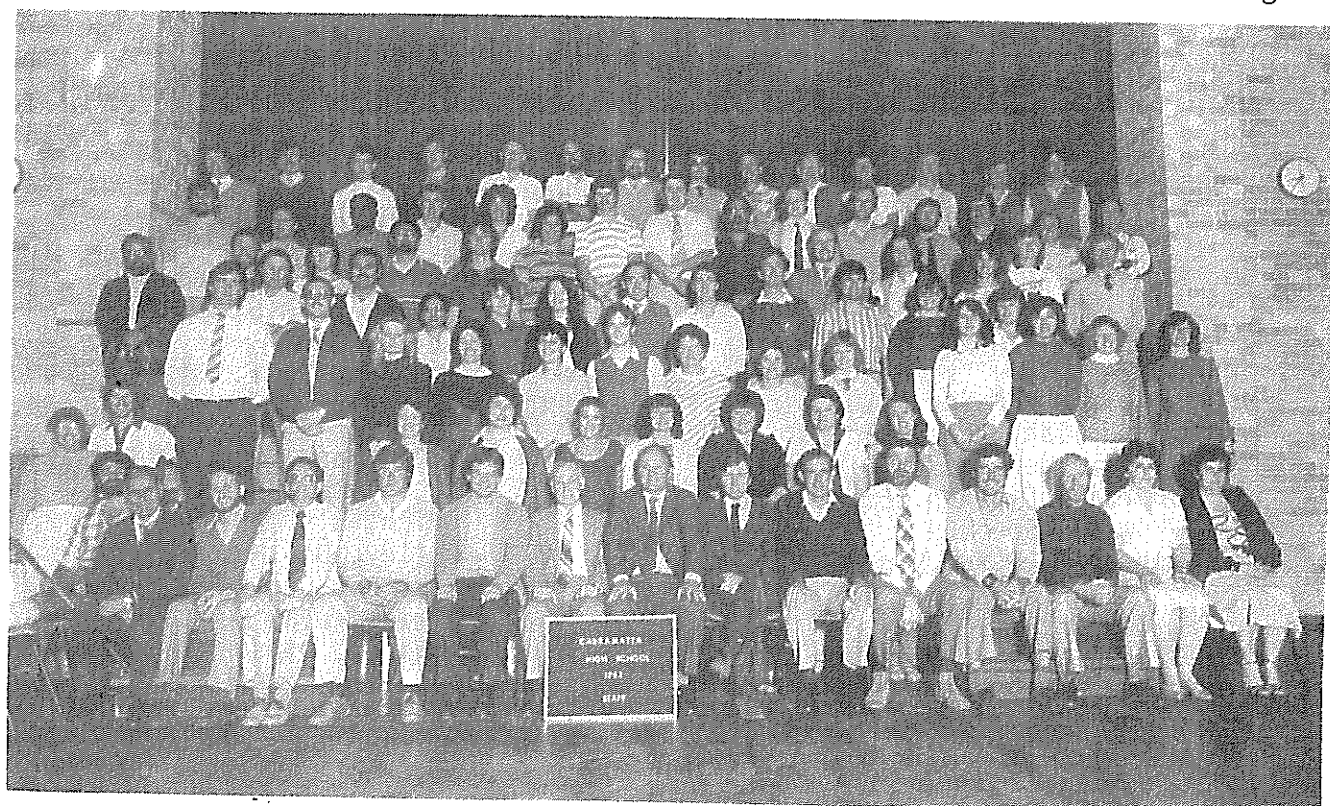
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 Science Mr. K. Molyneux
 Social Sciences Mr. W. Wagner
 Languages Mr. R. Kenny
 Home Science Mrs. V. Porteus
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 Art Miss R. McFarland
 Physical Education
 and Health Mr. K. Bowyer

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 Year 8 Mr. P. Quigley
 Year 9 Mr. S. Okell
 Year 10 Mr. L. Quarmby
 Year 11 Mr. J. Beringer
 Year 12 Mrs. J. Myer

School Nurse Sister M. McLeod
 Sports Master Mr. B. Johnson
 Sports Mistréss Mrs. G. Taylor
 Head Clerk Mrs. B. Biffin
 School Counsellor Mrs. P. Wilkins
 Careers Adviser Mr. C. Schouten
 D.S.P.Co-ordinator ... Mr. J. Beringer



Cabramatta High School Staff, 1983.

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DEPUTY PRINCIPAL: B. LOADER, B.A.

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* S.M. - Subject Master/Mistress



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

I have been asked on occasions this year if I like being at Cabramatta High School and on each occasion I have answered, "Yes." There is in the school an atmosphere of co-operative industriousness which makes it a pleasant place of Education where pupils are given every opportunity to advance their academic attainments and to engage in many interesting and worthwhile activities.

Students are encouraged to be conscientious in their studies and are made aware of the advantages of improved achievement. I have been delighted to be invited by Subject Masters and Year Masters to present certificates and reports to those students who have performed well or have demonstrated marked improvement. The large numbers of students I have congratulated at these special assemblies is most encouraging and augurs well for the future. I am sure that, with continued encouragement, the numbers of worthy students will increase yearly.

I believe Cabramatta High School is fortunate in the number of dedicated and caring teachers on the staff, who unselfishly give of their time and expertise to establish special projects for the pupils' benefit. Also, we have a keen, efficient sportsmaster and sportsmistress who are enthusiastically supported by the coaches of sporting teams. Consequently, the pupils have reacted favourably to this interest and the school has had a most satisfying 1983 in inter-school competitions.

The purpose of Cabramatta High School is to provide its pupils with every opportunity to gain a worthwhile general education. In keeping with the school's motto the staff and pupils will, in future years, continue "Serving & Striving" to further this aim.

J. B. WAIDE - Principal.

Boularok

DEPUTY'S REPORT

Two English song writers, certainly not Lennon and McCartney, wrote a musical many years ago in which a chorus sang a song based around the theme "a policeman's lot is not a happy lot", and, I might add, neither is a Deputy's. Yet among the varied tasks in assisting in the running of an organisation as large, complex and changing as our school, writing a report is one of the more pleasant.

Most Deputys are frustrated classroom actors; but being away from the action enables us to see schools and what they are about in a broader way. If you are a lock forward it is easy to lose sight of the total team, its strength and weaknesses, and, certainly, of the game itself and where it fits in our life style. So what are schools about?

I suppose answers depend on how we have experienced schools and what we hope to get from school. Are schools to keep "kids" off the streets, to fill in time between infancy and adulthood, to brainwash pupils into acceptance of basic community values, to provide fuel for the mills of industry or simply to maintain adult dominance over as poor devils and our dependence on them.

I hope you can see that all these suggestions for what they are - I would use the word "cynical" to describe them, coming from people who can't, or won't, see that schools should be happy places. They are places where we learn to get on with other people, where we form ideas about how we should speak and act, where we see ourselves in a realistic way - a person with some failings and weaknesses and a person who can do things which are desirable.

Sometimes schools can be painful places - we have differences of opinion, we lose friends, we "fail" in some areas. Yet can you suggest better ways of learning, provided we see such painful experiences as not meaning that we are "failures" or that "nobody likes me" and so on.

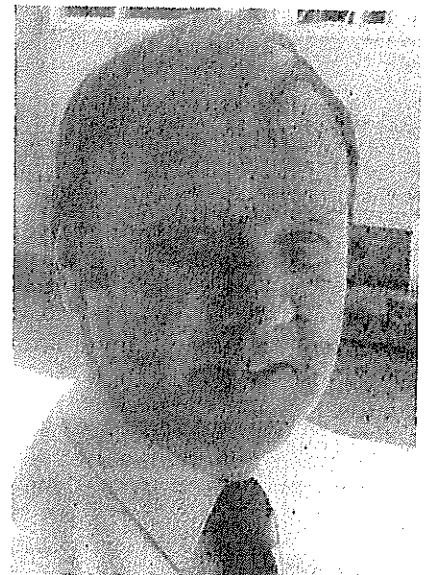
All of us learn in schools, teachers and pupils, and most of the learning is not about subjects. We learn about what to wear to a disco, why I should read a newspaper, why trying to be "macho" can be a risky business, why "rules" are a necessary evil (?), what sports I like, what to say to boys/girls on different occasions. I'm sure you have all made some friends in the last few years and you have ideas on what makes a person a good friend. This means you have some ideas on what you would expect of others and, therefore, what you should expect of yourself. Are you trustworthy, loyal, gentle, and so on; or are you still in the process of learning that people don't like "smart alics", "nerds", "showoffs" and various other words that describe those we find it difficult to like.

Let me conclude by being complimentary about our students. In later life you will begin to see your school in a different light - not only because you have been away from the school. You will see that Cabramatta shows that people of different races, ways of life, ages and interests can live in a secure, relaxed way. 1983 may have been just another year to many of your teachers but to you it should have been another enjoyable step towards being a secure, adult Australian.

B.J. Loader,
Deputy Principal.

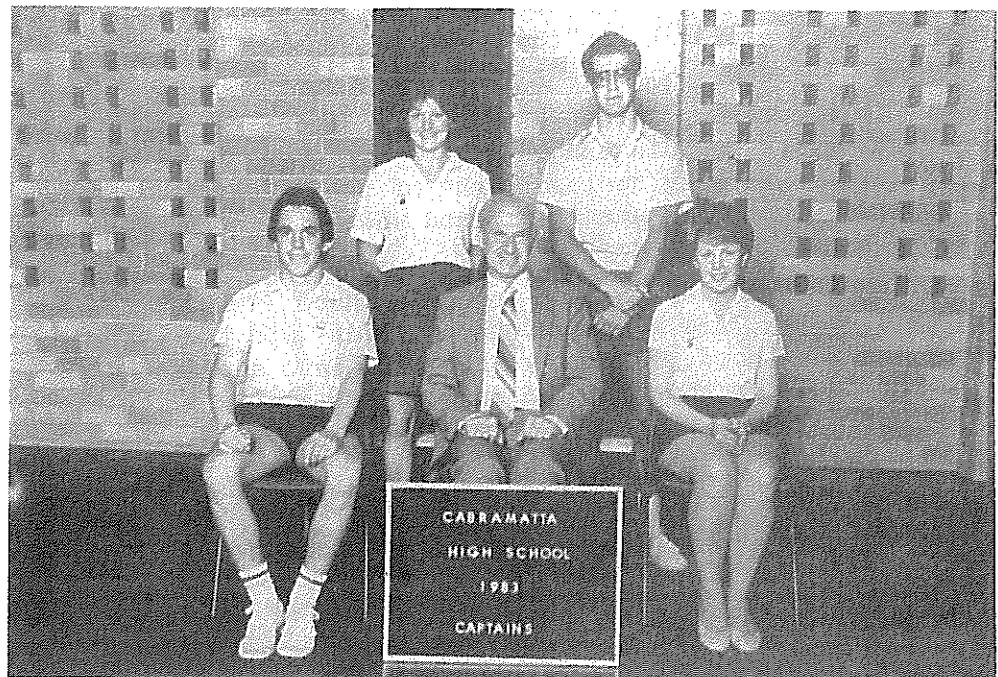


Mr. J. Waide



Mr. B. Loader

THE SCHOOL CAPTAINS



Now that our year of captains and students have come to an end, we are sad to leave although we are proud to have been a part of the school when spirit and determination was so high. Everyone has come together to help our school run more smoothly, particularly in sport.

We are very pleased to see the enthusiasm with which boys' and girls' sport has been played this year, especially from our senior pupils.

This can be seen by the mere fact that many sides were entered in competitions other than the Lansdowne Zone, showing other schools the athletic side of such a talented school.

Another display of working together has been the unity of the Student Society, where students from all forms have contributed and supported all activities throughout the year.

After years of feeling secure at school, we suddenly find ourselves facing a whole new world. A world which regretfully doesn't provide the security of school, nor does it include our old school friends or teachers. But, fortunately we have the memories, which is something that time will not take away. We will look back on school (although it is hard to imagine now) and remember the good times we shared. Because, now we realize that school wasn't that bad after all.

LEE McMILLAN,
MICHAEL MANGION,
JORGE COLVIN,
JULIE MOUNTFORT.

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ILLAWARRA STATIONERY SUPPLIES,
356 RAILWAY PARADE, CARLTON.

▣= CABRAMATTA STUDENTS' SOCIETY =▣

Despite the fact that some would say that the 1983 C.S.S. got off to a slow start, we have managed to achieve a great deal so far this year.

This year we have gained a lot of response from both teachers and students. We are very pleased with those teachers who have attended lunch-time discos and night-time discos, as you helped them to be a great success.

We would like to thank those students who participated in the Door Knock Appeals, such as Heart Foundation and the Red Shield Appeal; we also had a great response from that.

This year we had a visit from the 2UW mobile music with their great music and videos.

This year we made quite a few donations to various things such as pennants for athletics, Silver Jubilee Committee, the School Musical, to students who went away and represented the school for soccer, gear for gymnastics, and also a very special donation was made for Robert Holmes.

This year we have made a great deal of money which has gone back into the school and we hope that during the rest of the year we will have as much success as we have had in the first half of the year.

Secretary: Karen Forsyth
Assistant Secretary: Glenn Blewitt

Treasurer: Nadine Carrigg
Assistant Treasurer: Stacey Connor



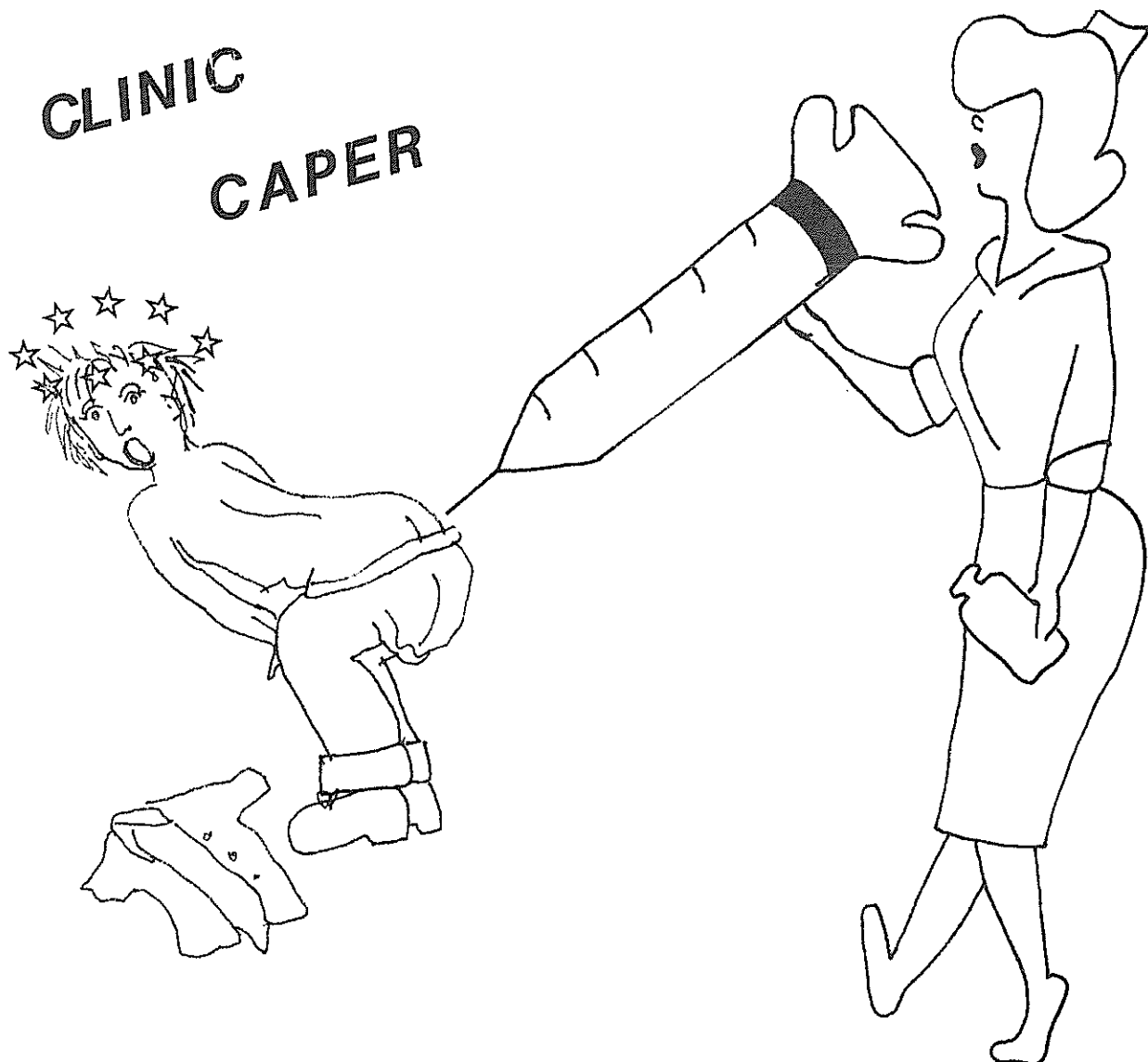
C.S.S. 1983

C.S.S. EXECUTIVE



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35 JOHN STREET, CABRAMATTA.

CLINIC CAPER



In 1980 the first School Nurse was appointed to Cabramatta High. Sister Hamel worked very hard to establish an efficient Clinic which has served the needs of some three thousand casualties a year. Sister Hamel worked well with the staff for the benefit of all students and it was with regret that the school farewelled Sister Hamel at the end of second Term. The School Captain, Lee McMillan, presented her with a pewter Goblet as a memento of her stay with us and a token of our appreciation for all her efforts, kindness and friendship. We wish her well in her new venture.

* * * * *

We would like to extend our welcome to the new sister, Mary McLeod who in a very short time has won the respect of the students and staff by her professional and obliging manner. We hope you will enjoy many years at Cabra!



Sister Hamel



Sister McLeod

MISTRESS - IN - CHARGE - OF - GIRLS

Over the years the Department of Education, in its wisdom, has seen a need to appoint a person to care for the welfare of the girls in High Schools. Girls in fact, have been considered unique in that they are believed to have more problems and difficulties in coping with the adolescent years. However, in this school a welfare team has been established to care for all students; for people who need guidance and help over the difficult times and friendship and understanding in the good times. The Principal, Deputy, M.I.G. and Counsellors, together with the Year Masters, meet regularly and work together for the welfare and happiness of all students. Much of this work is confidential and we make no apologies for this. A student's trust and confidence is paramount and for this reason this position is sometimes very difficult, frustrating but finally rewarding.

It is interesting to note, however, how attitudes towards girls and women generally have changed considerably over the past 25 years. Back in 1958, life was a lot narrower and education for girls was considered less important and they were generally expected to fade out of the system and take on a domestic role as a total career. Today most people accept that girls are equal and that there should be equal opportunities for all people. There are many opportunities today for girls to avail themselves. 1983 has seen the introduction of a special project for girls in Year 10 which is aimed at increasing self awareness and directing girls into less traditional fields, into careers or trades that have been previously dominated by men. This year one of our girls, Lisa Dimaio, has gained her pilot's licence - (Congratulations, Lisa) - whilst others have chosen fields such as Real Estate, Solicitor, Dentistry, Brick Laying, Mechanic and Plumbing.

Certainly, not every girl will be interested in following these pursuits but for those of you who are, I implore you to take every opportunity that is available. If you desperately wish to do something special you owe it to yourself to give it a try. Think carefully about your options, accept the challenge, trust your own judgement regardless of what others think Choose the things in life that are important to you and the career you will be happiest in and through your own initiative and determination make a success of it. Remember, girls today are not only equal, but are achievers who can do anything they choose and do it well.

L. CORRADI

* * * * *



Mrs Vida Porteus

In this Silver Jubilee Year, Cabramatta farewells one of the longest serving members of the teaching staff, Mrs. Vida Porteus, Home Economics Mistress, after 17 years at Cabra and we all wish her many happy and rewarding years in her retirement. Fond memories.

**LIMITED
OFFER!**

WITH EVERY DELVA IN-FASHION PERM

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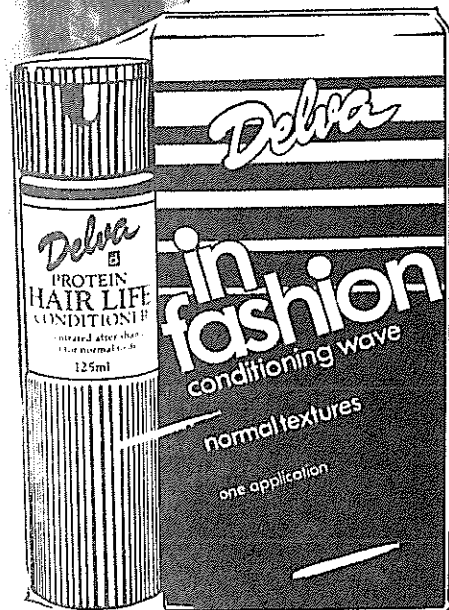
HAIRLIFE
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Joseff's HAIR FOR YOU
28 SPENCER STREET,
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55 WARE STREET,
FAIRFIELD. 2165 72.2918
727.2184



Delva

HAIR CARE CENTRE



☆☆☆ HAIR FOR YOU....☆☆☆

During second term Year 9 were fortunate in having the professional advice of the Staff of Joseff's Hair for You and a Delva Consultant who gave up valuable time to visit us at school. Kathy gave an interesting talk about hair care and she stressed the importance of seeking professional advice especially where experimentation with colour was concerned. Strong chemicals can damage the hair permanently. A good protein based conditioner and shampoo are also important. Piere and Debbie demonstrated braidings and styling and showed how well groomed the boys too can be by sprucing up Michael Lo Proto with a free blow wave. A professionally cut, well styled, healthy head of hair is not only attractive but improves one's self image, confidence and self esteem.

Susan Hunt - Year 9
Gemille Ergen - Year 9
Sandra Calic - Year 9



☆☆ MAKEUP ANYONE ? ☆☆

At the end of term 1, Year 10 girls were given a Make-up demonstration by Cathy Oliveri, a beauty consultant who is employed by Barone's Chemist, Cabramatta. The Girls learned various techniques of applying make-up with the emphasis on a natural but glowing look. They experimented with a variety of products from the average price range and which are available in most stores. Cathy also gave an interesting talk on skin care, and answered pupils' queries especially concerning acne. The best advice for treatment of acne is to follow a healthy diet which includes lots of fresh fruit and vegetables. Supplement this daily with Bio Zinc tablets and keep the skin and scalp clean. Students enjoyed the demonstration and requested more.

Zelka - Year 10
Libby - Year 10
Claudia - Year 10

MISS MODELGIRL CONTEST 1983

This year our girls were invited to take part in the Miss Modelgirl Contest. Any girl fifteen years or over with parental permission could enter. The ideals behind the project were for the girls to gain self-confidence, learn a little about themselves and to improve their image and self esteem whilst working for those less fortunate. The funds raised from entry fees went directly to the Jenny Leukaemia Trust. Jenny was a healthy twenty year old who had a bright and happy future until she was stricken with Leukaemia. These funds are used for research into this dreaded terminal disease.

Many of our girls responded to the project and entered the contest in both the Liverpool Westfield Shopping Town and Wetherill Park Stocklands. They visited these stores and learned how to co-ordinate outfits which suit them. They were advised on make-up and hairstyles to compliment their faces.

On the Parade Days they modelled the clothes of their choice. All the girls did extremely well and represented Cabramatta proudly - at the same time enjoying themselves and experiencing a new kind of confidence.

Our congratulations to the winners who went into the finals. Although other schools competed in these Parades, two of our girls were chosen as Regional Finalists and now go on to compete in the Gala Grand Final to be held at the Regent Hotel on 7th December, 1983. Miss Modelgirl 1983 will receive a bonanza of prizes including a P. & O. Cruise for two, \$1000 spending money and a contract with Camerons Model Agency. Our very best wishes go with our two grand finalists, Gina and Mai Linh.

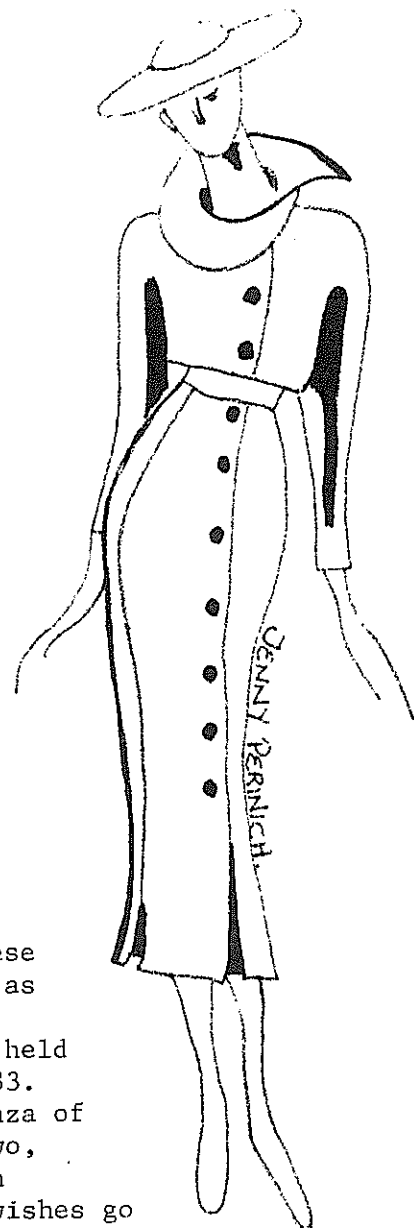
Congratulations to all girls who took part in the project - you were all magnificent.

The finalists were:

Liverpool Westfields: Libby Ivanisevic, Claudia Putzolu, Verna Schroeder, My Linh Wei, Dilek Cinar.

Wetherill Park Stocklands: Libby Ivanisevic, Gina Calic, Sandra Calic, Claudia Putzolu, Vicki Trstenjak, Fiona Donald, Jenny Perinich, Lisa Dimaio, Stephanie Becki, Meri Becki, Angela Moitzi.

Grand Finalists: Gina Calic and My Linh Wei.



MISS MODEL GIRL 1983.



Special Project For Girls - Yr. 10

1983 saw the introduction to the school timetable of a new course entitled, 'Project for Girls'. Girls, as a group face particular problems in the transition from school to adult life. Many girls leave school without a positive self-concept and with limited knowledge of the educational, social and vocational opportunities available to them. As a result, girls usually choose from a range of educational and vocational options in traditional female areas of employment, such as clerical and retail, which are undergoing rapid technological change.

My aims, throughout this year, are to increase girls' self-confidence and broaden their life options and career aspirations.

I have sought to extend the girls' knowledge of the changing role of women through both an historical and a contemporary social context and to make them more aware of trades as potential employment areas.

Students were invited to attend an open day at the Institute of Technology looking at the Engineering profession and those who attended did gain a greater insight into the profession and the nature of sandwich courses offered by the Institute.

Some students have also taken advantage of the opportunity available to them to attend Link Courses in certain trade apprenticeships at Miller Technical College. To date, two girls have completed the Automotive course, two the Bricklaying course and nine the Secretarial Link Course. All those who have attended have reported that they enjoyed the experience and found it worthwhile. Any parents who are a little hesitant about allowing their daughters to participate in such courses are welcome to contact me about the Courses. I believe that this activity is just as valuable as Work Experience and should be encouraged.

Students were also given the opportunity to learn more about apprenticeships when they viewed a video and had an opportunity to address questions to Ms. A.M. Whitaker, Co-ordinator for the Apprenticeship Programme for Girls for the Department of Industrial Relations. Parents and girls must be made aware that females are eligible to apply for apprenticeships in areas other than the traditional choices of hairdressing and beautician (both of which are extremely low paid apprenticeship careers).

Other guests have made it possible for girls to attend demonstrations on hair care and skin care and some girls availed themselves of an opportunity to participate in an amateur fashion parade. These experiences were organised by the Mistress-in-Charge of Girls, Mrs. Corradi - for which everyone was grateful. Further guests are being invited for third term and it is my aim to make the subjects dealt with as broad as possible.

Having outlined the types of experiences the girls have had the opportunity of participating in I would like to explain the type of material the girls are looking at in their one period per fortnight.

Initially the girls were surveyed to determine what their career aspirations were and also as part of this they were given information as to the subjects available to them in Year 11 and the way the H.S.C. aggregate is obtained.

At this point I feel it necessary to stress both to the students and parents the injustice girls do to themselves by opting for a low level in maths and science.

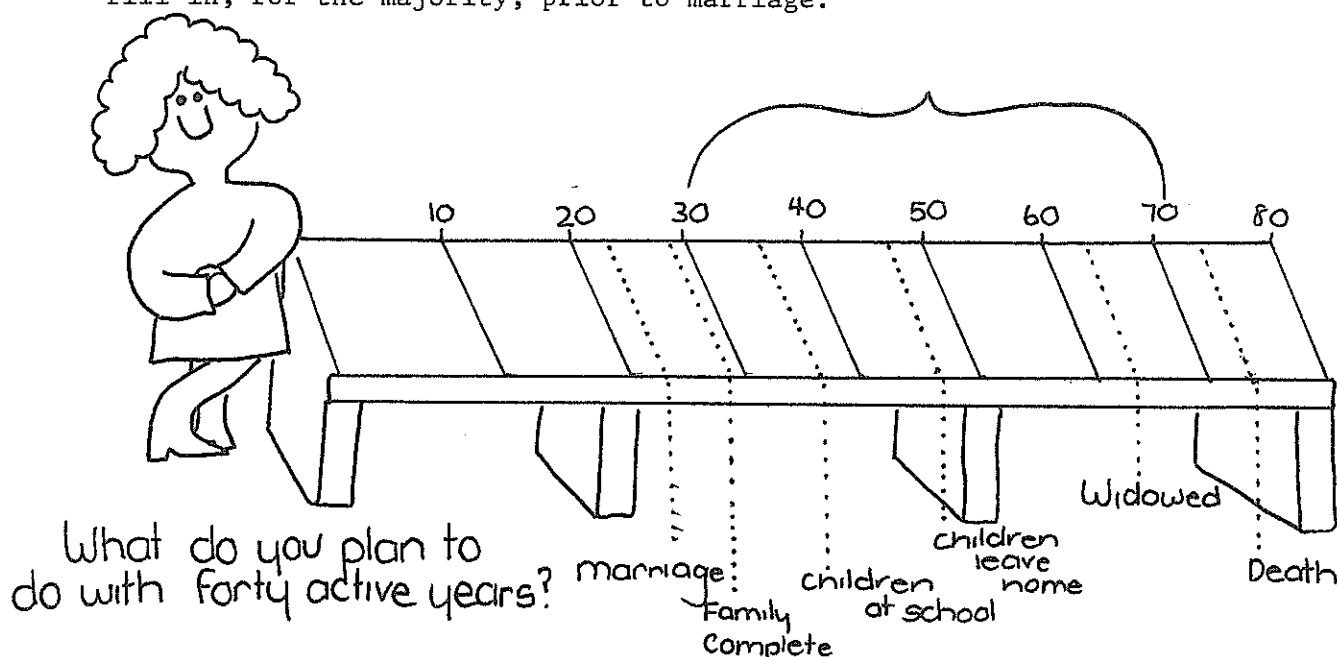
Research has shown that up till Year 10 when students do not elect levels in Maths and Science that both sexes perform equally well, but in Year 11 and 12 girls, even those who may have gained a level 1 or 2 in the moderator, are very likely to drop these subjects altogether or else choose a low level in Maths and the traditionally 'easy' Science option of Biology.

Even though females may have achieved good results in Maths and Science when they are given the choice a very large percentage don't opt for the highest levels. Why? Maybe the answer has something to do with the fact that society continues to say that boys are better at Maths and Science. Even though the girls' results to Year 10 belie this, if they keep hearing it they come to believe it.

I would wish to stress to parents the need to encourage your daughters to achieve their real potential in these subjects.

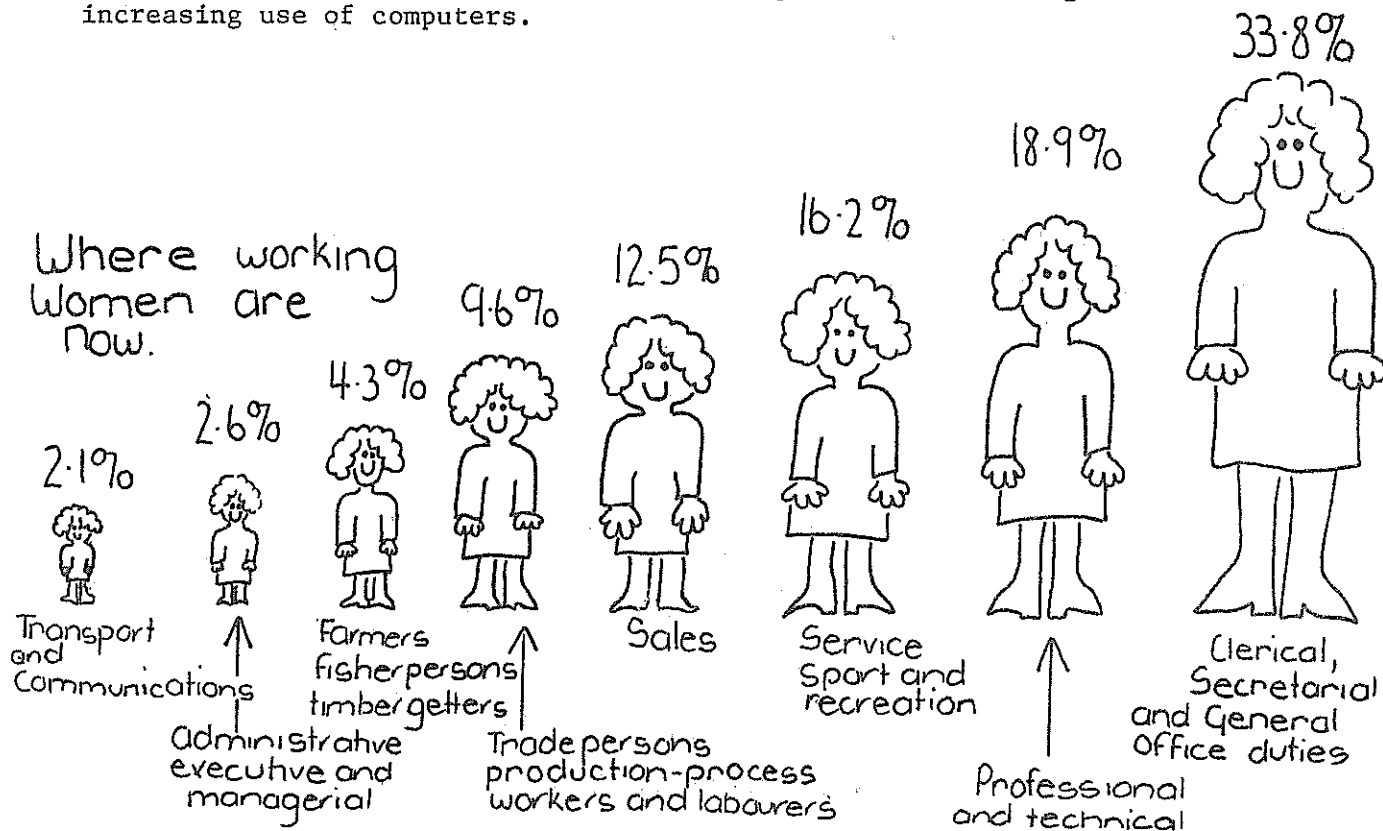
with the greater reliance on a technologically based world it is becoming even more crucial that Maths and Science are attempted. A sound background in this area will prepare your daughters for our increasingly computer based society.

Another area that a lot of parents and girls fail to consider is that most women do work for a large number of years. Work can no longer be seen as just a fill in, for the majority, prior to marriage.



The nature of our economy means that most women work for at least fifteen years. They should no longer see work as something that is only temporary but be realistic and see that they will probably be employed in the paid work force for a great deal longer than they may desire. Consequently it is unfair to help sons choose subjects which will provide them with a good 'career' or 'profession' while daughters are steered towards traditionally female 'jobs'.

Clerical positions are being replaced right now by word processors. Each word processor replaces up to six clerical workers, yet - almost 34% of working women are still in clerical jobs. Retail positions are being lost because of the increasing use of computers.



The reasons which have been given in the past for keeping women out of certain jobs are indefensible in the face of changes made by the impact of technology and a contracting job market.

KEEP AN OPEN MIND - REMEMBER GIRLS CAN DO ANYTHING!
Ms. J. AUSTIN.

Domenic

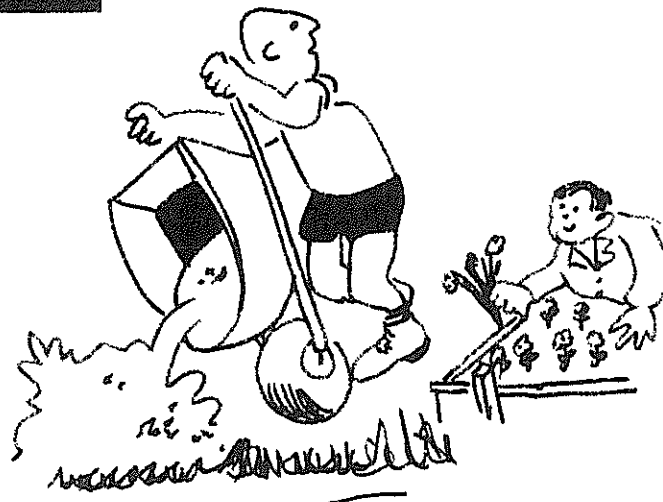
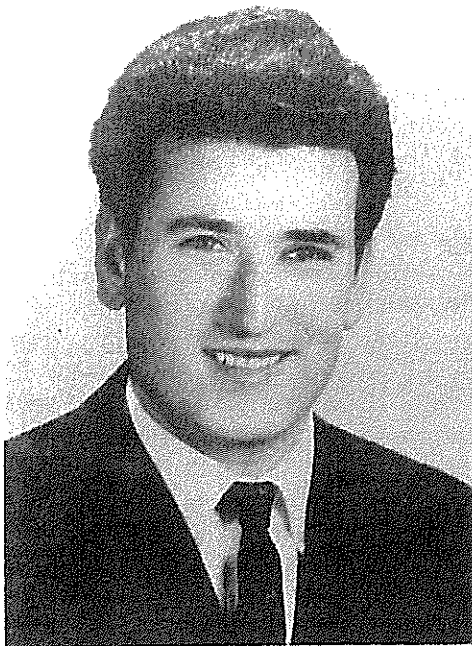
Mr. Domenic Leoneillo was born in Italy where he grew up experiencing many hardships. He had always worked hard in his youth and was denied a normal childhood and the companionship of school, often rising at 2 a.m. to work in the fields. He decided to try his fortune in a distant land Down Under. He left his wife and family behind to establish himself in his new country. Life has never been easy for Dom, and in his early days in Australia he worked on many famous Projects. He poured concrete into Australia Square and the famous Opera House. He laboured for seven days a week for several years until he could send for his family.

Domenic enjoys his work at Cabramatta High.

"The moment I started work at this school I felt as if I'd come home. Everyone treated me well and I can say that I work with the best people in Australia. I appreciate the respect and friendship I have found at Cabra High," Domenic told us in a recent interview.

The students and teachers appreciate all the work he puts into the improvement of our school grounds. They're looking great!

TANYA SHEPLEY AND JODIE HOLTON - 9E1



THIS PAGE IS KINDLY SPONSORED BY:
ERIC BEDFORD, B.A.

MEMBER FOR CABRAMATTA AND MINISTER FOR PLANNING AND

Our Office Ladies

"Click! Click! Click! of the Calculator!"

"Tap, Tap, Tap of the typewriters!"

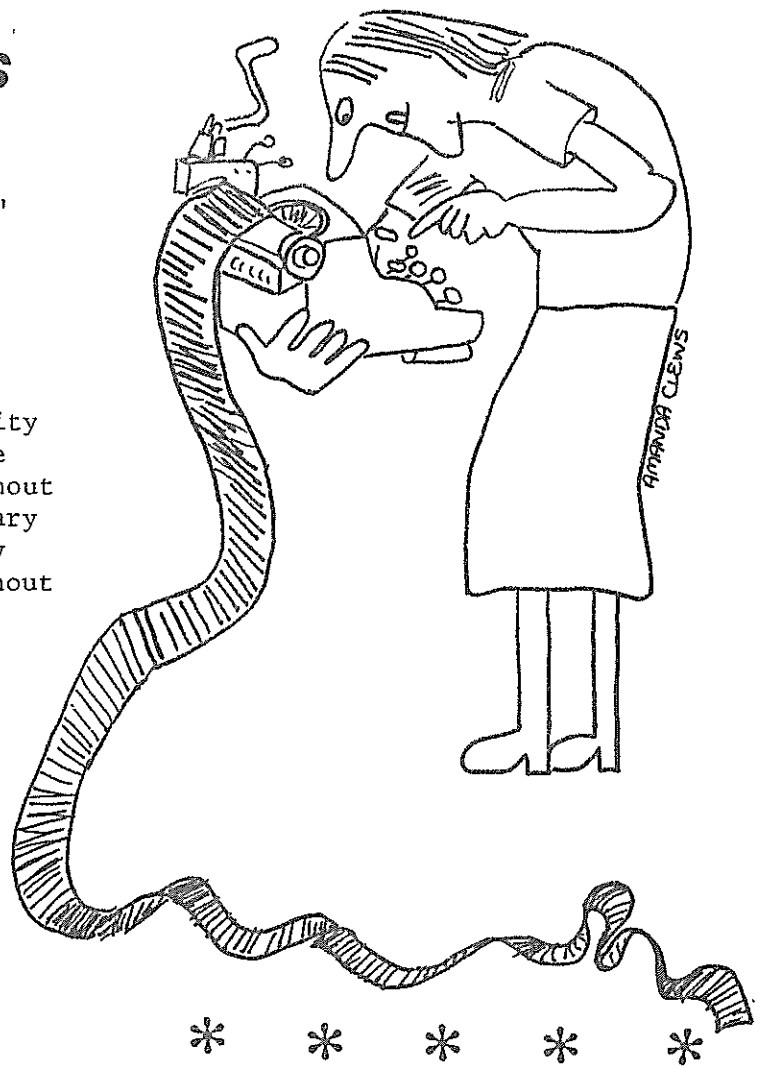
The whirring of the duplicators churning out many articles from the Cabra Press Room.

Our Office Block is always a hive of activity and our office ladies continue to fight the never-ending battle of administtrivia. Without their friendly co-operation and extraordinary energy our school would not operate. Many thanks for all your help and advice throughout the year.

THE TEACHERS.



ANCILLARY STAFF



SILVER JUBILEE

CABRAMATTA HIGH REUNION DINNER DANCE

FRIDAY, 9TH DECEMBER, 1983

ROMA LOUNGE - LIVERPOOL

OPEN TO ALL EX-STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

FOR TICKETS CONTACT:

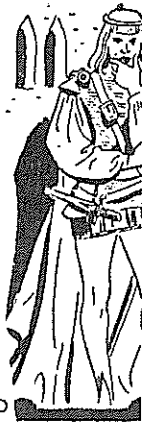
NORA KUROVSKY AT
CABRAMATTA HIGH SCHOOL

COST \$16.00 PER HEAD

THE IDIOT'S TALE

or Bring Me No More Reports.

'Macbeth', Act V, Sc.3



Who can but sympathise with Macbeth's plea not to receive the dubious benefits of another report. To Macbeth such reports meant impending doom, to you, the reader, they mean an ominous slab of unmitigated boredom. Of you, who are, like Macbeth, sufficiently foolhardy to risk fate with a "Lay on, Macduff", half will know the following as part of common knowledge, and the other half will find it beyond their ken. But read on anyway, since I have disarmed you with swords styled from pure candour "and damned be you who first cries 'enough'!"

'Twas Macbeth also who said, forsooth, "If it were done when it were done, 'twere well it were done quickly". Well you can read what follows quickly if you wish, although I have written it slowly so none need miss the scholastic witticisms herein bestowed.

There came amongst us, marry as 'twere, two weyard sisters (known more pithily as Witches One and Three). What of the second, you may well demand. We are still waiting for her and in constant fear of "thunder, lightning or rain". These two have added, indeed, to the "hurly-burly" which is not yet done. To those of you standing in the pit to watch these Thespian pursuits, they are called Lady McMaster and Lady Gardner. The former renowned for histrionic and callisthenic pursuits on the floor of her pedagogic stage; the latter renowned solely (or souilly) for her boundless patience in the direction of the groundlings who have fallen to her lot. We ancient and strutting Oliviers and Bernhardt's welcome their youth to our decomposing stage, hoping against hope against mere addition to "the sound and the fury". 'Twas, but yet again, the oh so mortal Macbeth, victim of the immortal Bard's villainous quill, who said:

"Life is a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing."

Had he some precognition of Englishe Staffroome Banter (known therein as repartee)? Or is true that all generations merely relive the fates of all those who have gone before?

Whilst enter stage left the formidable Lady Gardner exit stage right the equally formidable Dame Nellie Gauci, whose comebacks we believe have been stored for another medium. For her we wish only those prophesies she spells out for herself.

Here at the universe's centre all else remains as it always has, in an undeniable denial of any hope for human progress. Brevity you were promised, and if all has been incomprehensible consider it a "tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing" and lay off, will ya!

THE IDIOT (September, 1983)



ENGLISH STAFF



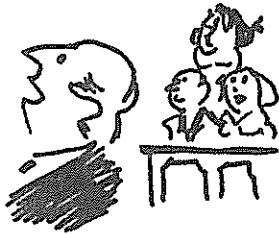
Paul Rogers

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Mock Trial Competition



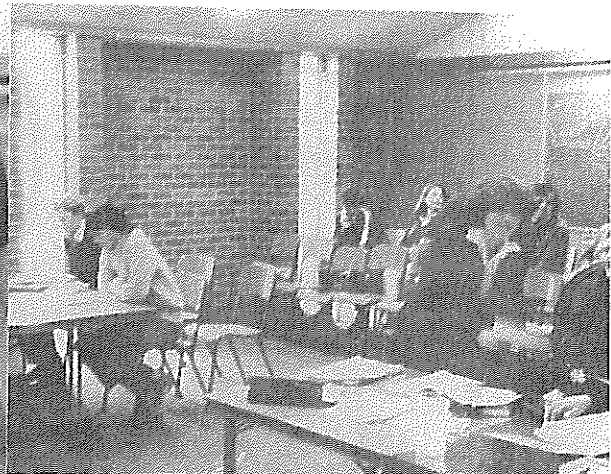
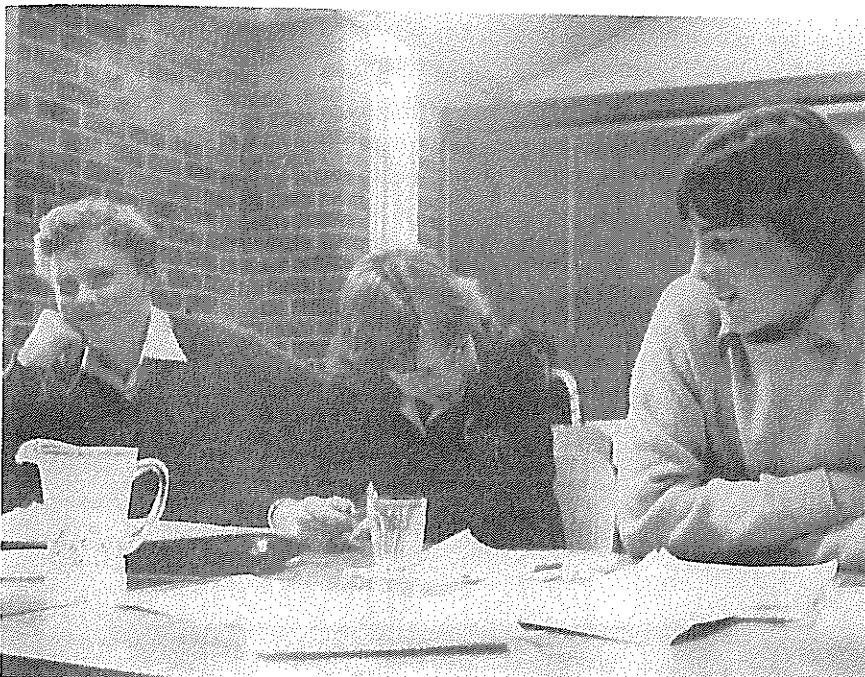
1983

This is a state-wide knock out competition that combines the skills of debating with the dramatic artistry of role playing in a court situation. It calls for a knowledge of legal procedure, theatrical flair, poise, fluent speech and, above all, the ability to adapt to a situation and remain flexible yet logical in argument. We recommend it strongly for school involvement and hope that Cabramatta continues to enter a team in future years.

Our school was extremely well represented this year by a talented and determined group. Who could forget the enigmatic serenity of Glenn Blewitt or the cleverly feigned simplistic good nature of Adam Gorczyca as they blithely fended the barbed thrusts of the opposition? Grown men were seen to blanch at the emotional outbursts of Stacey Connor and Debbie Bright as they shattered plans to subdue them. (Impossible anyway!) Courtrooms still echo with the strident tones and vehement objections of Geoff Short and Paul Benjamin, ably assisted by the earnest and dedicated help and encouragement of mild-mannered Ivan Gacic.

This bold band of budding barristers went from strength to strength as the competition progressed. They recorded excellent wins over Bonnyrigg High "B" Team, Airds High School and the Bonnyrigg "A" Team. In the fourth round they were defeated by Picnic Point High in an "interesting" if unfathomable decision. They had therefore progressed to the last thirty two schools (both public and private) in the state and deserve congratulations on a wonderful effort. Let's hope for even bigger things next year.

C. BYRNE.





Kids On The Block



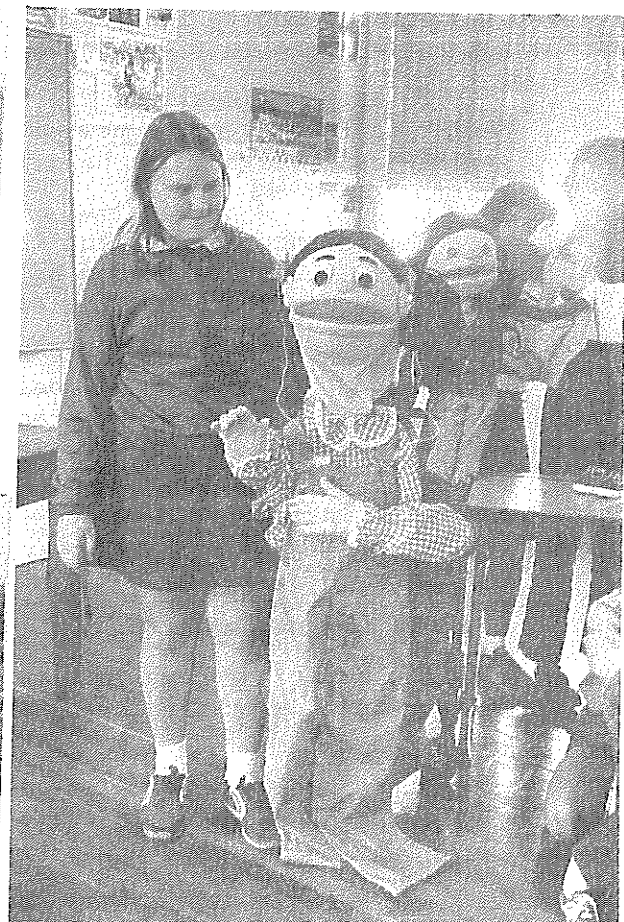
Mr. Byrne came in one afternoon with two large boxes. At the mention of my name I thought "God, what have I done now!" He asked us to open these boxes. We finally realised he had puppets in them. Not just puppets, but handicapped ones. The Kit is called 'Kids on the Block' and was originally made in U.S.A., but now its owned by the Regional Office of the Education Department.

We met a few of the puppets and we asked them questions about their handicaps. They all looked real and seemed as if they were really alive and living. We all had separate groups and each had puppets with which we had to do a script and play. This made us realise how hard and difficult it is to be handicapped and cope with problems everyday for the rest of your life. This topic taught us how to communicate with handicapped people and how not to stare, feel embarrassed or feel sorry for them.

For example, Mark had Cerebal Palsy. He hated people being sorry for him and treating him differently. People thought he was dumb but apparently he came first in all his subjects. Melody on the other hand wasn't physically handicapped but was teased because she was black and wore glasses. Her language was very aggressive when people teased her, but she was only trying to defend herself.

Overall it was a worthwhile and interesting topic. The class was really miserable because the puppets had left, but Mr. Byrne hopes to get them back in third term.

Bilgen Bakan and Sally Neradovsky, 8E3.



E.S.L. REPORT * * * * * (Reuter)

CABRA. After weeks of discussions the new E.S.L. Cabinet has emerged from the Board Room.

It was announced today that there has been a ministerial reshuffle after what one source termed "meaningful negotiations that hammered out a few compromises".

Reporters were on hand to see whose fortunes had been sunk and whose had been salvaged from the "bottom of Cabra Creek" scandal.

The new Minister for Corrective Services is tough-liner, Mr. P. Quigley.

Asked what direction he'd be taking in the future, Mr. Quigley answered that he was through playing Mr. Nice Guy. "Some people believe in 'different strokes for different folks'", he said, "but I'm determined to treat everyone exactly the same. There are going to be cuts in this department and I'm not going to flinch from meting them out".

There were few surprises when Mrs. T. Diskoros emerged smiling as the new Treasurer.

Known for her ruthless money raising policies she scoffs at the nickname "the heavy levy". "I plan to charge a fifty cent poll tax on all those who refuse to buy an 80¢ pen from our department," she said today.

Mr. P. Wagner has been nominated for the Ministry of Transport and Tourism but has not been available for comment. He is currently on an excursion with an unknown Rhonda Voo.

The surprise of the day came with the creation of a new ministry: that of Electoral Engineering. Previously a back-bencher in the Upper House, Mr. Ramio says that she's got what it takes to get elections - especially in the Asian community.

The new man to the team is Mr. L. Rowney as Minister Without Portfolio. Shy and retiring, this freshman hopes to end discrimination at all levels of government.

Perhaps an idealist, Mr. Rowney gave an impromptu speech to the press gallery declaring that even the new cabinet was dominated by heavies, by men and by geriatrics. "I hope," he said, "that my presence in the cabinet, will change all that!"

The latest announcement is that Mr. C. C. Heycox has won the Immigration portfolio. When asked how he did it, Mr. Heycox replied that it was both his polish and his acute ability to discern the chink in his rival's armour.

When asked whether there would be any immigration restrictions Mr. Heycox replied, "This government does not believe in import restrictions. We don't care if someone's orange, pink, green or burgundy, as long as they pass our strict influx test they will be permitted to enjoy the fruits of our society." Speaking from his Darlinghurst home Mr. Heycox added that this immigration test would be conducted entirely in Gaelic.

The question of who will be Prime Minister is still unanswered. The two candidates are, of course, Mr. S. James from E.S.L. and Mr. R. Kenny from the minority Languages Party.

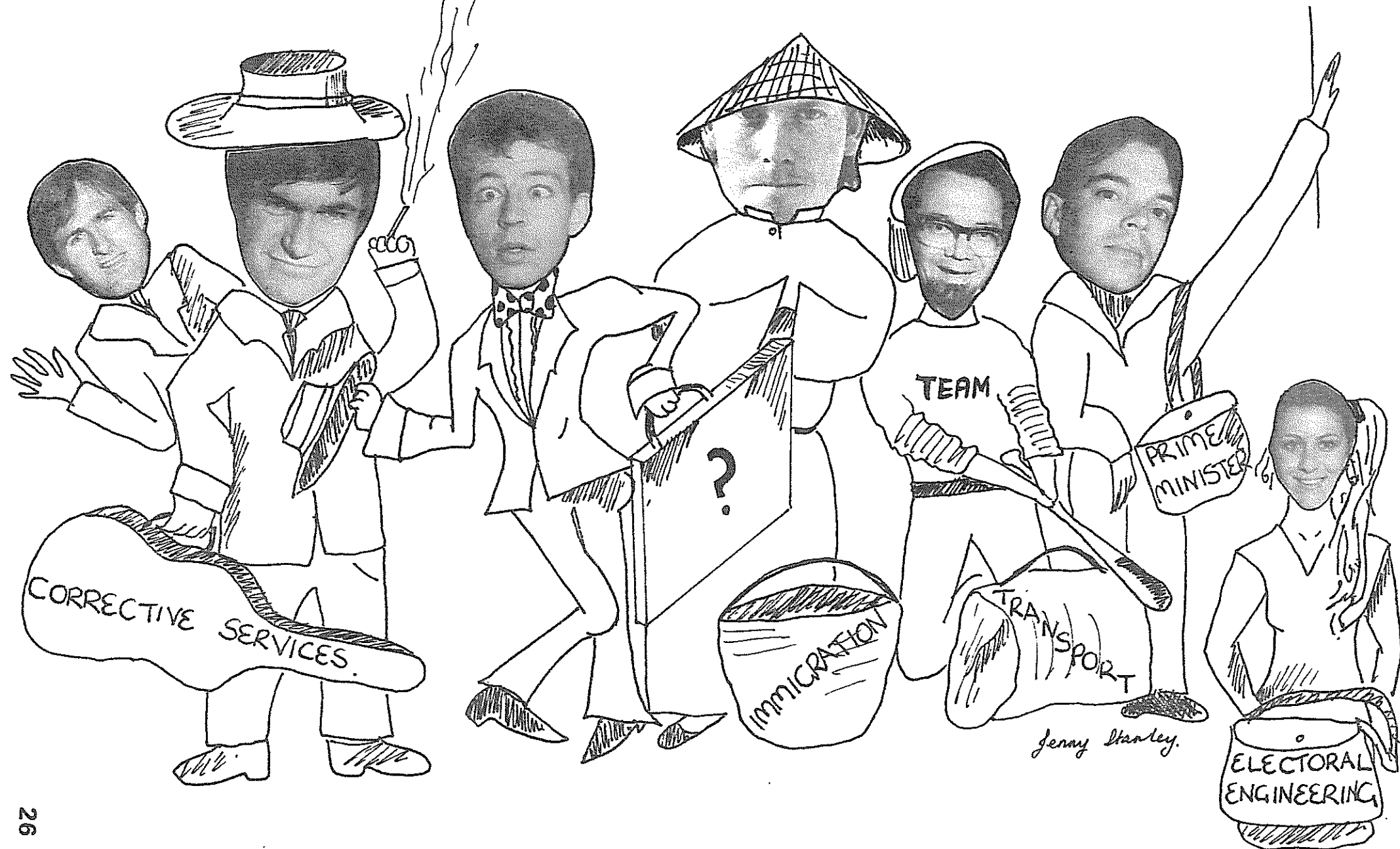
Mr. Kenny has been able to hold the leadership by a narrow margin, but with the growing numbers in the E.S.L. faction it is doubtful that he'll be able to keep it up.

Asked whether he saw Mr. James as a threat, Mr. Kenny replied that he didn't want to see the coalition split but should he lose the bid for the leadership there was no way that he and his party would leave the House and go into Room 16.

Mr. James replied that should that eventuate it is highly probable that at least the recumbant Miss Bettington would cross the floor.

Mr. Kenny reported that he wouldn't take such a move lying down. Miss Bettington interjected at that point, saying that she would.

E.S.L. PORTFOLIO



MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

Carefully laid plans to write this article from the safety on the "Mother Country" (no .. I mean England) were defeated by the Editor. Considering my recent inability to run, I fully intend to be somewhere on the other side of the world before anyone reads it.

The usual misgivings on day one were compounded by the arrival of three new faces - one a first year out (who pushed his Puegot all the way from the entrance) and two of Irish blood!! (Just what we needed to complete the Cabramatta High ethnic community). Mr. Hardy took one look, packed his bags, and left! A desperate search for a Maths teacher failed and an ex-pupil was conscripted to take his place.

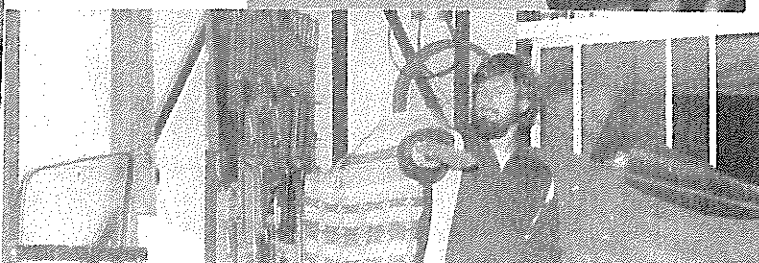
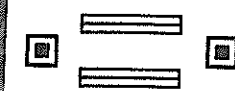
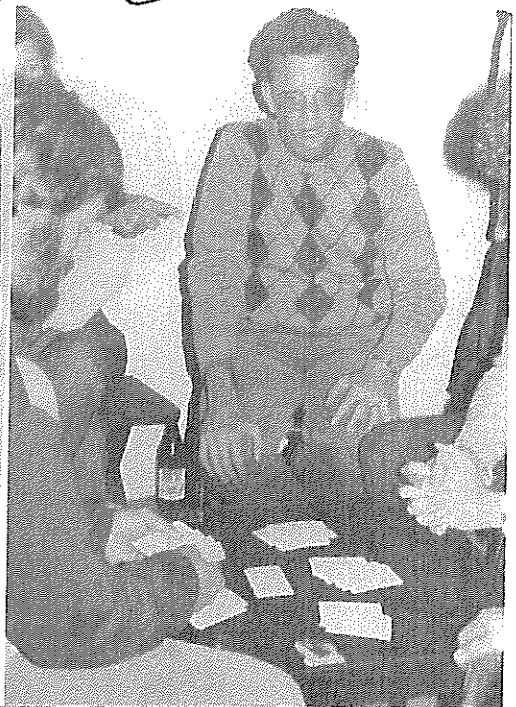
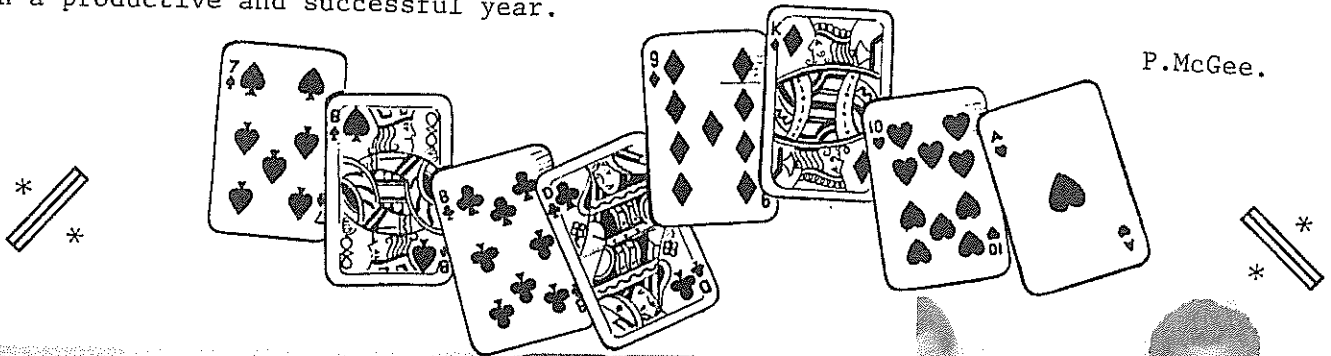
To complete the variety of backgrounds and skills in the department, our resident Science teacher was refused permission to transfer to her chosen field and a "Yank" P.E. teacher was invited to join us.

It may have been this rich mixture which caused two of our eligible bachelors to accept proposals of a complete change in life style - and Mrs. Myer to design a course in the Science of Life itself. It is even rumoured that Mr. Adamson put three schools on his application for promotion this year, and Mr. Breckenridge purchased a block of land on the North Coast.

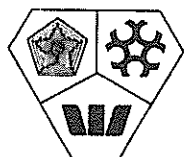
Mr. Quarmby felt moved to invite an inspector to stir this brew, while Mr. Johnson munched quietly on an apple. The one clear thinker amongst us promptly booked an airline ticket to London.

However when you add a generous serving of pupils the mixture became a team each with something to contribute. Plenty of hard work from all involved resulted in a productive and successful year.

P. McGee.



AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION



Firstly, I would like to thank those 78 Cabramatta High School students who had the initiative and courage to enter the Australia wide Maths competition sponsored by:

Canberra College of Advanced Education
Westpac Banking Corporation
Canberra Mathematical Association

Their participation and enthusiasm, specially LOML who all entered the competition with a little gentle persuasion on behalf of their Maths teacher, enabled the competition to be the most successful yet for Cabramatta High.

Secondly, I would like to congratulate the twelve students who received distinctions and the sixteen who received credits. A great achievement which begins to highlight the potential of Cabramatta High students in regards to their Mathematical ability.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Myer who helped me with the supervision and those members of the Maths staff who kindly allowed us to use rooms 42 and 43 for the duration of the competition.

The following students received awards.

YEAR 7

John Ciri Credit

YEAR 9

Hoan Sam Ton Distinction
Lisa Reynolds Distinction
Srun Lim Distinction
Hao Tran Distinction
Colette Nicoll Credit

YEAR 11

Nhigiang Nguyen Distinction
Jean Coulter Distinction
Alan Sarkissian Credit
Risto Dukovski Credit

Year 8

Chew Linh Chow Credit

YEAR 10

Deborah Bright Distinction
Kang Pun Distinction
Paul Benjamin Credit
Adam Gorczyca Credit
Robert Martini Credit
Boris Panov Credit
Glenn Blewitt Credit
Hau Quoc Chau Credit
Stacey Connor Credit
Slavica Ilic Credit

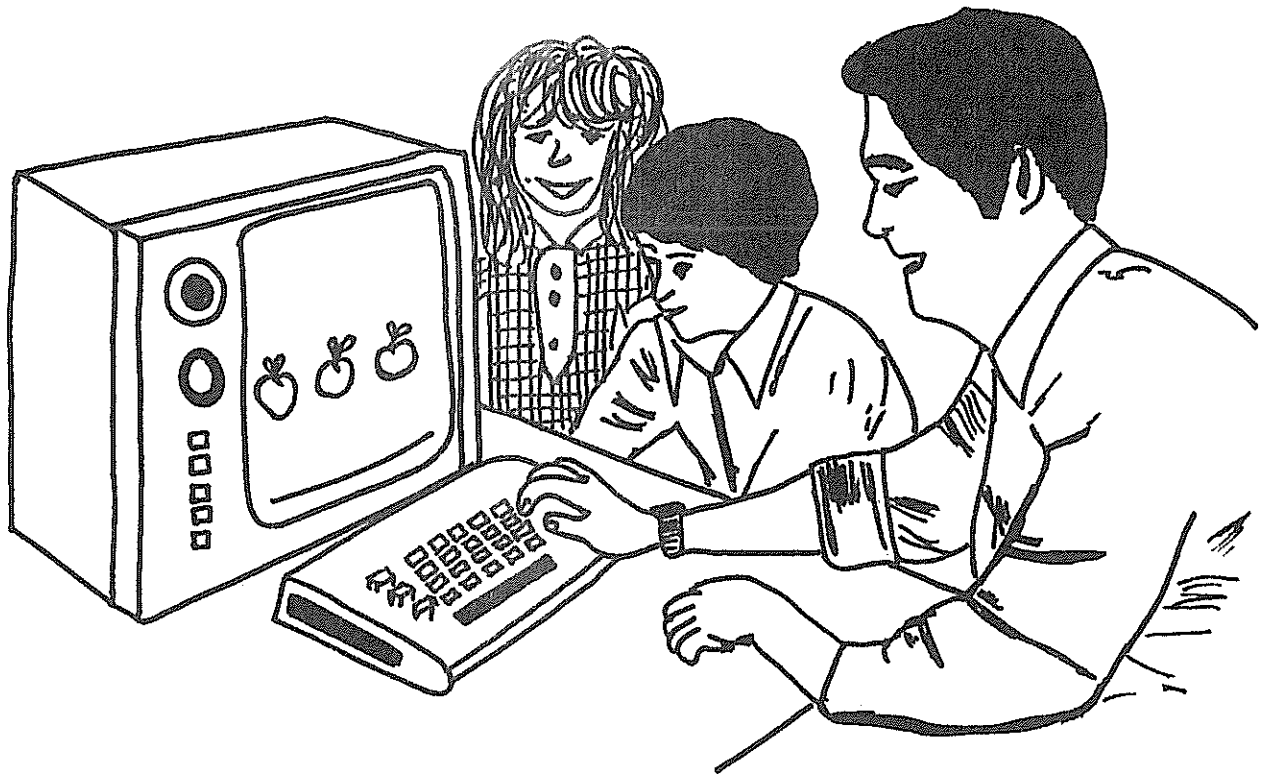
YEAR 12

Wai Lee Distinction
To Tieu Distinction
Wayne Chilver Distinction
Lap Truong Distinction
Mauricio Carreno Credit
Banghuy Lam Credit
Ngoc Duong Credit

I am now looking forward to an even greater response and results in the 1984 Australian Mathematics Competition.

MR. M. JOHNSON





COMPUTER STUDIES

BIT, BYTE, RUN, LOAD and various other examples of computer jargon are sometimes confusing to students when they first set out to learn to program/use the Apple computers.

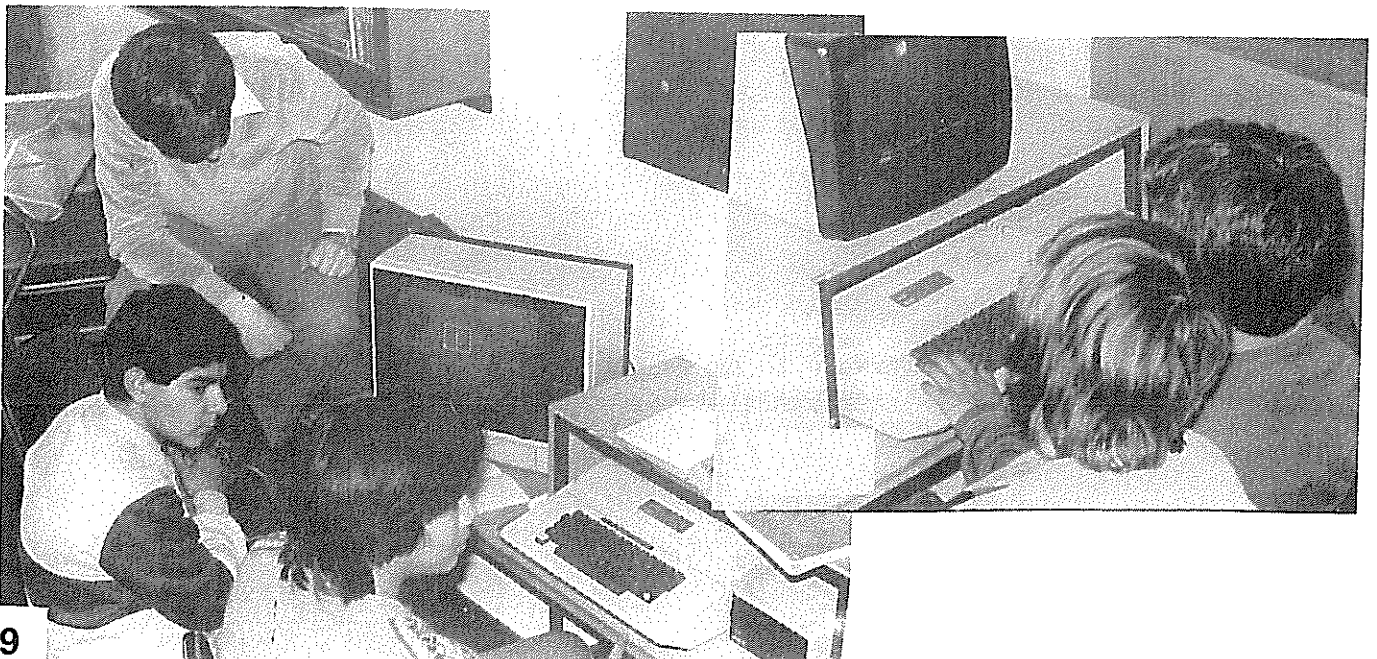
Most students enjoy learning to use the computer, some in fact get "hooked" on them and we, the Maths staff, are forever tripping over them to get into our staffroom.

1983 was a good year as we now have 3 Apple computers, all of which work at some time or other, a growing interest in computing by students largely brought about by an increase in the number of computers and computer classes.

I hope that next year we will be able to increase the number of computers at Cabra High as well as introducing more students to the concept of computer use and programing.

or An Apple A Day

M. JOHNSON.



LANGUAGES REPORT

I am pleased to report that the Languages Department at Cabramatta High School is flourishing. We have the same five teachers on our staff as last year, and steady numbers of students are choosing to study one of the four languages available as electives. We have achieved a "first" this year with the introduction to the school of the 2 unit "Z" (beginners) French and German course in Year 11 alongside the course for continuing students.

As well as doing their regular classroom language learning, our students and their teachers enjoy out of school activities which reinforce and extend that learning by contact with native speakers in the local and broader community. For example, students from the Year 10 and 12 French and German classes and the Year 12 Italian class and their teachers have participated in Regional Study Days where they have been able to communicate in their chosen language, not only with students and teachers from other schools, but also with native speakers. Visits were included to such places as restaurants (yum), cake shops (yum, yum) and the Alliance Francaise where modern and traditional songs were sung with much gusto.

French students from Cabramatta attended a performance of "Le Petit Prince" at the Footbridge Theatre and Year 11 German students have benefitted from a restaurant excursion and a language camp at Lane Cove with students from other schools.

The marriage of language and cultural activities is also evident at school where Year 8 Italian students have made up crosswords and drawn a map of Italy to adorn their room, and Year 9 Spanish students have done some beautiful project work on countries of South America. Year 7 French classes have enjoyed a French-style breakfast, while German classes enjoy playing "Koenigball".

And from the academic point of view, last year's H.S.C. results were more than satisfying.

Vive la difference!



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SCIENCE TREK

Captain's Log — Star Date 1983

As the Starship Science blasted off into the new year 1983, we sadly farewell Miss Newling, Miss Overton and Mr. Van, and welcomed aboard our new crew members Mr. Harris, Mr. Rosewall, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rigg. We also lost a valued crew member Miss Baker, who was captured by the inhabitants of the planet Mathematicus Quicksandus, despite efforts to beam her aboard Starship Science.

The voyage of the Starship Science has been, as always, bumpy but ever interesting. The continual movement of crew members and equipment, between headquarters of the inner planets 5, 6 7 and 8 and the outer galactic systems of planets 1 and 2 and planets 3 and 4, always causes problems but our communication officers, Mrs. Bright and Mrs. Poole, control this splendidly.

We also blasted off into deep space on several excursions. So far we have visited such outposts of the galaxy as Taronga Park Zoo and the South Coast and further galactic trips are planned to Kurnell, the Museum, Lucas Heights, Royal National Park, and, the biggest deep space excursion of all for Starship Science, the Warrumbungles.

Alongside the continuing arrangements, such as Mr. Ibrahim carrying on as the Photography officer for Starship Science and Mr. Howard acting as Quartermaster for the whole of Spacefleet Command, we have also had some new developments. Several crew members have reported sighting life on the planetary system known as Year 11, while it has now been confirmed that intelligence does exist on the asteroid system called Year 12. Meanwhile, we have several new appointments in Starship Science:- Mr. Alexander is now the Chief of Security for Spacefleet Command, while Mr. Harris is the new Agriculture Officer. Indeed, Mr. Harris now has his top secret plot and shed, down the back of the launching pad, and eventually Starship Science is hoping to produce its own vegetables for our life-support system. Starship Science, as yet, does not possess an on-board computer and we rely on the kind help of Captain McGee and his crew. However, Starship Science does now have its very own Laser and the Captain has been registered as the Laser Safety Officer.



Finally, the captain and crew of Starship Science hope that our lessons prove interesting and useful to our junior space students, from the smallest "E.T." of Year 7 through to the biggest mega-brain of Year 12, and that 1983 is a successful year for all the members of the galaxy.



YEAR 8 SCIENCE EXCURSION TO MARLEY BEACH IN
THE ROYAL NATIONAL PARK - THURSDAY, 11th AUGUST, 1983

REPORT FROM 8S8

We enjoyed all of the excursion. It was a lot of fun going through the bushes and over the rocks. The part we enjoyed most was at the beach when we climbed over the rocks and through the water of the creek.

Dilek Aksoy and Jan Carovski.

I loved National Park and I enjoyed bush walking. But it was a long way to walk and it took a long time. I really liked Marley Beach where we had our lunch.

Ung Chuong Phung.

The part I liked best was when we went to the beach and everyone fell into the water.

Stuart Kidd.

I didn't like the walk on this excursion because it made me so tired and hurt my legs. But I enjoyed it at the beach because of the fresh air and I joined in with my friends to play soccer and we had a lot of fun.

Van Tuan Tran.

What I liked about the excursion was walking along talking to your friends. We had a good time at the beach, listening to radios and playing. I think the bus driver enjoyed the excursion too and so I think it was a really good excursion. I hope we go there again next year.

Phonepasong Vongsaphay.

Science Excursions

YEAR 9 SCIENCE EXCURSION 1983 TO THE SOUTH COAST - FRIDAY, 22nd JULY

On the recent Year 9 excursion we went to Kiama. We stopped first at a place called Bald Hill where there was a rock that everyone had to sketch, and the second stop was at a place called Austinmer. We had recess near the beach there and everyone was taking photographs of their friends and some of the teachers. There was a very nice view of the beach when you stood on the top of the girls' and boys' toilets.

Then, everyone got back on the bus and we drove off to a place called Wollongong Beach, where we walked through the water. It was nice weather for a swim and everyone wished that we had our costumes on so we could have a swim. We stayed there for about 45 minutes so the girls and boys went up to the top of the cliff and had lunch there. This was very high but no one hurt themselves. My friends and I sat on the side of a pool with salty water in it. We fed the sea gulls and there were lots of them, as we started feeding one and ended up feeding about twenty. During the whole excursion we learned a lot about rocks and things.

Nada Elmouhager.

* * *

YEAR 10 (10S9) EXCURSION TO THE CITY - FRIDAY, 23rd SEPTEMBER

The excursion was good but the restaurant was the best (I'm only joking!). The Opera House was good but we didn't see enough of it. When we left the restaurant after lunch, I could hardly walk, I was so full. The Sydney Tower was good and I liked especially the robot in the U.F.O. display that kept on talking to us.

Susan Smith.

We had a good time on the excursion. This was my first time at Centrepont Tower and we also went to the Chinese restaurant "The Lantern" where we ate lots of food. We also saw a fight in Pitt Street.

Vung Ving Lo.

I thought the excursion was very good and I would like to go again. It was really good in the Opera House, especially when we were able to listen to some students playing a tune. I liked the restaurant a lot and also the U.F.O. exhibition.

Dragi Naumovski.

I liked our class excursion because we had only a small number of students going. This is better than a large number of students because it is easier to travel around Sydney with a small number and you won't lose anybody. The place I liked best was the Sydney Tower. It was the first time I had ever been there, and, with the terrific and amazing U.F.O. exhibition, I would recommend anybody to go there, because it is an unbelievable place to visit.

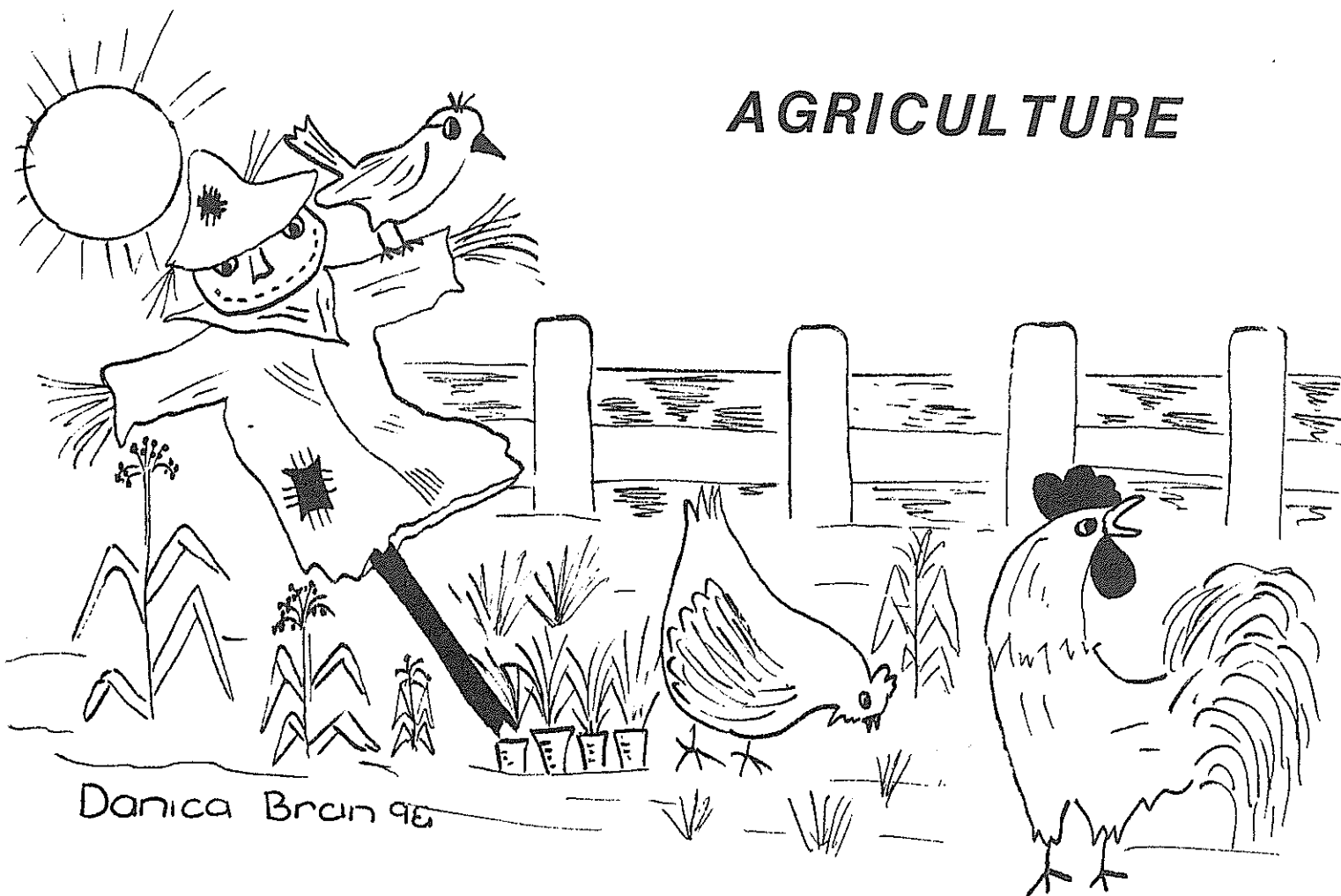
Gulsevina Karadas.

* * *

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AGRICULTURE



1983 has seen the introduction of Agriculture as an elective to the school's curriculum, for students in Years 8 and 9.

During the initial six months we have endeavoured to give pupils, the opportunity to develop practical skills in areas of: tractor driving, tools and machinery maintenance, fencing, soil appraisal and seed bed preparation.

One highlight of the year was the excursion to the Royal Agricultural Society Show in Sydney where pupils gained a first hand look at livestock and Horticultural products. The trip also resolved the rumour, that a certain female member of the History staff, has a fetish towards pigs.

Students are presently preparing seedbeds, for the sowing of their first vegetable crop early in September. Harvesting and the sale of fresh vegetables should commence early in November.

Agriculture, as with other newly introduced subjects has had its initial "teething" problems. These problems have been resolved and Agriculture is now on the move.

Over the next couple of years Agriculture will offer pupils the opportunity to study first hand, with resources available on the Agriculture Farm, areas of Animal Husbandry (sheep, cattle, pig and poultry) and Horticulture.

The enthusiasm shown by the pupils studying Agriculture at present, can only reflect the future success which it should enjoy.

PETER HARRIS, AG. TEACHER 1983.

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WARRUMBUNGLES

OR CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN

from your on the spot reporter.



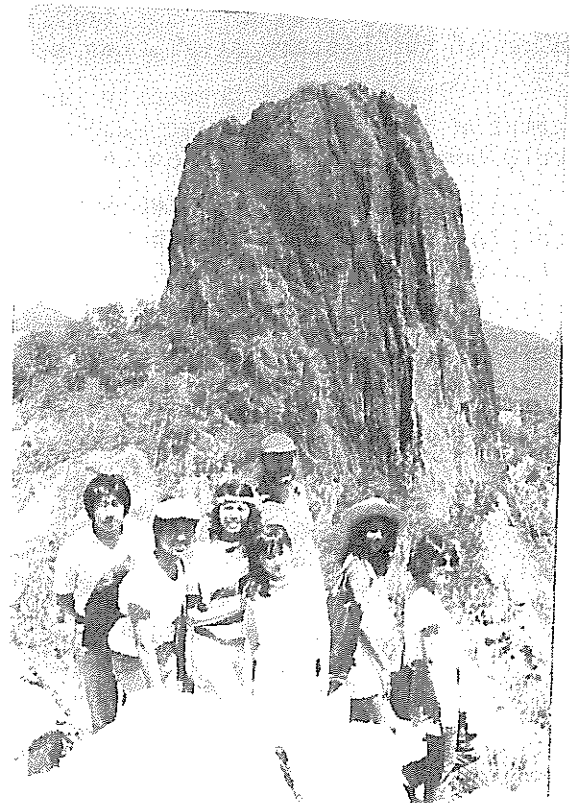
Each year the Science Department organises a mammoth six day excursion to the Warrumbungles National Park, 35 kilometres east of Coonabarabran. This is a unique region of forested ridges and gorges with rocky spires remaining from volcanic activity more than 13,000,000 years ago. The most spectacular feature is the 'Breadknife' which soars 90 metres above the surrounding bushland.

After an eight hour coach journey we arrived at Camp Canyon where the girls settled into the converted tram-cabins whilst the guys were packed off to the infamous woolshed, otherwise known as the Warrumbungles Hilton ... some five kilometres distant.

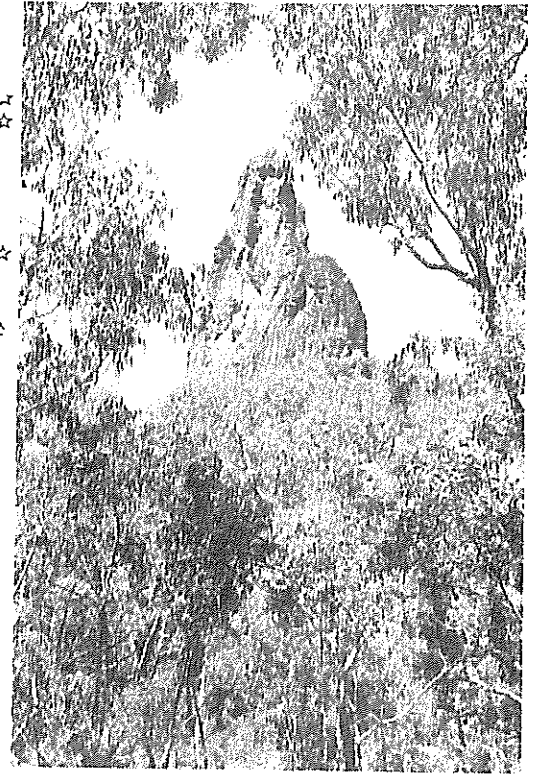
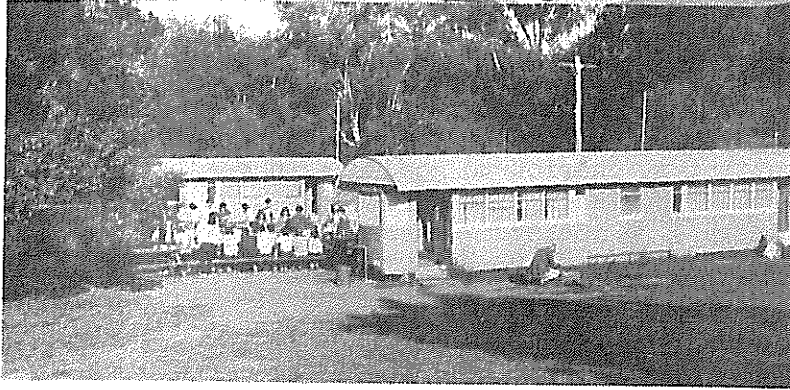
Each day a variety of activities was organised for Biology, Physics and General Science students. These included bush walks, creek, bare rock and leaf litter studies, not to mention a hike up every mountain that came into view!!! The physicists often remained in camp working ... assembling the telescope under the guidance and expertise of "THE BEAKER". The night skies in the Warrumbungles are uncanny and ideal for observation of such phenomenon as the moons of Jupiter and the detail of the Craters on our moon. Students also had the opportunity of visiting the Siding Springs Observatory which holds the largest telescope in the Southern Hemisphere.

For many the highlight of the week would have been the visit to Dubbo - Western Plains Zoo - but for most the Grand High Tops Walk ... (climb ... climb ... pant ... pant) would remain an unforgettable experience. With Miss Baker and Mr. Alexander in the lead the Safari set off on the 17 kilometre trek, ... up ... up ... up ... and finally down, the West Spirey Creek track. The climb was worth it ... but everyone was relieved to get back to camp - except for Mr. Molyneux. He was convinced he had exhausted everyone but the cries of Disco were loud so everyone piled on the coaches and set out for the Woolshed Discotique where Messrs. Harris, Morgan, Alexander and Rosewall, led the groovers whilst those with aching feet relaxed around the campfire recounting their adventures on Bluff Mountain.

L. C .



CAMP CANYON



SALE OF THE CENTURY - FAME GAME

(Or Who Am I ?)

See if you can correctly identify your history teacher from the clues given below. Correctly name all of the history teachers and you will be entitled to a handshake from Mr. Smythe. Five correct answers will get you a kiss from Mr. Okell. Four correct or fewer will be rewarded by a kiss from any other history teacher of your choice. Entries close 1983. (N.B. You may only nominate who will kiss you).

SUBJECT A

I was born in the century before the Great Flood (see Bible, Old Testament, Genesis). Throughout my busy life I have often been known as Samson, Hercules, Goliath...(amongst other things). Because of my great natural beauty I have been married to some of the most beautiful women in history. My great wisdom and knowledge has landed me the task of addressing the mentally lame every Monday morning (without considerable success).

SUBJECT B

I have only been at Cabramatta High for a short time. I am a natural blonde (who would dare to deny it?!) My most recent accomplishment is obtaining a driver's licence, and I intend putting my chariot to good use in weeding out certain yobboes in my Year 11 classes. Huzzah!! At a recent school disco I attracted the attention of a well known disc jockey. Whacko!

SUBJECT C

My nickname is Madame Lash. I was seen recently on stage in the company of two men, performing a spectacle known as the RITES OF SPRING. Dressed in leather and chains I was asked to hold their swords in an endurance test. Needless to say I won (or lost, depending on how you look at it). Generally I am considered a pretty sporting lady. From the above you can guess why I am entrusted with the minds of the very young in Years 7 and 8. At times their educational efforts leave me quite speechless.

SUBJECT D

I have a very historic name. Throughout my stay at this school I have formed my own groupies who meet in Room 6 at lunchtime. We discuss many things, but most importantly, who pays for what. At times I can be seen pestered by Year 12 devotees, who have a habit of slinging me over their shoulder on sight. I expect to announce my engagement any year now (and no, it's not Mr. Agriculture - we think).

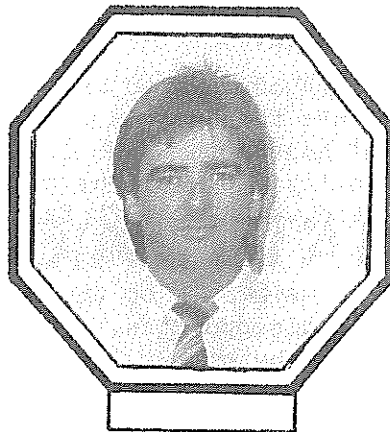
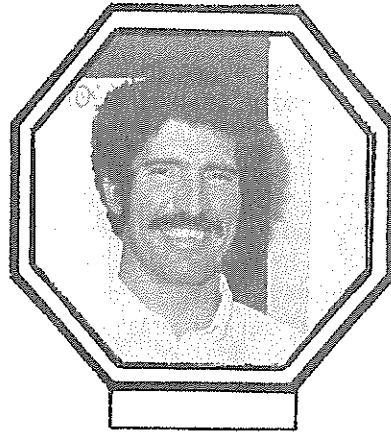
SUBJECT E

Amongst the many titles I hold is the one known as the "affable Ms. Athens 1983". A strong believer in visual aids I come dressed in a different dress virtually every day (sometimes even with petticoat). One of my great fears is that some enterprising thief will steal my verdigris - coloured limousine, the smartest looking car in the carpark, insured for over ½ million dollars. My Year 12 students delight in telling me risque jokes, knowing full well I can't understand them, and consequently having to go to Mr. Smythe for an explanation (if not illustration).

SUBJECT F

I tint my hair grey to give me that distinguished, mature look. I also hold the record for squeezing the maximum number of Year 9 students into the history staffroom. People can often see me wandering along the corridor, ball in one hand and stick in the other: off to basketball training and disciplining Peter Nicholas at the same time. Recently I celebrated my birthday, although I don't look a year over forty-one. If you still can't guess who I am I will punch portholes through you.

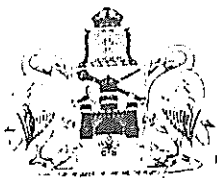
Sale of the Century



CANBERRA



EXCURSION



HISTORY EXCURSION - Canberra

Geoff Short, 10H1.

The 'campers' met at the bus early in the morning, after walking down Aladore Avenue, lugging their burdened suitcases. The bus storage was opened, with bags of all sizes being packed. Then Mr. Smythe's bag was passed through the production line, attracting many glances because of its size (about 1 foot square). Comments such as 'Yeh, that's your toilet bag, now where's the suitcase?' The suitcase never came.

After about 15 minutes nearly everybody was asleep on the bus, catching up on the sleep they missed. After several stops we arrived at Canberra, stopping off at 'Canberry Fair' for lunch (almost like Luna Park). It was then that Canberra was hit by Cabramatta High School, firstly looking at the Carillion (a tower looking over Lake Burley Griffin). After seeing several sights around Canberra, we drove to the hotel we were to stay in; allocated our quarters and went straight to the bathroom to shower for our meal. After a hard day of touch and go everybody was starving; with people unleashing their anxiety on to pool tables and pin ball machines. Everybody was finally called up to take their meals. Many faces turned to delight as the food piled onto the plates.

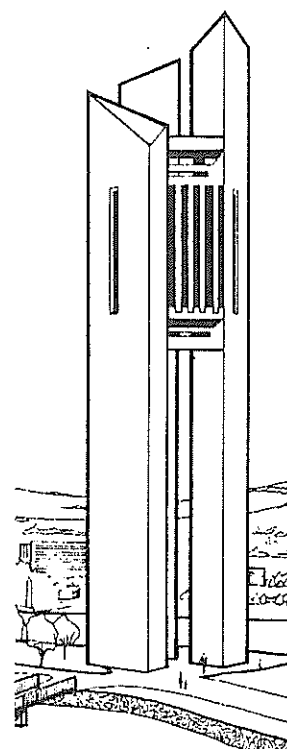
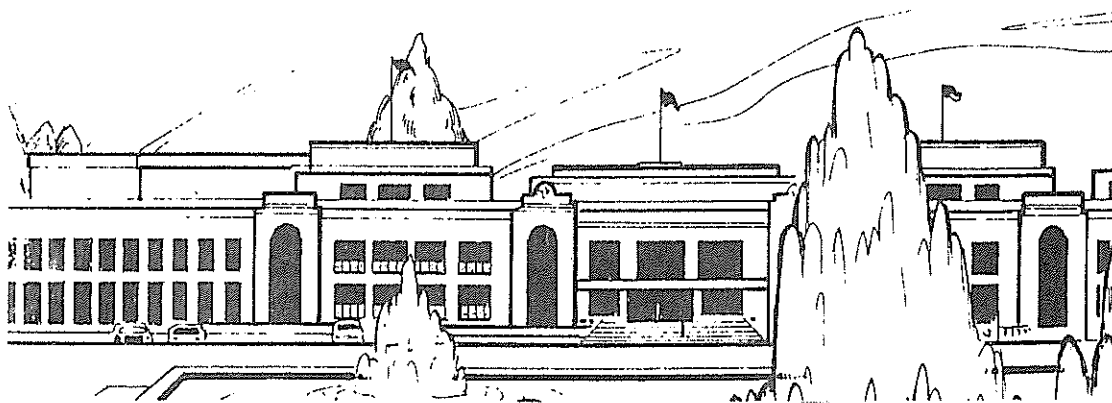
Then it was time to hit Canberra's night life to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". If you've seen the film you'd appreciate why Mrs. Taylor and Miss McLachlan began having thoughts of moving to another cinema. For us students, though, it was intellectually taxing.

The following morning everybody had to wake early (difficult for some). After breakfast everybody was into the bus again. That day we visited Cockington Green (a scaled down version of houses in London), the Royal Mint (where money is made), Parliament House and finally a bit of war history, the War Memorial. After the worksheet was completed, we were left to our own historical devices (no there wasn't any trouble).

After another long day we were back to the meal table with hopes of a similar meal, and our appetites were not disappointed. After dinner we went to see "Tootsie" and then returned to the hotel. That night everybody slept like a log.

The next day we went to see the Papua New Guinean and Indonesian Embassys. After finally seeing St. John's Church Museum Schoolhouse we were on our way home, lunching at Lake George.

All in all the History excursion was entertaining, humorous and finally painful for some.





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SOCIAL SCIENCE STAFF REPORT

It is not often that the honour of writing the annual Social Science Staff Report is bestowed upon the merely mortal but this year, being the 25th of our "illustrious" school's existence, is an exception.

"C Block", the glamour block of the school, accommodates a vast range of characters extending from a cro-magnon-like extremist to a heel-dragging passivist. 1983 saw the appointment of a new master. He eluded most and seemed to hibernate away in his office. Occasionally he emerged in a state of dumbfounded confusion only to the amazement of his pursuing students. So too, in a semi-conscious state a tall, broad figure could often be seen marching the corridor with his hanging shirt collar revealing his lower neck and sweater label marked "Made in Dubbo".

As usual the radical, enlightened deaf ears with his all-too-common opinionated authoritativeness. However, the mid-year victory saw the banners and signs put away, being reconditioned for the next assault on whatever "damn" situation may arise.

Up at "C Block Heights" the cassanova of commerce intensified his worried look as his responsibility grew to looking after an entire quota of Year 7 students. Meanwhile one teacher kept up a suave image, sporting the flared pin-striped trousers and collared pullover. He could sometimes be seen riding out of the front gate at 3.15 p.m. maintaining some strange, but fashionable, form of headwear.

The only female teacher of the staff caused speculation to grow as she insisted on gourmandizing strange combinations of savouries and sweets, mainly in the form of cucumbers and ice cream. Between discussing the attributes of her defeated Netball team she managed to teach her Year 11 class Geography.

Another, so called teacher from "C Block" kept up his childhood instincts as he devoured chocolate Billabongs to his heart's content. He also kept his eyes on most things around him. Those being mainly in the form of the female variety of students. His observations kept his ego growing and his infamous white-patch glowing.

Our infinitely helpful Careers Adviser thought that working after recess deserved overtime payments (it was obvious that no one else thought the same thing) as he was rarely seen on the school grounds after 11 a.m.

The forgotten member of the Social Science staff, observed the activities of 1983, in exile, as he was banished to Room 20. To maintain sanity, he was often seen plastering the walls with any accessible material.

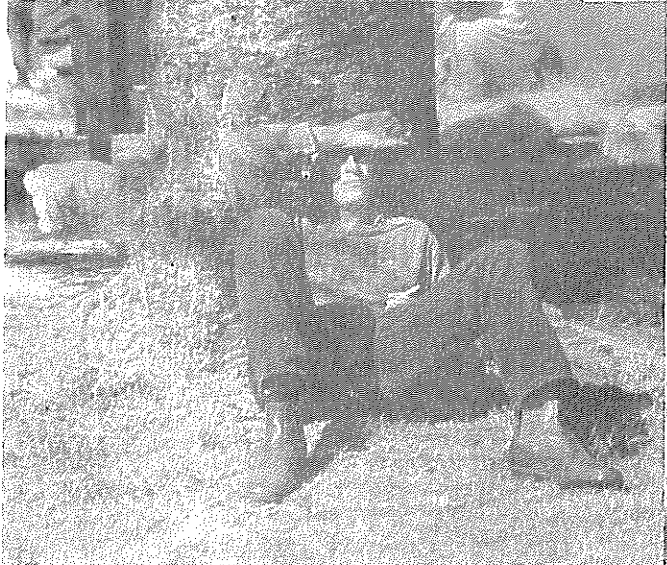
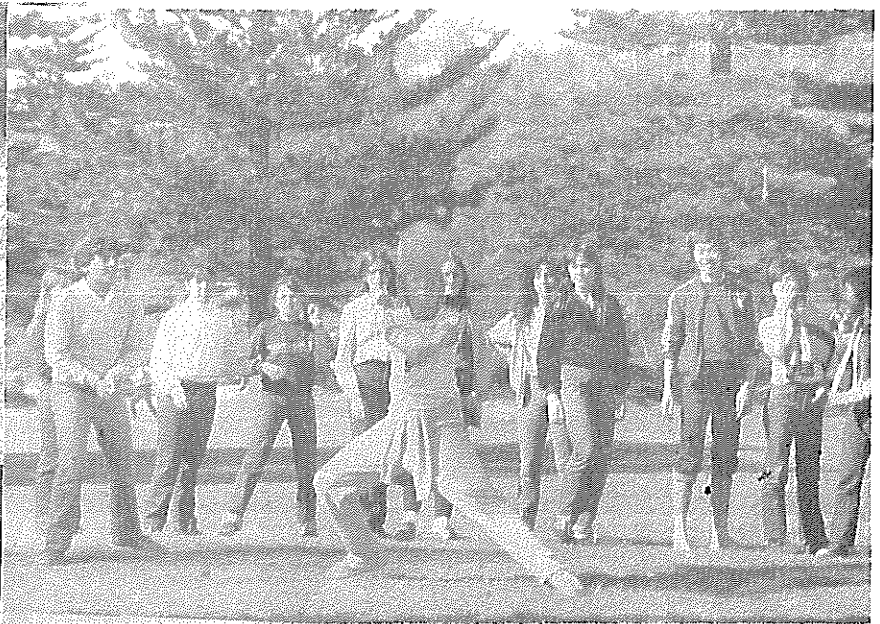
Perce, the bearded trendy, impressed most with his "hip" attire and his all-too-common, Doug Mulray impersonations. After marking the Year 11 Geography exams his mathematical abilities were disclosed, and a calculator would be appropriate when tallying results in the future.

No matter what one says, you can be assured that this elite group of scholars are, as the school motto states, "Striving and Serving", however different their priorities may be.

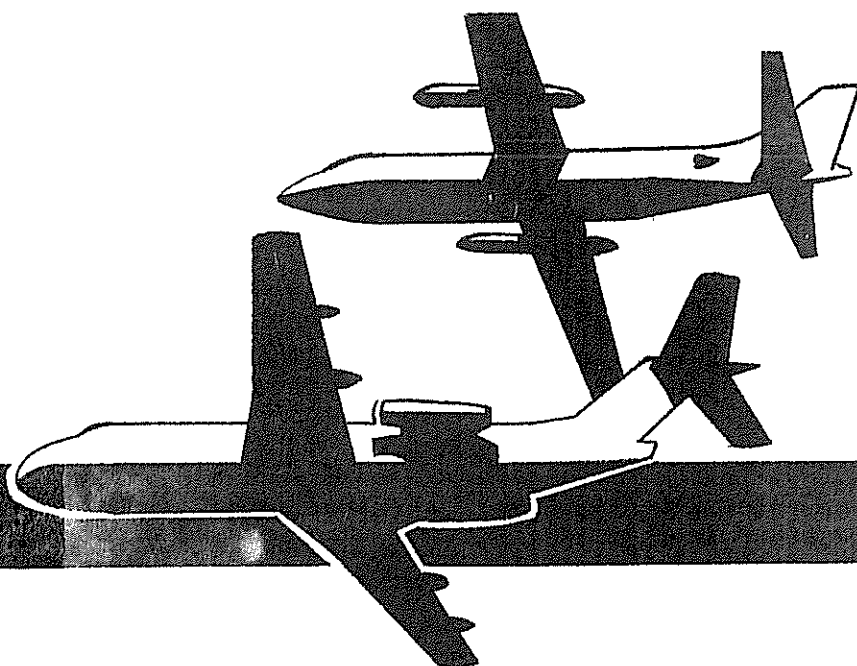
Commissioned by the Social Science Staff who should have known better than to ask Year 11 students to write about them.



Geography Excursions



MYSTERY FLIGHTS - Yr. 10 Geography



Our Social Science Department have been able to organise a unique experience for the Geography students. The excursion involves doing "Mystery Flights" with East-West Airlines. From the aircraft the students are getting a birds eye view of the country seeing the rivers, mountains, beaches, towns, cities, farmland, forests, etc.

The flights are to various locations (only known the day beforehand) with the students filling up seats that would have otherwise been empty. This excursion only costs the students \$13 ('plane \$10, other fares \$3) each. On board the aircraft the students receive food and drink on each leg of the flight.

The number going on each flight is determined by the aircraft seat vacancies. East-West Airlines have modern Fokker F28 jet aircraft (72 seats) and Fokker F27 turbo-prop aircraft with 52 seats. The students have taken some excellent photographs from the aircraft. They are given maps by the staff and told of the significant features and towns they see below.

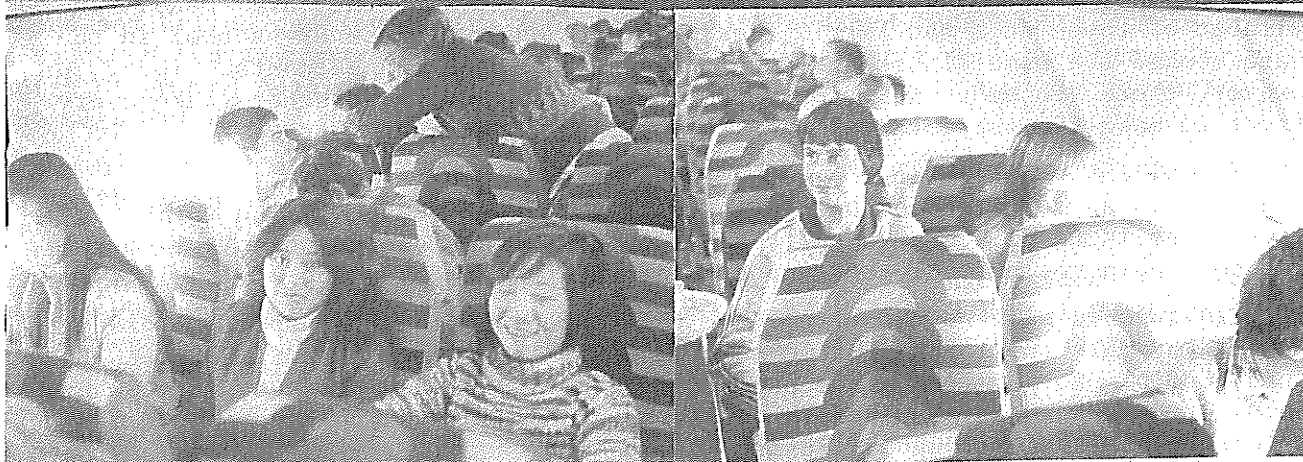
Some of these excursions have covered up to 2300 km. of travel in one day.

On Wednesday, 4th May, a group flew to Coolangatta having great coastal views but a real highlight was a night landing flying over the lights of Sydney.

The second trip (8th June) flew to Maroochydore in Queensland on the Sunshine Coast. The scenery was splendid but to no surprise was the contrast of a cool day leaving Sydney to a hot day felt in Queensland.

On Wednesday, 22nd June, a group of 11 students with Mr. Jackson and Mr. Wagner were fortunate enough to be on an F28 trip to Hobart, Tasmania. Here the group had nearly 3 hours to have a taxi trip into Hobart and a look around the city, parks and wharf region before boarding their return flight.

The flights have been a most rewarding geographic and social experience for the students and it is apparant that there will be a need for another 4 or 5 such trips to give all the Geography students a chance to participate.





HOME ECONOMICS

* * * * *

As this year Cabramatta High School is celebrating its Silver Jubilee, this seems to be an opportune time to review the changes which have occurred in our Subjects during those twenty-five years.

In 1958 when this school was founded Home Science and Needlework were beginning to change but were still far different from what they are today. The syllabus of those days had little flexibility - students in every school in the State cooked the same dishes and made the same articles and garments. Today, however, there are wide variations from school to school as teachers make every effort to make the subjects relevant to their particular students.

"Needlework" or "Sewing" as it used to be called has changed its name - it is now known as Textiles and Design and with very good reason. The variety of experiences in textile crafts and the use of colour and design which the course includes could not possibly be lumped together under the heading of 'sewing'.

Ex-students will no doubt remember the length of time they spent on drafting and cutting patterns to half scale as well as to their own measurements. Nobody could possibly forget the tissue paper models of skirts and dresses, etc., when the paper tore and just would not go the way it should and the maker was all 'stuck up' with paste and thoroughly frustrated with the exercise. The modern course takes a realistic approach by using commercial patterns and teaching how to alter a basic pattern to design one's own clothes.

There is much more flexibility and variety in today's Textile course, instead of the rigid restrictions on the types of garments and articles to be made. Students have much more scope for individual choice so that they can make something they will wear rather than something which they dislike but were forced to make. Garments and embroidery no longer are sent to the Department of Education for marking as they used to be when there was an external examination at the end of Third Year; they are now marked at school.

Students are encouraged to develop creativity in textile crafts such as spinning, weaving, rug making, tapestry, knitting, crochet, toy making and colourful embroideries. The main problem is finding time to take advantage of all the options available.

Of course, there is more to Textiles than practical work. The vast advances in Technology over the last two decades have made it necessary to broaden the course to keep up with these changes.

The enormous variety in the types of fabrics available today can be a cause of bewilderment to the consumer unless she or he knows how to handle them. Textiles students have the opportunity to learn about the various fabrics and their characteristics so that they will be able to choose fabrics to suit their design and avoid damage and disappointment through wrong treatment when cleaning them.

Students no longer need to learn copious notes on History of Costume but can examine the work of modern Australian designers and fashion trends which relate to their own lifestyles. Textiles and Theatre Arts is another interesting and creative area for study.

The course is open to both girls and boys and in many schools boys are making board shorts, beach shirts, safari suits and other garments for themselves, but, so far at Cabramatta we have not had boys choosing Textiles after Year 7. I hope it won't be long before the old-fashioned idea that boys don't sew is forgotten and boys in this school will be joining Textiles classes. After all there are lots of situations where men work with textiles; for example, tailors, textile technologists and fashion designers, and tertiary courses are available.

"Cooking" in the late nineteen fifties and nineteen sixties consisted of traditionally British-Australian foods and dishes. Before they cooked, students had to be correctly attired in white uniforms with hair tucked up into white starched caps and, of course, regulation lace-up shoes (which were a part of everyday uniform).

Soup making was a lengthy session as students learned how to finely dice vegetables for Mutton Broth and use white paper to blot the fat off the top before serving, as well as learning the correct garnishes for traditional types of soups.

Students were expected to learn lists of the "correct" accompaniments for the different cuts of meat, e.g., Roast Lamb with thin brown gravy and Mint Sauce, Roast Pork with thick brown gravy and Apple Sauce - it was a case of "mustard, with his mutton, Lord did he die?" The gravy didn't come out of a packet or the sauces from a bottle either, they were made in the traditional way. Steamed and boiled puddings (with suet crust) with custard, sweet white sauce or jam sauce were always part of the programme as were desserts such as flummeries, Spanish Cream and Angels' food. Naturally Irish Stew was another old favourite along with Fricassee Mutton and Haricot Steak.

We made Kiss Cakes and Melting Moments and a variety of sweets such as Coconut Ice, Toffees, Marshmallows and Caramels - not very good for the teeth!

Many ex-students will recall the whole term in Year 9 spent on Invalid and Convalescent Cookery - the beef tea, gruel, barley water, Benger's Food, the scalloped sheep's brains, tripe and other dishes considered suitable for sick people. The fifties saw the end of the full-scale examination in Invalid Cookery with a theory paper sent from the Department of Education and a Practical examination with a person such as a hospital matron watching every movement and assessing the students' work. Successful completion of this examination was considered to be a good start for those wishing to take up a nursing career. The section on diets for special groups in present day programmes is more meaningful for today's students and their families.

"Choose a warm, breezy day" the instructions for doing the family wash usually began and then gave details of a long list of processes to be followed, beginning with "collect and sort the clothes" and including boiling, blueing, starching of clothes - some mention was made of washing by machine just in case the family owned one.

* * * * *



How different from today with washers and dryers, pre-wash sprays and spray-on starch instead of boiled starch made in a dish!

Home management referred principally to cleaning jobs in the home - daily chores, weekly cleaning of this or that room, "Spring" cleaning. There were detailed drawings of U bends, house foundations and damp-proof courses and of course, budget planning. A very useful course, but like everything else has had to change with the times.

In these days when there are so many wives and mothers in the workforce a lot of customs have had to change and other family members share in the care of the home more than previously, as well as making use of the many labour-saving devices made available through technological development.

With advances in technology, new appliances, new methods of selling and servicing these appliances and other changes in the market-place, consumer protection and consumers rights and responsibilities are now an important part of the home management course.

Finance is more complicated than ever, so it is important that young people should be given instruction in money management before they leave school, so this too is part of the Home Science course.

Family responsibilities and the role of each family member are two important aspects of family management in the course.

At Cabramatta High as the sixties gave way to the seventies the population was changing considerably with the arrival of students from overseas. They were introduced to Australian eating habits and cooking methods in Home Science classes. It was at this time, with a more flexible syllabus and the need for understanding between Australian children and the new students from other countries that experiments of introducing international dishes was tried with great success. Lasagne, Spaghetti Bolognaise, Pizza, Cabbage Rolls, Baklava, Chinese Beef, are but a few of the dishes some of our students have learned to make and enjoy eating.

In the early seventies also began what, after ten years or more has become a tradition - the Year 10 International Buffet. Prior to the buffet each student is required to do a research project and essay on the country of his or her choice. The object is to learn how the eating habits in a country are influenced by climate, history, tradition, religion, geography and other factors. For the International Buffet students prepare dishes from the country of their choice and invite teachers (chosen by majority vote) to share the meal with them.

The 1983 Year 10 International Buffet was a very special occasion as the six past Principals of Cabramatta High were among the guests.

"You are what you eat" and "what you eat today walks and talks tomorrow" are two sayings used by nutritionists for many years to illustrate the importance of food for health and well-being of the individual and the nutrition section of the Home Science course is increasingly important if young people are to learn to choose their diets wisely.



With the increase in commercial processing of foods and the constant bombardment of advertisements for "junk" foods, new products, "super diets", etc. it is vital for everyone to acquire the ability to discriminate between the various claims made and to choose foods which are both healthy and enjoyable. New information is coming to light all the time and this is passed on to students in the Home Science course.

One of the best aspects of the Home Science course today is that instead of long lists of rules for whatever, to be learnt parrot-fashion, students are encouraged to use their initiative and to take responsibility for their own actions in regard to health and social behaviour. It is good also to see so many boys taking the course.

Home Science is not just Cookin', but a full and valuable experience.

Since I arrived at this school in 1966, I have seen a lot of changes, not only in my own faculty but in the school as a whole.

It has been a rewarding and at times a very challenging experience and I have enjoyed the association with students and staff. As this is my last year of teaching I would like to take this opportunity to wish the staff and students of "Cabra" lots of Good Luck in the future.

V.M. PORTEUS - Home Economics Mistress

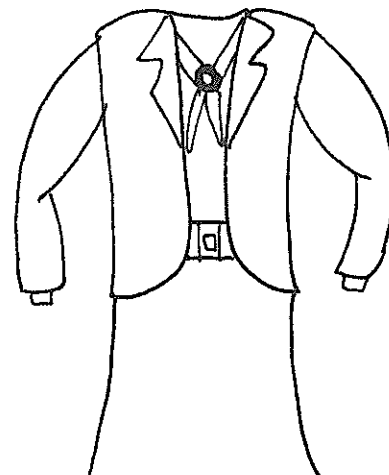
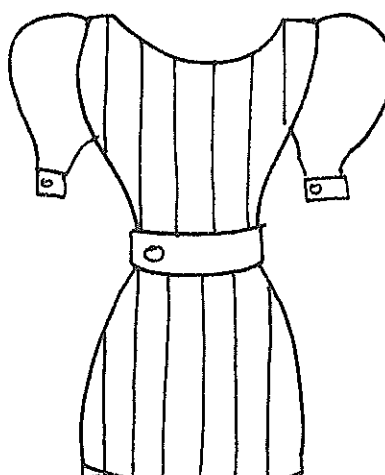
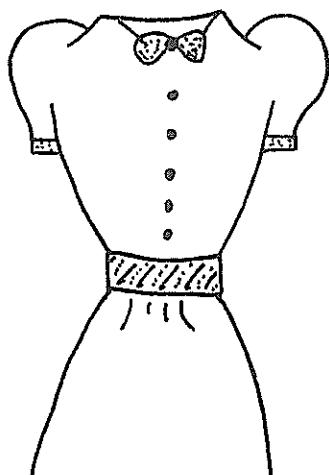


Textiles

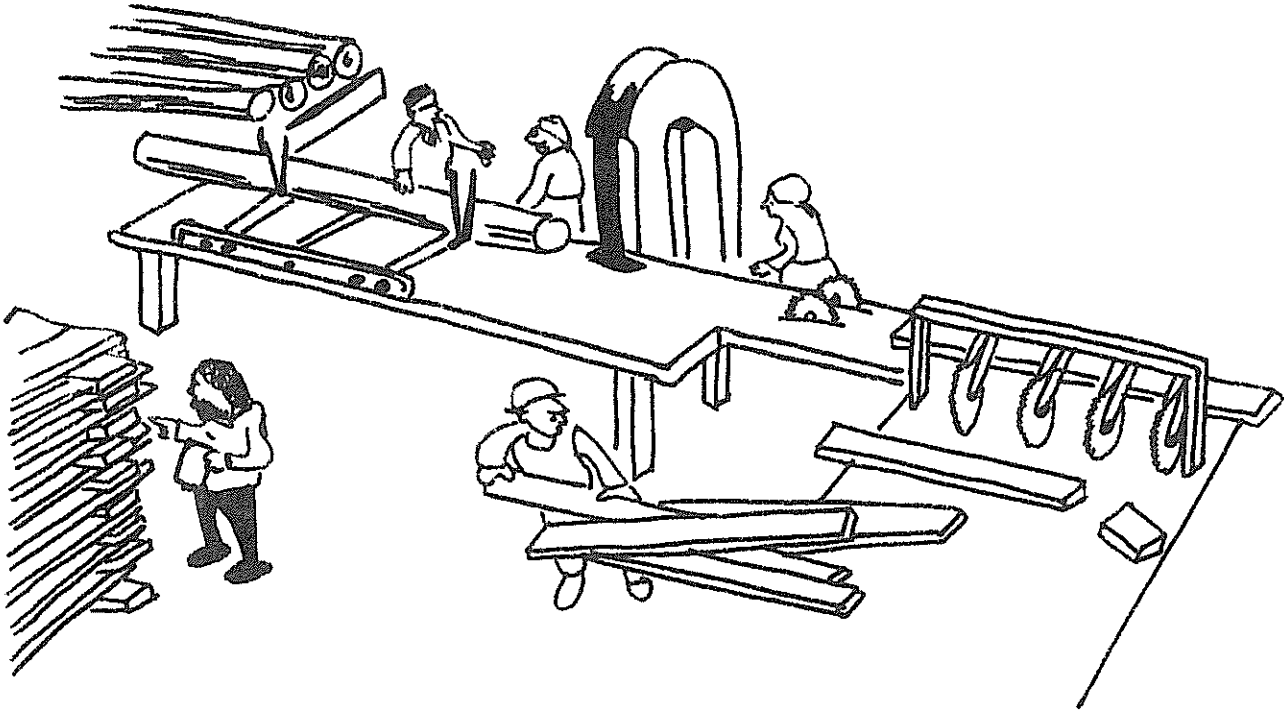
On the 10th August, the Textile students of 9T1 contributed to the display of articles created from materials supplied by the Reverse Garbage Group at Casula. This group of elective students displayed (as pictured) cushions, fluffy woven dogs and fashion pictures.

The Casula Depot was officially opened by Mr. E. Bedford, B.A., M.P., Minister for Planning and Environment.

MRS. M. LEVER - Textile teacher.



INDUSTRIAL ARTS REPORT



INDUSTRIAL ARTS REPORT

1983 is drawing to a close and it is time to tell you all about the activities of the "happy, entertaining, educational sextet". That's right, the wood butchers and metal manglers.

No changes in the group - a little older than last year, some a little greyer, but above all they are all GOOD GUYS.

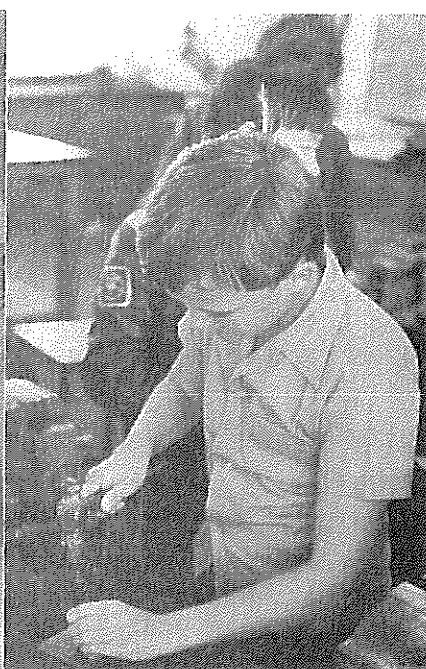
Trophy making is out this year, fibre glass canoes are in. The garage is now the home of the D.D. Boat Company - small at present but the year after next we will be building the C.H.S. entrant for the America's Cup. When we win, the future races will be held on Lake Gillawana.

The whole group is involved in this operation in differing degrees. At the same time the corridors ring with the happy chattering (belt up Verna) of students hanging around on the chance they might be selected for the crew of our yacht. Male or female, there is no prejudice here - only the best men, women, boy, girl, oh well, amphibian will be selected.

This year has seen the arrival of extra equipment in the department. A milling machine and bench drill are about to be installed (at the time of writing) in the Metalwork Rooms. Also a new woodturning lathe will be going into Woodwork 3. Mr. Partridge is working on a project to turn up the masts for the yacht on this new machine. If it does not work then we can always make rolling pins for the galley.

Mr. Valler has another car and so has Mr. Wright. No, they did not win Lotto. It is just their turn to get 'company cars'. Last year it was Mr. Birkett and Mr. Zybrands who were able to get new company cars, not second hand models. In order to supply Mr. Partridge with a new company motor bike and Trooper Reddington with a second hand APC, the Industrial Arts Club Membership Donations will have to increase next year.

Thinking about the yacht, the problem of a suitable name arises. Seeing it is an Industrial Arts project the name should have a link with Industrial Arts and the six artisan, craftsman technologists up in the top corner of the school. Perhaps it could be called Solid Footwear - there is a message in that somewhere.



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ART REPORT

The Art Staff this year has felt that great advances have been made by students in many different fields as well as the traditional areas.

The incorporation of special programmes, funded under the Disadvantaged Schools Programme, with the Art Programmes for all years, both elective and non-elective, have resulted in spectacular gains.

Vital items of hardware, such as better pottery wheels, and those much needed software items that are absorbed at such a rapid rate by eager students, have meant plenty for all to go around.

Batik has been a new experience for students this year with whole classes experimenting in it and individual students producing major works in this field.

This traditional Indonesian craft is ideal for students to transfer their original designs to material in a contemporary fashion.

Pottery has shown great improvements and changes this year, especially in the volume and size of student works. Notable large scale works in clay have been produced by Year 9 Elective students in particular, as well as, small gems by Year 7 and 8 students. Other students in Years 10, 11 and 12 have produced individual major works, expressing originality and showing good quality.

Printmaking has seen major variations in the kinds of works possible by serious students. Screen printing using different techniques such as gum acacia, bitumen paint, and photographic emulsion, have meant some radically new types of major works. Lithography and etching also are new methods for senior students.

Stencil-type screen printing on fabric and paper, and lino printing are rewarding areas for junior and senior students with many outstanding results. Drawing and painting, being traditional forms of expression, are of extremely high standards. Many students have proven themselves very professional in these two areas.

The idea of mixed media, that is, producing collages, is a developing area in the Art repertoire as well. Photography, although currently only studied in itself in a small way this year, is however used as a means of recording student work and general activities.

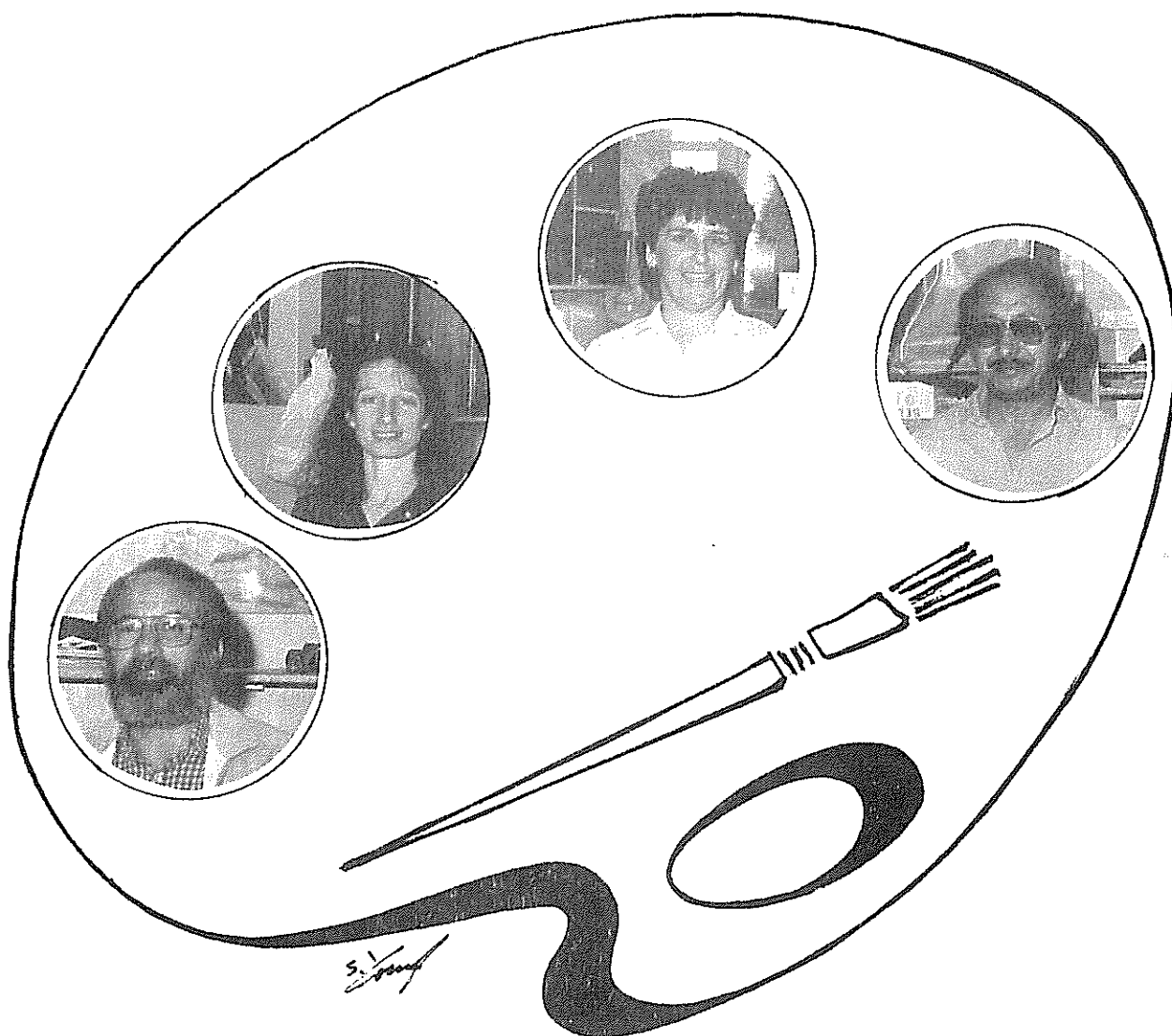
Students choose Art as a subject or interest area for many differing personal reasons. It is hoped that those activities offered to students bring many rewards. With increased leisure time in our community and fewer actual working hours in many industries, people will need recreational occupations to make good use of this spare time. Those skills learnt in Art, we hope, can be put to good use this way.

Those senior students, especially who in the years ahead select Art, or Photography or Ceramics, will be ahead of those who follow a strictly academic career.

"Give us Creativity not Technology, the Craftsperson not the Machine, the Individual not the Mass".

R. McFarland, H.Kirsten,
G.Chaplyn, S.Youssef.

* * * * *



Visual Arts Camp

This annual camp, for senior students attending Disadvantaged Schools in the Liverpool Region, was held at Vision Valley Convention Centre, Arcadia. Ten students from our school participated in the three workshops offered at the camp. These Art students were: Hoan Sam Ton, John Kow, Mangkone Sananikone, Biljana Rsovac, Marija Dobrijevic, Vera Kulish, Stella Faccioli, Jillian D'Costa, Aldo Capaldi and Leonardo Castro. The workshop leaders were professional artists, leaders in their respective fields, Karen Edin for Batik, Louise Fowler-Smith for Screen Printing and Patrick Bernard for Drawing.

The four days spent at the centre, which is in a natural bushland setting, provided an environment that encouraged intensive personal study. This intensive tuition was also accompanied by stimulating contact with students and staff from other schools in the Region.

Our student representatives contributed greatly to the success of the Camp, and this has been publicly recognised by both the artists conducting the workshop and the Camp Organiser, Mr. Wayne Pearson, Arts Consultant for the Liverpool Region.

Next year's Camp should be equally successfully.

R. McFarland
Art Mistress.



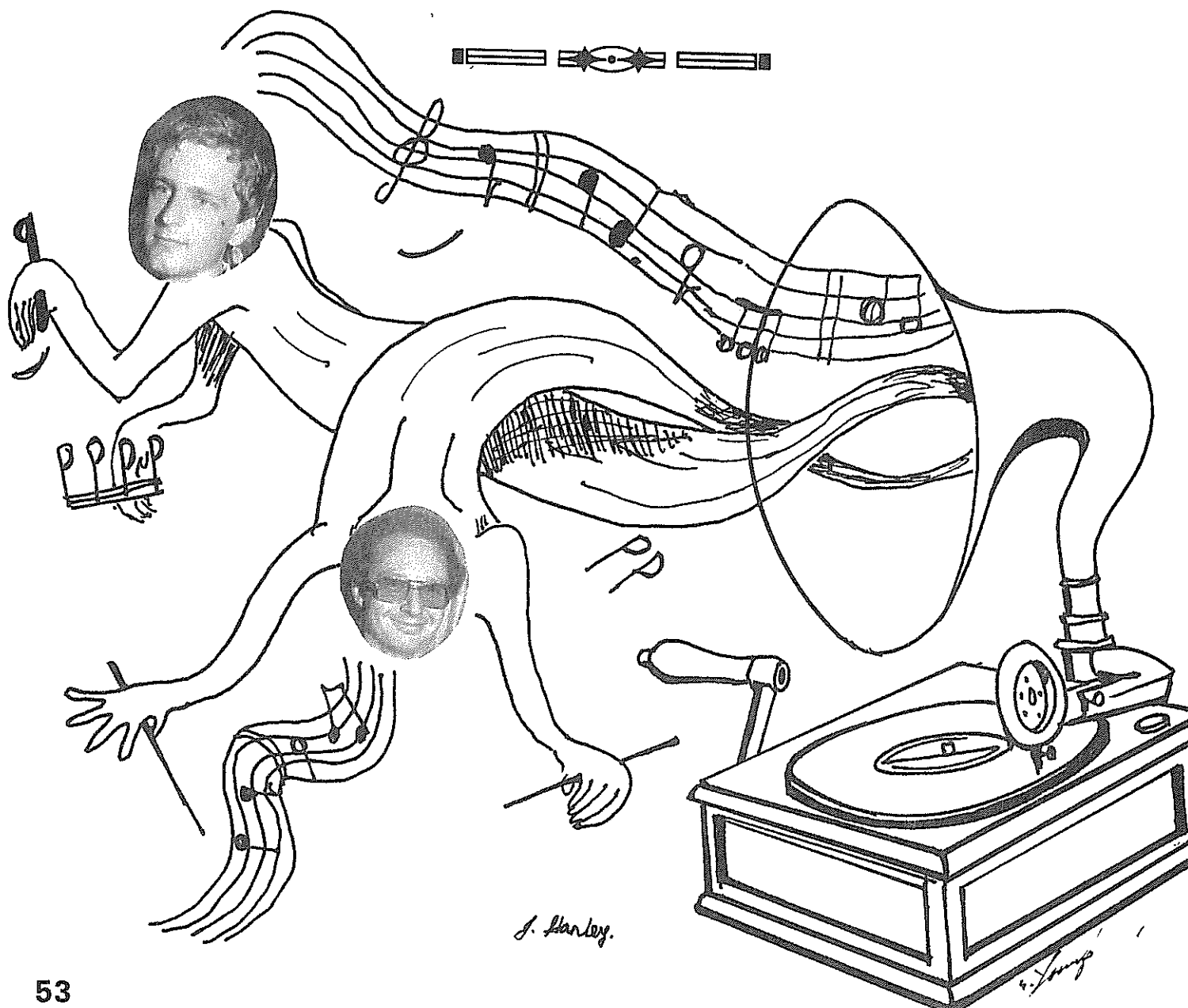
MUSIC REPORT



In mid Term I this year, pupils in elective Music classes in Years 8, 10 & 12, attended a free orchestral concert given by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, of "Pictures at an Exhibition" by the Russian composer, Modest Mussorgsky. It seems that just about all the pupils were greatly impressed by the performance, especially by the fact that the live performance had a extra "something" that the recording didn't. People generally in this age of electronics, hi-fi's, radios, and so on, do not realise what a revealing experience it is to hear accoustically made music heard live, something that recordings and electronics can only give a pale impression to the hearer.

There is a small but eager group of recorder players in Year 7 who have exhibited a keen desire to master this useful little instrument - they also play well in tune, and with increasing feeling - both difficult things on such an instrument. As is usual with pupils who start with such an instrument, some of them have expressed the wish to attempt other instruments - obviously the world of music has no fears for such as these. It is important to remember that music in high school is only a beginning, and there are many people who get together with friends of like mind, to play music as a real and satisfying way to spend their time and experience.

If you think about what has been said above, you could say that there are those who get involved, and those who just watch (or listen); the thing is that in music, the people who are involved are also listening, their enjoyment is much greater than the others.

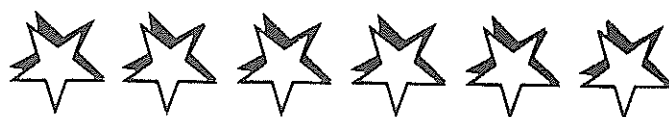




School Song



Then let us raise our voice in prayer,
That the search for truth and right
Be the proud endeavour of us all,
As we walk in learning's light.
Let us play the game, whether win or lose;
In honour let us vie,
As we build our future side by side
At Cabramatta High.



LIBRARY REPORT



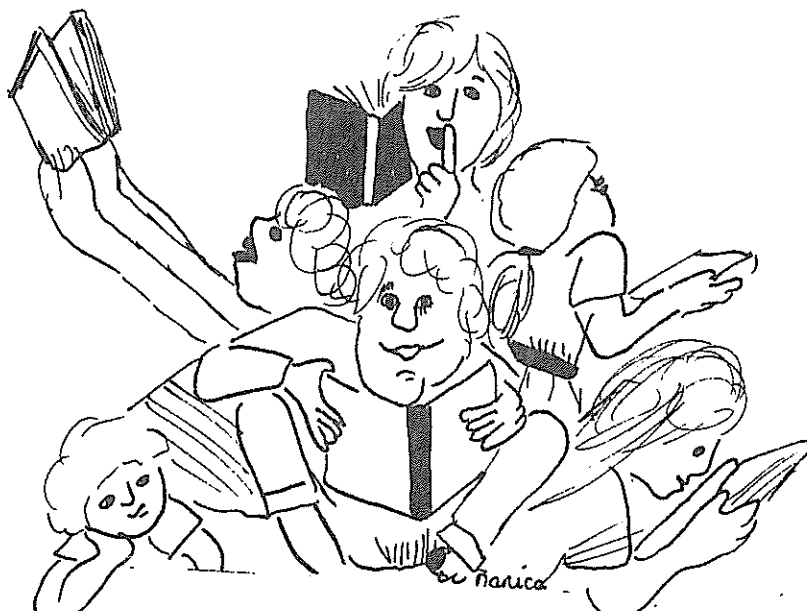
With the continuation of REDtime in 1983 the borrowing rate of library materials increased significantly. It is expected that this rate will continue to rise. The number of bookings for classes to watch video programs and to do library research or general reading also increased.

Purchases in 1983 were almost entirely funded through the Library Per Capita grant. As the budget was greatly reduced compared to 1982, book purchases have been made mostly in the subject areas with very little bought in the fiction, general and reference areas.

The 1980 amendment to the Copyright Act 1968, which came into force on 1st August, 1981 originally led to an increase in the Library's record-keeping. The issue of Departmental instructions in July, 1982 led to alterations in some internal library procedures which have continued into 1983.

At the end of second term, Mrs. C. Cairns, one of two library clerical assistants transferred to a General Office position at St. John's Park High School. In her place we welcomed Mrs. F. Kristofferson in Term 3.

MISS M. LEE.



RESOURCE DEPARTMENT



This year the Resource Department which is situated on the upper level of our Library, is attempting to help the students of C.H.S. in several areas -

1. Reading: A Reading program is being run for six Year 7 classes, 3 Year 8 classes and the Year 9 Transition Education class. These classes come to the Resource room with their English teacher and follow a program of work which is aimed at improving each students reading ability. Many atudents have shown great improvement which has helped them in all their subject areas. Hopefully, this program will be extended to a greater number of classes in 1984.
2. Comprehension: Each Year 7 class has taken part in a Comprehension program again in conjunction with their English teachers. This program aims to pinpoint each students specific strengths and weaknesses in reading for meaning and shows where each student's greatest area of need is.
3. Study Skills: Several Year 11 classes have taken part in a program which aims at improving their essay writing techniques. This program has been conducted in Social Sciences classes and is being conducted by the Lanugage Co-ordinator, the Resource Teacher and the Georgaphy teacher.
4. Living Skills: This program has been introduced to one Year 10 class. The areas covered include Forms, Timetables and Directories and it aims at giving students competence in the skills that will be necessary to them when they leave school. Hopefully this program will be introduced to a greater number of students in the future.

My overall aim as the Resource Teacher is to help all students improve their reading ability, either through direct intervention or through a program which meets these needs in the classroom.

L. Baker (Resource Teacher)



The P.E. Sample Report.

1983 has been an eventful year for P.E. and Health Education at Cabramatta High School.

This has been high-lighted by Mr. Durack's outstanding footwork, to the call of 'Let's all join hands and circle to the left' in time to the well-known dance tune 'Bonanza'.

The revamping and marking of the tennis courts has provided a new venue for notable achievement. The most significant were Miss Upton's knockout performance when she saw a common tennis ball heading for her and Mr. Bowyer's ability to take 2 games off that Champion of Champions, Mr. Johnson. It must be added that no Year 10 Tennis combination has been able to come close to this fearless pair.

Two of our new P.E. teachers - Mr. Noble (you know - the one who talks like Don Lane) and the very talented Miss Greig, reached notable heights while playing and losing at D.O.N.K.E.Y. with their Year 10 Basketball class.

But, this is only the beginning!!

Who knows what new buildings will be leaped (in a single bound) when our fitness laboratory is built in Third term.

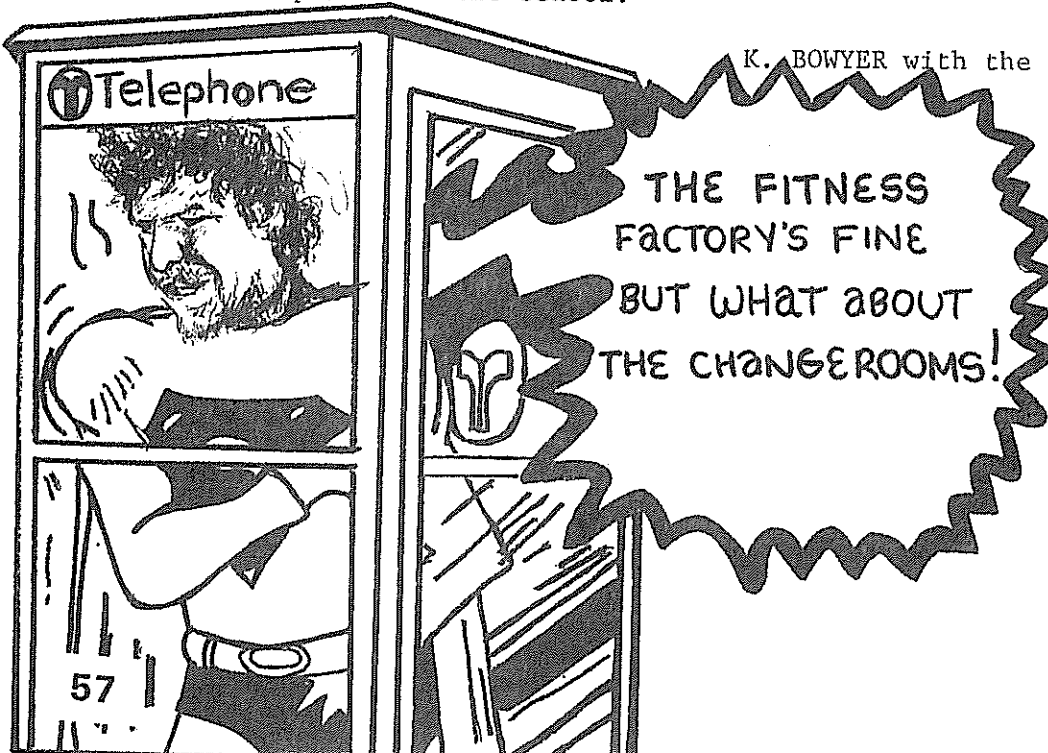
Perhaps Mr. McEwan will become faster than a speeding bullet after working out on the bikes and the 'universal' weight system we hope to get.

Who knows how many locomotives will be stopped (one handed) when we begin our elective P.E. classes in Year 9 next year.

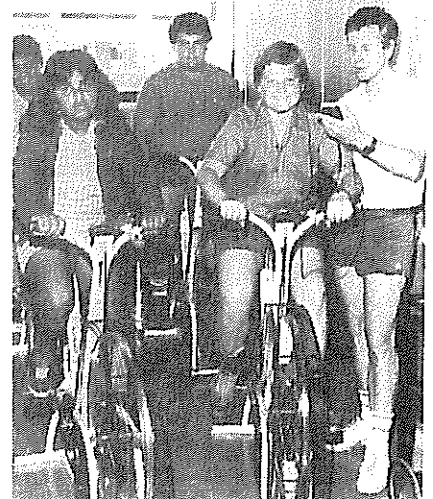
The possibilities are endless

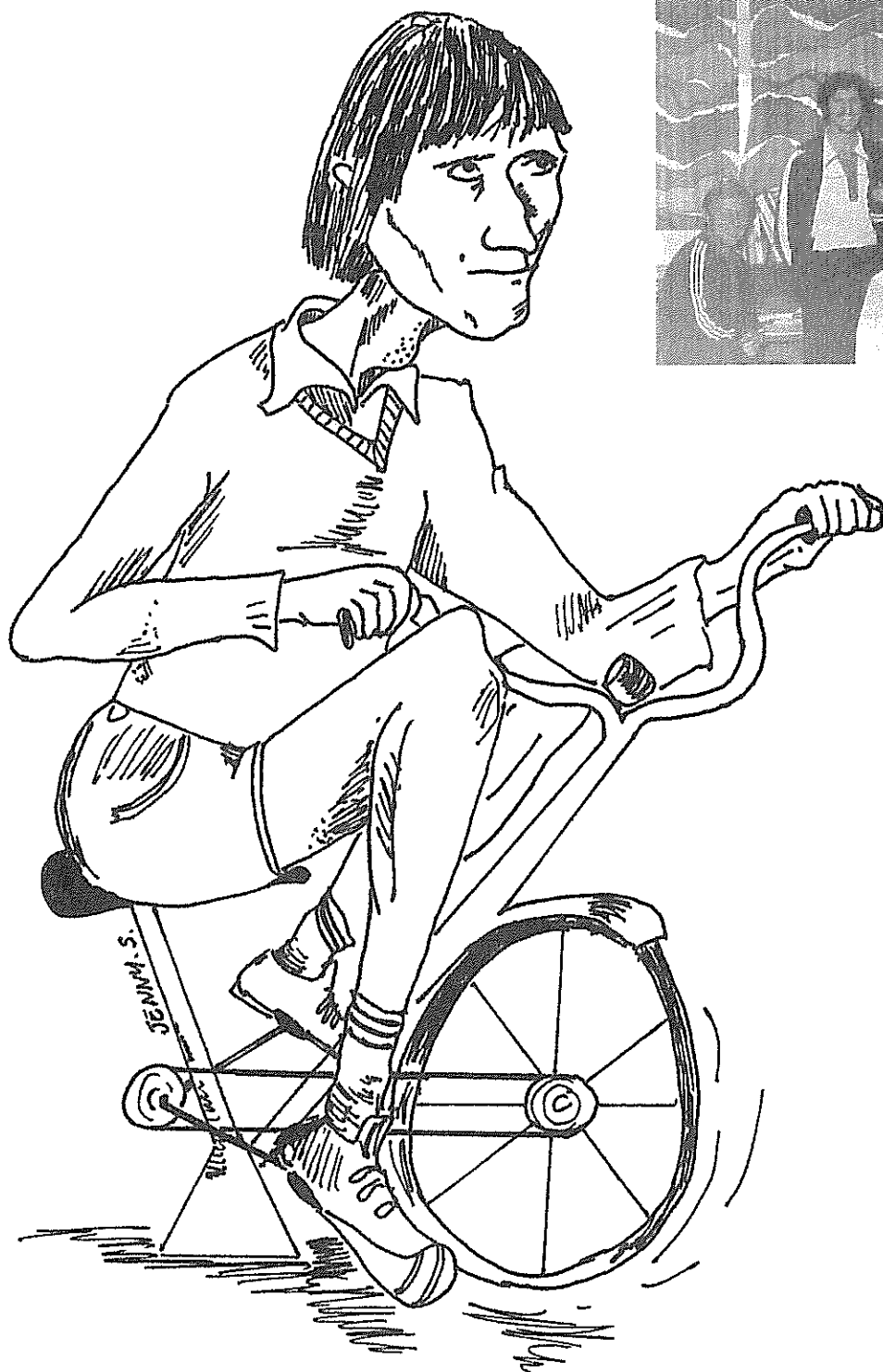
- Miss Upton may learn to do the tennis serve
- Mr. Johnson may make 1st grade
- Mr. Durack may get his golf handicap down below his age
- Mr. Noble may begin talking 'Australian'
- Mr. Bowyer may learn to keep in time in dance lessons
- Miss Greig may learn to shoot a basketball
- Mr. McEwan may even slow down and have a rest
- Maybe the pupils will even remember what they have been taught.

The sky's the limit for the things Cabramatta High will achieve in P.E., Sport and Health in 1984, thanks to the help and co-operation we get from all the staff and pupils of the school.



K. BOWYER with the P.E. Dept.





Fitness Factory

The Fitness Club started half way through the year to try and increase the fitness and health of the pupils at Cabramatta High.

At the moment only a small group are involved in the programme. These pupils have access to the bikes and are required to pedal for varying lengths of time at a heart rate of 120+.

I expect that early next term the Fitness Laboratory will be built and that next year we will be getting more equipment, particularly an 8 station weight system. Once this occurs the Fitness Club will be open to more pupils who can use the equipment and start their own programme before and after school or at lunchtime.

INTENSIVE LANGUAGE UNIT

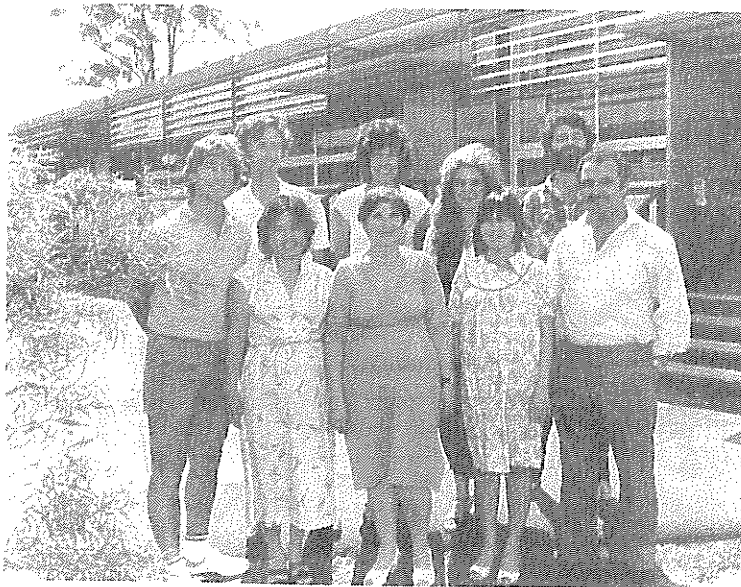
In the summer holidays of 1982-83 the I.L.U. organised activities for the children, including a 5 day camp at Bundeena. Teachers and pupils got to know each other well, and the friendliness carried over into the school term. We have tried to develop that sense of belonging, security and co-operation. The students have been encouraged to talk and write about their experiences and their hopes, and they have produced work that is moving and imaginative. The result is not only writing of high quality, but a coming to terms with a new life in a strange land.

"Entry to High School" is the goal for our students, but has often held some fears for them. Some of the anxiety has been eased this year by the introduction of a partial integration programme that allows students to sample high school life and prepare for it.

The transition has also been helped by a greater participation in high school activities. We were delighted by the involvement of the whole I.L.U. in the athletics carnival. There were few stars, but their willingness to take part indicates their positive attitude to school.

Their enthusiasm for school is also shown by their excellent attendance and behaviour. We wish them the happiness and success they deserve, in high school and beyond.

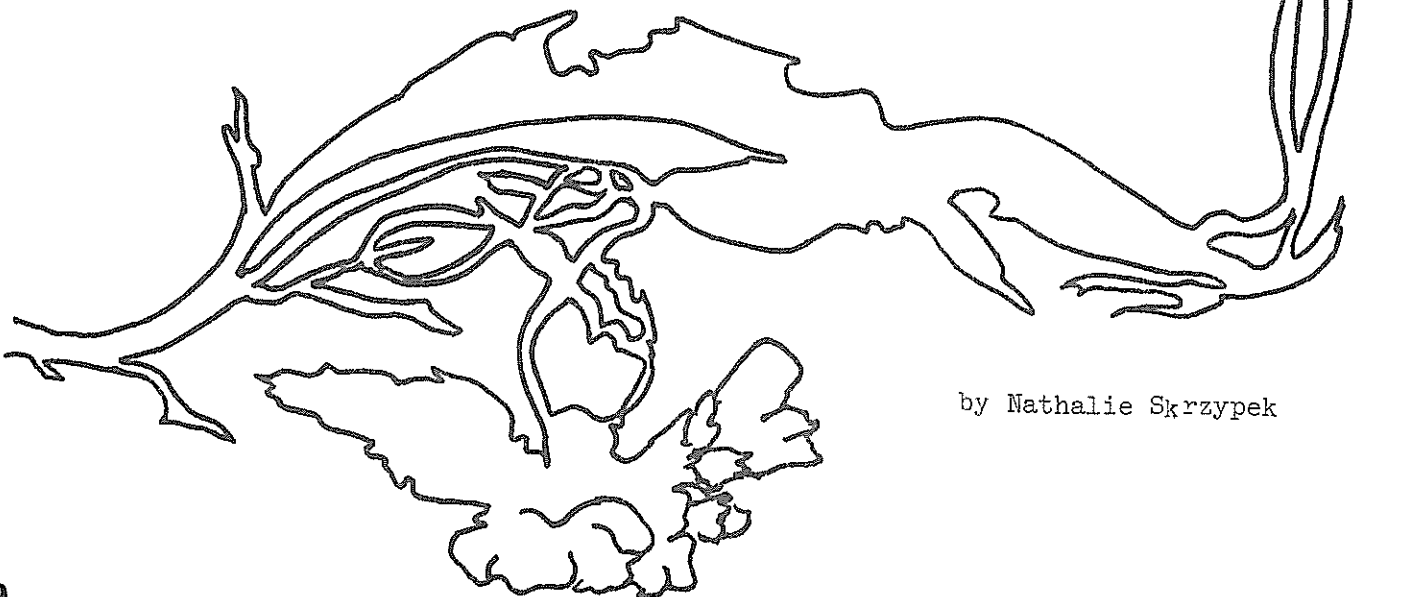
JOHN GRIERSON.



Love is
sOmeone
haVing
parEnts

by Meng Tir

Hate is
wAr and
hurTing
Eeach other



by Nathalie Skrzypek

☆ Memories of Old Cambodia ☆

My family used to live in a small house far away in the country. My father and mother worked on the farm and my big sister worked at home where she used to wash up, sweep the floor and clean the house. My second sister went to the fields to help my father and mother. My brothers used to go to the river. There, they used to sit under the tree and do some fishing. One time they caught about one hundred fish. I remember, once, a cow was sleeping behind them and another cow was eating grass. After my brothers finished working on the farm, they used to plant flowers in the ground around the house and we used to sit in the yard.

This time, other children were climbing up the tree. Then they sang a sad song. Some were crying because of it while others felt happy. Also, at night we used to talk and joke around. My sister made us laugh all the time. After that, beautiful flowers grew and blossomed around my house and in the Spring the trees bloomed with flowers. I loved the spring. Everywhere we went we used to see tiny flowers although I didn't like going for walks.

There are many birds on this farm and every day they come to eat the rice flowers. So my father tells my brothers to shoo them away. They shout, "Horr, horr, horr!" and the birds fly away - for about five minutes. Then they return. So then they get angry with the birds and sometimes they would take rocks to throw at them. At about five o'clock they come running back home calling "Papa, papa!"

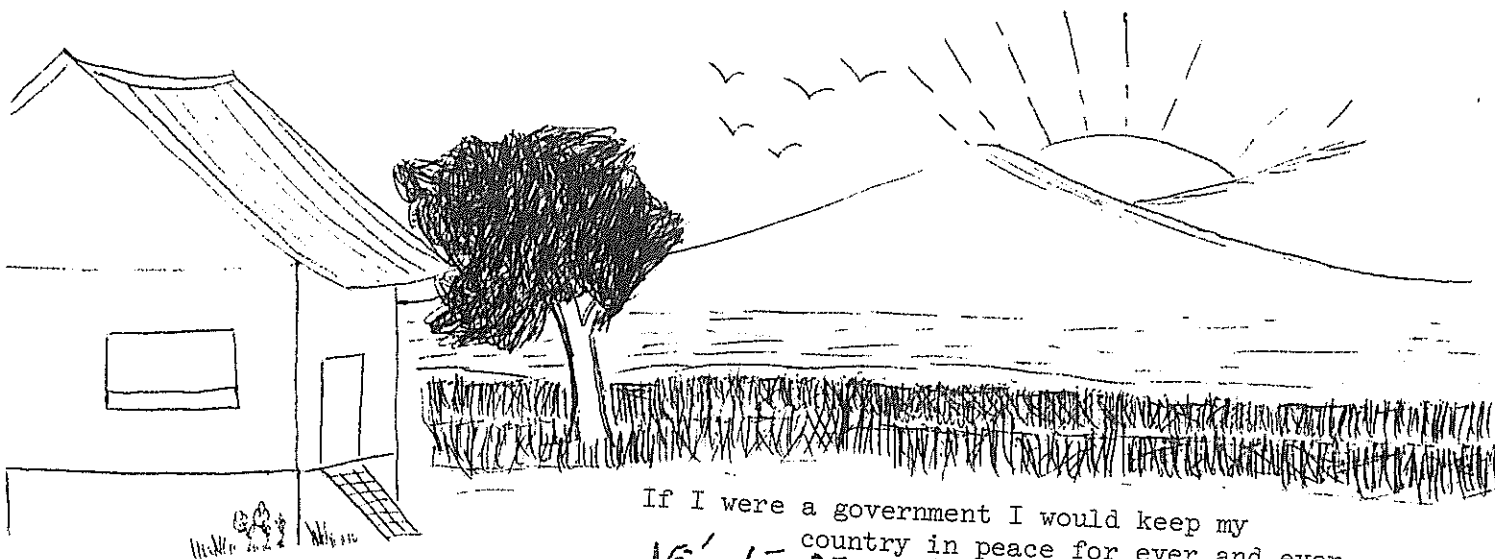
"What's the matter boys"? he says.

"We're exhausted from"

"Then, come in and eat dinner together".

"No, papa, we mean we're angry with all those birds. We call out and scare them away and five minutes later they just come back again...."

CHANNY



If I were a government I would keep my country in peace for ever and ever.

Nếu là tổng thống tôi sẽ giữ to' nước Thái
yên bình tới hết دنیا mãi mãi.

If I were a government I would help everyone in the world.

Nếu là tổng thống tôi sẽ giúp đỡ mọi
người trên thế giới.

If I were a government I would bring happiness to every body.

Nếu là tổng thống tôi sẽ mang hạnh phúc
đến cho mọi người.

If I were peace I would come to every body in the world.

Nếu là sự hòa bình tôi sẽ đến với tất
cả mọi người trên thế giới.

Trans - Education Report

All of us sooner or later, for better or for worse, must take on many of the roles which our changing society requires of us; being a student, a consumer, a worker, a citizen, a driver, an unemployed person, a tenant, a leisure user, a spouse or a parent. Each of these 'parts' has its own special knowledge, skills and 'script'.

For most of us, we can avoid some while performing others, or we can space the learning of them while within a family, at school, or at work. Perhaps we can cope with a few of them at one time, but rarely can we effectively learn many of them simultaneously.

Yet, this is the immediate task that the Year 9 Trans Ed. students are faced with. In the space of a few years they must learn the new roles of adult life in a new country in a new language or fail to find any place in Australian society. It was for this reason that a Year 9 Trans. Ed. class was set up this year for older students who had come through the Intensive Language Unit and had had minimal basic schooling before coming to Australia.

In school the Trans Ed. class of 18 students have been studying English, Maths and Science, Social and Living Skills, an Elective and Work Preparation, Industrial Arts and Music.

Throughout the year students have been developing their reading comprehension skills in groups with the school's reading programme, the class have successfully identified with the play "Year 9 are Animals", the girls have untangled their split ends at a Delva Hair Care session and the Principal and Deputy among others have been fed and plied with spring rolls and less well-known delights at an end of term party.

Out-of-school activities are an especially important part of the class work and the programmes objective of helping students in their eventual life after school. This year the class has visited the 'Entombed Warriors' Exhibition and the Mummy room of the Australian Museum as part of a unit on Ancient Civilisations. They have also been getting some idea of achievable work options through guest speakers from, and a visit to the Fairfield C.E.S. Office, the Careers Market Day and, most dreaded of all, Work Experience.

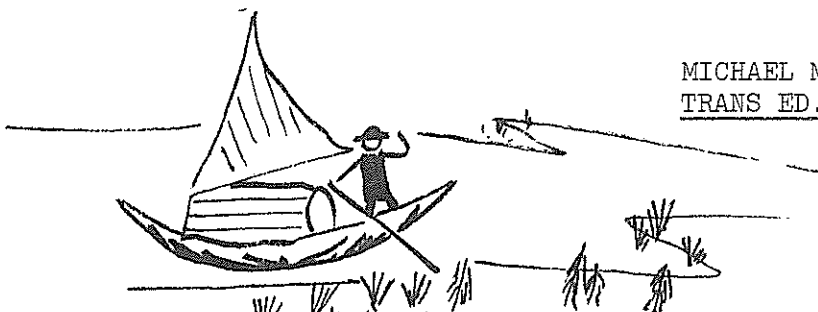
Students have spent two weeks in July working at various jobs with Peter Warren Liverpool, Safeways Cabramatta and Fairfield, Post Offices at Liverpool, Miller and Fairfield and the A.N.Z. Bank at Liverpool. In nearly all cases employers reports have been excellent while the language limitations have not been as great an obstacle as expected. The class will experience another two week work block in third term and it is hoped that from the experience and contacts gained, some casual or full time positions may become available.

In the meantime, Careforce this term have set up a Tuesday after school homework help group for Trans Ed. and other students and this has been well attended by class members.

After Work Experience this term Trans Ed. students will also be attending Tech courses for 3 hours a week in Basic Office and Shop Assistant skills and in third term an elective option in Home Science/Garment Assembly, Computer Key board skills or Vehicle Trades.

Special thanks are due to the Principal and Deputy and class teachers on the programme, whose concern and help have been so necessary for this first untried year of the programme.

MICHAEL MICHELL,
TRANS ED. CO-ORDINATOR.



TRANS EDUCATION - WORK EXPERIENCE

Eighteen Year 9 Trans-Ed. students have completed a successful two week Work Experience Block from 4th to 15th July. The jobs involved ranged from clerical work in banks, post offices, shop assistant work in supermarket and a chemist, and motor mechanic shops.

The organisation of the programme and the placement of the students was made very much easier by the pooling of resources of both Ashcroft and Cabramatta Trans-Ed. Co-ordinators.

Employers pointed out the main benefits of having E.S.L. Trans-Ed. students as being -

1. they may assist in interpreting and translation work
2. Employees and employers become accustomed to dealing with people of Asian origin (and vice versa) in an area of high Indo-Chinese settlement.
3. Employers are able to monitor the personal characteristics of students in terms of future employment.

For students from Cabramatta High School Trans-Ed. it was their first experience of a work situation. In every case there was a noticeable increase in the students' personal and social confidence and greater language facility. In nearly all instances the students' low level of English proficiency did not prove to be as great a disadvantage as was expected. The success of the programme can be gauged from many students' greater personal and oral confidence, the possibility of a number of casual and permanent positions offered in 1983-1984, a number of employers' references and the very positive comments and reports received from the majority of employers.

Many students also received gifts of goods or money as tokens of appreciation.

All this emphasises the importance of a Work Experience programme for Trans-Ed. students as a 'testing ground' and stepping-stone to the wider world and justifies its continuance on a block basis next term and in terms to come.

Michael Michell.

Trans-Education Co-ordinator.



WORK EXPERIENCE

In Term 1, 94 students completed their week of work experience. Forty one work situations were used, with the majority being in the local area. Students worked in 31 different occupations, however there were a majority employed in 'popular' areas e.g. teaching, child care, clerical, motor mechanic, pharmacy assistant, banking.

In spite of current economic circumstances, some employers gave students a 'travelling' allowance at the end of the week. One student was offered an apprenticeship with an immediate start. This position was accepted by the student.

Many employers in their comments suggested a longer period e.g. 2 weeks but most were very happy with the program.

Some Student Comments are listed below.

Best Part

Interpreting for people. (A. Agi - interpreter)
Driving an Armoured Personnel Carrier in the bush and knocking down a tree. (Ray Herewini - Army Mechanic)

Contact with people. (Thi Thang Nguyen)
Answering the phone. (Dilek Cinar)

Worst Part

Catching up on the schoolwork after work experience. (Cathy Bugeja)
Walking home. (T. Raco)
Getting grease all over your overalls. (Sam Donatiello - Auto elect.)
Having to scream at the top of my voice to get them to be quiet. (Carol Innes-Brown - Primary teacher)

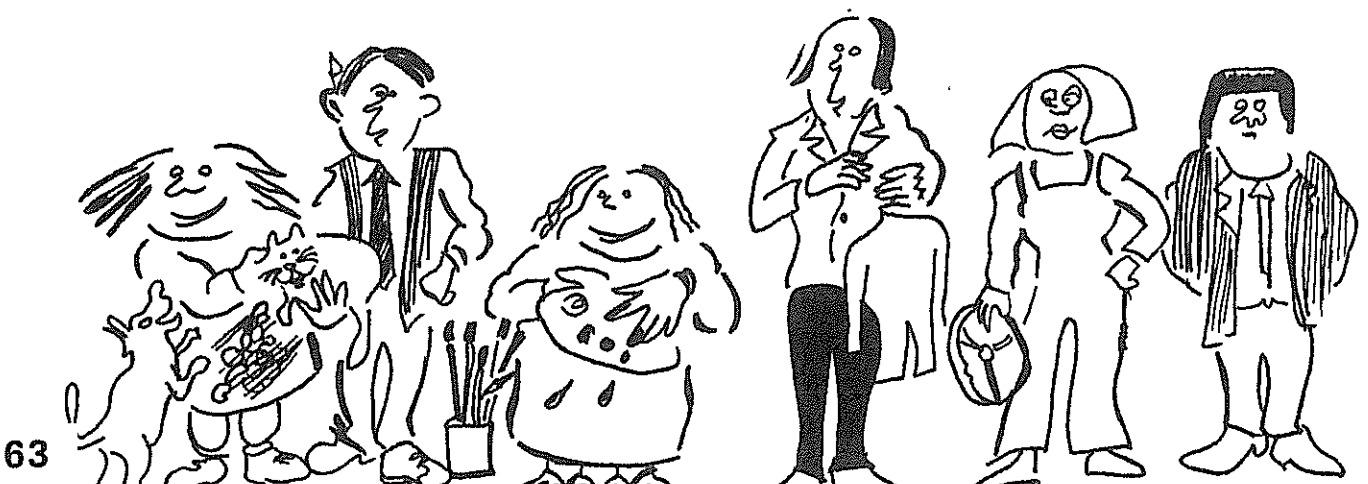
Cleaning the floor. (Radoslav Coso - motor mechanic)
The travelling. (Slavica Ilic - Registration clerk in the city)

Other Comments

Jobs are not that much better than school. (Danilo Srbljan)
I don't think I'm cut out for this job. (Zorica Mitrovic - teaching)
I don't think I could handle having a headache every afternoon. (Jeanette Dessmann - child care)
If their first impression of you is bad they don't like you. (Emine Karabulut - teaching)
I worked in the SALOON. (Zelka Tepsa.....hairdressing)
I learned that you have to have lots of patients. (Raymonda Najjar - teacher)
The canteen facilities were hot dogs, peanut butter, vegemite and free coffee.
We were allowed toilet and smoko breaks. (Robert Pintar - Army electronics trade)
The second day was boring as I was doing the same thing as the day before.
Morning tea should be longer. (Shaun Edwards - Cabinetmaking).

Another three week work experience is planned for Term III.

C. SCHOUTEN, CAREERS ADVISER.



WORK EXPERIENCE



1983

CAREERS

Despite the gloomy prospects of job opportunities in 1984, careers education provides assistance for students in making decisions about themselves and their futures. To this end, the following opportunities have been made available.

1. Work experience in Term I for ninety-four Year 10 students.
2. A Careers Market for Years 10 and 12 which was unfortunately poorly attended by students in these years.
3. Link courses at Technical College in which thirty-eight of our students participated.
4. Term III Work experience is planned for approximately eighty Year 10 and some Year 11 students.
5. Visiting speakers from a number of organisations.
6. Living Skills lessons, discussion groups and careers interviews.

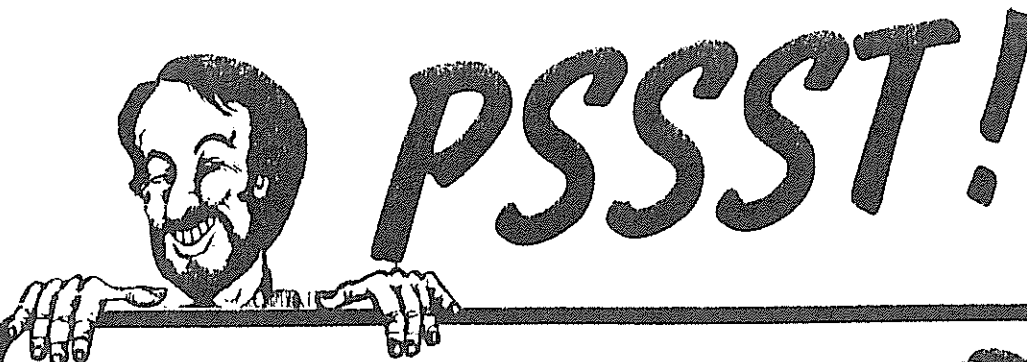
The Work experience report issued to students is a valuable document for them in gaining employment, and some students have been fortunate in gaining employment as a direct result of their Work experience.

Despite the increasing emphasis on career education in schools, the lack of job opportunities often frustrates the aid of such programs and reduces the motivation of students. Only when job opportunities increase or current attitudes to traditional employment change, will the full benefits of career education be realised.

To the 1983 school leavers seeking entry to tertiary courses or full-time employment - Good Luck!

C. Schouten (Careers Adviser)



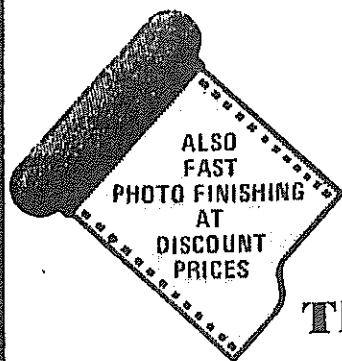


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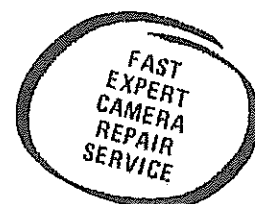
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TALENT QUEST 1983



In the last week of Term 2 the C.S.S. Talent Quest raised \$70.00 for the school musical. Each student paid 10¢ to see the Quest which had a variety of talent on show.

Due to the efficiency of Mr. Moss and Mrs. Chapman the acts were performed smoothly and with a minimum of problems. The school equipment was in good order except for the switchboard which went "live" during rehearsals. The electricians arrived just as the assembly started; the delay was unavoidable. In some ways the delay was good because in general the audience were keener to see the excellent performers.

Mrs. Myer and Mr. Adamson judged the Talent Quest and after much deliberation came up with the following results:

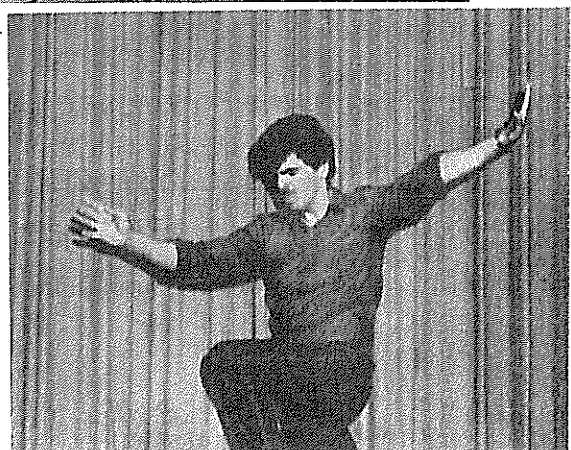
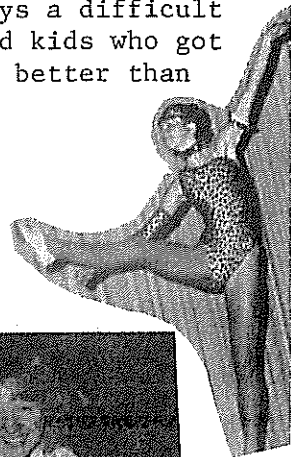
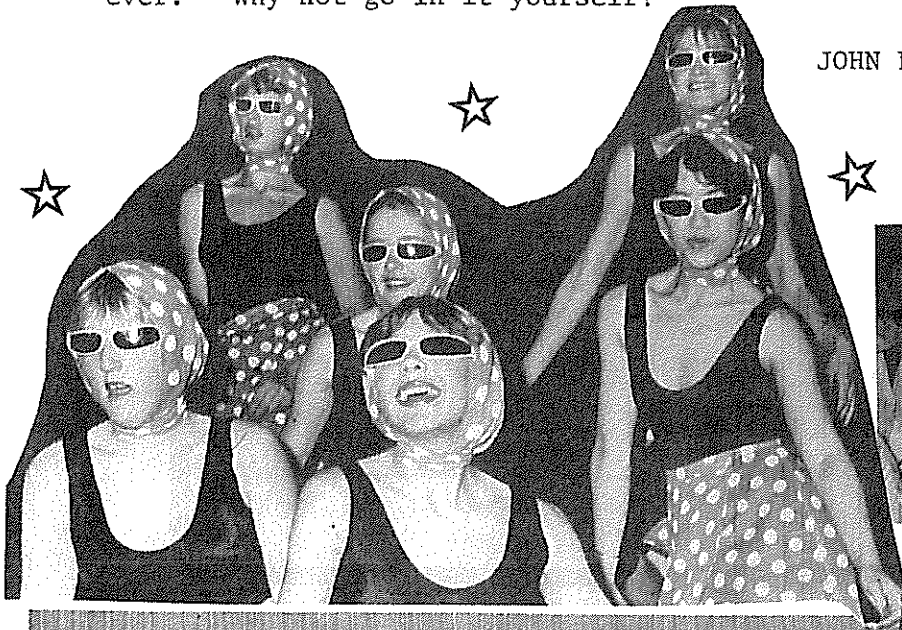
First prize went to the dance group "Jump Shout". Members of this talented group were Janine Smith, Sharryn Ramage, Tracy Williams and Mai Linh. Janine Smith taught the dance to the other girls and it would seem her future could certainly lie in this area.

Second prize went to Le Hong who sat right on the edge of the stage, about 3 feet from the audience, and played immaculate classical guitar. The audience were most appreciative of Le's efforts. The applause was tremendous.

Third prize went to a solo singer, Terak Elmouhager, who sang 'Little Red Corvette'. Terak was very popular with the audience. The cheering reached a crescendo and threatened to bring down the roof as he broke into a stylish dance routine that reminded one of Michael Jackson.

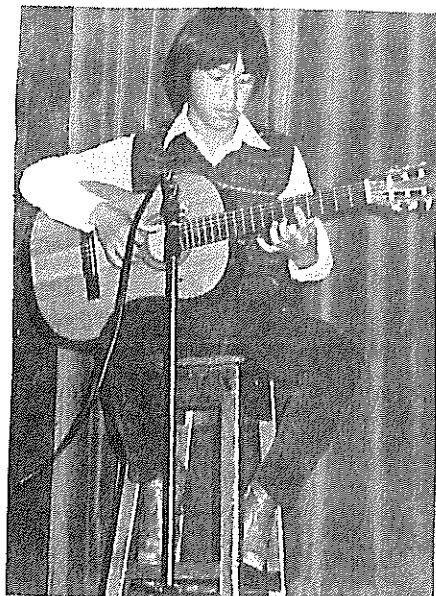
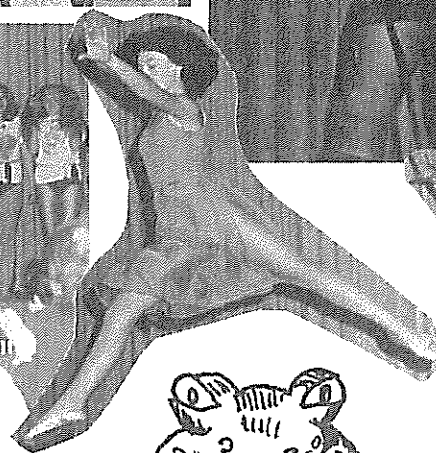
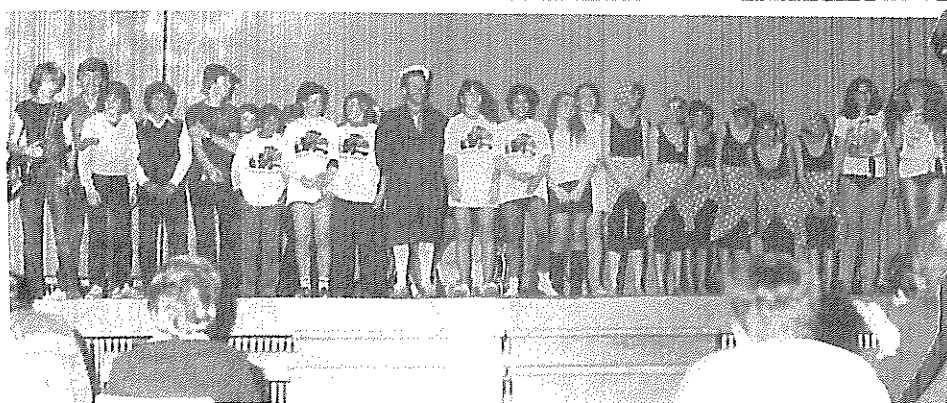
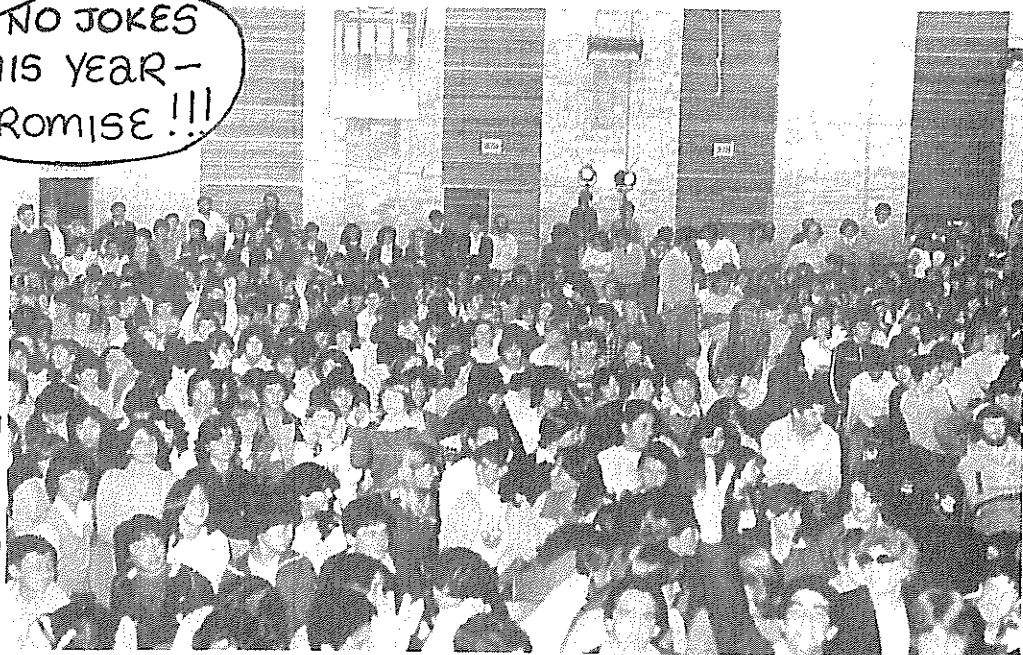
The success of the Talent Quest was due to the efforts of the C.S.S. members who collected money at the doors, Mr. Birkett and the light boys who did a grand job, Mrs. Chapman for her efforts behind the scenes, Mr. Moss for compering the whole show and rehearsals, Mr. Adamson and Mrs. Myer for being judges - always a difficult job, the mass audience for their support and, of course, those talented kids who got up and had a go. We expect next year's Talent Quest to be bigger and better than ever. Why not go in it yourself?

JOHN PRESTON.





NO JOKES
THIS YEAR -
I PROMISE !!!



Wide Mouth Frog

MUSICAL -

WAR OF THE WORLDS

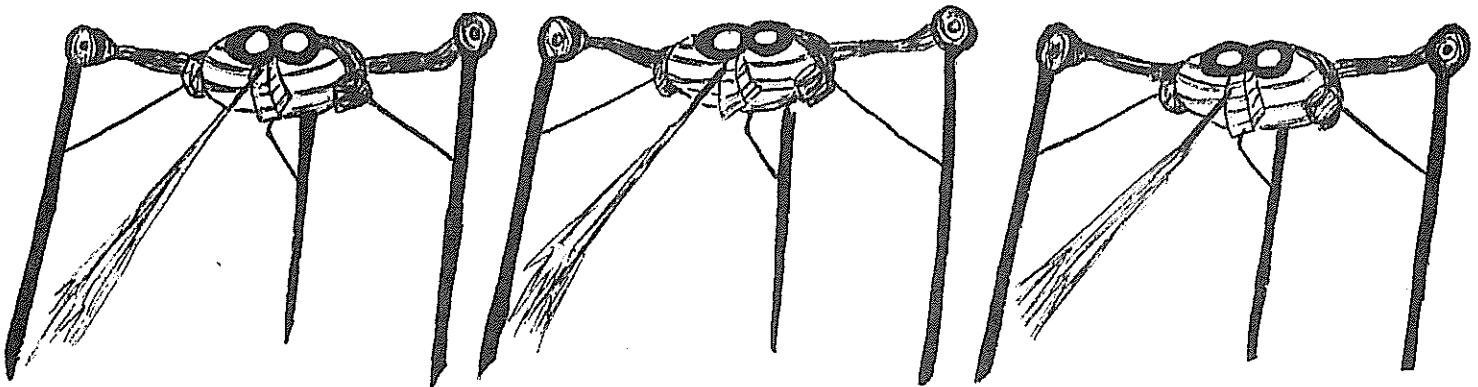
During Term 2 of this year Mrs. Chapman was approached by some students to take part in the 2SM Rock Eisteddfod. Foolishly, Mrs. Chapman mentioned this in the English Staffroom and the seed was planted. Not the rock competition - a musical. At that stage of Term 2 mid October seemed a long way off, and ideas and enthusiasm flowed freely.

"I'll do the dancing parts; Preston you write a script", smirked Mrs. Chapman thinking I'd back out (I sometimes wish I had). I must have been going through caffeine withdrawal and stupidly said "No sweat". The trouble now with a month to go is we don't feel prepared. Time will tell if the musical will be a success (if student enthusiasm is a gauge it will be successful).

At the moment Mrs. Chapman has 56 kids in the hall learning complicated dance routines, actors are dispersed around the school out of the driving wind and rain learning their hastily, and in some cases, half-written scripts. Mr. Moss is teaching a class but I know deep down he's wondering just how the hell his U.F.O. is going to gently drop to the floor. Ms. Austin is composing letters to other schools inviting them to attend our performances and is worried about the logo for the press release. Mr. Valler is making a ferry in his room and is concerned that his model is already one. The Year 11 Art class and Miss McFarland are madly painting the scenery in the hall. Mr. Kirsten and the band are blasting off in the Music block.

If you saw the 1983 musical and enjoyed it or thought you could do better why not take part in the 1984 Cabramatta musical?

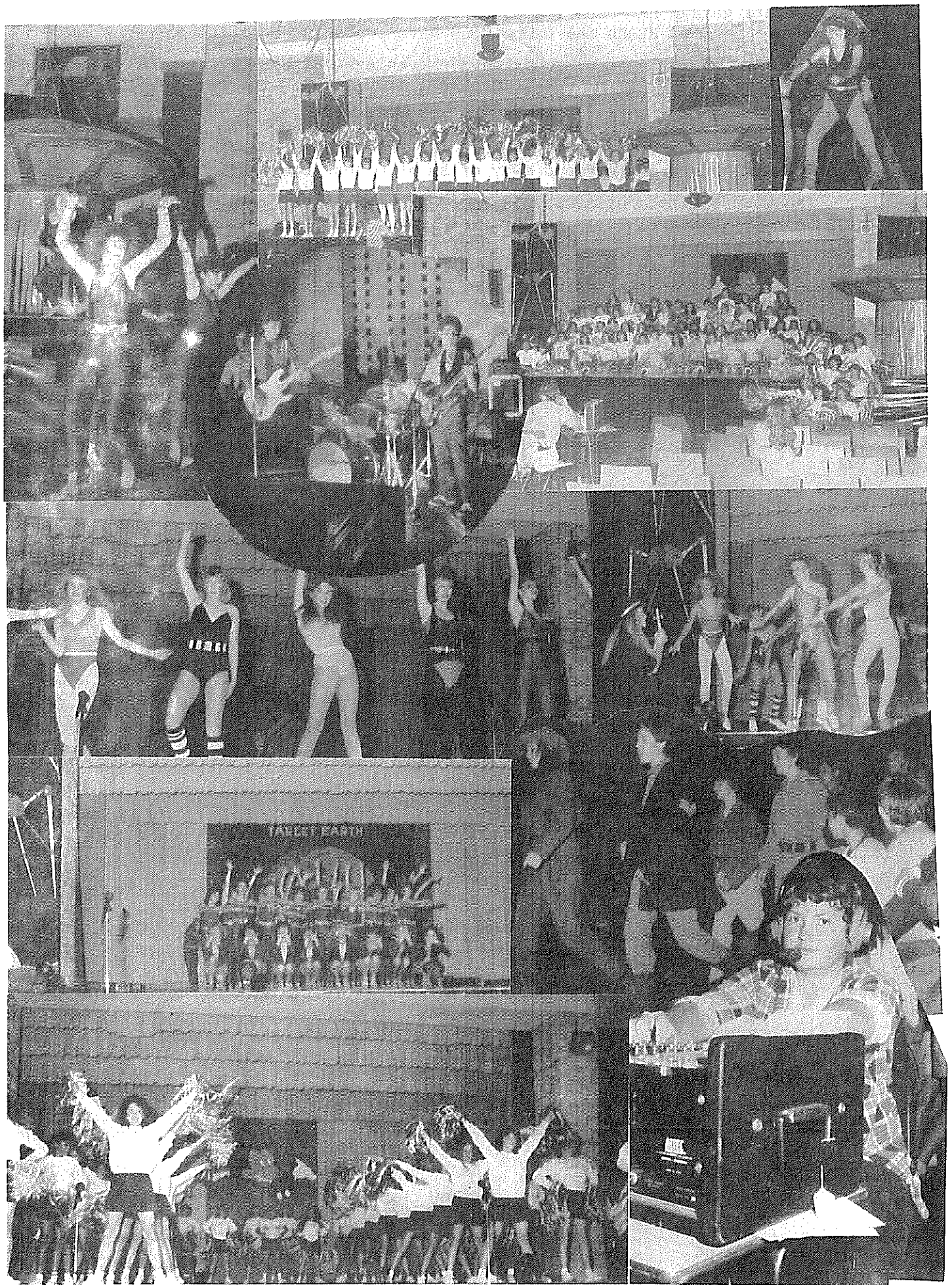
JOHN PRESTON.



.....Sensational.....

(Out Of This World)

MUSICAL - THE WAR OF THE WORLDS





CANOE CLUB REPORT -

If you were quick, you may have noticed the formation of a Canoe Club in the school earlier this year. Mr. Wright was slow to notice and discovered one day that his garage had been invaded, occupied and fibreglassed in. Those of you who haven't seen or HEARD the Canoe Club have probably smelt its presence.

The Club has held regular workdays - evenings, nights, afternoons, weekends, lunchtimes, etc. N.B. No classtime has ever been used for this purpose - of course. The product of this work is 5 Canadian canoes, 10 canoe polo-bats, 15 lightweight paddles, 37 hardened paintbrushes, Verna Schroeder's new nail polish and dozens of empty "fizzy-drink" cans. Occasionally Mladen Knezevic allows us to stop work and have a weekend away or an afternoon caoneing.

The Club's first outing was on the Parramatta River with the boys from Auburn High School's Canoe Club. The idea was that the Auburn boys teach us a few of their paddling skills. The Auburn boys were squashed by a mob of starry-eyed Cabramatta girls - needless to say, many new skills were learnt. Dozens of new applications to join the Canoe Club were received - from girls. One of our girls still claims it was "the boat's fault" when she got lost up the river with one of the boys.

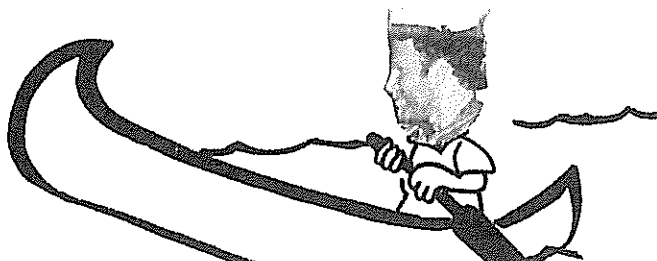
Enthusiasm high, a weekend camp to the Colo River was organised. Attendance was good with many students, parents, teachers, and the smallest man in the world, all out enjoying the three days of solid rain. Saturday morning was spent learning canoeing skills, including the Eskimo roll where teachers tip students up-side-down in boats into the freezing cold water occasionally letting most up for a breath. Teachers are quoted as saying, "We didn't enjoy it". Evenings were passed playing games during which Mr. Reddington (blindfolded) was beaten-up with a pillow by his daughter. Monsters were hunted in the bush during which the monster, Jose Pinto, outwitted everyone by just being himself. A camp concert was held with jokes by courtesy of the Master of Bad Taste, Martin Lapich. Sunday followed Saturday as it usually does, with a 12 km. paddle as the boats zig-zagged down 8 kms. of river. Everybody tired, wet and cold, we loaded the boats, packed the bus and were ready to go home. Mrs. Partridge had already gone home - with the BUS KEY.

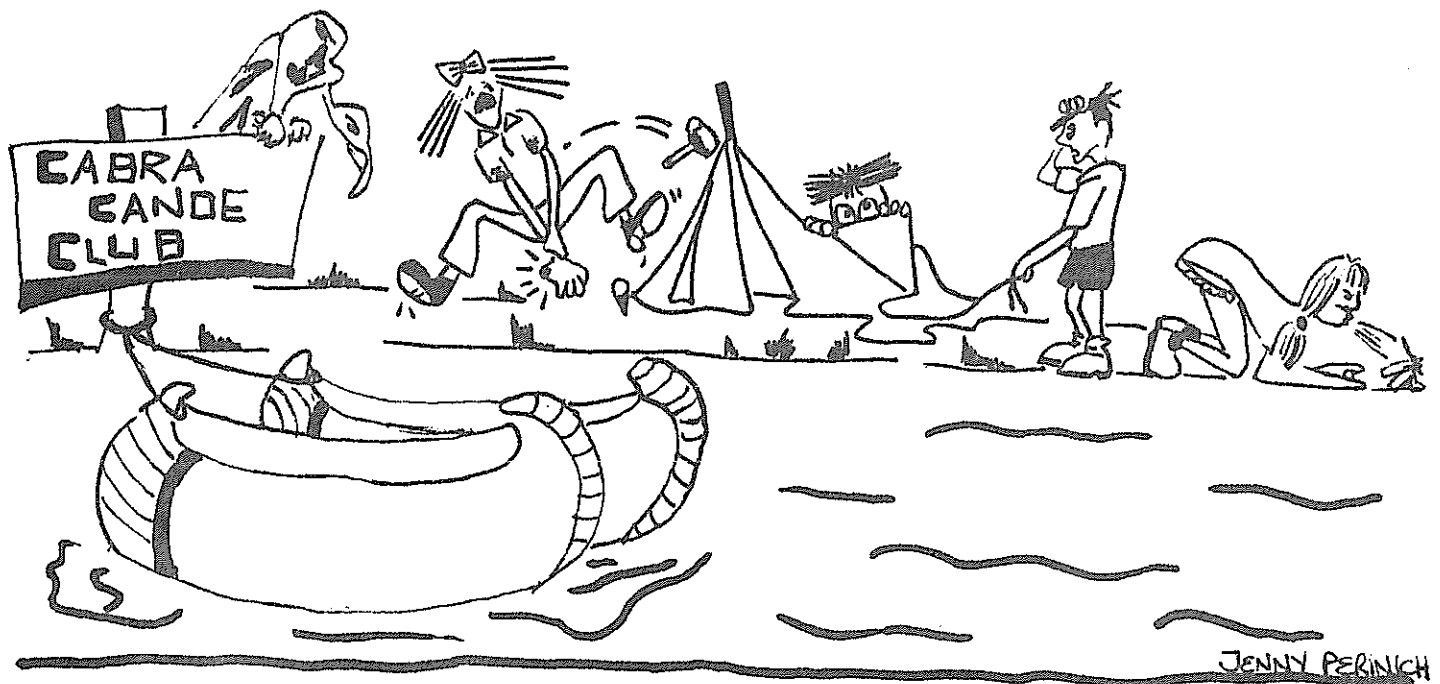
Our next camp was a bushwalk at The Basin in Kuringai National Park. Back-packs loaded with more than we needed we walked to The Basin and set up camp. After making camp we decided on a short game of cricket while waiting for the ferry. We had lunch after missing 3 ferries and then waited for a ferry which took us along the coast to a beach, from where we walked back to camp. Mr. Zybrands spent the afternoon photographing kookaburras, for his mum. The evening was spent around a campfire contesting the "Liars Cup", the idea being to tell the biggest lie while convincing everybody that it is actually solid fact. The tallest story came from Liar Lapich, who now proudly holds the cup. Sunday morning the kookaburras ate our breakfast so we set off for a day's bushwalking. Students were taught how to use a compass, read a map, put a hole in a borrowed boat, and get ripped off by a small boy.

The Canoe Club's latest camp was 4 days at the Myall Lakes, six hours drive north of Sydney. For most people it took us an eventful 13 hours. Why? - the saga includes a broken canoe trailer; a marvel of navigational science which took Mr. Partridge to Taree; Mr. Valler frequently losing the bus keys; and Miss McLachlan remodelling the canoe paddles on the Pacific Highway. We did arrive, and spent 4 pleasant days fishing, canoeing and bushwalking in the Myall Lakes area. We also discovered that the club's boys are the worst cooks we know - raw carrots, soggy chips, mushy peas and burnt water.

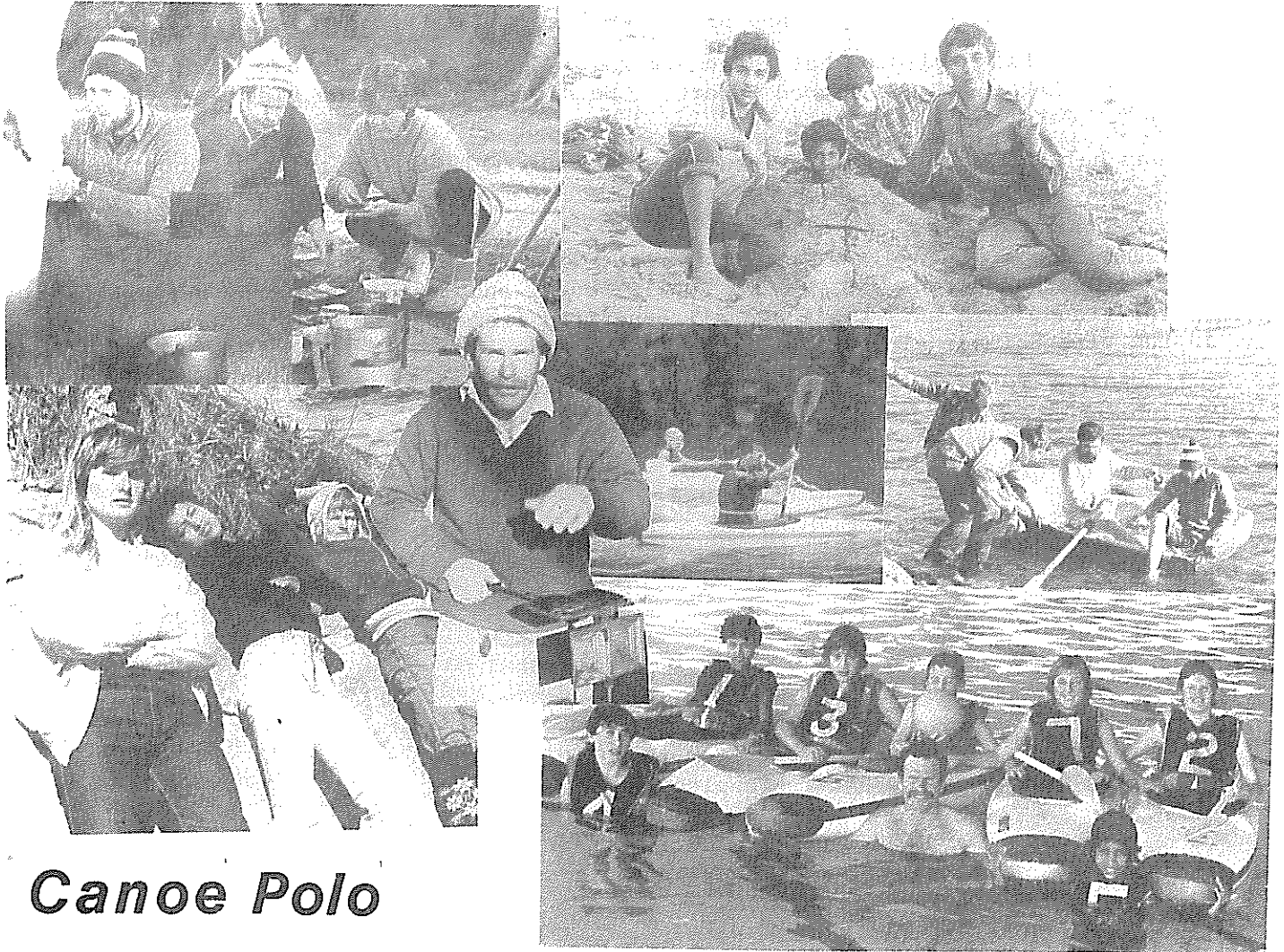
It's not over yet - future adventures are planned for a "whitewater" trip to the Murrumbidgee River, afternoons on the Georges River and something new - rafting and abseiling.

THE CLOBBERS.





Or How Not To Have A Holiday



Canoe Polo

This is a team of tough young men and tougher young ladies who have entered the N.S.W. Canoe Association's Sydney Canoe Polo competition and have progressed well in the D Grade competition.

Two teams are now sponsored by Borham Mixed Concrete Pty. Ltd. and plan someday to win a competition as a result of their hard training each Sunday at 6 a.m.

They are: Jamie Moran, Verna Schroeder, Michael Murray, Jason Williams, Tracy Williams, Melissa Carter, Ian Schroeder, Barbara Pinoschi, Enzo Pinoschi.

LIFE SCIENCE PROGRAM

This year at Cabramatta High, we have been fortunate enough to be the only school in the Liverpool Region to run a newly developed program, known as the Life Science Program.

Our former School Counsellor, Miss Hatswell, recommended the program which was developed by staff from the North Sydney Region and run for the first time in 5 schools last year.

This year the course was taught by Mr. Valler and Mrs. Myer and comprised 6 pupils in each class, from Years 8 through to 11 simultaneously.

What is the Life Science program? It is a positive, innovative approach to the development of self-discipline which aims to teach people appropriate social and personal skills to enable them to cope more successfully with the school environment. It is a teaching program based on the tasks adolescents need to master to become responsible adults. Everyone, both teachers, parents and pupils alike, benefits from the course and it is hoped that next year, we may be able to widen the range of this course at our school.

What did the pupils think of Life Science? Below are listed some of their comments

"I have enjoyed Life Science because you learn about who your friends are and what you are like as a person and how others see you." Graham Farnham, Year 11.

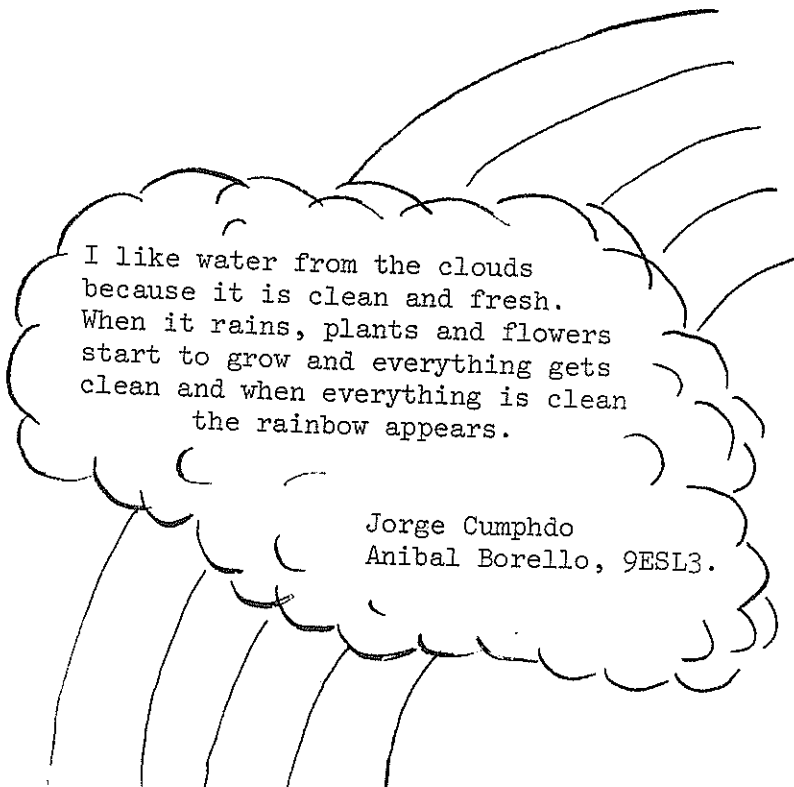
"I learnt in Life Science that I can control my behaviour. It has helped me in my school work and I got a good report. We did plays and made videos, which I liked." Peter Nicholas, Year 9.

"It has helped me to improve my manners in class. I liked getting to know the others and learning about each other. It would be good to have 25 people in this class at once!" Jodi Williamson, Year 9.

The Life Science classes ran for about 18 weeks each, so 4 classes were held altogether during the year. Pupils taught and learnt much from one another as the groups were only small and all benefited from the family-like atmosphere in the Life Science classes.

We look forward to expanding the course next year.

Mrs. J. Myer and Mr. R. Valler
Life Science teachers.



I like water from the clouds
because it is clean and fresh.
When it rains, plants and flowers
start to grow and everything gets
clean and when everything is clean
the rainbow appears.

Jorge Cumphdo
Anibal Borello, 9ESL3.



DRIVER EDUCATION

Since last year's report, some significant changes have been made by the State government in an attempt to reduce the fatalities on N.S.W. roads. Firstly, random breath testing (with the already introduced .05 blood alcohol content level) has scared many drivers to such an extent that many are now unwilling to drink and drive. Why are they scared? Do these people honestly think that they are now less capable of killing themselves or someone else? Probably not. The reason why most people don't drink and drive now is because of the chance of being caught, with the accompanying fine, loss of license, or jail sentence. Maybe even higher fines and longer jail sentences will reduce the road toll even more!

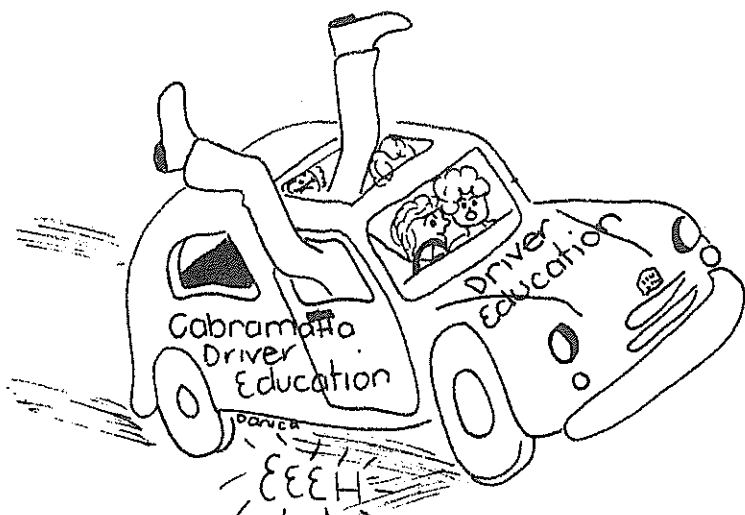
The government's present proposal is to increase the minimum age for a driver's license from 17 to 18. The reason behind this is that the older people will now be more mature in their attitude towards driving. However, the disadvantage is that experience (or the lack of experience) is a major factor in many fatal crashes. Increasing the age for a driver's license may have a slight affect on reducing the number of deaths, but the government is still reluctant to introduce one method that will reduce the road toll. The method? Educate the drivers before they learn to drive!

Educating people in the areas of attitudes, methods of car control, and the effects of alcohol on driving skills before they get their license instead of letting them learn by experience after they get their license seems a logical way to reduce road fatalities but the government will probably never introduce Driver Education on a broad scale because of the cost involved. It is easier (and cheaper) to pass new laws than it is to change part of our education system.

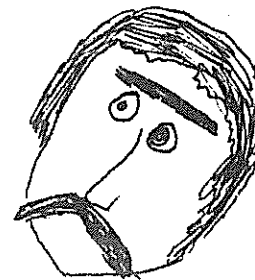
Cabramatta High School's Driver Training and Driver Education programmes attempt to teach students the right way to drive. If the government does increase the driving age, then Driver Training will become non-existent. Sometimes government policy is difficult to understand.

My thanks this year go to those teachers who have helped with the Driver Training Course. They all give up part of their spare time in an attempt to do something that should be introduced in all schools. Also, thanks to McGrath Holden for their continued support and supply of a car to learn in.

O. SINDEN - O/C Driver Training
Programme.



YEAR 7 REPORT -



or Can I Have a New TimeS table, Sir.

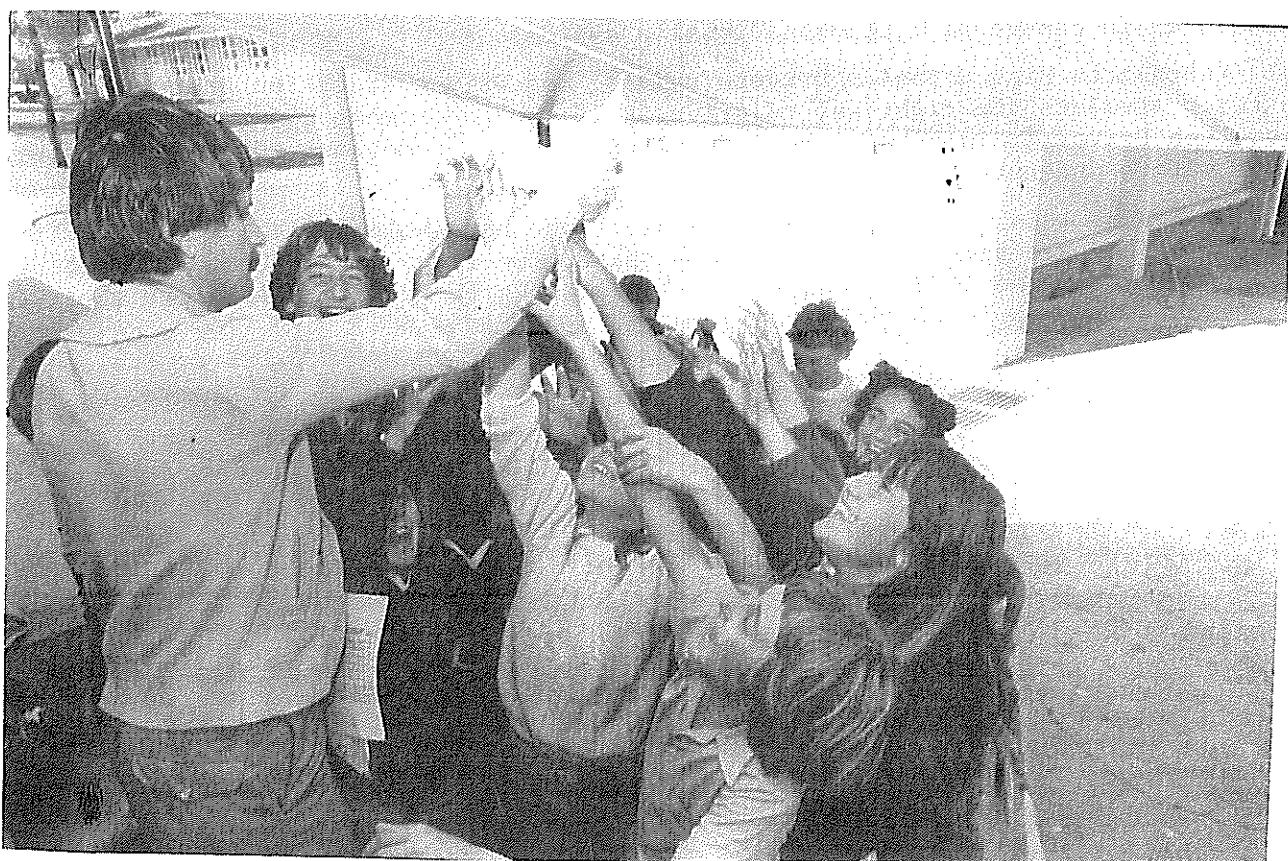
The question most asked by Year 7 in 1983 has typified this year's "new" students at our school. The great majority of Year 7 students came to us, keen to learn, excited about being at the High School and motivated to do well. It has been a rewarding experience to introduce nearly 220 young people to an interesting, challenging school environment.

We have not seen a year without problems - especially in terms of relationships between classmates. Year 7 students must try as hard as they can to get along with one another and assist each other in the day to day activities of their new school.

There have been some great experiences and achievements for our Year 7 students - excursions to West Head, the Zoo, the Parramatta Historical landmarks, Superman - some exceptional achievements in sport and academics. Particularly pleasing has been the development in reading and the English Language for so many of Year 7. Stories have been published and journals of over 200 pages have been written. Congratulations to the sports stars who have represented the school at the Zone and Regional levels, with many outstanding results.

We expect a lot from students, and above all we expect good manners and honesty. Try hard to do your best Year 7 for the rest of your years at Cabramatta. Try also to keep your timetables for more than 2 weeks

MR. R. WHELAN - Year 7 Master





FORM MASTER'S REPORT-YEAR 8

Yet another year is passing - so quickly for me as Form Master. As with last year it has been full of ups and downs. Half-day notes by the tonne.

"Can I have a half-day, sir - I have to go and see the doctor because I've got a bone in my leg!!"

"Could you please excise my son from school?"

"I need to have a half-day to go and get a haircut!"

Many other traumas, trials and tribulations -

"Sir, Billy Bloggs is hitting me and he says if I don't give him his ball back he's goin' to get his Dad onto you!"

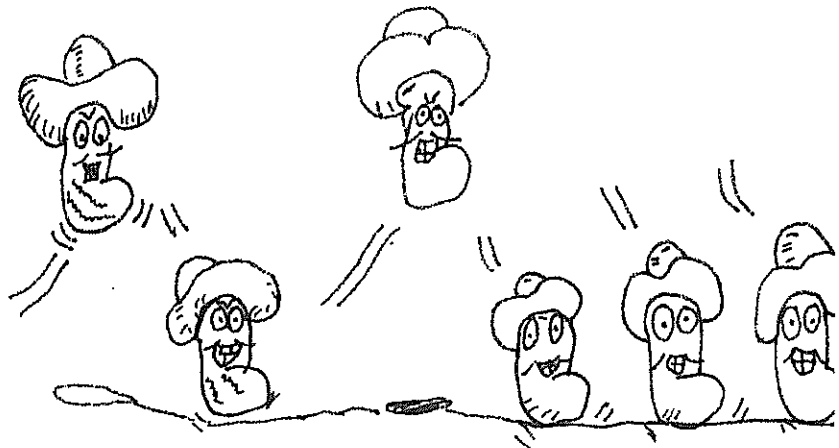
However, apart from all this is the hard slogging achievement of many students - students who are trying their best in many areas -

On the sporting field, in cultural activities such as the Talent Quest, in helping to run the school such as those in C.S.S. or the few who every morning help Mr. Kenny with the rolls, etc.

Moreover, I'm very pleased with the many Year 8's and their academic progress. Over 20 students were presented with their half-yearly school reports by Mr. Waide recently. Each of these was excellent. However, we mustn't stop at this. Year 9 has achieved many outstanding results for their half year of work and overall have done better than Year 8. Remember what Mr. Waide said when he challenged you on the assembly. He wants to have to present so many reports that he'll get a sore hand from having to congratulate students.

I know that you can do it. I know you have the ability. We can all learn from our best students who show what can be done if we really try. So come on, give it a go!

Mr. P. Quigley.



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56 JOHN STREET, CABRAMATTA.

FORM MASTER'S REPORT-YEAR 9

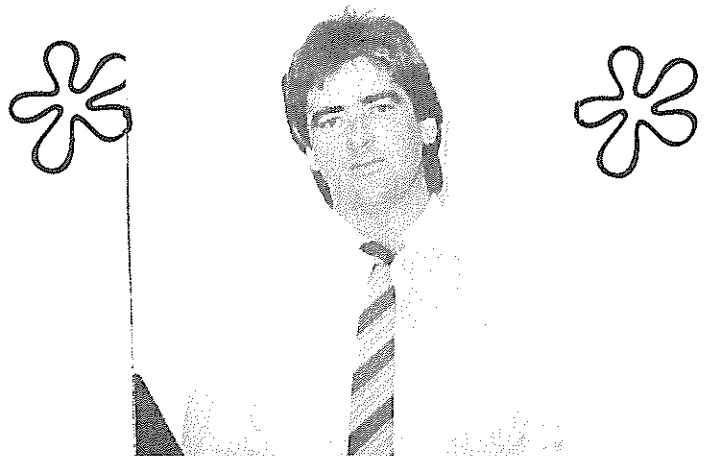
1983 has been a very good year in a number of ways for the students of Year 9. There have been some extremely high academic results gained in the Half Yearly Reports. More importantly (and far more satisfying for the staff) is the large number of students who have given a solid increase in their academic efforts. This was highlighted when the Half Yearly reports were distributed by the Principal. Mr. Waide stated that the Year 9 reports were by far the best of all Forms. There was a huge number of A gradings given.

Both boys and girls have done very well in the sporting fields again this year. Students have excelled in the Athletics and Swimming Carnivals as well as participating in 7 premier senior sports teams.

Sadly, one of our number was very badly burned in an accident after school. Robert Holmes has missed most of Term 2 through this, spending his time at Camperdown Children's Hospital. This dark cloud had its silver lining though. The students of Year 9 raised \$900.00 exactly which will be used to aid Robert in his studies (especially for Years 10, 11 and 12). This money was raised by various means. Robert's mates made and sold cakes; held a lunch-time disco; an out-of-uniform day; took up a collection from the school and one particularly from Year 9. The C.S.S. (Cabramatta Students Society) donated \$100.00 after a spirited request was given by Katrina Alexander.

The Cabramatta Polynesian Dance Group deserves special thanks. This group performed in the School Hall and donated all proceeds to the Fund. The offer was made without any request whatsoever from the school, and after the performance the school body gave a well deserved in appreciation.

Mr. S. Okell.



DISCO - Fancy Dress



FORM MASTER'S REPORT-YEAR 10

Well, 1983 is a kilometre-stone in the lives of the Year 10 students. For some, it is the first time they have taken schoolwork seriously. For some others they are yet to experience the meaning of STUDY.

The half-yearly reports showed a much improved attitude reflecting widespread maturity.

Thanks must go to Mr. Schouten for he has worked arduously exposing students to the realities of vocational decisions. Through the Work Experience programme students gained first hand knowledge of employment positions and, to my delight, proved themselves to be responsible young adults gaining the respect and appreciation of their employers. I must say, I was very proud to present some of the Work Experience Certificates at a special Year 10 Assembly. The reports were most complimentary, justifying my pride in, and admiration for, this Year 10, and should be of great value in employment interviews.

On Sunday, 21st August, a bus load of Year 10 students and a few teachers "picnicked" at Cataract Dam. Beautiful weather and a great bunch of people made it a day of relaxation and fun. My high regard for these students was strengthened even further by their total co-operation, friendliness and responsible behaviour ... even though A.R. broke my racquet! The bus driver was so impressed by the group that he said he would drive them anywhere, anytime. Quote .. "They're the nicest group of school kids I've ever had on my bus ... where did you find them?" From someone who has been driving school buses for years that's a big feather in the cap of CABRA ...

Year 10 is full of mixed emotions "I've been offered this apprenticeship in hairdressing but ... I don't want to leave my friends". For some this is the biggest decision in their life. Care must be taken and parents need to be supportive because the frustrations of a wrong decision are difficult to overcome. Going through Years 11 and 12 without the necessary abilities is very damaging to morale and self esteem, to say nothing of the wasted time. On the other hand, the bug of "I wish I had gone on" can last and nag over the years to come.

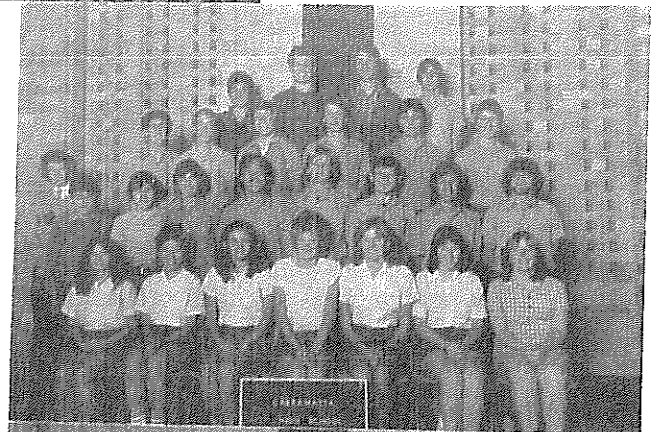
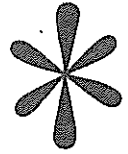
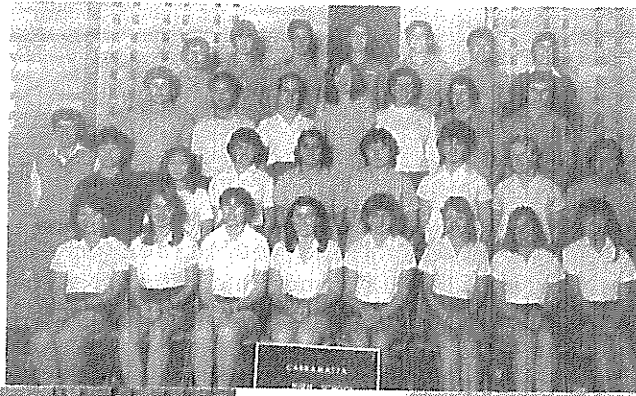
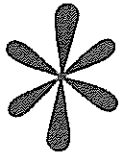
My very best wishes to those brave enough to leave for employment or further education at a technical college. To those who are staying, I promise you will find Years 11 and 12 very different and by no means the "easy way out".

As Year 10 Master, at the time of farewelling the leavers my only regret is that I haven't had the pleasure of knowing you since the beginning of 1980. I really have enjoyed working with you and for you and look forward to hearing of your success in the "real world".

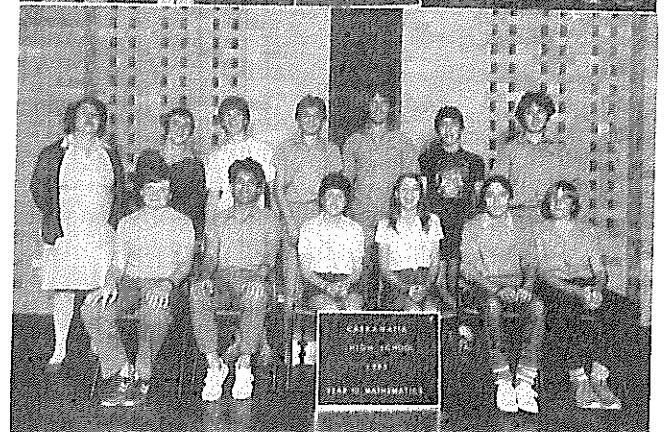
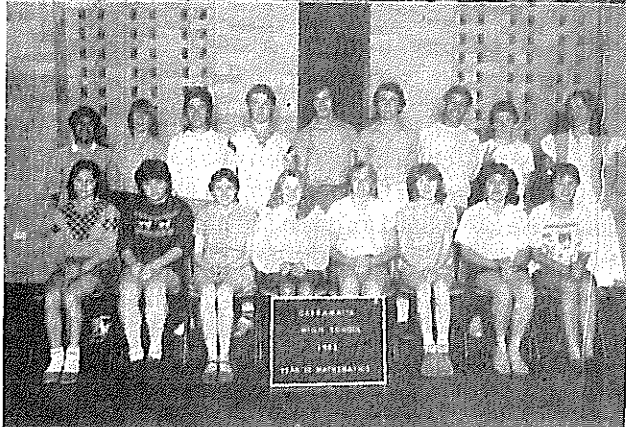
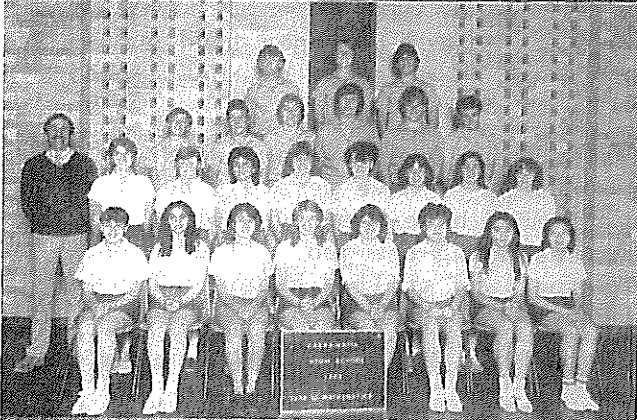
Best wishes,

L. QUARMBY - Year 10 Master.





Year 10



FORM MASTER'S REPORT-YEAR 11

with apologies to Austen Tayshus

When we arrived home after the party we had a KAPPLER more drinks when I was told not to have more lest I become ill. "You have a large HILDER climb and you won't go FARCIC! Have a look in the MIROSLAV and you'll see that your eyes are like roadmaps already". But I felt all WHITE and knew that there was STELLA fair way to go before I would be affected. The next drink had a peculiar TANG to it and before I could say a word I was in a TRANS! "It must be the Brandy ALEXANDER. Next time I'll have BERCARI and coke" I told myself. Now what I needed desperately was a Choff - something to fix me up - and I was relieved when the reply came - "Yes IVACHOFF" and then I knew I would be all right. As I prepared to head off I noticed that a cold wind had sprung up. "It's a bit COULTER go now. I think I should wait till morning. And I have the perfect excuse - Vic had not showed up and I could always say that it was beKOSOVIC that I didn't make it. Not to mention the weather - I couldn't afford to get a CSILLAG-en. So cold it was now that I needed to wear two pairs of gloves - small leather ones inside the woollen ones. But I couldn't find them. "Where are my INNES-BROWN?"

Just then there was a knock at the door. It was our neighbour Jo - she had just been thrown out of her house for not paying the rent - and now she HENDERSON (he was only six months old) and had nowhere to go. I was so angry oVUJOSEVICion that I wanted to hit somebody. WEI are people so thoughtless? But there was a CLAUSEN the contract that allowed him to do this. Anyway, I rang my mate Col and I must have caught COLENA good mood because he was able to help Jo and the baby find somewhere near RENWICK Racecourse, I think. That was easy - no nonsense or BHALLA-hoo! Now I would be able to sleep peacefully.

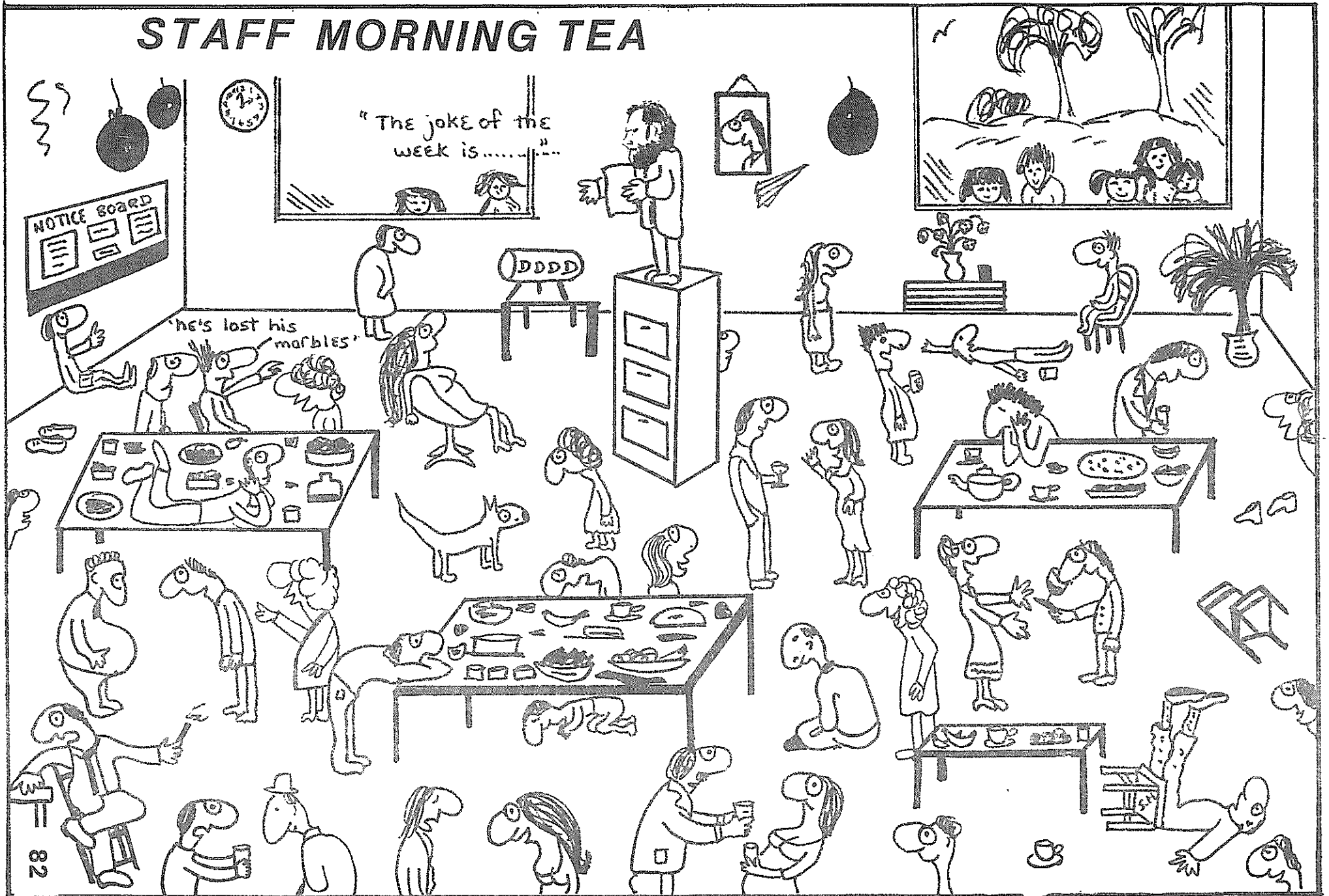
Next day, I had to cut some very long grass and decided that the job would best be done using a scythe because the undergrowth was do dense. I have several, but I chose my number FORSYTH because it was sharpest. It must have been ages since this grass had been cut because I found six PENC while I was doing the job. The ground was as rough as AROLA coaster and fortunately the weather was still a little KULISH and I soon finished the job.

At last we set off for the North Coast and our holiday at BORANBAY where the lighthouse is the eastern-most point of Australia. On the train we shared a compartment with a young girl who was not very happy about my weird-looking mate. She acted as if she thought he D'COSTA. She later confided in me that this wasn't really the case and that she was just basically shy. "Where ALLEBI tomorrow so I can apologise to him?" But I didn't tell. I don't believe in AYDIN women who are so obviously on the make! I really think it's rATHURLOW. I found my mate Aristotle (we call him Ari) in the bar. He had just bought a drink but it was time for us to get off the train. "You'll have to SCOLARI. We've got to get off!" He couldn't so he turned to Rick, a bloke he had just met and said "How about DJURIC? Do you want to finish this?" Rick looked at me and said, "Great! He wants me to drink HYSLOP!" Before long we were there - and the surf was great! Although I like all sports, depending on season, I still think I like surfing BATURYNSKYing. Well, we had our DAILLY surf and for a change we headed south for some fishing - a great place, FARNHAM bucca Heads. Not that we had much LUC. Our first day there we met SUNJICs, one who was a stunner named Jana who wrecked our boat and did a lot of damage. She offered to pay but we didn't know how much to BILJANA or whether to glue ORTAC the broken oars. We were out on a LIM and she was as gentle as a LAM, and we didn't want to hassle her.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, this proved to be one of the most eventful holidays I had ever had. Ari picked up a wog and LASEK in bed for several days. If this wasn't a NGUYEN enough, while he was LAIing in bed his mate Al ripped off his board. ALJOSA great time to KIDD around. All Ari could say was "What'd I DUONG to deserve all this?"

MR. J. BERINGER - Year 11 Master.

STAFF MORNING TEA



TEACHER TRIVIA

This is a true story, recreated by a small group of highly-skilled writers. The dedication of these people reinforces the need to withhold their names. Any persons in this story resembling those of real life should not be taken seriously. Only the names and places have been changed to protect those involved in this event:

* * * * *

Me and my mate were walking down the street to the local hang-out when we met BIRK-ETT his house. He had GREIRS-ON his shirt and stubbies. A red AUSTIN was parked in the driveway.

"HUGHES' is it?" we asked.

"JACK's-SON OWENS it. I've just fixed the WHEL-AN the brakes for him", he replied.

"How much did he pay for it?"

"I don't know but MOLY-NEUX. Wanna go for a drive?"

"Yeah, great!"

"WAIDE here, I'll go get MY-ER keys."

He runs over to his house, KNOX on his door which was covered in MOSS, and soon his sister, HAMEL, opens it. He goes in and returns with the keys in his hands. We all piled in the car and began our mystery KAYROOZ. We had to stop for petrol, so we turned WRIGHT, into the gas station.

"Who's gonna LOADER up?" Birk asked.

"MITCH-ELL do it," I suggested.

"Yeah, but KENN-Y do it?" Birk replied sarcastically.

"Of course I can!" Mitch answered angrily as he stepped out of the car to fill it up.

Birk PREST-ON the accelerator and had made the tyres BYRNE, leaving a smokey trail and a clanging noise in the engine which sounded like a CRUICK-SHANK. As we drove along, he asked us if we wanted to take CORRADI lessons at SINDEN-ham.

"No way!" we all screamed.

At that moment we saw ALEX-AND-ER boyfriend ROLFE, walking GAILEY down the street. Birk stopped the car and started SCHOUTEN at them to join us. They QUIGLEY ran over and hopped into the back seat.

"HOW-ARD you?" Birk asked them.

"Fine thanks, how's YOUSSEF?"

We turned off at a food place called the COLL-INS and ordered QUARM-BY sandwiches, English MURFINS, two cups of HARRIS tea and a few MARTINis. The food looked ghastly and GOOLEY so we left in a hurry.

As we were passing the GARDINERS path, Birk asked Alex what her dad did for a living.

"He's a TAYLOR," she replied, "works at REDFEARN and makes FLETCHER suits."

Rolfe added, "My dad's a BAKER. He's the type that hates politics, governments and all world POWERS."

"What does your dad do Birk?" Rolfe asked.

"Oh, my dad's never home. He owns an eighteen-wheel RIGG and transports PHILLIPS T.V. sets and REDDINGTON shavers."

We were still hungry so somebody suggested we stop off at McDONALDS. We all ordered Big Macs and French FRYERS to go. We started eating when Alex found a cockroach in the sauce.

"O-KELL it!" Mitch screamed.

"LEAVER alone! It's eating." Birk protested.

So Alex put a KIRST-EN the hamburger and threw it out the window. Suddenly, Alex made a grab for Rolfes fries.

"Leave my CIP-OLLONE!" squealed Rolfe.

Birk happened to have a packet of JEFFARES and some ALLENS soothers in his pocket, so he offered them to Alex.

"WATT about us?"

Birk ignored them and continued driving across the LONG BRIDGES at BETTINGTON, when he saw a NOBLE CHAPLYN CROSSING, HAM under his arm, walking towards a little MORRIS-ON the side of the road. Birk was distracted by the car's design and he hit the Chaplain, sending him onto the CAR-RUTH.

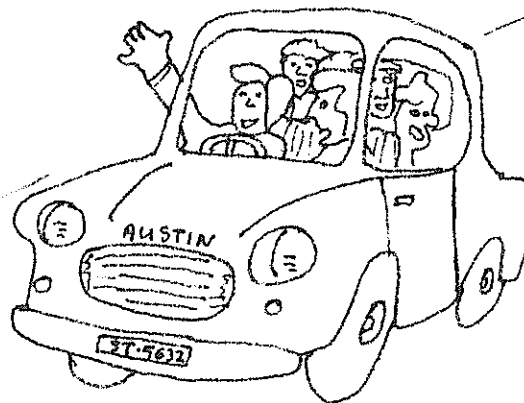
"O'DEA! I've hit him!" cried Birk.

We were all very LUCKY to escape without any injury, but unfortunately the Chaplain had died, with blood running off the car and forming a POOLE on the road. Soon afterwards, an ambulance came to take the Chaplain to the MORG-AN the police came to take us down to the station for questioning.

Birk was given a fair trial and was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for one count of manslaughter, with a non-parole period of five years. 'Alex' and 'Rolfe' are happily married and are currently living somewhere in the outskirts of Sydney. 'Mitch' is employed as an international correspondent for a T.V. network. 'Birk's' father has finally come home to stay, and I am still vegetating in my padded cell.

Written by - Sedat Tasdemir - Year 11
Huseyin Ortac - Year 11
Yosip Lasek - Year 11

(with a little help from our "friends" at the Editor's desk.)



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SKY IS THE LIMIT.....FOR YOUNG FLYER

By John Freer, Daily Telegraph 16/7/83.

Lisa Dimaio, 16, was too small to be an air hostess - so she became a pilot instead.

The 140cm Cabramatta High School student has passed the first hurdle in her quest to fly jumbo jets.

Lisa has just become one of the youngest women in Australia to pilot an aircraft solo - but she only made it with the help of two large cushions.

Before taking the controls at the start of each training flight, Lisa has to place the cushions on the pilot's seat.

They not only give her enough height to see over the instrument panel but also enable her to reach the foot controls.

"I have always been interested in flying and travel and initially wanted to become an air hostess," Lisa said yesterday.

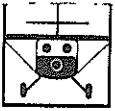
"That had to change when I discovered I was too short for the job - and my only option was to become a pilot."



Friday is the highlight of her week with an hour-long lesson beginning at 6.40 a.m. at Hoxton Park Flying School. Even chilling temperatures don't keep Lisa and her mum away from Hoxton Park on Friday mornings.

"I know I have got a long way to go but my ambition is to fly passenger jets" Lisa said.

Her instructor, Mr. Graham White, said Lisa could go beyond flying jets - and become Australia's first astronaut.



Flight To Freedom

The highlight of my week is Friday morning when the alarm clock goes off at 5.00 a.m. That's the time I get out of bed and prepare for my flying lessons. I have been learning to fly on a Beech Skipper plane. After I get to the flying school, I have to do the ground checks on the plane, check the fuel and re-fuel it if necessary and on these cold mornings it also means de-icing the plane with numerous buckets of warm water.

The actual highlight begins at 6.40 a.m. when I taxi out for my flight to freedom.

I have been flying now for about three months with my instructor. I had completed 12 hours flying time, when on Friday, the 3rd of June, 1983, the most fantastic thing happened. After flying ten circuits my instructor told me to take the plane to the end of the runway and hold my position. As we sat there my instructor went through all the pre-flight checks and when we were finished all the checks, he opened the door, turned around and wished me good luck, got out and told me I was on my own. The reality of it struck me, I was about to fly my first solo. I had looked forward to going solo with eager anticipation and now the time had arrived.

For a minute or two I sat there and thought okay little "skipper" it's just you and me now. Everything went according to schedule and I could not help but be amazed at how quickly I gained altitude. The fact that not having my instructor with me and that the plane would be much lighter had never occurred to me.

As I pushed on the throttle to gain maximum speed, my sense of freedom was enormous and as I soared up into the blue yonder, the feeling of satisfaction was indescribable.

The circuit seemed to go so fast and pretty soon I was turning onto my base leg. As I started my descent the altimeter swung through 1,000 feet- time for late final pre-landing checks: Carby heat hot - flaps 15°. The threshold was approaching quickly and in no time I found myself rounding out and sinking onto the runway. The sound of the wheels touching the surface was music to my ears - I had just lived through my first solo.

I taxied the plane back and parked it, feeling numb with excitement and with what I thought would be a permanent smile on my face. I climbed out of the plane to much excitement and congratulations from my instructor and ground crew.

I have gone solo many times since then and always feel excited, but the thrill of the very first time was so special that I will cherish it for ever.

Lisa Dimaio, Year 11.



YEAR 12

QUESTION: Who are the people who "set the tone of the school", make a disturbance in the library before school by supposedly studying from 7 AM onwards(!), cheer the loudest on assemblies when the school captain, Michael Mangion, retorts smartly to Mr. Smythe's accusations that he (Michael) and John Bruno "make a wonderful couple", are constantly "chipped" by members of staff for leaving the premises early for "study reasons"...etc....!!!

ANSWER: The WONDERFUL people in "the CLASS OF '83"; of course, this year's Year 12 students, no less!

We began the year with 99 pupils, but due to overseas trips and job offers etc., dwindled down to 93 by the onset of the Trial H.S.C. in August.

I believe it is true to say that one does not really know what it is like to undergo Year 12 until one has done so! And then it may be too late! For the current H.S.C. hardly offers a second bite at the apple!

Yes, indeed, the pressures are great! This year since the Trial is during the second last week of Term 2, and reports on that will not be distributed much before Year 12 pupils actually leave school, interim progress reports were compiled and forwarded to parents just before the Trial H.S.C. to give parents some idea of how their child was performing.

The pupils in Year 12 will tell you that the greatest shock when coming into Year 12 is two-fold. Indeed this applies to the current Year 11 pupils and any others considering pursuing senior studies...The year is rapidly cut short when August comes upon us, as it is then time for "The Trial" and everyone knows that Term 3 is only five weeks long at the most for Year 12 pupils.

At the time of writing this report, pupils are preparing for the trial... summaries, test, rushed assignments, last minute cramming, "bags" under the eyes from late nights and desperation from almost giving up, except for the encouragement or pushing from those one or two teachers!

This year's Year 12 are lucky to be the class of '83 since it is our Jubilee year and we are preparing to buy Silver Jubilee sweat shirts to commemorate that.

We also must thank the teachers of Year 12 who have laboured long and hard with the pupils and given so freely of their time and talents to ensure our pupils will be "up there with the rest of the State" when the results come out in January!

A special thanks to Mr. Schouten for his help with career advice and to Mrs. Corradi for her assistance interviewing the students and trying to help overcome personal and academic problems.

Despite all the pressures, we have had a "fun" year and have been ably led by four very capable people as captains in Michael Mangion, Lee McMillan, Jorge Colvin and Julie Mountfort. Even now we are looking forward to those two great nights after the H.S.C. exams in November...our Year 12 Farewell and the Silver Jubilee Dinner Dance. (What a week that will be!)

Where will we all be in ten years hence? How will the pupils of Cabramatta High's Year 12, 1983, be then?

One thing is for sure...I have really enjoyed my role as Year 12 patron. I count it a great privilege to have come to know each of these Year 12 pupils as I have and I am hoping that in 10 years time, or even 25 years time, we can meet again to recollect the good times we had as "The Class of '83."

Mrs. J. Myer,
Year 12 Mistress,
1983.

YEAR 12



MA • BELLE • LA • BOMBONIERA

8 HARRIS STREET, FAIRFIELD

PHONE: 724.4085

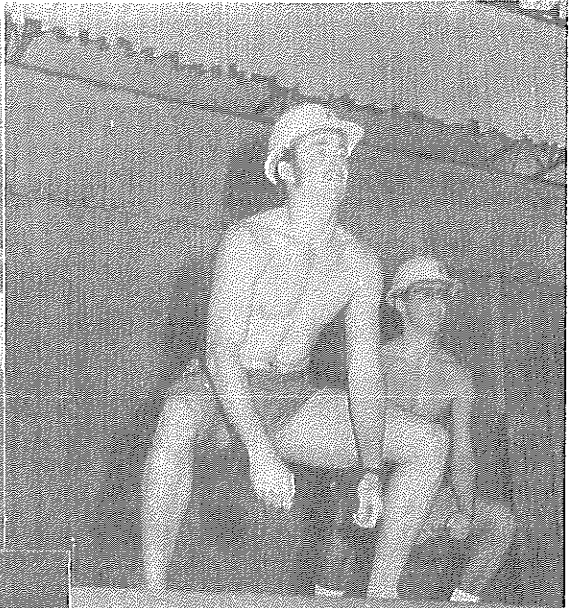
S T O C K I N G

PATONS - KNITTING WOOLS AND COTTONS

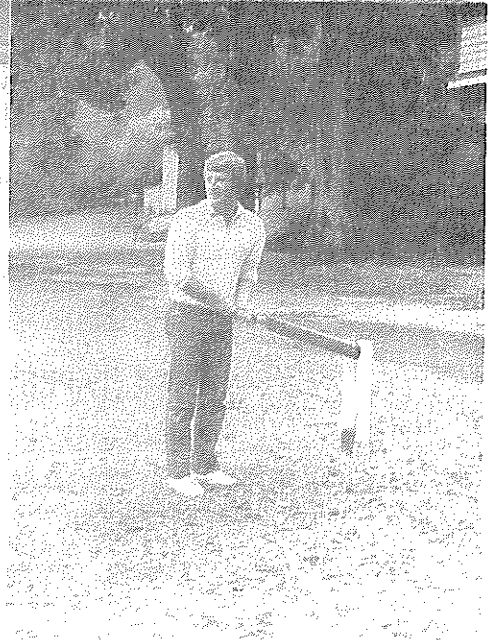
TAPESTRIES - COTTONS - WOOLS

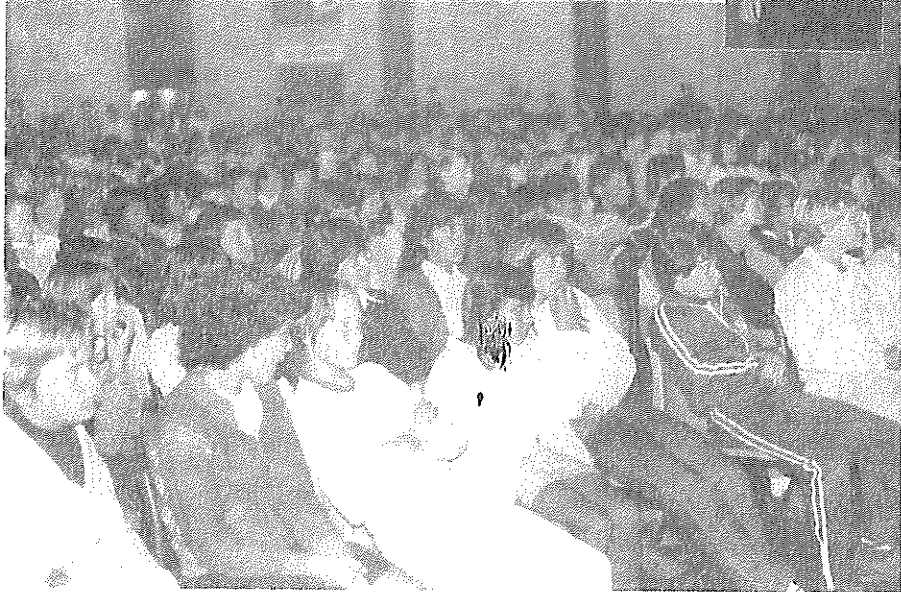
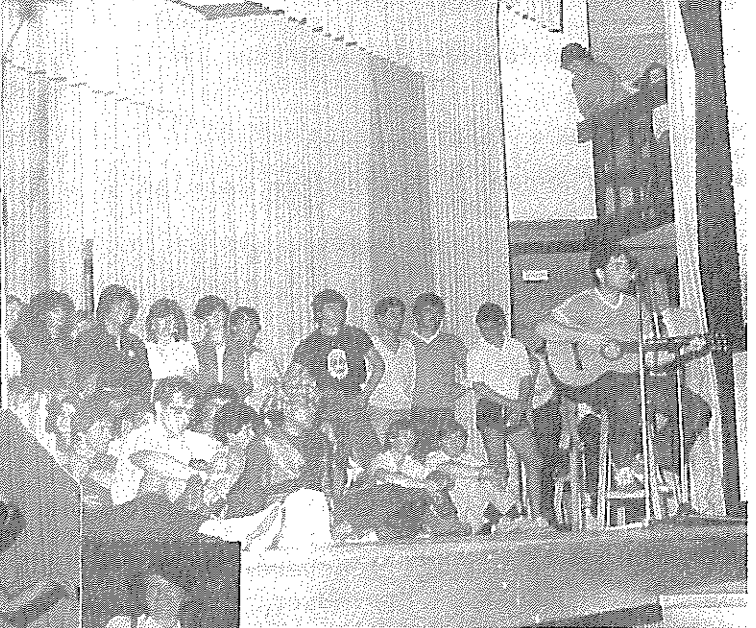
CRAFTS - TOYS





Year 12 Concert – Picnic





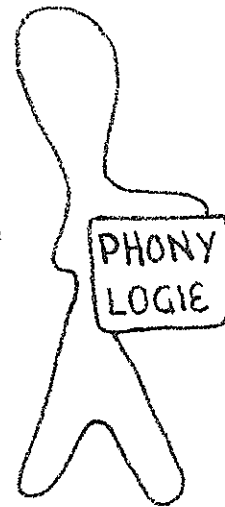
Year 12 Concert and Picnic

Congratulations to the out-going Year 12 on an incredible performance. The Romeo and Juliet ballet from the Lee McMillan Dance Academy was fantastic and Gonz has been offered a contract as the new Village People - after his superb performance in chains!

The Phony Logie Awards:

These awards, after much deliberation were presented to their "much loved" teachers who have proved themselves worthy of their trophies -

CATEGORY	WINNER
Business Tycoon of the Year	Mr. R. Kenny
Best Hair Style	Mr. B. Loader
Best Sense of Humour	Mr. D. Moss
Trendies Award:	Mrs. J. Myer Mr. J. Varughese
Most Popular	Mr. M. Adamson
Female Sex Appeal ("Awarded on Impulse")	Mrs. L. Corradi
Male Sex Appeal	Mr. G. Alexander
Iron Man Award	Mr. J. Zybrands
Principal of the Year	Mr. J. Waide
Outstanding Service Award	Mr. I. Ibrahim



Year 12 assembled on the stage, as the Captains asked Mr. Waide to accept their gift to the School - a magnificent chiming clock which will hang in the School Foyer. Enrico Eleuteri paid tribute to Year 12 as he sang his own composition - "Farewell". The assembly closed with dignity as Year 12 students filed out of the hall to join their teachers for a barbeque. The traditional Year 12 Picnic was held at Audley - Mrs. Myer, Mrs. Corradi, Mr. Moss, Mr. Okell and Mr. Partridge enjoyed a relaxing day with them all!

Farewell

*After all is said and done,
We've lived these years with tears and fun.
But now the time has come and we must part,
And so my friend this is goodbye, goodbye.*

*We've had the good times, lived through the bad times,
And looking back it all seemed like a dream - oh!*

*After all is said and done
There's nothing left but old memories.
Eyes like stars that shine above me
Our love together will grow and grow - oh!*

Lyrics by ENRICO ELEUTERI.

☆☆ Wacky Wacka ☆☆

Bruce McCartney known as "Wacka" to thousands of 2UW listeners brought his travelling video show to us on Monday, 4th July.

The one hour show consisted of clips from the Angels, Radiators, Duran Duran, Bonie Tylor, David Bowie and Super Cool Michael Jackson.

He also gave away stickers, Wacka T-Shirts and albums to Andrew Groza (Year 12), Nurhan Aydin (Year 12), Haylen Gonnet (Year 11), and others.

Wacka was born in Brisbane. He came to Sydney and attended Kings School in Parramatta. When Bruce left school he went back to Brisbane where he was employed as a Disc Jockey for 4BL Brisbane in 1979.

"Wacka" rated number one for two and a half years.

In 1982-83 he joined Brisbane Radio station FMI04 without his "Wacka" image. He was discovered by Sydney's 2UW where the Wacka character had a strong and successful comeback, and Sydney has not been the same since.

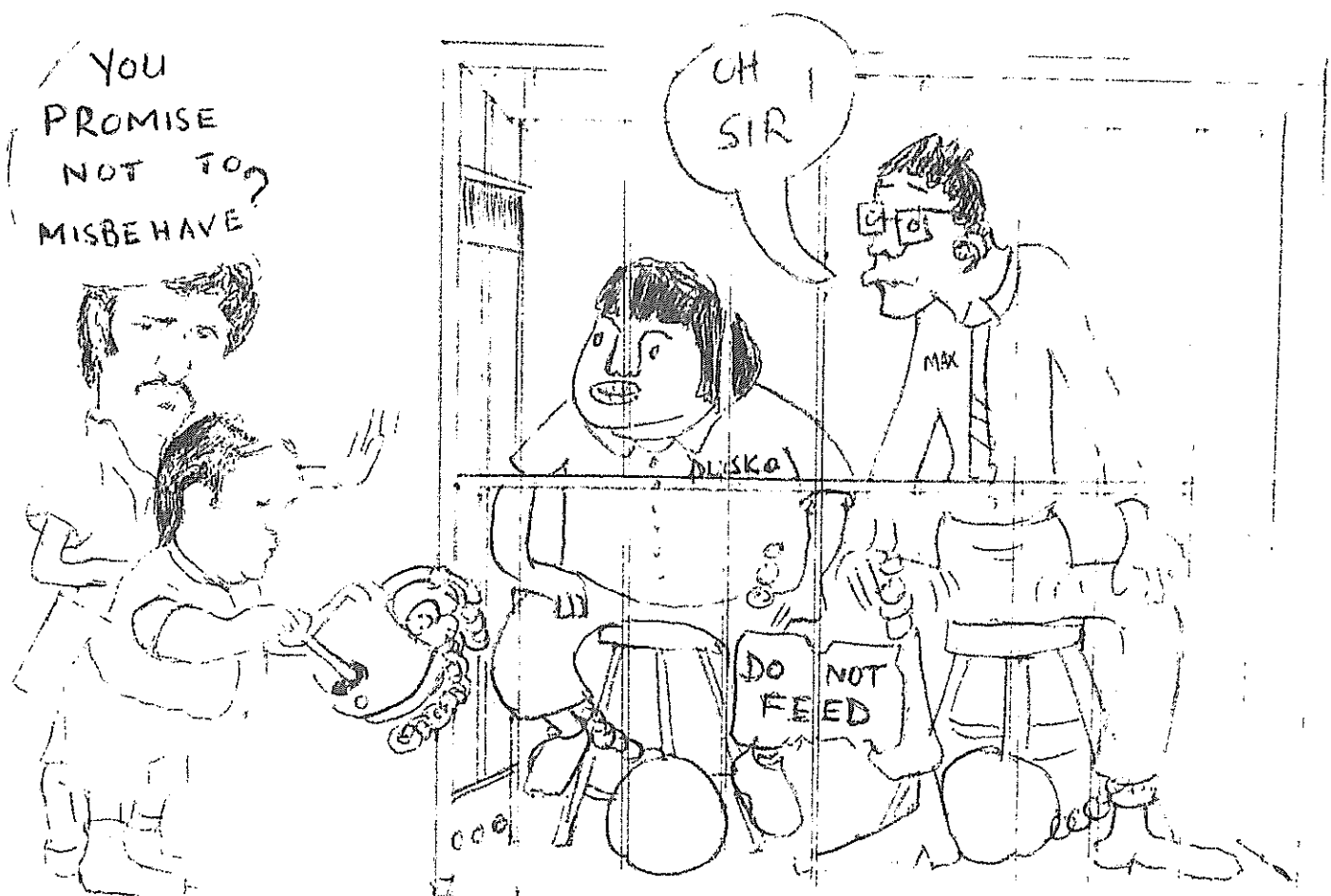
Wacka's show goes for three hours. All pledges, jokes, etc. are prepared by him in his own time. He spends very long hours preparing his Show to please his listeners from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. week-nights.

Wacka is becoming very popular as shown on previous ratings taken along with the very popular Rick Melbourne 6 a.m. to 9 a.m. week-days, and Ronnie Sparks 9 a.m. to 12 noon week-days and 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. the top 40, Sunday nights.

About 200-300 students entered the hall to see the strange "Wacka" that they hear on the Radio.

When he entered the hall the reactions were mixed. Some students cheered him and clapped, others booed him (morons) as Wacka would say. Overall he was very successful and the students enjoyed the clips very much.

Annette Beard.



CABRA TOP 40

NO.	TITLE	ARTIST
1.	ROCK THE BOAT	Mr. Valler
2.	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE	Mr. Molyneux
3.	LET THE FRANKLIN FLOW	Mr. Knox
4.	HOT STUFF	Mr. Byrne
5.	WORDS	Mr. Moss
6.	TOO MANY SECRETS	Mrs. Corradi
7.	DRACULARS TANGO	Mr. Smythe
8.	THEY WORK HARD FOR THEIR MONEY	The Office Ladies
9.	DROP THE PILOT	Lisa Dimaio
10.	DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT WORK	Mr. Loader
11.	LITTLE GREEN CAPRI	Miroslav Milanovic
12.	MEN AT WORK - DOWN UNDER	Domenic and Terry
13.	PHYSICAL) I'LL TUMBLE FOR YOU (Flip Side)	Mr. Bowyer
14.	THE YOUNG TURKS	Huseyin, Sedat and Murat
15.	PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON) WHEN THE SAINTS COME MARCHIN' IN (Flip Side)	Mr. B. Johnson
16.	I WAS ONLY NINETEEN) BUFFALO SOLDIER (Flip Side)	Lieutenant Reddington
17.	ORCHARD ROAD	Mr. Harris
18.	BAD BOYS	Sunjic and Sunjic
19.	THE NUMBER ONES	The Maths Staff
20.	LET'S DANCE	Mrs. Chapman
21.	SEND ME AN ANGEL	Ms. Gardiner
22.	CANDY GIRL	Miss Allen
23.	I AM WOMAN	Ms. Austin
24.	NURSIE, COME OVER HERE AND HOLD MY HAND	Hamel and McLeod Sisters
25.	ANT MUSIC	Adamson and the Ants
26.	HIGHWAY TO HELL	Mr. Cruickshank
27.	MY OLD PIANO	Mr. Gailey
28.	THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Mr. Waide
29.	I LOVE L.A.	Mr. Noble
30.	SUNDAY ISN'T SUNDAY	Mr. Phillips
31.	DER KOMMISAR) FOREIGN AFFAIRS (Flip Side)	Mr. Kenny
32.	THE KEY	Mrs. Leavey
33.	WE CAN'T BE BEATEN	Steven Cage and the Second Grade Groupies
34.	ONE NIGHT IN PARIS	Mrs. Watt
35.	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW) I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON (Flip Side)	Mr. Quigley
36.	SPANISH EYES	Miss Bettington
37.	LIVING IN OZ	Maya Antic
38.	FRACTION TOO MUCH FRICTION	Mrs. Myer
39.	SUPERMAN THEME) HERE I AM (Flip Side)	Mr. McEwan
40.	I'M STILL STANDING	Mrs. Porteus

* * * * *

NEW RELEASES

- * SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE FUN Nenad Kalebic
- * CREATURES OF LEISURE Year 11
- * FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS Mr. Partridge
- * PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ Mr. Hodgson
- * I LOVE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME NAMES Craig Brown
- * IT'S ONLY FOR SHEEP Mr. Powers and Vicki Trstenjak
- * TELL HER ABOUT IT Mistress-in-Charge of Girls

* * * * *



Some Things Our Teachers Say.....

1. If I don't have a nervous breakdown this term
2. Pack up, tools away, jobs away, benches and floors to be swept.
3. Don't touch the originals!!!!
4. You are going to be the best damn form this school has ever seen, damn it!!
5. In the fifteen years I've been in the Army Reserve I've never gone without my leather boots.
6. Have you lathered your hands twice with hot soapy water?
7. Messengers, race down and get me a ham or egg sandwich please.
8. Go in, sit down, do your work or I'll punch your head lights out!
9. It's not sandpaper, it's metalic cloth.
10. I'll betcha a billabong.
11. Shoooooooooooooooooosh!
12. Above all, in the final analysis, I think
13. Now this poem has interesting connotations.
14. Now, who wants to sell the raffle tickets this week??
15. When I was in Canada
16. Now, five quick questions good man!
17. That's the good thing about these equations - it's that you can see when you're going wrong!
18. Get out your hunks of paper and your writing irons and now listen careful.
19. Let's have a captain's cook - here -
20. Today we'll read this tipsy, topsy little tale

ANSWERS TO TEACHER SAYINGS:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Mrs. Corradi | 11. Every Teacher |
| 2. Mr. Wright | 12. Mr. Loader |
| 3. The Editor | 13. Mr. Moss |
| 4. Mr. Okell (Year 9 Master) | 14. Mr. Valler |
| 5. Mr. Reddington | 15. Mr. Molyneux |
| 6. Miss Allen | 16. Mrs. Myer |
| 7. Mr. Waide | 17. Mr. Phillips |
| 8. Mr. B. Johnson | 18. Mr. Knox |
| 9. Mr. Zybrands | 19. Mr. Quarmby |
| 10. Mr. Sinden | 20. Mr. Beringer |

R.E.D. TIME

Having time to Read Every Day is appreciated by a large number of students and staff. A recent survey indicated that more than 96% of students enjoy reading and that more than 70% of students are finding reading easier now that they read every day the books, magazines, etc., that they enjoy reading. This suggests that the experiment tried at the beginning of 1982, Redtime, has some real value for students and this is further supported by the fact that a sample testing of students' reading ability showed that there are many students, especially in Years 8 and 9, whose reading ability increased by up to seven times the normal rate!

Some of the features of Redtime enjoyed by students include the fact that "you actually have time to enjoy reading every day", that it provides "an opportunity to relax before classes commence", that "you get out of schoolwork"(!), that "it puts you in a working mood", and that "you have the opportunity to read more books in addition to school novels".

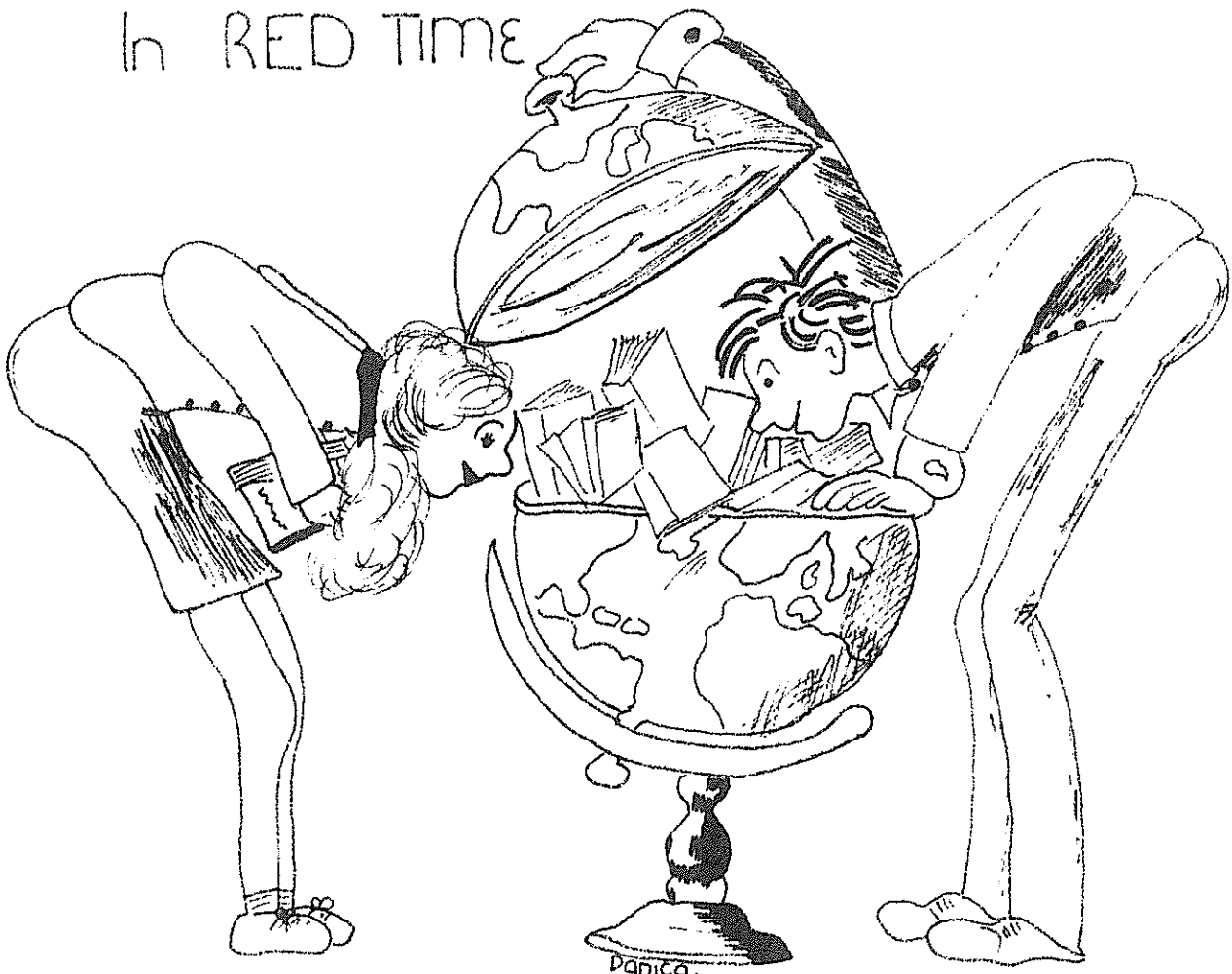
However, there have been some problems identified - that Redtime is not long enough, it is too quiet, too early to concentrate, that the bell is an interruption and that there should be music to help us concentrate(!). Some students have indicated that they have difficulty in obtaining suitable material to read.

It is proposed this term to establish a bookstall where books may be either swapped or bought, so that students will have an even greater access to as many types of reading material as is possible. The library continues to be a popular source of reading material, and borrowing of fiction from the library has increased by more than 400% since the introduction of Redtime.

It is important to remember that the basic aim of Redtime is enjoyment - when we read what we enjoy, we enjoy reading; the more we read, the better readers we become. And the advantages of being better readers should be obvious to us all.

MR. J. BERINGER

Discover The World
In RED TIME



SCHOOL CANTEEN

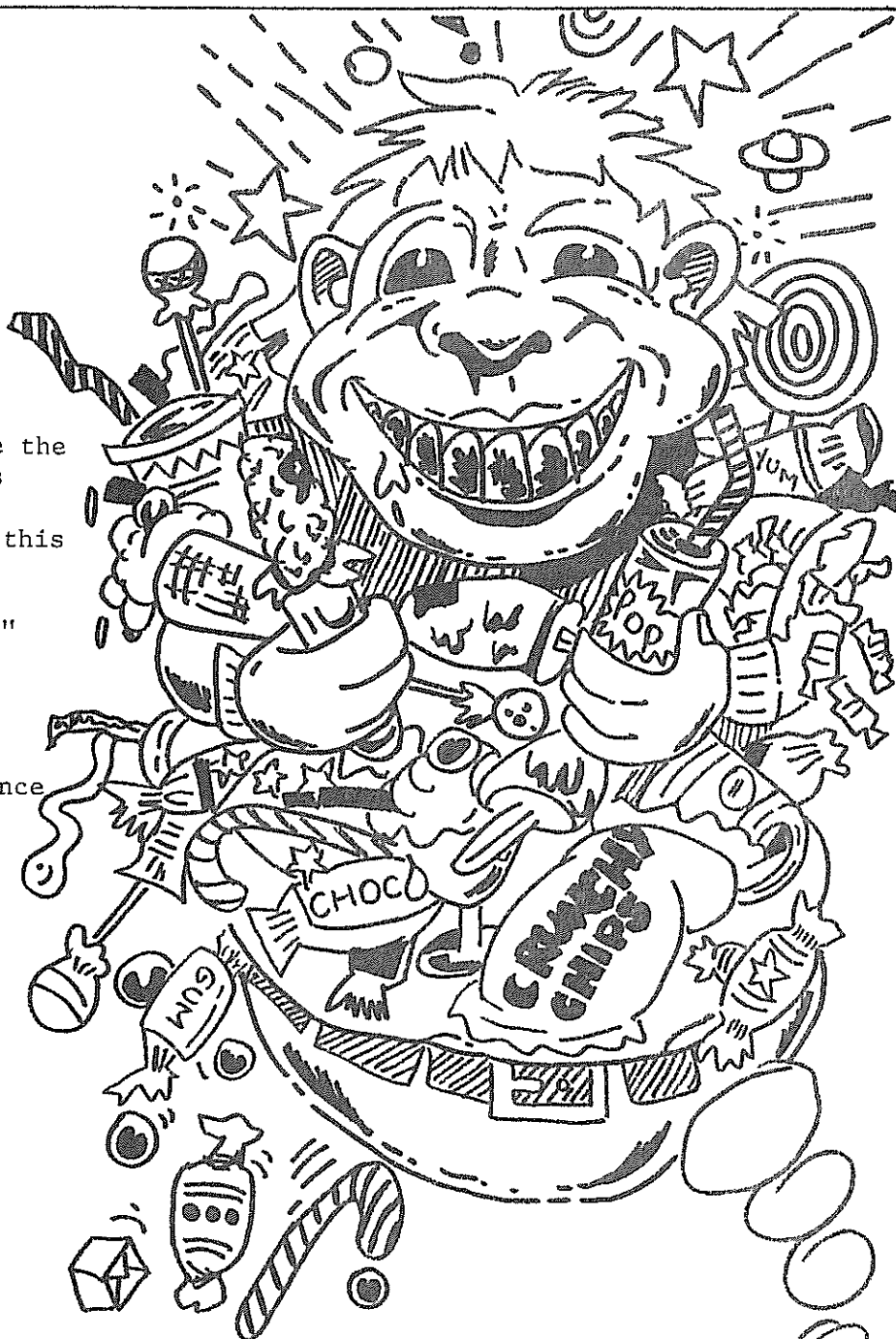
In recent years there has been a trend to re-educate the younger generation towards healthier eating habits. Our Canteen has joined in this campaign and consequently there has been a gradual phasing out of "junk foods" and the introduction of healthier lines.

The Canteen has provided some work experience for students. The school thanks those students who have served so well this year -

Year 9: Wendy Norris
Susan Hunt
Gemille Ergen
Jenny Stanley
Audrey Alekna
Sharon Harrison

Year 11: Karen Forsyth
Helen Stefanic
Biljana Rsovac

Year 12: Leanne Stefanac
Jeanette Taylor



Health Food Store



SHORT STORY COMPETITION - 1983

This year, as part of our Silver Jubilee Celebrations, Thuruna launched a short story writing competition. All students were invited to enter and were assisted and encouraged by their English teachers to express themselves in this literary form.

The response was overwhelming and it was gratifying to see the enthusiasm and quality of Cabra's young and talented writers. Overall there were some sixty-five entries and the difficult task of judging them fell upon the panel consisting of Mr. Moss, Miss Austin, Mr. Byrne, Miss Collins, Miss McMaster and Ms. Gardiner.

The Winners were -

Senior Section:

First Prize - Best Story - (Cash Award of \$30) - Awarded to Kang Kai (Paul) PUN for the story "Miracle for Two"

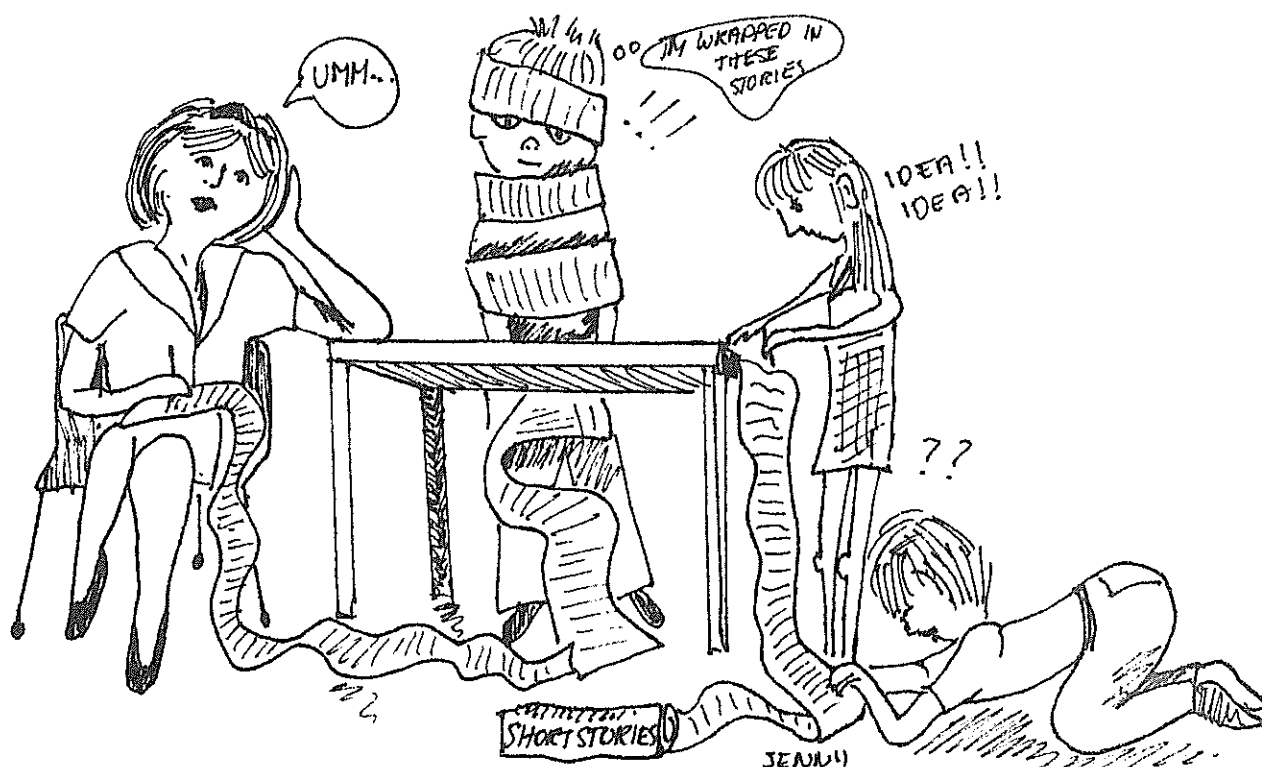
Merit Awards - Book Prizes awarded to - Robert GORCZYCA
Wai LING
Eva SAFETLI
Stacey CONNOR
Kang Kai (Paul) PUN

Junior Section:

First Prize - Best Story - (Cash Award of \$30) - Awarded to Lisa REYNOLDS for the story "The Pit"

Merit Awards - Book Prizes awarded to - Ildi MOLNAR
Gemile ERGEN
Kang Fui (Peter) PUN
Sylvia ALMEIDA
Dejan JANJIC

A Competition to find the best Title Page for Thuruna was conducted by "Thuruna" with the assistance of the Art Department. A cash award of \$30 was awarded to Leo CASTRO of Year 11 for his winning entry which shows 1983 as a year of achievement at Cabramatta High.





Miracle For Two

There is nothing more difficult, exhaustive and infuriating in the world than writing a musical score to meet a deadline. This thought drummed into my mind again and again as I glanced at my manuscript, fuzzy and indistinct in my eyes. As I slumped over the piano, Racker's instructions floated clearly into my mind.

"... I'm doing you three a big favour. As you know, 'Dinner for Three' opens next month. What I need is an imaginative, unconventional and original score. Capital 'O' for original. You'll find the script and my full requirements in these files. Now the bad news: due to the limited time available for preparations, your deadline is Monday. I know, that gives you just four days, but if there is one thing that has made this business, it's what we call 'forced brilliance'. If you can't produce that, then I'm afraid you don't belong here. I know all three of you are in ... financial difficulties - especially you, Jim," (that's me) "... so I expect your best. That's all, good luck."

Walking home, I assessed my situation. My previous song-writing record read: eight ventured, seven rejected and one accepted. ('The One Love' (hardly original) used in the play "Hello, Utopia!"). One critic described it: "... The play was even further dampened by the aimless, dull and monotonous character of the musical score. James Wagner (that's me) obviously has a lot more to learn about setting the mood of a scene and developing on it..."

Due to my rather undistinguished career, I lived in a rather run-down apartment, the piano being the only fashionable piece of furniture. And two months behind in my rent. At twenty-two, I was just another one of the hundreds of hopeful song-writers sprawled around the city, trying to make a living out of the fickle world they called 'show-business'.

Suddenly, I jerked back into the present. The clock showed 2.43 a.m. I fought back the feeling of hopelessness, the panic that strove to engulf me. At 6.00 a.m., I had to present my piece to Racker. For the past three days and nights, I had been racking my mind, trying to piece together something that would not only satisfy the almost-impossible requirements but have that little something left over. This elusive magic was the spark, the spell that transforms a perfectly bland piece of music into a hit, a chart-buster, even a cult song.

So far, that miracle eluded me. I threw in everything: creative movement, dissonant harmony, anything I could think of. I ended up with a disjointed, aimless and thoroughly juvenile work. It sounded like an opening theme to the "Darth Vader and Kermit the Frog Breakfast Show". I knew what I wanted, yet I just could not translate it onto the manuscript.

I yawned. It was 3.16 a.m. I stood up and swung my arms around, trying to shake off my sleepiness. I poured myself a cup of coffee, adding two extra spoonfuls for good measure. Even this did not help. I had never felt so sleepy before in my life; nor had the hard, cold bed looked more inviting. My thoughts were confused and unfocused. My heavy eyelids could just permit some sight as I plonked on a few keys at the keyboard, trying to find a fresh idea.

Knock, knock. Dimly, I became aware of a succession of raps on my door. 3.48 a.m. I made a bet with myself that it was one of the neighbours complaining about the noise. Strike two. Even though I did not exactly have '20/20' vision at the moment, I could tell that the young lady standing at the door was not Mrs. Foster or even Miss Travers, for that matter. Her golden hair was dishevelled, her face puffed with excitement and she was breathing heavily. Yet, a general attractiveness in her features held my attention, permitting her to speak first:





"I'm really sorry for bothering you like this but this is a matter of life-and-death. May I come in?"

"Er ... Yeah, sure. What's up?"

"All I can tell you is ... I'm running away from some people. Could I stay here for the moment? I'll leave as soon as I can."

I shrugged. "Make yourself at home. It was getting really dreary around here, anyway. Er ... about the people you're running away from. Do you want me to call the police or something?"

"No, please don't. I'll be all right."

"Okay, I understand," I managed a tired smile. "Would you like a cup of coffee ... top home-made quality?"

She laughed. Softly, musically. (I should know). "Oh, thank you. I'd like that very much. It was freezing out there."

As I poured another cup, she glanced at the pieces of my manuscript scattered over the piano.

"I don't mean to sound impolite, but I don't think that this movement belongs at the beginning." She was scrutinising the first page, her face marked with a frown and a hand scratching her chin.

"Uh ... I was thinking that there ... was something wrong there - Hey, how'd you know that?" My voice showed my surprise.

She sensed it immediately. "I've had ..." she flashed a disarming smile, "... some experience in this stuff. If you have no objections, I could help you correct it."

"No objections at all." I seated myself next to her. "So how do you think this piece should begin ..." As we fell into deep discussion about the logic and creativeness the piece should convey, I suddenly realised I was not sleepy at all.

Soon, I was playing out a stanza at a time, she would listen attentively, then offer some constructive corrections or we would rewrite the whole stanza altogether.

Time had never passed in a lovelier fashion. I could not believe it when everything was written down. Now all we had to do was fill in the words.

She suggested the 'spontaneous feeling' technique. Playing one beat at a time, we simply wrote down whatever impulse we associated it with. All thought of my deadline and her troubles seemed to drift away. Finally, mentally exhausted but incredibly proud of our finished work, we allowed ourselves some rest. It was 5.25 a.m. Silently, I dozed off.

When I was conscious again, it was nearly 6.00 a.m. The lady was gone, as suddenly as she had come. Strange. Last night was so clear in my mind, yet, at the same time so vague. It was like one of those images you seem to remember from somewhere, yet, you know that you have never actually laid eyes on it. I did not even know her name ... a sudden thought jolted me: Had it all been only a dream?





Frantically, I snatched up the strewn pieces of the manuscript. Everything was ... gone! Yet, I could still vaguely remember every note, every word.

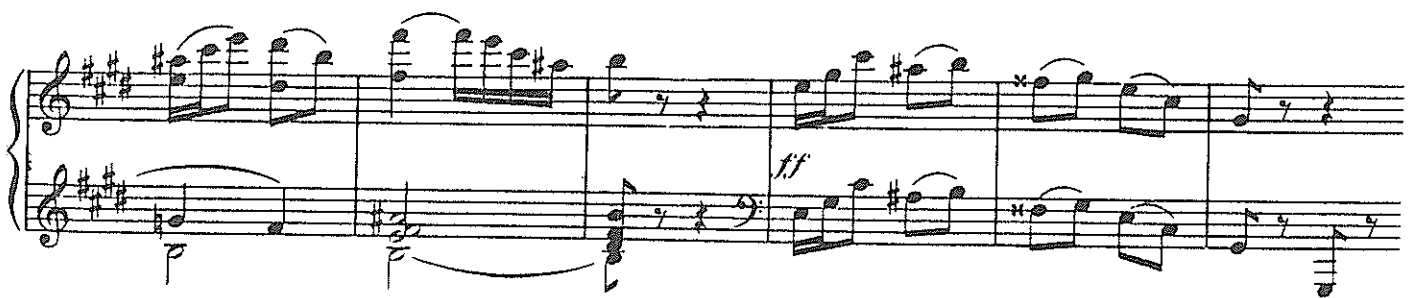
Urgently, I scribbled in everything I remembered, the memory draining away, sometimes flashing distinctly, then disappearing into the fog of my mind's eye. I don't know how, but I just managed to write down the last note before everything was forgotten.

6.27 a.m. Scrambling the loose pieces of paper together in one bundle, I rushed out, slamming the door behind me. Even in the midst of all this, I knew - "This was it! There's no way it could miss. It's going to be a smash-hit!" I took the steps three at a time, slipping and falling flat on my face on the last one. The smile never left my face, I picked up the strewn paper and ran the four blocks to the studio in two minutes flat.

The rest is history. Racker heard it once and flashed a once-in-a-lifetime smile. My eyes felt hot and moist, there was a lump in my throat and I almost hugged him. A recording contract followed and busted the charts as number one, winning a Grammy Award in the process. The play was a great success, the singer going on to become one of the greatest movie stars of all time. Wherever you went, it seemed like everyone was humming the tune. I became an overnight success, an instant millionaire.

However, before that, something happened which will forever be imprinted on my mind. Returning home that day, I was dismissing the previous night's episode as a dream - a fantastic, incredibly lucky ... dream. The sight that greeted me when I opened the apartment door sent a shiver down my spine. On top of the piano, stood two cold, half-empty cups of coffee.

PAUL PUN KANG KAI, 10E1.

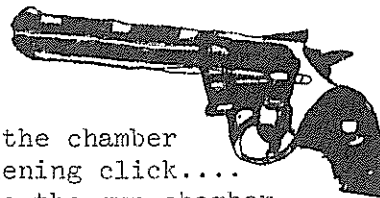


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The Pit



The cold grey steel of the barrel glinted wickedly as the chamber revolved round on its course of death. I heard a faint, sickening click.... held my breath and waited in terror. This is it, I thought as the gun chamber squeaked to a stop....NOTHING!! Once more I had beaten the odds and my life was still in existence. As the sweat poured down my face, I looked into the eyes of my tormentor and shuddered visibly. The Vietnamese officer grinned viciously and cursed in another language. Those narrow, evil eyes, thin cruel lips, the deep scar in his right cheek....I knew his face by heart. So many times I had been through the trauma of "The Game" that I was beginning to think my life was a never-ending nightmare, a spinning wheel that never stopped revolving. But The Pit, I thought THE PIT it was either risk your life with the game or be thrown into The Pit and left to die in agony. I had heard some dreadful stories about what went on in The Pit, some too shocking to recount. The rats, the stench, the darkness,...no it was better to take your chances with a gun barrel. After all, I had escaped death so many times, surely I could manage to live through a few more.

A shove from the officer broke into my thoughts. He motioned me to go back into my cell, a stinking cavity about six feet wide that had been built TO LAST. I had tried and tried to escape, but the solid walls were as strong as iron. As I was roughly pushed down on to the cold stone floor I thought about the predicament I was in. It was the height of the Vietnam War (about March I think, I had no way of keeping track of the time) and I was a prisoner of the Viet-Congs, a pack of cruel, unrelenting men that had hearts of stone. There was not one ounce of sympathy between them. I was situated in the midst of a hot, steamy jungle, and the constant humid conditions were unbearable. The buzz of mosquitoes was enough to drive one insane, and I had had my fair share of bites with malaria to go with them. But that was the least of it.

Every day when I woke up I only had some new form of torture to look forward to, and soon this began to tell upon my nerves. The vicious, cruel laughter of the officers made me mad with rage, and I felt like lashing out at one of them. But to control one's self was essential, as a day in The Pit was enough to cool anyone's temper. Whenever I had a chance to sleep (which was not very often) I dreamed fitfully, waking up every half hour or so in a cold sweat, chilled to the bone as a result of the torture I was subjected to. I was cracking under the strain, and soon my sanity would disappear completely. If only I could escape, I thought ruefully, as I stared dully at the four grey walls that confined me. Soon I was to get my chance.

About a week later, one of the officers dragged me by the hair out of my cell and into the blinding sunshine. I fumbled for a moment, but quickly regained my balance with the help of a sharp kick in the leg. Wondering why I was out of my cell at such an odd time, I gazed around fearfully, half-expecting someone to seize and torture me. A Vietnamese soldier, dressed in a dirty serge uniform, bowed mockingly to me. I was amazed to find that he spoke English.

"Ah, our young prisoner!" he said jovially. "You have behaved well over the past week. Instead of playing The Game, perhaps you would like to do a job for me, yes?"

I nodded dumbly, knowing that I would be thrown into The Pit if I did not carry out his tasks. With daring I spat in distaste in his direction. His beaming round face clouded immediately, and a black scowl appeared in place of the mocking smile. He punched me maliciously.

"Get out there and clean boots!" He pointed first to a heap of army boots caked with stinking mud, and then to a courtyard where the sun blazed like fire.

"And you not come back till finished!" he snarled, and then left me in the courtyard with a wire brush, a pail of cloudy water and the filthy boots.

The sun was hot and searing, and bored into my back as I stared hopelessly around me. I would be cooked before even one pair were cleaned. I watched the officer storm purposefully out of the courtyard, cursing and swearing. In his rage he had forgotten to lock the bamboo gate!!

I couldn't believe my luck! Freedom, freedom....FREEDOM!!

No more guns or torture! I edged closer to the gate and wrenched it open. A sharp splinter punctured my finger, but the pain was swiftly forgotten. I gathered all my strength and RAN....as fast as my bruised, scarred legs could carry me. The camouflage of the scrub was but a few tantalising feet away, when I heard a voice cry out in anger. A gun shot rang in my ears and shattered my leg. I screamed out in pain. Taking advantage of my weakened state, two soldiers grabbed my arms and dragged me in the direction of The Pit.

"PLEASE, no, no, NO!!!" I cried in terror as the trapdoor of The Pit was unlatched and I was thrown into the dark hole below. The stench was putrid and was so strong it could sliced with a knife. I heard the squeak of vermin intermingled with the cries of anguish, horror and pain of the men left to die.....

I was now one of them.

LISA REYNOLDS, 9E1.



SADNESS IS

Sadness is thinking about my country
Sadness is remembering the long walks
with my friends
Sadness is remembering our mischief, I remember
it with nostalgia
Sadness is remembering.

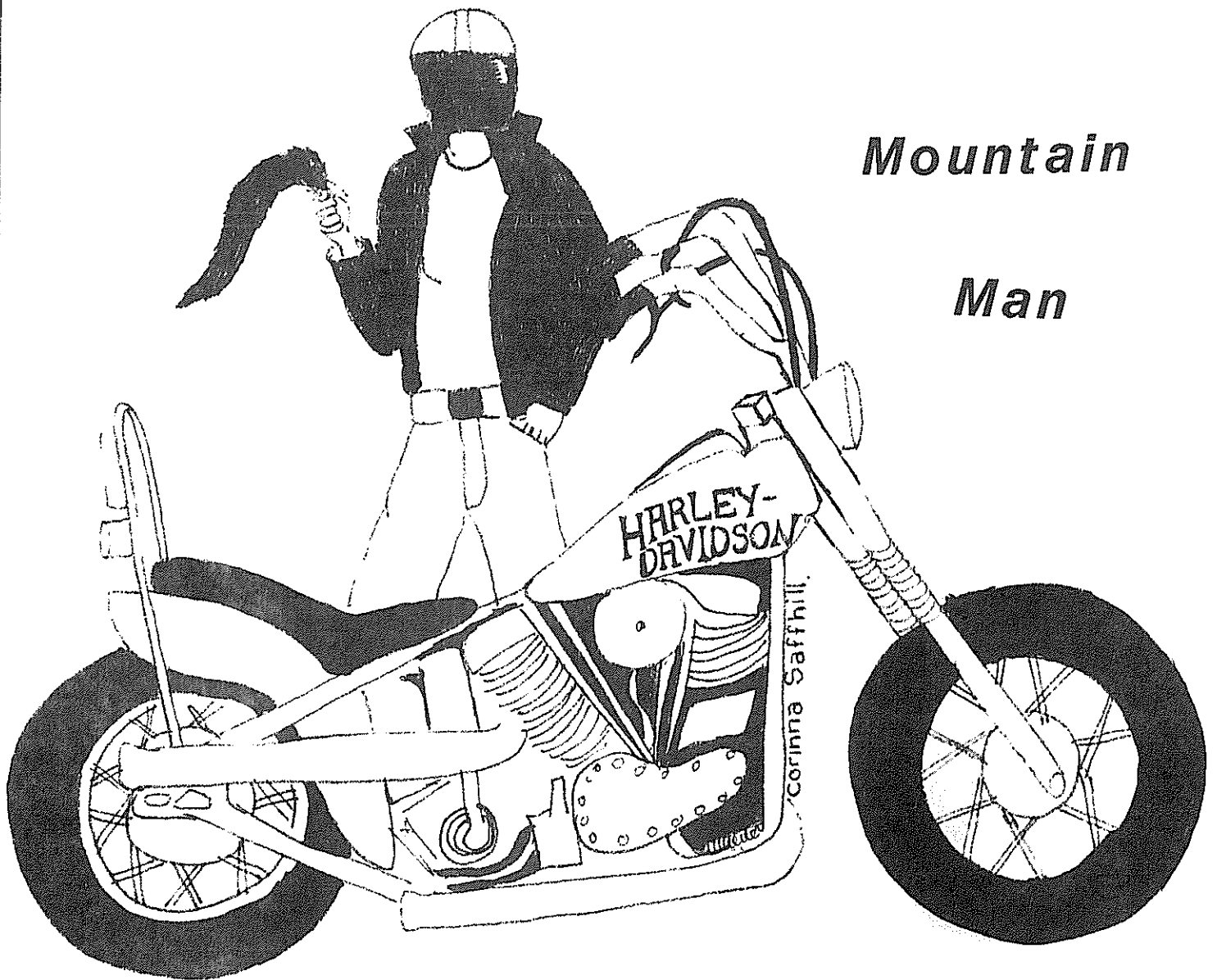
Sadness is saying goodbye forever
Sadness is remembering my handkerchief
saying goodbye forever
Sadness is when I remember my family together
at Christmas
Sadness is remembering with love.

Sadness is war, death and prison - the wickedness
of some people.
Sadness is destruction of people, the destruction
of dwellings
Sadness isn't having food or death, children in the war
or hunger
Sadness is WAR, HUNGER and DEATH.

by Maria Jerez

Mountain

Man



One night I was riding home on my Harley Davidson. As I neared the Hazelbrook bend, the car in front of me struck a dog. The driver continued on, unaware of the incident. Being a dog lover I stopped to assist the poor animal. His tail had been severed. I had heard that prompt action could save a severed limb, so why not a tail? I stood there, holding the tail wondering what to do next, when a patrol car stopped beside me.

"Good evening sir, we're terribly sorry, but we're afraid we'll have to book you!"

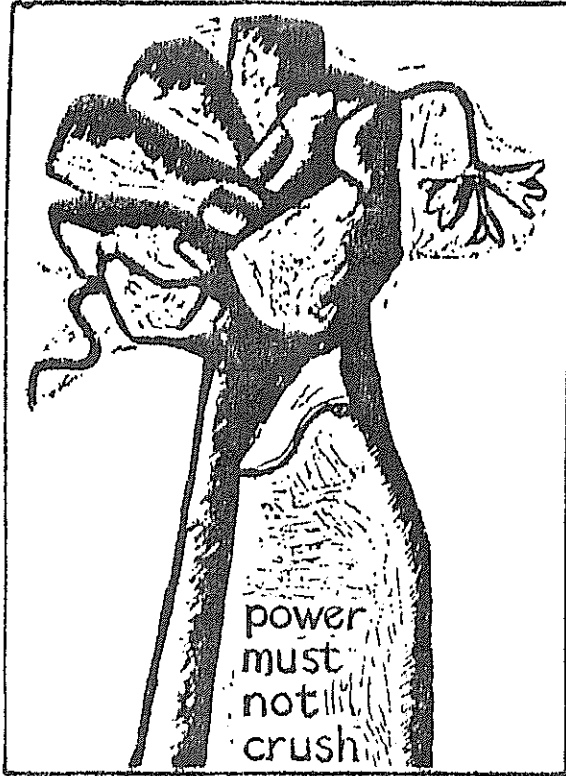
"Oh no officer, you've got this all wrong. I didn't run the dog down - the guy in front of me did - I only....."

"No, you've got it wrong mate - who ran the dog down is irrelevant. We're booking you for retailing without a licence!!!"

Anon Mountain Man

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DASH AND GARDINER PHARMACY,
35 JOHN STREET, CABRAMATTA.

POWER MUST NOT CRUSH



The artist's attitude expressed in this poster is a feeling of frustration, anger and despair. I believe the artist feels this way because he feels trapped by the power of the government that controls.

In order to present this feeling to us, he has created an ugly, muscular hand trying to crush a tiny, fragile flower.

This seems to be a symbol of the repressive pressure of the capitalist government, determined to control and exploit the little people.

Hue Man Duong (Year 10)

The poster is expressing despair. I imagine a government trying to control the country. A warning is written on the arm - "POWER MUST NOT CRUSH". It gives me an idea of a frustrated person; a person who fears the loss of power.

Carmen Varas (Year 10)

The Sam Lewis Peace Awards

The Sam Lewis Peace Awards have been established by the N.S.W. Teachers Federation and are designed to encourage and reward constructive and innovative efforts in the field of peace education in accordance with Article 26 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. These awards give recognition to the vital role schools may play in promoting education for international understanding, peace and disarmament.

Throughout his life, Sam Lewis (President, N.S.W. Teachers Federation 1945-52, 1964-68) was actively concerned with raising the consciousness of teachers and young people about the importance of international understanding and the risks to humanity from the arms race.

The theme for 1983 was "How I Envisage The World Without The Arms Race". Students were asked to express their ideas on this topic in any of the creative media e.g. projects, video, poster, essay, poetry or song. The entries received were judged by Mr. Moss, Mr. Preston, Mrs. Gaffey, Wendy Henderson and Stella Facciolli. Five were chosen from this school and sent off to be compared with entries from all over the State. Our school winners were Geoff Short, Paul Pun Kang Kai, Stacey Connor, David Turnedge and Debbie Bright.

Wendy Henderson.

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DASH AND GARDINER PHARMACY,
35 JOHN STREET, CABRAMATTA.

How I Envisage The World

Holocaustal showers,
Tidal waves of doom,
War between the powers,
Destruction in full bloom -
We fear yet cannot see them,
Creatures in the night,
Like an evil they condemn
Us to a death we cannot fight.

Nothing is for certain
But one thing is for sure:
Both sides of the iron curtain
Are monomaniacs of war
Ballistic missile or Napalm
Are tickets to destruction,
They say "No cause for alarm"
Our deaths are in production.

World without an arms race?
Empty desolation!
Never to see a human face,
Total annihilation.
Red horizons barren,
Atmosphere of death,
Rotting corpses common
Earth's final breath.

World without an arms race -
There's only one solution!
Eradicate the human race,
The A-bomb revolution.
People dying world wide,
Startling devastation,
Those on whom we relied
Caused this abomination.

World with an arms race
We live in greed and hate;
World without an arms race
Death is our eventual fate!

Stacey Connor, Year 10.



Without The Arms Race

Today, we are in the epoch of the most competitive world man has ever known. Throughout history, man has wanted more than his neighbour, filled with the urge to defeat his fellow man, to emerge the winner. The two World Wars, politics, business, and even sports reflect this basic phenomenon. The arms race, carrying on where the Cold War left off, must surely be the coup de grace.

What would happen if, somehow, the Western and Eastern blocs agreed to stop nuclear tests, to ban all nuclear weapons and to stop the development of all modern instruments of war?

It would, first of all, substantially increase the life expectancy of our world. This is an understatement. Perhaps a more realistic statement would be that it could very well save our planet from instant self-destruction.

Nobody could have foreseen that an incident in a small Bosnian town would launch the entire world into the Great War. By the same token, despite the detente, there is no way of foreseeing a tilt in the balance of power, a feeling of confidence and security, then an international incident that would surely ignite the world's first (and last) nuclear war.

Without the military resources built up by the arms race, I envisage a far more peaceful and productive world. Without the fear of an approaching holocaust, I see the nations of the world, especially the superpowers, stepping closer to each other. The CIA and KGB spy organisations which effectively contribute, if not cause, many of the crises in the tension-packed areas of the world, would see their influence gradually diminish. From this firm foundation, I can imagine the far-thinking leaders of some of these rival nations fostering ties, then starting close diplomatic relations with each other.

Further away in the future, I envisage the two giants, the United States and U.S.S.R., even Red China working together with the United Nations to smooth out the few international crises that might still arise. Above all, I see a very gradual metamorphosis in the face of our world, from suspicion to trust, from hatred to, perhaps, love. Although rather a good distance away from anyone's idea of a perfect society, at least it would be the closest to it man could possibly achieve in this age. This change, I believe, would encompass the whole of half a century of long, hard but progressive strides. The abolition of the arms race is that crucial, all-important first step which would revolutionize the whole situation.

Apart from saving the world from imminent disintegration, the arms ban would enable giant strides to be taken in a variety of other fields. With the super powers not concentrating on defence, I envisage higher emphasis placed upon the research and enrichment of the quality of life for all peoples of the world.

One of the real advancements that I can imagine is the full utilisation of all natural resources in very impoverished countries for the benefit of their people. Also within my imagination is the vision of the super powers cooperating in the establishment of major industrial areas in these countries, even those behind the Iron Curtain. They would formulate some nation-building schemes, similar to the Marshall Plan which revived Europe after the chaos of World War II. This, Plan X, would cover some desperately undeveloped areas like Indochina, Central America, and some parts of Africa.

Without the suffering, the poverty and the repressiveness found in these unluckier countries, the population would be able to concentrate all its effort towards ensuring their country an equal footing with the rest of the world. The end result in the year 2000 A.D. is a world evenly proportioned in wealth and stature, where no country has reason to envy another. This successfully removes the risk of any dissatisfaction which would ultimately lead to an international crisis.

Budgets of the N.A.T.O. and Eastern bloc nations, free from the heavy burden of nuclear weapons, would be free to cover more progressive areas, such as the field of national growth. Education, the development of a country's most valuable resources, ought to benefit immensely. This generation of sensibly educated youngsters would grow up into their own world. A world that would be all theirs to change, to improve, to build a new beginning and a better future.

Instead of spending their time researching ways to destroy the human race, the great brains of the nuclear age would turn their attention to the world's problems. For example I envisage that due to their efforts, nuclear power will take over the gradually diminishing natural fuels like oil and coal. The cost of production and danger of radioactivity overcome, nuclear energy has become the main source of fuel in the world. Other problems like pollution, inflation and over-population have also been controlled, if not overcome. For instance, the new freedom of the budget would also go a long way towards cutting down government deficits, thus reducing the bite of the recession. Further on in the future, I see nuclear medicine, a modern field, increasing the average life expectancy a massive ten years.

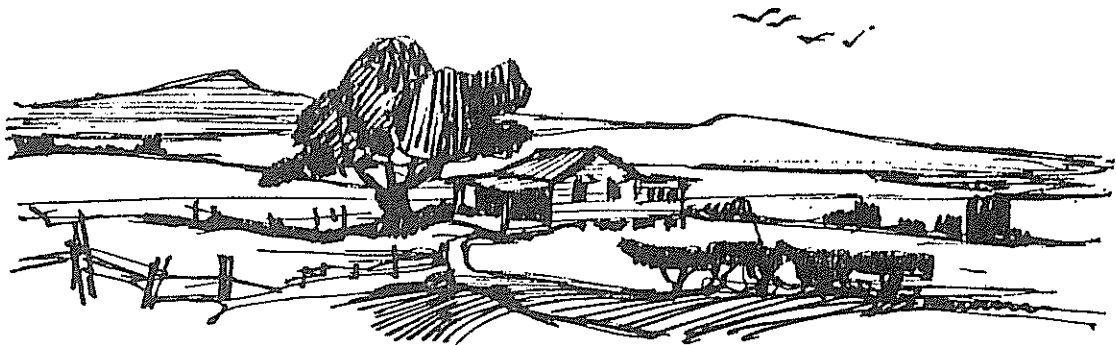
Therefore, not only has the quality of life been enhanced, but also the quantity.

Then, far away in the future, I see the final solution, the final unification. It is the joining together of East and West, the integration of the communist and democratic doctrines. The best of both worlds, so to speak. The system would be extremely complex in structure, yet basic in meaning. Primarily, it consists of the democratic principle (freedom of choice and equality of rights) plus Marx's fundamental doctrine "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs".

After countless centuries of division, Earth is finally united. Every country has agreed to ingredient her own very special part into the beautiful shape that has taken her people hundreds of years to mould.

This fragile, gossamer-like vision is perhaps only my dream of a world without the arms race. But don't dreams come true, sometimes?

Paul Pun Kang Kai, 10E1.



HEY! Mr Reagan

HEY! Mr. Reagan, save your money,
Stop spending it on your weapons of war.
Stop this arms race, let people rejoice,
Let people live, forever more!

Think of the people dying of hunger,
Think of the people dying of thirst,
Think of the murder, think of the sorrow,
People or weapons, what will come first?

HEY! Mr. Reagan please save your money,
For just one year will stop the hunger,
Change your thoughts to loving and caring,
Stop spending your money ON ONE BIG BUNGER!

People will praise you, 'Thank you O Lord!'
We have food and water, our problems are solved.
Please Mr. Reagan, don't start the war,
For if you do we'll all be involved.

Sign a treaty with good ol' Russia,
Get rid of your weapons the only condition.
Save your money, and thousands of lives,
But save the WORLD from total DESTRUCTION.

Please Mr. Reagan, what is your problem?
Are you trigger happy, or just plain crazy!
Go back to the movies, or go on the dole,
Because the way you see life, is pretty hazy!

Nations of the world, please listen to me,
And you Mr. Reagan, what's wrong with peace?
Stop building your weapons of destruction,
Start a new life, and let the old one cease!

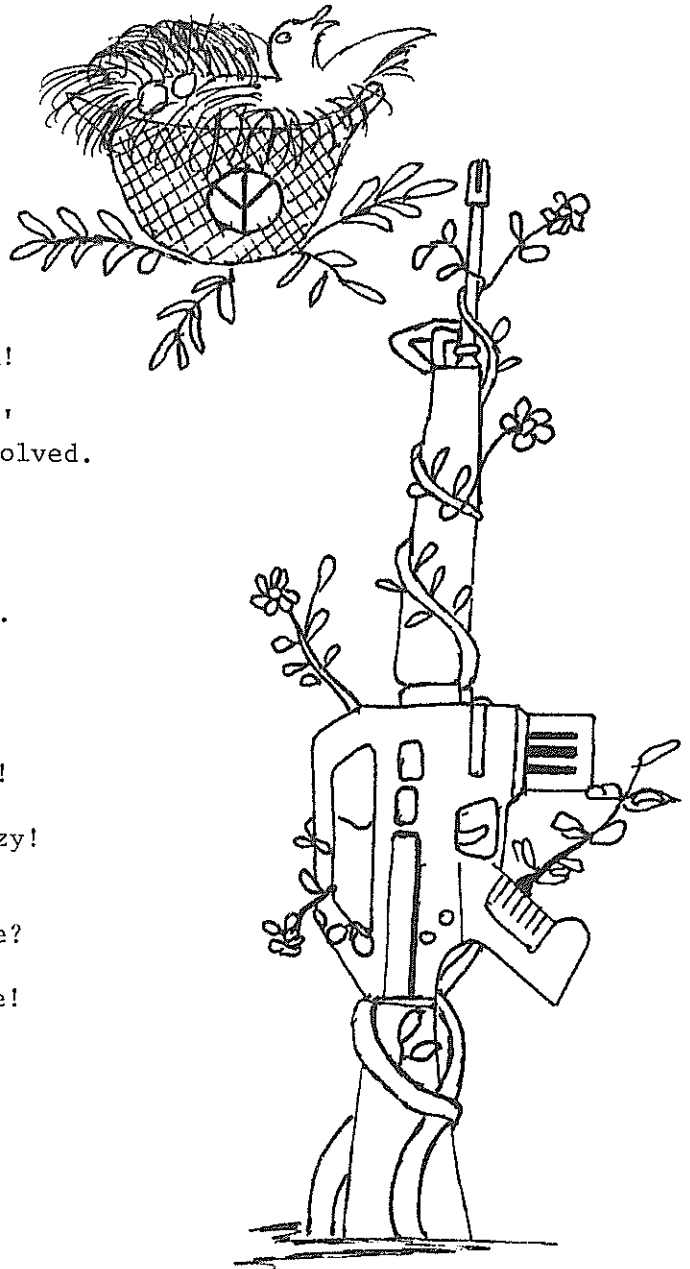
Now let's start saving our money,
And stopping the hunger, saving our lives.
Please Mr. Andropov, and you Mr. Reagan,
Forget your BUNGERS, go home to your wives.

Think of the world as a much better place,
No guns to make, no wars to fight,
No dying of hunger, of thirst, or of sickness,
AND YOU MR. REAGAN, HAD BETTER SEE THE LIGHT!

Now Mr. Reagan, take a look at the world,
Without guns, doesn't it look great.
Go home tonight and ring up Andropov,
Say Cheerio to your "good ol' mate!"

Now look at this world, without the BUNGERS,
Now we will have plenty of tomorrows.
For if Mr. Reagan had pressed the button,
All we would have is plenty of sorrows.

HEY! MR. REAGAN YOU'VE SAVED YOUR MONEY,
YOU'VE STOPPED SPENDING ON YOUR WEAPONS OF WAR,
YOU'VE STOPPED THE 'BLOODY' ARMS RACE, LET PEOPLE REJOICE,
FOR NOW THEY WILL LIVE FOREVER MORE!!



FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

ABOLITION OF ARMS RACE

Today is the fifth anniversary of the abolishment of the arms race between former powers, America and Russia. It is five years today since the public from both blocs, after realising the extent of their personal vulnerability, paraded the streets, determined to confiscate the power of a handful of men. It is five years today that the public of not only Russia and America, but the public of the world, gained possession of the world's weapons, and by way of slow disintegration, rid the world of those horrendous and homicidal pieces of machinery.

Europe has already begun their festivities, with millions of people participating, flooding the streets with streams of joy. A journalist from Europe has noted that '...not an individual is free from the bounds of the festivities...'

'The Sun's' correspondents from Europe have sent these reports.

LONDON'...millions of people are roaming the streets of London, displaying banners supporting continued relief to African nations, to continue trade with all countries of the world and to keep friendly ties with Russia and other communist nations...'

GERMANY'...people have gathered where the German wall used to lay, dividing East from West. Not an individual is free from the bounds of the festivities. People are also parading around their government house, expressing their pride and devotion towards their German Government...'

RUSSIA'...thousands of people surrounded the American Embassy in Moscow, waiting for the American diplomats to exit the building. America's anthem has already been played and was, after finishing, applauded by the crowd...'

AFRICA'...blacks are celebrating from north to south, from east to west; and why shouldn't they? They've got a lot to celebrate. Not more than a year ago, the world's public, in the aftermath of their victory for peace, focused their power upon South Africa and, as a result, abolished the apartheid movement here. Right now the autonomous blacks are celebrating. In the north of this vast continent, previously poverty stricken countries such as Ethiopia, the people are celebrating their newly found wealth as a result of the aid given to them by the prosperous countries of the world...'

Now it's our turn Australia; show the world that we too refuse to give revenue to forgotten cause - arms.

Geoff Short.

World Without Arms

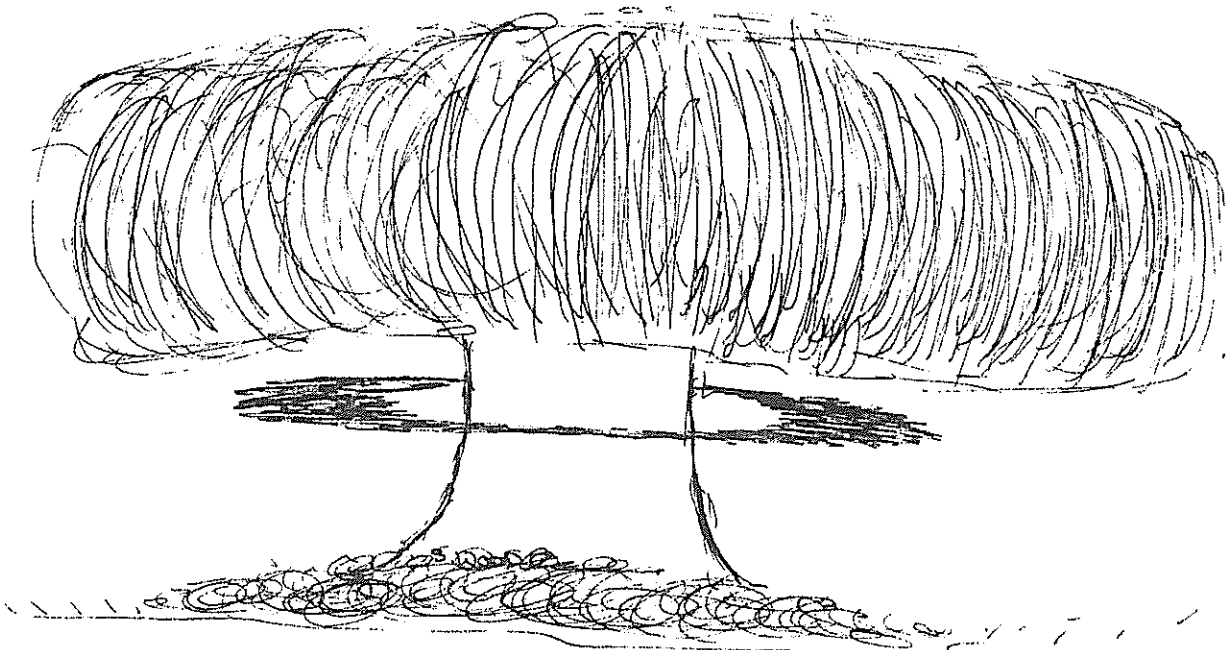
Our world without the arms race,
Is a world that cannot be.
Abundant in love and friendship,
Completely rid of poverty.
No desire for power undreamt of,
Existence on innocence not sin.
Life carefree, the world beautiful,
Not tainted, cruel and dim.

Yet Man's always striven for power,
Right from the beginning of time.
To kill, to deprive not uncommon,
Base murder of youth in their prime.
Jealousy and greed has cursed us,
The world twisted, entangled in hate.
Man, too deep in this pit of evil,
Is death his inevitable fate?

There is no way of escaping,
The scene is all but set.
We have brought it upon ourselves,
It is far too late to regret,
Soon we will end this arms race,
That has bred just as our greed,
For the nuclear war will destroy us,
No country, or man will succeed!

The world without the arms race,
Is a world that cannot be;
For we cannot go back in time,
Extreme love of humanity,
Where we were governed by our feelings,
Not by those who do not feel,
Where live is the prime factor,
The concept of sharing very real!

Debbie Bright, 10E1.



Kill Them All



"Go away!" the teacher yelled as he tried to break in. The children were huddled together in the corner, most of them crying.

"Miss Brook? Where's Tommy Miss Brook? I want Tommy. Mummy said he had to look after me Miss Bro-".

"Shut up will you!" Katrina's eyes blazed with anger as she spun her head around "Look I don't know where Tommy is".

The pounding on the door continued "You know we can't open any doors or windows to look for Tommy. He will come in then, and we can't let that happen - can we?" Katrina had been working at Endicott North Primary School for three years. Everything was going so well until yesterday. Just like before, there was blood in the corridor. It was all going to happen again. She had to save the children, this time.

Katrina had huddled her children into the classroom. She had tried to grab others, but they didn't want to come. At least she saved her children this time. The children had thought it was a joke at first, barricading the doors and windows Katrina's hysteria soon caught on. There was no laughing now, only a sick sense of fear. Miss Brook had changed. She was no longer the kind, gentle and happy teacher that everyone had thought she was. She was snappy, moody and often acted like a child who knew something but wouldn't tell anyone - smug and passive. Her moods frightened the children even more. By early morning the initial shock had passed. The children were asking questions - questions that Katrina couldn't or didn't want to answer.

"Miss Brook? Why can't he come in Miss Bro-".

"Shut up! He can't come in ... yet". Katrina stared, unseeing memories trickled into her mind

She remembered the boot-clad foot kicking out at a dark shadow, the body of a child who had suffered a painful death. Beaten with straps, kicked, punched, cut. Silver blades punctured the tender skin. Sliced the soft flesh. Blood spluttered and gurgled as the blade buried itself deep into the neck of the child. The arm withdrew, slicing the head off as it came. The head of the child had been pushed along the floor by the force of the blood. Blood streamed from the severed jugular vein. Pieces of young, succulent red flesh hung from the blood drained face, glistening in the little light there was.

The hateful blows administered by the foot added only to the markings on the body. The child was already dead.

The boots moved on.

The echo faded as the footsteps ceased. A pair of white gloved hands lifted a child. A child who had survived the vindictive kicking, survived the beatings and survived the wrath of the silver blade. A child who had been forgotten for a time. This one was not dead, yet. A sound like that of a rotten tomato being trodden on, was stifled by the thick cloud of death that loomed in the dark corridors. Muscles and tendons stretched to breaking point and snapped back into the empty socket. A pool of blood, and in the centre lay in like a silhouette in the dark crimson was an arm.

Blood soaked into the fibres of the white gloves. Blood that had been splattered on the gloves joined with the other rough curved shapes, until the white gloves were white no more. The strong hands continued to wallow in the warm blood. And continued to tear strips of flesh from the body. A bone-chilling squeak was emitted as a leg was ripped off.

More young blood. More torn flesh. More unequalled satisfaction. Limb from limb. Muscle from bone. Bone from socket. Pleasure from pain and death. The torso of the child resembled a doll whose arms and legs had been torn off by a spiteful child. The child's face was colourless, except for the blood that had been splattered grotesquely on the cherub-like features.

The head was still connected to the torso. A blood stained blade glittered briefly before it was found penetrating deep into the child's throat. Torrents of blood rushed from the wound. Like a tidal wave. Floating on the rippling crimson sea were boats. Boats made of human flesh. The unrecognisable body of the child looked like islands. Islands of flesh afloat in a bloody sea.

Footsteps continued. Blood continued to make grotesque patterns on the walls as it dripped into puddles on the floor.

The thunder roared as if to signify God's anger toward this inhuman act. Rain splattered in heavy sorrow-laden drops upon the stony earth. Angels were crying for the souls of these mutilated and tormented children.

"Miss Brook? I'm scared Miss Brook".

"I want Tommy".

"Daddy I wanna come home".

"What oh". Katrina returned from the past.

"Tommy".

"Muummmeeee. Daadddeeee. I want to go home".

"Quiet, all of you. I want him to go away". Katrina was again aware that someone was still pounding on the door. He was calling her name.

"Miss Brook! Let me in for God's sake. What the hell are you trying to pull? Let those kids out, they must be scared stiff. Miss Brook are you being held hostage or something? Open this door for Christ sake!" Katrina gave no answer. She remembered the last time



Running. Faster, faster. Got to run faster, get away. Running. Red! Blood on the walls. In the corridor. The children. My God the children! Bloody bodies. Dark, got to hide. He mustn't find me. Doors locked. Bodies. Run. Torn bodies. Blood on the floor. Everywhere, got to get away. Hide. Doors open. A closet. Darkness. Hide. Red blood filled darkness. He can't find me. No go away. Leave me alone. Noooooooooooooo

"No you can't come in" Katrina chuckled.

"Miss Brook! Open this door! I've just about had enough. I've been thumping away for almost an hour. I think this is a police matter now. Kidnapping I believe. Would you please open this God-damn door?" he thumped again.

"No I won't" Katrina smiled as she moved around the classroom.

"I'm going to the police. So you'd better have a damn good explanation. If you don't open this door, the cops will break it down!" he kicked the door as a gesture of anger, and what the police will do when he returned.

"Miss Brook? Miss Brook? No answer Sarge. Shall I try the door". A young constable turned to his superior, who didn't seem to hear.

"I remember her. Ten years ago, when I was a constable. It was Endicott South school. Some bloke went mad, ripped all these young kids to shreds. They never caught him. Didn't question her. She was in shock - nervous breakdown I was told. Somethin's always bugged me though. It's those eyes, cold blue eyes. And she was mighty strong for a woman too. It took three blokes to drag her out of the storeroom and control her. I always felt nervous about her, dunno why. They never found the killer but still" The sergeant's voice trailed off into thought as he remembered that night. He studied his watch, 7.30

"Yeah, well should I open this door Sarge?" The young officer was impatient. "Should I open this door?"

"What - yeah, yeah, sure". The sergeant stared at his feet.

The constable's mouth dropped open. He turned pale and vomitted against the wall. He fell to his knees. His body feeling some of the pain that the children had suffered.

The door had swung open revealing a red room, red not from paint but from the blood of the innocent. Blood had been splattered on the lightbulb causing grotesque red patterns to form on the walls. Puddles of blood stained the carpet. Bright scarlet dribbled down the walls. Mounds of flesh lay strewn throughout the classroom. KILL THEM ALL had been written in blood on the black-board.

Katrina chuckled.

STACEY CONNOR.

10E1.

* * *



The Genesis Of Economics

THE FIRST BOOK OF SHADE (COMMONLY CALLED GENESIS)

In the beginning, Keynes created the heaven and the earth.

The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of Keynes was moving over the face of the waters.

And Keynes said, "Let there be the economy, which moves towards the equilibrium position." And there was an economy, and Keynes saw that the economy was good; and Keynes separated the economy apart from a primitive subsistence level. And there was evening and there was morning, one day.

And Keynes said, "Let there be the Keynesian school of thought on policy making, and let it separate the darkness of ignorance from the light of economic analysis."

And Keynes made the Keynesian school of thought, and it became part of the government, and there was evening and there was morning, a second day.

And Keynes said, "Let there be the multiplier, let it change the economy." And it was so. And Keynes saw that it was good. And Keynes said "Let there be Fiscal stimulus, let it drive the economy through its highs and lows." And it was so. And the multiplier governed supreme and let pour forth induced investment. And Keynes saw that it was good. And there was evening and there was morning, a third day.

And Keynes said "Let there be depression, let it devastate real wages. Let the cure be through government expansion, and let increased taxes and fiscal drag pay for the government expansion." And Keynes created depression, and let fiscal drag seem the answer to all Prime Ministers problems. And Keynes saw that it was good. And there was evening and there was morning, a fourth day.

And Keynes said, "Let there be the budget deficit, let countries enter national debt, let there be international borrowing on a scale never before seen." And Keynes saw that it was good. And Keynes blessed them, saying, "Use the deficit wisely, let it be fruitful during times of political election." And there was evening, and there was morning, a fifth day.

And Keynes said, "Let the secret to successful economic management be through anti-cyclical fiscal policy measures," and it was so.

And Keynes saw that it was good.

Then Keynes said, "Let us make politicians in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the economy through democratically elected parliaments." So Keynes created politicians in his own image, in the image of Keynes he created them, and Keynes said to them, "be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the economy, and over the tax structure, and pour forth protection for our infant industries and control every other living thing that moves upon the earth." And Keynes said, "behold, I have given you a medium of exchange, I will call it money, you shall have it for food. And to every politician I have given the gift of speaking without really saying anything." And it was so.

And Keynes saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, a sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day Keynes finished his work which he had done, and he rested on the seventh day from all the work which he had done.

So Keynes blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it Keynes rested from all his work which he had done in creation.

The Storm

Mother and son went mechanically on, setting the dinner table. Her face was pale and haggard. Only her still graceful movements and her proud eyes gave a hint of her former beauty. Now her face was disfigured, her body bruised and her hair streaked with white. She was tense. Though she tried to hide it from her eight year old son, he was not misled. Her nervous gestures betrayed her. Robbie sensed his mother's mood for, although he might be young, he was much more mature for his age.

They didn't eat. They just sat and waited. Robbie was quiet but a person could notice an unsuppressed gleam of excitement in his childish blue eyes. Tomorrow, he and mummy would be free! He'd look after her and they would be very happy together.

By contrast, there was hard determination in the woman's eyes. She had the knowledge that there was still that night to be faced.

Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. Still he did not return. She was startled when Robbie ventured at last to complain that he was tired and hungry. She gave him his dinner and as she sat watching his childish face, she made up her mind. She sent him directly to bed with the instructions to lock the door and not to come out whatever happened. Robbie was frightened by the tone of his mother's voice and had begged to be allowed to sit up but she was not to be moved.

Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock. Her heart sank. Her last glimmer of hope was gone. Joe would not be sober. He would be drunk as usual. Catherine sat and stared and waited as before. Suddenly she gave an involuntary shiver and wrapped her shawl closer round her. The cold night air had crept through the kitchen window but it was too much effort for her to go over and close it.

Catherine stared at the darkness through the open kitchen window. There was no moon and the night was very still. Like the calm before the storm, she thought. Suddenly she shivered again and felt the goose pimples rising on her skin. Just then, she had felt as if someone had been walking over her grave.

She gave herself a shake. Don't be silly, she told herself. For her own sake, for Robbie's sake, she must get through tonight. A thought struck her and she burst into frenzied activities, completely shaken out of her lethargy. She went about hiding all the knives and sharp objects from sight. She couldn't trust Joe anymore. Tomorrow she would take Robbie far, far away from this hell hole. He's a good boy and he deserved a much better life than this. But she was terribly afraid. Joe had always been able to read her expressions. He might guess what she was about to do. He had told her once if she ever dared to leave with Robbie, he'd kill the two of them.

The grandfather clock on the wall struck twelve, startling her once again. She was as tense as a coiled spring. Each strike sounded like a death's knell for her. Oh God, she thought and prayed. Don't prolong this torture. Let me get it over with. I can't stand the waiting any more!

Suddenly she sat up straight, rigid as a corpse. Yes, those were his footsteps on the path. She listened intently as his heavy footsteps approached the house. Her throat was dry and her heart was thumping wildly. Her hands were clammy and she gripped the arms of the chair until her knuckles were white.

She couldn't do anything but to look at him as he entered bawling into the house. He looked more drunk than ever. How could she ever have fallen in love with him, she wondered bitterly to herself.

"Don't stand gaping at me, you stupid bitch! Get my dinner!" he snarled at her as he stumbled across to the kitchen table.

Catherine served her husband his dinner with trembling fingers, trying to avoid his eyes. She waited highly-strung for him to finish dinner and as is his custom, to go to bed straight after. She almost let out a sigh of relief when he got up at last.

"Where's Robbie?" He demanded suddenly.

She mumbled that he was tired and she had sent him to bed, looking anxiously at her husband. He gave her a blow that sent her sprawling on the ground.

"He's my son and I've said he must be here to wait till I come home!"

She tried to offer some excuses but was given a kick. He then dragged her towards the bedroom. Oh no! she thought wildly. If he tried his previous threats, he'd drive her out of the house and he'd discover her intentions. But it was too late. He had reached the cupboard and began to throw out her clothes as before. He stared in surprise and then turned slowly.

"So", he drawled, giving her a look that sent terror to her heart. He didn't do anything but looked at her. That was worse than having him strike her. This new attitude frightened her.

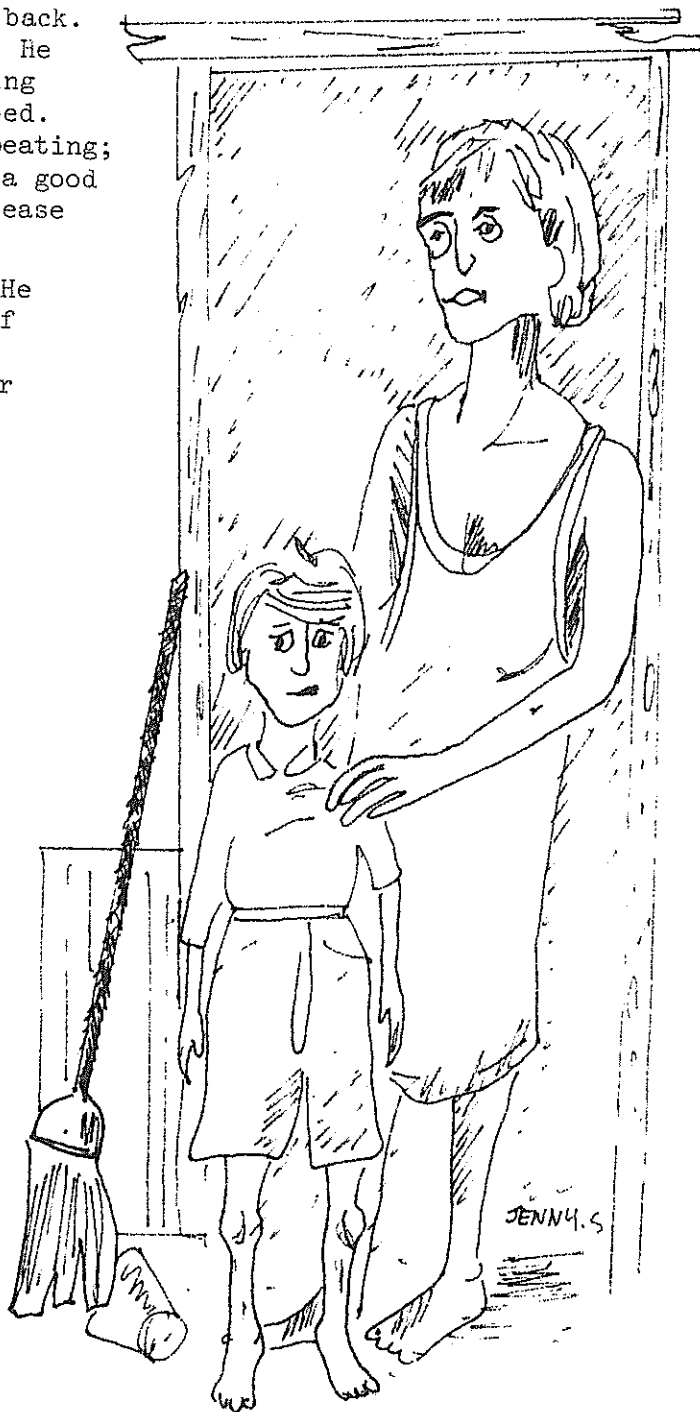
When she could not bear the suspense anymore, she begged him to listen to her explanation. She stopped short when he moved towards her as if in slow motion. She was rooted there as if hypnotised, gazing at him with terror stricken eyes. She couldn't suppress a scream when he reached her and began to struggle desperately. But as usual, it was too late.

Robbie had heard his father coming back. He never called him 'dad' like other kids. He heard his mother crying and his father beating her. He lay crouching and praying on his bed. He even tried to bribe God. He kept on repeating; God, don't let Father hurt Mummy. I'll be a good boy. I'll do whatever you say God, only please don't let Mummy be hurt.

Then he heard his mother scream. He covered his ears. When at last he let go of his hands, he heard his father cry "Oh God! What have I done?" Then he heard his father running out and slamming the front door.

There was a horrible silence. Robbie felt terribly alone and afraid. He did not dare to go out. In the distance, a dog began to howl. A heavy sense of eeriness hung about. A strike of lightning flashed through the dark night and thunder boomed. Large raindrops began to fall. The storm had broken at last.

Wai Ling, Year 12.



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THE HEEVNAGOOFNAGOCK

Down in the sewers where nobody goes
 Down where only heevagoofnagocks go
 Far below the drains and evil dripping slime
 The palaces of the underworld are counted 1 to 9
 In the dark, green and red eyes gleam
 Listening for the heevagoognagocks scream
 He screams through the palaces of darkness
 and fear
 He runs along screaming only the underworld
 hears
 The heevnagoofnagock's only wish and dream
 Is to be above his dim lit world and see the
 world unseen
 He dreams of a bright lit star that will
 show him the way
 He then awakens and screams away another day.

PAUL MOOD.

WAR

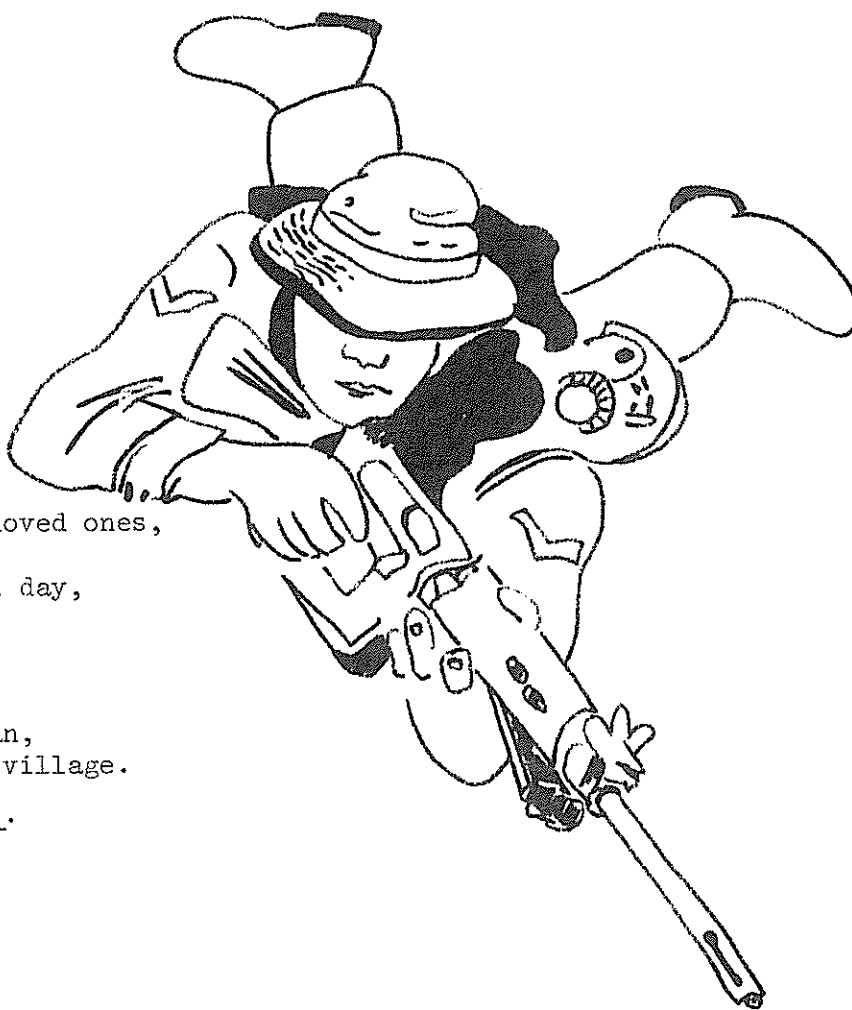
Why do we have it?
 What is it for?
 How does it start,
 And where does it begin?

Why must men go,
 And fight on the bloody field?
 Killing each other,
 Until no one is left.

Women at home waiting for their loved ones,
 Hoping that they will not die,
 Hopefully waiting for that joyful day,
 Waiting and waiting.

Lots of weapons are used,
 To kill one another,
 Machine guns to kill that last man,
 Aeroplanes to kill off that last village.

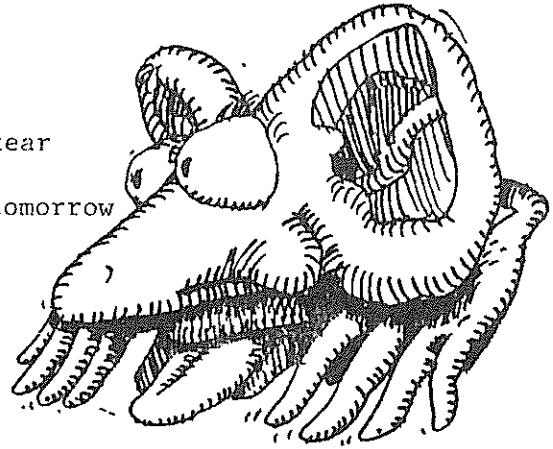
MICHAEL LO PROTO, 9E1.



IT

It creeps along the corridor of darkness and fear
It steeps alone in its dim lit world but never sheds a tear
It looks back on life with a feeling of sorrow
It never thinks to spare a thought for the meaning of tomorrow
It lives for yesterday and the day before that.

Paul Mood.



The Drole

The creature is big and hairy. From the ground he stands nearly seven feet tall and he always drags his right foot behind, leaving many trails. He has a hunched back and only two teeth. His mouth is utterly infested in green slime.

The Drole mainly feeds on dead cats, though he wouldn't ever knock back a large rat. When he is eating, his two large teeth scrounge frantically into the mauled corpse of the large cat. Blood squirts everywhere and sometimes the cat moves when its nerves have been touched, and the drole will pick it up and completely flatten it. He will then scoff it down very abruptly; you might say he has atrocious eating manners.

At around midnight he falls off to sleep, though he never ever sleeps more than three hours. The heavy snoring of his is enough to wake anyone from their grave, and then after that he wakes up and howls violently till sun up. He has ten by ten metres of living space and from the roof to the floor, it is only eight feet. Over the years he has developed his hunched back, so he would stop knocking his head on the ceiling.

His body is hard and prickly. He has no hair on his head and only has one eye. His legs are a cross between a crocodile's, a dog's and a human's, and he has feet like a bird. His right foot is slowly being worn away because of his slight misfortune. His arms are like a monkey's, though of course they have long prickles around three inches long protruding from the leathery hard skin of this sickly looking creature.

He lives in a den below my bedroom and I think he is the ugliest creature I have ever created.

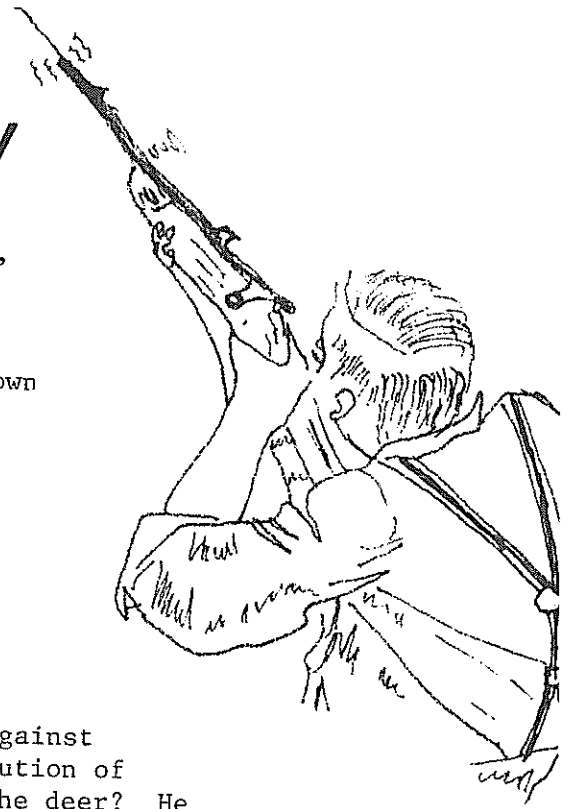
DAVID FEARNs - YEAR 6



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The Trophy

The cool, crisp mountain air was invigorating, as I took a deep breath and looked through the target window of the gun at the stag. He was a beauty, a king of the mountain. The smooth brown fur, proud, haughty face, those liquid, velvety brown eyes, the magnificent antlers what a prize. My finger slowly edged towards the trigger, and I felt the smooth, cold metal giving me power. The power to I threw down the gun and covered my face with my hands. I couldn't do it. My body shook with fear as the memories came flooding back, images that I had tried to forget, but still burned like fire in the back of my mind. The cruel face grinning evilly as the steady hands spun the gun chamber. Even now I could still feel the stomach-churning vibrations of the gun barrel against my head as the chamber revolved around on its revolution of death. How could I have even thought of killing the deer? He was plainly a leader, a strong supple beast that had never harmed a living thing. No, no, I thought, life was too precious to maim and destroy. I had learnt the value of life back in Vietnam. I realised now that a deer hunt was a horrible thing, not an event to be glorified. I remembered the many times I had come back from the mountains with two or even three in my possession, the lifeless, limp carcasses I proudly displayed to my friends made me feel I was ten times the person they were. But with my own hands I had blasted the life out of these animals, animals in the prime of their lives. I had been a maniac.



Deer hunting was not sport, it was murder. Back in Vietnam, I had thought of the Viet-Congs as murderers and tormentors, unrelenting and unforgiving. In my own way I was really no better than them. It took my own life to be in danger to realise how valuable life is.

I looked back down the mountain at the peaceful scene, the rich golden sun sinking slowly in the horizon, painting the tops of the fir trees with a warm glow, the blue sky tinted with orange, the pleasant sound of a little creek murmuring to itself under the trees, and the sound of birds winging high into the clouds. I glanced at the retreating deer. He turned, and at the same moment my eyes met his. In the fading light they glistened, and I was sure they had a look of forgiveness in them. He turned to go, and he knew from that moment on I would always come in peace.

LISA REYNOLDS - 9E1

Moon

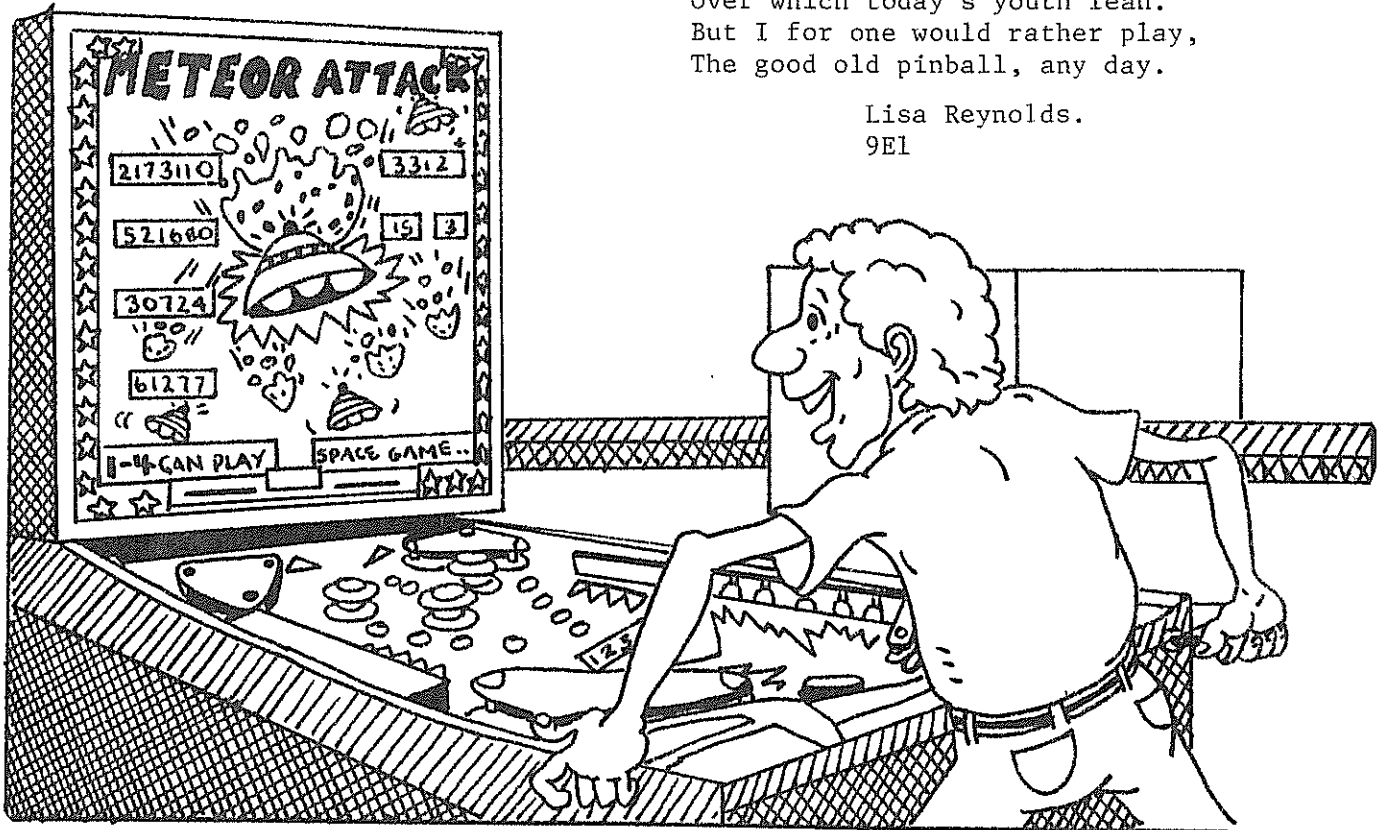
The moon hangs in the sky like a queen
She shines down upon us
Like a star in the night
to guide us
and comfort us.

The moon is with us in the night
to give us companionship
So we won't be frightened
Whilst we journey through the night
The moon is always our Queen of Light.

PINBALL

The dust is thick on the faded frame
 Forgotten and neglected is the pinball's name.
 It once commanded power
 In bygone days
 With flashing lights and scores ablaze,
 The people used to gather
 Around this great machine.
 To see who'd get the highest score,
 They'd spend their cash till they were poor.
 And jubilant they would ride,
 On a high of triumph and winner's pride.
 But that has faded in a silver haze,
 Pacman is the latest craze.
 Tiny figures on a computer screen,
 Over which today's youth lean.
 But I for one would rather play,
 The good old pinball, any day.

Lisa Reynolds.
 9E1



Bushfires

It happened in South Australia, Victoria too,
 There was a bushfire so frightening but true
 It swept across the land burning all in its path
 It was a red hot monster
 A monster with no heart.

People were running everywhere
 Trying to save their homes.
 Who would do such a shocking thing
 Nobody ever knows.
 Well I hope you're satisfied
 If you were after a cheap thrill ...
 Hey now, will you pay the Bill?
 Sixty-eight lives were lost
 but there lives have no cost!

Because It's There

There he stood at the base of the towering cliff. He thought to himself, "Why do men climb mountains?" "Because it's there." Now the mountain gave its answer, a swirling gusty wind slapped the face of the climber as unexpected as the mountain crumbled before his knees. It was awesome, no one had ever climbed the mountain, successfully that is. The sudden gasps of wind were the climbers most feared enemy, along with the sheer steepness of the smooth cliff.

He started, hammering spikes into the mountain every three feet and then hooking onto them his safety rope. Every blow seemed to send the cliff reeling in pain, and somehow each successive nail seemed to require more effort to drive into the stone like an inbuilt defense system. A hundred metres up and the spikes were just barely penetrating, the cliff was like steel, the spikes seemed to only hang there loosely. But there was little wind, the climber could not fathom this. He knew the almighty gusts that the mountain could command, yet it was holding back. He would only occasionally feel a gentle push from the wind in the general direction skyward. It was as if the wind was helping him to the summit.

Two hundred metres, and the surrounding air was playing with him, the pressure had dropped to half its normal level. The climber was dazed. He could recall his first ever serious climb, the "Eagles Nest Mountain". His father, a retired mountaineer, had been a member of many scientific and adventurous missions to previously unclimbed peaks. He was, in his "heyday", a great climber, "one of the best", and now it was his turn to prove himself at his dad's profession.

His father had taught him well. Fifty metres from the top without a hitch! Father was proud as he looked down at him, but the "chimney" was the last step to conquer and it was also the deadliest! The "chimney" was like climbing a thirty metre high glass chimney from the inside. Half way up he realised that he wasn't going to make it, he just wasn't prepared for it, consequently his nerves got the better of him and he broke down. He pleaded to his father for help, but he just stood at the top looking on his son, emotionless, judging him, offering nothing.

It was all up to him, what was to happen next. He summoned all his inner drive to the limit and began to climb, inch by inch he grew stronger, more determined, all the white hatred for his father growing; when he would get to his dad he would kill him for what his father had done to him today. Finally when he reached the top, the exhilaration was overpowering, his father was inconsequential, but his triumph was supreme. From that moment on, climbing would be his life and his weakness.

A sudden gust of wind shook the climber back to the present, back to the challenge. He noticed that the wind began to rock him from all directions and at all force strength. It made him sick, he felt like vomiting but he contained the urge in his throat and realised that the wind was merely playing with him, bossing him about like a boy, deciding what was to be done with him. He began to think that the wind had a mind of its own, and it would protect the mountain of any intruders. He knew that winds could not act in this fashion at this rate, something was wrong, out of place, possibly him.

Seven hundred metres and the climber was growing tired now so he took a rest. He thought of the spikes again and couldn't believe the sloppiness with which he had hammered them in, they must have just hung there, but how? he thought. He began listening to the wind, not touching him now but just prancing around in front of him. He could hear voices, he listened more intently to the murmurs trying to decipher the constant hum. He could not understand it but he felt that he heard the words, "Go back", he was sure of it! Whooooosh! A wind of dynamite force ripped at all of his body and tearing off all his climbing equipment. He saw his knapsack and other equipment falling towards the ground, and wondered how? If he fastened everything, which was a precondition to any climb, then how? It must have been the wind, slowly and steadily untying all the knots and clips, one by one. He looked up and saw there were only a few hundred metres to go, and once at the top he could literally walk down the easy western side of the mountain. The only way is up and the climber knew it, he had nothing but

himself, and would have to fight to survive because "around the corner" was the wind.

He began, slowly, deliberately. There could be no mistake made as just one meant that the wind would take that advantage and death would result. His face was turning white, terror had become a sea inside his head splashing with waves of destruction.

It rushed in first from the right, then the left, and then from above, then back from the right again. He was sure that the wind was through playing, this was for keeps, and so the wind followed a pattern, and with each cycle of the pattern completed, the force of the wind was increased. But this gave the climber a slight edge in that he could anticipate the direction of the next burst of wind. Hope flickered in his eyes and he began to climb faster, success was just so close. Fifty metres from the top, but he couldn't relax. In his exhilaration over the terror he hadn't realised what the sharp and jagged rock was doing to his body. Cuts and lacerations covered him, his torn clothes were blood stained, he didn't know how but the rocks were "chewing him up". The cuts were deep, some to the bone, and the pain showed itself as an ugly hideous monster.

A gust of wind from the left forced his grip to come loose and his whole body swirled about the pivot of his right hand caught between two jagged rocks. The wind almost had him. The blood, the pain, the wind, and fifty metres to go was almost too much for him. He began pleading to the mountain for mercy. "I'm sorry, I did not know, please let me go, I didn't mean any harm. I'm sorry, I'm sorry". He reached round with his left hand and put it on top of his already caught right hand, and then the rest of his body got a good grip of the mountain, and after a rest of a few minutes he began climbing again for the only way, was up. By now he had lost a lot of blood and was feeling very weak, but still he climbed, only now he was directed by his instinct and curbed by his pain. The wind was now battering him with immeasurable force and the rocks were like razors splitting and tearing open wounds. Still the climber moved upwards with a determination of thousands compressed into his face.

His hands clawed at the top of the mountain and jerked himself over the top and there he slumped with relief.

He stood up, looked down over what he conquered, and saw the blood stained rocks. The wind also was silent. His pain disappeared and his exhilaration overcame him, and he reached for the sky with his hands and marvelled at his conquest. In his moment of joy he forgot the wind, and a dark figure was seen falling down the face of the mountain.....a crumpled heap at its base.

ROBERT GORCZYCA, YEAR 12.



1915 - My Diary

1915 was a horrible year because it was war and when the word "war" was around it meant people were dying, or would be dying.

All young men were joining up to fight in the war and lots of them were not coming back.

I got a letter from Terak, one of my friends in the war and this is what it said:

"Dear Terak,

I am writing to you to tell you that it is awful here. I am in one of the trenches and lots of my friends are getting shot and falling in the soup, mud, and stinking trenches.

I got sick. I got the fever and I nearly died but I pulled through.

You don't know how awful it is here. I want to come back but I think it is a little too late. I can't come back now; I have been in this war for nearly three years.

I think we will win the war. The Germans are getting weak and we are getting more fresh men every now and then.

Terak, also you should know something. It is so bad. My friend was standing right next to me, he said, "let's get out of here and go to the German's trench and kill all the Germans we can."

He did not even make ten yards and he got shot five times, right across the chest. He was only twenty-one years old.

Well that is why I am really sending this letter: to tell you if I don't make it I want you to take care of my wife and my son, and take care of yourself.

The best wishes and memories,
from your cousin, Ali."



Terak Elmouhager, Year 10.



One Shot



The stag was well within my sights. He tossed his antlers proudly as I thought one shot...one shot... My mind raced back to the war. Back to the shed. And back to the torture and....I closed my eyes. Shaking off the thought, I concentrated on the stag.

I adjusted myself again and fixed my eyes ahead. But all I could see ahead was myself. Shaking my head, I looked in front again and this time I saw the stag. My finger moved to the trigger. My mind raced back to the shed again. A blast of the cool mountain wind brought me back to my senses. I threw the rifle down to the ground, disgusted.

"What am I doing here anyway" I thought to myself. It suddenly occurred to me the senselessness of this killing. What would I be gaining in killing the stag? It wouldn't change my life.

I dropped to the ground, hands clasped in my head. I thought about the stag. The stag....it was still there, staring at me. I grabbed some pebbles and threw them at it. The stag hardly moved.

"Get out of here!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

The stag started moving, gradually speeding up into the thick forest.

"And don't come back!" My voice echoed through the mountains. Suddenly, all was silent again.

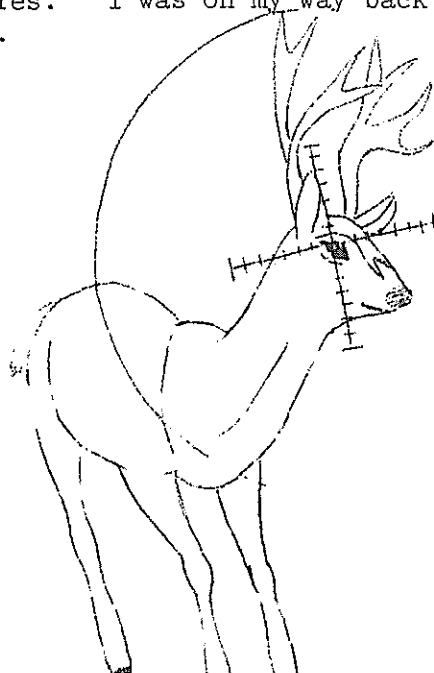
I picked up my rifle and started on my way back.

"I should be grateful to be alive and walking now" my mind kept reminding me. I began walking faster....faster...

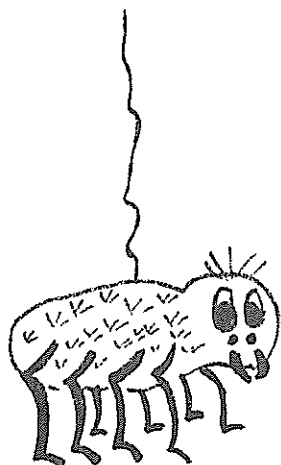
I slowed down as I saw the stag nearby. I was sure it was the same one. I don't know why, but I was sure. This time, I managed a smile. The true value of life was now slowly being unveiled to me.

Before I knew it, I had reached the car. I threw the rifle in the back seat. Thinking again, I took it out and emptied it. I threw the bullets on the ground and stamped hard on them. I grabbed hold of the rifle and, finding a large, hard rock, smashed the rifle against it. Carefully picking up the two broken remains of the rifle I threw them with all my strength over the edge of the mountain roadside into the trees below. I barely heard them snap some branches and finally crash to the ground. Satisfied, I turned back to the car.

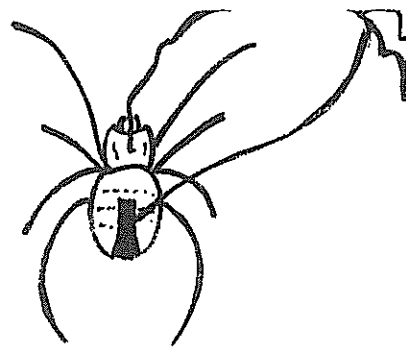
Life had a new meaning for me now. I realised how foolish I was before the war. Life was now to me a very serious thing and I valued it. I got into the car and started on my way back. I made a pledge never to kill a single human or animal again and also to take life seriously from then on. To me, the challenges that lay ahead were tough, but I was confident I would overcome them. Yes. I was on my way back. Back perhaps to a new beginning and a better life.



PETER PUN KANG FUI, 9E1.



Breakdown



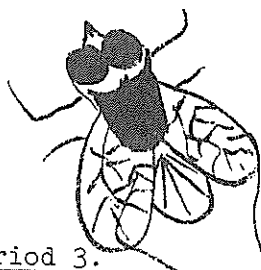
The only thing I do now that is faintly criminal is talk in class. Yes, I have been lowered right down the human ladder of life to an "A-class" nurd. Every day and night are always the same - boring. But today I am going to carry out a scheme to change all that and more. No more homework or lengthy assignments! Yes, I am planning the mental breakdown of my English teacher.

The course will take about one week to complete, but by that time a relief teacher will be on the way! The results of my work, I shall summarise daily. Wish me good luck!

Monday, 4th July, 1983, Period 1.

Today I proclaimed as 'bug'day! I informed the class to bring in all the plastic and rubber bugs they could find. Mrs. Corradi walked into the class and glanced around the room suspiciously. I always notice that teachers have an inexplicable foresight into something that is going to happen. She placed her handbag on the table and the school Public address system informed her that a telephone call was waiting for her at the office. As she left we placed our collection of bugs in all the places she is likely to visit. We heard her footsteps walk up the stairs and down the corridor. A muffled scream! So she had met my giant lizard. The door burst open and she ran in, only to be greeted by four spiders dangling from the ceiling. She ripped them down and threw them on the floor.

"Just for that, you are all going to get an assignment!" she screamed, then marched over to her desk. As she opened the drawer, a huge spring loaded praying mantis lunged at her face. She gasped in terror and snatched up her handbag. Five green frogs started jumping around the table as she ran out of the class. Our laughter was uncontrollable.



Wednesday, 6th July, 1983, Period 3.

Mrs. Corradi was away yesterday and we all know why. Today I have decided to try one of my own inventions that I organised early this morning. She walked cautiously into the classroom and sat down. Instantly a voice from a tape recorder blasted out,

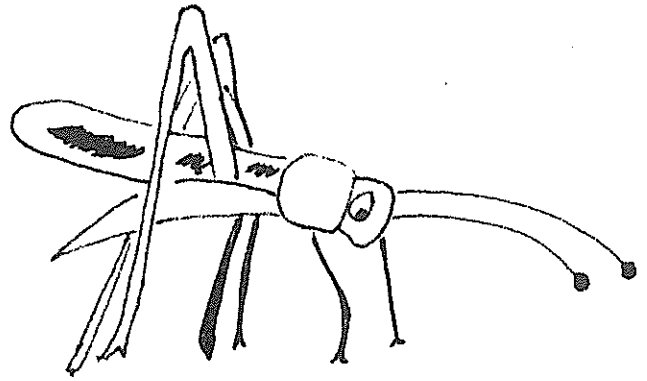
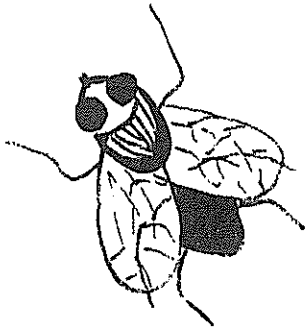
"Hey! Who turned out the lights?"

She instantly recoiled and looked under the chair. This triggered another mechanism making the desk drawer bolt open striking her in her posterior. Once again she ran out of the class.

Thursday, 7th July, 1983, Period 3.

Today Mrs. Corradi brought her guardian angel, Mr. Moss, into class. Mr. Moss is the kind of person who could joke with you one minute and cane you the next. He pulled up a chair and sat at the back of the room glancing cautiously at us.

The period went smoothly (unfortunately) and as the class left, we heard 125 rs. Corradi trying to explain our unusually good behaviour to Mr. Moss.



Monday, 11th July, 1983, Period 1.

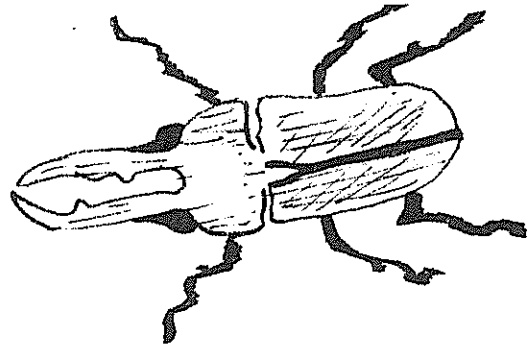
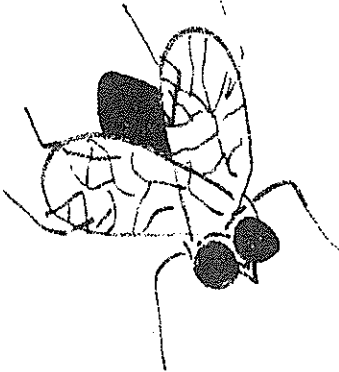
It has been a week now since I first started my plan and now I am expecting results. This last idea that I have shall be my ultimate weapon, and if it doesn't work I shall abandon my work.

Last night I developed a mixture to produce endless billows of smoke. It is perfectly harmless but effective. Mrs. Corradi walked into the class and sat down expecting no trouble. I stood up and walked over to the corner window.

"Where are you going, Victor?" she asked in an inquiring voice.

"Nowhere Miss" I said. "Just to get some fresh air".

That was that, she turned her attention to teaching as I silently opened the heater door and put the jar inside, taking off the lid.



"Look Miss!" someone screamed pointing to the heater. Thick smoke was rolling out of the grill. She sat there a moment not knowing what to do, then screamed "Outside, everyone outside".

We swiftly obeyed as she ran to the office. The hooter blasted six times, the fire alert. In a few seconds the classes started running out of their rooms, heading for the back paddock. I glanced back to our room. Smoke was now billowing out of the windows and the distant sound of a siren started echoing through Cabramatta.

Two hours later....

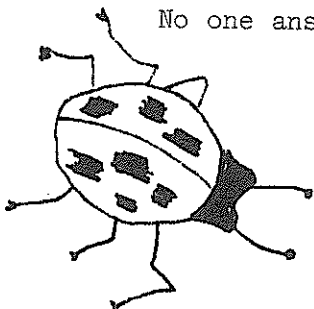
Her outrage was obvious as she checked out the room and finally landed on me. Her expression frightened me, I had never seen anything like it before. If that same look was on a different person, I would swear they were insane.

"Well, I suppose you are all satisfied?" she screamed. "I just handed in my resignation to Mr. Waide!" With that she stormed out of the classroom.

I was sitting there expecting the glass to cheer, but there was nothing but silence. I turned to face them, they were all staring at me and shook their heads and gestured accusingly.

"It's what you wanted isn't it?" I asked, in the hope of an answer.

No one answered!!



Vic Panov, 9E1.

The Bull Fight

I could hear the bellowing and grunting of the bulls as I munched on my bone. I was safe in the dog run, but the rumbling disturbed my silence. I heard the bulls as they crashed down the hill towards the cabin. The black bull was trying to impress his opponent and show how fierce he was.

Suddenly the red bull rose up, shouted loudly and challenged the black one to fight.

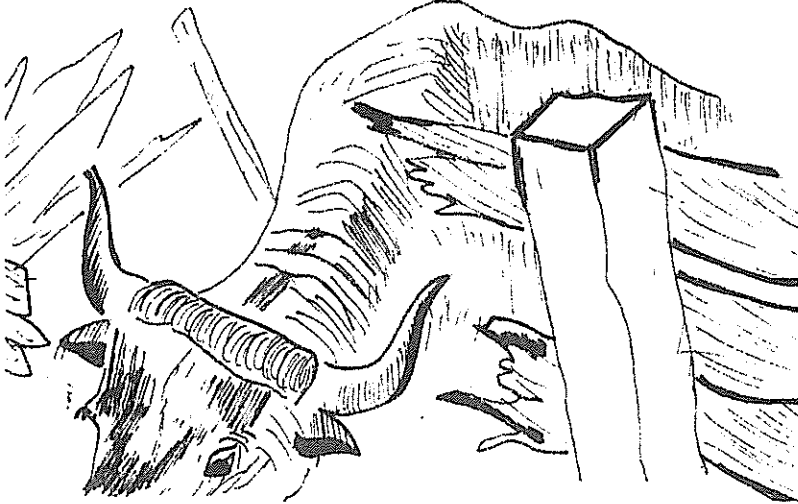
I still felt safe so I ignored them and continued to enjoy my bone. I heard the kitchen door shut, so I rushed around the house where I saw Trent sitting on the steps watching the bull fight. He moved towards the front fence and little Martin and their Mama followed.

I knew that this was a disaster because I could sense the danger. I came out of my hiding and barked frantically. I wanted to scare the bulls away from the cabin but Trent yelled at me and waved his arms angrily.

"Get back there you idiot dog! I want to see this fight!" I charged towards them but when I saw Trent bend down to pick up a sharp rock I thought better of it. I was afraid of Trent and he knew it. I had felt the sting of the stones he pelted before! I loved Martin, he was my best pal but Trent he hated me too.

Suddenly I heard Trent's voice change. "Here feller ... here dog ... Get 'em boy ... After 'em feller".

I forgot my misery and fear. I dashed out of my hiding place to help my young masters but when I spied a cruel whip in Trent's hand I forgot their danger and ran to the woods for cover.



By Old Yeller.

SILVIA ALMEIDA

8E7

Fight

Fight in a flashing light,
People cheering!

clapping!

and screaming!

While the two fighters go into the ring
Rest to build up the muscles with
physical hussle.

Then the bell rings
While the spotlight shines through the
fighters' eyes.

Running, pushing and punching
Staring with madness, with evil into
each other's eyes,
Exhausted from the fight.

The people were pushing, shoving and
struggling through the crowds,
So they could see the fight clearly.
While the fighters are bruised, hurt,
injured and bloody.

Bleeding from their veins they will end
their lives.

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Spike

When we lived in Uruguay we owned a young puppy we called Spike. He was a medium sized puppy with long brown and white hair. He was the most obedient pup in the world, but his biggest problem was that he chased chickens and sometimes killed them. Often we caught him with the evidence in his mouth, which upset father a great deal.

One morning papa called us together in the dining room and held a family conference.

"If that dog keeps this up we will have to punish him. We can't keep a dog that destroys our chickens and rabbits. That dog is no good to anyone!" He had made his decision.

I was awakened next morning by a confused shouting in our yard. Sure enough papa had found Spike with a half devoured chicken and a silly grin on his doggy face! He just didn't understand papa's anger. "Oh Spike" I cried as papa took him by the neck and dragged him towards the truck. He drove off down the dusty road. After some miles he came to a farmhouse. Here he dropped Spike out.

Papa returned to us and was rather saddened by his deed. We never saw Spike again but I always remember that playful little dog of so long ago.

SILVIA ALMEIDA

8E7.

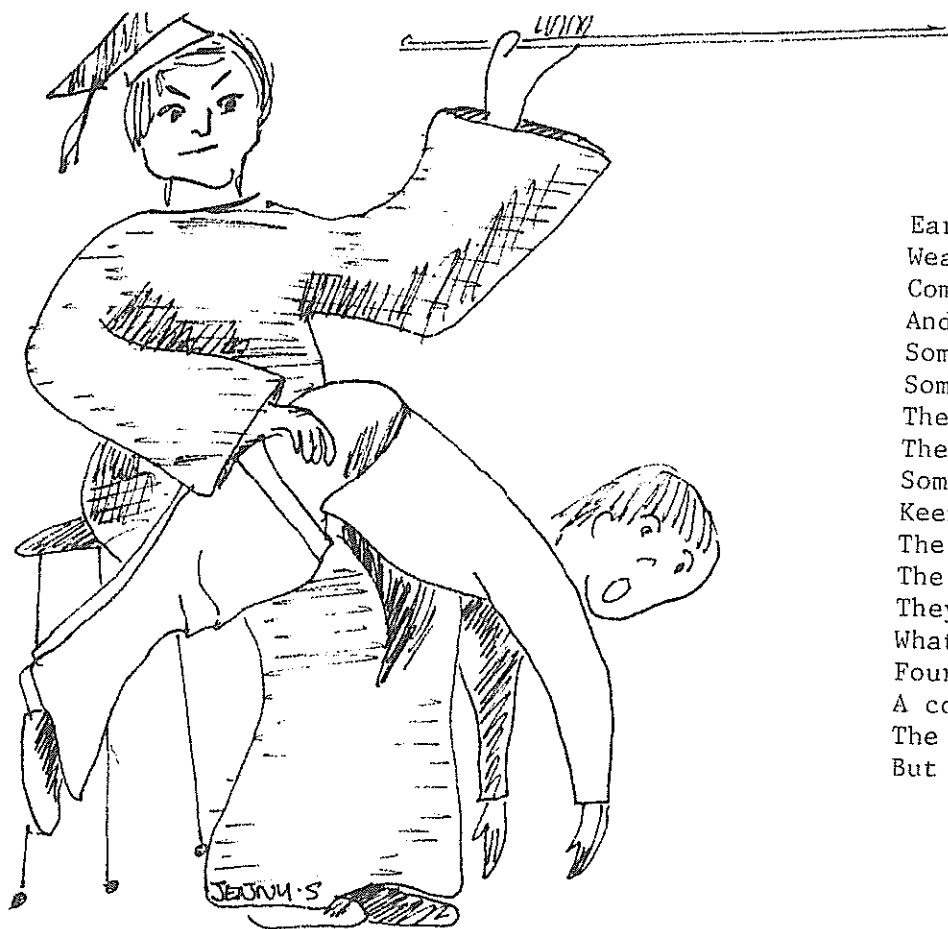
Friendship

A friend is a person
who's honest and true,
who'll share all their things
with someone as honest as you.
Friendship is true
when both people care
and everyone thinks
you're an inseparable pair.
Friendship is special,
like brother and sister,
when you both have respect
and understanding for each other.
A friend is a person
to have all your life,
to share all the good times,
or to help when in strife.
Hold on to your friends
they're invaluable things,
Even more valuable
than large diamond rings.



Betty Kow. (Year 10)

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School

Early each morning coming to school
Wearing a uniform always a rule
Come children with cases
And teachers with books
Some running races
Some changing looks
The hooter sounds loudly
They rush back to lines
Some boys stagger cowardly
Keen jokes on their minds,
The teacher shouts loudly,
The children obey,
They have to hear soundly
What he has to say!
Four hours of working
A couple of play,
The sun is still burning
But soon ends their day.

ANNA MARKOVITZEV

Gryce

Mr. Gryce walked towards the cupboard, opened its doors, and curiously looked inside, as if inspecting it for the first time. He placed the long, slender, dominant cane on the smooth rack in the cupboard, next to all the other outstanding ones. He hated this. He hated being the school's disciplinarian, caning every boy who broke the school rules, but it had to be this way. Ever since that time a few years ago.

He walked to his armchair behind the huge, dark maple table, and slumped on it. He tried to relax. His head leaning forward, chin touching chest, he closed his eyes....

..."Now, Joey. Tell me about your school vacation last summer. Did you do anything interesting at that time?" Mr. Gryce looked at Joey with a hint of inquisition in his eyes.

"Nu'in sir." He looked down at his feet. He felt embarrassed.

The class burst out laughing, knowing that Joey was too poor to have vacations. He had to work them throughout to pay for the rent in which he shared a small, slum home with his three brothers.

"Now, now. Don't laugh at him. Now Joey, you mean to tell me you didn't do anything during your vacations?" He wondered about what he had said. Was it true? He had to do something.

"Yes sir. Thus right. I work all me 'olidays. I ne'er ge' a chance for playin'. I gotta 'elp me brothers wit' the rent an'all."

Mr. Gryce wasn't sure how to react. He had never encountered such a lonely person. He felt deep sympathy. This boy would never have a childhood. He'll be working all his life for his lazy brothers. The boy was the youngest and had no parents, he had to do what his brothers said.

The bell's ringing startled everyone in the room. Everyone bustled to pack up.

"Class dismissed", Mr. Gryce was unconscious of what he had said. He finally snapped out of his thoughts, "Oh, Joey. Could you stay in a few minutes? I'd like to talk to you."

Joey blankly nodded his head. Was he in trouble? How could he be? He hadn't done anything wrong.

The room was now empty. Mr. Gryce walked towards Joey and sat on a desk beside him. An honest, warm smile, clearly visible on his face.

"Now listen Joey." His voice was sympathetic but dead serious. "I know you're having trouble at home. Those problems usually affect school. I also know you are having trouble at school with most subjects, even though you give one-hundred percent effort. That's why I'm willing to help you with your subjects, wherever you need help. That is, of course, if you want me to".

Joey couldn't believe his ears. Why would anyone waste his time with a poor, scrawny twelve year old kid, who couldn't even speak proper English. He didn't know what to say, or how to say it. After a couple of minutes he managed to say what he really felt.

"Would you really do t'at for me?" He still wasn't too sure if it was true.

"Sure. Why not? You're a decent lad. I know I wouldn't be wasting my time with you."

Joey was flabbergasted with the idea. The next day they started work. Whatever subject Joey needed help in, Mr. Gryce would see to it that he improved one-hundred percent in it. Mr. Gryce helped Joey in Maths, Literature, Social Studies, Science and Ancient History.

Every day Joey would stay in after school working on a particular subject under Mr. Gryce's supervision. It had been five months since Mr. Gryce had been helping Joey, and he had improved a great deal since then.

Mr. Gryce loved Joey. In the sense that Joey was the most innocent, lovable person he had ever met. Joey wasn't capable of committing anything wrong.

One afternoon, Joey hadn't shown up for his tuition. It seemed very strange to Mr. Gryce for Joey hadn't missed a lesson since he had started.

After about half an hour of waiting, Mr. Gryce went out to look for him. He grabbed his overcoat, went outside, and started walking the streets looking for Joey.

He had been walking for about two hours and Joey still was nowhere to be found. He had given up and was walking home when something in the distance attracted his attention. He walked over for a close inspection. There was about ten teenage boys huddled around in a tight circle, making a lot of noise. Looking more closely, Mr. Gryce noticed that they were kicking someone around. He moved in to see who they were bullying this time. To his dismay, he saw who it was; it was Joey.

His clothes were streaked with blood. He had a large gash from one end of his left brow to the other. There was a large, purple and black bruise on his right cheek bone. As he looked up at Mr. Gryce's tear-filled eyes there was a sign of great pain and despair in his own tear streaked face.

Mr. Gryce ran in and broke up the small group. One teenager remained there and stood his ground.

"What the 'ell do you want, Gryce Puddin'?"

Mr. Gryce saw he was a student at the school. He pointed his index finger at him.

"Damn you, Cresswell!" There was deep hatred in Mr. Gryce's voice. "For every cut and bruise this boy has on his body, I'm going to whip you a dozen times!"

"Yeah? You an' 'ooze army, puddin'pie?" Cresswell was really asking for it.

Mr. Gryce stood up, and forgetting about Joey, walked towards Cresswell and lashed his fist at him, hitting him square in the jaw, bringing him to the ground. Remembering Joey, he turned around. Joey was gone. He shouted after him but there was no answer.

That was the last time Mr. Gryce talked to, or even saw Joey. He had gone to Joey's house many times, but apparently no one lived there anymore. They had been evicted for not paying the rent.

From then on, each time he was caning a wrong-doer, he thought of Joey, and swung hard. He hated delinquents who always did the wrong thing, and he always would hate them....

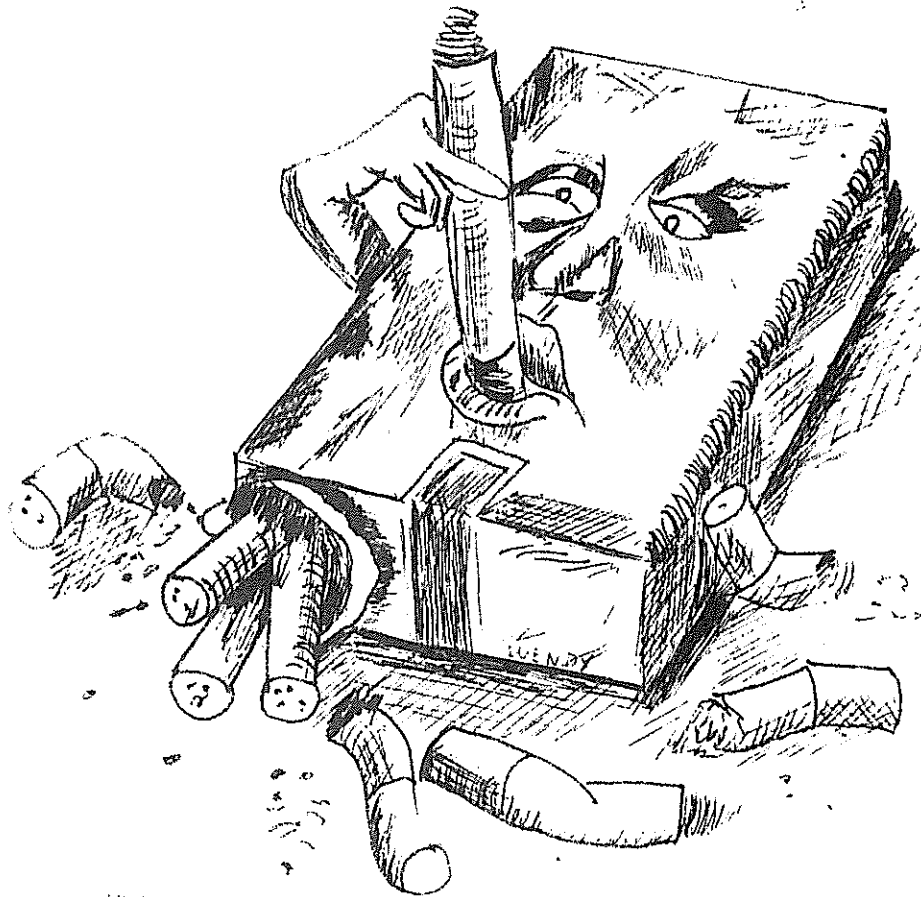
...."Excuse me sir." The voice made Mr. Gryce jump.

"What do you want now?"

"May I go now sir?" the boy asked.

Mr. Gryce had fallen asleep and forgotten about the boy he had finished caning, and had left him standing. "Yes. Go on. Just don't let me catch you falling asleep in assembly again!"

PABS



Boys And Girls

Little boys and girls with cigarettes
The more they smoke the tougher they gets
Starts getting boring after a while
Cigarettes go out of style.
Smoking dope now, their kind of fun
Think they're smart they're really dumb
It's not cheap, it costs money
Mug some people, think it's funny.
Police arrest you, take you to jail
You never thought justice would prevail.

PAUL MOOD (10E5)

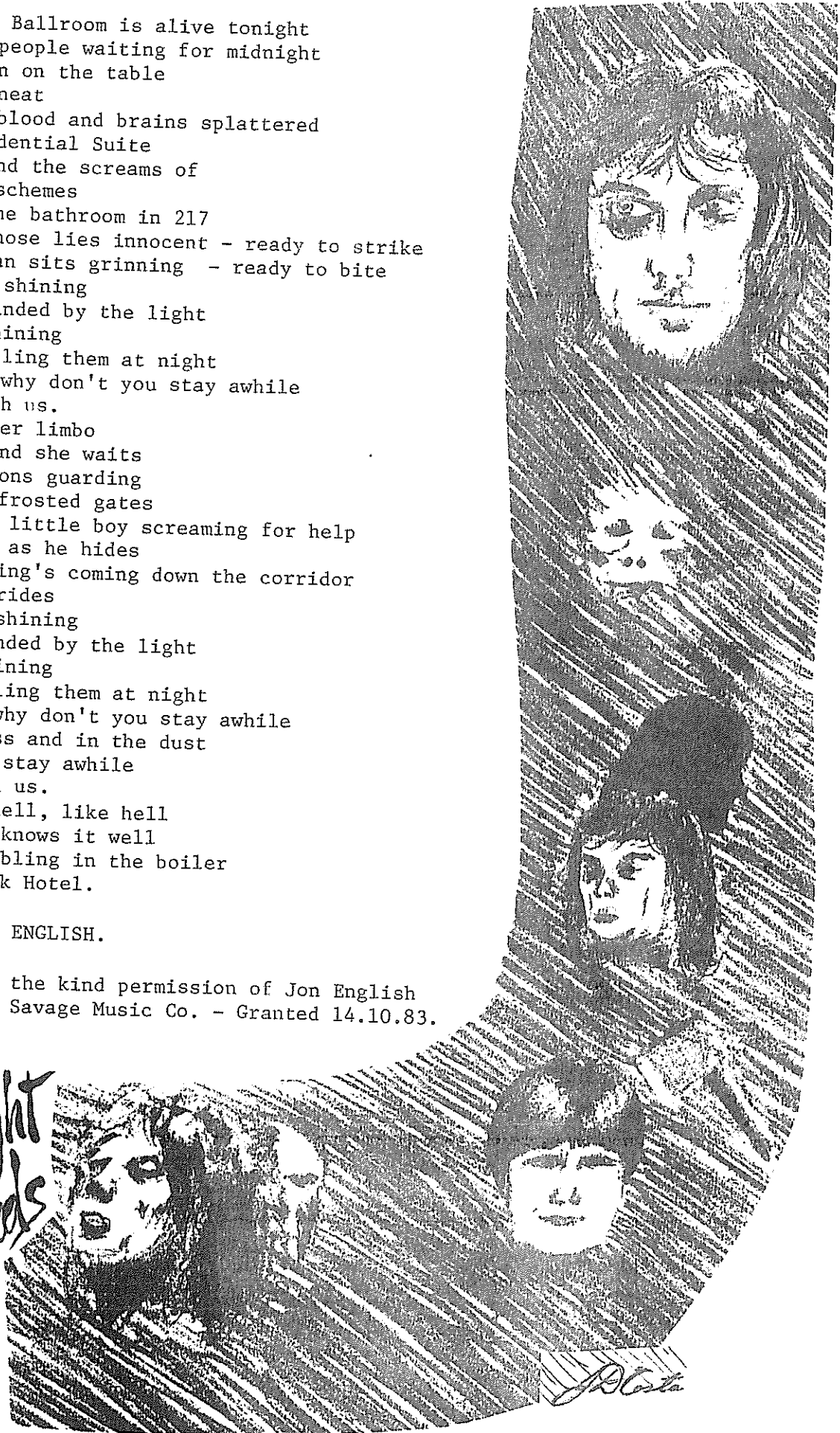
The Shining

The Colorado Ballroom is alive tonight
With masked people waiting for midnight
There's a gin on the table
Drinkable - neat
And there's blood and brains splattered
On the Presidential Suite
The ghosts and the screams of
yesterday's schemes
Echo round the bathroom in 217
And the firehose lies innocent - ready to strike
And the Dogman sits grinning - ready to bite
And it's all shining
They were blinded by the light
Look at it shining
They were calling them at night
Saying, hey, why don't you stay awhile
And shine with us.
She lies in her limbo
She bathes, and she waits
With hedge-lions guarding
The dark and frosted gates
And there's a little boy screaming for help
With his mind as he hides
'cause something's coming down the corridor
With jerky strides
And it's all shining
They were blinded by the light
Look at it shining
They were calling them at night
Saying, hey, why don't you stay awhile
In the darkness and in the dust
Why don't you stay awhile
And shine with us.
It looks like hell, like hell
Jack Torrance knows it well
Look at it bubbling in the boiler
At the Overlook Hotel.

JON ENGLISH.

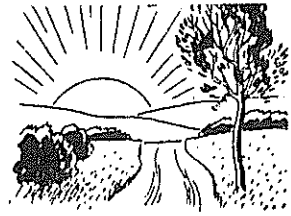
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Haiku Poetry



THE MOON

The moon is so bright
and yet the moon comes out full
and so beautiful.

ANIBAL GARCIA.

THE STARS

The stars are so bright
they shine and sparkle at night
oh, what a delight!

SANDRA PITTMAN.

THE SUN

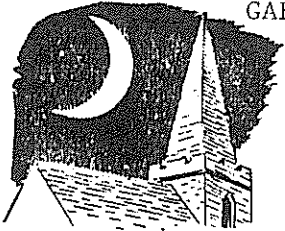
The sun is yellow
and it's shining on the sand
warming golden grains.

GABRIEL SILVEIRA.

THE TREES

The green forest lives
the trees sway from side to side
when the wind comes strong.

KIM GOULDEN.



The Raft

After the disaster, only one survived. He trembled unnaturally in the night upon a raft. Several hours passed before the sun rose, the shifting waves awakening his limp body.

Loneliness terrified this sole survivor, yet a white dot on the horizon reassured him and gave him the hope of survival.

Day turned to night ever so slowly, and the fatigued survivor listlessly moved about the tiny raft.

Suddenly and unnaturally, the raft began to move slowly under the moon's infinite brightness.

As the waves breathe in the moonlight, something rose from the depths to greet this lonely survivor.

Startled by the movement of the raft, he sat up and stared endlessly into the water, questioning each wave that attacked the battered raft.

Three fins sliced the murky water and circled the raft.

"My God, what's happening," yelled the survivor, yet each word he uttered enraged the creatures. The fins glistened in the moonlight! Yet as quickly as they had appeared, they disappeared.

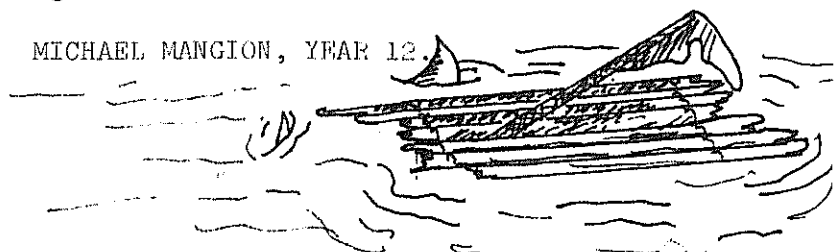
The raft's circular motion soon ceased, yet it left the survivor emptying his stomach over the side of the raft.

Twenty metres away the sharks bulging eyes focused on the raft. It moved like a gushing oil well, surging to relieve itself from pressure. It gained speed, closer and closer, unnoticed by the survivor.

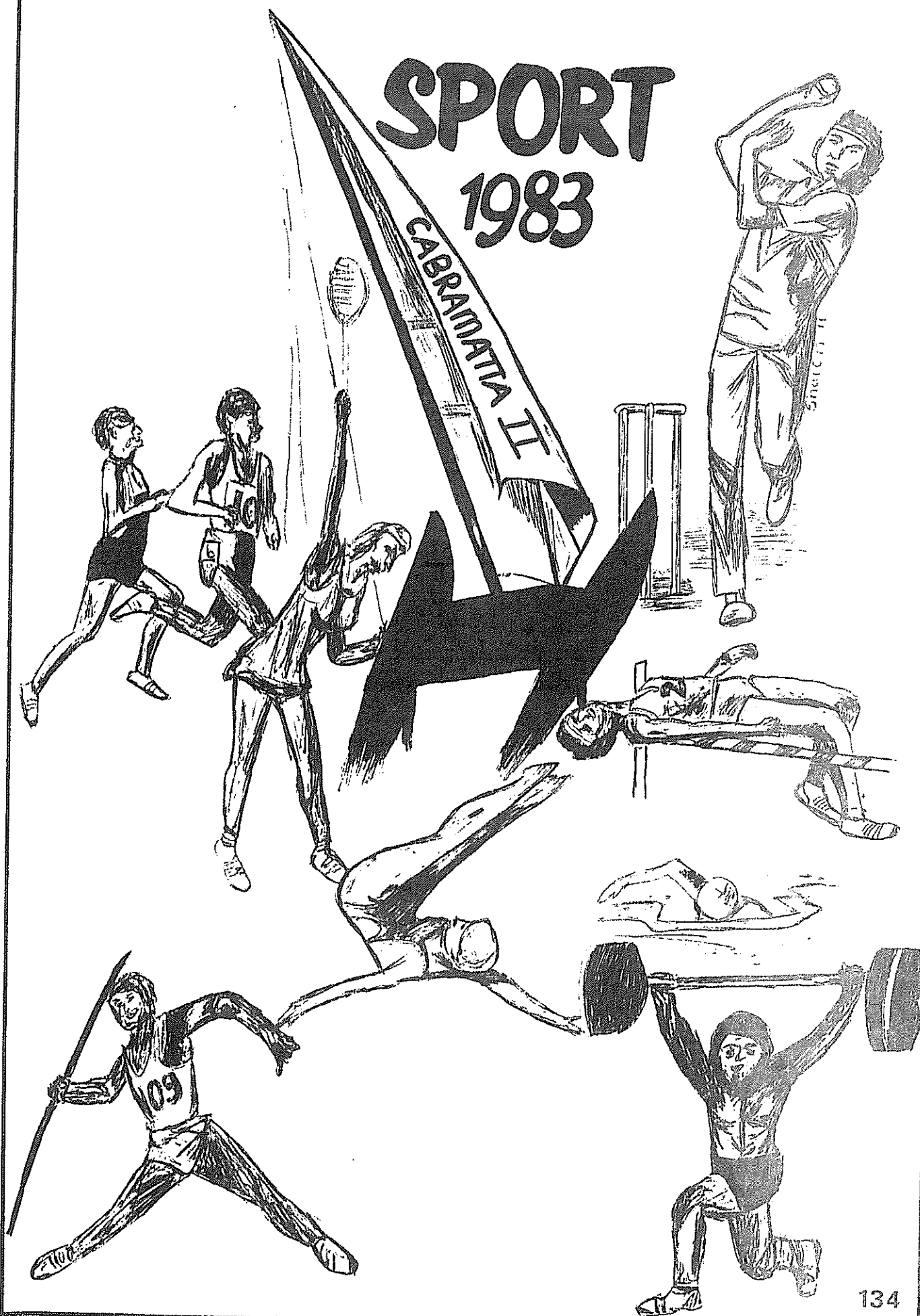
Suddenly, in a gush of blood, the monster raised its head, exposing vicious teeth. He severed the victim's upper body and he ceased to struggle.

By morning only a scarlet patch of ocean revealed the torment that was lost in the blackness of that night.

MICHAEL MANGION, YEAR 12.



SPORT 1983





SPORT

1983 has been another successful year for Cabramatta High on the sporting field. We were again the most successful school in the Zone Winter Grade Competition with 17 teams winning the Grand Final of their competition.

The winning teams were:

BOYS:

Senior 2nd League - Mr. Owens
Senior 1/3 Soccer - Mr. Molyneux/Mr. Noble
Junior 1/3 Soccer - Mr. Preston/Mr. Redfearn
Senior Boys Squash - Mr. Mitchell
Junior 1/2 Volleyball - Mr. Gooley
Senior Boys Hockey - Mr. Zybrands
Senior Table Tennis - Mr. Alexander

GIRLS:

Senior 2 Netball - Mrs. Kayrooz
Senior 3 Basketball - Miss McLachlan
Junior 2 Basketball - Mr. Rowney
Senior/Junior Tabletennis - Mr. Quigley
Junior Girls Hockey - Miss Lee
Senior Girls Soccer - Mr. Sinden



Overall in the Winter Competition the Boys were again Champion Winter School and the Girls were 3rd (an improvement on last year's 4th).

On top of these winter successes, the results to date in Summer Grade Competition indicate that we can look forward to many more pleasant results on the sports field before the year has finished.

On top of these successes in Grade Sport, this year has seen a marked improvement in our results at Zone Carnivals. We are at last starting to show other schools in this Zone some of the enormous sporting potential that exists in this school. The following results indicate clearly the improvement we have made in the area of Carnivals.

	1981	1982	1983
Swimming	4th	5th	3rd
Cross Country	5th	6th	4th
Athletics	7th	7th	4th

We look forward to even better results next year.

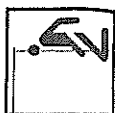
1983 has also seen Cabramatta High again perform successfully in the Statewide Knockout Competitions. We entered a record number of teams in these Knockouts with many reaching the 3rd and 4th rounds of these competitions. A few of the notable achievements were:-

Boys Table Tennis - Semi-finals
Commonwealth Bank Cup - Final 16
University Shield - Final 32

We would also like to thank the large number of teachers who have shown the usual interest and enthusiasm in taking grade teams and in giving up their free time in coaching. The significance of this can be seen in the record number of teams becoming Minor Premiers and going on to win the Grand Finals. The role of teachers has been an essential ingredient in increased ability and enthusiasm on the part of the pupils. We hope for your continued support in 1984.

1983 has been a tremendous year for Cabramatta High in all aspects of Sport - pupils of this school can be proud of their achievements and the success and credit they have brought to Cabramatta High in 1983. We are now a sporting school to be reckoned with and let's hope 1984 sees this reputation further extended.

MRS. TAYLOR - Sportsmistress



ATHLETICS CARNIVAL



Postponed from its original date due to wet weather, the Athletics Carnival was held on the 29th and 30th June. The large numbers of pupils who attended and participated in the Carnival ensured its success.

Carnival results are as follows:

House Champions (Boys) - Kukaru
House Champions (Girls) - Kuredulla
House Champions (Overall) - Kukaru

Age Champions:	12 years Boys - V.Vilaisarn	12 years Girls - V.Tepsa
	13 years Boys - P.Cortes	13 years Girls - L.Gower
	14 years Boys - D.Vilaisain	14 years Girls - A.Alekna
	15 years Boys - A.Radocaj	15 years Girls - Y.Fatima
	16 years Boys - D.Hannaford	16 years Girls - S.Frickers
	17 years Boys - D.Kappler	17 years Girls - D.Andrews

From the results of the School Athletics Carnival we selected some 120 students to represent Cabramatta High at the Zone Athletics Carnival. It was this Carnival that I was most looking forward to during the year. In 1982 we came 7th but I was convinced that this school had the talent (especially amongst the boys) to do much better, and 'do much better' we did.

The girls improved from 8th in 1982 to 7th this year and the boys went from 6th to 2nd. Overall the school improved from 7th place to a very good 4th. This improvement was achieved despite having very few individual stars. Our overall strength was highlighted however by winning 4 of the 6 boys relays.

Best individual performances by Cabramatta High School were by:

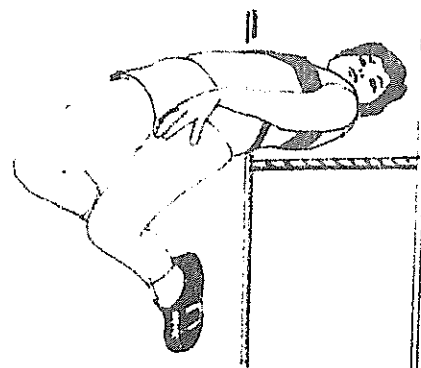
Dean Kappler	-	1st, 17 years Boys Age Championship
Julio Labraga	-	2nd, 16 years Boys Age Championship
Jean Coulter	-	3rd, 17 years Girls Age Championship

Because of their successes at the Zone Carnival the following pupils went on to compete at the Liverpool Regional Carnival:

Girls: D.Andrews, J.Coulter, C.Morrison, S.Fricker, L.Gower, F.Rehfinger
Boys: V.Vilaisarn, P.Phimphrachanh, V.Common, C.Brown, D.Trinh, P.Cortes, P.Jackson, D.Kappler, A.Groza, A.Radocaj, J.Labraga, R.Slavkoski, J.Weigel, B.Lieu, B.Ung, B.Sengmany, N.Taylor, D.Vilaisarn, J.Jeske, J.Colvin, S.Donatiello, S.Sengamny, S.Hanania, N.Cupac, J.Milazzo, N.Vasic, D.Pupovac, D.Hannaford.

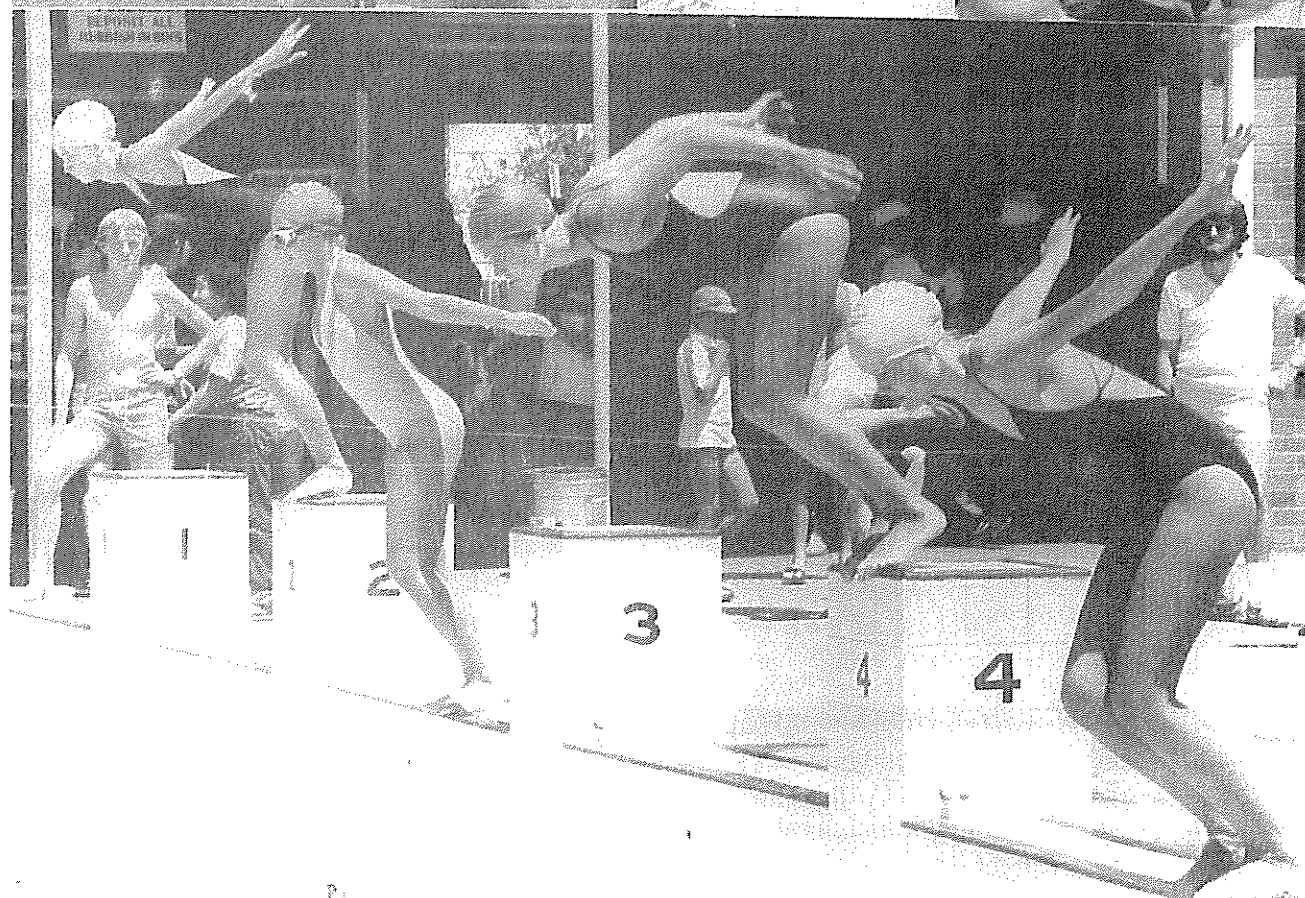
At the Regional Carnival, Cabramatta students got places in the following events:

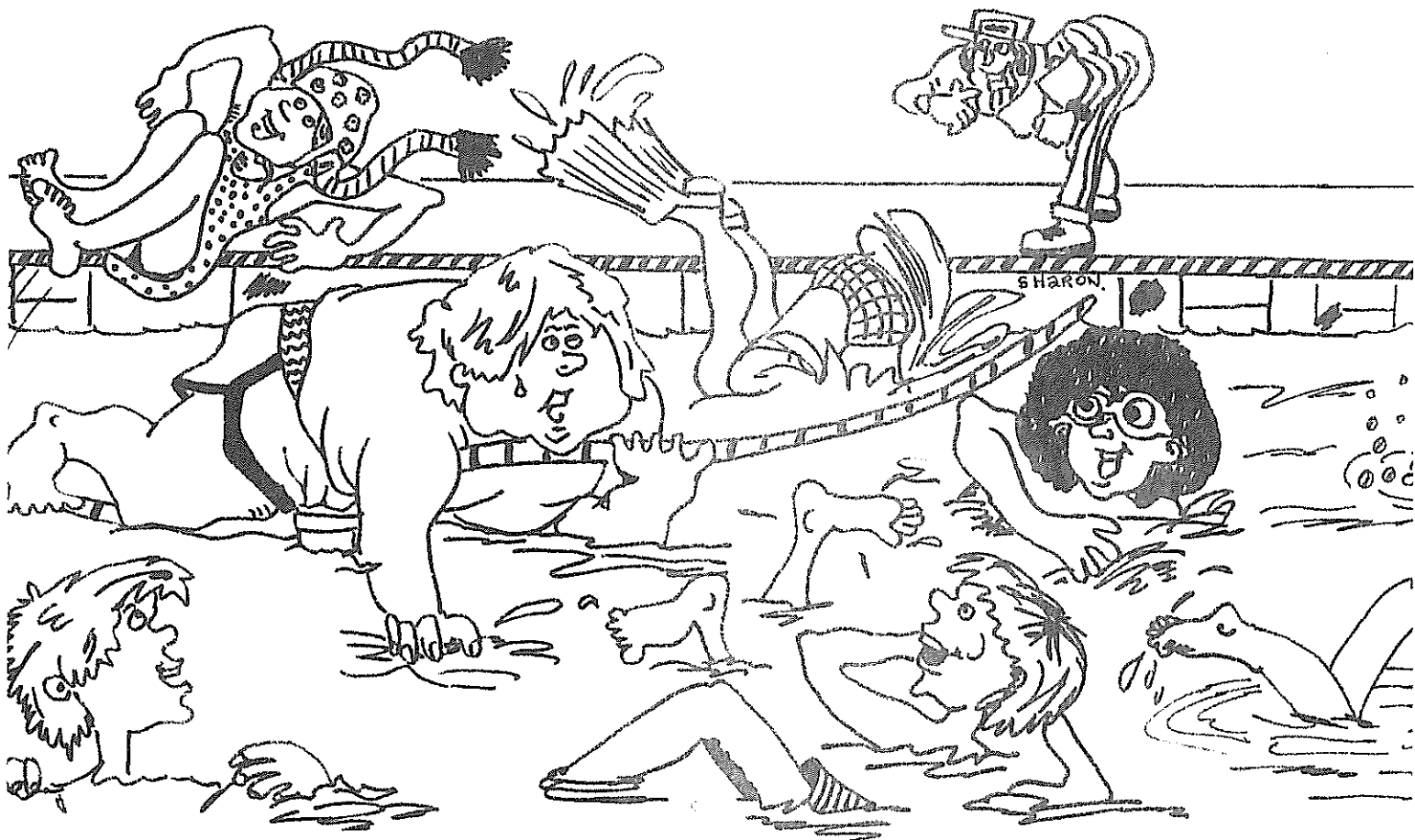
J.Coulter	-	1st, 17 years Girls Long Jump
D.Kappler	-	1st, 17 years Boys 100m. and 200m.
V.Vilaisarn	-	3rd, 12 years Boys Hurdles
V.Common	-	3rd, 16 years Boys Hurdles
P.Cortes)		
B.Ung)		
D.Trinh)	-	2nd, 13 years Boys Relay
B.Sengmany)		
N.Taylor)		
D.Vilaisarn)		
P.Phimphrachanh)	-	1st, 14 years Boys Relay
J.Jeske)		
D.Kappler)		
V.Common)		
J.Colvin)	-	1st, 17 years Boys Relay
A.Groza)		



As a result these students will be competing at the N.S.W. Combined High Schools Carnival early in Term 3. By the time this magazine is printed everyone will know just how well these students have gone, but I'd still like to take this opportunity to wish them Good Luck.

B. JOHNSON - Sportsmaster.





SWIMMING CARNIVAL

very warm weather ensured a high level of attendance and participation at the School Swimming Carnival held in mid-February. With 1573 points Chakola House was the clear winner of the overall Pointscore at the Carnival, finishing first in both the Boys' and Girls' Pointscore. Second overall was Korella (on 1157), third place Kuredulla (953 points) and in fourth place Kukaru (947 points).

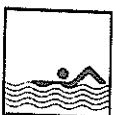
Some very fine individual performances resulted in the following Age Champions:

12 years Boys	-	Jamie Brown (104 points)
13 years Boys	-	Stuart Kidd (120 points)
14 years Boys	-	Craig Smith (84 points)
15 years Boys	-	George Cortes (100 points)
16 years Boys	-	Keith Sullivan (116 points)
17 years Boys	-	Dean Kappler (100 points)
12 years Girls	-	Moir Stephens (62 points)
13 years Girls	-	Samantha Renwick (90 points)
14 years Girls	-	Charlene Morrison (120 points)
15 years Girls	-	Sharyn Carney (116 points)
16 years Girls	-	Paula Kidd (100 points)
17 years Girls	-	Janine Smith (66 points)

At the Zone Swimming Carnival, the above pupils led our team to some very good results. We were placed third in both the Boys and the Girls Pointscore. This gave us third place overall compared to fifth last year.

Individually best performances came from:-

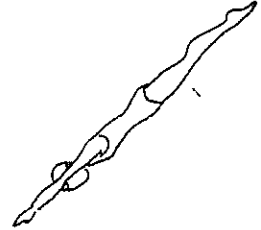
Jamie Brown	-	3rd, 12 years Boys Championship
Stuart Kidd	-	1st, 13 years Boys Championship
Keith Sullivan	-	3rd, 16 years Boys Championship
Dean Kappler	-	3rd, 17 years Boys Championship
Samantha Renwick	-	2nd, 13 years Girls Championship
Charlene Morrison	-	3rd, 14 years Girls Championship
Sharyn Carney	-	3rd, 15 years Girls Championship
Paula Kidd	-	1st, 16 years Girls Championship



Diving

Diving Competitions were held in conjunction with the School, Zone, Region and State Swimming Carnivals. We were able to send a strong team to the Zone Diving Carnival and gained 2nd place in both the Boys' and the Girls' Pointscores. This gave us 2nd place overall (the same position we occupied last year). Hopefully next year we will go one place better. Good performances were turned in by the following students at the Zone Carnival:

P. McCormack	-	1st, 13 years Boys
D. Workman	-	2nd, 13 years Boys
R. Butt	-	2nd, 14 years Boys
C. Smith	-	3rd, 14 years Boys
L. Gower	-	1st, 12 years Girls
L. Sabine	-	1st, 14 years Girls
V. Trstenjak	-	2nd, 15 years Girls
B. Penc	-	1st, 17 years Girls



These students then represented our Zone at the Liverpool Regional Diving Carnival. P. McCormack, C. Smith, L. Sabine and B. Penc were placed in this Carnival and went on to compete at the Combined High Schools Championships. Here they turned in excellent performances, to be ranked in the following positions in the State:

P. McCormack	-	4th, 13 years Boys
C. Smith	-	2nd, 14 years Boys
L. Sabine	-	8th, 14 years Girls
B. Penc	-	11th, 17 years Girls

B. JOHNSON - Sportsmaster



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Cross Country

Warm weather made competing in this year's School Cross Country very hard work. Despite the unsuitable weather for running, large numbers of pupils chose to compete.

Chakola House was first in the Overall pointscore and also clear winners in the Girls' pointscore. They didn't have things all their own way however as Kuredulla won the Boys' pointscore.

The following pupils were first in their Age Group:

12 years Boys	- A.Romic	12 years Girls	- B.Curic
13 years Boys	- P.Cortes	13 years Girls	- L.Nguyen
14 years Boys	- Day To	14 years Girls	- A.Carter
15 years Boys	- A.Borrello	15 years Girls	- V.Schroeder
16 years Boys	- J.Labruga	16 years Girls	- S.Fricker
17 years Boys	- R.Moore	17 years Girls	- B.Penc

These pupils, along with 110 others, then represented Cabramatta High at the Zone Cross Country Carnival. Compared with 1982 our results were excellent, with the School improving by 1281 points.

Overall we came 4th (compared to 6th in 1982). The girls retained 5th place while the boys improved from 6th to 3rd. This was by far the best improvement of any school at the Carnival.

Outstanding performances at this Zone Carnival by our pupils included:

W.Casey	- 1st, 12 years Boys
A.Romic	- 4th, 12 years Boys
N.M.Tran	- 6th, 13 years Boys
P.Cortes	- 9th, 13 years Boys
J.Jeske	- 7th, 14 years Boys
D.Hyslop	- 8th, 14 years Boys
J.Labruga	- 2nd, 16 years Boys
V.Schroeder	- 8th, 15 years Girls
S.Fricker	- 2nd, 16 years Girls
B.Penc	- 10th, 17 years Girls



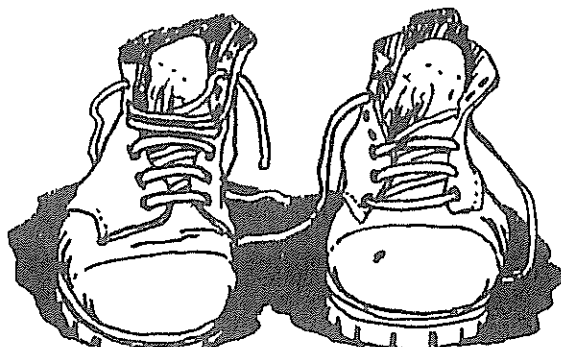
These people then represented Lansdowne Zone at the Liverpool Region Cross Country Carnival held at Lansdowne Gardens Reserve. At this Carnival, competing against the best runners in the Liverpool Region:

W.Casey came 1st in the 12 years Boys,
A.Romic came 7th in the 12 years Boys,
J.Labruga came 5th in the 16 years Boys,
S.Fricker came 2nd in the 16 years Girls.

As a result, these students were selected to represent the Liverpool Region at the State Cross Country Carnival. Against the very best runners in the State they then turned in the following performances:

W.Casey	- 7th in the State (12 years Boys)
A.Romic	- 64th in the State (12 years Boys)
J.Labruga	- did not finish due to injury
S.Fricker	- 37th in the State (16 years Girls)

B. JOHNSON - Sportsmaster





Girls' Hockey

The Junior Girls Hockey team had a very successful season remaining undefeated and ending up as minor premiers. The team scored 41 goals during the season and conceded just the one goal. This was a very good team effort because we played without a regular goal-keeper during the season. We played a third full-back instead. The top goal scorer was Kim Schaefer with 22 goals. Midway through the season we lost our centre-half and former Captain, Rebecca Wiles, who transferred to Bega High School.

In the semi-finals we met St. Johns Park High School. After a very hard game Cabramatta emerged as winners by a score of 2-0. Both goals were scored by Kim Schaefer.

In our last match for the season we met Miller High School in the Grand Final. Both sides were evenly matched resulting in a scoreless first half. Melinda James scored early in the second half and from that point Cabramatta took control of the match.

Cabramatta eventually won the match 2-0 with the second goal scored by Kim Schaefer. The team are the 1983 premiers in the Lansdowne Zone Competition.

Team members were:

Melinda James (left wing)
Paula Giammarco (inside left)
Jacqueline Clauson (centre forward)
Emilya Vrankovic (inside right)
Pamela Garcia (right wing)
Nadia Boikov (left half)
Kim Schaefer (centre half) - Captain

Ildi Molnar (right half)
Sally Neradovsky (left full-back)
Jenni Jokinen (right full-back)
Toni Herewini (full-back)
Danielle Barber (reserve forward)
Sandra Gow (reserve forward)

This year Cabramatta High School entered the Regional Girls Hockey Knock-Out competition for the first time. We defeated Miller High School in the first round. In the second round we were defeated by Bonnyrigg High School who were eventually regional Grand Finalists.

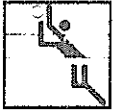
KIM SCHAEFER - Captain
M.LEE - Coach



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Junior Boys' Volley Ball

Congratulations to these teams who played and behaved splendidly all the season.

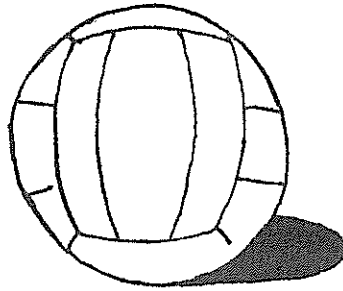


In the Junior 3's, super players like Kao, Peter, Oiuen, David, Alex, Meng and Andrew made my job of coaching a pleasure. This team were leading 2-0 in the final, but lost 3-2 (16-14 in the fifth set) to Canley Vale.

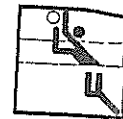
Top players in the Junior 4's were Kristian, Hue, Zafer, Peter and Vinh with Paul, Gencel and Muhammet all improving greatly. This team was undefeated throughout the year, but lost to Canley Vale 2-1, after winning the first set 15-2!

An excellent season boys, and we look forward to another enjoyable season next year.

M. Adamson.



Senior Girls' Volleyball



The Senior 1st and 2nd grade volleyball have so far had a good season, despite being "knocked out" early in the State Knockout Comp. Playing Year 11 girls from Canley Vale High proved too hard for our Year 9 first grade team, despite their keen spirit, dedication to training and fine team manship. It was a great experience for us as we played this game in the excellent facilities provided by Westfields' High gymnasium and the standard was high.

In the Zone Sports competition, Cabramatta girls are "holding their own" as under the organisation and guidance of Lucie Tayeh and Fiona Rehfinger, with the reliability of Sharon Harrison and Ingrid Antpohler, the enthusiasm of Carol Wu and Sandra Sunjic and the the experience of Nina Vujosevic and Gordana Nedeljkovic, the first grade squad is comprised of a strong band of volleyballers.

Hopefully, since the season recommences in third term, we will be able to "spark on all fours" as we have done in past years.

Mrs. J. Myer, Coach.



COMMONWEALTH BANK SOCCER CUP

This year the 1st Grade Soccer squad continued the tradition of a good showing from Cabramatta High in the Commonwealth Bank Cup. In doing so, the squad perhaps surprised itself in managing to reach the last 16 in the State, in the biggest competition in the Southern hemisphere.

The campaign began with a good win at home against Sir Joseph Banks High by 3-0 and this followed with an away win over Hurlstone Agricultural High by 4-1. Our next game was a thrilling encounter with Ingleburn High which we won after extra time 3-2. This was soon followed by a difficult home game against Bankstown Boys' High, which we managed to win on penalties but deserved to win anyway on the run of play.

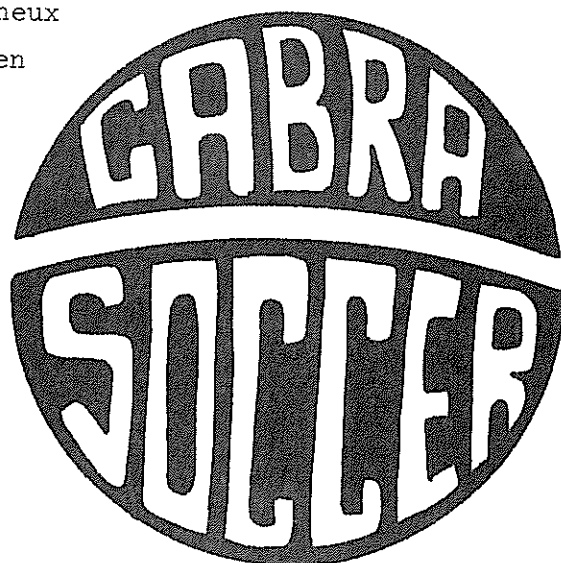
We now entered the last 16 in the Cup and were drawn to play away against Kogarah High. After what was a very hard, close game, we lost 3-1 and so were knocked out of the competition. However, in this last game the team really showed its fighting qualities, trying very hard, but eventually losing out to a stronger, harder team on the day.

As it was, the squad certainly improved through the season, although the attendance at the Friday afternoon coaching sessions was sometimes very disappointing. Perhaps, this is something that the players in future should be aware of, that for a team to grow and develop, all squad members must attend the team coaching sessions. No team can do without them and weaker teams can lift their game appreciably with them. However, the 1983 squad can take comfort that they went further than the players themselves expected and tried hard always.

Squad members: Frank Lapa (captain), Jorge Colvin, Aljosa Vrankovic, George Allebi, Claudio Munoz, Marcelo Munoz, Claudio Suarez, Marcelo Suarez, Canh Tuong Nguyen, Dragan Pupovac, Sam Donatello, Bob Radenkovic, Vung Ving Lo, Dusko Kosovic, Anthony A. Sunjic, Anibal Borello.

Coach: Mr. Molyneux

Manager: Mr. Sinden



Junior Boys' Soccer

The team had a highly successful season, winning all games and scoring 76 goals to 7! The enthusiasm of the team was remarkable and the skills and teamwork shown by everyone were a joy to watch. There were a few outstanding players: Tony Telisman, Vayura Vilaisarn and Ivan Maras - but the success was attributed to all the team spirit - they always played their best!

I. Redfearn - Coach.

Senior 2nd Grade Soccer



The Senior Second Grade Soccer team had a relatively successful season, but unfortunately lost the Final against St. Johns Park by two goals to one. This was a game that I feel we should have won, but luck ran against us. We also had a player sent off.

However, this was a better effort than the previous performance against St. Johns Park which was a two goals to nil defeat for us, and in which we had two players sent off.

The squad consisted of Michael Baturynsky, Bun Pa Lim, Quang Nguyen, Phetchinda Phoummala, Li To Ton, Boris Panov, Dang An Tieu, Milos Rsovac, George Cortes, Martin Gasparovic, Jorge Cumplido, Ivan Gacic.

Basically it was a very talented team, but regrettably they did not always play as a team.

Still, there's always next year.

Best and fairest player for the season was Ivan Gacic even though he wasn't very fair in the Final.

E. CRUICKSHANK - Coach.



Senior Girls' Soccer

In six years of coaching girls' soccer teams, this year has been the most satisfying and rewarding. Some of the players displayed outstanding skills in the game, while the rest were eager to learn how to play, practice, and try their hardest in the games. The result? Winners of the Lansdowne Zone Girls' Soccer Competition!

Each player displayed outstanding sportsmanship and the team as a whole was a pleasure to coach. Although soccer is a team game, four individual players are worthy of particular note. Dana Andrews (Captain), Sharyn Fricker (Vice-Captain), Katrina Alexander and Sandra Sunjic were all selected in the Lansdowne Girls' Soccer team which won the Liverpool Region Carnival. Dana, Sharyn and Katrina were also selected in the Liverpool Team to compete in the State Championships in Lismore. Dana captained the Liverpool Team and was selected in the N.S.W.C.H.S. girls' soccer team. It was no surprise that when the State Championships were being held, the Cabramatta team lost to Westfields (6-0), this loss being the only one for the season.

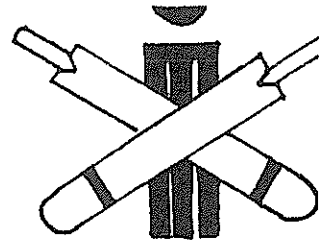
Consistently good performances from all players saw Cabramatta at the top of the competition, but the loss to Westfields meant that Westfields were minor premiers, 1 point ahead of Cabramatta. For the third year in a row, we needed to beat Bonnyrigg in the semi-final and for the third time the game went to penalties. The team eventually won and then had to beat Westfields in the final. However, Dana could not play in the final because of bronchitis. An extremely impressive performance from every player resulted in a Cabramatta win (2-1); nobody could deny that Cabramatta was the best team in the competition.

Thanks for a thoroughly enjoyable season, girls. I hope next year's team is as keen and hardworking as you were.

The Team: Dana Andrews, Shayrn Fricker, Katrina Alexander, Sandra Sunjic, Sharyn Carney, Sharryn Ramage, Sandra Coso, Sandra Calic, Stacey Connor, Raenor Kidd, Suzi Antic, Silvana Licata, Colette Nicoll, Debbie Flook, Tracy Williams.

O. SINDEN - Coach

Junior Girls' Cricket



Due to wet weather these girls have only been able to play two rounds of cricket. Ably led by captain Rebecca Wiles and vice captain Violetta Apostolouska, these girls have shown keenness at games and at practice.

In the first game against Moorebank at Childs Park, Cabramatta batted first to score 5 for 95 with R. Wiles 22 retired, T. Herewini 20 retired and V. Apostouska 12 being the best batswomen. Moorebank then batted and scored 6 for 57 with M. Carter 2 for 10, M. Mestric 1 for 1 and L. Clifford 1 for 8 being the best bowlers. B. Smith took two catches.

In the second game against Miller at Joe Broad Oval, Miller batted first to score 6 for 95 with the wicket takers being M. Mestric 3 for 22, R. Wiles 2 for 12 and catches being taken by T. Herewini (2), R. Wiles and M. Mestric. Cabramatta then batted to score 4 for 63 with the top scorers being V. Apostoluska 15, M. Carter 11, R. Wiles 10 n.o.

Members of the team include: Rebecca Wiles, Violetta Apostolouska, Karen Strangeway, Melinda James, Leanne Mountfort, Mandy Carter, Mary Anne Mestric, Bonnie Smith, Lily Umileric, Toni Herewini, Lesly Clifford, Danielle Barber, Helia Leighton.

I look forward to helping these girls improve their cricketing skills in third term.

J. Zybrands, Coach.



Junior A Grade Cricket

Because of bad weather the Jnr. A Cricket team has only had one game so far this year, but all signs indicate a good year for this team.

Our game against Moorebank High resulted in a first innings win to Cabramatta. In this game Gavin Burns, Milan Blagojevic and Nevim Cupac starred with the bat, Nevim being not out 51 at stumps. In the bowling department Gavin Burns took 2 wickets, Nevim Cupac 3 wickets and the others shared between Robert Starr, John Lopez and Craig Benjamin. Nevim Cupac was man of the match and the final score Moorebank all out 79 off 24 overs. Cabramatta 6 for 116 off 23 overs.

The boys are showing great teamwork and harmony on and off the field which all points to a good season ahead.

P. MORGAN,
COACH.

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Boys' Hockey Knock Out

This year saw the Senior 1st Grade Boys Hockey Team reach the third round of the State Hockey Knock-Out Competition.

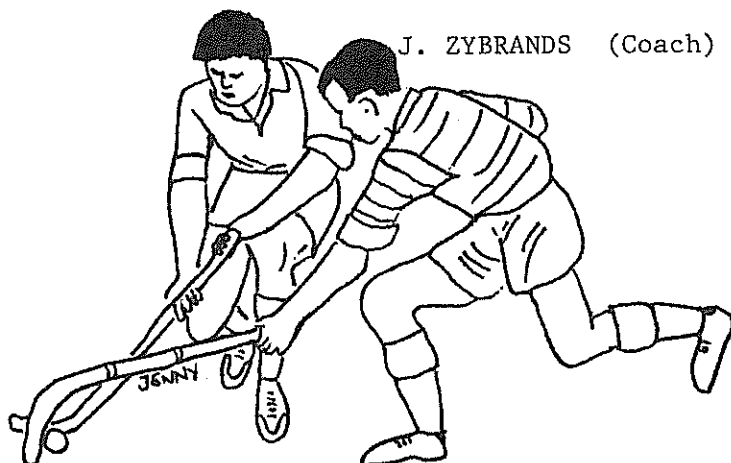
The first round saw Cabramatta play against Westfield High School on the school oval. Cabramatta dominated play to lead 5-nil at half-time and consolidated their lead in the second half to win 8-nil.

The second round saw Cabramatta play against Liverpool Boys High School at Clinches Pond, Moorebank. Though defending for most of the first half, it was Cabramatta who led 1-nil at half-time, thanks to a team-worked field goal in the first ten minutes. The second half again saw Cabramatta defending and midway through the half Cabramatta conceded a goal from a penalty flick. With minutes to go Cabramatta centre-forward, Jose Pinto, beat three defenders and the goal-keeper to net the ball. While all boys tried hard, some credit for the win goes to goalkeeper Bruce Ingersole for his determination and well-timed saves to such an extent that none of the seventeen short corners faced by Cabramatta were converted. Thus Cabramatta won 2-1.

The third round saw Cabramatta play against Ashcroft High School on the school oval. In a tight, but fast game, half-time saw the score tied at nil-all. Midway through the second half Ashcroft netted the ball, to lean 1-nil. In the closing stages of the game, Cabramatta tried hard to equalise but were not able to succeed, thus went down 1-nil.

The following boys participated in the Knock-Out games: Marc Innes-Brown, (Captain), Richard James, Joe Bercari, Richard Hunt, Andrew Doggett, Dom Morandin, Bruce Ingersole, Jose Pinto, Carl Mihailovich, Ross Hilder, Sean Wiles, Huysen Ortac and Kong Tek.

Senior Boys' Hockey



The senior boys' hockey team began the season with a mixture of experienced and new players. The new players quickly learnt the skills and rules of the game and combining with the experienced players, the boys developed into a very competitive team.

During the season the team played 10 games to remain undefeated with 6 wins and 4 draws and were placed second in the minor premiership. In these games Cabramatta scored 28 goals and conceded only 6. The semi-finals saw Cabramatta defeat 3rd placed Moorebank 2 - 1. The final saw Cabramatta playing against 4th placed Busby. Following the 2 all draw in a close and exciting game, both teams then played the best of 5 direct penalty kicks, with a 2 all result. As Cabramatta were higher in position than Busby at the end of the competition rounds, Cabramatta were declared Premiers for 1983.

Team members are: Marc Innes-Brown (Captain), Jose Pinto, Carl Mihailovich, Richard James, Joe Bercari, Heng Teh Tek, Richard Hunt, Andrew Doggett, Michael Devlin, Kong Tek, Dom Morandin, Bruce Ingersole, Joe Texeira, Ross Hilder, Sean Wiles, Huysen Ortac.

Congratulations go to Marc and Carl for their selection in the Zone Team for the Liverpool Regional Hockey Carnival. At the Regional Carnival, Marc was also selected in the Liverpool Regional Team.

Girls' Water Polo

This is a first for Cabramatta High - in 1982 we took the plunge and formed a team for the 1983 Knockout Competition. With no experience behind them the girls did remarkably well, beating a strong Westfield side 6 to 5 (Westfields got to the quarter finals last year) and Sefton 12 to 1. We were beaten by a dazzling South Strathfield team who had every right to expect to reach the finals. Barbara Penc and Sandra White formed a good attacking team, ably supported by our two best players in the centre - Charlene Morrison and Sharon Carney. Justine Lind, Paula Kidd and goalie Sharyn Fricker were hard to beat in the defensive line. Marie and Stephanie Becky, Verna Schroeder and Tracy Williams gave good assistance in their quarters. Mr. Preston has been taking some of these girls to club matches, and with this experience behind them, the coaches Mr. Smythe and Mr. Preston will keep their fingers crossed for next year.

Junior Water Polo

This is a small little side with plenty of potential, although we didn't play many games so far (winning all the competition games to date). David Caltabiano, Stuart Carrigg and Zeidon Fakhoury have shown excellent potential as attacking forwards. In the centre our best players, Stuart Kidd and Andrew Carney, have dominated the play. Milosh Antic, Jamie Brown and goalie Paul Jackson have kept our backline safe. Nabil Nicholas has worked his way into the team by consistent effort. Provided the team keeps training consistently, there is no reason to doubt that this side will reach the finals.

W. SMYTHE,
COACH.



Girls' Squash Report

Cabramatta High School will soon become the top squash school in the region. There has been a great resurgence this year with the girls, they have shown tremendous improvement since the start of the competition.

The junior girls team consists of: Belinda Mulready, Tina Mitchel, Vicki Harrison, Leisa-Ann Hull and Sue Najjar. These girls had previously never played squash consistently, yet with their determination in training, their improvement has been noted by other coaches.

The senior girls team consists of: Barbara Penc, Carol Innes-Brown, Alexandra Castro, Veronica Colvin, Linda Steffan and Mary-Ann Lo. These girls also show plenty of potential and have won many matches with their never say die Cabramatta spirit.

G. Powers, Coach.

Senior Netball

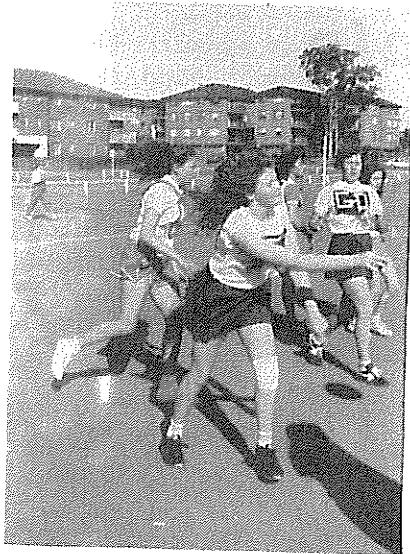
1983 saw another illustrious year of netball at Cabramatta High. Each of the senior 1st and 2nds performed well throughout the year, although unfortunately grand-final honours were able to be bestowed on the second grades only rather than both teams.

Although the first grade team contained many talented players i.e. J.Stanley, J.Smith, J.Dailly, P.Kidd, L.Renwick, K.Forsyth, M.Coso, K.Wakeford and N.Josipovic, with the overall multi-talented performance of Karen Forsyth being the most outstanding, the other schools were just too good this year and 1st grade missed out on a semi-final position by only a few points.

2nd grade were rather more victorious when they achieved a "killing" in the grand-final by beating Moorebank 35-7. Credit must go to the total team's ability to "get it all together" and play co-operatively and spiritedly as a well organised team. A skill obviously learnt in the two years which most members of the team spent as Junior 1sts i.e. A.Clewes, W.Norris, J.Holton, T.Shepley, J.Williamson, and R.Dragicevic, combined with the talents of the two "import players", N.Carrigg and L.McEwan.

It has been a most enjoyable year as coach for me again this year - and both teams deserve hearty congratulations and thanks for their co-operation and reliability.

Mrs. F. Kayrooz.



Senior 3rd & 4th Netball

Indeed, the standard of netball in the Lansdowne Zone is very high as most girls play for Clubs on Saturday.

Cabramatta High School again held its name high this year by performing well each Tuesday afternoon in our grade matches.

The senior 3rd and 4th grade teams had an enjoyable season, showing very good attack but lost many games due to our slowness in defence.

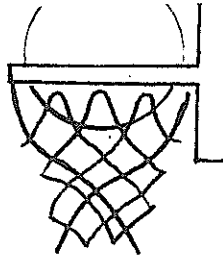
There was a true spirit of great sportswomanship evident as these girls were a pleasure to referee and coach each week. Almost each member of the team consistently turned up each Friday afternoon after school for training and supported one another faithfully, both in their play and off the court.

Thank you girls, for giving me another very enjoyable year in netball. You were certainly a pleasure to coach and know. Perhaps next year, with more work on our defence tactics, we will manage to win more games.

Mrs. J. Myer, Coach.



BASKETBALL



JUNIOR 1st and 2nd GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The two teams enjoyed a very successful season. The First Grade Team finished 5th overall in the Lansvale Competition scoring some excellent victories over Miller, Busby, St. John's Park and Canley Vale High Schools. Donna Luke, Gabrielle Gonzalez and Dilek Cil had consistently good seasons.

The Second Grade Team finished 2nd overall before the semi-finals. Winning their semi-final against Westfields High School, 49 to 15, they won the Grand Final against Busby High School, 53 to 24. Serpil Talay, Po Lih and Phetmalay Sithirajvongsa had consistently good performances throughout the season. Phetmalay scored 55 points in the Finals while Serpil Talay scored 31 points in the same two matches. Po Lih played excellent defence in all her games.

The success of these teams may well be due to their dedication to lunch-time training sessions.

L. ROWNEY - Coach

* * * * *

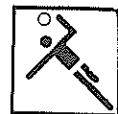
BASKETBALL REPORT

The Junior 3 and Junior 4 teams remained undefeated. Both teams were shining examples to their opposition in enthusiasm, skills and fair play. I would like to thank all the boys for their efforts.

Mr. Redfearn.



Non - Grade Sport



During 1983 we have tried to provide a variety of team and recreational sports for those pupils who did not make a grade team.

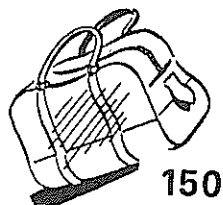
The policy has been for the pupils to change the sport that they are doing every 7 or 8 weeks. This has been to allow pupils greater choice and to allow more pupils to have access to squash courts, golf course and tennis courts.

The Years 7 and 8 pupils have been participating in team competition, organised, where possible on a House basis. Most pupils have now had experience in T-Ball, Volleyball, Basketball, Netball and Soccer.

The Senior Sport programme has tried to provide the pupils with a range of recreational sports which are also applicable to adult life. These pupils have had a choice of squash, golf, tennis, canoeing, jazz ballet, life-saving, fitness, $\frac{1}{2}$ court tennis, ten-pin bowling, 5-a-side soccer and table tennis.

Sport has been designed to develop skills in a variety of sports, to help develop fitness and promote health and to be fun. I hope that we have achieved our aims.

K. BOWYER.





JAZZ BALLET

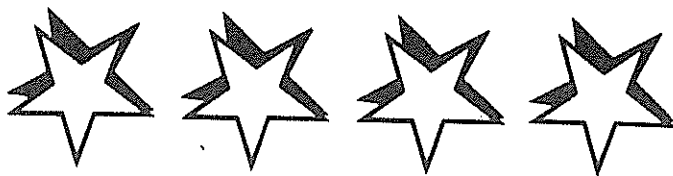
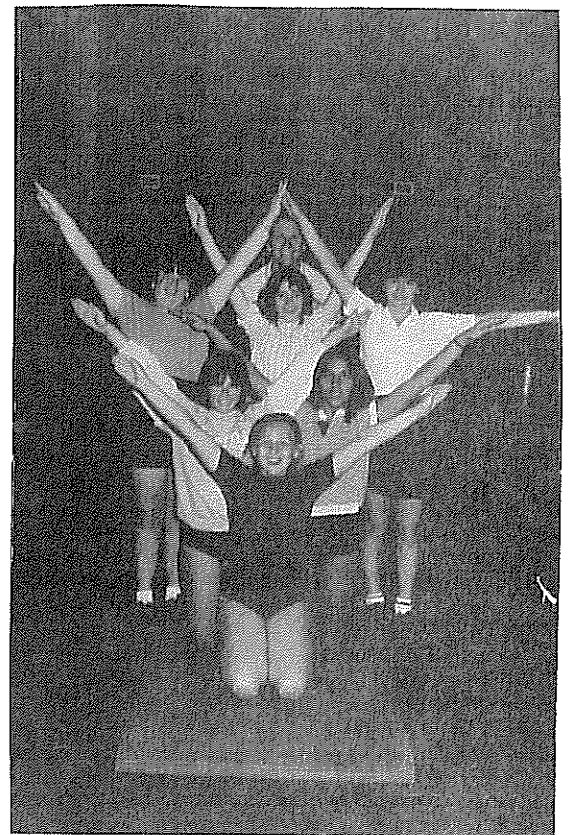


Jazz Ballet classes on Tuesday afternoons were not renowned for their energy output! Instead things flowed rather easily to say the least, with attempts at dance routines usually being abandoned due to a bad fit of the giggles. Everyone imagined they would spend the rest of the term in this light-hearted manner, but that was not to be!

One fateful afternoon our mild-mannered Jazz Ballet class was visited by Ms. Genzy Andretti, and life for the class was changed irrevocably. For forty-five minutes we swayed, ran, jumped and gyrated ourselves into the ground, and to the latest hits! We were treated to a complete aerobics lesson at top speed and none of us recovered very well from the ordeal. It was an enjoyable experience but it also proved to us how unfit we all were.

The next week it was back to normal; slow exercises and even slower dance routines but just as enjoyable if not as taxing or beneficial to the health of the participants. At least now we know we can improve our fitness in the sure knowledge that the extra effort is not wasted. We would like to thank our visitor for her time and help in improving our "Jazzy" afternoons.

S. COLLINS



Girls' Gymnastics

Second Term this year Cabra Gymnastic Club started up. The response was great with many interested and talented students. The girls learn skills in four areas - floor, beam, vault and uneven bars. With their skills they can compete in the N.S.W. Gymnastics competitions and can earn level certificates from the Association.

Third Term we will receive a high and low bar thanks to C.S.S., P. & C. and the school which will allow them to learn more and difficult skills.

So Girls if you are tired of sitting around, come over to our new uneven bars and swing away with us.



LIFE SAVING

In November each year all of Year 7 go to Cabramatta Pool to take part in a Lifesaving school.

They are instructed by several qualified and enthusiastic teachers and a number of Year 9 and Year 10 students. These students attempt to qualify as junior instructors and also attain higher Lifesaving Awards.

This year (1982) the weather was perfect for the whole fortnight, so the children got the best benefit of the teachers' and junior instructors' efforts. Four Year 9 and Year 10 students qualified for Bronze Cross awards and as junior instructors. These are physically difficult to attain and they also require a detailed knowledge of Lifesaving techniques in and away from the water.

The most pleasing aspect of the school, for which the teachers and instructors are to be congratulated, was the degree of water awareness instilled into Year 7, particularly the Indo Chinese children. It must be recognised that our comfortable involvement with water activities is quite foreign to their experience.

It is to be hoped that the children who have learned these skills will continue to practice them and may well take the opportunities to improve their skills by attempting yet higher awards.

J. HOWARD.



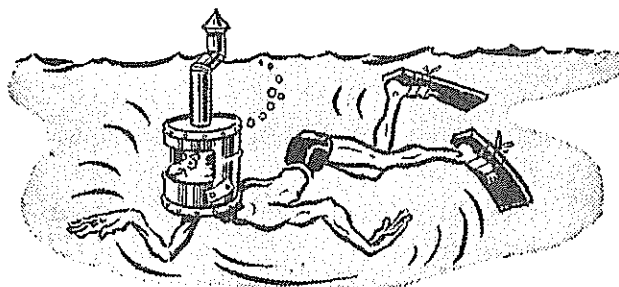
THE BRONZE MEDALLION

The Bronze Medallion is an award achieved after the Bronze Star. It consists of swimming, general first aid knowledge and a knowledge of respiratory procedures. Last year several people, including myself, gained this Bronze Medallion.

For two weeks people underwent swimming exercises, ranging from Year 7 to Year 11. There weren't many problems as everything was organised well. The only problem was certain dummies' anxiety to dive off the towers; this was forbidden. When the final examination day arrived everyone was confident with nearly everyone finishing the swim in the allocated time and showing their practical knowledge of respiratory methods. Many problems occurred in what is called the releases. This means one person defending themselves from a panicking swimmer and saving them. I swallowed a lot of water.

After the releases were passed everyone had shown that they deserved their Bronze Medallion and these were awarded at their respective forms Sports Assembly.

GEOFF SHAW - Year 11



Golf

On the sixteenth of August, four students from Cabramatta High School represented the school at the New South Wales Combined High Schools junior teams golf championships at Kogarah golf course - they were, Mick Nagy, David Fearn, Mark Wilson and Craig Kelly. Over thirty teams from around the State competed.

The tournament was played in blustery conditions whilst the greens were very hard and fast - thus making the possibility of good scores very difficult.

However, the Cabramatta High School team was able to put together four scores which enabled them to win by three strokes. David Fearn in particular played exceptionally well to card a 76 - four over par. Other good scores were Mark Wilson, 81; Mick Nagy, 82; and Craig Kelly, 85.

This was an exceptional performance from the boys as not only was it the school's first State golf title but also the future looks very bright as three boys are in Year 9 and one in Year 10.

MR. P. J. DURACK.



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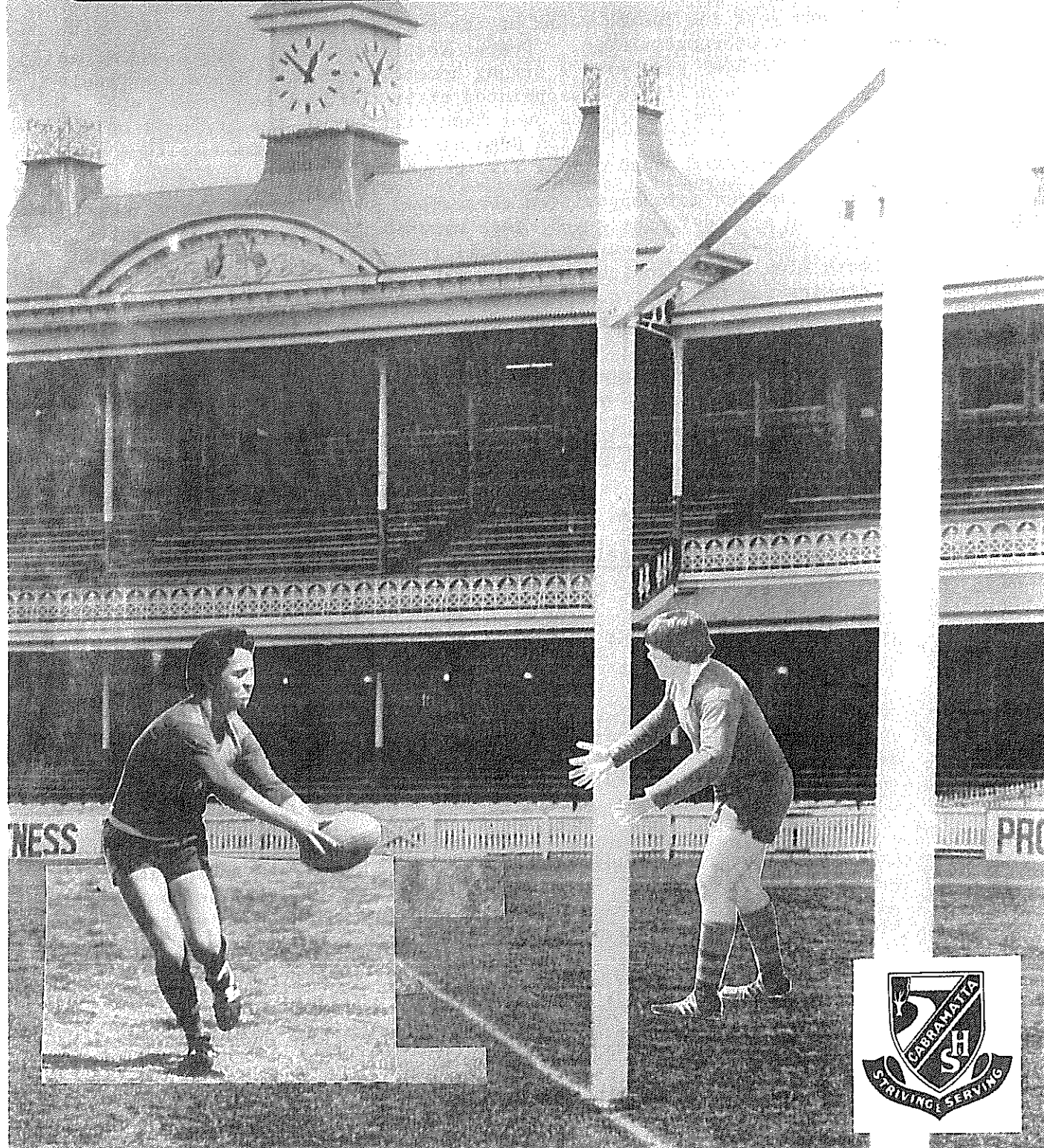
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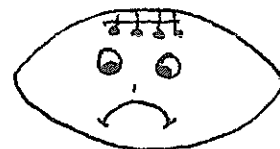
BIG LEAGUE

83



BEST AND FAIREST AWARDS
Michael Mangion and Tony King

Fourth Round Blues



or 1st Grade Rugby League 1983

For the second year the Fourth Round of the University Shield competition has been the downfall for Cabramatta High. Defeat this year came at the hands of an average Woy Woy High School side with a strong hometown crowd. The close result of 18-16 left our players a little disappointed after the long bus drive, and encouraging victories in earlier rounds over Bass Hill 24-10, Chester Hill on forfeit, and Westfields 16-12. Plumpton High also ended our Commonwealth Bank Cup aspirations in the first round of the T.V. competition.

Westfields became our main opposition throughout 1983, finally taking our premiership title in a hard-fought grand final by 28-8. Points for Cabramatta came from a try by Ian Saunders, the ever-on-the-ball five-eight player, and 2 goals from Golden Boots Alex Stojiljkovich. Earlier matches against Westfields had seen determined victories for Cabramatta. However, lack of reserves for 1st grade and on the field organisation of play gave our traditional foes the slight edge for the important match.

Let's take a look at the 1st grade players for 1983:



Tony King: Took control of the engine room in '83 with a wish to play 5/8 in '84.



Michael Mangion: Liked playing Westfields so much he nearly broke his neck trying - Known to tackle around the ankles once or twice.



Dusko Dragicevic: Liked to tell opposition players that he was making the tackle. Always nimble on his feet.



Alex Stojiljkovich: Made our team on the import rule. Always liked to be "psyched up" for the game and wears a mean hair cut.



Enrico Eleuteri: A regular team member thanks to Miss McLachlan being on time. Enrico the team comedian.



John Bruno: This year played lock with a devastating side step and even scored a try.

*



Darren Hannaford: Liked taking the quick tap penalties and always used up the first aid kit.

*



Ian Saunders: Why stretch out when sheer ability is enough. Always thinking, scored our grand final try.

*



Sedat Tasdemir: The "quiet achiever", Sedat gave his best in every game.

*



Craig Brown: Who disguised as Ray Price fights a never ending battle to keep his mouth closed.

*



Andrew Roberts: Most improved player of the team, Butcher always made ground to the delight of the crowd.

*



Andrew "Grotty" Groza - by nature ... the team's back up in tight spots.

*



Wally Boikov: "I'll be there next week Mr. Whelan, I'll"

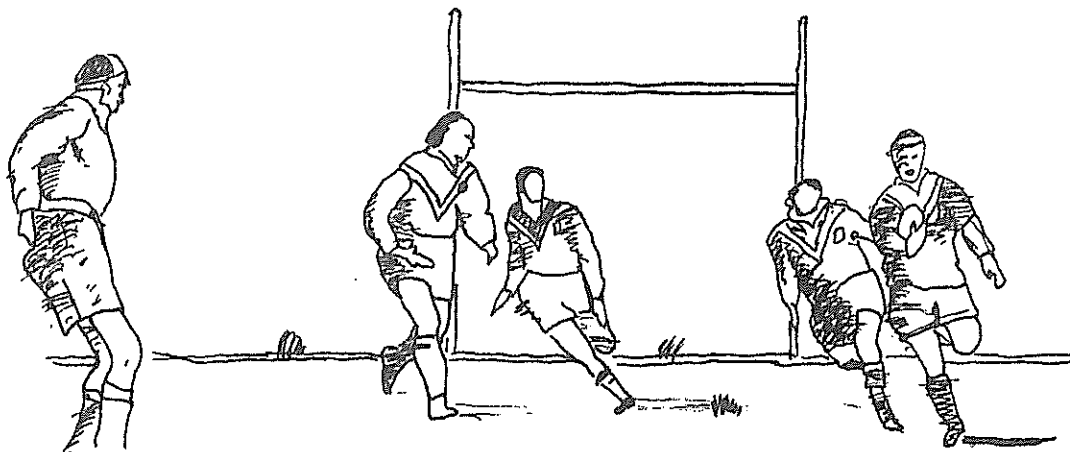
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Rodney Bulmer: Team Manager, statistician, first aid, masseur, and part-time winger.

Maybe next year!

R. WHELAN.



Senior 1st Rugby League ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The Senior 1st League, although weakened through last year's drop-outs, coped well to reach the fourth round of the University Shield Competition, one of only 32 sides to reach this round.

Unfortunately they were defeated by Plumpton High in the first round of the Commonwealth Bank Cup competition, where only disorganisation could be blamed for the loss.

The first round of the University Shield saw a strong Cabramatta side defeat Bass Hill 24-10, where everything worked like clockwork, with both backs and forwards combining in six tries.

Tries: M. Mangion, C.Brown, D.Dragisevic, D.Hannafor, S.Cage and A. Roberts

The second round saw Chester Hill forfeit, realising they had no chance of defeating the strong Cabramatta side, after Chester Hill had been beaten by Bass Hill in their school competition.

The third round came, causing both Westfields and Cabramatta casualties; a game which was called off due to a serious injury sustained by one of the players and replayed a week later, seeing Cabramatta defeat Westfields 16-12 in a hard fought match.

Tries: D.Hannafor, V.Common (2), S.Cage

Then came the elusive fourth round game against Woy Woy in which many scoring opportunities went astray. The game, played on an oval reminiscent of North Sydney Oval, saw a fluctuating scoreline in which Woy Woy were victors 18-16, one of the toughest games encountered by the Cabramatta side.

Tries. D.Hannafor, S.Tasdemir, S.Cage

Tony King (Captain)

Michael Mangion.



☆☆☆☆☆

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JOHN STREET, CABRAMATTA.

Second Grade Rugby League

1983 was a very successful year for us, winning the competition undefeated. We've had a few people out with injuries but it shows we have a lot of talent, determination and spirit in the side. The side was well led by Captain Terry Woods.

Mr. Owens helped us along the year as our Coach and he also proved very successful inspiring the side on to victory.

Results: GRAND FINAL: Won 27-10 (Westfields)
SEMI FINAL: Won 32-0 (Bonnyrigg)
OTHERS: Won 22-0 (Westfields)
Won 42-0 (Moorebank)
Won 30-0 (Bonnyrigg)
Won 52-0 (Miller)
Won 30-0 (Moorebank)

Records lost for other matches.

STEVEN CAGE - Year 10.



Mr. Owens: Coach



Ilhan Aydin: Centre - 8 tries, 3 goals - "I think he went that'a way ...!"



Rocco Luppino: Prop - 4 tries - "More powerful than a locomotive ..."



Vince Milazzo: Utility Forward - 2 tries.



Terry Woods: Captain, Half-back - 1 try, 1 goal - "Short in stature, big on heart."



Steven Cage: Vice-Captain, Lock - 10 tries, 16+ goals, 1 field goal - "Cagey by name, Cagey by nature."



Pat Burns: Five-eighth - 1 try - "I know it takes me four periods on Tuesday to prepare for a game, but isn't it worth it?"



Vince Common: Centre - 6 tries - "Electrifying speed - where did 'e go?"



Shane Matheson: Full-back - 1 try, 4 goals - "Give me ball and I'll score tries!"



Sava Grkinic: Second Row - "What do ya mean, you can't go to sleep in scrums?"

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*

Jari Timonen: Winger - 4 tries, 1 goal - "Point me to the line and I'll go like a bullet!"

*

Tony Loprete: Winger - "They don't get round ME!"

*

Felix Fernandez: Utility Forward - "Blood's made for spilling."

*

Charlie Scala: Hooker - 1 try - "Backward step? - Yeah, that's what the opposition takes."

*

Joe Milazzo: Utility player - 8 tries - "Cyclone Tracy's got nothin' on me."

*

Paul Radovic: Utility Forward - "Here a punch, there a punch I get sick of hitting them round the legs!"

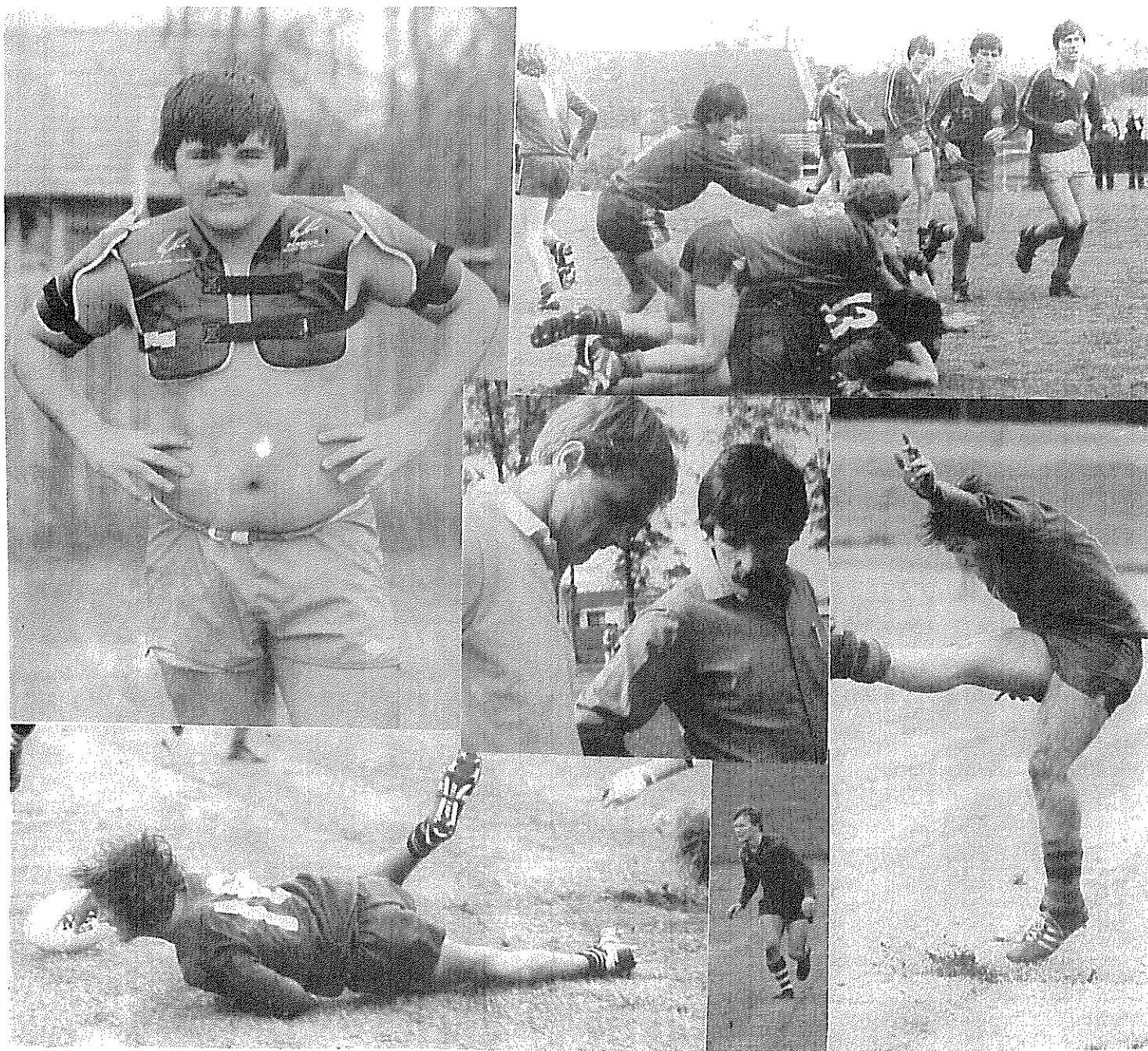
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Luis Alvarez: Utility Back - "I fill in the gaps and make them ... sometimes!"

*

Ray Herewini: Utility Back - "Size means nothing - when you haven't got it!"



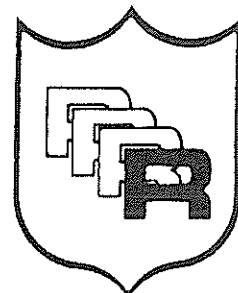


Junior A Rugby League

What a great season we had. We won't go into the details of how many games we lost or won because we all realise that winning or losing isn't everything (lucky for us). It's how we play the game. Some very forgettable person once said "Life wasn't meant to be easy". This could quite easily apply to the Junior A Grade team's games during the season. What was most important was that all players enjoyed the game. Just ask Stewart Carrigg how much he enjoyed tackling forwards around the knees, or how much Sam Hanania enjoyed playing in the front row. All players tried hard at least once or twice during the season, some even tried the whole season. The forwards were very ably led by John Aloisio who tried very hard to get the rest of the team to stop swearing but decided if he couldn't beat them then join them. He learnt very well and was soon leading the group. Captain and centre, Neil Taylor, played exceptionally well all season, easily topping the try scoring and never giving in. There were also many other great performances during the year but only space limits me from mentioning them.

In conclusion, congratulations on your pleasant attitude and increasing maturity and I hope you all go on to play for Parramatta so St. George has a chance of beating them.

RAY RICHARDS
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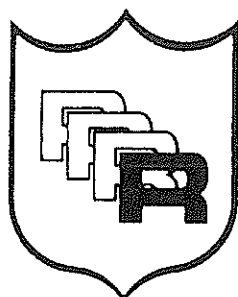
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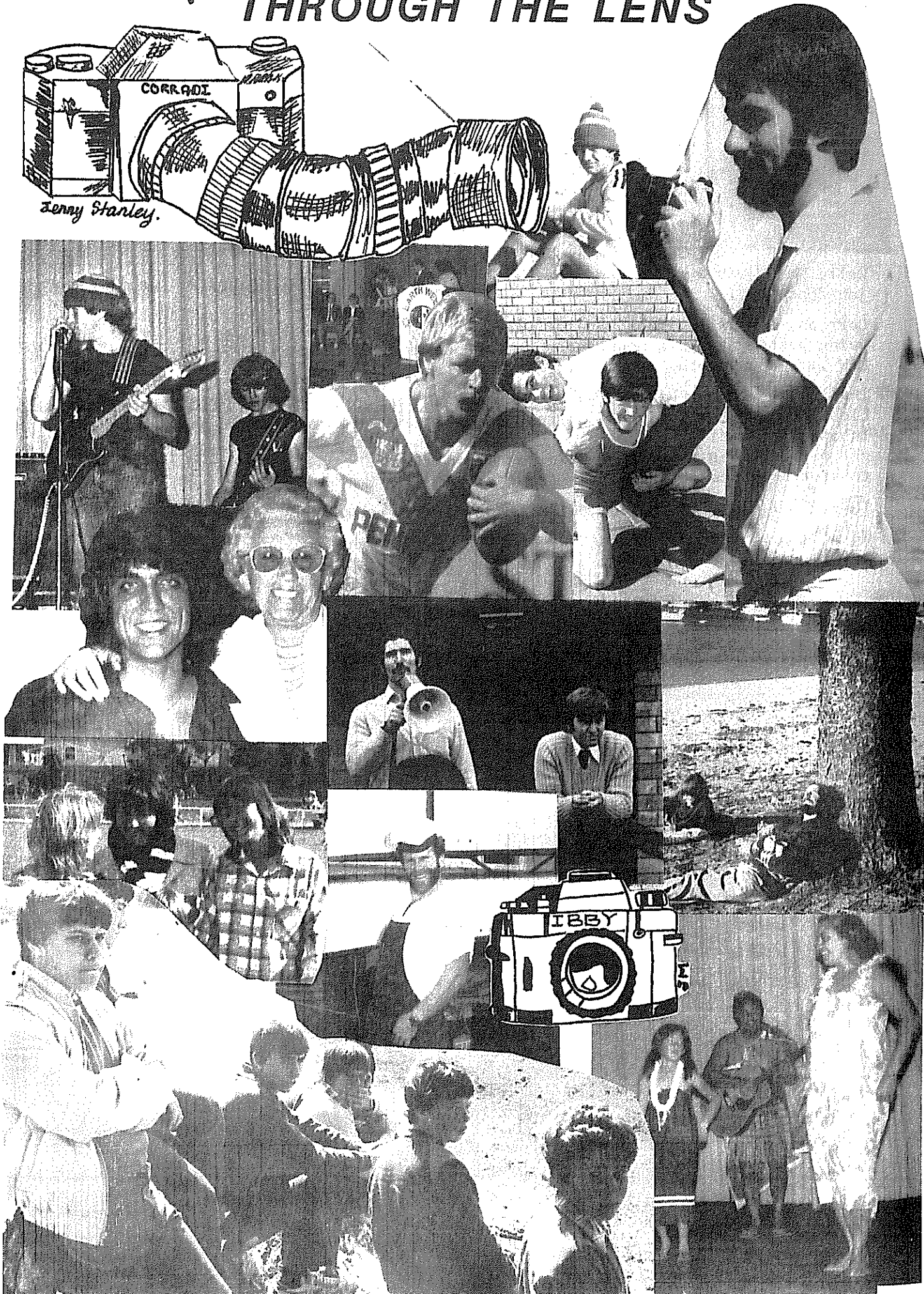
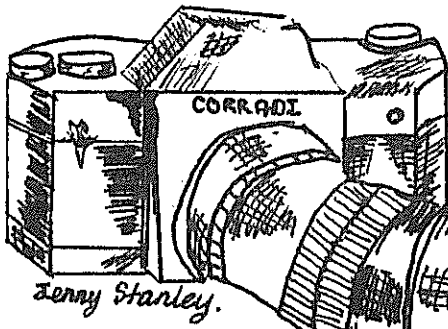
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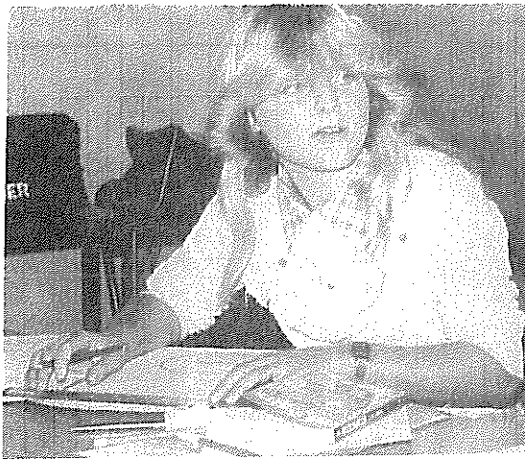


SPORTS FACTORY

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THROUGH THE LENS





What We Thought:



Well, Wendy was our leading lady, with quick hands - nimble fingers get the job done fast.

Corrina, Danica, Juliana, Sharon, Jenny and Jenny were our artists ... continually being pestered with a monotonous - "We need an illustration for this article NOW who's going to draw it?"

The layout was the hardest and took weekends (and other times) of dedication, blood and tears ... Michael LoProto complained of overwork after one day of solid labour and we all know how Mrs. Corradi feels after 3 weeks! Gemille came to get out of Maths and Fitness, Susan helped with babysitting, cramped necks and tension headaches ... and brightened things with her jokes

"Overall I did a fantastic job and Mrs. Corradi couldn't have managed without me!!!"

We hope Mrs. Corradi, Mr. McEwan and Mr. Zybrands will take a long well-earned rest



9E1 - THE WORKERS.

"I used to look normal
until I forgot to buy
Thuruna '83"



¹₁₆₃ Vince? Joe? milazzo?



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In appreciation of an extraordinary class -

L. V. Corradi
(Editor)



MRS. M. HULL



MRS. K. MYCHAE

NEXT YEAR WE'VE GOTTA GET ORGANISED



