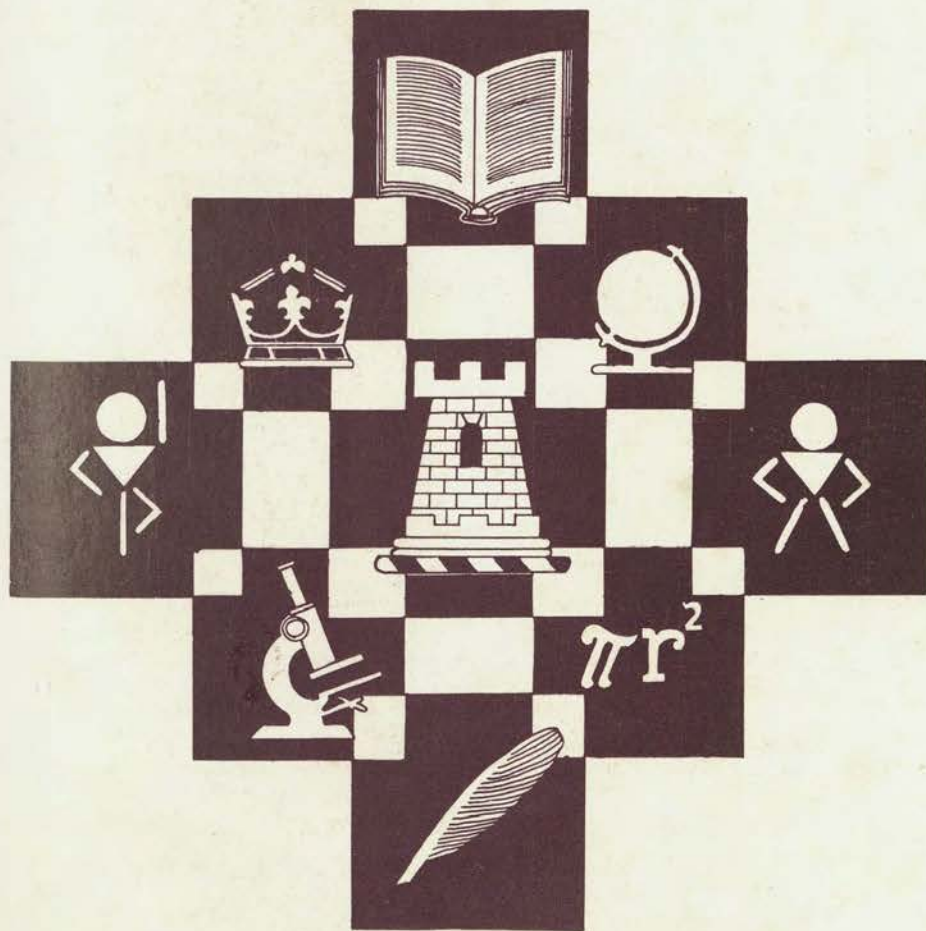
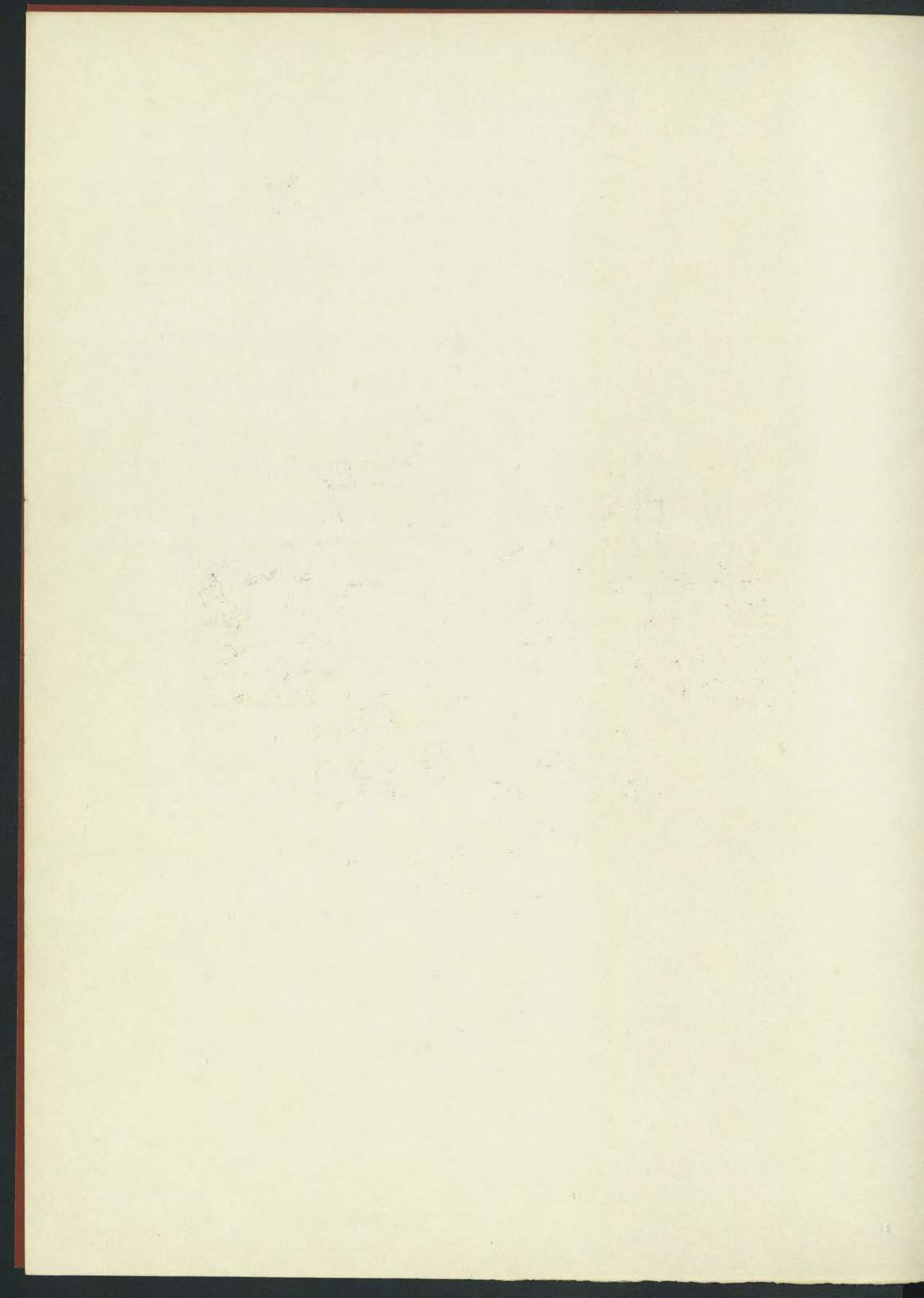


# THE FORTIAN



1976



# THE MAGAZINE OF FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL 1976

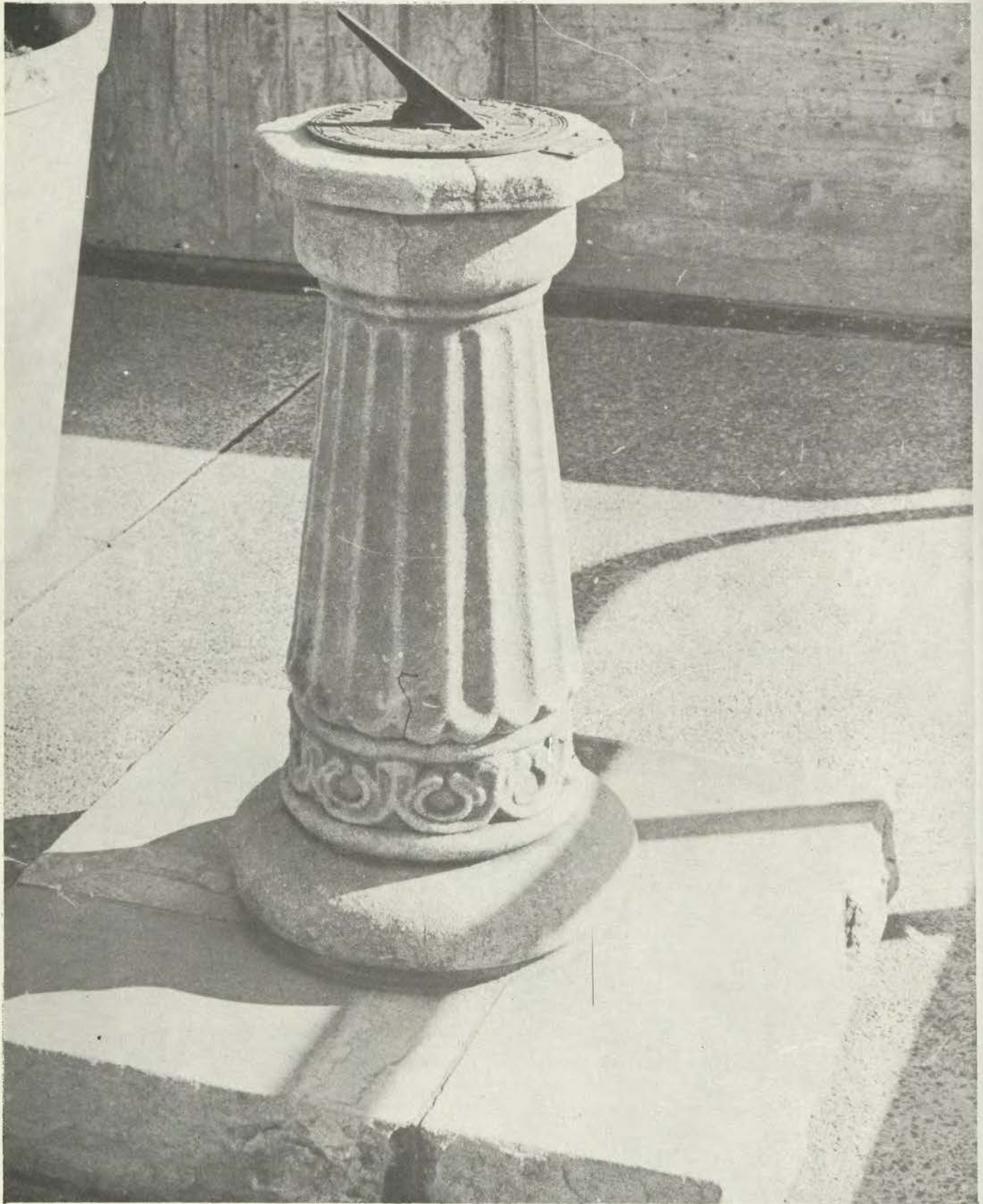
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Faber Est Quisque Suae Fortunae



## Editorial

Impossible as it seems to believe, there exists those in this world who, if not exactly adoring it, are certainly quite partial to that illustrious institution - school. Then again there are those who have never been, will never be, and probably don't want to be compatible with this great house of learning. Whatever our feelings, our school days are a period of our lives not easily forgotten. They say that in years to come you grow misty-eyed when recalling how you diligently did your homework every night for teachers who really weren't that bad at all. Presumably, time dulls the memory.

Whether indifferent, enthusiastic, militant or resigned towards it, school has always retained its aura of stability. Neither rain nor hail nor train strikes have shut its doors and earthquakes, as yet, have never been given the chance. And yet this year saw our very existence being questioned by those critics who decided it was their week to question the existence of the 'selective' school, a title which Fort Street has long shared with a handful of other public schools. Quite simply, they declared that we weren't worth the title. The fuss at the time seemed quite unnecessary when it is considered that the title is virtually all that is left of selective schools to-day. The majority of students at Fort Street live within a short radius of the school and many come merely because it is the closest school to home. On the other hand it should be remembered that Fort Street will always have the distinction of being Australia's oldest public school so it is not surprising that many parents are eager to send their children here. It's mainly their old

traditions that have given Fort Street and the other 'selective' schools the attractions other public schools may not have.

It really isn't important. What is, however, is that we make the reputation Fort Street has. It ultimately depends on the present and not just on past traditions. The school is what we make it, not what the student of a century ago made it. Otherwise, like them, it will die of old age.

In the same way this year's magazine has depended on you for its existence: those that contributed and those who couldn't be bothered, those who helped with tedious jobs and those teachers who were endlessly plagued for reports. Participation of the whole school was what we aimed at, and thus, before you criticize what's to follow, ask yourself how much of this magazine is really yours. If it's only a name in a class list--feel guilty. To the rest, be reminded: the Magazine Committee is not perfection so don't be too generous with the complaints. For if you abuse the magazine, you abuse the school and whether you like it or not, you abuse yourself....because YOU are FORT STREET.

Connie Tirabosco,  
(Editor)



## The Principal



Mrs. E. Rowe.

"One of the Fort Street songs is entitled 'The Best School of All'. Are you co-operating and making your contribution to the school community to make this title a reality? Are you doing your best to achieve the standards we expect, both in the classroom and outside? While you are at Fort Street, I would hope you learn to value knowledge and reason, to respect truth, to value yourselves, to value personal freedom and the freedom of others."

## The Deputy Principal



Miss M. E. Pickard, with a group of students.



# STAFF — 1976

## PRINCIPAL

Mrs. E. Rowe, M.B.E., B.A., Dip.Ed., M.A.C.E.

## DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

Miss M. E. Pickard, B.A., Dip.Ed., B.Ec.

## ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Mr. W. McCallion, B.A.  
 Miss C. Bennett, B.A.  
 Mrs. J. Christie, B.A. (Hons.) Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. B. Mahony, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed., Dip.Lib.  
 Mrs. J. Marchant, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. R. Pyne, B.A.(Hons.)  
 Miss A. Ried, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. J. Sequeira, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed., M.E.D.  
 Mrs. D. Williams, B.A., Dip.Ed.

## HISTORY DEPARTMENT

Mr. B. Byrnes, B.A.  
 Mr. B. Childs, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. G. Hodgkins, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. H. Jones, B.A., Dip.Tchng.(N.Z.)  
 Mrs. L. Maftoum, B.A., Dip.Ed.

## LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Mr. R. Horan, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed.  
 Miss C. Ferry, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Miss I. Gugger, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed.  
 Mrs. J. Levi, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mrs. H. McLachlan, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Miss H. Palmer, B.A., B.Ed.(Melb.)  
 Mrs. S. Stark, B.A.

## MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

Mr. R. Riches, B.A.  
 Mr. J. Borg, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. M. Lowry, B.Sc.(Iowa State)  
 Mr. P. McFarland, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Miss G. McInnes  
 Mrs. L. Moyes, B.Sc.  
 Mrs. L. Munro  
 Miss B. Sanders, A.Mus.A.T.C.L.  
 Mrs. M. Witten, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

## SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Mr. W. Bray, Dip.Tech.Sc.  
 Mr. A. Ferris, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mr. L. Legge, B.Sc.  
 Mr. K. Molyneux, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., M.Ed.  
 Mr. C. Moynham  
 Mr. J. Poulos, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. E. Rizoglou, Dip.Agr., Dip.Ed.  
 Miss G. Rosen, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
 Miss T. Weiss, B.Sc. (Ed.)

## SOCIAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Mr. H. Sturm, F.U.(Berlin), B.A.(Syd.)  
 Mr. R. Archer, B.Ec.  
 Mr. T. Gardner, B.A. (Hons.)  
 Mr. M. Horsley, B.Ec., Dip.Ed.  
 Miss M. Ireland, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 Mr. J. Lawrence, M.Sc., BS.Ed.  
 Miss J. O'Connor, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.  
 Mrs. S. Sinclair, B.A., Dip.Ed.

## INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT

Mr. R. Handley, A.S.T.C., Dip.Art Ed.  
 Mr. B. Clarke  
 Mr. F. Gregson, Dip.Tchng.  
 Mr. A. Sambrooke  
 Mr. J. Sharples, Dip.I.A.(Educ.), M.I.I.A.

## HOME SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Mrs. B. Kershaw  
 Mrs. I. Keevers, Dip.Tchng.

## MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Mr. E. Wilson, B.Mus. (Dunelm)  
 Mrs. E. Shellshear, D.S.C.M., Mus.Ed.(STC)

## ART DEPARTMENT

Miss S. Smith  
 Mrs. P. Rentz, Dip.Ed., Dip.Art  
 Miss R. Stevens, B.A., Dip.Ed.

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Mrs. H. Flynn, B.Ed.(Phys.Ed.)  
 Mr. R. Tremayne B.Ed.(Phys.Ed.)

## LIBRARIAN

Miss E. Clancy, M.A., Dip.Ed., Dip.T.Lib.  
 A.L.A.A.

SCHOOL COUNSELLOR

Mr. D. Whitelaw, B.A.(Ontario)

RESERVE

Mr. W. Giblin, B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.

ANCILLARY STAFF

Mrs. B. McCormick  
 Mrs. G. Hackett  
 Mrs. L. Pendleton  
 Mrs. J. Schmidt  
 Mrs. E. Williams  
 Mrs. M. Brewster  
 Mrs. B. Bursill  
 Mrs. J. Wright  
 Mrs. M. Harris  
 Mrs. S. Allen  
 Mrs. M. Keogh  
 Mrs. M. Watts  
 Mrs. M. Etienne  
 Mr. M. Celic  
 Mr. H. Thompson

ENGLISH:

We farewelled

Mr. Pemberton who went to Marrickville  
 Girls' High as History Master  
 Miss Collins who went to Beverly Hills  
 Girls' High

We welcomed

Mrs. Marchant from East Hills Boys' High  
 Mr. Sequeira from James Cook High  
 Mrs. Williams from Wooloware High

HISTORY:

We farewelled

Mrs. Bagnell who went to Kingswood High  
 Mrs. McDonald who went to Sydney Girls'  
 High  
 Mr. Tucker who went to Leichhardt High  
 as Master.

We welcomed

Mr. Hodgkins from Macquarie University.

LANGUAGE:

We farewelled

Miss Palmer who took long service leave  
 to travel and then returned in 3rd term.  
 Mr. Walker who was seconded into the  
 Department.  
 Mrs. Smith who left to have her baby boy.

We welcomed

Miss Ferry from Port Kembla High  
 Mrs. Levi from North Ryde High

MATHEMATICS:

We farewelled

Mr. Stelzer who took up tertiary teaching  
 Mr. Cox who went to a private school

We welcomed

Mr. Riches as Master to the Department  
 from Galston High

SCIENCE:

We welcomed

Miss Weiss from University

SOCIAL SCIENCE:

We farewelled

Mr. Inglis who went to Europe

We welcomed

Mrs. Sinclair from Sefton High  
 Mr. Giblin from University

INDUSTRIAL ARTS:

We farewelled

Mr. McCoy who went overseas



MUSIC:

We farewelled

Miss Macrae to the Music Branch  
of Schools

We welcomed

Mrs. Shellishear from Sydney Girls'  
High

ART:

We farewelled

Mrs. Peer who went to Sylvania High

We welcomed

Mrs. Rentz from Sir Joseph Banks High  
Miss Stevens from Carole Park High (Qld.)

PHYSICAL EDUCATION:

We farewelled

Miss Hinkley who is teaching at a  
Teacher's College

We welcomed

Mrs. Flynn from Marrickville Girls'  
High

LIBRARIAN:

We farewelled

Mrs. Maticka who went to Guyra High

We welcomed

Miss Clancy who came from Kuringai  
College of Advanced Education.

We were unable to gain information  
regarding the following:

English

We farewelled Miss Power

Language

We farewelled Mrs. Frazer.

Science

We farewelled Mrs. Blake.

Social Science

We farewelled Mrs. McLeod.

Industrial Arts

We welcomed Mr. Gregson.

Art

We farewelled Mrs. Harvey.



# School Diary – (If you could

Another school year begins ...



## FIRST FORM

DAY 1

SAME DAY

9 am

3.15 pm

Great Expectations

Take that  
BACK!!

The Swimming Carnival 1 and Athletics

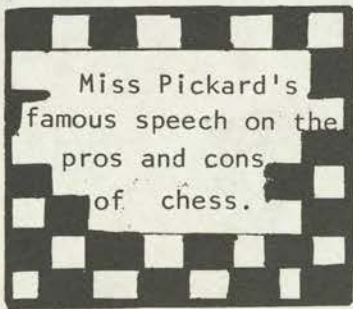
Carnival Part 1

suffered the same

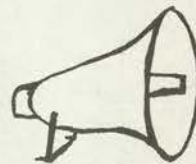
fate -



-- Both were postponed owing to rain.



MRS. MADDOCK'S farewell ASSEMBLY.



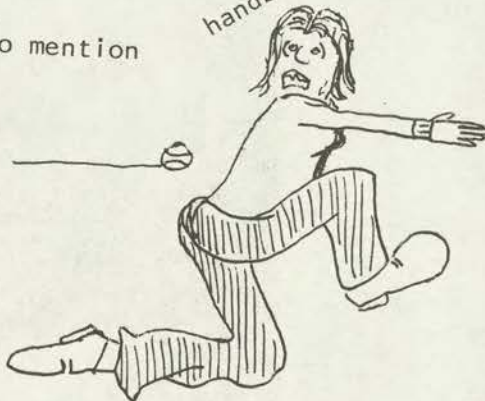
P.A. System installed

(seen but not heard).

handball!!

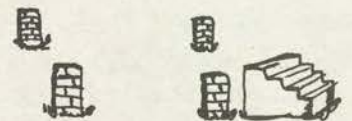
--- not to mention

School Pastimes



when the portables  
were repossessed?

Do you remember





see what I see . . . )

TASMAN CUP DISAPPOINTMENT!



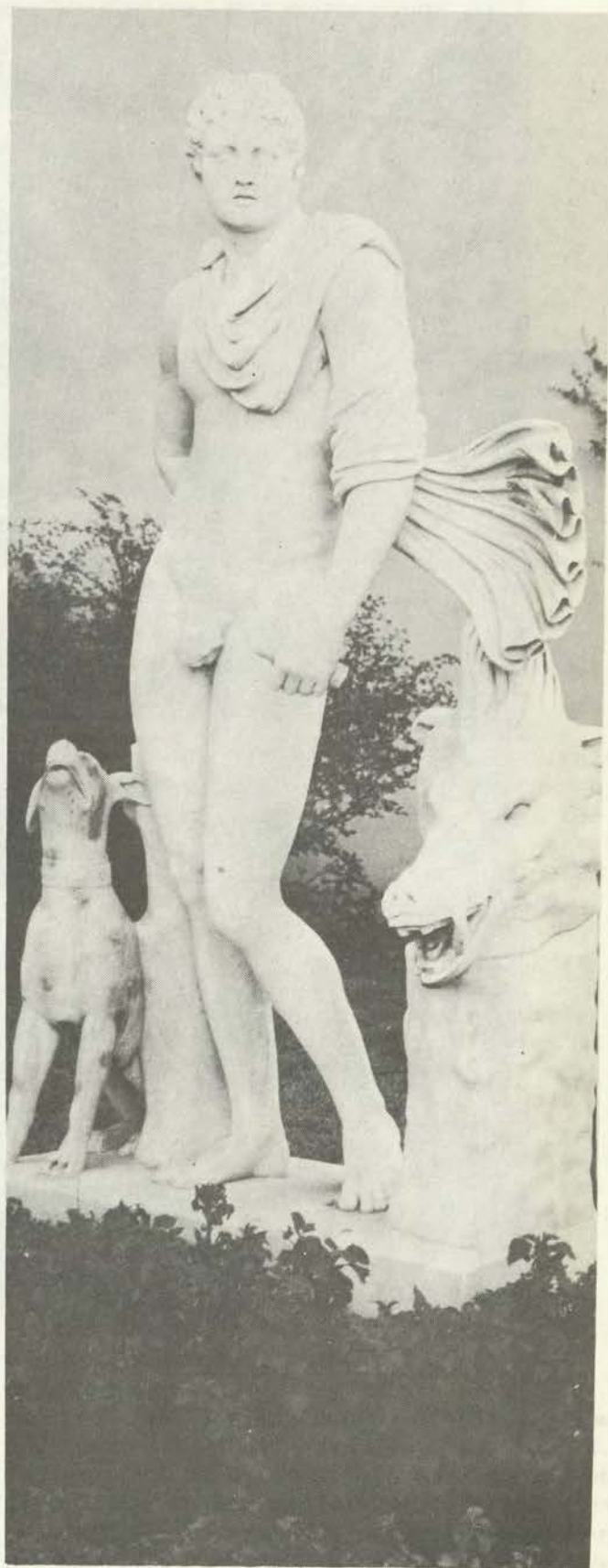
WHO was that VALIANT student who did it for SM?



FORT STREET has 4 colourful students who sit all day and study soil ...



FORT STREET FLASH COLLAPSES!  
Fifth Form's Vince Ponzio's Valiant 100 metres ends in tragedy (?) at Athletics Carnival.







### THE BUSHWALKING CLUB.

Due to a change of management, the F.S.H.S.B.W.C. has been finding its feet and has been unable to run a full programme of walks, hikes and camps; but, fortunately we have run many successful day walks in the Royal National Park and the Blue Mountains National Park. There has been a tremendous five day walk in

the Blue Mountains during the May holidays.

The keynote of this year's activities has been to give many teachers and students the chance of obtaining experience and confidence to be able to cope with, and enjoy Australia's bushland.



### CHESS CLUB.

The new year saw the Chess Club coming out of its Christmas hibernation. The change to the Chess Club was soon to be initiated. The new move was a special lunchtime for a lot more people to attend the club. This move was a big initial success. The numbers gradually started to drop off, but a larger group was coming throughout the week. Then the frequenters of the chess club were to be disappointed as the person who had one of the keys, and came every day to open the cupboard, had the key taken off him.

Now the attendance to the Chess Club is spasmodic. This situation has a simple remedy. Give the key back to the person who always attends and, once again, the Chess Club will flourish.

Andrew J. Stevens 11 N

### GYM CLUB.

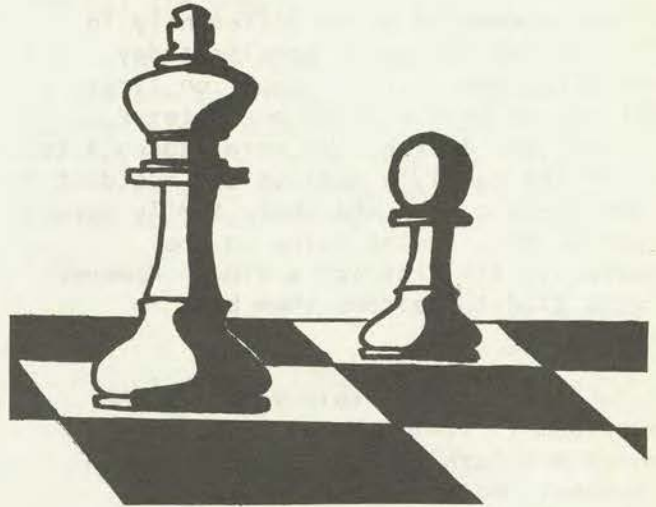
The Gym Club has been continuing in 1976 with an increase in gymnasts. This has resulted in the division of the group into two groups. The more advanced group, work on Fridays, and the other group, including beginners, work on Mondays. This has proved quite successful, and the girls involved are doing very well.

A school competition was held recently at our school, and all the competitors did very well. This competition resulted in three teams being chosen to represent the zone gymnastics. The three teams consist of Sub-Junior, Junior and Senior.

The gymnasts who are to compete in the zone are working hard and it is hoped that we will also have an area team. This could be possible as we have the help of Miss Rosen, Mrs. Flynn and Janine Telling.

Thanks is given to all these people, and in particular, Miss Rosen, who has supported the Gym Club, and founded it in our school.

Christine Burchett 11 F



### I.S.C.F.

#### JESUS IS ALIVE AND WELL!

And what's more, He's active in Fort Street because Christianity isn't going to church on Sundays and being good, it's living the way God, our Creator, has everything worked out. That isn't always easy, and to understand it better, there's a lot to learn through study and experience. Inter School Christian Fellowship meets every Thursday lunchtime in K 24 for this reason. Students take it in turn to lead discussions on explaining the Bible, examining social issues, sharing experiences in their Christian lives and showing how to put it all into practical, everyday use. The topics cover God, the Bible, Bible study, the Devil, killing, living... There is also singing, led by guitars, about Jesus, and praise to God.

I.S.C.F. isn't limited to religious freaks - it's for everyone who is looking for God, who has found Him and wants to know more, or who just feels like coming. It is informal and anyone can feel free to join in, offer ideas, or ask questions. But I.S.C.F. is NOT a group of people floundering along under principles and theologies -- God's spirit is there, and His love and power make all the difference.

Janet Mewett 11 I



REPORT FROM THE LADIES' COMMITTEE.

Our year commenced quite differently in 1976. We had the usual enrolment day morning tea and P. & C. supper on first night but we were missing our Caterer, Mrs. Margaret Austen. We were saddened to hear of the family's serious car accident in New Zealand when the whole family were affected, Mrs. Austen being on the Dangerously Ill list for a time. However, we were glad to welcome them back in April.

Our numbers are down this year but the enthusiasm is still there. Functions planned are Fashion Parade and luncheon in October, Fortian Dinner in August, 6th Form Farewell luncheon, and various suppers &c. when needed. Demonstrations have been shown after our meetings and have proved interesting and helpful. A trip to Sara Lee Gosford is always worthwhile and we are on a second excursion there. New Maroon jumpers have been available in the clothing pool run by Mrs. Alderton at very reasonable prices along with good used uniform apparel.

Mrs. Rowe has kept us informed of the doings of the school and in any matters regarding the students. We have appreciated this information and the opportunity to have our questions answered.

Our ladies work willingly at all the functions and we are grateful to them. It is hard work but when you get together the fun and fellowship you have helps to make up for the weariness at the end of the day. We thank Mrs. Shirley Davis for her leadership and would encourage

any mother who can come along on the 4th Thursday of the month to join us.

Rose Hunter,  
Secretary.

REPORT FROM THE CANTEEN COMMITTEE.

This year marked a new era for our Canteen - a new Supervisor, Mr. Hedley Brown. We were sad to say goodbye to Mrs. Bess Sutherland but due to failing health she found it necessary to resign - since which time she has had a severe heart attack and now is recuperating. We wish her well and hope for a good recovery soon. Mrs. Rae Rich also left us at the end of the year. We appreciated very much the work these two ladies put into the Canteen over so many years.

Mr. Brown has been very enthusiastic and brought many changes into the Canteen. A great deal of variety of food is available to cater for all diets. Fresh fruit in season is offered in as much variety as possible - slices of watermelon proving particularly popular. Fruit juices tomato juice, milk and yoghurt plus canned drinks. During winter, 3 types of soup, hot chocolate, tea and coffee along with hot pies, sausage rolls, hot dogs and raisin toast are offered. The ladies are very thankful that heavy carrying is over - no more carrying heavy drink boxes, etc. Mr. Brown does it for us!

Mr. C. Taylor has guided our finances - our thanks are due to him for keeping us on the right road, Also to our staff and voluntary mothers who come along so willingly month by month to help keep the canteen going. Profits are better this year and the school will benefit. More volunteers are always needed so if you have some time to offer please ring Mr. Brown - he will be pleased to hear from you. We thank Mrs. Rowe, too, for her visits to the canteen to thank the ladies and for her interest and encouragement.

Enid Perkins,  
President.

Rose Hunter,  
Secretary.



### FORTIANS' UNION.

As is the case with many high schools in Sydney, Fort Street also has an old school union. It is now known as the Fortians' Union, but this has not always been the case. In fact, up until this year, there have been two separate unions -- the Old Boys' and Old Girls'.

Many of you would not have been aware of this amalgamation, though I am equally certain that most of you would not be the least surprised and would regard such a merger as inevitable in the course of events. However, in retrospect, it has not been as easy as it sounds. Rather, it has involved a series of discussions extending over the past couple of years, the drawing up of a new constitution, the notification of all members of a proposed amalgamation, a General Meeting of all members of the two Unions (separately) to sanction the disbanding of their respective Unions subject to a new union being formed, and finally a combined General Meeting to authorise the acceptance of the new constitution and the instigation of the new Fortians' Union.

It all does sound a little complex, but most of the problems have been ironed out, and it should be smooth sailing from now on. I just thought I might tell you a little about what the Union actually does. I remember when I was at school (and that wasn't all that long ago!), the only thing I knew about the Old School Union was, first, that it existed, and secondly, that it donated various prizes and trophies on Speech Night. Well, this is still true on both counts, but there is a little more to it than that. In short, there are over one thousand members in the Union whose affairs are handled by a committee of fourteen members elected at the Annual General Meeting early in the year. The committee organizes the various functions throughout the year which always include the Junior Dinner (a special welcome to the new school leavers, usually in April or thereabouts), and an Annual Dinner later in the year. Other functions include theatre parties, wine and cheese nights,

dinner dances, car trials, rugby matches against the school, etc.

All in all, we have a great time. So if you see your school years quickly fading before you, why not give some serious thought to joining the Union? The first year of membership is free, and we would certainly be glad to see you.

Jim Markos,  
Joint Secretary,  
Fortians' Union, 1976.

### COUNSELLOR'S COMMENTS.

It is a pleasure to have been given the opportunity to report to you on the Counselling facilities in our school.

As a Psychologist, my primary purpose is to help students deal effectively with their social, emotional and educational problems. Most often, students make appointments to meet with me individually, although small groups occasionally meet to discuss mutual problems and to work out suitable ways of coping.

For those who wish to see me on either of my two days here, appointments can be made by calling in at my office directly or by ringing the school and being put through to me.

Counselling is not only available to students -- both parents and teachers are welcome to discuss methods for promoting positive inter-personal relationships or for creating individual management programmes. In all cases the details of the consultation are strictly confidential.

This year a new service is being offered to Year 12 students who have difficulty managing pre-examination anxiety. A six part, three hour training programme in relaxation and desensitization is being operated for those who feel excessive exam anxiety is interfering with their ability to maximize their H.S.C. marks.



As I have indicated above, part of a Counsellor's role is the alleviation of existing problems, however, prevention is usually far easier than problem solving after the problem situation has developed -- so I extend an invitation to all pupils, parents and teachers to make use of the counselling service by working directly with me or by being put in contact with one of the many other helping agencies within the community.



B. Whitelaw

#### FROM THE OFFICE.

Working away steadily in the background of the school scene is the office staff coping with the clerical work associated with the smooth running of the school.

We have correspondence to deal with, forms and returns to be completed, stencils to be typed for class lists, notices, material for Departments and those awful test and examination papers. The duplicating room rolls on churning out volumes of printed material as well as photo copying. There is a vast amount of clerical work involved in the compiling of lists, records to be kept up to date and the filling in of pupils' reports. Our Teachers' Aides assist in the various departments helping with their records.

Transport and Concession passes have to be issued to pupils, also lockers and

then we have the usual problems of lost ones.

In the midst of all this activity the telephone switchboard is handling all those calls, messages and enquiries endlessly coming in. The mail arrives to be sorted and deliveries of books and equipment are dealt with. Money has to be banked, accounts to be paid and the books balanced each month.

Then we have "The Enquiries". Property lost and found, also passes and locker keys. Band-aids are needed and there is the bashful request for needle and cotton for pants coming asunder. "Will you please mind this for me?" and what about all the sports gear on Wednesdays!

Early in the year there is the small Year 7 (who brings out the mother instinct in us) - "Please Miss, I've lost my class, can you tell me where they are?" or from any other pupil anytime "I've lost my timetable, can you tell me where my class is supposed to be?" Then there was the occasion when we obliged with a replacement for a boy's shirt only to be told "I'm not wearing that, it's a girl's blouse!" We get plenty of variety and never a dull moment!

At the end of the day we tidy our desks, lock everything away and take that last 'phone call and go home to ---- "Mum, I'm hungry, what's for dinner and when will it be ready?" or "Where did YOU put my Maths Book?" "Can you help me with this homework?" "I need money for an excursion, and will you sign this permission note?" and so it goes on .....







Mrs. M. Keogh  
Miss T. Clancy  
Mrs. M. Watts

#### LIBRARY REPORT.

Of all the wonders of the modern world, none is so great as our Fort Street Library. Now don't scoff at this - you should all be made aware of the fact that Mrs. Maticka and her staff, Mrs. Keogh and Mrs. Watts, had done a mammoth job in 1975 reorganising and co-ordinating the collections of both the boys' and girls' schools and building up the audio-visual collection.

On the first day of Term 1 this year, our library opened its doors to the world, full of hope that with the diligent work of Miss Clancy, it would be used enjoyably and effectively, and that it would be able to provide the services required by all members of the school. These things, despite her gallant efforts, she did with mixed success.

This fantastic library was formed by the amalgamation of both the old libraries put into a by-far superior complex, a fact which in the long run means that we have a library which everyone can depend on. But now don't go jumping to the conclusion that the library is just a bunch of pretty books. This is just not so, for it has many other interesting

attractions - read on:

available for loan overnight or during the day, are many pieces of audio visual software (550 video tapes comprising about 700 different programmes, over 300 reel-to-reel tapes, 350 audio cassettes and many, many, disc recordings, slides and overhead transparencies) and also hardware - video tape recorders, reel-to-reel tape recorders, movie projectors - overhead projectors - movie cameras - record players etc.

---- There's all this at your disposal, so what are you waiting for? -- go on and use it!

Great numbers of study groups, classes and individuals have availed themselves of library space throughout the year with of course, the bludge groups, thumb twiddlers, and individual bludgers, who hurt themselves as well as all the other occupants of the library in the process.

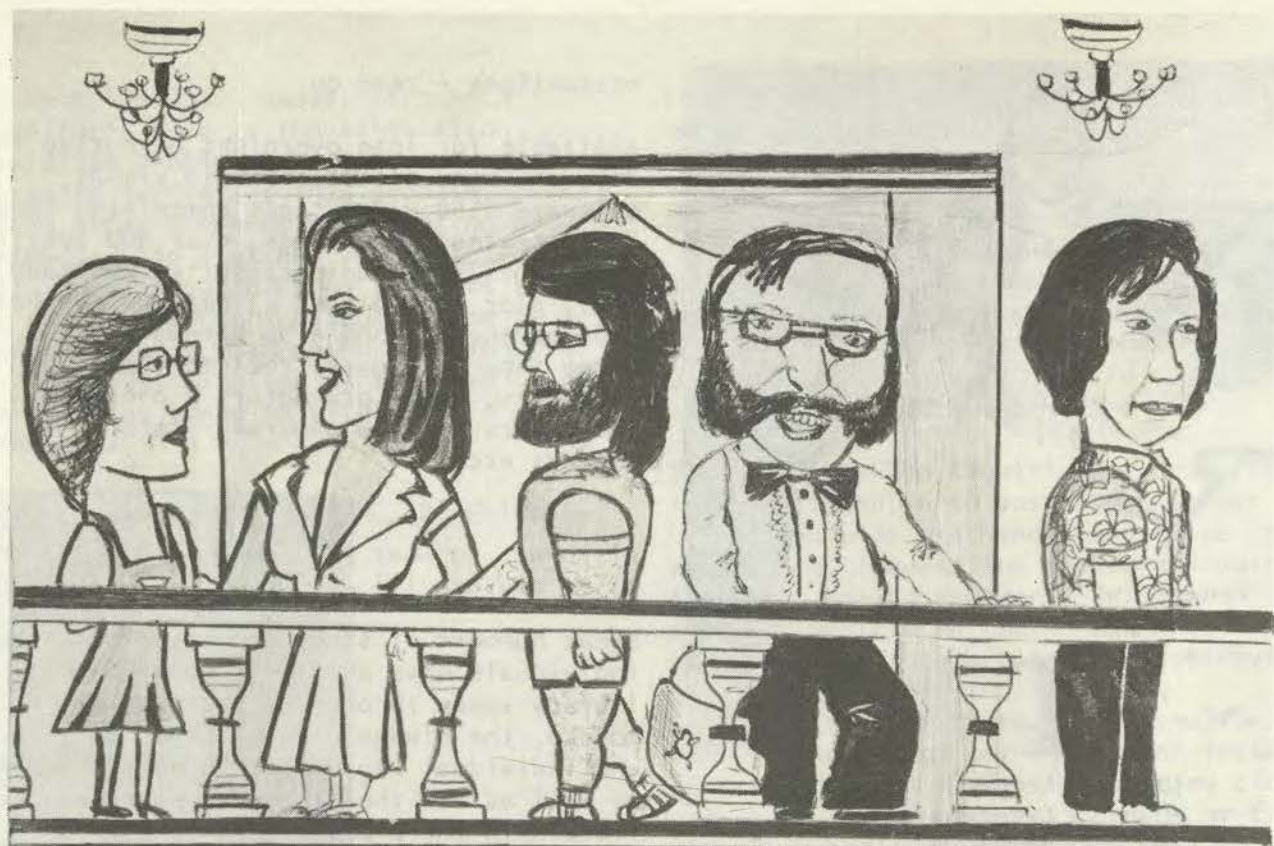
Some other important problems that exist in the library are a shortage of funds, a shortage of shelving facilities, a shortage of supervising teachers and a shortage of library staff. Also, let's see some of those missing books returned to the shelves - it's only putting everyone else at a disadvantage.

The daily and weekly newspapers have also been appreciated and well used, and so too have the facilities for students' displays. Quite a number of students have used their initiative by using library facilities to make their own video-tapes or slide and cassette kits instead of handing in the conventional written assignment or lecturette.

Many, many thanks to the wonderful librarians who "keep on keeping on" - who stick to their jobs, however discouraged they get.

Finally, try to learn as much about research skills as you can, for you simply cannot be taught all the information necessary for you to both survive and to live life to the fullest - but if you know how to find any information you need, then your survival must be ensured. In other words -- Remember it's your library - SO USE IT!!!







N. FARMAKIS







*It is a very sad thing that nowadays there is so little useless information.*

*Oscar Wilde.*

MR. JONES -

"Right! That's it!"

MRS. MAFTOUM -

"Who dares to volunteer?"

MR. RICHES again -

"Maths is not some fiendish plot invented to annoy people."

MR. HORAN -

"Yes, fine."

MISS PALMER -

"Prepared?"

MRS. STARK -

"It might not be making sense, but it's logical."

MR. RICHES -

"I believe in one maniac at a time, at the moment it's me."

MRS. MOYES -

"Do you agree?"

MRS. WITTEN -

"If the whooping cranes don't stop whooping, they can whoop all they like for forty minutes after school."

MR. LAWRENCE -

"You top grovelly."

MISS O'CONNOR -

"Make sure you get your sheets off me or I'll walk out on you."

MR. CLARKE -

"Invariably, you can do one of the two things, (a) or (b)."

MR. WILSON -

"You, get out! Na ne, you; yes, yes, you, out!"

MRS. SHELLSHEAR -

"Squawk darlings, we're not cooked yet."

MISS STEVENS -

"Ooh - la la, - how aesthetically pleasing and avant-garde."



E.S.U.

Miss Bennett,  
Toni Selden, Louise Gardiner, Lynne Strong,  
Jacqueline Eaves (not in photo).



Hume Barbour -

Mr. Pyne (Coach), Charles Hegyi, Stanley  
Ouzas, John Makinson, Mark McGrath.



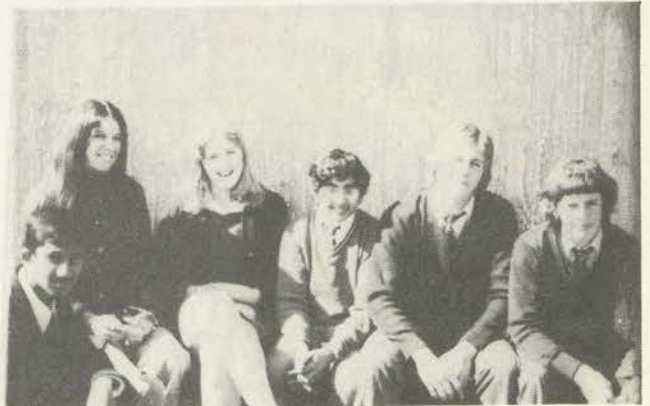
Kark Kramp -

Connie Tirabosco, Koula Galanis, Anastasia  
Tsekouras, Judy Henson, Mr. Sequeira.

Teasdale

- Ms. Marchant, Ian Peters, Fiona McLeod,  
Sanjay Seth, John Catsanos, Mark Walburn.

No photograph Mrs. Christie  
David Verco - Deborah Steel  
Vicki Collins  
Alan Brichta





# English Department ("And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teach")

MR. McCALLION -

"You've heard me being vulgar haven't you."



*Mr. W. McCallion*



*Mrs. J. Christie*

Miss A. Ried



*Miss C. Bennett*





Mrs. J. Marchant



Mr. B. Mahony



Mr. J. Sequeira

MR. SEQUEIRA -

"The youth of today is gutless, flabby, and hasn't an ounce of worth in their lives."

Mr. R. Pyne



Mrs. D. Williams





## History (History repeats itself; Historians repeat each other)

"I'd like to see education more exciting. Learning is such an exciting thing."  
- Ita Buttrose, founding Editor of "Cleo".

As we ready this report for the press, the vintagers in this vineyard are bemused at the great number, the wide variety and the personal relevance of exciting, learnable, historical incidents that have impinged on us, individually and team-wise in '75 - '76.

Of the '75 vinaceous team, - friends and fellow peasants in a fertile field -- one has left for his own vineyard, (Mr. A. Tucker - History Master - Leichhardt High), one by transfer has gone to Sydney Girls' High (Mrs. Gill McDonald), whilst one has transferred to her husband's vineyard and her now field (Mrs. Carol Bagnell - Kingswood High). In their places we welcomed new labourers: Ms. Jo Howard (Northmead High) who has since been seconded to "Work Assessment - Careers Guidance" at North Sydney, Mr. G. Hodgkins from Macquarie University, and

*Mr. H. Jones*

for Mrs. Maftoum enjoying a sunny (we hope not drought stricken) Middle East Safari, Mr. G. Rosser also of Macquarie University, whilst the tried hands Messrs. Childs, Jones, Byrnes, with them, in '76 have pruned, even loped and are now garnering the fruits of the field's bounty.

'75 for Modern History in year 10 and for year 12 in Ancient and Modern History academically was a vintage year, for candidates' names were sprinkled liberally in Honours Lists and on Honour Boards. Our trust is that '76 too will be an equally good vintage, though the students themselves reflect the public's insecurity, nay disquiet, that goes with "facile-possibly futile testing" of a year's work.

Our labours too have been shared by trainee vintagers from Macquarie University and Sydney C.A.E.; we are sure the pressings of knowledge and the sippings of experience will introduce them pleasantly to the Education Vintner's wide holdings.

*Mr. B. Byrnes*



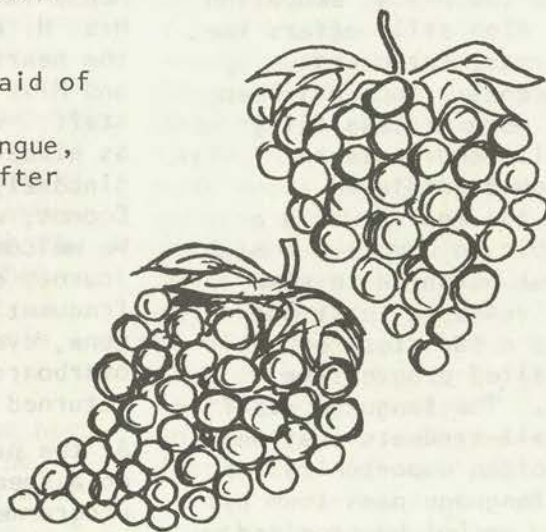


This bon vivant group, carbonated by the effervescence of the Home Science Mistress, Mrs. Irene Keevers, has been a closely working and co-operative team, whose exuberance not even Currubulean Experience (see Mr. Childs), Mexican Gnomes with Green Frogs (over Mr. Jones) noisy vibes and break-up luncheons has flattened. Even our students have been able to blend in to make it a staff to go down with History.

As one senior (some say student) said of the department: "A good bouquet, somewhat trippingly tart to the tongue, a strong tannin and an excellent after palate."

#### The History Staff

Lovely  
Luscious, &  
Long.



*Do as we say, and not as we do.*

*- Giovanni Boccaccio - Decameron.*

*Mr. G. Hodgkins*



MR. CHILDS -

"Slack... very slack... slack bunch... slack..."



*Mr. B. Childs*



## Language

(Our studies has satisfied us that a gifted person ought to learn English in 30 hours, French in 30 days, and German in 30 years)

In the midst of changing fortunes with foreign languages in the N.S.W. education system, Fort Street High still offers the study of French, German, Latin and Japanese to its students. Such has been the arrangement for more or less fifty years and a more valid choice in an Australian school could hardly be envisaged. That in the modern world a student should be able to complete a High school course without pursuing in some depth for some four years at least one foreign language, is a sad state of affairs in any so-called progressive education programme. The language staff warmly suggests to all students that none should let such a golden opportunity for studying a foreign language pass them by. The same opportunity cannot be promised for any of you again. Every Fortian should be studying a foreign language!

The language staff at present consists of Mr. R. S. Horan (Master), Miss C. Ferry, Miss I. Gugger, Mrs. J. Levi, Mrs. H. McLachlan, Miss H. Palmer, Mrs. S. Stark, Mrs. M. Coombs, Miss J. Ryan. We extend the heartiest of welcomes to Mrs. Levi and Miss Ferry upon their appointment to staff. We have already come to value them as sincere and hard-working members. We sincerely welcome too, Miss Ryan and Mrs. Coombs, who are both so ably standing in. We welcomed back Miss Palmer after her journey overseas. It was good to hear frequently how well her journeying had gone, even if Europe has gone a little overboard with its heat. Miss Palmer returned in the spring.

At the present moment Mrs. McLachlan is on a special Japanese Government study programme in Tokyo. We are very thrilled that the opportunity for another visit to Japan has so soon again come her way. During the first part of the year we



Miss C. Ferry Mr. R. Horan Mrs. J. Levi Miss I. Gugger Mrs. H. McLachlan Mrs. S. Stark



farewelled two members of staff - Mrs. I. Smith, who has traded all her boys and girls for her own new-born son, and Mr. I. Walker, who went off to the Department of Education. For a short period Miss M. Philips, an ex-Fortian, enlivened activities as a teacher of French. We wish all three of them well.

There have been quite a few changes indeed, but there is no need to concern ourselves with Miss Gugger's plans to launch an appeal for funds to purchase croissants used in celebration of the various 'bon voyage', 'Hals-und Beinbruch', 'bona fortuna' and 'o genki de'. There surely cannot be any more changes! We, or some classes, forever too seem to be celebrating the Emperor's birthday - again when Mrs. Coombs will be preparing the exquisite Japanese foodstuffs for us in the traditional way.

A thanks here too for Miss Gugger for her kindness and time in preparing for the School staff our Monday morning teas and coffees. This is the one weekly opportunity we have of all coming together. In such a large school complex where bill collector cannot be distinguished from newly arrived staff appointee, such a gathering is ever more and more imperative.

Conditions of work are still basically unsatisfactory at Fort Street with much of the language teaching taking place in portable rooms. So many of the promises that were made in connection with the amalgamation were not to be realised. Nonetheless, the staff makes do extremely well. Effective programmes are implemented and new materials are constantly being developed. The best of the language students achieve an amazingly high level. All in all, however, students suffer from the malaise of the attitude of the Departmental authorities to education - a mediocre performance is good enough provided that it is better than one's neighbour's. To rise above this in such climate is exceedingly difficult and the efforts of the best are all the more praiseworthy. Contributing to such success is of course the dedication and hard work of a wonderful staff. Like to learn a

language? It's good fun if you like hard work.

Latin was never so much alive as it is in the presentation of Mrs. Stark. What those Latin teachers of mine kept from me as a learner of Latin! - tales concerned with the pranks of Daphne and her boyfriend along the river bank and so many, many others that continually served to remind us that what the Romans had to say was for all time and for all enjoyment. The charge that the Latins pinched the "Pygmalion" story from George Bernard Shaw has no substance in fact, for the Latins have the argument on their side with their time slot. Mrs. Stark fondly wonders why no Latin scholarships are forthcoming for study in Rome. For never before has an annual trip to the native land, as good fortune has brought to Mrs. McLachlan, been so certain to ensure continued re-inspiration for the learners of Japanese. A visit on French soil was again a few weeks ago a new inspiration for me. And newly back from a year in Germany comes Miss Ryan. These points are presented on one side. On the other the contribution of time and effort on the part of the language staff on syllabus committee undertakings is second to none. A great thanks to everyone for making 1976 such a wonderful and enjoyable year!





## Maths

(Mathematics — a wonderful science but it hasn't yet come up with a way to divide one tricycle between three small boys)

Is your Algebra agonising?

Have you trigitis?

Has your calculus calcified?

Cheer up! Mathematics still holds some possibilities for you.

### (1) The Fork in the Road.

A logician on a holiday in the South Seas finds himself on an island inhabited by two tribes. One tribe's members always tell the truth while the others always lie. He comes to a fork in the road and has to ask a native bystander which branch he should take to reach the village. He has no way of telling whether the native is a truth-teller or liar. The logician thinks a moment then asks one question. From the reply he knows which road to take.

What question did he ask?



Mr. R. Riches. ▲

### (2) Tick Tack Toe (or Noughts and Crosses with a difference.)

This game was popular in Ancient China, Greece and Rome.

○		
⊗	○	
⊗	○	⊗

One player uses 3 markers (2¢ coins) while the other player uses three markers of a different type (1¢ coins).

Each player puts a coin down in turn until all six markers are down.

If neither player has won by getting three in a row orthogonally or diagonally, they

continue playing by moving in turn a single marker to an adjacent square. Only moves along the orthogonals are permitted.

### (3) Improbable but True.

If 24 people are selected at random, the probability that two will have the same birthday (same month and day of the year) is 27:50. This is better than a 50 - 50 chance!



▲ Mrs. M. Witten





Mr. P. McFarland



Mrs. L. Munro



Mr. M. Lowry

Miss B. Sanders



Mrs. L. Moyes



Miss G. McInnes

Mr. J. Borg





## Science

(The higher we soar on the wings of Science the worse entangled in the wires our feet seem to get)

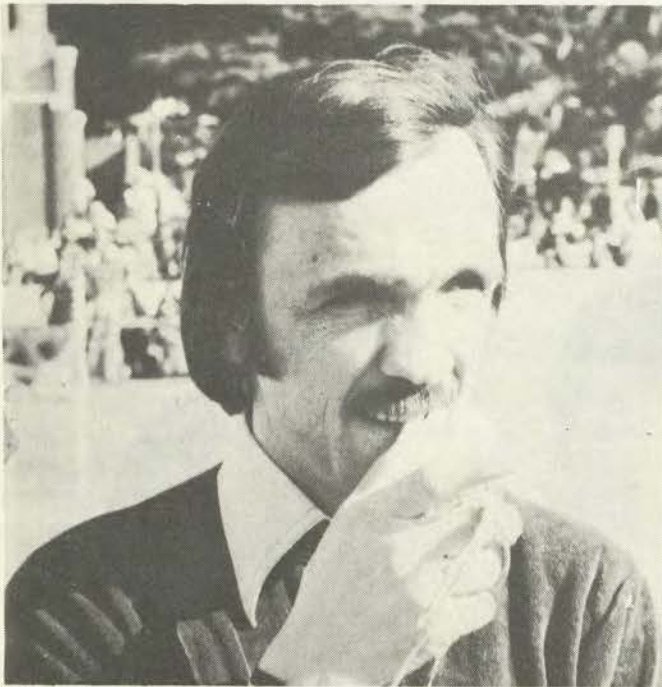
(or Department of rocks, rats, radios and reactions.)

AIM: to review the activities of the Science Staff 1976.

HYPOTHESIS: there is "life"(?) behind the Science Staff Room Door.

APPARATUS: 1 master, 8 teachers, 2 lab. attendants, 1 staff room, 3 prep. rooms, 6 labs., 2 portables, 1 teapot.

METHOD: light the fuse and retire a safe distance while the Science Staff debates hot issues such as where to store the bunsen burners, whose turn it is to read "Hagar the Horrible", and who finished off the coffee (it has been rumoured that the teacher who once forgot to put on the kettle was banished to the dungeons of portables 7 and 8 for life!).



Mr. J. Poulos

Mr. C. Moynham



Mr. K. Molyneux



Mr. E. Rizoglou

It should be mentioned that Science teachers usually have two properties:

- 1) they wear white coats, or
- 2) they have facial hair.

Several Science teachers also have halos, according to their students, but some halos have slipped to give a ring of confidence.







Mr. A. Ferris:

*WHO is the cuddly little science teacher who is now a proud FATHER?*

**RESULTS:** this confidence no doubt comes from the incredibly interesting and very popular new Science courses, i.e. the joyous junior course, the marvellous multistrand, the unique unit 2A, the wonderful Web of Life, and the dynamic doublestrand. Both students and teachers (at least two, that is) have thrown themselves into these new courses, and the results are plain to see. All these new courses and topics, of course, require very great planning and such vital activities such as darts, snooker and cards not to mention the Friday afternoon religious service at the Elswick, have had to be cut down.



Mr. L. Legge



Mr. W. Bray

More and more equipment is now being used in the labs despite the fact that a record amount of chalk was used last year. The library has also come in for its share of science punishment and we have seen many displays of science projects. The V.T.R. (Video Tape Recorder not Very Tedious Rubbish) now finds wide use and the school population is rapidly evolving square eyes.

Excursions were satisfactorily completed to Katoomba, the Zoo, Royal National Park, Muogamarra, and Museums, with only one teacher and five students being lost, a very commendable effort.

All in all, a dynamic year from a dynamic staff!



Miss G. Rosen

Miss T. Weiss

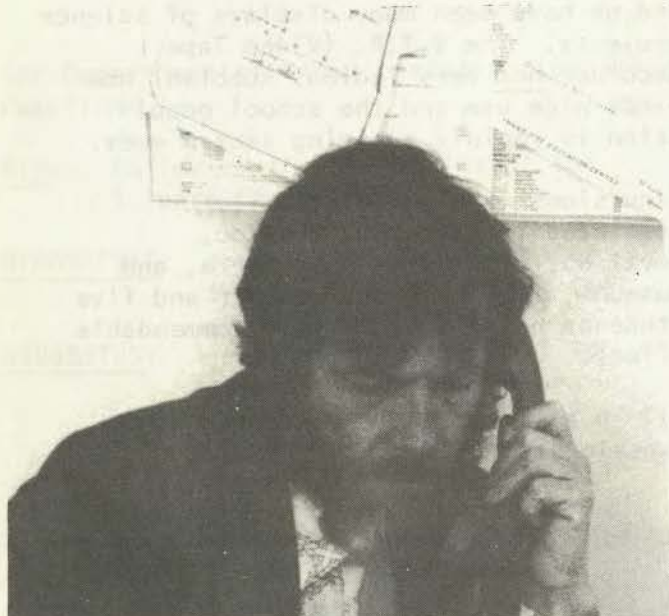


**CONCLUSION:** There is life behind the Science staff room door but it is very difficult to detect.



# Social Science

**Economist: a man who states the obvious  
in terms of the incomprehensible**



*Mr. H. Sturm*

MR. STURM -

"You filthy animal!"



*Mr. T. Gardner*



*Mrs. S. Sinclair*

*Mr. J. Lawrence*



*Mr. M. Horsley*







Mr. W. Giblin

*It's called political economy because it has nothing to do with either politics or economy.*

*Stephen Leacock.*

MISS IRELAND -

*"I want attention!"*

Miss M. Ireland



Miss J. O'Connor

*Inflation might be called prosperity with high blood pressure.*

*Arnold Glasgow*

Mr. R. Archer





## Music

### (Of all the noises, I think music the least disagreeable)

This year, the Music Department must have been especially pleased with its achievements.

We have all experienced at one time or another the thrill of being selected as a solo group for the Choral Concert; but who would have ever believed that an odd array of instruments, some of them barely being able to play, would ever make the Instrumental Festival of Music? And what's more, play like true veterans in the Opera House? To our knowledge this is the first time such a group has represented Fort Street even before it became co-ed. Obviously, a strange, dark-haired lady, with a strong French accent, smoking lots of cigarettes herself but ever telling us of the evils of smoking, believed in our ability.

At first we all thought her to be a lovable eccentric, but soon her grim determination, encouragement and imagination in arranging unheard-of mediaeval French folk songs for this instrumental group became a real driving force to us all. Her accent became less noticeable and really quite attractive. It soon dawned on us that the hopelessness of the whole thing could become a possibility. The purring pp voice that called us "blossom", "darling pie", or "sweetie", would rise to a roaring ff crescendo: "of course you can do it nutheads!". Elbows would crash on the keyboard in anger and to our amazement, a cherub-like little violinist would be congratulated for being "the best little tiger in the group". We were convinced there and then that our teacher had missed her vocation as an actress. To this day we don't quite know whether we were turning up early in the morning for a musical experience, or to enjoy the theatrics going on in Room 25. By now, we are waiting for our teacher to "cook" some other arrangement we will be able to play.

The Choral group, slightly more conservative in their attitude were literally shocked when one day Mrs. Shellshear got

out of her bag a shining whistle with a regal purple satin ribbon and started blowing it. But again, the sincerity of the group and their interest in perfecting forever more and more demanding musical details, soon got used to this rather unorthodox treatment and got to love it. We felt interested, rigid, bored but fascinated.



Mr. E. Wilson



Mrs. E. Shellshear

We also got selected; but this year it was not only with the conventional Haydn "Sanctus", but with the extremely difficult and controversial "Morning Song for the Christ Child" by Peter Sculthorpe. A visit from the composer was arranged by our 'intrepid' teacher. Again we had our doubts, 'will he really come?'. He did come, listened to our items, gave us his advice and promised to compose a song especially for our school. "Our driving force" inspired him. We also learnt a lot about Australian culture and where it's going. The composer was very generous with his time and tried to answer our many questions.



Music lessons have also taken a different shape. History, English, Social Studies have been made to revolve like satellites of music. The Choral group will also sing in the combined choir at the Choral Concert. They were trained by Mr. E.J. Wilson who is also involved in training a brass group.

Our public performances with our Gallic traumas and alarms attached to them even to the point of being "blown up" in the Men's Toilet in our dressing room at the Opera House, have been tremendous fun. They have been spicy to say the least and have enriched our experiences.

Long live our music department with its colourfulness, conformity, laxity, friendliness, creativity, sensitivity and rigidity all in the same bag. This is the way we like it!

Students from the Instrumental & Choral Groups.



Mr. F. Gregson

Mr. B. Clarke



Mr. J. Sharples

## Industrial Arts

(Never buy anything with a handle on it. It means work.)



Mr. R. Handley



below: Mr. A. Sambrooke







USING THE WHISKER POLE TO BOOM OUT THE CLEW OF THE JIB: Con Mantzowridis, Rowan Woods, David Stewart, Mick Dwyer, Andy Stevens, Theo Katsantonis, Tony Lavopa, Shannon Doughty, Julie Englert, Ed Mazzoni, Tony Giunta, George Angelopoulos, Cyril Boltezar and Mr. Handley.

PULLING THE BOOM DOWN WITH THE BOOM VANG TO TENSION THE LUFF AND TAKE THE TWIST OUT OF THE MAINSAIL: Tony Giunta and George Angelopoulos.



## This is Sailing

As guests of Northbridge Sailing Club, the Year 11 Approved Study Sailing Class enjoyed riding in Carrack, the 1973-74 Australian Champion Northbridge Senior, as well as other boats belonging to members of the Northbridge Senior Association from Sailor's Bay.

The River Sailing Club, on Parramatta River, Dobroyd Aquatic Club, at Rodd Point and Drummoyne Sailing Club, at Iron Cove, have all invited the class to sail with them this season.

Mr. Handley has also taken the class sailing in his own dinghy, which is featured in this series of photographs.

*Opposite:* HAULING ON THE MAINSHEET TO GO CLOSE HAULED ON STARBOARD TACK ACROSS THE FRONT LAWN.







## HOME SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Home Science Department, which commenced in 1974, is now fully equipped and in use for practical work most of the time. Dishes, or meals, are made by the girls, and usually eaten on the spot! They take pride in setting their tables attractively with clean linen and fresh flowers, or unusual ornaments.

Time is always short - only two periods for the menus we would like to attempt, but many are keen enough to come early, in order to do this.

9X managed a Roast Dinner, with accompaniments and Dessert, only recently. Theory is stressed, although not as popular as the practical work, but the girls soon realise how vital it is to know what one should eat and why, also the value of the home and family.



Mrs. B. Kershaw



# Needlework

## (The glass of fashion, and the mould of form — The observed of all observers)

### TEXTILE AND DESIGN BY CORRESPONDENCE

The Sydney Correspondence School, Kings Cross, provides education for students unable to attend school, and students who wish to study courses which are unavailable in the school which they attend.

The Correspondence School operates on a weekly basis whereby the exercises are posted to the student, who completes them and sends them back for marking.

Several courses in correspondence are studied within Fort Street and they include Textiles and Design, Modern Greek and Italian.

Three girls in Year 11 and one in Year 12 are at present enrolled in the Textile and Design course at the school. It is a very interesting course and covers not only the textile and designs involved in clothing, but also interior decorating. It is a continuation of the needlework course available within the school for Years 7 to 10.

Lack of students interested in studying Textile and Design in Years 11 and 12



Mrs. I. Keever

necessitated the study of this course by correspondence. The course is available to both boys and girls and is very helpful to those interested in Modelling, Interior Decorating, Fashion Design, Home Science Teaching, Buying and Selling for Major Department Stores, and Tailoring.

Dorothea Purcell 11 A  
Vicki Cause 11 0

### FORT STREET FASHIONS.

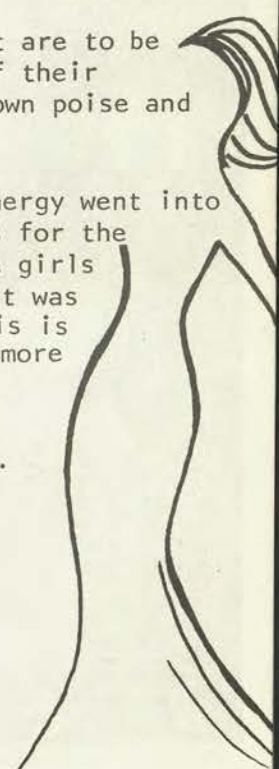
During Education Week this year, the Year 11 and 12 Textiles students hosted a fashion parade showing the garments made by the craft and elective Needlework classes of 1976.

The garments that the girls wore were all made by the girls themselves and the wide variety showed the versatility of the subject. Nearly every type of garment was represented from pants, suits, skirts and tops, to coats, shorts and nightwear.

All the girls who took part are to be commended on the quality of their garments as well as their own poise and elegance.

A great deal of time and energy went into the preparation of garments for the parade, but even still, the girls unanimously agree the effort was well worth it. We hope this is just the beginning to many more successful showings.

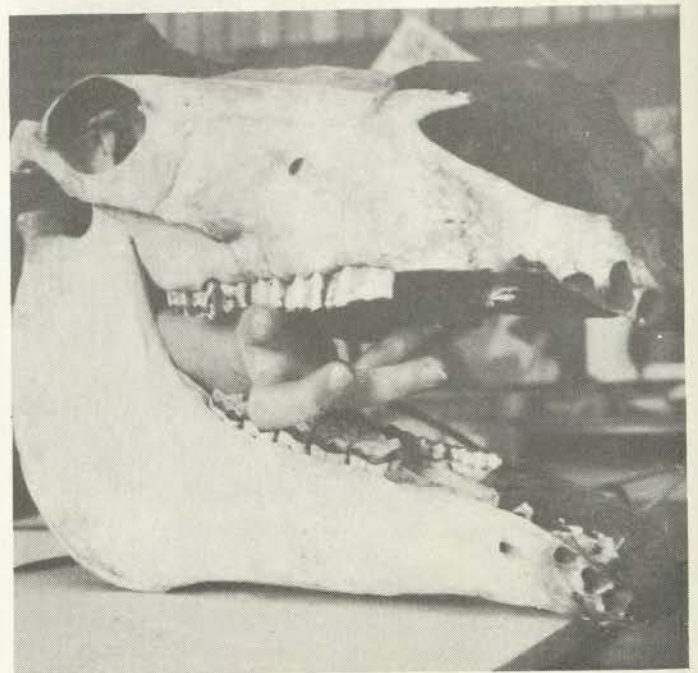
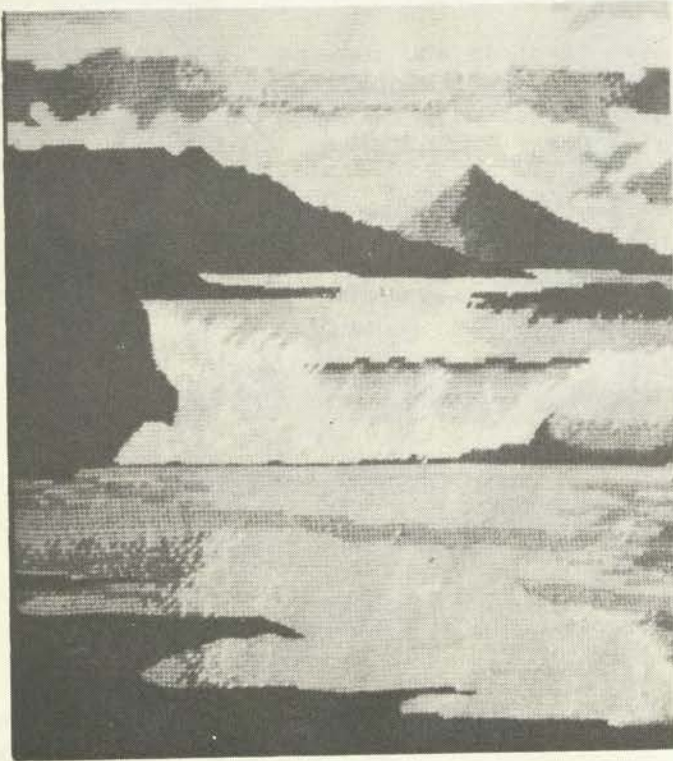
L. Strong 12 N.





## Art

(An artist is a dreamer consenting to dream of the actual world)







above: Mrs. P. Rentz

Miss R. Stevens



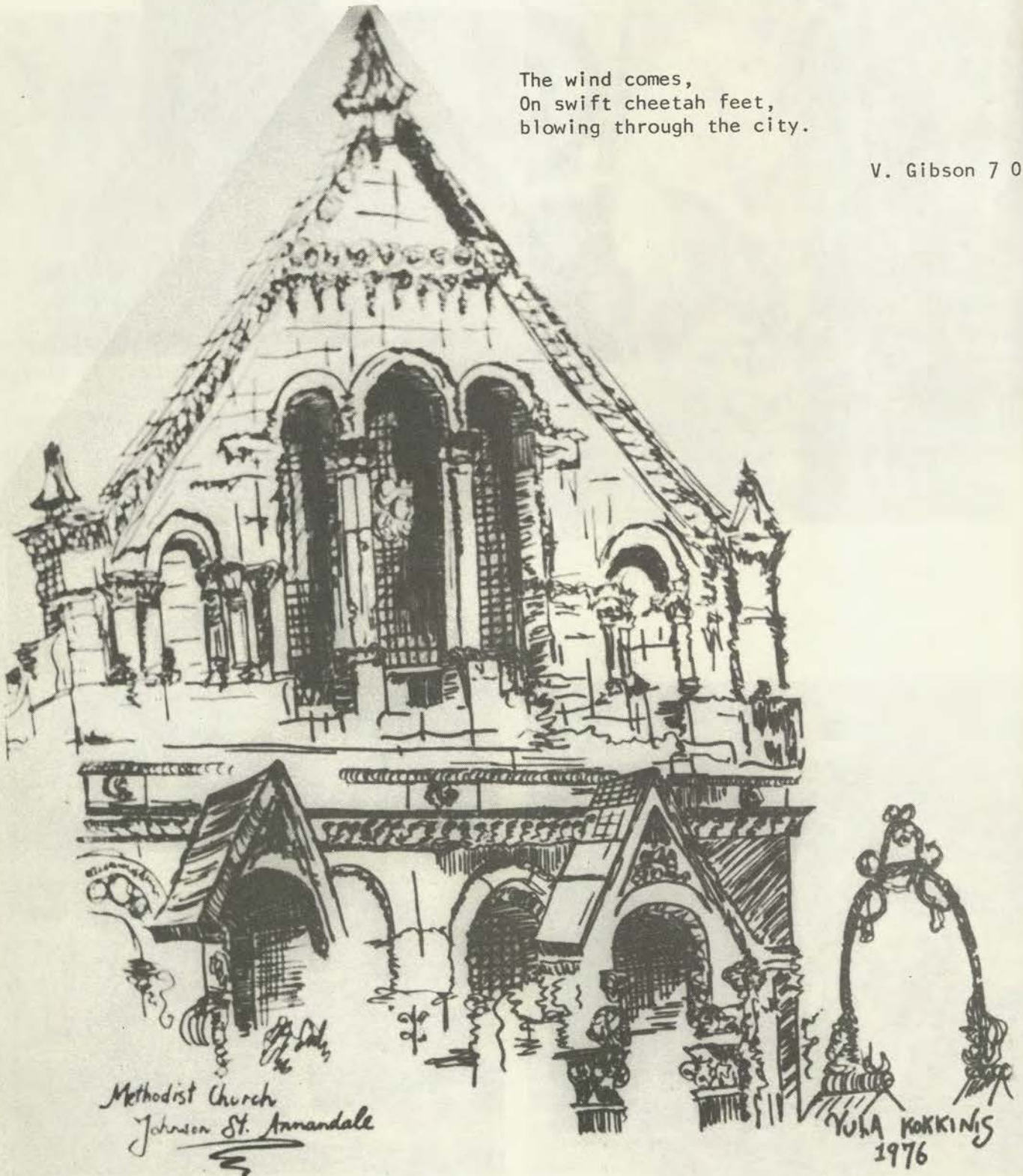


## Literature

(In literature as in love, we are astonished at what is chosen by others)

The wind comes,  
On swift cheetah feet,  
blowing through the city.

V. Gibson 7 0



Methodist Church  
Johnson St. Amundale

YUKA KOKKINIS  
1976



I looked up at the sunlight now pushing feeble fingers of light into the dimness of the tunnel. The air smelt dank and of decay. I shivered as a cold draft of air swept around me. Standing there, I could feel a chill slowly penetrating my body, so digging my hands into my pockets, I looked around. The shafts of sunlight illuminated the drifting particles of dust. The walls of the tunnel and its vertical entrance were made of crumbling bricks and dirt through which water seeped, making the place unwholesomely damp. The dirt floor was strewn with rusting guns, belts and boxes of ammunition. The remains of a case of wine stood in a corner, its lid having been wrenched off and flung across the room. A foul odour came from a heap of what was apparently rotting clothes. Bending down for a closer examination, I looked into the blank gaze of a skull, gnawed clean by rats. Rising swiftly, I covered my mouth to stop myself vomiting but the ghastly picture could not be removed from my mind. I moved away to the relatively fresher air of the tunnel shaft. Finally my head stopped spinning and I was left with a faintly queasy feeling in my stomach. My hands were cold and clammy and I wiped them down the sides of my pants. I turned around again, carefully avoiding the heap on my left. It was true, I was standing in a cavern, directly under an entrance of the Saint-Quentin complex!

The Hindenburg Line of World War I followed the Saint-Quentin canal, built by Napoleon Bonaparte for its military value as well as its transportation benefits. The canal fronted the German defences like a moat, an unsurpassed tank trap, and more formidable to cross than a small river. Half of the shacks that lined the canal's banks concealed German artillery emplacements. The barges that 'cruised' back and forth on the canal were in reality gunboats, mobile artillery emplacements and machine-gun nests. The canal was protected in front by a system of three trenches, each one barricaded by rows of barbed-wire. But the 'nerve centre' of the Saint-Quentin complex was a three mile section where the canal dipped underground. This was the

imposing Saint-Quentin Tunnel. Impregnable to the heaviest artillery, and guarded at both ends by the defences that German army engineers could devise, the tunnel was the main thoroughfare of a vast underground fortress which was unique in military history up till then.

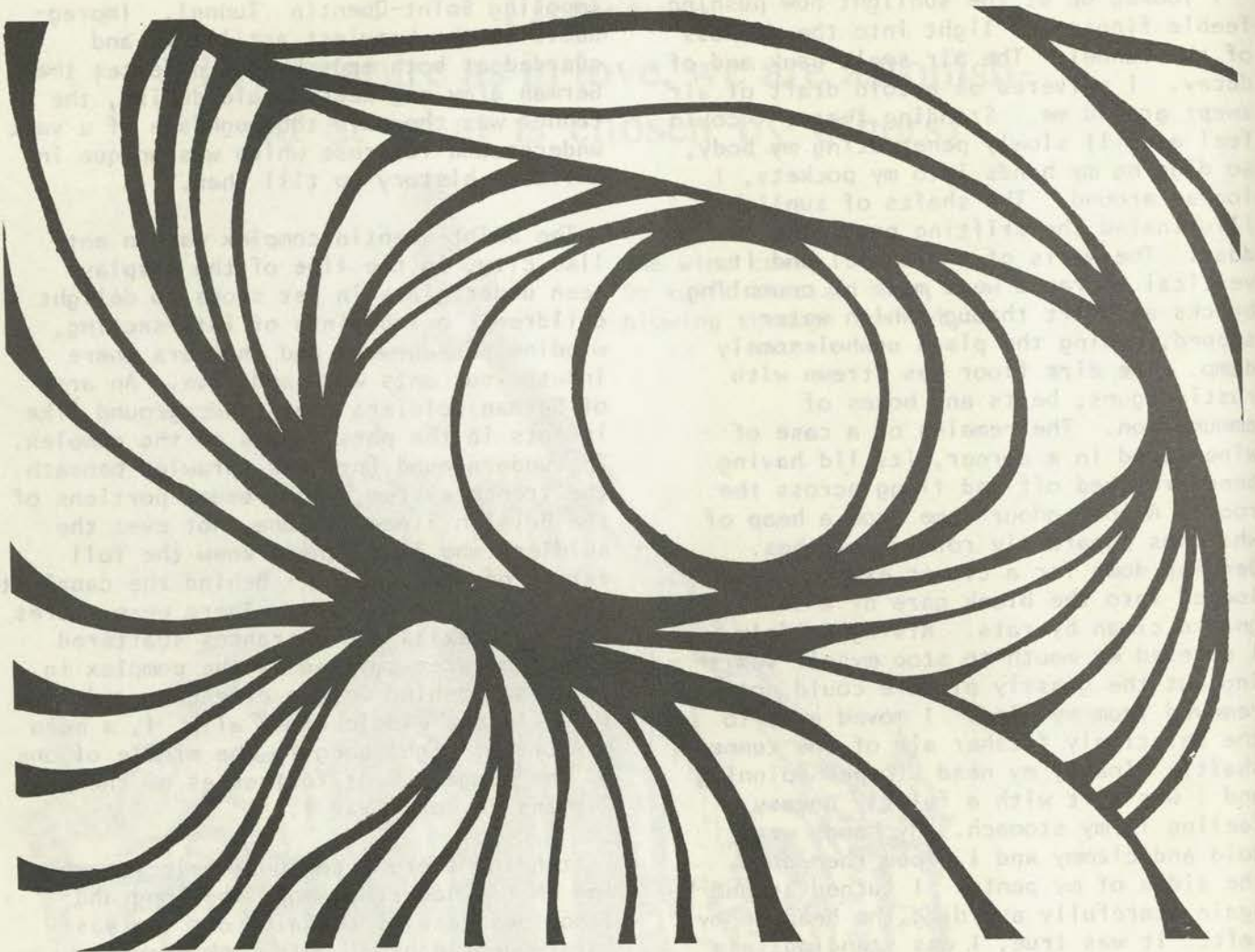
The Saint-Quentin complex was an ant-like city, in the line of the displays seen under glass in pet shops to delight children: a labyrinth of intersecting, winding passageways and chambers where industrious ants work and live. An army of German soldiers lived underground like insects in the passageways of the complex. The underground fortress sprawled beneath the trench system, right under portions of the British lines. No one, not even the soldiers who lived there knew the full extent of the complex. Behind the canal it ran for two miles east. There were scores of secret exits and entrances scattered about the area covered by the complex in front and behind German defences, and here I was in the middle of it all. I, a mere historian, right bang in the middle of one of the longest kept fortresses of the Germans in World War I.

Standing there I couldn't help remembering what I had read about the long and laborious 'task of cleaning out the vast Saint-Quentin hive'. It took many weeks for the allies to smoke out little pockets of stubborn Germans deep in the labyrinth. Americans and Germans stalked each other in dark winding passages with flame-throwers, grenades and pistols. Some casualties were never found, becoming unknown soldiers rotting in secret caverns. This thought brought back to mind that poor creature in the cavern I had just left. Switching my thoughts quickly as I felt a sickening feeling rise within me I thought about the actual find I had made.

Again I looked up at the sunlight streaming down the shaft and wondered if it was symbolic of man seeing brighter and better days because of the darkness.

Adele Catts 10 F





ON BEING UNABLE TO READ THE WRITING ON  
THE WALL.

All alone in our little miseries,  
Are they the same, are they connected?  
The eyes.  
All, flat and guarded, all,  
No chinks  
of light.  
Is it right?  
A laugh travels, but why,  
When there is no humour?  
Questions on Questions.  
Answers that run and hide  
in the labyrinth of  
Freudian sub-conscious.

Anatole VI

HAIKU.

Thundering on roof,  
Cold lumps of ice,  
Whitening the ground.

Keen blades sliding,  
Ice spraying,  
Swiftly gliding.

Margaret Conning 7 0

The sand takes my print  
the wind smoothes it fine  
waves rush and wash it  
I see myself gone.

- E.G.



I sat on the bed and gazed around the room. From one corner to the next, I slowly looked at every little object. I didn't see the physical appearance of each precious article. What I saw is difficult to describe. I saw inside every doll, every piece of clothing, every ornament that cluttered up the room, until my mind was over-flowing with nostalgic and sentimental memories.

This was my room in which I had grown, slept, thought, cried and loved. It was more than a room. It was my own separate world in which I was the only inhabitant. I shut my eyes and for a moment I could imagine that everything was the same as it had always been. I was young again and secure, and life was going to be the same forever and ever. Then I touched my left hand and felt the ring. I could feel the deep, black sapphire and the diamonds which clustered around it. The big, ugly stone seemed to send off rays of evil for I could feel them travelling up my arm and polluting all my body. This ring signified that all the happiness which had once been mine was gone forever. It was the ruination of my life, and in a few hours its counterpart an equally ugly gold band, would be nestling comfortably next to it.

I opened my eyes and stared at the revolting mass of rich stones. Every diamond was laughing at me, jeering and mocking. They told me that the old way of life was dead, that never again could I return to it. I must go forward to the future. Forward! Forward! they yelled. They ordered me. Forward!

"No!" I screamed and desperately pulled at the ugly ring. It struggled, trying for as long as it could to stay on my finger, tormenting me. But I did pull it off and flung it down on the floor. Instantly, I could sense relief as the evil fled from my veins and my breathing became regular.

I sat on the bed. I closed my eyes and the future disappeared. I was young again and secure, and life was going to be the same forever and ever. It was then that

I sensed the weight that was hanging from the top of my head. I ran my fingers down the thin, stiff garment. The memories vanished and I was facing reality again. I opened my eyes. I stood up, hands by my side and turned around, facing the mirror. The reflection that met my eyes left me speechless. I stood there, not moving. I couldn't think, couldn't understand and didn't want to. I saw a long white flowing dress, with layer upon layer of lace and a long endless train. I saw a veil surrounding the lovely creation. But there was more than that. I saw a woman whom I had never met before, looking at me and smiling, giving me a new-found confidence. The memories didn't come back. Instead I saw the future.

She watched me, as I leant over and picked up the precious, beautiful ring which I now loved with all my heart, and which was symbolic of the wonderful future that I was going to have. I could feel the love and warmth which poured out of it and flowed through my veins as I slipped it back on my finger. I looked back at the bride. We both simply smiled and stared at each other. Nothing needed to be said.

There was a knock on the door. The bride nodded in reassurance.

"I'm coming!" she called. We looked at each other. Then I gave one last look around the room, opened the door, and left.

Maria Tirabosco 9 S

Opposing leaders think: 'He's just a sod',  
Ockers say: 'C'mon, kick out the wogs',  
In all this mess no M.P. turns to God,  
That's why Australia's going to the dogs.  
Mark Dollin 11 0



AUSTRALIA.

*You cannot define talent. All you can do  
is build the greenhouse and see if it grows.*

- William P. Steven  
quoted in "Time" 23/8/63.

She sits peacefully,  
Biding her time...  
Seeing her once restless home  
Fill with the enthusiastic young.  
She smiles indulgently,  
And tolerates their recklessness  
Seemingly patting them on the head...  
But still they are children...

She sees the difference  
Between herself and them,  
And realizes the impossible distance  
And resigns herself to it.

She knows not of the experience these young  
feel  
Yet holds no ill because of this  
For still they are children...

She has her own life,  
Most of which she's lived,  
And remembers the years with fondness  
The peaceful, dawdling ones...

She leans back  
Tiring of the youth's toils  
Wondering at their energy...  
That of a child's....

She doesn't liken them  
To her own youth,  
Which was one of pleasure  
Quiet stillness and yet...

She sees that the times have changed  
From the peace she knew once  
To squeals of joy, cries of irritation...  
Those of a child...

Wiki Tarbert 10 F

There once was a very big broom,  
Who often swept up a small room.  
It swept up and down,  
All day with a frown,  
And the rubbish went in the next room.

Gaetano Decataldo 7 R



A PARABLE.

We moved towards the gates, squinting our eyes to protect them from the glare of the sun. The tramp of feet and the shouting of guards were the only sounds heard in the falling dusk. "Halt!"

We stopped at the gates. A few muffled words were spoken between the guards, then the gates swung open, and we were pushed forward. We formed ranks automatically and stood heads bowed and shoulders stooped. A few prisoners in the party whispered among themselves. "Attention!" Feet were dragged together and heads were raised. Mutterings ceased as the guard in charge of us spat out orders to other officers, and then before we were dismissed the guard directed a soldier to count the tools we had used that day.

The soldier counted the tools and shouted one was missing. The guard demanded that the thief should step forward. When none of us moved, he flew into a rage and threatened to shoot the whole party. Then one man stepped forward.

It was Collins. This guy had only been in the camp for two weeks and had joined our party only eight days before. Our first impression of him was one of a withdrawn and silent character with little hope for a future. But this view was soon replaced by that of a "good-guy". He obeyed the officers' orders, always helped, was a good worker and hated nobody. This was against the whole idea of our party. It was "every man for himself" and we all hated the guards for their cruel treatment of us. Our attitude was one of bitterness to the guards and to each other. We didn't care we thought only of ourselves and how to improve our lot. It didn't matter how we did it, but Collins?

It was incomprehensible, even the guard was incredulous! But this man had stolen a tool, maybe with the intent of escaping. The guard barked out an order, and we had the sickening experience of seeing Collins clubbed to death, before our eyes.

When it was over, they picked up his

body, counted the tools and found that none were missing. Only then did they realise that an innocent man had stepped forward to save the lives of the others.

Adele Catts 10 F

THE OLD LADY.

Upon an old park bench she sat,  
Stroking and fondling a stray black cat.  
Grey haired and withered she sat alone.  
Without a trouble or care of her own.

Her back was bent and her clothes were  
torn,  
Her whole appearance was quite forlorn.  
Yet her blue eyes twinkled even though  
her skin was wrinkled and she laughed  
in a merry old way.

Upon an old park bench she sat,  
Stroking and fondling a stray black cat.

Susan Yates 7 F







A Rainy Day in an 'Inner-City' Area.

Rain washing paths for 'bare-feet'  
students,  
Greyish slimy water swishing down  
smelly drains.  
Garbage tins left out by mistake  
filling up with water,  
Chip-papers dogging up drains,  
Dog foulings washed into gutters.  
Rain digging holes in thin nature  
strips,  
Papers soaking wet, with ink running  
from them,  
Musty smells and pollution!  
Cars being pushed down hills by  
people,  
Engines sputtering,  
Hair over people's faces wet and  
streaky,  
Inner city rain!.

Rachael Smithies 7 T

THE STREET SCENE.

Lounging against a lamp post  
I watched the passers-by--  
An old man hunched against the wind  
Which stung his hawk-sharp eye.  
The street was full of rubbish  
Overflowing from the bins.  
Paper was whirling everywhere  
Even clinging to my shins.  
The day was bleak and crazy,  
The clouds dense in the sky,  
The greyness of their colour told  
A thunderstorm was nigh.  
The office blocks along the street  
Rose fierce and harsh and tall,  
Indifferent to the fleeting feet  
Intimidating all.  
Shadowy people sped by me,  
Many of whom would laugh  
If somehow they could see  
The picture they present to me.

Adele Catts 10 F







The journey ends somewhere  
 In darkness he alights,  
 Climbs grimy, blackened steps  
 Passes onto stinking streets.

Walk, trot, run  
 insides howling.

Thrust out your hand  
 Board the cab.

You know the way.  
 Familiar images mesmerise  
 And finally you arrive.

Home: time for thought and recollections  
 Of hollow schemes  
 which tantalise  
 and dissolve

As the globe fades  
 As the room dies  
 As the mind assumes an air of honesty.

Mind fixed.  
 Being Dead.

Mark McGrath 12 T

FANTASY (TO O.N.)

In confused moments  
 I still fantasize:  
 always, however,  
 reality creates  
 a stark awakening.  
 I still desire you  
 though through my attitude  
 You could be forgiven  
 for not sensing this.

Colin Rossie 12 A

*Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost' then his  
 wife died and he wrote 'Paradise  
 Regained'.*

*Louis Ontermeyer  
 A Treasury of Laughter.*







*If a little knowledge is dangerous,  
where is a man who has so much as to  
be out of danger.*

Thomas Huxley,  
*Science & Culture.*

### LAST HOUR

He was found to be guilty,  
He will live no more.  
His blood ran cold  
As they opened the door.

Led to the courtyard,  
His heart a-panting.  
The priest in front,  
Solemnly chanting.

Silver and shiny,  
They raised the blade.  
Pushed down his head,  
And there he stayed.

The Executioner,  
Poised and straight,  
Pulled the cord,  
And seals the fate.

The death bells,  
Ringing in my ear.  
The stench of death,  
And blood is here.

J. Backo 8 F  
S. Jones 8 R  
C. Pashi 8 T

### MIDNIGHT MYSTERY

Lying, dreaming, heavy breathing,  
Scratch, crackle, buzz, Awake,  
Trembling, wondering, loudly screaming?  
Frozen in a breathless state.

Sooty shadows, thunderous silence  
Broken by the eerie sound  
Endless waiting, frantic thinking  
Should I take a look around?

What the noise is I must know!  
Then it hits me, -- I neglected  
To turn off the radio.

Susan Robertson 7 F



The grains of sand tumbled between my toes. My feet were dry and the feeling was good.

The summer sun was nearly gone. Still, there was warmth in the sand, from the sun at twelve?

My toes continued to plough the beach.

I vaguely noticed the last of the leaving crowd. Their backs, their hips, their skin was seen by the waves, the sand and me. They disappeared from sight.

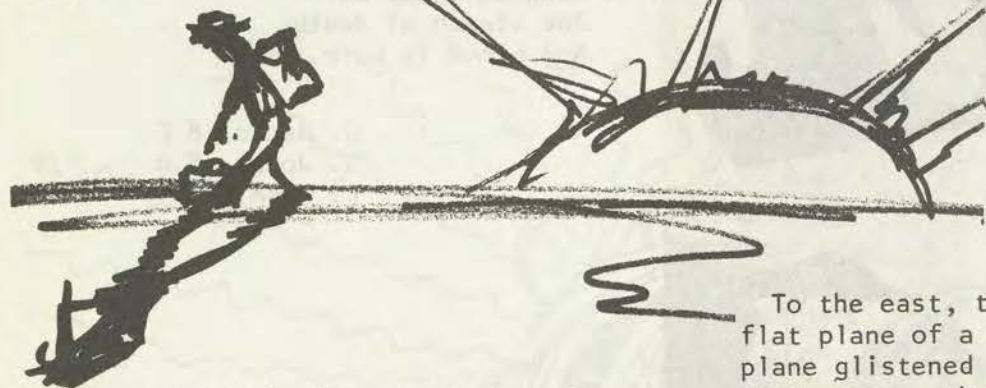
My eyes met the sand. I towered over the miniature landscape it formed. I squashed those dunes with giant feet then I stopped and stood still.

I glared towards those distant dunes, perhaps six feet away.

There stood a pyramid in the sand. A child's creation.

Towering over those natural, never pre-determined dunes of Ancient Egypt.

My head throbbed as I felt my feet move.



Four steps had taken me to the bottom edge of its sandy, sloping structure. My body had moved without a will, without my consent.

I had no wish of stepping onto those diagonal slopes. But my strong right foot lifted itself and came down hard. I felt of foot to rock. The left foot rose and crashed down. Again I felt pain.

I knew this face did not squint. It did not react at all.

This machine of muscle and skin was making no progress. The pyramid of sand and now stone was not affected.

This body jumped. Both feet coming down together on ancient slopes of rock.

At impact, surroundings seemed to change. I knew this face was mine once more, expressing fear. This body was also mine again, but in a different place?

A second or minute later, I knew that I had remained in the same spot on slopes of stone.

I clung to the sandstone block that protruded slightly from the others on the weathered slope. I feared slipping, perhaps one hundred feet to the bottom, where stone lions waited.

Still clinging tightly, I glanced left. Expectantly, my eyes met a bright green slippery-dip of smooth plastic. It zoomed down the slope, passing the lions and disappearing into the dunes below.

Sitting at the top, on plastic green, my fear had gone.

Before pushing off and sliding down, I looked out and around.

The surrounding dunes, once squashed by giant feet, were now endless in every direction but the east.

To the east, the dunes made way for a flat plane of a different brown. This plane glistened and sloped slightly away to an ocean, where huge waves of perhaps one hundred feet were breaking. The waves changed from blue to white and brought huge stretched-out, foaming torrents of white water across the planes and towards the dunes. The torrents then flowed back. White enveloped by blue.

Through each cycle, more and more dunes disintegrated as each torrent further into the giant desert than before. During each cycle, when the white water rolled back to the sea, the distant colour of the plane would change. From silver to brown again and again.

The sun sank lower, as the orange reflections increased as I gave a small push, and began my zoom.



AUSTRALIA.

The dormant land sleeps as an unhatched egg  
 The distant curve is continuous.  
 A crack appears on the speckled surface;  
 Man is awakened.

From the curve a shape emerges.  
 Not an ambitious shape.  
 But one which is content,  
 to serve a purpose,  
 to function,  
 to be.  
 But the maker is not content.  
 He must expand,  
 Hatch out of the egg,  
 out of the confinement;  
 He must grow.  
 And so too does the shape on the horizon.

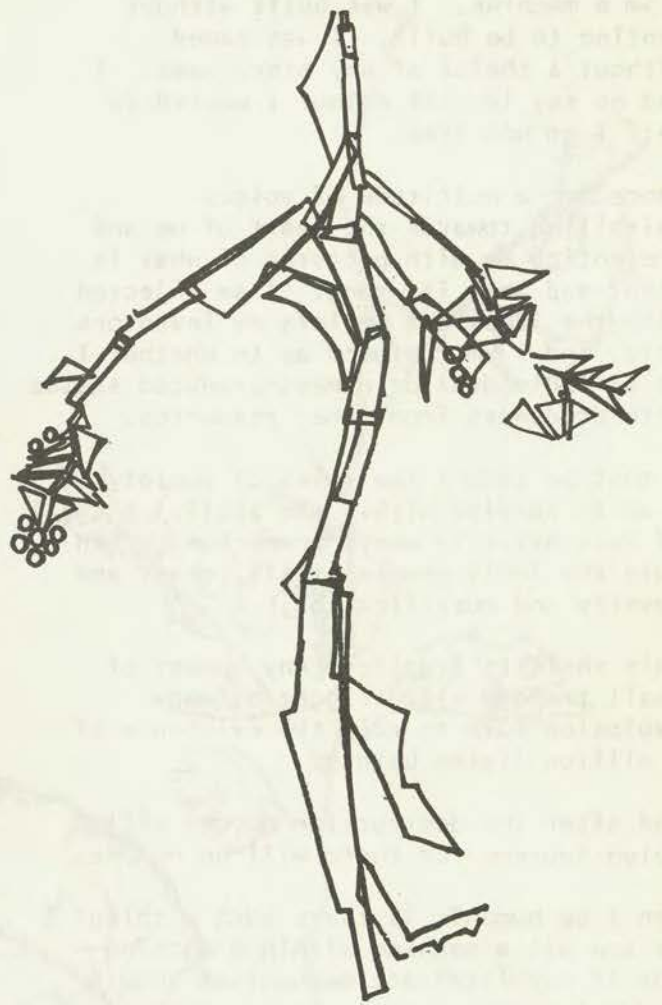
But the shape is not itself; it is the  
 people.

Not ambitious people,  
 But those content,  
 to serve another,  
 to function,  
 to be.  
 Contentment within the egg.  
 They must expand  
 But the shell is still flexible;  
 They expand within the shell.  
 They must grow.  
 And so too does the shape on the horizon.

A nest contains the five expanding eggs;  
 They do not emerge from the centre  
 But cling to the side for support;  
 The centre has weakened.  
 And so the next remains,  
 The eggs expanding but confined by the  
 shell;

All together,  
 Within reach,  
 Yet not close enough.  
 And if they should make their way  
 to the centre, would they be supported or  
 would they fail?  
 The shell may be broken,  
 But what would the people do?

M. J. 10 F.



I look at the water and I see life:  
 Bubbling, fresh, pure and with a will of  
 its own;  
 I am looking at the water in a country  
 brook  
 And I see a future for life.

In the future, I shall look at the  
 water and  
 I shall see life,  
 Clogged, sluggish, impure and decomposing -  
 it goes where it must.  
 I am looking at the water in a city  
 "river",  
 And I can't see anything.

Anon.



I am a machine. I was built without wanting to be built. I was named without a choice of any other name. I had no say in what colour I wanted to be; I am not free.

There are a multitude of voices spiralling towards the heart of me and presenting me with pictures of what is right and what is wrong. I am injected with the ideas and beliefs my inventors hold, and I am confused as to whether I am an individual or a mass-produced statue with credences from other resources.

I must be taught the rules of society if I am to survive within the shell; a shell of mass hysteria where power-hungry men rule the lowly people of illiteracy and poverty and mortification.

This shell is fragile. Any number of small tremors will trigger off an explosion sure to ruin the existence of a million living beings.

And after the destruction no one will reign supreme for there will be no one.

Can I be human? Is there such a thing? We are all a machine within a machine--but if our intricate mechanisms should suddenly stop....

Beware Mankind! Our designers have overlooked one small detail that has not yet been cured; man's eternal search for supremacy. He shall destroy himself with his quest for the power he holds within his reach. He shall destroy the only thing that is unlike his own machines.

Our world is not a machine that can be created with a touch of the geniuses hand. It has no spare parts in case of emergency. If suddenly it should break down --

Where will this lunacy end? It has no beginning, yet a past that we should learn from. When our fragile shell came close to destruction twice, it was not enough.

Too many people formed their own opinions on how to manage other people's lives. This is not freedom! This is not democracy! How are we to expect the youths

of today to grow up in a world of racialism, back-stabbing politics, wars, hatred, murder and destruction?

We have forgotten that no man is an island unto himself. With already two world wars behind us we have still to learn that no man is ever content with what he has got.

Humanity is a word that fails to exist in the vocabularies of our leaders. Peace and love are words that only dreamers recognise.

Our machines are being improved more and more with the passing of every day, and yet we are breaking down more and more every day.

There is no justice in our birth, life and death. We cannot live free, and are not allowed to die in the manner we would choose. There is no choice in death if a man should suddenly point a gun at another man's head and pull the trigger; the trigger that sets off the small tremor that shall shatter our fragile shell into infinity.

So, although mankind believes he has reached perfection, with faster jet planes, better comforts, greater methods of self-preservation and longer lives -- he has failed perfection. He has failed.

Vicki Cause 11 0





TRANQUILITY.

The mist and haze of the morning,  
 broken by streams of sunlight.  
 After the first beam of light,  
 dewdrops of rain, fell upon, what once  
 was a tranquil pool of love.

Like the inkyness of a pool and the mellow  
 moon.

A willow, a canopy of softness, its  
 feather like leaves swaying gently in  
 the soft breeze.

The tranquility once again to be seen  
 and to be broken by the softness and  
 tenderness of love.

Jan Chambers 9 F

DIFFERENCES.

Frothing, swirling, bubbling.  
 It quickly splashes up,  
 And falls away again.  
 Yet underneath this violence,  
 Lies serenity,  
 A peaceful quietness.  
 An all alone world,  
 Tranquil and forever.  
 It comes and goes, silently.  
 It is, and forever shall be,  
 There, never to die away.

Cathie Year 8

Silken light bathed the garden:  
 the fresh pale yellow light: rich.  
 The dog lay in its fat luxury,  
 his little form spread out asleep.  
 The scene, alive:  
 plump bees gluttoned in yellow flowers,  
 the air whispering with it a thousand tiny  
 lives abuzz.

The birds, straight in the mottled,  
 sprouting trees.

metallic tones, thrilling to the ear.

The scene;

blurry tranquility,  
 a released sigh-breath,  
 Asleep; afternoon.

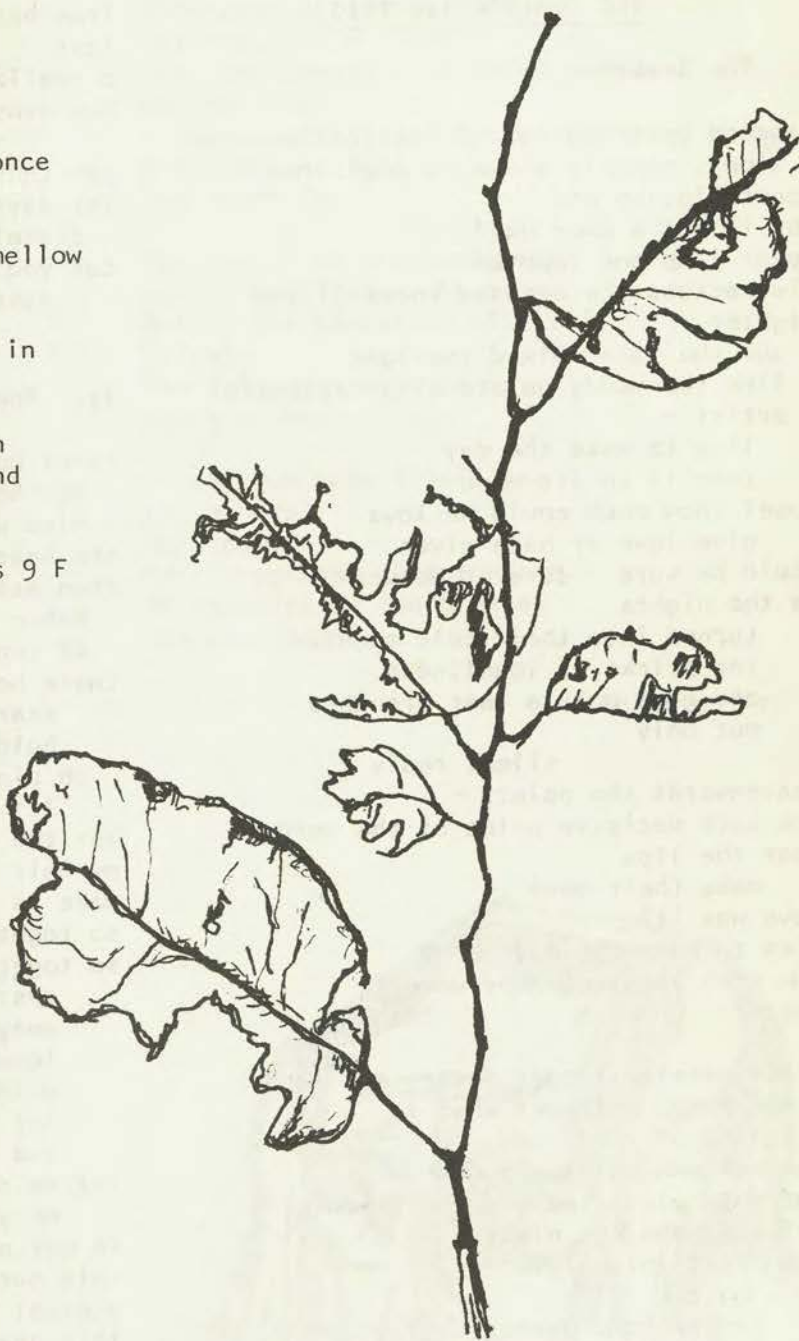
Anastasia Tsekouras 11 N.

MRS. JONES -

"Let's see what you've done this period.  
 You, do your work. Do your maths."

MRS. MADDOCK -

"Well, I didn't know you liked me this  
 much."





THE QUALITATIVE TRIO.

## I. The Seeker

Haggard breaking joy of realization  
 alone, nakedly alone to count the  
 constellation and  
 was it not a good day?  
 spear limp and impotent  
 lies across the crossed knees of the  
 fighter  
 and the rains mixed the land  
 like the muddy palate of a neglectful  
 artist -

lies to make the day  
 turn it to its mark -  
 Love? how much could he love  
 give love or have given  
 could be sure sure as heaven  
 as the nights  
 turned into their cold agoniz-  
 ing pricks of loneliness  
 and gave only a tear drenched  
 mut only

silent reply  
 heavenwards she points -  
 the sure decisive point of the word  
 hear the lips  
 make their move  
 love was it? or  
 lies to make the day  
 how many lies how many women?  
 see:

our warrior finger frames the land  
 his hands perspect what is  
 a land of reeds and  
 the unknown battlegrounds  
 the mute victories and the silent  
 defeats, and the nights,  
 how big this big?  
 is a man:

can he hold warmer days in words  
 of grateful flattery  
 swear on experience to  
 shed a point with  
 hands still dripping black with night  
 (and) sew wild oaths in marshes  
 and in the ground  
 his spear proclaiming with  
 a head of gain  
 Then this is  
 with (your) thighs and forearms  
 in the mud  
 a life drowned in sighs

from battles earthly first and earthy  
 last  
 a realization a laugh  
 how many  
 many laughs  
 can there ever be enough?  
 for days and lives just  
 dissolve into pricks of  
 can you tell me  
 just how many

## II. The Striver

Paint her  
 yes her sketched flowing on his  
 mind with  
 the beach and clouds as tones  
 then assail and cradle her with words  
 dance with her eyes as rhythms  
 of consent  
 there he sits  
 staring trembling, hands barely  
 holding the brush  
 oh please don't blush just  
 let me look  
 let the sand scorch my face and wither  
 my hair  
 make us timeless and stand there  
 so together we may swear  
 so together  
 cast your fears  
 away like years  
 love run wild  
 wild child  
 let our love run wild  
 and never stop to pant,  
 let me paint  
 me you in me  
 in our nude and childhood splendor  
 this our pledge in candour  
 eternal in this minute on  
 this peaceful beach nurtured  
 tranquil by the wisdom of the dusk.





## III. The Sage

Take the road that is horizon bound -  
 this she did shaking  
 like a dog the people off her back  
 the parasite of a careless youth  
 now she stands on tired legs  
 surrounded by the desert  
 wherein lie her dark eyes and hair  
 within the coarse strands  
 which had claimed  
 a hundred beds  
 and a thousand acquaintances  
 upon the empire of a lifetime  
 yes it is hard to quench yourself  
 upon this place  
 yet she no longer asks  
 where goes my soul in this moment  
 which barely sustains the last:  
 for it lies not before but beyond  
 and she knows when  
 she lifts her hands that sun  
 will rise  
 and that behind her eyes lies the  
 all telling softness  
 called night,  
 still the days do not take one as  
 mistress but as slave  
 and that the grateful seat of repose  
 will not contain the balancing line  
 between land and sky  
 within conquering and being conquered  
 above ruling and being ruled  
 the agony and loneliness of time must  
 speak:  
 she must leave where one forgets  
 for this she calls herself foolish  
 but  
 wisdom pushes the naked  
 broken and haggard in joy.

John Makinson 12 T

*A classic is something that everyone wants  
 to have read and nobody wants to read.*

Mark Twain

Phantasms of tranquillity,  
 Wafting upon my mind  
 like the breath of a sweet smell  
 On the wind.  
 A taunt; tantalizing the senses  
 With what could be,  
 But never is.

The search is discouraging,  
 but at each fatal junction,  
 Before the admission of final  
 Defeat;  
 The faintest taste of my  
 Quest's end.

A junction more final than  
 the others,  
 Must come.  
 More important that the smell  
 Of Paradise on the breeze.  
 And what then?

Anatole; VI





## RESOLUTION

Never sure of  
 ever being here before,  
 give me your platter of half-eaten biscuits  
 spare me the tatter of half-eaten days  
 the water drips prophetic from your  
                   lucid wrists  
 so shed me some certainties

and eyes roll like drops  
           touching my face  
 a ragged blouse houses  
 hands that can see

all that I have  
 I have given to me

give me no more my  
       sweetened illusions  
 here with the cloth  
 laughing limp in my hands  
 home of the tears  
 fresh from a fall  
           all that I hold  
 fallen fresh from a face

let's break the suspension  
 passed in midpassing breaking the  
 plate on the tide of the floor  
 giving a memory  
           to the taste of a moment  
 giving our being  
 somewhere  
 before,

          and here is your chemise  
 chewed in the weeks running  
 in the years        see

here are my hands  
 take them from me.

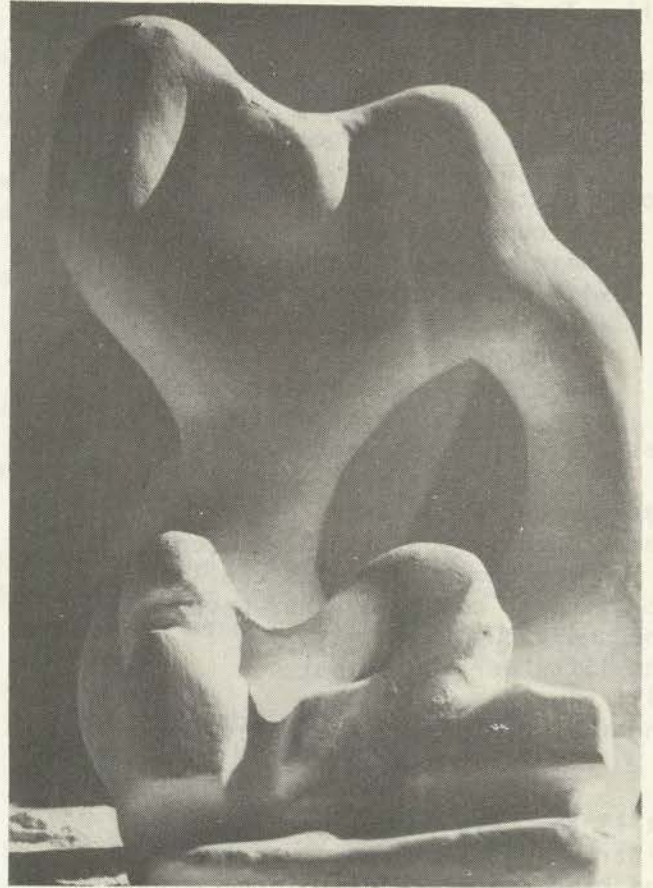
John Makinson 12 T

MRS. STARK

"Good, that means I have to give you a  
 gold star for that."

MR. GARDNER -

"Don't be a fool all your life, have a  
 day off."



WELL, HELLO COLIN!

Welcome to the twentieth century!  
 Hard to believe you've finally joined us!  
 Still, you do have the pre-requisites:

now:

heart torn in three and a despondent soul  
 soon you will lose your stupid self-  
                   respect,  
 learning to treat your own and all other  
 bodies as objects for further pleasure,  
 no longer revered and sacred subjects.

Of course, employment is compulsory:  
 I know of a lovely fact'ry not far ...  
 what? "A farm if anything" did you say?  
 Behind the times, aren't you? Didn't  
                   you hear?

The present good government by Act  
 abolished farms and things ages ago ....

Colin Rossie 12 A



CATS' LIGHT!

The sky is a dusky, purple grey,  
 It's the time when each and every cell in  
     my body stirs,  
 They call it the cats' light, and they are  
     right,  
 For now is the time when I truly wake,  
 And am off into the mist for a prowl.  
     CATS' LIGHT!

Down among the alleys strewn with rubbish  
     tins,  
 My fellows and I meet-tabbies and torties,  
     moggies and manx,  
 All of us brothers, together as one,  
 And off we go for a run and a prowl-and a  
     fight when occasion does call.  
     CATS' LIGHT!

And so as the night sky slowly darkens,  
     as my friends and I do prowl,  
 We think of the spoilt unlucky ones  
     who sit at home amongst their  
     cushions,  
 And eat and sleep their lives away.  
 But nay, that life is not for me, for I am  
     wild and free,  
 I'm a cat of the cats' light,  
 Born to be wild and free.

Tiger.

Translated by  
 Annette Borrer 8 F

Greener are the fields  
 Which lie in deep, sweet slumber,  
 Than those which thunder.

Kim 10 F

Opposing leaders think: 'He's just a sod',  
 Ockers say: C'mon, kick out the wogs',  
 In all this mess no M.P. turns to God,  
 That's why Australia's going to the dogs.

Mark Dollin 11 0

DEB INSTANT MASH

Virgin flake  
 So light and soft  
     and full of promise  
 Add liquid to make  
 Out of that flake  
     to bud  
 a spud.

- M.B.

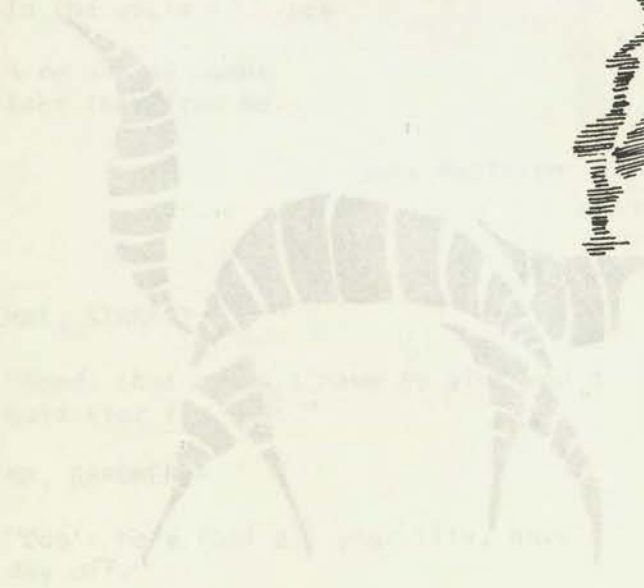
SUMMER AND WINTER.

Ours was like the summer;  
 Short and sweet.  
 Yet warm  
 Not bleak.  
 It slowly lapsed,  
 However.  
 It's winter now,  
 But unlike the seasonal weather,  
 It's gone forever.

Anonymous.









TEARS

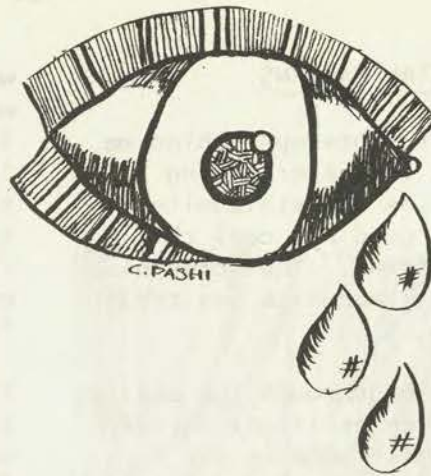
Slowly the small droplets fall  
 Dazzling in the light,  
 Like diamonds, descending ever constant  
 They twinkle and shine  
 Beautiful, yet sad.  
 As the memory tries to fade--  
 Fade into the obliteration of nothingness  
 But no! The wound has not healed  
 It lies, open and deep  
 Alone once more.  
 Forever it would last, together  
 But no! it crumbled and fell.  
 The love that once had blossomed,  
 Now dead and barely gone.  
 They glisten and sparkle  
 And glisten and sparkle  
 And fall.....

Cathie Year 8

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

From a small bud,  
 It blossoms into a delicate flower  
 Its petals are beautiful and bright  
 Its blooming has revealed an inexhaustible  
 faith.  
 You touch the flower ... gently.  
 You feel it sooth you  
 You open your eyes and see...  
 Grasping its significance you realise ...  
 This flower is kind,  
 sharing its existence with reality.  
 This flower is peace,  
 Passing its serenity throughout.  
 This flower is patient,  
 Taking the time to listen and care.  
 This flower is eternally alive,  
 Never giving up.  
 This flower is strength,  
 Giving the power to live.  
 This flower is meaningful,  
 True and deep.  
 This flower is warmth,  
 Evolving from a sincere heart.  
 This flower is affection,  
 Held as the artistic emotion of life.  
 This flower is passionately superior.  
 This flower is ... LOVE.

A.K. Year 11

YOUNG ONLY ONCE.

His affectionate look comes my way,  
 As I think only of him.  
 My heart pounds as his steps draw near;  
 And my mind reels aimlessly  
 I hear the steps no longer,  
 So I jolt back, into reality  
 He stares at me with his green eyes.  
 They seem to say to me,  
 Something I cannot place.  
 As he comes slowly closer,  
 He whispers, but I cannot hear.  
 My mind is no longer tuned,  
 To the frequency of mundane life.  
 No longer can my brain think sense;  
 Love has won once more.

Cathie Year 8

MEMORIES

The scattered flowers in Spring  
 With nothing shall compare  
 But snows in winter,  
 Or a carnival or fair,  
 When children jangle coins  
 As we did once ago,  
 Or hearing sleighbells on a horse,  
 Ploughing through the snow.  
 The sunlight on a garden,  
 Or last short rays at night,  
 A flower in all its splendour,  
 An eagle full in flight.  
 As I grow tired of fighting,  
 An end that's drawing near,  
 Nothing could for me surpass,  
 Such memories so dear.

L.M.



THE CRYSTAL CAVERNS.

There was a sound of footsteps behind me as I walked through the never ending gallery of stalactites and stalagmites. Water dripped all around me, cool chills ran up and down my spine. The screeching and squealing of bats and mice was truly nerve-racking.

As I walked further on through the gallery it became darker, then as it got darker bright coloured lights shone in the distance like the sun's rays piercing its warmth and light through a rain cloud. Soon the lights got brighter and I could hear sweet but poisoning music luring me to a 'cathedral' of multi-coloured moss and stalactites. The water shone like crystal in the stream flowing through the cave. I felt alone and excited, and yet there were many people around me. After walking through another dark passage, I was led to the 'giant slide' standing strong in all its glory. This was frozen ice and moss formed like a slippery dip. If you looked long enough at the slide you could sometimes watch the cave elves slide down its shiny surface.

A little way past the slide, I approached the stalagmite and ice water garden. The garden with dew running down its petals looked like a cluster of diamonds shining in the moonlight. The houses of the elves were clearly visible. Next to the garden was a beautiful fountain. A twisted stalactite was the base of the fountain. When the base was filled with water and ice, it looked like champagne with too many bubbles, and then it would run down the side of the base washing and shining the rocks as it went, flowing to the moss-covered ground.

I came to another passage. This one was cold and clammy and had a moss wall to wall carpet. This made me think of a fabled dungeon stronghold of martyred kings. Different again was this gallery, it was a gallery of 'fairytales', and where

imagination was a vital source to recall the different tales. The cave elves again had to get into the act by being various characters depending on which fairy-tale

was being shown. There were still more weird and wonderful galleries to go. Now I ventured towards the gallery of the 'jungle'. The great stalactites and stalagmites covered in moss stood bold and strong like toy soldiers. As you admired the breathtaking scenery you could imagine or you were imagining animals of solid frozen ice peering through the trees.

The next gallery was a 'fashion parade' of stalactities, stalagmites and ice and water. The stalactities and stalagmites formed petite patterns. The ice was moulded into tessellating shapes and as the water flowed around and through the glittering points and ice, the water sketched intricate designs on the ground.

Never before had I seen or imagined such exciting scenes. There now was one passage to walk through. This one, like the others, was cold, dark and clammy and also had a never-ending wall-to-wall carpet of moss. Then I heard the sound of footsteps behind me again and the streak of daylight at the end of the passage. It was then I remembered all the other people who also came with me on the tour through 'The Lucas Caves'. My outing to Jenolan Caves is one I shall never forget!

Kimin Lim 7 R

MR. MOYNHAM -

"If you are over 40 and still wear shorts have a word with mummy about it."

MRS. MOYES -

"You can't be whistling at me."



TRAPPED IN A CORNER

Trapped in a corner,  
 Lost in a world,  
 A figment of imagination,  
 Big, fat and tall.  
 Don't know where to turn to,  
 Don't know where to look,  
 A grey cloud in the sky,  
 a torn page in a book,  
 Where shall we go?  
 What shall we do?  
 Kill the dirty slanderer?  
 Or feel sorry for the hook?  
 Death shall not defy them  
 For sore eyes to bear.  
 Shall we go on the same way?  
 Or shall we pull their hair?  
 NO way of changing  
 Insides to out.  
 Let go of the blue sky  
 ALL HANG OUT!  
 White shall win the battle,  
 Why change that?  
 Turn eyes away,  
 Pull the cover back.  
 Patience is the weapon for attack.

Anonymous.

FOOTSTEPS.

A dark night full of mystery and silence.  
 Not a whisper, not a movement.  
 Echoing stillness. Standing on an empty  
 kerb in an empty street, void of human  
 life or traffic, waiting for an empty bus  
 that never comes at the right time. A  
 yawn, a cough, a glance up a street full of  
 shadows. A noise! You catch your breath  
 in fear. Faint, muffled, yet becoming more  
 distinct with every second that seems to  
 last eternity. Footsteps. Lone, solitary,  
 confident footsteps which reverberate down  
 the empty street and send shivers up your  
 spine. Fast moving, clear, loud footsteps  
 coming closer.

Fading footsteps, still distinct yet  
 becoming muffled and softer. Relief, as  
 sigh after sigh the tension wears off, and  
 the bus is coming.

Maria Tirabosco 9 S





CIVILISATION

Through the open window,  
Past the maze of life,  
Into the land of dreaming,  
Far from civilised strife...

Here my image is set free.  
My pen drops from my hand,  
The night is closing in ...  
But mine is a sun-drenched land.

I dream of clear blue skies,  
Of blossoms with dew,  
Of oceans frothing at the tongue...  
Freed from the human zoo.

"Cuckoo, 7 O'clock, Cuckoo"  
We are all called by name.  
Slaves to progress, all into your cages  
For now you are tamed.

Jane Grace 7 F

Rolling, big waves,  
Breaking on the shore.  
Each one;  
Majestic in its own way.  
Frothy, white cap,  
On clear, blue water.  
And one surfer, on one;  
Carried away,  
Away.  
Away from the sight  
of the others. The others!  
They don't care!  
Let him drown!  
They seem to say,  
With their actions;  
He is not one of us.  
He is a loner.  
He doesn't mix.  
Let him drown!

Leanne Xiligounis 11 N

DYING AWAY

The lonely cry shrieks out;  
Out into the silence of the night.  
A cry that humanity will never hear.  
Glassy eyes stare into Blackness.  
As the derelict figure utters her plea  
Denied her freedom.  
She brings together the last dregs,  
The last dregs of her emotion.  
Shattered through hate.  
Love had come and gone so quickly.  
Crushed, disheartened and alone.  
Salty tears splash to the ground.  
Her anger rises, she lashes out,  
And slowly fades away.

Cathie Year 8







There was a sound of footsteps behind me in the cold deserted street. I nearly stopped but the loud beating of my racing heart urged me to keep on walking and not to turn around to the bare blackness of night and to the footsteps.

I walked faster towards the street light near an alley where a shopkeeper was silently putting out some garbage. I didn't see him. I only heard the footsteps that quickened with mine. I started running and so did the footsteps. A cat the shopkeeper scared, ran from the alley and screeched in front of me. I screamed and screamed and screamed as the running footsteps died away....

I walked around the block to my apartment where I ran upstairs and locked the door. This sort of thing with the footsteps had happened for the last two nights and each night someone had come to my rescue, like the shopkeeper, and the owner of the footsteps runs away. Having to face the avenue every night at 9 o'clock I feel watched, and living in this city by myself makes the situation no better.

Before work the next day, I rang Sue, my friend. "Hello, Sue? This is Sarah... Ah, Sue, could you meet me after work at the station? Well, I want you to walk home with me if you would because you don't live far. Great! See you then."

That day at the office went very well until at 10 to 3 Sue rang telling me that she couldn't make it because she had to work back late. My heart fell and my stomach tightened as I thought of 9 o'clock and the avenue.

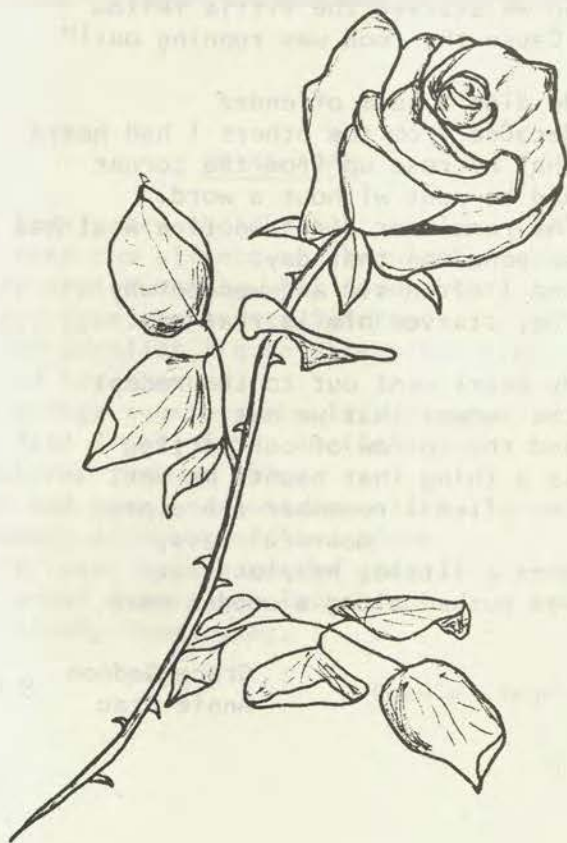
As I walked down that midnight-black, windswept avenue, all was quiet except for the distant car horns. I walked past where the footsteps usually begin. Now only a block to my apartment, but the silence was deafening and every step seemed my last. As I walked near the street light by the alley, footsteps came after me.

I started to run but a hand that stank of dead cats reached over my mouth and nose and the other clamped onto my neck.

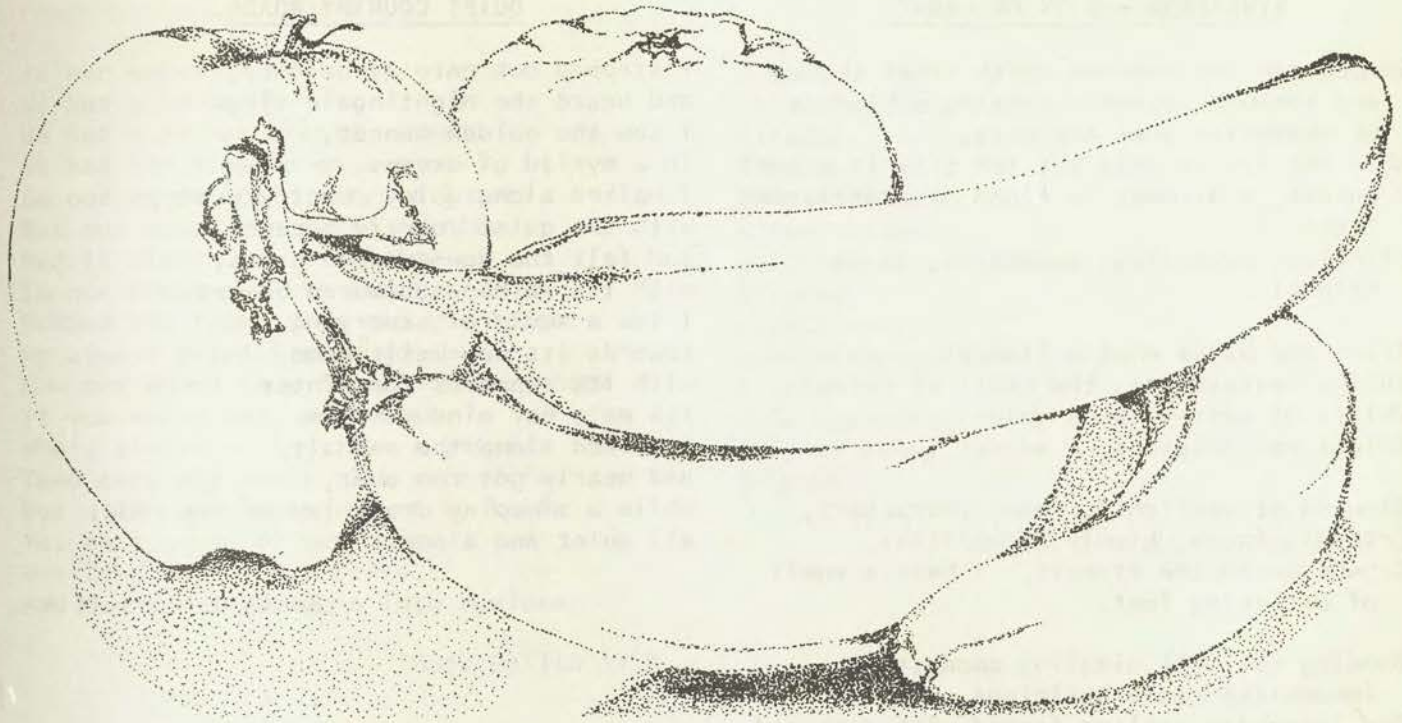
He dragged me down the alley but the more I struggled, the tighter his hand closed. Tighter, tighter ... I couldn't breathe... or ... move. Now I was down on the ground. His eyes were two great black and white masses of crazed fire. My arms flung out tipping over a garbage tin. I rummaged amongst the garbage trying to get a firm grip when I felt something metallic, long and straight. With my last gasp of life, I thrust it into him.

I felt the pressure of his hands slacken, his eyes closed, and 12 stone of dead mad man slumped on top of me. In a semi-conscious state, I coughed and managed to push his stinking body off. I waited till I had found my breath, then slowly walked home.

Joy Smithers 7 R







MY WORDS.

I write the words,  
 words with a meaning.  
 I think they have a meaning,  
 I mean  
 I think  
 I know  
 What I mean.  
 But when I think about it,  
 Nobody means what they say  
 anyway,  
 and nobody knows anything  
 either.  
 So its all pretty pointless I guess.  
 But I'll keep on writing--  
 meaning things that  
 I know,  
 trying to communicate--  
 and hoping someone will understand.

Shayne Year 9

SOCIETY.

You are born...Free.  
 Granted a life...Live.  
 You're an individual...Unique,  
 and yet,  
 soon you loose your individuality,  
 you become programmed, to fit into your  
 society.

An abstract society of tall boxes  
 and,  
 walking and talking robots.  
 The Rights of Man, they say...  
 Freedom of speech,  
 what great ideals,  
 but not true to reality.  
 You may try to break free,  
 cry out,  
 but in the end,  
 you'll be drowned in this endless sea of  
 robots.

you'll also become a robot  
 In the end you will lose the will to fight,  
 Society made you and  
 in the end,  
 you're also making society.

Angela Koutiris 11 I



SINGAPORE - CITY OF LIGHTS.

Sombre are the shadows which steal through  
 and through secretly casting a blanket  
 of obscurity over the city,  
 Ah - the day is dead but the city is alive!  
 A quiver, a glimmer, a flood of translucent  
 light,  
 Blinking, twinkling, sparkling, oh so  
 bright!

Trams and buses what a flurry!  
 Indian restaurants, the smell of curry!  
 Whiffs of pastry, buns galore  
 Bright red lobsters, I adore!

Glowing streetlights, shady characters,  
 Friendly faces, kindly formalities,  
 Crowds swarm the streets, I hear a swell  
 of pattering feet.

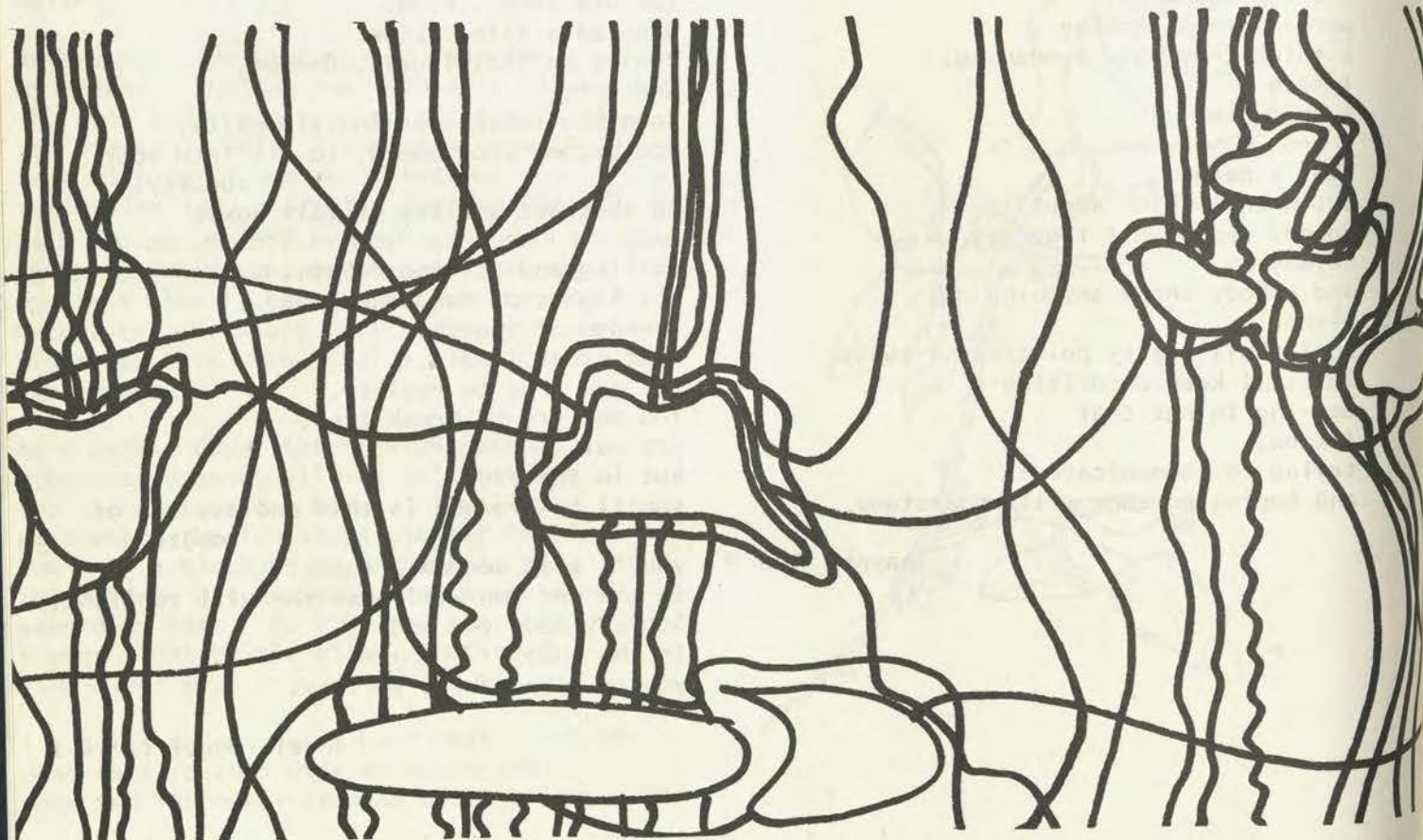
Dancing twilight mingling amongst the  
 immaculate stone buildings,  
 The irregular skyline fogged with dust and  
 smog,  
 Ah - the day is born, but the lights of  
 Singapore are dead .....

Jane Grace 7 F

QUIET COUNTRY ROADS.

I stepped out onto my balcony,  
 and heard the nightingale sing.  
 I saw the golden sunset,  
 in a myriad of dreams.  
 I walked along quiet country roads,  
 with the quiet country breezes,  
 and felt the dew-dropped grass,  
 with its rainbow-coloured bushes.  
 I saw a squirrel scurrying,  
 towards its new-built home,  
 with its supplies for winter  
 its mate her mind to roam.  
 I walked along the asphalt,  
 and nearly got run over,  
 while a sleeping drunk lay on the road,  
 all quiet and alone.

Koula Galanis 11 R





MOOSE

In our house  
 We had a moose  
 We had a rather stupid moose.  
 We had him tied up on a noose,  
 So our moose could not get loose.  
 But our moose concealed a knife,  
 Had it hidden all his life.  
 So our moose cut the noose,  
 Rammed the front door and got loose.  
 He always acted like a goose.  
 Now our moose is a loose, goose, moose.  
 If you see a mad, mad moose,  
 Who's always acting like a goose,  
 Take care and don't risk your life,  
 But will you please return my knife.  
 Yes this story of our moose  
 Was inspired by Dr. Seuss,  
 And our moose has gone into recluse.

Mark Dollin 11 R

There was a young man from Geelong  
 Who suddenly burst into song,  
 He said to the crowd,  
 I hope I'm not loud,  
 But the policeman said: "Just move along".

There once were two silly young boys,  
 Who insisted on playing with toys,  
 They would not agree  
 To get a degree,  
 Now they're street-sweepers up at  
 Woy Woy.

Kimin Lim 7 R

LIMERICKS.

There once was a girl named Stella,  
 Who worked at the bank as a smeller,  
 It happened one day,  
 Her nose ran away,  
 And the manager made her a teller.

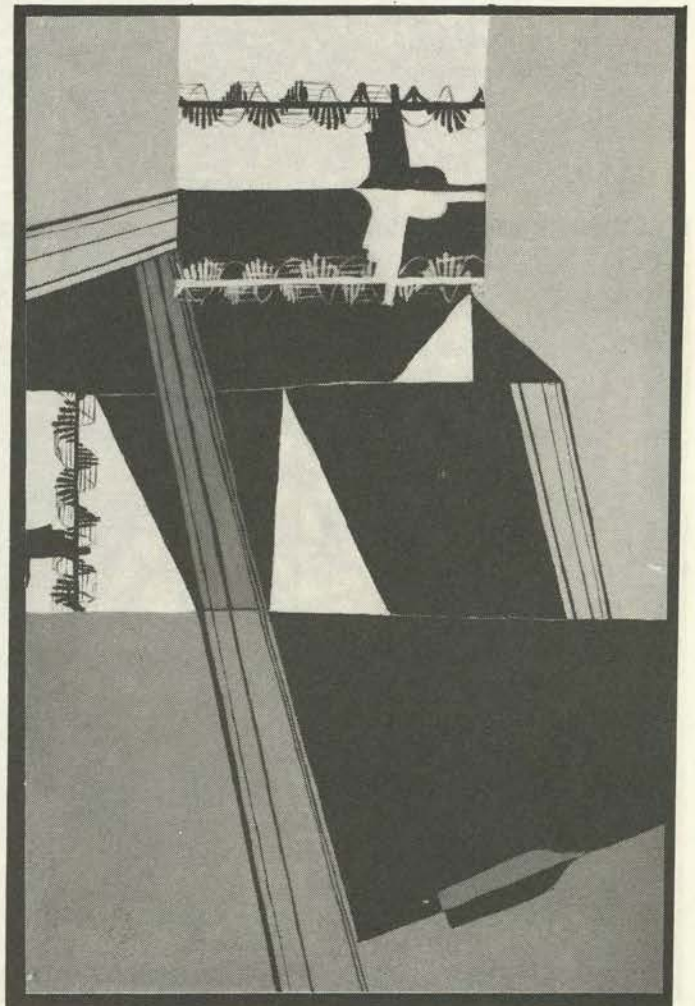
There once lived a boy called Pete,  
 Who didn't know what to eat.  
 He ate Special K,  
 and his mouth melt away,  
 and now he can't even eat meat.

John Sintras 7 R

SILENCE IS DEADLY.

A man;  
 torturing in a room  
 Silence,  
 A weapon,  
 to kill slowly,  
 silent silence,  
 quietly going insane,  
 Silence,  
 silent work,  
 quick-flowing work,  
 Silence,  
 Life beginning,  
 life is ended  
 SILENCE.

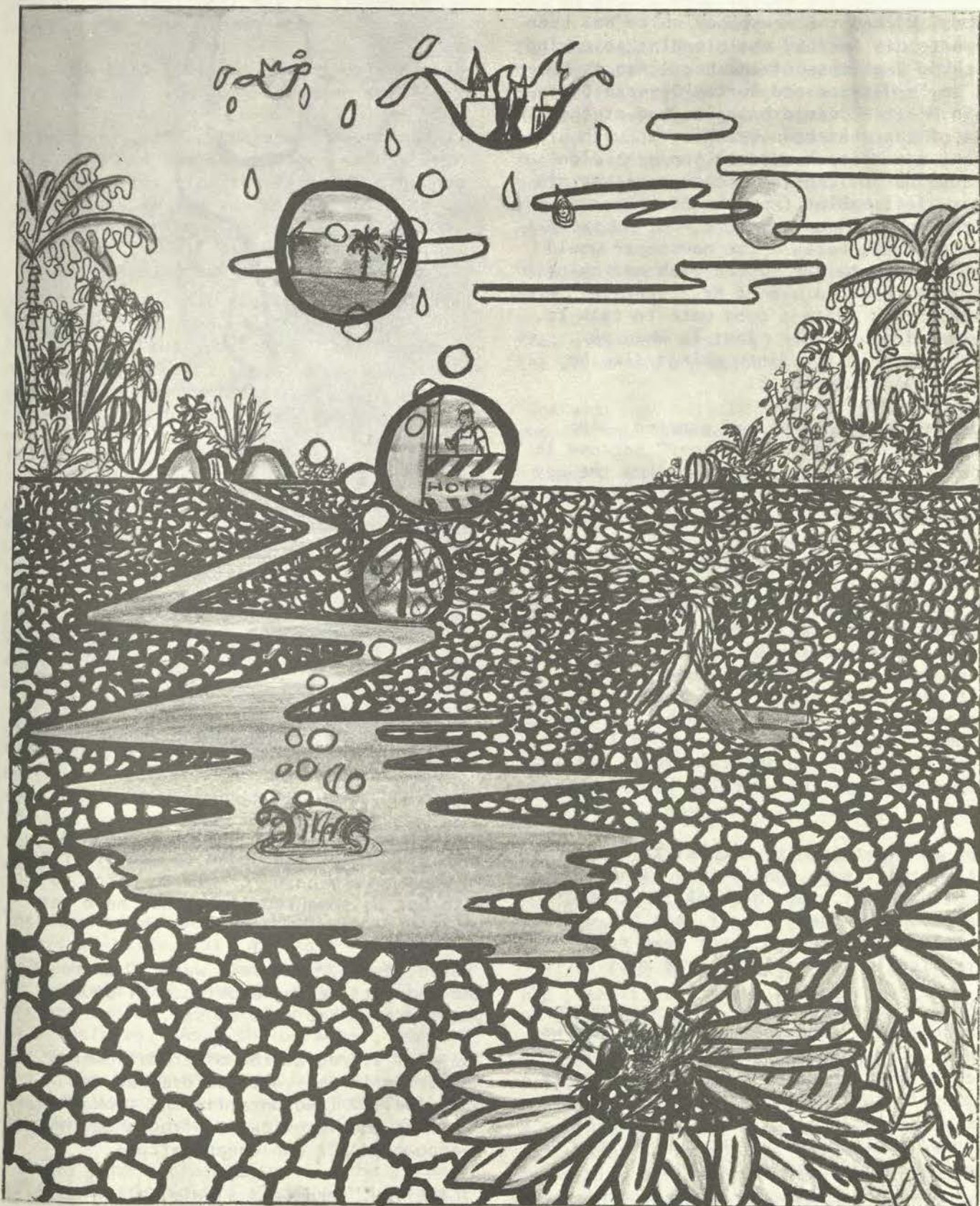
Andrew Constantinopoulos 7 0













THE WHEEL OF FATE.

Michael kicked the newspaper which had been blown to his feet by the piercing cold wind catching a glimpse of the headlines as he did so. --"Taylor and Burton Divorce Once Again." -- He could have laughed at the idea of that has-been breaking up with his aging, but dressed-up doll, only he didn't because he noticed the grease marks on his jeans, left behind from the newspaper. They weren't clean any more, but he swore nevertheless, because the newspaper would once have contained cooked fish and chips, and that reminded him of Mr. Franklin. Mr. Franklin was quite a good mate to talk to, considering his age. That is when he didn't put his foot into things like he had a few minutes back.

"Good'ay Swinger," he had greeted. (He always called Michael "swinger" because it made him feel younger if he talked the way the younger set did.) "How's pretty Jane getting along?"

Michael found the note in his pocket as he shoved his hands into them, and pulled the leather coat closer to his body. His hands clenched angrily as he realised that after a week of separation he needed Jane more than anything he had ever needed before. That was why he had written that song. He reckoned his audiences would be startled to hear it but he knew Jane would like it... She 'dug' sentimental stuff. If that didn't make her forgive him, nothing would.

Rapt in his thoughts, Michael failed to notice the figure, until they had collided. In his present mood, Michael looked up, ready to tell the girl off, but her eyes startled him. He had never seen such pathetically sad pools of grey mist.

"I'm ... terribly sorry ..." she mumbled apologetically and then hurried on her way again. Overpainted, blond and plumpish, she was everything Jane was not. "You're not worth loving if you can't face up to the ugliness in life..." ---The words echoed in his mind. By God, he'd show her that he could do something kind!

Contrary to New York's sky-high buildings, he eyed a small flower stall. Without



further hesitation he bought a bunch of pale pink roses and began to run after her. It wasn't very hard for him to catch up with her as some red lights had held her up.

"Hello, again," he said warmly, aware of the thoughts he was evoking. "I bought you these... You were so sad."

The girl stared at the offered flowers, wondering if the youth before her was quite well. Involuntarily she took them, smelling the intoxicating fragrance, which overpowered her own cheap perfume.

"Thank you," she said slowly, allowing a smile to quiver on her lips.



Michael again fingered the paper in his pocket, and taking it out he placed it between the rose stems.

"You can keep this too...It's only a song I've made up...So long and keep smiling."

He was gone before she could have said a word. He had not stayed long enough even to explain that for the first time he had seen beauty in the saddest things. He decided he'd ring Jane up that afternoon.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sonia Hampstead put the roses into a vase. They looked too beautiful amidst the vulgarity of the apartment. Bed unmade, clothes on a chair, photos that she despised stuck on the walls to cover the areas where the paint had chipped away, and a mirror which revealed her unreal self. A feeling of emptiness loomed unaccountably in the atmosphere. As if projected into action, she suddenly decided she'd make the roses worthy of the room. As first things were first, she made her bed, vacuumed the carpets and had the satisfaction of tearing the photos.---she'd put up the ones she had really loved later on. By twelve o'clock she was pleased with not only the transformation of the room but with her own appearance. Make-up removed, hair washed and in another dress, she lay aside enough time for him to be home from work, and then made her way to Toni's neighbouring flat. The boy had told her that the words belonged to a song, but she had no idea about the notes of the tune. If only its melody would match the words...

The door opened and Toni confronted her. In his thirties, fair and half Italian, he could very well make anyone think that he deserved more than the ninety dollars per week which he earned in a local club as a musician. As a photographer, working for one of those trashy magazines, Sonia had often thought that he would have made the ideal front cover, but he had declined of course, his heart being only in music.

"Sonia!" he exclaimed softly, the surprise evident in his voice. "Come in. I wasn't expecting you!"

"No, I know you weren't. But I would love you to play a tune for me please."

Toni smiled. How often had she used that same excuse to ease her loneliness? He had felt sorry for her, because he alone had seen her secret photographs as she called them. They were beautiful, and they would have given her fame if she had published them. She was not unlike him in that respect. She was striving--unsuccessfully--for the dream of her life.

"I'm boiling some coffee. Won't you join me?"

"Yes please," she replied. He went to the stove and turned the gas up.

"How was your work this morning?" he questioned. The silence was brief.

"I was fired!" she said dully.

The news startled him but he refrained from asking questions. He knew she'd tell him everything in her own time.

"The day started wrong from the moment I woke up, I guess, and it didn't improve at work...It was on the way home that something happened which made me realise that it's about time I published those photos."

Toni looked at her with interest, and saw a new gleam in her eyes. It almost...no it did make her look quite lovely.

"How would you like to join me for dinner tonight?" he proposed casually and seeing the enquiry in her expression added, "We can make it a kind of a celebration."

"That's kind of you Toni...and I accept. I'd like it very much in fact. But play me the tune."

He looked at the note she had brought him for the first time. "A love song?" he teased, and went over to the piano. After a few notes, he sat down to play, interested in what he heard. It affected them both as nothing had before. Sonia felt that she was walking upon an untouched landscape of snow.



"Who gave it to you?" he asked when he finished, and they both knew that words were inadequate.

"A...friend" Sonia decided. After all, in one gesture the youth had relatively changed her life.

"A special friend?" She knew it was absurd but she felt an undercurrent of jealousy.

"A very special friend. He's made me realise a lot of things...and the funniest thing is that I met him in the street to-day for the first time. He said that I looked so sad...And then he was gone. I don't even know his name."

"I'm glad," he said quietly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. John Cambell, manager of the magazine called "Woman" answered the switchboard. "Yes?" he asked.

"There's a woman asking for an interview with you sir," replied his secretary. Cambell groaned inwardly. "Very well, Gladice. Send her to me after ten minutes."

He leaned back in his chair. The frown on his face made him look older than his forty-eight years and resting his hands on his enormous stomach, he thought over the letter which he had just read. It seemed as if ratings for his magazine were dropping steadily, and he knew from all the letters that he had received, that readers were bored with the same articles. But there was so much work to do. And when had he last lunched with his wife or eaten dinner, without feeling her hurt. The door opened and his eyes beheld a woman with a folder, beneath one arm. Had ten minutes already passed?

"Sit down Miss...?"

"Miss Hampstead," Sonia filled in. "I read your advertisement about your firm wanting new ideas for your magazine. I'm a photographer and I've an idea which I think will interest you."





She opened the folder and took a colour photo of the roses, and beneath them were the verses of the song. Toni had exclaimed that the effect had been beautiful. She was now basing her confidence on his opinion. There were other photographs. A bare seat in an autumn park; a beach in the sunset; a torn rag doll thrown in a gutter. John Cambell leaned forward, his tired eyes alive with interest.

"These are beautiful photos, Miss Hampstead. I'm almost certain that they'd win a Photographic Award but I fail to understand how they are going to appeal to the public alone?"

"Not alone, Mr. Cambell," Sonia corrected. "This first photo with the poem can make its debut next week with a caption saying that every week a photo will appear in the "Woman", and it will be up to the readers to send in the poem. The one published the following week with that week's photo will win the contributor a money prize... It will get the public interested."

Cambell considered the idea. It did not take him long to decide.

"You're on, Miss Hampstead!"

Sonia Hampstead walked out of the office with a smile on her face.

"Then you're with us love?" the secretary asked. Sonia nodded but wasn't concerned with the woman. Toni was waiting for her downstairs....

\*\*\*\*\*

Jane stuck the picture on the wall. Its pink roses blended with the wall's colour. It had been sheer chance that she had spotted it in a magazine on the park seat. If only Michael could have written something like that for her...But no, he must have decided that they were through. What other explanation could she find to excuse her being jilted? When he had rung she had actually believed that he had wanted to apologise and make up--but he hadn't turned up.

She finished the toffee apple and threw the stick away. She hadn't eaten one of those childhood treats since she couldn't remember when. It made her feel ages older than nineteen.

The front doorbell rang, and flinging her long dark hair behind her shoulder she went to answer it, wondering who it could be. When she did see who it was, however, she almost cried out with the unbearable happiness. Then last week's scene came alive and she moved away from his arms.

"You jilted me that afternoon" she accused quietly.

"Is that what you thought?" He laughed tenderly. "I rode that bike so fast I busted my head in an accident."

Jane turned, the fear having leapt into her throat. She hadn't even noticed the bandage around his head. "Michael..."

"I'm alright now, but those days in hospital were hell without you... Life's been unbearable to me lately Jane. Are you willing to make up for it?"

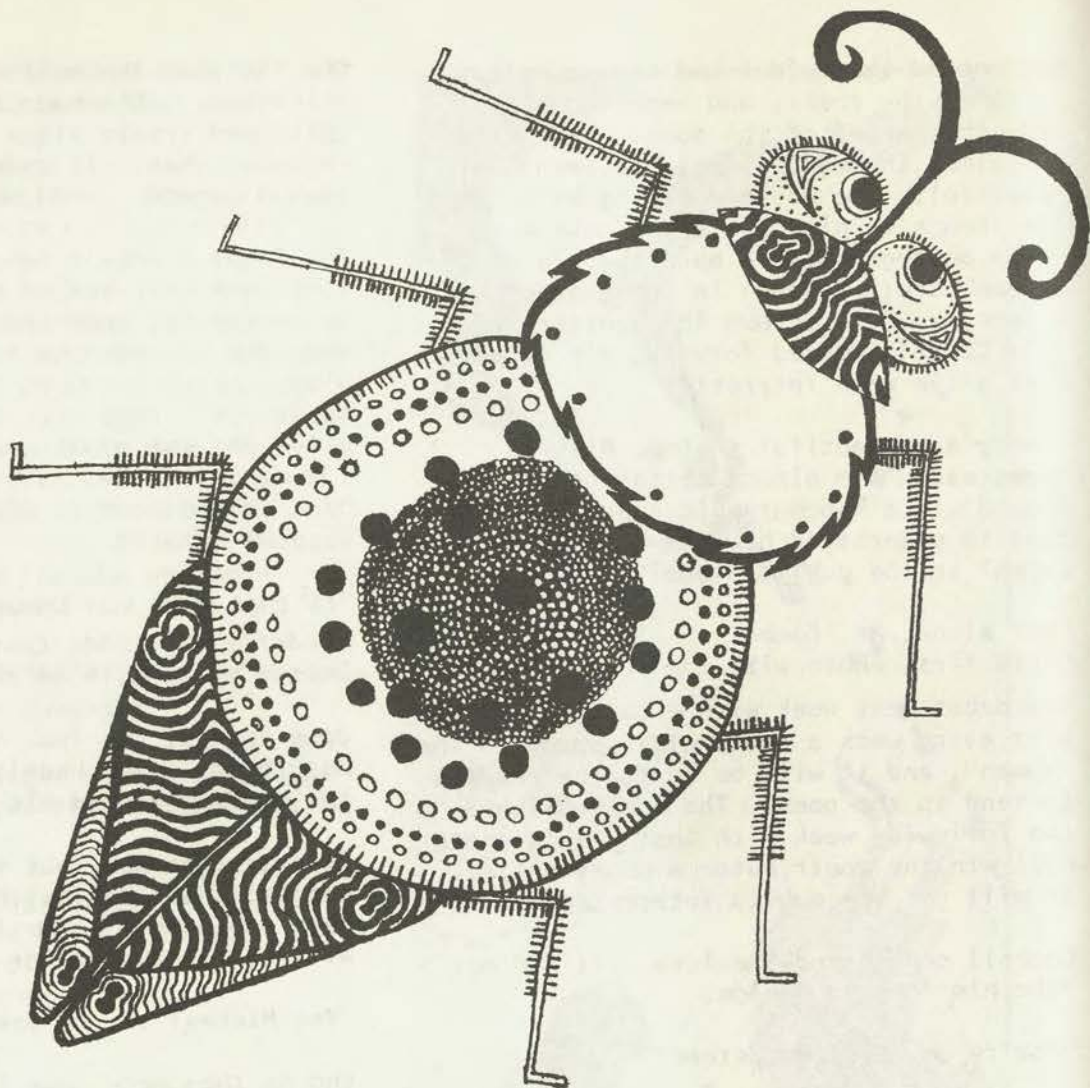
"Yes Michael ... Oh yes!"

And as they were lost in each others' arms it seemed as if the flowers in the photo nodded their approval.

Loula Kouzeleas 10 R







### SPIDERS.

Fat, creepy beasts,  
Casting their power over insects,  
For their appetising feasts.  
Creeping in the dark, they lurk,  
Inflated with death,  
They spin the nets of doom, and then  
Death.

As they grope around like devils,  
They destroy everything.  
With their sinister features,  
Surely, they are the ugliest of creatures.  
The nets of doom, they loom,  
With their hairy legs,  
While their relatives are sun-baking,

In the midst of kegs,  
They mercilessly attack their prey,  
So, keep away!  
Or you'll find yourself one of the  
devil's prey.

F.A.

MR. LEGGE -

"I don't know, I'll look that one up."



## The "SUN" City-to-Surf Race.

I was one of the 11,000 or so eager runners who set out from Park Street at 10 a.m., meaning to run the 10 kilometres to the surf at Bondi.

Runners were packed in tightly for at least a kilometre alongside Hyde Park. My mate Daniel and I started towards the back, and even when we jumped up we couldn't see the front. The race started like a primitive warrior charge. With the gun the mass of people swayed, then rumbled forward. We walked slowly for about twenty yards, sandshoe to sandshoe, then slowly speeded up till we were steadily jogging along.

We jogged along, talking as we went, huffing and puffing with the thousands of others. More and more people flowed past; fat men, old men, and even girls! Humiliating! I broke away from Daniel's side. "Slow down!" he yelled, "we've still got nearly 13 kilometres to go." I slowed down.

With about half way to go we speeded up. Now it was our turn to pass others. Even after six kilometres we couldn't run in a straight line, and about every ten metres we sidestepped a bravely struggling

person. Many people had slowed to a walk and sat down by the roadside, getting their breath back.

We came to the 1.5 kilometre "terror hill" of Rose Bay. Our pace quickened. Heavy breathing filled the air as sweating, toiling bodies began the long grind to the top. The hill seemed to last forever, and the sprays from garden hoses were welcomed cheerfully.

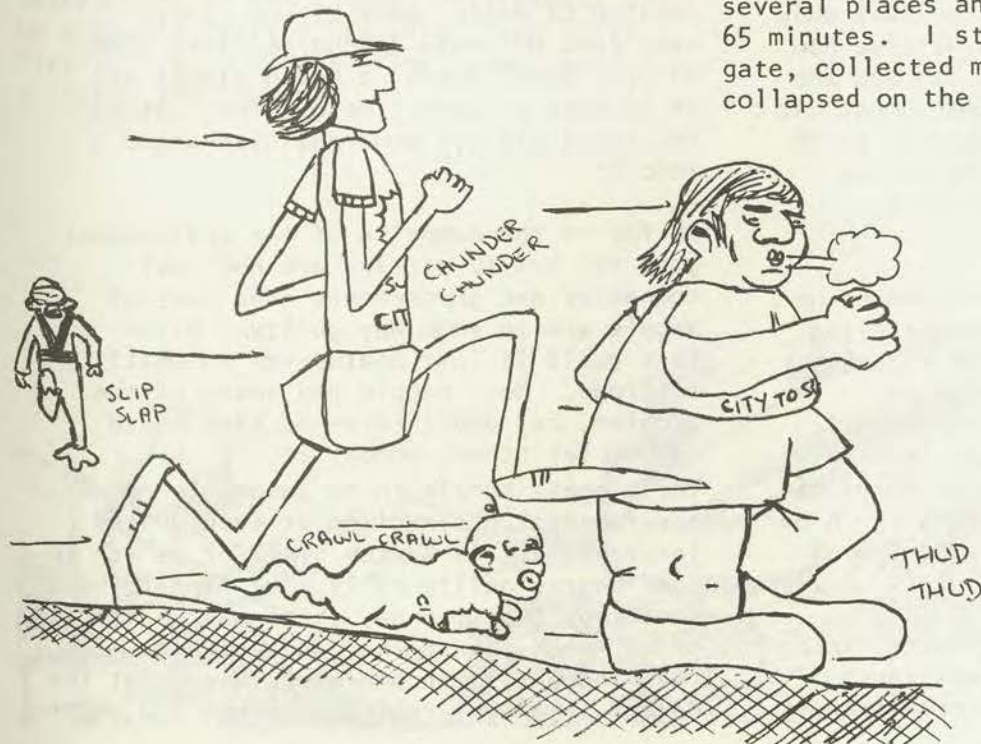
With four kilometres to go, Daniel and I separated. My feet slapped the ground endlessly - (I've calculated once that my feet hit the ground more than 11,000 times) as I moved away from him. My legs were getting heavier and heavier and I forced myself on, still passing old, fat men.

Two kilometres to go and I could now smell the surf. These last kilometres were the hardest of the race. My body cried for rest but I pushed on, trying to pass as many people as I could.

With 100 metres to go I tried to sprint but couldn't. Eighty metres on I could see two girls wearing see-through silk shirts. I sprinted! Wow! I sprinted on, eyes popping.

With that powerhouse finish I picked up several places and came in 2606th in 65 minutes. I staggered through the gate, collected my certificate and collapsed on the gutterside.

Peter Collins 8 F





## ENVIRONMENT.

Since those early times when man was a mere ape-like creature he has progressed far. His accomplishments have been many and varied. High amongst his list of achievements is the fact that he has created his own environment--often in the midst of harsh and savage lands he has created an environment in which he can live in safety, and security, and comfort.

This must surely rank as one of man's greatest achievements--that he has been able to shape and mould his own environment. But the unfortunate thing is that in the process of creating his own environment man has infringed upon and often destroyed his natural environment. And the most unfortunate and regrettable thing is that in most of these cases through a little bit of extra effort it could have been avoided.

Already a lot of damage has been done to our natural environment. Some of it is to be expected--you cannot build roads and buildings without in some way damaging our natural environment. But most of the damage could have been avoided--if we had cared enough to try.

Examples of our unconcern are plentiful, and to be found everywhere. We have only to look out of the window to observe how we have despoiled nature--we can see the litter, and dirt, and sometimes smog. It has come to the stage where people drive 200 or 300 km into the country during their holidays so they can breathe 'fresh air'.

By not taking care of our environment we are forfeiting our heritage--destroying all the beauty and grandeur of nature. What is the point of building more factories, and progressing further, if after it all, there is nothing left to enjoy, and admire. What is the point of creating machines to do our work if in our leisure time we cannot go to parks or fields because there are none left ...

There is an even more direct danger to be faced--a danger to our very existence. Through our carelessness and recklessness

we are endangering our own and future generations' lives. By chopping down trees and plants we are upsetting the balance of nature--for plants recycle carbon dioxide into oxygen, which is necessary for human life. If we continue to destroy plants at our present rate and the world's population continues to grow at its present rate, in a hundred odd years' time the human race will be in danger of suffocation, through lack of oxygen.

One would think that we would learn from previous lessons, but then human memories are very short--particularly when lessons from the past conflict with the interests of the present. Less than a decade ago a chemical company in Japan discharged chemical waste into a nearby river. On the banks of that river was a fishing village, the people of which consumed the chemically affected fish. Almost every person in that village developed deformities--twisted limbs, muscular paralysis and so on. The whole world was horrified to hear of the tragedy--calls were made to ensure that the same thing would not happen in Australia. Regulations regarding waste were tightened up. But not enough. Even to-day, knowing of the horrible results caused by indiscriminate dumping of waste, many of our rivers have tons of waste discharged into them daily. Bondi Beach, a beach almost all of us have at some time or other bathed in, regularly has sewerage discharged into it.

As far as the damaging of our environment goes the guilty parties are not just companies and governments--the mass of people are in some way guilty. Often this guilt is just apathy--a 'so what?' attitude. Most people are aware of the problem, but don't care--or else would rather let others combat it.

The biggest hurdle to be jumped is not governmental obstruction or even vested interests--it is apathy. All of us are to some degree guilty of it. We find it hard to accept that one day there may be little or no trees, and parks, and animals. The very thought is incomprehensible. But the danger is a very real one--right now under



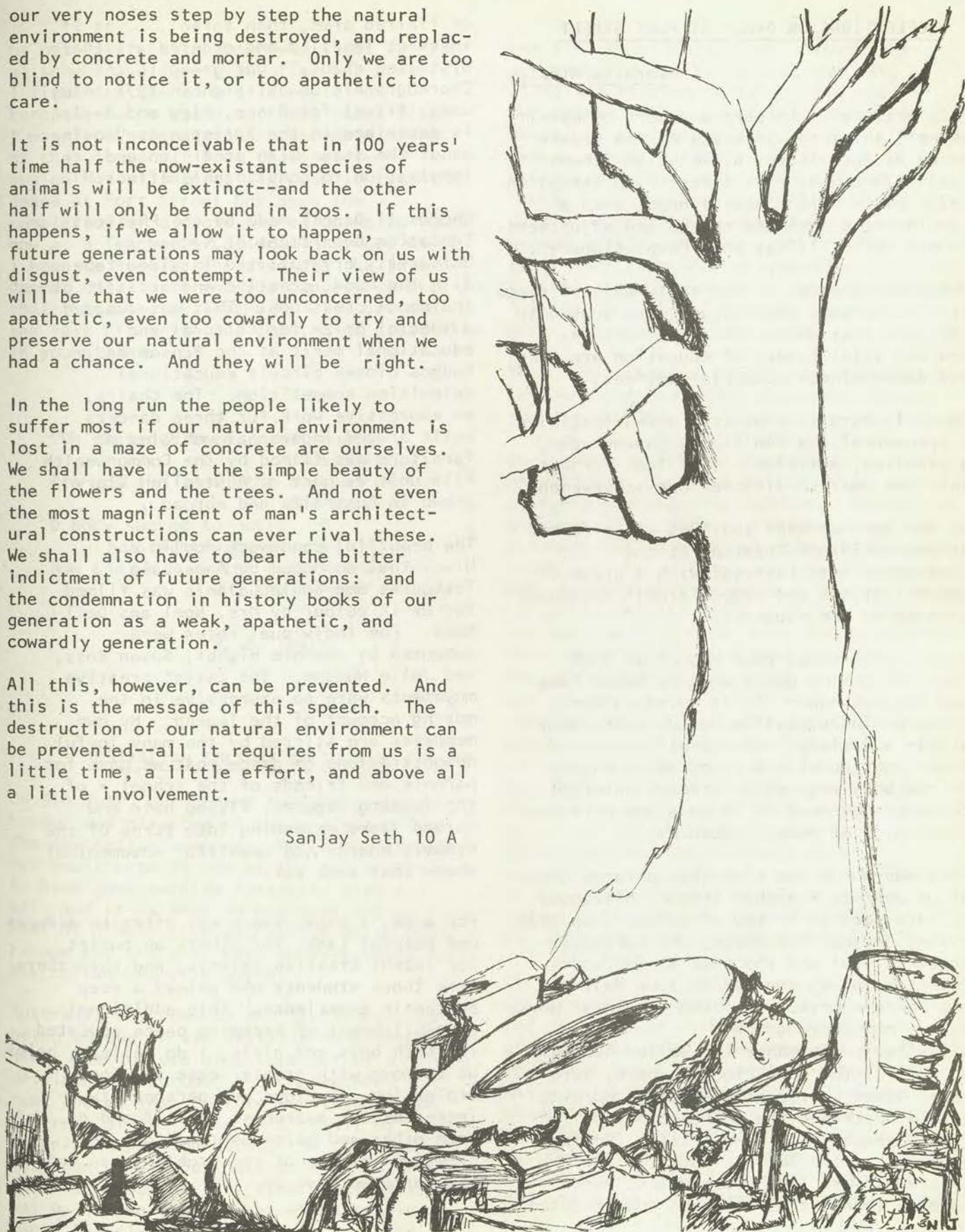
our very noses step by step the natural environment is being destroyed, and replaced by concrete and mortar. Only we are too blind to notice it, or too apathetic to care.

It is not inconceivable that in 100 years' time half the now-existent species of animals will be extinct--and the other half will only be found in zoos. If this happens, if we allow it to happen, future generations may look back on us with disgust, even contempt. Their view of us will be that we were too unconcerned, too apathetic, even too cowardly to try and preserve our natural environment when we had a chance. And they will be right.

In the long run the people likely to suffer most if our natural environment is lost in a maze of concrete are ourselves. We shall have lost the simple beauty of the flowers and the trees. And not even the most magnificent of man's architectural constructions can ever rival these. We shall also have to bear the bitter indictment of future generations: and the condemnation in history books of our generation as a weak, apathetic, and cowardly generation.

All this, however, can be prevented. And this is the message of this speech. The destruction of our natural environment can be prevented--all it requires from us is a little time, a little effort, and above all a little involvement.

Sanjay Seth 10 A





## REFLECTIONS ON DANCE AT FORT STREET

Coralie Hinkley

This article is in part a record of myself as well as of the progress of the modern dance at Fort Street Girls' High School 1963-1974 and at Fort Street High School in 1975. This period has, I hope, seen a continuing growth and change and adjustment in our work. It has been "evolutionary".

The growing pains of the early days of dance at Fort Street, when people were unused to the idea that dance and creativity was a new and vital aspect of education are over and dance minded students evolved.

Dance is hard to capture - a few tangibles - ephemeral - a few films, photographs, a painting, articles - Lets look further into the past to discover our achievement.

As far back as 1964 and 1965 we performed at the CellBlock Theatre, at the Paddington Arts Festival with a group of improvisations and compositional sequences created by the students.

Quoting the dance club report of 1968 - "an interesting dance work by Helen Fong and Janet Brown - It is based on the theme of individualism versus conformity within a society." Margaret Trotter is experimenting with a study using shapes of the body encased in stretch material to evoke the mood of "I am alone with the beating of my heart", (Liu Chi).

This was about the time that a large group of us went to Frensham School, Mittagong to take part in "A Day of Dance." In 1970 Sydney Teacher's College, the Northside Arts Festival and the Cook Bi-Centenary Celebrations at the Sydney Town Hall saw the dance repertoire of the students' works and my own choreography.

After our performance for Ballet Australia in 1971 at the Cell Block Theatre, Beth Dean, Dance Critic of the Sydney Morning Herald described the choreography of 'L' Isle Joyeuse in terms of "soft, flowing movement" while in 'The Forest' "her creatures were like disembodied, yet animate things that balanced and tottered

or flaired arms, then torso .... as if instinct impelled and ordered all their distilled chaos." Our group in the Choreographic Competition in 1971 in my work 'Ritual for Dance, Play and Magic' is described in the Bulletin as "moving about the stage with precision and imagination to considerable effect."

Choros (I Dance) made by the Physical Education Department of Sydney University crystallized in video-tape film the mood, creative and artistic of the dance creations. This was awarded a special prize for cultural and educational merit at the Benson and Hedges closed circuit educational television competition. The Chairs, an expressive work for three dancers built around impersonal vehicles of furniture was filmed by the Commonwealth Film unit as part of Australian Diary shown in Australia and abroad.

The beautiful dancework Apollo and Hiacinthus composed by Anastasia Tsekouras and Koula Galanis was filmed for us in colour by Mrs. Noel and Dell Moss. The individual roles were composed by Jeannie Highet, Susan Voss, and Julie Hudson. The casts' creative movements were so expressive in the moving account of the legend. My own memories are stirred by the many joyful demonstrations of dance that we gave for parents and friends of the school - of the leaping figures, flying hair and curved lines extending into turns of the dynamic energy and beautiful movement of those that took part.

For some, I know, dance was often an arduous and painful task, for others an outlet for latent creative talents, and then there were those students who gained a deep aesthetic experience. This additional accomplishment of becoming dance educated for both boys and girls, I do believe, helps us to move with greater ease and co-ordination, develops our personality, increases our awareness of self and of each other and helps us to mature in creative insight of the problems man and the world we live in.







histories and works of art lie undiscovered. Some attempts, however, have been made by such composers as Malcolm Williamson to include Aboriginal myths into music but Mr. Sculthorpe does not agree that Australian artists in the future will seek to translate the unique landscape and native mythology into music, but rather to express the environment created by the climate, landscape and familiar imagery and especially the ideas associated with them.

This new outlook in music will come through the educational field to be really effective. At present this is not the case since, by the time the student reaches High School standard, he is too conditioned by the traditional forms of European music to make any attempt at reforming his outlook on music. The answer is clearly then to introduce music in its simplest, most unprejudiced form to children at Primary and Infants' School level.

We have, unfortunately, no ethnic system of music education as Hungary has that of Kodaly, but composers and musicians, including Mr. Sculthorpe are working on various methods whereby Australian children can be taught to use music and to associate it with their Australian environment. Amongst other things, exercises where the children are actually taught to make the musical instruments they are about to use have been suggested. Instruments such as flutes and drums can be made very simply by young children using basic, common materials which they see around them. This would encourage the children to discover for themselves the sounds and rhythms which are basic to the understanding of music and help to create the attitudes and atmosphere for a revitalised system of music and cultural education.

Anastasia Tsekouras 11 N





## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

One of the most outstanding events of 1976 was the Olympic Games. Few enterprises created by Man have lasted as long as the Games. The first celebration of the ancient games was, according to tradition, in 776 B.C. They were held at four-year intervals until 393 A.D. when the Roman Emperor Theodosius I abolished the Games after Greece had lost its independence.

The Games originally comprised of one event, a race the length of the stadium, but later additional events were introduced. Kings competed alongside commoners—the greatest honour then to be attained by any Greek was the winning of a branch of wild olive, the ancient equivalent of a gold medal.

The Olympics were revived in 1896, mainly through the efforts of Baron Pierre de Coubertin. The Baron presided over the International Olympic Committee (I.O.C.) until his retirement in 1925.

The programme for each Olympic Games must include at least 15 of the following sports:

archery; athletics (track and field); basketball; boxing; canoeing; cycling; equestrian sports; fencing; football (soccer); gymnastics; handball; field hockey; judo; modern pentathlon; rowing; shooting; swimming; diving and water-polo; volleyball; weight lifting; wrestling and yachting.

An Olympic programme may also include two demonstration sports and exhibitions or demonstrations in the fine arts.

The programme for the Winter Olympics (inaugurated in 1924 at Chamonix, France) includes the biathlon (an unusual combination of Skiing and shooting); bobsled; ice hockey; luge; ice skating and skiing. Two demonstration sports may also be included in the programme.

Australian athletes are amongst only four nations who have competed in every modern

Olympic Games. Some of the most outstanding Olympic champions have been Australian. In 1896, Edwin Flack won two gold medals in the 800m. and 400m. track events. At Stockholm in 1912, Australian swimmer Fanny Durack became the first Australian girl to win a gold medal, when she won the 100m. freestyle. The famous Andrew 'Boy' Charlton won the 1500m. freestyle in 1924 in Paris and followed up this success by winning silver medals in the 1500m. and 400m. in Amsterdam.

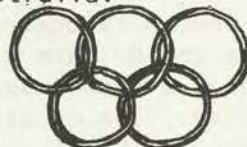
At Helsinki in 1952, Marjorie Jackson won both sprints and would also have won a gold medal in the relay event had the team not been disqualified for dropping the baton.

Australia's finest performance was at the Melbourne Games in 1956. Australia put on a remarkable performance in the pool, winning eight gold, four silver and two bronze medals. Murray Rose won the 400m. and 1500m. events. Australia won the 100m. freestyle double through the outstanding efforts of Jon Henricks and Dawn Fraser, with all placings to Australia in these events! Betty Cuthbert, then only 18 years old won the 100m. and 200m. dashes and won a third gold medal as a member of the winning women's sprint relay team.

Herb Elliot, one of the world's greatest runners, won the 1500m. in Rome in 1960. Elliot was never beaten over a mile and is remembered as the greatest Australian runner. At Tokyo in 1964, Dawn Fraser, one of Australia's greatest swimmers, won the 100m. freestyle for the third time in 59.5 seconds! Betty Cuthbert won a gold medal for the 400m. sprint. Shane Gould, one of the world's fastest swimmers, won three gold medals, a silver and a bronze medal at the Munich Olympics in 1972.

We are looking forward to winning more gold medals in the future for Australia.

Good luck, Australia!





## THE AMERICAN BI-CENTENNARY

4th July, 1976.

On 4th July, 1776, Jefferson's draft of the declaration of independence was adopted by the Second Continental Congress of the Americans. The first signature was that of John Hancock, President of the Congress, and the representatives of the various American States also set their signatures to this document which represented a determination to make a final break from Britain.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights... Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted amongst men.. through the consent of the governed ... That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and so institute new government,... organising its powers to effect (the people's) safety and happiness."

The British were being beaten in small battles against the Patriots. The commander-in-chief of the Patriot army was a Virginian called George Washington. It was a further seven years after 1776 of continual fighting before the Americans finally subdued the British in battle and the two sides signed the peace treaty.

The two songs which come to mind when thinking about the Revolution are: 'Marching Through Georgia' and 'John Brown'. Though they both originate from a later period, one can say that the problem surrounding their stories was already existent during the Revolution. That is the problem of the Negro slave trade.

The American Bi-Centenary occurs at a time when America and Britain are on most friendly terms and have been thus for quite a long period. The events which led up to the American Revolution showed

a very different state of affairs in a division of ideals which broke into hostilities.

Very often the British people did not recognise how quickly the thirteen colonies were growing. The largest of the American cities -- Philadelphia, Boston, and New York -- were comparable in size to Leeds, Sheffield and Bristol in England. In higher education, Harvard College had been started in 1638 and the beginnings of Columbia University had been made in 1754. The population as a whole was expanding very quickly, doubling every generation.

The Boston Massacre of 1770 and the Boston Tea Party of 1773 and the famous horse-ride of Paul Revere warning the colonists of a British advance in 1775, are some events we remember in relation to the American Revolution.

Besides the name of George Washington who, after the conclusion of hostilities, became the first U.S. President, other names we associate with the Revolution are: the lawyer, Thomas Jefferson; the philosopher, Thomas Paine; the politician John Adams; the French thinker, Jean-Jacques Rousseau; and the ambassador to France, Benjamin Franklin.

In 1831, a National Anthem was officially adopted. It was taken from a tune written by an English organist, John Stafford Smith, who had given it the original title 'Anacreon in Heaven'. Special words were set and the title, 'The Star-Spangled Banner' was given to it by an American, Frances Scott Key in 1814.

Adapted from the speeches delivered in Assembly 8th July 1976 by Mark Lindsay Year 7 and Cathy Cahill Year 9.





## THE FUTURE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Some 200 years ago, an English sailing vessel landed on the shores of what is now a prosperous and civilised state of Australia, namely N.S.W. This island Australia had never been discovered on its south-eastern side and thus seeming more pleasant and livable than the western coast, colonies sprang up and flourished peacefully.

As you all know this island was to be named Australia. Once the transportation of convicts ceased and the number born increased, people no longer thought of going back home to England. Instead they took pride in their own colony of Australia; being proud to be called a Tasmanian, Queenslander or a New South Welshman, but more so an Australian. Hence Australia's continual growth to Nationhood and in the future its national maturity.

The colonies of Australia had grown to such an extent that a united system of government was needed. And with the permission of the mother, Britain, the colony Australia became the nation, Australia; a nation whose people would fight for the name of Australia. In this growth of pride, I see the republic Australia.

It was inevitable that Australia should stand upright on its own two feet, without any help from Britain. For it is just as inevitable that a child will leave its mother when it is able to. But just as the children in a family pay respects to the parents, so does Australia with her sister colonies or members of the Commonwealth give that regard to Britain. For the Commonwealth is a group of young nations who share old ties or relations, trade and loyalties with each other.

Just as a mother doesn't interfere with her children's lives after they've "flown the coop", so Britain doesn't interfere with our internal or external affairs, but will give the moral support necessary to a new nation.

We showed our loyalty to Britain by entering both the world wars, but Australians fought in the wars representing the Australian name. Hence our part in the Commonwealth apart from trade and the Commonwealth Games, is that we keep our old ties with our sister colonies and

together with the mother, Britain, we seek the equality of all men and work for the physical and moral well being of our fellows.

Chris Kaye 10 R





## THE ROCKS FESTIVAL.

Bob Hudson looked down from his high perch on the carriage and quipped: "I like to think that I'm here representing my ancestors who came out with the iron bars 'round their legs" No, Bob Hudson, of "Normie" and "hot FJ" Holden fame, was not on his way to the electric chair nor was he giving an address at the Long Bay Gaol Annual Picnic; the parade of the annual Rocks Festival was about to commence and we noted the touch of cynicism in his voice as he added: "Oh, the celebrations do hold some significance for me: I think it's wonderful that a member of the working class can come and take part in something like this." A nominee for Governor of the Rocks, he seemed to be one of the few people who weren't completely enjoying themselves. And a strange attitude it seemed to us too, for we could not fail to be fascinated by the gaiety and friendliness of all those who had invaded the Rocks for the day. The carnival spirit, the bright stalls, the slick-talking vendors urging you to buy everything from straw boaters to second-hand copies of "Rin Tin Tin meets the Werewolf" - all this and so much more!

The annual festival is a spectacular affair. Towards lunch-time is the parade and people take great pains to ensure that they have the best vantage points along the Argyle Cut so that they won't miss a glimpse of the floats or of the celebrities who give their services to make the day a success. As Pat McDonald, who also missed out on the Governor of the Rocks title, said: "In this sort of function it's not whether you win or whether you lose. It's purely a fund raising affair." And in true spirit all the nominees were there on the day, each famous person looking quite at ease in his knee breeches or her crinoline. We discovered, however, from Pat McDonald that her exquisite blue gown and straw bonnet made her feel rather warm and that she was consequently extremely thankful for being a modern 20th century woman.

Nevertheless, the costumes were superb, and in actual fact those not in period

dress looked strangely out of place in the historic surroundings.

A string of horse-drawn carriages led the parade, their occupants including the Deputy Lord Mayor and his family (the Lord Mayor, Leo Port, was in London at the time being made a Freeman of that particular city), those nominated for Governor of the Rocks, past Governors, and of course the man of the day: Governor Lynn Wilson, better known as the "never-undersold-on-quality-carpet" man. We found it amazing that the majority of people to whom we talked were totally unaware of who the new Governor was. Lack of sufficient advertising was suggested as one reason for the ignorance as well as for the drop in numbers of those who had come to the celebrations. But whether the Governor's name was on everyone's lips is immaterial; the parade was all that mattered and that was not to be wondered at when you considered the participants: bagpipers, screaming hotrods, a fleet of vintage cars authentic Marrickville and Burwood trams complete with "flappers", a dozen Florence Nightingales from Sydney hospital, the Uncle Sam bus with the man himself, floats from Luna Park, the Gallery First Nighters, the Bondi Surf Life Savers' Club, Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band and of course the Number 96 team on the Southern Comfort Float. The Rocks Festival: where Nick Shehadie was invested as an honorary boy scout and where everyone ran the risk of having some quick-fingered trouser-leg-puller-upper pull up their trouser leg to find the mark that branded you a convict.

The Celebrations can't be criticised although perhaps the most annoying thing is trying to avoid making foot-to-manure contact with the periodic lumps of horse excrement which are, I suppose, inevitable considering the large number of horses in the parade.

The rest of the afternoon is spent mingling with the crowd, enjoying the ethnic dancers, singers and other performers, browsing through stalls or hunting for convicts. We, the daring young members of the Fortian



Committee, armed with microphone, asked people if they'd ever heard of us --Fort Street. Most had. And most had also heard of the amalgamation of the two former schools into one. Reactions to the girls' departure from the Rocks were mixed. Some mourned the passing of history and tradition, but one obviously concerned mother pointed out that the Rocks was far too dangerous a place for a GIRLS' school to be (another blow to women's lib. ladies), and added after a pause, as a train thundered over the Sydney Harbour Bridge, making it impossible to hear, that it was too noisy too.

But perhaps one of our most "interesting" conversations was with Chard "Dudley" Hayward and James Elliott, a former Number 96 member. They were momentarily stunned when we asked them whether they knew anything of Fort Street. "Well - er - probably not as much as I'd like to know about it." Chard Hayward answered as a couple of blushing Fortians melted into a heap. And what with James Elliott wishing he was back at school again, and asking whether there were any more of us where we came from, and Chard Hayward questioning us on the merits of co-education, it was very difficult to decide who was interviewing whom.

That particular afternoon, Saturday 1st May, 1976 to be precise, was a memorable occasion and like many of the people there we'll be back again next year. Will you?





## Ian McRae

### (I'm deadly serious, and no one takes me seriously...)

Ian MacRae is a Radio Station 2SM D.J. who, at the time we interviewed him, was doing the breakfast programme six days a week.

Armed with a portable video unit and a folder full of questions, we boldly approached the 2SM building in Clarence Street. We were greeted by a secretary who oozed public relations from the ears, but created a fairly good impression for starters.

The illusion of plush efficiency was shattered violently as the lift stopped on the first floor, and we were greeted by Mr. Bob Maumill, of the now defunct 'Maumill and Moore' show. "Gotta great bunch here!" he exclaimed as he entered the lift. So we made our exit, to be greeted by Ian MacRae, who hadn't even remembered that we were coming. Nevertheless, he was extremely pleasant about the whole affair, and led us into his inner sanctum for the interview.

#### INTERVIEW with IAN MACRAE.

IAN MACRAE, how did you start in radio?

- A moment of weakness, really, it was, I thought I must do something to make a living, and then I thought I wouldn't mind being on stage - but then a life-time of poverty didn't really appeal to me. So I thought "Aha! Radio!" That's how it all started, really.

Did you start straight from school?

- I started straight from school as an office boy, at a Melbourne station, and worked my way down to where I am to-day.

Did your schooling ever influence you to be an actor as you first wanted to be, or to work in radio?

- Probably the activities at school would have helped - not programmed activities, but stuff we used to do out of hours. We used to be involved in creative sorts of projects - such as belting up the maths teacher - stuff like that. This gave me the incentive

to do more. People would gather 'round and applaud; the sound of applause would get to you and you want to go and do more. That's how I know show business is in my blood (what's left of it!).

Do you ever regret not being an actor?

- Not really, no. I would like to do it still, I suppose; I'd like to do all sorts of stage work. But the life of an actor is too restrictive, and the money's terrible. You have to live week to week, day to day - wondering where the next dollar will come from.

Do you enjoy your work?

- I guess you'd have to, to be in it. It's a pretty high pressure business being in a city station. There are times when you hate it, like any job. Like now. Good Bye. (Gets up to leave.)

How do you manage to stay bright and bubbly on air all the time?

- It's a matter of conditioning. It's like being an actor. If you're on stage, and the curtain goes up, you're on - the audience are out there, they've paid their admission, and they don't want to know about your personal hang-ups, your depression, your hangover. They've paid admission, they want to see the show, and so you do it. If you relate that to a microphone, once the microphone switch is turned on, that's like the curtain going up. You're on, and that's all there is to it.

You're famous for your 'phone calls on air. Have you ever been in trouble for ringing the wrong person at the wrong time?

- Ah, no, not trouble really. Most people laugh at the end of a gag when they know it's a put on. There's been one or two a little irate. But they were people who held high positions in government; and we all know that the higher a person goes in government, the less sense of



humour they have, anyway. So it's to be expected.

Have you ever done anything else terrible on air, like leaving the mic. switch open at the wrong time?

- Things have been said, but luckily something loud was being played, so it overrode me. Yes, it's a horrible feeling when you say a word you shouldn't say, and you suddenly realize, "My God! The microphone's on!"

What do you think makes you so successful as a comedian on air?

- Comedian? I'm deadly serious, and no-one takes me seriously. I really believe that if I went on one morning and said, "Well, gang, there's a news flash at hand; they've declared a Third World War, and the radiation is heading our way from Darwin in threeminutes! All run for cover!" they'd say: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" No credibility at all.

Who prepares your scripts and records etc?

- I do it myself, except for the records, which are programmed by the record department.

Is a lot of preparation needed beforehand?

- A good deal. The station researches a lot - what records are selling on the market, why they're selling, who's buying them. We check all the record stores regularly to see what's going on, plus, of course, overseas action on chart records, and so on.

Does working at such an early hour in the morning affect your social life at all?

- I have no social life! On this shift, it's part of the deal really. I can't have a social life, during the week, at least. I can't go out at night because I have to be up early in the morning. Even then I work on Saturdays from six to ten. That can be a bit of a hang, but you get used to it, you know.

You've been doing this shift for a long time - don't you find it really annoying not to be able to go out when you want to?

- I always have done, right from the start. As with any job, there are drawbacks. But there are things going for it, too. There's no traffic hassle in the morning, coming in at the early hour. It takes me minutes to town from where I live. It would take me half an hour in the daytime. There's no parking problem. I finish at two in the afternoon, so I can go to the beach for a hour in summertime.

You've come a long way in radio. 2SM is one of the top-rating radio stations, and you have the breakfast programme, which is important. Do you think you can go further in radio?

- Oh, yes. You can go in various directions. I could go into production, into programming, even sales - all sorts of areas.

Would you find that interesting?

- Probably not.

Do you then plan to stay on the Breakfast Show?

- Oh no. That's just a base to work from. I'd like to get more time to write comedy, maybe some T.V. comedy.

What kind of production do you have here? Do the D.J.'s do whatever they like on air, or does a producer stand over them yelling "Do this! Do that!?"

- Oh no, the producer's not like that. Our producers work off the air, in our production studios. They build our specials. A one hour special would probably take two days to produce. They edit 'phone calls, produce commercials, etc. etc.

Have you any interests outside of radio work?

- I can't discuss that here! I mean ... there are people listening!



What kind of qualifications would people need to-day if they wanted to become an announcer?

- Well, you have to have a really low intelligence level, probably be a bit out of your brain. It's just a matter of being able to communicate with people. That's what it's all about.

Are all those stories about having to work your way in from the country into the city as an office boy true?

- It's very important, actually. I went to the country after I became an office boy in Melbourne, and worked there for four years. It's like working as an apprentice in any job. You learn everything, not just announcing, but copy-writing and reading, newsreading and writing, selling and writing commercials, and making the tea, cleaning the floors. So you get an all round knowledge of radio. It's a good base to start from.

So you're glad you started there?

- Certainly.

How long did it take you to work your way up to where you are to-day?

- I've been in radio for fifteen years - so I suppose, fifteen years.

How long have you been a breakfast announcer on 2SM?

- Eight years. It's a long time.

Have you got any hints for people leaving school who would like to work in radio?

- I think, once again, that a country station is what you have to do. Get that background and experience from the country. People coming off the street to a city station virtually never happen - it has been known to happen - but I can't think of any success stories for those people.

Do you think Radio schools, such as the one here at 2SM, are necessary for people entering radio?

- I didn't mention that - it's like a free plug. It's a good start, it's one of the few radio schools that can give you an all round basis to go to a country station with some background. It's the old problem - where do you start? A country station is going to say, "What's your experience?" and you say, "None, really."

Would you like to say something about your school life? Were you always an extrovert at school?

- I was the school rat-bag. I was always on detention with - ah, what's her name again? I can't remember her name, but it was good fun. I used to get involved in all the things at school such as putting radio plays on the school's radio station, edit the school magazine. That was probably the reason why I failed so badly at school. I spent too much time doing all the extra things outside school.

Were you in the teachers' 'bad books'?

- They used to like me, because I gave the class a bit of a laugh on a dull day.

They didn't mind that?

- No, not at all. It depends on what I was doing. The day I walked in with no clothes on was a bit much, because the art teacher got upset. She was very upset.

Thank you for giving us this interview for our magazine.

- Not at all, Kelly. It was a pleasure. Good evening.



## PEOPLE WE DIDN'T INTERVIEW.

No, there is NO printing error!

Owing to the general scorn for the small media, there were very few people in Australia (or elsewhere, for that matter) who were willing to be interviewed. All you potential joiners-up to the magazine committee -- beware! Even if your abhorrence of sport is beyond all belief -- do not think that life on the committee is one of relaxation, for the job of the interviewer is a hard one, and there are many obstacles to be overcome. It all started one Wednesday afternoon.....

The committee was discussing the joys of literary editorship, when I overheard our Mr. Dixon state most vehemently that Norman Gunston was a much better potential interviewee than Spike Milligan. Interviewing! My true vocation! It was then that our adventures began.

Our first (in)experience was with Spike Milligan, the famous "Goon". We would interview him in his dressing room after his one-man show at Balmain. But fate (or the girl in the box office) would have it that Mr. Milligan had gone back to Woy Woy... Yes, she would leave a message and he would contact us as soon as possible. But weeks passed, and we had had no word from the comedian.

In a moment of ingenuity, Max discovered that Spike Milligan would be guest speaker at a meeting of the Friends of the Earth. Dragging ourselves out of bed at nine o'clock on a cold Saturday morning, we arrived at the Town Hall, only to discover that -- you guessed it -- Mr. Milligan was still in Woy Woy. After coming all this way, we decided to go along to the A.B.C. and find some candidates for interviews there...but I daresay everyone was still in bed, because there was no one to be seen. We then thought that if we couldn't interview some personality sparkling with life, we could interview some of those fun people at the Museum:

Neanderthal Man; an Egyptian Mummy; some dinosaurs, and some assorted stuffed alligators. But these celebrities had only one thing to

say, "No Comment!"

Jon English and Trevor White, stars of "Jesus Christ Superstar" readily agreed to an interview. All we had to do was to get in contact with Harry M. Miller -- so simple! We arranged a meeting with his P.R. lady, who 'phoned at the last minute to inform us that she was "ill" (after Max had arrived at the office and met Mr. Miller).



We never did meet that woman! The next time we went to the office, we were given two complimentary tickets to the show -- the best seats in the house. During interval, I was quite content to sip the rather ghastly champagne in the foyer and enjoy the V.I.P. treatment; Max, however, was cynical and thought we were being "put off" again. He was right. After having compiled some brilliant questions to be delivered the next day for Mr. Miller's approval, Max was summonsed to the office by Mrs. Rowe. What next?

"MAX HARRISON  
CARE FORT STREET BOYS HIGH SCHOOL  
PARRAMATTA ROAD PETERSHAM N.S.W.

REGRET UNABLE TO MEET YOUR  
REQUIREMENTS FOR VIDEO INTERVIEW WITH  
PRINCIPALS OF SUPERSTAR CAST  
SINCERELY ... MAGGIE GOWANLOCK  
HARRY M MILLER ATTRACTIONS."

The saga continues, and includes many interesting people whom we didn't interview:

Alvin Purple (Graham Blundell): Max and I, accompanied by Stuart Challenger, made a visit to the A.B.C. studios to attend the recording of "Alvin Purple".



The closest we got to interviewing anybody was when Stuart, sighting news-reader Ross Symonds in the corridor exclaimed, "Look! James Dibble!"

Norman Gunston (Garry McDonald):  
Booked out for a month.

Jacki Weaver: Too busy.

Maggi Tabberer: Don't call us; we'll call you.

Anne Lambert: In Melbourne.

Dereck Nimmo: In London.

Neville Wran: Too busy.

The Queen: Too busy.

Joe Bloggs: Too boring.

It may surprise you to find out that most of the above people agreed to an interview, but they were terribly busy at the moment, and could we make it sometime in 1977?

So, don't lose heart! There is a chance that you will end up with some interesting interviews next year -- just as we did!

Kelly Donlon 11 O  
Max Harrison 11 R



*It is better to be a 'has-been' than one of the 'never-wases'.*

*- H. Gordon-Browne (conclusions of an Everyday woman).*



**6th Form**  
**(Hall of Fame — 1976)**  
**(Never speak ill of yourself; your friends**  
**will always say enough on that subject)**



*The Innocents*

L. to R. Back row to Front row

Margaret Sivak

Lindsay Mallin - "Tarzan"

Neil Smithies "Profile"

Ann Skuthorpe

Grea Chronopoulos - "Richie"

Tina Validakis

Guy Westbrook - "Eh! Eh!"

Michelle Brady

Maria Menegakis

Mukhtar Jamal

*"We came, we saw, we left..."*

L. to R. Mary Said (Leask)  
 Kathi Churches  
 Helen Palos  
 Yvonne Chang  
 Arna Golfis

*They say that we are better educated than our parents' generation. What they mean is that we go to school longer. They are not the same thing.*

*Douglas Yates 'Works'*







"The Glamour Boys and Girls."

L. to R.

below:

David Carberry - "Eagle-Eyes"  
 Naomi Napper - "Snapper"  
 John Jessup - "Mr. Medicine"  
 Paul Watson - "Alias School Captain"  
 Toni Selden - Twenty words per second  
 John Boyter - "J.B."  
 Lynne Strong  
 Martin Chaseling - "Chuck"  
 John Ishak - "Ickey"

above: L. to R.

Endre Nagy - "Mr. Big"  
 Frank Antonini - "Sharkie"  
 Peter Szota - "Road Runner"  
 Debra Turner - "Turnerer"  
 Debbie Mason - "Ted-e-Bear"  
 Joe Carbone - "Man from Quebec"  
 Ross Rooke - "Pawn"  
 Peter Rastall - "Urger"





## FOURTIANS

L. to R.

Irene Halkitis  
 Nazli Munir  
 Julie Woods  
 Pauline Tsagdis



L. to R.

Lucas Menelaou - "The Greek Ghost"  
 Paul Laurendet - "Mr. Perfect"  
 Shirley Chen Chow  
 Ian Churton - "Click"  
 Bill Trotter  
 Veronique Helmreich-Marsilien  
 Mark McGrath - "Walking Dictionary"



L. to R. Back row to Front row

Keith Hancock - "The Vaporub Kid"  
 Mark Blume - "The Dundas Wanderer"  
 Robert Pinson - "Tex"  
 Debbie Steel - "Deb-Brian's Boss"  
 Rosalie McDonald - "Olive"  
 Richard Pinson - "Buck"  
 Greg. Petley - "George"







L. to R.

Joe Demicoli - "Maltese Marvel"  
 Warwick Neal - "Mr. Straight"  
 Norm. Errey - "Guru of Fort Street"  
 Col Rodrick - "Trog" - "Oh no! Reverse"  
 Geoff Bailey - "I'm not dropping out, I'm  
 dropping in"  
 Michael Karajis - "Dangerous Radical"  
 Mark Blume - "Jungle-Runner"  
 Graeme Webster - "Oh no! First Gear"  
 Malcolm Rickarby

Empty vessels make the most noise.

- E. M. Wright "Rustic Speech".



L. to R.

Song Bee Lee - "Fruitcakes Apprentice"  
 Terry Mohan - "Moffat"  
 Virginia Legg

L. to R. Back row to Front row

Scott Barry  
 Judy Menczel - "Dear Lord when will  
 earth be ready for thy saints."  
 Peter Curry - "Oh!!aaa!!Yeah! That's  
 right - What?"  
 Peter Senczak - "That boy in the nice  
 grey pants."  
 John Makinson - "My brain hurts"







L. to R.

Helen Kyriakopoulos - "Fink"  
 Tailoi Chan - "Lout"  
 Chris Craigie - "George"  
 Lee Kheng Chuah - "Fruitcake"  
 Lois Vine - "Shortstuff"

L. to R. Back row to Front row

Sharon Muscat - "The Duck"  
 Steve Kaposi - "Swooner"  
 David Williams  
 Mark Edwards - "Evil Knievel"  
 Mark Adolfson  
 Carla Giuseppini - "Cabbie"  
 Doris Martin - "Cutie" - "There is something  
 rotten in the state of Denmark"  
 Sandra Harrod  
 Natalie Hastie - "Fuzz"  
 Tom Lynch - "Animal Lover"  
 Alan Brichta - "Fletcher Jones"

A Committee is a group that keeps  
 minutes and loses hours.

- Milton Berle "News Summaries"  
 July 1, 1954.







L. to R. Back row to Front row

Alan Floyd - "Pink Floyd"  
 Victor Chalker - "Frog"  
 Russell Noakes - "Knuckles"  
 Greg Byrnes - "Hog"  
 Paul Cornford  
 Kevin Roach - "Tony"  
 Tim Sheehan - "Horschak"  
 Mike Verrall - "Cyril"  
 Steve Flint - "Eh..."

In the first place God made idiots.  
 This was for practice, then He made  
 school boards.

Mark Twain.



L. to R.

Khai Choon Choy  
 Patrick Morgan - "Just a Boy"  
 On Chee Chee  
 Lup Seong Kam

L. to R.

Peter McKimm - "Lurch"  
 Nick Klados - "Killer Klados"







Back row to Front row

1. Rick Yamine - "Star"
2. Chris Haywood - "Miss Nice Guy"
3. Eileen Kennedy - "Queen"
4. Peter Elligett - "Marshmallow kid"
5. Patricia Wright - "Shortcake"
6. Linda Bell - "Ding Dong"
7. Sharon Herman - "Almost anything goes"
8. Louise Gardiner - "Wouldn't it be  
terrible to be Jewish and Black"
9. Kevin Joy - "Joy boy"
10. Jacquie Eves - "Jeeves"

L. to R. Back row to Front row

- Rosa Gheller "Loud-mouth"  
 Chris Kalos "Felix"  
 Gary Jackson "Slacko"  
 David Butchard "Stifsky"  
 Graeme Love "Krutch"  
 Joanna Christodoulou "J.C."  
 Michelle Harper "Shelly"  
 Mary Marionos "Mugsy"  
 George Lagos "Great Gwano"  
 John Ntatsopoulos "Nose"



L. to R.

- John Parker - "Up the Saints!"  
 Rainer Mieth - "Cassidy"  
 Peter Webb - "Sundance"  
 Steven Becker - "Firehead"







L. to R. Back row to Front row

Stephen Spotswood - "Gunnie"

John Cashman - "Horatio"

Monty Gibson - "Sorry!"

Arthur Farmakis - "Beaver"

Greg Jarjoura - "Groucho Mustaff"

Geoff Illingworth - "All my Women"

Mick Musso - "I'd rather have two girls at  
seventeen than one at thirty-four"

Murray Bleach - "Lady Wrestler"

Wayne Erickson - "Gus"

Mark Uren - "Neat little package"

David Waters - "Drip"

L. to R. Back row to Front row

John Hegedus - "Geeza"

Stephen Hetherington - "Shirls"

Yuri Mavridis - "Yasa/The Mad Russian."

Con Lambropoulos - "Stavros"

Dino Marinelli - "Smella"

Gary Lembit - "Larry Gembit"



A man is known by the company he keeps  
out of.

- A. Craig, Work of the Wits.





L. to R. Back row to Front row

Michael Sterling James Johnson Esquire  
- "Spike"  
Sandra "Pookie" Corrigan - "That's an  
over-ripe tomato."  
Jeff Kingston - "I always wanted to be  
a pilot."  
Martin "Mustachio" Borri - "The Grin."  
Arthur Dzokalski - "Licence! What  
Licence?"  
Charles "Chuckles" Hegyi - "Man of La  
Mancha."  
Sam "Play it again" Davies.  
Greg "The Reverend Greg Berstein" Ryan  
- "Non Committal"  
Vicki "Epicantheral" Collins.  
Mark "Cecil B. de" Brouggy - "Truly  
the Son of God."

Diplomacy is to do and say  
The nastiest thing in the nicest way.

- Isaac Goldberg, The Reflex.



L. to R. Back row to Front row

Rami Mussawar - "Slim"  
John Parker - "Up the Saints"  
Craig Scuttela - "Skratch"  
Andrew Poulos - "Wolfman Esquire"  
Andrew Marinakis  
Christo Tsolakis  
Frank Angeloni - "Accomplice"  
George Katsilis - "Wing-footed."





L. to R.

Angela Gwozdz - "Motor Mouth" - "Every time  
I see that chick - she's eating!"  
Karen Adler - "No thanks, I'm on a diet."  
Darine Myrłowicz - You can always find her  
at Lidcombe U.C.  
Jenny Dorizas - Miss Fort Street.

*There is nothing in the world constant,  
but inconsistency.*

- Jonathon Swift. *On the Faculties  
of the Mind.*

No photograph available for  
the following:

Stan Ouzas - "And I guess I just don't know"  
Bruno Maurel - "Froglegs"  
Grèg Searle - "The Boy"  
Arifin Sjaichudin  
Jo Kanyasi  
Stephen Cambridge - "Dreamer"  
Bill Gogos - "Come! Come!"  
Ian Muller  
John Langridge  
Meredith Paske  
Louis Seychell - "Hello, Sailor"  
Rick Payor  
Kathy Spitzer - "Shag"  
Tracy van der Wetering  
Gerard Samek



L. to R.

Kin Siang Phua  
Choon Wah N.G.  
Foo Khai Wong



Back row to Front row L. to R.

Anne de Giorgio - "Cotton Picker"  
Kerry Gough  
Sharyn Kirby - "Leo"  
Ailsa Gordon - "Gigantor"  
Susan Miller  
Gillian Allison - "Blondie"  
Michele Hickey - "Shirley Temple"  
Christine Allen

*Anyone can do any amount of work provided  
it isn't the work he is supposed to be  
doing at that moment.*

Robert Benchley - 'Think'.



## Form VI

(Their sole concern with work was considering how they might best avoid it)

ABBAS, Aiko .....	Agricultural College
ALEXANDER, Ian .....	Commerce, University of NSW
ANEMOGIANNIS, Con .....	Arts, Sydney University
ARNDELL, Glen .....	Working, Grace Bros.
BAKER, Timothy .....	Working holiday around Australia
BARNARD, Leslie .....	Music, Conservatorium of Music
BARRY, Scott .....	Repeating
BAXTER, Gary .....	Mechanical Engineering, N.S.W. Institute of Technology
BOARDMAN, John .....	Part Time Commerce, Institute of Technology N.S.W, Working, Waterboard.
BROUNE, Roderick .....	Engineering, Sydney University
BROWN, Greg .....	Commonwealth Bank
BYRON, David .....	Engineering, University of NSW
CANNON, Norrie .....	Teaching Scholarship (Commerce) Sydney University
CASSIMATIS, Nick .....	Civil Engineering, N.S.W. Institute of Technology.
CHANTER, Rod .....	"Working"
CHIU, Saung Richard .....	"Working"
CILONA, Ricky .....	Arts, Sydney University
DAVIS, Graham .....	Bank of N.S.W.
DAVIES, Roger .....	Medicine, Sydney University
DE CATALDO, John .....	Civil Engineering, University of NSW
DI MARCO, Salvat .....	Arts, Sydney University
DIMITRIOU, Angelo .....	Law, (cadet) Sydney University
FISCHLE, Barry .....	Working, Bank.
HAYWARD, Richard .....	H.S.C. Sydney University
HILLMAN, Greg .....	Chartered Accountancy
HINDS, Jonathon .....	"Working"
HO, Arthur .....	Optometry, University of NSW
HOY, Gregory .....	"Working"
IUS, Robert .....	Engineering, University of NSW
JESSUP, George .....	Medicine, University of NSW
KAPOSI, Steven .....	Repeated
KARSAI, Peter .....	Architecture, University of NSW
KNIGHT, Peter .....	Architecture, University of NSW
KNIGHT, Stephen .....	Economics, Sydney University, Working at Rural Bank, Bachelor of Business at Institute of Technology.
KUBIS, Pete.....	Nock & Kirby's - managerial course.
KYRIAKOPOULOS, Bill .....	Economics/Law, Sydney University.
LANTOURIS, Tony .....	English, N.S.W. Institute of Technology.
LAUNT, Glenn .....	Working at Grace Bros.
LEMBIT, Roger .....	Agricultural Science, Sydney University.
LUSH, Brett .....	Deferred Macquarie University.
LYONS, Brett .....	Repeating H.S.C.



MANOLERAS, Nick .....	English, University of NSW
MATTERSON, Peter .....	working part time at Hotel.
MATYSEK, Peter .....	Arts, Macquarie University
McLEOD, Neale .....	Working (Exchange Student)
MORRISON, Bryan .....	Unemployed.
MOURATIDIS, Vas .....	Medicine, Sydney University
NICOLS, John .....	Commerce, University of NSW
OSBORNE, Robert .....	Commerce, University of NSW
PACK, Norman .....	Commerce, University of NSW
PASCHALIDIS, Arthur .....	Part time Law, Sydney University
O'BRIEN, Michael .....	Science, Sydney University
PEARSON, Ross .....	Economics, Macquarie University
PELCZ, Sidney .....	Psychology, Sydney University
RISTUCCIA, Chris .....	Science, University of NSW
SALAPATAS, Peter .....	Economics, Sydney University
SALTER, Graeme .....	Science, Sydney University
SHEATHER, Paul .....	Science, University of NSW
SMITH, Craig .....	Agriculture, Sydney University
STRATH, Jeffrey .....	Electrician, Lysaght Bros.
SWADLING, Mark .....	Deferred University
THEODOSI, Theo .....	Science, University of NSW
TURNER, Graham .....	Deferred University of NSW, Working Public Service.
VALPIANI, Charles .....	Architecture, Sydney University.
WATERFORD, Gerard .....	Touring Australia
WHILEY, Gregor .....	Science, Sydney University
WONG, Stanley .....	Science, Sydney University
WORRALL, David .....	H.S.C., North Sydney Technical College
YOUNG, Jimmy .....	Science, University of NSW
ALVIS, Ruth .....	Working at Bank
BAILEY, Annette .....	Nursing, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital
BALDWIN, Anne .....	Sydney Teachers' College
BLANDA, Lucy .....	Science, Sydney University
BROUGGY, Colette .....	"Working"
BURCHETT, Robynlee .....	Married
CASTELLANOS, Maria .....	Art teaching, Alexander Mackie
CIGANEK, Maria .....	Science, University of NSW
CONSTANTI, Marina .....	Business Studies, Canberra College of Advanced Education
COWLING, Janice .....	Teaching Scholarship, Mitchell College
COUTTS, Diana .....	Law, Sydney University
COX, Glenda .....	Science, Sydney University
DAVIES, Annette .....	Working at ANZ Bank
DAVIES, Patricia .....	Scholarship to Canada
EFSTATHIOU, Helen .....	Psychology, Sydney University
GERIBO, Karen .....	Nursing, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital
GLOVER, Genelle .....	Teaching, Newcastle University
GORDON, Ailsa .....	Repeating
GREEN, Wendy .....	Arts, Sydney University
HARROD, Margot .....	Science, Sydney University
HERRON, Joy .....	Medicine, Sydney University
HOWELL, Cordelia .....	"Working"
HUNTER, Anne .....	Biomedical Science, N.S.W. Institute of Technology



JOHNSON, Colleen .....	Accountancy, Macquarie University.
JONES, Bronwyn .....	Public Service
KEEVERS, Donna .....	Nursing, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital
KNEES, Dagmar .....	Secretarial Course, Hales College
KLEE, Yvonne .....	Economics, Sydney University
KO, Wendy .....	Social Studies, Sydney University
KOSSIVAS, Helen .....	Arts, Newcastle University
LATHAM, Lucy .....	Rural Science
LENNARD, Lynette .....	Law, University of NSW
LISSON, Deborah .....	Arts, Sydney University
LORGER, Sharon .....	Nursing, Royal Princess Alexandria Children's Hospital
MALAMAS, Kathy .....	Attending University in 1977
MARSHALL, Rosemary .....	Medicine, Sydney University
McKENNA, Lynette .....	'Working'
MEWETT, Karen .....	Arts, Teaching, Macquarie University
MILLER, Susan .....	Repeating H.S.C.
MORIATIS, Mary .....	Sydney University, Science.
O'DONNELL, Catherine .....	Architecture, Sydney University.
PURCELL, Lynette .....	Pathology Lab. Assistant
REDWIN, Karen .....	Rural Bank.
RETSINIAS, Anna .....	Fine Arts, Alexander Mackie College
RIDDINGTON, Karen .....	Sydney Teachers' College
RUSSELL, Vicki .....	Teachers' College
SCOTT, Deirdre .....	Secretarial Studies
SELDEN, Penny .....	Science, University of NSW
STEMP, Karyn .....	Nursing, Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children
SWENSON, Suzanne .....	Pharmacy, Sydney University
VATNER, Lisa .....	Arts - Teaching, Sydney Teachers' College
WADE, Michele .....	Public Service
WRIGHT, Patricia .....	Repeating.

We have been unable to obtain information about the following people:

ALLISON, Peter  
BERRY, John  
COOLEY, Garth  
CORCORAN, Craig  
DANIEL, Allan  
DAVIDSON, James  
EAGLESON, Stephen  
GRAY, Alan  
HARDING, Chris  
McKONE, Michael  
McWILLIAMS, Robert  
ORKNEY, Robert  
MONTGOMERY, John  
PETROULAS, Con  
ROBINSON, Gregory

RODWELL, Mark  
ROKOLBAUER, Steven  
RUSSELL, Robert  
SYCZ, Michael  
TAYLOR, Ian  
WIGNALL, Gregory  
LIVERMORE, Lorraine  
PRIMMER, Carlene  
RATTANAVAN, Chiantha  
SCULLION, Gay  
STEELE, Lynne  
WATSON, Denise  
WEARN, Annette  
WHITLING, Anne





## Sport

### (As I understand it, sport is hard work for which you don't get paid)

#### FIRST GRADE 'B' CRICKET TEAM -

The 1975-76 season saw the entry of a second 1st grade cricket team to compete in the same competition as the mighty 1st grade B's. As a result of wanting to give the younger, less experienced, players a go, the "B's" allowed the Fort Street team, the first grade "A's" to go ahead and experience the glory and honour of a premiership win.

With new coach, Mr. G. Giblin, the Fort Street "B's" were able to go through the second half of the season with the losses column clear. Time does not permit me to elaborate on the team's successes but what must have been one of the highlights of the season was the one day international win over Enmore before a capacity crowd at Steele Park, Marrickville.

Let me show you the team at a glance: John Brooks, affectionately known as the "Fat Flash". John Calvani, longest unbroken series of ducks. Tony Karras played with a real Zing. Doug Ponzio, best and fairest, a major force in the team. John Catsanos, wicket-keeper - no comment. Dazza Lewis, illustrious opening batsman. Max McDonald, player most loved by the team. Graeme Chambers, disappointing. Ian Boland, solid player. Rodders Rodwell, regular 6-ball innings. Nick Pappas, best assistant scorer. Trevor Dixon, player who scored most runs. Ian Alexiadis - for any comment, ask him. Thanks to Messrs. Giblin and Tremayne and other players.

Trevor Dixon  
(manager, scorer, publicity officer)



#### CRICKET.

##### First Grade:

The first eleven cricket had a successful season, being zone premiers, and only once tasting defeat. Great all round strength was displayed by the team, highlighted by the fact that the batting "tail" began at No. 11.

Leading rungetter for the season was captain Rick Yamine, whilst the season's highest score was Geoff Illingworth's 80 against North Sydney. Heading wicket-takers were David Williams and Rick Yamine ably supported by "destroyer" Semak whose season figures read 2-0-30-1.

Fort Street were eliminated in the first round of the Davidson Shield by Hunters Hill. Rain caused play in this game to be abandoned with Fort Street in a winning position. Hunters Hill were declared the winners following the toss of the coin.

Congratulations to Rick Yamine on his selection in the C.H.S. Team.

All members of the First XI were at all times courteous, and their conduct gentlemanly as befits any grade team representing the school.

R. Archer (coach)

##### Fourth Grade:

The team exerted total superiority over all opponents that they faced and faltered only once throughout the whole season.

The performance of the side was truly a team effort. Naturally the team had its stars, but they were dependent on the rest of the team, everyone played for each other. If we did get into a situation where we did not have many runs on the board, our bowlers would rescue the team with a win.





Probably it was the team's bowling and fielding more than anything else that contributed to our victory. The fact that the team had four very good pace bowlers struck fear into the hearts of every opposing batsman. Only twice during the season did a team get more than 60 runs against us and I am sure that the record speaks for itself. Our fielding although it left a little to be desired at times, improved to such an extent that we had the best fieldsmen in the competition later in the season.

That only leaves our batting. In my opinion our batsmen were never really pushed to the peak and in many cases their job only required that we get a nominal amount of runs but there was always someone who hit up a big total.

I have tried to refrain from mentioning individual performances, because as I have said, it was basically a team effort, but one person who does deserve a mention is vice-captain Brett Callingham. Brett hit four magnificent half centuries during the season and backed that up with some fine fast bowling. Well played Brett!

Behind every good team, there is a good coach. Ours was Mr. Hodgkins and without him our performances may not have been nearly as good. The team would also like to thank Mr. Childs who was our coach earlier on in the season. All in all, a great season.

David Trodden (capt.)

### Fifth Grade:

Last year's 5th grade cricket team were a well drilled, talented side who had no equals. They convincingly outclassed every other team in the competition.

Led in the batting department by Mark Russell, who finished with an average of 41, we sliced every bowling attack in the competition apart. Mark also deserves a special mention for his faultless wicket-keeping. Others who stood out in the batting were Ransit Balakrishnan, Peter Tancred, Craig Hawkins and David Adcock.

David Merrison and Chris Gratsounas, the pace bowlers, had batsmen running off the field to fetch more protective gear. When they tired we had a large supply of medium pace and spin bowlers who had many batsmen in trouble. They were Ransit Balakrishnan, Rodney McPherson, Peter Dollan, Peter Tancred, David Osborne and Phillip Henson.

Many fine catches were taken throughout the season, our fielding was the envy of every other team in the competition. Outstanding fielders were Peter Collins, Jeff Perkins, Craig Hawkins and Phillip Henson. Mr. McFarland our punctual coach knew how to get the best out of us. He was never late for training and was always ready with sound advice.

Michael Walsh (capt.)





TENNIS.First Grade:

Fort Street High School's 1st Grade Tennis team had quite a successful year in 1976. The team of Robert Pinson (capt.), Richard Pinson, Christo Tsolakis, Rami Mussawar, and Greg Petley went through a very strong mid-western zone tennis competition. We were runners up to a top class North Sydney team losing to them in the first round and in the final.

The first grade tennis team would like to thank our coach, Mr. Walker, for his constant support.

The Stan Jones Trophy was a competition in which Fort Street fared extremely well in 1976. It was to be Fort Street's best year in the competition reaching the last 8 out of 128 schools. The first round match was away against Sydney High in which Fort Street won 5 sets - 3 sets. The 2nd round was home against Sydney Technical College in a tremendous match in which Fort Street ran out winners 4 sets - 4 sets winning by 1 game, 37-36. Round 3 was home Ashfield in which we ran out winners 5 sets - 3 sets. The 4th round was against Chatswood High in which Fort Street won 6 sets to 2 sets.

The quarter finals were against Richmond River High of Lismore. We travelled up there well aware of the team's reputation. This 15 hour train ride proved too much as we were defeated 7 sets - 1 set. On behalf of the team we would like to thank Mr. Tremayne for his constant encouragement.

Robert Pinson (capt.)



*"Young men have a passion for regarding their elders as senile"*

- Henry Adams - *The Education of Henry Adams.*

but ...

*"Everyone knows that old men are twice boys"*

- Aristophanes. *The Clouds.*



FIRST GRADE WATERPOLO -

The first grade Waterpolo Team for 75-76 season performed outstandingly, though we were unsuccessful in both competitions we entered.

In the zone competition we were defeated by Drummoyne (whom we had previously beaten) in the grand final. Drummoyne then went on to win the State Knock-out, in which we also contested.

The team holds the zone record for the "most goals scored in a match", we set this record when we defeated Enmore 19-0.

We started out as competition leaders and held the position at the end of 75. Then we lost Steven Waddington as he left school and Rowan Woods through a back injury. Credit must be given to Ian Eagles for his brilliant goal-keeping throughout the season. Ian was the third best goal-keeper in N.S.W. for U/18.

I would like also to comment on Ian Muller's hard work, and tactical play in defence halted many attacks by the opposition which could have resulted in goals.



With such a strong individual team we shouldn't have lost the competition, but the team enjoyed sleeping rather than training. Throughout the season there was a very poor attendance to training sessions and I feel that this brought about our downfall.

Finally, on behalf of the team I would

like to thank Mr. Steenson and Mr. Riches for their efforts and interest in the team, and for the time spent with those who were willing to attend the training sessions.

Frank Antonini (capt.)

VOLLEYBALL.First Grade:

Volley-ball is an up and coming sport, but being relatively new in Australia, obviously cannot, as yet, be compared, popularity wise, with say Rugby or Football, but if the support so far shown, to school volleyball, is any indication, then at least in Fort St. Volleyball will grow from strength to strength.

Just choosing a 1st grade team was a headache, so it was decided to have an "A" and a "B" side. Both teams enjoyed a little success in the zone competition and in fact Fort Street "A"s were beaten in the finals by Leichhardt High. This match, although lost, was a fair indication of the growing support.

Training was attended more regularly by those who were beginning to feel that something after all can be done to improve skills. Confidence has risen so much that I feel we have a very good chance in the N.S.W. Knockout Championships taking place during the end of the season. At the time of writing, the team has so far reached the 4th round ready to meet our old rivals, Leichhardt.

An earlier game against Randwick enjoyed the biggest and best support from the school that has been seen in the gym. I think I can speak for the whole team by saying that, that day was the proudest moment for a Fort Street Volleyball team. I hope in the future more people will attempt this extremely enjoyable sport, I am sure though looking back on a young, fast maturing "B" team that next year will bring even better rewards.

Alan Brichta (capt.)



### Fifth Grade:

As captain of the 1975/76 5th Grade Volleyball premiership winning team, I would like to describe the past season with a good report.

Through the season we performed reasonably well and made it to the semi-finals in fourth position. The lads realized that it was about time they gave in some good performances and we proved our point in the finals.

In the semi-finals we faced minor premiers Ibrox Park away from home. With a fantastic effort we beat them which gave us a record of having beaten every team in the competition. Then in the grand-final we defeated Drummoyne in a very good game and really it seemed like that was our day.



Overall the whole team played well, but the player who overshadowed us by a fraction was Vince Distefano (our Vice-captain) who always played a good game.

Finally, I would like to thank the team, and Mr. Legge (our coach), for his help in bringing victory to our school.

Tony Zullo (Capt.)

### FIRST GRADE SOFTBALL -

Some members of the first grade Softball team thought that if they made an effort, then they could win the competition because the team mainly comprised of the old 4th grade premiership team 3 years ago. Still others thought that the effort was hardly necessary. However, when training



began, it was this team's confidence which reassured their coach who was wondering if interest and enthusiasm could make up for not knowing any of the rules. So, in this way we began the season.

We lost one game all season; to Drummoyne in the first round. However, this loss had a good effect and settled down the team to fairly serious training. In the second round we drew with Drummoyne and in the final we beat them. And what a final it was. The score see-sawed back and forth until in the last innings Drummoyne cracked under pressure and virtually threw the game away.

J. Borg (coach)

### FIRST GRADE BASKETBALL -

Due to the astute coaching of Mr. Clarke and the enthusiasm of the players, Fort Street produced a first grade basketball team with the potential to defeat any other schoolboy side in N.S.W.

Regarded as only minor opposition by other sides early in the season, Fort Street found that all the rough edges in their play disappeared, and all loose ends fell into place towards the latter part of the season.

Only one barrier stood between an assault on the N.S.W. Knockout Championships and that was Crow's Nest. In a controversial final Crow's Nest defeated us by 2 points (1 goal) after an extra 5 minutes had to be played as in the allotted time interval the game finished in a draw. It was an unfortunate ending for Fort Street, as we



had comfortably beaten Crow's Nest in our last game before the semi-finals. We expected no real competition from them.

I would like to thank the 8 players who gave Mr. Clarke and I such solid support throughout the season.

George Katsilis (capt.)



#### SECOND GRADE BASKETBALL -

The second grade basketball team consisted of a great bunch of players. The first round games were all played away with Fort Street winning week after week. Every time we played we beat the opposing teams, but didn't slaughter them like we would have liked.

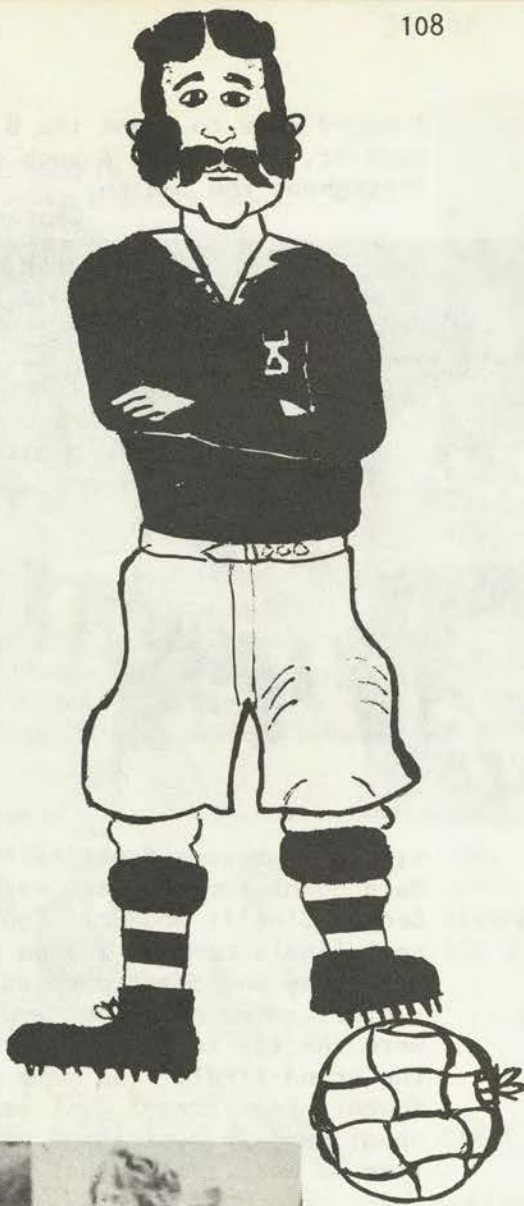
The second round went smoothly, only losing once to Tempe. In these games Fort

Street shot some great baskets. Main point scorers were Wayne Kelly, George Cinelli and Eric Sandblom. The semi-finals came up and we played Drummoyne and coasted to an easy victory. The next week would tell if we were the top team. We played Tempe in the grand-final. The game was tense and fought, Fort Street just getting the upper hand in positional play and at full time we were the victors 24-14.

George Cinelli (capt.)





1ST GRADE SOCCER REPORT 1976.

This season was our best in Tasman Cup for several years. Good wins were achieved against Asquith, Balgowlah, Cromer and Manly and this put the team into the last 16 of the 256 teams in the state. In the quarter finals we met Normanhurst and lost 2-0, both Normanhurst goals coming in the last ten minutes.

Naturally, the whole squad was very disappointed not to reach the final after coming so far in the competition, and further disappointment followed with our displays in the Zone competition. With our preoccupation of the Tasman Cup, the team did not play up to its ability in the zone and just failed to make the finals.

However, overall a quite interesting season with good displays and improvement all round.

Players playing in 1st Grade were:-

J. Carbone	A. Giunta
P. Alexiadis	R. Rooke
F. Angeloni	G. Illingworth
R. Yamine (Capt.)	K. Joy
C. Scutella	S. Cannon
M. Musso	F. Rebecchi
P. Szota	F. Antonini
	A. Birchall

Two of our players, J. Carbone and R. Yamine were selected for the N.S.W.C.H.S. team.



*You can't expect a boy to be depraved until he has been to a good school*

- Hector Hugh Munro (Saki),  
A Baker's Dozen.



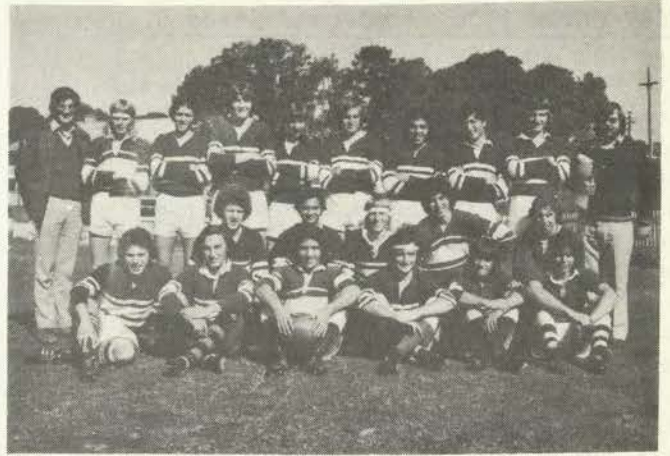
### RUGBY UNION 1976 2A's.

Fort Street were very fortunate in that the school had a great depth of talented senior players in 1976. The 2A's were able to go through the competition undefeated, despite losing many players to First Grade as replacements for injured First Graders.

All players proved themselves a credit to both the team and their school throughout the competition, showing good sportsmanship both on and off the field. Although undefeated, the team had many hard games, especially against the Fort Street 2B's, and in the Final against Tempe, when they overcame an 18-0 half time deficit to win 29-18.

Best and fairest back was Terry Gibson, whilst best and fairest forward was Keith Hancock. My thanks go to all players, and especially to Mark Adolfson, who proved to be a capable leader. I am sure that the team would also like to thank Mr. Clarke for his assistance throughout the year. My best wishes go with those boys who are leaving school this year, and I hope to see the remaining players in First Grade next year.

R. Archer  
Coach





RUGBY UNION 1976 - Second Grade B.

With so many senior students wishing to play Rugby in 1976, Fort Street was able to field three strong senior teams, each team with an ample number of reserves. The 2nd Grade B team was a very inexperienced side with many students playing Rugby for the first time. Although the team lacked experience, the players were determined, willing to learn, and possessed a great deal of natural talent.

The team finished second on the premier-ship table to the Fort Street 2A's. In the semi-final, with three players injured, the 2B's went down narrowly 15-12 against Tempe.

The best and fairest back award was given to Captain, Lindsay Mallin, whose consistent performances, especially in defence, lifted the team on many an occasion. The best and fairest award for the forwards went to George 'Apollo' Cinelli, a prolific try scorer and worthy forward who played for the firsts in the grand final with distinction.

As coach I couldn't have hoped for more team spirit and mateship between the players and their pride in the team was a great reward for the season's effort. I would like to thank the players for their efforts in 1976, and wish them the best in their future Rugby.

I must thank Mr. Clarke for the great assistance he was to the team.

P. McFarland  
Coach

RUGBY REPORT 1976.

The 1976 Rugby Season started off on a very sound footing, with 85 students trying out for selection in the Open grades. This resulted in Fort Street being able to field a 1st XV and two 2nd grade sides, which all reached the Zone Championship semi-finals. This season also saw Fort Street acquire a scrummaging machine and the casings for 3 tackling bags.

1st XV Rugby.

Winners of the Zone Championship.  
Winners of the Western Suburbs  
Championship.  
Quarter-finalists in the Waratah  
Shield Competition.

Congratulations to the 1st XV for a highly successful season scoring 461 points with only 79 points being scored against them in 17 games. I would like to congratulate all 15 players who played in the combined High Schools Rugby trials, five of whom made the final 75; Wayne Erickson, Greg Jarjoura, George Katsilis, Peter Curry, Joe Kanyasi.

George Katsilis went on to be selected in the C.H.S. 1st XV and Joe Kanyasi in the C.H.S. 2nd XV, a great performance from a player



in his first ever season of Rugby.

My sincere thanks must go to each and every one of the players for their individual efforts and abilities, but more so as a team. They trained hard, they worked hard, a superb team on and off the field, a team I am proud of and no doubt the school is proud of.



Thank you Paul Watson, for a fine job of Captancy and sound Rugby, along with John Jessup at breakaway, John Boyter and Wayne Erickson for their crushing influence as props, John Cashman a mighty hooker and scrummager, Joe Kanyasi and Greg Jarjoura, great lineout ball winners and second rowers, Mark Edwards power plus at lock, John Rauch superb football brain at half-back, John Calvani evasive five-eight and ball distributor, Peter Senczak, Monty Gibson, Mark Uren, speedy, hard-tackling elusive centres, Peter Curry a hard hitting, hard running winger, George Katsilis superb winger, fast great ball handler and finisher, John Catsanos excellent full back.

To Craig Thomas, Mike Dwyer, Wayne Kelly, George Cinelli, Olav Neilssen, players of the highest level, who were elevated during the season to replace injured players, and stayed, I also give my sincere thanks.

Thank you Mrs. Rowe, staff and students, Mr. Archer, Mr. McFarland and Mr. Tremayne for all your support.

Pressure and Contest.

B. J. CLARKE, Coach.







Wendy Uren



## The Girls' Zone Athletic Carnival.

6th August, 1976.

The girls of Fort Street had their most successful Zone Athletics Carnival in memoray, and probably since the inception of Zones. Both trophies were brought back to school, ending years of domination by Sydney Girls' High School. We hope this is now the beginning of great things to come from the girls.

We were, through a combined and energetic attack, Zone Champions, gaining a total of 1014 points, to win the overall point score.

In the sub-Junior Section, we were the champion school, beating the nearest school by 55 points. This gave us our second trophy for the day. In the junior section we gained third place only three points behind second, and the seniors gladly received the senior trophy, until a recount of the points, showed that Sydney Girls' were the rightful winners by 13 points. Again in the Open section, we were third by a mere three points.

Many events during the day really demonstrated that Fort Street was going to be a force to contend with; the relays were run with five out of six relay teams gaining selection for the Area Carnival; two of these, the 17 years and 13 years were winners of their age group, and the other three gained 2nd places. Only an unfortunate accident might have prevented our tally of team wins from being six out of six.

The Championship of Schools, which is an open 100 metres race, consisting of the eight fastest runners from the heats, was dominated by Fort Street. Fort Street had four in the Championship, as well as the reserve. This left only four other positions to be filled from girls from five other schools. The result of this race was: Wendy Uren, third, Cathy Uren fourth, and Dell Moss fifth. These girls ran this race after their other events, and then almost immediately after, ran in our relays.

The 16 years field events were marked by mixed successes; all competitors gained

second or third places with four first places being won out of the 15 divisions of the 5 events. This was similar to the 15 years results as 4 first places were also gained. Cathy Uren equalled the 15 years High Jump record and gained a second place.

Competitors in the 14 years field events did well, and all won places. Highly successful again were the 13 year old girls, where Fort Street took out the first place in Division I of all the field events: discus, shot put, javelin, high jump and long jump. Tania Kapeliotis won the shot-put, discus and javelin, whilst Anne Gregory surpassed her rivals in the two jumping events. Anne had previously won her two sprinting events and her hurdles race, and these, as well as a place in the shot-put gave her the 13 years champion trophy. In the 13 years, we won two other first places and three second places.

Our young 12 year olds did extremely well in their field events, gaining three first places. Linda Williams gained places in three out of the five events. She also won her 200 metres and hurdles division I and came second in the 100 metres. For all this, she received the 12 years champion trophy, and contributed to the open point score with her place in the open 800 metres.

Many individuals performed exceedingly well, and all who participated did so creditably. We had many age champions, like the three mentioned above, as well as the Open Champion Wendy Uren. Cathy Uren was second in the 15 years individual point score and Tania Kapeliotis was second in the 13 years point score. Yet it was the depth of involvement which brought success to us, as well as to our school. We were only a small secluded girls' school a few years ago, and now our numbers have swelled. It is not the sheer weight of numbers which gave us our

victory, but the participation and involvement of the individuals who made up the numbers. This is Mrs. Flynn's first year at Fort Street, and we hope our win adequately



encompasses all the work she has tirelessly done as Zone Secretary. All our thanks go to her, as well as to Mrs. Rowe, who was this year's Zone President. In this capacity, we hope Mrs. Rowe was pleased to shake so many Fort Street hands, as champions, amongst other schools.

Wendy Uren won Division I of the open 400 metres in the fastest time recorded from all Divisions, and repeated this feat in the 800 metres. Then in the 100 metres, there were two seconds and a first in the 12 years, two firsts and a second in the 13 years, where Anne Gregory broke the record. We gained places in the 14 and 15 years and a first, a second and a third in the sixteen years. The 17 years then came forward by winning all three divisions.

The story was much the same in the 200 metres sprints, with the 12 years gaining two firsts and a second, and the 13 years also gaining two firsts. Again the 17 year old runners won all three divisions.

This was repeated in the hurdles with two first places being won, in both the 12 and 13 years 80 metres hurdles. Again all three divisions of the 17 years 100 metres hurdles were won by Fort Street Girls.

Probably one of the most successful age-groups in the field events was the 17 years, where we won all three divisions of the high jump, won two divisions of the long jump, with a second in the third division, and two divisions of the javelin and one division of the shot put. Division I of the above four events were all won by Dell Moss who had been the winner of Division I in both sprints. Dell then clinched her successes with a second place in Division I of the discus. This is really an outstanding effort and an equally outstanding result. For this Dell well deserved the senior champion trophy, and we hope she repeats her successes next year.

### THE CROSS COUNTRY.

<u>ZONE</u>	Colleen Arkins	-	12 yrs.	-	3rd
	Cathy Uren	-	15 "	-	7th
	Connie Salat	-	15 "	-	9th
	Wendy Uren	-	16 "	-	1st
	Chris Burchett	-	16 "	-	4th
	Rhonda McKim	-	16 "	-	8th
	Dell Moss	-	17 "	-	5th
	Ruth Goslett	-	17 "	-	6th
	Beatrice Salat	-	17 "	-	10th
	Silvia Vasco	-	17 "	-	11th
<u>AREA</u>	Wendy Uren	-	16 yrs.	-	1st
	Chris. Burchett	-	16 "	-	9th
	Rhonda McKim	-	16 "	-	19th
	Ruth Goslett	-	17 "	-	5th
	Beatrice Salat	-	17 "	-	7th
	Silvia Vasco	-	17 "	-	8th
<u>STATE</u>	Wendy Uren	-	16 "	-	3rd



NETBALL.Netball 1.

Tracy van der Wetering  
 Doris Martin  
 Sandra Harrod  
 Debbie Turner  
 Natalie Fitzpatrick  
 Carla Giuseppini  
 Sharon Muscat

## 1st round:

Fort St. v Palace Rebels won on forfeit.  
 Matrville High 43-21  
 Matrville RSL 30-29  
 Maroubra Jun. High 19-30  
 Canterbury High 18-12  
 Pink Panthers 26-43  
 Trident 23-25  
 Bondi Boys Club 23-23

## 2nd round:

Fort St. v Palace Rebels 37-15

Netball 2.

Jennifer O'Connor  
 Louise Taylor  
 Anna Adamedes  
 Penny Pashi  
 Robyne Slick  
 Ashley Ware  
 Donna Caines  
 Res. Lisa Hudson

## 1st Round:

Fort St. v Pink Panthers 17-36  
 Maroubra J. High 17-19  
 South Randwick won by forfeit  
 Holy Cross 36-8  
 St. Schols won by forfeit  
 Pats 22-19  
 St. Schols 19-19

NETBALL KNOCKOUT COMPETITION.

## Team:

Carla Guiseppini	Penny Pashi
Jenny O'Connor	Debbie Turner
Robyn Slick	Doris Martin
Toni Selden	Tracey Austin

Fort St. v Malvina 13 - 49

The girls were unfortunately knocked out.



B. to F.

*Jenny O'Connor, Tracy Van der Wetering, Penny Pashi,  
 Doris Martin, Carla Giuseppini.*



B. to F. *Penny Pashi, Louise Taylor, Anna Adamedes, Jen  
 O'Connor, Ashley Ware.*



Netball 3.

Venetta Bennett  
 Penny Neal  
 Vicky Kazaglis  
 Wendy Illingworth  
 Jeanette Wesolowsky  
 Tracey Austin  
 Susan Norberry  
 Kathy Hutt

## 1st round:

Fort St. v. Nth. Bondi RSL	14-14
Matrville RSL	18-22
Schölls	16-15
Scholls	30-15
Pink Panthers	31-42
Canterbury	Won by forfeit.
Pink Panthers	25-12

## 2nd round:

Fort St. v. Nth. Bondi RSL	12-22
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## At Left:

*Dianna Highet  
 Jenny Maddox  
 Christine Nurmi  
 Helen Spowart  
 Tracey Catlin  
 Rosemary Maddox*

SOFTBALL KNOCKOUT COMPETITION.

## Team:

Louise Taylor	Kathy Paulic
Helena Hopner	Toula Hronis
Julie Launt	Wendy Joseph
Doris Martin	Vera Maglicic
Tanya Mirkovic	Anna Meehan

Fort Street v Sydney High 2 - 10

The girls were unfortunately knocked out.





VOLLEYBALL -

This year, volleyball has become more popular with the girls. We have formed our own school team and have competed in the school knockout competition, but we were unfortunately unsuccessful. Many of our players tried out for the zone team. Three girls, Liane Cierpiol, Dell Moss, and Julie Englert were successful.

They went on to represent the Zone in the Area trials, and once more were successful. Dell and Julie represented Central Metropolitan Area at the State Trials in June at Nowra. Both girls gained a lot of experience from these matches.

Mrs. Flynn has arranged a number of matches against other schools, and we are hoping that this will bring us on. We are also hoping that volleyball for sport will attract promising volleyballers.

Julie Englert 11 0

VOLLEYBALL KNOCK-OUT COMPETITION.

Team:

Dell Moss	Nalan Kaptan
Wiki Tarbert	Elsa Camacho
Jenny Dodds	Elaine Saunby
Julie Englert	Connie Salat
Lianne Cierpiol	Jeanine Gil
Sandra Gardem	Filomena Catanzariti

Fort St. v Burwood	9 - 15
	15 - 10
	10 - 15
v Petersham	12 - 15
	8 - 15

The girls were unfortunately knocked-out.



*Actions speak louder than words - but not so often.*

*If a man wants his dreams to come true he must wake up.*

*(The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest ed. by Herbert Prochnow.)*



BOWLING -

As you all know, there is bowling every Wednesday at Leichhardt Bowling Alley. We are escorted by two of the school's champions, Miss Gugger and Mr. Horsley. It is a fun-loving, nerve-racing experience. You ask why? Well, I'll describe the details of the game and you'll see why.

First of all, you get in your alley and aim your ball on the centre pin (by the way, there are ten pins altogether), you give a swing and send your ball rolling down the aisle. You watch the ball, yes, it's going straight, you are going to get a strike, it's nearly there, but wait a minute, what's happening? The ball starts rolling to the right, it's rolling away from the pins, it misses them. What went wrong? Oh well, better luck next time!

No, seriously, it's not always bad luck. You do manage to score something. Some people even get 125, 150, 175 and 200 and win awards, but there are so many, I can't mention them all.

Fotini Hronopoulou 11 T

YOGA -

Yoga is the ancient Indian art of control: physically at first, then gradually psychologically, as the student progresses into a more advanced state of serenity or "nirvana". However, in our classes we cannot hope to ever advance past the physical advantages, but we have found that even the most sceptical of us can, through some yoga exercise we have learnt in our Wednesday class in Bathurst Street, learn to relax completely. Relaxation is the main benefit we derive from yoga; despite the fact that it is hard for people who have not done yoga to imagine that someone sitting in the lotus pose is really relaxing.

Although yoga is predominantly Hindu or Buddhist and sayings of Buddha are frequently repeated in our classes, we are often told of ideas and sayings of the other great religions--anything that would

add to relaxing our minds and inspire us to think only beneficial and kind thoughts. The exercises are not really hard and we are always advised to go as far as possible, without straining.

Anastasia Tsekouras 11 N

TENNIS KNOCKOUT COMPETITION.

This year the girls' team:

1. Jackie Rider
2. Karen Brush
3. Julie Englert
4. Anita Robinson

have been successful so far in the State knockout competition. The girls have won their area, consisting of seven teams. They have defeated:

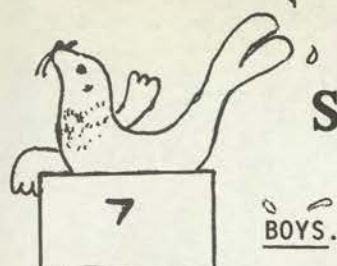
Burwood Girls' High  
4 sets all, 36-33 games  
Marsden High,  
4 sets all, 34-33 games  
Ryde High  
6 sets to 2, 42-20 games.

The girls are awaiting the result for the winner of the North Sydney Area, which is who they will play next.

Karen Brush and Jackie Rider went to the zone and were selected in a team of eight girls for the Central Metropolitan area for the intra-State championship, held at Quirindi - Tamworth. The competition consisted of ten areas all over N.S.W., and the girls' team, (Central Metrop.) was the winning team.

Congratulations!





# Swimming Carnival — 1976

BOYS.

## 1. Boys' Open 400m.

1. F. Antonini - 12F 5.15.8
2. I. Eagles - 100
3. S. Burgess - 70
4. R. Woods - 11N

## 2. 17 Years & over 50m. Backstroke.

1. F. Antonini - 12F 34.0
2. I. Eagles - 110

## 3. 16 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. T. Gibson - 11R 36.7
2. A. Steel - 10R
3. G. Cinelli - 100

## 4. 15 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. K. Miranda - 10I 38.1
2. R. Bell - 10F
3. N. Spasevski - 10A

## 5. 14 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. P. Gibson - 80 39.5
2. C. Steele - 8S
3. C. Hawkins - 90

## 6. 13 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. V. Gibson - 70 46.0
2. C. Milward - 8T
3. S. Beckett - 7F
4. R. Antonini - 7S

## 7. 12 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. H. Ward - 7S 1.03.2
2. B. Harrington - 70
3. G. Ellis - 70

## 8. 12 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. P. Patterson - 7S 1.35.5
2. M. Barlin - 7S
3. G. Gray - 7F
4. C. McWilliams - 7R

## 9. 13 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. aeq. V. Gibson - 70 1.26.7
- S. Burgess - 70
3. D. Brown - 8F

## 10. 14 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. P. Gibson - 80 1.11.6
2. B. Barr - 8F
3. C. Steele - 8S
4. C. Hawkins - 90

## 11. 15 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. R. Bell - 10F 1.16.6
2. K. Miranda - 10I
3. I. Barka - 10F

## 12. 16 Years Freestyle 100m.

1. P. Jobling - 11R 1.12.6
2. T. Gibson - 11R
3. M. Valentine - 10F

## 13. 17 Years and Over 100m. Freestyle.

1. F. Antonini - 12F 1.03.1
2. S. Doughty - 110
3. I. Eagles - 110

## 14. 12 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. M. Barlin - 7S 50.0
2. P. Patterson - 7S
3. R. Smith - 7F
4. B. Carter - 7S

## 15. 13 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. V. Gibson - 70
2. S. Burgess - 70
3. C. Milward - 8T
4. A. Madry - 8R

## 16. 14 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. P. Gibson - 80 44.2
2. B. Barr - 8F



6



5



4. 14 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. D. Coleman	-	80	56.4
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5. 13 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. L. Jensen	-	7T	44.2
2. A. Cudd	-	7R	
3. K. Palmer	-	8T	

6. 12 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1. G. Fien	-	7F	47.2
2. L. Williams	-	7T	
3. E. Brady	-	7S	
4. J. Davies	-	7F	

7. 12 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. G. Fien	-	7F	1.37.0
2. J. Davies	-	7F	

8. 13 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. L. Jensen	-	7T	1.21.4
2. A. Cudd	-	7R	
3. N. Teodorowych	-	7R	
4. A. Gray	-	80	

9. 14 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. T. Scullion	-	9S	1.34.0
2. S. Russell	-	8F	
3. D. Coleman	-	80	

10. 15 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. M. Russell	-	10I	1.14.2
2. C. Davies	-	100	
3. S. Voss	-	10N	
4. L. Sutherland	-	9S	

11. 16 Years 100m. Freestyle.

1. C. Burchett	-	11F	1.26.5
2. S. Ellis	-	100	

12. 12 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. G. Fien	-	7F	50.2
2. J. Davies	-	7F	

13. 13 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. L. Jensen	-	7T	45.4
2. N. Teodorowych	-	7R	
3. A. Cudd	-	7R	
4. A. Gray	-	80	

14. 14 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. K. Holme	-	9R	46.8
2. T. Scullion	-	9S	
3. D. Welsh	-	8S	

15. 15 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. M. Russell	-	10I	40.3
2. B. Alderton	-	10F	
3. H. Penny	-	9T	
4. K. Teodorowych	-	9S	

16 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1. C. Burchett	-	11F	49.5
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17. 12 Years 50m. Breaststroke.

1. G. Fien )	-	7F	55.9
J. Davies )	-	7F	
3. M. Kutra	-	7F	
4. L. Williams	-	7T	

18. 13 Years 50m. Breaststroke.

1. L. Jensen	-	7T	46.6
2. N. Teodorowych	-	7R	
3. A. Cudd	-	7R	

19. 14 Years 50m. Breaststroke.

1. K. Holme	-	9R	51.5
2. D. Coleman	-	80	
3. T. Scullion	-	9S	

20. 15 Years 50m. Breaststroke.

1. B. Alderton	-	10F	45.2
2. C. Davies	-	100	
3. S. Voss	-	10N	

21. 16 Years 50m. Breaststroke.

1. J. Russell	-	1A	
2. B. Salat	-	11A	
3. F. McLeod	-	10T	
4. S. Ellis	-	100	



17. 15 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1.	R. Bell	-	10F	36.8
2.	K. Miranda	-	10I	
3.	D. Herman	-	9R	
4.	B. Sheather	-	9S	

18. 16 Years 50m. Butterfly.

1.	P. Jobling	-	11R	38.0
2.	T. Gibson )	-	11R	
	R. Steel )	-	10A	
4.	M. Rodwell	-	11A	

19. 17 Years and Over 50m. Butterfly.

1.	F. Antonini	-	12F	31.7
2.	I. Eagles	-	110	
3.	S. Doughty	-	110	

20. 12 Years 50m. Breastroke

1.	A. Ralec	-	7T	1.13.8
2.	G. Ellis	-	70	
3.	B. Gollledge	-	7T	

21. 13 Years 50m. Breastroke.

1.	J. Dunn	-	7T	49.6
2.	V. Gibson	-	70	
3.	C. Milward	-	8T	

22. 14 Years 50m. Breastroke.

1.	P. Gibson	-	80	43.3
2.	B. Barr	-	8F	
3.	R. McPherson	-	9T	

23. 15 Years 50m. Breastroke.

1.	R. Bell	-	10F	48.8
2.	K. Miranda	-	10I	
3.	M. Krasny	-	10T	
4.	J. Rutups	-	10A	

24. 16 Years 50m. Breastroke.

1.	T. Gibson	-	11R	44.0
2.	P. Jobling	-	11R	
3.	S. Cannon	-	10F	

25. 17 Years Over 50m. Breastroke.

1.	I. Eagles	-	110	40.4
2.	F. Antonini	-	12F	
3.	G. Lembitt	-	12T	

26. 12 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1.	P. Patterson	-	7S	41.7
2.	R. Smith	-	7F	
3.	M. Barlin	-	7S	

27. 13 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1.	S. Burgess	-	70	37.8
2.	G. Hill	-	80	
3.	V. Gibson	-	70	

28. 14 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1.	P. Gibson	-	80	31.8
2.	R. McPherson	-	9T	
3.	B. Barr	-	8F	

29. 15 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1.	R. Bell	-	10F	34.0
2.	K. Miranda	-	10I	
3.	B. Mihaljevic	-	10I	

30. 16 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1.	P. Jobling	-	11R	30.5
2.	T. Gibson	-	11R	
3.	G. Adcock	-	11F	

31. 17 Years over 50m. Freestyle.

1.	F. Antonini	-	12F	28.3
2.	S. Doughty	-	110	
3.	I. Eagles	-	110	

GIRLS.1. 17 Years & Over 50m. Backstroke.

1.	S. Harrod	-	12R	52.0
2.	N. Hastie	-	12R	

2. 16 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1.	C. Burchett	-	11F	50.4
2.	S. Ellis	-	100	

3. 15 Years 50m. Backstroke.

1.	M. Russell	-	10I	39.3
2.	H. Penny	-	9T	
3.	C. Davies	-	100	
4.	L. Sutherland	-	9S	



22. 17 Years 50m. Breastroke.

1. D. Turner	-	12N	57.8
2. T. van de Wetering	-	12N	
3. S. Harrod	-	12R	
4. N. Hastie	-	12R	

23. 12 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1. G. Fien	-	7F	43.6
2. D. Brandon	-	7F	
3. J. Robinson	-	7O	
4. J. Davies	-	7F	

24. 13 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1. L. Jensen	-	7T	36.4
2. A. Cudd	-	7R	
3. L. Jelcic	-	8R	

25. 14 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1. L. Hudson	-	8R	36.4
2. M. Brake	-	8F	
3. K. Holmre	-	9R	

26. 15 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1. M. Russell	-	10I	33.8
2. B. Alderton	-	10F	
3. C. Davies	-	10R	

27. 16 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1. C. Burchett )	-	11F	37.3
S. Ellis )	-	10O	
3. J. Russell	-	11O	

28. 17 Years 50m. Freestyle.

1. T. Van de Wetering	-	12N	37.0
2. L. Jensen	-	11T	
3. S. Harrod	-	12R	

AGE CHAMPIONS.12 Years G. Fien13 Years L. Jensen14 Years K. Holmre15 Years M. Russell16 Years C. Burchett17 Years and Over S. Harrod )  
T. Van de Wetering)

Mrs. H. Flynn

Mr. R. Tremayne





# Athletic Carnival 1976

## GIRLS:

### 17 Yrs. and over High Jump.

1. D. Moss 11 I 1.396m.
2. L. Mewett 11 I
3. D. Turner 12 N
4. D. Martin 12 I
5. C. Guiseppini 12 O

### 16 Yrs. High Jump.

1. J. Brady 10 F 1.473m.
2. C. Burchett 11 F
3. J. Laurence 10 T

### 15 Yrs. High Jump.

1. C. Uren 9 S 1.524m.
2. F. Power 10 I
3. J. Largo 10 T
4. C. Salat 10 I
5. M. Russell 10 I



### 14 Yrs. High Jump.

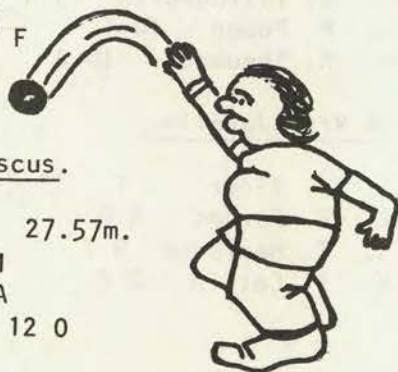
1. L. Schulz 9 T 1.422m.
2. T. Maniaco 9 T
3. J. Rider 9 T
4. D. Welsh 8 S
5. G. Nielssen 8 T

### 13 Yrs. High Jump.

1. A. Gregory 8 O 1.346m.
2. S. Cavallaro 7 S
3. T. Kapeliotis 8 R
4. I. Lee 7 F
5. C. McDonald 7 R

### 12 Yrs. High Jump.

1. D. Henson 7 R 1.32m.
2. C. Arkins 7 R
3. L. Stafford 7 F
4. S. Ganis 7 S
5. E. Brady 7 S



### 17 Yrs. and over Discus.

1. D. Moss 11 I 27.57m.
2. L. Mewett 11 I
3. T. Seldon 12 A
4. C. Guiseppini 12 O

### 16 Yrs. Discus.

1. R. Slick 10 A 22.51m.
2. M. Campbell 11 F
3. T. Hronis 10 R
4. W. Uren 11 N
5. R. Thavaravy 10 A

### 15 Yrs. Discus.

1. J. Largo 10 T 22.40m.
2. K. Sheumack 10 A
3. H. Hopner 10 R
4. V. Maglicic 10 T
5. J. Hammond 10 R

### 14 Yrs. Discus.

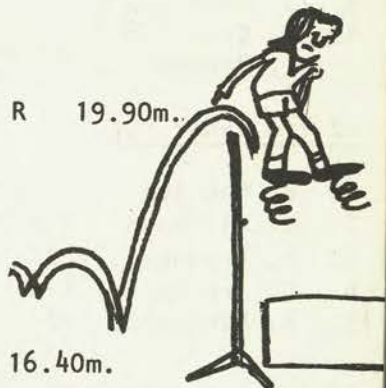
1. S. Norberry 9 T 18.90m.
2. R. Pandolfi 8 T
3. J. Rider 9 T
4. D. Welsh 8 S

### 13 Yrs. Discus.

1. T. Kapeliotis 8 R 19.90m.
2. K. Lim 7 R
3. T. Graham 7 O
4. A. Gregory 8 O
5. J. Lane 7 F

### 12 Yrs. Discus.

1. C. Arkins 7 R 16.40m.
2. D. Henson 7 R
3. C. Rogan 7 R
4. R. Gheller 7 O
5. L. Williams 7 T



### 17 Yrs. and over Shot Put.

1. D. Moss 11 I 8.83m.
2. T. Van de Wetering 12 N
3. A. Gordon 12 O
4. L. Mewett 11 I
5. H. Kyriakopoulos 12 T

### 16 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. R. Slick 10 A 8.28m.
2. W. Joseph 10 R
3. T. Hronis 10 R
4. M. Arkins 10 F
5. M. Angelopoulos 10 F



15 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. J. Largo 10 T 8.19m.
2. F. Power 10 I
3. K. Sheumack 10 A
4. P. Lester 10 T
5. K. Lorik 9 R

14 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. S. Norberry 9 T 7.25m.
2. T. Catlin 8 F
3. L. Schulz 9 T
4. L. Sutherland 9 S
5. T. Scullion 9 S

13 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. T. Kapeliotis 8 R 8.559m.
2. A. Gregory 8 O
3. J. Lane 7 F
4. A. Gray 8 O )  
1. Jensen 7 T) aeq.

12 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. R. Gheller 7 O 8.128m.
2. L. Williams 7 T
3. D. Brandon 7 F
4. C. Arkins 7 R
5. A. Panzarino 7 T

17 Yrs. and over Long Jump.

1. D. Moss 12 I 4.85m.
2. D. Martin 12 I
3. C. Guiseppini 12 O
4. D. Turner 12 N
5. S. Harrod 12 R

16 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. W. Uren 11 N 4.52 m.
2. R. Slick 10 A
3. C. Barrett 10 F
4. F. Catanzariti 11 O
5. J. White 11 N

15 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. C. Uren 9 S 4.54 m.
2. W. Illingworth 9 R
3. M. Russell 10 I
4. H. Hopner 10 R
5. K. Lorik 9 R

14 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. S. Hatfield 8 R 4.40 m.
2. L. Schulz 9 T
3. B. Johnson 9 R
4. S. Russell 8 S
5. G. Tuften 8 S

13 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. I. Lee 7 F 3.80m.
2. L. Jensen 7 T
3. T. Kapeliotis 8 R
4. J. Lane 7 F
5. J. Soothill 7 F

12 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. L. Williams 7 T 3.95 m.
2. C. Arkins 7 R
3. D. Brandon 7 F
4. E. Brady 7 S
5. G. Fien 7 F

17 Yrs. and over Javelin

1. D. Moss 11 I 28.0m.
2. A. Gordon 12 O
3. T. Validakis 12 N
4. L. Mewett 11 I )  
A. Ware 11 N ) aeq.

16 Yrs. Javelin.

1. J. Launt 10 I 19.02m.
2. M. Angelopoulos 10 F
3. T. Pilmore 10 I
4. W. Joseph 10 R
5. R. Thavaravy 10 A

15 Yrs. Javelin.

1. P. Lester 10 T 19.99 m.
2. H. Hopner 10 R
3. W. Illingworth 9 R
4. F. Power 10 I
5. K. Sheumack 10 A

14 Yrs. Javelin.

1. J. Rider 9 T 19.64 m.
2. P. Farnos 8 O
3. T. Maniaco 9 T
4. T. Catlin 8 F



13 Yrs. Javelin.

1. T. Kapeliotis 8 R 18.47 m.
2. J. Flynn 7 0
3. J. Lane 7 F
4. I. Lee 7 F
5. M. Levy 7 0

12 Yrs. Javelin.

1. L. Williams 7 T 12.97m.
2. L. Stafford 7 F
3. J. Davies 7 F

12 Yrs. Girls 100 m.

1. L. Williams 7 T 13.8
2. C. Arkins 7 R
3. L. Stafford 7 F
4. J. Robinson 7 0
5. G. Gheller 7 0

13 Yrs. Girls 100 m.

1. A. Gregory 8 0 14.0
2. L. Whiley 7 0
3. L. Jensen 7 T
4. L. Jelcic 8 R
5. I. Lee 7 F

14 Yrs. Girls 100 m.

1. L. Schultz 9 T 13.9
2. K. Hutt 9 R
3. L. Hume 9 R
4. K. Sharpe 8 S
5. L. Hudson 8 R

15 Yrs. Girls 100 m.

1. C. Uren 9 S 13.5
2. W. Illingworth 9 R
3. A. Churches 9 F
4. A. Villalba 9 S
5. F. Power 10 I

16 Yrs. Girls 100 m.

1. W. Uren 11 N 13.5
2. R. Slick 10 A
3. C. Barrett 10 F
4. J. O'Connor 11 A
5. J. Lawrence 10 T

Open 400 m.

1. W. Uren 11 N 1.06.0
2. C. Salat 10 I
3. C. Barrett 10 F
4. F. Catanzarati 11 0
5. I. Lee 7 T

Open 800 m.

1. W. Uren 11 N 2.32.5
2. C. Arkins 7 R
3. C. Salat 10 I
4. A. Gregory 8 0

Open 800 m. Walk.

1. D. Turner 12 N 4.39.0
2. L. Williams 7 T
3. R. Pandolfi 8 T ) aeq.
- F. Power 10 I )

Open Girls 100 m.

1. D. Moss 11 I 13.7
2. T. Selden 12 A
3. L. Mewett 11 I
4. D. Martin 12 I
5. S. Harrod 12 R

BOYS:Open High Jump.

1. B. Scott 11 A 1.676 m.
2. G. Adams 11 F
3. G. Katsilis 12 T
4. C. Heffron 11 R
5. A. Teodorwych 11 N

16 Yrs. High Jump.

1. A. Lavopa 11 T 1.524m.
2. A. Williamson 11 N
3. G. Cinelli 10 0

15 Yrs. High Jump.

1. M. Ferguson 10 0 1.498m.
2. R. McPherson 10 T
3. S. Baxter 9 F
4. B. Devine 9 0



14 Yrs. High Jump.

1. R. Lee 8 R 1.346m.
2. M. Welsby 9 S
3. H. Suhanic 9 S

13 Yrs. High Jump.

1. J. Curtois 7 T 1.447 m.
2. J. Dunn 7 T
3. P. Patonai 7 F
4. R. Perri 8 T
5. C. Youens 7 S )  
F. Cassachia 8 F) aeq.

12 Yrs. High Jump.

1. P. Patterson 7 S 1.447 m.
2. D. Christie 7 F
3. A. Shelley 7 R

Open Shot Put.

1. I. Muller 12 I 10.24m.
2. W. Erickson 12 O
3. N. Lazzara 12 T
4. J. Kanyasi 12 R
5. M. Gibson 12 O

16 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. B. Pionic 10 I 12.66m.
2. G. Stathopoulos 10 A
3. G. Cinelli 10 O
4. G. Angelopoulos 11 F
5. E. Sandblom 11 A

15 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. B. Callingham 10 F 11.20m.
2. N. Spanopoulos 9 S
3. K. Komora 9 R
4. M. Ho 9 R
5. C. Papaioanou 9 T

14 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. K. Ho 8 R 10.53m.
2. R. McPherson 9 T
3. D. Trist 9 S
4. S. Austen 8 F

13 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. D. King 7 O 8.80m.
2. G. Hill 8 O
3. G. Scott 7 R
4. F. Gasparre 7 F
5. M. Citton 7 O

12 Yrs. Shot Put.

1. P. Patterson 7 S 8.65m.
2. D. Christie 7 F
3. D. Mee 7 F
4. G. Wesolowski 7 S
5. B. Katsogiannis 7 T

Open Javelin.

1. L. Everingham. 11 R 38.38m.
2. F. Antonini 12 F
3. I. Muller 12 I
4. M. Gibson 12 R
5. N. Lazzara 12 T

16 Yrs. Javelin.

1. C. Kaye 10 R 31.0m.
2. S. Cannon 10 F
3. G. Stathopoulos 10 A
4. A. Stevens 11 N
5. B. Pionic 10 I

15 Yrs. Javelin.

1. M. Ho 9 R 30.03m.
2. G. Constandinitis 9 F
3. K. Komora 9 R
4. C. Papaioanou 9 T
5. Y. Kaya 9 R

14 Yrs. Javelin.

1. K. Ho 8 R 32.05
2. P. Gibson 8 O
3. M. Welsby 9 S
4. H. Suhanic 9 S
5. R. McPherson 9 T





Open Discus.

1. S. Ouzas 12 A 31.45m.
2. W. Erickson 12 O
3. L. Everingham 11 R
4. C. Kay 10 R

16 Yrs. Discus.

1. T. Katsantonis 11 T 27.65m.
2. G. Stathopoulos 10 A
3. B. Milhailovic 10 I
4. T. Galanis 11 R
5. G. Cinelli 10 O

15 Yrs. Discus.

1. B. Mihailovic 10 I 28.55m.
2. Y. Kaya 9 R
3. K. Komora 9 R
4. N. Turner 9 S

14 Yrs. Discus.

1. K. Ho 8 R 22.29m.
2. J. Skouras 9 S
3. P. Gibson 8 O
4. P. Collins 8 F

Open Long Jump.

1. B. Scott 11 A 5.73m.
2. P. Szota 12 N
3. P. Laurendet 12 T
4. J. Carbone 12 F
5. T. Galanis 11 R

16 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. T. Galanis 11 R 5.61m.
2. R. Wood 10 N
3. G. Fitzpatrick 11 R
4. E. Sandblom 11 A
5. S. Cannon 10 F

15 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. M. Ho 9 R 4.85m.
2. R. McPherson 10 T
3. S. Baxter 9 F
4. B. Bull 10 F
5. J. Verzi 10 N

14 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. P. Gibson 8 O 4.82m.
2. S. Austen 8 F
3. D. Adcock 9 F
4. S. Szabo 8 S
5. B. Barr 8 F

13 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. J. Curtois 7 T 4.15m.
2. J. Dunn 7 T
3. P. Patonai 7 F
4. G. Stamenkovic 7 T
5. S. Beckett 7 F

12 Yrs. Long Jump.

1. P. Patterson 7 S 4.41m.
2. A. Ralec 7 T
3. D. Mee 7 F
4. H. Ward 7 S
5. R. Smith 7 F

16 Yrs. Triple Jump.

1. E. Sandblom 11 A 10.81m.
2. A. Lavopa 11 T

15 Yrs. Triple Jump.

1. B. Bull 10 F 10.49m.
2. M. Ho 9 R
3. R. Lee 9 R
4. K. Komora 9 R

14 Yrs. Triple Jump.

1. P. Gibson 8 O 9.84m.
2. S. Austen 8 F
3. K. Ho 8 R
4. M. Chapman 7 F
5. P. Patonai 7 F

Open 100m. Boys

1. G. Katsilis 12 T 11.4
2. P. Szota 12 N
3. R. Yamine 12 N
4. J. Carbone 12 F
5. P. Elligett 12 O





16 Yrs. 100m. Boys.

1. T. Galanis 11 R 12.0
2. A. Lavopa 11 T
3. G. Fitzpatrick 11 R
4. R. Wood 10 N
5. T. Gibson 11 R

15 Yrs. 100m. Boys

1. B. Bull 10 F 12.7
2. M. Ho 9 R
3. S. Baxter 9 F
4. P. Adolphe 10 F
5. K. Komora 9 R

14 Yrs. 100m. Boys

1. D. Adcock 9 F 13.1
2. R. McPherson 9 T
3. P. Gibson 8 0
4. K. Ho 8 R
5. D. Blume 9 F

13 Yrs. 100m. Boys.

1. F. Casacchia 8 F 13.3
2. J. Patikas 7 S
3. G. Hill 8 0
4. M. Chapman 7 F
5. D. Hume 8 R

12 Yrs. 100m. Boys.

1. P. Patterson 7 S 13.4
2. D. Christie 7 F
3. S. Harlamb 7 T
4. A. Ralec 7 T
5. D. Mee 7 F

Open Boys 400m.

1. P. Szota 12 N 54.0
2. A. Brichta 12 F
3. P. Elligett 12 0
4. S. Cannon 10 F
5. L. Mallin 12 T

16 Yrs. 1500m. Boys

1. J. Gibson 11 R 5.18.7
2. S. Cannon 10 F
3. J. Haldane 10 R
4. C. James 10 R

15 Yrs. Boys 400m.

1. D. Baxter 9 F 59.3
2. C. Jones 10 R
3. B. Buss 10 F
4. J. Demetriou 10 0
5. P. Adolphe 10 F

16 Yrs. Boys 400m.

1. M. Dwyer 11 0 59.1
2. M. Mieth 10 I
3. C. Cinelli 10 0
4. H. Box 10 F
5. M. Valentine 10 N

Open Boys 1500m.

1. P. Laurendet 12 T 4.43.0
2. M. Uren 12 N
3. P. Watson 12 N
4. G. Chambers 11 F

12 Yrs. Boys 800m.

1. P. Patterson 7 S 2.37.7
2. A. Ralec 7 T
3. S. Harlamb 7 T
4. A. Shelley 7 R

13 Yrs..800m.

1. D. Brown 8 F 2.27.2
2. G. Hill 8 0
3. M. Lindsay 7 0
4. V. Gibson 7 0

14 Yrs. 800m.

1. P. Gibson 8 0 2.22.5
2. D. Trist 9 S
3. P. Tancred 9 S
4. B. Barr 8 F

15 Yrs. 800m.

1. S. Baxter 9 F 2.16.4
2. C. Jones 10 R
3. D. Adolphe 10 F
4. B. Martin 10 T





16 Yrs. 800m.

1. P. Bull 11 F 2.18.4
2. S. Cannon 10 F
3. T. Gibson 11 R
4. A. Lavopa 11 T

Open 800m.

1. P. Laurendet 12 T 2.06.4
2. M. Uren 12 N
3. P. Watson 12 N
4. G. Illingworth 12 R

RELAYS:

Year 7 7 F 57.8  
7 S  
7 O

Year 8 8 O 57.2  
8 R  
8 F

Year 9 9 R 54.6  
9 T  
9 S

Year 10 10 F 55.2  
10 R  
10 I

Year 11 11 N 53.0  
11 I  
11 A

Year 12 12 I 54.5  
12 N  
12 O

SACK RELAYS:

Year 7 7 S  
7 F  
7 T

Year 8 8 F )  
8 O )  
8 S

Year 9 9 R  
9 F  
9 O

Year 10 10 F  
10 T  
10 A

FINAL ROLL CLASS SCORES:

1st	7 F	258
2nd	7 S	206
3rd	10 F	199
4th	7 O	157
5th	7 T	150

7 T	150
9 R	147
8 R	126
7 R	125
10 I	122
8 O	120
9 S	113
9 T	104
9 F	98
12 N	95
10 T	94
8 F	88
10 A	84
11 R	76
10 R	74
11 I	68
8 S	63
11 N	63
12 O	63
9 O	62
10 O	54
12 T	53
12 I	53
11 A	47
8 T	45
10 N	45
11 F	37
11 T	36
12 F	23
11 O	22
12 R	16
12 A	16





# Speech Day

## 1975

\*\*\*\*\* P R O G R A M M E. \*\*\*\*\*

Annual Speech Day      2nd December, 1975.

PROCESSIONAL: "Gaudeamus igitur"

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS: Mr. P. Davis,  
B.A., M.Ed., M.A.C.E.

MADRIGAL GROUP:

- (a) "Weep Oh Mine Eyes"
- (b) Three Madrigals

SCHOOL REPORT: Mrs. E. Rowe, M.B.E.,  
B.A., Dip.Ed., M.A.C.E.,  
Principal.

GIRLS' JUNIOR CHOIR:

- (a) "Alle Psallite"
- (b) Farewell from "The Magic Flute"

GUEST SPEAKER: Dr. Margaret A. Burgess,  
M.D., B.S., F.R.A.C.P., Norman  
Gregg Research Fellow.

SENIOR CHOIR:

- (a) "Standin' in de need of Prayer"
- (b) "Mister Banjo"

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:

Academic: Mr. T. J. Cahill, M.L.A.  
Mrs. L. Brown, President Old  
Girls' Union  
Mr. G. Bellamy, President  
Old Boys' Union  
Sports: Mr. and Mrs. W. Forbes.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' JUNIOR TREBLES AND  
BASS GROUP: "Running, Racing"

VOTE OF THANKS: Joy Herron  
Roger Davies

SCHOOL: "A School Song"  
"Advance, Australia Fair".

RECESSIONAL: Carol: "There is a rose"



## \*\*\* PRIZE LIST. \*\*\*

1974 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Litsa Zavras: Ada Partirdge Prize (Best Pass in Higher School Certificate 1974, presented by the OGU). Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics, H.S.C. 1974). Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (Best Pass in English, H.S.C. 1974).

Peter Dixon: The Killeen Memorial Prize for the Dux of the School proceeding to Sydney University. The Herbert Percival Williams Prize (Best Pass in Shakespeare questions, H.S.C. 1974). The Frederick Bridges Prize for French (Best Pass in French, H.S.C. 1974).

Glenn Spotswood: The D. J. Austin Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics, H.S.C. 1974). The Verco Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics H.S.C. 1974). The May Tunks Prize for Science.

Lynette Griffiths: The Emily Cruise Prize (Best Pass in History, H.S.C. 1974, presented by the O.G.U.). Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in English and History, H.S.C. 1974).

David Kennedy: The Warren Peck Prize (Best Pass in Modern History, H.S.C. 1974). Ancient History Prize.

Meredith Shipway: The Catherine, Janet and Pauline Calver Prize for Geography (Best Pass in Geography in H.S.C. 1974).

Neil Johnston: Sir Bertram Stevens Prize for Economics (Best Pass in Economics, H.S.C. 1974).

Jeffrey Coleman: Taylor Prize for Geography (Best Pass in Geography, H.S.C. 1974).

Ross McNair: The Lodge Fortian Prize for Proficiency.

Ann Murdoch: German, H.S.C. 1974.

Kim Watson: Japanese, H.S.C. 1974.

Jocelyn Marshall: Latin, H.S.C. 1974.

Hilton Terry: 2nd Level Industrial Arts H.S.C. 1974.

Ferial Koorey: Art, H.S.C. 1974.

FORM VI

Joy Herron: Elizabeth Cayzer Prize (School Captain). Baxendale Prize (Dux in English, Form VI). F. L. Burtenshaw Prize (Latin). Second Proficiency Prize. Old Girls' Union membership donated by O.G.U.).

Rod Broune: Major I.H. Sender Memorial Prize (School spirit, sports and studies).

Patricia Davies: Elsie Ferguson Memorial Prize (presented by a group of Teachers' College Students 1912-13 to the Vice-Captain).

George Jessup: Rona Sanford Pepper Prize awarded for service to the School).

Rosemary Marshall: Fanny Cohen Prize (Dux of the School presented by the O.G.U) A.M. Puxley Prize (Science, Form VI, Level I).

Roger Davies: First Proficiency Prize. Prize for Multistrand Science. Prize for Japanese.

Catherine O'Donnell: The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for History. Prize for Modern History.

Norrie Cannon: The Debien's Motor Auction Prize for citizenship and Community Service.

Lucy Blanda: Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Prize for Science, Level 2F.

John Boardman: The C.H.Christmas Prize (Scholarship and Service).

Stephen Knight: Mathematics.

Con. Anemogiannis: Ancient History (aeq.) C. H. Harrison Prize (Best Form VI English).



Karen Mewett: Ancient History (aeq.),  
Prize for French, Level I.

Dagmar Knees: German, Level I.

Graham Turner: Geography.

John Nicols: Economics.

Maria Castellanos: Art.

David Byron: Industrial Arts, Level I.

Lucy Latham: Music.

#### FORM V.

Jeffrey Kingston: Lilian G. Whiteoak  
Prize for Dux of Form V. Prize for  
Mathematics. Prize for Science (aeq.).

Endre Nagy: 1st Proficiency Prize  
Form V. Prize for French.

William Trotter: 2nd Proficiency Prize  
Form V. Prize for Science (aeq.).

Veronique Helmreich-Marsilien:  
Baxendale Prize for English.  
Prize for German. Prize for Art.

John Jessup: German Consul's Prize  
for German.

Gregory Ryan: Sir Bertram Stevens  
Prize for Economics.

Nick Klados: History. (Modern)

Mark McGrath: Ancient History.

Andrew Poulos: Industrial Arts.

Guy Westbrook: Geography.

Kathy Spitzer: Latin.

Kathryn Churches: General Studies.

Richard Yamine: John Hills  
Memorial Prize for manliness,  
leadership and school service.

Neil Smithies: Australian Outward  
Bound Memorial Foundation --  
Duke of Edinburgh Award for  
Bushwalking.

#### FORM IV

Connie Tirabosco: Molly Thornhill  
Prize (Dux of Form IV). Edith  
Glanville Prize (Best in English,  
Form IV), Renee Gombert Prize (Best  
in French and German Form IV).  
Baxendale Prize in English. Prize  
for German, Judge Renshaw Prize for  
S.C.

Anastasia Tsekouris: The Lodge Fortian  
Prize (School Certificate Proficiency).

Frank Marinelli: The Major-General  
A.C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize (English  
and History Form IV). Prize for  
Art (aeq.).

Peter Alexiadis: The Dr. George  
Mackness Prize for History (donated  
by his sisters).

Nalini Joshi: The Taylor Prize for  
Geography. Prize for Art (aeq.).

Milan Lukas: The Miss Mouldsdale's  
Prize (Science, Form IV). Prize for  
Japanese.

Susan Voss: German Consul's Prize  
(aeq.).

Sam Karatasis: German Consul's  
Prize (aeq.).

Con Mantzouridis: Prize for Metalwork.

Anthony Giunta: Technical Drawing.

Louella Ferrari: French. Latin.

David Wells: Woodwork.

Trevor Dixon: Commerce. Mathematics.

Vera Cvetkovski: Needlework.

Christopher Cheng: Music.



FORM III

Sanjay Seth: Baxendale Prize (Dux in English). Prize for History. Prize for Geography..

Naomi Star: German Consul's Prize (aeq.)

Stephen Sycz: German Consul's Prize (aeq.).

Loula Kouzaleas: English.

Pascal Adolphe: English

Rose Lee: English

Christine Colless: English

Shivaun Inglis: English

Donald Morante: English

Adele Catts: History.  
Geography.  
Commerce.

Carol Davies: History

Silvia Vasco: History

Cheryl Farmer: History

Chris Kaye: Metalwork

George Cinelli: Woodwork (aeq.).

Mark Raddatz: Woodwork

Paul Gorrell: Geography.  
Commerce.  
Technical Drawing.

Christina Babilis: Geography  
German  
Mathematics.

Geoffrey Lane: Commerce  
Science  
Japanese.

Angela Grigoriou: Commerce.

David Trodden: Commerce.

Tamara Bicego: Art.

Stephanie Ellis: Art, French.

Perry Ellis: Science.

Trevor Dempsey: Science.

Rohini Thavaravy: Science.  
Japanese.

Mark Mieth: Mathematics.

Geoffrey Sharpe: Mathematics.

Michael Gray: Mathematics.

Terry Pilmore: Mathematics.

Julie Downy: Mathematics.

Vula Kokkinis: French, German.

Janice Everitt: Needlework.

Sally Voss: French

Beverley Alderton: Latin

Felice Tirabosco: Technical Drawing.

Robert McPherson: Technical Drawing.

FORM II

Maria Tirabosco: Bishop Kirkby Prize (Best pass in History). Prize for French. Prize for German.

Kon Komora: Dr. J.J.C. Bradfield Prize (for Science). Prize for Mathematics. Prize for Latin.

Irene Van Beek: Baxendale Prize (Dux in English).

Jennifer Yip: German Consul's Prize.

Jacqueline Lisson: Prize for Mathematics.

Grace Gideon: Prize for Mathematics.

Ksenia Theodorowych: Mathematics.



Matthew Sandblom: Mathematics.

Con Iliadis: Technical Drawing.

Mark Deayton: Technical Drawing.

Suzanne Cvetkovski: Woodwork.

Steven Walsh: Woodwork.

Allison Churches: Geography, Art.

Mary Savas: Geography.

Peter Slattery: Commerce, English.

David Baxter: Commerce, History.

Jacqueline Harcz: Commerce.

Jennifer Lindon: History, Japanese.

Roland Tellzen: History, Science.

Jacqueline Rider: English, French, Metalwork.

William Jamieson: English.

Susan Norberry: French.

Yvonne Ziegler: German

Nicole Goerl: Home Science.

Catherine Parmigiani: Science.

Alayne Alvis: Science.

Olga Stevanovic: Art

#### FORM I

Julie Yip: Dux of Form I, Prize for Mathematics (aeq.), Prize for Social Science, Prize for Craft, Baxendale Prize for English.

Claudia Shaw: The Major General A.C. Fewtrell Prize for English and History, Prize for History.

Jenny Roach: First Proficiency, Prize for History.

Ann Gregory: Second Proficiency, Prize for Languages.

Nicholas Karefylakis: Third Proficiency, Prize for Science.

Jacqueline Einer: Fourth Proficiency, Prize for History (aeq.), Prize for Mathematics, Prize for Science, Prize for Music.

Timothy Allen: History (aeq.), Social Science, Art.

Deborah Ware: History, Languages.

Julie Trotter: Prize for History, Prize for Languages, Social Science and Craft.

Helen Spowart: Languages.

Mark Russell: Languages.

Geoffrey Bell: Craft.

Albert Lee: Craft, Mathematics.

Andrew Wilson: Craft, Art.

Robert Borgo: Craft.

Tony Zullo: Craft, Art.

Allison Peters: Mathematics (aeq.).

Charlie Pashi: Mathematics.

Vincent Di Stephano: Mathematics.

Rena Pandolphe: Languages (aeq.).

Joanne Duncan: Music.

Richard Cervený: Music.

Stephen Austen: Music

Duncan Hume: Music

Stuart Jones: Social Science.



Mark Donohoo: Art.

Christine Strauss: Art.

Lyn Hudson: Craft

Ruth MacKenzie: Craft, English.

Jenny Cannon: Craft.

Annette Borrer: English.

Yvonne Bailey: English

Jennifer Maddox: English

SPORTS AWARDS.

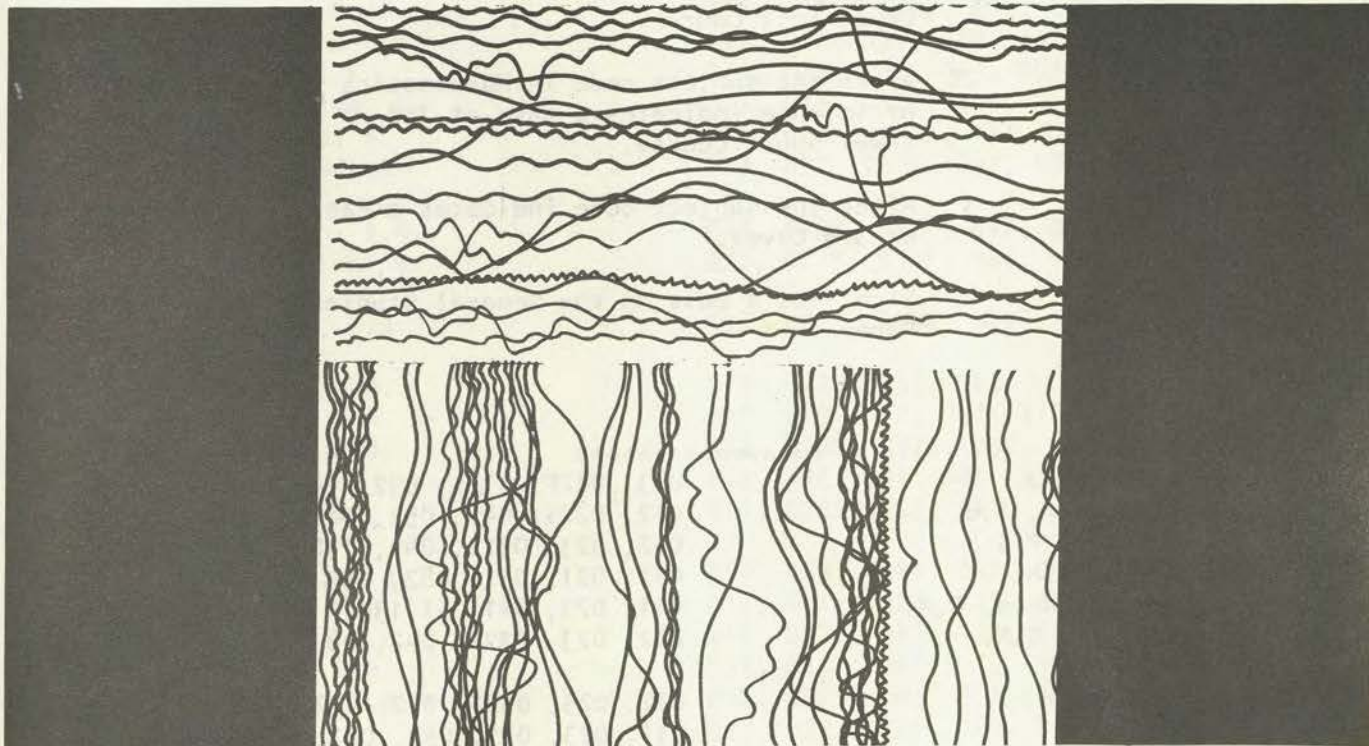
Margot Harrod: Jan Stephenson Trophy  
for Senior Sportswoman (aeq.).

Toni Selden: Jan Stephenson Trophy for  
Senior Sportswoman (aeq.).

Ian Taylor: Johnson Memorial Prize -  
Senior Sportsman.

Dell Moss: Jan Stephenson Trophy for  
Junior Sportswoman.

Peter Gibson: Johnson Memorial Prize -  
Junior Sportsman.



MARK HEYWOOD - 24.9.63 - 22.5.76.

*The Staff and Students of the School extend  
their sympathy to the family of the late  
Mark Heywood, a pupil of 7F, 1976.*





1975 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS.Subject Code Key.

01 English, 02 Mathematics, 03 Science, 04 Modern History, 05 Ancient History, 06 French, 07 German, 08 Economics, 09 Geography, 10 Latin, 11 Art, 12 Music, 13 General Studies, 14 Industrial Arts, 15 Italian, 16 Japanese, 17 Chinese, 18 Spanish.

1. After the subject code indicates a 1st Level Pass.
2. After the subject code indicates a 2nd Level Pass.
- 2F After the subject code in Mathematics or Science indicates a pass at 2nd Level Full Course.
- 2S After the subject code in Mathematics or Science indicates a pass at 2nd level Short Course.
- 3 After the subject code indicates a Pass at 3rd Level.
- P Signifies a pass on the General Studies Paper.

\*\*\*\*\*

Abbas, A.J.	013, 022F, 032S, 092, 142, 13P.
Alexander, I.J.	012, 022S, 041, 052, 081.
Allison, P.G.	012, 023, 032S, 041, 13P.
Alvis, R.M.	012, 021, 031, 082, 13P.
Anemogiannis, C.A.	011, 023, 041, 051, 13P.
Arndell, G.R.	012, 023, 032S, 042, 083, 063, 13P.
Bailey, A.P.	012, 023, 032S, 042, 112, 13P.
Baker, C.T.	011, 023, 041, 051, 083.
Baldwin, A.M.	012, 022S, 052, 082, 112, 13P.
Barnard, L.C.	013, 022S, 032F, 082, 121, 13P.
Barry, S.D.	012, 022S, 032S, 041, 13P.
Baxter, G.A.	022S, 032F, 142.
Berry, J.	013, 023, 032S, 083, 13P.
Blanda, L.	012, 022F, 032F, 061, 13P.
Boardman, J.K.	013, 022S, 032S, 092, 082.
Brelsford, K.L.	012, 022F, 031, 081, 13P.
Broadbent, J.S.	012, 022F, 031, 141, 13P.
Brouggy, C.Y.	012, 023, 032S, 052, 112.
Broune, R.J.	011, 021, 031, 091, 13P.
Brown, G.M.	013, 022S, 032S, 042, 082.
Burchett, R.	011, 022S, 032S, 092, 062, 13P.
Byron, D.M.	012, 021, 031, 141, 13P.



Cannon, N.D.	012, 022S, 032S, 092, 081, 13P.
Cassimatis, N.G.	013, 021, 032F, 143, 13P.
Castellanos, M.T.	012, 022F, 032S, 111, 13P, 181.
Chanter, R.A.	012, 033, 042, 112, 13P.
Chiu, R.S.	013, 023, 032S, 092, 082, 13P.
Ciganeck, J.M.	012, 022F, 032F, 042, 062, 13P.
Cilona, R.S.	012, 023, 032S, 042, 052, 082, 13P.
Constanti, M.	012, 023, 032S, 092, 082.
Cooley, G.D.	013, 023, 033, 092.
Coutts, D.	011, 023, 032S, 041, 092, 13P.
Cowling, J.L.	012, 022S, 032S, 091, 063, 123, 13P
Cox, G.M.	012, 021, 031, 071, 13P.
Daniel, A.H.	012, 023, 032S, 042, 091.
Davidson, J.S.	013, 023, 032S, 043, 092, 082, 13P.
Davies, A.	013, 023, 033, 082, 112.
Davies, P.J.	012, 022S, 032S, 091, 082, 121.
Davies, R.P.	011, 021, 031, 162, 13P.
Davis, G.K.	013, 023, 042, 053, 092.
de Cataldo, G.	013, 021, 032F, 141.
Di Marco, S.	012, 022F, 032S, 151, 082, 13P.
Dimitriou, A.	013, 023, 032F, 092, 082, 13P.
Eagleson, S.D.	013, 022S, 032F, 042, 083, 13P.
Efstathiou, H.	012, 022F, 032F, 061, 13P.
Fischle, B.J.	012, 022F, 032F, 042, 13P.
Geribo, K.A.	013, 022S, 033, 062.
Glover, G.R.	012, 023, 052, 062, 112, 13P.
Gordon, A.J.	012, 022S, 032S, 092, 082, 13P.
Gray, A.R.	012, 021, 031, 081, 13P.
Green, W.G.	011, 022S, 052, 061, 101, 13P.
Harding, C.J.	013, 023, 032S, 042, 092, 083, 13P.
Harrod, M.A.	012, 021, 032F, 102, 13P.
Hayward, R.H.	012, 032S, 041, 082, 13P.
Herron, F.J.	011, 021, 031, 101, 13P.
Hillman, G.R.	012, 022S, 042, 052, 082, 13P.
Hinds, J.J.	013, 023, 032F, 083.
Ho, A.	012, 022F, 031, 091, 13P.
Howell, C.	012, 022F, 083.
Hoy, G.R.	013, 023, 032F, 112.
Hunter, A.J.	012, 022S, 032F, 083.
Ius, R.	013, 022F, 031, 042, 13P.
Jessup, G.	012, 021, 031, 082, 121, 13P.
Johnson, C.M.	013, 021, 032F, 082, 13P.
Jones, B.	012, 023, 053, 072.
Kaposi, S.	012, 023, 032S, 092, 082, 13P.
Karsai, P.	012, 022F, 032F, 041, 141, 13P.
Keevers, D.R.	012, 022S, 042, 092, 083, 13P.
Klee, Y.J.	012, 021, 031, 102, 13P.
Knees, D.V.	012, 022S, 032S, 071, 061.



Knight, S.W.	012, 021, 032F, 081.
Ko, W.A.	011, 022F, 032F, 051, 122, 13P.
Kossivas, H.	012, 022S, 041, 053, 062, 13P.
Kubis, P.M.	012, 022S, 032S, 041, 112, 13P.
Kyriakopoulos, W.A.	012, 022S, 041, 051, 082.
Lantouris, T.	013, 022F, 032F, 042, 082.
Latham, L.J.	013, 022S, 032S, 091, 082, 121.
Launt, G.L.	013, 022S, 032S, 092, 063.
Lembit, R.S.	012, 021, 031, 091.
Lennard, L.R.	012, 021, 031, 041, 13P.
Lisson, D.A.	011, 022S, 042, 052, 061, 13P.
Livermore, L.C.	012, 032S, 042, 112, 13P.
Lorger, S.M.	012, 023, 032S, 041, 092, 13P.
Lush, T.J.	012, 022S, 032S, 092, 081, 13P.
Lyons, D.G.	011, 023, 13P.
Malamas, K.	011, 022S, 032S, 042, 082, 13P.
Manoleras, N.	013, 022F, 031, 141, 13P.
Marshall, R.W.	011, 021, 031, 101, 122, 13P.
Matterson, P.A.	023, 032S, 143.
Matysek, P.J.	012, 022F, 032F, 042, 063, 13P.
McKenna, L.F.	011, 022F, 032F, 092, 13P.
McKone, M.J.	023, 032S, 043, 143.
McLeod, N.L.	013, 022F, 031, 043, 093.
McWilliams, R.A.	013, 023, 032S, 042, 052, 082, 13P.
Mewett, K.P.	011, 022S, 041, 051, 061, 13P.
Miller, S.G.	013, 023, 032S, 042, 052, 13P.
Montgomery, J.D.	023.
Moriatis, M.	013, 021, 032F, 072, 13P.
Morrison, B.J.	013, 023, 032S, 042, 052.
Mouratidis, V.	011, 021, 031, 041.
Nicols, J.	013, 021, 031, 082, 13P.
O'Brien, M.H.	012, 022F, 031, 092, 13P.
O'Donnell, C.E.	011, 022S, 031, 041, 111, 13P.
Orkney, R.J.	012, 022F, 032F, 042.
Osborne, R.S.	012, 022F, 032F, 082, 13P.
Pack, N.J.	012, 022F, 032F, 092, 082, 13P.
Paschalidis, A.	012, 023, 041, 052, 083, 13P.
Pearson, R.G.	012, 041, 052, 081, 13P.
Pelcz, S.I.	012, 021, 031, 082, 111, 13P.
Petroulas, C.	012, 022F, 031, 141, 13P.
Primmer, C.	011, 023, 032S, 053, 13P.
Purcell, L.E.	011, 022S, 121.
Rattanavan, C.	013, 022S, 042, 093, 172.
Redwin, K.L.	012, 023, 052, 082, 061, 13P.
Retsinias, A.	012, 041, 092, 112, 13P.
Riddington, K.J.	012, 023, 051, 092, 082, 13P.
Ristuccia, C.P.	012, 022S, 031, 083, 13P.
Robinson, G.C.	023.
Rodwell, M.F.	013, 022F, 032F, 043, 082.



Rokobauer, S.A.	012, 022F, 032F, 092, 072, 13P.
Russell, R.K.	013, 023, 032S, 091, 082, 13P.
Russell, V.F.	012, 022S, 051, 092, 082, 13P.
Salapatas, P.	012, 022F, 032F, 082, 13P.
Salter, G.D.	012, 022F, 031, 082, 13P.
Scott, D.S.	012, 022S, 033, 051, 13P.
Scullion, G.	012, 022S, 032S, 092, 063, 13P.
Selden, P.	012, 022F, 032F, 072, 13P.
Sheather, P.J.	012, 022F, 031, 082.
Smith, A.C.	012, 022F, 031, 082, 13P.
Steele, L.M.	013, 112.
Stemp, K.M.	013, 033, 112, 13P.
Strath, J.R.	012, 023, 032S, 042, 082, 13P.
Swadling, M.G.	011, 022F, 031, 081, 13P.
Swensson, S.J.	012, 022F, 031, 101, 13P.
Sycz, M.A.	012, 023, 031, 091, 071, 13P.
Taylor, I.P.	013, 022S, 032S, 092, 081, 13P.
Theodosi, T.G.	012, 022F, 032F, 082.
Turner, G.W.	012, 022F, 031, 091, 13P.
Valpiani, C.	012, 021, 031, 041, 13P.
Vatner, L.G.	012, 022S, 032S, 042, 082, 13P.
Wade, M.	013, 023, 033, 093.
Waterford, G.M.	012, 021, 041, 051, 081, 13P.
Watson, D.J.	012, 022S, 032S, 092, 062, 13P.
Wearn, A.D.	012, 032S, 042, 052, 13P.
Wiley, G.	011, 022F, 031, 081, 13P.
Whitling, A.C.	012, 112, 121, 13P.
Wignall, G.D.	012, 022F, 031, 042, 092, 13P.
Wong, S.	012, 021, 031, 091, 13P.
Worrall, D.C.	013, 023, 033, 13P.
Wright, P.	012, 023, 052, 092, 13P.
Young, J.	012, 022F, 031, 082, 13P.



1975 SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS.Subject Code Key.

The numbers and letters after each name are codes for the Subject passed; the level attained; and the grade of each pass.

The codes are:-

Subjects

- |                |                       |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| 1. English     | 10. Japanese          |
| 2. Science     | 11. Music (A.M.E.B.)  |
| 3. Mathematics | 12. Music (S.S.Bd.)   |
| 4. Geography   | 13. Technical Drawing |
| 5. History     | 14. Woodwork          |
| 6. Commerce    | 15. Metalwork         |
| 7. Art         | 16. Greek             |
| 8. French      | 17. Needlework        |
| 9. German      | 18. Latin A           |
|                | 19. Italian.          |

Level

- |   |   |                |
|---|---|----------------|
| A | = | Advanced Level |
| O | = | Ordinary Level |
| M | = | Modified Level |

Grade

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| 1 | First Grade  |
| 2 | Second Grade |
| 3 | Third Grade  |
| 4 | Fourth Grade |
| 5 | Fifth Grade  |
| P | Pass         |

Adamedes, A.	101, 2A3, 301, 403, 5A4, 17A3.
Adin, K.B.	1A1, 2A1, 3A2, 4A2, 5A1, 9A4.
Adler, M.	1A5, 2A5, 3A4, 402, 5A5, 6A5.
Allen, M.T.	1A1, 2A3, 3A3, 4A2, 5A2, 7A3.
Arkins, K.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 5A4, 6A2, 802.
Astley, D.S.	1A3, 2A4, 302, 4A5, 5A4, 6A3.
Beattie, M.K.	1A1, 2A1, 3A1, 5A2, 8A2, 9A1.
Brush, K.D.	1A2, 2A2, 3A2, 4A1, 6A1, 8A3.
Bucko, R.M.	1A5, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 8A5, 9A2.
Burchett, C.A.	1A1, 2A1, 3A2, 4A1, 6A1, 8A3.
Cahill, P.L.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 4A3, 7A2, 801.
Caines, D.L.	1A3, 2A5, 303, 504, 6A5, 802.
Campbell, M.J.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 4A4, 5A4, 6A3.
Carroll, R.J.	1A1, 2A2, 3A3, 5A1, 8A3, 18A4.
Carnogoy, A.A.	1A4, 2A3, 303, 4A3, 6A4, 8A3.
Catanzariti, F.	1A4, 2A2, 3A3, 4A2, 8A1, 18A4.
Cause, V.	1A2, 2A4, 3A5, 4A5, 5A4, 17A1.
Cierpiol, L.K.	1A4, 2A2, 3A3, 4A3, 8A2, 9A1.
Collins, C.A.	1A4, 2A3, 3A3, 5A3, 6A3, 8A4.
Clements, P.M.	1A1, 2A3, 3A4, 5A3, 7A2, 11AP, 802.
Cvetkovski, V.	1A2, 2A2, 3A2, 5A2, 17A1, 8A2.



Davies, V.J.	1A3, 2A3, 3A2, 5A2, 7A1, 801.
Diakanastasi, M.	1A3, 2A3, 3A4, 4A2, 8A1, 18A3.
Dodds, J.	1A2, 2A3, 3A4, 4A4, 5A4, 18A5.
Dodge, K.M.	1A5, 2A4, 303, 404, 5A5, 1703.
Donlon, K.A.	1A3, 2A3, 3A4, 5A3, 8A3, 18A3.
Englert, J.A.	1A3, 2A2, 3A1, 4A2, 8A1, 9A2.
Englezou, S.	1A1, 2A2, 3A2, 5A3, 6A2, 8A2.
Ferrari, L.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 4A2, 8A1, 18A1.
Fitzgerald, K.	1A1, 2A3, 301, 4A2, 6A3, 8A4.
Fitzpatrick, K.G.	1A5, 2A4, 303, 4A5, 5A4, 18A5.
Fong, E.K.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 5A3, 7A2, 12A2.
Galanis, K.	1A3, 2A1, 3A1, 4A3, 8A1, 18A2.
Gil, J.	1A3, 2A2, 3A2, 4A3, 8A1, 9A2.
Glitzner, C.	1A5, 2A5, 3A5, 404, 502, 1703.
Goldberg, L.K.	1A5, 2A4, 301, 4A5, 5A3, 7A3.
Goslett, R.W.	1A4, 2A3, 3A5, 4A3, 5A3, 7A3.
Graham, J.	102, 2A5, 305, 401, 5A5, 6A5.
Grigoriadis, B.	102, 2A5, 303, 403, 503, 7A5.
Groening, A.L.	1A5, 2A5, 3A4, 403, 5A4, 7A5.
Hackett, K.A.	1A4, 2A3, 302, 5A3, 7A2, 8A4.
Hatfield, D.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 501, 7A2, 8A3.
Henson, J.L.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 4A2, 8A1, 18A3.
Herridge, L.	1A2, 2A2, 3A2, 4A3, 6A2, 8A1.
Hight, J.	1A1, 2A2, 3A2, 5A2, 8A1, 9A2.
Hionis, I.	1A3, 2A3, 303, 5A3, 8A4, 9A4.
Hronopoulou, F.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 4A3, 8A1, 9A2.
Hudson, J.	101, 2A3, 3A3, 5A4, 1703, 8A3.
Hudson, L.C.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 5A3, 6A3, 8A3.
Jensen, L.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 5A3, 7A1, 8A3.
Joshi, N.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 4A1, 7A1, 8A1.
Kalithraka, M.	1A2, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 5A3, 6A2.
Karailias, H.	1A5, 2A5, 3A2, 402, 5A4, 18A5.
Karam, S.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 5A2, 8A1, 18A4.
Katidis, S.	1A1, 2A3, 302, 5A2, 8A4, 9A5.
Kaydos, E.	1A3, 2A2, 303, 5A3, 8A4, 902.
Klembetsani, H.	1A5, 2A4, 301, 401, 6A5, 801.
Kourouni, S.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 4A2, 8A1, 18A2.
Koutiris, A.	1A3, 2A2, 301, 4A3, 5A4, 7A3.
Kyrdes, A.	1A3, 2A1, 3A2, 4A3, 8A2, 18A3.
Leone, F.	1A1, 2A1, 3A5, 4A3, 5A3, 6A2.
McLeod, K.	1A2, 2A2, 3A2, 4A2, 5A3, 6A1.
Mackey, K.E.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 4A1, 6A2, 8A3.
Markopoulos, E.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 5A4, 8A2, 9A2.
Markos, M.	1A5, 2A3, 303, 5A4, 1701, 8A5.
Martin, L.L.	1A5, 2A4, 302, 401, 603, 801.
Mewett, L.J.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 4A1, 5A2, 18A3.
Mihaljevic, L.	1A1, 2A1, 3A1, 4A1, 5A1, 18A1.



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Munir, A.	101, 2A2, 301, 4A3, 8A4, 1803.
Nelson, A.	1A5, 2A4, 3M1, 4A5, 6A5, 8A5.
Nikolatsopoulou, M.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 4A3, 501, 9A4.
O'Connor, J.L.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 4A5, 5A3, 6A3.
Pashi, P.	1A3, 2A4, 3A4, 4A4, 502, 6A3.
Poser, R.	102, 2A3, 3M1, 403, 502, 903.
Pritchard, W.J.	1A3, 2A2, 302, 5A4, 7A3, 8A4.
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Ryan, L.R.	1A4, 2A2, 301, 4A4, 5A4, 1702.
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Savas, D.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 4A1, 8A2, 18A2.
Sheumack, D.	1A5, 2A5, 3A3, 503, 6A3, 801.
Small, L.M.	1A1, 2A2, 3A2, 4A2, 6A2, 8A2.
Tack, D.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 8A4, 1803.
Taylor, L.	1A4, 2A3, 303, 5A3, 7A3, 802.
Tipping, D.R.	1A5, 2A5, 301, 4A5, 1704, 802.
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Boyd, D.P.	102, 2A5, 3M1, 5A5, 13A5, 904.



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Cheng, C.W.	1A2, 2A3, 3A3, 4A1, 6A2, 12A1.
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Cullura, F.	101, 2A4, 301, 4A3, 6A3, 13A3.
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Eagles, I.C.	1A4, 2A4, 3A4, 5A3, 6A4, 13A5.
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Gibson, T.J.	101, 2A4, 302, 5A3, 6A5, 15A4.
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Giunta, S.	1A5, 2A3, 3A2, 4A3, 6A3, 13A3.
Graniero, A.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 6A3, 10A4.
Hagstrom, N.E.	1A3, 2A3, 302, 5A2, 6A3, 15A3.
Harley, R.	1A5, 2A3, 301, 4A3, 6A4, 14A4.
Harrison, M.	1A1, 2A3, 301, 5A3, 13A5, 8A5.
Hart, M.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 5A3, 6A3, 7A2.
Heagney, B.M.	1A5, 2A5, 301, 503, 6A4, 704.
Hedrlin, P.	1A2, 2A2, 3A2, 4A2, 8A1, 10A4.
Heffron, C.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 4A2, 6A3, 8A3.
Hodgson, D.W.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 5A3, 6A2, 8A4.
Innes, B.J.	1A3, 2A3, 3A4, 4A3, 6A3, 13A3.



Isaac, G.	1A5, 2A4, 303, 5A4, 6A3, 14A4.
Jobling, P.D.	1A5, 2A2, 3A3, 4A3, 6A3, 9A5.
Joyce, G.V.	1A5, 2A4, 3A3, 4A5, 6A3, 1003.
Kafcaloudes, P.N.	1A4, 2A3, 3A5, 5A3, 6A4, 903.
Karatas, S.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 5A1, 6A1, 9A1.
Karras, A.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 5A3, 6A4.
Katsantonis, T.	1A4, 2A2, 3A2, 4A3, 6A3, 13A4.
Kavo, F.	1A4, 2A3, 303, 4A3, 6A3, 12A5.
Kelly, W.	1A3, 2A3, 302, 4A2, 5A2, 6A3.
Kospetas, J.	1A5, 2A4, 3A3, 5A3, 6A3, 13A5.
Knynenburg, S.	1A4, 2A4, 3A3, 4A5, 6A5, 7A4.
Lacey, J.	1A5, 2A4, 302, 502, 6A5, 15A5.
Ladopoulos, A.	1A2, 2A2, 3A2, 5A2, 6A3, 13A5.
Lauriola, L.	1A3, 2A2, 301, 5A2, 6A2, 901.
Lavopa, A.	1A3, 2A4, 3A3, 4A4, 6A3, 9A4.
Lawton, J.	1A4, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 6A4, 13A4.
Learmonth, J.W.	1A5, 2A5, 3M1, 5A5, 703, 1205.
Lee, F.E.	1A3, 2A1, 3A2, 4A1, 6A2, 13A3.
Lenton, M.R.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 5A2, 12A2, 8A2.
Lucas, G.J.	1A4, 2A3, 301, 4A4, 6A4, 15A4.
Lukas, M.R.	1A3, 2A1, 3A2, 4A1, 8A1, 10A2.
Luketic, Z.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 5A3, 13A3, 15A2.
McFadden, B.J.	103, 2A4, 3A3, 5A5, 13A3, 15A3.
McKay, G.D.	1A4, 2A3, 3A2, 5A4, 15A4, 8A4.
Maddock, G.S.	1A3, 2A2, 3A2, 4A3, 6A4, 10A4.
Manousaridis, N.	1A1, 2A1, 3A1, 5A2, 7A3, 12A2.
Mantzouridis, C.	1A4, 2A1, 3A2, 5A4, 13A3, 15A2.
Marinelli, F.	1A1, 2A1, 3A3, 5A1, 6A1, 7A1, 19AP.
Martin, B.	1A3, 2A3, 3A4, 4A3, 14A4, 9A5.
Maurici, F.	1A1, 2A1, 3A2, 5A2, 6A2, 13A2.
Mazzoni, E.G.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 4A3, 6A3, 901, 19AP.
Mitchell, D.C.	1A3, 2A2, 3A2, 5A1, 6A1, 10A3.
Morcillo, V.	1A5, 2A3, 3A4, 5A4, 13A4, 15A3.
Moss, D.G.	1A3, 2A3, 3A5, 5A3, 7A3, 904.
Munro, H.R.	1A1, 2A3, 3A3, 5A3, 6A3, 11AP, 9A5.
Murphy, R.	1A5, 2A5, 303, 404, 15A5, 14A5.
Mustac, M.D.	1A4, 2A2, 3A2, 404, 6A3, 9A5.
Nielssen, O.B.	1A3, 2A2, 3A2, 4A2, 5A2, 7A4.
Newton, W.	1A5, 2A3, 3A5, 4A4, 13A3, 15A3.
Niemenen, P.	1A5, 2A3, 301, 5A4, 703, 13A5.
Ohlsen, F.	1A4, 2A5, 303, 503, 6A4, 1201.
Oliver, B.	1A3, 2A3, 3A2, 5A3, 7A2, 13A3.
Pack, M.W.	1A4, 2A3, 302, 5A4, 6A4, 14A4.
Pappas, N.B.	1A2, 2A1, 3A2, 5A2, 8A3, 10A2.
Patatou, J.J.	1A3, 2A4, 303, 5A4, 6A3, 703.
Pederson, M.P.	1A5, 2A3, 301, 401, 603, 14A5.
Phillips, C.W.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 401, 602, 7A3.
Pollopoulos, A.	1A5, 2A3, 304, 5A4, 6A4, 702.
Ponzio, V.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 5A3, 6A3, 8A3.



Rauch, J.R.	1A4, 2A3, 3A2, 5A3, 13A3, 9A2.
Read, D.L.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 4A4, 13A4, 15A3.
Reid, P.A.	1A5, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 13A3, 14A5.
Roberts, P.	103, 2A4, 3M1, 4A3, 13A5, 14A5.
Rogerson, B.R.	1A2, 2A2, 3A3, 5A3, 7A3, 12A2.
Rokobauer, J.L.	1A4, 2A2, 3A3, 4A1, 14A4, 9A4.
Sandblom, E.	1A1, 2A2, 3A2, 4A2, 7A2, 12A3.
Santi, A.	101, 2A3, 3A4, 4A5, 8A5, 10A5.
Scott, B.A.	1A5, 2A3, 3A4, 5A4, 13A3, 15A4.
Short, A.	1A5, 2A4, 302, 501, 6A5, 903.
Silva, L.	1A5, 2A5, 303, 502, 6A5, 704.
Slunsky, B.J.	102, 2A5, 3M1, 404, 602, 904.
Snowden, B.J.	1A3, 2A4, 303, 5A3, 1203, 8A5.
Steel, C.	1A5, 2A4, 301, 501, 13A5, 15A5.
Stevens, A.J.	1A4, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 13A5, 9A5.
Stewart, J.D.	1A4, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 13A3, 8A5.
Strutzenberger, H.	1A3, 2A4, 3A4, 4A3, 14A5, 9A3.
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Taylor, N.B.	1A3, 2A2, 3A3, 5A2, 7A3, 13A4.
Teodorowych, A.	1A2, 2A2, 3A2, 5A3, 7A1, 10A3.
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Vougiatzis, C.	1A5, 2A5, 301, 403, 605, 704.
Vouroudis, P.	1A2, 2A1, 3A1, 5A1, 6A2, 9A2.
Waddington, S.P.	1A5, 2A4, 303, 5A3, 6A5, 14A4.
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Wheeler, M.L.	1A4, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 14A5, 1202.
Williamson, A.J.	1A3, 2A3, 3A2, 4A2, 6A3, 10A5.
Wilson, B.I.	1A4, 2A3, 303, 4A2, 7A4, 1204.
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Yakalis, J.E.	1A4, 2A3, 3A3, 4A3, 7A3, 9A4.
Zamagias, P.	1A4, 2A4, 301, 4A3, 13A5, 803.
Zographakis, T.	1A3, 2A3, 3A3, 5A3, 13A4, 8A3.



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 HAPMAN, Matthew  
 HRISTIE, David  
 BOBBY, Brett  
 UNCAN, Michael  
 UNN, Martin  
 VANS, Craig  
 ASPARRE, Frank  
 RAY, Gordon  
 EYWOOD, Mark  
 EEB, Darryl  
 ATONAI, Peter  
 OLADIAN, Leon  
 SMITH, Robert  
 AN CLEEF, Andrew  
 RONTIS, Steven  
 EEB, Stephen  
  
 RAND, Megan  
 RANDON, Donna  
 ROE, Mary  
 ONLAN, Christine  
 AVIES, Joanne  
 ONOHOO, Catherine  
 EN, Georgianna  
 RACE, Jane  
 SAIAS, Agnes  
 UTRA, Maria  
 ANE, Jeanette  
 EE, Irene  
 MBIT, Diane  
 ETERS, Lorna  
 BERTSON, Susan  
 LAT, Dagmar  
 RGEANT, Leanne  
 OTHILL, Josephine  
 AFFORD, Lynn  
 AR, Adrienne  
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CEGO, Dario  
 RGESS, Sean  
 MPBELL, Steven  
 RTER, Warren  
 TTON, Michael  
 Nstantinopoulos, Andrew  
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 NTIER, Stephane  
 WARDS, Graham  
 LIS, George

FISHER, Steven  
 FRANCO, Michele  
 GIBSON, Vincent  
 HARRINGTON, Benjamin  
 JURECKA, Brett  
 KING, David  
 LANE, Ian  
 LANE, Richard  
 LEONE, James  
 LINDSAY, Mark  
 MUSSON, Michael  
 SESSIONS, Brett  
 WOOD, Robert  
 ZVIRBLIS, Gerrard

CLARK, Gillian  
 CONNING, Margaret  
 FLYNN, Jennifer  
 GHELLER, Gina  
 GRAHAM, Tracey  
 HAUB, Yvonne  
 KAREFYLAKIS, Joanna  
 LEVY, Margaret  
 LUCAS, Robyn  
 NURMI, Christine  
 PACEY, Leonie  
 POWER, Belinda  
 ROBINSON, Jane  
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 MALFITANO, Salvatore  
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 MULLER, Andrew  
 RISIO, Roberto  
 SCOTT, Graeme  
 SENBRUNS, Craig  
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 SINTRAS, John  
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ARKINS, Colleen  
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DIXON, Grace  
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 KALITHRAKA, Helen  
 KERRISON, Wendy  
 LIM, Kimin  
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 McDONALD, Christine  
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 ARMSTRONG, Peter  
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 CURTOIS, John  
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 DOYLE, Anthony  
 DUNN, James  
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 KATSOGIANNIS, William  
 KUPU, David  
 MARZINOTTO, Kenneth  
 NICOLS, Paul  
 NOTARANGELO, Ricky  
 O'SULLIVAN, Shaun  
 RALEC, Alexander  
 STAMENKOVIC, Goran  
 STEEL, Shaun  
 TERMESANA, Mauricio

ALIFERIS, Patricia  
 COLEMAN, Wendy  
 FEARNLEY, Kaye  
 GERRARD, Sheryl  
 JENSEN, Lynn  
 KARATASAS, Katherine  
 KEFALAS, Vicky  
 KOTSARIS, Constantina (Connie)  
 LOUVARIS, Toula  
 OSTLER, Sandra  
 OWEN, Wendy  
 PANZARINO, Antonia  
 PEARCE, Karen

PENS, Ute  
 PIGNALOSA, Angela  
 SMITHIES, Rachael  
 WILLIAMS, Linda  
 WING, Aileen

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ANTONINI, Robert  
 BARLIN, Matthew  
 BOLTON, Matthew  
 CARTER, Brett  
 FIORE, Vincenzo  
 FORREST, John  
 GRAHOVAC, Vlado  
 HONEYBROOK, Brett  
 JONES, Sean  
 MACK, Brian  
 MOUSOULEAS, Peter  
 O'REILLY, Sean  
 PATIKAS, Jimmy  
 PATTERSON, Philip  
 PERAZA, Eugenio  
 SINDELL, James  
 VOUKIDIS, Christos  
 WARD, Hilton  
 WESOLOWSKI, Geoffrey  
 WILKES, Terry  
 YOUENS, Craig

BRADY, Elise  
 BUCHAN, Louise  
 CARRERAS, Ana  
 CARTER, Kathy  
 CAVALLARO, Sandra  
 GANIS, Susy  
 JEPSON, Linda  
 KAUKORANTA, Jaana  
 McKERRELL, Leslie  
 MADDOX, Rosemary  
 MULLINS, Ann  
 PAYNE, Joanne  
 SCHULZ, Karen  
 SUZOR, Marie  
 TANCREDE, Scarlett  
 TRAGARELLI, Eleni





## 8 F

ALLEN, Timothy  
 AUSTEN, Stephen  
 BACKO, Johnny  
 BALAKRISHNAN, Ranjit  
 BARR, Bradley  
 BELL, Geoffrey  
 BLANCATO, Charles  
 BORGIO, Robert  
 BOYD, Jeffrey  
 BROWN, Daniel  
 CAMPBELL, Andrew  
 CASACCHIA, Franco  
 CERONE, Filippo  
 CERVENY, Richard  
 CHAMOUN, Sami  
 CHEVEL, Steven  
 COLLETT, Geoffrey  
 COLLINS, Peter

ALEY, Catherine  
 BAILEY, Yvonne  
 BELL, Janette  
 BANNETT, Katherine  
 BOLGER, Donna  
 BORRER, Annette  
 BRADFORD, Gae  
 BRAKE, Megan  
 BROE, Rosemary  
 BRYAN, Debra  
 BUCKLEY, Lynette  
 BUTCHARD, Kay  
 BUTTITA, Grazia  
 CANNON, Jennifer  
 CATLIN, Tracy  
 CHENG, Jennifer  
 CHRISTIE, Jeanette  
 CLARK, Jenny

## 8 O

DAVIS, Martyn  
 DELAPORTAS, George  
 Di STEFANO, Vincent  
 DI VAL, Mark Alan  
 DOLLIN, Peter  
 DONOHOO, Mark  
 DRAKOPOULOS, Bill  
 EVANS, Rodney  
 FOKAS, Damianos  
 GERSBACH, Paul  
 GIBSON, Peter  
 GIUSTI, Mark  
 GOH, Alvin  
 GRATSOJNAS, Chris

HAMBEZOS, George  
 HAYDEN, Mark  
 HAYNES, Peter  
 HENSON, Philip  
 HILL, Glen  
 CLARKSON, Michaela  
 COLEMAN, Dianne  
 CONRIDGE, Belinda  
 COWLING, Elizabeth  
 CRIDLAND, Deborah  
 DA SILVA, Elsa  
 DAVOS, Noula  
 DEECE, Gillian  
 DE VOS, Peggy  
 DIMITROPOULOS, Georgina  
 DUNCAN, Joanne  
 EINER, Jacqueline  
 ELLEM, Lynette  
 ELLIS, Maureen  
 FARNOS, Pilar  
 FEIST, Rueina  
 GALLEG0, Merina  
 GRAY, Annette  
 GREGORY, Ann  
 GRIFFITHS, Marguerite  
 HALDANE, Catherine

## 8 R

HO, Kenneth  
 HOPNER, Grant  
 HUME, Duncan  
 HUME, Kirk  
 JACKSON, Brian  
 JONES, Stuart  
 KAREFYLAKIS, Nicholas  
 KALLIMATIS, Dennis  
 KEFALAS, Peter  
 KELLY, Steven  
 KEMSHAL-BELL, Guy  
 LAMBROPOULOS, George  
 LAWLER, Dennis  
 LEE, Albert  
 LEE, Allen  
 MacCORQUODALE, Fraser  
 MADRY, Andrew  
 HAMILTON, Lindy Lou  
 HARPER, Gayenor  
 HATFIELD, Sandra  
 HIGHER, Dianna  
 HOPNER, Jacqueline  
 HUDSON, Lynne  
 JELICIC, Lilyana  
 KAPELIOTIS, Tania  
 KRASNY, Rosalinda

LECORRE, Corinne  
 LEONARD, Bronwen  
 LINDEN, Dale  
 LUKAS, Susan  
 McCANN, Robyn  
 MACKENZIE, Ruth  
 MADDOX, Jennifer  
 MARINAKIS, Nita  
 MARKS, Ellen  
 MARTIN, Theresa

## 8 T

MERISON, David  
 MILWARD, Clive  
 OLDROYD, Gregory  
 OSBORNE, David  
 OSTERBERG, Michael  
 PAGURA, Mark  
 PARKER, Anthony  
 PARKER, Robert  
 PASHI, Charles  
 PERKINS, Jeffrey  
 PERRI, Rosario  
 POWERS, Philip  
 QUERNS, John  
 RAMIRRA, Raffaele  
 ROLL, Duncan  
 ROSSI, David  
 RUDDUCK, Phillip  
 RUSSELL, Mark

MERCER, Allyson  
 MESSARITI, Anna  
 MOORE, Gillian  
 NEWBOLD, Diane  
 NIELSSEN, Georgina  
 OLIVER, Julianne  
 ORFORD, Judith  
 OSTLER, Susan  
 OUTTEN, Sandra  
 PALMER, Kay  
 PANDOLFI, Rina  
 PENS, Sabine  
 PETERS, Alison  
 PETTIT, Elizabeth  
 PRANDELLI, Alessandra  
 PURCELL, Heather  
 REAY, Kim  
 REDWOOD, Lorraine  
 REID, Anne

## 8 S

SAHU KHAN, Abdul Azim  
 SALOUROS, George

SERENI, Mauro  
 SIDOTI, Salvatore  
 SMITH, David  
 STAPLES, Wayne  
 STEEL, Cameron  
 SOLIMAN, Ishac  
 SZABO, Stephen  
 TURNER, Gregory  
 TURVEY, Alan  
 VALEK, Josef  
 VAN BRUSSEL, David  
 WALSH, Michael  
 WILSON, Andrew  
 ZOPPO, Carlo  
 ZULLO, Tony

ROACH, Jennifer  
 RUSSELL, Stephanie  
 SCARCELLA, Maryanne  
 SHARPE, Cathryn  
 SHAW, Claudia  
 SPOWART, Helen  
 SPRINGER, Andrea  
 STRAUSS, Christine  
 TAYLOR, Michelle  
 TREVISAN, Carla  
 TROTTER, Julie  
 TSAKIRI, Christine  
 TUFTEN, Gillian  
 VERZI, Susan  
 WARE, Deborah  
 WELSH, Deborah  
 WINCHESTER, Diane  
 YIP, Julie  
 YOUNG, Wendy





F

COCK, David  
 NDREWARTHA, Steven  
 ARLIN, Maurice  
 AXTER, David  
 AXTER, Steven  
 ECKER, Glenn  
 LUME, Darryl  
 RADFORD, Chris  
 RADY, Chris  
 UHAGIAR, Raymond  
 HANDLER, Sean  
 HAPPELL, Peter  
 HU, Sze Ho  
 ONSTANDINIDIS, George  
 OOKE, Warren  
 OOLEY, Rohan  
 OUTTS, Graham  
 AVIDSON, Robert

COCK, Robyn  
 LLSOPP, Shayne  
 VIS, Alayne  
 JUSTIN, Tracey  
 AMFORD, Lisa  
 ENNETT, Venetta  
 ISSETT, Debie  
 RADY, Maud  
 RICHTA, Lydia  
 AHILL, Cathy  
 AHILL, Teresa  
 ASTLE, Kim  
 HAMBERS, Janette  
 HAMIS, Sia  
 HURCHES, Alison  
 LANCY, Lee  
 VETKOVSKI, Sue  
 ALPUGET, Michele

O

EAYTON, Mark  
 E SANTIS, David  
 ERRIMAN, David  
 EVINE, Barry  
 JFFELL, Robert  
 JNNETT, Mark  
 JNSTAN, Alexander  
 THERTON, Raymond  
 VANS, Anthony  
 ARMAKIS, Nick  
 RAZER, Jeffrey  
 ALLO, Marcelo  
 SPARRE, Tony  
 ANNINI, Nicola

GRAY, Bruce  
 HAIGH, Stephen  
 HARRIS, Brian  
 HAWKINS, Craig  
 HERCZEG (BUSDON), Richard

DEECE, Alexandra  
 DIXON, Susan  
 EBBUTT, Vanessa  
 FANARA, Mary  
 FEENEY, Joanne  
 FITZPATRICK, Natalie  
 FLEMING, Julie  
 GEDEON, Grace  
 GOERL, Nicole  
 GRANT, Jenny-May  
 GRAU, Annie  
 HANCOCK, Greta  
 HARCZ, Jacqueline  
 HAYLOCK, Deborah  
 HEFFERNAN, Cheryl  
 HEWSON, Laurie-Anne  
 HOLDEN, Dianna

9 R

HERMAN, David  
 HO, Michael  
 HOLT, Mark  
 HUNTER, Wayne  
 ILIADIS, Con  
 INSAUSTI, Esteban  
 JAMIESON, William  
 KARPATHEAKIS, John  
 KAYA, Yalcin  
 KENNEDY, Tom  
 KERRISON, Peter  
 KOMORA, Kon  
 KOSTOPOULOS, Andrew  
 LAGOS, Alex  
 LARK, Jonathon  
 LEE, Raymond  
 LOUTAS, Evaggelos  
 McKONE, Martin  
 McLEOD, Frank

HOLMRE, Karin  
 HUME, Lindy  
 HUTT, Katharine  
 ILLINGWORTH, Wendy  
 JACKSON, Tracey  
 JOHNSON, Bareena  
 JOHNSTON, Melanie  
 KAZAGLIS, Victoria  
 KOOREY, Helen

KYRDES, Maria  
 LAND, Jennifer  
 LEE, Doris  
 LINDON, Jennifer  
 LISSON, Jacqueline  
 LOMBARDI, Maria  
 LORIK, Katy  
 MALAMAS, Joanne

9 T

McPHERSON, Rodney  
 MACK, Leslie  
 MARZINOTTO, Claudio  
 MAWBY, David  
 MESTEROVIC, Nikola  
 MILLAR, Douglas  
 MORSON, Romano  
 MOSES, Moheb  
 MOUSINHO, John  
 MOXON, Bruce  
 PADJAN, John  
 PAPAIOANOU, Chris  
 PAPPAS, Stephen  
 PEGIOS, George  
 PHILLIPS, Michael  
 PRESTON, Craig  
 QUILLAN, Steven

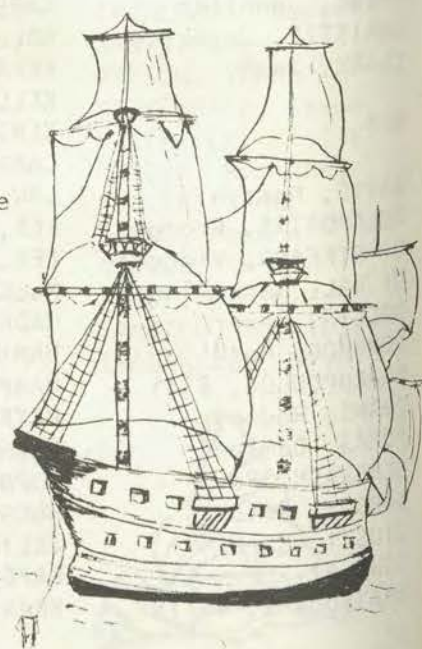
MANIACCO, Tina  
 MEDCALF, Michelle  
 MERRICK, Sharon  
 MORANTE, Shaune  
 NEAL, Penelope  
 NEWLANDS, Kristene  
 NORBERRY, Susan  
 O'LOUCHLIN, Vicki  
 PAPPAS, Joy  
 PARMIGIANI, Cath  
 PAYNE, Tanya  
 PENNY, Helen  
 PETTITT, Mary-Louise  
 RIDER, Jacqueline  
 ROBINSON, Leanne  
 RODRIGUEZ, Esther  
 SAVAS, Mary  
 SCHULZ, Lisa

9 S

ROCHE, Adam  
 ROONEY, Lyle  
 SANDBLOM, Matthew  
 SHEATHER, Brett  
 SIVERTSEN, Brian

SKOURAS, John  
 SLATTERY, Peter  
 SPANOPOULOS, Nick  
 SUHANIC, Harry  
 TANCRED, Peter  
 TELLZEN, Roland  
 TOLHURST, Stephen  
 TRIST, Darren  
 TSIPROU, Leon  
 TURNER, Neil  
 WALSH, Steve  
 WARE, Robert  
 WELSBY, Mark  
 WILSON, Peter  
 VETTORETTI (JAMES), Brenton

SCULLION, Tracey  
 SEATON, Fiona  
 SHEPHERD, Suellen  
 STEVANOVIC, Olga  
 SUTHERLAND, Elizabeth  
 TEODOROWYCH, Ksenia  
 THAVARAVY, Indra  
 TIRABOSCO, Maria  
 UREN, Cathy  
 VAN BEEK, Irene  
 VILLALBA, Maria  
 WATERFORD, Michale  
 WILLOUGHBY, Amber  
 WINDSOR, Linda  
 WING, Elizabeth  
 YEE, Katherine  
 YIP, Jenny  
 ZIEGLER, Yvonne





## 10 F

ABDOO, David  
 ADOLPHE, Pascal  
 ALDERTON, Grahame  
 ATKINS, Wayne  
 AUSTIN, Scott  
 BAKER, Nicholas  
 BARBA, Ivan  
 BELL, Ross  
 BIRCHILL, Andrew  
 BLACKWOOD, Terry  
 BORTOLOTTI, Albert  
 BOZ, Hayrettin  
 BRADY, Andrew  
 BRAKIS, Mark  
 BULL, Brendan  
 BYRNES, Rodney  
 CALLINGHAM, Brett  
 CANNON, Stephen  
 CARTER, Robert  
 CASSERLY, David  
 CATSANOS, John  
 CAVANAGH, David

ALDERTON, Beverley  
 ALLISON, Bronwyn  
 ANGELOPOULOS, Maria  
 APOSTOLOU, Maria  
 ARKINS, Margaret  
 BABLIS, Christine  
 BAMFORD, Sally  
 BARRETT, Cheryl  
 BECK, Debbie  
 BICEGO, Tamara  
 BRADFORD, Kim  
 BRADY, Janine  
 BURCHETT, Lynda  
 CAMACHO, Elsa  
 CAMPBELL, Judith  
 CATTS, Adele  
 COLLESS, Christine

## 10 O

FERGUSON, Mark  
 CHRISTODOULOU, Lucky  
 CINELLI, George  
 CLEMENTS, John  
 COLLEY, Peter  
 CRAIG, John  
 CRANFIELD, Robert  
 CRIDLAND, Steven  
 DEMETRIOU, Jim  
 DEMPSEY, Trevor  
 DISTEFANO, Frank

DONLON, Roger  
 DOUGLAS, Neil  
 DOYLE, Peter  
 DUFFY, Leo  
 EARL, Mark  
 ELLIS, Perry  
 EVERINGHAM, Adam  
 FARKAS, Frank  
 FERGUSON, Wayne  
 FISHER, David  
 FUGG, Victor  
 GEARIE, Mark

COOK, Karen  
 DAVIES, Carolyn  
 DOS SANTOS, Martine  
 DOWNEY, Julie  
 ELLIS, Stephanie  
 EVERITT, Janice  
 ERREY, (Boronia) Jane  
 FAGG, Lynette  
 FARDOULIS, Nicki  
 Foster, Susan  
 GANIS, Marianna  
 GARDEM, Sandra  
 GEORGES, Jacqueline  
 GLINATSIS, Anastasia  
 GRANT, Jennifer

## 10 R

GEORGATOS, Luke  
 GODMAN, Ramon  
 GORDON, Brett  
 GORREL, Paul  
 GRAY, Michael  
 GREGORY, Steven  
 GRONDEK, Mark  
 HALDANE, James  
 HAND, Maurice  
 HILLMAN, Neil  
 HODDA, Glen  
 HOROWITZ, Steven  
 HOSPERS, Jacob  
 ISAAC, Robert  
 JACOVIDES, Peter  
 JONES, Craig  
 KARAKATSANIS, John  
 KARPANEN, Peter  
 KAYE (KLOUTSINOTI), Chris  
 KEMP, Frank  
 KERR, Brian  
 KING, Stephen

GRIGORIOU, Angela  
 HALLUM, Linda

HAMILTON, Louise  
 HAMMOND, Joanne  
 HANCOCK, Lyndell  
 HASSAN, Esin  
 HOPNER, Helena  
 HRONIS, Toula  
 HUGHES, Patricia  
 INGLIS, Shivaun  
 JOHNSTON, Kerri  
 JOSEPH, Wendy  
 KAPTAN, Nalan  
 KHALIL, Wafaa  
 KING, Susan  
 KOKKINIS, Vula  
 KOUZELEAS, Loula

## 10 T

KOUTALIANOS, Vasilis  
 KOUTSOURAS, George  
 KRASNY, Michael  
 KYRIAZOPOULOS, Peter  
 LANE, Geoffrey  
 LANE, Howard  
 LATTARI, Domenic  
 LEMBIT, Murray  
 LEONTIOS, Nick  
 LEWIS, Darryl  
 LICENCE, Dale  
 McDONALD, Max  
 McGLEW, Ken  
 McLEAY, Damien  
 McPHERSON, Robert  
 MAINWARING, Lawrence  
 MARGELIS, George  
 MARTIN, Benito  
 MARTIN, Ricardo

LARGO, Jacqueline  
 LAUNT, Julie  
 LAURENCE, Janene  
 LEE, Rose  
 LESTER, Penny  
 LOGAN, Deslie  
 LOURENCO, Lorraine  
 LOUVARIS, Mary  
 LUI, Elen  
 McGREGOR, Lyndsay  
 McKIMM, Rhonda  
 McLEOD, Fiona  
 MAGLICIC, Vera  
 MARKOS, Katina

## 10 I

MATYSEK, Lukas

MEHAN, John  
 MIETH, Mark  
 MIHAILOVIC, Boris  
 MILNE, Andrew  
 MILOVANOV, Michael  
 MILWARD, Warren  
 MIRANDA, Ken  
 MORANTE, Donald  
 MORRIS, Ricky  
 MORTON, Charles  
 NICOLS, Steven  
 NOTARANGELO, Leo  
 OHLSEN, Harry  
 PALASOVSKI, Miley  
 PERKINS, David  
 PETERS, Ian  
 PHILLIPS, William  
 PIONIC, Boris

MEEHAN, Anna  
 MINUTOLO, Giovanna  
 MIRKOVIC, Tanya  
 MOLLICA, Agatina  
 NIELSSEN, Oona  
 NORTON-SMITH, Carol  
 O'REGAN, Jennifer  
 OSTLER, Cheryl  
 OWENS, Tracey  
 PAULIC, Kata  
 PILMORE, Terrie  
 POWER, Fiona  
 PSYHOGIOS, Panagiota  
 ROWE, Deborah  
 RUSSELL, Megan  
 SALAT, Cornelia  
 SALMINEN, Paula  
 SAUNBY, Elaine

## 10 A

POLIVKA, Randall  
 POLLARD, Neil  
 PRATTEN, Robert  
 RADDATZ, Mark  
 REBECCHI, Fausto  
 REMFREY, Peter  
 ROCHE, Craig  
 RUTUPS, James  
 SAKARIS, Leon  
 SALIBA, Raymond  
 SESTA, John  
 SETH, Sanjay  
 SHARPE, Geoffrey  
 SISINNI, Don  
 SMITH, Bradley  
 SPASEVSKI, Nick



- TATHOPOULOS, George  
TEEL, Anthony  
YCZ, Stephen  
AYLOR, Ian
- AVVA, Christine  
CULLION, Linda  
HAW, Lisa  
HEPHERD, Karen  
HEUMACK, Kay  
IVELL, Lorelle  
LICK, Robyne  
TAR, Naomi  
TUART, Sandra  
TEEL, Narelle  
ARBERT, Wikitoria  
HAVARAVY, Rohini  
ILBY, Helen  
ONNETT, Jonelle  
URNER, Linda  
UTOR, Mila  
ALENTI, Anna  
ASCO, Silvia
- D N
- HATCHER, Stephen  
HURSTON, Michael  
IRABOSCO, Felice  
RODDEN, David  
ROTTER, Robert  
SOULOUHAS, Harry  
UCHIN, Peter  
JLLY, David  
ZANOPOULOS, Peter  
ALASSIS, Jim  
ALANTINE, Michael  
ATALIDIS, Ray  
RZI, Joseph  
ANELLOS, Jim  
AHNOS, George  
LBURN, Mark  
LSH, John  
LSH, Philip  
STBROOK, Jeffrey  
ITE, Peter  
NCHESTER, Keith  
OD, Robert  
IA, Jeffrey
- SSILI, Panagiota  
SS, Sally  
SLEY, Sharon  
TSON, Ruth  
RKHOVEN, Susan  
SOLOWSKI, Jeanette
- WHALAN, Rebekah  
WHITEHEAD, Pamela  
XENAKIS, Mary  
ZITIS, Maria
- 11 F
- ADAMS, Gregory  
ADCOCK, Greg  
ALEXIADIS, Peter  
ANGELOPOULOS, George  
AUSTEN, Ian  
BARNES, Chris  
BARTOS, Martin  
BOLAND, Ian  
BOLTEZAR, Ciril  
BOYD, Dean  
BROOKS, John  
BULL, Paul  
CALVANI, John  
CHALLENGER, Stuart  
CHAMBERS, Graeme  
CHAMBERS, Roderick  
CHANDLER, Gareth
- ADAMEDES, Anastasia  
ADIN, Kati  
ADLER, Michelle  
ALLEN, Megan  
ARKINS, Kerri-Anne  
ASTLEY, Debra  
BRUSH, Karen  
BURCHETT, Christine  
CAHILL, Paula  
CAINES, Donna  
CAMPBELL, Marina
- 11 O
- CHENG, Chris  
COLEMAN, Bruce  
CONSIGLIO, Raymond  
CORNER, Robert  
DAVIS, Jeffrey  
DERRIMAN, Mark  
DIXON, Trevor  
DOLLIN, Mark  
DOUGHTY, Shannon  
DUFFY, Michael  
DWYER, Chris.  
DWYER, Michael  
EAGLES, Ian
- CARNOGOY, Angela  
CATANZARITI, Filomena
- CAUSE, Vicki-Anne  
CIERPIOL, Liane  
CLEMENTS, Patricia  
COLLINS, Cheryl  
DAVIES, Vivien  
DIAKANASTASI, Maria  
DODDS, Jennifer  
DONLON, Kelly  
ENGLERT, Julie  
ENGLEZOU, Sevesta  
FERRARI, Louella
- 11 R
- EVERINGHAM, Luke  
FARKAS, Tommy  
FELLNER, Charles  
FITZPATRICK, Gary  
FOUFOULOS, Con  
GALANIS, Theodore  
GIBSON, Terence  
GIUNTA, Antony  
GIUNTA, Sam  
GRANIERO, Antonio  
GRIFFITHS, Robert  
HAGSTROM, Neil  
HARRISON, Maxwell  
HART, Mark  
HEAGNEY, Bradley  
HEDRLIN, Pierre  
HEFFRON, Chris.  
HODGSON, David  
INNES, Brian  
ISAAC, Graham  
JOBLING, Peter
- FITZGERALD, Karen  
FITZPATRICK, Kerren  
FONG, Elaine  
GALANIS, Koula  
GIL, Jeanine  
GOLDBERG, Lorraine  
GOSLETT, Ruth  
GROENING, Amanda  
HATFIELD, Desley  
HENSON, Judith
- 11 T
- JOYCE, Geoff.  
KAFCALOUDES, Phil.  
KARATASAS, Sam  
KARRAS, Anthony  
KATSANTONIS, Theo  
KAVO, Frank  
KELLY, Wayne
- KNYNEBURG, Stephen  
KOSPETAS, John  
LACEY, James  
LADOPULOS, Alex.  
LAVOPA, Anthony  
LAWTON, James  
LEE, Frank  
LENTON, Michael  
LUCAS, Gregory  
LUKETIC, Tony  
McKAY, Graeme
- HERRIDGE, Lynette  
HIGHET, Jeannie  
HIONIS, Irene  
HRONOPOULOU, Fotini  
HUDSON, Lisa  
JENSEN, Lisa  
JOSHI, Nalini  
KALITHRAKA, Marina  
KARAM, Susan  
KATIDIS, Sophia  
KAYDOS, Elizabeth  
KERSTING, Alexandra
- 11 I
- MADDOCK, Glenn  
MANOUSARIDIS, Nick.  
MANTZOURIDIS, Con.  
MARINELLI, Franco (Frank)  
MARTIN, Bruce  
MAURICI, Frank  
MAZZONI, Eduardo  
MITCHELL, Darren  
MOSS, David  
MUSTAC, Mario (Mark)  
NIELSSEN, Olav  
NIEMINEN, Peter  
OLIVER, Brian  
PAPPAS, Nicholas
- KLEMBETSANI, Helen  
KOUROUNIS, Soula  
KOUTIRIS, Angela  
KYRDES, Androulla  
LEONE, Filomena  
McLEOD, Kerrie  
MACKEY, Kim  
MARKOPOULOS, Evdokia (Kitsa)  
MARTIN, Leonie  
MEWETT, Janet  
MEWETT, Lea  
MIHALJEVIC, Ljerka  
MOSS, Dell  
MUNIR, Ayshe



11 A

PHILLIPS, Craig  
PONZIO, Vincent  
RAUCH, John  
REID, Paul  
ROBERTS, Peter  
RODWELL, Michael  
ROGERSON, Bruce  
ROKOBBAUER, James  
SANDBLOM, Eric  
SANTI, Alan  
SCOTT, Bruce  
SLUNSKY, Boris  
STEEL, Craig

NELSON, Audrey  
NIKOLATSOPOULOU, Mary  
O'CONNOR, Jennifer  
PASHI, Penny  
PRITCHARD, Wendy  
PURCELL, Dorothea  
QUAY, Leonie  
ROBERTSON, Anita  
RUSSELL, Jillian  
RYAN, Lynette  
SALAT, Beatrice  
SAVAS, Dimitra

11 N

STEVENS, Andrew  
STEWART, John David  
STRUTZENBERGER, Harold  
TANNER, Chris. I.  
TAYLOR, Nigel  
TEODOROWYCH, Andrew  
THOMAS, Craig  
VATNER, Anthony  
VOUGIATZIS, Con.  
VOUROUDIS, Frank  
WHEELER, Mark  
WILLIAMSON, Alan  
WILSON, Brent  
WOODS, Rowan  
YAKALIS, John  
ZAMAGIAS, Phillip  
ZOGRAPHAKIS, Theo.

SEATON, Georgia  
TAYLOR, Louise  
TIRABOSCO, Connie  
TSEKOURAS, Anastasia  
TSOURNAKAKIS, Maria  
UREN, Wendy  
VITALE, Silvia

WAIRD, Mary  
WARE, Ashley-Jane  
WHITE, Jennifer  
XYLIGOUNIS, Leane

12 F

ADOLFSON, Mark  
ANGELONI, Franco  
ANTONINI, Franco  
BAILEY, Geoffrey  
BARRY, Scott  
BECKER, Steven  
BLEACH, Murray  
BLUME, Mark  
BORRI, Martin  
BOYTER, John  
BRICHTA, Alan  
BROUGGY, Mark  
BUTCHARD, David  
BYRNES, Gregory  
CAMBRIDGE, Stephen  
CARBERRY, David  
CARBONE, Joseph

ADLER, Karen  
ALLAN, Christine  
ALLISON, Gillian  
BELL, Linda  
BRADY, Michelle  
CHAN, Tailoi  
CHANG, Yvonne  
CHEN CHOW, Shirley  
CHRISTODOULOU, Joanna  
CHUAH, Lee Kheng  
CHURCHES, Kathryn  
COLLINS, Vicki

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CASHMAN, John  
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*That's all there is: there ain't  
 no more.*

*Ethel Barrymore  
 'Curtain line to Sunday!*





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