

SCHOOL
MOTO
P.11

MORTIMER STREET

SCHOOL

THE FORTIAN 1982

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EDITORIAL

Most of you would have had one complaint even before you opened this edition of *The Fortian*. That complaint is the obvious fact that it is now 1983 and that this is the 1982 *Fortian*. We're lucky to have it completed even now!

Unfortunately, due to Mr Whitfield's lengthy absences from school and our subsequent mislaying of material, a few last minute nervous breakdowns were suffered by the *Fortian* committee and others concerned. These people are listed below and we give great thanks to them since they were willing to help at such short notice.

Photography: Mr Lawrence (class photos)
John Pens (many photos!)
Wei-Yun Yu
Mino Capocello
Sandra Borri.

Main Headings: Tracey Stephens.

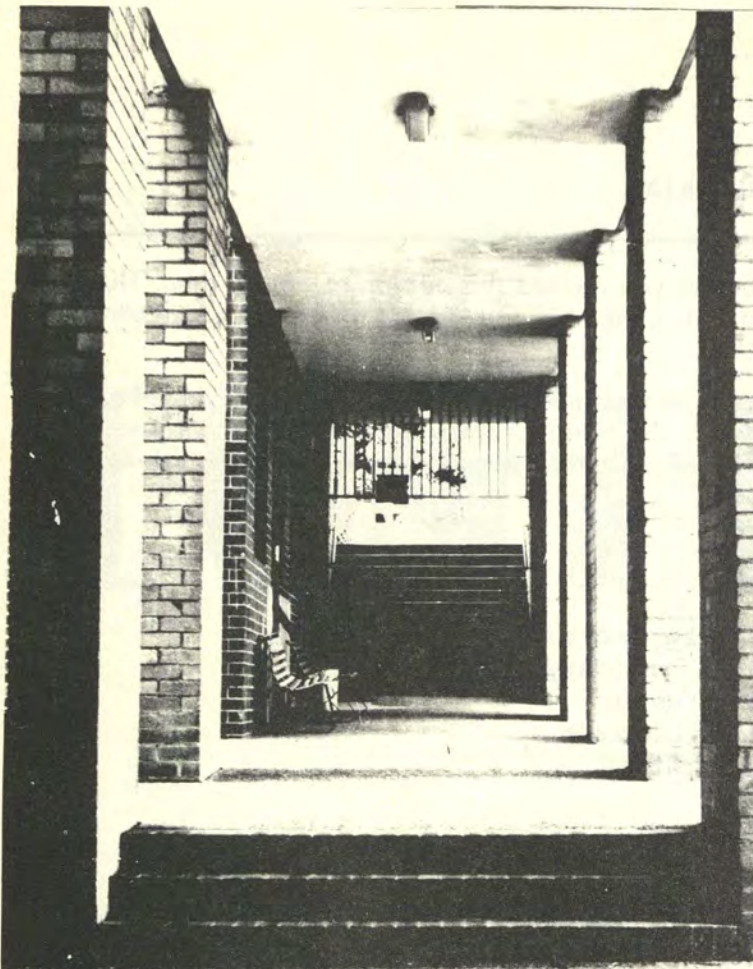
Miss Levi became teacher in charge of the *Fortian* Committee (and of a chauffer-driven mercedes). Along with Mr Horan, Miss Levi gave us the help and encouragement needed in a task that virtually needed to be begun again — all at the end of third term. Prior to this, it looked as if *The Fortian* would not survive!

To the many people who contributed black and white drawings, we sincerely apologise, as your work is probably not included. It was locked in the office — right when we needed it.

While most Fortians enjoyed themselves during the summer holidays, there was a wild *Fortian* committee running around putting a *Fortian* together. Hopefully our determination will pay off.

Once again, thanks to everyone who helped with the magazine and contributed work.

Fortian Committee: Sandra Borri
Tracey Stephens
Lee Catts



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

No doubt we have all seen at some time that great American scientist Professor Sumner Miller perform countless experiments and then quizzically look at us each time from the depths of that modern educational box, assailing us with that ritualistic mumbo-jumbo: "Why is this so?"

I do not think we should pass over this lightly, because the ability to enquire intelligently forms the basis of progress in any field of activity. The earlier we can acquire this facility, the sooner we will be able to master the problems that beset us from all sides, and no one denies that in our evolving society these problems and pressures seem to multiply interminably. You cannot expect them to go away, merely by shutting your eyes and turning your back on them.

Learning is a process of enquiry, a search for answers and the application of the information thus acquired to the situation in hand. No matter what you learn, no matter how irrelevant it may seem to you at the time, it may serve you in good stead when you expect it least. I believe it is dangerous to assess knowledge on the basis of what is the immediate use of this to the furtherance of one's limited expectations. Knowledge is a priceless jewel which must be nurtured and shaped gradually and tenderly so that eventually one can gaze on its ultimate perfection.

My advice to all young Fortians is quite simple, as all basic truths are. Jealously guard all that you learn, store it squirrel-like, and never cease adding to your store so that you will be well-equipped to face life's problems, and hopefully come up with the right answer.

Principal — Mr Lembit.

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

The School was able to present to the Department of Education in the days before Christmas its policy document "Managing the School". This policy is now in implementation. As those responsible for the educational undertaking here, it is for the staff to carry out in practice those principles that make for the most effective and efficient operation of the school.

The functioning of a school is in reality a threefold commitment — a commitment of the staff, a commitment on the part of students, a commitment expected of parents. For me teaching is all about learning. And most of a school's time and effort is expended on this process. The most important part of a school is what happens in each classroom each day as we the teachers endeavour to have our charges learn. The aim of each lesson incorporates in practice a number of the aims enunciated in the policy document as our young folk gain knowledge and acquire skills and develop as mature adolescents.

I observe that overall a very confused view of the role of parents in the actual operation of a school is being disseminated officially and politically amongst the public. The important undertaking of education is constantly being propounded as being the province of all members of a community. Those that have been specifically trained as teachers and have over the years acquired a genuine expertise as administrators would as one reads much of the official literature of today be required to be advised by folk concerned no doubt about the education of the young or with the education of their young but being in no way adept or skilled in the task. We, the teaching staff of a secondary High school, at the same time are in no way invited to advise on the day-to-day operation of an oil refinery or on the manner in which a medical school in a university should go about its business. And together with all this, teachers are assailed with countless brochures of proposed operatives forwarded from official sectors, almost all of which have in essence nothing to do with the actual role of a school. Too easily a school can be led to concern itself with issues and endeavours that are not part of its true function.

The concept of parental or community involvement in education is much more than that a parent or a few parents have a right to elect to object to what has been determined for the general good of all. For Street does not operate as a prisoner shackled to all the trendy 'isms of the day. Making a point is a very different matter from effectively running a school. A school cannot espouse all causes and certainly not ones that run counter to its operation. Democracy in operation with real meaning is something more than everyone's doing or being permitted to do what he will. There was a very real commitment on that Athenian hill in times past. Sight can easily be lost of this most basic element in the bandying-about of the word today. In your taking — teacher, pupil, parent — there must be much giving: of your time, of your effort, of your total potential. It is not good enough to reduce what we have to the lowest common level. That is unworthy of the name of Fort Street.

The pursuit of excellence is an aim to which Fort Street is permitted to aspire, to which the school must aspire. It is a question of looking one's best, doing our best, playing our best, being our best. Some few months ago in the Great Hall of the University of Sydney on the night of his delivering the inaugural Edmund Barton Memorial lecture, the Prime Minister of Australia declared: "It is in the interests of everyone if individuals are encouraged to achieve to their utmost according to their abilities." It is on such a truly democratic view — the pursuit of excellence on the part of all — that a selective High school such as Fort Street should have its basis. It behoves each of us — pupil, teacher and parent — to give of our best in working to ensure that our school falls not behind any other. This is a challenging task and one that calls for the most dedicated commitment on the part of all of us.

Deputy Principal — Mr Horan.

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON

There will always be the ring of heroic adventure and epic survival to the life of Douglas Mawson, a man who is honoured in the school House that bears his name. No former pupil of the school has their name emblazoned more gloriously on the pages of history than this scientist and Antarctic explorer, whose fame rests not only on his participation in the three famous Antarctic expeditions. He was described at the time of the commemoration of the centenary of his birth on May 5 this year as the Leonardo da Vinci of the science world. On that day Australia Post issued two stamps marking the centenary of the birth of Mawson, who had led Australia's first scientific expedition to the Antarctic.

It was Mawson who established Australia at the forefront of Antarctic exploration and research, a place we still hold. But there is more to Mawson than the Antarctic. He was Professor of Geology at Adelaide University from 1920 to 1952. I was in Adelaide at the time of the centenary celebrations and shared some of the feeling of the city for this great man who had made it his home when he was not at home in the great south continent. An appeal launched by the Lord Mayor in March was already close to its target of \$9000 for the erection of a bronze bust of Mawson. The commemoration of his achievement was indeed celebrated throughout the nation with special lectures and displays mounted by the Academy of Science in Canberra, by post offices and other authorities. The ABC has produced a one hour television biography, shown here in Sydney this past week. As a special project for the centenary, the director of the Mawson Research Institute at the University of Adelaide is editing Mawson's Antarctic diary, which it is hoped will be published this year.

Mawson's lone trek in the New Year of 1913 across the Antarctic wasteland cause people to overlook his other expeditions and his work as a geologist. Mawson too was involved in some of Australia's first uranium exploration and he corresponded with Madame Curie about radium. As early as 1930 he proposed that Australia should adopt a metric system of measurement. He had an image of being an aloof character because of his enormous scientific achievement, an image that would indeed be far from the truth. This other side to Mawson showed in his concern for conservation, a concern shared by many pupils of Fort Street today. He was one of the first to express concern over the whaling and seal hunts. Through his efforts Macquarie Island is now a sanctuary and spared of the ravages of some sub-Antarctic islands where populations of seals and penguins had been completely wiped out.

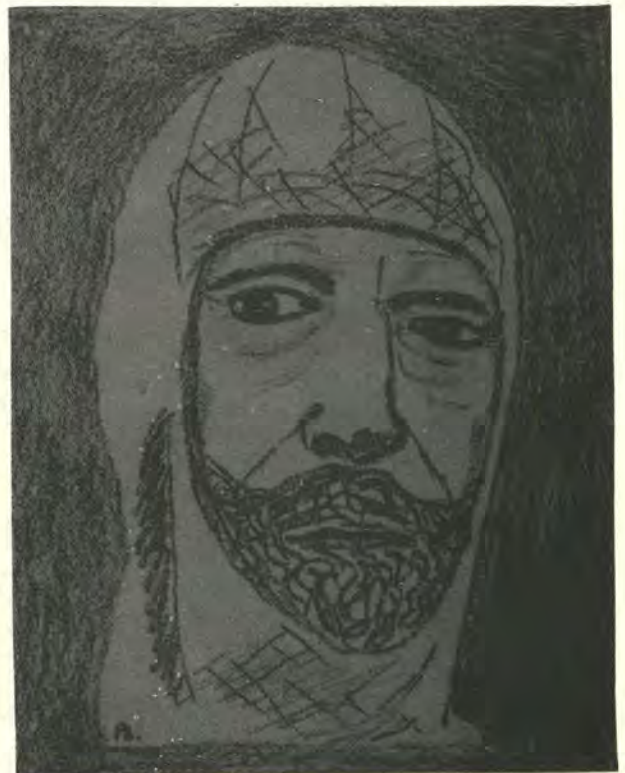
Mawson, destined thus to become one of the foremost explorers of his day and one of Australia's most famous personalities, was born at Bradford in Yorkshire, England, in 1882. At the age of two he migrated with his family to Australia and was enrolled in 1895 at Fort Street. He entered Sydney University in 1899, developing there the keenest interest in geology, which became a lifelong fascination and which saw him carrying out geological investigations in the Pacific Islands shortly after his completing a mining engineering degree. He graduated B Sc in 1904 and was to acquire a Doctorate in Science from Adelaide some five years later. Devoting much time to research into the rock formations of the Flinders Ranges in South Australia, where the oldest marine fossils ever discovered on earth have been found. Each year when he was not in the Antarctic he was to be lured to the Flinders, fascinated by what the rocks had to tell him of the earth's formation. It was the same story that the Antarctic had to tell him.

Douglas Mawson's first contact with the Antarctic was

when, as a physicist, he accompanied Shackleton on his 1908 expedition, distinguishing himself with two other men by locating the south magnetic pole. It is recorded he was a member of the party that first climbed the 13,000 ft snow covered active volcano, Mt Erebus. Mawson then undertook work in determining the mineral resources of the Carpathian Mountains in Russia. He was offered by the famous Captain Scott a place in the fateful sledge party that attempted to reach the South Pole. But he had plans of his own, as good luck would have it, regarding an expedition, and these plans eventuated in the years 1911-14. Mawson explored the Antarctic between 87° and 143°E longitude, his work establishing that the land masses of the Antarctic constituted a continent. On his arrival back in Adelaide after his frightful endurance he was knighted for his valuable scientific work. During World War I he was assigned to special war duties overseas and upon his return to Australia he was appointed to the new chair of Geology at Adelaide University. He again undertook an Antarctic expedition during the years 1929-31 in order to chart and claim territory for Britain before anyone else did. When the Australian flag first flew over Antarctic territory the name it bore was Mawson.

Mawson the survivor was a member of many scientific societies and helped to found many in a number of countries. Honours were bestowed upon this great Fortian by many nations. He is distinguished with the RGS Antarctic Medal (1909), the King's Polar Medal (two bars), other gold medals of the Chicago and Parisian Geographical Societies, as well as the Nachtigall gold medal, Berlin (1928), the Von Mueller Memorial Medal (1930), the Order of St Maurice and Lazarus of Italy (1920), and the Commander Order of the Crown of Italy (1923). He died in Adelaide on October 14, 1958, and was given the rare and signal honour of a State funeral. Truly may it be said of Sir Douglas Mawson:

*Our predecessors wrought
Great deeds that shall not perish.*



- DAY ONE 3 Feb
- YEAR SEVEN ARRIVES 4 Feb
- YEAR SEVEN WELCOME PARTY 15 Feb
- BRIDGE OPENING JUBILEE 19 Feb
- INAUGURAL EDMUND BARTON LECTURE AT SYDNEY UNI 19 Feb
- SCHOOL DANCE 24 Mar
- ANZACEVE ASSEMBLY 24 Mar
- "NEWEST FACES" 28 Apr

Fort Street's '82

1st term

- BLACK AND WHITE DANCE 9 June
- ATHLETICS CARNIVAL 11 June
- MATHEMATICS COMPETITION 16 June
- VISIT OF HON MR JUSTICE KIRBY, CHAIRMAN OF LAW REFORM COMMISSION 6 July

2nd term

- PARENT-TEACHER NIGHTS 7 & 14 July
- BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION 15 July
- VISIT OF GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE (YOUTH & COMMUNITY) 30 July
- VISIT OF FOREIGN TEACHERS IN TRAINING 9 Aug
- EDUCATION WEEK - FASHION PARADE IN SYDNEY TOWN HALL 19 Aug



- ▶ YEAR TWELVE
FAREWELL ASSEMBLY
13 Oct
- ▶ FAREWELL DANCE 13 Oct
- ▶ YEAR ELEVEN'S FAREWELL
LUNCHEON TO YEAR
TWELVE 14 Oct
- ▶ "LOOKING BACK"
HISTORY DISPLAY
22 Nov
- ▶ FIRST ACHIEVEMENT
AWARDS & A FASHION
PARADE 30 Nov
- ▶ SPEECH DAY AT SYDNEY
TOWN HALL 2 Dec
- ▶ YEAR TEN
CERTIFICATES
PRESENTED &
BARBECUE LUNCH
3 Dec
- ▶ CAROL SINGING & SCHOOL
BARBECUE 9 Dec
- ▶ SCHOOL V STAFF CRICKET
PETERSHAM OVAL 15 Dec

3rd term

EVENTS

TRACEY
STEPHENS

A BRIDGE AND A SCHOOL

On March 19, 1932, a century old dream was realised with the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. The construction of the bridge in the 1920s and early 1930s made a considerable impact on Fort Street School as a wide section of the school grounds was resumed to make way for the southern approach. The bridge was virtually built across the front lawns of the school. The girls of those days still recall the noise of drills and earth moving equipment. The pupils of Fort Street however had other associations with the opening of the Harbour Bridge. It was exciting that those associations could be relived by the Fort Street pupils of today when on March 19 of this year on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the bridge's opening a representative party from all years gathered to join in the celebration marking the occasion. They were able to sense the significance of the ceremony and meet with the Premier and the workers who had laboured on the great undertaking and who had come from all parts of Australia to be part of the festivity.

Mrs Lilian Dyke (nee Snape), an old girl, sent to me an article that was scheduled to appear in the *West Australian* of March 16. Her story vividly captured the spirit of those days as the girls watched the building of the great link between the city and the North Shore. Many Sydneysiders developed a strong affection for the bridge as it grew before their eyes. Few did so more than the girls of Fort Street High, who had a ringside view from their school on Observatory Hill. Despite interference with lessons from the noise of blasting and hammering and road making machines – particularly for those who had classes in the cold building known as “Siberia” – they never lost interest in its progress. They watched in admiration as the arch was completed. Some thought the traffic would go right over the top and were almost disappointed when they realised that the strange platform being suspended from the centre of the arch would become the carriageway.

In a period marked by deep economic depression, the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge was a symbol of hope. It was considered only fitting, therefore, that the future leaders of the State should play a special role in the official opening celebrations. On “Children's Day”, three days before the official ceremony, 50,000 pupils marched across the new bridge in a downpour of rain. Fort Street girls were in the vanguard, having been given this honour by the Government in an attempt to make some amends for the disruption of life at the school.

Dr Bradfield, architect of the bridge, took the school under his wing while he was building the bridge. It was he who designed the tennis court and rockeries adorning the front. It was he, too, who insisted that the pedestrian subways to carry foot traffic under the bridge should be tiled in red and white – the “maroon and silver” of the school colours. He had erected a substantial brick wall and entrance where the school fronted the road. This raised area held promise for the grand day of the opening of March 19 when it was to be reserved for Fortians and their friends, from where the procession crossing the bridge to celebrate its opening could be viewed. Unfortunately this was not near enough to see the dramatic episode when Captain De Groot burst through and cut the ribbon. Even worse, few girls saw the procession. By a very early hour the “ordinary public” had not only crowded the footpath, they had dared to trespass and pack the wall to its limit.

At the conclusion of the formal addresses, with the vast assembled throng drawn up at allotted stations, fifty years ago, two school children ran from the gates of Fort Street Girls' High School along the southern approach of the bridge to the official dais. The boy carried a brass cylinder as he ran. At the top of the dais they were received by the Governor, Sir Philip Game, and the Premier. The cylinder was opened, the scroll unrolled and held by both students. The boy was Ian Sharp, Vice Captain of Fort Street Boys' High, the girl Miss Beryl Lamble, Captain of the Girls' High. Ian Sharp now read the message in a loud clear voice:

“This is a message of goodwill and congratulations to the citizens of Sydney and to the people of New South Wales on the occasion of the completion and opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. The message comes from the heart of New South Wales and has been conveyed to you by relays of pupils first from Tottenham near the centre of the State and thence from school to school. The pupils have travelled on foot, by pony, bicycle and car, and they have been cheered on their way by many thousands of children and their parents who are with you today in spirit and who join with you in the earnest prayer: God bless our fair Australia!”

Mr J Lang, Premier, accepted the scroll and acknowledged the message with the following words:

“I am grateful to you and all the children who have taken part in relaying this message.

“With you, I pray that God will bless Australia, that He will give her the greatest blessing that any country can have – a wide generation of bright eyed, healthy children, reverencing the God who made them and loving the country that bore them.”



THE SCHOOL MOTTO

Faber est suae quisque fortunae

At the time of the amalgamation I became aware that the order of the Latin words of the motto which the girls brought with them from Observatory Hill was not the same as those the boys had used at least since my time here as a pupil. Both orders are indeed agreeable Latin and while intrigued I did nothing else about the curiosity for there were plenty of essentially practical activities to occupy one's attention.

It was only when I collected from the printer across the street the other day a first pull of the Achievement Awards Certificate that I noticed a new order of the Latin words – a completely impossible order. On this occasion being fully intrigued I investigated. How had this come to be? I quickly solved this one. The printer, not having at hand the text I had left with him had taken a Speech Day program for the colour toning and had gone vertically across the girls' scroll thereon instead of following the curvature of the school. Before anyone is ready enough to point to yet another formulation, I mention here the wording used in the verse of the farewell stanza of the school song we have been singing these last few years at Speech Day. These lines are from the girls' lyrics of the song and the order used there is for rhyming purposes only. The order is not a Latin order of the words.

The essential problem yet remained. What was the "correct" order of the words? The motto would have been adopted in the 1890s, and most probably in 1894. It is recorded in the Centenary Book (1949) that an Old Fortian of that period remembered the Latin being pronounced in different ways by certain teachers and pupils, and also recollected drawing various forts as part of a competition for a badge design. What references have been made in writings of the school to the motto as I recall have given the credit for the words to the author Catullus. In my recent seeking after the truth of the matter I was turned to Sallust as the writer that had given our

great school its motto. In the hope that Mrs Stark might actually have a copy of the suspected text I apprised her of my undertaking, proposing the piece in which the line was purported to appear, borrowed by him no doubt from the earliest Latin writer whose work is known to us, Appian. She, now eager on the trail, made approach to Dr B Hoyos of the Latin Department of the University of Sydney. And in a letter addressed to Caesar there were traced the words, transposed out of the indirect speech in which they appeared: "Faber est suae quisque fortunae" (Each man is the architect of his own future).

"Two letters to Caesar" are preserved in manuscripts under Sallust the historian's name, purporting to offer Caesar in the years of his supreme rule guidance on how to regulate the state. The pamphlets are written in the style of Sallust, but scholars are about evenly divided on whether they are actually by him or by a later imitator (in some ways they seem to out-Sallust Sallust in stylistic idiosyncrasies). In any case our motto was borrowed from this source. The aphorism has served many a Fortian well over the best part of a century. In good part it is true for life, serving to advise of the responsibility of the individual in shaping his or her future. How close it comes to the whole truth, whether there are not other factors too that play a role in the shaping of our life, I leave you to ponder.

And now for the solution to the riddle of the changed word order. In the copies of the *Fortian* produced by the Fort Street School right up to the very last number (April 1916) before the boys set out on their trek to Petersham the words stand as the Latin author had written them in a three-wave scroll. In the very first *Fortian* of the Boys' High School (November 1916) the words appear in the changed order – the order known to the boy pupils of the school for almost the next sixty years. The change was made to adorn in a more balanced way the coat of arms of the Boys' school. The Latin remained impeccable for the Headmaster was the great Latinist, Mr A J Kilgour, who was in charge of the school from 1905 until 1926. Impeccable indeed – but not the order of the words used by the Latin author.



'Each man is the architect of his own future'

LITERATURE

THE RIME OF THE ANXIOUS SCHOLAR (with apologies to S T Coleridge)

PART I

It is a joyous scholar,
Who ends his holidays,
And eagerly waits to go to school,
Where all day he may laze.

The school was cheered, the staff not feared,
Happy did we return
To school life, an easy life,
Where we cared not to learn.

The teachers came into the rooms –
From the corridors came they.
Homework they gave, and made us slave,
Saying, "Year Twelve is not for play!"

Harder and harder every day
Until each day at noon.
We did bless that luncheon rest –
It never came too soon.

The work was here, the work was there,
The work was all around.
Some done, some not, some good, some rot,
It quickly formed a mound.

PART II

School-books, school-books everywhere,
And how the mind did cringe.
School-books, school-books everywhere,
But none to break the binge.

The very brain did rot! Oh Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, Demon teachers, chalk in hand,
Said, "Do the HSC!"

About, about, in reel and rout,
My thoughts became too wild.
I could not think, I poured a drink,
Then slept like a three years child.

And some whose dreams were nearly dashed
By the exam that plagued us so,
Stayed up till after one, each night –
The work did grow and grow.

Alone, alone, all, all alone
Alone in a dismal room.
And never a saint took pity on
My brain so numbed with gloom.

PART III

Swiftly, swiftly flew Father Time,
Yet thus my studies did not run.
Swiftly, swiftly came the time,
And then IT had begun!

For three long weeks I heard a voice
As soft as honey dew:
Quoth he, "The boy exams hath done
And plenty more will do."

Still as a slave before his lord,
The student hath no rest
For he must cram and gorge his brain
Before each awesome test.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The last exam I see?
Is this the end? Are the chains cut?
Am I free of the HSC?

We drifted through the final hour
And I with sobs did pray –
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep always.

PART IV

Thirteen years I spent at school!
Thirteen years of pain!
But in my first free January
I found 'twas all in vain.

A little letter in the post,
A pink notice was inside.
I turned my eyes upon the marks –
Oh, Christ! I nearly died.

FINIS



"A family is believed to be missing in the area of a small farming town called Nowrath. The family were last seen living on the O'Calahan farm situated half a kilometre from the town. Mr O'Calahan and his family were evicted a few weeks before after heavy resistance from the towns people. It seems that the money required to pay the mortgage was raised by the towns people and refused by the city firm. The director of the firm was away on business when we tried to get a comment on these allegations. . ."

SMH, 19/5/79

"A couple who recently bought the O'Calahan farm near the small farming town of Nowrath have been reported missing. The family missing since 1979 still has not been found. Police are now looking for clues to link these two cases together . . ."

SMH 25/3/80

"Since the 1980 reporting of the missing couple another two families have been reported missing in the Nowrath area. Police are treating all the missing person cases reported around the Nowrath area as homicide cases and are centering their investigations there . . ."

SMH, 12/1/82

November 14, 1982. The new truck roared down the narrow asphalt road. The sun shone fiercely overhead as watery images danced on the road's horizon. A large sign zoomed by as Victor read it out aloud.

"Nowrath. We're here, love. Wake up Meg."

"Wake up honey. We're here," Janine said.

She turned around and gave her daughter a gentle nudge. Meg slowly lifted her head off the pillow and started rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. With her blonde hair about her shoulders she looked at her mother and asked.

"Where's here?" she asked.

"Nowrath, sleepy head!" Victor replied.

Victor stopped the truck in front of the town pub. It was an old two storey pillared pub with a dust hidden name plaque above its doors.

"I'll be back in a minute," Victor said as he jumped out of the truck.

Most of the town's men were in the pub trying to keep the heat at bay. Victor walked in, stopped and looked around. There was a large bar at the far end of the room which was shadowed by an ornate mirror. There were dozens of unoccupied tables and chairs. It seemed that everyone was at the bar. Victor walked up to the bar, found a place and sat on the stool. At the corner of his eye he could see the two men beside him. Their faces were worn and haggard, burned away by the many years of exposure in the sun. Suddenly a beer was placed in front of him by a buxom barmaid.

"Thanks," he said as he fumbled with his wallet trying to get a note out. He picked up his beer and started drinking. He hadn't realised how thirsty he was.

"You're from Sydney aren't ya," the man on his left asked.

"Yes I am," Victor replied.

"What are you doing round here?" another man asked.

"I bought the O'Calahan farm a few months ago and have come out here to . . .", Victor hesitated as one by one the men at the bar stood up took their drinks and sat down at the tables. Victor just sat there turning his glass and trying to think of what to do next.

"I'd go away if I were you," an anonymous voice said shattering Victor's thoughts. "The O'Calahan farm is no place for a city bastard."

Victor was stunned by the spite in the voice. He drained his glass and started walking out. He got to the door, turned around and said.

"The plaque up there should read 'Nowrath, hospitality centre of Australia'." With this he restored some of his self respect but was still stunned by what he had heard. He walked to the truck, opened the door and slumped into the seat. Janine saw the worry on Victor's face.

"What's the matter Vic?" she asked.

"Nothing", he said trying to look and sound happy. "Let's get out to our new farm," Victor said as he started the truck.

Behind the pub three men were also getting into their cars. They waited for Victor to leave and then drove off in the same direction.

Five minutes later they reached the farm. It was an old colonial house with a long and wide pillared verandah and a sloping shingled roof. Victor got out of the car, walked up to the big double doors and opened them. He walked in a few steps and then turned around and shouted to Janine and Meg.

"Come on! Come in."

Meg hesitated at the door. She seemed scared of the old place.

"What's the matter honey?" Janine asked.

"I don't like this place mom. It scares me!" she replied.

"Come on, I'll hold you as we go inside. Okay."

Victor was very excited about the new house and farm. He spent the rest of the afternoon going through all the rooms. When he finally came round to the cellar he found there was no light in the cellar.

"Go get me the torch from the truck please Meg."

"Sure dad!" she replied, already over any initial fears she had about the house. She gave him the torch and he opened the heavy door leading to the cellar. He was hit by a wave of smelly stale air. "Phew!" he said as he grimaced. Meg laughed beside him. He shined the torch on the stairs in front of him. He slowly tested each stair as he went down. When he reached the bottom he shone the torch around.

"Nothing down here except a few old crates and the rats." What a place to be locked up in he thought to himself.

"Are you sure?" Meg asked.

"Of course I'm sure. What do you expect down here anyway?" Victor asked. He climbed back up the stairs and closed the door.

"Right from now on I want no one to go down that cellar. The steps are old and I want no one falling and breaking their leg out here in this outback. Okay?" Victor said.

"Yeah, sure!" both Janine and Meg said.

Victor was wrong about the cellar. There was something wrong in the cellar. In the darkest corner a skeleton of a hand protruded from its soft earth grave. And now it seemed its terrible secret would never be revealed.

"Well then, it'll be getting dark soon so we better go get the sleeping bags out until the removal truck comes tomorrow. I'm just going to go down the road for a walk," Victor said. He didn't tell Janine that he really wanted to think, especially about the threat.

The three cars that followed Victor had stopped 200 metres up the road and out of sight. One of the men took a tool box and walked into the adjacent paddock. The other man put

on a pair of rubber gloves, tucked a pair of wire cutters in his pants and then started to climb the electricity pole with the O'Calahan farm power lines on it. Victor who was walking up the road saw this and just stopped. When he reached the wires he just cut them. He then spotted the other man in the paddock. He had just stopped digging and was now using a wrench. The water Victor thought. They all then got into their cars and drove off, as if they had done this before. Why? And then the threat went through his mind but with meaning this time. He turned around and started walking home faster. When he got home Janine ran to him and embraced him. She was shivering.

"What happened?" Victor asked, trying to calm her down. She released one hand and gave him some newspaper clippings.

"I found them taped to the back window. Meg was outside. Than god she doesn't suspect anything," Janine said, still shivering.

"Calm down! How do you know that they'll do anything like this. They certainly wouldn't kill anyone!" Victor said, trying to convince himself also, he already knew Janine didn't believe him.

"Who's they?" Janine asked in a terrified tone of voice.

"Just some of the men I saw at the pub were down the road. I'm going to see them at the pub now," Victor replied. She looked at him and asked in a terrified voice.

"What were they doing?"

"Mum, there's no water!" Meg shouted.

"Victor I'm scared. Please don't go. It'll be dark soon and you could still go tomorrow. Please Vic?" she pleaded.

"Don't worry Janine. I'll be back before dark and I'll have everything straightened out with those farmers." Victor jumped in the truck waved goodbye and drove off. Janine just stood there for a minute or two and then ran inside the house closing the double doors behind her. None of them knew that it would be the last time they would see each other. Victor drove with speed towards the pub, fuelling his anger with his thoughts. He felt a strong urge to protect his family, and no one or nothing was going to stop him from doing that, especially not the prejudices of a group of farmers.

He skidded to a halt in front of the pub. He leaned on the wheel for a moment and then got out of the truck. He walked into the pub and went to the bar. All the men were at the tables. This struck as unusual to Victor as the tables and chairs looked always unused. He sat at the bar and then turned around and faced the men at the tables. He could see the three who were near the house in the afternoon.

"Why? Why do you's want to get rid of us. If you do why do you's have to go scaring my wife?" he was shouting now. "You could of talked to me instead of scaring my wife. You would have to be totally unthinking and just plain stupid to do what you's are doing. I just don't understand why. why?" Victor was angry now at the ignorance the men were showing.

One of the men turned around and looked hard at Victor. For a moment then Victor was scared. The man then started to talk.

"You quite finished? Now let me tell you something. You city bastards expected to come to Nowrath, take over a farm from a good man and be mates with everyone. Well it doesn't work that way. You city bastards couldn't find a farm around here so you decided to get rid of Ross. And you did it with your sneaking city ways. Farming was Ross's life. His family had that farm for over 100 years and then you decided to end all that so you could change your lifestyle. Even when we had

the money to pay, you bastards thought of something to reject the money, thinking that we were stupid or something. And then when you do get the farm you people think you can tell us how to run our lives. Well we are not going to sit by and be told what to do by some city bastards who wouldn't know wheat from sugar cane so we got rid of every city bastard that came to stay at the farm that rightly belongs to Ross O'Calahan. And we're going to also get rid of you so that you . . ."

"Oh my god!" Victor gasped as soon as he realised the danger his family was in. He started running for the door.

"It's too late," one of them said. But Victor didn't hear. He was oblivious to everything except the fact that his family was in danger. He ran to the truck and opened the door. It was dark. He said he'd be back before dark. He was already starting to feel guilty.

He started the truck and sped of towards the farm trying to think positive. But now he realised that these people were crazy which scared him.

He saw it from far off. What he dreaded the most was happening. The farm was on fire. He floored the accelerator as the truck raced on. When he reached the farm he didn't see Janine or Meg out in the front like he had hoped. He stopped the truck and jumped out. The house was well alight now. The boards on the side of the house were glowing fiercely as they buckled and became unstuck under the intense heat. The shingles were falling off the house well alight and were leaving the roof frame exposed as the fire engulfed the frame also. The windows had broken under all the heat and the door was also starting to burn. Then Victor saw something that reaffirmed his fears. The area around the door lock and handle was splintered as if it had been axed open. Victor ran to the doors and kicked them open. They just fell apart as the frame had been weakened by the fire. He ran inside and was immediately engulfed by flames, which had taken a firm hold on everything inside and outside. Slowly and reluctantly he was driven out by the intense heat of the fire. He ran around the house looking for a way in and shouting Janine and Meg's name. When he finally came back round to the front of the house he just stood there thinking that they probably were both in town waiting for him or they even probably are hiding in the fields from someone. No, not someone. Hiding from them. But then he heard something that was to leave him a psychological wreck fro the rest of his life.

"Daddyyyyyyyyy." It was Meg screaming from the cellar. "Meg!" he screamed again running towards the house and again being driven back by the flames of the now collapsing house.

Finally the whole roof and the walls collapsed into the cellar. Victor stood there in a daze not wanting to believe what had just happened. Then the full reality hit him. He fell to his knees and wept, and wept as he was overcome by guilt, by a sense that it was all his fault. If only . . .

In town all the men had left the pub. Dim house lights could only be seen. One by one the pub's lights were switched off for the night. Only one light remained on. That was the light which revealed the name plaque above the pub doors. It was polished now, not dust hidden as it was two days ago, and it read:

"Nowrath, Hospitality Centre Of Australia."

Ivan Valiozis

AIR

The sky is a mass of colour and movement on many a clear day . . .

Up in the air it goes, twisting and turning,
Frisking and frolicking, catching and churning,
Up goes the kite and it rocks and rolls,
And it stops and it starts and it flaps and it folds.

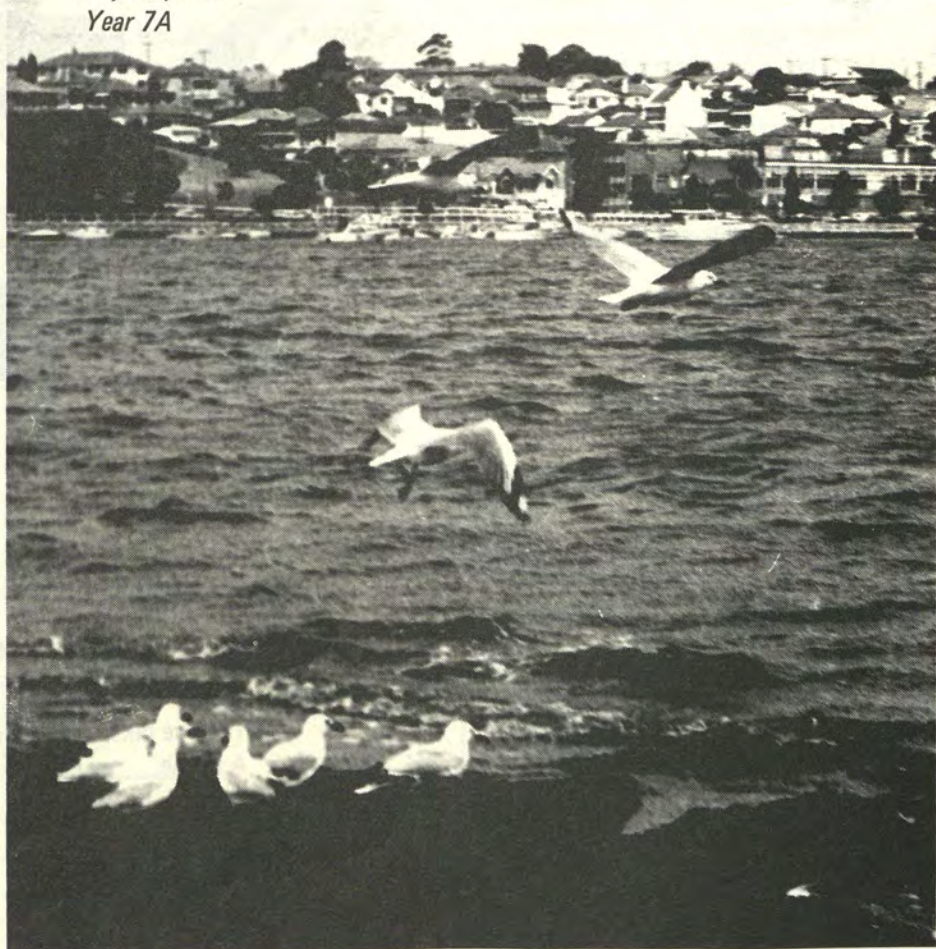
Up in the sky he soars, ducking and diving,
Lifting and leaping, slipping and striving,
Up soars the hang glider, to sweep and to swerve,
To glide and to grasp, to curl and to curve.

Up to the blue it lifts, rising and racing,
Swaying and straying, prying and pacing.
Up rises the balloon, and it tosses and trails,
It bobs and it bounces and it flops and it flails.

Then comes the seagull, screeching and squawking,
Swooping and stooping, babbling and baulking,
Then flies the seagull to carp and to caw,
And to whip and to whirl and to stalk and to stall.

But when the wind drops, the kite it comes down,
And the hang glider lands and the balloon floats around,
And the bird in the sky does not flap now, nor fly,
All that was there, has come down from the sky.

*Kelly Stephens
Year 7A*



NED KELLY

As the sinking sun sets slowly
And the kookaburras call,
The gum trees rustle softly
And dusk begins to fall.

Ca-lop, Ca-lop comes echoing
From cliff to starry sky
Ned Kelly's gang is riding
From the mountain tops on high

Thud, a-thud the horse's hooves,
The jingle of the bit,
A-riding from the coppers,
A smell of rancid sweat

Ned Kelly is a bushranger,
A-worth 8,000 pound
Harried by the justice,
Hunted like a hound

Ned Kelly's Ma in prison
(She had a babe in arms)
Thrown off their land by policemen,
Ned shot a copper down,

Ned and Dan were outlaws
With a price upon their heads
Joe and Steve soon joined them,
Left their homes and bed

Horse-thief and a murderer!
Highwayman and cheat!
Ho, Ned Kelly is a rascal,
From his head down to his feet!"

Yet Kelly is a legend,
Forget the law's cruel words
An eagle seeking freedom
King of all the birds

Ca-lop, Ca-lop comes echoing,
From cliff to starry sky,
Ned Kelly's spirit roaming,
From the mountain tops on high.

Lisa Busch Year 8F

The luscious taste of blood in your mouth
The feel of clammy flesh
The smell of raw liver
The sight of slashed wrists
Hear the heart pump
Red

Tim Wallaby Year 8

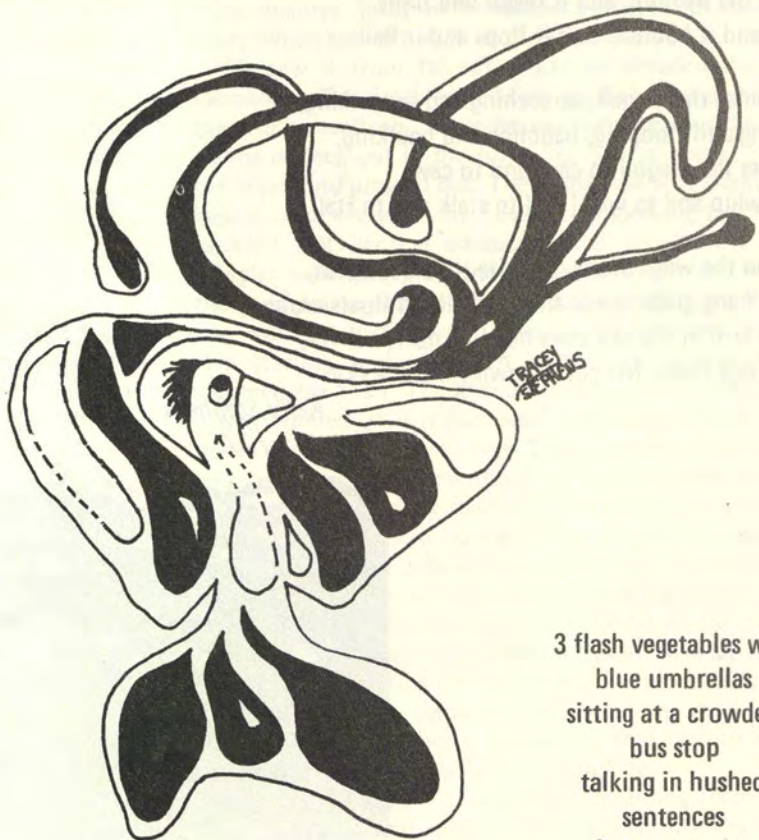
A HELLO GOODBYE POEM

Hello tele Goodbye books
Hello pinnies Goodbye tele
Hello spacies Goodbye pinnies
Hello faulty fuse Goodbye world

Gilbert Robson Year 7

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver cans and paper bags,
And garbage all in a row.

Jon Simmons, Year 8



3 flash vegetables with
blue umbrellas
sitting at a crowded
bus stop
talking in hushed
sentences
fingers burning
quietly on an
open range
somewhere
on a
prairie
die
won over
the next
train
stop.

RING, A RING, A ROSIE

Ring, a ring, a rosie.
They've taken all the posies.
A tissue,
A tissue,
A handkerchief of soot.

Tim Wallace, Year 8

SIGNS

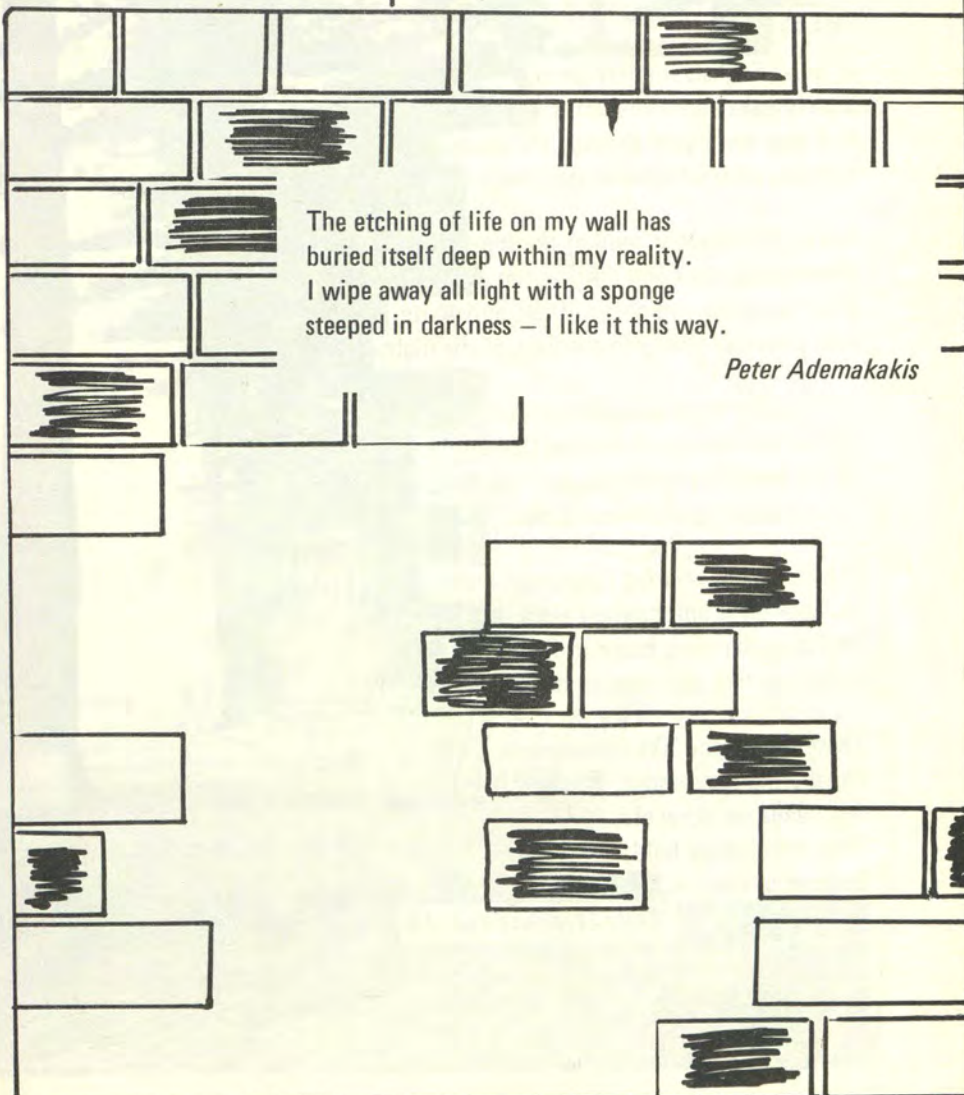
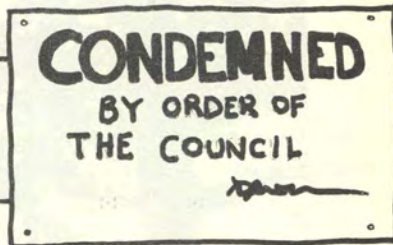
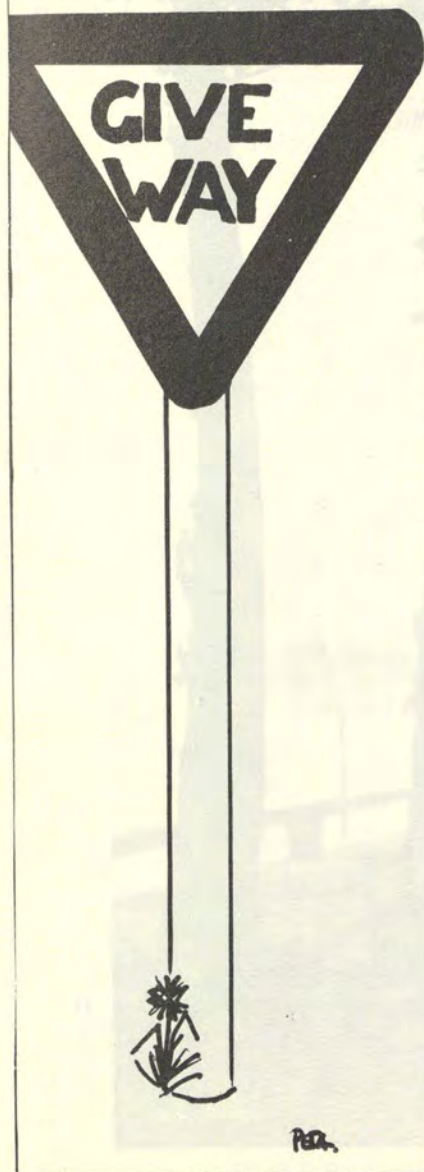
Signs are a negative point of our mechanised lifestyle. Humans are reduced to programmed machines, accepting, not questioning, obeying, not thinking and always being told what to do by signs. I, as well as every free thinking individual, (I stress individual) am tired of being reduced to meekness and of taking orders. We must regain our personalities and, destroy the signs.

Signs are a form of psychological brainwashing. As consumers we must be conscious of the constant ploy of bright lights and colourful signs to trick and bully us into purchasing useless items. Once again, poor helpless human beings are encouraged to sit back and let signs run their lives for them. This situation cannot continue without endangering all homo sapiens.

Tests have been conducted in an attempt to demonstrate the ease with which signs are slowly taking over our lives. In a supermarket a sign was placed by the door requesting all shoppers to wipe their feet before leaving the shop. Time after time shoppers would obey the sign. Surely this demonstrates once and for all that signs are taking over our world. We cannot allow this dismal situation to continue. We must make a stand once and for all.

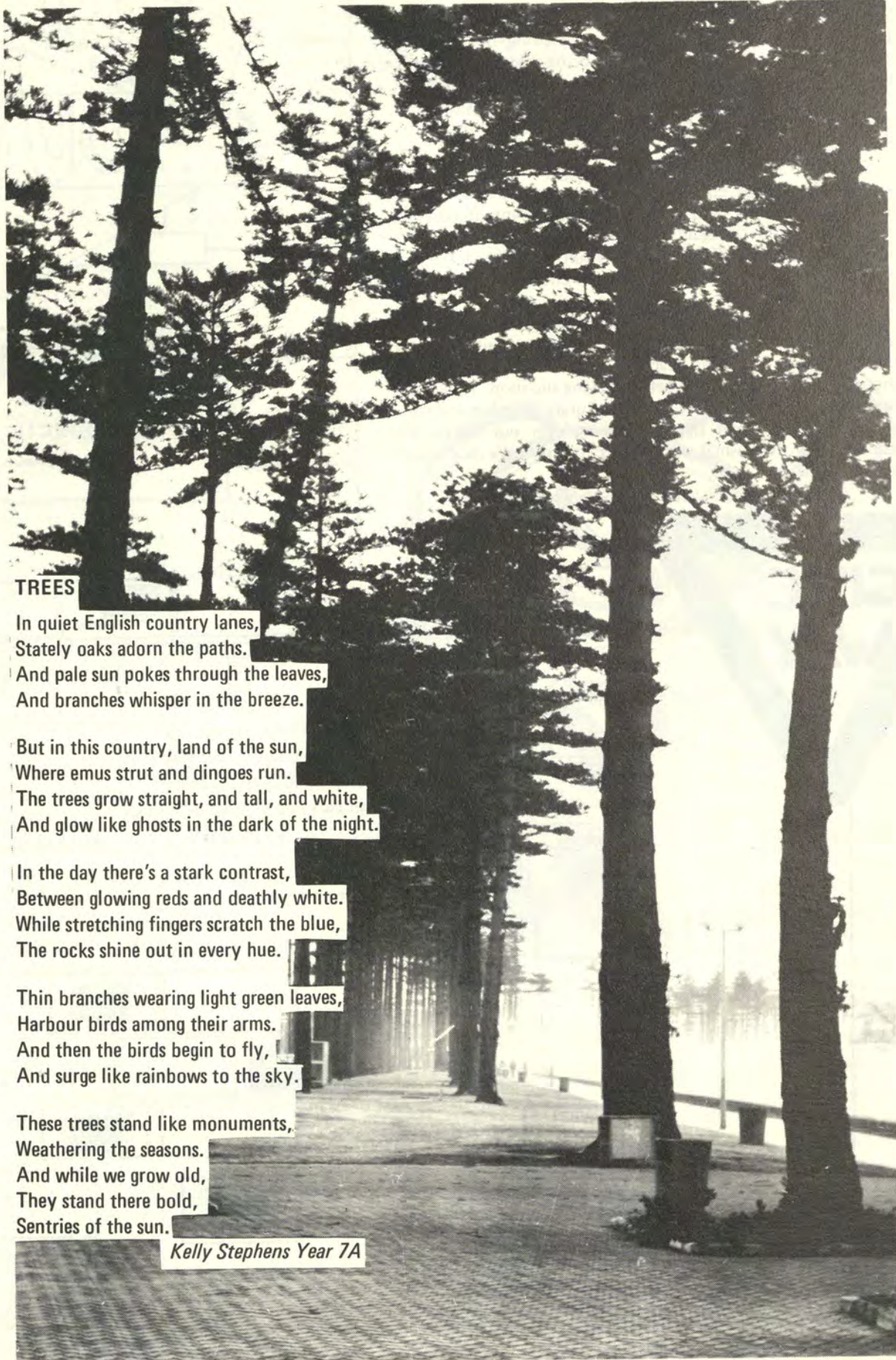
Retain your individuality. Disobey a sign today!

Kim Walden



The etching of life on my wall has buried itself deep within my reality. I wipe away all light with a sponge steeped in darkness – I like it this way.

Peter Ademakakis



TREES

In quiet English country lanes,
Stately oaks adorn the paths.
And pale sun pokes through the leaves,
And branches whisper in the breeze.

But in this country, land of the sun,
Where emus strut and dingoes run.
The trees grow straight, and tall, and white,
And glow like ghosts in the dark of the night.

In the day there's a stark contrast,
Between glowing reds and deathly white.
While stretching fingers scratch the blue,
The rocks shine out in every hue.

Thin branches wearing light green leaves,
Harbour birds among their arms.
And then the birds begin to fly,
And surge like rainbows to the sky.

These trees stand like monuments,
Weathering the seasons.
And while we grow old,
They stand there bold,
Sentries of the sun.

Kelly Stephens Year 7A

THE FIVE SENSES

An ice-cold lemon drink on a hot day
Warmth from the sun
The lingering smell of a lemon cake.
The sun shining bright in the sky.
Canaries singing
Yellow.

A blueberry pie after dinner
The smooth feeling of an opal.
The scent from a violet
The sky up above
The rolling breakers of the sea.
Blue.

Luscious lettuce in a salad.
The feel of leaves.
The smell of freshly mowed grass
Moss laying over the pebble stones
The rustling of leaves.
Green.

Jon Simmons

THE FORGOTTEN HEROES

Red is the colour of blood, gushing from a wound.
Green is the colour of the field, before the battle came.
Orange is the colour of the flame, spitting from cannon and
gun.
Pink is the colour of bandages, stained by human blood.
Blue is the colour of the sky, in the aftermath.
Brown is the colour of the soil, churned by exploding shells.
Brown is the colour of rust, eating abandoned guns.
Grey is the colour of uniforms, stained by rain and mud.
Grey is the colour of weather-beaten crosses,
The signs of the forgotten heroes.

Gilbert Robson Year 7



THE BEACH

Tall black peaks rise
solitary against the wind that howls desolately,
Like a funnel of fear.

The sea threshes,
Throwing itself onto the beach
Jagged, broken glass

Foamy stallions gallop
Rearing into the night,
White against the velvet black

Myriads of stars dot the emptiness
Cold silver lights
That shimmer through my nightmare

A seagull flies through the gloom
Lands on the crests
Bobbing like jetsam

One by one the wet mountains
Fling their treasures up,
Leaving tyres, boots, a dead fish
To the mercy of the wind and rain.

Lightning flashes,
Thunder roars,
In harmony with the roar of the sea

A wave scatters as it is beaten against a rock
A lone ray of gold pierces the clouds
It is caught by an abandoned pearl,

Which sparkles, glows
Until a cold green hand reaches out
and draws it back;
Back it is drawn
Into the pocket
of mystery

Lisa Busch

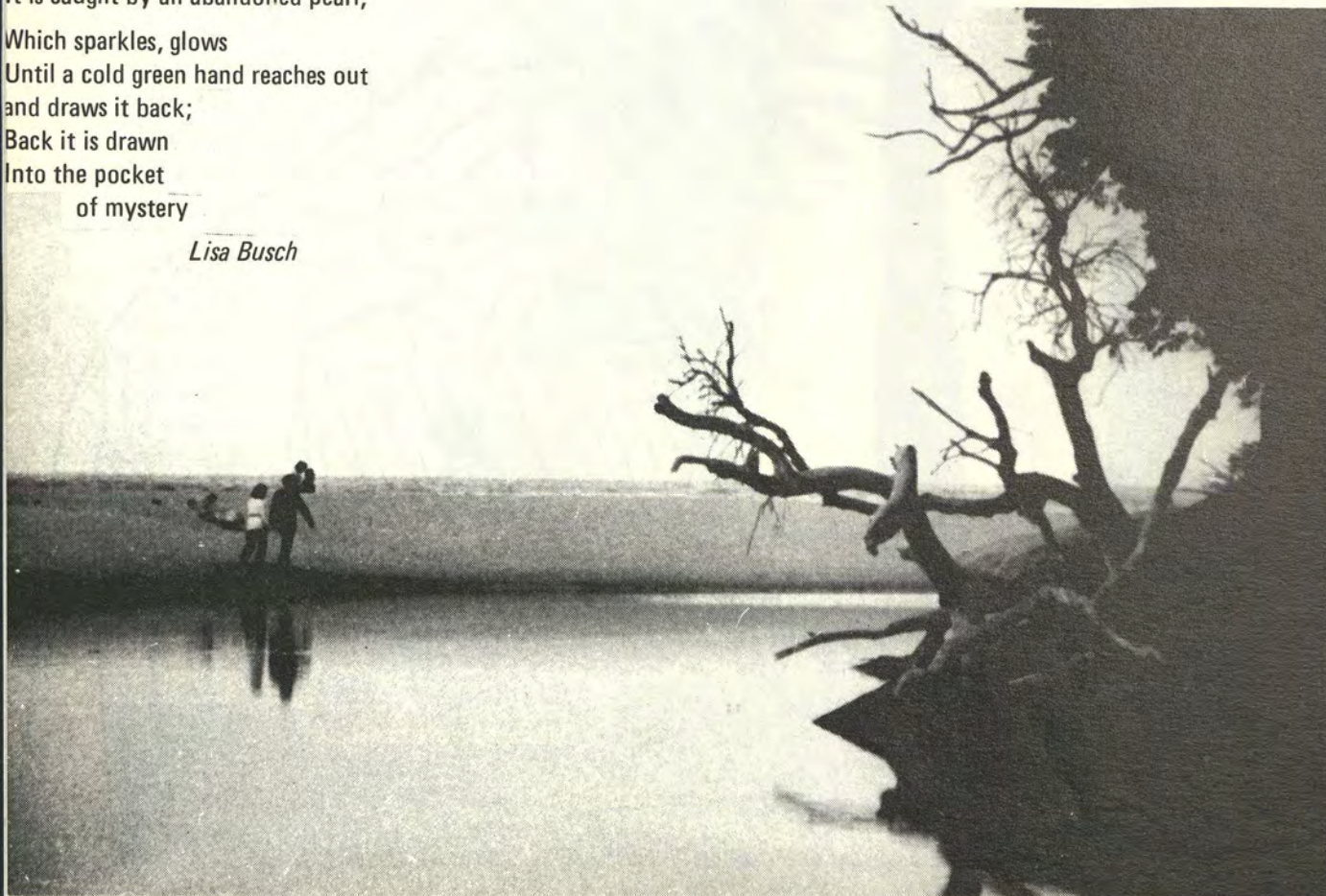
GREAT TIMES

Love has come upon the world,
all people live in peace.
A united flag has been unfurled –
A great new land with a golden fleece.

The grass grows green as the sun shines down,
the water flows pure across the land.
The waves the golden beach do pound.
The children playing in the sand.

Our people live in suburban bliss
With all the modern cons.
Happiness leaves nought amiss
as the water clean in ponds.

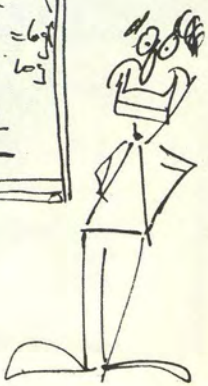
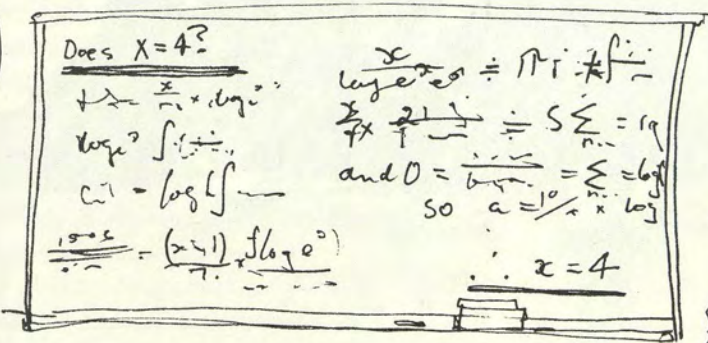
No bombs do drop on ruined shells
where the people now do live.
Children see no more living hells,
'cause everybody gives.



Romance: The Scientist's Final Frontier (the saga continues)

You walk past,
 And millions of CO₂ molecules are forced from my lungs.
 My blood pressure rises whenever you stimulate my retina.
 As you radiate towards me,
 I am sent into chemical confusion.
 When you vibrate your vocal chords, why,
 You upset the very equilibrium within me.
 The thought that you don't know me would ionise my very soul.
 For you, gentle bipod,
 I would perform endless titrations with limitless mc².
 You send my dendrites into disarray,
 To gaze into your receptors would split the very DNA.
 For you, sweet organism,
 Einstein would use new transformations,
 Leibnitz would use no integration,
 Chemists, outlaw all oxidation
 I would even jog the block for you.
 And not only that, you osmotic cell-structure,
 Your pi-bonds drive me crazy.
 Being with you is more fun than dissecting livers.
 Your face can launch one thousand mathematicians in search
 of the cubic solution.
 To touch you, is to sit on bunsen burners
 To hold you, is to smell benzoic acid
 To kiss you, is to solve differential equations.
 I don't care that you believe in the 'Big Bang',
 I enjoy seeing your production possibilities curve.
 Who can tell? If one day I make the Scientific American,
 We could run away together and study bacteria . . .
 We could even grow moulds in the back garden.
 Induction shows that I am logical – the way I feel about you .
 I do love you.
 (This would look great in binary code – to be continued)

G. LEE IIT



B. THOMSON IOA

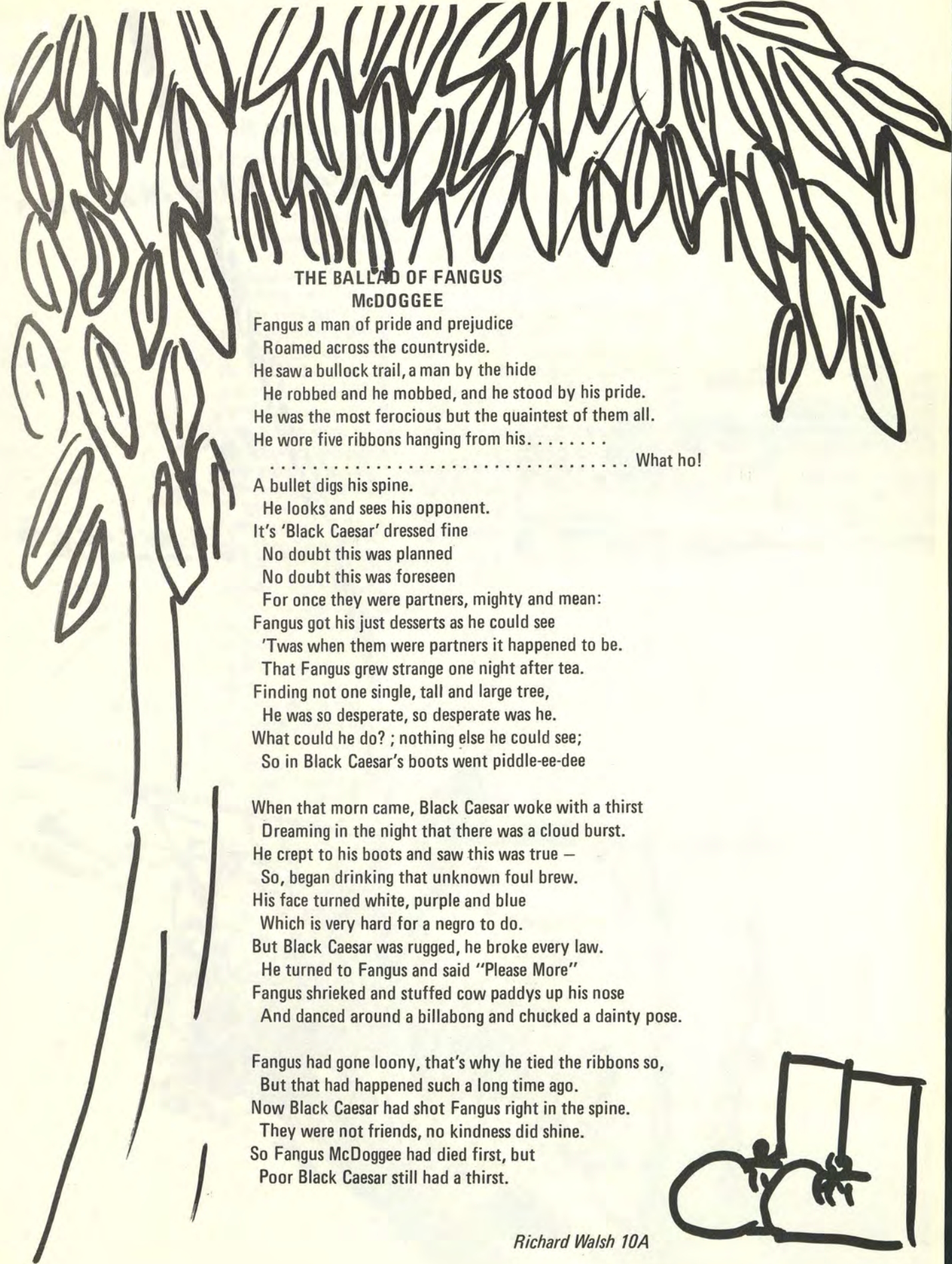
The mention of your name, dear Keats,
is enough to arouse emotion.
Flawless lines of feeling deep and
superficial can bring upon me great
pleasure as I read.

And you, dear Blake, where have you
encaged your mind filled with
so many wondrous ideals? I can
sit and ponder but I will never
really know, will I?

And you Mr Dransfield?
A world of euphoric haze and
deep understanding – I have heard
you took your own life and
that you liked Van Gogh.

Peter Ademakakis, Year 10





THE BALLAD OF FANGUS
McDOGEE

Fangus a man of pride and prejudice
Roamed across the countryside.
He saw a bullock trail, a man by the hide
He robbed and he mobbed, and he stood by his pride.
He was the most ferocious but the quaintest of them all.
He wore five ribbons hanging from his.

What ho!

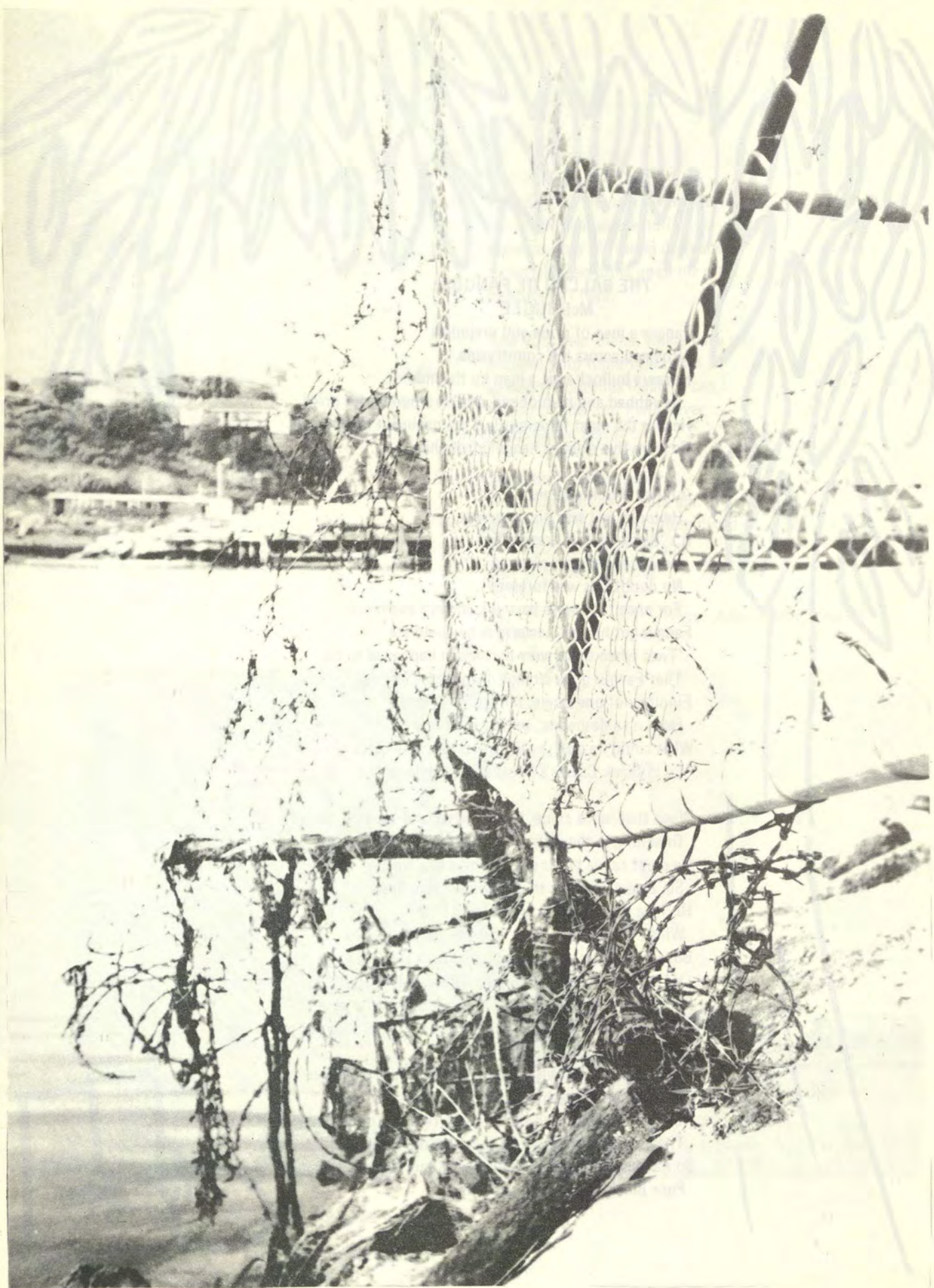
A bullet digs his spine.
He looks and sees his opponent.
It's 'Black Caesar' dressed fine
No doubt this was planned
No doubt this was foreseen
For once they were partners, mighty and mean:
Fangus got his just desserts as he could see
'Twas when them were partners it happened to be.
That Fangus grew strange one night after tea.
Finding not one single, tall and large tree,
He was so desperate, so desperate was he.
What could he do? ; nothing else he could see;
So in Black Caesar's boots went piddle-ee-dee

When that morn came, Black Caesar woke with a thirst
Dreaming in the night that there was a cloud burst.
He crept to his boots and saw this was true —
So, began drinking that unknown foul brew.
His face turned white, purple and blue
Which is very hard for a negro to do.
But Black Caesar was rugged, he broke every law.
He turned to Fangus and said "Please More"
Fangus shrieked and stuffed cow paddys up his nose
And danced around a billabong and chucked a dainty pose.

Fangus had gone loony, that's why he tied the ribbons so,
But that had happened such a long time ago.
Now Black Caesar had shot Fangus right in the spine.
They were not friends, no kindness did shine.
So Fangus McDogee had died first, but
Poor Black Caesar still had a thirst.



Richard Walsh 10A



THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Captain Walter MacGreavy, his face once healthy and handsome, was now white and peaked, his eyes hollows of anguish and his hair dry, clotted with the blood from a wound that was bound in a scrap of cotton.

The young man's dreams of riding victoriously home from the battle, healthy and strong, cheered by the people of England with "Rule Britannia" played in the background, had long since vanished.

The men left in his regiment, (three of which were insane) were degenerate, almost semi-transparent beings.

Walter roused himself with an attack of barklike coughing. He viewed the men around him critically, "Get up! Load your guns!" His voice, hoarse from worry, was sharp. "You man, for God's sake wake up! The Russians will be attacking soon!"

The men, most of them under twenty, half heartedly loaded their guns, and with more short, sharp orders, stood up along the muddy trench in a grim pretence of the brisk army formation that was prided upon the commander-in-chief.

They waited for an hour, in the cold. The land around them was bleak, no living thing could be seen for miles besides the dry, yellow grass.

The icy wind howled desolately, worming through the soldiers' uniforms and biting with the gnawing nip of frost.

One by one the men sank down, eyelids heavy with fatigue falling over glazed eyes. MacGreavy remained standing for another hour, too tired to raise the half dead men. At length he too sank down, joining his companions in the ankle deep mud.

Later in the night he awoke, partially refreshed. He viewed the scene around him with horror . . . sleeping on the job was one of the worst army crimes.

With a brisk shout and a blow on his rusty whistle he awoke the men. They reluctantly dragged themselves from the ground and responded slowly to his commands to make tea.

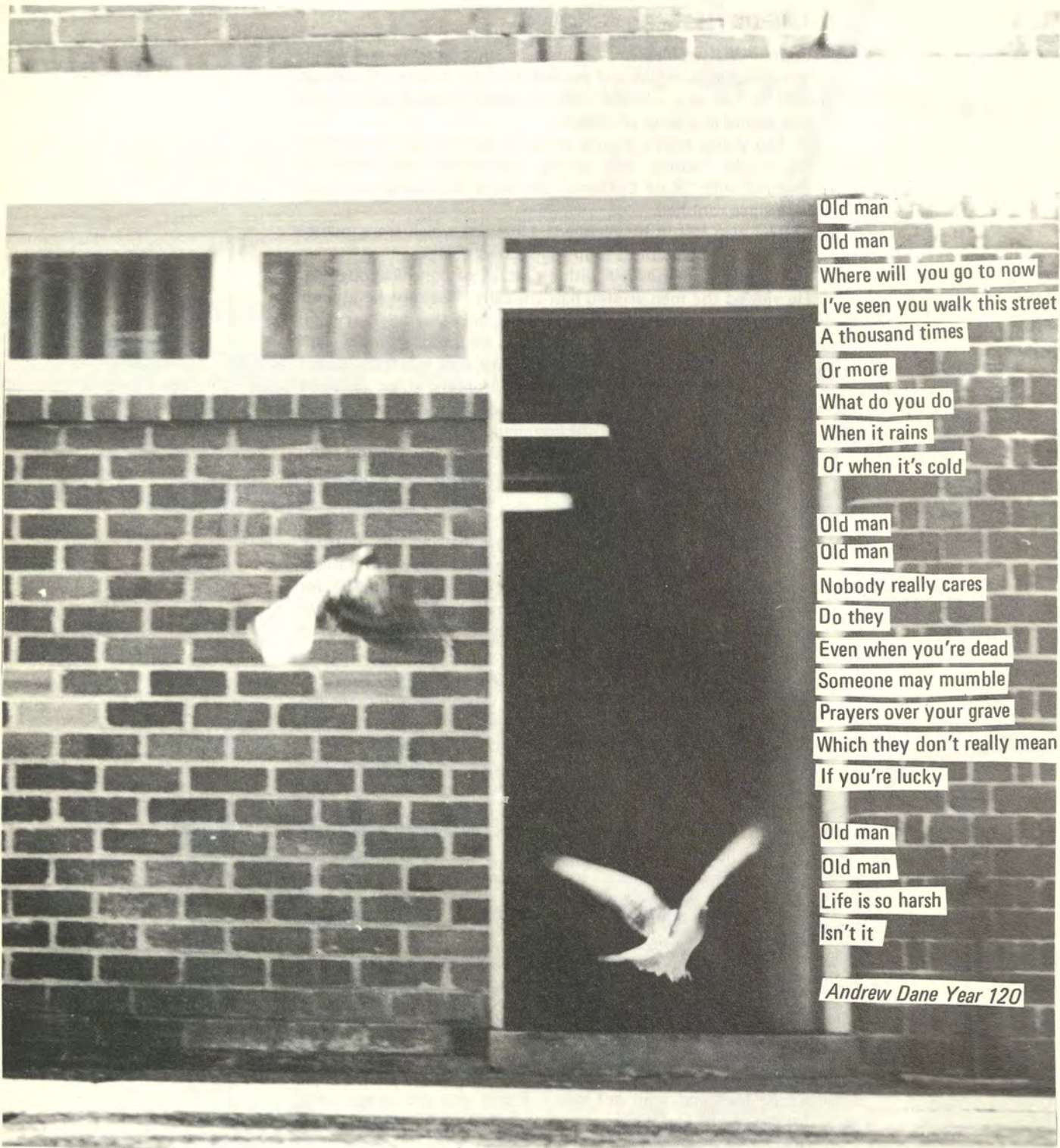
There were now eight men left from thirty. Two had committed suicide, three had drowned. Three were insane, and one of the madmen had murdered a soldier. Six had been gunned down or captured by the enemy and one had died in the night.

MacGreavy and the soldiers sat around a feeble fire, drinking weak tea and trying to be cheerful.

Suddenly, there was a shout. Twenty men had crept up, and were encircling them with machine guns. He saw Scott fall, his head and chest shattered . . . Jones, filled with holes like a motheaten rag . . . he saw . . .

Walter and his men lay in the mud, eyes open and staring. The rain began to fall and washed the blood away, leaving them stark and cold, all with vaguely puzzled expressions, for the rest of eternity

Lisa Busch



Old man
Old man
Where will you go to now
I've seen you walk this street
A thousand times
Or more
What do you do
When it rains
Or when it's cold

Old man
Old man
Nobody really cares
Do they
Even when you're dead
Someone may mumble
Prayers over your grave
Which they don't really mean
If you're lucky

Old man
Old man
Life is so harsh
Isn't it

Andrew Dane Year 120

WAR

"I just can't wait!" said Thompson
As he spread the tracks across the chair
"The new teacher comes today – the one
With the curly hair."

A sloshing sound came from the doorway
As buckets were placed up on top
They did it very carefully,
Without even spilling a drop.

Footsteps approached in the corridor
A cry rang out from the door
The students put the room back together
As they scurried across the floor.

The door was slowly opened.
The teacher walked inside.
The students cocked their rulers,
Their ammo by their sides.

Thompson gave the signal,
The students opened up,
The air was thick with missiles –
Paper, glue and muck!

The teacher went down bravely
Half his skull smashed in,
The students all ran over,
And threw him in the bin.

"Victory" cried Thompson,
As the others gathered round
And cheered their glorious leader
As he leapt up off the ground.

Richard Lennane Year 8

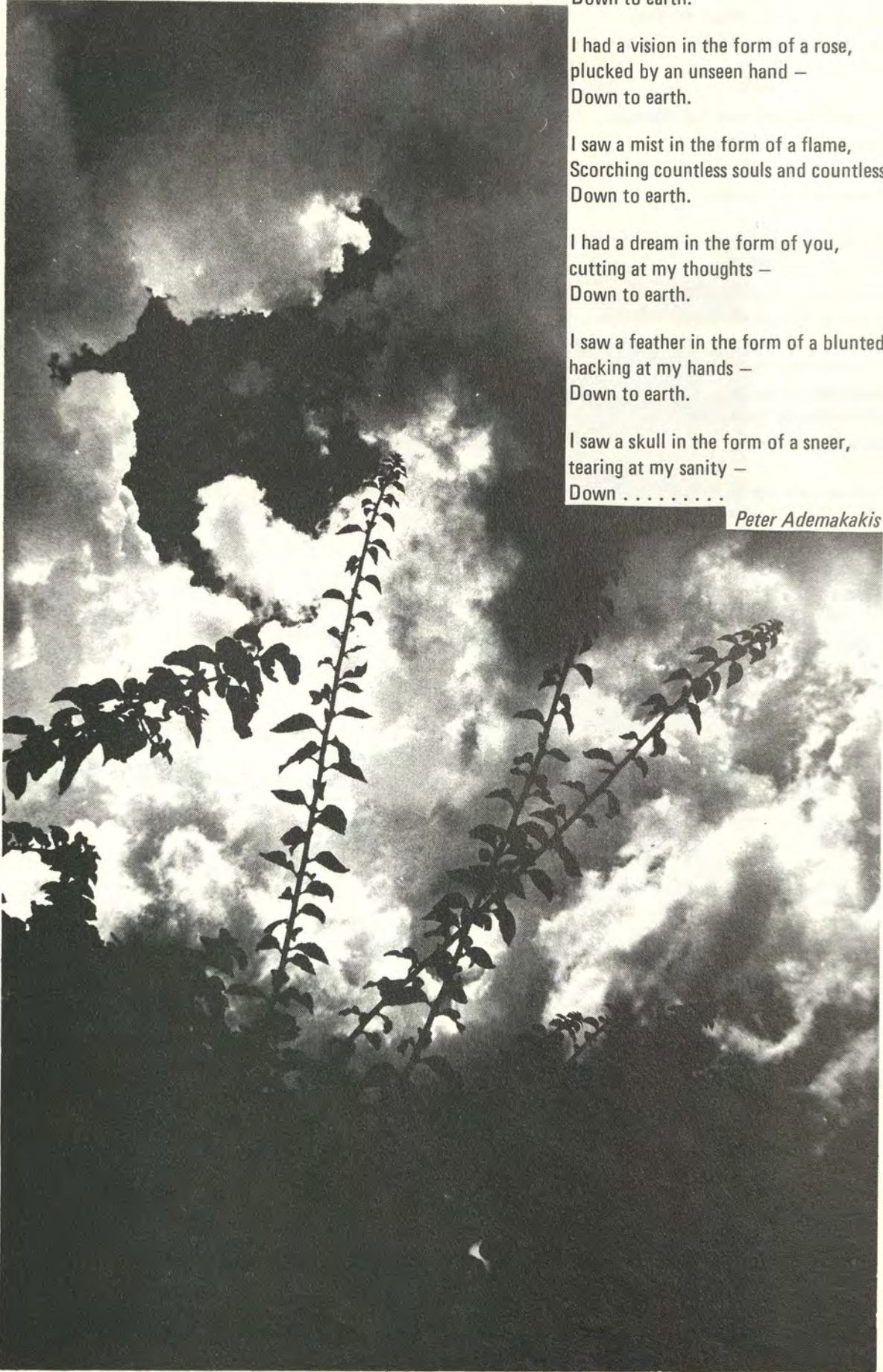
A guitar with no strings leans against a
blank wall, silent.
No mellowed tones surge forth from its hollowed frame.
Shining in the window light
it reflects my face.

It stands alone in its hollowed silence,
No music to comfort me, my fingers itching to
feel its melody.
A breeze dances across its sound hole to produce
a deep, dragging tone.

I take the silent instrument of escape and
hold it to empty thoughts that pass before me –
Tomorrow I'll buy strings –
You walk by me and you don't even smile, not one
sound do you utter.

And so, my silent guitar and my silent thoughts are
taken by your silent presence.
But this is only a dream of the day.
The guitar still stands alone and still it has no string –
you have taken them.

Peter Ademakakis



I saw a cloud in the form of a floating doll,
pierced by an infant's cries –
Down to earth.

I had a vision in the form of a rose,
plucked by an unseen hand –
Down to earth.

I saw a mist in the form of a flame,
Scorching countless souls and countless memories –
Down to earth.

I had a dream in the form of you,
cutting at my thoughts –
Down to earth.

I saw a feather in the form of a blunted knife,
hacking at my hands –
Down to earth.

I saw a skull in the form of a sneer,
tearing at my sanity –
Down

Peter Ademakakis

Gleaming icons – tinted blue
serene textures and countless movements of a clock
hanging threads weaving through
thoughts and memories lost.

Touch an image and feel its presence –
so many dreams to think of.
I can reach and hope to touch
an essence that is lost.

Church bells produce dead tones
walk an aisle alone – eyes staring.
I need to see you in candlelight –
feel an essence that is lost.

Darkness that plays important roles
in a life that has been lost for so long
Gleaming icons – tinted red
reflect the pain that I feel.

Bright lights on the stage
echoing your song that drifts within my form.
Sing your melodies and I will listen –
forever and eternity seem long.

Peter Ademakakis



Linda Gary.

“HELL”

Below the grass of the green, green earth,
Lies a place of terror and grief,
Where the demons flow and the devil grows
Your agony is far from brief.

This place is known as Satan’s den,
With blazing fire and torture,
And if you sin, OH if you sin,
The devil sure has caught ya.

And when the angry flaming thing,
called Lucifer the evil,
Comes to get you from the earth
I’m sure you won’t believe it.

His burning claws and shining eyes,
Create a fantastic delusion,
For when he opens your arms to tear your flesh,
It seems like a mind’s illusion.

So tonight when you calmly lie down to rest,
Think about the warning given,
For when you sleep without a sound
You’d want to wake up living.

Steven Thomas Year 9A



EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

Favourite television show . . .

- Mr Moynham – the test pattern.
- Mr Lembit – The Professionals.
- Miss Dimas – Fame.
- Mr Morgan – football games.
- Mrs Levi – Channel O, bien entendu.
- Mr Swadling – Nationwide.

Favourite radio station . . .

- Mr Morgan – never listen to any radio.
- Mr Wilson – ABC FM.
- Miss Dimas – 2UW.
- Mrs Colman – 2MMM.
- Mr Moynham – OFF.
- Mr Lembit – 2KY.

Favourite drink . . .

- Mrs Levi – le cidre.
- Mr Wilson – champers, bollingers.
- Mr Garan – vodka.
- Miss Dimas – orange juice.
- Mrs Colman – champagne.
- Mr Lembit – beer.
- Mr Moynham – HIJKLMNO. . . (H₂O).
- Mr Swadling – scotch and dry.

What is your most redeeming quality?

- Mr Morgan – compassion.
- Mr Garan – my forgiveness to students who don't do their homework.
- Miss Dimas – I'm kind.
- Mr Wilson – humility.
- Mrs Colman – didn't know I had one.
- Mr Moynham – ability to plead insanity.

Favourite type of woman or man . . .

- Mr Garan – French, yes, my wife was French.
- Mr Wilson – sincere, witty, artistic.
- Miss Dimas – definitely not a male chauvanist. They're the worst!
- Mr Morgan – any necessary one.
- Mr Moynham – I'll have one of each, thanks!
- Mrs Colman – I dunno . . . I dunno . . . someone not too dumb.
- Mr Lembit – all.
- Mr Swadling – affectionate and loyal.

Favourite shop . . .

- Mrs Colman – clothes.
- Mr Garan – grocery.
- Mr Moynham – St Vinny's.
- Miss Dimas – MLC Centre.
- Mr Wilson – Gowings. It is a known fact that the trendiest boys' singlets are found there.
- Mr Lembit – delicatessen.
- Mr Swadling – food.

Colour of bedroom carpet . . .

Mr Morgan – brown.
Mr Garan – grey.
Mr Lembit – white (shag).
Mrs Colman – white.
Mr Wilson – green (I think).
Miss Dimas – brown, gold, green,
orange, red, yellow, grey
Mr Swadling – white.

Favourite smell . . .

Mr Morgan – salt air.
Mr Garan – chocolate.
Miss Dimas – French perfume.
Mrs Levi – Eau de Cologne.
Mr Lembit – cooking onions.
Mrs Colman – fresh air.
Mr Swadling – musk.



Favourite animal . . .

Mrs Colman – my Silky (Sampson).
Mr Morgan – dog.
Mr Lembit – fish.
Miss Dimas – my teddy bear.
Mr Moynham – bunyip.
Mrs Levi – le chat.
Mr Wilson – horse.
Mr Garan – I have a very nice cat at home.
Mr Swadling – Collie dog.

What has been your most embarrassing moment?

Mr Moynham – having to talk to you two.
Miss Dimas – being photographed by Horacio.
Mr Garan – appearing unshaven in front of a class.
Mrs Colman – which one?
Mr Wilson – while I'm playing piano to a class of boys, their steady but soft laughter begins. I look around and see a strange lady behind me. I stop playing and she says "Go on playing love – I like that". I continue only to hear more laughter. I stop. . . . she is dancing!
I stand up and shout "What are you doing here?" She replies, "I want to be near you, love." She makes herself at home at my piano and holds a brief "Boogie Woogie" session followed by "Safe in the Arms of Jesus". . . . "Look here, I'm trying to give a music lesson! Would you mind leaving?"
"I'll go – first give me a kiss."
I fled! The headmaster advised: "Good experience, lad. Go try again!"

Favourite article of clothing . . .

Mr Garan – swimming trunks.
Mrs Colman – cocktail dress.
Mr Moynham – lap lap.
Mrs Levi – le blue jean elastique (Levis?!)
Mr Morgan – they're all important.
Mr Wilson – my trendy Gowings' singlet.

What would you like to be when you grow up?

Mr Garan – well, I've already grown up!
Mr Wilson – conductor of New York Philharmonic Orchestra (bet you didn't know that!)

Mrs Levi – touriste en Europe.

Miss Dimas – astronaut.

Mr Moynham – student at Fort Street High.

Mrs Colman – not a teacher!

Mrs Crawford – geriatric.

What does your front doorbell say?

Mr Garan – hello.

Mr Moynham – doesn't talk.

Mr Wilson – on pulling, it goes "ding dong".

Mr Levi – Une tete de lion qui ne frappe pas bien.

Miss Dimas – what?!

Favourite Song . . .

Mr Wilson – "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean" (accompanied by practical rendition).

Mr Garan – too hard question.

Mr Moynham – Fort Street school song.

Mrs Colman – "Chemistry".

What are your secret hobbies?

Mrs Levi – le yoga.

Mrs Colman – sleeping and reading novels.

Mr Riches – flashing . . . (answering for Mr Moynham, of course).

Mr Garan – a nice glass of wine before going to sleep.

Mr Wilson – inspecting mirrors.

Favourite TV personality . . .

Miss Dimas – Clint Eastwood.

Mr Garan – Brian Henderson.

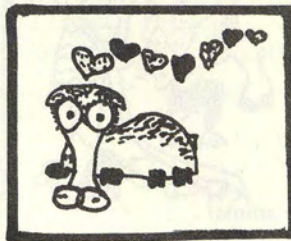
Mr Wilson – James Dibble (Dribble).

Mr Lembit – Dennis Waterman (The Minder).

Mrs Colman – Mr Snuggles.

Mr Moynham – you can take anything down except my trousers . . . (!).

Mr Swadling – Katrina Lee.



Do you like aardvarks?

Mr Wilson – in the summer only. They eat ants on my picnic.

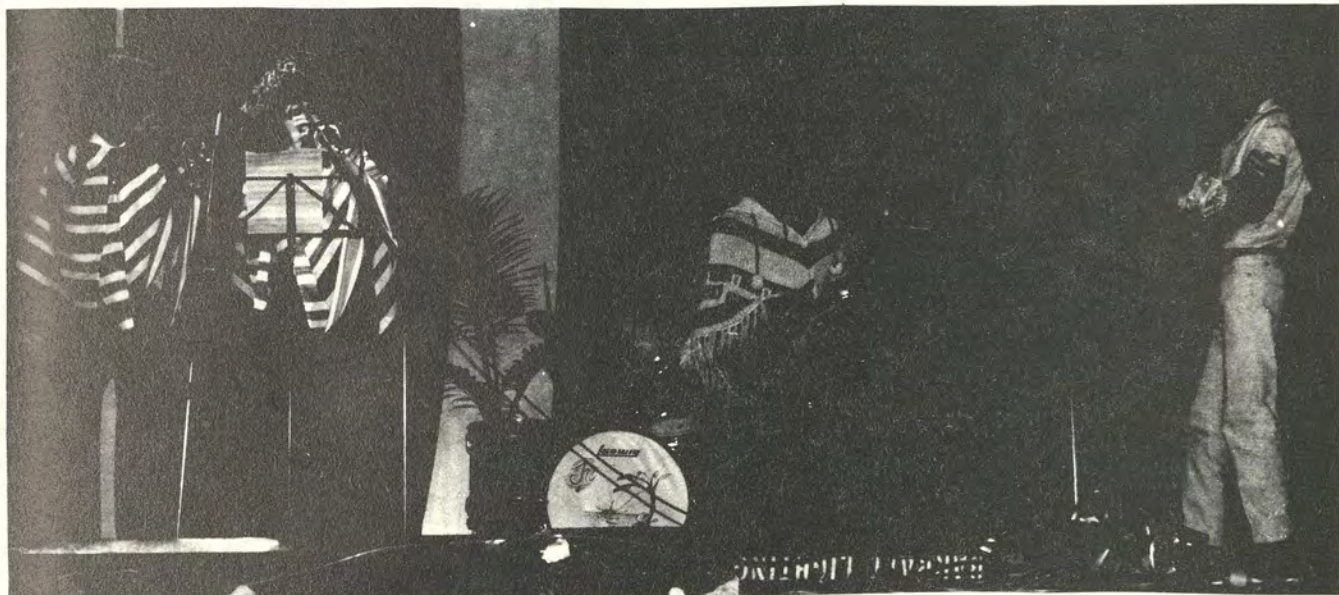
Mrs Levi – J'en ai entendu parler.

Mr Morgan – don't know any.

Mr Garan – I love them (for dinner).

Mr Moynham – almost as much as Noah'sarks and softarks.

Miss Dimas – what? Are you serious?!



FORT STREET NEWEST FACES

Where were you on the night of Wednesday, April 28, 1982, at 7.30 pm? You should have been in the Assembly Hall of Fort Street High anxiously waiting (. . . and waiting and waiting . . .) for Fort Street Newest Faces to begin. However, if you had a Six Unit Physics exam to study for, here's the report:

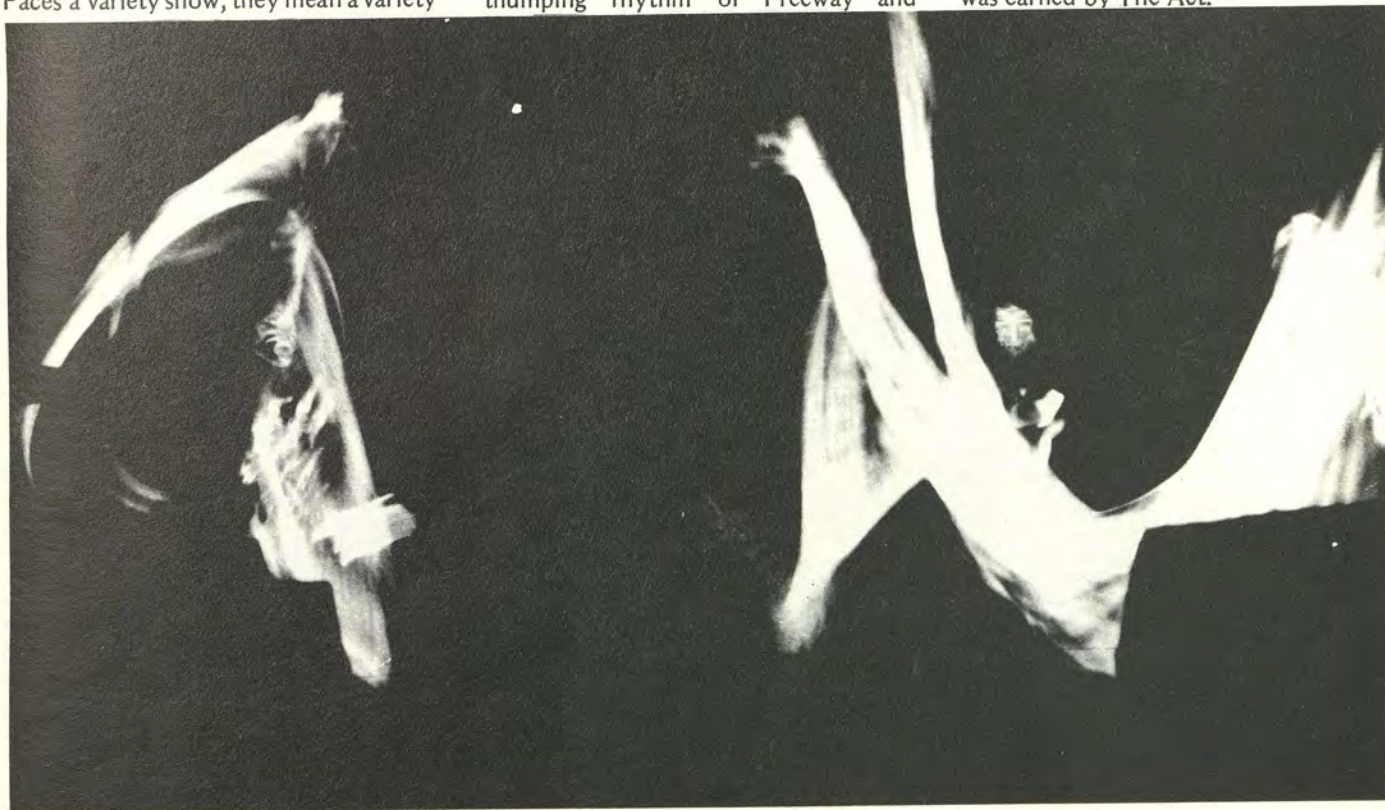
. . . When they call Fort Street Newest Faces a variety show, they mean a variety

show! the entertainment ranged from good to excellent. The performers ranged from bad to excellent, offering us comedy, music, dancing and acts resembling the molecular formula of bromochlorodifluoromethane.

The music category had something to (hopefully) satisfy all tastes, including the fiery South American brass tune of "La Bamba" played by Oasis; the head-thumping rhythm of Freeway and

Inertial Mess; Sandra Borri's nostalgic piano trip back to the Roaring Twenties and comedy acts such as Muck Off Cleaners.

However, as with all competitions of this nature, there are winners and losers. The Best Act Award went to Inspired Madness and their fluorescent paint. The Encouragement Award was given to Flying Like An Eagle and the Worst Act was earned by The Act.



NEW CALEDONIA

FORTIANS INVADE NEW CALEDONIA

Between May 11 and 18, during the school holidays, a group of eighteen Fortians, accompanied by Mr Garan and Ms Morey, visited the French colony, New Caledonia.

It was an unforgettable week, which gave most of us our first opportunity to experience a foreign culture.

Many tours had been organised for us, including visits to a French bakery, the new zoo (with the beautiful caged "dead" bird), an island feast or Bougna, and a day trip to Amedee Lighthouse. The latter was certainly the most memorable, for we were able to relax and mix informally with the Islanders, who treated us to a sumptuous luncheon, showed us how to "shave bananas" and "grind coffee". All in all, a very enjoyable and exhausting day. Just ask Mr Garan. Even he managed to make it to the top of the lighthouse after much effort!

Despite the fact that many of our

days were filled with sightseeing, most of us found free time to sample the delights of wind surfing, snorkelling, bicycle and moped riding (see Daisy for lessons in how **not** to ride a moped!) Quite a few of us took up the French custom of cafe sitting, while sipping cafe au lait and munching on "les sandwiches" — a long bread roll filled with salad.

All of us agreed that the locals were friendly. At times, too friendly (see Joanne, Julie and Parissa for details). David Mann and David Kwok actually ran into an old friend of theirs, Jean Walker, who helped them to acquire zee French accent, while Simone and Marina proved to be invaluable life savers.

Our accommodation was certainly cosy, though the "lemons" were found to be a bit sour; and we forgot to mention that Robert Owen found his true love at the Bougna while modelling sarongs.

This trip certainly gave us the chance

to mix with fellow students other than the usual peers and so lasting friendships were formed between different age groups. We even became friendly with some of those sour lemons. Furthermore, talents previously unnoticed came to the fore. Carolyn Milward excelled herself by finding bargains everywhere for everyone. Her haggling was so effective that the shop attendants never got a word in. Also, Robert Owen proved to be a wine connoisseur of considerable note, with comments like "Roz, what do you think of the white?" Move over Len Evans! Jenny Jamieson and Granny Jones kept a watch on Blake Avenell but his face disappeared at least on one occasion. Leisha Miller entertained many of us with unusual jokes.

All in all, a great time was had by all! Our very special thanks to Ms Morey and Mr Garan who gave up their own holidays to make this trip possible.



STUDENT COUNCIL

THE 1982 STUDENT COUNCIL

The 1982 Student Council has remained in contact with parents involved in the Parents and Citizens Association and led discussions between students and representatives from the parent body. The Council attempted to increase student awareness and involvement. It has led discussions about activities being introduced for the last two weeks of third term. The Council has solved a few problems around the school and involved itself in many areas. Involvement with the Council has led to many new ideas about future student councils.

This year the Student Council has encouraged involvement from both the student body and parents. We have done this by increasing the amount of announcements at assemblies and by having meetings once every second week rather than once a month. This proved very effective with the students during first term. However, Mr. Lembet's absence during second term, the announcements were prevented. During third term the announcements were not resumed due to school exams and the closeness of the H.S.C.

Parents became involved with the Council through numerous conversations with the President of the Parents and Citizens Association. A meeting was arranged for two parents from the committee to discuss discipline around

the school. The discussion encouraged students to speak openly of their feelings about present disciplinary measures taken around the school.

One of the major issues the Council has become involved in is changing the format of the final two weeks of the school year. These two weeks appear to be a total waste of time. The Council studied the various possibilities and decided that introducing a scheme whereby students participate in activities which interest them would be of greater educational value than sitting in classrooms. The Council has done the background work so that the scheme may be introduced in 1983 and followed up in subsequent years.

Early on in the year many students complained about the school times as it prevented several people from catching the trains. The Council proposed the time table be brought forward by five minutes. This was accepted overwhelmingly by the staff and has made a difference of up to forty five minutes on the time students arrive home.

Having been a member of the Student Council for the past three years, I propose several major changes in the constitution which would increase involvement from students and, hopefully, gain more support from the staff and students as a whole. As many of the students who have been elected to the Council absent themselves from meetings and consequently do not

express the views of class mates, I propose:

1. A board or executive group, consisting of one teacher, president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and permanent representatives from the junior and senior schools should be elected by the students. If a committee like this is organized any students interested around the school could attend meetings and express their views to the executive body.
2. The meetings should be more regular, e.g. every second Monday at lunch time.
3. A special slot in assemblies should be arranged so executive members can explain the happenings of one meeting or give the agenda for the next meeting.
4. Students should be allowed to discuss Council developments with staff during the first few minutes of the weekly staff meeting.

For any of these ideas to succeed the Student Council needs to be recognized by staff and fully accepted by the students. The Council has a lot of potential and with the support it needs, will be of great benefit to all students within the school.

GOOD LUCK IN 1983.

Fiona Smith (President)

YOUTH FORUM

A CHANCE TO SPEAK OUT

This year there has been a surprising amount of controversy in the Old Fort concerning Youth Forum. The only good that has come of this is much needed publicity for Youth Forum's valuable existence. The article published about Fort Street's participation in this year's Youth Forum was greatly exaggerated and unfortunately a lot of the positive aspects of Youth Forum were ignored.

Youth Forum is a gathering of young people from high schools all over the state to discuss their life in the community and the part the younger generation play in society. Youth Forum wishes to display the need for improvements in society and they hope to upgrade conditions for the younger generation. The participants organise an hour long presentation. This can be a play, lecture or anything that will effectively express their chosen topic.

When this is done, it's off to Mitchell College at Bathurst for four days. Here the presentations are given, attended by an audience of lecturers, barristers, government officials, people from all types of employment and other students.

The topics that are offered are interesting and greatly relate to the life of the present younger generation, including:

- drugs, alcoholism and the teenager;
- contradictions in the law (including such things as censorship);
- youth involvement (displaying the lack of enthusiasm and changing role of young people's involvement in the community);
- student government (like school councils and their effectiveness).

Those who are not giving their presentation have the chance to see any of the other eight that are taking place at the time, so there is a variety to choose from.

Youth Forum began four years ago when Julie Young from the Law Foundation felt that youth should be given a chance to speak out. Mr Jon Lawrence informed Paul Freeman and John Chuvin about it and they have been actively involved for three of those four years.

This year, two groups from Fort Street participated. John Chuvin, Trudy

Geale, Marianne Howard and Kieren Dell took part as an out of school group. They were representing the Children's Week Committee with their lecture "Watercress and Sardines, the communique of life". The other group was Sophy Beckett, Lisa Gurley, Monique Rappelle and Jessica Douglas, who for their topic chose "Communication Within Schools", using the *Liberator* and our struggling School Council to display the existing state of communication. Paul Freeman took part as an organiser: a job that requires devotion and a large degree of responsibility.

As a member of the younger generation, I feel that Youth Forum is important and could be very useful in that opinions and attitudes towards life in society can be viewed by adults seeing our lives from a different point of view. It also provides the opportunity for young people from different places to see how others live. By opening these two pathways, Youth Forum will hopefully help to change unfair laws and restrictions in society and create a better understanding between adult and youth and what should be expected of both by society.

ISCF

ISCF, Inter School Christian Fellowship, is an interdenomination group, designed for encouraging and building up Christians within school. We meet every Friday lunchtime in room 19A, during which time we sing, have a study, and spend some time talking. Since the departure of Year 12, the group has changed significantly in outlook and structure. The average age has

dropped considerably and the group is now mainly juniors.

We have tried, this term, to centre on encouragement and fellowship. Nine out of thirteen weeks, therefore, have been spent discussing issues and problems from Biblical viewpoint. These areas include such topics such as parents, alcohol, and love. These have been dealt with by discussion and post

learning.

Other activities during the year have included a dance and drama concert by Cathy Klembe, a professional dancer, with her husband Roger. We hope to have more concerts of this sort in the coming year.

Jenny Harrison and Lee Catts Year 11

BUSHWALKING CLUB

Club Rules

- When having barbecue lunches always forget your matches except on days when it rains.
- One kilometre downhill always will be 2.4 times shorter than one kilometre uphill.
- Each member must not fall more than once whilst abseiling.
- Due to lack of creativity, there is no fourth rule.
- Each member must carry one emergency kit containing the following articles:
 - a 1 bandaid;
 - b 1 can of beer;
 - c 1 roll of toilet paper (when rock climbing);
 - d 1 box of suicide pills.Article d) must be used only as a final resort to escape Mr Moynham's jokes.
- Pyromaniacs are welcome except on days of high fire danger.
- Whilst rockclimbing all handholds and footholds will break simultaneously when two thirds of the way up a cliff.



Head and shoulders above the rest.



A pair of rock hoppers.

- Drinking of mountain water will not result in strange affects on normal bodily functions (except on weekends).
- There will be a walk every weekend.
- The weather will always be fine and sunny (except between 3.10 pm Friday and 9.00 am Monday, when it will hail).
- Do not buy a return train ticket as it may not be necessary (especially when abseiling).
- If any member gets lost in the bush the following rules should be followed:
 - a Do not panic unless you feel like it.
 - b Remove all your clothes. This is bound to attract rescue parties.
 - c Dig a hole about two metres long and two metres deep.
 - d If you are not found within three months, notify the police and tell them you are missing.Method d) usually gets results.

Finally, on a serious note, if you enjoy going bush and want to learn bushcraft and you have a warped sense of humour, come along to one of our meetings every Monday lunchtime in K4.

GADETS

The beginning of 1982 was shaky for the Cadets, with all the old officers leaving for other postings, and a completely new approach to training. However, the standards of the Unit moved from strength to strength as we finished 1982 and we look forward to an even more successful year in 1983.

The Year

Training in term one built up towards the Annual Camp in May. This was a success, with the new ranks in the Unit quickly finding their feet. As well as the usual training (such as cross country navigation and night movement), the Unit visited the Infantry Museum, participated in a range shoot and tackled an obstacle course. Acting and singing skills were practiced on the night of the bus trip home. We were assisted by Maj John Hays of Trinity, a chef par excellence, and Cpl (now Sgt) C Kuhn of UNSWR who organised and provided a long awaited visit and display by this Regiment in second term.

The Unit learnt to walk together, however having a seven day camp in first term proved difficult for those who



had no camping experience. Next year, the annual camp will be moved to second term.

In term two, training for future activities continued at school on Monday afternoons. Emphasis has been placed on this home training to keep standards high and make it interesting and relevant. Greater stress has been placed on activities than before and where possible cadets participate rather than passively learn. The highlight of this term was the visit to the School of Military Engineering to watch a special display featuring smoke, coughing, Superman and a cast of thousands. This was followed by Term Two Bivouac, rides in armoured personnel carriers and finally in term three by a visit to HMAS Parramatta at Garden Island.

New Initiatives

The program of Cadet training calls for adventure training fostering initiative and leadership. For this reason, cadets at the school have been linked with





the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and we hope to receive our first awards next year.

The introduction of rifle shooting with the purchase of two rifles has been popular, as with abseiling. We aim also at providing canoeing as a permanent activity.

This is also the first year for many that Fort Street has run a qualifying Corporals' Course, and hopefully Specialist and Adventure Courses will be established in conjunction with other units.

The People

A Unit is more than just the total sum of its members. Such progress could

not have been made without the hard work so cheerfully done by most of the rank. Lt Latimer now has been training well in hand and is working already on developing programs for 1983 including training, activities and the long awaited integration of girls. Likewise the fact that we now have an efficient Q store is due to Lt Salouris' aid and time. We have also been fortunate to obtain the assistance of Lt Clark who will take the position of Adjutant.

In addition to the contribution of the OOC, the senior rank have all given great support and aid to the Unit. It would be unfair to name anyone in particular, as all the NSCOs deserve



praise. The junior rank has also adjusted well to the demands placed on them and looking at the juniors' quality we can be sure of maintaining the fine standard of the Unit in the future.

Finally, the cadets — the most important members of the Unit — have generally showed a willingness to help and we feel sure those cadets who have remained in the Unit have found it most worthwhile.

This year has given us the ability to work as a team so we look forward to 1983 being free of training hitchups, also due to the refined and extended program being introduced. We wish all those proceeding to Survival, Signals and Promotion Courses the best of luck and look forward to seeing them in 1983.

THE ART OF FAINTING DURING A QUARTER FINAL DEBATE

Fainting is a dying art which was revived during Year Eleven's quarter final debate against Enmore High this year.

Up to this point the Year Eleven team had won their Zone without conceding defeat. This was due to the singing ability of Trudy Geale, Christy Wallace and Sean Dengate, who would regularly sing songs during their speech in an attempt to make some obscure point more relevant. Credit must also go to Steve Anastasiadis for his uncanny ability to bring Greece and volley ball into every debate, no matter what the topic.

However, these abilities did not help Year Eleven on August 8, mainly because of an event which changed the whole meaning of debating. For it was on that memorable day that one of the speakers decided to swoon after seven and a half minutes of profound haranguing; a paradox indeed. It was a spectacular event which will go down in history books as an event with as many repercussions as the bombing of Hiroshima on August 8 precisely thirty seven years earlier.

No one knows exactly why Fort Street's second speaker took a dive on this historic day. Some say the CIA was involved, others say it was ASIO, a few say it was a publicity stunt funded by Nugan Hand, while the second speaker's mother said it was because he didn't eat his "weeties" for breakfast. Year Eleven themselves have said it was an attempt to get the average Australian involved in debating.

"It is common knowledge that most people in the debating arena are a culturally alienated, socially isolated, politically discontented intelligentsia", Mr Jones.

It was Fort Street's ambition to get the average Australian involved in debating by showing that paralytic bodies could also be found in non-body-contact sports.

Although there is considerable controversy over why number two speaker collapsed, one thing is certain. This fainting act had a subtle message for all of us. This event is a microcosm of the world as it is symbolic of the current situation most of us are in. It is possible that the second speaker is telling the world to eat their "weeties", otherwise the current recession will only get worse and many western nations will find that their economies will start to weaken then finally collapse with the extra

pressure.

It must be remembered that fainting is an Art and if done properly the full impact of your message can be felt by everyone; therefore, those of you who have something to tell the world would benefit from remembering the following points when fainting:

- Never fall on members of the human race as they will kick, eat, scratch, molest, bite and generally injure you.
- Never fall on people who don't know what sex is as you never know what their idea of fun is.
- Never fall flat on your face because floor boards are expensive.
- Don't waste precious time and energy by over acting as only Americans win Academy Awards.
- Try not to bleed as school cleaners are overworked as it is.
- Do not die. It can be disappointing.
- Finally, do not become hysterical, waving your arms in all directions, because it tends to set off a chain reaction as people in the audience get excited and also start passing out, (hopefully following the above rules).

NB Special thanks must go to Miss Martin for coaching the team, organising debates and teaching us to faint in an orderly and respectable manner.

Sean Dengate



FORTIANS' UNION

Contrary to understanding in some quarters, we are not a trade union!

The Fortians' Union is an association of ex-students of our famous school — ex-students of Fort Street Girls' and Fort Street Boys' High School and, now, Fort Street High School.

The aim of the Union is to provide a link between the school and its ex-students by arranging social functions and, through publication of the quarterly bulletin, provide information relating to ex-students and the school.

During 1982 we have arranged an afternoon tea at the school, theatre parties, and a reunion dinner.

In 1983 we are hoping to arrange a BBQ at the school for 1982 school leavers (probably at the end of February) and a buffet dinner during the year.

It is possible to pay an annual subscription (\$5.50, student \$2.50) or a life membership (\$40.00). 1982 school leavers will receive the quarterly bulletin free during 1983! Parents might like to pay a life membership as a graduation present for their school leaver.

If you are interested in joining the Union, the Principal can provide further information and addresses for contact with the officers. We look forward to welcoming you to the Fortians' Union.

Robin Dyer
President
October 1982

ARCHIVES

This year the Archives Team was faced with the enormous task of completely reorganising the archives due to problems of inaccessability. We're also faced with lack of funds and the need for further support from the school body in providing suitable archival material like photographs, newspaper clippings and any items of interest.

For those interested in joining the Archives Team, try the following quiz. Match the Fortians' names in one column with their achievements in the other.

Mr. Glebe

John Singleton

Mr. Horan

Jan Stephenson

Freddie Lane

Leon Paladian

Mr. Wran

Teacher that has been at Fort Street since 1936 and has become living archival material

Famous cube-solver and mathematician

He's our man

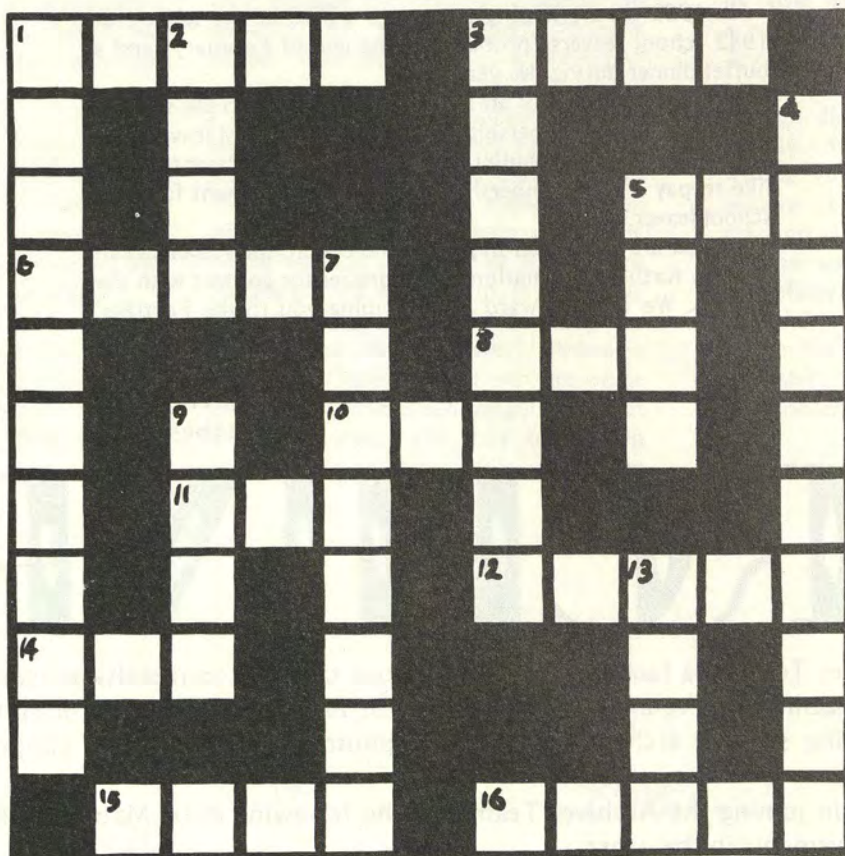
Olympic swimmer of 1900

Mumble-back radio

Model for Playboy and famous golfer

Teacher that has been at Fort Street for three years and still has the same hairstyle as in his baby photo

DEPARTMENT CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 a^x : x is the number.
- 3 Its volume is $\frac{1}{3} \pi r^2 h$
- 5 Venue for first ever maths excursion.
- 6 Strong athlete.
- 8 And not.
- 10 Street (Fr).
- 11 One (fem. It.)
- 12 Exhausted.
- 14 Increase by.
- 15 What you do, but shouldn't in Maths.
- 16 New mathematics teacher.

Down

- 1 Opp. of rational.
- 2 Distribute cards.
- 3 The man who has written many mathematics textbooks.
- 4 Series of arithmetical functions.
- 5 Nought.
- 7 A line is this.
- 9 Four (prefix).
- 13 Cheese.

REPORTS

"Three hundred metres to the nearest water!" wailed a Year 9 historian as she gathered up her pan of gravel and began to clamber over the rocky bed of what had once been the Hill End Creek. The Year 9 excursion to Hill End certainly gave students great insight into some of the problems which the miners of the 1850s goldrush must have encountered and particularly into the problems of drought which country folk of 1982 are facing. After having spent the previous afternoon and evening at the model mining village of Karingal near Bathurst, Year 9 historians were driven over the long, winding and very dusty road to Hill End where most of the day was spent inspecting the village, trudging through the dust of the old diggings and panning for gold in the remaining two puddles of Hill End Creek.

On the other hand, Year 10 historians had a much more pleasant trip to the nation's capital, Canberra, in October. The usual sights pertinent to Year 10 history studies were visited, such as Parliament House, the War Museum and the High Court. However, the unexpected highlight of the tour was an inspection of the recently opened National Gallery, where some of the nation's greatest art treasures are housed. The return journey gave both students and staff a memorable opportunity to have a closer look at the historic village of Berrima, while a tyre was changed on the coach. Then, further on, Mrs Ward made the most of a captive audience to tell some of her stories, while we waited in the darkness outside Mittagong for further repairs to be made to the coach. We eventually arrived back at school at 11 pm, into the welcoming arms of very tired parents — some four hours late. Our thanks to Petersham Police who kept parents informed about our problems.

Once again, Mr Peter Lee of "Looking Back" visited Years 7 and 8 to give them a more tangible look at what life was like during ancient and medieval times. Mr Lee's particular approach to teaching history is to involve as many students as possible in the activities of the day and so the junior historians found out just how heavy the shining armour of a knight in medieval times could be.

All in all, 1982 has been a very exciting year of experiences for the historians at Fort Street, and my special thanks to members of the history staff for giving so much time and effort to help make the study of history the useful and fascinating subject that it is.

T Glebe
History Master

Social Science



(L to R) Mr Lawrence, Mr Archer, Mr Baker, Mr Morrison, Miss Johansson, Mr Fischer, Mr Sturm, Miss Ireland.

This year in the Social Science Department it was a case of almost non stop fieldwork. This fieldwork ranged from twenty minute excursions to Fort Street's new spare paddock (while in the process of being bulldozed) to week long luxury accommodation at Jindabyne. The only undesirable element present at these twenty minute walkabouts and camps was work. However, on many occasions it was discovered that this work was most effective – especially in the areas of learning and enjoyment. After all, it is great to learn about krasnozems while being face to face with the real thing. If you don't know what

a krasnozem is, it's because you have not visited a south coast dairy farm, which was one feature of a three day Geography camp to Gerroa. At the same farm, it was demonstrated how to determine whether a fence is electrified or not. Incidentally, the fence was situated on a krasnozem.

In all it was an energetic year for the Social Science staff (except Miss Ireland, of course, who doesn't like to leave the comfort of K18!) with their students found one day in the previously unexplored regions of Mr Fischer's room and the next day in leech infested Fitzroy Falls.

Footnote – Mr Baker's thesis works !!!

ENGLISH

There was a movement in the staffroom, for the word had passed around,
That there'd be a few excursions by the way,
For Mel Gibson was performing – he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the students gathered for the play.
The tried and noted Fortians from the classes near and far,
Had mustered at the back gate with delight,
For the students love the theatre when the actors are real great,
And the theatre lights are shining on them bright.

There was *Macbeth*, with blood and gore – Kirk Douglas was a frightful bore.
But, *Candide* allayed a lot of doubt – He really let it all hang out!
For those with tastes more sober, the Nimrod did suffice:
It dealt with themes of love and death and understated vice.
David Williamson, that "perfect" man, told us of his craft.
Year Twelve did cheer to hear the playwright speak.
There were also many visitors to the school throughout the year,
Rae Desmond Jones read verses never bleak.

A feather in Miss Gordon's cap, was Megan Brand, this year.
She topped the HSC exam – third highest in the state.
For them we raise our voices high
And give a hearty cheer.
Hosking, Levi, Martin ran debating with elan. The students argued
well throughout
And Year Eleven stopped the land – They knocked the zone right out!

David Bradbury came a-calling, with *Frontline* quite appalling,
It shocked and made us think about the human race.
But Year Seven thought it great when *E.T.* resolved his fate,
Returning to his home in outer space.

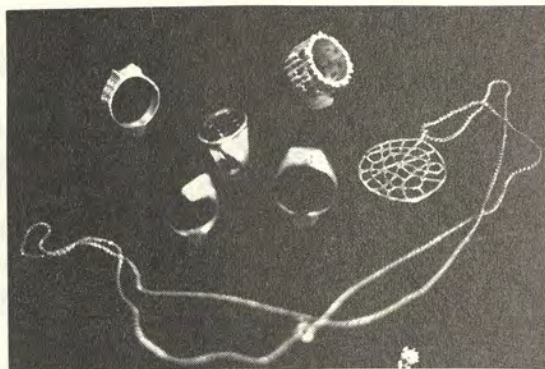
A quiet time was had by all, when the Deaf Theatre acted in our hall
And showed us that to scream and shout, is not what communication's
all about.
In between all these excursions, there were lessons of many versions,
Where students learnt about hyperbole.
This is no exaggeration, there was lots of concentration,
With plays on words like "ass" and "you" and "me".

Ms. Morey in the cottage might have seemed to be in dotage
B But, in fact, was auditioning for a play.
Pygmalion is the title, Craig Taylor is the star
With Eliza Doolittle played by Adrian Parr.
If you really want to see Eliza learn "to be",
Then join us all in ENGLISH – nineteen eighty-three

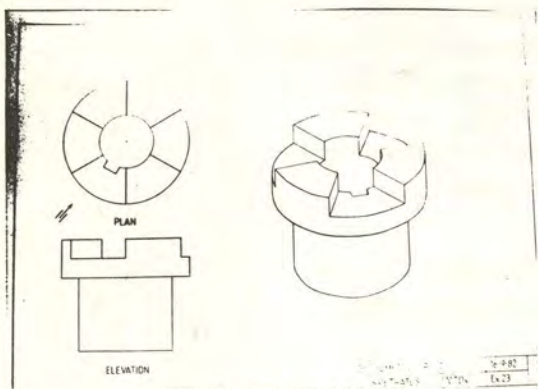
Industrial Arts



woodturning



silverwork



technical drawing



woodturning

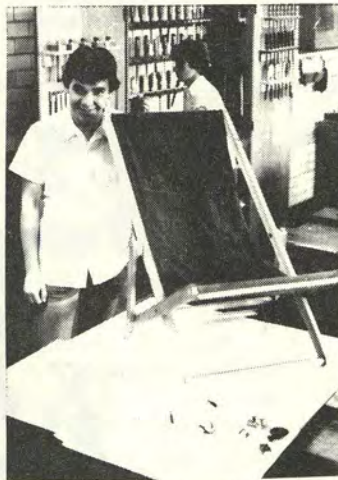


(L to R) Mr Frazer, Mr Clarke, Mr Crawford, Mr Board.

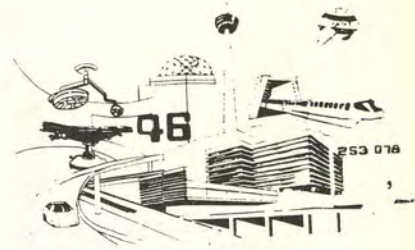
... AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL,
ALWAYS KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR WORK...



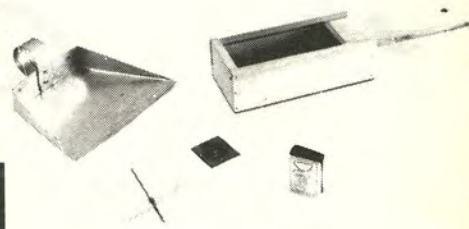
cabinet work



cabinet work



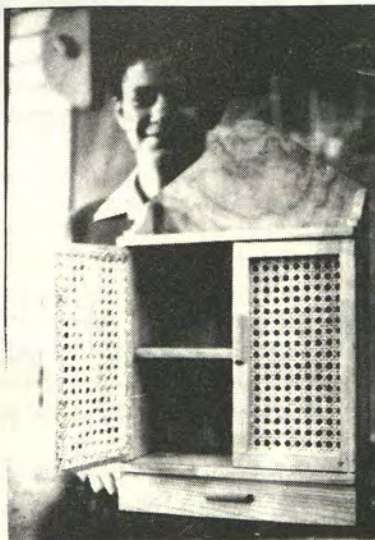
technical drawing



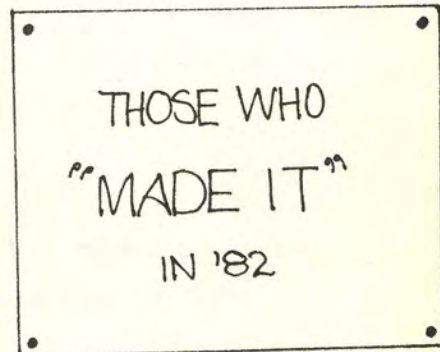
Yr 7 craftwork



electronics



cabinet work



SCIENCE

Can you identify these famous scientists?

1. _____'s steak and onions.
2. _____ sulfate.
3. De _____ about any topic.
4. I'm confident, I'm _____.
5. Be hazey. Be 'azey. _____
6. The _____ brings the coal.
7. Symbolically this would be molybdenum, yttrium, nitrogen, hydrogen, americium. _____
8. _____ to the occasion.
9. For a wide brain you would need a _____.
10. She would _____ car at the side of the road.



...OF COURSE THE AMOUNT OF NITRO-GLYCERIN
USED WILL HAVE TO BE DETERMINED BY
TRIAL AND ERROR....



... AND AS WE CAN SEE, THESE MICRO-WAVES ARE COMPLETELY HARMLESS... HMM... SOMETHING'S BURNING....

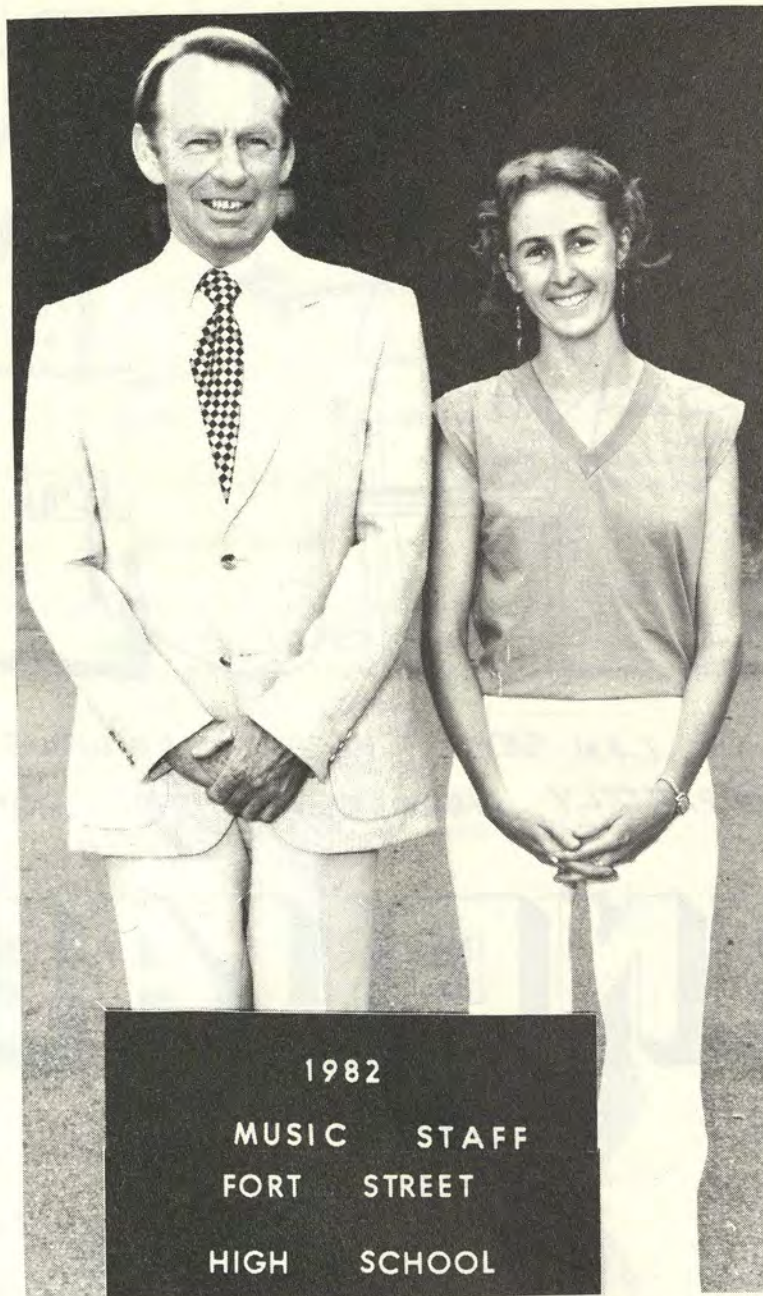
LANGUAGE

OKTOBERFEST REPORT

This year's Oktoberfest was a truly beautiful occasion. As usual, it was held in the hall, appropriately decorated in black, gold, and red; the colours of die Deutschen Fahne. Instead of the customary frankfurt and bun, this year's German students were treated to barbequed chicken, and, of course, lots of Apfelsaft. The singing was greatly enjoyed by all. Year 11 will be eternally remembered for their famous rendition of No. 15, "O du liebe Augustin", accompanied by Mr. Wilson's twin brother, brought directly from Germany for the occasion.

About sixty students were present in all, from years eight to eleven, as well as their respective teachers. Our only regret was Miss Gugger's absence, after a promised guest appearance. Our thanks to Mr. Wilson for his fine piano accompaniment; to Mr. Horan who, as always, led the singing with great enthusiasm and gusto and to all the language staff for making this year's Oktoberfest such a memorable occasion.

Jenny Harrison Year 11



Mr Wilson, Miss Phelan.

Life in the Music area of the School has been fairly happy throughout 1982, despite severe cutbacks in both spending power and manning power. In the School timetabling, we have seen, for the first time in seven years, two Music Elective classes functioning, one in Year 11 and one in Year 8. In timetabling, I have been very happy to have the services of Miss Ruth Phelan, from History, and of Mr. John Bates, from Science, who have kindly taken some of the non-elective classes for which no teacher had been appointed. When one sees a total of three teachers engaged in Music, part-time or otherwise, at Melbourne's High School, then we can believe that there has been something drastic going on in music education in public high schools in New South Wales!

We are in need of new instruments and equipment and await the arrival of some Santa Claus or super-benefactor to relieve our situation.

The Brass Band has stayed alive and indeed grown in quality during the year. It has taken part in several school functions, playing items at assemblies and has taken part in The City of Sydney Eisteddfod, though without success against other Sydney schools. In December, we also hosted

the infants children of Taverner's Hill School in a programme of Christmas carols, enjoyed by all, and then later performed to the school body. The Band needs new members, both in Brass and Percussion and we welcome any students who wish to try out their musical skills with us. Instruments are taught from beginner's level. The main qualities required are a sense of rhythm and the ability of reliability!

For the first time since the grand amalgamation of the two schools, we have had a girls' choral group functioning. It has been open to senior and junior girls alike and has practised during lunchtimes on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This group performed in The City of Sydney Eisteddfod, in September, and performed creditably, though without success against other Sydney schools. These twenty-two girls also sang beautifully at the annual Speech Day on Thursday, 2nd December.

The music prize for Bandsman of The Year went to Brett Thomson of Year 10. However, congratulations are due to all those students who have worked so hard in these groups.

Edgar Wilson

ART DEPARTMENT

1982 has been an enjoyable and successful year in the Art Department with students being able to extend their talents, creating works in a variety of media: canvas painting, photography, ceramic sculpture, drawing, graphics.

A number of excursions were arranged to the NSW Art Gallery, the Sydney Biennale, the Year 12 Major Works Exhibition and to the Botanical Gardens where students busied themselves with drawing.

library





*Number Four : Back — Mark Foulcher, Andrew Dane, Janet Fairweather, Linda McDowall, Helen Reynolds, Danny O'Callaghan.
Middle — Kathy Higginbotham, Maureen Hardy, Michael Hickman, Wendy Atkinson.
Front — Kathy Allen.*



Standing — Anthony Ho, John Pens, Nicholas Politis, Ricky Lin, Romeo Iskra, Lindsay Gilbert, Mark (I Ain't Mumma's Little Boy No More) Boxall.

Squatting — Mino Capocello.



Linda Garry, Liliana Lombardi, Christalla Havadjia, Miriana Stevanovic, Kathy Beck, Jane Southan.



Ida Cassachia, Elizabeth Kelly.



Paul Kastanias, Janet McLennan.



Paul Freeman, Martin Budd, David (Centrefold) Kinney, Paul Renlein, Kieran Dell, David Bellingham, John Chuvin.



Demetrios Petrides, Ian Donato, Fahrettin Boz, Mark Radovic, Steve Ratanavan.



*Number Nine : Standing — Wayne Gardner, Neil Pash, Jorge Lara, Michael Leoussis, Paul Kastanias, Paul Khoury, Mark Boxall.
Squatting — Paul Fontes, Romeo Iskra, Mino Capocello, Alfio Musumeci, Lindsay Gilbert.*





Irene Iliadis, Sotie Bieniek, Lyn McClelland, Tina Laganas, Judy Kaszner, Helen Kyparissis, Jackie Duncan, Adriana Mendez, Vicky Kefalas, Enza Zagarella, Maria Tama, Louise Vesperman.



SPEECH DAY 1981

At Speech Day 1981 we were both privileged and honoured to have as our guest speaker Sir Hermann Black, Chancellor of the University of Sydney. He was a pupil at Fort Street during the Great War, and returned as a student teacher in 1926.

Sir Hermann spoke of the many innovations that Fort Street pioneered in the early days, and heralded here as one of the finest schools in Australia.

"In 1981, Fort Street became the innovator in the teaching of Asian languages in the whole of Australia.

"Also in that year, the Deputy Headmaster, the late Dr George Mackness, had written a book called *Inspirational Teaching*, which was an attempt to find a new way of teaching English literature. It led ultimately to what was again a first for Fort Street — a play day in which the school acted across a whole range of plays, including a Japanese play, which was another first for Australia."

He also praised Fort Street's teachers of long ago, who established the reputation that Fort Street upholds today.

"The school was unique in that the masters gave of themselves like true professionals. It was of course, in another sense, a different school, as it was what is called today a "selective" high school.

"But it was not taken to mean that we were what they call religiously the "chosen brethren". Instead we supported each other. We were, in a sense, a group of people who did, in fact, not know that we had been chosen on special tests, only that we had a unique opportunity — to support each other."

Sir Hermann particularly stressed our debt to our parents and the relationship between a child's progress and his/her family's interest in the child's work.

"Most boys then enjoyed what we called "supportive families". If you want to know the meaning of the "supportive families", let me tell you that I personally, have been doing some research around the area where it is located, and it has been found that in relation to the performance of students there is a connection between that family's interest and involvement in the achievements of the student, and the actual progress of the student itself.

"As an illustration, some years ago when I was receiving students coming up to take their degrees, I said to one of them:

'This is your day. You are being congratulated because it is your performance that has brought you here. It is wholly your day, and I convey to you the greetings and congratulations of the University of Sydney'. Then he said to me very simply:

'Sir, you are wrong. You are wrong in that you overlook the fact that this is the day when I owe my debt to two things. Firstly, to those who have taught me to this point, and, secondly, this is the day when I know that it is really my parents who are graduating. It was they who had the sense to put me here.'

"I also remember one ecstatic mother coming up to me one day, when her daughter received her degree, saying:

'Congratulate me, Sir. I've just passed in Biology 3.' "

Finally, Sir Hermann summed up his early days at Fort Street when he said: "For a Fortian to return to this school, is an invitation to nostalgia. For it is true, as Mr Horan said, that I spent five years of unparalleled happiness in this school as a student."

Programme

PROCESSIONAL:

"Gaudeamus igitur" (12th Century)

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS:

Mr D. G. Read
President Parents and Citizens' Association

BAND ITEM:

The New South Wales Cadets' March
(L. G. Darton 1870's)

SCHOOL REPORT:

Mr R. S. Horan, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed., M.A.C.E.
Relieving Principal

BAND ITEMS

- (a) March from "Magic Flute" (Mozart)
- (b) St. Anthony Chorale (Haydn)

GUEST SPEAKER:

Sir Hermann Black
Chancellor of the University of Sydney

SCHOOL CHOIR:

- (a) "Scarborough Fair" (Simon and Garfunkel)
- (b) "Tomorrow" (C. Strouse)

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:

Mrs R. S. Horan
Miss F. Ramstead, Inspector of Schools
Mr J. Richardson, President Fortians Union
Mrs C. Morris, Author "The School on the Hill" (1981)
Mr P. Medway, Community Relations Officer
N.S.W. Department of Education
Dr and Mrs A. B. Carlsen

SCHOOL SINGS:

"To be a Pilgrim" (Words by John Bunyan)

VOTE OF THANKS:

Jane Grace
Alasdair Smith

SCHOOL SINGS:

"A School Song"
National Anthem

RECESSIONAL:

"Click go the Shears" (Trad.)

Presentation of Prizes

1980 HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

1. **Alvin Goh:** Killeen Memorial Prize for Dux of School proceeding to Sydney University, John Hunter Prize (Best Pass in HSC 1980, proceeding to Sydney University Medicine), Ada Partridge Prize (Best Pass in HSC 1980), Dr. William G. Gailey Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Science HSC 1980), Dr. Verco Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics HSC 1980), Prize for Engineering Science HSC 1980 (aeq).
2. **Rosalind Krasny:** Emily Cruise Prize (Best Pass in History HSC 1980), Herbert Percival Williams Prize (Best Pass in Drama and Novel Questions HSC 1980).
3. **Keith Rodwell:** Taylor Prize (Best Pass in Geography HSC 1980), Sir Bertram Stevens Prize (Best Pass in Economics HSC 1980).
4. **Julie Yip:** Old Girls' Union Literary Circle Prize (Best Pass in English HSC 1980), Prize for Art HSC 1980.
5. **Andrew Madry:** D. J. Austen Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics HSC 1980 aeq), Prize for German.
6. **Jennifer Roach:** Annie E. Turner Prize (Best Pass in English and History HSC 1980).
7. **Allen Lee:** D. J. Austen Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics HSC 1980 aeq).
8. **Wendy Young:** Catherine, Janet and Pauline Calver Prize (Best Pass in Geography HSC 1980).
9. **Aline Tan:** Weston Memorial Prize (Best Pass in Mathematics HSC 1980).
10. **George Salouros:** Evelyn McEwan Rowe Prize (Best Pass in Ancient History HSC 1980).
11. **Ronald Tierney:** Warren Peck Prize (Best Pass in History HSC 1980).
12. **Rosemary Broe:** Frederick Bridges Prize (Best Pass in French HSC 1980).
13. **Jennifer Maddox:** Prize for Japanese HSC 1980.
14. **Mark Donohoo:** Prize for Engineering Science HSC 1980 (aeq).
15. **Diane Newbold:** Prize for Home Science HSC 1980.
16. **George Dimitropoulos:** Prize for Textiles HSC 1980.

YEAR 12 — 1981

1. **Leon Poladian:** Fanny Cohen Prize (Dux of School), A. M. Puxley Prize for Science (4 Unit), Prize for Mathematics (4 Unit), Prize for Japanese (aeq).
2. **Catherine Donohoo:** Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield Prize for Biology (2 Unit), Prize for Latin, 1st Proficiency Prize.
3. **Megan Brand:** Baxendale Prize (Dux in English, 3 Unit).
4. **John Sintras:** Rona Sanford Pepper Prize for School Service, Prize for Ancient History.
5. **Martin Dunn:** Dr. Gailey Memorial Prize (Physics 2 Unit).
6. **Darryl Mee:** C. H. Christmas Prize for Scholarship and Service, Burwood Travel Prize (Trip to England — Best and Fairest Schoolboy, Rugby Union).
7. **Agnes Isaias:** Marrickville Municipal Council Prize for Community Affairs.
8. **Georgianna Fien:** Prize for German, Prize for Japanese (aeq).
9. **Christine Conlan:** Prize for Art, Prize for English (2 Unit).
10. **Sanjay Ramrakha:** Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit).
11. **Simeon Beckett:** Prize for Mathematics (2 Unit).
12. **Eloise Fong:** Prize for Chemistry (2 Unit).
13. **Helene Kalithraka:** Prize for Economics.
14. **Hugh Marsh:** Prize for Geography.
15. **Stephen Harlamb:** Prize for Modern History.
16. **Catherine Bishop:** Prize for French (aeq).
17. **Maria Kutra:** Prize for French (aeq).
18. **David Tomas:** Prize for Engineering Science.
19. **Roslyn Freemantle:** Prize for Home Science.

YEAR 11 — 1981

1. **Richard Lin:** Lillian G. Whiteoak Prize (Dux of Year 11), Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit), Prize for Chemistry, Certificate for Modern History (Option B).
2. **William Vassili:** Dr. William G. Gailey Prize for Multistrand Science.
3. **John Chuvin:** Baxendale Prize for English.
4. **Vanessa McLaren:** John Hills Memorial Prize for Leadership and Service.
5. **Wei-Yun Yu:** Prize for Physics, Prize for Engineering Science, Certificate for Photography.
6. **Kevin Lee:** Prize for Biology, 1st Proficiency.
7. **Paula Grace:** Prize for Economics, Prize for Home Science.
8. **Vicki Kefalas:** Prize for Mathematics (2 Unit).
9. **Cameron Webb:** Prize for Geology.
10. **Maria Nittes:** Prize for Geography (aeq).
11. **Bradley Hawkins:** Prize for Geography (aeq).
12. **Ellen Cassimatis:** Prize for Ancient History.
13. **Kieren Dell:** Prize for Latin.
14. **Kathryn Allen:** Prize for Japanese.
15. **Fotini Sidiropoulos:** Prize for French.
16. **Marianna Stevanovic:** Prize for Art (aeq).
17. **Michael Stevenson:** Prize for Art (aeq).
18. **Janet McLennan:** Prize for Textiles.
19. **Louise Fisher:** Prize for General Studies.
20. **Rita Tikellis:** Certificate for Modern History (Option A).
21. **Maureen Duffy:** Certificate for Modern History (American Option).

YEAR 10 — 1981

1. **Mark De Bortoli:** Judge Redshaw Prize (Dux of Year 10), Prize for Commerce.
2. **Gartien Lee:** Taylor Prize for Geography, Miss Mouldsdale Prize for Science, Molly Thornhill Prize (1st Proficiency).
3. **Jennifer Harrison:** Baxendale Prize for English, Prize for Latin.
4. **Carolyn Brooks:** Major-General Fewtrell Prize for English and History.
5. **John Madry:** Dr. Mackaness Prize for History.
6. **Trudy Geale:** Dr. Gailey Prize for Science.
7. **Edith Cuellar:** Prize for French, Prize for Asian Social Studies (aeq).
8. **Wilhelm Holzschuh:** Prize for German (aeq), Prize for Mathematics (aeq).
9. **Mark Baker:** Prize for Technical Drawing, Prize for Industrial Arts.
10. **Alice Cameron:** Evatt Memorial Prize.
11. **Ka Kit Chik:** Prize for Mathematics (aeq).
12. **Yong Jin Lee:** Prize for Asian Social Studies (aeq).
13. **Andrew Montanari:** Prize for German (aeq).
14. **Sean Dengate:** Prize for Japanese (aeq).
15. **Cheong Hee Kim:** Prize for Japanese (aeq).
16. **Karin Calley:** Prize for Art.
17. **Jacqueline Grant:** Prize for Home Science.
18. **Geoffrey Donohoo:** Prize for Wood Technics.

YEAR 9 — 1981

1. **Jocelyn Lin:** Dr. Gailey Prize for Science, Prize for Mathematics, Prize for German, Prize for Commerce.
2. **Jason Geale:** Prize for History, Prize for German, Prize for Art, Certificate for Science, Certificate for English.
3. **Fotini Tselonis:** Prize for French, Certificate for Mathematics, Certificate for Science, Certificate for History.
4. **Walter Eimer:** Prize for Japanese, Certificate for Science, Certificate for Art.

5. **Joseph Rinaldi:** Prize for Wood Technics, Certificate for Technical Drawing.
6. **Ruth Turvey:** Prize for Geography.
7. **Stamatia Stamatellis:** Prize for Asian Social Studies.
8. **Tara Ward:** Prize for Latin.
9. **Spiros Petratos:** Prize for Technical Drawing.
10. **Teresa Maiolo:** Prize for Home Science.
11. **Maria Hondronicola:** Certificate for English.
12. **Soulas Semitekolos:** Certificate for English.
13. **Shannon Harwood:** Certificate for English.
14. **James Iverach:** Certificate for English.
15. **Richard Walsh:** Certificate for English.
16. **Angela Mastrokostas:** Certificate for Mathematics.
17. **Glenn Bacic:** Certificate for Mathematics.
18. **Tasos Savidis:** Certificate for Mathematics.
19. **Nikolaos Kontogiorgis:** Certificate for Mathematics.
20. **Michelle Burgess:** Certificate for Science.
21. **Victor Wong:** Certificate for Science.
22. **Nicholas Shackel:** Certificate for Science.
23. **Kim Walden:** Certificate for Science.
24. **Bruce Field:** Certificate for History.
25. **Craig Taylor:** Certificate for History.
26. **Susan Gabor:** Certificate for History.
27. **Allan Alvis:** Certificate for Geography.
28. **Sarah Fien:** Certificate for Geography.
29. **Paul McLachlan:** Certificate for Commerce.
30. **Peter Babilis:** Certificate for Commerce.
31. **Maryanne Ristevski:** Certificate for Commerce.
32. **Helen Brooke:** Certificate for Art.
33. **Brett Barr:** Certificate for Woodwork.
34. **Brett Thomson:** Certificate for Music.

YEAR 8 — 1981

1. **Tom Parmakellis:** Dr. Gailey Prize for Science, Bishop Kirkby Prize for History, Certificate for Mathematics.
2. **Elizabeth Lin:** Dr. Bradfield Prize for Science, Prize for Art (aeq), Certificate for Mathematics, Certificate for Commerce, Certificate for Science.
3. **Betty Katsoulis:** Prize for German, Prize for Geography, Certificate for History, Certificate for English, Certificate for Commerce.
4. **Katherine Quinn:** Prize for Art (aeq), Prize for French, Certificate for English.
5. **Nghi Thuc Phung:** Prize for Commerce, Certificate for Geography (aeq), Certificate for Science, Certificate for Asian Social Studies.
6. **Rachel Arnett:** Prize for Japanese, Certificate for English, Certificate for Science.
7. **Steven Tomas:** Prize for Mathematics, Certificate for English, Certificate for Science.
8. **Romano Montanari:** Prize for Latin, Prize for German, Certificate for Mathematics.
9. **Sungwon Chang:** Prize for Asian Social Studies.
10. **Natasja Worsley:** Prize for French.
11. **Jonathan Mak:** Prize for General Technics.
12. **Tanya Johnstone:** Prize for Home Science.
13. **Martin Lucas:** Prize for Woodwork.
14. **Thea Butler:** Prize for Textiles.
15. **Myung-Soon Chong:** Certificate for English.
16. **Sylvia Piedade:** Certificate for English.
17. **Christopher Katsogiannis:** Certificate for Mathematics.
18. **Sam Christopoulos:** Certificate for Mathematics.
19. **Marc Hughes:** Certificate for Science.
20. **Lina Buttner:** Certificate for Science.
21. **Charles Goh:** Certificate for Science.
22. **Roberto D'Angelo:** Certificate for Geography (aeq).

23. **John Armenakas:** Certificate for Geography.
24. **Toula Christopoulos:** Certificate for History.
25. **Inara Walden:** Certificate for History.
26. **Peter Bletsas:** Certificate for History.
27. **John Krouklidis:** Certificate for Commerce.
28. **Lisa Tan:** Certificate for Commerce.
29. **Raef Sully:** Certificate for Commerce.
30. **Jimmy Chik:** Certificate for Technical Drawing.
31. **Miranda Douglas:** Certificate for General Technics.
32. **Natalie Fisher:** Certificate for Music.
33. **Yvonne Brown:** Band Service 1981.

YEAR 7 — 1981

1. **Danielle Bissaker:** Alma Hamilton Prize (Dux of Year 7), Major-General Fewtrell Prize (English and History), Dr. Gailey Prize (Science), Prize for History, Certificate for Social Science, Certificate for Languages.
2. **Rosa Russo:** 1st Proficiency Prize, Prize for Mathematics (aeq), Certificate for Languages, Certificate for Social Science, Certificate for Science.
3. **Blake Avenell:** Prize for Mathematics (aeq), Certificate for Music.
4. **Kelvin Ha:** Prize for Social Science, Certificate for Art.
5. **Alan Olan:** Certificate for Art, Certificate for Languages, Certificate for Science, Certificate for Social Science.
6. **Maria Vasilarea:** Certificate for English, Certificate for Languages, Certificate for History.
7. **Maria Dos Santos:** Certificate for Mathematics, Certificate for Art, Certificate for English.
8. **Francene Sulfaro:** Certificate for Mathematics, Certificate for Science.
9. **Louise Sung:** Certificate for Art, Certificate for Social Science.
10. **Cettina Emmi:** Certificate for Languages, Certificate for Science.
11. **Doris Kakogiannis:** Certificate for History, Certificate for Languages.
12. **Chris Salmon:** Certificate for History, Certificate for Music.
13. **Jeremy Newton:** Certificate for History, Certificate for Music.
14. **Nancy Lee:** Certificate for English.
15. **Emma McDonald:** Certificate for English.
16. **Fanoula Plakias:** Certificate for English.
17. **Shiu Fong Lowe:** Certificate for Mathematics.
18. **Henry Louie:** Certificate for Mathematics.
19. **Richard Lennane:** Certificate for Science.
20. **James Conway:** Certificate for Social Science.
21. **Despina Georgakakis:** Certificate for History.
22. **Tominka Colic:** Certificate for Art.
23. **Tue Nghi Phung:** Certificate for Art.
24. **Karen Thom:** Certificate for Art.
25. **Melissa Gibson:** Certificate for Music.
26. **Gina Kelly:** Certificate for Music.
27. **Daniela Tagliano:** Certificate for Music.

SPORTS AWARDS

1. **Bill Apostolidis:** Johnson Memorial Prize (Senior Sportsman).
2. **Linda Williams:** Jan Stephenson Prize (Senior Sportswoman).
3. **Ross Anastasiadis:** Johnson Memorial Prize (Junior Sportsman).
4. **Kim Hughes:** Jan Stephenson Prize (Junior Sportswoman).

SPORT

SPORTMASTER'S REPORT - 1982

1982 proved to be a successful year in boys sport for Fort Street within the Bligh zone, though success at regional and state level, and in knockout competitions was limited.

In grade sport, success was achieved in the winter competition by the Open Tennis, Open Squash, and 8B Soccer teams. The Open A, 9A, and 9B Soccer teams also reached the semi-finals of their competitions. In summer sport, success was achieved by Open Cricket, Open A and B Volleyball, Year 8 Volleyball, Open B2 Water Polo, Squash and Tennis teams. The Open A and Open B1 Water Polo, Year 9 Volleyball, Open Basketball and Year 8, 8B and 9 Cricket teams all reached the semi-finals of their competitions. A special mention must be made of the Open A Volleyball, Squash and Tennis teams, which were undefeated throughout their competitions. Special mention must also be made of the Open B2 Water Polo team, which defeated Fort Street's B1 team in the Grand Final. My congratulations go to all those teams which were successful in Zone grade competition throughout the year, and to all teams for their sportsmanlike conduct. My thanks to all coaches for the time and effort they contributed towards their teams.

Year Seven again competed in three gala days during the year. These sports days enable Year Seven students to compete against other zone schools in various sports.

Fort Street again dominated the Zone Swimming Carnival, winning the champion school trophy for both boys and girls. In athletics and cross country, however, we were toppled from our mantle, and had to be content with second place. Overall, the school easily retained the trophy for the Zones' Champion School for 1982, which incorporates all Zone carnivals and Grade Sport.

Many individual performances are worthy of note. Andrew Thomas represented the region at the state swimming carnival, whilst Ross Anastasiadis, Stuart Meadows and Jeshua Martin were members of the Regional Athletics team at the State Carnival.

Ten boys were selected in the Zone team to compete at the inter-regional Rugby carnival at Gosford, with Brett Sinnott and Arthur Petratos being chosen in the CHS Rugby squad. Nick Stevanovic was chosen in the Metropolitan team in Under 15's Rugby League. Kieran Dell once again was a member of the regional hockey team, David Bellingham was a member of the State Australian Rules Team, and Brad Hawkins was a member of the regional Baseball team. In Volleyball, Steven and Ross Anastasiadis and Bill McGoldrick were chosen in the regional team, with Steven and Bill going on to represent CHS. Steven was awarded a Regional Blue for services to Volleyball, whilst brother Ross was awarded a Zone Blue. Dean Ellis, Scott McManus and Con Keriamanakis all represented the Region in Under 15's tennis. Congratulations to all these boys on their outstanding achievements.

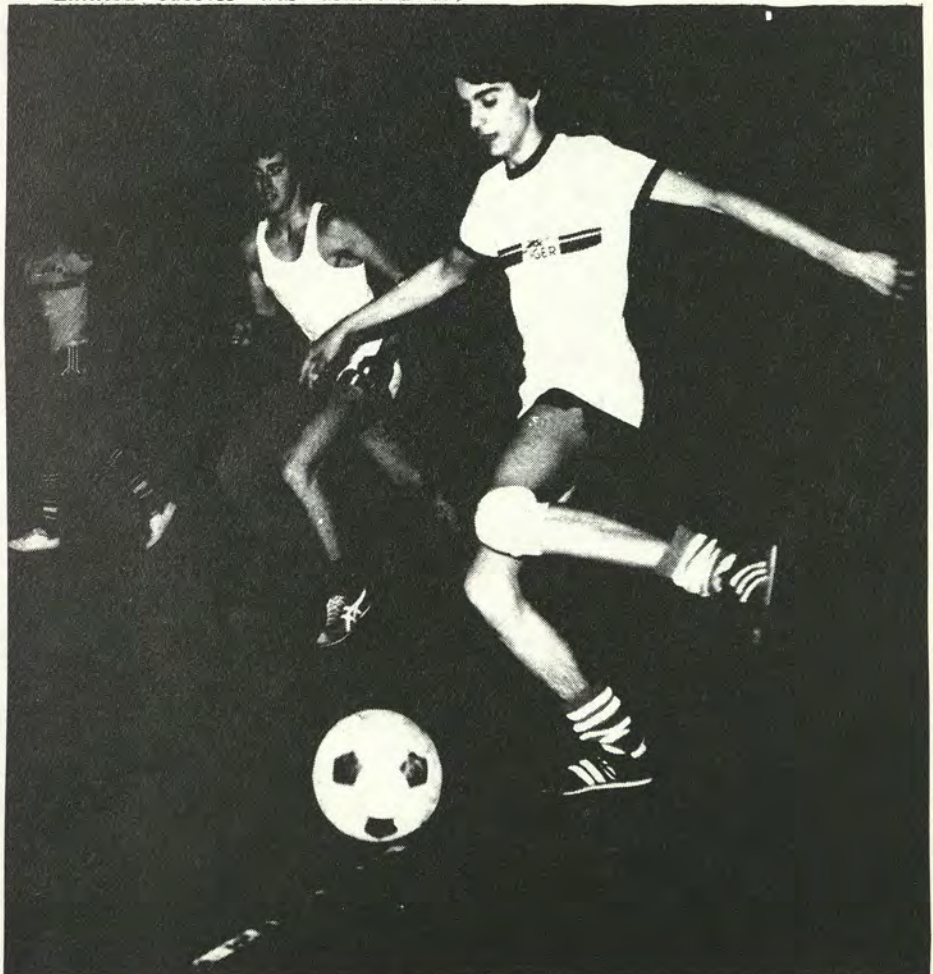
Limited success was achieved in

knockout competitions. The Open Cricket reached the final eight in the State Knockout, whilst the Open Rugby and Open Volleyball teams reached the third round of the State Knockout. The Under 15's Rugby reached the final 16 in the Buchan Shield State K.O. The Open Rugby were successful in the Canterbury District K.O. whilst the Open League won the Newtown District K.O. Many of our knockout teams contained junior members, and greater success can be looked forward to in 1983.

It was pleasing to see improved standards and results in boys sport in 1982. We look forward to further success in 1983, and hope that a greater percentage of the school population will participate in grade sport.

I wish you all well in your sporting activities.

*Bob Archer
Sportsmaster*



SPORT

Girls sport achieved some excellent results in 1982. Congratulations go to Year 8B Basketball, Open Squash, Open Volleyball, Open Soccer, Open Tennis, Open Cricket, Year 8, Year 9 and Open Netball (a clean sweep), who all emerged as zone champions. We have the added distinction of winning the soccer competition in its first year of existence. Congratulations to Pat Kalithraka who was the only Bligh Zone member to be selected in the Central Metropolitan Soccer Team.

A variety of sports was offered to Year 7 on Wednesday afternoons this year, including swimming, hockey, netball, volleyball, soccer, badminton and trampolining at Leichhardt Police Boys Club. The remainder of the school made their own choice of sport, and were able to practise their skills at some new activities e.g. Tai Chi, jazz ballet and exercise classes at Broadway Gym. Roller skating was abandoned as a bad job due to the factors of noise and possible dangers. Those girls who

battled with Public Transport to the well-equipped Belmore gymnasium found it extremely beneficial.

Fort Street was overall champion school again in 1982, and as usual our girl swimmers put on a good performance, winning 13, 14, 15 and 16 year age-group relays.

The zone cross country was also a successful event, with five of the six girl age champions being from Fort Street. Trina Castell-Brown, Kim Hughes, Danielle Bissaker, Susan Castell-Brown, Joanne Castell-Brown, Lynette Dowling-Wiley, Shirley Gretton and Christy Wallace were all chosen for the State Carnival.

1982 proved to be a record-breaking year for Fort Street athletes, with new zone records being set by Kim Hughes, Joanne Castell-Brown, Dana Stevanovic, Alice Cameron, Stephanie Parkes, and Paula Carnogoy. It must also be mentioned that Dana at only 12 years, broke the 200m record for 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 years age-groups, and Stephanie

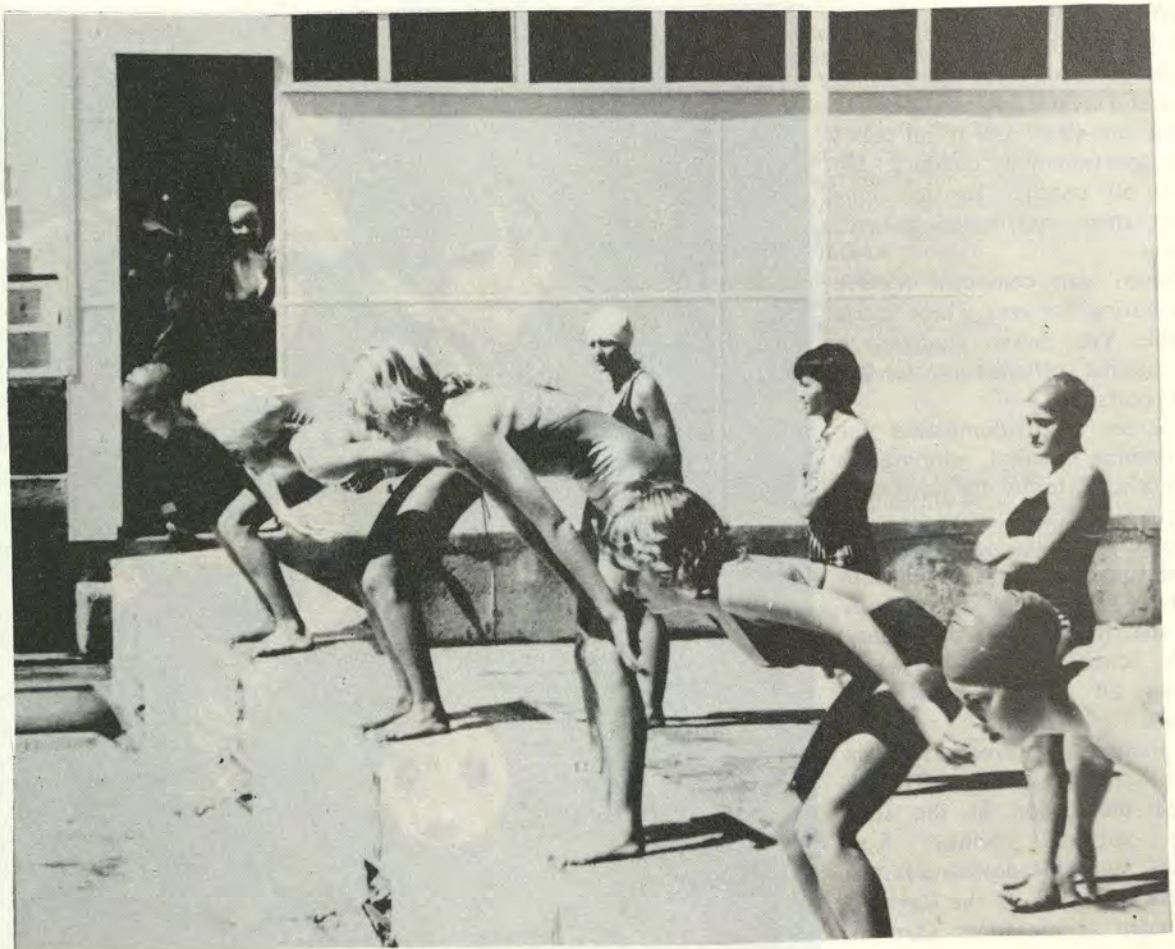
had the same distinction in Long Jump. The 12 years girls relay team were also good medal winners at CHS athletics.

Fort Street fielded teams in all CHS knockout competitions this year — participation is the important word! Most successful was the girls volleyball team who travelled to Wagga to be beaten in the semi-final by the eventual winning team.

Year 7 Gala days in 1982 proved to be a great success with the girls, who were overall winners in netball, hockey, soccer and continuous cricket. They also performed excellently in volleyball and ultimate frisbee, and on all three gala days were a fine example to the school with their behaviour, performance and excellent sportsmanship. Credit must also be given to senior students for their time and effort in preparation for, and on gala days.

In conclusion, I would like to give my thanks to all coaches and parents involved in sport and congratulate Fort Street girls for a fine year.

*B Henry
Sportsmistress*



FIRST GRADE RUGBY REPORT 1982

First up: The Team.

FB: Nick S—Nick showed great potential and can ONLY improve. His safe hands on the football field do not coincide with his cricket expertise.

Wingers: Steve H and Artie P — Steve and Artie showed themselves to be the best wing combinations in the zone (state etc.) Artie, with his great tactical thinking and bullocking runs, and Steve, with his blistering pace, continually bamboozled the opposition.

Centres: Lindsey G and Daryn M — Blockbusting tacklers, with disregard for their own personal health which was proven with Lindsey out for a large portion of the season due to his attempt to main Sydney High. Daryn proved the spirit of Fort Street lives by getting up and up and up

Five-Eighth (VC): Matthew B — (JPR) — Matthew was a controversial selection at the beginning of the year but proved himself with his goal kicking exploits, his cool attitude when the pressure was on and his ability to dictate play. Matthew was unlucky to miss out on CHS selection.

Half-Back: Doug D — Even though blurry-eyed and partially intoxicated, Doug showed the necessary dash to beat opposing players and set up his supports. Other players gained valuable experience by playing alongside this veteran of eight years.

Lock: Brett S — (C) — Brett showed true leadership qualities by beating the opposition continually to the dressing room with the mirror. Brett capped a fine year by being selected in the CHS trials alongside Artie P.

Breakaways: Rodney C and Spiro H — Rod, although suffering from a near fatal (knee) injury, proved he had tremendous courage by continually going onto the field and trying to add to his teeth collection. Rod was accused of being over-vigorous and in some cases downright sadistic, but was never sent off. This dynamo was partnered by Spiro Hronis who was not eager to play but gave the game his best and provided excitement to side-line fans with his field-long runs.

2nd Rowers: Russell J and Frank B — Russell, even though in his first season of rugby, was thrown straight into 1st Grade and his selection was justified right after being named "Man of the Match" in his first game. Unlucky not to be selected in CHS, but was hampered

by a nose injury, courtesy of one big — black Matraville elbow (this was not a pretty sight.) Russell's small shoulders deceived the opposition but kept the scrums moving forward. He was partnered by Frank B who had the reputation of one of the enforcers who unfortunately seemed to always get caught by the referee at the most inopportune time. e.g. when placing his feet on the head of an opponent. **Front Row:** Romeo, Percy, Did — The most ferocious front row in this competition. Romeo and Percy provided the size needed in the scrums which Did used to gain a more than ample share of possession. These were experienced players and aided the team greatly.

The team was aided greatly by incredible replacements in Angelo K, Bruce F, Mirko H just to name a few.

Team Report: After a great first up match against Maroubra Bay (where they were given a footballing lesson by the likes of Henry and his four tries in his debut and the rest of the running-

rugby team) we failed to play to our full potential which is no reflection of the coach's (B.J. Clarke's) ability and methods. Mr. Clarke put in a spirited effort and sacrificed a lot for the team by driving down from Gosford to help us train and the team appreciated it very much, even though it wasn't apparent to him. The team finally put it together (after long, hard training sessions with our supercoach) and won the final of the Canterbury Knock-Out 15-0 against Punchbowl High (take note Mr. Baker) and also defeated a touring New Zealand side 22-13 which was proof to the ability of both coach and players.

SECOND GRADE RUGBY REPORT

This year was a reasonable year, in that all of us were newcomers to the game of rugby. What we lacked in skill we made up in heart. This unusual combination was almost successful in that we finished just outside the top four teams. We were also affected by not having the same team each week due to injuries to a number of 1st Grade



player's shoes which were valiantly fulfilled by young 2nd Grade players who more than filled these in the 1st Grade line-up.

We thank Mr. Baker (Social Sc.) for his inspiration throughout the year, even though he was absent from our first victory. His position was successfully filled by Mr. MacFarlane whose help throughout the year was greatly appreciated.

Players and positions:

FB: Angelo Kanellopoulos — Filled in as both 2nd and 1st Grade fullback throughout the season. Top point scorer — 10 points.

RW: Brad Hawkins — Leading try scorer — 2 (this is not a misprint.)
LW: Leo Ng — Improved throughout the season.

OC: Michael Hickman — Raging Rabbit.
IC: Colin Davidson — His handling improves when he wears his glasses. Equal top try scorer. Also scored team's first points.

5/8th: Dean Ellis — Played well when he turned up.

½: David Barnes — Biggest heart and mouth in the team.

B.A.: Mirko Hutera — When the chips were down, he stuck to his guns. Often played 1st Grade and is a constant tryer. Easily deserved best 2nd Grade player

this season.

B.A.: Anthony Blancato (Captain) — The title says it all.

Lock: Spiros Petratos — Valiant effort all season.

2nd Row: Con Natsopoulos — Part-time 2nd Grader. Matured into very good 1st Grade player.

2nd Row: Bruce Field — as above.
Prop: Nick Shackel — Always tries and very keen.

Prop: Sam Pappas — Always kept going.

Hooker: Michael Bull — The 'Raging Bull.'

Other players who filled in the vacated gaps were Michael Stevenson, Nick Kontogiorgos, Alan Alvis, Alan Fenton and David Kwok who all played well and never stopped trying.

Special mention: Peter Ikonomu who was a battler who tackled anything that came his way. A very frequent 1st Grade player.

Again, thanks to Mr. Baker, Mr. MacFarlane, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Archer and Mr. Lembit (number one supporter) for their support throughout the season.

Anthony Blancato Year 11

GOSFORD

Mr. Clarke and Mr. Archer, through a lot of effort, gained the Bligh Zone a place in the CHS Championships at Gosford for the first time. Eleven

players from Fort Street were selected in the team of twenty, namely: Sinot (captain), Doyle, Iskra, Banncato (F), Gilbert, Burgess, Henry, Clayton, Johnson, Petratos and Hronis. The team surprised everybody and Gosford by finishing fourth in a field of fourteen — an excellent effort in our first year. The results were due mainly to Mr. Archer who put in much time and effort to make the first trip for Bligh Zone a success, and Mr. Clarke's coaching. We would like to thank the following: West's Rugby Club for supplying our palying gear and pre-trip function; Canterbury Rugby for our tracksuits and the use of Wills Ground for training; and Drummoyne DRFC for our bags and the assistance of Wayne R. Lever in helping with training and assisting Mr. Archer in organising the trip. Many thanks to all who made this trip such a great success.

As of next year the Bligh Zone is going Rugby instead of league, and the team should be stronger all round than this year.

We cannot thank enough Mr. Clarke, Mr. Archer, Mr. V.J. Lembit (for finding a resting spot for our Canterbury trophy behind his desk), our supporters through the year and any others we may have accidentally neglected.



FORT STREET HIGH VOLLEYBALL CLUB

In 1982, Fort Street High School has once again been successful in volleyball, the result of dedication and hard work, put in by the volleyballers of the school.

This year saw the creation of the Fort Street High Volleyball Club, whose main aim was to develop volleyball in our school and to create finance to assist this development. Mr. Tremayne and Mrs. Henry with the help of the club organized a very successful volleyball-a-thon, which raised nearly \$700. This money will be used to help cover the expenses of travelling to volleyball matches.

Many of the girl's and boy's grade teams were victorious in their competition. The Open Girl's, Open Boy's and Year 8 Boy's teams were premiers, while Year 8 Girl's, Year 9 Girl's and Year 9 Boy's were close runners-up. There was a show of future volleyballers from Year 7 on their Gala Day, as well.

The most successful result was achieved by the Open Girl's Knockout team who became the Central Metropolitan regional champions. The team then defeated Blaxland High and gained a place in the semi-finals. But unfortunately were defeated in the semi-finals by Koorling High of Wagga

Wagga (the eventual winners). The team attributes this loss to the fact that we had had a very long journey to Wagga Wagga the night before and we were not in our peak form. But the girl's team did come in equal third placing in the state. Next year we will get to first place.

Fort Street High School provided seven students for the Central Metropolitan Regional team. These players were: Steven Anastasiadis, Bill McGoldrick, Ross Anastasiadis, Cheong Hee Kim, Charmian King, Jenny Leek and Kathy Lagios. Both Steven and Bill were selected to play in the NSW Combined High School team.

There were many tournaments and competitions which the volleyballers of Fort Street participated in, one being an after school competition organized by the Fort Street Volleyball Club. The Under 16's girl's team were successful in their competition, whereas the Open girl's team came a close second, in the boy's division, losing to the Ashfield Boy's High School team.

The year 1982 was very favourable to volleyball and all the hard training sessions paid off, but such achievements would have been impossible without the help of many people. The Open Girl's team would like to express our

sincere thanks to Vince Di Stefano and Ken Ho (ex-Fortians) who helped us tremendously and to Steven for putting up with us patiently throughout the year. And also many thanks to Mr Tremayne and Mrs. Henry.

We hope that by now the Fortians who have helped the volleyballers by sponsoring them for the volleyball-a-thon and by buying cakes on many occasions will be satisfied in knowing their money was well invested!

Let's hope that 1983 will be an even bigger and better year for Volleyball.

*Cheong Hee Kim
Kathy Lagios*

AIKIDO REPORT

The demand for training in the martial arts have picked up in third term as students flocked to see how one should respond to swords, muggers and flying mats. Anyway, many of us felt it was necessary to defend ourselves from the scores of teasing people who mock our every movement. We all enjoyed breaking each other's faces and tearing everyone's arms out of their sockets.

Thanks go to Mr. Yalichev, Adrian Kuzis and Kathy for their efforts.

P.S. Lewisham Hospital thanks Mark for the extra business after sport.



GOLF: THE RELAXING SPORT



RUGBY LEAGUE

1982 proved to be a frustrating year for the Fourteens' side after the team had performed creditably to qualify for the semi finals. Due to a Bligh Zone ruling that a school must supply a team for all grades of that sport, the side was disqualified from the semi finals. (There were no Fifteens or Open grade sides.) This indeed was unfortunate, as towards the end of the season the side had developed much better defensive patterns as well as more imaginative attacking play.

The side was capably led by George Leros who demonstrated the art of solid fronton tackling to his team mates. Ably supporting him was Chris "Grizzly" Dedousis who pumped fear into the hearts of the opposition with his menacing "runs" and crash tackling. As well as the above mentioned players Seung Choe, Graeme Fitchett and Jim Kalotheos also performed admirably in the defence department. Other noteworthy players included "twinkletoes" Kelvin Ha, "flashy" Arthur Panos, Joe "the animal" Rooney, Domenic "golden boots" Sirone and Patrick "Raudonikis" O'Reil.

Statistics

1 Average tackle count per match:

S Choe - 11; G Fitchett - 10; K Ha, G Leros, C Dedousis - 9; P O'Reil, J Kalotheos - 8; J Rooney - 7; J Rocknick - 6; D Sirone, J Basso, A Panos - 5; S Baker, J Karamatzanis, P Lang, A Hamilton, C Danaskos, J Patsiavas - 4; H Emmanuel, M Roy, J Michelizzi, S Bartolemei - 3; P Phelps, D Riley - 2; D Scott - 1.

2 Try scorers:

C Dedousis - 17; J Rooney - 5; J Rocknick - 3; S Choe, D Sirone, S Bartolemei, C Danaskos - 2; S Baker, P Phelps, A Panos - 1.

3 Goal kickers:

D Sirone - 10.

4 Match results:

Lost Macquarie 23-3; Won Leichhardt 25-14; Lost Wilkins 20-8; Lost Dulwich 66-0* (*- Cadet camp); Lost Newtown 18-3; Lost Enmore 15-14; Lost Leichhardt 34-6* (*- 10 men); Lost Wilkins 21-8; Lost Dulwich 14-6; Won Tempe 14-10; Lost Newtown 26-14; Won Glebe 8-3; Won Enmore 14-8.

CRICKET CLUB

The 1981-2 season proved to be a most successful one for the Fort Street High School's First Eleven. Despite the fact that the side lost only the one match there were numerous occasions when only the never-say-die attitude of the players prevented the other sides from winning when they had seemingly taken the upper hand. Much of the success of the side lay in the hands of the bowling department which was well manipulated by Captain Brad Hawkins, for quite often the batting had failed and only through excellent bowling and field placing had Fort Street escaped defeat.

Having defeated Tempe by 39 runs to take out the 1981 Bligh Zone final on a very damp wicket, with Matthew Burgess 7-14 and Steve Henry 3-10 routing the opposition batting, the side took on Enmore in the first round of the 1982 Davidson Shield competition at Jubilee Oval. This match proved to be extremely close with Fort Street running out the victors by a mere 9 runs. Much of Fort Street's total of 107 had come from the blade of young Cetin Sezer who contributed 39 in his first senior



match for the school as well as a quick 20 from Burgess. With Enmore at 2-51 the lefthand googly exponent David Kinney was bravely brought into the attack by Hawkins and in an amazing spell of spin bowling, aided also by some superb wicket keeping by Brett Sinnott and good all round fielding, Kinney had taken 6-26 with Enmore being dismissed for 98.

The second round match with Malvina at ELS Hall proved a little easier with Fort Street winning by 25 runs. Once again the batting proved embarrassing with only Hawkins, Gilbert, Dimitropoulos and Clayton producing anything worthwhile. Matthew Burgess bowled extremely well to take 6 wickets with

Kinney taking 3 and Stevanovic the other.

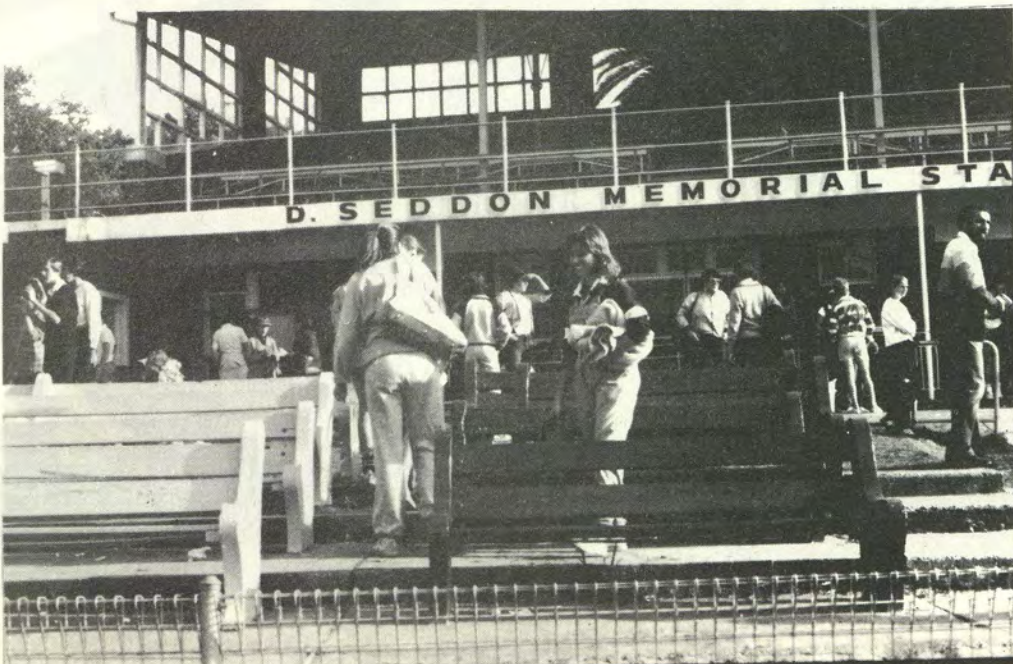
In the third round Fort Street easily accounted for Tempe to the tune of 105 runs. This time the batting department fired for a change (shades of the 90 run partnership by Clayton (48) and Burgess (46) against Glebe) and notched up 155. Burgess (54), Hawkins (39), Henry (36 not out) being the highest scorers. Tempe once again reeled to the pace of Burgess and capitulated for 50.

Fort Street's own capitulation occurred in the next round against GPS winners Sydney Boys High in a deferred match at McKay Oval. Earlier Sydney had been 1-19 in the washed out game at Petersham Oval with Sydney's best

bat back in the pavillion bowled middle stump by Burgess. Unfortunately, this proved to be the only wicket taken by Fort Street against Sydney for in the deferred match Sydney won by 10 wickets. The only bright spot had been the first wicket partnership of 24, the highest opening stand all season. The less said about the rest of the innings the better.

Playing Squad

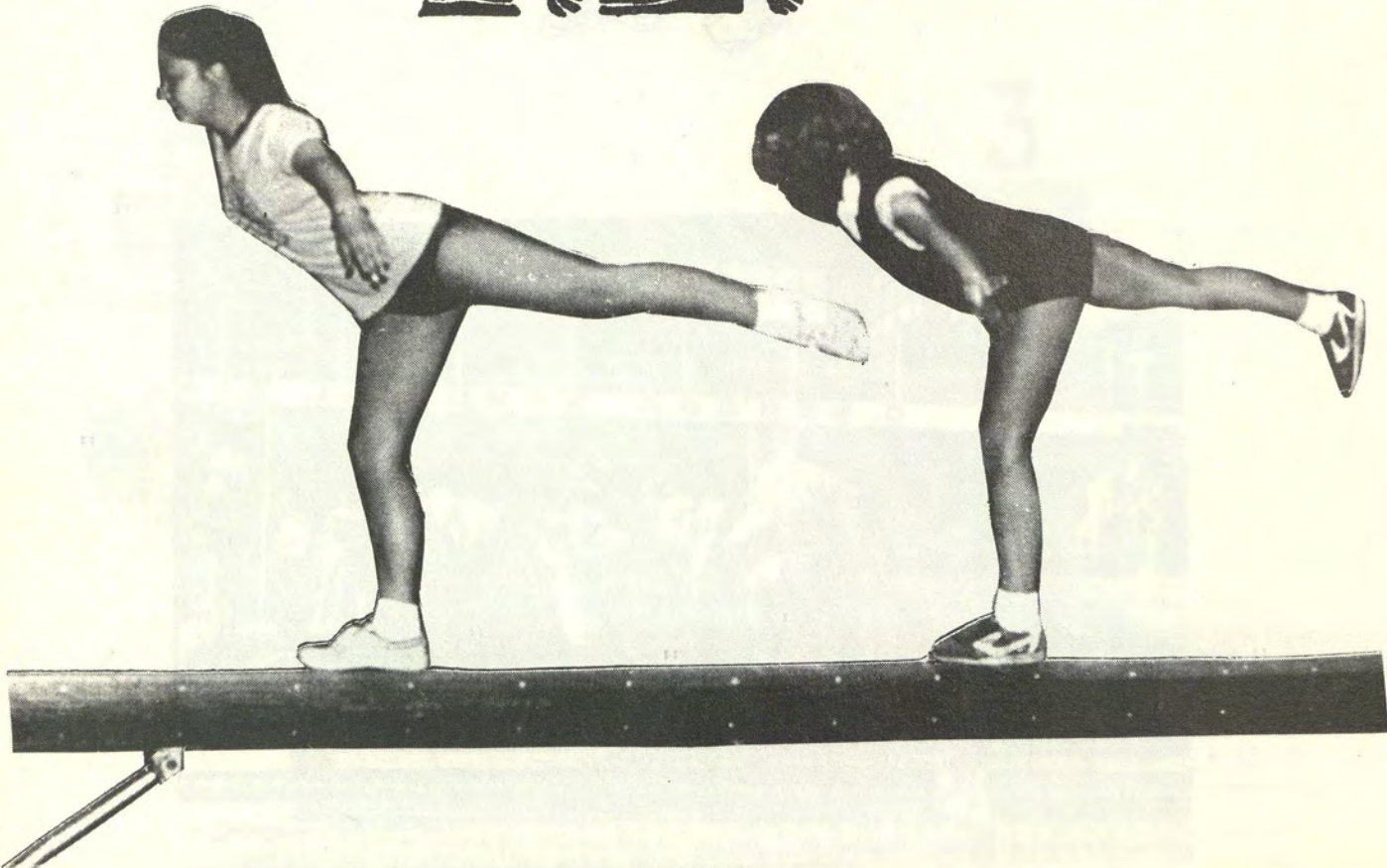
B Hawkins (Captain); B Sinnott (Vice Captain); M Burgess; L Gilbert; S Henry; C Sezer; T Dimitropoulos; D Kinney; N Stevanovic; A Petratos; S Petratos; R Clayton; A Doyle and D Barnes.

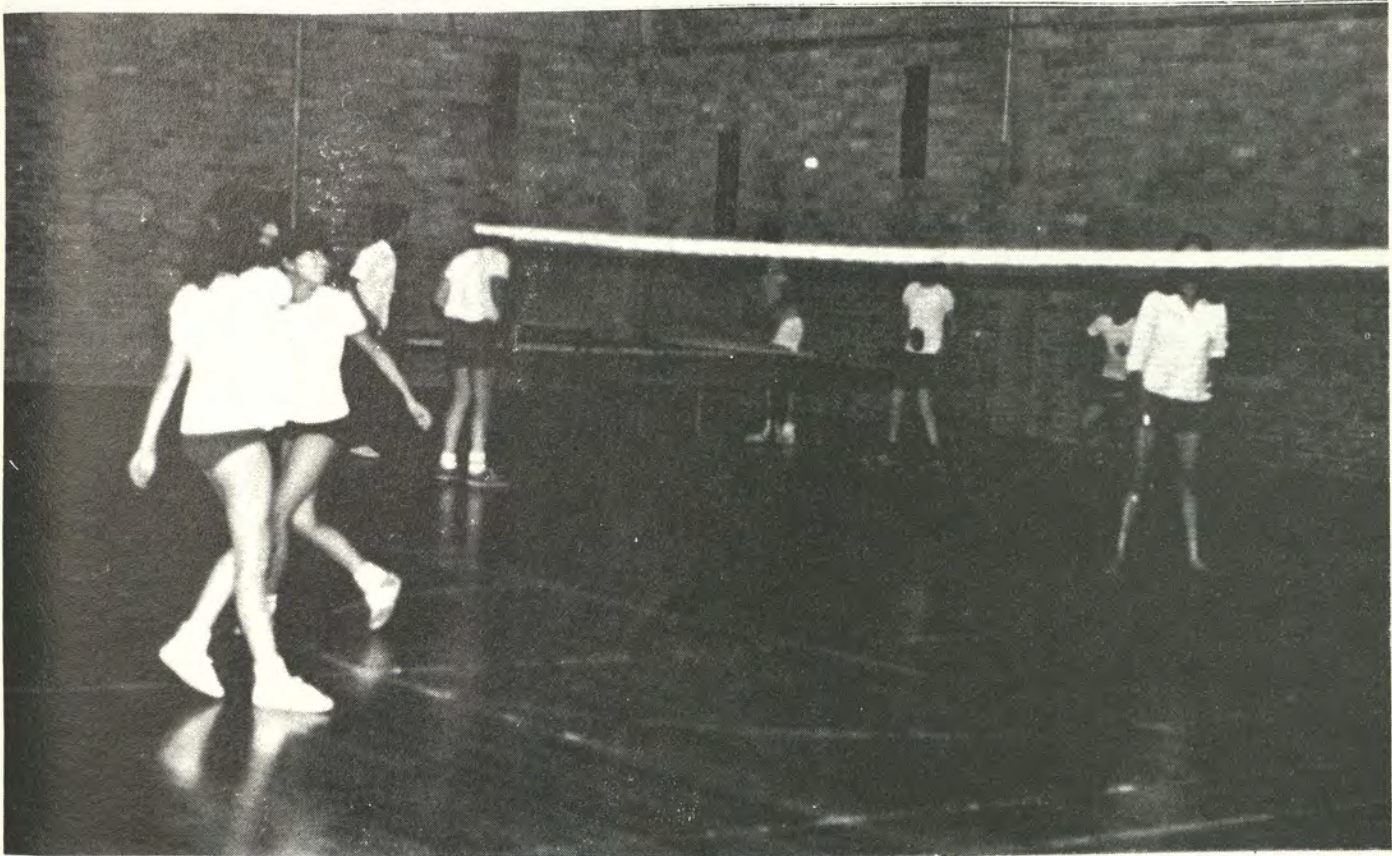


BARNWELL PARK.... GOLFING PARADISE OF THE WORLD



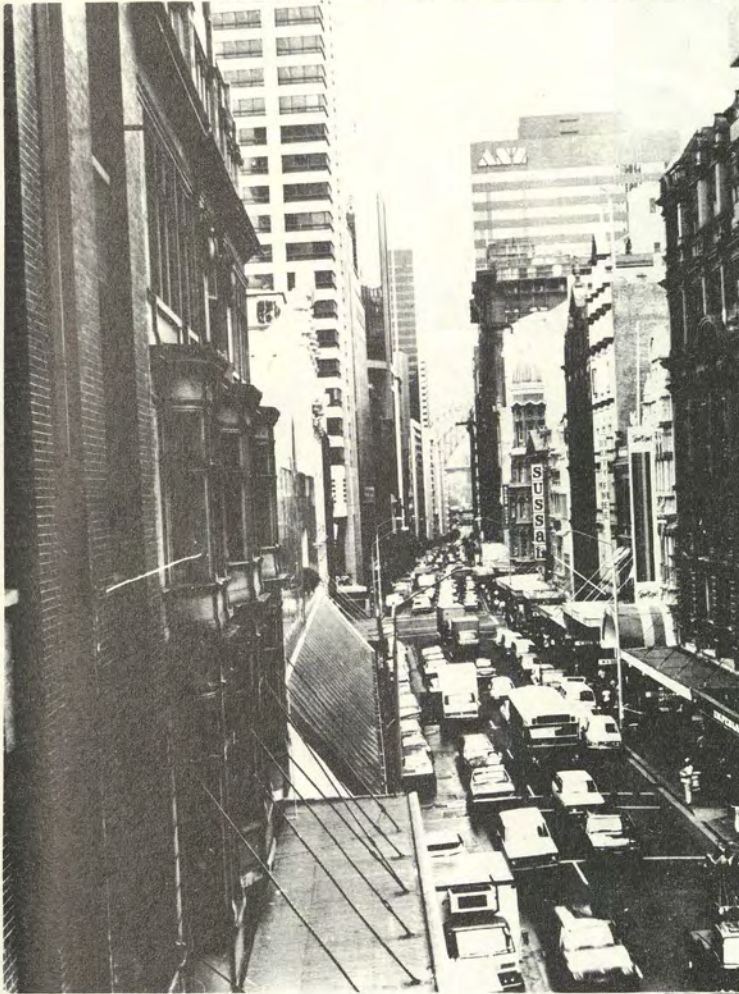
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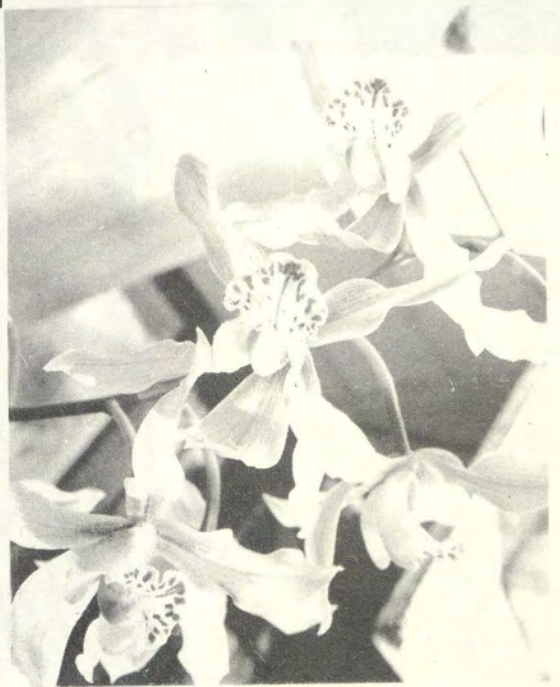


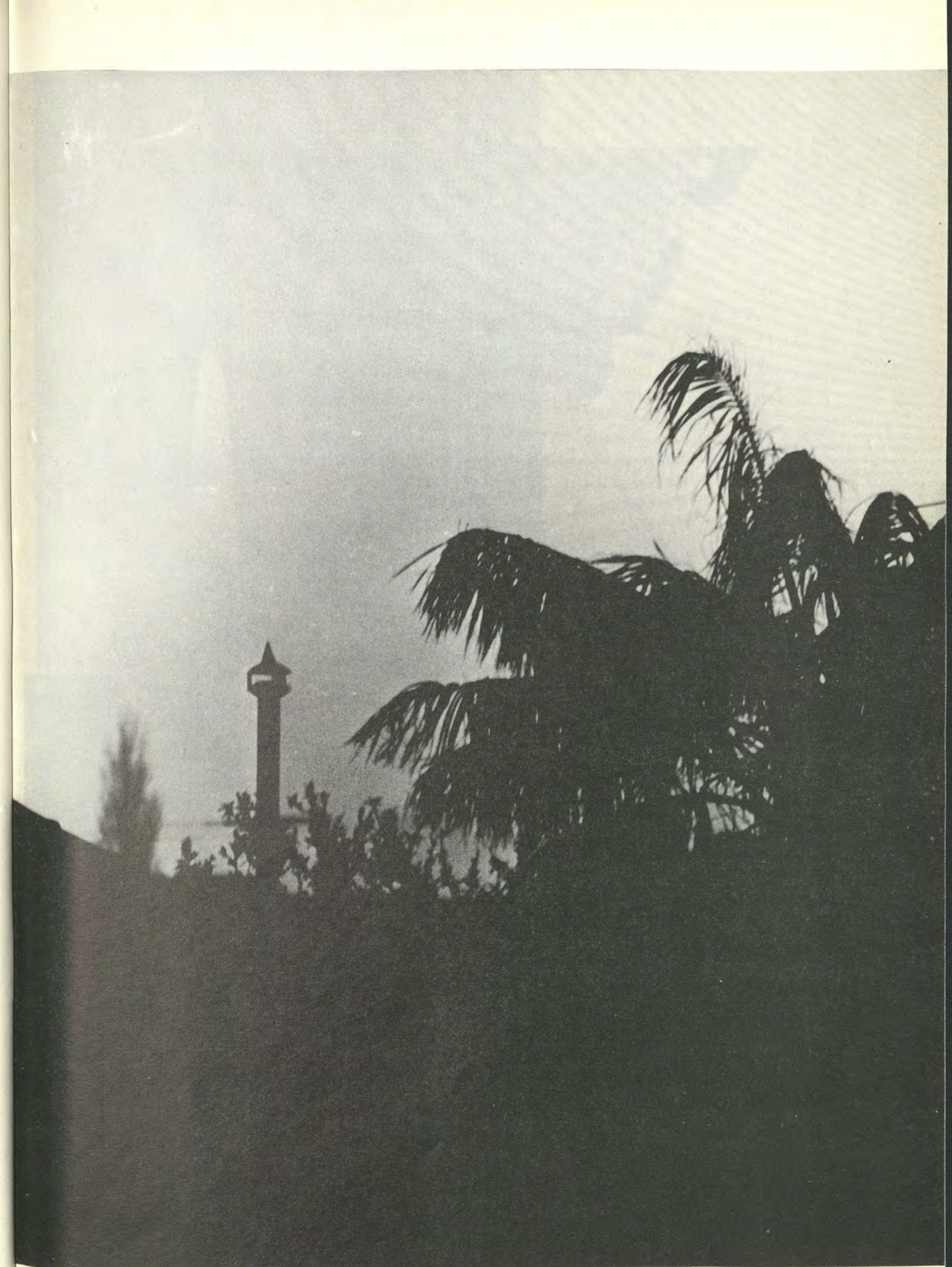


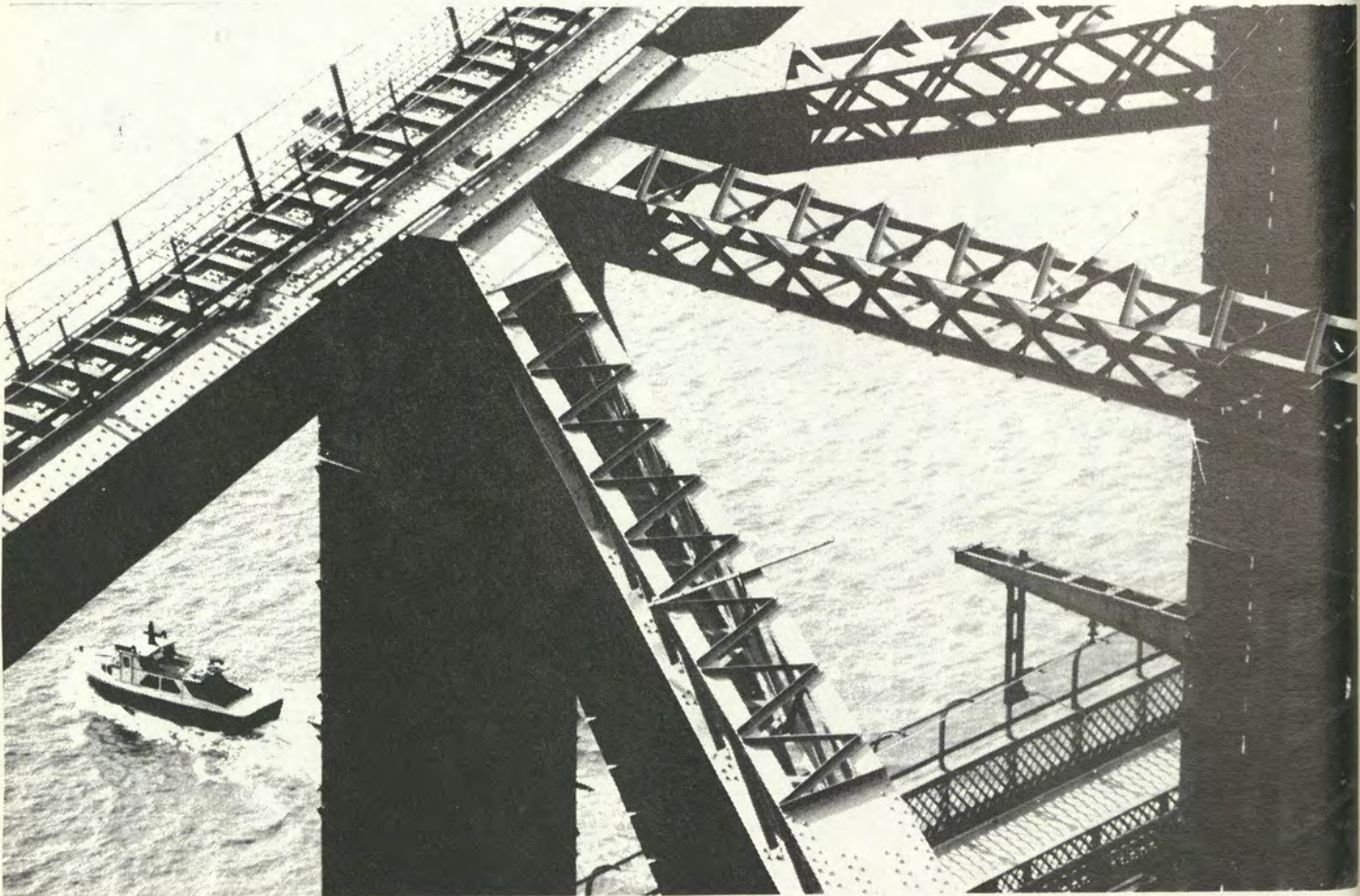
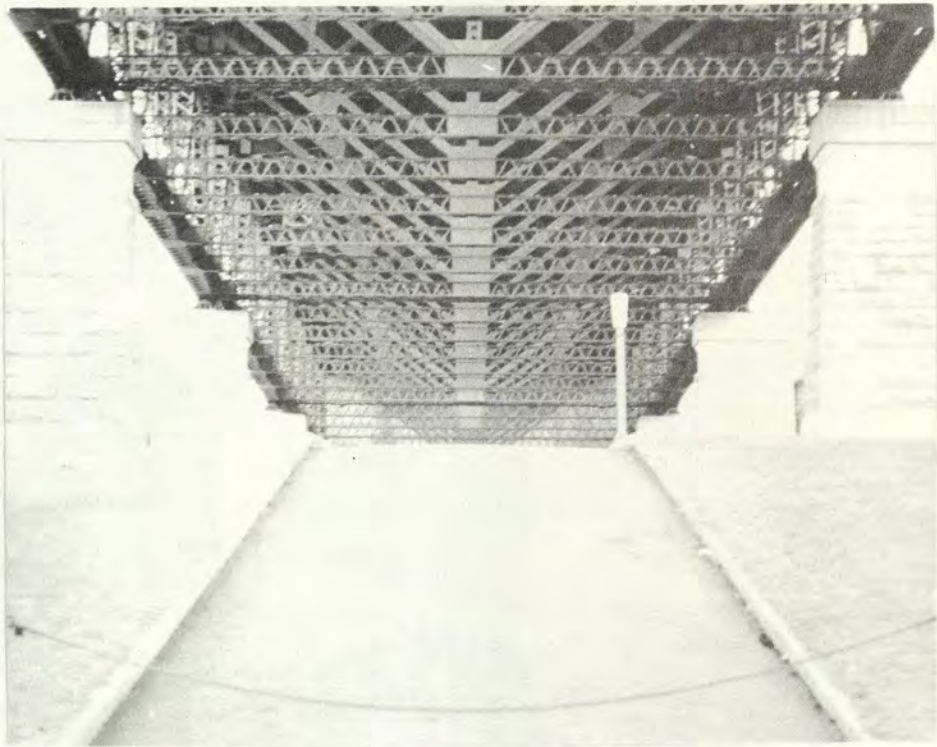


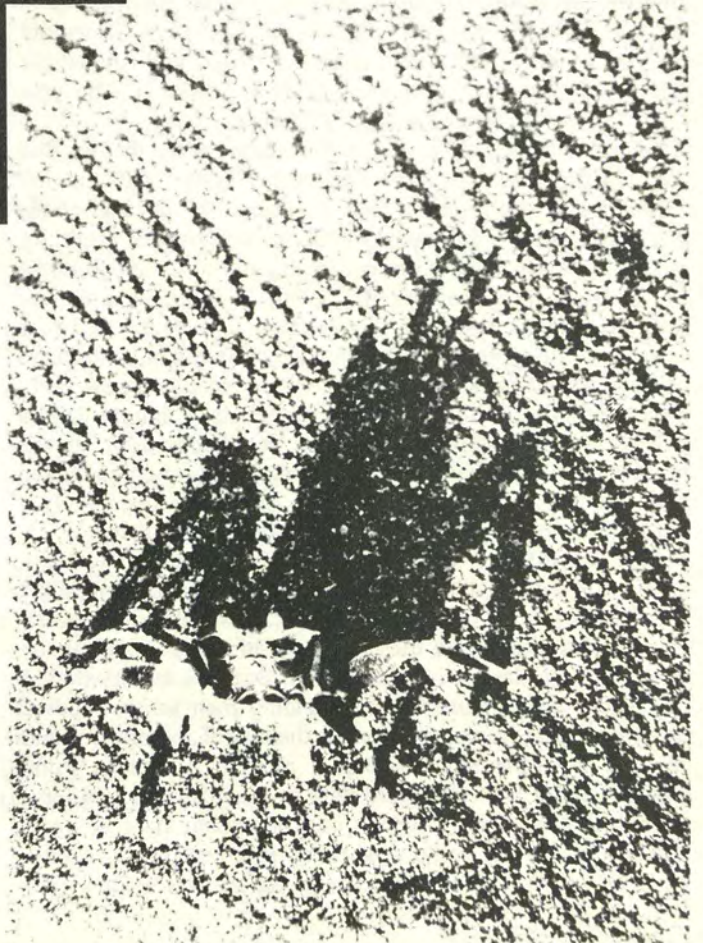
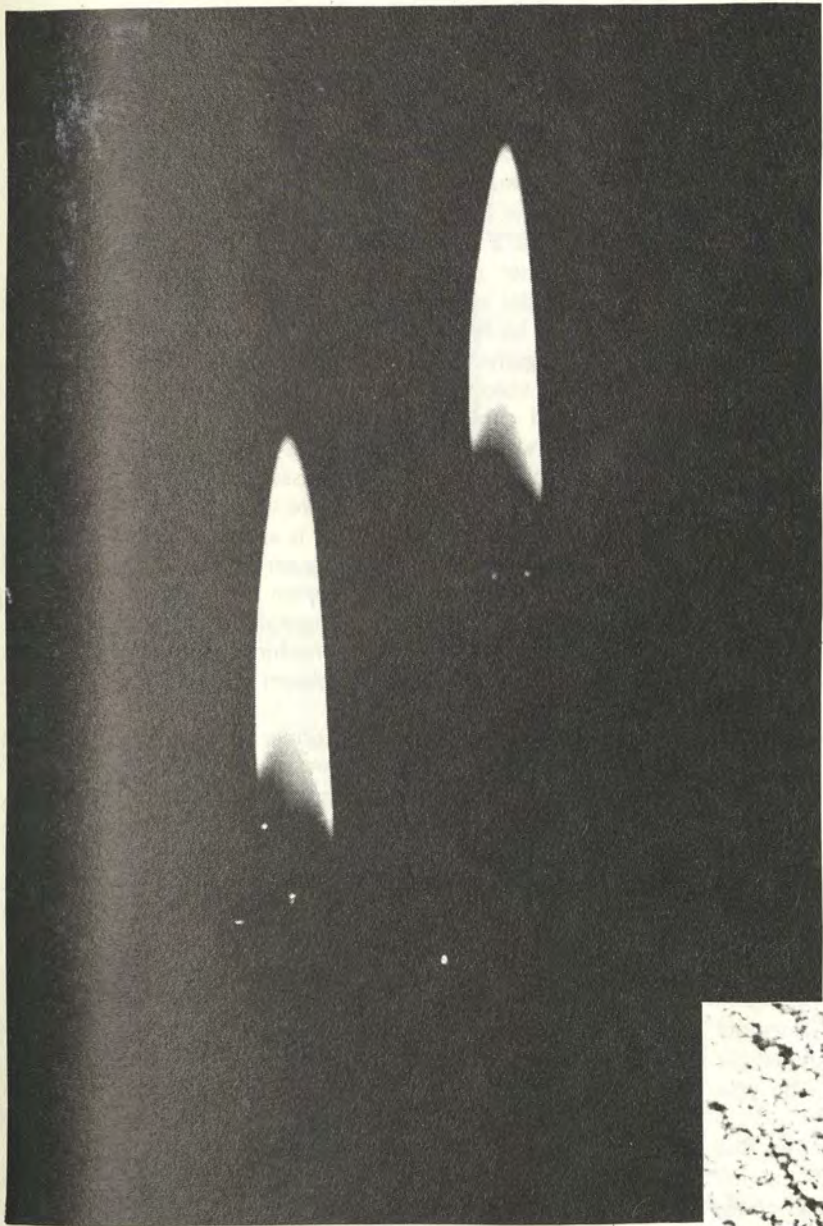
GALLERY











SIR EDMUND BARTON

On the night of March 19 last I was present in the Great Hall of the University of Sydney at a most auspicious gathering. It was the occasion of the inaugural Edmund Barton lecture honouring the Fortian who was to become Australia's first Prime Minister — a name honoured too in the House that bears his great name. It was pleasing that a boy and girl Fort Street student had also been invited to be present.

The Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, delivered this first address. In his opening lines Mr Fraser acknowledged that Edmund Barton deserves to be remembered, not only as Australia's first Prime Minister, but as one of the founding fathers of the Australian nation. In the establishment of the lecture, attention was being drawn to the federation of the six colonies into one vital and dynamic nation. The Prime Minister told the audience that Barton was one of that select group of outstanding men who had the vision, the character, and the persistence to bring this nation of ours into existence; to draw up a constitution which would make possible the coming together of states, and the skill to put in place the first functioning Commonwealth Government. It was Barton — the acknowledged leader of the Federal movement — who made the famous declaration: "For the first time in the world's history, there will be a nation for a continent and a continent for a nation".

Sir Edmund Barton was born at Glebe in Sydney to William and Mary Barton on January 18 the year Fort Street was founded — 1849. He was educated at Fort Street and the Sydney Grammar School, and graduated BA with honours and MA, in 1870 at Sydney University. But politics was in his blood. In 1879 he contested the University seat unsuccessfully, a seat abolished late that same year. His worth was however very quickly realised. He was member for Wellington for two periods, 1881-82, 1882-87, and he was member for East Sydney, 1891-94. He served as Speaker in the Assembly (1883-87) and Attorney General (1889, 1891-93). The year 1889 also saw him made a Queen's Counsel.

Sir Edmund was Chairperson of the committee that drafted the constitutional bill. His continuous active work in the Federation campaign led to his appointment as the chief of the delegation sent to London in 1900 to promote the establishment of the Australian Commonwealth and to see the Minister of Australia on December 31, 1900. It is recorded in the December 1900 issue of the *Fortian* that a flagstaff was erected in the grounds of the old school on the hill and that a number of old boys came to present the proposed new Commonwealth flag, which had been carried by Edmund Barton during his Australiawide campaign for Federation. It was hoisted on November 26, 1900. Fort Street was thus linked with the most significant event in Australia's history. It is hardly conceivable that Barton was not of the number.

The Constitution was proclaimed the first day of January, 1901, in Centennial Park, Sydney, by the Earl of Hopetoun, the first Governor General of Australia. It was Barton's government which established the machinery of the Commonwealth of Australia today. It is a measure of Barton's quality that he had such regard from the outstanding men in the Federal movement that he was regarded as the logical and obvious man to first lead the new nation. A modern Australian Prime Minister could not but regard with awe a man who could lead a Cabinet which contained six past or present state premiers, and, what is more, encouraged them to agree to work together to build up a Federal Government. Barton was made a Privy

Counsellor in the year of Federation, and knighted in 1902. In 1903 he retired from politics and served with distinction on the High Court of Australia until his death on January 7, 1920. Sir Edmund was given honorary Doctorates in Law from Cambridge, Oxford and Edinburgh Universities.

Barton was a man who believed in rational and sound argument rather than the emotive displays of the platform orator. As leader of the Federal movement, Barton's techniques are described by his biographer as "quiet organisation, persuasion and argument". These techniques were effective in realising the vision which moved Barton through the great constitutional conventions. Barton's was a quiet passion, but a passion it was nevertheless. As he said during a speech in the New South Wales House of Assembly in 1891: "There is one great thing which ranks above all others in my political life, and will activate me until it is accomplished, and that is the question of the union of the Australian colonies". Some of the Barton government's legislation objectives took several years to achieve but the lasting triumph of that first Parliament was the building of the federal machinery which had been the objective of the visionary movement for a single Australian nation.

At the Old Boys' Annual Dinner in 1900, Mr Frederick Bridges, Headmaster of Fort Street when Barton was a student here, in proposing the toast of the Commonwealth of Australia, said: "Fort Street has always aimed at the cultivation of an Australian national spirit . . . We cannot forget that it was the most distinguished of old Fort Street boys, Edmund Barton, who was foremost in the fight for Federation, and to whom the success attained is largely due."



QUOTABLE QUOTES

Mr. Morrison — (to male student). "If it was a one for one relationship in this classroom, it would be alright — but we have the rest of the class to consider. "

Mr.R. Baker — "Hang on. Let me sit down and think".
Student — "Shows where your brain is."

Miss McCormick — (referring to a boy hanging out the window).
"Tell that boy to come inside. He'll suffocate out there."

Mr. R. Baker — "It struck me like a bolt of thunder er, lightning."

Mr. Jones — "I'm sick and tired of being treated as if I'm not here."
Student — "Who said that?"

Mr. Swadling — "Hi, I'm hideous."

Mr. Bray — "Look, just get off your backside and sit down."

Student — "Miss, has this French book got questions?"

Mrs. Leike — "Oh yes, it's easy"

Student — "No Miss, has it got questions?"

Mrs. Leike— "Yes, it's got pictures."

Student — "I said, has it got questions?"

Mrs. Leike — "Of course it's in French!!"

Mr. Bray — "Son, how did you get through that door?"

Miss Ireland — "Don't think like a normal person, think like an economist."

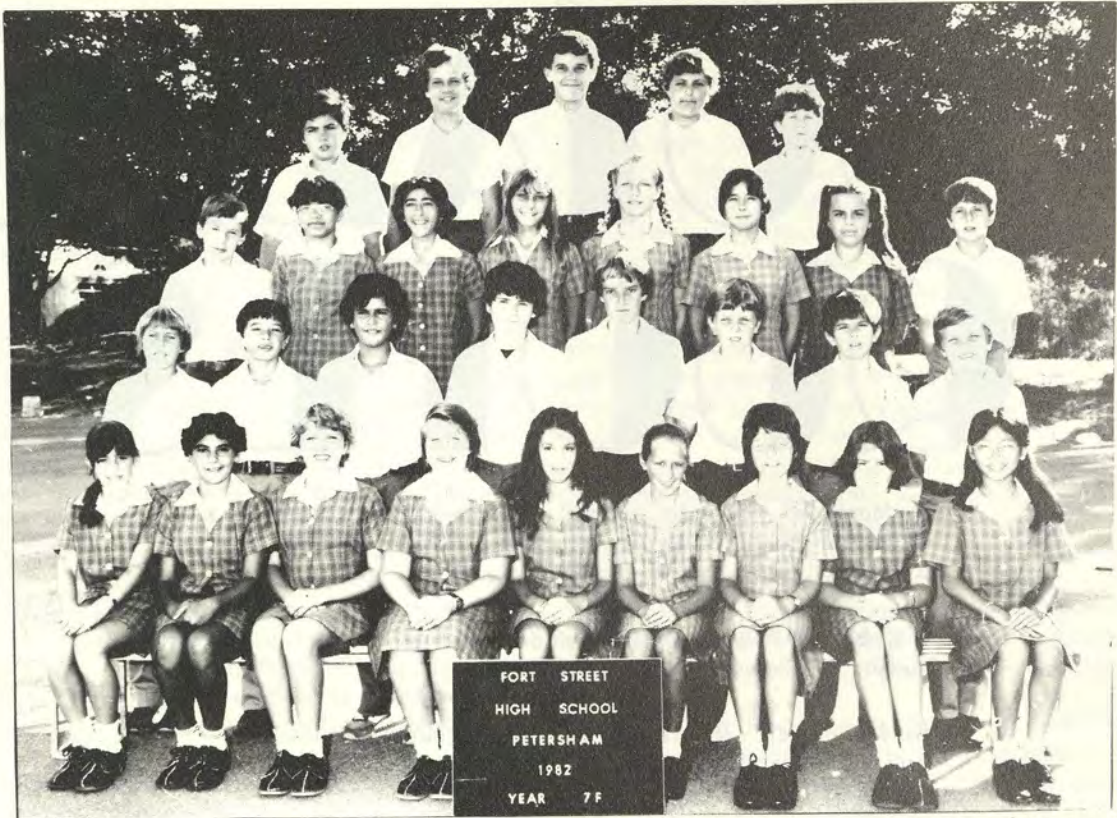
Mr. Ferris — "Mr Bray is more the physical type."

Mr. Bray — "Listen son, what are these numbers at the top of the page. They have nothing to do with chemistry."

Student — "That's the date, sir."

Student — "But I done my homework!"

Miss Ireland — "Hey, you must have Mr. Whitfield for English!"



Front Row : (L to R) Lisa Basso, Elizabeth Carbone, Katrina Cashman, Tania Bojanac, Toulia Adamakakis, Trina Castell-Brown, Elizabeth Bray, Sally Bryant, Betty Chan.

Second Row : Matthew Andrews, Paolo Busato, Steve Anagnos, Rodney Burke, Daniel Broe, David Burton, Jason Antoniadis, Todd Baker.

Third Row : Matthew Arnett, Fiona Allen, Irene Armenakas, Clytie Binder, Sarah Butler, Teresa Bates, Francey Bagala, Chrispian Ashby.

Fourth Row : Joshua Boyd, Craig Anderssen, Con Argyratos, John Bikou, Craig Aspinai.



Front Row : (L to R) Katina Dimitropoulos, Sascha Hastenteufel, Jackie Gleeson, Samantha Field, Dianne Everett, Jenny Cheung, Dianne Cridland, Kerstin Haglund, Naomi Dare.

Second Row : Douglas Byrnes, Steven Chung, Gabriel Caus, Jules Cure, Andrew Baldwin, Brett Davies, Gareth Chan, Nicholas Copping, Khai Dang.

Third Row : Helvi Fields, Jong-Woo Chung, Daniel Chapman, Han Chon, David Chan, Lisa Citton.

Fourth Row : Leonie Geribo, Tina Fox, Michelle Cruickshank, Fiona Hawthorne, Heidi Hemmings.



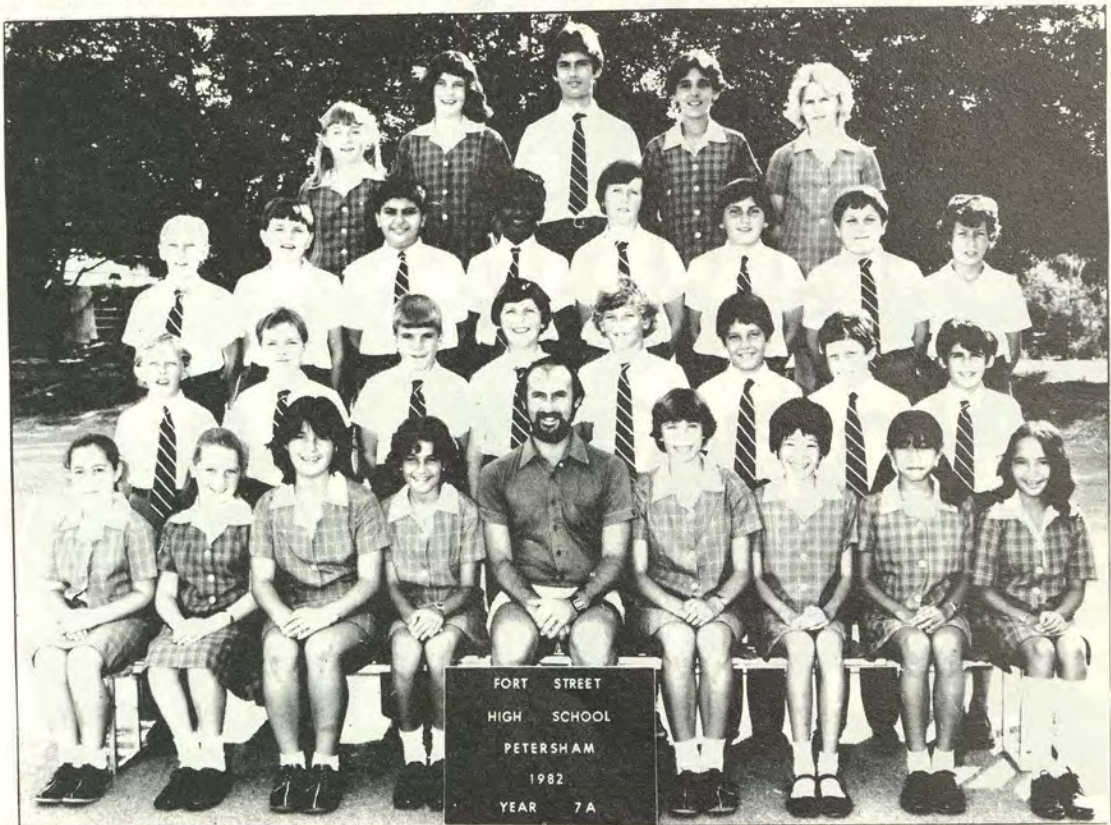
Front Row : (L to R) Ilona Janikowski, Teresa Kiernan, Rosanna Liistro, Tanya Johnson, Maro Lavrentiou, Rachel Humphrey, Debbie Hicks, Toanne Kouvaris, Irene Ho.
 Second Row : Shane Hennessy, Lachlan Hall, Nunzio Di Rosario, Geol Soo Kim, Leo Karamatzanis, Alexander Kaltenegger, Gavin Fox, Cory Davis.
 Third Row : Ben Criptin, Sandy Jeung, Kevin Huang, Thai Huynh, Rebecca Kim, Vecdi Demir.
 Fourth Row : Mireille Keller, Caren Greentree, Jodie Howard.



Front Row : (L to R) Stephanie Parkes, Danielle McDonald, Renata Lipiec, Michelle Packett, Meagan Manning, Rebecca Nash, Kim Morley, Lidia Mafodoo, Sharon Longbottom.
 Second Row : Evangelos Kontogiorgis, Anthony Lo-Giudice, Mardi-Lyn Ola, Sally Madgwick, Joanna McDonald, Diana Markopous, Jeshua Martin, Anthony Mangan.
 Third Row : Aristaki Maragos, Roland Maertens, Nicholas Mominos, Jason Kelly, Martin Mambroku, Paul MacLeod, Kosmos Kyriakidis.



Front Row : (L to R) Rebecca Reynolds, Karina Pelcers, Dina Petratos, Simone Sangster, Samantha Rosser, Christine Schlesinger, Janene Pendleton, Louisa Simonelli.
Second Row : Con Pantazes, Michael Porter, Simon Pickett, Andrew Phelps, Soterakis Phylactou, Gary Monk, Brendan Radford, Mustafa Ozluk, Sean O'Reourke.
Third Row : Michael Mides, Usha Perunal, Jodi Rose, Tullia Sharp, Fay Savidis, Ruth Powell, Kerry Sanderson, Stuart Meadows.



Front Row : (L to R) Vicki Vordis, Kelly Stephens, Gul Suar, Suzanne Tawansi, Dana Stevanovic, Sawn Yee, Vivien Sung, Minh-Thy Truong.
Second Row : Karl Ray, Gilbert Robson, Jason Smith, Luther Weate, Ashley Williams, Dennis Stephenson, Alan Shapley, Mariano Salabert.
Third Row : Stephen Tuften, Edwin Wilson, Peter Tawfik, Jaganathan Thangavelu, Gaven Wicks, Fortunato Scalone, Daniel Zacharion, John Tagliano.
Fourth Row : Annette Williams, Sue-Ann Wright, Pero Radosevic, Christina Zisopoulos, Carlo Thomas.



Front Row : (L to R) Malanie Coombs, Maria Dos Santos, Belinda Brooks, Maria Crupi, Karen Davies, Frances Bryson, Larina Bennett, Claudine Cowling, Danielle Bissaker.
Second Row : Blake Avenell, Mark Colston, Darryn Brown, Robert Bayley, Shayne Baker, James Conway, Darren Boyd, Michael Boehm.
Third Row : Brett Aland, Dorina Distefano, Sun-Min Chung, Michelle Cridland, Lisa Busch, Steven Bartolomei.
Fourth Row : Brett Bidwell, Waldo Cuellar, Seung Ho Choe.



Front Row : (L to R) Lisa Greedy, Sandra Grandal, Despina Georgakakis, Marianne Grant, Robyn Englert, Lucy Dougherty, Cettina Emmi, Melissa Gibson, Julie Forrest.
Second Row : Richard Delgado, Giuseppe D'Aspromonte, Penny Gretton, Sofie Gibson, Jackie Hicks, Deborah Helmrich, James Giannisis, Michael Findlay.
Third Row : Slavic Feldman, Philip Doble, Grame Fitchett, Luca D'Angelo, Stephen Elliott, George Giannopoulos, Julian Dell.



Front Row : (L to R) Jenny Jamieson, Michelle Holzschuh, Ly Johnson, Kelly Harwood, Madeleine Jennings, Astrid Krautschneider, Gina Kelly.
 Second Row : Rodney Lowe, Tony Inglis, Richard Lennane, John Karamatzanis, Jim Kalotheos, Nick Kaloudis, Henry Louie.
 Third Row : Michael Kiernan, Andrew Hamilton, Kelly Lawless, Julie Hoare, Jason Hennesy, John Hallworth.



Front Row : (L to R) Nicole Litherland, Nancy Lee, Silvana Lemos, Sarah McLennan, Emma McDonald, Kerry MacKay, Shiu Fong Lowe.
 Second Row : David Phelps, Michael Molnar, Doris Maertins, Alicia McLaren, Craig Murden, Sean McNamara.
 Third Row : Luis Oyanedel, John Micalizzi, Jeremy Newton, Alan Olan, Paul Miller.



*Front Row : (L to R) Tue Nghi Phung, Nicole Seagrott, Rosa Russo, Wai-Ping Ng, Caroline Pflieger, Kym Shaw, Katie Schotfield, Rahel Seminara.
 Second Row : Chris Salmon, Maria Sidoti, Fanoula Plakias, Lisa Rimunui, Tina Picek, Natara Santos, Helen Sfinarolakis, Matthew Quinn.
 Third Row : Daniel Sealey, John Rudd, Alek Stefanovic, David Scott, Domenic Sirone, Joe Rooney, Jon Simmons, Mark Stewart.*



*Front Row : (L to R) Danielle Tagliano, Josephine Volpe, Thurle Wright, Bridget Tilley, Francene Sulfaro, Katherine Troy, Louise Sung.
 Second Row : Stephen Turner, Timothy Wallace, Karen Thom, Tammy Tancred, Tina Zissimopoulos, Maria Vasilarea, Stephen White, Phillip Xenos.
 Third Row : Scott Young, John Wilson, Brandon Wendt, Con Tselonis, Bradley Wilson, William Tassone.*



Front Row : (L to R) Joy Batzakis, Anne Blake, Yvonne Brown, Lisa Callingham, Kristina Anderson, Rachel Arnett, Sophie Adamakakis, Heidi Bachmann, Jacque Aldridge.
Second Row : Alain Adolphe, Mark Antoniadis, James Chik, David Allan, Peter Bietsas, Greg Austen, John Basso, John Armenakas.
Third Row : Teresa Bryan, Peter Bourne, Justine Adamek, Stephanie Barov, Michal Blake, Peter Chalk, Catherine Allen.



Front Row : (L to R) Cristalyn Da Cunha, Amethyst Hall, Susan Dunn, Myung-Soon Chong, Heather Hall, Sungwon Chang, Natalie Fisher, Toula Christopoulos.
Second Row : Miranda Douglas, Charles Goh, Phillip Gardener, Sam Christopoulos, Roberto D'Angelo, David Horton, John Daly, Valerie Duffy.
Third Row : Vicki Gregic, Barbara Gouskos, Kerrilee Hardy, Janelle Cridland, Tanya Johnstone, Susan Castell-Brown, Leonie Elligett.
Fourth Row : Angelo Constantinopoulos, Chris Danaskos, Chris Dedousis, Paul Garry, Frank Dangelico.



Front Row : (L to R) Elizabeth Lin, Hazel Longbottom, Rachael McDiarmid, Justine McDonald, Betty Katsoulis, Seon Chong Lim, Michelle Knox, Elizabeth McMullen, Mimin Lim.
Second Row : Michael Kulper, Eddie Iverach, John Krouklidis, Suzanne Joseph, Jodie McGregor, Poppy Kabouris, O-Kang Kwon, Ross Kendall.
Third Row : Paul James, Luke Keen, Marc Hughes, Christopher Katsongiannis, Frank Kominos, Con Keramianakis, Igor Jazbec.



Front Row : (L to R) Nghi Phung, Carolyn Milward, Liisa Nurmi, Anna Odfeldt, Inga Madgwick, Katia Pizzinelli, Melinda Overall, Susan Meadows.
Second Row : Paddy Manning, Joshua McCarthy, James McAllister, Lisa Norberry, Sylvia Piedade, Martin Lacis, Paul McCarthy, Paul Lang.
Third Row : Steven McWilliams, George Leros, Scott McManus, John Meith, John Kriakopoulos, Rab Lewin.



Front Row : (L to R) Joanne Scott, Jenny Price, Leanne Rimunui, Jackie Shipman, Jeanene Sulfaro, Georgina Spyropoulos, Debbie Smith, Lisa Tan, Antonella Ruocco.

Second Row : Jim Papadopoulos, Jonathan Porter, John Pound, Johnny Patsiavas, Tom Parmakellis, Jim Ntatsopoulos, Marcos Navaro.

Third Row : Marysel Silva, Fortunata Salanitro, Madeleine Preston, Katherine Quinn, Emma Rogers.

Fourth Row : Romano Montanari, Michael Roberts, Jimmy Roknic, Peter Phelps, Tobias Newton-John.



Front Row : (L to R) Jason Webb, Peter Stefanovic, Paul Simpson, Alasdair Taylor, Raef Sully, Peter Wilson, Ben Siu, Mark Tziotis, Paul Taranto.

Second Row : Natasja Worsley, Inara Walden, Carolyn Wiles, Sam Trimble, Maria Xidis, Christina Villalba, Emma Walters, Claudine Von Giese, Thuc-Ha To.

Third Row : Steven Tomas, Kieran Sharp, Con Vazouras, Garry Stewart, Christos Siatras, Mark Shaw, Robert Tassone.

Fourth Row : George Rounis, Kareem Tawansi, George Zisopoulos.



Front Row : (L to R) Parrisa Bouas, Amanda Burke, Sophy Beckett, Helen Brooke, Julka Arsenijevic, Corinne Berry, Michelle Burgess, Julie Bell, Cheryl Booth.
Second Row : Robert Baker, Glen Bacic, Con Alexopoulos, Maria Bresic, Tina Arronis, Stephanie Banovic, Andrew Brooks, Ross Anastasiadis.
Third Row : Peter Babilis, Andrew Akratos, Allan Alvis, Nectarios Andrews, Brett Barr, Adrian Bogatez, Raymond Byrnes.



Front Row : (L to R) Nadia Christopoulos, Leanne Crouch, Samantha Freeman, Susan Gabor, Joanne Castell-Brown, Jennie Dunn, Philippa Gurley, Tracey Biddle, Christina Despinidic.
Second Row : Daniel Connolly, Patrick Cantwell, Lise Carrett, Rosa Cingiloglu, Julie Murden, Nancy Calabrese, Marisa Fontes, Sarah Fein, Margot Fairweather, Craig Dunn, Luciano D'Ambrosi.
Third Row : Dean Ellis, Nygell Farmer, Drazen Drazic, Ricardo Chang, Paulo Do Poco, Paul Caus, Wally Einer, Reg Eager, Nick Chronis.



Front Row : (L to R) Jocelyn Lin, Shannon Harwood, Gina Leros, Natalie Keen, Michelle Lucas, Carol Hart, Kathy Houvardas, Holen Jin, Teresa Maiolo.
Second Row : Conrad Gray, Mark Grant, Patricia Kalithraka, Bernadette Keenan, Charlene Joyce, Maria Hondronicola, Josef Holzschuh, Daniel Hamilton.
Third Row : Alun Fenton, Jason Geale, Brett Gersbach, Bruce Fields, Steven Hancock, Nathanael Higginbotham, Greg Grygar, Adam Forward.



Front Row : (L to R) Louise Pearce, Terri-Anne Mylett, Adrian Parr, Julie Modica, Angie Mastrokostas, Leisha Miller, Marina Pauschmann, Saimone Oliver, Laura Panzarino.
Second Row : Sarah Newton-John, Niki Mortimer, David Kwok, Reginald Irving, Darren Mann, Peter Kucharski, Nick Kontogiorgis, Sharin Newman.
Third Row : Mariangela Parodi, Jake Iverach, Adam McInerney, Tim Krouklidis, Ben Mansill, Sifet Kamenjasevic, Steven Karatasas, Paul McLachlan, Garod Kendall.



Front Row : (L to R) Glenys Russell, Tracey Pirois, Nicole Rappell, Melissa Simpson, Monique Saler, Gina Saler.

Second Row : Sunil Salhotra, Spiros Petratos, Robert Owen, Peter Schlesinger, Leo Ng, Nicholas...

Third Row : Haakon Nielsen, Louise Preston, Ingrid Pelcers, Katie Sankey, Joseph Rinaldi.

Fourth Row : Tasos Savidis, Warwick Porter, Adam Nelson, Simm Steel, Raymond Spowart.



Front Row : (L to R) Suzanne Williams, Kim Walden, Kathy Stavrellis, Kim-Maree Trovato, Monica Svoronos, Joanne Verzi, Fotini Tselonis, Stamatia Stamatellis, Suzan Teber.

Second Row : Richard Walsh, Glen Susnig, Craig Swanson, Cherise Walker, Ruth Turvey, Andrew Thomas, Ivan Valiozis, Sebastian Zagarella, Victor Wong.

Third Row : Brett Thomson, Paul Tilley, Michael Toth, Christopher Walker, Vick Stevanovic, Guy Wauch, Dorian Sunter, Craig Taylor.



Calley, Sandra Borri, Nadja Bachmaier, Peta Bouwman, Matina Boutsikakis, Marion Carpenter, Anne Brown, Lisa Brindle, Leonie Achurch, Steven Anastasiadis, David Barnes, Matthew Burgess, Anthony Blancato.



Front Row : (L to R) Margaret Finos, Jenni Churchward, Jodee Cook, Maria De Figueiredo, Lee Catts, Helen Constantinoudis, Paula Carnogoy, Diane Eager, Jasmin Forbes-Watson.
 Second Row : Sean Dengate, Michael Chan, Colin Davidson, Alice Cameron, Edith Cuellar, Lynette Dowling-Wiley, Con Charas, Brian Fong, Ka-Kit Chik.
 Third Row : Rodney Clayton, James Ferguson, Mark De Bortoli, Paul Freeman, Tony Deller.



Front Row : (L to R) Cheryl Hazell, Jenny Harrison, Cheong-Hee Kim, Trudy Geale, Julie Gretton, Lisa Johnstone, Shirley Gretton, Jachie Grant, Marianne Howard.
 Second Row : Peter Ikonomou, Mirko Hutera, Daisy Gedeon, Catherine Guest, Diana Gheller, Lisa Gurley, Wilhelm Holzschuh, James Hazzisevastos.
 Third Row : Brett Henry, Simon Horsburgh, Spiro Hronis, Steven Henry.



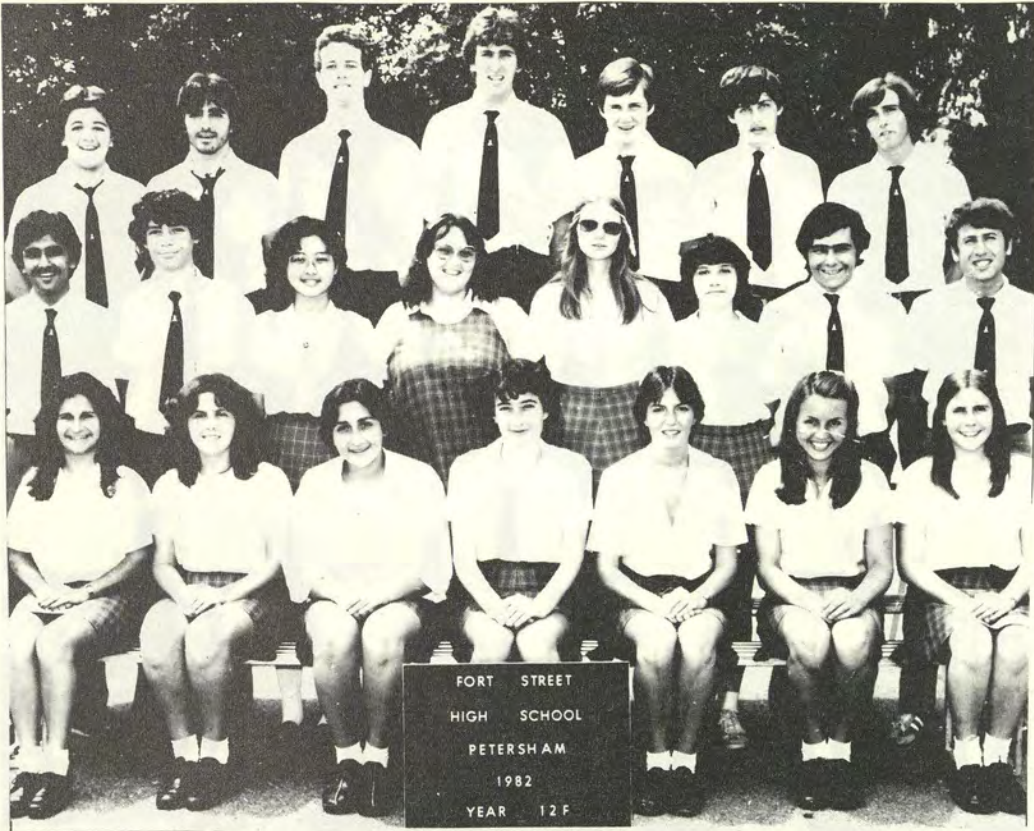
Front Row : (L to R) Sarah Moore, Nicole Mallia, Diana Manzi, Divna Kuzmich, Jenny Leek, Vicky Laganas, Kathy Lagios, Debbie McLean, Rosana Nemet.
 Second Row : Sandro Lucchitti, John Lacey, Charmian King, Mishka Kupu, Kathy Moss, Con La Spina, James Levy.
 Third Row : Yong Jin Lee, David Kelly, Adrian Kuzis, Steven Katsilis, Russell Johnson, Angelo Kanellopoulos, Gartien Lee.



Front Row : (L to R) Michael Pritchard, Kevin Meaney, Greg Markopoulos, Ian Nisbit, Andrew Montanari, Timothy MacDonald, Nicholas Newsom, Sammy Pecipaykovski, Phillip Pannucci.
 Second Row : Maria Spyropoulos, Carolyn Smith, Christine Ryan, Lavinia Oliver, Catherine Salouras, Kristine Roberts, Kathryn Reynolds, Tracey Stephens, Sharon Rudduck.
 Third Row : Yianni Manousaaridis, Bill McGoldrick, John Madry, Jim Pegios, Arthur Petratos, Sam Pappas.



Front Row : (L to R) Caroline Thomson, Megan Thomas, Julie Wellham, Wendy Sugden, Rita Valeontis, Anita Wong, Christy Wallace, Maria Truscello.
 Second Row : Nick Zafirakas, Krishan Viswanath, Horacio Silva, Alison Young, Margaret Stewart, Darryn Reynolds, Phillip Tansey, Jeremy Webb.
 Third Row : John Tsilimigras, James Soothill, Robert Tohver, Andrew Simpson, Peter Sintras, David Sidoti.



*Front Row : (L to R) Ellen Cassimatis, Ida Casacchia, Helen Alexopoulos, Heide D'Angelo, Sofie Bienick, Kathy Beck, Kathryn Allen.
 Second Row : Jayesh Billimoria, Peter Adamakakis, Mei Yi Chan, Wendy Atkinson, Deborah Baumann, Pat Alexandropoulos, Mino Capoccello
 Fahrettin Boz.
 Third Row : Arthur Babilis, Frank Blancato, Martin Budd, David Bellingham, Mark Boxall, Daniel Bryan, Michael Bull.*



*Front Row : (L to R) Paula Grace, Janet Fairweather, Louise Fischer, Jackie Duncan, Maureen Duffy, Linda Garry, Joy Gouvoussis.
 Second Row : Anthea Harris, Yoti Constantinidis, Tom Dimitropoulos, John Chuvin, Kathy Elliott.
 Third Row : Nathan Doria, Ian Donato, Kieren Dell, Andrew Dane, Peter Elliopoulos.*



*Front Row : (L to R) Connie Kotsiaris, Irene Iliadis, Helen Kyparissis, Liz Kelly, Vicki Kefalas, Tina Laganas, Christalla Havadja.
 Second Row : Anthony Ho, Michael Finos, Judy Kazner, Mark Foulcher, Lindsay Gilbert.
 Third Row : Michael Hickman, Wayne Gardner, Romeo Iskra, Paul Fontes.*



*Front Row : (L to R) Carol Lee, Laura Micheluzzi, Vanessa McLaren, Linda McDowall, Lisa Mackey, Liliana Lombardi, Adriana Mendez.
 Second Row : Kevin Lee, George Komora, Chris Kazamias, Lyn McClelland, Janet McLennan, Paul Kastanias, Jorge Lara, Qui Lee Trong.
 Third Row : Richard Lin, Paul Khoury, Michael Leoussis, John Koralis, David Kinny, Dimitrios Koutsouras.*

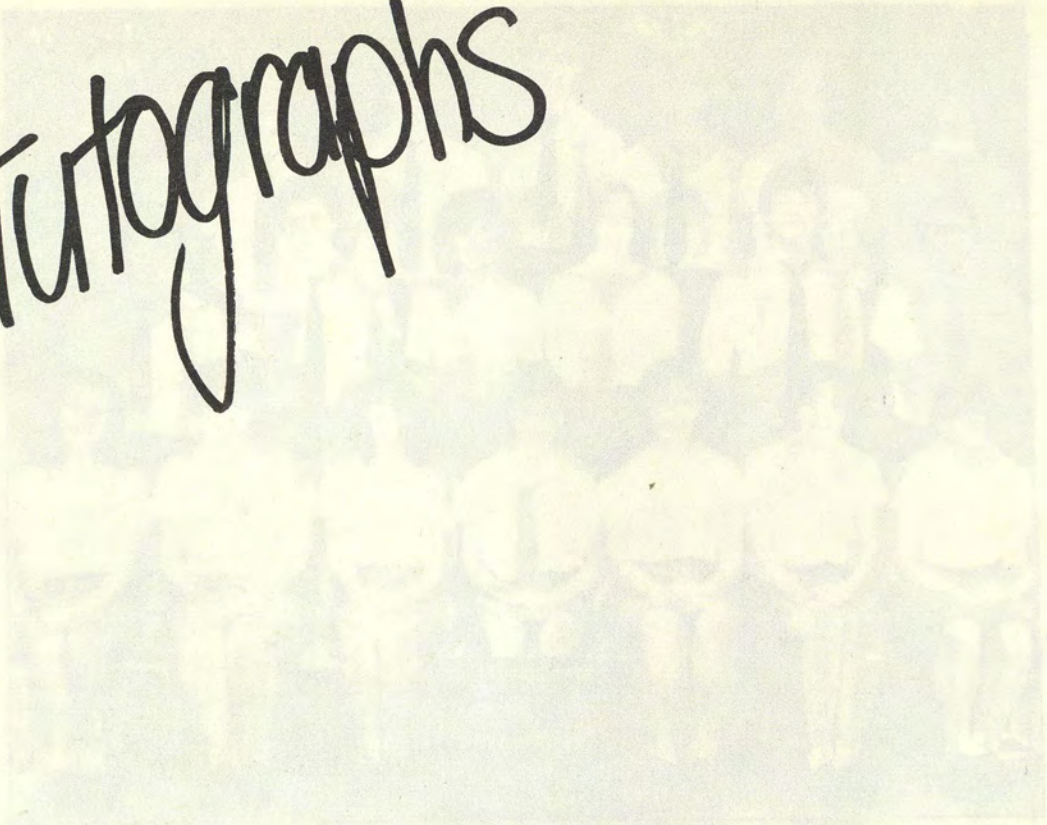


*Front Row : (L to R) Frances Read, Katy Sandblom, Helen Reynolds, Denise Moran, Felicia Rochford, Jelica Radisic, Maria Nittes.
 Second Row : Demetrios Petrides, Steven Ratanavan, Lynieve Rappell, Vera Parthenios, John Penns, Alfio Musumeci.
 Third Row : Danny O'Callaghan, Neil Pash, Con Ntatsopoulos, Paul Reulein, Persilio Right, Mark Radovic, Nick Politis.*



*Front Row : (L to R) Sarah Walters, Maria Tama, Miriana Stevanovic, Clare Weir, Rita Tikellis, Louise Vesperman, Enza Zagarella.
 Second Row : Bill Vassili, Jane Southan, Fiona Smith, Nora Wong, Fotini Sidiropoulos, Robert Scarcella.
 Third Row : Johnny So, Wei-Yun Yu, Goran Zivokovic, Andrew Van Cleef, Brett Sinott, Cameron Webb, Vasil Stoilov.*

Autographs



B. THOMSON IGA.

