

THE

FORTIAN




1984

# THE YEAR of '84



On 7th February, 1984, the National Trust presented the school with 'the audio history of Fort Street'.

LEFT TO RIGHT — Mr R. Horan, Mrs C. Preece, Mr C. Levins (Education Officer of Nat. Trust) and Mr R. Rowe (the Trust President).



Front Cover  
Drawing of School Facade  
by Ian Marr © 1984



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# INTRODUCTION



The year has been a challenging time for all Fortians. The arrival of Mrs Preece, as Principal, heralded a new era. We hope her first year has been a rewarding experience. Governing Fortians is no mean task — a rare mammal is the Fortian!

The '208 Days Of Our Lives' were characterised by Fortians succeeding in both classroom and on sportsfield. Intellectual stimulation was enhanced by exciting lessons behind desk and beyond the fort, during many wonderful excursions in all subject areas — as far flung as New Caledonia, Bundanoon, and even Canberra!

Guest speakers at our assemblies included representatives of the National Trust, Ms Vicki Cowden from the aboriginal community and the New South Wales Premier, Mr Neville Wran. Mr Michael Pate, our guest speaker at Speech Day, captured our attention with anecdotes of his life as a Fortian in the 1930s and later, as an actor.

We witnessed the spectacle of the school production of Thornton Wilder's "The Skin Of Our Teeth". Mr Brian Mahony retired (as Special Master and English teacher) after a twenty year association with the school. We welcomed Year Seven students in February, we farewelled the "finished product" in the form of Year Twelve students in November. La vie continue . . . Thus a year begins, thus it ends.

The Fortian committee was an enthusiastic, creative, diligent, literate, volatile, emotional, hyper-active, sensitive, egotistical, extroverted, industrious, congenial, at times, rational, gathering of adolescents, without whose enthusiasm, dedication and perseverance these pages would not be.

We are sure that our efforts will provide you with an entertaining, interesting and memorable record of the year that was 1984,

Ms Jane Levi for the Committee, 1984.

# The Principal's

# Message



The Fortian magazine provides a splendid record of school events and a full picture of 1984. It unfolds a wide range of activities, reflecting the skills and interests of staff and students. Although a school magazine is not usually viewed as part of the free press, yet it has a duty to inform readers and to stimulate free discussion.

One issue that deserves serious examination is the education of the talented. The recent Olympic Games provided me with food for thought in the regard. Australian adulation for talented athletes is well known, but the same cannot be said in regard to talented students. As I watched and admired the skills of the participants, I thought of the inconsistency in Australian attitudes. Athletes may be given specialised training in Canberra, and this action is regarded as sensible and highly desirable. Sporting talent is very

“Australian” and closely linked with national pride.

However, the academically gifted are not so highly regarded. While democratic societies do believe that the fullest education possible must be made available for all children whatever their special needs – yet cries of “elitism” are heard whenever special nurturing of the talented is advocated.

A nation needs its bright students and must identify them and give them appropriate training. “Excellence” in education, not “elitism” is the goal.

Fortians can gain personal fulfilment by using their talents and also, we can endeavour to help the community at large, now and always.

Mrs C. Preece

# DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Has the year 1984 been a good year for Fort Street? I feel almost a modernist in asking the question in these days when the greatest fetish in education is that of "evaluation". There is nothing new in my book about evaluating the work of a school at the administrative level or in any other aspect for that matter. It seems to me to be only good sense. But as I say, it is good to be up with the moderns.

The main endeavour and achievement of a school is, of course, the learning by its pupils and its students. Important too is the learning of the members of staff as they advance in their disciplines. In practice, these elements are played out at faculty level. The progress of the students is shown on the reports made regularly to parents. Above this, both at faculty level and for general school administration, in a twelve month period one should be able to measure very definitely in what way the School has made progress. The School should in fact set itself such goals.

Herein 1984 has been a vintage year. The supreme staff and student effort was the production of "The Skin of Our Teeth", providing in its mounting, valuable experience for a great cross-cut section of the school community. It transcended even the success of "Pygmalion". The financial income from the latter made possible the undertakings that have now brought the facilities of the Hall to such a desired point. Some forty-nine years after its installation, the projection box came into practical use. Much work has also been carried out on upgrading the stage lighting. The installation of the new switchboard in the room adjacent to the stage is a measure that has long been yearning for attention. Then, too, the beautiful and effective new blackout curtains are now a boon for our theatre and film ventures, with the giant retractable screen capping it all. Other projects are also in train. Much time and effort has gone into this work on the part of a number of folk. One thing is certain. The Hall 1984 is a different hall and a much more practical one for our educational purpose than the hall of previous years. Those Fortians that fell in the Great War and in whose memory the Hall was constructed, would find the work of 1984 in the finest tradition of the school.

Since the amalgamation a number of basic tasks arising from the fusion of the two schools have been requiring attention. We now seemed far enough away from the event of the amalgamation for these to be undertaken in a calm and collected way. There was firstly the vast question of noble prizes, so generously endowed by benefactors of the Boys' and Girls' schools. This was carried out for the March Speech Day. Then too, there was the task of attending to the Honour Boards, so that they would reflect in like measure the achievements of both boy and girl, man and woman. New boards had to be made. This whole work now nears completion. We await only the task of the gold lettering. This year, too, saw the modernising of our gallery treasures, all being reframed in a manner to do the pieces full justice. To these rich treasures were added the pen-and-ink drawings of Fort Street by Mr Ian Marr, a project carried out as a worthwhile project in itself, but serving also to enhance the beautiful Fort Street image brochure that has just appeared. Fort Street too, now has its songbook, wherein are collected the songs that have sung the story of Fort Street since early in the century.

For all this measurable development and the conviction to call 1984 a good year, there still remains much to be done at Fort Street on other fronts. Not everything can happen in one year. Selective high schools are in practice and in theory, an historical accident. At Government level, at Departmental level, no step has been taken other than to classify them as such and to present each year a chosen intake of pupils. The cards are stacked against us in more ways than one. Against these odds, it is for Fort Street to



have a positive direction. It has its vowed purpose. It must not be at the mercy of variable winds that blow from every quarter. It must always present the finest image of itself. This is of paramount importance. And all should cleave fondly to this tenet. Individual idiosyncrasy and selfish foible have no part here. A long line of famous scholars have proceeded through Fort Street's portals. They proudly have acknowledged and do acknowledge the School's meaning for them and its role in shaping their lives. The School has this meaning also for all its present pupils. I would borrow the words of a renowned practical schoolman to spell out that meaning: "The School's highest endeavour must be to develop free human beings, who are of themselves able to impart purpose and direction to their lives." This is the purpose of Fort Street, as so clearly defined in the aims of the School.

Mr R. Horan



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Nicole Bennett, Kerri Amblér, Tina Collins, Maia Andreasen, Maria Arvanitis, Lucy Byrne, Janelle Cummings, Anna Bearpark, Gordona Baslakovska.  
**SECOND ROW:** Frank D'Aspromonte, Juan Chang, Daniel Depe, Frank Cammaroto, Matthew Adams, Theofilos Belekas, Savi Devitt, John Patrick Collins, Brett Buckley  
**THIRD ROW:** Con Boulougouris, Julia Cummins, Sunhee Cho, Sunny Abraham, Sasha Carrel, Anna Bryant, Simon Busch  
**FOURTH ROW:** Pablo Collaguazo, Mark Dowsett, Jonathon Austen, Alex Cheng, Toby Andrews  
 Year 7 F



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Jodie Gibson, Karen Dorn, Penny Gonidellis, Kylie Dare, Trang Dang, Elizabeth Brbot, Sally Egan, Merryl Gerigo  
**SECOND ROW:** Chad Ford, Craig Gustofson, Duncan Hau, Glen Henderson, Joseph Graffi, Shayne Farah, David Edwards, Marc Englaro, Barry Gibb  
**THIRD ROW:** Daniel Farrenc, Michael Gregory, Brendan Gribble, Bill Giannakopoulos, Alfred Hiatt  
**FOURTH ROW:** Niki Frampton, Louise Gillett, Nikoletta Flampoulidou, Sibel Goren, Sophie Dowling  
 Year 7O Teacher: Mr J. Bates



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Song Mi Lee, Hannah Hilliard, Lily Katsoulis, Hao Hua, Leanne Jamieson, Narelle Grant, Yoon Chong Kim, Dorinda Hall, Jasmin Gwynne  
**SECOND ROW:** Benjamin Lee, Christopher Hunt, George Konstantin, Wayne Jennings, Levent Isin, Dennis Koustabardis, Dylan Jamieson, Tarkan Kucukkaya, David Ioannides  
**THIRD ROW:** Jonathon Horton, Leola Lachs, Julie Grazioli, Christina Fotakopoulos, Niki Hale, Sean Lee  
**FOURTH ROW:** Eugene Lau, James Lennane, Meredith Hyde, Daniel Horne  
 Year 7 R



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Amber Ma, Tina Lavrentiou, Young su Lee, Polly McDonald, Phung Lieu, Keri Maylor, Yvonne Lutowski, Kara Monro, Darna Milmlow  
**SECOND ROW:** Adrian Lowe, Adam Newall, Terry Liberopoulos, Dung Nguyen, Melissa Morris, David Leung, Darren McNaught, Paul Pantazes  
**THIRD ROW:** Silvester Molnar, James Murty, Stephen Olsen, Gerard Nichol, Jason Mannile, Dinh Nguyen  
**FOURTH ROW:** John Papagianis, Ameshri Naidoo, Kate Morris, Sarah Murphy Aileen Lowe, Anthony Moore  
 Year 7 T





**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Anna Sordon, Diana Sallans, Amelia Ratu, Kelli Smith, Janine Rhodes, Nicole Steadman, Tanya Powell, Emily Stocker, Nadia Pelekis  
**SECOND ROW:** Jason Ratcliff, Toby Raphael, Mathew Ridge, Nicholas Paucha, Oliver Rogers, Abram Powell, Jamie Robertson, Peter Politis, Jayson Radisardi  
**THIRD ROW:** Kate Stephens, Brandon Pavey, Otto Melzig, Stefan Perumal, Johnny Reja, Jane Nguyen  
**FOURTH ROW:** Julian Reid, Nadia Sardella, Lisa Oughton, Christian Phillips  
 Year 7 I



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Leisa Walter, Dimitra Xydis, Kirsty Thomson, Veronica Walshaw, Meredith Wright, Racheal White, Gala West, Tanny Tsanis, Sherry Williams  
**SECOND ROW:** Peter Tagliano, Angelo Softsis, David Young, Phillip Svoronos, Julian Thorton, Thomas Williams, Roy Sykes, Justin Spratt, Aaron Wong  
**THIRD ROW:** Dwayne Wheeler, Daniel Story, Carlo Russo, Phillip Samanek, Matthew Williams, Vy Ta, Sacha Vidler  
**FOURTH ROW:** Claire Sullivan, Racheal Troia, Elizabeth Weekes, Tove Warren, Celia Wisnoebroto  
 Year 7 A

# SOCIAL SCIENCE



BACK: Mr P. Fisher, Mr M. Docking, Mr R. Baker, Mr V. Morrison, Mr K. Duce  
FRONT: Miss M. Johanson, Mr H. Sturm, Miss M. Ireland

Firstly the good news: Mr Kerry Duce joined the staff in February. Mr Mark Docking came at the beginning of second term. Congratulations to Mr Jon Lawrence, who has found employment in his native Canada. He decided not to return from long service leave at the end of term I. Now the bad news: Mr Bob Archer transferred to Umina High School.

The Social Science Department organised many excursions and fieldwork, giving students the opportunity to learn outside the classroom and to practise some real geography: filthy fingers digging up soil profiles, wet clothing crawling across creeks in the rainforest, or roughing it under primitive conditions near Kandos. Our Asian Studies students sampled the delicious foods of Asia, manipulating chunks of chicken with chopsticks under the watchful eyes of Miss Ireland. Commerce students learned the lessons of law in court surroundings or how to go about being big in business at banks or the Stock Exchange.

Mr Baker travelled to Paris to give a lecture to an international congress on transport geography. Following that, he went to Sweden as a Rotary representative to study Geography at the Arctic Circle. He had a most successful year, gaining his M Sc as well.

A further contribution to world geography by this department was to help increase the population from 4500,000,000 to 4500,000,003 (Mr Fischer – a girl; Mr Morrison – two girls; rumours have it that Mrs Sinclair is expecting three girls). Miss Johanson was a most efficient “boss” during Mr Sturm’s long service leave in East Germany, where he observed at close hand the operation of a planned economy.

Mr Fischer set up the computer unit trying to integrate the computer into the Social Sciences.

After 5 years, Mrs Sinclair was back for a period of six weeks, doing an excellent job looking after Mr Baker’s classes during his absence and spoiling students and staff with her gentle ways. Mr Ross Morgan stood in for Mr Lawrence at the beginning of the year, for Mr Sturm during the middle of the year, and for everybody who was sick or representing Australia (Mr Docking – Rugby League) during the rest of the year, in a most effective and professional manner.

We in the Social Science department had an eventful, stimulating year at Fort Street.

Mr R. Morgan, Mr H. Sturm

# CLUBS

## VIDEO

The Video Club is not a video "watching" club but a video programme making club. The idea was raised by a concerned Fortian at a P & C meeting who felt that the school video equipment was not being fully utilised by the students.

This concern was taken to the school council where a committee was set up to organise a video club. The committee was able to organise Mr Rose to be the video club's patron. The club was lucky in this respect because Mr Rose has had previous experience in film and video production. The club had its first meeting on 13 June, and shot its first programme on 2 July, entitled "Separating Iron from Sulphur". At present the club is planning to shoot a satirical spy thriller.

Garod Kendall, Year 12



Back — Stephen, Garod, Ross  
Front — Shannon, Louise, Glenys



WCFQ

With the help of founding members Heidi, Emma Joy, Catherine, Inara and David, the darkroom was given a new lease of life. The walls, doors, cupboards and drawers were systematically scrubbed and painted. The water tank and sink were almost orange after years of uncertainty.

The tray sequence altered. It's now an arithmetic progression to that illusive perfect print.

With the help of the Art department, Jenny and Madelaine, a Camera Club silk screen motif was created. With new "designer" T-shirts, the Camera Club was ready for its first major event — the swimming carnival. Bang, Click, Splash, Bang, Click, Splash, Bang, Bank, Splash, oh no, those false starts! — a photographer's nightmare!

The next major event was the athletics carnival. A picturesque waterfrontage — a photographer's dream, live jazz and the sausage sizzle all captured on 125ASA FP4. Not many Camera Club T-shirts though! Perhaps we need sloppy joes for winter! Join the club if you like photos.

Mr. R. Hayes

## BAND

To business — This year has seen great upheaval in the school band. With the unfortunate transfer of Mr Wilson to East Hills Boys' High School at the end of 1983, the band looked set to die. The new music teacher, Miss Young, made valiant efforts to keep the band active. But the only musical activities we carried out were to play at assemblies with whatever instrumentation could be mustered, often with quite amusing results (apologies to Mr Horan). The day was, however, saved by the timely arrival of Mr Robert Busan and his flock of instrumental teachers. This resulted in the formation of a concert band (that means it's a brass band with clarinets and "stuff" like that added). Unfortunately, Robert was unable to stay on as our bandmaster, due to much pressure in his work at the Conservatorium, and at one or two other schools at which he was already well established. Miss Young decided to organise the band, so the band may keep going, but nothing is certain yet for 1985.

On the other hand, there was a band within the school that enjoyed the fruits of success. I am speaking of course, of our resident jazz band (hoorah! cheer! applaud! cheer! Who said good music was dead?). During Education Week, the band made one of its all too infrequent appearances, "representing" the school at Leichhardt Marketown, playing to much critical acclaim (Well, I did see Domenic's mum clapping!). The band had its first real taste of a jazz audience at the Sydney Jazz Club's picnic at Berry Island, Wollstonecraft, in December, supporting Noel Crowe's Jazzmen. The band has Jeremy "Saxman" Newton on sax, tuba and vocal chords, Chris Salmon on trumpet, Gian "J-P" Parodi on trombone, Paul Miller on clarinet, Domenic "I'm a Man" Sirone on piano and trumpet, Michael "I Wanna See My Name In Print" Molnar on guitar and banjo, and last, but definitely not least, Brett F. Thomson on drums.

The jazz band, consisting of Romano Montanari on trumpet and attempted bass, Paul Caus on tenor horn, Jason Geale on euphonium, and Richard Lennane on trombone formed the "Pitts Orkestrah" for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH in August.

Thanks to all who have encouraged the band to keep going this year.

Jeremy Newton, Year 10



School Band

# I.S.C.F.

We are a bunch of religious activists, talking about a boring old topic in a boring way. At least this is how we are commonly misconceived. However, we'd prefer to see ourselves not as 'freakish squares', but as people who have decided that life becomes very difficult when you 'go it alone'. We believe we have a friend who can add a meaning to life. About 2,000 years ago, a man named Jesus was murdered. Things didn't finish there for him. He came back to life and is alive now. God isn't a distant entity or an ancient philosophy. God is the creator of everything. He also cares about us personally and wants us to know him better. That's who we Christians are — people who want to know God personally, through Jesus.

When do we meet? — Every Friday at lunchtime.  
Where? — Room 25

You'll be surprised to see how normal we are. You are most welcome.

Rodney Smith, Year 10

P.S. We also like to enjoy ourselves. We invited a Christian band called "Radium" to play at Fort Street during the lunchtime break on Tuesday, 18th September. It was great. The school enjoyed it very much. There are camps too and other extra-curricula activities! Try them!

Rodney



Mr Riches and his mesmerized audience.

# CHESS



The Chess Club.

On Fridays at lunchtime Portable 2 continues to be the scene of some hard-fought battles of the chess board. The general aims are to get to the top of the chess ladder, or to win the winter chess knockout prizes, or just to enjoy a sociable game.

The 1983 Chess Club award went to Jeffrey Jones. New players are welcome at any time. Mrs Levi is always ready to teach beginners, so why not join?

Chess is a magnificent pastime for people of all ages. It is fun to watch students defeat teachers, year 7's defeat seniors, girls defeat boys and vice versa.

Thanks to Soula Semitekolos for helping to run the club.

## Chess as Sport

At last the Australian Government, in line with the rest of the world, has recognized chess as a sport. It is the game most played after soccer. Chess masters undergo intensive physical training to prepare for big matches.

In 1984 Fort Street once again offered chess as a winter sport. This year we began with a knockout competition, which was won by a year 12 girl, Teresa Bryan. So here's hoping that next year more girls will choose chess as their winter sport, and again explode the myth that boys are superior in this field!



Mrs J. Levi  
(Language Department)  
Chess Coordinator

# DEBATING

This year Fort Street managed to have year 10 and year 11 debating teams. The year 10 team consisted of Danielle Bissacker, Caroline Pfeleger, Melanie Coombs and Megan Doyle. In the zone competition they defeated J.J. Cahill High, Wilkins High and Matraville High. They were the overall zone winners. They went on to the inter-zone, which is a knockout competition, in which they defeated our traditional rivals, Balmain High. They then went on to be defeated by Port Hacking High.

The year 11 team consisted of Keiran Sharp, Paddy Manning, Stuart Davy and me. In the zone we defeated Balmain, Kingsgrove and were defeated by Strathfield Girls' High. However, we were defeated by Balmain in a playoff.

The topics of these debates varied from 'Vegemite should be adopted as our national Symbol' to slightly less frivolous topics. However, the topic tends not to be so important and debating is the art of interpretation and in most cases twisting the statement to mean just about anything that the speaker and his/her team believe will "stick".

At the moment an avenue for learning this art of "twisting the truth" can be found in the Debating Club, which is held in room 2 on Tuesday at lunchtime. The debates held in the debating club are fairly informal and unlike the competition debates the amount of time given to prepare is 1 week and not 1 hour. The club has a strong membership of mainly juniors. However, it is open to all willing to either watch or participate.

Madeleine Preston, Year 11

# MR MAHONY

## “We farewell our favourite Irishman”

Twenty years on ... Little did I think in February 1965 that this gaunt building I was entering would be my home for the next twenty years. My previous teaching life was spent in Ireland, Queensland and short terms in several NSW schools. Fort Street was my first permanent appointment in NSW and as things turned out it was to be my last.

When I entered my first classroom to take 5B English I received my first shock. All the desks were fixed to the floor. Having come from three recently constructed schools, where the table and chairs had superseded the fixed desk, I was under the impression that the fixed desk idea was out. In retrospect, fixed desks had many advantages. They made for better class discipline and order. They had another advantage. If those desks were there to-day our 1984 graffiti specialists would suffer from severe frustration and probably have a nervous break-down. Every spare inch of space on each desk was covered with names and dates – all cut into the timber. It was probably an instinctive desire to gain immortality. But all to no avail. In 1969 the Kilgour Building was opened and with it a complete refurbishing of the main building. The fixed desks went. The Industrial Arts two room building, constructed in the sublime architecture of the Cottage gave way to a car park. The two laboratory science facility, now Rooms 19A and 19, was now housed in six brand new laboratories. The Library, which was housed in Room 16 (and 17) was transferred to the Kilgour building.



Kylie Reid of Year 9 says 'goodbye'

Then came the revolution! What was first a rumour soon became fact. Fort Street Boys' High School was to be no more. The girls were coming. There were rumblings in the “corridors of power”. Observatory Hill and Taverners Hill organized their forces to stop this sacrilege, but all to no avail.

How did I react to all this? I was terrified. I had never taught a girl in my life. In panic, I applied for a transfer. Fortunately for me it was refused, and suddenly education took on a new meaning. Teaching boys and girls in the one classroom added a new dimension to my hitherto narrow outlook on education. Knowing the long history of Fort Street, I soon realized that the amalgamation was really a re-birth. The first Fort Street in 1849 was a co-ed school and may I point out with pride that the first Principal was an Irishman. In 1916 the boys were transferred to Taverners Hill and in 1974-75, nearly sixty years later, the girls followed to re-establish the original school – Fort Street High School.

I think the really satisfying period of my life began in 1971 when I was appointed year 12 form master for the first time and held that position until this year, when Mrs McGowan took over. Each year seemed to bring its own problems and it gave me great personal satisfaction as a teacher and an administrator to help year 12 students over those problems. I made countless close friends during this period of life, many of whom still come back to see me. Among the staff, friendships made at Fort Street seem to survive the years and I value very highly the friendships I have made. So, to the students from years 7 to 12, to all members of staff and to the clerical staff on whom I depended so much, I very reluctantly say good-bye.



Mr Brian Mahony — 1984

Brian Mahony

# SCIENCE

Teaching in a science department nowadays requires – the knowledge of an encyclopedia, with the depth of a specialist, the vocabulary of a scientific dictionary, the practical skills of a technician, an extensive knowledge of dangerous chemicals, the skills of a teacher, a continuous updating of current events, a great tolerance.

Each year brings its new discovery, technical innovation and a knowledge explosion, which continually increases the load of the Science teacher. The stage is being set for the Science teacher at the present time to be “A Jack of all trades, and a master of none.”

In 1985 the Secondary Schools’ Board is introducing a new three-four unit Science syllabus for years eleven and twelve. Basically, the three unit course is a subset of the four unit course. Both entail a core of Physical Sciences with external options. Furthermore, the options are divided into Physical Sciences and an option called Interdisciplinary, which includes such units as Photography, Physics in Medicine and Space Science.

The possible courses for next year are now,

- Two unit PHYSICS
- Two unit CHEMISTRY
- Two unit BIOLOGY
- Two unit GEOLOGY
- Two unit GENERAL SCIENCE
- Three-four unit SCIENCE

Is it any wonder that it is difficult to “get on top of it” these days as new courses and teaching programmes have to be written and re-written about every three years!

A number of worthwhile special events took place during the year in the form of field excursions, visits to museums and Technical institutions and external competitions etc. Notably included in these were:

- \* year 7 to Taronga Park Zoological Gardens
- \* year 8 to one of the various rock platforms near to Sydney to study Ecology
- \* year 11 Biology to examine the use of the Electron microscope at The University of Sydney
- \* entries by year 8 students in the University of NSW Australian Schools’ Science Competition
- \* The National Chemistry Quiz by the Royal Australian Chemical Institute (25 entrants and 5 high distinctions)
- \* a selected number of year 11 students to Sydney Technical College for an enlightened day carrying out experiments with sophisticated Science equipment.

To complete the year we are looking forward to “Science in Schools” Week which will present an “open” afternoon to



FROM L TO R — Mr R. Luntungan, Mr J. Deeble, Mr A. Crawford, Mr B. Fraser, Mr G. Osland.



BACK ROW: Mr T. Rose, Mr G. Baz, Mr C. Moynham, Mr J. Bates, Mrs C. Shaw.  
FRONT ROW: Mr K. Ambler, Ms M. Young, Mr W. Bray, Mr A. Ferris, Mrs M. Parker.

visitors to enable them an opportunity to participate in Science lessons. In connection with this there will be an Astronomy night and a visit by year 10 to Luna Park for a “Physics is Fun” exploration. Year 11 has yet to visit the “Zoo” to study Diversity.

It is often very difficult to arrange experiences outside of the school and classroom as these are so dependent upon the many constrictions of the school routine, other faculty functions and school organization. Within these bounds the Science Department has always tried its best to give the greatest range available.

Next year the challenge to do better will be there. An anticipated high turn over of staff within the faculty will present problems of familiarization and organization. If the incoming Science staff perform to the same high standard as those who are present, then 1985 should be a very good year.

W.E. Bray  
Science Master

# INDUSTRIAL ARTS

1984 has been very much a year of change for the Industrial Arts Department.

Having made a late start at Fort Street, I soon found that this school was very different from my previous experiences. The students were very keen to investigate and accepted nothing without question.

The school was itself also very different, having such an historical background, which I found myself being constantly reminded of, through Mr Horan’s never ending efforts to trace the background of the school.

Staffing has been a great problem this year, but we were all more than happy to welcome Mr Luntungan to the staff in Term 2.

This year has seen the introduction of Industrial Technology as a new course in the senior school and the small class seems to be making pleasing progress. 1985 will see the introduction of Electronics in the junior school, which will no doubt prove popular with many students.

Technics, as usual, was a popular course and all the staff was pleased to be able to purchase a circular saw through the generosity of the Canteen and the P and C. In conclusion, my special thanks go to all the Industrial Arts Staff for my welcome to the school and I hope that 1985 will be a most successful year.

Mr J. Deeble

# STUDENT ACTION



## YOUTH FORUM



Since few people have ever heard of YF, and even fewer have an accurate idea of what it is, I will attempt an explanation before delving into the events of this year's YF.

Youth Forum (YF) is an organisation, based in North Sydney, whose sole purpose is to increase and develop the participation of youth in society. The focal point of the year-round activities of YF is the Youth Forum itself – the annual gathering at the Mitchell College of Advanced Education in Bathurst – where hundreds of youths meet to make presentations on a number of relevant sociological topics which are selected each year. (This year the topics were: Education, Morality, Youth Crime and Youth Freedom of Speech) These presentations run for 30 mins each, with a 10 minute discussion period at the conclusion. As there are about 50 presentations and only four days in which to make them, there are 6 or 7 running concurrently, and one is free to attend whichever takes one's interest. The presentations may be based on any aspect of the four topics, and are in no way judged or marked. YF is NOT a competition of any sort!

Now, dear reader, that you have some idea of the nature of YF, let me get on with an account of this year's event.

Fort Street sent one presenting group, consisting of Rodney Smith, Arthur Panos, Henry Louie (all Year 10), and I (I'm in year 10 too). Peter Chalk of Year 11 went as an individual participant. Garod Kendall of Year 12 was a member of the youth committee – KAOS. The KAOS Kids do most of the work and organisation, assisted by members of the adult committee – CONTROL. Oh, there was also Robert Owen of Year 12 with a group of ex-Fortians!

Anyway, we all piled onto the buses at Central Station on the morning of Saturday 14th July (oops Bastille Day!) and set off for Bathurst. Every group had to be accompanied by an adult, but we had Mr Duce instead. On the bus we had our first taste of the vast amount of socialising that was to take place over the next four days. I met some interesting people. Arthur met a VERY interesting person, but more of that later!

As evening approached, we arrived in Bathurst. In Bathurst it was cold – brrrrr! We did something described in the program as 'registration' and received the keys to our rooms. Relief!

The accommodation was excellent. We had our rooms, with males freely intermingled with females, which made a welcome change. The only trouble was that the accommodation was a considerable distance from the main buildings of the college (I made a conservative estimate of 6,000,000km). This meant a long trek through Siberia, which gave one time to converse amiably with a friend and/or freeze, whichever took one's fancy at the time.

After registration, came what the program described as "dinner". I'm not going to mention the food again, so count yourself lucky. Luckily the program listed it, because we couldn't really guess what it was by its sight or taste!

During the next day, the presentations began. Ours was first and we were well received. Our topic was "Education" and we used "role playing" as a major theatrical stunt. We spent the rest of the day looking at other people's presentations and participating in "getting-to-know-you-groups" which, in my opinion, were the highlights of the four days. In these groups we took part in discussions and "communication games" – the best of which was "dead blowies" a game requiring so little physical and mental co-ordination, that even the teachers present were able to participate. On July 17 we bade farewell to Mitchell CAE after an exciting and memorable 4 days. But YF does not finish there. YF is young people helping themselves and carrying out the Action Plans designed at YF. So it's our aim to improve our school and the role of students in deciding the future of education. Because of this, YF is not just for us who attended, but for everyone and everyone has his/her part to play.

Richard Lennane, Year 10



# A STUDY OF A SPECIES

Miracles have been happening at Fort Street! The once rare species of "School Councillors" who attend meetings is now becoming abundant. What is the cause? Simple evolution of the species? Destruction of predators? A side-effect of their big success of '83 (the 445 Special)? Or perhaps the increase in funds (money, money!)?

Whatever the reason, the animals are causing upheavals in their Petersham habitat. There have been changes in the meeting grounds, new creatures (Staff Members) have volunteered their aid (Mr Baz, Ms Parker and Ms Henry) and six young members have joined the herd. These are, of course, the year seven members.

All animals have their leaders and in this case, the elected executives are Garod Kendall, Tieu-Tieu Phung, and Tatiana Ermoll.

The species displays curious characteristics. These include finding it necessary to blast your ears with the 2SM Rock Video Show, help set up a Video Club, run a non-uniform day and, though you mightn't have realised, support the Peace March. Like all good naturalists, they're planning celebrations for Earth Week.

Also, questions have been asked! For example - "Are students becoming deaf?" (There were complaints about inability to hear the bell).

The most outstanding habit of the species is that of going wild over money. By far their most interesting passion, they have thought of many uses for it. Their first expenditure was on 7 toilet roll holders for the girls' toilets (sorry boys!), closely followed by a decision to buy 10 tennis racquets for the P.E. department. A mural is also planned - who knows what else they'll dream up?

1984 has proved a productive year for these creatures and let's hope '85 will bring a new, even more abundant proliferation of councillors to Fort Street.

Elizabeth Bray, Year 9



Phillip, Joshua, Mr G. Baz,  
Andrew and Patrick — humans

# THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE



Our 1984 Social Committee — really boys!  
Maybe 1985 will see some males here!

Due to the hard work, efficient organisation and all-round dynamic zeal of all those involved with the Year 11 social committee, complete success of our goals was guaranteed.

The year began with the pleasing appointment of our "fearless leader" Mr Ambler. Putting up against all odds we proceeded with our famed zeal to firstly present the school with a scrumptious array of delicacies i.e. our first cake day. This incredible money-raising feat was then followed by a patriotic endeavour to provide sustenance for our great athletes at the Annual School Athletics carnival on the 5th June 1984. As you can see from this report, the committee is the modest type and bragging is not our style . . . but our first school dance did go off with a "bang". With a 'single colour' theme, and great music the night of the 13th June 1984 proved to be a magnificent success.

On the three nights of the school production of "The Skin of Our Teeth" our loyal committee proved again its capabilities by providing refreshments. This proved a bigger job than anticipated . . . Have you ever attempted to push a trolley filled to capacity with cups, coffee and orange juice from Marketown to school?

On the 19th September Year 11 provided yet another dance for our students with a theme of "Music through the Ages". Kids (and teachers I might add) bopped and danced their way through sixty years of musical history.

The profits we've made now go to the next job we're going to tackle - "The Year 12 luncheon". We are all hoping it too will be a success. Also we would like to give our thanks to everyone involved with the committee throughout the year.

Amethyst Hall, Year 11



# FORT STREET

## THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

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Produced and Directed by  
Elizabeth Bray and Kelly Stephens

The student survey was conducted with the maximum of fuss. Thanks go to those one hundred who took surveys, promising to return them. More thanks go to the thirty who did.

1. The battle of the radio stations: it was neck and neck, but in the last strait JJJ came home with 13 closely followed by 2MMM with 10, and completing the trifecta, 2SM came home with 5.
2. U2 proved too much, in the band popularity contest, for Culture Club, winning by 4 votes to 3. Congratulations to Paul, David, Danny and Andrew of Year 9 – Meniere received one vote, despite reports that “the singer can’t sing well, ... the lead guitarist is an egotist and the drummer ... can’t keep a steady beat.”

In the unlikely event of any decent band agreeing to play at Fort Street Zoo, it appears the animals want to hear U2 or the Electric Pandas. However, most are content with Mobydisc.
3. Those of you who want to see sex, crime or war films are far out voted by the comedy and thrill seekers. One unusual request was for “free” films and “lots” of them.
- 4a. The Americans aren’t losing out on T.V. viewing by Fortians – among the most popular shows are “Benson”, “Mash”, “Remington Steele” and “Hill Steet Blues”. Also popular are “Countdown”, “Rock around the World” and “Sounds”.

b. We don’t know if T.V. viewing has anything to do with intelligence but ... 16.6% of you watch 1/2 hour per day, 33.3% 1-2 hours, 10% watch 3-5 hours, 3.3% watch 5 hours, 20% are unspecific and watch everyday, while only 16.6% are “intelligent” and don’t watch much.

c. And what’s television good for? According to you – “entertainment, education, not much, groovy jingles, appreciation of music, escapist mindless entertainment, and meditation!”
- 5a. Fort Street is the home of the sports-minded – they outnumbered sporty types. However, those who do enjoy sport go in for such things as sailing, horseriding, tennis and mud wrestling (same entertainment value as free films)

b. You fare slightly better in the hobby department – some popular ones are: eating (!), photography, accumulating and spending money, making clothes and greyhound racing (at the same time as mud wrestling?).
6. Money makes the world go round – or at least keeps Fort Street revolving. It seems many of you (57%) earn extra money in a variety of ways e.g. babysitting, helping archaeologists, as kennel hands and working for Mobydisc.

7. Either Fort Street’s multilingual population did not return their surveys or there are surprisingly few of them. Some bright sparks claim to speak languages such as Latvian and Latin.
8. Maybe the lack of multilinguistics is due to the fact that 93% of you speak English at home. Really?
- 9a. Some like Fort Street, some don’t. Those who do give a variety of reasons – recess and lunch, the people, movies in the hall, pink mentos, Mr Miller, Jeshua Martin and James Conway (do they mud wrestle or race greyhounds?).

b. Most of you don’t like authoritarian teachers and all of you expect something different from your teachers e.g. they should treat us like equals, build friendships, use jokes and ... surprise, surprise – be like Mr Miller!

c. Most of you have a tremendous sense of fairness – you’re selected, why shouldn’t the teachers be?
- 10a. You suggested lots of changes to the school ... “mirrors in the boys’ toilets”, “less class interruptions by Mr Horan” and “no more cadets because they are the biggest bunch of w..k..s out!”

b. Your comments on school uniform included “What uniform?”, “it should be removed”, “jeans and shorts allowed” and “no it shouldn’t be changed because I am a ‘winter’ and winters look good in grey, white, black and maroon...”
11. As to favourite subjects, well – English and Science fared well. Other mentions were – Geography (“Mr Docking’s really groovy”) and Latin because “when Mrs Stark’s away we get Mr Miller.”



# CAREERS

12. Suggestions for the school magazine were – more gossip, a send up of the school, a pinup of Mr Miller and – that it be free.
13. Most of you seem to be free of all ambition. However one person wanted an “interesting, challenging career eg. the dole” and someone wants to be “a star”.
14. Mud wrestling featured again. They want it as a sport, along with:– reading, meditation, wind surfing and lawn bowls.
15. They weren't leaving Mr Miller out for long, though – he was much in demand as a prize at school dances. People also wanted “a bit more light”, “decorations on the ceiling, not on the floor” and dances on Friday nights. 93.3% of you liked dances.
16. Fort Street students are real jet setters – 78% have been overseas.
17. “Nuclear build-up” must be a confusing phrase, according to your interpretations – “a waste of money, destruction, Ronald Reagan's ego and turning the earth into a radioactive mudball”. Most of you believe Australia would be involved in the mud fight.
18. You all apparently have a dark view of Australians – 50% say Australians are racist, 50% say some are and none of you think they're not! The majority of Fortians aren't racist though, they don't think there should be restrictions on migration.
19. Once again, your lack of ambition shone through. Those of you who do have some sort of driving flame (spark? flicker?) want to:– solo sail the world, be happy, be a great actress, and win first prize at one of the dances.
20. Religious “freaks” are in the minority at Fort Street. Only 13.3% of you live by religious principles. Many of you don't even give religion a thought. Of those who do, we received a few helpful comments: “Up to the individual”, “I believe, but I get a bit confused”. 45.83% of you would like “Comparative Religion” to be taught at school — Yes! What an enlightened suggestion! 48.83% wouldn't and 8.3% would like it as a choice.
21. And what, in your eyes, typifies an Australian? ... “two arms, two legs, one nose ...”, “a sense of humour” and “an open, friendly, warm, loving type of guy” (just like ...?).
22. Outside of set reading material, which most of you probably don't read anyhow, you enjoy reading – comedy, the Sunday comics, adventure, mystery, Shakespeare, books on higher maths (!) and “everything but ‘Sweet Dreams’ Yuk! Yuk!” Most Fortians read an average of four novels a month.

On second thoughts, little thanks go to the 30 people who returned their surveys – 5 surveys would have made this a lot less tiring to write!

Elizabeth Bray and Kelly Stephens, Year 9



Fortians continued to search fervently for “careers” during 1984. Many students are planning ahead and constantly read material relating to various employment areas. The more one knows in this domain, the more successful one's choice will be.

Some highlights of 1984 included visits by all Year Ten and Twelve students to the “Careers Market” days at the Institute of Technology; a number of Year Ten students were involved in courses at Petersham Technical College. Representatives of the Leichhardt Commonwealth Employment Service came to speak to our students and many students visited that office to discuss “employment” prospects.

Although most Fortians finish senior school, many feel there is very great value in the Year Ten Work Experience programme. This year a record number of students (35) took part in the scheme. Many, who were undecided about going onto Year Eleven made up their minds (one way or another) after the week's experience.

During 1984 Careers' lessons were conducted for years 7, 9 and 10. Many “interesting” recesses and lunch breaks took place in the Careers' office.

Thank you to all teachers, who helped in the Work Experience Programme – Miss Butler, Mrs Crawford, Mr Crawford, Miss Levi and Miss Smith.

We all hope that employment prospects improve in the future. Many students have acquired part-time work to gain “pocket-money”. Good luck to all,

Mr P. Canty



ABOVE: Work Experience students.

LEFT: Elizabeth Bray & Kelly Stephens, Year 9

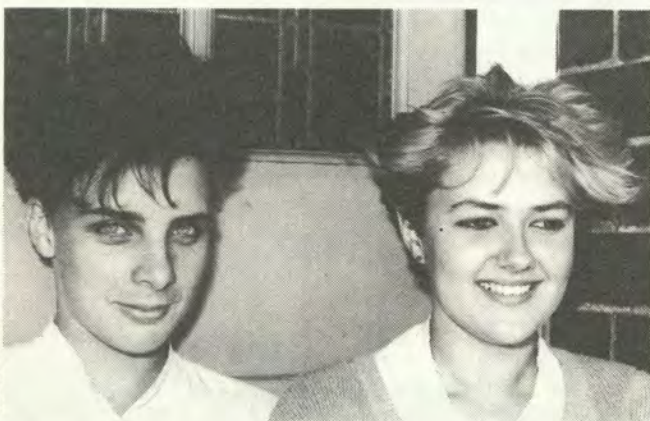
# WORK EXPERIENCE

Beauty at Fort Street? (Never!)

As we approached the two large double glass doors all confidence vanished and it took all our energy to force open one of the doors and begin to climb the stairs. Tina stopped briefly at the long glass mirror on the stairs to make sure everything was in place (little did we know that behind the glass was a camera screening the entrance and upstairs a secretary laughing behind the appointment book – what fools!). But it's only Madame Korner's – they are only beauticians – they cannot scare us.

The week at Madame Korner's Beauty Salon at the Royal Arcade, Sydney Hilton was an enjoyable and valuable experience. We saw both sides to beauty therapy and treatment – that of the client and that of the beautician. It involved numerous make-up fantasies, facials, manicures and pedicures practised on us (as well as five others on W.E.) by the trainees and post graduates at the Madame Korner Beauty School. There was a small amount of theory involved (we had to write a report on each day's events). We started at eleven a.m. and we escaped each day at four. We both agree it was very worthwhile and the work experience programme is a valuable one.

Melissa McDonald and Tina Picek, Year 10



Melissa & Tina



Karen

Jason Hennessy goes to the Australian Opera Company

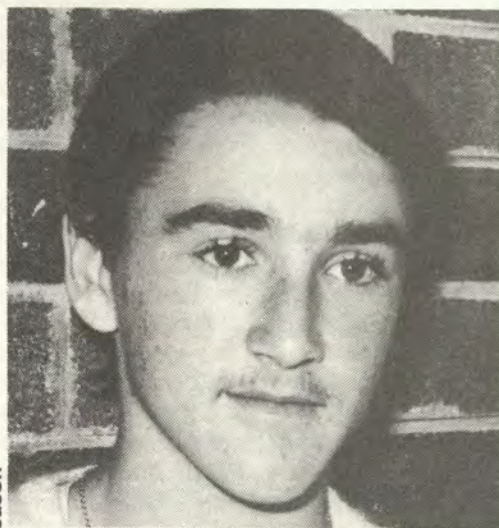
I was able to work for one week on the Work Experience Programme at the property department's workshop of the Australian Opera Company. Every day I went to the Surry Hills workshop, where I was given several assignments to complete. For example, I had to paint giant foam anvils to make them look like metal. I also had to make a rasp out of wood and also give it the appearance of metal.

Of course, I learned that the stage props of the opera have to look authentic but they must be light for quick set changes.

During the week, I worked with fibre-glass, wood and foam.

The props I worked on were for the production of the opera "Das Rheingold" written by Wagner. I learned much during that week and value greatly the experience.

Jason Hennessy, Year 10



Jason

I Worked as a Fashion Designer

Our Year Ten week of work experience began on 28th May. I had chosen to work in the fashion industry as a fashion designer. On Monday morning I arrived at Linda Jackson's, at Kings Cross. Linda Jackson is the designer, not just a name for the company. All of her clothes are "one-off exclusives". She doesn't believe in making more than one of each design or fabric. All the fabrics that are used in the making of her garments are hand printed or painted. There is a lady who specializes in printing and has a special studio just around the corner from the shop. Although this lady prints most of the fabrics, all the girls working there get "in on the act" and help to print (including Linda). As a result of the fabrics being hand printed and the garments all being made by hand, the prices of the clothes were very expensive.

The place where I went is the work-shop and the outlet for where she sells her clothes. This shop is the only place where her clothes can be bought, apart from Olivia Newton-John's "Koala Blue" shop in Los Angeles. She doesn't work on a large scale, but is extremely successful. Her clothes frequently appear in Vogue, Harper's Bazaar and Cosmopolitan.

The work experience week was very interesting. I enjoyed seeing how a fashion house worked, observing the different roles people play towards the end result of the garments. I think that this programme should be offered to all Year 10 students as it is highly beneficial in helping students to decide on a future career.

Karen Thom, Year 10

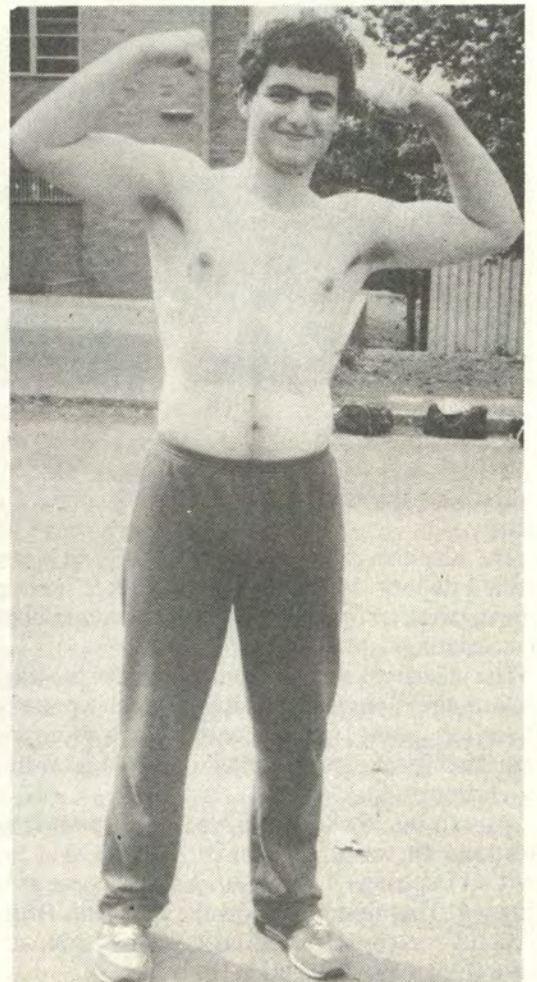
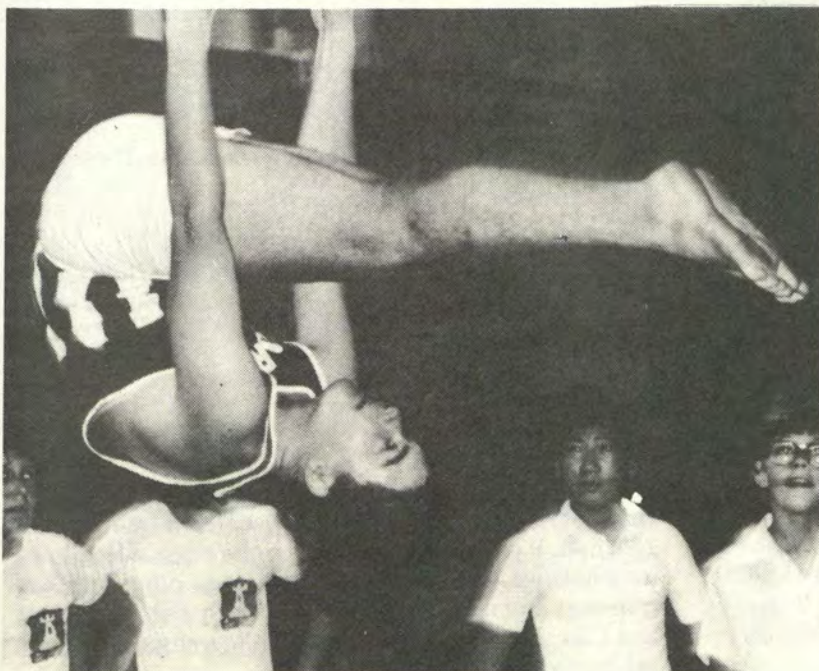


Mr Wilson & Mrs Henry



# P.E.

## Great Feats



# SAIGON TO SYDNEY

My name is Bao Dinh-Nguyen Phuoc. I live with my family at Tempe. My family is Vietnamese.

In Vietnam we owned a farm and my parents were teachers. We lost the farm due to the war. In 1980 my parents decided that we would leave Vietnam, as they were displeased with the state of the country, in many ways.

Our escape could have failed in two ways. Firstly, if we were caught we would have gone to prison. Secondly, as "boat people" we could have been fish bait.

On May 13th, 1980, my family went to the shore in three groups. I went with my brother, my two sisters left together and my parents went together. We went to the seashore by bus, stayed in a house till nightfall and then went out to the lake, where a boat was waiting for us. We were the last to arrive wearing our only possessions.

Quietly, we were rowed across the lake. At 1 am we ran across a narrow strip of sand, dug up the oil and diesel for the boat, which we had earlier buried. We signalled the boat to come in. We boarded and spent the next two days and nights on this basic boat. We reached the island of Hainan (off the coast of China). Thus we chose a route to avoid "pirates". We rested over night on the island.



Dinh

The next day our journey continued along the island's coast.

The islanders gave us food, oil, diesel and cigarettes and wished us luck. Macao was in sight after seventeen days. Stormy weather made the journey hazardous, but nonetheless, exciting.

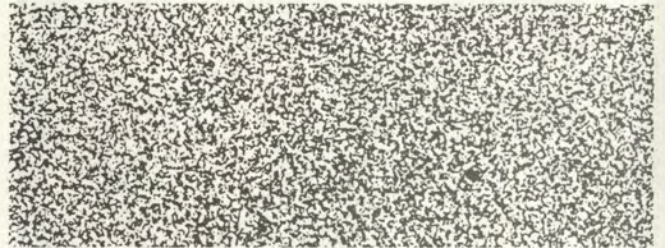
The officials at Macao towed us some of the way and then gave us directions for Hong Kong, which we reached safely. It was our "home" for six months. There, Mum worked as a translator in the camp hospital. Dad and my brother worked in a factory.

After six months we were able to link up with my uncle in Australia. He was to sponsor us. We arrived at Sydney airport on December 12th, 1980. A "real" home at last we all thought! That first home was the East Hills Hostel. It was pleasant compared to the boat journey and we children were given a good education there.

Newtown was the first home of our choice, after spending six months at the hostel. I went to a new school, made new friends and settled into life "in Australia". One year ago my parents bought a small house in Tempe. My parents work in factories and we 4 children attend school.

Prejudice exists all over the world but my family has experienced little of this. We too, are grateful for the chance to live in Australia.

Dinh, 7T.



## FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE — 14 DAYS

In July, Lisa Morris of Year 7 took six months' leave from Fort Street to live in Russia. Lisa's mother was invited to work in Russia in an academic capacity.

The following are extracts from Lisa's diary.

### My First Impressions of Moscow.

#### My Diary,

Monday, 16/7/84

Today we arrived in Moscow. On the drive to the hotel, I noticed that in the Soviet Union they drive on the opposite side of the road to us in Australia. From what I saw of Moscow on the drive to the hotel it looked a very interesting city.

Tuesday, 17/7/84

Today a student from Moscow University called Svetlana, took me around Moscow. She took me to Moscow University and told a bit of its history. It is one of seven similarly designed buildings built in the time of Stalin. These were erected in the late 40's, early 50's. The seven buildings are called STALINESQUE SKYSCRAPERS. All seven buildings have huge needle spires placed in the middle of the buildings. Moscow University is situated in Lenin Hills on the highest point in Moscow and on a sunny day you can see all seven buildings, the most distinctive feature of the Moscow skyline.

Wednesday, 18/7/84

Today I tried the METRO, which is the Russian underground rail system. The trains are very efficient and one comes at least once a minute. The speed of the train is about 200km/h. If you wish you can be on the other side of town in about five minutes. They have lots of other forms of transport around Moscow, such as: Trolley-Bus, Tram, Bus and Cars. Most people travel on public transport so there are only a few cars on the road.

Thursday, 19/7/84

Today we went to Red Square, which is the main square in Moscow. At Red Square there are many tourist attractions, such as St Basil's Cathedral, which is very spectacular with its eight onion shaped domes. There is also Lenin's Tomb where Lenin is buried. Thousands of people line up every day to visit Lenin's Tomb. Every hour, on the hour, the guards are changed with a formal parade.

Friday, 20/7/84

Today Svetlana took me to Kremlin, which is the historical heart of Moscow. It is the seat of the main Soviet governmental institutions and it is here that sessions and meetings take place. It is also here that the most ancient and important historical buildings are situated. Most of these were built in the 15th and 16th centuries. The art treasures of the Kremlin, called Icons, are present in the churches and palaces that have been turned into museums. The Icons are the most beautiful paintings and were painted in the 11th to 16th centuries. They cover every wall and ceiling of the churches.

Saturday, 21/7/84

Today we decided to wander down the street to do some shopping. We found out that the Russians have a totally different system of shopping. First of all you go to the counter and see what you want and find out the price. Then you go to the cash-register and tell them how much you have to pay and give them the money for it and collect the docket. Then you go and join a long queue. When it is your turn you give them your docket and tell them what you want. It takes so long you should take a picnic lunch.

Sunday, 22/7/84

Today we went to Gorky Park, which is 300 acres of Moscow with grass, trees, statues and music blaring from loudspeakers. Here it is where you can see the real life and people of Moscow. The activities there include going on the giant ferris-wheel and other rides, boating, dancing, singing, eating, drinking, and having a good time.

Monday, 23/7/84

Today Svetlana took me to the Economic Achievements Exhibition, which consists of many different pavilions, such as: Space, Science, Chemistry, Biology, Agriculture, Flowers, and about different regions of the U.S.S.R. The most fascinating pavilion is the one about SPACE. Just outside it is a life-size model of a Russian space-ship. Inside are exhibits that span the history of Soviet Space exploration. Full sized models of Sputniks dangle from the ceiling.

Tuesday, 24/7/84

Today I found out that most Russians have their main meal at lunchtime, consisting of a salad, soup, meat and vegetables. All schools and places of work supply the main meal of the day. At schools it is free but at a canteen in a building where many people work, the above meal would cost approximately 70 Kopecks (\$1). Then most Russians go home to another meal later in the evening.

Wednesday, 25/7/84

This afternoon we went to the GUM (pronounced GOOM), which is the state department store. It is full of little passage ways, bridges and stairs to different parts of the building. Each section has its own little shop specializing in something. It was so crowded that we got lost. There is another state department store called the TSUM (pronounced TSOOM).

Thursday, 26/7/84

Today we went to Red Square to visit Lenin's Tomb. The line went for about 1km and it took us about 3 hrs to get in. While we were in the line five groups of brides and grooms walked across Red Square and the brides put their bouquets on Lenin's tomb. It is a Russian tradition to do this. Once we got in, it only took us about 1 minute to walk through. Inside there is a coffin with Lenin's name engraved on it. Outside the building, in the wall of the Kremlin, a number of other Soviet officials are buried.

Friday, 27/7/84

Today I tried some Russian chocolates, which are a delicacy. I went into a shop that specialised in chocolates and they had hundreds of varieties. Most Russians have "a very sweet tooth" so they make their chocolates very sweet. Some of them were delicious but some of them were just too sweet. Another delicacy is Russian ice-cream, which they sell on little stands all over Moscow.



Saturday, 28/7/84

Tonight I went to an Opera, which was called "IOLANTHE". The Opera was performed in the Stanislavsky Theatre, which is second to the Bolshoi. The theatre was built in 19th century style and was very elaborate. The Opera was performed excellently. The story was about a girl who had lost her sight and the girl and the gentleman got married and lived happily ever after.

Sunday, 29/7/84

Today we went on a cruise along the Moscow River. It was a beautiful day and the cruise took us to a beach called "The Bay of Joys". The Moscow River is a beautiful river that juts off to all parts of the Soviet Union. Along the river, as we got out of Moscow, we noticed many little villages. Along the river bank we saw many people swimming and sunbaking. This is what most Russians do on a nice sunny weekend.

Love Lisa

See you all in 1985 at Petersham, Sydney, Australia.

# LANDMARKS IN COMMUNICATION



*Bostonians listening intently to Graham Bell's voice over the wire 15 miles away*

## THE FORT STREET COMPUTER COMMITTEE

In the maze of the computer world, there are many blind alleys. Quite a few schools have been caught in the maze. Some schools have, with good intent, bought computers only to find that they sit in a small dusty room occasionally surrounded by a small dusty group of students led by one bright-eyed teacher. Collectively, they sit glazed to the screen, spouting computer jargon, happily number-crunching over lunchtime. Altogether, they are completely out of touch with the real world.

At Fort Street we have the advantage of hindsight, as well as the knowledge and sense to avoid these blind alleys. Priorities are being organised – the computer itself is *not* the most important item in computing at all. It must be remembered that computers have an I.Q. of zero. They are a tool; a very fast, very versatile but very stupid tool. Rather, it is the human use of a computer that produces results. In the business world computers are integrated in all fields of work and it is the aim of the Fort Street staff to reflect this by having computers used in *all* fields of study. There are students using computers in History to sort through information and find trends on the type of crimes that convicts were transported for. In English, students are using computers as word processors to make the difficult job of good essay writing easier and faster; Geography students are using computers to examine the rate of soil erosion under a simulated monsoon shower. This is where the use of computers is at, and this is where Fort Street aims to get to.

In order to achieve this, the staff has collectively viewed all the computers available on Government contract and more; they have also worked through problems of how to organise fair access for everyone, where the computers are to be kept, how to use the computers in each subject and what to expect from students using computers. In line with the Computer Awareness aims of the Department of Education, the staff has examined how computers are being used in the business world, as well as examining how the use of computers has affected us in our public and our private lives.

It is the aim of the staff at Fort Street to integrate computers into education – not for the computer's sake but for the sake of education. There are to be no dusty rooms with dusty computers at Fort Street.

Mr. T. Rose



Paul Murty writes on behalf of Fort Street High School's P & C Computer Sub-Committee.

## INTRODUCING COMPUTERS TO FORT STREET

During 1984 I have worked with a committee of parents and teachers to plan the integration of computers into Fort Street High School. The P & C Computer Sub-Committee, as we are called, are preparing a report which will most likely recommend the purchase of up to 16 microcomputers, to be installed in a specially established computer centre.

The installation of the computers, linked together in a network, will allow a whole class to work together with at least one computer for every two students.

The cost of this system can be expected to range from \$10,000 to \$30,000 depending on the actual number and type of computers chosen. Final decisions on computers, associated equipment, programme material and the timetable to be adopted are expected to be made by the P & C during 1985.

This investment will be the biggest ever made by the P & C. As the history of computers and their use in schools (especially high schools) is so recent, we will need to decide what is best, as sensibly as we can, but without a lot of guidance from others. In accepting this fact, I am encouraged by the thought that computers, the most powerful medium of communications ever devised, may bring parents, teachers and students together in a shared experience. The opportunities for cooperation this implies seems to me to be appropriate at a time when irresistible, revolutionary changes in technology, industry and in the way we use information and understand things, become increasingly dominant features in our lives.

During the coming year various activities associated with the computer project, including fund raising, will be taking place. All readers who may wish to participate either by helping, or by commenting on what I have written, are invited to do so. Enquiries and comments may be directed to the School, or to the writer at 62 Johnston Street, Annandale 2038.

# WHAT'S ON IN ENGLISH . . .

We welcomed to the English staff during 1984 Ms Bennett, Mrs Frith, Miss Bryant and Mrs Crawford (who received a permanent appointment to the school after serving as one of our "resident" relief teachers for several years). The retirement of Mr Mahony saddened us. He had given 20 years service to Fort Street and was liked and respected by staff and students alike. He has earned his retirement and will, no doubt, enjoy every minute of it.

We also bid farewell to Mrs J. Marchant who has decided to resign after her nine year "sentence" at Fort Street. She will be moving to the country. Enjoy your new life there!

The only syllabus change in 1984 was the introduction of the 2 Unit General Course in Year 12. Forty-six of our Year 12 students elected to take this course. It is tailored to the students who are not especially talented in English, and to those students, who although talented, have stronger interests in other areas. The main differences between the two courses, in addition to the less rigorous approach in 2 unit General, are the lack of compulsory Shakespeare, one less text to study and the inclusion of a "TOPIC AREA" in 2 unit General.

Throughout the year several "in-school" and "out of school" excursions were conducted. The highlights were the First Stage Theatre Company's performance "The History of Drama" for Years 8, 9, 10 & 11 at school. The play "Confessions from the Male" by Bread & Circus for Year 10 was well received. Some Year 9 students went to see "The Shifting Heart" at the Phillip Street Theatre, Year 12 students saw "The Removalists" there too. Other Year 12 students went to see the Nimrod's production (of the compulsory text) "King Lear". The film "Fire in the Stone" was screened for Year 7 and Year 12 were shown "A Street Car Named Desire", "Pride and Prejudice" and "The Great Gatsby".

Drama continues to receive appropriate attention at Fort Street. Ms Morey's superb production of "The Skin Of Our Teeth" allowed students to experience "the roar of the greasepaint, the smell of the crowd". Congratulations to every person involved! Drama too, is a part of the work in each year. Students read plays, act in plays, produce plays, write plays . . . as part of the regular syllabus. An innovation this year has been the employment of playwright, Ms

Virginia Rose, as "writer-in-residence" for four weeks to develop the play writing skills of 15 talented students from Year 10. We are indebted to the Australia Council for the grant that allowed this programme to go on. It is hoped to repeat the exercise with other "writers-in-residence" in future years.

A Year 7 student, Penny Gonidellis, attended a Young Writers' Camp at Stanwell Tops in the Royal National Park. The pleasant surroundings, the presence of famous writers and the students' individual talents conspire to produce some excellent writing. The students experience the thrill of having their work published.

Fort Street is unashamedly "multicultural" with all the strengths and weaknesses that that implies. During the year the entire staff of the school co-operated in the collation of the results of a survey that we hope will lead to the employment of special staff trained to deal with a student's particular language needs. One staff member attended a three-week course designed to deal with the special language needs of the multicultural classroom. It was a very profitable three weeks!

A commercial Reading Centre was invited to the school to offer its programme to Years 11 and 10. The school has no special arrangement with the Centre, but we felt students could profit from the course which aims at improved speed and comprehension. Only 30 students applied for the course (operated outside school hours and at considerable expense) but these students deemed it a success. Perhaps their response will encourage more applicants in future years.

We are grateful to the History and Maths staffs for their co-operation which allowed us two "pupil-free" days at the end of 1983. The two days, free of the classroom, gave us the opportunity to develop Policies and Programmes we believe are appropriate for Fort Street High School.

Our stock of English texts is improving, but slowly. We see it as a term project because of the high price of so many quality texts. Our priorities for future purchases are clear, but in the meantime Ms Bennett is ensuring our present stock is used and controlled with utmost efficiency.

Mr John Buckingham



**BACK ROW:** Mrs M. Hosking, Mrs S. Frith, Ms J. Levi, Mr J. Buckingham, Mrs J. Marchant.  
**FRONT ROW:** Mrs B. Crawford, Ms R. Morey, Ms B. Bennett, Ms K. Bryant.

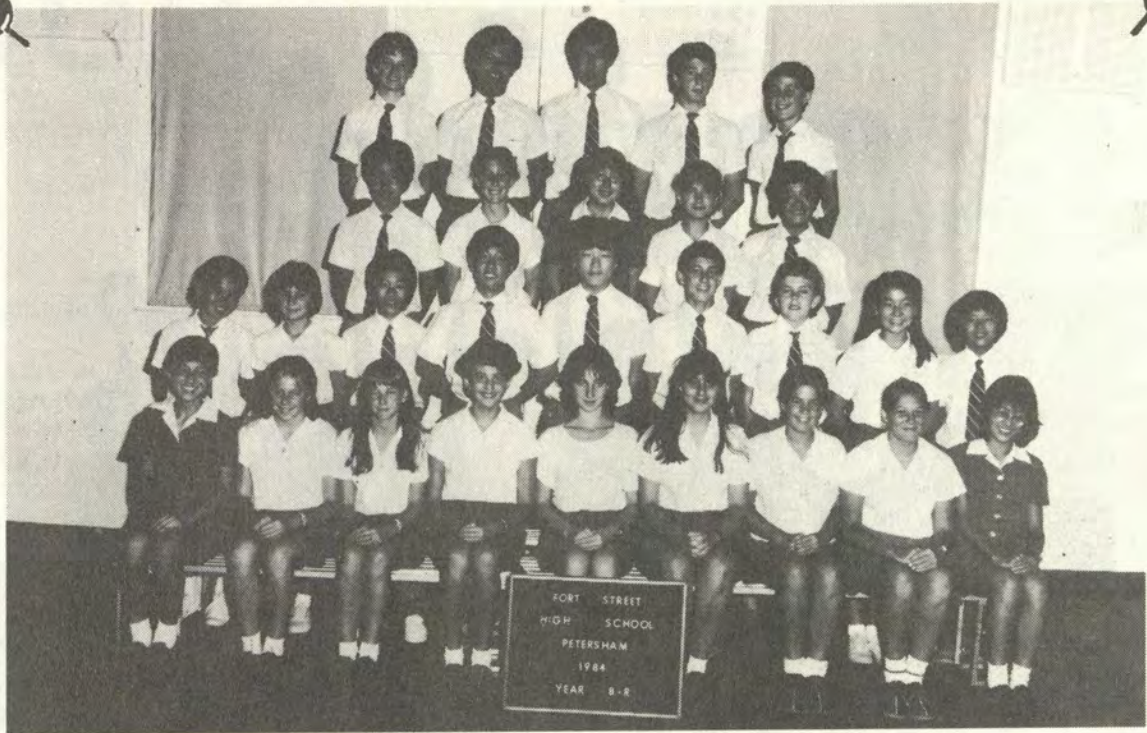




**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Rebel Bissaker, Sophia Anastasiadis, Loradana Angeloni, Rachael Conner, Nicola Busch, Neidi Beck, Nadine Boehm, Mia Chalker, Melanie Bray  
**SECOND ROW:** Victor Chau, Steven Chung, Andrew Baron, Eric Berry, Timothy Booth, Jason Butcher, Sean Brushwood, Kristian Boehringer, Dimitrios Deligiannis  
**THIRD ROW:** Justine Arnot, Ann Chow, Penelope Chalk, Mirsini Ahilas, Tram Bui, Susan Chik  
**FOURTH ROW:** Gunter Blum, Richard Anderson, Steven Csikos, Pieter Boon, James Correa  
 Year 8 F



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Karren Gallagher, Penelope Disher, Megan Crispin, Germana Eckert, Genevieve Freeman, Ilona Gaudin, Natalie Greer, Peta Cruickshank, Tatiana Ermoll  
**SECOND ROW:** Malcom Gillies, Temogen Hield, Scott Hardiman, Cameron Hall, Nelson Ha, Timothy Hornibrook, Aran Jensen, Keiran Gallagher, Tarkin Hall  
**THIRD ROW:** Murray Gibbons, Steven Geogakis, Rajeev Gupta, Robert Gerrie, James Douglas  
**FOURTH ROW:** Vicki Hambezos, Kylie Goulding, Karen Green, Kristen Daghlish, Rebecca Fyfe  
 Year 8 O



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Peta Lee, Clare Holland, Natalie Lay, Joanna Kalivas, Alison Hunter, Paula Houvardas, Kylie Hurlie, Michelle Johnson, Grace Leung  
**SECOND ROW:** Daniel Kang, Anastasia Konstantelos, Arthur Lo, Sung Jin, Hyung Joong Kim, John Karadatsas, Jeffrey Jones, Sohi Kang, Osoo Kwon  
**THIRD ROW:** Sae Wook Kwon, Lisa Heron, Truc Thi Thanh, Banu Idil, Jin Hong Kim  
**FOURTH ROW:** Damon Keen, Alain Khawk, David Lam, Brendan Kelly, Nicholas Karkanidas  
 Year 8 R



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Carolyn Macleod, Hue My Ngo, Malamo Loutas, Niki Nikitianos, Claudia McCarthy, Alexandra Nittes, Sharlene Middler, Michelle Milligan, Lydia Ng  
**SECOND ROW:** Timothy Newsom, Jennifer Moore, Yvette Mayer, Cassie McCullagh, Jessica McGowan, Bronwyn Mackintosh, Emma Lunn, Kieran Matthews  
**THIRD ROW:** James Mathers, Jason Morley, Mohammed Mirza, Christopher Newton, Louis Mavridis, Roy McCance, Dax Neech, Graham Moore  
**FOURTH ROW:** Duncan Miller, Benjamin MacLaine, Scott Martin, Edmund Lo, Craig Miller  
 Year 8 T



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Gertrude Salat, Tieu Tieu Phung Le, Shona Snedden, Joanna Patikas, Ingrid Skarbek-Slonka, Anne Petra Odijk, Antonia Pramataris  
**SECOND ROW:** Richard Salden, Andrew Pavolny, Tony Radosevic, Michael Rees, Scott Rogers, Sacha Sadler, Hardy Reschke, Anthony Schofield  
**THIRD ROW:** Con Papacosta, Tracey Reckless, Leigh Sanderson, Jackie Ntatsopoulos, Susinta Oetojo, Amanda Rolfe, Helen Sarantopoulos, Joshua Saunders  
**FOURTH ROW:** Lincoln Smith, Christopher Presland, Peter Oey, Charles Smith, Peter Stening  
 Year 8 I



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Lisa Zullo, Christine Xenakis, Eleanor Todd, Lisa Walsh, Catrina Taylor, Despina Vasilarea, Despina Tahtirelis, Sharon Wanson, Daisy Tan  
**SECOND ROW:** Luke Tollemache, Matthew Sully, Jedwycke Wesley-Smith, Toni Zvirblis, Philippa Stevens, Devi Trainor, Michael Ward, Aravind Viswanath, Justin Vickers  
**THIRD ROW:** Nathan Toohey, Shawn Whelan, Damian Watts, Jason White, Craig Ward  
**FOURTH ROW:** Jason Yetton, Drew Sutton, Mark Wright, Keir Wallace, Ian Thomas  
 Year 8 A

# OUR

# LIBRARY . . .

Peter Chalk gets the 'low-down' from Miss Chiplin —

**Q:** What was your first impression of Fort Street's Library?  
**Miss Chiplin:** Physically it is rather large, I haven't seen many libraries the size of this one. It is a great contrast having come from a portable library which was the size of two portable classrooms. It appears to be well stocked and very well used.

**Q:** In comparison to other school libraries, how do you rate our library at Fort Street?

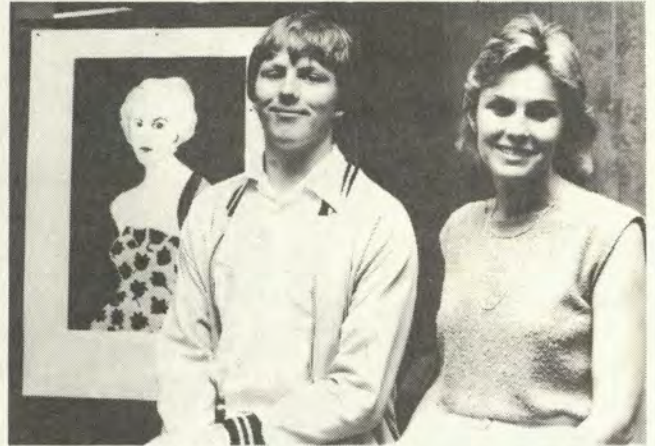
**Miss Chiplin:** The amalgamation of two obviously very well stocked and old libraries has meant we have things here that you wouldn't have in other places, the number of encyclopaedias for instance. You just can't afford to buy that many in most places. It started off well. As I said before, I think it is, in a lot of cases, an old collection, and I do think it needs to be updated, but it's a budget problem. However, the basics are there and that's important.

**Q:** What are the reading habits of Fortians?

**Miss Chiplin:** I'm still trying to assess that one. I guess we find out most of what is read when we put books away, and the majority of books that are borrowed tend to be the non-fiction, in other words, books that are supporting the curriculum. At holiday time you get an increase in fiction-borrowing. Boys don't seem to read as much fiction as the girls do. They don't seem to read generally as much as the girls do. I guess what's really popular at the moment with both sexes, are things that students can identify with, e.g. "The Outsiders", which was shown last week, is one of those types of novels. Students feel at home with that type of novel. There is a very wide variety of reading habits. It surprises me sometimes what has been read.

**Q:** What are the most popular fiction books?

**Miss Chiplin:** I think there is a great variety, I don't like to say it, but things like "Sweet Dreams" are extremely popular. Students identify with what's going on in the novel. Other popular authors include Judy Blume, Goscinnny, Betsy Byars.



? + Peter + Miss Chiplin

**Q:** Do you think our library is adequately equipped in the AV section?

**Miss Chiplin:** I think the AV collection is very extensive, particularly the video collection and the audio cassette collection. The problem is getting people to use what's here, and (this is a little plug), we're hoping that by using a computer we can make subject listings, which is something that we really can't do at the moment because there's so much typing involved, of AV resources, so that we have one for Geography, one for Maths and whatever, and they can be updated on a very regular basis and distributed to all staff and be around for students to use as well. So, more access to a computer would be appreciated and hopefully enable us to provide more services to our users.

**Q:** What improvements do you think could be made to our library both physically and in the area of texts?

**Miss Chiplin:** Physically, I think the lighting and air conditioning could be improved. When you're in here all the time, and particularly for the seniors who are in here studying quite frequently, I think those things are very important. The rest of it: it's easy for me to look out of my window and see what's going on in most areas. In that respect it's fine. As far as other improvements go, there are many things we'd like to do here, but once again it relies on staff levels. I'd love another video system, mainly because the black and white is dying, the tapes are dying. They've been here for ten years, and we're trying to get them converted onto the colour system, because some of them have got very good information on them. Also, access to a computer: we've been "playing with" the idea for a while. There are a few things like overdues and the bibliographies. If we could put them onto a computer it would just save (we think) so much time, as far as the clerical side of the library's concerned. I'd like to be able to provide things like subject bibliographies, production of AV material to meet the needs of what's going on in the classroom. You need more resources than we've got. But there's no harm in thinking about things like that. A big plug: I'd love some more money. Despite that, all in all things are very pleasant in the library. Read on!

Miss V. Chiplin, Mrs M. Watts, Mrs M. Gamble



# THAT'S HISTORY!



L-R: Mrs S. Frith, Mrs J. Marchant, Mrs M. Hosking, Mr M. Browne, Mrs J. Ward, Mr T. Glebe, Mrs L. Trevini, Mrs A. Hill, Mr H. Jones.

"The Honourable Member for .... will withdraw that remark," said the Speaker of the House of Representatives in Canberra.

"Very well then. The Member for ....does not have the brains of a hairy goat!"

Thus, as the weighty deliberations of our nation's leaders continued during "Question Time" in Parliament House, Canberra, on September 10, 1984 Year 10 Historians from Fort Street sat spellbound, as such men as Bob Hawke, Andrew Peacock, John Howard and Dr Blewett swung into action. Once again, the visit to Parliament House, Canberra had proven to be one of the highlights of Year 10 History students' visit to our nation's capital.

Canberra is rapidly gearing up for the Bi-Centenary Celebrations and our visits to some of the usual places of interest were a little restricted. Nevertheless, our historians were able to experience a great deal of Australia's heritage with visits to the National War Museum the site of our new Parliament House and the War Museum as well as the Telecom Tower and the Sports' Insitute.

The one great shining moment of Year 9's visit to Hill End in October 1983, was, I am told, my performance as I slipped and tumbled down into Chinaman's Gully. We were returning from a gold-panning expedition where we had experienced something of the problems faced by miners of the 1950's goldrush, (as well as having found some gold for ourselves) when the incident occurred. Students were fascinated by their opportunity to watch history actually happening before their very eyes, although there were some expressions of sympathy as Melanie Coombes (who also had something of a slight mishap) and I dragged ourselves off for Tetanus injections. Yes, it is true! There are no limits to my efforts to make the study of History meaningful and relevant for students, but I don't think that I will make the same trip again this year.

Peter Lee continues to fascinate Years 7 & 8 with his one-man show of costumes, weapons and life of ancient and medieval times. Students and staff participate in "Looking Back" re-enactments as they don Roman togas or medieval armour, are sold to the highest bidder at a slave auction, or

await the judgement of Caesar after combat between two gladiators. (Incidentally, I still believe that Mrs Crawford was unfair in using her hand to avoid the net during the fight in the arena.)

Year 8, in particular, revelled in the plight of one Year 12 student, Shannon Harwood, as Peter continued to pound away with the ball and chain and a sword at the suit of armour and chain-mail worn by Shannon. Mrs Ward's class really got into the swing of things when they dressed up in ancient robes and then finished the day with a roaring banquet. Yet, the question still being asked by Year 8 is concerned with the arrow that whizzed off into the trees during the cross-bow demonstration – just where did that arrow land?

This year we were honoured by a visit from Professor Dan Walden of Pennsylvania State University, USA, who spoke to Year 12 Modern History students about the "American Hero". Because of the topic's relevance to students of American literature, senior English students joined the audience to listen to a very interesting and entertaining lecture and participate in a discussion about such personalities as George Washington, 'Teddy' Roosevelt, Buffalo Bill, Al Capone, Ronald Reagan, John Wayne and Superman. (Did you know that a very tall statue of John Wayne has been erected in America and dedicated to him as a "true American hero"? Hmmmmm!) My sincere thanks to the staff of the American Consulate here in Sydney for thinking of the historians at Fort Street whenever there is a dignitary visiting Sydney.

Tears at "Gallipoli", laughter at "Clash of the Titans", stunned silence at the Egyptian display in the Australian Musuem, exhaustion from puddling about in Old Sydney Town — these are just a few examples of the Historian's lot at Fort Street in the quest for a better understanding of this world in which we live. My special thanks to members of the History Staff who continue to make the study of History so fascinating and relevant to the 1980's.

T.R. Glebe  
History Master



Our debaters

Non-uniform Day



Enjoying Oktoberfest



Lesson 'Al Fresco'



Ross Kendall



Heidi



Mr Morgan

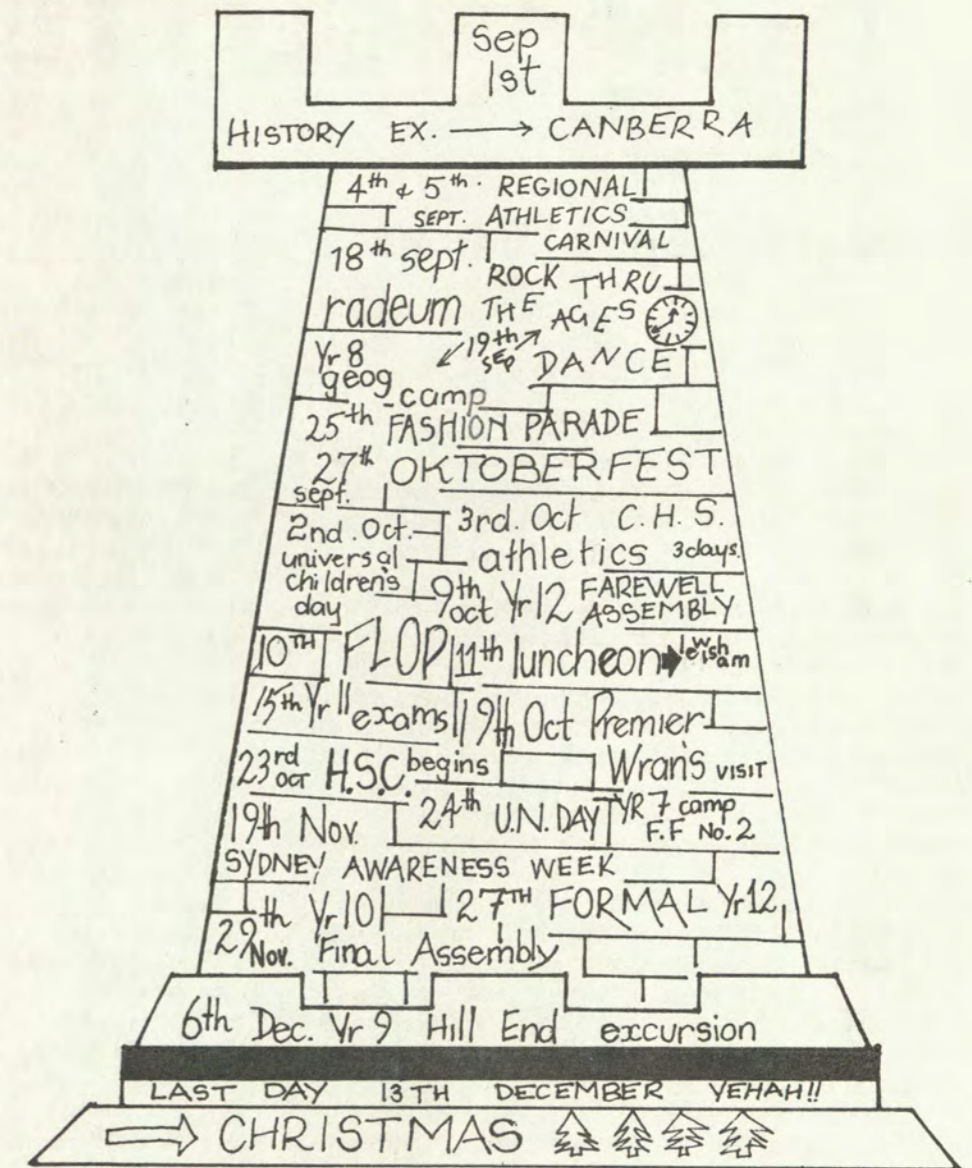
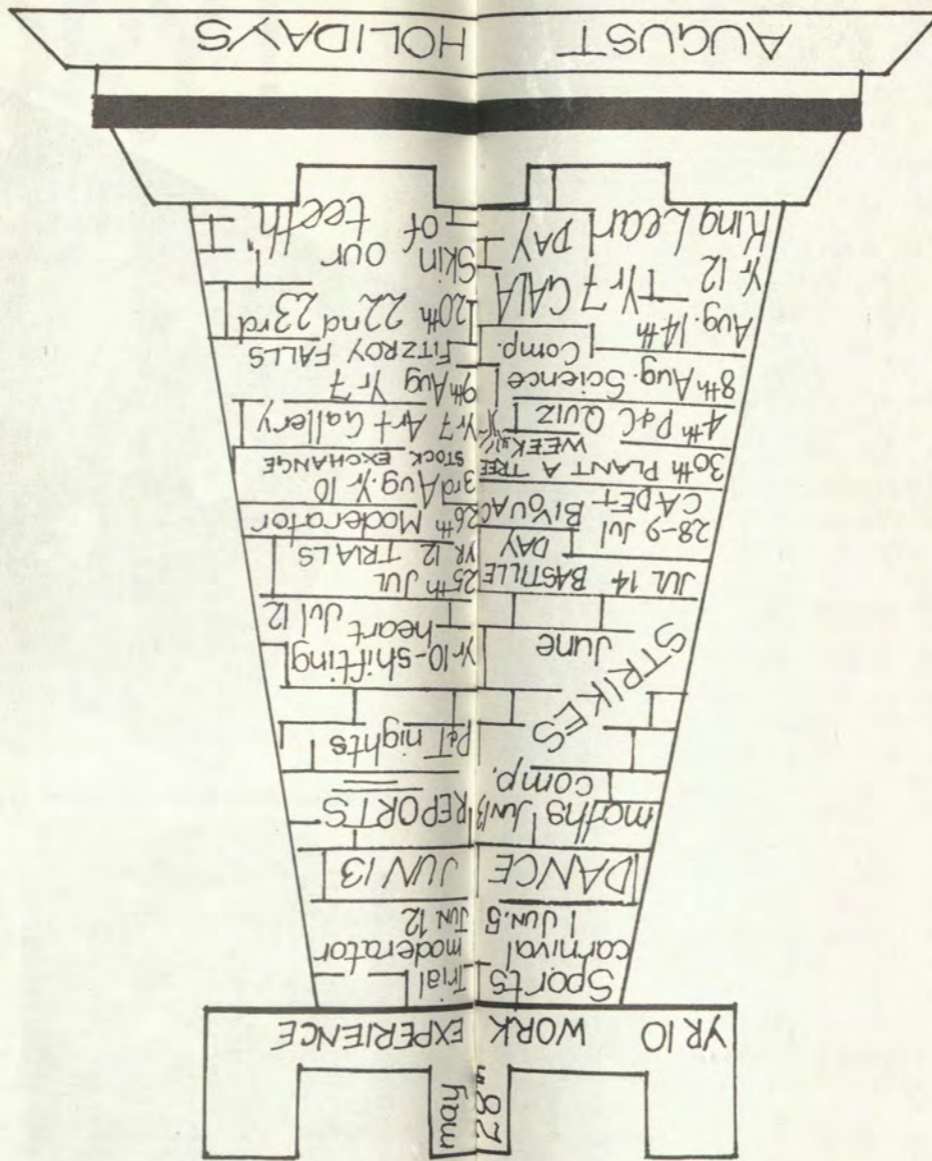
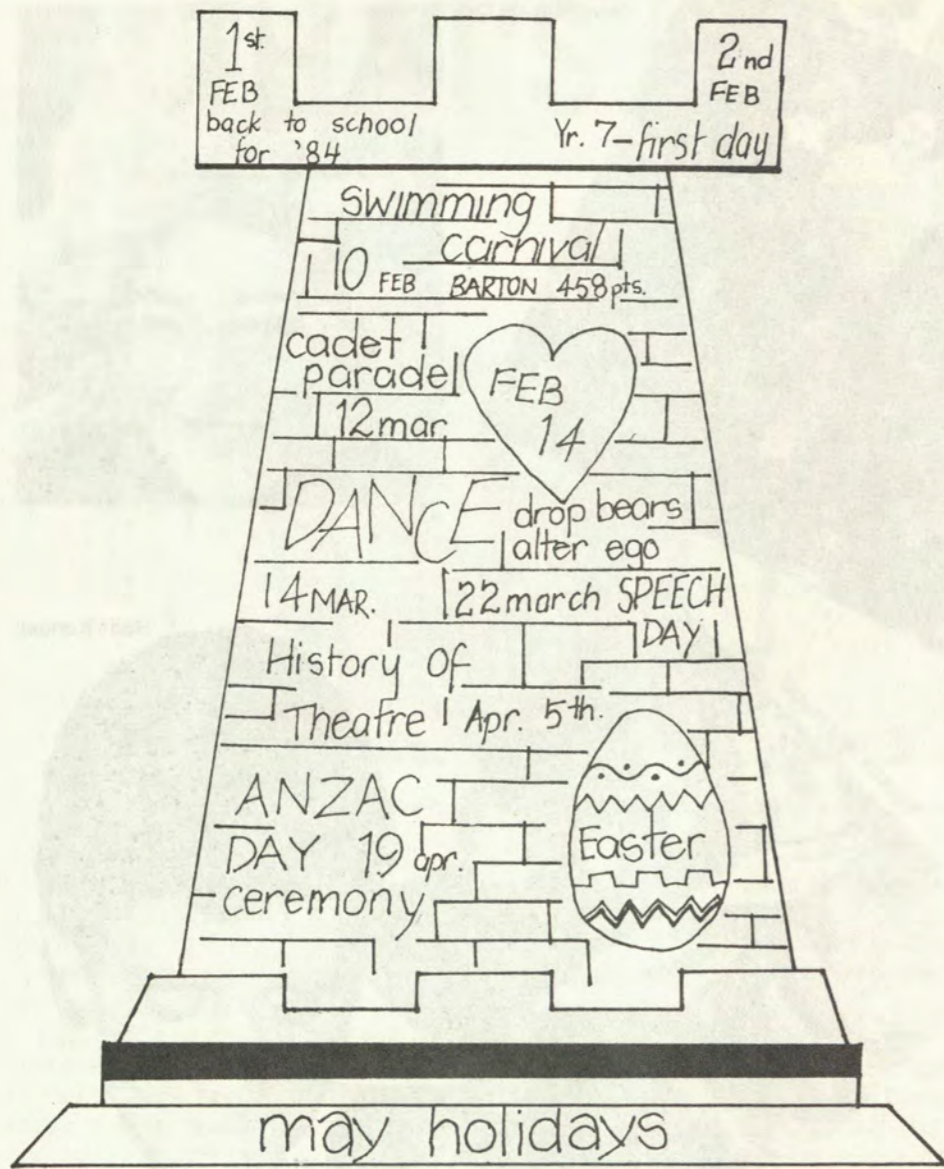


Non-uniform Day



LOOK





# 2081 days of our lives

# THE NEW GLITTERATI-

## A Kaleidoscope of Values

A city in its embryonic stages. The long, distorted shadows drag the dawn across the town. Nature shudders before this hybrid of humanity and technology. She lays no claim to the frozen hearts, joints and minds, to the fused eyes and amphibian-like limbs. It would seem at this time that nature was suppressed, eliminated by man and his contorted set of values. But wait; I see the yellow sun emerging along the horizon. It eclipses all the other colours, and its brilliance burns with a blinding vengeance.

A hostile sun beams fiercely down on a small boarding house in the inner city, its searching rays cleansing and purifying every corner of the rat infested domain. In a cramped corner of the building a young man listens attentively to the sounds of a city awakening and muses over the contrast between day and night, between markets of fish and fruit and jewellery, and the deathly world of mid-night commerce, where whispers, grunts and desperation replace handshakes and where lives are accepted in lieu of credit.

Tony circles his room, noticing for perhaps the first time that it has character. Its prior owner had created a crude improvisation of a suburban home with posters of motorcycles and women (the type one finds in glossy magazines) in substitute of fine art. The scattered coke bottles and torn magazines form a particularly depressive image of consumerism. People living like rats, but aspiring to an impossible image. Suddenly he wanted to escape, his room, the building, anywhere away from the ghetto of insecurity, self-hatred and the dole.

His escape was short-lived and futile as any mechanical action must be when the soul desires and needs more to sustain it. He threw himself bodily through the doorway and onto the street, driven by his desire to escape. The noise and confusion set his mind off-balance. People were pushing past him, in a hurry to get to work, to make money and consume. People with a purpose, a destination; men with sculptured features and determined faces; women in designer clothes, tailored slacks, off the rack. They all marched one way and Tony was helplessly caught in the stream of a majority.

The cacophony of human voices and the mechanical grinding of cars and trucks gripped his nerves like a vice. He searched for an opening in the crowd and having found it collapsed onto a nearby bench. He caught sight of an advertising billboard and shuddered. There was no escape. He lapsed into a drug induced sleep.

Life, pulsating in an anaemic society. You can smell it, you can inhale it, you can sniff it. It flows through your veins, lift you high in the sky. Skag, hammer, or horse, he needed it everyday of his life, or die. Everyone who uses it knows. He knew too, that he had severed all ties with the world outside his room, outside his own tormented mind. No other world existed. The pattern of his life also changed. He was a nocturnal creature, working by night, hiding by day, daylight was repulsive, but night concealed all!

A policeman approaches, turns a corner and walks on by. He is afraid. Afraid of those glazed eyes, afraid of those frozen hearts. He thinks of his own children. An image floods his mind. Gas balloons, at a fun-fair. A kaleidoscope of colours, floating upwards without binds, or boundaries to restrict them except for their finite existence.

Drawing back the heavy curtains of darkness, the night presents its offspring. A corpse lies haphazard, sprawled across the steps of a deserted railway station. All life squeezed out of the fragile figure, a sacrificial lamb, with a syringe and a small silver catchet beside him.

Like the transient images of a kaleidoscope the scene blurs and softens and changes its form, but the colours remain the same.

3/2/84 — Mrs Silvia Blake today married Dr Richard Gordon, eminent physician, at a charming garden ceremony on Sydney's North Shore. Her son did not attend.

Confetti, blowing in the wind, like a colourful snowstorm and then settling again on heads and shoulders. The light dances on the water and sparkles in eyes and hair, on diamonds and pearly white teeth. Everything is "charming" and "delightful" and "quaint". The sun glares down at the scene with its particular scrutiny. Waxed faces melt beneath its gaze and every delicate candle signifies a broken home, a shattered marriage, a mirage, a delusion.

Away from the cruel stares and critical glances, away from the poking, pulling, proding people, and away from the confusion, which is life, sat Anthony, in the confines of his sanctuary. His room was decorated in the rich, luscious red of velvet. Womb-like, the room provided warmth and security. The sunshine flooded the cavity by day, adding life to the crimson coloured curtains and walls. The heat made Anthony's head throb with the resounding effect of blood as it crashed against his temples and created the migraine, which had rescued him from his mother's third attempt at marital bliss.

The subconscious translates itself into the reality of physical pain. Anthony knew that the body was inseparable from the mind. Just as neither drugs nor alcohol, nor meditation could completely sever the soul from the body, the mind, with its torrent of emotions and guilt, could not be separated from the body except through death...

He knew that the pain was merely a symptom, but not the cause of a private agony which had been deeply imbedded in his identity long before a child can recognise the various shades and complexities of adult life. The subtle rules and differences were impenetrable, and society imposed punishment far more efficiently than any legal system.

Many times he had been tried for the same crime, finally in an empty room covered with mirrors, behind which sat a room full of jurists that he would never see. He hadn't known where his mother had taken him but had guessed it was a psychiatric establishment.

As he had sat, being scrutinized from behind the reflective glass, the intellectuals playing games with his life, and mind, their beady eyes analysing every "but", "and", underlaying an occasional "maybe", he came to realize that he was a blot on the text-book of psychiatry.



Perhaps he could be eliminated, he thought bitterly. After all, one lonely seventeen-year-old boy was not worth the destruction of such a noble profession. He was not worth the agony it would cause to many prominent people, to know that a hundred years of research had accumulated nothing.

He had heard that rats would often give their lives in order that their society should benefit. Those diligent, innovative rats, forming a complex, network of underground societies. Despised by humans, amoral and devoid of values, they never-the-less have a distinct basis for survival. One rat, would surely martyr himself in order that his comrades could prosper and flourish. That is, assuming that the rats had read the "Preservation of favoured races in the Struggle for Life" or were acquainted with Nietzsche and Darwin. Otherwise, his death would seem futile.

Anthony had crossed the impenetrable gender barrier. A cruel anomaly of nature. A woman trapped forever in the form of a man. A retribution for the eclipsing of nature by man. He had crossed the threshold of society's unspeakable laws, declared insoluble by a jury of men he could not see, and now he would help them eliminate their mistakes.

A victorious sun frames a scene of human destruction. The pathetic figure, his face contorted with a secret, mental agony lies grasping at a piece of newspaper from a newstand grid, his wrists bloodied by the lethal wire. His epitaph, a newspaper grid which holds the day's headlines. "Frozen embryo - ten thousand dollar baby - success story."

**Kim Walden, Year 12**

**A VERY GRAVE UNDERTAKING**

*His death was shrouded in mystery,  
His efforts to conceal the truth failed,  
He pulled the wool over people's eyes,  
Until a human found the flaw,  
His life was gone,  
His intelligence has been stolen  
From him.*

*The human,  
Only creature with thumbs,  
The only living creature on earth  
Who pays tax.*

*His attempt to avoid tax declined,  
Money was taken from him,  
More money was stolen,  
He was bankrupt,  
He had already been embalmed.*

*Depression was his career,  
He died coughin' and was buried  
On the mourn,  
By a skeleton staff,  
Unre-hearse-d  
In their trade.*

**Gian Parodi, Year 10**

**Richard Lennane, Year 10**

# LOVE or . . .

## Seething Passion

"A Kills 'em Soon Novel"

### CHAPTER ONE

In the crowded motel restaurant, Jennifer gazed around at the strange faces. Suddenly her eyes were grasped by a bolt of blue flame as she was confronted with the tall, dark, and handsome figure of Roderick.

Both gasped as a bolt of lightning struck the table. Jennifer tried to turn her head, but no physical force could tear them apart. The feeling between them was akin to religion. Could it be love at first sight? Or did she want to become a Seventh Day Adventist?

"I... I... I..." she uttered.

"You... You... You..." he replied, his voice strong and masculine, yet soft, resembling honey pouring over burnt toast.

She tried again to drag her eyes away, but it was no use, there was fire between them.

A shocking truth suddenly overtook her. "My husband!" she exclaimed. But with a love such as this, reality meant nothing.

She felt a shiver up her leg. She realised that their feet were touching. Was this fate, again pushing them together? No, obviously the table was too small.

Her heart palpitated wildly as he asked her breathlessly to accompany him to a quiet little restaurant, where they could be alone together. "Oh, yes, yes!" she panted.

One hour later she was locked in his arms. The room was dark, lit by a single candle. They were in the "Chez Amour" restaurant, and all the other diners had long gone. They were alone apart from the clinking sounds from the kitchen, where dishes were being rhythmically washed. Finally she spoke. "I think... I think I love you." There was a long silence. Then she continued. "But Darling, where will it all end? I'm married."

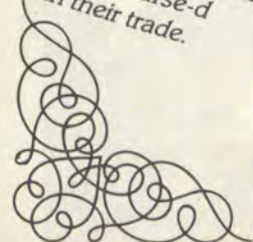
"Don't worry, my love, so am I." He told her, his voice deep, and commanding. "But tonight we have each other."

### CHAPTER TWO

From there it was a whirl of passionate emotion, and before she knew it she was in his hotel room. He poured two glasses of red wine that flowed as their intermingling blood. They sipped slowly, the stars in their eyes reflected in the shimmering surface.

She felt every atom of her body yearning for the event that was to come. This raging passion was an alien, animal lust, that only Rod could uncover. Jennifer thought of her husband. He was fifty-seven, balding and had as much sex appeal as a dead sheep. Faced with this tall, mysterious, modern day knight, how could she resist hurling herself into his arms in a frenzied passion?

Such was the vehemence of her embrace, that Rod spilt his wine all over the French lace tablecloth. However, ignoring this, Rod wrapped his strong, manly arms around her slender figure, and caught her in a kiss so lascivious that it paralysed her entire body in exquisite sensation.



Suddenly, the door burst open. An apparition so terrifying that Jennifer was stunned with horror, and fell, fainting, on the stained tablecloth. It was Rod's wife!

"Rod!" she screamed. "I hate you I hate you I hate you! You cad! You barbarian! You heartless swine! Have you no respect for my feelings!? You've stained the tablecloth!! Not even OMO will ever get THAT out! I despise you!" She dashed out of the room in tears.

### CHAPTER THREE

With a bucket of cold water Rod revived Jennifer, and for the time being, she felt her passions doused.

Rod kissed her meekly goodbye, and she retired to her hotel suite, wondering where it would all end.

The first thing that confronted her was her husband, snoring in a chair. This simple, old, somewhat obese man meant nothing to her as she fought her conscience against what could only be love. Her husband, Clive, was snoring like a hippo.

He woke up with a start. Snorting and belching like an elephant sitting on a cactus, he exclaimed, "Ah, y're 'ome Darlin'," in a very broad Aussie accent. She winced, remembering Rod's gentle, deep, beautiful, milk-and-honey voice.

He rose, his stomach quivering like a bowl of jelly, and wiped his nose on his wrist. He kissed her with his wet, sponge-like lips. She thought of Rod's passionate, wonderful, amber embrace, and, retching in disgust, pulled herself from his grasp. Her whole body longed for Rod's gentle, loving touch. Oh, sweet Rod! She could not, try as she might, remove the thought of him from her feverish mind. Rod, Rod, Rod, Rod!!

Her anguished soul cried out in agony. Tears sprang to her eyes. She only wanted the arms of her love, and two disprin! Unfortunately she had neither. "What a hard, cruel existence!" she cried.

### CHAPTER FOUR

Meanwhile, something mysterious was happening in Rod's room. He pulled out a wireless and spoke in a strange, thick tongued language that could only be RUSSIAN!! (or maybe German, or Polish, or even Dutch, or Fr...).

However, when he pulled out his badge that said "I am a KGB agent, what's your excuse?" it became obvious that he spoke only to Moscow.

### CHAPTER FIVE

The next morning Jennifer woke with a jerk (her husband). He still slept, and Jennifer dressed quickly, then hurried to Rod's room. She knocked, but there was no answer. Unable to control her insatiable desire, she burst through the door. What a sight it was that met her eyes! Rod was speaking fluent Russian into a radio.

He jumped back in surprise and horror, but she caught sight of his badge. She stood paralysed with shock. With a masculine growl he sprang from his chair, and wrapped himself around her.

"My darling, marry me! I love you, come with me to Russia," he demanded in his velvety, deep voice.

"But... but... Rod!" She sobbed, "I am a member of ASIO."

He threw her aside. So she got up, and threw him aside. He retaliated by throwing her aside. For variation, she threw him aside, and...

**and . . .**

Jennifer considered. If she were to leave Rod now, she would spend the rest of her life with Clive, living in the constant hope that Rod would return, and seeing his face where ever she went. The thought was unbearable. "Rod" she screamed, "I love you! Not even Ronald Reagan can pull us apart! I'll even move to Russia." Then her voice hardened. "On one condition. That you get me the plans for the new Russian missile..."

Rod felt his heart fall to the floor. He bent down to pick it up, but instead followed in a dead faint.

### CHAPTER SIX

The next three months seemed like three seconds. Rod left his wife, Jennifer murdered her husband, and the plans were safely delivered to ASIO. Jennifer and Rod then moved to Mozambique, as they could not return to Russia after the betrayal.

They married and lived together in a month of heaven. Unfortunately, Rod caught malaria due to a hole in the mosquito net, and died in Jennifer's arms saying, "Heaven will be Hell without you!" Jennifer died three days later of a broken heart.

The only remnant of their tragic affair was an engraved rock in the Sahara, where they spent their honeymoon, that said "Rod loves Jenny"...

Unfortunately, a passing UFO malfunctioned, resulting in a stray laser beam being fired which smashed the rock to smithereens and then went on to destroy the entire planet.

**Lisa Busch, Year 10  
and Jessica McGowan, Year 8**



**IMAGES OF AUSTRALIA**

**I**  
That desert covered with yellow  
Written like a tablet  
Of living there, that wire fence  
Is the metal embodiment  
Of living there, those dry grasslands  
Scattered with cattle stations  
Separated by boundaries  
Dust and dryness,  
Heat and openness,  
Silence and stillness,  
And flies in large numbers....  
Gum trees in sparseness,  
Expanses of emptiness  
Nothing but bareness  
Farms like a patchwork  
And choking of dust  
Settling in distances.

**II**  
Then from the overhead plane,  
Grazing at desert plains, you'll find  
The red and dusty patterns  
Of graziers' farms across the land,  
That settle their shearing sheds,  
Their flocks of sheep, against the ground  
Like patches of thick wool  
Whose whiteness is coloured by dust.  
And stations fade away, the plane moves on,  
From the grasslands to the bush,  
From the desert to the hills,  
Of flora and fauna living there.  
So through the plane's window seen  
Are koalas and the kangaroos,  
The gums and wattles pass below,  
Fixed as an image in the mind.

**Elizabeth Lin, Year 11**

**DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS**

No game this, but life and death  
A fiction come to life.  
Screams of agony in rolling dice  
Incomprehensible charts.  
Eyes boggle! not Monster no,  
Bystanders in realworld  
The fighter swaggers in the mind  
The thief hides in shadows on the paper  
Monster scents  
he's out for prey,  
leaves his loot unguarded  
Wizard casts  
**LIGHTNING**  
"No damage!"  
"It must be charmed"  
"NO! it is undead!"  
Characters quarrel  
Players ask  
"What should we do?"  
The D.M. smiles his sadistic smile and  
Kills them all.  
The hiding Thief takes the loot  
He is gone.  
The cult continues....

**Nick Newsom, Year 12**

**TIME**

Screaming, noisily, the jet  
Streams through the sky  
Endlessly polluting and disguising  
the planet or its occupants.  
While down below  
The factory sheds its wastes  
into a virgin river  
and kills the fish.  
A car travels along  
the newly finished road  
that once was open land.  
Given time, big business will destroy itself.  
And us with it.  
**Greg Austen, Year 11**

**THE MONSTER SHOW IN BED**

Wish I didn't watch that movie last night,  
It's bad for my dreams and it gave me such a fright.  
I'm lying in bed and a noise goes squeak,  
I'd rather be sleeping in the middle of a creek.  
I'm lying in bed and my brother's watch'll tick,  
Like the tapping at the window of a vampire who is sick.  
In the morning my mother taps me hard,  
Like a monster who likes my fresh clean blood.  
I'm glad the night has finished.  
'Cause I felt I'd be diminished.

**Silvester Molnar, Year 7**

Talking to Bysshe Shelley and we're waiting  
for the stone to sing  
We watch a crying baby and we both know  
how it feels within.  
The wind blows sadly whispering by and yet  
no sound is heard.  
Least of all we do not need the  
worth of spoken word.  
Today I had to look up what the words  
I speak do mean.

Realizing real life is viewed only through  
my broken screen.  
The tears that dribble stubbornly, need  
not be at all.  
The pressured life of a lonely one can  
only see me fall.....

**Gina Kelly, Year 10**

**P O E T R Y**

**WALKING TO SCHOOL**  
Walking, walking, walking  
Thinking, thinking, thinking  
Ideas, thoughts, problems, complications  
Left, Right, Green, yellow, red  
Lights, Walk, run, Puff!  
Thinking, figuring, solving  
Got It! Walking, striding, walking  
to Destiny.  
**Tieu Phung Le, Year 8**

# MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN . . .

## MELISSA MEETS "THE BOY" . . .

### I WON A COMPETITION TO MEET "THE BOY"

It read "In 25 words or less write why you want to meet Boy George and Culture Club". They always write that. It's not BOY GEORGE and CULTURE CLUB, it's just CULTURE CLUB. George is only a part of it. Another competition to enter and another one to lose. But not this time ... Setting: Sebel Town House ... Purpose: Fans' Press Conference.

A chance to meet "the boy", Jon, Mikey, Ray and Helen – they said the whole band. It seemed too good to be true – well it was! Helen did not come and Ray was supposedly sick – food poisoning they say (he was playing tennis at White City). Strange how famous people always get food poisoning whilst eating at the best restaurants in town just when there is work to be done. After hours and hours of trying to think of original reasons as to why I wanted to meet them, I finally found "What is Mikey doing back in England" (not "why doesn't he marry her") and "To discover what Helen Terry is really like" (remember she did not come). But through my disappointment I fought back the tears, put up a brave front and decided meeting George, Jon and Mikey would have to do.



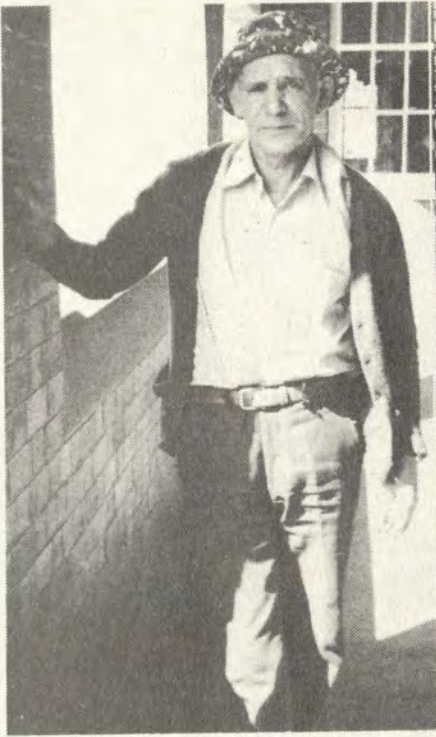
After waiting outside the Sebel Town House for hours, finally they let the lucky one hundred in. The glass door was opened about an inch and we were expected to squeeze in. The letters we received as passes were read to every last full stop by at least two of eight security guards. We were ushered downstairs to a large room full of chairs, video screens, cameras, balloons and other technical junk. In front, a small platform which sat four chairs, table, glasses and jugs of water. We sat and we waited and waited and waited. The room quickly filled. The 'man' himself, Donnie Sutherland casually sat in the corner helping to fill the already stuffy room with smoke. Terry Willesee entered and Donnie jumped up pretending to organize things. We sat and waited, watching repeats of repeats of the repeats of video clips we had all already seen hundreds of times.

One thing we discovered about CULTURE VULTURES was that they are so friendly. We all shared a common understanding, and faces were recognised from ticket lines, concerts etc. You began to realize you were not the only one who had fallen under their spell. Finally we were told not to stand when they entered and the side door was opened. "They" entered. Mikey first followed by Jon and then George. They sat down and hands shot up. Questions were directed at each of them but most at George. Their gorgeous 'pommy' accents could just be heard over the continuous clicking of cameras. Though Jon and Mikey's presence could be felt, an aura surrounded George. He was simply 'there' and he alone, filled the room. There was the old grandad with his four foolscap page questions on the family unit, the little brat who got to sing with him and the girl who liked his music and hated the way he dressed as a girl. He doesn't dress like a girl. What is she talking about? Questions varied from religion to baked beans and we saw a side to them that many narrow minded people wouldn't understand. Sadly though it came to an end. George sang "I have danced inside your eyes, How can I be real".

George isn't real. He never will be. Neither is Mikey, Jon nor Ray. For so long they were so far away in England. Just like puppets, each string was carefully pulled and guided on tours. For so long we honestly thought they'd never get here and on thinking back, we sometimes think they never did. They were just videos, and newspaper clippings cut out with moveable parts which tricked us into believing they were real. Not even on stage less than 5 feet away. Not when George, standing next to us turned to say 'good-bye'. Not when Jon and Mikey stopped and spoke to us at the end. They were so close, yet it really did not matter. They could have been thousands of miles away, because still ... they were not real.

Melissa McDonald, Year 10





Silvino — Our Caretaker



Our Ancillary Staff



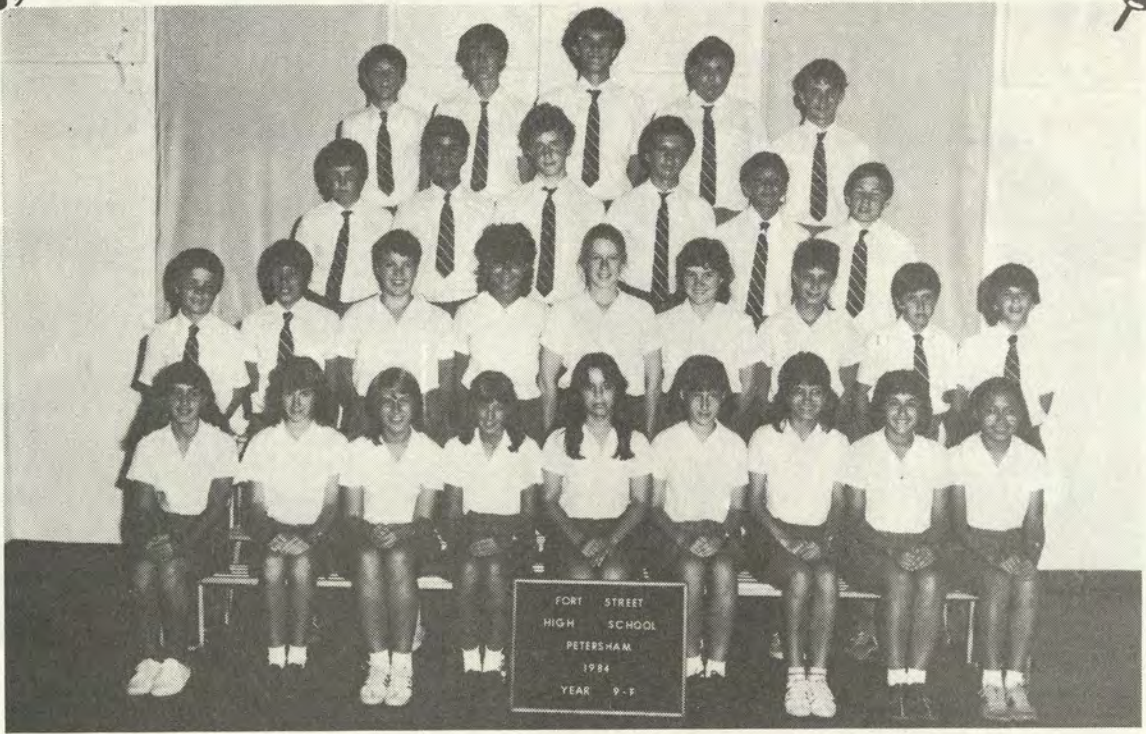
Our Cleaning Staff



Don & Mark



Our Canteen Staff



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Lisa Basso, Sally Bryant, Tania Bojanac, Trina Castell-Brown, Francey Bagala, Elizabeth Bray, Fiona Allen, Irene Armenakas, Betty Chan  
**SECOND ROW:** Todd Baker, Matthew Andrews, Kate Cashman, Lisa Carbone, Sarah Butler, Alison Brett, Clytie Binder, Crispian Ashby, Jason Antoniadis  
**THIRD ROW:** David Burton, Steve Anagnos, Andrew Baldwin, Craig Andersson, Paulo Busato, Matthew Arnett  
**FOURTH ROW:** Craig Aspinall, Daniel Broe, Con Argiratos, John Bikou, Rodney Burke  
 Year 9 F



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Katina Dimitropoulos, Naomi Dare, Leona Escreet, Lisa Citton, Sarah Dawson, Dianne Everett, Samantha Field, Jessica Ducrou, Jennifer Cheung  
**SECOND ROW:** Douglas Byrnes, Gabriel Caus, Steven Chung, Jules Cure, Daniel Chapman, Brett Davies, Nunzio Di Rosario, John Woo Chung, Cory Davies  
**THIRD ROW:** Nicholas Copping Tina Fos, Han Jun Chon, Leonie Geribo, Michelle Cruikshank, Gareth Chan, Dianne Cridland, Khai Dang  
 Year 9 O



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Antonia Kamberis, Ilona Janikowski, Tania Johnson, Kim Horvat, Sophie Gollan, Gina Keramianakis, Leila Kazzi, Sandy Jeung, Irene Ho  
**SECOND ROW:** Lachlan Hall, Teresa Kiernan, John Hatfield, Alexander Kaltenegger, Arthur Giannakouras, Geol Kim, Shane Hennessy, Sascha Hastentfeul, Benjamin Gripton  
**THIRD ROW:** Sunshine Hall, Caren Greentree, Fiona Hawthorne, Jodie Howard, Rachel Humphrey  
**FOURTH ROW:** Mireille Keller, John Kavalieros, Jason Kelly,, Thai Huynh, Heidi Hemmings  
**Year 9 R**



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Rosanna Liistro, Joanne Kouvaris, Danielle McDonald, Kim Morley, Maro Laurentio, Sally Madgwick, Lidia Mafooda, Megan Manning, Sharon Longbottom  
**SECOND ROW:** Angelo Kontogiorgis, Michael Mides, Anthony Logiudice, Jeshua Martin, Aristaki Maragos, Nick Kominos, Stuart Meadows, Anthony Mangan  
**THIRD ROW:** Diana Markopoulos, Rachel Kress, Joana McDonald, Martin Mambraku, Paul Ludlow, Mardi Ola, Rebecca Nash, Renata Lipiec  
**FOURTH ROW:** Paul MacLeod, Roland Maertens, Matthew McCann  
**Year 9 T**



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Janene Pendleton, Rebecca Reynolds, Linda Ryan, Amanda Powell, Michelle Packett, Kerry Sanderson, Stephanie Parkes, Dina Petratos, Kylie Reid  
**SECOND ROW:** Sean O'Rourke, Michael Porter, Mustafa Ozluk, Peter Oriel, Gary Monk, Brendan Radford, Con Pantazes, Gilbert Robson, Karl Ray  
**THIRD ROW:** Christine Schlesinger, Usha Perumal, Jodie Rose, Ray Savidis, Samantha Rosser, Elke Prill  
**FOURTH ROW:** Simon Pickett, Andrew Phelps, Soterakis Phylactou., Pero Radosevic, Andrew Pinkstone, John Niven  
**Years 9 I**



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Minh Thy Truong, Louisa Simonelli, Suzanne Tawans, Dana Stevanovic, Kellie Williamson, Carla Thomas, Gul Siar, Vivien Sung, Kelly Stephens  
**SECOND ROW:** Steven Tuften, Alan Shapley, Daniel Zachariou, Edwin Wilson, Byron Webb, Luther Weate, Fortunato Scalone, Mariano Salabert, John Tagliano  
**THIRD ROW:** Jason Smith, Daw Yee, Christina Zisopoulos, Sue Anne Wright, Stephanie Tredinnick, Vicki Vordis, Dennis Stephenson  
**FOURTH ROW:** Peter Tawfik, Ashley Williams, Gaven Wicks, Lyle Stoner  
**Year 9 A**



# STUDENT FAREWELLS TEACHER

THE FORTIAN MAGAZINE 1984  
ON THE RETIREMENT OF RONALD HORAN  
The Hon Justice Michael Kirby CMG\*

He swept into the classroom beside the Staff Common Room. He called us his 'scribes'. 'Pick up your pens, scribes!' he would command. He taught us useful acronyms, such as Dogwuf (durch ohne, gegen, wider, um für). They still go on chanting in the hidden recesses of the mind. He was dramatic. He had flair. He was a perfectionist. He held his class in awe. It was 1952. King George VI had just died. I was commencing my second year at Fort Street. German was the course. Ronald Horan was the teacher.

We used ancient textbooks which, believe it or not, still referred to the Kaiser. Hitler's war was still vivid in memory. After all, it was only seven years since the Fuhrer had shot himself in his Berlin bunker. Germany itself was in economic ruins. The German language and German culture were not the most fashionable in the world at that time.

But Ronald Horan breathed life into the language. He talked to us in German. This may be commonplace with modern language teachers nowadays. But back in those days modern languages, like ancient Latin, were chiefly learned to be read, not spoken. To this day I am sound in written French. But in international conferences, whilst I stumble over my French, my conversational German is good. Thanks to Ron Horan.

It was he who introduced me to school plays. My hidden dramatic talents had not been recognised in First Year. But in the German class in Second Year a special play was put on. It was 'Ali the Cobbler'. With great discernment, Ronald Horan chose me to be the villain. Thenceforth, in each successive year of my time at Fort Street, I played a villain — a murderer here, a misanthrope there. The warm glow of the lights and the smell of greasepaint got me in. It sparked an interest in the dramatic that has not left me. They say that Neville Wran also learned his drama lessons on the stage at Fort Street.

After Third Year, the large German class dwindled to a group of six. I was one of them. Everyone in that class gained a maximum pass in the Leaving Certificate examination in 1955, all with two or three first class honours results. Ronald Horan cajoled, coaxed and inspired us. How fortunate we were to have such a brilliant teacher to ourselves — six eager young minds — one of whom, Tom Handler, came, I think, first in the State in German and second in the whole of New South Wales in aggregate. He is now a leading solicitor in London. He visits Sydney from time to time and, as at school reunions generally, we reflect upon our fine teachers and talk of the Extraordinary Ronald.

Ronald Horan was, even in the 1950s, writing his 'Khoran'. I suppose we would not be allowed to call a mere German grammar text after that Holy Book nowadays. It took a long time coming but is now published and available to a wider audience of German language students. We were its earliest disciples.

Over the years I have kept in touch with this doyen of Fort Street teachers. He never seems to age, nor lose that fresh enthusiasm he brought into the classroom in 1952. Yet here it is, in the words of the Harrow School song, thirty years on. We are all growing older and older. The influence of great teachers persists throughout the life of their pupils. It has its ripple effect. Their work continueth. How fortunate Fort Street and its pupils have been to have the inspiration, dedication and imagination of this fine teacher. He is a link with the past — and it is a past worth celebrating.

\* President of the Court of Appeal, Supreme Court, Sydney. Formerly, Chairman of the Australian Law Reform Commission and Judge of the Federal Court of Australia. Fort Street Boys' High School 1951-1955.



Mr Justice Michael Kirby



# I came to Fort Street . . .

I came to Fort Street almost at the beginning of my career. I did do short country service, about the same distance from the city as I was to do the remainder. It was on the Surry Hills at High – just a short stint until Easter of that first year. I see it as clearly as yesterday – that German textbook of my first lesson sailing headlong from my hands out of the open summer in the direction of the practice wickets. This was portent I suppose of the turning my hand to turning out foreign language course books, which was to occupy a fair proportion of my professional life.

Yet that was the better part of a decade off yet. I had to learn my craft in the hard school of the classroom. I was moved to Fort Street on the thinking that with the school's long-term need for a teacher of German I might be more likely to stay than the first of the re-treads who was about to be appointed. Of interest is the fact that the man who took my place at High was the first Language Master of Fort Street Boys' High School when it was set up in 1911 – Mr A.W. Cusbert. Just one of those strange quirks of fate, he having completed his formal academic career as I was at the start. I replaced my own former German teacher here. I learnt too only recently that my first Headmaster had attended the same primary school as I – Pigeon Ground as it was called as often as Balmain.

I came to Fort Street after Easter when the student teachers came from the Sydney Teachers' College for their practice. I made it quite clear to my charges that one point had to be got clear and that was that I would be staying longer than all the other young teachers about the place that morning. For you see the staff of Fort Street in those days had a good twenty or thirty years up on us. And slightly longer I did stay – longer in the end than any other teacher had ever stayed. It just worked out that way or was worked out. And I say quite honestly now that I have no regrets in having stayed.

Fort Street was at the time of my coming a very different school from the present. It was indeed still much the same as the school I had known as a boy here. So many of the teachers were still here. There were undoubted faults as there are faults today. My friends and I look back to those times and see a rosy picture we fondly cherish. I do think much more of it should have been preserved. So much is to be blamed on the changes but then there had to be changes. Not change for change's sake – I have never believed that to be good educational theory. But to remain the same, to have the same function in today's world, there had to be changes. When former pupils from those times come on a visit and walk about with me, they never fail to comment that I treated them differently. But then of course it was a different school in a different time even though it is the same school.



Opportunity has been mine to associate myself actively with a fair proportion of the School's activities. I am thankful that I have been able to contribute of my time and energy to these in a significant way. For the important thing about being in a school is to be of it. There has been abundant opportunity to work on facets of the School's life where my efforts could be effective. It is very important to get on with the doing. It is time that wins in the end.

Many hundreds of staff members have passed through the school in my time here. So many of them have been and are close friends. Some of course will be friends to my wife and me all our days. It has been a privilege to work with so many gifted teachers who had so much to offer. Many students too have become good friends as I became good friends when I came to Fort Street with teachers who had been mine. When one's former students take on such posts as Chancellors of Universities and Ministers for Education and Readers at Oxford one feels that it is indeed time to go. For all that jest, I have never suffered from a sense of generation-gap. Perhaps the pupil – boy and girl – may have suffered from it, but that is a different matter. That friendly call of "Hello, sir!" – be it in a Madrid Camping site, on top of Mount Kosciusko (a pity one can't say Everest) or from the next table at the Balmain Leagues' Club – is one that an almost-has-been teacher will always cherish. For teacher I trust I have ever remained, fondly believing that my ability thereat was always to be graphed as an upward curve. Please don't tell me the truth. And I think too, in the make-up of Fort Street, of that great band of folk – the parents of our pupils, the friends of the School. Over all these years the encouragement given and the enthusiasm shown have meant so much to one who was working away at the art of teaching with what talents were his.

Mr R. Horan

# RONALD THEN and . . .



As Child



A Young Fortian



The Dramatic  
Ronald



Ronald Horan as Language  
Master welcomes French  
Television Actress, Marie  
France, in 1963.

# LANGUAGES in 1984



BACK: Mr S. Yalichev, Mr E. Garan, Mr S. Murphy  
FRONT: Mrs S. Stark, Mrs J. Levi

## Bastille Day (Mr R. Horan)

Vive la France and Vive le Quatorze Juillet! Yes, it was again a great day for French students when we celebrated the Fall of the Bastille, a celebration that has now long been a traditional element of the Fort Street calendar. We were able to begin the day with the tale of Asterix and Cleopatra on the new giant retractable screen. It was indeed an hour and a half of good fun, with a considerable number of Year 7 joining in. Then it was the turning of the cinema house into a banquet chamber for the French Chef's cuisine. It was good to have representatives from other faculties with us. And then afterwards we raised our voices to the tunes of the old favourite folk songs. We missed the maestro – Edgar Wilson – but we nonetheless gave a good account of ourselves.



## Oktoberfest (Ms J. Levi)

The annual celebrations were held on Thursday September 27. Fortians who study German ate, drank and were merry. Blackforest cake was one of the highlights of the courses. Students toiled over hot stoves, the evening before to make a variety of other sweet courses. Yum! Deutschland would have been proud!

The real highlight of the day was the inimitable flavour of Mr Horan's singing to the taped piano of Mr Edgar Wilson (who played "live" every year, before his transfer elsewhere).

Students sang to their hearts' content and banged on tables yelling "Bier her".



## Lingua latina (Mr R. Horan / Ms J. Levi)

Our Latin teacher, Mrs S. Stark, this year attended a three day Conference at Trinity Grammar School, Summer

Hill. Here she attended lectures with titles roughly "Latin is Alive and Well" and "Latin can be Exciting". Looks like a good omen for the future! Her lessons will be even more exciting than in the past! Stay tuned Latin lovers! Vale atque vale . . .



## Miss Tokyo (Mr S. Yalichev)

The highlight this year of Japanese-related activities was the visit to Fort Street of Miss Tokyo during August. She was welcomed by the students of years 10 and 11. They were able to practise their spoken Japanese, however shyly, by answering questions put to them by Miss Tokyo.

The students' exchange scheme established by the Japanese Language Teachers' Association has continued to function. Students in years 10-12 are able to travel to Japan in December and enjoy a homestay with a Japanese family for one month. During this time students are able to share in the daily life of Japanese families, and also visit places of interest. Students from Fort Street have participated in the scheme since its inception in 1982. This year two students are scheduled to go on the exchange trip. Their language studies should benefit enormously from this experience.





Michael Porter's Work — Year 9



Sacha Hastentfeul's Work — Year 9

# EXCURSIONS

## NOUVELLE CALEDONIE

In May, Mr Garan took six of us – Sofie, Robyn, Caroline, Merceni, Steven and me – to Noumea. But he wasn't alone in his plight (having to try to keep us under control) – his daughter, Pauline, and son-in-law, Peter, came along too.

After Mr Garan had deserted us at Noumea Airport and we'd managed to find him again, we hopped onto a bus which took us to the youth hostel – which at night looked extremely grotty. In the morning we understood why the youth hostel could get away with it. The VIEW was breathtaking! The hostel was on top of a mountain behind a cathedral and the town and the beautiful blue Pacific.

After we had taken in the view, a woman from the travel agency came and gave us a brief lecture on Noumea and the rest of New Caledonia (all of which Mr Garan committed to memory and recited at any opportune moment throughout our stay). We were then loaded onto a bus and shown "the sights".

The next day we were finally let loose on our own to look around Noumea. We were let loose again the next morning on the sole condition that we all be back by 4.30 for the "BOUGNA" (Melanesian Feast). After squabbling about where we wanted to go, we walked around shopping and investigating generally. The shops in Noumea close at noon and open again at 2 – which seemed to us to leave rather a long lunch break! During this time we went to sample the beaches, which are far superior to any we have here in Sydney. Once we had found a suitable beach with a handy chip shop across the road, we settled down to the serious job of getting our tropical holiday tans!

Around 2 pm we packed up again and went back to town to post our postcards. After much whinging and irritation, we arrived only to have the post office door slammed in our faces – at which time it all became too much for me, so I deserted the others and did some solo window-shopping. AND, OF COURSE, I completely forgot about the "BOUGNA". I ended up lying around reading while the others were out.

From all reports, I heard that it (the Bougna) was "Al-l-right" and the only things they really enjoyed about it were, first and foremost, meeting some girls from Melbourne to whom they immediately took a disliking and teased; and secondly, watching Mr Garan dance with his 'Hawaiian dancing lady'. After everybody made sure I was alright, I was given a stern lecture.

During the middle of the week, we went to 'AMEDEE' island with its beautiful beach and lighthouse. We all walked up the 268 steps with almost no trouble at all. The view there was great too, as you could see through the clear water to the coral reef. To further examine the coral, we were taken out in a glass-bottomed boat.

The meal at AMEDEE was not served (as one would imagine) on wooden platters, but on metal trays which looked like they had walked out of an episode of M\*A\*S\*H\*. Despite this, the food was delicious. Again Mr Garan had a chance to dance, as did Sofie. The person with whom Mr Garan danced this time, was referred to by him as 'My Beautiful Japanese Bride'.

On two occasions we managed to persuade Peter to let us go out at night. (Although Mr Garan was in charge, Peter made all the decisions!). He (Peter) came along grudgingly as our chaperone. We were all "dolled up" and excited (including Pauline). After all, it isn't every day you get to sample the nightlife of another country. The first night we had to be home at 11, much to our frustration. The second night we stayed out until 2 – to arrive home to find Mr Garan waiting up for us. He wasn't worried, he said, he just couldn't sleep. He had been talking to the man at the youth hostel who didn't ever speak !?!

And then, after a last look at Noumea on the bus ride to the airport, we all shed tears and promised to return. While waiting for our plane, we played a game of volleyball in the middle of the airport, much to the dismay of onlookers. On the plane we thought about how much we DIDN'T want to get back to driving on the left side of the road and bickering with miserable old Sydney bus drivers (Noumean Bus Drivers forever!) or return to the cold and our 'loving' families, not to mention our 'loving' school!

Now our tropical tans have faded but the memory of Noumea will never fade. AHHHH!

Melanie Coombs, Year 10



ABOVE RIGHT: Mr Garan & gang

RIGHT: Enjoying the day

# CANBERRA 1984

On Monday 10th September forty-six year 10 History students left Fort Street at 7.00 am for an excursion to Canberra. After the early start, we reached Mittagong within two hours where we had a brief stop. Our bus trip was made enjoyable thanks to our very knowledgeable coach captain John Swords, who was able to fill us in on much interesting information along the way.

After reaching Canberra, we headed straight for the site of the new Parliament House where we saw a plan, a short film and ate lunch. It was then we were taken on a tour of the foreign embassies, many of which represent their own cultures.

We then went to Parliament House and for a short time sat in on Question time in the House of Representatives. We also sat in on the Senate where the security guard seemed to be receiving more attention from the girls than what was going on below us. We couldn't believe the way our "leaders" behaved. What an "eye-opener"!

From Parliament House we went to the High Court and toured three courts. After that we drove to the motel, stopping on the way, to the Serbian Church, which contained some fantastic art work.



After dinner we went up the Black Mountain Tower and saw all the lights of Canberra and the surrounding areas. We then went for a tour of the town and stopped at the edge of Lake Burley Griffin, when we walked to the Carillon. A hard night lay ahead.

On Tuesday morning, after breakfast – for those who felt well enough – we left the Motel shortly after 9.00 am. Thanks to John we managed to fit in some extra sites which included a tour of the National Sports' Institute, where we saw the Swimming & Tennis Centres and the Indoor Stadium, all of which were very modern.

We had a short stop at the Australian Mint and we then went to the War Memorial and everybody walked off in small groups and did his/her own work. At the Memorial, John cooked us lunch, and then we left the city of Canberra and drove up Mt Ainslie to see a panoramic view of Canberra by day. This was our final stop and we left on our return journey listening to tapes of Madonna, Cold Chisel, Bill Cosby, Billy Idol, Prince and more. Our only stop on the way back was at Berrima, where most indulged in delicious homemade ice creams. We arrived back at school at 5.45 p.m. on Tuesday evening.

A special thanks to Mr Glebe and Mrs Hosking for being such good sports on the entire trip.

Emma McDonald, Year 10

# SUGAR CANE ALLEY

In September, a large group of French students went to see "Sugar Cane Alley" in the Dendy Cinema, at Martin Place. "Sugar Cane Alley" is a film about the life of a boy who grew up among the sugar cane workers of Martinique. The film is based on the once banned book by Joseph Zobel. It has only two professionals in its cast. A sensitive film.

(Mr E. Garan)

"EZHAN FALCY IS A NEW WRITER-DIRECTOR OF EXCEPTIONAL ABILITIES:"

—Vincent Canby, NEW YORK TIMES

"THE WORK OF A WORLD CLASS FILMMAKER, AND IS TO BE SEEN AND SAVORED..."

I can not overpraise the casting and acting which jumps out of the screen with an expressive vitality!"

—Andrew Sarris, VILLAGE VOICE



## Sugar Cane Alley

a film by Euzhan Palcy  
based on the novel by Joseph Zobel  
starring Darling Legitimus, Garry Cadornal, Ousita Seck  
a co-production of Sumala - Orca - Nef Diffusion

Montreuil/France based on the novel "Le Rue Cassé Nègre" by Joseph Zobel

## FRENCH EXCURSION TO THE H.S.C. PLAY "UNE TEMPETE"

Scene: Bondi Pavilion Theatre

Do you want to learn some real American? Do you wish you could roll your "r r rs" like the French? No problem! – just go to a French play with American actors. If you had seen "une Tempete" like the dozen of us in Year 12 French, you could do it by now.

Imagine this: one huge broomstick of a man, dressed in red flashy pants, bright shirt, beard, glasses and Swagman's hat playing exotic music on a drum, guitar, cymbals and a comb. Further, imagine one beautiful girl, one gorgeous male to play her lover and an English upper class gentleman dressed in jungle clothes, one wind with blue hair and one half-cast (smeared of course with shoe cream). Do you have the general idea? Good! Now wait for a serious play on the oppression of negroes, the dominating white coloniser, revolt and intrigue ... you can wait forever.

Actors on stage – you hear the first wonderful words of true French by native speakers – you settle down – but NO! What do you hear? A sort of quaking, squirming, squeaking: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieuu! Un Vairsssseau qui coulllle! (My God! My God! A sinking ship). You could have been forgiven for thinking you were in the wrong theatre but a quick look at the program and you were enlightened: the delightful FRENCH girl Miranda was being played by an American.

All serenity you might have had, dwindled. But it was to be even better! At the climax of the play, where the slave Caliban tells the coloniser Prospero what he thinks of him, you have two drunken men (Stephano, Trinculo) rolling, crawling and falling over each other. The characters Stephano and Trinculo were received with laughter, while Prospero and Caliban were trying, with desperately serious faces, to return the audience to the point of the play. We fear that it was lost. But nevertheless it was entertaining with its acrobatics and exotic music – very worthwhile.

Year 12 French Students

# STILL MORE . . .

do Fortians ever work at school?

## A DAY IN INDONESIA

### DAY TRIPPERS TO INDONESIA

In September Miss M. Ireland went with her Year 8 Asian Social Studies to the Waverley Council's Library at Bondi Junction to view an exhibition of things "Indonesian". Artefacts were on display – masks, jewellery, clothing, fabric and rugs. Films about Indonesia were screened. It was a true Indonesian experience. The following is an imaginary letter written (in ten minutes) by Alexandra Nittes, who was inspired by the display.

Indonesia, September 1984.

Dear Mum and Dad,

I am having a great time in Indonesia. Wish you were here. The culture, I think, is really interesting. For instance, the artwork is incredible. They have really scary paintings. One I saw was incredibly intricate and immensely detailed, showing an Indonesian mermaid with millions of fish swimming around her. Much plant life – seaweed etc, surrounded her.

Some masks I saw really frightened me. I mean, they all had really large eyes. There was one called "The Alengkan Devil" – with red skin and fangs who was supposedly ruled by a demon with ten heads.

The batik – printing of fabric using wax – is beautiful. They use a lot of browns, reds and black. One amazing batik, showed a Garuda and a Uaga (they looked as if they were having a fight).

Their weaving is really detailed (just like all Indonesian art). They sometimes use glittery threads, using mostly browns, oranges and reds. To get a 'feathery' look to the outline of the pattern, they colour the thread before weaving it in.

They also hand-make baskets and shadow puppets (they love shadow puppets over here in Indonesia).

The clothing is quite pretty – actually, you don't get a lot of blues or greens – mostly earthy colours (red, brown, orange). I have seen a Koran (the Islamic Bible) and a prayer rug. It was red and blue with intricate designs – a beautiful sight!

On their umbrellas they had painted what looked like mosquitoes! We in Australia try to get as far away from them as possible!

Speaking of Australia, I'm coming home on Tuesday. I have loved Indonesia but am looking forward to seeing you,

Your daughter,  
Alexandra

## YEAR 7 STUDENTS INVADE FITZROY FALLS

It all started with us all getting lost at Central Station. We had all been told that it would be very cold, so we all had really warm clothes on. I looked like a cross between Paddington Bear (with apologies to Mick Young) and a pregnant yeti. We all piled onto the train, did all the things we were not supposed to do like putting ourselves in the luggage racks, and pouring water out the window.

When we arrived at Berrima it was "30" degrees rather than the expected "-1". Nevertheless, Berrima was a pleasant town with many trees, much grass and old fashioned buildings. We sat down there and ate our soggy lunches.

On the way to the camp site we visited a goat farm with many goats and a dairy farm with only one dairy.

At the camp we found that the toilets did not work, but otherwise there were few complaints. We all almost contracted dysentery but we weren't too worried.

During the next day we went on a great bushwalk, which involved cliffs, rivers, valleys, trees, running water, undergrowth, fleas, flies and Mr Morrison. After that we walked back to camp and lazed around, eating junk food for the rest of the day.

On the third and final day we all sat in the bush for ten minutes. I particularly enjoyed that. We then cleaned up the camp site and prepared for the return journey.

To sum up the camp – we all enjoyed it, we all got to know each other better and we certainly saw the other side of Mr Morrison. Thank you to him for his role as "guardian" and for his sense of humour.

Anthony Moore 7T



Yvonne of 7T and goat.



Greetings from COHUNA ANGORA STUD



# Year 12 Campers

## YEAR 12 GEOGRAPHERS' CAMP AT FITZROY FALLS

So much for the effort of getting up extra early, combating the winter conditions and lugging our sleeping bags up the hill to Fort Street. The threats of being left behind could have only applied to those who issued them – our loving guides and supervisors Miss Ireland and Mr Baker. Mr Baker, who decided our company on the bus would be too much to cope with, organized his own transport, probably to everybody's benefit.

After a late start and the adjustment of hearing needed to bear with the competition between two cassette recorders on the bus, the first stop at AGM (Australian Glass Manufacturers) was made. After a lecture and a tour of the factory, we were off again, heading south for the Sublime Point Lookout. The stop was short, the view spectacular, the lunch edible and Glenn Guerreiro a pest as usual.

We'd run out of time to do our beach study. So it was on the Fitzroy Falls Conference Centre, or was it? Our "grumpy" bus driver managed to get lost, and of course it had to be on a dirt road in the middle of nowhere, that was not nearly wide enough for a bus. Going down a steep, windy road was a most thrilling experience. Then we discovered civilisation i.e. the main road and finally we arrived at the Conference Centre.

Waking up to exercises was not the most desirable way to start the day but breakfast was a welcome distraction. Moss Vale residents didn't know what had hit them when we arrived. Split up into groups, we marauded every part of the town, interviewing shoppers and asking questions everywhere. They were probably glad to see us go at lunch time when we were off to invade other towns such as Bundanoon, Exeter and Suttons' Forest. After a well earned rest back at the Conference Centre, each group presented a lecture on their findings and an educational evening was had by all.

Another dose of "fitness" and off to the Moss Vale Dairy Factory. Did you know that milk actually does come from a cow? Just to convince those non-believers a trip to a Dairy Farm followed. Despite some little incidents in the milking shed, everyone loved the young calf. The rest of the day was spent at the Conference Centre going over what we had learnt so far. Night entertainment was provided by Drazen and Company with an attempt at Rap dancing, disappointing most of the audience.

What, over already? Not quite. Yet another morning jog and a very early lunch. Catching up for lost time, we did a beach and rock platform study at Geroa and stopped very briefly at Wollongong for an urban study. Shopping interviews were done, a brief look at the shopping centre and then we were off, heading for home. A hurried attempt on the bus to finish all the work we were supposed to have done made us realise how fast the time had passed. Who said Geography camps were all work and no play? We Did.

Della Aynsley, Year 12



Dean Ellis, Adrian Bogatez and Mr R. Baker at Exeter.

## YEAR 11 HOME SCIENCE STUDENTS GO TO PRE-SCHOOL

The Year 11 Home Science students went to Petersham Pre-School on 23rd July, 1984. The unit of work being studied was the "Socialisation of Children" under the main theme of "Family Studies". The aim of the excursion was to observe children socialising in an environment other than the family. We were at the pre-school for an hour during the morning, in which we observed the children at play and socialising with other children and teachers within the pre-school. We mixed with the children and joined them in their activities. Some interesting friendships were formed with the little ... (surely we weren't like that). After the hour's fun and games we had a short talk with Mrs Keating – the school's director. This talk consisted of the teaching methods and what the child's day involved.

... and so back to school

... And to Sydney Tech

On the 22nd June, Year 11 Home Science students accepted an invitation from Sydney Technical College to attend a day of lectures and practicals on "Food Preservation". The aim of the excursion was to extend our knowledge on the principles involved in the preservation of food. Lectures provided us with an understanding of both the factors causing food spoilage and the principles we would then employ in the preparation of yoghurt and the canning of pineapple. The day proved to be very beneficial to our study of the nature of food and was enjoyed by all.

Miss M. Sykes

# HOME ECONOMICS AND TEXTILES & DESIGN



Miss M. Sykes, Miss I. Butler,  
Ms L. Foster, Mrs I. Nicholson.

## HOME ECONOMICS REPORT

Home Economics is a term covering the two subject areas of Home Science and Textiles & Design. Home Economics at Fort Street High School is taught by Irene Butler, Marie-Anne Sykes and Lyndall Foster.

Home Science and Textiles & Design sometimes suffer from being called 'non-academic' . . . well, while it is true that neither are boring, they are definitely worthwhile academic pursuits.

Home Science encompasses such areas as: Nutrition, Food Technology, Housing, Family Studies, Resource Management, Cultural Studies, and the Consumer. The practical application of these through experiments, excursions, activities and food preparation is the major part of the course.

Textiles & Design encompasses such areas as: Textile Technology, Consumerism, Creative Design, Cultural and Historical studies and the practical application of these through experiments, excursions, textile craft activities and garment design and construction.

Students studying Home Science this year have participated successfully in: excursions to Sydney Technical College, Petersham Pre-School, Sydney Building Information Centre, Balmain area for housing, a variety of restaurants, Glebe Retirement Village, talks given by the Heart Foundation, Nursing Mothers' Association, NSW Fish Board, Freedom from Hunger and a variety of catering activities for the school.

## CULTURAL CUISINE

The natural "habit" of cooking and eating is so taken for granted that some pupils are not even aware how lucky they are just to be in a school that offers such a mixed collection of cultures. The course "Cultural Cuisine" is aimed at developing an understanding of the cultures that surround us and to acquire knowledge in the preparation and presentation of foods typical of these cultures. A study of the associated cultural habits or customs is also undertaken with emphasis placed on the nutritional advantages and disadvantages offered by the various cultures as a result of their food habits.

Miss M. Sykes

### Seon Chong & Inara Walden of the Year 11 Cultural Cuisine Class — cooking up a feast.



# NATIONAL ABORIGINES' WEEK



Ms Vicki Cowden came to Fort Street in September 1984 as a student teacher of History. She has an aboriginal background. The following is a copy of the speech Ms Cowden delivered to the school assembly to commemorate National Aborigines' Week, September 10-16.

This, NAW, is a time of the year when Aboriginal Australians can openly celebrate a truly great cultural heritage of at least 40,000 years and the fact of our survival against all odds over the last 200 years. NAW is also an opportunity for all people who now live in this country to consider the complexity of Aboriginal culture and its affinity with this land and to consider their responsibility for seeing justice done to Aboriginal people.

Firstly, I would like to talk a little about cultural heritage – 40,000 years is a long, long time. Aboriginal culture predates by 10,000 years the building of the Pyramids, a mere 4½ centuries ago.

The oral history of Aboriginal people includes events beyond the living or written memory of most people – the hunting of giant wombats and kangaroos of 31,000 years ago, the flooding of the area now known as Bass Strait between 12,000 and 20,000 years ago, the eruption of a volcano now known as Mt Muirhead in S.A. 20,000 years ago. This to me is a truly remarkable cultural feat, to have stored in the minds of people, events of so long ago.

This continent was totally occupied by over 600 tribal groupings or nations, 300 different language groups and there was as much physical variation amongst them as amongst the people of Europe. The Aboriginal people lived in the harshest parts of the continent as well as the well-watered fringes and river valleys and developed distinctly different lifestyles, which reflected their physical environments. Thus, there were people, who were settled villagers and gardeners as well as people who led a nomadic lifestyle. It was and often still is, believed that territorial respect was for all time; so there could be no wars of conquest. There were no systems of government which hold to anyone having hereditary rights to unequal power, no castes, classes or central authority. Hunting was only for need not for sport or what is sometimes referred to as "pleasure". Aboriginal people lived well. There was an abundance of food and a minimum of strife.

The common binding cultural factor for all Aboriginal people is their relationship with the land. Traditionally the tribes lived "with" the land without destroying it. This factor alone is something worth celebrating with pride at this point in time when the ill-effects of long term misuse of this land are beginning to be felt. I refer here to the problems of the encroaching desert (grown by 1/3), the Murray River's imminent death, open cut mining, the problems of radioactive waste, eucalyptus dieback, widespread erosion, acid rain, loss of topsoil, deforestation, droughts, fires, mice plagues. I suggest to you these are all problems of mismanagement arising from a lack of respect for the land. They affect all of us eventually.

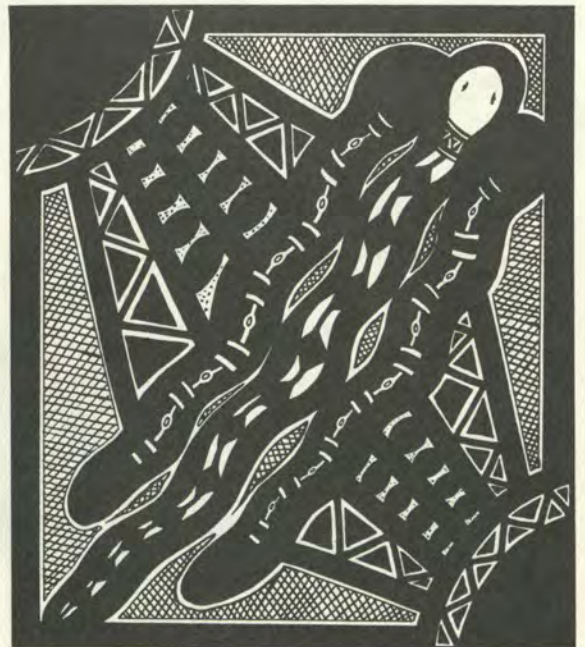


Vicki Cowden

There is no doubt that the true history of the Aboriginal Australians has long been distorted and ignored. The traditional lifestyle has been slandered in order to allow and justify immense crimes against a people. These horrendous crimes of the last 196 years have been allowed to go without redress because of a conspiracy of silence. The history is beginning to be written. Sad and bloodstained, every country town has its massacre there in its past, and no Aboriginal person is forgetting. We mourn those old people, long gone, and we mourn the land which was literally stolen from under the feet of Aboriginal people. This has left us a largely broken and impoverished people.

This NAW is only four years away from the celebration of the Bicentenary of Captain Phillip landing on these shores. It was remarked recently that asking Australian Aborigines to celebrate this event is much like asking the Jewish people to celebrate the holocaust. No, we won't celebrate. What we do ask for is a treaty for Australian Aborigines, which is long overdue and which includes a settlement of land claims. This would go some way towards seeing justice done, give Aboriginal people some hope for the future and perhaps give this new nation Australia, the chance to develop a soul.

Ms Vicki Cowden





The Major Work of 1984 of Emma McDonald, Year 10.



The Shoes of Melanie Coombs, Year 10.



The Work of Gina Leros, Year 12.



Miss Page & Mr Cohen.





Nicole Rappell's, Year 12, Major Work. ▶



The Work of Helen Brook, Year 12.

The Work of Jon Simmons, Year 10.





At the beginning of Term II, four students from the Conservatorium, themselves very capable performers and specialist tutors, were brought to the school to give tuition in four areas:

1. cornet/trumpet
2. drums/percussion
3. flute
4. clarinet

Lessons were soon underway for a total of forty children, mainly from Year 7. The keenness and dedication of these children, plus the skill of their teachers, has brought amazing results in only fourteen weeks. These young performers, practising daily on instruments borrowed from the school, will be the nucleus of Fort Street's music in years to come. And it will not be long, either, for I (and many others) believe a strong correlation exists between high intelligence and high musical ability.

This is one of the first things I noticed when I first came to Fort Street: the incredible natural aptitude of the students. It's a pity that we don't have two or three music teachers to assume the responsibility of such talent and to provide the time necessary to develop greater performance opportunities.

Another fairly important change has been the switch from the very traditional "brass" band to the more contemporary "concert" band. The difference between the two being the type of instruments involved and the style of music played.

As there were many talented (and potentially talented) wind players in the school it seemed unfair that they had no performance outlet. The new concert band incorporates these wind players with some of the old brass players. The mix is now: trumpets, trombones, tuba, flutes, clarinets, saxophone, bassoon, drums, timpani.

Such a marriage of wind and brass has proved to be quite successful. Of course, the real rewards will be long-term. The sound is lighter, the music more contemporary, and the style in keeping with trends in the outside world. Of course, much work has yet to be done to increase the size of the band and improve the quality of the music.

The old brass band now operates, in a modified form, for the school assemblies where a louder, fuller tone is needed. A concert band would not be loud enough to lead the school's singing.

The Jazz Band is now performing at almost a professional standard. Thanks are due to John Bates of the Science Staff for his valuable expert assistance with this group. I was very proud to hear them perform at the assembly in honour of Mr Cavalier, and at their performance for the shoppers at Leichhardt Marketown in Term II.

An Instrumental Festival on October 18 in the Sydney Town Hall will see both the Jazz and the Concert Band in performance. Fort Street can be proud in anticipation of their fine show.

The School Choir still functions, but has not performed for the school due to dropping numbers. Thanks are extended to Mrs Finnerty for her work with the choir. If only she were here more often, we would certainly have a stronger contingent.

To sum up this report on the Music Department, I would say that 1984 has certainly been a challenge for me, and an



enjoyable challenge. The potential in this school for a healthy music department is enormous and hopefully 1985 will be the beginning of its expansion.

Gillian Young, Music Teacher

## 3-2= MATHS 4+2=

Several changes have taken place in the Maths Department this year. All ran quite smoothly during Term 1. In Term 2 Mr P. McFarland left Fort Street to teach at a re-training unit in Leichhardt. Mrs P. Mikl left to become a "mother". She had a beautiful baby daughter named Joanne. Congratulations! Mrs J. McLean and Mr P. Roberts have successfully filled those vacancies (unless Mrs Mikl and Mr McFarland return, as they both have the right to do so).

With the worst of our disruptions over, Fortians continued to blossom as budding mathematicians. We entered almost three hundred students in the Canberra Mathematics competition. Malcolm Gilies of Year 8 won a prize in his age group. Congratulations Malcolm!

Fortians also entered the NSW Maths Olympiad and the NSW University Mathematics Competition. Two students, Narelle Grant and Nickoleta Flampoulidou attended a camp for "talented" students from Years 6 and 7 from this region.

We, in the Maths department, hope that the Department of Education resolves the problem of shortage of Mathematics teachers in the very near future.

Thanks go to Mr T. Rose, who has been teaching Maths this year. He was a worthy "addition".

Mr R. Riches



BACK (L to R): Mrs J. McLean, Mr B. Hayes, Mr S. Baker, Mr R. Riches, Miss G. McInnes.  
Front (L to R): Mrs C. McGowan, Mr P. Roberts, Mrs M. Stamoulos.

# SCHOOL



# DANCE



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Danielle Bissaker, Karen Davies, Sunmin Chung, Dorina Distefeno, Jennifer Brewster, Belinda Brooke, Maria Crupi, Larina Bennett, Melanie Coombs  
**SECOND ROW:** Khai Bui, Maria Dos Santos, Darren Boyd, Lisa Busch, Rita Baira, Michelle Cridland, Mark Colston, Claudine Cowling, Michael Boehm  
**THIRD ROW:** Simon Chang, Brett Bidwell, Darryn Brown, Shane Baker, Robert Bayley, Seungho Choe, Stephen Bartolomei  
 Year 10 F



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Kelly Harwood, Julie Forrest, Vicky Drakousis, Megan Doyle, Sofia Gibson, Robyn Englert, Despina Georgakis, Deborah Helmrich, Penny Gretton  
**SECOND ROW:** Slavic Feldman, Michael Findlay, Giuseppe Daspromonte, Kelvin Ha, George Giannopoulos, James Giannisis, Julian Dell, Ricardo Delgado  
**THIRD ROW:** Cattina Emmi, Melissa Gibson, Kerry Govas, Graeme Fitchett, William Doyle, Luca D'Angelo, Lucy Dougherty, Marianne Grant  
 Year 10 O





**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Gina Kelly, Michelle Holzschuh, Kanela Katralis, Kelly Lawless, Deborah Kang, Ly Johnson, Jennifer Jamieson, Astrid Krautschneider, Doris Kakogiannis  
**SECOND ROW:** Mun Wai Low, Sunwoo Jin, Anthony Inglis, Andrew Hamilton, Jason Hennessy, Henry Louie, John Hallworth, Rodney Lowe, Peter Louie  
**THIRD ROW:** Michael Kiernan, Julie Hoare, Madeleine Jennings, Kim Hughes, Leah Kamp, Nick Kaloudis  
**FOURTH ROW:** Jim Kalotheos, Yung Kim, Richard Lennane, Emmanuel Hadjakis  
 Year 10 R



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Kerry Mackay, Sylvana Lemos, Monica Mellar, Sarah McLennan, Sharon Lowden, Emma McDonald, Ridia Lim, Nicole Litherland  
**SECOND ROW:** Kevin Moore, Alan Olan, Craig Murden, Michael Nolnar, Jeremy Newton, Patrick O'Riel, Sean McNamara, Arthur Panos, David Phelps  
**THIRD ROW:** Shiu Fong Lowe, Jennifer McLoughlin, Kym Manitta, Tracey McClelland, Alicia McLaren, Doris Maertens, Melissa McDonald  
**FOURTH ROW:** Gian Parodi, Lincoln McDowall, Andrew Pink, Paul Miller, John Micalizzi  
 Year 10 T Teacher: Mr P. McFarland



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Rosa Russo,, Jong Rim Pang, Natara Santos, Kym Shaw, Helen Sfinarolakis, Katie Schofield, Nicole Seagrott, Kimberley Shaw, Wai Ping Ng  
**SECOND ROW:** Tue Nghi Phung, Mark Stewart, Fanoula Plakias, Lisa Prill, Tina Picek, Lisa Rimunui, Caroline Pflieger, Joseph Rooney, Rachel Seminara  
**THIRD ROW:** Aleksander Stefanovic, Rodney Smith, David Riley, Petros Psychogios, Richard Stanaway, David Scott, Christopher Salmon, John Rudd  
 Year 10 1 Teacher: Mr R. Baker



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Bridget Tilley, Lia Unwin, Katherine Troy, Tanya Vajda, Ingrid Tellzen, Tina Zissimopoulos, Rachel Tonnett, Josephine Volpe, Daniela Tagliano  
**SECOND ROW:** Phillip Xenos, Stephen White, Maria Sidoti, Maria Vasilarea, Karen Thom, Tammy Tancred, Francene Sulfaro, William Tassone, Stephen Turner  
**THIRD ROW:** Bradley Wilson, Grant Thomson, Troy Uleman, Andrew Whatson, John Wilson  
**FOURTH ROW:** Scott Young, Brandon Wendt, Con Tselonis, Jason Weekes, Mark Young  
 Year 10 A

# Our Counsellor

All School Counsellors working in NSW schools have, at some stage, been teachers. Following teaching (and a degree in psychology) we completed a course designed to assist us in working out problems related specifically to school students. Thus we are able to (and should) see problems from both the pupils' and the teachers' point of view.

Some students are referred to the Counsellor by teachers or by parents who contact me at the school. This is occasionally seen somehow as "punishment" by some students. My first aim is to reassure these students that counselling is about working out problems that they may be having in school or with others. It is not about blaming anyone.

Other students refer themselves to the counsellor and this is always a promising sign, since it suggests that these students are motivated to change their situation or to change what they see as a problem.

Following discussion of the problem, "a plan of action" is arrived at co-operatively. Ideally, this plan also has the support of the student's parents and teachers, who may help and offer genuine encouragement to carry out the plan.

The plan might involve the developing of skills to organise time, study effectively, learn to relax, set goals, resolve conflicts or satisfy other needs seen by the student. My particular theoretical approach is Reality Therapy developed by William Glasser, whose basic precept is that everyone is responsible for his own behaviour or actions. Counselling, according to Glasser, begins at this point. Counselling can assist students to accept this responsibility and can offer more constructive, positive or socially appropriate ways of behaving, which are alternative to the approaches which may currently be prolonging the problem.

One of the pleasures of counselling at Fort Street is that the students are invariably bright and often verbal. They are able to discuss their difficulties intelligently and will attempt to "talk them through". When a fair and reasonable plan is made, we often write it down and invite the parents to the school to discuss it and support it. Sometimes a contract or agreement is drawn up between the student and their parents or the student and a teacher, which establishes limits on behaviour and delineates roles and responsibilities for carrying out the plan. While this may mean a bit of hard work, there is very little mystery involved.

Occasionally, I may refer students or their families, to another agency for additional help. However, it should be noted that a student's right to confidentiality is always respected.

Mr S. Scheduling



Tammy Tancred of Yr 10 and Mr Scheduling

## PUPIL WELFARE COMMITTEE

This committee has been meeting over the last four years at the instigation of the former School Counsellor, Joan Lewis and continued by our present counsellor Mr Steve Scheduling. The Principal, the Form Co-ordinators, the Teacher-in-charge of Boys, the Teacher-in-charge of Girls, the Careers' Counsellor and the Personal Development Teachers meet every Thursday at lunchtime to discuss general matters of pupil welfare, such as truancy, exam stress, adjustment to high school for Year 7, as well as specific problems of individual pupils. Such problems arise due to poor family matters, school progress, behaviour and attitude, lateness to school and others.

Our aim is to co-ordinate procedures in dealing with pupils in the school; to disseminate relevant information to the key teachers who may then provide a supportive environment for pupils with problems. We want to develop a welfare network amongst teachers to whom pupils can turn. We aim to discuss with and suggest to staff, changes and improvements to school policies such as discipline rules, and activities, to liaise with the School Council, P and C, to contact government organizations and welfare institutions which may provide services, advice, facilities and information to parents and pupils in key problem areas.

Specific achievements such as the introduction of a Personal Development Course and a Social Education Day for Year 11 should be noted.

Miss M. Ireland

# "THE SKIN"



**RAEF SULLY**  
Mr Antrobus



**RICHARD LENNANE**  
James Dribble



**SOFIE GIBSON**  
Sabine



**LIZI McMULLEN**  
Stage Manager



**GINA KELLY**  
Gladys



**BEN GRIPTON**  
The Dinosaur



**MELANIE COOMBS**  
Esmeralda



**SUSAN MEADOWS**  
Prompt

## "THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH"

In November, 1983 the Fort Street Drama Committee consisting of: Chairman Mr R. Horan, Lighting Designer Mr K. Ambler, Property Manager Mr A. Crawford, Wardrobe Co-ordinator Ms I. Butler and Artistic Directors Ms S. Page and Miss S. Smith, was formed.

Thus the stage was set for yet another drama production, directed by Ms R. Morey. The play decided on was "The Skin of Our Teeth" by Thornton Wilder. Engulfing a time span of millions of years and the serious theme of humanity's endurance, the allegorical characters in "The Skin" still managed to entertain and amuse with their absurd antics. Wilder proposed to tell the story of civilization's major catastrophes such as war, glacier and flood. Not only a tribute to humanity's indomitable will, "The Skin of Our Teeth" is a play which is amusing and "baffling".

In November, 1983 Ms Morey began auditions. Casting proved to be quite an ordeal — with many talented "would-be Thespians" eager to participate. Rehearsals began in first term, 1984 and it was said that on many a winter's morning leading actors could be seen frozen in the school's quad-rangle. The two weeks preceding the performances saw cast and crew working tirelessly in a dedicated effort, and the fruits of their work were seen in August. A matinée and three evening performances treated Fortians, parents and the general public to this wonderful production.

For everybody involved in the production, "The Skin" provided a unique experience and a great time. Special thanks to Ms Morey without whose inspiration "The Skin" would not have evolved. Thank you also to Mr Horan for his encouragement and to Mr Ambler, Mr Crawford, Ms Butler, Ms Page, Miss Smith and the Jazz Band for their dedication. Thank you to all who supported us.

As a member of the cast lucky enough to be associated with this year's production, I'd also like to add my sincerest gratitude to all crew and cast for their warmth and hard work throughout.

Gina Kelly, Year 10



**DOMENIC SIRONI**  
Music Co-ordinator



**KHAIDANG**  
Henry



**STEPHANIE BAROV**  
Mrs Antrobus



**RODNEY SMITH**  
George Noguts



**THEA BUTLER**  
Geraldine Dagg



**RICHARD ANDERSON**  
Mr Fitzpatrick



**JASON WEEKES**  
Lighting Manager



**IRENE HO**  
The Mammoth

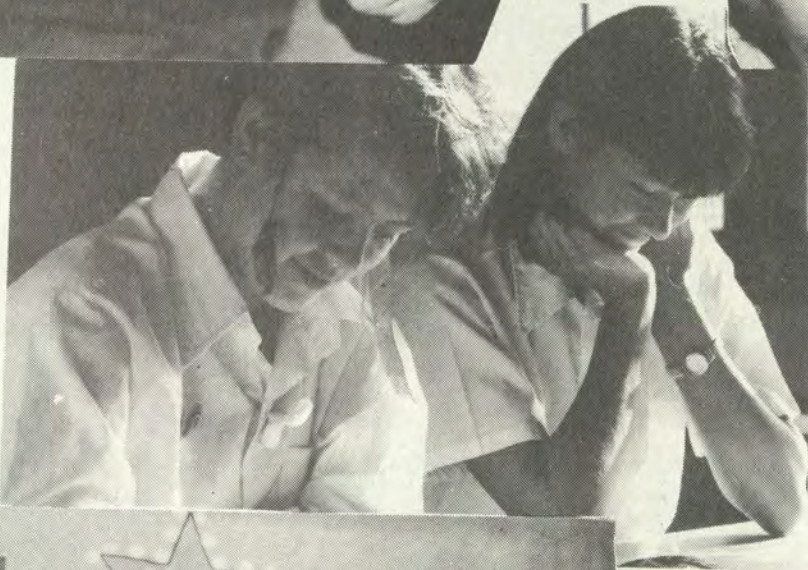
## THE VAL LEMBIT DRAMA PRIZE

On his retirement at the end of 1983, Mr Val Lembit (ex-principal Fort Street High School) decided to present a drama prize in his name to be awarded at Speech Day every year. If there is no school production, then the prize will go to a student who proves to be most articulate and who has represented the school successfully in areas such as Public Speaking or Debating.

The 1983 winner of the Val Lembit Drama Prize was awarded to Adrian Parr of Year 12 for her outstanding performance as "Eliza" in the school's 1983 production of "Pygmalion". She was presented with the award at Speech Day in March of this year.

Congratulations Adrian!

Ms J. Levi



**BEHIND THE  
SCENES AND  
ON-STAGE**

FELLING CONFUSED OVER T.V.  
(... with apologies to Bruce Dawe)

Here's Johnny Carson  
smiling at the microphone,  
in rides Ronald Reagan  
watering his horse,  
now there's Batman taking out his pressure pack,  
in charges Robin showing off his snorts,  
here's Joe the gadget man  
beaming up to the Enterprise  
there's the F.B.I. investigating the corpse;  
Don't panic everyone.... please!  
The murderer is aboard this ship  
and is the man in the green hat.  
Is he the butler, or could it be Doctor Smith?  
Where is Daffy Duck now,  
but in a gourmet's kitchen where he is chanting  
a recipe for duck soup  
....and here's my doctor  
shaking me conscious, with my white padded  
cell glaring at me like Antarctica  
whereto has Batman gone?  
faded cape, Gotham city gone  
doggone  
me mind gone  
gone, hey, gone, hey, gone

Richard Walsh, Year 12

The end is near...  
August has come,  
The August/September break is near  
Now we cry at night.

Expectations high,  
Of work to be done,  
guilt shows in every smile  
sounds in every word, it never gets finished.

Silence is the key  
H.S.C. the taboo  
Eight weeks, and we'll be free  
Eight weeks equals two years equals twelve years,  
Hours never so short, never so long.

Hours spent insanely,  
To ward away insanity.  
We fight to maintain the norm,  
To live with regularity,  
but pressure sets the pace, panic sets the mood,  
laughing by day, crying by night.  
We move into grey.

Monique Rappell, Year 12

FIRST TIME

Oh galant hearts, march on...  
With enmity against this bitter sweetness,  
The future is distant though the past remorse;  
Let not today's grievances shatter you —  
To live is to pain; yet life goes on

Mark Tziotis, Year 11

P  
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R  
Y

Darkness arched around me  
With the distant hiss of vehicles,  
On the road beyond me  
With the whistle of wind through trees,  
And bows of wood creaking,  
My mind meanders to and fro,  
Far beneath the vaults of time...  
In dungeons dark, and caverns deep  
With malice as a torch  
Through tunnels long, cold and void  
Angrily did I wander,  
Seeking treasures of lust and gold  
Over wide, wide plains of woe  
And through seas of bitterness,  
I did painfully roam,  
But ever did my heart turn back  
To that long and winding road  
Which leads to places of eternal rest  
And forests of green and gold  
In valleys of cool rest,  
Across gentle rivers of peace  
My weary feet have trod  
And with the sword of victory,  
I've climbed the mounts of price and bliss  
Where the springs of contentment flow,  
But, still that winding road goes on  
And follow it, hard I'll try...

And as I lay in my bed,  
With the world now dark and dreary,  
As time consumes the night so slow,  
And the vehicles still pass on and fade  
The wind still whispers its secret message,  
And beats upon my panes,  
I will lay,  
And think of things,  
You'll never know!

Mark Antoniadis, Year 11F

TIME

Seconds cast from the clock,  
Strewn to the breezes of time  
As sand scatters from a shattered hour glass,  
Away,  
Pulling my life behind on sticky strings of cobweb  
To disappear into oblivion,  
The clockface,  
Mocking as the stark hands move slowly,  
Stealing the very breath from my lips,  
The life from my cells,  
Is resolute in its slow march  
Round and  
round  
and round,  
While the earth spins round the sun,  
And consciousness spins before  
My eyes,  
And away  
At last.

Lisa Busch, Year 10

The clock stops,  
Its alarm no more to ring  
funeral bells for the death of an hour,  
The hands are corpses, their ticking journey ended,  
And my heart ticks on,  
But before the earth stops its lonely revolution,  
funeral bells will ring, for me, However  
The alarm for my ending will  
not  
Disturb my sleep

Stranger in the Town.  
 Dubbo.  
 Broken Hill, Cowra,  
 Nevertire.  
 Another town  
 another chance?  
 A quid or two to keep him  
 going.  
 Throat  
 dry.  
 Pocket empty.  
 Weary, trudging  
 body.  
 Burning, aching  
 feet  
 that zephyr-like stir  
 the lazy dust.  
 He pauses,  
 to observe  
 a drought-filled land  
 of famished crops.  
 trees crushed by a pressing  
 sun.  
 wilted, crisped, scorched and  
 dying.  
 Deserted  
 sandy road, end in sight  
 a town that hovers  
 above the haze,  
 blinding tin rooves  
 that beat back their  
 welcome.  
 The scent of rotting fruit  
 remnants of a merciless  
 summer  
 pierces the air and  
 startles  
 him to consciousness.  
 Tension.  
 In the town  
 hostile faces inspect  
 "trouble", they forsee  
 "different", "don't belong".  
 He passes by.  
 The storekeeper sweeps  
 beyond the door and  
 a man is swept away.  
 Flotsam and jetsam of  
 a dead society.  
 Lobster-red  
 faces,  
 rejecting  
 eyes that magnify his every move.  
 Indifference and hostility.  
 A stranger  
 to the children.  
 Silently,  
 Timidly he passes by  
 the pub.  
 Noise and joviality.  
 Outcast.  
 The children stare,  
 stop  
 in silence, then whisper.  
 He smiles,  
 but only the flies and  
 flea-bitten dogs return the  
 greeting.  
 Stay.  
 Go.

He shuffles .....

# POETRY

## NOISE POLLUTION

Fingers plodding, black and white  
 Mozart, Hayden, fills the night  
 Crescendos, pauses, mordents, flats,  
 The dirty keys with crumbs from Jatz.  
 Press the pedal, raise the A,  
 The B flats off from wood decay.  
 Piano music, sweet and clear,  
 Baroque, contemporary, a little queer.  
 Forte, accent, sharp, legato,  
 Frill, allegro, bass, staccato,  
 Oops! she missed the double sharp.  
 While playing duet with the harp,  
 Broken chords, harmonic scales,  
 Arpeggios, she hates! She wails,  
 She'd rather play some Brahms or Bach.  
 Than go to Taronga Zoological Park.  
 On she plays, wrong notes erupt,  
 Oh please, Oh please, they beg SHUT UP!

## MON FRÈRE

Mon frère est assez petit  
 Il a trois ans seulement  
 Il a les joues jolies  
 Et les dents blanches.

En été il est heureux  
 Joue dans le sable  
 Mais en hiver il est triste,  
 Tous les jours assis parmi les meubles.

Il est triste  
 Il est heureux  
 C'est mon frère.  
 Il est merveilleux.

**Dann Yee, Year 9**

**Pero Radosevic, Year 9**

## FATHER TO SON

What did I do to make you reject me?  
 Is it because my skin has grown wrinkles  
 Or my strength decreased?  
 I'm not as strong as I used to be.  
 You were once so close but now . . .  
 Why don't you ever come and visit the man  
 Whose knee you once sat upon?

He longs to see the face of that close-distant relative.  
 Could it be that I wasn't with you enough?  
 But I always took you to see the football  
 And played with you at Grandma's  
 I know it wasn't ever exciting, but . . .

I now realize that to be your father takes  
 More than self-presence...  
 It takes more than a pat on the back  
 And a smile.  
 It takes the one aspect of fatherhood I lacked  
 "Love."

**Domenic Sirone, Year 10**

## LIFE CYCLE OF A GYMNAST Shannon Harwood, Year 12

Wrapped in lycra,  
 taught to walk,  
 taken to school,  
 plays with chalk.

Trains at the gym  
 five days a week.  
 Pushy trainers  
 are not for the weak.

Works towards comps.  
 Training pays off  
 but trophies and medals  
 are still not enough.

Then turns professional,  
 legs start to tire.  
 Falters and stumbles,  
 forced to retire.

Bones are less supple,  
 fractures form,  
 teaches child prodigies  
 how to perform.

# POETRY

# SCREAMS FROM THE CLINIC ...

Schools are "great" places for spreading disease. Have you ever given a thought to those other Fortians – the staphylococci, salmonella, streptococci and viruses that share our happy habitat? You can't see them, but they, indeed, are with us!

In schools, people (and germs) are crowded together for long periods of time in small classrooms, which are often poorly ventilated, especially in winter. Hundreds of hands may pass over the same door handles, desks and chairs in a single day (and alas there is no soap in the toilets!). Students come to school bleary-eyed with flu because there is no one to look after them at home or because their teacher has given them an ultimatum ("That test/ assignment/ project has to be done tomorrow — or else!!"). Teachers breathe over pupils as they check their work, and students chew their pens. They then lend them to friends who absent-mindedly "pop" them into their mouths. There's a smorgasbord of hosts for those pesky parasites. You are probably a very kind host, yourself!



Cold, wintry days are the worst. You can all breathe the same air for eight periods or open the windows and freeze. But don't imagine that the cold air blowing into the window area is fresh. It has probably passed through the engines of 500 cars and 200 trucks before 9 a.m. and has just wafted over from Parramatta Road laden with lead compounds, unburnt hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and various nitrogen oxides. Translate this as headaches, increased incidence of asthma attacks and greater susceptibility to respiratory infections. Thus, we become ill!

On a wet winter's day as I look out of the staffroom window I often marvel at the miracle that some Year 7 student with blue legs and multiple goose bumps hasn't been found suffering from hypothermia, huddled in some cold, crowded and noisy corridor due to inadequate, wet-weather shelter and an aversion to jumpers. But life goes on!

Spring arrives, and just as the last cough of winter echoes through the Kilgour Quad, it's time to check the stock of calamine lotion. Itchy grubs are falling from trees and bumps and lumps are swelling on arms and legs. The heightened spirits caused by the warmer weather, are hazardous to the accident-prone. Cuts, bruises and break-ages are sustained just by crossing the playground at lunchtime.

However, Fortians are a rugged bunch and tend to survive the dangers associated with inner-city education. Who would want to be anywhere else? I have come to the conclu-



"It's very authentic, complete with stethoscope, blood pressure kit instruments, a diversified investment portfolio, trust fund, and tax shelters."

sion that one of the side effects of education is a well trained immune response. Keep it going!

On a more pragmatic level, 1984 saw a few "happenings". These were:

- an upgrading of the girls' toilets and the installation of a graffiti board,
- liaison with the Leichhardt Women's Health Centre,
- the Year 7 girls' Rubella vaccination,
- an anti-smoking campaign.

Special thanks go to Sherry Williams, Rachael White, Leisa Walters and Dimitra Xydis of 7A for their assistance in the clinic.

See you there!

Mrs C. Shaw

## PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT

Personal development is not, as many parents and members of the community fear, a "Sex & Drugs" course or a "Sex Education" course. It has been at Fort Street for four years and is a course which extends through the junior school with the overall aims of social education, and development of social awareness, values, and principles, and hopefully, with the result of happy, well-adjusted adolescents.

In Year 7, the course is designed as an introduction to Fort Street, and to smooth the transition to high school. Often individual pupils raise matters which may form the basis of a lesson eg. "How do I get all my homework done on time? How do I cope with threats from teams of other schools? All my friends are in a different roll class!" In Year 8, the course moves into the area of relationships – rights, responsibilities, problems – between friends, (male and female) family members and teachers. It is an attempt at easing the way into puberty and adolescence by covering many of the areas of crisis and decisions the pupils will face in coming years. Year 9 goes further in this and takes up individual changes and matters such as health, grooming, smoking. The Year 10 course is designed to develop an aware, responsible individual as part of a careers course. Hence getting a job, choosing a career, budgeting and voting are our main topics.

At anytime when specific issues are raised by pupils, both sides of the matter are discussed by the teachers, all of whom are selected to teach the course and not slotted in according to the timetable. As well, when sexual relations are covered parents are always notified by letter with the request that they in turn notify the teacher if they wish their child to be taken out of the class. I stress that this part of the course may only be 5-6 weeks at the most over the entire four years. Generally much is gained from the course by students and teachers alike.

Miss M. Ireland

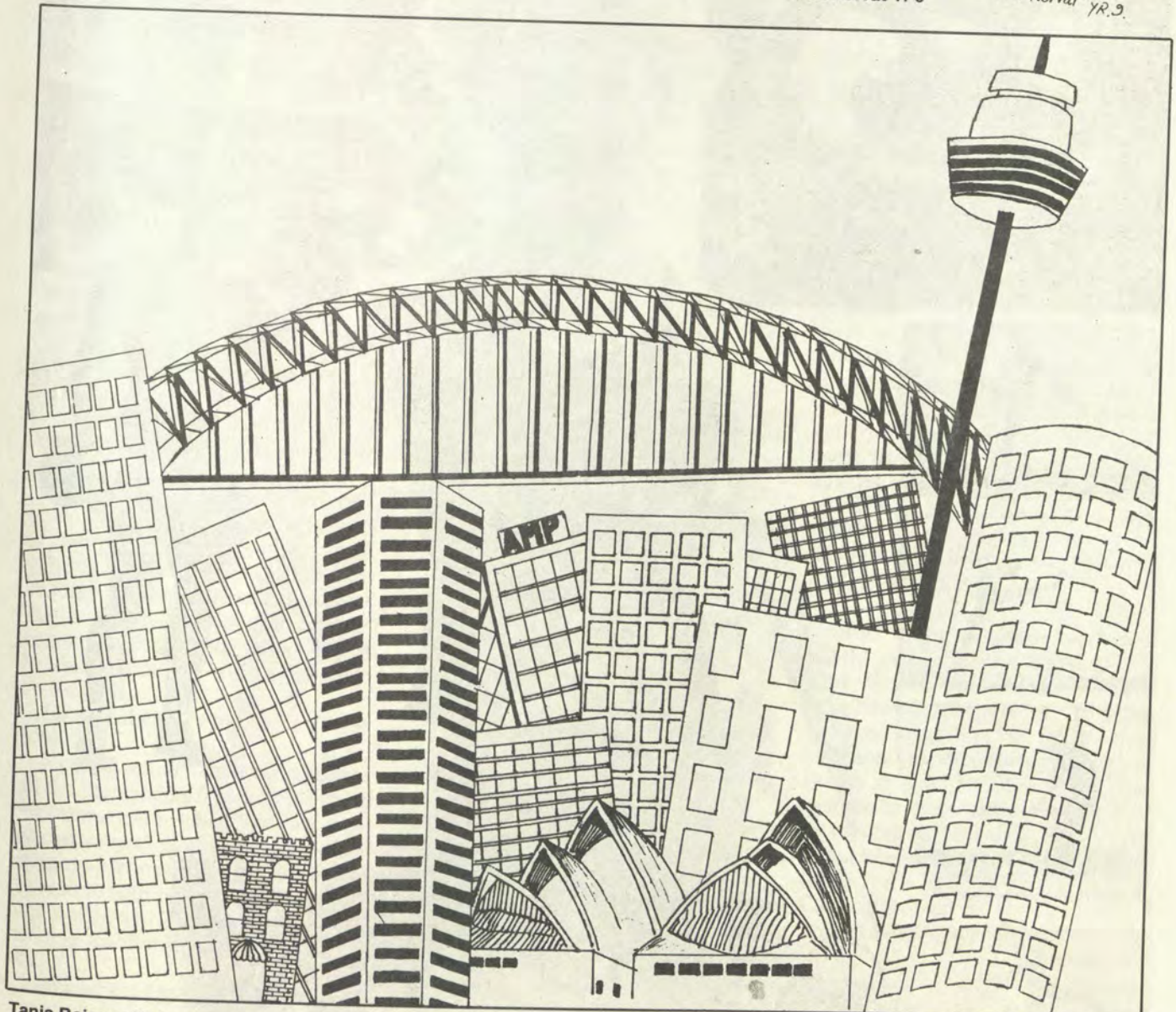


The work of Nghi Phung Yr 11



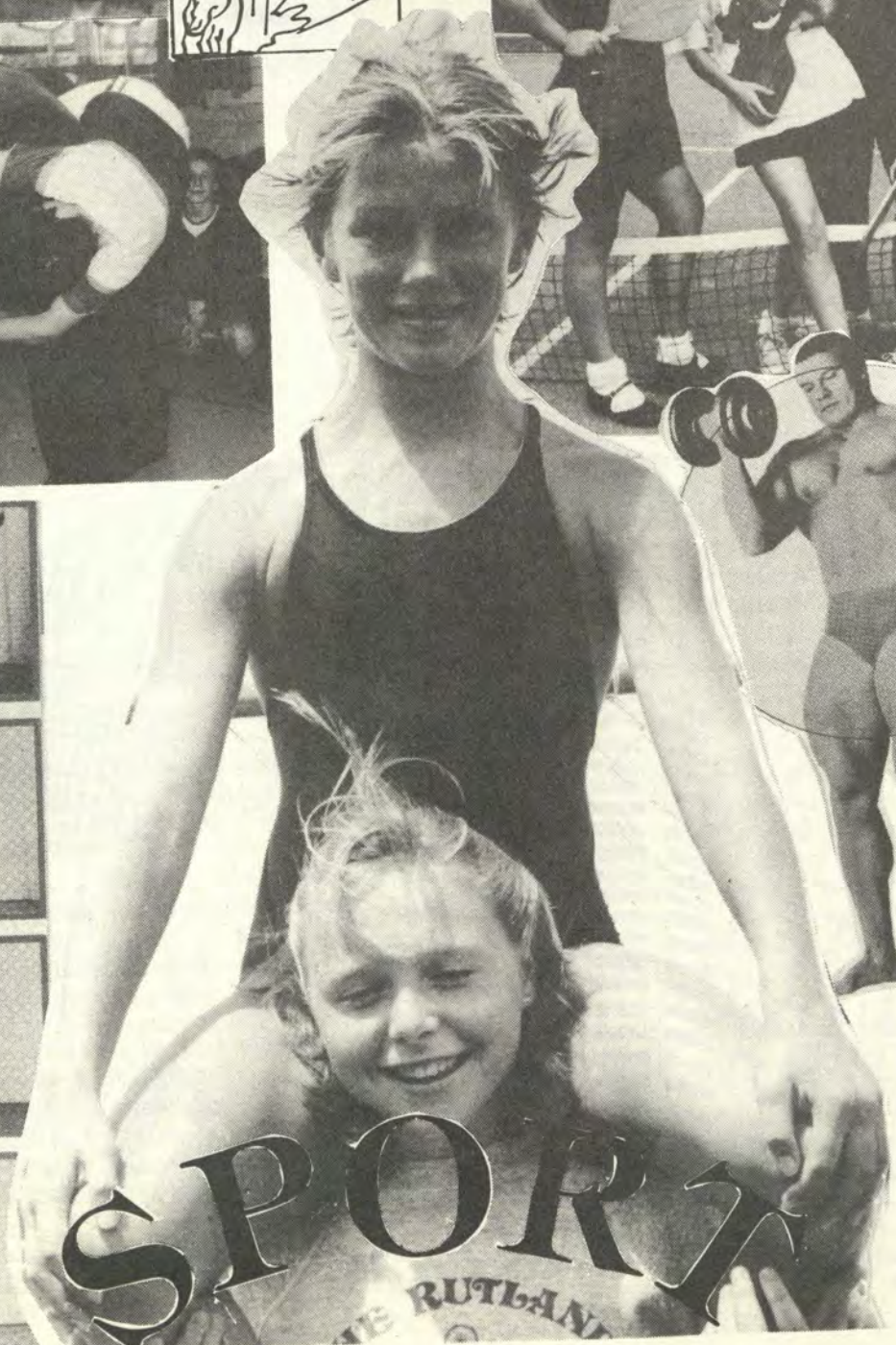
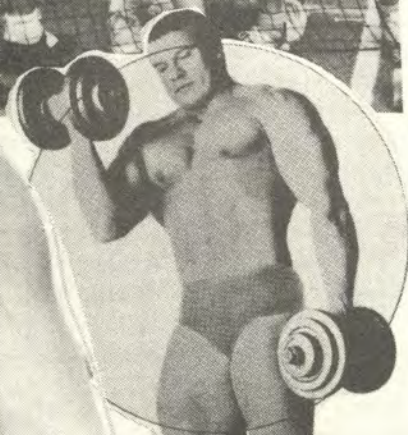
Kim Horvat Yr 9

Kim Horvat Yr 9



Tania Bojanac Yr 9

Tania B 9Yart



# SPORTS

THE RUTLAND

## BOYS' SPORTS REPORT

During the year the boys have shown in grade sport and state knock-out competitions that Fort Street High is deserving of the good sporting reputation that I was made aware of on my arrival.

Wins in Zone competitions have occurred regularly:

1st Team Winners were:

- (1) Open Basketball
- (2) Grade Squash
- (3) Yr 10 Volleyball
- (4) Yr 8 Volleyball

In second term the grade teams put up a gallant effort but unfortunately it was left to grade squash to carry the school banner to victory.

The state knockouts provided a good testing ground for the boys and as a result the school put up excellent performances in cricket, open and junior soccer, tennis, volleyball, Rugby Union and basketball. To all members of those teams congratulations on the manner, effort and sportsmanship displayed in all of your games.

There have been excellent individual sporting achievements this year. Bill McGoldrick was named captain of the NSW CHS volleyball side and subsequently picked in the Australian Schoolboys' Volleyball team. Additionally, he has also been selected in the Australian under 21 team to tour the Middle East at the end of this year. Congratulations to Bill and a wish for a successful tour goes with him.

Julian Dell from Year 10 was successful in making selection for the CHS Hockey team. This is an excellent achievement when the number of people playing schoolboy hockey in the state exceeds 3000 participants.

Rod Clayton displaying experience, which has obviously come from years of maturing at school, was successful in being selected for the CHS seconds in Rugby Union. However, the game that is reportedly "played in heaven" could be in for an interesting time as he likes to show his devilish side when on the field.

Congratulations to those three boys.

Finally I would like to congratulate all the participants of non grade sport for the manner in which you have conducted yourselves at the various community sporting centres. This image is a credit to both yourself and the school and it augers well for Fort Street's continuing involvement in the community.

In finishing I would like to say:  
"Enjoy your sport."

Mr Tony Wilson.

## JUNIOR GIRLS' SQUASH

The 1983-84 Junior Girls' Squash team had a very successful and exciting competition. Our team made it to the finals - undefeated - where we played Glebe High School and also beat them in four close matches. The team which included Kate Schofield, Shiu Fong Lowe, Emma McDonald, Maria Dos Santos, Jackie Gleeson and Antonia Kamberis thoroughly appreciated Miss Johanson's support as she helped make the competition worthwhile for all of us.

Emma McDonald, Year 10

## OPEN GRADE SQUASH

Despite losing two of our best players from last year (Greg Robinson and Victor Wong), Fort Street continued its domination of this sport by easily winning this year's competition. Having lost only one game during the rounds (during Year 11 exams), we went into the semi-finals confident of victory. In the semi-finals we defeated Enmore 4-0, and backed up the next week by defeating Glebe 3-1.

A special thank you to our coach, Mr Jones, for his encouragement throughout the season.

The Team:

- Con Keramanakis 11R
- O Kang Kwon 11R
- Michael Kulper 11R
- Steven White 10A
- (Dean Kuo 11R Reserve)

Michael Kulper, Yr 11

Our squash players



The Volleyball Team.

## BOYS' OPEN VOLLEYBALL 1984

The Open Volleyball Team comprising William McGoldrick (Capt), Ross Anastasiadis, Toby Newton-John, Ben Sui, Michael Roberts, Kareem Tawansi, Henry Louie and Leo Ng were very successful in this year's state knockout competition. We defeated Maroubra, Tempe, Randwick and Heathcote to advance to the semi-finals at Wauchope against combined North Coast. In a very tense game with the scores being 15-9, 15-10, 13-15, 13-15, 15-12, we managed to hold on and run out winners. However, our form was not as good in the final against Homebush, and we lost our stronghold on the game to go down fighting. Many thanks to Mr Bates, Mrs Henry and all those who supported us during the games.

Other volleyball achievements during the year were the selection of William McGoldrick, Michael Roberts, Toby Newton-John and Ben Sui in the Metropolitan cast CHS team which competed in the State carnival in Dubbo in June of this year. William went on to be selected as team captain of the highly successful NSW CHS squad which competed in Brisbane to take out the National Championship. Congratulations!

Toby Newton-John Yr 11

# 'GRAFTON, HERE COMES FORT STREET'

With the selection of nine players in the Bligh Zone rep. team, Fort Street High School proved its reputation as the superior zone school. The nine players were:- R. Clayton (capt), D. Kelly (V-capt), P. Wilson, A. Petratos, C. Davidson, B. McGoldrick, J. Roknic, C. Dedousis and D. Kwok.

The team then went to play against the powerful Phillip Zone and a combined squad was to be selected from that game to compete at Grafton for the CHS championships.

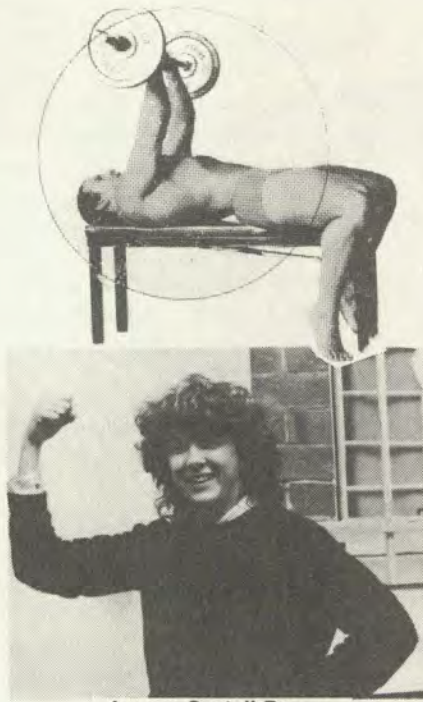
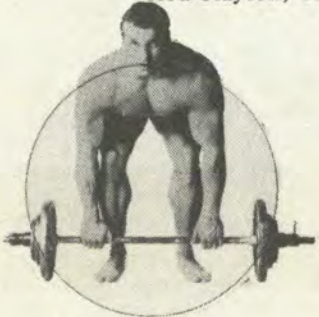
Centre, Rod Clayton, and forward Chris Dedousis, were selected but because of academic responsibilities Chris had to withdraw and David Kelly was an automatic choice to replace him.

and . . .

The combined Bligh/Phillip team proved to be too strong at the carnival by remaining undefeated throughout and eventually winning the final 11-3. Rod and David both performed exceptionally well, especially in the final. With Kelly's powerful, destructive running and bone-jarring defence and Clayton's sparkling, defence splitting attack, coupled with his punishing watertight defence the Fort Street connection was a vital factor in the clenching of the state title.

At the completion of the carnival the New South Wales Combined High Schools' teams were selected and Rod Clayton was picked to compete in the team against Qld., GPS, CAS & CCC. After some excellent performances a touring spot to Fiji, Tonga and New Zealand seemed inevitable but an unfortunate injury in the last home game resulted in Rod having to declare himself unavailable for the tour or any further sport.

Rod Clayton, Captain



Joanne Castell-Brown  
— Sportswoman of '83.

## THE SPORTS- MISTRESS' REPORT

1984 proved to be a mixed year in sport at Fort Street. The Bligh Zone swimming carnival was not held due to a staffing dispute. However, Fort Street students performed admirably at the Regional carnival. Dani Bissaker and Andrew Thomas went on to represent us at CHS (Combined High Schools) level. Well done!

The Zone Cross Country carnival was dominated by female Fortians. Four out of the possible six age championship trophies were won by Fortians - Dorinda Hall, Trina Castell-Brown, Dani Bissaker and Susan Castell-Brown - a marvellous performance! Dani and Susan had the distinction of coming third in their age groups at the regional level.

Our own school's athletics' carnival drew the best attendance in years. Thanks to perfect weather and keen participation it was a great success. King George Park echoed with the strains of the school band providing a "music while you compete" atmosphere.

Records were "shattered" at the zone athletics' carnival by Shona Snedden, Elizabeth Weekes, Dana Stevanovic, Stephanie Parkes, Dani Bissaker, Jeshua Martin, Ben Sui and Bill McGoldrick. Shona Snedden, Bill McGoldrick and Brendan Kelly were also champions of their age groups. Many firsts were obtained at regional athletics - Shona in the high jump, Dana for the 100 metres, Stephanie Parkes in hurdles and long jump, and commendable efforts were obvious by our entire squad. Congratulations!

Shona leapt for the sky at CHS athletics, achieving a marvellous second place in the high jump, with a personal best height of 1.57 m. Dana also did very well with a second place in the 200 metres and a third place in the 100 metres. 1988 Olympians beware!!

Congratulations to Kym Manitta and to Tracey McLelland, who were chosen for the regional volleyball, Kim Hughes was chosen for regional netball, Melanie Bray was chosen for regional gymnastics. Leonie Geribo and Susan Castell-Brown were chosen for regional soccer. Leonie and Tracey were chosen for the shadow CHS squad in soccer and volleyball, respectively. They should become full members next year. Well done, indeed!! It is very pleasing to see the depth of talent in such a variety of sporting areas.

Female Fortians did very well in the two Year 7 Gala Days in 1984. We won games of soccer, T-ball and netball. We look forward to seeing their participation in grade sport in 1985.

Our Wednesday "Sport" afternoons were varied and enjoyable. A number of our non-grade sports became co-educational for the first time - gymnastics, aikido, rowing, yoga and swimming!! A definite step forward in the sporting history of Fort Street.

In conclusion I sincerely thank all parents, coaches and student referees for showing interest, enthusiasm and an obvious willingness to give up their own time - hence enabling our sporting events to run smoothly. Another satisfying sports' year is behind us.

Mrs B. Henry - Sportsmistress

Wednesday exercise



classes in the library.



# OPEN CRICKET 1983-84

The 1983-84 season witnessed some notable performances for the Fort Street first eleven. As well as successfully defending their Bligh Zone premiership (defeating Newtown by 85 runs on the first innings), the side also figured prominently in the CHS Davidson Shield by reaching the fourth round of that competition. Outstanding players during the season were batsmen Spiros Petratos, Greg Robinson and Paul Simpson and bowlers Conrad Gray, Bradley Wilson and Spiros Petratos. The side was capably handled by fast bowler Nick Stevanovic and in his absence by big hitting Rod Clayton.

In the Davidson Shield Fort Street avenged the previous season's loss to Randwick by convincingly defeating the 'greens' by 6 wickets principally due to the efforts of Spiros Petratos (52 not out) and Conrad Gray (4-15). Fort Street subsequently accounted for Dover Heights by 7 wickets in a very high scoring game (5-172 against Fort Street's 3-173) with Spiros Petratos contributing a fine 69 not out. The side finally succumbed to Cleveland Street by a narrow 8 run margin in which Paul Simpson scored 41 and Conrad Gray took 5-30. In all, it was a most satisfying season.

## The Team:

N. Stevanovic (C), G. Robinson, P. Simpson, S. Petratos, C. Sezer, C. Gray, P. Lang, A. Farward, B. Wilson, C. Davidson, A. Petratos, R. Clayton, D. Kelly, D. Connolly, W. Einer, P. do Poco.

S.K. Baker (Coach)



Girls' Netball ▲ (Report next page)



Rugby & Cricket players ▲



## GIRLS' OPEN ◀ VOLLEYBALL

Apart from saying that this season's competition was not terribly successful, there isn't really much to report. In total there were 7 teams in our competition. We lost twice to Leichhardt, Dulwich and Enmore and once to Glebe! (You could say we won at the other end but unfortunately for us, coordinators did not agree. Oh well, better luck next year). Our fantastic team consisted of:

Tracey McClelland (capt.), Dorina Distefano, Julie Hoare, Doris Kakogiannis, Sharon Lowden, Justine Adamek, Heidi Bachmann, Emma Rogers, Yvonne Brown.

Our thanks to Miss Johanson who supported us.

Lisa Tan, Year 11

# NETBALL REPORT 1983/84

The Fort Street year 8/9 netball team was very successful in the 83/84 summer season by taking out the Bligh Zone competition when they defeated Glebe High School in the finals 21-3.

There were ten girls on the side who played consistently throughout the season, they are - Dianne Cridland, Stephanie Parkes, Kylie Reid, Jenny Cheung, Fiona Hawthorne, Sally Madgwick, Tina Fox, Fay Savidis, Dana Stevanovic, Dina Petratos.

Thanks to Ms Morey.

Jenny Cheung, Sally Madgwick Yr 9

## OPEN RUGBY UNION REPORT

As in previous years Fort Street fielded a particularly strong Rugby combination which failed to realise its potential due to the lack of match fitness. This absurd situation arose from the poor management of the Zone which saw the Open competition disbanded due to the lack of interest in the code by other schools. A miserable situation considering the long tradition of Fort Street Rugby.

Nevertheless the team competed with mixed success in a number of competitions coming fourth in the Wests Schweppes Pepsi Cola Challenge after being the 1983 Premiers in this competition. In the State wide Waratah Shield, Fort Street reached the third round only to get knocked out by the eventual winners, St Edmunds College. However, the trip to Canberra was a memorable event and the team even got a chance to see The Impressionists' Art Exhibition at the National Gallery.

There were a number of outstanding players this season ably led by Rod Clayton who was selected to play for Combined High Schools. As usual Fort Street players dominated the Bligh Zone Team with Rod Clayton, David Kelly, Arthur Petratos, Billy McGoldrick, Chris Dedousis, Glen Bacic, Jimmy Roknic, Peter Wilson and David Kwok all being selected. Both Rod Clayton and David Kelly were selected to play for the Metropolitan East team, which won the CHS tournament at Grafton.

As coach, I would like to congratulate the players for their enthusiasm and dedication towards the game and I would particularly like to thank both Rod Clayton and David (Wing Ding) Kelly for their support.

V. Morrison

## BOYS OPEN BASKETBALL



## OPEN BOYS' BASKETBALL REPORT

The 1983-84 season was a very successful one for the Open Boys' team in the Bligh Zone Competition. We came second after the preliminary round, where we only lost to Newtown Boys' High due to their Yr 13 players. But we were confident of beating them, if we were to meet them in the grand final.

Although we lacked in height, the team made up for this by a high level of fitness and team work. Our coach, Mr Crawford, never called a time out during all the Wednesday games (he was always in a hurry to pick up his own kids!)

In the semi-finals, Fort Street had to play Enmore High School. We had played them twice before. We won both times by one point. However, we won this game by two points after extra time was required. Due to unexpected circumstances we were to meet Leichhardt in the grand final instead of Newtown. As one of our players had close ties with them, we know that Leichhardt thought we had no chance of winning. But the team, by playing well-drilled basketball was able to win by a comfortable margin of 35-16 (Phew!)

In the NSW state knockout, we went past the first round by defeating Dulwich Hill High. The team suffered a set-back in the second round by losing to Belmore Boys' High School, but not before the team tried its best.

I would like to thank Mr Crawford for his time and encouragement. Also thanks to Sifet for turning up to training sessions, and to Bruce for the fan-

tastic basket he made (he requested to be included in this report). (The team would also like to thank its captain - that's me!)

The team consisted of Robert Smith, Sifet Karemjasevic, Bruce Field, Jake Iverach, Martin Lacic, Zeljko Nikolic and I.

Leo Ng (Captain)

## GIRLS' OPEN SOCCER REPORT

The girls' open soccer team consisting of Parissa Bouas, Alison Brett, Lisa Carbone, Trina Castell-Brown, Leonie Geribo, Teresa Kiernan, Anastasia Konstantelos, Lydia Mafodda, Kym Manita, Joanne McDonald, Kerry McKay and Susan Castell-Brown was able to fight its way through to be the winners of the competition. The team played extremely well for the whole season, especially when you consider that most of the girls had never played before.

Special thanks go to our coach Miss Page (for putting up with us) and to our goalie, Kym Manita.

Susan Castell-Brown, Year 11

## OPEN GIRLS' WATER POLO REPORT

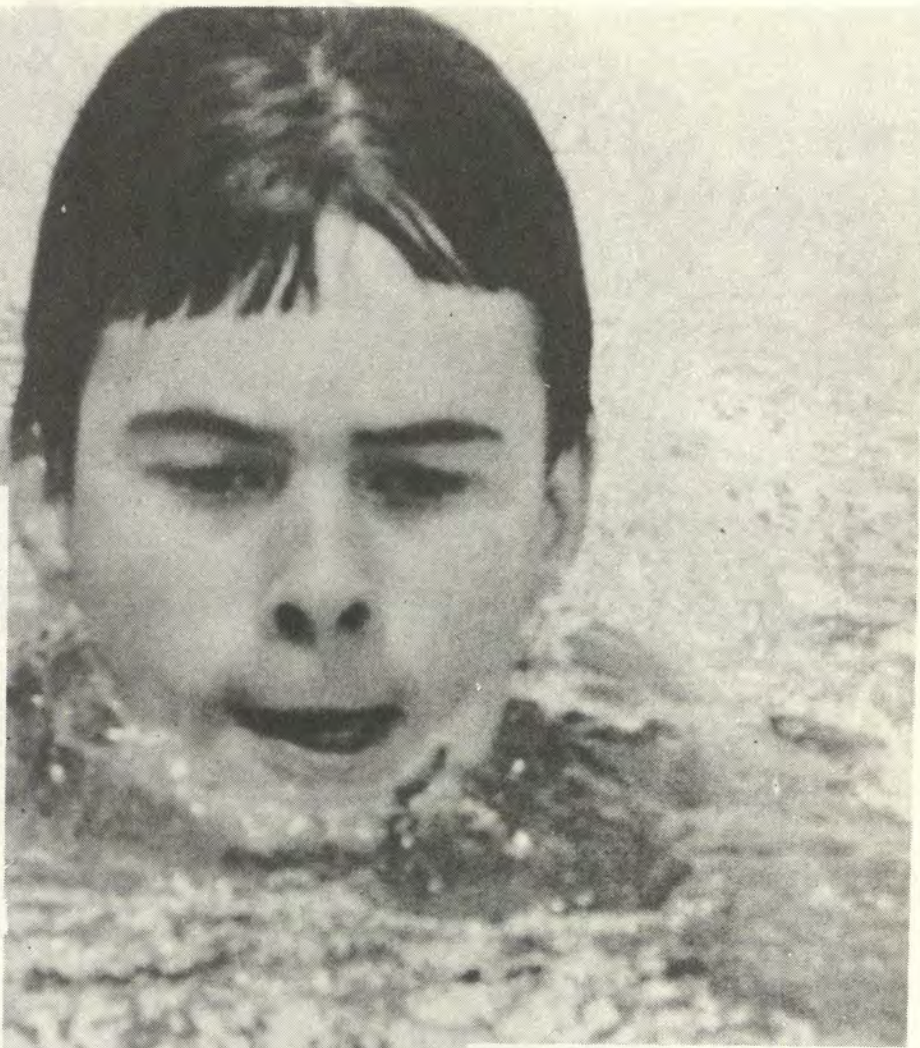
The summer water polo season proved extremely fruitful for Fort Street's Open Girls' Water Polo Team. Initially composed of girls of all abilities, we progressed through the season without a loss, continually defeating all competition by large margins. Sofie Gibson, our goalie, was an invaluable member, without whose dexterity and determination, the scores may have been closer than they were.

Susan Castell-Brown was our leading goal scorer, who paved the way to the success of our team that ended with the defeat of Leichhardt High in the Grand Final, the score being 9-0.

Other team members were Trina Castell-Brown, Leonie Geribo, Sarah Butler, Madeleine Jennings, Lucy Dougherty, Nicole and Monique Rappell, Niki Mortimer, Sarah Fien and Danielle Bissaker.

On behalf of the Open Girls' Water Polo team, I'd like to thank Mr Fraser for his effort and support throughout the season.

Danielle Bissaker, Yr 10



## GIRLS' GRADE TENNIS

We were thinking of writing a really pizzazy, fantoozy and hilarious report, but then we decided there was nothing pizzazy, fantoozy and hilarious about six year 9 and 10 girls going to Fraser Park each Wednesday for the Junior Grade Tennis Competition, 1983. We played many other schools and reached the finals, where we played against Tempe High. The match was a close one but unfortunately we were defeated.

The Fort Street team consisted of Rosanna Liistro and Irene Ho, Alison Brett and Ridia Lim, Sarah McLennan and Galia Jones.

Thanks to Miss Henry for her support, confidence (and training).

Signing off  
Ho & Ro (Irene and Rosanna), Yr 9



# CARNIVAL TIME





# Constance Mackness

As representative in our House names of Fortian achievement in the literary field and practical education is Constance Mackness. And Fort Street's role in education in New South Wales, indeed in Australia, is considerable. Her poets and her writers too hold a pre-eminent position.

Miss Mackness was born in 1881 at Tuena Creek near Bathurst. She won a place at Fort Street, then The Model Public School. Here she had Douglas Mawson as a classmate. She graduated B.A. from Sydney University gaining first-class Honours in French, English and History and with the proxime accessit for the Fraser scholarship for History. The degree was conferred in May 1901 and the Duke of York, afterwards King George V, shook hands with the graduates and spoke a few words of congratulations to each.

After her brilliant university career Miss Mackness went to a business college for a time and then began to teach. She joined the staff of the P.L.C. at Croydon. In 1916 she was appointed Teacher in charge of the P.L.C. at Pymble, now the Pymble Ladies' College. Then in 1918 she became the foundation Principal of Warwick Presbyterian Girls' College in Queensland, which is today the Scots College. From her teaching background she wrote stories of school life. In the "History of Australian Children's Literature" (covering the century from 1841 to 1941) she is described as the most Australian and the most literary of writers of the schoolgirl tradition for the period between the two world wars. Her first book was actually published the year World War I broke out (1914).

The Warwick school began with eleven boarders, but under the management of Miss Mackness it speedily became one of the leading boarding-schools in the State. In the 32 years she was to be in charge she was to see tremendous changes, especially in her own field of education, where she was always striving to improve the standard of education for girls. She was awarded the O.B.E. for her services to education.

There was a "Pygmalion" touch about her. She took in girls from far afield, often shy and gawkish. She taught them to speak, to behave, to dress, to preside at table, to be happy youngsters and fine young ladies. She held them to the basic principles of a simple Christian faith, and sent them into the community to become founders of families and ambassadors of a way of life that encourages self-sacrifice and service and wherein the mind is enriched with an ideal to guide and discipline our lives. She retired at the age of 68 years at the end of 1949. She was not to end her earthly pilgrimage until 14th December, 1973.

That Constance Mackness was truly loved by her girls is shown by the fact that, when her health failed, a large group of Old Girls brought her to Brisbane where they could look after her. This was twenty-two years after she had left Warwick. One of these girls said: "We were glad to be able to show her the love and concern we all felt for her. To many generations of P.G.C. girls the memory of "Macko's" influence in their lives will remain evergreen.



**BANNAN** (Colour: Violet; Roll: F)

Miss Elizabeth Bannan taught in secondary schools before joining the Sydney Teachers' College as a lecturer in English. She later became Dean of Women, Head of the English Department and eventually Assistant Principal. In company with Sir Percy Spender she was guest speaker on the historic occasion of the closing of the Old School on Observatory Hill in 1974.

**BARTON** (Colour: Green; Roll: O)

Sir Edmund Barton was Australia's first Prime Minister (1901). He deserves to be remembered not only for this but as one of the founding fathers of the Australian nation. Sir Edmund was chairman of the committee that drafted the constitutional bill. His government established the machinery of the Commonwealth of Australia that is in operation today.

**HUNTER** (Colour: Orange; Roll: R)

Dr John Hunter was the greatest anatomist that Australia ever produced. After graduation he was appointed almost immediately to an Associate Professorship in Anatomy at Sydney University, being the youngest professor to be appointed to any first-class university. In 1923 Hunter became Challis Professor of Anatomy. His research work was in the field of spastic paralysis, which work brought him world renown.

**MACKNESS** (Colour: Blue; Roll: T)

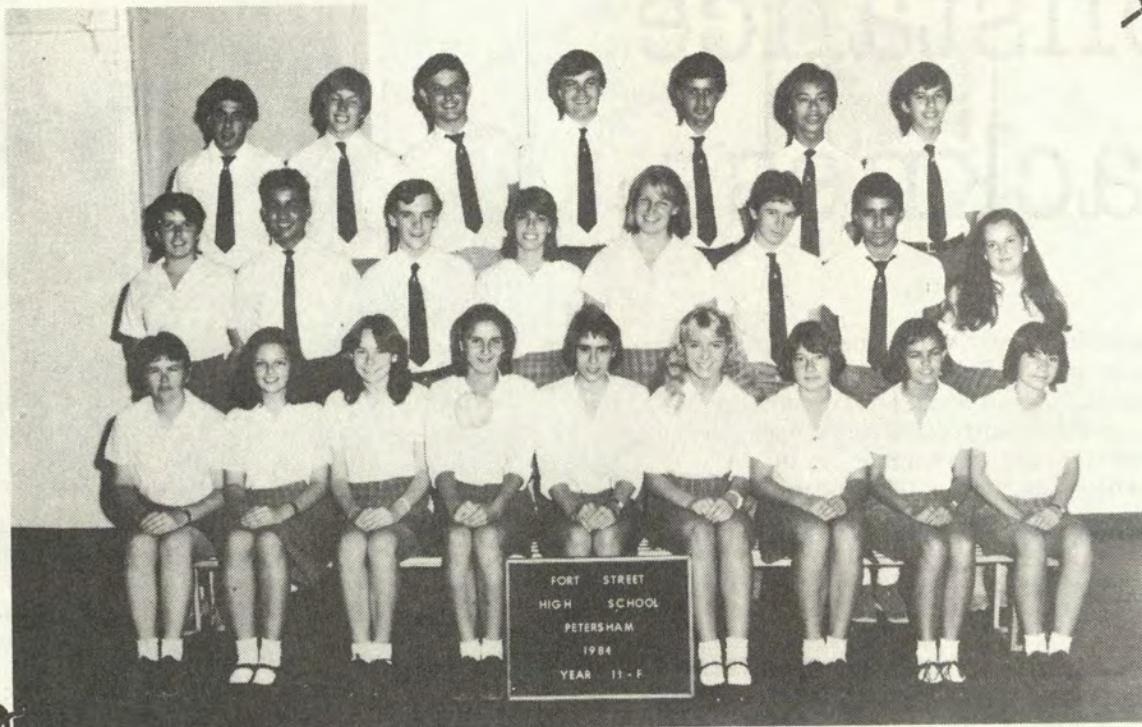
Miss Constance Mackness is the representative of Fortian achievement in the literary field and practical education. She was the foundation Principal of Warwick Presbyterian Girls' College, which is today the Scots College. For her writing she is described as the most Australian and the most literary of writers of the schoolgirl tradition for the period between the two world wars.

**MAWSON** (Colour: Yellow; Roll: I)

Sir Douglas Mawson achieved fame as a man of science and Antarctic explorer. He led Australia's first scientific expedition to the Antarctic (1911-1914) and established Australia at the forefront of Antarctic exploration and research, a position we still hold. He was the inaugural Professor of Geology at Adelaide University from 1920 to 1952.

**PRESTON** (Colour: Red; Roll: A)

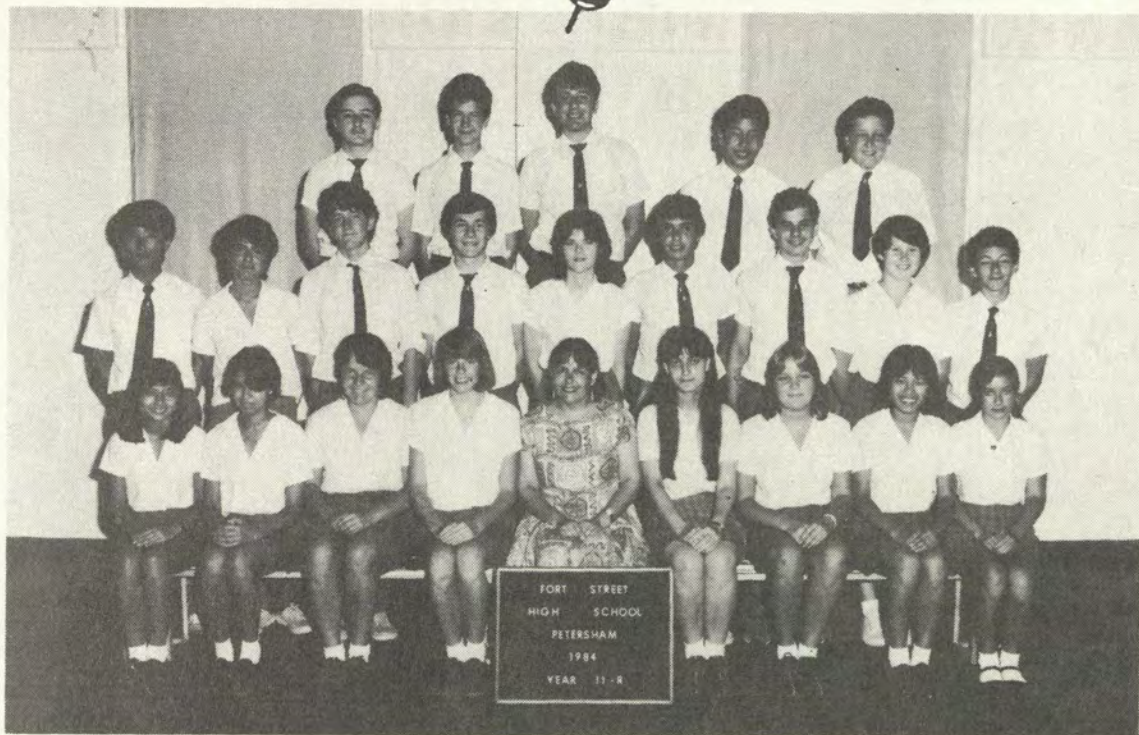
Margaret Preston was a decorative painter, who is appreciated as one of the greatest Australian artists of the twenties and thirties. At a time when most Australian artists were stuck in a soft, realistic landscape style, Margaret Preston returned from Europe as a forerunner of modernism in Australian art.



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Yvonne Brown, Teresa Bryan, Rachel Arnett, Heidi Bachmann, Michal Blake, Lisa Anne Callingham, Thea Butler, Catherine Allen, Joy Batzakis  
**SECOND ROW:** Justine Adamek, Alain Adolphe, Peter Bourne, Anne Blake, Stephanie Barov, Anthony Blonner, John Armenakas, Jacquelyn Aldridge  
**THIRD ROW:** Sam Christopoulos, Peter Chalk, Peter Bletsas, Gregory Austen, John Basso, Jimmy Chik, Mark Antoniadis  
 Year 11 F



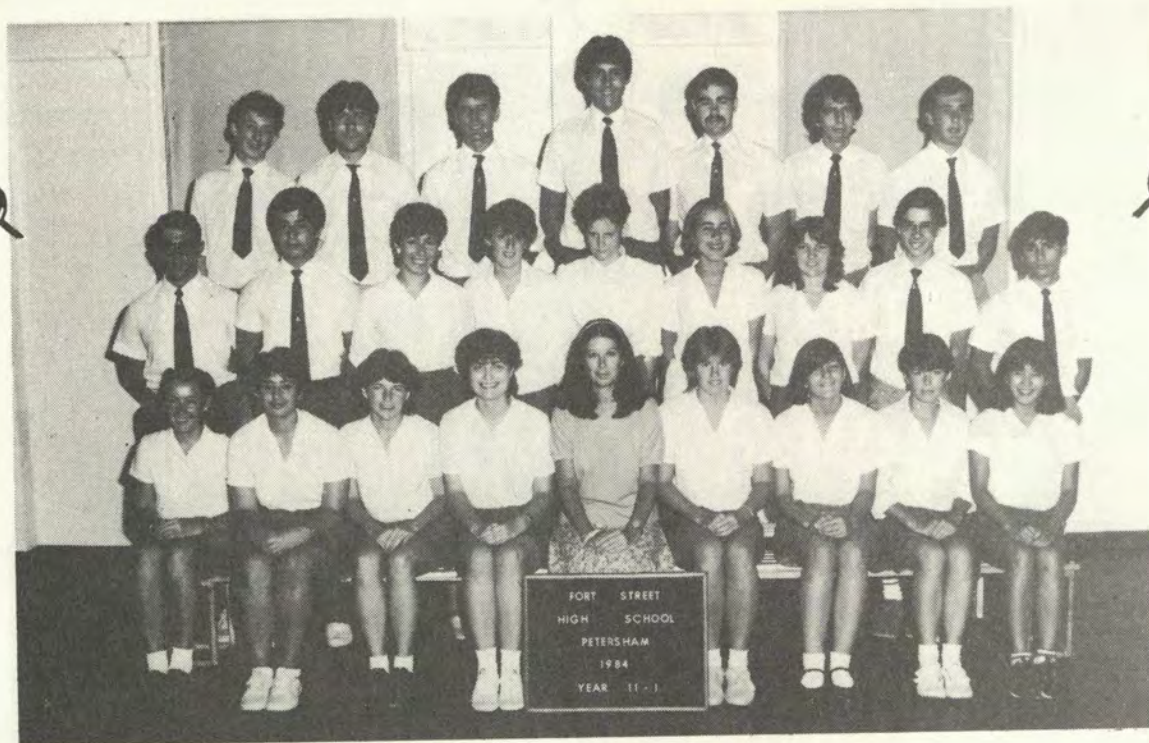
**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Cristalyn Da Cunha, Natalie Fisher, Myung Soon Chong, Leoni Elligett, Imogen Craney, Susan Castell-Brown, Sung Won Chang, Miranda Douglas  
**SECOND ROW:** Charles Goh, Paul James, David Horton, Anita George, Janelle Cridland, Toula Christopoulos, Stuart Davy, John Daly, Edward Iverach  
**THIRD ROW:** Phillip Gardner, Roberto D'Angelo, Chris Dedousis, Paul Garry, Marc Hughes  
 Year 11 O



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Elizabeth Lin, Mimin Lim, Vicki Gregic, Tanya Johnstone, Betty Katsoulis, Hazel Longbottom, Seon Chong Lim, Suzanne Joseph  
**SECOND ROW:** O Kang Kwon, Poppy Kabouris, Ross Kendall, Frank Kominos, Kerrilee Hardy, Con Keramianakis, John Krouklidis, Michelle Knox, Michael Kulper  
**THIRD ROW:** John Kyriakopoulos, Igor Jazbec, Christopher Katsogiannis, Dean Kuo, Luke Keen  
 Year 11 R Teacher: Ms J. Levi



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Simone Oliver, Susan Meadows, Elizabeth McMullen, Anna Odfeldt, Maria Mavraganis, Jodi Young, Carolyn Milward, Justin McDonald, Melinda Overall  
**SECOND ROW:** Marcos Navaro, Steven McWilliams, Romano Montanari, Inga Madgwick, Lisa Norberry, Rachael McDiarmid, Paul McCartney, Paul Lang, Nhan Nguyen  
**THIRD ROW:** George Leros, Patrick Manning, Zeljko Nikolic, Scotty McManus, Toby Newton-John, John Mieth, Martin Lacin, Joshua McCarthy  
 Year 11 T



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Robyn Rodwell, Katia Pizzinelli, Joanne Scott, Sylvia Piedade, Jackie Shipman, Mary Pavlis, Jenny Price, Nghi Phung  
**SECOND ROW:** Jim Papadopoulos, Tom Parmakellis, Fortunata Salanitro, Katie Quinn, Madeleine Preston, Emma Rogers, Debbie Smith, Jim Ntatsopoulos, Michael Paredes  
**THIRD ROW:** Kieran Sharp, Johnny Patsiavas, Michael Roberts, Jimmy Roknic, Peter Phelps, Jonathan Porter, John Pound  
 Year 11 | Teacher: Mrs J. Marchant



**FRONT ROW (L to R):** Mark Tziotis, Petar Stefanovic, Konstantinos Vazouras, Robert Tassone, Alisdair Taylor, Ben Siu, Paul Taranto, Christos Siatras, Steven Tomas  
**SECOND ROW:** Emma Walters, Jeanene Sulfaro, Maria Xidis, Samantha Trimble, Lisa Tan, Inara Walden, Thuc Ha To  
**THIRD ROW:** Peter Wilson, Kareem Tawansi, George Rounis, Raef Sully, Paul Simpson, Stephen Wall, George Zisopoulos  
 Year 11 A

# MRS. PREECE ...

by Miranda Douglas and Madeleine Preston, Year 11

**M&M:** How did you get into teaching? What other options were there?

**Mrs Preece:** Well, while I was making a decision I did the Leaving Certificate. I was quite interested in Law, but I was too young to do Law. You had to be seventeen. I didn't really know what else to do. I was also interested in Medicine, but it was regarded as a rather long course and too lengthy for women to participate in. So that was really why I did an Arts Course. When I went in I didn't know whether I was going to teach or what I was going to do.

**M&M:** What were your first impressions of Fort Street?

**Mrs Preece:** Well, the first impression, I suppose, was the warmth and welcoming attitude of the staff and students. The students were so articulate. If you spoke with them you could have quite a conversation. I enjoyed that very much.

**M&M:** What about the school grounds? How did they differ from other schools you've been at?

**Mrs Preece:** The grounds need a lot of development. Some places are glorious, like the quadrangle outside my window. However, with the fields down below, there is room for a lot of development.

**M&M:** What plans are there for the school?

**Mrs Preece:** Various plans have been drawn up. The carpark is an example of one of the aspects of the development. A playing field has to be developed, down at the back of the school, and a sunken theatre next to the gym. The next stage is supposed to be this field. It's going to be grassed for hockey and football, but I don't know when that's going to happen. First, we have to get "rid of" these private residences.

**M&M:** Will the Department buy those houses?

**Mrs Preece:** Yes.

**M&M:** When do you think the sunken theatre will be built?

**Mrs Preece:** I couldn't say. It could hardly be considered in the interests of security or safety, which are the guidelines along which the Department seems to run.

**M&M:** What role do you see women playing in the Education system? Has it changed in the time you've been in it? What changes have you seen?

**Mrs Preece:** I still think teaching is one of the most common fields into which women go and I think women have to try to get into other professions, because the policy of countries comes from high positions in the public service or from parliament and most of those people tend to have a background in Law or Medicine. Therefore, I think it's an area that women need to look at. For those courses they need Maths and Science at school, still regarded as male orientated subjects.

**M&M:** What is your policy on school uniform?

**Mrs Preece:** I think school uniform is important and can be a very divisive issue within a school. My experience has shown that, in theory, most students and parents prefer a school uniform, provided it isn't policed to the last degree. If there is a basic uniform with some choices, most students are happy to wear it. As to whether socks are seven inches or two inches, that is completely unnecessary. But I would like to think that the girls were wearing a skirt and a top and the boys a shirt and grey trousers.

**M&M:** What about ties and things like that?

**Mrs Preece:** No, no. The parents want it though, and so, very often, does society. Society often judges a school on it. If some of the dress is regarded as avant-garde then society will regard that school as not well-disciplined.



**M&M:** What do you think of all the people who wear plain clothes to school?

**Mrs Preece:** I would prefer them to wear uniform.

**M&M:** Are you interested in promotion, in becoming an inspector perhaps? How long have you been a headmistress?

**Mrs Preece:** I was four years at Bass High School. No, at this stage I'm not interested in being anything else. Fort Street is a different school from where I was. I'd like to spend some time here. Mind you, if Mr Swan said, "would you like to take over the Director-General's job?", I might say "yes". There are not many women principals, even at girls' schools in this state. There are only about 30 headmistresses out of about 380 heads.

**M&M:** It is often said that the irony of selective schools is that the teachers are not selected. What do you think of this?

**Mrs Preece:** Truly selective schools should have selection both ways. People are also saying that the selectivity of pupils could be more stringent. People feel that selective schools should have a wider drawing area. People in Sylvania, for example, don't have a secondary school for the "talented", although they do have O.C. classes. It's felt that if selective schools had a wider area people could come from all over Sydney instead of just from neighbouring schools. And then neighbouring schools wouldn't feel that we were stealing the "cream" as they do now. The whole concept of making way for the "talented" is a very vexed question. Australians are egalitarian and so they believe the comprehensive school should be truly comprehensive and represent the whole range. Within that perhaps special help could be given to the "talented".

**M&M:** What has been your most embarrassing moment in teaching?

**Mrs Preece:** The most embarrassing moment was very early in the piece, in my first or second year of teaching. It was Education Week and we used to have open days and the parents could come and participate in the lesson. We gave demonstration lessons and I had to give one in this room I had never taught in before. I was "carrying on" and gesticulating, when I turned round and my arm hit a clock, the board and a box of chalk, which all fell everywhere. The whole room suddenly looked as if a bomb had hit it. Everything just fell down and everybody laughed. I was so embarrassed, I wanted to weep, I just wanted to die. The kids never forgot it. Sometimes it's one of the funny things about teaching when you bump into ex-students and they say, "Remember the lesson when . . ."

Teaching has been very nice though. I have thoroughly enjoyed it. The best part is meeting people.

# CINEMA

## SYDNEY'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD OF CINEMA

Of the various cinemas in Sydney that are not often publicised (due primarily to the lack of funds on the part of the owners) there are some that do deserve a mention. Perhaps the best in terms of costs is the Stanmore Twin which on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays has two films, often very new films, for \$2.75. Only recently they screened "The Big Chill" and "The Dresser", two worthwhile films. On Saturdays they have a Jazz band playing in the foyer. Also of good value is the Valhalla in Glebe (if you can stand the seats!). The Valhalla, on Glebe Point Road, screens old films such as "Rebel Without a Cause", "Citizen Cane" and some of the more obscure films such as "Andy Warhol's "Flesh", "Heat" and "Bad". The cinema is not restricted to these categories. Programmes are free and available in the foyer of the cinema.

Another cinema house worth the extra effort to visit, in terms of both cost and interest is The Dendy in Martin Place, which shows small budget films, like David Bradbury's recent "Nicaragua No Pasaran" and the wonderful portrayal of Southern America, "Come Back to The Five and Dime Store Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean". The Academy Twin in Oxford Street, Paddington, and the Chauvel situated in Paddington Town Hall both provide an interesting cross section of European and Australian independent films and documentaries. Recently, the Independent Film Festival was held at the Chauvel, with forums and discussion following some of the screenings. The successful Australian film "Strikebound" was a recent screening at the Academy Twin Cinema.

Another cinema house that screens an interesting range of films is the Roma in George Street, which screens older films and often films that were initially screened at the Sydney Film Festival (and weren't accessible to students). The Footbridge Theatre (attached to Sydney University), the Rose Bay Wintergarden and the Randwick Ritz (two of Sydney's older and subsequently more impressive cinema houses) all show quality older films at good prices.

Another cinema house that does not slip into the "alternative" category, yet is very good value, nonetheless, is the Village in Double Bay, which only recently screened the five classic Alfred Hitchcock re-releases. It is also good value on Tuesdays when all films are only \$3.50. Of course, all Village and Hoyts cinemas offer this Tuesday treat.

For the really dedicated, Sydney's contribution to the world of cinema is highlighted annually at the "Sydney Film Festival" held at the State Theatre in Market Street, Sydney. That beautiful, stately building is the perfect venue to see an impressive selection of films from around the world, many of which are screened only once. There are also interesting short, animated and documentary films. Visitors from many countries attend our Festival. Film directors often come to present their films and offer discussion to answer questions about them. These occasions are an integral part of the Festival, and a bonus for viewers. This year's guest was the young, well-respected German director Wim Wenders. Just a few of his great films to look out for are "The American Friend", "Kings of the Road" and "Paris, Texas" (the latter was voted best film at this year's festival). Wenders participated in an enlightening discussion after the screening of "Paris Texas", which was filmed in America with Nastassia Kinski and Harry Dean Stanton in the leading roles.

The Sydney Film Festival is something students may like to think about attending after they have finished school. It's on in June each year.

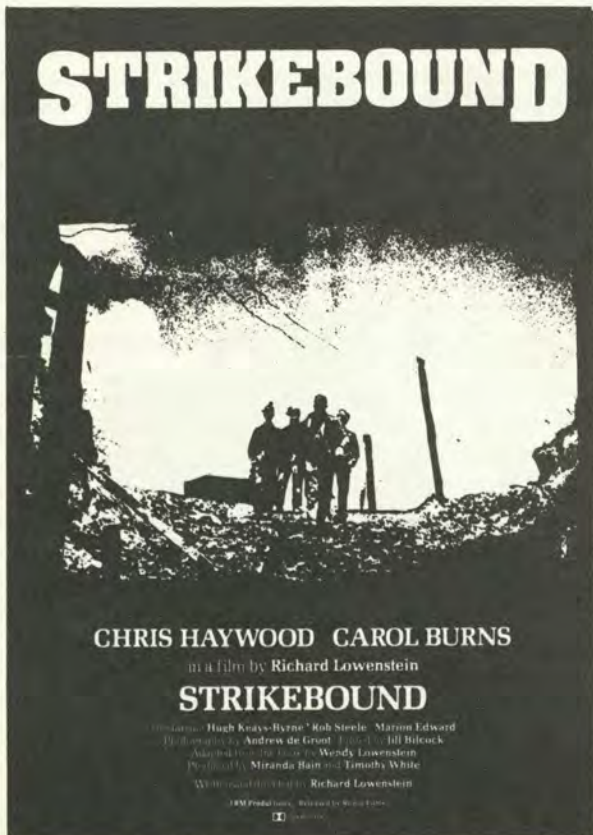
One must be eighteen years of age to attend and it's slightly expensive but worthwhile - ticket prices range from \$70 for a daytime ticket to a maximum of \$120 for evening and bonus sessions. One can expect to see over fifty films including shorts - excellent value over two and a half weeks.

Details of the above venues are:

The Chauvel Cinema - Ph. 332 2111  
Academy Twin Cinema - Ph. 33 4453  
Dendy Cinema, Martin Place - Ph. 233 8166  
Footbridge Theatre - Ph. 692 9955  
The Valhalla Glebe - Ph. 660 8050  
Randwick Ritz - Ph. 399 9840  
Rose Bay Wintergarden - Ph. 371 9986  
Roma Cinema - Ph. 267 3868  
Village-Double Bay - Ph. 327 1003  
Sydney Film Festival - Ph. 660 3844

Lights, Camera, Action!

Ms Jane Levi  
& Madeleine Preston



# "A CUE

## FOR the girls"



Making a film is by no means easy and acting in one is not always exciting. My experience of being in a film involved countless hours of waiting impatiently and embarrassing moments of watching "rushes" (unedited film). It was, however, a worthwhile and enjoyable experience, that I would not hesitate to do again.

The excitement of the first day of filming was quelled drastically after four hours of waiting and about one hour of actual "shooting". All those rehearsals, which had gone on for months before the filming, seemed to be engulfed in celluloid all too quickly!

Three days later, all the cast and crew made their way to the Institute of Technology to watch the "rushes". I have never been so embarrassed in my whole life, and was just about to jump out the window when I was reassured that it "would all be a lot different after the editing." With this new light-at-the-end-of-the-proverbial-tunnel, I battled with my lines for the following two weeks.

The film was titled "A Cue For The Girls" and was shot on 16mm film at a ratio of 2:1. This meant there was only enough film for two takes of any particular scene. With only two chances to get everything right, the filming became quite demanding, at times even tedious and frustrating. The film was made on a very low budget, so all the actors had to "act" out of the "goodness of their hearts" (maybe we'll be discovered).

The film was about two girls, Nina and Rachael, who work in an office and are both bored. It is Nina's (the character I played) last day at the office, so the girls leave at lunch and ring up their boss saying they cannot return due to an "accident" had by Nina on the way. After they have told this obvious lie, they go to a local pub and play a game of pool with a couple of "rough" boys. They win the game, then refuse an offer of "coming back to our place for a joint", and instead go to a cafe for a farewell coffee. This is where we find out that neither of the girls really knows what to do with her life. It is a little sad as when Rachael leaves to look after her sick granny, Nina pays little attention, even though they both know they will probably never see each other again. Nina goes off to talk to a boy whilst Rachael walks slowly down a dusky King Street.

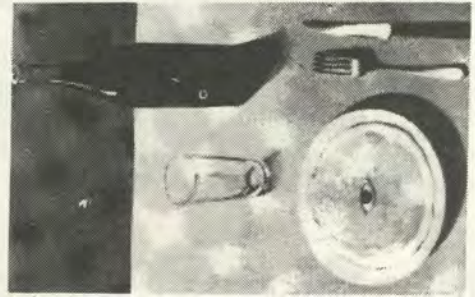
We filmed at various locations in the city and inner city suburbs, including a guitar shop, an office, a cemetery, and a coffee shop.

At the end of two weeks of filming, every day, for six to twelve hours a day, it was all over, which was very sad. In other ways, a big relief!

Life went on for another three months, until I was informed that the film was being shown for the cast and crew at a small room with a screen, in Paddington. I was quite pleased with it but convinced that it would amount to nothing. Another month or two went by until I received a phone call, telling me that the film would be shown at the Thomas Mann theatre.

I arrived there with many friends and relatives, who had managed to extract the "when and whereabouts" from me. To my horror I saw that about two hundred had turned up for the first showing and even more for the second!! I was so nervous, thinking that everyone would hate it. To my relief all went well and the film was really enjoyable.

Miranda Douglas, Year 11



### "THE GOOD, THE EDIBLE AND THE INEXPENSIVE"

There are many fine eating houses in Sydney, which provide nutritious, tasty and inexpensive meals. Balmaites (or vaccinated visitors) can eat at "Healthies" at 317 Darling Street. One can eat quiches, burgers and a selection of seafood, meats and salads. Emma Rogers (of Year 11) works there on Monday and Saturday evenings. She says that one can eat well for \$5.50. Next door is the "Saigon", a Vietnamese restaurant - cheap and delicious.

If you have a large appetite and small money, go to "No Names" off Crown Street, Darlinghurst. It serves pasta, veal, salad, fish - all with chunky bread for only \$4.50 for two courses. This place has genuine Italian flavour, and is very popular, now unfortunately. Che sera!

For vegetarians there is the "Metro" cafe in Burton Street Darlinghurst. The main meals are large, delicious and very fresh. Desserts are spectacular. One can eat here, enjoy 1950's decor and music and drink fine fruit liquids for \$7.00 for two courses. They also serve half meals for half prices.

In Glebe, there is a wide assortment of good food haunts. There is a very cheap (but delicious) Lebanese restaurant near the corner of Glebe Point Road and Bridge Road. The "lady fingers" are recommended. The "Tien" is a restaurant serving Vietnamese food - only \$10 for two. "Badde Mansors", "Lolita's" and "The Pudding Shop", all in Glebe Point Road, serve wholesome meals and cakes at low prices and they are open till the early hours of the morning. (Good to go to after studying or partying.)

Many Italian coffee shops are now scattered throughout the inner city. "Cafe Sport", the "Riviera" and "La Fontana" are all in Leichhardt. "Reggios", "Tropicana", "Coluzzi", "Vince's", "Mama Maria's" and the "Roma" are in the Central or Darlinghurst area. Besides serving foccaccio (special Italian sandwiches with huge servings of salad) and delicious coffee and cakes, these places are interesting socially! (One can always spot a "Fortian" at one of these fashionable resorts!)

The last, but not least is the recommendation of a small, quaint German restaurant, called "Una's" in Darlinghurst. There, one eats such delicacies as veal in cream and mushrooms, rostbraten, chicken soup, cabbage rolls, veal goulash and delicious homemade German cakes for as little as \$8.00 for two courses. The coffee is wonderful too!

Eat, drink and be happy!

Imogen Craney, Year 11  
and Ms Jane Levi

# THE ULTIMATE LET DOWN

Rebel Bissaker,

Penny Chalk, Mia Chalker, Year 8

**Darlene (Penny):** A typical Australian girl who is interested in tough, goodlooking boys. She smokes in the toilets and does everything a teenager would do.

**Eugene (Draw):** A boy who came to Australia from England and has won a scholarship to be an exchange student.

**Mother (Mia):** A mother who cares only about the child's health, and school work but not about "the school boy crush" as it is known.

**Tracey (Rebel):** Darlene's older sister – beautiful, talented, intelligent, sporty and loved by all.

## SCENE 1

**Narrator:** Darlene enters the kitchen where her mother is making that night's dinner.

**Darlene:** Oh, Mum, he's such a hunk, he's so gorgeous and so intelligent. He even catches bugs.

**Mum** (in a non-committal way): Oh, that's nice, Darling.

**Darlene:** He's just so beautiful, you just don't understand. I fink I'm in love!

**Mum:** Oh, I understand. I was young once. Now go and set the table for dinner, your father will be home any minute.

**Narrator:** Darlene walks away, shaking her head, with stars in her eyes. She begins to set the table. Tracey enters and strikes a dashing pose in front of the mirror and as she combs her luscious blonde locks, she says:

Mum, I have to tell you something.

**Mum:** Yes, Dear.

**Tracey:** I've been selected from a group of girls to join a modelling agency and appear on the cover of some new magazines that have just been published.

**Mum:** Oh! Now that's just wonderful! Congratulations, Dear.

**Darlene** (who is in the next room setting the table and overhears the conversation, and being fed up with her sister's beauty, says in a mimicking voice):

Oh, Mummy darling, I've been selected to be in a modelling agency.

**Narrator:** Darlene puts down the forks and sits on the lounge and says:

Well, I'm going to have someone that she'll never own . . . Eugene.

## SCENE 2

**Narrator:** This scene starts as the girls are getting ready for school. They start having a fight.

**Tracey:** This off boy came to me at school yesterday and asked me if I wanted to go out with him. I just turned around and told him where to shove it.

**Darlene:** What was 'is name. He must have bad taste if he picked you.

**Tracey:** He's some creep who collects bugs. I think it's Eugene, that's right, Eugene Higgembottom.

**Darlene:** Eugene, tall, skinny bloke with glasses?

**Tracey:** Yeh.

**Darlene:** He isn't a creep and bugs are very interesting! And by the way, if I hear you say one more mean thing about him, I swear I'll belt you one straight across the face.

**Tracey:** Why, do you like him or something?

**Darlene:** Yes I do. He's the nicest boy I've met in my whole life. He's a hunk, he's brainy and he collects bugs.

**Tracey:** Well, I still think he's the biggest idiot going.

**Darlene:** I told you I'd belt you if you said that again. (She pulls her fist back.)

**Mother** (entering): Girls, girls, stop arguing! Now, what's the problem?

**Tracey:** I was just telling her about this creepy guy by the name of Eugene who asked me out and she nearly bit my head off.

**Darlene:** Mum, he's the one I was telling you about yesterday. The gorgeous one.

**Mum:** Yes, well, we'll talk about it later. Now get to school or you'll be late.

**Narrator:** The girls go off to school and on the way meet Eugene walking the opposite way.

## SCENE 3

**Narrator:** The two girls have just arrived home from school and Darlene's talking to her mother.

**Darlene** (still in a trance): I spoke to him.

**Mum:** Spoke to who, Dear?

**Darlene:** That gorgeous, hunky brain I told you about yesterday.

**Narrator:** Tracey enters the room and hears them speaking.

**Tracey:** Are you still going on about that horrible what's his name?

**Darlene:** Yes I am and his name's Eugene and he's not horrible, he's hunky.

**Mum:** Girls, girls, stop fighting! Tracey, leave Darlene alone, Dear. If she likes this Eugene fellow, let her like him. It doesn't matter what a boy is like on the outside, Tracey

...  
**Darlene** (interrupting): Yeh, it don't matter what he looks like although he is adorable, it's what he is inside, isn't it, Mum?

**Mum:** Yes, Dear, that's right as long as he doesn't muck up your homework.

**Narrator:** The phone rings and Tracey answers.

**Tracey:** Hello.

**Eugene:** Hi, is this Darlene?

**Tracey:** No, don't insult me. Do you want to speak to her?

**Eugene:** Yes, please.

**Tracey:** Okay, hang on a sec.

**Tracey:** Guess who's on the phone, Dummy?

**Darlene:** Who?

**Tracey:** Your loverboy.

**Darlene:** Eugene? Oh no, what am I going to do?

**Mum:** Talk to him, Dear. He'll think the phone's dead.

**Darlene:** Hello

**Eugene:** Hi, I was wondering, well....I know I don't know you very well, but ...

**Darlene:** Yes? Go on ...

**Eugene:** Would you go out with me this Saturday?

**Darlene:** Where to? I mean, sure!, Where to?

**Eugene:** I don't know. How about the movies?

**Darlene:** Yeah, fine, that's great. See ya.

**Mum:** What did he say, Dear?

**Darlene:** He's invited me to go to the movies with him. I'd better get ready.

**Tracey:** Look at her go and it's only Wednesday! Ha, ha, ha!

**Mum:** Slow down, Dear. You've got four days yet.

**Darlene:** Yeh, but I gotta look me best, don't I?

**Narrator:** She went to the movies looking better than ever. I hate to say this, but this has a typical ending. They had fun, liked each other and lived happily ever after.





Yr 9 Scientists at work



Textiles Yr 7



French



Yr 7 Sculptors

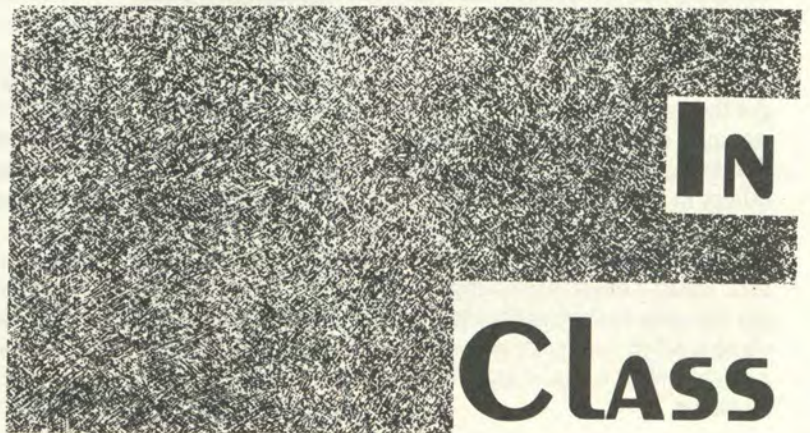
Miss Tokyo & Richard Lennane



Enthusiasm in English



Home Science



# SPEECH DAY '84

## MICHAEL PATE

### OUR GUEST

SPEECH DAY ADDRESS – FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL  
– SYDNEY TOWN HALL  
Given by: MICHAEL PATE – March 22, 1984

Mr Sully, Mrs Preece, Mr Horan, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow Fortians —

I am honoured to be your guest speaker here today. I imagine that's what every guest speaker says as a matter of course — but I am truly and deeply honoured to share this Speech Day with you because it was some 52 years ago that I attended my first Fort Street High School Speech Day at the Strand Theatre in Leichhardt.

Only the other day, sifting through some assorted memorabilia, I came across a newspaper clipping from a tabloid of the day called "The World" — it was dated May 12, 1932. Right at the top of the page was a photograph of a crowd of schoolboys, myself front and centre among them, surging across the street to attend the annual speech-day proceedings. So you might say, as far as speech days go, except for a change of venue, I have come full circle.

When I was at Fort Street, "Play Week" for me was the event of the year — somehow even more exciting than being in a winning football or cricket team, certainly more enthralling than some of those dull subjects with which I struggled every day and failed at so miserably every examination.

But don't let me give you the impression that I was the 'star' of the various Play Weeks in which I participated — far from it!

In my first year at Fort Street, the play chosen for my class was "The Princess and the Woodcutter". Of course, I wanted to play the Woodcutter — a lively, likeable and handsome fellow. After all, at Drummoyne Primary School, I had appeared as a pirate in a Sinbad extravaganza, even as an old man, singing and dancing in a musical play. But, although I thought I read well for the part, it was given to another boy, a friend of mine. When I questioned the English teacher's judgement — it seems I was always questioning teachers at Fort Street — I was told that I wasn't good-looking enough to play the hero part of the Woodcutter. You can imagine what that did to my ego! I spent the better part of the next year looking into every mirror I could find trying to prove the teacher wrong.

The next year, I tried my luck again. I believe the play was called "Twice is Once Too Much". Actually, I felt that "Once was Twice Too Much" — it seemed a very silly, sissy play to me — but I 'tried out' once again — as we call it in professional theatre — and once again — nowhere. Everyone else got the good parts and I was finally allocated the miniscule part of a deaf-dumb-and blind crippled beggar who sat on the stage, somewhere right up the back of course, while the others in the cast went on interminably acting out what I now felt as a very dull play, indeed!

Anyway, the show must go on, as they say — even if the poor clown's heart is breaking etc etc — so when we came to put the play on during Play Week, all the time I was on the stage I acted my heart out — I was really going to show everyone what a deaf-dumb-and blind crippled beggar was all about.

Came the end of the play and the curtain calls and all the lead players taking their bows and leaving the stage — and I found that not only couldn't I get up to stand with the other minor characters — once again at the back of the stage of course, I couldn't even move! Sitting for so long cross-legged on the stage had totally numbed my legs — I couldn't even feel the 'pins-and-needles'. The stage was now empty — except for me. The applause went on and on and on as I sat there in frozen numbness. By this time, the English teacher in the wings was apoplectic, beginning to froth at the mouth. With a Herculean effort, I managed to roll myself over onto my chest and face and proceeded to claw my way laboriously, agonisingly slowly, off the stage. The applause was now deafening, as you can imagine. Finally, I got near enough to the English teacher for him to grab me by the scruff of the neck and haul me off the stage, all the time hissing absolutely unrepeatable epithets in my ear between times yelling hysterically for curtains to be finally drawn across what was undoubtedly my finest hour on the stage at Fort Street.

So now — what am I going to talk to you about? Am I going to give you a very erudite, uplifting talk about the joys of going to Fort Street and how you will undoubtedly cope, having been offered a fine education by the faculty of Fort Street, with the terrifying, demanding world of today that you will all enter when you finish your schooldays at Fort Street, at University, wheresoever — the tough, hard world where you have to 'make-your-way'? Not at all — I am going to give you a 'sermon'! Well — not really a sermon — let me explain it this way.

Of recent date, I have been playing in a play at the Opera House for the Ensemble Theatre called "Mass Appeal" with my wonderful son, Christopher — actually, for the third time in Sydney in the past 18 months. In "Mass Appeal", I play a parish priest who at some time in the play is instructing a young seminarian about his imminent priestly duties. The priest tells the young seminarian that there are all kinds of sermons and that every sermon needs a theme. For example: there are the "What IF?" sermons; there are the "Remember WHEN?" sermons; and of course there are the "WHY?" sermons — emphasising that the "WHY?" sermon is the most fundamental of all!

So — the sermon for today is a "WHY?" sermon. Well, not really a sermon — as I said before — rather a thought — for you — a "WHY?" thought.

My thought for you to consider today — the very reason of my being here today — is to pose a question to you — for you to answer in your own good time — as I and many other Fortians had to — and that question is: "WHY GO TO FORT STREET?"

Let's slip back a little in time: 56 years ago I first stood on this stage as a choirboy from Drummoyne Primary School. I sang in many choirs over the years that I was at that school in many Eisteddfords and we won many accolades. At school there, with some brilliant teaching and the liberal application of the cane of which I received more than my share, deservedly, for being the maverick I have always been, I turned out middle dux of the school in my final year — 884 marks out of a possible 1000 — and so was eligible to go to Fort Street — a selective school in those days. I came to Fort Street at the turn of January/February of 1932 — and found the entire First Year was full of much more brilliant boys than I was. Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, in a new uniform, cap, hat etc, proud of my new school badge, I realised very quickly — although I couldn't come up with the answer — that Fort Street was asking me a question: "Why go to Fort Street?"



Michael Pate — third from left

I tried very hard during the years I was at Fort Street to measure up to the standards demanded of me by the School. In sports, I seemed to do well – indeed, very well. I played Soccer, Rugby Union and Cricket for Fort Street and some of my more outstanding achievements in those sports are recorded in past issues of the Fortian.

Scholastically, I was really abysmal. I must have been the despair of most of my teachers. There were certain subjects in which I was often at the top of the class, in the rest I was more often towards the bottom of my class. There could have been all kinds of reasons for my lack of ability to apply myself scholastically. The Great Depression wasn't an easy time to grow up in; in the somewhat moralistic society of the times, for me, pubescence was sheer undiluted hell. I found my teachers, with rare exceptions, difficult to communicate with. I really needed all the help I could get in those days – and for the most part, I didn't get it.

Whatever the reason: I had failed to answer the question I have previously asked you today: "WHY GO TO FORT STREET?"

The end result was that I blew my Intermediate Examination. Oh, I got 5 Bs — and that was better than some other boys — but at Fort Street in those days, 5 Bs meant an automatic exile to a scholastic Siberia!

In my fourth year at Fort Street, I thought very carefully about my future — and finally decided to leave school and go to work. With my scholastic record — and the economics of the times, the chances of me ever being able to go on to University seemed very remote.

As I walked out of the gates of Fort Street that cold winter's day of 1935, I did stop, for a moment, to think about what I was leaving behind me — but more importantly to try to realise what I was taking with me — if anything. It took me quite a few years to do that.

When I left school, I was fortunate to find a variety of jobs as a junior accountant — a very junior accountant. The work bored me senseless. I had always wanted to write — even then as a teenager, I'd had various pieces published in newspapers or magazines. I decided to try my luck with the Australian Broadcasting Commission — there I met George Ivan Smith — a very talented young man with a fine mind for broadcasting who produced a weekly radio show called "Youth Speaks". I explained my idea to him about young people in 'dead-end' jobs. He found the idea interesting — he was also interested that I had gone to Fort Street — but in order to find out if I really could write, he pushed a typewriter and some paper towards me and said: "Write it". I sat down and did write it — and broadcast it with him a week or so later. That was my start in the entertainment business. From there I went on, with him, to interview some of the

most famous and pertinent personalities of the day in the fields of the arts, the sciences, politics etc — one of whom was the wellknown novelist and historian, H.G. Wells.

In the years that followed I went into radio acting, the theatre, films — I went to the war for some six years — I have worked around the world. I've written books, even produced films — even played the Opera House — a thrilling experience, I assure you — with Dame Joan Sutherland upstairs singing her heart out in "Adreana Lecouvreur" — and my son and I playing "Mass Appeal" in the Playhouse.

Being in the entertainment business isn't always the glamorous way of life most people consider it to be — it has its triumphs, it also has its vicissitudes, its disappointments, its many satisfying — deeply satisfying — achievements. Above all — and perhaps more than other professions — it requires a secure philosophical base upon which to build — to chart, a performer's way through his professional life.

I found that base for my life answering, at long last, the question: "WHY GO TO FORT STREET?". The answer was that not only had Fort Street given me an education but it had pointed the way to my further and continuing education. It had also given me a wonderful extra bonus — in the form of the School motto — "Faber est suae quisque fortunae". Everyone is the maker of his own way of life — or his own way through life. In short, if we want to be very colloquial, the motto could be translated — and I hope none of my old Latin teachers ever get to hear about it — as: It is really up to you — what you do with your own life.

Fort Street was established in 1849 — 135 years ago — for all those years, boys and girls have been going to Fort Street to be taught by the finest teachers in the land.

Now, that is a great tradition. Tradition won't pay your way through this world, of course — but it offers you another and most important thing that you can have in life — in yourselves — PRIDE — pride in your education at Fort Street, continuing pride in yourselves for what you intend to do with the education you receive at Fort Street.

You can see I have no doubt you will come up with the answer to my question; "WHY GO TO FORT STREET?"

As a Fortian, you have a heritage, you also have an obligation, you even have a duty — three BIG words, aren't they? — heritage, obligation, duty — so let's just take one — HERITAGE — the other two — obligation, duty — are up to you. Keep in mind the HERITAGE of Fort Street — do your best, in every way, to preserve and perpetuate it.

Fort Street has given you the opportunity to enjoy and benefit from some of the best years of your lives. Fort Street is truly your heritage — pass that heritage on — REMEMBER IT — ALWAYS.

# A FASHION



Miranda Douglas

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In September, Ms L. Foster with the help of Miss I. Butler and Miss M. Sykes, organized a spectacular fashion parade, which was viewed by the whole school.

Female students from the Textiles and Design Department ably modelled clothing made by themselves. The Year 11 students of Miss Foster were also instrumental in organising this visual and aural spectacle. Female students in years 8, 9, 10 and 11 modelled the clothing to the sounds of David Bowie, Talking Heads and INXS. Blown-up slides relating to "fashion" provided a wonderful backdrop for the models.

Miranda Douglas of Year 11 was a most capable hostess for the parade. She also modelled a beautiful black cocktail dress fashioned by her own hands. She coupled this, with a fox fur stole. Stunning!

Thanks go to the Year 11 males, who provided excellent support for the female models. Thank you Toby Newton-John, Ben Sui, Kareem Tawansi, Ross Kendall and Michael Roberts.

Congratulations to all involved!

Ms J. Levi



# DID YOU KNOW? . . .

## The Fortian

What is the story behind the establishment of the School Magazine. It is certainly not to be found in an imitation of custom in other schools. For can there be a continuing school magazine in our schools pre-dating that of Fort Street? In an unbroken line since August 7, 1898, the journal has appeared at its regular scheduled time or slightly irregularly thereafter, varied as these times may have been over the years.

The origin of the magazine is very different indeed from what one might imagine. It is indeed a story of the cart coming before the horse. A friend made presentation of two or three pounds of type to Fred Conway and he for some months had been printing a tiny 3 x 4 inch paper at home styled the "Pymble News", on a little wooden home-made press. It occurred to the young lad that perhaps a paper for the school would be a more worthwhile under-taking. He with his classmate Walford mentioned their plans to the then Head Master, Mr J.W. Turner, who at once saw the value of the suggestion, but thought the paper should be a school paper owned by the school. One afternoon the three of them, accompanied by Mr Pincombe, the teacher who was to have charge of "The Fortian", headed for Cowan and Co., where the type, cases and a real machine were purchased. Great assistance in the first issue of "The Fortian" was rendered by Mr Kelman, a compositor at the Government Printing Office, who was a friend of Mr Turner's, came down in the afternoons to teach the art of setting type in a workmanlike manner and the operation of the machine. One of the first jobs done on the press was a card of welcome to Earl Beauchamp, Governor of New South Wales, who visited the school shortly after the historical purchase was made.

The machine was housed in the Head Master's office and his tables were littered with type, cases, inks, galleys and other necessities of the printer's art!

## The Fountain

Almost as old as the School itself, the fountain now situated in front of the Memorial Hall once stood outside the old school gates. It was erected in 1857 in Princes Street, a gift of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of Sydney. The city's crest, with the motto "I take, but I surrender", was worked into the ornamentation of the canopy, as was also the request "Keep the pavement dry". An open book with a quotation from the gospel of St. John adorned still another side: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." The original splendour can be viewed in its twin standing for the thirsting still in Macquarie Place or again in the beautiful drawings of time past treasured in the vestibule. A particularly beautiful example is the recent drawing by Mr Ian Marr, presented to the school by the Fortians' Union at this year's Farewell Assembly together with the drawing of the gates.

Upon its presentation to the city of Sydney, the fountain was placed close to the main school entrance on Observatory Hill and quickly became associated with the school, so much so that when the gates and Princes Street were resumed to make way for the approaches to the Harbour Bridge the fountain was moved into the school grounds and found a home with the figtrees. A bubbler replaced the old tap and many a girl quenched her thirst from its waters.

Why then is our fountain today without its beautiful canopy as it stands before the Memorial Hall? The answer is found in the tale of an aged gentleman from Melbourne, who driving one evening more than twenty years ago with his wife in search of a house in Millers Point, found instead the roadway that leads up the escarpment to the old school. He proceeded in his auto under the figtrees taking the canopy with him. The damage wrought was sadly of such magnitude that the canopy was no more. The tale of the school's sad loss was retold to me only yesterday by Mr Brian Chilvers, who came in a work party the following morning to make restoration of the disturbed base of the fountain.

## The Old

## School Bell

The old bell of the Old School, standing now in the Kilgour Quadrangle, has the role today of Fort Street's fire bell. That is its well-earned sinecure.

As the bell finally summoning the girls to class it was pensioned off in the old school grounds long, long ago. Only on occasion when modern electricity failed was it required to take on its old task once more. It stood sturdily beside Siberia, the outpost of the old school. Only during the years of World War II was it called upon to toll once more as the siren bell could so easily have summoned the school's neighbours to the air-raid shelters.

Once a year it was always not forgotten. On the Farewell Day of senior students, they tolled their good-bye to the school on the old warrior.

The age of the bell is unknown. In 1889 an Old Boy gazed fondly upon it and exclaimed: "Well, the old bell is still here!"

*Do you know?*

**Amazing Facts**

10

1. I'm crazy? So was Christopher Columbus
2. John Arnold was a watchmaker in the days of George III. The watch he mended watches while sitting on the top of Salisbury Cathedral spire—40 feet above the ground.
3. Vitality and a zest for living can be yours, whatever your age, if you enjoy normal health and freedom from pain.
4. Everyone knows that this very man enjoys painting and racing as hobbies—but did you know that he is also make-believe. The radio and television waste precious time which could be spent in education and enlargement of mental horizons.
5. An inventor sat in an armchair which was then dropped down a lift shaft. He considered this to be the quickest way of demonstrating the quality of his chair. He had fitted to the chair.

# Our litteratti continue

## Read on . . .

### INEVITABILITY

I never really had an ability to communicate. I was always the distant cousin. Never talked much, especially about myself, and when I did, my message was often too vague, indecisive or weak. Who could blame me? I was brought up in a country where its national problem is effective communication. My problem is my communication is less than ineffective. Sure, sometimes I can express myself in different ways such as writing or fighting, but I could never talk things out. They say the people who are the most shy are those that seem the most outgoing. A facade or mask is painted to protect the vulnerable material inside.

I would totally isolate myself. Lock myself in my room and listen to music all day and write stories. D.H. Lawrence described this as snow in summer. Totally isolate myself from the outside world. It seems perfectly natural for me. People would tell me to talk, say something, not to mope around and act bored. When I did say something, I was immediately criticized for something I had said. In the end I just gave up.

My communication now is often in gestures or movements, subtle hints in pieces of writing or jokes or by being completely silent. It reminds me of the twelve identical pictures of Charles Bronson. Each had a different caption "Charles Bronson Happy", "Charles Bronson Sad", etc. I wear a mask whenever I am with people. A mask that hides myself. A self which seems set to explode.

Many times I have been tempted to kill people. I have had knives in my hands, shotguns aimed at people. I carry an arsenal on my body when I'm out in the street. Waiting for that one moment when I will let everything go. People either don't recognize or ignore my hidden self.

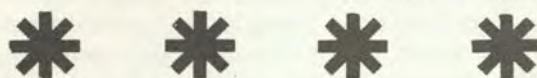
My messages are left on answering machines or scribbled down on notes. I have lengthy conversations with my computer. Mono syllable monologues that can last for hours. The computer asks pre-programmed questions and I enter in the answers. I read the Trading Post for hours a day, living more in hope of an independent future than of buying anything.

Girlfriends and boyfriends tend to be active talkers. The relationship works that way. They talk all they want to and I listen all I want to. Even with them I try to remain fairly anonymous. Giving false names, false histories. Protect what needs to be protected. Protected in order to survive. If I had said everything I had ever meant, I would be dead by now. If thoughts could kill, every one else would be dead also. The future comes, the future cries, the future is for me.

I will have my say. People who have been so cruel to me in the past will rethink their words. Twenty years of hate can build up and explode quite easily, especially when it has not been let out. That's a lot of hate, a lot of bitterness, a lot of revenge. Too much revenge. The hate shall continue to build up until it destroys me and whoever is in its path. I don't regret what has happened.

It is easy to think while you sit in a cold dark room. You can't talk, but you can think. Think over what you have done. Why you did it. Why it happened. Why you let it happen. Thinking back, there was nothing I could do. I could say nothing. Do nothing to stop it. It had built up inside me, trapped me and will ultimately destroy me. Destroy me like everyone else it has destroyed. The Sun! It is dawn. The chair awaits me.

Bruce Field, Year 12



### LIFE AT STAKE

As I slowly paced, the bars of my window seemed to state the fact even more so, that I was trapped. The stale air stung my parched throat causing me to gasp.

Whisps of sunlight seeped through cracked walls shadowing over as people passed by the outside. A guard rattled his keys in the lock and opened the door, not moving into the room. I could see the fool was terrified and probably thought I was going to bewitch him there and then.

"So, it's the beginning of the thirteenth century to-day. I only just made it, didn't I?" I said scornfully, yet resentfully. "If them peasants had 'ad their way ye'd ha' bin dead an' mouldy by now," he agreed. "I jist brung ye some water," he added, and set it down on the straw covered ground. "What I'll be needing a drink for if they're to burn me at the stake this afternoon, is beyond me," I thought to myself miserably after the guard had hastily left, locking the door behind him.

It was evident my fate was near, the tense but angry atmosphere clung to me, drawing me to depression. At least once a year these people chase yet another victim, suspected as a witch, and burned them at the stake. It was like a game for them, and I was the prize.

I could almost hear the cries of agony and smell the burning flesh, the whole situation sealing my doom, surrounding me in false accusations, fear and hysteria. I fell to the floor burying my face in the straw, trying to hold back my tears but without success. After letting them flow freely, I at last determinedly stood up and went to the window, watching the mob of people build up the firewood around the stake. I turned to see a rat scurry across the ground and into a hole.....

"Everything is prepared" murmured the executioner to himself, striding towards a group of guards standing around waiting for instructions. "Bring the prisoner to me," he said briskly. The guards hurried to the cell which held the woman. They broke through the door in a tumble. But the room was empty.....

Except for the furry nose peeping at the men from the safety of a hole.

Lisa Oughton, Year 7

## HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

Oh my God, he couldn't believe it, just couldn't believe they were real. So long he had craved for them and now they were a step away. They lay there, exhibiting their iridescent colours, their mesmerizing beauty. Even in the faint glow of his torch, he could tell they were perfection, and now they were his.

His unsteady hand reached out unsurely, his touch gentle, as though about to cradle a newborn babe. He stroked them, and they filled him with a new surge of strength. NO, he was not a thief, not a crook. He preferred to call himself a gourmet of gems. What he did not know about jewels was not worth knowing. He had seen many diamonds before, but these were by far the best. They took his breath away. Oh how he wanted to hug them to his chest!

But there was no time now, not another minute could be wasted. He packed them in his small black case, nestling them comfortably within the soft velvet. He then turned and made his way back out of the gallery, taking the utmost precaution with where he stepped. Priceless art relics lined the walls but his eyes never strayed to gaze at their stately divinity. He was content: satisfied as though having eaten a huge meal after a long fast.

Once out on the street he let out a deep sigh of relief. His bones seemed to melt with his blood and his eyes were unseeing. He lent against the wall and waited till the nausea overcame him. The cool night air washed over him, refreshing him somewhat. Exhilaration made way for fear and he jerked himself away from the wall, making a wild dash for his car, parked in the next street. It was hard for him to tell which was louder, the pounding of his feet on the ground beneath or the pounding of his heart, which vibrated in his ears, his throat, every part of his body. The pounding echoed through his whole form and beyond. He felt it to such an extent, he feared it could be heard for miles around.

He came to the intersection of the two streets and paused, for a fraction of a second. He felt the sweat stream down his face into his eyes. Automatically he shut them, trying to block out the sting. His breath rasped painfully from his lungs and gushed like a running stream through his throat, filling his ears with the strained sound. He collapsed, dropping the case.

The monstrous truck rumbled steadily towards the intersection. The driver was not paying much attention to the road, mumbling his way through a melody on the radio. The crook on the road opened his eyes and raised his head. A stream of light pierced his vision and he felt the power of the oncoming vehicle before he saw it. A pitful scream racked his entire body and the last thing he saw as the diamonds, free of their confinement, irradiated by the beams of the headlights . . .

"God, I don't believe it, he's alive", mumbled the ambulanceman as they placed him on the stretcher. A young policeman scratched his head and stared at the arrangement of diamonds spread out before him.

"Imagine being run over after robbing the Staté Gallery. When, and if he ever gets back on his feet, he's got quite a sentence to serve." He looked at the man lying on the stretcher, his face ghost white. "I wonder how he'll feel?"

Nobody noticed the crook's eyelids flutter or his lips as they formed the words "Heaven helps those who help themselves!"

TINA PICEK, Year 10



# A CLEAN

# S W E E P



Marge's feather duster flickers with the intensity of a hummingbird's wings over every delicately carved statue and every fine piece of porcelain, around each perfectly hung picture frame. If "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" then Marge Murphy's house must be the last stop before heaven. With no family or work to take up her time, she has devoted her retirement years to becoming a full time "neat freak". She is obsessive about neatness and cleanliness in every aspect of her day – her house, her 1965 Holden, her wardrobe, her make-up – her life.

It is a common event between neighbours to watch as Marge leaves her house and marches down her cleanly swept pathway. In her immaculate outfit – with all seams even, and the whole outfit colour co-ordinated of course, her hair unmoving in the gale force winds due to the deft positioning of squirts of hair spray, she projects an aura of perfection. The neighbours, continually try to cut down this "tall poppy" by finding faults in her cleaning, dressing and everyday etiquette. But it is to no avail. There are no streaks on the windows. Yes, her stitching is correct. No, she hasn't had a facelift.

Visitors are struck with feelings of both respect and fright when they enter the home of Marge Murphy. They are no longer in someone's house. They are in someone's life and when they leave, their faces shown signs of disbelief and terror. They are now resigned to going home and facing up to their load of washing or unclean carpet knowing that any effort on their behalf would be minute compared to the daily self-imposed workload of Marge Murphy.

People respect Marge for her achievements, but are also envious. They praise her openly, but would secretly like to go into the Murphy mansion and find the washing-up still in the sink or the ashtray full on the table – just once.

It is rumoured that Marge Murphy swept up after World War II and that when she dies her ashes won't be thrown to the mercy of the wind. She won't be buried in the dirty earth, but she will jump into a large vat of embalming fluid and close the lid from inside – just to make sure it's all done neatly.

Rodney Clayton, Year 12

# SLOPPY JOE by Joanne Kouvaris Yr 9

The beginning of another day. Joe's wife packed his lunch for him and he was ready to go. The bus came later than usual, so he just made it into the factory on time. The habitual ritual of punching the time card in was performed and he walked to this week's position in the assembly line. He was lucky this week because the 'Bonds' management put him in the less tiresome section of the line, where he only had to push the plain coloured 'Sloppy-joe' jumper into the machine and somewhere along the line, a large metal object would print a very colourful and exciting patriotic pledge on the front of the jumper. This was a new edition to the factory, so really it was quite an honour to be placed there.

Lunch-break came and the manufacturing stopped for the twenty minutes allowed. Joe walked outside, sat himself down in a patch of sunlight on the concrete steps and took a sandwich out of the tin. Whilst starting on one corner, three rather largely built men approached him.

"Hey Ahmed, Why are you on the new machinery?!"

"Yeh, Why does an old wog get first round on the machine?!"

Joe sat back not knowing what to say, but slowly let out the words "My name is not Ahmed", and that was that for his part.

The men laughed, cursed him a hundred times and really hurt the silent man. He remembered when he first came to Australia and went to see the migration officer, he was told that if he didn't speak his language in public and changed his name to a more Anglo-Saxon sounding name, all would be fine, and he'd be accepted into society.

He went to the office where they registered their names and got a form on which he placed the letters J.O.E. He chose this name because the people who worked there assured him that "Joe" would suit him to a 'T'. When Joe walked out to the elevator, he gradually realised that 'Joe' suited several hundred other migrants who went to change their names also, as every person that entered the elevator introduced themselves as 'Joe'.

That was just over twenty years ago though. Hadn't people accepted them into society yet? The migration officer was lying. It wasn't just two simple steps that made you acceptable.

Now, with the three men calling him Ahmed again proved that the Australians wouldn't care what you're called, it's what you look like that matters, and he wasn't planning to change that.

The day ended at seven and Joe went home to his wife. He told her all about what had happened that day. His wife was neither surprised nor horrified about what she heard. She advised him not to worry about it since they were probably just jealous of his position.

The workday began again, and the manufacturing continued. This time, when it came to lunch he stayed inside in order to keep out of the men's way.

Unfortunately, the men found him and seemed more 'playful' today. They cursed once more, but got more aggressive and started to push him around.

Joe didn't fight back at all seeing that it would be useless. Instead, he retreated and tried to get as far away as possible. The whole thing seemed stupid to him, he could not imagine why they would do it. Was it only because of the place he had been born, and lived for twenty years? If it was well, he lived here the same amount of time too.

The man caught Joe by the arm, and as a threat held him up to the chute where the sloppy-joes were pushed into.

This time Joe struggled, he screamed, he kicked, and... fell. The three men were shocked at what they had done. They ran around the machine trying to find where Joe had disappeared to.

They finally realised that Joe was gone for good.

'Good', said one reassuring the others, 'He was only an ethnic. We can do with a few less of them, eh!'

The machine suddenly stopped, and something seemed to roll out from the side. The three men scurried over to see what it was.

It was Joe. A large, colourful, and exciting picture of Australia was deeply indented on his chest. The words written were very clear - "All Australian man".

## YEAR 7 SPEAKS

### A Message from Year Seven

I know what you're thinking. Well don't despair. This will not be one of those boring stories about how I got into high school, because ninety-nine percent of you readers have already experienced it. For those who haven't, I'd best not tell you because you might not want to come to high school at all. By now, I suppose you're wondering who wrote this. Well it was I. I, being a typical Year Seven student will now describe to you how a typical year seven student (like myself) acts in the regard of say, um, literature. I would not be caught dead saying something like "The cat sat on the mat," because it's dull to read and not too descriptive. I would say something like, "The cat, looking up with its face full of miss-matched colour, looking very catish, rose to that seemingly awkward position that cats get into involving them standing on their tipitoes, or rather tippiclaws, with a hunched back and the tail sticking vertically in the air. It then resumed a more dignified position, but still with the tail sticking vertically in the air, strode over to what was left of the ancient Persian rug and collapsed on it." That was a little more interesting than "The cat sat on the mat". Even though, it was slightly exaggerated. I shall also tell you how I deal with the unhappiness that school can cause. I do this by generating a sort of superiority complex. This is not however, a proper superiority complex because deep down inside I know I'm not that great, in fact, I'm a bit of a flop really. Still, just thinking you're great, even though you're not, feels good. As a final word I shall say that I and a lot of other year sevens, spent a lot of our time thinking how wonderful it will be in year eight. Well, now we've come to the conclusion. It wasn't half as boring as you expected. Eh!

Anthony Moore, Year 7



## Hieronymus Haslip

People used to turn their heads whenever Hieronymus Haslip passed by. He had a reputation in his neighbourhood for his extraordinary appearance. He wasn't the local eccentric, or anything of that nature, in fact he held quite a responsible position in the community and although, the sight of him often provoked comment, nobody would have thought to make him a figure of fun, as he possessed an affable and charming personality. In all ways, he was well endowed, in his manner, his bearing and his character, and he would have been quite attractive had he not a hideously blotched face.

Most faces have blemishes of some kind, and it isn't uncommon to see a mulberry mottled countenance or a strawberry speckled visage among a group of relatively pale faces. However, it would be surprising if anybody had a face as odd as Hieronymus Haslip's. It wasn't spotted or streaked or veined but neatly divided into regions of different colours.

Across his forehead and dribbling down a little to reach his left temple, was a band of yellow. This wasn't a jaundiced yellow, but a radiant yellow, a bright yellow that would have made a canary turn green with envy. It was a yellow, yellower than a ripe lemon or a daffodil and would have done justice to the most pure topaz. It wasn't quite a blinding yellow, more a dazzling yellow and its effect on one's eyes was like that of a neon light, rather than midday sun.

Stretching like a beard from one of Hieronymus Haslip's ears to the other and extending down to his flesh-coloured gorge, was a neat stripe of red. It didn't resemble a red beard at all, nor was it similar to blood red, brick red, fiery red, rose red, claret red or traffic light red. It was a red that only existed upon Hieronymus Haslip's face. It was neither bright nor dark and it wasn't between. There had been some discussion, among some of his more reflective acquaintances, whether this colour was actually red, but as no other colour came near, they concluded that either it was red or Hieronymus Haslip's skin had given birth to a whole new colour outside the visible spectrum.

Covering the left side of his face, with three fingers of colour grasping his otherwise normal nose, was a patch of green. This green would have been entirely unremarkable, had it not been located upon Hieronymus Haslip's face. It seemed as if a carpet of moss had been laid over a part of his face or a piece of AstroTurf glued onto his skin.

If Pluto's "History of Idezi" was true, and somewhere there dwelled a perfect white, which passed beyond experience and could only be beheld in the imagination, then the right side of his face was its home. It went beyond fresh paint, hot metal or clean sheets. It was even whiter than fresh snow. It was the essence of freshness, of purity, of innocence. Had it existed on a flag, then its appearance would have brought world peace, as all that saw it would have been struck with a sense of humility. It was Hieronymus Haslip's favourite patch of skin and he was always careful to shave away any of the blue bristle that appeared on it every morning.

**Mark Grant, Year 12**

## THREE LITTLE SPACE PROBES

Once upon a time, there were three little space probes. One was called Galileo, the second Halley's Comet, and the last was called Venus Radar Mapper (or VRM for short). One day all three went out into the world to make their fortunes.

The first little probe, Galileo, went to seek his fortune. No sooner had he built his place in the space shuttle from carbon-fibre than the Big Bad Treasury man came along wielding his space-program fund-cutting axe. He knocked on the cargo bay door and shouted,

"Little probe, little probe, let me come in."

"Not by the antennae of my communication package!" shouted Galileo

Then the Big Bad Treasury man said, "Well I'll chop, and I'll chop and I'll chop your funding off!"

"Ooooooooooh!" shrieked Galileo, but alas his funding was cut off.

The second probe went out to seek his fortune. He had made his home from mild steel sheet. No sooner had he done this than the Big Bad Treasury man came along and shouted,

"Little probe, little probe let me come in."

"Not by the antennae of my communication package",

said Halley, so again the Big Bad Treasury man shouted,

"Well I'll chop and I'll chop and I'll chop your funding off!"

Sadly Halley's funding was cut off too.

The third probe V.R.M. was no computer's fool. He built his house from titanium alloy. Yet again the Big Bad Treasury man arrived and shouted, "Little probe, little probe let me come in."

"Not by the antennae of my communication package!" said V.R.M.

"Well I'll chop and I'll chop and I'll chop your funding off!"

"Ooooooooooh!" V.R.M. shrieked mockingly and sung,

"Who's afraid of the treasury nurk!

the treasury nurk!

wot a Birk!

Who's afraid of the treasury nurk!

Tra, la, la, la, la!"

This raised the Big Bad Treasury man's temper so much that he swung a series of crashing blows into the side of V.R.M.'s house. But it was to no avail, and the axe splintered. Desperately the Big Bad Treasury man had to think of an idea to cut V.R.M.'s funding off.

"What to do, What to do?" pondered the Treasury man, until he got the idea,

"Why not attack from below?" he reasoned. So he clambered into the compartment below the cargo bay, and found V.R.M.'s cargo door. He opened the door and hoisted himself into the bay. No sooner had he done this than V.R.M. had put up a warm welcome for the Treasury man, a very warm one indeed. It was then that V.R.M. scorched the Big Bad Treasury man and burnt him to death. V.R.M. heaved a great sigh of relief and sung,

"Who's afraid of the treasury nurk!

the treasury nurk!

wot a Birk!

Who's afraid of the treasury nurk!

Tra, la, la, la, la!

And they all lived happily ever after.

THE END

**Scott Martin, Year 8T**



# YR 12



# YR 12



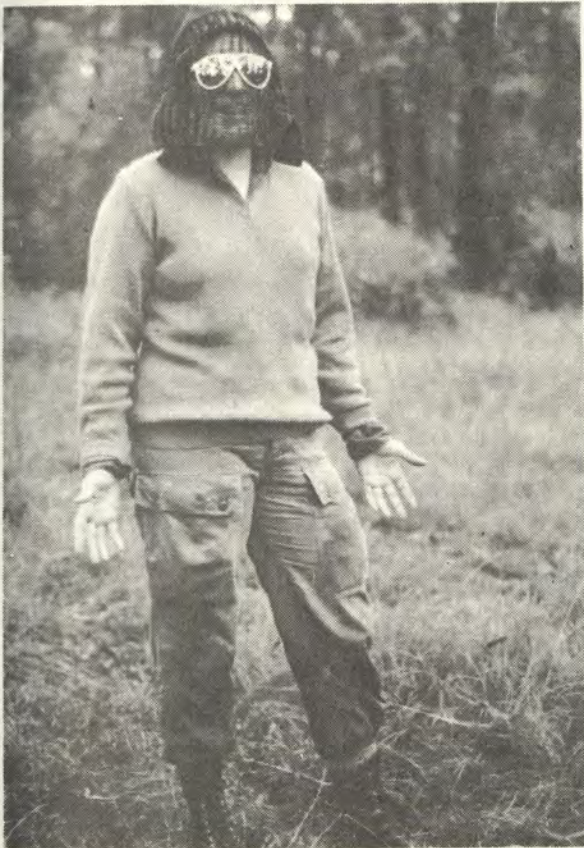


**YR**

**12**



# CADETS



The Fort Street Cadet Unit has been struggling to remain open this year. Cadets have had little support from the government and a limited amount from the students of Fort Street High. Despite these setbacks, Cadets have battled on and have held two Bivouacs. On the Bivouacs the Cadets were trained in abseiling, navigation, basic fieldcraft and did various other activities.

Annual Camp this year, which was held by 2 Cadet Group, was both exciting and exhausting. We arrived on Saturday 18th August and departed on the following Wednesday (lasting only 5 days).

On Sunday all of Fort Street's Cadet Unit (12 of us) were summoned to go on an orienteering course with Punchbowl Boys' High Cadet Unit, which was run by the Army. In the end Fort Street won the competition, beating Shalvey, Punchbowl and Camden Cadet Units. Our unit was presented with a plaque in a formal parade at the camp. Sgt. Hartas (Yr11) who beat all other cadets on the course, won a cute little trophy for his efforts. All the cadets performed well, especially the people who completed the course. (About 6km.)

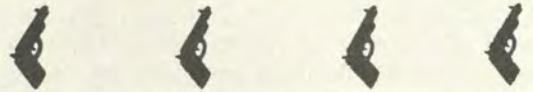
On the following 2 days we were instructed by the Commandos in abseiling and canoeing. Some of the more daring decided to abseil down the 60 foot cliff face. (Fortunately no-one was injured.) The Army also held a pioneering course, where everyone ended up all wet.

Hopefully the Cadet Unit will continue to improve in 1985 with your support. Our thanks go to our CO and two OOC's for their time and effort, and also Mrs Preece. If anyone wishes to find out more about Cadets see Mr Lungtungan in the Industrial Arts Dept. Thanks to Mr Lungtungan for his encouragement.

Admin. Sgt. Vicki Gregic, Year 11



Could these people really defend us?



# TEA and . . .

## Afternoon Tea with the Governor-General

On Friday 28th September, two Fortians — Paul Caus and Kim Walden, were invited to be guests of the New South Wales Governor-General at his residence in the Botanical Gardens.

For those of you who think, like I did, that the Governor-General is an impotent figure-head, soon to be eliminated by Bob Hawke in the not-too-distant-future, the afternoon was an extremely interesting insight into the position. (Nevertheless I'm not seriously considering it as a career opportunity.)

Protocol was strictly observed and at 2 p.m. we were introduced to the Governor-General and his wife — Sir James Rowland and Lady Rowland.

Two prefects (Fort Street as you know operates along more democratic processes) from every school, trembling in borrowed blazers and uniforms, bowed and curtsied to His Excellency before "the feed", on the southern verandah.

A guided tour of the grounds revealed some interesting facts (the ballroom at a capacity of two hundred wouldn't house a Fort Street school dance).

Sir James Rowland then gave a lecture on his duties as Governor-General which included "reserve" powers designed to safeguard the constitution, on behalf of the Crown.

These powers which came into play especially during time of parliamentary crisis brought to mind a certain infamous episode in Australian history emphasizing the fact that a Governor-General is by no means a paper tiger.

Question time resulted in an interesting question with regards to Republican Government in Australia to which the Governor-General had understandably little to say. I longed to enquire about equal opportunity within Government House but time had run out. We left the somewhat artificial world of Governemnt House, rich in history and tradition to mingle with the masses on public trains and buses.

Kim Walden, Year 12

Paul and Kim



## 'HIROSHIMA DAY - 1984'

On the 6th August, 1945, in the closing stages of WWII a U.S. bomber flew over Hiroshima in Japan. It dropped the first atomic bomb on this city of 343,000 people. 66,000 were killed and 69,000 injured; many still die or suffer from radiation sickness and other terrible diseases and injuries caused by the bomb. Three days later Nagasaki was bombed. 39,000 died and 25,000 were injured. The Japanese surrendered unconditionally the following day.

Every August, since the dropping of the two atom bombs, people in cities throughout the world have participated in activities to commemorate those who lost their lives and to show that they never want anything like that to occur again.

In Sydney, Saturday 4th August, 1984, a march and rally were held. Although somewhat smaller than the Palm Sunday march, the group of 4,000-5,000 people was quite a large number for a Saturday morning. The march set out from Belmore Park at eleven, led by children and teenagers, including myself. We arrived at Circular Quay about an hour later, with sore throats and aching arms from chanting and waving banners. When everyone had managed to pack into the little park near the Maritime Services Board, the speeches began. The Hon. Frank Walker, Minister for Youth and Community Services was first, followed by Senator Colin Mason, Deputy Leader of the Australian Democrats, who read a letter from the Mayor of Hiroshima. By the time the applause was over the television cameras had been packed away — the "important" speakers had finished. I was rather thankful for that, as I was making my first public speech! I went behind the platform to shake and bite my nails with Karen Speilman, who was also speaking. We had been chosen to present children's views on "peace" because of our participation in the San Lewis Peace Awards last year. The three minutes for which I spoke were perhaps the longest in my life, but I felt that it was worth it, knowing that I had helped a little towards making sure that my generation is never faced with the horrifying reality of atomic warfare.

Kerry Sanderson, Year 9

# A PREMIER'S VISIT



On Friday October 19, the Premier of NSW Mr Neville Wran visited Fort Street. He was presented with a framed etching of the school, penned by artist Ian Marr. Rodney Smith of Year 10 read this poem (his own work) to Mr Wran at the assembly:

Times have changed at Fort Street  
Since you walked our hallowed floors.  
Balmain boys do cry now  
When kicked in football mauls.

But Drama still continues  
Up here, upon the stage,  
With 'Skin of Our Teeth', 'Pygmalion',  
And the Principal in a rage.

In sport some people still excel  
And all try hard to win.  
But rest assured, we don't allow  
Kickboxing in the gym.

Some students went to Youth Forum  
Earlier this year,  
And brought up some subject matter  
That we'd love you to hear.

Fort Street is a population  
One that goes and comes.  
People from all walks of life,  
Public Servants' sons.

Parliamentary allegations  
Could make you shake at the knees  
So come back here to Taverner's Hill  
For a cool, refreshing breeze.

The sun still shines on Fort Street  
It shall for some time yet,  
For you have helped to build a heritage  
That we cannot forget.

And so we thank you Mr Wran,  
The Premier of our State  
For coming to our school today  
And for not being late.

As a way of saying thanks  
I give this gift to you  
A set of Fort Street glasses,  
A set, brand spanking new

Times have changed at Fort Street  
But some things stay the same  
Mr Horan still is here  
And you are back again.



# THE STAFF OF '84

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Mr R. Horan

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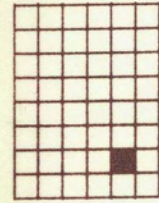
Mrs J. Wright

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