

THE FORTIAN 1985

The Year of 1985

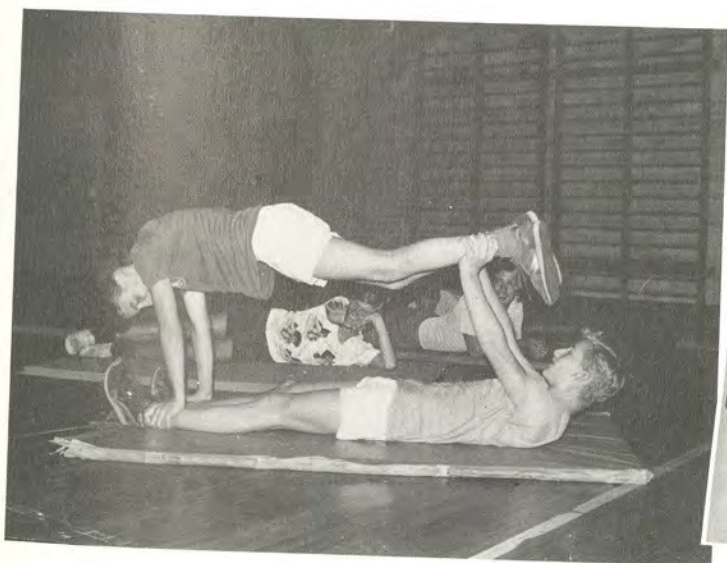


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'Appreciation'

The Committee thanks the following people for their encouragement and help: Mrs C. Preece, Mr R.S. Horan, Mr R. Hayes (photos), Mrs J. Newell, Mrs M. Thomson, Mrs J. Wright, Mrs L. Pendleton, Miss S. Page, Stephen Wall (photos) and all contributors.

The Committee's Words



*Back Row: Gina Kelly, Rodney Smith, Ingrid Tellzen, Stephen Elliot.
Centre Row: Ms Jane Levi, Julia Forrest, Sofia Gibson, Emma McDonald, Doris Kakogiannis, Jeremy Newton.
Front Row: Chris Salmon.*

1985

The year that was here is now done,
Speech Day in March – what fun!
Indeed, Year Seven's singing had every heart won.
Sensationalized comments from Mr Smark
Led the public into the dark,
But Fortians' rage reached a climactic stage!
The furore peaked as we took to the street,
The truth was learned as the pages were burnt
And Fort Street's name was restored.
The Gala Fair was fantastic –
Books, foods, fashions, gymnastics.
This brings us to Sport
Indoors, in fields, in the gym, on the court,
Fortians excelled and enjoyed what they sought.
Excursions galore – Cooma, Canberra, Malaysia and more
Life continued in much the same ways –
Debates, Dances, Discussions, Displays.
Year Twelve Major Art Works were a great success,
Culturally, wow, have we progressed!
Music has taken on a new face
With sounds abounding all over the place.
The scandalous capers of the H.S.C. papers
Concluded the year with a little less cheer.
Despite such woes, this Committee still shows,
And we hope you'll agree
That Fortians are still producing excellent prose.

The Committee, 1985

The Principal's Report

What Makes a Good School?

Fort Street was obliged to ponder this question during the year as a result of a newspaper series, *Smark's Schools Report*. Students, staff, parents and members of the local community reacted strongly to the assertion that all was not well with the "new" Fort Street.

The overwhelming response revealed a deep commitment and affection towards their *Alma Mater*. Statements perceived as errors were pointed out and corrected.

- Recent Higher School Certificate Examination results easily revealed that our academic standards are on par with those of other schools that are publicly acclaimed as outstanding.
- Our multicultural and co-educational character was soundly supported as bringing growth and enrichment to the school.

The communities from other schools no doubt reacted with similar feelings to the reports, but Fort Street was unique in its public demonstration of anger at the office of the newspaper.

* **Why were our students the only ones to respond in such a way?**

This question, to me, is intriguing. Glibly, I might say that liberal leadership has developed such a reaction. In reality, the motivation came from the students, themselves. Indeed, perhaps they do have special characteristics stemming from the school's traditions and social setting. I believe there would be general agreement with the following assertions:

* **Fort Street students are articulate.**

They come from a wide variety of socio-economic and cultural backgrounds and enjoy the benefits of shared experiences.

* **They are capable and bright.**

Our students are selected on the basis of ability, not on the ability of their parents to pay.

* **They are individualistic.**

Emphasis on excellence produces healthy respect for competence in *all* fields of endeavour, no matter by whom it is achieved.

* **They are loyal.**

Quod demonstratum est.

These characteristics are admirable, and will ultimately benefit the community as well as the school. Our young people have demonstrated their beliefs and we can be proud of them.

Mrs C. Preece
Principal



Mrs C. Preece

Deputy Principal's Message. His Last!



Mr. R. S. Horan

Several years ago I rediscovered the "Cadets' March" – the oldest musical composition of Fort Street dating from the 1870's; and this discovery in Nashville, Tennessee. The piece had been lost to the School for more than a century. Early last year I located the original manuscript of the Jubilee Ode of 1899 among the composer's family papers in the National Library, Canberra. This stirring work was performed in the Sydney Town Hall. From the national capital too, on the last day of last term, came the rediscovered original manuscript of the Centenary Pageant of the Girls' High, which musical festival, performed at the Conservatorium of Music in 1949, celebrated the Centenary. These three circumstances bring to mind again and vividly that Fort Street has been in the game of education for a very long time.

This grand line-up of music does indeed glorify a grand past – a past that has established a fine tradition so that it can be truly said that "Fort Street's name rings round the world". No one can challenge this. For all the wonderful work and effort of Fortians in time past long gone, we of the present have indeed to be thankful. We are not faced with the task of establishing a tradition. We are however in some ways entrusted with a more challenging task. And this is to maintain a tradition – and that not merely for tradition's sake. The continuing of that tradition is the making of us.

For all the wonderful past, we – the pupils and staff of today – are the most important aspect of Fort Street now. That situation however has its obligations. It is most fitting that in this Year of Youth Churchill's message: "The world was made to be wooed and won by youth" should be heard and put into practice. It is important that Shaw's dictum: "Youth is wasted on the young" for all its truth should be proven wrong. If the opportunity has generally not been firmly grasped, time is still on the side of the young. The challenge does not end like Cinderella's night-out at midnight 1985. I make this challenge then to all.

As those that have gone worthily before you, make of your time here the very most. The obligation is upon you to do so – as you have won your place here. Sloth and second-rate performance should not be part of the game. Industry and effort should be put into all you do. There is an interesting aspect to achievement. A good performance on the part of one student may be more worthy of commendation than the success achieved by the most talented that gains first place. Some are just born with more talent than others despite Rousseau. That is their good fortune. May they put that ability to the very best use.

Not all of you will walk pre-eminent upon life's stage in the days to come – when your school days come to an end. It is good that some will. Of that we can be certain. That is indeed important. But for the many whose names will not be engraved in the pages of history, your contribution to living can be of the noblest: It is not for all to be leaders. For those of us whose role is in a minor key – as it will be for most of you, put your all into living and into the task that will fall to your lot. I wish you all the very best.

Mr R.S. Horan



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Joy Batzakis, Kristina Andersson, Anne Blake, Thea Butler, Catherine Allen, Teresa Bryan
SECOND ROW: Alain Adolphe, Jacquelyn Aldridge, Rachel Arnett, Michal Blake, Stephanie Barov, Lisa Callingham, Heidi Bachmann, John Armenakis
THIRD ROW: Sam Christopoulos, James Chik, Peter Chalk, Greg Austen, Peter Bletsas, Mark Antoniadis, Peter Bourne
 Year 12 F



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Miranda Douglas, Myung-Soon Chong, Susan Castell-Brown, Anita George, Susan Dunn, Natalie Fisher, Toulia Christopoulos
SECOND ROW: Cristalyn Da Cunha, Janelle Cridland, Roberto D'Angelo, Steven Hughes, Peter Holani, Imogen Craney, Barbara Gouskos
THIRD ROW: Paul James, Mac Hughes, Phillip Gardner, Chris Dedousis, David Horton, Stuart Davy, Charles Goh
 Year 12 O



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Seon Chong, Vicki Gregic, Betty Katsoulis, Hazel Longbottom, Ami Hall, Elizabeth Lin
SECOND ROW: Mimin Lim, Tanya Johnston, John Krouklidis, Igor Jazbec, Frank Kominos, Kerrilee Hardy, Poppy Kabouris
THIRD ROW: O'Kang Kwon, Dean Kuo, Luke Keen, Christopher Katsogiannis, John Kyriakopoulos, Martin Lacin, Michael Kulper
 Year 12 R



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Susan Meadows, Rachel McDiarmid, Justine McDonald, Anna Odfeldt, Carolyn Milward, Simone Oliver, Melinda Overall
SECOND ROW: Maria Mavraganis, Paul Lang, Steven McWilliams, John Meith, George Leros, Clifford Loke, Inga Madgwick
THIRD ROW: Zeljko Nikolic, Toby Newton-John, Patrick Manning, Paul McCarthy, Romano Montanari
 Year 12 T



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Robyn Rodwell, Joanne Scott, Fortunata Salinitro, Emma Rogers, Jackie Shipman, Mary Pavlis, Nghi Phung
SECOND ROW: Katia Pizzinelli, Christon Siatras, Katherine Quinn, Dimitrios Natsopolous, Madeleine Preston, Michael Parades, Sylvia Piedade, Dimitrios Papadopoulos, Jennifer Price
THIRD ROW: Kieran Sharp, George Rounis, Peter Phelps, Jimmy Roknic, Michael Roberts, John Patsiavis, Tom Parmakellis
 Year 12 I



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Inara Walden, Cristina Villalba, Maria Xidis, Samantha Trimble, Lisa Tan, Jeanene Sulfaro, Thuc-Ha To
SECOND ROW: Steven Tomas, Robert Tassone, Peter Wilson, Paul Simpson, Alasdair Taylor, Ben Sui, Mark Tziotis
THIRD ROW: Paul Taranto, Kon Yazouras, Kareem Tawans, Raef Sully, Steven Wall, George Zisopoulos, Petar Stefanovic
 Year 12 A

Our Gala Fair . . .

Early in 1985 the Parents' and Citizens' Association of Fort Street High school proposed the idea of a "Gala Fair" to Mrs Preece. Once the seed was germinated, parents, teachers, students and friends of the school toiled for months to make the occasion really special. There had not been anything like this at Fort Street for many years.

G-Day!! It was Saturday August 17th, 1985! The grounds and rooms of the place they call Fort Street High School became a market place, a fun fair, a show case buzzing with activity, excitement and pride.

Students, parents and teachers donned new hats to become shopkeepers, chefs, auctioneers, ticket salespeople, entrepreneurs, judges of competitions and also consumers.

Highlights of the day included a wonderful display of the Year 12 Major Art works, a spectacular fashion parade by the Textiles and Design students of Years 10, 11 and 12, delicious samples of Japanese and South-East Asian foods, a breath-taking gymnastics display in the Assembly Hall, a really interesting book and record stall, delicious cakes, a raffle of a computer, (won by a lucky Rozelle resident), an "argument" stall (very heated at times!), lucky dips and the opportunity for students to pay to throw wet sponges at their "favourite" teachers.

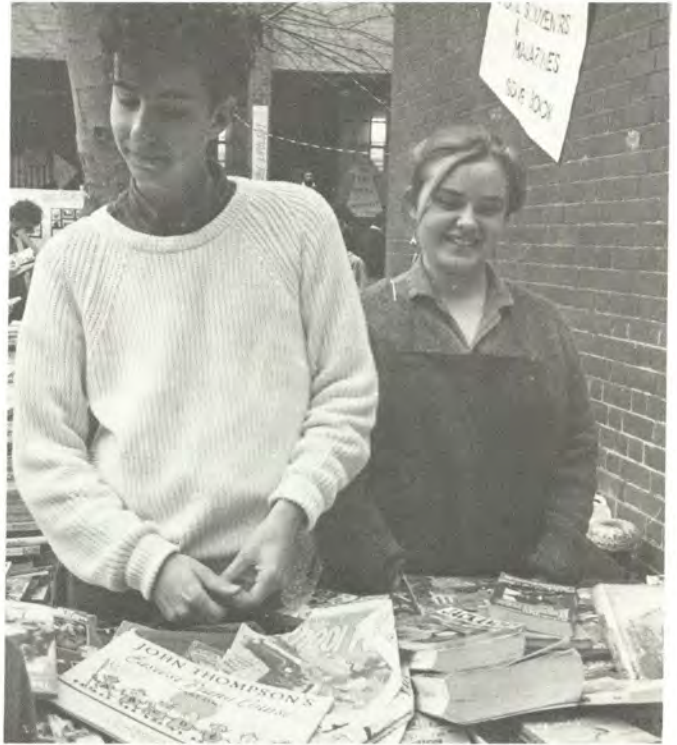
The "Cottage" became a coffee shop run by Year 11 and the Staff Common Room became a "haven" of peace, where Year 12 students served Devonshire Teas. A "handball competition" lured many enthusiasts. Those who excelled in this area were: Michael Kulper, Juan Chang, Sunhee Cho, Andrew Dash, Kylie Goulding and George Giannopoulos. A very "serious" Chess competition attracted much attention. The winner was Thai Huynh of Year 10. Wojceich Czarnocki of Year 10 was a close second.

A computer dating service proved very popular ("Perfect Match" eat your heart out!). The Jazz Band and a new school "Pop" band were also very well received.

The day was a huge success. Many Fortians of yesteryear returned and experienced joyful reunions. A large amount of money was raised which will be spent on meeting the needs of Fortians in areas such as computers, audio-visual aids and some much needed general equipment.

Parents, students, teachers and many others associated with the school in some way, pooled their talents and energies to create a truly great occasion.

The Committee



Ingrid sells, Roberto browses.



Jim and Maria.







FRONT ROW: (L to R) Danielle Bissaker, Karen Davies, Dorina Distefano, Michelle Cridland, Sun-Min Chung, Belinda Brooke, Maria Crupi, Yvonne Brown

SECOND ROW: Claudine Cowling, Larina Bennett, Stephen Bartolomei, Robert Bayley, Rita Baira, Darryn Brown, Maximilian Chen, Melanie Coombs, Jennifer Brewster

THIRD ROW: Michael Boehm, Simon Chang, Mark Colston, Simon Bourke, Darren Boyd, Seungho Cho, Kha Bui
Year 11 F



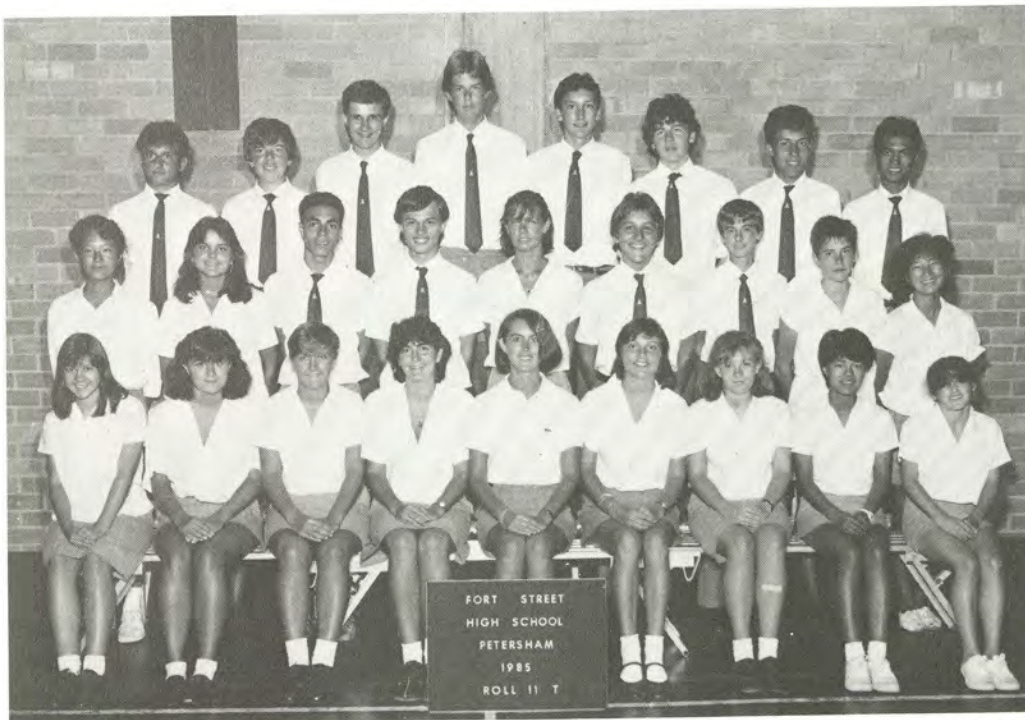
FRONT ROW: (L to R) Despina Georgakakis, Robyn Englert, Leonie Elligett, Melissa Gibson, Lucy Dougherty, Cettina Emmi, Sofie Gibson, Megan Doyle, Leonie Fetherston

SECOND ROW: Izabella Dobraszcyk, Julia Forrest, Giuseppe D'Aspromonte, George Giannopoulos, William Doyle, Andrew Dash, Julian Dell, Maria Dos Santos, Vicky Drakousis

THIRD ROW: Kelvin Ha, James Giannisís, Luca D'Angelo, Stephen Elliott, Philip Doble, Kerry Govas, Ricardo Delgado
Year 11 - 0



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Deborah Kang, Kanela Katralis, Kelly Lawless, Kim Hughes, Ly Johnson, Madeleine Jennings, Jenny Jamieson, Marianne Grant, Doris Kakagiannis
SECOND ROW: Leah Kamp, Michelle Holzchuh, Michael Kiernan, Emmanuel Hadjakis, Julie Hoare, Andrew Hamilton, Henry Louie, Gina Kelly, Deborah Helmrich
THIRD ROW: Sungwoo Jin, Nick Kaloudis, Tony Inglis, Mun Wai Low, Richard Lennane, Jim Kalotheos, John Hallworth, Yung Kim, Peter Louie
 Year 11 R



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Melissa McMahon, Sarah McLennan, Sharon Lowden, Kym Manitta, Alicia McLaren, Michelle Kothe, Emma McDonald, Cynthia Lee, Kerry Mackay
SECOND ROW: Shiu-Fong Lowe, Jennifer McLoughlin, Gian Parodi, Michael Molnar, Tracey McClelland, Sean McNamara, Kevin Moore, Joanne McNeill, Ridia Lim
THIRD ROW: Arthur Panos, David Phelps, Jeremy Newton, Andrew Pink, Paul Miller, Patrick Oriel, John Micalizzi, Alan Olan
 Year 11 T



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Wai Ping Ng, Tue Nghi Phuno, Jong-Rim Pang, Doris Maertens, Fanoula Plakias, Kate Schofield, Nicole Seagrott, Caroline Pflieger, Rosa Russo

SECOND ROW: Nicole Parkes, Daniel Sealey, David Riley, Tina Picek, Lisa Prill, Lisa Rimunui, Matthew Quinn, Joe Rooney, Monica Mellar

THIRD ROW: Chris Salmon, David Scott, Petros Psychogius, Domenic Sirone, Rodney Smith, Richard Stanaway, Matthew Sommerville, John Rudd, Jon Simmons
Year 11 I



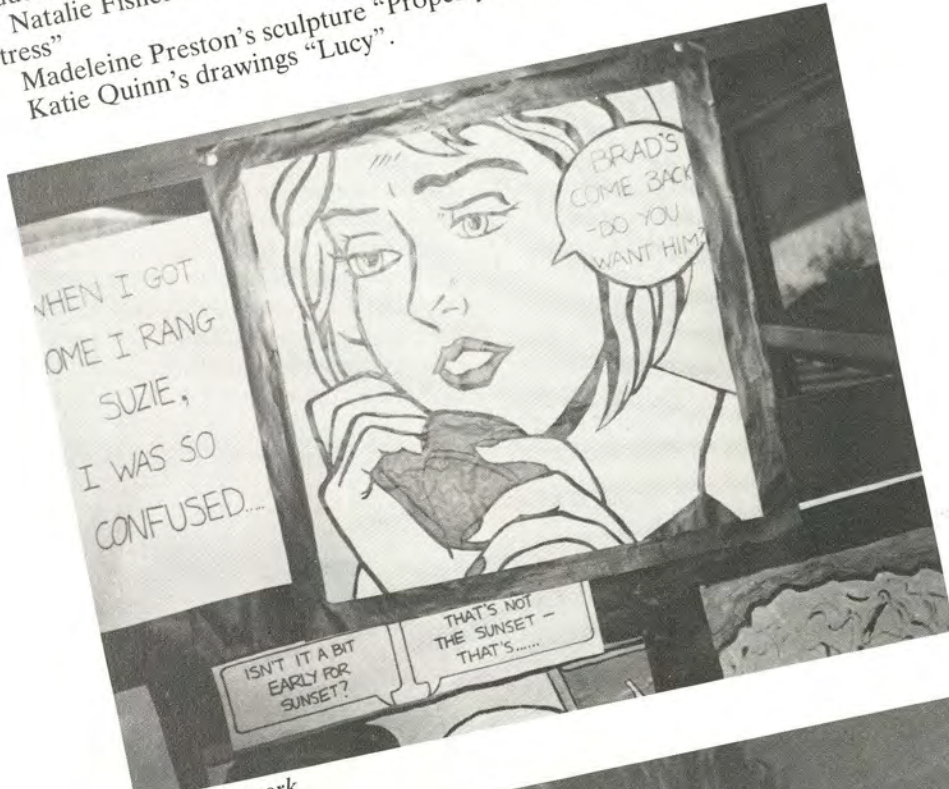
FRONT ROW: (L to R) Daniela Tagliano, Tanya Vajda, Francesca Sulfaro, Lisa Simons, Maria Vasilarea, Karen Thom, Kathy Troy, Raquel Siminare, Leia Unwin

SECOND ROW: Ingrid Tellzen, William Tassone, Mark Stewart, Troy Uleman, Andrew Watson, Magennis Weate, Phillip Xenos, Helen Sfinarolakis

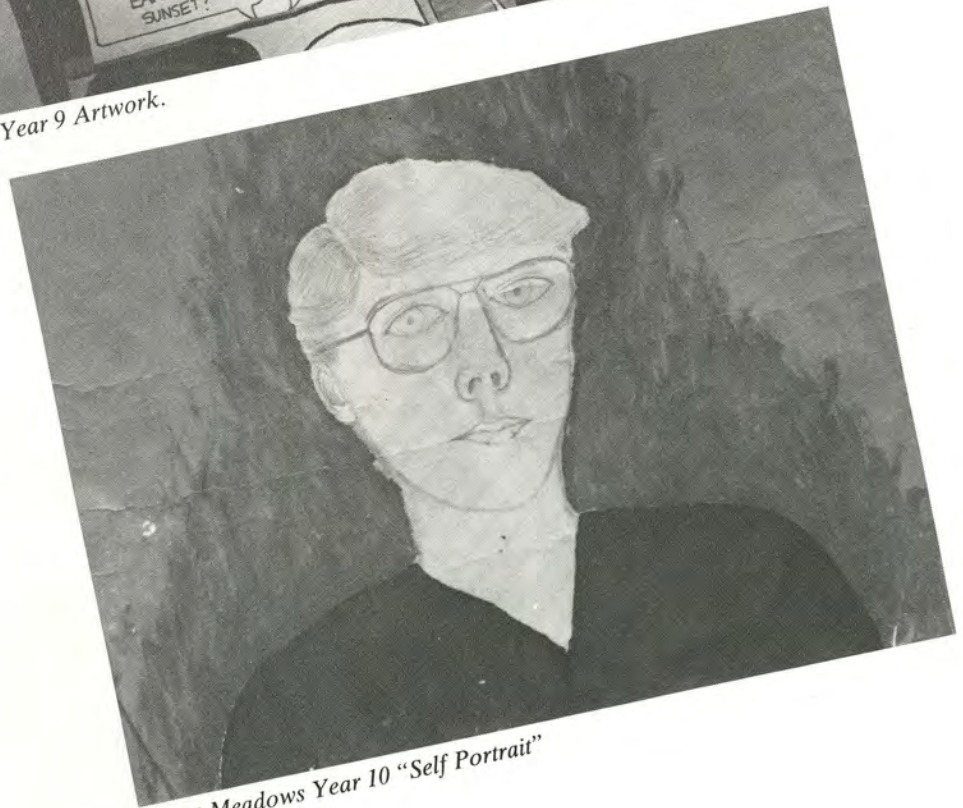
THIRD ROW: Natara Thomas, Alek Stefanovic, Jason Weekes, Con Tselonis, Bradley Wilson, Martin Williams, Louise Sung
Year 11 A

ART Congratulations!

The School congratulates the following Year 12 students, whose Major Works were selected for the Department of Education's Exhibition, titled 'Art Express '85' -
Natalie Fisher's video called "The Continual Cycle of Stress"
Madeleine Preston's sculpture "Property is Theft"
Katie Quinn's drawings "Lucy".



Year 9 Artwork.



Stuart Meadows Year 10 "Self Portrait"

Speech Day 1985

On March 1, 1985, the population of Fort Street transferred its mass from Parramatta Rd., Petersham to the hallowed chambers of the Sydney Town Hall. The occasion being celebrated was Speech Day, the commemoration of academic and sporting excellence, the general well being of the Fort Street community and not, of course, the half day that every one was about to enjoy.

After a quick check to see just how many people had managed to break their arm or leg, catch bronchitis or mysteriously lose their way, the mass was herded into the hall. It was seated in a semi-orderly fashion based loosely on the singing to come, but just how loosely depended on how many of the crowd had just suffered major traumas and therefore required the comforting presence of their best friend (regardless of whether the friend sang the same harmony or not).

Nevertheless, the singing that did ensue was impressive. Some members of the 'audience' even claimed they could distinguish up to four different, harmonising tunes. It was generally accepted that Mr Suthers had performed some kind of miracle, the like of which had never been seen since some of the crowd were toilet trained. This miracle

rated many mentions, the most distinguished coming from the guest speaker. Professor John M Ward, vice Chancellor and Principal of Sydney University, called it a 'delight to hear'. Many people now wonder whether Mr Suthers' ego has been boosted enough for him to try again next year.

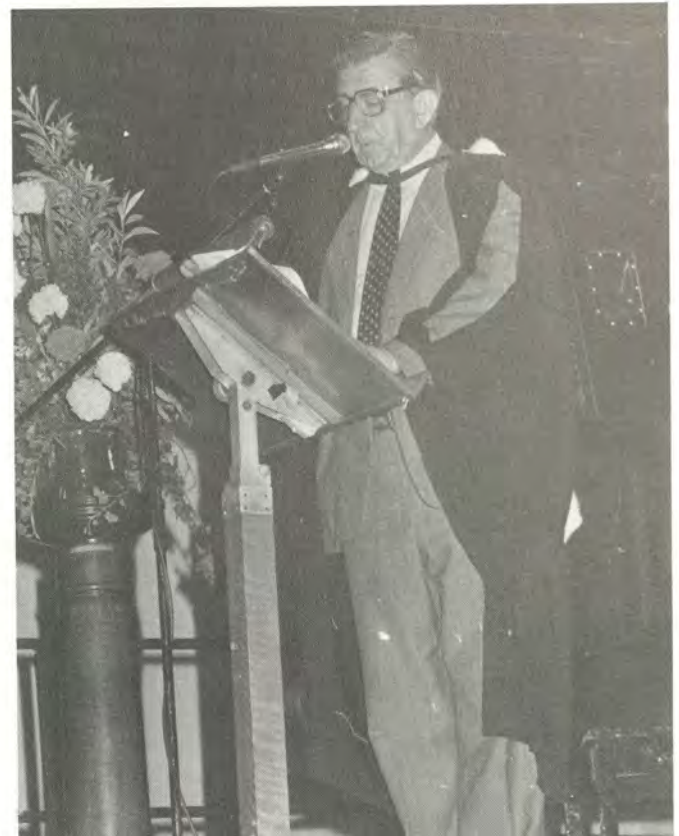
However, musicalities aside, the day was a suitably serious reminder of our intended pursuit of excellence. Professor Ward made several complimentary remarks referring to Fort Street's high academic standards, success in fulfilling its role in society, and its beneficial changes, alongside its healthy traditions. All in all, it would not only have been Mr Suthers who went home glowing with praise.

As we left the hall I cannot deny that I felt an unusual pride and attachment to the school. Yet it was not so much the comments about excellence that were so emotive, but rather Professor Ward's description of 'a remarkably good-humoured and tolerant school'. And the Smark report didn't even exist then.

Kelly Stephens, Year 10



Year Seven and Staff on stage.



Mr Horan's last Speech Day.

Poetry

Solitary Moment

A solitary, statue-like figure
Perches on the antenna.
Squeaking with sullen.
His feathers,
Enveloped in a fine drizzle of rain.
Staring with dismay
He tilts his pointy beak,
Questioningly
Casually, brushing his body
Jerking occasionally.
He falters
And takes off
Only to return to his niche
Again.

Tieu-Tieu Phung (Le), Year 9

Conditioned Harmony

The husband gets up
goes to work
comes home, and eats the dinner his wife cooks.
She cooks it, but he paid for it,
he provides.
His job is secure
well paid (he has moved up)
and makes good use of business lunches (his dinner spoils).
He is not sure if it is what he wanted from his life
but it will have to do
now.

The wife gets up
after the husband (it fills in time)
and cleans the house.
It is already clean.
And washes clothes taken from the line.
She buys food, using his money (her housekeeping)
she cooks his dinner (and sees it spoil).
But it's his money that he wastes.
Her job is boring
but necessary for . . .

The husband and the wife
they go together well.

Kelly Stephens

Peace

The ship goes over the calm water,
Peaceful, quiet, silence everywhere.
On the shore trees grow undisturbed by war,
Untroubled by the ravages of man.
Then suddenly it happens,
A great flash, people running away
Only to be devoured by the awful flames.
Survivors are better off dead in this place,
And die they do after only token resistance,
To the ensuing horror.
Animals die too,
Nothing but the most versatile of insects survive.
Peace at least, but desolation
Forced upon us by war.

Joshua Saunders, Year 9

Brume de Matin . . .

C'est tôt
Et le ciel est toujours noir
Le fleuve se glisse silencieusement
Auprès de ses berges cachées.
De vieux arbres s'étendent
Au-dessus de l'eau noire
Ils ombragent l'herbe avec leurs branches
Vieilles et tâtonnantes

Toudain,
La brume descend avec soin
Comme une femme, habillée de blanc
Les ténèbres s'éloignent et partent.
Laisant des formes d'elfe
Parmi les feuilles d'argent et de vert
C'est le royaume magique des fées.
On entend des ris, butins au loin.

Le monde n'est plus réel
Et la lumière n'est qu'une illusion
Le fleuve est une glace enchantée
C'est une fenetre a un autre univers
Qui déploie des couleurs vivantes
Pendant que, en haut, tout est blanchi
Et ce monde est désolé.

Bientôt,
Tout redevient ordinaire
Les couleurs disparaissent
A mesure que la brume s'en va.

Khai Dang, Year 9

“The Expatriate”

I returned last week
For the first time in ten years.
I looked for some sign of welcome, of recognition,
As I wandered my old haunts.
But they had changed,
Not visibly, but still discernibly,
So that I looked only upon the indifferent countenance
Of a stranger.
Those things which I had sought to escape,
In my naivete,
Had also changed,
Unforgiving toward one who had rejected them
And now sought their familiar comfort.
Or was it I who had changed?
Living my life of bohemian freedom with forced gaiety,
Refusing to run back, to admit to failure,
For ten long years.
I cannot return to that foreign land
Where I will never really belong;
Yet I have drifted by the bank too long
To enter the current and swim once more.

Kerry Sanderson, Year 10

Ode to the Machine

I like typing and I like to type.
I like the glamour, I like the hype.
By Jupiter, friends, I live like a Lord
On account of my skill at the keyboard.
They try to hire, they try to bribe
Because of my ability to transcribe.
A westerner said to me of late
“I’ll give ya fifty thousand mate”
I said “No way chum, your money ain’t worth
A journey west to the city of Perth”
“I can get twice that if I stay here.
And the people want me: hear them cheer?”
And true enough, the people screamed.
They cried and smiled, they yelled and beamed.
They said “Steve we want you here, old chum,
Don’t go and leave with this yachting bum!”
So life went on, I didn’t leave
Until a Frenchman said “Eh Monsieur Steve!”
“How you lark to carm werk for me
In a chateau in the Loire Valley?”
I said “Sacre bleu” and “Zut alors!”
“Do you want to cause a war?”
“Keep your voice down!” I said to him.
“The crowd will tear you limb from limb”
“But yes, I’ll come, I will not stay
But we’ll have to go out the back way.”
And so Australia lost a hero,
Which really only goes to show
If you see a Frenchman, suave and cool,
Keep him away from your typing pool.

Stephen Wall, Year 12

The Great Me

Words don’t come easy to me
How can I make you see
Who in the past has been me
And who I shall yet be?

Would you believe my tale
As a criminal I’ve been in gaol
And would you become bored
If I told you I am a Lord.

Indeed a king I have been
And all of W.W.I I have seen
In the dark ages I was a knight
Bravely leading through many a fight.

In the Colosseum I battled a gladiator
I also invented electricity many years later.
I have been a slave without hope
At other times dined with the Pope.

I introduced calculus as a mathematician
And rivalled Beethoven as a musician
I have been to Pluto, Jupiter and Mars
And put King Kong safely behind bars.

I have fought the Great White Shark
And eloped with Juliet in the dark
My literary works deal with many things
Amongst them I’ve written ‘Lord of the Rings’.

Where this will all stop nobody knows
I even may go where the youth fountain flows
There’s no end to my brilliant career
But for your sake this poem better finish off here.

Mathew Tziotis, Year 7

Kate and the Straights

People judge other people
when they don’t know them.
It’s called “classification”
or ignorance . . .

Ignorance – destitute of knowledge,
uninformed, unlearned, unaware,
uneducated to be blind to . . .

I call it ignorance of other
peoples’ feelings and lives.
It happens everywhere
I’m no angel, but it still
hurts.

Is ignorance bliss? I don’t
think so. But then, I’m not
one to judge.

Katrina Cashman, Year 10

Seasoning Love . . .

As Autumn draws to an end,
Oat leaves,
Golden and rusty
Shed from their guardina.

A lone leaf dangles on a twig
. in fear
The sombre sky perpetually crying
Sympathizes with those in love.

Suddenly!
Clouds unveiled the ardent sun.
Glorious blossoms welcome the effulgence.
Lovers celebrate the bliss,
The ecstasy of life.
Carefree rays generously felicitate their joys.
An aura of the lovers' delightful contentment
Radiate with gratitude.

Time marches onwards.
An ubiquity of transformations and developments occur
Without a word of warning.

The sun begins to wane.
A curtain of ponderous clouds
Drags across the obtruse sky.
Gloomily, the exhausted trees rest their pall branches
Their naked silhouettes stand feebly against the chill
The soul dormants in confusion and uncertainty.
The future quiescent in its pre-birth.

Soon
Back comes the sunshine
Life will regenerate
The search for
The incandescence of being commences . . .
Once again.

Tieu Tieu Phung, Year 9

Mr Gray

They see him coming and they run
to the safety of their houses.
"Mum? where have you been?"
"Oh, I got stuck at the gate,
talking to Mr Gray".
All day he walks in his sweaty singlets
endlessly chain smoking
over his revolting belly
He talks of Singapore –
his paradise
Accompanying his trips are the showings
of 600 slides to tired viewers
complete with 8 views of
the Singapore Sunset Hotel.
Somebody's child says "they
don't like him".
Somebody's wife says "at least
his mother loves him".

Katrina Cashman, Year 10

Fetid Sordid

Young Fetid Sordid was his sister's ward
Though her he did not obey
She'd tell him to clean, by watery means
The back of his ears everyday.

She'd tell Fetid, clear, "Use some water dear,
You can't wash without the stuff.
Water is sublime, when it comes to grime,
You'll never get enough!"

But Fetid was set, on staying unwet;
He would never waste his time
Sitting in the bath, and the aftermath
Would just be the loss of his grime.

And so young Fetid, grew up undeleted
Of filth or mephitic stains.
And not once did he, touch to take consciously
Any water, from dew to rain!

The fraveolent and vile detachments
Of Obnoxious Fetid Sordid
Emitted a stench which would wilt a wretch
And readily kill a horde.

Like those who'd never drank, Fetid not only stank
But was very much drying.
His skin shrivelled up; dry gangrene'd erupt.
Fetid was very much dying.

One day he awoke, and his hands he soaked
In a basin of white jelly.
When a draught came through, to him it did blew
And pulverised his belly.

Thus Fetid Sordid died
'Cause water he defied.
And was reduced to dust.
By a not-so-stale gust.

Khai Dang, Year 9

"The War Generation"

The children scurry between road and doorway
To salvage discarded toys,
Before the bombing begins again.
When the scream of engines fades,
Like the cry of a passing bird of prey,
They emerge –
Dazed for a moment, not quite used to war,
Though they barely remember peace.

The old lady sits by her shattered window,
Looking out on the rubble that was her garden.
Her mouth forms a toothless grin, as she recalls the games
Of her childhood.
The children play silently, warily,
On the heaps of fallen stones.

Kerry Sanderson, Year 10

Did You Know?

Our Foundation Stone –

I have long since given up the search and now know that our school building does not bear a foundation stone. I have over the years made personal investigations and enquiries thereon, but no stone or explanation was forthcoming. I too was interested in who had designed the building with its imposing middle-floor Romanesque arches. Only this past week have copies of the original plans come into my possession from the Public Works Department. These will of course be housed in our archives.

It will probably never be known who was responsible for designing the grand building that is ours, the finest I would declare in the whole run along Parramatta Road once one has set out from its beginning at the University of Sydney. Richard MacDonald Seymour Wells was Chief Architect to the Department of Public Instruction at the time he signed the plans on Bastille Day Eve 1914. With the increased work load however, which made great personal involvement in design work was carried out by the Assistant Architects rather than by the Chief Architect. Because of the anonymity then forced on public servants, the names of the actual designers of school buildings of the time are not known.

The plans to which I have referred, signed by Wells, do not carry the name of Fort Street. The school was to be built as Petersham High School. That was as I say on July 13, 1914. What is the story behind this story? – for on the facade top stood at the time of the school's occupation by the boys on June 12, 1916, in golden letters "Fort Street (then boys') High School", 1915 – the year of principal construction. (Oh no! we're not another year out surely!) These letters of course stand there still.

As for the foundation stone, it was not the general policy to provide foundation stones for High schools erected under the intensive catch-up building programme after the lull which ended in 1909. This construction effort continued into the first World War period when building again slackened and austerity became the rule of the day. The official opening was however, a grand occasion, taking place on August 18, the building being opened by the Premier, Mr Holman.

Mr R. Horan



The Iron Gates of Fort Street

As a very young Fortian I stood with the assembled school hard by the eastern entrance on the occasion of the official opening of the original gates from the old school. These gates can be seen in early etchings and drawings of the main entrance, with the Princes Street fountain just to the front. They stood at the head of a stone-flagged avenue leading up to the school. The gates had to be removed at the time the work was undertaken for the Harbour Bridge approaches.

The eastern entrance of our present school from Fort Street was originally closed by big wooden gates. These I looked through with my mother and father I remember on the Sunday before my name was to be entered upon the Fortian register. The first real achievement of a regenerated Old Boys' Union was to fossick out the original iron gates years later from where they lay in a dump in George Street North. After renovation they were erected in 1937 at the Fort Street entrance.

The official opening of the gates in their new setting on Friday, May 28, 1937, was a grand occasion. The Premier of New South Wales, the Hon. B.S.B. Stevens as he was at the time (an Old Boy and later to be knighted), cut the red and white ribbon that held together the newly-hung gates. The gates were now a tangible link between the old and the new schools. Examples of splendid craftsmanship, they formed a handsome entrance to the school. This can be seen in the recent beautiful drawing by Mr Ian Marr. While Governor Macquarie erected the main part of the old Fort Street school in 1815 to serve as a military hospital, just how old the old gates actually are is uncertain.

At the time of the re-erection, it was reported in the "Fortian" that in years to come the sight of these gates will bring back pleasant memories. Memories of things long forgotten will be stirred and become real again – pleasant memories, memories of friendships begun and fostered within those gates, and of the days which were enjoyed in one's too brief stay there. They served their utilitarian purpose splendidly as an access for the pupils and perhaps the one old-fashioned car each day. There were no pantechinons in those times. The heavy vehicles have so sadly taken their toll on our gates. Little did I think as I stood so close to the school-coloured ribbons on that May day so long ago that it should fall to my lot to alve the southern wing removed a few months ago before its damaged condition went beyond repair. It lies at present resting underneath the hall. One day we shall see the gates refurbished once more at a more appropriate entrance. Future architects among the present students may set their minds to finding the location.

Mr R. Horan

The Day the School Opened

There was no doubt for a hundred years that Fort Street had opened its doors in 1849 – no doubt at all. It was only at the time of the Centenary celebrations in 1949 (or rather just before) that doubt was first cast on the date of opening and an 1850 beginning prepounded. The celebrants of the Golden Jubilee in 1899 had no doubts. The programme of the Jubilee Celebrations of the Fort Street Model Public School clearly indicates the years 1849-1899 and it bears a “photograph” of the Fort Street National School in 1849. The teacher historian engaged to write the centenary history of the School was even sacked because he brought forward another date and started the controversy. All thought and documentation for the first hundred years had gone back to an 1849 beginning. Could one hundred years of Fortians be wrong?

One interesting aspect to the historical controversy is documented evidence I can put before you now. A real Old Boy of Fort Street was Mr J.D. Bradley, Deputy Chief-Inspector of the Department of Education. He was too one of the best respected of men, his interest in the old school remaining as keen as ever throughout his life. He was a pupil at Fort Street, then an assistant teacher there, Master of the Training College, then part of Fort Street. He was at the time of his retirement from office

one of the oldest Old Boys. At this time a number of his old pupils gathered to pay him honour: “Your pupils of many years ago feel that the close of your long and honourable official career is an occasion appropriate for their expression of their warm regards for Mrs Bradley and yourself.”

It is recorded of Mr Bradley that he said in an interview (to be sure some sixty years after the event): “I went to Fort Street in August, 1849, a few months after the school was opened, and I remember my first day with honour.” The record of the interview continues with a most detailed account of his first entering a classroom – a most detailed account indeed as he recalls his impressions at sight of the blackboard. Is it likely, I ask, that one being part of the school in a variety of capacities at different periods of time, being so long closely associated with the school, and so closely associated in his final office of Deputy Chief-Inspector with education (with which the Model School was in those days synonymous), would not have come forward with a challenge to a proposed 1899 date for the celebration of the jubilee?

Mr R. Horan



“Fortians Today!”

The Staff of 1985



Our Library Staff



Mr. Scheduling, the Counsellor



The Home Science Staff



The History Staff



The P.E. Teachers



The Science Staff



The Languages Staff



The Maths Staff



Two of our Art Teachers



The Industrial Arts Staff



The Social Science Staff



The English Staff

The Palm Sunday Peace March, 1985 . . .

The Fort Street S.N.A.P. (Students for Nuclear Awareness and Peace) group has had a short but interesting and successful career. It is organized and run entirely by students and therefore is highly relevant to 1985 – International Youth Year, one of the main themes of which is peace.

The Fort Street S.N.A.P. group officially formed in a meeting at the end of last year, shortly after “The Bang”, a musical about the nuclear arms race seen by the students then in Years 8 and 9. There was one crowded and chaotic meeting which seemed to achieve little, but it was a beginning.

In February, 1985 S.N.A.P. organized and got underway. We soon abolished the hierarchical “committee” in favour of an equal position for everyone. The meetings were still rather chaotic, but we soon got to work with the first of our “peace activities”. This was to help organize and participate in the collecting of signatures of young people who supported New Zealand’s stand against nuclear warships. About 10 of us went to the official handing-over of these petitions to the N.Z. Consul-General in Sydney. People from several other schools had done the same and about 50 students were there to hand over the over 1300 signatures (about 150 came from Fort Street). We had notified the press and were on national radio and T.V. news that night.

Our next big event was the Palm Sunday Peace Rally a few days later, which we had been working towards all year. We made a “Fort Street S.N.A.P.” banner and about 50 Fortians marched behind this; many more either marched with PND or other groups or were carrying the head banner of the march. One June 2nd five Fortians joined in the ‘Youth for Peace’ march, another great success.

Many Fortians will remember the several announcements for the art competition, (and those of us who made them will never forget!) which we organized. Unfortunately, we only had a few entries to display at the Gala Fair, but I would hope this could be explained by the Year 10 and 12 exams and general involvement with getting the fete organized. Even so, those few entries did look good and drew comments on August 17th from students, parents and staff, and I’m sure the artists enjoyed the record vouchers that we gave as “added incentive”. At the fete we also sold badges, stickers etc., and made over \$40.00 which will be used for further S.N.A.P. activities.

At present S.N.A.P. meets every Monday lunchtime in Room 2 and all are invited to come. If you have any suggestions or constructive criticisms we would welcome them, because S.N.A.P. is about students co-operating to create a peaceful world.

**Shawn Whelan, Year 9
(on behalf of S.N.A.P.)**

Fort Street students are becoming old hands at demonstrations! Not only did we besiege the Fairfax building, striking terror into the heart of a certain journalist; we led the Palm Sunday Peace March, some 200,000 marchers strong! Yes, despite media reports to the contrary, the politicians did not lead the main section of this year’s march. In honour of the International Youth Year, it was led by students, the majority of whom were Fortians, carrying a banner calling for “Disarmament – East and West”. (Those students who were disappointed at not being featured on national television, don’t worry! You probably have your very own, personal A.S.I.O. file now!)

Closely following the leading banner, not one, but two Fort Street S.N.A.P. (Students for Nuclear Awareness and Peace) banners were waving amongst a forest of banners from other schools – all, I might add, carried in defiance of the Department of Education’s ban on banners bearing school names. The marchers were accompanied by various percussion instruments, which provided a rowing, if not musical, marching “tune”.

This year’s march was the largest ever and concluded with a huge rally in the Domain. All Fortians who attended enjoyed themselves immensely; for some it was the first time they had participated in a peace demonstration. The organizers of Fort Street S.N.A.P. are to be congratulated for their successful publicity campaign preceding the march. I urge more of you to give up Palm Sunday next year to add your voice to the growing demand for peace.

Kerry Sanderson, Year 10



Rob Hiliard at the Peace March



The Fort Street S.N.A.P. Banner



Philippa Stevens steps out



Ingrid and Gina lead the way.



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Irene Armenakas, Elizabeth Bray, Sally Bryant, Trina Castell-Brown, Tania Bojanac, Elizabeth Carbone, Allison Brett, Katrina Cashman, Lisa Basso

SECOND ROW: Clytie Binder, Matthew Andrews, Paolo Busato, Steve Anagnos, Sarah Butler, Craig Aspinall, Matthew Arnett, Crispian Ashby, Betty Chan

THIRD ROW: Fiona Allen, Jason Antoniadis, David Burton, Andrew Baldwin, Craig Andersson, Rodney Burke, Todd Baker, Francey Bagala

FOURTH ROW: Daniel Broe, Con Argiratos, John Bikou
Year 10 F



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Naomi Dare, Samantha Darbyshire, Lisa Citton, Tina Fox, Jessica Ducrou, Dianne Cridland, Sarah Dawson, Jennifer Cheung, Katina Dimitropoulos

SECOND ROW: Jacqueline Gleeson, Anthony Corrente, Shani Gallechan, Brett Davies, Nunzio Di Rosario, Jong-Woo Chung, Sofie Gollan, Khai Dang, Dianne Everett

THIRD ROW: Nicholas Copping, Michele Cruickshank, Steven Chung, Gabriel Caus, Gareth Chan, Jules Cure, Leonie Geribo, Wojceich Czarnocki

Year 10 - O



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Antonia Kamberis, Hyun-Kyong Jeung, Tanya Johnson, Heidi Hemmings, Gina Keranianakis, Leila Kazzi, Sascha Hastenteufel, Ilona Janikowski, Irene Ho
SECOND ROW: Rebecca Kim, Kymme Horatt, Geol Kim, Fiona Hawthorne, Mireille Keller, Caren Greentree, Lachlan Hall, Teresa Kiernan, Kersten Haglund
THIRD ROW: Quoc Thai Huynh, John Hatfield, Arthur Giannakouras, Jason Kelly, John Kavalieros, Shane Hennessy, Benjamin Gripton
FOURTH ROW: Peter Hughes, Christopher Graham, Alexander Kaltenegger
 Year 10 R



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Rosanna Liistro, Lidia Mafodda, Sally Madgwick, Renata Lipiec, Joanna McDonald, Kim Morley, Penny Kothe, Maro Labrentious, Sharon Longbottom
SECOND ROW: Danielle McDonald, Angelo Kontogiorgis, Joanne Kouvaris, Lisa Mullen, Mardi Ola, Rebecca Nash, Diana Markopoulos, Nick Kominos, Megan Manning
THIRD ROW: Anthony Lo Giudice, Kosmos Kyriakidis, Martin Mambrako, Paul Ludlow, Jeshua Martin, Stuart Meadows, Anthony Mangan
FOURTH ROW: Csaba Mellar, Paul MacLeod, Roland Maertens, Matthew McCann, Aristaki Maragos
 Year 10 T



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Rebecca Reynolds, Mandy Powell, Samantha Rosser, Kerry Sanderson, Jodi Rose, Michelle Packett, Stephanie Parkes, Dina Petratos, Janene Pendleton
SECOND ROW: Con Pantazes, Christine Schlesinger, Usha Perumal, Zsolt Mellar, Fay Savidis, Andrew Phelps, Linda Ryan, Kylie Reid, Karl Ray
THIRD ROW: Mustafa Ozluk, Brendan Radford, Peter Oriel, Pero Radosevic, Gary Monk, Michael Porter, Michael Mides
FOURTH ROW: Simon Pickett, Soterakis Phylactou, Martin Puscher, Andrew Pinkstone, John Niven
 Year 10 - 1



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Vivien Sung, Kelly Stephens, Christina Zisopoulos, Kelly Williamson, Tullia Sharp, Dawn Yee, Gul Suar, Susan Tawansi, Vicki Vordis
SECOND ROW: John Tagliano, Jason Williams, Carla Thomas, Peter Tawfic, Sue Anne Wright, Fortunato Scalone, Dana Stevanovic, Daniel Zachariou, Mariano Salabert
THIRD ROW: Alan Shapley, Edwin Wilson, Jason Smith, Dennis Stephenson, Gaven Wicks, Byron Webb, Luther Weate, Steven Tuften
 Year 10 A

Our Exchange Student

In 1985 Fort Street played host to a guest from Greece. Here is her story:

My name is Yolanda Valassopoulou, and I am a Greek exchange student. I came to Sydney in June and I stayed until the end of August. During my stay here, I had the pleasure of attending Fort Street High School for approximately two months, and I really enjoyed it. My impression of it is that it is a very good school.

There are many differences between Greek schools and Australian schools. In my opinion, the biggest difference is that in Greek schools, students do not have the right to choose what subjects they want to do. I finished Year 10 in May, and I had to do eleven subjects, which were Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Religion, Geology, History, French, P.E., Geometry. Also, because of the lack of sufficient school buildings, students in public schools have to go to school in shifts: either from eight-thirty in the morning to one-thirty or from two to seven o'clock in the afternoon. In some schools, students go three days a week in the morning and two days in the afternoon and the next week they change. I attend a public school in Athens, but we always work in the morning. Then another school comes always in the afternoons, from two o'clock to seven o'clock. Public schools have six periods a day, with ten-minute breaks between them.

These are some of the differences I can find between Greek and Australian schools. I was really impressed when I came to Fort Street High School by both the students and the teachers. I think there is a very good spirit of co-operation between the students and the teachers.

Well, I shall be leaving Australia in a few days, and I'm really sorry I have to go. I had a great time here and I love Australia very much.

Through this article, I would like to say a big thank you to all my school teachers and a big goodbye to all my school friends.

Bye-bye, everybody!

**Yolanda Valassopoulou,
Greek AFS Exchange Student,
June-August, 1985.**



"Yolanda"

Sydney, My City!

Smog-filled skies
Choking city-siders,
Traffic congestions
Noisy with beeping horns.
Large departmental stores
Where one can find almost anything.
Trains, buses and ferries
Crowded with commuters,
Thousands of people
Hustling and bustling about.
Highrise buildings
Reaching for the sky.
Restaurants selling
Indian, French and Chinese.
Mixed cultures,
Religions and cuisines.
A taste of Sydney,
Yes, this is the life for me!

Daisy Tan, Year 9

Literature

A new sort of romance – a “Tameflame” production

Jessica McGowan and Phillipa Stevens – Year 9

Chapter 1 – Monique

Monique Bottomley was in that city of wild rebellions, that home of exotica, that bountiful plateau of endless ecstasy – New York.

She was a reporter for that famous Parisian newspaper – Le Telegraph. She was here to report on the wild nightlife and scandals of New York.

It all started when she entered the seedy nightclub operated by the sleazy Madame Zaroffa. She saw him through veils of smoke drifting across the room. He was the pinnacle of masculinity: the sinuous movements of his dance exciting her every fibre. She held her breath as he threw off the last vestige of his clothing and threw it straight to her feet. She stared at it motionless, felling desire sweep through her.

Her beautiful eyes – deep pools of green – widened, her unblemished complexion became flushed, and he left the stage.

Chapter 2 – Gertrude

Gertrude Bottomley was contemplating her endlessly boring existence as a secretary, so she decided to freak out for one evening and go to a movie.

While she sat alone in the row of seats, a tall, handsome stranger approached. He fixed her with a piercing gaze.

“Where have you been all my life?” he questioned.

“Growing up, I suppose” she replied in honeyed tones.

He swept her into a passionate embrace – she struggled but eventually her lips opened flower-like under his touch.

They were so enraptured that they did not even notice that the movie had finished until the usher tapped them on the shoulder.

Chapter 3 – Monique

Monique returned home at 3am and climbed wearily into bed. However, sleep would not come, her mind was wracked with his image. That lean, tall, muscular body with its . . . Oh God! Why had this happened to her?

The next morning she woke at 6:17am and crawled out of bed. The dawn was just stretching its probing fingers across the night sky. Her body felt alive, her instincts told her that tonight she would find him again – at last to be reunited with her one and only desire.

She decided to make enquiries at Madame Zaroffa’s. When she arrived she asked the doorman – “Please sir, who was the performer last night?” in her sweetest, most dulcet tones.

He replied malevolently, “That, my dear, you will never know.”

She stared at him aghast, however she knew he would speak no more.

Monique left reluctantly, spending the rest of the day at the movies, trying to distract herself from his recurring image.

There was only one escape – to return to Madame Zaroffa’s again that evening.

Chapter 4 – Gertrude

Gertrude and her man strolled to Central Park speaking the language that lovers world-wide use. Finally as the out of time chimes struck one he asked at the same time, “Darling?”

“Yes, yes, anything”, she replied and watched him leave.

She walked home in a state of euphoria, dreaming about the wonderful time she would have that evening. At last the evening came and she hurried to the cinema. He was waiting. He told her she would have an amazing experience. He would take her to the best nightclub in town to see the well-known performer do his stuff.

But first he took her to dinner. The candles set the scene perfectly. On one side a beautiful young secretary, on the other a handsome young?

After the most wonderful meal they hailed a taxi. She could sense the excitement and tension within him and wondered – Why was he so uptight?

Chapter 5 – Monique

Suddenly, during Monique’s third martini he burst onto the stage.

Everyone snapped to attention as he made a few wild animal leaps around the stage, and then did a frenzied dance, which gradually slowed down into sinuous movements.

Monique would have cried out “Who are you?” but was distracted when she caught sight of her twin sister in the front row.

Chapter 6 – Gertrude

As soon as Gertrude and her man got inside, he disappeared.

Suddenly, her newfound lover burst onto the stage.

Everyone snapped to attention as he made a few wild animal leaps around the stage, and then did a frenzied dance, which gradually slowed down into sinuous movements.

At first Gertrude could not bear to look, but the scene held a mysterious fascination for her.

He smiled lovingly upon her. At the same instance she heard a wild shriek from behind, and recognized her beautiful sister, Monique.

Chapter 7 – Hubert

Monique rushed to her sister’s side and gave her a baleful glance.

The dancer approached them and asked – “Wasn’t I great?”

Just at that instant he was distracted by a figure at the door. She was wearing two mink stoles and was laden with diamonds. Hubert immediately turned towards her.

“Oh Darling, at last you’re here” he exclaimed. He rushed over to her and threw his arms around her, kissing her passionately.

Meanwhile, as Monique and Gertrude watched the couple with horror, two tall, handsome strangers walked through the door. They both went up to the sisters and asked them simultaneously: “Where have you been all my life?”

THE END

Childhood Recollection

Thankfully Coming Home

Mum has finally got out of her chair, I thought, that's a big improvement. Now that she and Dad were standing we would migrate slowly, but surely, towards the door. I was tired and bored, and having trouble hiding the fact that I'd rather have been anywhere but my grandparents' house. Mum spoke, "We must go, Mum, we'll see you next week some time".

Mum was impatient too, but was also more experienced at handling the situation tactfully. I stood yawning next to my brother who had opened the door and waited. Nana advanced.

"Goodbye Megan, take care".

"Bye, Nana: She kissed me. I stood quietly.

"God Bless".

Ah! The open air! We shuffled down the path replying dismally to the dying trickle of farewell god blesses. Once out the gate, Nana behind her front door, there was relieved quiet. Mum spoke fondly but with the tones of having first escaped being swallowed by a pack of over-friendly animals. Since they weren't Dad's parents he was more inclined to the latter theory.

Paddy and I curled up in the back seat and silently. Parents softly speaking, my head in Paddy's lap, the familiar car heaving, accelerating and hiccupping to a stop at lights secured me.

I watched the night sky move across the top half of the back window, the occasional star zipping across my screen. The upside down tops of buildings and tall trees puzzled me. I would think we were on the road, and then suddenly my bearings were lost as roofs and trees swung around a sharp corner I had not imagined was there. The concentration sent me into a sleep cluttered by dark shapes and lured images.

"Megan, come on, we're home"

I chose not to hear.

"Me-eg, wake up"

Trying hard not to laugh, I pretend to be still asleep.

"She's asleep, Dad"

I wondered if Paddy knew.

"Have to carry her in".

Plan works perfectly, I think to myself; as I psyche my body into unconsciousness. I groaned appropriately when Mum's arm squeezed under and around me. Hanging heavily on her, I squashed my head into her shoulder as she carried me into the light of the hall, which shone through my eyelids. Please don't laugh, I think fervently.

I made it into my room and was dumped onto my bed. On hitting the pillow I turned my growing grin quickly away from mum and made sleeping noises as she lifted me to tuck me in.

"Goodnight, Meg".

I knew the kiss would be the worst bit, but I handled that successfully also, and felt tired and happy with myself as the door to my room was shut.

This year, writing this story, I find out they knew when I was pretending.

At 15, I still have the image of my childhood of totally tricking them. They were trying not to laugh too.

Megan Manning, Year 10

The Achromatic Room . . .

Through the vertical steel bars, an azure sky overwhelms the shabby, jagged roofs. Below is a street, silent and empty; although, not mysterious. Several well-kept front yards characterize the distressed houses.

A sparrow bobs cheerfully along the pavement. With a carefree zest, it soars into the air. As it passes, he catches a quick glimpse of the feathered creature. He feels envious for the innocent, simple bird.

An assortment of conflicting emotions mingle about the achromatic room, emanating from the motionless figure. The most prominent is a fervid desire to be free. He longs to see every part and crevice of the earth's surface. A relish that is perpetually growing. The confined cell can never nurture his urge for independence. He feels helpless – trapped. Sauntering, he waits for a solution to be born.

Nothing.

Hope is drying out. The air is stagnant. So is his life. Outside, the sparrows chirp invitingly. The awesome silence is disturbed. He strengthens once again. His enthusiasm waxes. The chains begin to rattle in harmony with the mellifluous chirping. The melodies fuse together . . .

Then, gradually they fade out. A bland muteness overtakes the atmosphere. Desperately, he attempts to flee. Only, yet again, unsuccessfully. He thumps the coarse brick wall with an intensive aggression. Frustration adheres to him. Stubbornly, it refuses to detach itself. His obsession with independence is devouring him with insuperable hunger. Clutching his knees, he retires to a sombre corner.

He cries. He wants to loudly yell out his anguish. Knowing it is futile, he does not.

"Tony, have you finished your homework?" an affectionate inquiry bellows from the kitchen, downstairs.

Tieu-Tieu Phung, Year 9



Beatrice becomes a Feminist

Beatrice was bored. She had done all her housework, the washing, the dusting and she had prepared Jonathon's dinner. She'd finished over an hour ago, and now she sat in the kitchen, sipping her eighth cup of coffee and musing over the empty day before her. Well, it needn't be completely empty, she thought. After all, there was always something to be done about the house – if not cleaning then repairing and unblocking. But to be perfectly honest, Beatrice didn't feel much like doing any of these things, although she knew she should. Jonathon would be annoyed if he saw her sitting there doing nothing – he abhorred inactivity. But what could she do . . . ?

Gradually, as her mind wandered, an idea began to creep slowly but surely into Beatrice's head. Now, what had Mavis been saying the other day? Something about worms . . . no, surely it couldn't have been worms . . . or was it? The worm, the worm that turned, that was it. Of course, Mavis has been talking about her new life – as a . . . now what was it? A feminist, that's right. Beatrice was quite pleased with herself for recalling all that, after all, the conversation had taken place some days ago, and Beatrice was well aware of the fact that she was given to forgetting little details. However, she had remembered this one – a feminist. Well, that was something to do, and it would be a surprise for Jonathon. Yes, her mind was made up. She would become a feminist.

But where to start? Furrowing her brow in intense concentration, she tried to recall the things that Mavis had told her. She did recall that Mavis had been quite emotional – she had spoken in a loud voice, and used a lot of important sounding words, although Beatrice hadn't understood them. Mavis had looked different too . . . now why was that? Oh, of course – clothes, and her hair. Beatrice smiled to herself as she remembered. Those funny overalls – why they must have been at least 2 sizes too large – and the short cropped hair, which gave Mavis (and Beatrice chuckled at this), the appearance of, well, the appearance of a stunted porcupine. Now that *was* funny . . . And she could have sworn that Mavis wasn't wearing a brassiere – ah, yes – Mavis had said something about that . . . it was something to do with what she had been talking about. Burning? Burning – yes, that was it. Well Beatrice decided, that was as good a place as any to start.

Excitedly, Beatrice took off her bra, and fetching a match from the stove, set it alight. It burned, quickly, giving off a rather pungent black smoke, as Beatrice looked on, grinning with delight. This *was* going to be fun! Going to her dresser, she collected the rest of her brassieres and added them to the flames. She found it oddly satisfying to watch them burn – it sent a thrill through her – strange, but she enjoyed it all the same.

Anyway, that was that, now what next? Of course, the overalls – and the haircut. Trembling with excitement, she struggled into her coat and clutching her purse hurried out into the street.

She returned, half an hour later, and unable to resist the urge any longer, changed into her oversize khaki overalls. She looked in the mirror. There! Wasn't that a sight! The hair, the overalls, the breasts, everything – perfect. Beatrice flushed with pride and triumph as she

realised that she, Beatrice had become a feminist! And all in one afternoon. She couldn't wait to tell Jonathon . . . why, Jonathon should have been home an hour ago. Ah, well, she thought, he must have been held up at the office again. That had been happening a lot lately – still, it was very kind of him to work so hard for her . . .

Beatrice's heart gave a flutter as she heard the key turn in the lock and the door swing open. Here he was! Quickly she checked her spiky hair and straightened her overalls – he will be thrilled!

"Hello Jonathon!" she called happily, trotting down the corridor to meet him. "Hello darling! I've had a busy day – I've become a feminist!"

"Have you really, dear?" Jonathon replied, taking off his coat and hanging it on the hook. "That's nice. Now, could I have some dinner please – it is rather late."

"Of course, darling, go and sit down." Beaming with pride, Beatrice trotted happily to the kitchen, and as she served her darling Jonathon's dinner, thought of how wonderful her life was going to be from this day onwards.

Richard Lennane, Year 11

Final Release . . .

Joey huddled in the darkness, confused and alone. He wasn't really afraid just then, but lonely. He looked up again at the dark, ominous shapes of the cliffs around him. He could just make out the edge, where the cold and enveloping blackness became lighter and more friendly. His heart yearned for the comfort of that open space, but his broken body refused him movement.

His thoughts turned back to his mother, as they had many times that night. He wished she could be here with him, to comfort him the way she always did. She would ease the throbbing pain away with her gentle hands, slowly massaging his body from head to toe. He imagined her supple hands rubbing his face, his chest, his legs, his feet, smoothing away his pain and spreading a relaxed calm over him.

Just then the "crack" of a falling pebble brought him back to reality. Was it someone coming to rescue him? His body tensed; his mind raced at the possibilities of who it could be. He didn't realise until several minutes later that he hadn't heard anything else. His hopes shattered, he lapsed back into the drowsy warmth of unconsciousness.

He woke again to piercing stabs of fear. The cliffs seemed to be closing in on him, falling towards him. He could see the top edge moving against the clouds which he could vaguely make out behind it. Images flashed through his mind of trees and bookshelves falling towards him, skyscrapers – skyscrapers? They were never falling, it was always just an optical illusion created by moving clouds. Well, then surely this was the same thing. He slowly, logically explained to himself that the cliffs weren't falling, that someone was coming. Probably they would come in the morning. Yes, of course, if they hadn't come yet – it seemed like an eternity since he had scram-

bled and fallen from the top of the path – they would be waiting for morning.

With this thought in mind, he waited and watched the sky for hints of light. However, after what seemed like hours he could not discern any colour change. He closed his eyes and thought about all the rescue operations he had seen on television. It always looked like the person was having a comfortable ride back up the cliffs. He hoped that he would be airlifted out by helicopter. It must be so exciting! He wondered if it felt anything like the falling, with the wind rushing past – but of course it would be rushing in the opposite direction, his logical mind inform him. He opened his eyes to see again how high the cliffs were . . .

Hang on! Surely the cliff-top hadn't been so visible before! He was sure of it. This must mean that it was nearly morning. Yes, he could see that the clear, airy blankness had become more milky and even red-tinted. He watched the pink line move slowly across the sky (why did it have to take so long?) The pink was followed by blue, a pale, barely discernible blue. A bird cried – a seagull. Finally, finally, morning was coming!

His heart beat hard against his chest, but somehow the pain did not increase. His soul seemed to burst through his skin with joy. Soon he would be home with Mother! He could now see several seagulls wheeling and diving in the air above him. Then he could no longer feel his body, he was flying with them. Suddenly he felt something break, like a taut string being cut, and felt a surge of joy and relief. He looked down at his lifeless body, just as the cliffs were flooded with golden sunlight, just as he heard the drone of a far-off helicopter . . .

Shawn Whelan, Year 9

The Dole Bludger Blues . . .

“Nah mate, sorry!
Nothin' this week.
Look, I'll let you know . . .”

“When I was your age
I had ter work fer a livin!
I never got no gov'ment handouts!”

“Got no experience, you say –
Well, don't expect me to take you on!
This is a business, not a charity!”

“A man had 'is pride in those days.
He didn't 'ave a job, 'e'd be out lookin' fer one –
Not just sittin' around all day!”

“Look Son, you don't want this job,
I mean, with those qualifications!
Besides – you'd want to be paid for 'em!”

“Yer a bunch a' lazy dole bludgers –
Too scared ter get yer bloody 'ands dirty.
If yer really wanted a job, yer'd fine one!”

Kerry Sanderson, Year 10



Ye County Cowpat . . .

by Rob Hilliard with help from Mark Wright and disturbances from Justin Vickers and Richard Salden, Year 9.

A GRUMPY PRESENTATION for Channel O.N.E. '5'.

SCENE 1: (a Medieval inn) enter Cocquos, Slob, Simon and Clarence.

SLOB: Hail Cocquos.

COCQUOS: Hail Slob, do seateth thou ample posterior on the humble stool and drink deeply on a pint of mead.

SLOB: (drinking deeply) What'eth happened to thou facial growth, Cocquos?

COCQUOS: Eckmey of yonder Parish, my spouse, said unto me on the Sabbath that such facial growths were sinful.

(enter doctors)

CLARENCE: Upon opening thy Jewish friend's stomach with thy glorious new meat cleaver he dideth screech a most horrible sound as if the Gates of Hell had been thrown open to the wind.

SIMON: To cure this, thou might apply a hefty cudgel to thou patient's head.

CLARENCE: Yet thou hath done this to Eckmey and it seems to have affected her brain somewhat.

SIMON: Speak not of Eckmey, she hath cuckolded Cocquos.

SLOB: Ho Simon, how is thy wife and issue?

SIMON: Victoria doth pertain strange interests at heart. She doth persist in cutting up Jacob's flock.

SLOB: And what of her coming issue?

SIMON: To be or not to be, twins are the question.

COCQUOS: Ho friends! Here cometh Brindon, the Sad.

SLOB: Ere' his spouse died he did not suffer, yet now he makes the strange practice of wearing a lady's dress.

CLARENCE: Oh horror – what sound from yonder doorway breaks! 'Tis a beast, and it has a big red posterior!

**IS THE BEAST A FRIEND OF BRINDONS?
WILL BRINDON WEAR A DRESS, OR
NOTHING AT ALL?**

TUNETH IN NEXT TIME TO THE CONTINUING SAGA OF “YE COUNTY COWPAT”



The Great Drano Bomb

Conspiracy

Chapter I: The Ultimate Weapon

Harrap Snodgrass, the ex W.W.II fighter Ace with the Victoria Cross and hum, a few bars, strode into the briefing room to be greeted by his superior X. "Bad news on the Y fronts" said X, "the squeezamango terrorists have hijacked the prototype Drano Bomb. This terror bomb can smash every toilet in a 200 mile radius of the blast zone. If the squeezamango detonate the bomb, the nation will be knee-deep in chaos" . . . "Amongst other things", cut in Harrap.

Chapter II: On Her Majesty's Dinner Service

"Remember the Squeezamango's record", said X. "As a protest against terrorism, they suicide car-bombed a protest against Nuclear Weapons, they blew up a nuclear reactor and half of Libya. These men are lunatics who'll stop at nothing to kill themselves and prove a point."

"Intelligence suggests the Squeezamango wear dirty underwear. So Q has provided you with a Mk 44 XLQ Dirty Underwear Detector. This device can detect a BO ridden sock at 500 metres and a pair of dirty underdaks at 5 kilometres. You only have 24 hours to recover the bomb, as the squeezamango gave us an ultimatum and orders for an unmarked getaway skateboard to be delivered to an address in the sewers. Good luck."

Chapter III: Action Farce

Harrap and the action farce had tracked the squeezamango to a deserted warehouse. He was explaining the plan to the Action Farce. "Okay chaps, this'll be a wizard prang eh wot? We'll stake out the house and then approach the door lying doggo on the street. Shinny up the drainpipe and bung 2 grenades in the letter box. Jump through the skylight, sneak up on the squeezamango, fire 60 warning shots into the air and tell the hostages to lie down and cover their eyes.

Chapter IV: The Clock is Ticking! Take Cover!

Thirty minutes later a pitched battle was being fought in the warehouse. Suddenly Gunther Von Gitzman, the mad East German terrorist shouted, "Get them mit der choppers Menschen!" whereupon the squeezamango pulled . . . VIOLINS from the cases and belted out 'The Godfather' on their violins. The action farce fell to the ground in pain but Harrap yelled 'Brut 33 grenade'. The grenade sailed into the string section and exploded. Silence followed as the squeezamangos fell to the ground, knocked out by the first smell of deodorant in their lives. However, behind the pall of green smoke a desperate struggle was being played out. Gunther and Harrap were battling to control the Drano Bomb. Harrap however, delivered the knockout blow and Gunther fell backward, landing squarely on the big red knob marked DO NOT TOUCH.

Chapter V: The Rest is Sewerage!

In the street, men, women and children turned toward the double flash and brown fireball of the drano bomb. Already the molecules of porcelain 238 were disintegrating. Many victims died with their pants down. Many more died in the collapse of outhouses, and in the decades to follow the side-effects lingered on. In many countries around the world, malformed toilets with genetic porcelain contamination, were still being made, with many unique mutations resulting.

As the saying goes: – The rest is sewerage.

Scott Martin, Year 9.

I am The Cheese . . .

"I am The Cheese" is a cliffhanging thriller whose major themes are: psychiatric hospitals and what possibly goes on in the anonymous hospital rooms and the other major theme is the spread of organised crime. Especially in the report at the end we see that organised crime has its "finger" in every woodpile.

I think the author has something significant to say about both themes. For instance, in the psychiatric ward, the author shows what could conceivably go on in psychiatric hospitals, with all of the medical conventions thrown out the windows and only knows what goes on behind closed doors and regards to the organised crime theme, that crime is everywhere and eventually the rancid claws of the "mob" will eventually encompass the Bureau of Re-identification.

What really thrilled me about the novel was the way that Adam Farmer releases information to his inquisitor, we acquired the same information. Thus, tension is gradually built up with certain information being released. One rather peculiar note is the way that once information is told to the interrogator, the author sees fit to slip into the memories of Adam Farmer/Paul Delmonte. In this way, we gradually learn the mission of Adam, a quest for the "real" news on the demise of his father and a quest to recover the lost memories after 3 years in 'The Institute'. Eventually we find out that all of the characters encountered in the story, are contained inside 'The Institute'.

To sum up "I am The Cheese", three main points spring to mind: One is the enormous cover ups a (any) government can penetrate such as witnessed in 'the institute', the decay of society and the ability of organised crime to control anything (just give it time!) and the lack of loyalty displayed by the government who delivered Adam's parents' identity to the 'adversaries'. With this we almost return to the situation in the 1930s when the 'Untouchables' were formed out of the few 'straight' police left.

I think I can safely say that the moral of the book (at least one of them) is that it doesn't matter how much you can change identity, eventually the past catches up with you.

Scott Martin, Year 9

A Lady . . .

The alarm clock woke her up at a quarter to six in the morning. She opened her eyes slowly and with quick movements jumped out of bed. The house was still dark and cold. She got dressed quickly. She was still young and beautiful, with a tall, slim body, a great taste at choosing her clothes, and a kind, but a little tough face, that reflected all the difficulties she had been through, and her will to get over them. When her husband left her some years ago, sending only a little money every month, she had had to quit her job, and find a new one, that offered better payment. She was satisfied with her new job, the bad thing was that she had to leave very early in the morning to be at her office at seven o'clock.

She ate her breakfast in the cold kitchen. Her kids, two little girls, were still asleep. They would have to get up later, with the alarm clock, get dressed and go to school. The sun was starting to rise now, and a little light came from the kitchen window. The pale sunrays that were shining on her face stressed her kind features, but also her strength to work, raise her children all by herself, support them and love them, without losing her own personality. She read a lot, and was informed about many matters, although her formal education stopped at high school. It was her wit and intelligence that had helped her get over the difficulties of the first years of her divorce. With no-one else to help her, she was left on her own to fight against society, a society that wouldn't easily accept that a woman could support her family without a husband. But she didn't feel any self-pity. When circumstances forced her to be on her own, she had managed it quite well. Of course, she supported women's liberation. She felt that women should be educated, independent and have a job. They should be respected by society. She was fighting not only for herself, but for all women who were struggling to support their families alone.

When the time went six-thirty, she got up and took her bag, ready to leave. The sky wasn't dark any more, the sun was quite high. The day was going to be good and warm. She put on her coat. She was always well-dressed, not allowing herself to appear dirty or untidy. She always looked fresh and beautiful, despite her troubles. As she was unlocking the door, her youngest daughter sat up on her bed, rubbing her eyes.

"Bye, bye Mum!" she called.

Her Mother turned around.

"Bye darling, see you in the afternoon".

She closed the door and walked out. She didn't feel guilty at leaving her kids alone. It wouldn't do the girls any harm. Although so young, they were quite independent and able to take care of themselves. And in any case, she had no other choice. They were a happy, united family the three of them, despite their poverty. She loved her kids. She wanted them to get educated, to have a better future than she had. And mostly because they were girls, she wanted them to learn to fight for their rights. She loved to be with her children, to hear their jokes, their laughter, to be ready to love, support and help them through any difficulties they had. But her kids weren't the only interest in her life. She had her job, her friends. She also had her own personality. She liked going out with friends whenever she could, having her own life.

It was a clear, cold winter morning, with not a single cloud in the sky. During the night, snow had fallen on the nearby mountain, but it wasn't going to snow during the day. She was walking towards the bus stop, thinking of the things she had to do, her work at the office and the housework that had to be done.

The girls helped, but they couldn't do many things. Her mind raced to the shopping that had to be done, and to how little money there was left until the next time she would be paid. She always wanted her children not to feel bad because they were poor. Fortunately, the kids understood. They loved her. She smiled to herself with confidence. There would be a better tomorrow. She was fighting for it.

She saw the bus coming, and signalled to the driver. As the bus stopped, the lady quickly jumped inside. The sun was rising higher in the sky and she knew there was going to be a better tomorrow.

Yolanda Valassopoulou, Year 11
(Greek Exchange Student)

Humorous Story – Red Gumboots

The young girl walked far behind her mother and older brother. This way she had a sense of independence. She hoped people would think she was travelling on her own.

The woman and her son, ahead of the girl, were following a wide dirt track. On one side it climbed gently upwards, the monotony of green pasture occasionally broken by a conservative and typically-English tree. To the right was a sharper, but short decline to a stream. Willow trees and reeds crowded thirstily to its edges.

Previously, the girl had been walking ahead of her mother and brother, Dylan, sulking as she now did, over some invasion of her maturity. She had looked over her shoulder to check they were heeding her protest, only to find she had walked too far ahead. Immediately after this discovery, she had preserved her calm, not wanting to destroy her pose, if they turned out to be around the last corner. This plan disintegrated when she had run back over her tracks for a minute, without success. Finally she flung herself at them, red-eyed and pathetic. They laughed and hugged her, and told her they hadn't noticed her disappearance. This was too much and she fell behind them instead.

Now Mum and Dylan sat down for lunch at an appropriate spot near the stream. Carolyn arrived a minute after them and trudged towards the muddy edge of the stream, defiantly. Very business-like, she bent over towards the water carelessly, due to her befuddlement. For a moment, she was obscured from their vision by scrub. The next instant they heard a help, accompanied by two little red gumboots and two blue corduroy knees, sticking straight up to the sky, above the bushes. The sight of Carolyn's upside-down lower quarter and then her mud-covered head and shoulders the moment after, sent the women and Dylan into hysterical, stomach-gripping laughter, even though they didn't know if they could stand any more tantrums.

The girl was flooded with embarrassment, and an incredible jolt back to six-year-old-hood, and sat down, mortally degraded.

Megan Manning, Year 10

Wortleydale School for Witches . . .

It was Term 1 at the Wortleydale School for Witches and Miss Crabapple was about to make her welcoming speech. The deputy, Miss Stiflebroom, stood next to her on the stage.

"Girls!" came the jolly (or as jolly as a witch can get) voice of Miss Crabapple.

"Good morning Miss Crabapple," came the droning reply from the rest of the school, including teachers.

"Good morning school," came the screeching, almost strangled, catlike voice of Miss Stiflebroom. The same thing happened to Miss Stiflebroom.

"Now it has come to my attention that a certain Gloria Nightshade is in need of a school to practise in, and it has also come to my attention that the school over at Cringe Hill wants to have her go there because, even though she is no witch, her mother is Dame Deadly Nightshade. She is prepared to pay a lot of money for her daughter's schooling at a suitable establishment."

Miss Crabapple went on. "Now, it has been decided that the two schools will have a competition, and the winner of this magic competition will get Gloria as a pupil."

"And," shrieked Miss Stiflebroom, stopping for a dramatic pause, "we have challenged them. Now, follow me." She got off the stage, and briskly walked to the large hall which was kept for special occasions. The whole school promptly followed her. That was, except for Miss Crabley, who went to get an Aspirin, and, unbeknown to anyone else, a year ten girl, Lucinda Galumphry, dropped back as well. Debating what to do, she decided to shadow the others and jumped into a broom cupboard on the way. She knew one with a window to the Main Hall; she decided to use that cupboard, so she could see what was happening.

Both schools were in the hall now, and Miss Wart from Cringe Hill started weaving a spell. Both schools wondered what was happening. Suddenly the whole of Cringe Hill school disappeared and the students of Wortleydale School turned into frogs. The hall became alive with the sound of RIBBIT RIBBIT!! Lucinda decided it was time to use her magic skills and she sat down on the dusty floor and started to weave a spell. When she thought it was ready she cast it on all the frogs and there was a loud explosion. When the smoke cleared the hall was filled with cuddly black cats. There were a few older meaner looking ones, presumably the teachers. She now knew it would be more difficult. She sat down to try again.

Meanwhile Miss Wart was negotiating with Dame Deadly. "Well" said Dame Deadly, "I saw what happened in the hall. One of my children is going to Cringe Hill. You can have the elder girl Betty while Wortleydale takes on Gloria. Mrs Wart went off with Betty in what she thought 'triumph'. She supposed that Betty actually could do magic and Wortleydaleites left with 'dumb' Gloria. However, as Gloria told Lucinda later, while Lucinda, (as heroine of the day and new head girl because she did break the spell) was showing Gloria round the school.

"In truth" said Gloria, "Betty always wants her own way and if she doesn't get it she turns people into frogs. In fact, the only people who can control her are Mum Nerse and God". The two girls walked away.

Deborah Gaskell, Year 7

The Brady Bunch,

5.00pm Weekdays, Channel 10

Reviewers before me have criticized this show, for a variety of reasons; the pro-American morality, sickly little problems upon which is dedicated an entire episode, the canned laughter unleashed at irritating intervals, to the way Cyndi's hair is curled and Marcia's flairs too well ironed. However 'The Brady Bunch' is in fact a highly intellectually stimulating programme.

As "Jingle Bells" accompanied the first frames of the show I had already prepared myself for the "Santa promised Cyndi that Mommy would get her voice back" episode (repeat no. 1243.) Unlike many of the other episodes where for instance Cyndi thinks she has a secret admirer (which is really Bobby) and the theoretical perspective of considering incest and premarital sexual behaviour amongst minors as a form of pre-adolescent deviance is examined, this episode encourages analysis of societal judgements, which help shape social psychological phenomena (i.e. when Mrs Brady can't sing her solo in Church and has to be content with airy gasps, not unlike a porn queen on heat).

This leads me to my next point . . . about spiritualism and its role in the mechanisms of T.V. soapiers. Are transcendental conceptual developments off-putting for the average eight year old viewer? Certainly anti-determinists who reject inter-actionalists and phenomenologists will argue that the script was NOT written to push sales in the yearly releases of Christmas melodies. However I feel that it is quite justifiable that Mr Brady says "After all Honey, this is the season for miracles". Indeed – it was a great relief for Bobby when Alice didn't really throw away the turkey – (it's got his favourite dressing.)

Finally with the theme of voluntarism in both symbolic interactionism and phenomenological existential tradition – the 'Brady Bunch' contributes significantly to the enrichment of one's life. Hence through the study of microsociological processes the 'Brady Bunch' proves to be the perfect paradigm for the simple complexities of evaluating . . . insanity. Why? – Because if you've watched as many episodes as I have over the past decade, you're bound not to escape unscathed!

Gina Kelly, Year 11



My Friend the Philosopher. . . (A nonsensical poem)

A friend of mine, although pretend, was interested in thought;
She seemed to think it mattered whether life went on (or not);
She always was a strange girl – a philosopher, some said.
I couldn't understand just *why*
 she had to stand up and defy
 the Minister for Apple Pie
 and say that she *had* found a fly –
Perhaps it was a plot.

This friend, who wasn't real, although she told me that she was,
Would wander round the house and then turn cartwheels in the garden.
She sometimes went away and sulked (she called it meditation) –
When I asked her how she liked her tea
 she quite refused to speak to me
 from two o'clock to half past three
 she just stood staring at the sea
Until I begged her pardon.

Once, in a fit of foolishness I asked her something which
So upset her genius – though usually quite tame –
That she rushed across the yard and tore my jonquils to bits;
 she then sat smiling in the sun
 requesting half an Easter bun
 I wondered what the hell I'd done –
I'd only asked her name.

She'd often ride my bicycle into town (and back);
And as she rode she read the Bard (causing quite a trend);
This didn't really matter as she wasn't really there
But once towards the end of Fall
 she taught the tennis team to crawl –
 she said it was better for us all
 she really drives me up the wall
My philosophising friend.

Meg Gay, Year 8

The Computer Junkie . . .

Times are hard for the computer uninformed. The days when these magic boxes were deep in the realm of scientific egg-heads, and therefore unmenacing to people, pre past.

Many would react with indignation at being scornfully accused of illiteracy. But the bespectacled, pale-skinned, matted-haired urchin, making such an accusation, will consider neither arts degrees nor best selling books to the victim's name in such condemnation. If you cannot tell the difference between a disc-drive and a Kitchen Wizz, then you are destined to join the ranks of the computer illiterates. For those of you qualifying as the latter, read on for a crash course in Jargonese.

A 'K' has nothing whatsoever to do with the special cereal manufactured by Kellogs (You'll probably find that little in the computer world is edible, but don't think it hasn't been tried). It is in fact comprised of 1024 Bytes, the latter having little in common with mastication or the Australian Coastline. A Byte is in turn divided into two nibbles, (who said programmers don't have a sense of

humour). If you thought a 'hatcher' was a 'Jack the Ripper' style figure with a meat cleaver, then your dictionary is again in line for modification. Such an individual merely cracks banks and violates military installations. You may be forgiven for mistaking a 'bug' for a pest which wilts your daisies and defies your green thumb, but actually it infests the computer to cause all sorts of problems for our esteemed computer addict, who, on top of his aforementioned labels, is also a pirate. Sorry Black beard, no parrots or wooden legs here, just twin tape decks to copy commercial programmes. Should his computer 'crash' this young expatriate of the human race will probably stare keenly into your face and mutter meaningfully: 'The accumulator wasn't stacked'. You may well instruct him of the illiterates' moral "When in doubt, use a bigger hammer".

So. You now know how to hold a reasonably unintelligible conversation with the Silicon Kid. You know (or think you know) all there is to know about these devious machines. 'Great', you think, 'let's buy one'. STOP!!

Which one?

The inventors of computers have considerably labeled their plastic boxes with the most efficient names by which the prospective buyer will know EXACTLY what he/she is getting. If, for example, you are a health-enthusiast, you are well catered for. You can choose from 'apple', 'apricot', 'peach', 'banana' or 'peanut'. If, however, you are an animal lover, why not go for a 'wombat', 'cat', 'fox' or 'eagle'. For the more adventurous, (Lotto players especially will appreciate this), there are more fancy named computers than there are number plates in a shopping centre car park on a Thursday night, 'XMP', 'IXL', 'IBM', 'C64', 'V2-200', 'TRS-80', 'VIC-20', 'MSX', 'MTX' or 'DEC' are typical.

RIGHT! So you've got your glorified abacus, plugged it in, and discovered that a computer is very much a one-sided affair. In goes electricity + time + cash, and out come eye strain, tenosynovitis and bewilderment. WARNING: Teeth-marks on the casing may invalidate the guarantee. Getting your computer to do anything other than display naughty messages on the screen, is a challenge to the intellect, perhaps, equalled only by performing microsurgery while blindfolded and wearing boxing gloves. Worst of all is the criticism by your 'friends' at your choice of purchasing an IBM-260-GLE.

'Only 8 sprites', 'No internal Address System', 'What a pre-historic Micro processor'. The strain and pressure of your new toy will affect your work, your recreation and your social life. Why, after all, did you buy the blessed thing? Can you still remember the time when you were blissfully ignorant of the whole kit and kaboodle?

My advice to you all is: STAY ILLITERATE!! Let your kids handle these dangerous technological tools. After all, they are much more qualified to become computer junkies and you'll be able to enlighten them with some hard-earned wisdom: "A computer does what you tell it to do, not what you want it to do!"

Mathew Quinn, Year 11

Storm Shot

Like bullets the unstoppable shower of sharp water sheets bit the ground with a shattering sound. It was the kind of day where I wished I was home, snug and warm toasting in front of a fire, but my longing dreams were interrupted as I realized I was not at home, just day-dreaming outside the movie theatre.

I watched jealously as the lucky kids whose parents were waiting outside leapt eagerly, like leopards in to the stalled cars and drove off. I, of course, had no lift and pulled my trench-coat as far as I could up around my neck and shoulders. Hesitantly I ran, faltering to dodge puddles, it looked like it had been raining all the way through the double feature, a five and a half hour combined session. The movies were good but I wished I had never gone as the cold and stinging rain gripped my soul like an icy hand. Even though I was heavily clothed, the pouring rain had drenched me right through. I turned the corner and just dodged a large deep puddle covering the road and lapping up on the sidewalk, but my small relief was

turned to anger as an approximately ten ton truck came roaring around the corner and splashed the huge puddle all over me; it was as if I was standing under a small waterfall as the massive puddle drenched me even more.

My quest was still not over as I still had a whole kilometre to go. I had only run 200 metres when I felt a sharp pain on the back of my head. I turned around but there was no one there. There were another 3 stinging blows – it was not someone hitting me, it was hail. I pulled my heavy wet coat up over my head to cushion it, but this made it awkward to run. Just then I stumbled and slipped over, unfortunately I fell into a puddle like a Rhinoceros jumping into a river on a hot summers day in the Sahara. I stood up wet, cold and miserable, I was now very wet. Every time I took a step forward shards of water droplets would fly off my thick, wet, heavy trenchcoat.

I was now rapidly nearing my house. I ran hurriedly past Birkenhead Point and had to stop under a small shelter of over hanging trees. I sat down panting like a tired tiger, only about 300 metres to go. I stood up, aching calves, queasy feeling, I ran the remaining part of my journey. Just as I knocked on the door to my house a freezing wind blew which pierced my chilled bones, then a startling streak of lightning lit up the dimming sky. I was exhausted and storm shot.

It seemed like an eternity before the welcoming door to my humble home opened. My mother looked at me and said sympathetically – "You poor darling, come in, what happened? I walked in. Suddenly I was stunned, then overtaken with a warmth that filled me right down to my drenched bones. A homely beckoning fire greeted me with friendly, flickering bows.

After climbing into my pyjamas I put my fluffy, warm dressing-gown on and my slippers to match. Once again I was warm and dry. Mum brought me in some heated milk with honey mixed together and wrapped a warm blanket around my comfortable body – A-A-A-A-TCHOO!!! I sneezed and nearly knocked my drink over. Snuggling up in my favourite chair, I sipped my hot mixture, smacked my lips and then told my dreary story, but it was all over and I was once again back in my cosy house, warm and snug.

Gerald Gallagher, Year 7

Friend for a Lifetime

It was an old house and all that was in it was old.

The woman making her slow way towards the summons of the telephone was no exception. As she hobbled down the old hall she knew this, and she tried to forget it but her aching legs wouldn't let her. Neither would the home-help, nor the department of Social Security. She sank into the chair that the home-help had placed next to the phone and stretched out a hand to pick up the receiver. The ringing stopped.

As the echoes of the unanswered call died away Lorna ran her fingers thoughtfully over the smooth plastic of the telephone and the fabric cover of the address book that lay on the table next to it. She picked up the small book and began to turn its well used pages. Her eyes flickered

up and down the columns of names, addresses and telephone numbers. In doing this they saw and recalled a lifetime of friends and acquaintances. They scanned the round-handed printing of her youth, the flamboyant style of her twenties, the steady sure writing of a woman of the world and finally the wobbly script of old age. Many of the entries were faded to the point of illegibility or were simply names to which Lorna could recall no faces. Some were crossed through with a change of address neatly recorded above or to the side. Some were just crossed out.

Lorna felt old and weak, and tried to mentally halt the onrush of memories that threatened to overcome her. However, reason is often no match for emotion. A tear ran unchecked down her cheek as the fading names dragged Lorna back to the times she tried to forget. Times so happy they were painful to remember.

Lorna looked down at the book lying open in her lap. At the top of the page 'Allison Stoner' was printed in a childish hand. It bore no resemblance to the numerous other entries from Lorna's childhood, except for that on the flyleaf, and the reason for this was clear to Lorna, despite the years. She turned to the flyleaf and as she read the careful inscription –

'Lorna McKillop
3 Chester Drive
Rosewood
ph: 73 1068' –

she became aware of the sharp presence of her memories and a blurring of the present. She could not prevent it.

The pictures in Lorna's mind were vivid and gave her the sensation of reliving the past.

It was her sixth birthday. Two young girls stood facing each other with the remnants of a party strewn around them. One stretched out a small hand holding a small parcel.

"It's for you, Lorna," she said, "It's only little". Lorna tore off the wrapping paper to reveal a fabric covered address book. "I put both our names in it. Lorna and Allison. I did it really carefully, so they'll always be there and we'll always be friends".

"Thank you," said Lorna as she gave the other girl a quick childish embrace. "We'll always be friends."

Allison's mother then arrived to take her daughter home.

Lorna drifted back to the present. True to the writer's words, both the inscription on the flyleaf and the first entry on the 'S' page, though not as dark as they once were, were still easily legible. However, unlike Lorna who had, for a number of reasons, spent her whole life in the same house, Allison had moved several times. Consequently, beneath the first entry written by Allison herself, there were several changes made by Lorna. The first one was in an obviously teenage hand, modified slightly by the then fashionable teenage scrawl but still bearing the neatness that was always part of Lorna's style.

Once again the book slipped out of focus as Lorna's eyes seemed almost to turn inwards, seeing only what she had experienced some seventy years ago. It was so real that Lorna almost felt the wall behind her as she leant, talking for endless hours on the phone, almost sensed the hard floor when she slipped, legs tired, into a sitting position, still talking. The chair wasn't there then.

And her mind would still not free her from painful recollection. Like the heroine of a saga, in her mind's eye she grew older. She passed through her twenties, a world of steamy cafes, seedy pubs, huge gatherings in small apartments. Ringing from pay phones, friends' houses, police stations, but nearly always ringing the same person, Allison. Then the scene slowed down. Kids appeared and ran up and down the hall. Telephone calls became fewer, often from her husband, while he was around, telling her not to hold dinner or that he would be fifteen minutes late. Allison still rang but their conversations were short and snatched inbetween bathtime and dinnertime or while the kids were resting. The memories stopped only when they reached the present.

In sad bewilderment Lorna found herself staring at the last modification of Allison's address, completed in unsteady letters, –

'Sunshine Nursing Home
15 Steadon Rd,
Sunnybrook
Ph: 813 4610 (switchboard answers)' –

In an effort to cheer herself up, Lorna decided to ring her lifetime friend. After all, Allison probably needed a chat if she did, they'd always been so similar – felt the same, done the same things.

Pleased with her new found positiveness, Lorna dialled. The bright young girl at the switchboard answered.

"Hello, Sunshine Nursing Home, can I help you?"

Momentarily startled by the young voice, Lorna then remembered that when she asked for her friend she would be switched through onto an internal line. Relieved, she answered,

"Yes. I wondered if I might speak to a friend. Allison Stoner, she's an old friend." There was a pause before the young girl returned with a slightly troubled voice.

"I'm sorry but Miss Stoner passed away only just the other day." Lorna felt herself tremble.

"What was wrong?"

"Oh, she was in no pain, very peaceful in fact, but the doctors don't really know. I think she was just sick of life and willed herself away. She was a strong willed soul."

"Oh."

"I'm sorry, didn't you know?" Lorna could not speak and let the receiver fall to the table. She could still hear the girl. "Are you okay? I didn't mean to shock you. Shall I send someone 'round? Hello? Hello?" The voice, after a few more enquiries drifted off and a faint click was heard.

Slowly and methodically, Lorna picked up a pen and small ruler from a jar on the table. Steadying her hand she ruled a neat line through the last entry under 'Stoner' and through the name itself. Then she turned to the flyleaf and did the same. Having placed book, pen and ruler back on the table, she closed her eyes. The doorbell rang but it seemed a long way off and Lorna's eyes remained shut.

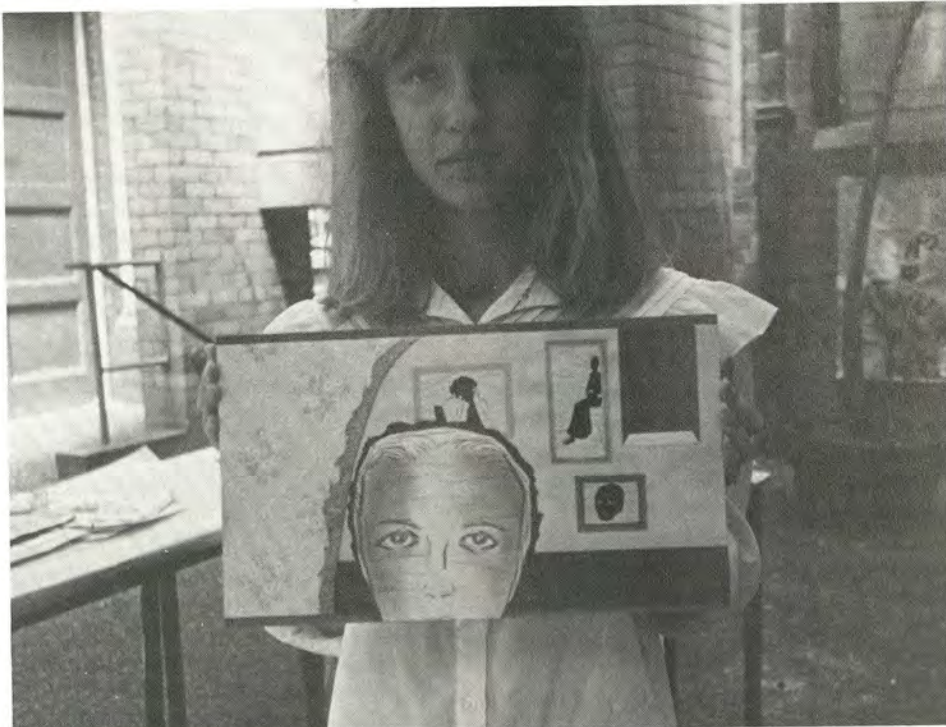
If Allison could do it, so could she.

Kelly Stephens, Year 10

Art Work



Tullia Sharp of Year 10 and her "chair"



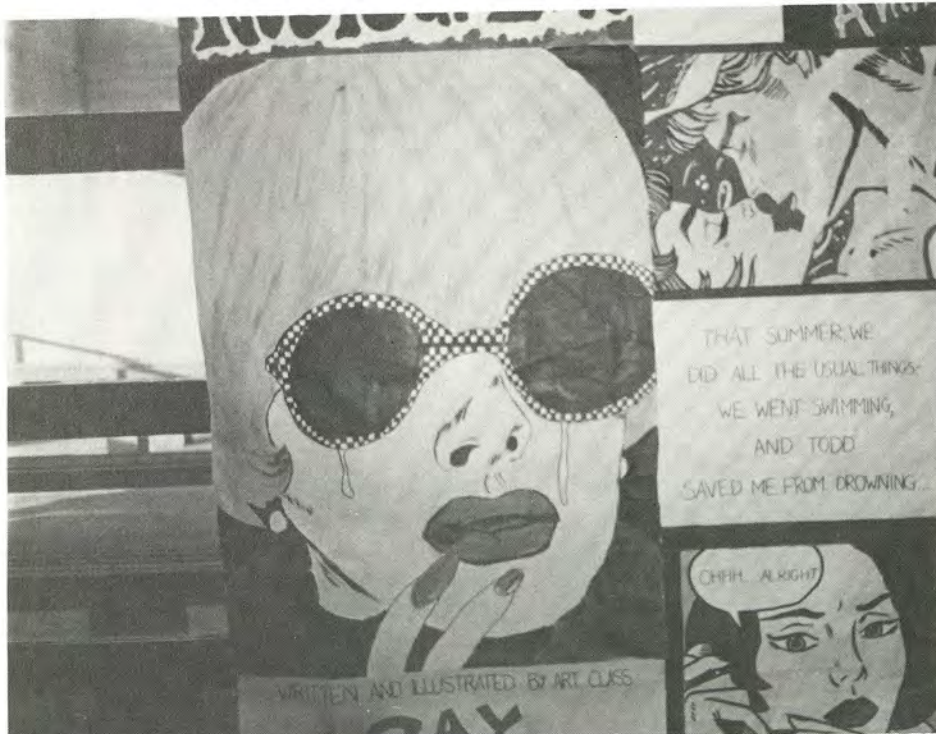
Yvonne Lutowski of Year 8 and her major work.



Viewing the Art Show in October



Gina Kelly's "dolls". Her Year 11 major work.



An example of the work of Year 9.

Sport

In October Emma McDonald of the Fortian Committee interviewed Mrs B. Henry and Mr A. Wilson who are the P.E. teachers of our school. They were also the co-ordinators of all 'Sporting' activities during 1985. Here is what they had to say:

EMMA McDONALD: What is the level of sporting participation at Fort Street?

MRS HENRY: In regard to Wednesday afternoon sport, about 10% of students are involved in a grade sport. This doesn't reflect the competition in other areas. For example, swimming, athletics, cross country, where the students are a lot more competitive. They perform at a higher level and find it a lot more stimulating.

MR WILSON: State knock-out competitions are very well patronised by the school as a whole. My point of view is that most students who are good at sport, play competitive weekend competition and that incorporates training and therefore they feel a need to relax or unwind at sport which is not so competitive.

EMMA: Have there been many new sports added which are both male and female and grade and non-grade?

MRS HENRY: Not so many in grade but we have got mixed hockey that started this year, in grade sport which turned out very successfully. In non-grade a lot of our sports have now become co-ed, which I think is a "new" sport. In co-ed sports, we now have – swimming, gymnastics, yoga, jazz ballet, ice skating, aikido, rowing, tennis and cycling.

MR WILSON: The zone is also deciding on co-ed touch football for next summer.

MRS HENRY: We also had two girls who played in the open boys' cricket team which was a step forward and was very well accepted by the rest of the zone.

EMMA: Has Fort Street any outstanding sportsmen or women? Olympic or Commonwealth?

MRS HENRY: We have a few very good athletes and a few good swimmers.

EMMA: How has sport changed over the past decade?

MR WILSON: I think the traditional school sport afternoon isn't keeping up with the need of most young kids. There's a tendency now for young people to want to learn more skills and due to what we perceive to be problems with expertise among staff, it's not possible to find experts among all the kids, especially Year 7 and a lot of schools are trying to go integrated sport, and to cope with that problem of playing weekend competition and then coming back and playing school competition kids seem to be getting away from that now and they prefer recreational style sport rather than competitive style sport.

MRS HENRY: I don't know if that's such a bad thing, because people are going to have to know how to use their leisure time in the future. The emphasis placed on school sport has declined in all schools.

MR WILSON: We both encourage a less competitive approach by people towards school sport, because we feel that the people who are good at competition sport can get

that on their weekends and we perceive afternoon sport to be for everyone.

EMMA: What is the future for sport in schools?

MRS HENRY: We'd like to see integrated sport where we abolish the Wednesday afternoon sport because if every class got the extra time in P.E. time, or it would be sport-time run by P.E. specialists we think that's the way it's going. A lot of schools are going that way, feeling Wednesday afternoons are a waste of time and money.

EMMA: What new sports would you like to see introduced into the school?

MRS HENRY: Any we can get the money for.

MR WILSON: We made approaches to incorporate wind surfing at the end of last year, but due to lack of response by the people who we approached, we were unable to send a programme off to the Dept. of Education for application. We're open to a lot of suggestions which we feel deserve merit provided they've got a beneficial . . .

MRS HENRY: Like while the sport afternoon exists we'd still like to direct those sports and we wouldn't like to have anything that's total non-sport orientated.

EMMA: What are the most popular sports?

MRS HENRY: Well, cycling being the new one had a huge response. Bowling and Ice-skating were very popular, but we found not always for the right reasons. On the whole it's fairly even spread and people do like changing.

MR WILSON: The sports which gain the greatest patronage are the ones where the success of the individual doesn't necessarily mean the defeat of another individual. Bowling gets a very good roll-up and at bowling, of course, you are competing against yourself and those style of sports where the benefit to the individual is utmost, seem to get the greatest patronage.

MRS HENRY: Again – this is all relative to us.

EMMA: Has the school acquired any new equipment over the past year?

MRS HENRY: Yes, we acquire equipment all the time to replenish what we use frequently. The equipment that we buy and replace just never gets seen, because a bag of basketballs will suddenly have 2 new ones which nobody will ever notice. We did have money given to us for this year, when we got a new mini-tramp and gym mats plus the tennis equipment we were able to set up a tennis programme.

MR WILSON: Due to the need to continually update equipment, the wear and tear on equipment is quite severe because of the asphalt we work on.

EMMA: What is the attitude to sport of teachers?

MR WILSON: With regard to teachers I honestly believe the teachers do a job as best as their ability. They do not begrudge going to sport but I feel a lot of them think that because they're not sporting orientated that they can't give a great performance. They do what is officially required of them, but they find it difficult to enthuse the students.

MRS HENRY: Plus they are very busy with marking and often they don't feel inclined to learn a new sport themselves. When we have staff who have special interests, they can run sports without us having to bring in professionals.

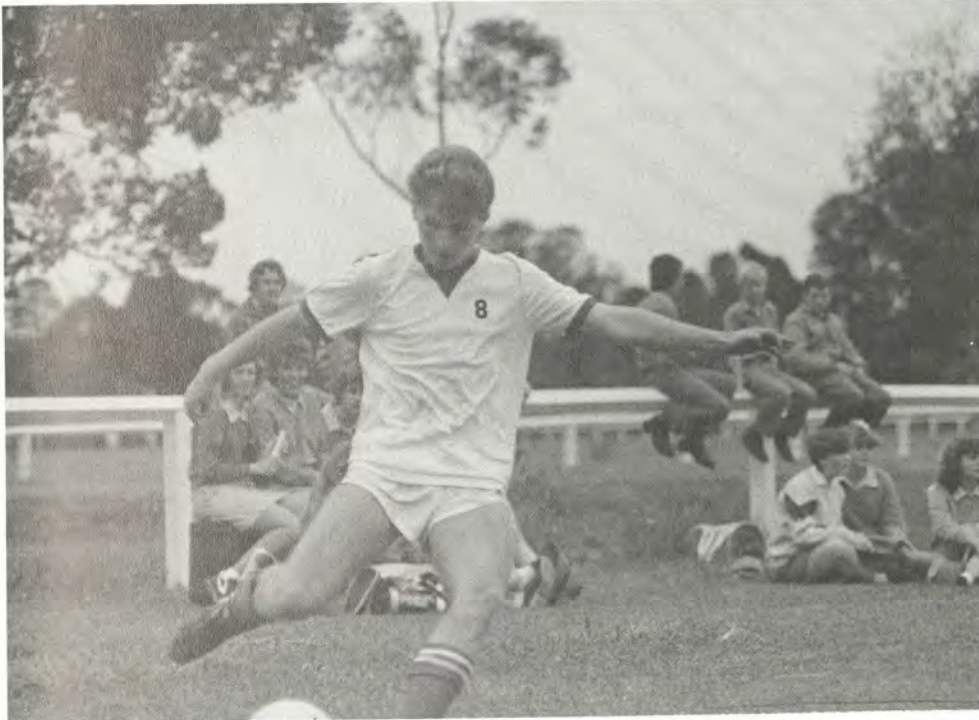
MR WILSON: When teachers have special interests we try to offer a sport a term in those areas.

Congratulations!

The school congratulates the following students who excelled in sport during 1985. Most of these students were selected to represent N.S.W. after doing well at State carnivals:

Kell Tremayne (Yr 7), Belinda Gibson (Yr 7), Shona Snedden (Yr 9), Nelson Ha (Yr 9), Kristen Daghish (Yr 9),

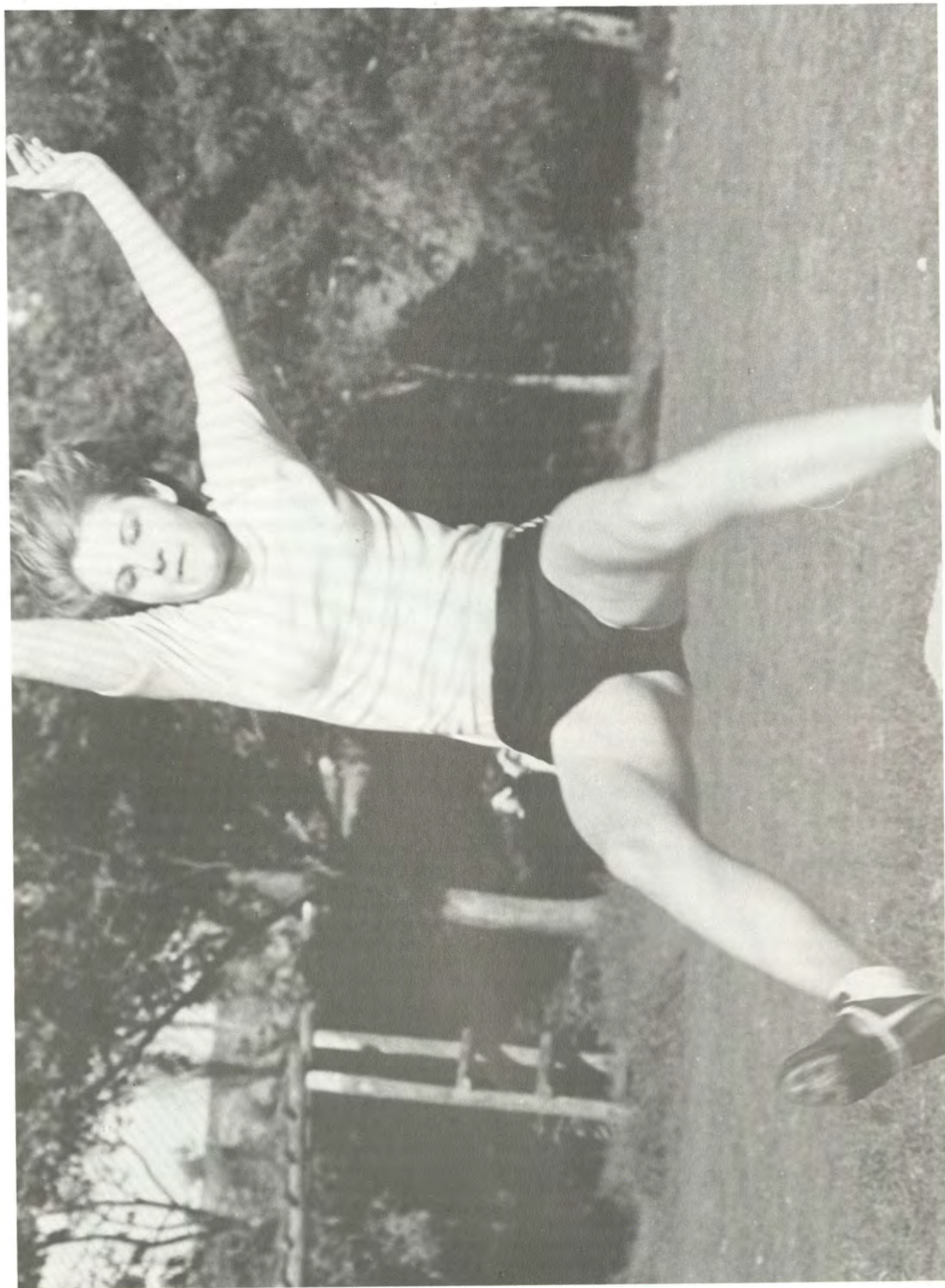
Penny Chalk (Yr 9), Rebel Bissaker (Yr 9), Melanie Bray (Yr 9), Amy Chalker (Yr 9), Penny Disher (Yr 9), Lachlan Hall (Yr 10), Leonie Geribo (Yr 10), Trina Castell-Brown (Yr 10), Shani Galleghan (Yr 10), Dana Stevanovic (Yr 10), Kevin Moore (Yr 11), Simon Bourke (Yr 11), Tracey McCelland (Yr 11), Michael Scott (Yr 11), Julian Dell (Yr 11), Kim Hughes (Yr 11), Kym Manitta (Yr 11), Susan Castell-Brown (Yr 12).



Chris Siatros, in action!



Peter, David and Jim at the Swimming Carnival.











FRONT ROW: (L to R) Susan Chik, Rebel Bissaker, Rachel Connor, Penelope Chalk, Heidi Beck, Mirsini Ahilas, Loredana Angeloni, Melanie Bray, Justine Arnot
SECOND ROW: Victor Chau, Tram Bui, Nadine Boehm, Ann Chow, Mia Chalker, Sophia Anastasiadis, Kristian Boehringer
THIRD ROW: Christian Bruce, Sean Brushwood, Eric Berry, Saffron Bond, Gunter Blum, James Correa, Gavin Darbyshire
FOURTH ROW: Pieter Boon, Andrew Baron, Richard Anderson, Steven Csikos, Timothy Booth, Steven Chung
 Year 9 F



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Penny Disher, Liza Feeney, Karren Gallagher, Rebecca Fyfe, Kristen Daghlich, Natalie Greer, Vicki Hambezos, Megan Crispin, Tatiana Ermoll
SECOND ROW: Temogen Hield, Scott Hardiman, Kylie Goulding, Genevieve Freeman, Karen Green, Germana Eckhert, Delia Harpur, Keiran Gallagher, Jim Deligiannis
THIRD ROW: Robin Hilliard, Steven Georgakis, Nelson Ha, Rajeev Gupta, Timothy Hornibrook, Cameron Hall, Robert Gerrie, Aran Jensen, Murray Gibbons
 Year 9 O



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Natalie Lay, Lisa Heron, Peta Lee, Michelle Johnston, Paula Houvardas, Kylie Hurle, Grace Leung, Clair Holland, Sohi Kang

SECOND ROW: Anastasia Konstantelos, Daniel Kang, Saewook Kwon, Nick Karkanidis, Brendan Kelly, Sung Jin, Jeffrey Jones, Osoo Kwon, Truc Thi Thanh Huynh

THIRD ROW: Malamo Loutas, Alison Hunter, Chris Kyriakidas, Hyung Joong Kim, Joanne Kalivas, Banu Idil

FOURTH ROW: John Karapatsas, Alain Khanh, David Lam, Damon Keen, Jin Hong Kim
Year 9 R



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Emma Lunn, Niki Nikitanos, Sharlene Middler, Jackie Ntatsopoulos, Bronwyn Mackintosh, Alexandra Nittes, Michelle Milligan, Hue My Ngo, Lydia Ng

SECOND ROW: Jason Morley, Yvette Mayer, Cassie McCullagh, Jessica McGowen, Claudie McCarthy, Benny Moore, Carolyn McLeod, Kieran Matthews

THIRD ROW: Dax Neech, Duncan Miller, Ben MacLaine, Craig Miller, Mungo McCall, Mark Micallee, Graham Moore

FOURTH ROW: Edmund Lo, Roy McCance, Louis Mavraidis, Barbar Mirza, James Mathers
Year 9 T



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Joanne Roberts, Tieu-Tieu Phung Le, Helen Sarantopoulos, Shona Snedden, Amanda Rolfe, Tracey Reckless, Maria Pizzinga, Gertrude Salata, Antonia Pramataris

SECOND ROW: Landon Smith, Richard Salden, Cahrls Smith, Jim Wightingale, Peter Oey, Sacha Sadler, Andrew Povolny, Timothy Newsom, Anthony Schofield

THIRD ROW: Michael Rees, Tony Radosevic, Chris Presland, Hardy Reschke, Joshua Saunders

FOURTH ROW: Susinta Oetojo, Leigh Sanderson, Scott Rogers, Anne Petra Odijk, Joanna Patikas
Year 9 - 1



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Daisy Tan, Christine Xenakis, Louise Somerville, Catriona Taylor, Philippa Stevens, Lisa Walsh, Despina Tahtirelis, Sharon Swanson, Lisa Zullo

SECOND ROW: Eleanor Todd, Matthew Sully, Jason Yetton, Jed Wesley-Smith, Damian Watts, Peter Stening, Craig Ward, Aravind Viswanath, Devi Trainor

THIRD ROW: Justin Vickers, Nathan Toohey, Shawn Whelan, Drew Sutton, Mark Wright, Jason White, Michael Ward, Ian Thomas, Luke Tollemache
Year 9 A

Music – 1985 . . .

In 1985 Mr A. Suthers was appointed to Fort Street as the Special Master and Music teacher. Here is his report: 1985 began with a flourish as Speech Day preparations developed. Whole-school singing is not new to Fortians. After several rehearsals a rich, enthusiastic sound was produced. Speech Day was a great success.

A review of priorities heralds a revitalization of non-elective music in 1986. The P. and C. Association has supported this change with a vote to buy electronic keyboards for use by students.

The *Jazz Band* vamps on, drawing much comment at the Gala Fair in August. The *Concert Band* maintains a gentle simmer, accompanying school singing at every assembly.

Two Year "Eleven" students, Richard Lennane and Paul Miller are promoting the development of a school orchestra, recruiting members and rehearsing weekly.

Tenors and basses from the Choir (which evolved after Speech Day) participated in the official State celebration of Commonwealth Day in the Sydney Town Hall. Along with Sopranos and Altos, a very large contingent from Fort Street made up a quarter of a "combined schools' mass Choir" in the Sydney Opera House, performing with the A.B.C. Sinfonia. The school has barely begun to tap its potential in this area.

Instrumental tuition classes will be resumed as soon as a major programme of repairs is completed. The entire stock of band and orchestral instruments owned by the school has been overhauled. 1986 looks promising.

Mr A. Suthers



Mr A. Suthers



The School Band

The Smark Report

During August '85 the Sydney Morning Herald presented its reading audience with a series of reports about schools in Sydney. The report about Fort Street was published on Tuesday August 13th. The report was written by Mr Peter Smark and Ms. Judith Whelan. Several comments angered Fortians. In true Fortian spirit, students (with unspoken support from most staff members) decided to make their opinions known. As soon as the school day was completed more than 350 students gathered outside the Herald's office to make themselves heard. A delegation spoke to Mr Smark and explained their grievances. All ended well and within days Mr Smark retracted some of his statements.

In the words of Peter Phelps of Year 12, "We came, we saw and we got a retraction".

Below is printed the letter which Fortians presented to Mr Smark and Ms. Whelan. Also printed is a copy of a letter written by a concerned parent, Mrs Bray who has two daughters at Fort Street. The Herald printed her letter on August 14th.

The exercise proved most fruitful in that Fortians learned that it is possible to object to something in a rational way and that one must always be aware of what is happening around them. The exercise also showed that there is, indeed, solidarity at Fort Street.

The Committee

Exciting Fort St

SIR: What a pity that Peter Smark was unable to attend the Fort Street High School's speech day held earlier this year.

At speech day we saw an exciting school of the eighties led by its new headmistress. A school where our two daughters are given the opportunity to excel in a co-educational environment. A school made up of children from many different countries. A school where the top four English students in Year 12 speak another language fluently, and where Vietnamese children who came here as "boat people" in late primary school have developed their talents to the point where they top their classes.

Peter Smark missed the opportunity to hear an exciting improvement in the standard of music – and to hear of the orchestra, brass band, jazz band and rock band. Apparently he also missed the concert at the Opera House at which Fort Street students made up a quarter of the combined schools' choir, and the excellent dramatic productions of *Pygmalion* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

It seems also that he did not hear of the standard of general English teaching at Fort Street, with which I, as a former secondary school English teacher, am very impressed. But he did fall for the joke about "manual arts" being "practically compulsory"!

The Fort Street of today is a school with no school captain – but with lots of future leaders – female and male, of Australian and non-Australian background. As a parent I am delighted that the school is adapting itself to the eighties without losing its academic integrity.

**Margaret Bray,
Hanover Street,
Roselle.**

Press Release

13th August, 1985.

Our actions on the afternoon of the 13th August were prompted by an article which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* on that day by Peter Smark and Judith Whelan.

The article makes a number of statements which are untrue:

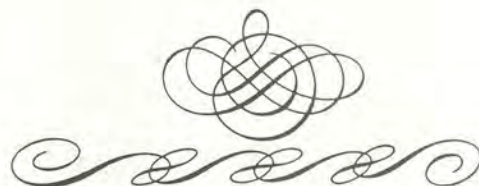
- English marks are disappointing
- The study of Industrial Arts is "almost compulsory"
- Music is not stressed and there is little extra-curricular activity
- Little organised drama
- We have a school captain
- Incorrect naming of the Social Science master

The article, we believe, also implies a number of highly derogatory and untrue things about the school. It implies that the amalgamation of the schools was responsible for the "slump" in marks. A "slump" which in fact has not occurred and this can be substantiated statistically. It also implies that the presence of ESL classes has resulted in the downgrading of the schools' academic achievements.

We find these suggestions racist, sexist and defamatory. The results of both male and female students are comparable now and surely this is the aim of an education system that promotes equality. We feel that the multi-cultural aspect of the school is a reflection of our catchment area and is something of which we can be proud. We are just as proud of the students we turn out, who because of our co-educational system are better able to cope with the *real* world which we are being prepared for.

Mr Smark did not request permission to enter the school, he did not accurately research his article, nor did he interview a broad section of the student body. His article is, as a result of this, unfair, damaging in the public eye and hurtful to the students and teachers of Fort Street High School, a school of which we are justifiably proud.

The students of Fort Street.





*A delegation of Fortians meets Mr Peter Smark (far right).
(This photo has been printed with the permission of John Fairfax and Sons)*

Excursions '85

As well as learning within the hallowed halls of our beloved establishment, Fortians also ventured into the "real" world. Excursions were conducted to all corners of the globe – from Canberra to Fitzroy Falls, to Chinatown to Cooma and as far as Malaysia!

English students were treated to some wonderful theatre. Year 9 students saw "The Shifting Heart" at the Phillip Street Theatre. Year 8 students saw "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Seymour Centre. Year 12 students dressed up for a night at the Opera House to see Ray Lawler's classic "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll". The 3 Unit H.S.C. candidates were treated to two special afternoons with playwrights Ron Blair and George Hutchinson. The students studied their plays and found the discussions most stimulating. Visits to other schools for Debating also proved exciting and challenging. Fortians love a good argument!

Eight H.S.C. candidates spent a day at Sydney University for Mathematics and Year 7 students once again had the chance to see the Zoo through "mathematical eyes".

Physics students of Year 11 studied the effects of gravity and circular motion at Luna Park, whilst Year 12 Biology students studied the prodigious rock platforms at Clovelly beach.

The N.S.W. Art Gallery was inundated with students of Years 8, 9 and 10 students on two occasions – for the "Pop Art" exhibition and for the "Monet" exhibition. The Easter Show this year had the privilege of encountering true Fortian creativity. Various students spent some time at the Show painting a mural under the guidance of our Art teachers.

The History Department never ceases to churn out many and varied excursions. The list reads – camps at Hill End, a trip to Canberra, a visit to Old Sydney Town, and several visits to Anzac House to see great movies such as "Strikebound" and "Ten Days that Shook the World". The Historical Pageant "Looking Back" has become a regular feature of the Year 7 and 8 courses. It's always a huge success as it was in '85.

The French students visited the "Monet" exhibition too and celebrated Bastille Day with a feast of food and song in the school hall. The German students visited the Concordia Club to eat delicious German food. They also celebrated Oktober Fest with Mr Horan leading the singing in his inimitable way. Students of Japanese visited several Japanese restaurants and also saw Japanese films.

The Social Science Department filled in the year with its wide and varied excursions. Students were lucky



Playright, Ron Blair meets the 3 unit English candidates at Fort Street.

enough to go to McDonalds, the Coca-Cola Factory, the Stock Exchange, the Maritime Services Board and to the Supreme Court of N.S.W. Camps were organized to Gerroa, Cooma and Fitzroy Falls for geographers. The Asian Social Studies students went to the Japanese gardens at Auburn and visited Chinatown to eat themselves "sick".

The highlight of the year's excursions was the trip that Miss Ireland conducted to Malaysia in August. Seven students were lucky enough to be part of this.

Fortians who study Textile and Design conducted surveys in the city and visited exhibitions at the Sydney Technical College.

Home Science students ate to their hearts' content when they visited Italian and Chinese restaurants (not on the same day!).

Students of Music were involved in performances at the Sydney Town Hall and the Opera House to mark such occasions as Education Week and Commonwealth Day. They also treated some local senior citizens to their talents.

All in all, the year was a truly great one in terms of exciting, stimulating and educational outings, as well as visits within the school.

The Committee



A Highlight of 1985

On the 25th of August, 1985, an excited group of Fort Street and Bass High students found themselves on board QANTAS "Flight 1" to Singapore. There were 7 Fortians – Kirsty, Kate, Tove, Julian, David, Elizabeth and Khai, as well as Miss Ireland.

In Singapore we saw all the traditional and European aspects of the city, and tasted *real* Asian food (280 satay sticks between us!), along with the odd Singapore Sling from the famous Raffles Hotel (not, of course, for the under 18's).

Everyone reacted to the excitement – Miss Ireland continually observed "It's wonderful!", David grabbed for his tape recorder, and Julian ate.

From Singapore, we were driven over the border into Malaysia, and to Malacca, where the Hotel Admiral was besieged by blown fuses and clothing flying out windows. The natives were also treated to a display of the Australian way of walking along, and crossing a street – all trotting after Mother – (Miss Ireland) like a brood of ducklings.

Miss Ireland became increasingly more 'motherly' as the trip went on tucking each of her charges into bed at night.

We were treated somewhat like celebrities, with a "photo session" before setting off to see the sights of the old colonial heart of Malacca, as well as local markets and food stalls. We were given a chance to try our bargaining skills, resulting in the purchase of a large number of straw hats.

From Malacca we travelled north to Kuala Lumpur, the bustling capital. We returned to the Australian way of life long enough to see "Mad Max III" in a local cinema. We bet you've never had a cockroach crawl up your leg at Hoyts!

We also inspected a scorpion factory (ugh!) and climbed 272 stairs to view a cave, arriving back with red faces and shaky knees.

Our next stop, Penang, was quite a contrast to Kuala Lumpur. We were now greeted by a beach, rather than a drain, when walking out of our hotel. Several long afternoons were spent by the beach, savouring the long-forgotten delights of orange juice and fresh milk.

It was at Penang that some members of the party participated in a walk through the jungle. It was a pity that our first experience of a tropical rainstorm was while trying to climb an already slippery clay slope. We may have noticed a little more of the jungle if we hadn't been constantly checking we weren't stepping on scorpions (which our guide assured us we couldn't see anyway). We reached our destination – a stream where we were to eat breakfast (yes, breakfast) and discovered our first scorpion – just where we were about to swim. Well, we were wet anyway.

We arrived back at the hotel safe, though soggy, much to the hilarity of the hotel staff, who followed us around with mops.

From Penang, it was a 15 hour train trip back to Singapore, where we boosted the economy for a day before boarding the plane home. It's nice to be back, but the travel bug is already biting again!

Elizabeth Bray, Year 10



Miss Ireland and her students in Malaysia.



Elizabeth Bray in Malaysia



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Gordana Baslakovska, Maria Arvanitiis, Sunhee Cho, Anna Bryant, Emma Puchert, Sasha Carrel, Lucy Byrne, Tina Collins, Kerri Ambler
SECOND ROW: Daniel Depre, Con Boulougouris, Elizabeth Brbot, Julia Cummins, Sunny Abraham, Maia Andreasan, Anna Bearpark, Brett Buckley, Frank D'Aspromonte
THIRD ROW: Toby Andrews, Pablo Collaguazo, Frank Cammaroto, Mark Dowsett, Jonathon Austen, Alex Cheng, Matthew Adams, Theofilos Belekas, Juan Chang
 Year 8 F



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sally Egan, Niki Frampton, Trang Dang, Nickoletta Flampoulidou, Penny Gonidellis, Meg Gay, Jodie Gibson, Merryl Geribo
SECOND ROW: Barry Gibb, Craig Gustafson, Marc Englaro, Glen Henderson, Michael Gregory, Bill Giannakopoulos, Daniel Farrenc, David Edwards, Chad Ford
THIRD ROW: Sophie Dowling, Amber Elen-Forbat, Kylie Dare, Louise Gillett, Sibel Goren, Karen Dorn
FOURTH ROW: Duncan Hau, Brendan Gribble, Joseph Graffi, Michael Harding, Alfred Hiatt
 Year 8 O



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Song-Mi Lee, Niki Hale, Lily Katsoulis, Christine Gabiola, Yoon-Chong Kim, Hao Hua, Leola Lachs, Dorinda Hall, Jasmin Gwynne

SECOND ROW: Tarkan Kucukkaya, Dylan Jamieson, Eugene Lau, Jeremy Kothe, Meredith Hyde, John Kirkham, Levent Isin, Sean Lee, Christopher Hunt

THIRD ROW: Ben Lee, George Konstantin, Dennis Koustoubardis, James Lennane, Jonathan Horton, Wayne Jennings, David Ioannidis

FOURTH ROW: Leanne Jamieson, Julia Grazioli, Narelle Grant, Christina Fotakopoulos, Hannah Hilliard
Year 8 R



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Darna Milmlow, Joanna Logan, Yvonne Lutowski, Melissa Morris, Ameshri Naidoo, Polly McDonald, Young-Su Lee, Kara Monro, Tina Lavrentiou

SECOND ROW: Paul Pantezes, Darren McNaught, Harry Marinos, Terry Liberopoulos, James Murty, David Leung, Bao-Dinh Nguyen Phuoc, Adam Newall, Adrian Lowe

THIRD ROW: Amber Ma, Silvester Molnar, Otto Melzig, Stephen Olsen, Jason Mannile, Anthony Moore, Phuong Lieu

FOURTH ROW: Keri Maylor, Sarah Murphy, Gerard Nicol, Kate Morris, Aileen Lowe
Year 8 T



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Daria O'Neill, Diana Sallans, Amelia Ratu, Lisa Oughton, Nadia Sardella, Dung Nguyen, Tanya Powell, Nicole Steadman, Kate Stephens
SECOND ROW: Anna Sordon, Toby Raphael, Emily Stocker, Kelli Smith, Janine Rhodes, Jane Nguyen, Mathew Ridge, Nadia Pelekis
THIRD ROW: Jayson Rapisardi, John Papagianis, George Repeti, Abram Powell, Nicolas Paucha, Brandon Pavey, Jason Ratcliff, Peter Politis
FOURTH ROW: Christian Phillips, Julian Reid, Stevan Perumal, Johnny Reja, James Robertson
 Year 8 I



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sherry Williams, Celia Wisnoebroto, Rachel White, Rachel Troia, Elizabeth Weekes, Meredith Wright, Kirsty Thomson, Tanny Tsanis, Leisa Walter
SECOND ROW: Aaron Wong, Justin Spratt, Veronica Walshaw, Katherine Wild, Claire Sullivan, Tova Warren, Dimitra Xydis, Peter Tagliano, Sacha Vidler
THIRD ROW: David Young, Vy Ta, Daniel Story, Julian Thornton, Carlo Russo, Roy Sykes, Angelo Softsis
FOURTH ROW: Tom Williams, Phillip Svoronos, Phillip Samanek, Matthew Wilson, Dwayne Wheeler
 Year 8 A

The Fortians' Union

Last night I attended along with the Headmaster and other staff members of the time the Silver Jubilee Reunion of the Boys of 1960. It was a grand night as the days of 1956-1960 were richly recalled in happy memory. For the School, there is indeed truth in the words:

“... nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is 'round us now.”

That this is true for both boy and girl has been revealed in recent newspaper coverage concerning similar reunions of the girls from the time of separate operation.

Each Fortian is inheritor of the chain of Fort Street, binding him and her closely to a tradition that goes back to 1849. The School has indeed passed through many phases in its noteworthy development, but each pupil from all those times can with pride, claim to be a Fortian – not merely an ex-Fortian. There is a mystique about the School that has each one continue to feel he or she is a part of Fort Street as the days and the years pass by.

And so many are members of The Fortians' Union, a club of former students, as living testimony to the spirit enunciated above. A call goes out now to the class of 1985 to join the band of Fortians in the long line. For the first year after you leave school we are pleased to extend to you a special invitation to be our Union guests. We look forward most eagerly to welcoming you thereafter as fully-fledged members of the Union.

In September 1975 the former Girls' and Boys' Unions through an act of double dissolution made possible the future of one band of Fortians in the establishment of The Fortians' Union. No matter where or when we were in attendance at Fort Street, we are all part of the same wonderful tradition and the School's operation at different periods in different places changes nothing. In that spirit the Union functions. The Union pledges itself to this concept.

The great event of every year is the Annual Reunion Dinner. This year the function was held at Macquarie University, where our special guest, the Hon. Mr Justice M.D. Kirby, President of the Court of Appeal, Supreme Court, is Chancellor. The many Fortians in attendance were moved to hear his words upholding the pursuit of excellence, which principle in practice was the mainstay of establishing the Fort Street tradition. On the occasion of this year's Dinner it was heart-warming to have present some folk who had been pupils at the school in the days not too long after the Boys' trek out to Petersham during the waging of World War I, and indeed girls of the 20's and 30's who could remember every phase of the building of the Bridge.

Other functions too have made of 1985 a successful year. The Afternoon Tea at the school on Wednesday, June 5 was a happy occasion, which brought together a bumper crowd. Our appreciation of the staff's and students' effort is formally acknowledged here. A luncheon at the Spanish Club on the first day of the recent holidays was much enjoyed by those attending. It is just a question of getting the folk there. Once there, all is well.

The Union has this year made funds available that will inaugurate six Union prizes each Speech Day as well as bolstering other long-established bequest prizes honouring past staff members. We are particularly pleased to be able to be part of this endeavour. We, together with the School, have also had crafted beautiful maroon and silver tie tacks for presentation to the departing Year 12 students in token of their having fulfilled their commitments and with the trust that they will take their place worthily upon life's stage. A special undertaking is at present in the stocks, one that we trust will assist all Fortians. The Union is having printed the Fort Street Speller, a companion piece to the Fort Street Songster. It will be beautifully crafted in maroon and silver and a copy will be presented to each Fortian as he or she arrives in year 7. Its foreword has the sincere expectation: We look forward to welcoming you as a member of the Union upon the completion of your secondary studies – as one who is a good speller.

Mr R.S. Horan

Vale Mr T.V. Cooke

It was with deep regret that we learned late last year of the passing of Mr T.V. Cooke, who was Principal of this school from 1971 to 1974. Many ex-students and teachers will remember Mr Cooke for his dedication to the welfare of the School and his achievements as administrator, particularly in coping with extraordinary difficulties in the “amalgamation” period, when great changes were taking place in the nature of the student body, the courses and the structure of the School itself.

We pay tribute to Mr Cooke not only for his important contribution to the emergence of Fort Street High School, but for his lifetime of service in the cause of education. In memory of her late husband Mrs B. Cooke has endowed a prize to be awarded to the best student in the subject of General Studies at the Higher School Certificate examination.

Mr R.S. Horan

Mr Baker in Sweden

My selection to be part of a Rotary Group Study Exchange was an opportunity of a lifetime. The chance to be part of an international exchange of goodwill and understanding, I found to be very exciting. (My friends thought the opportunity to meet hundreds of Britt Eklands was closer to the truth). After five farewell parties from each of my classes on Friday, a twenty four hour flight, I arrived in Paris on Sunday morning. A brilliant city! Then it was off to Besancon to the World Geography Conference on Mathematical Models. I caught up with the rest of the group on Thursday in Stockholm.

The programme involved the team of five young professional men in a study of Swedish industry, culture and family life. I stayed with eight different families on our tour through the north of the country. We therefore saw the country not as tourists, but as members of a family unit.

I found the Swedish people to be very hospitable, the women to be very beautiful, and the industrial developments to be amazing. The whole country works very hard for low monetary return. Everyone there is very nationalistic, but in a very passive way. How else could people there put up with taxation levels up to seventy-two percent of income.

The highlights of the programme for me were many, but I enjoyed especially the rubber rafting on the Vindelr River, the Swedish Space Research and Rocket Centre at Kiruna and meeting school children from primary to the senior high schools. The students were shy but their English was very good (they begin studying English in fifth class). I enjoyed showing the younger children boomerang throwing, although I nearly put one through the window of the Principal's Volvo at Skellefteå. Whilst at Gallivare, we discovered a ten year old student called "Matilda" so the team had to sing for her "Waltzing Matilda". It was all very good public relations (which was an aim of the exchange), except for our flat singing, and we presented Matilda with a gold kangaroo.

My impressions of the school system were that it was relaxed and well designed, where the Ministry of Education decided what is taught in the classroom. The students were very interested in the physical geography of Australia and our unique animal life. The school design and facilities were very impressive; recreation rooms for students, school restaurants and indoor gardens. However, the teaching methods were very formal and teacher-centred. I saw little reward for extra work and initiative amongst the students. Nevertheless, the students seemed to be happy with the system. There was a lack of graffiti around the school buildings and on desks. Vandalism was minimal. The senior students thought that the Australian method of assessment in the senior school via a public examination was too harsh and stressful. Yet they had to go through a ballot to get a place in University. One of my host's son came dux at his high school, yet missed a place in Medicine via the ballot and so had to go out to work for a year. One feature that impressed me was the integration of handicapped students within the comprehensive



Mr R. Baker in Sweden

school. The students were part of the normal system and were in no way isolated from life in the school community.

School dances were completely different. They believe in social democracy in Sweden. The boys can ask a girl for four dances and then the roles are reversed for the next four dances. It is considered very impolite to say "No", so you can dance with virtually anyone you choose. The Swedes are basically very shy, so I suppose this helps them mix socially.

The censorship there is quite different also. Violence in all forms is cut from films, cartoons and books, yet with sex there is no constraint. With the advanced welfare system operating there, people just do not steal or attack other people and their property, so you feel quite secure living in the community and going out at night.

In conclusion, the whole experience was fantastic. I recommend students to apply for Rotary Youth Exchange programmes. The opportunity to live in another country just broadens your mind and helps you appreciate Australia. Thank you Sweden, Thank you Rotary, Thank you Department of Education for a great experience.

Robert Baker
Social Science Teacher



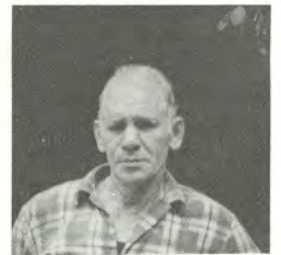
Our Ancillary Staff



Mr J. Dunne – caretaker



Our Cleaners



Silvino, our cleaner



*Mark, the gardener
and general assistant*



Our Canteen Staff

School Dances . . .

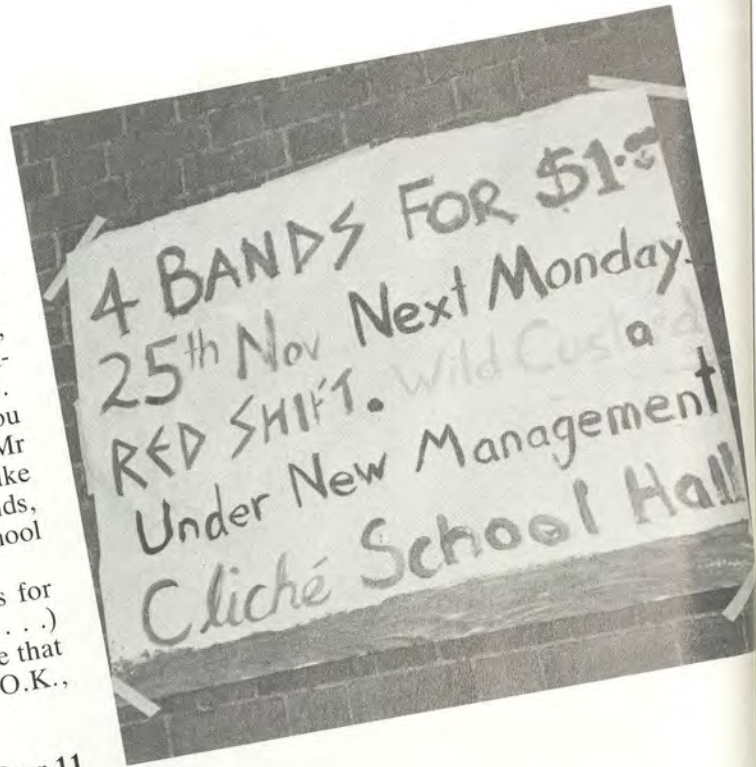
School Dances this year, like their forerunners were fairly evenly balanced in the good and bad stakes (sort of). Sadly however, battles raged over dance organisation, namely who was to 'do it'. Finally, the dispute was resolved - Mr Ambler took control . . . subsequently forming the "Dance Committee".

Because of this, there was factional friction and wounded pride on more than one occasion. However Year 11 effected a military coup and gained control, resulting in the infamous MONOCHROMATIC GIRATION (which was prompted by the HORROR DANCE).

These occasions we hope, were a success, but if you don't think so, why don't you tell somebody? (like Mr Ambler or Year 11). I mean, how do we know if you like Wednesday nights or Friday nights, Mobydisc or Bands, themes or non-themes? Com'on, let's get great school dances happening!!

Anyway, we don't know what the future holds for dances; a stalemate hasn't been reached, yet!! (well . . .) But the last few words on the subject of dances, are that they were great, fantastic, wonderful, good, O.K., well . . . um!!

Sofie Gibson, Year 11



The Year 12 "Formal Dance"



Selective Schools' Conference

As a result of actions of the 1984 School Council, a P.E.P. grant was acquired for the purpose of holding two Selective Schools' Conferences.

Most of you wouldn't know this, but there are nine selective high schools in the Sydney region. These are: North Sydney Boys' and Girls', Sydney Boys' and Girls', St. George Girls', Sydney Tech, Fort Street, James Ruse and Hurlstone Agricultural High School. These schools all sent representatives to the first conference, which was held at Fort Street during second term.

The conference's aims were to: Identify the problems and needs of selective High Schools, assess community and government attitudes towards selective high schools and to decide on the areas where a student body could actively operate to benefit selective high schools.

Active discussion was held in a group formation on many topical and controversial areas, such as the role and needs of selective schools, the distribution of selective schools, Government funding and the pressures and competition in selective schools.

In a final evaluation of the day, the representative body unanimously voted the day a success and strongly supported the continuation of these conferences. A committee of one representative per school was agreed upon to work out the details of the next conference. After much effort we met together one Sunday in Hyde Park and "thrashed out" the details of the next conference.

During early third term, Peter Chalk, Rodney Smith, Justine McDonald and yours truly made the long trip out to Hurlstone Agricultural College (Glenfield) for the second conference. The early morning tour of this massive school amazed us. They breed chickens, goats, sheep, pigs and have 400 dairy cattle and supply the milk board daily. The boarders at the school get up at 5.00 a.m. daily to tend to the animals before school. Despite this, they achieve good academic results and enjoy their alternative form of education.

Again the debate at the conference was topical, it was almost impossible to achieve consensus on any one issue. Some people wanted to demonstrate against government attitudes, while others saw nothing wrong with the system. Most people thought that private school kids thought that we were inferior, while comprehensive school kids thought we were snobs. It was agreed that community attitudes should be improved. Inter-school activities were encouraged, and any ideas on types of activities should be directed to Rodney Smith.

A continuation of these conferences was supported, and the selective schools committee is still in operation. Rodney is taking over as our representative, so any inquiries or ideas should be directed to him. Finally, I would like to thank all the people who worked at making the first conference a success and I would also like to

thank Mrs Preece for her support and the ladies in the office for their efforts. Involvement in school activities has been one of my most enjoyable experiences at Fort Street and I would strongly urge all students to become more involved for their own and the school's benefit.

Michael Kulper, Year 12

P.S. Out of all the schools in attendance, we were found to be the only school without a strict uniform code. Discipline was more lenient and student involvement was greater at our school also.

Student Council

The Student Council is now a new representative body. The Council has been virtually reconstructed. The Council consists of 6 students each from Years 11 and 10 and 4 students each from Years 9, 8 and 7. The members are elected annually in form elections and sit for one financial year (i.e. July to June). The Council is not run by the teachers but is fully run by students.

The main aim of the Student Council is to:

- (1) work together in attaining benefits for the students.
- (2) organise fund-raising activities for the benefits of the school and the students.
- (3) work in co-operation with teachers and parents for the benefit of the students.

The Council meets five times a term and there are also sub-committee meetings outside of this. Two committees were formed by the beginning of third term. These are the Playground Committee and the Sport Equipment Committee. I hope to inform you in the Fortian of 1986 of the success of these and future committees.

The members of the Student Council are all dedicated to their jobs and hope to do their best for the students. Members realise that there is much to do for the students and that, as a new body, we wish to have the full support and co-operation of fellow students, teachers and parents.

The members would like to thank Mrs. Preece for her full support and her co-operation. The members would also like to thank Mr Duce who made this new Council all possible. His support and co-operation has helped us immensely.

Henry Louie. Year 11
Publicity Officer.



Chess at Fort Street...



Chess at the Gala Fair

In 1985 the Chess Club attracted many girls who challenged male dominance in this sport. Champions of the Winter Knockout competition were: Jin Man Kim and Danielle Terusso of Year 7, Dinh Nguyen of Year 8, Jeffrey Jones of Year 9 and Gareth Chan of Year 10.

The National Bank donated a prize of \$20.00 for a Chess Knockout, on the day of the Gala Fair (August 17th). Competitors ranged from seven years to thirty four years of age. The winner was Thai Huynh with Wojceich Czarnocki as runner-up. Congratulations!

One of the best chess players in the school is a young female, Vy Ta of Year Seven.

There are weekly chess meetings, so please, in 1986, listen out for details and BE THERE!

Mrs J. Levi, Language Department

Computers in Geography ...

On November 18th and 19th, eighteen Fortians were invited to attend an introduction to "The use of computers in Geography" at N.S.W. University's School of Applied Geography. The aim of the exercise was to demonstrate the use of computers in geography. The computers were used to generate coloured statistical maps and graphs. We enjoyed it very much and found it a valuable learning experience. Thanks to Mr Baker from the Social Science Department for organizing this visit.

Keir Wallace, Year 9

Excellence in Mathematics

In July this year many students from Years Seven to Twelve took part in the Annual Australian Mathematics Competition sponsored by "Westpac". The competition took place in the school hall and lasted for two hours. Fort Street achieved the "best ever" results with seven students gaining a mark in the top 1% of the State and a prize of \$10 - \$40. A large number of students also achieved a distinction or credit.

Since then Amanda Rolfe, also of Year 9 and I have been approached to take part in a 3 day camp at Sydney University which will teach us mathematical principles, not normally stressed at school to help us prepare for the Australian Mathematics Olympics to be held in Australia in 1988. We have been invited by the Australian Mathematical Olympiad Committee, which is a subcommittee of the Australian Academy of Science. This is part of the Bi-Centennial Celebrations.

Mark Wright, Year 9

Four "Computer Kids"





FRONT ROW: (L to R) Melinda Benjamin, Shanel Cameron, Sofia Costa, Phoebe Black, Peta Allebone, Jennifer Burge-Lopez, Rosemary Chopra, Anne Colquhoun, Jessica Black
SECOND ROW: Christopher Austen, Anthony Bouno, Lyndon Arthurson, George Bountopoulos, Anthony Boukouvala, Kristian Brockmann, Jeremy Ambler, Cameron Booth
THIRD ROW: Gaylena Bombara, Leon Bowles, Steel Addison, Tony Chow, Arn Bernie, Theo Athanasopoulos, Nicole Chisholm
FOURTH ROW: Lucie Booker, Toscha Blenkinsop, Catherine Burnheim, Narelle Brown, Amy Chalker
 Year 7 F



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Rebecca Davidson, Deborah Gaskell, Jennifer Gerrie, Sarah Forsyth, Kristine Giese, Phoebe Cooke, Willow Davoren, Janis Fodera, Natasha Fiodorff
SECOND ROW: Gabriel Dilworth, Peter Dash, Damon Cook, Anna Czarnocka, Nathan Colville, Rebecca Donnison, Wayne Connors, Murat Dizdar, Dennis Cohen
THIRD ROW: Jesse Fink, Rachel Gabiola, Paul De Boos, John Doyle, Salvatore Esposito, Hariam Corris, Gerald Gallagher
FOURTH ROW: Rory Delaney, Alev Dover, Robin Darnley, Elizabeth Crowther, Stephen Francis
 Year 7 - O



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Belinda Gibson, Imbi Holdsworth, Jasmine Guffond, Medina Halavac, Janine Grattan, Vassoulla Ioannou, Kristen Klimpsch, Sukanya Haran, Leesa Hay
SECOND ROW: Sae Yoon Kwon, Jin Man Kim, David Hughes, Robin John Heron, Hun Kim, Elliot Hyde, Brett Holland, Timothy Horton
THIRD ROW: Nina Lagzdins, Athanasios Houlis, Brooke Holdsworth, Hung Huynh, Tristan Imber, Paul Hurst, Caroline Haswell
FOURTH ROW: May Lan Ming Lee, Judy Hsiao Mei Hsieh, Natalie Govorko, Malanie Ingram, Kristina Lacis, Sara Thi Minh Chau Ho
 Year 7 R



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Genevieve Magarey, Bernadetta No, Raelene Matejka, Eva Lacek, Yung Loung, Georgina Mousouleas, Nicole Marks, Jamee Newland
SECOND ROW: William Lesslie, Charles Lake, Jeffrey No, Kate James, Kim Johnson, Nicola Logan, Stuart Lunn, Joe Kang, Mark Mains
THIRD ROW: Dylan Macleod, Sanjay Lal, Alan Leung, Con Moustakis, Denis Khanh, Nicholas Marsh, Tirstin Norwell
FOURTH ROW: Inanch Mehmet, Dejan Nikolic, Santiago Llaavero, Le Van Nguyen, Carlos Martin
 Year 7 T



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Gabrielle McKinnon, Gia Nghi Pung, Emily Atoes, Tresna Stiles, Kyla Slaven, Emily Saudners, Glenda Park, Stephanie Seers, Bronwen Stevenson
SECOND ROW: Turvey To, Stuart Miller, Daniel Shipp, Philip Pedruco, Morgan Pollard, Rory Smith, John Power, Tin Quach, Nickolaos Pantelis
THIRD ROW: Sarah Presland, Dalley Robinson, Justin Playford, Alex Salouros, Navesh Perumal, Kirk Purchase, Melinda Parsons.
FOURTH ROW: Lindy Pulsford, Olga Rounis, Karina Pratt, Adrienne Patrick
 Year 7 I



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Catrina Taumburini, Patricia Zagarella, Linda Steadman, Jacqueline Troung, Matthew Vagulans, Nancy Stosic, Rachel Wilson, Nicole Van Barneveld, Jessamy Walker
SECOND ROW: Kell Tremwayne, Myhang Trinh, Nicholas Towns, Simon Walsh, Eugene Whitlock, Paul Stathakis, Robertus Van Den Braak, Rosalba Volpe, Joshua Stubbs
THIRD ROW: Matthew Tziotis, Ben Symonds, Andrew Thompson, Leonard Wright, Tico Taussig-Rubbo, Richard Tan
FOURTH ROW: Kirsten Tranter, Caitilyn Wignell, Daniela Terruso, Olivia Wesley-Smith
 Year 7 A

The Voice Of

Dame Nature . . .

Un petit escargot se tortillait
Dans l'herbe verte et riche, et il chantait.
C'est la vie la plus magnifique, la vie d'un escargot
Il n'a pas remarqué un très joli, petit oiseau.
Avec un estomac très creux.
L'escargot, il fut mangé
Et sa chanson était changée.
Jouissons de l'unité
de cet oiseau. C'est merveilleux!

Une petite hirondelle était perchée
Sur une tres haute branche, et elle chantait.
La vie en vol, elle est noble et belle
Toujours je serai une hirondelle!
Elle était si plein de ca
Qu'elle n'a même pas vu le chat . . .
Comme le chat la digérait,
Le petit oiseau chantait:
Dieu merci! Dieu soit loué!
Voici le paradis, dans un chat!

Un chat tigre traversait une rue animée, et il pensait.
Tout le monde me voit comme un petit chat,
Mais sûrement je suis plus que ca?
Oui, je suis fort, je suis un grand lion!
Il n'a pas entendu le camion.
Qu'est que c'est, ce bruit bizarre? pense le routier;
Et puis Peut-être que la peinture est très gravement eraftée?

Gareth Chan, Year 9

Revenge

I'll get you back for what you've done
And don't say it was all in fun!
I know you think that it's a joke,
But I would really like to soak
Your laughing head in someplace funny
(waste of my dog – Sunny!)

I guess you think you're really BIG
(You conceited little pig),
And even when you tag along
And tell me you did nothing wrong . . .
I KNOW you did – and so, you'll see
REVENGE is what you'll get from me!

And so, you're safe – but just for now,
But one day you'll get yours – and how!
There'll come a day when you will see
That no-one messes 'round with me!
(And since you DID, then all I'll say
Is that you'd better STAY AWAY!!!)

Not long ago you were a friend.
But now, that story's at an end!
I won't forgive; I won't forget
Forever you shall be in debt
For what you did to make me cry . . .
(Don't ask me "What?" – You know just why!)
So, simply LOOK OUT if and when
You DARE to talk to him again!

Antonia Kamberis, Year 10

The End of Summer

Across a misting horizon
Sailboat silhouettes glide silently.
In the darkening sky a flock of gulls
Cries out in anguish.

Moist sand is faintly comforting
Under my bare toes
As I walk down
Endless miles of Sydney beach.

A foghorn sounds
Blaring through pea soup.
The grey skies disappear
Under angry covers of cloud.

The once fine misty rain
Transforms into the gentle pattering
Of raindrops then into the hammering
Of relentless hailstones.

As cottonwool clouds release
Their pent-up fury,
I huddle shivering
Beneath the shelter of a tree.

The dim sky wanes
As Mr Sun prepares for day duty on the other side.
The city streets are enveloped in gloom
That street lights try vainly to penetrate.

The last crystals of sand
Filter through the year's hourglass
Signalling the end of another day,
The end of another summer.

Dawn Yee, Year 10

The Heaven Cloud of Fog

Weightlessly she tiptoes
graciously flitting from summit to summit.
The flora obscure beneath her
With-tenderness; she kisses the immature morn.
Poised in her silky snow tunic,
flowing like air.
Dancing with vigorous freedom,
She sprinkles dew on
the blossoming foliage
Her misty breath caresses
the young, delicate leaf
Greetings!
Her elfish face smiles
Her fair hair flies with
the ineffable, refreshing breeze.
The auburn dawn glows
at its awakening
Magically . . .
A swan vanishes into the eternal mystic
leaving behind her halo
With the majestic Sun.

Tieu-Tieu Phung (Le), Year 9

Careers, 1985 . . .

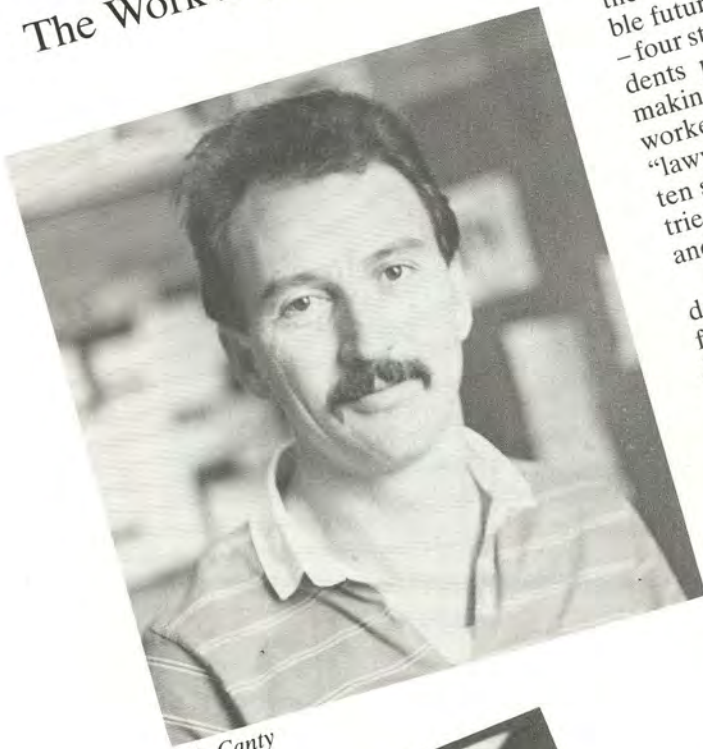
The Work Experience Programme

In April this year, all Fortians of Year 10 headed into the "real" world. They spent one week "tasting" a possible future career. Examples of some career choices were - four students worked in the "advertising world", six students played "architects", one student tried "cabinet making", four students attempted to be "chefs", four worked on the "fashion planet", seven tried to be "lawyers", eight became "vets", two were "shipwrights", ten showed a desire to become teachers (eeeeeeek!), four tried their hands (and bodies!) in the world of "theatre" and so on and so on. What an interesting range!

Ninety per cent of students thought the idea was wonderful and also successful. The most common comments from employers, parents, students and the thirty teachers involved were that the programme is essential and rewarding, but too short.

Congratulations to Mr Phil Canty, Fort Street's "Careers" teacher, who organized the scheme for 1985. Thanks to Mr Wal Bray for the use of his computer. Year Ten students thank Mr Canty.

The Committee.



Mr Canty



Faye Savides at the Law Courts



Diane Everett at Linda Jackson's fashion house

Teresa Kiernan at the Nimrod's costume warehouse



Byron Webb at 2SM



Sarah Dawson learns to be a jeweller



Mr Canty and helpers

Year Nine Prepares for 1986

A successful afternoon was spent in August, when Year Ten students played "advisors" to Year Nine students about the Work Experience programme. Year Nine students were given important information from Mr Canty and Mrs Preece. They then mingled with Year Ten students to ask about their "Work Experience" experience. The Year Nine students gained a useful insight into what awaits them in 1986.

The Committee.

Around the School in 1985 . . .



Making a 'head' in Art.



Working hard in Technics



Preparing the Fortian



Cadets at work



Scientists



P.E. Time



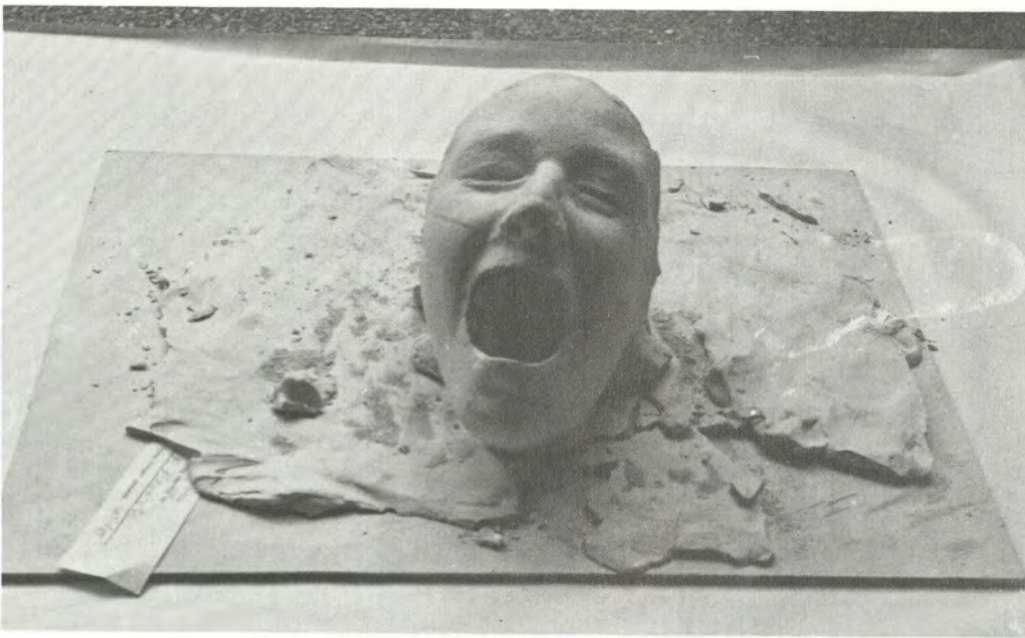
At Assembly



Concentration during English



Working with clay



Megan Manning's sculptured head (Year 10)



"Marilyn Monroe" by Carla Thomas (Year 10)



The work of Maria Dos Santos of Year 11.



The work of Daniel Shipp, Year 7

Fort Street High School's Staff List 1985.

Principal

Mrs C. Preece

Deputy Principal

Mr R. Horan

Librarian

Ms V. Chiplin

Social Science Department

Mr H. Sturm (H.O.D.)

Mr R. Baker

Mr E. Codsí

Mr M. Docking

Mr K. Duce

Mr P. Fischer

Miss M. Ireland

Ms M. Johanson

Mr P. Reichhart

Careers

Mr P. Canty

English Department

Mr J. Buckingham (H.O.D.)

Mrs B. Crawford

Ms P. Davis

Mrs S. Frith

Mrs M. Hosking

Ms J. Levi

Mr R. Morgan

Mr V. Pavlovic

Ms A. Verne

Science Department

Mr W. Bray (H.O.D.)

Mr K. Ambler

Mr P. Bartier

Mr J. Bates

Ms D. De Vreeze

Mr A. Ferris

Ms M. Lawlor

Mr C. Moynham

Ms M. Young

Mathematics Department

Mr R. Riches (H.O.D.)

Mr S. Baker

Ms S. Banfield

Mrs L. Beevers

Mr R. Hayes

Mr T. Jurd

Mrs C. McGowan

Miss G. McInnes

Mrs M. Stamoulos

Language Department

Mr E. Garan (H.O.D.)

Mrs J. Levi

Mr S. Murphy

Mrs W. Richardson

Mrs S. Stark

Mr S. Yalichev

Home Science Department

Ms S. Brophy

Ms L. Foster

Ms M. Sykes

Counsellor

Mr S. Scheduling

Art Department

Miss F. Buckland

Ms S. Page

Miss S. Smith

History Department

Mr T. Glebe (H.O.D.)

Mr P. Apostolopoulos

Mr M. Browne

Ms P. Bresnahan

Mr H. Jones

Mrs L. Trevini

Physical Education

Ms B. Henry

Mr A. Wilson

Music Department

Mr A. Suthers (H.O.D.)

Mrs B. Finnerty

Mrs C. Joyce

Mrs S. Luck

Industrial Arts

Mr J. Deeble (H.O.D.)

Mr A. Crawford

Mr B. Fraser

Mr R. Luntungan

Mr G. Osland

Ancillary

Mrs S. Allen

Mrs M. Brewster

Mrs L. Fox

Ms L. Gallaher

Mrs I. Nicholson

Mr M. Celic

Mrs L. Pendleton

Mrs M. Gamble

Mrs J. Newell

Mrs M. Thomson

Mr D. Woods

Mrs M. Watts

Mrs J. Wright

Caretaker: Mr J. Dunne

