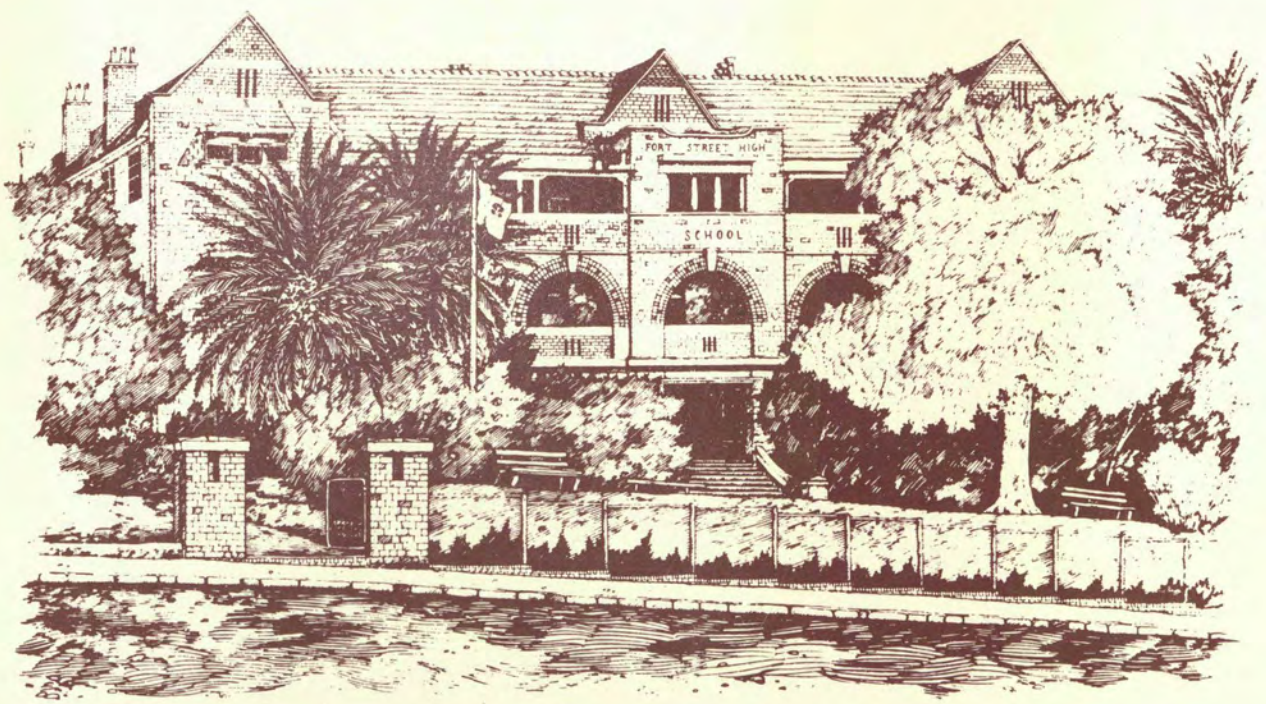
FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE



THE FORTIAN 1986

The Year of 1986

Table of Contents

The Committee's Report	3
The Principal's Report	4
Year 12 Roll Classes	5-7
The H.S.C. Major Works	8
Art	9
Around the School	10,11
Poetry	12,16,38
Excursions	17-19
Computers "Bits and Bytes"	20
Year 9 Art Works	21
Year 10 Roll Classes	22-24
The Fortians' Union	25
Music 1986	26
Multicultural Perspectives	27
Quotable Quotes	28
Debating	29
Ben Lee's Drawings	30
The Year 12 Photograph	31
Art Work	32
Media Watch	33
An Interview with Sting	34
Year 9 Roll Classes	35-37
The Ball of the Year	39-43
Anzac Day, Student Council, S.N.A.P.	44
Sport	45-52
Eifuku High	53
Year 8 Roll Classes	54-56
In Class	57
Fashion	58-60
Staff Development	61
The Staff of 1986	62
Literature	63-70
I.Y.Y.P.	71
Cadets	72
Speech Day	73
Work Experience	74
Year 7 Roll Classes	75-77
Success in Mathematics	78
The Staff List	80

The Committee's Report

During 1986 a large group of "Fortians", both sutdents and staff worked towards the formation of the 1986 Fortian. With encouragement and guidance from Mrs Preece this group worked methodically towards a common goal. The core of the staff committee was made up of Ms. S. Page (Artwork), Mr R. Hayes (photographer), Mr A. Wilson (our fine sports' reporter), Mr K. Duce (a sense of humour), Mrs J. Wright (who organized the Roll Call and Staff photos and names) and Ms J. Levi (editor and photography).

Many Year 11 students worked towards the goal of an interesting documentation of 1986. They were Luther Weate, Roland Maertens, Kelly Stephens, Kerrie Sanderson, Joanne Kouvaris, Elizabeth Bray, Rebecca Reynolds, Jodie Rose, Khai Dang, Michelle Packett, Lisa Mullan, Sarah Dawson and Sarah Butler. A special "thank you" goes to Gerard Nicol of Year 9 who was a keen photographer all year and who developed most of the magazine's photographs – a huge task!

Thanks go to all contributors for "making the magazine" and to Mrs J. Newell and Mrs M. Thomson who became our "original copy" typing "slaves", typing for days (what seemed like an endless task!)

We all hope that this 1986 Fortian will be read with interest and will serve as an adequate document of what was 1986 at Fort Street.

Ms Jane Levi (for the Committee)

Success in the 1985 H.S.C.

The school congratulates 1985 H.S.C. candidates, Roberto D'Angelo and O'Kang Kwon. Robert "topped" the State with Paul Teal of James Ruse High, with a total of 496/500. O'Kang came third with a total of 493/500. Roberto is now studying Medicine at the University of N.S.W. and O'Kang too, is there studying Science. He eventually hopes to do a Ph.D. in Theoretical Physics.

Many other students did well, too. Congratulations to you all!

The Principal's Message

The pages that follow present a clear picture of Fort Street throughout 1986. They feature varied activities catering for a wide range of student interests.

Readers will learn of our outstanding performance in the Higher School Certificate Examination, of our developing Computer program, of our course for students from Non-English Speaking Backgrounds. They will see the concern within the school for the individual, whereby students are guided to develop their unique talents, and to realise their own personal worth.

I maintain that Fort Street students have an extra responsibility in this regard, for they have been selected to attend a school which regularly provides leaders in our community. Today when the State education system is often criticised and, according to some, is under threat, people are needed to raise the flag for public education. I believe our students are doing just that and I trust they will continue to do so in the years to come.

Mrs C. Preece

Mrs C. Preece

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Yvonne Brown, Danielle Bissaker, Dorina Distefano, Claudine Cowling, Michelle Cridland, Sun-Min Chung, Maria Crupi, Jennifer Brewster.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Maximilian Chen, Khai Bui, Michal Blake, Rita Baira, Belinda Brooke, Seungho Choe, Michael Boehm.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Steven Bartolomei, Robert Bayley, Kirk Akbaba, Simon Bourke, Mark Colston, Darren Boyd, Simon Chang.*
Year 12 F

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Isobel Dobraszczyk, Despina Georgakakis, Robyn Englert, Megan Doyle, Julia Forrest, Vicki Drakousis, Maria Dos Santos, Leonie Fetherston.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Kelvin Ha, Kerry Govas, Cettina Emmi, Melissa Gibson, Lucy Dougherty, Giuseppe D'Aspromonte, Richard Delgado.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Andrew Dash, Philip Doble, Luca D'Angelo, Stephen Elliott, William Doyle, George Giannopoulos, James Giannisis.*
Year 12 0

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Deborah Helmrich, Michelle Holzschuh, Madeleine Jennings, Julie Hoare, Kanela Katralis, Kim Hughes, Deborah Kang, Doris Kakogiannis.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Nick Kaloudis, Yung Kim, Emmanual Hadjakis, Ly Johnson, Andrew Hamilton, Henry Louie, Peter Louie.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Sungwoo Jin, Jim Kalotheos, Mun Wai Low, Richard Lennane, Anthony Inglis, John Hallworth, Michael Kiernan.*
Year 12 R

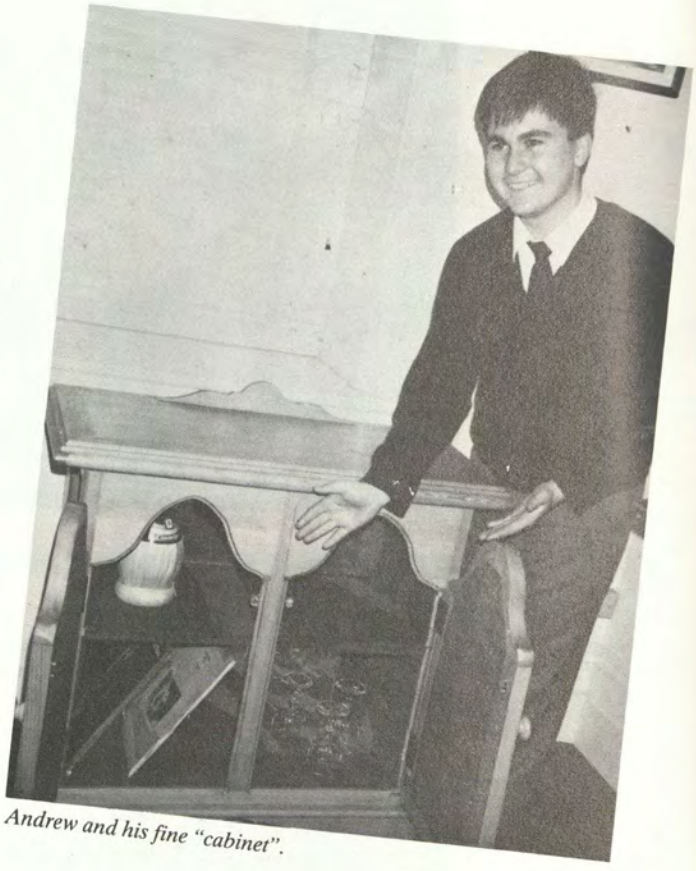
FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Cindy Lee, Gina Kelly, Sharon Lowden, Shie-Fong Lowe, Emma McDonald, Sarah McLennan, Ridia Lim, Melissa McMahon.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Alan Olan, Michelle Kothe, Kym Manitta, Tracey McClelland, Alicia McLaren, Jennifer McLoughlin, Arthur Panos.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Kevin Moore, David Phelps, David Miller, Michael Molnar, Gian Parodi.*
Year 12 T

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Rosa Russo, Eun Mee Park, Monica Mellar, Doris Maertens, Caroline Pflieger, Jong-Rim Pang, Tue Nghi Phung, Wai-Ping Ng.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Kerry Govas, Katie Schofield, Nicole Parkes, Lisa Prill, Fanoula Plakias, Nicole Seagrott, Arthur Panos.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Richard Stanaway, David Scott, Chris Salmon, Daniel Sealey, Jon Simmons, George Giannopoulos.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) John Rudd, Rodney Smith, Domenic Sirone, Matthew Sommerville.*
Year 12 I

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Natara Thomas, Daniela Tagliano, Katherine Troy, Tanya Vajda, Usha Shan, Francesca Sylfaro, Lea Unwin, Louise kSung.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Phillip Xenos, Magennis Weate, Karen Thom, Lisa Simons, Alek Stefanovic, Michael Scott.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Jason Weękes, Con Tselonis, Troy Uleman.*
Year 12 A

Major Art Works

Karen and her "dress".



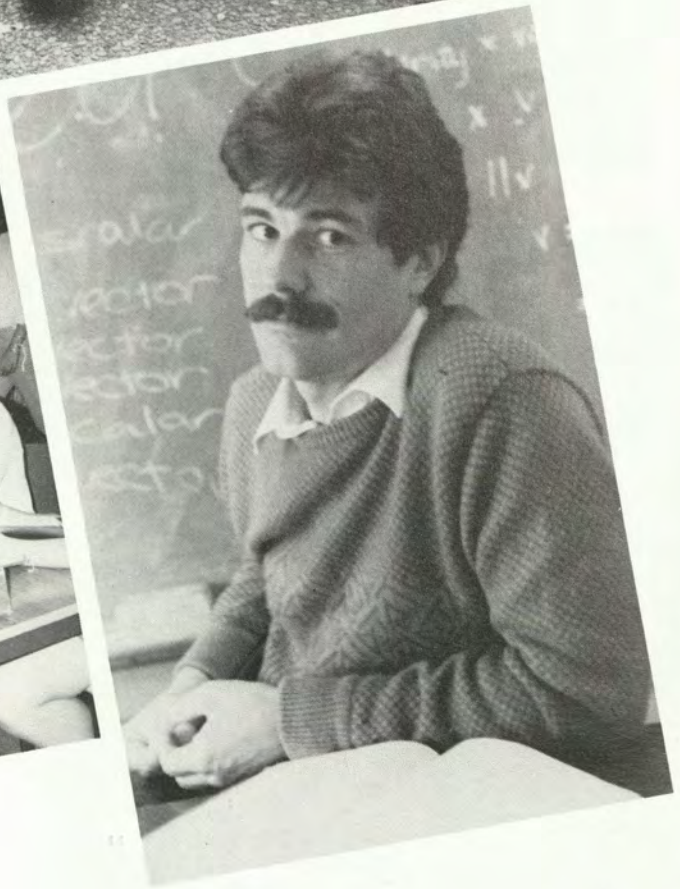
Andrew and his fine "cabinet".

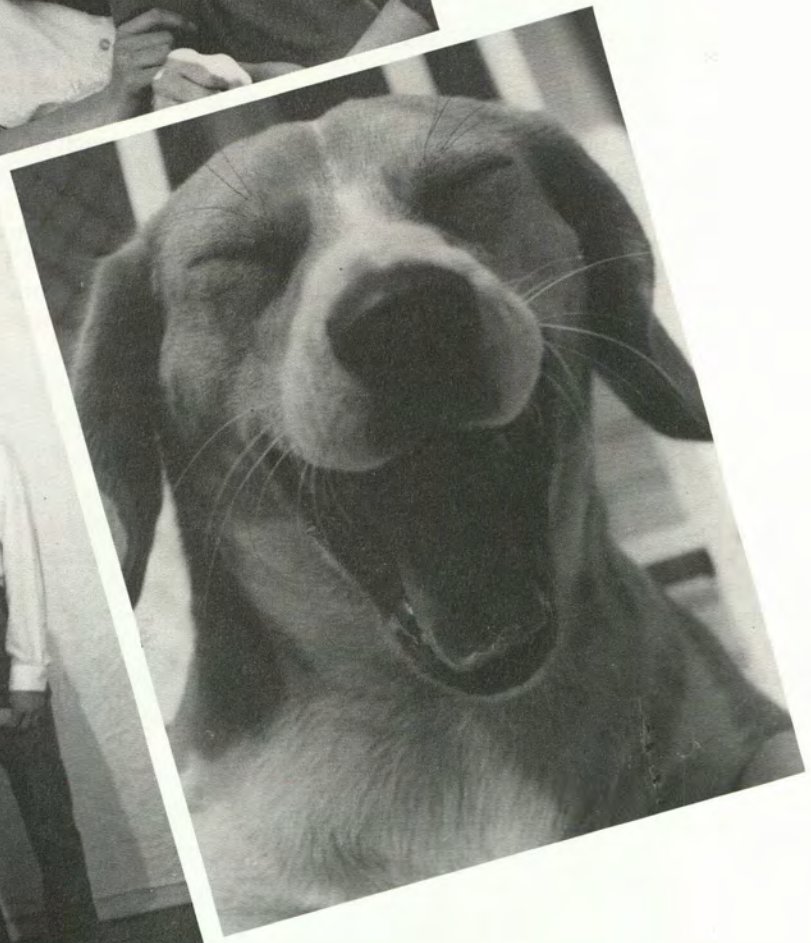
Lisa and her painting.

Tieu Nghi and her "family portraits".

Sarah Murphy, Year 9

Around the School





Poetry

The Day Andy and Fergie Tied the Knot

The carriage is here, the carriage is here,
It'll be the wedding of the year,
to unite Prince Andrew and his Mrs.-to-be
in peace, conflict and harmony

Around the town of Seymour Square
The chatter of the royal pair,
To have, to hold and all that chalk,
the Duke and Duchess of U.K.'s York.

To tell the truth, the excitement why?
Was to see the Duchess and hear her cry!
The dress, of course caused the greatest stir
The dressmakers were in a whirr
being questioned by the zillion – like –
"What shape?" "What size?" – I'll have a million!

The train, approximately 25 feet free,
tripped Sarah up (kicking Andrew's knee)
Both celebrities fell over – flat on their face
And Sarah dirtied her Seventy-thousand dollar lace!
"Oh well" she said, as if nothing was wrong,
"There's lots more where that came from".

Anyway, to get on with the story,
Poor Andrew was getting none of the glory
till then, by accident, being far too tight,
His zipper popped open and suddenly gave flight,
The embarrassment leaving him terribly bare,
turned his face the colour of Sarah's hair.

All over the world, the T.V. crews,
(The one's who filmed Andrew's embarrassing news,
Made it – famous and rich, far and wide
Despite the tantrums of the bride,
Until one day, Sarah wanted avenge,
And swore an oath on total revenge.

She traced them all and hunted them down,
Made them swear allegiance to the Crown
So now those cameramen, one and all,
Are safely entombed behind Buck House wall.

Kerry Draper, Year 7

Pitter, patter, blunder, spatter
She gushes down her beer,
Splog, swag, glog, brag.
She falls over with a jeer.

Ingrid Skarbek-Slonka, Year 10

"A Menagerie of Thoughts"

An apple, bright and rosy,
An orchard with a tree.
A sparkling, splashing waterfall,
A happy cheerful me.

Anna-Petra Odijk, Year 10

A Recipe for Greed

Start with: Money – the amount needed
will differ between victims.
Use enough to tantalise
But never quench the thirst.

Add: A strong tablespoon of Black Bitterness
Results of Loneliness
Remnants of Smashed Hope
A pinch of Deprivation
Overbalanced by Distilled Indulgence.

Stir in: A small piece of Power
An Idea of Tyranny.
Curdle some sweetness of Charity
Invert it and use unsparingly.

Pour in: A lead cup brimful of the
acidity of Human Nature
Combined with Essence of Society.

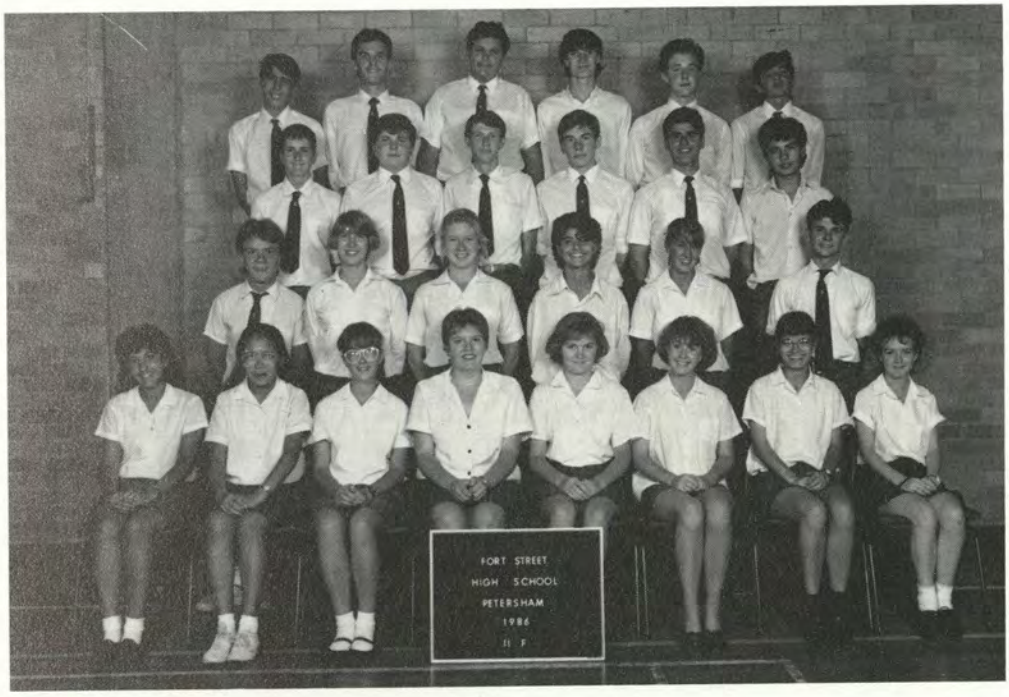
Finally: Dreams of Falling
Dreams of Banknotes and Concrete,
Power and Steel.

Sprinkle the simmering mixture –
(This is Pure Greed, The Original Evil:
It is Strong. Handle with Caution)
– with sifted Want and
A strand of No Real Need.
This mixture will last you for at least One Year
But keep the ingredients handy –
The saccharine sweetness will disappear
After a Second but
The Victim will Crave More . . .

Kirsten Tranter, Year 8

Eh, Patris,
What would life be like,
With soccer
And baklava?

Antonia Pramataris, Year 10



FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Irene Armenakas, Betty Chan, Elizabeth Bray, Katrina Cashman, Alison Brett, Sally Bryant, Fiona Allen, Kylie Blaslov.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Todd Baker, Tania Bojanac, Sarah Butler, Elizabeth Carbone, Trina Castell-Brown, Rooney Burke.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Crispian Ashby, David Burton, Craig Aspinall, Matthew Arnett, Steven Anagnos, Joshua Boyd.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Matthew Andrews, Con argiratos, John Bikou, Danny Broe, Andrew Baldwin, Paolo Busato.*
Year 11 F

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Jennifer Cheung, Leona Escreet, Sophie Gollan, Jackie Gleeson, Tina Fox, Naomi Dare, Samantha Darbyshire, Katrina Dimitropoulos.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Dianne Cridland, Sarah Dawson, Michelle Cruickshank, Shani Galleghan, Jessica Ducrou, Diane Everett.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Khai Dang, Nicholas Copping, Jong Woo Chung, Brett Davies, Han Jun Chon, Anthony Corrente.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Steven Chung, Nunzio Di Rosario, Gabriel Caus, Gareth Chan, Wojceich Czarnocki.*
Year 11 0

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Irene Ho, Antonia Kamberis, Gina Keriamannikis, Mireille Keller, Leila Kazzi, Hyun-Kyong Jeung, Ilona Janikowski, Rebecca Kim.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Lachlan Hall, Heide Hemmings, Catherine Howes, Jodie Howard, Tania Johnson, Geol Kim.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Ben Gripton, Shane Hennessy, John Kavaleros, Thai Huynh, John Hatfield.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Alex Kaltenegger, Peter Hughes, Chris Graham, Jason Kelly, Arthur Giannakouras.*
Year 11 R

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Renata Lipiec, Penelope Kothe, Sally Madgwick, Sharon Longbottom, Lidia Mafodda, Sophie Lupu, Kim Morley, Rosanna Liistro.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Maro Lavrentiou, Danielle McDonald, Joanna Kouvaris, Mardi Ola, Rebecca Nash, Joanna McDonald, Diana Markopoulos.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Anthony Kontogiorgis, Anthony Lo Guidice, Csaba Mellar, Aristaki Maragos, Kosmas Kyriakidis, Nick Kominos.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Stuart Meadows, Paul Ludlow, Roland Maertens, Jeshua Martin.*
Year 11 T

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Dina Petratos, Rebecca Reynolds, Linda Ryan, Christine Schlesinger, Stephanie Parkes, Michelle Packett, Janene Pendleton, Kylie Reid.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Mustafa Ozluk, Con Pantazes, Michael Murphy, Peter Oriel, Andrew Phelps, Brandon Radford, Michael Mides, Karl Ray.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Zsolt Mellar, Kerry Sanderson, Fay Savidis, Jodi Rose, Usha Perumal, Soterakis Phylactou.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) John Niven, Pero Radosevic, Martin Puchert, Andrew Pinkstone, Gary Monk, Michael Porter.*
Year 11 I

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Vicki Vordis, Suzanne Tawansi, Dana Stevanovic, Vivien Sung, Carla Thomas, Kelly Stephens, Dawn Yee, Minh-Thy Truong.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Mariano Salabert, Alan Shapley, Jason Williams, Luther Weate, Peter Tawfik, Dennis Stephenson, Daniel Zachariou.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) John Tagliano, Kellie Williamson, Sue-Anne Wright, Christine Zisopoulos, Tullia Sharp, Gilbert Robson, Steven Tuften.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Fortunato Scalone, Gaven Wicks, Andrew Taylor, Jason Smith, Edwin Wilson.*
Year 11 A

Poetry

The Unknown Citizen, 1986

Just another customer for Ms. Jane –
Who works up the Cross in a dark lane.
He goes home to his wife Sharlene,
And his kids Mike, Joey and Darlene.
Sits down to dinner and a cup of tea.
Then tells stories to the kids on his knee;
He pays the bills the moment they're out
And pays Union Fees – that's no doubt!
He works for the boss at Union Carbide,
Then at five he knocks off and goes for a ride.
He goes to Church each week to pray
For the Tigers' victory, on Sunday they play.
He owns a house of four rooms, kitchen, bathroom and a car
And this is the story of Robert Macarthur,
Just another number in the history of the world,
With his wife, three kids, his car and his house,
This family really is as quiet as a mouse.

Robert Gerrie, Year 10

PAIN

The kettle whistled and
I obeyed its command
My reflection in the silver pot
was blurred
The black handle
slipped through my fingers
And I screamed
The pain was unbearable.
It ran through my body like a
white hot fire: never ceasing
It rang like a bell in my brain
I pulled off my wet sock to see
the steaming foot below.
I ran to the bathroom and sat
in the bath, covering my means with water.
I tasted the salt in my tears and continued
to cry for the pain that was inside.

Katrina Cashman, Year 11.

Life

My dad always told me
There are the doers and
There are the dreamers.
Only two kinds of people
in this world, he said.

You either do or you don't.

If you do, you have,
You touch, you feel, you move,
You thrive, you live.

If you don't, you dream
You want, you drift,
You wish, you grieve.

It's clear, ain't it?
The doers do, while
The dreamers dream.

I always told him –
There are three kinds of people
In this world.
There are those who just breathe.
Breathe in the stench,
Till finally they stink.

Csaba Mellar, Year 11

Ode to a Hero

Jimmy you were young,
And you were in a rush.
Now you can't even tell us
What made you run.
You were cool, moody and mean,
Ah then again
You *were* James Dean
Guys looked at themselves and saw you,
Girls saw your picture and swooned,
And I still do.
You're on my wall,
You're on my mind,
What crazy answer can I find.
To explain what I feel
For a dead hero.
For you.

Antonia Pramataris, Year 10

Excursions

Learning In and Out of School

Buoyed by the successful siege of John Fairfax and Sons during 1985, Fort Street High extended its offensive, mounting raids on: The Sydney Information Building Centre, the Supreme Court of N.S.W., Mt Kosciusko, The Sydney Stock Exchange, a Rock Platform, McDonalds, Fitzroy Falls, The Belvoir Street Theatre, the Sydney Fish Marketing Board, Parliament House, Gerroa, Strathfield School of Textiles, The Art Gallery of N.S.W., Canberra, Hill End, Goethe Institute, Chinatown, Flemington Markets, the Concordia Club, Botany Bay, The Dendy Cinema and Observatory Hill (a re-occupation).

Non Fortians be warned that some of the raids are carried out undercover. Agents allege that they are on a SCHOOL EXCURSION and are usually accompanied by harassed adults posing as teachers. Do not be fooled, these students are serious!

During 1986 the Social Science faculty led the way, putting "social" back into science. The troops were reported encamped at Fitzroy Falls (Year 7), Gerroa (Year 8), The Blue Mountains (Year 9), Wentworth Falls (Year 10), the Snowy Mountains (Year 11) and The Illawarra Region (Year 12). Scouts have reported commercial foraging parties at McDonald's, Flemington Markets, The Stock Exchange, Coca Cola and Qantas. Geography and Asian Social Studies students have been spotted in Chinatown, The Botanic Gardens, at Centrepoint Tower, The Australian Museum and Lane Cove.

History pioneered the way west, claiming Hill End with a well orchestrated simulated "gold rush". Year Ten History proved that not only politics is the art of the possible with their successful siege of Canberra. A great time was had by all.

The world may be a stage, but what's done cannot be undone and Fortians have been reported in the vicinity of the Opera House ("Hamlet"), The Seymour Centre ("The Merchant of Venice"), The Belvoir Street Theatre ("The Honeyspot") and The Seymour Centre ("Caucasian Chalk Circle"). Many films, too, enhanced the English course. Students were treated to Polanski's "Macbeth" (Year 11), "A Patch of Blue" (Year 9), "Rumble Fish" (Year 9), "To Kill a Mockingbird" (Year 10) and many other classics.

Home Science has successfully cornered the Sydney Textiles and Restaurant trade with raids on the Strathfield School of Textiles, a Fashion Expo, Petersham pre-school, numerous restaurants and Fashion Design Houses (e.g. Linda Jackson).

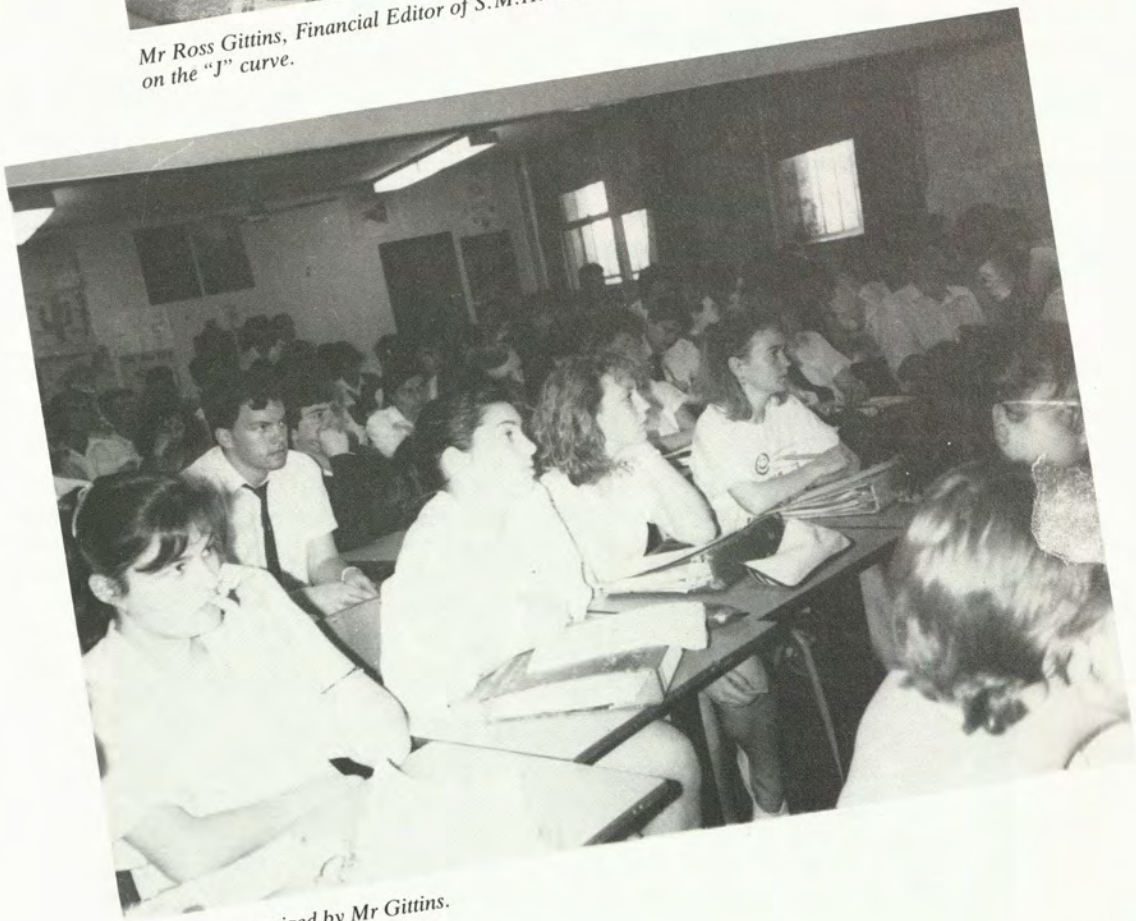
Assorted Science, Language, Industrial Arts and Art students have been reported in the vicinity of the Goethe Institute, the Concordia Club, Sydney Technical College, The Art Gallery of N.S.W., Observatory Hill, the Narrabeen rock platform, Japanese restaurants and the Mori Art Gallery.

Early in 1986 the whole of Year 7 was "treated" to a day out of school "to see the Queen". After waiting two hours in the "boiling" sun in Macquarie Street the dehydrating students caught a three second glimpse of Her Majesty!

All in all, a good year!

History students treated to a live re-enactment of ancient Roman days.

Mr Ross Gittins, Financial Editor of S.M.H. talks to senior Economic students on the "J" curve.



Students mesmerized by Mr Gittins.

Bourke Students Visit Fort Street

In July, Fort Street High played host to six Year 11 students from Bourke High School (in northern N.S.W.). Six generous Fortians offered to accommodate these guests. They were from Year 11 also. The "Bourkians" stayed with these hosts for 3 nights. Although all the kids had been to Sydney before, it was a new experience for them to be mixing with the kids from Fort Street and generally observing city life.

On the first day we met our billets. We were nervous and excited as we were given our schedules for the following days. "Gulp, Panic! What do I say to this person?" was the general feeling. Awkward silences prevailed, until the air was cleared with, corny jokes. The day proceeded with normal lessons. Of course, our country guests expected the usual questions about country life. They were not disappointed! They spent lunchtime meeting other kids and generally chatting and touring the school. That afternoon, the billets met the families they were staying with and had a look around the area. That night, four of us went to the Monday night football game at the Sydney Cricket Ground to see Balmain play St George. It was a good game and the crowds were even funnier. Our guests loved it.

The next day a large group of Year 11 Fortians and the visitors met in the library for a form, talking basically of the advantages and disadvantages of living in the country and living in the city. For example, school subject availability, job opportunities and social life. That night by courtesy of Fort Street, we all attended the notorious production of "Guys and Dolls", playing at Her Majesty's Theatre and starring Nancy Hayes. The billets really loved it, as they had never been to the theatre before. It was a fantastic night and a spectacular performance. Ricky May totally "stole the show" with his chorus in "Sit down you're rockin' the boat".

Wednesday was taken up with morning lessons and then a productive visit to the Pizza Hut, where we all successfully "filled" ourselves.

That night, after a brief look in at the school dance, the twelve of us saw Speilberg's "The Color Purple" which was a different, interesting and somewhat emotional experience for the Bourke friends.

The visit was highly successful, enjoyed by our guests and by all Fortians who met them and spent time with them. We hope that possibly in 1987 a group of Fortians will accept the invitation already offered by our Bourke friends to see the "country life".

Katrina Cashman, Year 11

Bastille Day

On July 14, those of us who know better than to say "Bonjour" and "Arloo-wetter" (i.e. the French students) gathered in the Hall to celebrate the French National Day.

Approximately two hundred years ago, a band of grubby peasants decided to take Marie Antoinette on her word and kindly offered to help the nobles eat their cakes. The nobles indignantly declared that they would not have mud-wallowing swines at their table, so the peasants ousted the nobles from their castles and took their places. Thus, the French Revolution began. In the course of the revolution, they stormed a grey architectural monstrosity called the Bastille Prison and freed its seven tenants. (Most of them were later put back when the peasants realised those cut-throats were in there for a good reason.) Everyone then had a big celebration and the day went down in History as a day of fame and glory.

Our Bastille Day was not as glorious as that first one, but it was just as enjoyable. The luncheon started well. Tongues wagged freely as drinks flowed like fountains. Some innocent "Year 8's" brought in what seemed suspiciously similar to certain alcoholic drinks but, were, we were assured, no more than cider of Maison. If tongues did wag more freely from their quarter, I am sure we all attributed it to their youthful enthusiasm.

We had three courses. The food was more than edible and the caterer was complimented at least once. The chocolate mousse was very popular – so much so that it was the subject of a mystery: forty-four mousses were ordered and fifty were brought "just in case", yet, inexplicably, there was a shortage of mousses at the end. Should we sent for Monsieur Poirot?

The demise of the Australian dollar must have taken its toll among the teachers. In years gone by, profusions of the most unlikely teachers had turned up to eat their share of the food – teachers without the remotest claim to anything French besides the ownership of a crocodile T-shirt. This year, the numbers were sadly depleted – consisting of the language teachers only. Staff, your attendance is required for future occasions. Your presence adds so much more illusion to the grandeur of the event.

As the meal slowly wound its way to a halt, and the greater part of us were leaning back digesting or making desultory conversation, Daniella Terusso, the school's new talent, struck a chord on the decrepit piano and treated us to some fancy fingerwork. Unfortunately, as most of us, like other Fortians, found the sound of our own voices most interesting, the music was largely ignored and so came to a regrettably early end.

The bell for period 8 rang and the party came to an official close. The sweet little Year 8's were sent back (with protestations) to class while the rest of us stayed to fix up the Hall; that is Years 9 and 10 fixed up the Hall, Year 11 being busy providing some entertainment by singing a few French songs – a tradition started by the redoubtable Mr Horan. It was then that the fine baritone was sorely missed for though David Chan's voice did drown out the microphone (and everyone else's) it did not have the strength of Mr Horan's. (It didn't sound too French, either.)

But all good things must come to an end. We ate, drank and were merry and it was time to go home. We all ate well, had fun and missed three periods. We had our cake and ate it too. Pity, the time was so short. Ah well, there's still next year!

Khai Dang, Year 11

Bits and Bytes

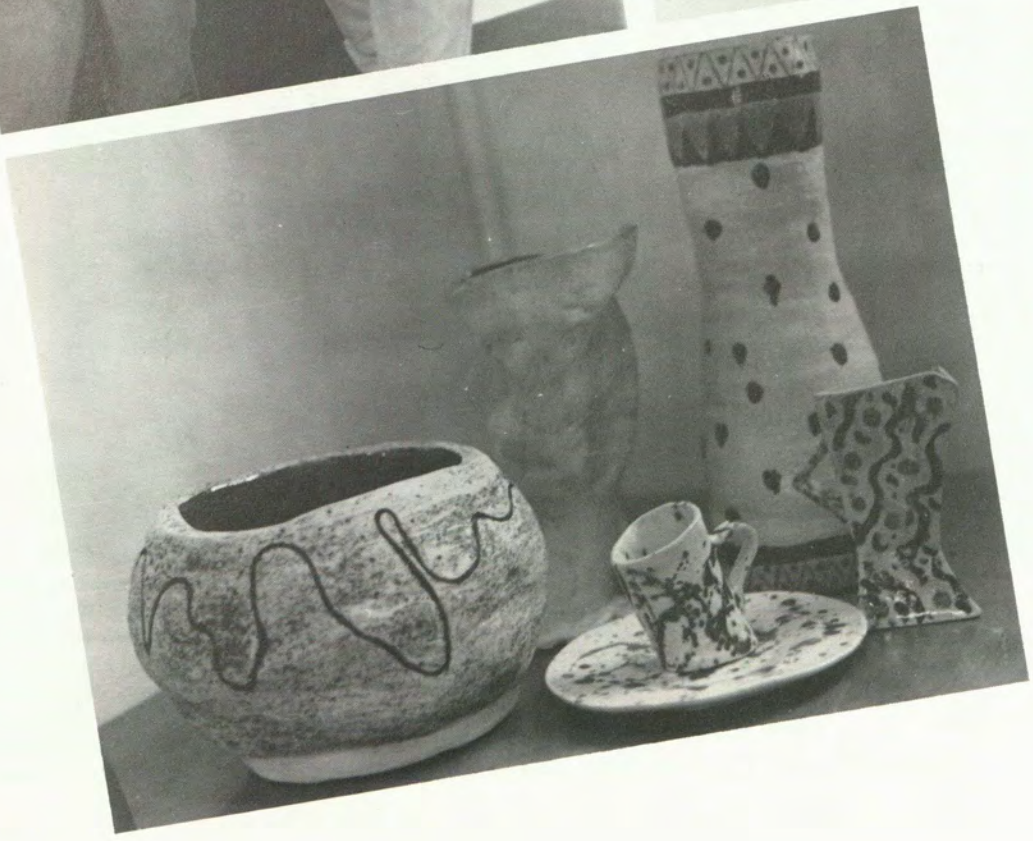
Fort Street High now has the privilege of having seven computers in the school for the students' use and learning. Year 8 students have one period a week for one term, taken by Miss Young, and the Year 9 computer class is taken by Mr Baker and Mr Docking. Year 11 students have a slight advantage and can take Computer Studies as a "one" unit elective subject. For this, three periods a week are set aside. In these lessons a great deal is learned from the teacher, Mr Fischer and also by the knowledge of other students.

With the growing popularity of computers, a Computer Club has been set up at lunch time in the computer room and is supervised by the Year 11 Computer Studies students. Students wishing to use the computers must book beforehand at the Library and Fridays have been set aside for "girls only". This is to give the girls extra encouragement as the scene is often dominated by the males. The Computer Club is not just for those who know how to use a computer, but also for those who don't. The Computer Club welcomes any student who is interested or even just curious about computers.

Kylie Blaslov, Year 11

Learning at the computer keyboard.

Year 9 Art Work



FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Susan Chik, Melanie Bray, Rebel Bissaker, Saffron Bond, Nadine Boehm, Heidi Beck, Mia Chalker, Tram Bui.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Victor Chau, Jason Butcher, Loredana Angeloni, Penny Chalk, Anne Chow, Rachel Connor, Sean Brushwood, Chris Bruce.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Mirsini Ahilas, Gavin Darbyshire, James Correa, Eric Berry, Steven Chung, Sophie Anastasiadis.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Gunter Blum, Pieter Boon, Andrew Baron, Steven Csikos, Richard Anderson, Timothy Booth.*
Year 10 F

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Penny Disher, Vicki Hambezos, Natalie Greer, Rebecca Fyfe, Rachel Flanagan, Karren Gallagher, Liza Feeney, Tatiana Ermoll.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Malcolm Gillies, Kieran Gallagher, Robin Hilliard, Kylie Goulding, Megan Crispin, Murray Gibbons, Scott Hardiman, Temogen Hield.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Jim Deligiannis, Germana Eckert, Karen Dalglish, Karen Green, Genevieve Freeman, Melissa Gibson, Peta Cruickshank, Rajeev Gupta.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Robert Gerrie, Steven Georgakis, Aran Jensen, Cameron Hall, Tim Hornibrook, Nelson Ha.*
Year 10 0

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Truc Huynh, Natalie Lay, Grace Leung, Banu Idil, Lisa Heron, Kylie Hurle, Sohi Kang, Anastasia Konstantelos.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Sae Wook-Kwon, Osoo Kwon, Jeffrey Jones, John Karapatsas, Sung Jin, Jin Hong Kim, Arthur Lo, Daniel Kang.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Hyoung Jung Kim, Paula Houvardis, Joan Holcombe, Joanne Kalivas, Alison Hunter, Molamo Loutas, Peta Lee, Brendan Kelly.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Nicholas Karkanidas, Chris Kyriakidis, Damon Keen, David Lam, Alain Khanh.*
Year 10 R

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Carolyn Macleod, Hue My Ngo, Jennifer Moore, Yvette Mayer, Emma Lunn, Sharlene Middler, Lydia Ng, Tram Mai.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Kieran Matthews, Graham Moore, Edmund Lo, Dax Neech, Ben Maclaine, Mark Micallef, Duncan Miller, Jason Morley.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Niki Nikitianos, Cassie McCullagh, Fiona McLaren, Jackie Ntatsopoulos, Alexandra Nittes, Bronwyn Mackintosh, Michelle Milligan.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) James Mathers, Craig Miller, Scott Martin, Louis Mavraidis, Mohammed Mirza.*
Year 10 T

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Joanne Roberts, Tieu Tieu Phung Le, Helen Sarantopoulos, Susinta Oetojo, Maria Pizzinga, Ingrid Skarbek-Slonka, Gertrude Salat, Antonia Pramataris.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Charles Smith, Anthony Schofield, Joshua Saunders, Jim Nightingale, Andrew Povolny, Sacha Sadler, Michael Rees, Richard Salden.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Landon Smith, Amanda Rolfe, Anne-Petra Odijk, Leigh Sanderson, Joanne Patikas, Shona Sneddon, Chris Presland.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Tony Radosevic, Peter Oey, Scott Rogers, Hardy Rescke.*
Year 10 I

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Daisy Tan, Louie Somerville, Devi Trainor, Eleanor Todd, Christine Xanakis, Sharon Swanson, Tony Zvirblis, Lisa Zullo.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Matthew Sully, Luke Tollemache, Nathan Thompson, Craig Ward, Nathan Toohey, Andrew Stening, Shawn Whelan, Aravind Viswanath, Ian Thomas.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Kier Wallace, Despina Tahtirelis, Phillipa Stevens, Despina Vasilareas, Lisa Walsh, Catriona Taylor, Michael Ward.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Drew Sutton, Mark Wright, Jason White, Nikola Vukovljak.*
Year 10 A

The Fortians' Union

It is good to be able to make report on the activities of the club of former students of Fort Street known as The Fortians' Union. The club has been functioning since last century and constitutes for many an Old Boy and Old Girl a continuing link with the School – of their time and of today. Our ages range from the quite old (not in spirit) to those that have just left school. The range of age is thus quite wide but to use those members comprising the Management Commitee – a good sample across the years – we have a good example of Fortians of all ages working together for the good of all Fortians.

What good does the Union do? What purpose does it serve? Let me quickly point out that it is not a union in any trade sense. The word "Union" has been the name of the club – a fashionable name for clubs earlier – since the foundation and even though, with the prevalent commonest meaning of the word, the temptation may have been there to change it in the re-drafting of the Constitution this year, it was considered that too many things are changing these years. The word has its meaning for too many generations of Fortians. It would ill behove any of us to tamper with it. What it connotes is found in the aims set out in the Constitution, which I quote:

(a) to promote amongst its members a social fellowship;
(b) to render assistance to the Fort Street High School;
(c) to encourage generally appreciation of the traditions of Fort Street.

The magazines and the newspapers of both State and nation so often give the story of what many of our members are about in their public office that it reflects well upon Fort Street's good name. They serve as glowing examples to what status and what activity one may aspire by dint of hard effort. Their most public contribution is reflected in the hearts of us all as we shape our lives in accordance with the guides to living enunciated in the aims of Fort Street. These aims were drawn up in the fullest sincerity and all Fort Street students should model their lives upon them. They constitute a sound basis for living. They spell out what Fort Street is.

The year that has just passed was remarkable for the number of Fortians, both girls and boys, who wanted to repay the School in some way for what it had done for them as a young scholar. The wish most often took the form of a desire to donate funds to assist Fortians of today and tomorrow. It was at times a most considerable personal bequest, at others a gift on behalf of a "Year" group. In one instance, the benefactress wrote that she had made provision for the school in her will, but had recently thought to have the pleasure of handing over the gift now. In one case the idea of having crafted a beautiful rosewood lectern for the Hall stage was inspired by the recent loss of a beloved Captain of the School and his fellows wished to honour his contribution to the School's life.

The Union itself was pleased to be able to inaugurate the presentation of the "Fort Street Speller" to the young Year 7 pupils as they set out on their next stage of learning, having entered Fort Street's gates for the first time. The maroon and silver memento badges presented to the Year 12 students as they leave I trust will always be a cherished reminder of what was, all in all, a very happy and most profitable stage of their life. Another endeavour at present being undertaken is the binding of recent copies of the "Fortian" for the School's collection. This work will be carried out in maroon cloth with silver lettering. A special endeavour is being made to collect those missing "Fortians" from the beginning of the century. These too if forthcoming will be bound in maroon and silver by the Union.

Not of least importance in the functioning of the Union is the social fellowship we members enjoy. This takes on a special significance at the Reunion Dinner, held on the second Friday evening of October each year. To this fellowship we look forward to welcoming all present pupils when the time comes for you to pass from the school. Those links already formed can well grow stronger with the years., At this very time a young cricket team – to be known as the "Fort Street Old Boys' Cricket Club" – is being organised to take to the field in a few weeks' time. We congratulate the young fellow who has got things moving on this front and we wish them well. On the other side of the coin we are just now planning a Fortians' Luncheon for early next year to which we shall invite as our special guests "old" teachers of Fort Street. This function will be held at the school and we are very much looking forward to this gathering's being a great success. It has been pleasing at Year reunions over the past twelve months to meet with former members of the staff, some of whom had not been sighted since they left the Fort Street campus. The very special event of next March will be an event with a difference as we hope to welcome former teachers from a great range of years.

Mr R.S. Horan (President Fortians' Union)

Music 1986
Fortians Tune Up!!

1986 began with a long list of engagements for Fortians with a "bent" for music. With the great direction, encouragement, help, threats and bribes from Ms Moxham and Mr Suthers, the talented musicians of Fort Street proved their worth. The Vocal Ensemble, the String Ensemble, the Choir and individual musicians performed on several occasions.

On Speech Day the blossoming of Fort Street's Music Department was plain for all to see. The Year 7 choir sang like professionals and the Brass Band gave its wonderful farewell performance.

The choir's first major activity was in March singing for "Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II" (in person!). It was probably one of the choir's most harrowing engagements. We waited for her in the blistering heat, practising frantically. When she finally turned up the whole thing took about 45 minutes (including the ½ hour speech she gave to the "People of Australia"). However the whole thing wasn't a "flop"; after all we did manage to catch glimpses of the back of Her Majesty's head and we were television stars for five whole seconds!

The second major engagement of the choir was on Commonwealth Day. We sang the traditional "God Save the Queen" and "Advance Australia Fair" stuff, listened to many speeches and (the highlight of the day) watched the cadets march down the centre aisle of the Town Hall carrying – wait for it – flags!

Our most successful enjoyable occasion was the school's "Music Night" (15th July). The whole Music Department contributed, even Year 7 and their recorders. It was the String Ensemble's first performance and the Choir's best (so far). Over all it was a great success and the profits made a good start to the "new piano" fund.

The next choir performance, one that had taken a lot of preparation, was the Combined School's Choral Concert. As part of a Combined Schools' Choir we sang two very demanding works, Mozart's "Requiem" (which those who have seen "Amadeus" will remember) and Vaghan Williams' "Benedicte". They both sounded stunning in the Opera House Concert Hall.

The next night the Vocal Ensemble performed in the second of that series of concerts. They sang exceptionally well and at the same time boosted Fort Street's musical reputation.

The most recent venture of the Music Department was to provide the first half of the "Creative Body Night". The Choir sang, Year 7 yelled out their lungs, and soloists "soloed" while Ms Moxham and Mr Suthers conducted. Once again it was a great success. On the whole 1986 has been a fantastic year of growth and success for the Fort Street Music Department. (It was also great fun!!)

Kara Monro and Ameshri Naidoo, Year 9

Our Jazz band.

Multicultural Perspectives

Public Schools in Australia reflect the society in which they operate and Fort Street, no less than any other school, is rich in its multicultural society. When looked at in its historical context, there have always been students from varied cultural backgrounds whether they be Greek, Italian, Chinese or Anglo-Saxon; these are now the four largest groups. As migration patterns and government policies have changed, so too has the mixture of the ethnic backgrounds of students.

The language survey conducted in 1984 showed that 34 languages were represented among the Fort Street students' backgrounds. It is impossible to ignore the richness and diversity of the cultural experiences of both students and staff. In fact the Department of Education's Multicultural policy sees "multiculturalism as a fundamental value needing to permeate the total curriculum".

One aspect of the policy looks at the wealth of cultures and history of groups in our society and incorporates it into subject areas. Another aspect concerns the study of other languages. The languages studied currently at Fort Street may well be extended to include those widely spoken in the community: Modern Greek, Italian, Chinese. Many of the students, as shown in the 1984 survey, are using their Saturdays or evenings to study and maintain their first language at schools that currently operate outside school hours.

Students see the value of bilingualism in their future in our society.

The final aspect of the policy is the study of the English language. The school saw a need for the appointment of a specialist teacher of English as a Second Language (E.S.L.) This part-time position in 1985 became full-time in 1986.

It is the right of all students to have an equal opportunity to reach their full potential in the national language and so have equal access to everything the society has to offer. Currently at Fort Street, students can attend parallel English classes in Years 8, 9 and 10. Years 7 and 11 students need to be withdrawn at times suited to their own and the E.S.L. teacher's timetable. Of course, English is used in all subjects and across the curriculum, so the E.S.L. support need not to be restricted to the English Department.

E.S.L. is only new at this school, but will remain as long as there are students for whom English is not the first language, and who find the need for language support when working through our school system.

Mrs S. Honeywill
(Teacher of E.S.L.)

Miss Douglass conducts a lesson with E.S.L. students of Year 7.

Quotable Quotes

MRS CRAWFORD: "Take those headphones *out"*
CLASS: "Off"
MRS CRAWFORD: "Take them *out*, they were *in."*
STUDENT: "No, they were *on*, not *in."*
MRS CRAWFORD: "O.K. they were *in* and *on*, so take them *out* and *off!".* (Mrs Crawford won!)

MR GRIFFITH: "I used to be vague but now I'm not sure."

STUDENT: "Do you know anything about the Wall Street crash?"
MR GRIFFITH: "No, was anyone hurt?"

MR WILSON (to student continually mucking up): "That's the face of someone only a mother could love."

MR MOYNHAM: "What do you get if you cross a lemon with a cat?"
"A sourpuss."

MR RICHES: "Maths is the best sedative known to man."

MR MORGAN: "Death – I guess that's the ultimate form of rejection."

MRS STARK (referring to a very nonsensical piece of Latin writing): "I should say that it's typical male logic, but that's a sexist comment, so I won't."

MR RICHES (to student complaining of having a sore tooth): "You'd better go to a dentist."
STUDENT: "I've already *been* to the dentist."
MR RICHES: "Was it a 'holy' experience?"

STUDENT (in classroom discussing asbestos and its relation to human illness): "But I don't know anything about it."
MR FERRIS: "Just do 'asbestos' you can then."

MR RICHES: "If it is a regular pentagon it doesn't mean that it goes to the toilet often, it means that all the sides are equal!"

MR JONES (referring to film on the Depression in Australia, "On The Wallaby") "It sounds pornographic – beastiality."

MR CANTY: "There is only one way to make me happy ..... no, $1.50 is not enough ....."

MR JURD (at Athletics carnival): "I'm more a middle distance person – I'm quite fast from the lounge room to the fridge."

MS J. LEVI (English): "Jason Mannile is one of the brightest people in Year 9. He just doesn't believe in exercise books or pens."

STUDENT (on a Wednesday when sport was cancelled and morning classes were repeated): "I don't want to work. We're supposed to go to sport."
MRS CRAWFORD: "Well you're not. Exercise your fingers ..... (laughter from class) ... with a pen in them."

MR DOCKING: "Before anyone moves, put the chairs up on the desks!"

1986 Debating

This year saw three debating teams in action, from years 10, 11 and 12. Led by the fearless Mrs Hosking, all three had some success as well as several great debates. The teams thank Ms Bennet for her interest.

The Year 10 team (Tim Booth, Leigh Sanderson, Shawn Whelan, and Alfred Hiatt of Year 9) debated only one school, Balmain High, to win in our zone – the rest of our opposition had forfeited. We went on to defeat Kingsgrove North High, thereby qualifying for the Regional quarter Finals. Sadly, we lost to Concord High after a debate so close that it came down to who could argue their definition better. The topic was "That there are still heroes".

Slightly less successful (or lucky!) was the Year 11 team (Kelly Stephens, Lisa Mullan, Luther Weate, Danielle McDonald), who had to debate Drummoyne Boys' High, Balmain High, Cleveland Street High and then Sydney Tech. High. This last debate was held at Fort Street on the topic "That we should abandon the sinking ship". It, too, was very close but Fort Street lost, finishing runners-up in the first interzone competition.

The Year 12 team had only two debates. Melissa McMahon, Caroline Pfleiger, Megan Doyle, Stephen Elliot and Danni Bissaker debated Marrickville High and won, but lost against Strathfield South High on the topic "That it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all". Because another school in the zone had won all of its debates, the Fortian team could go no further. Topics varied a great deal throughout the year, from "That television is the best babysitter" and "That the writing is on the wall" to more serious topics such as "That we lead a fortunate life" and "That lawbreakers are treated too leniently".

Other highlights of the debating year were a parliamentary style debate on the reputation of Parliament for A.B.C. television, debates against Richmond River High when they visited, and quite a few debates in the Debating Club. These debates were much less formal than competition debates and we were allowed a week for preparation rather than an hour. They were very enjoyable and a great way to practise.

Shawn Whelan, Year 10

The A.B.C.'s "7.30 Report" goes to Canberra via Fort Street .....

Who said you shouldn't get involved? Don't believe them! Sometimes you have fantastic fun.

The last few weeks of first term, 1986, radically altered the image of Debating at Fort Street. No longer is it seen as a boring, anti-social activity, an opportunity for the social recluse to air his or her opinions on totally trivial topics such as painting the Opera House 'green'. Instead it has become the favourite pastime for a group of scintillating people whose debates on highly relevant issues (such as the repute of the Australian Parliament) have attracted an avid following. Debaters are sought after, noticed and often discussed personnel. The explanation is quite simple really. We were on T.V.

The A.B.C., having heard of Fort Street's outstanding reputation, invited the Debating Club to be part of a segment of the "7.30 Report" dealing with the repute of the Australian Parliament. We were asked to stage a debate on the subject which was to be filmed. The government consisted of myself, Richard Anderson, Shawn Whelan and Lisa Mullan: we were opposed by Alfred Hiatt, Luther Weate, Tim Booth and Leigh Sanderson, and both teams were supported by a very enthusiastic audience.

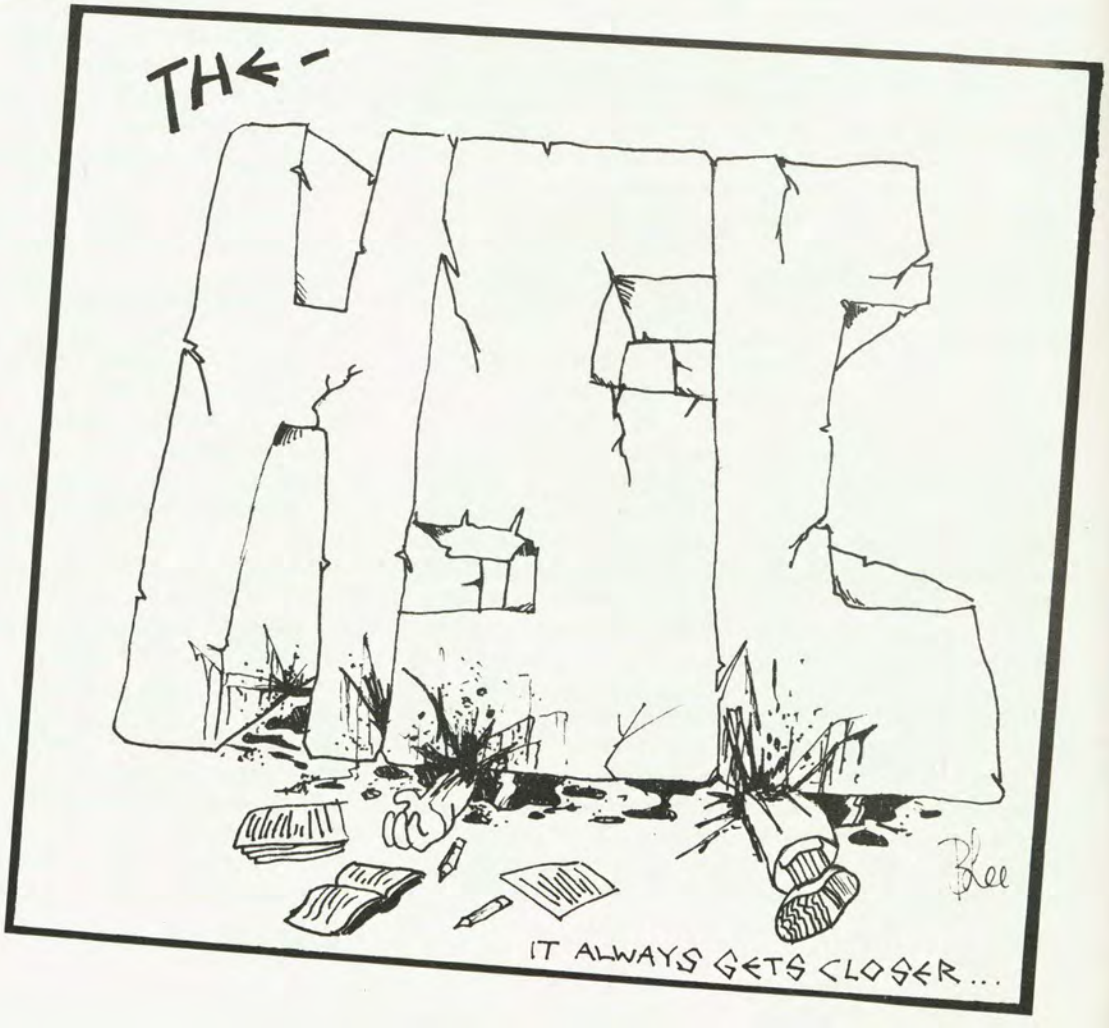
In actual fact, the debate itself was quite an unnerving experience. Andrew Baldwin, acting as chairman, was told to prevent me having the nervous breakdown I was threatening. Admittedly I was the most vocal about my anxiety, but I can't believe the calm facades of the others were any more than just that. Despite this, however, some hidden reservoirs of courage were dredged up and we carried ourselves through the hour. When people later saw the segments of it on television, they said we 'acquitted' ourselves well. It didn't feel like it.

Yet the 'umms', the 'errs', the falters, the memory blanks, were all forgotten by the next morning. Having let six of us (the three speakers from either side) loose on the cab companies of Sydney with cabcharge dockets, the A.B.C. was encouraging excitement about the trip to Canberra. It is little wonder that Peter Ross, the A.B.C. reporter, seemed somewhat ill-equipped to deal with our unusually extreme exuberance. In the face of our incessant joking he remained quiet; perhaps he thought we would follow suit, but when we didn't he didn't seem to mind. After nearly twelve hours with us he had even grown quite friendly. Mrs Hosking, our chaperone, was patient, being well acquainted with our temperaments.

Anybody who said Canberra was boring was lying, or maybe they just didn't see it in the same way we did. We saw it in a state of extreme excitement, where everything was paid for and, consequently, where the smallest thing seemed funny. We giggled and joked (Richard abused) our way through Parliament, through lunch and through a visit to the National Art Gallery. We appeared serious and intelligent in the short interviews, but that was, basically, deceptive.

As they say, however, all good things must come to an end and that sort of treatment: cabcharge dockets, aeroplane tickets, free lunches, is the kind of thing that happens only once. I have a theory that it happens to encourage the people who have always been involved to continue their involvement. It happens just when their interest may be flagging and rejuvenates it. If this is indeed the case, it is a very clever ploy because it works. The fact that it will probably never happen to anyone twice is unimportant. It is worth it all for just once.

Kelly Stephens, Year 11



Ben Lee at work.

The final day of the 1986 Year 12 students.

The work of May Lee of Year 8.

Media Watch

Fort Street High School once again featured in the Media during 1986. Firstly, the Sydney Morning Herald printed a few articles about Emma McDonald of Year 12, tracing her opinions about being in Year 12 and her "progress" as the year moved on.

In July, two Fortians, Jodie Rose and Jacqueline Gleeson of Year 11 were photographed in The Australian with an article about a company with which they are involved. It is "Ya Y'Not", a company specialising in the production of cardboard diskette covers. It is a company, one of the sixty student companies in the Venture of the Year Award, an annual contest organized by Young Achievement Australia. Jodie and Jacqueline were photographed with three others at their computer.

Thirdly, the A.B.C. used our debaters and other students to simulate a parliamentary debate. The segment appeared on A.B.C. television's "The 7.30 Report" (see separate article).

In print, themselves in the Sydney Morning Herald were Mohammad Mirza of Year 10 and four others, and Ms Jane Levi, an English teacher. Here are their letters:

Lead Fallout

SIR: We are Fort Street students deeply concerned about the severe air pollution in Sydney that effects everyone in our community. Much of this pollution is caused by motor vehicle fumes.

Our school, which is on a busy section of Parramatta Road, receives a high level of lead fallout each day. The State Pollution Control Commission informs us that our school is in the area with the *highest* pollution read-out in Sydney. This is readily appreciated by just smelling the air along Parramatta Road near our school.

Car drivers have reported a "rotten egg gas" smell (hydrogen sulphide) from unleaded petrol. In time, with increased usage of unleaded petrol, this effect will increasingly become a fact of life at Fort Street. Many other schools along main Sydney roads suffer the same problems.

Unleaded petrol is supposed to reduce lead levels in the air. But by increasing hydrogen sulphide levels, have they really improved the environment? The Government, in making decisions about lead-free petrol, should consider the effects on those peple who live, study or work beside major urban roads.

M.B. MIRZA AND FOUR OTHERS,
Fort Street High School,
Parramatta Rd., Petersham.
June 12.

Stressed Students

SIR: I read with interest and sympathy Siobhan Cunliffe's comments (Herald May 7). The new assessment policy, which affects students in Years 11 and 12, has proved to be a harrowing experience for both students and teachers.

Students are constantly assessed in all subjects. Faculties must select dates, months in advance, to accommodate all assessment tasks. It is stressful for teachers, who seem to be consantly "conferencing" with colleagues.

These tasks must then be prepared and marked. With maximum numbers in all senior classes, our marking load has trebled. Our junior classes are neglected and this adds to our stress.

The stressed and tired faces of our senior students bear witness to the system they and their teachers must "wear".

MS. JANE LEVI,
(English teacher, Fort Street)
May 12.

Our principal, Mrs C. Preece was also interviewed by the Sydney Morning Herald about her views on the "New Selection Process" concerning Selective High Schools. Mrs Preece is the President of the Metropolitan East Principals' Assocation.

The A.B.C. once again came to Fort Street to interview and film Ms Young's Year 10 Science class to discuss attitudes of female and male students towards careers in science and technical fields. The programme will be screened later in the year.

What a year!

An Interview with Sting

Tach and Liv Meet Sting

On Monday the 7th April, the two youngest members of the new Channel 10 show, "OFF THE DISH", were sent to the Sebel Town House, Elizabeth Bay, to attend the "Sting" Press Conference. Tatiana Ermoll and Olivia Wesley-Smith, both students of Fort Street High were both waiting anxiously out the front of the hotel. Both girls had previously interviewed Tina Turner and the Australian band "Venetians", but no one as big as "Sting".

The producer/director and crew consisting of Audio technician, Juls, camera man, Scott and assistant Jami – met Tach and Olivia outside. Showing their press cards they entered the bustling room full of cameras and journalists. Positioning themselves close to the front, Tach took out her Pentax and began clicking very quickly to capture some of the scene on film. Scott started shooting some "noddies" pictures of heads nodding just to test the video camera. Juls tested the sound and Tach and Olivia chattered to Edge of the Wedge film crew, who later got an interview with them both.

Sting arrived with back-up vocalist DOLETTE and everything went very quiet. Cameras started clicking and Basia Bonkowski of Channel 10 began the interview. DOLETTE winked at Olivia and Tach called out to Sting .....

TACH: Why did you write a song like "RUSSIANS"?
STING: I think I write songs because I am inspired by an idea ... that's what I do for a living. I wake up in the morning, I have an idea and I work on that idea until it eventually becomes a song.
OLIVIA: But what inspired you to *write* "RUSSIANS"?
STING: A number of things ..... umm .... Rambo, Red Dawn, a whole series of "Red" baiting films which were about inhuman things, like the way to solve the problems of the world was to blow them away with MACHINE GUNS!! I thought that was a very dangerous idea, that society was thinking like that. It's very, very right wing.
TACH: Dolette?! (Sting's back-up vocalist) How do you find working with Sting?
DOLETTE: (laughs; I've been with him for 3 years. I did the "Syncronicity" tour with THE POLICE and it's been a learning experience for me, because I am constantly learning from Sting, and ummm, (laughs) it's going to be really good for me when I go into my soloist career.
OLIVIA: So you are going solo?
DOLETTE: Yeah, I am not going to work for him forever (she drawls!)
TACH: Sting, what are your feelings on drugs?
STING: I think that governments are terribly ... umm ... unweilding and unhip about protesting about drugs ... the thing about drugs is there is this "hipness". IT'S HIP TO TAKE COCAINE?! IT ISN'T!!!

And if the govenment says it isn't ..... then IT IS!

It's the wrong way to go about preventing drugs. You can't be as blatant as saying "Don't take drugs!" I wrote a song called "Children's Crusade". It is about the cynical manipulation of young people. The problem is the DRUG TRAFFICKING, and the vast amounts of money made by the Big Boys, in the drug scene. AND I THINK THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED ....

OLIVIA: Do you have a message for the kids of Australia?
STING: Gee ..... that's the hardest question all day! Ummmm .... NO.

Tatiana Ermoll and Olivia Wesley-Smith

Tatiana and Olivia with Sting.

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Kerri Ambler, Tina Collins, Sun Hee Cho, Sasha Carrel, Maia Andreasen, Maria Arvanitis, Anna Bearpark.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Brett Buckley, Daniel Depre, Juan Chang, Pablo Collaguazo, Con. Boulougouris, Saul Devitt, Jon-Patrick Collins, Frank D'aspromonte.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Theo Belekas, Sunny Abraham, Anna Bryant, Julia Cummins, Lucy Byrne, Elizabeth Brbot, Alex. Cheng.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Toby Andrews, Frank Cammaroto, Johnathon Austen, Mark Dowsett, Matthew Adams.*
Year 9 F

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Merryl Geribo, Niki Frampton, Trang Dang, Sophie Dowling, Jodie Gibson, Karen Dorn, Sally Egan.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Craig Gustafson, Penny Gonidellis, Meg Gay, Kylie Dare, Nickoletta Flampoulidou, Louise Gillett, Amber Elen-Forbat, Sibel Goren, David Edwards.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Marc Englaro, Shayne Farah, Joseph Graffi, Bill Giannakopoulos, Glen Henderson, Danny Farrenc, Alfred Hiatt.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Duncan Hau, Michael Harding, Brendan Gribble, Justin Hall, Michael Gregory.*
Year 9 0

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Jasmin Gwynne, Dorinda Hall, Hannah Hilliard, Christina Fotakopoulos, Niki Hale, Lara Hutchinson, Song Mi Lee.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Benjamin Lee, Michael Howes, Sean Lee, George Konstantin, Dennis Koustoubardis, Wayne Jennings, Tarkan Kucukkaya, Christopher Hunt, David Ionnidis.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Eugene Lau, Sophie Gibb, Julia Grazioli, Song Mi Lee, Leola Lachs, Lily Katsoulis, Hao Hua, John Kirkham.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Levent Isin, Meredith Hyde, Narelle Grant, Christine Gabiola, Patrick Lennane, Jeremy Kothe.*
Year 9 R

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Nadia Pelekis, Young-Su Lee, Kara Monro, Darna Milmlow, Aileen Lowe, Amber Ma, Phuong Lieu.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Adrian Lowe, Darren McNaught, Harry Marinos, Anthony Moore, Silvester Molnar, Bao-Dinh Nguyen-Phuoc, Adam Newall, Paul Pantazes.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Kerri Maylor, Polly McDonald, Ameshri Naidoo, Sarah Murphy, Kate Morris, Yvonne Lutowski, Lisa Morris.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Terry Liberopoulos, James Murty, Gerard Nicol, Jason Mannile, David Leung.*
Year 9 T

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Nadia Pelekis, Dung Nguyen, Emily Stocker, Kate Stephens, Daria O'Neill, Anna Sordan, Nicole Steadman, Jane Nguyen.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Jayson Rapisardi, Amelia Ratu, Tanya Powell, Kelli Smith, Nadia Sardella, Janine Rhodes, Peter Politis.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Matthew Ridge, John Papagiannis, Jamie Robertson, Abram Powell, George Repeti, Jason Ratcliff, Toby Raphael.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Julian Reid, Brandon Pavey, Stefan Perumal, Nicholas Puacha, Johnny Reja.*
Year 9 I

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Dimitra Xydis, Sherry Williams, Justin Spratt, Sacha Vidler, Peter Tagliano, Aaron Wong, Tanny Tsanis, Leisa Walter.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Vy Ta, Dwayne Wheeler, Tom Williams, Mathew Wilson, Phillip Svoronos, Roy Sykes, Daniel Story, Angelo Softsis, David Young.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Celia Wisnoebroto, Kirsty Thomson, Tove Warren, Claire Sullivan, Meredith Wright, Rachel White, Katherine Wild, Veronica Walshaw.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Paul Tootell, Carlo Russo, Elizabeth Weekes, Rachel Troia, Philip Samanek, Julian Thornton.*
Year 9 A

POETRY

The Good Salesman

Look for him.
The good salesman,
Eyes ringed with black,
Pale skin.
Staring at the ground.
Talk to him.
The good salesman.
Watch his eyes.
Light up,
Like phosphorescent fish.
Yes
He'll say.
And wax lyrical.
He lives for the sell.
His eyes pleading
From his wasted body.
Too many long short years,
Living a living death.
Too many flashes of brilliance.
But the good salesman
Knows the joy of conversation,
Profit or otherwise.
Have a laugh.
He can sell you anything.

Malcolm Gillies, Year 10

Untitled Poem

Day after day . . .
He lives his life
Wakes up
Gets dressed
has breakfast
Goes out
Catches the bus
Goes to work
Works 9 – 5
Goes home
Eats dinner
Sleeps . . .

"I want a change!" he says one day.
Yet he still catches the same bus
Wears the same clothes
Works at the same place
Eats the same food
As he does every other day.

"I want to see something new!" he says one day.
Yet he still sees the same clock on his bedside table.
Looks at the same scenery
Reads the same signs
Recognises the same faces
(Same sane same sane same sane)
That he sees every other day.

"I'll do something definite today", he said
"Yes, I'll do something different."
So he reaches for his clock
And turns it to the wall.

Khai Dang, Year 11

The Warmonger . . .

You, sprawled in your seat
At the conference table,
Policies and plans at the ready;
Tactics and figures,
Scrawled across maps.

"The way I see it,
If we pull all the men out of here,
And pour them into here,
It'll be over in, say, two weeks!"

"What's that? Oh, yeah,
Sure, there'll be heavy losses.
But we wanna get this over an done with;
I mean, wars are bad for votes, sonny!"

"We got an election comin' up
In about six months, right?
Folks'll have time to get over it,
But it'll be too early for any press scandals,
etcetera . . ."

"O.K. Can we have a vote on that?
Right, passed unanimously!
Excellent decision, gentlemen,
You won't regret it . . ."

Yes, you were right,
And you're in for another term;
But those figures on the paper
Will haunt your conscience
'Till the day you join them.

Kerry Sanderson, Year 11

The Moray

Jaws has been grounded
The new gnasher is here,
It's moray, moray, moray.
No doubt you do fear,
Go into the water
You've got to be brave.
Go out of you depth
You'll never be saved.

Duncan Bond, Year 7

Kitten cat, bird, gnat,
Ostrich, deer, mouse, rat.
Armadillo, cow, bat,
Hedgehog killed by car – flat.

Michael Rees, Year 10

Short poem

Poe.

Second Draft: Short Poem

Po.

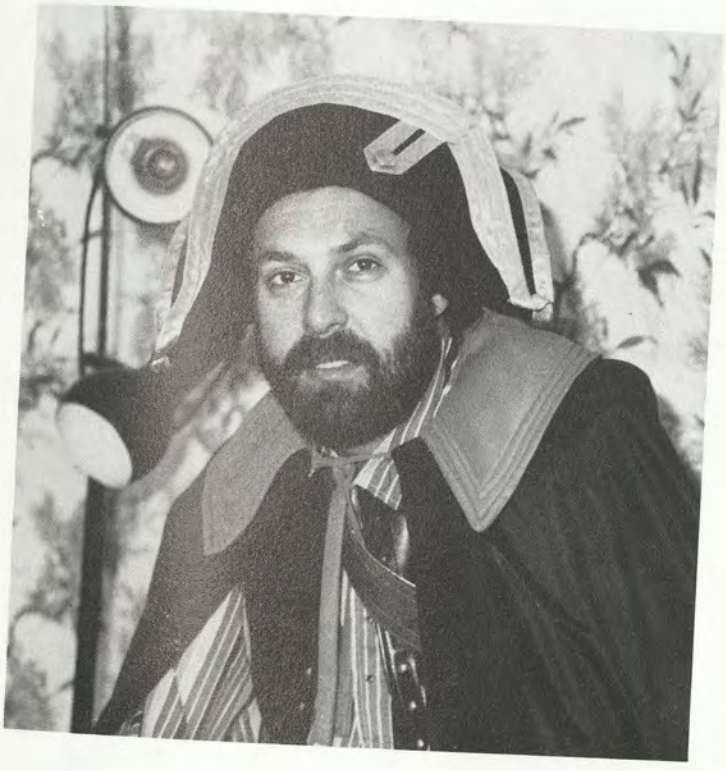
Tim Newsom, Year 10

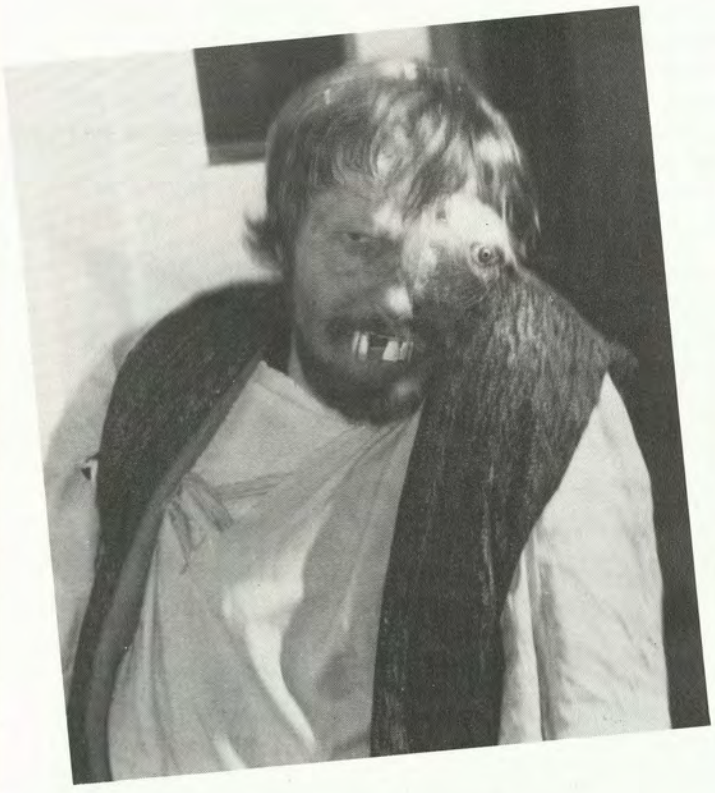
The Ball of the Year!

At the end of Term Two a few members of the History staff decided it was time for a "History Ball".

Thus, it was organised.

The evening was a great success. The guests included students from Years 11 and 12 and many members of Staff. Everyone looked wonderful. These photographs live to tell the tale.





The Anzacs Remembered

Have We Progressed?

On Thursday 24th April, Fortians assembled to remember the Anzacs, and especially the reality of "war". Kerry Sanderson of Year Eleven represented us all as she spoke these words:

"Our Assembly today commemorates the landing of Australian and New Zealand troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula in 1915. Nine months and over ten thousand lives later, they were withdrawn, neither victorious nor defeated. Anzac Day means various things to various people. To me, it is a day to remember all those who have suffered through war – the troops of all nationalities, the families who lost close relations or cared for the remnants of a person whose potential was never realised.

Time makes a mockery of war; yesterday's bitter enemy is today's close ally. Was the outcome worth the countless suffering and loss of life? The variety of national backgrounds represented in Australia today brings home to us the stupidity of killing another with whom there is no personal quarrel or hatred and whose only crime is to be of a different nationality.

The First World War was known at the time, and believed by those who fought it, to be the "War to end all Wars". Had their wish been fulfilled in 1918, millions of lives would have been saved and untold suffering avoided over the intervening years.

Anzac Day in this United Nations International 'Year of Peace' is a special occasion. We can honour those who gave their lives in the War to end all Wars by resolving to make their dream a reality."

Student Council

In 1986 the Student Council at Fort Street did not have the support or enthusiasm it has had in previous years. There were a few meetings during the year, where the major topics of a new school uniform policy and the role of the Student Council were discussed. An important issue was whether the School Council should become a fund-raising body and also, whether Fortians should become more involved in the community-at-large i.e. visiting Nursing Homes in the area, raising money for a hospital for disabled children in Summer Hill and also for other institutions.

We hope that in 1987, some of these suggestions will materialise and that we gain much more support from students and staff.

Lisa Morris, Year 9

S.N.A.P.

Students For Nuclear Awareness and Peace

1986: International Year of Peace was an important year for S.N.A.P., starting with what might have been the last "Palm Sunday Peace March" for a few years in March. Then there was the launching of a petition for the Closure of Pine Gap (in October when its lease is up). We also held an informative display in the library commemorating International Year of Peace.

We are planning an inter-school S.N.A.P. meeting for early next year and the organisation for that has already begun.

Don't forget, S.N.A.P. still meets every Monday, lunchtime in Room 2.

Lisa Morris, Year 9

Sport

Swimming Carnival

A successful carnival was held at Drummoyne Pool – won by BARTON House (384), with Preston 2nd (359). Many fine performances were seen on the day and a large number of students participated.

AGE CHAMPIONS

BOYS
OPEN LACHLAN HALL
17 yrs DAVID SCOTT
16 yrs IAN THOMAS
14 yrs DWAYNE WHEELER
13 yrs HUN KIM
12 yrs LOK SUTHERLAND

GIRLS
OPEN BELINDA GIBSON
17 yrs MELISSA GIBSON
16 yrs REBEL BISSAKER
15 yrs JODIE GIBSON
14 yrs MERYL GERIBO
13 yrs BELINDA GIBSON
12 yrs REBECCA JENNER

These students and many others went on to represent our school and Bligh Zone in the Regional Championships. From this Carnival, Lachlan Hall and Belinda Gibson were successful in gaining a place in the State Championships.

An enthusiastic cheer squad.

Cross Country

This is perhaps one of the most difficult events held during the year, requiring great stamina. Our school was represented by a number of students most of whom volunteered to take part. Fort Street came third in the Boys' point score of the Zone and fourth in the Girls', to gain second place overall. Thank you to all those students who took part and best of luck for next year. Among our best performers at the Zone were L. Thrum, S. Myelcrane, A. Thompson, L. Hall and C. Aspinall (in the boys) and B. Gibson, M. Fien, A. Konstantellos and T. Castell-Brown (in the girls).

Mary Fien (Yr 9) won her event at the Regional Carnival and went on to come second in the State. Mary has been selected to represent the All-Shools' team in the National Championships. We wish her the best of luck.

Athletics

The school Athletics' carnival, held on Tuesday 1st July at Sydney University Oval was won by MAWSON House (535) in a close battle with BARTON (487). With the excellent attendance and participation, the carnival was a huge success and there were signs of better things to come at the Zone and Regional Carnivals. Success came as:

	GIRLS	BOYS
12 yrs	J. CHO/N. McENNALLY	M. BRADY
13 yrs	B. GIBSON	T. CHOW
14 yrs	M. FIEN	A. THOMPSON
15 yrs	E. PUCHERT	B. KELLY
16 yrs	S. PARKES	C. PANTAZES
17 yrs	K. HUGHES	M. SCOTT

These athletes, combined with other students, went on to compete in the Zone Athletics' Carnival held on 15th, 16th July at the Sydney Athletic Field. This Carnival proved to be a very successful day for Fort Street High School. The school came second in the Girls' Section, third in the Boys' and **FIRST** overall to win the Competition!

Congratulations to those who broke records on the day and to all students who competed. It was certainly a great day for Fort Street.

***ZONE RECORDS**
Stephanie Parkes, 16 yrs Shot/16 yrs Discus
Dana Stevanovic, 16 yrs 200m. 16 yrs 100 m.
Mary Fien, 14 yrs 1500 m.
Simon Bourke, 17 yrs High Jump.
Shani Galleghan, 17 yrs High Jump.
Shona Snedden, 15 yrs High Jump.

KNOCKOUT RESULTS – State Boys' Results

VOLLEYBALL – Lost in 1st Round to Strathfield South. Unlucky because the game had to be played on an outdoor court.

NETBALL – Defeated Strathfield South in the first round quite convincingly. Drew with St George Girls' High in round 2 (they had a number of representative players and lost.)

WATER POLO – Defeated Cremorne Girls' High in First Round. Travelled to Albury to play the next game – 4 all at ¾ time; eventually lost to Albury who were country champions.

SOFTBALL – Knocked out in close game with Maroubra Bay High (10-). Team has shown great improvement in past year.

SOCCER – Defeated by Strathfield South in First Round basically quite a young team so prospects are looking good for future games.

SQUASH – Reached 4th Round of State K.O. Lost to Syd. Tech High (4-0).

BASKETBALL – Made it through to the 4th Round. Everyone was scared of our reputation and kept forfeiting. When we played Cleveland we got off to a bad start but a strong fightback saw us lose by only a few points.

WINTER SPORT

At the time of this article the semi finals of the winter competition have just been completed.

Fort Street had representatives in Open Soccer, Year 9 Soccer, Senior Tennis, Senior Squash and Junior Baseball. With the 15's and 14's being first past the post – Out of those two the 15's were beaten into second place 9-3 by Marrickville. Unfortunately we suffered from semi-final tension and only the Tennis people have made it through to the finals.

KNOCKOUT COMPETITIONS

Fort Street has again been a keen and successful competitor in State Knockouts. The school participated in Basketball, Cricket, Waterpolo, Volleyball, Squash, Tennis, Soccer, Rugby League and Rugby Union.

The reputation that Fort Street has built up over the years of being not only an academic school, but one also of high sporting endeavour and excellence was again enhanced by their performances. Fort Street competed with the sportsmanship and competitiveness needed to provide worthy opponents for any team. These attitudes shone through in Volleyball, Cricket, and Rugby Union.

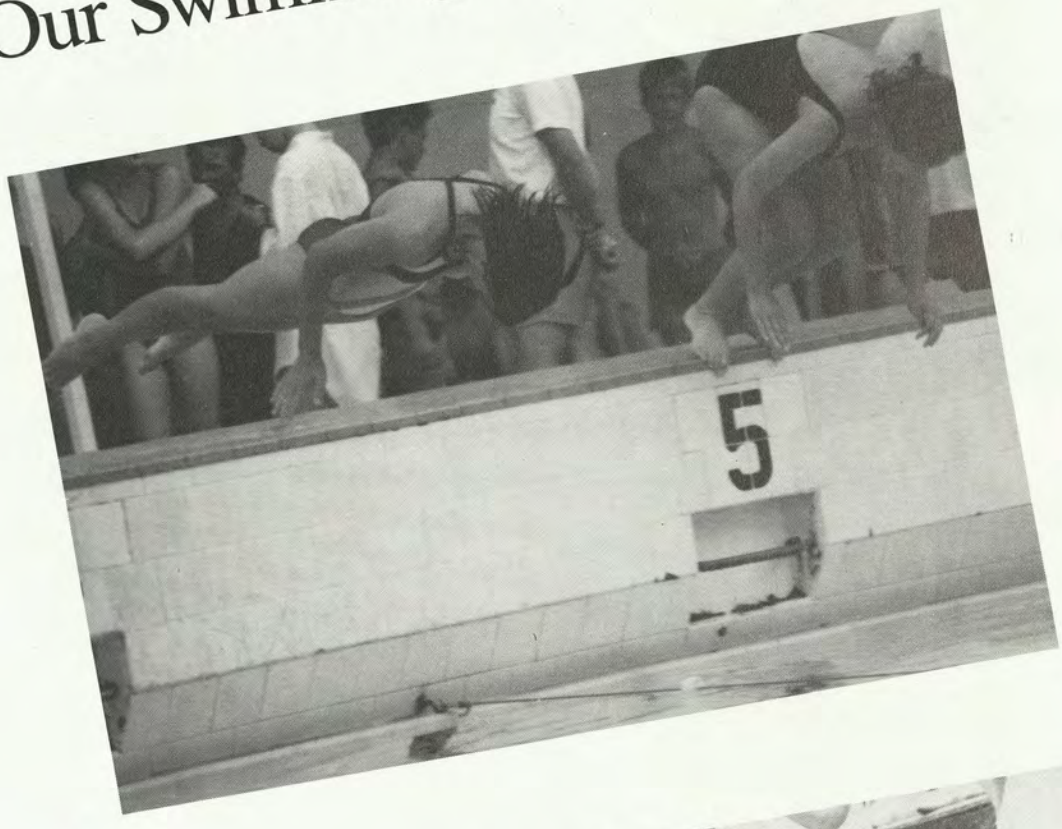
The Volleyball team coached by Mr Jurd made it through to the quarter-finals at the State comp.

The Cricketers coached by Mr S. Baker went one better and made it to the semi-finals and the Rugby players coached by Mr Docking went through to the quarter-finals of their respective competition.

All in all an outstanding achievement. Reaching those stages of competition, indicates that team members and coaches have been united and dedicated to a single cause. Excellence in physical activity requires just as much dedication, training, and study as academic success. I congratulate all the participating members and know that you will look back on your experience with a pride that you will carry for as long as you consider yourselves a Fortian.

Mr A. Wilson

Our Swimming Carnival



Success In Sport

The following students excelled in Sport during 1986:

MARY FIEN – 1st Zone Cross Country, 14 yrs.
1st Regional C.C.
1st All Schools C.C.
2nd C.H.S. Cross Country
C.H.S. Team for Australian C.C. Championship.

MARK SCOTT – selected in C.H.S. Rugby Team.

MERYL GERIBO – N.S.W. U/15 State Women's Soccer Team.

PENNY KOTHE – Met. East Region Soccer Rep.

NELSON HA
DAMON KEEN
SUN HEE CHO
KYLIE GOULDING
KRISTEN DAGLISH
} Rep. Met. East Region in C.H.S. Volleyball Championships

CRAIG ASPINALL – Met. East Region Basketball Rep.

KRISTEN DAGLISH – N.S.W. U/15 Volleyball Team.

TIM HORNIBROOK – N.S.W. U/17 Volleyball Team.

BELINDA GIBSON
LACHLAN HALL
Rep Fort Street at C.H.S. Swimming Carnival.

KELL TREMAYNE – 3rd C.H.S. Diving.

Congratulations!

The Richmond River Exchange

During the last 3 days of second term in 1985, 28 Fortians left Sydney to travel 500 miles to Lismore to participate in Soccer, Netball and Debating matches against Richmond River High.

The trip was also to provide the students with a look at "country life". This aspect was perhaps the most rewarding as most of the students were billeted on farms and participated in activities ranging from tractor driving to calf feeding and cow milking. The students were able to encompass the beauty of the far north coast hinterland by way of a day trip to look through places such as Balina, Lennox Head, Byron Bay and inland to the Richmond Ranges where they picnicked at "Minyon Falls".

Sportswise the students played two games of Soccer, two of Netball, and participated in two debates with the outcome that Fort Street won both the Soccer matches, Richmond River both the Netball and the Debating result was "one all".

The students learnt a great deal about country life, many of them repeated the trip in holiday times and some students still write to people with whom they were billeted.

This year the Exchange continued with Richmond River bringing 9 students to Sydney. These students make up Soccer, Netball, Softball, Basketball, Debating and Choral groups. They were engaged in the above activities and all involved had a wonderful time. A day in the city was organised with a harbour cruise, a "Rocks" discovery tour and a visit to the Centrepoint Tower. The guests also went to the "History Ball".

The Richmond River students had a chance to see the city, the geographical and physical situation of our school and provide comparisons between their situation and ours.

I would like to thank those of you who took billets, as without you, the visit would not have been possible. I leave you with the thought that this visit and future return visits provide unique educational experiences for those of you who are lucky enough to participate.

Mr A. Wilson

Keen Sports People

4

永福高等学校 EIFUKU HIGH SCHOOL

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL

フォートストリートハイスクール

Our Sister School – "Eifuku"

Among the notable events of this year was the establishment of a sister-school relationship between Fort Street High and Eifuku Metropolitan High School, a government-run senior high school in Tokyo, Japan. Our new relationship with Japan was the result of discussions between Mr N.K. Wran, (former Premier of New South Wales and a Fortian) and the Governor of Tokyo, Mr Suzuki. Eifuku High School is a relatively new school, built about eight years ago. It lies in one of the nicer residential areas of Tokyo close to public parks and several Buddhist temples.

Eifuki is, as stated, a senior high school. In Japan senior and junior high schools are separate establishments. As is the case in Australia, secondary education lasts for six years. In Japan, however, students attend junior high school school for three years rather than four and then progress to another three years of senior high school. The Japanese school year begins in April and ends in March. A student beginning senior high school is known as KOKO ICHI NEN SEI, that is, a year one high school student. Similarly, a student in the final year (corresponding to our Year 12) is called a KOKO SANNENSEI or year three high school student.

The current Principal of Eifuku High School is Mr Tetsuo Hamamoto, with whom our Principal, Mrs Preece, has already had several exchanges of ideas and information by letter and telephone. Eifuku High School has a well-organised curriculum, which includes a large number of after-school club activities. There is a wide range of sporting and physical education activities such as basketball, volleyball, softball, badminton, tennis, soccer, swimming, table tennis, baseball, gymnastics and Kendo swordsmanship. Cultural clubs cover activities such as drama, choir, brass band, movies, short-wave radio, photography, science, art, literature, English-speaking, folk singing, shogi (Japanese chess) and tea ceremony.

Among the school's yearly events are excursions to historical places like the ancient city of Kyoto (no lack of historical sites in Japan!), athletics meetings and cultural festivals open to the public, featuring art works, exhibits and activities produced by the various clubs. The cultural festivals are somewhat like a school fete, but are designed primarily to promote the activities available as part of school life. The motto of Eifuku High School can be translated as "independence, self-development and mutual respect".

As the first step in developing our sister-school relationship, Eifuku High School sent us a selection of art works by some of its students. These works of impressive quality are currently on display in the school foyer. At the time of writing, our own art students are preparing art works under the guidance of Miss Smith, destined for display at Eifuku. Students and staff at Eifuku are preparing a special "Fort Street corner" devoted to displaying photographs and other material related to Fort Street.

On Friday, 8th August, Fort Street High received a visit from a high-ranking Japanese delegation, which included Mr TADASHI MINAKAMI, the Director-General of the Education Bureau, Mr YASU FUJIMOTO and Mr YUKIO YAMAMOTO, both of whom are involved with physical education. There was an animated exchange of information and views between Mrs Preece and the delegation members. A number of Fort Street students participated in welcoming Mr MINAKAMI and his party. Those present were Elizabeth BRAY, Kerry SANDERSON, Sandy JEUNG, Matthew ANDREWS and Danny BROE of Year Eleven and Mika CHALKER, Susan CHIK and Scott ROGERS of Year Ten. Danny BROE distinguished himself under close questioning by the Director-General.

In November, Fort Street is expecting a visit from a group of students from Eifuku High School and will hopefully be able to send a delegation of its own to Japan in the near future. The sister-school arrangement has just begun and, with energy and enthusiasm on both sides, should develop into a fruitful and lasting relationship. Possible activities involving our schools might include teacher exchanges, student exchanges and the exchange of videos, photographs, slides and pen-friend letters on a regular basis. It is stressed that the relationship between Eifuku High School and Fort Street is not just a link between a Japanese school and our school's Japanese department, but involves Fort Street as a whole. Workable ideas and suggestions from all our students aimed at deepening our contacts with Eifuku High School are most welcome.

(Note the pronunciation of 'Eifuku'. The 'Ei' is pronounced like the 'EY' of 'HEY'. 'FUKU' is pronounced 'FOO KOO'.)

Mr S. Yalichev

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Shanel Cameron, Narelle Brown, Gaylena Bombara, Nicole Chisholm, Sofia Costa, Melinda Benjamin, Jessica Black.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Anthony Buono, Anne Colquhoun, Rosemary Chopra, Lucy Booker, Toscha Blenkinsop, Rebecca Fairall, Amy Chalker, Cameron Booth.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Kristian Brockmann, Jeremy Ambler, Steel Addison, Jennifer Burge-Lopez, George Bountopoulos, Phoebe Black, Theo Athanasopoulos, Leon Bowles.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Arn Bernie, Anthony Boukouvala, Catherine Burnheim, Zoe Allebone, Tony Chow, Lyndon Arthurson, Christopher Austen.*
Year 8 F

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Janis Fodera, Patricia Barraclough, Phoebe Cooke, Miriam Corris, Rachel Gabiola, Rebecca Davidson, Natasha Fiodoroff.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Murat Dizdar, Gabriel Dilworth, Willow Davoren, Elizabeth Crowther, Rebecca Donnison, Deborah Gaskell, Gerald Gallagher, Dennis Cohen.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Rory Delaney, Salvatore Esposito, Anna Czarnoska, Sarah Forsyth, Christine Giese, Jennifer Gerrie, Damon Cook, Jesse Fink.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Stephen Francis, Nathan Colville, Robin Darnley, John Doyle, Paul DeBoos.*
Year 8 0

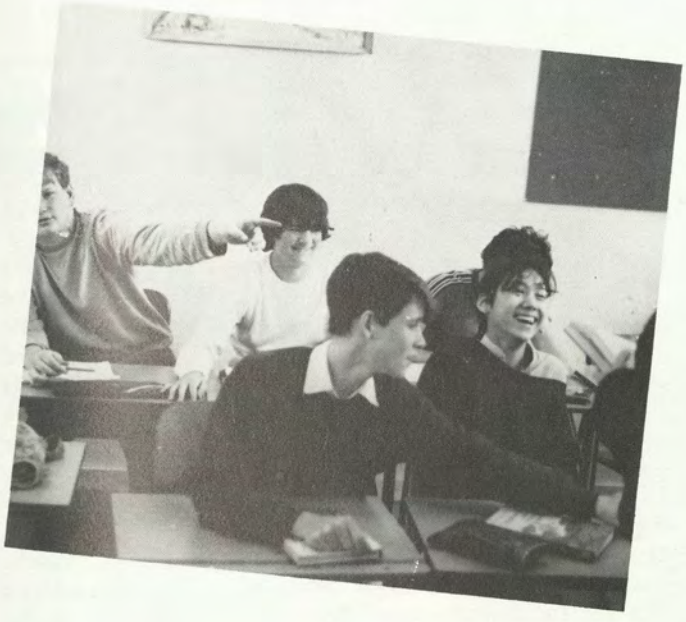
FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Leesa Hay, Belinda Gibson, Sukanta Haran, Sara Thi Ho, May Lee, Nina Lagzdins, Caroline Haswell.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Sae Yoon Kwon, Jin Man Kim, Arthur Houllis, Hun Kim, Tristan Imber, Elliot Hyde, Brett Holland, Sara Deling.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) David Hughes, Bethel Holley, Jasmine Guffond, Janine Grattan, Judy Hsien, Kristen Klimpsch, Kristina Lacis, Paul Hurst.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Hung Huynh, Pauline Claque, Melanie Ingram, Natalie Govorko, Medina Halavac, Robin Heron.*
Year 8 R

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Genevieve Magarey, Raelene Matejka, Eva Lacek, Nicola Logan, Georgina Mousouleas, Bernadetta No, Jamee Newland.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Mark Mains, Charles Lake, Sanjay Lal, Tristan Norwell, Carlos Martin, Jeffrey No, Patrick Lesslie, Joe Kang.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Garfield Lee, Van Le Nguyen, Ngoc Hoa Luong, Kate James, Kim Johnson, Genevieve Broomham, Alan Leung, Inanch Mehmet.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Dejan Nikolic, Denis Khanh, Santiago Llavero, Con Moustakis, Nicholas Marsh.*
Year 8 T

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Melinda Parsons, Sarah Presland, Karina Pratt, Adrienne Patrick, Glenda Park, Bronwen Stevenson, Stephanie Seers.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Nickolaos Pantelis, John Power, Daniel Shipp, Stuart Miller, Kirk Purchase, Dalley Robinson, Andrew Bovard, Tu Tin Quach, Turvey To.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Rory Smith, Emily Oates, Kyla Slaven, Wendy Yen, Tresna Stiles, Gia Nghi Phung, Navesh Perumal.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Justin Playford, Alex Salouras, Olga Rounis, Benjamin Quinn, Morgan Pollard.*
Year 8 I

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Linda Steadman, Rosalba Volpe, Nicole Van Barneveld, Rachel Wilson, Jessamy Walker, Catrina Tamburini, My Hang Trinh.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Kell Tremayne, Robertus Van Den Braak, Matthew Tziotis, Olivia Wesley-Smith, Nancy Stosic, Jacqueline Truong, Paul Stathakis, Josua Stubbs.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Nicholas Towns, Eugene Whitlock, Daniela Terruso, Caitilyn Wignell, Kirsten Tranter, Nazmi Ressas, Richard Tan.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Matthew Vagulans, Leonard Wright, Andrew Thompson, Ben Symonds, Simon Walsh.*
Year 8 A

In Class



Body Language

"BODY LANGUAGE" ..... not just another Fashion Parade!!

The Metropolitan East Fashion Parade was just one of those events you shouldn't have missed. The theme was "Body Language". The name speaks for itself (ha! ha!). The production which was held at Burwood Girls' High Auditorium, was a great success.

Fort Street played a major role in its organisation. Miss Foster co-ordinated the production, Miss Palmer choreographed the dance sequence opening each section (the dancers were hand picked from the ranks of you guessed it .... Fort Street "girlies") and Mrs Bee worked with the pupils who actually designed the costumes. Sofia Gibson in true "Sofia" style played compere for both evenings, TUESDAY, July 1, and WEDNESDAY, July 2. On the first night she was great; on the second night she metamorphosized into a slinky sequined top, let down her hair and was brilliant!

The actual production consisted of works by students from * BURWOOD GIRLS' * CONCORD * FORT STREET * PETERSHAM GIRLS' * STRATHFIELD GIRLS' and STH STRATHFIELD HIGH SCHOOLS, who spoke to us through imaginative and creative colour, design .... texture. There were four different sections of the parade * Intimate Body * Leisure Body * Working Body and * Elegant Body.Each exciting as the other.

The uncountable highlights included the appearance of three of our own Fort Street "lads" NICHOLAS COPPING, CON PANTAZES and BRENDAN RADFORD. Then of course there were Shani Galleghan and Dianne Cridland who stunned the audience in their 'intimate' gear. Sophie Dowling and Janine boogied down the catwalk in the black and white sugar-bead 'numbers', Vivien Sung definitely has a way with her shoulders ..... they're dynamite! Devi looked just like SADE .... Cassie McCulloch stunned observers when she shimmered down the catwalk in her black velvet cape with moons, stars and planets scattered carefully over it, her bright purple turban and gold spangled eyelids entertained Mrs Preece and many other onlookers.

Tatiana Ermoll, Year 10

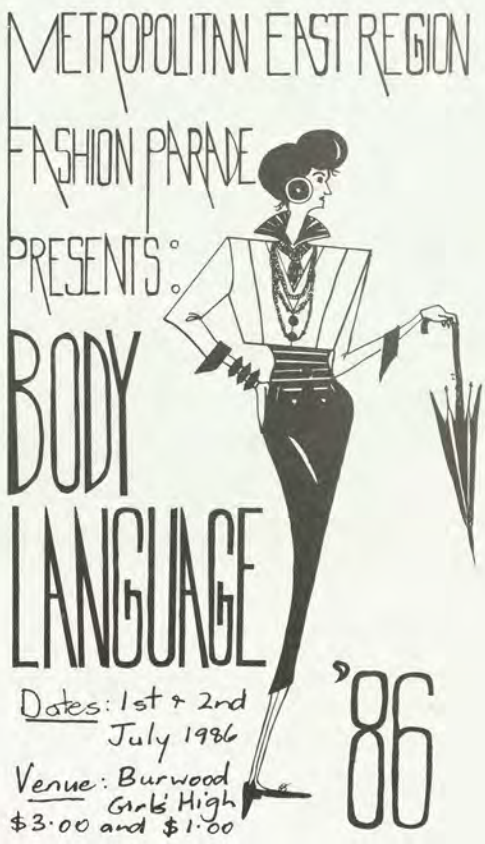
The Creative Body

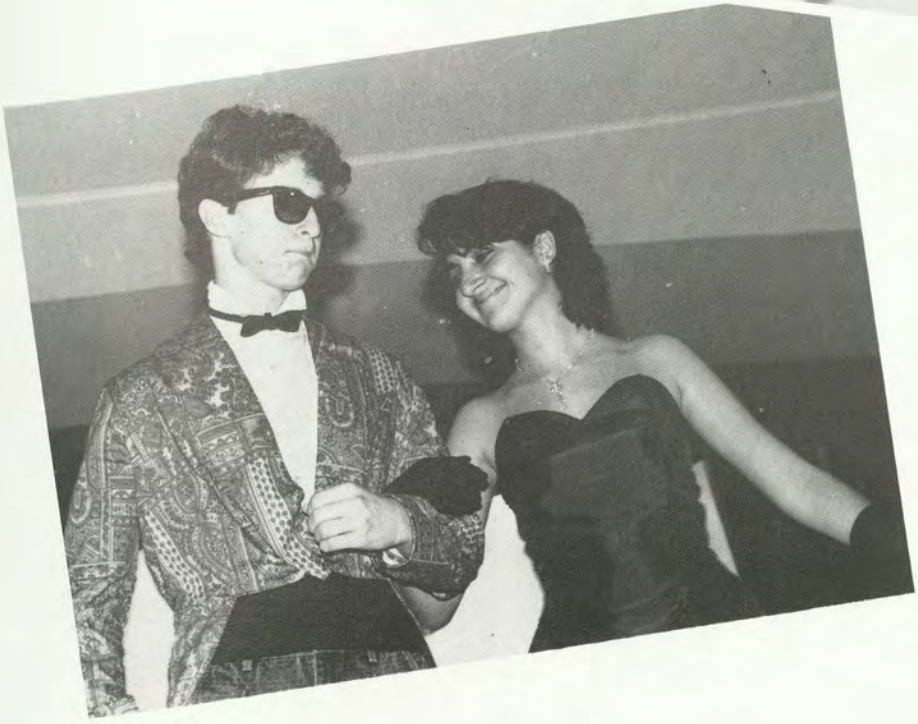
The "Creative Body" was a culmination of efforts drawing together the creative talents of the ART, MUSIC, INDUSTRIAL ARTS and TEXTILES departments. The school hall was decorated with paintings, screenprints and drawings and on display were ceramics, sculptures, Industrial Arts' practical work (display cases, electronic devices etc.). The hall was metamorphosized!!

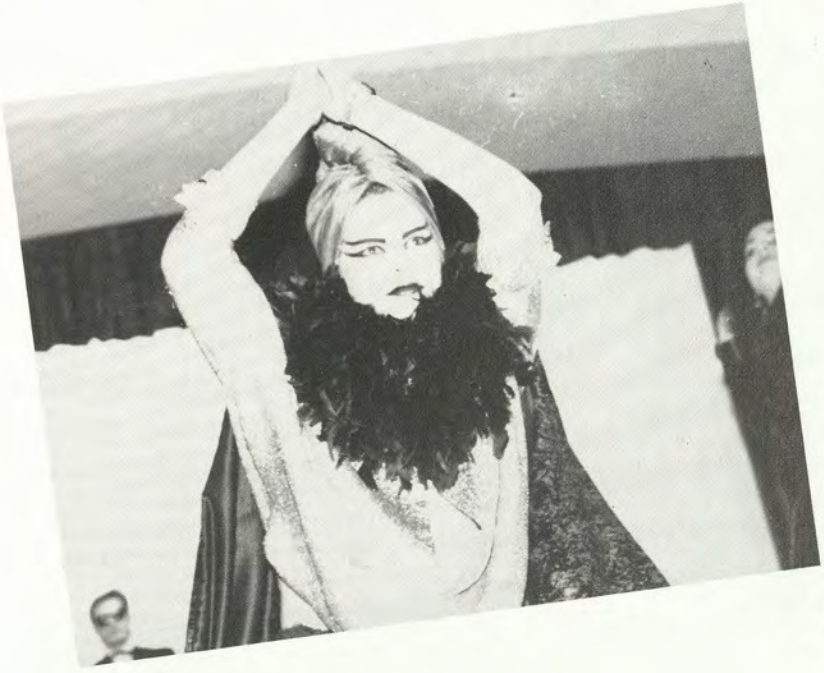
The evening was hosted by the one and only – Sofia Gibson of Year 12. The program began with a variety of acts from the Music department. One highlight was the school choir's rendition of REQUIEM!! During interval a group of students better known as the "LIVING SCULPTURE" circulated among the audience as they took refreshments and contemplated the genius of the displays! The LIVING SCULPTURE was inspired by Picasso, and their faces reflected this influence.

The second half of the evening was the fabulous FASHION PARADE. Each section – "Leisure", "Working", "Elegant" and "Outrageous Body" was opened by a dance. Incidentally they had previous experience in the REGIONAL EAST Fashion Parades earlier in the month. "Outrageous Body" was the creation of the ART department, who created outfits from any materials they could find. Most people got their materials from "Reverse Garbage" who specialize in plastics and other fabrics and wares returned from factories. The outfits were truly magnificent, made of plastics, aluminium foil, feathers and many other things.

Tatiana Ermoll, Year 10







Staff Development

During 1986 Mrs Preece organized a variety of meetings for the Staff, titled "Staff Development". At one meeting Mr Fenton Sharpe (an ex-Fortian) spoke to the staff. He is the Assistant Director of Education. He discussed aspects of current educational practices, especially the Senior Assessment policy.

At another meeting, the Staff looked at "Discipline" and the problems related to this concept at Fort Street. The Staff "workshopped" at this meeting simulating typical problem situations.

Another interesting meeting concerned the formation of a "Non-Sexist Policy" at Fort Street. This proved very informative. Printed below is a "Quick Quiz" presented to the staff.

Hopefully, many members of staff will benefit from such meetings and ultimately our students will gain much from these gatherings.

page 29

Quick Quiz

TRUE OR FALSE CIRCLE YOUR ANSWER

1. Marriages in Australia breakdown at the rate of 1 in 10. T F
2. The proportion of mothers with children under 12 who have a job is 1 in 3. T F
3. Of mature-age married women, 1 in 5 hold a job. T F
4. Nearly all women in Australia marry. T F
5. Primary school programs have no long-term effects on the education and employment options of girls and boys. T F
6. Boys have fewer post-school qualifications. T F
7. Parents are less likely to encourage substantial further education for girls than boys. T F
8. Women are now well represented in all faculties in tertiary institutions. T F
9. Unemployment affects a greater percentage of women than men. T F
10. Limited or non-participation in Maths and Science reduces career options by up to ...?
    20% 40% 60% 80%
11. What percentage of the female workforce is married?
    33% 48% 66% 78%
12. Women make up what percentage of part-time workers?
    25% 33% 60% 78%
13. 50% men in paid employment are found in how many occupations?
    9 20 36 41
14. 50% women in paid employment are found in how many occupations?
    9 20 36 41
15. Hairdressing and carpentry are considered equivalent jobs. Are the pay rates equal?
    YES NO
16. What % of men's average weekly earnings do women currently earn?
    97% 85% 74% 67%

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. F (1 in 3)
2. T
3. F (1 in 2)
4. T
5. F
6. F
7. T
8. F
9. T
10. 80%
11. 66%
12. 78%
13. 41
14. 9
15. NO
16. 67%

The Staff of 1986

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Mr. A. Suthers, Mrs B. Jago, Mr T. Glebe, Mr J. Buckingham, Mr P. Goodacre (Deputy Principal), Mrs C. Preece (Principal), Mr W. Bray, Mr E. Garan, Mr R. Riches.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Mrs M. Stamoulos, Miss K. Smith, Miss L. Gallaher, Miss M. Ireland, Miss M. Lawlor, Mrs S. Stark, Miss R. Moxham, Mrs J. Levi, Miss A. Draper, Miss M. Johanson, Miss M. Young, Miss J. Levi.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Mrs L. Fox, Mrs A. Kelly, Miss F. Buckland, Miss A. Verne, Mr G. Osland, Mr R. Luntungan, Mr J. Bates, Mr H. Jones, Mr M. Docking, Mr P. Riechhart, Mrs J. Newell, Mrs L. Pendleton, Mrs J. Wright.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Mrs M. Watts, Mrs S. Allen, Mr B. Fraser, Mrs M. Gamble, Mrs S. Spry, Mr V. Pavlovic, Mr A. Ferris, Mr C. Moynham, Mr S. Yalichev, Mr M. Browne, Miss P. Bresnahan, Mrs L. Trevini, Mr A. Wilson, Mr M. Celic.*
FIFTH ROW: *Mr D. Woods, Mrs M. Brewster, Mr T. Jurd, Mr P. Bartier, Mr J. Wilkinson, Mr P. Apsotolopoulos, Miss P. Davis, Mrs S. Honeywill, Miss L. Foster, Mrs I. Nicholson, Mrs L. Beevers.*
SIXTH ROW: *(L to R) Miss D. DeVreeze, Mr K. Duce, Mr P. Fischer, Mr A. Crawford, Mr R. Baker, Mr P. Canty, Mr W. Griffith, Mrs M. Bee, Mrs J. Palmer, Mrs M. Hosking, Mr R. Morgan.*
SEVENTH ROW: *(L to R) Mr S. Murphy, Mr S. Scheding, Mr T. Rose, Mr R. Hayes, Mrs S. Frith, Miss V. Chiplin, Mrs B. Crawford, Mr M. Uricher.*

Literature

"Sea of Passion
Another 'Tameflame' Romance

Chapter One

Miss Charity Flinders and her chaperone were travelling across the Mediterranean. Charity sighed, gazing wistfully across the bejewelled waters, wondering why did it have to be her?

So far the trip had been dull and unexciting, she thought, and voiced her opinion to her chaperone. "Oh, I don't know dear," she replied. "What with those awful pirates plaguing the seven seas I think we've been quite lucky really."

"Oh, I suppose so", Charity agreed. But suddenly her gaze was caught by the clean flowing lines of a beauteous yet awesome ship on the horizon. It had full white sails that billowed freely in the gentle breeze. Its bow was pointed their way.

It was not until the mysterious ship grew closer that people on board began to realise that this paragon of beauty was in fact an instrument of evil.

They noticed with horror a black flag with skull and crossbones emblazoned upon it at the top of the mast.

Chapter Two

Before anyone could act, twenty burly pirates stormed the ship and stole everybody's money. As the last ones were preparing to jump back onto their ship, a turbanned, dark man emerged from the pirate ship's hatch. A voice rose. "Make way for the Sultan of Aiyakabba!!"

The Sultan thus stood on the deck and scanned the group of frightened people huddled together on the other ship, his face impassive.

After a few moments, he spoke. "Her" he announced pointing directly towards Charity. He had been captured by the fire in her green eyes and the sen-suous tilt to her mouth.

Charity barely had time to scream before two of the Sultan's men had leapt aboard her ship and slung her over their shoulders like a sack of potatoes.

They deposited her roughly on the deck, in front of the Sultan's jewelled, beribboned slippers. "This is to be my new plaything" he announced, waving in her direction disdainfully.

"But ..." she began, but was never to continue her protest. Suddenly she was distracted by the sight of the most overwhelmingly virile man she had ever seen. He stood watching her from the other side of the deck. Suddenly their eyes met. In a second that seemed to last not one, but two lifetimes – the earth shattered around them, their minds were filled with overwhelming love and desire and they knew that they were destined for each other. 'I was made for you, and you were made for me' their eyes said.

However the Sultan interrupted their silent communion. "You may continue" he informed the man who now inhabited her entire heart, mind, body and soul.

She drew in her breath sharply as the true meaning of this order dawned upon her. HE was in league with he. captor!

She finally realised the predicament she was in when the Sultan took her down into his magnificently decorated and heavily perfumed bedroom suite.

Chapter Three

Charity's bewildered eyes took in the sumptuous elegance of the Sultan's cabin. A fear was beginning to dawn upon her. Everywhere she looked there was evidence of the Sultan's power.

"W...what are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"You have the honour," he replied "of being chosen for my harem."

Charity was at once shocked, astounded and horrified. In a blind panic she ran for the door, but before she could reach it, it was flung open by the magnificent hunk of manhood.

They gazed longingly into each others eyes for another sweet second.

It was the Sultan who finally spoke. "What are you doing in here, captain?" he questioned angrily.

Our hero dragged his eyes away from Charity's beauteous features. "Your most gracious highness" he said "I was wondering what you wanted me to do with those two harem women."

"Throw them to the sharks" the Sultan replied. "I have no patience with them."

Charity gasped. The man whose clutches she had been unwillingly thrown into was obviously an unscrupulous heartless demon!!

"Very good, sir." the captain replied. He turned, and much to Charity's dismayed disappointment, he walked quickly from the room.

The Sultan clicked his fingers, and in walked two small slave-boys carrying trays of steaming food.

"Are you hungry, my dear?" he questioned. Charity nodded dismally. One of the slave boys set a tray down in front of her. She sank slowly into the soft cushions on the floor.

Chapter Four

About five minutes after eating, Charity began to feel drowsy. She did not know how it happened, but suddenly the Sultan had her in his grasp and was kissing her violently. She struggled, but it did her no good. Her head was heavy and she began to have an insane urge to kiss him back. Her mind recoiled from the way her body was behaving.

***

The captain stood outside the Sultan's cabin, quietly listening to what was going on inside. His blue eyes darkened with frustration and desire. He had thought he could contain himself, but the sounds of that man about to .... it was too much for him to bear. Flexing his broad shoulders and preparing his muscular chest for battle, he burst into the Sultan's suite.

"Take your hands off that woman, you swine!" he commanded.

Charity turned around, half fainting with the desire that had been induced in her.

"What did you say?" demanded the Sultan, surprised.

"You heard!" he replied. "Sultan, I challenge you to a duel."

"Guards!!" yelled the Sultan.

Immediately three heavily armed men appeared from behind the drapery. Charity gasped. Now there were five

men to concentrate on, but there was one who would always command her attention.

The captain, unperturbed, drew his sword. His muscles rippled under his tight shirt. "Come on then" he challenged. "I'm ready for you!!"

The three men leapt towards him. For a few moments the air was thick with the sounds of their fighting. Charity watched in horrified and frightened fascination.

At the end of the battle, three men lay dead on the floor. The captain stood up. His only wound was a cut along his cheek.

With a set expression on his face, he walked slowly towards the now trembling Sultan, and knocked him flat with one fell blow.

Only then did he go to the shaking Charity. He picked her up in his arms and carried her to his cabin.

Chapter Five

Once inside she asked "But who are you?"

"My name" he told her, his voice so overflowing with masculinity that it made her heart thum. "is Alain Gerard Pierre Jacques Maurice Jean Etienne D'Antongualla."

"And I ..." she began, "am ..."

"Miss Charity Flinders" he finished. "The woman with the most lustrous black hair, beautiful sea-green eyes and the most sensuous, generous mouth ..." he whispered, as he bent his head to hers.

Their lips met, in the sort of heart-melting, soul-burning, mind-numbing kiss she had always dreamed of. Their souls fused together in ecstasy.

Suddenly their private heaven was interrupted. The ship lurched unevenly and Alain cried out "My ship! Darling, I must leave you! But I shall return soon." With these words he hurriedly rushed onto the deck.

Charity lay back, thinking of how wonderful his kisses were. She remembered the Sultan's embrace, then realised with a shock that he was still alive. Taking her beloved's knife she crept stealthily down the stairs to the Sultan's cabin. He was still unconscious. Taking the knife she plunged it into his breast. She was just turning to leave the room when Alain came in. He quickly realised what she had done.

"Now, my darling, you will have to join me in piracy" he informed her, smiling. "Together we shall live a life of eternal freedom and happiness."

She put her arms around his neck, clinging to him as if she was drowning. "Oh yes, Darling, as long as we are together, not a thing in the world can ever harm us."

They stood content, side by side, knowing that before them was a life of endless ecstasy.

The ship sailed off into a rich red sunset.

Philippa Stevens and Jessica McGowan, Year 10

Overnight I turned into a Seed

There was a day many years ago, when I was in the form of a young man who had come with a team of conservationists to try to prevent the destruction of a great forest, which lay beyond a raging river. Many people had been killed by the river when trying to get across. But if they did get across they would experience the most wonderful, the most beautiful forest of them all. The forest had a magical feeling about it. The animals would come up to you as if you were one of them. Yet it seemed as if they were welcoming you to the forest and something else which I could not work out.

We walked for many hours through the magical place, until we came to a clearing with a creek running alongside. The sun was sinking over the horizon, so we set up camp.

Wood and water were collected by two of the team, the remaining people and I pitched tents and unbundled the food. The sun was setting quickly, so a fire was lit. In the breeze you could hear whispering cries of "no, don't, no don't, no". When the first log was caught alight there was a violent scream. All of the team jumped and a stream of light shot up in the air, and all of a sudden it started to pour down with rain. There was thunder and lightning and buckets of rain came down every second. Then as quickly as it had started it stopped. That was when I made my big mistake. I looked out, the whole area was covered in mist, mist as thick as snow. I was drawn out into the mist, the mist opened up and a beam of light shot down from the heavens and struck me. I fell to the ground, unconscious.

I awoke in the morning only to find that overnight I had turned into a seed. It seemed that the flash of light had caused me to shrink and transform into a seed. Suddenly there was a tremble in the earth, and only too late I discovered that the beam of light had left a pit into which I fell. The tremble as well as causing me to fall into the pit, also caused earth to cover me for at least two days in which nothing happened. On the third day a trickle of water touched me. On that same day, an amazing thing happened. As if by magic, I started to grow. First the roots, then later I sprouted out of the ground. It was as if I was being reborn.

But that was two thousand years ago, since then I have been "home" for many animals. I have also grown strong and have survived many a drought, storm and fire. Where other trees have weakened I have gained strength. But now I am threatened by lumberjacks and loggers. For years, the forest's magic has kept them out. Every time they tried to cross the river by boat, the river would overturn them and they would drown or get washed away. I was not very happy about the course of action taken, but realised in the end that it had to be done to ensure my own survival.

Then the lumberjacks and loggers tried to dam the river. But the river raged and broke it down. They built another dam but still the river broke it down. They built another and another and another, until they built a dam so strong and the river being so weak the lumberjacks got across.

Even though the river had lost, the forest kept on fighting. Every time the lumberjacks started to cut down the trees, the forest would cause a storm. It would pelt down with rain and there would be mud slides and the machinery would fall down into the river and be lost forever, but the forest was very careful not to hurt the trees. This happened many times, until the lumberjacks attached themselves to the trees and then cut them down. The machinery was not brought in until many of the trees were cut down. This made the forest's power weaken, so weak it could not fight them.

Every day I hear the machinery getting closer and closer. The cries of the trees are getting louder and louder. In my dying days I realise why the forest and the river lost. It was because I had been watching and I had not used my power to stop them as a true conservationist would have done.

I did as most people would have done, sat around and watched. There is no use getting angry. I'm in my dying days and there's probably a lumberjack coming through the bush now and is going to cut me UURRRPPP .....

Fergus Cumming, Year 7

Red Faced

Raphael, a brilliant orator and marvellous pianist decided to 'drop around' on Tuesday evening. What a laugh! such finesse, such grace and yet radiating an incessant confidence. This perhaps does not seem peculiar in itself, however . . . Raphael was a beetroot, crimson waratah colour.

"Darling, enter monsieur," I announced as he 'rolled' up to the door. "Put on weight see . . . at last!" (giggle giggle).

"Why yes Coralie", he replied. With that omnipotent smile of zealous frivolity he forced his way into the house and to the dining area. There we were both greeted by the other guests. Suzie and Patrick rushed from their places to greet Raphael.

"Darling," lulled Suzie.

"Raphael my friend, welcome," snarled Patrick. I've come to believe that Patrick's eager dash to greet Raphael was to tag Suzie (by this time she was dripping with gooey-eyed smiles . . . she even offered to take his coat – what an embarrassment.

"Tone it down friends, I think the soup is on its way", I suggested. Oh, to see swooning women is my perpetual great fated task! I succeeded before the first course.

There we were, Suzie and Patrick, Francoise and Genevieve, myself and Thomas and of course Raphael. It was all so civilized until the conversation started.

"Francoise, I believe your new book is selling divinely" commented Thomas.

"Why yes, Tom. There's a large market for special Catholic dating manuals."

Everyone smiled, but somehow there was an uneasy edge.

"Patrick dear, ask Raphael how his tour of Europe went" Suzie urged. "Raphael my friend, how *was* your concert?"

We all looked attentively towards Raphael. "Fine thank you", he hurriedly confessed. There was a moment's silence until Genevieve whispered breathlessly, "Oh do tell."

We all sat still for a moment not wanting to concentrate our attention on Raphael's face (so bright and glowing the candles appeared infinitessimal).

"Well, actually the concert was not so wonderful", Raphael started. His voice was high and slightly affected. He compelled a cough to create an environment of poignant pathos . . . "the audience . . . was less than receptive."

"Oh?" howled Patrick, "whatever for?"

"It seemed they were preoccupied with my face." Raphael was sincere and regretful.

Suzie, being ever so courteous and trying desperately to be convincing asked: "Why?"

Upon this obvious utterance of. . . ineffable stupidity, Thomas interjected with chit-chat about the meal, Genevieve's hairstyle, the weather and Francoise's book. However this attempt was futile and finally Raphael courageously articulated a reply.

"Friends, your polite attempts to spare me from embarrassment have been most kind . . . I believe you are all quite considerate. However, it is most decent, and not one of you has questioned me about the colour of my face. Not even the odd joke about rosy hues or vegemite enrichment . . . no word of times gone by with the moselle flushing our faces to growing red bulbs. Well, I am in all honesty, more than hurt . . ."

"But we didn't want to make any puns or jokes in case you felt embarrassed," interjected Suzie with a voice resonating with sympathy.

Ignoring this, Raphael continued . . . "In fact I feel quite ashamed . . ."

"You needn't be in front of your friends."

". . . about you all! You pervertedly incurious creatures of bourgeois refinement. How utterly blind! It took me three weeks in the Mediterranean coast to work up such hue . . . I'm damned proud of this cherry face!"

With a triumphant beam he mesmerised the guests. I, in my, well, direct and baffled way said, "But Raphael you look like a beetroot, a *waratah* . . ." But before I had completed my observation I noticed as I looked around the table from the faces of my guests that he was no redder than each of them. A quick glance into my dessert spoon confirmed my fears . . . I, too, was red faced (and . . . more than a bit disgraced!)

Gina Kelly, Year 12

2,011 a Space Fantasy

Early in the year two-thousand and eleven the first of N.A.S.A.'s space colonies was sent into orbit two-million kilometres over the still unexplored planet of Pluto.

After a four and a half year voyage at twenty times the speed of light the six member crew started to awake from their Carbon Hibonation unit R2-D2, designed and built by N.A.S.A., who in conjunction with the U.S.S.R., made the trip a possibility. Little did the crew know the Libyan terrorists had planted a number of earth's most dealy explosives ever known, the brainy bomb Mark Four in the ship's massive hull. Although the ship was designed in the United States, it was imported from the German company Mercedes Benz, who in the 1980's were a leading dealer in motor vehicles, until they went out of fashion later that decade.

After the long flight the pilot and the navigator had many tasks to do to prepare for the exploration of Pluto, when they stumbled on the now decaying bombs and ordered everybody to evacuate the space station in the smaller shuttle. In a split second the red alert was signaled, the sirens were screeching and the corridors were lit by an eerie red light. Everyone boarded the shuttle and within seconds the ship was launched from the mothership into the darkness of space. It then started its long journey to Pluto's glowing red surface.

Kilometres before Pluto's surface the shuttle began to enter the planet's dense atmosphere and because of their fastly dropping altitude and the heat of re-entry, they couldn't open up the parachutes. Besides they couldn't stand the strain anyway.

Just before the planet's surface they fired the booster rockets to stop them from plunging to their death. All but one booster rocket failed to ignite. There was just enough power to slow them up until the parachutes could open. While landing on the planet, the ship sank into a pool of green slime. Two of the Russian scientists and one bodyguard went into the airlock in their space suits and unknowingly shot out of the shuttle like torpedoes into the wall of slime which engulfed and compressed them into little more than a matchbox.

Terrified that they would suffer the same fate, the remainder of the crew put the energisers into the booster rocket and headed for home.

Two-hundred years later

The remaining astronauts failed to wake. Anyway it wouldn't have mattered because Earth's surface was just a big radio-active ball from the 2009's Third World War.

The moral of this story is simple:
"THE ENERGISERS OUTLASTED EVERYONE".

Gerard Nicol, Year 9

Mummy's Little Girl

It was dark. As I inched along the wall I could hear my footsteps echoing, clomp clomp – clomp, clomp – clomp, clomp . . . then SUDDENLY . . . clomp, clomp, clomp, clomp – clomp, clomp, clomp, clomp . . . there were not only my footsteps. Two others had joined mine. Unless I just grew another two legs, which wasn't possible, I was being followed. I started walking faster but it was impossible to see anything in that dark alley so I went back to the wall. Then I could hear the other footsteps getting closer. I started running with my hand dragging along the wall. Luckily I had my gloves on, otherwise my hands would be worn down to nothing but that didn't stop me from running into garbage bins. I must have scared all the alley cats away.

I could hear the other person running and shouting after me but I couldn't quite understand what they were saying so I kept running and running. Who could it be? Who would run after me at 8.15pm shouting things at me? Could it be a mind reader who knew my plot for stealing a pack of SLIM DAZE from the local chemist? I don't steal as a practice, but who'd want to pay $10 for some tablet that's supposed to get you slim. Anyway the pharmacist wouldn't sell it to me because I was under age. He'd say I'm slim already.

I had it all worked out. I knew where the packets were kept. I knew how to get to them in a hurry. My plan was to ask the pharmacist for a pair of stockings in a size they didn't have so he would have to check for them out the back. Then while he was doing that, I would take the pack of Slim Daze, stuff it into my bag, pay for the stockings if he found them, and go. It was all so easy. Something was bound to go wrong. Maybe there'd be other people there. Maybe all sized stockings would be there. Maybe there'd be no Slim Daze left.

As these terrible thoughts whirled through my mind I heard the footsteps coming closer. I tried to run again, but I couldn't. I was weak and exhausted from running before so I slowed down to a jog. Gosh I hope this person isn't getting suspicious. Maybe they're running to catch something. I just don't know. What I do know is I'm scared. Scared of getting caught and scared of this person. I just hope they're not coming to the chemist's as well.

I was now about two blocks away from this mysterious follower and two shops away from the chemist. I cleared my throat, stopped panting, cleaned myself up and casually strolled in. As I did, I checked to see if the tablets were still there. They were. I swiftly moved over to the stockings and looked for a size that was missing. When I noticed that they didn't have any extra, extra, extra "huge" I asked him if he kept them out the back.

The pharmacist's reply was, 'You don't look extra, extra, extra huge, you look extra, extra, extra tiny.' I had to quickly think of a good "black" lie, so I said hurriedly, 'They're for my extra huge grandma and I'll miss my bus. Please hurry!'

Thank God for that, he was gone!

I quickly reached up for the tablets. My fingers touched the packet, when from the corner of my eye I saw an agitated figure come panting through the door. I froze. The person was yelling. My hand shot down to my side. I quickly turned my head away. My heart was pounding, my face red. Suddenly the voice was familiar.

"Beatrice, Beatrice. You forgot your ankle warmers. Mummy doesn't want you to catch a cold or get a cramp in class, now does she!"

Who else but my mother!

Genevieve Broomham, Year 8

Child's Psychology . . .

It was a very sunny Monday, warmer than was usual. There was a slight breeze that just managed to rustle the most lightly foliated trees. The occupants of the quiet street were either at work or just reading; the only noticeable noise was a car engine and a slight squeak of brakes as it came to a halt. The windows were wound up, so it was not until the door opened that a terrible wail shattered the peace and quiet of the street. It would not be possible for conventional weapons to beat the shrill, high-pitched wail that pierces the ears of the baby-sitter the first time a particular child stays with that person.

The mother did not think it strange that the doorbell did not need to be pressed for the owner to magically "pop out" – she was too busy putting into practice, on her son, the various holds she had seen police demonstrate on television the other night. The mother was worried, after she entered the house, that perhaps this was not such a great idea in the first place. Had the child been old enough, he would have said, "I told you so", but he wasn't – so he didn't.

The baby-sitter was, as you would expect, one of the all-knowing, "Pollyanna" variety and so was able to reassure the mother that her child would be fine and that there were many other children to play with. Thus convinced, but still hesitant, the mother made her way back to the car; this was all that was necessary for the child to double the volume of his protests, but the mother got that determined look that mothers get and started the engine, which she thought did start, but it was strange she couldn't actually hear the thing. Mrs Baker, the 'sitter' waved and the mother, lucky to be a lip-reader, could make out what she was yelling, as she pulled away from the kerb, her son pinned, by an experienced hand, still.

As if by instinct, the child, with the 'pleasantries' of the introductory first stay over with, and the mother duly worried by it, proceeded to enjoy himself immensely. Strangely, the mother couldn't help but be suspicious when the lad wailed at being taken home after the day ended.

John Niven, Year 11

"It's Just Not Cricket"

The dog ran from the room in terror. Perhaps it couldn't stand the excitement or maybe it was afraid of being trampled to death in the hysteria of Lillee-fanaticism.

Dad was on the edge of his seat, perched like a suicidal cricket fan ready to jump to his death into a sea of beer cans, potato crisps, and cigarette ash deposited on the floor.

"C'mon Denis, send these black buggers back to the jungle where they belong!", bellowed Aspro, a fanatic opposer to Apartheid, the night before at the pub.

"This is fantastic", screamed the television back at Aspro. "The W.A.C.A. is a real buzz. I've never seen so much excitement in one place ever before. Lillee is really firing in ripping into these Windies. Fantastic", the commentator emphasized.

I looked at Dad's and Aspro's eyes. There was evil in them. Could the West Indian supremacy in the world of cricket be dangerous to the "rule of the whites" and threaten "White Domination?" Could all these questions, including the meaning of life be answered by the next Lillee thunderbolt? Who knows?

"Lillee comes in, building up steam . . . " Richie seemed to be shaping up to something special from Australia's 'Great White Hope'.

"Lillee digs it in short. Ohh!! He's hit Lloyd in the ribs with a cracking blow. That must have hurt."

"Of course it bloody hurt. He's just hit the monkey with a cricket ball at a hundred bloody miles an hour!" screamed Father, to which they both agreed by laughing.

Someone I had admired ever since I have been able to scream "Kill the Poms", had now appeared to me in a different light. No longer did Denis seem to be fastest bowler, the great champion, the kicker of Pakistanis and the saviour of our souls, but something dangerous, something blocking the path to world unity, something we must fight against if there is to be world unity, something we must fight against if there is to be world peace. I could just see Denis over there in South Africa, bowling down rubber bullets and pelting those 'Black Bastards' with truncheons.

I realised then that Denis had just involuntarily become the enemy.

Dad's and Aspro's aspirations vanished as Richie screamed ". . . and Lloyd has bashed Lillee way out on to the hill for six. What a shot!" The world was safe. At least until the next ball anyway.

David Riley, Year 12

Emily

The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. The bell rang. Thus proceeded Emily's school day, in very much the same manner as the day before, except that the spaces between the bells were stuffed with a slightly different combination of blurry lessons, blurry teachers and blurry, yet neatly packaged ideas. Other less frequent spaces were filled with leering boys and nattering girls and a general atmosphere of boredom. But with the ringing of the final bell, Emily was released from the blurry rooms and corridors out into the hazy summer afternoon, along with a thousand and one other figures which spread out from the school in clumps of various sizes. Here and there a figure waved or smiled at Emily, in passing, but she had no time to waste engaging in futile pleasantries – she had a train to catch. Hefting her canvas schoolbag (which looked remarkably similar to a thousand and one other schoolbags adorning the afternoon haze) she set off towards the station.

The final bell went at ten minutes past three and the train came at a quarter past, so it was always a bit of a hurry for Emily. Often, she missed the train and would have to wait at the station for a stiflingly boring half-hour until the next train arrived. It wouldn't have been so boring for her, perhaps, if she had someone to talk to. But Emily was not popular and by her own admission, she

found the company and conversation of her peers so excrutiatingly mundane that she much preferred to wait alone. Not that it mattered this afternoon, of course, for she intended to make every effort to catch the first train. She had a particular reason to make sure she was there in time for the train this afternoon, for this afternoon was the one Emily had decided upon.

As she walked, the warm breeze swirling dust around her legs, she watched her schoolmates as they made their way to the station. Here and there, a teacher walked among them, sometimes the centre of a group, sometimes alone. Everyone seemed in a cheerful mood – talking, laughing – Emily watched with politely tempered condescension. The poor misguided fools – throwing their lives away making so much of their petty rebellions and naive philosophies. How amazingly stupid to imagine that they can make their lives worthwhile through jokes and laughter and arguments and shirking work. Emily herself was a model student – she realised what she had to do to make a meaningful contribution to society. She liked to think of herself as a sponge – soaking up, absorbing everything, and squeezing it out again at suitable moments. She did all her work – she worked quite hard indeed, and all her teachers found her more than satisfactory. No doubt, they had said, Emily would emerge a person sure to become a cornerstone of society – an important foundation upon which the wheels of progress would roll smoothly. Yes, they had said, Emily is *such* a good girl, she fits in *so* well.

And so Emily, her pride handsomely bolstered, continued in her conscientious studies, confident in the knowledge that invisible, yet powerful hands shaped her future for her. Not like these unfortunates she walked among now, with their smiles and their fun. Why, they won't fit at all, Emily thought, what an empty life they must have that they need to lubricate their every interaction with copious amounts of alcohol. They may look happy ...

Emily had arrived at the entrance to the station. Glancing at her watch, she hurriedly, but gracefully, climbed the stairs leading to the platform. On reaching the platform she felt, for the first time, a slight twang of apprehension, but she quickly controlled it with the thought that today was the day, and that she had chosen this afternoon to do her utmost to awaken the consciousness of those canvas-bagged figures surrounding her.

A whistle announced the train approaching in the distance. Emily, smiling at those standing around nearby, moved to the edge of the platform as the train drew nearer. When the front of the train was nearly level with her, she took another step and dropped lightly down to the track. There was, of course, no chance of the driver stopping the train in time.

The train ground to a halt and the doors opened with a hiss of compressed air. A thousand and one figures emerged to be replaced by another thousand and one waiting on the platform. The doors hissed shut and the train moved off again. None of the figures paid any particular attention to the beheaded figure on the track, lying in a widening pool of blood.

As the shadows of the afternoon lengthened, and the haze became a little murkier, several figures, dressed in white overalls, appeared. Chatting amiably amongst themselves, they walked over to where Emily's decapitated body lay. One of them took a sharp knife from his belt and with the skill gleaned from years of experience, neatly severed Emily's arms. He and another then lifted her body, and carried it to where a new section of track was being laid. Here, more figures were waiting, with steel rails and rivets and hammers and they watched as the two bearers laid Emily across the gravel, next to the other sleepers. They then laid the rails across her, and hammer the rivets through her body to keep the rails in place.

Richard Lennane, Year 12

"Light Fingers"

Sweat, crowded city, movement, people ebb and flow in a tide of humanity. I am searching wanting contact, needing contact. Movement. Easy getting contact. Disappear into the crowd. Feel yucky. Bus. Home Safety.

"Hello Dear, nice day at work?" voice, mother's voice.

"Yes, I am tired" terse voice, my own. Door, my door. Enter check lock. Wallet. Driver's licence, a doctor, credit cards, useless ... Wait, idiot, P.I.N. number, good, banks closed before contact $100, dry cleaner ticket, a Ball ticket. Tired, sleep.

– New day; day of Ball, plan forms. Go to dry cleaners, tuxedo, go to fitters, go to hairdressers. Night – go to Ball.

"Ticket, Sir" voice, doorman.

"Thank you sir, this way please." Polite. Perfect, penguins and ladies. Jewels, wallets, wanting contact, meet people, big haul. Ladies toilet, crowded, "powdering noses", walk by, wanting contact, getting contact. Easy, earrings, coke, tired, need a release, burning pain, numb, enter floor. Incredible. Dancing ladies, whirl, busy hands. Men, husbands, boyfriends, brothers, fathers, uncles, sons. Shake those hands, shake those hands, nothing they can do. Easy drunkards. Scratch my nose, scratch my hand, getting contact. Faces. Bewilderment. Exit. Darkness, night, cold.

"I NOW HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE" a voice, my voice, sinister.

Home, safety, wallets, jewellery, money information. Dangerous information. Coke, burn. People who are vulnerable, rich people. Read, digest information. Burn. A phone call, a meeting, a vulnerable woman. Burn. Money, car, lust. Burn. New phone call, vulnerable man. Burn, new car. Burn. New lusts. Burn. Easy BURN. Need contact, wanting contact. Burn. Need contact, wanting Burn, needing Burn, wanting contact shaking hands, scratch my nose, Burn, scratch my hand. No! Yes. Burn. Police. Court. Goal, Need to Burn. wanting contact, need to burn. Scratch my nose. Easy. Now. Cold fire, soft fire. Clouds ..... Now. Wanting contact, needing contact, easy. Burn, hot, squirt, again. Need comfort scratch my arm easy. BANG. I have gone too far. Goodbye.

"Dead?!" cold voice.

"O.D. another prisoner", cold voice.

"What was he?" uninterested voice.

"Just a pickpocket" bitter voice.

"O.K., Doctor cause of death?" routine voice.

"Heart attack" unemotional voice.

Patrick Oriel, Year 12

Action Farce 2 – Raid on Pastarisotto

Chapter One: The Dire Situation

An R.A.F. officer strode into the room, leaning slightly to the right due to the medals on his chest. This of course was the famous Wing Commander Harrap Snodgrass, VC, DSO, DFC, AFC, TNT, WC, 3bdrm, BV, Din.Rm, self service restaurant and bar. He stepped up to the podium, turned to face his audience and said, "Hello chaps, I expect you're wondering what I'm here about? England's entire supply of tea is under threat (horrified gasps)". He turned and pointed to a situation map of Central America. "This spot here is the nation of Pastarisotto". He took a look at it again. "Oh, no, it's a spot of bolognaise sauce."

"This", pointing to another brown spot, "is Pastarisotto. It supplies nearly all of England's tea. It is under the control of General Staphlococci and his band of revolutionaries who call themselves the 'Golden Staph'. Unless we meet their demands, they will cut off our tea supply."

Chapter Two: The Battle Plan

Harrap cleared his throat, "This is the plan. At 0400 hours we will soften the enemy with attack by air and sea. At 0415, 50,000 assault troops will make an amphibious landing on the 5 beach-heads in the Normandy area ... Oh, wrong plan, sorry chaps!"

Chapter Three: The Battle Plan, Mk. II

"Action Force will be landed in Pastarisotto in the jungle facing the Staph Headquarters. Captain Evhohihav and I will land on the roof of the HQ in or specialized assault hang-gliders, while you, under the command of Lumpy A. Von Lumpy, will launch a frontal assault using specialised equipment that F.A. will brief you on in a moment. Jacques and I will swing into the dining room window, fight our way through the entrees, demolish the main course and diffuse the dessert. Here is F.A. to explain our equipment." A white-haired old man stepped up to the podium.

"Vell, zere is zumtink zat boys have zat girls don't have ..."

"F.A."

Zorry. Ze first item ist ze hoppy nitro frog, operated by a squeeze bulb. Ven you press ze button on ze radio control: BOOM! Ze second ist ze Battle Frisbee. You vill also have the standard MIS & a bits".

"Sweet, F.A. That about wraps up the briefing. Corporal Punishment and Private Parts will be in later for the de-briefing and they'll pick up the rest of the laundry.

Chapter Four: The Flight In

"Alright Chappies, we're near the drop zone. Any questions?.

"Sir?"

"What is it?"

"Shouldn't we have parachutes?"

"WHAT!!?? The British soldier does not need a parachute! Did the soldiers at Waterloo have parachutes?"

"No Sir."

"Well? What do we need them for?"

"To break our fall?"

"The ground will do that perfectly well!"

The jump light in the aircraft turned green and one by one, they leapt out in a group.

Meanwhile down on the ground ....

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh ... THUD, bang, tinkle, crunch, URG SPROING!!

"Sergeant Major, take a head count", said Harrap.

"9 heads, 14 arms, 10 legs and miscellaneous parts".

"Sar'nt Major, you have the gall to tell me this? It makes me livered with rage. Are you kidneying me?"

"Pull yourself together sir".

"It's not me who should pull myself together, tell them to!"

"Sergeant Major, sir", called a soldier, "we're having a bit of trouble getting it together".

"Sewing kits out! Fall in for body building!" shouted the Sergeant Major.

"Is that meant to keep us in stitches? Sir, you're a silly knot!"

Chapter Five: Mission Improbable

After pulling themselves together, the Action Farce was in position for the raid.

Outside the Staph H.Q. two guards were on watch, guarding the gate.

"Hey, Sancho", said one.

"Si, Pedro?"

"Do you hear a sound?"

"What kind of sound?"

"Click, sprong, click, sprong".

"Si, hey, over there!"

"It's only a frog."

The explosion blew the gate off its hinges. Klaxons started blaring. Inside people started running around.

On the roof, Harrap Snodgrass was attaching a rope to a chimney, Captain Evhohihav was following suit. Harrap counted to three on his fingers (via 7, 9 and 26) and they swung in the window below them.

"Why don't we use the door?" asked Jacques.

"It's more dramatic this way".

Chapter Six: Choose your own ending:

1. They burst in the window. A small man sitting behind a desk looks up and says, "What can I do for you?"

   Harrap looks down and says, "General Staphlococci?"

   "Sorry", says the man, "General Staphlococci is on a two-week vacation in London at the moment. I could take a message if you want."

   "No that's all right, we'll come back later. They turn and walk from the room.

   THE END.

2. They smash through the window. The princess, chained to the wall, looks and gasps "Oh! I'm saved". They cut her bonds and help her to the door. As it opened a squad of Imperial Troopers let loose a barage of laser fire. They ducked around behind the door, which was getting hotter by the minute. Harrap tore out his communicator and flipped it open.

   "Scotty! Emergency! Beam us up!" he yelled into it.

   The transporter effect faded away. Harrap and Jacques stood on the bridge, watching the doomed planet explode. He turned to Jacques and said "Think of the

millions on that planet. All gone. Oh well. Ahead warp factor three, Mr Sulu."

THE END.

3. The window was burst into fragments around them. General Staphlococci was standing there with a submachine gun in his hand (there were two of them). He waved it menacingly.

"Oh yeah?" said Harrap, pulling out a grenade launcher.

"Oh yeah?" said Staphlococci, pulling out a 45 mm Howitzer.

"Oh yeah?" said Harrap, pulling out an anti-ballistic X-ray laser system.

"Oh yeah?" said Staphlococci, pulling out a rail gun.

"Yeah, well I've got a 'straight' and that beats your '3 of a kind'."

"Argh!" cried Staphlococci, and keeled over. Harrap took a radio from his belt and called his headquarters.

"Action Farce Mission: Complete and accomplished."

THE VERY END.

Scott Martin and Tim Newsom, Year 10

Like the Fall of Rome

Complications,
No escape.
War will kill.
And soldiers rape.
Visions crushed,
Hope destroyed
The powers play,
And we are toyed.
What is left.
Is never well.
Our hearts destroyed,
Like Rome we fell.
Passion lost,
Love has died.
Spirits gone,
Conscience tried.

Antonia Pramataris, Year 10

It's Not Just Handball

If, by some remote chance, I was asked: "What is a typical recreational activity played at school during the lunch break or recess?", I would, without hesitation, proceed to reply that HANDBALL is by far the most widely played game outside sport and P.E. times. To the casual observer it may appear to be merely a simple entertainment, convenient on almost every occasion. To the trained eye, it has greater significance. It is deeply meaningful, an integral part of life, fundamental to our very existence ... However, this is not the correct place to dwell on such an analysis, so let us focus on the participants in this perplexing and mysterious activity ...

It is winter. Chilling draughts unmercifully attack 'flu affected throats and noses during class. Outside, bitter winds howl around building corners. Rains lash rhythmically against rattling window panes. "Beeeeeeep" signals the lunch bell and students lethargically finish the lesson, reluctant to battle again the ongoing wet and cold. FLASH! In imitation of the proverbial "greased lighting" something whirrs past everyone and bursts out the classroom door. Is it a cyclone? Is it an angry teacher? No – it's a handball player racing for a "square" in handball!!! In all weathers, this hardy breed experiences the compelling urge to participate in their daily ritual. In the event of inclement conditions, a raincoat is simply donned, or an umbrella hoisted, but The Game is never abandoned. Even minor injuries, such as broken arms and legs fail to deter those strong willed people.

For those who are unfamiliar with the concept of handball, it involves the use of a tennis ball on any reasonably flat surface such as concrete. The ball is bounced between people using only the hand to hit it. As is convention, a normal handball ceremony is begun with the proclamation of rights in the following manner: "I got here first!" or perhaps, "This is my square!!" (combined with a ritualistic scuffle). Advice is kindly shouted to the top square (referred to as "King") such as: "Serve it 'ere!" or "Serve it down the back!" Once these preliminary functions are enthusiastically completed, a solemn game of handball duly ensues. Each square of concrete is defended tenaciously, as the sombre ritual requires.

Much noise is emitted from a genuine session of The Game, although most language is coded. For example, some of the frequent cries are: "Let's set him up!", "That was a full!", "Inno's!" or "Interference", "Double bounce!!", "Below Knees", "Re-play!", "Death-duel!", "Rotts, "Double-touch". At times the players can be seen to publicly chant in unison during one of their mystical ceremonies. One popular chant can be heard being rhythmically echoed like this: "Out! Out! Out! Out!"

Devoted handball players are easy to spot. Not only do they leave class as early as is permitted to gain a "good square", but they frequently bear physical evidence of accidents having taken place during a handball ceremony. Concrete scraped fingertips, broken fingernails, scarred knees and twisted ankles are but a few of the side effects of The Game. A game of handball in action is sometimes the vulnerable target of grape throwers or water-bomb droppers in summer, but the handballers usually continue, unperturbed, eager to get on with The Game.

One can now realize that handball is far from a simple activity designed to wile away repetitive intervals of time. The veiled, enigmatic life of a handballer may never be fully revealed, but at least the above description is a start. This all goes to show that the Game is not *just* handball.

Martin Puchert, Year 11

International Year of Peace

The Inner City Cluster of the Metropolitan East Region Student Council was formed last year as an International Youth Year initiative. It has been carried on this year and will hopefully continue into the future. I was nominated to go to the first meeting at Drummoyne Boys' High, as one of the representatives for Fort Street. At that meeting I was elected to be one of the Regional Representatives and I went to the Regional Student Council meeting that the Regional Director for Education, Mr Spring, held on August 1st.

At this meeting many points were brought up and discussed such as: the production of Newsletters and other forms of publicity were a big issue because without community, student and teacher support these Student Councils could not exist. Also the "controversial" issue of "Peace" studies was discussed and most members of the Council were in favour of this, (although we were not sure whether or not it could really fit into the present curriculum of certain subjects). Surveys on this question have been distributed in some schools and most of the students seem in favour of it too. The H.S.C. was also a popular discussion topic and Mr Spring wanted to know what students thought of the new "Assessment Policy" for Years 11 & 12.

The points I brought up for the Inner City cluster were similar to all of these points, although I also brought up the question of student counsellors and that none of the schools in our area have adequate facilities for students. I also stressed to Mr Spring that funding was one of the biggest problems.

Mr Spring took all of this "in", but we did not get much in return as to what he was doing about any of these problems, suggestions etc.

All in all, 1986 was a very productive year for the Council and hopefully it will be carried on next year. If you have any suggestions, complaints, ideas etc, about any of the above topics or something else in our education system, please just come and talk to me about it.

Lisa Morris, Year 9

Fort Street High School Cadet Unit

1986 has seen a new dawn in the history of the cadet unit. In the first term of 1986 the unit's strength was boosted from ten to a more respectable forty thanks to a recruitng drive directed not only at Fort Street, but at many other high schools in the area. In 1985 the unit was threatened with closure due to the transfer of a large proportion of the unit's senior personnel to fully supported units recently founded in the area. Nevertheless, the first 'Dining In' parade in the unit's history was able to be held in November.

The unit has had a notable year so far with the cadets being involved in many activities and also receiving many awards. In March there was an introductory bivouac at Greenhills. Later, in April our unit was given the honour of representing the Australian Cadet Corps as the support unit at the 'Schools at Anzac' ceremony held at the War Memorial at Hyde Park. Simultaneously a catafalque party honoured the war dead at Fort Street. In May, Cadet Under Officer William Doyle received the much coveted Adventure Training Award and in June Cadet Under Officer Jason Weekes was awarded a scholarship to the Australian Defence Force Academy, one of only five in the State and also the first in the history of the school. In July the unit conducted an orienteering bivouac at the Belanglo State Forest near Moss Vale. The camp was a success (no one was lost!) despite a few communication problems. The big strain on the unit's finances as a result of our status as a limited support unit meant that funding the 1986 Annual Camp was going to be a problem. However the school and several local RSL clubs kindly assisted us with finance and consequently Annual Camp was able to be held this year at Illaro Farm near Nowra. For the first time in the unit's history, annual camp was organised independently of the army. Next year this should change though as many units are in a similar position to us.

Richard Stanaway, Year 12

Cadets at work.

Speech Day 1986

DATE: 28th March, 1986
PLACE: Sydney Town Hall
Time: 9:00 am

There was a buzz in the hall as the school band and choir busily organised themselves, whilst the prize winners were placed in their seats and hundreds of Fortians waited impatiently outside on the steps, in the foyer, in the corridors ...

TIME: 10:00 am

Proceedings were underway. All pupils sat quietly until the band began to play. In unison, the school sang as the procession of sparkling-faced teachers made its way to the stage, where they all proudly beamed down at the "ocean of maroon and white". They looked stunning in "Academic" dress.

Our music teachers, Mr Suthers and Ms Moxham then led the Year Seven choir and band in some more entertaining pieces. This was followed by the speech given by the special guest. The 1986 guest speaker was Ms Robyn Hughes, who was a Fortian of the 1950's, attending the Girls' High School.

Ms Hughes entertained us with stories of her days at school when she was intimidated by teachers and told she would be a "failure". She is now the General Manager of "Film Australia". She said she was "fulfilling an old, old fantasy" by being on stage at Speech Day, as she vowed "she'd show her teachers one day ..."

Ms Hughes emphasised the changes she observed, in the fact of Fort Street now being "co-ed" and the much more relaxed teacher-pupil relationships. She also emphasised the idea that she was not chosen to be guest speaker as a representative of the successful, but of the curious, so she was taking her teenage children's advice by not talking "authoritively" about the "problems of youth". Her speech was refreshing and most humorous.

The prize winners were awarded their prizes and warmly congratulated by the school whilst the parents seated in the top galleries took pride in watching their children being awarded – "that's my son, Johnny ... Oh my daughters, Jill and Judy ....." Perhaps the person who was the most obviously congratulated was Roberto D'Angelo, who was rather modest in receiving a standing ovation from the school for his brilliant H.S.C. mark (496/500) which gained him first place in the 1985 H.S.C. (equal first with a student from James Ruse High School). His mother, who has always worked for the school in the canteen, shed a tear as she watched Roberto from the audience.

The day was a great success for everybody.

Joanne Kouvaris, Year 11

Ms Robyn Hughes, our guest.

The Real World

During the week starting 7th April, 179 members of the Year 10 "Terrorist Squad" reportedly invaded the City of Sydney. That week, they were accidently released for "Work Experience".

Unsuspecting employers informed us that these Fortian creatures were everywhere, from Petersham to Pendle Hill, Hurstville to Epping, creating havoc at every turn. Undercover teachers were scouring the city, trying to gauge their behaviour in their new environment.

Here, below, is a list of the varied careers that were tampered with:

* 9 students "volted" into their week by choosing electrically orientated careers,
* 10 students donned their make-up in the fast paced fields of "Beauty and Fashion".
* 16 students infiltrated the education infrastructure during their horror spree,
* 17 enterprising students unsuccessfully tried to take over BHP in the field of 'high finance',
* Fitness Freaks were not left behind, as 10 students chose sport-related careers,
* 11 deviant students wound up in court choosing "Law",
* 34 students took on the challenge of the entertainment world,
* 6 students were attracted by the call of 'far-away excitement and intrigue' and so chose "Travel",
* 12 little artistic souls contributed their version of Fort Street's very own avant-garde in the intensely competitive world of "Art",
* 4 students decided that the nutrition scene was in a healthy state,
* And whilst on the home front, 6 bustling students wanted to try construction-orientated careers,
* 15 students fell in love at first "byte" in the land of computers,
* Never to be forgotten, 4 students chose the "smashing" world of being car mechanics or panel beating.

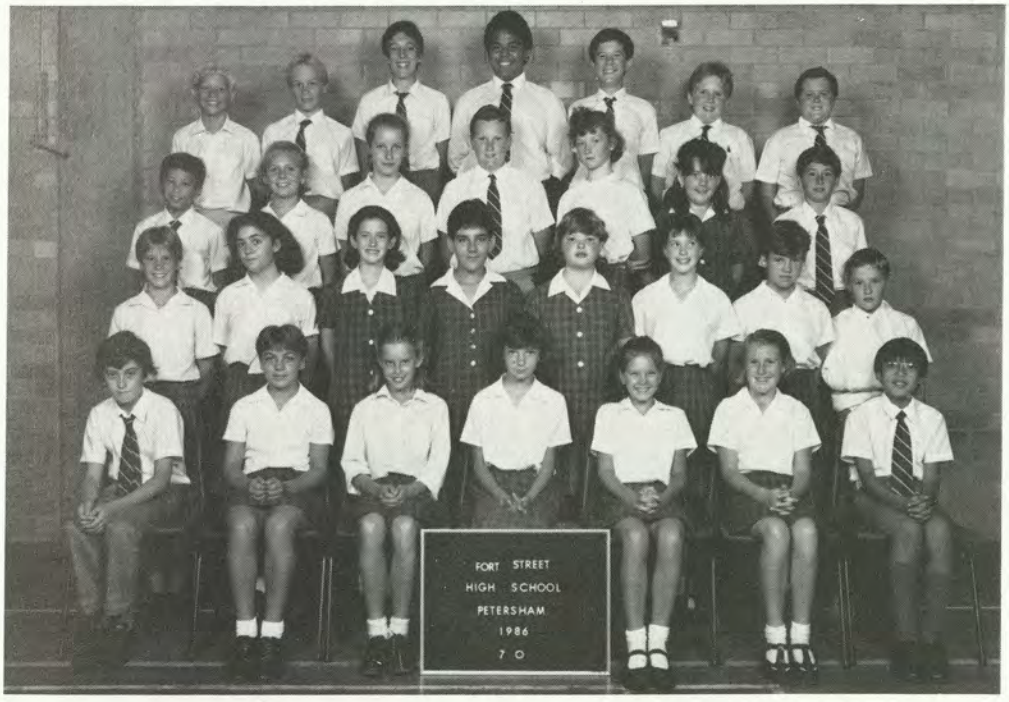
Ecstatic Year 7 students reported that for the first time in many, many months, they actually queued fearlessly at the canteen, whilst smiling Year 9 girls made the most of their temporary domain of the toilets beneath the hall.

During that week, an unmistakable "silence" lingered throughout the school.

PLEASE NOTE EVERYONE – all members of this "terrorist regime" have been captured and returned to the government institution from which they first came. (Meanwhile the world is safe) BUT we herald you to note that in the year 1989 this regime will be free to roam the streets once more – permanently. LOOK OUT!!

Tieu Tieu Phung, Antonia Pramataris, Year 10

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Alice Byrne, Carlie Brown, Kate Bailey, Sandy Arezina, Janette Cho, Mary Chan, Katie Bryant.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Morgan Boehringer, Duncan Bond, Aidan Archer, Mark Brereton, Mark Brady, Steven Baloglow, Robin Bae, Askin Aslan.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Sun-Jae An, Helen Campbell, Carlie Bulloch, Lien Choi, Vivienne Cebola, Clare Archibald, Dinh Au, Daniel Burn.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Roland Chan, Bill Bilalis, Mark Bookalil, John Bracic, David Anderson, Sebastian Brandt.*
Year 7 F



FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Darcy Eunson Cottle, Stephania Costa, Zoe Couacaud, Kerry Draper, Kate Cruickshank, Penelope English, Tien Do.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Karen Ellis, Rosie Fisher, Claire Fricke, Georgina Gerzilis, Kirsty Chestnutt, Hetty Foyle, Frances Garnett, Fergus Cumming.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) James Fong, Amanda Cooley, Mia Garlick, Robert Cummins, Sara Cree, Nicholle Fox, David Farry.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Patrick Connor, Gregory Fountain, Dion Clark, Samson Fangaloka, Nicholas Correa, Michael Fairall, Troy Culbert.*
Year 7 0

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Antonia Kolotouros, Alena Jang, Liberty Jools, Fui Ping Liew, Rebecca Jenner, Barbara Jorden, Sung Hee Lee.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Jamie Lachs, Adrian Kang, Adam Kaucher, Simon Kilazoglou, Robert Khoury, Van Thu Huynh, Matthew Knight, Julian Griffith, John Jiminez, Anthony Lim.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Helen Konstantelos, Fleur Laurence, Julie Kim, Kalina Koloff, Katherine Jeffreys, Pema Gazzard, Sally Girgis.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) John Ko, Nicholas Gray, Thomas Hespe, Arthur Karontzos, David Harrington, Jeff Lai.*
Year 7 R

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Xan Nhut Phung, Inca Paul, Tinh Quan Nguyen, Blaise Lyons, Yvette Lopez, Victor Leong, Tuan Nguy.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Silas Mylecharane, Georgina Panagopoulos, Thi Thuy jNguyen, Nina McEnnally, Pamela Lin, Rachel Locke, Kristy Parker, Gregory Matsin.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Peter Murray, Mark Lutowski, Layla Morris, Gabrielle Maitland, Simone Parsons, Adrian McKeown, Stuart McKiernan.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Chris Macris, Jacek Lipiec, Mark Rajah, Robert Milekovic, Dennis Miralis, Richard Nash, Pedro Moreira. Miss M. Johanson.*
Year 7 T

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Paul Ramsay, Jenny Robertson, Rebecca Sheret, Rose Roberts, Vivien Sharrock, Charu Singhal, Jasper Rowe.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Ari Tamat, Inge Teiwes, Mahi Moustakis, Anna Tahtirelis, Kirsten Seale, Romi Slaven, Eva Raes, Suman Seth.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Garry Rich, Benjamin Robinson, John Soh, Jody Spratt, Brian Spilsbury, John Sellers, Oliver Steven, Nicholas Rawson.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Peter Roberts, Nicol Ritchie, Geoffrey Sadler, Andrew Polowczyk, Peter Smith, Lok Sutherland, Simon Taylor-Kerr*
Year 7 I

FRONT ROW: *(L to R) Anna Williamson, Robin Zvargulis, Cindy Yee, Elizabeth Trigg, Sandra Warrener, Sam Toohey, Mishayla Webber.*
SECOND ROW: *(L to R) Joe Wickert, Stephen Watts, Daniel Walter, James Tunggal, Jason Wilde, Benjamin Weekes, Lucas Thrum, Anthony Xydis.*
THIRD ROW: *(L to R) Robert Van Langenburg, Brendan Ward, Alexander Wilkinson, Cassy Young, Noula Tsavdaridis, Hung Truong, Alexander Wilkinson, Andrew Walkley.*
FOURTH ROW: *(L to R) Andrei Voican, Richard Zangoli, Joshua Wildsoet, Peter Thompson, Adam Tran, Amos Szeps.*
Year 7 A

Success in Mathematics

At the end of 1985 the results came to the school of the "Australian Mathematics Competition". Over 274,000 students from 80% of Australian secondary schools (143 entries per school) and 27,000 from countries in the South Pacific, participated in the competition. It is now one of the largest mathematical competitions in the world.

The competition is sponsored by the Canberra College of Advanced Education, the Westpac Banking Corporation and the Canberra Mathematical Association.

Fortians did very well. The school received a total of 92 Distinctions, 132 Credits and 6 prizes. The prize winners were:

MATHEW VAGULANS RICHARD TAN	Year 7 – (1985)
DANIEL STORY ANTHONY MOORE JEREMY KOTHE	Year 8 – (1985)
MARK WRIGHT	Year 9 – (1985)

Congratulations to all successful students!

This year Fortians once again came forward and placed their "mathematical cards" on the table. They entered the "1986 N.S.W. Mathematics Olympiad" conducted by the Department of Pure Mathematics at the University of Sydney. Once again, success!

KHAI DANG of Year 11 gained a Distinction. LACHLAN HALL of Year 11 gained a Credit. Congratulations to both mathematicians!

Also this year many Fortians entered the "25th Annual School Mathematics Competition" conducted by the University of New South Wales. Four Fortians from the Junior Division excelled themselves. They were:

JEREMY KOTHE	– Year 9
MARC ENGLARO	– Year 9
DINH NGUYEN	– Year 9
DAISY TAN	– Year 10

The school congratulates these students and hopes that they will continue along this successful path. We all hope that as many students as possible, in the future, will enter these competitions, because even if success doesn't come to everyone, the experience is educationally valuable.

Ms J. Levi

Daisy, Khai and Lachlan.

The Staff of 1986

Principal
Mrs C. Preece

Deputy Principal
Mr P. Goodacre

English Deparment
Mr J. Buckingham (H.T.)
Ms B. Bennett
Ms K. Bryant
Mrs B. Crawford
Mrs S. Frith
Mrs M. Hosking
Mrs S. Honeywill
Ms J. Levi
Ms R. Morey
Ms A. Verne

Industrial Arts Department
Mr J. Deeble (H.T.)
Mr A. Crawford
Mr B. Frazer
Mr R. Luntungan
Mr G. Osland

Language Department
Mrs M. Davidsohn (H.T.)
Mrs J. Levi
Mr S. Murphy
Mrs S. Stark
Mr S. Yalichev

Physical Education
Miss K. Smith
Mr A. Wilson

Librarian
Miss V. Chiplin

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