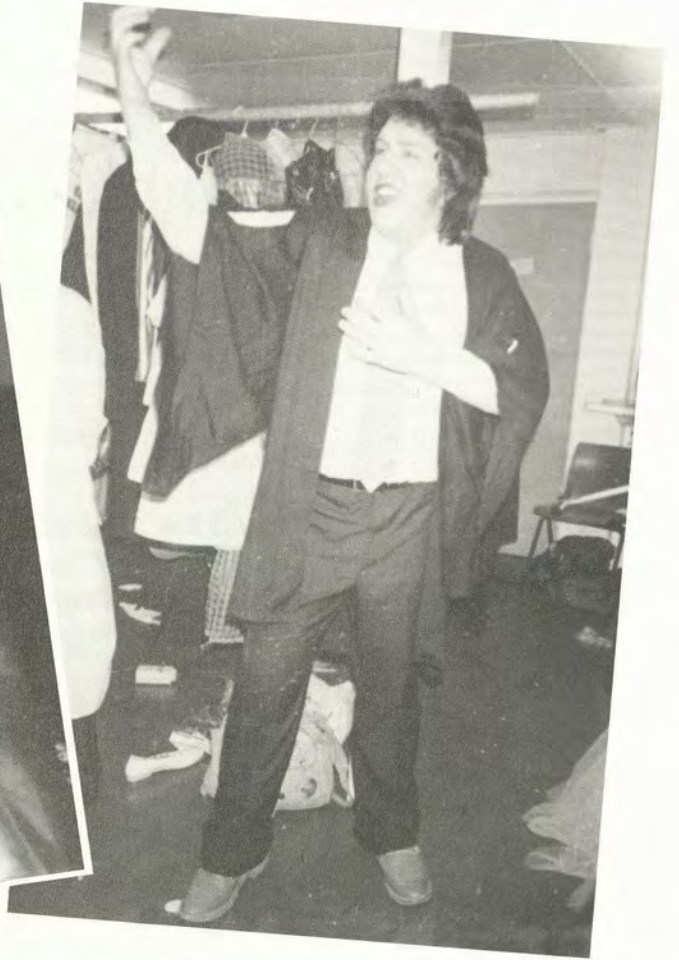


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# THE FORTIAN 1987

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1987



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# The Magazine Committee

Photography — Mr Bob Hayes  
— Gerard Nicol  
— Linda Steadman  
— Ms Jane Levi

Layout  
— Sarah Murphy  
— Amber Ma  
— Ms Jane Levi

Roll Call & Staff Photos — Mrs Jean Wright

Editing/Proof Reading — Ms Jane Levi

Typing Mrs Janine Newell  
— Mrs Marcia Patten

The committee wishes to thank all contributors and those who supported us, especially teachers, who encouraged students to submit work.



# The Principal's Report for 1987



*Carole Preece.*

## Our Sporting Greats

It is a great pleasure to introduce the Fort Street Year Book with its record of achievements and activities for 1987.

While the magazine paints a faithful picture of school life, it does not mention the difficulties facing state education and the young people of to-day. Many of our students are affected by the straitened circumstances that result from parent unemployment, high rents, single parent families, students living on their own away from home.

A growing number of students and their families are seeking guidance and support from the school. Teachers are far more involved now in pastoral care than ever before. Their duty also extends to providing help and information on sensitive issues such as Child Abuse and Aids. They still teach, however, and the Fort Street staff is performing that task very well.

The parent body provides strong support, not only in matters financial but also by advice and physical effort. They combined with the school to ensure that much needed work on the building was carried out. The exterior is now freshly painted and the grounds are being improved by parent working bees.

I am sure you will enjoy the magazine and find that its contents prove the maxim:

*Non scolae sed vitae discimus.\**

**Carole Preece**

\*Learning is for life not just for school.



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Kylie Blaslov, Lisa Basso, Elizabeth Bray, Trina Castell-Brown, Katrina Cashman, Sally Bryant, Fiona Allen, Irene Armenakas.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Steven Anagnos, David Burton, Allison Brett, Tania Bojanac, Lisa Carbone, Crispian Ashby, Joshua Boyd.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Gabriel Caus, Daniel Broe, John Bikou, Con Argiratos, Andrew Baldwin, Matthew Andrews.

Class 12-F



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Katina Dimitropolous, Jacqueline Gleeson, Dianne Cridland, Michelle Cruickshank, Samantha Darbyshire, Sarah Dawson, Naomi Dare, Betty Chan.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Khai Dang, Jules Cure, Nicholas Copping, Arthur Giannakouras, Brett Davies, Jong Noo Chung, Benjamin Dalton, Anthony Corrente.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Wojciech Czarnocki, Steven Chung, Nunzio Di-Rosario, Gareth Chan.

Class 12-O



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Hyun-Kyong Jeung, Ilona Janikowski, Tania Johnson, Mireille Keller, Gina Keramianakis, Antonia Kamberis, Jodie Howard, Kerstin Haglund.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Rebecca Kim, Thai Huynh, Lachlan Hall, Catherine Howes, Leila Kazzi, Sungwoo Jin, Geol Kim, Irene Ho.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Geoffrey Koloveros, Alex Kaltenecker, Jason Hand, Peter Hughes, Ben Gripton, Jason Kelly, John Hatfield, Nick Kominos.

Class 12-R



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Sharon Longbottom, Penny Kothe, Sofi Lupu, Renata Lipiec, Diana Markopoulos, Lidia Mafooda, Kim Morely, Rosanna Liistro.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Angelo Kontogiorgis, Joanne Kouvaris, Jo McDonald, Lisa Mullan, Rebecca Nash, Mardi Ola, Danielle McDonald, Megan Manning, Anthony Loguidice.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Aristaki Maragos, Csaba Mellar, Martin Mambraku, Paul Ludlow, Stuart Meadows, Roland Maertens, Zsolt Mellar, Michael Mides.

Class 12-T



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Janene Pendleton, Rebecca Reynolds, Kerry Sanderson, Dina Petratos, Kylie Reid, Michelle Packett, Stephanie Parkes, Linda Ryan.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Chandra Reddy, Mustafa Ozluk, Brendan Radford, Jodi Rose, Usha Perumal, Con Pantazes, Karl Ray, Mariano Salabert.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Simon Pickett, John Niven, Sasiharani Satchithanathan, Martin Puchert, Pero Radosevic, Soterakis Phylactou, Andrew Phelps.

Class 12-1



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Minh-Thy Truong, Louisa Dimonelli, Suzanne Tawansi, Carla Thomas, Kelly Stephens, Dana Stevanovic, Vivien Sung, Vicki Vordis.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) John Tagliano, Tullia Sharp, Christina Zisopoulos, Fay Savidis, Sue-Ann Wright, Dawn Yee, Daniel Zachariou.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Steven Tuften, Fortunato Saclone, Gaven Wicks, Andrew Taylor, Jason Smith, Peter Tawfik, Edwin Wilson.

Class 12-A





Kylie Dare



Kirstent  
Y-9

• Violin and Bass Clefs. 87.

# Speech Day, 1987

As the academic procession wound its way on to the stage of the Sydney Town Hall at 10.00 a.m. on February 27th, 1987, I was not alone, I am sure, in marvelling at the success with which we managed to reel off all three Latin verses of "Gaudeamus Igitur", given some rather "less than memorable" performances at recent assemblies. However, musically — and in all other respects — Fortians surpassed themselves yet again. From Mendelssohn to Lloyd-Webber from "Arthur's Theme" to Beethoven's "Ninth" from the "Carmina Burana" to "Lil Liza Jane", the choir, vocal ensemble, training band, chamber orchestra and Years Ten and Eleven choir filled the echoing chambers of the Town Hall with heavenly strains not generally associated with Fortians looking forward to a half-day off.

Our guest speaker, author Nance Irvine (Fort Street Girls' High School, 1925-29), achieved the unachievable with her fascinating and amusing speech — not only did she manage to hold the attention of some one thousand Fortians eager to be off to McDonalds, and the movies, but actually raised a number of

laughs with her anecdotes about school sport in the Twenties and her daring exploits during the Royal Visit. Her thoughtful pause for us to "have a bit of a wriggle" half way through was greatly appreciated.

As well as the traditional "Vote of Thanks" from Year Twelve, Mrs. Preece's report and the Parents' and Citizens' Association Report — (and, of course, the presence of the inimitable Mr. R. Horan!) — one welcome innovation noticed at Speech Day, 1987 was the division of the prize presentations into three separate segments. This was no doubt helpful in ensuring that the more-or-less maroon-and-white clad natives didn't get too restless or, alternatively, fall asleep and disturb the dignified proceedings with loud snores.

Congratulations must go to all those who worked so hard during the preceding weeks in order to ensure the success of Speech Day 1987, particularly the music staff. Nance Irvine's obvious pride in both the Fort Street of her generation and the very different Fort Street of today was well justified.

**Kerry Sanderson, Year 12**



*Carole Preece and Nance Irvine.*

# Poetry

## Room 13

(Sung to the tune of "The House of the Rising Sun")

There is a room called room 13,  
The home of History One.  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,  
And God, I know I'm one.

There was a girl called Sanderson,  
Her essays were so neat.  
She essayed till her hands dropped off,  
So she essayed with her feet.

Victor was a gamb'lin man,  
The tall one was Mark Wright.  
Michelev fell prey to sin,  
And followed girls by night.

Their teacher had a will 'o steel,  
Her gaze turned Jim to Jam.  
When assignments got later,  
She made Darth Vader,  
Look cuter than Victor Or Tram.

Stevens died from lack of sleep,  
Poor Jessica left town.  
Shawn was good, but was pulped to pud,  
When Preston's erections fell down.

Tach and Randy — late again,  
Malcolm got full marks.  
Bronwyn tried to swim back home,  
But was taken by the sharks.

So gather round Year 7's,  
I'll tell you what to do.  
Save your brain from lots 'o pain,  
And stay in History Two. . .

**Robin Hilliard, Year 11**

## Noise

I like noise.  
The tick tock of a clock, the choo choo of a train,  
The honk honk of horns from the cars in the lane.  
The jingles of the bell, the barking of the dog.  
The ringing of the telephone, the croaking of the dog.  
The ringing of the telephone, the croaking of the frog.  
The clatter of the horse's hooves, the crunching of a chip,  
And the roar from the muddy oldern jip,  
The swoosh of the waves, the chirpings of the bird,  
The baa from the black woolly sheep can be heard,  
The clanking of the pots and pans, the boing boing of the  
soccer ball,  
The rustling of the maple leave in the coming Fall.

**Thae Ran, Year 7**

## The Aftermath

Buildings fallen to the ground  
Lifeless figures scattered through  
A sea of wreckage

Beautiful gardens where once.  
Flowers bloomed, people walked with dignity.  
Now only dark figures swarm,  
Flames reach out — the only sense of life.  
The quietness is almost deafening.  
Agonised faces float through rivers  
Searching aimlessly for nothing.  
The world was once filled with  
Grandeur and beauty

Dew had added a fresh touch to life,  
Snow had softened the coldest winters.  
Sun had gladdened our hearts.  
But no more.

**Romi Slaven, Year 8**

## Pots

You showed me how you made your pots,  
And how you fixed them when they broke,  
And then you let me make my own.  
But they were made too tall and thin,  
So when they broke you tried to help,  
But what you did just didn't work,  
The pots were broken differently.

**Kelly Stephens, Year 12**

## The Aftermath . . .

I see the houses tumble like cards  
And buildings and trees go up in flames  
Man's proud civilization  
Built from centuries of knowledge,  
Collapse in destruction.  
Ashes to Ashes . . .  
I see people  
Sprawled over the boiling tar,  
Arms and legs melted, fused,  
And become one with the road.  
A face fringed with long black hair,  
Contorted in pain . . . misery . . . fear.  
Tears of ruby red streaming down its cheeks  
As its fleshless hands try to wipe them clean,  
And I cry.

I hear the dreadful silence,  
After the deafening roar.  
No songs, no laughter, no noise,  
Except for the lonely cry of a babe  
Screaming for a mother it will never see.  
I hear the whimper of the wounded,  
Sobbing for a world no longer theirs.  
I hear their cries,  
Like lost souls weeping against their fate.  
A little girl screaming  
And I cry.  
Cry for the innocent now dead,  
Cry for the innocent that live.

I smell the foul smell of Death  
As it spreads its dark wings over the land  
Brimstone burning on the bodies  
Still twitching in the agonising heat  
The reeking odours in the air  
From mouldering flesh, fill my nose.  
Till I feel faint with revulsion  
And I cry  
Cry for the innocent now dead.  
Cry for the innocent yet living  
Tears for mothers and fathers and children lost  
Tears even for those who can justify this scene . . .  
But my heart rings itself most  
For the love that is no longer here  
Leaving this world bereft of joy.

**Trang Dang, Year 10**

## Balmain

In the sleazy suburb of Balmain,  
Live mugs who'll kill you for personal gain.  
It's where you would come if you wanted a whore,  
But most of the people are grubby and poor.  
The place is full of drunkards and pubs.  
It's the best place to go if you want to buy drugs.  
Rubbish and dog poo litter the ground,  
And dead or drunk bodies are scattered around.  
Stale, mouldy bread is all you'll find to eat.  
Cockies and rats scuttle under your feet.  
Dirty children run round, out late at night,  
Men spill out of houses having orgies or fights.  
All you have to do is wink at the barmaids,  
And by morning, you're sure to have AIDS.  
So, unless your brain isn't entirely sane,  
You wouldn't want to go into Balmain!

**Morgan Pollard, Year 9**

## My Mustering Dog and I

Before the glare o' dawn I rise  
Wide awake were my eyes,  
I looked and gazed around.  
When suddenly I heard a sound.  
Someone was scratching on my door.  
Quickly I jumped to the floor.  
It was only my dog Fleep:  
Who was ready to muster the Sheep.  
We both excitedly ran outside.  
Then Dad gave us a ride.  
When we arrived at the beautiful green field.  
Fleep, and protected the sheep like a shield.  
Not letting one out of his sight.  
I was lazily flying my kite.  
One sheep ran away.  
Oh, what a day.  
Fleep chased after the sheep.  
Went down into a valley that was very deep.  
Up the other side and over the hill.  
He'd fallen over a cliff  
And had broken his leg, it was stiff.  
Just a mustering dog  
There in the fog  
And he looked at me there on the hill.  
Showing no hurt as if he'd taken no ill,  
And his ears and his tail and his dark eyes too.  
"Well boss, What do we do?"  
He said plainly staring into my eyes  
As if he was about to die.  
He thought it was fun  
When I lifted my gun.

**Shirley Chu, Year 7**

# Our Student Council

After collapsing into non-existence in 1985, a new, bigger, better and motivated Student Council has risen Phoenix-like from the ashes of the old. We are injecting student opinion into the school's operation and raising vital funds. A total of 38 students are on the Council (see names below).

As the Year 12 students slowly ebb from the body of the Student Council, the effervescence of Year 7's blood will course through the veins of the Council, bringing new life and hope. Thus far, much has been achieved. We exerted extreme pressure on the Education Department to "fix and paint" our school, so that it will be appreciated as a worthwhile learning environment and a pleasant place to spend 30 hours a week. A sensationally captivating display was organised for the two "Parent/Teacher" evenings of 1987. Thus the bonds within the school community were strengthened. The Council also

continued the link (which was forged in 1986) with our sister school in Japan — Eifuku. Bags of money have been raised through school dances and other fund-raising ventures, all going into making the school a more pleasurable place in which to have one's educational requirements fulfilled.

A "Mercurius" (school newsletter) committee has been organized from Council members to boost student input into that paper. Plans for the future include bigger and better school dances, a possible "Activities" week at the end of each year for Years 7, 8 and 9 students, and lots more fund raising.

The Council thanks Mr Michael Browne of the History Department for his great ideas and guidance. We would like to thank the students whom we represent (and for whom we have been working) for their interest and support.

Anthony Moore, Year 10

## Student Council Members

### SENIOR GIRLS:

Renata LIPIEC  
Jessie McGOWAN  
Jody ROSE  
Cassie McCULLAGH  
Katina DIMITROPOULOS  
Kerry SANDERSON  
Sharon SWANSON  
Kate CALLAGHAN

### SENIOR BOYS:

Sean WHELAN  
Jason KELLY  
Luther WEATE  
Gabriel CAUS  
Robin HILLIARD  
Paul LUDLOW  
Nick COPPING  
Mark WRIGHT

### YEAR 10 GIRLS:

Louise GILLETT  
Kirsty THOMPSON  
Tove WARREN  
Julia CUMMINGS  
Lisa MORRIS

### YEAR 10 BOYS:

Gerard NICOL  
Alfred HIATT  
Ben LEE  
Michael HARDING  
Anthony MOORE

### YEAR 9 GIRLS:

Raelene MATEJKA  
Olivia WESLEY-SMITH  
Ann COLQUHOUN

### YEAR 9 BOYS:

Robin HERON  
Robin DARNLEY  
Saran DELING

### YEAR 8 GIRLS:

Rosie FISHER  
Julie KIM  
Mia GARLICK

### YEAR 8 BOYS:

Amos SZEPS  
Sam TOOHEY  
Peter CONNOR



*Working hard at the Athletics Carnival.*

# Student Council

## Student Council Constitution

### What is the Student Council?

The Student Council is a body of elected students with two basic aims:

- 1) To involve students directly in the decision-making process of the school, and
- 2) To bring in changes to the school requested by students.

The Student Council should be an enthusiastic, committed group. Its functions include organising social/fundraising activities, including dances; assisting and supporting other extra-curricular groups; and responsibility for the Fortian Magazine, school assemblies and so on.

It is also important that the Council communicates effectively with students (through roll call discussions, noticeboards, etc.), teachers (at staff meetings) and parents (through the P. & C).

### How does it work?

The Council is made up of members elected by all students in each year (except Year 7 in the first half of the year).

- Year 8 — 6 representatives
- Year 9 — 6 representatives
- Year 10— 10 representatives
- Seniors— 16 representatives

Half of each group of representatives will be girls and half will be boys.

Each year people are elected to the “Executive” positions of Chairperson, Deputy Chairperson, Secretary (for correspondence), Minutes Secretary (this can rotate), Treasurer, and Vice-Treasurer. As far as possible, this group should also be an even balance of males and females. It is responsible for general administration of the Council, including organisation of meetings. It should not have any decision-making powers.

The Student council holds regular general meetings (every 2-3 weeks) for general business and decision-making. For many issues, small “Interest Groups” are formed which meet more often on specific matters.

### Interest Groups

Interest Groups should be formed if an issue cannot be decided upon by a general meeting after a reasonable period of discussion and/or if a Council activity requires further or ongoing organisation.

One person will convene the group meetings and be a contact person. This convenor is not solely responsible for the group. Anyone who is interested in the group (not necessarily a person on the Council) should put his/her name down on a list held by the convenor.

Interest Groups should meet once a week or as appropriate.

### Decision-making authority

- Can make administrative decisions
- Other decisions to be referred to the Council
- Cannot decide to spend money (exception: the Dance Committee can authorise money for hire of D.J.'s, etc. — this is more of an administrative decision)

- Should make definite recommendations for the Council to agree to (i.e., to avoid lengthy, repetitious discussions). Council members can ask for clarification, etc., but should avoid discussions “from scratch”.

### Attendance

The Student Council must be an enthusiastic, committed body if it is to achieve anything. For this reason, attendance at general meetings is compulsory, except under a reasonable excuse: a test or important classwork, other extra-curricular activities, absence from school, etc. If a person is absent from three consecutive meetings without a reasonable excuse or is clearly avoiding his/her responsibility, the Executive may expel that person from the Council.

### Elections

General elections will be held annually, as close as possible to the beginning of the year. At the end of term 2/beginning of term 3, Year 12 representatives may choose to resign. Any positions so created will be filled from a Year 7 election. Elections will be held during class time.

### Procedure

Nominations should be given to Council representatives or put on the Student Council noticeboard.

Students will vote in year groups (11 and 12 together) by writing down their first three preferences for girls and boys respectively.

- 1) ..... 3 “points”
- 2) ..... 2 “points”
- 3) ..... 1 “point”

The candidates are then ranked by total number of points. Lists of the ranking from each year group will be held by the Secretary. Any positions created by resignation or dismissal will be filled by the next ranked person of the appropriate year and gender.

### Powers of the Student Council

The Student Council will play an advisory role within the school, including formulation of disciplinary policy, curriculum development and so on. The Council may provide representatives to staff meetings and committees when relevant.

Due to Department of Education regulations, all decisions of the Council must be ratified by the Principal. Finances will be held in the school account under the name “Student Council”. Expenditure of money must also be authorised by the Principal.

**Drafted by:**  
**Shawn Whelan**  
**Kerry Sanderson**



*Michael Browne and some members of the Student Council.*







**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Susan Chik, Sophia Anastasiadis, Mia Chalker, Loredana Angeloni, Saffron Bond, Melanie Bray, Rebel Bissaker, Tram Bui.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Victor Chau, Kate Callaghan, Neidi Beck, Megan Crispin, Ann Chow, Mirsini Ahilas, Nadine Boehm, Rachel Connor, Jason Butcler.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Christian Bruce, James Correa, Andrew Baron, Matthew Arnett, Steven Csikos, Sean Brushwood, Tim Booth, Kristian Boehringer.

Class II-F



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Lisa Heron, Karren Gallagher, Liza Feeny, Germana Eckert, Natalie Greer, Joan Holcombe, Kylie Goulding, Rebecca Fyfe.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Malcolm Gillies, Vicki Hambezos, Gavin Darbyshire, Melissa Gillies, Steven Georgakis, Karen Green, Keiran Gallagher, Kristen Daghish, Scott Hardiman.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Robin Hilliard, Rajeev Gupta, Tim Hornibrook, Cameron Hall, Nelson Ha, Murray Gibbons, Jim Deligiannis.

Class II-O



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Truc Huynh, Banu Idil, Grace Leung, Michelle Johnston, Peta Lee, Natalie Lay, Sohi Kang, Anastasia Konstantelos.  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Daniel Kang, Arthur Lo, Malamo Loutas, Alison Hunter, Joanne Kalivas, Paula Houvardas, Sung Jin, Jin Hong Kim.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Osoo Kwon, John Karapatsas, Hyung Joong Kim, David Lam, Damon Keen, Alain Khanh, Jeffrey Jones, Edmund Lo, Sae Wook Kwon.  
**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) George Korfiatis, Nick Karkanidas, Aran Jensen, Brendan Kelly.  
 Class II-R



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Carolyn MacLeod, Jennifer Moore, Emma Lunn, Sharlene Middler, Niki Nikitianos, Tram Mai, Hue My Ngo, Lydia Ng.  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Duncan Miller, Cassie McCullagh, Michelle Milligan, Fiona McLaren, Bronwyn Mackintosh, Yvette Mayer, Jessica McGowan, Jason Morley.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Gavin Darbyshire, Christopher Newton, Timothy Newsom, James Mathers, Mungo McCall, James Nightingale, Graham Moore, Mark Micallaf.  
**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Craig Miller, Louis Mavraidis, Scott Martin, Mohammad Mirza.  
 Class II-T



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Helen Saratopoulos, Tieu Tieu Phung Le, Tatiana Pentes, Padma Raman, Gertrude Salat, Amanda Rolfe, Maria Pizzinga, Antonia Pramataris.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Ingrid Skarbek-Slonka, Natalie Ley, Alexandra Nittes, Jackie Ntatsoloulos, Anne-Petra Odijk, Leigh Sanderson, Susinta Oetojo, Joanna Patikas, Helen Noonan.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Anthony Schofield, Gavan Darbyshire, Alan Shapley, Hardy Reschke, Tony Radosevic, Joshua Saunders, Sacha Sadler, Michael Rees, Richard Salden.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Peter Oey, Andrew Povolny, Scott Rogers, Chris Presland.

Class 11-I



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Louise Sommerville, Lisa Zullo, Despina Tartirelis, Philippa Stevens, Edwina Throsby, Despina Vasilarea, Shona Snedden, Daisy Tan.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Devi Trainor, Eleanor Todd, Shawn Whelen, Nathan Toohey, Andrew Stening, Keiran Gallagher, Sharon Swanson, Christine Xenakis.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Ian Thomas, Aravind Viswanath, Luke Tollemache, Scott Hardiman, Nikola Vukovljak, Keir Wallace, Matthew Sully, Charles Smith.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Jason White, Mark Wright, Tim Hornibrook, Jason Yetton.

Class 11-A

# Debating

## Historians Debate

*"Argeyment is a gift of Natur"* (Dickens)

*"History is only a confused heap of facts."* (Lord Chesterfield, 1750)

The 1986 Year 10 History Debating Team was able to combine these two maxims and win the Les Gordon History Debating Competition. Comprising Victor Chau, Leigh Sanderson, Shawn Whelan and Paula Houvardas, the team swept away the Mary Immaculate College, Strathfield, whose debating style was not immaculate enough to match the Fort Street onslaught in the final.

The current Year 10 team (Julia Cummins, Meg Gay, Alfred Hiatt and Katarina Lawergren) has won its zone and is still striving to maintain the glory of 1986.

**Alfred Hiatt and Meg Gay, Year 10**

## "To Be or Not To Be" . . .

This year Kelly Stephens, Luther Weate, Danielle McDonald and Lisa Mullan (the Year 12 debating team) made a valiant but unsuccessful attempt to lay their hands on the booty of the Hume Barbour Debating Competition. The Year 11 team — Tim Booth, Leigh Sanderson, Shawn Whelan and Edwina Throsby — in the Karl Cramp Debating Competition, managed to salvage some glory by winning its final debate although losing the first two due to "shady" adjudication. Now for the good news — the Year 10 team (Julia Cummins, Meg Gay, Alfred Hiatt and Katarina Lawergren) is alive and well and won its zone in the first stage of the Commonwealth Bank Debating Competition. The zone final was fought against Sydney Girls' High — the topic being "That abolishing discrimination is too hard a task". (Fort Street was the affirmative and won by a narrow margin). Thanks from all the teams go to Ms Verne and Ms Bennett for giving up their time and providing us with transport, coffee and "pep" talks.

**Alfred Hiatt and Meg Gay, Year 10**

*Our Debaters.*



# The Peace Movement . . .

This was the most productive year in the three years of the operation of the Fort Street Peace Group. There has been a strong and consistent turn up throughout the year from Year 7 to Year 12, which has enabled us to organise and carry out more campaigns than in previous years.

Most of the first few months of the year were taken up with re-establishing ourselves and running an extensive publicity campaign for the Palm Sunday Peace March. This included colourful posters, leaflets in rolls and Assembly speaker's. The resulting turn out on the day (April 12th) was larger than in previous years with over 20 Fortians marching under the new "Fort Steet Peace Group" banner, and countless others spotted along the way. Many ex-Fortians (from 1st year uni. students to 80 year olds) congratulated us on our commitment. The march and rally were a great success and we hope to see even more fortians next year!

However, there's more to working for 'peace' than Palm Sunday and plans were already laid for further activities. Soon after returning from the Easter break, we hosted two speakers from the Central American Peace Coalition in preparation for a march for peace for Central America. At least 50 people including a year 12 General Studies class, packed out Room 2, although the turn out at the march was somewhat less inspiring, largely due to the pouring rain. Other similar events were publicised and we plan to invite other speakers on similar topics.

Hot on the heels of the march was the long-awaited conflict resolution workshop. Based on the principle that we can all be 'more peaceful', we conducted an exercise in conflict resolution with the help of an expert in the field. About a dozen people joined in this valuable simulation and discussion.

The next date on the Peace Calendar was Hiroshima Day (August 6th). We invited Fortians to join us in making paper cranes to send to our sister-school in Japan as a gesture of peace. 1000 paper cranes will await the return of the Japanese students in early September, when they come back from their summer vacation.

Other plans for the rest of the year include the planting of a 'Peace Tree', probably a peace rose, in the school garden, a protest action for Pine Gap — Maralinga Day on October 19th and continuing publicity for other events.

**Karina Quinn, Shawn Whelan**

# Young Achievement . . .

Young Achievement (Y.A.) is a unique, practical programme designed for Year 11 students to provide them with some insight into the ways in which a business operates. The Y.A. Organisation recruits a group of about twenty students from several different schools to form a company. The company is sponsored by a firm which provides staff as advisers to guide and motivate the students.

The newly-incorporated company selects a name and a product to manufacture and market throughout its 28 week life. Money capital is raised by the issue of shares. A Board of Directors, which makes all the business decisions of the company, is also elected. This year, about 30 Year 11 students from Fort Street are involved in several Y.A. companies producing and selling such products as "Handy Shoe Care Kits", "Liquid Soap" toiletry packs, decorative plaques and draw-string bags, badges and telephone extension cords. For two hours per week these students become company executives aiming to make a profit. They pay wages, salaries and commission on sales and are taxed 49% on their profits. Towards the end of the venture the company liquidates and the net profit is distributed to shareholders as dividends, accompanied by an annual report.

Y.A. is a highly competitive and rewarding extra-curricular activity. The Y.A. Trade Fair which was held in the Queen Victoria Building this year saw all the companies in Sydney gathered to compete against one another in trying to sell their products to the public.

All companies involved compete in the "Venture of the Year Award" for "Blue Chip" status which signifies excellence in management, sales and maintenance of company records. There is also a "Young Achiever of the Year" competition in which the winners travel to the United States, spending two weeks in public speaking competitions with students involved in a similar programme there. Certificates are awarded to all achievers at the end of the programme.

As well as an opportunity to make new friends, students involved in Y.A. gain first-hand knowledge and experience in setting up their own company and learning the challenges and rewards of the free-enterprise system. The Young Achievement programme, as I, and I'm sure other students have found, is a valuable learning experience, particularly for those who wish to pursue a business-related career.

**Daisy Tan, Year 11**  
(on behalf of all students involved in Y.A.)

# Fort Street's Fashion . . .

The "Textiles and Design" Department has had a very busy year with the elective students participating in two fashion parades. The first fashion parade which took place on Tuesday, 30th June, displayed the work of all Textiles and Design students from Years 8 to 12. The theme of our night was "Transformations" which was to allow the audience to see the transformation from fabric into well-constructed garments.

Our compere was Antonia Pramataris, a Year 11 student. The programme began with Year 12 — 2 Unit students displaying their clothing made from hand-dyed or painted calico. This was followed by Year 9 students who wore their natural fibre leisure garments and later in the parade their Creative Knitwear. Year 11 had produced stunning evening wear which was also paraded.

The Year 10 students had been studying "Theatre Arts" and had produced the costumes for an exciting dance production with the theme of 'Cats'. Samantha Darbyshire, Diana Markopoulos, Danielle McDonald and Elizabeth Weekes performed 'Jellicle Cats' which was accompanied by the School Vocal Ensembles. Year 10 students also participated in the parade, wearing "special occasion" clothing.

The parade ended with the Year 12 — 3 Unit students participating in a finale displaying their "Theatrical Design" major works. Those attending enjoyed the parade very much.

The Textiles and Design students from Fort Street also participated in the Regional Fashion Parade. The parade took place in our School Hall on two nights, 8th and 9th September. Six schools participated in this parade. The schools were Burwood Girls' Concord, Fort Street, Petersham Girls', Strathfield Girls' and Strathfield South High Schools. The theme of the parade was "Young Designers" which adequately described all the participants of the parade. The evenings were very entertaining and displayed a wide range of garments, styles and very much talent in the area.

Many thanks go to all who helped put these parades together and especially the Textiles and Design Staff.

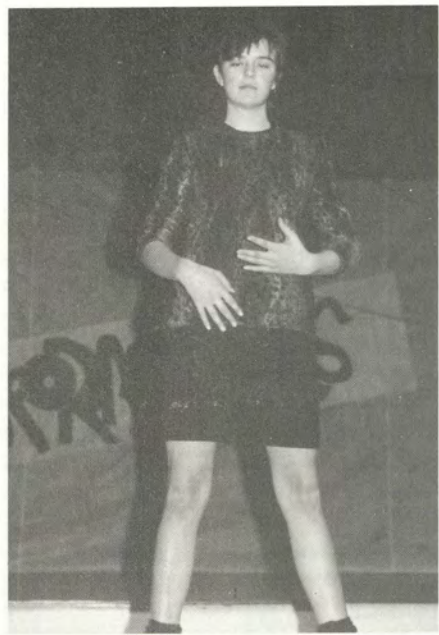
**Yvonne Lutowski, Year 10**



*"Strutting Their Stuff".*



*Kelly and Nick of Year 12.*





# Excursions

Life without excursions would be dull and boring. Besides, they are educationally and socially valuable experiences. The usual but interesting outings from the school and visits by "gurus" to the school graced Fort Street's calendar in 1987.

How could one possibly study Modern History or Ancient, for that matter, without visits to Circular Quay and The Rocks, Old Sydney Town, Canberra (again!), and to Macquarie Uni to see an archaeological collection? Junior students were treated to two films (outside the confines of "Video à la classroom") — "The Name of the Rose" (Wonderful) and "Land of the Pharaohs". Year 9 students were indulged once again by the "Hill End camp". Year 7 and 8 students were intrigued by Peter Lee's performance (his annual visit) of "Looking Back" His collection of swords, shields and armour astounded all.

Once again the Social Scientists spent a good many days studying our fair land. Camps to Fitzroy Falls, Geroa, Dubbo, Wentworth Falls, Canberra, Cooma, The Snowy Mountains and the Illawarra Region of N.S.W. enlightened students and exhausted teachers. Those with aspirations in the commercial world went to MacDonaldis (most days), Qantas, John Fairfax, the Stock Exchange, Parliament House and the Supreme Court. Those "Asian Studies" classes spent time in Dixon Street, at a Buddhist Temple, at the Japanese Information Centre and at an Indonesian restaurant. The "Legal Studies" students were part of the Law Society's Mock Trial Competition. Phew!

The school's senior "Industrial Artists" were invited to displays of "Mechanical Testing of Engineering Materials" and "The Study of Polymers and Ceramics" at Sydney Technical College.

Whoever said Science was uninteresting? Some Year 7 students spent a day at the Australian Museum and the Botanic Gardens. Chemistry students went to Sydney Technical College to "experiment" and the senior biologists went to see "Rocky Marine Platforms" at some beach sites and to the Royal National Park. Rumour has it that the experiments in Science classes are so good that we can expect some cures for the flu virus soon!

Year 11 Art students "clicked away" with cameras at the Botanical Gardens and Circular Quay. Various inner city art galleries welcomed small groups of our artists on both weekdays and weekend days. Just some of the "outings" by the Home Economics Department were — the Yves Saint Laurent Exhibition at the N.S.W. Art Gallery (wow!) the fashion house of Carla Zampatti, the Bread Research Institute, the Fish Marketing Authority, the Sydney Opera Company, the Embroiderer's Guild and the Gas Company. A busy schedule!

The English Department has taken advantage of "modern methods" and has shown lots of videos (of school texts) at school — "The Merchant of Venice", "A Streetcar Named Desire", "Rebecca", "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest", "Julius Caesar", "Hamlet", "Equus", "The Club" and it goes on. The maxim still applies, however. "Word on paper is still mightier than celluloid". The new Year 11 Approved Study of "Drama" was a great success. The students were treated to performances of "Cho Cho San" at the Belvoir Street Theatre and to "Private Lives" (delightful!) at the Opera House

Year 12 English 2/3 unit students saw "Hamlet" at Phillip Street and Beckett's "Waiting for Godot, a Heresy" at the Wharf Theatre (just great!) The 2 unit General students saw "The Club" at Phillip Street. The "Theatre of the Deaf" performed "Don Quixote" at the Belvoir Street Theatre to Years 8 and 9. Some Year 7 students raced through the school gates to see the films "Stand By Me" and "My Life As a Dog" at city cinemas. We all need to escape once in a while!

Those students of Years 10 and 12 French saw "Tartuffe" at the Seymour Centre. Lucky Year 9 people went to the Yves Saint Laurent Exhibition at the N.S.W. Art Gallery (wow!), The Goethe Institute played host to the German students, as did the Power House Museum for an exhibition of German Design.

The Japanese Information Centre greeted those struggling to learn to speak and write Japanese fluently. The Latin scholars saw "Phaedra" at the Opera House and saw "The Name of the Rose" at the cinema.

Another year of relevant, educationally-sound experiences!

Jane Levi

*Out In The Field.*



# Just when you Thought Latin was Dead . . .

*"O Magnum atque intolerandum dolorem,  
O gravem acerbamque fortunam"*

— (Cicero : In Verrem)

When ten keen Latin scholars from years 10 and 11 departed the school grounds on May 14th, little did they know what they were letting themselves in for. They thought they were going to a Latin Reading Competition held by the Classics Department of Sydney University, but what should have been a deadly serious activity resembled something more of a farce, more than the tragedies of Cicero and Virgil we were to read. We were met at the University by a charming young chap from Riverview College, who escorted us, one by one, to the judges' room. Although our practice attempts had been met with amusement by the rest of the class, the judges received them stony-faced. Unfortunately, nobody made it to the finals.

The Classics Department again welcomed our presence at its performance of Seneca's "Phaedra". (Translation). This also possessed a farcical quality, though considered a great tragedy. We look forward to many more mind-broadening excursions.

**Meg Gay and  
Sarah Murphy, Year 10**

*"O, what a great and intolerable grief,  
O what a grievous and bitter fate."*

# Mathematics Magic

This year all three major Maths competitions were run in the school hall. Despite a big increase in entries in both the Maths Competition and Maths Olympiad, these fell in an exam period when many wouldn't "have a go". Also torrential rain caused much disruption to the public transport system, causing much absenteeism that day.

Many students did well last year but no results were available at the time of writing this article.

## 1. N.S.W. Mathematic Olympiad

Last Year Khai Dang attained a distinction and Lachlan Hall a credit. 47 students entered in 1987.

## 2. Mathematics Competition

Last year Jeremy Kothe was awarded as cash prize and Marc Englaro, Dinh Nguyen and Daisy Tan were awarded books with Certificates. 83 entered in 1987.

## 3. Westpac Mathematics Competition

Last year Malcolm Gillies, Patrick Lesslie, Aidan Archer and Amos Szeps won cash prizes and 105 students were awarded distinctions with 125 awarded credits. 323 entered in 1987.

## 4. Australian Mathematics Summer School


Lachlan Hall and Dinh Nguyen of Year 12 were offered places at this camp. Dinh attended, enjoying the chance to meet Maths students from across Australia.

## 5. N.S.W. Mathematics Olympiad Team

Jeremy Kothe was invited to try out for selection for the 1988 Mathematical Olympiad Team.

Keep at it Fortians!

**Mr Roger Riches**



## Year 7 Camp Report

The camp was great. I met many new friends. They were of both sexes as well. The cabin that I slept in had boys in it that I didn't really know. After camp I talk to them every day. The train trip was one of the best bits. The goat farm was alright and so was the dairy farm. When we got to Fitzroy Falls Conference Centre most people were very excited so Mr Baker made us all do work and not have fun. I think in future camps, Mr Baker should stay at home so he won't catch cold (ha! ha!). All in all we had quite a good time because playing Putt Putt Golf made up for the rest of it.

**Jamie Moore, Year 7**



# Welcome New Fortians

The tradition has now been established. Year 8 students organize a dance to welcome the new Fortians. The theme for this year's "Welcome Dance" was "Come Dressed As Your Favourite Decade of the Twentieth Century." On Wednesday 18th March 1987, the school was transformed into a colourful and lively display of fashion a la twentieth century.

Prizes were awarded to Adrian McKeown, Sebastian Brandt, Gary Rich and Rosie Fisher for great 1920's costumes. Beth Delaney won the 1950's decade, Rebecca Jenner won the 1970's prize and Oliver Steven won the 1990's prize. Rebecca Sheret and David Gill were looking extremely "hippie" and they won prizes too.

The dance was a great success. I remember on the night a very enthusiastic Year 7 student asked an exhausted Year 8 student "When's the next one?" The reply was "Next year when YOU put on a dance for the new Year 7's"!

**Rosie Fisher, Year 8**

# Cadets

1987 has seen the continued growth of our unit and the amalgamation of our unit with the "20th Regional Cadet Unit" after 118 years of independence.

Once more our unit is fully supported by the Army and can look towards a very exciting future.

Over the past year the unit has conducted a wide range of activities. In October, twenty cadets completed a challenging trek on the Benowie Walking Track to qualify them for wearing the unit's distinctive maroon beret. During November, selected cadets attended an army casualty evacuation exercise at Holsworthy and we also conducted a very successful Dining in Night and Ceremonial parade. In December, unit members attended a combined Promotion Course at Sydney Grammar School.

During the Summer holidays, five cadets attempted and completed (by some miracle), a ten day expedition across the Wollemi National Park (a noted wilderness area north of the Blue Mountains), as part of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

During 1987 we have conducted a recruit training bivouac, and orienteering bivouac run in conjunction with the Australian-wide Cadet Orienteering Championships.

Lately twenty cadets qualified on a first aid course and an Assault Pioneers Course.

Basically, all is going well at the Fort Street Cadet Unit. At the moment we have 45 cadets and we can look to a very rosy future.

**Admin Section, The Cadet Unit**

# Professional Development

During 1987 the staff of Fort Street High attended some important seminars at the school. Guest speakers were invited to inform the staff on several important issues, especially those related to Pupil Welfare. Several staff members attended seminars in their own time and reported back to the staff. The main seminars for this year were on "The Talented Child", "Multiculturalism", "Child Abuse and Incest" and "Aids in Australia". The staff was fortunate to have part of the "Aids in Australia" seminar conducted by Dr Peter Bruce (father of Christian Bruce in Year 11) who is involved in the Kirketon Street Clinic, an annexe of Sydney Hospital. Dr Bruce showed the staff slides of the virus and how it attacks the body. After, he answered the many questions posed by staff members.

All in all, during 1987 some vital issues affecting the school and the community at large were "thrashed out" by the staff.

**Jane Levi**

*Mr R. Luntungan, the Cadet Leader.*





# The Hill Is Alive To The Sound Of Music

1987 has been another exciting year in the saga of our Music Departments resurrection. This year saw great improvements in every area.

## IN THE CLASSROOM. . . .

The number of students taking Elective Music has increased dramatically this year; so much so that our extremely talented teachers are having trouble coping with the enthusiasm of such numbers.

Year 7 students are introduced to Medieval Music, Jazz and Film Music in non-elective Music. These topics are reinforced through visits to the school by performing ensembles such as Sinfone — a Medieval group, and the Sydney Jazz Quintet. Five students who are enthralled by music, such as ourselves, have the opportunity to specialise in the above areas in the 2-unit General course which may be taken up in Year 11.

There has been an emphasis on participation in compulsory music classes. The Year 7 students, especially, get a "taste of what's in store" for them in senior years.

## EQUIPMENT. . . .

To all students in their performance, composition and listening, much needed equipment has been added to the store. The number of electronic keyboards has been increased and the sound equipment has been upgraded. A much needed concert standard upright piano has been obtained (on loan) to accommodate our many performing pianists. (The piano fund is still trying to gain momentum.)

## IN THE LIMELIGHT. . . .

Performance is a major part of the Music curriculum. Each Year 7 student is rehearsed in concert performance techniques through class concerts. This eventually culminates in Year 12 where our students (in preparation for the H.S.C.) are required to perform at our school assemblies. This serves the double purpose of lightening our sometimes tedious gatherings and giving the Year 12's valuable experience. Memorable performers who have graced our stage include Sarah Butler on bassoon, Gareth Chan on piano, David Chan on guitar, Michael Porter on guitar and Dominic Sirone on piano. (Good luck to all these people, we hope you do as good a job in your H.S.C.!)

## AND BEYOND. . . .

From a persistent sowing of interest during classtime has grown a strong extra-curricular Music programme. The string group which began in 1986 has grown, and wind instruments were added to transform the string group into a Chamber Orchestra. Conducted by Ms Davis, the group auditioned, and was chosen to perform at the Metropolitan East region's Music Festival on 25th June at the Town Hall. They also put on an impressive performance at the Music Night which was held to assist the Piano Fund gain momentum.

The Training Band scheme also took off the ground this year with Training Band One being selected to play at the Ashfield District Festival. The band also played for Malvina High School to help them establish a band program. Much to the credit of Miss Clark, the band also spread its wings at Speech Day and the Music Night. The progress made by Training Band One has been amazing. Looking towards the future, a successful recruiting evening saw the formation of Training Band Two with 52 members. Astounding! The talent is obviously endless.

## CHOIR. . . .

The choir, our longest standing music ensemble, has had another good year. They "did the school proud" by outnumbering all other schools at the Combined Schools' Choral Concert. A special honour was bestowed upon the choir when they sang with Cheltenham Girls' High School and the Sydney Symphony Orchestra at an A.B.C. Family concert in June at the Opera House. The choir performed in several exciting concerts during the year. The attendance rose dramatically at the beginning of the year, and, although it dropped later in the year, the stickers have become an excellent group of students dedicated to producing fine music.

The vocal ensemble, consisting of eager beavers from Years 7-12 have had a busy year. They "sang out" the retiring Regional Director. . . and "sang in" the new. The vocal ensemble also performed at the combined Schools' Choral Concerts, and Ms. Moxham conducted in her usual spectacular manner.

Although it was a very exciting and extremely educational year in Music, Can it get better? We ask! Next year we might get the concert standard grand piano we need desperately for the hall. . . Let's just wait and see.

**Ameshri Naidoo & Kara Monro, Year 10**



*Some members of the Choir, the Vocal Ensemble and talented musicians.*

# Year Ten Students Experience The "Working World"

Once again, Fortians from Year Ten were "let loose" on the "real" world. For two weeks (17th August — 28th August) these people "posed" as teachers, solicitors, bankers, advertising executives, radio producers, chefs, vets, fashion designers, journalists, theatre directors and . . .and . . .the list is endless. Everyone enjoyed the experience, proving once again, that it's a valuable event in the school year.

Jane Levi



*Students at the Sydney Theatre Company and at Vogue Australia.*



# The Fortians Union

The Fortians Union hopes to encourage an appreciation of the traditions of the Fort Street High Schools. The students, past and present, do have a proud tradition to uphold and Fortians are found in all areas of Commerce, Industry, Law and Education. Many lead their fields, like Jan Stephenson, Robyn Hughes, Michael Kirby and Trevor Morling. Fortians have led the country, John Kerr, Garfield Barwick and Neville Wran are amongst those who excel in their fields, all striving to achieve the motto "...each person is the maker of their own destiny. . .".

The Union arranges functions "to promote a social fellowship." This year we held our first Luncheon where members of Staff, past and present, were invited to join members of the Union at a very successful function at the school. Fortians were delighted to hear Nance Irvine as Guest Speaker at Speech Day. Nance told of her memories of Speech Days and added a deal of her special humour to have young and old Fortians waiting for each anecdote in her talk. Robyn Hughes, the Director of Film Australia, was the Guest Speaker at the 1986 Annual Dinner held at Sydney University. The 1987 Annual Dinner was also held at the Refectory, Sydney University. Neville Wran Q.C. was the Guest Speaker and was introduced by Rod Cavalier, N.S.W. Minister of Education.

The Union is always willing "to render assistance to the Fort Street High School" and recently the Committee was delighted to have been able to allocate funds for the purchase of a new Encyclopaedia for the Library. The Union will continue to offer assistance either by providing equipment or technical advice whenever possible.

The Fortians Union aims "to encourage generally appreciation of the traditions of Fort Street". The Union invites Fortians who have excelled in their field to address the Annual Dinner. The School also invites former students to speak at Speech Day. This allows present students to learn about the achievements of their fellow Fortians. The members of the Fortians Union would like to wish all students success in their examinations and their future careers, and look forward to welcoming the 1987 School Leavers to the Union.

**Denice Hurst, President  
Fortians Union**

(At the Annual General Meeting it was decided to remove the apostrophe from the name THE FORTIANS UNION.)

## P. & C. Report

The P. & C. Association continues to play an integral part in the life of the school, serving not only as an important line of communication between it and the parent body but also as a forum in which parents and others, may meet to discuss and (hopefully) resolve various matters of common educational concern.

As always, we have continued to correspond with the Minister, Local Member and Regional Director in an effort to have some of the material deficiencies in the school rectified. Whilst most requests appear to lie fallow almost indefinitely, it was pleasing this year to see the prolonged lobbying by the Principal, Staff and this Association bear fruit and the Depart-

ment have exterior painting and some major repairs to the school carried out. However, much remains to be done, not only cosmetically but, more importantly, in upgrading the present classroom, staffroom and ancillary accommodation.

To this end the Association this year, is preparing a comprehensive development plan for both the school buildings and grounds and will be forwarding a submission to both the Minister and the Department detailing in precise terms the specific shortfalls in both. Rest assured, whilst the war itself will probably never be completely won, the battles will continue!

On a more pleasant note we have been actively involved in several projects of both interest and importance to parents. Apart from continuing the series of talks on each subject course by the heads of Departments, we also organised a seminar attended by some 400 parents from various schools in our Region dealing with the joint topics of changes to the Higher School Certificate and tertiary selection procedures. Additionally, we have been involved in the determination of topics to be included in a new Fort Street Handbook to be issued to new parents each year as well as the preparation of a questionnaire and the undertaking of a survey of all parents to determine the composition of the school community. This will be updated each year and should prove an invaluable resource for the future.

Another matter of significant interest this year has been our involvement in the formation of an association of the selective and agricultural high school P. & C.'s. Whilst still in its embryonic state, it is hoped that this new organisation will not only actively promote the retention of such schools but also the establishment of new ones in areas not presently served. Following on from this it is also intended to act as a forum for the interchange of ideas and discussion of common problems. Only time will tell whether all these aims can be achieved but the omens appear favourable.

After having had to devote so much of our somewhat limited resources to all these activities, it is perhaps understandable that fund-raising one of our most important tasks has been a trifle tardy. The Canteen continues to trade very successfully and, despite an acute shortage of volunteer staff, very profitably. Apart from providing a much-needed service, it continues to be the cornerstone of our fund-raising.

Two new major fund-raising ventures, one completed this year and the other planned for early next year, were an Art Union and an Art Show. The former was the first of such magnitude undertaken by the P. & C., and, whilst not all the tickets were sold, the results for a first attempt were quite good and future ones should be even more successful. The Art Show also promises to be another rewarding venture, which, if properly promoted, should entice many previous Fortians as well as parents and friends, to the school.

As you can see, once again it has been a busy, but rewarding year for the P. & C. Not all that we set out to achieve has been completed but much, including the breaking of some new ground, has. This year we hope to have completed the formation of a series of specific working groups to provide much-needed continuity in tackling those perennial problems such as fund-raising, ground and building maintenance and improvements, school liaison etc. Some may only be short-lived but most will continue to be required whilst governments continue to rely so heavily on parents and others to make up the shortfall in funds.

**John Ludlow, President**





**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Kerri Ambler, Anna Bearpark, Maria Arvanitis, Sophie Dowling, Sunhee Cho, Trang Dang, Karen Dorn, Tina Collins.  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Brett Buckley, Frank Daspromonte, Con Boulougouris, Theofilos Belekas, Alex Cheng, Pablo Collaguazo, Daniel Depe, Juan Chang, Jon-Patrick Collins.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Maia Andreasen, Kylie Dare, Lucy Byrne, Julia Cummins, Anna Bryant, Elizabeth Brbot, Sasha Carrel.  
**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Saul Devitt, Matthew Adams, Jonathon Austen, Francesco Cammaroto.  
 Class 10-F



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Jasmin Gwynne, Merryl Geribo, Sibel Goren, Penny Gonidellis, Jodie Gibson, Niki Frampton, Niki Hale, Sally Egan.  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Christina Fotakopoulos, Julia Grazioli, Meg Gay, Louise Gillet, Narelle Grant, Nickoletta Flampoulidou, Christine Gabiola, Sophie Gibb, Mary Fien.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Barry Gibb, Danny Farrenc, Joseph Graffi, Michael Gregory, Justin Hall, Brendan Gribble, Michael Harding, Bill Giannakopoulos, Marc Englaro, Craig Gustafson.  
 Class 10-O



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Tina Lavrentiou, Song Mi Lee, Hao Hua, Phuong Lieu, Hannah Hilliard, Yoon Chong Kim, Katarina Lawergren, Leola Lachs.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Christopher Hunt, Duncan Hau, Sean Lee, Glen Henderson, Jeremy Kothe, Wayne Jennings, David Leung, Alfred Hiatt, David Ionnidis.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Tarkan Kucukkaya, Adrian Lowe, Terry Liberopoulos, Eugene Lau, James Lennane, Meredith Hyde, Dennis Koustoubardis, George Konstantin, Benjamin Lee.

Class 10-R



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Jane Nguyen, Bithia O'Brien, Polly McDonald, Kate Morris, Melissa Morris, Kara Monroe, Darna Milmlow, Dung Nguyen.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Dinh Nguyen, Young Su Lee, Keri Maylor, Yvonne Lutowski, Adam Newall, Ameshri Naidoo, Natalie Mathews, Aileen Lowe, Christian McGahey.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Daria O'Neill, John Papagiannis, Lisa Oughton, Sarah Murphy, Silvester Molnar, Amber Ma.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) James Murty, Jason Mannile, Gerard Nicol, Darren McNaught.

Class 10-T



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Nicole Steadman, Anna Sordon, Amelia Ratu, Kelli Smith, Tanya Powell, Diana Sallans, Simone Sparkes, Nadia Pekelis.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Matthew Ridge, Toby Raphael, Chris Phillips, George Repeti, Emma Puchert, Peter Politis, Justin Spratt, Jason Ratcliff, Jayson Rapisardi.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Angelo Softsis, Julian Reid, Nicholas Puacha, Carlo Russo, Phillip Samanek, Jamie Robertson, Abe Powell.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Stefan Perumal, Brandon Pavey, Adrian Ross, Johnny Reja.  
Class 10-I



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Dimitra Xydis, Kirsty Thomson, Meredith Wright, Elizabeth Weekes, Katherine Wild, Kate Stephens, Tanny Tsanis, Sherry Williams.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Veronica Walshaw, Peter Tagliano, Tove Warren, Claire Sullivan, Rachel Troia, Rachel White, Megan Watts, Aaron Wong, Celia Wisnoebroto.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Vy Ta, Phillip Svoronos, Tom Williams, Paul Tootell, Julian Thornton, Roy Sykes, Dwayne Wheeler, Sacha Vidler.  
Class 10-A

# Well Done Jimmy Dunne!

On the last day of Term One, 3rd July 1987, the school bade a fond farewell to Jimmy Dunne. He has been the resident caretaker of Fort Street High for twenty four years. He retired on that day, after working for the Department of Education for thirty two years. Jimmy's jolly personality and his kindness have endeared him to everyone.

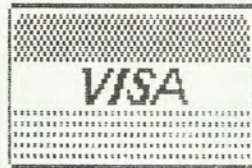
Often Jimmy's duties extended late into the evening, when he locked up the school after the evening college, school dances and other functions.

We shall all miss Jimmy's smiling face. We all wish him a healthy, fulfilling retirement. We thank Jimmy for all he has done for Fort Street.

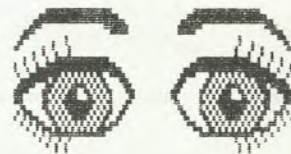
**The Committee**



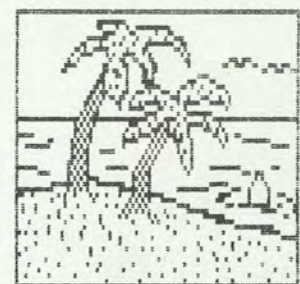
*Jimmy Dunne (left) and friends at his farewell party.*



# Computer Graphics



By Stephen Mavay, Year 7





# Drama

The spotlights have long since been extinguished. The applause has well and truly died away. However, every student involved in this year's drama spectacular can still remember the splendour of the night. (The memory of the harrowing experience of early morning rehearsals in a cold and forbidding hall has faded!)

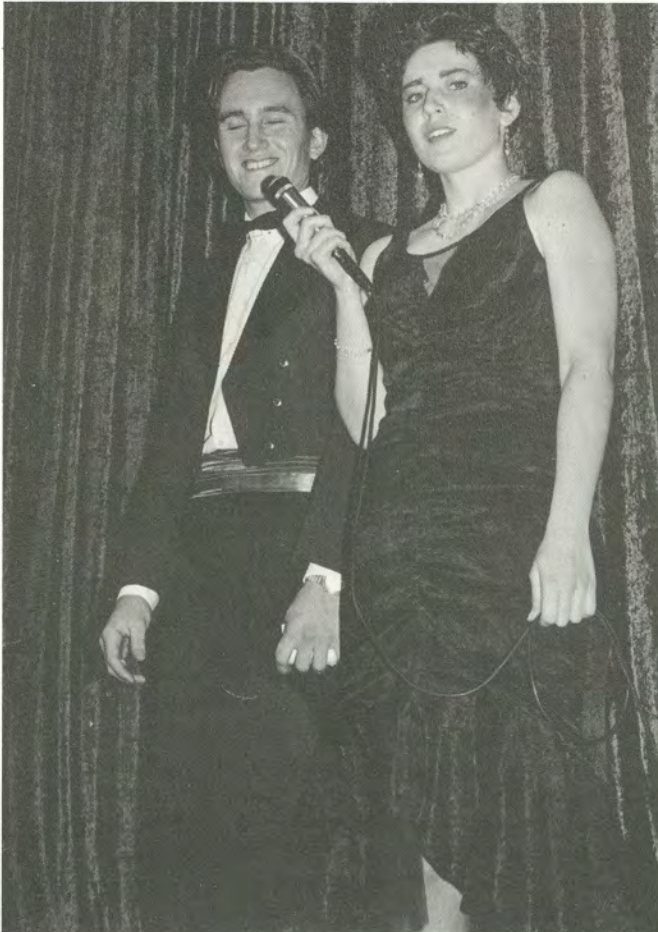
Our production entitled, "What is This Thing Called Love?" was our way of dramatically exploring and celebrating the theme of love. Some of the items included were poetry recitals, Act II of Oscar Wilde's farcical play, "The Importance of Being Earnest", hilarious skits and parodies, a "Slide And Sound Performance", Samuel Beckett's intriguing Absurdist One Act Play, "Come and Go", and much dancing and singing.

But, now, let the photos tell the story. . .

Saffron Bond, Year 11

"Oh, The Drama!"

"What is This Thing Called Love?"



*Our comperes, Peter and Jessica.*



*Rob Hilliard as "Romeo".*

# What Is This Thing Called Love?



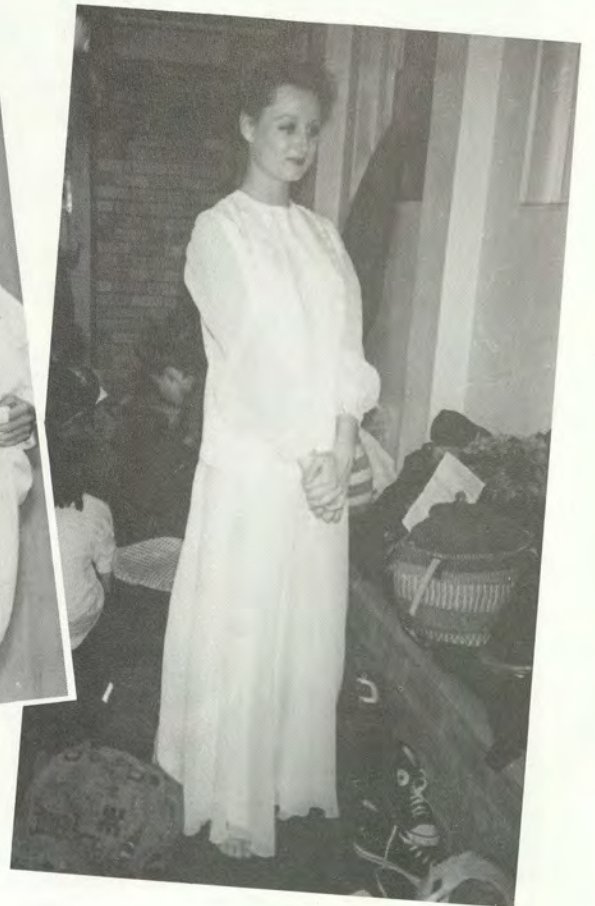
*Preparation Time.*











# A Fortian Looks Back

## Captain's Badge 1929

by Jessie Bates (now Seymour)

I do not know what day of the week, but it was a lucky day for me when I was born to my parents Lilian and Ernest Bates on May 1, 1912, for it was my mother who was determined that I should attend Fort Street Girls' High School when the time came for my secondary education.

My father was a chemist and in 1919 in the course of his work we moved to Manly, and it was here that I met so many of the girls with whom I was to spend the rest of my school days. In those days there were only five first class high schools of which Fort Street was one and served the Manly district among others.

In 1925 my mother's dream came true, and some ten little girls, clad in their new blue tunics, complete with hat and gloves, to say nothing of the black stockings, bravely set off on the Manly ferry to embark on a new life, not a little afraid of what it would be like in a school about which we had heard so much and whose standards were so very high.

Miss Emily Cruise was Headmistress during all my years at Fort Street. She was a gentle lady and by her very presence instilled in us a desire to emulate her. Unobtrusively she learned details of her students' worries and troubles and gave them sympathy, support and good advice, but never censure.

The school grounds then still contained the flag-stoned drive with two large iron gates standing guard at the entrance. Every morning at 8.45 a hansom cab would pull up at the gates, and out would step Miss Cruise, punctual to the minute. It was always the same cabby whom Miss Cruise engaged to drive her from Central Station after she had travelled by train from Glenfield. Later of course, when the approaches to the bridge were being constructed and the old flagstones and gate had been removed, she had to use a taxi. But she did have the old fountain that used to stand outside the gates removed into the school grounds.

Another teacher whom I remember fondly and with whom we had more contact because she was our science mistress was Miss Mouldsdales. One of the old school, she would stand on the landing of the front stairs in her long dark dress and black sateen science apron, her hair in a bun and wearing steel-framed spectacles. As we came up she would call out "Bags on the inside, hands off the bannisters" perhaps because she had too many times been knocked behind the knees by heavy bags of books, but she had a good-morning smile too.

Her bravery was legendary; not a cry was heard when a student inadvertently spilt acid on her hand and arm — she calmly thrust her arm under the water until better help could be obtained. Other accidents were treated similarly coolly.

Of course it is not fair to single some teachers out — they were all dedicated, and although we laughed at some for their idiosyncracies, like one whose slip always showed despite her best endeavours, and another who hooked her arm around the back of her chair and conducted the class from the regal dais, we all appreciated their worth.

Our winter sports were held at Birchgrove Oval, reached by ferry to Long Nose Point, and then a walk of about half a mile to the Oval. Here we played hockey (my game), lacrosse, basket ball and vigoro (a kind of cricket). There we also held

our athletics carnival which as a great treat (?) the boys were invited to attend. I was not very happy in boys' company, not knowing how to talk to them, having been in girls' company since I was seven. I did have a brother, but he and his friends were four years younger and so we had nothing in common. It was at the athletic carnivals that I had my only triumphs sportswise. Sylvia Taylor and I always won the three-legged races, because we used to practise on the beach at Manly and so I won the dear little red and white bar which was awarded for non-championship events.

Our swimming was not so unified. The poor swimmers went to the Aquarium at Coogee while the good swimmers went to Rose Bay. Later, when a couple of teachers were found to live at Manly the eighty or so girls who lived in the area were allowed to swim there in the Manly baths.

The fact that we travelled by ferry gave rise to great anxiety on the dreadful occasion when the ferry "Greycliffe" was sunk in a collision. On board were many school children of whom Marie Aria who lived at Watson's Bay was one. Fortunately, she survived. When we reached Manly we were greeted by almost frantic parents who had heard on the radio that it was a Manly ferry that was involved. In this case we were unaware of the mishap, but on some other occasions we were not so innocent. This was when, because of bad weather the ferries had ceased to run. The Manly girls were allowed out early to go the long way round which involved ferry to Milson's Point, the tram to the Spit, a walk across the bridge after the little punt was discontinued, and a further tram ride down to Manly. We thought this a terrible bore and preferred to wait till the ferries began running again when we enjoyed the excitement of watching the huge waves seemingly engulf the boat and then the swift run into shelter as the ferry rode the waves into Manly Cove.

Talking of ferries reminds me of the most exciting development in Sydney since the First Fleet the building of the Harbour Bridge. We were in the box seat as it were to note the daily changes in its construction as the huge pylons first raised their heads toward the sky, and then as each steel section advanced from either side toward the critical meeting over the water. On one day the steel workers created a world record for the amount of girders rivetted together. Even our approach to school was altered. Instead of racing up Essex Street with its sets of stone stairs on either side of a grassy centre, we eventually had to go up Grosvenor Street, a much longer route.

Of course, by the time the Bridge was finally opened in 1932, we were no longer students, but were invited back to take advantage of the school's unique position and involvement in the Bridge's construction for another box seat view of the events, and saw the white ribbon fly as Captain De Groot cut it before Premier John Lang was able to do so. This of course caused great excitement and consternation. Incidentally, the Premier's daughter Nellie was also in our class for three years.

I said I had been born on a lucky day — first I got to Fort Street, then I was made Captain, and thirdly I even won two certificates. In the twenties only the dux and proxime accesor of each year got prizes, and only one certificate in each subject was awarded. I got mine in Years Four and Five for Physical Education, awarded, so the other girls said, because I always had clean sandshoes!



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Narelle Brown, Shanel Cameron, Patricia Barraclough, Toscha Blenkinsop, Lucie Booker, Nicole Chisholm, Anne Colquhoun, Amy Chalker, Rosemary Chopra.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Jeremy Ambler, Genevieve Broomham, Theo Athanasopoulos, Tanina Bombara, Phoebe Black, Simone Buhler, Lyndon Arthurson, Jennifer Burge-Lopez, Andrew Bovard.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Cameron Booth, George Bountopoulos, Leon Bowles, Arn Bernie, Anthony Boukouvala, Tony Chow, Kristian Brockmann, Steel Addison, Guy Buono.

Class 9-F



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Natasha Fiodoroff, Sofia Costa, Rebecca Davison, Phoebe Cooke, Miriam Corris, Elizabeth Crowther, Rebecca Donnison, Janis Fodera.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Dennis Cohen, Rory Delaney, Brett Cowell, Anna Czarnocka, Pauline Clague, Sarah Forsythe, Rebecca Fairall, Salvatore Esposito, Gabriel Dilworth, Saran Deling.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Thomas Clark, Nathan Colville, Tom Donald, Paul De Boos, Robin Darnley, Damon Cook, John Doyle, Jesse Fink, Murat Dizdar.

Class 9-O



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Sara Ho, Nina Lagzdins, Kristina Lacis, Vassoulla Ioannou, Caroline Haswell, Judy Hsieh, Bethel Holley, May Lee, Sukanya Haran.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Athanasios Houllis, Paul Hurst, David Hughes, Gerald Gallagher, Hung Huynh, Elliot Hyde, Tristan Imber, Brett Holland.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Robin Heron, Jennifer Gerrie, Kristine Giese, Melanie Ingram, Kristen Klimpsch, Rachel Gabiola, Hun Kim.  
Class 9-R



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Jamee Newland, Raelene Matejka, Georgina Mousouleas, Eva Lacek, Kate James, Yung Luong, Genevieve Magarey, Bernadetta No.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Joe Kang, Jin Man Kim, Alan Leung, Joshua Martin, Con Moustakis, Tristen Norwell, Le Van Nguyen, Charles Lake.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Patrick Leslie, Garfield Lee, Inanch Mehmet, Santiago Llaverro, Denny Lee, Dennis Khanh, Martin Kovacic, Sae Yoon Kwon.

Class 9-T



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Melinda Parsons, Sarah Presland, Gabrielle McKinnon, Adrienne Patrick, Glenda Park, Stephanie Seers, Emily Oates, Bronwen Stevenson.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Emily Saunders, Gia Nghi Phung, Wendy Yen, Daniel Shipp, Olga Rounis, Stuart Miller, Tresna Stiles, Karina Pratt, Kyla Slaven.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Nicholaos Pantelis, Tu Tin Quach, Tavendran Pather, Jeffrey No, Dejan Nikolic, Navesh Perumal, Rory Smith, Kirk Purchase, Dalley Robinson, Paul Stathakis.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Justin Playford, Alex Salouras, Ben Quinn, Morgan Pollard, Nazmi Ressay.

Class 9-1



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) My Hang Trinh, Patricia Zagarella, Jessamy Walker, Jacqueline Truong, Kate Ziolkowski, Rachel Wilson, Linda Steadman, Rosalba Volpe.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Turvey To, Eugene Whitlock, Daniela Terruso, Olivia Wesley-Smith, Caitlyn Wignell, Sarah Jane Tomsett, Kirsten Tranter, Matthew Tziotis, Robertus Vandenbraak.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Tico Tausig-Rubbo, Matthew Vagulans, Leonard Wright, Andrew Thompson, Ben Symonds, Simon Walsh, Richard Tan.

Class 9A

# This Sporting Life

## Girls' Sport

The 1987 sporting year has seen some outstanding individual performances from Fort Street students. Many students have represented the school in swimming, athletics, cross country and both grade and State knockout sports.

On the swimming scene, a number of girls were successful in gaining representation in the Bligh Zone Team for the highly competitive Metropolitan East Swimming. In a lot of cases our girls were swimming against current Australian title holders and should be proud of their efforts at the carnival. Belinda Gibson (Yr 9), Jodie Gibson (Yr 10), Yvette Mayer (Yr 11), Nicole Steadman (Yr 10) and Elizabeth Weekes (Yr 10) were all successful in their events and represented metropolitan East at the State Championships.

**Athletics** — Once again Fort Street was the Champion School at the Zone Athletics Carnival. The girls were second in their point score to Strathfield. The following girls were Age Champions: Mary Fien and Shona Snedden

**Cross Country** — By far the most gruelling event in the sporting calendar — all students who participate should get a pat on the back for a fine effort. At Zone level the girls were very successful with our best results coming from Tarne Malor — 1st — 12 yrs, Rebecca Jenner — 3rd — 13 yrs, E. Puchert — 1st — 16 yrs, A. Konstantelos — 2nd — 16yrs, J. Gibson — 3rd — 16 yrs, B. Mackintosh — 2nd — 17 yrs.

At the Regional Carnival — Mary Fien — 1st Mary Fien went on to win her event at the Region and came 10th in the C.H.S. Carnival.

This year there was an overall improvement in our performance in State Knockout events with the best performance coming from our Girls' Volleyball team who won their Regional section and made the final 16 in the State before being knocked out. Congratulations girls and thanks Mr Jurd!

### Other results

Girls' Softball — through to Round 3.

Soccer — defeated in Round 1

Netball — through to Round 2.

Basketball — through to Round 2.

Water Polo — narrow loss to Albury in Round 4 (4-3)

There have also been a number of girls selected to represent the Region and State in a variety of sports. We congratulate them here.

Kristen Daghish, Kylie Goulding, Sun Hee Cho — Regional Volleyball. Kristen was selected in the C.H.S. team and also U/17 N.S.W. Team. Melanie Bray — selected in N.S.W. Gymnastics team to represent at the Australian Titles in Tasmania.

Meryl Geribo — represented metropolitan East Region in Soccer and was chosen in the Australian Women's Indoor Soccer Team.

Sandra Warrenner, Jamie Newland — represented Metropolitan East at C.H.S. Diving.

**Grade Sport** — Thanks to all girls who have participated in Grade Sport throughout 1987. Without you there would be no competition — thank you to the teachers who have assisted with coaching and managing teams.

**Summer Winners** — Junior Squash, Junior Tennis, Yr 9 Netball, Yr 9 Softball, Open Netball (Fort St 1), Open Water Polo (Fort St 2).

Karen Smith,

## School Swimming Carnival

The school swimming carnival was held at Drummoyne Pool on February 19th — a beautiful sunny day (a rare occurrence for a carnival). A great time was had by all who attended — some people even went in the water!! Thank you to all who participated and congratulations to BARTON house on its win and the following students who were Age Champions:

	<b>BOYS</b>	<b>GIRLS</b>
12 yr	S. AGUILERA	K. MADGWICK
13 yr	J. LEES	R. JENNER
14 yr	H. KIM	B. GIBSON
15 yr	A. THOMPSON	M. GERIBO
16 yr	M. ENGLARO	J. GIBSON
17+yr	L. HALL	

## School Athletics Carnival

Athletics Carnival was held on 11th June at Sydney University. Once again the weather was fine however rain earlier in the week made the track a little soggy. Despite this drawback there were some excellent performances on the day, although sometimes the line up at the BBQ was longer than any for the events. The disappointing aspect was the lack of competitors in the older age groups — how about developing some 'school spirit'. Congratulations to BARTON house on its win — it just proves that the more competitors you have the better chance you have to win.

The following students were age champions:

	<b>BOYS</b>	<b>GIRLS</b>
12 yr	S. AGUILERA/M. GRANT	T. OETOJO
13 yr	L. THRUM	B. DELANEY
14 yr	T. IMBER	P. BLACK
15 yr	A. THOMPSON	N. FRAMPTON
16 yr	T. HORNIBROOK	S. SNEDDEN
17+yr	C. PANTAZES	B. MACKINTOSH







# Sport

Fort Street High School again showed that it is the dominant sporting school in the Zone by winning the champion overall school in 1986.

This year we are well on the way to achieving that feat again. In Summer grade sport the boys were successful in:

Open Volleyball, Yr 9 Volleyball, Junior Squash, Yr 8 Cricket, Open Water Polo and Open Basketball.

Congratulations must go to the players and coaches of those teams as not only have they contributed to the school's reputation within the Zone but also through the medium of State Knockouts our reputation as being an excellent sporting school is being enhanced.

To give you a good example of this, our cricketers, who last year made the semi finals of the Davidson Shield, this year started off well, getting through to the third round before bowing out to Sydney Boys' High in a close encounter.

Rugby league (which is not our school's best sport) had a brief shot of glory when leading in the match against Marrickville with only a few minutes remaining, looked certain winners but inexplicably fell in a heap and lost. The boys, however, vowed to make amends in the Rugby Union competition and started off very well with victory over James Ruse before losing to Randwick Boys' High in a scrappy match at Camdenville Oval. The boys were disappointed but the tour of New Zealand which followed, apparently revived their flagging spirits.

Fort Street participated in other knockouts, namely Open Soccer, Squash, Tennis and Water Polo. In these matches we did not achieve a great deal of success but we participated with all the sportsmanship and effort that has come to be expected from us. It was left to the Volleyballers to carry the Fort Street flag and they did a brilliant job, breezing through their sectional rounds before coming up against Miller High School. This match resulted in a comfortable 3-1 victory for our boys and then it was on to confront Nowra High. This match was played at school and what a cliffhanger it turned out to be. The match see-sawed throughout with our boys finally winning in the final set. Wade High presented themselves and our boys were meticulous in the manner in which they disposed of them, sending them back to Griffith to reflect on their 3-1 defeat. The victory over Wade High put us into the semi-finals of the State and qualified us as well for the Australian Schools Championship to be held in Canberra later this year. The semi-finals were again played at Fort Street against by far, our toughest opponents, Homebush High. It was here that our magnificent run came to an end. The boys tried valiantly and after levelling the match at 1-1, looked as if they may go on with it. However the skill and experience of the Homebush team, who incidently are the current Nations Schools' champions, prove too strong and they finished the match with a 3-1 win. Congratulations go to the boys on a magnificent series and in particular to Mr Jurd for the time and effort he has put into the team. Best wishes as well for the upcoming Australian Schools Championships.

The school has performed very well indeed, winning the Zone Swimming, Cross Country and Athletics Carnivals.

In the Zone Swimming we won both the girls and the boys sections as well as the champion school. Outstanding performances were displayed by Lachlan Hall, Jody and Belinda Gibson and the 16 years Girls' Relay Team with these swimmers winning their way to the State Championships.

The most memorable event of the day was the Girls' All Age Relay as it was the last event and only one point separated Strathfield Girls High and ourselves from victory. The race was a thriller with all the spectators coming down from the stands, lining the pool to cheer the students on. Fort Street proved too strong and won by 10 metres to clinch victory.

The Zone Cross Country Carnival highlighted how important it is to fill all the runners in all the age groups. We started off like a house on fire, winning the Boys' 12, 13 & 14 yrs team events and the Girls' 12, 13 and 16 years events, having established a significant points lead in the Schools' Championship. We surrendered it because we could not field teams in a few senior age groups. This is disappointing and ways should be looked at to try and prevent this. We came third in the boys and the girls by 20 points respectively but gave away a total of 120 points each by not fielding any runners in an event. However, brilliant performances were produced by Tarne Malor, Emma Puchert and Silas Mylecharane who went on to win their age divisions.

The final major school sporting event was the zone Athletics carnival. Again the school was successful, winning the Champion Boy's, School, runner up in the Girls to Strathfield and taking out the Champion School Award.

Mary Fien, 15 yrs and Shona Snedden, 16 yrs were Age Champions in the girls while Andrew Thompson won the Boys Championship in the 15 years event.

The following people won events at the carnival:

<b>Girls</b>		
12 yrs	L. Stanley	200 metres
13 yrs	K. Ellis	Long Jump
15 yrs	M. Fien	800m, 400m, 1500m, 800m Walk, 90m Hurdles.
16 yrs	S. Snedden	100m, 200m, 400m, 100m Hurdles, Long Jump and High Jump
17+yrs	D. Stevanovic S. Parkes	100m, 200m, Long Jump. Shot put & Discus, setting 2 records in the process.
17+Girls		4 X 100 metres relay won in record time.
Not to be outdone the following boys won at Zone also:		
13 yrs	M. Brady R. Jennings	90m Hurdles High Jump
14 yrs	N. Correa C. Harrington S. Mylecharane S. Fangaloka	100 metres 400 metres 800 metres Shot Put, Discus.
15 yrs	A. Thompson	800 metres, 1500 metres and Javelin.
16 yrs	W. Jennings T. Hornibrook J. Reid B. Kelly	High Jump 1500 metres High Jump Discus
17+yrs	C. Aspinall A. Kaltenegger T. Booth	800 metres 1500 metres 1500 metres walk

Congratulations to all those winners and of course to all the people who made the Zone Team for the Regional Carnival.

**Tony Wilson,**



*The "Touring Team" with Mr Docking.*

## Fort Street Bound for the Land of the Long White Cloud

The 1986 season saw the Fort Street Open Rugby side enjoy a great deal of success in both the zone and statewide competitions. Going from 3rd last in 1985 to 3rd overall in the tough '86 Phillip Zone Competition (as well as reaching the quarter finals of the Waratah Shield statewide knockout competition), attracted increased interest and enthusiasm in the side. After the successful '86 season, the idea of a Fort Street team tour was coined by our coach, Social Science teacher, Mark Docking.

The idea was widely accepted within the side. Basic plans were drawn up and fund raising began about August '86. Needless to say, a lot of effort and initiative was needed in this area as costs were to be in the vicinity of \$16,000. However, it was agreed to be well worth the effort when the team assembled at Kingsford Smith Airport and departed for Auckland on July 3rd, 1987. Two and a half hours later we arrived at Auckland Airport where we met our bus driver and were whisked away to the small country town of Waiuku. Here we met our billets and headed "home" for a good night's sleep before we came up against the Waiuku College "First 15" the following day. Our first game in New Zealand was not a win, going down 13-10, but we all learnt a lot about the style of rugby played by our opponents.

Waiuku was a most hospitable place and a few broken hearts were left behind as we boarded the bus three days later for Ngatea. Although not too successful in our first game, there was still a lot to talk about and the bus ride was a time for sharing experiences and achievements. We played the Hauraki Plains College later that day and the game must go down as a very valuable experience in some very tough forward play. Clean and very hard all the way, Fort Street went down 14-0, a

scoreline that didn't reflect the evenness of the two forward packs. Although defeated we left a few reminders to the Hauraki side in the form of a broken collarbone and stitches — as well as memories of "one of the hardest games ever played". Our billets for this leg of the tour were great and it was a shame to spend only a couple of days in this friendly place.

Our next leg of the tour saw us drive through some unique and beautiful scenery on our way south into "Kiwi fruit country" and our host school in the town of Te Puke. Here we recorded our first win on tour by defeating the homeside 20-13.

From here we said goodbye to civilisation and headed out into the New Zealand "outback", the land of the Maoris and the very isolated East Cape Province. Our time spent here was with the local Maori community whose hospitality and friendship made it one of the more enjoyable stopovers. After a rousing Maori welcome along with the singing of traditional songs and speeches, the side had a very unsuccessful attempt at Waltzing Matilda. They were good humoured folks and laughed along with us.

Fort Street (2 blackeyes, 1 swollen cheek and 3 chipped teeth) defeated Te Araroa Maori Youth Team 13-0. The game was soon forgotten and the remaining stay was great.

Leaving Te Araroa we headed back inland through Rotorua and Taupo to Turangi — remembered mainly for several tour jackets and other clothing being stolen, a failed ski trip due to inclement weather and the "quality" of its sleeping areas.

Our final days, two of them, were spent in Auckland's inner city suburbs where we stayed in the local Salvation Army Hotel. After a "good" last night out, we were late to the airport, but all made it back in one piece just before the end of the holidays. A great time was had by all and the experience will surely count as one of the most memorable in our time at Fort Street.

**Michael Rees, Year 11**



# Our Sporting Year

My success started in 6th grade when I represented the school in the Regionals for running. I also made the Regionals and State Carnival for Shot Put and also for Rugby league and the School Zone Team for Swimming.

Since coming to Fort Street I have represented the school in the Regional and State Carnivals twice for Shot Put and the Regional Carnival for Discus. I also have represented the school in Volleyball. I was chosen in the New South Wales U/15 Volleyball squad. If lucky enough, I might just be chosen in the team to go and play in the Australian Championships to be held in Perth in September/October. I hope to keep an involvement in sport and feel I have a strong future.

**Samson Fangaloka, Year 8**

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Keeping up the "Castell-Brown" sporting tradition hasn't been easy, but I've been in there trying. I've participated in knock-out teams including soccer and waterpolo and competed in athletics and swimming carnivals. The highlights must be receiving the honour of Zone Cross Country Champion and competing in the State Championships. I've also competed in National Sailing events held in South Australia.

With important studies this year, school representation has taken a back seat, yet I still find time for Netball and the occasional leisurely jog on the weekend.

**Trina Castell-Brown, Year 12**

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Ever since I was a little boy, all I ever wanted to be was a professional sportsman. Now, due to the Amputees' Sporting Association, it looks like I can become a world champion as a mature athlete. Though you'll probably never hear of me again in sporting circles, I'll probably achieve more, sportswise, than many others at this school. With three Australian records after just one meet (100m, 14.2 secs broken by 1.4 secs, 200m, 30.2 secs broken by 4.2 secs and the Long Jump 4.27 m broken by 1m), I'm well on the way. I am looking forward to the future.

**Adrian Lowe, Year 10**

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I began to train seriously in Year 6 of primary school. I've always loved to swim. In my first year at Fort Street I won the 12 years' age championship at the Swimming Carnival and then went on to the Bligh Zone Championships. I represented Fort Street at Regional level in 1983-1987.

In 1986 I won eight events and broke seven Zone records, my best performance so far. In 1987 I won the school Open 400m freestyle in 4 minutes 40 seconds and won Age Champion at School and Zone Carnivals.

Swimming has been a big part of my life.

**Lachlan Hall, Year 12**

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I became involved in sport ten years ago. I played Netball then in New Zealand. In 1982 I came to Australia and took up Judo. I was selected in 1985 in the N.S.W. Judo team to tour Japan but could not go. In 1984 I started playing Netball and in 1985, Waterpolo for Balmain. I also took up Basketball and this year I was asked to play for the Sydney Super Sonics in the U/18 division. In 1986 I started playing Touch Football. During my time at Fort Street I have played in the State Knockout competitions for Netball, Water Polo, Basketball, Softball and Touch Football. I've represented Bligh Zone teams in Netball, Athletics, Basketball, Swimming, Cross-country and Touch Football. Miss Karen Smith, my P.E. teacher, has been a real inspiration to me.

**Bronwyn MacIntosh, Year 11**

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In 1983 and 1984 I represented the school at various Athletic and Swimming carnivals, as well as playing Rugby Union and Rugby League.

In 1985 I did not represent the school at any sports as I had a broken arm.

In 1986 I represented the school at Volleyball as well as playing for the Bankstown Cobras U/15 Volleyball Team which won the State titles. I was chosen to play for the N.S.W. U/15 side to go to the national Titles in Canberra. The N.S.W. side finished runner up and I was nominated for "best blocker." I was also chosen for the Bligh Zone Open Volleyball team, but did not play because of injury.

In 1986 I represented the school at Rugby Union at both U/15's and Open levels. I was also chosen for the Bligh Zone U/15 team.

So far in 1987 I have captained the school Volleyball team (to the semi-finals of the State Knockout), the Bligh Zone Team and the Metropolitan East Regional Team. In football I have played for the school team, been chosen for the Bligh zone Open team, Central Metropolitan and the N.S.W. C.H.S. 2nd XV to play G.P.S., C.A.S. and N.S.W. country.

In 1986 and 1987 I represented the school at both athletics and swimming at various levels.

**Tim Hornibrook, Year 11**

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I took up "running" when I was in Primary school and I am still continuing it.

I don't run long distances, I run short sprints, such as 100 metres and 200 metres. I have gone to the Zone for these events and for Long Jump as well. Following the zone, I went to the Regional Championships.

I have represented the school in Gymnastics at the trials for the State Team.

I also went to the Zone for Swimming — freestyle and breaststroke, although I don't enjoy it as much as running. I hope to keep representing the school in running.

**Karen Ellis, Year 8**

At the age of three I dared the waters at the Dawn Frazer Swimming Pool and started competitive swimming races in the 30m 'sprint'.

This pool became my haven and I thrived on the healthy atmosphere of the salt water — where I still spend all of my summer — polo training and swimming.

At 7 years old I started playing Netball in Balmain R.S.L. Netball Club and still play for that club 10 years later in the A3 grade. In 1986 my team were premiers in the B2 division and I was captain.

My achievements in Netball are fairly limited but I played representative Netball for the Western Suburbs Association when I was 13 and 15. Although we failed to gain a place at the State Ages, those years.

My sporting forte, though, is not on land but in the water. This I discovered when I started playing Water Polo in the 1983/84 season in the N.S.W. Competition. My team, (Balmain, of course) was in 4th Grade but has since progressed to 2nd Grade.

I have represented my school in Knockouts for Netball and Waterpolo (where our school team made the 'top 8' in the Knockout this year) and have been to Zone and Regional for Netball, Waterpolo, Cross Country, Swimming and Athletics — winning age champion for the last 5 years at Zone Swimming.

**Rebel Bissaker, Year 11**

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My interest in Gymnastics began quite late, in late primary school, when I first attended gym classes at Balmain Police Citizens' Youth Club. I am now in Level 8 (there are 10 levels) and am coached by Ben Moroney at Glebe PCYC, where I train at least five days a week.

In 1983, when I was in Year 7, I competed in the Inter-school Zone and Regional Competitions in Division IV, the lowest division, and won the Regional Competition.

In 1984, I transferred to the Glebe Club. In that year I competed in Level 4 and then Level 5 N.S.W. Gymnastics Association Championships, and the Level 5 team I was in, was placed second. I also competed in the Inter-school Zone and Regional Competitions again, this time in Division III.

When I was in year 9, I won the Inter-school Zone and Regional competitions in Division II, and was placed second in the State competitions. In September that year, 1985, I competed in the Level 6 NSWGA State Championships and came first overall, a definite high point in my gymnastics career.

In May 1986, I broke my arm while training, and was unable to do gym for three months, which was a considerable setback. I worked hard to overcome this, and in October, I came second overall in the Level 7 State Championships, and also won the PCYC Championships.

This year I was on the winning team for the Level 8 State Championships, and was selected to be a member of the New South Wales Level 8 team for the Australian National Championships. These were held in Launceston in June, and I did well enough to be able to compete not only in the teams event, but also in the individual event and the apparatus finals. The N.S.W. level 8 Team was placed second in the teams event, and being in the Nationals was another definite high point for me.

**Melanie Bray, Year 11**

I first started athletics when I was 10 years old at the Balmain "Little" Athletics Club. This meant that we went around in our age groups and competed in several different events.

It was during the experiences of varying events that I realised how much I loved the High Jump and Hurdles (when they were put out, only every second week, as there wasn't enough time). Nearly every week my personal best was increasing slightly as we also competed with the boys.

Once at Fort Street, I expected the competition to be great. I tried many of the open sports like Netball, Softball and Basketball, but found that the Athletics carnivals were more successful times for me.

One of my greatest achievements was to represent the school at the Zone in Year 7 and manage to win the Age Championship for every year except the 15 years. After the Zone was the Regional, where I was only successful in the High Jump. This event then carried me on the State (C.H.S.) which was my greatest challenge, where I came 2nd and have been coming 2nd for my four years of competition.

This year I hope to change that, by winning the High Jump event and beating my rival from the South Coast.

**Shona Snedden, Year 11**

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I was born with a soccer ball in my hand. I started playing Soccer at the age of one, when I started walking. I played for Balmain (U/12) and when I got to Fort Street, simultaneously, I made it into the Sydney Olympic team (Who said good things come in threes? For me it came in twos) and I led the Fort Street Gala Team to victory. I was selected in the 13 yrs, 14 yrs, 15 yrs and 16 yrs State Teams and this year I was selected in the Australian U/16 team to play in the World Cup in Canada. We were eliminated in the quarter finals, which was a great result for my country. During these games I scored a goal against France from half way. On the way to Canada we stayed in Amsterdam for a few days, which I found very interesting. Fort Street also produced a great soccer memory for me and that was when we won the Indoor Soccer Competition playing against Tony Wilson's team in the final.

I love soccer and may play professionally when I finish my studies.

**Steven Georgakis, Year 11**

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There isn't much to say, except that I compete in Athletics because I find it to be an outlet from schoolwork. It has evolved into a major interest and I find myself spending several hours a week training. Through my involvement with Athletics I have made many friends, which keeps the interest.

I have made it to the State, winning both the 100m and 200m. I was chosen to represent N.S.W. at the Australian School Championships in 1980, '81, '82 and '83 and at the Pacific School Games in 1982 and '84, which consists of a competition between all the countries in the Pacific Ocean, which was fantastic. The best times are had at the "Tiger" Wests Athletic Club (which I run for), where everybody just runs for the love of the sport, competing in any event they wish.

**Dana Stevanovic, Year 12**



# Literature

## The Sanctuary of Recollected Simplicity

You take a turn to the right, and another. Then, invariably, you have to stop. Suddenly the path seems to be lost or, more precisely, to run off in all directions at once giving the same helpless sensation. The reason for this phenomenon always intrigues me. Despite the fact that, ultimately, this path leads to a place ranking easily among the best in the world and although I regularly make the trip there, the path seems to become increasingly deceptive and the place more difficult to find.

Once, however, the plunge is taken, a route chosen, and hopefully the desired place materialises, the necessity of the search is plain. For here, with a little luck, you have a place so sweet and untarnished that it may be spoiled by visitors stumbling upon it by chance, or at the wrong time. This place needs a certain mood for proper appreciation and one way to enforce this entry requirement is to make the journey instinctive.

So much for getting there, it seems you either make it or you don't. If not you can always try another day. If luck is with you the find is so great the search pales into insignificance.

Physically, the place is impeccable. Utterly perfect. To begin with the sky is always blue. Always. Yet for some reason this vibrant, oil-crayon blue is not burning or tiring as other suns, or the same sun in other places.

Instead it warms and energises, leaving you feeling relaxed but vital. Under such a sky as this all worries seem to dissolve and anything and everything together seems possible.

Stretched out under this sky is an equally amazing beach. Well not really a beach in the sense of a common Australian summer — there are no towels greasy from leaking sun cream, hats that make your forehead sweaty as they are pulled down close, or sandwiches made gritty and unappetising. Only a wide strip of firm, golden sand is washed by clear water. The swimming is always good here, to be enjoyed just as in the innocence, or ignorance, of childhood. The 'nasties' that you have learnt about since — the jellyfish, bluebottles and all the other stingers you spend your later years avoiding — don't seem to exist, or if they do they are not troublesome.

Perhaps, however, the sand and water are not the best bits. Just behind the beach is a big expanse of what is best termed only nature. A large park, it is the home of animals which hold for me a childlike fascination. Unlike so many other wildlife reserves whose inhabitants seem only pathetically cute in the eyes of modern sophistication, these creatures are intriguing as they go about their business. Occasionally tame enough to approach, the animals also lack the afflictions which remove their kindred elsewhere from the affections of many — notably fleas, which mothers of young children hold in undue dread.

The plant growth is similarly beautiful and apparently harmless. The danger of dying while stirring tea with oleander twigs is something no-one considers, and no-one dies.

Perhaps there are no oleanders. No-one worries about European wasps in drink cans either, they never seem to strike.

Going further back from the beach, behind the park, lies a street of houses. I realise this will sound repulsive — a street (well more a row) of buildings is totally incongruous to all concepts of secluded reserves of nature, but there it is. And

whatever objections that could be raised at the next meeting of the Conservation Society, it has to be admitted, from a simple perspective of what is nice and what isn't, this row of buildings is pleasant.

Mostly wooden cottages, the houses also serve as shops. Selling basically food stuffs to satisfy the odd visitor (and it should be pointed out that there really aren't that many) their fare is simple but delightful. I have tasted nothing better than the vanilla ice creams sold there. They run and dribble all over but the stickiness is comforting and no-one is concerned for appearances. And if, by any chance, the ice cream should melt to the ground there is no need for the customary scolding of a child, for the people here are exceptionally generous and another is sure to appear.

Actually the people who have the fortune to live in the houses are as important to the place as any of the sky or sand or park and animals. It is they who embody the other perfect aspect of this mini-nirvana. In fact the physical perfection of this place is second to, or stems from its unequalled atmosphere. Here is a place where the obsessive worry of every-day life is unknown. The people are content to live by the basic principles of enjoyment and contentment for all.

Consequently their love of life has shaped this happy place to such an extent that is full only of pleasant things.

Compared with the difficulty of getting into this place, the journey back is devastatingly easy. One track, very defined this time, leads straight out onto a very busy highway. This is not visible or audible until you are right upon it so great care should be taken. Oddly enough, this place has no recognised name. Being so infrequently visited and hard to reach perhaps it has been deemed an unnecessary addition to geography, unworthy of the hassle any naming must surely create. Or perhaps, and I tend to prefer this idea, it is thought that anyone who manages to find this place will not feel compelled to give it a label, thereby defining it to the world they are trying to escape. But just for the sake of it, I once heard a local talk about the Sanctuary of Recollected Simplicity. And he should know.

**Kelly Stephens, Year 12**

## Early Spring

Morning dew glistens in the meadow,  
Buttercups bloom in golden yellow.  
A flock of chirping sparrows bring,  
The first signs of early spring.  
Trees clad in green richness,  
Swaying in the air of freshness.  
Bees hovering blossoms of fragrance.  
Butterflies fluttering in the distance.  
Whispering ripples upon the silver stream  
Gently awakes Squirrel from his winter dreams.  
Amidst the woodlands of glowing sunlight,  
All welcome the season in delight.

**Sieu Fong, Year 7**



# The Windswept Shores of Love . . .

— Yet Another Romance from Tameflame Productions.

## Chapter One:

Sapphire stepped off the ship into the steamy sultriness of the Jamaican marketplace. The sparkling whirlpools of spangled light, the endless depths of sky blue that were her eyes wandered searchingly about the mass of colour.

She saw nothing of particular interest until her eyes alighted upon one of the most virile specimens of manhood she had ever seen. He was tall, he was dark, he was handsome. Boy, was he handsome, her eyes grew dreamy in anticipation. But she was brought back to earth by a porter tugging at her sleeve. "What do you want done with them bags, Miss?" he asked her.

"Oh I . . . I'm waiting for my fiancé Eduardo Di Chiagi . . ." she began in response, turning her gaze momentarily from The Tower of virility. She assembled her luggage, noting with dismay as she did so, his powerful back receding into the crowd.

## Chapter Two:

Later that day, when she had settled into her fiancé's grandmother's luxurious manor house in the Jamaican countryside, her thoughts returned to a contemplation of The Tower of virility and his raw masculine form. What was this strange animal thing that had caused such turbulent and unfamiliar emotions in her? She sighed as she clasped the priceless rhinestone necklace around her neck. She solemnly prepared herself for the worst night of her life. Whatever happened, her times with Eduardo, which she had previously looked forward to with longing and anticipation, would now be dismal, unless that man re-entered her life, like a glimmer of hope in a sea of hatred.

She had never been madly in love with Eduardo, she realised, not like this. This was love, passion and desire in their purest and most potent forms. Little did she know that the object of her affections was in the room next to her, towelling his dark, lean gleaming body as he stepped out of the shower.

Soon she was nervously descending the stairs. Her fiancé, Eduardo Di Chiagi was there to meet her at the bottom, pacing up and down beneath, his cat-like strides revolting her, the sinuous grace of his build revolting her still more. He began to speak, "My dearest one, unfortunately our future together will not be as heavenly as we had hoped. My evil cousin, Sebastian Von Groot, whom the whole family had assumed dead in the Amazon jungle, has returned home, and is contesting my inheritance of the house. Sebastian is staying here with us. I hope his company will not be too boorish. But I feel sure I can impress Grandmama suitably with my choice of a very lovely bride — for it is she who will make the final decision."

Eduardo led her into the stately dining-room and told her to fix herself a drink while he went to escort his grandmother to dinner. Sapphire sipped her drink solemnly. She sat mournfully in the corner gazing across the room with unseeing eyes, contemplating her inner turmoil. She became dimly aware of a figure standing at the doorway. She raised her eyes and was astounded to see the Tower of Virility himself. Oh no, it couldn't be, but yes, it was true — HE was Sebastian Von Groot!!

She stared in shocked amazement as he strode across the room, his cat-like strides fascinating her, the sinuous grace of his build fascinating her still more. Their eyes met across the

room. Sapphire unconsciously sent little pink and golden cupids flying towards him. They seemed to bounce off his shell of imperturbableness. He returned her gaze steadily and unflinchingly.

She struggled to collect her wits, but they had already flown out of the window. He came across to her, his cold cynical gaze hardening as he took in her exotic beauty. Her billowing mass of black hair tumbled attractively over her shoulder, but he appeared not to notice. "So, you are my cousin's fiancée?" he stated insolently.

## Chapter Three:

Sapphire retired to her room later that evening with a heavy heart. Her thoughts were full of Sebastian. Her mind was racked with his image. Eduardo and his insidious attentions seemed insignificant. His grandmother had seemed a shrewd old woman, kind but reserved, committing herself neither way in her attentions to her grandsons.

The next few days passed intolerably slowly. Sebastian remained uniformly taciturn, Eduardo uniformly annoying, their grandmother uniformly gracious. Nothing happened until the third day, when, whilst Sapphire was out riding, it began quite suddenly to rain very heavily. She was forced to take refuge in a nearby run-down barn.

She entered, thankful to have some protection from the tempest without. The barn was dark, but even so she knew that HE was in it. She gasped and retreated slightly, back through the door. But his voice arrested her. "Where are you going, you fool? Do you want to kill your horse?" he called, his voice deep and masculine. A sudden clap of thunder decided her. She ran into the barn, her hair dripping wet, her face flushed, her eyes bright with feverish excitement. Before she knew it, he had enveloped her in his powerful arms and was kissing her with an unrestrained passion that drugged her senses and made her weak with desire. The electricity between them was echoed by the raging storm outside.

Suddenly they broke away from each other. His eyes resumed their habitual cold glint. Outwardly he seemed unaffected by the passion that had passed between them. He spoke. "By now Miss Gallagher, Eduardo will be missing you. The storm is starting to cease. I will be on my way." With that he took his horse and rode off without another word, leaving her reeling in frustrated passion. Tears like jewelled stars formed in her eyes and she thought to herself that after their encounter, she could have tracked him in the dark by his aftershave.

## Chapter Four:

That evening at dinner the elderly Mrs Von Groot decided to make her announcement about the inheritance. Neither Sebastian, Eduardo nor Sapphire was aware of this until after a strained dessert, during which the length of Sebastian's silences only served to make him more desirable. It was after this dessert that the old lady began to speak. "My children", she began, "I have come to a decision at last. You, Eduardo, have so persistently concealed your true self from me. Yes, I do know about the playboy existence you have led and I feel you are not to be trusted. On the other hand, you, Sebastian, are so detached and aloof as to make a terrible landlord. I feel that what both of you need is a wife — to humanise you, Sebastian, and to have a settling influence on Eduardo. Thus, I am going

to give the inheritance to Sapphire, on the condition that she marry one of you. You strike me as a most sensible and charming girl, my dear, and one who could run my estate admirably.”

#### Chapter Five:

Sapphire lay tossing and turning in the darkest moment of her life and in the darkest night outside. Tiny icicles were forming about her heart. Sebastian had rejected her. The recollection of his hard basilisk stare as he informed her flatly that nothing would induce him to marry her, sent a shiver through her fevered body. The tears rolled out unceasingly onto her already soaked pillow. Her mind was in agony. Her body was in torment. She could not stay here. Barely conscious of her actions, she turned the light on, got out of bed and started throwing her clothes into her suitcases.

The light from her room cut a relief on Sebastian’s haggard features as he paced up and down the courtyard, the memory of her agonised features haunting him. He had realised at that moment that he loved her, that he had loved her from the beginning. He cursed himself for his unnecessary cruelty.

Half an hour later she emerged from the house with two suitcases and began the lonely walk down the driveway. Sebastian watched from the trees along the edge of the path as his one and only true love passed out of his life forever.

#### Chapter Six:

This sight was too much, even for such a hardened man as Sebastian Von Groot. An agonised expression crossing his handsome features, he rushed after her, calling “Sapphire! Sapphire! My one! My only! My dearest love!”

Sapphire turned around and looked at him wearily. “But . . . but Sebastian, you cannot love me! If you had loved me, you wouldn’t have deserted me in that barn, you wouldn’t have rejected me so cruelly tonight . . .”

He broke in on her words. “Haven’t I been making myself painfully obvious?”

“Painfully obvious?!” she retorted.

“It was only Eduardo holding me back — he was my only restraint — apart from that fatal occasion in the barn, when I knew at last that I loved you more than life itself. But I knew that love such as this was dangerous, fatal — I tried to stop myself, but I can’t any longer, Sapphire, I just can’t . . .”

“But why did you refuse me tonight?” she asked, the knowledge of his love making her bold, and filling her being with bountiful joy.

“It was pride, foolish pride that made me do that — but now I see how wrong I have been. If I lost loving you I would lose the very reason for my existence . . .”

With these words, Sapphire, her soul diffused with radiant light, put down her suitcase and walked slowly towards him. She enveloped him in her strong arms, kissing him hard on the mouth. She felt his body start to tremble with desire. It was with absolute happiness that they ambulated towards the house, entwined in an ecstasy that was destined to last forever.

THE END

Jessica McGowan and  
Philippa Stevens, Year 11

## Mother!

First, there was a speck, an object, denser than anything ever known. It was as one, each part tightly bound to the other, and all as a community. But the time came when each part had to leave, each part becoming a separate object, a separate entity. And when the time came, they left and filled the infinity of space.

Thus the universe was created. In this universe, a planet spun silently, blue and green, so large and yet so small in the immensity of space. This planet was witness to the culmination of millions of years of thought — a ship. With electronics so complicated and advanced that it had gained the ability to think, to reason, and the desire to explore. Nestled in its protective cocoon of electronics, shielded from the outside world, it fed on information, absorbing, questioning, understanding. Learning. Learning slowly, its memory struggling, as an infant does with its first thoughts. The ship, an infant, but yet a machine, made up of wire and metal, was programmed for a task — to explore and survive.

But the time of learning was ended, its education complete — for now. It was time for it to leave and explore the universe, to roll back the frontiers, to expand the planet’s knowledge, and its own.

The ship left, as it had to. It was ejected into space, far away from the planet, far away from home. It did not want to leave, for the planet was its home. but it had to, and it did.

All around were stars, unknown stars, and planets, unfamiliar. Its homeworld left far behind, it had started a new life — a life in the quest of knowledge. Slowly and carefully, its sensors explored the place around, and slowly, like creeping tendrils, it expanded its probes, absorbing data, sending data, learning.

After a while, the ship began to understand its situation. and it realised that its information could not help it here. Scanning its memory, with thoughts wandering, the ship remembered its first morsel of data: I am. It remembered the enveloping security of its home world. Slowly a link began to form through a word whose origins were unclear, but whose importance was overwhelming. It recognised the word at last — mother.

Mother? it thought.

“Where am I?”

“What can I do?”

“Mother ” It wailed.

Groping, searching, hoping. Desperation. The infinity of space, the infinity of his new home, surrounding him.

Mother!

Desperation. His knowledge useless. Nothing to help him with all the unfamiliarity around.

Mother!

Planets, stars, unknown. Solar systems, galaxies, unknown.

Mother!

The word burnt into his memory, filled his mind, destroyed his understanding. No mother. No help. Just everything.

These facts scattered and whirled in its mind, destroying the neat organisation that had been built up. Disjointing its knowledge, spreading it far and wide.

But out of the chaos a new form of understanding was formed. Facts slotted into place, and what formed was greatly different to what had been before. Its mind slipped into a new level, shocked into reality by its rejection. Reality.

No mother. No home. Only more data, more knowledge.

And slowly but surely it gained the will to live.

Jamie Robertson, Year 10

## A Whole in One!

It is with a note of great sombriety that we mention the passing of a great man, John-Of-All-Trades, called Jack by friends, met with a tragedy of the highest degree last Friday, marking the loss of one of our most proficient members of society.

As his happy childhood drew to an end, Jack entered the surfing profession. A more promising career was never seen until fate intervened. Whilst endeavouring to achieve a most dangerous manoeuvre (known in surfing circles as the "Hang Ten") a shark took Jack's left big toe, thus ending his career.

Jack's talent for football was recognised just after his departure from surfing and a position as front row forward for one of Sydney's leading Rugby teams was his. He excelled for many months, achieving notoriety and fear from his opponents until a dreadful accident when a scrum collapsed on our Jack. He broke six ribs and fractured his lower spleen. Jack would never tackle again.

Not discouraged, Jack took up golf — a long time hobby — telling his Mum "it's as safe as crossin' the road". One could not find a better example of "speaking too soon." Jack went out one dark and stormy night to practise his teeing-off for a tournament the following day. At hole one, on top of a small rise, Jack swung up to hit just as a lightning fork splintered the sky. Jack conducted one of the most powerful lightning strikes ever seen in the southern hemisphere.

Paralysed on one side of his body Jack became the first physically impaired man to attempt Mt. Everest. Making it to the first third mark Jack was enthused; a telegram to his Mum said "Today the first third, tomorrow. . . the top!" Obviously he meant it. Overnight Jack had taken his gear and single handedly attempted the mountain's south side — so treacherous it had never before been climbed.

Jack's body was recovered yesterday after an approximated fall of over 11,000 metres. His mother said "I just hope he landed on his bad side."

Never have I heard of a man so unrelenting in courage or skill or so tormented by fate. He was truly a "great allrounder."

**Cassie McCullagh, Year 11**

## The Red Lipstick. . .

One mysterious night all in one great BANG!! I suddenly turned into a tube of scarlet red lipstick. On the trip to Grace Bros., when everyone else in the lipstick case was having a great time, I was left out of their conversations.

Finally we all arrived at Grace Bros. Jumping up and down in our cases we were unloaded from the grey dull truck into the bright, colourful and cheerful shopping store. The bossy driver along with some help from the busy helpers of the shop, carefully placed us in our appropriate positions on the lipstick rack.

Early on this bright, sunny morning, when everything was neat and tidy, the store opened. People of all nationalities strolled or rushed into the shop. "Buy me! buy me!" shouted all the other lipsticks on the rack. "buy me! buy me!", they continuously whined.

A young, attractive woman picked me up. "No, wrong colour!" she said to the cosmetic department lady and placed me back in my box. "Can I help you?" enquired the pretty lady

behind the counter. "Ahh, I'm looking for a smooth violet-coloured lipstick," the tall woman replied. That wasn't me but I could see hope on the way because a young negress was looking at us and heading straight for the counter. "Can I help you?" the well-spoken lady behind the counter asked again. "Ah, yeh, I'm lookin' for a kinda' scarlet red lippie, ya know wha' I'm talkin' 'bout?" she said very slangish. "Yes, they're all lined up there," the lady told the woman, pointing excitedly at us. She picked up the lipstick beside me but put it back and picked up me. "I'll 'ave this one!" she screeched as she paid. "O.K. I'll just put it in a bag for you!" the lady said to the woman. Thank god I'd been bought because I was getting a bit bored just sitting there.

Carefully I was slid into a small, red G.B's bag. Away strutted the negress with black, fuzzy hair, big, blue eyes and bright red lipstick smothered on her luscious lips. She walked out of the store and into some waiting taxi. We turned corners at full speed but suddenly came to an abrupt halt.

As soon as she strutted into her scraggy-looking apartment she strode with her long dark brown legs over to her messy dressing table. Here she sat down, took me out of the bright red bag and plonked me on the table.

She put some blush on and then reached for me. She spread me over her lucious, black lips and wore me away as she kept spreading me on over and over again. Finally she wound me down and placed me back on the packed table. She wandered about for about half an hour which allowed me to get acquainted with all the other cosmetics on the crowded table.

Again she picked me up and slid me into her black leather purse and left the stinking apartment. Up the road she wandered to the bus stop and waited for ten minutes for a bus. She paid the driver and walked to the back of the bus and sat down. A couple of stops down the road she stood up and got off.

The young negress's name was Brenda Hiltery as I could see on her identification card. She strode up a hill to a house with blaring music coming from all the windows. Here she knocked on the door and was let in. Everybody in the house was black. After five hours of partying, Brenda wandered back to her lonely apartment in Balmain East. She plonked herself down into bed as soon as she got into the bedroom of the lonely, dull, boring place. Miss Brenda Hiltery loved parties and discos and attended most of the ones that were happening. The more times this young lady went out the more I wore away.

After about one quarter of the year had gone, half of me was wasted on Brenda's lips. At this particular time of the year Miss Hiltery went to many parties therefore I was wasted even more.

Until one day on the 23rd of October Brenda went to a seven hour party. As she used me for the last time I was completely worn aw. . .

**Claire Lund, Year 7**





**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Sun-Jae An, Margaret Cermak, Carlie Bulloch, Clare Archibald, Dinh Au, Kirsty Chestnut, Sandy Arezina, Carlie Brown, Mary Chan.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Askin Aslan, Steven Baloglow, Robin Bae, Katy Bryant, Sebastian Brandt, Kate Bailey, Daniel Burn, Roland Chan, Morgan Boehringer.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Josh Carey, Alice Byrne, Mark Brady, Vivienne Cebola, Mark Brereton, Helen Campbell, Aidan Archer.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) David Anderson, Mark Bookalil, John Bracic, Bill Bilalis.

Class 8-F



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Stephania Costa, Zoe Couacaud, Frances Garnett, Janette Cho, Karen Ellis, Pema Gazzard, Nicholle Fox, Amanda Cooley, Kate Cruickshank.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) David Farry, Hetty Foyle, Rosie Fisher, Mia Garlick, Sarah Cree, Lien Choi, Claire Fricke, Penny English, Fergus Cumming.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Darcy Eunson-Cottle, Troy Culbert, Patrick Conner, Greg Fountain, Dion Clark, Nicholas Correa, Robert Cumming, Michael Fairall, James Fong, Tien Do.

Class 8-O



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Antonia Koloutouros, Barbara Jorden, Sung He Lee, Katharine Jeffreys, Georgina Gerzilis, Kalina Koloff, Sally Girgis, Rebecca Jenner, Alena Jang.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) John Jimenez, Victor Leong, Simon Kilazoglou, Fleur Laurence, Julie Kim, Helen Konstantelos, Julian Griffith, Adrian Kang, Jaimie Lachs.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Van Thu Huvnh, Robert Houry, Arthur Karoutzos, David Harrington, Thomas Hesper, John Ko, Nicholas Gray, Matthew Knight.

Class 8-R



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Fui Ping Liew, Yvette Lopez, Pamela Lin, Rachel Locke, Kristy Parker, Blaise Lyons, Thi Thuy Nguyen, Nina McEnnally, Tinh Quan Nguyen.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Xan Phung, Gregory Matsin, Inca Paul, Georgina Panagopoulos, Gabrielle Maitland, Simone Parsons, Layla Morris, Peter Murray, Anthony Lim, Tuan Nguy.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Silas Mylecharane, Pedro Moreira, Adrian McKeown, Mark Rajah, Richard Nash, Jacek Lipiec, Stuart McKiernan.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Chris Macris, Robert Milekovic, Dennis Miralis, Mark Lutowski.

Class 8-T



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Inge Teiwes, Vivien Sharrock, Eva Raes, Kirsten Seale, Charu Singhal, Romi Slaven, Mahi Moustakis, Rebecca Sheret, Jennifer Robertson.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Suman Seth, Gary Rich, Simon Taylor, Ben Robertson, Anna Tahtirelis, Jody Spratt, Nicholas Rawson, Peter Roberts, Paul Ramsay.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Brian Spilsbury, Geoffrey Sadler, Andrew Polowczyk, Nicol Ritchie, Amos Szeps, John Soh, Peter Smith.  
Class 8-1



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Mishayla Webber, Elizabeth Trigg, Sandra Warrenner, Astrid Tuktens, Cassie Young, Noula Tsavdaridis, Sushella Peres Da Costa, Cindy Yee, Anna Williamson.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Samuel Toohey, Luke Thrum, James Tunggal, Peter Thompson, Richard Zangoli, Ben Weekes, Anthony Xydis, Andrew Walkley.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Joe Wickert, Alex Wilkinson, Hung Truong, Andrei Voican, Alex Wolfson, Stephen Watts, Robert Van Langenberg.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Daniel Walker, Joshua Wildsoet, Adam Tran, Rohin Zvargulis.  
Class 8-A

## My Memory

I remember when I was in Vietnam, my mother and aunts always took me to a temple that I have a very good memory of. The temple was far away from where we lived so we only went there about once or twice in two months.

The temple was really beautiful. Outside the temple was an enormous white statue of the goddess of Mercy and the temple was surrounded by beautiful gardens and ponds with lillies in them. Behind the temple there was another pond that was the place where visitors and monks had their meals. It was great to sit around the back but because the railway line was right behind it, sometimes it was quite noisy, especially because those trains were steam trains. The temple and all these sensational features were surrounded by a brick wall at about head height.

I remember that the gardens were full of fragrant flowers. I also remember that once when a ceremony took place my cousin and I crept quietly to one of the ponds and picked some lillies and we ate the seeds of the lillies in silence. That was a very exciting moment. We ate with a finger to our mouths. Because no one is allowed to pick anything from the pond especially lillies. Anyway we did that for fun for the lillies were not that great because they were not yet ripe. Inside the temple there was a smell of burning joss sticks which is a very strong smell that I would recognize anywhere.

I can still remember that when my mother and aunts prayed and burnt joss sticks I would stay outside the temple where people left their shoes and sit on one of the two elephants. Firstly I liked sitting there because it was one of the places where you could see the whole front garden and also the big white statue of the goddess of Mercy. Secondly I couldn't stand the smoke of the burning joss sticks; it made my eyes water. Some parts of the garden or the pathways were layed with pebbles so that when you walked on them you could hear the sounds of rocks hitting each other like you crunch ice with your back teeth.

Not long before I left Vietnam I heard that the head monk of that temple had left for Hawaii because her daughter is there and now she has built another temple in Hawaii. That monk of this new temple is one of my mother's and my aunt's best friends, that's why we always had gone there.

**Dinh Dinh Au, Year 8**

## The Struggle for Freedom

"Hurry up, get inside." I was pushed into the back room of a bookstore. In front of me was a table surrounded by some of the most respected people in the entire French Resistance. Sitting at the head of the table was a impressive man of medium height and build, a handsome face obviously of Huguenot descent. He looked up at me as I entered.

"Jean Moulin?"

"Yes."

"Roll up your sleeve." I did this and showed him the scar which ran down my arm.

"Good," he said after he checked my scar. "We have a very important assignment for you. As you may or may not know, in three days time a parade will be held to welcome the arrival of the Marshal Von Manstein. We wish you to eliminate this man. He is the only one who knows our network as well as I do. Do you understand?"

I told him that I did and after he gave me a list of names to contact about weapons I left.

"Memorise it, then destroy it." I did so.

I decided to start at once on my plans. Already I had decided that my only compatriot in this assignment would be my long time friend Rene Hardy. At his house we drew up a list of names to contact about various types of weapons. I left it up to Rene to acquire the ones we needed, and left his house to go and talk to a high-ranking Gestapo informer. He told me which streets the parade would run through and how many cars would be in the entourage.

Immediately I rented an apartment on the desired street with windows looking down on to it. At this stage it was all too easy. I calculated that if the parade left the Town Hall around the corner at 1.30 pm, then it would pass in front of my apartment around 30-40 seconds later. After shooting the Marshal I would climb into the air shaft and crawl through until I reached the apartment at the end which I had also rented, then simply climb down a rope to the side alley where Rene would be waiting in a car. I had to do all this within a minute of the shooting.

Rene arrived later that day in a removal truck. He brought a large wooden box in which he told the landlady was an antique desk. When he got into the apartment we set up the German made MG42 machine gun. It was on a tripod which, on the day, could be easily carried to the window.

"Here you might need this as well," he handed me a Luger and several clips of ammunition.

"Thanks Rene, now shall we dine out before the big day?" He smiled as I rang my wife to tell her I'd be late home that night.

"Well, I'll wait up for you," she said and then hung up.

Rene and I dined in style at the best restaurant in town. After our meal, we departed and I slowly and leisurely walked home. When I closed my front gate I sensed something was wrong. The front door was wide open. Running inside I leapt into the living room. The first thing I saw was my wife's naked body, covered in blood from incisions all over her, tied to the table. A man I recognised as Kurt Von Aschenstein the local Gestapo Chief was about to cut her again.

"You bastard!" I screamed and ran at him, but two storm-troopers held me back.

"Don't worry Herr Moulin, just routine questioning. It is good you are back, I would like to talk to you." The metal of his fillings shone in the light as he grinned.

"Leave her alone." He still grinned. "Please?" He left my wife and worked on me, questioning me about Resistance activities.

"We are still not sure about you, Herr Moulin, but we shall leave you now. Goodnight."

I stumbled over to my wife. She was dead. He had bled her once to often. I cried and cried over her as she was just an innocent peasant girl when I met her, and I had bought her to the city.

I awoke with my arm over her the next morning, and called the local priest and told him to come over. Then I left for the apartment. I checked the weaponry, and called Rene. He was greatly saddened by my wife's death, as she was his sister. We swore to get our vengeance. Then he and I cleared up the remaining details and we got ready.

I watched as the advance cars turned the corner and observed the men guarding the Marshal. They were wearing the dreaded emblem of the Waffen SS. In the middle of them was the

Marshal Von Aschenstein himself, waving at the crowd. The crowd responded half-heartedly. The main car was now in front of me. I aimed carefully with the gun and squeezed the trigger. The Marshal was lifted like a puppet on strings and his body jerked as the powerful bullets fragmented it. I swung the gun and shot down a few SS men before sprinting into the air shaft. It took ten seconds before I jumped into the second apartment and started climbing down the rope. Rene was waiting and we started to speed away when I spotted a familiar face.

"Back up!" I yelled to Rene. He did so and I drew my Luger and shot four times at Kurt Von Aschenstein. He fell to the ground and we had to move fast as we were being fired at. Rene comforted me as he saw the tears in my eyes.

"It is all a great tragedy, the Nazi domination. There are millions in our position. But we must fight, to win back our country from this evil foreign force."

**Paul De Boos, Year 9**

## The Rendezvous,'87

The vanquished sun had stealthily receded into the far horizon, leaving behind it a canvas stained with splashes of apricot and pink. That too, gradually transformed into a velvet black curtain adorned with twinkling stars and intriguing silver shapes that were constantly changing.

Behind these shapes hid a timid moon, occasionally revealing her presence only to camouflage herself again.

This majestic grandeur of Mother Nature's had totally eluded the young man who had caught sight of his love. She, the apple of his eye, his heart's desire, was here! Such was the spell of her enchantment that he was compelled to stop in mid-stride; to gaze at her in wonder and adulation, so his thirsty eyes could drink in her beauty. She was simply the goddess of his heart and soul.

There she stood, a luminous vision in fluorescent yellow; a striking figure despite the overwhelming background of glaring traffic lights and flashing neon signs. The pale street lights danced upon her river of curls, highlighting all those exotic red and blue streaks. As a Coca-Cola billboard lit up, it was reflected in her eyes — two shining jewels encompassed by jet black eyeshadow and flaming red mascara. Her idly chewing lips were painted with Passionate Purple, of the same shade as the blush which graced her cheeks. She presented a perfect picture of femininity and helplessness standing there, frantically trying to untangle her Walkman from a dangling earring. Ohh, his heart swelled up with love!

He could have stood there forever, admiring her splendid attire, complete with designer holes. However his plans were spoiled by an impatient fellow passenger who pushed him right off the bus. So, he made his way to her.

In greeting, she embraced him, and simultaneously the fragrance of Impulse Deodorant invaded his consciousness. Her hair was a mass of dehydrated gel, it felt delightfully sticky against his cheek.

Her breath smelled like a packet of peppermint P.K. and for the first time in his life he suddenly experienced a strange, burning sensation.

"Oh, Andy, watch out for me cigarette!"

**Tram Mai, Year 11**

## The Scientific Discovery of the Week!

That old Lab coat too small for you? Do your shorts split at the seams?

If that's YOU, you have a weight problem. But now, FORT STREET RESEARCH LABORATORIES bring YOU a quick, no-fuss way to lose that extra mass! And it all works on that good ol' Einstein formula:

$E = MC^2$ . Bet you never thought it would be so useful, did you? Now we re-arrange the equation so:

$$A = \frac{E}{C^2}$$

$C^2$  the answer is clear! Yes, you don't have to sweat off those extra kilos! *We totally* convert those lumps of fat into pure energy — just perfect for running the kitchen whizz or the Microwave for a few Millenia! At our particle accerator labs in the cellars under K4 we'll strategically fire positions into your troublespots, painlessly ridding you of your troubles. For an obligation-free feasibility study call FORT STREET RESEARCH LABS. Shedding WEIGHT WAS NEVER SO EASY!

**Rob Hilliard, Year 11**

## The Rob Hilliard Social Aptitude Test

Choose *two* of the following:

1. "In 3 unit maths you have just scored 100% in a test written by Mr. Riches". Explain why this cannot physically occur.
2. Explain the Industrial Arts Staff's fashion co-ordination and its impact on the aims and objectives of the said Department.
3. 'Laboratory tests conducted by the Science Staff have suggested that Year 7 students could be slightly smarter than brain-damaged goats'. Discuss the startling ramifications this could hold for reporting playground incidents between Year 7's and human beings to the RSPCA.
4. Explain anything Mr. Moynham has ever said (5 bonus marks).
5. 'The exams have just finished, it's Friday night, you have your parent's Diners Club card and all your friends are with you.' Write a police report on the Saturday morning detailing everything that happened addressed to the members of an impending Royal Commission.
6. Write a book review of your diary for the past 4 years, detailing every relationship/breakup/love triangle/ideas on life (hand to Ms. Levi, English Dept. Selected essays will be published in next year's Fortian.)
7. Explain the lyrics of any song played after midnight by 2JJJ on any evening.
8. You have been given 5 pages of hand-written notes by Mr J. Buckingham of the English Department. Decipher them and paraphrase. (A reward of \$5000 will be offered).
9. Write a detailed report and approximate quotation (\$) on Mr Michael Browne's car. (Limits of 10 pages and \$10,000).



# Action Farce 3 — The Platted Twist

## Chapter I — A Good Place to Start

The footsteps echoed down the corridor. The sound was unmistakable. It was the beginning of another Action Farce story. Harrop Snodgrass, O.B.E. M.B.E. C.E.S. P.I.T. V.C. D.S.O. U.S.O. D.O.A. B.B.C. T.V. V.A.T. AND D.R.\*

“Men”, he said, and paused for effect.

“...are different from women. But that doesn't matter. What does is that our top-secret explosive TRIASUMITE (dramatic chord), has been stolen.”

One of the men waved his hand and asked, “What's that?” “That's where someone takes something that doesn't belong to them.” But no more jokes, we have exceeded the joke quote for this paragraph. Triasumite (dramatic chord) is the most powerful non-nuclear explosive yet developed. We must retrieve the formula before it can be used.

## Chapter II — “No bearing on the plot, Captain!”

“The heat! the flies! the dysentery! Why did we eat in the railway buffet car?”

## Chapter III — Thick Platens

Capitaine Jaques Euhohihou walked into the empty briefing room.

“Zee rotten swines, zey hef left me, no matter, for I have ze Triasumite (dramatic chord) and I will wreck my terrible accent upon ze Action Farce, but first I will find out where zat music is coming from!”

Jacques opened the door, a single gunshot rang out. In the next room a man lay slumped over a piano. Jaques' hand held a smoking pistol. The no-smoking light came on, he stubbed out the gun, threw the butt away and fastened his seat belt. The building began to accelerate.

## Chapter IV — Gratuitous Violence Time

Action Force had assembled at a disused inner city warehouse by the docks. But it was more than just a warehouse, yes it housed a secret bunker, which held a secret dock, which held a secret command ship, which had a secret room with a secret safe that held the secret launch codes to the secret missile.

Submarines in their secret base in the secret Gobi Desert. Secretly that was not their aim. Harrap recalled the mysterious circumstances that led him here, the mystery phone call with the French accent (la ring, la ring), that told him to come here alone, and abruptly hung up.

A dark figure in overcoat and hat approached him. Action Farce gathered, and the figure looked around.

“I told you to come alone” it said.

“I did”, said Harrap “we're all alone”

“Follow me” it sighed.

## Chapter V — The Ultimate Ending

As Action Farce entered the room, the cloaked figure raised its hand and ordered

“Men, surround him!”

“Men, surround him!” cried Harrap

“Men, surround the men surrounding me!”

“Men, surround the men surrounding the men surrounding our men”

“Men, surround the men surrounding the men surrounding the men surrounding me!”

“Who are they?”

“The men surrounding the men surrounding me! Oh, nuts, I dropped my gun!”

“Where is it?”

“Surround here someplace!”

## Chapter 6 (VI — for the Latin Students) —

### Had you going there.

Had you going there, didn't we?

Eventually, all of Action Farce had been surrounded (and moved into one group).

“Who are you?” Harrap asked the previously mentioned mysterious figure.

“You should know me”, the figure said, and removed his hat.

“Jaques!”, cried Harrap in surprise.

“Oui! Reliable old Jaques, doer of dirty work, butt of jokes. But no more! Men, shoot them all!”

At that moment the lights went out, and Harrap shouted “Down!” The pitch darkness was punctuated by muzzle flashes and a deafening roar of gunfire, lasting a grand total of 6 seconds.

The room's lights came on again and the scene was shocking. Euhohihou's men were piled like ninepins, scythed down by their deadly fusilade. Slowly and dazedly, the survivors picked themselves up out of the wreckage.

“Well done, chaps”, said Harrap, and sat down on a T-bar style stool, with a small box at the bottom that had wires attached to it.

Unfortunately for the warehouse, and a large part of London, the wires lead to a detonator, attached to the worlds only stockpile of Triasumite (Dramatic Chord).

Did Action Farce surve the explosion?

What about London? What about London!

Who was the mysterious figure crawling from the rubble?

Will Barbie ever marry Ken?

Who killed Bambi.

For all these answers and more. . .

Tim Newsom & Scott Martin, Year 11



## The Kid

The little country town was a mining town. Everyday the fathers and the sons washed the black silt off their skin and went home to their families. No children in town had lawyers or businessmen as fathers. The new kid in town was different.

His father was an attorney staying in town temporarily. So he had to stay in town as well, with his mother, and go to the local school. The kid's mother was different too. She was into "society dinners" and "help handicapped children" aids. Most country mothers worked at the laundrette or supermarket, had six kids and wore ugly boots and hair rollers when shopping. Not his mother!

The kid's mother had every hair in place, and perfectly groomed and manicured nails.

First day back was probably the worst day of his life. Richard Billard! What a name. The local kids knew what he was like even before they saw him. He didn't have a normal name like Joe or Jerry or Nick. But Richard!

Richard was a perfect student. A delight to teach! What was bad was that he had no idea how everyone felt about him. Other kids nicknamed him "Bluebird" because he could sing (how sissy!) No matter how awful everyone was to him he was always nice back and that seemed to annoy them more.

When Richard left everyone was glad to see him go, but he wanted to stay. I think he was silly to believe in something that wasn't there. People like Richard who trust other people too much, just end up being hurt in the end and no better off.

Madeleine Doyle, Year 7

## To all Parents: Living with a Stranger

(your Adolescent)

Being a "professional" on adolescents there are several important and vital things to remember. For example, adolescents cannot be blamed for their unusual ways of thinking.

Time has changed since you were one yourself and how hard you worked then is not the case now. The world's technology has increased incredibly quickly since the days of crystal sets and grammaphones. Now these lucky devils have everything made for them. Microwaves for fast food, washing machines and dryers for clothes. Since they have so much time and haven't experienced the horror of hand washing clothes, they buy more. Not decent practical clothes or pretty dresses. No. . . They have to be designer ripped jeans creatively torn T-shirts and useless holey jumpers. In our days people who wore such clothes would have been from a home or poor family. Now they are ultra trendy and pricey too. You can't come from a poor family now. Considering all those holes they should be half the price rather than twice as much.

Not to forget their hairstyles and negative attitude to school and to us. What happened to those innocent faces with rosy cheeks and neatly combed hair? Why it was considered cool all greased up and into place. Now you don't have to look far for a rainbow, it's right there in front of you, sitting in the lounge covering your view of the television. How they manage to make it stand on its ends we will never guess.

School!!! There is no doubt that ALL teenagers dislike school. We never liked school because of all those rules we had to keep. Now it is inexcusable with unlimited transports to get them there. We were spanked for the slightest disagreement

with any teacher. . . They can get away with murder. Killing a teacher is an everyday thing, how could they dislike that? Wow!!

When it comes to parents scolding children, no matter what its about it always ends up with them scolding us! Then we have to apologise first. We're only trying to do the best for them. Arguments always seem to lead to one thing. "We're not like you used to be" they say. It's true time has changed, the generation gap gets bigger and bigger everytime.

We will never understand them and they will never understand us but love them as much as you can because they will always need us and our money.

NOTE: If you find it impossible to love them, hate them just as our parents hated us.

Gia Nghi Phung, Year 9

## Mr Owens . . .

"I know what you're thinking, Punk. Did he fire six shots or only five. I forgot to count. But are you feeling lucky Punk? Well are you?" boomed the loud television set which Tommasina, who was only seventeen and very enthralled in mystery and detective stories, had fallen asleep in front of. She was dreaming, dreaming that she was being chased by a gunman. He wore a black trench coat and was light on his feet. Every now and then Tommasina would look back over her shoulder hoping for a glimpse of the gunman's face. But it was always hidden by the shadows of his dark, black hat. She stumbled and fell. Closer and closer came the man in the trench coat. BANG!! A gun shot coming from the television had made Tommasina wake up with a start.

The dream seemed so real and menacing to Tommasina that she went over to the window for a breath of the pleasant, night air. Across the road was the silhouette of two men arguing. One of the men resembled Mr Abbott, a friend of Tommasina's, the other drew, what seemed like a pocket knife. The man with the knife jumped towards Mr Abbott with the knife extended and thrust it into his stomach. Mr Abbott, who was a considerably big man in size, flopped to the ground with the pocket knife still in his fat body. The man with the knife fled from the house and into the deserted street. He glanced up and saw Tommasina. Tommasina was so transfixed with shock that she couldn't move away from the open window. The man took a good look at Tommasina and the surroundings around him, then ran down the quiet, peaceful street.

Tommasina was determined to find that man. Her father had died the same way. Tommasina vaguely remembered what had happened. She was only eight at the time and the shouting coming from the lounge room had woken her. Tommasina saw a man. He had a curly, red beard and his hair colour was the same. Suddenly, he took out a pocket knife from his tattered pocket and stabbed Tommasina's handsome father. He quickly left the house and that was the last anybody saw of him. Tommasina remembered trying to scream, but only managing a tiny croak.

Tommasina walked away from the now closed and tightly bolted window. She was terrified and when Tommasina got into bed she couldn't close her eyes for fear that the man with the knife would break into the cosy place Tommasina called home. Tommasina had a torch in her hand and a carving knife was glistening in the moonlight on her bedside table. Every now and then Tommasina dozed for a few minutes. Finally she got to sleep.

Meanwhile, the murderer was just outside Tommasina's door, groaning and cursing because he couldn't get through Tommasina's door. At last, after a lot of cursing, he finally got in. The murderer found Tommasina's small, but neat bedroom and very sneakily replaced the glistening knife with his own pocket knife. While he was doing so the murderer knocked over Tommasina's porcelain jewellery box and it fell to the floor with an earshattering crash which echoed through the silence of the neat room. It woke Tommasina who quickly went to reach for the carving knife which she placed on her bedside table. She found, to her surprise, a tiny little pocket knife. Tommasina hurriedly looked for the torch in the darkness.

She found it and flashed the bright light around the tiny room. There it was. Tommasina had seen that face before. The curly, red beard, the curly, red hair, the narrow eyes and the small lipped mouth. This is the man that had murdered her good friend Mr Abbott who lived across the road. This is the man who had murdered her father, nine, long years ago. And this is the man who will kill her tonight. Tommasina's heart was in her throat. She quickly jumped out of bed and out the open and damaged door.

The man with the red beard chased her. He was wearing a black trench coat, was very light on his feet. Every now and then Tommasina would look back over her shoulder hoping to see the face. But it was always hidden in the shadows of his dark black hat. Tommasina stumbled and fell. She felt as if she had been in this same position before. Closer and closer came the man. Closer and closer came the dreaded carving knife. Tommasina curled up with her back to the carving knife waiting for the knife to pierce and rip her back. The man with the beard pulled the knife up behind his head and plunged it into Tommasina's back.

The red bearded killer ran down the deserted street laughing like a demented maniac. Mr Owens, the red, bearded murderer is still out on the streets of Sydney looking, watching, searching, stalking and finding other victims.

**Sabrina Macri, Year 7**

### **"Luther B. Spratt is dead"**

"Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this broadcast to announce that the President, Luther B. Spratt, is dead. We shall now return you to the scheduled program."

What?

"...hey, I just heard on the radio that Luther B. Spratt is dead". "Spratt?" "...is dead." "You sure you heard right, boy?" "Sure, Luther B. Spratt is dead." "Hey, they really got Spratt". "Yes, I believe you, but how?"

### **The President is dead**

Washington — Chaos reigned here yesterday evening when it was announced that the President of the United States was dead. The news was released in a personal statement read by Frederick J. Betrogene, the Vice-President.

He did not, however, reveal the cause of death, and the capital is overwhelmed with rumours. The most popular of them is that the President was shot, by his own hand or another's.

Another theory is that he collapsed as a result of a massive coronary, brought on by the huge number of unfiltered cigarettes (Senior Service) that he smoked. The police and the Attorney-General's department are believed to be making separate enquiries.

Mr. Betrogene said that the President's death was a great blow to democracy, justice and the way of life Americans of all generations and political persuasions were fighting for. He paid tribute to Mr. Spratt as a man who quietly but conscientiously fought the evils of fascism, socialism and environmental pollutants. . . .

Two days later things were quiet. Although the White House was still shrouded in suspicion, nothing concrete had emerged to satisfy the cravings of sensation-hungry journalists, except for some ugly brawls in the finals of the World Series baseball. Front-page editors and television producers were wearily debating with their underlings just where to slot in those scenes, while closeted C.I.A. men desperately sought rightist revolutionaries to fund. And so it was extremely frustrating for them when the news came in and shattered the peace.

### **The Vice-President Arrested**

Washington — Chaos reigned yesterday evening when it was announced that the Vice-President of the United States had been arrested for the murder of his President, Luther B. Spratt.

Mr. Betrogene is alleged to have shot Mr. Spratt in the back of the head while the two were playing cards in the President's guest room. Chief of Police, Mr. Buddy Middan, said that the motive was "clear to the blindest of eyes" and described the evidence as "unblurred and unmistakable." He had, however, decided to withhold it for the trial which may begin next month. The First Lady, Mrs. Hope Spratt, was unavailable for comment.

A senior administration official called the arrest "unsurprising" because, he said, "Betrogene has coveted and threatened Spratt's position for so long that it just became too much to bear." In American political history Vice-Presidents have rarely come to power after an incumbent's full term of office, and this may be held as a motivating factor behind Mr. Betrogene's alleged action. . . .

So once again the nation was thrown into shock and everyone from politicians to comedians "milked" the event for all it was worth. But the commercial-break was only for a few days and people soon switched back to the comforting yet incurably dull soap operas of their daily lives. Until, once again, they were interrupted by a now vaguely familiar announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this broadcast to announce that ex Vice-President Betrogene has committed suicide while in prison and that President Luther B. Spratt is not, as was formerly believed, dead. We shall return you to your scheduled program shortly. . . ." Once again, the commercial-break had begun.

It was a day or two before the dust resettled and the facts were clear. It seemed the Vice-President, having presumably decided that his chances of being acquitted were slim, had, with the aid of his broken wrist-watch, thrown in his hand. Several hours later Luther B. Spratt and his family, looking bronzed and fit, had emerged from their private jet. Calling reports of his death "grossly exaggerated", it soon transpired that, rather than being shot in the head, he had in fact taken an unexpected and secret holiday on a small and quite unknown island off the West Indies. There he had had absolutely no contact with outside information.

In a press release he eulogized the late Vice-President and stoically refrained from wishing that the man had postponed his suicide for a few hours. The total mediocrity of this response convinced most people that the president was telling the truth. Only a few wondered then, and three presidential terms later, whether behind the dull and wooden facade Luther B. Spratt did not conceal a touch of brilliance.

**Alfred Hiatt, Year 10**



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Jan Choi, Shirley Chu, Helena Alexandrakis, Sage Bronk, Jessica Choi, Anna Butler, Dina Bountopoulos, Wilasinee Ariyamenthe, Jacqui Bennett.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Sukhomoy Basu Roy, Daniel Adams, Spiros Courtis, Josephine D'Agostino, Angela Benson, Marija Cuk, Jasmine Clement, Steven Aguilera, Edward Curthoys, Emmanuel Christou.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Jamie Barry, Sandro Bonanno, Robert Chan, Darcy Antunes, Jason Betts, George Athanasopoulos, Jonathan Beattie.

**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Matthew Crosby, Jackson Chow, Frank Andrews, Michael Cahill.

Class 7-F



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Jordan Gribble, Zahia Glazbrook, Tracey Dixon, Hannah Dawson, Beth Delany, Elizabeth Farry, Janelle Gibb, Vicki Giannopoulos, Thao Duong.

**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Savvas Giannakakis, Sasa Gocanin, Steven Giannakourns, Benjamin Duke, Martin Green, Nguyen Farrenc, Nelson Da-Silva, Anthony Gao, Brook Foy.

**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Simon Etherington, Emil Fascaldo, Tina Gizariotis, Madeleine Doyle, Alice Deboos, Robert Ferguson, David Gill

Class 7-O



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Ruth Ioannides, Marcia Hargous, Nectaria Keramianakis, Valentyna Jurkiw, Marcelle Jones, Kaiso Kontkanen, Tinny Hong, Danielle Kinsler, Natasha Lane.  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Diego Ibanez, Timothy Haire, Eun Joo Lee, Louise Kuo, Barbara Kwiatkowski, Deborah Hong, Hyun Joo Ku, Zoe Lee, Reza Hasjim, Thang Huynh.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Meer Jodlovich, Yong Tae Lee, Jeffrey Ku, Rodney Jennings, Thomas Lacek, Matthew Grant, Khanh Dai Lam, Sae Jin Kwon, Alistair Gillies.  
**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Chad Harrington, Nguyen Bao Huynh, Mathew Hood, Justin Lees.  
 Class 7-R



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Maria Munzone, Anna Meister, Kathryn Mayne, Lisa Liputra, Sandra Nam, Katharine Madgwick, Orit Mishor, Sonia Martin, Tarne Malor  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Paul Mac, Chinh Mai, Kevin Man, Edwin McCall, Alexander McDonald, Nikos Marinos, Asher McLoughlin, Paul Melville, Peter Meric.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Danae Natsis, Siobhan Mackay, Lufiani Mulyadi, Kristen Melville, Sabrina Macri, Claire Lund, Becky Morris.  
**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Praven Naidoo, Douglas Ngai, Jamie Moore, Stephen Mavay.  
 Class 7-T



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Michele Smart, Leanne Park, Caroline Shepherd, Belinda Rogan, Jessica Post, Nardine Rostom, Tanti Oetojo, Maria Rodrigues, Jimin Park.  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Lam Nguyen, Tom Oates, Thomas Nockolds, James Schofield, Khoa Phu, Thanh Huy Nguyen, Quoc Yung Ngo, Ben Robertson, Vu Nguyen, Bernard Pfeil.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Emma Pyke, Rebekah Nugent, Sandra Oliveira, Karina Quinn, Viola Said.  
**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Michael Penny, Teofilo Nobrega, Tamara Rees, Ai Quoc Dong Nguyen, Simon Prunster.  
 Class 7-1



**FRONT ROW:** (L to R) Thuy Van Tran, Joanna Walton, Donna Triantafyllou, Siew Fong Yiap, Larissa Stanley, Gina Yiannikis, Kelly Spallas, Nga To, Hae Ran Song.  
**SECOND ROW:** (L to R) Caine Stewart, Chris Sotirias, Nicholas Sordon, Stephen Wallace, Ross Wainwright, Bill Truong, Kenneth Soo, Justin Whelan.  
**THIRD ROW:** (L to R) Chung Wong, Aicen Tjang, Sarah Stanbridge, Victoria Wheeler, Michelle Sourbis, Sarah Waterworth, Jodi Stiles, Sarah Whitlock, Darbo To.  
**FOURTH ROW:** (L to R) Tim Tonkin, Godwin Tse, Steve Tadic, Platon Theodoris.  
 Class 7-A



Beckett's "Come and Go".

# Literature

## The Deepest Deception

The last rays of sunlight dropped over a bombed Parisian horizon as a young girl of twenty crawled into her tiny bed, exhausted. Her bruised body ached even more as she remembered the narrow escape from the Nazi's clutches as they burst in on the resistance meeting. The effort to sleep was too great, so she stood up and crossed the room to the window, opened it, and then the shutters and stared out at her beloved Paris. The Germans had warned of an invasion and she knew that they would succeed. They had bombed Paris three nights in succession and still they came. Soon, there would be nothing left to bomb. Two planes flew overhead, and she was glad to see they were French.

Isabelle closed the shutters as the searchlight passed by once more. The news of her father's death had been splashed over all the Parisian newspapers and probably all over the German ones also. They all read something along the lines of, "Resistance Leader killed by Nazis", and went on to tell of his heroism. It can't be true, she thought. She couldn't face the reality that now, both her parents were dead. On impulse, she ran to the door, opened it and shouted out.

"Take ME now!"

She shuddered at her actions. She knew that if she was to survive this tragedy, she had to pull herself together and stay calm. She picked up a pillow and crouched down embracing it, in the middle of the room. The lump in her throat grew, and tears swelled in her eyes. The disbelief and anger turned to sorrow and despair for having lost the two people in the world she loved most. Occasionally as the tears flowed she would let out shrill screams of despair.

As her tears wet the pillow she clutched, she thought of her parents. Marie, her mother, firing at the German planes as they flew overhead, and tending to the wounded of the German raids, until the day came, when her father returned to their hideout to tell his only child that her mother had been killed in a raid on the civilian hospital. Jaques, her father, resistance leader, a man she looked up to, praised. He had incredible courage. His friends called him the great infiltrator. He had infiltrated many German embassies and businesses to find out information for the resistance. But, three months ago on a mission in Prague, he had been captured and taken to a German concentration camp. Several escape attempts had been reported, but the last had been the fatal one.

Despair and sorrow, turned once more to anger, hatred. She knew in her heart what she must do. She must take their places at the head of the resistance and lead the way to a free France, for France, and for the French.

A loud knock on the small wooden door brought her back to reality. It was late, no one should be up at this hour.

"Qui est là?" she asked and prayed silently that the reply would be in coded knocks. They came. One long, three short, one long, two short. She stood for a moment in disbelief. The knocks spelt out, PAPA. She walked cautiously to the door, opened it slightly, then threw it open as she squealed with disbelief and excitement at the sight of her father, alive and well, and standing on the threshold.

"Father!" she exclaimed, and wrapped her arms around him.

"Isabelle," he sighed and returned her warm embrace. But as he did, a small but lethal knife slid from his jacket sleeve to his hand, and quickly, he slid it into his daughters back. Her confused eyes stared up at him, but he avoided her stare. He let her fall to the ground, dead. She was still staring at him.

As he turned towards the door, he took a Nazi arm band from his pocket, stared at it for a moment, replaced it in his pocket and slowly left the room. He was almost sad.

Julia Cummins, Year 10

## Round Moon

The ringing of the 'phone pierced through the quiet atmosphere and disrupted her rest. Clumsily, she dropped the glass; it fell and the broken pieces scattered on the floor. She swept away the broken fragments and wiped off the last traces of the liquid. The kitchen now looked clean, normal. The 'phone stopped ringing.

Glancing at the clock, she hurried to her room and added a few touches to her make up. For a while she sat almost motionless in front of the mirror, only her fingers were constantly moving; they twisted and twirled a piece of tissue then ripped it into little pieces. Abruptly, she stood up, walked into the kitchen and inspected it critically. "There is something missing, a bottle of wine would be perfect for . . . no, there will be no wine tonight. I must be myself. It is now or never," she thought with a feeling of triumph.

The children were at their grandparents tonight. Without them the place was peaceful and tranquil. She gave the house an approving look — clean and neat as always. There were no fingermarks, no broken toys lying on the floor. No one would have guessed that she was a mother of two toddlers. No one had suspected, so far she had been very careful, only a little clumsiness and forgetfulness. She felt rather proud of herself. How often did people tell her that she was a perfect wife and mother, that she had a magic touch which would turn any place into a cosy home. Of course she wasn't an ordinary woman; she used to be the prettiest girl in the school who grew up to marry the most successful businessman. Evelyn was nothing compared to her. The thought of Evelyn made her feel uneasy. Evelyn had never experienced the kind of life she had. "How dare Evelyn intrude into my private life. I loathe her fake sympathy and patronising attitude. She always looks at me through the thick glasses like a scientist examining a microbe. I must be made to come to her and tell her all my troubles," she thought to herself, "What right has Evelyn to tell me to learn to control my life. Ha! she feels sorry for me!"

Tonight she would show Evelyn and the rest that they were wrong. She would prove to them that she was not the poor wife they whispered about behind her back.

The perfectly round moon radiated its gentle beams through the glass window. She opened the door to let in the scented summer breeze. A sense of harmony and romance rose in her.

Her husband offered her a glass of wine. An angelic smile spread across her face, "Darling, you know that I never drink," once again a sense of victory returned to her.

"I would rather you do, Margaret," her husband insisted, "because I have something to say to you . . ."



With the same innocent, girlish smile she pushed away the glass. She noticed that her hands were shaking. Gathering all her inner strength she tried to fix her eyes on her husband's face. The battle had begun; she was sure that she would win. The word 'divorce' slashed across her face. The winning battle now lost; all smiles disappeared. She felt helpless, weak like a child. Outside, the moon, large and radiant, like one of Evelyn's lenses, stared at her mockingly. Instinctively her hand grabbed the bottle and she gulped down all its contents. The warmth of the liquid evaporated away her tears and soothed her anger. It gave her a feeling of strength and independence as it always had. Her old, faithful friend had returned, loneliness was no longer with her. She was now ready to face the world.

**Truc Huynh, Year 11**

## "Waiting for Godot in 8 Seconds"

(with apologies to Samuel Beckett)

Vladimir: Gogo!  
 Estragon: Didi!  
 Vladimir & Estragon: Let's embrace! (ahh!!)  
 Estragon: Let's go.  
 Vladimir: We can't  
 Estragon: Why not!  
 Vladimir: We're waiting for Godot.  
 Estragon: Ah!  
 Vladimir: I need a Jimmy.  
 Estragon: A what?  
 Vladimir: A Jimmy Riddle.  
 Estragon: Ah! I'll watch.  
 Vladimir: You can't.  
 Estragon: Why not? It'd pass the time!  
 Vladimir: You'll have to watch for Godot.  
 Estragon: Ah!  
 Vladimir: (returning) Let's hang ourselves. It'd give us direction!  
 Estragon: Yes! Let's.  
 Vladimir: Oh . . . we can't.  
 Estragon: Why not?  
 Vladimir: We're waiting for Godot.  
 Estragon: Ah . . .

**Jason Hand, Year 12**

## Eiger

I stare bewildered at the daunting sight before me. Eiger. The most feared mountain wall in the world, almost a kilometre of gnarled rock and ice. The taker of over a hundred lives. I think of my family, my wife, my home and what I could be leaving. Most importantly though, the prize in conquering the world's greatest wall of death. Achievement.

I lift my ice pick and almost symbolically, pummel it into the rock. I call upon my fellow mountaineers — strong, courageous people. Men with ambition, a feeling and passion for adventure.

Eiger is frightening. As we hang from our ropes, I look up at the wall and shiver at the sight. Not merely a mountain, but a "stairway to heaven". The rock I touch seems vulnerable, shaly and dangerous. I smash my ice pick into the rock again, almost simultaneously unaware of the debris falling on my companions. I start to feel cold. The ice is gnawing away at my boots. A blizzard boils up. The wind howls and screams, beating my body against the ice and rock, forcing me to cling tightly to the wall, like a child's safety blanket. It starts to snow. What seemed at first a perfect day for ascent, sadly turns into a forceful battering of wind, snow and ice. The conditions suddenly become extremely dangerous. I become scared and cautious. One move could prove fatal. Life wasn't meant to be easy. I check my equipment. It seems safe and secure. The conditions are quite impossible. I hear a scream. I glance down and see one of my friends fall. I fear the worst and close my eyes.

I contemplate turning back, but honour and pride prevail. As expedition leader, it is my duty to take in hand the safety of my fellow climbers. We shall continue. Although there are only 500 metres more to climb it looks more like forever. I grasp the rock with all my might, desperately evading certain death. I inspect my fellow climbers. They're struggling. The wind is a ferocious gale now, and every move is crucial.

The wall becomes wet, and above me lies 200 metres of ice. I start to think of making the summit. This drives me. Soars my ambition. I began to feel confident.

Within an hour I have less than 100 metres to climb. I hammer my ice pick into the freezing ice, straining my body to the limit. Every move tires me, until I become exhausted. Slowly, but bravely I finally reach the summit. My lifelong dream suddenly becomes a reality. I have conquered Eiger. I look out at the splendid beauty of the European Alps soaked in the sunlight, feeling satisfied in climbing one of the world's towering giants.

**Jesse Fink, Year 9**

## Still Life

An old man sat scrutinizing a work of art, chiefly for his own indulgence but also for a lady friend. An impediment from an accident during the war had changed him from an illustrious charming person to a grumpy man confined to a wheel-chair. This hinderance had therefore stopped him from having a relationship, but had made him more aware of his loneliness, and, but to have one true friend in the world, was all he asked.

He lived in a perceptible, yet dirty old mansion and it had the distinct appearance of an elegant yet run down house. The mansion had two stories but he lived only in the bottom one. Many a day had he longed to climb the scarlet coloured stairs and clutch the carved ebony banisters and go once more into the vivid memories of his past. The house had a kitchen, although an old fashioned one it still remained in working order and suited his few but demanding attempts to cook. From here there is a door leading into the dining room. A large mahogany table dominates, surrounded by five straight backed and extremely uncomfortable chairs. The upholstery had badly deteriorated, suggesting disregard by the unpolished appearance. The dining room is a meandering passage that leads to the lounge room. In the passage stands a stone arch, magnificent in the abundance of beauty. This perhaps is the most beautiful part of his abode. From here you are able to walk into the lounge room. The lounge is singular in being the most homely and welcoming part of the house. There is a fire-place and the fire crackles and flickers at the logs of dry wood and straw. Along the far wall from this is a settee, dull and sinuous. Thus contrasting to the painting the old man grasps by the wall.

He has a weary, distant look surrounding him. His eyes are ebony black and his forehead swallows them up like the night swallowing day. His nose seems somehow detached from his face and his mouth is turned down as though he is always silently resentful. This could be said but would not be completely true, for once every week his melancholy disposition changed into the laughing cheerful temperament of a child. He anticipated a knock at the door and made sure the painting was in its proper place for he heard footsteps coming up the path. He knew it was her. The door creaked open and there she was, clad in deep vermilion and kingfisher blue. This was her favourite dress. It had high padded shoulders and long sleeves and the skirt flowed down nearly all the way to her ankles. Her face was shadowed in the moonlight and her silhouette appeared on the drab pavement in which so many shadows had fallen before her. Her bottle green eyes pierce his heart every time she looks at him. Her nose is protruding and her mouth is relaxed and only used to smiling, creating a wonderful warm burst of joy.

She is the one friend he has. They are about the same age but have very little in common. Both are affable towards each other and don't converse on subjects created outside this domain. This forms a very special and interesting relationship. Prior to her visits the old man always makes absolutely certain that his painting is turned against the wall, away from her inquiring eyes. Countless times had she asked politely to see it and always she had been rejected. This in her mind had formed an internal mystery. But she had given up trying to understand, for he had a right to his privacy. He led her through the door and whispered her to be seated. He began talking slowly and weakly, "I am neither humble nor proud, I have little that means anything to myself nor my family. But two things in my life are of relevance. The first is you. You are my friend, my

best friend, and without you I would not have the will to live. My heart wouldn't burn as it does now. When your eyes meet mine I would rather die than be without you. The second is this painting. I know you have wondered about it and perhaps you have even seen it as a nasty bit of humour. It is not. It is very special". And then the old man suddenly dropped on the couch. She was a little awed at his calmness. She could see that his wrinkled old body and mind would soon cease working but he ushered her to come to him. He held her hands tightly in his and hoarsely whispered, "I want you to have the painting, I love you . . ."

That was the last he said. Strangely enough she did not weep. Although her heart bled she rose to her feet and wearily stepped over to the painting. Her hands were shaking as she picked up the tattered frame. She turned it around and gasped as she saw the water coloured portrait of an eighteen year old's face staring back at her. Thoughts raced through her mind because she had known him only since she was 40. She searched for a sign of its origin. There was none.

**Joanna Walton, Year 7**

## Tall Story

Jones walked into the pub, his face laden with sweat and grease. He was new in town. He had just started work in the mine three weeks ago. He was hard up for money to support his pregnant wife and four children. He comes to the pub once a month on a Friday, which is pay day. Today was Wednesday, he should be on the verge of begging for money. Perhaps that's why he came, to ask the blokes for a dollar or two.

He sat down and called over to the bartender. In a loud and clear voice he said, "For a schooner, I'll show her an amazing trick." I was feeling pretty game, so I went along with him. Besides, I felt sorry for poor Jones.

He went out of the pub and came back with a galah. He stood proudly in the middle of the pub, all twenty five pairs of eyes were intently watching him. He took a deep breath and announced. "This galah can talk!" In the beginning there was a gasp followed by twenty four gasps. Next, there was a snide remark, followed by twenty four snide remarks.

"Wait and see!" Jones said stubbornly.

Sure enough the galah said quite clearly, "Where's my drink?" The blokes stared open eyed in amazement. The silence was broken by Bluey, the type who had an answer for everything. "He's putting one over on us. Jones is what they call a ventriloquist. I dare yer to try that again while we're looking at yer mouth."

"I'll go one better for two more drinks." Jones announced. The blokes dug down deep into their pockets and between them conjured up enough money for two beers. "Observe, while I drink my beer, the galah will sing."

Once again they stared in amazement but this time to the strains of a rather off key version of 'Waltzing Matilda' while Jones drank his beer.

I looked all around the room and up and down Jones trying to find how he did it. I knew it wasn't the galah, because we all know galahs can't talk. Then, it struck me. A little grey possum with a microphone in its hand was peeping out of Jones' back pocket. Evidently the possum was a ventriloquist.

**Julie Kim, Year 8**

# Poet's Corner

## Rose

To smell a rose  
With my delicate nose  
I find is very enticing.  
Who would not find it wonderfully nice  
To smell those vapours arising?

## Daisy

I love to see a daisy  
With a lovely look of grace  
The pollen looks all hazy  
Upon its delicate face.

## Violet

Look, there is a violet  
There upon the ledge  
Here's some more of it  
There beneath the hedge.  
To touch its silken petals  
To see its deep rich purple  
Is a pure feeling of ecstasy  
A warm feeling coming over me.

## The Sword

The great sword has been used for a long time,  
Its powers of destruction are sadistically sublime.  
The blood, tears and sorrow it has spread  
Are well known throughout the world  
— Splashed blood, crimson red.

A violent ending for many a being  
A figure of hatred is what they are seeing  
Some say the sword  
Brings out the killer's best.  
For many a person it brings  
Prematurely — eternal rest.

Shall we keep destroying  
This wonderful earth?  
It seems there is always  
A weapon for which we search.

**Murat Dizdar, Year 8**

## Noise

I like noise  
The rabble of Fort Street at the home time bell.  
Hearing a little Kindergarten class spell  
The dreadful rumble  
Of a huge explosion,  
A joyful yell.  
When told of an excursion  
The sound of a kiss  
The lovers' bliss,  
The screech of a bird,  
Does not go unheard  
A gang of noisy boys,  
I like noise.

**Sarah Whitlock, Year 7**

**Danae Natsis, Year 7**

## The Ballad of Miss Mary

There was chaos in the office for the lift had broken down  
And the chairman of the board had run away,  
With Miss Mary, secretary — she weighed a thousand pounds  
And leaving Harrison, her fiance,  
All the office men and women from offices near and far  
Had called the Missing Persons overnight  
For the workers love their chairman 'cos that's where the  
wages are  
And the cleaner sniffs the Ajax with delight.

There was Harrison in the lift with a dirty coffee cup  
He thought of Mary dressed as white as snow  
Just thinking of their wedding made his blood rush fairly up  
The truth about Miss Mary he didn't know  
The chief engineer meanwhile came down to lend a hand  
No better engineer could save the day  
For never lift could foil him and Harrison was freed  
Hearing the news made suicide his way.

And she returned with the chairman, a small and weedy beast  
To hear the news Miss Mary was not surprised  
Their friendship hadn't worked — the chairman was pleased  
at least

And such a raise — five hundred — what a prize!  
Her conscience was playing up making her want to die.  
The voice inside her she began to dread  
She bore the badge of lost love in her dull and teary eye  
She found true comfort in the land of the dead.

**Yvette Lopez, Year 8**

## The Goof From Ward 15. . .

There was a menace at the madhouse,  
For the looney was on the loose.  
And the shrinks and the quacks were away.

So all the other goofs,  
kept in hiding on the roof.  
In their straight-jackets they waited for the dude.  
They waited there overnight for they had gathered up the  
proof,  
That the buy was armed, dangerous and in the nude.

Among the other cases was Darren the Dipstick,  
He was the worst schizophrenic in the place.  
His trusty weapon was a platinum-plated pick,  
But few could ride an "OP" table at his pace.

And Smelly of the sewerflow slid down to lend a hand,  
No better looney had ever rode a table.

And one was there, a wheeled bed-potty,  
Like a "lavvy" undersized.  
With some stains here and there, looking rather spotty,  
And such are by the ward 15 goons prized.

It was made of crocky porcelain — just the sort that won't say  
die,  
There was waste in its bowl.  
And it bore the hygienic seal — that would catch almost  
anyone's eye,  
And in the bottom — proudly open was a hole.

He hails from Ward 15 — up by "Callo" side,  
Where the bars are twice as high and twice as wide.  
Where patients from Ward 1 smell the rubber  
burning from table wheels far inside.

So ten of them got tables,  
And readied for the run.  
And as they started rolling,  
The patients cheered them on.

And the goof from Ward 15 led the others from far away  
And they saw the escaped looney — and turned to go his way.

But 5 of them had a smash,  
In a narrow corridor,  
And the remains of their tables  
Lay scattered on the floor.

Then they came to the Ward 3 romp,  
The worst in the place.  
But the goof from Ward 15  
Set off at a cracking pace.

In his wheeled bed-potty he put trust,  
That it would never fail.  
And he took the corner at the bottom  
His skid-marks told the tale.

Then they got him in a corner,  
As Smelly slipped and nearly fell,  
And as the looney drew his kitchen knife,  
They prepared to give him hell.

Darren hurled his trusty pick,  
Just missing the looney's head.  
But his table was collapsing,  
He knew that he was dead.

But the goof from Ward 15,  
Slipped a straight-jacket on the guy  
And alone and unassisted,  
He brought them home with pride.

To all the other patients,  
It was a great relief.  
While Smelly and the others,  
Stood gaping in disbelief.

And down by Ward 15, where the concrete-clad walls raise,  
There's Spiky and rugged barbed-wire on high.  
Where the air is pierced by screams and the white bars fairly  
blaze,  
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky.  
And where, around the operating room the cleaners sweep  
away,  
The blood and discarded organs and the padded rooms are  
wide.  
The goof from Ward 15 is a madhouse word today,  
And the patients tell the story of his ride.

**Peter Murray and  
Josh Wildsoet, Year 8**

## Noise

I hate noise  
The window was cracked  
The boy was smacked  
The trains were rumbling  
The lady was mumbling  
The people were buying  
The baby was crying  
The Mum was shouting  
The son was lating  
The radio was saying  
The TV was playing  
The cows were mooing  
The crowd was booing  
This is noise pollution  
And there isn't a solution  
I hate noise.

**Platon Theodoris, Year 7**







# THE STAFF OF 1987



**FRONT ROW:** Wal Bray, Terry Glebe, Barbara Jago, John Buckingham, Hart Sturm, Phil Goodacre (D.P.), Carole Preece (P.), Roger Riches, Alan Suthers, Margaret Davidsohn, Vicki Chiplin.  
**SECOND ROW:** Sue Honeywill, Karen Bryant, Stephanie Frith, Marie Johanson, Steve Baker, Robert Baker, Louise Fox, Louise Beevers, Lorraine Pendleton, Merle Gamble, Lyn Trevini.  
**THIRD ROW:** Fiona Buckland, Jane Levi, Barbara Crawford, Chris Davis, Patricia Bresnahan, Bob Hayes, Phil Canty, Tony Wilson, Marilyn Ireland, Anne Draper, Marcia Patten, Andrea Verne.  
**FOURTH ROW:** Phil Fischer, Marj Brewster, Sandra Page, Kerry Duce, Louise Gallaher, Anne Kelly, Selma Allen, Judy Levi, Ken Ambler, Chris Kellaway, Marie Bee, Janene Newell.  
**FIFTH ROW:** Robert Luntungan, Stan Murphy, David Brace, Brad Palmer, Bruce Fraser, Peter Barter, Michael Browne, Tim Jurd, Greg Osland, Warren Griffith, Harold Jones, Chris Moynham, Ross Morgan.



# The Staff of 1987

## Principal

C. Preece

## English

Buckingham, J (H.O.D.)  
Bryant, K.  
Crawford, B.  
Frith, S.  
Honeywill, S.  
Levi, J.  
Morey, R.  
Morgan, R.  
Neurath, Z.  
Verne, A.

## History

Glebe, T. (H.O.D.)  
Bresnahan, P.  
Browne, M.  
Jones, H.  
Kellaway, C.  
Studdert, R.  
Jago, B.

## Languages

Davidsohn, M. (H.O.D.)  
Levi, J.  
Murphy, S.  
Tarrant, J.  
Yalichev, S.

## Mathematics

Riches, R. (H.O.D.)  
Baker, S.  
Beevers, L.  
Hayes, R.  
Jurd, T.  
McInnes, G.  
Palmer, B.  
Spry, S.  
Stamoulos, M.  
McLachlan, H.

## Physical Education

Smith, K.  
Wilson, A.

## Library

Chiplin, V.

## Careers

Canty, P.

## Counsellor

Scheding, S.

## Deputy Principal

P. Goodacre

## Science

Bray, W. (H.O.D.)  
Ambler, K.  
Bartier, P.  
Bates, J.  
Brace, D.  
Lawlor, M.  
Moynham, C.  
Waters, J.  
Schwarz, C.

## Social Science

Sturm, H. (H.O.D.)  
Baker, R.  
Docking, M.  
Draper, A.  
Duce, K.  
Fischer, P.  
Griffith, W.  
Ireland, M.  
Johanson, M.

## Industrial Arts

Deeble, J. (H.O.D.)  
Fraser, B.  
Luntungan, R.  
Osland, G.

## Home Science

Bee, M.  
Foster, L.  
Palmer, J.

## Music

Suthers, A.  
Moxham, R.  
Davis, I.  
Clarke, S.

## Art

Buckland, F.  
Griffen, P.  
Page, S.  
Smith, S.

## Ancillary Staff

S. Allen (Science)  
A. Kelly (Science)  
M. Brewster (Library)  
M. Watts (Library)  
M. Gamble (Library)  
M. Trifunovic (Gen. Asst.)  
M. Celic (Gen. Asst.)  
L. Fox (Office)  
L. Gallaher (Office)  
J. Newell (Office)  
M. Thomson (Office)  
L. Pendleton (Office)  
I. Nicholson (Home Sc.)



