

Fortian Committee

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Ms. O'Keefe
Ms. MacDonald



The production of the 1990 edition of the Fortian Magazine like those preceding it was a labour of love. It seemed at times much more labour than love. The enormous effort, however, of all those associated with compiling this journal has finally borne fruit.

One thing that became apparent to the committee in our relentless pursuit of the articles in the following pages was that it can be as difficult to get an assignment from a teacher on time as they, all too often, find in the punctual production of assignments from the members of the student body. However, after much begging, badgering and pleasant reminding we did receive the majority of articles promised. Our thanks to you all. As always student participation forms the basis and bulk of the magazine and to all those who have contributed, our thanks, without you there would be no Fortian.

It was, I confess with reluctance that I first became involved with the Fortian Committee, but my initial hesitation turned to enthusiasm largely as a result of the calibre of the people with whom I was working. The job of an editor is never an easy one and the thanks of myself and my fellow committee members must go to Blaise Lyons, to whose capacity to organise, we owe the victory of producing this year's edition of the magazine.

A special mention should be made of Ms O'Keefe and Ms Macdonald for their support and advice throughout the project, and of Ms Marcuse who generosity in making available her time, resources and expertise has been invaluable.

Lisa Blakeney.

Acknowledgements

If June Lunsman hadn't helped with this year's Fortian- her Macintosh computer, her Word IV program, her house in Balmain, her fridge and her patient help- it would not exist.

Nor would it exist without Blaise.

Then the rest of us were useful: Suman for organization and jokes, Kate for typing, Mishayla for blowing bubbles, Holly, Mau Nghi, Ms Marcuse and Adrian. The days were long particularly for Louisa who could often be found sitting on her mother's head.

We hope you all enjoy it.

Kyrsty Macdonald.

Cover design
Kirsten Tranter

Principal's Report



The magazine is a fine tribute to the committee and provides a splendid record of 1990. Fort Street continues to prosper and its future is sound. Selective schools are now part of the Government policy of choice and diversity in education; in fact, ten more have been established. Students choose Fort Street in ever increasing numbers and our current Year 7 intake is the second result of Statewide selection. We are indeed fortunate in our students. Their talents and sometimes zany enthusiasm are given direction and scope by a capable staff. I thank the teachers for their continued commitment and trust that the school, with the ongoing support of parents, continues to flourish.

Mrs C. Preece
Principal

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Student Council 1989 -1990

The past year has been one of the most eventful years ever for the student council. One of the highlights was an Environment Day complete with tree planting and an interesting and entertaining speech by scientist Robin Williams. In formation stalls from organisations such as Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth were set up around the hall. The day was a success because it was enjoyable, and made students aware of important environmental issues. A group has been established to care for our new trees.

The student council managed to hold a school dance in June. Three school bands played, Sooty Blotch, The Backyard Boys and Critical Mass. This dance was very popular (except for a Mars Bar throwing D.J.), and helped to rectify the bad reputation previous school dances have been associated with. We have continued to support our two Christian children's fund foster children throughout the year (If you would like to write to these children their addresses are on the student council noticeboard). A SRC collection during assembly amassed over \$700 which we donated to the flood afflicted Nyngan High School in August. The student council also took part in the visit of the Eifuku students this year by providing a welcoming luncheon and later, a morning tea for the farewell. Student Counsellors assisted the parents and citizens association at the Art show, by serving champagne and food and selling tickets along with other tasks.

Throughout the year student council members have been actively involved in cluster meeting, youth forums and community activities.

Financially, the student council is now in a fantastic

position. As a result of two hit Drama nights last year, the dance and other successful fundraising ventures, we have \$6000 to spend, improving the school in the future.

Danielle Olsen and Rosie Fisher, in particular deserve congratulations for their work as chair people in 1989 - 1990 and 1990-1991. The current student council is keen to put new projects into action, continue to lift its profile in the school, and make the school a better place for students in the following year.

Blaise Lyons

1990 STUDENT COUNCIL

YEAR 11: Sam Toohey	Simone Parsons
Jaime Lachs	Blaise Lyons
Nik Rawson	Rosie Fisher
Darcy Eunson-Cottle	Kirsty Chestnutt

YEAR 10: Platon Theodoris	Siew Fong Yiap
Tom Oates	Louise Kuo
Cain Stewart	Helena Alexandrakis
Justin Lees	Beth Delaney

YEAR 9: Robert Kennedy	Ingrid Smith
Luis Balaha	Simone Kelly
Ollie Supit	Holly Lyons

YEAR 8: Jeremy Green	Alice Dallow
Joel Ma	Simone Solomon
Hai Khuat	Stephanie Holding

YEAR 7: Josh Szeps	Sharm Peres da Costa
Burt Sigsworth	Felicity Kelly
Gareth Kemp	Bridget McManus

Vale "Fuzz" Porter

Dr. Hubert Porter was in every sense a true Fortian. His 92 year old life, in which he gave so much to Fort Street, came to its earthly end on 3rd May of this year. "Fuzz" Porter is sadly missed by those many Fortians that knew him in so many associations.

"Fuzz" took his Leaving Certificate in 1914 just after the outbreak of World War I. Our departed friend proceeded to the University of Sydney to study medicine and as a very young man was appointed Superintendent of Sydney Hospital. Not long before he had captained a N.S.W. Soccer side against Queensland.

Dr. Porter was regularly in attendance at all manner of school functions. He early associated himself with the Old Boys Union and was one of the Union's strengths through many decades. He served as Master of Ceremonies at Union dinners until a

date not very far in the past. He was Master of Lodge Fortian in 1939.

It is rarely, if ever, that one can in truth make the statement that all Fortians owe one individual a debt of gratitude. It could never be more truthfully said of anyone than of Dr. H.K.Porter. When the Depression through the 1930's placed the purchase of school textbooks as a heavy burden on parents, it was only with the provision of money lent, interest free, to Fort Street Boys High School by Dr. Porter that it was possible to take the first steps in establishing the textbook fund, which has operated successfully ever since at the school. Truly, the operation of the scheme is very often taken for granted, but let us acknowledge that it was thanks to Hubert Porter that the scheme got under way to serve all.

Mr Ron Horan

In memoriam

The year 1990 was indeed a sad one for Fort Street High as it witnessed the passing of two of its most distinguished scholars - Sir Hermann Black, A.C., and Professor John Ward, A.O. Sir Hermann had not been well for quite some time whereas Professor Ward, along with his wife, Patricia and daughter, Jennifer, had been a victim of a tragic railway accident at Brooklyn, N.S.W., in May, 1990.

Sir Hermann (1904-1990) attended Fort Street Boys' High School from 1918 to 1922. He had a most distinguished career and yet some of the warmest and most enjoyable moments of his life occurred on that day in December, 1981, when he returned to Fort Street High School as Guest Speaker for the School's Annual Speech Day. Mr. Ron Horan, who was Deputy Principal at that time, had introduced me to Sir Hermann prior to commencement of the proceedings. Sir Hermann mentioned to me that the day was even more special than so many other occasions because it was taking place in the school he loved so much. I still remember the warm, friendly out-going gentleman with an infectious laugh revelling in the excitement of the moment on that very hot December afternoon. His pride in his school is clearly evident in a letter to Mr. Horan when he later wrote that "in various public situations I wear the little badge and I am delighted when a Fortian comes up and greets me."

Much later, as fate would have it, I also had the privilege of knowing Professor John Ward during my Undergraduate days at Sydney University. Professor Ward had been instrumental in launching the first full year course in American History at Sydney in 1964 and I had been a member of his small, rather hard working History III tutorial group.

In March, 1985, Professor Ward was invited to be Guest Speaker at the School's Speech Day to be held in Sydney Town Hall, an invitation he accepted with considerable enthusiasm. It was indeed a fascinating experience for me when, as the co-ordinator of Speech Day, part of my duties was to visit the Guest Speaker. I spent a few hours on different occasions with Professor Ward in his rooms at Sydney University discussing his address as well as a great variety of other topics including Modern History in the N.S.W. Education System during the 1970's and 1980's. I still remember very well this learned gentleman, his precise, detailed manner of lecturing tinged with rather wry comments on the issues of the times.

When Professor Ward retired from his position as Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University in January, 1990, the Chancellor, Sir Hermann Black, spoke eloquently of his colleague's administrative skill and international perspective, of a fellow Fortian who personified the traditions of Fort Street High School and of a close friendship which "extends beyond half a century" I consider it a great privilege to have been touched, if only fleetingly, by these two great Fortians and I believe that the world is a much sadder place with their parting.

Terry Glebe
Head Teacher
History.



Fort Street, The School

Although the weather was, to say the least stormy, the "stars" came out for a milestone in the history of Fort Street High School - the official launching of Ronald S. Horan's magnificent history of the school.

FORT STREET, THE SCHOOL. This great event took place in the S.H. Ervin Gallery fondly referred to as "the Bulge", in the National Trust Building, Observatory Hill, at 6 p.m. on Thursday, 29th March, 1990. The event was well timed indeed, as it was almost 140 years to the day when Fort Street took its first group of pupils, 21 in number, to this very same site.

Fortians past and present gathered at the original site on Observatory Hill to join in the celebrations of such a remarkable work. The well known author and historian Nance Irvine (F.S.G.H.S. 1929 and Guest Speaker at Speech Day 1987) chaired the proceedings with great gusto and George Jaksic (F.S.B.H.S. 1971), Director of Honeysett Publications and publisher of Ron's book, welcomed the guests. Then Justice Michael Kirby (F.S.G.H.S. 1955 and Guest Speaker at Speech Day 1976), President of the N.S.W. Court of Appeal, spoke of the school and of the author himself.

Mr. Horan's moment had arrived! He spoke enthusiastically as he recalled his days as a student at Fort Street Boys' High (1937-41), of his return to the school as teacher, than Language Master and later Deputy Principal spanning some 36 years as a member of staff at Fort Street. He spoke of the history of the school and how the two High Schools had been separated out from the Model School at Observatory Hill in 1911, of the transferring of the boys to Taverner's Hill, Parramatta Road, Petersham in 1916 and the amalgamation of the two schools at Petersham in 1975.

The display quotation from the title page of Mr. Horan's Book **FORT STREET, THE SCHOOL**, was very much reflected in the evening and in the lives of those present. "Fort Street does not rest upon the consciousness of things done but of things doing". Indeed, Mr. Horan, since the book launch, has continued "doing" as he and his wife, Elmire, travel overseas to the U.S.A. and Europe. In addition to this, Ron's research and publishing ventures continue in such works as *A New German Course Part III* and *Everyday German For You*, both in collaboration with John Slim, as well as the school's *Speller*, which is now at the Printers. I am sure that I speak for all of us when I wish them well in the many years of "retirement" ahead.

Terry Glebe,
Head Teacher
History





Report from P & C Association

The P & C has continued to make a vital contribution to the functioning and well being of the School throughout the year. The routine business meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month. At these meetings each academic department has the opportunity to present their philosophy of education and the content of their curriculum. This has been an important forum for parents to understand the teaching which is occurring within the school.

Members of the School community will be familiar with the bold new format of the Mercurius which is now mailed out to all parents. The P & C is proud of the high quality of this document which represents the result of close collaboration between all parties involved in its production. There is no doubt that in a large school such as Fort Street High initiatives such as this which improves communication are vitally important in the functioning of the organisation.

The highly successful canteen continues to be a major source of financial support for the P & C. In the previous financial year the canteen contributed \$25,000 to the P & C. With this contribution, it was possible for the P & C to allocate \$30,000 to assist the school. The money has been allocated to purchase a photocopier, improve ventilation and heating in the School Hall and to employ a part-time bursar to assist with the financial management of the School.

The P & C has welcomed the emergence of subcommittees addressing important issues such as the School curriculum. This diligent group has identified areas of developing interest within the School community which may be encompassed within a new curriculum subsequent to the implementation of the White Paper. It is the view of the P & C that these subcommittees have an important role to play in focussing on issues which can then be brought to the general membership. The Maintenance and Ground Subcommittee has conducted 2 successful weekend projects in which the playing fields and School grounds have been cleaned and improved. The Art Show which is planned for mid September promises to be the highlight of the P & C 's year. This event brings together all components of the school in a socially convivial setting. The school musical groups have an opportunity to play before an appreciative audience, the creative works of the pupils are on display and the senior students are involved as waiters. The spirit of cooperation which is manifest in the detailed planning and staging of this event is the very essence of a successful P & C Association.

In October the regular meeting will be devoted to a presentation of the Government White Paper on the future directions of education in NSW, entitled Excellence and Equity, and will be presented in several languages for the benefit of parents for whom English is not their first language. It is believed that this meeting will present an opportunity to bring together the wealth of diverse culture which exists within the School Community.

The success of a voluntary organisation such as the Parents and Citizens Association depends upon the contributions and good will of many dedicated people. Their rewards are to have the opportunity to participate in the community of the School and the magnitude of the success of the organisation depends upon the size of the Association. All parents are encouraged to belong to the Association to have more involvement in the education of their children.

J.P. Seale
Honorary Secretary.

The Canteen

The canteen continued to develop its' health and management policies this year and consequently was recognised by the Australian Nutritional Foundation and received 2 small business awards for its positive and progressive achievements.

The Australian Nutritional Foundation after 12 months research into school canteens approached our committee of Carole Preece, Donelle Wheeler, Neil Jones and Helen Saad for permission to use our canteen as its' schools' role - model to show other schools that a balanced nutritious menu presented well and produced efficiently can create profit for its school.

The consistent hard work of Helen Saad, Lesley Dare, Faye Flint, Rhonda Kovac, Olive Sallons, Pat Crosetta and Maryanne Totino enabled the canteen to open each day, which is no longer the norm for many schools' canteens, serving approximately 650 students per day, as well as catering for special interest groups within the school with morning and afternoon teas.

The profit of about \$30,000 for the year could not have been achieved without the

voluntary help from the following parents throughout the year- Debora Setiano, Rachel Hancock, Kathleen Vliet, Lesley Darem Roelof Smilde, Nola Wallace, Donna McLaren, Margaret Naylor, Gudrun Mauch, Kate Fox, Juliette Bishop, Colleen Stevenson, Sandy Watson, Merrina De La Pena, Fran Hudson, June Lunsman, Catherine Uribe.

It was this efficient mix of resources that contributed to our being successful in each of the small business competitions we entered this year.

Neither the ZGB/GIO nor the NSW Small Business Competitions had ever had a school canteen enter before, and we were able not only to win one and reach the finals of the other, but we also achieved a professional status for school canteens and their workers, which would otherwise not have been possible.

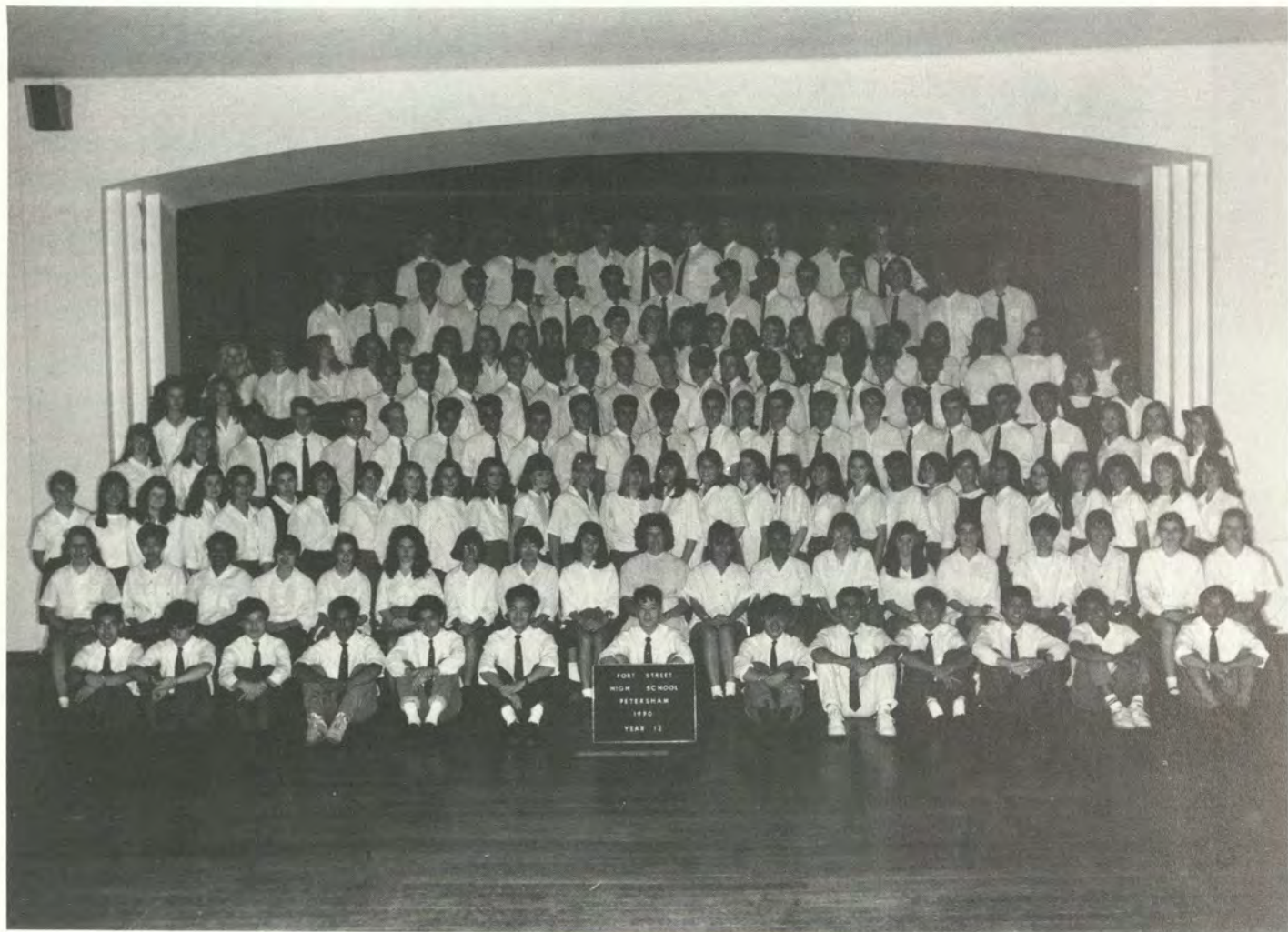
Community service was also looked at and discussed by the committee and staff at their regular meetings, and it was agreed to by all to volunteer our help to assist the Special Olympics during their athletics carnival. Another generous and much appreciated action by these involved with the Fort St canteen.

Helen Saad

"The Y-1 Canteen Line"



YEAR 12



FRONT ROW: (L to R) Turvey To, Cameron Booth, Li Hing Ling, Erry Suyachmmir, Nick Pantelis, Alan Leung, Joe Kang, Hung Huynh, Athanasios Houllis, Sae Yoon Kwon, Dennis Cohen, Rohan Pinto, Thao Nguyen.

SECOND ROW: Eva Lacek, Theresa Lim, Sukanya Haran, My Hang Trinh, Jess Black, Narelle Brown, Rosemary Chopra, May Lee, Jackie Truong, Sara Ho, Arani Kathir, Michelle Kang, Melinda Benjamin, Patricia Zagarella, Bernadetta No, Rebecca Davidson, Julia Brotherton, Genieve Magarey.

THIRD ROW: Rosemary Kos, Glenda Park, Emily Oates, Rachel Wilson, Nancy Stosic, Sarah Forsyth, Kirsti Samuels, Kate Ziolkowski, Kimberley Eggleton, Raelene Matejka, Sarah Tomsett, Karina Pratt, Jenny Gerrie, Kristine Giese, Raquel Gabiola, Kate James, Diana Cahill, Miriam Corris, Gia-Nghi Phung, Tresna Stiles, Michelle Shameon, Anne Colquhoun, Alison Hon, Yung Luong, Georgina Mousouleas, Genieve Broomham, Tanina Bombara, Gabriella McKinnon, Bronwen Stevenson.

FOURTH ROW: Jennifer Burge-Lopez, Kristina Lacic, Nick Marsh, Jesse Fink, Tristian Norwell, Baxter Lee, Robertus Van Den Braa, George Bountopolous, Brett Buckley, Salvatore Esposito, Karch Kim, Murat Dizdar, Barry Gibb, David Hughes, Jin-Man Kim, Brett Holland, Wyman Kwong, Paul Hurst, Eugene Whitlock, Richard Tan, Judy Hsieh, Deborah Gaskell, Linda Steadman.

FIFTH ROW: Willow Davoran, Danielle Olsen, Aldo Saavedra, Paul Stathakis, Theo Athanasopoul, Anthony Buono, Rajithe Samareskera, Jeffrey No, Zach Arthurson, Tristan Imber, Denny Lee, Stuart Miller, Sabesan Kathir, Inanch Mehmet, Thavan Pather, Elliot Hyde, Tin Quach, Toscha Blenkinsop, Renee Allen-Narker.

SIXTH ROW: Rebecca Donnison, Emily Saunders, Phoebe Cooke, Wendy Yen, Leesa Hay, Vassoulla Ioannou, Jasmine Guffond, Anna Czarnocke, Simone Buhler, Caitlyn Wignell, Catherine Burnheim, Deanna Byrne, Olga Rounis, Kristen Klimpsch, Pauline Clague, Kirsten Tranter, Nicole Van Barnevel, Daniela Terruso, Alice Buhrich, Adrienne Patrick, Kyla Steven, Sofia Costa, Elizabeth Crowther.

SEVENTH ROW: Kristian Brockmann, Leon Bowles, Justin Playford, Chris Austen, Nazmi Ressay, Santiago Llaverro, Tom Donald, Anthony Boukouvala, Ben Branson, Giles Gorman, Rory Delaney, John Doyle, Leonard Wright, Ben Symonds, Fred Bovard.

EIGHTH ROW: Brett Cowell, Navesh Perumal, Dejan Nikolic, Matthew Vagulans, Morgan Pollard, Alex Salouros, John Toniato, Rob Damley, Ben Quinn, John Power, Joshua Martin. **Principal:** Mrs. Preece

Immigration A QUESTION OF JUDGEMENT

Not long ago, there was a great media coverage, both of the informative and the Daily Mirror kind, that a referendum should be held deciding whether or not Asian Immigrants should be allowed to emigrate to Australia. This argument was sustained by the likes of influential people including Bruce Ruxton, Ron Casey and even prominent Federal Liberal John Howard, was indicating his support.

At the same time, there was greater publicity concerning the alleged Japanese "takeover" of this country and all its implications. However, During this embarrassing but well televised episode, little was made of the fact (a word the media are amazingly afraid of) that Japanese investment in Australia was lower than that of USA, the U.K. and New Zealand in most relevant statistics. Again Asians were discriminated against unjustly. It seems that this judgement was based on their non Anglo-Saxon appearance (i.e they could not assimilate with the general "Australian" - whatever that may be).

Quite often people suffer from loss of memory so one must again remind these people - Australia is traditionally a BLACK country and any immigrant is foreign whether from the U.K. Europe or Asia.

Japan is very unique in these prejudices for it is also very economically powerful and a number of Australians are resentful that a country that was left so devastated in 1945 is now in such a dominant position in the world economy. However, deeper resentment is present and this dates back to the period just before the devastation of Japan (World War II pre- Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs).

Of course , an unofficial agreement has been consented to by all concerned in the mass media and subsequent public that the Japanese soldiers and officers weren't the kindest of military units and unlike our ever so courageous and we wouldn't - hurt - a civilian -fly soldiers, the Japanese fighters were no "gentlemen". Memories of these "good old days" are still present in the patriotic minds of some and this fear (Macarthyism wouldn't be an inappropriate term) is now being brought to the surface again with talk of the reunification of East and West Germany. Images of swastikas and moustaches, it seems, will never be forgotten, and cries in the West like "we're not paranoid we're just playing it safe" are quickly becoming all too commonplace.

These statements show the uncanny ability of the human species to criticize and often ruin any signs of goodwill fear. It is also a cover up of sinister actions. Therefore, the near definite reunification is a very easy target since this country had quite a high war strike rate in the first half of this century.

All that is needed however to avoid the ruination of this wunderbar idea is rational, positive and broadminded thinking by the media and public to demonstrate just how absurd the idea of a Fourth Reich really is given the prevailing conditions in the world which would allow such a merger to take place.

By Matthew Vagulans

Year 12

Year Twelve Debating

Debating is one of the more stressful activities which involves placing your dignity on the line. This is why it comes as a great shock to find that it can also be a great deal of fun!!

The year 12 debating team: Catherine Burnheim, Julia Brotherton, Gabrielle McKinnon, Anne Colquohn and Leonard Wright have, I hope, preserved their dignity during this year. We gave The Karl Cramp competition a go as well as the Sydney University Debatathon, and from a field of more than 25 schools, made it to the semi-finals. We were beaten by Sydney High who had received help from our very own Leonard Wright. The H.S.C. is stressful, but at times proving that "nuclear power is no longer to be feared", "that a politicians' life should not be public property", "that it's not easy being green" and "that Australia is a fool's paradise" seemed more important. Thanks go to all members of the team and especially Mrs. Hosking for both chauffeuring and coaching us.

Julia Brotherton
Year 12.

S P O R T



ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

The School Athletics Carnival was held at Sydney University on Thursday 21st June. The weather was excellent, however, heavy rain prior to the Carnival made the track very heavy. Once again the Year 12 House Captains were inspirational and helped make the day a huge success.

The following students were Age Champions:

12 Years:

Boys - Joel Young : Girls - Sharm Peres da Costa

13 Years:

Boys - Neil Pradham: Girls - Pippa Travers

14 Years:

Boys - Paul Bejarano: Girls - Emma Flamer-Caldera

15 Years:

Boys - Ben Duke: Girls - Taryn Woods

16 Years:

Boys - Rob Cummins: Girls - Kylie Eggleton

17 Years:

Boys - Ben Kuhn : Girls - Kimberley Eggleton

A large contingent represented the school at the Blich Zone Carnival, where Fort St. came 4th in the Boys, 2nd in the Girls and 1st overall. Neil Pradham (yr 8) and Taryn Woods (yr 9) were Age Champions at Zone Level. From the Regional Carnival, Rodney Jennings, Neil Pradham, Samson Fangaloka, Joel Young were selected to represent Metropolitan East at the State Carnival.

CROSS COUNTRY

This is one of the most difficult events requiring stamina and endurance. This year unfortunately, due to a problem with buses not all competitors were able to get to Centennial Park. However, there were some excellent performances, particularly amongst the Year 7 students.

The following students were Age Champions:

12 Years:

Boys - Justin Roberts: Girls - Bridget McManus

13 Years:

Boys - Etem Kumsuz: Girls - Lisa Goudie

14 Years:

Boys - Andrew Sadler: Girls - Jessica Schuman

15 Years:

Boys - Justin Whelan: Girls - Taryn Woods

16 Years:

Boys - Ben Weekes: Girls - Kylie Eggleton

17 Years:

Boys - Silas Mylecharane: Girls - Kim Eggleton

Andelys Allen (yr 7) and Kylie Eggleton (yr 10) went onto win their events at the Zone Carnival and Andelys went on to finish a creditable 9th at the Regional Carnival.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The school swimming carnival was held on Friday 23rd February at Drummoyne Pool. The weather was beautiful and this helped to attract a large attendance. Special thanks must also go to the House Captain for their enthusiasm and encouragement.

The following students were Age Champions at the School Swimming Carnival:

12 Years:

Boys - Shannon Earley: Girls - Sharmila da Costa

13 Years:

Boys - Daniel Whaite: Girls - Pippa Travers

14 Years:

Boys - David Aurelius: Girls - Bronwyn Englara

15 Years:

Boys - Daniel Williams : Girls - Taryn Woods

16 Years:

Boys - Stuart Mckiernan: Girls - Beth Delaney

17 Years:

Boys - Amos Szeps : Girls - Claire Archibald

Many swimmers went on to represent at the Zone Carnival, enabling Fort St. to once again win the Champion School Trophy.

David Aurelius (yr 8) and Taryn Woods (yr 9) were successful in events at the regional and went on to represent Metropolitan East at the State Carnival.

REGIONAL REPRESENTATIVES

Water Polo: Taryn Woods

Swimming: Taryn Woods, David Aurelius

Athletics: Rod Jennings, Sam Fangaloka, Neil Pradham, Joel Young

Volleyball: Jin Man Kwon, Steven Mavay, Sae Jin Kwon, Nguyen Farrenc, Kate James, Vicki Wheeler, Wilasinee Ariamethe.

STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Water Polo: Taryn Woods

Volleyball: Jin Man Kwon

Gymnastics: Stephania Costa

Squash: Ben Robinson

BOYS' WATER POLO

by Sebastian Brandt

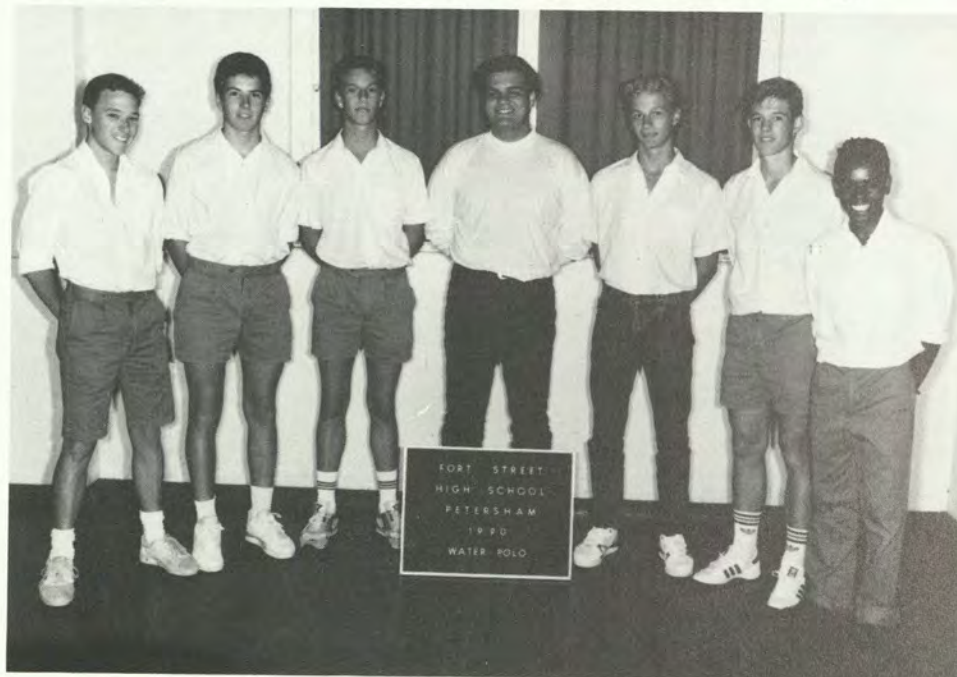
The open boys waterpolo team was once again Bligh Zone Champions in First term. Unlike previous years, the standard of competition was high with both Leichhardt and Newtown providing stiff competition. Six teams competed in the round robin competition with Fort St. winning 7 of the 9 games.

The whole team played well with all contributing to the overall effort. Once again Adrian McKeown was a strong goalie, well supported by his defensive players.

The players gained a great deal of experience for future seasons. We look forward to another tough competition this season.

The team was

Sebastian Brandt
Adrian McKeown
Amos Szeps
R. Zvangelis
Stuart McKiennan
Jamie Lachs
Fergus Cumming
Greg Fountain



KNOCK-OUT WATER POLO

by Brad Palmer

Whilst both the boys and girls teams did not experience a great deal of success in this years state knock-out competitions, a lot of future talent was discovered.

The mid-week competitions regularly see Fort St, teams being successful. More importantly it provides the opportunity for players to decide if they wish to play at a higher level with a local club outside school.

Several members of the girls side play for the Balmain Club, and this is the reason for the amount of success that they have enjoyed in the last few years.

CHS: Once again Fort St. gained representation for Combined High Schools. This year Taryn Woods was selected to represent the Ladies team and toured New Zealand with them. This was quite an achievement as Taryn is in Year 9 and is still eligible to play in the U/15's team .



Indeed, this year's U/15's team has a great aspiration for the State knock-out, to be held during Term 4.

At this time of year we farewell to "the big pool" players who have given sterling service to the school. This year it is Jenny Gerrie, Pauline Clague, Rebecca Davidson, Dejan Nikolic, Jenny Burge-Lopez.

GIRLS' OPEN TOUCH FOOTBALL

by Kimberley Eggleton Year 12

The Girls Open Touch Football team under the watchful eye of Mr. Morgan and Miss Smith won the Wednesday afternoon sport competition quite convincingly. There is only one word to describe this team and that is skilful.

The team combined well and didn't try to be heroes too often (Li Michele). With Tresna and myself on the wings, Kylie, Liz, Karen and Ruth in the centres and Larissa and Michele in between, we did our best to destroy the opposition. We walked over Tempe and Glebe II, with Glebe I offering us our biggest competition but not enough to beat us.

The players all contributed well to help the team to victory. They were: Tresna Stiles, Kimberley Eggleton, Karen Ellis, Kylie Eggleton, Liz Farry, Larissa Stanley, Ruth Ioannou, Natalie Fu, Nga To, Sandra Oliveria Michelle Smart.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

by David Brace Coach

Congratulations to the Year 9 girls Grade Basketball team - Zone champions for the second year (were also Zone champions of Year 8). The team has earned the respect of all schools in Bligh Zone for the team

co-operation, organisation and competitive spirit shown each week. This team has now played 23 grade games, an outstanding achievement for the players and for Fort St. High.

Team members are Jennifer Ogilvie, Ingrid Smith, Ashley Steven, Shunanda Wallace, Taryn Woods, Natasha Yetton, Veronica Zec.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

by John Ko

Over the past few years, our boy's team have been performing consistently, being one of the elite teams. Seemingly hindered by our reputation as the state's foremost driving force, many are feared by our intimidation.

Losing six very talented players from last year's team, meant our team has been reduced to half its size. In the state knockout competition we accounted South Sydney in the first round. Despite playing a miserable first half, the crowd was still screaming and chanting. The adrenalin was pumping, we showed more of a willingness to fire up. Coach Ms Waters, was overwhelmed and excited on the sideline making us crank up our arsenal of power slams to defeat our opponents in the end by four points. However, second round saw us defeated by J.J. Cahill.

Although disappointed with our less than awesome season, the players deserved great credits for their efforts, by drafting as many fresh megatalents this school has, we will elevate to championship heights once again.

Boys' team Jeff Lai, John Ko, Victor Leong, Askin Aslan, Johnny Bracic, Dennis Miralis, John Soh, Mark Luto Ski, Robin Bae.

GYMNASTICS

by Stephania Costa

Just when trekking down the Princes Highway to Wollongong gymnastics club each Friday night became almost unbearable, the hope to compete at the Australian National Championships came into sight. After qualifying to compete for NSW in level nine (there are 10 levels), I set forth for a week of intense competition. "Nationals" were held at the State Sports centre in Sydney this year and the standard was higher than ever before. Upon qualifying for the Final round of competition, all my hardwork was rewarded with a silver medal on the balance beam, and a position of ninth overall and third overall in Australia and New South Wales respectively. My results were a great surprise and somehow the road to Wollongong doesn't seem so long and winding anymore.

INDOOR SOCCER

by Les Murray & Andy Paschialidis

The annual indoor soccer competition was held in Term 2 this year. Over a dozen teams entered, all trying for the title of champions. Teams consisted of 6 members, two being reserves.

Initial rounds sorted out the "men from the boys" and the 4 teams left by the semi-finals were Alcos United, Deep Heat, Bay 13 and the Dogs.

Alcos, the Year 11 side was awesome, winning game after game and scoring goals like they were going out of fashion. The "Greek Streak" was the backbone of the team, "Blackie" gave some great balls, "Gazza Latvia" impressed with his uncanny ability to make and score goals at will. He topped the comp's scoring table. "Snake" was the team's goalkeeper, "Wog Als" played well, "Wild Man" was brutal!

Not surprisingly Alco's United defeated Bay 13, 5-1 in the final.

"Greek Streak" netting 2 unreal goals and "Gazza Latvia" getting a hat trick. The crowd throughout was very substantial and when the soccer got boring the "Hillsboroughs" kept us all amused. Thanks to the organisers, the players and the P.E. staff who put up with us all for so long. We won't be here for next year's comp. but we hope the tradition will continue, and provide you all with an entertaining escape from the doldrums of everyday school, as it did us.

SQUASH

by Ben Robinson

Fort St. has been very successful in Squash over the past year, especially in the Junior grades. The junior grade team, comprising of Alex Lyberopoulos (9T), Paul Bejarano (9F), Jem Richardson (9I) and Sung Ahn (9F) won the competition twice in a row, defeating Glebe 3 - 1 in Term 1 '90.

The open grade squash team of Ben Robinson (11I), Suman Seth, Sam Toohey and Arthur Karoutzos made it to the Final in Term III, but unfortunately were beaten by Glebe I, 3 - 1. Since the team only originally had 2 players, this was an outstanding effort as Glebe I were the only team to defeat them. This Junior team improved considerably throughout the competition. State Knockout Squash was comparatively successful compared to previous years, but nevertheless, the team of Ben Robinson (11I), Rohin Zvargulis (11A), Chad Harrington (10) and Rodney were beaten by only several points in the 3rd round.





YEAR 11



YEAR 11 F

FRONT: (L to R) Sun-Jae An, Margaret Cermak, Mary Chan, Kirsty Chestnutt, Lisa Blakeney, Katy Bryant, Carlie Brown, Helen Campbell.

SECOND ROW: Bill Bilalis, Robin Bae, Aidan Archer, Daniel Burn, Mark Brereton, Roland Chan, Steven Baloglow, Hien Bui.

THIRD ROW: Dinh Au, Kate Bailey, Clare Archibald, Vivienne Cebola, Alice Byrne, Carlie Bulloch.

FOURTH ROW: Mark Bookalil, Sebastian Brandt, Robert Cummins, Mark Brady, Damon Cook. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 11 O

FRONT:(L to R) Frances Garnett, Hetty Foyle, Janette Cho, Kate Cruickshank, Lien Choi, Nicholle Fox, Rosie Fisher, Pema Gazzard, Stephanie Costa.

SECOND :Tien Do, Darcy Eunson-Cotti, Nicholas Correa, Patrick Connor, Troy Culbert, David Farry, Fergus Cumming, James Fong.

THIRD ROW: Mia Garlick, Zoe Couacaud, Michael Fairall, Claire Fricke, Damon Cook, Amanda Cooley, Karen Ellis.

FOURTH ROW: Greg Fountain, Dion Clarke, Samson Fangaloka, Robert Cummins. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 11R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Antonia Kolotouros, Anna Leung, Liberty Jools, Fleur Laurence, Sally Girgis, Jocelyn Hargrave, Helen Konstatelos, Alena Jang, Fui-Ping Liew.

SECOND : Jamie Lachs, Dennis Khanh, John Jiminez, Arthur Karoutzos, Van Huynh, Simon Kilazoglou, Adrian Kang, Anthony Lim.

THIRD ROW: Katherine Jeffreys, Joanne Kershaw, Nicholas Gray, Julian Griffith, Julie Kim, Sung He Lee.

FOURTH ROW: Ben Kuhn, Tom Hespe, David Harrington, John Ko. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 11 T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Pamela Lin, Tinh Quan Nguyen, Layla Morris, Nina McEnnally, Georgina Panagopoulos, Blaise Lyons, Sush Peres Da Cos, Gabrielle Maitland.

SECOND ROW: Tuan Nguy, Inca Paul, Thi Thuy Nguyen, Yvette Lopez, Vanessa Moran, Silas Mylecharane, Greg Matsin.

THIRD ROW: Jacek Lipiec, Adrian McKeown, Mark Lutowski, Richard Nash, Pedro Moreiro.

FOURTH ROW: Chris Macris, Robert Milekovic, Peter Murray, Dennis Miralis. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 11 I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Claire Salinas, Eva Raes, Paul Ramsay, Romi Slaven, Jasper Rowe, Jenny Robertson, Charu Singhal.

SECOND ROW: Xan Phung, Nick Rawson, Simon Taylor, Geoffrey Sadler, Michael Soo, Gary Rich, Suman Seth.

THIRD ROW: John Soh, Karl Supit, Oliver Steven, Ben Robinson, Brian Spilsbury.

FOURTH ROW: Jody Spratt, Andrew Polowczyk, Amos Szeps, Peter Roberts. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 11 A

FRONT: (L to R) Cindy Yee, Mishayla Webber, Cassie Young, Astrid Tuktens, Noula Tsavdaridis, Sandy Warrener, Inge Teiwes, Anna Williamson.

SECOND ROW: Andrew Walkley, Joe Wickert, Mathew Tziotis, Andrei Voican, Brendan Ward, Hung Truong, Anthony Xydis, Sam Toohey.

THIRD ROW: Luke Thrum, Ben Weekes, Daniel Walker, Josh Wildsoet, Peter Thompson, Adam Tran, Richard Zangoli, Jason Wilde.

Principal: Mrs. Preece

Sailing in the Southern Sea

by Inge Teiwes Year 11A

As you probably know, Britain's Bicentennial gift to Australia was a sail training ship devoted to the youth of Australia. The Young Endeavour is a Brigantine with about ten sails, including three square sails.

It is about thirty five metres on deck which is really big for a sailing boat when you think about it, but once you have been on it for ten days with no escape and little privacy it seems about the size of a toilet cubicle.

Anyway, that is all pretty boring and standard information about the ship, the interesting stuff is about the actual voyage. Each voyage last ten days and throughout these ten days we (the trainees) basically learn how to sail and manage a small ship.

On my voyage we left and returned to Adelaide, sailing where the wind took us, up Spencer's gulf and around Kangaroo Island. There are usually twenty four trainees and nine staff members who attempt to teach the trainees a bit about all aspects of ship life. In the first couple of days we were given a couple of lectures on stuff like safety and navigational equipment and usage but other than that we learned from experience.

On the first day we sailed just out of Port Adelaide and anchored and then spent the next four hours doing sailing drills, non-stop! considering a vast majority of us had absolutely no sailing experience this turned out to be a bit disastrous. By the end of each day, we were always exhausted and as we usually sailed through the night, everyone had to do a four hour watch during the night, as well as 4 - 8 hours during the day.

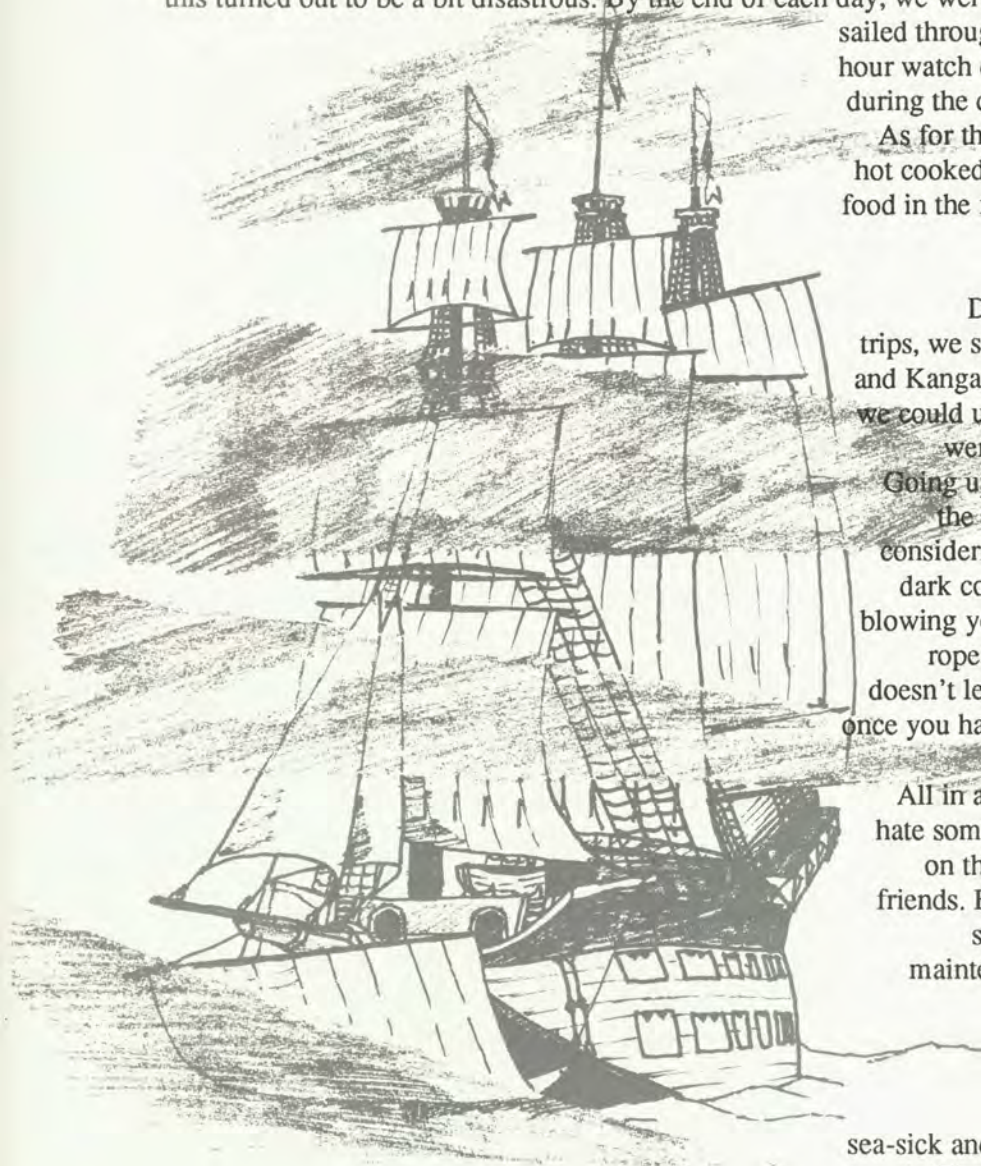
As for the food it was great, we were given three hot cooked meals a day there was always plenty of food in the fridge and the pantry for us to munch on when we were on watch at 3 a.m. with nothing to do.

During the voyage we had three on-shore trips, we stopped at Memory Cove, Althorp Island and Kangaroo Island. When the ship was anchored we could usually swim by it and as we sailed there were always dolphins swimming beside us. Going up the mast to work with sails was one of the hardest things to do the first time round, considering the mast is 30 metres high with only dark cold water below, there are 40 knot winds blowing you backwards, you're standing on a foot rope and pulling up a sail with both hands, it doesn't leave you with much to hold on with. But once you have been up, nothing can keep you down when the sails needed working.

All in all it was a great experience, we learnt to hate some people after ten days of no escape, but on the other hand we made some really good friends. Everyone learned how to navigate, steer, set and furl sails, clean the ship, do some maintenance and even how to cook, as well as learning about patience, teamwork and responsibility.

The age group for voyages is 16 to 23 and if you don't mind getting sea-sick and working hard then I really recommend it. The Young Endeavour scheme is run by the Navy and the cost is about \$750, luck being all that gets you selected.

Andrei Voican Year 11



Young Achievers Arthur Karoutzos Year 11

“Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistakes” Oscar Wilde (1054-1900) Lady Windermere’s Fan

.....and believe me, there were plenty of mistakes...(oops!), um, ah, I mean, experiences had by all participants.

This is what most Fort Street Young Achievers would say about their six months in the Young Achievement Programme.

Young Achievement is an economic education programme, guided by business, in which high school students organise and manage their own companies. The students learn about business by producing and selling products to the general public.

Young Achievement is a non-profit organisation. Companies are formed in March and liquidate in September. 1990 was the sixth consecutive year that Fort Street has been involved in the programme. This year Year 11 students from Fort St.

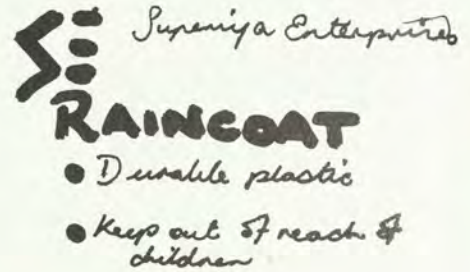
participated in Young Achievement ventures: Superiya Enterprises, Oracle YA, Syanna. My company, Superiya Enterprises, after several hours of “brainstorming” decided to manufacture plastic raincoats.

For our toils and troubles, we were paid \$0.50 an hour (all you capitalists planning on becoming rich.....FORGET IT!).

The true test of our marketing skills was the Young Achievement Trade fair, held this year at the Convention Centre, Darling Harbour. Our marketing team had posters covering our stall and they even placed some raincoats over some inflatable balloons to really get everyone’s attention.

I would just like to finish up, by saying to all students who get the opportunity to be part of future Young Achievement Programmes, GO FOR IT!. It is a lot of fun, always challenging and a bit of hard work thrown in to keep everyone on their toes.

That’s all from me, and remember all future Young Achievers, HAVE FUN!!!.



Students Alive

Students Alive is a Christian group that started two years ago in this school. Most of the people who go are born again Christians, but anyone can go and everyone is welcome. I’ve been a Christian for 2 years now and I know that God is true and so is the bible. We meet on Thursday at lunch and Tuesday at 2.30p.m in Room 26.

“For God so loved the world that he gave his only son so that anyone who believes in him will not perish but have eternal life”

John 3:16

Nina McEnally Year 11

Year 11 Debating

The year 11 debating team started the season with weekly practice debates against year 12 & 10 in these debates we attempted to display our superiority. Regardless of outcome the practice helped calm our nerves as we began the “real debates” in the Karl Cramp Debating Competition. The team consisted of Mia Garlick, Suman Seth, Patrick Connor and Kirsty Chestnutt.

The first debate was against Glebe High on the topic that technology has sown the seeds of our destruction. We were the affirmative and we won. Next we had to face Sydney Boys’ High and the topic was “that nationalism was the worlds worst enemy” and Sydney boys’ reputation for fine debating was proven. We lost.

The final debate against Randwick Girl’s was “that the force of the family has disappeared”. All speakers were in top form and we were victorious. Special thanks go to Mrs. Hosking and we hope to be more successful next year.

MIA GARLICK Year 11

Year 11 Geography Camp

Probably the only Geography camp that you didn't have to get up for whilst it was still dark occurred on August 15th through to the 17th.

Once again, everyone gathered at 9.00 at Central station with a few members of the International school. Mr. Griffith had again been laden with the "dirty jobs" by the rest of the social science staff as it was his dubious task to control Year 11 and live to tell the tale. Mrs. Sinclair was also present and we set off for what was to prove to be an exciting 3 days studying Shoalhaven River Catchment management.

During this time, we travelled by bus to areas such as the Shoalhaven Scheme, supplementing water supplies for Sydney and the Meryla Forest, a native pine forest on the Shoalhaven River.

We were treated to detailed lectures by the Water Board, Forestry Commission and National Parks and Wildlife and also did evening work which was on similar matter.

Some aspects of a geography camp, however do not change. Wiping scunge off tables, cleaning plates and utensils, Mr. Griffith with his alarm calls at god-knows-what-time in the morning and then pushing you out of bed when you didn't get up. Unfortunately, Mr. Griffith got a very wet alarm call the next morning when he opened his cabin door.

All in all though, it was great fun and very interesting as well, everyone was well behaved and had a great time and casualties were not many. (One big casualty was Mr. Griffith not bringing his comb and consequently having to wear the "bowl-cut" look for the rest of the camp).

We must thank all involved in the camp, Mrs. Sinclair and our guides and most of all Mr. Griffith who patiently tolerated us for 3 days and left us with a worksheet guaranteed to keep you up until 3 in the morning. Everyone had a great time.

Thanks, By Peter Murray Year 11

In Memory of Mahi

We shall never forget our dearest friend Mahi Moustakis. She passed away peacefully on Wednesday the 15th August, 1990 in her family home.

Mahi fought bravely in a long battle against cancer which began in September, 1985 when she was at the tender age of twelve. After two years of intensive treatment, Mahi's first encounter with cancer was overcome and she went into complete remission for two years, which proved to provide the happiest times of her life.

Despite Mahi's lengthy absences from school in years 6,7,8 and 10 and the fact that English is her second language, she still managed to achieve excellent academic results particularly in English and her School Certificate (1989).

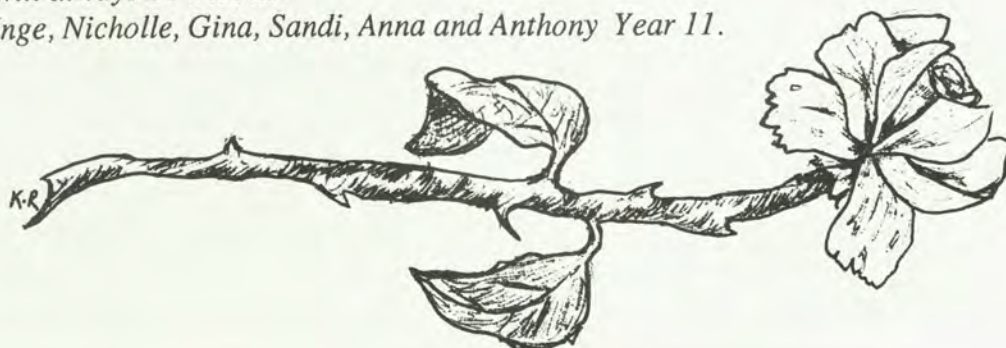
Mahi was not only prominent at school but she also managed to keep up with a very lively social life while not neglecting her very large family and the commitments required in the Greek community.

Unfortunately Mahi's struggle with cancer was not over as the cancer reappeared in 1989 forcing her to once again undergo treatment. Mahi was unable to attend school but held several part time jobs. Although she was deprived of doing many of the things we take for granted when she was ill, she always made the best of things. Only 3 weeks before she died, she was a bridesmaid at her cousin's wedding.

Even though Mahi went through tremendous pain and heartache, she never complained and was always thoughtful towards her family and friends. Mahi will never be forgotten for her endless strength and courage.

She will always be with us.

By Inge, Nicholle, Gina, Sandi, Anna and Anthony Year 11.



JAPAN

日本

One of the most interesting and pleasant events this year was the visit to Fort Street of a delegation of thirty-one students and five teachers from Eifuku High School, our sister school in Tokyo. Last year a group of students from Fort Street completed a successful tour of Japan which included visits to Nikko, Kyoto, and perhaps most most moving, Hiroshima. In 1990 it was our turn to host a visit - the second expedition to have come to us from Japan. At the outset, it is necessary to thank Fort Street parents who enthusiastically accommodated our visitors and to the Eifuku Committee. Thanks also must go to Miss Draper, Mr Griffiths, Ms Ireland and Mr Glebe for help in organising the visit.

Led by the new principal of Eifuku, Mr Mashiba, the visitors arrived on July 22nd. Garry Rich described the events with considerable verve:

We were treated to a lunch by the student council. After lunch we made our way to Centrepoint where we were given a tour of the tower and dined in the revolving restaurant.

On Tuesday the Eifuku students attended classes in Art, Wood Technics and Home Science. The afternoon consisted of various sports activities with the visitors preferring badminton to all else offered. Wednesday was spent at the zoo and the Rocks where we saw a film and slides on the history of the area. A few of us went down to Darling Harbour and stood dumbfounded as Ken "Don't Speak" Endo proceeded to buy every bit of Australia in sight.

The next morning we boarded the bus and took off for Gerroa. We stopped at Symbio Koala Gardens and later at Green Patch for lunch. After dinner in Gerroa Mr. Griffith showed his true colours inventing games that left us all...well, flabbergasted! Mr. Griffith and Mr. Yalichev tried hard to "tire us out" but the eventful and largely sleepless night proved they were "foiled again".

Friday morning saw us off for Gledswood Homestead, with most of us dying for a tea or coffee and trying to catch some sleep. At the homestead, we



were treated to a shearing show, boomerang throwing and sheepdogs at work. Meanwhile we got soaking wet and it was SAMUIDESUNE! That night saw a few of us take our billets out for "important cultural exchanges" -i.e. parties.

The weekend was largely free time with a barbeque in Centennial Park on Sunday.

Monday was our visitors' last day. The farewell ceremony was largely a sad occasion but humour was added by various martial arts demonstrations including Hiroshi "The Psycho" Kanzaki and Doug (Ngai) fighting it out on the stage.

There were quite a few tears shed at the airport, proof of the friendship that bonds Fort St. and Eifuku. It was a very successful and extremely enjoyable exchange, thanks to the committee concerned. Such exchanges are valuable to the individuals as well as the whole school, providing lifelong memories. We hope the relationship between our schools can continue so you can gain from the experience as have we.

Indeed, Garry! Well said! Heartfelt thanks to all members of staff and students who worked hard to make the visit a great success. This second visit from Eifuku was clearly perceived as involving the whole school and not just those sections connected with oriental studies. This in itself represents one measure of success. A return visit to Japan is scheduled for 1991. When the time comes there will undoubtedly be more than a few

students applying for "the trip of a life-time". Finally, many thanks to Mr. Mashiba, Mr. Endo and Ms. Kamakura for bringing us such a lively and friendly group from Eifuku.

Serge Yalichev

with thanks to Garry Rich whose article
"Eifuku Exchange-A Student's View"

first appeared in
 Mercurius Magazine,
 August 1990.

Publishers: Petersham Press. \$1.95



YEAR 10



YEAR 10 F

FRONT : (L to R) Helena Alexandrakis, Jaqui Bennett, Dina Bountopoulos, Angela Benson, Lucy Brotherton, Marija Cuk, Jane Choi, Shirley Chu.
SECOND ROW: Yasmine Clement, Daniel Adams, Addy Cobcroft, Sage Bronk, Anna Butler, Spiros Courtis, Wilasinee Ariyamethe.
THIRD ROW: Sukhomoy Basu Roy, Nelson Da Silva, Robert Chan, Sandro Bonanno, Emanuel Christou, Ned Curthoys, Jackson Chow.
FOURTH ROW: George Athanasopoulos, Michael Cahill, Darcy Antunes, Frank Andrews, Jamie Barry, Jason Betts. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 10 O

FRONT : (L to R) Natalie Fu, Beth Delaney, Kylie Eggleton, Claire Diesendorf, Elizabeth Farry, Tina Gizariotis, Janelle Gibb, Thao Duong.
SECOND ROW: Anthony Gao, Wing Farrenc, Tim Haire, Hannah Dawson, Katie Fisher, Madeleine Doyle, Savvas Giannakakis, Alistair Gillies, Amitabha Das.
THIRD: Stavros Giannakouras, David Gill, Sas Gocanin, Ben Duke, Matthew Grant, Jacob Gorman, Malcolm Green. Principal: Mrs. Preece



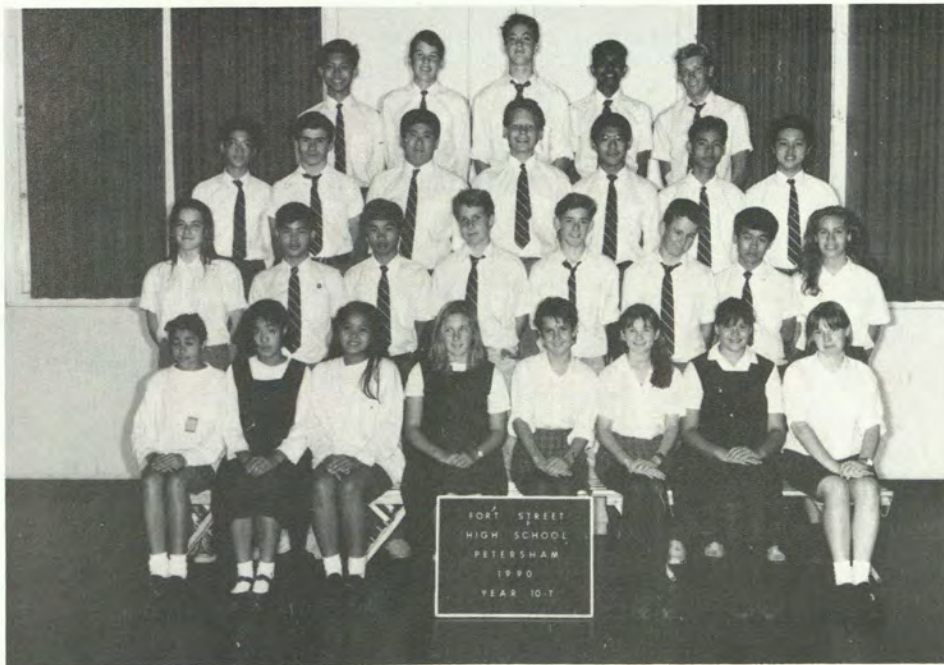
YEAR 10 R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Ruth Ioannidis, Sonia Layton, Eun Joo Lee, Marcia Hargous, Nectaria Keramianakis, Mariana Karagiannaki, Hyun Ku, Tinny Hon, Kaisu Kontkanen.

SECOND : Thang Huynh, Reza Hasjim, Sae-Jin Kwon, Meer Jodlovich, Khanh Lam, Muhunthan Kanagaratnam, Kent Lee, Diego Ibanez.

THIRD ROW: Louise Kuo, Valentyna Jurkiw, Deborah Hong, Barbara Kwiatowski, Zoe Lee, Marcelle Jones, Natasha Lane.

FOURTH ROW: Angus Harrington, Jeffrey Ku, Rodney Jennings, David Lai, Thomas Lacek, Yongtae Lee. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 10 T

FRONT ROW(L to R) Maria Munzone, Sandra Nam, Lufiani Mulyadi, Kate Madgwick, Danae Natsis, Tarne Malor, Claire Lund, Kathryn Mayne.

SECOND ROW: Siobhan Mackay, Chinh Mai, Aiquoc Nguyn, Asher McLoughlin, Ian Lesslie, Paul Melville, Paul Mac, Sabrina Macri.

THIRD ROW: Peter Meric, Nikos Marinos, Douglas Ngai, Justin Lees, Kevin Man, Quoc Ngo, Doug Li.

FOURTH ROW: Alex Lim, Stephen Mavay, Jamie Moore, Praven Naidoo, Alex McDonald. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 10 I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Hae Song, Maria Rodrigues, Sandra Oliveira, Tamara Rees, Viola Said, Michelle Smart, Belinda Rogan, Jimin Park.
SECOND ROW: Hoang Nguyen, Finn O'Keefe, Bernard Pfeil, Thomas Nockolds, Ben Robertson, Bao Nguyen, Khua Phu, John Ranieri.
THIRD ROW: Leanne Park, Rebekah Nugent, Tanti Oetojo, Jessica Post, Nardine Roston, Emma Pyke, Caroline Shepherd.
FOURTH : James Schofield, Huy Nguyen, Michael Penny, Simon Prunster, Teofilo Nobrega, Vu Nguyen, Tom Oates. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 10 A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Donna Triantafyllo, Gina Yiannikas, Thuy Tran, Joanna Walton, Sarah Waterworth, Siew Yiap, Sarah Stanbridge, Michelle Sourbis, Kelly Spallas.
SECOND ROW: Chris Sotirias, Kenneth Soo, Chung Wong, Nick Sordon, Tim Tonkin, Bill Truong, Darby To, Justin Whelan, Caine Stewart.
THIRD ROW: Sass Whitlock, Jodi Stiles, Victoria Wheeler, Larissa Stanley, Aicen Tjang, Nga To.
FOURTH ROW: Platon Theodoris, Ross Wainwright, Alexander Wolfson, Godwin Tse, Stephen Wallace. Principal: Mrs. Preece

The Backyard Boys

You may have seen people walking around the school with sideburns, 60's hair-do's and wearing boots instead of sneakers. Who are these people? They are The Backyard Boys.

The band consists of Nelson Silva on lead guitar and vocals; Steve Tadic on rhythm guitar and backing vocals; Nick Sordan on rhythm guitar, backing vocals and harmonica; Patazza Moonan on lead guitar; Paul Morton on bass guitar; Claud Buda and Orlando Silva on drums. Pretty big band eh? But with a big band comes different tastes in music. We range from Jimi Hendrix to B.B. King to hard core. There is one style that we all agree on; 60's rock-and-roll.

We've been together now for 10 months. We recently entered the

Balmain Battle of the Bands competition. Whilst everyone was playing heavy and thrash metal, we played 60's rock-and-roll such as The Beatles and Chuck Berry etc.. We were asked to fill in a bit of time at the end but failed to stop when they asked us to. We were having fun so we just kept playing. I think that contributed to the fact that we didn't come third, second or even first. We also played at the Big Gig Wilkins Hall where we were originally meant to be playing for 40 minutes but ended up only playing four songs. As we tried to pick out our four best songs, we were announced and the lights went on and there was smoke everywhere from the smoke machine.

I started playing "Get Back" and everybody else followed it. Then

disaster struck!!! There was too much equipment, there were lights; smoke machines; PA's all in the same place and as a result our amps exploded. After about ten minutes we got other band's equipment and we were allowed to play one song. The song we played was good:- Foxy Lady, even though it wasn't on our schedule.

We have had some good gigs like at Marrickville R.S.L. where they were into our music. We did Roy Orbison, Del Shannon and Elvis Presley.

If you see us perform you might notice that there are different combinations of people playing for each song. That's because there are so many of us that each one plays different part in each song. Hope to see you all soon at our gigs.

The Backyard Boys.

Year 10 work experience

Alex Y.C. Lim
Helena Alexandrakis

In the week of 20-24 August, 182 Year 10 students, participated in the on-going work experience.

The program's aim is to give students an insight into their desired future careers. Of those 182 students, 121 thought that Work Experience should have remained at two weeks despite last year's negative feedback. What happened last year bears no relevance to the present year 10! However, even though this was the case, most year 10 students thoroughly enjoyed their week away from the burdens of school! In fact, most students who followed their inclinations, discovered that Work Experience was one of the most enjoyable and informative experience they have had.

The traditional sex stereotyping occurred in the program; secretarial and Junior teaching was dominated by female students, whereas the Business and Labour related areas were dominated by the male students.

The most popular vocations were Law (16), Computers (11), Accountancy (10), Physiotherapy (7), Clerk (7), Laboratory (7). Some were fortunate enough to have attended auspicious events, such as medical operations, and case hearings in Law Courts, others were actively involved in radio announcing and book publishing. Overall the Work Experience Program was a major success, for not only did the participants thoroughly enjoy themselves, but they also learnt a great deal - A valuable experience!

Year 10 debating

We won the following:
against Glebe High, *That the media has too much power*, Neg.; Burwood Girls' High, *That Australia should be more independent*, Neg.; Burwood Girls' High, *That we should rock the boat*, Neg.; Concord High, *The public are unforgiving*, Aff.; Strathfield High, *That we should merge into one line*, Neg.

We lost to Concord High, *That money is the answer*, Aff.

REGIONAL QUARTER-FINALS
Against Sydney Tech. High, *That we should ignore our critics*, Aff. we lost.

The team comprised Ned Curthoys, Claire Diesendorf, Alex Lim and Beth Delaney.

“Don't let the memory die.....” Batt 'Hunting of the Snark'

sang Year 7 as they made their debut at the 1990 Speech Day. Indeed it has been a memorable year for music at Fort Street.

Speech Day was a great start to our year. Adam Tran (Yr11) composed and “Introit” to Gaudeamus which opened the festivities at the Sydney Town Hall. Daniela Terrusso (Yr12) worked with Miss Chadwick to transcribe and arrange a song from Mike Batt's ‘Hunting of the Snark’ for Chamber Ensemble. the Year 12 Rock band and the amazing force of massed Year 7 Choir. It was truly memorable.

The Chamber Orchestra entertained guests and staff at the launch of Ron Horan's book ‘Fort Street’. Officially the evening was deemed a success, only those involved knew of the drama behind the scene....why was Ben Kuhn wearing someone else's pants?

In March a performance evening, held in the school hall, featured a special item from each year seven class as well as a new Year Seven choir and rock group. Mr. Mullins, of the English faculty, brought to the evening members of the Sydney Schools Dance Ensemble A. They performed for us two very impressive dances. The highlight of the evening was an appearance by the “Test-Tube Four”. Singing members of the Science staff entertained with barber-shop style renditions of “golden oldies”.

Members of the advanced and intermediate bands and the string group embarked upon an ambitious fund-raising venture. A playathon was held at school over a weekend. An energetic parent group kept food and drink flowing throughout the day.

Colin Offord visited the School in May and displayed his unique style to year 7 and elective students. Elective music students attended a rare performance given by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra of film sound scores. Classics and Australian films were featured. In June Year 7 students attended a special schools' concert given by the S.S.O. A group of very brave parents agreed to assist music staff in supervision on this day. We congratulate them on surviving. Senior elective students attended final rehearsals associated with some very significant music events in Sydney; a production of Wagner's “Tristan and Isolde” staged in the Concert Hall of the Sydney Opera House and the final rehearsal of Mahler's Symphony 2.

During Term II we farewelled Miss Clarke and welcomed Mr. Victor Grieve. Throughout the year we witnessed the continued growth of the bands as they performed at school assemblies, at an

Education Week activity organised by the Department of Education at Darling Harbour and at Musicale Night and their own special concert in conjunction with the Hornsby Concert Band.

In May we welcomed to our classroom teaching staff Miss Montgomery who quickly set to work in one of her areas of specialty....Jazz.

At Musicale Night every elective music class and every ensemble group has an opportunity to share their work with friends, family and other students. This year's concert included more than thirty items and was witnessed by six hundred people. Senior students presented works from their Higher School Certificate programs.

The newly formed Fort Street High Dance Ensemble gave a performance under the direction of Mr. Mullins. New to Fort St. in 1990, Mr. Mullins brings considerable expertise in the field of dance education. After only a few short weeks the Dance Ensemble were selected to perform in the Regional Dance Festival.



Year 10 elective students performed an original composition written and directed by Kevin Man. Year 11 electives also performed under the direction of a composer. Adam Tran has written a work especially for the members of the class. James Fong and the members of the "Fortet" (a quartet from Fort Street) also made an original contribution to the evening....nice hats guys....

Funds raised from Musicale in 1990 exceeded a \$1000. Fort Street students took part in the Statewide Combined Secondary Choral Festivals held in the Concert Hall of the Sydney Opera House. Musicians of Fort Street also played a significant role in the Metropolitan East Regional Music Festival in 1990. More than one hundred and forty students attended workshops of string, band and vocal work with students and teachers from across the region. The Fort Street Vocal Ensemble and the "Fortet" were chosen to present solo items in the final concerts of the festivals.



The Chamber and Jazz Ensembles were involved with 125th Anniversary celebrations of the school cadet unit. For several hours they entertained guests with an array of music suited to the occasion.

We say goodbye to "German Ben" and Mrs. McGirr at the end of Term III, both sadly missed.

The visit by our Japanese sister school Eifuku provided valuable opportunities for music students to compose and perform. Assemblies of Welcome and Farewell featured original works throughout.

Assemblies have featured an array of interesting musical items this year. Chamber ensembles, Jazz ensembles, Vocal ensembles and original compositions have all featured. Congratulations to students who made good use of this valuable performance opportunity.

Performing before one's peers offers considerable challenge. Fort Street High School students were again selected to attend Statewide Music Camps and participated in the Schools Spectacular at the Sydney Entertainment Centre. Chamber music featured, once again, at the Third Annual Art Show and special orchestral item was prepared for the Year 12 Farewell Assembly.

1990 was a truly memorable year. Students are to be congratulated on the tremendous variety and excellent standards achieved this year. We should all look forward to new challenges in 1991.

Miss Chadwick

"At the end of the day you're another day older" from Les Miserables.



YEAR 9



YEAR 9 F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Rose Chong, Elizabeth Chang, Sarah Beak, Louise Buckingham, Peita Blundell, Nina Carrel, Danya Cameron, Sharon Chu.
SECOND ROW: Tamsin Calder, Janan Clowes, Caroline Burke, Roberta Cooley, Karina Acton, Asha Binno, Nigel Bonney, Adele Chalker.
THIRD ROW: Stuart Christie, Sung Ahn, Daniel Chakarovski, Evan Brereton, Luis Batalha, Timothy Colquhoun, Hun Choi, Paul Bejerano.
FOURTH ROW: Todd Brown, Maurice Bonotto, Joshua Christian, Peter Brennan, Philip Agius, Edward Brookton. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 9 O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Bronwyn Englaro, Stella Galas, Antonella Emmi, Sharon Cross, linca Furdui, Natalie Cumming, Sasha Curthoys, Jeanne-Vida Douglas, Angela Giannakopoul.
SECOND ROW: Daniel Dimich, Tan Do, Luke Folkard, Ryan Dare, David Fernandez, Karl Giese, Geoffrey Dunn, Michael Frost.
THIRD ROW: Jane Etherington, Catherine Dung, Alex Ermoll, Kerrie Gibbons, Emma Flamer-Calder, Maya Gazzard.
FOURTH ROW: Christian Ellis, Karin Darcy, Claire Edwardes, Matthew Duffy. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 9 R

FRONT :(L to R)Xuan Huynh, Alex Konstantelos, Angela Kazonis, Mary Lee, Sunny Kim, Erika Klimpsch, Simone Kelly, Fiona Hall, Mi-He Lee.
SECOND ROW: Adrian Kirsten, William Hird, Gary Johnson, Chai Lai, Jeremy Gray, Chris Ison, William Ku, Mark Greenway.
THIRD ROW: Felix Ho, Nick Hempton, Lewin Jones, Aleks Kurcubic, Ben Hutchinson, Gough Kollias, Robert Kennedy.
FOURTH ROW: Claudine Lachs, Marcia Gonidellis, Maria Hatzistergos, Lucy Jones. Absentees: Francine Ioannou. Principal : Mrs. Preece



YEAR 9 T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Liz Magarey, Kim Leong, Magda Mironowicz, Jennifer Ogilive, M. Lyons katherine Mercer, Effie Meloucas, Tue Nguyen.
SECOND ROW: Peter Nguy, Yuki Nakazawa, Jeffrey Lum, Algis Lencus , James Manning, Jesse McNicoll, Julian Nikakis, Quang Nguyen.
THIRD: Dominic Olsson, Bennet Livingston, Con Logothetis, Peter Likoudis, Anthony McDonnell, Tai Nguyen, Rodney Mann, Alex Lyberopoulos.
FOURTH ROW: Holly Lyons, Vanessa Mordaunt, Jessica Murty, Waimee Lee, Simily Newman. ABSENTEES: Nicholas Nittes
 Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 9 I

FRONT : (L to R) Mimmette Roldan, Kate Rowe, Rani Ramjan, Maeve Richardson, Michelle Parker, Dannielle Petrie, Louise Salmon, Ellen Quoy.
SECOND ROW: Adin Pilcher, Jem Richardson, Lincoln Robinson, Andrew Sadler, Stephen Ong, Luke Ryan, Benjamin Phillips, Eric Paul.
THIRD ROW: Mau Nghi Phung, Helen Papadopoulos, Jessica Schuman, Anna Pertierra, Tina Rocca, Daniel Rodenburg, Leo Polojac, Andrew Parker, Kuveshen Pather. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 9 A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sauting Wong, Viet-Chau Tran, Katrina Stiles, Theodora Tserdanis, Ashley Steven, Erika Tuktens, Ilona Zebrowski, Georgina Tarrant, Natasha Yetton.
SECOND ROW: Simon Wood, Daniel Williams, Nicholas Williamson, Tom Spence, Michael Tsimnadis, Nick Yoon, Phillip Tang, Gavin Tung.
THIRD ROW: Hae-Jin Song, Corin Throsby, Christine Stowers, Suzana Stankovic, Taryn Woods, Ingrid Smith, Shunanda Wallace, Veronika Zec.
FOURTH ROW: Eddie Yeung, John Tawfik, John Tawadros, Siung Tan, Ollie Supit, Adam Young, Dudi Sukendar. Principal : Mrs. Preece

Tournament of The Minds

Joanna-Vida Douglas Year 9

So, I know what you're all dying to ask - what is "Tournament of Minds"? If you really don't want to know DON'T READ ANY FURTHER, on the other hand, if you do, do.

Our team comprised of 11 pupils between years 7 and 9. Soruban, Amara, Tristen, Kriss, Suwana, Racheal, Simone, Lara, Jessica, Felix and myself. And of course Mr. Jennings was always to be found in one corner of the room, chewing and sniggering at our jokes- even Felix's.

The task set was to perform a 10 minute skit depicting a tall-tale about Bodgies and Widgies. We received the details of the problem 6 weeks before we had to perform it, and we spent our first 2 periods in the Fortian rooms, brainstorming. We then spent 2 periods watching "The Delinquents", in the name of "research".

By the second week the year 8's had written a script.

Then came our first dress rehearsal, complete with Tristen wearing a wig and two oranges shoved up his shirt. We arrived on the day, all rearing to go. We forgot the entire scene anyway.

Well, even after missing an entire scene we came 3rd out of 22 other schools and would like to thank all the teachers who put up with us practising next door, and all the teachers who put up with us missing so many classes. We thank the Textiles and Design department, for the car, and most of all we thank Mr. Jennings. We couldn't have done it without him. Good luck to next year's team!

The Shakespeare Comp.

Rani Ramjan Year 9

This year was the "Shakespeare Competition's" first year in N.S.W. The organisers hope to extend it to a national and then international level eventually, though this year it only went up to State level.

There are 3 sections you can enter - Music (writing and playing an original piece with some connection to one of Shakespeare's plays); Stage (costume design [drawings/models]); and Performance (of one of the set speeches from Shakespeare's plays).

At Fort Street the competitions for speeches were held first in English classes (these were pretty informal) and then a school competition. Of the school competition, Anna Pertierra (yr9) came first, I came second and Jeanne-Vida Douglas (yr 9) came third.

Unfortunately for her, Anna left for the Philippines on the same day as the regional competition was held, so I got to go.

The regional was held at an extremely plush theatre, owned by Ascham High School. There were 18 entrants (from yrs 7 - 12) though mainly from the older years. All of the entrants were good, and the quality of some was surprisingly good (which was bad luck for me! I didn't win).

Though it was a very nerve wracking experience, it was great to be able to go, to compete, and to watch a few very good actors - Shakespeare is pretty hard to understand if it's not done correctly, but some of the competitors were able to "explain" the meaning of the words by the way they acted.

If you're into acting, designing or composing, I recommend you enter next year and good luck if you do.



1990 FORT ST FASHION PARADE

The night commenced with the Sydney School Dancers performing in front of a packed Fort St. crowd. After exiting to the roar of appreciation from the crowd, the Year 7, craft class took to the stage backed by the fabulous music of the Beachboys. They swam, they monkeyed around and they dove into their act.

They were closely followed by Year 9 Leisure Wear who got down to M.C. Hammer's "U Can't Touch This", modelling their style of clothing.

Then, the heroines of the night performed the best performance of their lives, of course, we're talking about Year 10 formal wear paraded. The audience was then given time to calm themselves over the excitement of the first half of the show during the break. However, they did not become bored as Ms. Hewett kept their spirits alive with a nutrition quiz.

After the break, the Fort St. Dancers performed an excerpt from "Phantom of the Opera".

Then this was followed by Year 10 Theatre Arts who transformed themselves into silver screen legends.

Year 11 showed what they were really capable of when they modelled their formal wear to Roxy Music's "The Right Stuff".

Year 12 was the last performance before the Grand Finale. The three Year 12 girls stole the hearts of the audience with their fabulous costumes.

Last, but not least, was the Grand Finale, where everyone, from Year 7 to Year 12 took a bow and received great applause from the audience.

Though all the performers were very nervous, they had a great time and did a great job.

Maria Rodriguez, Lucy Brotherton,
Aicen Tjang, Shirley Chiu.



WHAT SORT OF TEACHER WOULD YOU MAKE ?

- 1) If you were a new teacher , you would give your first class:
 - a) Thirty hand-typed sheets of getting to know you questions such as "What's your favourite TV show? and What are your hobbies?"
 - b) A lecture on poetry
 - c) A lunchtime detention - just in case they got any ideas.
- 2) Which of the following would you enjoy doing most?
 - a) Composing thirty sheets of getting to know you questions
 - b) Setting a challenging assignment
 - c) Smoking in the staffroom
- 3) To maintain discipline you would use:
 - a) Patience, Kindness, sympathy and understanding
 - b) Firm tolerance
 - c) A blackboard duster and a strong arm.
- 4) Who is your role model?
 - a) Julie Andrews
 - b) William Shakespeare
 - c) Saddam Hussein
- 5) What do you believe is the purpose of schools?
 - a) To enrich children's minds with wondrous knowledge which will help them to become responsible adults.
 - b) To keep kids off the streets
 - c) To keep teachers off the streets
- 6) At which level of employment will you be satisfied?
 - a) Full time teacher
 - b) Head teacher of your department
 - c) Ruler of the Universe
- 7) What sort of things do you keep in your car?
 - a) Neat piles of coloured pencils and a nice healthy lunch
 - b) Piles of assignments in plastic folders
 - c) Last night's pizza, miscellaneous bottle tops and various confiscated student's possessions.
- 8) If you were out on the basketball court and a student fell over your foot and broke his leg, you would:
 - a) Call three ambulances immediately and give the student full marks for his next four assignments.
 - b) Make him comfortable then send someone to call an ambulance
 - c) Yell at him for scuffing your shoes and make him pay 30c for the phone call for the ambulance.
- 9) How easy is it for people to understand your blackboard writing?
 - a) "Very easy, I carefully print each letter, and take up half the board for every word"
 - b) "Fairly easy. I don't write too large, but not too small either"
 - c) "what? You mean they're supposed to understand it?"
- 10) How much do people know about your private life?
 - a) You answer truthfully to any question asked. You consider it important to be open and honest to gain trust
 - b) Absolutely nothing
 - c) Rumours fly around about you. Sometimes you spread one yourself just to confuse things.



COUNT UP THE NUMBER OF TIMES YOU SCORED EACH LETTER. IF YOU SCORED:

Mostly A's: Forget it. You'll never make it past student teacher.

B's: While you may in fact be quite a good teacher, you are totally unsuitable for work in a modern school.

C's: Are you sure you don't work at Fort St. already?

KATE ROWE Year 9

YEAR 8



YEAR 8 F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Nerida Brownlee, Lynette Baloglow, Rowena Blewitt, Sally Buckingham, Sara Beecher, Jennifer Alker, Julie Baracz, Catherine Chang, Alex Carter.

SECOND ROW: Adam Campano, David Baxter, Nathan Archibald, Leighton Aurelius, Kylie Burnell - Jones, David Aurelius, Richard Banh, Feraz Azhar, Christian Balanza.

THIRD ROW: Alex Barreto, Paul Brown, Neeraj Chawla, Ka-Ho Cheung, Jason Chiu, George Byrne, Nick Allen, Steve Bell, James Bales.
Principal: Mrs. Preece.



YEAR 8 O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sarah Clark, Tara De Mel, Mary Chow, Maria Getsios, Natalie Clark, Gemma Davies, Louise Ciciriello, Jayleen Diaz, Sunethra De Mel.

SECOND ROW: Glenn Gibb, Blake Elliott, Sascha Groves, Nathan Clark, Jeremy Green, Julian Fine, Simon Fitzpatrick, Stephan Fountain, Mauro Grassi.

THIRD ROW: Ruth Corris, Jess Guy, Emily Christian, Belinda Curby, Alice Dallow, My Chan Do.

FOURTH ROW: Emma Coombes, Claire Dawson, Kate Duke, Emma Finnerty, Esme Fisher.

**YEAR 8 R**

FRONT : (L to R) Van La, Beth Hood, Leman Huynh, Shumane Hui, Serene Hong, Sheila Karunalayan, Melissa Jackson, Cathy Jones, Thao Huynh.
SECOND : Etem Kumsuz, Anthony Krithinakis, Max Hobeck, Peter Kim, Faris Kirmani, Brendan Haire, Andrew Lee, Calvin Hsieh, Albert Lam.
THIRD ROW: Maria Kotsiaris, Alexandra Jurkiw, Helen Karoutzos, Vanessa Hunter, Stephanie Holding, Margarita Karamitros, Anna Hobley.
FOURTH ROW: Mosaddeque Hossain, Hai Khuat, Kirsten Lathwell, Andrew Lane, Doan Ho. Principal: Mrs. Preece.

**YEAR 8 T**

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Cinnamon Lee, Jenny Lyell, Tine Mata, Anna Lunsmann, Miranda McCallum, Vivian Ma, Mel Maxwell, Deanna Mitchell, Alison Legg.
SECOND ROW: David Lesslie, Yong Lee, Chris Lim, Keira Newton, Belinda MacDonald, Luke Lee, Enguang Lee, Jim Mitsou.
THIRD ROW: Thomas Lin, Luke Metcalfe, Andrew Murray, Mark McLaren, Chris Miller, Derek Maller, Joel Ma.
FOURTH ROW: Cam Ly, Ivan Mantelli, Tony Masters, Elwin Lian, Johnny Mihail. Principal: Mrs. Preece.



YEAR 8 I

FRONT : (L to R) Anna Rigg, Alide Schimke, Nell Pegum, Amber Robinson, June Sartracom, Lisa Powell, Sonya Sceats, Kelly Ngai, Lynda Reid.
SECOND ROW: Tai Phan, Ivan Paredes, Long Nguyen, Phillip Ralfe, Torben Ralston, Carl Schneider, Zacha Rosen, Chris Rushton, Alex Outhred.
THIRD ROW: Ben Russell, Andrew Quinn, Leshek Pazdzior, Neil Pradhan, Oscar Park, Juergen Petzold.
FOURTH ROW: Me-Lee Phang, Cinnamon Nippard, Maria Panopoulos, Catherine Pruscino, Jessica O'Donnell. Principal: Mrs. Preece



YEAR 8 A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Bok - Kyung Yoon, Teresa Tam, Sacha Stelzer, Amanda Spilsbury, Sharon Walder, Lebinh Tu, Lara Vasarhelyi, Patricia Yam, Suwana Watt.
SECOND ROW: David Stanaway, Alex Young, Ein-Suk Shin, Kevin Soo, Stephen Thompson, Jin Jin Woon, David Tchou, Angelo Theodoratos.
THIRD ROW: Helen Yee, Kate Van Staveren, Maraka Zacka, Magnolia Sutcliffe, Simone Solomon, Anastasia Stathakis, Rebecca Yates.
FOURTH ROW: Damon Young, Donovan Stone, Margo Slaven, Michael Wilkinson, Joseph Yoo. Principal : Mrs. Preece

BLACK LOTUS

G'Day, we're Black Lotus, the Year 8 band from Fort St. High . We've been together for about 5 months. We've played at a few party's but made our debut gig at the Balmain *Battle Of The Bands* where we came 4th ..

OUR MEMBERS ARE:-

Nick Allen on Bass & lead vocals,
George Byrne on Guitar & vocals,
Joel Ma on Drums & vocals,
Torben Ralston on Guitar & lead vocals.

You'll hear from us soon,

BLACK LOTUS.



*Year 8
Art Work*



Strange Habits

A German View

By Benjamin Kuhn

I really can't remember why I chose to come to Australia instead of the USA, which is much more popular, or England, which is much closer. But it was probably because I knew from the start that I was going to feel at home here and I knew that the Australian way of life would suit me: a lifestyle that is more relaxed and therefore much more enjoyable. The people go to the beach, on bushwalks, have barbeques or just lie in the sun. This of course is only possible because Australia has got so many wonderful beaches, plenty of bush and a warm climate. At home in Germany it was all a bit different, but I must say I prefer it here.

On the other hand you also have to work in Australia. It is not just a holiday for me. I had to go to school each day like at home, in fact for two hours longer! Coming home, I had to do homework and study. When all this

happens on a day over 30 degrees, then I definitely wished to be back in Germany where you don't get off from school in extreme temperatures like that.

Another difference between German and Australian schools is of course the thoroughly loved school uniform, which I honestly like because it makes you look much smarter. Maybe I'll try to introduce it to my school back home, but it probably will be hated like it is at Fort St. I didn't like the school at first, but then I settled down a bit and started to like it. I didn't feel alone anymore as I found friends who helped me to find my way around this big school. I also caught up with the Australian way of speaking English and each day I had less problems in understanding this language. This was the main aim of my stay here and I was happy to see myself improving. I really enjoyed my time here in Australia and at Fort St. but I'm also looking forward to going home to check out the changes that have happened there while I've been away. See you later.

I like Australian houses very much.

Australian commercials are very funny. I like Australian movies, but I can't understand what they say.

I felt cultural differences. For example a very cute girl blew her nose with a sound in front of people. For us Japanese girls to do this is very shameful.

Instead of that we blow our noses in secret or put a handkerchief on our noses or sniff. I heard from Hetty that when men have dinner, to sniff is ruder than to blow the nose with a sound. That surprised me. Please forgive my rudeness.

Mami Onishi

The French Connection

Sylvain and Romain would like to thank you very much for the fantastic time we had with you all.

Fort St. basketball grounds gave us a chance to play with the first class players.

Students adopted us and we felt very much at home here.

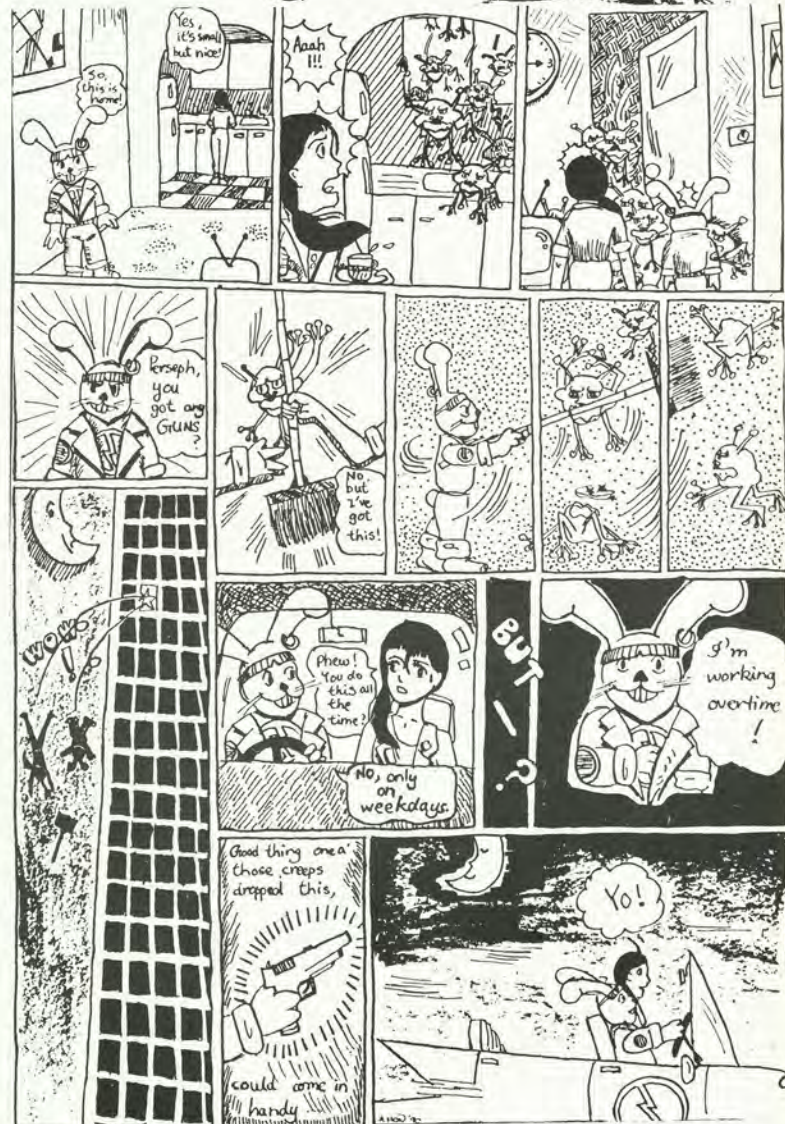
We would also like to thank all the teachers who put up with us, although sometimes we may have brought some distraction to their lessons!

MERCI FORT STREET.

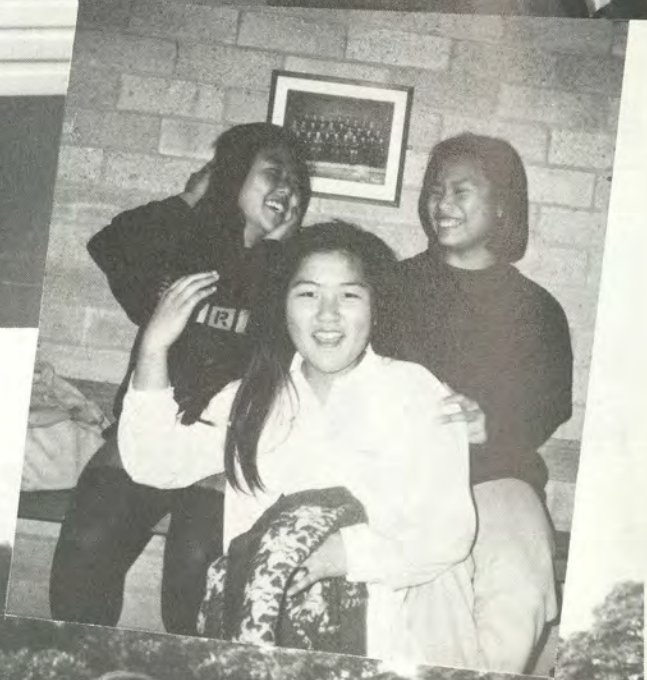
PLASMA RABBIT

A couple of years ago, an event was organised in Melbourne called the "Spolletto Comic Jam". It involved a large number of Australian cartoonists each illustrating a page of a story. The result was a work with a rather weak storyline, but a large variety of styles. The following story has the same structure and objective: to promote comics as a legitimate medium. It was written by myself and illustrated by six year twelve students who designed a page each.

-Gene Whitlock.



contd on p 44

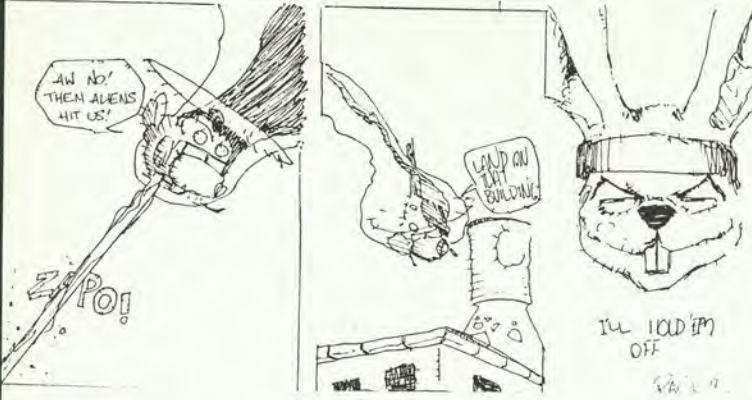
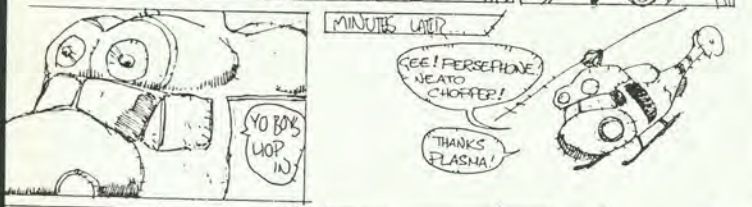
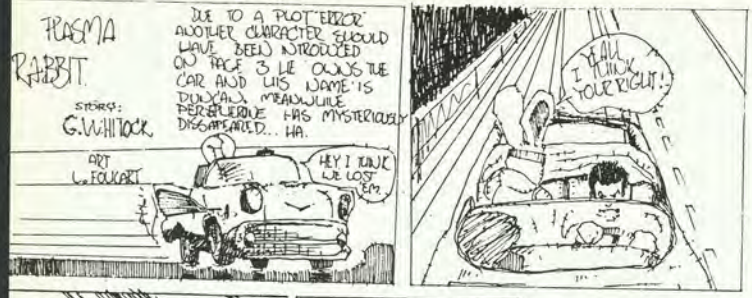




PLASMA RABBIT

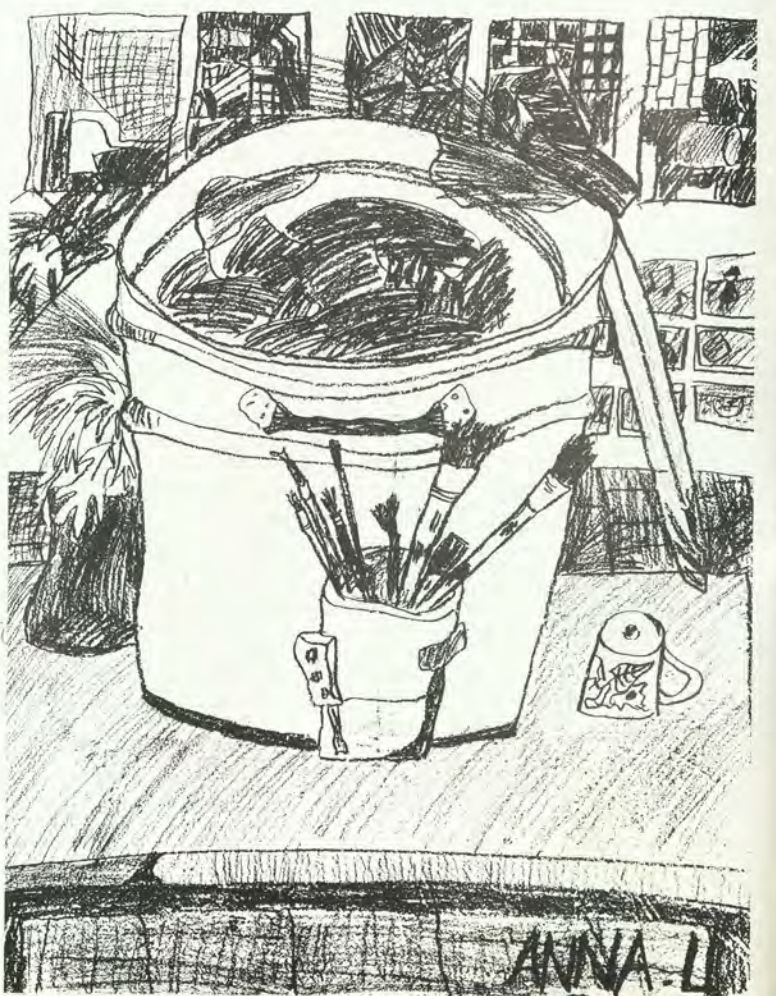
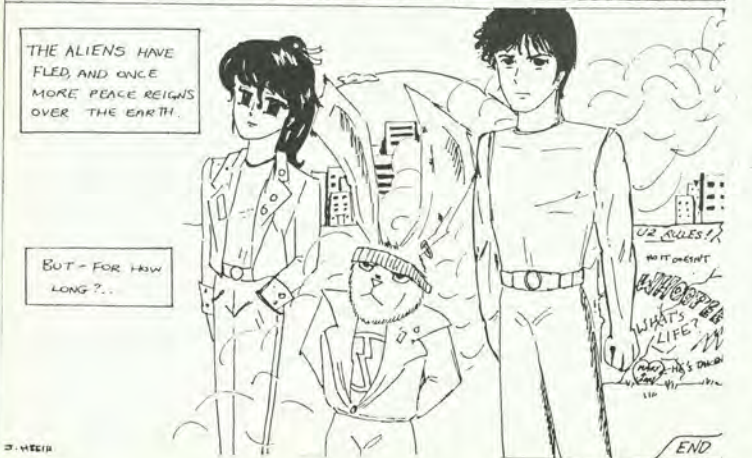
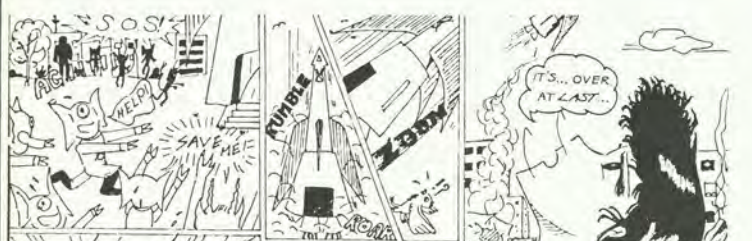
DUE TO A PLOT ERROR ANOTHER CHARACTER SHOULD HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED ON PAGE 3 HE OCCUPIES THE CAR AND HIS NAME IS DUCKY. MEANWHILE PERSEPHONE HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED... HA.

STORY: G. WHITLOCK
ART: L. FOLKERT



PLASMA RABBIT "POISON"

PLT: GENE WHITLOCK
ART: CAMERON BOOTH



ANNA LI

YEAR 7



YEAR 7 F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Michelle Boyle, Joanna Crawford, Christina Chang, Sarah Bloch, Laura Beale, Andelys Allen, Sophie Berner, Melanie Bishop, Anna Chau.

SECOND: Jye Calder, Edmond Chung, Andrew Colquhoun, Manfred Chiu, Sam Buchanan, King Chan, Sky Churchouse, Bryan Allerdice.

THIRD ROW: Phillip Blackford, Rodrigo Cerda Salas, Stuart Clark, James Brennan, Scott Buchanan, Edward Cram, Mark Bulgin.

FOURTH ROW: Jodie Burnell-Jone, Sita Chopra, Samantha Allen, Sarah Acton, Natalie Cizmesija, Diane Anagnos. Principal: Mrs Preece.



YEAR 7 O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Aileen De La Pena, Bidy Doyle, Tali Gill, Lisa Goudie, Naomi Green, Olivia Dun, Amy Critchley, Alix Fraser, Frances Cumming.

SECOND ROW: Aswin Harahap, Rafe Dickinson, Charles Feng, James Hancock, Alistair Frey, Daniel Di Giusto, Calvin Ellis, Shannon Earley, Harold Fong.

THIRD: Neville Fong, Kriss Helmanis, Chris Fox, Michael Harvey, Sam Guy, Ben Harrington, Joseph Dickson, Craig Foley. Principal: Mrs Preece.



YEAR 7R:
FRONT ROW: (L to R) Tammy Howe, Angela Kontominos, Amara Jarratt, Man Ip, Denise Leanfore, Anna Lee, Cynta Holden, Natalie Lammas.
SECOND : Gabriel Hingley, Soruban Kanapathipil, Michael Lawther, Andrew Hudson, Tristan Kemp, Timothy Jacobs, Patrick Kelly, Jung Lee.
THIRD ROW: Cathy Kim, Felicity Kelly, Eleanor Hobley, Leonie Kowalenko, Sylvia Kang.
FOURTH ROW: Jean Hobbs, Roger Jackson, Lam Huynh, Gareth Kemp. Principal: Mrs. Preece.



YEAR 7T
FRONT ROW: (L to R) Louise Mayne, Melinda Mui, Peta McLean, Kirstie Lowe, Linn Linn Lee, Sophie Long, Melissa Mui, Alex McDonald, Laura Murdoch.
SECOND ROW: Richard Luong, Zavic Mishor, Ben Marx, Tom Mauch, Marcus Maller, James Mayger, Craig Ovenden, Nicholas Ooi.
THIRD ROW: Mia Offord, Judy Liao, Alex Owens, Carla Moore, Britt McManus, Alys Martin, Abi Mohan.
FOURTH ROW: Daniel McCallum, Bruce Naylor, Kivanch Mehmet, Hugh Myers. Principal : Mrs. Preece.

**YEAR 7 I :**

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Patrice Polyhran, Annette Schneider, Sharnilla Peres Da Costa, Naomi Roulston, Helen Sun, Ai Linh Phu, Kelly Pickwell, Leonie Smallwood.

SECOND ROW: Burt Sigswarth, Chris Sadler, Leon Siakos, Aryanto Setiono, Justin Roberts, Bilal Rauf, Arpit Srivastava, Dougal Phillips.

THIRD ROW: Jenny Podger, Aurali Saavedra, Tove Parker, Ellen Quinn, Karolina Panczyna, Leanne Rich, Joanne Pearce.

FOURTH ROW: Simon Park, Ben Presland, Emma Parsons, Daniel Pfeiffer, Kirby Stevenson. Principal: Mrs. Preece.

**YEAR 7 A.**

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Eileen Vuong, Alice Uribe, Amanda Yee, Pippa Travers, Jenny Vandyke, Amosha Yazdabadi, Melanie Tooher, Lisa Watson, Katrina Yiu.

SECOND ROW: Jann Westermann, Sean Torstenssn, Brendan Turner, Bennie Wong, James Suppel, David Watson, Daniel Wallbank, Michael Villis, Joel Young.

THIRD ROW: Josh Szeps, Daniel Whaite, Jan Van Vliet, Gary Wong, Jeremy Tung, Ratana Thunyin, Yeoman Yu, Toby Vidler.

Principal : Mrs. Preece.



TEENAGE MUTANT WHINGER YEAR 7's

Camp at Fitzroy Falls for 7 R.I.A.

Sharmila Peres Da Costa Year 7 I

It was a rainy Wednesday morning, and 7 R.I and A were all up and about, excited that we would soon be on our way to camp, at Fitzroy Falls. The plan was to meet at the country indicator boards at Central station at 9:00 a.m..

First stop Berrima, we were taken on a tour of the historic buildings there. After that event, we had to stop for lunch. Rain still poured down, we trudged from the coaches to the sheltered picnic area in the park at Berrima.

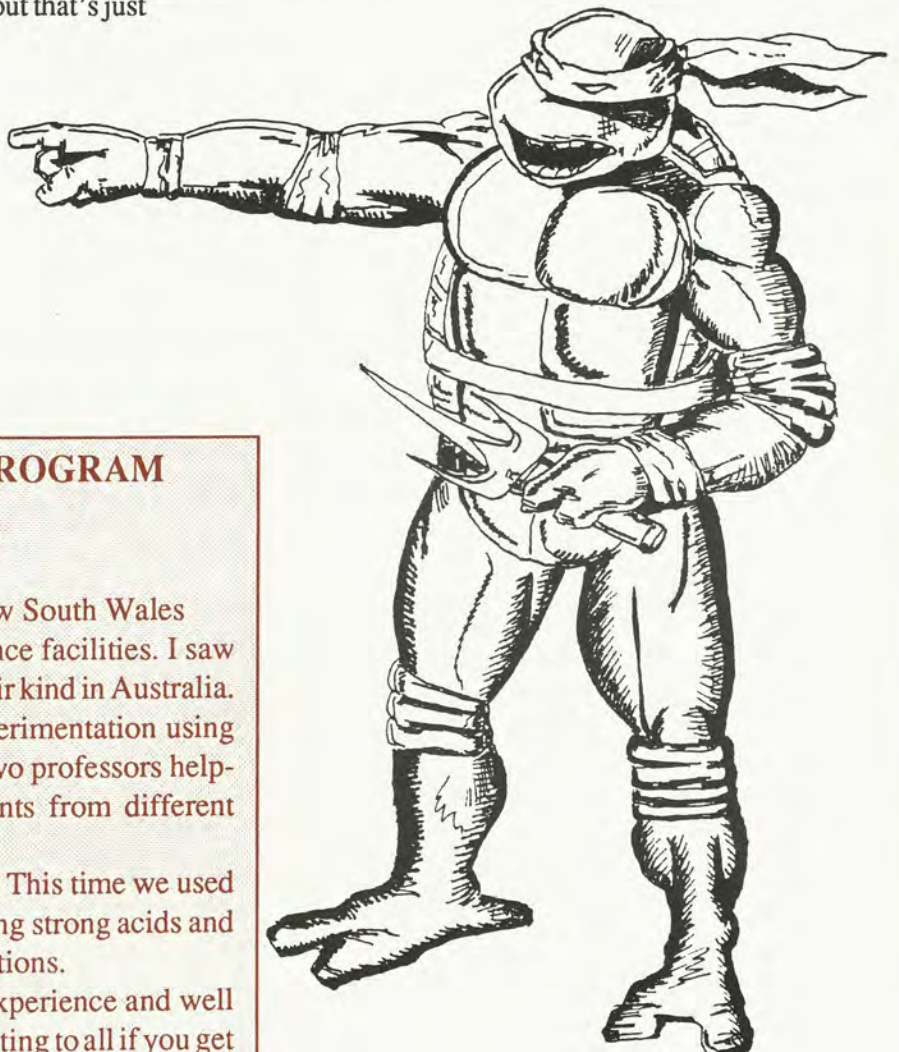
The teachers didn't quite hear the end of the complaints about having to get out at the Dairy Farms the next stop, where we (gasp) saw cows..

The beds rocked, the food was not to be spoken of and the thunderous tones of Mr. Baker's "SLOP DUTY" rang through the camp. That night after games in the hall we went straight to bed, well maybe not straight, maybe a few of us might have not gone to sleep at all, and others might have had midnight feasts and raced around to other people's cabins. About 99% of the camp might have been up all night stuffing their faces with munchies of all sorts, but that's just a "maybe".

Day 2 was rainy, we couldn't go on any of the planned bushwalks. Luckily we didn't do the activities on the awful worksheets we had to finish. The teachers noticed that we were bored out of our minds so they organized for us to play games in the hall. After dinner we watched the concert which had been organized earlier, for those of us who wanted to be in it. It was fantastic and our three classes put together have some undoubtedly talented dudes. Everyone seemed grateful to get to bed, and we fell asleep as soon as our heads hit the pillows. (Possibly due to last night's "maybe's")

Strictly speaking besides the food, beds, slop duty, washing and drying up, and the worksheets the camp was pretty radical.

And though we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, I'm sure we would all agree that the first nights "SLEEP" was MONDO TO THE MAX.



SCIENTIA CHALLENGE PROGRAM

Gareth Kemp Year 7

My two days at the University of New South Wales started with a tour around the Science facilities. I saw many machines, some the only ones of their kind in Australia. Our laboratory sessions started with experimentation using 14 harmless chemicals provided by the two professors helping us. Altogether there were 15 students from different schools throughout Sydney in my group.

Day 2 was again in the laboratories. This time we used some of the dangerous chemicals including strong acids and alkalis and liquid nitrogen, to show reactions.

Overall it was a lot of fun, a new experience and well worthwhile. I would recommend participating to all if you get the chance. Thank you to Fort Street for sponsoring me and to Mr. Jennings for his encouragement and organisation.

REZART.

Quotable Quotes

JIN MAN: Miss, when you get to the HSC, they won't ask hard questions, will they?

Ms BEEVERS (about year 12 half-yearly test): They were actually drawn out of a hat.

STUDENT: What? The answers?

MR MULLINS: It created a sympathy for those at Radio Australia mostly because they work for the ABC.

MR SORBAN: What's truth got to do with it?

MR SORBAN: They ended their lives in death.

MR HIGGINS (on why one gets a hangover): (alcohol)...dehydrates brain cells and makes the poor buggers hurt.

MR HIGGINS: Don't dribble down the side of the bottle...Don't let the concentrated sulfuric acid dribble down the side of the bottle, either....

MR HIGGINS: Hydrogens are mutually repulsive. They hate each others' guts.

MR HIGGINS: If a bond is on one carbon, then the other one feels socially disadvantaged.

MS JOSLYN: And then the cell ruptures like a pimple.

MR BRACE (about STD): ...they (your friends) find out and you just want to crawl under a rock somewhere.....

STUDENT: Are you speaking from personal experience, Sir?

MR BRACE: Some animals do it (slow down their heart beat) as normal behaviour.

STUDENT: How come we don't do it?

MR BRACE: We're not normal.

STUDENT: Could you repeat that, Sir?

MR MADIGAN: No, because if I say it again I'll get it wrong.

MR MADIGAN: Listen to me! I might actually be saying something important!

MR MADIGAN: I feel really bad about spoon-feeding you....

MR MADIGAN: Using the standard solution you will be measuring..... um.....you will be measuring.....

MS CHADWICK: You know, those little boys that sing so sweetly and look so yummy you could eat them.....

MS CHADWICK: Will you gentlemen sitting among my year eight girls please leave them alone?

(Later.....)

MS CHADWICK: Will you stop molesting my yr 8 girls?

A 'GENTLEMEN': I didn't touch your yr 8 girls!

MS CHADWICK: Well then stop molesting music stand!



MS CHADWICK: If you don't sing loud, I'll pull up my skirt so that my knees show!

BEN KUHN (German exchange student): That's great! It's even better than Ms. Chadwick pulling up her skirt so that her knees show!

MR BAKER: *Wally!*

MR BAKER: (on female runner leaving the room): Now, that's the kind of girl I dream about.

MR GRIFFITH (during year 12 geography, burying his head in his arms):
I.....give.....up.....!

MR GRIFFITH (to Josh and Veg, year 12): You lot keep going on about how I'm gay.....I'm not the one with the long hair!

MR PALMER: *I'm already pondering over my 2-year-old daughter's suitors.....triple barbed wire around the fence...240 volts running through it..... no, I'm not looking for something small I'm talking permanent damage....*

MR PALMER:Fort St. is music....What! No music announcements! What is the world coming to?

MR PALMER: (on Alan Jones): *....and I thought "Ah! That guy is a fruitcake too!"*

JESSE FINK, year 12 (on character of Nancy in "Kidstakes"): She fits into everything. She's like a human jigsaw puzzle.

JOSH MARTIN (year 12): *You can still die from malaria. Leonard Wright did!*

MR MORGAN (on getting one's teeth capped): Americans have these really big mouths, right?....

MR MORGAN (about Eisenhower): *...as a president, he was a great golfer.....sort of like Bob Hawke.*

MR MORGAN Our short-term memory rapidly deteriorates from the age of 35. I know mine has, and I'm 43.

MR BUCKINGHAM (to 3 unit English students): *I don't want it to get to the point where you say "Oh! Look! There's an iambic pentameter!"*

MS HOSKING: You self-seeking, money-grabbing little worm!

MS McINNES: *Resist the urge to multiply.....*



MATHS by F. Gauss Year 8 T

Maths is the highlight of my day at Fort Street High School. It provides a needed break from the stress and strain of all my other subjects which have a terrible effect on my nervous system. Take science as an example. The other day we talked about the Green House effect and Global warming and a multitude of other environmental disasters which could make my Annandale semi a seaside resort and I could find my face full of skin cancers before I get acne. Boy did I need a dose of geometry after that.

The same day in my English lesson my teacher was very upset that the class did so badly on its spelling test. She said that if we didn't do better next time we would have to read a whole set of notes handwritten by Mr. Buckingham called "Spelling Made Easy". That would be like trying to read the Dead Sea Scrolls. Boy did I need to simplify some algebraic expressions after that.

The period after English that day we have history. Our teacher told us that the fundamental rule of history is that it always repeats itself and then told us about world wars, natural disasters, plagues, riots, revolutions, assassinations, famines and any other horrible historical event he could think of. Boy was I depressed after that.

After history we have woodwork. I thought that this might be a break in a day of worry, stress and depression, but was I wrong. Three minutes into the lesson my friend James dropped a hammer onto his foot and when he screamed in agony he distracted Steven who almost cut his hand off with the saw. Blood, panic, screaming, swearing, more blood, more panic, etc, etc. Boy was I at the end of my capacity to cope. The thing that saved me was the knowledge that I had my favourite subject next. The soothing effect of this subject with its exactness, logic and purity is balanced by a quiet excitement one gets when one gets the answer correct. Most people pay big money for stress management but at Fort Street High School we get it free.

FRENCH by Mis Allman & Class

The best way to explain what students of French have been doing and their attitudes towards their accomplishments and experiences, is through their own words.

"I chose French as an elective subject for several reasons, primarily those being, I believed it would be to my advantage when I leave school to be bi-lingual and I admired the French culture, language, arts and people."

"I've found French interesting with excursions to restaurants, movies, writing and performing plays and holding numerous class parties."

"This year the French class went to see two films "Camille Claudel" and "Je suis le seigneur du chateau" (I am the King of the castle). Also we have been privileged to have had two French students, Romain and Sylvain visiting us. We exchanged ideas about living in Sydney and Paris. We also had a listen to pop music from France- surprisingly they were all in English and apparently the two visitors liked rap music. (They didn't really know what the lyrics meant, but they like them anyway)"

"In French, we are able to learn not only the language itself but, also many of the cultural and social aspects of the country and people. It was interesting to talk to the French visitors. I found that the taste in music wasn't all that different. School there is different to here in Australia."

"One thing I "aime Beaucoup'ed " was the movies we went to "voir" Camille Claudel and I'm the King of the Castle"."

GERMAN by Mr Jennings

Not only has it been an exciting year for Germany, with reunification due on the 3rd October, German students at Fort St. - have had a great year studying the most widely spoken language in Western Europe and of the more interesting cultures of the world.

Year 8 and Year 10 had a real "pig out" at the Lowenbrau Keller, one of the best value German restaurants in Sydney. Year 8 visited the Goethe Institute where they saw films about Germany, got lost in the building and learned about the wide range of scholarships offered by the Goethe Institute in any field, to people with talent in any particular area.

For Year 11, it was a momentous year! Noula managed to go through a ten minute period without talking, Nick actually decided to do some work, and Mia in her desperate bid to gain an extra mark or two, wrote sick jokes on the back of her test papers which, needless to say did not go down well with Mr. Jennings' middle class sense of humour. It was great having our two exchange students, Ben Kuhn and Carmen Pfeiffer in Year 11. Mr. Jennings was grateful to Ben and Carmen for never saying he was wrong (even when he was) and the class benefited from the presence of the native speakers who are always an asset to a foreign language class.

1990 was ein gutes Jahr!

Dance at Fort St 1990



Fortians of considerable standing, particularly those from the Observatory Hill branch, will undoubtedly remember the name Coralie Hinkley.

Caroline Hinkley (Gray), a rather Isadora Duncan type figure, was founder/teacher of dance at Fort St Girls' High School. As a former member of the Bodenwieser Dance Company and the first Australian dancer to be granted a Fulbright Scholarship to study Modern Dance in the USA, she was a pioneer of dance and dance education in Australia. Many of her former students recall the creative energy with which she inspired their participation in dance.

In 1990, for the first time since the "amalgamation" of the Girls' and Boys' schools, Fort St High School- has a regular dance class and a performing ensemble.

Over 60 students began somewhat apprehensively on the Tuesday afternoon of Week Five, Term One. Twenty-five weeks later, only one third of those students remained to do battle with the enthusiasm, commitment and technique necessary to become a skilful dancer.

Each weekly class from 3:15 to 5pm consists of a warm-up, and training in dance technique for approximately 45 minutes followed by dance combinations in a variety of styles such as modern, jazz and musical theatre.

The group's first item "Music of the Night" from Phantom of the Opera has been performed at Musicale Evening, the Fashion Parade as well as at the Metropolitan East Region Dance Festival at the Sutherland Entertainment Centre. The group has recently successfully auditioned for inclusion in the State School's Dance Festival at the Seymour Centre. As appreciation of the group's activities and opportunities becomes widespread it is to be hoped that more Fort St students will avail themselves of the opportunity to discover the joys (and terrors!) of live performance through the unique experience that is Dance.

by Mr Mullins

ENGLISH by Mr Buckingham

1990 has been a busy year for the English Department containing the usual competitions and excursions and the not so usual lecture by writer Phillip Knightly.

Each year there is an increase in the number of writing competitions ranging from "Quick Slogans" to "The Sydney Morning Herald Young Writer of the Year Competition" in which we had a large number of entries.

Excursions are a vital part of our programmes. Year 12 got to see performances of at least some of their texts; Year 11 had their Shakespeare day and the junior forms, as usual, have seen at least one in and one out of class performance. (Of particular delight this year was the praise heaped upon Year 9 by the public for their behaviour while seeing Henry V in the city).

The increase in parental assistance to the English faculty is most appreciated. It ranges from assistance with the purchase of texts (one family who insist on no recognition have been particularly generous) to offers of time from established writers to help us develop talented writers in the school.

We look forward to a productive future; inter-class debating competitions; a play day; parents/writers lecturing classes, as well as the usual diet of reading and writing.

STUDENT WELFARE by Janet Allman

The strength in the welfare area is with the Student Advisors who somehow find time to attend to the needs of their charges, as well as fulfilling their teaching obligations.

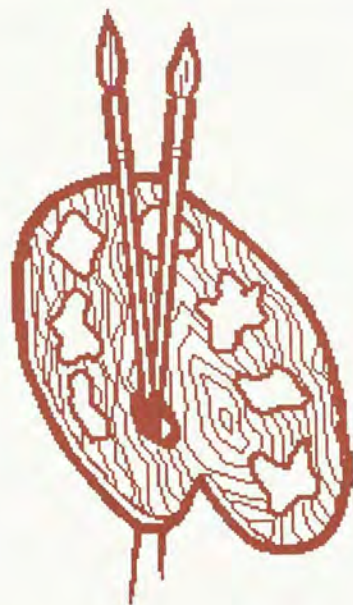
Year 7 have had the benefit of a Personal Development course and Mrs. Trevini has organised a course for Year 8 so that she can see each class once a fortnight. As time could not be made available on the Year 9/10 timetable for a continuing P.D. program, the crew from the "Cellblock" (under the School's Health Education Support Group) is coming to visit in Term 4.

Some year 11 students have had the advantage of Personal Support Training but as inadequate teacher supervision was available, the program could not be

followed up with year 7, this year. Peer support needs support. Once in place in a school, it provides a continuing structure for promoting social responsibility and maintaining self esteem among students.

In response to the Girl's Education Strategy, teachers and the Careers Adviser, Mr. Canty are encouraging girls to select subjects which require them to strive to attain their full potential and to open up more rewarding options for their tertiary courses and careers. Some girls' schools in the region have invited Fort Street Girls to share their workshop days.

There is a Girl's Support Group operating, initiated by the School Counsellor, Mr. Scheduling and led by the Co-Ordinator of the "Cellblock", Judy Joy.



ART

by Michelle Markuse.

1990 was a good year for Art at Fort Street - full of energy, fun and lots of excursions. Year 10 dressed as various artistic movements; put on a fashion display, Year 9 wrapped up a Clunlo-style car in the front drive: the A1 Art Gallery, an old store-room painted white, was opened to officially show students work; Year 8 entered THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD Art show; there were excursions from Years 9, 10, 11 and 12 to the NSW Art Gallery and the Year 12 offerings for the Higher School Certificate were exceptional. Such enthusiasm, one hopes, will continue into 1991.

SCIENCE

A FRIENDLY SCIENCE TEACHER

PROBLEM:

In spite of the best endeavours of curly-haired doctors of philosophy who have never worked in the real world, the Science Staff at Fort Street High School will survive 1990.

PROCEDURE:

This exercise was approached with the usual high degree of preparation and organisation. New initiatives were developed in the continual search to improve the ways science is imparted to our students. The search for new, appropriate textbooks continued unabated. Staff were inserviced (what a revolting expression) on the requirements for the newly introduced School Certificate Reference Test for Science.

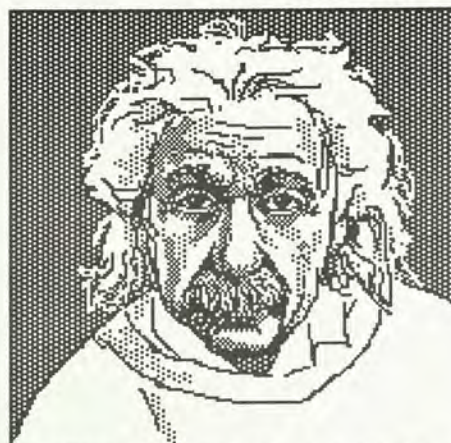
OBSERVATIONS:

Term one got off to a miserable start with the unfortunate resignations of Mr Peter Bartier and Ms Justine Waters. The science teachers, and particularly Mr. Bartier's Year 12's Physics classes were devastated by his loss. It is a sad reflection on the policies of governments when the types of teachers state schools need most are lost to the profession because of the low esteem of the profession in the eyes of its political masters. Peter is sorely missed around the halls of Fort Street, not only for his excellence as a teacher, but for his crazy humour and contributions to the wider life of the school. I hope he finds the real world outside teaching to his satisfaction, but methinks he will miss the cut and thrust of the classroom.

Justine Waters has been tempted back to the halls of academia to complete a course in Health Education. Justine's considerable teaching skills have been sorely missed by her students.

Just when we appeared to be looking down the end of a barrel, being two science teachers down at the end of Term 1, salvation appeared in the form of Mr. Leondios and Ms. Jamble. Both these teachers quickly settled in to the frenetic crisis management process that is the science department and have adjusted well.

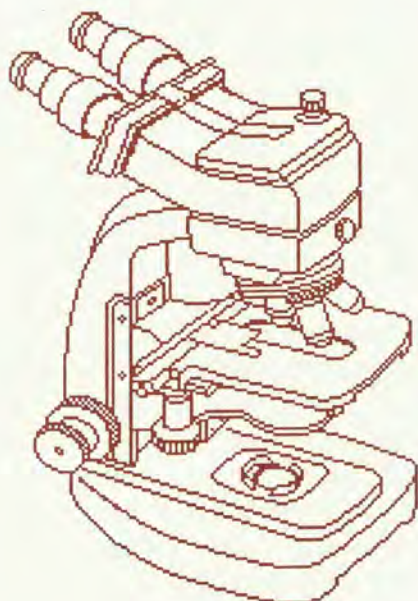
As usual, students were encouraged to enter the Esso Science Competition, with over 400 students from years 7 to 10 participating. Results were outstanding, with 18 students, being placed in the top 1% in the state, three students were presented with Awards



of Excellence for being the outstanding student for their age and sex in their zone (out of six thousand entrants). They were Alexander Outhred (Year 8), Ellen Quoy (year 9), and Michael Cahill (year 10).

A new challenge for 1990 was the newly introduced School Certificate Reference Test. Questions were designed to test science processes, that is, the ability of students to analyse and interpret data and graphs, to draw conclusions, form hypotheses, etc. Year 10 students performed very well in the Trial Reference Test, and generally seemed very happy with the real thing in August. We await with interest the grades achieved by our students.

Students in years 7 to 10 are required to complete a Science Major Work by selecting a topic of their own in one of the categories of working models, original research, posters, photographic essays, video production and creative writing. Marks achieved in the major work have contributed to the students' assessments. In 1990 it was decided to remove the compulsion for years 9 and 10. Instead, these students were encouraged to enter the Science Teachers' Association Science Talent Search. Outstanding results were achieved in 1989, Fort Street students winning over \$150 in prize money. Notable prizewinners were Elizabeth Hood, Natasha Lane. Encouragement Awards were won by Stephen Ong, Gabrielle Maitland, Dion Clarke, Edward Brookton, Andrew Parker and Le Binh Tu.



CONCLUSIONS:

In spite of their trials and tribulations the hardy folks of the Science Staffroom remain diligent and steadfast above, beyond, and totally in excess of the call of duty. Mr. Moynhan is still looking for a better jokebook. Mr. Bates is still eating corn beef on ryvita. Mr. Amber is still wired for sound. The tenor of Mr. Madigan's voice soars to new heights. Mr. (you don't bring me chocolates anymore) Brace still remains in a carnival mood. Ms. Joslyn still demonstrates how to eat upside down (but can she teach ravens how to fly underwater?). Mr. Higgins is still looking for a rugby ground and the boys who left at recess, and Ms. Jamble is strongly, but silently holding us all together. Above all, the ladies who really run the Science Department, Mrs Allen and Mrs Kelly are down in the prep-room cooking up another thousand litres of agar for the Biologists, hastily mixing up last-minute chemical orders for Mr. Higgins who keeps forgetting he has a Year 12 class, and slowly but methodically working their way through cleaning the forty seven thousand dirty test-tubes left over from Mr. Brace's Year 10 practical tests.

L i t e r a r y P a g e s

Darcy the Plumber

Dennis Miralis Year 11T

Darcy was a quaint, but agreeable man who housed within him a deep genuine love for pretty Audin Coleridge and all the other poets whose works she savagely, tirelessly devoured. Darcy was also, a "philo book", a strange term that he himself had obviously composed, describing it as the natural appreciation of literature, philosophies and all else that came under art, including ballet, classical music and although you may find this one hard to believe, intellectual conversation with whoever he could manage to seize. He was, however, neither scholar nor a teacher, nor a connoisseur of the fine arts. In fact, by profession Darcy was as far removed as one could be from these pursuits, for he was born into a family where art was the voluptuous curve of a drain pipe. The beautiful casting of the metal openers, that he handled each day.

You see, Darcy was a plumber - a plumber who was built like a barrel and wore sweaty, clinging singlets that smelt uncomfortably similar to the aroma of unflushed toilet water, with his rough unshaven face, his thick bushy brows that did not arch, but, marched proudly from ear to ear, one could not help but to wonder how this seemingly wild, solid man, turned out the way he did.

Darcy, was not however, a "pansy or a sissy". Amongst his commendable ability of uprooting old broken toilet bowls without the assistance of any tools, ensured that he still retained the deserved respect of his comrades. In fact, one needs only to see this amazing feat live, to agree wholeheartedly that Darcy was working class.

It was on a day that Darcy, uprooted an ebony white, Caroma Cistern that the story begins. and cried out - "Men of Athens, you must not be despondent at the present state of affairs, even though they seem to be in a pretty bad way. For the aspect of the situation in the past that is worst is in fact, the aspect that holds out must hope for the future, and what is this? It is the fact that your bellies are in a thirsty plight, because you drink none of the things that desire imposes upon you - I say therefore let us depart for the pub, to make remedy of this situation"

His mates, still wiping their hands and trying to pick out the gooey clay that had stuck in the grooves of their boots, laughed, swore with pleasure, slapped, stamped and all cried out - "Yes, Demusthene- We hear you" It was one Darcy's less spectacular quotes and his meticulous memory allowed him to orate at length from Demosthenes, First Phippic.

The men now all clustered together, trudged to the pub, as a single unit. It was 6.00 pm, Friday and the red bright stinging lights were to effect made worse. The smoke and the ridiculous vocals of a misplaced punk bad banging out of tune, to an old song. The men, (priorities understood), marched single file to the bar, ordered their drinks and drank in a disciplined fashion, as tradition had distated.

Darcy, sat alone, in the quieter corner of the pub and smoked, while greedily tossing down his much beloved beer - he was a mean drinker, and often it was suggested to



“Darcy still sweating , with a red hot puffed up face, put his hands on his hips, stretched back, burped”

him that perhaps he ought to have left plumbing for the pursuit of Bob Hawke’s envious record of sculling: a thought that in more depressed moods, Darcy entertained with a serious probability.

His mates having ordered the lot, and beginning to feel the alcohol sufficiently swirling in their stomachs to guarantee that they got drunk, moved over in the same united fashion to Darcy’s table “reserved for men”.

Darcy, sensing that his mates were well.....ahead of him, was enviously upset and wanting to join them as soon as possible, sprinted to the bar, shoved the people wildly out of his way and in a violent swift movement emptied a bottle. Now Darcy, was prepared to take on anything, even face up to the whole crowd and show off his oratory literary credentials. His mates, knew that he had a knack for poetry, so they hassled him to get up, in fact they felt proud of him and were honoured to be his mate.

Darcy still crawling to intoxication stage, downed

two nips of spirits and then finally joined the more jovial esteemed mood of his comrades. He cracked jokes, eyed the women in the pub and then when he felt effeciently confident to stand up on his preaching box, he jumped up onto the circular table: tuvked in his tight blue singlet, wiped his sweaty armpits and then having dried his hands on the back of his King Gees, bellowed out in his deepest voice, one of his favourite Camus’ paragraphs.

“Men, women and the barmaid that I adore, I am taking here in front of you all the liberty at this point of my intoxication (and what a lovely one it is) to call the existential attitude philosophical suicide. That’s right! fellow plumb-ers, fellow comrades and the ridiculously dressed band for it is in order to elude the anxious question ‘ What would life be without ethanol that one must like the donkey feed, on the roses of illusion, everything considered and all adversities and all troubles: a determined soul like ours, will always manage to find a water hole, overflowing with philosophical beer”.

The pub erupted into laughter and Darcy’s mates urged him on with their incoherent screams.

“There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is what beer should one best consume and with what fingers does one hold a cigarette?”

Darcy, however, now steamed up and sweating excessively, began to recite his more favourite “Union Lectures” and sculling two more schooners, pressed on in a frenzied fashion to recite his Shakespeare.

“Hath not workers’ eyes protection? have not plumb-ers hands to lift out pipes with - fed with the same liquids (but cheaper beer), hurt by the same Liberal Party, subject to Liberal oppression, healed by “Medicare” that will soon be abolished, warmed and cooled by the same air as professionals (when we can afford heaters). If you tickle us do we not swear and biff you? If you poison us do we not claim compensation? And if you wrong us do we not drag you in front of the Industrial Disputes Commission?”

Everybody stood up and all having heard this speech before, replied in union “Yes, we’re workers and together we stand”. Darcy’s head was spinning violently and the annoying red lights blurred his vision, he was sweating , dazed and drained and was swaying on the very edge of the table. His singlet was drenched and in his hand he held a cigarette butt, he tossed it down and stood there feeling sick, yet happy for he had again orated - and he felt that he belonged to something big and something great, he was, he knew, a Labour man and a trade union man.

At 9.00 pm, Darcy left the pub, and sauntered home. He fumbled for his keys on the front porch, strode into his living room and slumped into a deep child like slumber on the couch. At 6.00 the next day, Darcy awoke to an unusual despair, took aspirin, drank coffee and did not go to work that day, but stood reciting his Lawson poems and Socrates in front of his bedroom mirror - for he knew they would again, come in use.

insanity

Siew Fong Yiap Year 10A

Insanity is an unseen menace,
Creeping sinisterly over its prey,
Like a cancer gnawing away,
Unravelling the threads of the soul,
To leave a gaping, rotting hole
Immersed in lethal madness.

Insanity is a fatal disease,
Warping thoughts into a melee
Of ilusions gone astray
Silently and slowly killing the brain,
Rendering the senses insane,
It continues when minds cease.

Insanity is a living nightmare
Hanging precariously by a thread
Between the living and the dead,
Frayed mind frantically seeking sanity,
Only finding deranged profanity
Amidst a maze of despair.



Paranoia

Ingrid Smith
Year 9

The muffled giggles
the burst of laughter
Like hiccups you can't hide.

My face encloses
Inside my arms
My earlobes turn to fire.

Is it me they're all laughing at
I wish the joke I knew
Maybe then I would laugh
My body fall askew.

Take a hold of yourself
Can people not have fun
The insecurity tells myself
that surely I'm the one.

Continued giggles
sudden bursts
My eyes shed drops of cry.

My eyebrows sink
and touch my nose
Then all at once it dies.

The Blackness

The rain descended
Like tears from the sky.
Mixing with the rainbow
Of all my beautiful lies.

The whistling had started
The voice cunningly clear,
While the whole world somehow trembled
With an unclad fear.

And when the lightning faded,
Thunder revived the sky.
Asking a thousand questions
As the pigs flew by.

And little children played
In puddles on the street,
While the acid rain
Ate away their little feet.

Cries of horror
Blended with the silence
Harmonized
With its gentle violence.

And the blackness came
And sat at a desk behind me,
As it mumbled in a deep dark voice:
"Now they'll never find me".

Magdalena Mironowicz
Year 9 T



Recollection future use

A sparse passage of notes,
Lying awake,
While outside the trees sleep
Dreaming of the curl of your warm lip
and perhaps the sanctuary of your arms.
An assortment of words waiting upon an inviting shelf.
A fragmentary mirror with which to unveil the sky within my room.
An ethereal flower withered upon the sill.
And the memory of a friend's laughter.

All these precious things had me, as I hold them
And I could not bring myself
to trade them for a vial of stars,
that the moon,
last night
offered me.

D. Eunson-Cottle
Year 11 O



Love Before the Bell

Holly Lyons Year 9 T

CHAPTER ONE

Adelaide surrendered to his passionate kiss, parting her lips to his intense desire. She wished this moment would last for eternity. The bell echoed in Adelaide's ears and their lips parted reluctantly.

"Every equation I do in maths will remind me of you". Rock whispered urgently. His eyes followed Adelaide as she walked to class, sunlight streaming through her beautiful black hair.

CHAPTER TWO

"Lydia, I'm basking in the pure unalloyed light of first love," Adelaide announced to her best friend as they walked to French, "Rock is the

most sensitive and considerate man I have ever met" she gushed.

"Love is beautiful," Lydia breathed dreamily.

"You have been radiating happiness beams ever since you and Rock were together".

"I love him body and soul. His kisses are made in heaven, I feel so safe when his strong arms are around my waist, and my head rests on his masculine chest. I love it most when he pledges undying love to me," Adelaide said.

"I'm in love with being in love," Lydia said, tears of happiness splashing over her cheeks.

CHAPTER THREE

Rough hands held Adelaide's arms against the wall.

A silver blade pricked her skin, causing a trickle of blood to slide down her throat.

"Kiss me or die" the school bully demanded. Adelaide turned her head desperately, struggling in his grasp.

A dark figure appeared at the top of the stairwell.

"Let her go", it was her beloved Rock, the one man she trusted, the only man.

"You gonna make me?" laughed the bully, pushing Adelaide aside. Rock threw him a punch, the first swing knocking the bully out cold.

"Are you alright?", Rock asked as he lifted her from the ground.

"You're my hero" she said, before his lips were on hers for a kiss that set their hearts on fire.

CHAPTER FOUR

The following morning as Adelaide entered the school gates she noticed Rock and Lydia deep in conversation together. She was pleased that the two people who meant the most to her were getting along so well.

"I feel that Adelaide has been neglecting me," Lydia sobbed on Rock's shoulder.

"Please believe me Lydia, I would hate to be to blame if your friendship was destroyed." Rock said

sincerely.

"You're so understanding" Lydia battered her lashes. "I wish I had a boyfriend like you". Rock grinned and kissed Lydia lightly on the cheek.

Behind them, Adelaide's eyes filled with tears. Her best friend and her boyfriend were having an affair! Adelaide felt her heart shattering into thousands of pieces, her body shook uncontrollably.

"How dare you deceive me", Adelaide spat bitterly at Rock, and slapped him across the face. Before she could turn and walk away, Rock's strong arms were around her.

"Let me go, you brute," she screamed, beating her fists against his chest, tears raining down her face.

"I was only comforting Lydia, you know I only have eyes for you."

Adelaide relaxed her fists and wept silently on his shoulder. Rock cupped her chin in his hands and kissed her hungrily. His lips lingered until they noticed a group of year 7's watching them intently.

"Let's go to the library. I haven't finished my English assignment yet." Rock said. Adelaide loved a man who was decisive.

Before Rock managed to write a sentence the bell rang.

"Rock, you haven't finished your essay!" Adelaide was close to tears.

"Frankly my dear, I do not give a damn." Rock stated bluntly. He is so forceful, Adelaide thought.

"You can do it tomorrow, after all tomorrow is another day!" She said ecstatically.

That evening Rock and Adelaide took a moonlit walk.

"The stars are beautiful" Adelaide gazed into the dark sky. Rock drew her into his arms and she looked deeply into his steel grey eyes.

"I will always love you" Rock promised her. The moment his lips met hers, she knew that they would be together forever.....or at least until the end of Term 2.



Catherine Dung

The Happy Hapster

One day there was a happy boy. He was happy because he met a happy girl. That night they went to see a happy movie. When the happy movie had finished the happy couple were happy.. They went home . Then the next happy day, the happy boy asked the happy girl to go on a happy picnic with him. The happy girl said that she would be happy to go on a happy picnic with him. After they came home from the happy picnic they went to the boy's happy home. He was happy. The next happy day after the girl had left the happy boy's happy bed, she went to the happy doctor. The happy doctor said to the happy girl that she was going to have a happy baby. The happy boy and girl were happy. The happy girl had her happy baby so the happy couple got happily married.. They were very happy. But after a while the happy couple had a happy fight. Then they had a happy divorce, but the happy boy wanted the happy baby so they had a happy custody battle. The happy girl won so she was happy. But somehow the happy boy found out that his happy ex-wife had had a happy affair with her happy boss. The happy boy went and slashed his happy ex-wife's throat. Then the happy boy was caught by the happy policeman and was put into happy jail. So the happy boy was sad and sad is bad.

The happy end.



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Coma

They placed her in a narrow cot, with room enough for one
upon silken sheets she lay, the colour of white
And though she couldn't move, and though she could not speak
she could see the faces above her, which wept.

She tried to tell them, all was fine and that they shouldn't
cry, and very soon she realised that they could not tell
that she was still alive.

In desperate agony, she tried to move, or even blink
trying to tell them in some way that she was still with them.
But the faces, some familiar and some not....still wept above
her silken cot.

Then she felt warm fingertips close her eyes, which she could
no longer open, and she heard a sigh and then a prayer.
The closing lid brought back memories of when she was little,
a wardrobe and this time she wasn't playing hide and seek.
This time, she realised, the door would never again open,
and a single tear rolled down her cold cheek
and fell upon her hair.
The last thing she ever heard was the clump of earth upon the
lid of her eternal bed, and then she fell asleep.
Forever.

Anon.

The cluttered room

My skull is a room
(My body the garden)
My eyes are its windows.
Inside it's quite dark,
Cluttered with an infinite number
of things
that keep changing

Brendan Ward
Year 11 A

Simple Life

The smoke gets in my eyes, the tears will finally fall
The wall I built around myself has lately grown so tall,
Body bruised from sleet and rain, heart lighter in the grey
I close my eyes and re-define the pain I feel today.
My voice wavers slightly, I cry out towards the night
Can anybody save me from my life long plight
It's all I've ever wanted, it's the only thing I need
I feel that I'm a prisoner from life I must be freed.

Mishayla Webber
Year 11A

The D.I.Y. Short Story

by Joe Wickert Year 11a

It's so easy, all you have to do is fill in the gaps. I'll be you never knew English could be so easy (Suggestions for two groups are separate).

As I recount the events of the last ___A___, I still can no fully believe it. Some may call me ___B___ and pass my tale of as such, but I hasten to assure you that everything I tell you is ___C___

I had not seen my ___D___ for ___E___ ___F___ and it was with faltering steps I approached ___G___ ___H___. It stood 100's of metres in the air, the uppermost levels of turrets lost in the ___I___. I pulled my cloak closer to my bosom and hurried towards the relative comforts of ___E___ ___F___.

The force that was compelling me to visit my ___D___. I could not even explain to myself. All I knew was that I must carry out my duty to ___J___.

There was no answer to my knock so I entered, unhindered, my trusty ___K___ by my side. I had not seen my ___D___ for ___L___ years but I had heard of his/her/its ___M___. . I was thinking these things when I saw my ___D___ approaching me with his/her/its arms open to embrace me. I received his/her/its embrace.

Then used my ___K___ or him/her/its, he/she/its was dead in an instant. I concealed the body cunningly, no one would ever think of looking for it ___N___. . I continued to live in that place, unhindered for ___O___ before my privacy was disturbed by ___P___ . They were searching for ___D___ . I said "search the whole premises". They headed straight for ___N___ , thinking quickly I engaged them in some meaningless small talk, finally asking why they headed for ___N___ .

"Oh, come on Edgar, you always put your victims ___N___ . They pulled ___D___ from ___N___ and I saw it/him/her as a manifestation of myself with a huge grin.

SUGGESTION SHEET FOR STORY:

Just match corresponding letter, heading and blanks.

A	B	C	D
month	mad	true	brother
year	stupid	made up	mother
2 months	demented	half true	father
3 weeks	kinky	white lies	sister
10 minutes	homosexual	well written	pet doberman
E	F	G	H
many	years	his big	house
a few	months	her big	mansion
3	weeks	its big	kennel
7	days	her small	condo
20	hours	his tiny	bungalow
I	J	K	L
clouds	my mother	gun	1
mist	my father	knife	4
fog	my friend	sword	7
acid rain	the devil	brick	10
pollution	myself	rotweiler	20
M	N	O	P
dud cheques	underthe floorboards	10 minutes	two policemen
dealing with occult	bricked p in the cellar	2 hours	R.S.P.C.A.
insider trading		4 years	my uncle
socialist views		2 months	the men in white clouds
ceiling drugsi		3 days	some irate year 11
			English student/teacher

A witch's spell

Recycle, Recycle that's the thing to do.
 Paper glass and plastic too.
 You put them in box and take them away.
 Melt the glass down
 You don't have to pay.
 Mould it to a bottle
 It's as easy as pie
 If you take a lot of trouble,
 It'll help the sky.
 If you try really hard you'll break the
 wicked spell
 of litter, pollution and smell.
 Recycle, Recycle that's the thing to do.

Alice Uribe
 Year 7A

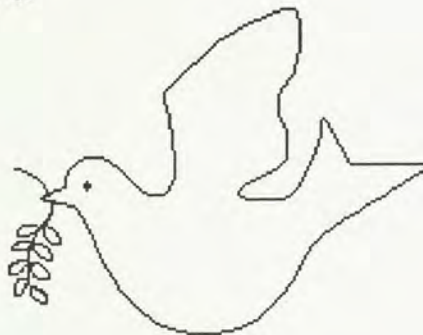


Drawing by Deborah Gaskell 12 O

We danced

Over the sand the wind came running
 And by the hand it caught and held me.
 Down to the edge of the dashing sea
 We curled and whirled.
 We danced together the Wind and I
 to the cry of a gull and the cry of
 the wild sea.

Christine Stowers
 Year 9



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Into the night

Suman Seth Year 11 I

The sky changes from a muted, dullish red-grey to a cold blue and then a dark black. The moon shines gently on cement that seems never to dry, while neon lights brighten the deep black bitumen. The street is decorated, it seems for some festive occasion but all it looks like is the painted face of a cheap whore. That's all this street is and the only buyers are lonely old men, men, like babies, with bottles to comfort them. Men who sleep for no better reason than because they've nothing else to do, and move on sluggishly in the morning.

I stand on this street, night after night. I, too, have nothing else to do. So I stand unnoticed and watch the happy people hurry to their lives, collars turned up against the rain. I watch the lonely people walk quickly, hurrying to nowhere, wanting only to get there soon. There are many of them, it seems, that pass every night I wonder where they go sometimes, and then I see the bars open and men and women hurry again, to get inside. To sit on the fringe of a laughing crowd and to take their happiness from tall glasses.

I stand here, perhaps a sinister figure, tall, dressed in dark clothes, a dripping overcoat, hat pulled over my eyes. Or else a weak, snivelling character, short, an umbrella held by small hands, supported by wrists that look like they'd snap if yelled at too loudly. Or else I stand totally unnoticed, an invisible man, perhaps, a grey, drab figure leaning against the grey, drab wall of a shop-front.

Whatever I look like I stand here, on this street, this cheap, cross street, and watch the people pass. I

hear portions of conversations. Young couples talking of love, earnest tones. Or else laughing voices or in deep if?" and give pseudo-

I stand here, perhaps a sinister figure, tall, dressed in dark clothes

they play games, ask "What - intelligent answers, discuss-

ing someone or someplace, deluding themselves as to whether they actually know anything. I see couples often, rarely the same couples twice.

I see old couples, rarely speaking. Partly, old women jolly and red cheeked from the cold. Skinny women with strained faces, chatting to neighbours, discussing the lives of those unfortunate enough to come into contact with them. Their husbands follow, always follow, speaking rarely unless to agree, whether it be with their wife or their boss. All life beaten out of them subtly, slowly, painlessly until they are old, when they're left alone, when even death is too much trouble.

These conversations too, I hear. The endless "What ifs?" again:

"What if you had all the money you needed and all the fun you could have?" Is this a question or a game?

"Would I be happy?"

"You'd be having fun, you wouldn't need to be happy"

Perhaps not, I agree with the interrogator, silently. And what if one is neither having fun, nor is happy, nor has enough money? These are the people who pass me constantly.

This street has been here a long time, as long as I can remember. It was different then, when I was younger I didn't notice the people, it wasn't even bitumen and the moon didn't even shine. I can't help thinking, though, that it was the same then, too, that lonely people walked along it a hundred years ago. This street has always been here, just like its always been somewhere, everywhere else. Everywhere where there are people they'll be walking along this street. And the street will glow under passionate sunsets until it radiates a heat that seems to me the souls of one's peer, or it will freeze in winter until one slips on the frost covering it.

The night is cold. My breath steams slowly. I notice that my shoes have a hole in them. I peer into sleazy bars and prim and proper cafes. In one, cigarette smoke moves sluggishly and the sounds are raucas and harsh. In the other, the only things that move are the brave, feeling the need to break restraints and the only sounds are subdued murmurs and the dull clink of knives and forks.

I pull my coat around me and begin walking. I like the pulsing glow of a flickering street light. It will go out soon and be replaced, sooner or later I pass into other suburbs, smiling occasionally, nodding to people I know from somewhere, I do not hurry, for I am neither happy nor poor, neither rich nor sad. I reach my room, open the door and click on the light. Hang my dripping coat on a hook, turn on the TV, lie on my bed. I fold my hands behind my head and look at the ceiling. I listen to the television drone and the rain splatter, listen to distant voices, in level tones, and wait for tomorrow.

Snapshot

Frozen smiles,
 Unnatural pose.
 The photographer wields a
 deadly weapon.
 To capture pictures devoid
 of life.

Just as the gunman
 wields his gun.
 He aims to the crowd
 and shoots,
 A snapshot.

Neither takes time to aim,
 They shoot, with a vague
 idea of their target's positions,
 with deadly consequences.

J.V. Douglas
 Year 9 O

Imagination

A slender Leaf,
 A double-edged dagger,
 A bolt of lightning,
 A stick.
 Take your imagination.
 Use it,
 For it will guide you.
 Always.

Cinnamon Nippard
 Year 8 I

Suzana Stankovic 9I



The Bullies: a true story

Daniel Wallbank Year 7 A

It all began last year in October, when I was in Year 6, I was fishing off a wharf near the big building of a large paint factory with some friends from my old school. When we heard the sound of motor bikes. We turned around in unison to see a boy from the local high school, with his mates, all carrying bags. They saw us but didn't do anything but continued on their mission. They jumped a barbed wire fence and went into the factory to steal spray cans of paint, I couldn't believe my eyes, they had seen us but still went on.

My friends and I ran back to my house to

tell my parents but on the way we were stopped by a kid minding their motorbikes. We knew him pretty well and to get away from him told him we had finished fishing. He let us go and we took off like rockets. When we got home my dad (an ex racing car driver) and our boarder took off after them. The thieves were on two motorbikes one with 4 on it and the other with 3. Where I live a road has been blocked off. It now has a little path surrounded by trees. My dad was about 10 metres behind them when they went up the path and dad had to give up the chase. He then came home and called the police. I had to talk to the police and give names of those who were involved.

That night was the local under 18 kids' disco. I went there with my friends, but the kids who were involved in the theft entered later on. The main leader, Michael came up to us and pushed us around. We tried to push back but it was no use, he was too strong. He then punched one of my mates and the other left. There were only the two of us against 10 of them and we ran

around the disco for half an hour but they had cornered us. Luckily there was a supervisor in the corner so my mate Kirby and I stayed there the rest of the three hours of the disco. When the disco was over Kirby and I went outside to wait for mum. Kirby rushed out but was confronted by one of them who punched him up and took off. By the time I got to Kirby he was on the ground holding his stomach. I hoped that would be the last I saw or heard of Michael.

**Michael came up to us and pushed us around.
We tried to push back but it was no use**

About a month later I heard that there was a fight by Michael against a friend. The friend

was punched in the eye badly although he had nothing to do with the paint incident. I think it was because my friend's father had the same kind of car as us and he looked a bit like me.

That was the last I heard from them. Then last April on the way home from school, I was waiting to cross a busy road when Michael walked up with two friends and grabbed me by the arm, blowing cigarette smoke in my face, he asked me if I knew who he was, I said "no".

He asked who told on him. "I don't know", I said. He said that now he was out of trouble he would kill whoever had told on him. With that he pushed me on the road and went off with his friends.

The worst part about the story is the potential damage they could have caused if they had dropped a match in the paint factory, and the environmental damage they could do with the spray cans.

I just hope that this is the end of this whole scene and I never see him again.



The ballad of midnite

Midnite was a naughty kid,
He never was a dobber,
Then when he was but 18,
He became a robber.

Being a brave young lad,
Midnite knew no danger.
That's the reason he took the
chance
In becoming a bushranger.

To get to Midnite's hideout,
You cross a rushing stream.
But if you walk in when Midnite's
there,
I'm sure you'll want to scream.

Not from the cats or horses,
Or the cows or dogs or sheep.
But from Midnite himself just
sitting there,
Most probably fast asleep.

With his thick, black hair a'waving,
In the humid summer breeze,
His face will probably get you
shaking
And shivering at the knees.

So beware of almighty Midnite,
And your money: you'll have to
guard it.
Or you could become a pitied face
As Midnite's latest target.

Josh Szeps
Year 7A

Watcher

I look through dirty, stained glass
At sunless skies of palest whites.
And watch as endless legions pass
Of clouds that move into a night
That leaves me cold and without heart
Staring into dark that will not part.

I sit and think, and mourn and cry
For death's unknown, I have not seen
And watch and wait to slowly die
In places I have never been
I see the rain, unceasing fall
I sit and think and watch it all

Lost.....

The cupboard is going to get me
To close me
from my mind.

If I sit in it
I'll be gone forever
Corners screech
to deafen my mortality.

Clothes whisper
behind my back.
Books read out loud.

Insanity grows and takes over
in the receding darkness.
Claws from nowhere
scratch me bare
Until I'm vulnerable
to the silence of nothing.

Twisted personalities
brainwashed
through this torture:
a test for realization
of who you are.

The cupboard thrives on the weak,
The sinister becomes reality.
The claustrophobia is ruled
by loneliness.

The need of a soul:
to join the other lost memories
Fear grips you
Fear of imprisonment of yourself.
Anxiety clings to you,
and gropes you.

Seducing confidence into their open arms,
The silence is more inhuman than eternal screams,
Breathing becomes less taut:
The living do not belong.
As soon enough
You become nothing more
than a memory
Awaiting the next living soul.

Caroline Burke
Year 9

And some succeed and most will fail
And most will die before they live
And I lie safe inside my jail
And watch them take and see none
give
And I will watch, condemn and sneer
At those who live the life I fear.

Suman Seth
Year 11

Night express

David needed a break from the college scene. It was time he , he needed to venture forth and tackle the real world on his own. In fact he needed it so badly that he was willing to brave a night on a flat, four lane stretch of highway. But he was not prepared for the bitter winter cold. The highway was like a tract of road in the middle of the Antarctic, the gale buffeting powdery snow along the concrete. He had surely picked a fine day to hitch hike interstate.

An hour elapsed before he felt his first hint of anger and exasperation from his futile attempts to hitch a ride. David almost wished he could summon the cop who had threatened to bust him for thumbing half an hour ago. At least he would have someone to vent his anger out on. Every now and then, cars would zip past him without a second look. It seemed that to the unseen drivers behind the safety of their wind-shields, anyone standing in the lane on a black, chilly night was either a rapist or a murderer or even a combination of both.

Another two hours elapsed, and David realised that if he wasn't able to get access to somewhere warm in a hurry, he would end up a frozen turkey on the Christmas meatshelf. He walked and eternity of kilometres before surrendering to the whirling snow which was biting at him like a sharp knife. David was in real danger now. Why hadn't he listened to his mother and finished college? He supposed he had always been the reckless sort willing to try anything that could offer some excitement.

David was on the verge of passing out when lights poked up from behind the hill. The words NIGHT EXPRESS winked overhead the bus in a dim, lurid light that matched the crescent moon. In a final, desperate gesture, David put out his hand. The bus went past him and for a brief instant David thought it was going to continue on as other vehicles had. Then the tail lights flashed and David received his long-awaited ride.

He must have made it on somehow for the heat was the first thing that struck him- the handful of passengers seemed to be seated well away from each other and ignored him

completely. David shuffled to the corner seat and huddled there, pulling his coat tighter around him to ward off the cold. As he gathered his wits about him, it came to David that he had never known that such a bus existed. However, fatigued by his highway exploits, David was unable to force his mind to contemplate upon the matter further. Instead he allowed sleep to overcome him, the slumber blessed by darkness which brings rest.

David found himself immobilized, frozen in place as surely as of his feet were encased in ice. Then he had the strange sensation of hands reaching out and grabbing him.

**“Clouds of confusion swelled
in his mind and he cried out,
a wild, strangled shriek”**

Acting instinctively in a paroxysm of terror, he tried to squirm and shake off his captors but to no avail. Clouds of confusion swelled in his mind and he cried out, a wild, strangled shriek. Other than his own hysteria, David could only make out bizarre, inarticulate sounds. The darkness that had descended upon him like a crushing weight had deprived David of his sight so he was only able to feel hands wanting to take possession of him, threatening to suffocate him. Outside the howling and shrieking of the windstorm blended with his shrill screams.....David snapped open his eyes which were glazed over with fear. It was minutes before he managed to recover his breathing. The nightmare had left him badly shaken up. Yet, amidst the steady rumbling of the bus , David had a queer feeling of foreboding that part of his dream was indeed reality. He leaned out the window to breathe the fresh air. Icy as it was, it brought a sharp jolt back to reality, a reminder that he very much needed. Even though it was too dark to make distinct observations, looking out the window gave David a sense of *deja vu*. Realization then dealt him a blow that left his senses reeling. He had unmistakably re-encountered the place where he had first boarded. A premonition of danger seized him and David dashed down the aisle to find an empty driver's seat, the steering wheel guiding itself unerringly. He whirled around just as a passenger chose to lift his face to meet his eyes. His tongue closed to the roof of his mouth, rendering him momentarily speechless. Never before had he encountered such

Siew Fong Yiap Year 10A

an atrocity as what beheld his eyes. That face, devoid of normal features swamped his mind with horror and revulsion. And this faceless creature whose eyes, nose and mouth were filled over by blank flesh was advancing towards him and reaching out. Behind it, other passengers had revealed their empty visages and were beckoning to him. David let out a hoarse bellowing yell of horror as he stumbled for the door. It

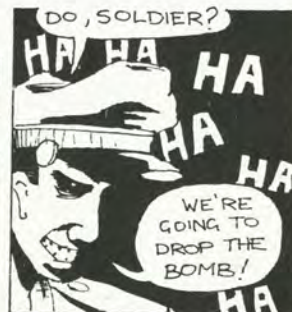
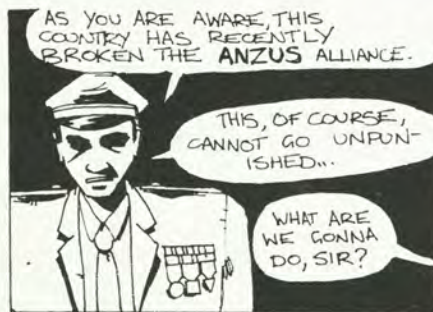
refused to yield to his crazed poundings. Suddenly he was grabbed from everywhere and relived his nightmare again. They were tugging at him with a strength he could not resist.

As he struggled to gain freedom from the iron grip of the faceless things, David caught a glimpse of himself in the window.....
The NIGHT EXPRESS slowly rounded the bend in the highway and continued along its way until it vanished from sight.
Care to take a ride?

FORT ST. COMIX
—PRESENTS—
A CAMERON BOOTH COMIC

THE KIWI KID!

NEW ZEALAND'S...well...
ONLY HERO!!



to be contd.

Hm.....maybe I'm not lost

Julian Griffith Year 11R

Hm.....maybe I'm not lostmaybe this really is thought. Overhead was also thought. Strange fact that. Qzar glanced down. Thought, help, I am lost. The sound of buzzing insects whined in the moist, heavy, golden, thought. Qzar was upset. It rained. Glistening drops of reflected memory fell through the condensed thought. Thought, the motivator of life, stirred deep within Qzar. He was upset. It was a new experience. So was thought. Qzar lifted his webbed foot from the still waters and watched as silt swirled, brown, blending, ebbing, gone. As thought, a leaf, brown, veined and wet floated and pasted. Qzars upraised foot. A memory . A fish. "Quach, gnwak quack quawk gna quaquack qu" or in translation : " A fish" exclaimed Qzar. Sunshine beat down hard on the ioled brown feathers that covered Qzar's body. Nearby was a small clump or thin reeds extending above Qzars beaked head, green and majestic. Dreams. They were inviting. The sluggish breeze swayed the tall reeds in slow graceful arcs. Qzar waddled over to the slight protection of the reeds. It was raining again. How annoying. Qzar glanced at the sun. This really was annoying. A small dark beetle glistening with drops of water, landed on and proceeded to climb up the fresh young reed poised, motionless before Qzars beak. Ponderously slow the beetle proceeded, upwards towards the blinding sun. Unaware of its peril. Lurking in the tops of the reeds, perched upon its silken thread, was destiny. Laboriously, the beetle clambered to the uppermost reaches of the tall reeds, spread it's transparent wings, refracting sunlight, coiled. Leaped. Died. Destiny.

THE KIWI KID! PART II!

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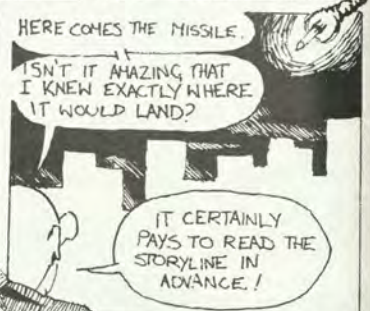
AWW NO!! THIS COULDN'T BE THAT HACKNEYED "FREAK ACCIDENT THAT TURNS MILD-MANNERED PERSON INTO SUPERHERO" COULD IT?!!



WAIT! IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF OUR READERS, WE PRESENT A CHOOSE-YOUR-OWN-ADVENTURE COMIC! IF YOU THINK THE KIWI KID SHOULD SAVE AUCKLAND, PRESS THE SQUARE MARKED 'YES'. IF YOU DON'T THINK HE SHOULD, PRESS THE 'NO' BOX.

YES

NO



to be cont'd

The Emu Who Wanted to Fly (A children's bedtime story)

Jem Richardson Year 9I

This MEJ the emu: He was a bird, but he wondered why he couldn't fly. All the other birds could fly and he became so jealous that he decided to visit King Leonard and ask to be able to fly. The journey was a long trip. He would have to travel over to Rice Mountain and call on King Leo in his Palace. He set out on his way.

When he set eyes on the mountain, he smiled. "I'll soon fly" he said "Just like everyone else" The surface of Rice Mountain was slippery and wet and squashed under Mej's feet. It was difficult at first , but he soldiered on. He finally reached the top of Rice Mountain and pecked on the big door of the Palace and waited a few moments until the door opened.

In front of Mej was King Leonard the ruler of the Mountain, sporting his familiar grin, "Come in friend !! " he bellowed.

"How may I help you ?" King Leonard asked.

"Please King Leo " Mej said stepping into the palace , "I'd like to fly".

"Why, may I ask ?" chuckled the King.

"I;m a bird, I have feathers and wings and I don't understand why I shouldn't be able to fly".

"Mmm, O.K. Let me think about it" Leonard said. "In the meanwhile, let's have lunch!".

King Leonard clapped his hands twice and at a wink of an eye, a servant turned up at his side.

"Boy send me two plates of rice and two glasses of beers to wash that down".

"Yes, your highness" said the young boy.

"Oh, while you're at it, put some nice music on please. Thanks" said King Leonard.

The boy did his tasks efficiently, and before too long , the food appeared on the table.

They ate heartily and shared the occasional joke. When they had finished their meals and King Leonard said to Mej , "I have thought a long time about you Mej"

"I've decided to let you fly ! !"

"Thank you, Thank you !" Mej replied and praised King Leonard.

He said his goodbyes and bid King Leonard farewell.

Mej didn't need to walk home. He flew and flew gracefully all the way home where he danced till the sun set.....



The End

In the maze

Everything seems to spiral inwards -
Swirling, Twirling towards
Catastrophe.
Constantly I am shaken
By repeated images,
By ten sided corners and by walls
That appear infinitely high.
Hope slips away like an uncomfortable
and unwanted party guest.

And I am left standing alone
Whilst people pass pretzels
With grins as wide as Mickey on acid.
(Wildly intoxicated, wildly irrelevant)
Let the world party,
Drowning in hidden self abuse, irreverent.
The maze stretches on into infinite confusion.

Across the crowded room our eyes meet
(And although nauseous with cliché),
Life goes on
With love as its God: in this world of
Imperfect fusion.

Julia
Year 12.

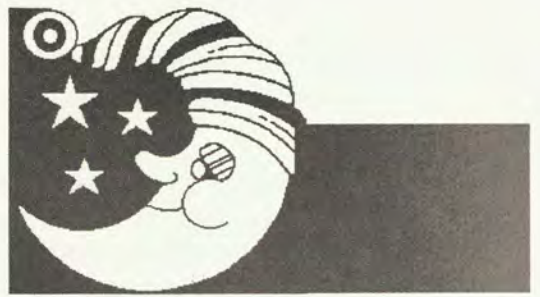
Weave this spell

Muddy muddy honey honey,
Let blood spill and make it funny,
Make the mixture nice and runny,
And mix it in a pot of money.

Then pour it in a snake's belly,
And turn him into snake jelly,
Sell it to your local deli,
For you to eat while watching telly.

Make that person die violently,
Or turn him into a big fat flea,
This spell will work as it's plain to see,
Or maybe no 'cause you're not like me!

Brendan Turner



What is a dream

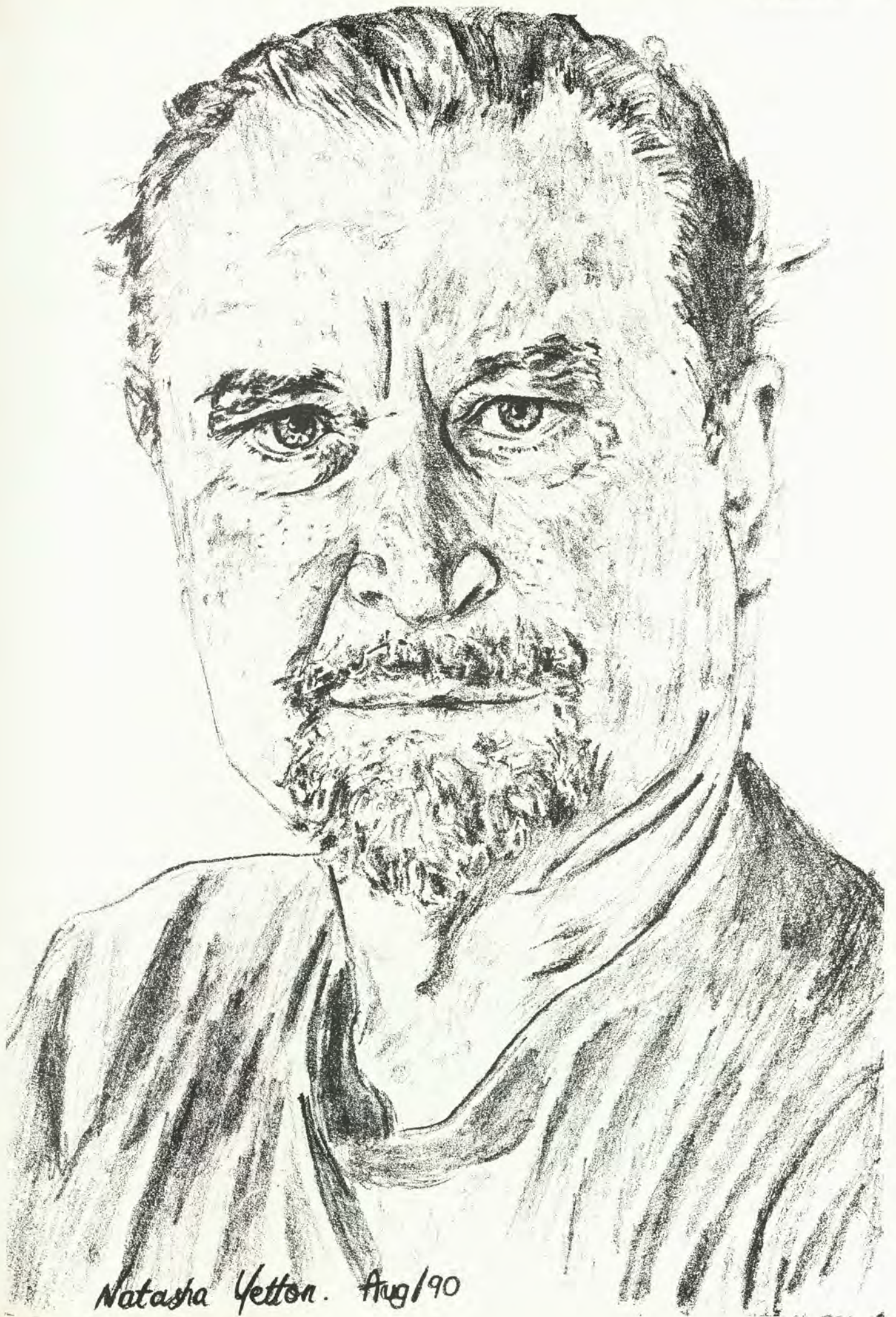
A dream is something,
That helps you through
When your will to live is dying.
Something that makes you smile
When you feel like crying.

A dream is a distant star
Lighting up your life.
The distance is impossible to breach
But inside you, you know
That forever you must reach.

Everyone has dreams.
They're an essential part of life.
A person without a dream
Is forever drifting,
Purposelessly downstream.

Some people dream of peace
Others of wealth.
Some dreams are red, others blue.
Everyone has a dream,
My dream is you.

Garry Rich
Year 11 I



Natasha Yetton. Aug/90

The Battle of La Baule

Hearken! for this tale unfeigned,
depicts the saga of the reign,
of Philip Rothwell, tall and true,
who ventured forth from Fontainbleau.

With caravan of mighty steed,
and company of the soldier creed,
Brave Philip onward travelled so,
To battle with Lord Durango.

The battle field was ol' La Baule,
where blood had shed from many-a-brawl,
upon the turf that stung like salt,
a taught-string field without a fault.

The two foes met with noble pride,
as sea blown breezes aroused the tide,
and many clouds of sickly hue,
forgave the sun and dropped it's crew.

The ground grew damp with muddy gum,
as soldiers struggled in the scum,
whilst Philip gazed, as would the crow,
who raised his staff above his foe.

Hence both men clashed with swords held high,
to battle under dimming sky,
and then masses merged while rain fell hard,
whilst thunder raised a crystal shard.

They fought and ripped and sliced and slashed,
they mangled, crumbled, tore and clashed,
they bit they chewed, they spat and bashed,
they ravaged, barraged, whipped and crashed.

By nightfall all was still and dark,
the contrast from before was stark,
the ground was littered with rotting flesh,
that filtered grass, like wire mesh.

Of battle cries, no more was heard,
a frequent moan, the only word,
the blood-caked warriors grasped no sword,
from putrid wounds, black blood had poured.

Poor, wretched Philip began to rest,
a long red arrow in his chest,
and Durango, without his head,
found peace at last, on nature's bed.

Behold! a flash of radiant light,
drowned out the dead, the scum, the blight,
and from the sky, transpired singing,
a most holy sound, a sweet, soft ringing.

"The shame! The shame! My people fight,
For what the cause, is out of sight.
Punish not yourselves, my kin,
for flesh and blood is bound to sin.

Upon these words, a miracle chose!
For each dead man, a tombstone rose !
The singing died, as did the light.
The blood red ground, replaced by night.

And so this narrative, ends in moun.
No sign of battle was shown by dawn.
Good men died to prove the truth,
"Ignorance destroys the youth!"

Jason Betts
Year 10



Dear Mr Scheduling,

Holly Lyons Year 9

**Can you match these Fortian's problems with their names?
George Byrne, Danielle Olsen, Tom Oates and Ashley Steven.**

I have a problem, I can't concentrate in class. During my lessons I feel dazed and spaced out. When I look at my teacher, for no apparent reason, I piss myself laughing for twenty minutes. I can actually do the maths equations easily, when they seemed really difficult before. I wonder if this has anything to do with going to the office at lunch?

I highly recommend that you continue to spend your spare time in the office, as it is a very educational experience. Already it has helped you with your schoolwork and obviously it gave you a greater appreciation of your teacher. Remember, life is for living.

I have blonde hair and blue eyes, a petite figure and I come first in everything. I am the most beautiful, popular, intelligent girl in the school. I have a wonderful homelife, a boyfriend who is the envy of the school, and I live in Balmain. What more could a girl possibly want? My problem is that I don't have a problem! It is driving me mad. Please help.

My advice to you, darling, is to split up with your good-for-nothing boyfriend and come and see me in my office immediately. What you need to help you through this crisis is an older, sensitive and mature man.

I have been working in Balmain Woolworths for three months and I have recently discovered that I am a kleptomaniac. In the beginning it was only little things like toothbrushes (I have bad breath) but the urge grew and I started taking cartons of cigarettes, and now I'm taking orders and have a little market running. I don't want a criminal record but I just can't stop. What can I do?

Unless \$50 is on my desk tomorrow I will show this letter to the manager of Woolies who happens to be a personal friend of mine. Pay up or else.



I never have any time to myself anymore. I am constantly surrounded by girls. They chase me through the playground, I mean, I know I'm wonderful and everything, but I can't handle the pressure! The other day one of them just started kissing me and I just couldn't make her stop. I cannot understand what attracts them to me. It must be something in my jeans, oh I mean genes! I want less attention, what can I do?

Kid, you have no problem. Enjoy the girls before you become old and wrinkled and begin to look like Jabba the Hut.



Metaphor Poems

The day begins,
 And I am pursued
 By a dark stranger.
 He is very swift,
 I cannot lose him
 No matter how I try.
 He never gives up.
 At the end of the day,
 I manage to shake him.
 And the chase is over -
 Till tomorrow.

Joseph Yoo
 Year 8A

A poor restless soul is searching around
 She's howling and shrieking,
 Rending the air with her mournful cries
 Looking for someone to lie still,
 She upturns leaves and other objects
 In her frantic search.
 When she comes to their houses,
 People close their doors and windows
 Locking her out.
 She knocks down pot plants, and rattles windows
 Trying to get in
 Finally, facing defeat, she leaves.

Sharon Walder
 Year 8 A

At your service, night and day
 Uttering shrill and sudden cries
 for my hat to be lifted,
 When stories are wanted to be told.

By your side or in the streets,
 I wait to listen and overhear, mumbles
 of joy, content and depression.

I can never join in with the conversation,
 But I'm always the centre of attention.

Simone Solomon
 Year 8A

Hiroshima

The bomb burst skywards,
 A stunning explosion erupting
 Into a gigantic mushroom cloud
 That brought the sun to its knees.
 Shadows froze helpless in the path
 Of blinding white light
 Swallowing the heat of death.
 Buildings collapsed like matchsticks,
 Black lightning bathed the trees
 For a second lasting a lifetime,
 And people could only gasp
 At the world falling around time.

Gradually the cloud vanished
 Revealing death and destruction,
 And wounded crying out in agony
 In futurity at the dark heavens.
 The horror of the aftermath
 Lingered for years to follow
 To serve as a painful reminder
 Of the inhumanity of man to man,
 Forever planted within their minds
 A deep sorrow, and a remembrance of
 The injustice of war.

Siew Fong Yiap
 Year 10 A

Goddess

I gaze at your tangled walkman wires,
 Not daring to look to your blemished face,
 With it's Revlon "wine" pout and bloodshot eyes,
 Staring abstractedly into space.
 What is on your mind ? I wonder
 I know that I will find, thereunder,
 intelligent thoughts.

Your legs are pale as the creamiest milk,
 With stubble short, sharp and black
 Your hands caress denim like indian silk,
 And jewellery flashing, though slightly tack - (y)
 Do you have something to hid? I know
 That thou art beautiful, inside, also.
 Yes beautiful.

Your turn to me and stretch your lips into a smile.
 And speak: "C'n I use your calculatah f'rawhile?
 You just made my day.

Jody Spratt
 Year 11 I



Environmental Conflict

Joshua Martin Year 12

It's not easy living in a world whose military expenditure is a trillion dollars a year (2.7 billion dollars a day). Defence is meant to make me feel secure but it actually makes me feel a bit edgy. We are the dominant species on the planet: We have the potential to destroy every living organism in the biosphere in 24 hours flat, or we can do it slowly with oil spills and greenhouse gases and the woodchipping industry, or you can buy Nestle products which will indirectly support propaganda and disease in the third world, or you can choose to be a greenie, but no-one will pay you for that.

Go to Bondi and you swim with your excrement. What can you do about it? Well, you can always get out of the water. Problem solved. But the fish can't get out of the water. They are stuck swimming in your excrement all day long. So its only fair that the fish should make you live in their excrement. They don't, because they know you would kill them if they did. They don't, so you kill them anyway.

Human's are not nice, they never have been. Hyenas kill other animals to eat them, but hyenas can't grow their own vegetables. What's our excuse? For that matter, what's the excuse for killing elephants and tearing off their tusks to make jewellery? The poachers need the money right? Anyway, don't worry because that's all going to finish soon - when there are no elephants left.

Australian farmers plough our soil into oblivion. Topsoil blows away with the breeze, another hectare lost. Keep that in mind next time you're told that you love a sunburnt country. A land of sweeping deserts - Man-made deserts.

The Dr. Martens you and your friends are wearing. They were made in Britain, right? Part of what you pay for them goes to the British government in sales tax, right? The British government spends its money on dumping nuclear waste in the North Sea and exploiting the working classes, right?

You are part of a system that is running off the rails, you live in a nation of apathetic beer drinkers and you have been conditioned to comply and participate: Work, consume, be

silent, Die. We rely on your apathy... You have been conditioned to compete for marks, money, status, possessions and popularity just like the people in the ads who have the world at their feet just because they buy brand X. Don't tell me you fell for that one. I did. Believe me when I tell you that Pepsi is the taste of the new generation - you are the generation of sheep.

In the Amazon the Brazilian Government hands our subsidies to help people clearfell and/or burn the virgin rainforest: the profits from this "development" will help in catching up to the "developed" nations so they can be just like America or Japan, and they make a few fast bucks from selling the timber. The native people's lifestyle, culture and homeland are destroyed. Progress at any cost.

I just thought I'd remind you. The carbon dioxide released by burning trees, oxygen and future oxygen taken out of the cycle by clearfelling and methane produced by McDonalds and others running their cattle on the newly "developed" land all contribute to the greenhouse effect.

The salination and the siltation of Amazon and many other rivers eventually flows into the sea with the pesticide and fertiliser residue and waste from the new settlements. In Borneo the jungle homelands of Penan and other tribes will be gone in three years. The tribes are ancient forest dwellers who cannot live outside the jungle. The jungle will be clearfelled entirely. Why? So logging companies with Government subsidies and foreign investment can sell the Myrante timber overseas. The destruction of their homeland will not stop, it will take less than three years. You can not make it stop unless you go to Borneo and help with your own hands: you won't do that so watch the Penan vanish. Much of the timber in our school is Myrante: look at it and be reminded that the Penan are vanishing. This planet is being irreparably damaged by human society: a society of consumers who are conditioned into degrading the environment for the benefit of a power hungry elite. In every compliant consumer, however, there is an off-chance that they will awaken and act to reverse the process of environmental exploitation...So, brothers and sisters, let's get down to Earth.

A different view - Xan Phung Year 11

I don't give a stuff for the Greenhouse Effect, or the Current Account Deficit, or Population-Resource Distribution, or any of that Save the World crap. It isn't that I'm politically apathetic. It's just that I dislike the phoney way Greenies strut about the place as if they were damn heroes or something. I'm not saying all of them are like that - some of them are genuine. But most that I've had experience with are phonies, who jump on the green bandwagon because it's suddenly become chic. These morons think it's alright to take a couple of overseas trips, in the process consuming gallons of jet fuel; then they buy a bit of recycled paper and start pretending they're radical visionaries or ecological evangelists or some great super-informed social leader or something or something.

Sort of those phoney Jason Donovan's or Olivia Newton John's who live in expensive Beverley Hills apartments, and then go flinging about PR slogans, like "If we're cruel to the environment then the environment will be cruel to us"; to a massive environmental rally of their fans, or rather just another event where you can litter all over the ground.

And these fans would be the kind of idiots that start the phoniest sort of conversation you've ever heard in your life by saying what great "significance" it was that the welfare of the environment be recognised, and would think as fast as they can of all the "significant" steps that had been taken to remedy the situation. They would then stretch their brains, to recall every other "significant" star who is environmentally conscious, and start discussing them as well, as if they knew everything about this "significant" ecological cause. Significant. God, it makes me puke to think of these headswells filled with their pretentious sophistication, who reckon they're heroes just because they're familiar with the word "conservation".

Like the "Earth Day Special" that was on TV earlier in the year. It killed me how they had all those phoney celebrities promoting this heroic cause. Bette Midler was this corny Earth mother and they had Robin Williams making silly jokes, with everybody laughing and pretending what a great bloke he was. But what really made me decapitate my teddy bear was the way they had the fellow from "Ghostbusters" as the brave, handsome and environmentally aware hero saving the world from the mean, nasty and horrible polluter. It really makes me sick how they hype everything up by associating popularity with being environmental; and nerdiness with not being so.

I mean, it's not that there's anything wrong with being environmental; it's just that conservation has become so mass-popularised that as soon as someone learns what the word means, they start thinking they are part of this "noble cause" and that they're saving the Universe from Destruction, and start thinking up all this phoney ego fodder. But, at the same time they go on with their overseas trips and similar consumeristic extravagance. Of course, a lot of greens are non-materialistic. One just needs to wander around Fort St. to find such specimens. These cultured dilettantes, stereotypically walk around the place with hair that has been uncut for five years tied up in a headband; clutching copies of Byron and Keats and Shelley and Coleridge. They think it's romantic to die of consumption in the flowering youth, or martyr themselves for their sacred beliefs, which fundamentally consists of rebellion against all forms of authority. Authority to them seems to be direct opposite of their ideals, which (apparently) is a wallowing, sensitive sentimental Tennessee Williams type of self-pity. But frankly, most of them are about as sensitive as a toilet seat.

Although, I tend to feel a little more empathy to the Pro-Development side of the issue, they can also be idiots. You can walk around Fort St. and see plenty of these fools who read the first page of the Business section, then fling about all this Aspiring-Yuppie talk, like "net per cent the foreign debt has increased from 32 to 34 per cent of GNP" and "Broad Money and M3 has decreased 12 percent, and represents a major tightening of monetary policy". These are the same idiots that are in Young Achievers to sell useless trinkets; and that write these ridiculous resumes with things like "Objective" to get to know the business world" and do Japanese so that their resumes look impressive. They aspire to do some Law/Economics at Uni, typically, so that they can add that to their resumes as well.

What I mean to say is that, although they may be fools in their silly money-oriented point of view, they are at least honest in that they don't pretend to save the world or anything, and can admit that they are greedy, instead pretending to have all these phoney "noble causes". You might think I'm being horribly pessimistic and cynical, with my denunciation of everyone, and calling them morons, and phonies and idiots and fools, but the thing is, if you look from my (philosophical) point of view, people just go overboard with all their noble causes and heroic aspirations that it is best to be a bit apathetic, and not feel too strongly about any issue.



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HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSHAM
1990
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