



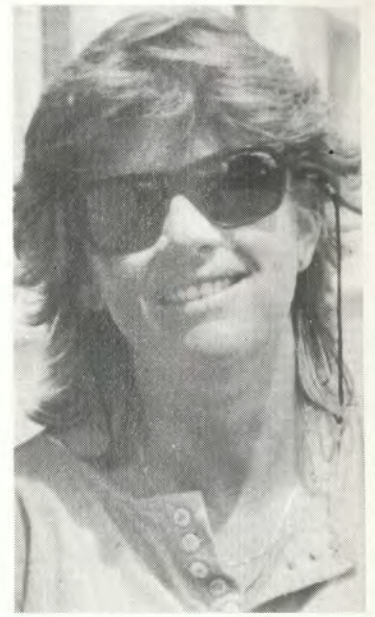
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1993



Magnoia Sutcliffe, Polly Wedlock, Jason Stone



Ms Anderson



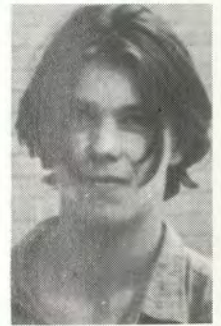
Ms Levi



Ms Johnson



David Aurelius



Michael Wilkinson

Claire Dawson, Sarah Clark



Adam Brown



Tim Chapman



Ms Jacobs



Lynda Body



Leighton Aurelius



Kathy Dao



Nick Allen

Magda Mironowicz



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Front and Back Cover :
Year 12 major work by Tuyet Ho

We would especially like to thank our typist extraordinarius Sarah Patterson. Her cheerful and accurate recording of often illegible material for both the Fortian and Mercurius has been essential. Her work for the Mercurius was entirely voluntary.

We would also like to thank our publishers, Eureka Press.

Fortian Committee : Ms Page, Ms Davis
Naomi Green, Jenny Van Dyke,
Alex Owens, Aurali Saavedra





PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

At the end of 1993 it is pleasing to be able to move around the school without tripping over builders' barrows or negotiating a path through painters' drop sheets. The school now enjoys two new music rooms and a new computer room. Whilst these are the only additional spaces, the cyclic maintenance program has uplifted some very tired decor and provided much needed improvements to the Hall heating system. New floor coverings for most of the school are already approved and the conversion of some unused space to classrooms is planned for 1994. These changes make the school an attractive and pleasant place to be. However, quality of life, quality of learning, is not provided by attractive buildings. It is the essential spirit of the student body which determines how well the school is functioning. Nurtured by a caring staff with a driving desire to continually adapt teaching and learning strategies to identified student needs, pupils of Fort Street can achieve the personal growth in educational attainment which ensures our status as an excellent school.

The results achieved by our 1992 Year 12 candidates set a fine record for the current group to emulate and, hopefully, exceed. All students in all years can seek to achieve personal best results in all endeavours such that the mark they make in the school's history will continue to enhance the tradition of excellence already established.

This magazine records many of the achievements of 1993. I commend all involved in its production and I congratulate each and every Fort Street student for his/her contribution to the year's record of success.

Mr N L Carroll - Principal

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

This year I have been acting Deputy Principal Terms 1, 3 and 4, so it is with some trepidation that I return to the world of full time classroom teaching. I soon realised that a Deputy Principal has far too many demands to teach as well as attempt to run a school such as Fort Street. Fort Street is an extremely active school with so many students and members of staff involved in a wide variety of activities, including Drama Nights, Speech Day, the annual School Sports Carnivals, Musical Programs, the cyclic maintenance program and Enrichment Programs.

Numerous excursions included places such as Wonderland, Canberra and Victoria, not to mention a tour to Noumea and the biennial exchange visit to Eifuku, Japan, during the Spring Vacation. Students also participated in a great variety of competitions and tournaments bringing considerable distinction to themselves and to the school and the School Athletic Team became the Zone Champions for 1993.

As Acting Deputy Principal, I look back over 1993 with considerable pride; Year 12 whose "flop" has been widely acclaimed as the best in years; the Fortians Union re-emerged as a significant part of the school with its luncheon for Year 12; a date has been set in early 1994 for a School Council Steering Committee; the first Fortian from the combined Fort Street High School, Sophia Beckett (1984), was the Guest Speaker at Speech Day 1993; the Minister for Education, the Hon. Virginia Chadwick, opened the new Computer Room; the footbridge over Parramatta Road has finally been given approval; the IMP Committee continues to provide wide-ranging musical opportunities for students, the Fortian Room is about to undergo major refurbishment and the School was presented with its first official flag by the 'Boys of '52'

I thank both staff and students for their support during my "term of office" and as I am now about to return to my more familiar world of History and, to a lesser extent, German, I must admit to one major failure for which I apologise most profusely to Mr Leonard - I have not been able to solve the problem of the Deputy's office being cluttered up with musical instruments... I give up!!

T. Glebe - Acting Deputy Principal

P & C REPORT

3

Carole Preece (previously Principal for eight years), appointed a replacement for Helen at the helm in the canteen, participated in the formation of a Steering Committee to work towards formation of a School Council, and even had a Wine Tasting Evening. All in all, a busy and productive year. I thank all parents who have participated in our activities and particularly those who serve on various committees - your generous input of time and expertise assists our Fortians to develop into better citizens of Australia.

John Corney - P&C President

VALE SANDRA STARK

Sandra Stark, our multi-lingual Latin teacher, is leaving Fort Street after many years of valuable service, at the Girls' School on Observatory Hill, and at the current Co-ed High School. Her intelligence, dry sense of humour, knowledge and skills, have contributed significantly, both to language teaching and the school as a whole. Her experience and expertise in education, the love of her language, and belief in Fort Street High School as an institution, have all been displayed in many ways and many times over the years. She leaves behind a legacy in both current and past students who, through her, have learned to appreciate language, and Latin and all things Roman in particular. They often comment that they enjoyed the intellectual challenge of such a demanding course and continue to use the skills and concepts obtained in her classes long past finishing their study at school.

M. Ireland



This year we provided the parents of Fort Street pupils with a forum to discuss a wide range of issues related to education.

Particular emphasis has been focussed on the Girls' Education Strategy and concerns that our school needs to do more to ensure equality of opportunity for girls. Speakers have included Sandra Bushell, who was involved in the development of the National Strategy, and our science teacher, Lyn Jocelyn, who conducts a lunchtime Girls' Discussion Group. Principal, Lee Carroll, spoke on the new pathways to the HSC, and Languages Head Teacher, Neil Jennings, on initiatives to combat racism. Dr John Goldberg addressed the problems of noise pollution, in particular the potential problems stemming from the third runway under construction at Mascot.

A description of the activities of the Amnesty International Group from Libby Davis was particularly interesting.

In our pursuit of improvements to school facilities:

Our long running battle to see a pedestrian bridge over Parramatta Road is much closer to fruition following approval of RTA plans by Leichhardt Council recently.

A tender has been let by the Department of School Education to prepare tender documents for major works to the school grounds. The P&C supported the school in promising to provide \$200,000 towards the first stage of the grounds improvements to which the Department has reportedly committed \$500,000 in financial year 1994/95.

The Computer Room was officially opened in November having been in use by students since second term. The Building Fund has committed to raising funds to build a weather shelter for sun/rain protection. Several alternative plans have been proposed but no final decision has been reached.

We said farewell to two stalwarts of the P&C this year; Vaughan Guy who had contributed so much to working bees and planning for the school grounds died from cancer, and Helen Saad, who developed the position of Manager of the Canteen into an art form, departed less finally for greater challenges in the field of catering.

We have commissioned Ian Chapman, a parent, to do a portrait of

Speech Day

On Friday 12th March 1993, Speech Day was held in the Sydney Town Hall. Fortians and friends gathered to honour the achievements of students in 1992.

Amitabha Das and Vu Nguyen joined a very select group as equal Dux. The Board of Studies failed to differentiate between these two highly gifted and talented students, who each achieved a T.E.R. of 99.95. HSC Fortians performed outstandingly at State level. Five were granted the Australian Student Prize.

Sophia Beckett, class of '84, winner of the International Law Medal at the New York Law School in 1988, and now a very successful member of the legal profession in Sydney, became the first Fortian from the combined high school selected as Guest Speaker. Many of the teaching staff had taught Sophia, and her reminiscences of her school days were very meaningful to Fortians of 1993.

The very talented musicians and vocalists of Fort Street excelled themselves. On behalf of the school, I wish to thank Mrs Donohue, Mr Gedge and Mr Harper, for their efforts, and in particular, Mrs Glynis Clarke for the enormous amount of time and effort she has given to the school over many years.

An "extravaganza" such as Fort Street High School's Speech Day is a team effort. Thanks to all those who helped make the day such a success, particularly Mrs Trevini for preparing the extensive Prize lists and to Mr Buckingham as our colourful Master of Ceremonies.

T. Glebe - Speech Day Co-ordinator



Fortians



Mrs Clarke and the Orchestra



Caine Stewart
Beth Delaney

Mr Solomons,
Shunanda Wallace, Mr Higgins



1. **AMITABHA DAS** The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Dux (aeq); The Killeen Memorial Prize for the best student proceeding to the University of Sydney (aeq); The John Hunter Prize for the best student entering the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University (aeq); The D.J. Austin Prize for Mathematics (4 Unit); The A.M. Puxley Prize for Chemistry
2. **VU NGUYEN** The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Dux (aeq); The Killeen Memorial Prize for the best student proceeding to the University of Sydney (aeq); The John Hunter Prize for the best student entering the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University (aeq); The Dr J.J.C. Bradfield Prize for Physics; The Fortian Prize for Outstanding Achievement in H.S.C. Engineering Science (2 Unit) (2nd in the State)
3. **PAUL MAC** The Fanny Cohen Prize for 3rd in H.S.C.; The Social Science Department Prize for Economics (2 Unit) (10th in the State)
4. **SIEW FONG YIAP** The Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for the best student entering the Faculty of Economics at Sydney University; The 1925-29 Girls' Prize for the best student entering the Faculty of Law; The Sir Bertram Stevens Prize for Economics (3 Unit) (2nd in the State)
5. **JASON BETTS** The Herbert Percival Williams Memorial Prize for the H.S.C. question on Shakespeare; The Fortian Prize for Outstanding Achievement in H.S.C. Economics (3 Unit) (3rd in the State)
6. **DINA BOUNTOPOULOS** The C.H. Harrison Memorial Prize for English (3 Unit); The Emily Cruise Prize for Modern History (3 Unit); The Annie Turner Prize for English and History
7. **MICHAEL CAHILL** The L.S. Goddard Prize for the best student studying Mathematics at University; The Prize for 4 Unit Science
8. **JOANNA WALTON** The James Baxendale Prize for English (2 Unit) (5th in the State); The Evelyn McEwan Rowe Prize for Ancient History (3 Unit)
9. **KATE MADGWICK** The Frederick Bridges Memorial Prize for French (3 Unit)
10. **DAVID BRUCE** The Weston Memorial Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit)
11. **NED CURTHOYS** The Harold Jones Prize for Modern History (2 Unit)
12. **DANAE NATSIS** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Biology
13. **KYLIE EGGLETON** The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography (3 Unit)
14. **SARAH WHITLOCK** The Olga Sangwell Prize for Music (3 Unit)
15. **YONG TAE LEE** The Herman Black Prize for Japanese (3 Unit)
16. **KHANH LAM** The Social Science Department Prize for Geography (2 Unit)
17. **ERIC YOUNG** The Thomas Cooke Prize for General Studies
18. **HAE RAN SONG** The Fortian Prize for Outstanding Achievement in H.S.C. Economics (3 Unit) (10th in the State)
19. **MARIA RODRIGUES** The Prize for French Z (4th in the State)
20. **SAGE BRONK** The Prize for Visual Arts
21. **DAVID LAI** The Prize for Engineering Science (3 Unit); The Prize for Industrial Technology
22. **BERNARD PFEIL** The Prize for German (3 Unit)
23. **TOM OATES** The Prize for Mathematics (2 Unit); The Prize for Music (2 Unit Course 1)
24. **STEPHEN WALLACE** The Prize for English (2 Unit General)
25. **JOSEPHINE D'AGOSTINO** The Prize for Italian Z
26. **SARAH STANBRIDGE** The Prize for Legal Studies

1992 SPECIAL AWARDS

1. **ALEX LIM** The Tona Sanford Pepper Prize for Service.
2. **BETH DELANEY** The C.H. Christmas Prize for Scholarship and Service; Fortian Commendation for Services to Debating.
3. **MICHAEL CAHILL** The Old Boys' Union Prize for Scholarship and Service.
4. **PLATON THEODORIS** The School Prize for Consistent Service to the S.R.C.
5. **HOLLY LYONS** The John Hills Memorial Prize for Leadership and Service.
6. **ANNA PERTIERRA** The Major I.H. Sender Memorial Prize for School Service; The Val Lembit Prize for Drama.
7. **JEREMY GREEN** The Ladies' Committee Prize for School Service.

5. **DINA BOUNTOPOULOS** The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Australian History.
 9. **KEVIN MAN** The Raymond Sly Memorial Prize for Music.
 10. **NICK HEMPTON** The David Anthony Open Prize for contribution to Music.
 11. **KYLIE EGGLETON** The Caltex Best All-Rounder Award.
 12. **VALENTYNA JURKIW** The Reuben F. Scarf Prize for Commitment.
 13. **CAINE STEWART** Fortian Commendation for Dedication to the Student Council.
 14. **SARAH BEAK** Fortian Commendation for Services (School Magazine)
 15. **EMMA PYKE** Fortian Commendation for School Service.
 16. **ALYS MARTIN** Fortian Commendation for Service.
 17. **JOSH SZEPS** Fortian Commendation for Service.
 18. **SIMONE KELLY** Fortian Commendation for Service.
- AMITABHA DAS** (Australian Student Prize)
VU NGUYEN (Australian Student Prize)
PAUL MAC (Australian Student Prize)
SIEW FONG YIAP (Australian Student Prize)
JASON BETTS (Australian Student Prize)
LAM NGUYEN
BILL TRUONG
NATALIE FU
DINA BOUNTOPOULOS
MICHAEL CAHILL
DARBY TO
THANG DU HUYNH
SARAH STANBRIDGE
THUY TRAN
JOANNA WALTON
HAE RAN SONG
MUNHUNTHAN KANAGARATNAM
KHANH LAM
SAVVAS GIANNAKAKIS
EUN JOO LEE
KATE MADGWICK
KYLIE EGGLETON



Lam Nguyen, Bill Truong, Siew Fong Yiap,
 Jason Betts, Paul Mac
 Natalie Fu, Vu Nguyen, Amitabha Das,
 Eun Joo Lee, Joanna Walton

Address by Sophie Beckett



Fellow Fortians, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I'd like to begin this morning by saying how genuinely honoured I am to have been requested to speak today. Having left Fort Street not so long ago, I feel terribly young and inexperienced in comparison to the achievements of so many more Fortians. So, yes, I am truly honoured by the invitation.

As you've heard from Mr Buckingham, I graduated from Fort Street in 1984. I left the University of New South Wales in 1990 and have been practising as a solicitor for over two years now.

My school years are still, therefore, relatively fresh in my mind. On my return to the school last year, for the purposes of talking to a legal studies class about criminal law, it felt as if I'd never left. So many memories came rushing back. The clang of the bell hurrying me on to three periods of maths came back to my mind. How was I to survive before I could escape on those balmy Sydney afternoons to Balmain baths with the rest of the gang? Or maybe it was recess and it was time to hitch the skirt and brown the legs in the playgrounds.

As I approached the front office I had to fight off a feeling of trepidation. No, this time I was not summoned to the office for a stern talking to, nor was I signing yet another late slip at the front desk. On this one occasion I was to be announced, indeed I was invited to afternoon tea with the Headmaster and Deputy. My, had times changed!

As I cordially sipped my tea, it passed my mind that the last occasion that I was in that room was one of the all too numerous occasions on which I got into trouble regarding my uniform: my skirt was either too short, my socks too loud, my shirt not tucked in, or my hair the wrong colour. At the time these were huge issues in my life. If only my teachers could understand that my socks or my hair, or whatever it was, reflected a personality bursting to be let out.

I can recall Mr Horen had a special affection for the Balmain crowd, of which I was a part. We were still known in the 1980's as the Balmain Beatnix, way after basket-weaving

and tarot card reading were out of vogue in Balmain. Mr Horen was often heard referring to our vague assortment of clothes, which we thought constituted the uniform, as our "gipsy garb". 445 bus rides home were a prime time for comparing new variations on the uniform rules and who had outraged what teacher the most. Yes, I can now admit many years after the event, that it was I, and the then boy of my dreams, in my Year 10 Science class who poisoned the axol+1. It was so ugly I thought it would develop a terrible complex if it ever caught sight of itself in a mirror. My introduction to the concept of euthanasia and, in a way, an act of love.

Yes, I was a precious young thing.

Well, my Fort Street history signifies more to me than the usual angst of growing up. It has always been a school, and I hope always will be a school, that has been conscious of the world in which it operates. Be it the multi-cultural make-up of the students or the intellectual capacity of the school as a whole, it has always been involved in the social issues which are current at the time. If there is one thing I have retained in my four years of being a history student of Mr Glebe, it is the lesson to listen, think and then always to question.

As a school that has a strong history in debating, student councils and a sound relationship between students and teachers, Fort Street has always been involved in current social debate over a variety of issues.

In the 70's while such musicals as Hair and Jesus Christ Superstar rocked the Capitol Theatre, and people around the world, and o.k. mostly in Britain, partook in alternative culture, Fort Street Boys organised a strike to allow hair to be grown over the collar. The likes of Guns & Roses and Nirvana show times haven't changed that much.

Years after the controversial OZ magazine was banned in the UK, Fort Street in the early 80's produced a newspaper boldly named "The Liberator" which bravely expounded on all the world's woes from the treachery of totalitarian rule to saving the eco system and always,



always, ending on a high moral ground. Oh, what ideals we had!

To the students' delight, the paper was banned and driven underground. Dedicated students were often seen smuggling clandestine copies of the paper under their school jumpers or within the pages of their Archie comics.

When the world became suddenly aware of conserving the environment, Fort Street students decided it was time to take on the beer giant that loomed large over the school on Parramatta Road to protest against the pollution that was pumped out on a daily basis. In the midst of camera crews and reporters, rabble rouser Fortians jostled the crowd in front of the school clinging to their loud speakers whilst ensuring their berets didn't slip from their heads. Whilst screaming into the speakers, the student masses chanted back "we don't need no air pollution, we don't need no noise control" to the tune of the current Pink Floyd hit. Yes, they were charmed days.

My only real brushes with my school years now is on the odd occasion when I revisit the school for a legal studies class or I catch a glimpse of the school's name in the Sydney Morning Herald as one of the schools in the top academic ranking, or when some current Balmain Fortian rings to ask whether the law is really worth all the study and turmoil of achieving that almost impossible score in the dreaded HSC.

Just a mere mention of the HSC brings back memories of a stress filled year, of an amalgam of self doubt, hopes, dreams and nerve. Without denying the incredible satisfaction to be acquired through a spirit of competition and good academic achievements, and without denying kudos to fine students and teachers, I have to admit to being increasingly concerned at the direction and the stress placed on TER scores and HSC results.

With the current problems of unemployment and an economy suffering all the usual symptoms of recession, it is so easy to lose sight of what education is all about. The very concept of education relies on the notion of training both mentally and morally, meaning to "bring out" and "to develop".

I look back on my last years of Fort Street and am saddened by my own preoccupation with the race for medicine and law. So much I feel was pushed to the wayside: music, drama, debating, sport and a sense of community within the school all took second place. It is important, and I admit difficult, for young students today to have a wider focus: to learn to put into perspective the push for what is perceived to be the more preferred professions, and to select a path more suited to their particular individual talents and aspirations. Great Fortians are not only politicians, lawyers, doctors and academics, but they are also great parents, teachers, social workers, explorers, artists, musicians, nurses, scientists and many, many other occupations: all people who make a worthwhile and valuable contribution to the community within which they operate.

A school is much more than a mark at the end of six years. Fort Street in particular is a good place for building solid friendships that will last for many years to come. It always was, and I hope always will be, a communal school undivided by race, class or gender. Use the facility that is the student body to foster lively debate and creativity, be it through student councils, newspapers, drama, music, sport or debating as well as the academic.

It was nice to have tea in the Headmaster's office and it was nice to be invited back.

Thank you.

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Ms Trevini



Ms Beckett



Mr Buckingham

Fort Street Band



Fortian's Union

The Fortians Union had a dynamic year. The new President Warren Selle (1952 Captain, Boys) and the Vice Presidents Ms Margaret Lawson (1952 Captain, Girls) and George Jaksic (1971), led the team into a "Welcome to the Union" surprise luncheon for Year 12, 1993. The students were presented with Fortian Union Badges after short speeches by Mr Carroll, Mrs Olive Coutts (Williamson '49) and Mr George Jaksic (1971). Mr Peter Dixon (1974), Mr Ron Horan (1941), Don Newby (1967) and Andrew Phelps (1987) also welcomed students. Year 12 students Shanunda Wallace and David Roache-Turner were also present at the Annual Dinner at the Golden Gate Hotel. Some 100 Fortians were present to hear Alan Potter (Dux 1952) introduce Guest Speaker Mr Ross Jones (1952), an International Tennis Coach. Ross entertained everyone with "behind the scenes" tales of life at the top of the Tennis World.

The committee are very conscious of the approaching sesqui-century of the school. All interested Fortians are asked to contact the committee to assist in the preparations for this grand occasion.. The Committee meets twice each term in the Fortian Room, and new members are always welcome.....simply contact the school for any information.

T. Glebe

1993 has been a very active year as more Fortians become conscious of their links with the on-going history of the school, and develop a strong desire to re-live some aspects of their school days by having a re-union. The boys of '53 and the girls of '53 celebrated their 40th anniversaries, and visitors included Jon Henricks from Chicago. Judith Grunwald (King '44) has begun organisation for her contemporary Fortian's 50th anniversary. Fortians of 1983 held an anniversary on 27th November.

The Australian will produce an article on Greg Pemberton (1956), and photos from his school days come from our archives. Gary is well known for his outstanding work with Qantas, Brambles and the Australian Olympic Committee for the Year 2,000. Mr Ron Horan has set up a remarkable display in the foyer, of medals won by Clarice Kennedy (1929), including her Commonwealth Games Medals. I would like to recognise his seemingly endless work in developing such a magnificent archival collection and his assistance in dealing with enquires about Fortians and the school.

T.Glebe

Archivists from Sydney University

Louise Preston Ann Murray, Joanne Burgers



Sir Garfield Barwick visits Fort Street



Sir Garfield Barwick visiting Fort Street to speak to Year 11 Legal Studies students

Alice Dallow, Sir Garfield Barwick, Mr. Glebe, Kelly Nghai, Holly Lyons, Ms Johannson

MS Bresnehan's Farewell to Year 12

The theme of this speech is change because today marks a very significant change for all of you as you say goodbye to Fort Street High School and as you look forward to life after school with its challenges and opportunities.

Certainly *change* is the operative word, because Year 12 was certainly very different in 1988 when they first came to Fort Street, as was the world.

The idea that apartheid might actually become part of the "rubbish bin of history", or that the Soviet Union might so rapidly cease to exist, could not possibly have been imagined by most of us in 1988. Equally hard to imagine at that time, was the collapse of communism, the end of the cold war and the dismantling of the Berlin Wall. The very idea that any Israeli Prime Minister would shake the hand of the leader of the PLO was unthinkable. In the last few years the change has been so rapid that the world of 1993 is fundamentally different and the unthinkable of 1988 has become the reality of today.

The change for all of you has also been dramatic. This Year 12 was very different in 1988 as through the gates they came, nervous, in their neat school uniform, yet eager and thirsting for knowledge.

The big issues concerned them. This is shown clearly when you flip through the pages of the 1988 Fortian Magazine. What moved a young Corin Throsby to seek the answer to that age-old

question: *Why the Bee Stings?* She was not daunted by the task. "And that's why, when you go anywhere near a bee hive the bees will sting you, in fear that you will take their honey."

What moved a young Robert Kennedy to pour out his feelings in a poignant, yet somewhat prophetic story in Year 7 when he wrote about his fear of the staff who, and I quote, "were really strict about late arrivals" and led him to stride out into the middle of the road and "be promptly knocked over by a largish car". In fact, Robert managed to fulfil this prophesy in 1991 when he did, indeed, get "knocked over" by a car on Parramatta Road just outside the school. What moved Louise Buckingham to write unendingly trying to solve the big mysteries that hound human existence? She wrote about Winter, she wrote about The Panther, but the most heart-wrenching of her poems was ANGER.

"Oh! dragon of anger, your duty is cruel!

Give your job - Let happiness rule."

Just as throughout history humankind has searched and strived for change and progress, so has this year's Year 12.

We all know that school camps and overnight excursions provide the best opportunity for students to develop those skills vital to adult life. And this year's Year 12 took every opportunity to benefit from these. While on the Year 10 Peer Support Camp, the girls were happy to dance the night away, arm in arm with the boys. Many of the boys, slow to grasp the

significance of this opportunity or anything else, preferred instead to throw footballs at fluorescent lights or steal goal posts. There were exceptions: Siung, Anthony, Ryan, Tai and Daniel were certainly far too mature to indulge in such childish pranks! By Year 11, at the P.D. Camp, more changes yet, as young men and women grabbed their partners for the Barn Dance. Romances blossomed and the State of Origin Football was well and truly forgotten, at least for the time being.

But the real changes for this Year 12 have been evident over the last couple of years. Instead of just being the followers, they have become the movers and shakers, the initiators of change. They have become the leaders of the school - just think of Felix and Claire who, by themselves, have managed to lead the school through countless Advance Australia Fairs and School songs and Holly and Simone who revolutionised the Student Council as we knew it. How will we cope without them?

Claire, Katherine, Andrew and Nick, the Fortet who performed so well at everything from Art Shows to Open Days to Mrs Preece's Farewell Dinner.

Rani, Anna, Robert, Tim, Josh, for their many fine drama productions, obviously NIDA candidates. All of them!

Taryn, whose sporting excellence led her to represent Australia in Women's Water-polo; Ben, whose challenge was Bridge and who attended the World Bridge Championships this year.

Antonella, Catherine, Maya, Emily and Alex, for promoting the cause of gender equality in the Girls' Discussion Group - the suffragettes of the 1990's.

It is not possible to mention all the areas in which you have contributed to the school. At times actually getting to class has been a serious impediment to your important duties, but certainly you have played a very important role in Fort Street High School.

What I most like is your individuality. You all have unique interests, talents and beliefs vital to being worthwhile, thinking members of society. I cannot see any of you blithely following orders without thinking. Luckily this tendency, which can lead to anarchy, is balanced by tolerance and empathy with others. The responsibility essential in the final mix is there. I doubt that I could have said that as easily a couple of years ago, but Age has not withered you, rather it has matured you.

So changes there have been and, as with the changes in the world, these changes have been for the better. To you, Year 12, change has been rapid and will continue to be rapid - you people will assist this process of change in the future - we can be absolutely sure of that. So my BEST WISHES for your H.S.C. and, more importantly, my Best Wishes for your future.

**P. Bresnehan - Yr.12
Student Adviser**



Tinny Hon



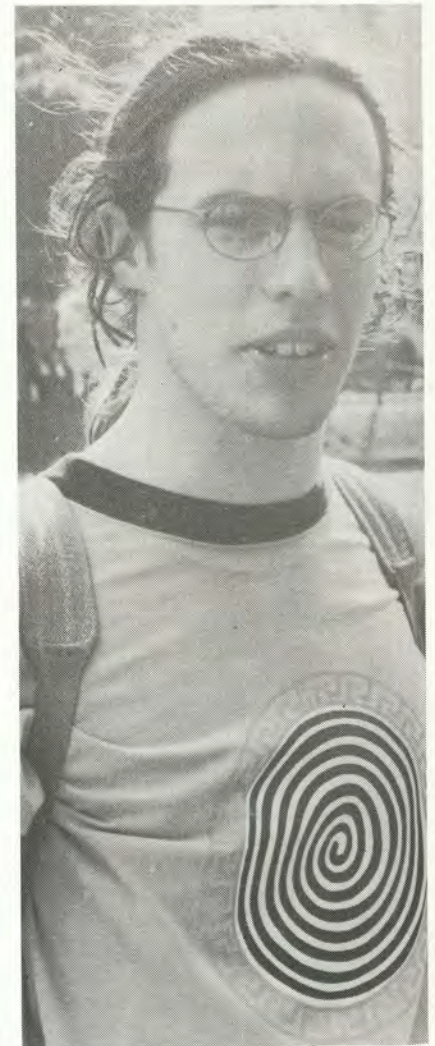
Shunanda Wallace,



Mimmette Roldan



Jessica Murty



Robert Kennedy

Year 12



Louise Buckingham



Roberta Cooley



Natalie Cumming



Jesse McNicoll



Suzana Stankovic

Mimmette Roldan

Magda Mironowicz

Natalie Cumming

Rani Ramjan



Alex Ermoll

Giselle Jennaway

Tim Lee



Caroline Burke



Raymond Koo

Lincoln Robinson

John Tawdros

Jem Richardson

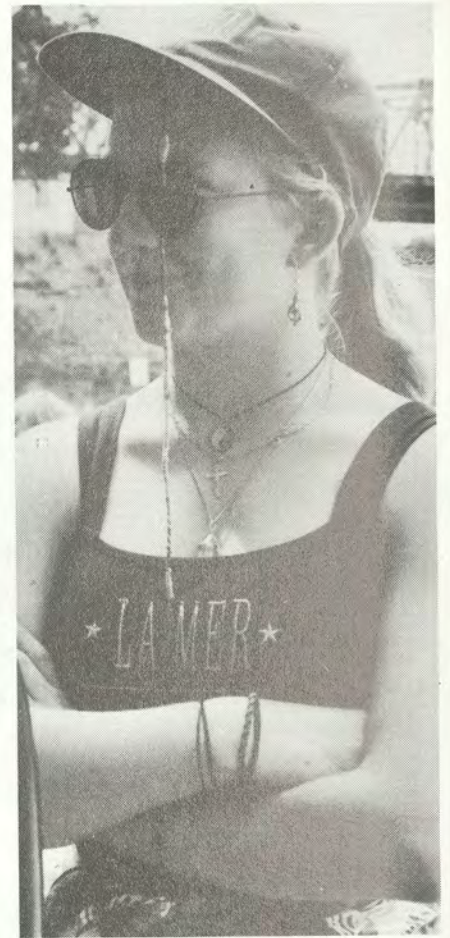


Alice Dallow,

Joel Ma



Anthony Terruso



Sarah Clark



Louise Ciciriello

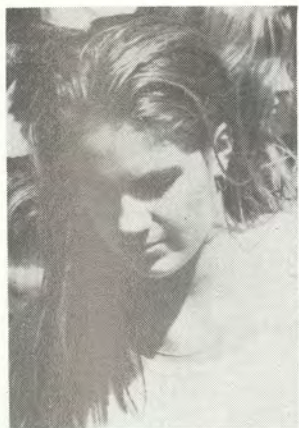
Chabriol Colebatch

Year 11



Helen Karoutzos Anastasia Stathakis Maria Panopoulos

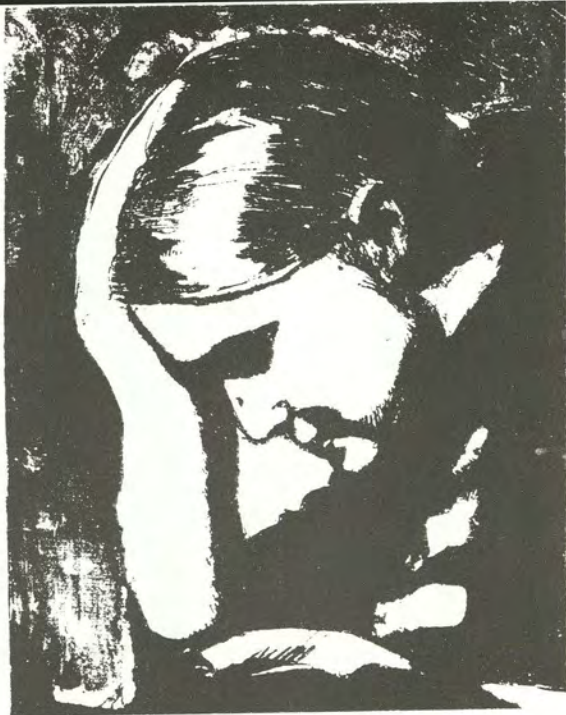




Kate Van Staveran



Sally Buckingham



Etching - Anna Riggs Year 11



YEAR 11
YEAR 11

Amanda Splisbury

Lynda Body



Emma Finnerty

Jesse Guy



Stephanie Holding Cinnamon Nippard,



Belinda McDonald



Cinnamon Lee Alice Dallow

Year 10 Report

Year 10, 1993, have continued their march through Fort Street with their reputation as a hard-working, co-operative, and responsible group of students still intact. The year has been quite productive with an overall good performance by the entire group and excellent achievements by many individuals in various areas of school life. Their efforts and successes provide me with a continuous source of pride in my role as their Year Advisor.

A number of students proved excellent ambassadors for the school on their exchange visit to Eifuku, Japan. Very positive reports were received about the trip and the students thoroughly enjoyed their experience.

The Year 10 Debating Team performed exceptionally well, reaching the semi-finals, and team member, Eleanor Hobley, was selected for the singles debating in CHS Region. Excellent results were also obtained in the Maths Competition with 65 students gaining distinctions. Congratulations to Richard Luong, Toby Vidler, Oliver Dunn and Gary Wong who gained the top four places. Students also performed with distinction in the Science Competition and the National Chemistry Quiz. Congratulations to Andelys Allen, Edward Cram, Jung-ming Lee and Alistair Frey who gained the highest High Distinctions.

However, the big event for all was the School Certificate Reference Tests. The students approached this challenge with the determination and commitment that I have come to expect of them, and they have been rewarded with outstanding results.

Year 10 have experienced the confusion and frustration of Year 11 subject choices and are now looking to beginning their senior studies. I wish them all the best in this next stage of their education and look forward to sharing this with them as their Year Advisor.

Warren Griffith, Year 10 Advisor.



Annette Schneider, Joanne Pierce



Anna Lee,
Michelle Boyle



Alex McDonald,



Ceramics Amanda Yee

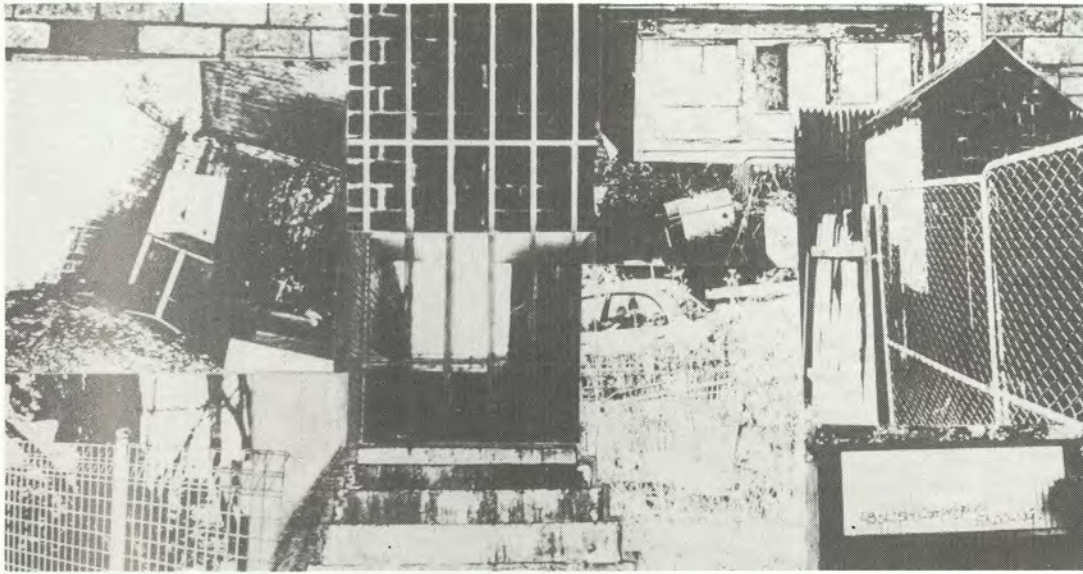


Burt Sigsworth, Daniel Whaite, Joseph Dickson,

Joshua Pyke



Biddy Doyle.



Sophie Long

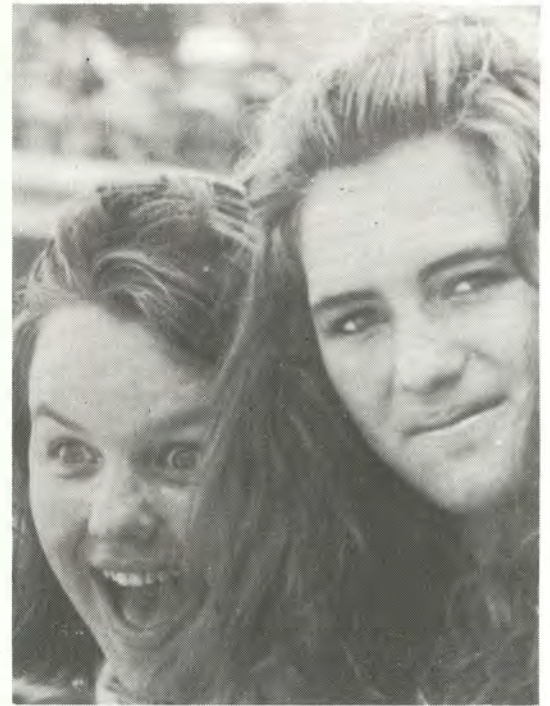


Denise Leanfore



Christina Chang, Melissa Mui, Melinda Mui, Natalie Lammas
Nick Williamson, Vicky Lee,

Drawing by Gabriel Hingley



Alys Martin, Laura Murdoch



Adele Jones

YEAR 9 REPORT 16

1993 was an eventful year for most Year 9 students, although more so for some than others. The diversity in talent and ability of individuals in our year allowed for a variety of particular achievements. We now have our own 'resident stars' in the form of Anna Choy and Jonny Leahy, both of whom had roles in either an upcoming television series or movie. Budding young writer, Hanna Torsh, gained one step further towards international acclaim when the story she submitted to the Sydney Morning Herald's Young Writers' Competition, was awarded a commendation. Quite a few Year 9 students received exceptional results from the annual Mathematics Competition including Jeffrey Castro, Adam Zebrowski, Simon Rowe, Ben Hall and Michael Zanardo, who all achieved a near perfect 99%. Geography students had an educational camp to the Snowy Mountains, while approximately twenty students of History made a journey to Melbourne for a week long stay. Eleven Year 9 students were fortunate enough to travel overseas on school organised trips. Nine girls had a wonderful third term holiday in New Caledonia, while another two students travelled all the way to Japan.

Michael Solomon had a letter published in the Sydney Morning Herald berating education authorities for downgrading the importance of Humanities in favour of Maths/Science.

Year 9 Geography have received accolades for their Better Cities Projects - with Ben Day-Roche and Jonathon Ehsani having their picture taken for Education News.

Apart from all this frenzied academia, Year 9 led the way in Sport and Social issues, being the major fund-raising group for all the SRC's charity drives.

Well Done!



Tim Jurd



Jemima Mowbray



Amber Austin

Amy Chloran



Mary Kirkness



Bernadette Hehea



Steven Graham



Dylan Connerton, Ben Spiers Butcher, Paul Harvey, Simon Allen, Nathan MacLachlan Fred Lunsmann



Amber Austin, Amy Chloran Viet Duong, Ailie Davidson



Belinda Selwood



Paul Harvey



Ben Spiers Butcher



Jonathan Eshani Dylan Connerton Alvaro Garcia



Georgina Braham



Kathy Dao



Belinda Conway Shio Hayashi



Heidi Hunt

Dale Leong Ned Molesworth
Nguyen Long

YEAR 8 REPORT

Despite rumours to the contrary, Year 8 have settled down!

1993 has been a very busy year as Year 8 have displayed a lot of energy and enthusiasm for every aspect of school, including their camp to Gerroa, drama, orchestra and fundraising.

Overall, it has been an enjoyable year as Year 8 continue to develop their many talents.

M Katsiaris



Kate Matarese Fiona Parsons

Bridie Rushton



Alex Roberts

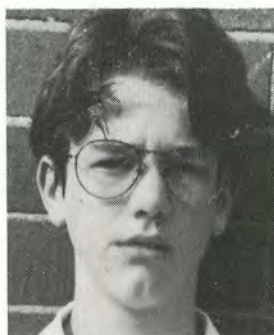


Joshua
Hey-Cunningham



Kylie Whiting Emma Keogh

Suzanne Vo Lisa Wong



Liam Hogan

Michael Hottinger



Juliano Youn





Gareth Edwards



Ms Katsiaris



Danny Viera

Ralph Stevens



Brooke Harrison



Sarah Lyford

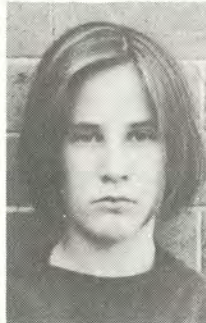
Sarah Tran

Sythany Leang



Erin Dickson

Bree Chisolm
Anna Ceguerra



Patrick Stanton



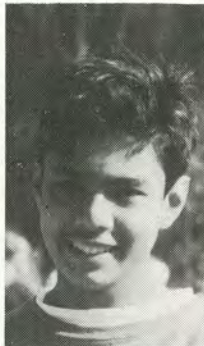
Nicole Patterson Lucy Quinn



Kate Michie
Zoe Pyke



Robble Morris



Darryl Singh



Emily Swift Niki Curthoys



Christian Stefani Azhar Munas



Nic Whiting



Brendan Willenberg

Year 7 Report

Year 7 is the hardest year. The children are lost, lonely, sometimes frightened. Their sense of belonging is rapidly diminished by an institute which towers over them forebodingly, offering interminable staircases to conquer and mazes of rabbit warren rooms, nooks and crannies from which escape seems almost impossible. One primary school teacher has been replaced by eleven subject teachers, all of whom place different demands on and have different expectations of the newcomer; all of whom crave his intellectual blood, or seek to mould of this fresh, new clay, some masterpiece of which they can be proud. It will be some time before the initiates see the human qualities in these vampires and Rodins.

Most perplexing of all is Homework. Ten minutes for this subject but two hours for that; once a week for this but every night for that. Add to this what is called (but never explained) Home Study, the seemingly endless number of cardboard enhanced assignments, what Mum expects, what Dad expects, what Teacher expects, and it soon becomes evident that a degree in organisational skills is required. The balance between leisure time and school work is precarious.

Friendships are forged slowly. Group dynamics and peer pressure see leaders and followers come and go until, after a harrowing twelve months of trial and error, most have found their niche. A few remain quietly musing in their solitude. Their time is yet to come. This is the limbo that is Year 7.

My group seems to have passed through it relatively unscathed - although their school uniform has taken a bit of battering.

Peer Support in Term 1 quickly brought many of the fledglings out of their shells. Some of them are even now ready to fly. However, the overly-anxious have had their wings clipped to avoid the perils of straying too far from the nest too soon.

Highlights of the Year:

Welcome Year 7 Parents Cocktail Evening: A great opportunity for teachers and parents to get to know each other. An evening replete with ambience, good food and beverage, and friendship.

Year 8 Welcome Year 7 Dance:

A "bop till you drop" evening for swinging tinytots. Great fun.

Year 7 Fitzroy Falls Camp:

An unsurpassable learning experience highlighted by a leisurely stroll through native parkland, balmy evenings of gentle repose, and sumptuous cuisine of exotic origin.

Paul Grecki (Year Adviser)



Jean Hannan



Crystal Loneragan



Jonathon Dixon



Anna Valpiani



Clare Britton Grace Cheung



Ranjit Murali, Yip Lee, Mark Nstaris
Andrew Wang, Calvin Cheung, Skanda Jayaratnam

Year 7 Report

Full of excitement and gusto, Year 7 students of classes F, O and I met at Central Station one fine morning, prepared to embark on the most exciting journey of their lives. Accompanying them was the totally radical Mr (Grizzly) Griffith, infamous Mr Grecki, Ms Jacobs and Ms Davis, who seemed as excited to be there as they would be on a trip to the dentist!

The train trip to Campbelltown was an event in itself, consisting of things not legal to mention and mass orgies held on mountains of luggage (see photo)!!!!!!

First stop was Berrima. Old courthouses, jails and ancient history filled our worksheets (much to our annoyance) with plenty of information. Fights with grass, leaves, sand and anything else we could get our hands on was standard practice. Following was a trip to a local dairy farm, where calf-feeding caused many wet hands and fingers. Afterwards it was into the coaches again and onwards to Fitzroy Falls Concentration Camp.

On arrival, we were set to work organising our cabins and getting the feel of the camp. Dinner was non-eventful, 'though the teachers weren't all together jumping over the moon at the behaviour of the students, which was mainly loud noises, yelling and the world-famous WATER-SCULLING COMPETITION!! And, of course, students paid special heed to the rule: NO JUNK FOOD ALLOWED!

The evening consisted of Trivia (which we feel was particularly biased in Mr Grecki's favour), games and a late movie, *Stand By Me*. The evening did not run entirely as scheduled because of an unfortunate misunderstanding over half a packet of bubble gum. Despite all of this, the teachers insisted that we go on our rostered Night Walk. We are not too knowledgeable on this topic, as these two poor reporters were sent backliterally for breathing!!!! The next morning we were woken by the ever-fit and cheerful Ms Jacobs and her trusty whistle (standard equipment for P.E. teachers). After a brisk walk in the morning sunshine, we were forced to endure a game of Bullrush. To fulfil our ravishing hunger, we were then served a delicious breakfast of cereal and pancakes. Here Round Two of the water-sculling competition was in full swing!

After breakfast we were then led off into the wilderness by Mr Griffith

and Co. During this walk you could hear many noises that seemed to be old Beach Boy songs (cool!) coming from the mouths of anonymous singers at the back of the group. Geographical studies somehow crept their way into the atmosphere in the form of Mr Griffith. Cliffs and lookouts provided stunning views for everyone, especially Naomi de Costa who was leaning carelessly over the rail of one lookout. Many were praying that she would fall (just kidding, Naomi!). Much to everybody's dismay, except for athlete Ms Jacobs, Mr Grecki announced out of the blue that we had to walk ten kilometres home. The anonymous singers took this as a heaven-sent opportunity to practise bah-bahran!!!!

Lunch was non-eventful, except for the new craze: Cordial-sculling! After this we were blessed with the opportunity of two hours free time. Many clever, yet modest people took to the pool tables with one dollar and a writing pad, and emerged six games of pool the wiser. (A hint to future pool players: stuffing paper down the holes is advisable if you want a free game). Towards the end of free-time, Mr Grecki began to spread the word that yet another bushwalk was close at hand. Unfortunately, we are not too knowledgeable about this trip either, thanks to two unmentionable people (James Gillam and Peter Verzi), who managed to get us lost. Mr Grecki, who did not know the area, wisely led us back to the campsite, where many, including the anonymous singers, practised for the upcoming talent night. Dinner consisted of Round 3 of the Water-sculling competition, which concluded with a new champion, Jayda Tham, and also some very wet competitors, Pippa Scott and John Quilter. The evening rolled on with more games and biased trivia questions.

Talent night was a ranging success with the anonymous singers revealing themselves to be the bah-bah orgies (don't ask, it was Nick's idea). Special congratulations to the winner, "T.V.", and runner-up, "Bubblegum". At half past twelve the next afternoon, we said goodbye to the camp we loved so much and boarded the coach back to school, happily discussing the latest goss (to be revealed in the gossip column) and singing Gaudeamus Igitur all the way.

Jayda Tham and Pippa Scott



Clío
Gates-Foale



Thuy Nguyen

Michelle
Sommerville



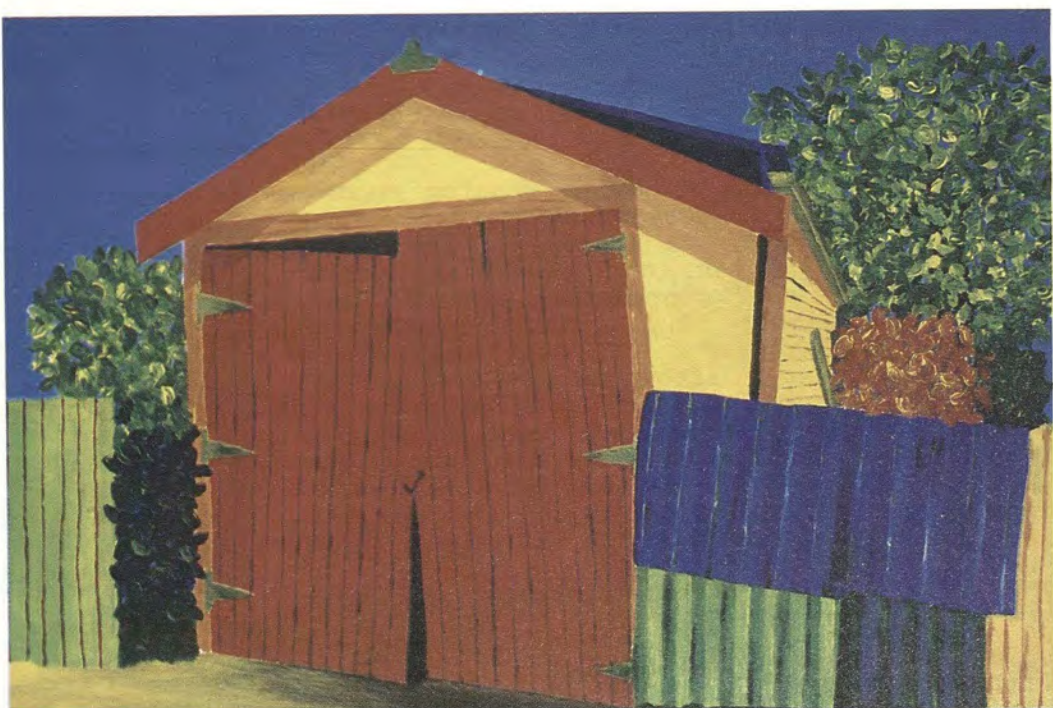
Fionnuala Browne
Vanessa Owens



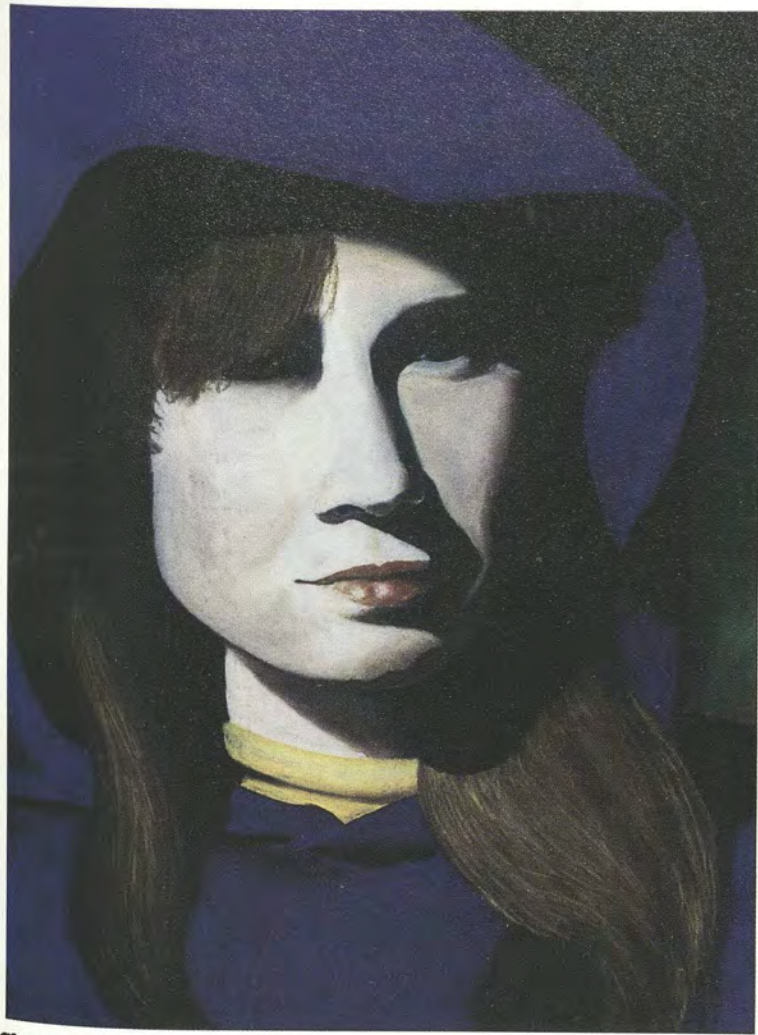
Jennifer Ogilvie Yr12



Olivia Dun Yr10



Alex McDonald Yr10



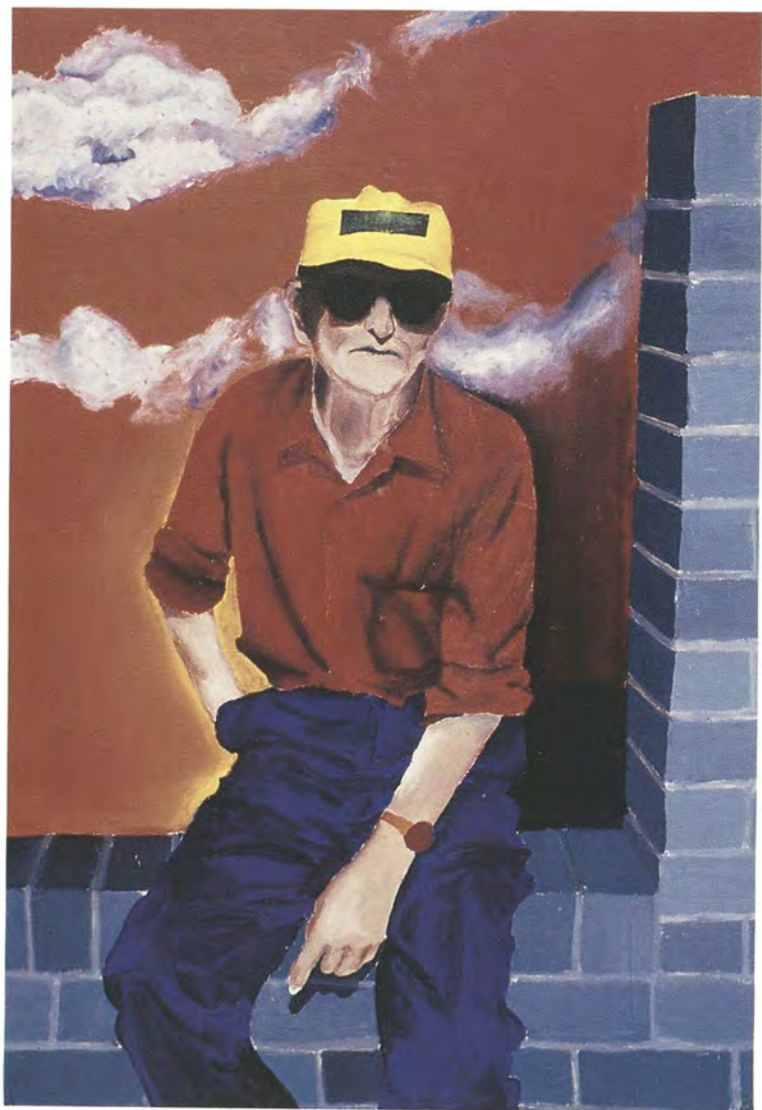
Shunanda Wallace Yr12



Alex Ermoll Yr10



James Hancock Yr10



Sarah Acton Yr10

A THING ABOUT MACHINES

George Finchley, tall, tart and nineteen, looked across his living room at the t.v. repairman. He had moved away into his own house at the first chance possible to get away from his father, but unfortunately too late not to have received his father's vain, snobby, rude and perfectionist characteristics.

He stared distastefully at the dirty t-shirt and dungarees on his spotlessly perfect Persian rug. The t.v. repairman got up and wiped his brow. He smiled and asked, "How are you today, Mr Finchley?"

George Finchley's eyebrow shot up as he replied "I'll answer that question after you tell me what the mechanical boo boo in my television set is and how much it will cost me to get it fixed."

"Two hours' labour, a broken set of tubes and a new filter", he said. Mr Finchley's face froze, his thin lips forming a tight line. "How very technical," he replied, "and I suppose you are going to charge me twice the worth of the stupid thing, yet again." The repairman smiled gently and said "Last time I was here it was to fix the hole in the screen you'd made with your foot."

"It wasn't working properly," he shrugged. "I was just trying to get it to work in a normal fashion."

"By kicking a hole in it? Why didn't you just use a whip?" Finchley lit a cigarette and took a deep drag, as the repairman started packing up his tools.

"I don't see why it didn't work after you fixed it last time. You're probably trying to rip me off." The smile faded from the repair man's face.

"We're not con artists Mr Finchley, we're well trained repairmen. That set obviously doesn't work because you got behind there and yanked the wires out of it. Last month you had me here to fix your portable radio because you had thrown it down the stairs."

"It wasn't working." Mr Finchley replied icily.

"That's just the point, why don't they work? Off hand I'd say it's because you don't treat them properly."

Mr Finchley let his cigarette dangle from his mouth and said "I assume there is no charge for that analysis?"

"I just want to know what is wrong with you that makes you want to trash your t.v. and radio. What is it?"

"I told you, fool!" Finchley replied angrily, "It wasn't working properly." The repairman switched on the t.v., turned the volume up and down, then switched it off. "Well, it's working

now." he said shortly. "What is it with you and machines?" Anyway, I'll send you the bill in the morning."

"That, I'm sure you will do!" Finchley quickly responded. The repairman looked at him as if he was crazy, then shook his head and left.

"It just so happens that every machine in my house is..." he froze and looked down at his shaking hands, calmed himself and walked back into the living room where the clock was chiming.

"That's enough!" he said, but the clock continued on chiming, driving him crazy. He ripped the clock off the mantelpiece and out of its electric socket and jumped up and down on it screaming "That's enough! That's enough!" until the last chimes died away. Sweat poured down his forehead as he walked up to his bedroom where he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke many hours later to hear the typewriter going in the study. His girlfriend was typing one of his speeches for him. He entered the study and stared at her. He picked up a stack of papers from the desk. "Is this all you've done?" he asked.

"That's forty pages in three hours, George, that's the best I can do".

"Thomas Jefferson wrote out the preamble to the Constitution with a feather quill and it took him half a day."

"Why don't you hire Mr Jefferson then" his girlfriend smartly replied "or, even better, get another girl with three arms and the sensitivity of an alligator, because I quit and I dump you."

Finchley's mind conjured up a tart, biting, cutting reply but something inside him cut it off, and he suddenly felt very lonely and said "Please don't go!" Martha was quite taken aback. "I beg your pardon?" she asked. She saw a naked fear in his face that she had never seen before and was not used to. "I'd like you to stay awhile, maybe we could have dinner or some cocktails."

"I'm not hungry and it's too early for cocktails." she said. "What's wrong with you?" she asked unsympathetically.

"Nothing's wrong, I just thought that we could go out or take in a show or something."

"Thank you, but no thank you." she replied. Finchley half snorted as he turned his back to her and, once again, she felt the snobbery of the man, the insufferable ego, the unbearable superiority that he threw around to hurt and humiliate. "Are you ill?" He shook his head. "What's your trouble?" she asked. He whirled

on her then, lips twisted. "Does there have to be a problem just because I...I'm sorry, I'm just really tired, desperately tired" he said running his fingers through his hair. "Things have been happening Martha, very odd things."

"Go on."

He pointed to the t.v. set. "That thing wakes me up at night. It turns itself on, and that portable radio I used to keep in my room keeps turning itself on and off. There's a conspiracy in this house I tell you. Even my car has turned against me. I was driving into the garage today and the wheel turned in my hands and I ran it into the letter box. And...and that clock up there on the mantelpiece - well, it was there - I threw it away." She turned and looked at him questioningly. "Well," he continued, "I've never been able to operate machines, they've always sort of turned against me."

Martha paused, then said "George, you need to see a doctor."

"A doctor?" he screamed, "I don't need a doctor! If you're sick you see a doctor, if you're sad you see a doctor, if you're happy you see a doctor. I am a rational, intelligent man, I know what I see." Martha looked at the floor for a moment, then started out of the room. "Where are you going?" he yelled as he grabbed her arm. "Let go of me," she cried, "you're hurting."

"I'll let go when I'm good and ready" he yelled. Martha suddenly turned around, slapped him hard across the face and ran out of the room. He stumbled back and slumped against a wall.

That's when he heard the typewriter. It was typing on its own. He ran into the study to read what it was typing. It read "Get out of here, Finchley." He took a deep breath and muttered to himself, "It's just a machine, a stupid machine." He froze as he heard a voice from the living room. "Get out of here, Finchley" it said in a sing song voice. He ran into the living room to see that the t.v. was on and a little mexican girl was dancing and singing "Get out of here, Finchley." He picked up a vase and threw it at the t.v., but even through the broken shards of glass came the voice "You'd better get out of here, Finchley."

Finchley ran up to his room and buried his face in his bed. The typewriter kept typing its message over and over again, but finally stopped.

He had to call someone. He tried all his friends, but they all had something to do. He finally put down the phone and put on his bathrobe and

walked into the bathroom. He studied his face in the mirror. If not a strong face, at least an intelligent one he decided, the face of a man who knew what he was about.

He opened the medicine cabinet and took out an electric razor. He plugged it into the power socket and fear gripped his stomach as it jumped out of his hand at him, ripping at his face. Finchley screamed and ran out of the bathroom tripping over the phone and knocking off the receiver as he did so. "Get out of here, Finchley." it trilled at him, "Get out of here." Then the front door bell started ringing and it continued to ring until it was the only sound left in the house.

Finchley smoothed down his hair, raised an eyebrow, and opened the door. There was a policeman on the front steps. "This your car, mister?" he asked pointing at the car halfway down the street.

"Yes" replied Finchley sounding bored. "It rolled down the driveway and nearly hit a kid on a bike." said the policeman. "You should keep the handbrake on."

"I did" he replied. He walked over to the car. "Hello monstrous" he muttered. Again he felt hysteria blossoming inside of him and had to choke it down as the policeman came up behind him and grunted "You got the keys?" Mr Finchley nodded and turned to the crowd of next door neighbours and onlookers. "You have until I come back to get off my property and if you don't I shall have to sue you, got it you clods?" he asked as he went inside and closed the door behind him.

By nine o'clock that evening Finchley had consumed three quarters of a bottle of excellent bourbon and the t.v. repairman was fixing the t.v. set. "She's all fixed, sir." said the repairman.

"Thanks" replied Finchley acidly. The t.v. repairman left, and soon after, the typewriter started up again. He rushed into the study in time to see it finish its last line of typing. "Get out of here, Finchley." it read. Finchley could feel a scream building up in his throat. He uttered a sob, shoved his knuckles in his mouth, and picked up a chair with his free hand aiming to throw it at the t.v. which had now also started. He missed it, hitting an expensive lamp. He screamed and ran up the stairs only to be met with his razor slithering down the stairs, like a snake with an oversized head. He couldn't manage to keep screaming even though his mouth was open and pain gripped at his chest. He stumbled down the stairs with the appliances chanting their

song and the typewriter going full throttle and yanked open the door, running out into the night with the electric razor following.

He ran though the rose bushes in his garden and tripped and fell on the footpath. Blood streamed down his face as he ran for the garage, only to see the doors creak open and the headlights shine upon him as the motor revved.

The car pursued him down the street and his legs began to give way as he started finding it hard to breathe. Finchley jumped over a white picket fence of one of the houses near the road, and hid behind its verandah. The car went past the house, then reversed and waited for him to come out of hiding, its engine purring. Finchley darted across the lawn and the car shifted gears and did a u-turn and bore after him. Pain coursed through Finchley's body with every breath he took, he tripped, picked himself up and kept running. He ran as if he'd never done anything else in his life. He tripped again, moaning and sobbing, the car moved slowly towards him, its headlights two unblinking eyes, the grill a metal mouth that leered at him.

He ran up around the block and started back around again. Before he knew it, he was in front of his house again. He ran up the driveway and into his backyard. The car's wheels shrieked as it ran straight through the garage. All the insides of Finchley's body constricted at that moment. His throat, his heart, his lungs, the lining of his stomach. He fell to his hands and knees crawling across the verandah and ended up on the edge of the swimming pool.

His voice was an insane, gurgling chant as his head slowly rose and watched the car coming down the hill towards him, ploughing up the earth. And Finchley, on all fours, his face streaked with mud and torn flesh, his hair lying over his forehead in damp masses, torn clothes clinging to his body, had now reached the pinnacle of his fear. He screamed as the car ran him into the water weighing him down. A trail of watery drops lead from the pool to the ambulance where Finchley's body lay on a stretcher.

"Heart attack do you think, doc?" asked the policeman. The intern looked up and nodded.

"That's what it appears to be." The policeman looked over towards the pool again then up past the overturned chairs on the verandah and the gaping hole in the garage where the car was standing. "It just doesn't make sense. And did you see his face?"

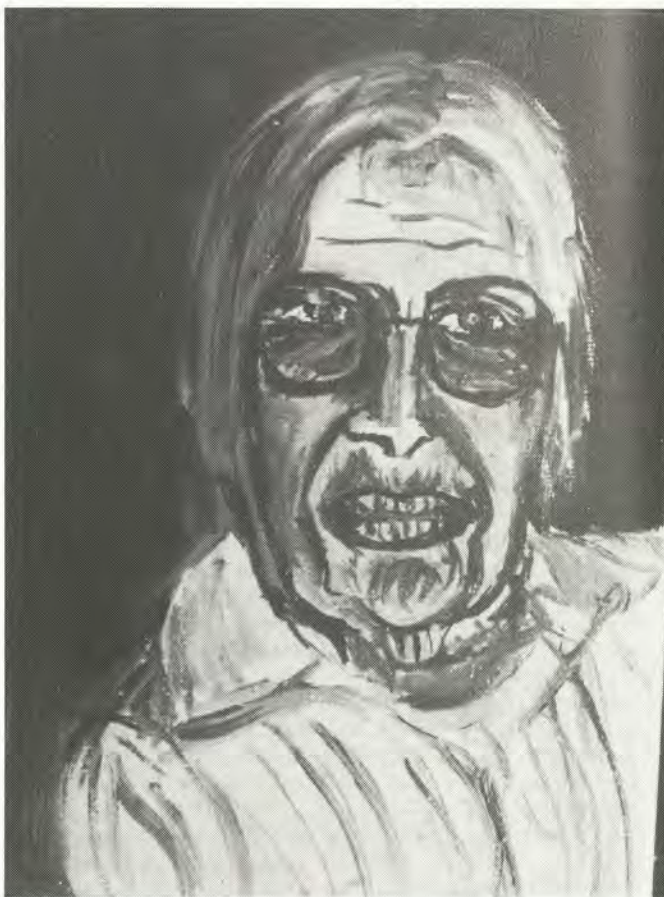
That was a real look of terror on his

face." The intern nodded and looked puzzled. "What is it, doc?" asked the policeman.

"The body is supposed to float after a drowning, this one didn't, as if it had been weighted down, Strange."

Nine people went to Finchley's funeral and he was finally laid to rest. About a year later the caretaker complained about the power lawn mower he was using and how it kept veering off and smashing into George Finchley's tombstone. After that he was never spoken of again.

Jenny Parkes - Year 7



"All Biscuits are Square"
Painting (detail)
Suzana Stankovic Yr 12

...And what should I do when oily sheets
 Have coiled themselves around each night for five nights now?
 And what should I do when the darkness twists itself into a knot
 And ties itself around my sweaty bed;
 When car-lights slide sidelong across my walls
 To spin the skein of my thought into a thread
 Like old wool rolled from unrolling balls-

What should I do?

Someone else's mother said:
 'Stress, you know, is a terrible thing,
 Perhaps you should try some relaxation.'
 And then I bent down and listened at her door
 While she undressed and said to her husband:
 'A really nice boy, intelligent, I'm sure
 A good leftie like me, just a bit wild in his youth,
 He has a fine grasp of the truth.'
 And I should wonder:
 Did she ever stand at her heart's black shore
 And watch as the crimson waves of gore
 Crashed and crashed again upon her head?
 I have seen those waves from the bottom of my greasy bed.

In the night, when the thread of sleepless hours runs through my brain,
 I watch the minutes turning over, turn over myself, and look away,
 Only to turn back once again
 To see the next second dance away:
 My bed is a fish-stained ship rocked gently
 In the salty lap of a slap-lapping sea.

There is my friend, however, a kindly bloke among kindly blokes
 Who seems to find some satisfaction in my jokes,
 And tells his girlfriend:
 'He's the one who knows what I'm on about.'
 But when we walk together through the waxy streets
 And talk of melancholy chills and passionate defeats,
 Or pour ourselves into bile-green bottles
 And throw ourselves at each other and the world
 And spread ourselves out wide across the road,
 At those lonely times,
 When words caress the crimes
 That fester between my oily sheets,
 He'll smile, and repeat the phrase of a thousand other times:
 'Hey, it's that girl again, isn't it, don't think I can't see,'
 And all I can do is grin and agree -

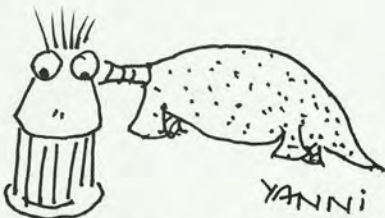
And what should I do?

Robert Kennedy - Year 12

The Messiest Kitchen

The kitchen's crammed with honey and jam
 Enough peanut butter to make a maid
 Mutter,
 Banana peel, fat of veal -
 The cupboards are a clutter,
 The bin is full, the sink is blocked,
 The stove is wrecked...we had it
 Checked - it's crammed with oil and
 Gristle
 To make a garbo whistle
 The cheese is turning, the yoghurt
 learning
 How to walk and run -
 It expired in '21!
 The kitchen's a mess and I couldn't care
 less,
 As long as I'm having fun.

Kit Morrell - Year 7



Kit Morrell Yr 7

SAVAGE ANIMALS

The sounds I hear dull the boredom. The strange sounds - unnatural sounds for the night. They don't feel right. Different sounds from different things, all starched together in a vocal matt unnatural for any situation - an intertwining compilation of noises pasted messily on top of each other and thrust obtrusively into the dark and serenely silent night.

I can't sleep.

A month....a year....a day. How long has it been? What time span since they came? A spin of the earth or a trip round the sun? I can't tell. How long since they came...?

I can't sleep. I worry about mum. She wasn't in perfect health, and I can't help wondering what happened to her during the fuss...

There's a breeze. It wants to come in but it knows it will be trapped. Like me. The breeze wavers and teases, darting playfully amongst the trees and scuttling off in an ashamed, clumsy shuffle - tripping on the leaves and spinning away in a never-ending fall - and now it's gone. One look, and then it goes. Just like the animals. The breeze is just like the animals.

The animals come and sit, and I sit and watch them as they sit. I look at them and sometimes I think they might be quite clever. But then I think about what happened when those savage, savage animals came, and I think no...no, they're not clever, they're just mean... they have no sense of reality apart from the present and they're just stupid little animals unable to control their own actions. And all I feel is hate. Burning, searing hate and an unrelinquished, unfulfilled anger. Because these savage animals may have killed my mother.

It's night and I'm here alone, trying to sleep.

Hearing noises and watching the moon drag monotonously across the sky like a boring blase ballerina performing her simple steps, night after night. Unchanging. Glints of solid moonlight splay themselves across the ground and splash messily across the world, and remind me of home. Before the animals came.

Loneliness is one of the hardest emotions to endure. Its black, curtailing touch sears a heart like a charred red poker and envelopes the soul in a shroud of dark mist - indefinite yet brittle...obtrusive yet unadorned...excruciating...yet slyly unapparent - that is the nature of loneliness.

I am lonely. No family, no friends.

Just me.

The animals came again today, of course. They came and watched and played and chased each other round and round, eyeing me with mock adoration and carefree ignorance, although in reality their tumultuous antics imply a hint of sly irreverence - a show put on for my sake to disguise the blackness behind their eyes and the evil in their hearts.

The cold is painful in its intensity - sleep is the eternal anaesthetic, but my eyes won't close. My mind flashes images of my mother - of serenity and security - of my family and friends, and my heart weeps salty beads of sorrow. But weeping won't affect the gaping wound of misplacement that lies open and raw in my chest, and it won't ease the pain.

The trees wave and quiver in their perpetual ethereal motions, and the night air is still saturated with strange sounds. Nearby homes are silent, but somewhere far away...over the horizon...I can hear my old life calling.

For some reason the animals sustain me. I don't know why, but in a mechanical, unloving sort of a way, my pets bring me water and bits of what they eat - I think it's meant to be like what I ate at home, but it's not what I used to eat. It's not what I enjoy.

Time ticks on, and I suddenly realise that it hasn't been long at all - it wasn't all that long ago when I was at home, before the animals. What seems like a perennial eternity is probably not all that ancient. I just sit and think, and that process exudes time. Perhaps a more appropriate question is how much **longer** I will be here; how much longer I will eat the animal's food; how much longer I will sit and watch the animals play; how much longer I will have no freedom. Time, in all its transience, can be warped like an emotion. Boredom insidiously stretches it into eternity, and I don't know how much longer I can last. Physically - as long as the animals arbitrate; mentally - I couldn't say. Anything would be better than this. Anything would be better than the torment of those savage animals. Even...maybe even death. The nebulous cadences of eternal sleep might be an improvement on this situation of homesick horror - the disgust with which I watch the smug, idiotic animals is unbearable. I don't know why they trap me, but I think I'd rather be gone. I'd rather not be here.

The wind rustles almost violently through the trees, and howlings are heard from afar. My homesickness is

greater than ever now. I have to get out of here - if not to home, to anywhere.

There's an animal that brings me food. I think it's the same one each time - I can't really tell. Same coat. It must be a leader, or an influential part of the pack. At the least, it would probably be a significant loss if he were...to be injured...for some reason. But I can't tell. When I was brought here from home - on the trip from freedom to solitary confinement - the numbers of animals seemed almost innumerable - hundreds of little mindless, unthinking microbes trotting around inanely. But this pack here seems smaller - granted, larger in the afternoons, but generally smaller and more heartless - less forgiving. So yes, I think it would have an effect. I think the loss of a pack member could be quite significant. And if it meant my death.....well, then maybe that would be more pleasant than this hell anyway.

The morning shouldn't be long now. Morning means food and water, and considering my depressed docility lately, the food-animal shouldn't have any worry coming up to me. I'm certainly stronger than the animals - they're just so vicious I don't know if I could survive. Good. I don't want to. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life of theirs for a life of mine. Maybe they can feel pain for a change. Maybe they can see what it's like on the receiving end of sorrow. If their intelligence is enough to comprehend bereavement and pain then I'll give it to them. Let them see how it feels. I'm going to do it. I'm going to go for the one animal that comes near me - the food-animal. I'm going to do it.

The cleaner strolled down one of the littered, straw-scattered paved paths in the light of the rising sun, whistling softly to himself a benign tune. Pail in hand, spirit in heart, he rounded the corner to the gorilla cage - and stopped. Silence rang through the morning as he grasped the cold metal pole nearby to steady his dizzy weight and choked for a moment on the cold morning air. The pail clattered noisily to the ground and the zoo cleaner tried not to stagger. In the new gorilla's cage the ground was soaked with blood - the feeding attendant lay stiff on the floor - a scattered bucket of fruits sprawled red across the cement - the door to the huge cage swung ominously in the breeze, and the gorilla lay slumped in a corner.

The feeder's vacant eyes gazed sightlessly towards the sky, his head twisted and angular - his back broken.

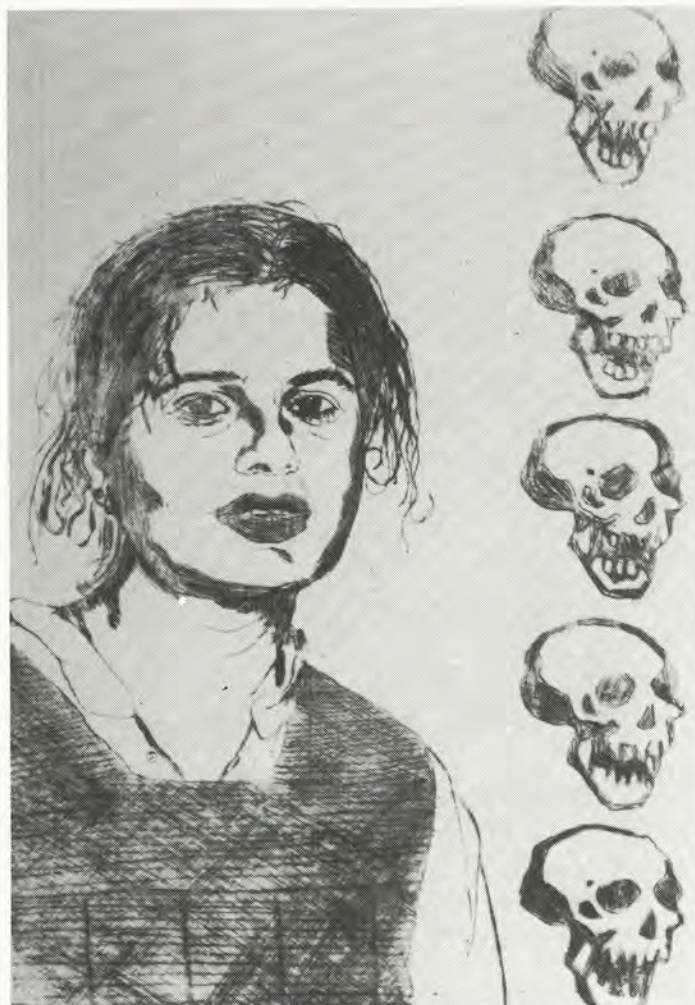
A standard zoo-keeper's pistol lay near his pale upturned hand, and three dark holes perforated the giant beast's fur. It was killed in retaliation, and it deserved it. It was an Animal, and We are Man.

Josh Szeps - Year 10



SHEEP

Kit Morrell Yr 7



Etching - Theodora Tserdanis Yr 12

AN EXCERPT FROM "MAGDA'S BOOK OF POLISH COOKERY"

As a sensitive, new-age parent, I have spent my life attempting to fight cliches. Now I have a son and my principles have become even more important to me as I attempt to insulate my young ward from the dangers of prejudice and stereotyping.

My son, Aregal (meaning "young day" in Nepalese) was given the best money could buy. A supportive water birth, crystal therapy twice a week, recycled disposable nappies. Aregal was also taught of the dangers of sexism and the importance of nutrition. He could draw the food pyramid before he could crawl, and he could name every star sign before he could walk. Both myself and my co-habitant and co-parent, Poppy, agreed he would go far.

As part of his home education (it was decided that the best way to protect Aregal's sensitive and impressionistic mind from the rougher elements of the imperialistic bureaucracy, would be to educate him in the warm and loving home environment) Aregal was given as much socialisation as possible. We defied restrictive social norms by taking him kayaking and bungy jumping with us. And when Aregal was three years old we decided that he was mature and eloquent enough to attend a dinner party.

It is typical of western capitalistic society that the host assumes that young children are never brought to dinner parties. It was partly to challenge this arrogant notion that we brought Aregal to the party with us. The dinner party itself was intended as a quiet affair. Mrs Worthington-Smythe of the local art gallery had chosen to host it as a symbolic protest against the revival of "realism" in art, and as both Poppy and I feel very strongly on this, we decided to attend and bring Aregal along as a representative of those souls that would suffer most if "realism" returned to art. At the time, we had no idea that Mrs Worthington-Smythe was, in fact, a fascist reactionary.

We arrived at the Worthington-Smythe residence in Vacluse at 7.00pm. We had explained to Aregal the importance of the issues of "realism" in art (after all, by making art "realistic" everything comes out looking like a picture post card, and that's terribly predictable and uninspiring to those sensitive minds who can detect a deeper meaning at the root of the

aware human's psyche) and despite the fact that he was only three, he seemed to understand quite well. In fact, as a joyful display of surrealism, he vomited shortly after lunch that day, producing patterns that can only be described as unique. But that was all in the past, when, at 7.05pm (we were fashionably late, of course) we rang the doorbell of the Worthington-Smythe home.

I am sorry to say that when our host opened the door she did not provide the warm and caring welcome to Aregal that he had grown to expect from his experiences in a nurturing home environment. In fact, she looked at him with an expression of slight distaste and attempted to bustle him into the hallway closet and lock him in with our coats. We quickly rescued our beloved and bemused son from Mrs Worthington-Smythe's aggression. We explained that he was very mature - despite being only three - and would be an asset and an excellent conversation piece at any dinner party.

Mrs Worthington-Smythe, whom we all affectionately considered to be an "Iron Matriarch" (in the most non-Thatcherist sense possible) undermining the powerful patriarchy, expressed distrust when we placed our son at the table to eat with us. We assured her that he would be no problem. And there would not have been, if Mrs Worthington-Smythe had not been so insensitive as to serve meat with the lentils.

Aregal is a very sensitive vegetarian, and when he sees a wrong being committed, he reacts very strongly. Now, although Aregal is very mature for a three year old, there is only a limited number of responses that even the most mature three year old can provide to such vile provocation as the slaughter of innocent cattle. When he saw the chop placed before him, Aregal let out a cry of moral anguish and righteously sent the corpse flying across the room. It bounced off the wall and landed again on the table. Aregal hit the meat again, and I watched in horror as the chop skidded across the table and landed in Mrs Worthington-Smythe's lap. At that point Poppy, Aregal and I voluntarily left the party as a protest against the consumption of grain fed cattle on Australian soil.

Adam J Smith

THE BABY

The baby looks down, and seeing it's own legs standing up, it lets out a gurgle of amazement. It tries to walk, taking a few awkward steps, then tumbles over. The thick white carpet brushes against its legs, both booties long since abandoned at the other end of the wide room. The child gets up and tries again, this time it walks into an armchair. It sits down with a sudden bump, looking with a surprised expression at the girl sitting on it.

Inside the shabby kitchen the light is dim as the child looks around with wide brown eyes. A woman scrubs down the thin body as water splashes out of the steel tub onto the tiles. The baby laughs, catching the soap bubbles in its outstretched fingers. The woman looks at her child and a shadow passes over her face. With a sudden movement she pulls the child out of the bath and hugs it to her, oblivious of the water streaming onto her and the floor. The child resists, wanting the warmth of the water, and as it begins to scream, a torrent of tears bursts out of the woman, her body shaking with sobs.

The girl laughs, seeing the expression, and pulls the baby up in her arms, looking into the blue eyes that mirror her own, she smiles. She begins to sing, rocking herself and the baby in time to the teeny-bop music blaring out of the stereo system. The baby laughs as it is flung around in her dance.

Hearing a noise from outside, the woman looks up with a start, the baby uses the silence to make its demands heard. Clucking her tongue and making soothing noises the mother reaches for a

towel and wraps her baby up in it. She begins to rock the child until its protests get softer and dwindle out. Looking down at the soft, familiar features the sorrow rises again in her face. This time it is controlled. Reaching down and tickling the tiny toes, she starts to smile, slowly, as the child giggles.

Outside it is getting darker. The girl flops, exhausted onto the couch. The baby rolls off her and onto the floor. It begins to cry, and as she picks it up her mother asks her to set the table and close the door. She puts the baby into its bassinette and walks to the open glass door leading out to a garden lush with greenery. She stands on the step as a light breeze ruffles her hair. The light outside is slowly fading. She watches the sky go purple, then walks inside and closes the door.

The child is now dry, and it sits in front of the small heater watching the orange fire. His mother sits on his right and is folding cloths. A man walks into the room. She doesn't look up, but her body becomes tense. Looking at the woman kneeling on the floor he walks over and kicks over the pile of folded clothes. She doesn't look at him. He speaks to her in her own language, telling her to make the evening meal. When she doesn't respond he walks over to the child and takes it in his arms. It giggles as he talks to it, telling it that its mother is a good-for-nothing. He doesn't look at her again, but walks out with their child. She begins to weep softly as she folds up the disturbed clothes.

Now the table is laid.

The girl carries her brother out from the other room. Her parents are sitting at the table, and as she sits down, stretch out their arms for him.

She can hear the loud noises and cries of excitement from the younger children as the men play cards in the other room. Picking up the broom, she begins to sweep the floor softly singing a song in her language, the tears still gently falling. She walks to the window and watches the dusk settling over the distant buildings. The light fades, until the buildings are no more than outlines. Squinting in the poor light, she marvels at how quickly the light is taken away. In her own tongue she sings "Love is like dawn; it brings the lights. Hate is like dusk' it steals it away."

The dinner is almost over, most of it lying around the high chair of the baby. The conversations are too long and complicated for the child, as it listens its attention span wanders and it stares out the window, its head beginning to nod. The girl suddenly notices and picking him up out of the high chair she calls over her shoulder that she will put him to bed. The parents call out their thanks, then settle down to talk about the day's happenings. The baby looks up sleepily as, draped over his sister's shoulder, he is carried off to bed.

It is late now and the card game finished long ago. In a dark room a bent old woman and a man, her son, are talking. In the corner of the room the mother, holding her child, is trembling with fear. The tears are streaming down her face.

Outside a car horn hoots. The woman hears it and goes deathly pale. The old woman tells her to let go of the child, and, when she says nothing, with a sudden movement, lunges for the child. As they struggle the younger woman spits at her mother-in-law and lets go, screaming that it is love for the child, not fear, that makes her do so. The car hoots again and the man grabs the child from his mother, and runs out the door. His wife makes the motion to run after him, but she is stopped by her mother-in-law, who pierces her with her nails. Breaking free, the woman runs after her husband and their child.



Lino Cut - Erica Klimpsch Yr 12

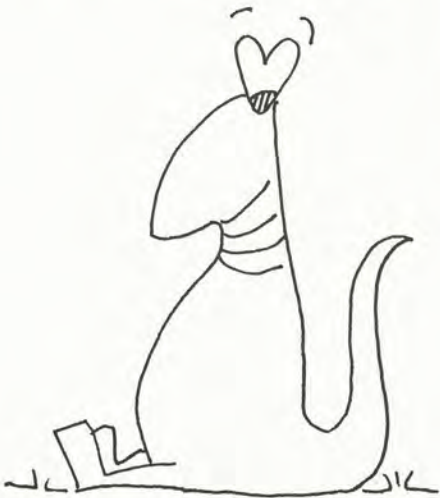
The girls hums to herself as she walks to the room and lays the baby down in the cot. She puts on its pyjamas and settles it down. Giving it a kiss, she rises up and switches off the light.

Ceramics - Sascha Stelzer Yr 11



Outside it is deserted. In the distance is a dust cloud from a car. The woman bursts out onto the street, looking side to side in shock. Slowly it hits her and she sobs, with her head on her chest, and screams for her child. Sinking to her knees she lies in the dust and weeps. Her child has gone.

Hanna Torsh



FOREST THING

Alzheimer, s

A mind riddled with holes,
So close to death
She sees us as enemies,
And never comprehends.
Sometimes she's sad,
and sometimes happy,
But always disconnected.

So very alien to us,
She doesn't know.
If there was a God,
How could this happen?
The paramount of sadism.
Time passes, and she remains -
Preserved on the outside,
With massive holes gaping in her mind.
We keep her a prisoner,
Because she is of our kind.

Karin Darcy - Year 12

Georgina Braham Year 9 Gargoyle**A Presumption of Wisdom**

Wisdom is what makes us man
Different from all other clans,
But it is man who kills for greed
While other creatures kill for need.

What logic had us put here
To reign supreme with pure fear
Over this land of divine grace
Which we have turned to ravaged
waste.

And once the land was pulverised
We saw danger in each others eyes
We tell ourselves the threat is real
But all it is is an excuse to kill.

We fool ourselves ourselves denied
"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly
to be wise"
If wisdom makes us who we are
Then ignorance must be better by far.

Wisdom is what makes us man
Different from all other clans
But it is man who kills for greed
When other creatures kill for need.

Kivanch Mehmet - Year 10



Drawing - Magda Mironowicz Yr 12

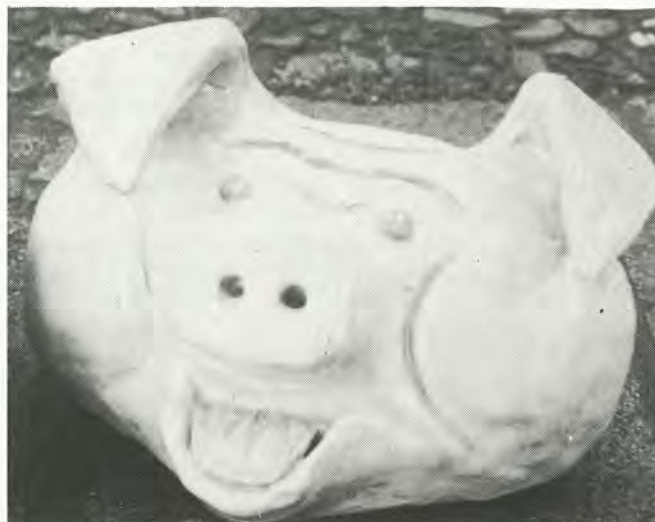
Beauties

The morning sun is rising,
in the clear, pale sky
I walk along the long and peaceful
beach.
I see the sea sparkling
and create gentle waves
The sand between the toes of my feet.

I hear the seagulls call
as they fly in the air
I feel the gentle breeze tease my
hair
I sight a familiar line
where the sea meets the sky.
I find that such beauties aren't so
rare.

Yada Treesukosol - Year 9

Kelly Pickwell Year 10 Ceramics



'HIGH SCHOOL' RELIGIOUS CENTRE UNEARTHED

The recent discovery of what is thought to be a 'High School', a religious centre of a bizarre adolescent sect, has caused much concern among historians. The 'High School' was immaculately preserved under huge amounts of mud, when what is known as 'the Great Tidal Wave' or 'Tsunami' flooded Australia. Dated back to approximately 1900 AD, this wave created vast amounts of mud which buried the 'Fort Street' branch of the 'High School'. The Fort Street name and emblem have appeared on many of the artefacts from the excavation including clothing, literature and buildings.

From this 'High School' we have learnt about many of the adolescent rituals of the Hewson Dynasty. The most significant of these seems to be the 'H.S.C.' - the origin of the name is unknown, but this piece of paper, which the older members of the 'High School' religious sect receive, is said to give special powers and advantages to the bearer as they leave High School. Published accounts of these leavers and their 'H.S.C.' have been found in a publication called "The Fortian".

This religious centre admits only adolescents (they are thought to leave at a certain age) although it is run by a prematurely aged priest known as 'The Great Leonard' and many middle-aged assistants. The exact purpose of 'High School' is believed to be preparation for 'Uni'. Many fragments of video tape have been found where the 'Little One, the speech-maker Carroll', talks about the great 'Uni' part of Hewson's Plan.

Another significant ritual is that of the 'Report'. Anxiously, adolescents await these at the end of each year. Records of these have been found in special drawers designed for such documents called 'filing cabinets'. The hieroglyphics inscribed on these are meant to be either beneficial or detrimental to the future of the adolescent, perhaps even suggesting the future of the adolescent at 'Uni'..

To earn a report, each adolescent must carry around on his or her back a package containing many heavy volumes of the 'High School Bible', some entitled Mathematics, History and Chemistry, as well as writing implements and a portable adding machine. Also found in the packages

are portable listening devices called 'Walkman's!' (curiously enough the female adolescents have use of these too). Archaeologists have found recordings that could be described as hymns.

Halfway through this daily ritual, the adolescents would stop carrying their packs around the corridors and form a line to give offerings at the temple of the 'canteen'. The offerings were usually metal tokens found in various denominations (usually kept in a pocket with identification called a 'bus pass' or 'rail pass'). In return, the adolescent would receive a special type of food called 'Junk'. After the food was hastily consumed (corpses have been excavated with whole 'Mars Bars' in the mouth), they would return to their routine.

There is evidence of a great meeting place called 'The Hall'. It is believed all the adolescents, Priest Leonard and the assistants, and even the rarely seen 'Little One, the speech-maker Carroll', would attend. They would sit and stand, sit and stand, sit and stand, as if praying to a god, perhaps Hewson (all this has been seen through fragments of amateur video recordings).

One curious group that would not attend the meeting in 'The Hall' would be those who are confined to the office. Totally of female sexuality, this group were considered merciless. Corpses have been found frozen in awe of these vicious women. The adolescent would line up and confess their sins to the women through a window. Once they were excused they were given a special piece of paper as proof called a 'receipt'.

So far this is all that is known about this 'Fort Street High School'. Perhaps it was a blessing that this centre of torture and cruelty towards adolescents was buried under all that mud all that time ago.

Anna Rigg - Year 11



I saw the girl sitting playing with leaves in the gutter.
 Her golden hair, pale face, and freckles
 Making her look something like a doll
 Her minuscule proportions seeming impossibly fragile.

I saw her, tiring of her leaves,
 Move to explore the texture of the bitumen;
 Tyre marks on the road; a lady beetle;
 Stepping one inch, two inches, three inches too close.
 Her unsteady walk and wondering eyes
 illustrating her infantile naivete.

I saw the Mack truck round the corner,
 About as delicate as a house brick,
 Doing perhaps sixty miles an hour,
 Seeming to bore a hole into the road.

I saw, in a flash, what was about to happen.
 I heard myself call out,
 Run to pull the girl from the jaws of death.
 But I could not move, nor think, nor speak,
 For my mind's eye saw her tiny, fragile, innocent body
 Broken into many pieces and strewn across the road.
 Too late, I found the forgotten mechanism.
 And Screamed.

I did not see the girl, killed by the truck,
 Her body grotesquely twisted
 And her impossibly fragile bones crushed to powder.
 I turned my face away.
 I saw the blood, invisible,
 Seeping from a wound, somewhere and everywhere,
 Draining fluid from my soul,
 And needing much more than a bandage to stem the flow.

All around there was noise;
 The mother screaming hysterically,
 The truck driver, six feet tall and stocky, crying brokenly,
 Police cars, onlookers,
 And me, facing the wall.
 I could not make myself look.

Years later, I went back to that street
 And laid flowers on the road for the unknown child.
 I saw, some how, her golden hair and freckles,
 But I turned away.
 I was not going to be an eyewitness again.

Claire Wallace - Year 9

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AND TRAINING



A Matter of Perspective

Phal Quanaaq is a father of three. For ten months of the year his island is a barren land of snow and ice, his hut of three rooms is his safe haven. While in the spring the snow creaks, moans and finally breaks up, their village remains standing in the shelter of the great mountain. Phal has worked hard and his family are lucky, they are proud of him he has carried on in his father's footsteps and his father before, working hard at hunting whales. He and his team of men work hard in their ship to bring in the whales, up onto the great deck where they slice up the whale. His existence is, for the most part, happy and carefree, although he must work hard to earn enough money to feed and cloth his family. Phal thinks himself and his family lucky for he is good at his work.

I arrived on the island only this morning and already I see the need to do something about what these people are doing. Only the women, children and old men are here now, all the young men are out hunting. Sitting here I have seen the boats searching up and down the coast and I have heard the engines of the small plane that helps them locate the whales before they kill them. This island, Flugool, has a small population. Its people have been whaling for the Japanese since World War II and it has become their way of life, this monstrous occupation, - how they can stand to do it I do not know. The living conditions here are appalling and their work is the most gruesome, bloody work that exists. The men cold-heartedly kill, slaying the graceful giants of the ocean and dragging them back here to be cut up.

When Phal's boat arrived back with no whale there was no celebration, but he saw there was someone watching him - the woman who was here to write an article on the island and the people, the woman who tomorrow would come on the boat and they would catch a whale for. He was kind to her, made her welcome and showed her to the best bed of his house. She was very interested in his standard of living and asked never-ending questions about the whales and how they hunted them. This was good, for tomorrow he would show her what she wanted to see, he would make the world see how good he was, he would make his wife proud for having a kind husband who was good at his work.

The men came back this afternoon and their head, a man named Phal, showed me into his house where I am to stay. He is very helpful and happy to answer all my questions. He is a very kind man and is much loved by his wife and three children. I ask myself, "Does this make up for what he is doing?"...

Phal woke especially early, his wife packed a more than hearty lunch for her husband and their guest. The family were all awake to farewell the boat who today would bring them back a whale. Phal's wife, after farewelling the boat and watching the plane take off, went back inside and began doing the cooking for the feast that would be held tonight. The Japanese, whom the islanders caught the whales for, paid for the whales and exchanged goods with the islanders. Tonight all the very best would be used, all the oils and fresh meat would be cooked up in a great feast, so that after the men had finished with their chopping of the whale the people would have a great feast.

Today the men have assured me that they will catch a whale. Apparently a few humpbacks were spotted by the plane heading towards the island late yesterday afternoon. This, I am told, means that we will slay them today because they are sure to still be in the area. The small boat will not be able to hold the whale so the men have told me that we will drag the whale back to the island where it will be cut up and refined for by-products or stored as meat accordingly. Thoughts of anger are rushing through my head, I have seen whales in the wild and cannot imagine how awful it will be to kill these beautiful creatures; their enormity for one makes them seemingly indestructible, the gentle graceful giants of the ocean.

Phal stood watch. He wanted to be the first to spot the whales. It was two hours into their trip that the plane radioed in to say the whales they saw yesterday were up ahead. Phal readied himself and made sure the harpoon was ready. When the whales they saw yesterday were in sight - two humpbacks - his men guided the boat in and he shot the harpoon. He watched as it spun out and hit the whale right on target - his father had taught him well. A humpback would bring good money from the Japanese, his wife could have a great birthday present this year, for he had done well.

When the whales came into sight my stomach turned. Here were these graceful, gentle, giants swimming at peace through the water oblivious to the boat. And, as I watched and admired their grace, I knew they were doomed. I felt pathetically ill as I watched the harpoon spin out. What chance did these creatures have against the seemingly infinite powers of man? As I watched the water around the poor, struggling creature go red, my heart reached out to the widowed whale. I watched her as she lurched up out of the water, called a last sorrowful call to her male mate whom we had shot, and slowly sank down to swim away. The large male whom we had shot gave up his fight now.

Phal secured the whale, a big one - our wives would surely be happy, he would bring them plenty of money and goods to share around. They towed him back into the bay of their island where they would drag him up on the deck to be flensed. When Phal and his men pulled into the bay we saw our wives waiting. The older boys were there ready to help in flensing the whale. Phal explained to the woman what we were going to do. She seemed interested enough taking notes and photos. We pulled in, winched up the whale and began the flensing. Everyone pitched in, Phal lit the cauldrons and they had the whale flensed in record time, now they would settle down to feast.

We pulled into the dock and the whale was winched up onto the flensing deck where the men were helped by the boys to flense the whale. Blubber, bones and scrap meat were chopped and fed down tubes into boiling cauldrons. The precious meat was chopped and put into large freezers. The cauldrons boiled away, I could smell the meat, bones and fat boiling, the air was thick and stagnant with the smell. Phal told me that tomorrow they would separate the oil. We proceeded downstairs where he showed me the mechanisms they used for separating the oil. I looked out a chink in the wall and saw the ghost of the whale leaping and diving carefree through the waves of the bay. We moved back up to the deck, blood, still wet, stained the boards. I watched as the sun set over a barren ocean...

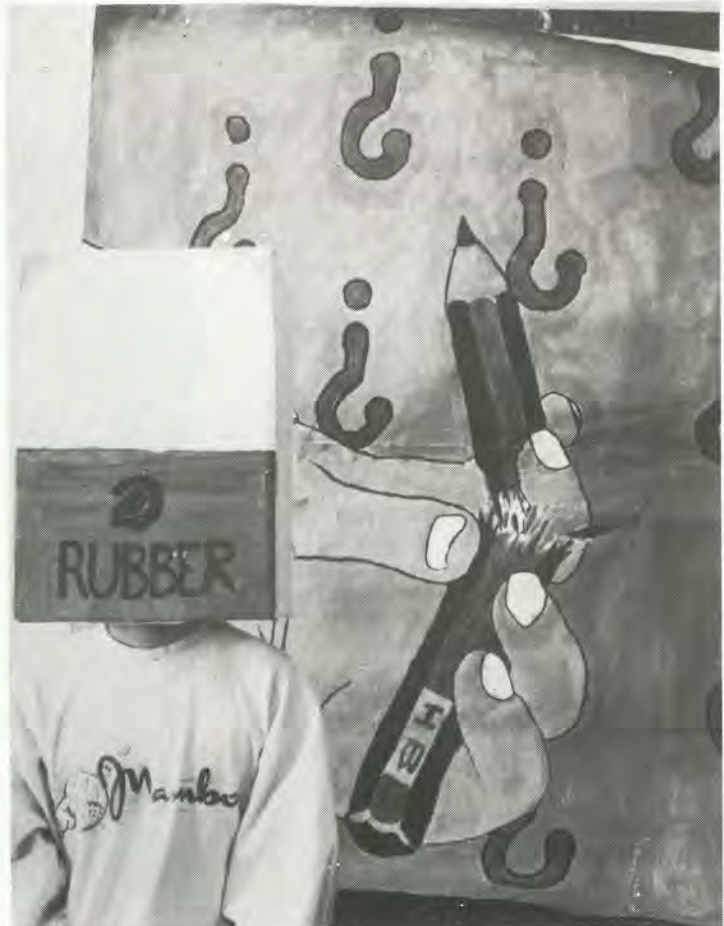
Phal celebrated. They had caught the whale. He danced with his wife and children. He was smiling. He was still smiling when he fell asleep that night. Phal was happy, he knew that he would now have enough money to feed them and care for them as good as any

father in the world.

As soon as she arrived on Monday morning, Angela Rosebury faxed her report to the main office. The response was greater than she could have ever hoped for. Her diary of the trip was published in all the national papers and Greenpeace were receiving hundreds of callers backing up their proposed whaling ban. The way these people were whaling appalled the world.

Phal was sent a copy of Angela's report. His village now found itself bombarded with letters and petitions. Phal was disgusted. She hated them, he felt humiliated and could not bring himself to talk to his wife. The world hated him and it was all this woman's fault. He could not understand what he had done wrong. He was kind and he loved his family. He was loved by all the islanders, praised for his good looks and gentle, caring personality. Why then was his island and all the villagers a global disgrace? Why had the newspaper said he and the islanders were cold-hearted and barbaric? All Phal's wife could do was comfort him and try to explain that the people of the world hated what he was doing - not who he was. She held him in her arms and spoke..."it's not who you are but what you do with your life that really counts."

Anna Lunsmann - Year 11



'Eraserhead'
Luke Clifton Year 9

Music is playing in my eardrums. Life is simple, but relaxed. Suddenly, but subtly, the garden hose starts to move, then faster and faster, mutilating any trees that might happen to be in its path. I go out and start trying to negotiate with the hose. This ends with a battle to death with the hose which isn't logical because nothing dies. I feel a gush of water collide with my face. I will be scarred for life. Finally I get the hose under control. Later, the police arrive and take the hose away from my peaceful household. It is now doing community sprinkler work. I just hope that it doesn't damage anyone else's sanity.

Nikki Curthoys - Year 8

The World will burn,
 Yet still we stare,
 Eyes seeing....
 but not understanding
 Minds floating, roaming, til
 eternity....
 but not free
 Never, never free.
 Oblivious to all but our own sorrows
And the Earth crumbles
 Beneath the burden of its weight.

Sarah Tran - Year 8



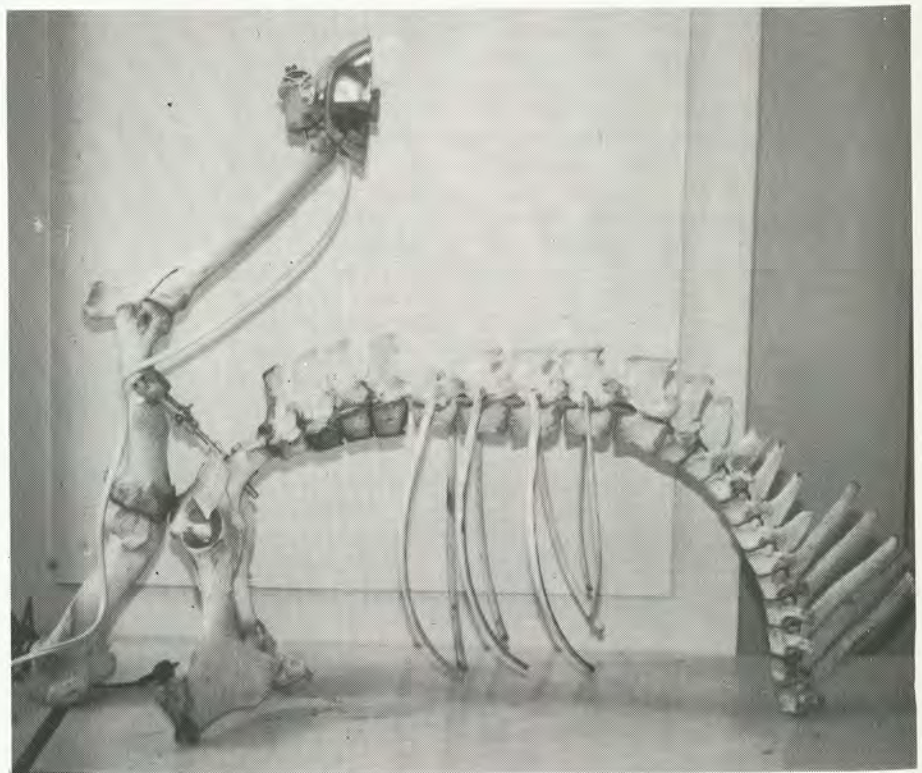
Kit Morrell Yr 7 SOMETHING

She sat on the seat like a hippo sits on a snowflake. It was the largest seat on the train, but it had met its match for she overflowed it.

Two small children cowered on the gap that was left for them. One sitting on the seat arm, And the other squashed between her bulk and the floor. They were hoping fervently that her stop was before theirs. A gravel path would be likened to her dress, as it was that colour and size, Wide enough for an army to march on. The children who once had been plump and healthy, now looked like they had been steamrolled. When she finally got off they sighed in relief.... only to learn that she travelled their route every day.

Clare Sanders - Year 7

"Ossieomechanoid - on the 8th Day"
 by Jesse McNicoll Yr 12



I was in a heavy baroque chair in the Hotel Poole's genteel lobby when a girl in a tweed suit picked Andrew J. Stuyvesant's pockets. She worked quickly.

Stuyvesant was an old guy who had around twenty million dollars in Texas oil. He just came out of the elevator in front of me. The girl appeared from the marble staircase, walking rapidly with elaborate preoccupation, and collided with him. She excused herself bowing - Stuyvesant allowed as to how it was perfectly alright. She got his wallet, and a diamond stickpin from his tie, and he didn't feel or suspect a thing!

She apologised again and hurried across the padded indigo carpeting towards the main entrance, slipping the items into a tan suede bag. Almost immediately I was out of my chair and moving after her. She threaded her way through the potted plants and furnishings to a couple of steps to the double glass doors before I caught up with her.

I put my arm on her shoulder. "Excuse me a moment," I said smiling.

She stiffened. She turned and said in a frosty voice, "I beg your pardon?"

"You and I need to chat."

"I don't chat with strangers."

"I think you might make an exception in my case."

Her eyes flashed angrily as she said, "I suggest you let go of my arm. If you don't I'll call the manager!"

"There's no need for that," I shrugged.

"I certainly hope not."

"Simply because he would only call me."

"What?"

"I'm the Chief of Security at the Hotel Poole." I told her - she grew pale. "Oh!" she said.

I steered her to the hotel lounge - she offered no resistance. Once inside, I examined the girl across the polished table. The orange glow gave her classic features the impression of purity and innocence. I estimated her age at around 25. I said "Without a doubt, you're the most beautiful dip I've ever encountered".

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't you?"

"Certainly not."

"A dip is a slang for pickpocket."

She tried to affect a shocked and

surprised look. "Are you suggesting that I ...?"

"Oh, come on," I said, "I saw you lift Stuyvesant's wallet and diamond stickpin. I was sitting directly opposite the elevator.

She was quiet, fiddling her bag. Her eyes lifted to mine briefly and dropped to the bag. She sighed "You're right of course. I stole those things."

I took the bag and took the wallet and stickpin, glanced at her identification long enough to memorise her name and address, and then returned them.

She said softly, "I'm not a thief, I want you to know that. Not really, I mean." She shook hard, biting her lips, "I have this ... feeling to steal, I'm powerless to stop myself."

"Kleptomania."

"Yes. I've been to three different psychiatrists unable to cure me."

I shook my head. "It must be terrible for you."

"Terrible - Yes. When my father learns of this, he'll put me in a mental asylum. He said he'd do that if I stole again."

Presently I said, "Your father doesn't have to know what happened."

"He doesn't."

"No," I said. "No real harm was done. Stuyvesant will get his things back.

Her face brightened. "Then y..you're letting me go?"

I drew a long breath. "I suppose so. But you have to promise me that you'll never come inside the Hotel Poole again."

"Oh, I promise." she assured me eagerly.

She disappeared like a flash. I sat there and reflected that if she really was a kleptomaniac then I'm Mary Queen of Scots. She was, of course, a pro pickpocket, her technique was much too polished - and an extremely adept liar. I smiled to myself walking back to the lobby.

As I walked back, my hand resting on the wallet and stickpin in my pocket coats, I felt sorry for her. After all I have been marking Stuyvesant since I first saw him in the Hotel Poole. I was within 15 seconds of dipping into him myself when she appeared.

Wouldn't you say I was entitled to the swag?

The Ride

Night was falling, but I ploughed on. The wind and rain battered my flimsy raincoat against me as I sped through town after lifeless town on my black Harley. The storm whipped up leaves from the ground and gave them apparent life as they capered around in tight spirals. The rain came down in a seemingly solid sheet, so solid that I imagined the sound of breaking glass as I glided through the torrent. The sky, a morbid grey, appeared so low that it felt within my grasp, yet it looked so heavy with rain that I was reluctant to reach for it for fear of its full weight crashing down upon me. I entered another town looking, once again, for a sign of life; however, apart from the occasional lit window, no-one was around. It seemed I was braving this storm alone.

Outside, the storm was relentless. The wind was howling discordant songs into the night air. The lightning gave infrequent, but vicious flashes which revealed, for but an instant, the surrounding bushland and comparatively dulled my single headlight to the point of insignificance. The thunder was angry and boomed its discontentment to the cowering world beneath.

Yet, inside my helmet, I was unafraid. I could not hear the battle of the storm. All I was aware of was the road ahead, captured by my beam of light, and the comforting hum of my motorbike.

Then I recall watching the approach of the other vehicle. A truck. It became visible a long way away because the road that we shared was long, straight and narrow. As it approached, it occurred to me that the narrowness of the road may cause a problem, but this thought was just a notion, no more than a passing comment in my mind. Then, I noticed that the truck was swerving dangerously yet, somehow, at the time, dangerous was not a word I thought of. If anything, I merely found the swerving motion interesting. From then on the details are blurred. The faint sound of a horn breaking through the secure sound of my bike's engine is prominent in my recollection.

I then remember feeling suddenly light, as though freed of some heavy load, and it seemed that the humming of my bike had stopped. I remember that the light of the truck sped by at a terrific speed. Then came blackness...and silence.

I awoke in pain, the sound of digitalised beeps, one after the other, seemed to be extremely loud and annoying.

I remember the words: "He's awake, thank God", and then, blackness...and silence.

The second time that I regained consciousness was more permanent and, after momentary panic over where I was, I accepted the fact that I was dead; however, a nurse soon resolved my worries on this matter and I was amazed at the facts she mentioned. According to her, I had hit a log whilst riding my Harley and had been catapulted twenty or thirty metres before landing in a boggy ditch beside the road. When I mentioned the truck she was confused, saying that I was brought to hospital by a family who found me: no truck was involved to her knowledge.

Yet the memory of two headlights, too big to be a car, and the horn, which could only belong to a truck, was still prominent in my head.

A hit and run?

My imagination??

An illusion caused by a flash of lightning?

I never found out. The nurse came and administered me with a dose of morphine, and then, blackness...and silence.

Joshua Pyke - Year 10



Nathan Quinlan Year 9
Painting

The Legend of Pygmalion and Galatea

He sanded the last fold of the robe and stood back to admire his work. Yes, worthy of admiration. A light form, alive though still. Fingers almost outstretched, their touch light as the summer breeze. But a harsh, shapeless space occupied the front of the head, he had yet to sculpt the face. Pacing lightly about the statue, he wondered how she should look and then - still undecided - he stepped up on his stool and raised the tiny chisel and hammer.

Not sure as to what direction he was taking - an unorthodox approach - the artist laboured for a full day and night, delicately allowing the face to take form. Her brow was high and smooth, the cheeks rounded and girlish. Tendrils of hair murmured about her small ears, curling playfully. She allowed her bow-like lips to smile a secret smile, which contrasted a noble nose. This central feature though commanding, fell back behind its superiors - the eyes.

He had ceased to think as he smoothed and perfected the eyes, yet, as they were defined, the statue took life. Innocent and regal all at once, deeply and widely set. She stared out in wonder and curiosity at a miracle beyond the shoulders of her maker, which no other being could behold. The eyes of a Goddess. She was born just as morning broke through and he named her Galatea.

He stared at the statue, immobile, for her beauty arrested him. Every feature must have been based on someone he had met throughout the course

of his life, yet she resembled no-one he could recall. She was too beautiful to be human, if only she were not so lifelike. His most beautiful work to date. But he could not imagine he created her. Such an exquisite soul could only be the work of the Gods, using him as the medium.

Entirely white, Galatea was nonetheless as brightly hued as the rainbow children of the Gods themselves. She seemed open to him, yet so distant, sharing secrets bounded by riddles. He took all his meals in the presence of the marble statue, for he could not bear to be absent from her for long periods. The servants muttered and whispered at this new obsession of their lonely master. This new statue was indeed a beautiful work, but rarely viewed since the master would not let it out of the studio and polished it himself.

The sculptor cared for Galatea as a living mortal. He talked to her animatedly, asked her opinions, took her silent advice and exposed his heart. But with all this, he still felt an ambience of mystery, barely present, yet preventing her soul cascading forward. It wound around her, a light mist of secrecy, impenetrable. Galatea listened to all he had to say but, try as he might, she would not answer him. The seasons passed in this way.

Upon finishing a new work he asked what she thought, as had become customary. Silent was Galatea but he sensed her approval. A work to sell. Wiping his hands he stood still... and studied her perfect face. The setting sun cast long shadows about her features, and then he

could bear it no longer. The sculptor dropped to his knees before her and addressed her thus:

"I love you Galatea. The Gods themselves must feel what love I hold for you. In your still palm is contained my heart and self yet you do not acknowledge my love. Can you not move stone to answer me? I cannot live without you, but you will not let yourself be known. I grant you my love and ... could die for yours." He clung to the marble robes, crying and pleading, professing love which, through sheer will, should have brought true life to Galatea. But the statue toppled and fractured. Cleanly broken.

He felt sympathetic pain jolt through his body, but it was nothing compared to his heart being rent apart as his only love died. This woman who had claimed his complete adoration was no longer living. Her death at his hands. And, as man does, the sculptor fled in denial, leaving the broken Galatea.

Running haphazardly throughout the streets of the city, tears streaming down his cheeks, the hysterical sculptor shoved people aside until he reached the Temple. The Temple of Aphrodite. The Temple of the Goddess of Love. Weeping uncontrollably, he flung himself on the marble steps to the astonishment of the priestesses and wailed: "You are cruel" cried he, brandishing a grazed fist. "You are not the Mistress of Love but the Mistress of Spite. You tricked me. You fooled me into

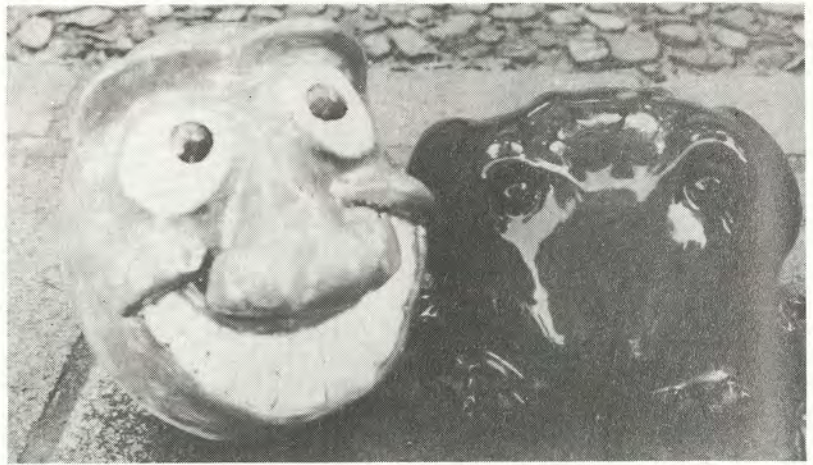
loving her, knowing she could not. You have no heart. It was you who made me kill her, the most perfect being on this world who least deserved to die. Such a bitter Goddess, you make mockery of my love, and know not what love is. She is not with me and she was my life."

Stumbling, crying, the sculptor tripped down the steps and fell. He lay unmoving.

Later he awoke in his own bed, and was disappointed to find himself alive. Sunlight cautiously passed through the windows, but its light was not a joy. A rustle of robes attracted his attention, and the sculptor wondered if perhaps he had died after all. For it was a woman. High, smooth brow, smiling mouth, the eyes he loved. Galatea. She tiptoed to his side, knelt and kissed him. He could say nothing as her light fingers gently traced his chin, but offered silent thanks to Aphrodite. The question and answer hung in his eyes.

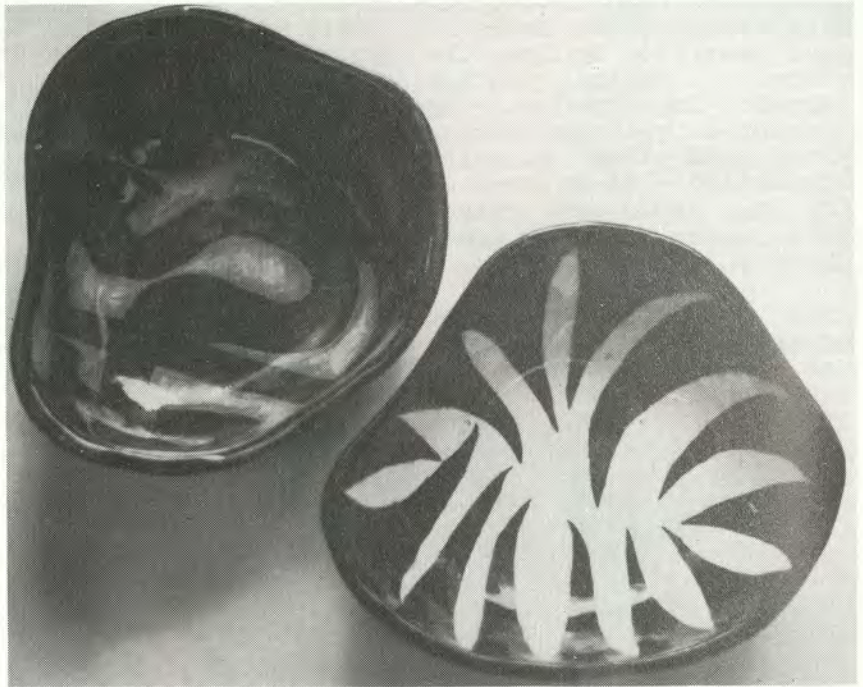
"Pygmalion?" asked she.

Kelly Ngai - Year 11



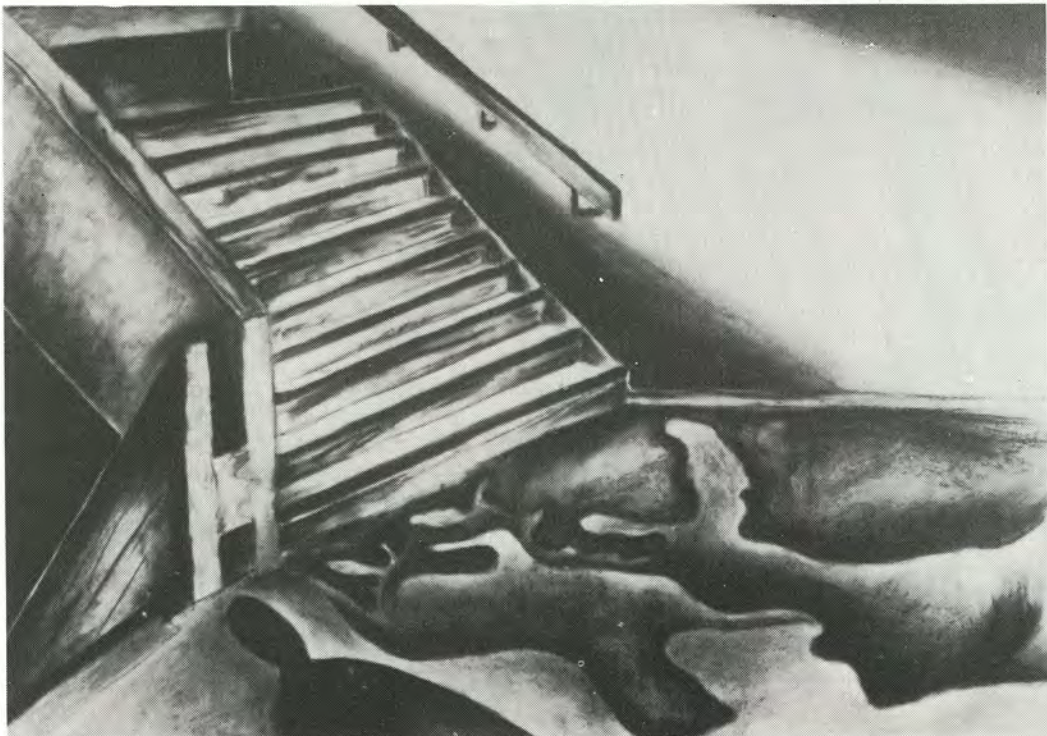
Calvin Ellis Yr 10

Jenny Ip Yr 10



Ceramics - Jessica O'Donnell Year 11

Charcoal Drawing
James Hancock Year 10



BUT I AM ONLY DREAMING

I am flying and I can see the whole world. I can see the sea, tiny boats, happily bobbing on the waves. I can see the forest, birds flying with me. I can see the city, boiling mess of traffic. I am flying. I am flying because it helps me forget. It helps me forget about Mary. My dear, poor Mary. I am flying and I can see the whole world. But I am only dreaming.

Mary is sitting on the veranda. Just sitting, thinking. Her long brown hair is shining in the sun, it looks like gold. Her face is sad, so sad, but I can remember when it was always smiling. She smiled sadly as I kissed her. Her scar stands out on her face, but I hardly notice it anymore. I love Mary, I will always love her, always.

The screaming. That night he had heard her screaming. Now, as he remembered, all he could hear were her screams, sharply piercing the night air. Each night he heard her screaming, sobbing. The fear, the pain, the screaming. And he could not help her.

That night. That night I had taken Mary to a party. When I took her home, her father was drunk as usual. And angry. He looked into my eyes with such deep hate. Mary tried to get me to leave, her father had begun to shut, throw things. He threw acid at me. At me. But he missed. He threw the acid at Mary. Mary. Acid. Burning. Pain. Screaming.

I did not mean to throw the acid at Mary. I was so angry. So angry. Drunk and angry. Not that that's any excuse. Joseph. Joseph Magdeline. He stole my Mary. And I hated him. Mary is married to him

now. I was drunk and angry. And now I am sorry.

He was so angry. So drunk and angry. He drank because mother left him, well that's what everyone says, anyway. And he was angry because I went out with Joseph. Joseph Magdeline. Dad thought Joseph was too low to be my boyfriend. And Dad hated him. Poor Dad. He destroyed any love I had left for him. Now I have only pity. Although he caused me so much pain, and I have the scar on my face from the acid, I do not hate him. I have Joseph now, and I do not need him. Poor Adam. He's such a bumbling fool. Maybe if I hadn't left him he wouldn't have hurt Mary, but he was always drunk, always violent, and I couldn't stand it anymore. That's all in the past now, Mary is married to Joseph, and I have a new man. I think Mary is happy with Joseph, he's a nice boy.

Dear Mary,

I hope you are well, I am fine. I can't tell you how terrible I feel for leaving you with Dad. I feel I have let you down. What he did to you is horrible. He always was violent. He drank most of what little money we had. Sorry Mary.

your loving mother,
Evangeline.

My mother abandoned me. Left me with a drunk and violent man. Because she couldn't cope. She didn't care for me at all. I hate her. I hate her. I hate her.

Today Mary told me that she was pregnant. We've been trying for months. I am really happy. I swear I will try my best to be a good father. I am pregnant! Joseph and I have been trying for so long. I'm very

happy, but horrible thoughts keep creeping into my mind. What if Joseph becomes like Dad, drunk, always drunk? I cannot bear to think about it, not Joseph. He knows how much pain that would give me.

We have a beautiful daughter! A healthy, happy child. We will call her Johanna. Johanna Kate Magdeline. Mary and I are so happy.

Mum and I have left Dad. He lost his job and began to drink. We hardly had enough money to buy food. Mum told me about her father, how he threw the acid at her, and scarred her face. When he was drunk and angry. Dad swore to Mum that he would not be like her father, always drunk, always angry. But he is.

I am flying and I can see the whole world. I can see the sea, tiny boats, happily bobbing on the waves. I can see the forest, birds flying with me. I can see the city, boiling mess of traffic. I am flying. I am flying because it helps me forget. It helps me forget about Joseph, about how he hurt me. It helps me forget about Mum leaving me and about Dad. I am flying and I can see the whole world. But I am only dreaming, I cannot fly.

I am flying and I can see the whole world. I can see the sea, tiny boats, happily bobbing on the waves. I can see the forest, birds flying with me. I can see the city, boiling mess of traffic. I am flying. I am flying because it helps me remember. I helps me remember about Gran, why her face had that awful scar. And how alcohol and anger destroyed her life. I am flying and I can see the whole world. But I am only dreaming, I would love to fly.

DIDN'T YOU KNOW? OR DON'T YOU CARE ?

The Amnesty International Group started at the end of last year. We are part of the Urgent Action Network, which means that we write a letter a week to other countries to help people endangered by their own government. Amnesty is an independent organisation that started over thirty years ago.

We have written for members of various political parties who have been killed, "disappeared" (which sometimes means they turn up in a ditch with a bullet through their head), and whose safety is feared. We also write for people who are being detained for their beliefs and are being tortured.

We have helped to improve the situation for many of these people and have even received answers from our high-powered pen-pals in places like Cambodia, Nigeria, Turkey, the Philippines and China.

You can help too by coming to the meetings which are on Friday lunchtimes in K15. Thanks must go to Ms Davis who is our co-ordinator and a long-standing member of Amnesty.

Katrina Morris - Year 9

SRC REPORT

The SRC of '93-94 identified its main goals as improving standards of representation and leadership skills through training.

Previously, the SRC had funded Sharmila Peres Da Costa, Esme Fisher and Aurali Saavedrato attend regional training SRC camps. To pass on these skills the SRC organised the first ever SRC camp. We are pleased to report that Esme Fisher of Yr 11 is a representative on regional council. The SRC has improved links with the P&C, and we are looking forward to taking an active role in the development of a School Council. Representation on the steering committee will ensure that students have a role in establishing the School Council constitution. We have also been attending pupil free days. Other important projects include investigation of a wet weather shed, the overhead bridge on Parramatta Road, a recycling program and Rosie Malcolm's establishment of the Melanger.

As usual the SRC has been actively involved in fundraising for Amnesty International and Legacy, as well as the ongoing support for our sponsor children in Cameroon and the Philippines. Students have again been encouraged to donate a toy for the Smith Family at this year's Christmas concert.

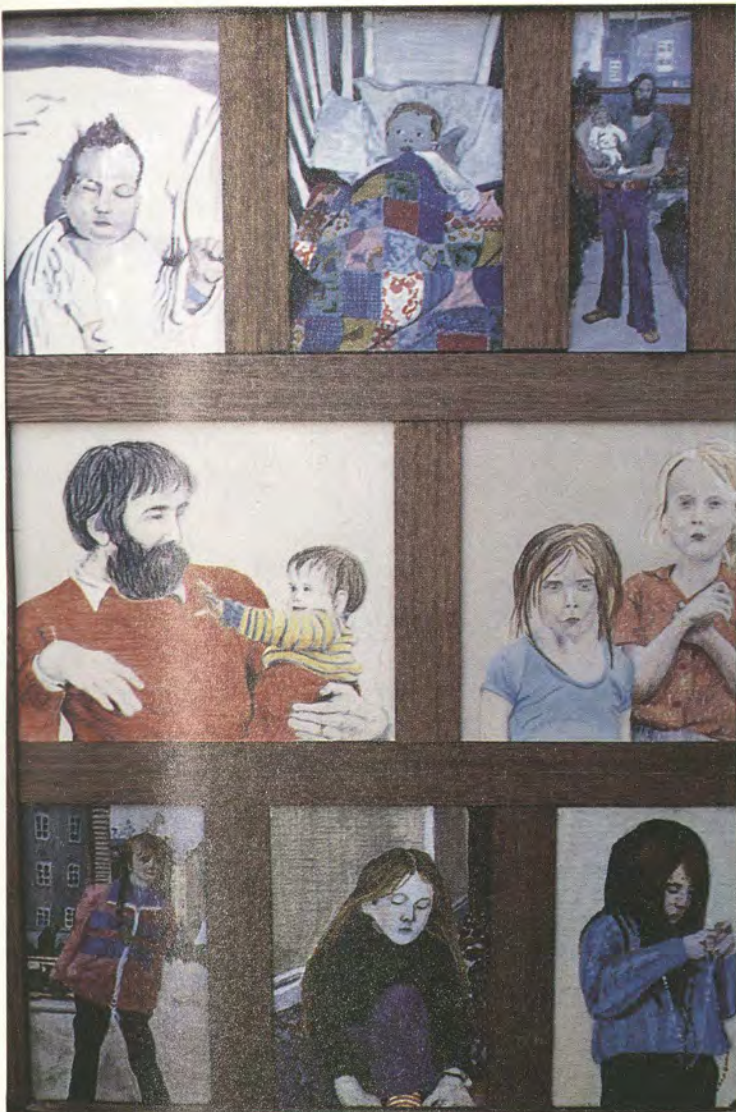
The most exciting event in the history of the world since ol' Montgomery planted the first brown potato back in the summer of 1843 was the 1993 SRC training camp. It was jointly subsidised by the Principal Mr Carroll and the SRC, and was a great success and lots of fun. Sessions were conducted by Esme, Sharm and Aurali. It helped build the self esteem of all members, at the same time making us decide the direction in which the SRC wanted to head and to improve the school's awareness of our role.

The SRC of 93-94 are brimming with enthusiasm, good ideas and talent in many different fields. We have outstanding artists, speakers, musicians, sportspersons, organisers and visionaries.

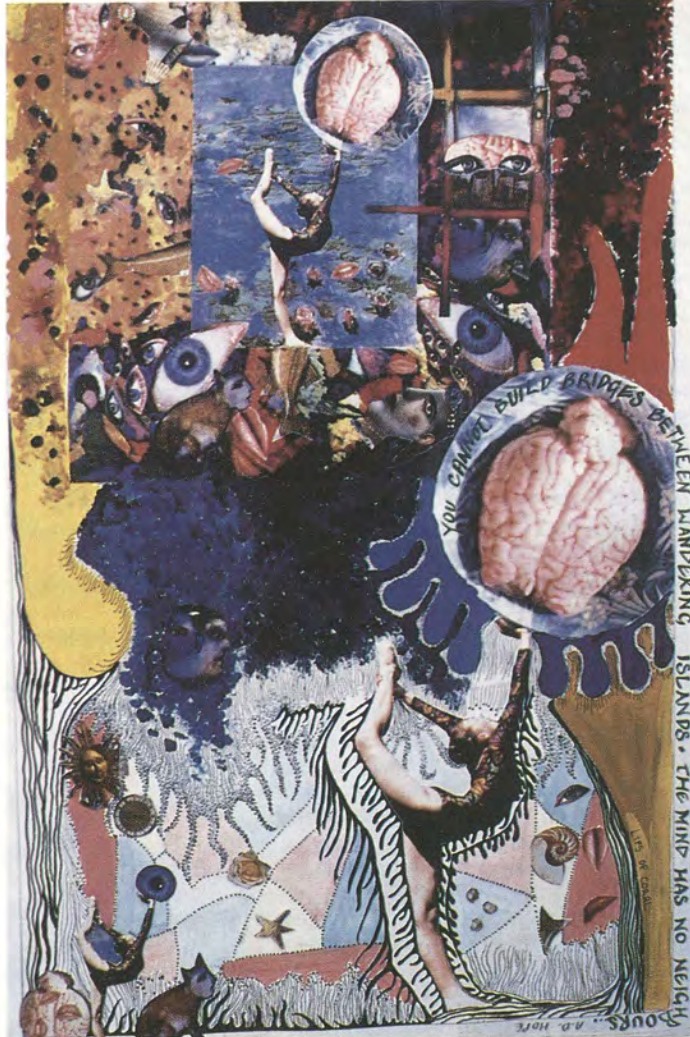
Many thanks to Mr Browne for all his help and support this year.

Fort Street Student Council 1994





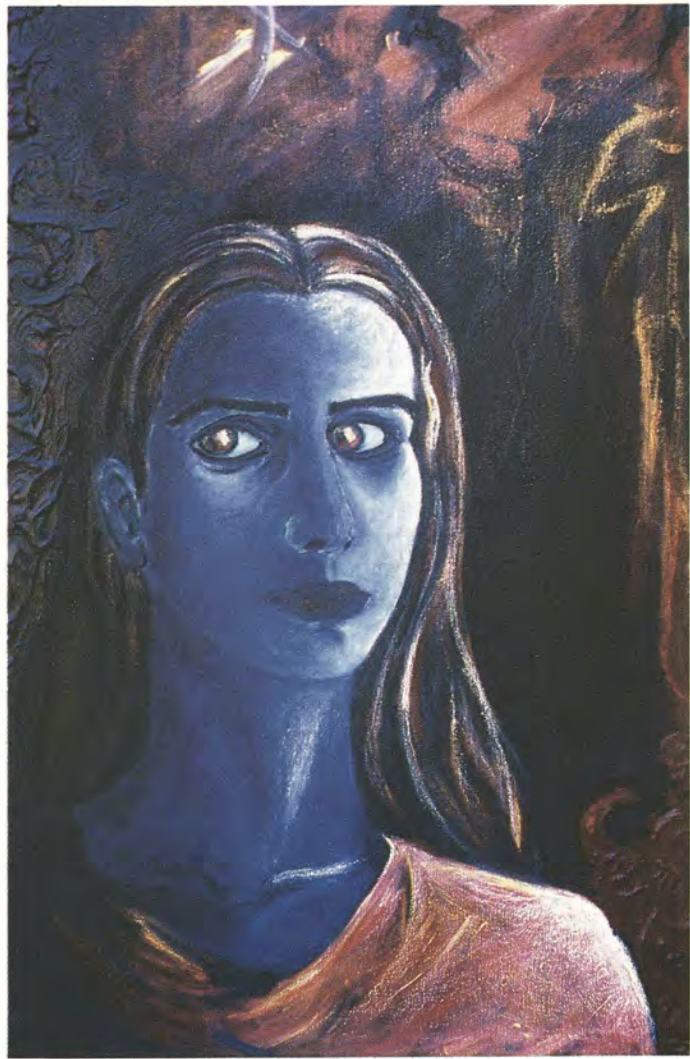
Karina Acton Yr12



Louise Buckingham Yr12



Magde Mironowicz Yr12



Asja Binno Yr12

A HOLE IN MY MATTRESS

This story is about one of my earliest memories (I must have been only six or seven at the time) which has stayed with me and affected me for most of my life.

As a child I went to Wallingford Girls Catholic Primary School in England. I boarded there from the age of four and a half to twelve, every year of which I hated but accepted as "normal life". The school was run by nuns, few of whom I can now remember the names of, let alone the faces. They were brusque and mostly impersonal women, and if they weren't they soon realised the dangers of being "soft".

I was a very quiet child, probably because I grew up with no mother, sisters or brothers. I was my mother's first child and she died soon after my birth. My father, who had never particularly liked children, liked me less for the fact that he alone was responsible for my well-being.

Anyway, at WGCP the worst thing that you could be was quiet and smart, and I was both. This leads me to explain the memory I spoke of. I was in a small, dark, unused room in the school somewhere and with me were four or five other girls. I was in Year 2 at the time, I think, and very small for my age. I recall the shortest, weediest, scrawniest of the girls coming right up close to my face and looking at me with her curiously mismatched eyes, one blue, one brown. She told me that I needed to be taught a lesson (what lesson it was I cannot remember). She pulled out my doll, which I had hidden since I arrived in

a part of my mattress that I had carved out. How she had found the doll I didn't know, but, as she pulled out a pair of scissors and began to cut her to pieces, I screamed and dived at her. Jennie Forsyth (that was her name) jumped aside and dragged me up by the hair. The other girls stood by as she bound my hands and dangled the key to the door in front of my face. I realised she planned to lock me in and scrambled up only in time to have the door literally slammed in my face. I remember lying there, with my nose throbbing, thinking about how miserable I was.

I don't actually remember much after that except the pain (which was awful), but I know I was taken to Wallingford Hospital where I was x-rayed and my nose was declared broken.

Although Jennie never broke any other of my bones, she carried on with her subtle torture for the rest of my primary school years. As we both boarded it was like one big awful school camp and I could never escape her.

My high school years passed without incident and I trained as a plastic surgeon. I set up my own surgery and should have been happy enough, but I could never get my childhood experiences right out of my mind, nor the kink out of my nose.

By my fifth year I had earned myself a reputation and had a better surgery and a better house, but I still felt discontent. It was the 23rd November, a cold day in mid-winter when a short, thin lady entered my clinic. I read in my appointment book that she was here for a nose job

and prepared all the proper tools - a small electric saw, an angle and a hammer. When the lady was sent into my office from the waiting room I smiled politely and drew on my gloves. She sat down nervously on my table and took off her dark glasses. As I placed the gas mask over her face and turned on my electric saw, I saw a look of recognition cross her face - but the anaesthetic had done its job. I smiled with real happiness, "Her nose will now match her eyes" I thought to myself, "Odd!"

Belinda Tocher - Year 9



Drawing - Natasha Fong Year 7

MAGAZINE

The magazine was picked up off the shelf. The shoplifter looked around; no-one looking? Good. The magazine was stuffed under the ratty, old jumper. Outside. Out in a new world, a world more colourful than any article in the magazine. But the magazine had no feeling. It didn't see the purple flowers of the Jacaranda, or hear the soft spring wind as it moved through the trees. It did not feel the sun as it was carried quickly away from the store, it didn't register the store owner's shouts as he chased after the thief. Into the station. Lost in the crowds. Onto the train. Nervously, it's pages were turned. Shaking fingers ripped out the page to send away for freebies. But the magazine felt no sensation. The magazine felt no pain. It didn't feel loss or loneliness as the thief got off the train and left it there, on the seat, by itself. Nothing. No day or night. No good or bad. No love or hate. Nothing. Nothing when the young baby put it in its mouth. Nothing when it was hurled by the mother across the train to keep it from the baby. Its journey continued, but not that it would know it. A journey that would be the envy of many for the new experiences it gave, for the chance to broaden their horizons. The philosophy of the thinker, as he laboured over the articles to find their meaning; to find their purpose. The determined views of the radical, as he fumed and swore over the latest bungle of the politicians. Yet the magazine took none of the experience its journey offered, and it did not have even the smallest horizon to broaden.

On and on its journey went. On and on its existence was left in the hands of those who chose to acknowledge it, for it could not acknowledge itself. It could not stop the drunk who squashed it to the seat. It could not calm the racist who took offence at the words written within it. It could not straighten its pages, as they were bent, and torn, and folded. Being human, it is hard to imagine the pain, the suffering, the despair that the magazine must feel. We cannot envisage a life where you cannot even protest, cannot even cry out, for the injustices placed upon you. A life that you have not one inch of influence over, even though it is your own. The very idea of placing our being, our very survival, in the hands of another appals us. Yet it does not appal the magazine.

It does not even think to protest. It does not even think to cry out. It does not think at all. It has no mind. It hardly even has a being. And the being it does have is not its own. It is simply an easy way to get across a message, an opinion, an idea. The only thing of its own is its name. Magazine. But even that was given to it by someone else. And how many magazines are there? One million? A hundred million? Billions? Billions of the same things, leading the same types of lives. And yet, there has been no revolt. There has been no nuclear war over their pitiful, pathetic lives. Can their existence even be called "life"? Isn't it simply existence? An existence for the pleasure of its tormentors?

The journey persists. The magazine perseveres. The young woman flips through the pages quickly, scanning everything only momentarily. The boy lets his eyes wander aimlessly over the pages as his mind troubles over his teenage problems. The angry child stomps and jumps up and down on it, before he succeeds in ripping it in half.

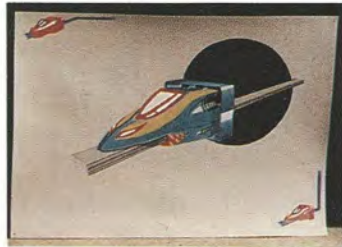
Still the magazine does not cry out. Still it does not take control; it does nothing. Far beyond the bounds of any mortal patience, it simply does nothing. For the magazine is, at the same time, "is" and "is not". It "is" there as far as any human can see. It is fulfilling its purpose. And yet, it "is not". It is not there in mind, or true body, or mortal boundaries. Its existence is made up of *is* and *is not*.

Its existence is controlled by the moods of those nearby it. Its existence is controlled by those who seek information, or a freedom from boredom. Its existence is finally, inevitably terminated, as the cleaner takes it from the train to be thrown in the furnace.

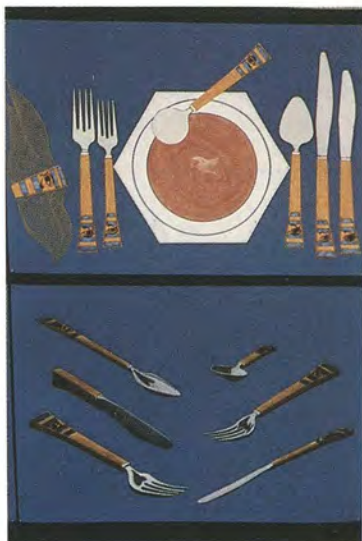
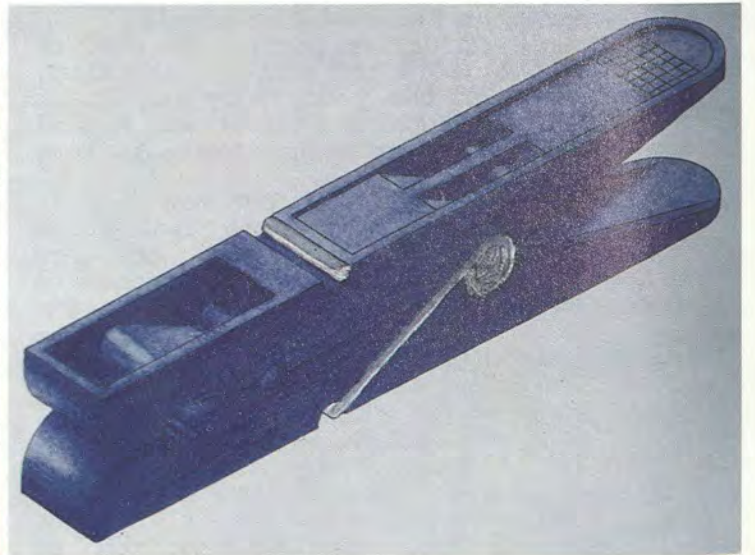
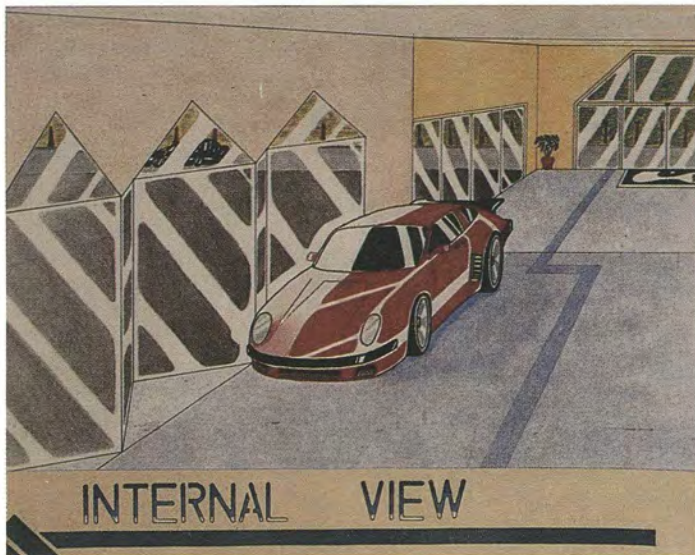
Inara Gravitis - Year 9



WALKING THE DOG Kit Morrell Yr 7



DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY DRAWING



GIRL'S DISCUSSION GROUP

Elizabeth Mole, Katrina Morris, Ms Joselyn

Imagine how Girls' Discussion Group interprets the familiar nursery story "Sleeping Beauty".

An anorexic, anaemic, glamorous, painted child-woman in a coma, lying down passively, exhibiting no personality or intelligence, attracts a dashing, wealthy, young man with her charms. As soon as his lips touch hers (he has a CPR certificate), she immediately comes to life and recognises him as her life partner and protector. They live happily ever after except for the fact that one in twenty women experience sexual or physical violence in the home and one in four marriages end in divorce.

Girls' Discussion continued to meet on Thursday lunchtimes during 1993. Our posters still function to feed back strong messages of gender equity to the school.

An after-school seminar entitled "Women at University" was given by Lyn Shoemark, equal opportunity officer at U.T.S., and a parent. Things have certainly changed since the turn of this century for women wanting to study at university.

Girls' Discussion was visited by the editor of "The Gen", a newsletter about gender equity in NSW schools. The October issue of the magazine focuses on our activities at Fort Street High School.

Ms Joslyn attended an international conference in Canada on Gender and Science & Technology Education. She ran a workshop on Xerox Poster Art, and reports a lot of interest from teachers across the world.



Lisa Foley, Anna Valpiani



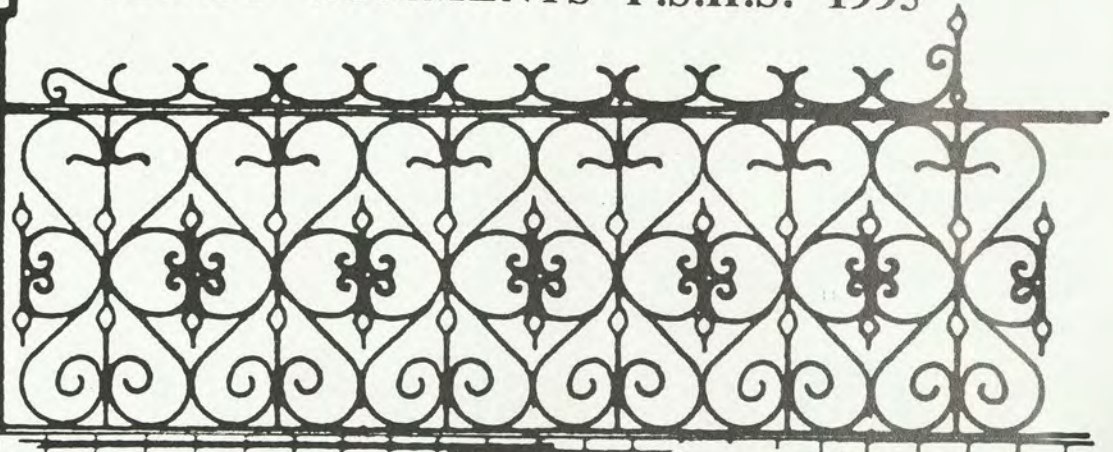
Denim Francis



Niki Curthoys

The P&C have decided to find some activities for girls' programs and gender awareness in the coming year. We would like to thank the P&C for their support and encouragement.

SEXIST COMMENTS F.S.H.S. 1993



BOYS ARE STRONG LIKE ROCK,
GIRLS ARE WEAK LIKE FLOWERS*

GIRLS,

DON'T PICK UP THOSE
TABLES, YOU MIGHT RUIN
YOUR REPRODUCTIVE
ORGANS.*

THIS IS THE TEAM CAPTAIN'S
SEAT,
NOT THE BIMBO'S

You are weak
Because you're a
girl.*

YOUR SKIRT IS OBSCENE.*

Stop playing
like girls.*

BOYS RULE
THEY ALWAYS HAVE
AND THEY ALWAYS WILL

It's bad enough
that boys swear!*

HEY SKIRT!*

Don't be
such a girl!!+

GUYS TEND TO HAVE MORE PROBLEMS
THAN GIRLS DO BUT GIRLS HAVE
THEM IN BIG CLUMPS!

You should be down in
King's Cross*

51 1993 AFFIRMATIVE ACTION ESSAY
COMPETITION

Question: Equal pay for women was considered a major achievement. What other changes do you think need to occur within society and the workplace to create genuine equal employment opportunity for women?

First Prize Year 11 and 12

ANNA PERTIERRA F.S.H.S.

"In attempting to rectify the problems women encounter through unequal employment opportunities, effective solutions will have to be as complicated and diverse as the workplaces involved. However, several factors of inequity are apparent in the vast majority of environments.....

Despite the gain of equal pay for equal work, extensive evidence indicates that women earn only 80-90% of men's salaries, even when jobs of similar substance, merit or skill. This inequity takes place in two main ways: Female dominated occupations being paid less than male-dominated areas, and through differences between men and women performing the same job.

Ross McLelland discussed this problem in his article "Why Australian women earn less than men", and used the example of librarians to illustrate the former aspect; Most librarians are employed by a local government, as are people from male dominated areas such as engineering. Despite the fact that librarians are considered to hold jobs of equal value, they earn 20% less than municipal engineers. Further, most female dominated careers have fewer opportunities of significant promotion.....

Present attempts to encourage girls in taking traditionally male career pathsshould certainly be continued.....such careers often lead to positions of power in our society.....however.....vital careers that are traditionally female need to be recognized as important and worthwhile.....Through this improved recognition, people throughout society will probably view areas like Nursing and Education as more prestigious, giving large numbers of female workers the conditions they deserve.....

Changes must be made in the selection

processes, generally used to evaluate the performances of employees, usually leading to promotion, so that presently discredited assets of female workers are given more emphasis. Also in the workplace, we must radically change the ways in which people are employed; present employment policies make it very difficult to combine working well in a successful and satisfying job with other very common obligations, most notably caring for other family members.....

Presently, provision of childcare by large-scale employers.....is voluntary.....it would seem an advantageous investment to enforce conditions for the Public and semi-Public Sectors to provide childcare centres in or near the workplace.....Alternative options, especially for smaller companies, are to "buy" places in other centres to be used by employees, or to subsidise the costs of childcare.

The establishment of Equal Opportunity Officers, as with child care, is a voluntary program only employed in the largest employers.....this must be accessible to every worker in Australia for genuine employment equity.....a number of small companies located in the same area would share an officer or unit.....in publicly discussing and enforcing new EO policies, and in recruiting and training people for what would be the huge growth industry of EO, public education would inevitably follow.....

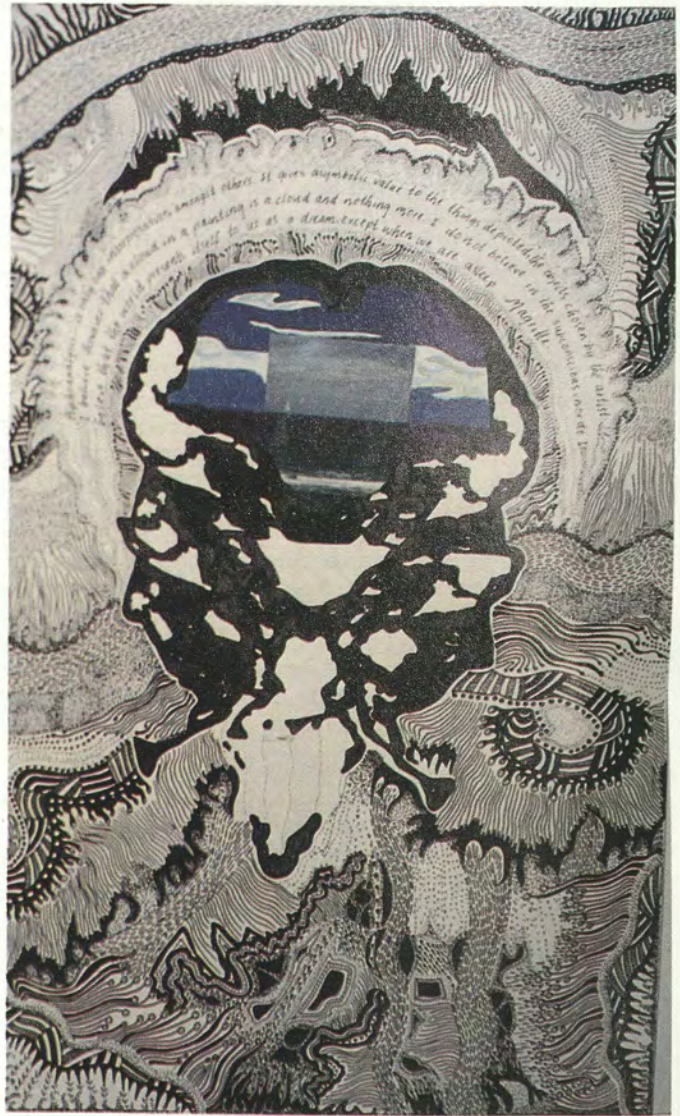
the final and legislative reforms to stop discrimination in the workplace gives the clear message to all sectors of the community that equal employment opportunities for women are necessary rather than ornamental, that discrimination in the workplace is outdated and unacceptable, and that it is time to recognise that women hold great potential, importance and skill in all areas of the work force.



Mai Nghi Phung Yr12



Melanie Tocher Yr10



Louise Buckingham Yr 12

Life is a banana.
 Long. Bent. And yellow.
 But whenever you open it up to look inside,
 you find that there is one sort of
 bruise that engulfs the whole banana,
 but you can't see it until you've
 taken one massive bite and find that
 there is nowhere to spit it out. So
 you sort of try and resurrect the
 banana again. Putting the chewed bit
 on top of the rest, and sticking it
 down. Putting the skin back. Offer
 it to someone else.
 No. Life is not like a Banana.
 Sorry.

Nikki Curthoys - Year 8

LIFERS ?



Sarah Tran, Addy Sudarshan,
 Alex Tomlinson



Mi-He Lee Year 12

Young Achievers

In the world of business where experience is crucial in obtaining a job and to obtain experience you need a job, Young Achievement Australia provides this missing link between the occupation you want and the experience you need.

YA started approximately in March April, the first thing that was needed, was finding a name for our company, it had to include the initials YA.

In our group alone there was 5 schools represented, from public to private.

YA showed and taught us the fundamentals of the business/commerce side we rarely see in our schools, even if your career aspirations aren't in this field still go for it as the experience you gain will help in the future.

The highlight of the YA programme is what is known as the trade fair.

This year 68 different companies were represented at Darling Harbour the site for this years trade fair. With our ideas storming and product in hand we were allocated stalls to set up and the aim was to try and sell as much as possible.

Many companies did very well, returning up to \$10 for every \$2 share invested.

The programme ended in September with a Venture of the Year Awards night.

So for all you up and coming entrepreneurs make this the beginning of your successful careers. Even if your not one of these what the hek! go for fun.

by LUKE LEE

TOURNAMENT OF THE MINDS

We now take for granted computer technology, and the industrial age into which we were launched head first at the beginning of this century. But if we were now to find a new world, not one equipped to move into the next century, but one not fit to be in the last, then how could we convince them to take on the ways of our world and move into a new age. That was the problem presented to us in Tournament of the Minds. We were to portray the events in this scenario and in the process explain binary to the judges. As binary is not a matter of intense interest, in fact lets face it, when there's only two digits, after three or four of them, one's mind starts to wander, Fort Street's effort consisted more of the computers and less of the numbers.

One of the main criteria on which the performances are assessed is creativity. With this in mind we took a negative slant on what our world hails as the main achievement in this century. With technology has come not only computer games, and the electric guitar, but also poverty, disease and war on a grand new scale. Although it has brought the cure to many of our ills, it has caused many others. Of course taking this line didn't make the job of selling computers to the new world any easier, but it enabled us to write the best script of the entrants. Unfortunately it took us five and a half of the six weeks to write, and we were therefore a little under rehearsed on the day. Luckily for us, the majority of our competitors viewed comedy in the same light as the late Benny Hill. After the third or fourth guy dressed as a bimbo with breasts the size of watermelons, the judges got bored, and we ended up with second in the Maths Engineering Category.

Maybe next year we'll be first.

The team consisted of Ben Spiers Butcher, Katrina Morris, Monica Ng, Minh Ngo, Andrew Cram, Thomas Richards, Andrew Yam and Facilitator Libby Davis.

Ben Spiers Butcher

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Magda Mironowicz Yr12

MAH-JONGG CLUB REPORT

This year saw the inception of the official Fort Street Mah-Jongg Club, with Mr Carroll as club patron. The club had its foundation in a small group of senior students in 1992, and has gradually become more popular with students in younger forms. The club's membership has swelled considerably this year, from the original three players, to thirteen members.

We meet at lunchtime on most weekdays in the library, and usually manage to fit two or three games within lunchtime. Even Mr Carroll plays a game or two when he can make time. Next year we plan to hold a mah-jongg competition open to all students.

Mah-Jongg is an ancient Chinese card-game involving small tiles traditionally made from wood and ivory, and the game play is similar to those of the Rummy family of card games.

If you are interested in playing mah-jongg on a regular basis, or just wish to learn more about this demanding game, feel free to speak to one of the regulars for more information.

Gavin Tung - Year 12

SCHOOL

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

After a rained out first attempt at running our Carnival in which Sydney University were forced to close their grounds to us - the heavens opened for a glorious sunny day for our successful second attempt. The ideal conditions spurred our athletes on to record-breaking performances.

Nathan Quinlin and Ben Day Roche broke records in the 200m & 400m 15yrs boys respectively.

Tony Masters broke the 100m and 200m records in 16yrs boys and Neil Pradhan broke the 400m record in the same age group.

Lisa Goudie set a new record in the 100m and Smrithi Siva broke the 400m record in the 16yrs girls.

For the second consecutive year, Daniel Chakarovski broke both the 100m & 200m 17yrs boys previously set in 1984!

The fight for winning house was fierce with Yellow House clinching equal first with Blue House.

Congratulations go to the following students who performed well overall in their age groups and scooped Age Champion status:

BOYS

- 12 Luke Mitchell
- 13 Chris Fitzpatrick
- 14 Aarron Willett
- 15 Ben Day Roche
- 16 Tony Masters
- 17 Daniel Chakarovski

GIRLS

- 12 Jenny Lin
- 13 Lisa Collins
- 14 Maria Kwiatkowski
- 15 Angela Kontominas
- 16 Lisa Goudie
- 17 Lynda Body

ZONE ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

The athletic prowess of our students continued on into the Zone Competition.

For the first time in many, many years Fort Street achieved the ultimate goal - ZONE CHAMPIONS - an outstanding performance for a school often considered to be purely academic - all brains and no brawn! WELL DONE FORT STREET!!! WE SHOWED THEM!!!

As with the Zone Swimming Carnival, this awesome win can, in part, be contributed to the fact that almost 100% of our competitors showed up, competed and performed very well in their events. The real credit should go to our recently adopted PE

teacher, Ms. Jacobs, who sacrificed many early mornings and late afternoons to mentally and physically prepare our team. She is a great asset to our department.

In addition to coming first in the 14/15yrs age category and second in the 16/17yrs and of course an overall first. Fort Street sported four Age Champions:

- 12Yrs Boys - Luke Mitchell
- 13Yrs Girls - Lisa Collins
- 16Yrs Boys - Tony Masters
- 16Yrs Girls - Lisa Goudie

Well done to these athletes!

The following students represented the Region at CHS:

T. Masters (Javelin), Lisa Goudie, M. Summerville (Javelin), S> Siva, L. Mayne, D. Leanfore (Relay). A great achievement for any student to reach the State Carnival!

K. Anderson
Sports Co-ordinator



Susan Kodoroff



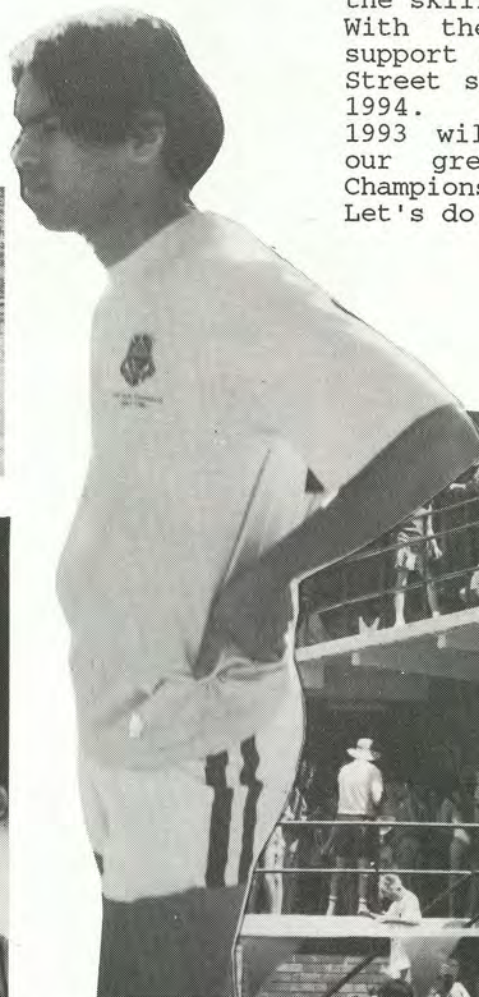
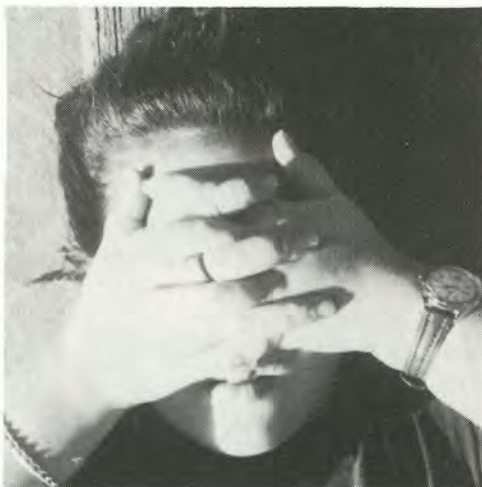
Sue De Mel



Fionnuala Browne



SPORT REPORT



1993 has been an awesomely good year for sport lovers and achievers. Fort Street, as part of the Northern Suburbs Zone, has improved its performance in all the annual carnivals - swimming (4th place 1992, 3rd place 1993), cross country (4th overall - Girls 17th 1992, 2nd 1993), athletics (5th 1992, 1st 1993!).

The main reason for these improved results is that students who achieved well in our school carnival have shown a commitment to the school and represented the school at the Zone. In the past, Fort Street has had many competitors just not show up for a Carnival. This year we had almost 100% turn up and compete.

All those students who did compete in the Carnivals deserve a Big Congratulation for their efforts. The results speak for themselves.

Our achievements in the Zone Grade Competition have also dramatically improved. Many more students tried out for teams this year rather than hiding their talents away in recreational sports. A great many of our teams look to be well positioned for the finals.

Thanks to all of our Grade Team members and thank you to our coaches. Many staff have put in a great deal of effort and time to help improve the skill level of our teams.

With the continued performance and support of our senior students, Fort Street should continue to improve in 1994.

1993 will always be remembered for our greatest achievement as Zone Champions in the Athletics Carnival. Let's do it again in 1994!



CROSS COUNTRY

Fort Street came fourth overall in the Zone but our girls came in a very close second (by one point) behind Marsden!

A special congratulations to those students who were Zone Champions - Fort Street, as you have read, had 5 Champions.

Another magnificent day for the running of our Annual Cross Country Carnival. It was compulsory for all students to participate in Years 7-9 and run to their level of fitness. There were some outstanding individual performances with Lisa Collins in the 13Yrs winning her age group by a huge margin, and then went on to become Zone Age Champion. She then came 8th at the Regional Carnival but was not well enough to run at C.H.S.

The participation of the Seniors in Years 11-12 was very disappointing, but we managed to fill a team at, least in the 17Yrs Girls - come on boys where were you?

Age Champions

Girls:	Boys:
12 Clio Gates Foale	Luke Mitchell
13 Lisa Collins	Andrew Cram
14 Maria Kwiatkowski	Andrew Watson
15 Anna Clarke	Nathan McLachlan
16 Lisa Goudie	Angus Cameron
17 Taryn Woods	Ryan Dare

House Points:	
BLUE	358
RED	300
YELLOW	277
GREEN	253

Congratulations to the following students who represented the school at the Zone Carnival and gained a place:

12Yrs	Jenny Lin	4th
	Luke Mitchell	1st
	Zone Champion	
13Yrs	Lisa Collins	1st
	Zone Champion	
	Michelle Summerville	5th
	Andrew Cram	5th
	Joshua Watson	12th
14Yrs	Maria Kwiatkowski	1st
	Zone Champion	
	Holly Fisher	3rd
	Mayet Costello	12th
15Yrs	Anna Clark	2nd
	Angela Kontominas	4th
	Amy Lawson	6th
	Amy Leanfore	8th
	Nathan McLachlan	1st
	Zone Champion	
	Murray Coleman	11th
16Yrs	Lisa Goudie	1st
	Zone Champion	
	Pippa Travers	8th
	Denise Leanfore	10th
	Angus Cameron	5th
17Yrs	Taryn Woods	4th
	Jessica Schuman	5th

Fun Run Winners



Ben Day-Roche Yr 9



Kyle Whiting Yr 8



Lisa Collins Yr 7



Hugh O'Neil Yr 8

Thomas Moliterno Yr 7



Owen Macindoe
Nick Coleman
Krish Mandel



SWIMMING CARNIVAL

It was decided this year that we would change the number of competing School Houses from six to four, simply because there were not enough competitors to fill all events in each House. The Carnival proved to be more competitively exciting and gave a tremendous lift to *House Spirit* - students were actually cheering for their House this year. The final Carnival House results were as follows:

BLUE HOUSE	680
GREEN HOUSE	540
RED HOUSE	496
YELLOW HOUSE	418

Swimming Age Champions 1993

12 Yrs	Daniel Tan Jenny Gittens
13	Stephen Harvey Sarah Wood
14	Ewan McDonald Eliza Mackintosh
15	Simon Allen Belinda Selwood
16	Joseph Dickson Pippa Travers
17	David Aurelius Taryn Woods

Well done to these people.

In addition, a number of School Records were broken:

12 Yrs Boys

Daniel Tan

50m Backstroke	42.89	(45.00 1991)
50m Breaststroke	48.27	(53.09 1991)
100m Freestyle	1.28.47	(1.30.06 1991)

17 Yrs Boys

50m Freestyle	27.19	(27.54 1984!)
Nick Allen		
50m Backstroke	33.63	(34.91 1987)
David Aurelius		
50m Breaststroke	36.65	(38.64 1987)
David Aurelius	37.12	" "
Leighton Aurelius		
100m Freestyle	1.01.55	(1.03.39 1987)
David Aurelius		
50m Butterfly	30.20	(31.23 1989)
David Aurelius		

17 Yrs Girls

50m Freestyle	31.06	(31.45 1986)
Taryn Wood		
100m Freestyle	1.10.23	(1.14.00 1989)
Taryn Wood		

Some outstanding individual performers!

This year Fort Street achieved the best result in many years with an overall 3rd in our Zone. This result can be attributed to the fact that we had almost 100% of our competitors turn up to the Carnival and compete. In the past, many students have just let the school down and not fronted. Thank you to all our competitors. The following students represented the Zone at the Regional Swimming Carnival:

Daniel Tan, Sarah Woods, K. Edwards, Belinda Selwood, Tamara Talmacs, Edward Cram, Burt Sigsworth, Donovan Stone, Pippa Travers, Nick Allen, Taryn Woods, David Aurelius, Leighton Aurelius, Tim Chapman.

A great effort. Well done swimmers!



James Manning,

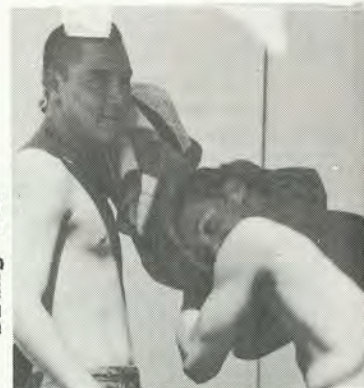


Quang Nguyen, Nigel Bonney,

Lincoln Robinson,
Julian Nikakis



Alex Lyberopoulos



Siung Tan





Netball
 Melanie Bishop, Corrinne Uren, Belinda Selwood, Katie Goodwin, Michelle Blande
 Ms Bresnahan, Amber Austin, Anasuya Claff, Hanna Torsh, Belinda Tocher, Vanessa Tran, Nada Andric, Sarah Corney, Michelle Sabatier, Michelle Echt, Katherine Lynch, Daniela Floro, Amy Lawson



Grade Goli Team
 Greg Pavlou, Sanju Modi, Donovan Stone, Mr Millwood, David Aurelius, Kevin Soo



Open Soccer
 Duói Sukendar, Ehab Dimitri, Anthony Krinthinakis, Eric Paul, Todd Brown, Rodrigo Cerda Salas, Philip Mylecharane, Mr Mazurkiewicz, Chris Kollias, Daniel De Giusto, Arpit Srivastavia, Lincoln Robinson



Girls Open Netball
 Divia Siriam, Jenny Lyell, Jessica Schumann, Lisa Goudie, Denise Leanfore
 Alex McDonald, Felicity Kelly, Bridget McManus, Alex Jurkiw, Olivia Dun, Amy Critchley

YEAR 7 GALA DAY

On Monday 9th August, the Year 7's decided that they had had enough. With our busy schedules and hectic existences, we needed a break from the pressures of everyday life. We decided that we would do something new and exciting - something no Year 7 had ever done before. A Gala Day! The offered sports for girls were softball, netball and hockey, and for boys, baseball, soccer and rugby. It ended up that we had three netball teams, two softball teams, two hockey teams, two baseball teams, three soccer teams and two rugby teams. The weather was good (for the middle of winter), the kids were excited, the teachers were excited, and the buses were positively glowing - it looked like it was going to be a good day, so we set out for Meadowbank Park.

60

The schools involved were: Concord High and Hunters Hill High who both displayed excellent sportsmanship and played brilliantly.

We received some wonderful results:

- 1st in Girls Softball
- 2nd in Boys Rugby
- 2nd and 4th in Boys Baseball
- 3rd and 4th in Girls Netball

2nd Overall

I think everyone involved had an excellent time, and benefited from the physical exercise and time away from school. I would like to warmly thank Miss Anderson and all of the teachers involved, as well as the Year 10s for coaching and umpiring.

Naomi de Costa - Year 7



Ms Joslyn, Belinda Conway, Denim Francis



Mr Ambler, Mr Leondios



Kathy Dao, Sylvie Ellsmore,

Katrina Morris



Ms Johanson



Mr Browne





15's Rugby

Simon Holding, Manny Holihan, Fred Lunsmann, Mike Holihan, Nick Zelenjak, James Sterges. Thomas Scott, Nathan McLachlan, Nathan Quinlan, Tim Sinclair, Jung Lee, Mustafa Karaoglu Matthew Want (Captain), John Leahy, Graham Burnell-Jones, T. Leondios (Coach)



15's Hockey

Joanna Crawford, Katrina Morris, Sarah Clark, Alice Carter, Ms Jacobs Kate Doutney, Claire Wallace, Mary Kirkness, Rebecca McIntyre Sharon Law, Kate Edwards, Pooja Chowdhary



Open Girls Soccer

Kate Van Staveran, Esme Fisher, June Sartracom, Maria Getsios, Beth Hood, Magnolia Sutcliff Ms Gilbert, Leanne Rich, Sharon Walder, Sacha Stelzer, Smrithi Siva, Virginia Lee, Claire Dawson, Anna Lee, Joanne Pearce, Meilin Ford



Girls Open Hockey

Judy Liao, Ai Linh Phu, Mr Jurd Angela Kontominas, Anna Clark, Amy Leanfore, Rose Malcolm, Alex Owens Aileen De Lapena, Tamara Talmacs. Anna Choy, Abi Mohan.

MATHEMATICS REPORT

Well, it's almost the end of another stunning mathematical year at the marvellous Fort. I did such an excellent job writing last year's article for *The Fortian*, while convalescing in bed with my broken leg, that Mr Solomons has drawn upon my expertise once again to make another contribution to Mathematics at the Fort.

This year I again have Mr Solomons as my mathematics teacher, in 10M2. I never cease to be impressed by his enthusiasm for mathematics - however, a slight criticism is the hour of homework each night is not sufficient. Mr Solomons ensured that my step brother, Carl Friedrich Gauss, made an easy transition from his OC class to Year 7. He has always been rather impetuous, but likeable, and nearly as good a mathematician as I. This was borne out in his mere Distinction at the AMC that was so wonderfully organised by Mr Jurd. I gained a small but important money prize. How impressed we were that he made it compulsory for all Fort Street students, and with the certificates that were printed in the new computer room on the laser printer with the assistance of Messrs Hayes and Fraser. It was good news to hear that my best friend, Mainul Hossain, of 10M2, won a money prize in the Junior Section of the 32nd Annual School Mathematics Competition run by the University of NSW. I gave some training to Cindy Hu for this Competition and I am

happy to report she gained a Certificate of Merit.

Ms Stamoulos guided young Carl Friedrich in the use of advanced-enrichment-accelerated-extension-open-plan materials purchased by the faculty's Resources Co-ordinator, Ms Paice, who has chalked up a huge debt for the faculty. But he was not amused, and was heard muttering under his cusped breath, "we have done this all before!!!!" His over-confidence resulted in a score of 4³% in the following test. I am awaiting with my usual zealous enthusiasm to use not only all the practical equipment recently purchased, but the new computer rooms to integrate such technology into my long term plans of becoming another Dr Andrew Wiles. For those students who dispose of the stimulating news clippings which are distributed in mathematics classes, you will not understand how absolutely enthralled I was when informed of the cracking of the age-old mathematics problem first devised by one of my heroes, Pierre de Fermat, a 17th century French mathematician and physicist.

The Surveying Excursion was my dream come true. Here I was in the thick of things, investigating all the new technologically advanced land-measuring devices which were brought to the school by a Fortian, Dr Rizos, Senior Lecturer in the School of Surveying at the University of NSW. He was assisted by three final year students from the University. The day was exciting and very

informative, not to mention seeing some great employment opportunities for that wonderful breed of people, mathematicians. Year 10, thanks to Mrs Beevers went on a Harbour Cruise on the last Friday in Week 8. For those that think mathematicians always stay indoors were blown away by a force 4 gale. We honed our coastal navigation skills with real problem solving activities and thank Napier did not get lost or run aground.

Year 9 carried on our tradition established last year to visit Wonderland and apply classroom taught theory to real problems, like staying upside down for 60 seconds in the Bounty's Revenge while suspended 60 metres in the air. Oh, what a feeling! Miss McInnes, once again, proved she has what it takes. She tore apart Hanna-Barbera Land and splashed her way down The Snowy River Rampage accompanied by Mr Jones replacing Ms Spry, who has been on maternity leave this year. Parents were ringing the school around 5 p.m. looking for their children. Thank heavens for Mrs Wardell who was working back late and could pass on the message that the bus had broken down. I think this has driven Mr Solomons to requesting the school purchase a cellular phone for excursions to remote areas. Mr Hagerman took one team to the Year 9 Gifted and Talented Mathematics Day at the University of NSW, St George Campus. Thanks to Mr Fraser, the group reached their destination on time. His wonderful knowledge of the city's transport

network is something to behold. The group showed the other schools that mathematics at the Fort is seriously contested.

Year 8 attended an in-school excursion, the Magic of Mathematics, allowing them oodles of opportunity for meaningful hands-on experience. Once again, it was the efforts of that hard-working duo, that composite prime pair, that never say too much team, Mrs Johnson and Mrs McGown, ensuring the Day Program was faultless and always entertaining.



Dat Truong Mr Jurd

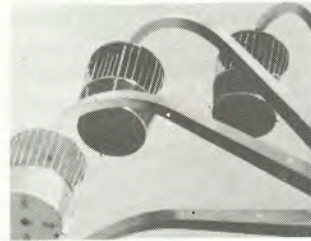


One final thanks should be given to all the teachers on the Mathematics Staff who, over the last year, have ensured that at the outset of each new topic-unit of work, we have the topic outcomes. I know it has probably given the rest of the field assistance in preparing for topic test and major examinations, but what the heck, the goal at school is not just to do well in examinations but to ensure we leave each topic with a burning thirst for the seeking of more knowledge.

Ada Lovelace - Year 10



Abi Mohan Marcus Maller



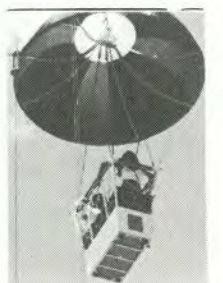
Ms Beevers



Sophie Long Joanne Crawford



Adam Smith



COMPUTING STUDIES REPORT



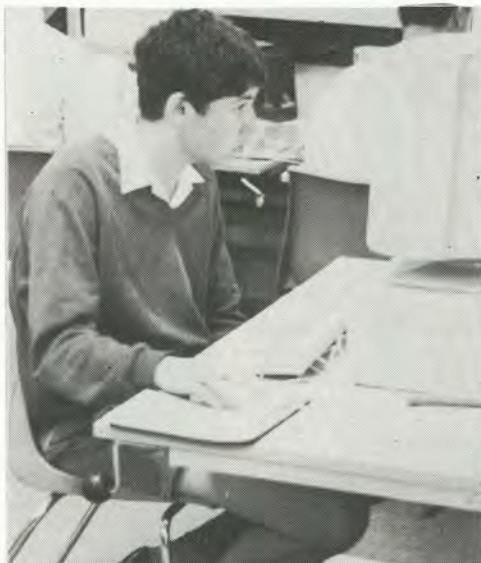
Ms Chadwick



Marie Lowe



Dennis Clancy



Let me introduce myself - my name is Charles Babbage and, according to the Computer Studies textbook used at Fort Street High School, I am considered to be the "father of the modern computer". Well, actually, I am the spirit of Charles Babbage, since I died physically in the middle of the nineteenth century. Thank heavens for the afterlife! In my bodiless form, I have been roaming the earth in the late twentieth century and I have come upon the computing people and facilities at Fort Street High School. How exciting! Since the new IBM compatible facilities have commenced in Term III, 1993, it seems everyone wants to study computers. In the Senior school in 1994, there will be one Year 12 2-unit class, two Year 11 2-unit classes, and two Year 11 1-unit classes. What a change from only two Year 11 1-unit classes in 1993! In Year 9 in 1994, there will be two elective computing classes, the same as for 1993. In Year 10 in 1994, there will be two new elective classes. Meanwhile, Year 7 and 8 students do computing as part of their Technology and Design course with Mr Osland, Ms McMaster and Ms Wells. I have observed Mr Hayes and Mr Fraser work tirelessly in the Room 27 Computer Room. They have prepared a good many fascinating worksheets in word processing, databases and spreadsheets. These worksheets involved mail-merge, graphics, charting and statistics. Often the quiet buzz of students working is most

impressive. Computers can provide a ready motivation for the students. Computing has affected the organisation of careers for Mr Canty - Mr Fraser devised a way for the laser printer to run off work-experience certificates and sticky address labels. Also the office is becoming more and more computerised with the preparation of memos, reports, documents, programs and examination papers. Calvin Hsieh, Mauro Grassi and Mosaddeque Hossain gained Merit Certificates in the Australian Computer Competition.

On 3 November, I was present at the Official Opening of the new computing facilities by the Honourable Virginia Chadwick, the Minister for School Education. The students looked most impressive, resplendent in blue and maroon (much smarter than the unofficial uniform of black) and worked at the computers faultlessly! I also accompanied the students on excursions to the Powerhouse Museum and the Personal Computer Show at the Showground.

Indeed, I shall look forward to my visits to the computer rooms at Fort Street for many years to come.

The Spirit of Charles Babbage
Mr Carroll, Ms Chadwick



HISTORY REPORT

1993 has been an extremely busy year for Fort Street's Historians. The new Junior Syllabus, with its compulsory study of one hundred hours of Australian History, has been successfully introduced and we are now working on the new Senior Syllabus in both Modern and Ancient History. From 1994, the HSC Course will begin in Term 4, Year 11, and this has profound implications in requiring new programs and areas of study.

Our Historians this year have had the usual wide variety of excursions encompassing our "hands on" approach to learning. Just a few of the highlights include Mrs Jago's and Mr Sorban's epic trip to Melbourne and the Victorian Gold Fields with Year 9 and Mr Browne and Ms Bresnahan's three day trip to Canberra. Looking back, The Powerhouse, the Maritime Museum, The Rocks, numerous films and day trips. Judging by the enthusiastic reception from students, our participatory approach to the subject will certainly continue.

At the time of writing, the dreaded HSC is in progress and we have very high hopes for this Year's Year 12. In fact, we will be scanning the pages of the Sydney Morning Herald in January hoping, once again, to see Fortians in the top ten in the State in both Modern and Ancient History.

This year has been particularly rewarding for me as Acting Head Teacher while Mr Glebe has been so ably acting as Deputy Principal. My sincere thanks to Ms Trevini, Ms Bresnahan, Mr Sorban, Ms Jago and our replacement teacher, Mr West, for their help and support.

Finally, on behalf of the whole department, I wish Mr Sorban all the best for the future in his new school and thank him for his contribution to our department over the years.

Michael Browne
Acting Head Teacher, History



Sonya Sceats, Damon Young, Andrew Lane

Year 11 reciting History



Gemma Davies,

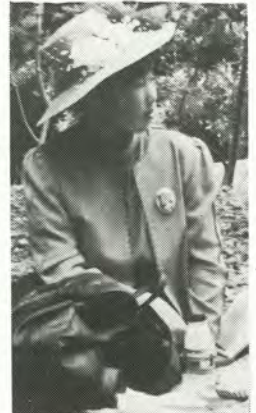
Nel Pegum, Esme Fisher, Alex Carter



Ricky Chen, Jonathan Dixon



Pamela Cook, Jane O'Sullivan,
Jenny Parkes, Crystal Loneragan,
Leah Hopkinson, Pippa Scott,
Balya Sriram



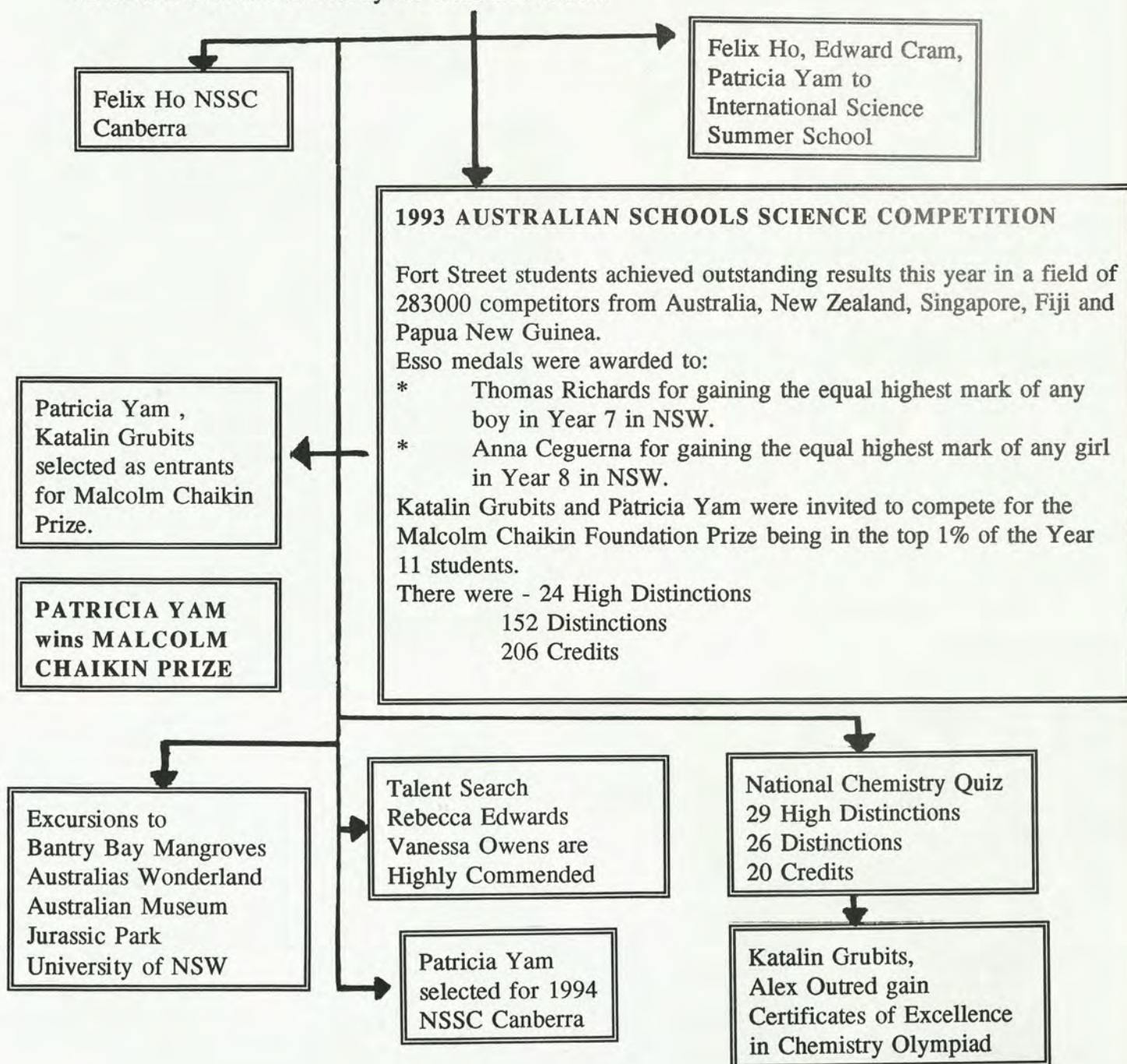
Christie Jeong

SCIENCE REPORT

1993 has been a fulfilling and rich year in the plush hallowed halls of the Science staffroom. Making room for our new *staff member* (the cute colour IBM computer) meant providing it with more space and attention to physical requirements than needs be spent on a mere science teacher. However, we love our computer, a most valued member of staff for churning out horrid exams for worthy students. The microwave oven (kindly donated by Mr Ambler) has helped our ongoing research on the chemistry of the partially combusted bread roll. A paper will soon be published, in a reputable science journal you understand.

Two teachers took long service leave in 1993. Ms Joslyn, who went to an International Conference on Gender and Science and Technology Education, was ably replaced by Ms Kewley. Whilst Mr Higgins was briefly overseas, Mr Ambler functioned as Head Teacher and even managed some shorts and long socks...awe inspiring!
We look forward to a series of lectures by University teachers and researchers during Year 11 Seminar Week. Thanks to Ms Davis for her efforts in organising this lucky Year 11!

Science has flowed frantically for frenzied Fortians.



**REPORT ON THE CRA
NATIONAL SCIENCE
SUMMER SCHOOL, CANBERRA,
16-30 JANUARY 1993**

The CRA National Science Summer School has made an unbelievable difference to my outlook on the future.

I first learned of the CRA National Science Summer School (NSSS) when I was in Year 9, watching, as usual, an episode of *Beyond 2000* on television. My chance finally came last year. My Rotary District (9750) was able to send 14 students, and I was one of them headed for Session B. The cost of the School was around \$1200. CRA, the Australian Nutrition Foundation, my Rotary Club, Dulwich Hill, and finally my school, Fort Street High School, all sponsored me and I am most grateful for their help.

We lived on campus at the University of Canberra during the two weeks NSS runs and time went by very quickly.

Each student had previously indicated their choice of either physics/engineering, chemistry or biology. I was in the group named Galileo, which was physics with an astronomical flavour. During the two weeks, we visited many scientific institutions, including the Mount Stromlo Observatory, the Ororral Valley Laser tracking Station, various departments of the Australian National University, the Department of Environmental Mechanics of the CSIRO, and CRA Explorations Pty Ltd. Our daily program was a hectic one. We met scientists who showed us the latest in research and development, such as the use of lasers to store information in crystals so that a sphere the size of a golf ball could store all of human knowledge! Although it is still in the experimental stage, I was absolutely amazed by the possibilities that lay ahead of us. We saw an enormous array of uses for lasers and plasma, things that I could never have hoped to see back at school. We visited Mount

Stromlo one afternoon and also one night. Unfortunately, a storm came over Canberra during that night and so we were unable to look up into the sky. However, the night was not wasted as one of the PhD students at the Observatory gave us a great talk on pulsars, and this sparked off some very interesting and heated discussion.

Back at the University, we were given seminars on diverse topics such as transport and communication, public speaking and university entry. There were also six forums, with speakers at each, including scientists, the student staff and even members of the student body. These included debate by the students on topics such as "How Green?" and "Have we the right to use live animals in scientific research?" Many varied opinions were presented, and this lent itself to some quite heated debating.

The scientific program at the NSSS has shown me more about the real world of science than I could have imagined. It truly dispelled the stereo-typed image of a scientist as a man with white hair in a lab coat with absolutely no social skills. The scientists I met were just like anyone else on the street, except they have a passion with finding out how the universe works and how they can help to build a better world.

The atmosphere of the NSSS was incredible. It was so positive! We all believed that we can make a difference to our future and that we can all do something with our lives. Friendships were formed easily. Socialising was an integral part of the School, and we had plenty of opportunities at ice-skating, sports, on the coaches, meal times, and our late nights.

The Closing Forum was a true reflection of the feelings we all felt for one another. Dr Jory's speech was very touching and the forum ended with hugs all round. Everyone

was extremely emotional and it was a real indication of how much we all treasured these two weeks we had together.

*I went to the woods today
because I wanted to live
deliberately,
I wanted to live deep and
suck out the marrow of
life,
To put to rest all that is
not life
And not when I come to die
Discover that I had not
lived. - T.S. Eliot*

The National Science Summer School was my first step into the woods.

Felix Ho - Year 12



Felix Ho



FISH

SOCIAL SCIENCE

1993 has been a year of considerable change for the Social Science Department due to, amongst other things, the implementation of the new Junior Geography Syllabus in Years 7 & 8 (Stage 4) which will be extended to Years 9 & 10 (Stage 5) in 1994. The new program looks most exciting. On a sad note, we said good-bye to Dr Robert Baker who accepted a position in the Department of Geography at the University of New England. We wish him well in his new position and country life-style. On a happy note, Mr Ross Morgan joined our staff for Terms 3 & 4. Thank you Ross for your hard work and your "warped" sense of humour.

The Social Science Department have, once again, organised many excursions, giving students the valuable opportunity to learn outside the classroom. These included Year 8 scrambling through Minnamurra Rainforest, Year 9 hiking up Mt Kosciusko, Year 10 seeing our politicians at work in Canberra and Year 11 studying Total Catchment Management in the Shoalhaven. The Economists participated in the "Managing Australian Economy" Computer Competition and the Legal Eagles in the Mock Trial Competition, both with considerable success.

Year 9 Geography participated in a town planning exercise at the University of Sydney, "The Newtopia Project". This gave them the chance to apply their school geography in an exciting atmosphere with a number of under-graduates.

Miss Ireland once again organised a stimulating program for her Asian Studies students with visits to the Japanese Gardens, a Buddhist Temple and the Auburn Mosque. Other highlights were yoga and meditation, where they were relaxed to the point of sleeping - no it was not Miss Ireland's teaching!

Year 12 appreciated visits from a number of stimulating guest speakers, including Sir Garfield Barwick - ex Fortian, Ross Gittins - a leading economic journalist, Peter Chalk - ex Fortian and associate to the Chief Justice in the Federal Court, and Sophie Beckett - ex Fortian and practising solicitor.

We were delighted with the visit from Nikon High School, Tokyo - a group of forty Year 9-10 boys visiting Australia and New Zealand. They were a most interesting and appreciative group and left us with some beautiful and valuable resources and an invitation to return the visit.

The Social Science staff continues to be involved in a wide range of whole school activities as a service to our students e.g. sporting activities, student advisers and representatives on various school committees - finance, computers, grounds, welfare, School Council, HRD and Activities.

In all, the Social Science staff have been involved in a variety of dynamic, exciting activities both in and out of the school aimed at fostering quality teaching and learning in a happy, effective environment.

Thanks to all the staff who gave so much to ensure that 1993 was such a successful year.

Marie Johanson

Jessi Guy



Yr 11 Geography Camp



Peter McKeown, Luke Lee,



with the Forestry Commission



Anthony Ferruso

Asian Social Studies is a valuable and interesting course which attempts to give cultural insights and an appreciation and understanding of Asian society. In his recent lecture at the St. James Ethics Centre, Dr Stephen Fitzgerald, former Ambassador to China, commented that we were lacking in understanding in business contacts and economic links in Asia.

Three wonderful years have passed with my interested, informed, aware and enthusiastic class, amidst many visits to theatres and exhibitions, frantic kite-flying and rice planting in the playground, games of kabbachi, aromas of and garlic, clacking and clinking of chopsticks, and insightful moments spent in temples and mosques and hours spent roaming gardens. The fun and learning has been as much in the classroom as outside, as we have gained detailed knowledge of Asian history and geography, and had deep discussions on over-population, differing values, arranged marriages, exchanged views on morals, ethics, religious practices and shared experiences of Asia, be it with the Eifuku exchange, or a family custom, or meal in a new restaurant. On top of all this, they have worked very hard and achieved outstanding results in tests and assignments.

I hope the students will carry with them a love of Asia, and remember fondly the times we shared, in the years ahead, as they trek in Nepal, do business deals in Korea, interpret at the Australian Embassy in Tokyo, or simply duty-free shop in Singapore, or have a massage on the beach in Bali. Asia is out there - experience it!

These years have been both challenging and fulfilling for all of us in the class.

M. Ireland

Year 11 is a year of opportunity for a range of new experiences. One such experience is being involved in the Mock Trials.

In some schools, learning about court personnel and court procedures does not extend out of the Legal Studies classroom. However, at Fort Street, students who get involved in Mock Trials get first hand experience of the roles of barrister, solicitor and witness.

Two school teams meet and argue their position, be it defence or prosecution, in order to cast doubt upon or defend one who has been accused of 'breaking the law'. Cases were fast moving, exciting, and a lot of work.

A great effort was put into each case by all members. Due to such an overwhelming response this year, two teams had to be formed. Each team participated in half of the set of trials. We worked closely together to achieve the best possible results as the competition was stiff. Although we did not win the overall competition, we all got something out of it, as the trials were great fun.

As a whole, we gained confidence, the ability to think on our feet, and developed strategies to overcome real life situations. We also made a special appearance in aid of a promotional trial for Law Week and were featured in the District Newspaper.

A special mention must be made of Ms Draper who put in a lot of time and effort taking on the roles of our team supervisor, organiser and chauffeur. Ms Draper made the Mock Trial a worthwhile experience.

Also, thanks must be given to Mr Jeremy Glass, a solicitor with Kemp Strang & Chippendell, who spent several afternoons providing the team with much needed advice on legal matters.

The Fort Street team of 1993 consisted of:

Catherine Chang, Jenny Lyell, Deana Mitchell, Melissa Jackson, Luke Lee, Nathan Archibald, Esme Fisher, Van Huynh, Maria Getsios, Derek Maller, Carl Schneider, Sharon Walder, Simone Solomon.

We have been told that we all show great promise in the Legal Studies field of work.

Keep Up The Good Work Mock Trial Team of 1994!



Simone Solomon - Year 11

- Derek Maller, Luke Lee,**
- Van Huynh, Simone Solomon,**
- Nathan Archibald,**
- Esme Fisher,**
- Maria Get**
- Catherine Chang,**
- Jenny Lyell, Melissa Jackson,**
- Deana Mitchell, Sharon Walder**

ENGLISH REPORT

We have all enjoyed 1993. Year 12 seemed to respond well to the course, and we have every faith that their work will earn them good HSC results. While praising Year 12, mention should be made of their contribution to drama in the school. I would like to offer our congratulations for the superb production of *The Importance of Being Ernest*, performed and directed by students who did not miss a beat in their study program. *The Flop*, a review of their six years at Fort Street, impressed as well, revealing a witty, good-natured, well-balanced, graduating class. The exemplar for all future years.

The Junior Play Nights indicated the depth of talent at Fort Street. Praise was well earned by actors, writers and directors, but the weight of numbers makes it impossible to record individual performances here. However, I am sure all involved in the plays will excuse my separating out Ms Kyrsty MacDonald for special praise. Despite her other responsibilities, she is tireless in her contribution to these drama productions.

Although end of year activities have effectively eliminated our inter-class debating competitions, the inter-school teams performed well and again brought credit to the school. Thank you Mrs Hosking.

Highlights of our excursion year include:

Year 12	Anthony & Cleopatra Wharf Theatre The Crucible Away Riverside Theatre
Year 11	Macbeth Valhalla Theatre John Bell's Shakespeare School Blackfellas Valhalla Theatre
Year 10	Shakespeare's 'Where You
Year 9	Like It'. School The Troubadours - Poetry School Much Ado About Nothing Pitt Centre
Year 8	Shakespeare...Like It School The Troubadours - Poetry School The Shifting Heart Pilgrim Theatre
Year 7	Unbeatable Opera House The Troubadours - Poetry School

Visitors to English lessons included parents, Nardine Behan and Henry Szeps, and novelist David McRobbie. Nardine Behan discussed radio with Year 8; Henry Szeps amused Year 10 on the subject of comedy; David McRobbie told Year 7 how to write a novel. Such contributions are always appreciated by students and teachers equally.

Should 1994 be as pleasant and productive as 1993 was we will be a very happy English Department indeed!

JUNIOR DRAMA NIGHT

Junior Drama night was a truly wonderful night. Year 11 displayed enormous skill, wit, and enthusiasm in directing the plays, making the backdrops and producing make-up masterpieces. Rowena Blewitt and Nerida Brownlee did *The Spell* with its spare script and wonderful use of accent; the enormous cast of *Ernie's Incredible Illucinations* was organised by Amber Robinson (who lent us half her own wardrobe), Miranda McCallum whose desire to get it right dramatically was excellent and Esme Fisher generous, gracious and never out of sorts. *The Incident* was directed by Susan Kaboroff and Tanya Lambert and grew out of Ms Gilbert's English Classroom. The Theatre Arts Program with their wonderful costumes was directed by Ms Hill. *View from 7,000 feet* was a labour of love directed by Sam Bowring and Paul Garrett and, after six drafts, became a minor Fort Street Classic. The absolutely beautiful play *Rich Woman*, *Poor Woman* was acted by Balya and Shobungi for Amnesty International and was spellbinding. Alice Dallow, Nathan Archibald and Maria Getsios produced a wonderful ending to the evening, *The Crimson Stain*. The cast were make-up wonders, so of course were the faces of jugglers Nikki Curthoys and Hannah Wolfson. In fact it was easy to justify make-up as a major budget drain. The fabulous Ernie's circus backdrop and that wonderful storm-racked window and warming fire, the excellent lighting and the stage management, were the result of a lot of dedicated effort by a group of Year 11 students. Special thanks, of course, to Mr Ambler for his usual excellence and versatility with the lighting.

Kyrsty MacDonald

SENIOR DRAMA

During Activities Week 1992, auditions were held for Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Ernest*. Under the guidance of Ms MacDonald and Anna Pertierra, the production was smoothly underway, the only real problem being the eight week gap between auditions and the first possible date for rehearsals to begin.

Our Year 12 cast consisted of Tim, David Attenborough, Robert, Anna, Corin, Louise, Josh, Jesse, Rani ... and then there were Naomi and Jenny, who provided support and food and, later, Mr Ambler did the lighting. There were, it seemed, endless rehearsals. The scene in which Algy and Jack, alias Robert and Ti, guzzled real muffins became a point of envy. Still, before they had actually become fat, we were prepared for our one and only performance.

With the aid of professional costumes, generously sponsored by Patricia Kennedy, we were able to capture something of the polish expected and associated with such an eminent and loved play. Missed lines and giggles added individuality and an extra element of humour to the production, and the whole thing was considered a success.

To close the night, with a hall again empty (save for the straggle of proud parents beaming and muttering), in preparation for photos we painstakingly arranged ourselves *Young-Talent Time* fashion, on the lounge, lovingly covered by Catherine and Maya. Many false smiles and forced minutes later, the whole drama was complete. Unfortunately, the lack of film in the camera means those post-production moments are actually lost, but the fond memories will remain forever.

Louise Buckingham - Year 12



Anna Pertierra



Joshua Christian, Jesse McNicoll



Corin Throsby, Louise Buckingham



Louise Buckingham



Robert Kennedy, Rani Ramjan



Joshua Christian



Anna Pertierra, Tim Lee



Tim Lee

David
Roache-Turner



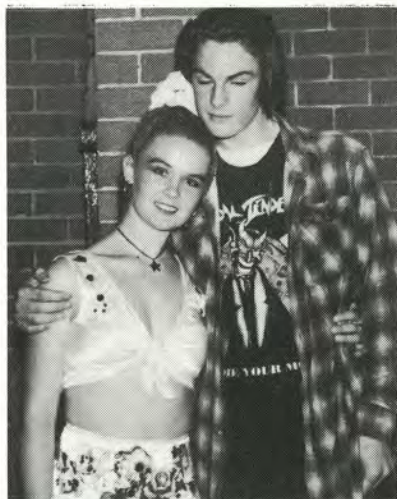


Fort Street Debating Team

David Roach-Turner, Felix Ho
 Ms Hosking, Natalie Lammas,
 Corin Throsby, Rachael Welsh
 Alison Legge, Claire Dawson,
 Anna Lunsmann,
 Chris Makris, Tammy Howe,
 Sharon Walder, Alice Dallow
 Annette Schneider,
 Eleanor Hobley,
 Jenny Van Dyke, Tim Chan

DEBATING 1993

JUNIOR DRAMA NIGHT



Pippa Travers

Daniel McCallum



Pippa Travers



Leah Hopkins
Aileen de la Pena



Frances Cumming



Andrew Hall

Mrs M Hosking

1993 has been an excellent year for debating at Fort Street, with four teams entering inter-school competitions:

Commonwealth Bank Junior (Natalie Lammas, Chris Makris, Eleanor Hobley, Tammy Howe, Jenny Van Dyke and Annette Schneider);

Carl Kramp (Claire Dawson, Anna Lunsmann, Alice Dallow, Tim Chan);

Commonwealth Bank Senior (Alison Legge, Sharon Walder, Rachel Welsh);

Hume Barbour/E.S.U. (Felix Ho, Corin Throsby, Catherine Dung, David Roche-Turner).

All four teams performed well and were a credit to the school. The Year 10 team won their particular Zone Competition, while the other teams were each runners-up in their respective Zones.

Special Congratulations to Felix Ho (Yr 12) and Eleanor Hobley (Yr 10), who were both nominated as outstanding debaters in their Zones. Felix was chosen for the C.H.S. Hume Barbour/E.S.U. State Team and Eleanor was chosen for the Commonwealth Bank Junior State Team.

All the students who participated in debating, spent many hours in preparation and practice as well as actually competing. Yet they would agree that such hard work paid off and it was pleasing to see their individual, as well as team, progress throughout the year. Debating has much to offer, not only does it give a student confidence to speak in public, and improve communication skills, it also helps them focus their minds and intellect in a way that has a definite benefit to their approach to school studies.

Thanks also to Mr Ken Ambler (Science staff) who volunteered to coach the Year 11 Commonwealth Bank Senior Team and hosted the State Semi-Finals of that Competition at Fort Street. Ken's debating experience and enthusiasm were much appreciated.

VISUAL ARTS

Sculptures by Sheman Cheung, Heidi Hunt, Bree Chisolm and Shiyo Hayashi Yr8



Natalie Lammas



Ms Buckland



Ms Thornhill

The Art department has had a hectic but exhilarating year, with excursions to - NSW Art Gallery to see the 1992 Art Express, the Surrealist Exhibition, the Indian Exhibition and the Biennale - the Australian Museum for drawing and research - the Powerhouse Museum - the Craft Show. We also had our own exhibition at Fort Street displaying Year 12 major art works. The standard of art work this year was particularly high, with seven works being short listed for Exhibition in the 1993 Art Express, an annual State wide exhibition of art works submitted for the HSC. The students were Emily Walton, Mai Nghi Phung, Catherine Dung, Suzana Stankovic, Louise Buckingham and two works by Jesse McNicoll. Three of these works were eventually chosen - Jesse McNicoll's sculpture "Ossiomechanoid on the 8th day" - Catherine Dung's painting "When will I be famous" - Suzana Stankovic's "all biscuits are square". In 1994 Art Express will be exhibited at the Art Gallery of NSW.

S. Page

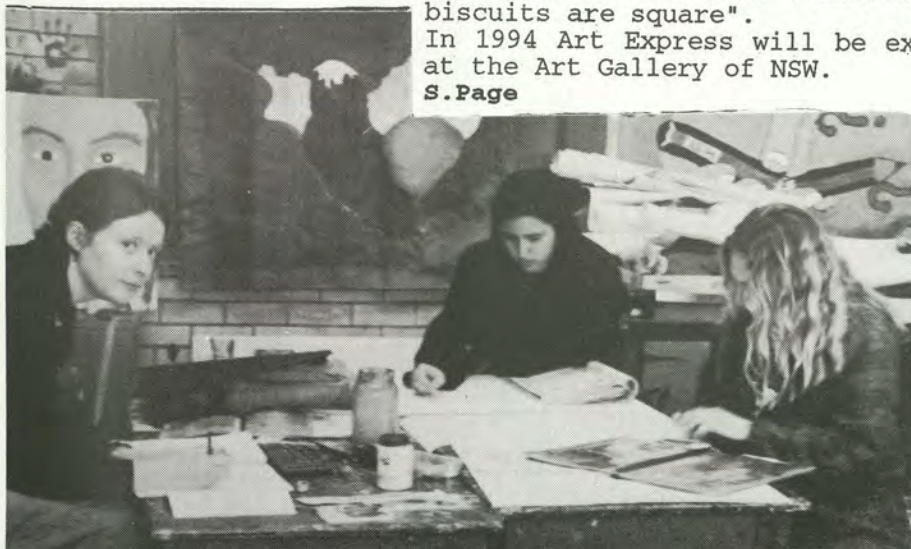


Truyet Ho



Gabriel Hingley

Year 12 Art Show



Natalie Cumming, Suzana Stankovic, Magda Mironowicz

Ms Page







Kit Morrell Yr7



Emily Walton Yr12



Suzana Stankovic Yr12



Louise Buckingham Yr12

"OHAIYOO GOZAIMASU, THIS 76 IS YOUR WAKE-UP CALL"

EIFUKU 1993

On the morning of Friday 24 September, 1993, nineteen Fort Street students, accompanied by two auspicious teachers, Mr Yalichev and Mr Glebe, left Sydney Airport on Flight NH914 bound for Japan. The plane trip over was quite uneventful, except for the turbulence when the plane took a detour around a typhoon!

After the nine hour flight, we finally arrived at Narita Airport and our hosts and teachers from Eifuku High School were there to welcome the *Gaijins* (foreigners) to Japan. Outside the airport the weather was humid, but the unpleasantness was overcome by the sheer thrill of finally being in Japan.

Two days later, Eleanor Hobley, Alys Martin, our billets, their mothers and I, were innocently coming out of a cinema, after seeing Jurassic Park (in English), when, surprisingly, we met Mr Yalichev and Mr Glebe who were accompanied by two young, pretty, Japanese ladies. Mr Yalichev greeted us with "What are you girls doing in the Red Light District?" (Shinjuku), and explained that the two pretty, young girls were his sisters-in-law. Yeah, right!!!!

The next day was our first day of school at Eifuku High. Everyone looked amazing in their PERFECT school uniform. School was definitely not what we expected. The school provided us with our own school slippers. Everyone at the school had their own pair which they only wore inside the school buildings. It took a while before we could walk around without a slipper flying off someone's foot. There are many preconceived ideas about Japanese schools that we discovered are totally wrong. The school organisers were kind enough to have organised special classes for us including Tea Ceremony, Calligraphy, Kendo and sports activities. At the Kendo demonstration, we all had a great time hitting the school Kendo team with wooden swords (they had their armour on). Four of our more courageous students had matches with some of the students from the team. Philip Mylecharane and Joseph Dickson took on the captain of the boys' team, who generously let them win. Eleanor Hobley and Katrina Morris took on two girls from the girls' team. On our one day trip to Hakone to see Mt Fuji, we could only see a mystical silhouette of the famous mountain as blankets of cloud veiled it.

Tokyo Disneyland was fantastic - even though we spent half the time in line for *Splash Mountain*. Everyone of us took about a whole roll of film when we watched the 10th Anniversary Disney Parade.

We left for our four-day trip to Kyoto, catching the Shinkansen (bullet train). By now we had learnt the Japanese customs of sleeping on any moving vehicle and having Pockys (snacks) every ten minutes. We stayed at a Ryokan in Kyoto which was a traditional Japanese Inn, located in the district infamous for its Yakuza residents (Japanese gangsters). We slept on futons on tatami mats and every morning there was a wake-up phone call at the crack of dawn. We visited sacred temples, and the Floating Torii Gates at Miyajima - which were unbelievably beautiful and, most importantly, lacking in pollution and telephone wires; Hiroshima - which reminded us of the devastating results of the Atom Bomb; Nara - where we spent heaps of money; Himeji - where we saw the magnificent medieval castle but were too exhausted to fully appreciate its grandeur. Shopping in Japan is wonderful, especially in the Food Markets (Supermarket), but ohhh, so expensive!

We left Eifuku High School with a traditional musical farewell. First Burt Sigsworth sang "Under the Bridge" with a school rock band and with Eleanor Hobley and Alys Martin as the back up, and, of course, everyone went on stage for our "momentous rendition" of Waltzing Matilda. There shouldn't be any worries about what they must think of Australians after the impression we made.

The typhoon we had been praying for missed Tokyo, so we had to leave. I couldn't believe I came with one suitcase and was leaving with four bags. I was not going to leave anything behind. This time at the airport it was more emotional as we hugged and cried and finally said goodbye. The plane trip back was miserable, except when I awoke at dawn, just as the sun rose and beams of golden rays splashed into the plane.

The trip was an unforgettable experience and I am truly attached to all the good memories of the people I met and came to know, and the exquisite places I fell in love with. Japan, so developed, over-populated, and unattractively industrialised, still holds on to its rich culture, which has a beauty of its own so easy to appreciate. It was a relief to be back in spacious Sydney, but I yearned to be back in Japan with my Japanese family and my Japanese friends, and even having to spend time with the other eighteen students from Fort Street that I grew to know better. My sixteen days there were exhausting, a lot of fun, and an experience I will cherish forever.

GERMAN REPORT

Quite a lot of our senior students have been involved in student exchanges this year, spending about eight weeks each in Germany. Francine Ionnou and Erika Tuktens (Year 12) returned in February and Alex Durrant, Carl Schneider and James Bales (Year 11) left in November this year. James was lucky enough to win a German Businessman's Scholarship which funded his trip.

This year, for the first time, we studied the film option in Year 12. The film was the prize winning "Nasty Girl", shown this year on SBS. The option presents students with a great opportunity to familiarise themselves with film technique, as well as learning a lot about issues in contemporary German society.

Years 8, 9, 10 and 11, had a "pig out" at the Lowenbraukeller, a German restaurant in The Rocks. It is a smorgasbord, and with our students' capacity to eat, I am sure the restaurant does not make a cent out of a Fort Street visit.

Year 8 visited the Goethe Institute, the German cultural centre in Sydney, 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 who would like to study in Germany.

N. Jennings

Etching, Catherine Chang Yr 11



Anna Clark
Painting

MUSIC REPORT

1993 has been a busy year for the music students. The Instrumental Music Program has flourished under the expert care of Ms Clarke and Mr Harper.

The parents deserve thanks for encouraging home practice and for providing transport to the many performances.

Term I

- Speech Day
- IMP Recruitment Night

Term II

- Band Competition at Australia's Wonderland
- Anzac Day performances at Fort Street and at Taverner's Hill Infants School.
- IMP Concert.
- Rock Band Competition at Holy Cross College, Ryde.

Term III

- Performances on the podium level of the Opera House for Education Week.
- Band Day at Heathcote East Primary School to encourage the music program and to tutor the primary students.
- The Annual Musicale.
- Year 11 Concert for the children at Taverner's Hill Infants School.
- Items provided by the Stage Band and the Intermediate Band for Years 7 & 8 Junior Drama Night.
- Year 12 Recital.

Term IV

- IMP Music Camp at Naamaroo.
- Orientation Day.
- IMP Christmas Concert.
- School Christmas Concert to raise gifts for the Smith Family.

Leaders of ensembles for 1993 are:

Fortet - Claire Edwardes
 Woodwind Ensemble - Alex Owens
 Flute Ensemble - Melanie Bishop
 Recorder Ensemble - Keyna Wilkins
 Vocal Ensemble

A Capella Group - Amanda Spilsbury
 Christmas Musical Play - Josh Szeps
 Orchestra - Donovan Stone

Special thanks are due to Claire Edwardes (year 12) for piano playing and Felix Ho (Year 12) for conducting the music at the school assemblies. Lucy Jones should be congratulated for "initiating" and organising the Year 12 Recital and Josh Szeps for his piano playing at the Official Opening of the Computer Room by the Minister of Education.

Ms Donohoe



Magnolia Sutcliff



Indrid Smith



Polly Wedlock Donovan Stone



Bennet Livingston

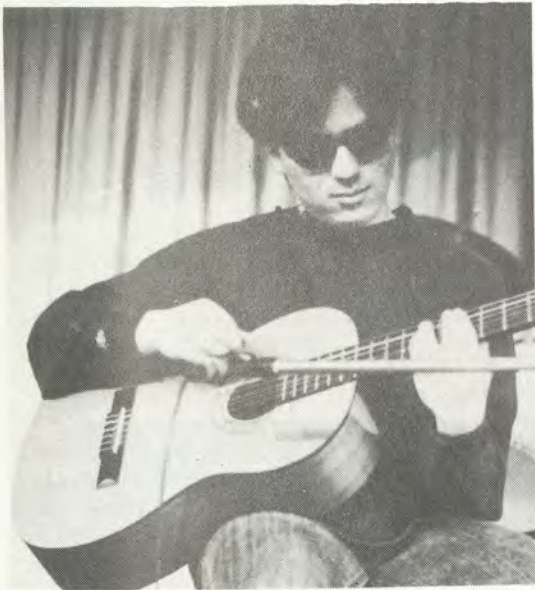


Leon Tranter



Ollie Supit

Yuki Nakazawa



Josh Szeps

Mrs Clarke



Instrumental Music Program

Many of you will know I.M.P. Members as the people who play the fabulous pieces at Speech Day. Some may have attended one of the numerous school concerts which they frequently feature in. Others will know them as the students who sleep through maths in order to sustain the 7.15 a.m. starts. But any way you see it, the I.M.P. is an elemental part of Fortian culture and one of the best examples of people power Fort Street has to offer.

The I.M.P. is an organisation which endeavours to put music into the hands of students. Students choose their instrument (usually in Yr.7), organise lessons, and then practice like fury (well, this is the theory anyway!).

But the highlight of the I.M.P. workings would have to be the groups: the Orchestra, the Training Band, the Intermediate Band and the Concert Band. For many, the drive to join the I.M.P. is lead by the desire to play in a group, to find others who share the enthusiasm for music, and to play music which is enjoyable but challenging.

Obviously, to co-ordinate such a large number of people requires a great deal of effort. We have been lucky to have Mrs Glenys Clarke as I.M.P. Director and Orchestra Leader over recent years. Mrs Clark's tireless work, enthusiasm and musical direction have inspired us all.

It is with great sadness, then, that we will say goodbye to Mrs Clarke, who is retiring at the end of the year. We wish her much happiness in the future, and thank her for all the work she has done over the years to make the I.M.P. what it is today.

Report

1993 saw our Industrial Arts students, both Design & Technology and Technical Drawing, make use of the new computer rooms which came on line in early term 3. The D&T students have learnt the basic skills of computing (word processing, spreadsheets, database, graphics, etc.), and are applying it to enhance their course work in the various technologies they are studying. The Technical Drawing students have taken to the CAD program eagerly and are busy learning and producing some fine work. With more practice they will be able to produce many exciting drawings quickly.

The Year 7 and 8 D&T students have produced some very innovative and interesting designs for their various projects, while still learning the basic skills associated with working with the different tools and materials involved. These materials include; wood, electronic components, plastics and drawing media. Some of the products designed and produced include; door stops, cutting boards, electronic games, stop lights, egg holders, signs, trinket boxes and kites.

In the 1992 Higher School Certificate, one of our Engineering Science students achieved the high distinction of being second in the state. Three of our students were in the top ten in the Metropolitan East Region. Congratulations go to all them and their teachers, for achieving such fine results.

Year 11 Drawing Technology visited Davenport and Campbell's design and drawing office, Col Tillyer (Architect) and Leichhardt Council as part of their industry study. They were shown the use of the design process in formulating solutions to Architectural problems, and the use of drawing programs such as CAD (Computer Aided Design). The participation of the community was invaluable in extending the student's knowledge and awareness of industry.

The Technics students continued to develop their skills with some fine examples of design and construction exhibited in their practical projects.

Electronics has been a popular elective for both boys and girls in Years 9 and 10. Students have studied the theory of Electronics and applied the principles of design, construction and various techniques of electronic testing to each of the projects constructed. A wide range of projects are made including metal detectors; logic probes; alarm modules;

LED level displays; counting circuits; electronic games and the design of digital logic circuits. Projects offered vary from year to year. Experience is gained in the use of such testing equipment as the oscilloscope; voltmeter; ammeter; logic probe; ohmmeter and continuity tester.

Wood Technics continues to produce a variety of articles of high quality craftsmanship. The Years 9 and 10 students have designed and constructed such work as bread boxes, coffee tables, pendulum clocks, chopping tables, games/coffee table with built-in chess board, jewellery boxes, etc.

The skills that the students develop and the knowledge that they gain from technics is a valuable resource for their future.

The exceptionally high quality of work produced by our Technical Drawing students continues to impress. Their original ideas and presentations of their design projects demonstrate the high level of drawing and design skills that our students do develop in two years of TD. The students should feel justifiably proud of their excellent achievements. Year 9 and 10 students have shown enormous enthusiasm and competence in developing skills using the Autosketch program in the Computer room.

We will be introducing the new senior Design and Technology syllabus in 1994 with a class in Year 11, concentrating on the drawing industry.

The Industrial Arts department strives to develop in our students an awareness, knowledge and the skills of technology, so that they will be well prepared for an ever increasing technological future.



Beth Steven

TEXTILES REPORT

81

Year 7 students are designing and making travel games from a selection of fabrics, paints and other materials. It must be one of the few lessons in the school where students are told to sit down and play games. Some games they design work well, but others need a few adjustments!

Later, they look at the work of designers of textile products already successfully on the market, especially in connection with Australia's Tourist Trade. This is worth a great deal of international currency for the country, as any visit to Darling Harbour would show. How do we know that? - We go there too. Life for young designers does not seem that hard does it?

Ms Hill



Clio Gates-Foale



Chris Fitzpatrick



Jose Argueta

CANTEEN REPORT

82

1993 was a year of change for the canteen, not only in the personnel working there, but in the canteen itself.

After years of asking, our cracked and chipped brown cupboards topped with red laminex, were finally replaced with white cupboards and pale green bench tops, while the exposed concrete ceiling was painted cream. What a difference!

Add to that, our purchase of cups, saucers, and plates with the school crest on them, to replace our stock of disposable cups, saucers and plates, and we were off to a great start to the year.

1993 also saw Cheryl Newman, Jan Edwards, Denise Young and Lina Davidson joint our team of volunteers, and their efforts were much appreciated by everyone.

Our two major areas of trade this year were our own students and the TAFE night students, all of whom kept us very much on our toes by constantly consuming everything in sight.

Our new menu items of horse-shoe rolls, tacos and jaffles, created much interest, and demand constantly outstripped supply, no matter how many we made - but with the help of our seasoned volunteers, Fran Hudson, Myrna De La Pena, Margaret Naylor, Juliet Bishop, Sue Cameron, Jan De Nardi, Leonie Wenden and Margaret Conway, we battled on and, once again, will be able to present a healthy profit to the P&C for the benefit of the school community.

As we regularly feed 800 people per day, and try to make up as much food as we can in our own canteen to help keep prices as low as possible, without cutting back on quality, we are often under-staffed. So, to help overcome this problem, an arrangement has been made with Petersham TAFE catering section, for their students to have work experience in our canteen, which is beneficial to them and us.

Our first Petersham TAFE work experience student will long be remembered, not only for his much needed help, but for his full chef uniform, which he wore every day and which became quite a talking point amongst the students.

This year saw the canteen catering for a Year 12 luncheon funded and attended by the Fortian Union. This gave our Year 12 students the opportunity to talk with many successful past students from varying occupations who were only too willing

to offer encouragement and helpful hints to them as they complete their schooling and go out into a world full of challenges for today's youth. Helen left us at the end of third term to take up a position at St. Vincent's Hospital. An attractive painting of the canteen by professional painter Jennifer Porter, a parent of the school, was presented to Helen Saad at a farewell dinner held in Helen's honour in appreciation of her seven years' service in the canteen.

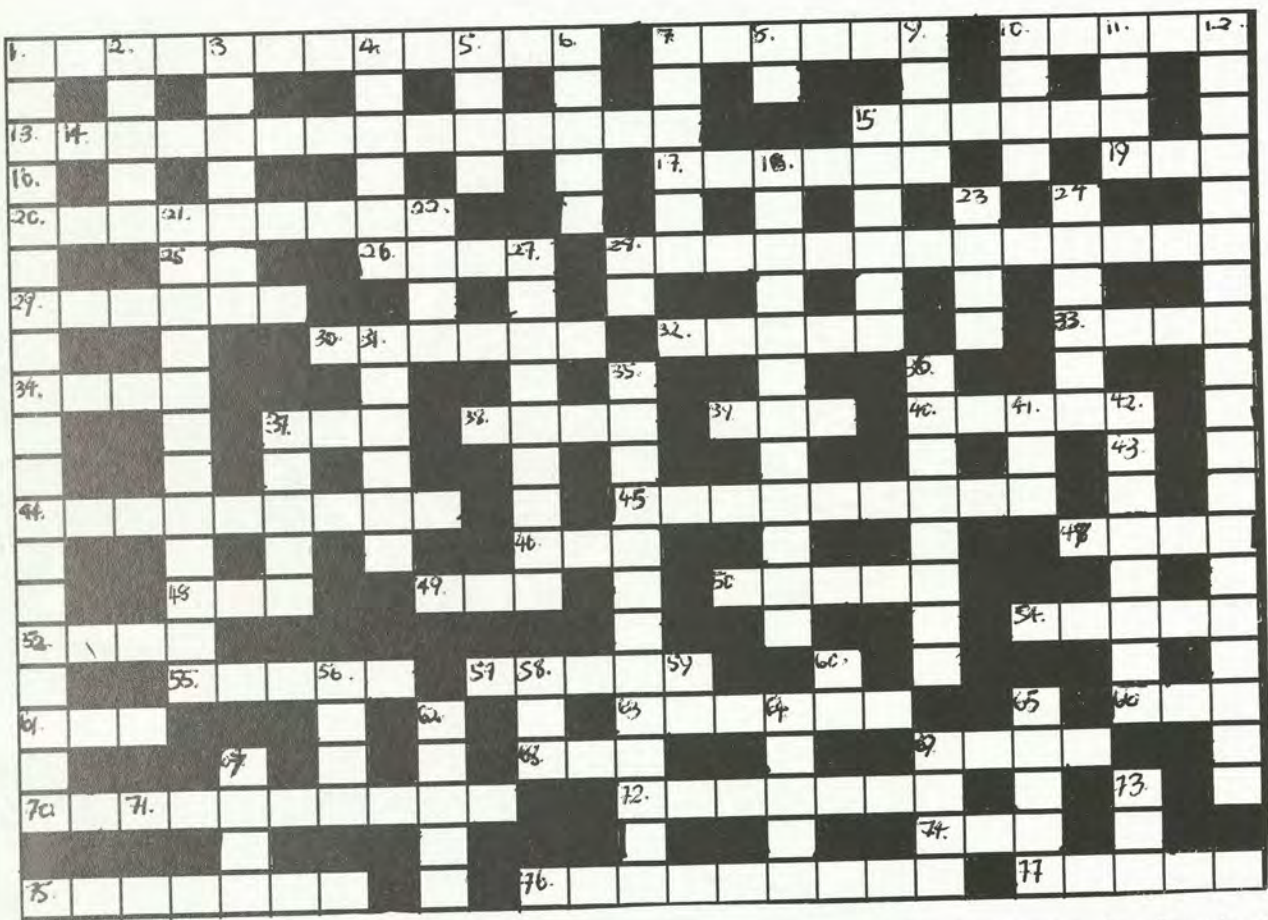
Farewell Helen and Best Wishes for your new Venture

We would like to express our gratitude for all that Helen Saad has done for the school. Helen has been the manager of the school canteen for the last 7 years. As you are all well aware, the canteen is the major source of funds raised for the necessary extras around the school. It is through the effects of Helen and her staff that such items as the library security system, computers for staff training and improvements to the assembly hall, have been realised. Her constant reviewing of the types of foods served, have resulted in a much wider range of acceptable foods than presented by similar canteens. Added to this, her exceptional organisational and entrepreneurial skills won the canteen a Small Business Award. Helen was also invited to present seminars on canteen management.

**Thank you from the staff and P&C of
Fort Street High School.**



Leslie Dare, Helen Saad



CROSSWORD CLUES

ACROSS

1. The film clip for this Madonna song was a take off of Marilyn Monroe's "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend" (8,4)
- 7 Last name of the girl who stars with Patrick Swayze in "Point Break" (6)
10. Xtra rude morres watched secretly by the film group X_ _ _ _ _
13. Author of "Great Expectations" (7,7)
15. Annoying saying : "Smile! You're on _ _ _ _ _ Camera"
17. Definitely (6)
19. Popular ammunition of Yr 12 Muck-up Day (3)
20. Mr Gedge's love child (9)
26. Used to wash (19across)off Yr 7 bodies (4)
28. Groovy alien friend of Bugs Bunny and famous for the saying: "Isn't that delightful, Hmmm?"
29. Ms Ireland's favourite colour(6)
30. This reunion every teenager dreads(6)
32. Essential at a school camp.
33. Biblical farmer/sailor (4)
34. The result of too much alcohol at an all night party (4)
37. Result of overtyping - initials (3)
38. Australian Record Industry Awards - initials (4)
39. Most common question asked by boys (3)
40. The weapon every teacher dreams of using on that troublesome students (5)
44. Teachers need this after 1 day at the Fort: psychiatric _ _ _ _ _
45. Marilyn Monroe Movie (5,4,4)
46. Segment of a circle (this one's for the Maths Department) (3)
47. Birthstone for ???? (month) (4)
48. One for the scientists; a positive or negative charged atom (3)
49. At the age of 17, this is all you want _ _ _ (and it's not sex)
50. They have photos, past reports and Mr Schedings notes on your school (5)
52. Describes a horse at a walking pace.
54. Yr7 The first thing they want to down when they get to high school is jig _ _ _ _ _
55. U2's new image
57. Teenage boys have a _ _ _ _ _ imagination
61. The stuff that's in your pens
- 63,75 Red Hot Chillies hit (4,2,6)
66. An alcoholic beverage we shouldn't know about _ _ _ Maria

68. Teachers have a habit of walking into the toilets when there are cigarette _ _ _
- 69 Double Maths (4)
- 70 Environmental Group (5,5)
72. The tendency of things to stay at rest or in uniform motion unless acted on by a force (7)
71. Feminine of 'he'
76. Dan Ackroyd movie for which (63 across) was a hit. (4,5)
77. What we do in double Maths

DOWN

1. Shakespeare's latest movie
2. Doggie Movie, "Lady and the _ _ _ _ _"
- 3,24. Mick Jagger was lead singer of this band(7,6)
4. Women (6)
5. See (45 across)
6. Blood- sucking creature (5)
7. Subject of Sting's song: "The Russians" (6)
8. A brown wrinkly Extra Terrestrial (2)
9. Shakespear's Sister's song (4)
10. Bad - mannered
11. The best time to catch fish is at high _ _ _ _ _
12. Tim, Paul and Richard
15. Maths teachers conduct their lessons with their teeth like this.
18. Deceased brother of Rain, Summer and Leaf
21. _ _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ _ 's most recent hits include "Are you gonna go my way"
- 22 B 52's song (4)
- 23 Wind blows this to make a boat move
27. White fluffy thing that lives at the North Pole (5,4)
- 31 Sigourney Weaver's 2nd extraterrestrial movie
- 35,36. Writer of Fairy Tales
37. People of Rome are this (5)
- 41 Jumbo was one of these
56. What's brown and green and looks like a tree ? (4)
58. Your excuse for being away from school is that you're _ _ _
60. Bat minus a B
- 62 The things you tie up in your shoes
- 64 A suave way of saying "Love"
- 65 The way you feel after staying up all night studying
67. beginning of a story: _ _ _ _ _ upon a time
69. What we all want to do in our exams (4)
73. What all the guys wear for school photos (3)



Staff Photo

Front Row: (L to R)
 R Smith, D Solomons,
 J Buckingham, B Jago,
 B Leonard (Rel.Princ.),
 T Glebe (Dep.Princ.),
 M Johanson,
 W Jennings, G Osland.

Second Row:
 M Brewster, V Chiplin,
 M Gamble, P Donohoe,
 S Stark, M Ireland,
 M Hosking, M Watts,
 J Jacobs, K Anderson,
 J Levi.

Third Row: A Draper,
 L Wells, H Young,
 J Thornhill,
 J Zurcher, M Golds,
 K Johnson,
 M Catsiaris, E Jamble.

Fourth Row: T Jurd,
 B Fraser,
 S Mazurkiewicz,
 T Leondios, C Moynham,
 S Yalichev, H Fraser,
 J McGregor, S Allen.

Fifth Row: T Millward,
 B Wagerman, C Gaskin,
 D Brace, R Hayes,
 M Docking, L Davis,
 K Ambler

Sixth Row: B Gedge,
 R Baker, L Gilbert,
 W Griffith, L Burrel.



Waterpolo
 Mr Ambler, Holly Lyons, Emma
 Finnerty, Louise Buckingham
 Claire Edwards, Lisa Bone
 Katherine Mercer, Mr Browne
 Nerida Brownlee, Anna Hobley
 Taren Woods, Maraka Zacka
 Bronwen Englro

Junior Waterpolo
Alys Martin, Michelle Sabatier,
Travers

Jemima Mowbray, Alex Owens,
Jodie Burnell-Jones, Pippa Travers
Melanie Bishop, Kate Edwards,
Amber Austin, Tamara Talmacs,
Amy Cloran, Alex McDonald,
Natasha Blom



**Year 7F**

Front Row: (L to R)
 Anila Azhar, Georgina Davidson, Catherine Bocking, Grace Cheung, Nicole Dann, Pamela Cook, Fawne Berkutow, Amy Cheung, Lisa Collins.

Second Row: Cyrus An, Nick Coleman, Ernest Chan, Yadhaev Balagiritharan, Nathan Denton, Tim Bowen, Jose Argueta, Calvin Cheng, Brian Bahari.

Third Row: Ricky Chen, Paul Berchtold, Robert Austen, William Chan, Ben Damon, Andrew Cram, Charles Allan.

Fourth Row: Fionnuala Browne, Clare Britton, James Denham, Naomi De Costa, Tiffany Basili.

Year 70

Front Row: (L to R)
 Laeh Hopkinson, Sophia Herscovitch, Suzanne Kim, Katrina Goh, Christie Jeong, Rachel Jackson, Angeli Gulati, Natasha Fong, Thea Greenwood.

Second Row: Skanda Jayaratnam, Alan Kan, James Gillam, Peter Graham, Chris Hayes, Beau Reid, Lucas Finch, Nicholas Fritchley.

Third Row: James Findlay, Chris Fitzpatrick, Jenny Gittins, Clio Gates-Foale, Jean Hannan, Lynda Duncan, Jim Kalotheos, Anthony Jenkin.

Fourth Row: David Jenkinson, Jonathon Dixon, Kit Johnston, Peter Forwood.

**Year 7R**

Front Row: (L to R)
 Grace Ma, Jane Min, Tiffany Malins, Ingrid Lane, Claudine Lyons, Sumita Maharaj, Agnes Kwong, Jenny Lee, Jenny Lin.

Second Row: Beum Lee, Yip-Lee Leung, Steven Milce, Owen Macindoe, Brendan McCready, Kam Fai Ma, Luke Mitchell, Cameron Maxwell, Kubilay Kocak.

Third Row: Crystal Loneragan, Krish Mandal, Darren Ma, Tania Lambert, Yanni Konenberg, Tessa Lunney.

Fourth Row: Luke Manderson, Claudia Mills, Susan Kaboroff, Thomas Moliterno.

Absentees: Justin Labruna.



Year 7T

Front Row: (L to R)
Prashanthi Nadarajah,
Renata Murru, Kit
Morrell, Vanessa Owens,
Alexandra Munday, Clare
Sanders, Tennille Noach,
Alexandra Peard, Thuy
Nguyen.

Second Row: Nick
Prokhovnik, Tully Rosen,
Ben Murphy, James
Russell, Shubangi
Ramgopal, Phil Morgan,
Paul Saciri, Steven Ng,
Con Perris.

Third Row: Ranjit
Murali, Jenny Parkes,
Jane O'Sullivan, Wendy
Morrison, Frances Quinn,
Mark Notaras.

Fourth Row: John Murray,
Tim Newman, Thomas
Richards, Travis
Nippard, Marc Ridyard.

Absentees: John Quilter.

**Year 7I**

Front Row: (L to R)
Keyna Wilkins, Michelle
Summerville, Jayda Tham,
Anna Valpiana, Apeksha
Srivastava, Balya
Sriram, Shirley Tran,
Kate Toupein,
Priscilla Wong.

Second Row: Kingston Soo,
Daniel Tan, Peter Verzi,
Ned Tillyer-Strudwick,
Aleksander Vstaszewski,
Joshua Watson, Jonathon
Shaw, Robert Trinh,
Andrew Wan.

Third Row: Rod Smith,
Mark Stevens, David
Wall, Ben Smith, Andrew
Yam, Chris Stabback,
Alan Tang, Jeremy Wee.

Fourth Row: Joanne
Tooher, Jenny Thai,
Jasmine Stark, Philippa
Scott, Hai Tran.

Year 8F

Front Row: (L to R)
Arani Chandrapavan,
Tessa Boer-Mah, Anna
Ceguerra, Katie Bird,
Mayet Costello, Holly
Fisher, Belinda Conway,
Lisa Foley, Alex Clark.

Second Row: Gareth
Edwards, Jamie Cibej,
Warren Chan, George
Clemens, Tom Brandon,
Simon Chan, Daniel
Archibald, Sherman
Cheung, Dylan Behan.

Third Row: Nikki
Curthoys, Rebecca
Edwards, Keely
Fitzgerald, Erin Dixon,
Lucy Buchanan, Bree
Chisholm, Vythehi
Elango.

Fourth Row: David
Bishop, Lani Cummins,
Sam Bowring, Tae-Ho
Choi, Salvatore
Barbagallo.



Year 8O

Front Row: (L to R)
Alicia Koh, Heidi Hunt,
Julitha Harsas, Emma
Keogh, Brooke Harrison,
Denim Francis, Bianca
Jeffrey, Julia Kang.

Second Row: Luke Hall,
Ken Lai, Nicholus
Heffernan, Matthew
Jones, Paul Garrett,
Thomas Fung, Michael
Hottinger, Daniel Iwati,
Lance Godier.

Third Row: Nathan Gee,
Tony Kerle, Jason
Hitoun-Riepen, Joshua
Hey-Cunningham, Darren
Ho, Chris Hayward-
Jenkins, Luke Ismay,
Alex Gray.

Fourth Row:
Seamus Geraghty,
Stephen Harvey,
Tudor Protopopescu,
Max Gibbeson.

**Year 8R**

Front Row: (L to R)
Sarah Lyford, Elizabeth
Mole, Nicolle Lane,
Annie Liao, Kate Michie,
Kate Matarese, Monica
Ng, Sythany Leang,
Aiyana Lee.

Second Row: Asher
Livingston, Andrew Monk,
Thanh-Loi Ngo, Derek
Lee, Eliza Mackintosh,
Finn McCall, Minh Ngo,
Robbie Morris,
Daniel Montoya.

Third Row: Dale Leong,
Matthew Lau, Kane Lunn,
Leon Moran, Gaurav
Mathur, Long Nguyen,
Azhar Munas, Sarah Wood.

Fourth Row: Gabriel
Morphett, Chris Low,
Digby Mitchell,
Ned Molesworth,
Andrew Lovett.

Year 8T

Front Row: (L to R)
Nicola Patterson, Bridie
Rushton, Fiona Parsons,
Christie Stone, Kathryn
Rae, Zoe Pyke, Alex
Roberts, Nicole Seeto.

Second Row: Raphael
Stephens, Frank
Sainsbury, Sean Reed-
Thompson, Courtney
Siepen, Martin Smith,
Jim Sherringham, Darcy
O'Doherty, James
Russell-Wills,
Patrick Stanton.

Third Row: Simon
Paterson, Hugh O'Neill,
Brooke Richards, Lucy
Quinn, Matthew Peat,
Michael Slavin.

Fourth Row: Tom O'Neill,
Daryl Singh, Phillip
O'Sullivan, James Ryan,
David Sebastian.



Year 8I**Front Row: (L to R)**

Hannah Wolfson, Heidi Wenden, Emily Swift, Beth Steven, Sarah Tran, Kylie Whiting, Lisa Wong, Suzanne Vo.

Second Row: Jacob Stone, Ryan Thompson, Juliano Youn, Paul Watson, Aaron Willett, Adi Sudarshan, Nick Whiting, Brendan Willenberg.

Third Row: Peter Von Konigsmark, Jeremy Yuen, Alex Yuen, Andrew Watson, Nicholas Wilcox, Brendan Willmott, Chris Stefani.

Fourth Row: Peter Stewart, Alex Tomlinson, George Wang, Danny Vieira.

Absentees: Justin Wehner, Kristy Wellfare.

**Year 9F****Front Row: (L to R)**

Natalie Chan, Podja Chowdhary, Millicent Chu, Amy Cloran, Fleur Beupert, Anna Choy, Karen Chiu, Sung-Bok Cho, Natasha Blom.

Second Row: Simon Barbetti, Adam Badawy, Wen Choi, Barney Beale, Jeffrey Castro, Luke Clifton, Peter Bush, Graham Burnell-Jones.

Third Row: Amber Austin, Amy Baxter, Georgina Braham, Anna Clark, Michell Bland, Nada Andric, Alice Carter, Anasuya Claff

Fourth Row: Hamish Clarke, Peter Bockos, Simon Allen, Taso Athanasakopo.

Year 90**Front Row: (L to R)**

Sarah Corney, Kate Edwards, Michell Echt, Viet Duong, Ailie Davidson, Kate Doutney, Sylvie Ellsmore, Kathy Dao, Clare Fritchley.

Second Row: Ben Hall, Alvaro Garcia, Dylan Connerton, William Feng, Rodney Hocking, Scott Creelman, Jonathon Ehsani, Craig Conway, Stephen Graham.

Third Row: Michael Correa, Inara Gravitis, Kaiti Goodwin, Daniela Flora, Wendy Hanna, David De Nardi.

Fourth Row: Paul Coe, David Colville, David Crofts, Paul Harvey.



Year 9R

Front Row: (L to R) Anna Lee, Mary Kirkness, Jemaine Hui, Amy Leanfore, Thi Luc, Sue June, Sharon Law, Franciose Hong, Tanya Lau.

Second Row: Jonathan Leahy, Raymond Kwok, Dalva Koch, Arlong Lee, Mary Kim, Cindy Hu, Andrew Laptev, Lucas Kolenberg.

Third Row: Tim Hu, David Lee, Manny Holihan, Jaime Lawrence, Timothy Li, Tharan Karunalayan.

Fourth Row: Nathaniel Howse, Albert Lu, Simon Holding, Mustafa Karaoglu, Mike Holihan.

Absentees: Maria Kwiatkowski, Amy Lawson.

**Year 9T**

Front Row: (L to R) Aletha McHalick, Katrina Morris, Emma Quine, Jane Lysenko, Katie Lynch, Kritzi Paszti, Lydia Natsis, Shani Mandal, Beatrice Maret.

Second Row: Dine... Sanmuganathan, Bodog Olah, Jacob Ruhl, Nathan McLachlan, Arion McNicoll, Ewan McDonald, Stewart McDonald, Andrew McHattie, Warren Nitipaisaku.

Third Row: Cameron Paulinich, Hong Nguyen, Michelle Sabatier, Jemima Mowbray, Rebecca McIntyre, Jack McCarrol.

Fourth Row: Fred Lunsman, Simon Rowe, Rosemary Malcom, Nathan Quinlan, Guy Moore.

Year 9I

Front Row: (L to R) Yada Treesukosol, Minerva Siasat, Belinda Selwood, Corrinne Uren, Vanessa Tran, Belinda Toher, Tamera Talmacs, Megan Scott, Rebecca Wu.

Second Row: Linden Ying, Vi Tran, Claire Wallace, Mingshan Sim, Hanna Torsh, Ally Schlensky, Nina Vucetic, Sat Siva, Andrew Scott.

Third Row: Yuri Shimke, Ben Spies-Butcher, Nicholas Tesoriero, Boon Tan, James Sterges, Tim Sinclair, Matthew Want.

Fourth Row: Adam Zebrowski, Michael Zanardo, Nikolas Zelenjak, Thomas Scott.

Absentees: Michael Solomon.



Year 10F

Front Row: (L to R) Anna Chau, Melanie Bishop, Sita Chopra, Dianne Anagnos, Jodie Burnell-Jones, Joanna Crawford, Christina Chang, Andelys Allen, Michelle Boyle.

Second Row: Murray Coleman, Andrew Colquhoun, Sam Buchanan, Angus Cameron, Edward Cram, Mark Bwgin, King Chan, Edmond Chung, Jye Calder.

Third Row: Samantha Allen, Charles Choy, Rodrigo Cerda Salas, Scott Buchanan, Stuart Clark, Milan Cakic, Phillip Blackford, Sarah Acton.



Year 100

Front Row: (L to R) Aileen De La Pena, Thu Dinh, Bridie Doyle, Talia Gill, Lisa Goudie, Amy Critchley, Olivia Dun, Naomi Green, Frances Cumming.

Second Row: Aswin Harahap, Calvin Ellis, James Hancock, Rafe Dickinson, Joseph Dickson, Jeffery Ho, Gabriel Hingley, Harold Fong, Richie Diep.

Third Row: Shannon Earley, Charles Feng, Daniel Di Guisto, Craig Foley, Simon Grant, Neville Fong, Andrew Hall.

Fourth Row: Kriss Heimanis, Sam Guy, Ben Harrington, Alistair Frey.



Year 10R

Front Row: (L to R) Anna Lee, Angela Kontominas, Jenny Ip, Cathy Kim, Leonie Kowalenko, Amara Jarratt, Adele Jones, Natalie Lammas, Djcynta Holden.

Second Row: Mainul Hossain, Hun Kim, Robert Kerle, Yaroslav Jurkiw, Tristan Kemp, Gareth Kemp, Prajaya Kathirgamanathan, Soruban Kanapathipillai, Patrick Kelly.

Third Row: Andrew Hudson, Michael Lawther, Andrew Lacek, Chris Kollias, Sean Hobbs, Lam Huynh.

Fourth Row: Tammy Howe, Felicity Kelly, Roger Jackson, Sylvia Kang, Denise Leanfore.



**Year 10T**

Front Row: (L to R) Melissa Mui, Judy Liao, Chris Makris, Carla Moore, Laura Murdoch, Alys Martin, Alex McDonald, Abi Mohan, Melinda Mui.

Second Row: Victoria Lee, Mia Offord, Bridget McManus, Sophie Long, Peta McLean, Kirstie Lowe, Louise Mayne, Linn Linn Lee.

Third Row: Zavic Mishor, Jung-Min Lee, James Mayger, Bao Nguyen, Daniel McCallum, Philip Mylecharane, Si-Bin Lim, Richard Luong.

Fourth Row: Benjamin Marx, Marcus Maller, Hugh Myers, Bruce Naylor, Thomas Mauch, Kivanch Mehmet.

Year 10I

Front Row: (L to R) Sharmila Peres Da Costa, Ai Linh Phu, Jennifer Podger, Leonie Smallwood, Smrithi Siva, Naomi Roulston, Patrice Polyhron, Joanne Pearce, Aurali Saavedra.

Second Row: Nicholas Ooi, Andrews Olave, Dougal Phillips, Simon Park, Ben Presland, Burt Sigsworth, Chris Sadler, Craig Ovenden.

Third Row: Annette Schneider, Leanne Rich, Alexis Owens, Ellen Quinn, Emma Parsons, Caroline Panczyna, Kelly Pickwell.

Fourth Row: Justin Roberts, Joshua Pyke, Adam Smith, Ozgur Ozluk.

**Year 10A**

Front Row: (L to R) Anosha Yazdabadi, Katrina Yiu, Helen Sun, Carla Williamson, Jenny Vandyke, Amanda Yee, Melanie Tooher, Alice Uribe, Eileen Voung.

Second Row: Rupert Su, Cham Tang, Dat Truong, Jeremy Tung, Daniel Wallbank, Yeoman Yu, Bennie Wong, Sean Torstensson, Jann Westerman.

Fourth Row: Brendan Turner, Toby Vidler, Gary Wong, Daniel Whaite.

**Year 11F****Front Row: (L to R)**

Rowena Blewitt, Jennifer Alker, Natasha Canteenwalla, Sally Buckingham, Ana Maria Chaves, Alex Carter, Nerida Brownlee, Catherine Chang, Roxanne Buenvenida.

Second Row: Christian Balanza, David Baxter, Richard Banh, Adam Brown, David Aurelius, Jason Chiu, Neeraj Chawler, Feraz Azhar, Adam Campano.

Third Row: Adrian Chioldo, Ka-Ho Cheung, Tim Chapman, Lynda Body, Kylie Burnell-Jones, Nathan Archibald, Alex Barreto, Timothy Chan.

Fourth Row: Leighton Aurelius, James Bales, Peter Brennan, George Byrne, Paul Brown, Nick Allen.

Year 11O**Front Row: (L to R)**

Su De Mel, My Chan Do, Meilin Ford, Alice Dallow, Maria Getsios, Louise Ciciriello, Jayleen Diaz, Tara De Mel.

Second Row: Ruth Corris, Sarah Clark, Emily Christian, Jessi Guy, Chabriol Colebatch, Alex Durrant, Emma Coombes, Natalie Clark, Gemma Davies.

Third Row: Mauro Grassi, Steven Ha, Simon Fitzpatrick, Esme Fisher, Emma Finnerty, Claire Dawson, Sacha Groves, Glen Gibb, Alvin De La Paz.

Fourth Row: Stephen Fountain, Blake Elliott, Julian Fine, Jeremy Green, Nathan Clark, Ehab Dimitri.

**Year 11R****Front Row: (L to R)**

Thao Huynh, Katalin Grubits, Jenny Har, Sheila Karunakaran, Maria Kotsiaris, Van La, Florence In, Van Huynh, Anna Lado.

Second Row: Hai Khuat, Anthony Krithinakis, Calvin Hsieh, Mossadeque Hossain, Faris Kirmani, Max Hobeck, Andrew Lee, Daniel Ho, Etem Kumsuz.

Third Row: Shumane Hui, Melissa Jackson, Margarita Karamitros, Elizabeth Hood, Helen Karoutzos, Leman Huynh, Cathy Jones.

Fourth Row: Stephanie Holding, Alexandra Jurkiw, Brendan Haire, Serene Hong, Anna Hogley.

**Year 11T**

Front Row: (L to R)
Melanie Maxwell, Kim McMahon, Deana Mitchell, Belinda McDonald, Virginia Lee, Eletine Mata, Jenny Lyell, Alison Legg, Cinnamon Lee.

Second Row: Vincent Luong, Matthew Lee, Enguang Lee, Jim Mitsou, Johnny Mihail, Mark McLaren, Cam Ly, Andrew Leon, Chris Lim.

Third Row: Ivan Mantelli, Thomas Lin, Derek Maller, Anna Lunsman, Miranda McCallum, Joel Ma, Luke Lee, Jason Lee.

Fourth Row: Luke Metcalfe, Peter McKeown, Tony Masters, Chris Miller, Elwin Lian.

Year 11I

Front Row: (L to R)
Junella Sartracom, Alfalfa Pegum, Lyda Reid, Kelly Ngai, Anna Rigg, Maria Panopoulos, Amber Robinson, Jessy O'Donnell, Keira Newton.

Second Row: Tai Phan, David Rodriguez, Ivan Paredes, Alex Outhred, Chris Rushton, Andrew Murray, Zacha Rosen, Long Nguyen, Sonya Sceats.

Third Row: Carl Schneider, Cinnamon Nippard, Kaneran Mudeliar, Anthony Terruso, Ben Russell, Nim Sathiamoorthy, Oscar Park.

Fourth Row: Leshek Padzior, Sanju Modi, Greg Pavlou, Juergen Petzold, Neil Pradhan.

Absentees:

Catharine Pruscino, Torben Ralston.

**Year 11A**

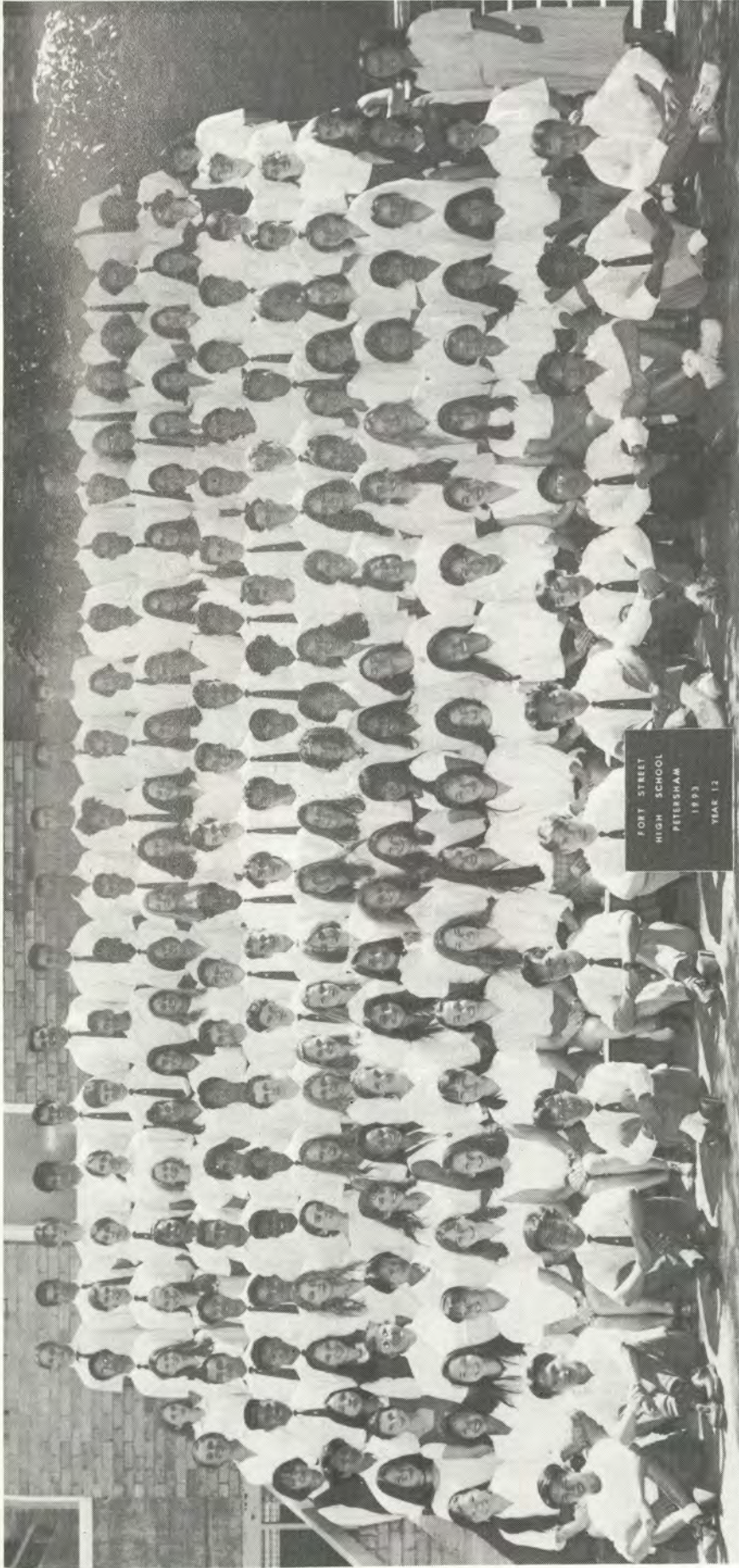
Front Row: (L to R)
Teresa Tam, Le-Binh Tu, Sacha Stelzer, Hui Teh, Bok-Kyung Yoon, Amanda Spilsbury, Lara Vasarhelyi, Divya Sriram, Rachel Welsh.

Second Row: Rebecca Yats, Anastasia Stathakis, Helen Yee, Wilhelmina Van Beers, Maraka Zacka, Kate Van Staveren, Simone Solomon, Sharon Walder, Patricia Yam.

Third Row: Jin Jin Woon, David Tchou, Margo Slaven, Jessica Schuman, Magnolia Sutcliffe, Angelo Theodoratos, David Stanaway.

Fourth Row: Kevin Soo, Joseph Yoo, Michael Wilkinson, Donovan Stone, Eui-Suk Shin.

Absentees: Alex Young, Damon Young.



Year 12 1993

Absentees: Alex Young,
Damon Young.

Front Row: (L to R) Q Nguyen, K Phu, W Kuang, W Ku, J Lum, M Frost, C Lai, T Vo, G Tung, Y Nakazawa, S Fernando, M Greenway.
Second Row: E Quoy, R Chong, V Tran, S Chu, G Tarrant, V Zec, S Wong, R Ramjan, K Rowe, S Kim, E Chang, C Lachs, K Leong, V Lau, D Cameron, A Giannakopoulos, T Ho, M Roldan, H Huynh, T Calder.
Third Row: M Gazzard, A Konstantelos, T Rocca, M Phung, E Magarey, A Chalker, H Lyons, A Kazonis, S Galas, N Yetton, T Malor, T Hon, A Mandal, S Beak, E Meloucas, F Ionnu, L Rawson, T Lam, T Nguyen, A Ermoli, T Tserdanis.
Fourth Row: H Song, C Dung, M Lyons, C Throsby, E Walton, G Jenaway, M Mironowicz, N Carrel, E Tuktens, W Lee, D Petrie, I Stewart, C Burke.
Fifth Row: M Lee, G Johnson, R Khoe, E Paul, A Kistan, P Nguoy, L Ryan, N Williamson, E Brereton, T Brown, T Nguyen, T Do, N Bonney, A Lyberopoulos, J Richardson, L Batalha, E Yeung, P Tang, A Pilce, B Englaro.
Sixth Row: J Nikakis, M Tsimmadis, R Chan, J Tawfik, D Chakarovski, H Choi, D Dimich, J Manning, K Pather, N Nittes, L Robinson, D Sukendar, S Ahn, D Roache-Turner, R Kennedy, A Young, S Ong, Q Nguyen, B Phillips, S Wood.
Seventh Row: L Jones, J Ogilvie, L Bone, C Stowers, P Blundell, L Buckingham, I Furdul, T Woods, J Murty, E Klimpsch, M Richardson, K Darcy, C Edwards, R Cooley, S Stankovic, I Smith, S Wallace, I Zebrowski, M Parker, N Cumming, A Binno, K Acton, M Gondellis.
Eighth Row: F Ho, R Setina, D Olsen, J McNicoll, J Cottee, M Duffy, S Sridher, R Dare, O Supit, L Jones, C Ison, L Coucaud, B Livingston, A Lencus, E Brookton, T Lee, L Tranter, W Hird, D Golan.
Ninth Row: J Christian A Parker, K Giese, C Logothesis, G Kollias, M Bonatto, L Polojac, S Tan, A Kurcubic, A McDonnell, B Hutchinson, P Likoudis, J Tawadros, T Colquhoun, C Ellis, G Dunn, T Chau, P Brennan.
Teacher: Ms P Bresnehan

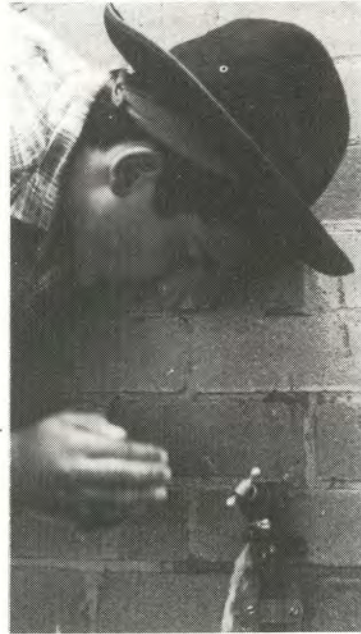
AUTOGRAPHS



Tony Masters, Billabong Bill, Andrew Murray



Leah Hopkinson, Jenny Parkes



Alex Jurkiw



Mr Glebe



Mr Canty, Mr Leondis, Ms Neurath, Ms Ireland
Mr Fraser, Mr Higgins, Mr Gedge



Mr Millward



Anna Lunsmann



Simon

Fitzpatrick, Ben Russell

