

THE FORTIAN

The Fortian Committee

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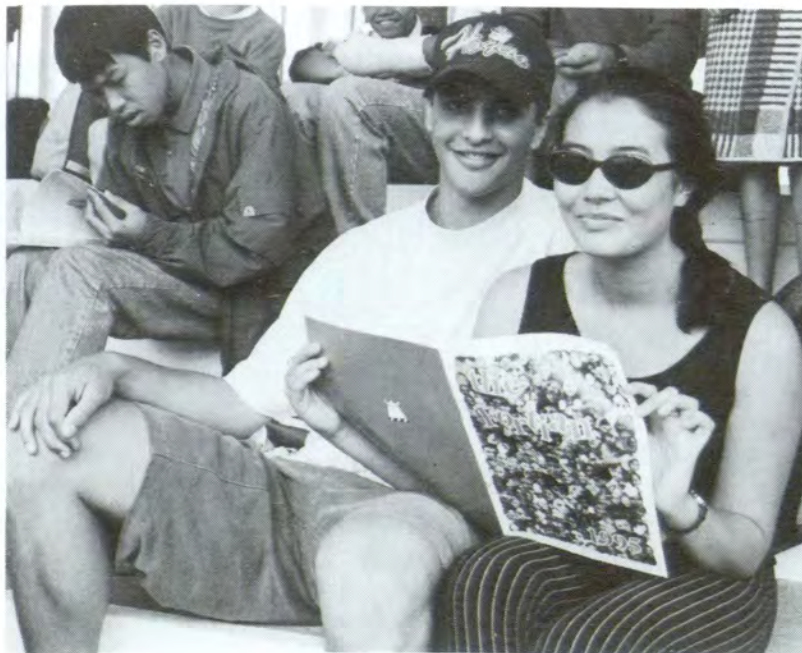
Annie Liao

Shijo Hayashi

... and numerous others whom space does not permit us to mention.

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PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

As 1996 draws to it's close it is appropriate to comment on some matters of concern beginning to emerge. I am becoming concerned, indeed alarmed, by the increasing gender imbalance in enrolments, and the misguided community perception that single-sex is best. Every student of Fort Street knows how false this is! One of the great strengths of this school is its vitality, the vibrancy that comes from an alert, active interchange of views and interpersonal relationships. How cold and sterile would such an environment be if all the experiences were confined to just the one sex. We here at Fort Street, of course, know all this and can freely advocate for the advantages of co-education. But we are facing a challenge to maintain our school in this form. In this sense every Fortian must be an ambassador for the school. In dress, speech, manner and achievement all students are models to the community of what Fort Street can be. In conversations with friends and neighbours we need to extol the benefits of co-education and work to expel the myths abounding in society and in people's attitudes. In our relations with each other we must model the best approaches embodying mutual respect, trust and tolerance. In another area Fortians can also confront the lie being promoted by certain political quarters that somehow multiculturalism has no place in Australia. Again every student here knows the positive qualities that exist in all individuals. The composition of our school and the compassion, tolerance and charity of our students shows clearly that a multicultural society can work and work well. There is no room here for the racist bigotry. Every fortian should be very proud of our school's excellent record in this area

I have one other concern. I am becoming increasingly aware of a growing number of students who have a very narrow approach to schooling. Successful schooling is not solely about books and study and coaching college. It is about the celebration of life through learning. Our school offers a wonderful range of experiences in sport, music, drama, art, performance, debating and speaking and in activities such as S.R.C, Girls group, Amnesty, I.M.P., Tournament of minds etc that no student should not "have a life" outside the classroom. I urge all students to use to the full the variety of experiences that make up your school life: "Get a life!". Make a New Years' resolution to learn one new skill next year-a new sport, a new activity, a new instrument-whatever, but add something new to your personal list of skills!

This magazine captures the success, the joy, the creativity, the achievement, indeed, the spirit of Fort Street. Congratulate its creators and enjoy it!

Lee Carroll



DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

As 1996 draws to a close I would like to thank the school community for the assistance offered to me in my first-year at FSHS. While I would not say it has been an easy year, many people have made the twelve months less stressful than it could have been, by offering good advice, open communication and friendship. These signs of goodwill and welcome have come variously from members of the parent body and students, as well as the teaching and clerical staff, and I am deeply appreciative.

To the people who have found my arrival difficult, I can only say that change is universally disconcerting and time will be the factor which will work in favour of smoothing relationships. It has been, on balance, a good year and 1997 should be much better. At least the Deputy Principal will have a much better knowledge of the personal character and idiosyncrasies of Fort St. which should ensure that we sail in calmer waters. As a key feature of 1996 I would make mention of the Welfare and Discipline review which was begun in the second half of the year. This review, required by the Department of Education for all Government schools, has led to broad ranging discussion on student welfare needs and discipline strategies. Parents, teachers and students have raised many issues relating to student leadership, peer support, mentoring, vertical integration, merit and reward, gender equity and underachievement in particular. There will be some innovation as well as some changes and refinement of existing practices in 1997. I hope these changes will be implemented with the full support of the school community. Not only should they benefit individual students, they should lead to an increased sense of community at FSHS and enhance the school's prestige.

Many thanks are due to the staff who have given so much both within the classroom and beyond it. The year advisers and welfare team have worked very hard in the context of the Welfare/Discipline Review; The Creative Arts staff have produced some excellent work in the various exhibitions and performances throughout the year, particularly the school musical 'Seven Little Australians'.

To the sporting coaches, the Open Day organisers, and my executive colleagues, many thanks.

Lastly and most significantly to the students who have been in my classes, and my Drama group, thank you for being so energetic, enthusiastic and good-natured. It is not always easy being taught by the Deputy Principal as there are many outside demands made on my time. You have all been patient and unfailingly co-operative; It is you who have given me my real welcome to Fort Street High School.

Andrea Connell

The student representative council is a group of students in the school, elected by and from their fellow students to represent them in the school and organise ways for the students to participate in the school.



S.R.C.

In February the SRC's Valentine's Day Rose Delivery Service and the Year 7&8 Welcome Dance were big successes. Both of these activities have emerged from student suggestions to annual events on the Fort St calendar.

This year the SRC held its 3rd camp at Bundeena. We discussed how we could be more effective and efficient and we planned our goals for 1996. Mr. Carroll joined us for a day to discuss the new Departmental guidelines for drug use and violence in schools.

In March Wendy Morrison and Claudine Lyons represented the school at the Metropolitan East Region SRC conference at Vision Valley. The camp was considered a very rewarding experience.

On Open Day the SRC worked as ushers and decorated their own room for display despite many members involved in other activities. The room was packed with visitors all day.

With a huge effort from Salvatore Barbagallo and Wendy Morrison the SRC held a very successful soccer comp. and basketball comp. We would like to thank all the players and spectators for their support.

This year the SRC Dance Committee, lead by Thomas Moliterno, organised an all school dance in November. The lights and video screen were spectacular, the DJ was excellent and everyone that went had a good time.

The SRC is looking towards 1997 with confidence and enthusiasm. It's bound to be another great year!



Fort Street High School

Annual Speech Day

1995 HSC FORTIANS UNION AWARDS

MARCUS MALLER
ANOSHA YAZDABADI
DIANNE ANAGNOS
ARPIT SRIVASTAVA
VU MINH HUA
ALEXANDRA CROSBY
JANE VAN VLIET
STUART CLARK
EILEEN VUONG
DOUGAL PHILLIPS

LEANNE RICH
HUN KIM
MELANIE BISHOP
DENISE LEANFORE
BAO NGUYEN

1995 — YEAR 12

- MARCUS MALLER** The Ada Partridge Prize for Dux; The Constance Frith Memorial Prize for the Best Student proceeding to the University of New South Wales; The John Hunter Prize for The Best Student entering The Faculty of Medicine; The Laurence Goddard Prize for the Best Student studying Mathematics at University; The Anne Weston Memorial Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit); The Prize for English (2 Unit General); The Michael Kirby Prize for Legal Studies (3 Unit).
- ANOSHA YAZDABADI** The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Proficiency; The Social Science Department Prize for Economics (2 Unit) (8th in The State).
- DIANNE ANAGNOS** The Fanny Conen Prize for 3rd in The HSC; The Francis Killeen Memorial Prize for the Best Student proceeding to the University of Sydney; The 1925-29 Girls' Prize for the Best Student entering The Faculty of Law.
- MELINDA MUI** The Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for the Best Student entering The Faculty of Economics at Sydney University; The Olga Sangwell Prize for Music (3 Unit).
- ANDRES OLAVE** The John Hopman Prize for The Best Student studying Engineering at University.
- JOSH SZEPS** The Charles Harrison Memorial Prize for English (3 Unit); The Frederick Bridges Memorial Prize for French (3 Unit).
- LEANNE RICH** The Evelyn McEwan Rowe Prize for Ancient History (3 Unit); The Annie Turner Prize for English and History.
- CRAIG OVENDEN** The Ron Horan Prize for German (3 Unit); The Judy Levi Memorial Prize for Modern Languages.
- DOUGAL PHILLIPS** The Herbert Percival Williams Memorial Prize for The HSC Question on Shakespeare; The Prize for Visual Arts (3 Unit).
- EILEEN VUONG** The Sir Bertram Stevens Prize for Economics (3 Unit); The Prize for Legal Studies (2 Unit).
- MELANIE BISHOP** The Social Science Department Prize for Geography (2 Unit); The Prize for Mathematics (2 Unit) (6th in the State).
- KATE VAN STAVEREN** The James Baxendale Prize for English (2 Unit).
- SEOYEON CHOI** The Denis Austen Prize for Mathematics (4 Unit).
- STUART CLARK** The Dr Bradfield Prize for Physics.
- ALISTAIR FREY** The Alma Puxley Prize for Chemistry.
- PHILLIP BLACKFORD** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Biology.
- HUGH MYERS** The Emily Cruise Prize for Modern History (3 Unit).
- VICKY LEE** The Harold Jones Prize for Modern History (2 Unit).
- ANNA CHAU** The Hermann Black Prize for Japanese (3 Unit).
- HELEN SUN** The Gail Salmon Memorial Prize for Japanese (2 Unit).
- RICHARD LUONG** The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography (3 Unit).
- CHARLES CHOY** The Institution of Engineers, Sydney Division, Prize for Engineering Science (3 Unit).
- KIVANCH MEHMET** The Thomas Cooke Memorial Prize for General Studies.
- JAMES HANCOCK** The Prize for Engineering Science (2 Unit); The Prize for Design and Technology.
- SCOTT BUCHANAN** The Prize for Computing Studies (3 Unit).
- EDMOND CHUNG** The Prize for Computing Studies (2 Unit).
- JANE VAN VLIET** The Prize for Science (4 Unit).
- ASWIN HARAHAP** The Prize for Ancient History (2 Unit).
- GABRIEL HINGLEY** The Prize for Visual Arts (2 Unit).

1995 — YEAR 11

- JEFFREY CASTRO** The Lilian Whiteoak Prize for Dux; The Institution of Engineers, Sydney Division, Prize for Engineering Science; The Prize for 4 Unit Science; Certificate for Mathematics (3 Unit).
- REBECCA MCINTYRE** The Lodge Fortian Prize for General Proficiency; The Prize for Legal Studies; The Prize for General Studies; Certificate for English.
- LISA CHENG** The P & C Association Prize for Physics; The Elvie Selle Prize for Chemistry; Certificate for Mathematics (3 Unit).
- SIMON ROWE** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for Proficiency in English; The Warren Peck Prize for Modern History; Certificate for Mathematics (2 Unit).
- NATALIE CHAN** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Biology; The Prize for Japanese; The Prize for Music.
- JEANNE JUNG** The David Verco Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit); Certificates for Physics and Food Technology.
- JEMINE HUI** The Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize for English; Certificate for Visual Arts.
- SATYAJIT SIVA** The Catherine, Janet and Pauline Calver Prize for Geography.
- FLEUR BEAUPERT** The Prize for French; The Prize for German; Certificate for Latin.
- ANNA CLARK** The Prize for Visual Arts; Certificates for Mathematics (2 Unit), Modern History and Biology.
- DALYA KOCH** The Prize for Computing Studies; Certificates for English and Chemistry.
- ANNA CHOY** The Prize for Latin; Certificate for French.
- JEMIMA MOWBRAY** The Prize for Mathematics (2 Unit).
- JAMES BARKUS** The Prize for Ancient History.
- BELINDA TOOHER** The Prize for Economics.
- CLARA FRITCHLEY** The Prize for Food Technology.

1995 — YEAR 10

1. **PRISCILLA WONG** The Judge Redshaw Prize for Dux; The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; The Major-General Fewtrell Prize for English and History; The Prize for Mathematics; The Prize for Music; Certificates for History and Commerce.
2. **SHIYO HAYASHI** The Molly Thornhill Prize for General Proficiency; The Prize for Japanese; Certificates for English and Science.
3. **ANDREW MONK** The Emily Mouldsdale Prize for Science; The Prize for French; Certificate for Mathematics.
4. **DAVID BISHOP** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Proficiency in Science; The Prize for Computing Studies; Certificate for Geography.
5. **MAYET COSTELLO** The Dr George Mackaness Prize for History; Certificate for Wood Technics.
6. **LISA WONG** The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography; Certificate for Commerce.
7. **NATHAN GEE** The Prize for Commerce; Certificate for Science.
8. **SARAH TRAN** The Prize for German; Certificate for English.
9. **KATIE BIRD** The Prize for Latin.
10. **TESSA BOER-MAH** The Prize for Visual Arts.
11. **ROALD MAFESSANTI** The Prize for Technical Drawing.
12. **CHRIS HAYWARD-JENKINS** The Prize for Wood Technics.
13. **GARETH EDWARDS** The Prize for Electronics Technics.

1995 - YEAR 9

1. **NATASHA FONG** The 1994 Year 12 Prize for Dux; The Prize for Mathematics; The Prize for Commerce; Certificates for English, Science, Asian Studies and Visual Arts and Geography.
2. **KIT MORRELL** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; the Dr William Gailey Prize for Science; the Prize for Visual Arts; The Prize for Wood Technics.
3. **JENNY THAI** The Prize for Computing Studies; The Prize for French; Certificates for English, Mathematics and Science.
4. **RANJIT MURALI** The Prize for German; Certificates for English and History.
5. **NAOMI DE COSTA** The Prize for Asian Social Studies; Certificates for History and Geography.
6. **KATE TOUPEIN** The Prize for Food Technology; Certificates for History and French.
7. **TENNILLE NOACH** The Prize for History; Certificate for English.
8. **ANDREW YAM** The Prize for Geography; Certificate for Commerce.
9. **ANNA VALPIANI** The Prize for Latin; Certificate for English.
10. **PRISCILLA WONG** The Prize for Japanese; Certificate for Commerce.
11. **GRACE CHEUNG** The Prize for Music.
12. **KAM FAI MA** The Prize for Electronics Technics.

1995 — YEAR 8

1. **GRACE BROWN** The Fortian Prize for Dux; The Bishop Kirkby Prize for History; The Dr William Gailey Prize for Science; The Prize for Geography; Certificates for English, Mathematics and German.
2. **EFFIE KLIPPAN** The Dr J. Bradfield Prize for Proficiency in Science; The Prize for Latin; Certificates for English, History and Geography.
3. **SOPHIE HIGGINS** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; Certificate for French.
4. **ALICE MAH** The Prize for Visual Arts; Certificate for History.
5. **REBECCA CARRIIT** The Prize for German, Certificate for Science.
6. **SARAH JOHNSON** The Prize for Mathematics.
7. **JAMES LANE** The Prize for French.
8. **CHRISTOPHER ONG** The Prize for Japanese.

1995 — YEAR 7

1. **BETTY CHANG** The Alma Hamilton Prize for Dux; The Class Prize for 7F.
2. **KATE BRENNAN** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; The Class Prize for 7F.
3. **ROGER HADDAD** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Science; The Class Prize for 7O.
4. **RUTH JAGO** The Bishop Kirkby Prize for Australian History; The Class Prize for 7O.
5. **ANNA MCLWAIN** The Major-General Fewtrell Prize for English and History.

1995 SPORTS PRIZES

1. **NATHAN MCLACHLAN** The Johnson Memorial Prize for Senior Sportsman.
2. **AMY LAWSON** The Jan Stephenson Prize for Senior Sportswoman.
3. **LISA COLLINS** The Jan Stephenson Prize for Junior Sportswoman; The Most Outstanding Girl in Cross Country.
4. **KEVIN PICKETT** The Johnson Memorial Prize for Junior Sportsman; The Most Outstanding Boy in Athletics.
5. **AMY CLORAN** The Sports Pit Prize for Outstanding Achievement in any one sport-Diving.
6. **BEAU REID** The Fort Street Rugby Club Prize for Junior Rugby Player of the Year.
7. **JOSEPH DICKSON** The Most Outstanding Boy in Swimming.
8. **PIPPA TRAVERS** The Most Outstanding Girl in Swimming.
9. **HUGH O'NEILL** The Most Outstanding Boy in Cross Country.
10. **LISA GO' 'DIE** The Most Outstanding Girl in Athletics.

1995 — SPECIAL AWARDS

1. **BEN SPIES BUTCHER** The Rona Sanford Pepper Prize for Service; The Boys of 1950-54 Prize for Commitment to the School Community; The Young Achievement Australia Prize.
2. **MELANIE BISHOP** The Charles Christmas Prize for Scholarship and Service.
3. **JOSH SZEPS** The Old Boys Union Prize for Scholarship and Service.
4. **ROSIE MALCOLM** The John Hills Memorial Prize for Leadership and Service.
5. **ANNA CLARK** The Major Isador Sender Memorial Prize for School Service.
6. **MAYET COSTELLO** The Ladies Committee Prize for School Service.
7. **FELICITY KELLY** The Elizabeth Cayzer Prize for The President of the S.R.C.
8. **THOMAS MOLITERNO** The Elsie Ferguson Memorial Prize for Consistent Service to the S.R.C.
9. **CLAUDINE LYONS** The Girls of 1964-69 Prize for Commitment to the School Community.
10. **PAUL GARRETT** The Val Lembit Prize for Drama.
11. **ELEANOR HOBLEY** The Phillip, David and Robert Lindsay Prize for Debating.
12. **SASHA MORRELL** The Kate O'Shaughnessy Prize for writing in any category.
13. **CARLA WILLIAMSON** The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Australian History.
14. **GABRIEL HINGLEY** The Liberty Jools Prize for Originality in the Arts.
15. **ANDREW LACEK** The Raymond Sly Memorial Prize for Music; The Instrumental Music Programme Prize.

MR WAYNE ERICKSON GUEST SPEAKER

Mr Chairman, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen; I must confess to being surprised to receive the invitation to address you, and thought ... why?

The fact is that I don't attend referee's meetings anymore, because you have to listen to referees, and I communicated my concern to Terry Glebe, and said that I thought he might have the wrong fellow.

When pressed, he explained that the year being 1996, an Olympic year, it was felt appropriate that an ex student who had an involvement in sport should be invited. I've certainly been on the same field as some of our greatest sporting performers, but I said that I hardly thought of myself as a legitimate peer of our sporting legends. Surely there must be someone else!

In fact, there is not. Aside from two or three notable exceptions such as Harry Hopman and John Hendricks, the cupboard is rather bare. Why?

The answer probably lies in the fact that we were there primarily for something else, and were encouraged to diversify our talents in as wide a range as possible in order to find the area in which we could make our own fortune.

We sampled four languages other than English in our first year, participated in more revivals of the Scottish play than the Bell Shakespeare company, were actually taught the science of lifetime learning, sang like angels for anyone who would listen and generally extended our young potentials to wherever they took us.

Little wonder that sport actually only assumed its rightful place as merely a part of the balance of things to do at Fort Street and that, I think, is the point.

Anyway, having established my credentials on the basis that there is no-one else, I'd better get on with it!

My message today is simple - inspiration and aspiration. I hope I can present it so that it is simply understood. A message on two levels. Firstly, the big picture.

While it should only be seen as only part of the whole equation, the truth is that sport is capable of generating a powerful symbolism which belies its bit part status, especially in Australia, but in similar degrees elsewhere. It is appropriate that every now and again we recognise and celebrate the intrinsic worth of sport in our community.

1996 is such a time, given the events which will unfold in Atlanta later this year. The world saw how magnificently Spain responded to the challenge of the Barcelona Olympics, not just in terms of a trebling of that nation's previous best gold medal tally (mind you, a bonus of 1 million dollars per gold medal might have helped!), but in terms of thrusting the images, culture and people of so

prominently onto the world stage. I know that a similar hope is held by and for Australia as we head towards the year 2000, and I'd like to expand upon this with some experiences of my own in the last year or so.

The 1995 Rugby World Cup is the highlight of my refereeing career. Six weeks in a country which has had precious little interaction with the developed world for almost 20 years was an experience I will remember always. The image I have in my mind, coloured as it is by my professional view as a sports administrator is of a society locked in the sixties, facing a yawning chasm between them and international standards and, indeed, acceptance they so crave from the international community of the 90's. I'm reminded of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, where Indy faces the third challenge, a leap of faith into what appears to be a void, but is in fact a shaky footbridge to the other side. The Rugby community of South Africa, vastly predominantly white, clung to the shaky footbridge of the rugby world cup as a means of obtaining the acceptance they craved, despite massive civil unrest and a cynical world.

The major factor in ensuring that the tournament went ahead in South Africa was the recognition of its importance as a world class event by the black majority government of Nelson Mandela, and the accompanying approval of the tournament by all parties in the ongoing civil unrest.

Was this approval simply an 'all quiet on the western front for Christmas', or something more permanent and therefore more important?

Very clearly the latter. Mandela recognised the historic opportunity to bring his divergent peoples together as never before under the symbol of a national unity striving for victory in a world event. The Springbok jersey, for so long a symbol of the white oppressors, became, on Mandela's back, the fabric which wove a nation of combatants together as never before.

To hear 80,000 whites singing the black miner's lament, *Shoshalosa in Xhosa* during the cup final, and then to see some of the millions of blacks who watched on their communal television in the townships, and who screamed 'amabokkebokke' for days after the victory, was to experience the evidence first hand that here was a nation embracing a shared success as never before.

Lest you think that these are the monocular ramblings of a rugby zealot, listen instead to the word from the horse's mouth.

The highlight of my trip to South Africa from a non rugby point of view, was an audience with President Mandela at his residence in Pretoria. On this occasion, all

of the referees met the president, and I was fortunate to be the first to shake his hand. When I thanked him for taking the time from his busy schedule to meet us, he turned the situation entirely around by saying that it was he who was grateful on behalf of his country for our contributions to the tournament which, in his view, was the most important single event for South Africa since his government came to power, because of the profile the tournament had in the international community.

What implications does all this have for Australia? Not many, because we are fortunate enough to live in a society where, most of this hard work has been done, and Australians can rejoice in the delights of a multicultural, multi-dimensional community which has contributed significantly to the fabric of our nation.

But the point of the South Africa story is that sport represented an opportunity for a nation to release a long held dream, and they embraced that opportunity like never before. Many people doubt whether South Africans would have been so enthusiastic if the opportunity had manifested itself in any form other than sport.

Last Saturday's election result has shown that we've had enough of the big picture, so I'd like to move to the second part of my message today, and that relates to the relevance of all this to the individual - to each of you.

For me, sport represents the vehicle through which I have been able to realise my dreams. Others may identify with the arts, the law, medicine, commerce, academia, education, whatever. Personally, I can think of nothing better than to travel the world blowing the whistle, helping to strengthen a game that I love.

My dream is to do it better than anybody else in the world. It is a dream I have had for ten years, but I don't think that staying with it was always easy.

A decision had to be made between my continuing as a referee at the highest level, or continuing as a professional sports administrator. It became obvious that the two roles could not continue to coexist.

Ironically, when a decision needed to be made it was the words of a former employer which came to my head when in supporting my refereeing involvement at the times, said that he had to make a similar choice as a young lawyer, between the law and playing for Australia. He chose the law, and he has regretted that decision for thirty years.

Other people's dreams take them in different directions, I have a mate whom I met in Johannesburg, a Scot from the border town of Hawick. His dream was to row ... and he did. 4,500 kilometres across the Atlantic! What is even more remarkable is that before that epic voyage, he had never been to sea.

The reason why I mention my friend's exploit is that he has a guiding principle on life which encapsulates his

determination to pursue his goals, his dreams no matter what the odds.

Press on! Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded Genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent!

And perhaps the most outstanding example I can provide comes from a man who, despite the years and adverse circumstances, never gave up on a dream he had.

Norman Vaughan was a young man in 1928, a member of Admiral Byrd's historic expedition. The expedition party passed a soaring wall of ice which when the snow cleared proved to be an enormous mountain. Upon return to base camp, and in honour of his young colleague's enthusiasm, Byrd named the mountain, Mount Vaughan.

It was then, December 1928, that Vaughan decided to some day return with the necessary mountain skills to climb 'his' mountain.

But a place in the United States Winter Olympic bobsled team for the 1932 and 1936 Olympics, followed by active service in World War II, stymied any early attempt. He returned home to Alaska where he built a career as an adventurer and guide, honing the skills necessary to realise his dream.

Needless to say, the story has a happy ending. Norman Vaughan climbed his mountain and realised -his dream. but there is a twist. He achieved his dream on 19 December, 1994, sixty-six years after making the decision to do so, at eighty-nine years of age! (look at staff) There's hope for all of us yet!

Each of us has their mountain. One of Vaughan's contributions to the global village was an E-Mail note sent via satellite on his portable laptop from atop his mountain.

'A message which I wish to bring to everyone' he typed, 'is to dream big, and dare to fail. I am now ready for my next challenge.'

To return to the Indiana Jones story, everybody has their holy grail, whether it is the unification of a nation, or a pleasant row across the Atlantic or a sixty-six year quest to climb a mountain. The common thread is to have the dream, and dare to attempt its achievement.

Thank you for listening to me. Allow me to wish you every success in identifying and striving to realise your dream. I hope the message is clear ... and so many of our leaders of industry, commerce, the arts and yes! even sport, shout emphatically from the rooftops ... Go for it!

In memory of BRUCE LEONARD

Bruce Leonard was born in 1940 and spent his formative years in the nearby suburb of Campsie. While we knew him as a wonderful Deputy Principal and friend, his more significant role in life was as the loving and loved husband of Barbara; and as the loving and loved father of Julie and Keryn.

Mr. Leonard died on Saturday 6th April, 1996 aged 56 years.

*He disappeared in the dead of Easter;
The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.
O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.*

*It was the last afternoon as himself;
An afternoon of nurses and whispers.
The provinces of the body revolted
The squares of his mind were empty
Silence invaded the suburbs
The current of his feeling failed.*

*O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.*



Bruce with Mollie Watts

I am speaking here this morning because I knew Mr. Leonard longer than others have. Our formative years were spent in the same suburb and indeed he was a couple of years ahead of me at Canterbury Boys' High School. Even then he looked after me on the School Special just as he continued to look after me during the last 9 years he spent teaching at Fort Street.

Mr. Leonard was born of working class parents during World War 2; parents who knew of the hardship brought by the Depression of the 1930s as well as the privations of war time. His intelligence led to his winning a place at a Selective High School - a school system whose privileges he well understood and whose resulting obligations he readily accepted. In this academic environment Bruce Leonard shone. He matriculated to university at 16 and graduated as a teacher at 20.

But teaching was not the vocational choice of his heart: it was the rational choice, the realistic choice dictated by his background. He had been a child prodigy on piano. His rightful vocation was concert pianist, but this could never be - his parents could not keep him through those years without income; they could not sponsor the obligatory trips to Europe, and he would never expect such consideration. His skills and sense of duty directed him towards teaching in the subject area he enjoyed so much.

Despite it being his second choice, Mr. Leonard loved teaching and was very effective in his chosen profession for 35 years. Despite it being his musical talent that drove him towards teaching, what he grew to love most about teaching over the years were the kids, and it was at Fort Street that he found the students he loved best. Perhaps it was his own Selective School background that gave him such an affinity with you people, but testimony to the reciprocation of those feelings was the farewell you gave him at his Retirement Assembly in June last year. That he held his days at Fort Street so close to his heart are the mementos of his time here all around his home. Pride of place though is taken by photographs from his last momentous day in 1995, and in those photographs just about all of you are captured.

- his total **commitment** to teaching whether classroom or scholarship issues, curriculum matters or extra-curricula matters such as IMP
- his total **involvement** with Fort Street - there was no issue at this school that did not receive his undivided attention
- his genuine concern about your **welfare**
- you and we could always count on Mr. Leonard's **fairness**, his **honesty**
his **empathy** with our feelings and his **unalloyed integrity** in all matters.

On Easter Saturday, after five days in a coma, life slipped from Mr. Leonard and he completed his life's cycle.

"Past the village flowed the river, like time, like life itself, waiting for the swimmer to come again on his way to the climax of his adventurous life, and to the end for which he had been made".

Mr. Leonard has completed his life's cycle and we will miss him enormously. He leaves a great gap in our hearts at Fort Street. But if we are going to miss him so much, we can only imagine the gap his loss will create in the lives of Mrs. Leonard, Julie and Keryn.

JOHN BUCKINGHAM

I was working in a milkbar a couple of years ago when Mr Leonard, on long service leave, stopped by with his family. As I made up their order (I don't remember what it was) I thought about how many students there were at Fort Street, and how many years Mr Leonard had been at the school, and thus realised how unsurprising it was that I had not been recognised. But then, as I handed over the change, there was a smile and a comment about "Fortians taking over the world" and it was then, perhaps for the first time, that I realised what an amazing and unusual person Mr Leonard was.

Thinking about it now, the previous anecdote tells a lot about Mr Leonard's character - he was attached not only to the school as a whole, but also to each individual student, and his commitment did not simply end at 3.10 pm. Seeing him, in the months following his "retirement", still around the school, was a testament as much to how much he loved Fort Street as to how much Fort Street needed him. The majority of Fortians outside music and general studies were never taught by Mr Leonard, but saw him as the all-powerful force that seemed to keep the school running.

No problem was ever too large, and although the impossible tended to provoke a grumble, it was generally done anyone, and done well. But what perhaps endeared Mr Leonard to us, more than the spectacular effort he put into his job, was the way in which he went about his duties: his sense of humour and absolute lack of pretence led to him being seen not as a stern authority figure but more as a peer. Perhaps the firm hold this gave him on Fort Street reality was what made him such an excellent Deputy Principal and administrator - it was certainly what made him such a good friend to us all.

In the end, the morbid pallor which hung over Fort Street for days and weeks after Mr Leonard's death, as much as the cheers and ovations at his retirement, show how much the school loved him. It is only to be hoped that the singular part Mr Leonard played in all of our lives will be remembered not only in the sorrow of his death but also, especially, in the happy memories we retain of his life.

Claire Wallace, Year 12

SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

1996 saw the first full year of operation of the School Council after being constituted in September 1996.

The year also saw yet another excellent group of results from the school's candidacy for the 1995 Higher School Certificate.

Members of Council during the year were:

Parents: Geoffrey Solomon (Chairman), Marilyn Bocking, Claude Zanardo.

Staff: Michael Anderson, Marilyn Ireland, Robyn Paice.

Students: Claudine Lyons (Secretary), Wendy Morrison.

P&C: Frank Wenden, Henry Chu.

Fortians' Union: Peter Phelps, Peter McDougall

Principal: Lee Carroll (Executive Member).

During the year Council met regularly to consider and discuss a wide variety of matters relevant to the School's role, as a selective high school, to provide excellence in public education.

Matters discussed included welfare policy, gender equity and balance, sponsorships and program financing, uniform policy to name a few. Three matters however stand out for their importance to the ongoing viability of the school as a co-educational selective high school.

These are:

~ The growing imbalance between female and male students in successive Year 7 intakes. As a result Council has endorsed a proposal, to be sent by the Principal to the Department of School Education, for entry to be on the basis of affirmative action with separate lists for boys and girls in addition to the results in the entry examination. This action was only taken after an analysis of entry examination results conclusively showed that the educational levels and potential of students who will gain entry under the proposal will not affect the selective nature of the school.

~ The formulation of a new School Welfare policy as a result of directives from the Government has also received and will continue to receive and will continue to receive close attention from Council. Members of Council have taken a strong interest in this area and have attended the School Development day held to discuss the issue.

~ The ability of the school to access proper funding for the provision of proper educational programs and facilities appropriate to the needs of the students has received much attention and been the subject of extensive discussion. The issue of sponsorships was discussed and after wide debate Council resolved to actively seek sponsorships from commercial interests. Also, being conscious of the opposition to this decision by the P&C association, Council authorised myself as Chairman and Mr Carroll as Principal to explore the possibility of establishing a School Foundation. This has been completed and The Fort Street Foundation is to be launched on Speech Day 1997. In this

matter our appreciation of the work undertaken by Fortians Alan Beard and Alan Nielson (Class of 1949) and Duncan McIntyre (Class of 1958) must be recorded.

The year also saw the completion of two very significant projects which will provide additional educational, sporting and cultural facilities for the school. These are the under Kilgour Project which provides additional classrooms, music practice rooms and a new darkroom and the grounds redevelopment which provides a first class multi purpose playing field, basketball/netball courts and a car-park. Whilst the Government provided some funds for the grounds redevelopment the bulk of funds were provided by the school and the P&C Association provided \$200000 towards these projects without which completion would not have been possible.

The end of the year saw three members of Council retire from their positions- Claude Zanardo, Wendy Morrison and Robyn Paice. Their individual and collective contributions have been invaluable. Fortunately the school will continue to benefit from Mr Zanardo's expertise in a number of areas, Ms Paice's teaching and other skills and Wendy Morrison's involvement as a Year 11 student and SRC member. The replacement members of Council are, respectively, Juliet Bishop, Bridy Rushton and Tony Millward.

In concluding I would like to thank all members of the school community for their support and assistance to Council. In particular members of Council for the time and diligence devoted to their responsibilities and to the P&C executive and school staff for their support. Lastly but not least I would like to thank our Principal, Lee Carroll, for his support and encouragement of the role of Council in the management of the affairs of the School.

Geoffrey Solomon, Chairman.





Speech Day



The Grounds Opening



HIGH COURT JUDGE ENDOWS LEGAL STUDIES PRIZE

Fortian Justice Michael Kirby was appointed to the bench of the High Court in December 1995 and was approached by the school to endow a prize for 3 Unit Legal Studies. He generously agreed to donate a prize, in perpetuity, to be awarded to the student scoring the highest marks in Legal Studies in the HSC.

Michael Kirby was born to working class parents in Concord. He was chosen to attend Summer Hill Opportunity School and from there proceeded to Fort Street High, where, as a Prefect, he remembers placing John Singleton on detention. At Sydney University he obtained his Bachelor of Economics, Bachelor of Laws, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Laws with first class honours. In 1975, Lionel Murphy the then Attorney General, asked Kirby to become the chairman of the Australian Law Reform Commission. His work on the ALRC included the 1977 Australian Law Reform Commission Report on tissue and organ transplants, which has had a significant impact internationally. This report changed the legal definition of death to "brain dead" or the irreversible stopping of the circulation. This notion of brain death has been accepted by the Council of Europe, the President's Commission in the United States and the Canadian Law Reform Commission.

In 1993 Michael Kirby was appointed as the United Nations Special Human Rights representative to Cambodia. He is the President of the Court of Appeal in the Solomon Islands, and in November 1995 he was elected president of the International Commission of Jurists.

But probably the high point in an already distinguished career was his appointment in December 1995 to the High Court in Canberra. He becomes the fourth Fortian to sit on the benches of the High Court after Edmund Barton, H.V. Evatt and Sir Garfield Barwick.

The inaugural Justice Michael Kirby Prize for 3 Unit Legal Studies was won by Marcus Maller. As Justice Kirby could not attend speech day to present the prize, due to his commitments in Canberra, he kindly invited Marcus and two colleagues to take tea with him in his Chambers in the Supreme Court building in Sydney. We are assured by Justice Kirby that the last time this happened the invitation was extended by Justice Evatt and the invited student was John Kerr (later to become governor-general). During the Easter break, Marcus Maller, Chris Makris, Cristina Chang and Anne Draper (Legal Studies Co-ordinator) met up with Justice Kirby for afternoon tea and a chat. Justice Kirby was a charming host and said that he would be pleased to meet future winners of the Justice Michael Kirby Prize for Legal Studies. Justice Michael Kirby's high ideals and strong interest, particularly in the areas of human rights and law reform, are to be applauded, and we are very proud that he has agreed to endow the prize for legal studies.



ARCHIVES REPORT

Each year Fortian memorabilia continues to grow as people interested in the school send us all sorts of material concerning the school, whether it concerns the Girl's School, the Boys' School or the Co-ed high school of today.

A newspaper clipping (Oct 96) reports on 'Australia's newest soccer star' Lisa Collins, another on the success of Alice Dallow (1994) who recently was awarded a \$20,000 grant to make a documentary film, a request from Deakin University, Victoria, for information concerning Sir Percy Spender's school days at Fort Street Boys' or a letter from a PhD candidate at the University of Hawaii seeking information about Alick Wickham who might have attended Fort Street at the turn of the century. We also acquired William (Jack) Weeden's Prefect badge (1923) from his widow as well as an autograph book with some photographs which belonged to Margaret Kirby of the Girls' School, 1922. These are just a few examples of how valuable archives can be to a school, particularly one such as Fort Street which has such a long and very rich history. If you or someone you know has anything which might further enrich the school's history, why not send it along to me and I will ensure that it is placed among the many treasures in the school's archives.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

100 Years of Rugby Union at Fort Street

While researching the early history of Australian Rugby recently at the Mitchell Library, I came across a splendid little manuscript titled *Fort Street Model School Football Club 1904*. For those who may be interested the reference is 796.33/101.

This publication traces the origins of the game at Fort Street back to at least 1893. Certainly by 1896 the Football Club was well established under the keen direction of staff member Mr W. McManamey. With the enthusiastic support of the Headmaster, Mr John Turner, the club attained a membership of 406 boys by the year 1904.

McManamey later became a major figure in the rugby world, being elected president of the NSW Rugby Union in 1912. He enlisted in the First A.I.F. but was killed in the landing at Gallipoli. In his honour the N.S.W. Rugby Union established the McManamey Shield for Schoolboy Rugby. Fittingly the first school to win this prestigious trophy was Fort Street in 1916!

During those early days Fort Street Model School produced some outstanding players. Six of them were chosen for N.S.W. after leaving school, the most outstanding being Frederick Row, Australia's first Rugby Captain

Other early players of note include:

Dr H.V. Evatt, Dux in 1911 and Captain, awarded a Blue in Rugby at Sydney University and later President of the United Nations.

Hermann Black also won a Rugby Blue at Sydney University and later became its Chancellor. Hermann was a Patron of the Union and was knighted for his services to education.

H. Pascoe Pearce at age 17 years the youngest player ever to

have toured with an Australian team - to New Zealand in 1922.

Myer Rosenblum was a loose forward of exceptional speed, who scored four tries against the All Blacks in 1928 and would have to be regarded as Fort Street's most famous Wallaby. He is still hale and hearty at 89 and was delighted to be a guest of honour at the opening of the School's new oval.

John G. Mulford

Captain Fort Street 1st XV 1945

President Sydney Rugby Union.

1996 Rugby

Unfortunately Rugby was not offered as a grade sport in our Zone. Eight FSHS students represented the Northern Suburbs Zone in the NSW CHS Rugby carnival. Nathan McLachlan went on to be selected as fullback for the NSW CHS First XV and to be selected as fullback in the Australian Thirds XV.

THE FORTIANS UNION REPORT

The Fortians Union continues to fulfil its three aims:

- * To promote amongst its members a social fellowship
- * To render assistance to Fort Street High School
- * To encourage generally appreciation of the tradition of Fort Street.

Dr John Yu (1952) Australian of the Year and Chief Executive of the New Childrens Hospital at Westmead was our guest speaker at the 1996 Annual Reunion Dinner.

The theme of his address was that we, as adults, must share the obligations to ensure the physical and emotional safety of our children in the planning of communities and in the provision of sufficient funds for these projects. Two Year 12 students, Katrina Morris and Stephen Johnston were our guests at the dinner and they proposed the toast to the school. Mr John Buckingham, deputising for the Principal, replied to the toast and delighted us with an account of the excellent records of achievement gained by our students, in so many diverse fields, over this year. The Union presented badges to all Year 12 graduating students at a function linked with the school and welcomed Year 12 into the Union. Mr George Jaksic, our President for 1996, addressed the students, parents and staff, emphasising the links between school and the Union and preserving our hopes and plans for the Sesqui Centenary in 1999.

Ron Horan's continuing magnificent contribution in the Archives Room and the compilation of the War Service Records of Fortians continues to provide the links between the school today and its proud history. Gifts to this valuable collection are always welcome.

The death of our Patron, Evelyn Rowe, MBE and former Principal of the school is a sadness for those of us in the Union who knew her and valued her encouragement over many years. We extend our sympathy to her husband Ted and her family.

The Fortians Union welcomes Fortians to link with us in preparing to celebrate the Sesqui Centenary. We may be contacted by post at P.O. Box N 1 Petersham North 2049.

Olive Coutts.

Year Seven



ROBBIE MORRIS PLEASE READ THIS! (Year 7 Report)

So, you are reading this report to find out about Year 7 1996, to see what kind of people we all were, (or because your name is the heading.) I used to be one of them, "one of da' boys", which was hard as I am obviously female to those looking at me. Then I left the flock to pursue my own loves (Beatles and Rocky Horror Picture Show.)

Even so, I have some insight into their lives. Much of this year, I believe, consisted of giggling over "spunks", new bands, new songs, and the inevitable experimenting with new things - this is where I stop talking about that. I have reason to believe that most of us are ok people - the ones I know seem to be nice. I do not really know about exact goings on, but I think most of them have enjoyed this year. Of course there was the camp which I guess was okay, but the only things I remember were the flying fox and the HORRIBLE FOOD! Not hard.

We're all so prejudiced, judging everyone all the time. The stereotypes, the brand names (like Adidas.) I left them to get away from it. Now we say: "Adidas-As If!" Maybe they'll change, maybe they won't, I don't know. I just believe in me-so Give Peace A Chance and All You Need Is Love!

PS-MR WEST!

Asha Zappa, Year 7

ROW 4: Perth Tsang, Holly Philip, Louis Couttoupes, David Sun, Chapman Yu,
Shannon Lardi, Khang Bui
ROW 3: Sam Waks, Tony Zhu, Yohan Kim, Simon Teh, Gabriel Gironda,
Richard Logge, Reece Hinchliff, Gerrard Serisier
ROW 2: James Tran, John Lee, John Williamson, Reegan Barber, Michael Wong,
Matthew Johnson, Nicholas Evans
FRONT: Michelle Wood, Elsie Ngo, Xavier McKenzie, Louisa Holt,
Zomitza Andreeva, Liang Chen, Jessica Clatworthy, Tarah Relativo
YEAR: 7F





ROW 4: Joseph Lee, Anuj Goel, Peter Farrar, James Wright, Trumper Raffan, Mithilesh Dronavalli Phillip Ma

ROW 3: Alan Shen, Damian Thomas, Adam Thwaites, Joanna Woo, Amanada Robinson, Gaurav Johri, Guy Ragen, Alex Ardio

ROW 2: Alex Nicholas, Vince Cakic, Cheng-Xin Yang, Marcus Coleman, Duc Ho, Rocky Bhardwaj, Jeremy Sung

FRONT: Belkis Mereles, Wendy Tu, Pamela Tran, Jessica Au, Alice Chen, Sarah Lau, Haidee Wong, Elaine Kwan

YEAR: 7O

ROW 4: James Short, Peter Wu, Siddharth Raja, Arwen Cross, David Emerson, Niven Vanmali, Sean Carritt

ROW 3: Brendan Lee, Ratnadeep Hor, Michael Moroney, Eamon Fenwick, Viknesh Vijayenthiran, Ashley Newman

ROW 2: Trevor Manning, Arif Zaffer, Eric Choi, Nicholas Lee, Simon Rodwell, Keith Tang, Colin Lam

FRONT: Soo Bahk, Jacqueline Wong, Vicky Kan, Eve Blayney, Monica Tice, Anushka Paul, Jinny Oh, Natasha Goh

YEAR: 7R





ROW 4: Tom Keanan-Brown, Alex Vitlin, Dominic Lo, Morgan Renew, Alex White, Aidan Popely, Clancy Yeates
 ROW 3: Otto Dargan, Sam Baker, Tyron Wong, Tim Lee, Nelson Trieu, Vincent Tang, James Fong, Andrew Lee
 ROW 2: Phi Luu, Liam Tong, Jake Saulwick, Ashley Price, Ye Chuah, Andrew Sedlacek, Jeremy Chia
 FRONT: Kate Goudie, Lina Jang, Alex Bocking, Camilla Margolis, Asha Zappa, Basia Slusarczyk, Paris Ramrakha, Carmen Chan
 YEAR: 7T

ROW 4: Julian Boyce, Jordi Rudelle Greig, Alex Platirahos, Patrick Yu, Nicholas Keilar, Matthew Clark, Mark Barber
 ROW 3: Michael Tromans, Jeffrey Fong, James Wong, Prashan Ratnakumar, Yi Ching Zhao, Gary Ching, Joel Heenan, Parnel McAdam
 ROW 2: Alvin Savoy, David Newell, Aaron Chang, Thomas Stephenson, Lee Dewane, Ben Toupein, Douglas Kerle
 FRONT: Elian Fink, Joanna Lin, Julie Jeong, Angela Herscovitch, Chela Weitzel, Lauren Tarr, Stephanie Low, Ji-Young Lee
 YEAR: 71





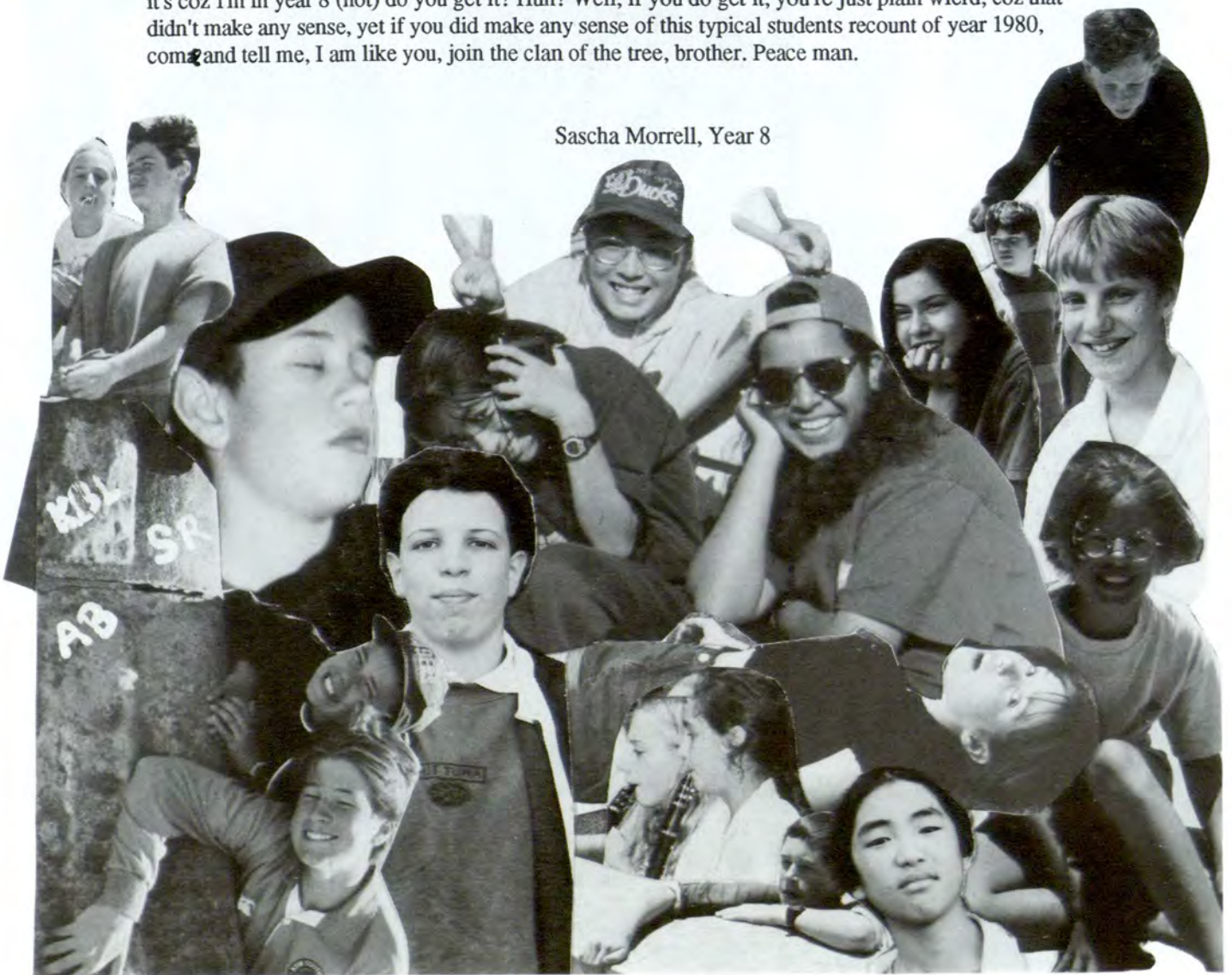
A Typical Year 8 Students Recount of This Year

Time smooths fantastic events back to uniformity with the wash of it's eternal waves, pressing them back into the flat plane of the past, splattering up only the blood which can squeeze out through the cement blocks of our forgetfulness, made inevitable by the fabric of eternity and death. This spattering of blood is what we call our only memories, all that lies through the mist.

Subsequently, any memories of the Year 8 camp have been torn from my mind. Was it at Collaroy? I think...oh, well it wasn't very memorable anyway, seeing as I can't remember it.

I have not been chosen for this quest. My will makes my fate. Nobody makes me write universally acceptable recollections, homogenous with the minds of the body, for they pulled the wool over my eyes a very long time ago, and all that I see is through a red film, sticky, hot and familiar. I am not the body, nor do I represent the body as a typical. I am a random, I am the random element. I cannot say 'we', I am not my generation, I do not know their souls (unless they are- none none none!) but as an outsider, the black sheep (well, we're all a black sheep aren't we? Does that suggest conformity? I mean to say we all stand out. We're all multicoloured sheep in that case, different shades of fleece perhaps, fluctuations slight or great) a revolutionary, and in my heart, a pacifist and idealist, I have blended this year, feigned a mask, submerged and built myself into the whole. So I can tell you what this year was to all of us. We are a combination of minds, many misguided, others guided to a new and better way, but we all have one thing in common, the number 8, our school year in 1996, which is a fine number in the Antipodean winter, but in our summer reeks of the still drying blood of the past which all the world's tears cannot wash away. There are hands in the world which will always be bloody, I know two, but nobody knows these hands so well as the cheap handgun they abused on a certain eighth of a month in an American winter, if you understand what I mean, december the 8th's horror of old, and the newer celebration of the old horror as we revive the tears in our worship. So if you mean to ask why I rave on so much about December the Eighth, well it's coz I'm in year 8 (not) do you get it? Huh? Well, if you do get it, you're just plain wierd, coz that didn't make any sense, yet if you did make any sense of this typical students recount of year 1980, come and tell me, I am like you, join the clan of the tree, brother. Peace man.

Sascha Morrell, Year 8





Old Age

I find it most improbable
That when I'm old, I'll be a bull
For right now I am very young
Compared to my nan who's 81
I wish not to think of smelly shoes
Or eating cold beans or yucky stews
Though I don't mind the thought of
chocolate
I don't want to look like an elephant.
I know I'll have a dog as a friend
For dogs are good until the end
I'll be down here all alone
Except for my dog eating a bone
Then I'll end life after every itch
And I'll go and live in a six foot ditch
There I'll be lying in the hearth
But not while I'm alive right here on earth.

Mac Shine Year 8

In a Rose Garden

I am a budding rose
I hold promise rich and sweet
Soon I will be plucked,
My sap sipped
As they sip of my secrets
I shall cry to be plucked again.

Anonymous Yr 8.

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down
and broke his crown
And Jill lived happily ever after

Jun Dir Liew Year 8

Dreams - Anna MacIlwaine, Yr 8

When I'm trapped they're my escape
When I loath they end my hate
When I'm scared they make me brave
When I'm lost a path they pave
When I'm asleep my eyes they close
I dream a dream that ends my woes
I am happy when I dream
Things are better than they seem
In real life I am sad
But when I dream things aren't so bad
Then a shout and I awake
Sunlight streams onto my face
I must get up another day
I can't dream my life away

Paradise

As I take my first sip
My body relaxes
It's like a ray of sunshine piercing through
Flowing everywhere
It calms me
It warms me
I promise myself, only one
But one quickly turns to two
As I begin my third
I enter the edge of paradise
This is why I do it
This is why I drink
I know this paradise well
Tomorrow it turns to hell
What do I do?
Who do I turn to?
What the hell, have another
The answer could be at the bottom

Goldia Year 8



Slain

She forgets who she is, who she was, who
she'll be
She can't talk, she can't hear, she can't see
the darkness,
the shadows,
the hell of our being
they engulf her, trap her, torment her
stain her soul
the darkness she knows, she loves, yet
fears...

She's drowning in water made by her tears
She's burning & the fire's her own
She's lost can't find her way home
She wants her mind to be heard
yet she has nothing to say
She wants to be seen
Yet she hides out of the way

She climbs, she falls, she hits...
it's ugly, it's cruel
she's a loser, a fool
the deed was mad, but she was sane
her inner rage you couldn't tame
in every being darkness dwells
a story of hurt her body tells.

Her eyes open wide
her torn soul inside
her body laying, slain
her answer for the pain.

Alexandra Arneri



April

When the lawn ended, it chased into a twinkling ribbon of water that gushed through the front block, a bright stream. It was so clear and beautiful on a day like this. But Margaret knew better than to let the children run down to the waters, much as they begged her.

"Mother," said Emma, her eldest. "Why can't we go down to the river?"

"I would like to go," said Jack quietly, his knees tucked up to his chin. There was hunger in all their eyes, a childhood love of adventure.

"It is dangerous, by the river," whispered Margaret softly. The children heard fear in her voice; it excited them.

"Tell us," urged Emma.

"All right," she said, and smiled down on the three young faces. "Then maybe you will understand."

*

Once upon a time, there were eight little children, very much like you. And, just like you, they lived here, on this very block of land, and they played in this very same garden.

In the spring they would run down to the water's edge, and dance amongst the lilies. In Summer, when the camellias came to bloom along the old stone and wood of the bridge, they splashed in the gently cool water, and swam out to the other bank, to the little island where they had hide-outs and treasure, beneath a mound of dirt and grass.

In Autumn, when the flowers were gone, they would gather fallen twigs and leaves, and place them in the creek, racing them as they were swept away. Autumn was a time of rabbits in the bushes, and barely glimpsed creatures in the fields, gathering grass to build nests for the dark season ahead. The garden was an enchanted witches forest in Autumn, bare, twisted branches reaching to an alien sky, the bark damp and brown.

In the winter they would stay inside. The snows would fall thick, and blanket the magical forest in dazzling ice. The doors were locked, and the rivers iced over, just thinly, just enough to stop the animals from drinking there. The lilies would curl and die; the garden would be bathed in thick silence. The trees were no longer houses, but tombs of old age and death. When the birds had flown, the children would close the curtains, and count the days until spring.

But still the children longed to run outside. Although the dark woods were almost frightening, they longed to play.

"Don't go outside," said Mother and Father. "The cold will seize you there." Mother and father locked the doors and shuttered the windows and barred the doors. Before the fire, the children would gather in a circle, and wail, cry. They had to go out to play in the garden. They had to run and dance on the ice.

Finally the little children thought of a new game. They crept out through the maid's kitchen door, while their parents were away, and out past the doorway, onto the stairs. Then they slipped, tumbled down the slippery, frosty stones, to land in soft snow. It was a game. They ran to the top and glided down. Never getting hurt, but getting snow in their boots, and ice in their hair.

Winter beckoned them deeper into the garden. Winter called them, summoned them, with her icy breath. They were lured to the flower-beds, where the snow was gathered. The children made snowballs, great in size and painful when thrown. But they did not mind. It was a game. Chasing and running from brothers and sisters, they came deeper, went further, out into the garden. Winter with her heart of ice led them out onto the bank, drew them forward with bare feet out to where the lilies had bloomed.

The snow was banked in shallows here, but walking was still hard. Treacherous branches with spindly twigs and icicles of pure crystal reached down to touch them. The wind held them in its clutches, and took the breath out of them, made their hearts of ice, their eyes lusting for the peril of winter, winter-running before them in her snow white gown.

Where the lilies bloomed in Summer, spindly flowers of ice gartered the still, frozen waters of the river. Tiny feet with boots abandoned longed to step out on the water, together, out along the river.

*

Ellen's brow knitted. "But mummy, didn't they fall into the water?"

"The river was iced over," said Margaret distantly, "But they fell in anyway. The ice cracked open below them, and every last one of them fell deep down in to the icy, cold water, and there they stayed.

But what happened to them mummy?" asked April, her youngest.

Margaret smiled, sadly, thinking of her own little children and how they reminded her of the noisy, bustling little group who stepped out on to the river that morning. "They all died," she said simply.

"All of them?" asked Emma, horrified, "All those little children?"

Jack had a strange smile on his face. "At least they were together. He said, his thoughts far away.

"I suppose you could say that, Jack," said Margaret. "Because they were all bonded together, in death. Except one, just the lonely one."

"Who was that one mummy?" asked April.

"The youngest one," she said, and her smile faded. "The little girl they left behind."

Then she rose, and went back inside the house, leaving the children alone, their minds stirred by their mother's story. They all knew what the others were thinking.

Winter. And ice blanket over the children's playground. It was in winter that Margaret grew quiet, filled with memories, filled with worries for her own children. She only hoped that they had listened to her words, closer than she and her own brothers and sisters had listened to their mother's.

But she trusted her children. She was not the kind to lock them inside the house. She remembered how she hated that as a little girl, being locked inside, locked in like a prisoner. She smiled as she watched her children sitting quietly together in the lounge room by the fire, and felt comfortable enough to go upstairs and rest through another bitter winter afternoon.

In the lounge room the children grew restless.

"I want to go down to the river," sighed Emma, who had forgotten her mother's words from those many months before.

Jack had not forgotten the words, but liked the spirit of adventure, thought he might even meet with those lost children if he went down to the river. At Emma's words he looked up quickly.

"Me too. Don't you think we should?"

"Mother's up in bed," whispered Emma confidentially, "And she'd never know."

"But she said not to go down there. And we should listen to her," said April urgently.

"We wouldn't be hurt," said Emma.

"And we'd be together!" urged Jack, who had been much excited by that part of the story, by the camaraderie.

"Then you may go," said April decisively, "And I shan't tell mother."

"Thank you April," smiled Emma. Jack leapt to his feet.

"Well come on then," he said, "We'll all stick together, just like those other little children."

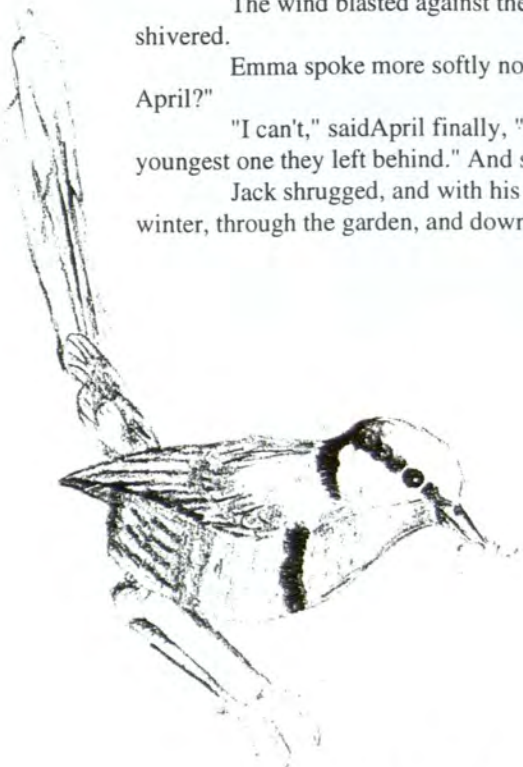
"No," said April and shook her head. "That's not the way it happened."

The wind blasted against the window panes, rattling them gently, whistling. The children shivered.

Emma spoke more softly now, like she didn't want the winter to hear her. "Aren't you coming April?"

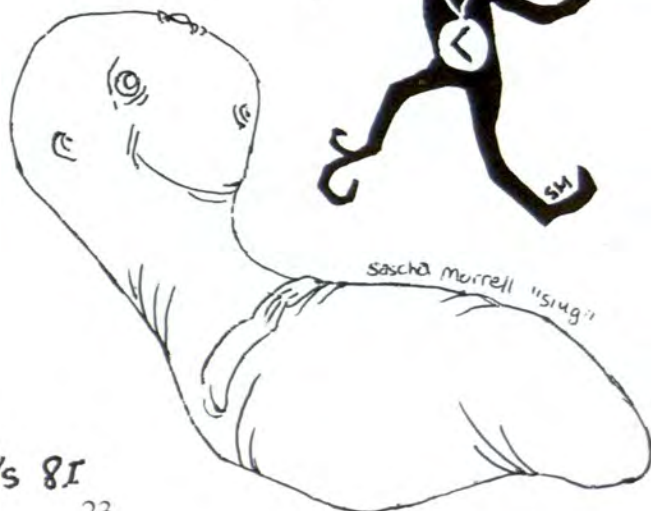
"I can't," said April finally, "Because not all the children stuck together. I have to be the youngest one they left behind." And she turned away from them.

Jack shrugged, and with his sister he ran out of the lounge room, out of the house, into the winter, through the garden, and down to the stream.



Clara Rolls 81

Sascha Murrell



THE STORY OF THE DOME - Richard Z. Summers

This is the story of the Dome I shall tell. To whom I am telling I do not know, maybe this is the way of telling myself what has happened to the last of us.

For six long years now, I have survived in what's left in this horrible, desolate world, in the Dome. I wish myself to be dead. Three or four times a day I hold a knife to my throat, but I can't bring myself to do it. So I live on in this prison, eating what's left of the crops, chicken's eggs, occasionally eating the chicken, and I drink the refreshing well water and cow's milk. It's hard to survive now with so little help. All the crops are dying, and without the wheat, soon enough the cow will die and possibly the chicken.

I feel so lonely, but I have finally accepted the fact that I am the only one left of us in the Dome and possibly the world. There was once six of us in the Dome. Most of the people were scientists expecting the war to happen, the others of us in the Dome were the families of the scientists. I was 13 when the war began and my 50 year old dad was one of the scientists who had waited for this war, and helped make this Dome. The Dome was out of place with the desert-like surroundings in Nebraska. It is made of a strange reflective metal and a thick concrete layer around its interior. After two years of the bombs being dropped, the Dome now suited its surroundings of a grey sky, glowing red earth, and without any movement for miles.

I was once one of six; myself, Dad, Jerry, two years older than me the son of Margaret, a single parent scientist like Dad, Judy Bright and Patrick Bodem, the young couple who both worked on the Dome. These scientists spent all their time designing the Dome and the workers who built it were suspicious of its cause, but they went on to build it. They cleverly avoided paying for all of its construction using computers to change records of payments. After all the trouble they went through to stay alive, only I survived.

The first of the six to die was Patrick Bodem; he died of a flu virus. We did not have any medicine to relieve him, but even then it was like he did not want to live. He would not eat or drink any type of fluid, or rest, and so he passed away. Judy could not live her normal life without Patrick and so she decided not to live at all, taking her own life by cutting her wrists, and so she bled to death. To loss of this couple was sad, as Patrick was often exciting and funny, and Judy was a big help when it came to our survival; she was also a good friend.

We all mourned the death of our friends, and we did not expect another death for many years; how wrong we were.

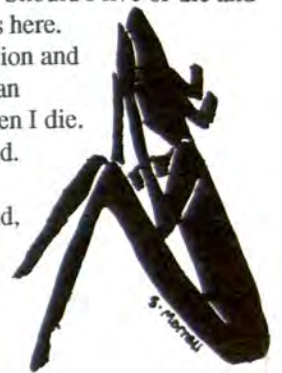
Unfortunately, Dad was the next to die. He was testing a new radiation suit they tried to make with the few materials they had left. Dad left the Dome. We saw him leaving through the radioactive proof exit. It had three chambers so the radiation could not get through. The doors can be opened from either side as long as you follow a certain procedure. He was smiling as he left, proud of his invention. He carried a walkie-talkie and we received delayed messages as he told us of what there was out there. He told us of all the horror. He cried as he spoke, "There's no life, no hope, no sky." Suddenly he started screaming, "The suit! The suit! It's ripped!" We helped Dad back in, but over time he got ill and painfully, slowly, slipped away.

Three of us were left in the Dome. Margaret was always working to get away from reality. One morning, Jerry and I were working on the crops, when Margaret called Jerry over. She was working on an engine which would help us get the electricity back. I went with Jerry and observed them both from a distance. Margaret was ordering Jerry what to do and when to do it. Jerry slipped up and it happened. I was helpless, the explosion happened too quickly. Jerry panicked leaving me in control. I got Jerry out then went to find Margaret - she was not breathing and had no pulse. I put the fire out and removed Margaret's body. We had a little funeral, not thinking that there was only two of us. Jerry blamed himself for his mother's death, and I could not help to change his mind.

Whilst I was asleep one night, I was woken by a buzzing. I ran out to find that it was Jerry using the exit. He was only entering the first chamber as I chased after him, screaming for him to stop. He turned and looked at me, his face was so scared and lifeless. Right at that moment, I froze. He gave me a little smile and waved. I could do nothing but fall to my knees and start to sob. I knew why he left, to bring what he thought was justice on himself. He could not handle the thoughts about his mother and what would become of us. If he knew this, how could he leave me here alone? He had doomed us both. He left and walked into his own grave. Sometimes I feel like doing what he did, but I just can't bring myself to do it.

I am having trouble handling being alone. The crops look to be dying which means I would have trouble feeding the animals, and eventually myself. At night, I have nightmares about each and every one of friends. At first they all call to me telling me there is hope and life, but then I see it all happen again. War plagues my mythical new world, then it is consumed by a black blanket of death. This may be a sign, or just my imagination, but whichever one it is, I know it is the truth there was and never will be any hope for mankind who brought their deaths upon themselves. These dreams they haunt me all day and all night, and I can't concentrate. I am feeling so lonely and I'm afraid because I don't know what I am going to do. Should I live or die and destroy any hope for our species. If I live, how would I survive? I am so confused and I wish Dad was here.

So now I, Richard Zachariah Summers, may be the only human left on this planet Earth. So my religion and the Bible did not lie, the last man on the world has the name Zachariah. I truly hope now the Christian religion is all a lie, for the fate of our dominant race, all falls on my shoulders and will surely die when I die. there is no hope because even if there is life out there, it will find a way to kill itself or it will be killed. What did it take to prove that war was no way to handle anything? War was just one of the ways we found to kill ourselves. When I die, this will be the time of the human race to be put to a complete end, but it will happen, and I shall end it.





Ceramics



APOCALYPSE AND GENESIS - Betty Chang

Dr Mary Cochrane studied the research test results carefully. Over and over again her eyes fervently scanned the pieces of paper, desperately seeking for a mistake that was not there, that by some slim chance she had overlooked one small, but significant detail. Finally she came to grips with the painful truth. Her worst suspicions were confirmed. The earth was ravaged to the point of no return.

There was something very wrong. Even Noah, young as he was, could sense the growing panic reflected in the dark eyes of the village folk. Sweat dripped from their faces as they hurriedly struggled to transport their belongings to higher ground. The air was becoming more humid every day. Temperatures had already reached searing heights and were still rising. Nothing this extreme had ever occurred before in the whole history of the island, not even in the monsoon season. The monsoon. Either it had arrived remarkably early or else - a low, deep rumble shook the beach at the foot of the valley. The powerful force seemed to arise from the ocean. Noah looked out towards the sea only to come face to face with a colossal wall of water. He did not have time to run or to even realize the force of nature of what it was. The impact of the tidal wave was so overpowering that it knocked Noah unconscious. The swelling liquid engulfed his small figure so that his body could not be seen. Then gradually, as the water subsided, he rose to the surface as the bobbing current carried his motionless body away....

Dr Cochrane began her preparation immediately. The crucial statistics, which she could now memorize, reminded her that she could not afford to waste time. The polar caps had already melted, causing disastrous tidal waves, and ozone layer depletion was far beyond its crucial stage. The only escape would be to leave earth, for in its present state of fragility, it would soon be incapable of supporting life. The only other planet in the solar system that was able to sustain life was Mars. Dr Cochrane was part of a five member team which had performed extensive experimental research on Mars, specifically targeting areas such as climate and air composition. It was concluded the Mars was able to support life - but only in an artificially generated environment. There would need to be a crew of people that Dr. Cochrane would lead. They would consist of various experts in numerous fields of study, but children would also be required - to teach, to train, to pass on information to future generations of the colony. That was the problem. The World Research Centre of Science where Dr. Cochrane worked was located on a desolated island - isolated from society that would interfere or be affected by the nuclear and astrophysical experimental tests. How on earth would she find children in a specialised god forsaken place like this?

For three days, Noah floated upon the water in an utter state of suspension. He was not aware of movement, of touch, sound, sight, or smell. Thoughts did not enter his mind. He existed in nirvana. He awoke from this dreamlike state when he felt the continuous, flowing motion of the water had abruptly stopped. He wondered why. His body was supported by hard, coarse grains of scorching sand. He barely recognised the cry of a gull that echoed at the back of his mind. His mind. It was whirling and moving in dizzy circles. He suddenly realised his whole body ached - he was as red and dry as a lobster. Through his bleary eyes he could make out the hazy figure of an adult bent down over him and he felt himself being lifted up.

Heat. Sun. The flaming sun burning, burning. Radiating unrelenting heat everything was covered. People protected by layers of tightly woven material, creating a barrier between skin and sun. Dark glasses shielded their eyes from the dazzling, powerful glare. Moving masses of cloth, not a millimeter of skin showing. It was the only way to dress, the only way to survive. Ruth was sick of it all. Sick of the thick, ash and layer of dust and debris that covered the ground and smothered all life. Sick of living bundled up like an Inuit, while the temperature was over 40 degrees. Sick from eating meagre servings of canned food and stale water. But most of all, she was sick of the huge gaping cavity in the ozone layer that hung ominously over the land. It was IT who had left them exposed to the fiery wrath of the sun. It was IT who had caused all this suffering. And what was the cause of IT? Ruth didn't have to look far to find the answer.

But there was no way anyone could leave. The only planes that the country owned were already out in the sky, with the President and his party happily flying off in search of a better place where the sun did not shine. Ruth's father was beginning to get desperate. That's why he, an experienced engineer, had fashioned a flying machine. He hoped that he and his family would be able to fly off in the hastily fabricated contraption and escape from the fireball in the sky. It was time to leave.

"The boy who was washed up on the island was a godsend," thought Dr. Cochrane, "but it is a pity that He couldn't make another child mysteriously appear. Oh well, I suppose one is better than nothing." Noah, who was still sore, was given the details of the mission and his role in it. He was incredulous at first, but then conceded to the end-of-the-world



explanation when shown the evidence of the print-outs. Any skepticism remaining vanished when it was explained to him the reason why the tremendous tidal wave that had brought him to the island had occurred.

It was all set. The spaceshuttle that would transport them to Mars was ready. All the crew were ready. Tomorrow they would take off - any later and they might not ever get a chance to leave. Several scientists had predicted the disintegration of Earth would occur late tomorrow. But still, something was missing. Dr. Cochrane felt it, but she did not know what it was.

Instinct told Ruth that the plane was not strong enough. But for some strange reason it also told her that everything was going to be fine. She did not know what to believe, but she knew that it was better to die trying to escape hell on earth than to die being burnt to a crisp. In the plane, it was a relief to be able to at last take off one's clothing without the fear of ultraviolet rays cooking your body. But her new founded security did not last long. Neither did the plane. Fortunately, there was no explosion Just the engine failing and the plane along with all its occupants diving headlong into the Atlantic Ocean. Water everywhere. In her eyes, choking her lungs, filling her head. Somehow, she resurfaced, still strapped to her seat. She could not see any of her family. She just wanted to close her eyes and die with them. Yet death did not come.

When Ruth was found washed up on the island the next day, there was not enough time to explain anything. It was 'just get the girl and take her to Mars'. Hell, when the spaceshuttle took off, Ruth (now one of the crew) wasn't even conscious. As the spaceship hurtled through the dark void of the galaxy, it left behind it an exploding Earth. From the death of one planet to the new life of another. In order for the human race to survive, it had to pass the ultimate test. After the Apocalypse, Genesis was waiting.

THE END
(or is it just the beginning?)

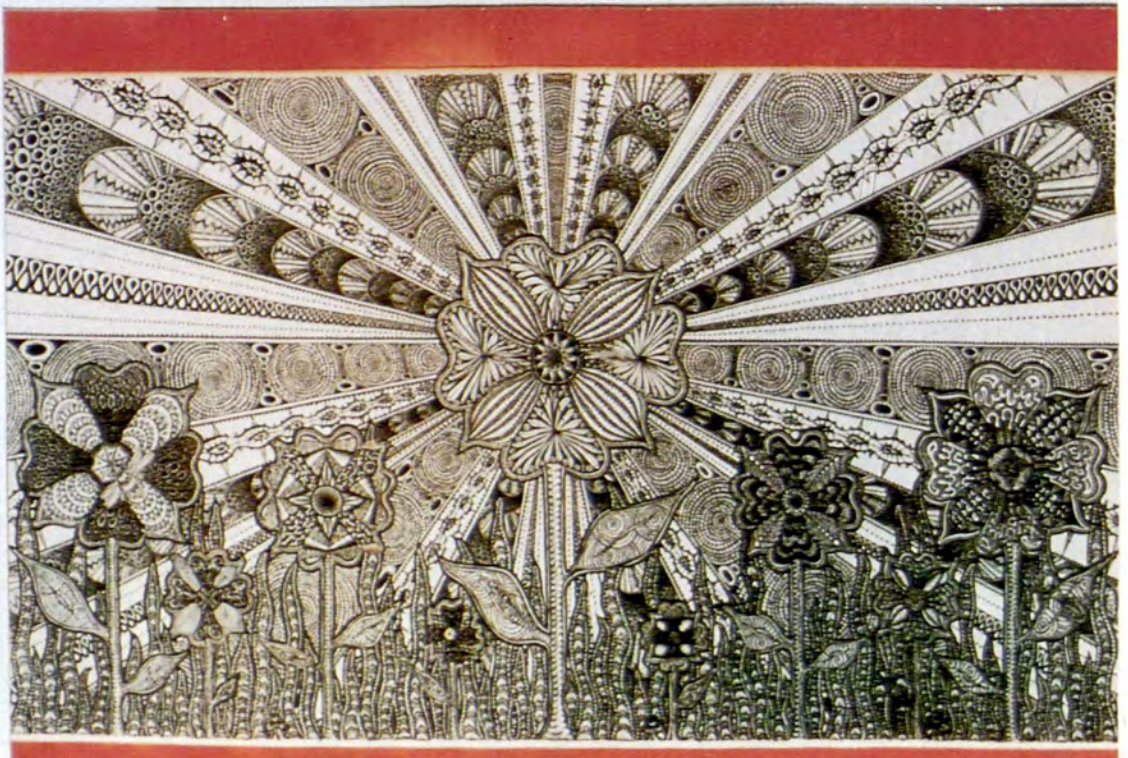
- ROW 4: Bill Au, Joel Bedford, Piotr Bozym, Thomas Dallow, Willian Dang, Mark Crocker, Philip Clare
ROW 3: Gaurav Bhardwaj, Mathias Boer-Mah, Dan Bishton, Fergus Beams, Timothy Davidson, Cassian Cox, Thomas Costa
ROW 2: Julian Curiskis, My-Van Bui, Julia Britton, Elain Chui, Megan Bootes, Roxana Chan Kate Brennan, Madhushini Bazil, Christopher Berry
FRONT: Betty Chang, Margot Allan-Georgas, Mei-Lian Barry, Susann Cheung, Catherine Clark, Uma Aggarwal, Anna Brennan
YEAR: 8F





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ROW 4: Marcus Hayward, Roger Haddad, Alex Grivas, Nicholas Dixon-Wilmshurst, Nicholas Falkinder, Charles Forrester, Gareth Ivory, Nick Forwood
 ROW 3: Peter Hey-Cunningham, Ruth Jago, Verity Gill, Nancy Jiang, Camilla Holt, Thomas Irvine, Anthony Horler
 ROW 2: Titus Hui, Sumudu Jayawardana, Kalon Huett, Rhys Hearne, Marc Howlin, Peter James, Danny Fairfax, Adam Foley
 FRONT: Sally Gilbert, Amber Gee, Francisca Gan, Beth Deguara, Kristy Green, Louise Dumbrell, Sarah Deame
 YEAR: 80

ROW 4: Michael Lee, Robert Lee, Joel Kitson, Christian Lee, Karl Kuepper, Adrik Kemp, Toby Leon, Robert Lawson
 ROW 3: Alan Logan, Nikhil Kulkarni, Jocelinn Kang, Zoe Lyon, Helen Jin, Chang Yuan Loh, Philip Maygar
 ROW 2: Ewan McGaughey, Lennard Lopez, Declan Kuch, Jun-Dir Liew, Phong Le, Matthew Loh, Martin Kurek, Vic Khalili
 FRONT: Holly Malaquin, Chih-Ping Liao, Sarah Lalor, Mary Lentros, Shelly Lin, Elizabeth Lee, Natalie Manning
 YEAR: 8R





ROW 4: Jack Prest, Matthew Paul, Chris Parris, Peter Paszti, Edward Peat, Lee-Shaun Saw, Jonathon Murty
 ROW 3: Liam Ryan, David Ng, Georgina Morris, Keely McNamara, Tamara Peiseum, Sascha Murrell, Kenny Scott
 ROW 2: Ben Scott, Hoyan Ngai, David Saba, Liam Ovenden, Kevin Pickett, Nick Osborne, John Nguyen, Michael Lee
 FRONT: Thu-Ha Nguyen, Cecilia Ng, Clara Rolls, Alexandra Amei, Veena Rajan, Michelle Roldan, Anna McIlwaine
 YEAR: 8T

Ker Zhang, Jonathan Wang, Damian Vlastelica, James Shine, Matthew Scott, Hotung Wong, Charles Yeung, Steven Turner, James Thai, Rui Yi, Mowena Wilkins, Heather Wallace, Phoebe Singleton, Tomme Tsang, Dennis Singh
 Jeffrey See, Alexander Sinclair, Gavin Smith, Zach Wolfson, Maurizio Stefani, William Yuong, Gonzalo Vilches, David Vadas, Leo Sek, Cindy Sheu, Rebecca Yuen, Charmaine Tam, Sarah Steel, Bethany Siepen, Phillip Tehong
 8L



Year 9

Contrary to popular belief, Year 9 isn't actually that boring- our years activities were to blame. We started the year with our first complicated timetable and thought we were pretty cool, but later discovered we had many things to learn about coolness. For example, shop lifting is not. The beginning of the year was pretty much highlighted by nothing except the entry of new people and the hassle of new subjects.

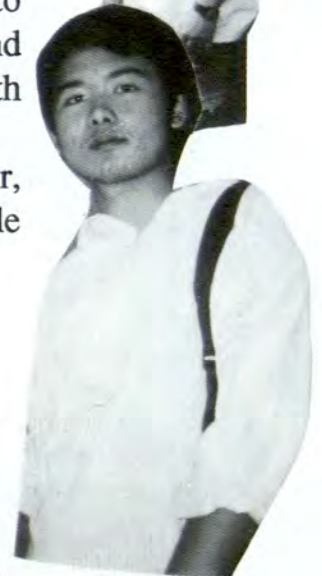
Towards the end though, our after hours began to liven up- resulting in a hole in someone's roof, a fractured skull and some spectacular fire-breathing antics! Kris' party took the award for the shortest, yet most dramatic!

Also there were "exciting" (yeah, yeah) excursions to Australia's Wonderland, the Coca-Cola factory, Macdonald's (refuse to pay more than 4c for your coke and 28c for your cheeseburger next time you go), Sydney Aquarium and various restaurants- James, we'll remember the face you pulled after the snails passed your taste buds, forever!

There was some hot and deadly gossip throughout the year, including a few broken hearts along the way. Yet the glorious 'Dropped at Birth' band formed and other members of Year 9 showed much talent in the Junior drama night, musicals, athletics, swimming and cross country.

On the saddest note ever we'll be saying farewell to some of our best friends and peers, to whom we wish the best of luck. On the other hand welcome back to Jack Teiwes who is over flowing with rave reviews of his year overseas.

Overall, it was a fairly quiet year, yet one we all enjoyed- and the knowledge of a whole year of fun ahead of us is comforting.



A Lost World

Where am I?
I sit here twisted in my chair.
My body uncontrollable.
Mum.....Dad..... Help!
Here I sit, undesirable. Lost.
No-one comes
How are you?
A question I cannot answer. Never will.
Hug me now....
Deprived suddenly of love and hope
I'm home sick
What a dumbo.
Intelligence was a blasphemy, that was not
spoken of.
Torture,
no resistance
Cry of pain, loss of identity and power.
Independence,
Something I could never taste
Not through the doors of this prison.
Isolation.
Get me out!
Alone,
No company,
Neglected.

Rushmia Karim Yr 9



Bleeding Lips

Each day goes by,
And it blurs into the last.
So I don't have memories,
I just have the 'past'.
Depression has come,
To smoother me of life.
Cuts me into pieces,
And cuts deeper than a knife.
I watch people laugh,
I watch them be free.
Desiring what they've got,
Wanting it all for me.
I try to smile,
But I just hurt my lips.
Trying to remain stable,
While everything tips.
I want to be happy,
This is just too unfair.
It's becoming too much,
So I just don't care.
I no longer have aims,
Knowing I won't leave my mark.
Just existing in this life,
Where everything is dark.

Stephenie Nicholson Yr 9



Emptiness

Emptiness.
This is all that remains.

Once,
I was whole.
A person,
A being,
Alive.

Now,
I'm limp,
Broken hearted,
Lifeless.
Dead.

I fell for you,
The day I saw you.
My mind in confusion,
My heart in a daze.

Life was sweet,
I had you,
My one true love.
My one true wish.

Then,
She came.
Then you left.
Left me hurt,
Left me broken.

But, I've survived,
Day by day,
Slowly,
Putting myself back together,
Piece by piece.

Yet,
There is one piece missing,
My heart.
You took it,
When you left.
I can never be whole.

The emptiness will remain,
For as long as I don't have you.

Emma Brockway Yr 9

Waves Of Life

As waves of life crash upon my shore,
It seems I have a canoe without an oar,
That is why I need her so,
For she can take me places no men go,
Into a world of ecstasy,
That would be the life,
Just her and me.

Fabian Diaz Yr 9





Japanese Excursion

In the October holidays it was my pleasure to take a group of Fort Street Japanese language students to Japan. The students were introduced to Japan's wonderful and artistic and architectural heritage at first hand. The most important aspect of the excursion was to give the students an opportunity for the students to practice their Japanese language skills. This was achieved by a seven day homestay provided by the students of Mii-Chuo in Kurume (near Fukuoka in northern Kyushu).

We landed in Okasaka and went straight to our hotel in Kyoto. The sightseeing got off to a great start with a day in Nara, Japan's first capital. While the Great Buddha impressed, the finer points of 8th century Japanese architecture was lost on the students as they headed for the souvenir shops.

Our time in Kyoto was divided between sightseeing and shopping. while I personally would rate our visit to the Ginkakuji (temple of the silver pavilion- my personal holy grail) as the highlight of our stay in Kyoto, the students would probably rate the visit to a karaoke box. a great time was had serenading the night away in both Japanese and English. However, for some reason all the tunes seem the same.

Reluctantly, we said goodbye to the joys of Kyoto and with some apprehension we headed by Shinkansen to Kyushu and the homestays.

After exchanging greetings at the area education office the students headed off to meet their host families. There was a lot of shuffling of things and awkward attempts at conversation in broken Japanese and English. in fact, it was the quietest the students have ever been since they left Australia. soon it was time to part and off they went with their homestays. would they survive the night?

The next morning at school it was obvious that the students had lost all their inhibitions and were heavily into enjoying themselves. We were accorded popstar treatment the school. We made mochi (a type of rice cake), visited classes, cooked gyoza. The school even installed a Western style toilet for our use.

The students all wore Fort Street uniform, including ties, at the welcoming ceremony and looked most stylish. I have pictures to prove it!

Mii Chuo High School also provided with a day trip to Mt. Aso- an active volcano. The volcano performed pretty well. There were clouds of smoke, lots of rotten eggs- unfortunately, no rocks or lava. Lunch that day at a country restaurant was too much for some students. The fish wriggling on skewers was not a pretty sight! Nevertheless, it was very yummy!

Unfortunately, all good things must end and it was with most reluctance that we headed back to Australia.

I think that all the students enjoyed themselves and learnt many things about Japan and the Japanese. They had many more opportunities to practice their Japanese. The student's behaviour and attitude was at all times a credit to themselves and the school. It was truly a pleasure and an honour to be able to introduce these students to Japan in all its many varied splendour.

Glenn Tippet
Excursion Organiser





Love Next Door

Tania leant into the mirror and pressed her lips together. The red lipstick was the perfect touch. She placed the remaining bobby pins in her hair and smiled seductively. 'Tonight with Antonio.....' There was a knock at the door. Tania picked up her purse, straightened her dress and walked to the stairs.

"Hey babe, looking hot!" Antonio whistled. "But I'm disappointed. Isn't Versace good enough for the occasion?"

"You're wearing Ralph Laurens, what was wrong with you Giorgio Armani suit?" Tania said disgustedly.

"Just jokes my dear, You look splendidly stunning."

"Thanks Antonio. But it's a shame about your nose. I thought you were getting it recontoured specially."

"Well, I could be saying the same thing about your breasts if I wasn't such a nice man!"

By now, Tania had sauntered down the stairs. She reached out to Antonio and they met in a passionate embrace. In reality, Tania was checking to make sure Antonio was wearing his Calvin Klein briefs and Antonio was appalled to discover Tania wearing a bra from Target.

"Well honey," they both said, "I've got some tickets for the Kate Fisher party tonight. All the social scene will be there."

"I was getting the tickets honey," Tania whined, "These were really hard to get too."

"Don't worry about it. It's our seven and a half week anniversary. We should be out having fun. I'll scalp the tickets and make a huge profit. Don't stress out on me babe."

"Antonio. You are so reassuring." Tania purred, locking the front door.

"It's in my nature," Antonio looked down at Tania's shoes, "But don't you think ruby rhinestone stilettos go better with a Gaultier creation?"

"These are the only shoes which go with this dress. What am I to do? I look wrong!" Tania panicked.

"Hey don't have a cow babe. We'll stop by somewhere on the way to the party and pick some up. I need new cufflinks anyway."

"Oh honey-pie. You always know the right thing to say." Tania was reassured.

They reached the gate and both pressed their car beepers.

"Let's take my car!" they said simultaneously.

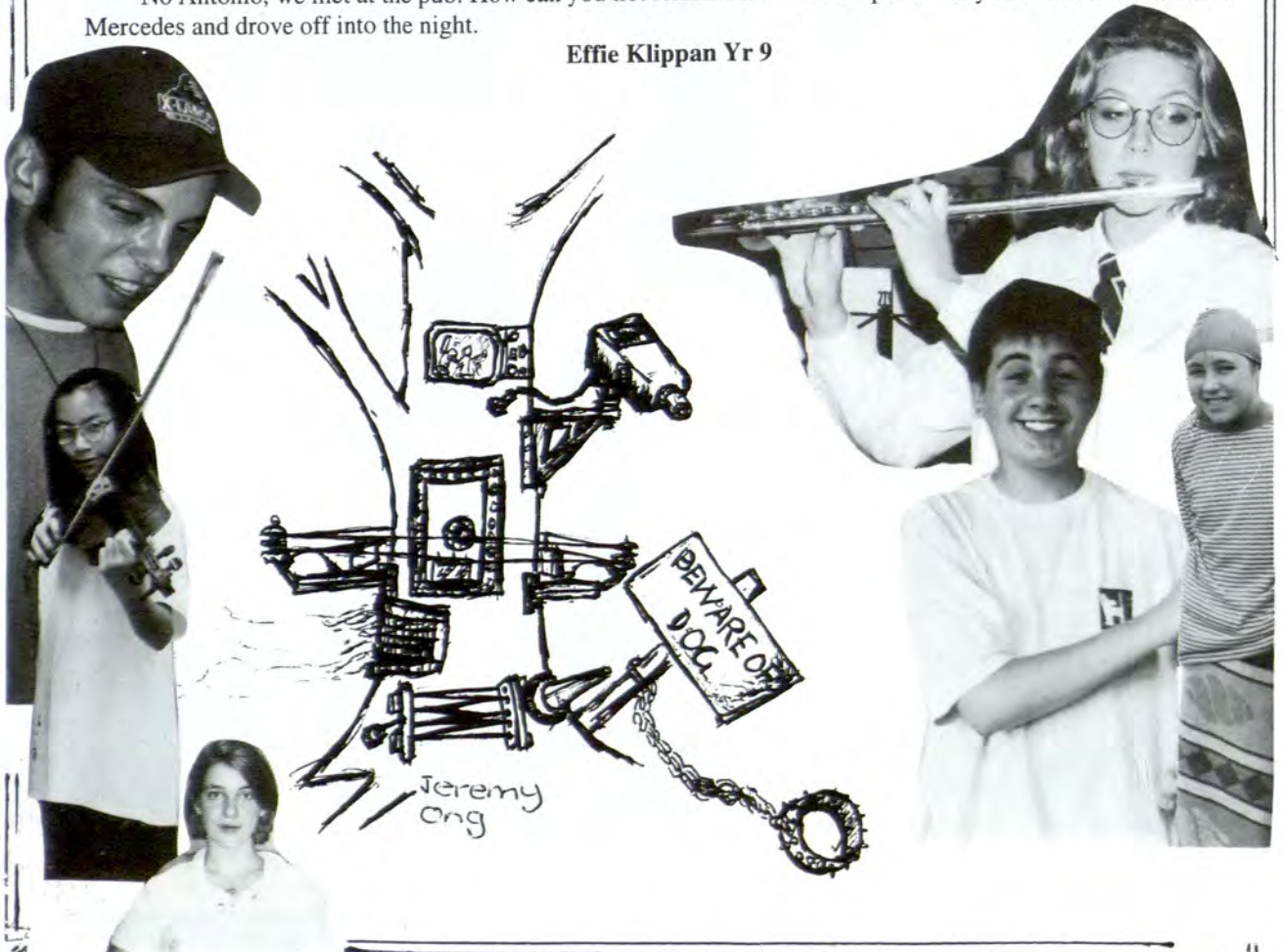
"But honey, the peacock blue of your BMW doesn't match my socks," Antonio whined, "If it wasn't for my socks the BMW would be perfect but.....You know how things are?"

"Of course I do. These things happen all the time. There's no need to get your nickers in a knot. We'll take your car." Tania took Antonio's arm. "The Mercedes matches my hairclips."

"Tania Scandle, did an angel send you?"

"No Antonio, we met at the pub. How can you not remember?" Tania replied. They both slid into Antonio's Mercedes and drove off into the night.

Effie Klippan Yr 9







FORT STREET VOCAL ENSEMBLE



ROW 4: Michael Beard, Sean Chang, Andrew Bishop, Gomez Braham, Joshua Avery, Toby Allen, Nick Bird
 ROW 3: Katie Burge-Lopez, Carly Beford, Ricky Chen, Ian Allan, Rebecca Carritt, Amie Burkys, Margaret Chi
 ROW 2: Robert Choy, Aleksander Akopyan, Dylan Calder, Julian Brattoni, FRONT: Nancy Chen, Suzanne Cartwright, Emma Brockway, Dianne Beatty, Irene Cheung, Santhi Chalasani, Grace Brown
 FRONT: Nancy Chen, Suzanne Cartwright, Emma Brockway, Dianne Beatty, Irene Cheung, Santhi Chalasani, Grace Brown



ROW 4: Stephen Clyne, Nick Crosby, Lachlan Delaney, Anthony Dumbrell, ROW 3: Stephen Echt, Timothy Greenfield, Laila Engle, Sophie Nicholas Curnow, Peter Hartley, Brendan De Conceicao, Alex Hill. Higgins, Nana Frishling, Benjamin Davis, Steven Huang
 ROW 2: Danny Ford, Thomas Holyoake, Tim Curnick, Sean Howe, FRONT: Lily Fang, Lynn Dang, Jessica Gauke, Laura Fania, Fabian Diaz, David Holbeche, Peter Glavas, Jeb Cole. Lauren Frazer, Linda Fernandez, Shelly Gibb.



ROW 4: Robert Lawther, Tomasz Kopyciok, Christopher James, Andrew Kennedy, David Jang, Kean Lau, Kelvin Leung. ROW 3: Herina Lee, Melissa Lin, Marnie Innis, Leigh Louey-Gung, Effie Klippan, Nicholas Lucchinelli, Thurka Kuhan, Olivia Kang, Rushmia Karim.
 ROW 2: Ben Lau, Hyun Hwang, Robert Ishak, Paul Keighley, FRONT: Tom Jackson, Anna Kim, Sarah Johnson, Michelle Lim, Hazem Khamis, Frewen Lam, James Lane, Yan Kit Lam. Anne Lam, Bonny Kyung, Aaron Koh.



ROW 4: Adam Murphy, Kenny Mai, Ben O'Donnell,
Andrew McKibbin, Minh Phan, David McHattie.

ROW 2: Huy Pham, Chris McHattie, Charles Peters, Anthony
Mihajek, Luke McMahon, Jeremy Ong, Stefan Nadolski.

ROW 3: Stephanie Nicholson, Amanda Nurse, Caroline Malcolm, Glenn
Mc Laughlin, Kristy North, Alex McGuirk, Miriam Mafessanti.

FRONT: Vinh Nguyen, Belinda Lum, Niccola Phillips, Korana Musicki,
Laura McLean, Alice Mah, Christopher Ong.



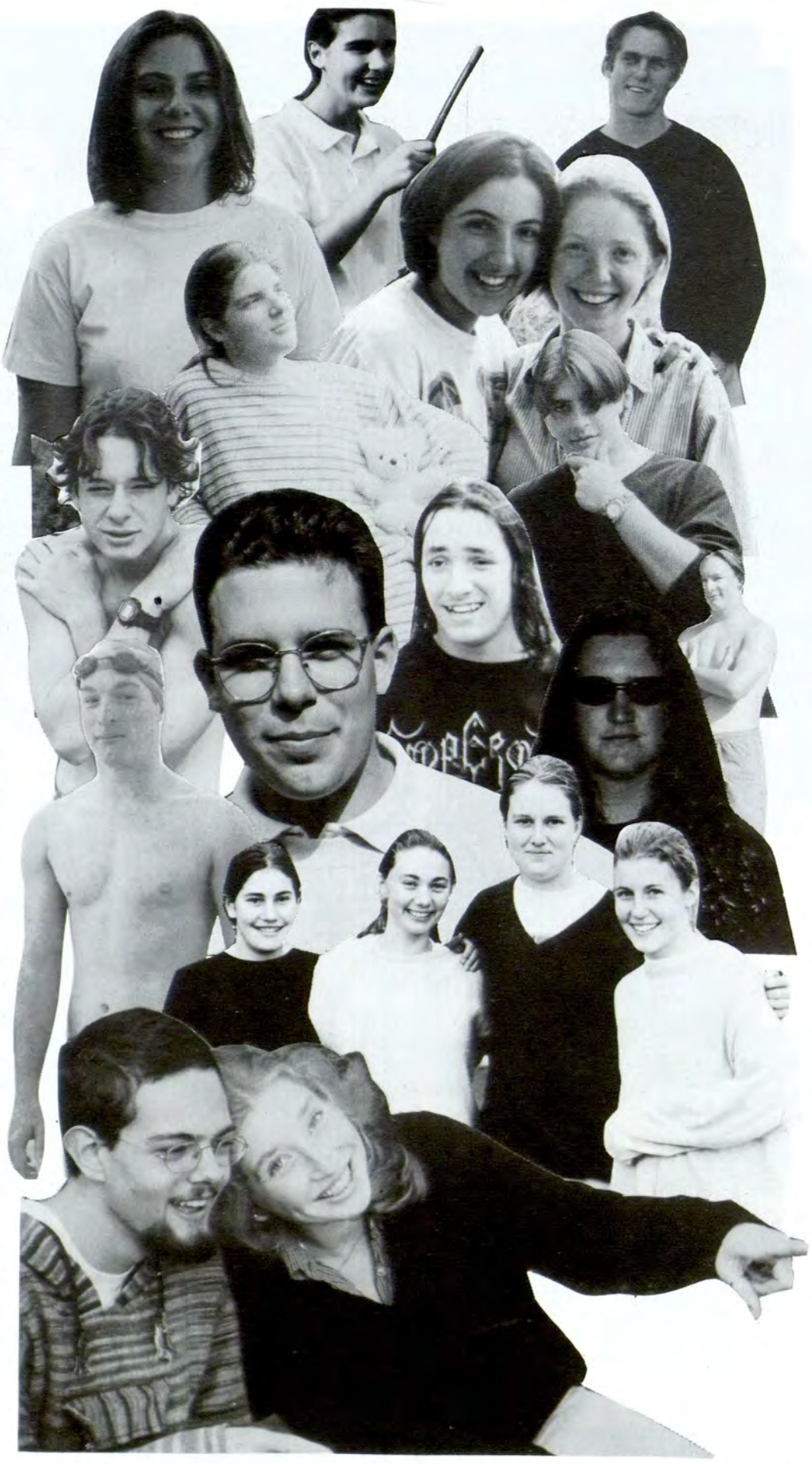
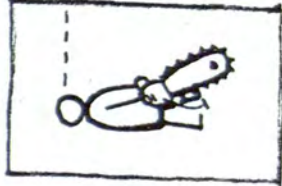
ROW 4: Tristan Roache-Turner, David Tran, Sophie Richards,
Mark Smith, Tom Rushton, Thomas Smith

ROW 2: Eric Wong, Adrian Thomas, Kieran Riches, Andrew Tang,
Conrad Richters, Justin Tsuei, Stephen Weatherall

ROW 3: Anna Van, Zoe Rodwell, Susan Quinn, Rowan Udell,
Wallace Stewart, Kate Vandyke, Moira Williams

FRONT: Erica Valpiani, Karen Tang, Rachel Stein-Holmes,
Nicole Talmacs, Monica Wong, Naomi Stanley,
Claresta Seto, Patricia Quach.







Year 12 Debating

Debating isn't the most glamorous of endeavours. Indeed if one looks closely at many debaters then the traits they see tend to be those associated with nerds, geeks or any of the other imaginative names used by the Howardite non-PCs to describe the socially disadvantaged. Yet they don't quite fit squarely into the category either. The thing that makes them so hard to compartmentalise is that people make fun of the socially inept. Yet debaters tend to be better at making fun of others than anyone else is at making fun of them. They're also able to pay themselves out far more adeptly than others can and hence rise above the mediocrity that can occur in the ranks of those who will never quite manage to be cultural gurus of their generation.

It is from this perspective that the Fort Street Year 12 Debating team must be viewed. An odd group in many ways. Anna Clark :- sportswoman, artist and historian. A person whose unrelenting efforts to 'work for you' brought about such fundamental changes as the SRC notice board. Andrew Scott :- that cruel, evil individual perfectly willing to use any and every thing at his disposal to reach his own twisted end. A man to whom guilt is merely a marketing gimmick first used successfully by the Catholic Church. Simon Rowe :- a man well suited to leading a revolution (provided it wasn't led by a domineering autocrat, its army didn't wear uniform and its members were part of a well informed yet oppressed proletariat). And me, Ben Spies Butcher, of whose mental stability this article is an accurate reflection. And yet this motley bunch of hooligans and layabouts (young people) - a Communist, a Socialist, a Progressive and a bastard, managed to become State finalist in the Hume Barbour Debating competition - arguably the most prestigious competition for high school debaters.

Why?

Unfortunately we don't answer questions - we merely dispute answers. We can however state categorically, or argue fairly convincingly that it wasn't:

- (a) A fluke, freak occurrence or luck.
- (b) Natural disaster or act of God.
- (c) Proof of Chaos theory.
- (d) A fault in the system.
- (e) Evidence of corruption.
- (f) A misprint.

Factors we concede could have played an influential role include:

- (a) The erratic and 'hyper-speed' driving and coaching of our 'manager' Ken Ambler.
- (b) The sympathetic tuition which we received in our formative years from the insistent Mrs Hoskings.
- (c) The thoroughly enthusiastic support of Lee Carroll.
- (d) The morale boosting 'walk over' victory achieved at the Students vs Teachers debate.

However, like all good analytical arguers we leave the final decision to you, the reader (though judging by the somewhat suspect nature of some adjudications we've received in the past - as if management is the major environmental problem - that might not be such a wise decision). But whatever is made of this article will not doubt prove irrelevant very shortly as illiteracy and technology make this form of communication virtually redundant. Instead we shall be surfing the information highway and so our team leave you with this thought. In ten years time the only people able to succeed will be those who are computer literate (or those who can persuade people into believing they are). For all those who can't pull, click and drag, debating offers salvation.

A Deep Breath

She saw herself in the mirror. She'd always thought of herself as a handsome woman. High cheek bones, aquiline nose, structures features. Now, though, her skin was beginning to drag, leaving pouches of tender, almost transparent, skin in wrinkles across her face. Her eyes seemed to sag, they looked continually tired. Her hair looked strained and thin, as if it would snap off at the lightest touch. Although snap seems too energetic a word to describe the action. What was happening? How had she grown old so fast?

She knew she couldn't move in the same way she used to. Every movement was an effort. Any grace she had once had, had disappeared with the oncoming slowness of movement, the slight limp of the left leg. Age was a terrible thing.

And where had time gone? Only yesterday she had been running down the hall and jumping up to greet her father as he arrived home from work. She had been smearing on the bright red lipstick to impress her new beau on their date to the cinema. She had been dressing in her beautiful gown of white silk and placing a veil of light white tulle on her head. Only yesterday rushing to the hospital, in great pain, as John was born, then Sarah, then Timothy. Sweet little Timothy, so innocent, not long in the world.

Memories of Timothy were treasured. She supposed she had become middle aged without knowing it, then a pensioner. She had her pensioner card for years now - though she had never thought about what it had meant. That she was old. Decrepit.

Funny, she thought, how she saw old people in the supermarket and was still somewhat repulsed by them. They always moved with the look of death in them. Their

skin was tinged with grey. Their voices were never steady as they asked you to pass them some can off a shelf. The words came out slowly, as if it took a long time for them to think such a simple thought through. Looking in the mirror she saw she was one of those old people now. She felt shocked, embarrassed. Suddenly the thought of going out into public, to be silently ridiculed by all those younger, healthier people, even worse pitied by them, scared her. She thought of locking the door in case a stranger, selling something or promoting something, might knock at the door and see her weakness. They would see she was old. Alfred had died 2 years ago now. They had been married 48 years, but had never really said much to each other. Alfred had said that there wasn't much to say, they understood each other well enough. And she supposed that

they understood each other. So she was used to quiet. Although this silence she heard now, felt different. Now that she knew she was old. It was as if she lived in a new reality.

Everything she saw now looked faded and worn. The cover blanket over her old teak bed seemed bland. Nothing had vitality any more. The vitality had waned as her energy had. This new reality was upsetting to her. How long would she have to live with this new perception of herself, her surrounding? For the first time she looked to Death, and saw comfort in its arms.

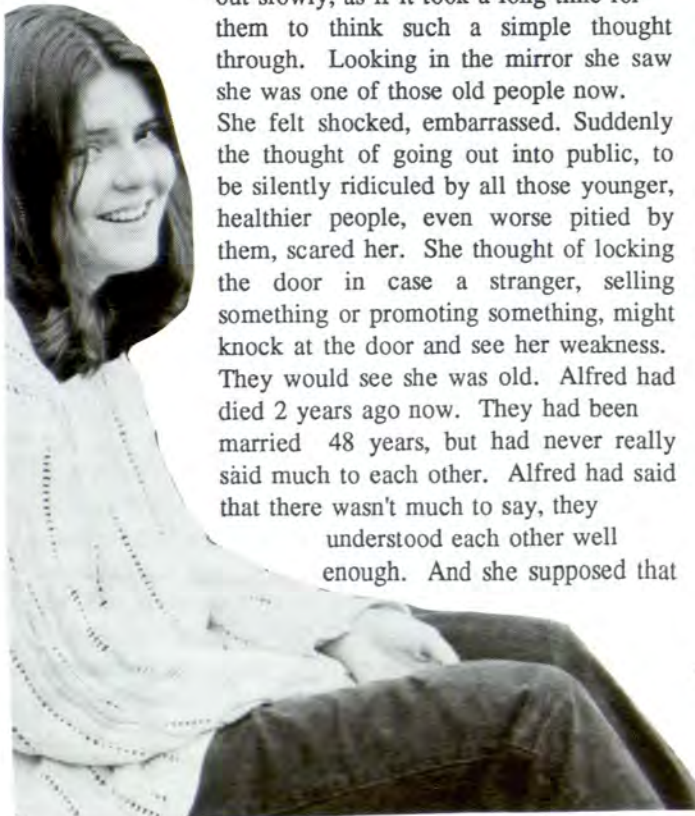
She didn't know how she had missed the signs before. How many times had she sat at the mirror and not seen this truth? Was it something that happened overnight? One day you were fine, still young, still vital. Still breathing and eating and walking and thinking with a certain energy. Then the next day this same energy was gone.

She had never read the death columns in the paper. She had never taken up knitting or baking cakes for church fundraisers. She still took no interest in the garden. Her front yard seemed a wild patch of nature. Wild roses planted years ago played havoc with the fence, bush daisies sprouted in any patch of space they could find, lizzie dizzies, which had spread from next door, inhabited the corners where they hid from the sun in hot summers. She had never played lawn bowls, or joined a ladies tea committee. How, then, could she be old?

She saw herself in the mirror. And it was as if she saw herself for the first time. She was now defined by her age. She wanted to rebel. She wanted to shout "I am still young! I like modern music, I eat spicy food". But those things weren't true. She'd listened to the radio with Sarah's young daughter, and as Kate had sung along she had wanted to cover her ears to block out the racket. She had bought some ready made Thai stir fry from the butcher. She had almost spat it out, it was so hot. She couldn't taste a thing for the burning sensation it left on her tongue.

She looked at her hands. The nails seemed thin. The veins seemed to project. Blue bulges. The skin seemed to fall off the bones. Yesterday these hands had been active, today they seemed shaky. She wondered if this was death. This realisation. Maybe it was just movement towards death. Slowly she rose from her chair. She walked over to her bed, took a deep breath, and lay down. She did feel tired. In fact, she felt very old.

Jemima Mowbray
Year 12



GIRLS

BOYS



YEAR 12

Jimmy stared at the television, watching in awe as Ren and Stimpy careered down an ectoplasmically-cool slippery-dip which ended abruptly with a cliff. As their piping shrieks died down, he turned to his friend and murmured appreciation at the hall-width TV which made viewing that more exciting and mind-numbing.

On the lounge, Fred sat reading pensively, his brow heavily creased. In response to Jimmy's obvious appreciation, he lowered the Thomas Hardy novel and glared.

"I don't see what you find so fascinating about that gadget. Do you realize that modern TV has replaced the need to venture into the outside world to interact with one's peers at any worthy level? TV is a replacement of the senses. You may delight in its multitude of colours, but upon closer inspection, you'll realise those awesome images are simply composed of red green and blue pixels.

There is no depth to its world of trivia, lunacy and 5 minute news, sports reviews, banal cartoons and draw-card promises of humour and education. What do Ren and Stimpy do except endanger each other's lives and indulge in the most meaningless of activities? Even a documentary is only able to show, it cannot grant you the immediate pleasure of wading through a field of lavender, of being faced with the unforgettable majesty of an elephant, of tasting rose hip tea and chasing bumble bees. No! No!

All TV offers you is Lotto results and current affairs programmes which present only a sliver of reality. You sit, and sit, and stare, and sit. Your mouths gape open, and a small rivulet of saliva traces its way down your chin, your eyes become red and sore, and an undeniable pressure builds up at the base of your skull. And there is always that insistent force calling for more sound, bigger, brighter, better.

When the screen is blank, your fingers inch towards the sleek coolness of the knob and unconsciously you turn to confront its gaping mouths. Like a curtain- you wonder what lies behind, what linear lives are being begun and ended, what calamity has befallen Cynthia Munroe this week and what two- dimensional indulgements await you beyond the push of a button.....

Outside, the wind whispers through the mossed trees, and curious dogs meander through the hazy streets; meanwhile, neighbours drink coffee and share views and lives, whilst enjoying the tender warmth of the sun's rays on their skin.....

But of course! TV can give it to you faster and brighter. With graphic equalisers and sound balancers, you can feel the rumble of each sound through every bone. You can almost *feel* it, it is so close, you edge closer, and press your eager noses against the unyielding field of pixels. But then its time for a brief word from our sponsors..... delighting you with the dental floss that will never fray and the free tool silhouettes with every \$50 purchase. We know what you want! Hurry on down!

TV offers a shallow replacement for modern day society; it presents a danger-free form of entertainment to prevent small minds from ever having to cope with the outside World

Silence reigned (apart from the roar of Ren and Stimpy, of course), and the two boys stared at Fred with blatant awe.

"Wow"one of them murmured.

"Yeah"the other replied, his long forgotten gum nestled visibly on his tongue.

"What do ya....."one began, only to be interrupted by Fred as he lurched suddenly off the lounge.

"Quiet"he said. "I like this bit-move over so I can sit closer."

Rebecca McIntyre Year 12



CREATIVE WRITING

Belinda Tooher
Year 12

In front of her a man clothed in black placed his bag on the floor and clung to the pole. The woman behind clutched her bottle of milk in one hand and the back of the seat with the other. The bus rolled into motion and the people swayed but didn't touch.

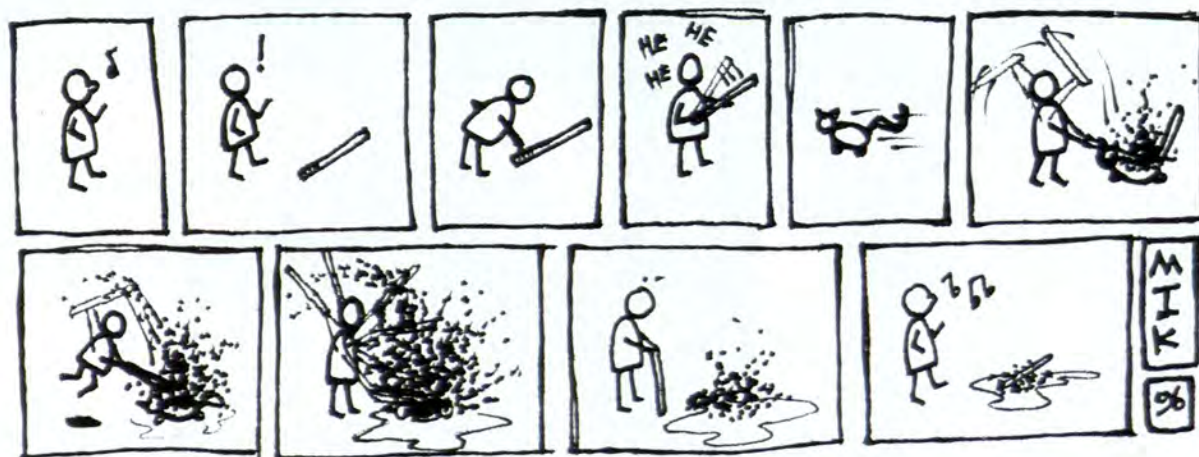
"The lady, you know Jenny, from British Airways who catches the bus with you on Tuesdays? She asked me for your address. I told her it was either number 34 or 36. Number 34 is Bob White - you know the project manager....." the blonde lady and two people broke into the girl's exhausted musing. She had been pondering on her game of pool and the netball game she had played, replaying moments through her sleepy brain. The bus lights flicked on and the sky imperceptibly darkened further into the coming night. The girl's feet began to ache and she wished she would get a seat soon. The bus driver suddenly braked and all the people standing gripped their poles to stay upright. For a split second she was at a 45 degree angle to the ground and then everyone jerked back into the place. The business people surrounding her shuffled and rearranged uncomfortably, trying to reassert the dignity that had been snatched away for a second. It was only then she realised each person in the bus had a life of their own. She looked and for once could clearly see the faces of her fellow passengers, and wondered who they were. She wondered if you looked into their eyes long enough, would she know them then or something about them. Was it just this city that made her blind to the millions of lives around her even to her own life? She did not know what she wanted here, but she had the freedom to choose. She wondered if she would be more free if someone else made the decisions.

There was something about this place she hated, it was the ugliness and the overwhelming crush of people, it was the constant noise and absence of stars and natural light. No encroaching mist covered this place in the mornings or frost sparkled from the branches. Sometimes this place felt weather proof, emotionless and sterile. She fitted here. Even as she knew it she hated her acceptance. She knew every routine, had grown accustomed to this life, grown up here and yet she longed to be away.

She shook her head and looked around, turn the corner, round the pub, press the button and she would be home. Home, she thought, where is that? The bus slid to a halt and the doors creaked open to let her through. As she walked she felt that it was not her moving but the world sliding by underneath her "What's the time?" an old man with an empty face and ragged clothes murmured as he had many times before. She did not know.

The rugged beauty of the mountains called her and she misses them with a hopeless kind of regret because she knew she could not leave this place. It was not a physical thing that retained her, although of course she would finish school but it was the awful doubt. Every time she came to a new conclusion she was wrong. Last time she had thought, it was the horses she loved, and then, no it is the people. And yet again she was mistaken - it was the heartbreakingly beautiful land. Did she love them all or none, was she simply pining for something that did not exist?

Her key turned in the lock. Her father's voice echoed through from the study "I am writing a cheque, please put it in the bank tomorrow for me" she called her consent. In her room she lay down and covered herself with her confusion. The piercing whistle of the crazy drunk across the road did not shatter the silence because it was never silent in here. The way she slotted in here revolted her and yet she did not fit where she wanted to be, in fact though she longed to be there, she did not entirely believe this herself. She hated it all and she loved it and it was all the same feeling. Suddenly, she saw an escape, it was sharp but final - this was something she did not need to doubt. She was gone.



'HIGH MARX and HIGH JINX': • ORIGINAL CONCEPT - Arion McNICOLL, Tamara TALMACS • WRITTEN BY - Arion McNICOLL, Ben SPIES BUTCHER, Tamara TALMACS • FILMED BY - Wendy HANNA • EDITED BY - Wendy HANNA, ANNA CLARK • DESIGN CONCEPT & COMPUTERIZED IMAGE MANIPULATION - Chrystine WALTERS • AND THANKS YEAR 12!

HIGH MARX and HIGH JINX



"Tyranny"

"Oppression"

**Old Major had died....
Revolution had begun.**



Plans were executed meticulously.



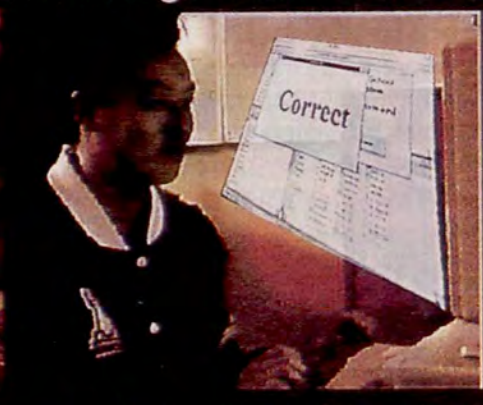
The bridge was manned.



**Heftys captured
Mr Carroll.**



**Troopers crushed
the enemy.**



**Chung defected, hacking into
security for the renegades.**



**Ms Levi was taken at
gunpoint.**



Sector G was the enemy's haven ...



...but resistance was futile.



Plan B was underway.



**Some were not
impressed....**



**Crack troops continued
the attack.**



Enemy supplies were hijacked.



Plans were executed meticulously.....



Rowdy prisoners were dealt with swiftly.



With little mercy.



Troops continued to swamp the grounds.



The teachers put on a brave face.



They were no match for this uprising.....



Emblems of conformity were burnt in revolt.



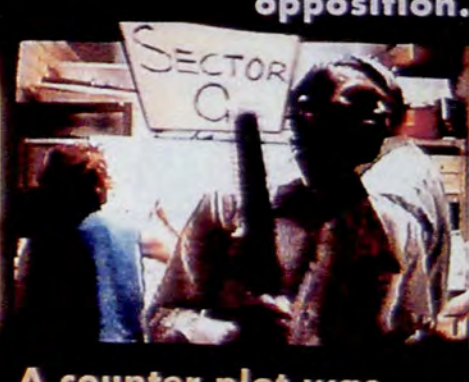
Tactical manoeuvres blew away the opposition.



Plan B ticked away, the takeover was near completion.



Only three remained unaccounted for.



A counter plot was planned, the results devastating.

TO BE CONTINUED

SHADOWS

Why do I linger each night over turning out the light? I was taught, at age 4, not to fear that which I cannot see ... the darkness only hides what you see during the day. There are, I know, no monsters under the bed. (I checked, at age 4, with a torch.) After this many years, can I still be uncertain of a place I have always been, a room I have crossed countless thousands of times? Surely Not! Yet each night brings hesitancy, only a moment before I chastise myself and flick the switch. Dayglo plastic stars (a concession to kitsch) glimmer palely and die, and then I am alone. And then, there is nothing to save me from the shadows which invade my dreams.

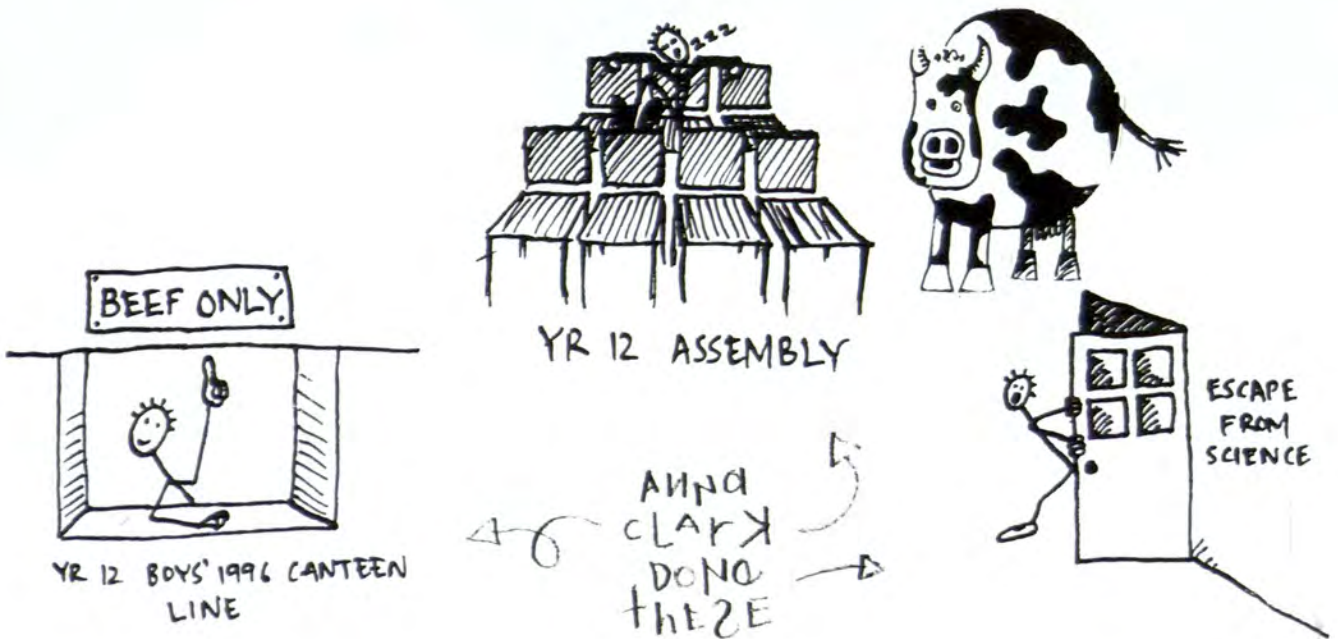
A different world of unlimited possibilities, where unparalleled ecstasy and bottomless anguish mingle and mesh: this is where I am taken. Light and darkness flicker like the last frames of a movie projection .. shadows and seraphs dancing on the other side of my eyeballs. Even now, I can feel the fear and the disorientation that is to come, Nothing I can do will change the course of events ... I have no control over my dreams, I must take what comes.

At age 4, a devil in a big hat wrought fear and havoc on my dream-world; he burnt houses, decapitated teddy bears and made all the vicious dogs of the world bark and gnash their teeth. He kept me awake every night for a week, but eventually I won; not long before my subconscious belched out another shadow to torment me.

Admittedly the "nice"dreams always managed to outnumber and outweigh the nightmares, but none of the rosy pictures stuck in my mind to haunt me. That is why, to this day, I can remember people with no toes, waves as tall as buildings, a forest that blocked out the sun, and a seemingly endless staircase down which I fell every night, only to wake, sweating but uninjured, when I should have been a pile of bones at the bottom.

Can I fear the dreams, though, knowing the alternative? Not to dream is not to think, not to think is not to be; could I not fear ceasing to exist each night? I can see the half lit shadows under my bed only because of the streetlights through untidy curtains .. to expel the final dregs of light would rod the darkened world of shadows, but would a world of blackness be any less fearsome? Perhaps I'm only stuffing my head with dreams to fill the hole in my reality - oblivion: the dream that there is nothing to dream of - and maybe that's the only real nightmare, which a myriad of lesser horrors try to save me from. So I flick the switch. A suspicious looking shadow at the edge of my bed is revealed, by torchlight (oh how much I have grown since age 4!) to be a plastic fork. An uneasy truce, the shadows invade my dreams, fill the crazed holes with fear, paranoia, anger and repulsion .. but I am real and I am safe, so all is well enough.

Claire Wallace, Year 12



The Green Revolution As Seen by a Galaxerian (see
Final Destruction of the Earth, the)
24/8/56

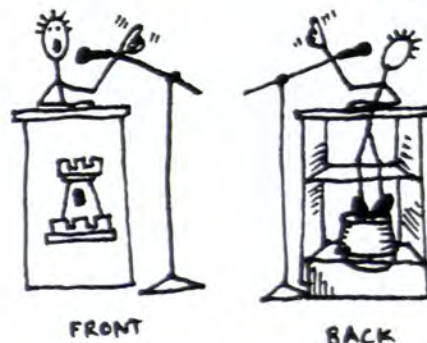
The girl was running, her long hair flying out behind her body, her schoolbag bouncing up and down in an opposite movement to her body, which was slowing her down. The blue and white bus at the corner pulled out with an almost unfriendly movement just as she reached it. It sped down the crowded lanes, becoming a dot in the distance, its angular body turning at the last minute round the corner at the end of the street. The girl watched it go, her chest heaving, and her eyes hard and cold. I remember the look in her eyes, because it is this that we later decided was the reason. Carelessly and regardless of who was to blame for her being late and missing the bus, she threw her hate at the bus at that instant, without thinking about the fact that it had been she who slept in, and that the bus was on time. She didn't hate the man who made the road which led from her house to the bus stop, and that she had no ill feeling toward the man who made the bus stop and designed its length. Nor did she hate her parents who gave her short legs, or her schoolbag which made her run slower. That hate, thrust upon an unfeeling object which would no more feel hurt by it than it would feel ecstatic if someone loved it, is an alarming characteristic of the human race. It was, as I have said, the principle reason. I remember that incident partly because it was the last day of the first time I spent on Earth, and partly because it was the same girl that was in the crowd of the last survivors. It may have been her memory that made me go to the same place a year later, after it had begun. But now I am beginning to sound sentimental, like a human. And that could prove to be dangerous. That second visit is not as clear in my memory as the first, I remember a blue sky, and the green fields. It was the fields which alarmed the humans the most, the clean water, air and land they were a little surprised at, the appearance of thought to be extinct animals shocked them still a little more, but it was the fields, or I suppose the greenery that frightened them the most. At least, it did when they realised what was happening, at first they were pleased by the regeneration of the forests, the deserts and the seas, but it was short lived. The very second that the forests reached the cities there was panic. The governments collapsed in a sea of fear. All over the world the environment was reaching into the densely populated areas, and strangling those who lived there. it was not a pleasant job to watch them, but one I was assigned to and so did. Some lasted better than others. The East crumbled like sand. Within weeks there were no humans left. Parts managed to hold out a little longer, but they were surrounded and so too collapsed to the hungry fingers of the greenery and the animals. But the West was harder. It took months to capture the entire area. Even then, there were groups at large which held considerable threat, but of course as we predicted they destroyed themselves with the bombs that they held so precious. Human hate, the reason, was the destroyer of the last hope they had for themselves. I watched even that moment. How well I got to know the human race! It was at this moment perhaps, that I acquired my compassion, for I could not bear to watch them suffer from the fumes that

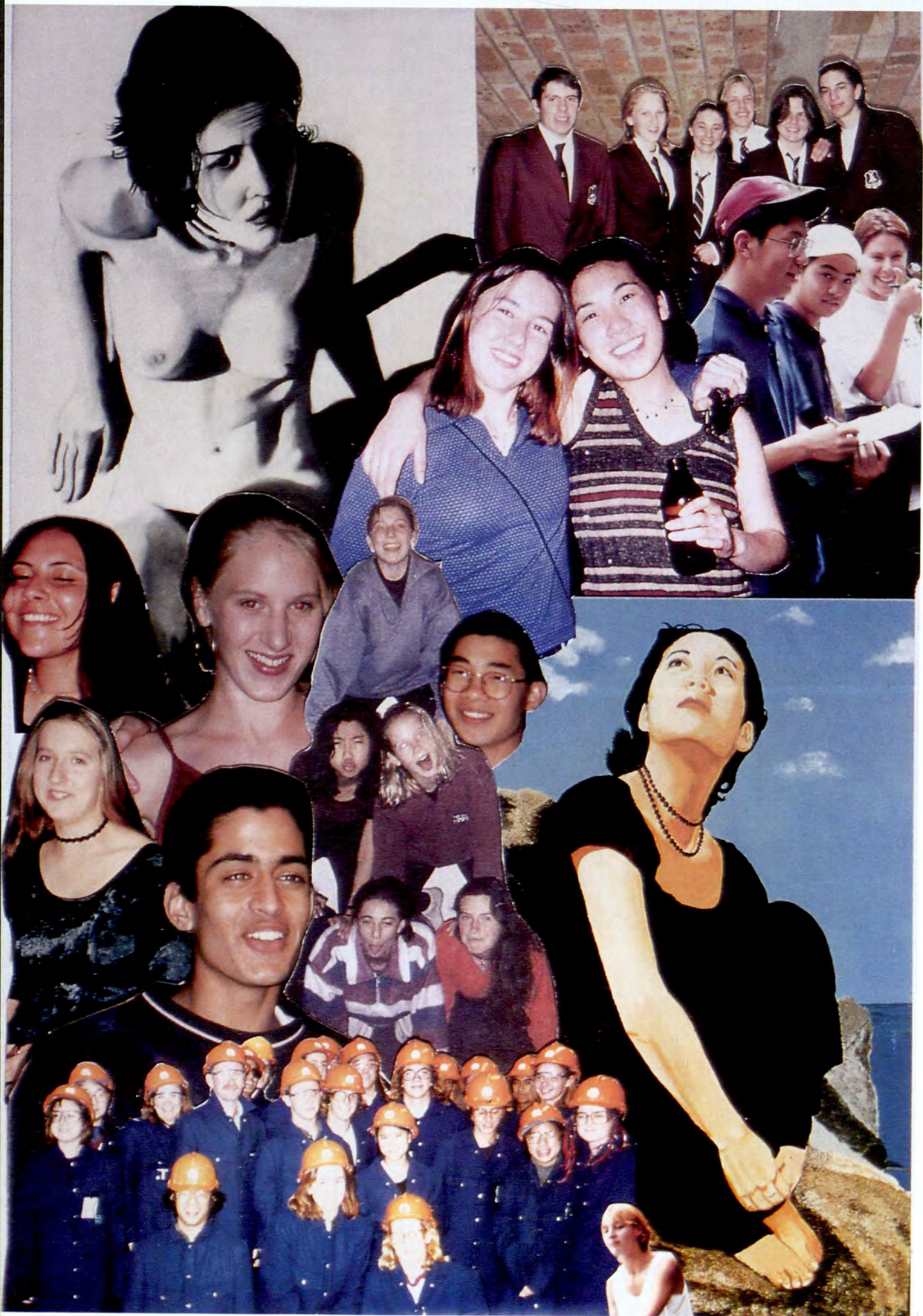
they were planning to kill the advancing forests with. Those who died were lucky ones. I sent word back to those in control and was told to send a group who would put an end to the human's misery. I went myself, putting those under me in charge of the watching, and taking a few experienced in exterminating. It was then, on that second visit, that I saw the girl who had shown me the reason for myself, even though my superiors had explained it to me numerous times.

She was lying on a field, the remnants of her hair strewn out all around her, the blackness of it contrasting greatly with the green of the grass. Her expression was one of pure agony. Her body twisted and turned, as the radiation did its job, the job her race had created it to do. Her bones were disintegrating. She looked up at me, her eyes uncomprehending who or what I was. Her mouth shaped the one word that the humans had taken to chanting in the bunkers. *Tomorrow* over and over again, she told me of tomorrow. *As long as there is a tomorrow you have nothing to fear.* Half a mouth, showering me with human lies. *Don't think about today, dream about tomorrow.* Yet as she said these things told to her by her race, she was dying a death that had been created by humans, that would not have existed if they hadn't brought it into being. They were all to blame for it, even her who lay on the green field in suffering. A race that has survived everything, conquered everything, except themselves. And when they are faced with total obliviation, to hear such words gives them courage. They were a race to whom the world meant nothing and everything, a people to whom life was beautiful and terrible, a species that could never, ever be repeated. Yet we chose to destroy them for that sole reason, for the reason that they were human. A race for whom tomorrow was sacred, so they dreamt of it, but today was not, so they destroyed. But you cannot destroy today without scarring tomorrow. The girl lay on the field, speaking of tomorrow. Her black, dead, hair stretched out on the green field. The sky was blue. That I remember. And her blood was red when I ended her misery.

Editors note: This account is in no way true and correct one in its details of the Green Revolution. It is simply a personal viewpoint of the surveyor of the Galaxerians. Unfortunately, the "greenery" as it became known, which had been roused by the Galaxerians to destroy the planet, was killed when the Earth was annihilated to destroy any trace that humans may have left. The planet Galaxeria disappeared three hundred years ago when the planet inexplicably exploded in a huge cloud of gas. Thus, there are no true accounts of what really happened.

Hanna Thorsch Year 12







SENIOR DREAM NIGHT

Senior Drama Night was just two nights for the public but for those of us really involved it was much more. It was searching for a play and a cast... and time and props and lines and intonation and... Along the way we also made new friends who seem like some of our closest and created something extremely special that we are proud of. We survived Katrina's insomnia, Ben's suggestions, Wendy's stress fits and Xenogene's obsession with French pronunciations. We also discovered immense talent - Nic's undiscovered

talent in a wheelchair, Wendy's intuition for what looks great, even when we (rarely) had doubts to start, and all those other things big and small that helped make it happen without anyone going completely crazy.

Despite begging and bribes Sarah didn't slip the tongue in.

All in all this was one of the biggest team efforts a Year 12 has dazzled the world with. And they were dazzled. We made more than any other drama night in living memory with the queue for Friday night stretching out the gate and exceeding even

our wildest dreams.

There are hundreds of memories from the oh-so-very-art and creative ad campaign that kept the school puzzled for weeks, to cramming around a too small TV to watch the video.

This article cannot hope to capture these memories and most cannot be expressed through mere words or pictures. They will however live on in our heads, and hearts, for years to come...

Hopefully the rest of the world feels a little of what we did.

Katrina Morris

1996

Year

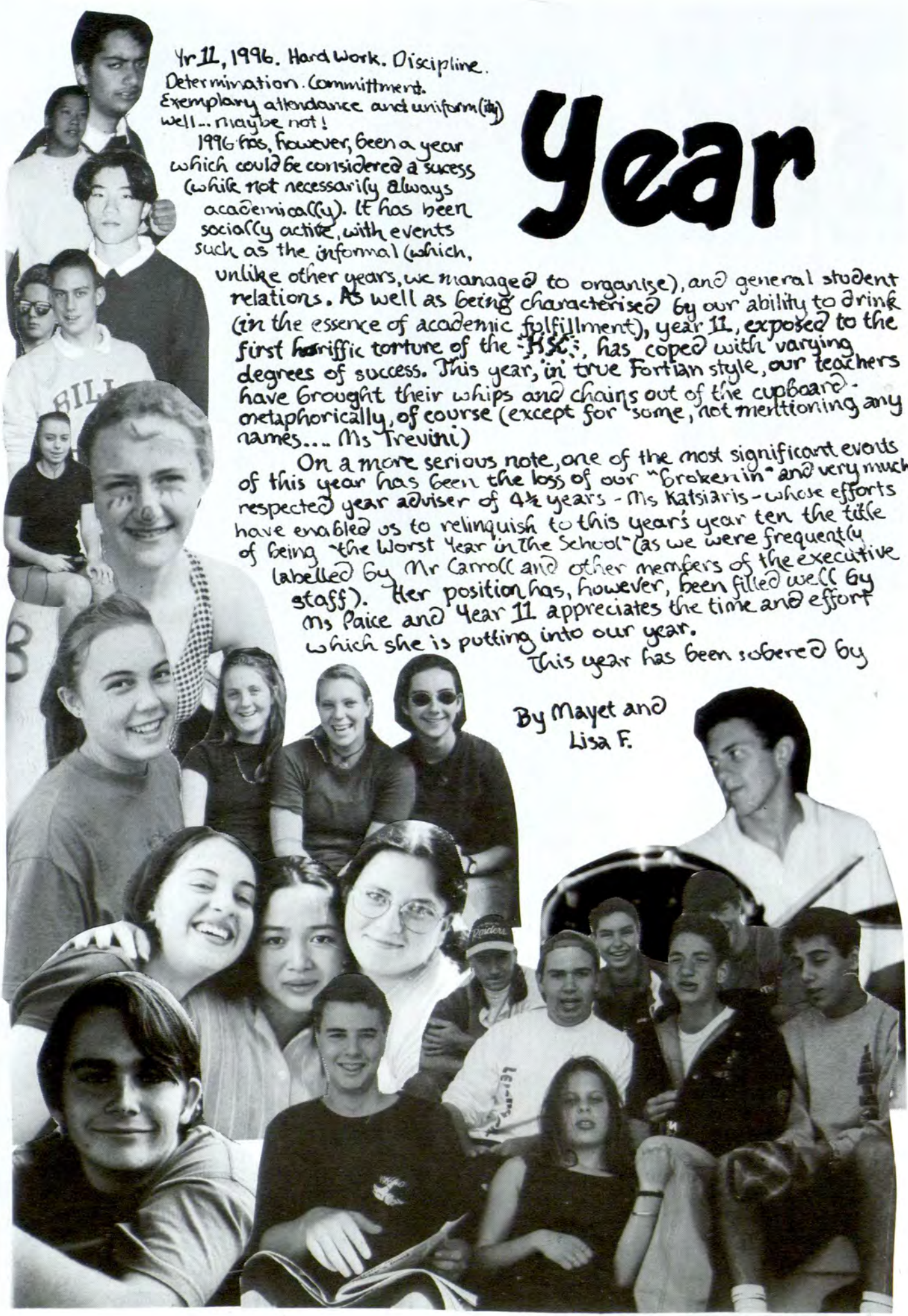
Yr 11, 1996. Hard Work. Discipline.
Determination. Commitment.
Exemplary attendance and uniform (if)
well... maybe not!

1996 has, however, been a year
which could be considered a success
(while not necessarily always
academically). It has been
socially active, with events
such as the informal (which,

unlike other years, we managed to organise), and general student
relations. As well as being characterised by our ability to drink
(in the essence of academic fulfillment), year 11, exposed to the
first horrific torture of the "HSC", has coped with varying
degrees of success. This year, in true Fortian style, our teachers
have brought their whips and chains out of the cupboard -
metaphorically, of course (except for some, not mentioning any
names... Ms Trevini)

On a more serious note, one of the most significant events
of this year has been the loss of our "broken in" and very much
respected year adviser of 4 1/2 years - Ms Katsiaris - whose efforts
have enabled us to relinquish to this year's year ten the title
of being "the Worst Year in the School" (as we were frequently
labelled by Mr Carroll and other members of the executive
staff). Her position has, however, been filled well by
Ms Paice and Year 11 appreciates the time and effort
which she is putting into our year.
This year has been sobered by

By Mayet and
Lisa F.



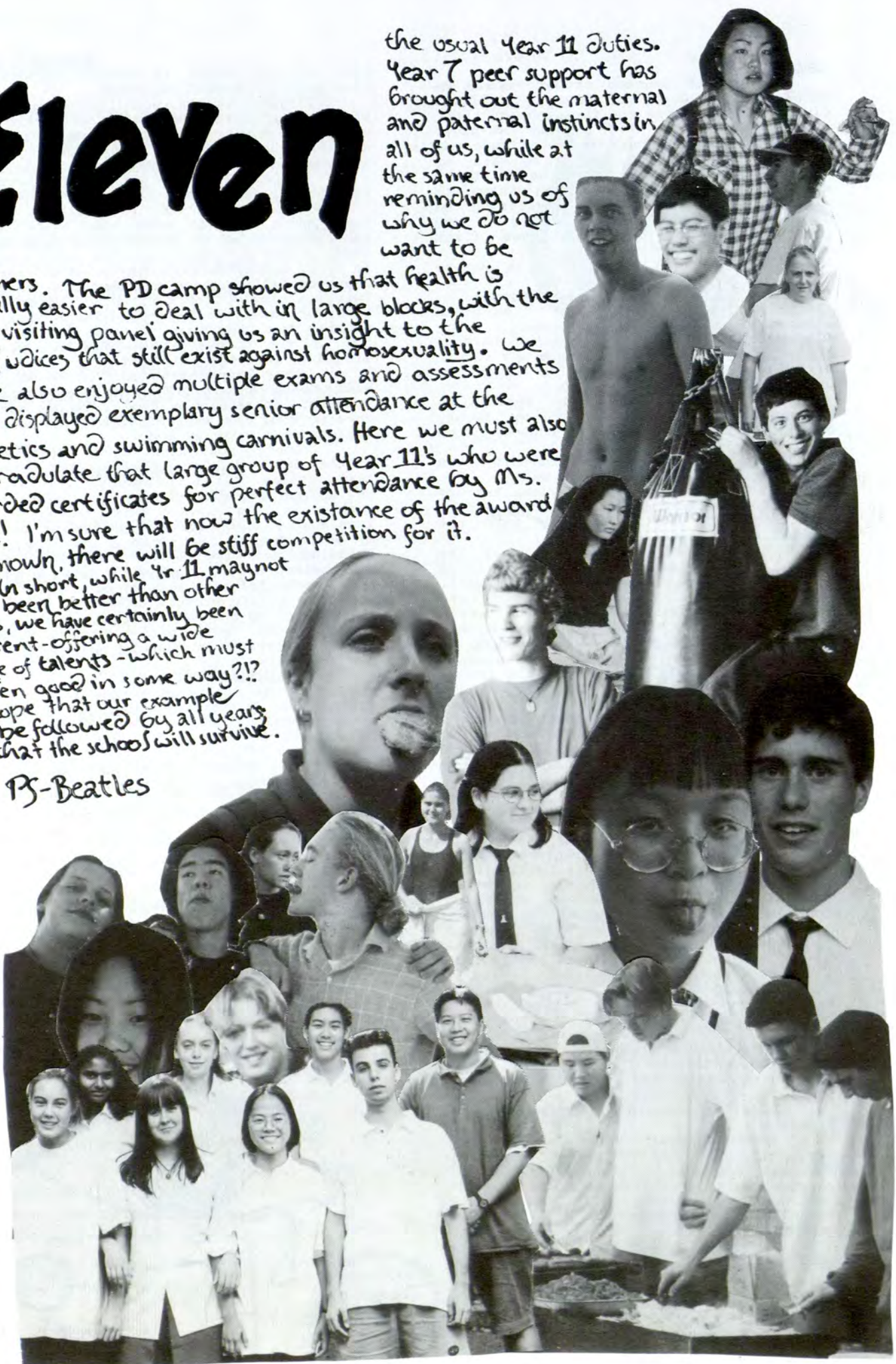
Eleven

the usual Year 11 duties. Year 7 peer support has brought out the maternal and paternal instincts in all of us, while at the same time reminding us of why we do not want to be

teachers. The PD camp showed us that health is actually easier to deal with in large blocks, with the visiting panel giving us an insight to the prejudices that still exist against homosexuality. We have also enjoyed multiple exams and assessments and displayed exemplary senior attendance at the Athletics and swimming carnivals. Here we must also congratulate that large group of Year 11's who were awarded certificates for perfect attendance by Ms. Paice! I'm sure that now the existence of the award is known, there will be stiff competition for it.

In short, while Yr 11 may not have been better than other years, we have certainly been different - offering a wide range of talents - which must of been good in some way!! We hope that our example will be followed by all years and that the school will survive.

PS-Beatles



BROKEN GLASS

Lying in drunken stupor, would he never rise? Dead or alive? I listen close, searching the air for signs of life.

"Dad...dad..." I gently whisper, afraid to wake him but afraid of what may happen if I don't. I jump in my skin, my heart near bursts with fright as he snorts and loudly smacks his lips in an attempt to wipe away the stale dryness, shattering the deathly silence. Leaping into consciousness his bloodshot eyes flick open, adjusting to the light.

"Alex! Where are you boy?" the hoarse throat hollers.

"Here Dad," I timidly offer my presence.

"Fetch ma boots would ya boy," he sighs stretching.

I speed out to the veranda, weaving through the shambles in the living room and return with the boots. I offer them up uncertainly.

"Thanks, mate," he says, smiling as he retrieves the boots from my sweaty grasp. "Can ya get yaself to school? I've gotta go ta work. That'a boy." Jesus, ...the man probably wouldn't even know where the hell the school was!

He lifts his bulk from the couch, teeters in space momentarily before stiff joints permit him to stroll heavily into the kitchen. I turn to follow.

"Shit! Lord would ya look at the time! I'm goona be late!" Adrenalin leaps up my throat and I melt against the wall, wishing myself invisible. The gods are smiling and he abruptly leaves; the screen door swinging in his wake. I remove myself from the wall and busy myself cleaning as best I can and packing my dilapidated school bag. I vainly peer into the fridge hoping for a morsel of food; nothing but beer. I overcome feelings of self pity and hatred and set upon concentrating on survival. My empty stomach nauseates my actions, growling with hollow longing as I grab my bag and head for school.

I trudge down the city streets, wet and darkened from last night's rain. The city buildings lie in mist as a constant stream of traffic pierces the gloom in a neon flash of orange, red and green. Water seeps through my shoes, caressing the frozen flesh within. I shudder and walk faster. Idol thoughts embrace my mind; food, warmth, hatred, survival, my mother. This last thought embodies too fresh a wound and saddens me above all else. A silent tear rolls down my cheek and is lost in the rain that has begun, again, to fall. I pass a house with broken bottles covering the path and hear a baby crying through shouting and breaking glass. My blood boils as anger floods my consciousness. Picking up a broken bottle, I hurl it through the front window. Through the shattering glass the shouting ceases and I turn to flee.

I arrived at school flushed and out of breath.

"Where's your jacket, Alex?" the sharp voice of a teacher calls. I look up from my thoughts through strands of dripping hair. Her small shape appears frail against the hard, sharp edges of the sandstone. A smile plays on the corner of my mouth.

"I lost it miss!" I yell into the sudden downpour.

"Get out of the rain this instant, young man." her soft voice exasperates her efforts to be heard against the pounding rain. I quickly head for cover where the

rest of the school is huddled, cowering from nature's sudden slaughter.

"You silly boy, you'll catch death," the teacher scolds, her voice harsh through worry. I scowl, withdrawing my chin in contempt at this statement. Seeing my indignation she softens her tone.

"Here's a towel, get dry and borrow some dry clothes from lost property, ok?"

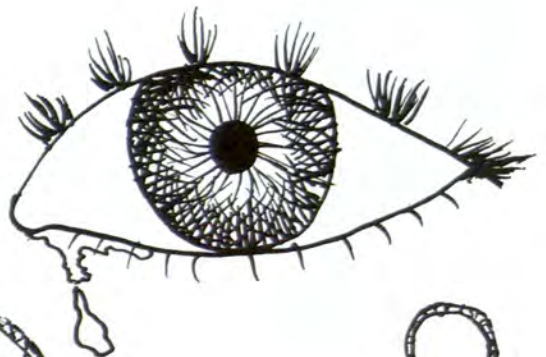
"Thanks mum, um, I mean Miss," my face burns crimson with the shame and embarrassment of my fumble. Clutching the towel I turn and run before the tears begin to fall. Safely in the boys toilets, I wipe away the falling tears and remove my shirt. Twisting slowly from each end I wring out pools of water which gurgle like a fleeing monster down the drain. I catch a movement out of the corner of my eye and fling around to face the onslaught.

"What happened to your back? Do you want me to get miss?" asks the fearful voice of little Bobbie Gray. I become aware once more of the swelling and fresh purple bruises that cover my body.

"Don't you dare tell anyone ya little shit!" I hiss, grabbing him by his shirt collar, "or I'll bash ya, ya hear?" He begins to whimper, I feel sick and unable to deal with this increasingly inescapable situation I back up. Grabbing my shirt I push past Bobbie and flee the building, not stopping to look behind me. Overwhelmed and frightened it takes a good four blocks before I slow my pace and begin to walk. I'm in trouble no matter where I go. Covered by the haze of rain, I begin to run once more, tears running down my cheeks creating torrents as they're joined by the pounding rain.

I've somehow ended up at the cemetery; the weathered stones stand firm against the prevailing wind. At my feet grows a small flowering weed, it's fragile beauty all that decorates the tomb of my mother and baby sister; the one I never knew. I pull a rose from a nearby bush, the thorns push deep into my flesh. My knuckles are white from the tightness of my grip. I am beyond pain as blood drips down my arm painting the ground red as it joins the soaking earth. Thunder and lightning strike in the distance. Stooping, I gently release the blood-stained flower. Pulling it from my flesh, I lay it down at the foot of the stone willing it to embrace me as I hug its icy surface, my blood pooling down in its crevices. I would not object if death took me now. Too exhausted to care I give in to fatigue. My body limp, I fall into dead sleep.

By Heidi Hunt



HELL MARY.

silent creeping foot steps,
through the musty chapel door,
priest in the confessional,
to hear the confession of a whore,
knock, knock,
come in my child,
unburden your weight on the Lord;
would that I could meet the sun,
my blood on a silver sword,
why do I die a thousand times?
Hath his grace no love for me?
I dream at night through screams of delight,
of what will never be;
your sins erased,
crackles the pastors meaty voice,
how can you give what is not yours to give,
cries the heart that once rejoiced;
the pastor sighs as her blood gently flies,
falling in pools at her feet;
It was the only way;
he heard her say;
the evil in me to defeat.

Heidi Hunt.

BLUE AND WHITE

A tingle is the only sound of comfort,
When the sting of cold breeze on the open ear,
Blocks all broken arrows from marking their target,
That ultimate and pure destination. The goal,
Of a withered heart.

The laughing moon knows his purpose,
And the voyager still sets sail despite endless possibility,
But when all you want is what is not,
The end is nigh; and yet, there is no end,
To this ongoing mockery.

Snuggle sleeping child for it is your last warmth,
The sun burning bright and lighting all shadows,
Will soon fall out of the sky and wet, wet rain,
Will take its place and pour, day and night,
Empty of promised good.

The soft blue wild-flower sea,
Bends and sways with every blow,
Where the old antler must snap and break,
Beauty knows not pain and sorrow,
For it is blue and he is white.

Ned Molesworth



Anon.

EARTH ANGEL

As I watched her, she crouched down, as if to examine the soft texture of the sand on the beach, as elegant as ever in the soft, sky-blue dress she wore, day by day. She stood once again, unfolding her long, slender legs and turned her attention to the gentle swish, swish of the tide lapping up to the shore. She shielded her eyes with a dainty hand to block out the glare of the sun. Looking, always searching for, what seemed to me, to be a non-existent object or person.

She was right from the eighteen hundreds. The dress said it all. The elasticised bodice clutched at her chests, revealing her slender figure; the high neck but V-shaped back and the criss-cross of blue ribbon holding the two sides together. The skirt of this garment flowed softly down to mid-calf and billowed around her legs. She had shoulder-length chestnut hair and the bluest of eyes that held an air of mystery. She wore a dainty gold chain around her neck from which a charm, in the shape of the letter 'C' was hung. The 'C', I assumed, was the first letter of her Christian name, which I decided was 'Catherine'.

I had watched her everyday for a month now, and every day was the same. At dawn, I would walk down from my lonely shack, my camera and rolls of film in my hand, and position myself up at my rock. I sat away from all the regular picnickers and away from *her*, Catherine, the sweet, mysterious lady. Still, I was close to the pounding of the surf and close enough to watch her every movement. I had yet to work up the courage to speak to her or even reveal my presence. Experiencing her enigmatic aura, I just watched, enchanted, as everyone else would, but it seemed that 'everyone else' didn't see her, or hear her soft melodious voice, constantly calling out that name and swinging that sweet tune with her lilting tone. The other day she walked straight through a family picnic but there were no cries of unpleasantness, the family was totally oblivious to her. It was as if she and I were tuned into each other - connected in some way so that I could write about her for others to read.

Today, as I walked down to the desolate beach, I felt a mixture of apprehension and melancholy building up inside me. It was like Catherine was trying to tell me something, as though she wanted to share with me, the secret hidden in her disturbed eyes. All this time that I had watched her, heard the calling and puzzled over the searching, was building up to something and it seemed that this occurrence was drawing nearer.

I set up my photography equipment, knowing that the photos would turn out as all the others had - empty of her presence. I had taken many a photo of her, each time the lens was focused on her, she had featured in the field of view, yet in each print, she was not there. Still, in vain, I hoped.

I strategically positioned myself and awaited Catherine's arrival. As always, she appeared as though out of thin air. She seemed faint at first but after a while, she glowed. Throughout the day she continued to call out, to sing the same childish tune, looking for that ... thing. But today, today was different as I heard her calling - "Louisa! Louisa! Where are you?" - and deep down in my heart, I pitied her as I understood her anguish. All the time, she had been searching for a young child, singing the song to lure the child's presence into this world - the world of ~~the~~ living. I pitied Catherine as she was a spirit tapped in this world. Looking for a child - her child.

She wandered aimlessly over the dunes, I captured her in a photo. Her hand was holding her skirt, which the wind threatened to lift higher, as she looked down at the sand. She was singing that soft tune and as ~~she~~ sang, I strained to listen. What I heard was indeed, not a children's lullaby or any trivial song, but one sung from within. As I listened, I heard - "... No matter where you are, or what you do, if your scared, in the dark alone, I will be there for you ..." - and I wept. I wept for Catherine, and for little Louisa, the lost child.

As the sun was setting, Catherine stared out to sea, her body silhouetted in the bright oranges and reds of the sun, she suddenly knelt down on one knee. She stretched her arms out and as I watched, a small child appeared, running towards her, out of the water and the glare. Mother and daughter embraced and Catherine lifted Louisa off the ground, twirling her around and around as the waves lapped at her bare feet. I realised that it was the only time that I had seen Catherine smile - actually laughing as if a great weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

The last sliver of sun went down, just as Catherine and Louisa walked, hand in hand, down the now empty beach and slowly, they faded. Disappearing out of my life and into a world of infinite happiness. I suddenly felt a feeling of emptiness but yet it also coexisted with a feeling of fulfilment.

As I went to develop my film, I noticed, as each picture appeared before my eyes, that in all but one photo, Catherine did not appear. That one other photo was the one on ~~the~~ dunes, right before she and Louisa were united.

Anon.





GAOL

Please free me
From the gaol of my mind.
From my thoughts
Hammered into place by people
Who knew nothing
But told me they knew all.
From a thousand random notions
Which sprang from prejudice
And the strangling vines of custom
Which trip up my hesitant feet.
Please set me free from my hatred
Which I've fed on since my birth;
Please let me see the gleaming
Of a thousand minds like one.
Don;t keep me here
In the people crowded dark
I can't stay here
Now that I can see it.
Please Free Me From the Dark.

Silver

A twisted
cherry wax heart
burns fiercely
with deep felt emotion
Glistening
honey glazed eyes
shed caramel tears
of the words left unspoken
An insane
lime-coated mind
left with shattered
vanilla haze dreams
Pain
like cinnamon stick needles
Shoots through a crystalline
paper thin soul
A knife
digs deeper and deeper -
tears into melting
marshmallows flows
The blood
from chocolate drop memories
drips onto candy floss pages
of unspoken words.

Anon



MASTER OF THE LIE

So, here I am, the product of my birth.
Of seventeen years, in which I was at fault
Everytime that anyone has sinned.
I have learnt that truth is fluid,
An ever -changing thing, that takes new form
In every person's eye, on everybody's tongue;
My sister's theft becomes my carelessness;
A threat becomes a joke; a room a fort.
Three of us, in power struggles none have
matched,
Not in parliament, or in the courts of law.
I was on top one day, but on the next
I found myself once more below the others.
A war of attrition, wherein emotions
Are the weapons as well as the result.
Our judge, our audience: our mother;
Unaware that battles flow from room to room;
That ever word we utter's an attack;
That my sisters win because I have a lack.
It's not a lack of will, I care not
For kindness or for family loyalty.
One for one, or else that one is lost.
What I lack is talent - sheer mastery of the lie:
To bend and flex the truth to pretzel shape
I try, I take the truth and slowly move it
But in my hands it cracks and breaks
And shatters before my mother's eyes.
I stand among the shards without excuse.
A sister takes advantage, and the battle wages new.
I am resigned - I will never be the victor,
But neither shall I quit the field or admit defeat.
Some day yet might make me master of the lie.

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Such is life
That all who wander through its lonely halls
Come at last to that one door
That leads into a room we label death
And from that room a thousand hallways lead
And then each then comes up to another door
Which leads into a room which is the same
So we wander through that we label time
From hall to door, to hall to door again
And never yet an ending have we seen

Silver





ROW 2: Bree Chisholm, Lucy Buchanan, Belinda Conway, Erin Dixon, Tessa Boer-Mah, Holly Fisher, Nikki Curthoys, Alex Clark
 FRONT: Arani Chandrapavan, Vythehi Elango, Michelle Cheung, Katie Bird, Mayet Costello, Anna Ceguerra, Rebecca Edwards, Jessamin Clissold.

ROW 4: Lani Cummins, Daniel Archibald, Sam Bowring, Tom Brandon, George Clemens, David Bishop.
 ROW 3: Dylan Behan, Sherman Cheung, Warren Chan, Salvatore Barbagallo, Jamie Cibej, Tae-Ho Choi, Simon Chan, Gareth Edwards.



ROW 2 Luke Hall, Tony Kerle, Alex Gray, Ben Lachs, Matthew Lau, Luke Ismay, Daniel Iwata.
 FRONT: Shiyo Hayashi, Nicolle Lane, Lisa Foley, Heidi Hunt, Julitha Haras, Denim Francis, Julia Kang, Alicia Koh

ROW 4: Chris Hatward-Jenkins, Nicholus Hefferman, Matthew Jones, Joshua Hey-Cunningham, Stephen Harvey, Seamus Geraghty.
 ROW 3: Kenneth Lai, Nathan Gee, Brooke Harrison, Paul Garrett Emma Keogh, Liam Hogan, Keely Fitzgerald, Darren Ho.



ROW 2: Minh Ngo, Asher Livingston, Daniel Montoya, George Nguyen, Thanh-Loi Ngo, Finn McCall, Derek Lee.
 FRONT: Monica Ng, Annie Liao, Kate Matarese, Eliza Maunsell, Kate Michie, Sarah Lyford, Sythany Leang, Elizabeth Mole.

ROW 4: Andrew Lovett, Ashwin Lobo, Ned Molesworth, Digby Mitchell, Leon Moran, Gaurav Mathur
 ROW 3: Andrew Monk, Azhar Munas, James McQuillan, Chris Low, Dale Leong, Roald Mafessanti, Robbie Morris.



ROW 2: Chris Stefani, Courtney, Simon Paterson, James Russell-Wills, Long Nguyen, Frank Sainsbury, Raphael Stephens.
 FRONT: Nicola Patterson, Lucy Quinn, Fiona Parsons, Bridie Rushton, Juliette Ra, Nicole Seeto, Sonia Ramdev.

ROW 4: Matthew Peat, Daryl Singh, Philip O'Sullivan, James Ryan, David Sebastian.
 ROW 3: Billie Jean Sia, Brooke Richards, Michael Slavin, Hugh O'Neill, Sean Read-Thompson, Alex Roberts, Kathryn Rae.



ROW 2: Brendan Willenberg, Hani Zaitoun, Nick Whiting,
Ryan Thompson, Juliano Youn, Brendan Willmott.

FRONT: Heidi Wenden, Suzanne Vo, Hannah Wolfson, Lisa Wong,
Priscilla Wong, Kristy Wellfare, Sarah Tran

ROW 4: Peter Stewart, Alexander Tomlinson, Nicholas Wilcox,
Peter Von Konigsmark, Aaron Willett, Jeremy Yuen.

ROW 3: Sarah Wood, Jacob Stone, Danny Vieira, George Wang,
Alex Yuen, Andrew Watson, Emily Swift



FRONT: Ellen Man, Pauline Lam, Clare Li, Lei Chen, Janice Rose,
Janet Yao, Sue-Jean Lee.

ROW 3: Bayan Khalili, Edward Bicioc, Andrew Cheung, Michael Taylor,
John Lee, Samuel Joo, David Le.

ROW 2: Anna Isaacs, Sina Lam, Sarah Hannan, William Shui, Julia Loc,
Amanda Parker, Noy Sairlao.

YEAR TEN SCHOOL CERTIFICATE ADDRESS

Someone asked me recently: "Why are you having a special evening for Year 10 when the School Certificate doesn't mean anything?" A student nearby came to my rescue with the reply: "It *doesn't* mean anything unless you *don't* have one. Then it means everything!" I thought at the time that this was a pretty good answer, but it's only now, as I stand before you, that I am able to articulate my own response to that question. If the School Certificate means so little, then why are there so many parents, family members, students and teachers here tonight?

I should like to add my personal and sincere congratulations to all Year 10 for having reached this significant stage in their education. I must say, however, that the past two years leading to the School Certificate have not been easy for all students. For some, it was touch and go as to whether or not they would even qualify. Those students who found themselves at times close to the edge will have gained enormously from the experience, and should be able to take with them over the next years a clearer set of goals and the knowledge that they can do it.

In a selective high school it is often all too easy for parents, students and teachers to make assumptions about success: the assumption that equates success with marks out of one hundred; the assumption that success should come as easily to all; and the assumption that a lack of visible success necessarily means failure. Nothing could be further from the truth. Each and every one of the students being presented here tonight is a success in his or her own way; and each is a success for one or many different reasons.

I should now like to mention just a few of the fine achievements of Year 10 students in 1996, in areas that have nothing to do with academic pursuits, but which have contributed significantly to the holistic education of the students.

Our Year 10 members on the Student Representative Council

Anila Azhar Jim Kalotheos Claudine Lyons Luke Manderson Thomas Molitemo Wendy Morrison Claudia Mills Tennille Noach

have worked magnificently and selflessly all year, supporting the school community in a variety of worthwhile projects. Their contribution is greatly appreciated, and we know that they will continue to be fine ambassadors for the Fort Street name.

When 15 and 16 year olds voluntarily give up their own time to attend meetings at night to discuss school issues, or to speak at Drug Education seminars outside of school hours, then you know that these young people are very special indeed, I am, of course, referring to the school's two student representatives on the School

Council - both from Year 10 - Claudine Lyons and Wendy Morrison. The job they are required to do is often a thankless one, and one which usually goes unseen by the general school community. Well, I think that tonight is now the appropriate time to thank Claudine and Wendy.

Music has always had a high profile at Fort Street and Year 10's contribution to this profile has been and will continue to be significant. Two students in particular stand out in 1996. Representing Fort Street in the NSW Schools Performing Orchestra, and performing in a number of major cities throughout Europe on an arduous but nevertheless exciting month long tour, were Andrew Cram and Renata Murru,

Lastly, but certainly by no means least, congratulations to Lisa Collins who is not here tonight because she is currently in Europe on a 3 week tour with the Australian School Girls Soccer Team.

As a year Adviser, it is almost impossible not to hear warning bells sound when we think that students might be overcommitting themselves with their many and varied interests. But you need only look at the academic record of all the students I've just mentioned to realise immediately that there is nothing at all to worry about. Fort Street students have the self-motivation, the energy and the capacity to excel in any number of spheres of interest at one time, and without having to sacrifice their academic goals. And this Year 10 is no exception.

In spite of our ups and downs, in spite of our many conflicts, and in spite of the fact that I shall continue to pursue them relentlessly when things go wrong, I still claim that I am the luckiest Year Adviser at Fort Street. Year 10 I salute you! Enjoy the evening.

Paul Grecki.



Year Ten Report

Ha, ha, ha. And to think we actually thought that this year we'd have to settle down and work! How naive.

1996 began with sharpened pencils and the resolution "I really must start to work" but it ended with leaky pens and an updated resolution, "I really must start to work - next year."

So what were the main events of this year? What will we all look back on with fondness, and possibly regret?

Well, to start off with we had the year 10 camp to Canberra. Out of 150 students, 30 lucky, hand picked Fortians were privileged enough to travel in style in the "Millward mobile," a mini bus which would comfortably seat about five people. Our sanity was pushed even further by non stop "easy listening" music blasting through the speakers. The whole grade was given a treat and taken to the movies where quality films such as "Screamers" were on show.

The most horrifying experience occurred not in the movie theatre, but at dinner. No, we're not talking about the food, just the way a mature member of our grade decided to consume it, namely, eating lettuce through his nose. Although quite disgusting to witness, you can only admire his skill.

This year's year 10 were the lucky last to participate in compulsory work experience. Although the laid-back organisation of it was not appreciated by Mr Canty, everyone enjoyed a great two weeks sampling life in the so-called "real world".

We can't possibly compile a year 10 report without mentioning the social event of the 1996, the FORMAL! The 8th of November, the night of nights took place at the respectable establishment "Castel D'oro" which was chosen because of its price, tasteful interiors and because Tom "Gun" Moliterno gave it his seal of approval.

Well, to sum up the formal in one word, what can we say? Sensational. We were kept entertained by the break-dancing king (who wishes to remain unnamed). Infact, lots of people took to the dance floor in a gyrating frenzy. Apart from the lack of an after-party, a happy, fun night was had by all. We'd like to thank the formal commitee for all their efforts. We've already used up too much room, and have barley touched on the extent of activities which occurred in 1996 (the year of parties), so we'll try to finish things off. We'd like to farewell on behalf of our entire grade all of our close friends who are leaving Fort Street to pursue goals at other places. We'll all miss you guys.

Well, that's it. that's our account of what happened this year, minus the romances, the sordid affairs, the party gossip, and, oh yeah, the School Certificate.

But now the festive season approaches and Year 10 has to attempt to fill our mammoth 2 month holiday - the party season continues.

By Clare Britton & Rachel Jackson



Through the blanket of oppressive clouds sinking about the arid landscape, the outline of a house remained unobscured in the distance. The usual howling winds remained uncannily silent as though some higher force had suddenly commanded their cessation. The dilapidated screen doors did not creak in their comforting manner and an eerie atmosphere descended upon the house. The only sounds were the shrieks and hollering voices of the children radiating from the shack which reverberated and echoed over the undulating hills.

From within its paint and crayon stained walls, a similar picture of melancholy prevailed. In amongst the scattered pieces of worn, upholstered furniture around which the fantasy land of her young children was created, a young woman sat dejectedly immersed in her own thoughts. She had a strong, sturdy face which was worn from the harsh, arid climate and was an ever present reminder of the traumas she had been confronted with her entire life. Her lustreless eyes were a reflection of her monotonous existence. Unable to work and burdened by the mound of never ending housework created by the tyrannical children, she remained imprisoned in her own dilapidated house, condemned never to escape this arid landscape and return to civilisation. She remained motionless as the children scampered around her and their constant nagging failed to reach the interior of her soul whereto she had withdrawn herself.

Far in the distance of the hills, she discerned the revving of an engine approaching and as if struck by lightning she was roused immediately. Frank had returned once again. An expression of fear and anxiety contorted her face as her mind dwelled upon those painful memories, of the constant trepidation through the endless nights when Frank had worked in the mines nearby and returned home every night. Nowadays, after the mines had been demolished due to safety conditions, Frank had resorted to working in the city in order to maintain a constant income. At least in that aspect, he was decent and considered their financial welfare. He had phoned the previous night to inform them of his return, however, the panic which presently swept across her had only been triggered by the familiar, all too terrifying roar of the land rover. She lightly fingered her cheekbone and arm which bore his mark even now. Intense pain still rushed over her when Amy or Sam accidentally bumped her in their playful games.

Her parents had constantly warned her of Frank's reputation, yet she had stubbornly disregarded their pleas. Now isolated in the vast and monotonous landscape, far from her friends and relations, she possessed few means of escape. Frank's baseless threats intimidated her constantly and she had resorted to remaining silent in order not to aggress his temper and experience his violence thrusting over her cowering body and his harsh exertion of built up tension on her, leaving an unsightly picture of black and blue. Amy and Sam suddenly transformed into lifeless, little corpses during Frank's home stay periods, unwilling to challenge his taunts and intimidation.

The gravel in the driveway cracked like a warning of a fire gradually kindling and transforming into a rampant wildfire ferociously blazing all in its path. As she saw his scowling face at the sight of the squalid interior when he entered the door, her hopes of reconciliation flew out that very same door. Silently, he entered and silent he remained until she mentioned her thoughts of moving back to the city. Fiercely, his harsh eyes set in that compassionless face lit up with contempt. Almost immediately the wildfire arose within him and her parched the very spirit from her. As she dared to contradict his mighty self, she received her painful retribution and thereafter immediately withdrew to the sanctuary of her bedroom.

The next morning she rose early, stealthily creeping through the house to collect her belongings together. She had to escape. The children awoke mumbling quietly in fear and anxiety. They possessed no full comprehension of their father's heartless and cruel nature, but were nevertheless eager for an adventurous 'excursion' to the city. Silently, they withdrew from the hellish den of the sleeping monster into the tranquillity of the fresh and vibrant morning. No birds chirped and the valley of death remained quiet as they commenced their trek to the nearest small village. Terror was nibbling around her mind like a mouse on the mouldy cheese of a trap as she thought she was slowly moving closer into the jaws of death.

She convinced the children that all was well, though they recognised the hint of fear in her voice. Slowly, but deliberately they increased the distance between themselves and the shack and after several hours of complaining from the mouths of the children the village appeared in their vision. Joyously they arrived in the town centre and scraping together her small amount of savings, she purchased the bus tickets of escape to an infinite sanctuary - the city, her home. As they embarked on the bus, she suddenly the extent of her deed and an uncomfortable sense of guilt descended upon her. Frank had not always been unmerciful, he had always provided sufficient financial support and perhaps she deserved all she received from him she shamefully thought. Her conscience betrayed her and she rose from seat 34 and descended from the bus. Bewildered, Sam and Amy followed her like forlorn, lost sheep. She retreated to the bus shelter and the tears began to gently trickle down the contours of her weathered face. She realised that after twelve years with Frank, he had gradually worn her down, sucked out her will to resist and moulded her to suit his purposes. The children gently comforted her, though not understanding the feelings of their emotionally-disabled mother.

After an hour of mixed emotions, the revving of Frank's land rover sounded in the distance. He had known exactly where she was headed and she confronted the fact that she would never be able to escape from him, even when she escaped his compassionless eyes. Silently, they climbed into the land rover and sped back through the sombre, sleeping landscape which was unaware of the frightening fate awaiting in the shack in the valley of death.

Tanya Lambert

The Ballad of John and Yoko... and Cynthia... and Paul and Linda... and George and Pattie... and Eric Clapton... and many hundreds of women... and er, the other one!

*Standing on the stage at the Cavern,
Trying to get to the top.
All the old standards, hits of the time:
They climb upon rock, beat, and pop.*

*At the Art College, Cyn Powell
Johnny Boy took her to bed.
She told him about the bun in the oven
So quickly they were wed.*

*Their rise to fame was a winding road
Paved with number one song.
The fans wanted to 'hold their hands'
It seemed they could do no wrong.*

*Ringo was next, with little Maureen.
Dunno what they saw in each other.
She was to be 'a Taste of Honey'
Though he bashed her he made her a mother.*

*On the set of A Hard Day's Night
George and Pattie were en route
On the path of marriage too.
(She in a fur, he in a suit.)*

*In '66 their tours did cease,
Their music was gettin' real crap.
So they flew off to India to meditate
With the Maharishi and take a nap.*

*But before their trip to India
They made a film for the tube
Called Magical Mystery Tour.
Y'know. Goo Goo G'Joob!*

*While making The Beatles (White Album)
Poor Ringo wanted out.
But the other three guys welcomed him back
With flowers all about.*

*They went on a show called David Frost
And played a really gear tune.
People joined in all about
With the nah nah nah nahs of 'Hey Jude'.*

*At the new studios and on the roof top
Fighting and upset abounded.
No-one wanted to 'Let it Be'
You can tell, the way it sounded.*

*Paul and Linda went to their wedding.
So did a great big crowd.
Eight days later, John married Yoko
In Gibraltar, then travelled around.*

*They met one last time at Abbey Road Studios:
They had to 'make it tidy'.
Lots of great tracks, from the first to the last,
Like 'I Want You (She's So Heavy)'.*

*'73 Pattie left George
Clapton called her with strains of 'Layla'.
George consented to play at their wedding:
He thought he had been the failure.*

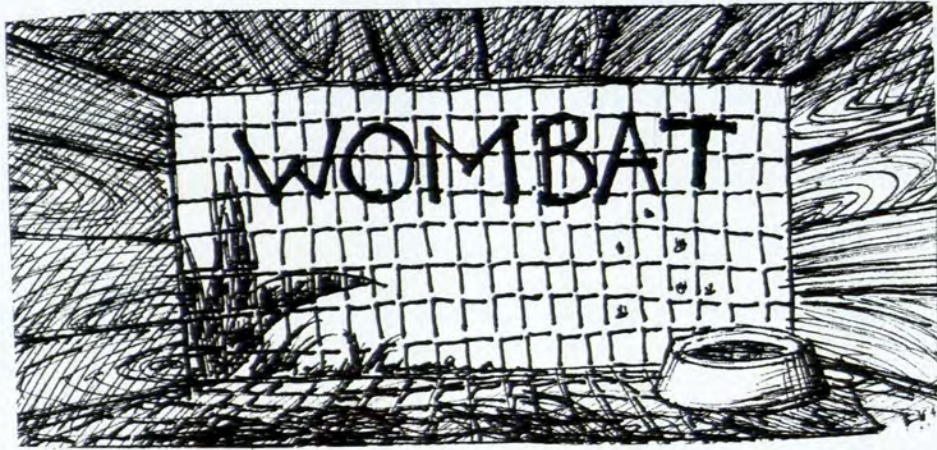
*Ringo's violence and alcoholism
Meant he was left by his wife.
Now he's with James Bond's Barbara Bach
Rebuilding his life.*

*Away on a farm in Scotland
Paul is still happy with Linda.
They do their own washing, have many an animal,
As well as many kinder.*

*'80 Mark Chapman came along
With a gun full of lead.
Bang Bang Bang Bang
John is dead.*

*Tiffany Basili, Kit Morrell,
and Vanessa Owens, year 10.*





In my whole life, my very first memories are perhaps the most unpleasant. Cold, darkness, the smell of death and motor vehicles, then being carried away in something rough -not at all like my mother's pouch- with too much pressure around my middle.

I've been here at least two years, I think.

I was handraised by humans, bottle fed, with a lifeless calico bag replacing my mother's feeling pouch. They fed me the wrong milk at first, it seems, and I got the runs. The food was soon changed, however, and I recovered and began to grow. I was frequently lifted from my bag for a pat and a feed, which was nice, despite the fact that the patting put me on edge, because I was always hungry.

When the air turned cold for the first time and I began to eat solid food, I was moved from my bag into a box in a small room with a hard, cold, tiled floor. I had more time to myself, more food, and I continued growing.

Now my world is one divided by a metal grid between me and the sunshine. There is wire around me a wire grid floor beneath, and wooden decking above me. I live in a roughly fashioned pen beneath the back verandah, built just well enough to prevent me from escaping, but with enough sharp edges and protruding ends of wire to allow me to become snagged and scratch myself quite badly. Instinctively, I yearn for something wilder, with soft, fragrant soil...

There is not very much light in here. Sunlight slants in under my decking roof only at the narrowest angle at the earliest hours. In the mornings, just before, being mostly nocturnal, I should be going to sleep, I often think about how much I would love to venture outside... To forage for real, live growing food, to taste the morning dew, and to dig a little.

The gridded floor in here is very hard on my feet. The pain is worsened by the fact that I cannot dig to keep the length of my claws in check. The innermost claws on my forefeet had begun growing very long, curling up over my toes, when one caught on the wire of the floor, and broke off at the base. It bled all evening.

That was a while ago, but it still hurts. I think it's infected from the floor in here. What wouldn't be. My pen is fetid with my own waste, but I have no way of cleaning it up. I wish one of the humans would notice. If they do, I hope they care...

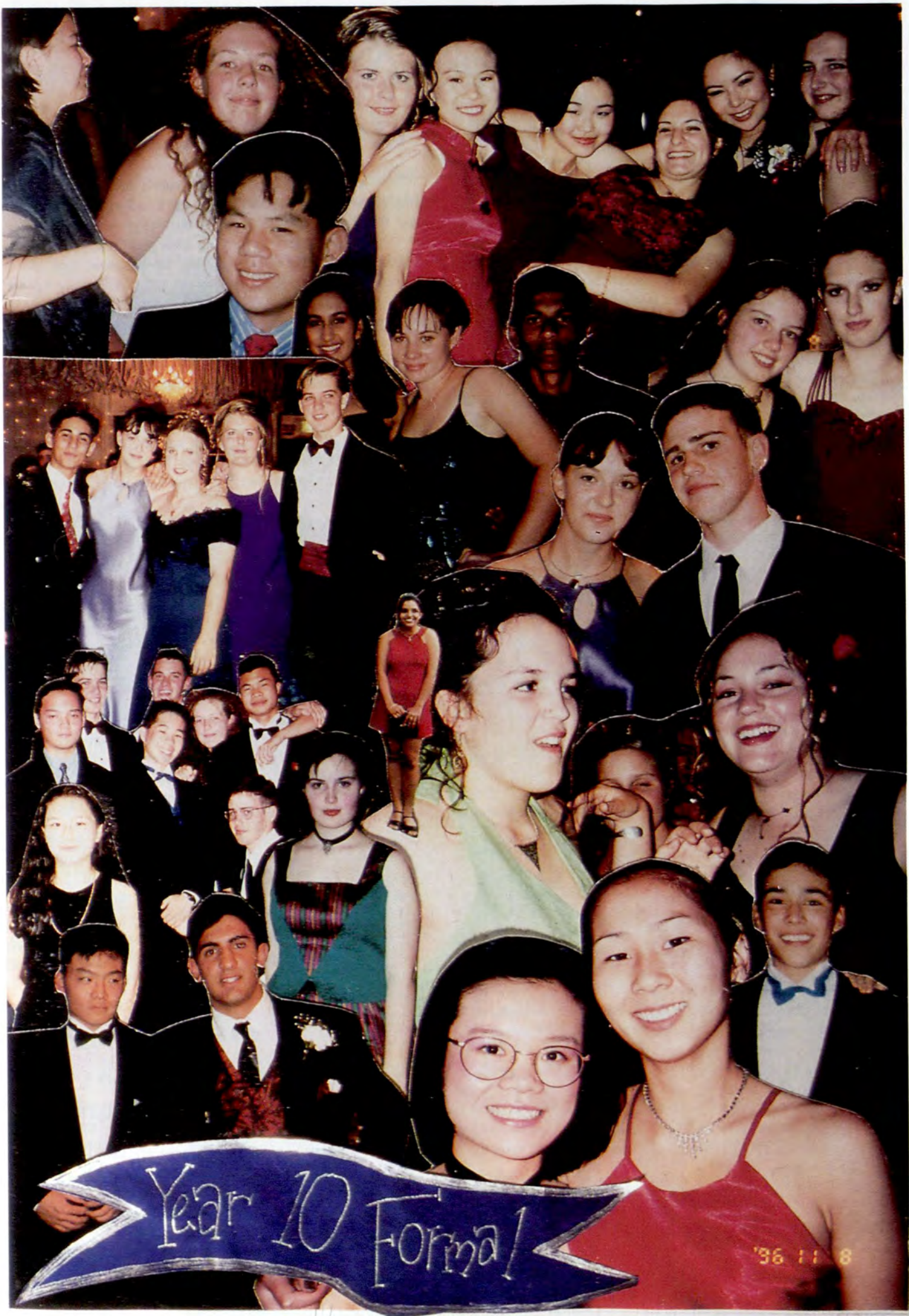
How I wish they would notice my overgrown nails, my infected foot, and my raw, fly-bitten ears. But they hardly ever look at me anymore, except to dump a little food in my filthy bowl of an evening, and a little water. I'm never allowed out or patted anymore. It's like they're hiding me down here.

Let me correct my first statement. My whole life is unpleasant. On a sweltering summer's day when the sun withers the weeds and I cannot sleep for the flies on my ears, all I can do is hunch in my pen, unable to move scarcely a body length in any direction. Even those limp weeds are just out of my reach. To eat I have only a few hard pellets, in a bowl that is never cleaned.

Then the rain begins to fall, and the atmosphere changes completely. It's raining now. The excrement that lines the floor of my cage is turning to mud around me, sticking to my fur and irritating my sore foot, as the rain comes in at too sharp an angle. Wind and rain: it is cold, and I begin to find my pellets even less appetising.

So cold... I begin to cough... It is a strange sound...

By Kit Morrell Year 10



Year 10 Formal

'96 11 8



Donation Day

Morning. The sun penetrates a gap in the curtains, forming a ray of light, dissecting my body in one clean cut down between the eyes. I awake slowly to find the intruding light of the luminescent bedside light forcing my eyes to read it. The bedside light is an ebony coloured plastic treated to make it look like its made of metal. It has luminous lines of purple crystals that look like they were formed by a borrowing worm inhabiting the clock. The lines of light emanating from the clock informed me that today was Donation Day.

Donation Day was set-up several decades ago to increase the efficiency of the evolution of the human race. It was designed to help nature weed out the weak members of the species so that only the strong remain. On every boy's sixteenth birthday they are considered to have come of age and so their time has come for them to make a donation. The process of making a donation, a harmless one, is where the boy is required to make a donation of seminal fluid to the local gene bank and then be sterilised. If at a later stage the boy can prove his genes are worth being allowed to re-enter society, his genes are mixed with his partners creating a supposedly better person. The whole point of this was to stop the uneducated from reproducing at a rapid rate and reducing the capacity of the human race.

All the preparation I had been given for Donation Day hadn't scared me but finally on the morning when it was to happen I was scared. I mean what right do they have to take away from me the one element that defines who I am sexually. Slowly I rise from my bed trying to decide why I'm so worried, every MAN had made a donation.

Mother had bought them only yesterday. methodically I put on the clothes the same way I had been shown to every day for the past month. First comes the long white trousers to symbolise perfection and divinity, then the bright saffron shirt to symbolise the sun and the bright future ahead, and finally the black leather shoes to show a future without donation.

Then a voice penetrated my thoughts coming from outside my door, "Son are you dressed? You must hurry or you'll be late!"

"Just a minute mother I'm not quite ready yet!", I replied.

My mother is a simple woman who believes that the Donation Foundation can do no wrong, I don't agree with her. She prides herself on her manners and her command of English. She was born on a small country farm, where she was brought up to believe that the world revolved around good manners and being able to speak properly.

I emerged from my bedroom to find my mother dressed in her best dress, a long black dress made of silk with a design depicting birth of the universe embedded into the dress with golden wire.

"Will you hurry up or we're going to be late!". As she spoke I heard clash somewhere in the recess of my mind. Did she really expect me to go through with this and not be scared.

"Mum?"

"Yes son"

"I'm scared I don't want to make a donation." All of a sudden her face went pale and I swear I could see fire in her eyes.

"Son. It's not just for your own good that you make a donation. it helps all of society to progress, you do understand that don't you?"

"Yes mum. It's just that I'm losing the only thing that defines who I am sexually. Why should I lose what I prize so highly when not a single member of the female gender has to be castrated?"

"Son, don't talk like that! Castrated is not a nice word, that's what you do to your dog. The correct word is sterilised."

"But that's what it is it's castration of the male gender!" My face turned bright red as I attempted to control my anger, so my mother walked away keeping her cool, as always.

Slowly as I walked down stairs I began to think about what it would mean if I didn't make a donation. First to escape making a donation I would have to run away from home and be continually on the move, your not welcome anywhere if you've come of age and not made a donation. Then there is the problem of surviving...

Suddenly my thoughts are abruptly interrupted as I am seized on either side by two men with black uniforms bearing emblems of the Donation Foundation. I struggled but its no use, they are too strong. The one on my left rolls up my sleeve as I see him take out a syringe. I struggled harder but its as if even the will of God could not stop these two. He slid the needle into my arm and injected a clear substance into it. I fought, I struggled but it was no use they weren't budging. Slowly I became dizzy and I found it hard to keep my eyes open, then...darkness

When I regained conscious I found myself in a bed. It was located in a white hospital room with propaganda posters for the Donation Foundation on every wall. I then realised that I was in the Donation Centre. A small Japanese nurse entered my room, she could not have been more than five feet tall with small beady eyes that concentrated on me as if I was about to leap out of my bed and make a run for it.

"How are you feeling today?" She asked in an unmistakable Japanese accent.

"Okay I guess," I replied. "But what happened? I realise I'm in the local Donation Centre gene bank but how?"

"It is always the way now. No one comes here of their free will. On the day men are brought here by force. Its safer."

I was shocked. I never had a choice, I could never of run away. Why though?

"If all the community respects the Donation Foundation and its work why use force to bring me and all the other donors here?"

"You see its quite natural to be afraid of making a donation just like you were today. In fact everyone gets scared. Every single one. That's why we bring them all here by force to make sure that no one escapes and gives into fear."

"So I guess I have to make a donation now?"

"No. You already have. The donation and sterilisation was a complete success. Your mother is waiting in the lobby, you can go home now."

"You mean it already happened? I don't participate in it at all?"

"No. You had better get going its just about dinner time and you'll find that after the operation you'll be quite hungry."

I gathered enough strength to get out of bed and make my way to the lobby. The small nurse escorting me the whole way. My mother raced up to me and gave me a big hug.

"I'm sorry I couldn't tell you that you were going to be taken by force but no one is allowed to tell and that includes you."

"That's okay mum. I forgive you."

So my mum and I both turned and started to walk out of the lobby when I heard the nurse yell something out to me.

"Oh, and by the way, welcome to manhood!"

Cameron Maxwell, Year 10



*The world is a bore
Imagination is the way
But the problem is
The dreams never stay*

*I'm always dreaming
But they never come true
All of my days
I spend dreaming of you*

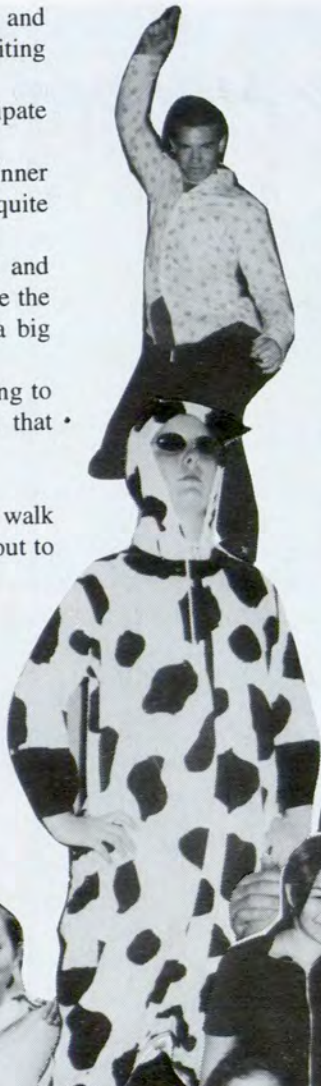
*When you see me
You look the other way
When we were together
You led me astray*

*I don't understand it
We were so in love
Then one day
You just called it off*

*Are there any reasons
For what you've done
I loved you so much
And now you've gone*

*You treated me bad
But I took it all
So goodbye my love
Once and for all.*

Jasmine Stark, year 10.



Old and Old New

A milkshake maker.

Old. yellow, disgusting.

*Its interior filled with dead bugs
And old flaky paint.*

A gift.

A truly insulting gift.

From my grandfather.

Found sitting in his kitchen

Since before my mother's wedding.

The blade falling to bits.

Melting, and covered with grease.

Kitchen Master it says on the side.

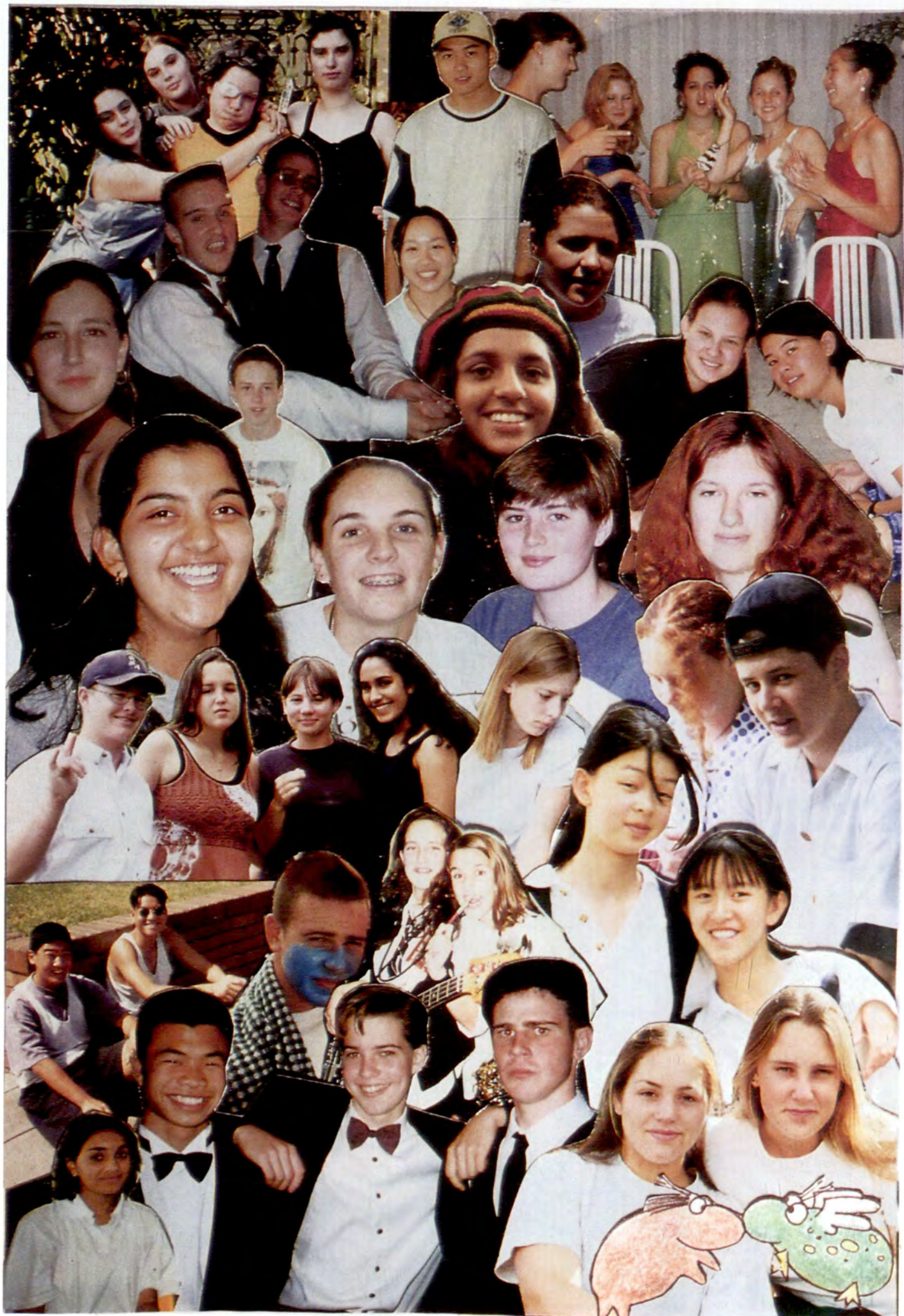
Perhaps before the war, but not now.

I do not wish to look at it.

Alone in a corner it stands.

Tiffany Basili, year 10.







A Place of My Own

By Alexandra Peard

*It's a cosy lounge in a quiet, warm room,
A cramped space on the peak hour train.
It's lying on the beach looking up at the
moon,
Or in my yard, on the grass, in the rain.*

*It's reading a book, in my bed, at night,
As the rain hits the window so loud.
It's sinking into the corner, unseen,
unheard,
Outcast by the rest of the crowd.*

*It's lying on my back in a field of green,
Letting shadows dance over my face.*

*When I'm walking bare-foot in the mud
after the rain,
I find myself in that place.*

*It's a place I visit all the time,
Where I can be who I want to be.
Beautiful, heroic, courageous, or bold,
Or even just plain old me.*

*It's the place at the very back of my
mind,
Reserved for good thoughts alone.
A place where I can be happy always,
I call it a place of my own.*



Floating.

I am floating above it all.

I can see things clearly.

No mortal insecurities to weigh me down.

Nothing blocking my vision.

I see someone.

Someone from my past.

Someone from my future.

But not yet. Soon.

I am falling.

Falling to the earth.

Falling to reality.

Falling. Straight into his arms.

He doesn't let me fall.

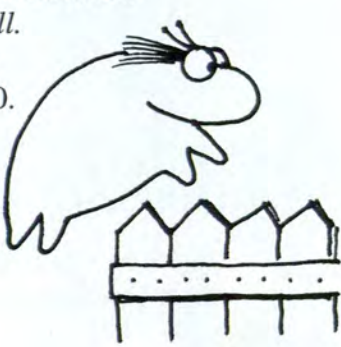
Earth is not so bad.

Anonymous, year 10.



Sir! Sir!
He Hit me!

WELL DONT
TELL ME! GO
HIT 'IM BCK!



ROW 4: Ben Damon, Robbie Austen, Pratyush Chalasani, James Denham,
William Chan, Andrew Cram, Timothy Bowen.

ROW 3: Nathan Denton, Tiffany Basili, Nicole Dann, Clare Britton, Naomi de
Costa Fionnuala Browne, Howard Chan, Brian Bahari.

ROW 2: Cyrus An, Jose Argueta, Nick Coleman, Ernest Chan,
Yadhaev Balagiritharan, Ricky Chen, Calvin Cheng.

FRONT: Anila Azhar, Binny Batra, Lisa Collins, Grace Cheung, Fawne Berkutow,
Georgina Davidson, Catherine Bocking, Amy Cheung.

YEAR: 10F





ROW 4: James Giffam, Chris Hayes, Peter Graham, Jonathon Dixon, Kit Johnston, Yanni Kronenberg, David Jenkinson, Peter Forward.
 ROW 3: Amy Hollingworth, Anthony Jenkin, Susan Kaboroff, Clio Gatesfoale, Jean Hannan, Chris Fitzpatrick, Thea Greenwood.
 ROW 2: James Findlay, Skandarupam Jayaratnam, Kubilay Kocak, Alan Kan, Jim Kalotheos, Nik Fritchley, Andrew Johnson.
 FRONT: Leah Hopkinson, Rachel Jackson, Katrina Goh, Jiyong Jeong, Lynda Duncan, Natasha Fong, Genevieve Gittins, Sophia Herscovitch.
 YEAR: 10 O

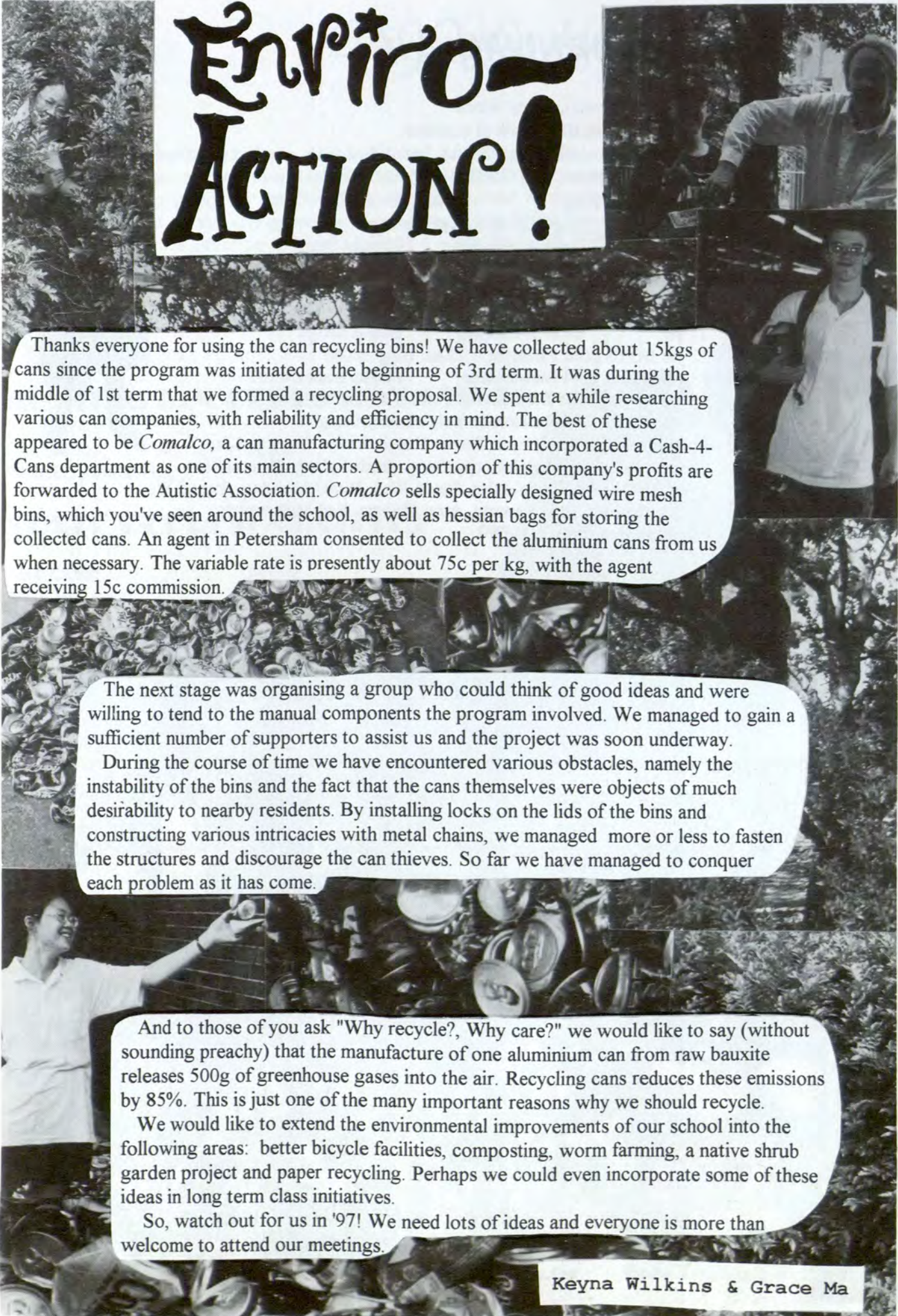
ROW 4: Darren Ma, Krish Mandal, Luke Manderson, Chris Migocki, Ben Lashbrook.
 ROW 3: Claudine Lyons, Tania Lambert, Owen Macindoe, Brendan McCready, Claudia Mills, Kit Morrell.
 ROW 2: Yiplee Leung, Phil Morgan, Luke Mitchell, Kam-Fai Ma, Thomas Molitemo, Camron Maxwell, Beum-Soo Lee.
 FRONT: Sonya Louey, Ingrid Lane, Tiffany Malins, Sumita Maharaj, Tessa Lunney, Grace Ma, Jenny Lin, Jane Min.
 YEAR: 10 R





ROW 4: Ned Tillyer, Chris Stabback, David Wall, Andrew Yam, Alan Tang, Daniel Tan, Thomas Richards, Jane O'Sullivan, Ben Smith, Timothy Newman, Wendy Morrison, Marc Ridyard.
 ROW 3: Kingston Soo, Jeremy Wee, Aleksander Ustaszewski, Roderick Smith, Mark Stephens, Joshua Watson, Steven Yee, Jenny Parkes, Mark Notaras, Steven Ng, Travis Nippard, John Murray, Ranjit Murali, Jonathon Shaw, Alexandra Peard.
 ROW 2: Robert Trinh, Keyna Wilkins, Hai Tran, Priscilla Wong, Jasmine Stark, Jenny Thai, Andrew Wan, Nick Prokhovnik, Minh Huy Nguyen, Beau Reid, Ben Murphy, Paul Saciri, Con Parris, James Russell.
 FRONT: Michelle Summerville, Balya Sriram, Anna Valpiani, Jayda Tham, Kate Toupein, Apesha Srivastava, Shirly Tran, Thuy Nguyen, Vanessa Owens, Pippa Scott, Frances Quinn, Renata Murru, Tennille Noach, Prashanthi Nadarajah, Shubangi Ramgopal.
 YEAR: 10 I





Enviro- ACTION!

Thanks everyone for using the can recycling bins! We have collected about 15kgs of cans since the program was initiated at the beginning of 3rd term. It was during the middle of 1st term that we formed a recycling proposal. We spent a while researching various can companies, with reliability and efficiency in mind. The best of these appeared to be *Comalco*, a can manufacturing company which incorporated a Cash-4-Cans department as one of its main sectors. A proportion of this company's profits are forwarded to the Autistic Association. *Comalco* sells specially designed wire mesh bins, which you've seen around the school, as well as hessian bags for storing the collected cans. An agent in Petersham consented to collect the aluminium cans from us when necessary. The variable rate is presently about 75c per kg, with the agent receiving 15c commission.

The next stage was organising a group who could think of good ideas and were willing to tend to the manual components the program involved. We managed to gain a sufficient number of supporters to assist us and the project was soon underway.

During the course of time we have encountered various obstacles, namely the instability of the bins and the fact that the cans themselves were objects of much desirability to nearby residents. By installing locks on the lids of the bins and constructing various intricacies with metal chains, we managed more or less to fasten the structures and discourage the can thieves. So far we have managed to conquer each problem as it has come.

And to those of you ask "Why recycle?, Why care?" we would like to say (without sounding preachy) that the manufacture of one aluminium can from raw bauxite releases 500g of greenhouse gases into the air. Recycling cans reduces these emissions by 85%. This is just one of the many important reasons why we should recycle.

We would like to extend the environmental improvements of our school into the following areas: better bicycle facilities, composting, worm farming, a native shrub garden project and paper recycling. Perhaps we could even incorporate some of these ideas in long term class initiatives.

So, watch out for us in '97! We need lots of ideas and everyone is more than welcome to attend our meetings.

Keyna Wilkins & Grace Ma

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Weather Forecast: Heavy rain, strong winds.

Day: Light drizzle, small pockets of sunshine.

Highlights: Watermelon *accidentally* smashed by Senior Blue boys who lost wrestle

Winners: GOLD 595, BLUE 550, GREEN 469, RED 441.

Champions: 12 yrs Liam Tong Joanna Wood

13 yrs Fergus Beams Kate Brennan

14 yrs Thomas Hollyoake Claresta Seto
Robert Lawson

15 yrs Leigh Louey-Gung Sarah Johnson

16 yrs Chris Hayes Heidi Wenden

17 yrs Ewan McDonald Emma Keogh

Records: 12 yrs BOYS 50M Freestyle Liam Tong 35.42

13 yrs BOYS 50M Breaststroke Fergus Beams 42.07

13 yrs GIRLS 50M Breaststroke Kate Brennan 43.39

15 yrs BOYS 50M Backstroke Leigh Louey-Gung

Zone Team: Robbie Austin, Chris Hayes, Emma Keogh, Robert Lawson, Liam Tong, Thomas Hollyoake, Leigh Louey-Gung, Sarah Lyford, Claresta Seto, Ewan McDonald, Simon Allen, David Wall, Pamel McAdam, Joanna Woo, Nathan Quinlan, Amy Lawson, Amy Chloran, Ned Molesworth, Fergus Beams, ~~Kate Brennan~~



DIVING



This year Amy Cloran, Natasha Blom, Sarah Lyford and Anna McIlwaine all successfully competed at Zone, then Regional, then State CHS Diving. Amy Cloran and Anna McIlwaine also then competed in the Combined All Schools, and as a result of this competition, Anna was selected in the diving section of the New South Wales Pacific School Games Team. These prestigious games are to be held in Perth 4 - 14th December 1996.



FORT STREET HALL OF FAME

AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVES

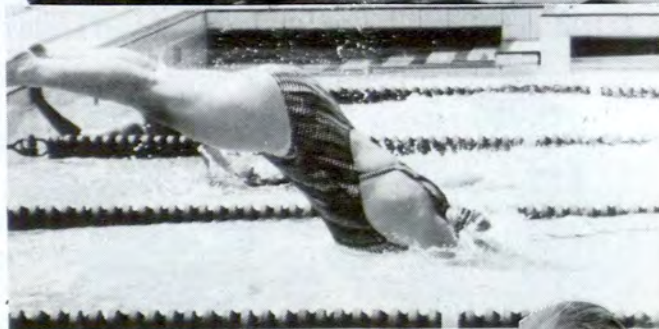
Lisa Collins Soccer
Michelle Summerville Softball

STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Amy Cloran Diving
Anna McIlwaine Diving
Emma Keogh Waterpolo
Nathan McLachlan Rugby Union

REGIONAL REPRESENTATIVES

Kate Brennan Swimming
Sarah Lyford Diving
Michelle Summerville Soccer
Ruth Jago Soccer
Liam Tong Athletics
Lisa Collins Athletics, Cross Country
Ben Day-Roche Tennis



CROSS COUNTRY

Weather Forecast: Rain decreasing, possible pockets of sunshine
Day: Heavy rain after a few pockets of sunshine.
Highlights: A character building day for all and sausages sizzled in the rain.
Champions:

12 yrs	Liam Tong	Lucy Holt
13 yrs	Rhys Heame	Beth Degvara
14 yrs	Kalon Huett	Tamara Pearson/ Alex McQuirk
15 yrs	Julian Bratton	Sarah Johnson
16 yrs	Andrew Cram/ Chris Hayes	Lisa Collins
17 yrs	Nathan McLachlan	Emma Keogh



Lisa Collins was ZONE AGE CHAMPION and was placed 27th at the CHS Carnival



WEATHER FORECAST: Heavy rain
DAY: Heavy rain, no pockets of sunshine.
HIGHLIGHTS: Being at the Sydney Athletics Stadium
WINNERS: GOLD 552, BLUE 549, GREEN 404, RED 361.

CHAMPIONS:

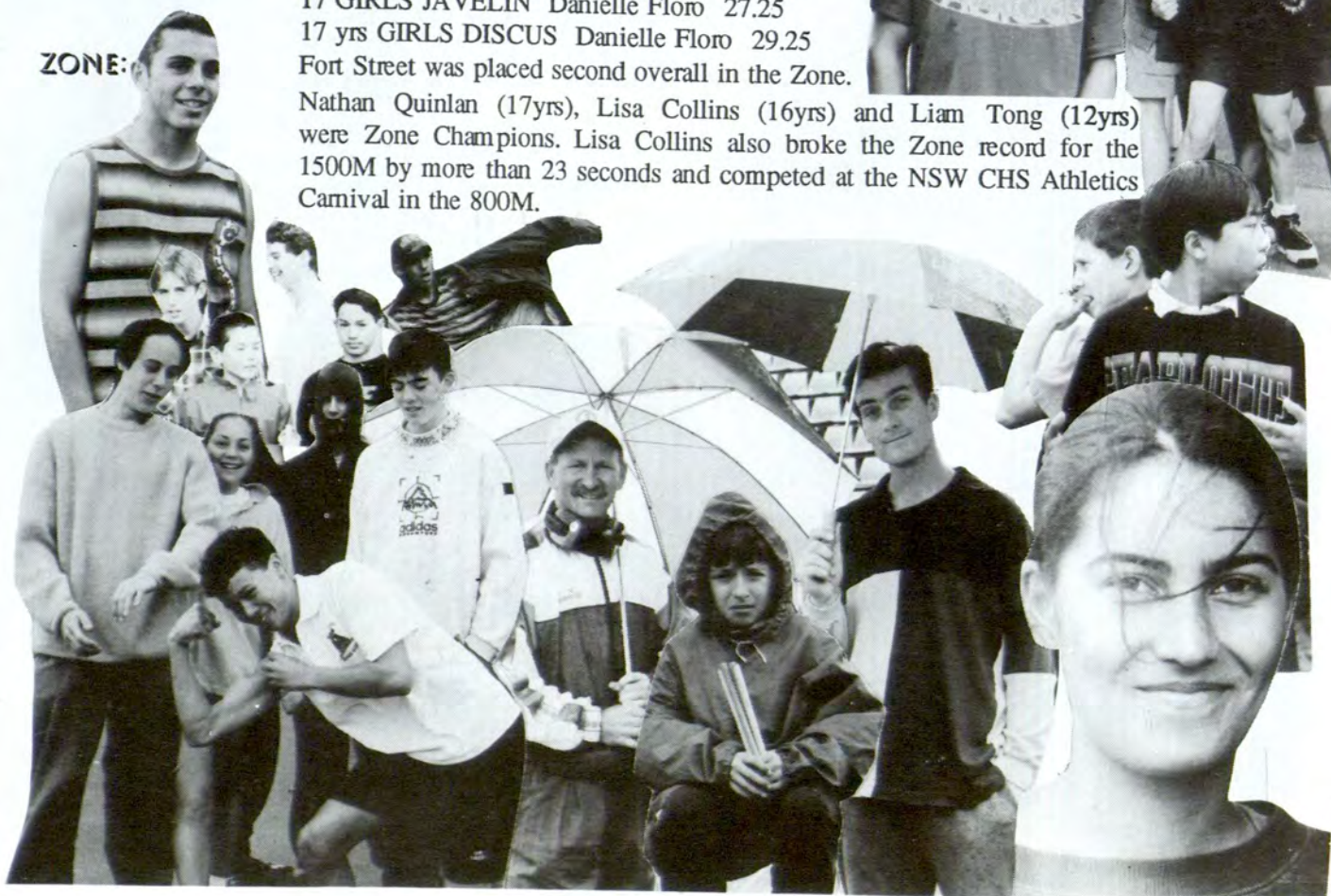
12 Yrs	Holly Phillip	Liam Tong
13 yrs	Kate Goudie	Alan Logan
14 yrs	Jocelin Kang	Anthony Mihaljek
15 yrs	Sarah Johnson	Ben Smith
16 yrs	Lisa Collins	Chris Hayes
17 yrs	Maria Kwiatkowski	Nathan Quinlan

RECORDS:

14 yrs BOYS 1500M	Anthony Mihaljek	5.23.13
15 yrs BOYS 100M	David Jenkinson	12.02
17yrs BOYS 800M	Nathan McLachlan	2.33.81
17 GIRLS JAVELIN	Danielle Floro	27.25
17 yrs GIRLS DISCUS	Danielle Floro	29.25

ZONE: Fort Street was placed second overall in the Zone.

Nathan Quinlan (17yrs), Lisa Collins (16yrs) and Liam Tong (12yrs) were Zone Champions. Lisa Collins also broke the Zone record for the 1500M by more than 23 seconds and competed at the NSW CHS Athletics Carnival in the 800M.



ENGLISH REPORT

Much of our attention has been focused on the proposed new senior syllabus that was to have begun in 1997. It has been delayed a year and we are grateful for that, but it will need to be amended significantly from its draft form for us to accept it. While it is inappropriate for me to go into the details of our concerns in this report (our response has been included in *Mercurius*), we believe there are many features of the draft proposal that render it unsuitable as a syllabus for students at a selective high school.

While I am expressing concerns about the direction of Senior English, I might as well include another. Two-thirds of our students attempt the demanding 2 Unit (Related) course. However across the state students, realising there are easier marks to be gained in one of the less demanding English courses, have drifted from the Related course to the point where it is being attempted by only eighteen percent of students. I am pleased to report that the Department, recognising that this group of students has been disadvantaged in its HSC mark (although not in the contribution of this mark towards the TER score), is adjusting this mark (upwards) from this year onwards.

At this point I will summarise briefly some of our activities for 1996.

Our inter-school debating teams brought credit on themselves and the school:

Year 12 won their zone, the region and were (very unlucky) runners-up in the state Year 11 were runners-up in their zone (defeated in the zone by the eventual state winners);

Year 8 took part in the Janene Bess Debating Competition for Selective High Schools, and displayed their skills on Open Day;

All junior years will take part in the inter-class debating competitions organised for the last weeks of the year;

The Staff comfortably defeated the students at the Open Day Debate (although the inexperienced audience thought otherwise). TOPIC: *That the HSC should be abolished.*

Mr Michael Anderson and Mr Ken Ambler should be thanked for the time given to preparing these teams. Although Mrs Hosking was unable to lend her skills to any team this year, including the super-successful Year 12, all groups have benefitted from the contribution she has made over the years.

Drama again featured significantly in 1996. There were two Junior Drama Nights and a Year 12 production of *The Real Inspector Hound*. I would like to express my admiration to Year 12 for taking on this demanding task and bringing it off with great verve and style; and once again I would like to express our appreciation to Ms Kyrsty Macdonald whose expertise and patience ensures the success of these productions. In addition to the productions listed above, *Cosi* and *The Seven Little Australians* are in the final stages of preparation under the guiding hands of Ms Andrea Connell and Mr John Suffolk respectively.

There was little joy on our excursion calendar this year. While each of the senior groups was taken out to a production related to its course (Year 11 *Othello*; Year 12 2UR *Hamlet*; Year 12 2UG *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*), nothing available impressed us for the juniors.

We always appreciate having experts offer their services to us and we certainly make use of their expertise if we possibly can. This year Tony Horler (parent) lectured to a group of Year 11 students on the language of advertising; Alex Buzo (writer) lectured to a group of Year 10 students on his play *Norm and Ahmed* (based on a Parramatta Road, Petersham, incident) and *Pacific Union* (about the famous Fortian H.V. "Doc" Evatt); and John Marsden (writer) lectured to a group of Year 7 on his novels.

Writing competitions always attract much activity. Highly commended in *The Sydney Morning Herald* Young Writer of the Year Competition were Jemima Mowbray and Jane O'Sullivan. Tamara Pearson earned second prize in Taronga Zoo's Poetry Writing Competition, and Heidi Hunt and Yada Treesukosol were commended in the Dorothea Mackellar Memorial Poetry Writing Competition. Dennis Singh, Hana Torsh, Heidi Hunt and Julia Kang received cheques for being published in *Crying Out*, an anthology of poetry.

1997 threatens more of the same. The staff will be preoccupied again considering the implications of the revised draft of the senior syllabus. In addition a new junior syllabus is expected for 1998. It too will warrant close consideration.



MATHS REPORT

The Mathematics Department is always busy.

The Maths Challenge for Young Australians, organised by Mrs Sally Baker and Mrs Mary Stamoulos, attracted record entries this year. ELAINE CHUI of Year 8 and VIET DUC HO of Year 7 both achieved EXCELLENT awards in the Junior Division. In the Senior Division JONATHON DIXON achieved a perfect score with RICKY CHEN and ANDREW YAM both achieving EXCELLENT AWARDS.

The Australian Computer Competition attracted high quality students. ANDREW TANG, YAN KIT LAM and KENNY MAI of Year 9 and PRATYUSH CHALASANI, CAMERON MAXWELL, JONATHON DIXON, NIK FRITCHLEY, BRENDAN McCREADY and RICKY CHEN of Year 10 were placed in the top 10%. The efforts of the Computing Studies teachers, Mr John Chung, Mr Hilaire Fraser and Mr Robert Hayes is greatly appreciated. The UNSW Mathematics Competition saw the brightest and best attempt a gruelling 4 hour marathon exam. JEFFREY CASTRO and TIM HU of Year 12 earned certificates in the Senior Division and JONATHON DIXON came THIRD overall in the Junior Division winning a prize of \$150.

The Talented Maths Students Day, facilitated by Ms Louise Beevers, was held at Oatley Campus by UNSW. HUY PHAM, MINH PHAN, BEN LAU, SARAH JOHNSON and ANNE LAM finished first in the Teams event and HUY PHAM showed his incredible skill by outstanding individual performances on the day.

The Australian Mathematics Competition yielded our best ever results. ANUJ GOEL was the best scorer in Year 7. In Year 8 we received five prizes. The winners were HOYAN NGAI, ELAINE CHUI, JEFFREY SEE, TOMME TSANG and CHARLES YEUNG. Year 9 students HUY PHAM and CHRISTOPHER JAMES both received prizes. HUY PHAM's result had the least number of wrong answers achieved by any student in our school. In Year 10 KINGSTON SOO and JONATHON DIXON earned prizes. PRISCILLA WONG was top scorer in Year 11. JEFFREY CASTRO and DENNIS MA won prizes in Year 12. The faculty hosted a morning tea for all the prize winners and Ms Connell presented the medals and cash accounts.

The Maths Enrichment Stage is coordinated by Ms Sally Baker and Ms Mary Stamoulos. In the hardest division POLYA our best result was gained by JONATHON DIXON. In the GAUSS division both KENNY MAI and ANNA KIM of Year 9 gained High Distinctions. In the EULER division DUC HO (Year 7) and TAMARA PEARSON (Year 8) both received a High Distinction.

Two of our best Year 10 students attempted the AMOC Intermediate Maths Contest. JONATHON DIXON and RICKY CHEN were awarded Distinctions. Well done to these tireless Mathematical Gladiators.

Sharp Tack Productions Theatre Company presented a play entitled "Famous Female Mathematicians" to Year 8 and

Year 7. This showed the enormous contributions women have made to both Science and Mathematics in an Historical and Social context. Year 8 also participated in the World of Maths "hands on" travelling Maths show. Year 9 went to Australia's Wonderland where two teachers were reputed to have PUSHED their way out of the queue for the DEMON. Mrs Mary Stamoulos and Mrs Kay Johnson were repeatedly heard to say "This doesn't look like any Ferris Wheel that I've ever seen ??"

After a wonderful year solving problems and organising excursions we look forward to 1997 with a touch of sadness. Mr Robert Hayes will be taking a year's leave of absence to try teaching Maths and Computing in the Channel Islands.

Our Maths student of the Year is none other than JONATHON DIXON.

Thanks to all teachers on the faculty.

Tim Jurd.

MUSIC

1996 has been a very busy year for the music department. It began with the appointment of Mr Jon Suffolk to the classroom staff and Mr George Ellis as Conductor of the School's I.M.P. Strings and Orchestra. Speech day included choral items from the vocal ensemble and a rock item from Year 12, 1995. The I.M.P. Stage Band, Concert Band and Combined Ensemble also presented excellent performances.

The 'MUSICALE' presented items ranging from classical piano and flute works to contemporary popular songs. All years at Fort Street were represented.

Year 12 students, Kate Doutney, Tamara Talmacs and Katie Lynch presented their programs for the H.S.C. at a special Year 12 Recital.

Term 4 saw the production of 'Seven Little Australians' finally make the stage after many changes of dates due to endless interruptions. Students were involved on the stage, in the orchestra, back stage and in the operation of technical facilities such as lighting and sound. Many thanks to all students who participated.

Guest performances by Eddie Quansah and "Chichitote" thrilled Year 7 during the year. Students from elective classes were also taken on excursions to the Australian Music Centre and the Sydney Opera House.

Four Fortians are to be congratulated on their involvement in a European Tour by the State Schools Orchestra - Kate Doutney (flute) Andrew Cram (trombone) Renata Murru (french horn) and Amanda Nurse (percussion). The music staff takes this opportunity to congratulate them all, and other students involved in School Spectacular performances, State Choral and Instrumental Festival Performances and members of the State Schools Choral group.

It has been an extremely busy year and one that will be most memorable.

Jon Suffolk

English

P.E.



Mr Buckingham

Ms Hosking Mr Anderson Ms Gilbert
Ms MacDonald Ms Neurath Ms Levi

Mr Mazurkiewicz Ms Anderson
Ms Parsons Mr Williams
Ms Stimpson

Music



Mr Suffolk Ms Donohoe

Maths

Mr Hagerman Ms Paice Mr Chung Ms Johnson Ms Stamoulos
Ms McGown Mr Jurd Mr Panagos Mr Frazer Ms Beavers Mr Hayes Mr West



ART REPORT

1996 has been a full and exciting year for the Art department at Fort Street. The weeks produced by art students this year have been highly creative and generally of a high standard, as seen in Year 11's conceptual work and mysterious boxes, Year 10's metamorphosis sculptures and Year 8's wonderful large self-portraits.

Two art exhibitions were staged, one earlier in the year for Open Day, which showed a cross section of works by all years, and the Year 12 art exhibition held in September. Year 12 art students showed a great variety of subject matter and innovation in media exploration. Four Year 12 students art works were short-listed for Art Express, the prestigious exhibition of HSC major art works at the Gallery of N.S.W in January.

The students were:

Arion McNicol-computer generated images
Leah Williams-drawings
Mark Curnow-drawings
Bill Yang -drawings

A variety of excursions were organised, for students to view artworks at galleries-

*Year 10, 11 and 12 went to see Art Express at the Gallery of N.S.W.

*Year 11 also saw the Biennale, the Kandinsky exhibition at the Gallery of N.S.W, and the Louise Bourgeois exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art.

*Year 10 viewed the Archibald at the Gallery of N.S.W.

*Year 9 saw Margaret Olley's beautiful still life and interior paintings at the Gallery of N.S.W.





Kathina Morris -
won the Japanese
Scholarship



KATE EDWARDS -
1st in NSW + ACT in the
Science Competition

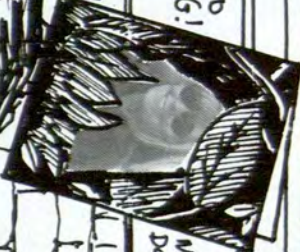


David
Bishop -
going to
Canberra science
camp



Mr
Leondas
is getting
married
these
holidays.

OFF TO
P.N.6!



Ms
Davit

THE SCIENCE REPORT

Mr Brace Ms Joslyn Mr Higgins Mr Ambler Mr Gaskin Ms Scoble Mr Mynham

Tournament of the Minds

Early in 1996 the lengthy selection process for Fort Street's 1996 Tournament of the Minds team began. Tests of creative, dramatic, and technical skills led to the selection of Zoe, Xavier McKenzie, and Arwen Cross (year 7), Sascha Morrell and Thomas Costello (year 8), Alex Hill (year 9), and Kit Morrell (year 10) for entry in the Maths Engineering division of the competition.

The finalised team then had six weeks to solve and present a problem: to devise a machine that would equally divide 1L of water into three containers at different heights without direct human manipulation. At the end of six weeks, the team presented the solution, in the context of a play with costumes, script, and props all created by the team to a problem briefing, at the Regional competition at Macquarie University.

Despite Sascha Morrell's chicken pox, the Fort Street team excelled in the long term competition, as well as the spontaneous problems to win the Maths Engineering division for this region.

The state finals were next, but warm ups for the day were severely interrupted by Alex's overseas trip... And another case of chicken pox. Nevertheless, a brave effort was put up by the team, again at Macquarie University. This time, we had three hours to solve the problem: to make a chain 1-2m long, with the maximum number of links, using only two sheets of A4 paper and a sheet of adhesive labels. Extremely limited materials to make props and costumes were provided, and a play also had to be written.

Our seemingly flimsy chain unexpectedly lifted 2 3/4 kg in the form of popper juices. Our slightly chaotic and highly insane play also coaxed many laughs from the audience. Including more spontaneous problems, Fort Street High School came second in NSW. (We are told we didn't come first because of an unanswered query made to the judges before the presentation.) However, the team did receive special mention at the certificate presentation for most references to the Tournament sponsor, Reflex.

We extend our greatest thanks to Ms Davis for, despite illness, practically acting as our slave for several weeks, and somehow diverting total chaos.

Kit Morrell.



AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

A. I. is a Human Rights organisation which works to release Prisoners of Conscience. This year **we** have focussed on China and Turkey. We write polite letters to Governments asking them about the Urgent Action cases sent to us - and everybody is welcome.

The flag we painted was displayed outside the Chinese Embassy in Canberra.

We collected over \$7500 for Candle Day with the assistance of Year 8 Volunteers - Georgina Morris raised \$600 !

LANGUAGES

In many ways it was a rather humdrum year for the Languages Faculty. For the first time in many years we had no languages' assistants and no exchange students to brighten up our staffroom and classrooms. The Eifuku visit to Fort Street was a big success, especially in terms of friendships (sometimes quite close !) being formed between Fort Street and Eifuku students. Many thanks to Mr Yalichev and Mr Griffiths for their great organisation of the trip.

Sarah Tran of Year 11 won the German Businessmen's Scholarship which includes a free return trip to Germany, accommodation and a trip around Germany. Heidi Hunt of Year 11 is currently spending six weeks in Hamburg as part of an exchange scheme.

In late July, Katrina Morris was sent by the Science Foundation for Physics (Sydney University) to participate in the Japanese International Science School Honours Program in Molecular Biology at Okazaki Research Institute, Aichi Prefecture. Katrina has a passionate interest in both Science and Japanese and gained valuable experience from her trip to Japan.

Students enjoyed the usual run of restaurants. Many French students ate their first snails at "Le Petit Escargot", German students ate at the "Lowenbraukellar" and Japanese students visited the "Suntory" restaurant.

One important acquisition to the Languages' Faculty has been the new specialist Languages Classroom under Kilgour. It has provided us with extensive storage space for a Japanese computer, V.C.R., listening posts etc.



INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT

This year we were pleased to welcome Mr. P. Brewster as replacement teacher for Ms. Wells. He is a very experienced teacher and has added new expertise to our department.

The Year 7 and 8 Design & Technology students have produced some very innovative and interesting designs for their various projects, while still learning the basic practical skills associated with working with the different tools and materials involved. These materials include; wood, electronic components, plastics, textiles, food and computers. Some of the products designed and produced include; pen holders, cutting boards, games, electronic continuity testers, memo pads, signs, trinket boxes and serving trays. They have gained an appreciation of the design process and the need for thorough research, planning, evaluation and construction required to produce a successful article.

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

Electronics is an interesting 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.

Our Wood Technics students are able to develop very useful construction knowledge and hand skills necessary to produce a variety of articles of high quality craftsmanship. The Year 9 and 10 students have designed and constructed such work as bread boxes coffee tables, foot stools, pendulum clocks,, games/coffee table with built-in chess board, jewellery boxes, etc.

The practical skills, the knowledge and the ability to be able to recognise quality in an article that the students gain and develop from technics is a very valuable life skill for their future.

The quality of work produced by our Technical Drawing students continues to impress. The students should feel justifiably proud of their excellent achievements. The Year 9 TD students have shown enormous enthusiasm in using the Autosketch CAD program in the Computer room; and have developed proficiency in using the program.



FOOD TECHNOLOGY AND TEXTILES

It has been a busy and successful year. My hat goes off to the Year 10 students who ALL turned up at 7.0 am at the Fish Markets earlier in the year, to see the market at work with the unique Dutch Auction system (developed to see the fast distribution of flowers - another highly perishable commodity). To see the gleaming piles of fish being rapidly disposed of amid a noisy, and yes, fragrant! atmosphere is still one of our favourite excursions.

We came back with fresh fish of different types and cooked them all up for lunch.

Year 9 started the year looking at Aboriginal/native foods and their excursion was based on the Botanical Gardens. We are lucky to be able to see the spot where settlers created the first farm in Australia. If anyone can supply us with Bunya Pine Cones or Lillypilli berries - we'd love to have the chance of cooking with them.

Year 12, I shall think of as the year of the vegetarians. I am finding that this culinary preference now requires really creative rethinking of the course.

We would just like to close with a "Calling All Parents"spot. During 1997 we will be interested in the work of parents who are involved in food and charities, or institutions where the food is distributed rather than bought. If anyone feels they have expertise in this area I would love to hear from them.○

Carole Fyfe



MOCK TRIAL

A report by Alex Tomlinson and Liam Hogan.

The 1996 Mock Trial Team were clever, articulate, handsome, lovable and to top it all we had Ms Koslowska. We were better than just about all the other teams we faced - who often had the added advantage of genuine uniforms. Unfortunately due to possible judicial bias against Fort Street's ill fitting uniforms, St Vincents Potts Point won by a marginal 144 - 140.

However, all other rounds were won, and Fort Street was just eliminated by .5 mark from entering the top ten for regional elimination rounds.

Our team were great because of Bree Chisholm's and Bridie Rushton's skills as barristers; Erin Dixon's, Alex Tomlinson's and Sarah Wood's skills as witnesses; and to the gifts of all the others who changed roles frequently - Liam Hogan, Paul Garrett, Elizabeth Mole, Digby Mitchell, Mayet Costello. Ms Kozlowska's navigational skills amazed us (for far flung venues) and we are indebted to the Fort Street Canteen Service. Solicitor/Team adviser Mr Jeremy Glass also helped make the team what it was. We cannot recommend too highly the Mock Trial Program to 1997's Year 11 (but only those who like arguing need apply).



CAREERS

Because of structural and logistical changes since work experience first began in 1983, the introduction of a flexible work experience program is planned for 1997.

For the last time there will be one week of work experience for all Year 10 students from Oct 27 - 31. Small groups of students in Years 10 - 11 will have the option of additional days/weeks throughout the year. Students will be expected to meet the school conditions, namely to catch up on missed school work.

Once the HSC has finished, a period of three weeks will be set aside when Year 12 can participate in work experience.

I encourage parents to become closely involved in the location of suitable work experience placements in a competitive labour market.

Twenty two Year 11 students completed JSSP courses ranging from Child development and play to Animal Care Veterinary and Office Studies.

The 1995 HSC results saw a median TER of 89.95 achieved. Over 90% of these Fortians headed off to University.

A number of students won scholarships, including Ozgur Ozluk for Bachelor of Manufacturing Management and Bennie Wong and Mark Bulgin for Bachelor of Accounting (all at UTS).

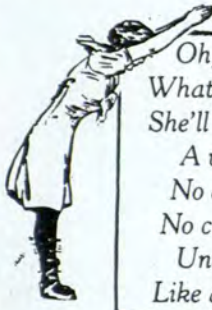
Congratulations to Katie Bird, Tessa Boer-Mah, Warren Chan, Rebecca Edwards, Vythehi Elango, Lisa Foley, Nathan Gee, Annie Liao, Long Nguyen, Billie-Jean Sia, Christian Stefani and Peter Von Konigsmark who all participated in the Young Achievement Business Skills Program.

I would also like to congratulate Marc Ridyard who won the inaugural Sydney Soroptomists scholarship this year.



Photo : Marc Ridyard with Mr Canty and Ms J Lee

JOURNEY TO EQUALITY



Oh, the twentieth century girl!
 What a wonderful thing she will be,
 She'll emerge from a mystical whirl,
 A woman unfettered and free.
 No corset to crampen her waist,
 No crimps to encumber her brain,
 Unafraid, bifurcated, unlaced,
 Like a goddess of old she will reign.

1893
 Women are allowed to own property in Aust.

1894
 women win right to vote in both houses in South Aust.

1894
 women can stand for election in South Australia



1952
 Women's wage set at 75% of the male wage for the same work

1947
 Women eligible for jury duty in NSW

1943
 Dame Enid Lyons is 1st woman in House of Reps & Dorothy Tangney 1st in Senate

1958
 NSW grants equal pay to women if unions prove equal (the same) work is done; exclusively women's work (e.g. nursing) not counted

1962
 UNSW appoints 1st female professor

1966
 Federal gov't drops bar to marriage for women in the public service

1967
 After a federal referendum aboriginal people win the right to vote

1972
 work of equal value is recognised to be worthy of equal pay





1899 women can now vote in West Aust. state elections

1902 women can vote in N.S.W. state elections

1902 Women can vote in Federal elections

1903 Tassie gives women the vote

1905 women win the right to vote in Queensland

1908 lucky last-women gain the right to vote in Victoria state elections

1918 NSW women eligible to stand for state elections

1921 Edith Cowan becomes 1st WA parliamentarian

1929 Family Planning Association set up for contraceptive advice

1933 Mothers win equal rights with fathers over custody their children

1936 NSW Nurses Assoc. wins a basic award wage

1939 Women's organisations demand equal pay

1977 Anti-discrimination legislation (NSW)

1984 Sex discrimination legislation

1986 Affirmative Action Legislation

1995 ALP policy that by 2000 women will comprise 30% of labour parliamentarians (not equal yet!)

GIRLS'DISCUSSION

HISTORY

1996 has been one of the most interesting years in the history of the History Department. As usual, Historians experience a variety of excursions such as a cruise on the replica of the Bounty and the 19th century sailing ship the Svanan, a Mediaeval walk through parts of Sydney University, St Andrew's Cathedral and St Mary's Cathedral, as well as a variety of experiences provided by visiting performers. History excursions are a significant part of the Curriculum providing an important additional dimension to classroom learning. Unfortunately, so much history involves parts of the world such as Egypt, Europe, Russia, Asia and the Americas which Australians can only experience if they are fortunate enough to have parents who can take them. The unfortunate ones usually get T-shirts.

In Term 3 while I visited friends and relations overseas, and many historical sites which have been such a large part in my history studies for so many years, Mr Morgan taught History and Ms Bresnahan took on the responsibilities of Head Teacher. Ms Bresnahan's problems escalated during Term 3 when Mr Brown and then Ms Trevini succumbed to the need for Long Service Leave. Fortunately Mr Sorben came to the rescue. My sincere thanks to all those who helped Ms Bresnahan survive the Term.

History continues to flourish at Fort Street. I am particularly fortunate to teach with outstanding teachers of History and look forward to even greater things in 1997.

T.R.Glebe



SOCIAL SCIENCE

Once again the year has produced a stream of successes commencing with the 1995 HSC results in January to the S.C. awards in December. The faculty has again organised many activities in which our students have enthusiastically participated. Excellent scholastic standards are maintained, confidence is boosted with public speaking and group interactions, and research and interpretation skills are fostered.

The highlights of 1996 have included:

NSW JUNIOR GEOGRAPHY COMPETITION: with 70% of the students gaining Distinctions or High Distinctions.

YEAR 8 GERROA CAMP: was most enjoyable - scrambling through the rainforest and over the Sand Dunes.

COMBINED YEAR 10 FIELDWORK: Year 10 under-took extremely successful integrated fieldwork in Canberra.

SENIOR GEOGRAPHY FIELDWORK: 3 days in the Hunter Valley.

E-Team Program: for our Year 11 Economists

MOCK TRIAL: - a rewarding experience for lateral thinkers.

S.G.P.: Kah Gwan Khoo came first in a State wide Competition for an original piece of geographical research.

ASIAN STUDIES EXCURSIONS: are always imaginative and informative.

GUEST SPEAKERS included Ross Gittins.

This year we welcomed Mr W Forwood who brings a valued new perspective to the department. Congratulations to Ms M.Ireland who was selected as a recipient of a Teacher In-Country Fellowship Award. We look forward to her report on her return from Indonesia. Many thanks to the Social Science Staff for their tireless efforts in a wide range of whole school activities. Congratulations to all students who achieved their personal best and especially those who received awards.

M. Johanson.



The Aikido Report

Modern-day 'Aikido' - offered as a sport choice; is a Japanese martial art that can be practised by everyone. It is well suited to those of us who are not built like semi-trailers and who want to gain some rudimentary understanding of possible self defence techniques. One of the appealing aspects of Aikido is that it is more graceful than some other martial arts and does not involve overly vigorous physical exercise; standing still in energy taxing positions for ages, nor is it bare fisted power and macho brick breaking, but rather, relies more on concentration and clear thinking involving various locks and holds that bruise your opponent's ego, rather than causing them permanent damage.

Many students who have left Fort St. High have continued their practise at organisations such as the 'National Aikido Centre'; located on Glebe pt. Rd. Two former student have gone on to achieve Black Belt standard. The legendary Marc Hughes went to Japan where he acquired a master- teacher's licence in jujitsu and Jamie Robertson was recently awarded a Black Belt in Aikido. Xenogene Gray of year 12 has been sufficiently inspired to join an Aikido club with the aim of earning a Black Belt.

Although a formal martial art, involving correct etiquette during training, Tuesday afternoon classes are somewhat boisterous due to the liveliness of participating students. however the class is well supervised by the ever-ready Mr. Yalichev. One of his tried and true methods of refocussing the attention of the group is to demonstrate some of the more rigorous techniques in front of the class (usually demonstrated upon the noisiest student) whereupon wrists and arms are bent into various natural positions where a "certain tension" is felt.

If you would like to find out more about sword dodging and combat roll competitions, then sign up to the 'Aikido' roll next sport choice or alternatively speak to Jake Stone of 11T.

Alex Yuen



Seven Little Australians- The Musical

In early April the signs went up that the very first musical in Fort St (as far back as anyone can remember) was soon to begin production, and people from all years came to try their luck at the auditions. Mr Suffolk listened to the multitude of candidates and selected the cast that would take the musical adaptation of Ethel Turner's classic 'Seven Little Australians' to the 'stage' (if we may dignify it with the title). It is the story of seven mischievous children, and how their father, a military captain, and his young second wife, attempt to quell their rebellion and initiate them into polite society.

The musical starred Nicholas Curnow as Captain Woolcot, Leah Hopkinson as his wife Esther, Asha Zappa as their eldest daughter; Meg, Sean Howe as their eldest son; Pip, Mark Barber as Bunty, Monica Tice as Nell, and Nicholas Evans as Baby and Georgina Davidson as Judy. Also, thanks very much to Leah Hopkinson for donating her charming little brother Adam, who featured as the Little General, the family's youngest. Other stars were Luke Ismay as Alan, Meg's suitor, Thea Greenwood as Aldith, her mocking 'friend', and Kit Morrell as the family maid, and numerous others as minor characters and chorus members.

The backstage hands and musical team were assembled, with Mr Suffolk, Cassian Cox, Keyna Wilkins, Suzanne Cartwright, Andrew Johnston, Nicolla Phillips, Andrew Cram, Joshua and Ned Molesworth providing musical accompaniment, and Sarah Lalor, Mayette Costello and Anthony Horler doing a fantastic job organising the set and props and sorting out all the problems. The lighting and sound effects crew, Mr Ambler, Charles Peters, Tully Rosen, Yanni Kronenburg and James Findlay allowed us to be seen and heard.

After so many months of arduous rehearsals the musical was performed over 3 days to more than 500, a daytime matinee being performed for students from Orange Grove and Leichardt primary schools.

Thanks to Mr Suffolk for Making it Happen, and to all those parents and students who came to see the show.

Nicholas Curnow and Sascha Morrell



IMP

1996 has been a good year in the IMP. The highlights included various concerts and the annual IMP Camp to Colloroy which was a great deal of fun for everyone involved. This year red satin vests, bow ties and ribbons have been introduced.

George Ellis, Phil Harper and Jon Suffolk all deserve a big thankyou for their efforts during the year, as do Juliet Bishop and the committee who have worked so hard to keep the IMP going.

Hopefully our bands and orchestras will continue to grow as we welcome new players in 1997.





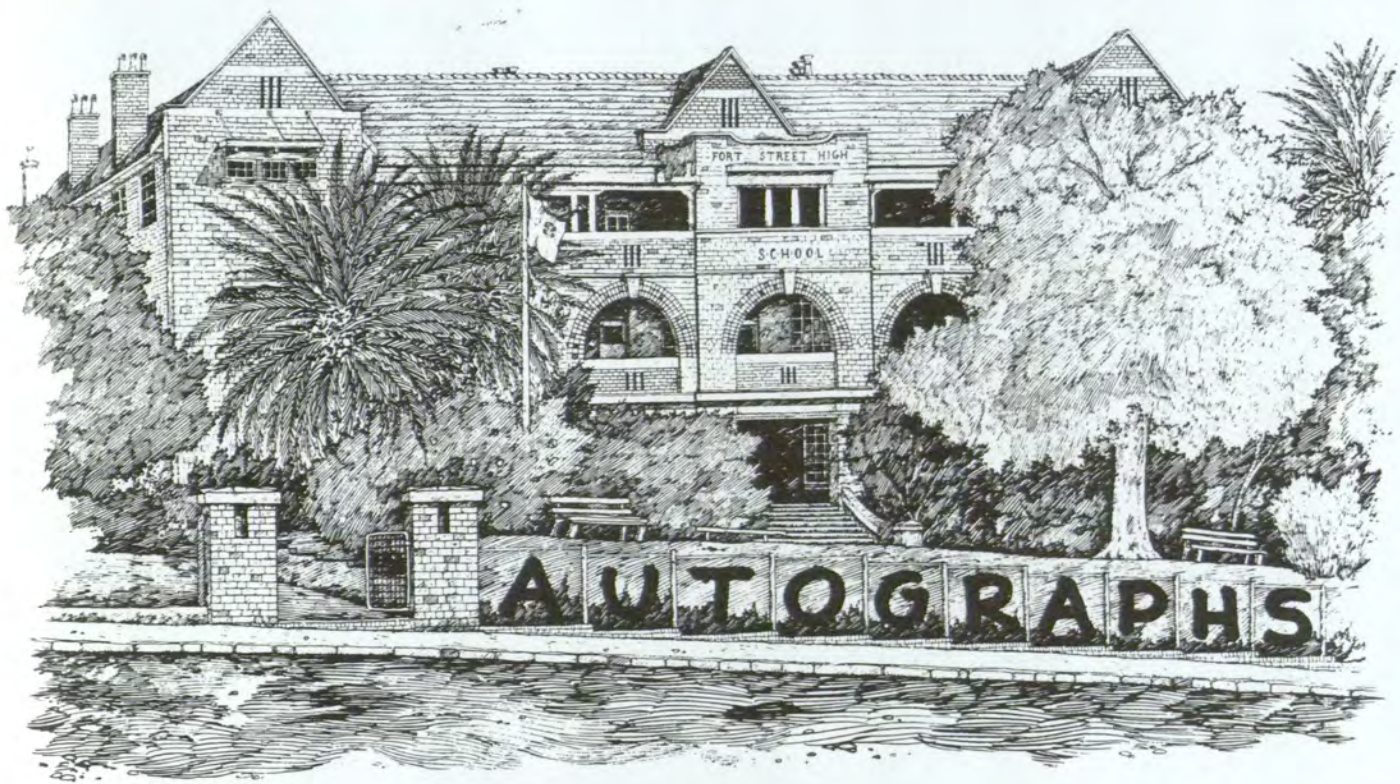
ROW 5: B. Fraser, T. Leondios, C. Moynham, R. Morgan, K. Ambler, R. Hayes, S. Scheduling, L. Sorban, C. Gaskin, H. Fraser, I Nicholson, A. Furnari.
ROW 4: S. Page, W. Forwood, L. Stimpson, S. Mazurkiewicz, B. Hagerman, A. Millward, W. Griffith, L. Davis, P. Canty, M. Anderson, J.Chung, P. Brewster, S. Yalichev
ROW 3: N. Pangagos, J. Thornhill, P. Donohoe, M. Stamoulos, V. Chiplin, C. Fyfe, M. Ireland, K. Johnson, K. Anderson, M. Hosking, E. Jamble, L. Trevini, T. Kozowska, V. Chavali.
ROW 2: J. Levi, P. Bresnahan, M. Katsiaris, P. Waddell, M. Golds, R. Paice, Z. Neurath, D. Karatasas, L. Masselos, J. Zurcher, M. Brewster, A. Draper, L. Joslyn.
FRONT: R. Higgins, T. Jurd, J.Buckingham, M. Johanson, L. Carroll (Principal), A. Connell (Deputy Principal), T. Glebe, G. Osland, N. Jennings, R. Smith.

EVELYN EDNA ROWE M.B.E. 1924 - 1996

Evelyn Rowe was the first Principal of the amalgamated Fort Street High School in 1975. She demonstrated her scholastic ability early, winning a scholarship to St Catherine's College Singleton, and then an Exhibition to Sydney University. After graduating with a B.A. and Dip Ed, she taught at Burwood Home Science, William Street Girls High, Sydney Girls High, Penrith High and Newcastle Girls High. In 1962 she was appointed as Deputy Principal to Fort Street Girls High School. On the retirement of Alma Hamilton at the end of 1964, Evelyn became Principal. She was involved in the P&C, the Ladies Auxiliary, and of course the Old Girls Union, becoming a Patron of the merged Old Girls and Old Boys Unions - an honour she greatly cherished. In 1975, the year of her appointment to the amalgamated school, she was awarded the M.B.E. Early retirement in 1979 gave Evelyn the opportunity to enjoy a wide range of interests. She was a member of the Board of Senior School Studies, the Secondary Schools Board, the Mathematics Examination Committee for the first H.S.C., and the Catholic Education Advisory Board. She was a member of the Chancellor's Committee at Sydney University, of the Newman Association of Catholic Graduates, of the Eastern Suburbs Graduate Association, of the Double Bay Probus Club and of the National Trust.

And what of Evelyn in all these situations? A woman of the highest integrity, a loving, loyal and gentle woman, an accomplished woman sharing her gifts generously, independent, a strong and compassionate woman whose strength came from her humility. Never was this more evident than in the last weeks of her life which she faced with the courage that was part of her. It was a privilege knowing her.

Norma Bond.



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