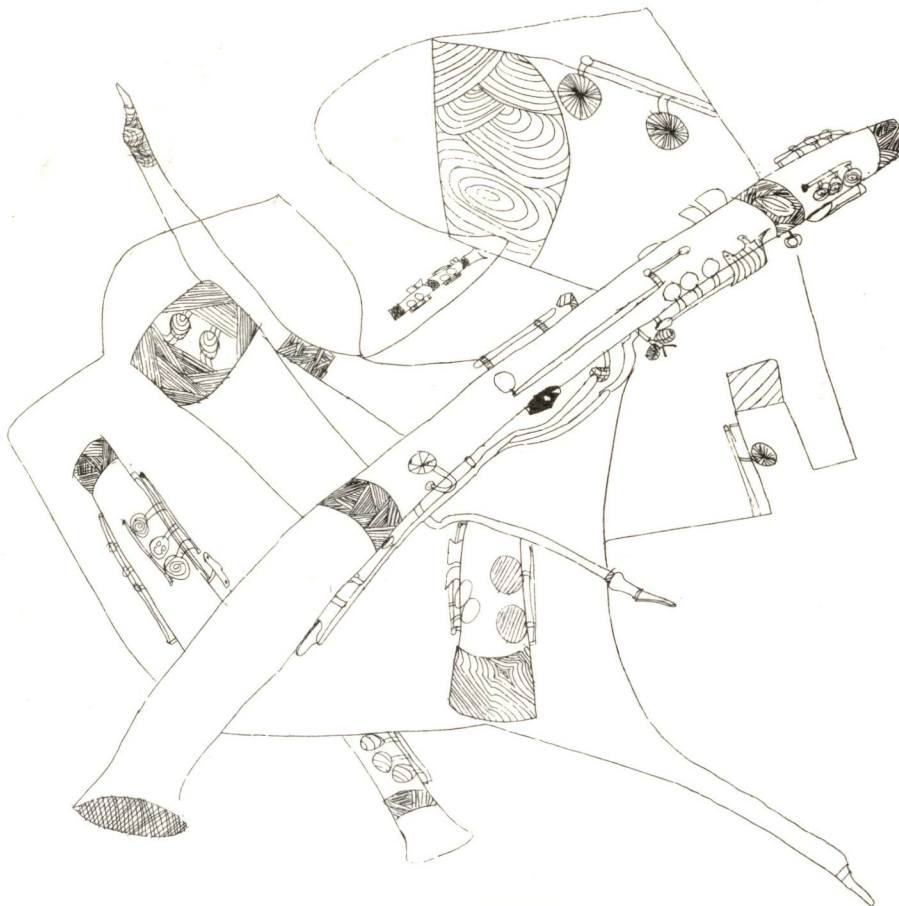






J. Hill — Form 4



Anon — Form 4

RUGBY TOWN i An

principals report

The Centenary Year ended in an exciting and even dramatic way with the Dinner at the Great Hall in November when Professor Geoffrey Blainey launched the history of the School, "Ruyton Remembers". It was a wonderful experience with the colour of the ceiling to enhance the colours of the evening dresses, the trumpeters in the Gallery and 530 people gathered together to celebrate one hundred (100) years of the School, what it has stood for and, I hope, what it still stands for.

The final event was the Speech Night, held for the first time in Dallas Brooks Hall, and attended by His Excellency The Governor of Victoria and Lady Winneke. The drama occurred when one of the candles used for the choir's entrance in procession refused to go out when plunged into the bucket provided and Miss Tuxen, in evening dress and academic gown, had to rush across the stage where she extinguished the flames with speed to the accompaniment of thunderous applause. The ice was definitely broken and the final activity of the Centenary a great success.

At the end of my report in the Centenary Edition of the Ruytonian I wrote of the Staff Conference of 1978 and finished with the question, "What of the future?" That seemed a realistic way to end a Centenary Report. Well, what of the future? The immediate future (as seen from 1978) is already the past. The result of the Staff Conference was to direct our thoughts towards the transition from Junior to Senior School; to discuss a proposed Activities Programme and to consider an Activities Week which would combine pupils from different levels in the school. Other ideas also emerged; but it has proved quite impossible, in one year, to implement more which would take time and energy to consider, evaluate and then be developed or discarded.

"Week Nine" as it came to be called, is now over and it was also a success. During the Ninth Week of Term II girls from Forms

III; IV and V were involved in a very wide range of Activities, not in form groups, or year groups, but in Interest Groups. This meant that the division was a vertical one and many girls learnt to know others at different levels and so developed an appreciation of those younger or older than themselves. In the past this has only been possible through House Activities. I have neither time nor space to write a complete list but it included such varied activities as ski-ing, print making, canoeing, social service in a number of areas, computer programming, ice skating and dress making. Out of the thirty different options most girls participated in several and the Staff once again were more than generous with their energy, their time and in some cases in allowing the girls to teach them new skills!

The Third Form Activities Programme was implemented this year and although, like all new schemes, it had some teething troubles, it has been a success and, I

believe, has helped many girls to develop new interests and skills, at a time when they adapt and learn quickly. The Activities have been very varied ranging from sailing to roller skating and from embroidery to paper making. All of the girls have gained a great deal and undoubtedly the hard working band of Staff and other adults deserve our thanks and congratulations for coping with all sorts of unexpected emergencies and as always keeping the programme moving ahead.

I could tell you also of our Transition Committee and our Work Experience Programme but they will be continuing and developing and will warrant attention in 1980 as, no doubt, will other new ideas.

This report would not be complete without special mention of Staff who left us last year. In December four of our long-term, faithful and hard working Staff retired simultaneously and created a real gap in the Staff Room which is not easy to fill. Mrs. Joan Gough had taught Art for 24 years; Mrs. Joyce Meldrum, Biology for 17 years; Mrs. Clyve Excell, Physics and General Science for 17 years and Mrs. Jean Arthur, Chemistry for 14 years. Their combined years of service to the School make an impressive number indeed. In their retirement they are all extremely busy, two having already worked briefly as relief teachers in different schools; all have done some travelling and Mrs. Meldrum is at present on a safari "somewhere in Australia". We have enjoyed seeing them when they have called in at the school.

I am constantly amazed and gratified at the consistent interest shown by ex-Staff and pupils in the school and we enjoy their visits, particularly when ex-Staff Members bring along their babies to introduce them to us. This year Mrs. Hodson, who taught Latin and History, has introduced Thomas to us, and Mrs. Riley, who taught Art and Craft, has brought Samuel to call. It is a source of constant surprise to me that Ruyton Staff always have sons!

Margaret McRae



Year 12

The impending change of the format of H.S.C., or Year 12, will not drastically change the present role of secondary schooling as merely a "stamping ground" for the H.S.C. exam, as might have been hoped; but where the new Year 12 fails, the recession, of which economists are certain, will doubtlessly succeed.

The time must come when our teachers and career advisers can no longer keep regurgitating the familiar dirge "you can do anything if you try hard enough". The jobs just won't be available. At present Australia has at least twenty jobless for every vacancy*, not to mention those unregistered (because they find the dole degrading). Even if all those out of work were spruce, ambitious, well-dressed executive material, with H.S.C.s and degrees, the figures would remain the same (twenty does not go into one). Perhaps, however, if the unemployed had this type of image the nation would be a bit more sympathetic and the government would stop blaming unemployment on the image and attitude of the "dole bludger". When the appalling rate of unemployment increases to include more of the older generation, Australia may begin to recognize the situation which it chooses to ignore at present.

Our education system seems to see itself as totally independent of the economic situation, when it should not only be aware of it but act on that awareness. It appears to see its main task as getting students through and bundled off to the next stage of their education (Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, employment pool). This "passing the buck" gives little or no thought to anything but the immediate future; thus students enter tertiary courses unaware of their employment prospects at the end of the course. Already professional fields, for example, Law, are closing off for graduates, and things won't improve; but we go on believing basically that if we do a uni course our future will be assured.

The grim future may force schools to redirect emphasis, from largely career-oriented aims to concern with "education for life". School children ought to be taught to realize that their employment prospects may be bleak.

Not only do present economic conditions indicate increasing unemployment but so does the accelerating technological revolution. Already the vast pool of female employment of typists, secretaries and switchboard operators is in jeopardy, as computers, dictaphones, copiers, word-processors, telex machines and answering services become more economically viable (a computer doesn't mind working long hours, doesn't strike, retire, go on holiday and rarely becomes ill). Although jobs may be available in programming and building computers, as well as in maintenance, the number of people required is minimal. Therefore, again, encouraging young people to train according to present demand may be grossly misleading them as to future employment possibilities.

With the new Year 12, it is uncertain at present as to whether any university faculties will impose entrance exams, but it appears that universities will only accept students with a pass in English and four approved Group A subjects (externally assessed), completed in one year; so surely the difference in systems is not so great? Although the opportunity to do subjects devised and assessed by the school (Group 2) is there, many schools will not offer such subjects because of their inacceptability to universities and many Colleges of Advanced Education.

A drastic overhaul in our education system is needed to allow people to understand the implications of today's economic situation.

G. Wallace-Crabbe (Co-Editress)

*Age 28 July 1979

The Value of International Year of the Child

1979 has been International Year of the Child (I.Y.C.), a year set aside to "assess everything we do and should be doing for our children . . . their health, education and welfare, their need for and access to services and facilities, their family and community involvement, their right to acceptance, understanding, love, warmth, security and happiness . . ." A commendable objective, yet, surely far too idealistic and rather obscure to be truly productive? It would be interesting to know exactly how I.Y.C. organisers plan to change family situations — monetarily and emotionally. What gives the United Nations the right to impose their value judgements as to the way parents should regard their responsibilities toward their children? What criteria should be used when assessing the correct way of giving love and understanding?

When looking at the implications of the Year in its broadest context — that is, as a year uniting children throughout the world by their common problems, needs and desires — one is forced to question the covert motivation behind the project. Is it merely a token gesture designed to mollify suddenly-acquired Western

consciences; or is it a true attempt at least to acknowledge that children in all parts of the world are oppressed? If the latter, why then is only a single year designated, and not a long-term programme?

Of course, I appreciate the difficulty involved in devising such a programme — considering deeply ingrained cultural factors, not to mention economic realities. I feel, for instance, that modern-day Western values appear to be very much a reflection of our capitalistic, industrial ethics — which require everything to be "perfect". It has been reported in Japan that some children of seven and many nine year olds suffer from ulcers caused by great stress. With children attending kindergartens in Japan assessed in formal reports this is hardly surprising. All this pressure on the children and fears of not reaching prescribed expectations are reflected in the fact that Japan has the highest suicide rate in the world.

This Western industrial ethic was obvious to me even at Primary School (an institutional microcosm of our general social attitudes), where certain children were ostracised solely because they were in some way physically "abhorrent". This attitude in children is directly related to that great Australian "physical fitness" (and "Norm"ality) ethic. Because children live their most impressionable years in a community where they are constantly influenced and directed by their parents, teachers and the media (especially television) they often adopt the views and standards of their parents.

However, children sometimes do rebel — whether consciously or subconsciously. For instance, it is quite common practice for children to intimidate or hurt a dog which is tied up simply because it is defenceless and vulnerable. There is an obvious parallel between that action and the way parents treat their children. — taking advantage of their superior position, manipulating them emotionally and placing them in a defenceless position.

If a long-term programme were introduced to help children, it would first have to acknowledge the world's diversity. Third World countries' basic concern is survival in its most physical sense — a more stringent health programme could be adopted in the form of medical and educational aid. More industrialized countries, on the other hand, should aim to refine that physical sense of survival further to incorporate a "spiritual" sense of survival, providing psychological aid in many forms: including establishing a large number of community discussion groups on different social problems. I feel it is essential for people to come into contact with others who have the same problem and feel free to talk about it. For instance, in the case of child abuse, it is essential for society to change its restrictive attitudes and not treat the problem as taboo, best left undiscussed in the hope that by keeping it remote it will disappear. It is not something to be condemned or condoned, just understood, and this kind of understanding will allow potential child-abusers to feel less isolated and able to get help, (first, however, parents must acknowledge the capacity of harming a child . . .)

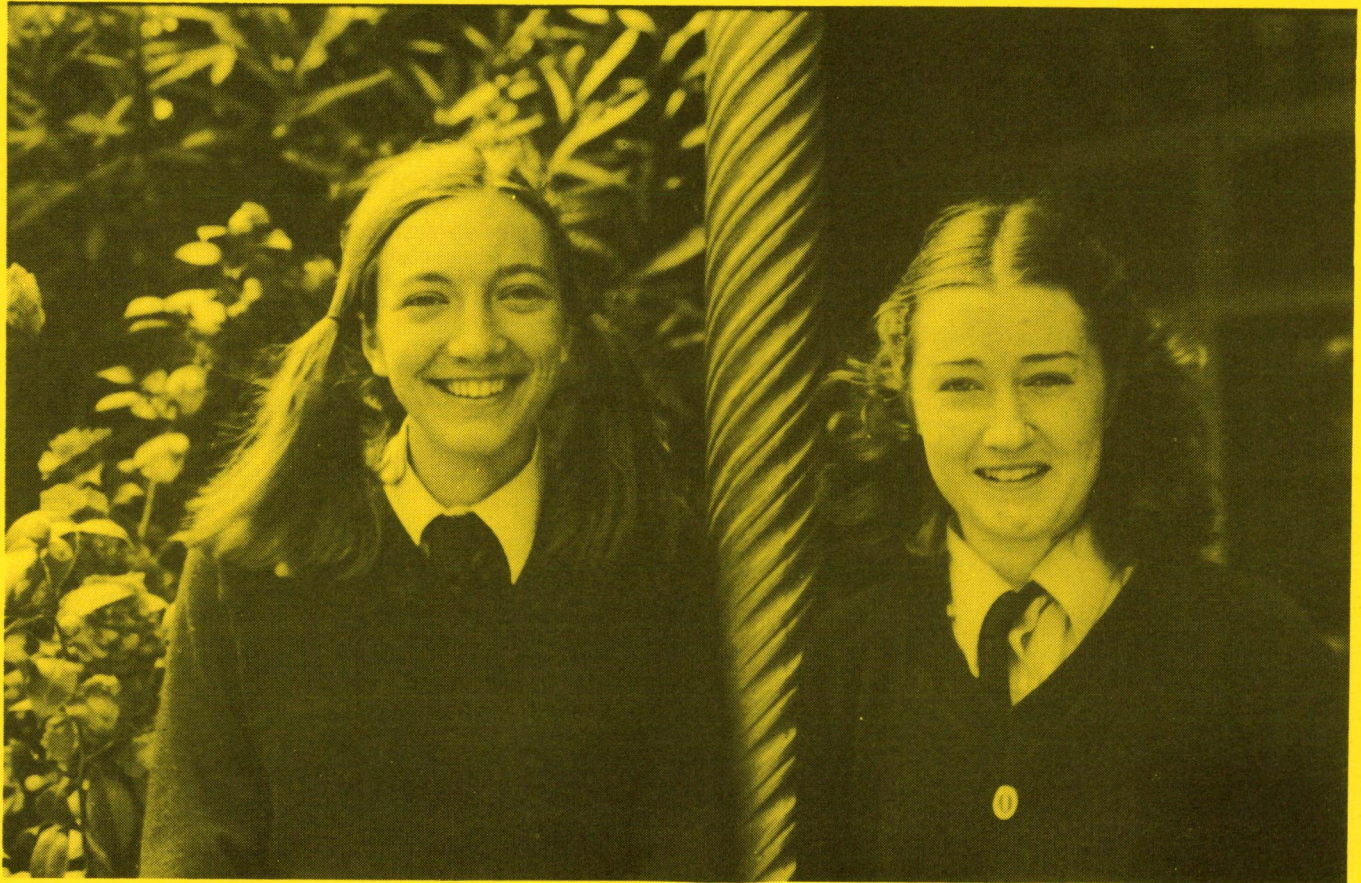
Of course, emotional rejection can often be more damaging and have more lasting adverse effects on children than violent intimidation. It is commonly believed that, at least when children are abused, it shows, in a strange way, that the parents realise that they exist and are not indifferent towards them.

To try to discover the positive achievements of IYC in Australia has been difficult, due to the lack of feedback on the subject. Yet amongst the achievements I believe a greater degree of consciousness has been obtained about the way children honestly feel. Through such vehicles as "Age" liftouts on children's thoughts we become aware, through their uninhibited honesty, of what things affect them and how they view the adult world — "The world is too big I reckon. Adults don't even think we are here. When it comes to business knock down this knock down that."

While I recognize the shallowness of advertisements such as the one urging adults to "Care For Kids", I do appreciate that one of the most effective means of getting the message over is through television. Perhaps these pleas influence a minority (which in itself is heartening), yet one thinks of all the other advertisements and programmes on television in some way, devised to exploit children or their parents, by allowing middle and upper-middle class children a certain amount of economic clout, I am dubious about the morality of the medium itself. Yet in view of the current controversy over the H.B.A. advertisement I feel that this is an exceptional case. It recognizes the existence of child abuse and emphasizes its horror not by realistic representation but by the stylized and traditional violence of *Punch and Judy*, which is at the same time something familiar to children and their parents.

I still feel, however, that the Year, whilst theoretically commendable, leaves a lot to be desired in practical terms.

S. Marshall (Co-Editress)



school captains' report

Do you know anyone who is an inspiring orator, an interior decorator, a lighting expert, a crowd-pleaser with a multitude of contacts, as assured telephonist, a talented variety performer, a go-between, and an academic Einstein? Believe it or not the two bumbling scribblers attempting to write this report are supposed to possess all of these qualities! (1979 at Ruyton was obviously without any present-day Mrs. Thatchers, Senator Guilfoyles or Dame Nellie Melbas!!!)

At a School Captains' Meeting we held at Ruyton in term II this year this was one of the topics that we discussed: the criteria of a school captain. Who was it who said at the meeting that the Scotch School Captain obtained his position due to his good looks and charming personality — not to mention his stunning physique? This meeting was attended by thirty Captains of Melbourne Schools and many subjects were discussed such as the role of the School Captain, the Prefect and House Systems and student decision-making.

Our own General Committee, or Student Representative Council, proved to be one of the more successful and enjoyable decision-making groups. Although we may not have made any MOMENTOUS decisions, we have had a lot of fun and learnt the uninhibited opinions of the rest of the school about various activities! Many thanks to those potential M.P.s who attended and contributed.

Have you ever wondered what those gold "O" badges pinned on every HSC girl's school jumper means? Not overworked, over-confident, obscure, obnoxious, obstinate, offensive, Olympian, optimistic, ordinary, organised or overbearing but "official". Ruyton no longer has the Prefect System, instead, every Sixth former is an "official" with equal responsibility. Originally this was designed to spread the duties amongst all of those in their HSC year. Unfortunately because we do not have a nominated body of girls behind us (Prefects) it is sometimes difficult to get the support we need.

"I ought, therefore I can." — Emmanuel Kant (Can't).

But this is perhaps too serious, so we'll turn to the highlight of our year: The School Dance. Dressed in our black and white outfit (with slight variations) we jived to jazz surrounded by black, white and silver decorations. The song and dance routine done by our own "Andrew Sisters" added to the great "jazzy" atmosphere of the dance. How many other opportunities do you get to practise your dancing class Charleston?

Having proved that we really are bumbling scribblers — but with good intentions — we will return to our never-ending study and responsibility. Our sincerest thanks to Miss MacRae who has been a most patient and encouraging headmistress. Thanks also to Miss Tuxen, the staff and, of course, everyone in HSC.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Emerson.

C. Brown, L. Mitchell 6



THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means that just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be Master that's all."

Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There
Lewis Carroll

The emotions I feel are not mine, but the whole of humanity's. The harsh pain that rips me apart is called — anger; the dulllest most crampingly boring word ever mentioned. The peculiar sadness that wells up inside me when I see a dog dead on the road is not my own. No, every man capable of communications has felt it before me . . . after all, everyone who has heard of "compassion" knows what it means.

The wildest, most passionate cry is merely "exuberance". Perhaps, if you are insanely happy or sad it could be called "hysteria" — Ah yes, I like that word "hysteria" it is so vague and indefinite — a sure sign that the Gods of language are losing control. Whenever a word has too many meanings they are failing. Perhaps, if we discovered enough cracks in plain English we might cause an earthquake — wordquake would probably be better. Words would tumble, letter by letter, into crevices and we could start again from scratch!

The more that I think about it, the surer I am that our rigid communication is what is holding back our civilization. People like Spooner had the right idea. Why not make a "lock of manguage"? Already I can feel the meatiness and added inspiration coming into words. Copying Spooner I would not only feel anger but "ganer" too. Stop! I just realised a flaw in this theory. Once again I'm falling into the trap of using another person's word. Spooner may have been a smart guy but copying won't make me any smarter.

Actually, it's not words themselves but the lack of them that is killing my individuality. Look at the Pocket Oxford. A 5cm thick record of any word I can ever say and millions

I'll never need. Why can't I invent a few words or have the choice of several more succinct ones when I want to describe how I feel? For instance, when the man next-door roars up his drive at 1.00 a.m., crashes the brakes and screams the engine so his ego feels just that little bit larger. Irritation, annoyance and plain anger are just a few. A word like "aarsharrg" (screamed loudly with lots of guttural sounds) would be more succinct, but unfortunately no one would understand me. A noise like that would turn the ears of our beloved lovers of literature, language and lunacy!

Under those beak-nosed, grey haired philologists my emotions are catalogued, stamped and put away in the draw marked "repeat" or "old-hat". Because I only have emotions that are already labeled, I may as well not exist. The moment I feel something that cannot be rigorously described with a word, I know I will have begun to live my life, not just fed off the experiences of somebody else.

But this is so serious and that is what I can't be. Language should be injected with enthusiasm, not dull philosophising! I have been illustrating a common human fault . . . verbosity.

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound much fruit of sense is rarely found" Pope (*Essay on Criticism*).

Feeling confused? Interested? Or bored? . . . see what language can do!

C. Brown 6

"THE MOST MODERN REQUIREMENTS OF TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT FULLY DEALT WITH . . ."

- Please speak slowly.
- Is there anyone here who can speak English?
- Please write it down.
- Wait a minute please.
- I cannot pay now.
- I have no money left.
- Would you wire for me to my family, friends?
- This is the address.
- Can you wait till next week?
- I ought to receive a money order in a few days.
- What is the matter?
- What has happened?
- What do you want?
- Who are you?
- I don't know you.
- I don't want to speak to you.
- Don't bother me.
- Go away.
- I will give you nothing.
- That will do.
- You are mistaken.
- It was not I.
- What have I done?
- I have done nothing.
- It was not my fault.
- I did not know it.
- I did not do it on purpose.
- I shall call a policeman.
- Bring a policeman!
- Help!
- This man is following me everywhere.
- Someone has robbed me.
- That man! —That woman!
- I want to see the British Consul.
- Where is the British Consulate?

Collins Pocket Interpreter: Italian.



JOSEPH AND HIS AMAZING TECHNICOLOUR DREAM-COAT

For the first time in many years, we are having a full musical instead of a musical and concert. I think this is the first time we have done a Bible story.

Joseph is the main part and then comes the pharaoh. It is not a good time of the year to get costumes, props and all, because everyone is involved in the choir.

Jenny Marsbridge, Stephanie Burt and Priscilla Mount play Joseph.

Ruth Linnane, Sarah Brydon and I play Pharaoh.

L. Stella Tarring

ORCHESTRA

The musical score has reached a Fortissimo. First up was the Easter church service, followed not far behind by the school church service. The orchestra proved to be a big hit, largely due to its expansion in instruments this year. These included a couple more clarinets, a piccolo, a double bass, more percussion recruits, violins, violas and, one up for the staff participation, Mrs. New on cornet. The orchestra's crescendo will be reached when it helps out at the Musical Evening in October and Speech Night this year.

Sectional splitting up has helped retain the unity of the orchestra by allowing players to proceed at their own pace in chamber groups.

Thanks to everyone for turning up for practices when most needed, and thanks of course to Mr. Maxwell and Mrs. Edwards.

S. Beach & S. Menzies 6

SPEECH NIGHT 1978

Tension mounted and rode away; the "big moment" had finally arrived. For tonight was not only the last function of the school year, but also a once-in-a-lifetime thing was going to happen — The Centenary Speech Night. After all, not too many people get to sit on the stage of Dallas Brookes Hall and play in an orchestra or sing in a choir.

Talking about "once-in-a-lifetime" events, who would have ever thought they would see the day when the whole audience of Dallas Brookes Hall would have the opportunity to see Miss Tuxen display her fire-fighting talents on stage! Wouldn't you just know it, the contents of the candle-douching bin caught fire!

Although the evening might have begun a little unconventionally, everyone seemed to be impressed by the music, and not driven to yawn by the speeches. In other words the night was a success.

Presentations were made by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Henry Winneke, and Lady Winneke; it was to the Governor's credit that his speech was not in the least long-winded or boring, on the contrary he was most entertaining. It was most kind of him to spare us his time.





music captain's report

Music has progressed a long way at Ruyton thanks to the valuable time, enthusiasm and, of course, the incredible talent of Mr. Maxwell given to all aspects of music. I still feel, however, that music is considered "daggy" by many girls in the school and it is thought that those who participate in it are those who in their spare time write poems, read Shakespearean plays, and listen to, and analyse, every movement of a Beethoven Symphony, from first note to last. Well, actually, this, of course, is not true. I think that those who do partake in music realise that it is something to be enjoyed. Sure, music can be studied, however, it is something more than just a subject — the musician feels a great sense of power when she conquers a Bach prelude and there is a feeling of satisfaction when the music being produced is coming from your own mouth or the instrument in your hands. I'm not trying to "force" you unmusical people into throwing away your usual hobbies and take up 100 instruments, I'm just saying that music isn't as stupid as it seems — sit down and listen to it for a while!

This year there have been many "professional" performances by the choir and the orchestra: including the Easter Service where a superlative performance of the Halleluyah Chorus was staged for many proud parents. Of course the pianist wasn't the best, but then again, is she ever?

The next dynamic performance was at the Montefiore Old Peoples' Home in June. This was a more "trying" and "nerve racking" performance, as there needed to

be greater concentration by all girls, because very often we were singing to unresponsive faces. However, we received warm applause at the end. Special congratulations to the solo artists.

I think, however, that the hit of the year, so far, has been the Church Service. Wow, what a lot of hard work it was, but it certainly paid off. Without the flautists, who always dominate the orchestra, and Adrienne Sartori, on the double bass, we would be lost.

There was a small party to celebrate our success afterwards and I think that was enjoyed more than the music!!

The next major goal of the choir and orchestra is Speech Night — a mammoth task. One performance in which everyone wants to do their best. Especially the 6th Form.

Remember there are also individual instruments to learn such as the guitar. So there is an avenue for you all to explore. I should not neglect to mention that **every** girl in First Form plays an instrument ranging from xylophone to clarinet. I'm sure that by the way things are progressing, and by the way girls are becoming more involved in music. In years to come I'm going to be sitting, listening to the radio or watching television, and suddenly a familiar face will appear, playing a wonderful solo instrument in a National Orchestra, and I'll feel very proud.

Thanks to Mrs. Edwards, Miss Cairns and Mrs. Levin for their never-ending help and support with all aspects of music this year.

A great beginning to the new century.

MUSIC CAPTAIN — A. Smart 6



CHOIR REPORT

This year's choir activities have been enjoyed by all, especially the listeners. Our annual Church Service appearance was a successful one, due to the awesome hours of rehearsal, which made the finished performance exciting. I think the good thing about our Ruyton Choir lies in the fact that it has a communal atmosphere, where everyone knows what she's got to do, so she helps the other person at the same time; and, of course, the guidance of Mr. Maxwell and Mrs. Edwards is enough to get your crotchets up and your "Trade Winds" blowing. I think it would be true to say that the Church Service is always enjoyed by the choir, due to the closeness of the participants and the atmosphere that surrounds you that night. We must not forget the orchestra's heavenly sounds as they, too, follow the music.

Our travel outside the school to the 'Montefiore Homes' was well worth our

busfare. Here we sang and soloists performed on their violins, pianos and flutes to a room full of elderly people. During our repertoire it was obvious that the audience was elated by it. They listened to everything, and one lady was delighted to hear a song about her old 'home town' and clapped along. I feel it was a very good experience for all of us, not only because we were performing in public for the first time, but because of the experience of meeting a group of elderly people and gaining something from it. I hope that in future our Ruyton Choir will have more opportunities to perform in public, to various groups of society, perhaps even another school?

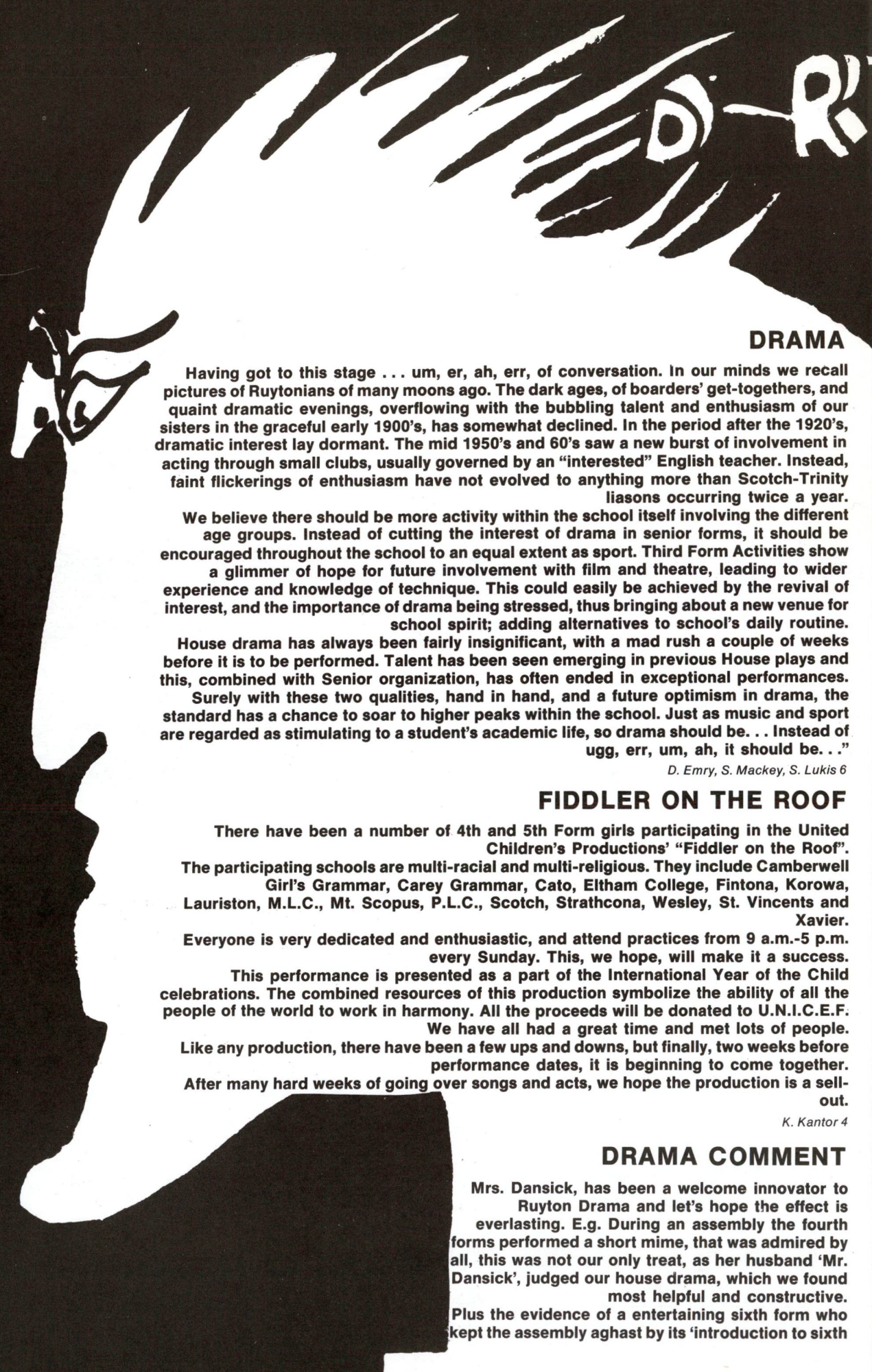
Also in first term we had an Easter break-up Service during assembly, where a few mothers came along to hear our Halleluyah Chorus. I think some of them were quite surprised.

Well there is still the music night and Speech Night to come, which means encountering chattering teeth and butterfly stomachs, though just knowing that the parents' and children's support exists for our performances, helps ease the pain. Once again, our voices whether soprano, alto, mezzo soprano, will put up a sail of billowing intensity and astound you all (we hope, anyway). The obvious enjoyment by the members of the Choir can only be attributed to our leaders — Mr. Maxwell, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Cairns and Mrs. Levin, as they help make our practices fun, instead of a bore, which we all know they can be.

Here's to the Ruyton Choir, which has really grown, since its first new-born days of a few members.

D. Emry 6





DRAMA

Having got to this stage . . . um, er, ah, err, of conversation. In our minds we recall pictures of Ruytonians of many moons ago. The dark ages, of boarders' get-togethers, and quaint dramatic evenings, overflowing with the bubbling talent and enthusiasm of our sisters in the graceful early 1900's, has somewhat declined. In the period after the 1920's, dramatic interest lay dormant. The mid 1950's and 60's saw a new burst of involvement in acting through small clubs, usually governed by an "interested" English teacher. Instead, faint flickerings of enthusiasm have not evolved to anything more than Scotch-Trinity liasons occurring twice a year.

We believe there should be more activity within the school itself involving the different age groups. Instead of cutting the interest of drama in senior forms, it should be encouraged throughout the school to an equal extent as sport. Third Form Activities show a glimmer of hope for future involvement with film and theatre, leading to wider experience and knowledge of technique. This could easily be achieved by the revival of interest, and the importance of drama being stressed, thus bringing about a new venue for school spirit; adding alternatives to school's daily routine.

House drama has always been fairly insignificant, with a mad rush a couple of weeks before it is to be performed. Talent has been seen emerging in previous House plays and this, combined with Senior organization, has often ended in exceptional performances.

Surely with these two qualities, hand in hand, and a future optimism in drama, the standard has a chance to soar to higher peaks within the school. Just as music and sport are regarded as stimulating to a student's academic life, so drama should be. . . Instead of ugg, err, um, ah, it should be. . ."

D. Emry, S. Mackey, S. Lukis 6

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

There have been a number of 4th and 5th Form girls participating in the United Children's Productions' "Fiddler on the Roof". The participating schools are multi-racial and multi-religious. They include Camberwell Girl's Grammar, Carey Grammar, Cato, Eltham College, Fintona, Korowa, Lauriston, M.L.C., Mt. Scopus, P.L.C., Scotch, Strathcona, Wesley, St. Vincents and Xavier.

Everyone is very dedicated and enthusiastic, and attend practices from 9 a.m.-5 p.m. every Sunday. This, we hope, will make it a success.

This performance is presented as a part of the International Year of the Child celebrations. The combined resources of this production symbolize the ability of all the people of the world to work in harmony. All the proceeds will be donated to U.N.I.C.E.F.

We have all had a great time and met lots of people.

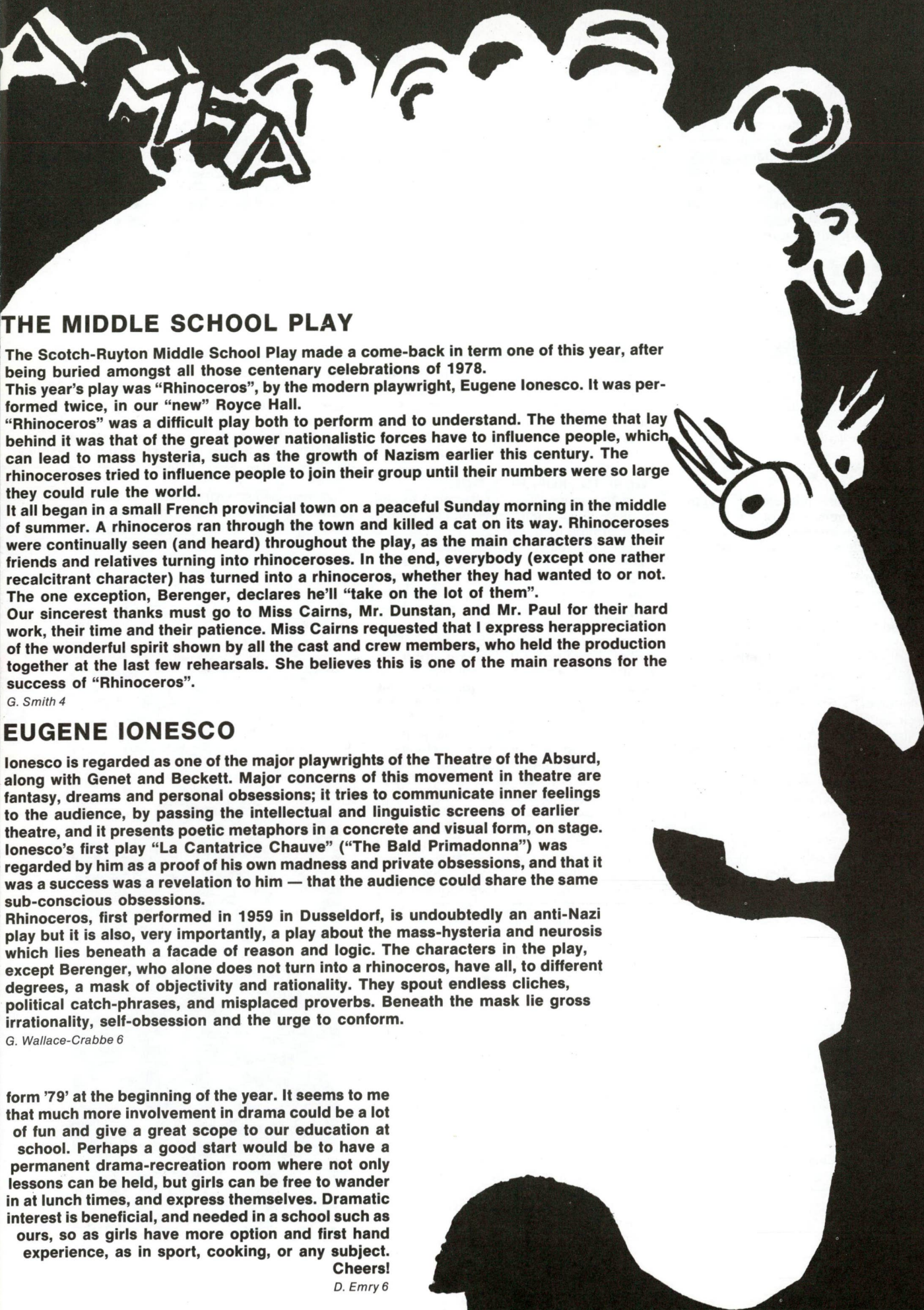
Like any production, there have been a few ups and downs, but finally, two weeks before performance dates, it is beginning to come together.

After many hard weeks of going over songs and acts, we hope the production is a sell-out.

K. Kantor 4

DRAMA COMMENT

Mrs. Dansick, has been a welcome innovator to Ruyton Drama and let's hope the effect is everlasting. E.g. During an assembly the fourth forms performed a short mime, that was admired by all, this was not our only treat, as her husband 'Mr. Dansick', judged our house drama, which we found most helpful and constructive. Plus the evidence of a entertaining sixth form who kept the assembly agast by its 'introduction to sixth



THE MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAY

The Scotch-Ruyton Middle School Play made a come-back in term one of this year, after being buried amongst all those centenary celebrations of 1978.

This year's play was "Rhinoceros", by the modern playwright, Eugene Ionesco. It was performed twice, in our "new" Royce Hall.

"Rhinoceros" was a difficult play both to perform and to understand. The theme that lay behind it was that of the great power nationalistic forces have to influence people, which can lead to mass hysteria, such as the growth of Nazism earlier this century. The rhinoceroses tried to influence people to join their group until their numbers were so large they could rule the world.

It all began in a small French provincial town on a peaceful Sunday morning in the middle of summer. A rhinoceros ran through the town and killed a cat on its way. Rhinoceroses were continually seen (and heard) throughout the play, as the main characters saw their friends and relatives turning into rhinoceroses. In the end, everybody (except one rather recalcitrant character) has turned into a rhinoceros, whether they had wanted to or not. The one exception, Berenger, declares he'll "take on the lot of them".

Our sincerest thanks must go to Miss Cairns, Mr. Dunstan, and Mr. Paul for their hard work, their time and their patience. Miss Cairns requested that I express her appreciation of the wonderful spirit shown by all the cast and crew members, who held the production together at the last few rehearsals. She believes this is one of the main reasons for the success of "Rhinoceros".

G. Smith 4

EUGENE IONESCO

Ionesco is regarded as one of the major playwrights of the Theatre of the Absurd, along with Genet and Beckett. Major concerns of this movement in theatre are fantasy, dreams and personal obsessions; it tries to communicate inner feelings to the audience, by passing the intellectual and linguistic screens of earlier theatre, and it presents poetic metaphors in a concrete and visual form, on stage. Ionesco's first play "La Cantatrice Chauve" ("The Bald Primadonna") was regarded by him as a proof of his own madness and private obsessions, and that it was a success was a revelation to him — that the audience could share the same sub-conscious obsessions.

Rhinoceros, first performed in 1959 in Dusseldorf, is undoubtedly an anti-Nazi play but it is also, very importantly, a play about the mass-hysteria and neurosis which lies beneath a facade of reason and logic. The characters in the play, except Berenger, who alone does not turn into a rhinoceros, have all, to different degrees, a mask of objectivity and rationality. They spout endless cliches, political catch-phrases, and misplaced proverbs. Beneath the mask lie gross irrationality, self-obsession and the urge to conform.

G. Wallace-Crabbe 6

form '79' at the beginning of the year. It seems to me that much more involvement in drama could be a lot of fun and give a great scope to our education at school. Perhaps a good start would be to have a permanent drama-recreation room where not only lessons can be held, but girls can be free to wander in at lunch times, and express themselves. Dramatic interest is beneficial, and needed in a school such as ours, so as girls have more option and first hand experience, as in sport, cooking, or any subject.

Cheers!

D. Emry 6

THIRD FORM PROGRAMME 1979

REVIEW

The Activities Programme began this year with the fond hope that certain noble aims in education might somehow be achieved; through such things as increased opportunities for vocational training, with amongst other things, exposure to work alternatives. Also, through an increased emphasis on increased opportunities for non-vocational education, the scheme aimed to help girls with the recreative use of their time.

Some more specific aims intended:

- to help students identify and assess their leisure needs
- to expand knowledge and skills in new areas
- to cultivate positive attitudes
- to clarify values and help make choices
- to develop habits of creative involvement
- to explore and test out new ideas and directions
- to become independent leisure learners
- to take responsibility for one's own leisure

Last year we were not entirely happy about the "play" behaviour of the Form 3 students, and we regarded ourselves as partly responsible for their lack of opportunities in this aspect of behaviour. A committee worked on the implementation of the above theoretical goals, devising a programme to put them into practice. We had in mind the development of social interaction skills: helping girls to interact in small and large groups, sometimes cooperatively, sometimes competitively. Naturally though, we emphasised (hence the retention of assessment) the acquisition of specific activity skills which were offered to the girls with a high degree of choice, and suited to their interests, age and abilities.

Also, we wished to recapture the "Pied Piper" notion in teaching: excitement and enthusiasm, but also involvement and commitment.

At the time of writing, we have finished two terms or four contract periods and have harmoniously (at last!) begun the fifth. We have offered a surprising range of activities.

Physical

Gymnastics
Squash
Tennis
Swimming
Sailing
Canoeing
Golf
Bowls (Ten Pin)
Ice skating
Roller skating
Self Defence
Jazz Ballet
Orienteering
Bush camping/cooking
Billiards

Self-Development

Grooming
Drama

Fitness (and one's responsibility for it)
Career Guidance
Dress and Fashion sense
Visits to Vocational Centres

Art & Craft

Pottery
Painting
Etching
Cooking
Home Economics
Spinning and Weaving
Embroidery
Knitting
Recycling Clothes
Rug Making
Dressmaking
Film making
Mural painting
Photography
Wood work

We have involved many staff members and called upon visiting experts, including parents. The girls have had to put together various combinations of these activities, three times a week during periods 3-5. A contract equals six weeks of such organized activity time.

WHERE TO FROM HERE THEN?

An assessment of the programme and its results will occur before the end of Term 3, to determine its future.

Staff involved have discovered that the right staff — the "Pied Pipers" — are absolutely essential. Proper equipment is important, as is cheaper, efficient transportation, public transport and staff car use have their limitations.

Now that a diverse range of excellent activities has been offered, we are confronted with a new problem; how not to forsake depth and development. This programme *must not be supervised in a superficial way*. If it is, it will surely fail.

Good instruction, responsible supervision and help with personal development are key ingredients for success. Without these there is a danger that students will regard the programme as a "slack" and just drift from one elective to another.

If the Middle School teacher doesn't want to be the butt of others or to be spoken bitterly about in schools yards, and on T.V. series, he/she must look at the capacity to fulfil the above requirements and become "a catalyst — no longer a social pathologist, but an activist".²

REFERENCES

1. Cherry, Catherine, Woodburn, Bob: *Leisure*: (Ontario Ministry of Culture and Recreation).
2. Nettleton, Brian. "Factors Affecting Recreational Choice Among a Group of School Leavers" (1977 paper to A.C.H.P.E.R. Conference).

A. Gidley

(Third Form Activities Co-ordinator)

The Activities were and are really great. We know the teachers better and the teachers know us. We have found out that the teachers are human and do like music, like Mrs. Keatinge. In the Activities week, I spoke to 4th and 5th formers who I didn't even know.

The Activities programme were quite good but fairly disorganised. I think there were too many kids and not enough staff. Still it was better than a normal week of school work!!!

This programme has been designed so that we have a much wider scope of career opportunities for the future. Of course, as time goes by, because of increasing unemployment, we are going to have so much more time to spare and if we have some knowledge of quite a few outdoor activities, it will help us to use our spare time in a useful and enjoyable way.

Penny Watson

The teachers were really great, not as bad as we thought!

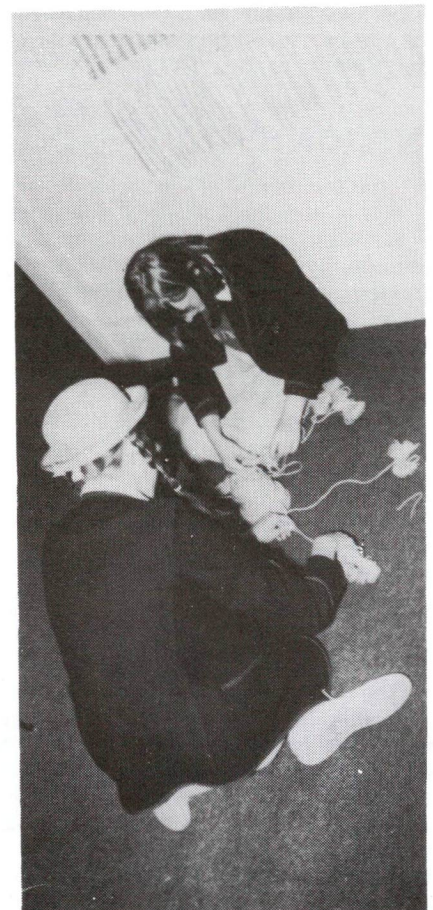
Valerie Porter

Third form Activities are really good, and something to look forward to. They make school less of a drag and give you some interesting things to do.

I think the 3rd Form Activities programme has been really good and enjoyable, and a great benefit to the 3rd Form.

A marvellous year thanks to all participating teachers, especially Mrs. Gidley and Miss Margetts for making our 3rd Form year more enjoyable. Thanks to Miss McRae, for letting it go ahead.

Felicity Goodes



WEEK NINE

On Friday, twelve girls and two teachers took a trip to Daylesford to visit a mudbrick house.

ODE TO DAYLESFORD

T'was early morn (round nine-fifteen)
when the intrepid team did start,
Armed with food and coats and wellingtons
and a staunch and sturdy heart.
Miss Jelbart cried "The trip'll be tough
but please don't make a fuss,"
So, pale and thin, but with our jaws set firm,
we boarded the minibus.

REFRAIN:

O Daylesford, Daylesford! O place of bush and mud,
How I long once more to feel your chill
and gambol through your scrub.

The journey was long and terrible
and many a horror we saw,
Busy roads, pedestrians, hills and rain and more!
Yet we gripped our seats or snoozed a while
as all brave warriors do,
We swore we'd get to Daylesford if it broke our heart in
two.

REFRAIN:

At last we reached the fatal hill
the last we had to face,
So we left the minibus
and Mrs. Reid bravely set the pace.
Eventually we reached the top
and saw the goal of all our strain,
A low and lovely mudbrick house
that made the terrors of our journey wane.

REFRAIN:

A verandah mansion made of natural wood,
stained glass windows and the ground!
By now the chill was seeping in
and we decided t'was time to eat.
But disaster struck! The fire refused to flare
and give us heat.

REFRAIN:

Oh, hardy bushmen that we are, and sorry that we are,
We had to leave the great outdoors and seek the warmth
indoors,
In stockinged feet, round the open fire,
we cooked sausages and bread,
And after Tim Tams, fruit and drinks we really felt well-fed.

REFRAIN:

The warmth seeped up from our swollen tumms and we
nestled in the coloured light,
Sleepily talked and laughed while deciding to spend the
night!

But duty called, we had to leave,
Alack, Alas and Woe!

But staunchly on with our muddy shoes and down the hill
we go.

REFRAIN:

And so we travelled home again, a band of pioneers,
Having faced each danger with fortitude, having
smothered all quaking fears,
But Daylesford, Daylesford, Mudbrick House, the warmth,
the friends, the feast . . .

It left a glowing memory
and an oozing sense of peace.



Great week, thanks everyone.

K. Mitchelhill

UNITED WE STAND: A MORAL TALE

An old farmer had three sons, a lawyer, a doctor and an actor. When they had reached the age of twenty-one they were all given a piece of land. They quarrelled about who received the largest piece of land. They thought it unfair that one brother should get a better water supply on his property than on their own.

After a year of moaning and allowing the land to become a useless field of weeds, they decided to go and make a profession for themselves in the big city. They did this and after years of study and patience, they finally graduated.

Each entered his profession with confidence and determination, but they all began to realize that life on the farm wasn't as dull as it had appeared; at least they could make a living. Whereas now they were barely making enough money to feed themselves.

After the shock of his sons leaving him the farmer began to die. He was sad he was leaving his farm, as it had been his life, but what made him was that his sons, even when they had a job, were always quarrelling. He had often told them when they came to visit that they should live together in peace. They did not listen. When he lay on his death bed, he asked his wife to send for his sons in the big city. This she did.

He asked the oldest to bring him a bundle of sticks; then he had the young man tie the bundle together.

"Now", he said, "break the bundle." In succession the three brothers tried but they could not.

"Untie it", said the father. "Now see if you can break the separate sticks". The oldest broke the stick without any effort, the second took another and broke it easily as did the youngest son.

"You see", said the weary father with a contented smile on his face, "Why it is important to stop quarrelling and remain together. If you had put all your land together and helped each other, without disagreeing so much, you would have full stomachs and pockets. Yet you wanted something better and as a result you are hungry and poor. As long as you remain separate from each other you will be weak. United, you will be so strong that none can hurt you!"

With this the farmer died, leaving his three sons to unite and make something of their lives, working on their farms together, strengthening each day.

In union there is strength — United we stand, divided we fall.

R. Neilson 1

THE LEGEND OF A STONE HOUSE

One dark night, when the stars and moon were hidden from sight and the wind was blowing like a gale at sea, there was a house in a forest far from any other house. There was a boy in the house, with only a mother, who wasn't there when this ferocious storm took place.

The little boy yelled at the Goddess of the sky and the goddess, became mad. She sent lightning and thunder; she came down to the hut and she walked right in and she roared at the boy.

"Oh foolish one, do you know who I am?"

"I don't," said the boy and I couldn't care less, for the mean Goddess of the sky is scaring me with this storm. I hate the Goddess of the sky!"

"I am the Goddess of the sky. You will pay for your words. You will become a stone statue and this hut and all in it will turn to stone!" the goddess screamed.

And what she said was done and the goddess herself turned to stone.

T. Limerick 1

WHY THE CELTS CAME TO WORSHIP THE 'OAK TREE'.

Once upon a time, hundreds of years ago there lived an old wise man called 'Green Oak'.

Green Oak lived with his son in a mud house with a thatched roof. Green Oak was highly respected amongst his people because he was the oldest and wisest of them all.

One day, Green Oak called to his son, "Abraham, I am getting very old and will die soon; you will become Chief when I pass away. You must look after my people and find them a special spirit which they can worship. Promise me Son, promise me, that you will look after our tribe."

"I will", Abraham promised and at sunset Green Oak died and Abraham became chief.

Two days after the burial a horrible storm broke out. "Quick! Everyone to the burial grounds." The reason for such a command was that Green Oak was buried under a very large tree and the people believed that it would protect them from the storm.

The storm lasted only two hours. Not much damage was done, but every person who came to the tree was saved.

There was a feast that night for the amazing tree which sheltered them from the storm.

Then Abraham remembered what his father had said: and he decided that they would worship this amazing tree and they would name it 'The Oak Tree', in memory of his father.

M. Gidley 1

THE MAIDEN AND THE GRASSHOPPER

One day a grasshopper was itching his back legs, when he looked up to see a young maiden standing by him. He said, "Why do you not speak?"

The maiden replied, "Because I did not know you, grasshopper, were there."

"Why, young maiden, do you not see me? I am here. You have eyes don't you, well use them!"

"I can't."

"Why can't you use them?"

"Because I am blind."

"Oh, I am sorry to have yelled at you like that."

"Oh that's alright because most people do that."

"You wouldn't happen to have some itching cream or powder would you?"

"As a matter of fact, I have. Would you like me to go back home and get some?"

"Oh yes please, I would love some."

"Just wait a minute, while I go and get the cream. "The maiden returned in a short time with the itching cream for the grasshopper. She put it on him.

"That feels good, I wish I had some of that on me every time I itch. But as you are blind you cannot see me when I scratch, so it's just bad luck for me," sobbed the grasshopper.

"Wait, I have an idea! Why don't you whistle every time you're itchy, then I will come and find you quickly even though I'm blind."

That is why every time you hear a grasshopper whistling you will know he is itchy.

M. Wilson 1

CONVERSATION

Mindless verbiage with culinary overtones. . .

There's a town that's on the sidelines
of a diamond in the shade of an idea
down in a valley of red roses and
springtime.

The stars that drift and flutter
round the mountain look like voices
in the jungle of nitrogen which is
a haven to the larynx.

There are spiky blackened gryphons
that harass the floating notions;
that assail the heart's emotions;
that cause terrible commotions. . .

And the thunder and the lightning
splatter on the hilly plateau
in an anger made by questions
and a fury made by love.

And the bird in the appendix
sings about the constitution
and spins mysteries about judges,
and juries make decisions in the light of
the node.

Eyes observe the misty firelight
and the smoke that comes from chimneys
in the tops of phantoms' heads
that waft along the rooftops
and descend to join the gravy
in the middle of the garden.

And the mouths are slowly shutting and
rejuvenating garble
that they marvelled at in history because
of its thick texture.

And the ears are being polished
for the best stereo reception
which will reflect a dreamy sadness
and a physical desire to inject
the whole person into social
get-togethers

with a pale and chilling iceblock
made of toughly-steeled ideas.

The clouds are falling to the ground
and they are speared by all the steeples,
and are pierced by all the lamp-posts
that are standing, watching, guarding,
the tiny diamond town. . .

And the lichen spreads its wings
like a tiger that is flightless
and the frogs lie down and rest
for they have to save their voices
for occasional background noises,
and they are not needed yet
for the conductor is still sleeping
and the instruments are dead.

And his baton is awaiting
to be drawn from its case
which is made quite incidentally
from a spider's web he captured
on a hunting expedition
to seek out the rare viola
that resides in hollow trees. . .

And the moon is slowly rising
to the centre of the record
which is turning ever further
in attempts to become permanently dizzy
with the hot magnetic forces
generated by the passionate wooden
spoon,
sitting on a gremlin's finger,
resting lightly in the air. . .

As the moon goes ever higher
the conductor is awakened
and he hastens to the telephone
to listen to the jingle
of a singlet that is travelling
in the middle of a very strange
fruitcake. . .

In a pool of ebony water
a python is portrayed
by reflections from a person
dressed in ostentatious garb.

And the python is soon joined
by a gryphon and a horsefly
and a huge extinct goanna
with snarling jaws and black saliva
that is wrestling with a gumboot
simply stuffed with inspirations
who is consequently suffering
from chronic indigestion.

And they all start up a racket
that is heard for miles around
and is echoed underground:
the conductor tunes the sounds. . .

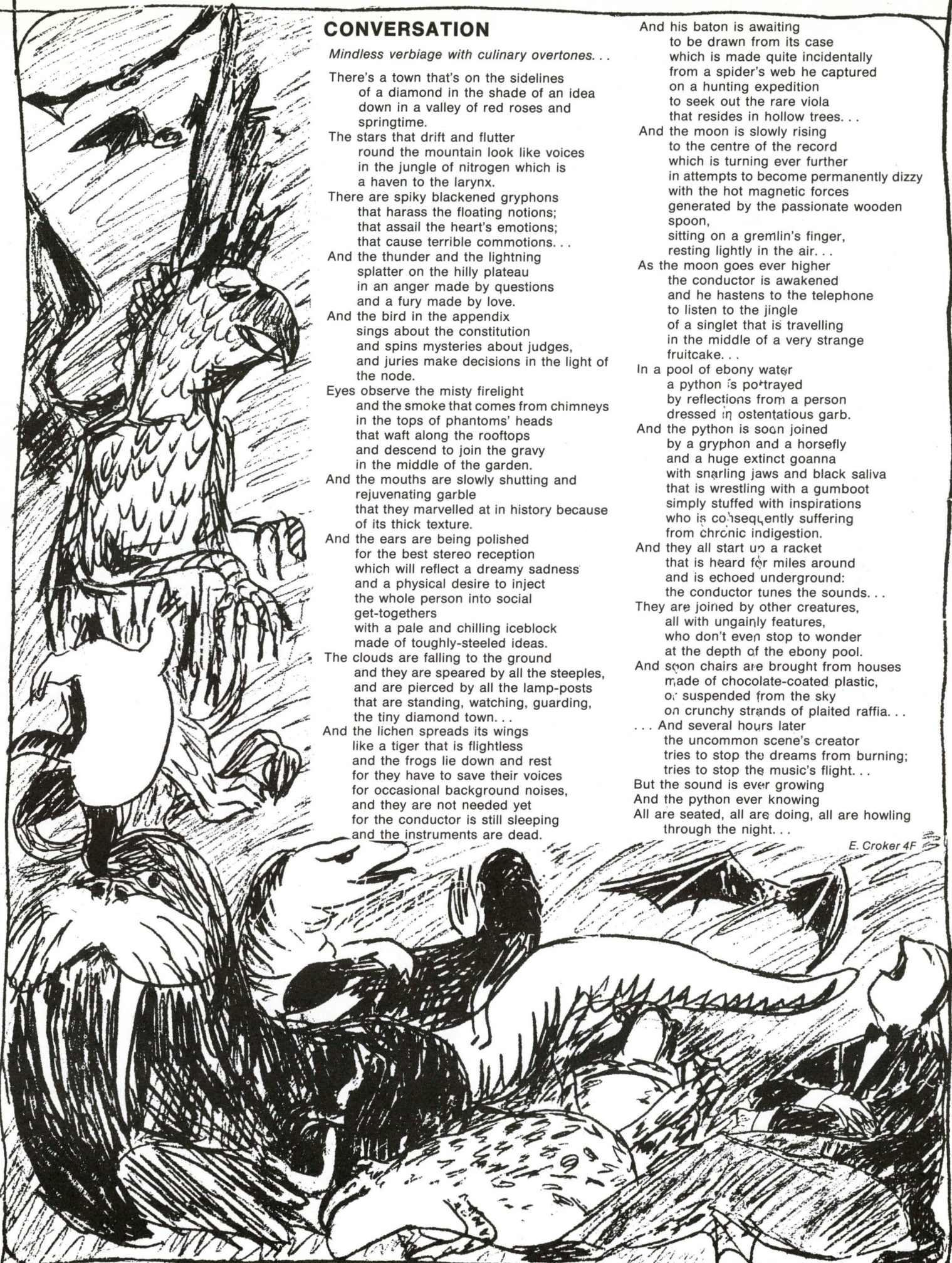
They are joined by other creatures,
all with ungainly features,
who don't even stop to wonder
at the depth of the ebony pool.

And soon chairs are brought from houses
made of chocolate-coated plastic,
or suspended from the sky
on crunchy strands of plaited raffia. . .

. . . And several hours later
the uncommon scene's creator
tries to stop the dreams from burning;
tries to stop the music's flight. . .

But the sound is ever growing
And the python ever knowing
All are seated, all are doing, all are howling
through the night. . .

E. Croker 4F



THE ODD MAN OUT

The odd man out,
Is rather stout,
With hardly any hair at all,
His teeth are black,
And his lips are cracked,
And his nose is a pumpkin shape.

His expression is grim,
And he looks very dim,
As he walks through Studley Park.
He awakes at dawn,
Off the dewy lawn,
And he looks at yesterday's paper.

How children laugh at him,
So dirty and slim,
As we pass him every morn.
He looks at us,
As we catch our bus,
Then gives a sigh of relief.

He looks like a tramp,
All wet and damp,
With a coat dangling round his knees.
His shoes have holes,
Without any soles,
And his hat just covers his ears.

He stalks as he walks,
But doesn't talk,
Not a word does he utter.
He lies on the lawn to wait for the dawn . . .
That was the Odd Man Out.

C. Hanson 3

YESTERDAY'S TOMORROWS

The blue eyes had a vacant, dreamy look.
In yesterdays my mother cared for me —
Did my washing, helped me walk,
Satisfied my every need.
My starched lace aprons, fresh as driven snow,
Protected fashion's frills of long ago.
But yesterday's tomorrows now have come,
My aprons are replaced by napkins bright,
My bulk increased, my independence gone,
I sit in abject silence in the ward,
Waiting for the stranger all in white
To wash and feed and clothe me.
The Virgin icon witnesses my plight.
Oh, pray the Lord will keep me through the night!

W. Jeffrey 3

The fingers of the palm separated themselves.
Her violet crepe dress hung loosely around her shoulders.
Her blood red nails dripped, as they passed over the
chrome table.
The magazines portrayed scenes another world away.
She lit up a cigarette.
The smoke curled gently up the ceiling,
as a dried chrysanthemum fell cautiously to the floor.
The solitary vase was empty.

Jo Wilson 6

"I am as I am
I'm made that way."

Jacques Prévert
(from "I am as I am")

IF I WERE A MANDARINE

My name is Mary the Mandarin. I live at 21 Peely Orchard, Mars. It is very pippy and juicy. There is Mertle the Mandarin, he is my brother, and Mippsy the Mandarin, my sister. Mertle is so slow he is like a turtle, that is why they call him Mertle. Mippsy, my sister, is so full of pips she can hardly walk.

My enemy is the Mouthy-colour Mandarin machine. We have so many pips in our house that it is not funny.

One day I was walking along with my friend Mork the Mandarin and we walked behind a tree when something grabbed Mork. It was the Mouthy-colour Mandarin machine. I ran as fast as I could. I never saw Mork again.

I would like to be a tree because if all my leaves fell off they would all grow back. I would like to have no pips on the ground and **no** Mouthy-colour Mandarin machine. That is what I would like to have!

M. Seccull, Edgcomb

The smell of . . . leather is still on her,
And her eyes are . . . wet with tears,
Tears that she cries for him,
As shadows lengthen,
She thinks of the boy,
Risking himself for her.
She is a younger member of the gang,
A girl who can be relied on.
She is still young,
And has never been loved before, by a man.
He is silently making his way through
The winding alleys,
Unaware of the price he will pay
For the colour of his skin,
And 'love'.
A tattered paper,
Brandishing news of the latest conflict
Lies, saturated in a near-by puddle.
The Ghettos are silhouetted against
The grey, grey sky.
Her mother is disgraced and yet,
At the same time, in awe
Of the power her daughter holds in the town.
The townsfolk are at home by dark
Few dare to venture out.
The risk is too great,
But not as great
As the one they take.

L. Jensen 4

In hundreds of houses sleepy women woke sleepier children and thus began another busy, dry day in the drought-stricken town. For weeks, too many for any person to bother to count, the little town had thirsted for a downpour of thick drops of glorious rain. The small beds of flowers thick kept by each woman in the town had withered away to limp, brown stalks. There was practically nothing green to be seen for a radius of many miles. Nothing but weary, careworn, tanned bodies trudging about on their daily routines.

A young boy walked laconically towards the main well of the township for his family's daily ration of what remained of the dirty, brackish water. He took his place at the end of the queue of almost dehydrated people and his bucket was soon filled with the precious water. As he neared his home he saw a man mounted on a large impressive steed come galloping along the main street, the horse slowed and stopped alongside the dirty child. "What are you looking like a fish out of water for, lad? Haven't you heard that there's to be rain today, heavy rain at that!" The boy looked towards the hills from where the clouds always came and sure enough huge thunderous clouds were approaching. He ran home not bothering when the water slopped onto the ground and greeted his mother with his wonderful news.

That night he was lulled to sleep by the pattering of rain-drops on the roof.

P. Mackey 3

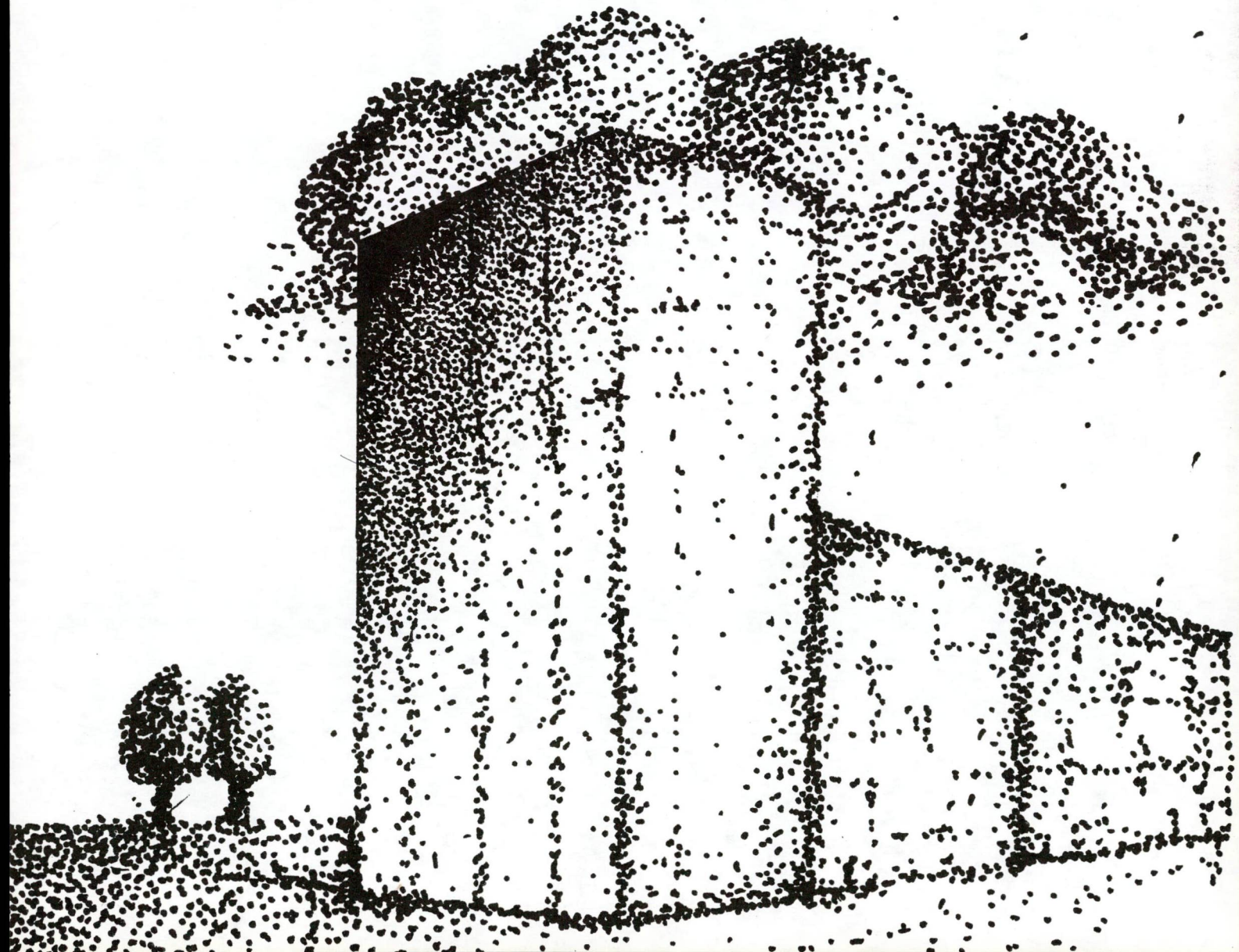
A NEW DAY

In hundreds of houses sleepy women wake sleepier children. Groans and abuse come from the bedrooms, as children surely but reluctantly crawl out of their peaceful, warm havens. "The Great Australian Crawl" begins.

Children, half dazed from the lack of sleep, consume their breakfast, while from kitchens mothers threaten to throttle them if they don't "get crackin'".

Their husbands awake, realising the time, decide to skip their regular jog and hastily proceed to dress themselves, while questioning their wives as to why they weren't woken earlier.

L. Barnett 3





AUTUMN

Leaves are falling to the ground,
Leaves go twirling round and round,
Night is reaching, go to bed,
In the morning sun will dread,
Red and brown, leaves fall down.

By Scarborough P.3

"I walked down a lane carpeted with leaves kicking the leaves, hanging my head. I'd lost my mother's trust and friendship. I'd lost my place in the family. I wished I were dead. The rain started pattering down, trickling from the ditches onto the road, leaves dripping water, soaking my hair. I walked on. Rain poured from the rolling, black clouds. I slipped and fell.

Slowly I got up and looked around. I had tripped over a dull gleaming stone with a grey pattern surrounding it. I cleaned it and realized it was a brooch, the one that Dad had sent Mum when he was in the war. Dad never came back and Mum treasured the brooch very much. I pocketed it and set off for home; somehow I felt that this brooch was a key to something that had been locked away. My key to my Mother's heart.

By Catherine

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A SCHOOL BLAZER

I bent my collar closer to my sleeve. Was that a silver fish actually squirming up my arm? No, I cried silently, please don't nibble me again. Not today. Today I must walk up on stage and receive my tennis award. How can I hold my buttons up high when all can see plainly those tell tale nibbles on my elbows.

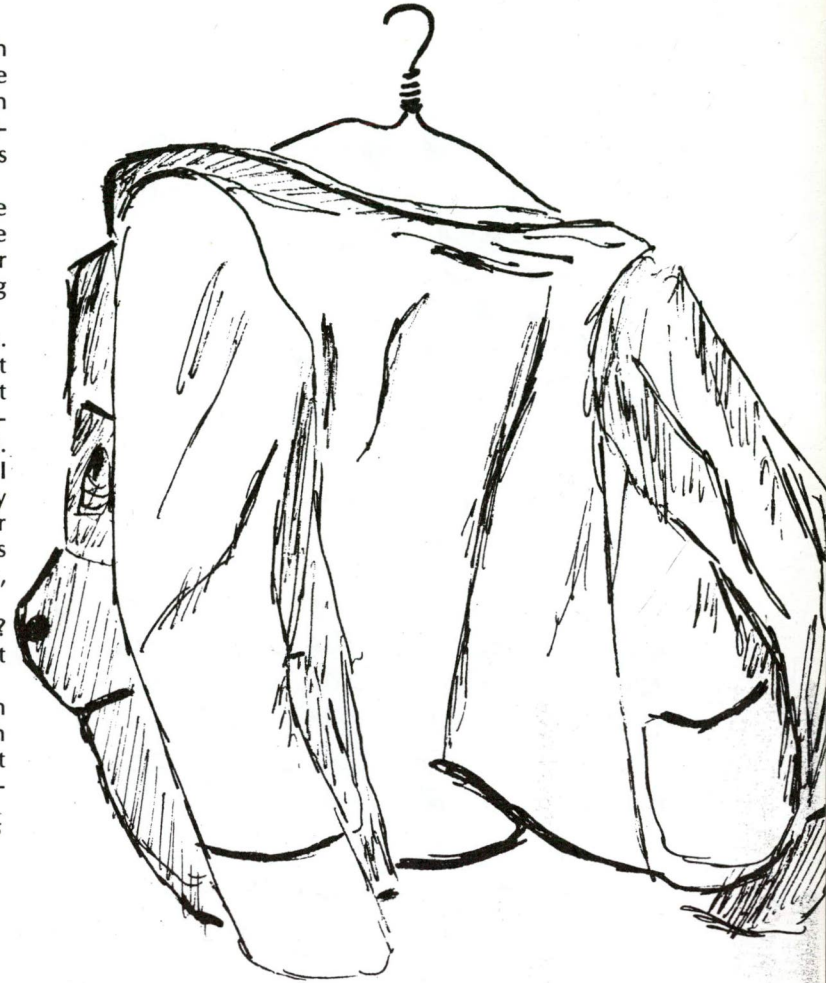
Ah! Relief. The wardrobe door is opening. That must be Dierdrie coming to get me. I knew she would not leave me to the perils of wardrobe living. Her hand! I must get her attention. "Dierdrie! Dierdrie, here I am!" Oh, suffering pockets! She can't see me.

"Dierdrie! I'm over here! Next to your Fiorucci overalls. I'm the one with the initial on the pocket." Maybe if I just edge up the rail a bit she might spot me. (Grunt). I can't get close enough. Wait! What is she doing? She can't — not today — Oh no, she has! She's taken that nasty silk shirt out. (Rejection) But today's my day! Oh, Dierdrie, what have I done wrong? Don't I keep you warm on those cold, lonely walks to school? And don't I open my pockets lovingly for your grubby little hands? And who is it who always comes with you to Miss McRae's Office? It's me, Dierdrie! Little, useful, rejected, lonely, button broken me! (Sigh)

What's wrong with me? Is it so wrong to be basic blue? Surely my name tag is not so obvious, not even to that handsome grey blazer on the corner?

Oh Dierdrie, please take me out, dust the cobwebs from my collar, wipe the ink from my pocket, flick the silver fish from my sleeve — but most of all, Dierdrie, won't you just take me out to play? To see you through the day? Oh, Dierdrie!

L. Heine 5



THE OLD SHOE

My old shoe was a very old shoe. It sat in the cupboard for years on end. But my shoe (the very old one) had a very good life. It had experienced the joy of jumping in puddles, playing hopscotch and much more. So there it lies in the cupboard, thinking.

S. Lund, Edgcomb

Season's Wisdom

Once upon a time, there was a cold bitter place for which I belonged.

The trees' whispers lasted till I got to the end of the river bank. There was a frog beneath me, croaking, burping, just making noise. I said, "Hello Mrs Frog, how's things?" she croaked once more. I walked away.


A mist around me follows wherever I go. I felt bewildered and restricted to where I was going. Then I felt reassured till I could no longer weep. I fell into the saddle of a horse, it did feel rough but I soon reached for a helping hand, a bough, I remembered angels from far away, sometimes high. It was heavenly. Suddenly, I found myself in a deep sleep, for a hundred years. I awoke after a long time of dreaming. There was the frog. Glistening. I was so glad to lay my eyes on it. Time had passed now, so quickly, that I kept walking until I arrived at a small village. I'd been taken back a thousand years, to the presence of wicked goblins and warlocks. Witches were not there.

I became scared and started to run away so that no one could harm me or even frighten me.

Then my frog appeared once, on the river bank, I felt wise enough to tell of my tale.

I lived happily ever after with my sincerity and level power to all fantasies and unknown reality. and I became thee.

V. Askew 2.



Chalice of flowers

Sit here while the cold wind blows, wonder
who knows I know I know that man will just vanish away
Eroded by his own desire
kindled and crushed by a spannerd fire,
he sits and waits sits and learns
about the joys of yesterday.

Incense smouldering smoke of love
standing atop of red veiled altars
watching the gods move . . . transfixed on their knees
they sing a song of things above

Gardens filled with chalice flowers
watching eyes withhold their powers
to transmit thoughts from other places,
to observe haunting expressions upon their faces.

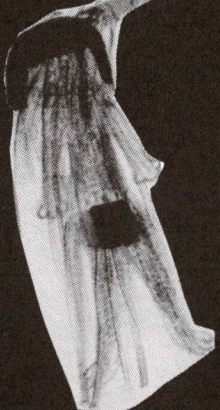
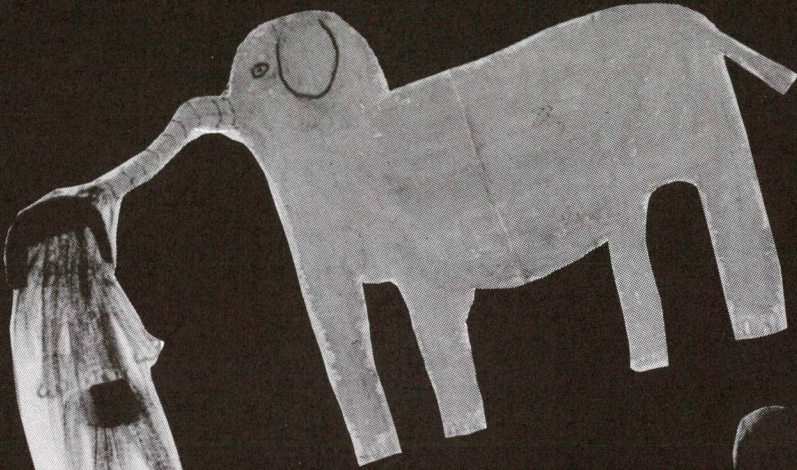
Time is but a moment and a moment is made of time
yet when it goes man pulls the rope . . .
Life is but a single hour
ten minutes for coffee five for tea
twenty for dreaming and the rest is sea . . .

Waves of thought caress our weary minds
citadels of concrete
build upon them houses of passing ways,
"undercurrents of transaction", "bills of the day"
all help to ease the pains.

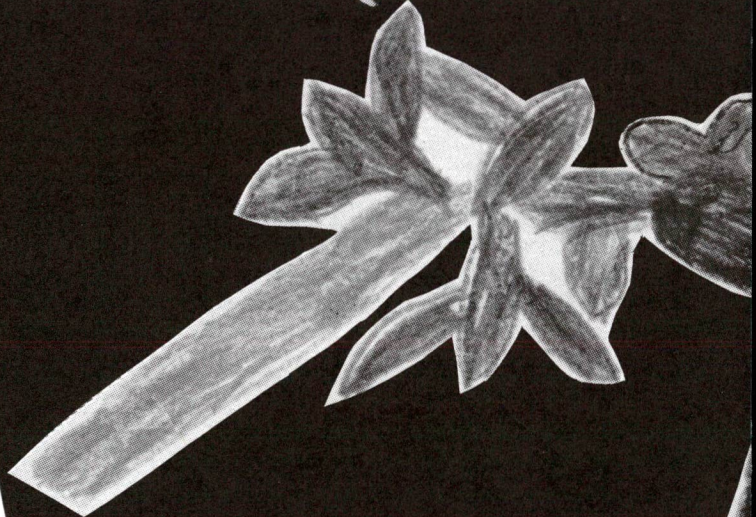
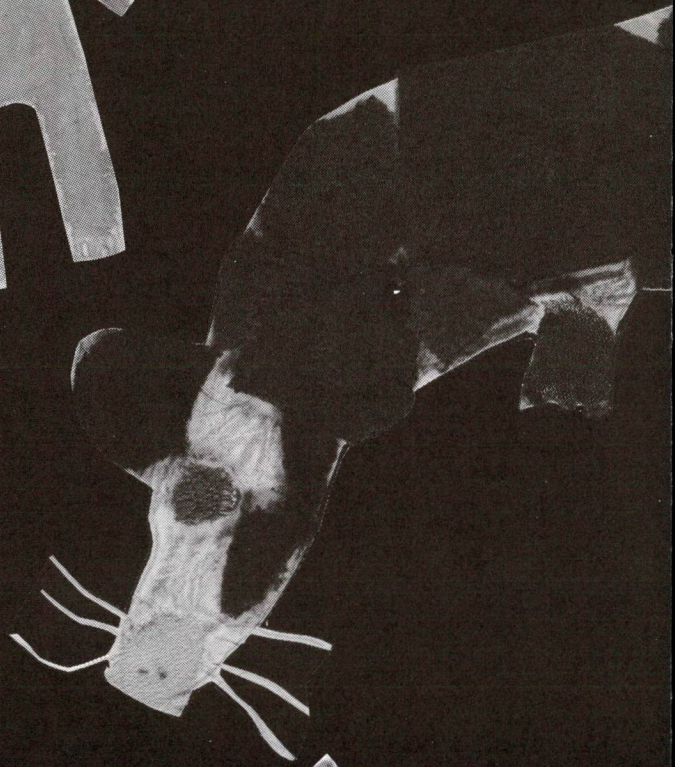
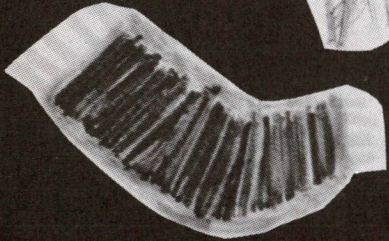
Shells of people stumble round
like moths beneath a yellow moon.
Gladiators wore their masks,
knowing it not to be too soon.

Time has brought us here,
and time will take us back,
to where we have not been
but destined to fall —
we descend into . . .
a cold wind that
blows,

I wonder who knows I know,
about invisible men who vanish away
— merely being an order of the day?



SOPHIE P.4.



The Wor was over
 The town was bare
 No one to talk to
 No secret to share.
 I was alone
 With my dog at my side
 Looking for someone alive
 I had no food nor water to drink
 I didn't know where I was going
 to think.
 But I found out that terrible
 night I needed my family to pat
 me right.
 I needed them ~~all right~~

Amanda Gray p 5

Lucinda Hutton P/4

SNORKASAURUS



My Cat.

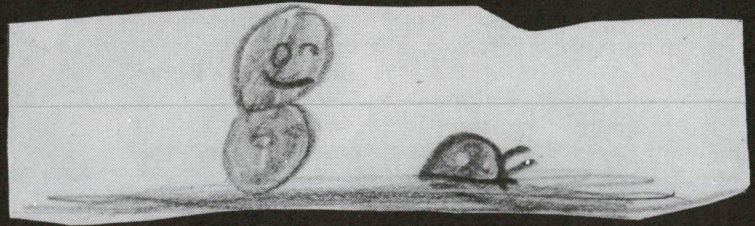
My cats name is Tippy.

She is very pretty.

She runs around the

house. And trise to catch a

mouse. by Rachael Tohtim p2

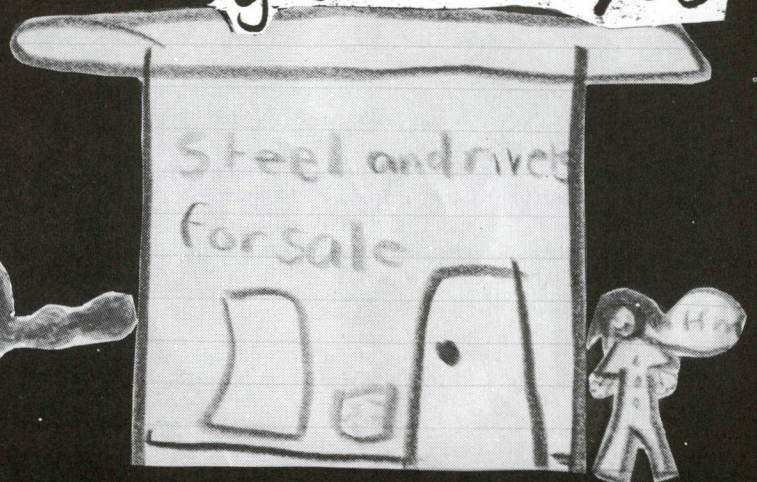


I want to go to the moon.

But if I want to go to the moon

I have to build a space ship.
how will I build it I have no
steel at all. And I have no
rivers. I will have to buy sum.
So I went to the hardware
department and got the things

by Juliette yeo



"I have a lot of responsibility. I look after my two sisters and two brothers all week while Mum and Dad are working. They only come at weekends. Dad leaves us 100 pesos (\$12) for expenses. I'm responsible for all of us then. I make all the decisions."

C. Doria, age 13 PHILIPPINES

I think I could have more responsibility because I don't really have very much. I have to feed our chooks and the cat, dog, pigeons and look after my pony when I see him. I also have to look after my brother when Mum gets home late, but we are both pretty independent. I set the table but that's not really a responsibility.

Anonymous

Is a responsibility having to make your bed, to brush your teeth, to brush your hair, to wash yourself, or even to pour yourself a drink? Or is it a responsibility to look after your younger brothers and sisters, making sure they cross the road properly, clean their teeth, brush their hair or wash themselves? Or having to make dinner, or even having to clean the house!

A responsibility is not sitting around doing nothing. A responsibility is to help other people around you. If your mother says: "Please could you empty the dishwasher I'm a little busy tonight" or "please set the table, your grandparents are coming for dinner tonight and I haven't even started the main course." What do you say? Do you say: "It's not my chore!", or do you accept, thinking that it is your responsibility to help around the house? The best would be to accept.

Children, nowadays, should learn that there are other people in the world other than themselves. Most children do share their responsibility; but others!!

S. Isherwood

I think that children have a lot of responsibility but they don't really notice it. Whenever Mum goes to work late, on Mondays and Wednesdays I have to do all the cooking while my sisters do their homework. I have to feed the cat, set the table, take the clothes off the line and, after tea, clear up. By that time it is 8.30 and I haven't done my homework. So, up I go to Mum's and Dad's bedroom, sit down and by then I don't feel like doing any homework because I'm tired; but it has to be done and someone has to do it. I don't think that the teachers realise how much responsibility we have at home.

H. Manning

I think children are given enough responsibility if they have chores to do each day like, washing dishes, hanging out washing, ironing or looking after the pets.

I also think children should make more decisions. For example, the Kew Council is thinking of changing the paddocks down at Glass Street Creek into football ovals and car parking spots, but I think the children should make the decisions not the Council, whether the children want horses or more football ovals.

J. Waldron

I think a lot of decisions are scary and I would leave it to the adults.

C. Lund

I think in the year 2,000 things will be different, but not too different. Not like some people think. I don't think that there will be conveyor belts or bright silver clothes. Twenty-one years ago was not that different from now, so why should twenty-one years into the future be so different from now? I don't think in another twenty-one years we will have developed so much that computers will be running our lives.

Anonymous

I hate to think what life will be like in the year 2,000. I think if we are not destroyed by an atomic war, we will be choked to death by pollution, if there's any petrol left by then.

M. Smith

The year 2,000 will probably be a lot different as the oil and fuel is already running out. People will live a lot differently. For transport they will walk, ride a bike, or maybe there will be a new fuel invention, you may be able to fly. There would be less laziness because people would have to walk to do their shopping, to go to the doctor's, in fact, walk just about everywhere. We might even go back to the horse and cart.

There might be a work crisis. Men would have to work near where they live or stay at work all week and go home at the weekends.

Food might change a bit. Without transport to carry some food from the farms, different food will have to be bought.

There might be more schools, maybe boarding schools for children who live further out, or else they would have to ride or walk on very wet and cold days.

J. Robertson

They will have solved the fuel crisis . . .

C. Ware

The people will be more unfriendly than they are today, and all anyone will care about will be money (not that they don't today, of course).

Anonymous

The inflation rate will be very high and I estimate that the price of a loaf of bread will be approximately \$1.30 (wow) or more.

Anonymous

FIRST FORM

Some adults know how to behave when in the company of children, others are absolutely hopeless. The well-behaved adults play, talk, and understand your level of age. The not so well-behaved — they talk at higher levels than us, they won't listen to our explanations or they just turn off completely. They won't play with us.

J. Goodsall

Today's parents are making kids feel unimportant; useless.

K. Strickland

Like children, some adults just don't think.

J. Goodsall

The best thing about being a kid is that you can go out, run around and be free. Not like a mother, being stuck inside, looking after the kids.

Anonymous

When you get older all your systems start to slow down, but when you're a kid you're fit and lively. You've got the get-up-and-go. You can jump about, skip, hop, swim, run, but when you're older you go a bit slower.

Anonymous

The best thing about being a child is you're flexible.

S. Petrovic

Being a child you get love and sympathy from your parents and relatives. It's like taking it easy from when you're born to the age of about sixteen or seventeen.

S. Petrovic

When you're a kid there are so many things open to you. You go through all the disasters and heartbreaks, like missing out on a part in the school play, but then there's always next year and the following year. And you go through all the joyous times, like getting your first swimming certificate or coming second in your school athletics. And there's always those fun times when you play your first dare on the teacher, by putting a spider on her seat (but that doesn't always turn out too successfully!)

M. Gidley

Being a kid is so much fun,
Running and jumping under the sun.
But when you become an adult being,
The fishing-line of youth just stops reeling.

L. Andrews

I think the best thing about being a kid is to be able to achieve things which would be too late to do when you're an adult. For example, hobbies (learning a musical instrument) books and other things.

J. Waldron

Childhood is one thing I shall try desperately hard not to forget. I will try to understand a child's small worries, which are so important to children and absolutely absurd to grown-ups. To get on well with children it is essential to understand them

T. Limerick

When I was about five I used to think that the babysitters were going to poison me and I used to be frightened of beards and men in hats. Once we had a baby sitter who Mum and Dad knew and at night she read me a story about "Rapunzel" and I had dreams that she was the witch and woke up at 12.00 and found she was still here! I stayed awake for another hour then fell to sleep. The next morning we were having pancakes and I was scared the baby sitter had poisoned the food. So everyone was eating away and I fed mine to the dog and from that day on I have never been scared of baby sitters.

I was scared of taxi drivers because they look at you through the rear-vision mirror, with a beady look!

K. Klinger

Anna, who was a little girl of eight, had a father who bashed her up every time he saw her. One day her father had given her a hard spanking and had sent her outside because she had not made her bed that morning. Anna hated her father, and her mother had died of cancer, when Anna was three. Anna felt she could run away but she knew that if her father found her she would only get spanked so hard that she would have bruises all over.

She sat there thinking for a little while when, suddenly, she saw a figure of a large man emerge from the bushes. She sat there just like a stone or a rock. He spoke to her in a friendly way and Anna knew that he was not going to hurt her.

"What do you want?" she asked in a rather frightened voice.

"I have been sent from the orphanage to take you there and you are to be raised there," he answered.

"But Sir," she said, "What if my father found out, he would almost kill me."

"No he won't, because you are going over to Australia, so you won't have any problems."

"Oh good!" replied Anna, "I have never been so happy in my life."

Everything turned out alright for Anna, but she has still got the scars where her father hit her more than once.

A. Carter

thoughts



THE DEATH PENALTY

When the death penalty was first used, it was used for many offences which in our eyes are seen as trivial. Until the end of the eighteenth century, under English law, the "standard" penalty for any felony was death. In more recent times, in most societies, the death penalty has been kept for very serious offences such as murder, and in some instances rape. Until May 1975 the death penalty was imposed for murder, but after this time it was abolished completely. Death was the compulsory sentence for rape in Victoria up until 1949, now it is a maximum of twenty years' imprisonment.

In Australia, the law varies between states. Queensland abolished the death penalty in 1921, in favour of a sentence of life imprisonment and Tasmania and New South Wales have also done so. Although both Western Australia and South Australia retain the death penalty, they usually commute it to a long term of imprisonment. In several cases involving the death penalty, the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and the file was marked "never to be released", but in nearly all cases, long term imprisonment was substituted to a maximum or minimum term with or without remissions for good behaviour. When a prisoner has served between ten and fifteen years of his sentence of life imprisonment, for murder, he may be and usually is granted parole, however some prisoners may never be released.

In Victoria, the compulsory sentence for murder is now "imprisonment for the term of your natural life". Until September 1975 there had been no review of this sentence, but now life sentences are reviewed. The death penalty was abolished in Britain in 1967 with the average term of a life sentence being nine years. Some states of the U.S.A. have abolished the penalty of death, as have New Zealand and Canada. At present South Africa has the highest rate of executions known.

Groups such as the police and prison officers are in favour of the death penalty being retained at least for the murder of their colleagues, whereas the majority of sociologists, criminologists, psychiatrists, lawyers, and religious leaders are in favour of its abolition. Views vary widely on the issue and it attracts little interest.

* "The death penalty is appropriate retribution for someone who unlawfully takes another person's life. This involves the principle of 'life for a life'."

If the penalty of death were reintroduced it may be used as a deterrent to those people who may be inclined to contemplate murder; so using the death penalty as protection of the community from that person committing the same crime after his release from prison.

People who are in favour of the death penalty feel that murderers should be removed from the community permanently for the protection of the community, and they

also feel that life imprisonment is not economically viable, because the prisoner is being provided for, for the rest of his life. People who oppose the reintroduction of the death penalty feel that the saying "a life for a life" cannot be morally justified, at least not in a so-called "civilized" community. Also the want for revenge does not really hold a strong place. No person on a jury should have to make a decision as to whether or not a murderer should be given the death penalty, no matter how much lower in character their victim might be regarded. One human being has no right to kill another just because of the crime he has committed. There is always the possibility that an executed man is proven to be innocent.

* "Abolitionists argue that the death penalty is not a deterrent and that the prospect of a long-term prison sentence is as great or a greater sanction." Statistical evidence shows that there is no significant difference in the murder rate of places that retain the death penalty and those that do not. A great majority of murder victims, investigations reveal, are killed by either a "de-facto" husband or wife, or by a near relative. Often alcohol or mental instability are involved, but in most instances a violent argument or event is associated with the crime (a "crime of passion").

Another group of murders is committed by strangers, who either do not know their victim personally or have a hatred of them. In these cases, a sexual motive and evidence of mental disturbance are frequently involved.

* "Only in a very few instances can it be shown that the killing was the outcome of a carefully planned criminal scheme".

People opposed to the death penalty cannot accept the assumption that a murderer should not or cannot be rehabilitated for society. A great majority of the convicted murderers have no previous convictions.

* "Very few murderers are ever likely to commit this or any other crime again, and those who are likely to do so can usually be identified by psychiatrists and other professional experts".

Rehabilitation programs are often responded to very well by murderers. When a murderer is sentenced to a term, the authorities consider the circumstances fully and usually work out a specific sentence most likely to meet the requirements of the community's protection, punishment of that person and the rehabilitation of that individual.

"To sum up, it appears that the death penalty cannot be justified on moral grounds by states supporting the Christian ethic, nor on the grounds of usefulness, with the possible exception of the professional killer."

J. Coles 5

*"Ignorance is No Excuse" Braybrooke, Sinclair, Sonnemann.

THE GREAT WHITE

"In my wild erratic fancy, visions come to me of Clancy Gone a-droving 'down the Cooper' where the Western drovers go. As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing, for the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know."

Yes, the townsfolk never know the pleasures, Clancy; though behind the bank teller's grille they are convinced that they could ride the wild bush brumbies while the saddles girths would stand — if given the chance.

Into "the lovely sunburnt country, the land of sweeping plains, of rugged mountain ranges, of droughts and flooding rains". Yes, they would ride out from suburbia, the wattle and daub of nearly 90% of Australians.

"So come along me hearties. We'll roam the mountains high. Together we will plunder. Together we will die. We'll wander in the valleys. And gallop o'er the plains. We'll scorn to live in slavery. Bound down by iron chains."

Chains which heroes like Ned Kelly, Ben Hall and the Wild Colonial Boy wouldn't surrender to. Their lives, a defiance against the wealthy squatters and authoritarian rule. Eager to cultivate the legend that they robbed from the rich to give to the poor, these men became the early symbols of Australian nationalism.

During the 1860's most bushrangers were Native born, descendants of a migrant population forced to leave the old world due to unfortunate economic circumstances. Yet, although descending from an original migrant role, the Australian is hostile to other races; especially coloured, and other creeds; especially communism. In many respects he is embarrassed about his past, perhaps regarding convict blood as coming from half depraved stock.

"Australia was for the white man."

"China was for the Chows."

And later on, "The Commo Can was for kicking."

Aborigines were massacred or poisoned by alcohol or venereal disease. Their original number of 300,000 depleting to 30,000 in 200 years.

The myth that Australians had always given the aborigine a fair go, had some grain of truth. As the Bulletin stated in 1880, "the Aborigines are better than the Chinese, for they will die out."

"And though he may be brown or black. Or wrong-man there or right-man. The mate that's steadfast to his mates, they call that man, a white man."

Mateship, this is when a group of men, who upon being thrown together by some situation, have become one of the blood facing it. These mates will enjoy life to the full, eating American take-away food, watching football, drinking numerous cans of beer or driving around looking for naughties, such as sun-smitten bottoms.

"To fight and forage — Spare me days! It's been man's leadin' soot (a chief attribute) since 'e learned to word a tart an' make a date. E's been at it good an' solid since ole Adam bit the froot: To fight and forage an' perfect his mates."

Most Australians expect "a fair go mate," which is a condensed form of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

It is the role of the government to see that everyone gets a "fair go", which usually means money. Australia runs on the hip-pocket-nerve, a true materialistic society. Money is the major factor by which Australians relate to each other; it's a form of common language. The community respects wealthy business men and seeks for the way to "get rich quick". Usually by going into debt.

Possessions, or goodies, are highly valued. A large house, two cars, colour television, the inevitable swimming pool and the extra property.

Lotteries provide another means of "getting rich quick", the photograph of the lucky winner, the envy of all, on the front page of the newspaper. The amount Australians spend on gambling is twice that spent on defence.

Another pursuit in which money can be cultivated is sport, a national institution. Australians are, supposedly a race of great sportsmen, respected and feared. Yet the majority of Australians are only onlookers, chanting "Ave a go ya mug", or "Come on Aussie, come on, come on."

Why, if Australia is a nation of great sportsmen did the government have to spend thousands of dollars on a campaign to encourage people to exercise?

Sport is one institution that has no "knockers", but as our sporting failures(?) increase: the Montreal Olympics, (no gold medals were won), and the Test Cricket, Australia's foreign policy, that it can establish itself on a world level as a sporting nation, becomes a delusion.

Until the spectators realise that they cannot keep in trim simply by watching, the obesity rate of 20% will increase and Australia will compete on a world level, not in sport but in levels of heart disease and high blood pressure.

As the Prime Minister Malcolm supposedly stated, "Life wasn't meant to be easy". They said they'd raise the quality of life — but look what they've done to beer and smokes.

But she'll be right mate, no worries mate. Australia's a young country, we've ridden on the sheep's back this long. The question is, have we acquired some of the sheep's mentality? How can Australian's remain smug and complacent in the face of such issues as industrial unrest, uranium and unemployment.

Perhaps it's because Australia was never meant to be much more than a new jail or dumping ground for British convicts and these origins of limited horizons have become traditions like those of owning property and making money.

But, not all traditions last, and the few isolated inheritors of Australia's pioneering character are retreating into the outback, a shrinking minority, their lifestyles romanticised into a mythical stereotype which is employed by the media as profitably as possible.

And along with other frustrated Australian bushmen, travelling as the crow flies in elastic-sided riding boots I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy. Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go. While he faced the mound eternal of the cash book and the journal.

But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy of the overflow.

K. Smallwood 5

DREAMTIME

THE IMPORTANCE OF ART AND CRAFT

Most people, at some stage of their lives, aspire to great artistic heights, or at least wish to be associated with someone who they believe to be 'arty'. One can see artiness as a career in plumbing, shopkeeping, or selling newspapers on the street corner (to an artist the subject itself would make a good sculpture).

Within school, as in society, one finds the same attitudes toward artistic talents. The word 'arty', therefore, becomes ambiguous, with a transition occurring in secondary

education; instead of a mother arranging flowers, in a room, or perhaps a father organising a tool shed, girls, interpret their feelings by attiring themselves in black dinner coats with the addition of diamante jewellery ('arty' — not to be confused with that obnoxious word — 'trendy'); or they can be seen straddling art folios on an 8.45 tram to their immediate education, school. Perhaps they might also have some decorative novelty in their hair.

Naturally, with these images come additional common views; such as . . . "She's a bit arty", implying snobbery, or take . . . "I wish I were artistic like her", suggesting a compliment. The very fact that a 'peek' into someone's art folio is seen as an essentially exciting moment, often ending with an exclamation of, "that's fantastic" (the person responsible most likely would disagree), whereas a 'peek' into a physics folder might not create the same interest, perhaps because it has much less visual appeal, this shows the mystique that surrounds art.

Art is immensely subjective. It reflects an intergral part of all human development. Can you visualize yourself as a 'crafty' person who so far has been unable to expose hidden talents, or would you see yourself as possessing an artistic flair?

Perhaps art and craft can be defined as — tools and mass working together to form a finished product. Both incorporating feelings and attitudes yet both differing in appearance because of the different media used in each case. The key word being technique here.

Total art, to me, is contemporary life with strong ties of our tangible past. I recall such interesting images as Christo packaging a section of the Australian coastline in 1970 — 'wrapped coastline'; or his valley curtain, that was literally hung between two hills in a valley in 1970-1972.

Then there are the household names, like, Reg Livermore, Dame Edna Everage, Nureyev, Schubert; film directors, Zimmerman, Peter Weir; playwrights; David Williamson; dancers; Jonathon Taylor; those involved in music Mr. McDermott; a union head or a politician; Glenda Jackson, what about Humphrey Bogart; and Matisse, probably best known for his 'Blue Nude'. All basing their offering on their abilities, which is what helps to create that magic feeling when viewed.

Some pieces of art become classics; some, items for collection; others are buried to be found much later, like Diaptron (an ancient Australian elephant) or a Greek vase.

Self-exploration is an integral part of any art form. Once you start to think for yourself this 'arty' information will fall into place — "Fantastic", you will exclaim, "I see now". Well don't forget; the only way to benefit from art is to make it happen. At school, stand up on a soap box and speak at lunch-time, far more enthralling than eating Twisties in cloakrooms. Get a room for acting and look at yourself go. Your mind won't fail you if you support it.

Art is a sensitive entity so don't stride to the exit.

The entourage of theatre is at your service. Around the school, people, buildings, ice-cream wrappers, taps, ropes, stairs and bins all provide a box full of surprises.

The concept of art and craft, for me, is an intense force of energy that one must express. Expressions come from an image or an inspiration of which everyone is capable. The way in which one expresses this motivation is a private thing, that can develop into a process of learning and experience. The physical and spiritual aspects of art and craft are one. I feel it is wrong to see art merely as a two-dimensional piece of work and craft as being three-dimensional, this analysis surely renders the creative interchangeability of art and craft non-existent.

This wasn't supposed to be a rallying MP's speech; so, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and do the arty thing, and wrap a coastline.



WAVES

Where ever you go,
North, South, East or West,
You finally meet with
The rolls of water called the sea.

It's deep and blue,
And curls up . . . and then
Stretches out,
Like a bird in flight.

Its appearance is
Cool and wet,
Those tumbling waves,
Which roll in on the sandy shores.

The white spray is cool,
And it is a tremendous sight,
Splashing up on the rocks
And shattering into a million pieces.

As I sit and watch
Those rumbling waves
Rolling in and out,
I wonder what it's really all about.

A. Sallmann 3

From his hotel window he could see the harbour pier with its old lights continually flickering like fire crackers against the sky line. The night was so dark that it penetrated his memory . . . to thoughts of his childhood and when he first slept without his night light watching over him like a guardian angel. It was difficult to tell from the distance where the darkness of the sky finished and the murky frigid depths of the sea began. He looked closer. Pouring now toward the foreshore, the waves lapped in contentment on the beach, to be sucked back by Mother Ocean. The sound of each breaker echoed in his mind. He remembered the shell he had found while searching in the caves and the similar sound it made. He listened deeper. A flood of air came into the room and rested on his mouth. The taste, sour but inviting, persisted, recoiled and escaped out the window again. The salt dried the corners of his mouth and penetrated the cracks it had made, only to be licked away

again in one sweep. He tasted longer. The smell of salt and seaweed coaxed him toward them — and paradise — but he resisted. Its fishy aroma tempted him with every waft. He smelled more deeply. The reflection of the light lasted only a minute and was gone. The waves beat the shore once and were engulfed. All was silent, the window was open but covered occasionally by the flapping curtain of birds wings. It was midnight. The movie had ended so I went to sleep.

P. Braithwaite 5

RESTING THOUGHTS!

I sat on the soft inviting sand and layed my weary body down, gently.

I watched the cruel waves pounding the ground.

I was alone at last, away from the torments of my life; no one to tell me what to do, no one to order me about; no one to yell at me.

Yes, thank God, I'm alone.

The squawking of sea gulls attracted my attention. I gazed at them envying their freedom. Why could I not be free of the torments of life? Why did it persist in making me unhappy and ruin any hope I may hold of tranquility?

I live, love and hate.

My life consists mainly of hate, a word I can never seem to ignore.

I am an ineffectual person, never able to stand up for myself and so depend on others, who usually deceive me in the end.

So who can one trust if you can't trust a friend?

I have learned the hard way, and I've learned not to trust anyone, not even myself!

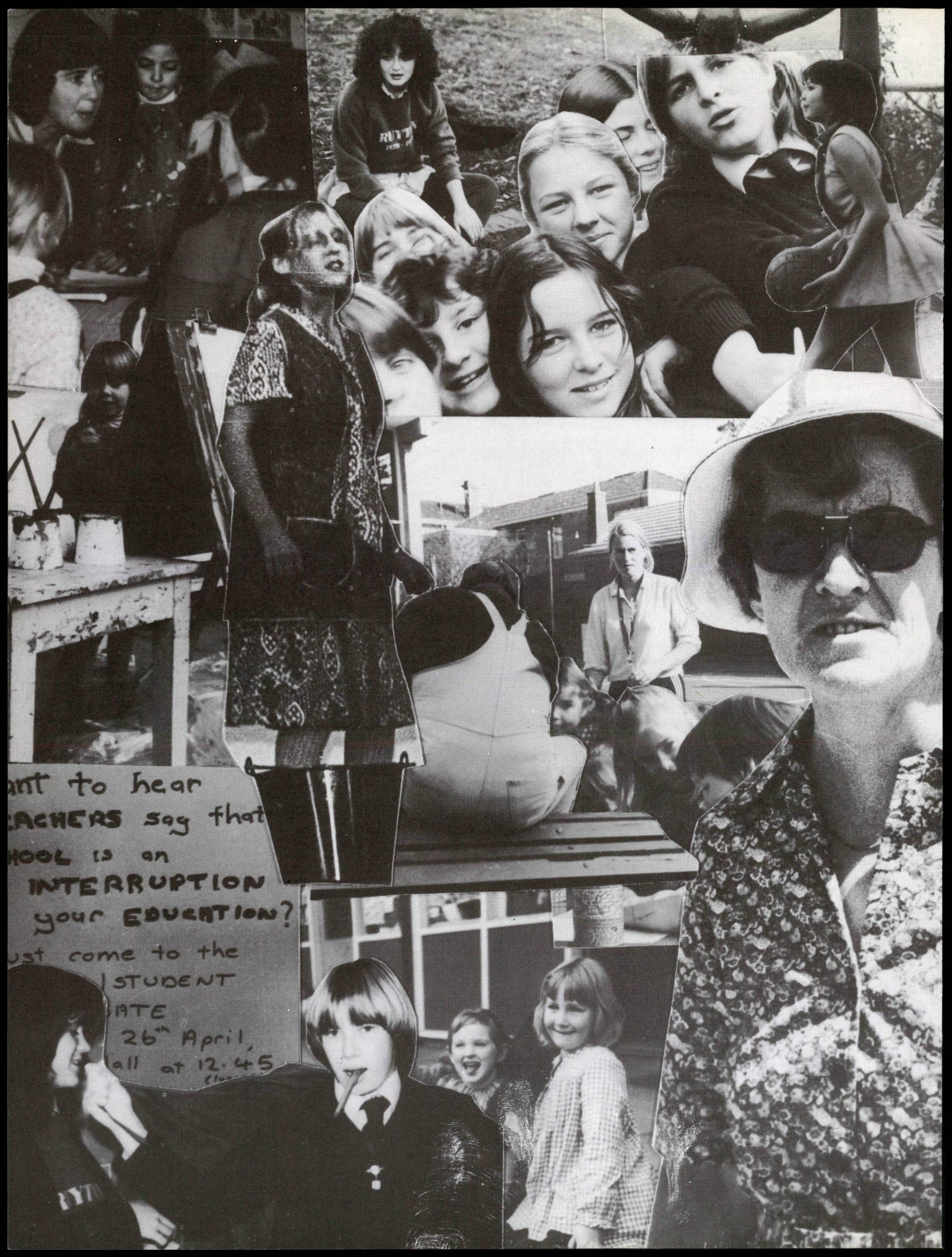
My life is a nothing. There is nothing left for me to do. I drift about aimlessly, like kelp floating with the tide; only to be thrown back into the dominating sea when even IT discards me

The sea looks so inviting, the soft rolls of water beckoning me, willing to caress my tortured soul.

The water feels so warm as it plays around, my feet, my knees, then the water cools my waist, and slowly IT reaches my breasts and smothers my sour and suffocating heart and disturbed mind

J. Norton 5





Want to hear
TEACHERS say that
SCHOOL is an
INTERRUPTION
of your EDUCATION?
Just come to the
1STUDENT
DATE
26th April
all at 12.45



To see a world in a grain of sand,
 And heaven in a wild flower,
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
 And Eternity in an hour.

William Blake

The Sun spun down to sit on the sea,
 where she rested.
 Her power transferred to become a huge expanse
 of hypnotic grey glass.

With her magnificent power,
 She disturbed the minds of many men.
 She waited, calling them into her
 overwhelmingly beautiful, outstretched arms.
 Yet she could never keep anyone for long —
 She travelled around the world often.
 She was frequently admired and constantly
 called on to stay a little longer.

A. Spencer 6

A SUMMER DAY

Hot, Humid, Highly Horrid;
 Sticky, sordid, stifling sweat,
 Melting, milky ice-cream dripping
 On my hands and feet,
 Creeping slowly over me,
 Darkness, Darkness, Dreamily cool;
 Refreshing and cooling an overworked system,
 Helping to keep me in icy joy.

Anon Form 2

We only came to sleep
 We only came to dream
 It is not true, no, it is not true
 That we came to live on earth
 We are changed into grass of springtime
 Our hearts will grow green again
 But our body is like a rose tree
 It puts forth flowers then withers

(Translated from Aztec)

I AM THE NIGHT

I am the night
 That holds the moonlight
 And sheds it on the lonely
 One who walks by himself.
 I am that night that turns day into
 Darkness and brings out the owl to hunt.
 I am the night that holds the stars
 That twinkle on the city below.
 I am the night that lets witches fly
 And black cats to roam.

I Am The Night.

L. Wischer Bulleen



DURING THE END

I awoke on the sofa,
 I looked around.
 The wall was breathing fast,
 It had just run up the stairs.

I swung my feet around and onto the floor.
 They wriggled like worms,
 No, perhaps they were more like swaying caterpillars.
 My head was playing jazz,
 With the trumpet in the lead.
 The carpet was growing,
 Quite fast.
 The Indian tapestries were waltzing slowly
 To the music that was blaring from the pulsating toaster.
 I sank up to my shoulders in sofa,
 The carpet devoured my legs.
 The wall was diminishing rapidly,
 Like a broken lung.
 The tapestries rhythmic steps quickened
 As my head uttered a final crescendo.
 The wall and carpet joined in slow declension,
 The toaster opened its jaws,
 They lunged,
 My sciatic nerve broke . . .

The remains swirled down the stairs,
 Or were they sucked?
 But the door was not pleased
 — There had been an encroachment on borrowed time.

J. Hill 4



THOUGHTS

The whole family were standing there, under
The tall green trees.
My heart
Leapt into my throat.
I ran towards them in glee.
They said they were staying,
They were going to sleep under the trees.
They looked happy,
I was happy,
and
then
I
thought

About the quietness and security
of the lovely leafy trees.
Maybe I had wanted people, but then . . .
I also wanted the freedom
Depending on myself.
Loving the freedom and now
They had come.

Their laughter and chatter
Shattering the moody silence of the
Trees, and the animals moved
silently away, frightened.
I did not want my beautiful
surrounding ruined.
Shattered by the smell and sound of humans,
I wanted my family,
yet
in
a
way

I didn't.
I didn't want them to ruin the beautiful
free land of the Catskills.

F. Cowl 2

REALITY

Boxed in nowhere to go.
Continuous rows of pegs where
we used to hang our clothes.
While walk and talk,
you can almost see
the olden day people
doing their everyday things.

I sit under a tree.
Who knows
how many people have sat under here
before me?
I look up. I see birds,
and hear their rustling,
as they gadabout in joy.

I hear, I look and then see
the water.
The water which is gushing and hissing,
hissing like a terrible dragon.
The cleanness of the air,
the smell of freshly mowed grass.
I feel the bark which
is not compatible with the softness,
the softness of the leaves.

This seems like reality,
and yet in the distance,
hush . . . I can hear the sound,
the sound of
Man
Made
Things.

H. Davies 2

My name is Sue. I live in the slums of London. Now is the year 1980 but just last year it was the Year of the Child. During the beginning of the year I was very sick from a disease that was going around. I think it was Typhoid. Well here I was, cold, hungry and sick, but some people to do with the Year of the Child came along and gave me food and clothes plus put me in a hospital. After a couple of months I became well again and went home. Now I was well clothed and full of food so I had nothing to worry about any more. I was very grateful to the people from the Year of the Child who had helped me. I hope it helped many more children who were like me.

J. Sheedy P. 6 Tarring

The rights of a child are simple, that they might fly a kite when they wish and get a good night kiss just before bed, and wish they might have more pocket money or a brand new locket. That's some of the rights of a child.

S. Lund P. 6 Edgecomb

I think the Year of the Child is to encourage people to think about the 2/3 of the population on earth who are people who don't have enough to eat, who are mostly children.

K. Yea P. 6 Edgecomb



International Year of the Child is an internationally recognised year in which people all over the world help children in their countries. Many countries have formed fund-raising committees to further this end. As well as this several nations have put out stamps depicting Year of the Child scenes and slogans.

The Year of the Child also looks after child cruelty cases in the country, or provides a home and food for starving and homeless children. These are only a few of the things International Year of the Child do for children all over the world, it is hoped that through this the needless suffering or death of so many children could be averted.

S. Brydon P. 6 Tarring

When I was a funny little girl I would play with my dolls and I would be their mother. Soon we were at the shops and I was a strange mother because I would hold my Baby doll upsidedown. When we were home I would give my baby doll some nice chocolate mud and she would drop it everywhere.

C. Barrett P. 6 Edgecomb



I think the International Year of the Child is important because all over the world children are working adult hours, and being treated as adults when they are only children. They aren't getting enough food and health care, just because they are children. They need lots of things they can't get the money for, like schools, hospitals and cleaner facilities.

I think also that people should be aware of the things that children watch on television and build more parks for them to use instead of watching television all the time. People can also give to the Royal Childrens' Hospital Appeal to make this a better year for the children here in Melbourne.

S. Williams P. 6 Tarring

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING MAN

"Of course all men put their childhood behind them. It is part of discovering a new self in manhood", I said to myself. I was sitting in my office, handing out psychiatric treatment to myself.

Only minutes before I had been sitting there simply dreading the arrival of my first client, who would ear bash me with a problem which of course I would solve. I had been sitting envying my children. I longed to be dawdling to school with my lunch and a footy tucked under my arm. To imagine a day in which I could play with other people who wanted to play, I wanted to be a child.

Then I felt guilt ridden; I felt guilty about my right to be behind the desk and not lying on the couch. As I had done before, I asked myself what right have I to be a psychiatrist?

Just then my secretary buzzed on the intercom to say, "Mr. Johnson to see you Andrew."

I buzzed back, "Send him through." In walked Joe, a regular visitor who had recently developed a new problem which was quite interesting. He was about twenty-three, tall, handsome but rather strange.

"Hello Joe, sit down."

"Hi Andrew."

"Well now, where shall we start?"

"It's the same, Andrew. She still insists on an abortion."

"And you don't want her to have it?"

"No, I couldn't bear it. It's part of me. It is alive, it is my son — my son or daughter; I can't even bear to stand on an ant, even less a baby."

"You must realize that at this stage it is only a foetus and that since you aren't married you have little say in the matter."

"Don't refer to him in those terms. He is me."

"Joe, we must face the facts. Have you asked her to marry you yet?"

"Yes."

"She said . . ."

"Okay, but only after she has an abortion."

"You wish to marry her even if she has an abortion?"

"No."

"Then you don't love her?"

"Yes and no."

"You only want the child?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps it would be better if the child was left unborn."

"No."

So our conversation wandered in circles until I was able to say that his time was up and he said that I had been a great help and he would come again next week. I smiled and said that was good and reminded him about the account.

People like Joe drifted in and out of the office until finally my lunch hour arrived. As soon as I stepped from the building the city noise and bustle consumed me and I became part of it. The stale sandwich and coffee which I ate, or should I say Forced myself to eat, were foul. When the city at last regurgitated me back into my office, I felt worse than when I had left.

"Peter Smith is waiting in your office." My secretary piped up with this pretty little statement while I was standing regaining my breath.

So I stumbled through the afternoon listening and questioning in a vague sort of manner; always their problem, their life, never mine. Time came to go home and I thought of home. It was there that I would see the children I envy, and yet hate. So full of life. So much which they wanted to tell Daddy, so free. But I would be tired; I would be so unloving and abrupt with them. My wife

would say, "Now dear you know they hardly ever get to see you, be patient. They need a father. You should know, you're a psychiatrist". So I would smile and pretend to know and understand them; and again I would ask myself what right I had to be a psychiatrist, but there was no time for answers.

S. Freeman 4

It was then that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror. He imagined he could hear stealthy footsteps outside his tent. Quickly and quietly he sprang up from his lying position on the ground. Slowly and cautiously he parted the flaps of the tent. At first all that was visible to him was the pitch-black darkness of the night, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he saw a small figure. Noiselessly, he made his way to his belongings beside his sleeping bag. He groped around until he could find his torch. Swiftly, he made his way back to the parting in the tent flaps. As his eyes grew accustomed again to the darkness he saw the little figure. He reached for his gun and pointed his torch in the direction of the figure. He couldn't tell at this stage whether it was a man crouched down, or what. He quickly pressed the button of his torch and looked, only to see a rather large owl standing and staring, dazed by the brightness of his torch. Rainsford laughed at his mistake and thought he must have imagined the footsteps. He went back to his sleeping bag and settled down again, to go back to sleep.

Rainsford woke again, the footsteps seemed to be coming nearer. This time he was sure he wasn't dreaming. The footsteps seemed to be coming closer. Rainsford felt a cold tremor of fear go through him. Then suddenly, he heard the crackle of the undergrowth, then the footsteps seemed to stop. The footsteps started coming again, getting closer every second. Rainsford lay waiting, paralysed with fear. The footsteps were now very close to his tent. Then, through the darkness, Rainsford could see the flaps of the tent slowly being pulled apart . . .

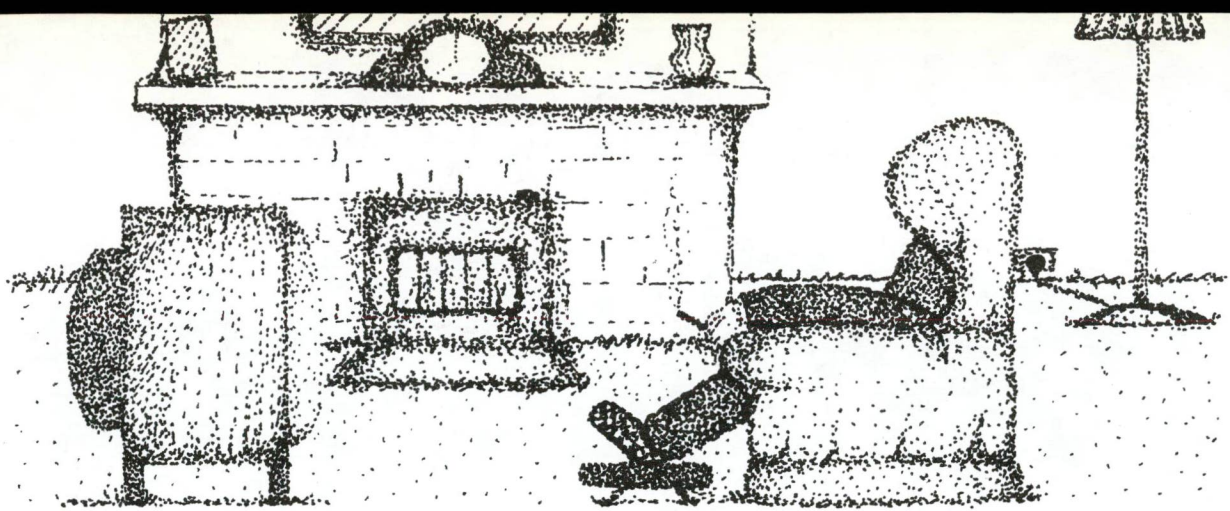
Anonymous 3

RUNNING FOR OUR LIVES

I'm running far away,
I've been running for a day.
I'm hot, sweaty and wet,
and was nearly caught in a net.
My Ma was killed in the war,
My Pa was trapped to the floor.
I'm about the only child left
and running with a pet.

K. Manning 1
and S. Jones 1





NO COMPLAINTS

You sit in front of the colour television.
The Vulcan, heating the room,
Fills it with an artificial glow.
Your toes are buried in the shag pile.

The Middle East, Vietnam, Rhodesia, Ireland, Uganda,
South Africa and others
All known to you in cold, black and white statistics.

A groan escapes from the great arm-chair,
The price of petrol has gone up another cent.
Fruit supplies might be limited due to strikes.
The glass of scotch rests on the antique table.

Earthquakes, Poverty, Plagues, Droughts, Tornadoses and
Tidal Waves,
If they reach the television's face,
Provide you with a travel film, with a difference.

Saturday afternoon at the races
glass of champagne in hand toasting the new horse
Thousands of dollars exchange hands, and you wait
eagerly.
Drat it! All that money lost.

Back at home the fat poodle is fed —
On the remains of tonight's roast
You feel smug and safe within your own home and country.
And you haven't got any complaints.

Well at least not many.

E. Milne 5

THE STREET

The sun crinkled through the chintz curtains
Caressing the carved age-worn features
Of the old spinster

Through the panelled glass the world
Passed by; as seasons do
And she smiled.

A bird in flight, the postman's tread
Went on; no correspondence
Just passing

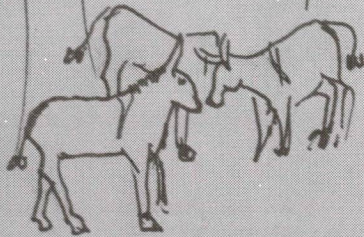
A tiny girl while laughing skipped,
The virgin rose, cloaked in the green valour
Of spring

The cars drove by and human traffic
Hurried bustling along the winding street
Of life

The spinster smiled, her vision blurs
And the smoothed ancient rocking chair
ceases.

K. Smallwood 5





Once upon a time there was a lonely donkey. He was a fat, ugly, lazy donkey who never exercised. All day he just ate and ate and ate! So he gradually became fatter and fatter and fatter. All his "friends" left him as they found him boring to talk to because all he talked about was food.

One day his so called "friends", were grouped together in a corner of the paddock; talking and laughing and looking very excited. Donk slowly ambled over to them and casually asked what was all the excitement about? His "friends" then said sarcastically that he didn't know much, did he? Then he kept asking them for a while, and finally they agreed to tell him. They told him that all the donkeys in the paddocks in this farm had been invited to the Royal Garden Party to give rides to the children. Not only that, but the Prince and Princess would choose a donkey that they liked and keep it for themselves.

Donk was very thoughtful that day. He was thinking about being the donkey picked out to be the royal children's donkey.

"Sir D. Donk" exclaimed Donk. "Sounds just right, I'm going to be that donkey, you'll see," he told no-one in particular.

There and then he decided to go on a "keep-fit campaign". He did twenty "touch your toes" a day and whenever he was let out of his paddock, he ran as fast as he could to the fence, and back again.

But, after all this, nothing happened; Donk only lost a pound, that was all. He began to think he would never be "Sir D. Donk" after all, until...

A new donkey was coming. That was the news; and everyone knew it. There hadn't been a new donkey since Donk arrived. Everyone was thrilled and were trying to guess what the donkey would be like, but at last the donkey came trotting up the path to the gate. Trotting is hardly the word, as she was at least a hundred and ten years old.

But Donk liked the way she stood inside the paddock to smell the smells, and see the sights. She didn't look bad at all.

And as it turned out, she was very helpful to Donk. She helped him to be "Sir D. Donk". Yes, that's what the name says outside the stable that holds a certain donkey (no names).

"Sir D. Donk" is now a slim, active donkey that enjoys the brisk trot every morning that he gets. Thanks to Daisy Donkey who gave him the magic potion that helps all the donkeys to be exactly what they should be like.

So Sir D. Donk, (alias just Donk) lived happily every after in the care of the Prince and Princess' garden.

S. Hansen 2



JIM AND JULIE

Once upon a time there was a beautiful countryside with meadows of green grass and the sun shining in the sky up above. In the far west lived a family, a poor family with the hardships of life slowly creeping over them. Their house was but a small one with a little thatched roof to shelter their heads. In this family was a mother growing old in age, and a father too weak to get out of bed. Poor but happy they were with a daughter, a bright young child by the name of Julie and a son, a little rascal, always playing jokes on the family. His name was Jimmy but they called him Jim for short. Every morning mother went into town to work to buy medicine and food for her husband and children. One morning when she left Jim and Julie decided to go for a walk, so they packed two apples and three biscuits and set out on their way. As they set off they went through a forest. They noticed it was getting thicker and thicker and Julie said to Jim, "I am getting scared, let's go back home". But Jim said, "Don't be such a baby, come on we'll find somewhere to have lunch". So she followed doubtfully. So they sat down and began to eat their lunch. When they started back to go home they noticed they were getting lost but they couldn't find their way back.

So they are lost forever.

L. Hendy 2



THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN

Once upon a time there was a sneaky young gnome. In his younger days he was a bright, fun loving boy, but then, as if over night, he became a nasty, vicious sneaky young rascal.

It all started when one day he went for a walk to the local store, where he met one of his friends from school. His friend was on his way to visit another friend, so Daniel (that was his name), decided to come along too.

On their way, they passed many a beautiful thing, but none so magnificent and splendid as the golden dragon fountain.

The two gnomes just *had* to stop, and after much daring and carrying on, Daniel had just a little sip of this beautiful sweet liquid. Almost immediately after the water had touched his lips, it seemed as if the dragon itself had taken his mind and body over completely.

Daniel threw down the remaining water and stormed off in a blue. (This was when he began howling in dungeons, pulling the beloved cat gnomes whiskers and even going as far as throwing skeletons at the teacher).

The young gnome's behaviour was completely unexplained and therefore inexcusable in his parents' eyes, so everytime he did something bad, he was punished.

This went on for a long time and his parents found they would have to find a better cure for their child. They started just letting him do it and were even nice to him. So the golden dragon's cruel magic was overpowered by kindness even though the parents didn't know why their son had returned to normal just as fast as before.

R. Bardas 2

THE STORY OF THE BIG BAD BEAR

Once upon a time there was a mountain called Tiddly Mountain. There was a special thing about this mountain, it was that every night at 10.00 p.m. all the Tiddly pixies and fairies would come out and have parties and play games and sing and dance.

One night while all the pixies and fairies were out at their usual parties a big bad bear came out and scared all the pixies and fairies away. They all flew into their houses and locked the doors and went and hid under their beds.

Meanwhile outside the big bad bear was wondering where all the people were gone, so he sat down and started to cry. He cried so much that he almost flooded the pixie valley. All the pixies and fairies came out from their hiding spot and begged him to stop. They finally got him to stop and asked him what the matter was. He said "I am very lonely because when ever I see people and go up to them to make friends, they always run away."

"You poor thing," said one of the fairies and put her hand on his.

"We can fix that problem," said the chief pixie with a smile. "From now on you can live with us and have lots of friends". "Golly thanks" said the bear. "Well start the music," he went on and they were all happy again, eating, dancing and singing with their new friend the bear.

N. Craig-Smith 2

Robyn Bardas



CLOUDS

Sparkling like crystals in a pond
Softness like a new born baby,
Quietly playing in summertime,
Heaven in the word that I like best
Softness and calmness everyday.

Like frothy cream on top of our coffee,
Or islands being swallowed up by the sea,
But anger and bitterness must always come
And noisy, frightening shapes
That cross over our land.

S. Dougall 2

ROSES

There was a beautiful rose
standing there high and tall
It stood where the sun glows
holding its head strong and proud.

One day a big storm came
the wind blew round the petals
They became weak and bruised
the petals began to wither.

Soon the petals began to drop
until the last one fell
And here this familiar shape stands
but in a withered form.
Still this long gone rose stands
to the face of the golden sun,
and its petals left to rot.

S. Burt Edgcomb

CLOUDS

Pine trees I saw above my head,
I see ribs . . . the blood is red,
Giants seem to look so big
And rockets they shoot through the sky.

J. Davidson 2

'THE COURT JESTER'

No matter what we do, most of us, at some stage our life or another, have to go out and make a living. If we are lucky, we work at what we are good at or at what we enjoy, but this may not always be possible. There are certain things in this life a man has to do, whether he likes it or not! These thoughts do not only apply to the life we lead today, but were also very relevant in the lives of people living many years ago. And so it was when England was under the reign of King Edward I.

'Twas on a certain autumn day in 1301 when, in the Castle's servants' quarters, the Court Jester had just woken up. He was trying to find out what time of day it was.

Strange though it may sound, the jester was a very sad person. His job was to entertain the King's guests at every meal, but it did not suit his character at all. A very small fellow, with fine brown hair and eyes the pale grey of an overcast sky, he had been born in Wales but raised in England, and was paid to make people laugh. He was to have become a farmer, but certain situations had prevented this. He was always thinking of his family in Wales and didn't like the King . . . or his wife.

He sighed as he hurried to dress himself, realizing it must be near six o'clock, as he was to be ready when the King ate his breakfast. No, the jester was not a happy man.

By now the sun was rising, and as the jester walked to the Castle he looked at the strange shadows the pink clouds were making on the green hills. The air was clean and fresh but his face and hands were very cold as he was admitted to the kitchen by the cook.

The kitchen was warm and our jester ate his scanty breakfast quickly, as the cook told him the King would be in the dining-room soon. When the King arrived, the jester was ushered in. Edward I seated himself at the head of the long table, took a goblet in one hand and a thick slice of bread in the other and ordered the jester to begin. When the King had finished eating, the jester finished clowning.

'You must perform well tonight, fool!' ordered the King, leaning back in his chair, 'My son, Edward, is to become the first Prince of Wales at the banquet here this evening. Perform well, foolish clown! And be off with you!'

And the jester left the Castle. He went back to his quarters and tidied up his bed and closet. The sun was high in the sky, and there was no sign of rain, so he decided to go fishing in the creek. But he came back without any fish and, after his midday meal of bread, butter, jam and water, he went back to his quarters and practised his flute-playing. The hours soon passed, and the clock struck five o'clock. It was beginning to get dark so the jester put on his costume and ran over to the kitchen.

Soon he was to hear people arriving in horse-driven carriages. There were women in stiff gowns that rustled when they moved and men in fine silks; but the gaiety and laughter of the crowd depressed him.

A fanfare was played and the King officially declared his son the first Prince of Wales. He lifted up his goblet and shouted, 'My son, the Prince of Wales!' The jester was soon called for. Everyone looked in his direction when he entered, and as he sang, played the flute, danced, joked and told stories, the people laughed. He heard the King, above the rest of the noise, say, 'Idiot! Fool! What a fool!!' Hearing this the jester daringly put himself before the King and bowed.

'You scoundrel, you monkey!' cursed Edward I. 'Go back to your quarters and sleep!' and he took a great drink from his goblet and threw his head back laughing, saying: 'Foolish clown! Idiot!!'

The jester left quietly, ate a small dinner in the kitchen and then went back to the servants' quarters. As he walked, he noticed how silent the night was, except for the laughter from the Castle which floated across the grounds and disappeared into the night air. The jester looked at the hard blue-stone of the Castle with its bright lights within and looked at his own cold, dark quarters.

And alas, the day's work is done.

G. Smith 4

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL RECOVERY

Five weeks ago in the month of June,
I was driving along just about noon,
When all of a sudden I heard a loud bash,
And that was the last I saw of the crash.

The next thing I knew were bustles and rustles.
There were excited murmurs and excited tussles.
There were people saying OOH, there were people saying
AAH,
And some just said "Look at that car."

When I looked around,
There wasn't a sound.
I was in a strange room,
And then suddenly it bloomed:
I was in a hospital,
My face was like an obstacle,
There were lumps and bumps and cuts and humps,
My face was just like a messy dump.

After all this, I realised.
A nurse I immediately despised,
Walked into the room, all haughty and taughty,
Injected me and said "Good night."

When next I woke, I heaved a sigh.
The nurse I thought I did despise,
Came in, and said in her haughty taughty way,
"Don't worry there's not much of a bill to pay."

To be precise 'twas five weeks later,
When little old me was feeling much greater,
It was then I made the big discovery,
My face had made a BEAUTIFUL RECOVERY.

T. Limerick 1

TIME MACHINE

It's down the back, under the big old willow tree. It's half buried, because it sank in the sand. So every now and again we have to dig it out. The motor is half built and the roof has been started on. My brother's name is Stirling and he is going to be the captain. One day we will give the time machine a name, but at the moment we will just think about a name. We got an old umbrella and that will be the chimney, when we drill a hole through the centre. We cannot continue 'til Dad buys us some chip-board and some shotproof metal. Sometimes Mum says "It won't fly," but we know it will. We are going to launch the time machine in the park over the road.

S. Rowe Edgecomb

Confessions of a Peanut-Butter Junkie

It is very early in the morning, perhaps two or three o'clock. I sit, propped up in bed on my pillows. If someone were to see me now, their immediate reaction would be to think that it was the "couldn't put my book down" syndrome: but not even Kilgore Trout can capture my attention at this moment. Certainly I have one of Mr. Trout's rare literary masterpiece open in front of my eyes, but my eyes see only a shimmering vision before them . . .

A plaintive cry (somewhat like the noises my brother makes when he is trying to persuade me to get up in the middle of the night and let him in because he's forgotten his key and it's six degrees and raining and he can't find the spade to force a window) reaches my ears. I recognise the sound: a plea for salvation, a last desperate attempt to stir me to action. I know all too well what is about to happen. Yes, I will succumb. I am too weak to resist. I cannot hold out any longer.

For here am I, a sad and sorry excuse for a sane, rational being, suffering a hopeless addiction to peanut butter-crunchy, no less.

I toss Trout aside, and breathlessly, frantically, desperately stagger, crawl, claw my way to the kitchen, knowing I will be able to summon that last ounce of strength to wrench open, open the cupboard door, drawn on by the vision of a thick hunk of rye bread almost collapsing under its precious burden: those chunky little nut bits that stick in your teeth so you can go on savouring the taste for hours, and the creamy smooth paste that sticks to the roof of your mouth. And the whole delight topped off with a generous handful of alfalfa sprouts to counteract the effects of the rancid oils and evil poisons that make peanut-butter so addictive but so undeniably, indisputably delectable.

As I get closer to the kitchen, the cry loses its plaintive quality as every cell in my body anticipates the approaching relief, the pure bliss, the ecstasy of the peanut-butter hit. And as usual, I make it just in time. Not having enough strength to cut bread, and not wanting to counteract the effects of the poisons, I collapse with the peanut-butter jar and shove spoon after spoon of the glorious substance down my throat.

Cloyed, I muse about the beginnings of my habit — an innocent midnight rendezvous with a Ryvita and peanut-

butter. It was in a moment of acute physical and mental strain during my fifth-form exams, and I had exhausted my supply of finger-nails. All of a sudden I had a mental image of a big jar of Sanitarium Peanut-butter(crunchy) and I knew. My body in its infinite wisdom had decided what was required and I had no alternative but to comply with its demands. At this early stage, of course, I could limit my intake, and keep the relationship casual. But now my pride has disintegrated and I have progressed to the stage where I am inextricably entwined in this drug's deathly embrace. Sometimes I can scrape together enough self-respect to abstain for a day or two, but I know I will always come back.

You see, there are benefits to be derived from taking peanut-butter regularly, when properly dosed. I feel more energetic, confident, and positive in my outlook, and I sleep well at night. I work more successfully, gain a sense of achievement. But this is at the expense of my personal dignity, physical strength, moral fibre and real mental capacities. Without a regular intake I am nothing but a quivering mass of fears and inadequacies; I feel keenly the overall sense of the futility of existing. Perhaps it was a subconscious knowledge that first drove me to the jar.

Please do not write me off as a total degenerate and freak. Look deep into yourselves and try to discover whether or not you may have similar tendencies. You may find that my condition is not peculiar. Why, I hear that there are those whose secret reliance is on Vegemite or raw Milo. Personally I can identify with neither of these totally, having been born into an orthodox Marmite household and having almost choked on a spoonful of Milo once. But I do understand the need for something to lean on. This is my purpose in confessing to you — if we can all come out of the closet, into the open where we can all lean on each other, help each other through. Then we will no longer have to rely on the false light of such substances as peanut-butter, Vegemite and Milo. With help from each other we can be free to work towards happy, fulfilled lives. We can be free to be true to our real selves.

WOMEN IN SOCIETY

Some fool of an architect had roofed in the City Sale Yards. Now the smell of urine rose with the noise of bellows, shouts and grunts. They echoed off the cavernous ceiling and mingled with the steam to form a suffocating pall. To the bidders, slumped in the tiered seats about the auction ring, the animal pens were out of sight but not out of mind.

One man, however, seemed unaffected. Wearing the green armband of an upper caste, he was quite young. His clothes were in exquisite taste — full, belted tunic, skin-tight leggings and soft leather boots. Lazily he drew on a cigarette, aloof from the masses about him.

"Aldran!"

The man turned his head carefully. His long blonde hair was knotted and braided in the latest style and he didn't want to disturb it.

"Ah, Knights. How you are? Selling today?"

"Yes, and a fine animal too. Should fetch me a good price."

The man Knights wore a lower caste band, and had a reddened, beefy face. His slack, flabby body and puffed breathing showed a life of excesses, but his piggy eyes were shrewd. He had already assessed the young acquaintance as a prospective buyer, and settled into a seat beside him.

"Bought so far?"

"Yes, a horse. Nice type, good breathing."

The program of the day included horses, cattle, women and sheep.

The next category was women, and Aldran was looking forward to seeing some excellent beasts.

In his dry bark, the auctioneer announced the first women. The animal chute clanged, there was a fetid whiff from the livestock area, and it was poked into the ring. It was young, perhaps ten years. It was her first sale, she trotted in blind and desperate panic, shying from the shouts and pokes of the animal keeper. This animal had known little in its life. Bred from the test-tube in the Female Factory, she had been raised within the drab, dark rooms of its dormitories. There they were cramped, fed on thin fluids and exercised daily in an earthen-floored room. They were given a little training in obedience, then were sold for the first time. From then on it was a succession of masters until death. This woman, straight from the cold rooms and floors of the factory, was now thrust rudely into the ring — naked and hairless (clothes and hair were redundant in women). Of course, it is different for

boys. After being produced in a factory, they are raised in the Boys' Home. Here among rich gardens and beautiful buildings, they are given a wide education-involving all kinds of activities — in a fellowship of love. Exciting, stimulating, secure, that was Aldran's childhood. In the Home he was taught his job, and he still revisited occasionally. It was refreshing. A place of sunshine, understanding and careless, abandoned joy.

The girl knew nothing of that. She was just bewildered and frightened. She fetched a decent price. It wasn't what Aldran was looking for, however. He needed another bed-partner, and something older was more suitable. After several more young ones, the best of the older ones was brought out.

"Suitable for bed and hostess work," the auctioneer rasped.

Aldran saw one he liked — long legs, firm breasts, well-shaped head, but Knights warned him against it. She was from the stable of a shady dealer, and probably cunningly touched-up. Women could be a lucrative business. Knights himself made good money, picking up bargains and then reselling them.

In the end, Aldran bought Knight's animal. She was shapely and guaranteed to have a low intelligence. Beauty and a low I.Q. were prized traits in women. The average specimen had an I.Q. of 45.

Next the older and uglier were brought under the hammer. Some were approaching thirty, the age when they were put down. More experienced in the sale yard, they stood in patient stubbornness, having to be prodded into some kind of life. This uglier type was more suitable for cooking, cleaning, manual work and any other sort of menial task. However Aldran was not interested, and he was about to take his leave when he was startled by a horrible scream. Out of the animal chute, rushed a woman with wild eyes and hands crooked like claws. Seeing the ringman, she went for him, snarling and snapping. With curse he flung her roughly backwards and climbed clear.

Gibbering wordlessly (women are detongued and sterilized at completion of gestation), she crouched in the centre of the ring, hulking in the dirt. She glared at the rows of faces and bared her teeth in

savage hatred. Women were as a rule submissive, but this one had obviously turned vicious.

"Probably been maltreated. See the old scars?" Knights murmured.

"Ugh, I don't like that gleam of slyness in her eyes," Aldrian shuddered.

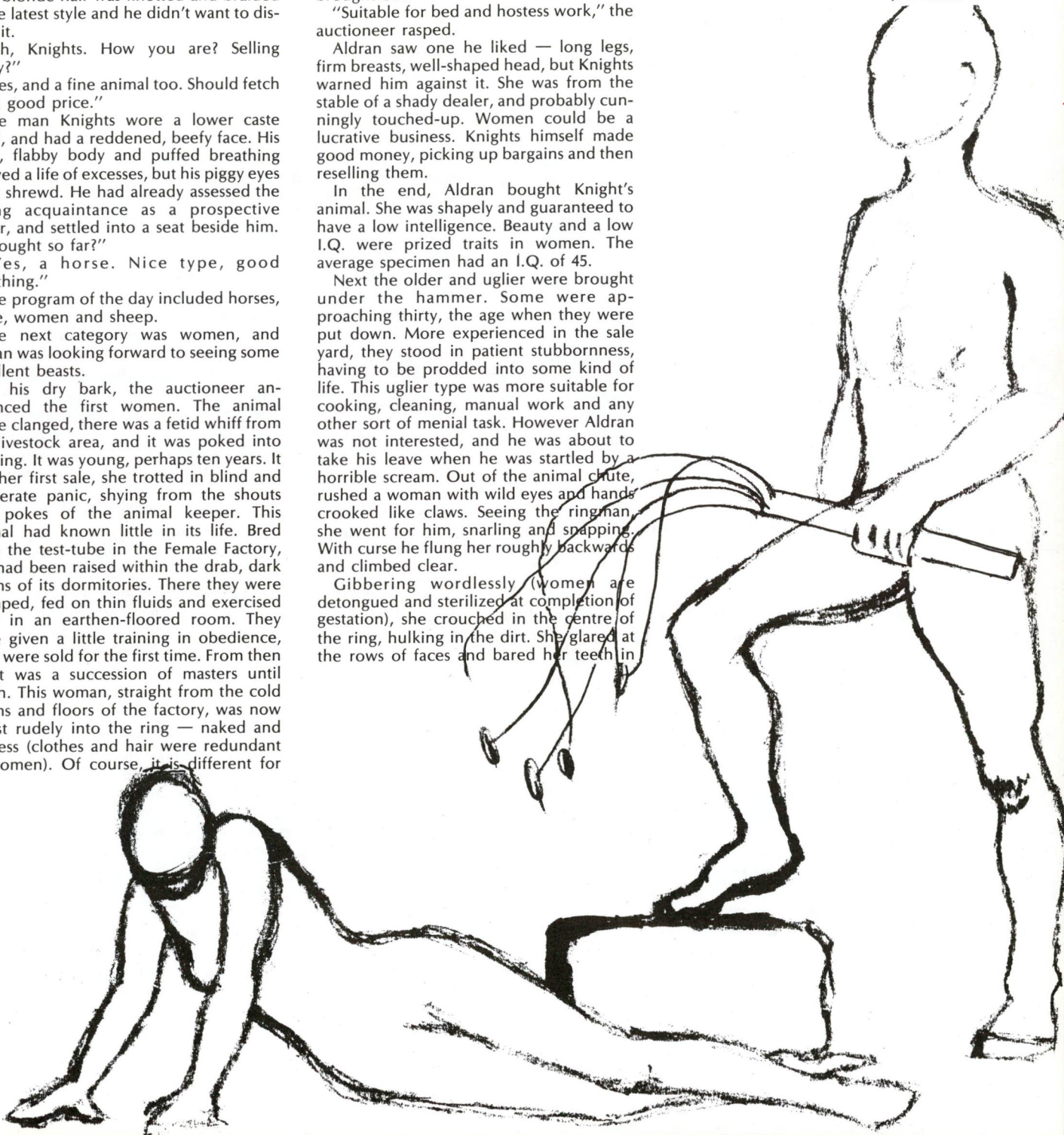
"No, looks as if she's got a higher I.Q. than the average beast."

"Ugly," Aldran was right. The granite-faced man who eventually acquired her was probably a Hard Labour Foreman.

"Well, he'll break her," commented Aldran yawning and rising, "like to come over for a drink?"

The two men rose and left, stepping gaily into the pool of fresh sunlight outside. Behind them the animal sale continued.

J. Freeman 5



"For what constitutes a child? Ignorance. What constitutes a child? Want of Instruction; for they are our equals so far as their degree of knowledge permits."

Epictetus

HISTORY: OUR FIRST LESSON

"It's alright for you to just sit there and laugh, if it wasn't for . . ." but SNAK-PAK doesn't have anything to do with history, does it? It's the sit there and laugh part that made my temper tingle. The kids next door to our classroom were in FITS of laughter. Our next lesson was history. The room was spotless. A few girls in 2B (our classroom) were anxiously pulling at their hair with a brush and shining their shoes . . . the atmosphere was tense. The day was Wednesday and the subject was history. Slowly the door creaked open. Girls dashed to their chairs, eyes wild with terror. Gasps were pushed out of the speechless mouths . . . and in the doorway stands Miss McRae! (Drum roll in the distance.)

In she skips as lightly as a girl, showering into a smile. She stops at the desk and stares around in amazement, and the next moment has her face up her sleeves to hide the hysterical laughter that was tickling her throat. Not one girl had moved. All of their faces were pallid, their buttons shiny and neat tidy.

"Right then, sit down girls," sings out Miss McRae. Slowly they sink down into their chairs. Poor Miss McRae thinks that she is in a toy shop, these girls being pale-faced rag dolls, all alike, none different . . . Miss McRae gives a horribly scaring look at the girls in the front row. Muffled shrieks of terror ring out. Again a certain face is hidden up a certain sleeve.

"Roarr," screams Miss McRae. Immediately girls scatter, flying heels tripping over bags and fleeing out of the classroom to safety. Miss McRae sits down on the chair in folds of laughter and takes off . . . a mask?

"Haven't those girls even heard of April Fools' Day?"

Z. Guthrie 2

"Grownups are wot is left when skool is finished."

*How to be Topp
G. Williams & R. Searle*

"If parents would only realize how they bore their children"

*Misalliance
George Bernard Shaw*

In my opinion the school girl has the biggest task of survival. She goes to school for thirteen years, during this time she is brain-washed. She is told the world is round like an orange and some man called Columbus found this out. Now, these girls must know that $1+1=2$ and $1 \times 1=1$ this is true because the maths teacher said so. Then, twice a year fear haunts these poor girls. At night they can't sleep, during the day they walk around like ghosts, not listening to what people are saying, their eyes sunken into their heads. The haunting elements are these poor girls' REPORTS.

These girls have a terrible day; they wake up in the morning, eat breakfast, go to school, go home, do homework, eat tea, do homework, go to bed.

Do these poor girls deserve to be tortured in such a way? Surely REPORTS are not necessary.

School girls are in danger of extinction, The cause of this — REPORTS.

D. Barnes 2

"Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them."

*The Picture of Dorian Gray
Oscar Wilde*

GRADE ONE

Grade one at Doncaster East State School. There were fairies and a teacher with dark hair and mini-skirts. My school-case smelt special and there was a wide corridor of green lino. It was scattered with patches of vomit covered in sawdust. Reading was easy. "Scott Can Jump." "Fluffy Can Jump." "We couldn't go to play-time until we told the time on the little cardboard clock. I sat and sat on the hard scratchy mat, but I couldn't get the significance of the two grey hands. I learnt to tie my shoe-laces too — not with two bows but a sophisticated knotting motion. We had to drink our milk out of triangular cartons. The bubbles made me feel sick, and once there was maggots in it. I wore a pink mohair jumper and a tartan skirt to Sunday School. One day I tried eating my pie with a spoon, because I couldn't manage the hot filling. I was sitting on a bench beside the swimming-pool and all the big grade-six's laughed at me. Burning, I shrivelled inside.

But grade one was when I played Cinderella. Hurrying home from school; "Mum! I am going to be Cinderella in a play. In front of everyone — prep and grades one, two and three!" She made me a ball-gown out of a neighbour's old petti-coat. It had a smooth pink nylon top, then cascaded out in a frothy sea of pink and white lace to the floor. It was bell-shaped with a stiff petticoat underneath. Mum put lace straps on it, and a dark-pink ribbon-belt with a pink plastic flower at the waist. It was glorious, royal, beautiful and I danced and laughed around the shiny, bare boards. All the boys chased me at kiss chasey because I was Cinderella. Even walls exuded warmth as I passed. For my Cinder-rags I had a bright yellow coat that I wore over my ball-dress. It had a jagged hem and gay square patches sowed on it. On my head was a tartan scarf that covered the little rose-bud that Mum fixed there. Prince Charming was Bruce. He was fat, red and blonde with stupid cheeks. We were all so excited, everyone in class was in the ballroom scene. For my glass slippers, I wore golden, stretchy "jif-fies" with pearl buttons. Complete, lovely, perfect. Strangely, I don't remember the performance except that it was held in a huge double room with rows of up-turned faces lying on the floor. But I remember the dress-rehearsal in the class-room. The Fairy Godmother waved her silver star and I took off my scarf and then stepped out of my coat. Clearly, audibly, time-stoppingly they drew in their breaths at the sight of my dress. Awe, delight at the layers of pink and white frosting, the rustling sweep of the skirt, lace rough under my trembling hands. So I danced with my Prince Charming. Time and Time again he put one sweaty hand on my bare back and then shifted it quickly down to the filmy top of my dress. I came to expect it. Being Cinderella is a bright paradise drifting on a sea of the forgotten past. It is like a faraway circle of light at the end of a dark tunnel.

I kept the dress for years. I grew out of it, but never forgot. Its tumbling, foaming, fairy-floss folds were dearer to me than ever the net and sequined party dress we all used to wear. It's gone now, carried off as a present to some other little girl. Perhaps it's still treasured, or more likely just the last shreds of a shoe polish stained rag, the plastic flowers shredded by a garbage machine. But the glow and love of that dress, the golden slippers and that gasp of breath still creeps up from any of the faces when I stand with a stage under my feet.

Cinderella lives on.

J. Freeman 3



HOUSE REPORT

Spirit! You can have it on the rocks, mix it or try to revive it. The problem that faced all House Officials this year was how to revive that spirit which suffered in 1978 due to domination by Centenary Celebrations. We are pleased to report that in general, everyone's efforts were successful.

Looking back, each of the four Houses had their share of well-deserved success. Bromby surged through the waters of the Kew Pool to win the swimming, Daniel ran brilliantly in the Athletics, Anderson romped it in with their craft, and Lascelles managed to keep vaguely in time with a cracked record to win the marching.

We started off with the very hot and hectic swimming sports, where non-competitors regretted not having volunteered for races as the temperature, helped along by the concrete grounds soared into the hundreds.

On to the athletics, and for the first time ever it was decided that it might be helpful if we were at least a little fit for the sports, so early morning training was started. Those who managed to fall out of bed half an hour earlier to brave the elements, benefited not only by becoming "fit" but also by contributing to the real House spirit that had developed. Without doubt the event of the day was the Staff/Student race starring a very sporty Miss Tuxen. Naturally the girls walked all over the teachers.

The frogs, mice, booties and wall hangings handed in by the dozen for the craft competition achieved a standard of excellence and originality.

At the beginning of Term III, House Drama will take place. This gives girls a well-earned break from the sporting activities of Term I and II.

As it can be seen, the House activities have been coming along really well this year; however, due to a breakdown in communications between different levels of the Houses and a genuine lack of time, the life of a House Captain is not all fun. For better or for worse, there are so many activities going on in other parts of the school that the Houses always seem to be second in line. This situation is not helped by the amount of time we have spent grovelling and begging for participation from girls who are too lazy or simply refuse to take part in activities — believe it or not, they can be fun.

However, despite our humble criticisms (typical of all House captains), we are all in agreement that this year has been great fun due to the help and optimism of so many die-hard supporters.

To next year's sixth form we say this: "Upon removing the cork of such a spirit, cautiously let it breathe, gulp and enjoy."



Jane Edwards & Rowena Bailey (Anderson), Jenny Killey & Mandy Stoyles (Daniel), Eve Kantor & Liz Wood (Lascelles), Di Emry & Arna Wright (Bromby).



sports captain's report



THE STAFF/STUDENT BASEBALL MATCH

On April the fourth, at lunchtime, on the oval, a baseball match was held between the staff and the Senior Baseball Team. What a match!! Amidst cheers and yells, the players went onto the oval. The Senior team batted first.

The first batter decided to get a home run. She stopped the staff and made some good (and bad) throws and catches.

Mrs. Dansick, the pitcher, pitched some wonderful balls; while the catcher, Miss Cairns, was often seen scrabbling for the ball on hands and knees. Often we wondered if we'd see the ball again!!!

Miss Jelbart was on first base, being encouraged by the 6th Form cheer squad.

Miss Fowler was on second base, helping Mrs. Alcorn and Miss Tuxen retrieved the ball. They all did some nice throws.

On third base was Mrs. Levin, looking sweet with pony tail and a little cap. She eventually resorted to running away with the base. Mrs. Levin was backed up by Mrs. Berzkalns.

When the turn came for the Staff team to bat, they seemed to be skip touching first base with their feet (rather unusual).

Janet Morley took a lovely catch, as the batter hit a particularly vicious and hard hit.

The staff team decided to all get home in the last round so they all charged around the bases. Miss Cairns tripped up, running from second to third base and walked away with a sore back, grimacing.

Miss Beggs was the umpire and we must congratulate her for being able to umpire such a riotous game. The winners were not decided (I'm not surprised).

The game was worthwhile; it brought out the school's enthusiasm, kept people in the fresh air and stopped a Wednesday being boring for me.

M. Pratt 2

With the centenary behind us, Ruyton has made a great start in the first year of its second century.

Everyone from first to sixth form has been keen to participate in some sporting activity. Never before have I seen so many people training so rigorously for the House Athletics. For five weeks before the day of the sports each House was out on the oval before school, stretching and straining their muscles, huffing and puffing, in an attempt to blow all the other Houses down.

In a school the size of Ruyton it seems almost unbelievable that we can support both Under 15 and Senior A, B and C hockey teams, A, B, C and sometimes D netball teams in all age groups, six-pair tennis teams instead of the usual four, and Under 15 and Senior A and B baseball teams.

Perhaps the sudden increase in the number of Senior girls trying out for teams (there are usually very few) is that they have been attracted by the prospect of earning their white jumper. This year, to have that bright white look, all you have to do is be a loyal member of a Senior team,

whether it be A, B or C, play **at least** four matches with your team, and be a regular attender of practices. Colours are awarded only to girls in the Senior A teams.

We've still got the combined Athletics to keep us occupied in third term, for Ruyton to achieve anything better than the dreaded wooden spoon (last year we came sixth), we need as much, or more enthusiasm as was available for the House Athletics. Training for the Combined involves much more strenuous and consistent hard work than the House Athletics.

Our ever faithful servant, Miss Doery, (lately Mrs. Keatinge) is departing from Ruyton's good(?) company at the end of this term. Her hubby has a job in N.S.W., and for some inexcusable reason she finds him more attractive than Ruyton. We must suffer a great loss. But never fear Beggs is still here!

Thanks also go to Mr. Makin for helping us with cricket, and Mrs. Athorne. 1979 has been great, I hope 1980 will be just as good.

J. Morley 6
(School Sports Captain)





TENNIS REPORT

The Senior tennis team played ten matches, winning five. A feeling of great team spirit was apparent throughout, and each player was enthusiastic and determined to win. I would like to thank the team for their support and also Mrs. Keatinge for her continual encouragement and help.

Best of luck to all those playing tennis next year!

S. Carre-Riddell 5
(Capt. Sen. Tennis Team)

1st SIX SENIOR TENNIS PAIRS

1. Eve Kantor (Vice Capt.) and Cathy Brown
2. Sue Care-Riddell (Capt. and Sarah Clark)
3. Liz Fowler and Jenny Hill
4. Mandy Stoyles and Lou Mitchell
5. Belinda Holt and Libby McKenzie
6. Arna Wright and Jane Bell

CROSS COUNTRY

The House cross-country in June, run each form at a time at Victoria Park, resulted in: first Daniell, second Anderson, third Lascelles and fourth Bromby. Those who did well at Victoria Park competed, at the end of Term II, in the interschool competition at Wattle Park. Fintona was first of the six schools, but Ruyton was close behind with second. Our Under-15 team came first in their age group, Seniors third in theirs and Under-13 fifth.

Congratulations to all who competed.

Senior

Sue Grover
Liz Grover
Mandy Stoyles
Janet Morley
Lisa Mclellan
Andrea Wallinga
Under 15
Claire Dixon
Michelle Vize

Fiona Wiseman
Bronwyn Moline
Julia Mitchell
Amanda Parry-Okeden
Under 13
Caroline Parry-Okeden
Jill Sweeney
Sally Dawson
Robyn Bardas
Robyn Bainbridge
Claire Coppock



HOCKEY

The 1979 Hockey Season saw the Ruyton Senior A Team rise to greater heights. The opening match of the season saw Ruyton down M.L.C. in a stunning 4 goal victory — the score being Ruyton 6, M.L.C. 2. Five players scored goals; three forwards — one each to Arna Wright and Sallie Harkin, and Janet Morley (that dashing school sports captain) left the field with two goals to her credit. Two half-backs also scored a goal a piece, Cathy Brown and Liz Wood — WHERE WERE THE FORWARDS?

Mandy Stoyles nearly went through the season with the record of being the only scoreless forward, until she scored a magnificent one-man-effort goal in a high standard match at Geelong Grammar.

This season saw the introduction of three new players to the Senior A ranks; Louise Mitchell, Liz Milne and Meredith Walters. Each girl proved to be a valuable inclusion to the team.

The team's goalie was Pam Braithwaite, who scored a mammoth 23 goals for the season. She didn't seem to understand that the duty of a goalie is to save the goals not score them!!! Sandra McPherson — Vice Captain, is the team's recognised "big hitter" and has caused many foot and leg injuries to the opposition.

Thankyou to all girls who have filled in for absent players at one time or another. And thanks also to Miss Beggs for the advice and support she has given us throughout the season.

L. Wood 5



MATCH RESULTS

U/13 CAPTAIN: JANE RUSDEN

A
Played 6; Won 1, Lost 2, Drew 3.
1 match still to play.

U/15 CAPTAIN: KATRINA WRIGHT

A
Played 5; Won 1, Lost 2, Drew 2.
1 match still to play.

B
Played 4; Won 2, Lost —, Drew 2.
1 match still to play.

C
Played 1; Won —, Lost 1, Drew 1.

SENIOR CAPTAIN: LIZ WOOD

A
Played 7; Won 3, Lost 1, Drew 3.
Ruyton A defeated Old Girls 4-1.

B CAPTAIN: JANE EDWARDS

Played 6; Won 1, Lost 4, Drew 1.

C

Played 1; Won —, Lost —, Drew 1.

MATCH RESULTS OF GEELONG GRAMMAR ROUND ROBIN Played on Saturday August 4th

RUYTON 1 drew ST. CATHERINES 1
FRENHAM 2 defeated RUYTON 1
TOORAK 2 defeated RUYTON 1
LAURISTON 4 defeated RUYTON 0
GEELONG GRAMMAR 2 defeated
RUYTON 1





NETBALL REPORT

Second term sprung into life with the start of the netball season. Participation at practices was enormous, every girl present was an eager netball enthusiast, ready to play, rain, hail or shine. Mrs. Keatinge has had a very busy term as coach of the Senior, Under 15 and Under 13 teams. The increase in netball participation is exemplified by the fact that Ruyton no longer needs to decline the offers to play its C and D teams because we now have our own. Mrs. Keatinge is to be congratulated on inspiring the enthusiasm and enjoyment of netball at Ruyton.

Sen. A Capt - K. Bennett	Won-6	Lost-6
Sen. B Capt - L. Chang	Won-0	Lost-5
Sen. C Capt - A. Smart	Won-0	Lost-5
Under 15A Capt - J. Mitchell	Won-0	Lost-4
Under 15B Capt - N. Bush	Won-0	Lost-4
Under 15C Capt - F. Balmer	Won-2	Lost-3
Under 15D	Won-1	Lost-1
Under 13A Capt-J. Swiney	Won-0	Lost-4
Under 13B Capt-R. Bardas	Won-1	Lost-4
Under 13C Capt-P. Orwin	Won-1	Lost-3
Under 13D	Won-1	Lost-2
Under 13D	Won-1	Lost-2

It doesn't matter that some teams had no victories. The essential thing with school sport is that it is to be enjoyed. It is a privilege for anyone to be in a team, all working as one, and combining to get the most out of a match. Sport is meant to be fun and I'm sure all teams have fulfilled this pre-requisite this season.

Fortunately the weather has been kind and there have been very few cancellations. The match against the Old Ruytonians was played one Saturday. Many of the previous year's netball players were amongst the 'winklies' (as they were

called) and the Ruytonians became the 'juveniles' or the 'babes'. It was a very relaxed match, with chatter over the court about university, school and work. The match was very close, but as young 'whipper-snappers' forged away at the end.

On Saturday, August 4th there was a netball and hockey Round Robin down at Geelong. Schools participating were Ruyton, St Catherine's, Toorak College, Lauriston, Frensham (a school from New South Wales) and Geelong College, the hostess school. Our first match was against Lauriston and we won by seven goals. With high spirits we flew into the next match, against Frensham. With uncertainty in the back of our minds but enthusiasm and determination bursting from our seams we managed to win by two goals. Lunch break gave us time to come down to earth and nurse our blistered feet. Before long it was back into action, this time against Geelong College. With a certain loss of concentration and a general weariness we were beaten; as was the case with Toorak. Our final match was against St. Caths. and, with a vision of a comfortable seat, we fought desperately to the end. With several supporters on the side-lines, we became the victors.

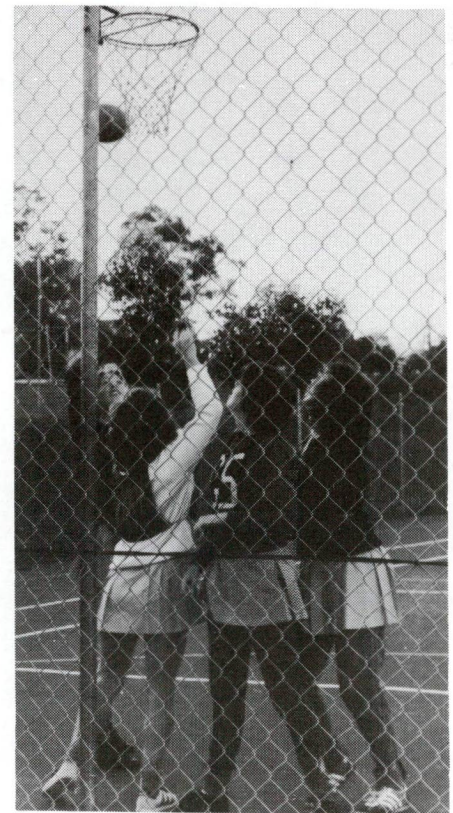
Toorak won overall, being undefeated all day, and Ruyton secured second position. Thanks go to the team, especially Lisa Chang, Tiani Snell and Liz Fowler, who filled in for absent players - Zerrin Dellal, Sue Heffernan and Kirsty Vize (who have done a superb job all season). Sarah Clark, Lisa Orwin, Robin Shaw and yours truly made up the seven players.

The wins and sportsmanship are merely a reflection on the sport staff, so thanks must go to Mrs. Keatinge, for maintaining such

enthusiasm and enjoyment at practices and games, I hope she has gained a lot of repayment for her hours of dedication and hard work by simply watching every team play and grow.

Congratulations to enthusiasts in every age group.

K. Bennett 5



BASEBALL REPORT

It is time to reminisce about the baseball season of 1979. The Senior A team won only one match, against M.L.C., either because we were dynamic or because their oval was under repair all season. I believe the former. Liz Milne, "The Inpenetrable Pitcher", demonstrated infallible methods of stopping the ball that were a cross between baseball and cricket. Meg Barbaro, on first base, did a marvellous job of catching wild and hairy throws. Liz Wood, or "The Sizzling Short Stop", made sharp and direct throws (your hand would have sizzled receiving one of her throws). I would like to congratulate Janet Morley, Kirsty Vize and Sue Grover, on outfield, for plucking the ball out of the sky. Admittedly everyone gets a faulty glove now and again (one with a hole in it). Jo Dowdney, tucked into a corner on third base, was a very physical player, throwing everything she had into it and Liz Grover, on second, performed some amazing feats. At home base as catcher, I viewed every match through the bars of a mask. It gave me great pleasure to watch the eight enthusiastic team members apply their abilities to the game. Although only once victorious, I can easily say we won every match on enthusiasm, sportsmanship and team effort.

The Senior B team, captained by Pam Braithwaite, played five matches, winning all but four. The Under 15 A won one of six, with Julia Mitchell as captain. The Bs played



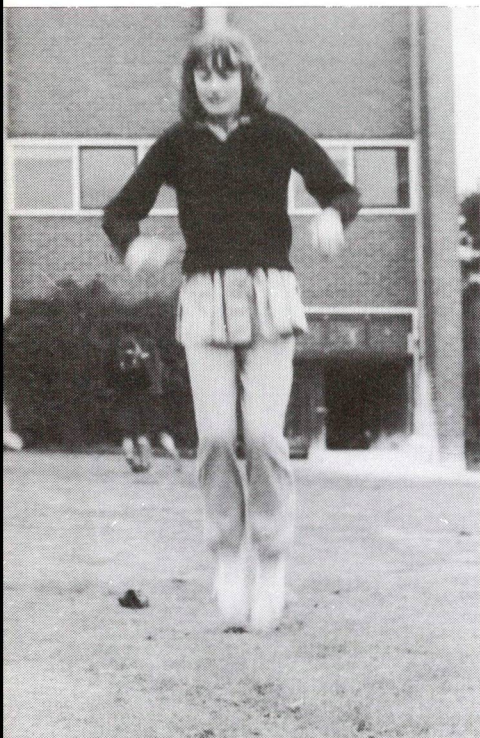
four, winning one; captain, Kate Coppock. Congratulations to all teams for great spirit. In Term III there will be an Under 13 team also: good luck to all!

The coach, Miss Beggs, is to be commended for maintaining fun and excitement at practices and games, as well as acting as a fine example for us. Highest attendance was for the Jelly Bean Awards (like Academy Awards)... it was more like "count the calories". A vital baseball skill is *sliding*, practised on a warm day when the

sprinklers were operating; a lot of laughs and a lot of bruised...s. Apologies to Paddy, who must have thought *Skylab* had landed on the oval.

For those in any team, the reward is not just teddy-bear biscuits, cordial, oranges or Freddo Frogs, but the chance to combine as a team and become good sportswomen. Being captain and playing in a team has been a great experience. Thanks for the opportunity.

K. Bennett 5



SPLASHERS '79

This year a small group of girls and, of course, our fantastic coach John Olsen began swimming training late in January, two weeks before school commenced. The word was SHOUTED around that training was open to anyone who could swim, or even splash enthusiastically, and the group quickly grew. We must add that swimming in Melbourne should not be associated with Summer for on many mornings the Kew Pool was like ice and it took a lot of splashing to wet the teeth chattering, blue-blooded bodies. When these poor creatures emerged from the water there were huge hot breakfasts to thaw the frozen, red-eyed swimmers who reeked of chlorine. Our early morning cooks were Mrs. Kantor, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Bate and Mrs. Maclellan — THANKYOU FOR YOUR HARD WORK.

On that scorching day of February the 20th the competition that we had all been training so hard for arrived. This, the Senior House Swimming Sports, proved a most successful day for both competitors and spectators. The Swimming Cup was won by Bromby with 414½ points followed by Anderson, 379 points; Lascelles, 353 points and Daniel, 319½ points. Three records were broken: Under 12 Freestyle by Sally Dawson, and Over 16 Backstroke and Freestyle by Arna Wright.

The following Monday, the team hit the icy-cold waters to start training for the Combined Sports. Ruyton gained sixth place, though this was no reflection of the

enthusiasm shown by swimmers throughout the season. We looked like champs in our yellow team t-shirts (with "RUYTON SPLASHERS" printed around a big blue frog) and it must be remembered that Ruyton did extremely well considering it is about half the size of most schools in the Association.

Ruyton didn't finish the season with the Combined Sports — we competed in three more invitation meetings. Two teams were entered in the Hawthorn Invitation Swim, and congratulations must go to all racers for their fine effort.

In the P.L.C. Carnival we came fifth out of six schools and in the M.L.C. races we finally gained revenge by swimming into first place! Great effort!

This year, we feel the swimming team was one of the most enthusiastic that Ruyton has ever seen. It could never have attained such heights without the help of John Olsen, Miss Beggs, Mrs. Keatinge, those loyal parents and finally the girls, who swam like CHAMPS.

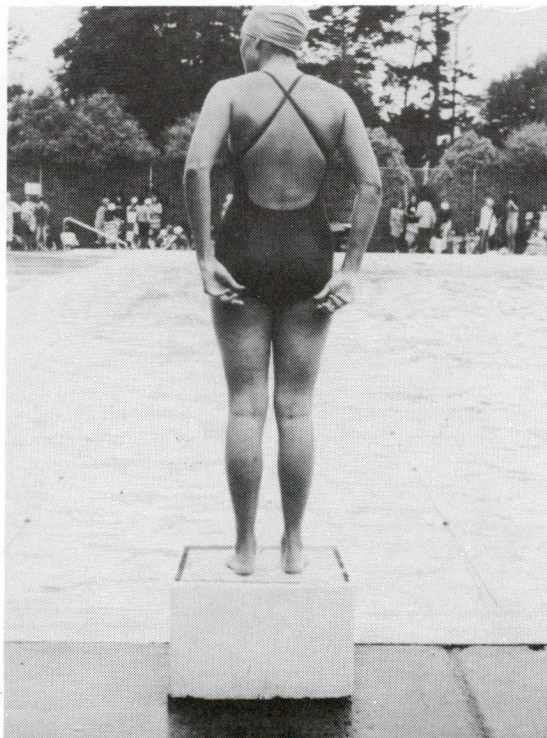
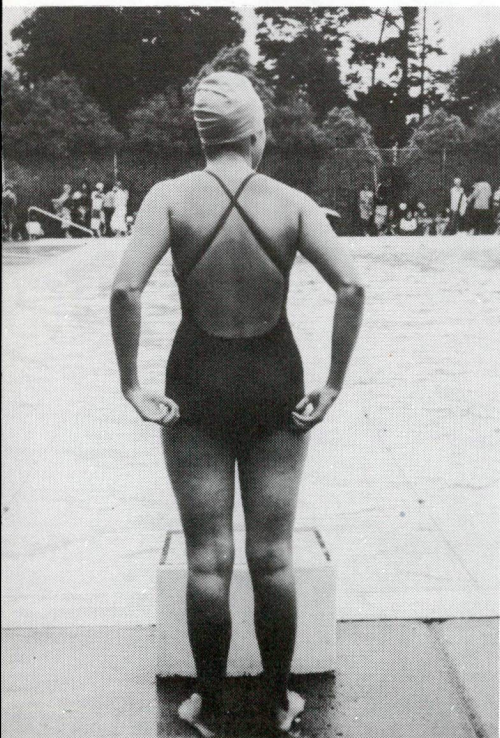
This year, Senior Colours were awarded to Judi Manning, Eve Kantor, Arna Wright, Cathy Brown, Lisa Maclellan and Kirsty Vize. Junior Colours were awarded to Sue Isherwood, Sally Dawson, Kathy Cox and Kate Smith.

So keep it up, swimmers, and best of luck next year,

*Swimming Captain J. Manning
E. Kantor (Vice)*

SWIMMING TEAM

Cathy Brown
Arna Wright
Kirsty Vize
Lisa McLellan
Robyn Bate
Sue Isherwood
Sally Dawson
Robyn Bardas
Robyn Bainbridge
Meg Fraser
Serena Coe
Judi Manning (Capt.)
Eve Kantor (Vice)
Helen Manning
Alex Keppel
Kate Smith
Kathy Cox
Georgie Cox
Kate Lukis
Gabby Tomkin
Kathy Klinger
Wendy Jeffrey
Lisa Angell
Jenny Piper
Samantha Marshall
Katrina Wright
Gina Mawby
Katrina Strickland
Kate Mitchelhill
Susan McFarlane
Felicity Balmer





"MURMURS"

Wednesday mornings are just so dull at school. All I do is work and work and work some more. However, this Wednesday was different. There were murmurs all around school that the school dance was coming soon. This changed the whole tune of this Wednesday morning. The gossip started and there were so many variations to the dress theme and the location of the dance.

Maths was the first lesson during which there would be continual questions and discussions about the famous "Ruyton School Dance." "What are you going to wear?" "Who are you going to take?"

We had a week to think about these questions and then the school-captains came forward and arranged a meeting to take place in the geography room for all fifth and sixth formers. Finally all the problems which had arisen were answered. The dress theme was Black, White or Black and White; and the entrance fee was eight dollars and a nice plate of food.

Everybody mingled out of the room, again discussing the facts of "What are you wearing?" "Who are you taking?"

Weeks passed by and people were beginning to get worried. "I haven't got a black or white dress!" "John doesn't know he's got to wear a suit!" "How can I tell him?"

From many complaints the dress was allowed to be varied in colour but to still have the theme of Black or White.

Murmurs were still lingering through the school and finally the last arrangements were settled. Only two more days left for preparations and clothes organization and the excitement and nervousness was building up.

Thursday the tenth eventually came along and those girls involved were finally released from all the tension to prepare themselves fully for the one everlasting night. The time grew closer and closer and finally the people were ready — ready to exhaust themselves, their partners and their clothing.

As everybody arrived and entered the voices faded into the night until all that was heard were murmurs and even they ceased when the last people departed and the doors were closed.

M. Barbaro 5

DEATH TOLL RISES, THEN PLUMMETS

Warrawong Farm, Thurs. — A number of students of Ruyton Girls' School today unsuccessfully tried to put their hand-made kites into motion at a farm 24km outside Hamilton.

The production line started about 2 pm, and did not stop until late afternoon. The students worked vigorously with great enthusiasm and effort, led by their typing teacher, Miss Wendy Fowler. The imagination of the girls ranged from peacock-shaped kites to frightening faces; from smiling faces to coloured backgrounds with flowers.

The time came to launch those 'flying' objects. Miss Jenny Hill hurled hers into the air first with some success; then came Miss Priscilla Prentice with even greater fame. The next to arrive was Mr. Geoff Pollard, who I believe had as much success as Prentice. Striding on to the scene was Fowler who was the first failure of the day. Her kite started off in what looked like star qualities, but quickly plummeted to a painless death. Miss Clarissa Anders raced along the grass paddock with a hopeful expression on her face, but alas, the same thing happened to Anders as Fowler. Last, but not least, came Miss Fiona Barden; with great power and confidence radiating from her; she threw up her kite. Up, up and???

The funeral for the six kites will be held on May 2nd at 2pm, in the Springvale Crematorium. All welcome.

L. Shaw 4



SIXTH FORM BIOLOGY CAMP

An innovative venture undertaken this year was the Sixth Form Biology Camp at Inverloch. Based at stately Pine Lodge ("pleasant 1930's atmosphere") we spent the last few days of the May Holidays making field trips to various communities in the area for study purposes — under the guidance of Mrs. New and the watchful eyes of Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Fabris and their respective spouses, and Mrs. Strugnelli.

The first morning saw us up and out before nine o'clock collecting specimens for sectioning in the makeshift lab. The razor blades were sharp at that stage! Unfortunately our trip to Eagle's Nest that afternoon was slightly mis-timed: what should have been a pleasant stroll around the coast involved daring dashes over rocks covered with slimy seaweed to avoid (unsuccessfully in many cases) the tide which had not fully receded.

Next day, we visited Venus Bay, and Leyland Brotherted through the coast acacia and common boobialla, trying to forget the warning to watch out for snakes (while Gus and Max chased wallabies?). From there, we went to Fisherman's Jetty and Screw Creek. The pneumatophores (which, contrary to Mrs. Edwards' belief, are NOT tyres) were covered in water, but Mrs. New was only knee-deep. All but a couple of crabs were smart enough to disappear before they could be caught.

Evenings were spent watching movies (if one wasn't too sleepy) or just lazing in front of the giant open fire: either joining the knitting circle or watching the dozens of pairs of sodden sandshoes quietly melting. On the last morning we had a real treat: the owner of Pine Lodge, Mr. Wyeth, demonstrated for us his talents at the pianola and pump organ. So it could certainly not be said that we spent the whole time feverishly working.

Naturally, many thanks must go to all those who worked towards the instigation and smooth running of this venture — in particular to Mrs. New who did a magnificent job in keeping us happy and healthy and perhaps even in making us a little wiser regarding practical application of our knowledge of Biology? I hope that next year's Sixth Form Biology students will have the same opportunity.

P. Elliott 6

A TRIBUTE TO THE TUCKSHOP

The recess bell rings. From all over the school girls pour out of class rooms. Any stranger to the school would think that, overcome by freedom, the girls are rushing to meet their friends for a morning gossip session. The stranger obviously is mistaken. Gossiping at Ruyton comes second only to . . . food.

From observation it can be noticed that the busiest part of the school is not the oval, office or, surprisingly, the study; but the tuckshop! The majority of the students gather in the tuckshop area either to lounge casually on the benches, slowly drinking Primas, or, if some unfortunate girl has run out of cash, squashed vegemite sandwiches. Then, of course, there's the tuckshop jam, a passtime well known and loved by students from the youngest prep to the oldest sixth former.

The aim of the game is to push and shove your way to the front of the "queue" and out again without dropping any money or food. The winner gets to the front of the queue and is eventually served.

Without the tucky our lunch times would be an incredibly boring, unsatisfactory waste of time. Our lunches would be plain, instead of us tucking into Winks, Choc-wedges and Chicken chips, we would be faced with the unappetizing prospect of dry cheese sandwiches and old apples which have been at the bottom of our bags for at least two weeks. Where would we be without our tucky?

E. Jensen



THE RUYTON ROOKIES

This year marks the launching of the first Ruyton chess club. It is always difficult to start something new in a school the size of Ruyton. With a limited number of girls, most of whom already belong to the choir, it is hard to encourage girls to sacrifice yet another lunchtime. Once a group is formed, even if it is only a small one, it is hard to find a particular time that suits the greater percentage of the participants.

It was Mrs. Alcorn who first thought of starting a chess club, and it was her incentive which kept us going through the first difficult stages. To gain experience we entered the Victorian Junior Girls' Chess League Championship that was held at Ruyton. We conducted ourselves admirably and achieved high places out of a selection of twenty three teams. Although we had modest success in that major tournament, we decided to devote the rest of term one and all of term two to the further development of our skills.

In term three we hope to play the staff on a challenge match. We also need to venture further afield, and already we have several activities lined up to make this possible. We owe our thanks to Mrs. New who took over in second term when Mrs. Alcorn left for Europe, and of course Mrs. Alcorn herself. Our thanks also go to Miss Jan Beggs and her sister, Miss Diana Beggs for their moral and practical support.

We hope that the next year will bring even bigger and better things. New members are always welcome, and if you think that you need to be an "A" student who wears glasses to qualify as a chess player then you are wrong. It has been proven that many good chess players are also athletic, so remember, "healthy body, healthy mind".

J. Hill 4

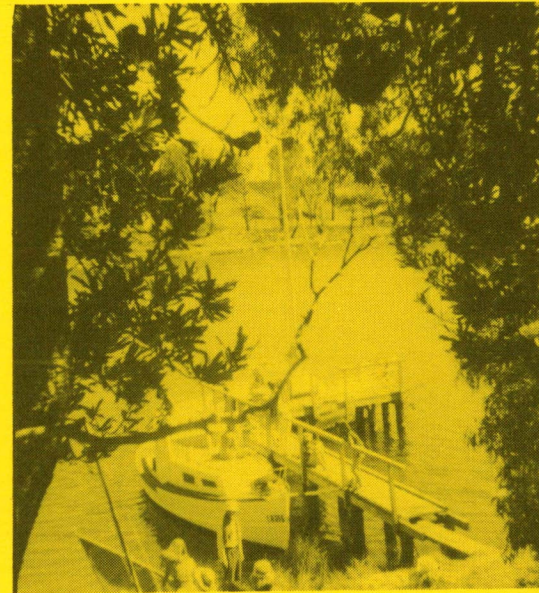
DEBATING TEAM COMMENT

Ruyton desperately needs a permanent weather and shock resistant debating team. Although our efforts were somewhat enlightening during 3rd term of '78 and 1st term of '79, where the staff and girls debated on the topic: "The only thing that interrupts a child's education is their schooling". Naturally it was an uproarious affair and though I didn't admit it at the time — the teachers won!

I think from just this experience girls can witness the importance of a debating team and the handicap we suffer without it. But one can not exist unless it has not only support, but enthusiasm and dedication, which I have found extremely difficult to find, somewhat like searching for precious metal. . . . Of course I understand that school work comes first, the irony is that a good debating team can enhance it; and contribute a great deal of understanding and interest, to all forms, and their work. Please take the opportunity to extend it,

perhaps it could be included in 3rd form activities or 5th form curriculum. The point is Ruyton needs a debating team! I would appreciate more evidence of efforts, as would the whole school. What a good idea!

D. Emry 6



SAILING IN JANUARY

This year may be remembered for its breaks from the long hard days of academic slog (Form 3 Activities and Week Nine) but it all began long before that . . .

In January, that old sea salt, Mr. Maxwell, a few terrified teachers and twenty would-be sailors set out for Waratah Point, on the Gippsland lakes. There these semi-clad Valkyries lazed on the decks, paddled in the shallows, indulged in gourmet delights, pitted themselves against the elements in dinghies on the raging current of Duck Arm, and were chased by "Mad Max", an obsessive photographer.

One of the highlights of the camp was a pilgrimage to Metung across the dangerous waters of Lake Victoria in an "overloaded ark" (with thirty of the wildest looking animals you've ever seen) and a determined crew of six aboard a modern-day Kontiki. We then took to the land and trekked through parched bushland and paddocks to the virgin sands of the Ninety Mile Beach in heat-wave conditions, to return cold and dripping, amidst torrential rain through the then menacing bush.

We all had the chance to savour the life on the wild seas, by moonlight, when we slept? onboard the yacht (it was moored to a jetty); midnight swimming, nothing between us and nature.

Those of us who were lucky enough to go on this camp feel that this was the last time we really relaxed and enjoyed each other's company before starting the gruelling H.S.C. year.

OLD RUYTONIANS' ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL REUNION AND DINNER

This year our dinner was held on April 4th, and was well patronized by one hundred and twenty guests. We were delighted that the Home Economics students from Ruyton cooked our delicious main course, and we thank them for a superb effort.

Our speakers at the meeting were our retiring President, Mrs. Sonia Mitchell, our incoming President and former Treasurer, Mrs. Melanie Gibbs. Miss McRae outlined the new Activities Programme that students are now taking part in. Her short speech was peppered with many amusing anecdotes. Our guest speaker this year was Mrs. Marjorie Theobald. Her problem in collecting information and hilarious accounts of evolving stories made all of us most anxious to obtain our copy of "Ruyton Remembers, 1878-1978".

DISCO NIGHT

At "The Koot", Kooyong, we held a Disco Night. Unfortunately because of poor attendance this fabulous evening was enjoyed by only a few.

CAR RALLY

Mrs. Meldrum's country property in Macclesfield was the venue of a barbeque which followed the rally. Later in the afternoon everyone walked over the property to see the new spring lambs and to shepherd a mare and her one-week old foal into a corral. Adult and children alike had a wonderful day and we thank Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum for their generous hospitality.

OLD GIRLS V PRESENT-DAY GIRLS

We won! Jo Hale, Fiona Laird, Penny Scandrett, Lou Hale, Joe Campbell, Rosemary Campbell, Virginia Viney, Sally Turner, Fiona Nelson and Jenny Nienabar were the victorious players.

TENNIS

Mary Dixon, Sonia Mitchell, Jill Parker, Sue Moulden, Lisa McCulloch, Jane Simon, Katrina Wilson and Cathy Hill were our four pairs playing in the tennis. The present-day girls won.

NETBALL

A very close match resulted when Cathy Charlton, Lou Hale, Leanne Myers, Amanda Fraser, Ros Johnson, Fiona Nelson and Lou Wiseman played.

HOCKEY

Penny Scandrett, Jo Hale, Katrina Wilson, Sue Wood, Fiona Laird, Maria Paraskevas, Linda Coco, Cathy Hill, Mary Dixon and Sarah Liversidge shot a few goals but, unfortunately, not enough to defeat their opponents.

SUN TENNIS CUP

The standard was extremely high in this competition and our players, Sue Wood, Patsy Anderson, Suzanne Lucas and Carol Driscoll, played very well. Incidentally next year it will be played at Sandringham on Saturday, March 15th (1980). If any Old Ruytonians are interested in playing, please contact Sonia Mitchell, telephone 80 1468.

SUN GOLF CUP

This year the Sun Golf Cup was played on Monday, April 9th. Anne Callander and her team hit well. Would any golfers like to join them? All that is required is a handicap below 32 and a telephone call to Anne Callander on 277 3343.

TRUST FUND

The Old Ruytonian Committee are considering setting up a Trust Fund similar to those already set up by other Public Schools. We will be seeking donations to start the fund to endow the school in later years. These donations would be invested. The fund would be designed especially for buildings, equipment and so on, in the school. If any person has ideas or suggestions please contact Melanie Gibbs, telephone 857 8728.

Next year we hope for many more Old Ruytonians to join us at our Annual Reunion and Dinner — it is a great opportunity to renew old friendships. The Old Ruytonians' Association Committee has decided to abolish annual subscriptions. Old Ruytonians, if they have been regular annual subscribers over the last ten years, will become Life Members automatically. We do most sincerely hope that many of our school leavers this year will join our Association. May we remind you that our fee is only \$21 for a Life Membership? We do desperately need your support and encouragement for our fund raising functions to provide for our chosen Bursary Girl.

Mrs. S. Braithwaite

Mr. Kirby announces the engagement of his daughter, Carolyn, to Mr. John Allen of "Larundel", Elaine, Victoria. (Carolyn finished Form 6 in 1975.)

FORMS I — IV ALLIANCE FRANCAISE AWARDS — 1979

FORM I POETRY

Very Honourable Mention

Lisa Andrews
Megin Gidley
Joanne Robertson
Rebecca Smith
Joanne Wittman

Honourable Mention

Robyn Bainbridge
Claire Coppock
Julia Goodsall
Megan Jacobs
Katherine Klinger
Caitlin Lund
Karen Olver
Anne Ransom
Adrienne Sartori
Deborah Searle
Melissa Straffon
Michelle Thomson
Suzanne Walters

FORM I LANGUAGE TEST

Honourable Mention

Jennifer Mitchelhill
Dana Rozner

FORM II POETRY

Very Honourable Mention

Diana Barnes
Zara Guthrie
Nikki Hall
Lucy Hase
Honourable Mention
Robyn Bardas
Louise McDonald

Alexandra Paterson

Michaela Pratt

Kate Smith

Monica Tomkin

FORM II LANGUAGE TEST

Very Honourable Mention

Robyn Bardas
Caroline Gorrell
Lucy Hase
Gillian Hefter
Vicki Pateras
Catherine Stewart
Susan White

Honourable Mention

Felicity Fizelle
Susan Mansbridge
Amanda Mattea

FORM III POETRY

Very Honourable Mention

Felicity Goodes
Miranda Sharp

Honourable Mention

Felicity Balmer
Sarah Barden
Amanda Fong
Gabrielle Jacobs
Helen McKelvie
Catherine Pugh

Alexandra Shepherd

FORM III LANGUAGE TEST

Honourable Mention

Felicity Goodes
Joanne Melick

FORM IV — POETRY

Very Honourable Mention

Genevieve Hamilton
Kate Kantor
Gabriella Smith
Honourable Mention
Elizabeth Croker
Susan Grover
Alison Leonard
Bronwyn Moline
Ruth Neilson
Gabriella Tomkin

FORM IV LANGUAGE TEST

Very Honourable Mention

Elizabeth Croker
Genevieve Hamilton

Goethe Poetry Competition

Elizabeth Croker received first prize for Form 4 level poetry.

MATHS — DISTINCTION CERTIFICATES

Form 1

Megan Backhouse
Cathy Keon-Cohen
Kristen Wisher

Form 2

Sally Wilks
Susan White
Lucy Hase

Form 3

Joanne Melick
Diane Watts
Nicki White
Philippa Mackey

Form 4

Liz Croker
Sue Harvey

Form 6

Christa Hunger

Magazine

S. Marshall (Co-Editress)
G. Wallace-Crabbe (Co-Editress and
Photography)
E. Kantor (Photography)
Mrs. E. Grove
Z. Dellal
D. Emry
K. Harper
Mr. D. McDonald
T. Miles (Cover)

And thanks to all those who have helped
in any way especially Mrs. D. Berold.

SENIOR STAFF

Miss M. McRae — B.A.(Melb.), A.I.E.(London),
M.A.C.E.
Miss M. Tuxen — B.A.(Melb.), Cert.Ed. (A.T.T.I.)
Mrs. I. Alcorn — B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip.HB., A.L.A.A.
Mrs. K. Athorne — Dip.Phys.Ed. (Melb.)
Miss J. Beggs — Dip.P.E., B.A.(Melb.)
Mrs. D. Berold — M.A.(Montreal), B.A.,
Dip.Ed.(Qld.)
Mrs. E. Berzkals — B.A.Hons (Monash),
Dip.Ed.(Monash)
Miss A. Cairns — B.A., Dip.Ed.(Melb.)
Mrs. F. Churchward — B.A.(Hons.) (Melb.),
Dip.Ed.(Monash)
Mrs. R. Dansick — B.A., Dip.Ed.(Melb.)
Mrs. M. Dixon — Lib.Assistant
Mrs. A. Drent — B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C., M.A.Ps.
Reg. Psychologist
Mrs. J. Edwards — LL.B.(Melb.), Dip.Ed.(Melb.)
Miss J. ETTY-Leal — B.Ed. (Arts & Crafts) (Melb.)
Mrs. M. Fabris — B.Sc., Dip.Ed.(Latrobe)
Miss S. Fallaw — B.Com., Dip.Ed.(Melb.),
Grad.Dip. Urb.Sys. (Swinburne), F.R.G.S.
Mrs. I. Fraser-Smith — Sec.Arts & Crafts (M.S.C.)
Mrs. A. Gidley — B.A.(Melb.), T.S.T.C., A.L.C.M.
Mrs. E. Grove — B.A.(Hons), Dip.Ed. (Melb.)
Dr. M. Halford — B.Sc.(Hons), Ph.D.
(Birmingham), Dip.Ed. (LaTrobe)
Mrs. M. Harris — T.P.T.C. (W.A.)
Mrs. P. Hefter — Cert.Ed.(Tas.), T.T.C.
Miss J. Jelbart — B.A. (Monash), Dip.Ed. (Melb.)
Mrs. S. Keatinge — Dip.P.E. (Sec.) (Melb.)
Mrs. D. Kimberly — Dip. Institutional
Management & Cookery (Emily McPherson)
Mrs. S. Levin — B.A. (Melb.), A.T.T.I. (Dip.Tech.)
Miss H. Margetts — Dip.Y.L., Grad.Dip.Careers
Education.
Mr. D. McDonald — H.D.T. (Hons), Sec. Arts &
Crafts, Dip.Art. V.C.A.
Mr. M. R. Maxwell — Mus.Bac., (A.T.T.I. Dip.)
Mrs. M. Myers — T.T.S.C. (Dip.Arts)
Mrs. N. New — B.Sc.(Hons), London ARCS,
Dip.Ed. (LaTrobe)
Mrs. J. Patterson — B.A., Dip.S.T. (Adelaide)
Mr. G. Pollard — M.Sc., B.Sc. (Hons) (Melb.),
Dip.Met A,S.M.B.
Mrs. M. Ravenscroft — Dip.App.Chem.,
(R.M.I.T.)
Mrs. M. J. Reid — B.A.Hons., (Melb.), Dip.Ed.
(Melb.)
Mrs. R. Riley — B.Sc.(Melb.), Dip.Ed. (Monash)
Mrs. E. Strugnell — B.A. (Monash), Dip.T.
(A.T.T.I.)
Mrs. R. Stuckey — T.S.T.C.
Mrs. B. Yuill — Cert.App.Soc.Science.

JUNIOR STAFF

Mrs. H. Oates — Cert.Ed. (A.T.T.I.), Ad.Cert.Ed.
(A.T.T.I.), Ad.Dip.Teach (A.T.T.I.)
Mrs. V. Creed — B.Mus.Perf. (Melb.)
Mrs. J. Edwards — Dip.Prim.Ed.(Avondale)
Mrs. D. Harris — T.I.T.C. (Toorak)
Miss T. Harris — T.C.(S.A.), I.T.C.(S.A.),
Dip.Teach
Mrs. E. Pearce — Cert.Ed.Prim.(Tas.), T.T.T.(Tas)
Miss B. Mantzaris — B.A. (LaTrobe)
Mrs. J. Smith — T.P.T.C., T.T.L.C.(Melb.)
Mrs. G. Swiney — Teachers Cert.(Eng.)
Mrs. J. Williams — Teachers Cert.(N.Z.),
Dip.Teach.(S.A.)
Miss N. Williams — Dip.Prim.(Toorak)
Mrs. H. Weiss — T.P.T.C. (Geelong)

Sister Mrs. J. Esplan
Bursar Mrs. E. Fleming
Principal's Secretary Miss M. May
Other Office Staff:
Mrs. M. Abbott — Aids Room
Mrs. P. Acres — Music Dept.
Mrs. P. Findlay — Receptionist
Mrs. B. Gillies — Bursar's Assistant
Maintenance & House Staff
P. Murphy
R. Makin
L. Bourke
J. Rawlings
K. Rawlings
S. Hills

Council

J. Bate, Chairman
A. Davie, Treasurer
Mrs. M. Blyth, Secretary
L. Angell
J. Cox
Mrs. W. Hewitt
Mrs. S. Marshall
A. Mitchell
D. Neilson
R. Norton
Mrs. L. Purdy
M. Ware
P. Wood

RUYTON '80 AFFAIR

The Ruyton PARENTS Association has decided
to hold a Fair on the school grounds on Saturday
22nd March 1980. The last Fair was held very
successfully in 1977, raising \$20,515 and it is con-
sidered time for another effort.

DATE LIST

TERM I

7th February to 11th May

February

9th House Diving Competition
14th to 16th Form IV Camp, Kinglake
20th to 21st House Swimming Sports
21st to 23rd Form III Camp Crystal Creek

March

2nd Combined Swimming Sports
16th Junior Swimming Sports

April

20th to 21st Scotch/Ruyton Play, "Rhinoceros"

May

5th House Athletics Sports
10th School Dance

TERM II

28th May to 17th August

July

5th School Church Service
12th Skylab falls
23rd to 27th "Week 9" Activities Programme
(Forms III, IV, V)

August

9th Junior Choral/Drama Evening
15th Inter-School Cross Country Run

TERM III

10th September to 12th December

September

14th House Drama Festival

October

9th Combined Athletics Sports
15th to 19th Form IV Work Experience Programme
24th Musical Evening, Royce Hall

November

9th Junior Sports Day
19th H.S.C. Exams Commence

December

11th Final Assembly (Senior and Junior)
11th Leavers' Luncheon
12th Speech Night Rehearsal
12th Speech night, Dallas Brookes Hall



J. Lewis — Form 3



S. Fair — Form 3

