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RUMYTON AN '80

AT OUR DESK



EDITORIAL

Every Ruyton girl remembers the first year she received her copy of **The Ruytonian**. She remembers even more clearly the delight, shock, horror or amazement she felt on seeing her name or her photo there, whether it was in correct or incorrect type, or her face was in focus or not. This year we decided to try to give everyone this feeling by designing the cover as it is. We hope this will achieve a sense of belonging.

With this in mind, we, as editors, have tried to include as many of the girls' articles as we received. Selection was not wholly based on quality or the intellectual ability of the writer. Instead, we endeavoured to include those thoughts of girls who had felt the need or interest to express themselves.

Typing, organization, layout and the meaning of deadlines have been some of the things we have learnt this year. We have realized that being editors involves sharing a responsibility with printers, and that organization is imperative for the successful completion of the magazine.

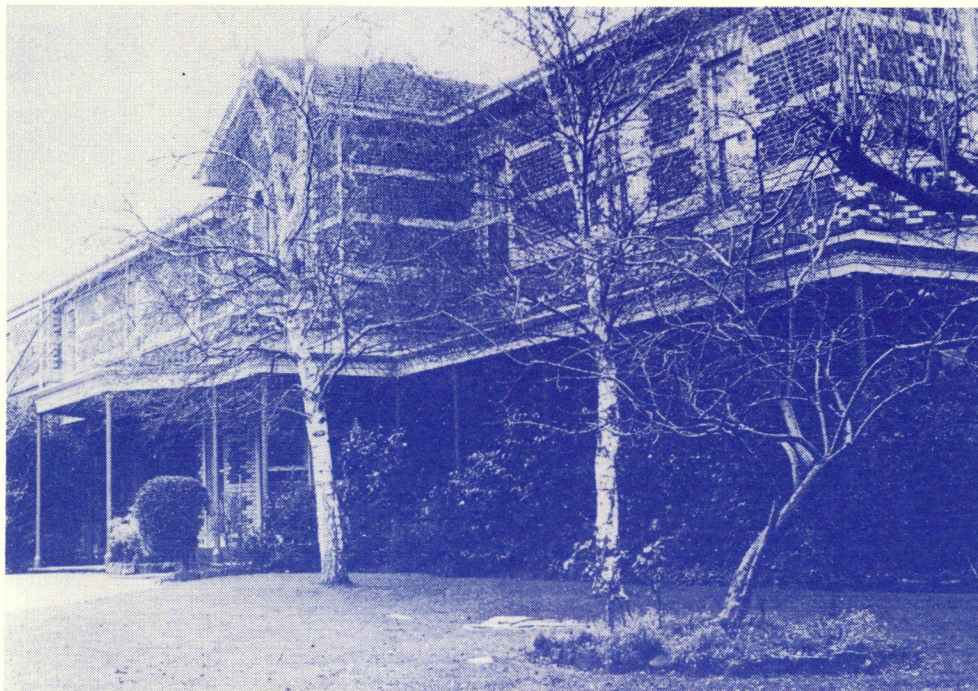
Our most sincere thanks and gratitude must go to Mrs Grove, Miss Fowler, Ilana Rose, Jo Dowdney, Kate Smallwood, the typing classes and Sixth Form girls who generously gave up their lunchtimes to ease the typing load. We only hope that next year's Editors will find as many willing hands as we did. Thanks again for giving us this opportunity and experience.

*Linda White
Liz Heine*

RUYTONIAN 1980

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PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

A year has gone by and I am suddenly faced with the thought of another Magazine report. It seems such a short time since I last wrote one.

In March the "Ruyton '80 Affair" took place in the School grounds. Parents, friends, girls and staff had worked hard for many months, directed so ably by the Fair Committee. We were lucky to have a fine day as, from daylight onwards, stallholders and helpers arrived to work in such a variety of ways. I wonder what Henry Henty would have thought at the sight of so many people working the barbeque under the Moreton Bay fig, the train on the oval and the variety of other activities. I think he would have been pleased, after the initial shock, that his home and grounds were used, enjoyed and appreciated by so many people. He would also have appreciated the extraordinary feeling of friendship and goodwill engendered by the occasion which was quite as important as the profit of \$22,000. Part of the money has just been spent on a Toyota mini bus which should be in use long before you read this.

This year there has been a marked development in Drama and the girls participated in three different performances in Term I. One group of girls took part in a play written by Mrs. Dansick, our Drama teacher, and performed in the Treasury Gardens as part of the Moomba Week festivities. Many schools participated and each earned an award of \$100 from the Hotham Building Society. The Scotch-Ruyton performance was varied this year by the production of two shorter plays, each written by a member of staff from the participating schools.

In May the Trinity-Ruyton play, "A Gap in Generations", performed at Trinity, was both entertaining and extremely vigorous. I admired the stamina of all who took part for they seemed to spend a large part of the evening falling off chairs and benches; highly entertaining for the audience but somewhat exhausting for the performers!

School work continues steadily and consistently with, for some forty girls, the final goal of the H.S.C. while, for others, School exams or special and often exciting hurdles loom large at different times of the year. Eleven girls won awards in the Science Talent Quest run each year by the Science Teachers' Association of Victoria. The work involved is a piece of individual research and we were delighted that

Jenny Moloney, a Form V pupil, received a \$40.00 bursary, as there are very few of these given. The girls have also had considerable success again in the Alliance Francaise Competition with one second prize and a number of Honourable Mentions in the Senior Section. The results of the other sections have not yet been published. One pupil won an award for her design of a kitchen, while others have achieved results in many different fields. Our Chess players have continued to improve their standard and our Cross Country Team won the Sports Associations' Annual Inter-School Cross Country event in August.



Perhaps you are wondering why the Junior School has not been mentioned? I can assure you that it is a very busy place from 8.30 — 4.00 p.m. with every class full to capacity. The building is looking particularly bright and attractive with new paint on the doors and flower beds full, at this time of the year, with spring flowers.

I greatly enjoy my all-too-brief visits to the Junior School where cheerful faces greet me and I hear of all sorts of exciting happenings both at school and at home.

No report of this kind could be complete without some mention of the Staff. There have been a number of changes during this year as Mrs. Theobald went to Monash to take up a post-graduate grant, Miss Fallaw to a new and very interesting post in the Planning Department of the Education Department and Mrs. Drent, the School Counsellor, also received an appointment to the Education Department. We were sorry to see each of them leave, but glad that they had the opportunity to pursue their particular interests.

This year has also seen a major change in Staffing with the departure of Miss Mary Tuxen. Miss Tuxen left at the end of Term I after 6½ years in the demanding and onerous task of Chief of Staff. She used her skills in many areas but her special strength was to alter, introduce and improve many facets of the organization and administration of the School. Miss Tuxen handled each aspect of her job with care and attention to detail and was so well organized herself that she left for Greece before Term II commenced. As I write, she is, I believe, in Oberammergau attending the Passion Play, an experience that makes an indelible impression on the thousands of visitors who are fortunate to attend one of the performances which take place every ten years.

Mrs. Suzanne Barrah came to Ruyton in Term II to take over Miss Tuxen's position. Mrs. Barrah is an Old Ruytonian who has had wide experience in education. She was a School Prefect, a School Sports Captain and received the Old Ruytonian's Prize, leaving with a Commonwealth Scholarship to undertake an Arts course.

At the end of my report in 1979 I commented on the fact that Ruyton Staff have a marked tendency to have sons! However, although Mrs. Berold maintained the pattern by having a son called Asher, I am delighted to report that Mrs. Strugnell now has a daughter called Emma and Mrs. Fabris also has a daughter Janna born in August.

Margaret McRae

MISS TUXEN

At the end of first term, Ruyton said its farewells to Miss (Mary) Tuxen, Ruyton's Chief of Staff since 1974. The day, although sad, was a memorable one with a mutual exchange of gifts. The school, to show its appreciation of Miss Tuxen's humour and service to Ruyton, presented Miss Tuxen's gift inside a rubbish bin. Not to be outdone, Miss Tuxen presented the sixth formers with a rubbish bin in return.

At present Miss Tuxen is touring Europe and her numerous activities have included a week's painting course and seeing a Passion Play. She is due back in November and hopes to begin remedial work with handicapped children.

Miss Tuxen will be greatly missed at Ruyton and we hope to see her when she returns from overseas.

Mrs. Barrah, an Old Ruytonian, has replaced Miss Tuxen, as Chief of Staff. The School sincerely wishes both Miss Tuxen and Mrs. Barrah all the best for the future.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORTS

*At the start of the year, our expectations were high — this was the chance to **change** Ruyton. Those latent radical ideas we had held could now be put into practice.*

However, expectation and reality are two different things and by the end of first term disillusionment and an acute guilt complex had set in. It seemed that, apart from the School Dance, we had achieved little of momentous importance. Certainly, there was a limit of time and school work on our activities, our actual powers, which were minor, and also the fact that the School only provided a few set tasks for the School Captain to do, yet also there seemed to be a basic misconception on our part, and the School's, as to exactly what the School Captain could and should achieve.

This rift between expectations and reality is partly due to the changes over the years, in the School Captain's role. No longer do the School Captains patrol the gate and the corner like armed storm troopers; instead their disciplinary powers have been removed. This removal of power has left almost a sense of impotence; however, the disciplinary power is gradually being replaced by something equally important — communication. This change in the School Captain's role requires a further change in the School's perception of the importance of the School Captain. As yet this change of perception still hasn't occurred — it was only at the end of first term that Jane and I realised where the importance of a School Captain lay. During first term we had acted in the role of public relations officer, organiser, go-between for girls and staff and a school representative, figurehead — all of which involve communication skills. This is the importance, and role, of the School Captain — not that of instigating radical change or making momentous decisions.

Kate Smallwood



I am sitting in the library trying to do the expected thing, trying to condense a school into a few apt but amusing words. Next to me, an aura of coffee identifies the H.S.C. students, working with a kind of desperate frivolity. Further away, first formers shriek with delight over a game they are playing. I grind my teeth. I really must concentrate on this report, but the noise hums up from the tables . . . has anyone seen my pen? . . . oh, he loved my new haircut . . . but if abortion was made legal . . . Friday night I'm going . . . I'll never have it finished . . . be quiet, will you? I throw my pen down in disgust. I can't write it! If this hubbub is telling me anything, it is that Ruyton is a collection of people, not of buildings. The people, staff, and students are more important than rules or songs or bells (or even reports). They are the living, growing Ruyton, full of exciting potential. I glance about at the eager faces and tired hands. I can't make them into words any more than they can be made into figures or letters. But it is for THEM that Ruyton exists. For them, it must be not only a house of learning but also a home of stimulation and tolerance. That is why the recent developments in drama, music and activities programs have been so exciting. A school is essentially a place where people begin to grow and this growth should be in all directions. Resignedly, I pack up my books and thread my way to the door through the sprawl of tables and chairs. If you want the report of this defeated School Captain, spend five minutes in the library, watching Ruyton live.

Jane Freeman, 6S

MUSIC CAPTAIN REPORT '80



Some time after Miss McCrae had told me that I had been elected music captain for 1980, I began to wonder what musical goals could be achieved in just three short terms. Because both the choir and the orchestra have improved so much, they are now able to cope with more difficult pieces of music - which is so much more satisfactory for the advanced musicians, while it presents a challenge to those not so advanced.

As well as the choir and the orchestra progressing rapidly in standard (not to mention number!), the Madrigal group, consisting of a few members of staff and several girls in the sixth form, has also greatly improved and will hopefully perform at Speech Night in December.

This year there have been a number of what I would term "musical highlights". The Church Service, although threatened by a power strike, was a memorable one and the

Musical! Workshop gave so many parents (and girls) the chance to see and hear what girls in nearly all forms do in their music classes. I feel, myself that so far the greatest highlight was the concert at the Montefiore Home for the Aged. Performing in front of a large audience is not always easy; but when the audience is a much older one and their actions and reactions are never too predictable, the task is an even harder one. I somehow find it more satisfying performing in front of an unknown audience instead of the familiar school one, and imagine that there would be quite a few others who share this opinion.

In Term three a "soiree musicale" will be held in place of the proposed school musical production. This is a new scheme, aimed at providing those girls in H.S.C. who are playing an instrument as one of their subjects, the chance to perform in front of a relatively small audience before

attempting their all-important final exam. I know that this will be an invaluable experience for so many of us, and I really hope that such an evening will be offered to their students in years to come.

One problem that has concerned many people however, has been the frequent "clashing" between music practices and sport and house activities. Perhaps I could suggest that a clear timetable of fixtures be decided *early* in the year, preferably with some time between musical and other activities, to avoid any problems.

Overall this year has been a great one and I've really loved getting to know so many other girls in lower forms, as well as staff members from the Choir and the Orchestra. I only hope that whoever receives the position next year has as much fun and enjoyment as I have had. Thanks everyone for a fantastic final year!!

Sue Carre-Riddell



BENNETT'S BLURB

And now for something completely different. Actually, this report won't be very different but I had to attract your attention somehow. Now that I have you in the palm of my hand, I will commence telling you about the trials and tribulations of a Sports Captain.

When crowned with this title my feeble little mind raced with thoughts of duty. Do I have to waterproof the netballs? Should I or should I not sew the elastic on the bibs for netball? All these mind-boggling questions were to be answered in the course of the year.

This report is not going to be about the baseball results or the hockey teams... A report such as this reflects personal experience gained throughout the year, not only as Sports Captain but as a mentally exhausted H.S.C. student with the weight of the world on her shoulders.

The most difficult aspect of being Sports Captain is meeting the expectations people have. Some people enjoy competing as an individual and some enjoy team events. I enjoy team events because there is less pressure on each individual. In team events there is no room for individuals; a team is a group acting as a whole. I get more satisfaction when working in a group.

After seven years of intense, critical observations of Ruyton and the girls at the school, I realise that Ruyton develops a unique quality in the girls. Ruyton is not a school that is renowned for winning the athletics every year; yet each year the girls attack the situation with dedication and enthusiasm. For instance, early morning swimming training at the icy Kew Pool. (Ah, there's one of my jobs. I pick open the icy crust before the girls take the plunge).

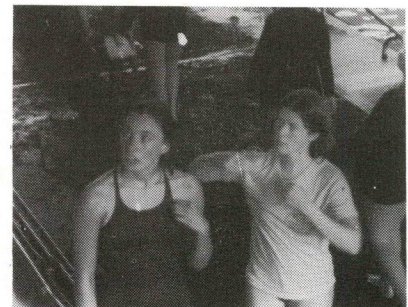
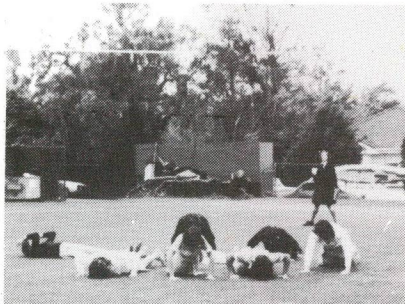


A well-used and familiar saying to us all is, "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game". This is true, but it is uplifting to the spirits when you do win. I think that Ruytonians not only know how to lose gracefully but also how to win gracefully. You may well laugh at the fact there is an art to winning gracefully. You may well laugh at the fact that there is an art to winning gracefully, but it is an art that many other schools lack. This comment comes from a lot of experience in interschool matches and a lot of losing. I often believe that their is more of an education in losing than in

winning. So, to all of those who may be feeling a bit low and lacking in confidence, just remember that while you may lose in one respect, you gain far more in another.

My string of pearls' wisdom has just broken so I'll end this pearly report with some very sincere thank you words. Thanks to Miss Beggs, Miss Holmes and Miss Pearson whose enthusiasm and variety have been maintained in the Sports Department. I hope the Sports Captain of 1981 enjoys her role as much as I did this year; so stay tuned next year.

Goodnight.
Kayley Bennett





LASCELLES

This year has been a fulfilling year for Libby and me although we haven't performed as well as in the past. I feel I must comment on the girls' enthusiasm and co-operation. I am particularly referring to the swimming and athletic sports. On both occasions the girls performed well and helped Lib and me get through the first tasks of our duties.

In the swimming and the aths. Lascelles came third while Daniell came first in both events. Daniell, on behalf of Lascelles, I warmly congratulate you on your magnificent triumph. For Lascelles - better luck next year, although we all tried hard. At one stage we were coming first in the aths; unfortunately we were disqualified from our track events which was due to the lack of time the girls had to prepare. Although disappointing for the runners, the girls' enthusiasm was not lost and we came a pleasing second in the special marching.

From Lib and myself, thanks to all Lascelles girls who participated or helped in any way.

The craft this year was the first real disappointment. The lack of craft was obvious, and not only from Lascelles. Next year we hope you will put a little more effort into the craft.

At the moment Lascelles and other Houses are preparing for the Drama Festival. There is the possibility of a talent quest next term (3rd term) which would be a substitute for the singing.

On the whole this year has been an exciting experience for Lib and me. We hope we have performed the duties required of us sufficiently, and we wish good luck to those who'll take our place in 1981.

*Jessica Norton
Libby McKenzie*

DANIELL

For Kirsty and me, this year's proved to be a most rewarding and satisfying experience. The whole house has proved that they can win if they are prepared to put their physical abilities to use. In first term this was evident in the house not only winning the swimming sports, but also taking out first place in the athletics and marching. It was not just the competitors who won these events for us, it was the house spirit in cheering and supporting the competitors, to the end of every race. It's this house spirit which makes a year's effort successful!

Unfortunately, even though we came equal second in the house craft, this was not a team effort. I hope next year more people will take pride in contributing to the craft section of the house activities.

There is much more we'd like to write, but our space in the Ruytonian is limited; therefore, we'd like to thank the house staff, the other houses and house captains in their help over the past year and especially the TEAM spirit of Daniell, which we hope will continue in years to come.

Last of all, we hope next year's captains will find the jobs of House Captain and Sports Captain as rewarding as they have been for us. We wish them as much success as we have had, even more if possible.

Thank you again for the fantastic year.

*Lisa Orwin
Kirsty Vize*



BROMBY

This is Sarah Clark and Jo Dowdney, reporting to you on the events of Bromby House for this first year of the 80's.

We started out not knowing quite what to expect (both being inexperienced at speaking to a large group) but soon got into the swing of things with the House swimming Sports, so early in the year.

With much enthusiasm from all age groups it was difficult to place all swimmers in an event, but, after altering the program several times, we were able to include almost everyone. So after a very close and exciting battle with Daniell, Bromby came in second (don't worry, we'll get them next year).

Adding to the hectic first term, came the Athletic Sports. Here, we feel we ought especially to congratulate those devoted Brombarians who struggled in the long distance runs; to finish perhaps without a blue ribbon, but with a lack of breath and a handful of energy-reviving jelly beans. Even though our losses were greater than our wins, most girls (including us) enjoyed the day, whether competing or merely lazing in the sun soaking up the beautiful weather.

Next on the agenda was House Craft. Despite our constant groans of "We'll never get enough", when the display was set up it looked quite impressive (if we say so ourselves).



The hidden talents of embroiderers, knitters, and arty-crafties really emerged, and we're certain Alex Shepherd could go into business with her doll-making efforts.

On going to Press, we have high hopes for the House Play, with all the enthusiasm evident by girls at practices, and the obvious dramatic talent of both Senior and Junior girls.

Most of the House activities have been fun and games and we feel a lot closer to the girls in Bromby. It has been an experience in both psychology and human relations!!! During the year we have tried to emphasise House involvement rather than competition, and we hope that next year the house spirit will continue. Best of luck in 1981.

*Signing off,
Jo Dowdney
Sarah Clarke*

ANDERSON

We know you would all like a change in the format of House Reports, but unfortunately Liz and I are unable to do this. We found House meetings in the beginning to be quite frightening with all these blank faces staring at us, wondering what this year was going to bring. Alas! the same as every other year.

With swimming diving off first we were faced with really tough competition and left Anderson still standing on the blocks.

From swimming blocks to starting blocks true 'red blooded' spirit had excelled in team events, showing how a house can really work together. Thank you to all those who really killed themselves in their effort.

Even though Anderson showed us how they can work together, something went wrong in the Senior house matches. We thought that a little more effort could have been put in.

Maybe the Senior and Intermediate age groups should take heed of the Junior girls who put 100% effort into showing that it can be done.

The House Craft showed that Anderson is a multi-talented House. Thank you to a small number of girls who devoted some of their time to the craft, to help Anderson win.

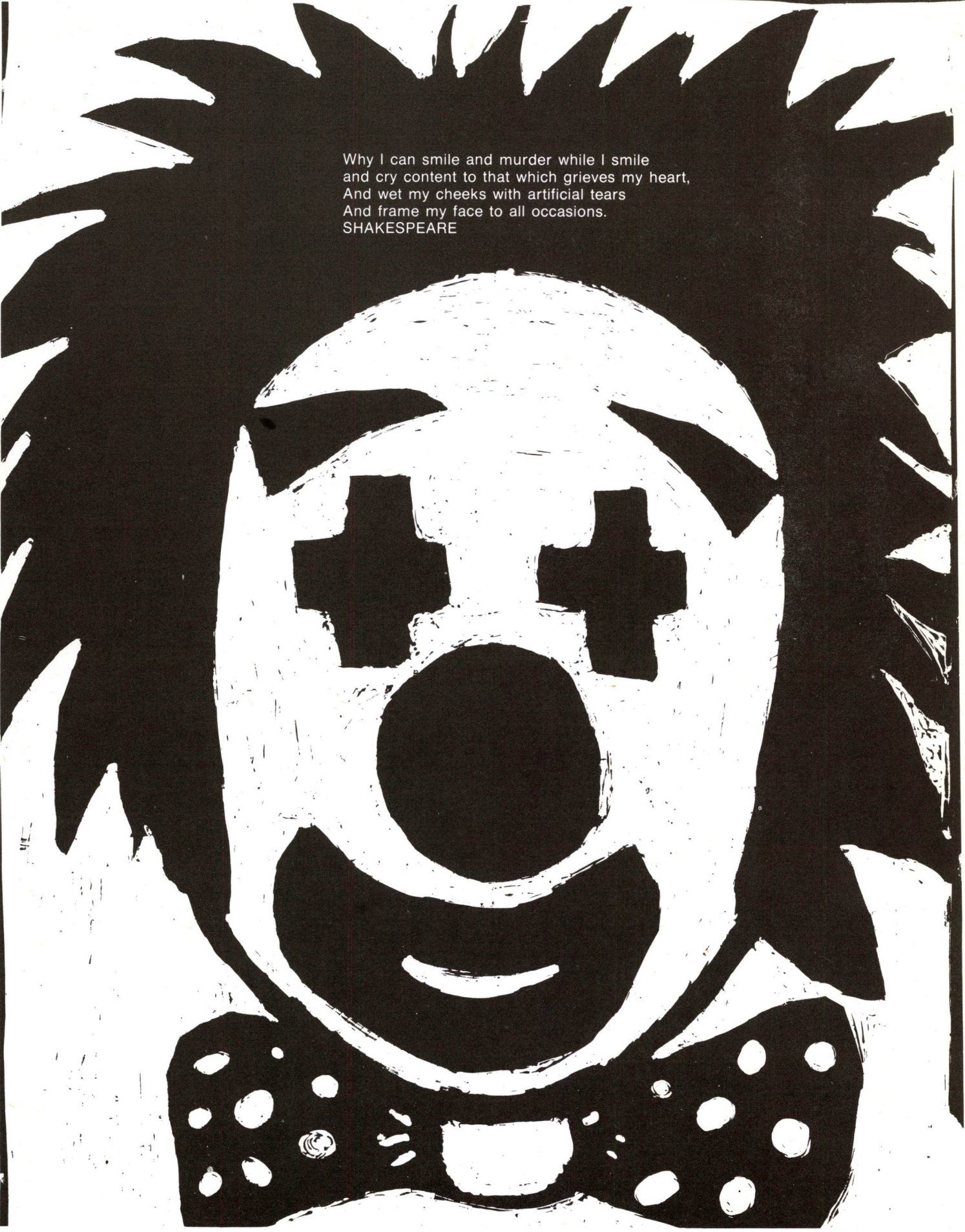
Maybe we will have further luck in the House Festivals which are about to begin, under the guidance of some 5th Formers. Thank you for the time you are devoting to it — here's hoping it pays off.

Liz and I have enjoyed this year very much and hope that next year's captains get as much pleasure as we have, hopefully even more support.

Best of luck for 1981.

*Meg Barbaro
Liz Milne
(*alias Redleggs.)*





Why I can smile and murder while I smile
and cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears
And frame my face to all occasions.
SHAKESPEARE





ART AND CRAFT

Although the Craft House on the corner of Selbourne Road and Fizwilliam Road, Kew, was first inhabited by art and craft students in 1979, its real benefit has not been felt until this year.

This attractive property with its large lofty rooms, generous bay-windows, and historical significance, has provided Ruyton girls with an inspiring atmosphere for pottery, weaving, woodwork, spinning and other handicrafts.

The Parents' Association has made two worthwhile investments in 1979-1980 in the form of a tapestry coat by Sara Lindsay and a ceramic pot by Alan Peascod. Both are on display in the Senior School Library.

JUNIOR ART AND CRAFT REPORT

P4 are continuing with calico dolls with great enthusiasm.

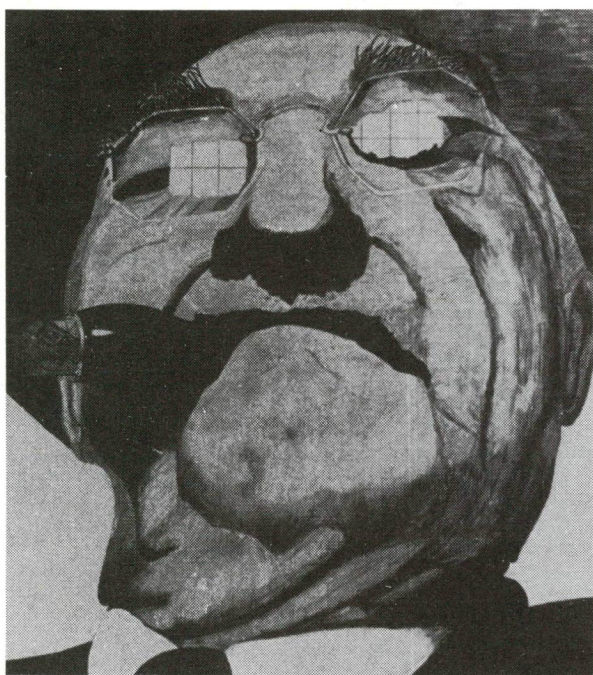
P5 are producing puppet plays with Mrs Edwards while we continue making sets, etc.

Tarring have completed an excellent Term's work clay-modelling and painting, and are now ready to start weaving.

Edgcomb are making up their weaving into shoulder-bags, wall-hangings or cushions.

Mrs. Nancy Akins





Fi Wiseman



Luise Barnett

ART AND CRAFT



REALITY

"The only beginning is birth, the only end is death . . . There is only one direction and time is its only measure."

A fascinating play written in the twentieth century. A little archaic, of course, but still readable.

Damn! Time for the rounds. Dr. Brew, eminent psychiatrist and lecturer, shrugged on his white coat and benevolent smile. Then he glided calmly off to Ward Z — security ward for patients hopelessly addicted to dangerous drugs. He had to admit, he was an imposing figure indeed!

Once inside the tightly guarded Ward Z, he fished out his keys. Case One, number 800B3112, was an elderly lady who seemed harmless enough. But Dr. Brew knew the twisted depths of her mind.

"And how are we today, then?"

She fluttered her thinning eyelashes at the handsome medic. "Wonderful, Doctor! I had the most gorgeous dream last night. A dark, dashing Italian met me on board a cruise ship and swept me off my feet!"

Dr. Brew frowned. Had she been getting hold of more of those books?

"Oh no, Doctor. Just my half hour of telly and my magazines."

Dr. Brew nodded and left, locking the door behind him. He made a note to cut down her dose of television. The woman really couldn't survive without these ludicrous fantasies. When her family had brought her in, she had been steadily poisoning herself with books, films and television for years. The hospital could really do nothing for her.

Dr. Brew dreaded the next case, a man addicted to the dreaded opium of religion. He always depressed the doctor utterly with his joyful assurance of paradise after he died. Bubbling with happiness at the thought of eternity, he was busily working his way to ecstasy with good deeds. Frankly, it made Dr Brew sick. He was going to rot anyway! With a sneaking glance over his shoulder he walked casually past Case Two's door, merely noting down that his bread and wine rations were to be halved. Phew!

Case Three, number 763C2200, was a noisy one. Dr. Brew stepped into the cell and was overcome by the deafening screams of "Carn! Carn! Kill the umpire!"

"Hush, please," he admonished firmly. "How are we today, then?"

"Great, Doc. Great! I reckon we're gonna win the Grand Final this year!"

"How nice." Dr. Brew noted the man's hands plucking excitedly at the pompom of his beanie.

"Yeah, Doc, an' I wrote to my hero, number 763C0911, an' I reckon he's gonna write back!"

"How nice. Have you been eating this week?"

"Yeah, Doc. Great!"

Dr. Brew nodded in satisfaction. Those simulated meat pies might gradually wean him away from the drugs he had been consuming.

Briskly he entered the cell of Case Four, a thin, bald man standing on his bed.

"Yes," he was saying in a deep vibrant voice, "yes, man can enoble himself! As Shakespeare said, he is 'the paragon of animals'. Our society is striving towards Utopia on the labour of our hands, on the sweat of our brows, on the power of our minds! Yes, we will work for liberty, for fraternity, for humanity! We will . . ."

Dr. Brew escaped with a gasp! There was no hope here either. The insidious poison of those ideals was running in his veins. It was shocking, the reduction of what was a man. Dr. Brew recalled with a shudder the crazed visionary eyes, the smiling mouth. It was horrifying, futile.

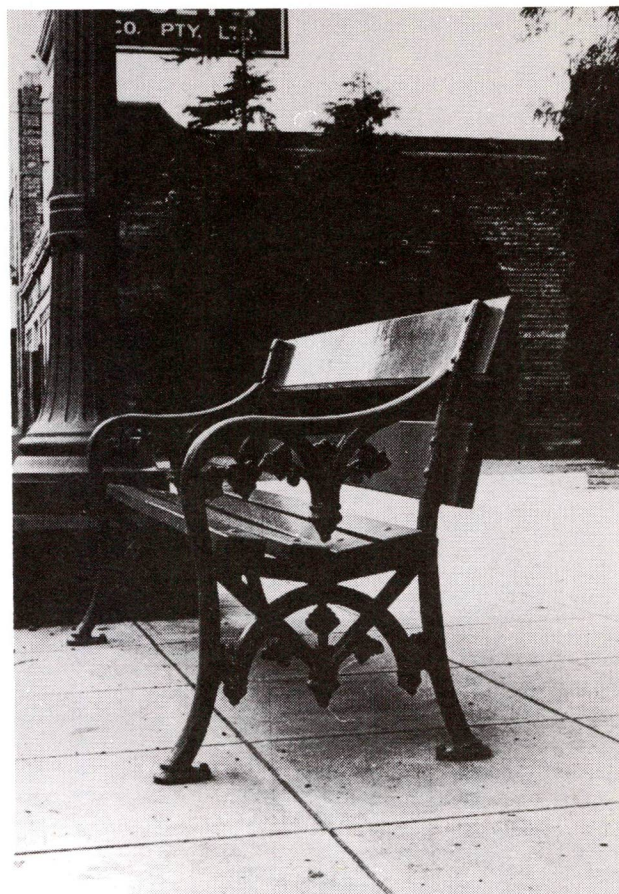
Trembling and sweating, Dr. Brew stared along the rest of the corridor. They were crouching in their cells, waiting for him, hopelessly dependent on their drugs — punk rock, business success, vegetarian rissoles, butterfly collections . . . the doors stretched endlessly before him. He could feel them crouching waiting, hoping. Making an inarticulate sound, he swung around and fled from Ward Z, not stopping until he reached the sanity of his office.

What a job! he thought. They were all incurable and they were all so damned happy! If he could get only one, just one, to accept the meaningless drudgery of every heartbeat, he would be satisfied. It would make it all worth while.

With a sigh, he turned back to the play —

"You can't act death . . . There is only silence and second hand clothes. There is no applause."

Jane Freeman, 6S



SOCIETY'S DECREE

I met a man today.

His name was Joe, but he didn't say what it was short for. I smiled at him in the park but he didn't smile back.

I said, "Hello! How are you?" But he didn't say a thing.

I asked, "What's your name?" And he said, "Joe."

He didn't ask for mine, so I told him.

Such a difficult man to talk to.

I commented on the weather and he did too.

It was a nice day, very sunny, but not hot.

We discussed the dog that was chasing the tabby cat.

I enquired as to what he was up to.

He got quite mad.

He didn't understand that I only wanted to know why he was in the park.

I tried to reason with him.

He failed to comply and instead grew more distrusting.

My slow rising temper erupted like the change of eve' tide. Yet even as mine swept along, his died.

Like a flame extinguished.

He looked like a beaten man though I had not had the upper hand in our conflict.

What could have caused it?

He walked away just as the dawn of realisation broke.

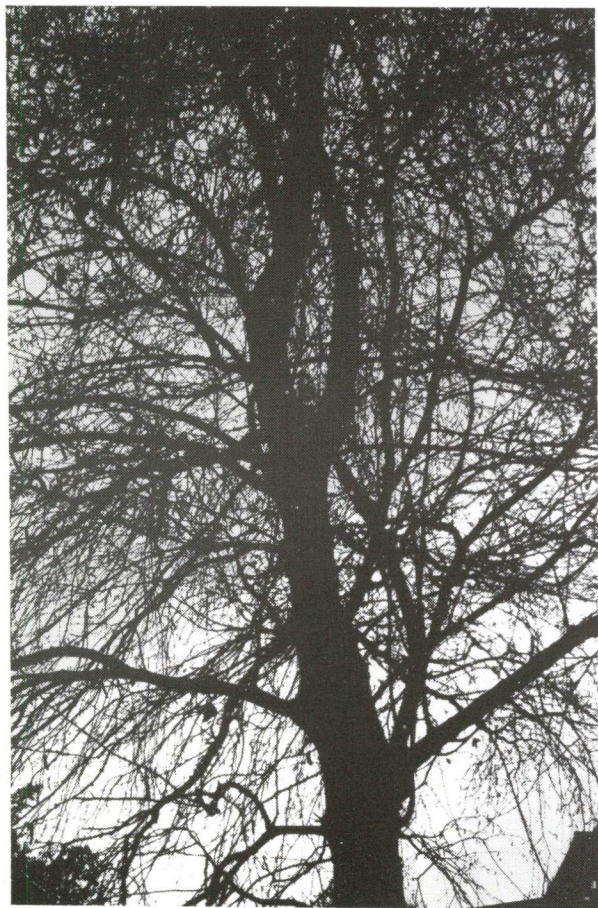
You see — I'm White.

Jenny Hill, 5J

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE GRASS?

Grass blowing in the breeze,
 Pollution spreading like disease,
 Cars, buildings and machines,
 Growing like the grass so green,
 Lawnmowers cut it till it's small,
 Grass trying to grow up tall,
 Dogs run on it till it dies,
 Grass still trying to survive,
 People run and skip and throw,
 Pull it out, letting their temper show.
 Workmen wearing their gumboots,
 Pull up the grass and wreck its roots,
 And children think that it is funny,
 To eat the grass just like a bunny,
 Grass can blow with a lovely motion,
 But pollution can wreck it like a poison lotion,
 Grass can be a lovely green,
 But when it dies its brown is seen.
 At worms the birds just love to peck,
 And when they've finished the grass is a wreck,
 Just as we get thirsty, grass does too,
 We turn on taps which the grass can't do.
 Grass can become just full of weeds,
 And the weeds just grow and give more seeds,
 The seeds spread like an awful blight,
 Until the grass is out of sight
 But special drugs will kill them off,
 And beautiful green grass grows back soft.
 Grass, oh grass where have you gone,
 I dream of green grass all day long.

Carol Taylor, 1C



"Tree" by Hannah Cameron

HEAVENLY

Haven't you ever wished
 For a knife?
 A knife to cut you open?
 A knife to look inside?
 To see what makes you work?

To sit and watch your lungs
 Rise up and down.
 To look inside your heart
 To find the tiny pockets
 Where special people sit.

Wouldn't it be wonderful
 To look inside your brain,
 To find the tiny filing cabinets
 Which hold the knowledge
 You've gained throughout the day.

To watch your muscles
 Grunt and groan
 When you lift a heavy book,
 To watch your tricep and bicep
 Fighting to go up or down.

Wouldn't it be great
 To know yourself
 Inside out?

(the world is at
 your doorstep)

Society breeds
 Community needs.
 Pay a dollar a dime.

People survive
 Babies revived.
 Save a stitch in time.

Thousands die
 We all sigh.
 Bury a life in nine.

Millions killed
 Our stomachs filled.
 A week gone by.

Existence questioned
 What is mentioned?
 Trivial lie.

Society breeds
 Community needs.
 Let the train go on by.

Jenny Penttila, 60



THE WAVES

The waves come rushing up the shore,
You can hear them call.
The waves are racing back to sea,
You can hear them calling
"Come catch me."

Lucy Byrne, P6

THE CHICKEN SANDWICH

I am a chicken sandwich,
I've been taken to school.
I have been left in a bag
All through lunchtime,
And have been left out.

I am now going home still in the bag,
Which is being opened,
I am reached for, I have been found
In the corner of the bag.
I am now in the human hands of
Little Johnny Blacksmith,
Squelched and still smelling of the
school playground.
I have now been thrown in a green
prickle bush,
And off goes Little Johnny Blacksmith.

I wait for people to walk past,
Then I feel drops of something,
It can't be more freezing cold
margarine,
I thought, but no — it's rain.
Wet,
Cold,
Freezing,
Rain.

Astrid White, P6

THE WONDER OF FIRE

I am sitting near a bright, warm fire,
The flames dart and leap, higher and
higher.
Crisp twigs catch onto the crackling
sparks,
As I sit and wait till it becomes quite
dark.
I stare into the fire and think deep
thoughts,
And leaves smell of eucalyptus which
always get caught
In the fire, and always the brilliant
light,
Makes things around me appear so
bright.
When no-one comes to join me, I
become quite cross,
And I wonder, as I sit on the freezing,
cold moss,
How anyone could miss this beautiful
sight.
So I tell the fire this, on this biting, cold
night.
The flames are mysterious,
fascinating shapes,
So I enclose myself in my thick, warm
cape.
Gradually the flames wither and die,
Then I sit there as the hours fly by.
Now always I wonder if I ever will see,
Such a magnificent element as the
Fire Queen.

Helen Penrose, 1H

THE GREAT SEA

Bewildered there I stand,
Placed firmly on the land.
Does God's almighty plan
Include the sea with Man?
The tide that ebbs and flows,
The mighty wind that blows,
The waves thrashing against the rocks,
Stronger than you the water mocks.
The white gaps you may see
Are running towards you and me.
The golden horizon greets the sea,
Altogether in harmony.
The night may descend
But there's no end.
The strong wind blows,
Waves higher they go,
Thrashing, smashing against the rocks,
Sucking, swirling, turbulating,
Urgent, bad and smashing,
Rocks and dunes angrily bashing.
It would appear to be
There's a message here for me:
Man, help protect the sea.

Naomi Riggio, 1C

He grabbed me by my slender neck,
I could not yell or scream.
He dragged me to a dingy room,
Where he could not be seen.

He took from me my flimsy wrap,
And gazed on my slender form.
I was so cold, so damp, so scared,
And he so very warm.

His fevered lips he pressed to mine,
I gave him every drop.
He took from me my very soul,
I could not make him stop.

He made me what I am today,
That's why you find me here,
A broken bottle thrown away,
That once was full of wine.

Jane Fletcher, 5R

MY CAT

Cats are very special to me,
Because they always stay with me.
Lovable, soft and sweet as can be,
Why there is nothing cuter to me.
When you are alone, afraid in the dark,
Their eyes will guide you through the park.
Some cats are big, some cats are small,
Nothing really matters at all.
Their teeth can be as sharp as blades,
But they only have twenty-eight.
His paws can act just like hands,
And sometimes get stuck in cans.
When he wants to go outside,
He cries just like a baby cries.
I see no further things to say,
Except they always like to play.

Rachel Miller, 1C



I HAD A DREAM . . .

Or was it a vision? The night was dark, my sleep unusually restless, and although semi-conscious, I was aware of movement at the end of my bed. I opened my eyes and raised my head a little. The noise ceased, but as my eyes became accustomed to the dark I noticed someone, something, at the end of my bed.

He was obese; his huge round body was silhouetted against the light of the street lamp outside my window. Watching him warily, I clicked on the overhead lamp. He did not vanish as I had expected but remained seated, staring intently at his own pudgy hand, a hand which enclosed something screaming in pain. He ate my pet mouse.

I tried to blink away the sight. It remained. Blood dribbled down his chin; he licked his fingers as if relishing some oriental dish. The cage door was open; it was empty. I was not imagining things.

He rose. I clutched my bed clothes close and in the distance heard my puppy bark. As 'he' opened the door into the hallway, I saw my pup freeze, snarl, then retreat quickly. It was too late, a giant arm reached out and strangled my puppy, then proceeded to break his tiny bones one by one.

Unable to scream or move, I watched the scene with incredible calmness. The cost of Joey's (my pup) injections at the vet's had been phenomenal — "What a waste of money," I thought.

Awakened from my thoughts I saw 'him' wipe his face with a bloodied hand and smile, his eyes flashing wildly as he crushed the last small bone between his strong jaws.

He started to come towards me; I managed a scream; he smiled and reached down to my throat . . .

"Helen! Helen, wake up. What's the matter?" my cousin called, his huge body showing signs of bursting out of his pyjamas. Was it blood that speckled his chin? He leaned over me and grinned.

Helen Searle, 5J



FORM III ACTIVITIES

The third form activities programme completed its second year most successfully. We offered a variety of activities to allow outlets for excess energy whilst learning new skills. Some of these were canoeing, squash, driving, orienteering, lifesaving, rowing, rollerskating, iceskating, self defense, jazz ballet, trampolining, gymnastics, swimming, basketball and bike-riding. There were also many activities of a less energetic nature such as paper making, cooking patchwork, dressmaking, woodwork, knitting, grooming, tapestry, craft, public speaking, guitar, toy making, tale stone carving, billiards, yoga, French, photography, sketching, archery, outdoor cooking, research and study skills and career planning. We introduced community service for the last three contracts which was very successful. The girls involved in this contract chose to use their two hours to help other people. The organisations and groups who we have been involved with in this time are Meals on Wheels, Mornington Special Education Centre, Little Ruyton Kinder, Hawthorn Baptist Kinder, Auburn Kinder, Careforce and the Nursing Mother's Association.

The many advantages of this programme include;

- supply an outlet for the need to be active which can be a problem during middle school years
- giving an opportunity for staff and girls to interact informally and in many cases learn new skills together
- giving the girls an opportunity to learn new skills, (which can be used in leisure time now and in the future) and through the acquisition of new skills and the discovery of new abilities to increase their self esteem.

— offering the girls opportunity to learn to discriminate and to make informed decisions and be responsible for the results.

Due to the enthusiastic participation of girls and staff the programme has been a great success and we hope it will continue this way for some time.

Miss J. Kiley

WEEK 8 ACTIVITIES

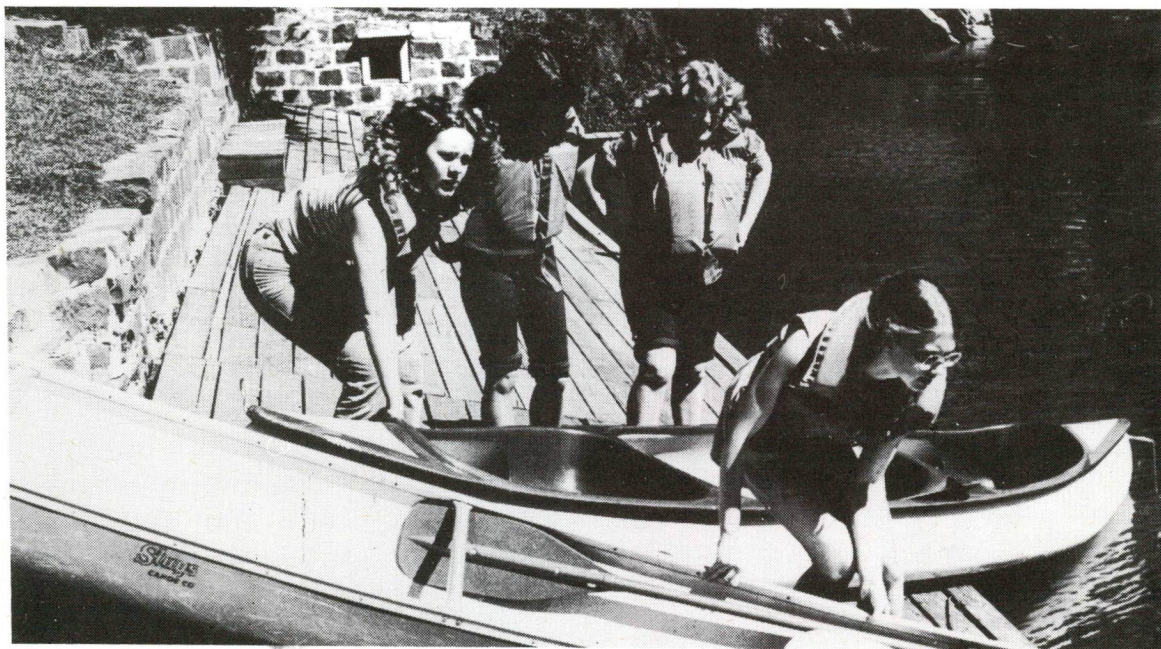
ROUGHING IT

Mad! I thought, slipping and sliding down a grassy hill, slopping in wet potholes and other things. Ridiculous! Trudging back up again to fill a huge pot with slimy water from a trough, hoping we weren't meant to drink it, and spilling it all over our clothes as we stumbled down again. Beyond the paddock was some natural bushland where we built fires in natural depressions in the ground. We searched for long straight sticks to cook our damper on, cooked a gigantic fish in wet newspaper, baked potatoes and toasted marshmallows. We ate the potatoes off tinfoil, stirred our tea with twigs, and attacked plates full of half-cooked fish with our fingers. Amazing what people can do when they're desperate!

Meanwhile the sun had come out; we stretched out on a tarpaulin and watched the steam rising off our sopping wet shoes. A couple of neighbourly horses were passing, saw our fires going and decided to drop in. Realizing the public conveniences were likely to be limited, we set off hunting for the nearest broad tree, ended up hiking, and lost ourselves on the way back. Crawled back onto our tarp and went to sleep, subconsciously feeding our faces at the same time.

Clean-up time — and the trough water (sigh of relief) was boiled up to rinse the cups. The fires out, barbeque packed up, a loaf of doughy damper hurriedly swallowed, and we sloshed back to the bus, and slept all the way home.

Genny Hamilton, 5R



A GAP IN GENERATIONS

"Good people, hear me. Good citizens of fair Bologna, draw near. The famous Affamatti Company is come among you. Our trappings are few, but our skills are many".

Thus began this year's Trinity—Ruyton play, based on the style of Commedia dell'arte. The play itself was concerned with a group of strolling players, who visited Bologna and performed a play for the people, based on such human weaknesses and follies as love, lust, greed and ignorance. A certain crude almost bawdy sense of humour pervaded the play, in fact, some lines had to be censored....

A band of 4 musici — violin, flute, clarinet and bassoon accompanied the players — the two old men in search of a rejuvenator to answer their desires for youth and all that youth entailed.

— the two zanies who were supposedly obsequious to their masters.

— The mad doctor herself; Dr. Graziannia, in her search for a love potion/pestilence.

— the young lovers, at odds with their parents' generation.

— the servants, vainly trying to be of real assistance and finally that symbol of authority, Capitano Spavento.

The whole atmosphere of the play was one of bawdy fun and lively excitement and inevitably a good time was had by all; both actors and audience.

Our thanks go to David Ashton, director, Angela Cairns, assistant director Terry Dansick for his workshops beforehand, and all other helpers and assistants.

"Done. All is settled and we can rest in peace".

"Ay, all is done and we can fade away without regret...alas, old friend, there is too great a gap between our desires and their commodities".

Kate Smallwood VIG

HOTHAM DRAMA

Drama started off with a bang in Term 1 1980 with the Weeargind Festival.

On Thursday, 3rd March, eleven Ruyton girls performed in the Hotham Youth Drama Festival. Each year Hotham Permanent Building Society presents to the people of Melbourne a festival of drama, comedy and music performed by school students from all over Victoria.

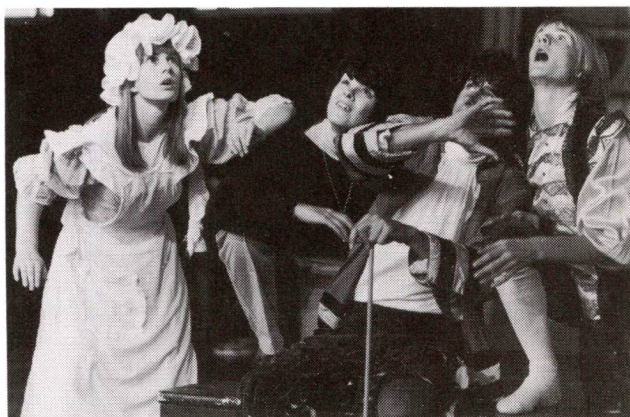
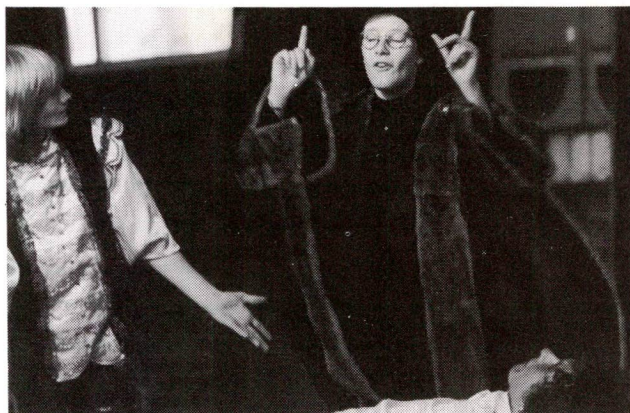
This year's theme was a reflection on a part of Australia's history.

Our preparation began in early February and most practices were either at lunchtime, after school or on Saturdays. All the girls were mime characters and the narration and music helped to portray the images.

The performers were Sally Freeman, Sarah Gale, Genni Hamilton, Sue Harvey (backstage), Liz Jensen, Kathy Sands, Bronwyn Moline, Gabbi Smith, Andrea Wallinga, Natalie Wood and Meredith Walters.

We all thoroughly enjoyed it and had great fun preparing and performing the play. It's a very worthwhile experience, thanks to Mrs. Dansick and all the performers.

Meredith Walters, 5J



SCOTCH/RUYTON PLAYS: ANIMAL FARM AND DAYDREAMS

The plays were apparently a great success. The work and effort put into them was incredible, I regret not being able to attend but I had to pull out at the last moment due to a bad case of tonsillitis.

Val Porter, 4H

I think Tamie Revill's performance was outstanding, considering the difficulties of mime. She appeared confident and convincing and helped the play, "Daydreams", to be as good as it was.

All the animals were called together and some appeared to be missing. Then Napoleon appeared with the young puppies that had been trained as his personal bodyguard. Then the lights flashed red and some of the animals fell to the earth.

The dogs were very vicious animals that played their parts well.

The star of "Daydreams", Fantasy, played by Tamie Revill, was very good. Her expression and feeling made it moving to watch. She glided across the stage swaying backwards and forwards. The crowd loved her and applauded loudly.



I thought 'Mr. Jones' was very well played. His whole appearance projected his character into the minds of the audience. His voice was strong and showed very well, the emotions and the drunken mess he ended up as. The make-up was excellent too, the unshaven face, bleary eyes and unkempt hair all added up to my 'mental picture' of Jones.

Felicity Goodes, 4H

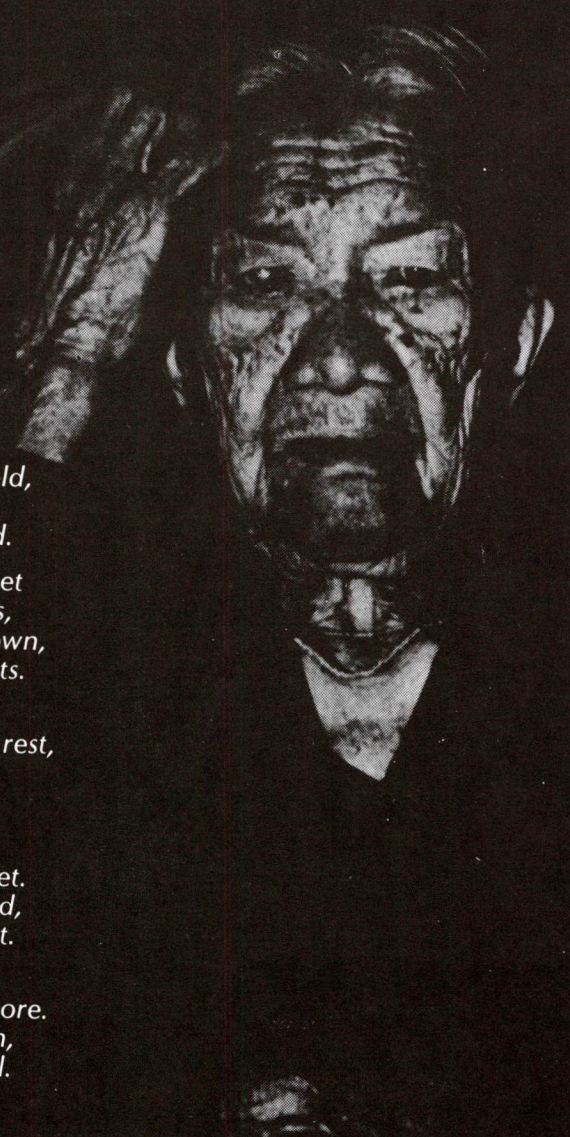
Sitting backstage waiting for the lights, waiting for the cue to begin. On Friday night the lights blew, a few minutes before the performance of "Animal Farm". It was a tense atmosphere backstage, waiting. Everyone was rushing around wishing everyone luck, trying to hide their nerves.

Faces were made up and costumes were ready. The room was electric, tension and nerves were high. Tonight was the big night. They were in this together but now each felt so alone. Warm-up time, to bring the excitement to a peak. Chantings out loud and strong, and finally time to perform. House lights out. The countdown began and the curtain parted. "Daydream" was moving!

"Lights are off." "Lights are on." "They're off again." That's what we heard about two minutes before we were due to go on. If it wasn't for Mr. Paul, chaos would have broken out, but he kept us calm and just said that we would perform in the dark if need be. Because he wasn't worried, we found no need to worry either, and luckily the lights were fixed and we performed just as we had at all those rehearsals.

The fun of doing make-up for both plays slowly disintegrated as 6.30 sped through to 8.00. People everywhere, finishing one person, calling out 'NEXT' to another. Making a mistake and getting out the coldcream to wipe all your beautiful work off Then starting over with a crabby model. People running to you for last minute fix-ups, then running away without the royal "thank-you". And then when all was over and the plays were being performed, the boring long wait to the finish. Looking back, though, it was a lot of fun.

J. Rowlatt, 4H



At the end of our town
Where the weather is cold,
There is a little street
Which is dreary and cold.

Near the end of this street
Are some small little flats,
Which are always run down,
And are crawling with rats.

In a dirty old flat,
Which is worse than the rest,
Lives a very old man,
With a very bad chest.

With no hat on his head,
He will stand on the street.
And he begs for his bread,
But no harm will he meet.

I am there at the flat,
When he returns once more.
And I make him lie down,
Then he stares at the wall.

He hates to remember,
He would like to forget,
As the pains in his chest
Are not at their worst yet.

I wonder why Ben is
Thought of so terribly.
I'm sure he has family,
My family cares for me.

I sit at the piano,
And I sing and I play.
And afterwards he says,
"I'll tell about my day."

He'd talk about people,
And relations now dead.
He'd talk about places,
As he sat up in bed.

"I've known many people,
I have travelled around.
I have flown in a plane,
I've seen things from the ground."

The care-taker's wife said
"He will have to go soon,
As the lease will run out,
On his bed and his room.

I'm the only person,
Who goes around each day.
Sometimes I find it fun,
Sometimes he's in my way.

Then when tomorrow came,
I started out again,
But the doctor pulled up,
"It's about our old Ben."

I started to panic,
And headed for the door.
"Don't go," said the doctor,
"There's no need anymore."

I ran to the old flat,
In the rat-covered bed,
My dearest, old friend, Ben,
Was definitely dead.

Gill Hefter, 3P



SHE

The girl woke to the noise of the city and had exactly one hour to prepare herself for work. Before leaving her humble little "palace" she painted her face with a mask that couldn't be read by anyone, but made her appear like everybody.

She arrived at the office on time and was confronted with the people whom she was confronted with every day. They all had painted faces; none was individual.

She had tried to be an individual — she sometimes did the most bizarre things. She smiled at the janitor in the office once and cried because her mother died. But no more does she smile because she's happy, or cry because she's sad. No one else does, and breaking the mould can be fatal. She decided that not painting your face before entering society was worthless.

Now she wore her dresses just above the knee, and loved her work and she showed no extreme emotion. She was just like everyone else. Conformity was in fashion.

Arriving home after a hard day at the office, she put on a dress that nearly touched the floor and she stood in front of a mirror and laughed at herself and told herself how much she hated the job. She had left society and did not have to paint her face again until the following morning.

That night she had done all the things she couldn't do during the day. She lay there and thought of a fairy-tale her grandfather had told her a very long time ago. Seven words were still today, imprinted in her mind from the story about the clown and the circus and she thought how true they were today ... "People with painted faces take the stage" ...

Natalie Wood







In the cemetery,
We walk around,
We feel the ground,
A hundred years old?
Who would be so bold,
As to walk on a grave,
You'd have to be ever so brave.
The spirits are talking,
While we are walking.
The ghosts are screaming,
While we are dreaming of death,
In the cemetery so still.

Katie McLeish, P6

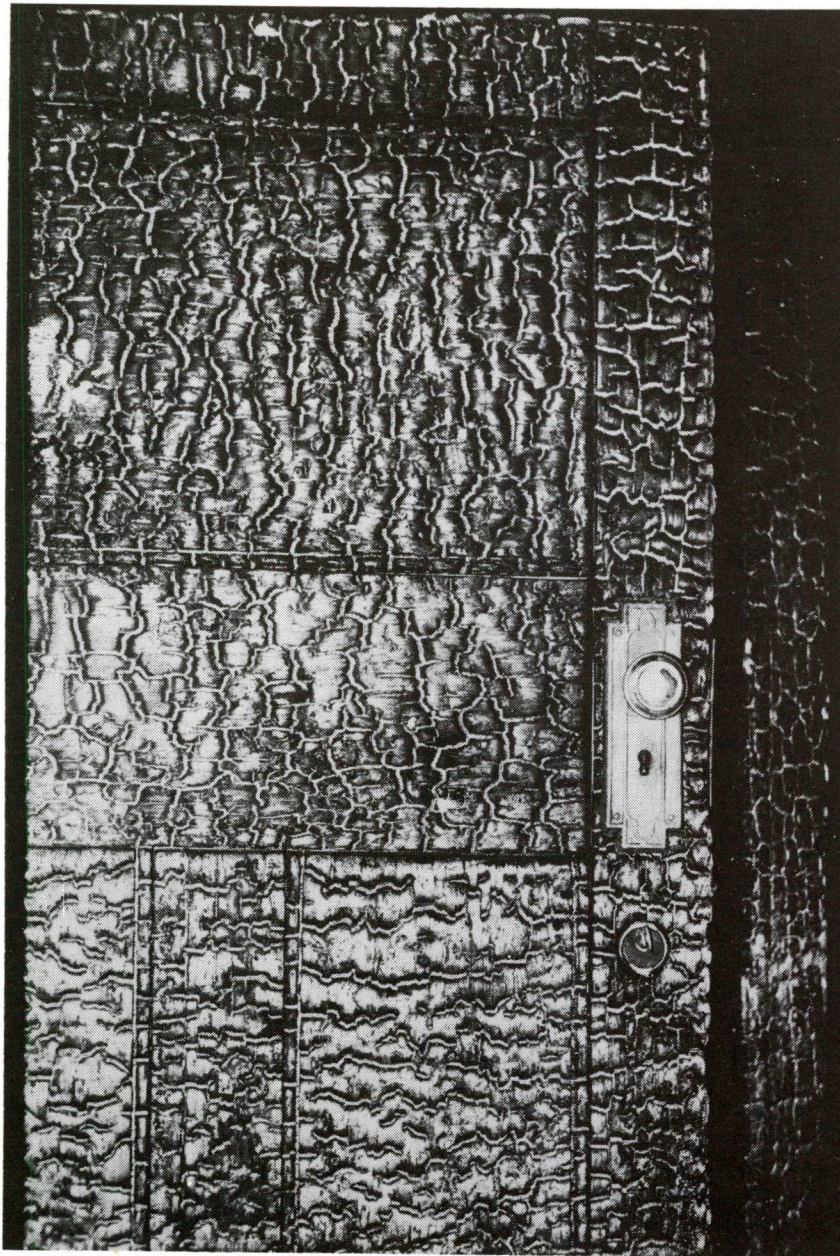
Here I am sitting on a grave,
I'm feeling very scared because I'm not very brave.
I said with a sigh,
I don't want to die!
Even though I'd get flowers and flowers,
And my spirits would have wonderful powers.
Here I sit all alone.
The thought of dying makes me groan.
I think of relations and if they die,
How I would cry and cry.
I can see for miles and miles,
Graves made out of dull grey tiles.

Sara Backhouse, P6

Here we are in a graveyard,
The atmosphere and the sounds,
Are sometimes creepy at times.
The slight wind from the trees,
The noise of rustling feet in the grass,
Then suddenly you turn a corner,
There right before you is a tall rock
figure with inscriptions on it,
I am sad because I don't want to die
I nearly want to cry.
The stillness of it all and the rocky
pavement and graves with flowers on them,
The sadness of it all.

Sarah McCann, P6





See!
Up there on the hill,
Behind the old pine trees,
Sheltered warm from the storm,
What a pretty farm house!

Our farm house is named "Kiah" and that is aboriginal for "a beautiful place".

Glenluce is a little settlement near Castlemaine. It was much bigger when the early settlers were looking for gold there; now it has only six houses.

Megan Grainger, P4

THE YARRA

Just look at our Yarra;
Look at it now.
It looks like a big pigsty
When cans float around.

A few years ago
It was clear and blue,
But now it is dirty,
Not at all blue.

The answer is to clear;
Clear it up right away.
And do not disturb it,
Leave it that way.

Danielle Pond, P5

THE GHOST

My parents had just left the house,
And I was all alone.
Scared and frightened I bit my nails,
There was no one else at ome.

At ten o'clock I went to bed,
There was nothing else to do.
Then I heard a creak upstairs,
Or maybe there were two.

Perhaps it was my parents,
Yes, it had to be.
They must have come home early,
I will go to see.

Just then I thought I saw a ghost,
It was big and fat.
It reminded me of my dad,
But don't tell him that.

The ghost said that he hated me,
Although I'm not surprised.
He said that he would kill me,
I sure hope ghosts tell lies.

The room was being torn apart,
The walls were crashing in.
What was I to do just then,
But run and hide in a bin.

The next thing I knew I was in my bed,
And it was light outside.
Was it a real ghost I saw,
Or was it in my mind?

Rachel Miller, 1C

GREAT WORMS OF OLD

In mountain high, or caverns deep,
In fen or forest fair.
For in these places I'm found to sleep;
Come, hunt me if your dare!

To knights who seek me — beware!
And call upon your friends.
When softly creeping to my lair,
You're sure to find your end.

I am Dragon Strong and Dragon Bold;
Manslayer is my name.
And I revel in tales of old,
In which I grew to fame.

My tail is long, my scales are wide,
My teeth are sharp and pointed.
Upon great wings I soar and glide,
My back is double-jointed.

With fiery snout and tearing claws,
I go to meet the foe.
And when my belly gives a roar,
How quickly they do go!

My wealth is more than that of kings;
Of this I surely boast.
Rare jewels and gold, great seals and
rings;
To these I do play host.

At this old worm tells great tales,
His audience clamour to hear,
With eager ears and joyous wails,
How knights have disappeared.

"So knights are a myth," young
dragons shrill,
As they rush off in delight.
But soldiers now; they shoot to kill,
The young dragons lose the
fight.

Susan Davie, 6G

THE ILLUSION

When the moon is full and the trees
are still,
There seems to be something that's ill,
I know.

But why, by why?
Because the birds are in the sky?
No, no,
Because it's an illusion.

Susan Donkin, P6

CYCLONE TRACEY

It was a night in December.
On Christmas Eve, you will remember.
It was the year of '74.
Cakes and puddings made before.
Christmas dinner consists of these;
Turkey, ham, pud and peas.
Children dreaming pleasant dreams,
Parents hanging gifts from beams.
On this bright and happy morning,
The radio sends out an urgent warning.
For plans to evacuate,
Before she hits the water break.
All the joys in preparation
Go in Tracey's devastation.
Sheets of iron here and there,
What a sight; what despair.
Cyclone Tracey was in full swing,
Not a happy Christmas did she bring.
After days of Tracey's fury,
"Oh! Good God!" cried Brian Bury.
He was there from the station,
To report to the nation,
Of tragedy Cyclone Tracey
That,
We still remember in 1980.

Kerry Llewellyn, 1C

FATE AND DESTINY

Fate: Power predetermining events from eternity; goddess of *destiny*.
Destiny: What is designed to happen, *Fate*; power that pre-ordains.

These two words are closely linked and in different interpretations are synonymous. At this stage in modern research, the power of fate and destiny is unexplored and in many scientific circles, and otherwise, scoffed at and blindly disregarded. In my personal, and I should add, uneducated view, a person's failure in life and ambitions is partly due to a submission to fate and an incomplete fulfillment of that person's destiny.

To establish and possibly determine the purpose and interpretation of fate, the following notes are put forward:

- Only a section of the average person's brain is utilised in her/his life. Often a genius is a person who is capable of opening up some of these undiscovered brain regions.
- It is thought by many that a person dreams many different dreams each night, but remembers only a few. Thus it is thought the dreams forgotten are those revealing facets of that person's fate and future.

Keeping these two facts in mind, I put forward an idea.

Is it possible that the seemingly unreachable parts of our brain hold the key to our future? As we dream, are we exposed to those parts, though our sub-conscious? This certainly supports the claim that dreams foretell our future; that dreaming is a cross-sectioning and examining of our sub-conscious and unused brain knowledge.

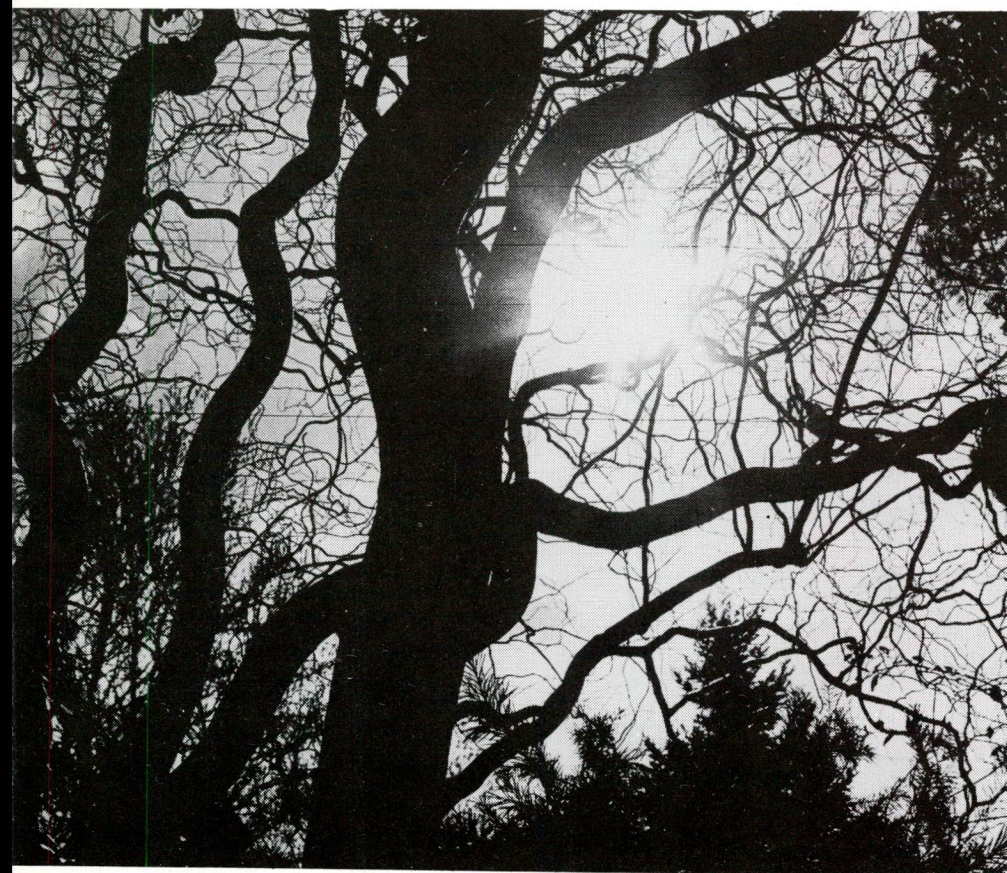
If this statement is correct, surely we should explore ways of discovering and reaching our inner mind. This accomplished, could we, with strong will, determine our fates and, if displeasing, challenge it and rearrange our destiny.

If this could be done, an ambitious and stirred person and individual could surely emerge?

Fate and destiny is, at this time, unexplored and for many perhaps frightening.

Are we too cowardly and maybe conservative to discover our future and challenge it?

Susie McFarlane, 4F



Alex Shepherd

CHILD ABUSE

These parents are numbered among those throughout the nation who each year brutally maltreat upwards of 10,000 children with hundreds of victims dying as a result of abuse, or even worse, paralysed, physically deformed, or mentally retarded for life. The condition has become to be known as the battered child syndrome. The syndrome should be considered in any child exhibiting evidence of fracture of any bone, failure to thrive, soft tissues swelling or skin bruising, in any child who dies suddenly, or where the degree and type of injury is at variance with the history given regarding the occurrence of the trauma.

The severity of abuse involved may be judged from the fact that in 178 of the cases, almost one fourth of the total, the children reported have been less than a year old; 28% have been one or two years old. In other words, more than half the cases involve children less than three years of age. More boys than girls are the victims of abuse. They are beaten, starved, fractured, burned, sexually assaulted, and severely neglected. Most of the abused children come from poor families where their parents have had no education.

About 48% of the children have been abused by their mothers; over 39% of their fathers. Only 17% of abuse cases were committed by a male caretaker while the mother was temporarily absent. About 37.4% of the families have had four or more children, of the school age children nearly 80% were in grades appropriate for their age.

The emotional factors shown by the abused or battered child show signs of regressive behaviour. They might become childish in means of sucking their thumbs, cry a lot or withdraw into fantasy worlds. An abrupt change in a child's behaviour should be documented and investigated. The child sometimes gives the impression of being mentally retarded when in fact he/she is not. Diagnosis is difficult if the child brings this behaviour pattern with him when entering a new school.

In any event, criminal sanctions are a poor means of preventing child abuse. Day to day family life, charged with the most intimate emotions, is not an area of life easily ruled by threat or fine or imprisonment. A criminal proceeding is more likely to divide than to unite a family. It cannot preserve or rebuild a child's family



relationship. It is more likely to destroy them.

Criminal proceedings in cases of this type can be clumsy affairs. Convictions are difficult to obtain because guilt is hard to prove. An abuser rarely performs in the presence of witnesses who will testify and guilt must be established beyond reasonable doubt. These are some typical forms of behaviour of well-nurtured children in hospital; they cling to parents when they are brought in, turn to their parents for assurance, turn to their parents for comfort during and after examination and treatment, constantly show by words and action that they want their parents and want to go home, are reassured by their parents' visit.

These are some typical forms of behaviour of neglected and battered children in hospital: cry hopelessly under treatment and examination; cry very little in general; do not look for parents for assurance; show no real signs of being comforted; are wary of physical contact by parents or anyone else; become apprehensive when adults approach some of the crying children.

The neglected or battered children brought to hospital are often too young to tell how they were injured. If old enough they may be afraid or ashamed to tell. Usually older children have learned to cover up. The signs of fear of their parents are subtle rather than overt and can easily be overlooked. How can the society prevent parents from bashing their children?

Gina Mawby, 5

DRUGS

We now live in what can be called a drug-taking culture. By that I mean taking drugs is a common aspect of our everyday lives.

Look at the media, the advertisements and television, even buses and trams. All advertise the pills to bring us relief.

Look in the living-room and you will find tea, coffee and cocoa (caffeine); the cigarettes, cigars and pipe tobacco (nicotine); the spirits, wines and beers in the cupboard that contains alcohol.

Yes, we are surrounded by drugs in our own homes; we are all drug users, but most of us do not abuse or misuse drugs.

Children are brought up in a world in which they see the adults turn to drugs for relief, comfort and stimulation, and when they grow up it is little surprise that they take to drugs in their turn. What is surprising and considered to be hypocritical, is the indignation of the adult world when youth copies age. There is certainly a problem of drug misuse in young people, but there is equally a problem of drug misuse in older people but it is not talked about nor does it hit the headlines because it's not sensational — the middleaged who are dependent on barbiturates to get off to sleep, on appetite suppressants not to get their weight down but to excite, like amphetamines, and on tranquilisers to control the crippling anxiety which would stop them getting through another day.

CHOOSING MY CAREER

Having graduated from, "What are you going to do when you grow up?" to "What are you going to do when you leave school?" I am left, still undecided, as to the reply to this constant query.

Having survived through to fourth form, still carrying all subjects, lest I regret dropping the wrong ones, not knowing where to channel my energies, with the situation worsening and no answer apparent, I ask, "To whom or what do I turn?"

Enthusiastically and expectantly I consult the school Careers Adviser, she being the obvious person to turn to. Desperately, hopes dashed, I come away even more confused, reeling under the weight of countless pamphlets and the commands, "Take Maths as far as possible", "Retain the Sciences", and "Nobody in her right mind departs from this world never having been to university", which she assures me will solve my problem.

I am Kate! What is it that I want to do? What is it that I am capable of doing? Nobody helps but everybody waits expectantly. My concerned and wise grandfather points an authoritative finger: "She must be something that is a necessity to the community. Make her a plumber or an electrician; that's where the money is!" So we press on!

Careers for women:

- teachers are on strike;
- nurses are about to strike;
- air hostesses have just come off strike;
- the tramways are always on strike;
- girls aren't accepted willingly as veterinarians;

— secretaries are being replaced by computers;

— and there is always a "glut" of lawyers, doctors, dentists, pharmacists and architects.

Still, we press on!

Where is our world heading? "Put her into computers; that's where the future is!" It seems I am to spend my days locked in a confined space with a mechanical monster, a technological terror. Is that the answer? Should I consult a computer? Should I place my future in the willing and capable mind of a computer, the same **capable**, stainless steel box which nearly ended all of our futures when it warned of and programmed a nuclear war?

Even so, tell me, does a computer know what's best for Kate?

There is, though, the thought that, if we are to believe the predictions of Nostradamus and according to "Old Moore's Almanac", the future is **now** and the world will end in 1983.

Considering and accepting these predictions, should I just forget about schooling, leave and "whoop it up now", while there is still time? As I trudge wearily home from school, laden to the hilt, lugging numerous bags, full of books of various subjects, after having toiled for eight long, arduous and brain-wracking periods, only to face hours at homework trailing endlessly into the night, I must admit the negative approach does have its appeal.

Katie Bell, 4F

BEING LIKE EVERYONE ELSE

My first day at a new school certainly did not leave me with only a transient impression. I arrived at the front gate feeling diffident and definitely nervous.

Expecting benign smiles and affable welcomes, I was shocked by the belligerent greetings I received:

"Ooooh! A new girl! Ha! Look at her shoes!"

"She's got on her best dress! Did **Mummy** make you wear it for your first day?"

I overheard one girl say to another: "Look at the way she wears her hair. Isn't it daggy?"

I wasn't sure what to say or do. I felt that I was a public admission of inherent inferiority and that standing there was only exacerbating the problem. A few perfunctory greetings and I was positive that more embarrassment was imminent. I didn't know whether to concede defeat and console myself that things would get better, or be audacious. I decided to ignore them. It certainly hadn't been a propitious start to the day.

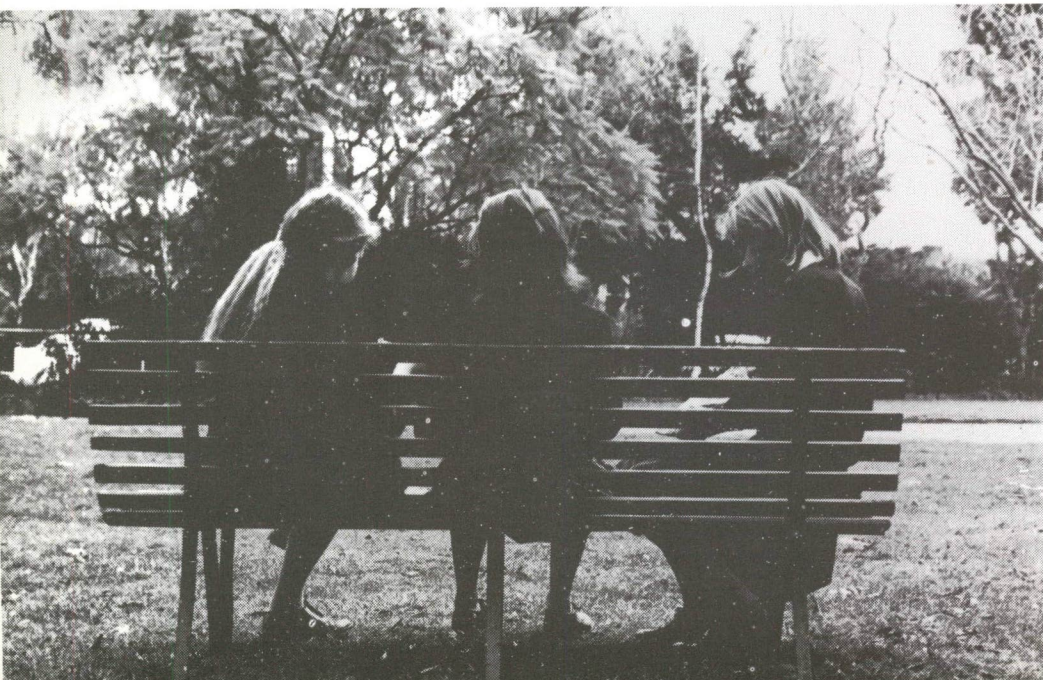
I did manage to procure some congenial playmates by lunchtime but they were only ephemeral friendships. I was not adept at sport. I didn't watch television and I couldn't play crossball. By afternoon play, I tried to emulate their behaviour, which made me appear even more fatuous and certainly did not alleviate my problems. By the end of the day I began to feel that I was desperately in need of some sort of therapeutic cartharsis.

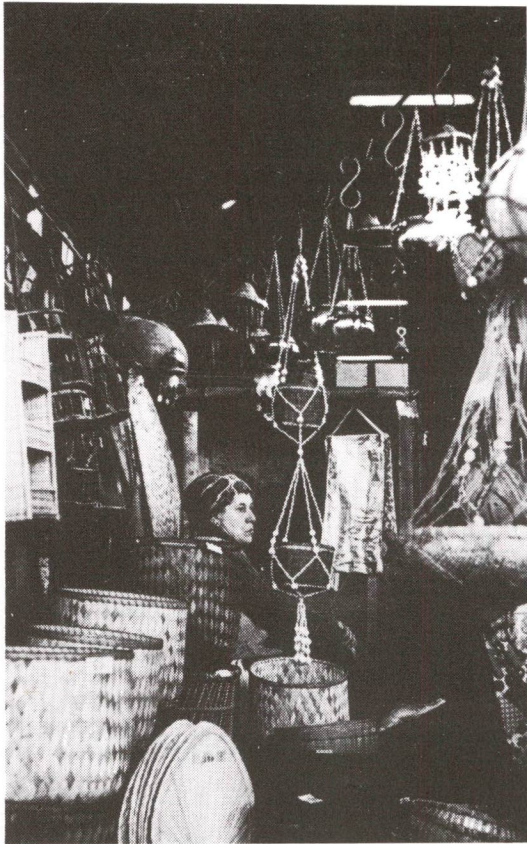
Then I began to look closely at myself. I was over-punctilious in my attire and my speech was grandiloquent. My love of big words and showy clothes had caused me to stand out from the crowd. I suddenly wanted to be like everyone else. I stared at myself in the mirror, undid my top button and let out my hair. I practised saying, "This is boring" and "How come?" till I had it perfect.

I took off my dress and tried on my jeans. I looked just like everyone else. I would join in the games. I would make friends. I'd speak the way they did. I'd learn to play crossball.

I had finally elucidated my conundrum and eradicated it.

Lian Smith, 6G





Luise Barnett



Jenny Rowlett

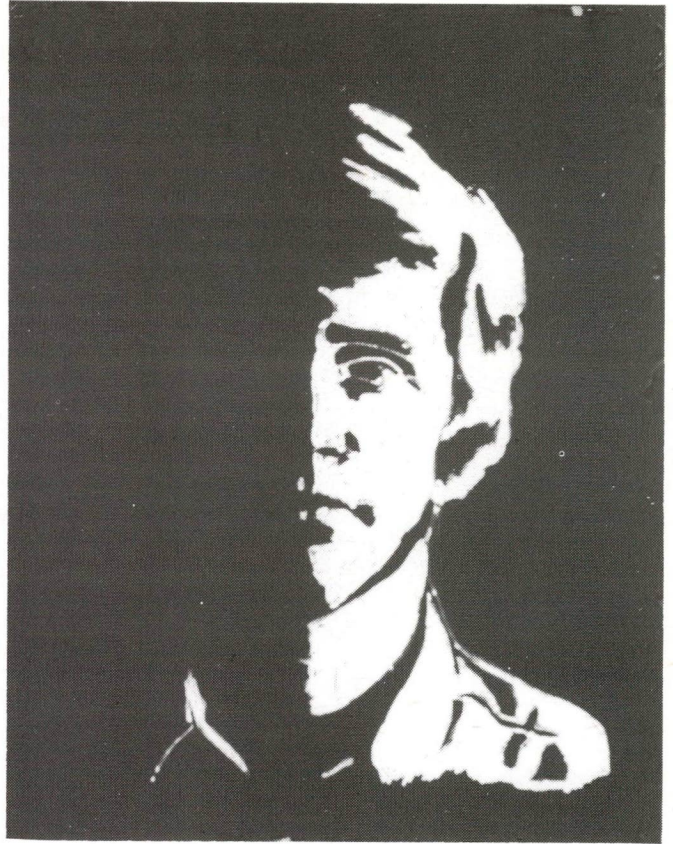


Di Watts

Media

This year, being the first year that Media has been a set subject in the fourth form curriculum, has been most successful. Everyone appears to have enjoyed this subject and gained a lot of experience and knowledge through the study of it. Throughout the year the media group has concentrated on three main topics: animation, photography and filming. In first term we began an animation assignment that was to result in a series of very original and slightly unusual cartoons. We all realised that to produce a cartoon requires a lot of patience and time. In second term we began photography; a subject that also required much patience. Our photographic skills, in every facet of this topic, increased immensely as can be seen from the photos included. Our final project is that of filming and this will combine many of the things we have already learnt. Not only did this increase our skills but required a great amount of team effort and work. All of which will hopefully achieve good results.

Alex Shepherd



Philippa Golias



Alex Shepherd

They put it in an institution,
Pressed the button — Education.

"A programmed course to broaden the mind"
Outside stimulus kept denied.

The individual's put to rest,
A hot potato — kept suppressed.

Finished up in the 'mass production'.
Numbered face soon forgotten.

Twelve years
No fears

. . . Or are there?

Kate Smallwood, 6G

THOUGHTS

Before me lies a sheet of paper.
Horizontal lines mark the page at centimetre intervals.
It is blank. I am supposed to make use of it.
Write an essay, a poem, a story,
But on what?
I look out the window.
Perhaps out there I can find a subject on which to write.
There is a vast array of subjects,
Some large, some small, some green, some brown.
Trees, people, buildings, paths.
My mind is blank.
What can one say about a footpath.
A mass of concrete slabs, connecting and finally leading to
a destination.
To me, a tree is an organism with roots, stems and leaves,
But what else.
My imagination will not allow me to write more than a line
on these seemingly pointless objects.
The subjects seem so narrow.
Perhaps it is that they are so vast . . .

Brown water, green slime,
Moving slowly all the time.
Sticks, leaves and one old bottle,
Floating past the Gum and Wattle.

Cormorants and baby fishes,
Silly dogs that lose their dishes.
Fifty girls and six school teachers
Who told them off for all their
screeches!

Along the Yarra River!

Karen McWilliam, P6

THE IMAGE

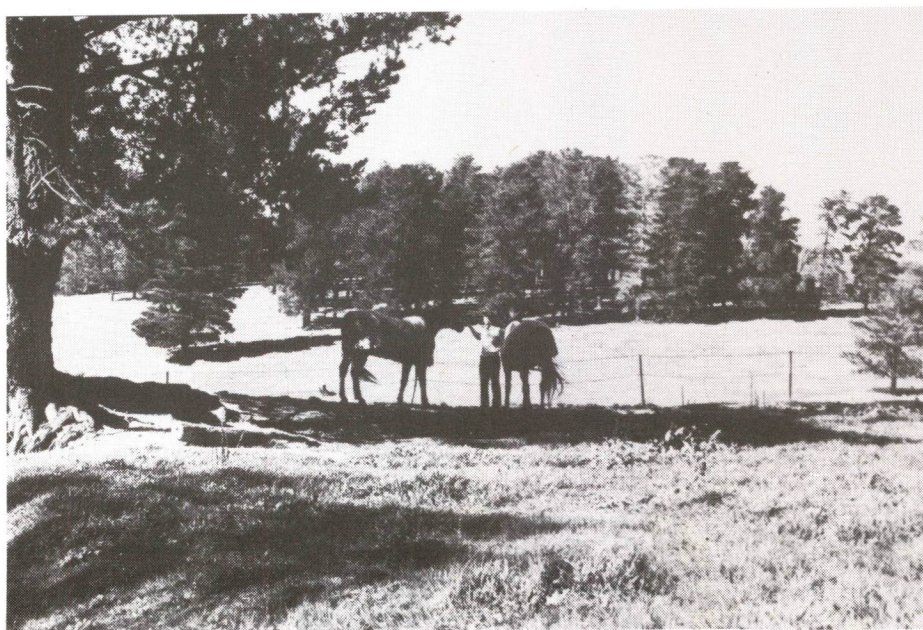
He sits in front of the box
With a tinny in his hand
Resting on his bloated belly
In this sunburnt land.

On Saturday arvos he comes alive
With the footy and the races;
Then on that very same evening
The replays and the pacers.

He sits there in his favourite chair
With his faithful wife around
The vacuum cleaner murmuring
"Shut off that maddening sound!"

Is this the typical Aussie?
Australia's dominant male?
What about the ones who work?
Well, that's another tale.

Natalie Wood, 5R



H.S.C. MOODS

Sarah Clark

Kayley Bennett

Debbie Fenton

Meg Barbaro

Caitlin Miller

Kirsty Vize

Jenny Coles

Kate Smallwood

Lian Smith

Jane Freeman

Charlene Marengo

Liz Wood

Pam Brathwaite

Robyn Bate

Jenny Penttila

Kate Waters

Ilana Rose

Sue Carre-Riddell

Melissa Walker

Kate Phillipa

Sue Hagger

Lisa Maclellan

Jessie Norton

Jo Dowdney

Rowena James

Liz Heine

Wendy Jeffrey

Linda White

Rob Shaw

Lisa Orwin

Libby McKenzie

Who has shares in yoghurt pies?

I started a new diet this morning.

Architectually-designed rolls.

Sorry, what was that?

Am I going red?

I can't be bothered.

Have you found it yet?

What's wrong? (look of concern)

I've got a quote for that!

Miss Self-regulation.

Hi Poss!

What do we have now, someone?

He's only five years younger than me.

BUURRP!

Wag Lit. with me?

What? I do not!

It was unreal!

Bonjour, Punaise mille fois merde Bebe.

Boor-ring!

This is true.

Why is this so?

I know what I'm doing, but what do I do now?

Come on, girls!

I KNOW.

Where's Mrs Kimberley?

Sorry, I'm late. There was a queue for the bathroom.

Honestly!

The girl with the evil grin.

I'm too mature for this.

Wait a sec.

I'm not having kids!

HAA HAA!!

Maya Rozner

Kerry Murphy

Chook

Rob Taylor

Peggy Velonis

Sue Davie

Liz Milne

Di Beckman

Pam Fizelle

Sue Mitchelhill

Mrs Edwards

Mrs Riley

Mr McDonald

Mrs Grove

Mrs Strugnell

Miss Dowel

Mr Pollard

Dr Halford

Mrs New

Miss Tuxon

"Macca"

Mrs Fraser-Smith

Mrs Patmore

Mrs. Churchward

Mrs Berzkalns

Mrs Barra

Miss Beggs

Mrs Findlay

Paddy

What was that?

Suck eggs?

I can't wait to get out.

Who's busting? (bussing)

Women are more sophisticated!

DAVIE. NO 'S'.

Di, coming to MLC?

How do you do this?

I hate this.

Not peanut-butter again.

Chocolate frogs will get you nowhere.

The really beautiful thing about it is . . .

Exuberant!

Come on, people.

I know I'm mean and nasty, but . . .

Only a few more sheets, girls. Um.

Quick, turn off the gas!

You're all parasites.

Ruyton has more rubbish-bins than any other school.

Now that wasn't so bad, was it? I don't really bite.

Do it this way. You see it will be better.

Come **on**, girls.

En francais!!

Tisk! Tisk! Tisk!

Your uniforms should be immaculate!

Has anyone seen my sport class?

Ssh!

Excuse me, girls. Don't mind me, just pretend I'm not here.

Priorities —

What is important?

Shall my life be meaningless?

My head throbs, the noise is too loud.

To be trapped in a state of non-truth . . .

I don't understand!!

Hold tightly to what you are.

H.S.C. is a mountain that you struggle up.

And when you reach the top you find that it's been crumbling away under your feet all that time.

Putrefaction is the end of all that nature doth extend
DERRICK.

I'm quite happy, really.

It's just that I'd like to know WHY.

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW

There are those who condemn it,
There are those who swear by it,
There are those who will say:
"I know what it's like."

I dare the critics,

I dare the supporters,

And I dare the experienced —

**ENROL NOW AND EXPERIENCE THE PAIN AND
SUFFERING OF A LIFETIME —**

H.S.C.

Anonymous, Form 6

P.S. Do you want to know what I think? The only difference
between home and school is the address.



Kate, Robyn & Co.



Liz Wood



TARRING

Being form-captain was a great honour to all of us. We had to do many jobs such as writing the absentee list, checking homework diaries and sending messages.

We were all very excited at being Form Captains. For 1st term Karen McWilliam was captain and Sandra McGuire was Vice-Captain and Jillian Weiss was Captain. In third term, Michelle Klinger was Captain, and Sophie Mitchell was Vice-Captain.

BROMBY

My name is Suzie Jones and I am the House Captain for Bromby. I am 12 years old. My job is to keep the girls in my house quiet and also make them sit down. Throughout the year we have different things going on, such as the swimming sports and the athletic sports. I like being a house captain because it is such fun and there's always something going on. In the Junior School Swimming Sports Bromby came last, but I hope that we do better in the Athletic Sports. All the houses are training very hard. Miss Pearson is our Sports Sports Mistress and lots of people like her.

Suzie Jones P6

ANDERSON

To be captain of a House team is a great honour for me. There are a lot of responsibilities and you have to accept them as they come. I was very pleased with the way Anderson performed at the Swimming Sports and I know that if we train, we will do as well at the Athletics.

It came as quite a surprise to me to have been elected Captain of Anderson for a whole year. Karen McWilliam is a great help to me and I think she's a good Vice-Captain.

Sarah Goodsall

EDGEComb

To be the form captain is fun, you do a great many jobs and errands and you sometimes organise things.

During the term, we all helped to run a day where we would make all the lunches which went excellently and we raised quite a bit of money for the R.S.P.C.A.

I would like to thank Miss Harris and the girls for this successful function and I would also like to thank Fiona Candy for greatly assisting me as Vice Captain.

I'm glad I was Form Captain during my last year in the Junior School and

with such a nice teacher as Miss Harris.

In term 1 Fiona Mardling was Captain, in term 2, Fiona Candy was Vice-Captain, and Katie McLeish Captain, and in 3rd term Suzie Jones was Captain and Astrid White, Vice-Captain.

*Katie McLeish
Fiona Candy*

LASCELLES

It was fabulous to be voted Vice Captain of Lascelles. Our House Captain, Katherine Manning is away sick but we all hope she is better for running sports. Everyone tried so hard and gave their best effort for the swimming and it was great to come first. All the teams are training very hard for the running sports and it's going to be very close. We hope we do as well this time.

Michelle Klinger

DANIELL

I was very surprised and happy when I was told that I was going to be the Daniell House Captain for 1980. Being the House Captain has been a great honour and it was very special for me since I had only been at Ruyton for one year. I thought Daniell swam very well in the swimming sports and came second. I would like to thank Mrs. Weiss for being the house teacher for the year and to say to anyone who is in Daniell that they are in a fantastic house which always tries its hardest.

Katie McLeish

JUNIOR SCHOOL



LES SOURIS

Dans la cuisine,
A minuit,
Cent souris volent du riz.
Mais pourquoi,
Demandez-vous,
Désirent-ils du riz cru?
Non, ils ne veulent pas bouillir,
En effet, ils ne veulent pas cuire!
Ils veulent le jeter a deux amis
Qui deviennent femme et mari.
Tous les parents sont là,
Maman et l'heureux papa,
Toutes les soeurs et les filles,
Tous les frères et les fils.
La cérémonie est finie,
Et maintenant commence la partie.
Fromage pour tous et vin aussi,
Et pour les gagnants des jeux, des
prix.

A six heures du matin les souris,
Reviendront chez eux avec souci.
Car à cette heure le chat se réveillera,
Et à cette heure aussi il déjeunera

Maya Rozener 6G

UN TOURBILLON MENTAL

Quand ma vue était mouillée
Et ma tête était brouillée
Une voix de douceur
Mais aussi de vigueur
m'appelait
me rappelait
l'oiseau de Prévert
le pays de Baudelaire
Disait d'une petite haleine
Vite laisse les chaînes
du fond
du monde
et comme un vaisseau leur voix
m'amène du froid
et encore je m'endors
dans les rêves d'or.

Kate Smallwood, 6G.

LE VIOLIN DE GAMIN

Le violon
de gamin
est électrique
Fantastique
mais électrique?!
Non, le violon serait classique
et le gamin d'un électrique.

Kate Smallwood 6G

GOETHE POETRY COMPETITION PRIZES

Honourable mention certificates

Form IV

Cathy Pugh
Kerry Simmonds
Penny Watson
Nicki White

FORM V

Elizabeth Croker
Susan Harvey
Brownyn Moline
Gabbi Smith
H.S.C.
Sue Carre-Riddell

MEIN ERSTER SCHULTAG

Am neunundzwanzigsten Februar, 1968, ging ich in die Schule. Es war mein erster Schultag. Ich trug meine neue Schuluniform, die aus einem karierten Kleid, einem grauen Pullover, grauen Socken und braunen Schuhen bestand.

Ich hatte viel ueber die Schule in drei Wochen nachgedacht. Jeden Tag hatte meine Mutter gesagt:

"Bald wirst du eine Schuelerin sein" Ich hatte mich frueher auf meinen ersten Schultag gefreut. Als meine Mutter und ich in der Schule ankamen, hatte ich Angst vor der Schule.

Ich dachte, dass meine Mutter mich vor den Leuten schuetzen wuerde, die in dem grossen Tummelplatz standen.

"Ich muss nun gehen" sagte meine Mutter. Die Lehrerin sagte zu den Muettern, dass die Klasse beginnt, und sie ihre Kinder in die Klasse bringen muss. Jedermann war ganz nervoes. Dann und wann hoerte man ein Kind, das weinte, weil seine oder ihre Mutter weggegangen war.

"Wiedersehen. Ich werde dich um zwei Uhr abholen" sagte Mutter. Dann verschwand sie.

Die Lehrerin erinnerte uns, dass unsere Muetter uns um zwei Uhr in dem Tummelplatz treffen wurden. Sie gab uns viele Spiele und Spielzeuge zu mitmachen. Um halb elf war die Pause. Wir freuten uns ueber die Pause, die funfzehn Minuten dauerte.

Jedermann lief heraus. Ich spielte mit einer Gruppe von Maedchen. Ploetzlich lief ein Junge vor mir, und er stiess sich an mir. Ich fiel in eine gross Pfuetze. Meine neue Schuluniform war ganz nass. Ich weinte, weil ich sehr kalt und zornig war. Eine Freundin, Jillian Weiss, schickte nach der Lehrerin. Bald kam die Lehrerin, und sie nahm mich in das Klassenzimmer.

Spaeter kam Mutti, die sich ein bisschen um mich sorgte. Als ich sie sah, fuehlte ich viel besser. Wir gingen nach Hause.

Linda White 6G

ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE COMPETITIONS

Form V

POETRY, READING & CONVERSATION

Second Prize — Elizabeth Croker

Mention très honorable — Kate Kantor, Gabriella Smith.

LANGUAGE TEST

Mention très honorable — Elizabeth Croker, Genevieve Hamilton, Gabriella Smith.

Mention honorable — Kate Kantor, Julia Mitchell,

LISTENING COMPREHENSION

Mention très honorable — Elizabeth Croker, Genevieve Hamilton.

Mention honorable — Gabriella Smith.

H.S.C.

POETRY, READING & COMPREHENSION

Mention très honorable — Susan Carre-Riddell, Maya Rozner, Linda White

Mention honorable — Caroline Fowler, Jane Freeman

LANGUAGE TEST

Mention très honorable — Susan Carre-Riddell, Jane Freeman

LISTENING COMPREHENSION

Mention honorable — Susan Carre-Riddell, Jane Freeman.

1980 NETBALL REPORT

This year, the netball season began the first day back of second term with a senior practice. Many girls attended, reflecting an enthusiasm that has carried on through the entire season, especially in the younger age group.

We have had 5 junior teams (forms 3 and 4) and 3 senior teams (forms 5 + 6). Although our wins were few and far between, it was pleasing to see so many girls still enjoying their sport. Miss Holmes must be thanked for all the time and effort she has contributed to improve the Netball standard at Ruyton and I am sure that in the future the benefit of her coaching will be reflected in many more wins for Ruyton. My thanks to the girls from all teams for their co-operation throughout the season.

Kirsty Vize



NETBALL

(left to right) Kayley Bennett, Robyn Shaw, Lisa Orwin, Kirsty Vize, Sarah Gale, Liz Fowler, Michelle Vize.

1980 ATHLETICS TEAM



1980 HOCKEY REPORT

It's the way you play the game, and not the result that counts! This was the motto which our hockey teams adopted this year. Enthusiasm was rarely lacking. Jo Dowdney was forging after the ball, intent in gaining possession of it. Unfortunately, Jo's opponent on this occasion was Liz Wood. Serena Coe once used her head to stop the ball — she has since learnt that the hockey stick is used to stop the ball. Those of you who imagine hockey to be a rough and tumble game are only partly right. Situation: two feet out from the wrong goal, Melissa Whitehead and Meredith Walters are politely deciding who is going to hit the ball away from the opposition; I won't mention the result of this incident. Helen Searle

did a fantastic job as right back. Bruiser Braithwaite, (otherwise known as Pam), was always in there trying to scare away the opposition.

The team members were Pam Braithwaite (G), Helen Searle (RB), Meredith Walters (LB), Serena Coe (RH), Melissa Whitehead (CH), Liz Milne (LH), Jo Dowdney/Liz Croker (RW), Liz Wood (RI), Katrina Wright (C), Alison Leonard (LI), Alison Tucker (LW).

Our thanks go to Miss Beggs for her coaching and patience with the Seniors and Juniors, and likewise to Miss Pearson for coaching the Intermediates. Finally, thanks to all the mums who got the job of washing the muddy sports' uniforms.

Liz Milne, (Captain).



HOCKEY

Helen Searle, Pam Braithwaite, Meredith Walters, Jo Dowdney, Katrina Wright, Alison Leonard, Alison Tucker, Liz Wood, Melissa Whitehead, Liz Milne, Serena Coe.

SWIMMING REPORT

As the frosted mist rose from the depths of the Kew Swimming Pool, the shatter of ice could be heard as a team of dedicated splashers hit the waters for an intense training programme.

Because the combined swimming sports are so early into term 1, it is necessary for the splashers to settle into training right from the word GO! (even if it means being pushed into a cold pool at 7.30 a.m.).

Again this year we were trained by John Olson, and many thanks go to him for the effort and time spent on correcting style and generally polishing the team's appearance. Even though the results obtained were not what we would like, I felt that team spirit and dedication were more evident than in other years. Certainly if there was a prize for team spirit Ruyton Splashers would have won it.

Thanks must also go to Miss Beggs, Miss Holmes and Miss Kiley for their help and support, and I hope that next year the team will achieve the same enthusiasm and hopefully a better result.

Lisa MacLellan

1980 CRICKET REPORT

Last year the first XI of Ruyton made three appearances, all against Lauriston, and performed creditably considering it was our first season. This year, with increased incentive, in the form of a white jumper, (W.S.C. hasn't cornered the professional cricket), the team improved immediately. Of the five matches we played we won three. The most exciting game was against Strathcona. One ball to go two runs to win, Pam Braithwaite at the crease: she managed to get the bat on the ball somehow and the ball dribbled about twenty feet away. In the ensuing confusion we gained the necessary two runs. The taste of victory is sweet.

For cricket to continue at Ruyton, more potential Bradmans are required, (that's not too much to ask, surely). It is the only team game in the school where girls from first to sixth form can team together on an equal basis.

Lastly, the first XI would like to thank Miss Beggs and Mr. Makin for their coaching and encouragement, and the beautiful pitch which was prepared by Mr. Makin.

Good luck for next year.

*Liz Milne
Captain*



RESULTS

Extra outstanding results:
Everyone.

Extra extra outstanding results were achieved firstly at the combined swimming by:

Sally Dawson	Georgie Cox
Robyn Bainbridge	Kathy Cox
Kate Smith	Serena Coe
Bridget Cameron	Kirsty Vize

Secondly at the P.L.C. carnival where Ruyton was fifth out of six schools (sixth form were not present):

Sally Dawson	Katrina Wright
Alex Keppell	Helen Manning
Serena Coe	Kathy Cox



SWIMMING

Front row (left to right): Katrina Strickland, Kathy Klinger, Sally Dawson, Robyn Bainbridge, Alex Keppell, Melissa Straffon, Marita Leptos.

Middle row: Serena Loe, Kayley Bennett, Wendy Jeffery, Kathy Keon-Cohen, Sam Marshall, Susan Isherwood.

Back row: Lisa Angell, Katrina Wright, Kathy Cox, Lisa MacLellan, Kirsty Vize, Liz Fowler, Gina Mawby, Helen Manning, Kate Smith.



BASEBALL REPORT 1980

Baseball at Ruyton has never been one of the school's greatest sports. Let me say that winning hasn't been our strong point *in the past!* However this year saw the Ruyton baseballers throw and hit themselves further into the great baseball circles of interschool competition.

Alright, I admit we didn't win every match. This very fact proves that Ruyton baseballers are generous, modest, considerate (I could go on forever!) and above all, great sportswomen. How dull and boring life would becoming winning matches every week; at Ruyton we like to give other schools a taste of what it is like to win.

Unselfishly, we had 4 wins, defeating Tintern, Korowa, Carey (all girls) and the old girls. The seniors set the junior teams a great example and the U/15 team captained by Meg Fraser were totally unselfish and won one match.

In all seriousness, I think the seniors had a great season; how could we have done without the team?

Liz Milne, the impenetrable pitcher, was impenetrable; Kayley Bennett — well what can you say about Kayley? — I certainly don't know! Kirsty Vize contorted her body in every possible way to catch the wild and vicious throws. Michelle Vize, Serena Coe and Liz Grover often were seen colliding into one another as they made valiant attempts to catch the ball. Sue Grover was a valuable player; however the team is still waiting to hear her explanation for praying on 2nd base at PLC!! And finally Lisa Orwin who became affectionately known to us all as "Striker".

The team and Miss Beggs all deserve a pat on the back.

*Liz Wood
Baseball Captain*



BASEBALL

Liz Wood, Liz Milne, Kayley Bennett, Kirsty Vize, Liz Grover, Sue Grover, Serena Coe, Lisa Orwin, Michelle Vize.

TENNIS REPORT 1980

When I was told I had to write a Tennis report for 1980, I really didn't know what to say. But when I thought about it, it became quite obvious. Great team spirit and enthusiasm was evident at all times. More this year than in previous years, I have noticed great determination to do well in all pairs, from 1st to 10th.

Out of 7 matches we managed to win 2; however, other results were

very close. I think the most important thing is that this year's tennis team enjoyed the matches and always did their best.

I would like to thank, on behalf of the team, Miss Pearson, for her support and encouragement throughout the term. I would also like to thank the team for giving me the opportunity of being captain. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Good luck for next year!

Libby McKenzie (Captain)



TENNIS

Front row: (left to right) Pam Evans, Sue Carre-Riddell, Julia Mitchell, Belinda Holt. Back Row: Fiona Wiseman, Liz Fowler, Libby McKenzie, Sarah Clark, Meg Barbaro, Lisa Angell, Katie Bell.

Vlth FORM BIOLOGY CAMP

On a cold, bleak, misty Sunday evening, 26 die-hard biologists embarked on the three-and-a-half-hour journey to the mystical shadows of the Pine Lodge Estate, downtown Inverloch.

Mrs. New, affectionately known as SNEW to her asexually budding pupils, was waiting with focussed microscopes, pieces of carrot and razor blades for the arrival of her parasitic pupils. Little did we know that the small, but rather large, assignments had to emerge from the dark depths upstairs, commonly known as the brain.

Then came the work. As we tracked through the world of Barry Jones, Ron Barrassi and Ita Buttrose, we tried to discover the unknown secrets lurking

in the rock pools, and behind the sand dunes — where SNEW and Jelly (Miss Jelbart) gave a fine display of how easy it is to be unco-ordinated in the art of gymnastics.

Also on the sporting scene was a challenge by the local Inverloch "toughs" to one of the members of our biology group, namely Pam Braithwaite. This was to be a duel between Pam and the leader of the "Inverloch gang". Pam chose the weapons to be used — UGGBOOTS AT 30 PACES. Due to unforeseen circumstances a postponement was made.

Food is essential for the survival of any species, and with the food that we received we survived very well. The standard of the meals dished out to us

was excellent, except for Miss Jelbart's clag (commonly known as boiled rice) and her lumpy mashed potato.

In the evening we were well entertained. One eveing we saw a film and the other we sat around the open fire and toasted marshmallows. Miss Andrews, Miss Jelbart and SNEW all joined in on the games we played.

Many thanks on the behalf of the sixth form biology students must go to Miss Andrews, Miss Jelbart and Mrs. New for adding that little bit of enjoyment that made the camp not as dull as it seems. Also thanks to those extra pounds put on around the waist line by the excellent meals...

Jenny Coles, 6S



KINGLAKE

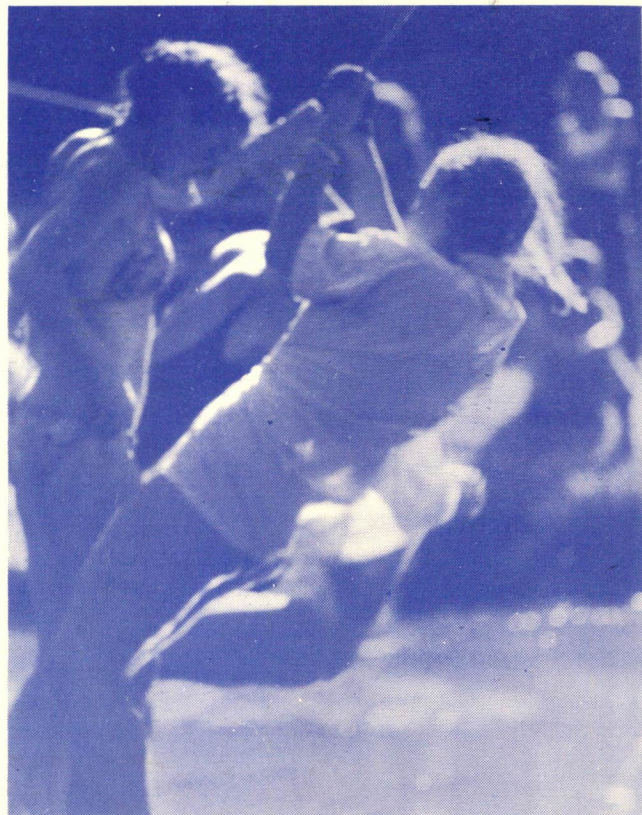
There was much enthusiasm from the sixth formers as we left for King Lake which everyone enjoyed. This enthusiasm lasted throughout the camp.

After meeting Uncle Bert and Auntie Sylvia (caretakers) we knew this was going to be one camp we weren't going to forget. It seemed that most of the girls enjoyed the Commando Course, even though there were a number of mishaps, resulting in cold mud baths.

The activities shared by all during the day were followed in the evening by discussions, films and eating. Apart from the fun and games we had a number of tasks to perform. Each group of girls was given a job to do once or twice a day, usually involving work in the dining room, either washing dishes, setting the tables or serving the meals.

Thank you to Miss Margetts, Miss Beggs, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Grove, as well as all the other teachers involved, for all the time spent in organising and running the camp to make it such a success.

Meg Barbaro, 6G



WILSON'S PROMONTORY CAMP '80

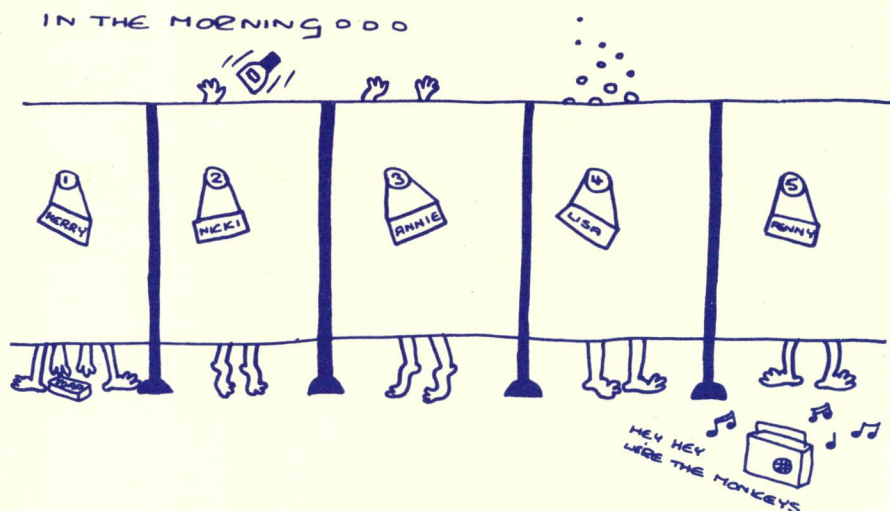
The best things in life were free,
Down at Wilson's Promontory.
The mud fight was a great delight.
Wombats and possums were seen by
night.

Biddy's trail was dark and frightening,
The axe man haunted in the lightning.
The surf was fresh and icy cold,
But us Ruyton kids were brave and
bold.

The luscious food prepared by all
Was a success if we recall.
We thanked all those who helped to
prepare

A camp that was truly beyond com-
pare.

Sarah Barden and Penny Hunt, 4F



ENJOYABLE FEATURES

- New experiences — tenting
- Fantastic meals
- Exhilarating hikes
- Unreal beaches
- Freedom
- Bus trip
- Body surfing
- Sing songs
- Getting to know the teachers

DISAPPOINTING FEATURES

- No fires were allowed
- The tents leaked
- Not enough room in the tents — they
were cramped
- Not long enough

PHYSICS CAMP REPORT

The aim of the Physics Camp was to develop our **train** of thought; this began with a trip to Emerald on Puffing Billy. While calculating the magnitude and direction of the velocity of the engine, we did take time to enjoy the scenery along the way.

The weekend was interesting; the highlight being the roast dinner, which, you could say, could be viewed from all parts of the kitchen. The smell of steaming gravy as it cooled slowly on the fridge door and the sight of many vegetables decorating the floor was rather amusing. There was a slight accident — we lost the meat. When found it weighed a little more than expected; we had successfully set off the mousetrap!

Besides this some physics was in fact completed and all in all you could say it was a worthwhile weekend.

Liz Milne and Lian Smith, 6G
(on behalf of the 6th form physics class)



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Tel. 26 1956

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Chris Wilson

Editorial

All of you, as members of the Old Ruytonians Association, will be interested to learn that our association is one of the most successful ex-pupils' organisations in Victoria. Whilst many other past pupils' groups are bemoaning their members' lack of enthusiasm, the O.R.A. continues to progress and maintain a happy and united association. You, as members, must feel proud of our record of providing a scholarship bursary since 1916 for a girl at Ruyton.

The 'Old Girls' are well represented as parents and staff at the school including the new Chief of staff Mrs. Suzanne Barrah (Snaddon) who commenced her duties at Ruyton this year.

Now read on for all your O.R.A. news and we look forward to seeing you at the car rally and picnic on 26th October (telephone Barbara Hutton 857 5939).

Annual Reunion and Dinner, 30th April 1980

For the first time we were pleased to invite past members of staff to our dinner, five of whom attended. Ruyton Chief of staff, Miss Tuxen, Chief of staff elect, Mrs. Suzanne Barrah, and 87 O.R.A. members were present.

Mrs. Vanessa Kennedy, vice President, opened the annual meeting by welcoming all present; she outlined the past years' activities and read nominations for Office bearers for 1980-81. All nominations were approved and Mrs. Kennedy passed the chair to the in-coming President, Sally Phillips, who presided over the remainder of the meeting.

Miss Tuxen was introduced to the meeting and she kindly read a report from Miss McRae and gave an enlightening talk of her experience and amusing anecdotes as chief of staff for 6 years at Ruyton.

The President thanked Miss Tuxen and wished her well for her forthcoming overseas trip.

Speech Night

Ruyton Speech night will be held on Wednesday 10th December, 1980 in Dallas Brookes Hall at 8 p.m. Old Ruytonians are always welcome, and those who attended last year were completed enthralled by the guest speaker, Dr. Jean Battersby. The orchestra and choir were, as usual, superb.

The guest speaker this year is Old Ruytonian Mrs. Fay Marles (Pierce), Commissioner for Equal Opportunities.

Sun Golf Report

Anne Wade, Topsy Linton, Rosemary Charlton, Barbara Hughes and Sue Reed formed the O.R.A. Sun Gold Team for 1980. The girls finished in the top one third in the competition held at Royal Melbourne and thoroughly enjoyed their day. The 1981 tournament will be held in April and we are looking for AVERAGE players, with a handicap of 35 or less, who enjoy a day of golf. Please ring Anne Wade — 277 7168.

Sun Tennis Report

Ruyton was represented by Sonia Mitchell, Sally Marshall, Eve Kantor and Cathy Brown. In between showers of rain and in a cold wind, the old school once again had very tough opposition, but a lot of fun.

O.R.A. Versus School Sport

Hockey and Netball: Unfortunately the 'Old Girls' were a little out of practice and were defeated in both the hockey and netball, however the matches were enjoyed by all.

Ruyton Affair 80

This year the Fair was held on Saturday, 22nd March. The O.R.A. ran the tea and coffee stall and raised \$258.00 which went towards the purchase of a mini bus for the school. It was a lot of work for many people, the weather was very kind and a great day was had by all. The overall figure raised was \$22,000 which was very rewarding.

News

Roslyn Calandro (Kennedy), her husband and two sons have moved to a small town outside Lismore for warmer climate.

Faye Marles (Pierce), Commissioner for equal opportunity, will be guest speaker at Speech night this year. Her husband, Don, was recently appointed Head-Master of Trinity Grammar. Her sister, Jan Bodaan (Pierce) is living at Mermaid Beach with husband, Dirk, who has returned to serious painting, specialising in portraits.

Caroline Johnstone (Kent) is well-settled in Adelaide, has two daughters, and has returned to radiography on a part-time basis.

Kay Germano (Wolstenhome) has moved with husband and three children to live in Port Macquarie.

Sue Vlassis (Helms) still lives with husband and three children in Canada.

Susan Corbett (Levick) has returned from 12 months in England with husband

and four children and they now live in Ballarat.

Anne Griffiths is charge Sister Cardiac Thoracic Surgical ward at the Alfred Hospital and left for Europe in July for Long Service Leave.

Barbara Goldsmith (Bower) has a position in the college Press at Swinburne Institute of Technology and Helen Grainger (Kitson) is with the work education course at Preston Technical College.

Suzanne Lucas (Hutchinson) and Rosemary Darling (Groves) won their Summer Pennant tennis for Grace Park, Hawthorn.

Peta Blair-Holt is married and has completed her Dip.Ed and Phys.Ed.

Ginny Hickey has returned from overseas after some time. Mary Bottomer is doing midwifery at the Mercy. Jane Sasse is now married after completing nursing and living in Townsville. Sue Wright (Watkin) is living in Eden with her husband and family.

Do you remember??

Digging for James Henty's grave in "the jungle"?

The fishpond lawn?

Ink wells being refilled by the Prefects?

Collecting milk bottle tops for Red Cross?

Miss Daniell's Ghost story?

War savings stamps and certificates awarded as prizes at speech night?

Learning dancing from Eileen Brennan?

Shakespeare night?

Disappearing down the cellar behind the old sports cupboard?

East Wing and North Balcony?

Sunbaking on the roof?

The prowler in the Front room dormitory?

The opening of the Hilda Daniell Wing by the then Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies?

Little Ruyton in Normanby Road?

French high tea?

NOTICE OF COMING FUNCTIONS

Picnic and Car Rally — combined with Parents' Association to be held on 26th October — starting from Ruyton, Please contact Barb. Hutton for tickets and details, telephone — 857 5939.

Speech Night — Wednesday 10th December, 8 p.m., Dallas Brookes Hall.

Cocktail Party — Friday, 13th March, 1981

Annual Dinner and Reunion — April, 1981. Ruyton Church Service — June, 1981.

Engagements

MARY BOTTOMER

Marriages

RUTH GAMBLE

INGA MACKAY to Stephen Gibson

JILL DANIELS to Frank Webb

MARGARET JUKES

Births

SALLY OSBORN (HUTCHINSON) — Son

SUE VLASSIS (HELMES) — Son

LINDY TAGLIABUE (CALLANDER) — Daughter

Old Ruytonians Key Rings

These are available from Barb Hutton. Only \$2.50. A reasonably priced gift.

The O.R.A. Committee has some vacancies. Any Old Girl wishing to join would be most welcome. Please contact President Sally or Secretary Barb.

SCIENCE TALENT SEARCH

OPEN DIVISION

Essay Section

Jane Freeman — Major Bursary — \$20.

Research Section

Jennifer Maloney — Credit Bursary — \$40

Prudence Field — Bursaries — \$15

Meredith Walters

Meredith Watts

JUNIOR DIVISION

Poster Section

Lucinda Tucker — Major Bursary — \$20

Amanda Basford — Bursaries — \$10

Anna Clabburn

Joanne Robertson

AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION

Distinction Certificates — awarded to top 15% in state

Form 1

Helen Penrose

Sarah Porritt

Margaret Rennie

Sasha Stepan

Jane Wauchope

Form 2

Megan Backhouse

Anne Ransom

Melissa Smith

Melissa Shraffon

Form 3

Julie Beckman

Lucy Hase

Michaela Pratt

Catherine Stewart

Susan White

Form 4

Joanne Melick

Alexandra Shepherd

Credit Certificates — awarded to next 30% in State

Form 1

Anna Bardas

Meredith Chell

Armanda Gerrity

Janice Hergt

Lucinda Tucker

Form 2

Georgina Cox

Sally Dawson

Cathy Keon-Cohen

Katie McNeil

Joanne Robertson

Cathryn Spratling

Katrina Strickland

Jillian Swiney

Joanne Waldron

Suzanne Walters

Suzanne Weiss

Kristen Wischer

Joanna Wittman

Form 3

Robyn Bardas

Diana Barnes

Felicity Fizelle

Bridget Forbes

Meg Fraser

Susan Leonard

Stacey Lord

Louise MacDonald

Ruth Ronan

Sally Wilks

Form 4

Felicity Balmer

Katie Bell

Nadine Bush

Pamela Evans

Amanda Fong

Ann Foster

Jane Lewis

Anne McIntyre

Helen McKelvie

Philippa MacKay

Penny Watson

Dianne Watts

Nicki White

Form 5

Serena Doe

Elizabeth Croker

Elizabeth Grover

Susan Harvey

Jennie Hill

Kate Kantor

Alison Leonard

Julia Mitchell

Bronwyn Moline

Form 6

Elizabeth Milne

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 VirginiaPRICEAlexandraSHEPHERDSarahBARDENKatherineBELL LydiaCONDOSJoannaCOULDWE
 SHARPJoanneMELICKSusannahMcFARLANECatherinePUGHTamaraREVILLDebraROSENTHALKerry
 AmandaFONGPatriciaFRASERPhilippaGOLIASFelicityGOODESAnnetteHOLTKerstinHULLGabr
 SALLMANNValeriePORTERJenniferROWLATTJenniferSEXTONHelenATHANASSIOUFionaBARDENJ
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 LisaMACLELLANCharleneMARENGOCaitlinMILLERKerryMURPHYJennyPENTTILAILANA ROSEKirs

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