

RUYTONIAN

-19

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EDITORIAL



This year we have been enlightened as to the traumas with which Ita Buttrose contends.

Trying to distinguish between "Times" and "Newton" types, and the mysteries of printing ems and points, provided us with many scintillating hours. We certainly know a lot more now than we did seven months ago.

Every new pair of editors feels a strong desire to radically change the "Ruytonian". Originally, we too felt this compelling urge, but as the contributions rolled in, their quality seemed to supercede any need for a "flashy" layout or a different "angle", to make the magazine "special".

You may notice a few innovative additions to this year's magazine, such as "Ruyton's Family Album", but the real character of Ruyton is uniquely expressed in its words. A school magazine cannot be transmuted into something else, it must remain a simple statement of moods and happenings, thoughts and personalities.

Thank you, Mrs. Nicholls, for all your hard work and motivation. Thank you Clare and Luise, Miss Fowler and the fourth form media class for your photographic expertise. Thank you to Mrs. Lees' typing class, our committee and press agents, for your help and support.

*Sarah Fair
Sam Marshall.*

This has been a strange year for me as I have spent three months away from Melbourne with ten weeks in Britain and a short time in Sweden and Holland on the way home. I returned early in June and settled down to concentrate on all of the school activities that had taken place, as well as those which were soon to arrive.

I enjoyed my time in Britain meeting friends from previous visits, and making new ones as I moved from school to school. In the long Easter holidays I stayed at Floohburgh on the north west coast of England, and then went south to the walled city of Chester before going on to Coventry. My visit to Coventry was a wonderful experience as I was the guest of a Women's Service Club and I spent three very happy days being entertained in private homes and visiting places of local interest. My visit to the new Coventry Cathedral was one of the highlights of my time in that City as I was shown around by one of the best guides in Coventry, a lady who was present throughout the re-building, and in fact had her office only a few hundred yards away. I was taken to Kenilworth Castle; for a drive through the Cotswolds on a cold fine spring day and finally to a dinner at the Lord Leycester Hospital, an ancient building of the Tudor period, with almshouses attached which are still used today. In fact, the occupants of the almshouses act as porters and caretakers for the Hall, and one is on duty at every evening function. After dinner, a group of musicians played Elizabethan music, using instruments of that period. I came away with some wonderful memories and some new correspondents.

The English countryside was particularly beautiful after the cold winter, and throughout my time in England I had the pleasure of seeing the changes in the landscape as spring arrived and daffodils, primroses, hyacinths and tulips followed each other in quick procession. When I



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left, the blossom trees were nearly over and summer was on the way. However, in Sweden there was a great deal of rain and the hyacinths and tulips were still flowering. I enjoyed my trip across Sweden from Gottenborg to Stockholm by water, lake, canal and sea and cannot think of a more enjoyable or leisurely way of travelling — for a short time anyway!

In last year's Magazine I told you of Jane Freeman's achievement as top female student in H.S.C. in 1980. This year we were delighted that Elizabeth Croker and Gabriella Smith were two of the forty girls who were awarded Certificates for achieving the highest results in the H.S.C. examinations.

In July "Paddy" died at the Austin Hospital. He was very ill for several weeks before his death and perhaps the best way to remember him is by the words on the plaque in the garden — "Paddy gave 20 years of devoted, loyal and energetic service to the many facets of life at Ruyton". He was a friend to so many people and we are all saddened by the loss of a man who made such an impact on the school community.

At the end of Term II Miss Cairns left to take up a position at St. Margaret's School in Hertfordshire, England. It should prove a most rewarding experience and one that I am sure she will enjoy. She will be greatly missed both for her classroom teaching and also for her active support of music and drama through the past 5½ years.

I usually provide an up to the minute report on past staff but this year I have less than usual to report. Mrs. Harris is back from her trip to Scotland which I gather was most successful. Mrs. Hodson has a second son, Oliver, and Mrs. Keatinge called in recently with Alexander who is about 15 months old. Mrs. Merriman also has a second son, Philip.

Margaret S. McRae

Imbued with a sense of authority and importance within the school, we CHALLENGED THE CHALLENGE and found . . .

We felt tempted to thrust something like this upon you, but feel an obligation to present the real picture.

To begin with, our social calendar has had many circled dates this year. Our formally Starstruck dance was a "sparkling" success, after many hours of nail chewing, calculator punching and coffee drinking by ourselves and other committee members. (Having studied past reports, it has become increasingly apparent that no School Captains' epistle is complete without at least two mentions of coffee!) The Dance committee was but one of eight instituted this year to complement the "Official" system — they met with varying degrees of success.

Other heavily crayoned dates were the Head Prefects' Luncheon held by Rotary at Dallas Brookes Hall, where we were given the opportunity to meet with other school officials. The hurried conversation there inspired us to hold our own School Captains' Meeting at Ruyton later in Term 2. An idea which subsequently arose from this, was to initiate a 3rd and 4th Form Committee which would meet with the School Captains next year. Hopefully, this would help link the middle and senior schools, making these levels a more cohesive body, which we sometimes feel is lacking.

Our farewell gesture to Miss McRae on her departure to Europe, was presented on a more informal (frivolous) note. Her Australian travel kit, although it catered for the basic Australian "needs" — pie, Fosters, footy beanie, thongs and Mills and Boon International edition — may not have been a practical essential as much as a tender reminder of her sunburnt compatriots 'Back Home'. In our lobster pink H.S.C. centre, we have entertained such VIP's as Miss McRae on her return, Miss Cairns on her departure and over 20 of the visiting School Captains, to whom we served coffee (mention No. 2).

However, these duties as such, have only constituted the public functions of the School Captains. Probably the most satisfying part as we've seen it, has been the opportunity to observe Ruyton as a whole. The H.S.C. Class has set the tone this year, of loud music (made possible by our 'new' stereo) and hard work, like 52 assorted sponges desperately soaking up chemistry formulae, history dates and lukewarm coffee (mention No. 3), in a warm, communal atmosphere. The "controlled warmth" throughout the school has really impressed us this year, but we've also learnt that it's a system of give, take and compromise.

Now we've CHALLENGED OUR CHALLENGE and "put away childish things", (well perhaps not all of them) and we lay our pens to rest, take up our coffee cups (fourth mention), and Bound Over the Threshold of our Futures onto the next issues of Bryant and May Redhead matches.

Thanks.
Pip Mackey
Helen McKelvie



SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT



B A L L A D G I 1S

When the sun comes up each day,
Ruyton's calm and safe,
And usually it stays that way,
Until say ten past eight.
And then they come in ones or twos,
Or groups of up to five,
The buildings shake when they can see,
That 1S have arrived.

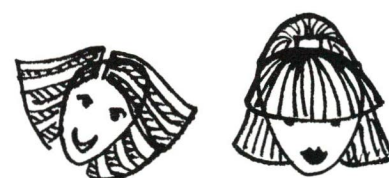
The teachers scream when they find out,
They have 1S that day,
The classrooms quake and get prepared,
And so does Miss McRae.
Mrs. Seaton comes to school
With whip and chair in hand,
For 1S are a vicious lot,
Never know what we've got planned.

Yet, still we can't quite seem to guess,
Why people tend to run,
When they meet the 1S gang,
A class of thirty-one.

There's Fleur and Olivia who are best of friends,
Sandy who's mad about frogs.
Anna who sometimes can be a bit vague,
Julia, goes on her jogs.
Louise has a very strong love of the horse.
And so does Karen Hore.
Alex, who came across from South Aus,
Judith's just playing her horn.
Moving along, we meet up with Jo,
Who's still on the short side of life,
And Belinda who shoots goal after goal,
Rowena's the inquisitive type.
Amanda is very inoffensive and quiet,
Nicole with her wavy red hair,
Fiona G. always just seems to smile,
But you know when Nikki is there.
Georgia is one who is mad keen on sport,
Danielle never whinges or moans,
Helen is always making new plans,
There's me, no more should be known.
Melanie's cool, and Lu will be by her side,
With Elise who sounds like a chook.
Fiona A. sits back and appreciates life,
Cambria always looks glad,
Karin, who is the intellectual type,
And Sophie, who's a little bit mad.
Myffy is the giggly one,
Lisa is fine in art,
Sandrine with all her "knick-knacks and pens",
I'm afraid will have to be last.

So there you see, we're really sweet,
We're angels in disguise,
But when the bell strikes half past three,
The buildings give a sigh.
The teachers can all stop their noise,
The grounds are left alone,
And everyone can feel relieved,
'Cos 1S have gone home.

Linda Brown, 1S





MRS. STRUGNELL:

"By the end of this week you're all going to hate me."

MRS. RIXON:

"Look! No plastic suitcase!"

MISS DAVIS:

"Does anybody else know the answer to this one? I'll have to go home and work it out."

MISS CAIRNS:

"Metaphorically speaking . . ."

MRS KLOTZ:

"Are you shoore?"

"My boys . . ."

MRS. BERZKALNS:

"I've done the exams — it's up to you now!"

MRS. CHURCHWARD:

"Depechez vous! Depechez vous!"

ENGLAND BECKONS RUYTON'S TREASURE!



At the end of Term 2, 1982, Miss Angela Cairns left Ruyton to take up a position as a house mistress at a girls' boarding school (St. Margaret's) in England.

Her departure after six years of dedicated service, was greatly felt by the whole school. She had a very special place in the school, fulfilling many roles such as first Form Mistress, French, English and Drama teacher, sports announcer, pianist, choir and orchestra member.

In addition to possessing the talents needed for the above roles, Miss Cairns exhibited other less acknowledged yet very memorable skills! Who could forget her exhibition of chalk juggling, her Allan Seale imitations or her antipathy to tautology?

STAFF 1982

School Headmistress — Miss M.S. McRae, Cert.Ed. Primary (A.T.T.I.), B.A. (Melb.), A.I.E. (London), M.A.C.E.

Administration

School Bursar — Mrs. E. Fleming

Secretary to Headmistress — Miss M. May
Mrs. M. Abbott — School Stenographer
Mrs. P. Acres — Music Secretary
Mrs. P. Findlay — Receptionist
Mrs. B. Gillies — Bursar's Assistant

School Matron — Mrs. J. Esplan

Maintenance and House Staff

Mrs. J. Cordina
Mrs. S. Hills
Mrs. K. Rawlings
Mr. R. Makin
Mr. M. Molan
Mr. C. Keogh
Mr. J. Rawlings

Library

Mrs. J. Cantwell — B.A. (Melb.), Dip.Ed. (Melb.), Dipl. Lib. (S.C.V. Melb.).
Mrs. M. Dixon — Library Assistant
Mrs. B. Yuill — Library Technician, Cert.App.Soc. Sc. (W.T.C.).

Junior School

Mistress-in-Charge — Mrs. H. Oates, Cert.Ed. (A.T.T.I.), Ad.Cert.Ed. (A.T.T.I.), Ad. Dip. Teach. (A.T.T.I.)
Mrs. N. Akins — Cert. Art, Dipl. Teach. (A.T.T.I.)
Mrs. R. Chamberlain — Support — T.P.T.C. (S.C.V. Toorak).
Mrs. J. Edwards — Dip. Prim. Ed. (Avondale), B. Ed. (S.C.V. Toorak).
Mrs. D. Harris — T.I.T.C. (S.C.V. Toorak)
Miss T. Harris — T.C. (S.A.), I.T.C. (S.A.), Dip. Teach., B. Ed. (S.C.V. Burwood).
Mrs. E. Hrouda — Dip. Teach. Primary (S.C.V. Burwood).
Miss J. McGeorge — Dipl. Ed. Primary (S.C.V. Coburg).
Mrs. N. Matenson — T.P.T.C. (S.C.V. Burwood), Grad. Dip. Music Ed. (S.C.V. Toorak), Music
Miss G. Pearson — Sport — B. Ed. (Phys. Ed.) (S.C.V. Burwood).
Mrs. J. Smith — Library — T.P.T.C., T.T.L.C. (Melbourne), Terms 2 & 3.
Mrs. G. Swiney — Teachers Cert. (Gipsy Hill College, England)
Mrs. H. Weiss — T.P.T.C. (Geelong)
Mrs. H. Williams — Library — T.I.T.C. (Toorak), Cert. A. (S.C.V. Hawthorn), Term 1.
Miss N. Williams — Dip. Prim. Teach. (S.C.V. Toorak).

Senior School

Chief-of-Staff — Mrs. S. Barrah, B.A. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.).

Senior Mistress — Mrs. J. Edwards, L.L.B. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.).

Assistant Senior Mistresses — Mrs. E. Strugnell — B.A. (Monash), Dip. T. (A.T.T.I.), B. Ed. (Melb.).

— Miss H. Margetts, Dip. Yth. Leadership (Inst. of Social Welfare), Grad. Dip. Careers Education (R.M.I.T.).

Miss R. Andrews — B.Sc. (La Trobe), Dip. Ed. (Melb.).

Miss J. Beggs — Dip. P.E. (Melb.), B.A. (Melb.), Dipl. Ed. (M.S.C.).

Mrs. D. Berold — B.A. (Q'ld.), Dip. Ed. (Q'ld.), M.A. (Montreal) (Leave of absence 1982).

Mrs. N. Berzkalns — B.A. (Hons.), (Monash), Dip. Ed. (Monash).

Miss A. Cairns — B.A. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (M.S.C.) Term 1 & Term 2

Mrs. M. Churchward — B.A. (Hons.) (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Monash).

Miss G. Davis — B.Sc. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.).

Mrs. R. Day — B.A. (Hons.) (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.). A. Mus. A.

Miss J. Etty-Leal — B.Ed. (Arts and Crafts) (M.S.C.).

Miss W. Fowler — B.Ed. (Rusden).

Dr. M. Halford — B.Sc. (Hons.), Ph.D. (Birmingham), Dip. Ed. (LaTrobe).

Mrs. P. Hefter — Cert. Ed. (Tas.), T.T.C. (Tas.).

Mrs. A. Height — B.A. (Hons.) (Monash), Dip. Ed. (Monash) M. Ed. (Monash).

Miss S. Holmes — Cert. in Ed. (Univ. of Sussex), B.A. (La Trobe).

Miss J. Hunt — B.A. (Ceramic Design) (Caul. Inst. Tech.).

Mrs. C. Hynes — Dip. Dom. Sc. (Invergowrie), A.T.T.I.

Miss J. Jelbart — B.A. (Monash), Dip. Ed. (M.S.C.).

Miss J. Kiley — Dip. Phys. Ed. (Sydney T.C.).

Mrs. D. Kimberley — Dip. Instit. Management and Cookery (Emily McPherson).

Mrs. J. Klotz — B.Sc. (Witwatersrand), T.T.H.D. (Transvaal).

Mrs. S. Lees — B.A. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Monash).

Ms. T. Leonard — Cert. in Ed. (University of London).

Mrs. S. Levin — B.A. (Melb.) Dip. Tch. (A.T.T.I.).

Mr. D. McDonald — H.D.T. (Sec. Arts & Crafts), (M.S.C.) B.A. (V.C.A.).

Mrs. R. McKinnon-Smith — Dip. Art & Design (B.I.T.), Dip. T. (A.T.T.I.), B. Ed. (La Trobe).

Mr. M. Maxwell — Mus. Bac. (Melb.), Dip. Tch. (A.T.T.I.).

Mrs. S. Merriman — B.A. (Hons.) (London) Dip. Ed. (Monash).

Mrs. J. Nicholls — B.A. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Monash).

Mrs. M. Patmore — B.A. (W. A. Instit. of Technology), Dip. Ed. (W.A. Instit. of Technology).

Mrs. J. Patterson — B.A. (Adel.), Dip. S.T. (Adel. C.A.E.).

Mr. G. Pollard — Dip. Met. (Ballarat School of Mines), B.Sc. (Hons.) M.Sc. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.). A.S.M.B.

Mrs. M. Ravenscroft — Dip. App. Chem. (R.M.I.T.).

Mrs. M. Rixon — B.A. (Monash), B.Ed. (Monash).

Mrs. M. Seaton — B.Sc. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. (Melb.).

Mrs. H. Silk — B.A. (Monash), Dip. Ed. (Monash).

Mrs. R. Stuckey — T.S.C.T. (Monash T.C.).

Special Subjects

Piano — Miss E. Bennet, Mr. D. McNicol
Flute — Mrs. F. Lehman
Oboe — Ms. J. Saunders
Clarinet — Ms. G. Burke
Brass — Mr. D. Green
Violin — Mr. Z. Mendes, Mrs. M. Beaumont
Cello — Miss A. McRae
Double Bass — Mr. N. Green
Guitar — Mr. M. Davies
Bassoon — Mr. D. Summerton
Singing — Mrs. G. Hosie
Concert Band Conductor — Mr. Don Santin
Tennis Coach — Mr. D. Sleeman

Remedial Teacher — Mrs. E. Sutherland, T.P.T.C. (A.T.T.I.), Dip. Pr. Ed. (Deakin).

School Counsellor — Mrs. P. Clarke, B.A. (Melb.), Dip. Ed. Counselling (R.M.I.T.), A.P.S.

Careers Adviser — Miss H. Margetts, Dip. Yth. Leadership (Inst. of Social Welfare), Grad. Dip. Careers Education (R.M.I.T.).

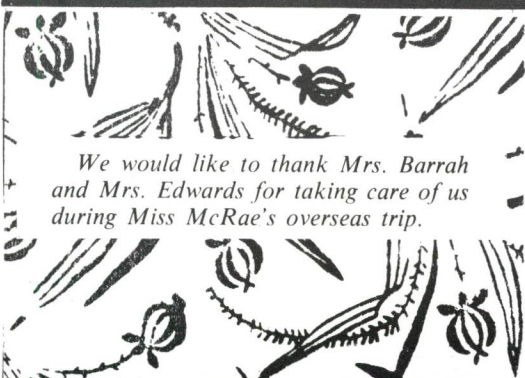
School Council

Chairman — Mr. J. G. Bate

Treasurer — Mr. A. J. MacNab

Secretary — Mrs. M. Blyth

Mr. L. P. Angell
Mr. J. C. Cox
Mr. A. N. Davie
Mrs. E. Dougall
Mrs. W. Hewitt
Mr. D. G. Hill
Mr. J. R. Menzies
Mr. A. G. Mitchell
Mrs. J. Nairn



We would like to thank Mrs. Barrah and Mrs. Edwards for taking care of us during Miss McRae's overseas trip.

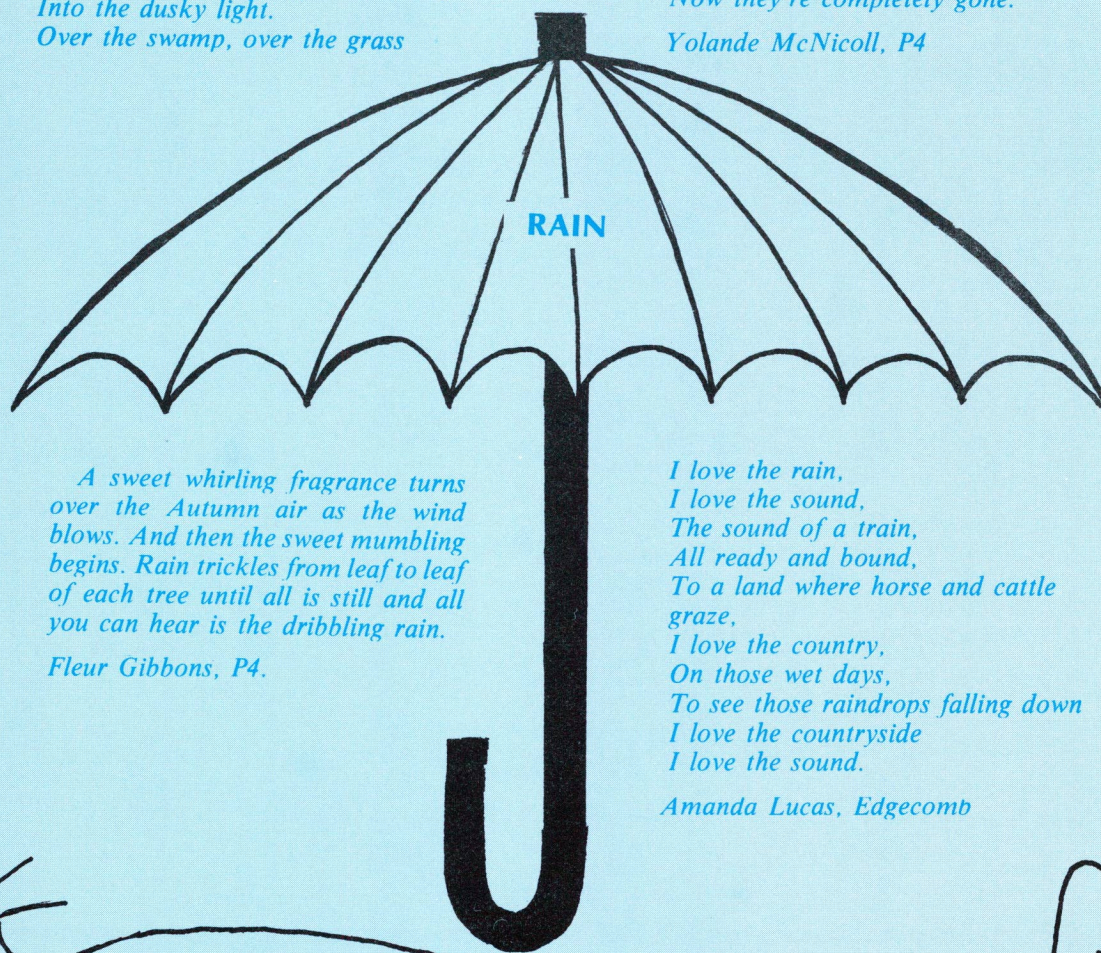


JUNIOR SCHOOL

*Pelicans flying into the sunset,
Oh what a lovely sight.
Pelicans swoop, dipping and soaring
Into the dusky light.
Over the swamp, over the grass*

*Now they're completely gone.
Over the swamp, over the waves
Into the land beyond
Now they're completely gone.*

Yolande McNicoll, P4



*A sweet whirling fragrance turns
over the Autumn air as the wind
blows. And then the sweet mumbling
begins. Rain trickles from leaf to leaf
of each tree until all is still and all
you can hear is the dribbling rain.*

Fleur Gibbons, P4.

*I love the rain,
I love the sound,
The sound of a train,
All ready and bound,
To a land where horse and cattle
graze,
I love the country,
On those wet days,
To see those raindrops falling down
I love the countryside
I love the sound.*

Amanda Lucas, Edgcomb

TOOTSIE

Tootsie is my cat. Her real name is Smudge. She is very pretty. Her coat is white and her eyes are blue.

Her favourite hiding spot is under the table. But you can always see her because her tail hangs down. She sleeps half the day and the other half she goes outside.

Tootsie has a boyfriend and at night he comes to the door. Sometimes Tootsie claws the leather chairs.

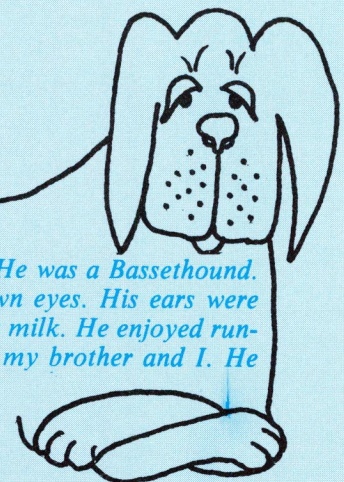
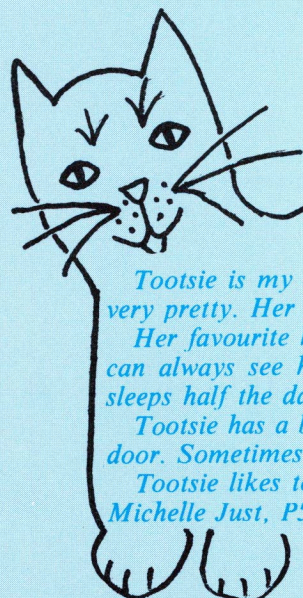
Tootsie likes to eat Nine Lives and Buffet.

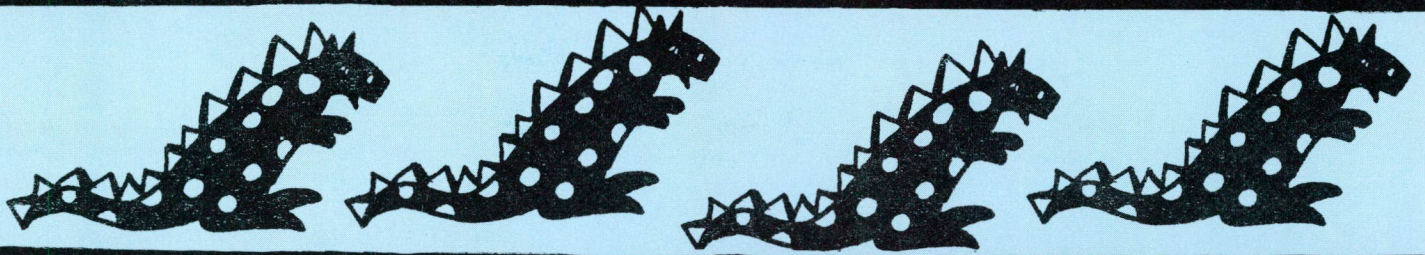
Michelle Just, P5

MY OLD PET

My old pet's name was Basil. He was a Bassethound. He had soft fur and he had brown eyes. His ears were floppy, they always dragged in his milk. He enjoyed running around the garden, chasing my brother and I. He also loved to jump in the pool.

Samantha Hughes.





THE BABY SEAL

*Fluffy, soft and white
Little seal on the ice
Watching the birds play in flight.
Suddenly the little seal
Sees some danger on the ice.
Goodness knows what he feels*

*To be hunted and killed
For ladies to wear
It really isn't fair,
To be killed by someone
Who does not care
For a baby seal.*

Sarah Wortley, Tarring

THE GHOST

*I am scared,
I cannot move,
Something is in my way.
I get out of bed,
Look behind,
A GHOST!
Run into mum,
Don't be silly,
Go back to bed.
WHOOOooooooooo.*

Sally Bell, P.4



THE WITCH

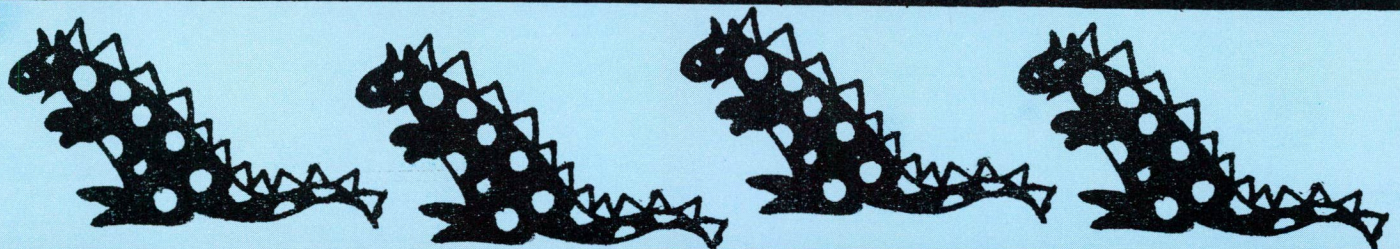
*There once was a witch from Kew,
Who always had stones in her shoe,
While getting them out,
She fell down a spout,
And never returned to Kew.*

Fiona Leigh, Edgecomb

EASTER

Easter is a sad time because Jesus was crucified on Good Friday. It is also a joyful time because on Easter Sunday, an extraordinary, spectacular thing happened, when Jesus rose from the dead. Some people give scrumptious chocolate eggs as gifts on Easter Sunday. The eggs are delicious and enjoyable to eat. Some eggs have fascinating colours and designs. At Easter, people go to exciting and thrilling places and have delightful, happy times.

Siann Bowman, Edgecomb



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

As members of 'The Paris Opera' company, we were proud to present a production of third and fourth form students, performed in conjunction with the Scotch Collegians, namely 'The Phantom Of The Opera!'

Set against a cataclysmic period of nineteenth century France within the Paris Opera, it provided a frightening and intriguing background for a mysterious tale.

It revolved around the curious activities of a mad and horribly disfigured genius, and his love for the young star of the opera.

Life at the opera was disrupted while the hunt for the phantom and his lair continued until finally, his life and genius came to a bitter end.

As members of the cast, we found the experience of the Middle School play invaluable.

We are extremely grateful for the efforts of Angela Cairns and Stephen Ritchie throughout rehearsals. We hope these productions will always play an important role in drama at Ruyton.

Rebecca Smith and Cojana Ware, Form 4.



ROMANTIC RENDEZVOUS IN ROYCE HALL

(or memories of Dancing Class)

I remember dancing with a boy who was so tall that my face was about level with his belly button!
It was embarrassing having to ask the boys to dance — the choice was so limited.

I try not to remember dancing class!

We had to dance so close that we could keep a record between our stomachs.

I remember the first night — walking in, spotting my friends and going over to talk to them. We sat there chatting, when all of a sudden a voice came booming over the microphone.

"Young Lady, uncross your arms, put your feet together and your nose is running."

I guarantee that nearly every girl in the room uncrossed her arms, stood up straight and checked her nose.

Dancing class was a great excuse for not doing any homework.

I remember dancing with the parents on the last night. They thought they were so good, but they stepped on your feet all the time, just like their sons.

We used to really look forward to Wednesday morning — all we would talk about was the fun we had at last night's dancing class.

I remember the first time Miss McRae walked in to the class — we were little angels — INSTANTLY!!

I used to dread dancing with the teacher — he used to squeeze you when he swept you off your feet.

I'll never forget the boys' sweaty palms.

Dancing class showed you that after a few weeks, the guy of your dreams wasn't that fantastic anyway.

The Charleston was my major dread — I lived in fear of being called up to demonstrate it.

The tricky thing about dancing class was getting dressed for it! You tried not to look too 'done up', but you didn't want to look too 'daggy' either.

Dancing class was a chore, but you had to pretend you loved it, or your parents would get cross with you for wasting their money.

"Now ve vill do ze valse —
VUN CHOO SREE
VUN CHOO SREE!"

Form 4 & Form 5 students



MR. McDONALD:

"My hands look like anaemic prunes."

MRS. PATTERSON:

"I can't tell you."

MATRON:

"Sickies or supporters?"

MISS FOWLER:

"If I can get here on time, so can you."

MISS MARGETTS:

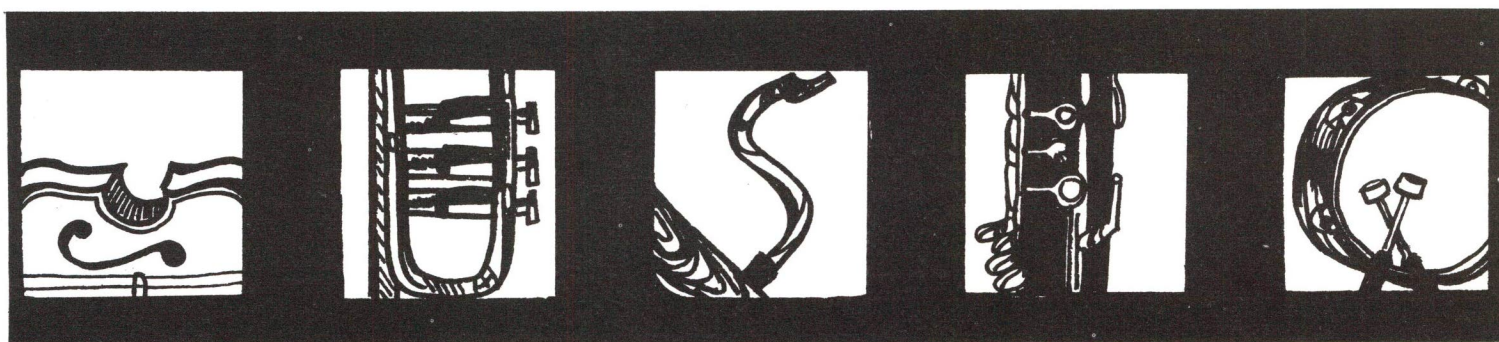
"If you haven't got your work experience form signed, you can't go."

MRS. EDWARDS:

"The person with the highest personal crime rate gets a Freddo Frog!"

MRS. LEVIN:

"Whereas the English can do it three ways, the French can only do it one way!" (referring to verbs).



Music in the air,
Music everywhere!

1982 has been a year of harmony and melody at Ruyton.

The first note was struck the minute school resumed. The music rehearsal schedules were established to incorporate the formation of many new musical groups. With the number of girls involved in music, and the general improvement in standard, it was necessary to provide a variety of musical groups to cater for everyone's needs.

The Easter Service was the first performance of music this year, and was once again very successful. The highlight was the presentation of Handel's magnificent Hallelujah Chorus. Term two commenced with Miss McRae entering the hall to the enthusiastic playing of "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain When She Comes," and "For She's A Jolly Good Fellow". The orchestra certainly displayed its versatility and the entire senior school joined in to celebrate Miss McRae's return from overseas.

Music reached a 'forte' at the wonderfully worthwhile Workshop in June. One hundred and eighty enthusiastic and aspiring musicians were involved in groups such as: the String Orchestra, class music groups, the Vocal Trio, the Clarinet Choir, the Guitar Ensemble, the Flute Ensemble, Trio (piano, clarinet and violin), the Assembly Choir, the String Quartet, the Wind Quintet and the Senior Orchestra which played the Muppet Medley with great gusto.

It is certainly very encouraging to see so many girls participating in such a variety of ways. The workshop gave proud parents an opportunity to see and hear girls of all ages and stages performing. It also provided HSC girls studying music with a public performance at which we were able to record music for our final assessment.

Following the Workshop was the annual Church Service in June. It was held at Holy Trinity, Kew and as in previous years, music played an important part. I particularly enjoyed singing "Flocks in Pastures Green" which was accompanied by a tranquil and moving flute duet.

There have been many more performances this year; pianists and small groups have performed in assembly

and at the Camberwell Music Society Youth Concert. Congratulations to the four girls who took part in the Yamaha Music Festival in July, which was held in the new Concert Hall.

To the delight of many girls, Ruyton welcomed a visiting orchestra. The Xavier Orchestra played at our assembly and in return, our orchestra will be visiting them, so that we can foster further ecumenical relationships and become better acquainted. Regretfully, music has suffered one disappointment: the concert, intended for term three, was cancelled as many girls were unable to attend a preparatory holiday camp.

In term three, a "soiree musicale" was held in the music room — an informal evening, aimed at providing H.S.C. music students with an opportunity to perform before a small audience. This was a valuable experience and helped us to prepare for our final music exam. Our annual visit to Montefiore Homes was a very worthwhile occasion. It always gives us all great pleasure to entertain an elderly audience.

Music has been very successful this year and is continually improving and expanding. As a conclusion to the year, there is, of course Speech Night: always a spectacular finale to the year. It has been an invaluable experience being Ruyton Music Captain. It is fantastic to see so many talented young musicians and I am grateful the clashes with sport are lessening. I have really enjoyed attending all the rehearsals, particularly Senior Orchestra and Trio, despite those cold winter mornings and flat instruments! But the most enjoyable aspect for me has been meeting so many more girls, particularly younger ones, who share the same interest, music!

"True friends may you find on your way". I, like so many others, was sorry to farewell Miss Cairns who left at the end of second term. Her musical involvement and sensitivity as an accompanist will be greatly missed. Thank you to all the girls and staff members who have so willingly devoted their time and efforts towards the musical life at Ruyton. My sincere thanks to Mr. Maxwell and Mrs. Edwards for their untiring efforts throughout the year, their constant encouragement and their expertise.

Best Wishes for Music '83.
Sarah Barden, Captain.



a



b



d

- A. *Senior Orchestra*
- B. *Wind Quintet*
- C. *Assembly Choir*
- D. *Music Captain — S. Barden.*
- E. *String Quartet*



e



RUYTON DRAMA CALENDAR 1982

PERFORMANCES, WORKSHOPS & THEATRE VISITS

FEBRUARY:

Moomba

'Black Theatre of Prague'

MARCH:

'The Fall of the House of Usher'

Pina Bausch

'Annie's Coming Out'

(by Salamanca Theatre Group)

APRIL:

'While We Watched'

Actathon

MAY:

1st Camberwell Festival — Face painting,

'Tally's Folly'

Liz Patterson — Drama lesson, Drama Club

JUNE:

Technical Workshop, Forms 5 & 6 (M.T.C.)

Gillian Farrelly — History of Clowning.

Performing (Forms 3, 4, 5)

'Marriage' (Guild Theatre, Melb. Uni.)

'The Changeling'

'I'll Go To Australia and Wear A Hat'

Mr. St. Ledger (Forms 2, 3, 4, 5)

Curriculum Filming (Form 3)

JULY:

'Xenophobia'

Theatre Walk

Scotch-Ruyton Play (Forms 3 & 4)

Workshop (Forms 2, 3, 4, 5)

AUGUST:

First Form Plays

House Drama

Drama Camp

SEPTEMBER:

'Vocations'

'Seadrift'

History of Puppets (D.R.C.)

THE MOOMBA DRAMA FESTIVAL



Each year Ruyton Girls participate in the Moomba Youth Drama Festival. This year we Fifth and Sixth formers developed a piece on the given theme of 'Identity'. It was performed during Moomba week on the outdoor stage at the Alexandra Gardens, as part of Free Entertainment in the Parks.

We all enjoyed working on the piece and presenting it to the audience of small children and diligent mums and dads. We certainly learned a lot about the difficulties of acting in an open space — especially on a windy day.

At one point some of the little children began to shout out to the girls on stage who responded by making the children part of the performance. This was a highlight of the day as we learnt to dissolve the barriers between performer and audience.



DRAMA

DRAMA WORKSHOP REPORT

There we all were. Admittedly we were nervous. I was frantically trying to think of a story in one of our improvisations. Improvising in front of a large audience isn't my idea of easy. We made it through our impros, which had been preceded by the drama club 'CIRCUS'.

Eighty drama students from forms 1-5 performed contrasting pieces to an appreciative audience of parents, students and off-stage performers.

Miss Leonard was twittering around backstage, yelling in whispers and occasionally falling up the stairs. Anybody hear a crash?

'The Choice', the 5th form drama piece, received varied reviews. We felt it necessary to perform something that wasn't humorous which was very difficult for some of the irrepressible comics in our class. We were relieved to achieve our aim without keeling over with laughter. Looking into the future was quite depressing. We were intending to express the monotony of conformity and its necessity in our society.

Clowing, the last of our dramatic efforts for the night, was thoroughly enjoyable as always. Gilly, a clown, was there and was probably the only person in the audience who knew what we were doing (after all she did teach us all we know ... almost).

Thanks to everybody and let's hope the night becomes a Ruyton tradition.

Kirsty Baird, 5B.

ACTATHON

After weeks of preparation for our fourth form melodrama which was to be performed for the twenty-four hour Actathon, we were greeted in the city square by a small and shifting audience of passers by.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard we tried to speak up and how much the audience which had accumulated, leaned forward to hear, somehow the roar of the city square fountain seemed to drown us out. With the difficulties of sound, we were thankful for our colourful costumes and visual effects and a story that was fairly clear because of our distinct melodramatic characters. For example Vilencio, the wicked villain; Cecilia, a beautiful but silly heroine; and Roger, her dashing hero.

Kristen Wischer, 4A.

DRAMA CLUB

This year in the Drama Club, lunchtime workshops have been great fun!

Improvisations played a major part in improving Drama Club members' skills; they also raised the general level of hilarity.

An actress, Elizabeth Patterson, came to perform two skits, both of which were very entertaining. One was about a crowd of people and the other was about a merry-go-round. The members of the Drama Club greatly appreciated Elizabeth's performance.

The Drama Club also performed in Ruyton's Drama Workshop. Our contribution was 'The Circus'. Mike St. Ledger, an English dance instructor, helped us choreograph it. With his assistance, we were able to put together an entertaining performance which included jugglers, clowns, midgets, penguins, lions, ringmasters, acrobats and a great big elephant. The audience seemed to really love it.

The Drama Club has been like a big happy family!

MAD HATTIE

Gillian Farrelly bubbled into our drama lesson, so full of laughter and bright eyed grins, she seemed like a clown already.

While applying her make-up she told us of the hours she spent to get it just right for her character. We asked about her work and the thrill she got from performing. She said the best response comes from small children who are not too inhibited to ask questions and talk to her, in her character as 'Mad Hattie'.

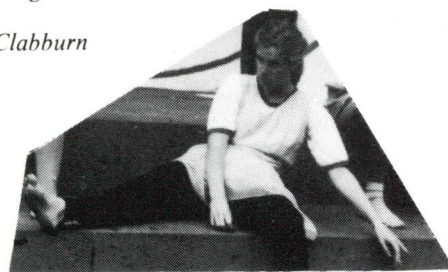
The performance showed Mad Hattie in many traumatic and emotional situations, which reflected so many things we had experienced ourselves. She exaggerated them so much that we had to laugh at them.

A most important part of being a clown is to immerse yourself 100 percent in the character. You have to become that person — facial expressions and body movements should reveal the character precisely.

After the performance, we showed her some of our clowning acts, complete with the exaggerated make-up; the dropping mouths, enormous eyes and bright pink cheeks which can transform you into a totally different person.

Gillian's make-up was simple; the costume colourful and effective. We loved her own vibrant, zany personality, as well as her 'Mad Hattie' performance. She really taught us something about the finer points of clowning.

*Kathy Tsitsanis & Anna Clabburn
4P & 4H.*



DRAMA WORKSHOP REVIEW

"That's a lovely dress."

"Oh, do you like it? . . . You can have it."

"Are you sure?"

"I insist."

A frenzied possession swapping session of abounding "generosity" teaches kindness to an astounded "Character in Creation" and an equally surprised and amused audience.

This, one of many very funny and clever moments created by drama students from forms II to V in our VERY FIRST (!) DRAMA WORKSHOP, exemplifies the originality and enjoyment stemming from both Drama Classes and the weekly Drama club meeting.

A grinning slug amid animated vegetation; cynically portrayed customers of a beauty salon; a class of girls reacting to test results; images of heaven and hell and a futuristic factory piece comprised the evening of entertainment. It was conclusively shown that Drama at Ruyton is climbing to a high standard. I hope this was the forerunner of many such enjoyable evenings.

Helen McKelvie, 6D.

DRAMA CLUB

NOUMEA

During the May holidays this year, another milestone was chalked up by Ruyton — the first overseas tour by a group of students! Yes, on May 11th, fifteen French students with Mrs. Levin and Miss Cairns, left Melbourne bound for eight days in Noumea, capital city of New Caledonia. The trip was to be both for study and pleasure, and these two aims were indeed fulfilled.

Delays at both Melbourne and Sydney airports saw a very tired group from Ruyton arrive at midnight at Noumea, and fall into bed, despite a great deal of excitement and anticipation at what might lie ahead. (In fact, the excitement had already started — the hour's bus trip from Tontouta Airport seemingly on the wrong side of the road and without any sign of a speed limit!)

The first day began with an inspection of our accommodation at "La Residence". The rooms were clean and adequate, containing a small fridge, four lumpy beds plus bathroom. Interesting discoveries included finding that the Noumeans' ideas of bath towels and our ideas of bath mats were very similar — our beach towels came into double use, and the offending bath towels were used as bath mats or hand towels.

We also discovered we had neighbours! Fort Street co-ed. school from Sydney were also staying at La Residence, though we found their ideas of a school holiday differed from ours.

Overall, we found La Residence very comfortable, and it suited our needs perfectly. We were provided with breakfast each morning (continental style). We had French breadstick, unsalted butter and jam (no plates, straight onto the table!), and jugs of coffee, hot milk and hot chocolate. Mrs. Levin dared to order a pot of tea and received an enormous pot of water ... and one Lipton's tea bag! She stuck to coffee after that. Lunch was not provided in the cost of the trip and we just bought it wherever we happened to be — in the city or by the beach.

We really had a lot of fun at La Residence hotel — especially the night we collected coco-nuts from a nearby tree. We tried to smash them on the road, not realising we had to take the husks off first. When somebody yelled at us to be quiet, we sprinted back to the hotel, with Mrs. Levin in the lead (we never knew she could run so fast!) At the hotel, we took off the husks, then went back to the road, (but in a different place) and smashed them open, led by Miss Cairns and Mrs. Levin, who had more force in their throws.

On three of the days we had one hour French lessons with our tutor Jean-Jacques, a Caldoche (born in Noumea of French parents). He helped us enormously to overcome our insecurities as far as conversing in French was concerned. By the end of the eight days, we were really quite fluent. We made ourselves talk in French with the locals, the hotel staff and the shopkeepers as much as possible.

It was fascinating to study the customs of the Noumeans — kissing on both cheeks was an easy habit to pick up! We were enchanted by the colour-

ful native dresses and by the children, who were delightful, and so happy to pose for our many cameras as we would "faire le clic clic".

Duty-free shopping was a source of wonderment for the majority of us who had never been overseas before. We bought wonderful French perfumes, silk scarves and all kinds of other luxury items. How quickly we got used to shop signs like "confiserie" (sweet shop), "boulangerie" (bakery), or "papeterie" (stationers).

One of the tours provided with the trip was to a native feast at Ploom-sur-mer, by the sea. This is a meal prepared by Melanesians, where the meat, sweet potatoes and other vegetables are wrapped in leaves and baked in the ground. As well as the meal, we were entertained by the natives, who danced and sang. Their leader taught us how to tie a large rectangle of material into several different styles of dress, using one of our girls as his shapely model!

On Saturday morning we visited Amedee Lighthouse, which was on a small native island off the coast of Noumea. We arrived cold and wet after a rough boat trip to a tiny, picturesque island of gleaming white sands, clear blue sky, transparent water and palms swaying in the breeze. Needless to say we sunbaked, had trips in the glass bottom boat investigating the nearby coral reefs, and climbed to the top of the lighthouse. Walking round the island, we practised our French with anyone who would oblige! During a lunch of raw fish, unusual salads and the familiar baguettes, we were entertained by a Melanesian trio and a dancing girl. However, the highlight of the trip was seeing Mrs. Levin trying to extricate herself from a small rowboat. Unfortunately, she and the boat had conflicting ideas about direction. The result was the nearest attempt Mrs. Levin has had at doing the splits underwater!

The next day, Sunday, saw some of us rise at 6a.m. to visit the native market in the city, which was very colourful. Some of the fruit was strange to us, but we tried it and enjoyed it immensely. Another small group went to the Cathedral and attended the 9a.m. Mass. It was a most beautiful service in French.

The night-life was really exciting. One evening we all walked several miles (there and back!) to a disco. On the balmy nights, we sipped endless cups of coffee on the verandah of one of the beach side hotels as we watched the world go by!

We were very sad to farewell our Noumean friends. Kissing the way they do of course, it took twice as long as normal! However, finally we packed all our luggage into the bus and headed for Tontouta airport, for last minute duty-free shopping and all the business of customs declarations, passport checks, etc.

As we ate our U.T.A. meal of quail in aspic and French pastries, Miss Cairns spent a lot of time talking to the handsome stewards, practising her French no doubt!

We thoroughly recommend that you continue French — it could be you next time!

NOUMEA

CAMPS

BONNIE DOON CAMP

After a pleasant bus trip, we arrived at the Starglen Ranch, Bonnie Doon at lunch time on Tuesday. Upon arrival we firstly selected our bunks, and then looked around the ranch and admired the surrounding countryside.

On Wednesday morning, activities commenced. These included yabbing, volley-ball, tennis, horseriding and rides on the flying fox. At first, the horse riding was restricted to a rink in preparation for the trail ride later in the day.

Orienteering and another trail ride occupied our time on Thursday.

Two movies (The Poseidon Adventure and The Spy Who Loved Me) were shown on the Wednesday and Thursday nights.

The food on the camp was lovely, but at times there just did not seem to be enough of it!!!

Kate Coleman, 3L



HORSERIDING CAMP AT LEOPOLD

Equestrian Events

9.30am: Mini bus trip, left Ruyton still half asleep. Everyone gained a few pounds (due to lolly overdose).

12.30pm: Beryl the cook, arrived in time to give us our first hearty meal (pink-skinned hot dogs).

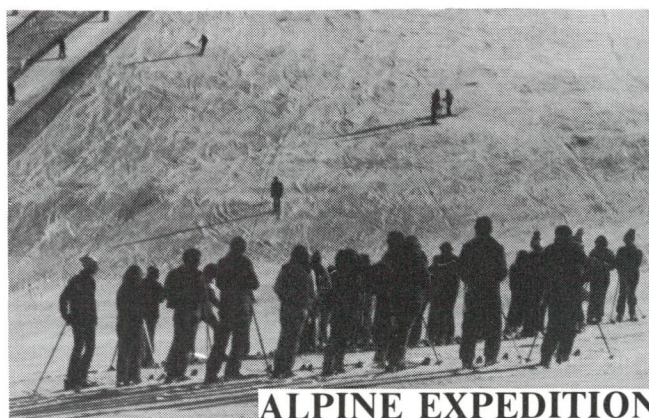
1.30pm: A tacking and grooming demo. was given by the instructress, Sue. Then we were allotted our particular "Silvers" and we were off like "The Lone Ranger." By the end of the hour, both Sue's group and Belinda's group were suffering from dormant derrieres!

10.30pm: Suffering from frost-bite and with our winter woollies on, we turned our heels for home (our unheated bungalows). There we studied for the dreaded science test (aid needed from Miss Andrews). Miss Andrews and Miss Etty-Leal's yelling voices were a good substitute for our "EON-FM" radio station (which was dearly missed!).

6.30am: Carol's octopus video game alarm sounded (half an hour early) and woke everyone, except Carol.

7.45am: Out into the freezing cold paddocks of Leopold we tramped. To bring the horses charging up towards the stables, for their beloved oats, we imitated Sue's horrific "C'mon!" Thus began another day.

Carol Taylor, Fiona Macdonald, 3F.



ALPINE EXPEDITION

We left Ruyton in the cold dawn of Tuesday 13th July, for the wild, back and beyond regions of Victoria's bleak Alps — Mt. Buller. The bus passed our close scrutiny with flying colours and our journey to Mt. Buller passed without hazard.

Once we arrived at Mt. Buller we hired skis at Molony's and received our tow tickets. Each day we had a ski lesson. We were divided into groups of a manageable size, according to ability. Once in our groups, we headed towards the snowy slopes (snow, what snow?). There we spent two gruelling hours under the perceptive eye of our instructor. The instruction however, proved most helpful. I think by the end of the week, most people felt they had improved and were slightly closer to the goal of having "a la groovy" style!

Before and after our lesson we had free skiing time which was punctuated by refreshment stops at Kofflers. We assembled back at Molony's each day for a barbeque lunch that was satisfying to even the most fastidious stomach. There is not much speculation necessary about the Alzburg Inn food. It was "typical camp food", but quite soon we found ourselves (dare I say it?) even getting to like it.

Tip of the week: Never attempt to eat pork chops that resemble a rubber tyre in taste and texture!

Although the ski runs were not as abundantly covered with snow as hoped, we became quite expert at dodging the jagged rocks and tundra — like grass tufts that sprang up regularly without warning.

Our bus left the car park at about 4.30pm each day for Mansfield. Many people returned to the car park via the new Horse Hill chairlift.

We stayed at Alzburg Inn, an ex-convent in Mansfield. We slept in bunks in rooms of about six to eight. Once you were rugged up in many blankets, you didn't really notice the evil chills that haunted the rooms. Entertainment at night varied: films, T.V., sauna and spa (very nice!).

On behalf of everyone who went on the Buller camp, I would like to thank those who helped make it a success and who put up with our mad antics throughout the week: Miss Jelbart, Miss Beggs, Mrs. Lees, Mr. Pollard and Mrs. Backhouse. I had a wonderful and memorable trip and I sincerely hope the camp will be repeated next year.

N.B. A group of weary, yet unscathed travellers under the assumed name of Ruyton Back and Beyond Alpine Explorers, returned to Ruyton at 4.45pm on Friday 16th July, after accomplishing yet another victorious expedition.

Sasha Stepan, 3F.

FIRST FORM

SILENCE

*When you're snug in bed at night,
Dreaming of things of flight or
fright,*

*Do you ever wonder why
Silence is timid and quite shy?
Silence is at her zenith when
She's up in a spruce or down in a
glen.*

*Folk of the grass and of wild fern,
Fairies of clover and the old Grecian
urn,*

*Sprites of wind and elves of young
firs;*

*These and others are certainly hers
As company each and every day.
The folk of Elfland in every way,
Are friends of hers and of the un-
iverse.*

*But some people say there is a curse,
And that is why we hardly hear
Silence, who is so near and dear.
When you're asleep and dreams fill
your head,*

*You notice that you're not in your
bed.*

*You're far away in the enchanting
realm,
With Silence and her friends at the
helm.*

*And then if you wake with the com-
ing of dawn,
And see the dew drops on the lawn,
You lie and listen to the world
around you,*

*But fail to hear anything except a few
Little sounds of nature itself,
And of the clock upon your shelf.*

Kelly Hutchinson, 1C

THE FORM ONE CAMP

In March the form one girls were taken to Bonnie Doon for our camp. We stayed on a farm near Lake Eildon for four days, all of which were sunny and warm. Some of the activities we undertook during our stay were orienteering, yabbing, gold panning, bushwalking, horse-riding and swimming and we also had cleaning duties to carry out. In the evening we would gather round for a sing-song and supper. One evening we saw a film and on the last night we had a play night in which we entertained the teachers! The meals were yummy and plentiful, in fact we had four a day! All in all we had a fantastic time and hope that the following Form 1 camps are just as successful.

Linda Brown, 1S

THE SKY

*I lie on my back and stare and gaze
At the sky which seems surrounded
with haze.*

*I think a black cloud means there's
rain,*

*But then the white one comes again.
The blue sky is what I like best,
It means the sun will shine 'till rest.
The birds will sing, the flowers will
bloom*

*As I lie quietly in my room.
Different colours that pass me by,
I really wonder, what is the sky?*

Lucinda Hutton 1S

WINTER WITCH

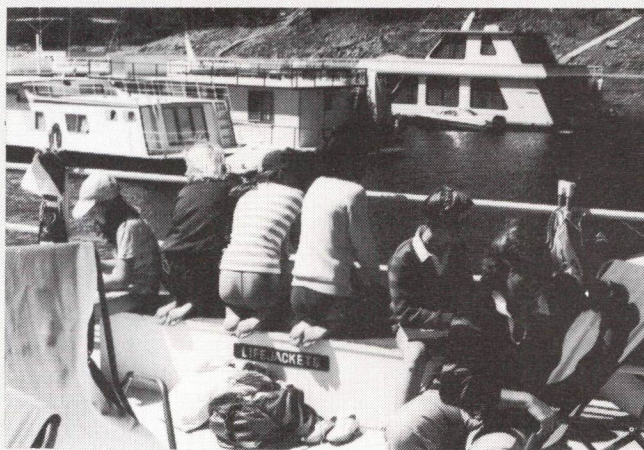
*Cold icy person;
White frosty hair;
Silver lined cloak;
She flies through the air.
White frosty lips;
Cold frozen nose;
Icy cold fingers;
And icy cold toes.
Her job is to spring
On the people below,
WINTER — all icy
With rain, sleet and snow.*

Judith Penrose, 1S

AFTER THE RAIN

*I wonder when the rain will pass,
And I'm outside at last.
Splashing through the wet, wet puddles,
Try to make them look like bubbles.
Looking high and looking low,
To see if I can find a glow.
A glow of sunshine through the clouds,
Like a wandering dog through the crowds.
And all the plants look fresh and warm,
Just as though they are newly born.
With every flower-face washed quite clean,
And every leaf a greener green.
Why all the gardens seem to look,
Like pictures in a picture book.
I also see a rainbow high,
With all the birds just fluttering by.
Oh yes indeed I'm sure it looks
Like children's coloured picture book.*

Fleur Fraser, 1S



MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

I held my mother's hand as we walked down the long corridor. Dappled sunlight from the large windows fell to the floor. I was not crying — I did not cry then or after; I was too overawed. All I could feel was suppressed nervousness and excitement.

My mother opened a door on the right — all the classrooms in that warm, golden corridor were on the right — and I left the comfort of my mother for a newer one. A lady bent over me. Dark, straight hair fell all around my face and a kindly voice asked my name. I tried to look miserable, (it was the done thing to do if your mother was leaving you), but all I could feel was pride at having pinned to my dress, a little badge which bore a frolicking lamb and my name. Yes! My name — Nicky!

"Goodbye," I said to my mother, and ran forward into the new environment.

Nicky Stachorski, 2L



SECOND FORM

FROLICS IN THE NIGHT

"Goodnight Mum," my two younger sisters and I said together. We all share a room together; it's mainly a light green, pink and white colour. It's very elegant and quite spacious. We all snuggled into our beds, wished each other goodnight and I **tried** to get to sleep.

I peeped at my two sisters across the room. Yes, they were safe; they were asleep. The clock struck 10pm so I squeezed my eyes together tightly and tried to count sheep. No, it was no use, I just could not get to sleep. As midnight drew nearer, I pulled my green doona almost right over my face, just so my eyes and hair were showing.

"Ding ding ding . . ." It was twelve o'clock!

The great big, long windows near my bed began to shake! The curtains and blinds flung open, then the heavy windows began to slide up!

Would I be able to escape the figures which frolic in the night, this time?

All I could do was lie in bed motionless, not knowing what to do except stare at the windows. A tremendous shiver went right down my spine; I couldn't seem to move at all!

A whistling wind began to stir around me. There was a faint howling in the background, which sounded similar to a desperate wolf or dingo!

Misty figures began drifting in our bedroom; there were about eight of them hovering round and round my bed, laughing and chanting in ghost language. Why weren't they drifting round my two sisters' beds? Why were they only hovering around mine?

There was a simple solution. My sisters were both fast asleep but I was wide awake.

I kept yelling and yelling but I knew it was no use. The figures kept drifting, laughing and singing; continuing their dinner party! They couldn't hear or see me at all! They were practically suffocating me now. I couldn't breathe anymore.

I suddenly snapped into a deep sleep. In the morning, I sat up cautiously, looking around me. I must have been having a terrible nightmare last night because just before I had snapped into a deep sleep, there were lots of empty wine glasses lying around, but now there was no sign of them!

Little did I know that was how I got to sleep every night; it's just a little fantasy of mine; another way of counting sheep!

P.S. Yesterday when Mum was vacuuming under my bed, she found an empty wine glass (I wonder!)

Fiona Candy, 2S

HSC



The mood was work on the H.S.C. camp! The opportunity for prolonged workshop and scientific experiments was grasped and momentum gained for the rest of the year. Evenings were spent luxuriating in sleeping bags for screenings of various educational films, and working days were punctuated with dips in the pool, trampolining and rambles in the surrounding countryside.

HSC COMMITTEES

SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE

Jo Melick, Katie Watkin, Andrea Sallmann, Rosanne Hoadley, Pam Evans, Sarah Barden, Ann Foster, Di Watts, Alex Shepherd, Allison Hatton.

H.S.C. CENTRE COMMITTEE

Andrea Sallmann, Nadine Bush, Lisa Clarke, Jane Lewis, Lydia Condos, Penny Watson, Felicity Goodes, Jennie Leith, Cass McKenzie, Clare Molnar, Mandy Parry-Okeden, Jenny Rowlatt.

RUYTONIAN COMMITTEE

Min Sharp, Kathy Cox, Nicki White, Luise Barnett, Penny Watson, Jane Lewis, Clare Molnar, Helen McKelvie, Susie McFarlane, Penny Hunt.

POUND COMMITTEE

Lindy Leggo, Kerry Simonds, Lisa Angell, Mary Leptos, Tamie Revill, Alex Shepherd.

DANCE COMMITTEE

Annie McIntyre, Val Porter, Katie Watkin, Georgie Guthrie, Kirsty Hull, Lidia Gertig, Lisa Durran, Kathy Cox, Nicki White, Helen McKelvie, Virginia Price, Gabby Jacobs, Pip Mackey.

MUSIC COMMITTEE

Sarah Barden, Rosemary Johns, Sue Braithwaite, Felicity Balmer, Jo Melick, Karen Lees, Allison Hatton.

REPRESENTATIVES

Prep — Trish Fraser, Karen Lees
P2 — Caroline Hanson, Alex Shepherd
P3 — Allison Hatton, Jennie Leith.



sniff! Sarah - I'm not yellow! I'm green! Karen - la, la, la... Hey Mickey! Kas Cox - Fair

Ace! Tamie - Aw rick orf! I've gotta do my work! Jo - What's the formula

I know. Nadine - I know this guy... Lydia - Spencer this, Spencer

his point of view. Rosemary - I do-o-o-o-n't think so! Mary - Gee

could at least laugh! Boo - Don't I know you from some-

It was funny at the time! Felicity G. - Oh rose, thou

When I'm trying to make a joke you

won't catch a bad guy. Look at it from

Damn attractive. Mandy - Actually, you're wrong.

so-o-o dumb. Helen - Well then, your name must be

He's a real spunk! Sam - I've never had a scratch and

Min - ... huh... sorry... what? Sueie - No way those! Caroline - Did you see that guy.

took me six and a half minutes to get to school this morning! Pip - I'm

pick you up. Kathy B. - You'll love him. He's a be-a-u-tiful person. Val -

That makes me sick. Felicity B. - What's a München? Sue B. - Hitler

hungry! Trish - I'm not tall; it's only my 3 inch heels! Nicki -

check my pumpkins. Rosanne - Beauty! Andrea - I left

art sick! Cassandra - Just

be wonderful! Jenny R. - What's

your problem? Jenny L. -

What? Me? Virginia - I did

that last week. Jane - What's

this? Pam - Shut the door!

* START HERE ➔

QUOTES

Lisa A. - I'm sick of boys, they
annoy me.
Lisa D. - That's disgusting!
George - Is my hair still orange?
Annie - They were so cool!
baah! Anne F. - Good Morning!
Sarah B. - Gymbado crash, boom,
one book! I only took 18! Lindy -
When I'm trying to make a joke you



Melanie Hayward 15

RUYTON FAMILY ALBUM



1982



(LIFTOUT CENTREFOLD)

MRS. NICHOLLS:

"Is your hand up or are you just pulling at your wisps?"

"Be quiet wench/rabble/wretched creatures!"

MRS. HEFTER:

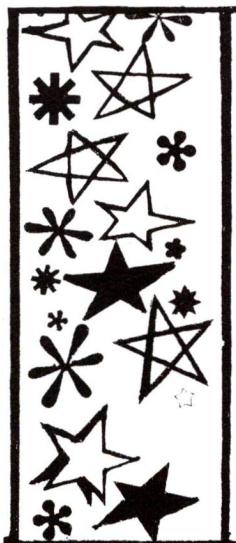
"It's purely and simply a difference of two squares."

MR. POLLARD:

"Um . . . er . . . in fact . . ."

"We can go to town on this one!"

"If you hit me I'll say 'ouch'!"



MRS. BARRAH:

"Attention girls!" (prior to every broadcast!)

(on the H.S.C. exams) "You're in a race with 24,000 others."

MRS. McKINNON:

"I know this is boring, but it will get better later on."

MRS. PATMORE:

"If you're all going to be so silly, you can do Australian History by correspondence!"



CHAMELEON

"This year's snow season looks as though it's going to be great," I said, in genuine excitement.

"Yeah. I can't wait either," she said, trying to look as though she was just as eager and excited as I. She seemed to think that it didn't matter that she had never been to the snow or that she didn't know anything about skiing; so began her pretence.

"I've been looking around for some ski gear. I saw some really great Rossignol skis with Tyrolia bindings. They're really good: aren't they?" Her question was really for approval, not advice.

"I really think it's a bit hasty to spend hundreds of dollars buying gear. You never know; you might hate the snow." I commented, trying to make my point subtly.

"But I know I'll love it". Her emphasis was obvious and so was her new character. She wanted to be 'one of the gang', and so tried her hardest to be accepted, to the point of being very stubborn.

I knew that I couldn't talk any sense into her, about this subject. She wouldn't listen. Her mind was made up. She was going to risk being thought of as stubborn, just for acceptance.

She is not unique. These artificial characters exist, undiscovered by many; those who do uncover their secret are astonished by their versatility. Although she goes unnoticed by many, some are able to see her numerous false exteriors, but are unable to uncover her true self.

SHE

I've never seen her face to face, yet I know her. She is childlike and playful. Joy, youth and enthusiasm seem to stream from her as if she were a bird of paradise or a mysterious nameless flower.

Mostly she lurks in the shadows, emerging brilliantly, then darting back to a place of security.

She is praised for her honesty — I know she lies. Everybody likes her, but I don't.

For years I laboured to be like her, to achieve the ideal: her likeness. Instead my admiration turned to jealousy, and with time, to spite. I hated her, I wanted to destroy the illusion, to reveal the person behind the mask.

Yet my hope of piercing the exterior soon diminished. She didn't want to be brought out of her protective shell. It kept her warm, shut out chill reality.

Her world of dreams sustains her and entrances her friends; like moths around a light in the darkness.

They never realised that the light was just an illusion; darkness the reality.

Michelle Collier, 5D.

She is well adapted to modern life, though her adaptation is excellent in one sense and a shame in another. She can blend in with any scenery, no matter how varied it may be and lives her life as a different person for each different environment. Informed, exciting, dull, intelligent, stupid, humorous, different, one of the crowd; is she just one person?

She cannot think for herself. The environment she is temporarily inhabiting greatly influences her thoughts, views and decisions. Short-lived trends in her varied surroundings are echoed by her appearance, views and actions. That's it: she is an echo. She echoes trends, others' views and complete lifestyles.

Maybe it's because she wants to be liked, or even to be accepted, who knows?

Days will pass when she is only one person, with one complete set of values and actions, and then, as if a switch has been flicked inside her brain, she changes and becomes a completely different person. The change is catalysed by a change of environment, complete with new values, appearances and actions.

It is in this way that she can adapt, to slot into any gap that appears in any society.

The way she adapts to the many different aspects of society is indeed an astonishing trait.

Is she an echo? No, there's more to her, than that.

Is she just **one** person? No.

She is a chameleon.

Sam Marshall, 6P

AUSTRALIAN MATHS COMPETITION FOR THE WALES AWARD

This year, 145 Ruyton girls entered the competition and of these, 22 gained distinctions, and a further 62 received credit certificates.

We have been pleased with the interest stimulated by the competition and look forward to even better results next year.

The following girls obtained distinctions, placing them in the top 10% of entrants in the state.

SENIOR DIVISION

	Year
Joanne Melick	12
Catherine Stewart	11
Lucy Hase	11

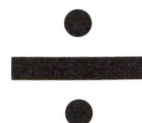
INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

	Year
Joanne Waldron	10
Claire Ferguson	9
Pedita Rowe	9
Meredith McKelvie	9
Sally Menzies	9
Lisa White	9
Jane Wauchope	9



JUNIOR DIVISION

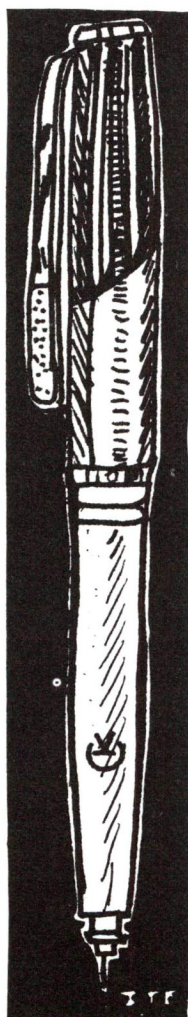
	Year
Ingrid Hall	8
Marjorie Kaminev	8
Kirsty Simpson	8
Emma Stone	8
Katharine McLeish	8
Jacqueline Elkins	7
Pauline Taylor	7
Louise Adamson	7
Fiona Cowie	7
Amanda Sproule	7
Karin Francis	7



THE GOETHE POETRY COMPETITION, 1982

A number of girls from Forms 5 and 6 entered the competition this year.

Unfortunately, the results were not available in time to appear in the Ruytonian.



ALLIANCE FRANCAISE COMPETITION, 1982

Results of the Alliance Francaise Competition (Forms 1-4) were not available in time for publication.

FORM 5:

Diana Barnes:

Very Honorable Mention — Poetry, Reading, Conversation.

Fiona Cowl:

Very Honorable Mention — Poetry, Reading, Conversation.

Lucy Hase:

Very Honorable Mention — Language Test

Honorable Mention — Listening Comprehension.

Gill Hefter:

Honorable Mention — Language Test.

Michaela Pratt:

Very Honorable Mention — Language Test.

Nadia Sartori:

Very Honorable Mention — Listening Comprehension.

HSC:

Sarah Barden:

Very Honorable Mention — Poetry, Reading, Conversation.

Luise Barnett:

Very Honorable Mention — Poetry, Reading & Conversation, Listening Comprehension.

Felicity Goodes:

Very Honorable Mention — Language Test.

Honorable mention — Poetry, Reading & Conversation, Language Test.



FOCUS

Focus in 1982, has boomed in membership, enabling the group to widen its activities both inside and outside the School. Focus' activities are varied. We either have a bible study or discuss something of concern, during our weekly gatherings. We also perform plays, sing songs and occasionally have a guest speaker. Sue Harvey, School co-captain in 1981, and Russell Dowrie, St. Hilary's Youth Director, both were very interesting guest speakers during the year and we all learnt a great deal from them.

We were delighted to be invited to two fellowship nights held at M.L.C. During these evenings, groups from Ruyton, Trinity and M.L.C. enjoyed activities such as swimming and squash. Everybody had an enjoyable time, and we were again pleasantly surprised to be invited to an inter-School Christian Bush Dance held at Carey in Term 2, which was a lot of fun.

Focus in 1982 has been very active and all members have learnt more about Christianity and have had lots of fun and enjoyment in fellowship.

Allison Hatton, 6D

JUNIOR FOCUS

We think Focus is ace. We come along to Focus with our lunch. Mrs. Day runs it and we have a lot of fun. We do puzzles, plays, posters and games. Some of them are "Focussy", some of them aren't.

Myffy, Lucinda, Annabelle and the others in Junior Focus.

MRS. STUCKEY:

"We'll never get the work done."

(after an explanation) "Can you see that?"

MRS. KIMBERLEY:

*(Commenting on girls' stomach rumbles)
"I think you're all allergic to thinking."*

MISS BEGGS:

"I'll give you a chocolate frog!"

MISS HOLMES:

"Are you girls really playing tennis or is this a joke?"

MRS. DAY:

"Right girls. You've got five minutes. Colour in the three maps, read Chapter 10 and do the questions on Page 49."

MRS SEATON:

"Don't want tans, don't want sin, don't want secs".



"THE RUYTON GREAT AFFAIR — 1983"

On March 5th, 1983, Ruyton will again hold its triennial Affair. The Ruyton community will be raising money to help the school expand into its newly acquired property at 88 Wellington Street.

Those who recall the Ruyton fairs of 1977 and 1980, will no doubt look forward to the 1983 extravaganza, with its wide range of stalls, activities and festive events which combine to make it a fine family outing.

So don't forget this all important date — March 5th, 1983 — "The Ruyton Great Affair"!

DISCUSSION AT BREAKFAST



I stirred my coffee and turned the page;
World News:
Malcolm Fraser, the Falklands and Iran
And yet another picture of the bomb.
Hyde Park — destroyed.
The bloody horses
and distraught observers, staring at the bomb torn street.

I dropped my toast, accidentally,
And where the butter had smeared,
The page was translucent.
(one mangled body wore a used car ad.)
Twisting my fork in my scrambled eggs,
I stared at the photo
And looking closely, I could see
Small, black dots — hundreds of them,
Which formed shades and shapes
And hairy legs and bones and skin
Which made up the picture
Of some distant scene
Of some distant country
Of some distant occurrence.

Isn't it awful, she said
And I agreed.
And then, to show how much I cared,
I sat down and wrote another letter to the papers.

H.S.C. Student.

ACTION

Wash your neck! Wash your ears! Crew cut - never needs combing. Grab foul, filling food and find a place to scoop it down; then wait. Wait in the gloom, head down. Don't face the world.

There's no need to, because before long it will come and hit you anyway. You'll be out of the dimness. You'll be thrown for a few brief moments into the running-shouting-charging. The light and dust and heat will burst. Whether you want to face it or not, you will. So why bother pretending it isn't there, in the monotony?

The others seem to. They drink, smoke, laugh and feel. It hides their fear, puts a brittle skin of happiness on what must lie in all of them or nearly all of them. Some want to be here. They know there's a country to die for! The rest, who follow, know there should be a country to die for, there must be something to die for. Or perhaps not to die — only to be mutilated — to return "victorious". Of course they are prepared to die, they reason. That's why they sing! To reassure themselves. The louder they sing the drunker they get, the stronger grows the skin against uncertainty and fear.

But they'll be thrown into the light — then the skin will crack, the fear will burst and all decisions will be made. Who makes them: the General — God — or do they? Anyway, they will be made and their reasoning will be tested.

Decisions are made, given, taken and accepted. There is no choice. Results are made, given, taken and accepted. There is no choice. But if there were? Would it be the same? Would there be escape?

A cry has run through: "Action!" A whoop of joy for "Action!" Gather your things for "Action!" Check your bayonet for "Action!" Take a last look at yourself before "Action!" Slap your mate on the back before "Action!"

March! Salute! In the trenches, lined, ready, those skins begin to crack. Sun beats, sweat glistens; is it fear or just the heat? The tension has mounted, the fear has burst through. It is strung and ready to fly. They don't understand that there was no point in hiding it in the first place.

Having accepted all this in the gloom, the light of reality didn't blind me. I knew it would happen and had accepted it. Calmly, I turned, and ran the other way. The screams of death, pointless death were behind me. Or were they in front?

Kristen Wischer, 4H

REQUIEM FOR A HERMIT

I drove quickly past the burnt out remains of the hovel that housed the 34th death this year by domestic heating appliances, remembering only faintly, how he waved every afternoon as I sped past. In preoccupied motion I would smile vaguely and remember to wave only when it was too late.

He would turn his back (I would look in my rear vision mirror). Hunched sorrowfully, he would hobble back to the old crate he had studiously placed at the edge of the road. He sat: waiting I suppose, for some other manacled mind to wave unseeing.

OF GUILT INQUISITIVE

I stopped, praising myself for my thoughtful charity. Full of the joy of my benevolent gesture, I walked to his crate.

"Hello", I said (rather simply), noticing the greyish, yellow folds of skin around the watery blur of blue eyes. Repulsed by ingrained dirt of a thousand years, yet satisfied by my ability to "reach out" to this unfortunate, I held my breath (perceiving how my nose prickled at the stench of old wine), and came quite close to him.

"It gets mighty lonely here", he whispered through cracked lips — hesitant, cautious.

"Yes . . ." absent mindedly, worried by the time; I had to dine at 7.00pm.

"You live around here?" apologetically.

"Yes . . ." I really did have to leave. I thanked him for his company, hoping that this would recall obviously repressed modes of etiquette — after all I didn't have to stop.

I walked briskly to my car — indignant.

"Hey girlie — for you."

I turned: found a rose — old, fully blown, brown at the edges, stretched out at the end of knotted, stubby hands.

I cried that night for a man, lonely and scorned, eager to love in his old age.

WAKE FOR SELF

I did not even know his name until the radio announcer crudely interfered with my morning oblivion.

Angry. I drove past the ashes — irritated by the blinding tears that splashed on my hand.

He died today: 4th August, 1982.

Mr. Williams left no known relatives.

His body lies in the forensic department of Police Headquarters.

H.S.C. Student.

BEING FOURTEEN

Scene opens in the bedroom. The floor is strewn with clothing. On the walls are two pictures; both of a grey horse. An alarm clock goes off, an arm emerges from under a brown doona and bashes several times on the table before contact is made with the alarm clock.

MUM (pokes her head through door): Celia dear, get up.

CELIA: Right Mum! (leaves dressed, through door into kitchen). Bye Mum! Must go, got orchestra. Home at about 6.00 (leaves in a hurry).

MUM: What about your lunch? (is left addressing thin air).

Celia is seen dashing to a train station. Leaps aboard train as it's just leaving.

INSIDE TRAIN:

JANE: Celia, over here!

CELIA: Hi!

JANE: I've got an Indonesian test. Can you test me on the fourth column?

CELIA: What does terlalu mahal mean? (Dialogue fades out.)

Orchestra practice is under way. Sasha, Celia's best friend, is seen sneaking in late, violin case in hand.

CELIA: Ten out of ten for punctuality Sasha!

SASHA: Thanks Celia, hey, have you got the music? The dog chewed mine! Oh, by the way; is your A string in tune?

LATER IN CLASS

SASHA: Have you done the Geog? Can I borrow your answers? I'll swap you for my Science ones.

CELIA: Are you seeing Simon tonight?

SASHA: No, Mum kicked up a fuss. She says I spend more time with him than I do on my homework. How's Mark?

CELIA: He's O.K. We went down Punty Lane on the weekend.

SASHA: Did he try anything?

CELIA: Every trick in the book!

JANE: What are you two gabbling about?

CELIA and SASHA: Simon and Mark!

JANE: The way you two talk about those horses anyone would think they're human!

AT HOME: Celia is sprawled on her bed, talking on the phone.

CELIA: Hi Sal! How's Darren?

SAL: (from offstage) Oh, it's not Darren anymore, it's Timothy. Daz and I decided we just weren't it!

CELIA: I thought you couldn't stand Tim.

SAL: Well I couldn't, but it was either him or James. Well! You've met James!

CELIA: Yeah! Hey, but what about Spaz!

SAL: Sebastian! You've got to be joking! He carries on like a real pork chop! He's honestly too busy loving himself to even notice anyone else!

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Radio is on full blast. Celia is seen hidden under her doona with a thriller in hand, totally engrossed. She is munching on an apple at the same time. Lights fade. Music fades also.

Ruth Linnane, 3F.

BEING FOURTEEN IN THE YEAR 2000

Student R112 is reading her timetable. Geography is next at 1600 hours. She types out the key word in basic language on her personal class computer and within micro-seconds a world map is flashed on the screen. A nondescript voice drones: "Welcome, students of the universe, wherever you are from the X axis to the Y axis. You are tuned into the "Computgeog" session 3170. The title today is "Should school children be banned from carrying nuclear hand pistols for personal protection?" Press button 0.71 to continue."

Student R112 presses the pause button instead and types out a note in code form, to student R113, her friend.



DIALOGUE

R112 — This is a comput-bore. I hope hand weapons aren't banned because we use ours all the time against the neighbours.

R113 — I hope so too. By the way, have you ordered your lunch? The computer suggests macro-bionic Mork food and silicon chips.

R112 — That sounds good, I'll order the same. How do you like our new uniform?

R113 — What new uniform? My computer's had a breakdown so I haven't heard the latest. Describe it.

R112 — The usual metal shoes with press-studs, orange lycra weave socks, but we've all got a new all-in-one gold suit with blue trimmings and a new anti-supervision device!

R113 — How fantastic! I've heard Trinity are going cosmic too!

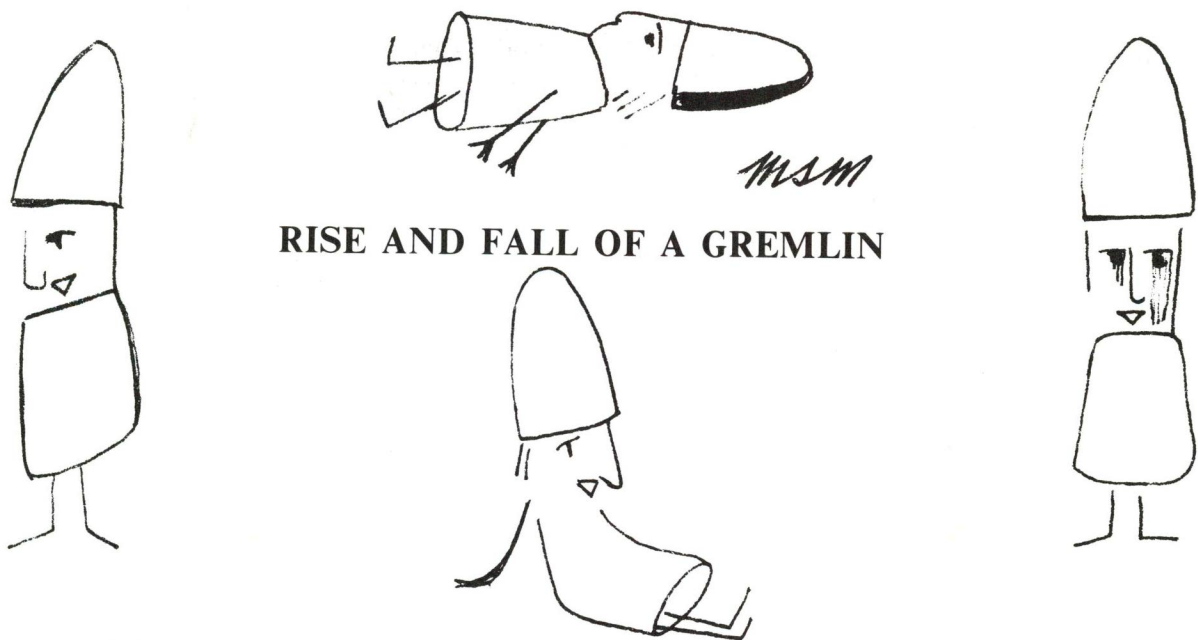
R112 — Really? What do you think about Trinity No. T202, the one with metallic streaked hair?

R113 — I think he's a macro-spunk!

Suddenly, there is a loud blast and the nondescript voice of the computer says:

"This is comput-geog. You have tuned out for too many macro-seconds! Press button 0.613 to continue or you will be reported to the bionic boss, Metally McRae and your nuclear hand weapon will be confiscated!"

Sasha Stepan, 3F.



RISE AND FALL OF A GREMLIN

Who do you blame? Is it God the Almighty Creator who towers above us with folded arms, hurling down bolts of lightning? Or the whimsical dancing shadow to be burdened with your problems? Maybe just all people in general, only ever interested in "number one?" Does your life sound like a continuous headache commercial? The problem and solution are both so simple — a universal scapegoat — "Gremlins".

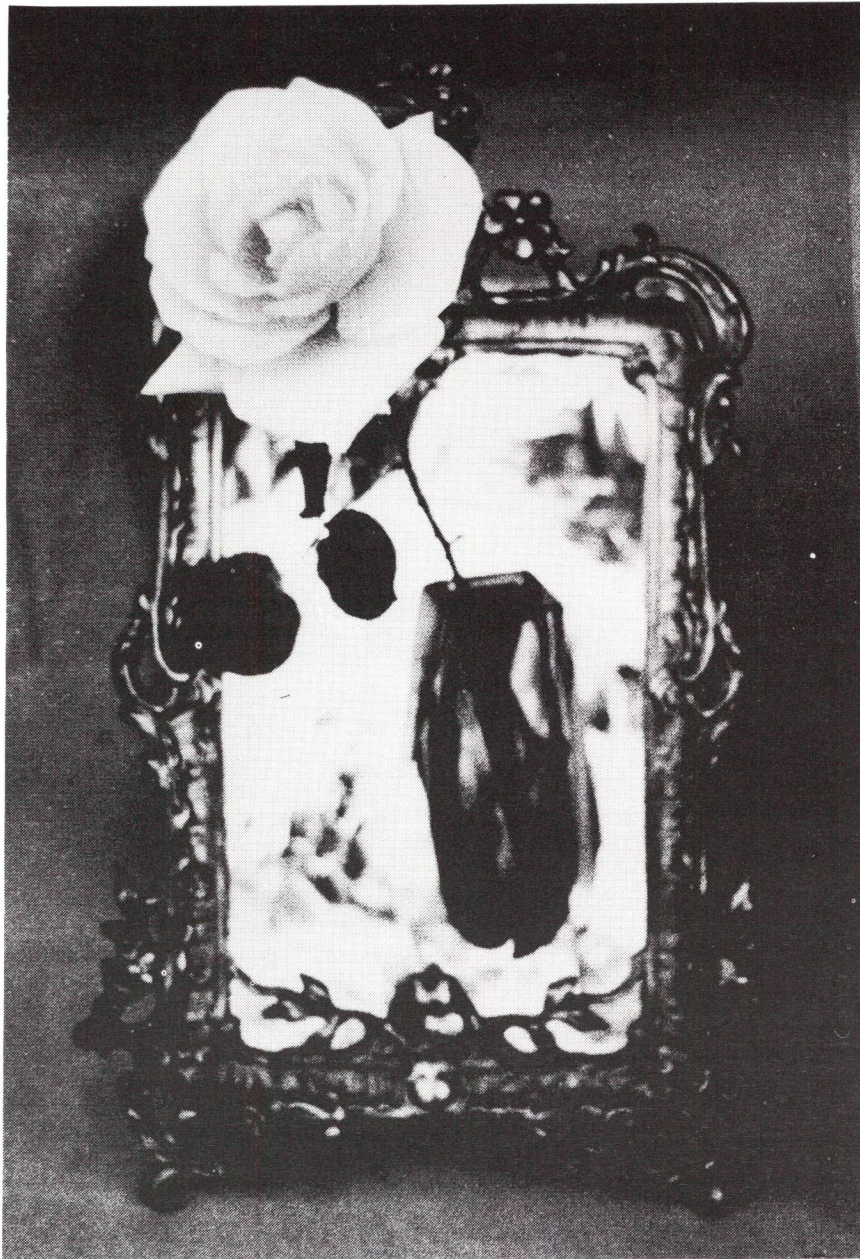
"Ahh, Gremlins," reply the worldly few. "Aren't they the creatures that live under bread and butter plates or inhabit the holes in pencil sharpeners?" With a sigh I settled myself deeper into my chair, wondering how these people could have such narrow ideas. It is not possible to obtain a clearly defined picture of a Gremlin; they are far too elusive for that, but it has been established that they are omnipresent, omniscient but not quite omnipotent. The main problem is that there is no factual proof as to the appearance and behaviour of these creatures, for one has never actually been seen, yet we have all felt their presence. You may have had the feeling that a small creature has fled seconds before you arrived, although hunting around uncovers not even a trace of hair to prove its presence.

However, it has been commonly agreed that Gremlins are the cause of all our trivial harassments and of such petty things as have a snowballing effect, resulting in disaster at the worst possible time. You can predict a Gremlin will appear when you are going for an important job interview. Imagine being on a tram when a faint chuckling starts. You look around wildly, and with a sinking heart, realize your stiletto heel has become wedged in the struts of the tram floor. After several inconspicuous jerks — to no avail — you desperately throw all your effort into the next jerk which just happens to coincide with the tram making a rapid stop. Heel and shoe part company and your liberated body travels the length of the tram and ends in the collision of your nose with the driver's door. The offending nose bleeds resolutely over your white shirt and, through watering eyes and running make-up, you see the tram sail past your stop.

Gremlins thrive on this sort of entertainment. They become almost intoxicated with the mischief they have caused and become increasingly ambitious in their choice of target. You will, of course, remember the fleeting blur that whisked away the chair just as Mr. Fraser was about to seat himself. You could just picture these abundant creatures staggering about with fulfilment, with the delight of a mosquito brimming with blood.

There is only one way known to deflate a Gremlin's ego and overcome his omnipotence; that is to laugh. By laughing you render those impudent devils useless. If you can catch them unawares with a chuckle, the Gremlin's jaw will drop; he will shrivel slightly and slink away into a dark corner having lost his hold on the situation. Perhaps a more lighthearted view of what appear to be grave problems is worthwhile, even if only to have the pleasure of deactivating a GREMLIN.

Ann Foster, 6P



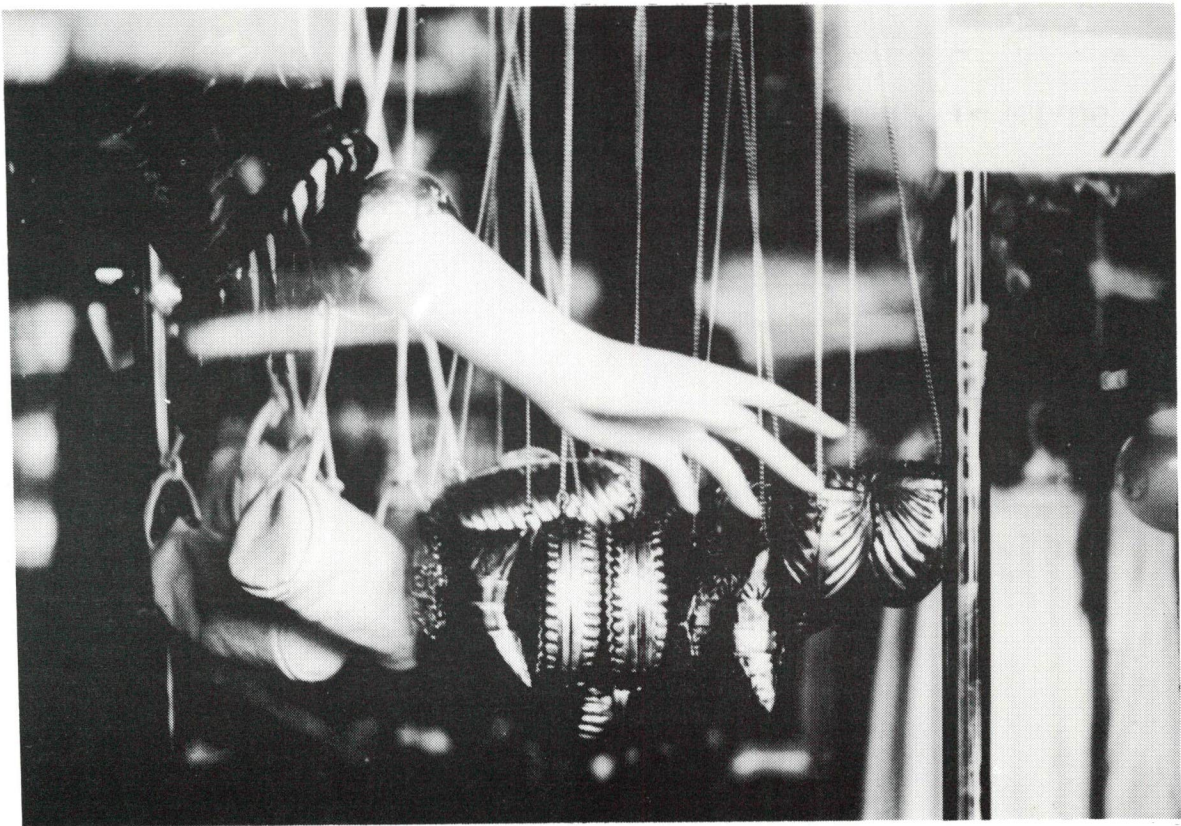
FORM 4 MEDIA CLASS

1,3 *J. Swiney*

2 *J. Waldron*



2



3

REFLECTION ON A MOMENT PASSED ...

Music blared from a corner and vibrant colours greeted one as the lift doors opened, spilling people and greedily being force fed numerous others. The wait had been long, the numbers of people many, but the reward was great. An atmosphere of festivity, of a casual gathering met one head-on. No avoidance of eyes or uneasy shuffling — everyone and everything had made their presence obvious and known, and the purpose was to be recognised and appreciated.

Psychedelic patterned carpet and painted walls enclosed several randomly placed soft chairs of similar theme. Vibrance and presence heavily accented the building. As one of the many, Building 14 Level 4 was to be clearly distinguishable from Building 12 Level 3, Building 13 Level 5, and numerous other B — L — models in the complex. The very design of Level 4 in itself made the building different — boasting glass walls with an open garden and walkway. It was further distinguished by the machinery and workmen that crowded round its exterior, still at work on various constructions. It was to be the place — unforgettable, a landmark amongst scores of similar grey-glass-concrete monstrosities that laced the city skyline of Melbourne.

This level served several important purposes: to educate, facilitate, commemorate and dedicate those who worked and existed in its depths.

‘No taxation without representation!’ a hastily scribbled sign declares.

‘Applied Biology — B14 Level 7’ with appropriate accompanying sketches of dissected rats, hearts and a comical impression of an extinct Do-Do bird also adorn the walls.

A wizard beckons urgently — ‘Care for your star sign to be told?’

Silence and seriousness are unwelcome here. How inappropriate and out of proportion. Doubtless its only appearance is at night when the non-nocturnal working student population deserts the floors. The spirit of restraint is absent; all are free to go their own way, and do.

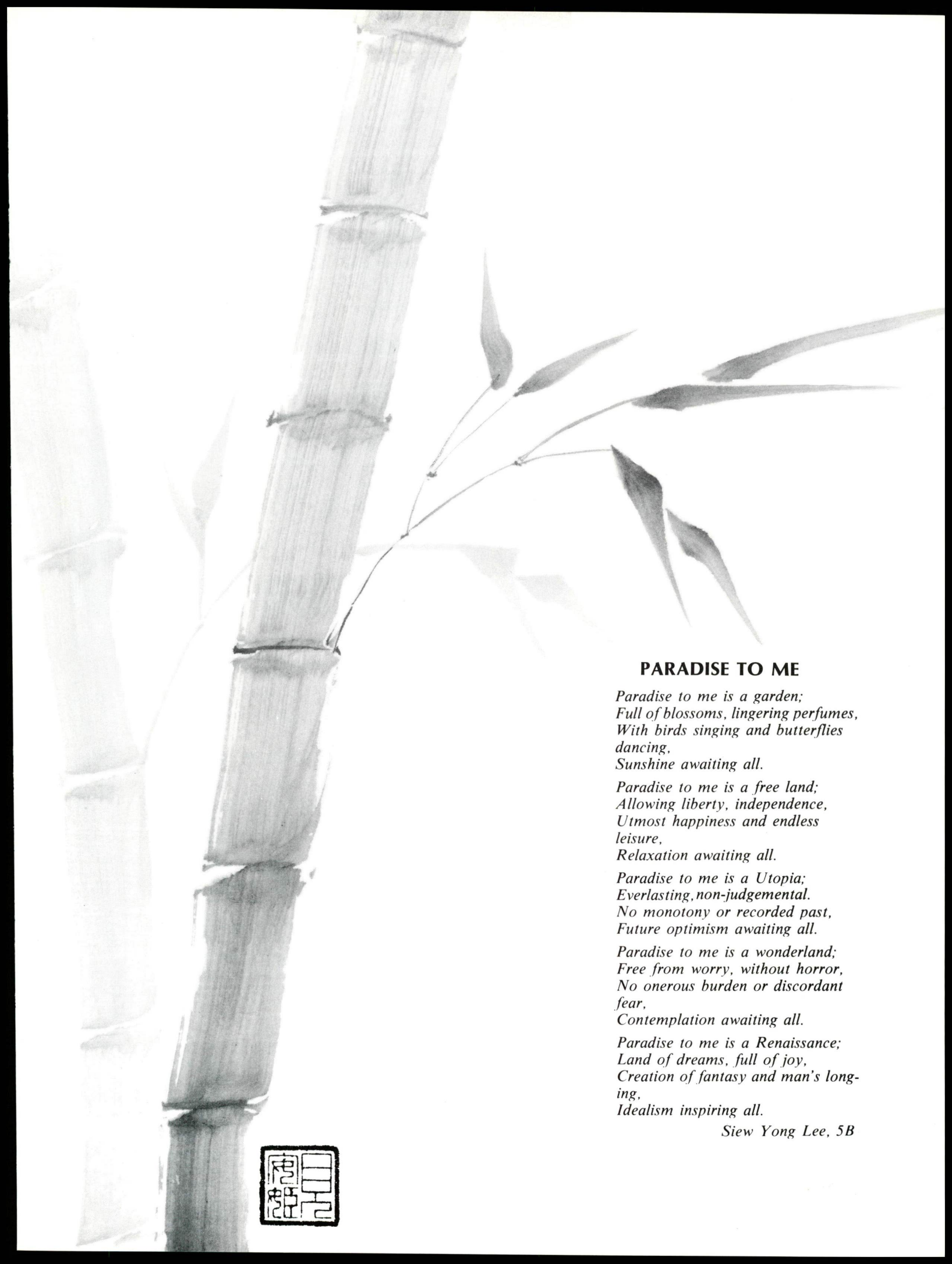
A cry goes up. The seething masses milling around in slow indecisive movements whilst inspecting the surroundings, suddenly uniformly part to two sides. Interest and enquiry shine in their initially passive faces. A white clad figure dressed conspicuously in a starched laboratory coat, surgical gloves and dirty tennis shoes, comes forward brandishing on a cheese board a small form over which lies a handkerchief shroud. Once in the centre of the crowd, he stands on an upturned bin and raises his hands to the ceiling and cries “Level 7 my friends . . .”

“Hail the new messiah”! interjects a laughing voice. Dirty Tennis Shoes surveys the crowd belligerently, digesting the remark in silence. He continues . . . “Applied Biology is a must. Experience the wonders of animals, insects and detailed dissections being held. Truly the hard labours of the first-year Biology students of this worthy institution are not to be missed. A sample of our culinary expertise . . .” The cheese board is again brandished, then the shroud is whipped off to reveal a neat and precise dissection of a three-four month developed piglet.

“Ohhh — Oh — er . . .” the crowd presses closer for a better look and then parts again as Dirty Tennis Shoes majestically makes his way back down to the lifts with no difficulty in securing a place in one of the much sought after boxes. Indecision reigns again and then a sudden surge of people — some in the direction of the elevators, others to the rest-room blocks.

(RMIT Open Day)

Jennifer Leith, 6D.



PARADISE TO ME

*Paradise to me is a garden;
Full of blossoms, lingering perfumes,
With birds singing and butterflies
dancing,
Sunshine awaiting all.*

*Paradise to me is a free land;
Allowing liberty, independence,
Utmost happiness and endless
leisure,
Relaxation awaiting all.*

*Paradise to me is a Utopia;
Everlasting, non-judgemental.
No monotony or recorded past,
Future optimism awaiting all.*

*Paradise to me is a wonderland;
Free from worry, without horror,
No onerous burden or discordant
fear,
Contemplation awaiting all.*

*Paradise to me is a Renaissance;
Land of dreams, full of joy,
Creation of fantasy and man's long-
ing,
Idealism inspiring all.*

Siew Yong Lee, 5B



My mind doesn't wander
 or dream
 or float
 aim-
 less-
 ly

it Ticks and Tocks and Clicks
 in time to an au-to-mated
 rhythm

The ability to relax,
 be myself, be
 Individual and DiFFErEnT
 was lost when
 I became

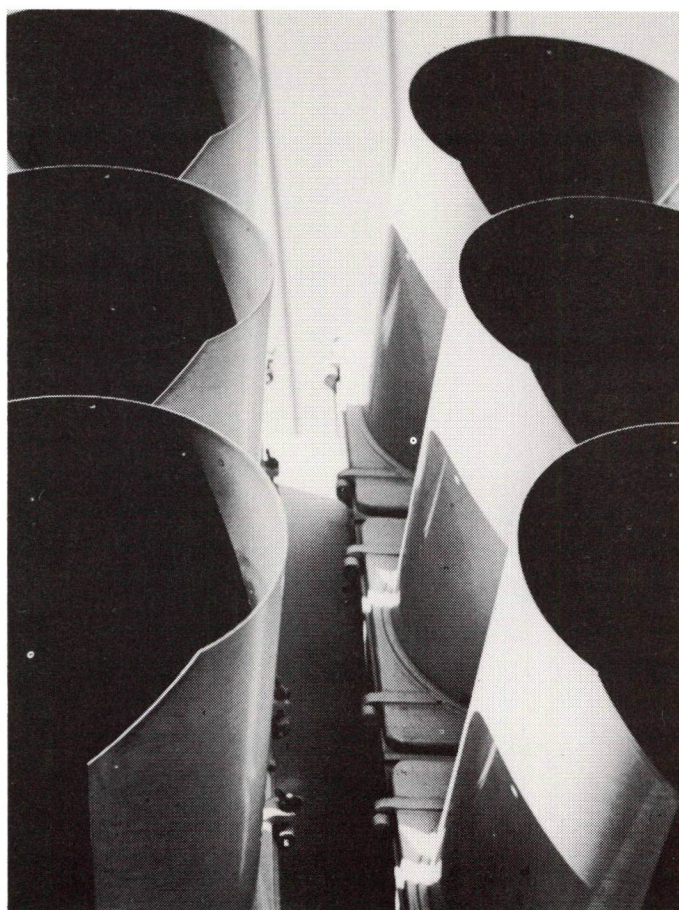
recyclable
 wound-up
 with no room for mistake, now I'm
 slick and
 quick and
 precise as a pin.

A willowing beauty in pastels
 and frills is immediately lost,
 in the beauty of a sharp
 metallic coolness, the
 fashionable face no longer
 is powered - but
 Oiled

OIL is the Symbol
 the Entire Economy,
 it is Bartered,
 Bought, Smuggled and
 Sold
 for its Practical uses and
 Profit-making
 Purposes

AUTOMATION CORRUPTION ELECTRONIC MADNESS

Sue White, 5B



Once upon a time Gold was a
 commodity, prized above all for
 its brilliance and
 beauty,

In what now would be
 a surprising lack of concern
 for Basic Necessity, it was
 an INDULGENCE ! ! ! !

My batteries are not flat -
 I have no worries
 Life is simple, with its
 Limits, Rigidity and strictness;
 and

I think
 I am
 content!

I imagine
 a world where to be Different
 was good to be Rebellious
 was admired and Indulgence
 was smiled upon.

Complicated Vain
 and and
 Cynical Different

But it was once like that
 and now we only Need the
 basic necessities



SPORTS CAPTAIN'S REPORT

When crowned with this title, the response by my friends was that I was "the first fat Sports Captain Ruyton's ever had!" Disregarding their continuous insults, I set to thinking about how I could fulfil my duty and help improve the sporting life of the school.

After being at Ruyton for twelve years, I realise that Ruyton girls have developed a unique quality. Ruyton does not have a reputation for winning the swimming every year; yet each year the girls attack the situation with dedication and enthusiasm. This was evident during the early morning training at the "cool" Kew Pool.

The Ruytonians not only know how to lose gracefully, but also how to graciously accept victory. Those disheartened and lacking in confidence, just remember that while you may lose in one respect, you gain far more in another.

It is good to report that enthusiasm is definitely on the increase. However, following the usual sporting trend of Ruyton we hit a slight "depression", but never being known to concede defeat, the young Ruytonians pulled themselves up to regain their natural exuberance, enthusiasm and fitness. Remember that participation is all that is essentially required.

The girls who participate in sport from term to term and year to year, gain full benefit from being involved in a school team. Not only do these girls become more involved in the school spirit, but also gain many friendships from teammates and opponents from other schools. I sincerely appreciate the girls who have attended practices regularly and have tried for teams, regardless of their capabilities. I can only hope that these girls continue with their team spirit and enthusiasm, and encourage others to participate also.

Our previously hidden talent in the "marathon" field found a great opportunity to test their stamina as they ran up hill and down dale, over marshes, through rain, sleet, snow and scorching sun (well, around Studley Park in Kew) in the School Association Cross Country competition. It was the hare and tortoise story all over again, as through brilliant planning and strategy our runners emerged outright winners.

Ruyton has provided the girls with the usual large variety of sports. The latest arrival to Ruyton's sporting selection is volleyball. The team has not been disheartened by its close losses and continues to re-unite for amusing practices and to challenge other schools.

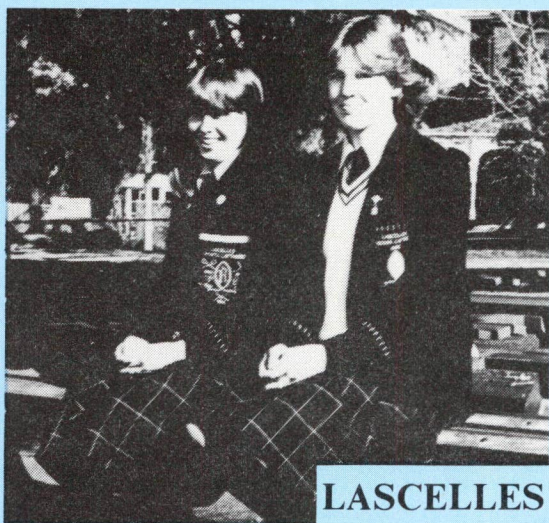
I have gained a great deal of pleasure and experience by participating in the sporting life of Ruyton. I thoroughly recommend an effort towards sport because the enjoyment gained is very worthwhile.

Many thanks and sincere appreciation for the time, effort and encouragement given by Miss Beggs, Miss Holmes, Miss Kiley and Miss Pearson, the parents and especially the girls.

Good luck to next year's captain and Ruyton,

Katherine Cox.

When looking over your Ruytonian in years to come and reading this report you will probably say, "I don't remember them (Pam and Trish) being our captains," and we don't blame you, especially if you were in the lower forms, but we definitely were captains, we will always remember it as if it was yesterday. To avoid any boredom though, this report will not be written in order to remind you of what we were like, but to remind you of the success which we had during this year due to the enthusiasm and fine effort made by swimmers, runners, hitters, throwers, actresses, pitchers, servers, goalers, etc. of the house.



LASCELLES

This year started as usual with swimming first on the house sport agenda and, of course, with it came the early morning training at the Kew Pool where members of all houses braved the icy cold water. The swimmers put all their effort into their events on the day, which gave Lascelles first place and we are sure they were encouraged by the cheer squad which stood and, of course, cheered in the pouring rain.

At the end of first term we had the athletics with a seemingly untrained team, as the practices had poor "turn ups". But we realised everyone must have been training at home in order to mislead the other houses, as we achieved second place! Congratulations to Daniell who came first. Also on the day of the house athletics, as usual we had the marching but with a difference this year, as each house made up their own set of movements. Although we came fourth, everyone must admit that Bromby definitely deserved first place with their excellent precision movements.

Second term wasn't quite as busy and began with house matches for hockey and netball and we were pleased to have complete teams for all the matches, showing us that the house is still alive. Overall we managed to come first in the netball.

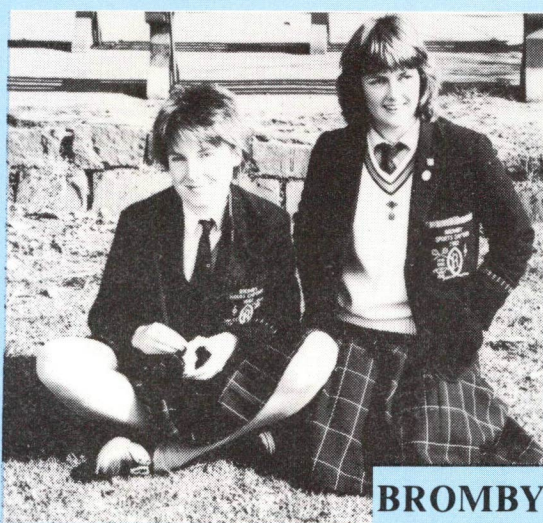
In the middle of the term we had the cross-country with forms one to four tackling the course on one day, and forms five and six running a slightly longer course after their exams. Lascelles came first in the first form and also in the combined fifth and sixth form groups. We would like to thank the sixth formers who ran (not walked) the course. Most pleasing was that we obtained over-all first place which was a fantastic accomplishment and meant we had won two years in a row.

At the end of term two, we had the house drama and though we did ask the fifth formers to take over, we didn't

mean them to push us off our pedestals, as they even had the cheek to do in the play itself! We do thank those concerned for their time spent in taking the practices and also congratulations to Anderson who won the house drama.

Well, all that there is left to say in this report is that as your house officials, we have enjoyed the year as much as we possibly could and hope, as the officials before us have hoped, that next year's captains will enjoy it as much and that they will not live to regret the day when they said, when offered the position, "I do!!"

Pam Evans, Trish Fraser.



BROMBY

Once upon a time, in a far away urban landscape, there stood four houses. All were located on the one street. The first was a white villa coated with stucco. Next door stood a pale blue weatherboard which was just across the road from the red brick veneer. But, at the end of the street stood a deserted house which was of greatest mystery; all that was known of it was that it had a blue front door, above which hung a golden 'B'. One day, two school girls ventured through the big blue door and found that the house was full of people. They had discovered their own Community.

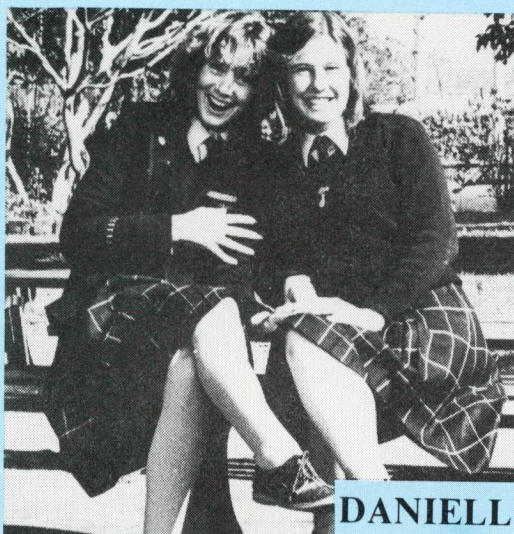
In order to keep up with tradition our gatherings were of two minutes duration and enduring silence. Our suggestions of sing-songs and exercise sessions were met with little enthusiasm and sympathetic glances. Looking back, we don't blame them. Our first public appearance arrived. Destination: Kew Public Swimming Pool. Mission: to conquer the waves. Armed with blue and gold embellishments, Bromby took to the water. Our efforts, though enthusiastic and well prepared, were in vain and we finished . . . cough, cough, splutter . . . third. Regardless of little success in the overall placings, we had an invigorating day and numerous individual triumphs.

We plunged into athletics training with much determination. Discovering our physical prowess was not of Olympic standard, we slowed our pace to marching and victory.

Taming our primitive instincts, Bromby crawled into the drama room for a taste of culture. Since house spirit ran high, much excitement and industry brewed. Armed with lampshades, talcum powder, ivy vines and soap boxes, we confronted the Ruyton auditorium. Our piece was imaginative and of communal origin. In this way we feel it was successful: it was the first time the house had a true sense of togetherness.

But now it's over: we will hang up our 'B's, and the blue door will close for another year. Many thanks to Brombarians, the other houses and their house captains, our sandshoes, Mrs. Berzkalns, Miss Ety-Leal and all other authoritarian figures. Best of luck to those up-and-coming house leaders.

Annie McIntyre, Min Sharp.



DANIELL

Daniell kicked off to a really great start with the swimming sports this year. The enthusiasm shown by all the swimmers breaking the ice at Kew Pool every morning was very impressive. Even more impressive was "The Big Day" when the splashes of frantic arms were only drowned by the pounding rain and more often the yells of the cheer squad:

"Yahoo, Yahoo! Look out Daniell's coming through!
"Yehaa, Yehaa! We are going to win by far!"

But we're not just a whole lot of noise, Daniell finished second with our congratulations to Lascelles!

'Chariots of Fire' was nothing compared to the fancy footwork of Daniell in the House Athletics in term two. We were delighted on this occasion to win first place and collect the House Athletics cup from Mrs. McKelvie. The marching was a great team effort and although we finished third, I feel we disproved Mr. Heulsman's theory that most of us have two left feet. The cheer squad was again out in full force, with placards, streamers, and a barricade of stuffed toys.

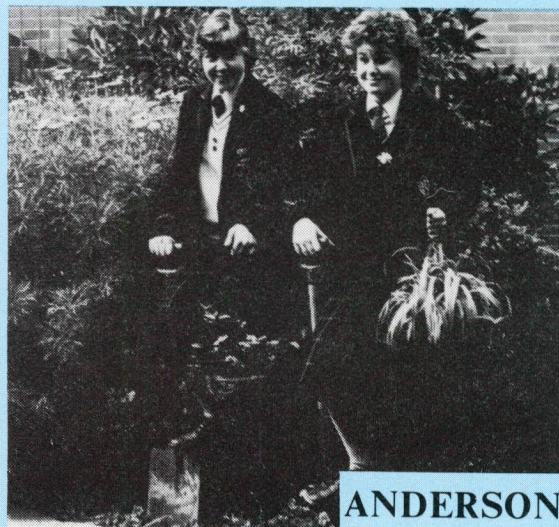
Daniell did fairly well in the house matches, particularly in the baseball. I think all the House Captains found the Junior participation excellent. The hardest thing was to choose teams from so many enthusiastic sportswomen. We did not face this problem with the seniors; in fact Mrs. Dixon had to stand in, or rather: dive into the senior hockey match. Daniell greatly misses Michelle Vise in the Cross Country, yet we were still well represented in the top ten of each form.

The House Drama gives the non-athletic type the chance to redeem themselves and the co-operation and house spirit stood out most at this time. We would like to thank Kirsty Baird, Stacey Lord and Fiona Cowl for their efforts to turn a load of grubs into graceful butterflies in Kirsty's dramatic masterpiece 'Caterpillar Heaven'. What an asset to have Miss Jelbart and her many very suggestive renditions of "Hey Big Spender!"

On the whole, it's been a great year for performance and house spirit thanks to everyone and the house staff in particular. Good luck to next year's House Captains.

Until then keep smiling!

Ann Foster, Mandy Parry-Okeden.



ANDERSON

HOUSE & GARDEN

When we took over the care of the house garden in the parched and hot summer of 1982, we set about preparing for the harvest.

First we donned our galoshes, and armed with hoses, watered our plants, weeding out the water lilies. Unfortunately, our little plants did not take too kindly to the chlorinated water of the Kew Pool and came third.

After much training, we then transplanted our little seedlings to the oval and kept them full of glucose enriched plant-plus. It was all very close and our excellent relays nearly pulled us to the top. Congratulations to our own budding athletes and to Daniell, the winning house.

We also decided to give the marching a bit more oomph; the other houses caught the bug, resulting in a more up-tempo competition. Anderson jumped their way to second place, only to be outdone by the inspired Brombarians.

Yet we ripened with age, coming second in the netball and claiming a shared victory with Bromby in the hockey.

Finally, the drama — the culmination of all our nurturing resulted in a bumper crop (our little car's hubcaps pointed us to victory!) Many thanks to the fifth form trainee farmers for all their work.

Now redundant, sitting on the top of the compost heap, we offer these words of advice to next year's captains (we were going to say 'gardeners', but this report is already out of control!) For Anderson to blossom, it needs careful cultivation and loving care. The young seedlings have the time, enthusiasm and potential — don't let them be swamped.

Thanks to the other houses (and their gardeners), and especially to all our own little affectionate plants who supported us all the way.

Cheerio then.

(Get it?)

Susie McFarlane, Katie Watkin

TEAMS REPORTS

BASEBALL

Although we lost all but two matches (against Tintern and the "Old Girls") this year, we still had a great season. Good and valiant catches and great batting by Stacey Lord at 1st base resulted in our first win.

Sizzling throws from our shortstop, Pam Evans and some great catches by Mandy P.O. at left field, brought our game at St. Cath's to a more challenging match.

Great catches (off my wild pitches) by Fiona Cowl saved many runs. Kate Millsom at 2nd base put many people out and great teamwork by Katie Watkin and Fiona Anderson in the outfield made team spirit emerge and the games closer.

Good pitching by Tamara Catlin and overall teamwork made the "Old Girls" game one of our best matches — although their lack of a pitcher did help.

Later in the term we played a round robin tournament between all the schools (Ruyton came 3rd in the diamond throw), but unfortunately it was cancelled part way through due to rain.

The Senior B's played well, winning most of their matches and the Inters and juniors also played well. Congratulations to all involved.

Many thanks and our appreciation to Miss Beggs for all her help and enthusiasm.

Ruth Ronan, Captain.



BASEBALL

F. Anderson, K. Watkin, S. Lord, T. Catlin, M. Parry-Okeden, K. Milson, P. Evans, R. Ronan.

CROSS COUNTRY



CROSS COUNTRY

P. Evans, A. Jonas, S. Dawson, C. Coppock, M. Burke, S. Lord, S. Roberts, T. Berntsen, V. Askew, J. Lewis, N. McClure, J. McLennan, C. Otswald, S. Maclaren, H. Bainbridge, T. Greig, J. Nairn, K. Anderson.
(Absent — M. Seccull)





SWIMMING

J. Goodsall, F. McLennan, R. Ronan, M. Fraser, C. Parry-Okeden, L. Philpotts, M. Broadbent, H. Manning, R. Bainbridge, A. Keppel, K. Strickland, M. Yeo, T. Greig, J. Elkins, H. Bainbridge, L. Mawby, C. Taylor, S. Dawson, S. Isherwood, G. Cox, R. Glenning, J. Nairn, D. Pond, G. Strickland, J. McLennan, C. Otswald, N. Warren, J. McDonald, K. Fraser Smith, M. Klinger, K. McLeish, S. Tostegin, D. Beare, K. Cox, A. Balfe, N. McLure, L. Fraser, K. McCulloch.

SWIMMING

The swimming team completed a successful and eventful season in first term. This year the masses of girls, all shapes and sizes and of all standards, leapt out of bed to hit the waters at Kew Swimming Pool, for an intense and invigorating training programme.

Again this year, the enthusiastic team was trained by John Ohlsen, and many thanks go to him for the time and effort spent correcting style and generally polishing the team's appearance. The results obtained may not have been as desired, but the enthusiasm, dedication and perseverance shown, were outstanding and definitely commendable.

The Senior House Swimming Sports took place in late February. Although it was a miserable day as far as the weather was concerned, it was a most entertaining day for both competitors and spectators. The Swimming Cup was won by Lascelles, followed by Daniell, Bromby and Anderson. Three records were broken in the second division events.

The team then commenced training for the Combined Swimming Sports. Ruyton gained fifth place, though this was no reflection on the amount of time, effort and enthusiasm given by the competitors. I think all the girls enjoyed training, in spite of the comments on the temperature of the pool!

Ruyton did not finish the season after the Combined Sports, as we also participated in a competition against Genazzano.

The enjoyment and the successes that Ruyton achieved, could never have been attained without the help of John Ohlsen, Miss Beggs, Miss Holmes, Miss Kiley, those loyal parents and finally the Ruytonians who took part.

Thank you all for your support and help. I hope that next year, the team will receive the same enthusiasm and hopefully better results.

Good Luck Splashers!

Katherine Cox, Captain.

TENNIS

We won two matches out of six this year — **but**, why I hear you cry, did we not win more? This question has also run through our minds, particularly Miss Holmes' — we had enthusiasm, and all other things good.

The only explanation is that unfortunately, those other four schools are better. However, I feel confident that the talent of the Fifth Formers next year could well make for a different result.

Aha — I neglected our major victory — we defeated the Old Girls, much to their surprise. To give them some credit — it was raining rather hard. Many thanks to Miss Holmes for her patience (if not distress at times) and her skilled (?) mini-bus driving.

Susie McFarlane, Captain



TENNIS

S. McFarlane, M. Fraser, T. Berntsen, S. White, J. McCraw, N. Sartori, L. Angell, M. Sharp, K. Cox, S. Leonard, S. Roberts.

VOLLEYBALL

Since last year's absence from the sporting curriculum, a Ruyton volleyball team was taken from the "out" basket, dusted off and brewed in the cyclonic conditions of second term.

Miss Beggs, in all her wisdom, cultivated the dishevelled bunch of potential players into a dishevelled bunch of potential Olympians (application of this potential was our biggest hurdle).

Only two of us had previous experience. The whole team, however, had suspicions about Ruth Ronan who was either very quick to learn or had a head start. I hope Miss Beggs was not too disheartened by our lack of skill. However, the enthusiasm and resulting fun far outweighed our handicaps in the more applicable facets of the game. Indeed it can be clearly said that volleyball is a game for which a prerequisite is the ability to laugh at oneself.

At this point I'm sure the team would like to give Margaret Goh a slap on the back for challenging us seniors; she was our youngest member and only middle school representative.

The culmination of our tuition was our debut at Korowa. Armed with sophisticated and allegedly mastered terminology of "oligs", "sets" and "spikers" and the slightly maniacal utterings of "Socket Rocket" and the well worn "Right on, Ruyton", we soon found that intimidation had to be our strongest weapon.

The manoeuvres employed could only be described as ingenious, as the cries of "mine" rang out at the same time, as the entire team visibly moved in head-crushing form towards the offending ball. Unfortunately, just as we warmed up, they won two sets to one; but we gave them a close run.

I'm sure all my fellow "diggers" and "spikers" would like to thank Miss Beggs for her constant support and understanding wit.

Katie Watkin, Captain.



VOLLEYBALL

P. Mackey, M. Sharp, K. Watkin, M. Goh, P. Hunt, R. Ronan, A. Balfé, T. Revill.

HOCKEY

Another season of hockey has been completed and although Ruyton did not always win, the matches were enjoyed by all participants. Our matches against Tintern and St. Cath's were drawn due to brilliant play by Sue Leonard, Stacey Lord, Tamie Revill and Mandy Parry-Okeden (Kate Smith's head-on collisions with the other team also helped!), and great defence tactics used by Ruth Ronan and Jo Melick improved the game. Thanks to a Genazzano goalie, we won the match, as she lifted her foot at the right time to allow my hit to roll underneath. Our matches against P.L.C. and Korowa were lost, but not due to lack of enthusiasm. Rosanne Hoadley played well throughout the season, as did our goalie Tamara Catlin, with help from Penny Watson.

The intermediate team played well all season, and their matches, which were mainly all drawn, were well captained by Megan Broadbent. The junior team should also be congratulated as they won most of their matches.

Thanks to Miss Beggs and Miss Kiley for their coaching through the term and best of luck for Ruyton next year.

Pam Evans, Captain.

HOCKEY

S. Leonard, R. Hoadley, T. Catlin, P. Watson, S. Lord, K. Smith, M. Parry-Okeden, T. Revill, S. Barden, J. Melick, P. Evans, R. Ronan.

NETBALL

Hampered by bad weather, illness, and sometimes lack of enthusiasm, the senior A team failed to manage a win out of 5 matches this season. Initially, a poor turn-out of 5th and 6th form girls prevented our full potential being realised; many talented netballers cry off with "It's too much effort," — a sacrifice of their own personal satisfaction, physical and mental alertness **and** the improvement of the standard and team spirit of Ruyton's netball squad. (For some games and practices the A team was characterized by absent members and a B team could rarely be scraped together.)

This disappointing effort was not, however, reflected in the junior and intermediate teams. The continued enthusiasm of the 1st and 2nd formers made team selection extremely difficult for Miss Holmes, who finally chose 4 teams which played valiantly, when enough opposition could be found for them, and won most of their matches. The two intermediate teams this year included a great deal of talent. Their results (they won about half their matches) determination and enjoyment of the game were all extremely pleasing.

With the amount of spirit and skill harboured in **all** forms in the school, I hope next year's report will not have to include such a dismal opening. Thanks go to Miss Holmes, our determined coach, manager and bus driver and to Miss Fowler who assisted with the junior teams. Congratulations to all those girls who had fun running around after that leather ball, got confused about which whistle was which, shot goals, stopped goals, who broke fingernails, strained a few muscles, who laughed, shouted and danced around a lot and who can't wait to get out there again next year!

Helen McKelvie, Captain.



NETBALL

*M. Sharp, T. Berntsen, K. Watkin,
H. McKelvie, K. Cox, N. Craig-
Smith, F. Anderson.*

ATHLETICS TEAM



ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:
P.O. Box 282, North Balwyn, 3104.

OFFICE BEARERS:

PRESIDENT:

Sally Phillips

PRESIDENT ELECT:

Vanessa Gough

VICE PRESIDENT:

Cathy Barton (Norton)

SECRETARY:

Barbara Hutton (Cathie)

TREASURER:

Cathy Barton (Norton)

SCHOLARSHIP TREASURER:

Marjorie Blyth (Morrison)

REPS. ON SCHOOL COUNCIL:

Libby Dougall (Watson)

Wendy Hewitt (McKerrell)

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

Marjorie Blyth (Morrison)

Libby Dougall (Watson)

Prue Lewis (Sewell)

COMMITTEE:

Melanie Gibbs (McAntee)

Barbara Goldsmith (Bower)

Helen Grainger (Kitson)

Sally Hodges (Dean)

Sue Harvey

Rosemary Kemp

Elaine Hutchinson (Chipper)

74TH ANNUAL REPORT:

This year has been relatively quiet but we maintained our involvement in certain activities.

We continue to provide a Bursary to a girl in the school to enable her to complete her education at Ruyton. Your support at our functions enables the Association to fulfil this undertaking, but also increases the value of the Bursary, maintaining it in relation to current fees.

We also endeavour to keep funds available so that from time to time we are able to donate gifts to the school. Last year we commenced our new gift scheme of paying for the embroidery of the pockets of the four School Officials which, I am sure, is greatly appreciated by the parents and girls concerned, as a further commitment from the Old Ruytonians' Association.

We were pleased to welcome 20 of last year's leavers to our ranks and our membership now stands in excess of 530.

We were delighted to see such a large number of Old Girls at Speech Night last year. It was a night of excellent music and entertainment with a most inspiring and amusing address from Dame Margaret Blackwood, Deputy Chancellor, University of Melbourne.

At our Annual Meeting and Dinner of the ORA, held in April, we welcomed Beth Thwaites, an Old Ruytonian, as guest speaker. There was not a dry eye in the house as we were being entertained by the exploits of our guest speaker as Beth recalled her days at Ruyton.

OLD RUYTONIANS' ASSOCIATION

SPORTING ACTIVITIES:

We continue our sporting activities with the school. The tennis and baseball held in April, on rather a wet and cold day, resulted in the school winning outright. For the tennis we thank Julia Mitchell, Belinda Holt, Jane Fletcher, Liz Fowler, Sara Gale, Fiona Wiseman, Jenny Hill, Meredith Walters; and the baseball team we thank Michelle Vize, Kirsty Vize, Tiarni Snell, Liz Grover, Sue Grover, Liz Fowler, Melissa Whitehead and Katrina Wright.

We could not have wished for a better day in August both weather and result wise for the hockey and netball. This time we were the outright winners. We thank the hockey team Ruth Neilson, Meredith Walters, Jane Fletcher, Jo Hale, Fiona Laird, Katrina Wilson, Liz Wood, Sarah Liversidge, Pam Braithwaite and Clarissa Anders, and for netball, Sue Grover, Sara Gale, Kirsty Vize, Kate Coppock, Liz Grover, Michelle Vize, Tiarni Snell.

Our tradition continues with the Sun Tennis and Golf Cups. The Sun Tennis was played in very hot conditions in March where the opposition proved to be too good. We thank our players Sue Carre-Riddell, Julia Mitchell, Louise Mitchell and Cathy Brown. The Sun Golf held in May in perfect weather was very exciting. Ruyton came equal 4th with Fintona but at one stage we were only 5 shots behind the winners. We thank our team, Julie Tootell, Anna Wade, Elizabeth Sinclair, Joan Martin and Sue Wood. Julie also won the 'A' division nett individual trophy for the best round.

ENGAGEMENTS:

Wendy Bate to Stephen Bull; Sally Nankervis to Michael Dixon; Jane Pike to Jim Enright; Fiona Horman to Richard Brobyn; Susan Wood to John Beaurepaire.

MARRIAGES:

Susan Phillips to Marc Fisher; Susan Dossetor to Garin Harood; Joanna Hickie to Andrew Osborne; Helen Seal to Michael Imes; Carolyn Pearson to Ron Cole; Marian Elkins (Dean) to Norman Eyres; Cathy Norton to Jeff Barton; Cheryl Brady to John Quilligan; Johanna Altes to Neil Taylor; Sally Alderon-Smith to Eric Ward.

BIRTHS:

Anna Mason (Simms) son; Yvonne Tomkins (Neville) daughter; Prue Lewis (Sewell) daughter; Fiona Allmand (Duguid) daughter; Elizabeth Poppleton (Dolamore) son; Pat George (Wadsley) daughter; Julia Morgan (Simms) daughter in New Zealand; Margaret Chaman (Jukes) son; Janet Holmes (Walker) daughter; Katherine Kozlowski (Bakewell) daughter; Sandra Howard (Thorne) daughter; Julie Ann Tolj (Tonkin) daughter in Perth; Margaret Quinlan (James) son; Derby Sayers (Candy) daughter; Inga Gibson (Mackay) daughter.

OBITUARY:

We extend our sympathy to the families of the following Old Girls —

Molly Lobb (Mary Wallace); Anne Hapke (Watkin); Phyllis McMillan (Marshall); and to Sue Marks (Mellor) on the death of her husband.

GENERAL NEWS:

Susan Thornton (Boothroyd) has a degree in Mechanical Engineering and both she and her husband, Colin, work for B.H.P. at Groote Eylandt, N.T.; Judy Boothroyd is a State Enrolled Nurse at Fairfield; Katherine Kozlowski (Bakewell) has returned from three years in the U.K. and is living in Kew; Patricia Heath (Luxton) has been appointed first woman President of the Geelong Hospital; Carolyn Cole (Pearson) is living in Cobargo, N.S.W.; Jane Brentnall is working for the Guide Dog Association in Queensland; Helen Imes (Seal) is in the U.S.A.; Helen Noble (Cummins) is Dentist-in-Charge, Sunshine Hospital; Nedra Verity (Huston) is visiting the U.K.; Jenny Yates (Jellis) is a Clerk in the Administration Section, Royal Women's Hospital; Joanne Osborne (Hickey) has returned from twelve months in the U.K.; Ginny Hickey is returning to Perugia, Italy, via London; Sally Osborn (Hutchinson) has two boys and lives in Denmark, W.A.; Genine Wallinga is doing her Articles with Ellison, Hewison & Whitehead; Andrea Wallinga is working with the C.B.A.; Natalie Wood is doing Arts at University of Melbourne; Inga Gibson (Mackay) has two daughters and lives on a property in Queensland.



a muse on being 18

The big . . . One-Eight . . . is it all it's cracked up to be? I'm not sure, although certainly, there is a certain allure and a satisfying ring to it. The excitement and uncertainty of lying about your age is gone, lost forever (except, of course, when you're trying to pay half fare on the tram/bus/tram, desperately working out a plausible birth-date for a sceptical inspector).

Certainly one begins to feel grown-up at least two or three months before the actual event, and you have to keep reminding yourself that you're still only seventeen, however mentally eighteen you feel. This time last year, you keep thinking, I was "sweet sixteen and never been kissed"; at least that's what people kept saying to me (and leering for some reason), at my sixteenth birthday party. Seventeen, it seems to me, is a kind of limbo, a period of waiting — not quite "grown up", but no longer a gawky adolescent (this may not apply to all, I'm sure). After a while you accept approaching adulthood, although I still feel surprised and a little unnerved perhaps, when I hear one or other of my parents talking about "the children and Felicity"; I am not one of them yet but neither am I one of "the children". It was also a surprise, about six months ago, to be included in the before dinner sherries — very much a "status symbol" in our household.

The fact that I am soon to become one of them, a grown-up, really came home to me one Monday when I found an electoral roll claim waiting on my bed. It looks so intimidatingly official that, as yet, I haven't been able to pluck up the courage to fill it in. To do so, turns the key in the lock, the door of childhood, (and adolescence to an extent) is slammed shut — there is no going back. After this eighteenth birthday, I can get married with or without my parents' permission, enter a pub (legally) and do all sorts of hitherto banned actions.

From then on I am totally responsible for everything I do — a frightening prospect. There is an element of panic at the thought of finally becoming an adult, in one magical instant folks, on the dot of 1.30am or whenever it is! This panic has so far manifested itself in an absolute refusal to learn how to drive, to obtain those symbols of adulthood, "L plates". They proclaim to the world that you have arrived on the adult scene, which is something I don't want to face yet.

Eighteen does hold a certain charm, however; it is the door to freedom — a threat to be used against recalcitrant and rebellious parents, both before and after the actual day. "Just you wait until I'm eighteen; I'll move out!", will perhaps become; "Right, that's it — I'm leaving!" or, "You can't treat me like that — I'm an adult." However, these threats are received with more joy than despair (especially by my mother), and so they lose their impact.

University also looms — it offers freedom but also frightens somewhat. Uni is for grown-ups, not for me, I'm too little. Yet the other alternative, (seek employment) is worse, and the prospect looks too bleak anyway. Getting a job involves more independence, more responsibility for these already bowed shoulders.

However, I have a whole ten days of freedom left before I become a modern-day Atlas, so chin up, shoulders (heave!) back and face eighteen with a stiff upper lip. After all, I'm told, the worst is still to come.

Felicity Goodes, 6D.

CHURCH SERVICE:

The School Church Service held on the evening of Wednesday, 23rd June, at Holy Trinity Church, Kew, was well attended. The address was given by Rev. K. Cross, Minister of St. Columbas Uniting Church, Balwyn. Sally Phillips read the Second Lesson, and the School Orchestra accompanied the School Choir superbly.

FORTHCOMING FUNCTIONS:

As next year is our 75th Jubilee Anniversary we are planning some exciting functions to celebrate this occasion. We look forward to seeing all Old Girls at our Jubilee Annual Reunion on Wednesday, 20th April, 1983, and also the Gala Garden Party and Open Day at Ruyton to be held on Sunday, 6th November, 1983.

We welcome especially those leavers from 1982 who wish to join the 'clan'.

RECENT LEAVERS:

Fiona Brunt is working in a Child Care Centre.

Maya Rozner is doing Arts at University of Melbourne.

Lian Smith is doing Medical Nucleography (Nuclear Medicine) at R.M.I.T.

Andrea Lawrence is doing Primary Teaching at Melbourne State College.

Sue Grover is doing an I.E.C.D. — Early Childhood Course.

Sue Harvey is nursing at the Alfred Hospital.

Jane Fletcher is doing Primary Teaching at Toorak State College.

Ruth Neilson is doing Science at Monash University.

Gabbi Smith is doing Law/Arts at University of Melbourne.

Serena Coe is doing Physical Science at LaTrobe University.

Andree Foletta is doing Secretarial Studies at Holmes.

DONATIONS TO THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND:

With thanks we record donations from — Francis Officer (Hawker); Nedra Verity (Huston).