

# RUYTONIAN

Special Edition





# RUYTON GIRLS' SCHOOL Editorial



The task of introducing this edition of The Ruytonian is a very special responsibility. There is little that need be said with respect to the magazine itself. It is, simply, a tradition of the school, and we believe it is our role as editresses this year, to present it as a reflection of the ideas and activities of the school. In this way it is a unique tribute to Miss McRae in her final year as Headmistress of Ruyton. We are delighted that many staff and students have wanted to write about Miss McRae, to share with all readers the warmth of their feelings and their insights into Miss McRae's great attributes and fine achievements.

We were very interested to discover in the 1963 edition of The Ruytonian (after Miss McRae's first year as headmistress) a moving and definitive expression of the school's views on their new principal. We believe that every Ruyton student today will understand and agree with their comments:

*"Miss McRae has accomplished something very important, for she knows each one of us as an individual, and if we ever go to her with a problem, or even a complaint, we may feel quite confident that she is really interested in what we have to say, and will give us all the help and encouragement which we need. Miss McRae has inspired our respect and confidence in her by her fairness and unbiased perception . . . . ."*

Every headmistress brings to her school her own educational ideals and personal values; generations of girls are influenced throughout their very impressionable years. As students, we have experienced something very special with our headmistress; we have shared a close relationship with Miss McRae and have felt very much a part of the 'community' that is Ruyton Girls' School.

Quietly impressive, Miss McRae's personal and professional integrity will remain an inspiration to us. She has given the school the benefit of her academic experience and educational values in years of transition and challenge. Above all, she has urged us to capitalise on our opportunities, to involve ourselves in every facet of our education: we have all benefited from such encouragement.

Through this edition of The Ruytonian we aim to express the school's gratitude for the dedication of Miss McRae. In 1976, in a letter written to parents and girls, she spoke enthusiastically of her overseas trip, but in conclusion said, "I'm glad to be returning to Australia tomorrow and to Ruyton next week, for that is my life . . . ." The words capture her dedication to the school, for she has given so much of herself to Ruyton..

On behalf of all Ruyton students, past and present, we would like to wish Miss McRae good health in her retirement years, true happiness that derives from the love of family and friends, and satisfaction in the certainty of a task well done.

Helen Goh and Rebecca Smith  
(Co-Editresses)

We would sincerely like to thank Mrs. Nicholls for her time, dedication and hard work towards the magazine, and for providing us with direction and inspiration. Thanks also to Mr. Thornton for his extensive photographic contributions and to Mrs. Berold for her proof-reading and advice. We are most grateful to the committee for their assistance.

Alison Lloyd  
Marnie Wilson  
Katrina Strickland  
Megan Backhouse  
Elizabeth Opasinis (photography)  
Kristen Wischer (art work)









# PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

The year has proceeded on its way with the usual excitements and unexpected happenings. The girls have participated in endless competitions from the Australian Mathematics Competition to Cross Country, and from Debating to the Alliance. They have met with considerable success and gained in experience and knowledge quite apart from a variety of awards including medallions and certificates. The annual "Read-a-thon" run to aid Multiple Sclerosis sufferers was strongly supported by the girls and they raised a total of just over \$2,000 — this was one of the highest donations in the State.

In August the school performed "The Mikado." The four nights were highly successful, all seats were sold for 3 of those nights and it was enjoyable, exciting and great fun to see the production come together into a cohesive whole after months of constant practice. I was delighted that "The Mikado" was chosen as the production for 1984.

Today I have re-read my Magazine Reports written between 1969 when the custom started, and 1983. This report will be much the same as any other for this year from September 1983 to September 1984 has been similar to all the others, with perhaps a few differences.

I told you last year of the acquisition of 88 Wellington Street and the plans to remodel the original home to make three downstairs classrooms, a staff room and an activities area, and this has been completed. The Preparatory Class, Primary I and II moved into the new building at the end of Term I and in June it was officially opened by Councillor Kaye Cole representing the Mayor of Kew. It was a great pleasure to have Councillor Cole with us as she has been involved in a number of school functions in recent years.

The building, named "Little Ruyton House" is operating very smoothly for staff and children alike, while the Junior Library is the answer to a Librarian's dream. Altogether we can look at "Little Ruyton House" and be proud of the additional space and splendored facilities it provides.

Late last year I notified the School Council that I had decided to retire either at the end of 1984 or at the end of Term 1 in 1985. And so, in the remainder of this article I would like to play "Do you remember" with you, my readers, many of whom will be old Ruytonians with a far longer knowledge of the school than mine.

Do you remember when the Coleridge Street boundary was a line of elm trees and when there were some beautiful elms on the border of the oval to the south? Do you remember the production of "St Joan" in 1959 in the Old Assembly Hall with inadequate seating but splendid acting? Do you remember when the fish pond was full of water (I don't) and later, when the pond was filled in and lawn was planted making it an oasis of green? Do you remember the Opening of the Hilda Daniell Wing (I don't), of Royce Hall, the Junior School, the Middle School and the L.B. Jacobs Centre? Do you remember the days when the girls wore long skirts, when they did up the buttons on their blazers and when everyone cleaned shoes as a matter of course? Do you remember when many pupils came on bicycles and when most of them came on public transport as did their teachers? And what about those midnight feasts when one of the deeds of daring was to creep around the roof and look in at the Headmistress' window — definitely not in my time!

Once upon a time, the Junior School children brought flowers for the Headmistress every Thursday and the Sixth Form were known to play British Bulldog at inappropriate moments. There were fireplaces in those bygone days in each of the Quadrangle Rooms provided with fuel to last until midday only.

At the end of this, my last Magazine Report, I would say thank you to you all for your support and loyalty and I wish you and the school every success in the exciting and demanding years ahead.

Margaret McRae  
August 31st, 1984





## Staff Dinner for Miss McRae

On Saturday September 15th, the Ruyton Staff Association held a dinner at Leonda Function Centre in honour of Miss McRae. Over 150 staff, past staff and council members attended, whilst telegrams and best wishes were sent by many others, from as far away as New Zealand. That so many people gathered together on this occasion was testimony to the respect and affection in which Miss McRae is held by all those who have worked for and with her over the past 21 years.

Highlights of the evening included speeches by Mrs. Marjorie Theobald and Mrs Suzanne Barrah (excerpts of which are printed over). Mrs. Theobald gave an overview of the history of Ruyton, with particular reference to the progress made under Miss McRae. Mrs. Barrah, on behalf of the staff, presented a moving personal tribute. With warmth and sincerity, she conveyed the high regard in which Miss McRae is held by the staff, for her many fine qualities: her integrity, sensitivity, humour and above all, the way in which she has led by example.

When Miss McRae in turn responded, a delighted audience was entertained with many anecdotes, memories and observations of her years as headmistress. We were amazed when Miss McRae confided that (a) she was nervous on her first day as a new staff member at Ruyton and (b) she was late for her first staff meeting. It would have to have been the ONLY time!

The evening concluded with a presentation to Miss McRae; Waterford crystal glasses and decanter on a silver tray, with a card signed by all present. It was a most relaxed, enjoyable and successful occasion — memorable for all those who gathered together to express their appreciation of and affection for Miss McRae.

Jennifer Nicholls, Staff



## Students Talk About Miss McRae

Miss McRae has always been very nice and my first year at Ruyton has been an enjoyable one for me.

A couple of months ago I got into trouble and had to go to see Miss McRae. She was nice about it because she knew it wasn't our fault. So she said, "I just don't want you to draw attention to yourselves in school uniform".

She's mild and mellow, friendly, helpful and sympathetic — that's our headmistress.

She stalks the schoolgrounds like the queen, everyone quickly adjusting their ties, discussions fading. She passes—H.R.M. Miss McRae.

You come face to face with her in a hallway. She smiles. A tonne weight is lifted off your shoulders.

I remember in prep, Miss McRae came to visit us. On her way out, "just out of the blue", Charlotte rushed up and opened the door for her. Everyone (including Miss McRae) was surprised. I think that's the only time I've ever seen her surprised.

She always looks unbeatable, wise, like a queen. But believe me, she's nice, helpful, friendly, with a young and lovely smile on her face.

Miss McRae has done a lot for this school and has helped girls through their hard years and their good years, including me. She deserves a lot of credit for the school's success.

She has taught my mother, my aunt, my cousin and I — it is the end of an era.

One day when we heard Miss McRae was coming to inspect our classroom, there was an absolute panic. I've never seen such havoc as everyone tried frantically to make the room clean enough for her presence.

I'll always wonder if Miss McRae has slid down the bannisters of the Henty House staircase.

Miss McRae is the only headmistress I have ever had who knows everybody's name in the whole school.

Miss McRae is the only person who can look at everybody in assembly at the same time.

Miss McRae is the only woman who can make thirty girls speak and dress perfectly, instantly!







## Excerpts From a Speech by Mrs. Suzanne Barrah at a Staff Dinner in Honour of Miss McRae

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Miss McRae, Mrs Edwards, ladies and gentlemen, it is an honour and a great pleasure for me to speak about Miss McRae tonight. I have worked with Miss McRae for four years and they have been four very rewarding and happy years because I have been fortunate enough to work closely and harmoniously with a Headmistress of her experience and wisdom. In many schools in which I have taught the strengths and virtues of the Principal have often only been appreciated after her departure — it has been necessary for a new Head to appear in the school before teachers began to say, "If only Miss/Mrs So-and-So were still here . . .". I think that Ruyton is rare in my experience in that we have had a Headmistress who has been loved and respected whilst she has *been* in the school — it has not taken her departure to make her staff appreciate her.

The full responsibility that she has taken for this school over 22 years has been an awesome task, and aware as she has always been of the seriousness and gravity of such a responsibility, she has nevertheless retained her sense of humour. I believe it is this which has contributed so much to the *balance* of her judgements and decisions. It has prevented her from taking herself, although *never* her job, too seriously — and has thus allowed her to set in perspective, some of the trials and tribulations that form part of the daily life of a headmistress.

She also recognizes the *value* of a sense of humour — I remember her telling me that one of the first signs of stress was not being able to see the comical side of life. She has had the wisdom to know herself and others, and to recognize and to take steps to correct the imbalance which derives from stress or distress. Her whimsical view of life has heartened many of her staff at times when it has been most needed. You will all know that notes, addressed to members of staff in Miss McRae's neat and regular handwriting — handwriting which puts most of us to shame — are frequently pinned on the Staff Room noticeboard. Mrs Klotz told me that she had observed these notes on many occasions but had never received one. She finally remarked one day, in Miss McRae's presence, that she felt overlooked as she had never been the recipient of a note from the Headmistress. The next morning — what should she find? — a note from the Headmistress. And what did it say? "Good morning, Mrs Klotz!" I thought that it revealed so much that we love about Miss McRae — her humour, her kindness, her whimsy, her concern for each member of her staff.

Miss McRae has endeared herself to her staff in so many ways. We know when we hear her whistling — usually hymns — that all is well. She gives us other signs, too, of the state of play — sometimes, I think, but I'm not sure, unconsciously. Miss McRae has always believed in and acted on the principle that the Headmistress must stand alone and bear all the consequences of that position — and sometimes, that means its loneliness. She has, for this reason, been friendly with all of us, but knew that she

could not, in the interests of fairness and justice, be friends with any one in particular.

Miss McRae has never been an autocratic or distant Headmistress. She has allowed her staff to develop their own strengths, ideas and initiatives. The girls in the school, too, have been free from a harsh discipline, although it would be difficult to persuade them to accept such a view, it usually only comes when recollected in a later tranquillity. The girls have known that Miss McRae was a Headmistress to whom they could look up and one whom they could revere, and, as some of them have been revealing in their writing recently, even regard as a regal figure. But along with that respect and awe, went a knowledge that she is very human. One of our most wonderful Assemblies was the one for Miss McRae before she went to England in 1982. The two School captains, Helen McKelvie and Pip Mackie, presented her with most extraordinary going away gifts. From a plastic bag they plucked such pieces of Australiana as a Hawthorn beanie, a pie, a Mills and Boon novel for reading in the plane of course, and — what every travelling patriot should have — the ubiquitous jar of Vegemite. On other occasions the girls have shown their affection for Miss McRae by filling her Study with flowers, or, one other year, with chocolate cakes. One year, a singing telegram girl burst into Royce Hall and sang that Sixth Form's tribute to Miss McRae. I think she actually was lost for a word on that day! She has always entered into the spirit of these occasions with immense good humour — rarely being fazed by any oddity or quirk.

Her gift for combining formality with informality, I think, is demonstrated best of all at Speech Night. This is the culmination of the school year, it is a grand occasion. It comes at the end of a busy, hectic and exhausting term, but in spite of that, she is always able to take her place on the stage of Dallas Brooks Hall and address that large hall as though she is speaking to each person individually. Such a gift is rare, and the ease with which she does it, conceals a great deal of professional skill and personal strength.

A concern for each member of staff and for each girl in her school has been the fundamental strength of Miss McRae's Headmistress-ship. She even recognizes our footsteps outside the Study — that is no mean feat of auditory observation.

Young teachers, who have begun their teaching careers at Ruyton, have spoken to me about their deep sense of gratitude to her — that she was willing to take on a young man or woman who was raw and inexperienced — giving them the benefit of starting to teach at a school like Ruyton, and then she watched over them, discussed their problems with them, offering them advice which was always immensely practical and sensible. I believe her memories of her own experience as a young teacher — and like all of us — some of these memories were painful — guided her and motivated her to give every chance to a young teacher rather than condemn them.

Every teacher here has known that in times of personal and professional distress, Miss McRae has always been ready to give her time generously, to listen and, if asked, to give advice. Not only, however, has she been there when sought, she has frequently, because of her interest in each individual, anticipated signs of trouble. She has been like a good mother — one who keeps a careful but not repressive eye on her children, trying to prevent any adversity from overwhelming them. She knows that an unhappy member of staff is not a good member of staff, and has on many occasions discreetly and tactfully acted in such a way that a teacher who has needed relief and help has been given it.

(continued over)



Miss McRae has had a remarkable facility for knowing not only us — and I have worked in a school where there was a Head who was uncertain about the names of some of her staff — but she also knows the various members of our families — husbands, wives, children, and the joys and sorrows they might be causing us are frequently known to her. She is interested in the welfare of the whole person, not just the part that impinges on Ruyton, and for that, every one of us has had occasion to be deeply grateful.

In fact, Miss McRae has reserved her greatest sympathy and concern for those who need it most — a truly Christian attitude. I think that her own battle against poor health from the time she was very young, has made her particularly aware of adversity. This is a side of the school — coming directly from its Head, which in these times of our being called elitist and exclusive schools — should be remembered. A school with a Headmistress whose values are as honest, direct and charitable — in the First Corinthians 13 sense of the word — as Miss McRae's are, is one which can take a pride in contributing in a worthwhile and lasting way to our society. One friend of mine who interviews girls from various schools commented to me that she noticed that Ruyton girls were quietly confident, assured and unpretentious girls — a reflection she believed of the tone and ethos of the school. She attributed this directly to Miss McRae's influence on her staff and girls. I thought what she said was true, and a wonderful tribute from someone outside the school. These attitudes which Miss McRae has exemplified must remain with us.

She has occupied the highest position in the school with a grace and dignity which never put self above position. The respect and deference she has received as Headmistress she has seen as being due to the *position* entrusted to her as much as to *herself*. She has been a leader who has seen herself as having a duty to serve her school as well as to lead it.

Dr Darling, the former Headmaster of Geelong Grammar — and the father of one of our colleagues, Mrs Sutherland — said in a recent interview, that he believed that above all else, the Head had to be the conscience of the School. I do not doubt that he was that, and I *know* that Miss McRae has been that. The Chairman of the School Council said to

## Students Talk About Miss McRae

One day Miss McRae was talking to me about the Olympics, whilst I tried to look inconspicuous in my Scotch College cricket jumper which I was wearing to a Mikado rehearsal. After she went into her office, I stood and studied her portrait in the hall. The artist had got her hands very well. She's ace!

When I was little I thought Miss McRae was a robot because she never made mistakes. I'm still not sure if she is or she isn't!

She's been a real ship's captain.

Ruyton has flourished in the academic, musical, sporting and dramatic fields under Miss McRae's leadership. Thank you Miss McRae for your hard work, devotion and interest in Ruyton for the past twenty one years.

me once that Miss McRae could not do anything wrong even if she tried!

He was speaking of her moral integrity, her rigorous sense of right and wrong, her demanding sense of duty and her sense of obligation to her position. In the school we have felt that influence permeating our daily discussions and deliberations — so that it is common to hear a member of staff saying, after considering some action or comment — "What would Miss McRae think of that" — and in so saying, paying tribute to the high standards of behaviour, language and demeanour that she has set. I wonder if that has been said with such unconscious respect in very many schools.

Miss McRae became Headmistress of Ruyton after it had been through a troubled period, and she has committed her life to restoring and building up the school, and she has now the very real satisfaction of knowing that she will be leaving it as an academically successful, sound and happy school.

The high reputation which Ruyton enjoys, has been the result of 22 years of absolute commitment on Miss McRae's part. The staff, parents and Council have all played their invaluable parts in this development, but she as Headmistress, has provided the inspiration and leadership. Above all else, her personal example of absolute probity, and her refusal to compromise her high ethical and moral standards have made her contribution to education through the lives of many girls and teachers an outstanding one. Her dignity, her humour, her composure and the sense of inner calm that she conveys will be remembered by girls and teachers long after she has retired. We do not forget the people who have stood so steadfastly for the civilizing values in a society in which such values seem to be slipping away.

On behalf of all the staff here, Miss McRae, may I thank you for having contributed so much of yourself not only to our professional lives, but to our personal lives — and for the lasting gift of yourself to the school which loves and honours you.

Could I ask you to stand, and join with me in drinking a toast to Miss McRae, wishing her a retirement which will be as fruitful and productive as her years at Ruyton have been.

It's amazing how Miss McRae seems to materialise from nowhere: whenever you're sunbaking without shoes and socks or when your tie is hung loosely around your collar!

Miss McRae put her faith in me and gave me another chance to prove myself. I'll always be grateful for that.

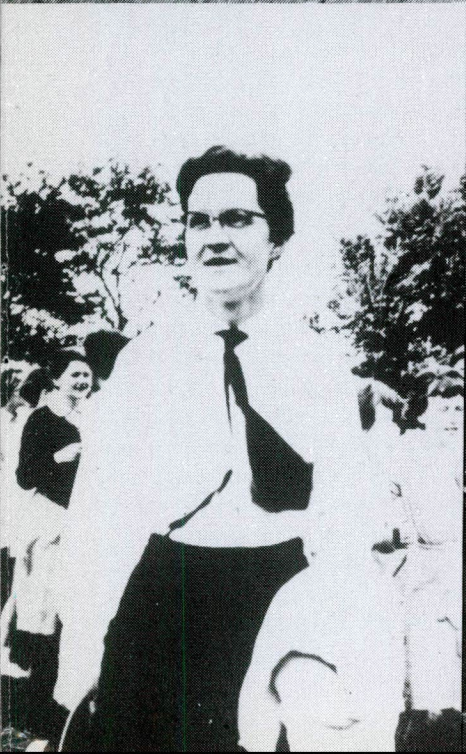
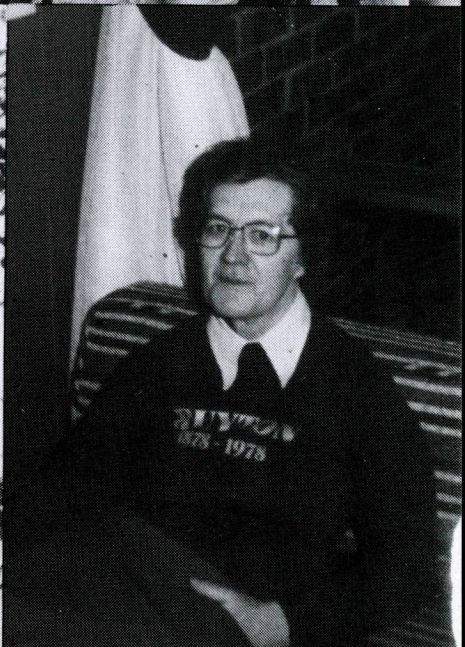
Miss McRae always takes time to speak to every girl and she always remembers names. We must have all done something "memorable" at some stage for her to remember us!

My wish for Miss McRae:   Length to your days  
  Strength to your ways.

Thanks Miss McRae for being there during my twelve years at Ruyton. I'll be sorry to see you go.

Miss McRae has been living in Derham for as long as I can remember. Where will she live now?







## From an Interview with Miss McRae

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Invited to return from England in 1963 to assume the position of Principal of Ruyton, Miss McRae took up the occupation which was to become a way of life to her for more than twenty years.

Ruyton in 1963 had a slightly smaller student population than now, a school secretary, bursar and assistant, four ground staff and a teaching staff with a much higher number of single women and no male teachers. It was still a boarding school, and many fond memories are attached to that era — the famous Ghost Story has haunted successive generations.

Most of the upstairs area of Henty house was used to accommodate boarders, and in those days, inspections of rooms occurred every morning — discipline many girls today would face with some horror! Moments of worship, then an integral part of daily life, are now confined to School Assembly, with Miss McRae stoutly resisting further encroachment from an increasingly secularized community.

Disciplinary roles, too, have altered: for instance, the once awesome figure of the Prefect has been diluted into an H.S.C. shared responsibility, with girls now reluctant to confront wayward juniors. Uniforms have remained substantially the same, although hats and gloves have disappeared, and the sports uniforms have changed. Trying to adapt the uniform to the dictates of fashion has always proved a daunting task for enterprising girls, with hemlines moving from the alarmingly high to the discouragingly low within years of each other.

Social change of all kinds has collided with Ruyton life — from the omnipresent concern with hair (a Ruyton mum recently despaired of her daughter's hairstyle — "Is this a hair-cut or surgical rehabilitation?") to the fickle world of pop (Miss McRae can remember the boarders going off in droves one Saturday at the height of Beatlemania). Times of social crisis like the Vietnam War, the assassination of John F. Kennedy in America, the accidental drowning of Harold Holt at Portsea, have not left Ruyton untouched. During one series of atomic bomb tests at Muraroa Atol, a Ruyton student sang her own protest song at assembly. Miss McRae also recalls students attending the mass rallies of the evangelist, Billy Graham, in the late sixties.

Although responsibilities have diminished in some areas of school life, in others they have increased dramatically. Miss McRae has presided over the establishment of a wider range of student positions in school life, such as School, House, Sporting, Music, Drama and Class Captains. The *Ruytonian* itself has become a larger and more informative publication, with participation from girls not only in the traditional areas of written contributions, but also in photography and art layout. In the seventies, the activities programme occupied a central position in course design for the Middle School (with activities such as sailing, golf, skiing, cooking and film-making enlivening the school curriculum). Other curriculum innovations saw art, drama, media, music and more recently, computer studies, co-existing with more traditional subjects. The roles of coordinators, specialized interest groups, and subject departments, have become more clearly defined. In an effort to

prepare girls for the society they will inevitably enter, the careers programme (including Work Experience) widens its scope yearly.

During the eighties, Miss McRae has seen the H.S.C. altered in substance and scope. V.I.S.E. has become a well-known word, bringing with it both the stimulus for change and extra demands on senior students. In a shift from more tranquil years, academic qualifications must now serve as an entrance to tertiary institutions as well as being relevant to the market place. The V.I.S.E. of 1984 uneasily tries to come to terms with conflicting requirements of egalitarian philosophies and elitist principles.

Miss McRae has welcomed the movement of Ruyton girls out into the community — with choral groups, fund-raising, research in local libraries, and the growth of sporting venues. The community too has come to Ruyton, with parental support through Questers, Sunday Fathers, the School Council, Tuckshop, Craft House, the Ruyton Mothers' Association and the Parents' Association.

Most of these things are well known. Perhaps less well-known are the roles Miss McRae has assumed as part of her professional and extra-curricular life. As Principal of Ruyton, Miss McRae has represented our school for many years on professional bodies such as the Association of Heads of Independent Girls' Schools of Victoria — serving as Vice-President for two years, and as President for two years, thereby gaining the respect of her colleagues, and acquiring a reputation as an educationalist throughout the Independent Schools system in Victoria.

In an interview with a Year 11 student last year, Miss McRae commented that the advantage of the private school system is that "parents have the right to choose what system they prefer, or what they believe is more suited to their child. I think that every parent has the right to choose according to the child's individuality".

Always concerned about the individuality of the student, Miss McRae is very much her own individual. She collects stamps and bells, reads the odd Agatha Christie murder-mystery, and has a wonderful and idiosyncratic canary called Ceepha (I promised to get this right — "C" for Canary?!) It appears the myth that Miss McRae is human is true, yet sometimes one could be excused for thinking she is superhuman — enduring the arcane rites of Muck Up Day, the monumental din of the School Dance, the peculiar rituals of dancing classes, the fantastic and occasionally less than respectful impersonations of her by students and staff.

Long a member of such clubs as the Athenaeum and the R.A.C.V., Miss McRae has taken her memberships seriously. Perhaps closest to her heart is the Soroptimist Club. You may well wonder what the Soroptimist Club is. So did I. And I found out that in its charter the club aims, among other things, to maintain high ethical standards in the professions, to strive for human rights of all people, and in particular to advance the status of women. It has an impressive list of fund-raising projects, ranging from programmes listed by the United Nations like a Water Supply Project in Senegal and the Freedom from Hunger campaign, to helping a Richmond Kindergarten and the Preston Citizen Advice Bureau. One lives and learns!



The constant demands on Miss McRae have been immense, the sheer dimension of these could not have been anticipated by the newly appointed Principal who took up the challenge in 1963. Over the years she has had to make decisions about major building programmes, the extension of the Junior School, legal implications in school life and traffic regulations. At some stage or other she has dealt with firemen, policemen, taxi-drivers, local councils and state government.

Perhaps her greatest challenge has been in continuing the viability, survival and progress of a small independent single-sex school in today's society. Vulnerable to political changes and fluctuating funding philosophies, Ruyton has

maintained and strengthened its independence. Only one Headmistress, Miss Daniell, has a longer record of years served as Principal of Ruyton. But no other Principal has presided over such a degree of successful and sustained growth in the school's history.

When asked whether she sees the school changing in any special way in the future, Miss McRae thinks for a moment, as she must have thought many times, and answers that she would like to see the school continue fundamentally as it is: a relatively small, single-sex school, a school responsive to change, yet offering a particular experience based on conservative values which have stood the test of time.

Diane Berold, Staff

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## Miss McRae . . . . A Personal View

Do some of the girls in the Junior School, believe, as I once did, that a Headmistress is, in fact, another member of the Royal Family? She is born an adult, with perfect manners, always in control of her temper — in fact, not really quite human! Miss McRae's manners are exemplary and if she ever loses her temper I, for one, have not seen her do so. Yet she is human!

In the eleven years I have been a member of her staff there have been many instances which reveal the qualities that have made her such a successful and beloved Headmistress. It is no wonder so many of her staff stay with her for a long time. Our working life is enhanced by the warm and good-humoured atmosphere she engenders. There are some lovely snippets I will always remember: sitting around the fire in her study; witnessing her enjoy a joke at a staff meeting; finding her seated at the back of a music rehearsal interested to see how things are going. Leaving Freddo frogs for us on our desks as rewards; swapping detective stories and always justifying them as homework.

On a more serious note, it would seem hard to single out the quality in her that I admire most. Her ability to be fairminded in all decisions great and small is an enormous asset. This quality was referred to by a past teacher at Miss McRae's farewell dinner: during the turbulent years of the Vietnam War Miss McRae was called upon to handle the situation which arose when several staff requested the right to take a public stand over the war. Not only was her decision then a fair one, it was also courageous. And, in my years as a teacher, I have frequently witnessed examples of that courage. For example, in the late 1970's she permitted us to run sailing camps during the summer vacations. Miss McRae admits her fear of water and has always been concerned about the risk of accidents, particularly at camps. She could easily have said no and saved herself a lot of worry. Instead she supported these sailing camps, realising their value to the participants. (But how did she make her one telephone call to any of these camps on the night when several of us were stranded miles from

camp after an exciting struggle to free one of our craft from a sandbank?) This year she was game enough to allow a Sailing Camp in the Activities Week — a camp where the 16 girls, all novice sailors, lived on their yachts for a week and learned about all aspects of sailing. In the preparations for this camp we could not discover one other school which had been willing to tackle such a project with so many students. The success of the camp vindicated her courageous decision!

Yet, perhaps more than anything I, like many others, have valued her compassion. Maria McDonald, our Form 11 student who has both sight and hearing difficulties, spoke warmly about this quality the other day. Maria recalled how she had been very upset when, as a Form 7 student, she was not allowed to participate in the Form 7 Camp. Miss McRae realised this and spent a lot of time with Maria, comforting her and helping her overcome her distress. There are a great many students to whom Miss McRae has given hours of extra help — not just when asked to, but when she herself saw there was a need.

The staff also benefit from her compassion, both on a daily basis and particularly at crucial times in our lives. I will never forget her kindness and understanding in the months leading up to my father's death and in that period of grief following it. I know I speak here for so many other teachers too. Miss McRae has a special gift, she knows intuitively how to handle such situations.

Of course, compassion without discretion is of little value. Miss McRae is absolutely discreet. We know we can trust her with any information, that it will go no further. We have all appreciated that quality. (Mind you, she's probably losing thousands of dollars by not writing her memoirs — particularly given her exceptionally good recall of past people and events!)

We all feel an enormous sense of loss with Miss McRae's retirement, but we can comfort ourselves with the knowledge that, by her energy and devotion, she has created a strong, vibrant and happy school, one whose spirit and sense of unity is the envy of many.

Jane Edwards, Staff



# School Captains' Report

"We, as Captains in the School, promise that we will do our best to uphold the traditions of the school, and, to be loyal to those in authority and just to those we serve" . . . until death (or the end of the year) do us part!

THAT WAS IT! We're in for good. No looking back now. As we looked out into our realm, on taking the oath, we were hit with the realization that we were the captains! Splash went the gold paint and up went our names. (Stop the trumpets now, Jo!)

Pomp and grandeur aside, we got stuck into the grind of our H.S.C. year and our added responsibilities. We settled into the chairs opposite Miss McRae and were ready to reply to the question: "How has the year been?"

"Well . . . ."

"Actually . . . ."

" . . . . .then of course, there's been . . . ."

"And now that you mention it . . . ." Composure sets in. Our year, on the whole, went off "without a hitch".

Our first duty combining tact, agonizing scrutiny, intelligence and determination was the School Dance. With the total support of Miss McRae we were able to book 9 Darling Street for our evening "with a Touch of Class". It proved to be a gala occasion of fashion (taffeta and tuxedos) and fun (chatting and dancing) in the plush surroundings of our new found haven. Thanks especially to Mrs Nicholls, Mrs Merriman and Miss Davis.

To the question, "Next?", we replied, "the committees". Believe it or not, H.S.C. committees play a significant part in the smooth running of school life. After all, where would you be without the friendly face of a Pound Committee member who daringly delves into a closet full of lost and homeless clothing, to rescue an article from becoming yesterday's memories! Or, the Social Service Committee who grind their way through meeting after meeting deciding upon the next event on Ruyton's fund raising calendar. And, the sports Committee — the union who protect our women from overplay, bad conditions and lack of recognition.



A special mention also to those courageous and eager Junior School representatives who brave their way through the adventure playground and arrive at the class rooms of our younger school members (Hello P4!!).

On the subject of Junior School one of the (very few) functions we proudly attended was the opening of Little Ruyton House, an exciting occasion for the Junior School — and us!

As we tug on our "O" badges we recall the other major breakthrough (well, we think so!), the H.S.C. jumper. Innovative, somewhat familiar and blue, it has the large gold logo which gives our H.S.C.'s "blazing" recognition (and extra warmth).

As we come to the end of our meeting with Miss McRae, we uncannily think the same thing. This was one of the last meetings with Miss McRae. We have come to appreciate our Tuesday morning meeting and we understand now, just what a marvellous, caring Headmistress everyone, we and those before us, have been lucky enough to have. Ruyton will somehow be different without her — we wish her every possible happiness in the future and our sincere thanks for making our year a truly happy one.

It is indeed the end of an era for Ruyton which also marks the beginning of an exciting future. So, on being "Loyal to those in authority and just to those we have served", it is time to bid you all a sad farewell.



Your co-captains,  
Cojana Ware, Kathy Tsitsanis



## A Touch of Class

"Should I get Sapphire Blue or Dawn Rose?"

" . . . . a perm or a cut . . . . ?"

"But David is only a seven on a scale of one to ten for charm and good looks. Perhaps I shouldn't have invited him . . . ?"



These were some of the more familiar phrases towards the close of Term 1, when the Senior girls waited impatiently for the annual School Dance. This year, held at a venue away from school, 9 Darling Street, the Dance proved to be an exciting and successful evening. All displaying "a touch of class", the girls shone in gowns of all colours, while the gentlemen were nothing short of dashing in their tuxedos and dinner suits. The food satisfied even the most discerning palates and the music varied to suit all. It was really a most successful and enjoyable evening!

(Thanks to Mrs Nicholls and Mrs Merriman for their patient organisation).

Helen Goh, HSC

P.M.S.



## "Leighton Bay"

Driving up the long, winding drive to "Leighton Bay", one of the oldest houses in Metung, the calm, contented atmosphere of the house can be felt. As it comes into sight, the long front verandah can be seen, with ivy struggling up the white front posts and window boxes along the numerous windows, through which the dining room can be seen. The outside appearance of the house, grey roof and whitewashed walls surrounded by splashes of every colour of the rainbow in the many flower gardens which line the walls, gives it a mysterious "Olde Worlde" feeling and sends a tingle, ever so slight, down my spine each time I see it.

I walk through the back door, now the only one used, into the bright, airy kitchen. Even with its ebony teak benches and old appliances, it contains a feeling of excited energy all its own. The sharp crackle of roast lamb can be heard in the old fashioned oven hidden in a small alcove at the back of the kitchen.

Walking through the kitchen, I reach the dining room, elegantly furnished yet with the musty smell of age. Old, delicately crafted ornaments line the mirrored sideboard and fireplace. Eighteenth century instruments take pride in their place each side of the cozy, but now cold and unlit fireplace. Delicate porcelain ladies with snow-white hands and satin gowns admire themselves in the small sideboard mirrors, cold as stone yet appearing so gay and life-like in their expressions and pose.

Down the short passage from the dining room, I enter the drawing room, with its massive old chairs covered in soft velvet which always feel warm and inviting to sit in. The chairs focus on a large fireplace, always lit at night, sending off a warmth greater than the heat of the fire and chatting contentedly to itself in its crackling voice. On each side of the fire reaching upwards towards the ceiling, narrow bookshelves are filled with leather covered volumes of the "Old Classics". At the other end of the long room, a piano sits in the corner, out of tune, but still played, bringing a shine into the eyes of any small child who may be listening. Opposite the piano, a gramophone plays old wartime tunes, scratched and faint.

Travelling down the dark passageway from the drawing room, I enter the master bedroom. The large room is sparsely furnished, with the central piece being a large, dishevelled bed, never made, with the occasional book lying open on the bed or bedside table.

It has a stuffy feeling, dirty with ash and cigarette butts littering ashtrays and the floor. The atmosphere is drowsy and relaxed as I look out the windows on the once immaculately kept gardens.

"Leighton Bay" is very special to me. Its mystery and charm never pall. I have seen weddings in the restored front gardens, and felt the most hypnotizing atmosphere in the old delapidated stepped gardens; I feel if I close my eyes for a second, I will be transported into the past - when there were no weeds, and the steps of the brilliantly coloured flower garden were kept in perfect condition. The present owner has even written an eerie story about those now unkempt gardens, which can only really be appreciated if the readers know the place, but makes that knowledge so much more meaningful, and the atmosphere of the property so much more obvious, yet so intangible.

Lisa Andrews, H.S.C.

## The Bank Robbery

There was a screeching of brakes and a glistening black Ford drove up outside the bank's large glass door. Two men carrying large pistols, ran into the bank while a third man stayed in the car. The old lady behind me suddenly fainted. I tried to put her onto a chair nearby, but one of the robbers shouted, "Stand still!" and I can tell you I did.

Robbers in films are usually very tall and skinny but these two were the fattest, smallest men I had ever seen. The taller of the two whom I presumed was the leader, grabbed the bank manager by the leg (for that was as far as he could reach). Pointing the gun to his head, he ordered the bank teller to give him everything in the bank and put it into the sack that he had thrown onto the desk. In a flash the teller went into a small room marked private and came out with the sack bulging.

As soon as the bank teller gave the robber the bag the robber and his mate darted out the door. When the robber was outside the bank manager closed the large bullet proof doors and I took my first breath since the incident started.

Just as the robbers got to the car something started dripping from the sack. A red oozy liquid was dripping down the robber's leg. Even through the balaclava I could see his face wrinkle up. He threw the sack at the bank window, jumped into the car and drove off. I don't know why, but as they drove away, I felt sorry for the little man. All the way through the incident I had felt a scream coming up to my throat but I kept it in all the time. The bank teller quietly asked me what blood group I was and started getting the injection ready for the blood I was going to donate to the bank.

Katharine Schmitt, 7W

## Cat Fascination

Curled up by the warm open fire was the cat. The gentle warmth of the flames ruffle her fine bristled hair and she purrs, the heat soothing her sleek black proportions. Her tail waves, a pleased senseless waving, as she listens to the patter of rain on the tin, corrugated roof. She purrs again.

A small brown mouse makes its appearance, gingerly moving from an enlarging crack in the skirting board, attempting to safely scurry across the floor to the dark depths of the shredded mattress. It darts from the crack, a quick glance towards the fire and it runs for dear life. But the cat smells it, and as the terrified creature whisks past, the ever sensitive whiskers of the black queen tense.

The cat's nose twitches as this familiar sensation revitalizes her sense of smell. The smooth black eye-lids open, revealing a pair of gleaming yellow pools, flitting about as they scan the area for a likely suspect. Remaining calm, she finally notices the long thin tail sticking out from the side of the mattress.

The black queen prepares. Her every muscle flexes, vibrations exciting her every joint and ligament. The sleek black hairs rise to a point as the body arranges itself in attack position, ready to pounce. SHE STRIKES!

Pam Sproule, 10S



## Jansen's Lane

The year was 1939, and we lived in Collingwood. I had three older brothers and two older sisters, I was the 'baby' of the family. My mother was a woman with a pleasant disposition, who thought having a husband and a large family was the "be-all-and-end-all" for every woman. My father was as every other man I had met at that time, a simple man with a great deal of pride and honour, that brought him through the difficult periods every year, and the world situation when England was on the very brink of war.

War to me was just a word discussed by my brothers and sisters and their friends, when we were down old Jansen's Lane. Here every secret was made and kept, and races were held to determine the fastest runner amongst us. They often talked of war, lightly, knowing it would not concern them because of their childhood. None of us had any idea that war was like a volcano, bubbling and frothing waiting to explode, thus to spew forth its hot anger, scalding everyone, as it made its presence felt. Therefore, we too would

indirectly be involved with the tragedy of its deaths and the final exultation of our victory. There in the lane we simply talked of war.

Jansen's Lane became our refuge, as the home situation grew slowly more tense. After two years, the war seemed as if it would go on forever. My father talked of still being young enough to join, but Mother always said he should think of his responsibilities to his family first. Now however, we talked with more respect of war, for our beloved uncle who was English, had died at the hands of the Germans. We'd made up games of combat, where the boys would shoot each other, and the nurses would be the girls who had to go and put bandages around their heads. My oldest brother, at sixteen, always refused the bandages, saying he could stand the pain — he was my hero!

Here, in Jansen's Lane, we improvised and won the second World War, four years before the actual victory!

Rachel Botsman, 11H

## Hands

Every pair of hands is different to the next in some way, whether shaped through hard work or a career choice. Often they bear sharp resemblance to a person's character, or simply accentuate and express emotions.

The beautifully slender fingers shaped expressively to portray different emotions, would only belong to a ballerina. The gentle curves of the fingers enhance the delicate movement of the body. Quick, supple movements portray an air of joyfulness. Sad hands are cast down, giving a desolate, pleading expression.

The hard, callous old woman had hands whose wrinkles continued past her wrist, and showed in her character. They were hands that had experienced many new changes in the world, that had worked hard for little reward and few achievements. They had cherished someone or something a long time ago, but were now diseased and set in their ways.

The young girl's pale hands were like those of robot. They did what she wanted them to do, quickly — mechanically. They seemed eternally busy, never resting, almost detached, as though they belonged to another person. She also was detached from what she was doing. Her eyes could dart around the room, questioning the activities of others while her tools continued working, assembling minute structures, unflinching in their task.

The angry politician, anxious to make an important point in parliament, clenches his fists and waves his hands around in circles, trying to drum up support. An insistent finger knocks on top of the bench, emphasizing each word. Trembling with energy, they clutch a piece of paper for a minute, then allow the paper to fall. Tensely clenched, forefinger protruding, one hand points accusingly — then suddenly drops and dies, resuming a neat clasp with the other hand in the politician's lap.

Hands can express many different emotions energetically, often without hesitation. Slender or wrinkled, mechanical or tense, hands can often tell much about the person who uses them.

Helen Penrose, 11H

## Smudge Mania

What really annoys me, apart from stepping on chewing gum in bare feet, is a particular mathematical equation. Do you know what it is? Black "Texta" plus Glue equals SMUDGE.

After slaving away for days working on our children's 'ABC' story book, how were Libby and I rewarded for our efforts? With big black smudges. Extremely annoying.

After many grumbles and groans and attempts to remove these marks (without success) this masterpiece of animals and birds, smudges and liquid paper marks was handed in to be corrected.

The dictionary defines a smudge as: "a smear or blot or blurred lines of writing". The German word for smudge is "Schmutzleck" (dirty stain). How well I came to know these definitions.

To watch a smudge occur, though, can be quite interesting, if you like that sort of thing. First you start with a normal line or drawing. Add something like glue or water, then across with a tissue and there is your smudge. To become a proper smudge "artiste", you must obey the following rules:

1. Carefully select a drawing of which you are particularly proud and has taken hours to draw. (this is to achieve the correct degree of frustration later on).
2. Carefully 'slap' the paste on the back of your treasured article.
3. Place article, glue side down, on a piece of white paper (so that the smudge will show up in all its glory).
4. Wipe across with a tissue adding a few dabs here and there for effect. A large smudge should appear if the procedure has been followed correctly. i.e. "Schmutzleck".
5. "A smear or blot or blurred lines" says the dictionary, but that is not all. The final effect can only be gauged by the degree of blurred vision which results from overwhelming rage and difficulty in suppressing a gigantic scream!

Judith Penrose, 9E



## The Stranger

*Dreaming . . . .  
An uncleared pathway,  
An incurable disease,  
The mysteries of cancer,  
And the stranger  
Who lived his life, proudly.  
Too much  
Too young  
Was he from the house of Immortality?  
Give some thought to the stranger.  
Nobody will ever know.  
We were of one.*

*Carol Taylor, 11M*

## Trees at Night

*Whoosh –  
The trees whisper,  
Crash –  
They disagree  
Silence . . . . .  
Harmony.*

*Jennifer Mitchelhill, HSC*

## The Forest

When approaching the expanse of forest, it is possible to mistake it for one completely dark mess. However, drawing nearer, one begins to comprehend the outline of the individual trees and the birds stirring with life in their branches. Especially after heavy rain, the expanse of land is transformed and brightened by the droplets which catch the light and sparkle when falling to the ground.

The brightly coloured cars and their inhabitants pass by, unaware of all that goes on beside them. The forest becomes a passing blur out of the window. With each speeding vehicle, the birds flutter in fright before settling down to blend in with the trees once more. The sound of tyres on gravel and charged motors drowns out the conversation of the birds and the movements of the trees.

As one journeys further into the mass, the noises of the road become less, however, a new intrusion emerges. Between the tips of the trees, shining metal demands attention. Its faultless surface reflects the sun to create an image of heat on even the coldest day. The shadows of the tallest trees dance on its unyielding mass. Following the roof downwards, the lower half of the house stands in defiance of its modern addition. The tan mud bricks seem to be taken from the earth directly surrounding them. Their crumbling appearance is a result of the merciless weather. At a distance, it is impossible to make out the lower half of the house: the roof is so blinding in its clinical steel that the natural material beneath is obliterated.

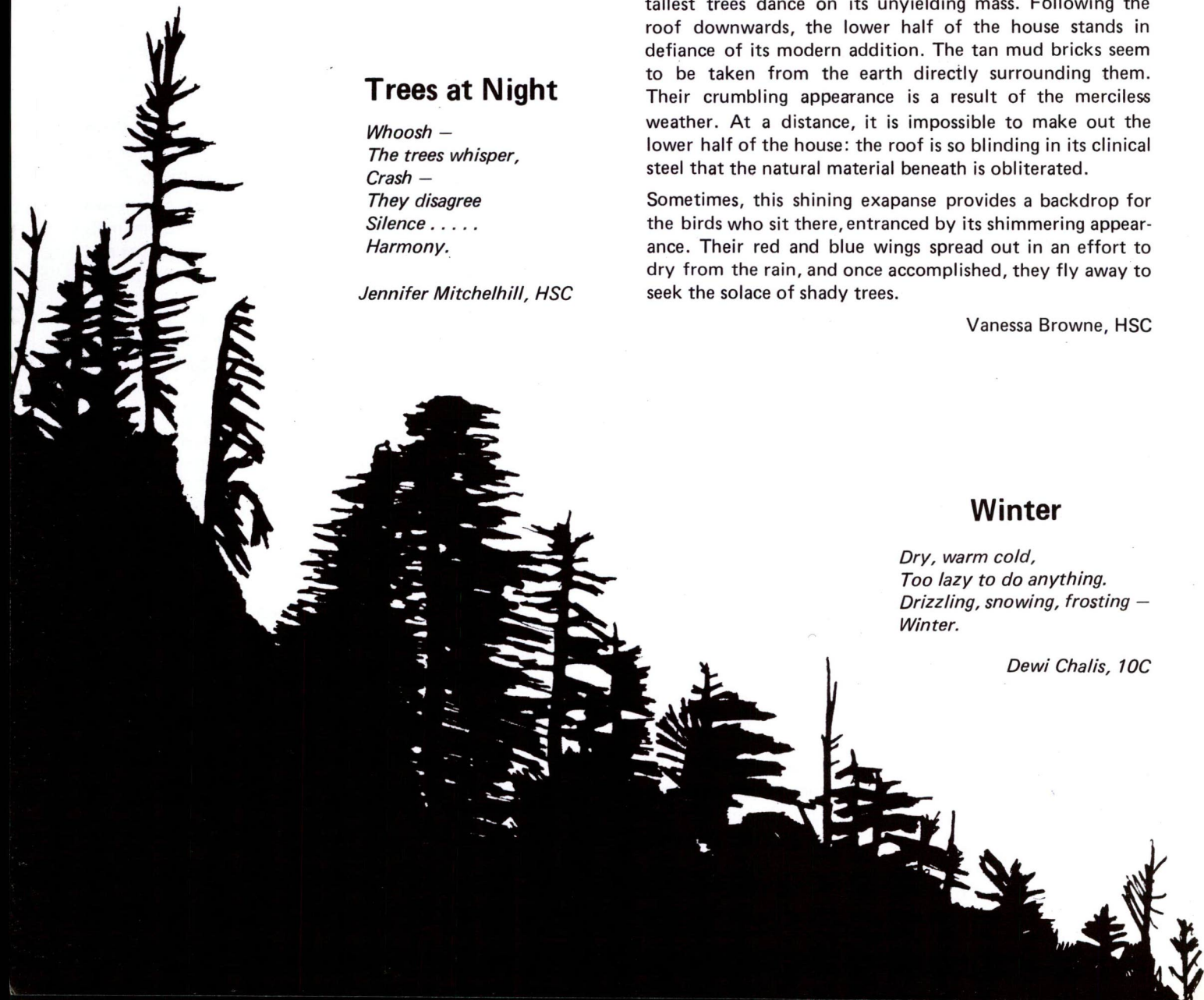
Sometimes, this shining expanse provides a backdrop for the birds who sit there, entranced by its shimmering appearance. Their red and blue wings spread out in an effort to dry from the rain, and once accomplished, they fly away to seek the solace of shady trees.

*Vanessa Browne, HSC*

## Winter

*Dry, warm cold,  
Too lazy to do anything.  
Drizzling, snowing, frosting –  
Winter.*

*Dewi Chalis, 10C*





## A Chinese Cemetery

"Mount Erskine Chinese Cemetery": I saw the words, painted in gold, as the car approached a stone arch. It was a beautiful, perfect morning. The air was still and cool and carried a faint smell of incense. The rising sun bathed the graveyard with a reddish glow and melted the frost that covered the grass. The leaves on the trees were covered with dew.

We got out of the car and walked up a small dirt track, until we reached a large paved area, with faded black and green tiles. There were two huge tombstones in the middle, bearing the names of my Great-grandparents. In front of the tombstones were two small table-like stone structures. On it we set up a joss-stick burner, bowls of rice, wine and chinese dishes. There was a huge roast pig on a separate portable table in front of the tombstones. After lighting a few joss-sticks and burning "gold" paper, we sat down for a rest.

The graveyard was on a side of a huge hilly area and all around us were trees and other tombstones marking the final resting place of the ancients. The trees "angsana" trees, were in full bloom; covered with bright yellow flowers. The grass patch beneath the trees was yellow with the flowers too. Cows rested beneath these trees, little barefooted Indian boys looking after them. Some of the little boys, the older ones, were cutting the grass that grows on the graves, their scythes making a "swishing" sound as they cut through the air. An old woman at a nearby tombstone was sitting on a wooden chair counting her rosary beads, deep in meditation.

At noon, the cemetery was full of people. We decided to leave. Walking up the dirt track again, we turned around. The area had become smoky and filled with the smell of many different kinds of incense and the street pedlars had come, taking advantage of this annual occasion to sell their wares. There were beggars walking around in their dirty torn rags, lamenting their unfortunate lives and asking for alms. We turned around after giving a few coins, and walked away.

Lean Lim, HSC

## Wild Horses

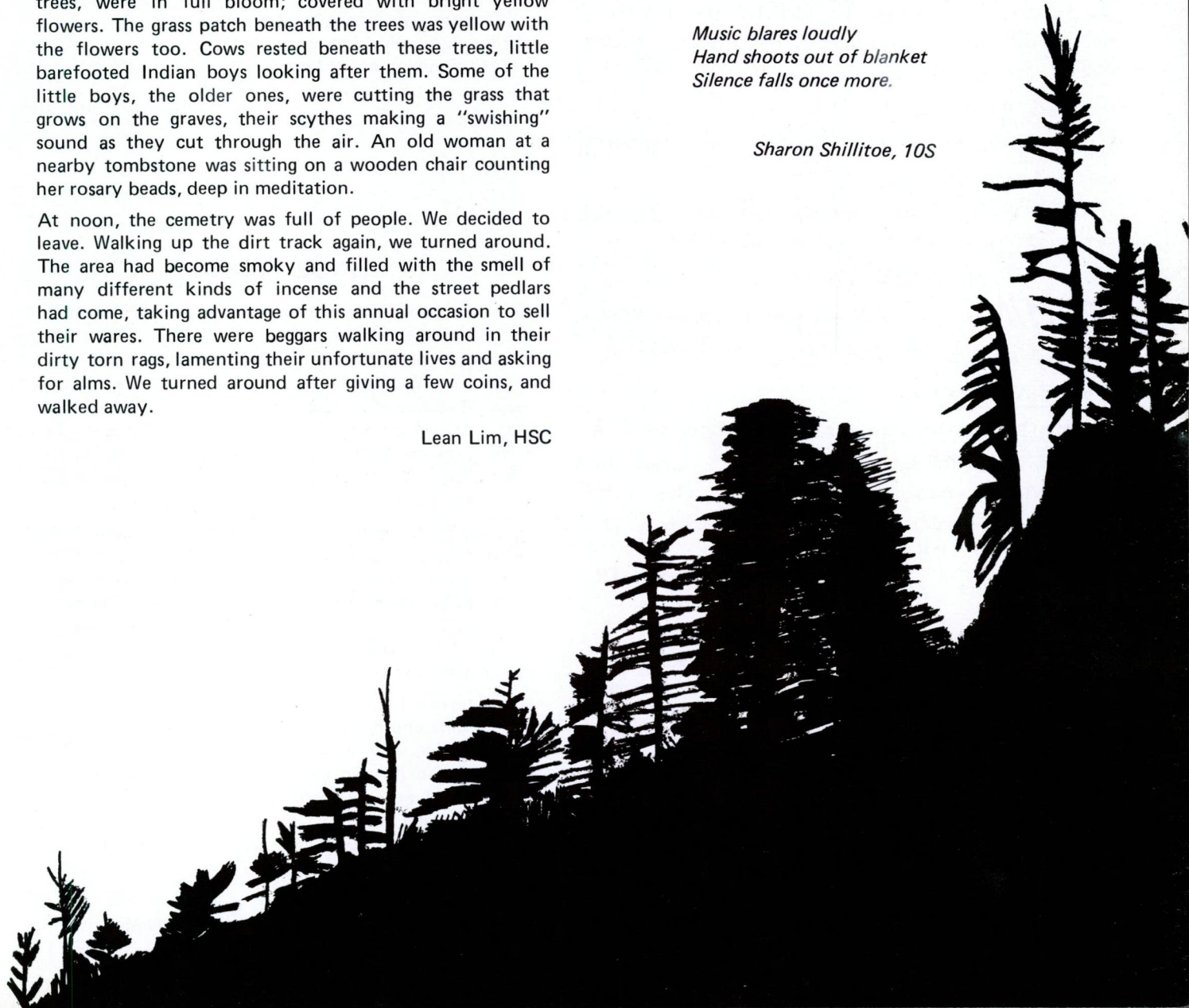
As the once brilliant sun creeps behind the horizon, the waves roll noiselessly onto the white unblemished sand. The wild horses, unaware of the slightly stinging breeze, gallop between the trees to head inland before the day rolls onto another night of complete and lonely darkness.

Katrina Stephen, 10P

## "Waking"

*Music blares loudly  
Hand shoots out of blanket  
Silence falls once more.*

Sharon Shillitoe, 10S





## OLD AGE

**WRINKLED**, weathered, **TIED!**

**STIFF** fingers with hands that have the touch  
of **SANDPAPER**.

**OLDNESS**, delicate like stale, yellowing **LACE**  
**RASPING** cough with lots of phlegm.

Head bent <sub>low</sub> with shoulders bent over.

Back is hunched through many years of  
carrying great weights on their shoulders

Mind slowly ~~de~~ **DECAYING**. Body functions  
getting **SLOWER** and **SLOWER** by the day.

**SLOW** moving! Seems to take all day to  
reach the bathroom to **CLEAN** the teeth;  
not your own anymore. They went years  
ago.

**FRUSTRATION!!**

All the time in the world and nothing  
substantial to do!?!?

Losing touch with people around, relatives  
come only once in a **BLUE MOON!**

**LONELINESS!!**

**BRUISING** with the slightest touch and  
skin **SAGGING** off the body in **SHEETS**.

YOLLOW CHEEKS

Things that are insignificant to you and I  
become **EXTREMELY** important; what time  
the **POSTMAN** comes, when to wash the kitchen  
floor, what to watch on **T.V.** if to watch it  
at all!

B. Cameron, 11H.

## A Rock Concert

Weary sweaty bodies were soaking up the sun as the band called on its energy reserves to give their utmost to their final songs. Contented exhaustion showed in the faces and movements of the few remaining dancers. The air was thick with live sound, dust and the odours of twenty four hours rigorous living. The sun beat down on the spent masses lounging around the perimeter of the festivities. Tired bodies were resigned to queueing for what seemed an eternity at refreshment tents and caravans, but at no time were they deprived of the sound of the rock rhythm.

Liza O'Donoghue, 10P

## Too Loud to Hear

*She tries to understand this world, 1984  
But her eyes are dim and cloudy with age  
And fail to see the light.  
She talks a lot, sometimes too much,  
About the shocking War,  
Of the bombings, deaths and terror it did cause.  
To me it seems so long ago!  
Her schooling years she still treasures.  
White gloves, long tunics and straw hats did she wear.  
The Garden Parties, which served tea, sandwiches and  
gossip  
Of Sunday church, with its sound;  
The chiming bells, the untuned organ and smells of sweet  
perfume  
And about the Fancy Belles with flowing gowns and hair  
pinned high  
The soft tranquil music and suave tailored men.  
To her it was a great social event!  
Occasionally I tell her,  
Of my new trendy Sportsgirl outfit,  
About an "ultra cool" party I went to on Saturday night  
Or of a really "cosmic" rockband  
That absolutely "freaked me out"  
But alas, she does not hear.*

Leonie Griffiths, 10P

## Gone Forever

And they came. There was nothing we could do. I was only ten years old then. My mother was in tears. I'd never seen her cry before. My father had already gone — supposedly to see if Grandma was all right. I wondered if I'd ever see him again. We were all bundled into the back of a big truck. I didn't understand why I couldn't take my favourite dolly, Mimi, with me if Mum said we were only going on a trip for a short time. There were men with guns and I wasn't allowed to speak.

As I sat in the back of that truck I looked back through clouded eyes. I saw our house, a white house with roses climbing everywhere. I saw things I'd never noticed before: spider webs where the water in the bird-bath had dried up; the garden had little weeds sprouting everywhere; the flowers I had planted with buds seemingly everywhere before my eyes.

As we travelled down the road, I saw how dirty the gutter had become and noticed the ring I had lost ages ago, lying there, rusting. The cobbles on the street were glistening; each one had its own individual shape and colour. It was amazing. I'd never noticed any of these things before. I saw everything as though through a mirror, crystal clear. Perhaps my brain registered, although I did not know it then, that I would never see my home again. Mother was crying.

Katie McLeish, 10A



# Dancing Classes

"Did you see that guy last week with the afro hair and the groovy pink tie?"

"I can't eat any dinner Mum"

— My mother asked me how the night was.  
"Oh, my feet . . ." was all I could reply.

"At least he didn't step on my feet!"

"My guy was a bit on the short side; half my size to be exact!"

— Tuesday the 6th of March. Just any ordinary Tuesday — or was it?

"I wonder if Tim is going to be there tonight!"



— I can say on behalf of everyone that we'll never forget it!

— "I'm so nervous".

— "Maria, 'klaus' your legs!" he boomed. Every girl in the hall immediately closed her legs.

## School Life

*Spirit, strength, will.  
A fever burning inside you,  
Determination, excitement, exhilaration*  
**COMPETITION.**

Lisa Fraser, 10S

*Exciting, new, intriguing.  
Each job individual and interesting —  
Rushing, laughing, talking*  
**WORK EXPERIENCE**

Abbie Coller, 10S

*Crowded, noisy place  
Girls rushing for food, drinks.  
Mothers working hard.*  
**TUCKSHOP**

Joanne To, 10S

*Nervous, hot, sweaty  
Not knowing what to do.  
Studying, working, writing*  
**EXAMS**

Katie Allan, 10S



S. Tostevin

**DEPRESSION IS: ALONE  
IN THE PLAYGROUND.**



**HAPPINESS IS: A COFFEE  
SCROLL FROM THE TUCKIE....**



# Moods

## Adolescence

Adolescence is a hard and confusing tunnel; a tunnel with many other tunnels, leading off in all directions. There are so many decisions to make, to which I can't even be sure of getting an answer.

I can look in the mirror one day and see a prospering lawyer, while other days, I see a nobody. Yes, a Nobody who has no boyfriend, does badly at school, and has a blotched face requiring gallons of Clearasil.

It's so strange — I never knew there could be so many emotions bubbling in me. Everyday is different, and every day passes away so quickly. I anxiously await the future, although all the time longing for the security of yesterday.

I tell my younger sisters to appreciate being young and enjoy life without the pressures that I have. There is school-work, exams (which I am doing now), peer group pressures, and pressures from my parents. Parents and friends are great — they're there when I need a shoulder to lean on, and to sympathize with all my problems. Yet sometimes, I can't help feeling a sense of intrusion. Intrusion of my privacy.

I'm always consciously trying to impress my parents and fulfill their expectations. For example, when I go shopping I always have questions at the back of my mind such as, "Will Sara like this skirt or that jumper the best? Will Mum and Dad approve?" I know these questions should be answered by me and me alone, but it's Sara who sees me with the clothes on, and it's Mum and Dad who pay for them.

I think the main reasons why I am so insecure at the moment and always need reassurance are that my body and ideas are continually changing. It's difficult being the eldest and I don't like it at all! I have to go through everything first — exams, growing up, and "dancing dresses."

My parents always tell me that I should make the most of my 'teens' and that I should not take things so seriously. That's what they have been saying throughout my life, but it's not until time passes that you realize how foolish you were to have worried about things like the swimming sports and the first day of school.

Still, I think adolescence is inevitable, and necessary, as it is an introduction to adulthood. The important thing is that introductions should be clear and well written, so that the body and conclusions will develop successfully.

Fiona Candy, 10S



## Me . . . . .

*Across the barricades was my home  
That's where I lived, that's where I belonged.*

*I grew up there, I was taught there . . . .  
My heart was planted there, my feelings were born there.  
I had fought my battles and won my dreams.*

*Now all that's left are my hidden memories  
I was taken away from it all . . . .*

*I knew nothing.  
I was alone and still am.  
Who am I to blame? . . . . Myself?*

*I've become timid,  
cold  
frightened!  
I turn away once more to the mysterious reality.*

Olivia Alysandratos, 9E



## Fright

Suddenly, a light shone in her eyes. She was blinded by that light that gave her a chill down her spine. It was a dark, moonless night and she was out by herself. All she could see now was that dreadful, unknown light that made her life flash before her eyes, threatening her. She was terrified. She tried her hardest to push it away but it would not move; it was no good. Suddenly the light, that evil light was off, just as quickly as it came on. Now, all she could hear as she stood in shock and relief, was the sound of little boys laughing and running away from the 'crime'.

Jenny Slater, 8W

## Foreign For Fear

I always hated sitting on cold floors, especially when you had to sit perfectly still so as not to attract the danger outside. I was only five years old. We were in our maid's house at the bottom of our garden in New Guinea. The danger: a group of knife carrying youths on the other side of our door.

Too young to understand and too small to do anything, all I could do was take commands, so I sat on the floor and ate my sweet potato. I spied my "dress-up" high heeled shoes on the other side of the room. I wanted them and tiptoed across the room, much to the annoyance of our maid who tried to wave me down. As I was a strong willed child I kept going and safely returned without any noise. It never occurred to me that the men outside could seriously harm us, I don't even think I was scared. To me it felt like a game of "hide-and-seek" and I was hiding.

Like all games this one came to an end, we won, the men moved on. It is only now, thinking back on the events that I realize we never knew for a fact that those men had evil intentions. They seemed perfectly bad to us but then we could have been wrong.

Now I see we weren't just hiding from humans or danger but from fear of the unknown and foreign: the natives of Papua New Guinea, a race of people whom I met but never knew.

Paige Hayward, 10P

## My Sister

My sister is a "slob!" She never cleans up her room and she spends all day pottering around the house in her "p.j.'s" and dressing gown with tissues billowing out everywhere. She is a big "sook" and cries when she watches "Little House on the Prairie". She treats me like a little sister (even though I am one). She teases me about how I have to go to school and work while she has nothing but holidays. She seems to get on well with Mum and Dad so they blame me when the kitchen isn't clean or the ironing isn't done. Even though she has all of these bad points, she is usually a good sister which is lucky for me! At least she doesn't 'bash' me up!

Tara Tatham, 10P

## Loneliness

She stood staring, looking out of her window. Her face seemed to call someone in: "Please, please" it said. "Come and be my friend". The house was the oldest in the street and stood with its once white painted weatherboards now peeling away, to leave it bare and alone. It seemed to stand out, as she did. This lady who had once been filled with happiness was now alone like her house in the brick veneer street. She walked around the house hearing things, seeing people who were never there. Her husband had died some years back and now the lines on her face seemed to sink in, into herself like the bark of an old tree. There once had been a smile, a twinkle in her eyes. Now her whole self seemed cold and alone. She sat in her old and battered chair and stared out the window.

Priscilla Hunt, 10P

## A "C" Story!

This boy in the cathedral catapulted the cat in the holy water. The cat made a big cataract. After that the cat got catarrh and died. The boy got caught and his punishment was to catalogue catechisms. When he heard that, he threw a cake in Catriona's face. The caterer screamed and squashed a caterpillar. What a catastrophe!!!

Catriona Mason-Jones, 8L

## "Masks"

*If I could show the things I feel,  
Like the secrets deep inside,  
I'd show you the emotions that I own,  
The emotions I have to hide.*

*People will just pry and demand —  
Something I just can't take.  
They don't know the torment it's causing me  
Because, behind my shield, I can fake.*

*The desperate urge to cry and be free  
inside myself is burning.  
I'll try to control this growing pain  
Though how hard I am yearning.*

*I am always scared to speak  
For fear of those eyes that stare —  
The looks just force me to retreat  
Because they're so cold and bare.*


*If my confidence didn't wilt,  
There wouldn't be this pain.  
Constant nervousness lingers  
And I slowly drown in its rain.*

*I am forever running away,  
They don't see me in despair  
Because I hide behind my mask,  
My mask is always there.*

*What if I am cornered or trapped?  
This has always appealed  
To those who wish to know me  
And to see myself revealed.*

Jodie Fuge 10S





*My individuality is suffocated,  
I am not my own person.  
I am not allowed to do what I want.  
I do not believe in your ideals,  
I will not conform.  
I have been sentenced to death.  
I rejoice — My victory is near,  
For soon I will die, and  
I will be free.*

**Death —  
The Individual's  
Victory**

*Marnie Wilson, HSC*

*Tranquillity, on my island  
I need no soothing hand.  
My thoughts will conquer all  
Make vanish the insular wall.*

**Self Peace**

*No blindness bars my vision  
Through conflict, not a permanent collision.  
The tide flows smoothly in and out  
I find no reason for self doubt.*

*Kristen Wischer, HSC*



# Drama

## Drama Captain's Report

This is a drama report,  
I'll try to make it sweet and short,  
First things first — the year began,  
It was Drama Club — with a bang!

What is this Drama Club? — you ask:  
It's Marn, Sal, Bree, Lee, me and Suzie's task  
To help with impros, skits and mimes  
All Wednesday's lunch — until the bell chimes.

No doubt the first Term highlight  
Was the Drama Workshop Night!  
Girls from every class performed  
What they had in lessons learned.

The audience, to their delight  
Saw many a marvellous sight:  
Of the 20's, toes, masks, dance and light  
Of Aussie beach and home and the Mafia sure gave 'em  
all a fright!

The next on the agenda  
House Drama — what a mind-bender!  
Femininity was our theme  
Rushed rehearsals for every team.

Then arrived the great drama day  
Each house performed an amazing play  
There were angels, brides and wild gesticulations,  
To Daniell, the winning House — Congratulations!

First Term came and went  
Our energies were spent,  
To be renewed on Senior Plays  
They occupied all our busy days.

Japanese Kabuki, an 'Under Cover Lover',  
Tamanoi, her husband's secret she did discover.  
Don't forget a 'stitch in time saves nine',  
'The Proverbial Pronouncement' is the next to be  
mentioned in my rhyme.

Then was 'Hamlet', it flashed by in a minute,  
But every murder, death and tragedy was in it!  
One and all we must confess  
These plays really were a great success!

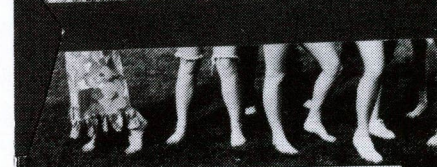
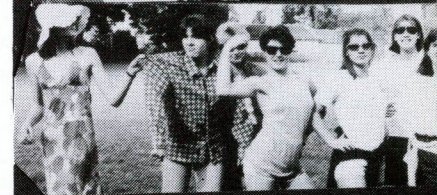
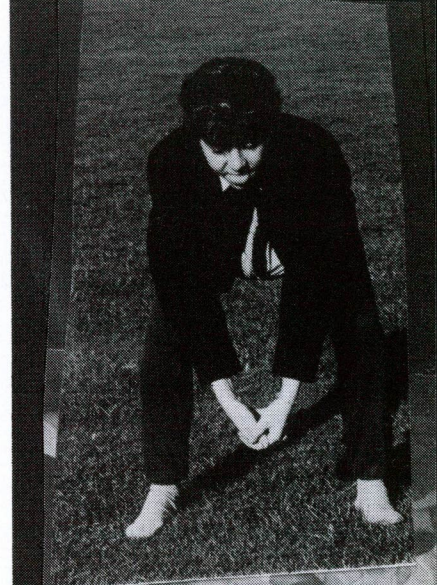
'Monkey', 'Choices', 'Cobra', 'Loot', and 'D.J. View',  
Are to name but a few  
Of the plays the girls have seen.  
What a wonderful experience it has all been!

Mike St Ledger and his talents were present  
To all he imparted his knowledge of dance and movement.  
Now the future is in sight  
And the prospects do look bright.

Drama will continue to thrive  
Enthusiasm will keep it alive  
Oh dear, oh dear, there is not one word  
I can think of to rhyme with Leonard!

Rhyme or no rhyme, our thanks are sure  
For without her, drama at Ruyton would indeed be poor.  
So now it's goodbye from me, I've had my fun  
The entertaining year of '84 is over and done!

Kristen Wischer





## House Drama 1984

Well, folks, this year was different!! All houses were given a topic — (Never guess!!) — FEMININITY. As always, girls swung into drama full of ideas and fun. Lascalles approached the subject from an amusing religious view; Anderson shone with their account of peer group pressure; Bromby presented a "heavenly" look at the values of women and the '84 winners, Daniell, took a look at changing women's roles through the ages. All in all, houses should be commended for their efforts and lots o' luck for next year's potential extravaganzas.

Kathy Tsitsanis  
HSC



## Senior Plays

For weeks before the 15th and 16th June, eleven devoted Year 11 and 12 students rehearsed three one act plays. They were a Kabuki farce — "The Under Cover Lover", a miniature melodrama — "The Proverbial Pronouncement" and an hilarious 15 minute Hamlet — with a 30 second encore!

As with all productions, this year's Senior Plays had its ups and downs. There were moans about the coldness in the hall, and for those in Hamlet, groans about getting fluff on their blazers when they had to die on the carpet, and of course the inevitable mumbles and grumbles from Ms Leonard and Ms Jelbart re late comers! But be reassured as every cloud has a silver lining. Who could forget the yummy bickies we ate during rehearsals ( and the performances), presenting the entire play of Hamlet in 30 seconds and the corny proverbs of "The Proverbial Pronouncement?".

For Ms Leonard and Ms Jelbart there was the occasional cause to demand "Would Kathy T and others get through the first scene of Hamlet without laughing? And would the chorus of Under Cover Lover please remember their lines?"

At the end of our two night season we all found that our efforts were well spent as the plays were a great success. Many thanks to Ms Leonard, Ms Jelbart, Miss ETTY-LEAL, Mr Thornton and our scripts who remained our faithful companions to the last dress rehearsal. All in all it was a very enjoyable experience.

Claire Ferguson  
Caroline Lloyd  
Sally Menzies  
Year 11

## Drama Workshop

I've just popped the children down for their afternoon nap and I decided to tell you just how encouraging I find the improvement in their — George! Don't do that - level of competence. I always feel that one has to encourage each child's own — Sidney come and sit down again dear — individual talents — George! Don't do that. It's obvious to me the amount of effort that everyone —George — What don't little boys do? Right — put into their work and it really paid off. The audience thoroughly enjoyed every moment and perhaps if the fifth formers had concentrated a little more they might get a clap too. For those of you who didn't go — Sidney, get out of the rabbit's cage and back on your mat! Sidney, are you listening to me? Thank you! — and should have, there were pieces from the Year 8's through to the Year 12 Mafia squad. The Year 8's showed their improving talents in two pieces called the Galaxy Show and — George! What have I told you? — Humpty Dumpty. The Year 9's did two pieces, one in a New York Park — I don't know that I approve of people so young on the streets — and the other as a set of Toes, Year 10's did pieces on a Beach about Emotions and as patients in a Doctor's Surgery. The Year 11's showed their knowledge of the 1920's and the Drama Club raided the hall as a break off group of the Mafia. I also want to say that — George! Don't do that! Katy don't pull Jennie's hair! Sidney .....

Ruth Linnane, 11M









# MIKADO

"Schoolgirls we eighteen and under,  
From scholastic trammels free . . ."

For a little over a term about 100 cast, orchestra and crew of staff, girls and faithful extra helpers began to realise that G & S stood more for Good fun and Surprises than Gilbert and Sullivan. The Mikado was all these rolled into one. We progressed from Japanese walking lessons with string around our ankles, through Sunday rehearsals to the Tuesday night when we finally made it on stage, kimonos intact! Mr Badger's orchestra, when they weren't playing magnificently, or singing along, spent their time eating chocolate and knocking over cups of water in the pit. The cast, however, preferred occupying off stage time drinking coffee, playing the piano and losing their fans.



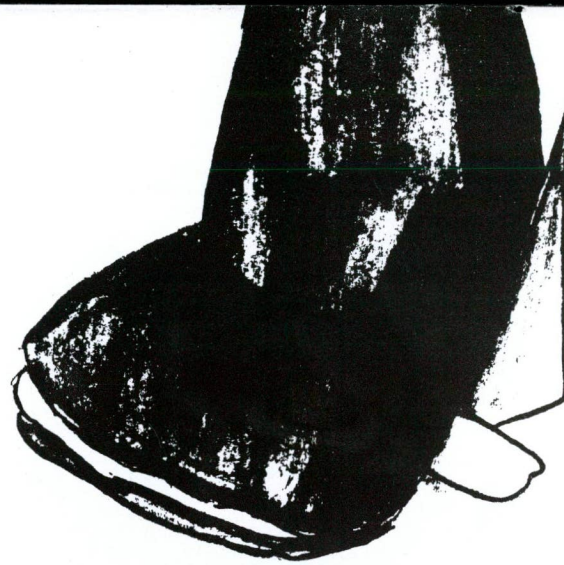


The four performances during the last week of term were hailed as a great success by the audience, but the trumpeter (who softened the landing of one of our more athletic gentlemen) might disagree. There were other surprises, including Mr Maxwell's colourful display, and the back row's can can on final night as well as the mystery of those missing jiffies!

Many thanks to those who made it possible and gave us continual support.

Penni Rendell,  
Bronwen Slater,

Alison Lloyd,  
Cojana Ware.  
HSC



TARA FORD.





# Music

## Captain's Report

When crowned with this title, my friends' first response was "Wow, you must be the first music captain with a spike!" I think this reaction illustrates the progress and change that has occurred over the nine years I have been involved in music at Ruyton; I vaguely remember my first day in the senior orchestra, when there were, it seemed, about twelve members. This year, as I am told by my "mate Milesey" (as he is affectionately called in our house!), almost a third of the senior school are members of the Henty orchestra.

I sit here now with about six old Ruytonian magazines on the table. On flicking through them, and reading the Music Captains' reports, I am now more aware than ever, of the amazing efforts of the staff, especially Mr Maxwell, and Mrs Edwards, and their dedication to school music at Ruyton. If they have the same amount of energy in them to last another nine years, the school will have to build a new hall to fit the orchestra in!

Of course there are many other members of staff, who sit quietly in the orchestra, or stand in the choir, often unnoticed by those not directly involved. Mrs Levin, Miss Beggs and Miss Jelbart have all been regular "attenders" and general "assistants", and all deserve full music colours. Mr Badger, who is a relatively new member to the team, has made a great impression on both the juniors and seniors alike. Much of the success of the school production of "The Mikado" was a result of his efforts, combined with the amazing amount of time, energy and plain hard "slog" put in by the director, Mrs Edwards.

After all this thanking of staff members, I must point out that their hard work certainly gets results. The Easter Service was the first performance of music this year, and both the choir and orchestra were up to their usual high standard. The music workshop was the next performance on our busy agenda, and this time, all music students, from forms one to six performed. All the girls seemed to enjoy themselves, and many proud parents could be seen in the audience.

The production of the Mikado took over in the second term, and the Henty orchestra and choir practices were suspended. It was a difficult but very rewarding term for all those involved, and I suspect most of you saw the results at one of the four performances held at the end of term. I will take this moment to thank the parents involved in F.O.R.M.A. This small group of parents provided us with soup on one of our many weekend rehearsals. This is, of course, only a small sign of the "behind the scenes work" they put in; their support is greatly appreciated.

Third term is a short term, especially for the H.S.C. girls, yet Speech Night rehearsals, have already begun. As you



can see it has been a very busy year for many girls; especially those who are also members of small music groups, such as a string quartet or wind quartet. It is these groups that give us a real indication of the greatly increased level of interest, skill and expertise of those involved.

If I had more room, I would like to individually thank every participant in school music. Many girls deserve a pat on the back and many others, such as the soloists in the Mikado, deserve a standing ovation! Without the hard work, and perseverance of the girls, many of whom arrive at eight o'clock several mornings a week for orchestra practice, there would simply be no school music. Despite their complaints, they still arrive at practices, and provide the music, and it is this combined energy, spirit and interest, which has been the most rewarding aspect of my music. I am confident that the ball has really begun rolling, and that music will continue to grow at Ruyton. I give my best wishes to everybody for 1985, especially to the future music captain. My sincere thanks to go my good friend Mr Maxwell for his untiring patience, support, energy and smile. This music report would not be complete without a very special tribute to Miss McRae. She has enjoyed, encouraged and supported music at Ruyton, for which all musicians and the school as a whole, are most grateful.

Jo Wittman







A

## Disgraceful

## Assembly



On Friday, 3rd August, 10A organised a casual clothes day for the girls, and made the teachers wear school uniform. In assembly, the teachers all came in late. Miss McRae asked them to come up on the stage as they were such a disgrace. They all had something wrong with their uniform. Miss Liversidge had a big white ribbon in her hair. Mrs Seaton had blue dotted ribbon all through her hair and her collar undone! Miss Beggs had her summer uniform on and red stockings. Mrs Williams had her sleeves rolled up and she wore black boots. Miss Holmes had her collar undone! Miss Andrews had sandals on and yellow and white ribbons through her hair. Most of the other teachers wore either different coloured stockings or wrong shoes. We had one Carey boy, alias Mr Thornton, who must have "wagged" school for the assembly. We had one very shy Mandeville Hall girl who was starting her first day at school, and unfortunately she, Mrs Cantwell, had forgotten to wear her *Ruyton* uniform. Miss McRae was very sympathetic. One teacher looked very nice in school uniform, but the trouble was, it was Mr McDonald and his hairy legs. Everyone was laughing and clapping for all the teachers, especially at Mr Thornton and Mr McDonald. It was the best assembly that I have ever had!

Lil Cox, 7S

"YOU CAN TELL A RUYTON GIRL  
BY THE WAY SHE WEARS HER HAIR"



K. Miller



new  
girl



## My Brother Tim

*I love my little brother,  
He always makes me laugh  
He's such a little rascal,  
I'm sure he's rather daft.*

*With his red hair, freckled face,  
And cheeky little grin  
His name should've been Dennis –  
Instead of plain old Tim.*

*His happy little antics  
Always bring a smile –*

*Although he borders on the razor's edge,  
I forgive him in a while.*

*He likes to get outdoors  
And rough it with the kids,  
But if there's any trouble  
I know he never fibs!*

*Homework time and in he comes  
"Help me! Help me! Quick!  
I've got to get these sums all right,  
Or else I'll get the stick!"*

*I help him; and off he goes  
Dashing out the door –  
Then Mum happens to notice  
The muddy footprints on the floor.*

*"I'll belt that boy one day," she says  
As she runs after him,  
While I just sit there smiling,  
Thinking, that's my brother Tim!*

Mandy



## Arthur and Geoffrey Penn

Arthur wants to become a professional jockey. Geoffrey dreams of being a train driver like Daddy. Arthur is a very excitable and friendly boy who continues to get into trouble with his friends and family. Geoffrey is an overly shy boy, probably due to domination by Arthur. They are known as the Penn twins and everyone in the town of Groom, knows them as such.

Arthur spends his time out of school either taking sling shots at the next door neighbour's cat or pulling Molly Louise's long braids. He is a real hindrance and a distressing child.

Geoffrey is always so quiet and silent that he is often hard to find when dinner is on the table or we have to go out somewhere. Geoffrey likes to read books and talk with Samantha Dunn, the fifteen year old "brain" who lives two blocks away.

Both the boys are eleven years old, two years younger than I. They are in the sixth grade at the Groom Primary School. They are "individual and unique" brothers, so I might even give them a birthday present in December, when they turn twelve, even though they didn't give me a present for my birthday.

Sybil Harriet Penn, 8B  
(alias S. Courtney, 11H)



## "Sea Moods"

*The magnificent sea;  
So deceptively dangerous, yet  
powerfully alluring,  
A dictator, a king, a child in one.  
Of changeable character,  
It dominates man's quest for adventure.*

*Free,  
Simple, Driven by  
Complex forces.  
Beautiful, precarious,  
Sea.*

*Helen Penrose, 11H*



## Timeless Patterns

*The beach,  
A place for solitude  
On cold brisk Winter day,  
The cool wind blowing the sand around  
The waves roll ever in.  
Again and again they hit the shore  
Like a never ending day.  
Again and again they shrink away  
Copying the one before.*

*It's like a week you spend at work  
or school or home alone  
During the cold drab Winter months  
of rain and hail and snow.  
The monotony seems never ending.*

*Yet these waves seem to be alive –  
Lapping around the fisherman's feet,  
Slapping and sloshing  
Telling you about the secrets it holds in the deep.  
If only the uniformity in our lives could have this  
consolation,  
A change – even if only a little –  
To the never ending boredom of the patterns we have set  
Get up. Go out. Eat. Sleep again  
Every day the same  
Only a little change,  
Only a little freedom.*

*Jackie Elkins, 9E*

## Sea

The sun which rose every morning, a blazing ball, to move slowly through the unbearable blue until it sank fiery red in the ocean, awakened everyone on the yacht. A few birds flew round the yacht and a lazy albatross rose with a dabbling sound. There was no breeze, and as the clumsy yacht rolled on the heaving sea, plunging on the waves, staggering as though drunk with the water she had swallowed, her idle sails flapped against her mast.

The water over which the yacht skimmed, was black, rising into huge foamless billows, the more terrible because they were silent. When the sea speaks, it hisses, and speech breaks the spell of terror; when it is inert, heaving noiselessly, it is dumb and seems to brood some mischief. As rudder blades strike the dark waters, it flashes fire and the track of the boat is like a sea snake.

*Kym Sutherland, 10P*



## The Wings of Dawn



All along the coast the sea has eaten at the land. The waves have bitten out bays and caves and tossed up islands. The rocks of the coast are like the bones of the earth. They are dark, and old, and like a backbone they hold the earth's strength. Once there was a colony of nests huddled in the bushes of a cliff. One was scrappier than the others — the territory of a small, plump gull who flew with an ungainly flap; but her feathers were a pure, silvery white, like the full moon on the night sea. For this reason she was known to her clan as Moon Quill.

Moon Quill spent her time in the nest telling the chicks strange and fascinating stories about the beginning of the world, and the birth of the sea. One of the chicks was enchanted by these stories. Through them surged a mysterious power — the same strength that the chick felt brooding in the layers of rock-cliff below him. The stories wove a magical web around himself, his mother, and the world he saw with his new eyes.

The chick was named on the day after he first flew, really flew. On this shining summer afternoon a breath of ocean air swept suddenly under the chick's struggling wings — stretching them out. As the wind caressed his wing tips he swept up; the nest shrank away beneath him, and he saw the heavy sea from horizon to horizon and the twisting coastline unravelling to the edge of the world. This moment held all the freshness and power of the seawind for the chick.

And in this moment the wind spoke to him.

"I am the wind", the voice shivered through the air currents. "I beat the waves into peaks, and harry the sea so it throws itself against the shore. You are cradled in the might of the waves, and the strength of the rock. Even now you glory in the way your wings make use of my wide back, don't you?"

*(The wind offers to be the gull's guide to the end of the world, where the earth will give him wisdom.)*

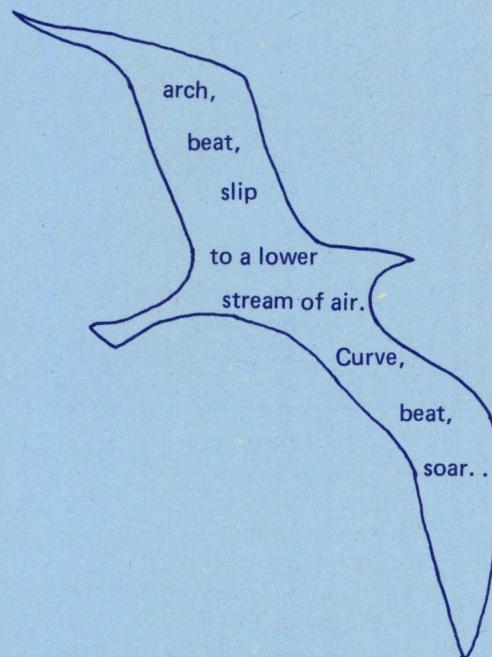


That night, as the moon rose, the young gull watched, hunched up beside his sleeping mother. His muscles were tensed, listening; but only a light breeze rippled the leaves, and the sea sighed at the bottom of the cliff. The colony and the sea wind were silent. So too was the gull's heart; for as the moon soared, the wings of his thoughts did too. The gull dozed; but the silver path on the water led away over the horizon. He had decided; easily.

*(A council is held, at which the gull is named White Slate. The colony ridicules him for his decision to seize the offer of wisdom.)*

White Slate didn't wait for approval; he just took off. Silhouetted white against the blue sky, he exulted in his freedom; sailing higher and higher out to sea. . .

White Slate had a body that seemed pared away; his curved wings were smooth and hard, like slate. His day began to build into a simple, inexorable rhythm of flight:



As he flew his body travelled on the wind like a musician plays on an instrument — skilfully and joyously.

The wind was silent, and White Slate's only company was the sea. In the morning the sea was like a sapphire. It was a clear and brilliant blue below the lone gull. The early sun flashed off its rippling facets. On such a day the sky was a paler reflection of the sapphire sea, except at the horizon, where it purpled and blended with the ocean in a misty line. The gull travelled always to the hazy east, where the sun rose.

He flew and flew and flew. He flew almost beyond the memory of his mother. The sea rippled out to the horizon which circled around him. White Slate became the focus of a world in which the sun travelled endlessly over him, and the sea, if he looked down, swayed before his eyes. In this huge, hot world a hairline crack appeared between the sea and the eastern sky. The crack widened to a black thread, and at dawn one morning it was plain to the gull that this was land.



TERM DATES FOR 1985

Term 1 – February 7th to May 10th

Term 2 – May 28th to August 16th

Term 3 – September 10th to December 12th

**JANUARY**

S	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

**FEBRUARY**

S	3	10	17	24
M	4	11	18	25
T	5	12	19	26
W	6	13	20	27
T	7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22
S	2	9	16	23

**MARCH**

S	31	3	10	17	24
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

**APRIL**

S	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

**MAY**

S	5	12	19	26	
M	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	25	

**JUNE**

S	30	2	9	16	23
M	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

**JULY**

S	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

**AUGUST**

S	4	11	18	25	
M	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
W	7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

**SEPTEMBER**

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
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**OCTOBER**

S	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29
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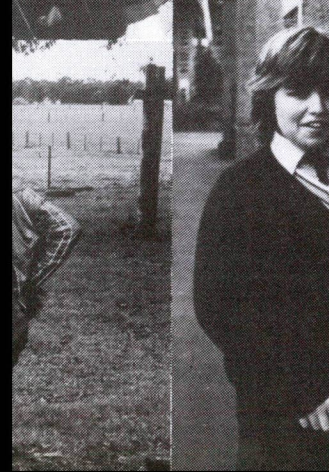
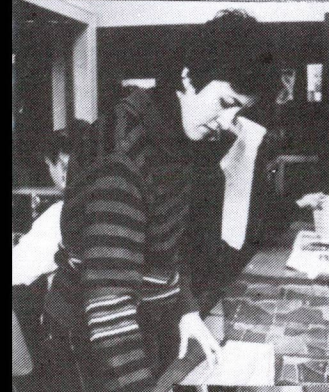
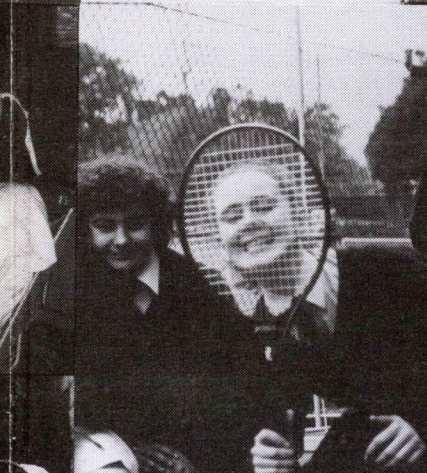
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T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

**DECEMBER**

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
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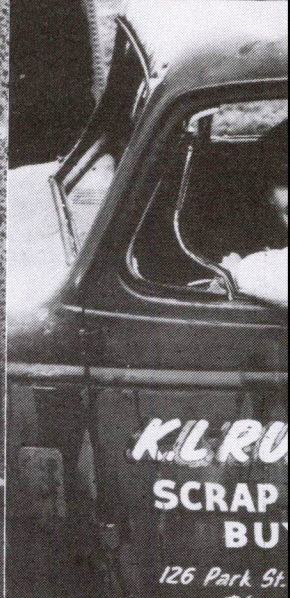
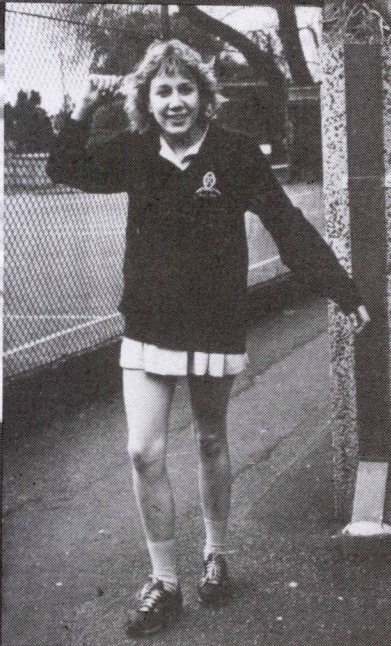
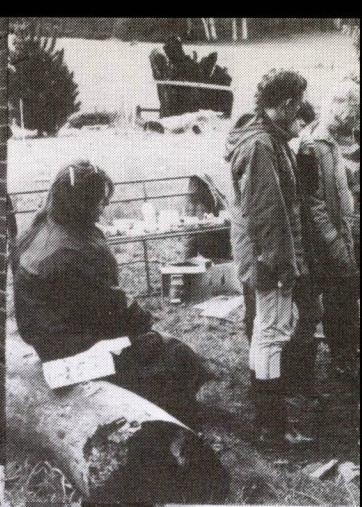






**1985 at Ruyton**







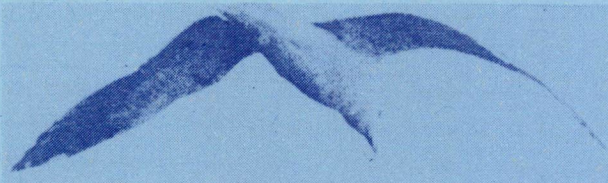
It was evening when White Slate touched earth. Clouds hung over the land like smoke and the fresh salt smell of the ocean staled into a thickness, a darkness in the air. Most stifling of all was the hush. The sea dared only to whisper. There was no sparkle in the little waves that shivered on the sand. The whole world waited.



Snaking out of the dusk came the wind. Here its voice was a low moan. "You came", the wind whispered. "It is only a stretch of the wings from here — the inlet, just a little north-east. Yes. There is a cave mouth — see there? Now, feel the power of the black stone beneath your feet. The air is thick with it." The sinuous voice wrapped around the gull, persuasively.

"Go in and you shall come out knowing the future. Go in, White Slate!" The wind moaned in the darkness. Now the dark deepened, and the night began to throb with suppressed power. Through the air the gull could feel the weight of the cave arch suspended above him. He felt it as his destiny, pressing on him.

He trembled for a moment at the entrance, before launching into the immense blackness, blind.



The clear air over the ocean carried the gull again. Warily he was flying west now. But he carried with him a living, brooding knowledge. When he reached the colony again he would be able to see snatches of the future, but never his own.

*(White Slate crosses the sea.)*

Until one day he just closed his eyes and sank.

His mother, gentle and soft, leant over him and smoothed a feather with her bill.

"White Slate?"

He opened his eyes to rejoice in her.

Then behind her golden eyes a vision opened up. He saw her wings stretched stiffly out on a stony beach, her neck bent. Her downy breast-feathers curled on the surface of a rock pool, but a wave washed in. And then he saw her wing quills mashed between the pebbles on the beach and the dainty bones crushed and powdered between the stones. As a horde of relatives alighted behind his mother the vision grew, and became an expanse of grey beach littered with white bones. And the roaring sea came in and crushed them all.

The shock of his wisdom made White Slate cold and silent. The peering eyes of the colony drew back in respect for his strangeness.

"We must move", he croaked. "I have the knowledge of the future. We can't stay here — there will be a disaster."

*(The flock migrates, White Slate leading them.)*

There was something very delicate in the pale sunshine of that late autumn. It was very fragile when they passed over the green triangular island that White Slate judged by instinct to be halfway.

Then the wind did a simple and terrible thing. It shattered the crystal fragility of autumn by a storm; and Moon Quill was thrown into the gnashing sea, while White Slate was too busy leading to notice.

Moon Quill was killed.



Then White Slate grieved, and the image of Moon Quill on the stones burnt into his mind. Sorrow beat at his brain as remorselessly as the waves on the beach, and it ate away his pride like the water crumbles pebbles and bones.

The wind's laugh came slicing through the rain.

"Oh yes, your wisdom has doomed the gulls to migration. Yes, look at your fat uncles struggling to fly against me! Well, it's too late now for regrets: perhaps you should have thought about the cost before you ever followed me. Now your name will never be forgotten — White Slate."

With pain, the gull realised he would journey once more to the end of the world. He lifted his wings and they trembled with exhaustion, and the knowledge of death. But tenderly he measured the wind under their span; before he lifted, and carried back the burden of his power to the place of the dawn.

Alison Lloyd, HSC





POOR-OR-BUSSES

## Happiness is . . . . .

*Happiness is crunching through leaves,  
Feeling soft, warm fur on puppies,  
Eating things that are good for you and sometimes eating  
sweets.*

*Happiness is snuggling in my bed,  
on cold and rainy days and sleeping in on weekends.*

Lisa Reynolds, P4



*Happiness is seeing a red sunset  
It is orange and yellow too.  
Happiness is riding horses  
And playing my flute is fun  
Happiness is hearing birds  
Feeling joyful  
Eating peaches – YUM  
Knowing my spelling  
Happiness is love  
And people caring.*

Melanie Ward, P4

Happiness is . . . . .

*Happiness is my birthday party  
It is always very exciting  
Happiness is opening presents  
And getting beautiful things.  
Happiness is trying to guess what it's going to be  
Feeling what is inside,  
Eating everything in sight.  
Happiness is knowing Mummy and Daddy love me,  
Going to bed  
And dreaming what you did that day.*

Lizzie Croyle, P4

*Happiness is rolling with Ripples my Dog  
It is delightful.  
Happiness is music  
Flutes, pianos and violin  
Happiness is song,  
Feeling free  
Eating chocolates  
Knowing people  
Happiness is animals  
And loving, caring and sharing.*

Anne Walstab, P4

## Winter

*Wind blows gently  
Mist floats softly  
Snow floats wintrily  
Trees bent crackling  
Puddles splash hard  
Clouds rushed darkly  
People eat porridge and milo  
Animals hide frozen  
Windscreens wipers splash savagely  
Storms blow swiftly  
Rain hailed hard.*

Sarah Smith, P5

*Winter is  
Ice and snow  
wiNds  
That blow  
firEs that glow  
bRanches that show*

Jane Rafferty, P.6

## THE AIR BALLOON RACE

*Getting ready for the balloon race  
One man accidentally flew into space  
"Oh no", said the man, "what should I do?  
I'm up here in space and the race starts at two.  
I know what I'll do", thought he,  
"I'll let some gas out and land by the sea."*

*As the man went down  
He started to frown  
Until the race came into view  
The man said, "Now is my chance,*

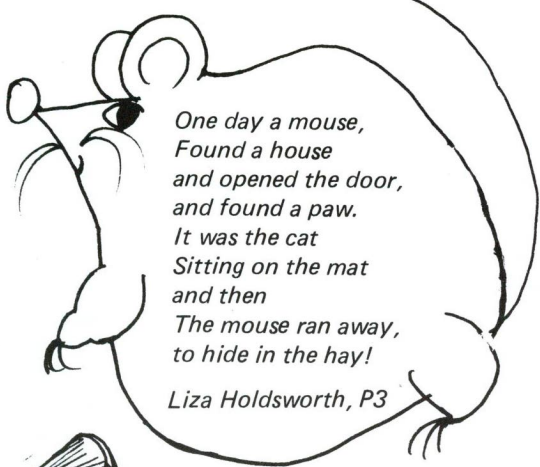
Lucinda MacNab, P6

*The wind is blowing,  
The rain is falling  
It is winter  
The nights are dark and cold  
The sky is grey and misty  
The chimneys are smoking  
The rivers are flooding  
The mountains are white with snow.*

Penny Mudge, P5

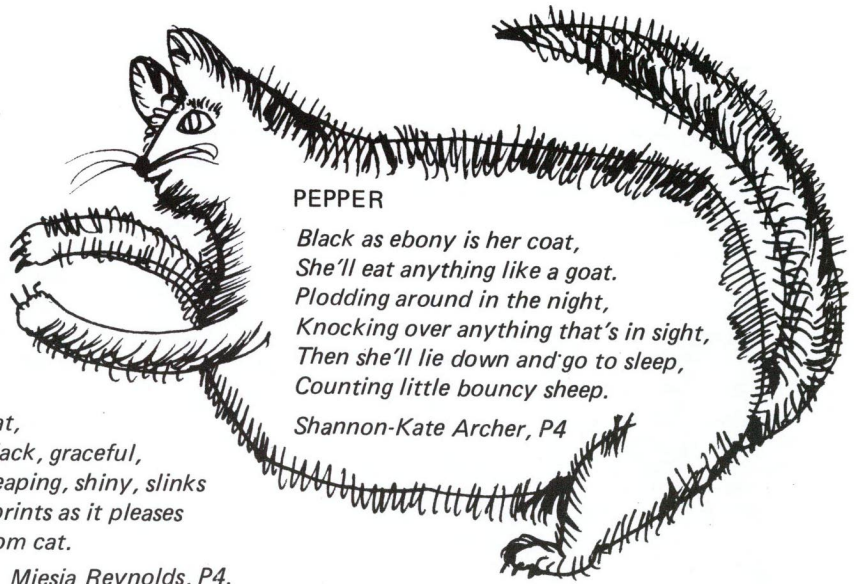






One day a mouse,  
Found a house  
and opened the door,  
and found a paw.  
It was the cat  
Sitting on the mat  
and then  
The mouse ran away,  
to hide in the hay!

Liza Holdsworth, P3



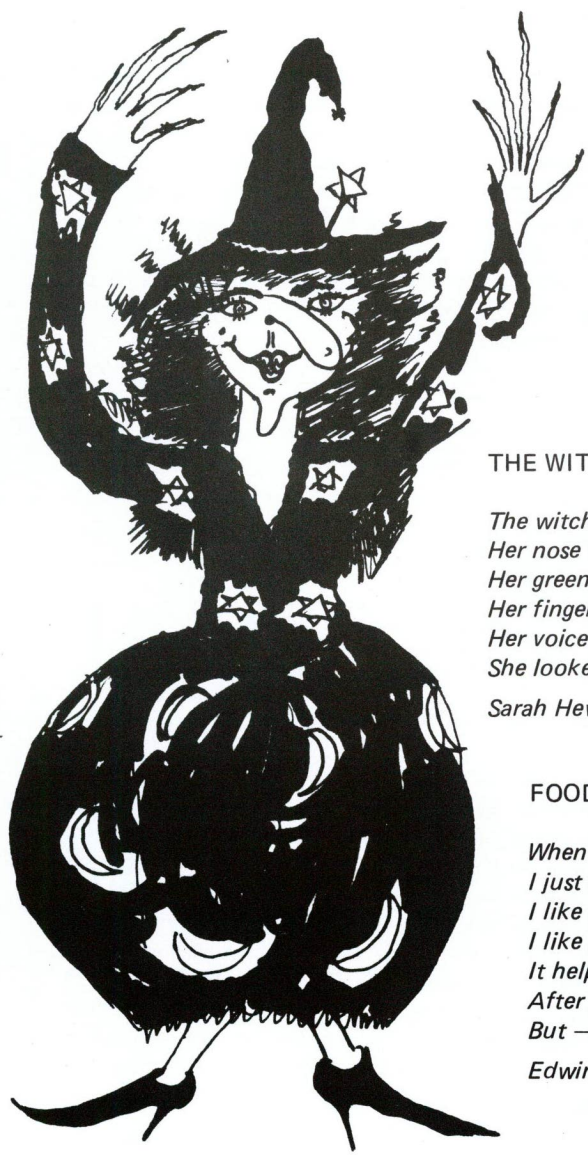
**PEPPER**

Black as ebony is her coat,  
She'll eat anything like a goat.  
Plodding around in the night,  
Knocking over anything that's in sight,  
Then she'll lie down and go to sleep,  
Counting little bouncy sheep.

Shannon-Kate Archer, P4

Cat,  
Black, graceful,  
Leaping, shiny, slinks  
Sprints as it pleases  
Tom cat.

Miesja Reynolds, P4.



**THE WITCH**

The witch floated above us like an angel  
Her nose was shaped like a banana  
Her green eyes glittered like stars in the sky  
Her fingers were long and thin as twigs on a tree  
Her voice was as shrill as a seagull  
She looked fierce but turned out to be as gentle as a flea.

Sarah Hewitt, P4

**FOOD**

When I'm hungry  
I just can't stop  
I like to eat lots of chops  
I like lamb but fruit is best  
It helps you increase your chest  
After that you brush your teeth.  
But – don't forget to brush underneath.

Edwina Dixon, P5

Some fat,  
Some slim,  
Some sit on a mat with a great big grin.  
Some brown,  
Some white,  
Some like to prowl at night.  
Stripey, spotty, wild and tame  
And that's how the cats of the world  
Get their names.

Melanie Ward, P4.

**POLLUTION**

Smog  
Fog  
Dirty skies  
Stinging eyes  
Rivers clogged  
Choked in time  
Blasting Bands  
Screaming cars  
Deafened ears  
Nature dead.

Sally Gales, P5

**THE WOMBAT**

There's a wombat whose name is Welling,  
Lives underground for his dwelling.  
Comes out at night,  
For a bite,  
Of steak and kidney pudding.

Anne Walstab, P4







## OUR DAY AT THE ZOO

On the 23rd February, we went to the zoo. We went on a bus at 10.00 a.m. and it took us 23 minutes to get to the zoo. We saw lots of different animals like the panther, giraffe, monkey and bob cat. The panther was black, and it was his birthday yesterday. One of the giraffes was going to have a baby soon. The monkeys were climbing everywhere and a little baby monkey was drinking water from outside and eating leaves from outside as well. After that, we went to the education centre. There was a corn snake which I thought was the best. We had lunch after that, and saw more animals afterwards.

Georgina Candy, P4



## IF ONLY

*If only there was such a thing,  
As a Twenty million dollar ring,  
That's what I'd buy, or be given by a guy  
If only there was such a thing.*

*"Diamonds are a girls' best friend", so they say,  
The only trouble is that you have to pay.  
They sparkle, they glitter, you can tell they're not litter,  
If only there was such a thing.*

*Diamonds, rubies, sapphires and gold,  
That's all I want my finger to hold.  
Unfortunately I'm only a nurse,  
Without much cash, in my purse.  
I think the ring will have to wait,  
At least until I'm eighty-eight.*

Anne Forbes, P6

## A DRAGON CALLED FREDRICK

Once there was a dragon, a good tempered dragon, Fredrick was his name. He lived inside a cavern on top of a mountain. People could see his smoke and flames. Down the mountain there was a river rushing through the mountain that Fredrick lived on and another mountain on which a castle stood. No-one ever dared to go by that castle but one day Fredrick was so curious that he flew over there. When he got there everything was still. He walked closer to the castle door. The door opened with a screech and a scratch. He walked in slowly. When he got in the place looked deserted. Then he saw the big staircase. He went up it and up and up and up until he got to the top. There was a big iron door at the top. He knocked on it and a voice said, "Come on in". The door opened and there before him, in a big chair was his old and wise Uncle Fred! Fredrick was shaking for he was very scared. But when his uncle said, "Come closer, I don't bite," in a friendly way, he felt a bit more at home. Then his uncle said again, "Come closer," and Fredrick came closer. "Come a little bit closer, come and sit on my knee." So since Fredrick was an understanding dragon, he went to sit on his uncle's lap. And then the uncle said, "You know, son, I've got a lot of stories to tell you, about my life," for now he was 2042 years old. He started off with a story about a boy and a town on the far side of the hill. There was a knight on the hill who wanted so much to fight dragons and the boy wanted to fight him. So they both set out to fight. They were fighting all day and night and then, whilst he was sleeping, the knight killed him. "So you can see that I'm all alone. But I've got the bats and the spiders, and they are not much to talk to," said Fred. Fredrick said, "I think I had better go home. I think my dinner is ready. I'll come back tomorrow." And before his uncle could say good-bye, he was up with a jiggedly-jig and flew home. After that they lived happily, keeping each other company.

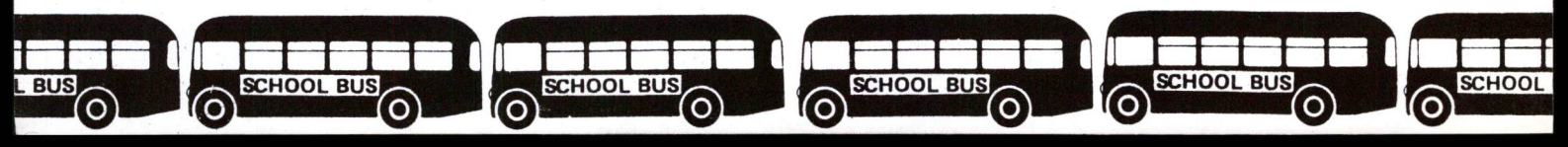
Defah Dattner, P3



## BOOK WEEK: VISIT TO TED GREENWOOD;

On Monday 23rd July, Grade 4 went to the book fair at the Essendon Library. Ted Greenwood, an author talked to us about how to write your own books. He told us that if your story is about a person, you have to observe the person all the time. Every move they make, you have to observe. Ted Greenwood has a very good imagination. Ted has written books like *V.I.P. (Very Important Plant)*, *Ginnie*, *Terry's Brrrrmm*, *The Boy Who Saw God* and *Obstreperous*. Ted said that when you write a book, you have to be relaxed because if you are tense, your thoughts won't come out. You can feed your imagination by looking and listening.

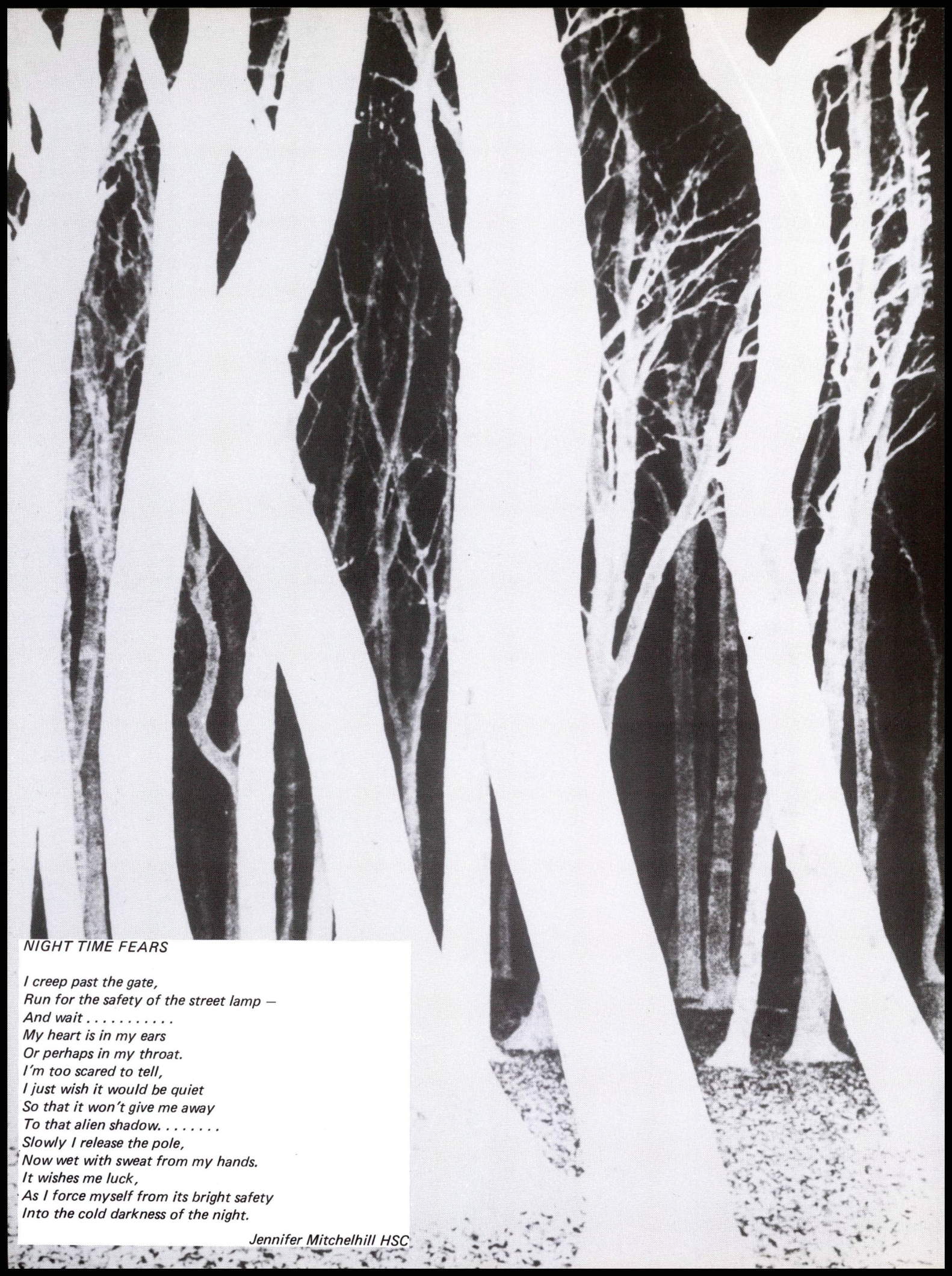
Sarah Rush, P4









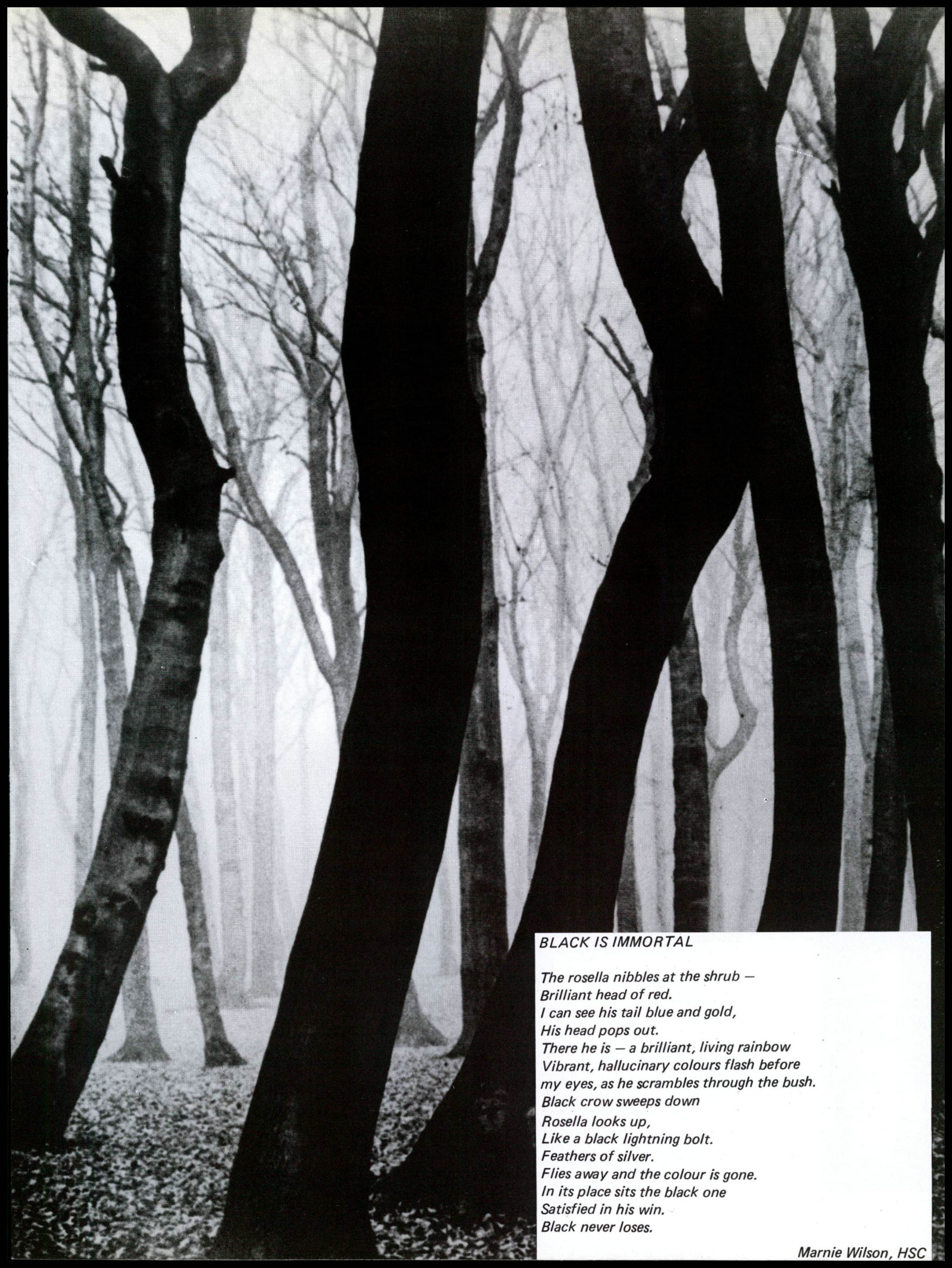


*NIGHT TIME FEARS*

*I creep past the gate,  
Run for the safety of the street lamp —  
And wait . . . . .  
My heart is in my ears  
Or perhaps in my throat.  
I'm too scared to tell,  
I just wish it would be quiet  
So that it won't give me away  
To that alien shadow. . . . .  
Slowly I release the pole,  
Now wet with sweat from my hands.  
It wishes me luck,  
As I force myself from its bright safety  
Into the cold darkness of the night.*

*Jennifer Mitchelhill HSC*





**BLACK IS IMMORTAL**

*The rosella nibbles at the shrub –  
Brilliant head of red.  
I can see his tail blue and gold,  
His head pops out.  
There he is – a brilliant, living rainbow  
Vibrant, hallucinatory colours flash before  
my eyes, as he scrambles through the bush.  
Black crow sweeps down  
Rosella looks up,  
Like a black lightning bolt.  
Feathers of silver.  
Flies away and the colour is gone.  
In its place sits the black one  
Satisfied in his win.  
Black never loses.*





La. <sup>Resurrection</sup> Bogana Ware

Megan Baehrese

Andrea Carter



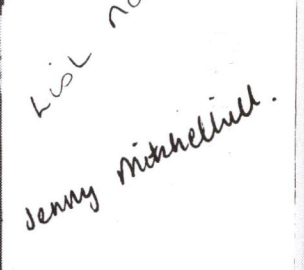
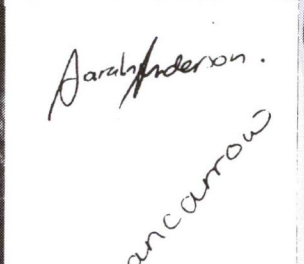
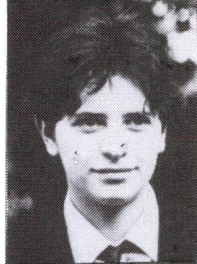
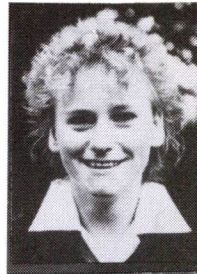
Fin <sup>Kahina</sup> H. <sup>Huddell</sup> Newman

Miss Inerwood



Helen <sup>BP</sup> Fisher

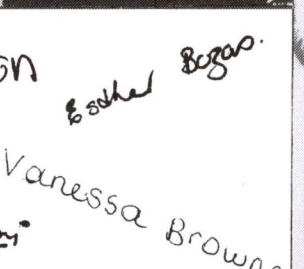
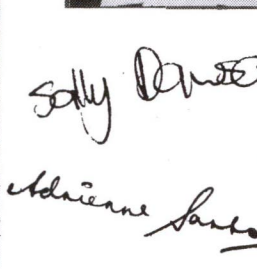
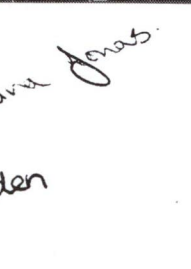
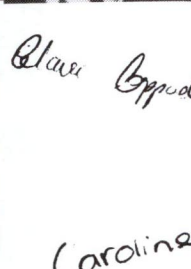
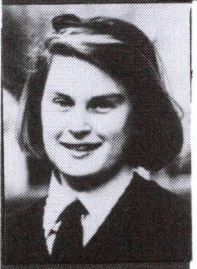
Alison Lloyd



Aarab <sup>Anderson</sup>

Lisl <sup>nancarrow</sup>

Jenny <sup>Mitchell</sup>



Olave <sup>Byrde</sup>

Winn <sup>Jonas</sup>

Caroline <sup>Okaden</sup> Perry

Sally <sup>Denton</sup>

Escher <sup>Beggs</sup>

Adrienne <sup>Santoi</sup>

Vanessa <sup>Browne</sup>

Feun <sup>Keppell</sup> Rendell

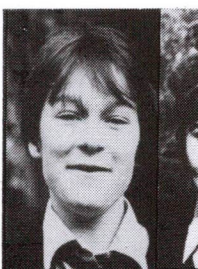
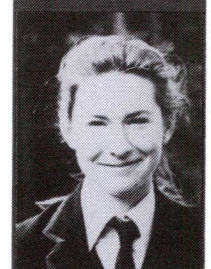
Anna <sup>Claburn</sup>

Megan <sup>Withner</sup> Broadbent

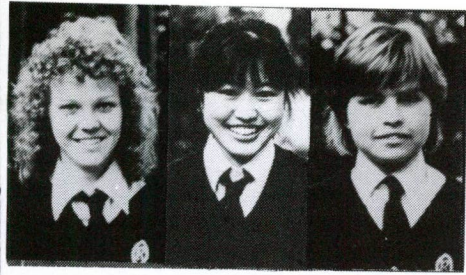
Marnie <sup>Viban</sup>

Joanna <sup>Lund</sup> Withner

M. <sup>Jacob</sup>







Lisa Andrews

Katie McNeil

Karen Oliver

Suzy Waters



Sandy Petrovic

Quinn

Kathy Marinides



Anne Ransom

Jill King

Nicki Stalij

Chris Pasteris

Krista Wischer

Stipitsanis

George Poff

Bonnie State

Robyn Bainbridge

Ann Myer

Cathy Spratling

Elizabeth Opacinis



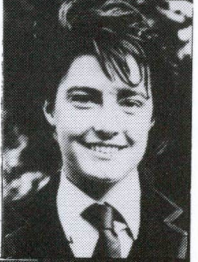
Helen Beard

Evangelina Katic  
XXX



Helinda Simmons

Angela Burton



Leah





## Flight From the Dust

The dray wheels rattled on the dusty uneven road and the bullocks, snorting and straining against their rattling harnesses, slowly moved across the dry withered land, hooves softly thudding in the thick dust which coated everything in sight.

The early morning sun was already scorching hot and the sky was deep blue with no sign of any of the long sought after clouds that would bring life back to the dead land. Effects of the long drought were everywhere: the once abundantly flowing river running parallel to the road was now a dry ditch and the dried out dams surrounded by carcasses swarming with ants and flies, were the only reminders of the prosperous farms which had now disappeared from the plain. Besides the dray, the only sound in the stifling empty air was the sound of insects feasting on the rotten flesh and vultures looking for dying animals to challenge and finally kill.

The sun, whose rays were often kind to the earth, was now cruel in its affection for the land and people; it smothered the land in a tight embrace which predicted death for the weak and helpless. Abandoned houses spoke of the poverty and starvation, and the people who had stayed on through the dry months were now so much part of the scene of death that they were scarcely noticeable, retreating to the coolest part of their houses to spend the long hot hours of the day.

As the bullock dray pulled to a halt outside one such house, the inhabitants moved slowly to the windows, too hot to be interested in what a traveller might want, and already knowing what he was fleeing from. There were five people travelling with the dray. Two men with sunburnt skin, rippling muscles bursting through their restricting flannel shirts and wary eyes staring out from under the broad brims of their hats, stood wearily by the dray. Two bare-footed children, in skimpy cotton dresses, sat pathetically on one of the bundles in the dray, next to a woman, clad almost indecently in only a light cotton dress — the heat had driven her thick petticoats and long underwear far into the box containing their spare clothes. The bullocks stood panting and slaving in the heat, their hides saturated in sweat, tails swishing exhaustedly in an effort to keep some of the flies off their bodies.

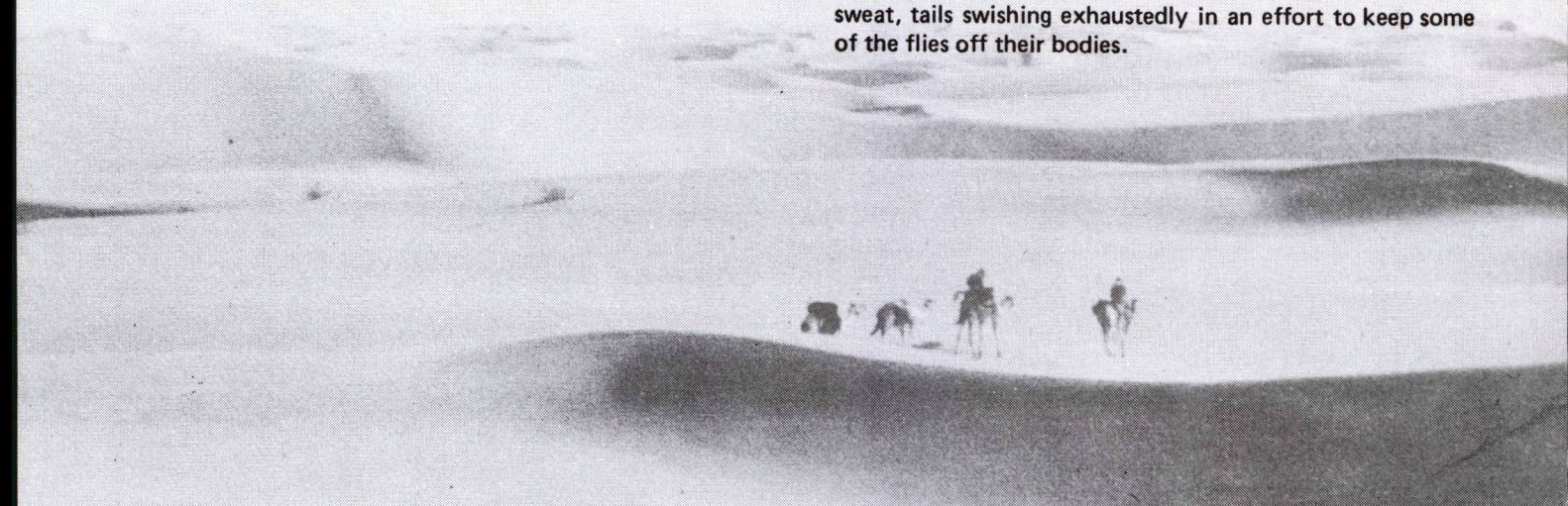
## Desert Rains

The dry specks did not contain a hint of moisture, yet they clung together lightly, perhaps as a weapon against the heat and the dryness or because sheer numbers and the weight of gravity forced them to do so. The sand particles move together, rolling and swirling, falling over one another when, speck by speck, they are blown by the wind — but there was no wind — not even a breeze and the sand only moved when it was forced to do so by the movements of a desert gecko.

The small creature, as parched and rough as its surroundings, was lost in a dune of fine sand. His cautious steps made slight hollows in the sand but they soon caved in when toppled by the movements of his clumsy swinging tail. The gecko plodded along, conscious of a predator, yet protected by his armour of rough scaly skin. Its advance could be likened to that of a warrior — wary of the enemy, cautious of every step, covering his tracks. The gecko's mission was one of self-preservation: it went in search of food beyond the vast expanse of moving dunes.

The rain came slowly at first, falling from the sky in small droplets. They hit the dry earth with such force that even the tiniest spots immediately broke up — spraying the surrounding area. As the falls became stronger and faster, the droplets grew even closer together. The specks did not part but merged together, bonded by the rain which soon became a deluge. The cracked earth ran with water now and tiny rivers emerged, criss-crossing the earth, following the cracks which now overflowed. Close to the ground a flood occurred as a layer of water now covered the parched land. Some specks of sand were even seen to be floating, singly, on the water.

It was not until the rain subsided and the clouds had rolled by that the gecko emerged from beneath a bush where it had been secretly gorging itself on insects which retreated with the rain. Its belly had expanded and it now moved into the open with slower, waddling movements. By now the water had been absorbed by the thirsty earth and a layer of soft mud had developed. As the creature made its way back towards the dunes, its thick scaly legs became stuck in the soft earth and it was with great effort that the gecko proceeded, shaking its legs furiously in an effort to rid itself of the wet earth clinging to its scales.





## The Man

The head of the household, a tall gaunt man in his early fifties, came out of the house and stood on the verandah, a hand shading his squinting eyes from the piercing sun. He sent his cattle dog skulking under the house so that the bullocks would not be irritated and restless, and invited the weary travellers on to the verandah to "rest a while". His wife brought mugs of luke warm water, the only drinkable water left on the property, and then took the women and children back into the house to find somewhere cooler to sit.

The men remained on the verandah, looking out at the stricken land and discussing how much longer the drought would last. Although the families had never met before, they were united by a common bond: the failure of the rains to revive the earth after the long summer and the ultimate failure of each of the families to remain self-sufficient on their respective properties.

They also had the same dream: the day the dark and heavy clouds would gather and let forth the "river or life" to turn the dust into mud and wash the land clean of the misery, death and destruction — the day that their saviour would paint their livelihood green again.

Bronwen Slater, HSC

On a sandy desert highway a man was stumbling along clutching a small sack that contained all he owned.

The man had an expressionless face under a mop of grey shaggy hair. Nobody was wondering where the man came from. The man was alone in the world.

He saw something ahead and as he got closer he realised it was a house. He pushed open the gate but it fell off its hinges and thumped to the ground. He cautiously climbed up the decaying wooden stairs to the door. He knocked but nobody answered. So he pushed the door open. He walked slowly into the house and went and sat in a corner.

The man opened his sack and let the contents roll out — a piece of mouldy bread and a bottle of water. He bit into the bread hungrily, then opened the bottle and put his lips eagerly to the rim. Nothing came out. He held the bottle upside down and watched a tiny droplet trickle out, like a solitary tear.

He stayed in the corner all day and all night shivering but not making a noise. In the morning the man stood up and walked away.

He walked along the endless highway.

Maybe some day, somebody would care.

Alexandra Bird, 8L

## The Outback

It was at the end of its journey when a more rocky terrain began, one which was dotted with shrubs where the ants and insects which the gecko sought would be plentiful. It was then that shadows began to mask the sun and slowly the heat relieved the splitting earth. Rain had not fallen in the desert for a long while and the earth was beginning to be crazed with tiny cracks in and out of which constantly ran a string of ants — the gecko was soon to be satisfied.

Previously the sun had been scorching. It burned the leaves on those shrubs which did exist, it baked the earth and it shone continuously on the sand, heating it. It was so hot that it made heatwaves shimmer across the desert, creating illusions of water in the midst of sand dunes. Soon, these mirages would become reality, for the sky was dotted with clouds, accumulating, growing darker until a blanket of dark shaded the earth, blocking the sun and its relentless heat.

After a while the sun returned and began to dry the wet earth. The gecko had long since moved on but what did remain was a reminder of its presence: a train of small indentations was left, cut through the mud by the movements of its barbed tail, now being baked dry by the strong desert sun.

Cojana Ware, HSC

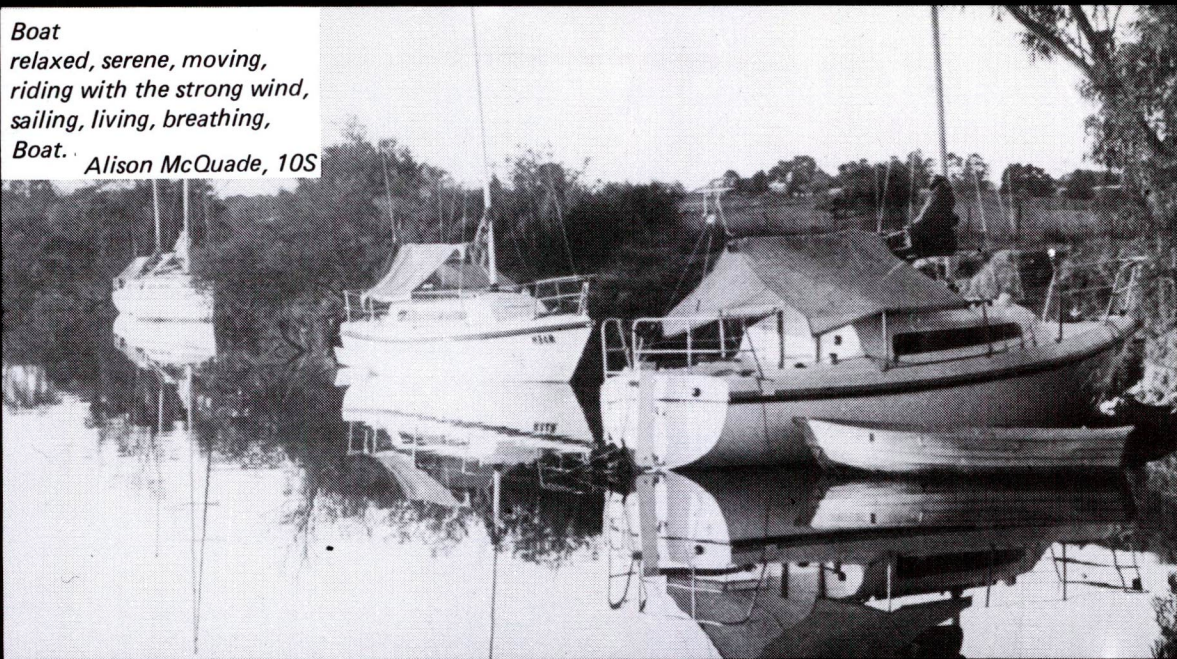
The air was motionless. I stared at the dissolving sunset, with growing intrigue. Across the thirsty and arid terrain, the sun was disappearing inch by inch, transforming the sky's colour from a deep magenta into a soft-hued lavender. Feeling rather listless, I moved from my groaning arm chair and leaned against the verandah lace-work. The majestic gumtrees stood impressively, silhouetted against the darkening sky, their leaden frames, bowing a little towards the earth. Gnarled branches protruded from their trunks, clumps of leaves hanging lifelessly in the stillness. Night was descending on the outback; pale flecks of light were sprinkled across the sky. To break the hushed atmosphere, nocturnal birds began their mating calls, and one by one the other night creatures followed, until the air was alive with sounds like a chorus of singers. Quite suddenly I turned, the beauty and the eeriness was intimidating and I felt like an intruder . . . I opened the delapidated, wire door and I realised day had gone; man sleeps. While he slumbers, the world becomes engulfed with sound and life that I felt belonged to those who made them, not those who destroyed them. I felt saddened; though the beauty I would hold for just a small time, would linger for a much longer one . . . in my memory.

Sarah Tostevin, 10P



## Sailing Camp

*Boat  
relaxed, serene, moving,  
riding with the strong wind,  
sailing, living, breathing.*  
Boat: Alison McQuade, 10S



# C a m p s

### OVERHEARD ON SAILING CAMP

Engineer: "Do you realise this is the first time in my life I have been away without a T.V.? I didn't think I'd survive five nights!"

Quartermaster: "Look what's happened to my nice clean deck! Where's the mop?"  
(After muddy boots come on board)

Engineer: "Eat your vegetables — we're not going to take them home".

Bosun: "We can't cook that — "the Q.M." don't like it!"

Skipper: "She will just have to lump it!"



*Four hour train trip on Monday morning,  
Then a bus ride — finally Metung!  
Huge expanse of water, too calm.  
Where's the wind? (We said for three days)*

*We did our own cooking,  
No showers, of course.*

*Who's the engineer?  
Where's the skipper?  
What's this rope called?  
Careful of the boom!*

*From Boxer's Creek,  
to Raymond Island,  
Paynesville for a shower (our only one!)  
Up the Tambo River —  
Songs around a campfire.  
In formation, we proceeded back down,  
Caution and quick thinking saved us from the water,  
Others were not so lucky,  
One went swimming — for half a minute!  
Running aground caused minor delays.*

*Wind finally, on Thursday,  
Jacking, jibbing, changing the sails.  
Hang on — where's the wind gone?  
Put out the red flag (i.e. start the motor!)*

*Midnight visits, so we slept in on Friday.  
The wind was fresh, but we only sailed for an hour.  
What a heel!  
Help! I'm sliding!  
Quick, let's tack!*

*Oh no, it's time to go! Bring in the sails.  
Back to Marc Hall.  
Unpack and clean up boat.  
Load up bus.*

*Departed on train for another arduous journey,  
with many memories.*

*Helen Penrose, 11H*



# Camps

## Skiing Lessons '84

Impressions from Pam Sproule, Anne Lewis, Nicole Wilcox, Jodie Fuge, Susan Donkin, 10S

**STANDING ON SKIS** — The first day we were all lined up when an anonymous skier collided into our lesson and we all flipped over like dominoes. We sprawled out in the soft snow, helpless and not knowing what to do. Our ski instructor had to pick each of us up.

**LOOSENING UP** — “Jump up and down”, said the instructor. “What do you think we are — bunny rabbits?”

**THE FIRST SLOPE** — We made it to the bottom, but how did we stop? Well, we hit a wall of people lining up for lessons.

**AFTERWARDS** — We rambled off down the mountain, rock music blasting, feet tapping, noses blowing; our version of the Symphony Orchestra.

We are now ready to tackle the dreaded slopes of Everest.





## Week 8 At School

Tuesday, 10th July

Dear Diary,

This morning we had self-defence. It was freezing cold and we were all prepared to get broken ribs, black eyes and lots of broken bones.

We gathered in the gym, where we were first of all taught some movements and the feel of killing people without hesitation.

"Anyone want to volunteer so that I can show you how to get rid of a mugger?" said the teacher. Well, or course, everyone dobbed in Miss Davis (Who didn't want to).

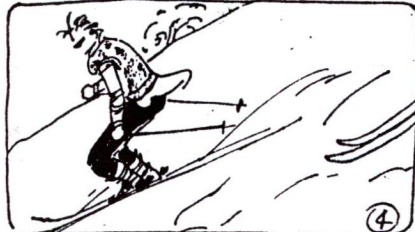
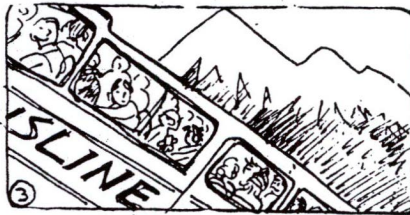
"I'm afraid Miss Davis, you wouldn't make a good mugger, you're too soft and scared of hurting people", said the teacher. At that remark everyone laughed.

There were mats laid out so we wouldn't fall and hurt ourselves. Well you wouldn't guess who got "decked" first. Yes, that's right girls, Miss Davis and Sarah Andrews. The funniest part was the shocked expressions on their faces.

Then Mrs Strugnell came in and tried to mark exam papers. However, she didn't get much work done . . . she was too interested in learning how to "deck" her husband when she got home.

After three hours of strenuous exercise we certainly learned how to injure and kill. I am warning you to beware of Years 10 and 11 activity girls. WE ARE DEADLY WEAPONS!

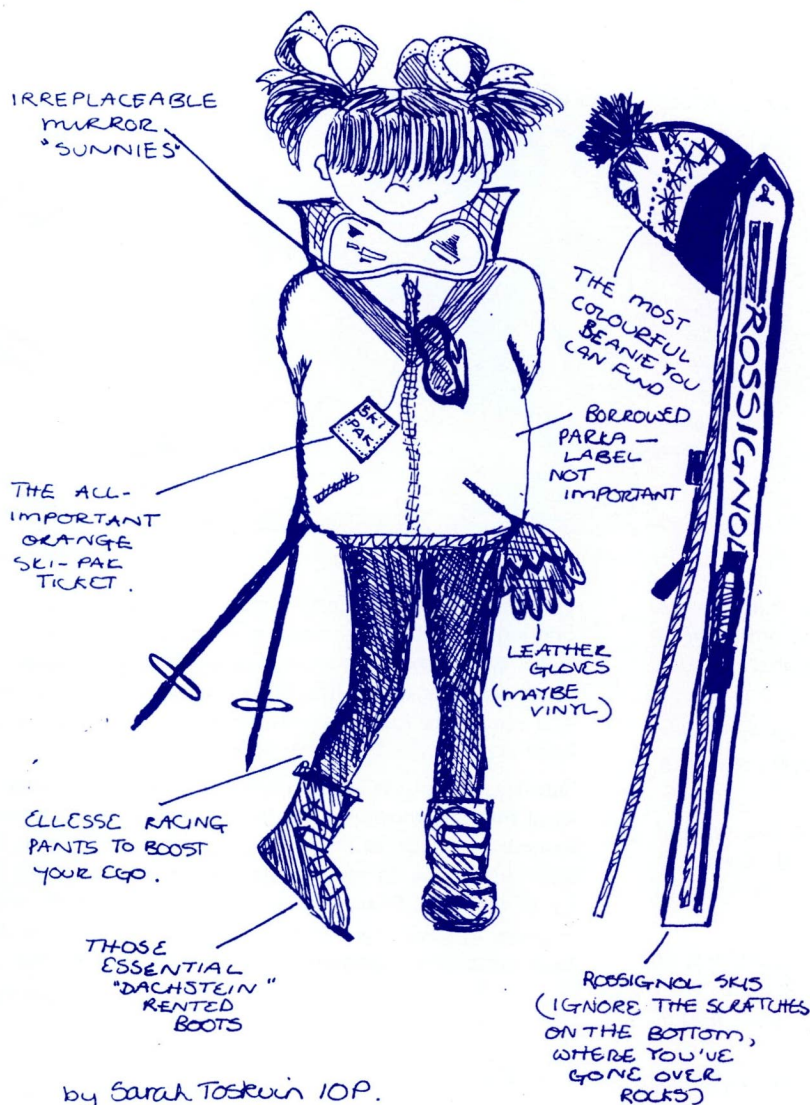
## Ski Camp



1. 5 a.m. start
2. The ones in the middle are mine!
3. Ms . . . I think I left one ski at Merrijig!
4. Ruyton Shuss Bomber
5. HEEELLLP
6. Skiing is such fun
7. Who was that with Loo Loo?
8. ZZZZ
9. "Please sir, do we have to eat this food?"
10. "The instructor said I could use the Poma tomorrow." "Wow"!



## Are you with the Trend?



by Sarah Tostwin 10P.



## Cool

*Indifference  
disenchanted, uncaring, unconcerned;  
Cool doesn't give the blues,  
detest, rebel, upset  
coolness*

Kerryn Harbert, 10S

## A TYPICAL RUYTON GIRL APRES SKI

### Hints on Being Cool in Ruyton Uniform

- The shirt and tie syndrome - It is important to leave your collar button undone.
- It is an absolute horror to be seen wearing long socks which are pulled up.
- T-bar sandals with winter uniform are cool but illegal!
- The final touch of coolness is to keep your blazer collar upright; this is the trademark of the co-o-o-l person (with a triple 'o').
- But what's the use of being cool if you don't receive a detention every now and then?

Susan Donkin, 10S

### WHAT'S RUGGED

- gelled or spiked hair
- fingerless gloves
- baggy jeans or ankle freezers
- ties
- dinner jackets
- thick belts
- collars up
- wearing your hair up
- coloured or unusual ribbons
- Multiple pierced ears
- very high cut bathers

### WHAT'S DEAD

- jeans rolled up
- knitted bathers
- wearing "Kiss" make-up
- long straight hair
- being fat
- padded bras
- wigs
- no suntan
- wearing headbands
- sandals
- glitter nailpolish

A stranger's first impression of you is determined by your clothing, hair style, weight, and make-up. If you can relate to anything listed in our "dead" column we strongly advise you to part with it and change dramatically!

So get out your gel, spike your hair - throw away your Leif Garret and Bay City Rollers records, and get ready to RAGE.

By the "With-its".

Nicole Wilcox

Jodie Fuge

10S



## An Account of the 1984 Noumea Trip



It is with great joy and a touch of sadness that I write this account of the 1984 Nouvelle Calédonie trip. For it brings to mind the wonderful times we had there, and a longing to be back on those sunny shores.

Mrs Levin and Ms Leonard had the arduous task of taking care of nineteen Year 11 and 12 French speaking students. They proved more than equal to the task!

We arrived at Tontouta airport in the late afternoon and spent more than enough time getting through Customs. Then we caught the bus to the hotel, where we were to spend our first night only.

Our first meal "under New Caledonian skies" consisted of a pizza for the entree and a chicken dish for the main course. The former was not, of course, of French origin, but it gave the meal an "international touch".

Our first day entailed the annoying, but necessary changing of hotels; a French lesson in the morning and the afternoon to familiarize ourselves with the local surroundings. Our second hotel was very near to the beach and only a bus trip (or in Brigitte's, Rebecca's and my case — a taxi trip) away from the city. Unfortunately the local beach could not compare with those in Australia. Although white sandy beaches did exist, we never managed to set foot on one, due to the dangerous boating weather.

There was also a bus trip to Sarramea: a coffee plantation. We saw a few coffee trees growing on the sides of the roads but never quite saw the coffee plantation. We did, however, catch sight of hundreds of huge, black spiders hanging from the telephone wires (even the memory of them is horrific!).

That day we had jambons, apples and soft drink for lunch. We ate at a picturesque picnic site in the hills, which could well have been in the Amazon Jungle! Some of the girls and staff were even brave enough to take a dip in the black water hole!

During our stay there was a boat-trip when we smiled, laughed and danced our way through a dismal, cloudy day. The boat bounced across the seas passing islands covered in

grey, however, the friendly crew, with guitar playing, game playing and tummy curving entertained us thoroughly. Even swimming in the rain and playing football on the sands took on a new life. With French vocabulary extended and stomachs full of Pacific food, we returned drenched but happy to the Noumean Shores.

Our free time was spent exploring the city, a visit to the local market, shopping, sunbaking, eating and speaking the French language as much as possible. The French lessons and excursions conducted in French were of great benefit to all the girls. Everyone certainly gained a great deal more courage in speaking a foreign language, as well as improving their grasp of the language. A most worthwhile trip!

Marnie Wilson, HSC





# Languages

## Portrait D'Une Vielle

La vieille est assise sur un banc au parc.

Les cheveux gris et courts entourent la figure ridée d'âge.  
Le corps gros couvre tout le banc. Elle regarde les petits enfants, qui jouent à la balançoire, de par ses longs cils. Elle dresse l'oreille au rire des enfants.

Peut-être, quand elle était jeune, qu'elle avait été très belle; mais, maintenant, elle est laide à faire peur. Les poignets se cachent de la vue, parce qu'elle a des cicatrices — un jour, elle s'est coupé les poignets.

Les vêtements ont besoin d'être raccommodés. Ils sont sales comme un peigne, aussi. Elle croise les bras près du corps, pour se réchauffer. Le vent souffle, et elle grelotte.

Elle décide de rentrer chez elle. Elle est aussi grande qu'une boîte aux lettres. Elle marche lentement. Elle doit marcher seulement cent mètres, mais elle est à bout de forces, quand elle arrive.

Pedita Rowe, 11K

## Alliance Francaise Awards

(YEARS 7 – 10 Awards not available in time for publication)

POETRY. READING AND CONVERSATION

H.S.C.

VERY HONOURABLE MENTION

Vanessa Browne, Rebecca Smith, Marnie Wilson, Kristen Wischer

HONOURABLE MENTION

Esther Bozas, Sally Dawson, Jenny Mitchelhill, Adrienne Sartori

YEAR 11

VERY HONOURABLE MENTION

Marie-Claire Laruca, Ruth Linnane, Silvia Palazzo

HONOURABLE MENTION

Amanda Berntsen, Naomi Martin, Pedita Rowe

LANGUAGE TEST

YEAR 11

VERY HONOURABLE MENTION

Amanda Berntsen

HONOURABLE MENTION

Ruth Linnane, Naomi Martin

AURAL COMPREHENSION

EQUAL THIRD PRIZE

Marie-Claire Laruca

VERY HONOURABLE MENTION

Pedita Rowe

HONOURABLE MENTION

Eleanor Seymour

## Ich Hatte Einen Wunderbaren Traum

Der Krieg hatte geendet. Es war schon Mitternacht, und ich lag in meinem Bett. Es war unmöglich zu schlafen. Es war zu heiss fuer mich in diesem Zimmer. Es gab kein Licht ausser dem Mond. Eine Katze lief ueber meine Beine und ich schrie ganz laut. Niemand hoerte mich. Endlich schlief ich ein, nachdem ich geweint hatte.

Die andere Maenner standen in der Naehe von mir. Aber ich fuehlte mich einsam. Es war ein Tag, den wir nicht vergessen konnten. Ich stand auf, um mein Gewehr zu holen, und der Nachtmahr begann. Die Maenner liefen und dann sie schossen und schrieen. Ich entging knapp dem Tode. Meine Freunde hatten kein Glueck. Sie lagen bei mir, ein Freund mit nur einem Bein, ein anderer Freund mit keinem Gesicht.

Dann kam der Sturm. Die Nacht schien schwarz und totaehnlich. Das Mondlicht war stark und meine Augen waren blaurot und peinlich. Waehrend dieser Nacht wanderten meine Gedanken zu den anderen Maennern, die bei mir noch lagen. Das Mondlicht stroemte ueber sie und gab den Gesichtern ein ungewohntes blaurotes Gluehen. Ich glaubte, dass sie laechelten. Ich begann zu schreien, aber wegen meines Alleinseins war niemand da.

Ploetzlich sah ich einen furchtbaren Mann vor mir. Er hielt eine Pistole und er schoss nach mir. Dann hoerte man einen schrecklichen Schmerzensschrei.

Ich drehte mich auf die eine und auf die andere Seite. Ich kroch und endlich wachte ich auf. Ich lag atemlos und mein Bett war ganz nass geworden. Um diese Zeit schien das Mondlicht hell und ruhig. Mit klopfendem Herz stand ich langsam auf. Es war ein anderer Tag und ich wusste, dass ich wieder meinen Traum vergessen musste.

Rebecca Smith, HSC

## Goethe Institute Poetry Competition

YEAR 12

3rd Prize — Rebecca Smith

YEAR 11

HONOURABLE MENTION

Caroline Lloyd.

YEAR 10

Full results not yet available

CONCOURS LA PEROUSE  
Pedita Rowe was a State finalist.



## A Guide to Becoming the Next Cross Country Star

*For those who dare to dream that dream,  
Of making the superior Cross Country Team –  
Just follow these steps, they're simple as pie,  
And you'll run like a star. Just give it a try.*

*First, sit and watch, the fit run the track,  
Lie down, have a rest, until they come back.  
Then, laugh at their blood and their tears  
Show them that training gives you no fears.*

*When the day comes, for you to show what you've got,  
Eat a huge lunch and drink quite a lot,  
And then you'll be ready for the big run.  
Although you know it's all just in fun.*

*Well now comes the time, for you to change,  
Although you may look a little strange.  
Your colours all clash, but you look your best.  
So whatever you do, it will outclass the rest.*

*When you arrive at the park of your dreams,  
You'll notice the rain is worse than it seems!  
Perform a tantrum, say you'll slip and fall,  
So girls will slow down, or not run at all.*

*Now act calm, walk up to the line.  
Don't hurry it now, there's plenty of time!  
Don't bother to shove your way to the start—  
Give the others a chance to depart!*

*While others are nervous, awaiting the call,  
Tie you shoelaces. Don't worry at all!  
When the shout comes, and the race has begun,  
Start a leisurely pace, don't sprint like some.*

## Oh Woe is Me!

A poem of what I hope will never happen to me or any student or teacher at Ruyton!

*Yesterday in the playground,  
I got hit with a ball in the mouth.  
My braces dropped right off my teeth,  
And all my teeth fell out.*

*You see this was no ordinary ball,  
It was a hockey puck.  
I turned my back on half the world,  
And into my face it stuck.*

*In hospital now I lie bereft,  
Get well cards all around me.  
A frown sits heavily on my brow,  
As I think of the thing that stunned me.*

*Everyone sends me chocolates,  
I wish they'd send flowers instead.  
For I have not a tooth in my once pretty mouth,  
Not a tooth anywhere in my head!*

*Instead they lie strewn in the playground  
And me in bed with not one.  
For the kids in the hockey team at school,  
A foam rubber ball could be as much fun.*

Simone Ekberg 7S

*Walk up the steep hill, fearless and bold  
Think to yourself, that you're getting quite old.  
For the legs will ache and the joints will creak.  
But that's no problem. You're only a freak!*

*You'll notice the scenery is quite picturesque,  
Take notes on the progress, at teacher's request.  
Now comes the time for a hop, skip and jump,  
Though there is a slight risk of a slide on your rump.*

*But in your ambition, you fear not at all  
For you have a talent to run, not to fall.  
And if your talent is failing to show  
It is not a crime to stop, you know!*

*In your pre-occupied state of mind,  
You will notice the others are hard to find.  
The jungle is dense; the rain does not stop  
You know you are lost, but can't find a 'cop'.*

*Carry on the pretence and continue the pace.  
You know your object is to finish the race.  
A bit of support from friends is now due, . . . . .  
So sing out their names and yell "Help" too!*

*For now it appears you are definitely lost.  
Your aim is for rescue, and at any cost!  
Forget the more feminine cries for the knight  
And howl like a cat involved in a fight!*

*Finally you're found, but one problem remains,  
Your boast you could win, was one of your aims.  
So pretend that you're injured to save some face.  
So that's your excuse for missing first place.*

*Now I must finish, my steps to success  
Though they weren't so helpful, as you can guess.  
But remember, I'll always be there to cheer  
When you follow these steps, next Cross Country Year.*

Susan Isherwood, HSC

## Heartless

"I told you before, he is not perfect".

The Health Inspector was clear and precise. "And what if we let one imperfect being survive? He would grow up in a world filled with perfection and to be imperfect would be discouraging and upsetting for him.

No. He must die with the others".

The Inspector turned his back on the young mother as she was led, sobbing, out the door.

He gave a weary sigh and once again the room was filled with a quiet, electronic hum. He checked the machine as he walked around the cold, lifeless room. His strides were in time with the throbbing engines and he muttered to himself in a voice which blended with the soft murmur of the computers.

"Tears, useless things. Like humans. They just don't understand. We need perfection, we must have perfection. They don't understand. Perfection. . . . ."

Lights went out and with a mechanical creak, the Inspector shut down for the night.

Georgina Lewis, 9E



# Sports Captain's Report



1984: A year to be remembered by many people for a long time. It has been the year in which George Orwell's world famous science fiction was based, the year of the magnificent Los Angeles Olympic Games and the year of Miss McRae's retirement. The end of an era for some, however it seems the beginning of an era in other respects. Specifically, Ruyton's sporting activities have, this year, begun an era of achievement in both enthusiasm and results.

The year got off to a quick start with House Swimming. Following on from this came fast and furious training sessions which were carried out at the new venue of the Richmond Pool. Ruyton's swimmers served the big "R" proudly as everyone performed to their capacity. Individual team results have improved considerably and I believe the future is bright for our swimmers.

Ruyton's usual repertoire of team sports were again enjoyed by many and were hotly contested. A number of well rounded teams — who improved due to the many wistful words from the coaches — performed admirably, with some excellent results. One very encouraging facet of the Inter School competition this year has been the introduction of new opposition schools. It's good to again see Ruyton's horizons expanding.

A number of rather unusual events were this year seen on our well cultivated oval. A 'rigged' baseball match between the Senior 'A' team and a motley mob of outsiders to the sport (rumour was they were Ruyton Staff — one could hardly tell from their scruffy appearance) added a little humour and spice to the spectators' lunch break. Reputations were on the line in a hockey match played during 2nd term. The Ruyton team came up against Trinity. The result — a draw — was perhaps best for all in order to keep healthy relations with our brother school.

Without doubt the most successful sporting activity this year has been the splendid performances of the Cross Country Team. The formidable title of Victorian State Champions fits nicely into Ruyton's sporting history books. Numerous events were entered by Ruyton, and many victories enjoyed. The season was completed on a high note, with the Inter-School Cross Country providing a reward for all the efforts made.

This year's enthusiasm towards sport has been commendable and has made my position both a privilege and a pleasure. I have certainly gained a great deal: in personal achievement, friendships, loyalties and determination to continue with a sporting life. I recommend that everyone apply themselves in sport as there is much to be gained.

Special thanks go to the P.E. staff— Miss Holmes, Ms Treloar, Miss Liversidge and Miss Day who have worked hard and enthusiastically throughout 1984. I would also like to express, on behalf of the whole school, our appreciation of Miss McRae's loyal enthusiasm for all Ruyton's sporting efforts. She has been a dedicated supporter, spectator and barracker over many years.

I sincerely wish Ruyton the best of luck next year in their sporting pursuits and best wishes to 1985's Sports Captain.

Jill Swiney

## Stop Press — House Athletics!

The House Athletics Sports had to be cancelled on two occasions due to rain — or rather floods! They were finally held at Box Hill on October 1st. This time, instead of a deluge, we enjoyed some long awaited sun, resulting in some very burnt and flushed faces. It was a most enjoyable day for all concerned.

Many records were broken as competition was fierce. The results showed an overall domination by Anderson, though all houses performed well and with determination.

House Marching took place at school — so naturally it rained! However, enthusiasm was not dampened! Innovation was the key, with Daniell taking a well earned first place.

Congratulations to all houses for their efforts and achievements.



# House Reports

## Daniell

This year for Daniell began in an enthusiastic manner with many girls participating in the early morning swimming training. From this we were able to produce a successful team which gained a pleasing 3rd place overall in the House Swimming Sport. We would like to congratulate every girl who was part of the team or cheer squad.

Next on the agenda was the House Baseball and Tennis matches. The Intermediate and Senior teams achieved highly commendable results with both teams managing to win all their matches. The tennis teams displayed great spirit and determination, although the results were not indicative of their ability. In 2nd term the Hockey and Netball matches were held. Daniell managed to gain equal first place in the Netball Competition.

Daniell's true spirit was shown in the House Drama. We would like to thank Claire Ferguson and Kathy Tsitsanis for their tremendous thought and imagination put into the script of the play which was rewarded by Daniell gaining first place. The participation was excellent especially from the younger forms. We hope this success will continue through to the House Athletics and Marching.



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.

Caroline Parry-Okeden  
Claire Coppock



## Bromby

This year, Bromby's spirit and enthusiasm has shown through to make it a most successful year.

It was obvious that the Brombarian tribe had been training hard in swimming during the summer as the result was a convincing win. The venue this year was the State Swim Centre, which was a step up from the Old Kew Pool. We were delighted with the attendance at the early morning training, despite the icy waters and John's yells for more effort. It was great to hear fellow Brombarians cheering each other on and we're sure it all contributed to a great win.



Still basking in our swimming victory, we cast ourselves enthusiastically into Drama. The format was slightly different this year with all houses getting the same theme, Femininity. Bromby decided to contrast two aspects of femininity, the masculine and feminine side. Overall it was very successful and everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Interhouse baseball and tennis were squeezed between Swimming and Drama, and results and participation were pleasing.

Second Term was a quiet term for house activities. After much huffing and puffing, Brombarians sprinted home to collect the House Cross Country Cup which was a great thrill. Hockey and Netball followed soon after with an equal win overall in both sports. This was an unexpected but wonderful surprise. With the House Aths coming up, and the L.A. Olympics just finished, training will get underway with the quest for some gold.

Thanks to all the House Mistresses and Sports Staff for their help and support. A big thanks to all fellow Brombarians – despite all our shouting and sore throats, we achieved exciting results. Looking back over the year, it was one filled with excitement, and fun. Good luck to next year's House Captains – wear the badges with pride. Good luck for the future, Bromby.

Robyn Bainbridge  
Sally Dawson



## Anderson

Well girls, what can we say except that we have come to the end of another eventful year? As always our year began at the Kew Pool at twenty to seven in the morning. Yes, all our little and big Red-legs braved the freezing conditions to hit the water in full Red-legs flight, however after a few laps our Red-legs soon turned purple and unfortunately we were not able to get our red fiery colour back in time for the big day. It must be mentioned however that we all tried our hardest and did our best. Congratulations must go to Bromby on their win.

The next activity on the agenda was the House Baseball and Tennis matches. Participation was fantastic and it seemed to be enjoyed by all. Thanks to all those who helped.

First Term ended with the House Drama. Thanks to the fifth formers who arranged the play. All our up-and-coming new actresses performed well and we are sure there is some new talent to be discovered for the future big screen! Thank you to all who participated.

Second Term saw all the House Netball and Hockey matches. Again participation was excellent and a fantastic time was had by all. Daniell, Lascelles and Anderson shared the Netball Cup and Bromby and Anderson shared the Hockey Cup.



We would like to wish all the athletes good luck in the House Athletic sports and we hope those little and long Red-legs will win gold or blue for that matter. Once more our thanks go to the fifth formers for organizing the sports and to the girls who participated in them.

Finally we would like to thank the House as a whole for a happy and fun year. We wish the House Captains for next year the best of luck and hope they get as much enjoyment in 1985 as we have had this year. And, remember, it's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game. Keep the Anderson House flag flying high and remember our motto – to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield – Bye!

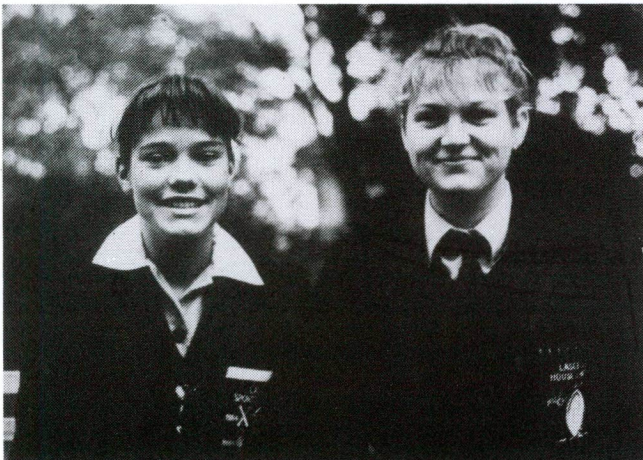
Alexandra Keppell  
Julia Goodsall  
Megan Broadbent



## Lascelles

Yet again another year has dawned, 1984. But this time it was different as it was our turn to shoulder the responsibilities of house captains. Our duties as captains still seemed distant, but before we knew it, the house swimming sports were upon us.

With great frustration but equal determination, we finally organised a team. Of course they were enthusiastic as all Lascelles members are, but needed a slight nudge to get going, especially for training at seven o'clock at the icy Kew pool. Overall we gained second place, so congratulations to all swimmers.



The goggles and bathers were hung up for another year, and out came baseball bats, tennis raquets, hockey sticks, and netballs. House matches were underway for the year. Despite the heat and heavy competition, Lascelles was victorious in the tennis and netball and put up a good fight in hockey and baseball.

From bruised skins and cut legs we moved into the more serene activity of house drama. The fifth formers played a commendable part in organizing it. Although a lot of time and hard work was put in, competition was too strong. However thanks to all participants and congratulations to Daniell.

Do these white and gold Lascelles members ever rest? No, we were back out in our running shoes and into the cross country scene. Although Lascelles was not victorious, individual results were very pleasing.

Training is well under way for the athletic sports this term, and by the looks of things a good result will be obtained.

Both of us have enjoyed this year and hope the captains in 1985 will have as an enjoyable time as we have. Thanks to all house members and staff, especially Miss Beggs, and of course, special thanks must go to the never ending support and backing of the physical education staff. Good luck for the future Lascelles!

Lisl Nancarrow  
Megan Jacobs



# Teams Reports

## Swimming

As the grey dawn of Melbourne rose, many shivering figures cracked the ice off the Kew Pool to the shout of "Put that towel down and swim twenty widths non-stop. It's not at all cold. Ready . . . Go!"

Half-asleep, the reluctant Ruyton Girls staggered into Kew Pool at 6.40 a.m. every morning to prepare for the House Sports. After an intense training session, they raced back to school for their hot coffee and cereal. The participation was excellent, in spite of the cold temperatures.

The House Swimming Sports were held at the State Swim Centre. Records were broken by Kerry Godson and Siann Bowman and the overall standard of all girls improved. It was a successful morning, with Bromby emerging as victors followed by Lascelles, Daniell and Anderson.

Intense training started in preparation for the Combined Sports. Training was held at Richmond Pool after school, with John Ohlsen making what seemed to be ruthless demands of continual sprinting and effort.

Friday the 2nd of March dawned and the Ruyton Swimming Team eagerly turned up at the State Swim Centre. During the progress score announcements it was shown that Ruyton was not coming last for once! All the hard work paid off when Ruyton came fifth, the best effort in many years.

Thanks must be given to Miss Holmes, Ms Treloar, Miss Liversidge and all the parents who provided transport to and from Richmond Pool. Many thanks also to our ever faithful coach, John Ohlsen, who once again got the best effort from everyone.

Sally Dawson



### SWIMMING

*N. McDonald, J. Hopkins, K. Walker, C. Ostwald, N. McClure.  
M. Jacobs, S. Isherwood, R. Bainbridge, S. Dawson, J. Hope.  
M. Broadbent, J. Goodsall, A. Carter, K. Nancarrow, J. Patterson.  
B. Morris, D. Beare, E. Nancarrow, A. Keppell, L. Nancarrow, K. Hoadley.  
S. Bowman, C. Hewitt, M. McLeish, H. Ferguson.*



### CRICKET

*M. Berntsen, K. Hoadley, M. Broadbent, J. Swiney, M. Ashley-Cooper, C. Mitchell-Taverner, L. Griffiths, D. Beare, I. Hall, N. McDonald.*



## Cross Country



This year, come rain, hail or shine; over hill or over dale (and at times over mountains) you will have seen Ruyton's cross country runners, or as Matron exclaimed: "The little daffodils" (due to the bright yellow uniforms) fighting it out for victory. And in most cases victory *was* gained — Ruyton has become a household word in the world of cross country, which really shows what has been achieved this year.

Success has been due to the culmination of many factors. Training commenced early — mid-way through first term, the younger runners began to gain experience, the older ones continually improved and some determined new runners joined the team. In previous years our sights have been set solely on the Inter School competition; this year however Cross Country running was extended over a whole season.

Our first event was held by the Kew-Camberwell Athletics Club. Our runners approached it seriously, not knowing what to expect. All went splendidly with Ruyton gaining first place.

An exciting aspect of the season was our participation for the first time, in several A.P.S. meetings held on Saturday mornings. Another new event was the V.A.A. Road Relays held at La Trobe Uni. St John's College and Presentation races were also run with great success. Two teams were entered into the Budget 10 kms Teams Trot on Saturday, 27th May with a rather unexpected first place in one section against a field of 3,000 runners.

The high point of the year had to be the equal first place in the Victorian State Cross Country Championships. The disappointing weather conditions were overcome by our runners who ran with incredible spirit and camaraderie.

The Inter School race held at Wattle Park capped off a great season with a landslide victory to Ruyton — who certainly worked hard for it!

I'd like to thank Mr Berntsen for his inspiring, reliable help and advice and to our runners. Miss Holmes' contribution this year has been enormous and fully appreciated.





## Hockey

Showing splendid improvement this year, all three Ruyton hockey teams have enjoyed successful seasons.

Both Junior Teams played well. Year 7 drew with both Fintona and Genezzano, while Year 8 won against Fintona and a combined team won against Camberwell CEGGS.

For the first time this year, the Juniors played a Hockey Round Robin, which was conducted at Tintern on 3rd August. Once again the Ruyton sportsmanship showed through. The Year 7's won one game, drew three and lost one, placing them fourth overall.

The Year 8's also performed well with three wins and two losses and were placed 3rd overall. Congratulations to all those who played and good luck for the future.

The intermediate team was strong, but a little more team work is needed for improvement. They lost against Fintona, Lauriston, Tintern and St Catherine's, and drew with Korowa. With their determination I'm sure in the future they will have better luck.

As for the Senior team, they performed brilliantly all season. Special thanks must go to the goaly (Jo Waldron) whose swiftness in getting between ball and net saved many games.

Ruyton Seniors lost to Tintern, Lauriston, Genezzano and St Catherine's. However, we were successful against St Michael's and Fintona.

Once again the O.R.A. hockey team proved too good for the Senior 'A' hockey team and we went down (0-3) to them, but not without putting in a traditional 'good old' Ruyton fight.

## Baseball

The baseball term started brilliantly. The sun was high, not a cloud in the sky (a little poetry for you literary lovers) and the turnout of enthusiastic and determined baseballers was, was . . . Let's put it this way, there could have been more! However, after a little encouragement from our baseballing beauties, both the Seniors and Intermediates were positively overflowing with eager beavers just dying to get a chance to beat our old rivals.

As mentioned, enthusiasm was the one thing we had going for us (not that our talent wasn't exceptional!!) We managed to get two full Senior teams, with all members stretching, jumping, sliding and flying through the air to catch those elusive balls. A few miscalls, or lack thereof, ended up in some very funny and spectacular falls and/or collisions. Although the 'A' team only managed to win one match, we were overjoyed to beat all our rivals in the Diamond Throw competition earlier in the term. The 'B' team did a marvellous job, winning most of their matches.

The Inters managed to scrape together two teams. However, bad weather and other problems caused cancellations which was disappointing.

You no doubt remember the history making event of the "Golden Oldies" v "The A Team". It was obviously enjoyed by all — those involved and those spectating. Will we ever forget Mrs Edwards' superb (?) pitches — reminding us

A match against Trinity was set up with two Trinity umpires (biased to both teams). It proved to be a match of skill and sheer determination not to let the boys beat us (but as they always seemed to have two extra people on the field which proved difficult). It ended in a draw (3-3). Thanks to the cheering Ruyton audience and James White — a "Mikado" soloist who proved to be a worthwhile goaly.

Thanks to Miss Liversidge for making it a successful season for all teams.

Special thanks to all the Senior team, and good luck to future teams.

Caitlin Lund  
(Captain)



HOCKEY

*C. Parry-Okeden, J. Swiney, A. Jonas, M. Broadbent, D. Beare, J. Hergt, R. Bainbridge, S. Dawson, A. Carter, C. Lund, J. Waldron, B. Slater, K. Hoadley.*

of the infamous Trevor Chappel! Such a pity Miss Andrews couldn't stand the pace and had to be carried away in a wheelchair! With Mrs Barrah umpiring, the decisions were obviously biased, but we all knew who the winners were!

Congratulations and thanks must go not only to all the baseballers who played this year, but also to that hard working and enthusiastic coach Ms Treloar.

I wish all next year's baseballers the best of luck and fee sure that they will uphold (and improve) our standard.

Julia Goodsal



BASEBALL

*L. Nancarrow, A. Jonas, J. Swiney, C. Coppock, M. Broadbent, R. Bainbridge, J. Goodsal, C. Lund, C. Parry-Okeden.*



## Tennis

Being tennis captain for the Ruyton tennis team was certainly a varied task. I mean, how many teams do you know get stranded with only 59 cents for petrol, gorge themselves on cherry ripens before matches (for medicinal purposes only!) or even end up with no opposition?

Despite this it was an enjoyable year for the team, even though the results show we had stiff competition. We battled on, enthusiastic to the last; marvelling at the skill of

Mandy and Lisa; laughing at the antics of Megan and Jenny (our comedy relief); and wondering at the enthusiasm of Adrienne and myself. In fact all twelve pairs played very well.

The junior tennis teams also played well and some show promise to be the rising stars of the senior team in 1985.

Special thanks to Miss Holmes for persevering with and coaching us.

Thanks for a great year, and good luck to next year's team.

Karen Olver



TENNIS A

*M. Berntsen, L. White, J. Mitchelhill, K. Olver, M. Peres, M. Jacobs, A. Sartori.*



TENNIS B

*F. Macdonald, A. Burton, H. Goh, J. Hope, S. Jellis, S. Petrovic, M. Backhouse, J. Patterson.*

## Netball

Competition was keen at all the senior matches with a fair sprinkling of wins and losses. Our coach, Ms Treloar's enthusiasm, and skill in passing on knowledge was one of her many fine attributes that helped the teams throughout the season.

This year the senior A team was fortunate enough to compete in the sixteenth annual Victorian Schoolgirls' Championship. Although the A's only won two of five matches, it proved to be an experience and showed improvement in the team all round.

The senior B team, captained by Alex Keppell, had a good season and won a majority of their matches.

The intermediate teams, also coached by Ms Treloar, had some convincing wins during their inter-school matches.

Once again the juniors participated keenly with the fine skills passed on by their coach Miss Holmes.

Special thanks must go to the coaches — Miss Holmes and Ms Treloar — for all their time and effort spent on coaching the netball teams. I hope next year's teams are victorious — good luck to all enthusiastic netballers.

Lisl Nancarrow  
(Senior A Captain)



NETBALL

*K. Strickland, L. Nancarrow, C. Coppock, M. Berntsen, S. Mayger, J. Goodsall, L. White.*





ROYTON  
GIRLS SCHOOL  
1984







## LETTER FROM PRESIDENT



Dear Old Girls,

Annually we gather at Royce Hall for our General Meeting. This year we were very honoured to have Miss M. McRae as our special guest. The night was very successful with 120 in attendance.

Our dinner held recently at Luis's was enjoyed by all who attended.

I would like to remind you that it is the profits from our functions which enable us to fund our bursary, provided annually, to help a student complete her studies at Ruyton. Without your support, it may prove difficult to provide such a bursary in future years.

Yours,

Vanessa Gough.

## EDITORIAL

Another milestone has been reached in the history of Ruyton. Miss Margaret McRae (affectionately known as "Macca") retires after 21 years of dedicated service as Headmistress of the School. During that time she has led Ruyton through decades of great change and expansion. Miss McRae has always met the challenges that the modern education system has presented, whilst maintaining the traditions set by her predecessors, and for that we thank her.

On your behalf we welcome Miss McRae as an Honourary Life Member of the Association and look forward to a continuing friendship.

The tie will not be broken.

### Office Bearers:

President	Vanessa Gough	267 2939
President Elect	Prue Lewis (Sewell)	80 5204
Vice President	Amanda Blyth	861 5221
Secretary	Sally Hodges (Dean)	80 3635
Treasurer	Cathy Barton	523 9397

Scholarship Treasurer	Marjorie Blyth	861 5221
	(Morrison)	

Representatives on	Libby Dougall (Watson)
School Council	Wendy Hewitt (McKerrell)
Editorial Committee	Amanda Blyth

	Marjorie Blyth (Morrison)
	Libby Dougall (Watson)
	Prue Lewis (Sewell)

Committee	Melanie Gibbs (McAntee)
	Barbara Goldsmith (Bower)
	Helen Grainger (Kitson)
	Elaine Hutchinson (Chipper)
	Barbara Hutton (Cathie)
	Sue Leonard
	Sally Phillips L.O.A.

With grateful thanks, we record donations to the Scholarship Fund from —

A.J. Simpson	V. Steggall	M. Thomas
Dorothy Armstrong	Belle Solomon	Sally Heath
Judith Bruns	E. Stewardson	R. Aldridge
N. Verity	Heather Andrew	D. & M. Hiscock

## Garden Party



11 out of 10 for effort!

Last year, on Sunday 6th November at 2.00 p.m. the committee of the Old Ruytonians Association collected at Ruyton, dressed with more enthusiasm than authenticity as Edwardian schoolgirls, to greet almost 200 guests at the 75th Jubilee Garden Party.

Daughters of Old Girls acted as willing guides for those guests likely to get lost in the corridors of learning, or those seeking the fishpond lawn of a past era.

"Official" photographers mingled with guests to record the day's events. Unfortunately we have yet to match names with faces.

Biscuits made by the home economics girls and a multitude of small cakes baked by the "Margaret Fulton" of the committee were part of a sumptuous spread, and were devoured with delight.

Two beautiful clocks commemorating the 75th Jubilee were presented to the school. An inscribed silver tray was given to Miss McRae in recognition of her 20 years as Headmistress.

"Skin Repair" could have saved the housework hands of the one washer-upper of the entire day's dirty dishes.

At the end of the day we wished we had found the elusive marble bath, often spoken of but never seen, in which to soak our tired feet.

Our thanks to all those who attended and a special thanks to all our helpful friends.

It was fun.

## SUN CUP TOURNAMENTS

Unfortunately the Sun Tennis Cup was not graced by Ruyton's presence this year. We were very disappointed that we could not field a team but sincerely hope that this will not be the case next year. Anyone interested in representing Ruyton in this event, please contact Barb Hutton on 857 5937 for further information. The Sun Tennis is normally played on the 3rd Sunday in March.



## SUN GOLF

For the first time in at least the last 25 years that Ruyton has been fielding a team in this event, it rained. The heavens just opened and poured all day. The results were disappointing as many players withdrew because of the inclement weather. Our girls, in true Ruyton spirit, weathered the storm and all started and completed the course. Our thanks to Anne Wade, Norma Leslie, Joan Martin, Anna Mason, Julie Tootell and Dalney Linton.

A Social Golf day is planned for March 1985, at Kew. Handicap or no, please contact Anne Wade on 277 7168, if you are interested in playing and would like further information. This is a fun day, and no one cares if you take 10 strokes on a par 3 hole.

## ORA VERSUS SCHOOL SPORT

We regret to report that we were unable to have the Tennis and Baseball this year due to the fact that the day unfortunately clashed with other school functions.

We were of course able to have the Hockey and Netball. Miserable day as usual but much fun had by all. The ORA won the Hockey 5-1, but lost the Netball 38-10. Granted we had 13 hockey players, and we really didn't cheat. Perhaps we had aspirations of heading to LA but that fell through.

Our thanks to all who played and umpired for us, and a special thanks to the school team for providing morning tea.

Plans are afoot for making next year's ORA versus School sport to be held on one day early in Term III. Tennis and Baseball to be played in the morning, and Hockey and Netball to be played after a BBQ lunch. Hopefully we can make it an enjoyable family day and attract spectators to cheer the Old Girls to victory. More details in the 1985 Functions Card.

## NEWS

Sue Marshall (Thomson) lives on a dairy farm in South Gippsland.

Sally Marshall is doing her M.A. at Melbourne University.

Melissa Hardie who did a catering and hotel management course at William Angliss is running a restaurant in London - "Avoirdupois" in Kings Road.

Julia Morgan (Simms), husband and 2 children are living in North Wales. They hope to visit Australia at Christmas.

Vicki Warne (Whitehead), husband and two children are now living in East Malvern after having spent 6 months in the Phillipines.

Sara Symon (Randell) is currently the Sales and Marketing Manager of a Melbourne printing firm.

Diana Draffin (McMillan) has a granddaughter, living in Texas. (Jessica - born June 1983).

Gillian Riall (McMillan) has just returned from Scotland and Europe - visiting daughter Joanne.

Eve Hollands (Coulston) has just returned to Melbourne after 19 years in Tokyo. She has three children. One lives in Honolulu, one in Taiwan, and one in Melbourne. She has just become a grandmother.

Georgina Malon is in England and Europe for 3 months.

Joyce Pinkney (Williams) spends from March to November each year in Queensland, swimming, fishing and china painting.

Judy Stevens (Palmer) and family are living in Darwin for 12 months.

Diana McKie (Whitcroft) and husband Peter, and two children have established a church in Canberra.

Jane Fletcher and Robyn Bate are working in unison at Peat, Marwick, Mitchell - Chartered Accountants. Great fun !!

Jane McGrath is working for John Robins Furniture in Armadale.

Jane Liversidge is working at the Melbourne Fashion Agency, Richmond.

Sara Liversidge is currently working at Ruyton as a physical education and geography teacher.

Lou Wiseman is a fashion designer and is currently partner in a boutique called "Flouds" of Toorak.

Meredith Berger (Dunn) is living in California, USA and has a daughter Melissa Victoria.

Sue Beaurepaire (Wood) is proving to be an excellent golfer by winning many championships at the NSW Golf Club.

Sandra Phillips is a Community Health Nurse/Administration at the Northcote Community Health Centre.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Vivien Randell	to	Hamish MacLachlan
Lian Smith	to	Warren Knight
Anne Moulden	to	Simon Cooper
Louise Wiseman	to	Anthony Heffernan
Tracey Taylor	to	Mark Walkins
Robyn Taylor	to	Scott Humphreys

## MARRIAGES

Michel Milner	to	Andrew Summons
Wendy Bate	to	Stephen Bull
Sara Randell	to	Richard Symon
Katrina Polities	to	Murray Hazewinkel
Andrea Blood	to	John Malon
Melinda Field	to	Mark Dowell
Robyn Henfrey	to	Julian Barlow
Gail Pearsen	to	Stephen Palmer

## BIRTHS

Robyn Rodriques (Charlton)	a daughter
Julie Christiansen (Milner)	a son
Sue Hansen (Piper)	a daughter
Rosalind Naughtan (Whitlock)	a son
Sally Stribley (Gelbart)	a son
Coila Lilley (McCracken)	a daughter
Sally Zalkauskas (Blair-Holt)	a daughter
Joanna Osborne (Hickey)	a son
Janet Holmes (Walker)	a daughter
Inga Gibson (McKay)	a son
Julia Morgan (Simms)	a son
Anne Teasdale (Bottomer)	a son
Sue Morowski (Gove)	a son
Jenny Langtree (McGrath)	a daughter
Mary Hill (Bottomer)	a son
Suzy Fisher (Phillips) (in NSW)	a son
Jill Hewitt (Bottomer) (in NSW)	twin boys
Caroline Cole (Pearson)	a daughter







## Staff

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 E. Jones

Mr I. Jones

Mr C. Keogh

Mr G. Leonard

Mr R. Makin

### 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. Cleveland — Dip.Prim.Teach. (S.C.V. Toorak)

Miss L. Day — B.Ed. (Phys. Ed.) (S.C.V. Burw.)

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 J. James — Dip. Prim. Teach. (S.C.V. Toorak)

Mrs N. Matenson — T.P.T.C., (S.C.V. Burwood), Grad. Dip. Music Ed. (S.C.V. Toorak), Music

Miss R. Renshaw — Dip. Prim. Teach. (S.C.V. Toorak)

Mrs J. Smith — Library — T.P.T.C., T.T.L.C. (Melbourne)

Mrs G. Swiney — Teachers Cert. (Gipsy Hill College, England)

Mrs H. Weiss — T.P.T.C. (Geelong)

Mrs B. Wilks — T.I.T.C. (Burw.), B.Ed. (Prim.) (Burw.)

### SENIOR SCHOOL

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

Senior Mistress — Mrs J. Edwards, Solicitor, 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) Dip. Ed. (M.S.C.)

Mrs D. Berold — B.A. (Qld.), Dip.Ed. (Qld.) M.A. (Montreal)

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

Miss M. Clarke — B.Ed. (Arts & Crafts) (M.S.C.)

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

Miss J. ETTY-Leal — B.Ed. (Arts & Crafts) (M.S.C.)

Mrs K. Galt — T.S.T.C.

Dip. Domestic Arts (Rusden)

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

Miss S. Happell — B.A. (Melb.), Dip.Ed. (M.S.C.)

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

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

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

Miss S. Liversidge — B.Ed. (Vic. Coll.)

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

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

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

Miss D. Mitchell — B.Ed. A. Mus. A.

Mrs M. Morris — B.A. (Syd.) Dip.Ed. (La Trobe)

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

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

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.)

Mr T. Thornton — B.Ed. (Rusden)

Ms R. Treloar — B.Ed. (Burw. S.C.)

Mrs M. Wark — B.Comm. (Melb.) T.S.T.C.

Mrs H. Williams — B.A. (Hons.) (Adel.) Dip.Ed. (Adel.)

### SPECIAL SUBJECTS

Miss D. Ashforth — Recorder

Mr H. Badger — Piano

Mr G. Boyd — Double Bass

Miss G. Burke — Clarinet

Mr M. Davies — Guitar

Mr D. Green — Brass

Mr R. Hailey — Percussion

Miss F. Lehmann — Flute

Mr Z. Mendes — Violin

Miss D. Mitchell — Piano

Miss A. McRae — Cello

Mr P. Orgill — Guitar

Miss J. Patton — Flute

Mr D. Santin — Band

Miss J. Saunders — Oboe

Mr D. Summerton — Bassoon

Miss V. Watson — Singing

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

School Counsellor — Mrs L. Hiller B.A. (Mon.) M.A. (Melb.)

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

### SCHOOL COUNCIL

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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

Mrs J. Nairn

Mr R.M. Norton

Mrs L.H. Purdy

Mr J. B. Strickland

Mr M.H. Ware

Mr P.M. Wood

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