

# Kryptonian

87



**Editors: Caroline Leigh Year 12L**  
**Andrea Allan Year 11C**

Emma Westwood YEAR 10  
 Bridget Bainbridge  
 Linda Waldron

**COMMITTEE**

Kelly Hutchinson YEAR 12  
 Libby Dobbyn  
 Myffy Vaughan-Smith  
 Olivia Alysandratos  
 Justine Wallace  
 Mishi McCubbing YEAR 11  
 Kerryn Rozenbergs  
 Anna Barrack  
 Tara Ford

Bridget Crone YEAR 9  
 Sophie McCowan  
 Anne Forbes  
 Lyndal Walker

Larissa Rocchi YEAR 8  
 Genty Kennedy  
 Sarah Smith

Anne Walstub YEAR 7  
 Lizzie Croyle  
 Alice Mitchell-Taverner

**CONTENTS**

Editorial	1
Principal's Report	2
General Studies	3
School Captains' Report	4
House Reports	5
Junior School	7
Junior School Report	18
Senior School	19
Year 7	20
Year 8	22
Year 9	24
Year 10	27
Year 11	30
Year 12	33
Ryton Photos	36-37
Trips and Camps	38
Photo Competition	41
Central Australia	42
Outward Bound	43
Sports	45
History	51
Music	53
Around Ruyton	55
Work Experience	56
Commerce Faculty	57
Staff Farewells	58
Staff	59
VCE 87	62
Drama	64
Old Ruytonians	68
Congratulations	70

**PHOTOGRAPHERS**

Melanie Hayward YEAR 12  
 Tara Ford YEAR 11  
 Andra Strante YEAR 10

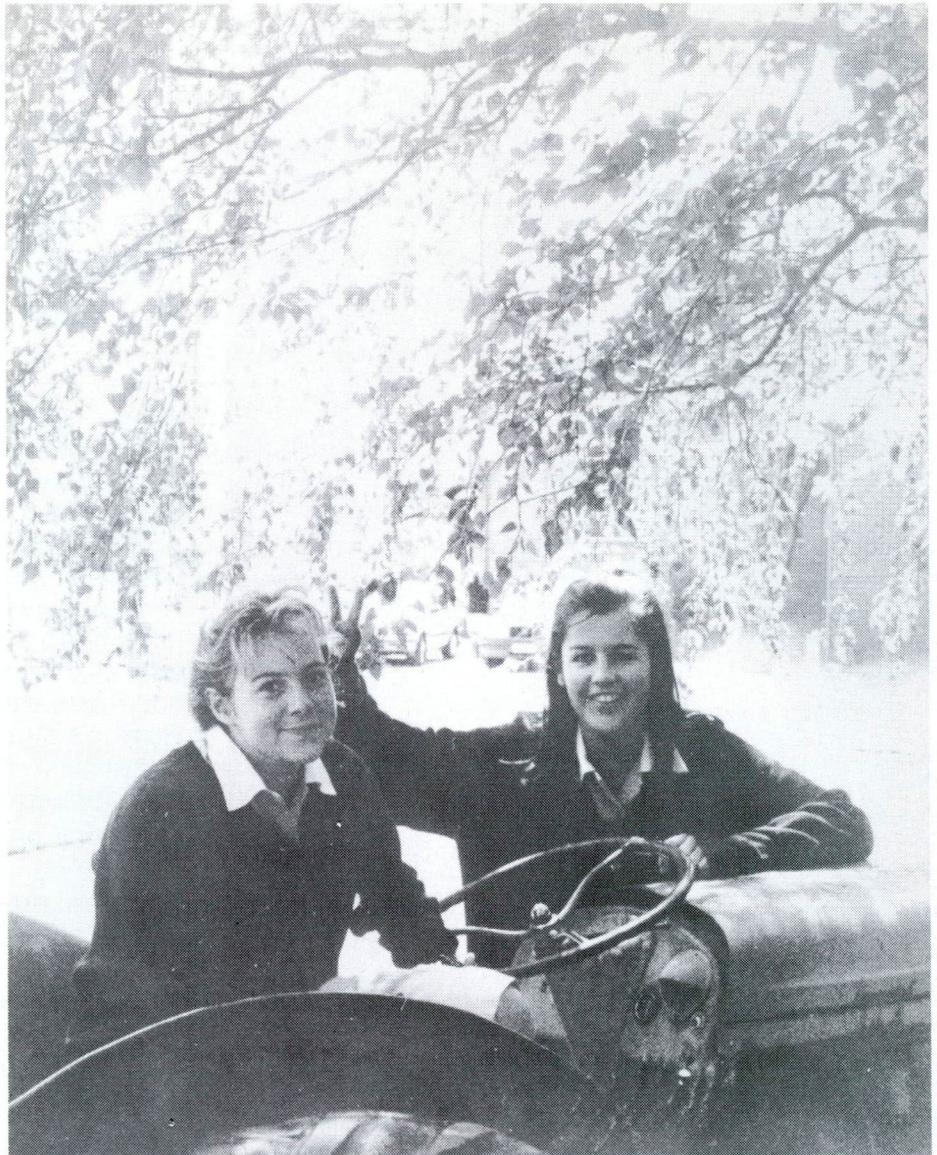
Front cover, newly renovated front verandah, hand-painted  
 by Justine Wallace.

# Editorial

After wading through piles of seemingly never-ending contributions, we have finally made it to the desk and only one task remains: that nine-letter word that has haunted us all year, the EDITORIAL.

The past year at Ruyton has been full of activity and business as, under Mrs. Gillies' leadership, Ruyton moves into the 21st Century. Many changes have been initiated and completed, both in the school and in this magazine. We have witnessed the new master plan beginning to take effect, the remodelling of the Hentry House verandah, as well as the landscaping of the grounds around Hentry House. The possession of South House by the V.C.E. students was another step forward. The Ruytonian has also moved into a new era by the appointment of a Year 11 and a Year 12 Editor instead of the usual two Year 12 Editors we have seen in the past. We're also featuring a section from the Junior School at the front of the magazine and an overall new look throughout.

After we had been elected at the beginning of the year, we had no idea of the enormity of the task of creating a school magazine. Guided by Mrs. Berold and Mr. Thornton, we were soon introduced to the new delights of proof reading, as well as the selection processes and layout techniques. The compilation of a school magazine involves many trying and often unpopular tasks, such as standing in Assembly and selling the magazine's worth to the rest of the school, and trying to muster enthusiasm from everybody to sit down and put pen to paper for us. However, it has all been worth the effort, and we hope you will agree after reading on.



Editors Andrea Allan and Caroline Leigh

This year's magazine would definitely not have got off the ground without the tireless work of Mrs. Berold who aided us greatly by scraping up contributions from various teachers and providing her advice, but most of all, those morning work sessions at her home, complete with scrumptious morning teas. Mr. Thornton, an advocate of hard work, was also there to help us eat the morning tea and provide his innovative ideas and photographic

expertise.

The Ruytonian committee, made up of representatives from all year levels, was also a great help and deserve thanks for their input of written contributions and original ideas. In particular, we hope you enjoy Justine Wallace's innovative cover design, luring you on to further delights inside this year's bumper edition of the Ruytonian.

**Andrea Allan, 11  
Caroline Leigh, 12**

# Ruytonian 87



Prue E. Gillies

Smothered giggles heard outside the Study door signal the arrival of a small group homeward bound from 'Little Ruyton'. On my desk, a large folder indicates that for other girls the end of their school days is only weeks away....

Each year, it is my privilege to write a reference for girls in Year 12, many of whom have been at Ruyton for nearly thirteen years. Perhaps one of the most significant aspects of their individual records is the range and quality of their involvement in the School. Music, Drama, Debating, Sport, representation on various committees and leadership positions have been an integral part of these girls' lives over and above their commitment to their academic studies. It is a striking reflection of Ruyton's aim to encourage every girl to reach her maximum potential, providing standards of excellence towards which each should strive.

In their best-selling text, 'A Passion for Excellence', which examined the management traits and practices of successful companies, Peters and Austin devoted a chapter to schools. Like the best companies, the best schools know the value of increasing their expectations of students, creating a vision 'that asks for "extra human effort," doing passionately and enthusiastically whatever work you do.' Of course, there are many ways in which this honourable objective may be achieved and it is beyond question that the size of a school is not the sole determining factor in producing quality of education. However, in an age when many schools appear to have embraced the notion that big is beautiful, one must be forgiven for supposing that there must be some hitherto unknown principle equating numbers with educational outcomes. Rather, it would seem to me, that too often a large student population has been gained at a cost to students' self esteem and standards of behaviour, while opportunities to encourage every individual to reach maximum potential have been forfeited and confidence lost. Anonymity and its corollaries of alienation and frustration which may be observed in larger institutions are simply not an issue at Ruyton. Thus, when less time and effort are focussed on issues of control, intellectual and creative opportunities can be extended and a greater sense of understanding between staff, students and administration be enhanced.

**Prue E. Gillies**

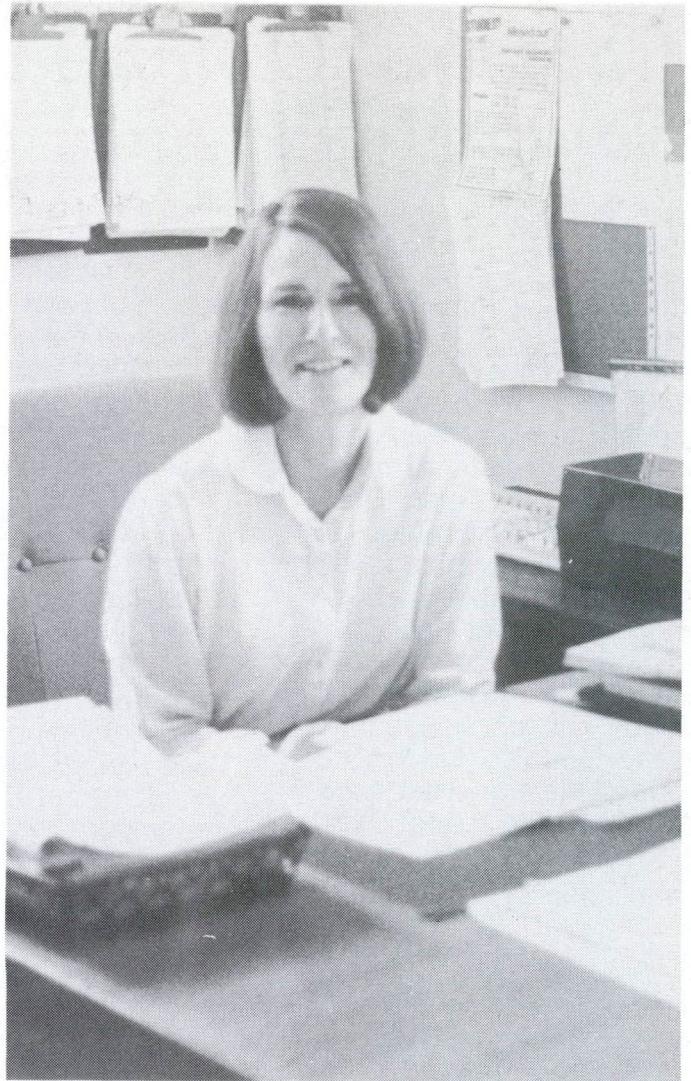
# General Studies

For the last four or five years, the Year 12 class has been attending a General Studies class once a cycle. The School introduced this period because we believed that it was necessary to turn girls' minds towards their future and to make them aware of some of the realities of the world outside Ruyton.

The General Studies course — not an examinable one — has been designed as a bridging course. The outside world is brought closer to the Year 12 class by the means of introducing ideas and people of significance. During some parts of the course, the feminist flag was waved, but this was not with the intent of converting Ruyton girls into militant feminists. The women speakers demonstrated that intelligence, strength of mind, certainty of purpose, wit, enthusiasm and eloquence had little to do with aggressive feminism. Such role models are very important in helping girls to develop their own aspirations and ambitions.

As well as the women's issues, there were speakers who represented radically different political stances. The attitude of trade unionists to power and the role of the trade unions in our society were explained by John Halfpenny, the State Secretary of the Amalgamated Metal Workers' Union. A committed capitalist and business man, Bob Ansett, urged young Australians to grasp the opportunities presented to them and not expect governments to do everything for them.

Whatever the girls' personal opinions and prejudices in social, moral and political areas are, I believe it is right that they should listen to opposing views and not be frightened to have their own assumptions challenged. Once in a tertiary environment, they will certainly be challenged; girls must be prepared for these challenges. The question and answer sessions following these talks were very lively — even heated.



Suzanne Barrah

Two other speakers who were fascinating for young students to hear were Mrs. Ngaire Cannon and Mrs. Sally Brown. Mrs. Cannon, who is a Ruyton parent, has travelled and lectured extensively in America and Europe for the chiropractic profession. Her advice to the girls — “Believe in yourself and you can achieve whatever you want” — was I hope, re-inforcing for them one of the ideas that Ruyton has been putting to them throughout their school life.

The traditionally male area of the law was revealed by Sally Brown, formerly a barrister and now the Deputy Chief Magistrate, to be one where prejudices against women are disappearing and one where women can achieve recognition and success. Some of the questions put by the girls were properly along the lines of “What disadvantages are there in being a woman in the law? It was pleasing to hear one of the girls ask, “What are the advantages of being a woman in the law?” There are indeed many advantages in being female, and reassuring to hear that Ruyton girls are able to have such confidence in their womanhood.

**Suzanne Barrah**

# Captains' Comments from South House

After being elected to these positions of honour, we naturally presumed that fame and glory were imminent. However, as we launched into the year, naive and unaware, shielded by the blaze of golden pockets, the realisation soon came to us that this was not to be so. The younger girls did not pull up their socks, straighten their ties or put on their blazers when finding themselves in our presence, nor did we simply feast on scones in the Study. The fact was that we had a job to do and this job was all the more vital since 1987 was the year of change.

The ghosts of past HSC's who inhabited the Centre still

haunt Henty House, but a new breed, the VCE's, are now established in the corridors of South House. For not only had the old Centre been revamped and the year 12's relocated, but our identity was also altered this year. Soon we were to find that the renovated interior (and brand new carpet) of South House thinly disguised new horrors.

The Cafe Bar, hailed as the '80's answer to the old steel urn, offering us the endless supply of hot chocolate, cuppa soup and much needed adrenalin-activating black coffee, soon evolved as a temperamental, stubborn, unresponsive, volatile white elephant. Nevertheless, South

House has proved to be a cosy home away from home, despite the mud-skating skills required to get in the door.

In closing, we can only say that having survived this year of change, we feel that we can tackle anything; but to a greater extent, we are grateful for the larger opportunities that have been presented to us as captains. Thanks to the staff, and Colin, and especially to our fellow Year 12's without whose continual support we may have cracked in confusion or, closer to home, drowned in the mire.

**Helen Radden  
Cathy Segan**



# House Reports

## DANIELL

In the not-too-distant future will Daniell House be striking a claim for Cock House Cup? We are definitely a rising force to be reckoned with. Our efforts, although this year remain unrewarded, will prove successful next year.

Our degree of success, primarily due to great team efforts, was enhanced by many outstanding individual efforts.

The highlight for Daniell in 1987, was obviously the win in the House Drama and Music Festival. Organisation of this event was run by different girls within Year 11 which proved very effective.

Daniell did not in fact emerge as winner in any of the remainder events but did gain many close seconds in the Swimming, Athletics, Cross-Country and a number of House matches. Obviously very creditable results. The marching — well, no comment (except that we left and right-footed ourselves into fourth place).

There was variable enthusiasm within the house and all should remember that House activities are there for all to participate in and enjoy.

Daniell was so close yet so far from victory in a number of events this year, we are both certain that with Daniell's up and rising talent, next year will be victorious.

We have both enjoyed our Captaincy of this great House immensely and wish next year's Captains the best of luck.

Remember Daniell,  
Strive, Thrive and you will Survive.

**Georgia Stickland  
Bianca Wiegard**



*Bianca Wiegard Georgia Stickland*



*Liz Monsell-Butler Sally Derham*



*Kerry Godson Julia McLennan*



*Jo Nairn Louise Adamson*

## ANDERSON

Back at school for 1987 the House Activities were in full force, as first term was action packed and proved to be busy with swimming, athletics and drama.

Now with only three weeks left of school, it's time to review the year.

### Jules:

So how did we go in the swimming, Kerry?

### Kerry:

Well, early in February, our girls put in a valiant effort in the icy water of the Kew pool. We rounded up a team of elite water babies and prepared ourselves for the final countdown. What else?

### Jules:

We had a strong team of swimmers and some outstanding individual results. Anderson managed to splash many previous records and overall gained third place! Congratulations, girls. A few strokes away the House Drama emerged. I'll hand it over to you Kerry.

### Kerry:

The Year 11 and 12 girls proved a great help and we managed to get a good script together. Our actresses and musos proved to be dramatic and performed a "Stitch in time saves nine" with class. All went well. However the dramatic events were stronger in the athletics than drama. Don't you agree, Jules?

### Jules:

The turnout for the standards was fantastic and Anderson managed to obtain a firm lead for the starting post. However, on the day, our rivals came up again and sprinted straight past. We managed to catch up to gain third place. The enthusiasm proved to be strong again, which is all part of house spirit. Now for Cross Country. Kerry.

### Kerry:

Our energy dwindled as the girls could not keep up the pace in the gruelling cross country at Studley Park. We cruised in at fourth place. Better luck next year. Any improvements, Jules?

### Jules:

Yes, we managed to gain first place in hockey and netball. Congratulations to the senior and inter girls who participated. We were pleased to be involved in a winning team in our last year. This is sure to be a highlight! Do you agree?

### Kerry:

Sure do. It was good to have a break after the hectic beginning of the year with House activities. With the House marching drawing near we had an enthusiastic team and with time running out, we put together a small routine. And that's concluded our "round up" for the main events of the year.

Well now, we have given a run-down of the year gone by. We would like to thank the house for their enthusiasm and co-operation. We hope that next year's captains have a few more triumphs and enjoy the captaincy as much as we did.

**Julia McLennan  
Kerry Godson, 12**

## LASCELLES

For the first House meetings, we were both extremely nervous, with no idea what was in store for the next ten months. In first Term we were broken in beautifully; within twelve weeks we had the Athletics Sports, Swimming Sports and the House Drama.

In Athletics we came last, but took our defeat in true Lascelles style, congratulating everyone (on the inside the tears were flowing). In Swimming, the closest we'd seen for years, we came equal third (last) and took this defeat again in our stride.

Drama was lots of good fun where everybody enjoyed themselves. The day was chaotic, hectic and tiring, much like the previous two weeks, and we all felt relieved when it was all finally over.

In the House matches Lascelles did not break any new records, but we all tried our hardest. The Juniors, Inters and Seniors didn't come first, but had a lot of fun pretending to be Olympic stars.

In the Cross Country, everyone tried slushing through the mud with a few outstanding runners, like Sally Derham, our star, who came fourth in the Senior division.

Then came the shock of all shocks. Finally, after nine months of defeat, we won — in marching. Words cannot express our joy, as we nutbushed, jumped, burped and marched.

Thanks to everyone, good luck next year, it's a definite winner.

**Sally Derham  
Liz Monsell-Bulter, 12**

## BROMBY

This year certainly has been successful for all Brombarians. Our true form has finally emerged with stunning results which were obtained by the skills and House spirit shown by all.

Swimming was first on the agenda. The swimmers rolled out of bed in the wee hours of the morning to turn up in droves to support their House, only to be met by a smiling John Olsen and the freezing cold water. However, such enthusiasm paid off with clear victory to Bromby.

Next came the Drama and congratulations to Daniell. The year 11 directing skills were very imaginative and every one who participated had a great time.

Bromby was soon fighting back with wins in both Cross Country and the Aths. There was some outstanding individual results as well and great team efforts and again House spirit was overwhelming.

Although our Senior House matches weren't too successful, our Inter teams were triumphant in their efforts to win.

Finally we participated in the House Marching and thanks again to the year 11's with their unique originality, and to the team for their ability to learn such a routine in so short a time. Although we didn't win it was a moment to remember when Mrs. Gillies joined in with our war cry.

All in all it's been an extremely successful and enjoyable year for Bromby and we hope you can retain the high spirit and skill which will assist your next captains.

**Louise Adamson  
Jo Nairn, 12**

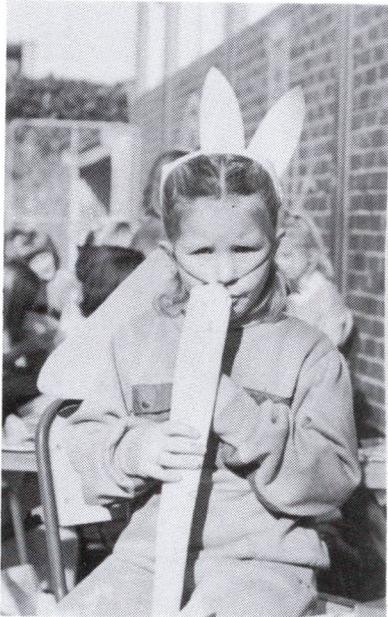




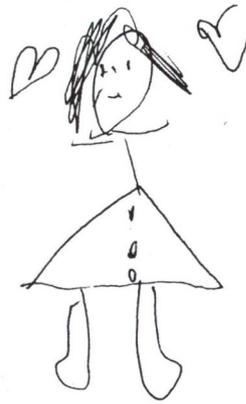
# Preps



Erica



Margaret



Belinda

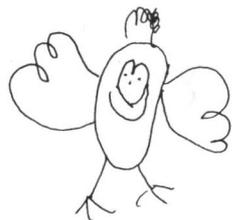


Zoe

Rebecca



MELISSA

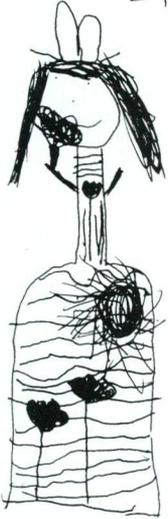


Plop  
bird  
he was  
but he  
a day dir  
bird  
thought that  
Zoe



Merowyn

ALEXANDRA  
ACKLRC



Lucy



Anna and Stephanie



Janine

Rebecca



Sophie



Jacqueline



Podd can walk.  
Podd is on our computer.



CAROLINE



Linda



# Years 1 and 2

My new home is a palace. My palace has fifteen windows. It is made out of quartz. In the morning the maid brings me a tray of fruit and then brings me breakfast in bed. When I get up out of my silk covered bed, then the maid helps to put me in my golden gown and then I go to my piano lesson.

After my piano lesson I go horse riding. I sometimes ride Peppercorn and I some times ride Mint. After than I have a dance in the ballroom, then if I was not tired I would go and bow for the king and queen, my parents.

Fiona Berry

When I am 24, I want to have a child and a husband and a cat. The cat's name will be Tink.

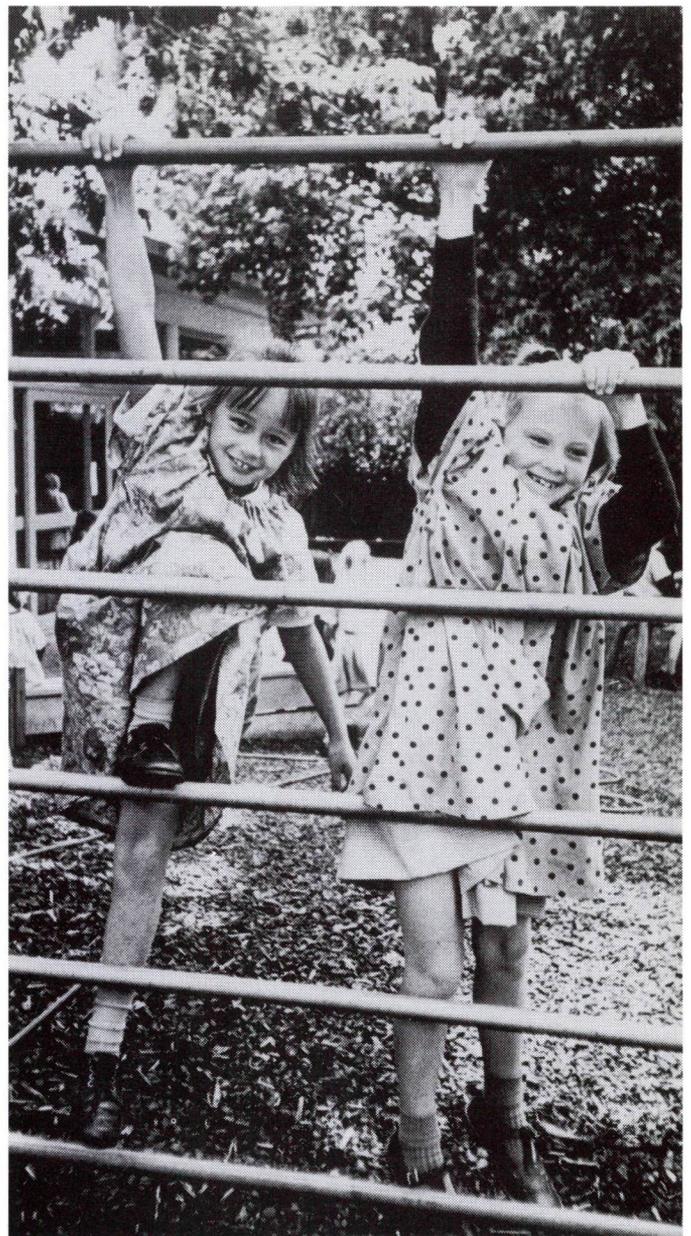
Eliza Menzel

Once upon a time, there was a girl. Her name was Katherine. It was her birthday and no one could come to her party. She got a cup and a teddy bear to play with. Sunday came. She was very sad. Where was everybody? There was no noise. The lights went on! There was a party.

Rebecca Littlejohn

We had a wedding. I was a flower girl. There were two weddings. We did it on Tuesday 12th May. We had to bring clothes. I loved it, it was great. Everybody clapped at the end. Everybody sang Jacob's Ladder. It was great fun. We had to have four rehearsals. Pia and Amelia had one wedding. Linda and Lisa had another one. We all had beautiful clothes. I got a bit embarrassed. We did two for the preps, but three for the year ones. It was great.

Caro Rutledge



## LITTLE RUYTON HOUSE

Ruyton is lovely,  
I think that it's grouse,  
It's all like a family,  
In Little Ruyton House.

Ruyton really is a wonder,  
You're never in a blunder,  
I think it's so very fun,  
It makes me really want to run!

Grania Buckley

Today my mummy is on Tuck Shop. She is coming to my piano lesson too. My mummy will be at school a lot.

Sarah Coghlan

I once had a clock, As  
 small as can be, I have  
 not given it away, for  
 it is just for me, I know  
 I won't break it, Never  
 in time, for now and  
 then it is going to be  
 mine.

Penny Hill Year 1



My new home is a palace. It is made of  
 marble. I live with my cousins. Most of the  
 time I do tapestry. I can play the piano. I  
 have got five maids.

My hair is long. My new home is not scary.  
 I do not want to live in an igloo because it  
 is too cold. My dad is going to make me a  
 book shelf. We have a few heaters.

Emma Strugnell

Yesterday the whole class went to the  
 dinosaur exhibition. It was fun. We saw  
 fossils and skeletons and heads and  
 bodies. Yesterday we made dinosaurs and  
 volcanoes, plants and ferns, and sand and  
 a swamp and eggs. We did Triceratops,  
 Stegosaurus, Tyranosaurus, Plesiosaurus,  
 Dimetrodon, Brontosaurus and others. We  
 are going to make some dinosaurs hatch-  
 ing out of their eggs.

Kathryn Chapman



Dinosaurs eat meat and plants. Where do  
 they get meat? They don't go off to the  
 butchers, they eat each other. Some eat  
 plants. The dinosaur lived in prehistoric  
 days. Dinosaurs had scaly skin. This kept  
 them safe and warm.

Sophie Lui

AS red as a rose,  
 AS yellow as a lemon,  
 AS pink as a pig  
 AS green as grass  
 AS purple as a plum  
 AS orange as an orange  
 AS blue as a sky

Textas bring  
 colours

Georgina  
 Sutton

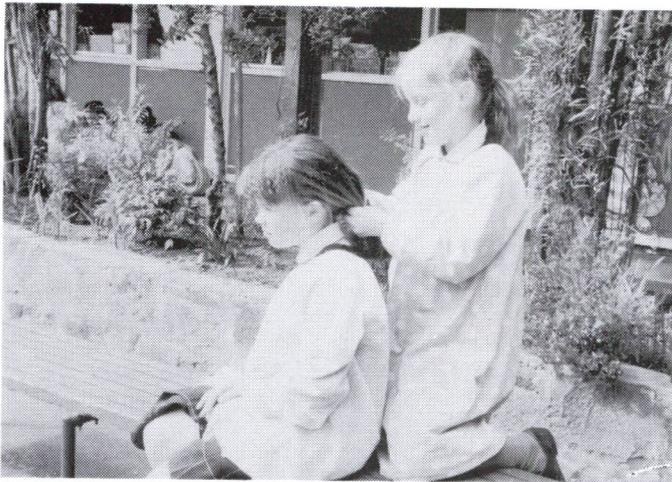
Once upon a time, there was a girl and  
 she wanted a teddy bear for Christmas.  
 Her mother and father didn't have enough  
 money to buy it. One day, when the little  
 girl was passing the shop, she saw that  
 the teddy bear had gone and she was very  
 sad. When she went home, she saw the  
 teddy bear was lying on her bed. When  
 she went to her mother, she said, "Thank  
 you very much."

Emily Brook

Once upon a time, there lived one little  
 pig. The pig needed a house to live in.  
 One day, the pig found some sticks.

Simone Wade

# Years 3 and 4



## THE BUBBLE WHICH DID NOT POP

There once was a little girl who wanted to find or make a bubble which did not pop. Her name was Jane. Jane tried and tried to make a bubble which did not pop. No matter how much detergent she used she could not make a bubble which did not pop.

One day, Jane tried so hard that a big bubble came out of the pot and it rubbed against her face. She said that it tickles. Just then, Jane remembered that the bubble had not popped yet! Jane ran down the stairs to show her mum. Jane expected the bubble not to follow her but it did. Jane looked back to see if the bubble was following her. Jane saw the bubble following her and said Good Bubble! You are following me. I will show you to my mum.

Jane's mum said that Jane's wish had come true. Jane was very pleased that her mum believed her. Jane took her bubble outside to see if the bubble would fly away. It did not. Jane got on the bubble and said, Go, Bubble! and the bubble went up into the sky. Jane lay down on it. When Jane told the bubble to go down, it went down. One time, Jane said for it to go into space and the bubble did. The bubble never came down because Jane liked space very much. She never said to the bubble to go down. So, if you go up to space, look for Jane and her bubble!

Meagan Healy

## APPLES

Apples are juicy,  
Apples are red,  
Apples are crunchy,  
Apples are good,  
Sweets are not,  
That's why I like apples.

Meghan Guest

## FUZZY WUZZY

Fuzzy wuzzy was a funny furry bear.  
He liked to climb up trees.  
I loved him so much,  
So very very much.  
He had fallen into the pond,  
Near where a mean lady lived,  
And she hated children.  
So I could never get my  
Fuzzy wuzzy back.

Georgia Hall

## THE DINOSAUR EXHIBITION

Last term, my class went to the Dinosaur Exhibition. We went there because we had been talking about dinosaur bones in class. The bus picked us up at the school after lunch. When we arrived at the exhibition there were other people there too. We went inside and we saw lots and lots of dinosaurs' skeletons which were very big. We also saw a three-toed dinosaur footprint.

After that, we looked at a very interesting model of baby dinosaurs coming out of their eggs.

Before we returned to school on the bus we watched a part of a video about dinosaurs. I had a very interesting day and learnt a lot about dinosaurs.

Katie Andrews

## OUR WORLD

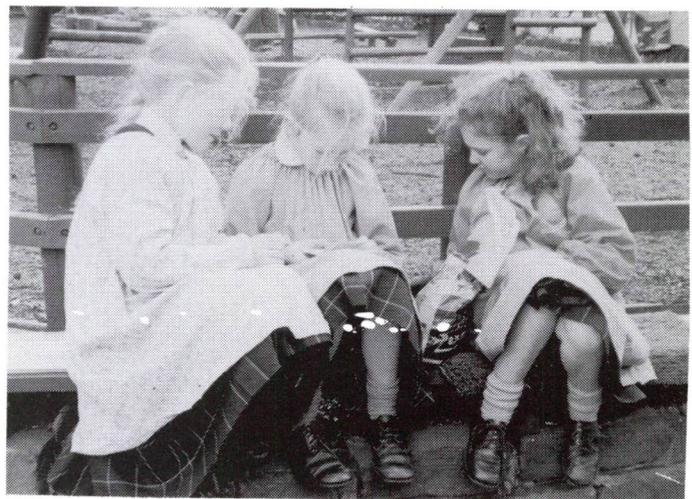
We live in a world of excitement. Our world is called earth. I live in Australia. Australia is surrounded with oceans. The Australian people are called Aussies. Up the top of Australia is Papua New Guinea. Down the bottom of Australia is New Zealand. I live in Victoria. The largest city in Australia is called Sydney. My friends live in Sydney. Their names are Sara and Lauren. I met them in Penang. Penang is overseas. I lived in Penang for three years. I like our world.

Sonya Harris

## THE VERY TALL FLOWER

Once there lived a very tall flower. It lived in the city square of the town. Every day, a group of men would come and water the giant flower. It would need water every day because it was so big. All the townspeople liked the flower very much. But there was one problem. Some of the townspeople were frightened that the flower would get stolen. That night, the flower was stolen. No one knew until the following day. All of the townspeople were surprised. No one caught the thief until the 7th of April. Then they planted the flower back into the city square, and after that no one stole it again.

Anna Spinks



## HATS

Hats are nice things. Some have colours on them and some have the same colour.

Some of the hats have patterns on them. Some of the hats have ribbons around them. My hat has flowers on it. You can wear hats out to dinner or just to play in. Hats make people look beautiful. Some hats can be round, pointy, square and flat. Whatever the shape, they look beautiful on you. HATS ARE GREAT!

Fiona Eskine-Fowler

## THE WITCH

Like a thunder cloud  
The witch soared above us.  
Her nose shaped like a banana,  
Her green eyes like emeralds,  
and a voice as shrill as ice.  
She looked fierce but was as harmless  
as a butterfly.

Jacqueline Salter

## COLOURS

Orange is like the sunset  
Of a beautiful summer's day  
Red is like a fire burning brightly.  
Brown is like someone who is sad.  
White is like snow stretched out in front of you.

Melanie Littlejohn

## WEIRD KITCHEN

One day a pair of Salt and Pepper shakers were bought. They were different. They looked as if they had eyes, but "they couldn't have," I kept saying to myself. I decided to name them anyway. I named them Tom and Fred.

One night I woke up and went downstairs to get a drink. When I went downstairs I heard a noise. I saw things moving. When I got to the bottom of the stairs, I saw the salt and pepper shakers dancing together.

Caroline Fyfe

## OUR CONCERT

Our concert was on Thursday 27th August. It was called A MAGIC CARPET RIDE. It was grade 3 and 4 girls even though two grade six girls made a speech at the start. Anoushka and Samantha were two Indian girls searching for a magic carpet and finding it where they least suspected it to be. The magic carpet was their grandfather's prayer rug. On the rug the two girls travelled the world. The places they saw were Singapore, China, Holland, Austria and Japan. The concert was in Royce Hall.

Caroline Fyfe

## PAULINE — A REPORT

In Year Four we have been talking about babies, so my aunty came because she was having a baby. Pauline talked about having babies and we asked questions.

Pauline has had a baby now and it is a girl. Pauline named her Monique. Monique was born of 25th May and Monique has blue eyes and blonde hair. Monique's whole name is Monique Anne Valle.

Natalie Bates

## WOMBATS

Fat, brown and dirty,  
It waddles along, slow like a turtle.  
But! It does not swim.  
All it does all day long is dig holes  
To sleep in!

Anita Fryday



# A'Beckett, Bulleen and Edgecombe

## CONTRACT READING

(The New Reading Scheme)

In third term 1987, the teachers of Years 5 and up invented a new reading scheme. It is called 'Contract Reading'.

It is called that because before you start reading a book you must sign a contract that says that you will read five books from five different categories, in a term, and do a worksheet.

The five different categories are 'Animals', 'Families', 'Ghosts' and 'Fantasy', 'Humour' and 'Other Times, Other Places.'

Some of the stories I have enjoyed and will recommend are 'The Boy and the Whale', 'Pastures of the Blue Crane,' 'A Whisper in the Night', 'The Demon Headmaster', and 'A Strong and Willing Girl.'

When you have finished a book you have to do a worksheet, write a letter to the main character or do a poster.

Just about every week A Beckett, Bulleen and Edgecombe will change their books.

After you have completed five books you will received a certificate.

The books have been written by many different authors and I think the teachers did a great job in selecting all the different types of books!

Anna Joske



## THE 3RD MILITARY DISTRICT BAND

Today we visited the Robert Blackwood Hall to hear the 3rd Military District Band playing.

The Band looked great in their red and black suits especially on stage as it showed up well. It was a fun concert and the music was from pieces we all knew well. We were asked to participate in games and I nearly lost my voice from shouting. Everyone from Prep to Grade Six came along. It was a very enjoyable time. My favourite item was .... well, I can't decide which one I liked the most. It was great fun and most enjoyable.

Megan Utter



## CONCERT GRADES 5 AND 6

OUR CONCERT — Last night we had our concert and I think everything went quite well. Everyone seemed to enjoy it (at least I did).

THE FUNNIEST THINGS — Quite a few funny things happened last night. I think the funniest song was "Kiss Me Goodnight Sergeant Major" especially when Angela threw off her hat and when she tickled Salli's medals.

Edgecombe's French skit was funny too and Geordie and Caroline were funny all the time (especially at the end songs when the parents joined in).

THE BEST THINGS — Some of the best things were the Form Captain's speech and the Choir. I thought Melissa, Fiona, Amy, and Emily were very good in the DOCTORS VISIT. I think my best things were simply the whole play.

THE MOST EMBARRASSING THINGS — My most embarrassing moment was when I couldn't get off the stage because my dress got caught in the wheel of the tricycle I had to ride.

THE ENDING — In some ways I was relieved that it was all over because we didn't have to see Mrs. Rodrigues, Mrs. Swiney and Miss Renshaw's faces in the wings straining to make us smile.

In other ways though it was sad, because this was our last concert in the Junior School.

Anyway it was fun and funny to see Mrs. Oates and a few other teachers in 19th Century clothes — I suppose not even they're used to wearing clothes that old.

Jenny Weiner

We had our annual concert in early August. I think that all the hard work that we put into it really succeeded. I had a little problem of coming in late, and I really stumbled my words. Everyone backstage were rushing, rushing, rushing. I couldn't see mum from where I was sitting or should I say standing. Mrs. Oates looked like a beautiful doll, so did mum. Mrs. Gillies thanked all of us and the teachers, and Tonya and Nicci for their speech. I had a wonderful time.

Elektra Soublis



## CHOCOLATE FEVER

Fredie woke up one morning,  
He had a terrible pain,  
He had spots all over his body,  
"Oh no!" he said "Not again!"

For he had chocolate fever,  
He had it once before,  
Dark brown spots from head to toe,  
Then his mum peeped in through the door.

"Oh no!" she cried in great dismay,  
"How could you be so silly!"  
She went away to ring the Doc,  
Who said "The cure is chilli."

Poor Freddi suffered a great loss,  
For he couldn't eat chocolate again,  
And the chilli made his mouth so hot,  
It took away the pain.

Melissa Hartigan

## ANNOYANCE

Annoyance is red  
because it makes me angry.  
It tastes like an apple with a bruise on it,  
when there aren't any more apples  
left in the fridge.  
Annoyance smells like a rotten egg thrown  
into the rubbish bin,  
when the smell won't go away.  
It looks like an ugly face that won't buzz off.  
Annoyance sounds like a blow fly  
that no one can catch.  
It feels like my brother pinching me  
and not stopping for a break!

Emily Watson

## RHYMES

Georgie Porgie pudding and cake,  
Had a spider that was a fake.  
One day the spider fell in a lake,  
And that is the end for heavens sake.

Baa Baa white sheep,  
Have you any fleece?  
I have to knit a jumper,  
For my pretty little niece.

Roses and red,  
Violets are blue,  
Honey is sticky,  
And so is glue.

Janne Forsyth

As children of winter  
The snowflakes fall  
Silently, softly  
Covering all.  
With a silvery blanket  
Of ice and snow  
And a startling beauty  
Which winter can show.

Jenny Weiner

## OUR FRENCH LUNCH

Today we had our French Lunch. Mrs. Pryles got all the rolls and ham, salad and cheese. Mrs. Gillies and Mrs. Oates came over to join us. Miss McDonald came to take photos of us. I had (for our French Lunch) a sandwich a la salade and we all had chocolate mousse. We could choose our own drinks and I had Coke-a-cola la coca in French. We joined our tables to big tables and then we put red checked table cloths and then French decorations. (When Mrs. Gillies came she came with Mr. Hartagain and Mr. Tinny). After lunch we did some dancing to (some) French music. It was a fun lunch, I enjoyed it.

Geordie Dixon



## RAIN

As I read, the rain falls silently. I glance out the window, then try concentrating on my novel. My concentration disturbed, I walk to the window and look out, nothing much to view, just grey, dull landscape.  
As I look at the rain I ask myself "Will it ever stop?"

Vaia Liouzas

## SUMMER

Sun melting ice-creams  
Unusual bathers in water  
Mothers spreading sun-cream  
Mosquitos biting everywhere  
Evenings are rather late  
Red hot sun burning

Elise Grant



## WINTER

Warm beds hard to get out of  
Ice out of the question  
Nice clean snow  
Too cold to play  
Evenings in front of the fire  
Rooms filled with warmth.

Elise Grant

## LOVE

Love is pale pink.  
It tastes like ice-cream  
and smells like roses.  
Love looks like an opera house lit up at night  
and sounds like a piano.  
Love is caring!

Clare Walker

## BOREDOM

Boredom is a grey kind of colour.  
It tastes like mum's curry  
and is cold and soggy.  
Boredom looks like a brick wall  
and sounds like far off noises.  
Boredom feels like I've been here for ages!

Sarah Purcell

## EXCITEMENT

Excitement is bright orange.  
It tastes like bowls full of jelly  
and smells like fresh apples.  
Excitement looks like a colourful rainbow  
and sounds like bells chiming.  
Excitement is fun!

Kymerley Ong

# News from the Junior School

## ANDERSON HOUSE

The year started with a boom and a bang but we came last in the swimming sports. Bromby, Daniell and Lascelles produced an excellent effort and we were outstandingly great sports. (We don't boast). In Newcombe ball we want to keep our trophy but we will be at war with the other houses. In athletics, we hope to keep the cup and we have a wonderful attitude of course. (We very rarely cheat). Our house captain this year has been great and thanks to all Anderson girls.

**Caroline Gibbs  
Nicole Chivers**

## BROMBY HOUSE

We would like to begin this report by saying "well done" to all the Bromby girls for doing so well at the swimming sports. Although the athletic sports have not yet taken place, we know that we will be proud of our Bromby girls, wherever they come. The house meetings throughout the year have been well attended and everyone has co-operated. We would also like to thank our House mistress, Miss Renshaw, and Miss Day, for their support throughout the year. Thank you to all the Bromby girls, and "Good Luck" for next year.

**Georgina Dixon  
Marnie Giachin**



## DANIELL HOUSE

In first term we had the swimming carnival. The scores were very close towards the end, between Bromby and Daniell, but we came first by three points. The final places in the swimming sports were Daniell first, Bromby second, Lascelles third and Anderson fourth. Everyone tried extremely hard and were strong competitors.

After the sports we had a party, and everyone enjoyed it immensely. We also invited the other House Captains. We hope to do well in the House athletics, and in the Newcombe Ball round robin in fourth term.

**Fiona Taggart  
Melissa Hartigan**

## HOUSE CAPTAINS



*BACK: Caroline King (L) Melissa Haitigan (D) Georgina Dixon (B) Nicole Chivers (A)*

*CENTRE: Marnie Giachin (B) Alison Chalk (L)  
FRONT: Fiona Taggart (D) Caroline Gibbs (A)*

## LASCELLES HOUSE

In the middle of Term 1, Grades four to six participated in the 1987 House Swimming Sports. Lascelles tried their hardest in all events, and came a well-earned third.

Congratulations to Daniell for coming a close first, followed by Bromby second. We hope to do well in the Athletic Sports later in the year. Many thanks to our House Mistress, Miss Harris, for assisting us when needed. Last, but not least, well done to all Lascelles' girls, for showing great sportsmanship and enthusiasm. We have enjoyed being your Co-Captains this year.

**Caroline King  
Alison Chalk**

## YEAR 5 AND 6 SWIMMING

Every Monday and Wednesday we went to swimming training at Mary Street Pool. We came back in the school bus and had breakfast at school. It was great to have breakfast with all your friends.

On Friday the 10th of April, we swam against five other schools. We came fourth, but at least we tried our best. We had a party and that was unreal. Our thanks to Miss Day.

**Liza Holdsworth**

## YEAR SIX NETBALL

At the annual sports day Grade Six girls had loads of fun mixing with and playing against five other girls' schools. It was held at Lauriston and the six girls' schools participating were Lauriston, Fintona, Korowa, Tintern, St. Catherines and Ruyton. We had one accident when one member of our team fell over and sprained her arm. Everyone played well and contributed. In the A's Ruyton came third and in the B's Ruyton came equal second with three other schools. We would like to thank Miss Day for her coaching, time and support.

**Caroline Speed**



## CHOIR REPORT

In Term One choir was reformed with most of the grade fours from 1986 and the grade fives from last year also. In term one we started learning songs for the concert which was held at Fintona in term two. The songs that we learnt were Hanadoes Hideaway, My Carmenciter, and Bush Night song.

About three weeks from the beginning of Term Two we went to Fintona. Girls from Ruyton, Lauriston, St. Catherines, Korowa, Fintona and Tintern sang. They all sang very well. During the last few weeks of term two we started to learn some new songs for the grades five and six concert. The songs were Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow, and The Song of the Doctor's Visit.

Kira MacLeod  
Lucy Heal.



## ORCHESTRA

This year's Junior School Orchestra performed at a music festival held at Fintona. We played Song, Sung Blue.

At the years 5 and 6 Junior School concert we played Heidi's Waltz and The Little Mermaid.

Every Wednesday we go over to Royce Hall to practise until 10.00 and then we play for the assembly. Mrs. Matenson conducts and runs the orchestra helped by Mr. Badger.

Caroline Gibbs  
Caroline King

## THURSDAY NIGHT NETBALL COMPETITION

In term two Miss Day came up with an excellent idea. The idea: Three Thursday night netball teams to play at Kew High School. We've called ourselves the Ruyton Ragers, Ruyton Rebels and Ruyton Rascals. We have played girls and one boy in St. Bedes case from: Mother of God, Genazzano, Our Lady of Good Council and Fintona. Each team has had their fair share of wins, losses and ties. Thanks to Miss Day for donating her time and effort towards something she didn't have to do but thought we'd have fun doing. We've enjoyed it enormously. If it's continued next year I hope that the girls involved have as much fun as we've had.

Nicole Chivers

## YEAR 6 HOCKEY

On Monday, the 17th of August, 17 girls in grade six participated in a Hockey Round Robin held at Lauriston. The schools participating were Ruyton, Lauriston, Fintona, St. Catherines, Tintern and Korowa. We all had been practising most lunch times and sometimes playing against the years seven and eights.

When the day finally came we played five fourteen minute games. The team won three and drew two games. To our great joy we had won the tournament.

Thank you to Amanda Lucas for helping Miss Day to coach us to our victory.

Caroline King  
Page 17

# Junior School Report



Hilary Oates

In keeping with the philosophy of the Ruyton Junior School to create opportunities for developing individual responsibility and confidence, this year my report will be given by the Term III Year 6 Captains, Nichole Chivers and Tonya Littlejohn. Both girls started Ruyton as Prep. students in 1981, and this report was presented at our annual Concerts earlier in the year.

"Since 1981 we have both been part of many new and exciting events. In 1984, when we were in Year 3, Little Ruyton House was opened. This was great and not so great for the Year 3's (who are now Year 6's), as it meant another year downstairs. (We had all been looking forward to going into Year 4, because the classroom was upstairs!!)

We were also disappointed not to be going into the new building. However, we found that we would go over to Little Ruyton for Library classes .... And it meant that we had more space in the Junior School — and we had our own Music Room and a Multi-Purpose Room.

There have been a number of extra activities introduced during the years that we've been in the Junior School — Jazz Ballet, Pottery, Drama, Tennis. And this year French was introduced for all Year 6 girls. We go twice a week in half classes, and are taught by Mrs. Levin and Mrs. Pryles, who are the Senior School French teachers.

Every year an Inter-school Music Festival is held. This year the Festival was held at Fintona. Fintona, Korowa, Lauriston, Ruyton, St. Catherine's and Tintern all participated.

It is great being in Year 5 and 6 because we have the chance to represent Ruyton in various activities. We have already had a team swim in

the Inter-school Swimming Carnival at Korowa, two Netball teams and one Hockey team competed in a Round Robin at Lauriston. Our Hockey team came 1st, 'A' Grade Netball team 3rd, and 'B' Grade Netball team equal 2nd — a great result.

## Throughout Terms

2, 3 and 4 three Year 5 and 6 Netball teams have competed in a Thursday night Netball competition at Kew High School, and our Saturday morning netball team has continued with excellent results.

In 1st Term every year we have a Swimming Carnival in which all girls in Years 4-6 participate. This year the results were very close with Daniell narrowly beating Bromby into 2nd place. Lascelles came 3rd and Anderson 4th.

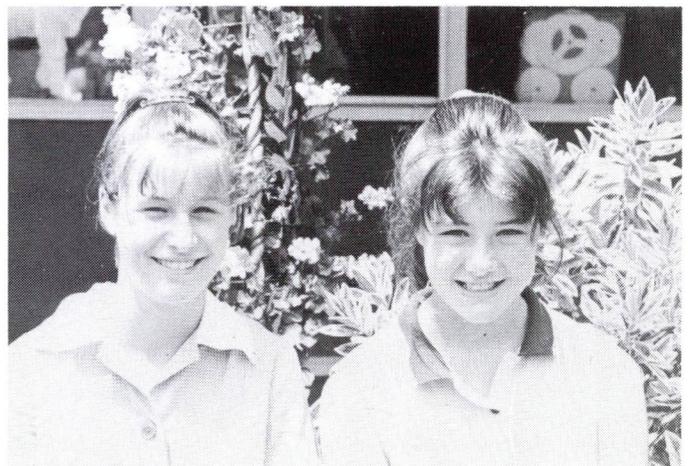
This year the procedure for dismissal at lunchtime has been changed, giving us a chance to have more freedom. A bell goes at 12.50pm and at last we can sneak past the teacher without having our lunch remains checked!

Year 3 and 4 girls can look forward to being in Year 6, because this year we are now allowed to wear Rugby tops with our sports uniforms, and we can wear white ribbons with our summer uniform. Year 6 is a real milestone in the Junior School.

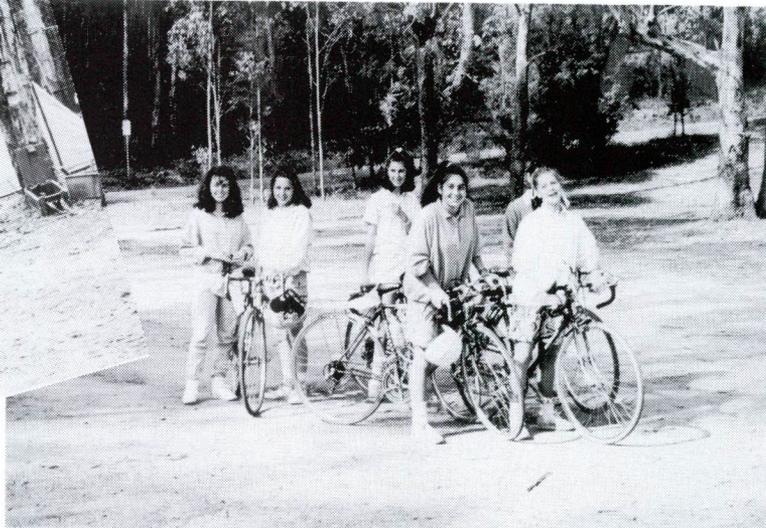
We do thank all the teachers in the Junior School. They've helped to make the Junior School the happy place that it is. It's great knowing that the teacher's won't forget your names, or who you are — the teachers always seem interested in all the events in your life.

The Junior School offers a lot of things that wouldn't be possible in a bigger school. The Multi-Purpose Room is open in the morning — we have the opportunity to join in teams — to participate in the Choir and Orchestra, whether we're excellent or not. There is always a feeling of togetherness in Ruyton Junior School.

**Hilary Oates**  
Junior School Principal



Nicole Chivers and Tonya Littlejohn



# Year 7

## BEING IN YEAR 7

*Being in year 7 means, starting all over again, setting out new goals, having bells and periods, seeing hundreds of teachers you don't even know, being looked upon as little girls, having one hour of homework each night, learning new and different ways. It isn't as easy as it seems.*

**Jackie Athorne 7**

## CREATURES

<i>Goblins</i>	<i>Ghosts</i>
<i>Gobble</i>	<i>Groan</i>
<i>Gleefully</i>	<i>Grievingly</i>
<i>Wizards</i>	<i>Vampires</i>
<i>Work</i>	<i>Vanish</i>
<i>Wisely</i>	<i>Vertically</i>

**Renee Buchanan, 7**

## NEW GIRL

*Leaving old friends behind  
Wearing a uniform  
Belonging to a new school  
Meeting new friends  
Becoming more responsible  
Starting from the beginning again  
Being bossed around  
Following a timetable  
Remembering more teachers' names  
Struggling with lots of homework  
Learning new things  
Carrying a heavy bag  
Catching public transport.*

**Christina Kotsiris, 7**

<i>Creatures</i>	<i>Ghosts</i>
<i>Clamber</i>	<i>Groan</i>
<i>Clumsily</i>	<i>Ghoulishly</i>
<i>Monsters</i>	<i>Witches</i>
<i>Meddle</i>	<i>Wink</i>
<i>Miserably</i>	<i>Wickedly</i>

**Michele Beesey, 7**

## OCCUPATIONS

<i>Bankers</i>	<i>Lawyers</i>
<i>Brag</i>	<i>Laugh</i>
<i>Boastfully</i>	<i>Ludicrously</i>

<i>Actors</i>	<i>Typists</i>
<i>Animate</i>	<i>Talk</i>
<i>Aimlessly</i>	<i>Tactlessly</i>

*Caterers  
Cook  
Cautiously*

**Kate Langton, 7**

## TREES

<i>Birches</i>	<i>Blossoms</i>	<i>Gums</i>
<i>balance</i>	<i>bloom</i>	<i>grow</i>
<i>beautifully</i>	<i>brilliantly</i>	<i>gradually</i>
<i>Maples</i>	<i>Pines</i>	<i>Poplars</i>
<i>move</i>	<i>prick</i>	<i>point</i>
<i>mysteriously</i>	<i>painfully</i>	<i>proudly</i>
<i>Wattles</i>	<i>Willows</i>	
<i>wonder</i>	<i>weep</i>	
<i>wistfully</i>	<i>wildly</i>	

**Holly Grainger  
and Erika Brawn, 7**

<i>Dentists</i>	<i>Teachers</i>
<i>Drill</i>	<i>Talk</i>
<i>Determinedly</i>	<i>Truthfully</i>
<i>Barristers</i>	<i>Police</i>
<i>Boast</i>	<i>Parade</i>
<i>Bravely</i>	<i>Proudly</i>

**Georgina Candy, 7**

# Myths

## THE FLAMINGOES

Long ago there was a big, beautiful lake, surrounded by tropical plants, ferns, and many brightly coloured birds. The only dull coloured birds were the grey flamingoes. Although they had short legs, and short necks, they were not bitter. They were envious of the tall, beautiful birds, not jealous. They always looked on the bright side of things.

"At least I have plenty to eat," said one.

"... and a lovely lake" said another.

The bird god, Tenkatu, saw that the poor flamingoes always tried to be happy. So she decided to reward the flamingoes. Tenkatu gave them all pink feathers and long pink legs, but she forgot their necks. The flamingoes were thrilled with what they had been given, but when it came time to eat, they found that they could not stretch their necks down to the water! So Tenkatu quickly granted each of them a long neck, and the flamingoes were very grateful. But although they had become one of the prettiest sights on the lake, the flamingoes never forgot how drab they had once looked, and therefore never became conceited or arrogant.

Millicent Bainbridge, 7

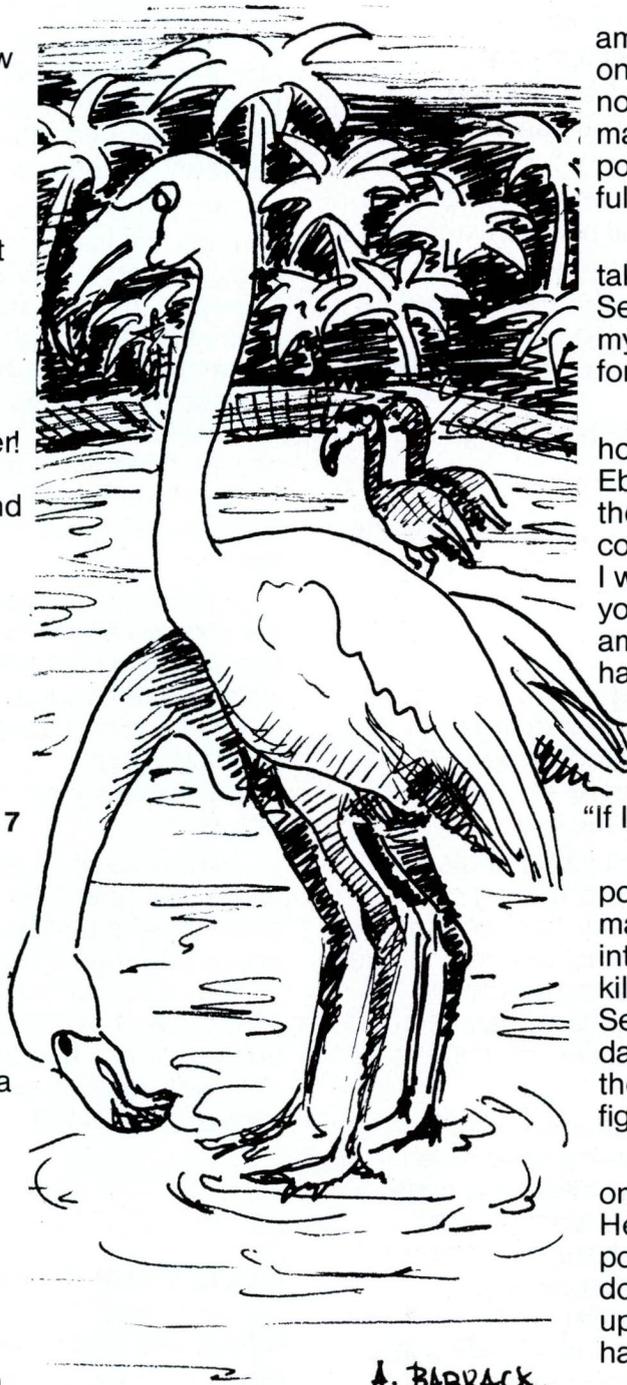
## SENIHS AND HER WREATH OF GOLDEN FLOWERS

Long, long ago in a very elaborate village there lived a very lovely king and queen. The village they lived in was much a place like the world we live in today, except that there was no sun.

They had three children who were all very beautiful and highly regarded by the townspeople, and the queen

was expecting a fourth. After a long and tiring labour, a baby girl was born to the happy couple, and the whole of the village was overjoyed. They named her Senihs, which in modern language is Shines spelt backwards.

Senihs had a happy childhood, and she grew up to become a very beautiful young lady, with long golden hair on which she wore a large wreath of golden flowers. Her clothing was that of a golden yellow colour, which made her hair gleam.



Little did she know that she was being watched all the time by the beady little eyes of the evil dark Ebony.

Ebony was the cruel, hard ruler of the neighbouring town, Senkrad. He was a very ugly baron and excessively greedy, who would stop at nothing to get his own way.

One day as Senihs was walking through the pastures at the back of the palace, to her surprise Ebony appeared in a puff of smoke, and spoke directly to her.

"Hello, my fair one."

Senihs just stood there, amazed that there could be one as ugly as he, and dared not to move, for fear that he may have some magical powers, which may be harmful to her.

Ebony continued, "I have to take you away to my castle in Senkrad, where you will be my wife, and remain with me for the rest of eternity."

At first poor Senihs was too horrified to speak, stunned by Ebony's forceful words, but then she gathered up all her courage and replied, "No, no. I won't marry you, you know you can't get away with it, for I am promised to the handsome Sendnik. It is he I will marry!"

"We will see about that," fumed Ebony.

"If I can't have you, nobody will!"

And with that, he cast a powerful spell on the fair maiden and sent her hurling into the sky. Doing so, he killed off his own race. For Senihs wiped out the whole of darkness by bringing light to the world, with her golden figure.

She remains there today, only now she is called Sun. Her golden clothing gives off powerful rays, which project down to Mother Earth, lighting up the world with her happiness.

N. Dean 7

# Year 8

## Aunty Stout

I was looking through some photos, just to occupy my mind, when I came upon a picture, (the old black and white kind). I'd ask about it before, but my memory was shady, so I called to my Mum, "Who on earth is that lady?" "Oh her," Mum said, "we called her Aunty Stout!" I couldn't remember what I'd been told, I just had to find out! "Go on," I pleaded, "please tell me some more!" So Mum sat down cross legged, like me, on the floor. Mum burst out laughing, so I asked what was funny. "She should have got a face lift, she had enough money! Look at her stubby nose, pointing up in the air. Look at how tightly she tied back her hair! Her eyes were beady, and she used to prance around. If a child said "hello", she'd look at them and frown. Your aunts and I used to walk behind her, imitating the walk. She'd whistle her S's and roll her R's whenever she would talk." Mum briskly walked around the room, in swinging her hips. Her hands were at right angles to her arms, painted fingertips. "You rreally shoudn't shhstare, you shhilly little child!!" With that she walked back to the kitchen, turned, winked, smiled.

Juanita McLaren, 8

## FELLOW TRAVELLER

"Please fasten your seat belts." I do just that and watch the other passengers doing the same thing. As we take off, I look around at the different characters surrounding me, and one person in particular catches my eye. He is looking out of the small panel of glass beside him, no, not looking out, staring out. Staring at the external blue sky, but not actually noticing it at all. Those eyes that are staring, are big blank eyes, that have lost their twinkle somewhere along their weary life. They seem hollow, never changing but never staying the same. My young, curious eyes wander down to his mouth, old but soft, never having been used much for talking. The skin on his face is overcrowded with lines. Lines formed from past experiences, that may have been full of horror and sadness and not much happiness. However, I don't notice his worn out face because it acts as a background, blending into his dark complexion and those big black eyes.

Page 22

With a heavy sigh of mixed emotions, his fragile body slumps into the chair that's holding him up — and a pair of eyelids, as heavy as the sigh, fall slowly over his big black eyes, covering them up from that blue, going grey, sky.

Anna McLeish

## THE TRAVELS OF BILL THE WATER MOLECULE

"Hey Bill, if ya see Lora give 'er this," Fred shouted as he threw a really nice looking hunk of mineral, "And tell 'er I'm sorry, I didn't mean a word I said last night."

I studied the mineral, "O.K! But don't expect any more favours, today just ain't one of my days. The soil's really getting at me today and I have to struggle right up the rose bush with a hunk of mineral. Oh well 'ere we go."

I squeezed myself onto the nearest root and began using all of my muscles to push myself up the roots till I got to the xylem. Just as I was about to very skilfully squeeze into one I saw Lora just about to go into the rest room. "'Ey Lora," I shouted. She turned around; "Yea, what ya want?" she growled.

"No need to be aggressive. I just wanna give you this. It's from Fred." She studied the gift and grabbed it. She swiftly turned around and slammed the door when she entered the rest room. I let out a sigh and went back to the zylem tube and squeezed in. The first thing I felt was the tube slowly squeezing me upwards. "Oh well, better enjoy the ride," I said to myself as I lay down and went to sleep. I woke up later on and found that I was almost as far as a leaf, "Oh Crikey," I said. "Didn't know I'd sleep this long."

I got ready to crawl inside the leaf and feel the strange sensation of being evaporated into the air. I was pushed into the leaf and landed with a painful thump. I crawled to a compartment which had another molecule which I hadn't yet met.

"Hello, What's your name?" she said. "I'm Sabine."

I knew as soon as I heard the name that she was a foreigner, "I'm Bill," I said, and just stared at her as she turned into a mist and disappeared through the holes in the floor. I waited for about half an hour before I felt myself evaporate, move through the bottom of the leaf and condense as the temperature dropped. "Oh, well, here goes another day," I said as I joined into a cloud.

Andrea Vial 8

## Quote From A Year 8 Science Class:-

"When you said "Draw a conclusion" does that mean we have to draw a picture?"



# ESCAPE FROM VIETNAM

## Memories of a Boat Child

On the 23rd of March 1979, our family was forced to separate and arrange to meet at a river. Dad took my brother and me, and Mum took my sister and my youngest brother.

Our way to the river was full of hardship: insects, bull ants and many other creepy animals crawled everywhere on our legs, arms and faces but luckily we made it before sunrise. When we got to the river, we saw Mum and a few other people waiting to get aboard the boat. There were about 59 other people on the boat, including our family of six.

Inside, the boat was stuffy, squashy and very smelly and we were starving and thirsty. Where could we get food and water from? Well, the food was extremely difficult to get but the water was easy; it was easy but not enough. We got it from the sea, by heating it up, and drank from our hands.

About a day after, we left the river and sailed out to Thailand. We were told that we must leave the place immediately before the Communists come to take us back to Vietnam.

When we left Thailand, we sailed across to

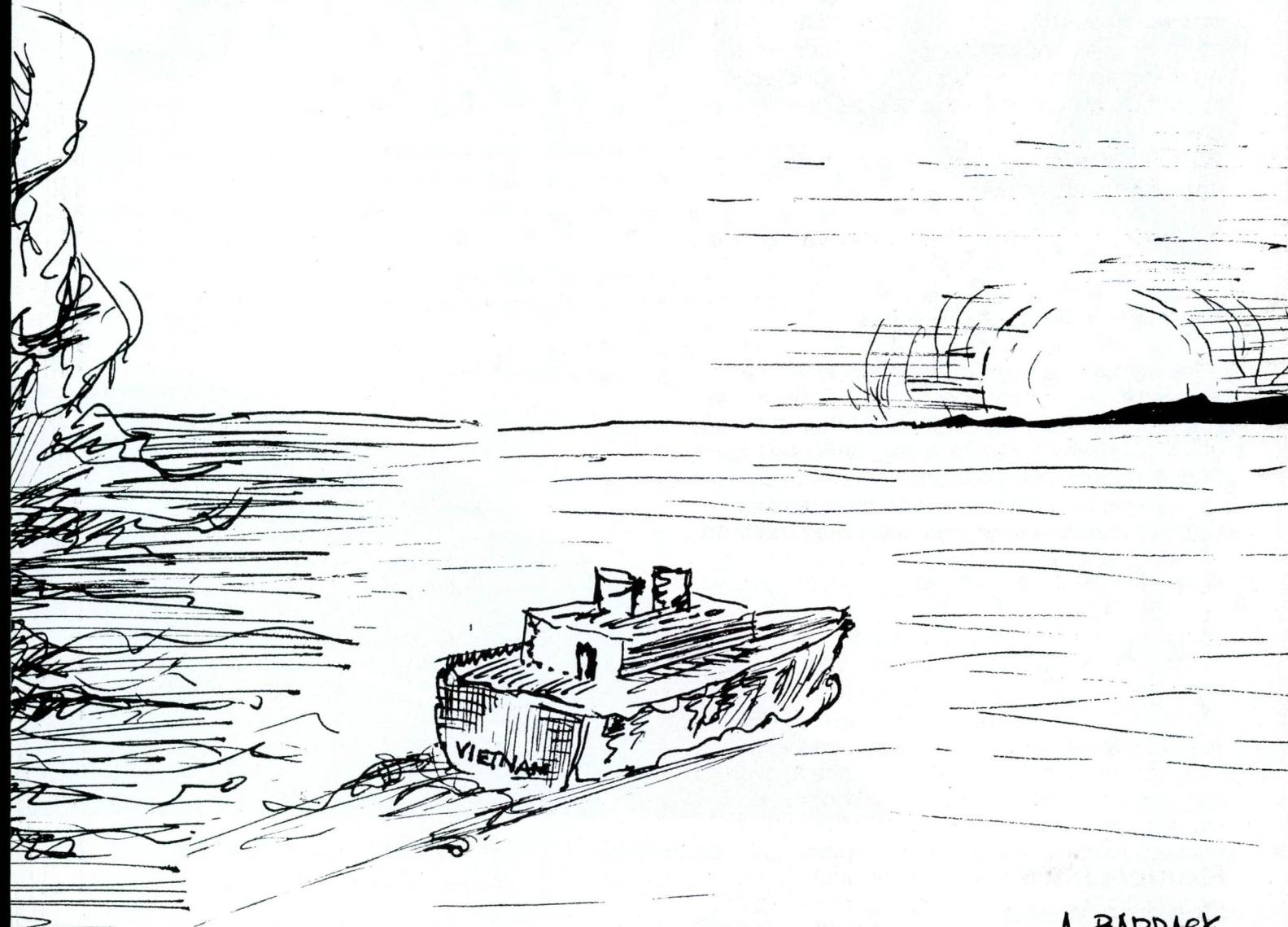
Malaya for a short rest and took off again and went to an unknown island in Malaya. Unfortunately the Communists got there before we did. They took us back to Vietnam and somehow we managed to escape once more.

This time we went to Malaya again but to a different area. On our way to Malaya we got robbed by vicious pirates seven times. They took all our precious jewellery and all the money we had left on us. Not only did they take our jewels and money but they also chained all the men aboard the boat. After they got what they wanted, they left us, women and children, with the men who were still chained up and they sailed away quite joyfully.

Day after day, we were still out on the sea making our way to Malaya, until finally one day we made it there, and the Malayan people saw us half dead with hunger and thirst and everyone looking exhausted. They took us in and gave us plenty of fresh water and delicious food to eat and also provided shelter for each family for the time being.

Staying on the open sea for 10 days enduring hunger and thirst was a difficult experience, but now that we're in Australia we're very glad everything is over.

Helen Le 8



A. BARRACK

# Year 9

I was to be deaf for a certain amount of time during the day, and for the rest of the day was to "mind", my partner who in turn would be deaf.

Water.

Reflecting, cool,  
Gushing, flowing, trickling,  
Everywhere around us,  
Life.

I realised how lonely a deaf person can be

We cannot wait until then to think about nuclear disasters. We need to think and ACT NOW! Or else, perhaps it will be too late

Why do we exist?

# DISCOVERING THE UNIVERSE

The satellites that circle our tiny globe  
Send us answers to the questions scientists probe

The Universe is immense, vast and unknown,  
A place where everyone could have miles of their own.

It's really hard to believe that there are pulsars or black holes, because I can't see them. It's hard to take someone's word for it; I'd really like to see them so that I can see for myself what they really are.

Extracts from  
Science Week

Lyndal Walker  
Charlotte Pratt  
Anne Forbes.

Rachel Smith.  
Lyz Ryan.  
Katrina Schlager.

Eyes.  
Luminous, wise,  
Watching, seeking, revealing  
Mirror of the soul,  
Insight.

# WORLD AROUND US

These new found neighbours may have different religious beliefs and may introduce new facts in regard to our current religions. They may have proof to the "creation" or "Big Bang" theories. They may however be a very primitive race with no means of technology whatsoever. They also may be a hassle to us.

When I think of the Earth  
in relation to the universe,  
I notice how small it is.  
One tiny planet, surrounded  
by so much space, seems  
very insignificant.

Made up of planets, moons and stars,  
Galaxies, solar systems, Black Holes and Mars,

Beach.  
Moonlit, silver,  
Extending, stretching, compelling  
Melancholy in the twilight,  
Edge

Lyndal Walker, cc

Miranda Christie.  
Megg Walstab.

Fire, warm and magic  
Different images dance  
Quickly vanishing.  
Silence prevails ..... night  
The owl hoots into the dark  
And flies to the moon.  
Whale appears slowly  
Huge, powerful, but scarce  
Leaving forever.  
Destiny ..... daunting  
The earth revolves in sorrow  
What is there beyond?

Katrina Schlager, 9

The blast of a horn,  
Dogs running wildly on fields,  
Hunting, after the fox.  
The crash of the surf,  
Frothing, ever returning,  
To wash clean the sand.  
Lillies all in bloom,  
Serene, colourful and bright,  
Captured on canvas.

Justine Brathwaite, 9

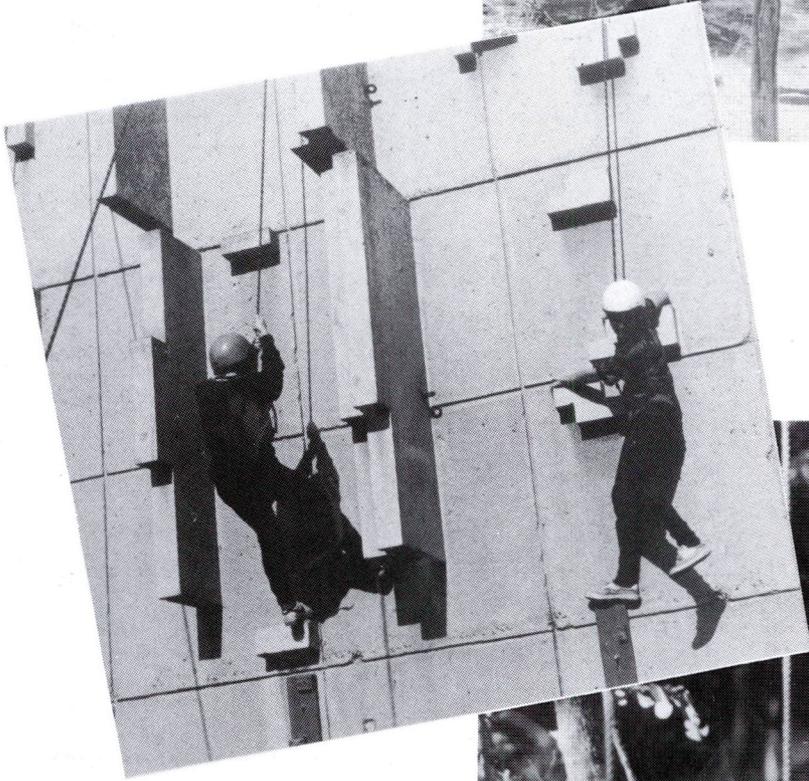
Silvery white tears  
Fall down her pale, bony,  
drawn cheeks  
As death takes her away.  
So beings the night  
All is still, quiet and peaceful  
On the river's bank.  
Shimmering waters  
Reflected by moonlight  
Show no sign of life.

Lucy Davies, 9

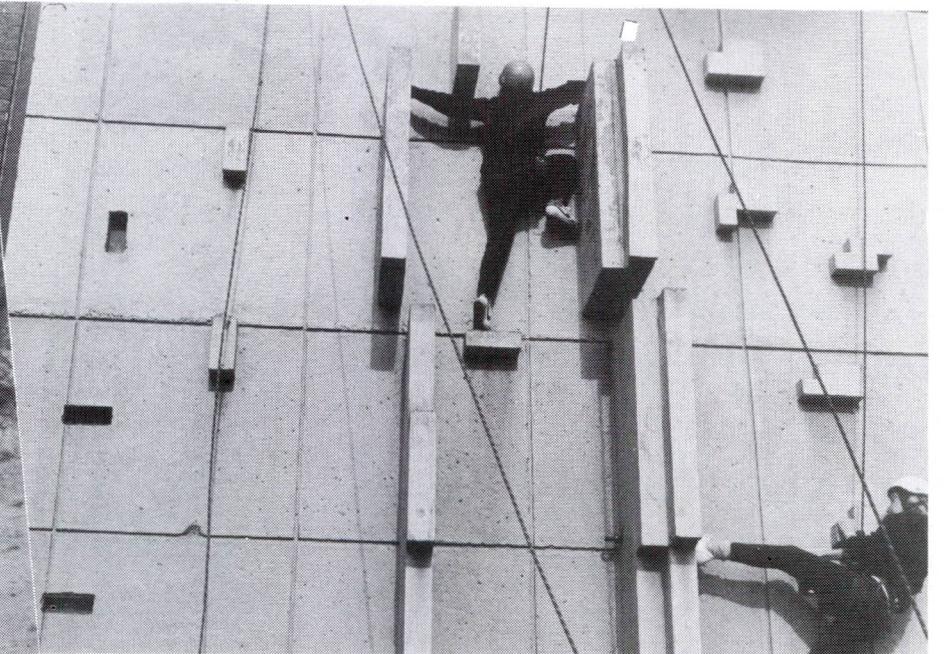
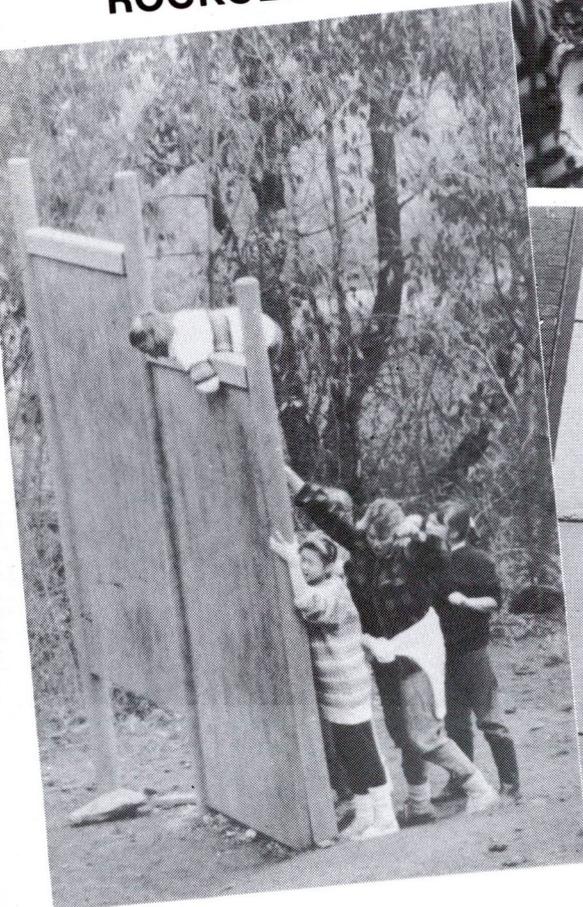
Brightly shining down  
The sun warms the brown soil  
Making the seeds grow.  
Gracefully swooping,  
The eagle, hunting for prey  
Watching carefully.  
The hungry lion,  
Hunting for his prey,  
Stealthily stalking.



**YEAR 7 CAMP**



**YEAR 9  
ROCKCLIMBING**



# Year 10

## Over the Dunes

*Over the dunes and around the bend,  
The sea flows calmly into the bay.  
Wandering along the beach,  
The tide comes up and tickles my feet.  
I jump and run further up.  
Then I go back around the bend,  
Over the dunes  
And I am home again.*

Kate Reinke,

## A Walk On The Beach

*Waves pounding, pounding the shoreline,  
The setting sun gold, purple and crimson,  
The icy winds whipping the barren dunes,  
The coarse, damp sand,  
I love this place  
The darkening sky,  
The heavenly gold disappearing into darkness,  
The lighthouse signal flashing red, warning,  
I love this place.  
The power of waves,  
A force unknown,  
An ominous world,  
The last glimpse of light vanishes.*

Chris Charles,

*Mist is the soft, warm duck's down  
It is like an all enveloping,  
suffocating cloak.*

Jayne

*As the mist covered the street  
Like an ocean on sand,  
The only thing I saw was  
The boy with his eyes like glowing torches  
Moving quietly as the moon he vanished  
Like a diamond dropped  
Into a bowl of smashed glass.*

Sophie

*A smile is the glare from a sting of  
diamonds  
It is like a kiss with the eyes*

Samm

*On the corner of the table  
Lay a box of coloured pencils  
Like a box of coloured rainbows  
In the corner of the sky.*

Loren

*A waterfall is like the voice  
Of a falling body.*

Natalie

*A harp is the delicate frame  
Of a fishbone.*

Samm

*The moon is like a scoop of ice-cream  
Floating in chocolate sauce.*

Kirsten

*A ghostly image in a sea of emeralds  
Shining brightly — A ship*

Millie

*Rain is like the bashing of drums.  
It falls lightly as a sprinkle of pepper.*

Samm

*The sea is a warm lover  
caressing the sand.*

Katherine

*Raindrops are the tears  
Of an unhappy giant.*

Freya

*Her eyes were like a playful kitten's  
Locked inside a glass bowl.*

Emma

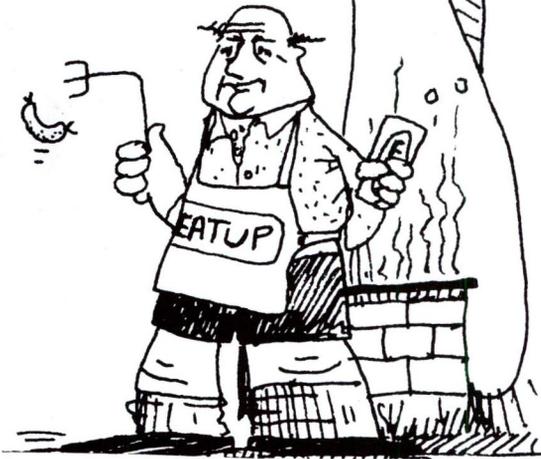
*Night is like a panther stalking prey,  
It is like a guilt returning.*

Brooke

*A rainbow is like laughter of children  
Playing with multi-coloured marbles,  
It is a display of peacock feathers  
Dancing in the sunlight.*

Olivia

## A BARBIE



The all Australian barbie is one of Australia's best known events, but for it to be a success, you need the all gathering of Australian families as well. The barbie is the once a year gathering of Aussie families, which includes cousins, second cousins, great aunts, grandmas, grandpas and so on. The family holding the annual barbi must be the furthest from everyone, so as to inconvenience them and make sure everyone has to rise early in the morning in order to reach their destination by midday.

## Aussie Scene

Of course, each person coming is expected to bring a little something to help save the cost of food — so everyone but the host ends up supplying food of every description. Grandma and grandpa Jo bring the traditional potato salad — homemade, of course — and the cousins bring the coleslaw. The great-aunts bring the salad, and Uncle Same brings the meat, as he's a butcher and owns his own business. But no matter how hard everyone tries, someone always ends up bringing something somebody else has brought. In this case, it's Aunty Hilary, who also brings the potato salad. This causes a family dispute as to whose will be used first — grandma wins, as a dead fly is spotted in Aunt Hilary's.

The day must be humid, so everyone can become uncomfortably hot and sticky. The pool must be empty due to repairs needed. This upsets the kids a lot as they were promised a swim when they arrived. As everyone waits impatiently for the meat to cook, the occasional drink is spilled outside and in, and someone must knock over a tomato sauce bottle sitting inside so it breaks and oozes all over the white shag rug.

## A DAY AT THE FOOTBALL

Every Saturday afternoon a sizeable portion of Melbourne's population flood to witness and cheer the momentous inter-suburban dispute, football. Rain and shine, the mainstay of the populace begins to gather at 2 p.m. from the internationally renowned stadium of Windy Hill, Princes Park, V.F.L. Park to the M.C.G., the scene of the multi-million dollar extravaganza, the Grand Final!

Public transport is the only way to travel to the grounds. Here one experiences first hand the fans. Fiercely bedecked in their team's colours, their excitement infects the air as they contemplate the odds of their team winning.

Their tramp from bus, tram or train to the hallowed grounds is enlivened by insistent sales persons selling anything from knitted beanies to woollen puppy dogs in every team colour.

"Urry up ya mug!" rings through the skies as the six-foot, pimply faced fellow at the front struggles to convince the "Men at the Gate" that he has just celebrated his thirteenth birthday.

The important consideration of seating arrangements is the next step for an enjoyable day at the football. One cannot sit on the far left of the grandstand because Great-Aunt Nellie feels the draught, or on the far right because



the sun is in Grandpa's eyes. The middle right is in the opposing team's fan block and the middle left is too far from the scoreboard. Sitting near either of the goalposts means the other goal is out of Cousin Joe's seeing range but eventually a seat is found and accepted by everyone even though the oddly smelling gentlemen on the right keeps asking the hero of the hour, "Where's your skirt, Brereton?"

The siren sounds, the historic moment has begun, the home team bursts from the change rooms jogging in time to the catchy tune of their football song barely distinguishable above the roar of the crowds and the enthusiastic exclamations of the commentators. Another roar from the crowd and the visiting team bursts onto the oval through the large paper banners and then onto the regulated warm-up lap and practice kicks.

The game begins with a punch, each team

For the perfect hamburger, one must fill it so much, that one cannot open one's mouth wide enough to bite it, or when this finally happens, the contents invariably fly across the table to land on somebody else's plate. Another desirable outcome is when the oil from food in your hand dribbles down your arm and is soaked up by your new shirt sleeve.

Finally the meat's cooked (it is rather overdone), and everyone digs in. Make sure the small plastic tomato sauce container lid isn't screwed on properly, so when picked up and turned over, an excess of tomato sauce is splattered on someone's sausage as well as their lap. This seems to amuse everyone except the victim.

When people have finished eating, the scraps must be collected in a bowl and put in the fridge for the kids' sandwich fillings. You must insist on someone helping with the clearing up — so another family dispute erupts.

When it's time to go home, the children must complain about the long trip to their respective houses — and so ends a wonderful day spent with the whole family. The annual barbie: a ritual not to be missed.

**Claudine Ewart**

battling for every crucial point, each fan cheering and waving with pride as the favourites kick a sixer. The first turbulent five minutes pass and the crowd settles down.

The quarter-time siren blasts and the team rushes behind their hastily constructed banners to be pep talked and pulled apart by their trainer. A feverish rush amongst the populace for pies, coke and chips ensues and patiently waiting people are bombarded with television advertisements from the forty-foot screen towering above the oval.

The match continues until about the third quarter. Frayed tempers of the losing team begin to snap and violent outbreaks are common. By three-quarter time, the ranks of the losing team's supporters are glaringly depleted as the departure of the disgruntled commences.

The exciting finale of the match (and our team has won!) is eclipsed by the impatient griping of the barriers until officials and players leave the field and then a flood of people swallow the oval and then begins the hallowed tradition of kicking a footy on the field.

The sun slowly sinks in the west and the tired, dispirited or excited people trundling home on the bus, brood on the outcome of the game. Another chapter of Melbourne life comes to a close.

**Linda Waldron 10**

## WHERE DO YOU GO TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL?

Near the second blowhole is a huge sand dune, bigger than the others, not level. The sand is covered in that spiky green, tough grass that grows in tussocks which Mum and Hilly make into rings and bracelets by winding it around itself. Up the hill is a completely straight path, sand, between the tussocks. The sand is white and soft too, not that hard, yellow, lumpy, builders' junk. On top of that hill is my favourite place in the world — not that I've been all over the world, but I haven't found anything to beat it yet! On a clear night, you can see the Lakes Entrance lights and the beacon on the point of Raymond Island, Paynesville. From that dune, you can see the ocean on one side, and the Lakes on the other.

There are no trees to obstruct your view, except on the other side of the Back Lake. (That's not far, the Back Lake is very skinny). You can see Olympia, the boat, and if you're up early, you can see Abby asleep on her bunk. You can also, see right down into the mirror. The yacht's not mine — she's Dad's and Uncle Muz's — but I'm the only one who really uses her. She's not a really fast, flash, racing boat. Actually she's beginning to fall to pieces — we're bringing her up after this holiday to paint, sand-scrape, replace, fix her — but in a stiff wind with both sails she can move pretty fast. That's the only thing wrong with the Back Lake — there is rarely enough wind for sailing. Only rowing. Not bad, but not as good.

**Bridget Bainbridge 10**

## TAKE AWAY

The take-away is beside the station, large, menacing and grey. In comparison, the shop is tiny, red and obscure with flashing lights screaming advertising slogans at you through the cold night. Lazing against the brick walls boys act cool in clothes that "cost-more-ya-look-less": faded denim jeans and jackets. They hold cigarette butts and coke cans. Smoke mingles with the thunder of a passing train and the frying oil from inside the take-away. Passing through the door is like passing through a wall - thick with the warm, greasy smells of cooking and the kids standing around the doorway like half toppled bowling pins. Once through, the next obstacle to overcome before buying something is Liz. Up to her elbows in over-salted chips, her dark eyes flash round her box-like surroundings accusingly. As every new customer steps through the door, she challenges them in a voice dripping with a dark Italian accent.

"You buying or just hanging round like the rest of them? Once you have assured her that you are using the shop for its intended purpose, her eyes look less fierce, and you will feel more disposed to place your order.

**Freya Marsden 10**

# Year 11

## MY FRIEND

He strolls casually into the room — cigarette in hand.  
To a stranger he appears calm and in control  
But the nervous energy on which his youthful body runs,  
Gives away to those who know him  
The similarity he has to a little boy  
Who doesn't want to grow up.

Sometimes he puts on a show  
and acts the fool  
Drawing as much attention to himself as possible — Or else he sits quietly,  
His mind drifting somewhere else,  
Dwelling on something that's happened before ... or someone ...

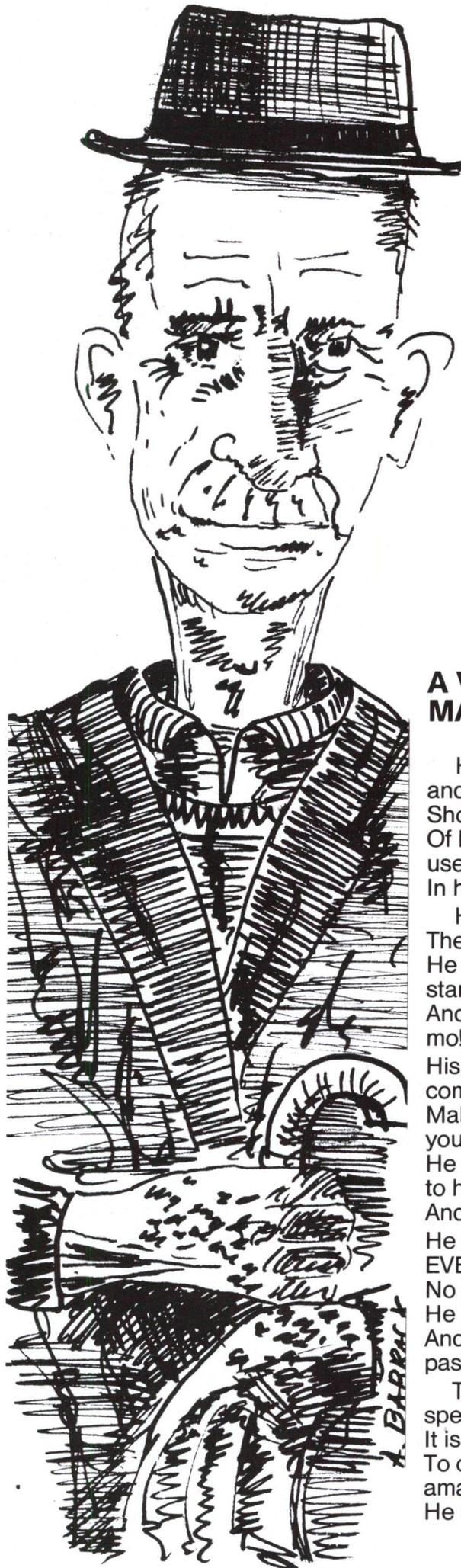
When he laughs an irresistible grin lights up his face,  
and his grey-blue eyes crinkle mischievously ....  
They hide well the pain of someone  
Who's seen too much too soon.

At times a bitter sarcasm twists his words  
Which cut like knives  
As his deep-felt resentment of incidents past  
triggers his withheld anger.

But then he ducks his head and lifts his expressive eyes —  
And all is forgiven  
Because what sympathy is felt for him —  
He who is searching so hard for love but in all the wrong places  
Vulnerable and sensitive, re-living the childhood he missed out on catching up on precious time — lost in the spiralling confusion of youth.

He deliberately stubs out his cigarette now  
pushes his hands into his pockets and stands still for a moment —  
But only a moment, as if deciding on something  
Before he turns  
And walks slowly from the room.

Natalie Johnston, 11



## A VERY SPECIAL MAN

His old hands, withered and wrinkled  
Show scars of his earlier days  
Of how they used to be so useful  
In his many talented ways.

His face is really lovely  
The friendliest face I know  
He has eyes that sparkle like stars  
And a beautiful, small, grey mo!

His smile is extremely comforting  
Makes you feel happy when you're down  
He says the things you want to hear  
And takes away your frown.  
He can find qualities in EVERYONE  
No matter who you are —  
He is always ready to forgive  
And forget about your "faux pas"!

This man is very, very special  
It is worth a trip from far  
To come and meet this amazing man  
He is my beautiful Grandpa.

Vanessa Berkley, 11



## IT'S NOT ONLY ONE GREAT BIG OUTBACK



I am Tini Langner and as some of you know I come from Germany and will live in Australia for one year during '87-'88.

This whole year has been one great adventure for me — an adventure that started in September '86 with the question "Imagine you were sent to Greece, your host family had fifteen children and the youngest son, aged 9, ordered you around. How would you cope?" I cannot remember how I responded but it must have impressed the people on the selection panel. Two weeks later a phone call reached me — I was accepted!

There were highlights in my year, such as the sailing camp, the Central Australian camp, the Grand Prix in Adelaide. I felt utterly embarrassed to see Boris Becker losing the 2nd round in the Australian Open, against an Australian too! But besides that there were normal days; days of family life and school, days when I had a row with my mum about my untidy room or how long I can stay out on Saturday nights.

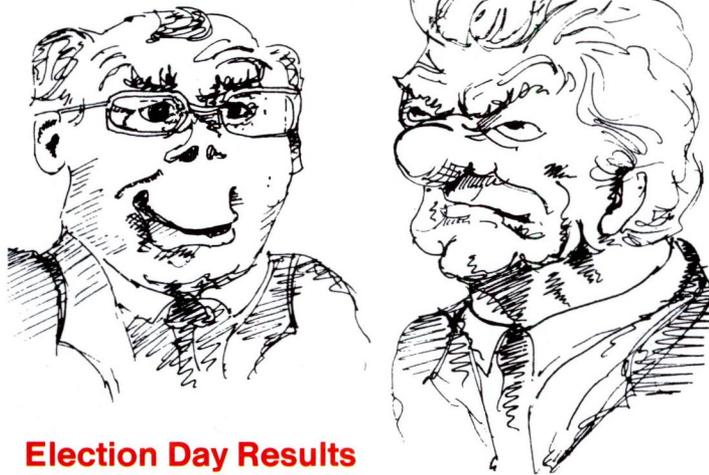
At this stage I must frankly admit that I was rather ignorant about Australia and its people. I did not really expect kangaroos hopping down the main road, but my expectations were not very far away from even this. I very soon had to realize that Australia is not one great outback. The grandness and modernity of Melbourne took me by surprise as well as the absolute contrast to that, the openness of the Red Centre.

I think I have learnt not only about the Australian way of life, but also of the irrelevance of nationalities. As long as you try to understand you will meet people who understand and you can be happy. I know this year has been the year of my life.

On the Central Australian camp I won the "True Blue Award" — "The Real Aussie"; I only wish I was! I wish I had another year to continue and fulfil what I have experienced this year. Thanks a lot to all my friends, teachers, my family and many other people — everybody who has made this year worthwhile. I hope I did not only take but give to the ones around me!

Tini Langner 11C  
AFS Exchange Student  
Germany 1987-88

# HOWARD vs. HAWKE



## Election Day Results

The Federal Election on July 11 made political history. This was the first time that the Labour Party has had three consecutive federal wins. Next year Mr. Hawke will break Mr. Chifley's record as the longest serving Australian Labour Prime Minister.

The polls were fairly accurate and the Labour Party was always shown to be well ahead. The Labour Party lost some votes but it won seats in Queensland and Tasmania.

The Labour election campaign didn't really produce any surprises. Labour policies seemed to be more believable to the public than the Liberal policies and the people seem to have felt that it was unreasonable to blame the Labour Government for Australia's present economic position.

Although the Opposition offered large tax cuts the people did not trust this platform. As well, the voting public were not confident of the leadership of the opposition when there had been so much fighting among the party, particularly the battle between Sir Joh Bjelke Petersen and Mr Ian Sinclair of the National Party.

The coalition disarray was a major factor in Labour's lead in the opinion poll. There is a suggestion, too, that Mr Hawke preferred to have an election while Mr Howard was the leader of the Liberal Party rather than Mr Peacock.

In Australia we have compulsory voting. This perhaps does not make for a better democracy but by forcing everyone to vote there will always be some people who are very apathetic about voting. There are also many swinging voters, so both parties work very hard at wooing the electorate. I felt that the constant political advertising became tedious, boring and repetitive.

During the campaign, the Labour Party made very few new election promises, and therefore we can expect that the country will be governed in much the same way as it has been in the last three years.

## The A.L.P.'s Campaign

The main campaign slogan for the Labor Party in the 1987 11th July election was:

"Let's stick together,  
Let's see it through."

The Labor party believed they had worked successfully to get Australia through an economic crisis and they deserved another term in office to consolidate their strategies.

Advertising took many forms and played a major role in the campaign. Newspaper advertisements appeared daily, informing people on postal absentee votes and how to vote cards. By doing this the Labor party hoped to maximise all potential voters and inform the public on the complex Senate ballot paper.

Another form of advertising used the medium of cartoons. One advertisement depicted the "Aussie Battlers." This package just announced was aimed at low income families and was direct counter to the Liberals' promise of a substantial tax cuts.

The distribution of electoral pamphlets and information was concentrated in the marginal seats. As a resident in a safe Liberal seat (Kooyong), we received virtually no advertising material on the election. A resident in Chisholm (a marginal seat) was inundated with literature from all candidates.

In the election process, campaigning in marginal seats was seen to be very important in winning that seat. Politicians visiting shopping centres, schools, old people's homes, youth centres and general exposure through meetings, television and the radio, are examples of public campaigning.

This campaigning was an important part of the election because the Labor Party believed the public needed an opportunity to meet the candidates and form their personal opinion. Bob Hawke received front page publicity after being jostled by demonstrators on his campaign trail. This confrontation ended up to Mr. Hawke's advantage.

Opinion polls during the campaign (particularly in the last week) are believed to play an important part in influencing swinging voters. The Labor Party thought that the closing gap in the polls had the effect of making people reconsider their vote when the prospect of a Liberal government was a reality.

Despite the fact that there was a 1.5% swing nationally to the Liberal Party, it would appear that the Labour Party have increased their number of seats. This could be seen to reflect a good campaigning strategy.

# Year 12 — Downtown

## My Kind of City!

Living in Fitzroy generally means that I'm a hop, skip and jump away from Melbourne. I can walk into the city which would take about 10-15 minutes but I'd rather catch the tram which takes about 5 minutes.

Walking down our tree-lined street (practically the only one in the suburb), I realize how different it is from one of the main streets like Brunswick Street or Nicholson Street. It's really quite tranquil apart from a barking dog or screeching birds. Once you're onto the main street, though, everything livens up. As I walk down Brunswick Street perhaps best known for its cafes and where many trendoids hang out, I see it's quite a sight at night when all the shop fronts have been lit up with their colourful neon lights. Locals and other people from varying suburbs sit jam-packed in the cafes and it's really hard to find one that has a few spare seats. Shop fronts jostle each other: Tessile, The Black Cat, Happy Days Cafe, Jones Beach and Jones Back Beach — where bands regularly play — Rhumbarella's, The Fitz, Charmaine's which sells scrumptious home made natural ice-cream and cakes, the Brunswick Street Deli and Cafe Pax.

Between these various cafes stand numerous clothes shops with their windows full of displays. The displays range from clothes to jewellery and even sculptural forms that are lit up with neon lights. These shops include Tango Charlie, Kamizole, Quarter to Three, Artifitz, Lois Lane — Aerial Woman and Classic

Nouveau by Aerial which sell great clothes. If you're looking for anything to wear that might be a little different to what everyone else is wearing, Artifitz has the clothes for you! Then there is also the famous Erick Planensek fur and leather shop — as the Television commercial says, 230 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy!

For me one of the delights of Fitzroy is to see famous television personalities walking down the street or sitting in a cafe. Such eye catching personalities are Jacko, Clive from Neighbours, Darius Perkins (ex-Scott Robinson) from Neighbours, Graham Blundel, Animal from Hey Hey It's Saturday and Captain Snooze.

At the other end of our street is Nicholson Street and the Exhibition Buildings. If I walk through the Exhibition Buildings Park I can get to Lygon Street in about 10-20 minutes. Often on Saturday nights in summer, my sister, a friend and I walk down to Lygon Street to get a gelati or look around the shops. It gives you great pleasure to be able to do these things, when you live so close to them. It's an advantage that you take for granted.

I feel that if we ever shifted to another suburb, I would miss Fitzroy greatly because I would then not be able to stroll down Brunswick Street on a hot summer's night and sit at a table on the sidewalk outside a cafe.

I like living in Fitzroy, the City has such an unpredictable fast pace compared to the sleepy quiet country towns. I guess you can say that "I'm living in the fast lane!"

Angela Equiqeren, 12

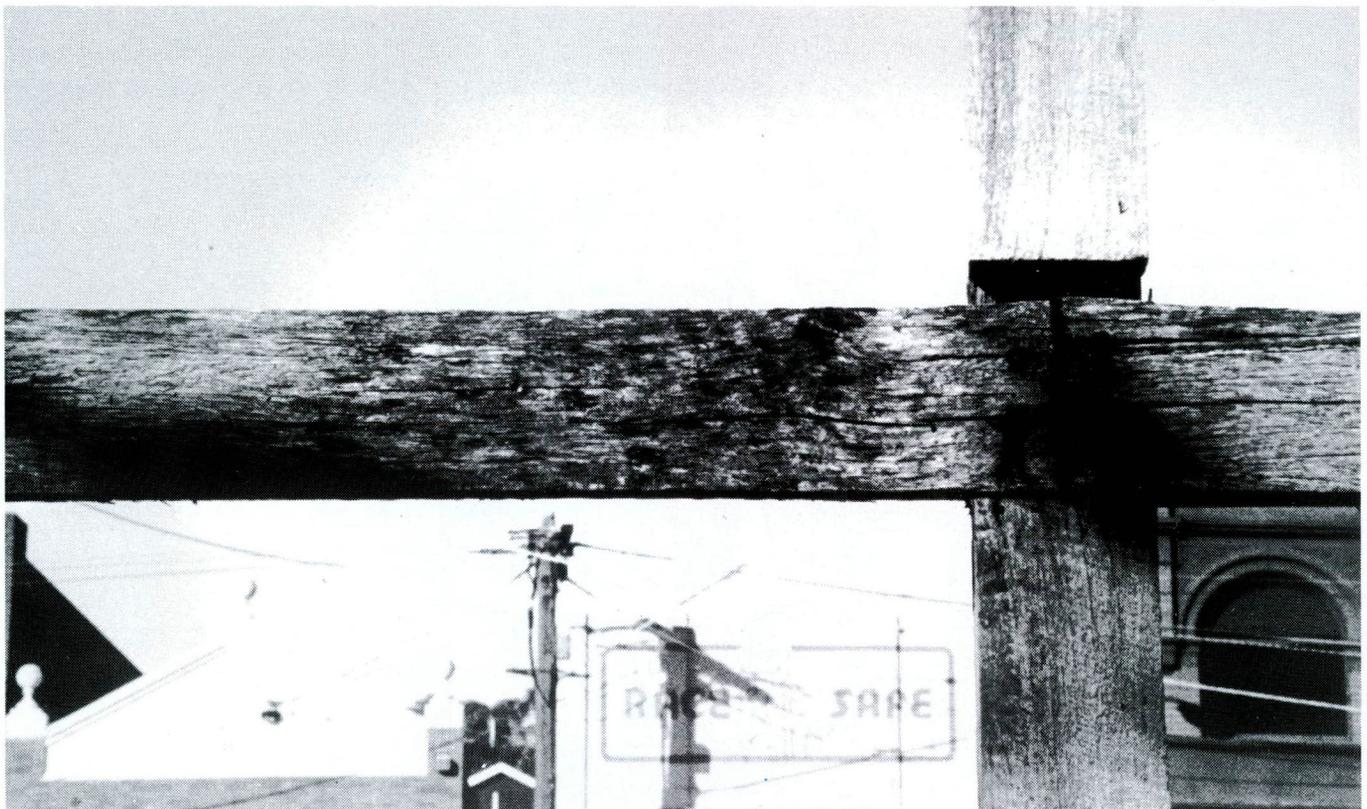


Photo by Melanie Hayward

## THE MALL

Crowds bustle and jostle hurrying for bargains. People run, dawdle, wait, carry packages, push prams through the heart of Melbourne, The Bourke Street Mall. Whenever I am in the City I always pass through the mall with its massive department stores and hundreds of little arcades, and stop to catch a glimpse of the festivity which is created each day from nine to five.

Observing the crowd, I notice mothers with nagging children, business men constantly running late and window shoppers enjoying the sun. Today I notice an old man wearing shabby clothes. As he fumbles out "I Left My Heart in Heidelberg" on his ancient accordion in search of a penny he is overpowered by young men and women flashing the red banner of "The Socialist."

I constantly refuse and accept in the Mall. Being a place for advertisement people offer me pamphlets, papers, ask me to sign petitions or shake a can in hope of a donation — "For a worthy cause" — of course. There is always someone to talk to and someone in the jostling crowd willing to exchange a smile.

When I decide to stop, I realise that everything is at my fingertips. From a sticky "Myers" donut to a silk blouse from "David Jones". After a busy morning's shopping, I love to sit down to a hearty lunch at the pancake parlor or a sandwich at an arcade cafe.

At Christmas time the Mall is a place of excitement. The Myres Christmas windows are full of enchantment and hundreds of gaping children press their noses against the glass to get a better view. Christmas carols fill the air and decorations line the shops. As I race for the last minute bargains the Mall fills me with Christmas spirit.

Christmas time or mid-July, the Mall ends its day in the same fashion. Sitting at around five p.m. I always hear "Heeraald ... Heeraald." Shoppers still run, dawdle, wait, carry packages, push prams through a landmark of inner Melbourne, The Mall.

Anna Hill, 12

## TRAM

The tram rattles along the tracks of Collins Street. Its once bright coating of green and yellow is now dusty and flaky like dry skin. It stops and its occupants sway boredly in time to screeching of tired brakes. I sit in the back corner. This is my favourite position as I can watch the people without seeming overtly conspicuous.

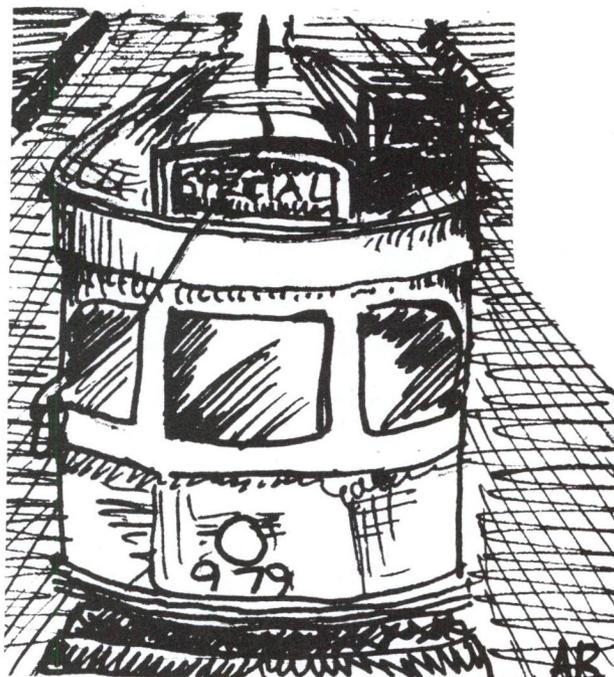
The tram begins to move again as the occupants hypnotically shift their weight. The conductor down the other end realises I haven't paid my fare. He expertly manouvers himself down to my end in order to interrogate me. He can see I'm wearing my school uniform yet he still asks to see my student concession card. After I pay my fare, he moves over to harrass another passenger. He chooses an Italian man who doesn't seem to speak any English. I watch them, silently amused.

Scanning my eyes upwards, I notice advertisements for RMIT and the Tramway Board. These fail to interest me, so I examine the tram's occupants. In the seat opposite mine, a couple of intellectual university students are deep in conversation about heroin. A Melbourne school boy rebelliously blows smoke rings at passing motorists. A shy Lauriston girl adoringly observes him from behind a strategically placed mop of hair. The tram continues its journey through the city.

A greedy, shoving crowd of people enter the tram in a flood of bodies in front of Parliament House. I give up my crusty vinyl seat to a young mother with two screaming children. Now standing, I struggle to grab hold of anything that will prevent me from falling. The stench of garlic and stale body odour is nauseating and yet unavoidable. I am now one of the sardines in a tin can.

But I am rescued as the tram reaches my destination, stop 46. Hastily, I attempt to weave my way through the jungle of smelly bodies in order to reach the doorway. Finally off the tram I turn the corner towards home.

Mandi Gray, 12



## THE CAR DRIVER

Scooting down the highway at a terrific rate of ninety-five kilometres per hour down hill, with my newly acquired ticket to freedom known as a driver's licence, I felt a boundless sense of independence. I have my side window open to try to demist the windscreen which makes it necessary for me to simultaneously wrap a warm woollen scarf around my neck and wear trendy leather gloves.

Let me tell you about my pride and joy, a boxy little 1968 Corolla more commonly recognized as a Mr. McGoo car. Its original colour would have been red, but having faded due to wear and tear it is now an exclusive, rich magenta-pink. This car definitely has character. I confidently look around at the other cars on the road and acknowledge that I am the trendiest and cutest car of all.

Sure, my little "buzz box" has its rattles and whistles, but there is a simple solution to that; I just turn the radio up a little bit louder and sing along and then there's no problems.

So there I was, merrily scooting along and singing "Respectable", when I happened to notice a 'Kevin Petrol-Head' grumble up behind me in his yellow and black hoon car. It looked so savage that I was sure it would eat my little Corolla up or drive straight over the top of me! He certainly pulled up very close behind me. I looked ahead and tried to stay calm. Every time I looked in my rear-vision mirror (at intervals of 15-20 seconds) his face seemed to look even angrier. My confidence just melted away and I became a nervous wreck. "Kevin P.H." obviously wanted to go faster than eighty-five kilometres per hour (I was now driving on flat

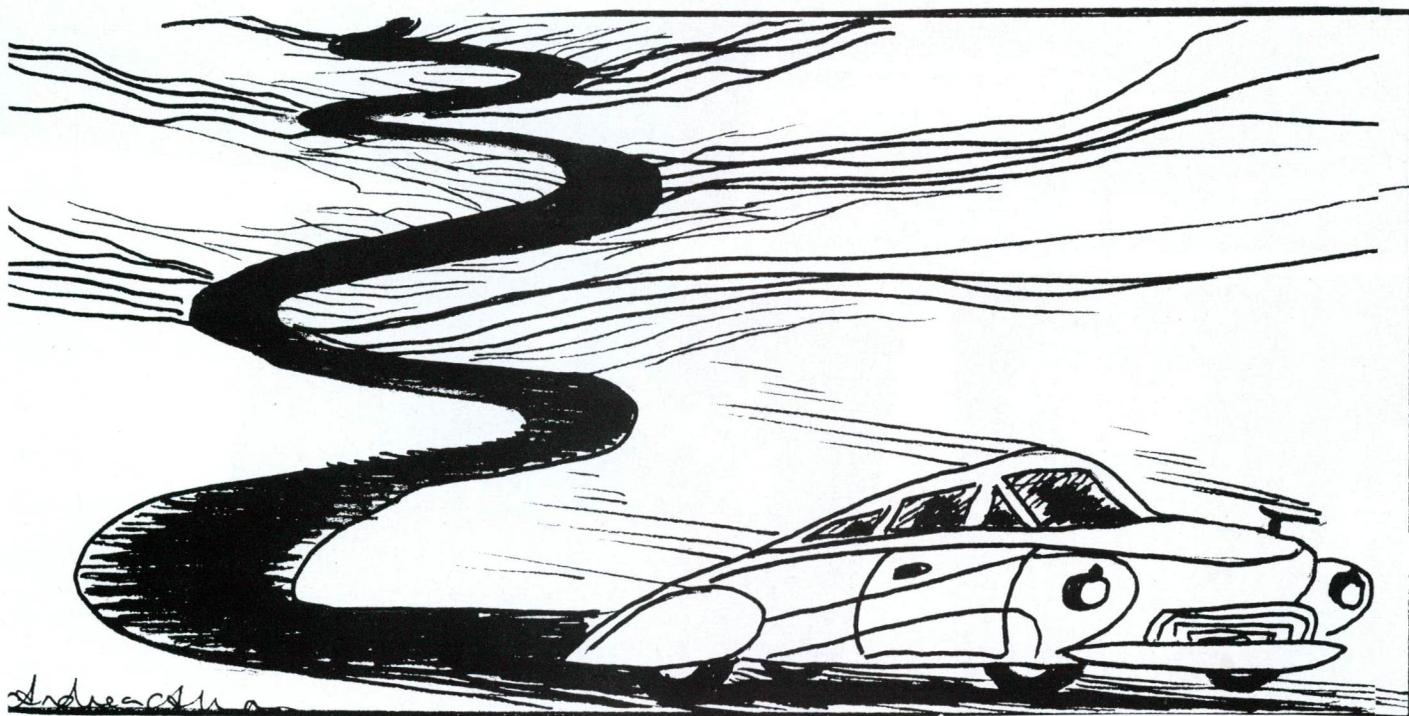
ground and into the wind) but he wasn't able to pass me. I was longingly wishing to have my driving instructor in the passenger seat again. I clearly missed out on one driving lesson — "How To Deal With an Aggravated Kevin Petrol-Head Who is Tailgating You." But I was on my own and would have to deal with the problem myself.

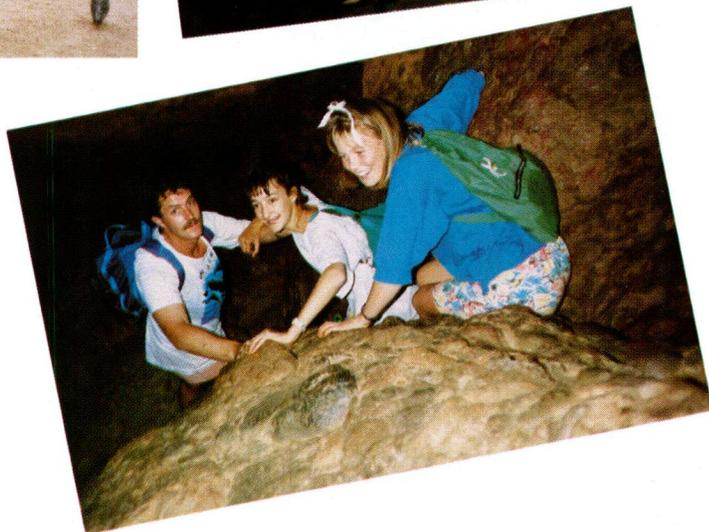
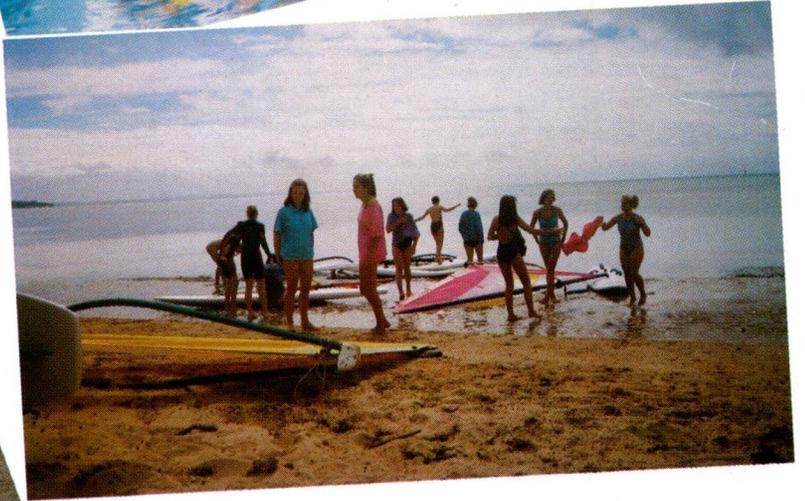
I checked my rear vision again and saw 'Kevin P.H.'s' girlfriend sitting in the middle of his bench seat clinging possessively to his left arm (her name had to be Cheryl or Leanne). She grinned smugly as he mouthed abuse at me. I quickly turned to look at the road ahead in horror. I started to imagine him running me off the road, leaving me stranded in a ditch, and Cheryl's laughter echoing as they sped away. Or they might even pull over and Cheryl would grab my head through the window and bash it against the steering wheel and laugh as the blood poured from my face. I locked my door and wound up my window to prepare myself for the worst possibility.

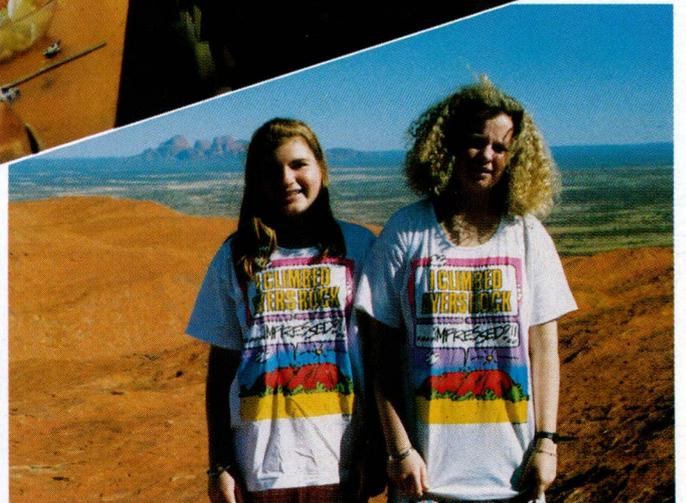
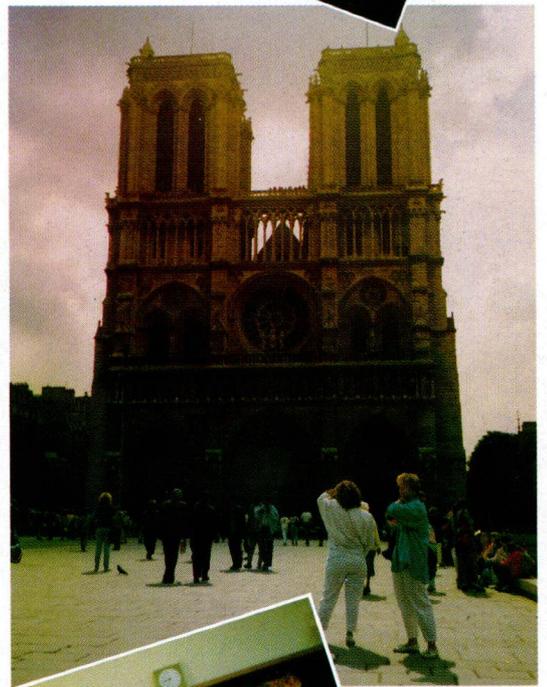
A sign indicating a passing lane flashed past me. Hopefully I would soon be rid of "Kevin P.H." I started to relax a little. We came to the passing lane and I shifted as far left as I could. He pulled across into the right hand lane and I held my breath as the yellow blur sped past me. 'Kevin Petrol-Head' had disappeared from my sight within minutes. What a relief. I relaxed my grip on the steering wheel and reopened my window. (The windscreen was fogging up again.)

Thank goodness I had survived such a terrifying experience.

Kate McDonald, 12







# *Trips*

## **FRENCH STUDY TRIP** **Giverny.**

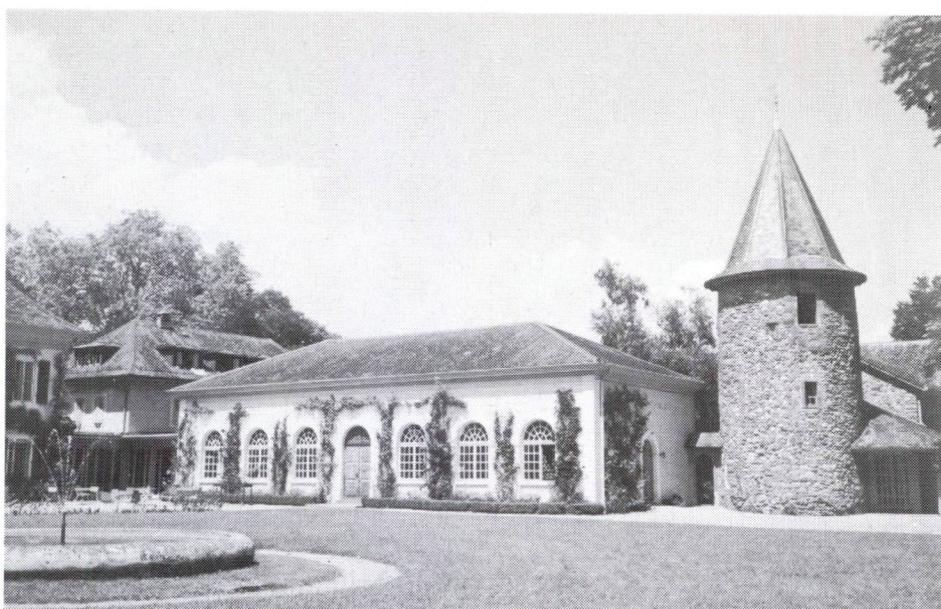
I really enjoyed the whole trip, but if I had to choose my most favourite of favourite places, it would have to be Claude Monet's house and garden at Giverny. Giverny is a small town just out of Paris. Monet's garden was the most beautiful place I have ever seen and being summer, many flowers were in full bloom — roses, lilies, peonies, various blossoms, pelargoniums and, of course, French lavender, among many others.

The day we visited Giverny it was raining, which first damped our spirits a little. However, we soon found that the rain gave the garden an air of tranquility and freshness.

As I wandered leisurely around the garden, I found that each time I turned to look at the same place in the garden, I found something new and exciting to look at. At each look the garden grew more and more beautiful.

After visiting Giverny, it seems to me that Monet's paintings are a true reflection of the beauty of his garden.

**Kerryn Rozenbergs, 11**



*Our accommodation in Geneva*

### **Switzerland**

We crossed the border in to Switzerland, the country of chocolate! For a while there we were in neutral territory, with French Customs on our left and Swiss Customs on our right.

We travelled to Geneva — the clock and watch capital of the world — where we stayed in a beautifully renovated old chateau with stunning gardens. It was part of an ecumenical institution. Each morning we could hear noisy ducks quacking in their pond. Their quacks were so loud that they used to wake Mrs. Levin up! Close to the chateau was the simple grave of the famous actor, Richard Burton. We were able to have a tour on the beautiful

waters of Lac Lemman, and were able to view beautiful gardens and famous buildings, like the United Nations Building.

We then travelled to Lucerne, via Berne and Interlaken. Berne is the bear capital of the world (the furry, cuddly kind, of course) and we were able to see the famous bear pits. We had lunch here and when we got back on the bus, we had our courier, Wolfgang, our driver, Klaus, 3 teachers, 21 girls and 48 bears! On the way to Interlaken we saw beautiful snow capped mountains, and yet it was 25°C down on the ground. We were wearing shorts, T-shirts and summer dresses. Just outside Lucerne was a museum displaying a house which had been taken from all parts of Switzerland and from all eras. Inside the house it was often very smoky and we had the opportunity of buying freshly baked bread.

We arrived in Lucerne to find our hotel situated close to the Rushing River Reuss. When we had our windows closed the river was so noisy that it sounded as though it was raining heavily outside. In Lucerne we had a wonderful tour of the city, and observed the old 16th century paintings which were inside the bridges. We visited an old cathedral, which was painted white inside, with beautiful little paintings all over the ceiling and walls.



*Monet's House at Giverny, Normandy*



Zurich is a very cosmopolitan city; shopping along the Barnhofstrasse was expensive, and window shopping was cheaper. The Barnhofstrasse is one of the world's most expensive streets boasting names such as Pierre Cardin, Cartier, Omega and Guy Larouche. Zurich is also the world's capital for banking and finance. While in Zurich we took another river boat cruise around Lake Zurich. From the boat we could see at every stop, people at restaurants and parties, having a great time!

We all got homesick, including Mrs. Levin; I didn't think I would but you do. A month is a long time to be away from your family and friends, but you cope and survive, always looking to the next time you phone home. Overall it was a good trip with very few mishaps. All girls who are interested who are in years 8 or 9 should start saving now, because it was a great experience.

Paula E. Chadderton, 11

## CANBERRA TRIP

At 7.00 a.m. on a cold morning some time in May, a group of chattering school girls assembled on Selbourne Road, attempting to warm up to the occasion ahead of them — a trip to Canberra. However, this was not to be your ordinary Legal Studies and Economics excursion to the Nation's Capital: little did we realise what the day held in store.

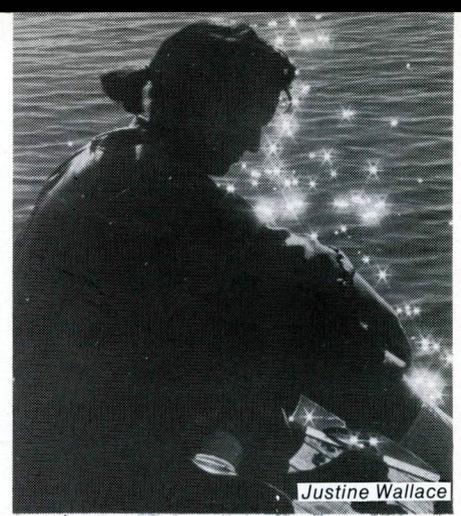
After touchdown in Canberra, there seemed to be no time to think. We were whisked into a bus and off to the High Court of Australia, our first stop in a busy and exciting Canberra itinerary. The atmosphere in the building inspired silence mixed with unmasked awe at the architecture and decor.

From the foyer we were taken in to Courtroom One and told about tipstiffs, tapes-tries and acoustics and after this, eager for action as we

were, it was in to Courtroom Two where everything was going. The barristers were arguing their family settlement case while tipstiffs went "ten to the dozen" finding references for "Section 79" or "Section 75", whatever the case may be. Just when some of us were getting interested, and others getting bored, we were taken from the High Court to the Australian National Gallery which is just next door.

The moment we walked through the door we could feel the intellectual spirit sweeping over us in waves. After a short wait we were taken by our guide to firstly see a video about the background and internal workings of the gallery. Then we were off, with chairs in hand, to gaze in wonder at a collection of Aboriginal bark paintings, Aztec rugs and some exceedingly deep and meaningful pieces of modern art. After explanation, some of these pieces held some sort of meaning, but then others didn't. After a quick whiz past Sidney Nolan's "Ned Kelly" series of paintings, it was off to lunch at the National Gallery cafeteria. All of us looked strangely out of place but then again, we were only eating lunch.

Next on the agenda came the centre of Australian politics, Parliament House. We were immediately escorted from the hall up the stairs to the House of Representatives like special guests. Seated just next to the rail on the Speaker's right we could see all the big names pointed out by Mrs. Panagacos: John Howard, Ian Sinclair, Robin Gray, Joan Childs, Paul Keating, Neil Blewett and, of course, Bob Hawke. Bob Hawke began with his back to us but he soon turned around, smiled and then, prompted by the shy waves, he winked. Mrs. Johnston, seeing this, swore that he was winking at her and she practically fell off her chair in the excitement of the occasion. Suddenly, from nowhere, came the Mace and



all stood to listen to the prayers. Everyone sat down to hear the first part of John Howard's question to Bob Hawke and then the Labor Party set about yelling and abusing the Liberals, oh sorry .....they began discussing and debating. This continued — however, we had to leave and attend the Senate which seemed quiet compared to the exciting House of Representatives — in fact two Senators were completing crosswords; one looked as though she was asleep and the other just appeared not to be listening. We soon left the Senate to share our afternoon tea with Andrew Peacock.

By the time he came in, many of us had finished our cans of Solo, our small sandwiches and our delicious marble cake, so we soon went out to the front steps to have our photos taken and to be filmed by the cameras from Channels Ten and Seven. We all felt like soap-opera stars. After Mr. Peacock left, we went to argue with demonstrators against student fees on the Parliament House lawns. However, the best was yet to come. A Sydney Morning Herald reporter, catching our Autumn mystique, decided he needed it on film and we were asked to frolic through the leaves for his "Autumn in Canberra" article in Friday's edition. So we frolicked, casting leaves and laughter into the Canberra air. What an end to a great, fulfilling and an extremely educational day in the Nation's Capital.

Jo Fulton, 11

## YEAR 11 ART CAMP

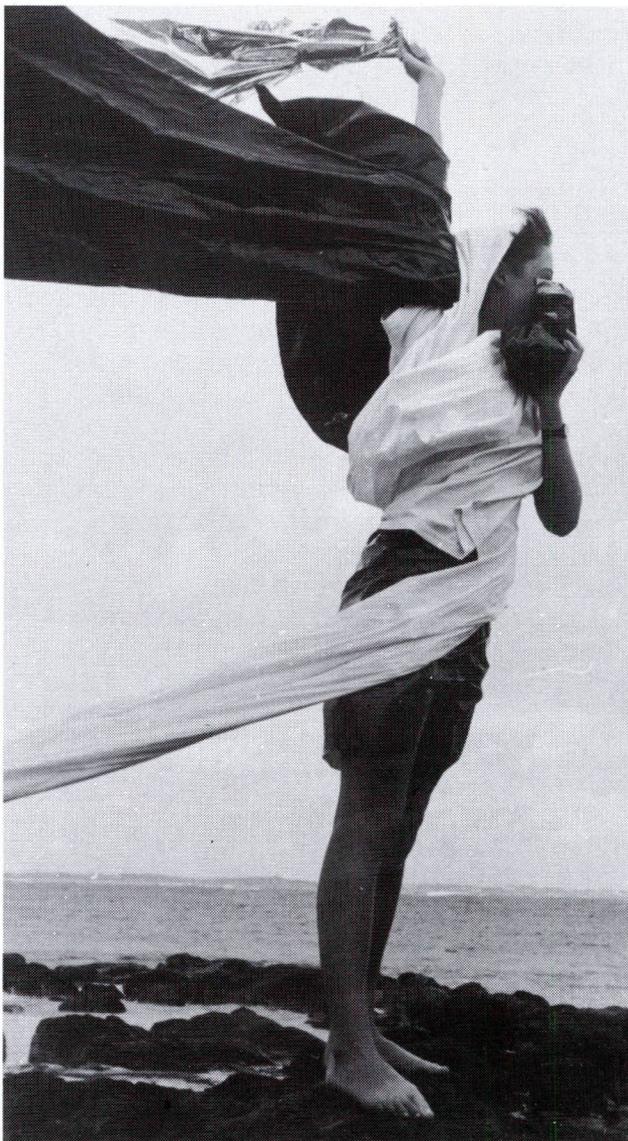
On the morning of Friday, February the 18th, twenty eight eager Art students, four somewhat apprehensive Art teachers and three mini-buses set off on the annual Year 11 Art camp, held at Koroit.

Koroit is a small town near Warnambool, and is notable for having a church on nearly every corner. Our accommodation summed up the town perfectly: St. Patrick's Convent.

What remained of the afternoon was spent settling in our 'cells' (Nuns' sleeping quarters), exploring the grounds and playing table tennis.

In the early evening, we went to Port Fairy to wait for dusk to see the birds that fly over the beach. Unfortunately, a small number of these birds turned out to be bats that decided to terrorize some of us by swooping past our heads.

*Jenny Backhouse; human sculpture by Anna Barrack and Tara Fo*



Saturday morning began with a Raku firing. Everyone glazed pots with designs or patterns. The pots were then placed in a special kiln and heated to extremely high temperatures. After firing, the pots were 'suffocated' in a bin filled with sawdust so as to bring out the colours in the glazes.

The next activity was sketching or photography at Tower Hill, an unusual volcanic island in a great lake which was in the middle of a crater-like hole. Natural wildlife abounded in the untouched environment. For many of us, it was our first close contact with hungry emus, who often came a little close for comfort.

In the afternoon, we drove to the beach for the major Art project of the weekend. Armed with javelins, string, chains, cloth, plastic and spray-paints, we attacked the beach. Spray-paints proved wonderful in making designs

on the sand and for painting sand sculptures. Larger sculptures were constructed on the sand, mainly with the use of javelins. Most of us were surprised at the limitless possibilities of the materials.

On Sunday morning, we rose early, packed up and departed the Convent for a day touring the country Art Galleries. We visited both the Hamilton and Ararat Art Galleries which both held interesting collections, different from work normally seen in the city.

It was late in the afternoon when a very tired group of Art students and teachers finally arrived at Ruyton.

Many thanks are due to Mr. McDonald, Ms. Etty-Leal, Miss Clarke and Mr. Cox for their help, organisation and great contribution to the enjoyment of the camp.

**Mishi McCubbing, 11**



*Sam Abdallah, Mr. McDonald, & Friend*

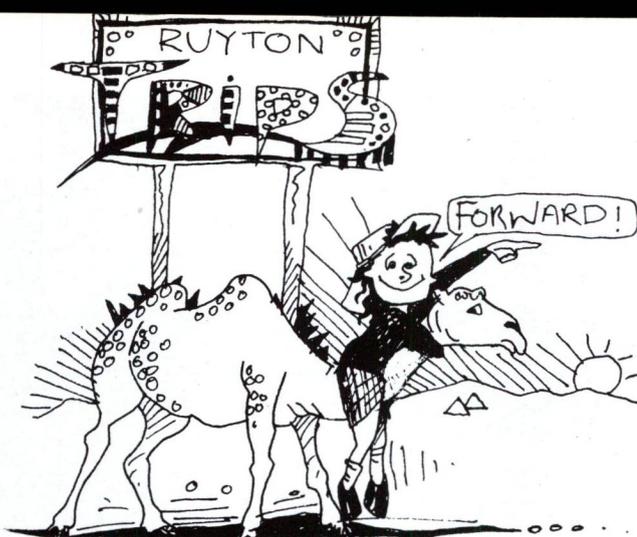


*Sketching at One-tree Hill*

PHOTO COMPETITION



*Katherine Yeo taken by Melinda Yeo.  
Winner of Ruytonian Photo competition*



## CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

Up at dawn,  
 We all woke with a yawn  
 Ready to leave from school  
 We could tell this trip was going to be cool!  
 There were three teachers, two cooks, a driver and 28 of us,  
 Who happily piled onto the luxury bus.  
 We later learned to call it a coach, otherwise we were severely reproached!  
 Our first day was spent at Adelaide  
 Yet away from home, we were not afraid!  
 We learnt how to put up our tents,  
 To do this you had to have lots of good sense.  
 Lake Hart was our destiny for Day 2  
 No showers, no bath, not even a loo  
 The next day we had our first glimpse of REAL sun  
 We knew this day was going to be fun.  
 Cooper Pedy was a dusty town,  
 Which caused lots of sneezing, along with a frown.  
 The night was spent in a concrete dugout,  
 We wouldn't live here, we were sure, without a doubt!  
 Day Three we arrived at Ayers Rock,  
 the size of it came as quite a shock.  
 We camped at Yulara, we were not alone  
 The Americans nearby caused us to groan  
 The next day Ayers Rock was there to climb.  
 Once at the top there was a book to sign.  
 Puffing and panting, we were up there at last,  
 None of us climbed it considerably fast.

Climbing down was more easily done,  
 Our skin turning brown in the burning sun.  
 That afternoon we had a ride in a plane  
 but those who chose the helicopter were much more game.  
 That night was spent at Yulara again  
 and some of us met some Yulara men  
 We walked through the Olgas the next afternoon  
 and we arrived back at Yulara fairly soon.  
 The Yulara Bush Dance was held that night  
 Many of us danced with lots of spirit!  
 The next day was spent at Kings Canyon Station,  
 After our walk there was time for relaxation.  
 That night was spent around the fire,  
 Dancing to "Time Warp" was our desire.  
 The next morning we went to Hendway Crater,  
 But the camels were ridden quite a bit later.  
 We arrived at Alice Springs Caravan Park,

and set up tents long before dark.  
 The next day was spent shopping, not much money, souvenirs were bought both strange and funny!  
 We then went to the flying doctor base,  
 which was found to be quite an interesting place.  
 We had a party to celebrate our last night,  
 We danced, played musical bobs and had a food fight.  
 We woke the next morning to get ready and packed,  
 Enthusiasm to leave, almost everyone lacked.  
 For lunch we went to the telegraph station,  
 and after jumped on the coach with much hesitation.  
 We arrived at the airport after noon,  
 We all knew we'd be in cold Melbourne soon.  
 We said goodbye to Doug, Kerrie and Delia, our two cooks,  
 Some happy to go, but others big sorks.  
 Once in the plane we were all very mad,  
 Thinking of home made us feel very sad.  
 Our holiday had finally come to an end,  
 and so we all said goodbye to each newly-made friend.  
 We've all gone our separate ways,  
 but we'll never forget the "Central Days."  
 We'd like to thank Mrs. T., Mr. T. and Miss Lawrence too,  
 because we all couldn't have had so much fun without you.  
 We hope next year's group has as much fun as us,  
 But remember, never call the coach a bus.

**Marion, Alex, Fleur and Nat**



*Making camp*



Miss Jelbart, Belinda Morris, Georgie McDonald



Outward Bound



Caroline Hewitt, Natalie Black, Danielle Cash.

## OUTWARD BOUND CAMP REPORT

On Saturday, 21st March, 1987 we left the Buchan, Orbst road and drive deep into the bush along Canoe Track to arrive finally at the Outward Bound Base Camp. Here began our day expedition through the unknown Snowy country. The group consisted of our year 10's 9 year 11's and one teacher. Our leader was Wayne Dyson and ex-physics teacher who had over four years experience with outward bound. A solitary bull ant caused great consternation during the initial briefing, but we soon became accustomed to such threats.

There were only three rules:

1. No smoking, alcohol or sweets — they all create a litter problem.
2. Try your hardest.
3. Offer your assistance to others.

Within the first hour, "bivvy" groups for sleeping, and cooking groups, had been organised. Soon we were hard at work selecting meals for the rafting expedition through the Tulloch Ard Gorge, waterproofing our spare gear in garbage bags, checking rafts for leaks and erecting bivvies for the first night.

6 to 8 bivvy cords, the odd paddle and a large sheet of plastic leave endless scope for architectural ingenuity.

We crawled into sleeping bags and slept soundly on plastic groundsheets. In fact, we snored blissfully through a 4.10 a.m. alarm. It was 5.10 before we rose, full of excitement to pack gear into the truck for the rough journey to Campbell's Knob.

Vivid memories come surging back of the first breakfast in the hills above the Snowy; the trip to the river laden with gear — packs, helmets, rafts, paddles, life jackets, lilos. Upon arrival,

there were introductory lessons in "bumming" down rapids (for those who fall out) and also refresher courses in cardio pulmonary resuscitation prefaced the launching of the rafts.

Memorable also were the wonderfully comfortable sandy campsites; the exercises at 5.30 a.m. around a dead campfire as the dawn mists rose from the river and our joints creaked; marvellous meals concocted with the minimum amount of sand; pancakes and johnny cakes cooked in the coals late at night. After two days hard paddling we ate anything and everything, even if it had suffered from a dunking.

Occasionally, in the quiet depths of the gorge, between rapids, we would see lizards or swans; once a fox came to drink as we glided past. The rock formations and the solitude were overwhelming at times, and contrasted with the noise, rush and excitement of the larger rapids. Imagine our ungainly leaps from rock to raft as we squeezed our craft through narrow passages only to be flung suddenly into the mainstream of white foams. "Wait for me" was often the plaintive cry from a stranded crew member who delayed her spring a fraction too long.

At one point we cleared a channel through the rapid by moving well over a hundred rocks to the side. It was satisfying to see the result of such a team effort. It was the strength of the team also that enabled us to portage the "A frame". Six of us were needed underneath the large raft, balancing precariously on the rocks as we manoeuvred our load up the cliff and around this spectacular rapid.

Beautiful minute blue flowers and stunning yellow ones were in bloom in the sand and the character of the terrain changed continually.

For many of us this section of the trip was the best of all.

It was with a real sense of achievement that we finally arrived at Jackson's Crossing, where we left the rafts and hiked to the ropes course. The weather was sunny and our spirits were high. It was wonderful to dry out thoroughly after the constant damp of the river, and bliss to have a base meal! Fresh lettuce and tomato in our sandwiches! Fruit!

All of us enjoyed the challenge of the ropes course that afternoon. It took considerable concentration to maintain one's balance on a taught rope with just one other rope, attached high up the tree for support.

It took a great deal of nerve to drop off a branch of a eucalypt 100 feet in the air and hang, with ropes around your wrists, to shoot down the flying fox. You had to trust your two catchers at the other end and you tried not to bowl them over like skittles.

Half the group went caving late that night; the rest went the following morning prior to a long day's hike to Rocky Knob where we spent the following morning rock climbing and abseiling. A number of intrepid mountain goats among the Ruyton team attempted the climb "suicide" with some success. The rest of us, with more moderate aspirations, met with success on "Slim Dusty," and Kojak." We were taught how to belay and call correctly, and sometimes talked a team member up a climb giving advice on toe and hand holds (or sometimes a push up to get someone started). Those who had completed the Year 9 contract on rock climbing at P.I.T. were at a considerable advantage.

Abseiling — how to describe the feeling of stepping over a cliff with a belt and caribena around your waist and a rope in your

hand? Soon we were bouncing down the cliff face as if we'd been at it all our lives.

Finally, we set out for Swindler's Knob, a two-day exercise in navigation with maps and compasses. At this stage, the girls, having been taught the necessary skills, were given no directions but expected to work together to plan a route across country to our destination.

After dinner on the final night we had a chance to reflect upon our 9 day adventure and we shared our thoughts.

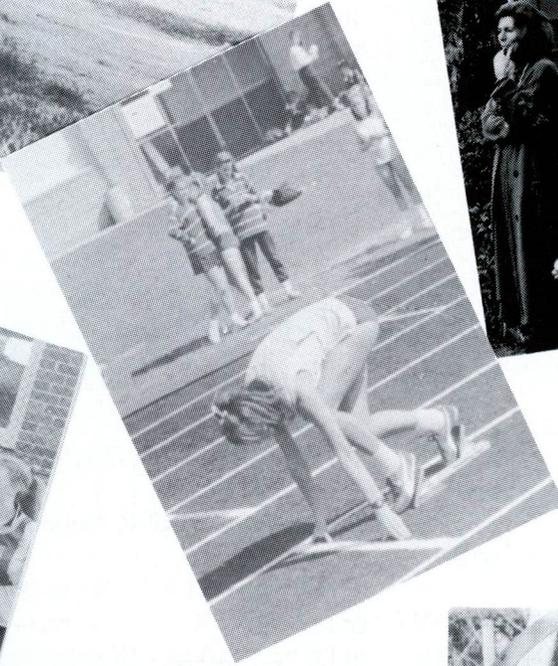
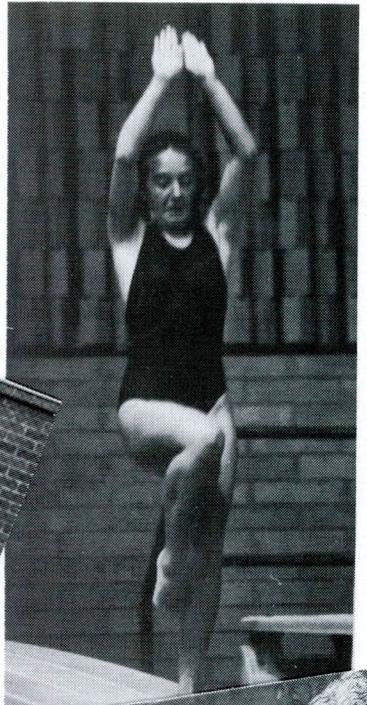
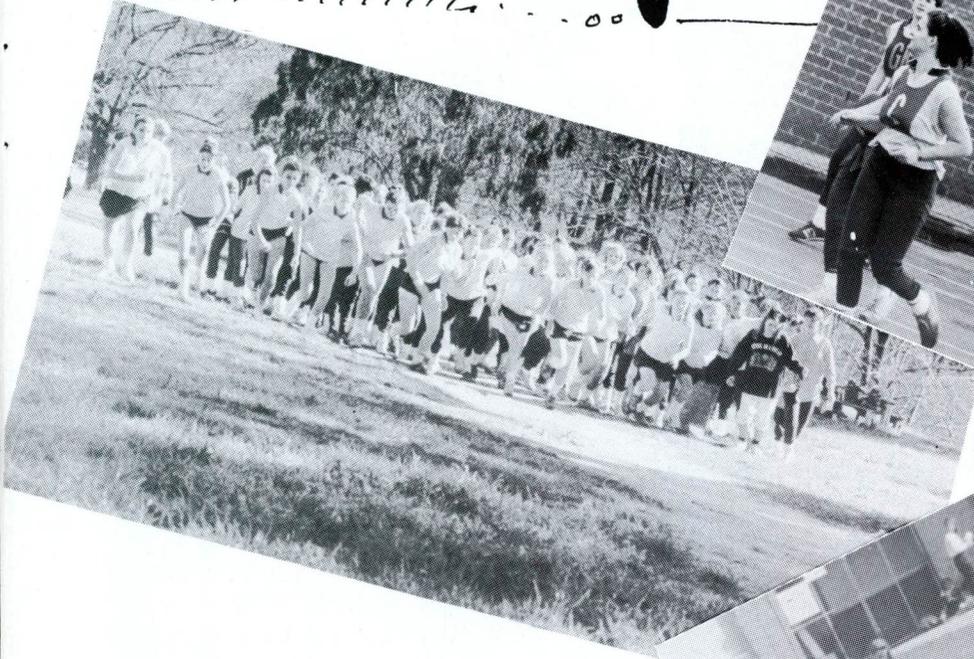
It was obvious that the course had provided opportunities for self-knowledge, for trust in and a better understanding of others, and it gave a new dimension to established friendships. Frequently the tremendous cooperation and spirit of humour was referred to. We came to realize that each of us had different strengths and weaknesses which came to the fore at differing stages of the expedition. Some were strong paddlers and withstood the cold when scouting, others were good organizers or capable of carrying heavier loads. Some had reserves of energy at the end of the day to put into cooking and camp comforts.

We had nothing but praise for our group leader, Wayne Dyson, who was an excellent motivator and teacher. He encouraged an atmosphere of group responsibility for decisions and seldom needed to give direct orders. Thorough safety precautions were enforced at all times and the occasional problems were handled with sensitivity and thoughtfulness.

**Jane Jelbart**



# Sports



## SPORTS' CAPTAIN SPEAKS OUT

Let's start at the very beginning  
On the very first day of school,  
We were happily told on Thursday:  
Friday morning, seven o'clock,  
Kew Pool.  
We certainly got straight into it  
With the house swim Bromby's claim,  
But for those training for the Inter-school  
The mornings showed us who was game!  
It proved to be well worth the effort  
When in Ruyton swam at fifth,  
That's right girls, we didn't come last  
Because we Ruyton girls don't quit!  
We moved on with baseball and tennis  
In which Ruyton did pretty well;  
The senior house matches were Anderson's  
When I'm sure they all gave a yell.  
Meanwhile we had inter-cricket  
Where, once again, Ruyton showed style;  
There was also Aths training in progress  
And it was Bromby's turn to smile.  
The inter-school comp. was competitive  
But Ruyton did not give up  
Their fourth place was a thing to be proud of,  
And their joy "overfloweth-ed" their cup!  
Basketball was also swinging  
As the girls put up a great fight,  
Coming runners up in the finals  
Showed all the team's great might.  
Cross country was also evident  
With some very impressive runs,  
Bromby had another win  
But everyone had the fun.  
The interschool run was terrific



Sports Captain — Helen Bainbridge

Especially with Ruyton's third place;  
There was some stylish running  
And we set a heart-stopping pace!  
Next we had the House marching  
With only some limited time  
Lascelles took the honours  
With their straighter than straight lines.  
The Junior House matches followed  
In which hockey and netball were played  
Bromby proved to be the winners  
But still the sport didn't fade.  
The Seniors championships were held  
With some champion tennis shots.  
The rallies were mean and hard

Of good sets, there were a lot.  
Drawing towards the end of the year  
We had inter-baseball and wickets.  
It's been a fantastic year  
And I've thoroughly enjoyed my time;  
Many thanks to the P.E. staff  
Who have kept me toeing the line!  
Good luck to next year's sports captains,  
As I'm sure that she will see  
That being the captain of sport  
Is a great position to be.  
So keep up the good work girls  
I give you all a cheer  
Remember: sport is life  
And I'll be back to check on you next year!

Helen Bainbridge, 12



# ATHLETICS



Sally Driscoll

The House Athletics Sports, held at Hagenauer's Reserve, Box Hill, proved to be a most successful event this year. Every conceivable muscle was called upon to provide maximum input as girls proved that participation, not winning, was the key aspect of the day.

After a short break, Ruyton athletes entered into Term 2 with remarkable dedication and enthusiasm for their training, led by coach Fred Lester. This definitely paid off when the big day of the Combined Athletics Sports arrived. Luckily for us, Olympic Park is an all weather track, and Ruyton athletes proved to be 'all-weather girls' as we ran, threw and jumped our way through the pouring rain and hail, on one of the worst winter days imaginable.

The final results saw Ruyton come in a commendable 4th, behind Korowa, St. Caths and Lauriston. We had a clear lead over Tintern and Fintona. In the Junior section, Ruyton was placed 5th; in the Inters, 6th, and in the Seniors we came 2nd. There were a number of

outstanding performances by the following individuals in both 1st and 2nd division races:— M. Beese, S. Driscoll, J. Fulton, N. McDonald, C. Mitchell-Taverner, A. Goodsall, B. Morris and G. Strickland. In the team events Ruyton also managed to shine with an impressive 2nd in the Senior Wheel Relay; 3rd in the Inter Wheel Relay and two 2nds in the year 11 and Year 12 4 x 100m relays.

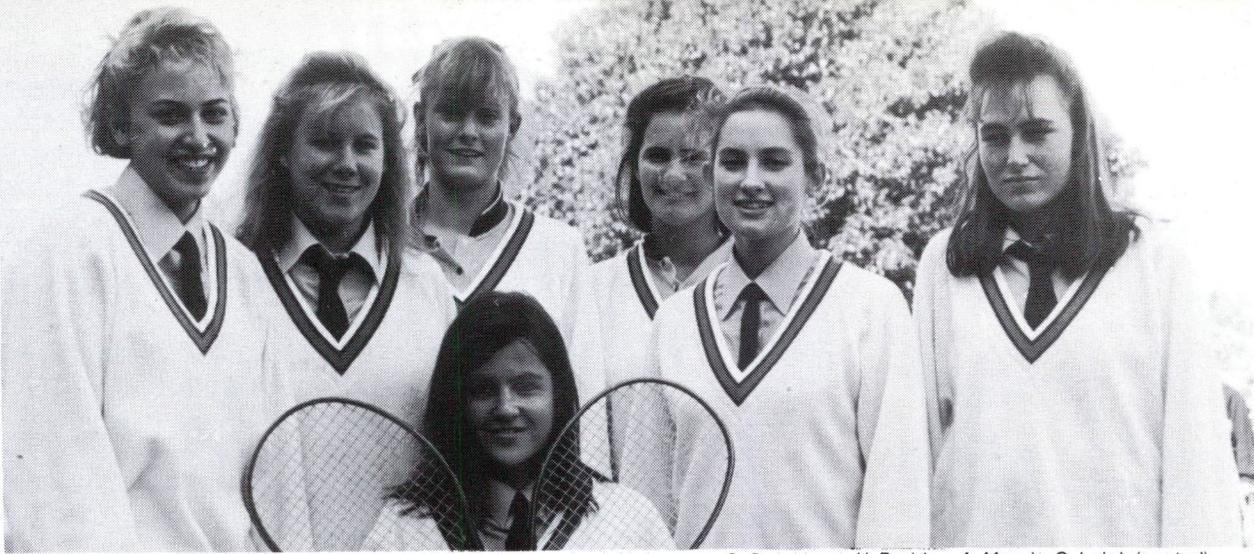
Team spirit was also one of our notable firsts. Ruyton reigned supreme in this aspect with the following song —  
"S-U-C-C-E-S-S  
That's the way we spell success  
Ruyton athletes are the best  
We'll prove it, prove it, prove it."

Of course special thanks must go to Miss Purdy, Miss Beggs, Miss Walters, Miss Lawrence, Mr Summerton and Fred Lester for their continued involvement and interest. Well done to all girls who competed, and good luck to future Ruyton teams.

Sam Llewellyn



Jacki Athorne



*C. Sefton, A. Sproule, J. McLennan, G. Strickland, H. Radden, A. Moody, C. Leigh (seated)*

## TENNIS

As usual, the Ruyton Senior A and B tennis teams were extremely successful. The fact that there were 8 pairs as well as many emergencies was indicative of the enthusiasm displayed this year for tennis. This enthusiasm, when combined with the natural Ruyton talent, irrepressible team spirit, and encouraging coach were the recipe for an excellent performance in a somewhat shorter season, due to the four Term year.

The hard work and numerous early morning practices paid off as the team won all its Association matches except one. Ruyton convincingly defeated almost all of her old rivals

such as Korowa, Fintona and Lauriston, however unfortunately lost to St. Catherine's in a very tight match. The A team also participated in the annual Round-Robin, this year played at the new Camberwell Tennis Centre and acquitted itself very well, gaining second place in its division.

Of course, a big thank you must go to Miss Walters whose continuous enthusiasm, patience and occasionally lollies, were greatly appreciated. Thanks to everyone who participated for a fun season and good luck to next year's team; keep up the high standard.

**Caroline Leigh (Captain)**

## BASEBALL

This year Ruyton Senior Baseball teams had a very successful season. The A team won three out of their five matches and the B team won two out of their three matches.

The Senior A team also participated in a Round-Robin at Fintona where they won the diamond throw competition and came third in the overall competition. Congratulations to all those girls who participated.

The Inter and Junior Baseball teams must also be highly commended on their performances where they too, had some outstanding results.

Congratulations should also go to Liz

Mansell-Butler who so successfully captained the Senior B team

Most importantly thanks to the coaches Miss Beggs and Miss Lawrence for making baseball this year so successful.

Note: The key to success of the A team included classic catches by Helen Bainbridge, Belinda Sheehan and Lisa Hagger; home runs by Narj McDonald (unfortunately the portables stopped Narj from hitting Selbourne Road); infield catches and dives by Julietto Yeo and Jenny Slater; stretching and lunging exercises performed by Jo Nairn on first base and fast accurate pitching by Claire Mitchell-Taverner.

**Em Nancarrow, 11**



*Back: B. Sheehan, H. Bainbridge, M. Holdsworth, J. Nairn.  
Front: L. Hagger, N. McDonald, E. Nancarrow.*

## NETBALL

Winter's presence was certainly felt at the beginning of the netball season. However, despite the 8.00 am moans and groans, a great team spirit was roused every Thursday morning by Miss Purdy.

The season began exceptionally well and more or less continued as the season progressed. The overall success, being a majority of wins over losses, can be put down to the emergence of a rare, new talent this year showing a greater determination to win and — yes — perhaps even a touch of arrogance! The talent was highlighted in both Senior A and B teams, with the A's proving most victorious. Hopefully future teams will exhibit a similar will to win and success will not be far away.

Thanks are due to Miss Purdy (the morning enthusiast and Mrs. Goodsall for her continued support and umpiring skills.

**Georgia Strickland (Captain)**



*Kym Purdy at morning training*



*Back: B. Sheehan, K. Godson, A. Martiensen, J. McLennan  
Middle: M. Harrison, G. Strickland, A. Goodsall  
Front: C. Angwin*



*L-R J. Nairn, A. Lucas, H. Bainbridge, E. Nancarrow,  
S. Willson, L. Monsell-Butler, A. Barrack, S. Derham,  
C. Cody, B. Morris.*

## HOCKEY

Inter hockey started off in force at the beginning of Term 3 with a total of six inter matches being played. We drew 2, lost 3 and our B's lost 1, however this didn't dampen our enthusiasm. Some of us gained valuably from playing senior B matches and our overall standard rose considerably.

Special thanks must go to Ms. Walters for her encouragement in coaching and to Miss Lawrence who also helped with umpiring and transporting us in the mini buses.

**Alex Cooper, 10**

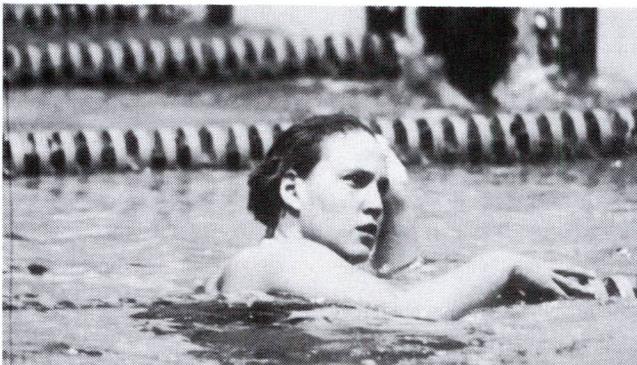
## SWIMMING

Yet again, the Ruyton Girls braved the freezing waters at Kew Pool. The girls were reluctant at first but soon got into the "swim of things". John Olsen, our faithful coach, along with the P.E. staff, coaxed us to swim our laps in the ice cold waters. The girls trained really hard and good results were apparent in the House Swimming Sports at the State Swim Centre. Bromby house was the eventual victor winning by a good margin, next came Daniell, Lascelles and Anderson. The best performers were selected for the inter-school team and training began early the next Monday morning. Ruyton was able to use Trinity's pool as well as the Kew pool.

By Thursday 5th of March the Ruyton girls were ready for the big event. All girls swam to the best of their ability and Ruyton gained a few victories and we came fifth overall. The highlight of the night was our cheering; we may be a small school but we made the most noise. The night swim meet was a huge success although we wished we had more spectators.

In finishing I wish to thank John Olsen, Ms. Purdy, Ms. Beggs and Ms. Walters for their support and dedication to the team. It would not have been possible without them. Well, good luck to the swim team next year and let's hope to see more improvements.

**Kerry Godson, 12  
Swimming Captain**



*Kerry Godson*

## CROSS COUNTRY

The Ruyton girls all looked the part as they approached the starting line for just one of the season's big races. We wore our nervous expressions as we huddled together to shelter one another from the gale force winds and the pouring rain. This was cross country 1987.

Some of the events entered were the Sussan women's 10km classic, the St. John's Cross Country, the A.P.S. interschool meet at the Tan track where Ruyton came 4th overall, the A.P.S. Yarra Bend Race in which Ruyton came 6th, the V.A.A. Road Relay Championships where our U/15 team was placed 12th and U/17 team 8th,

and Burke Hall 8km Fun Run in which our U/18 team came 1st. The majority of these events took place on the weekends which shows the enthusiasm of the girls who participated.



*"Ready... Set..."*

In the State Cross Country, held at Westerfold's Park, Ruyton's U/15 team gained a third place. Sally Driscoll came a commendable 8th in this age group and then went on, along with myself, to compete in the Australian Cross Country Championships held in Sydney in July.

Our House cross country event, held at Studley Park, provided a good opportunity for everyone to compete. This year all the girls were able to remain and watch the other races which encouraged a lot more House spirit. After this our inter-school team went on to compete against five other schools at Wattle Park. Fuelled with our carbohydrates and water, the determination of Ruyton girls was evident as we ploughed up and down the steep hills and through the rugged terrain to gain 5th place in the Junior, 2nd in the Intermediate, and 3rd in the Senior divisions.

The following outstanding performances should be noted: Juniors — Sarah Hewitt 6th, Alice Mitchell-Taverner 14th; Intermediate — Sally Driscoll 3rd, Marion Dix 6th, Catriona McDonald 7th; Seniors — Sam Llewellyn 1st, Melinda Harrison 11th and Jenny Backhouse 12th. With dedication and determination we gained 3rd place overall. A number of the girls were seen that night on the Channel Nine news.

A special thank you must go to Miss Lawrence for all her support and also to the devoted supporters we have in Ruyton's cross country Mums — our consistent cheer squad. Congratulations to all the girls for their remarkable efforts throughout the season and good luck to next year's runners.

**Sam Llewellyn, 11**



T. Thornton, J. Nicholls, J. Howard, M. Stobart, J. Troup, J. Rantwell, S. Lawrence



Carol Johnston alias Dawn



K. Gurney, M. Willis, C. Curran,  
S. Whitehead, G. Kennedy



S. James, Z. McCallum, K. Reinke,  
P. O'Connell, S. Gamble, J. Blain, L. Waldron

## HISTORY WEEK 1987

The week began for me, as everybody, panicking over their History essay about their mother, grandmother and themselves. During our English and History lessons, we coloured in Medieval pictures which Mrs. Gillies viewed. Mrs. Collopy was busy organizing costumes, making sure every aspect of Medieval Life was covered. On the day everyone was dressed superbly, as our classroom was transformed back one thousand years. Then we all traipsed over to the hall, very embarrassed! Some of us, including me, were dragged on stage. There were nuns, jesters, knights, ladies, peasants, people with the Black Death, and King Arthur. But I think Mrs. Johnston topped us all by being the Dawn of Civilisation!

**Bridget A. Langley, 8**

## MYSELF, MY MOTHER, MY GRANDMOTHER

The mark of the 20th Century is rapid change. The vast difference between the lives of myself, my mother and my grandmother clearly demonstrates the intensity of changing ideology and lifestyle in this century.

My grandmother was born in the early part of this century in an Indian village of East Bengal. Her father was a wealthy business man. They lived in a three-storey brick home with huge rooms and marble floors. Traces of Muslim architecture showed in the domes and arched windows.

Though wealthy, their lifestyle wasn't lavish. They had no electricity, sanitation, clay oven or toilet facilities. They had servants, but my grandmother learned how to cook and clean in preparation for marriage. The average age for marriages which were parentally arranged was fourteen. My grandmother married at fifteen, causing great distress and anxiety to her family. The three "R's" were the maximum level of education she had access to.

My grandmother's status symbol lay in girls' attire: embroidered saris and jewellery. Hair was worn either long in a single plait or in a bun, and eyeliner was her only cosmetic. She was brought up an extremely religious Hindu. For her, a good marriage was the ultimate goal as was being a good wife and mother.

My mother was one of eight children born in a West Bengal tea plantation in the mid 40's. Her home was brick and wooden built with electricity, running water, glass windows and proper sanitation.

Unlike my grandmother, my mother was able to go to University to pursue her studies, without encountering sexism. Until fifteen, saris weren't compulsory, dresses were worn. Mother was able to cut short her hair and abstain from using hair oil (which she hated). Such freedom was denied my grandmother.

Before Independence, the Europeans (who owned the plantation) influenced the peasants to turn against the Indian middle-class. Mother's family escaped the massacre and looting that followed and fled to another village.

The British Raj had no effect on my grandmother's childhood but changed the life of my mother. Girls' positions improved, more doors opened, careers and education were available, but marriage was still important.

My mother's marriage wasn't arranged, neither was there a dowry, but my grandmother's family paid a huge dowry of gold and silver and clothing. Religion wasn't as vital

to mother's generation as before, but if she'd married a Muslim, her family would reject her. My mother chose to have only one child, an option unavailable to her mother.

I was born 12,000 km away from the birth-place of my mother in an entirely different world: England of the early 70's — just missing man landing of the moon.

My lifestyle is light years away from my mother's or my grandmother's. I enjoy all the mod-cons, refrigerators, carpets, microwaves and audio-visual equipment. Cars, watches, running hot water, electricity and ducted heating are considered essential. My chores are few, restricted to doing the dishes or tidying my room.

My parents and I have travelled extensively: England, India, Oman, Australia, Egypt, Cyprus and France. When young, my grandmother and mother had no chance to travel. Education today is of a high standard, incorporating computers, sports and extra curricular activities.

There are also many types of entertainment open to me; parties, discos, concerts and films. My mother liked the theatre, fairs, circuses and films, whereas my grandmother enjoyed the annual pantomime.

Like my mother, I am not religious, though where she feels close to Hinduism, I favour Christianity.

Today's expectations are closely related to education — both boys and girls compete on equal terms. If I'm capable, all the doors of education are open to me. At University, I hope to do Sciences, unthinkable for grandmother and different for mother (whose only option was humanities).

I don't consider marriage the ultimate and don't expect a dowry!

Freedom to voice opinions is my right — hard fought for by my mother. My grandmother accepts the world of restrictions she was born into. My mother's world was in limbo between restriction and self-expression and mine is one of opportunity.

Over the period of 72 years, society and its ideals have changed so dramatically that it's hard to believe we're all born in the same century.

**Mona Maity, 10**

# Music

## DA-DA-DA-DUM ..... THE MUSIC REPORT

Music got off with a great start this year. All those enthusiastic girls turned up on the first day at 8.00 am. to greet the Music Staff with big happy smiles ... but alas those smiles turned into inquisitive looks ... Who was that man? It was, of course, Mr. Richard Gerner, who had taken the place of Mr. Maxwell, while he was on long service leave.

The looks of surprise left our faces and we settled down to our blowing, banging and bowing. First term flew by and it was such a short term. Those, not only found time to astound you with their brilliance of the first and last day, but also entertained you throughout the middle weeks.

I would like to take a pause and thank Mr. Gerner for his efforts while at Ruyton.

The Easter break went all too fast — not even enough time to catch up on the soapies — and those industrious musicians set out on their three B's again.

This term was to feature the Annual Church Service at Holy Trinity, Kew. Here the Arcangelo Orchestra performed the Royal Fireworks

by Handel, the Henty Choir and Arcangelo Orchestra sang and played Non Nobis, and finally, the Henty Orchestra and Henty Choir led the congregation in singing a hearty version of the hymns. Also popped into this short and busy term (all the terms seem so short now) was a small, but successful F.O.R.M.A. recital. The room was crowded, the girls were very clever and entertaining and the supper was also pretty good. Second term just flew by and we were headed for the BIG third term — practices galore, a camp and the concert.

On Friday the 21st August, musicians moved to M.L.C. temporarily — to perform in their Annual Concert. "An Evening with Haydn" was magnificent. Haydn would have jumped for joy — if he were alive — but instead the parents did! With "That's Entertainment" (Hollywood had come to Ruyton), Symphonie No 104 by Haydn, Bright Eyes (my parents wanted an encore), Ladybird, the very fast March from Carmen, Superstar Rock, the Wind Quintet, the Baroque Ensemble, the String Quartet, the Sax Group, the Flute Group, the Pink Panthers (i.e. the Clarinet Group) ... um who else was there ... and everyone else, it was a great evening and all should be

congratulated for their efforts.

The last event for the year shall be Speech Night, and preparations are underway. 1987 has been a fulfilling year and for this the musicians need to thank many people. Firstly, I would like to thank the visiting Music Staff for getting the girls practised and ready. Secondly, I think Miss Watson, Mr. Badger, Miss Mitchell and Mrs. Levin deserve our congratulations for their fine efforts. Finally, I would like to thank those three dedicated people in the Music Office — Mrs. Usher who has worked extremely hard at keeping everything organized and calm. Secondly Mr. Summerton has been in perpetual motion since he entered the office on the first morning of 1987. He has worked with ceaseless effort and this is appreciated by all, (especially the Sax Group). And last, but not least, Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell came back from a term off and set straight back to work. His efforts for the concert were remarkable and he already has his sights set on a star-studded Speech Night. I think all the girls would like to thank you for your efforts and the opportunities you offer us.

I hope 1988 turns out to be a great year — and, I'll send you a postcard from the U.S. of A.

Alex Davis, 12



Miles Maxwell and students



Alex Davis



Anna Hill



Lisa Mitchell and David Summerton

## LET US ASSEMBLE

There is a rush for lockers, bags are dumped and a final scramble out of South House across the wet lawn, to arrive puffed, but on time, outside the study.

The time is exactly 8.15 on Thursday morning and the Assembly Committee is about to begin its usual meeting. The fire is lit, and so we defrost ourselves, while Caroline, our tea lady, Alex or even Cathy go to fetch the cups of tea which have to sustain us until recess.



When Mr. Summerton rushes in, the committee is able to settle down, organizing assemblies with hymns, music, speakers, plays and readings.

Thursday morning which Mrs. Gillies, Mr. Summerton, Cathy, Helen, Fiona Cowie, Alex David, Pauline Taylor, Anna Hill, Caroline Leigh and myself follow during our meetings.

I have found, as Chairman of the Assembly Committee, that this position has been challenging and rewarding throughout the year. I would like to thank all of the committee members for their support and ideas, and also to wish the best of luck to next year's committee, which, I am sure will be able to continue producing successful assemblies.

**Verity Harris, 12**





# Around Ruyton

## Tuckshop Addict

As usual, I was walking past the tuckie on my way to the locker room, when all of a sudden I was again struck with an irresistible urge to eat something fattening. Of their own accord, my fingers began reaching into the pocket of my skirt to search for some money.

Oh no! I had forgotten to raid the kitty on my way to school, so all I found were a couple of 2c pieces. My face fell. Two licorice sticks were not enough to sustain an energetic year 10 girl like me.

My mind began ticking over. I know, I could borrow from somebody! So around I went to my so called friends to see if any could lend me some money for the tuckie. For some strange reason, everybody seemed to be catching the tram home or making an urgent phone call to their mothers. Some friends, I tell you.

Then I thought of going to the office to borrow some money. But I realized that I hadn't paid back the \$2.50 that I had borrowed last week. It wouldn't be appreciated if I tried to borrow some more, so that idea went down the drain. I was becoming desperate! I even resorted to scrounging from the 7's, 8's and 9's but they just flatly refused to lend anything at all. I had a problem. If I didn't get some tuckie food into me soon, I would probably end up assaulting a teacher out of sheer hunger. Tuckshop withdrawal symptoms were setting in.

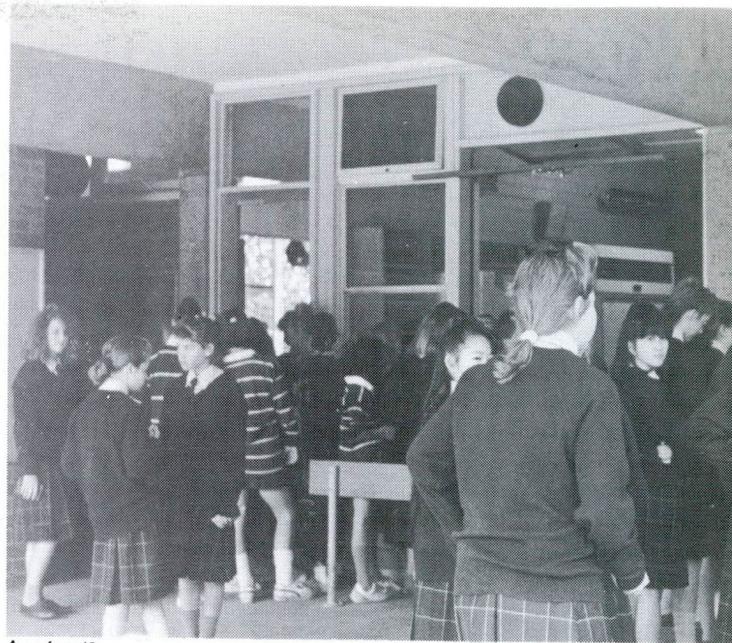
After my many futile attempts at borrowing some money, I finally became resigned to the fact that I was going to have to leave the tuckie empty handed. I stomped back to the locker room, glaring and making everyone feel guilty for not lending me anything. My poor stomach growled when anyone came near. I threw my blazer, in anger, onto my schoolbag. My day was ruined.

To my utter amazement, out rolled a \$1 coin onto the floor! In my haste to pick it up, I tripped over my own feet and went crashing to the ground. But that didn't stop me! Picking myself up, I dashed out of the locker room and down the stairs. I would now be able to satisfy my craving for tuckie food!

I arrived at the tuckie, panting and out of breath. I was going to buy some salt and vinegar ruffles, a honey log and some b-b-q shapes! Food glorious food!

But once again, disaster struck. The tuckie was closed.

Katie O'Bryan, 10



Any food?

## DEBATING



Jenny Slater, Gill McQuade, Fiona West

## COMPUTING



Can it speak?

# Work Experience

## A Week At IBM

I found it rather amusing, that on Monday morning at 7am I was no longer looking at a wide-eyed school girl, preparing for another tortuous week at school, but a mystified young woman about to depart from the known, dependable present into the unknown future.

From the time I left secure walls, to the moment I set foot inside the front door of my work place, IBM, I found myself in no real world at all. I drifted, in my mind's eye, from the interview I had to attend when I arrived, my presence now and how I would be accepted, and finally to the programming codes and reserved words that I had so meticulously studied, hour after hour. I could not have told you much of what was happening about me, except that there seemed to be some sort of game, similar to charades, occurring: workers hiding behind their papers or glasses, trying to be over-looked, while others tried to judge them and what their purpose was in life.

I knew, however, when I walked in that the eyes of the world were upon me. I took a deep breath and strolled up to reception. I stated my name and my purpose and after a short wait, my senior, whom I was to loyally serve, arrived to greet me. A most lively young woman she was, not a hair out of place, but quite relaxed.

I received my security pass that enabled me to actually leave the ground level and enter certain security areas which included the 4th floor, General Marketing Centre, where I was to be stationed.

I soon learned that the lady I had met, Carolyn Parlantti, was not my advisor. She was Christine Christian, a quietly spoken person with a dignified air, aged about 24, who was my guide. She took me aside, offered me a cup of coffee, which I politely accepted (though truthfully it did little more than choke me).

She explained all about IBM and the role I would play (like an extra cog in a wheel, that would add to the smooth running of the business). Miss Christian paid very special attention to me, as an individual, my interests and what I knew, so that they could be partially catered for. I began to relax and felt much more at home.

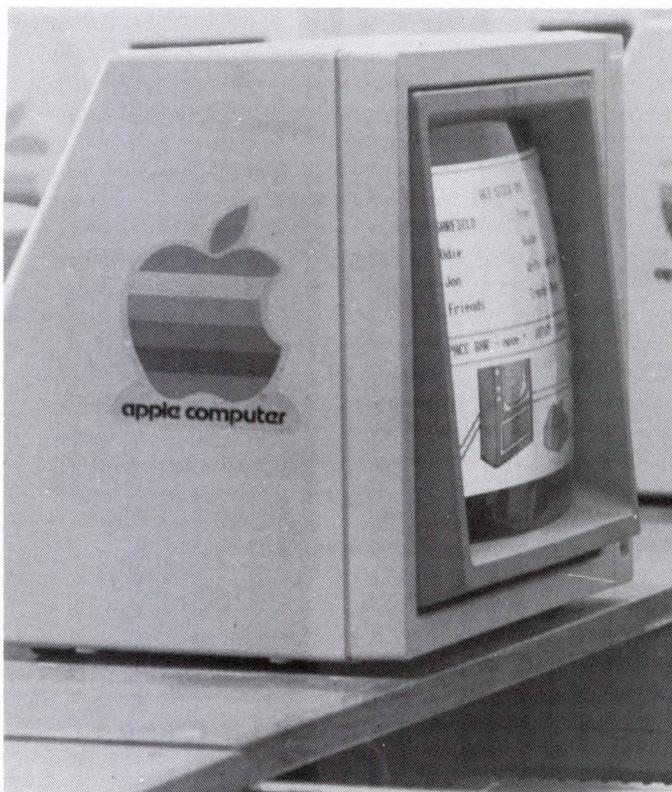
In good time, I met my colleagues, those on whom I would rely. They came from different cultures and different environments which indicated to me that no matter the creed or colour of an individual or group of individuals, people could work together as a team, if they tried.

Very quickly I became absorbed in the work and the many responsibilities placed upon me I felt schizophrenic in a sense; my two lives, school and now the office. I was two very different people, according to the environment. At school, I was someone who looked at her watch about 10 minutes before the lesson was scheduled to end and whose mind wandered into a fantastic world where good merged with bad, a mystery became an understood reality. At the work place, I was one totally submerged in her work, never stopping to look at the watch and on the rare occasion in doing so wishing time would cease. I was never bored and my mind filled only with the pleasure of work and the satisfaction of a job well done.

By Friday, I had become part of a team, a cog that fitted perfectly into the insides of a machine. I was sad. People expressed their disappointment that I wasn't staying another week and strangers who entered the department thought me one of the staff.

Work had shown me a great deal about life, relationships in the sense of team effort and cooperation; personal satisfaction gained after doing something worthwhile; determination needed to keep going during a laborious job; and the love of being so involved in something that nothing else mattered and pressing problems were forgotten. This love became clear to me when I totally forgot about the pay cheque at the end of the week.

Julie Blair, 10



# Commerce

## COMMERCE FACULTY

1987 has been a particularly busy one for the Commerce Faculty with a variety of Curriculum innovations being introduced. Australian Politics and Society became part of the core curriculum at years 10 and 11. This proved to be fortuitous timing in light of the Federal election and political issues have been hotly disputed in class and at lunchtime as a result. All year 10 APS students visited State parliament in Term 3 and a number were appalled at the chaos which reigned during question time in the lower house. Nevertheless the growing awareness by the girls of their political rights and responsibilities has been a most pleasing aspect of the Commerce year.

The year 9 Commerce students developed a knowledge of themselves as consumers and enjoyed the speaker who came to tell them about shop security and the law. The students responded with maturity to the change in teaching staff and completed the course at a most satisfactory standard.

Legal studies saw the introduction of many new and exciting innovations this year, however, one of the highlights would have been the visit to Canberra in Term two. Legal studies and Economics students embarked on this one day excursion which gave them the opportunity to see a family law case being heard in the High Court by five of the seven High Court Judges. In the afternoon the question time in Federal Parliament lived up to its reputation of being noisy, unruly and full of action particularly as it was the eve of the May mini-budget.

Court visits were undertaken by both the Year 11 and 12 classes. Year 11 visited the County Court where a police expert on forged signatures gave evidence for one hour. He presented diagrams and a variety of specimens for detailed comparisons. Year 12 students visited the Melbourne Magistrates court where people on remand pleaded for bail. The cold reality of seeing the results of drivers convicted of speeding offences had a sobering effect on the girls. However it is visits such as these that make class work more meaningful and encourage further learning.

The year eleven Economics classes were filled with bright personalities who were able to discuss issues with candour and improving insight and analysis. Indeed their grasp of economic affairs was impressive by Term four. Throughout the year students gave 'This was the week that was' talks on current economic events which proved useful in increasing the class awareness of the importance of economics in their daily lives and, most importantly, encourage the students to read the newspapers on a regular basis.

The Stockmarket game was played with enthusiasm albeit with varying degrees of success. In a generally rising market some would-be millionaires managed to lose thousands of dollars! However it was universally agreed that the spectacular losses of the syndicate demonstrated an unprecedented run of bad luck.

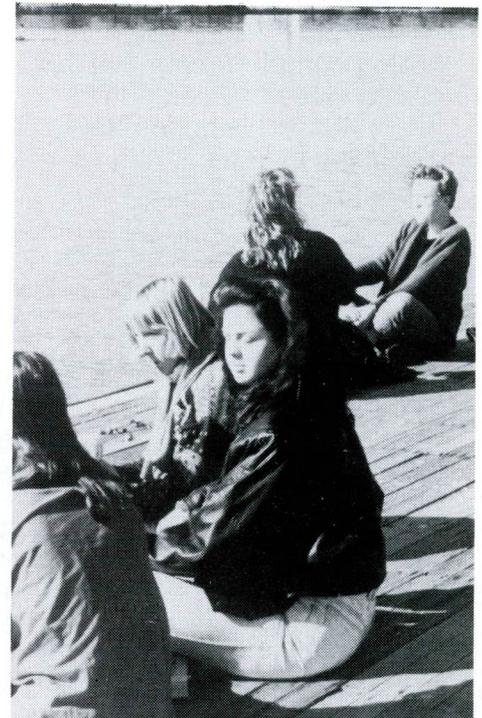
Names such as Friedman, Galbraith, Marx and Keynes became second nature to the students as did the mysteries of the market mechanisms. Nevertheless the areas of

unemployment, inflation and taxation seemed to be the ones which the students found to be the most interesting.

The year 12 Economics class worked steadily throughout the year. Mr John Halfpenny presented the case for trade unions in term 2 and generated much heated debate. Sir Arvi Parbo presented a different point of view when he took an Economics class in Term 4. Both speakers broadened the students' outlook and corrected some misconceptions. Students were able to gain an early insight into the end of the year exam when they attended a lecture given by the chief examiner in Economics, Dr. G. Richards, in Term three.

Undoubtedly the year has been a most enjoyable one for Commerce staff. Our students have responded in an active and interested manner which makes our task both stimulating and rewarding. We look forward to an equally successful 1988.

Carol Johnston  
Yvonne Panagacos



# Farewells

Mrs. Beryl Gillies retired in November after 12½ years of faithful service to Ruyton.

Her warm presence in the Accounts Department and more latterly at Reception will be missed. A good friend to us all, we wish her a very happy retirement with her husband, John.

## KATHY LOADS COUNTS

Her association with Ruyton spans 17 years and in her love of the School and its values, she has given generously of her time and expertise and in various ways made a contribution to the School which counts enormously.

To begin with she taught Maths — pure and simple.

She has a fine intellect and within the maths department has proved a valuable resource for all the more difficult problems.

After a few years she developed an interest in sets and started counting other things; sets of nappies, sets of baby teeth, hair ribbons, lego.

Finally her passion for counting led her back to Ruyton to count sets of girls in various subjects and juggle them into position on the timetable.

She completed her Dip. Ed. and towards the end of this year returned unaccountably disguised as a student and very nervous. It was obvious however that she could count and did so the following year she took up a full time position.

Since then we have counted upon her to teach maths to a huge number of girls and they have certainly appreciated her dedication, skill and sense of humour. She gives generously of her time for individual students. She has set high standards and encouraged students to aim high. They will miss her enormously.

Page 58

As a Year 12 Form Teacher she has worked long hours organizing school dances and writing references etc. Kathy has quietly given help and encouragement in numerous ways to me and many others and she seems to know when we need it most — which after all is what counts.

Kathy we will miss your cheerful laughter and positive approach and wish you every success and happiness in your new venture.

Jane Jelbart

## SUE LAWRENCE

It is with regret that we say goodbye to Sue Lawrence this year as she has gained a place at the Lincoln Institute to study Physiotherapy.

Sue joined the staff at Ruyton in September, 1986, to teach Maths. She displayed an immense capacity for hard work and quickly acquired valuable skills in computing. This year she has taught Maths, Science and Physical Education and has offered a wide variety of interesting contracts in the Activities programme. She has always set a high standard for herself and demanded it of others, (except for a certain weakness for chocolate!).

Girls who elected for the bike-riding camp during Activities week appreciated her organizational skills and no doubt found her youthful exuberance infectious. Her contribution to Year 8 extension units was invaluable, and she has given generously of her time to the extra-curricular and camping programmes.

Sue's enthusiasm and versatility must surely have been an inspiration to her students. She will be sadly missed by friends and colleagues on the staff. It is with sincere thanks that we bid her farewell and wish her every success in her future career.

Jane Jelbart

## CAROL JOHNSTON

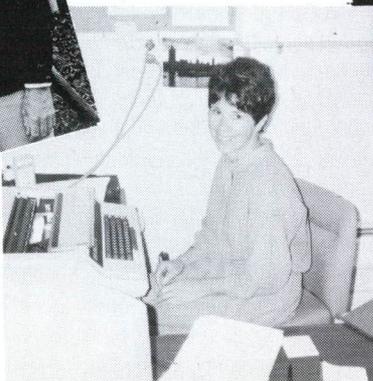
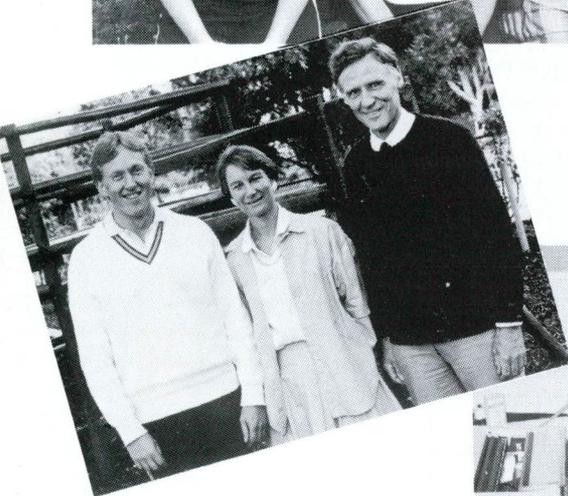
Who could forget the delightful 'Dawn of Civilisation' who so gracefully padded and stomped her way around Ruyton on that fancy dress day of History Week in 1987? While it is precisely this image of herself which the inimitable Mrs. Carol Johnston would probably like us to forget, we cannot. For it is this kind of creativity which has so distinctly made her a treasured member of staff at Ruyton Girls' School.

In the short space of time she has been at Ruyton, Carol's involvement in the life of the School has been multifarious and unflagging. She devoted herself to the institutionalisation of the year 8 Gifted and Talented Children's Programme, implemented and developed the Year 10 and 11 Politics course, co-ordinated Commerce and taught a variety of subjects including Commerce, Economics, Geography and Asian History. This year's production 'Wizard of Oz', would have been diminished without the hard work of Carol and her husband Phil.

It was not without foresight that Carol was selected this year to deliver the Valedictory Speech to the Year 12 students. It is perhaps in this area that her greatest talents lie. Carol's natural eloquence, her charm and sharp wit, combined to ensure a hilarious and relevant memento for the Year 12 girls.

Carol, we will miss your humour. Your desire for the pursuit of excellence and your vision for the future of education at Ruyton have left their mark. We wish you every success and happiness in your new position as teacher of Economics and Legal Studies at P.L.C. in 1988.

Julie Howard



# Ruyton Staff

## PRINCIPAL

Principal — Mrs. P.E. Gillies, B.A., M.Ed. (Admin.), M.A.C.E.

## SENIOR STAFF

Deputy Principal — Mrs. S. barrah, B.A. (Melb.), Dip.Ed. (Melb.), M.A.C.E

Head of Junior School — Mrs. H.E. Oates, Cert.Ed. (A.T.T.I.) Ad.Cert.Ed. (A.T.T.I.) Ad.Dip.Teach. (A.T.T.I.)  
Director of Studies — Mrs. M. Seaton, B.Sc (Melb.), Dip.Ed. (Melb.)

Senior Teacher — Mrs. J. Klotz, B.Sc. (Witwatersrand), Dip. Ed. (Jnbg.), T.T.H.D. (Transvaal) M.A.C.E.  
Senior Teacher — Mrs. E. Strugnell, B.A. (Monash) Dip.Teach. (A.T.T.I.) M.Ed. (Melb.) M.A.C.E.

## COUNCIL

Chairman — Mr. J. Bate  
Treasurer — Mr. C. Bennett  
Secretary — Mr. J. Rennie  
Mrs. M. Blyth  
Mrs. E. Dougall-Harold  
Mr. P. Davies  
Mr. D. Ferguson  
Mr. J. Hartigan  
Mrs. W. Hewitt  
Mr. A. MacNab  
Mr. J. Menzies  
Mrs. J. Nairn  
Mrs. L. Purdy  
Mr. R. Slater  
Mr. J. Strickland  
Mr. M. Ware

## JUNIOR SCHOOL

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 (P.E.) (S.C.V. Burw.)  
Mrs. D.M. Harris T.C. T.I.T.C. (S.C.V. Toorak)  
Miss T. Harris T.C. (S.A.) I.T.C. (S.A.)  
Dip. Teach B.E. (S.C.V. Burw.) B.Ed.  
Mrs. E. Hrouda — Art Craft, Dip.Teach.Prim. (S.C.V. Burw.) B.Ed. (S.C.V. Burw.)  
Mrs. J. James, Dip.Prim.Teach. (S.C.V. Toorak)  
Mrs. N. Mathenson, T.P.T.C. (S.C.V. Toorak) Grad.Dip.Music Ed (S.C.V. Toorak) Music  
Mrs. E. Pearce — Support  
Miss R. Renshaw, Dip.Prim.Teach. (S.C.V. Toorak) B.Ed. (S.C.V. Toorak)  
Mrs. R. Rodriguez, Dip.Prim.Teach. (S.C.V. Toorak) Art/Craft/Bulleen.  
Mrs. J. Smith — Library — T.P.T.C., T.T.L.C. (Melbourne)  
Mrs. G. Swiney, Teach.Cert (Gypsy Hill College, England) Dip.Prim.Teach (S.C.V. Toorak)  
Mrs. H. Weiss, T.P.T.C. (Geelong)  
Mrs. B. Wilkes, T.I.T.C. Burw) B.Ed. (Prim.) (Burwood)

## SENIOR SCHOOL

Mr. L. Arnott, M.Sc. (Melb.) T.S.T.C.  
Mr. H. Badger, A.R.C.M.  
Mrs. D. Berold, B.A. (Qld.) Dip.Ed. (Qld.) M.A. (S.G.W.U. Montreal)  
Miss B. Casey, B.Sc (Hons.) (Monash) Dip.Ed. (Monash)  
Mrs M. Churchward, B.A. (Hons) (Melb.) Dip.Ed. (Monash)  
Ms. M. Clarke, B.Ed (Arts & Crafts) (M.S.C.)  
Mrs. H. Collopy, B.A. (Melb.) Dip. Ed. (Melb.) Grad.Dip.Lib. (M.S.C.)  
Miss B. Corstorphan, Dip.App.Sci (Nutr.) Dip.Diet. Dip.Ed. B.Ed  
Miss J. Donnelly, B.Sc. (Wellington) Dip. Teaching (Christchurch)  
Miss Etty-Leal, B.Ed (Arts & Crafts) (M.S.C.)  
Mrs. K. Galt, T.S.T.C. Dip.Dom. Arts  
Miss J. Howard, B.A. (Melb.) Dip.Ed. (Melb.)  
Miss J. Jelbart, B.A. (Monash) Dip.Ed. (M.S.C.)  
Mrs. C. Johnston, B.Comm. (Melb.) M.Ed.(Melb.)  
Miss S. Lawrence, B.Sc. (Human Movement Studies) Dip.Ed. (Melb.)  
Ms. T. Leonard, Cert.in Ed. (Univ. of London)  
Mrs. S. Levin, B.A. (Melb.) Dip.Teach. (A.T.T.I.)  
Mrs. K. Loads, B.App.Sc.(R.M.I.T.) Dip.Ed. (Monash)  
Mrs. J. Madeley, B.A. (Hons.) (Monash) Dip.Ed. (Monash)  
Mr. M. Maxwell, Mus.Bac (Melb.) Dip.Teach. (A.T.T.I.)  
Mr. D. McDonald, H.D.T. (Arts & Crafts) (M.S.C.) B.A. (V.C.A.)  
Miss C. Michael, B. Com. (Melb)  
Mrs. J. Nicholls, B.A. (Melb.) Dip.Ed. (Monash)  
Mrs. Y. Panagacos, B.A. (La Tr.) Dip.Teach. (A.T.T.I.)  
Mr. G. Pollard, Dip. Met. (Ballarat School Mines) B.Sc. (Hons.) M.Sc. (Melb.) Dip.Ed. (Melb.)  
Mrs. V. Pyles, B.A. (Hons.) (Monash) Dip.Ed (Monash) T.C.  
Miss K. Purdy, B.Ed. Phys. Ed (Burwood)

## ADMINISTRATION

Administrator — Miss R. Bergmann  
Registrar/Development Director — Ms. J. Macdonald  
Deputy Principal's Secretary — Mrs. J. Burnet  
Stenographer — Mrs. C. Holyroyd  
Relieving Receptionist — Mrs. E. Jones  
Typist — Mrs. D. Gunston  
Music Registrar — Mrs. T. Usher  
Book-keeper — Mrs. J. Izzard  
Accountant — Mr. K. Horton  
Administration — Mrs. B. Gillies



Miss C. Sergi, B.Ed. (M.S.C.)  
Mrs. M. Stobart, B.A. (Monash) Dip.Ed. (MCAE)  
Mrs. R. Stuckey, T.S.C.T. (Monash) T.C.  
Mr. D. Summerton, B.Ed. (Music) M.A.C.E.  
Mrs. I. Taylor, B.A. (London) Diploma of Teaching (Sheffield)  
Mr. T. Thornton, B.Ed. (Rusden)  
Mrs. M. Thornton, B.A. Recreation (Phillip Inst.) Dip.Ed. (H.I.T.)  
Mrs. J. Troup, B.A. (Melb.) Dip.Ed. (Melb.)  
Mrs. M. Wark, B.Comm. (Melb.) T.S.T.C.  
Mrs. J. Watson, B.A. (Monash) T.P.T.C. (Toorak)  
Mrs. K. Wellington, B.Sc. (Adelaide) Dip.Teaching (Adelaide CAE) B.Ed. (Monash)

## LIBRARY

Librarian — Mrs. J. Cantwell, B.A. (Melb.) Dip.Ed. (Melb.) Grad. Dip.Lib. (S.C.V. Melb.)  
Librarian Technician — Mrs. B. Yuill, Cert. App.Soc.Sc. (W.T.C.)

## STUDENT COUNSELLOR

Mrs. K. Stanley, TPTC (W.A.) Diploma Vocational Counselling

## MUSIC STAFF

Miss A. Awburn, Guitar  
Mr. H. Badger, Piano  
Miss G. Burke, Clarinet/Saxophone  
Miss R. Burke, Clarinet/Oboe  
Miss. A. Cecil, Flute/Recorder

Mr. L. Challen, Double Bass  
Mr. D. Green, Brass  
Mrs. D. Hancock, Suzuki Piano  
Mrs. J. Johnson, Violin  
Miss K. Kaleski, Violin  
Miss F. Lehmann, Flute/Piccolo  
Ms. J. Lehmann, Violin  
Miss A. McRae, Cello  
Mr. Z. Mendes, Violin/Viola  
Miss N. Sartori, Guitar  
Mr. D. Summerton, Bassoon  
Mrs. M. Tarka, Piano  
Miss V. Watson, Singing,  
Mr. D. Worrall, Percussion

## SCHOOL MATRON

Mrs. J. Esplan, R.N.  
Mrs. S. Crisp, S.R.N.

## MAINTENANCE AND HOUSE STAFF

Mrs. M. Cordina  
Mrs. S. Hills  
Mr. I. Jones  
Mr. C. Keogh  
Mr. P. White

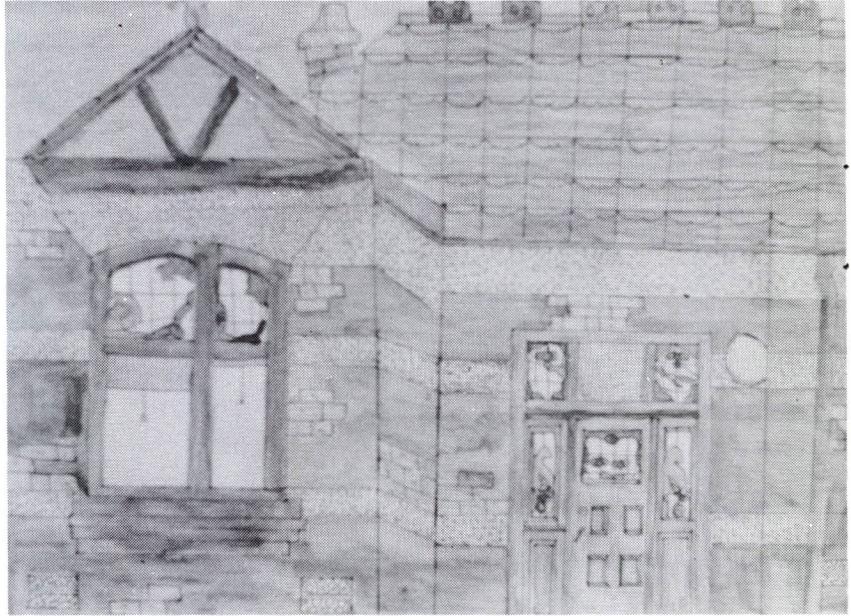
## ANCILLARY STAFF

Mr. Mark Cox  
Miss S. Danaher  
Mrs. A. Toyne  
Mr. D. Price

Tuckshop — Mrs. R. Rosman



# VCE



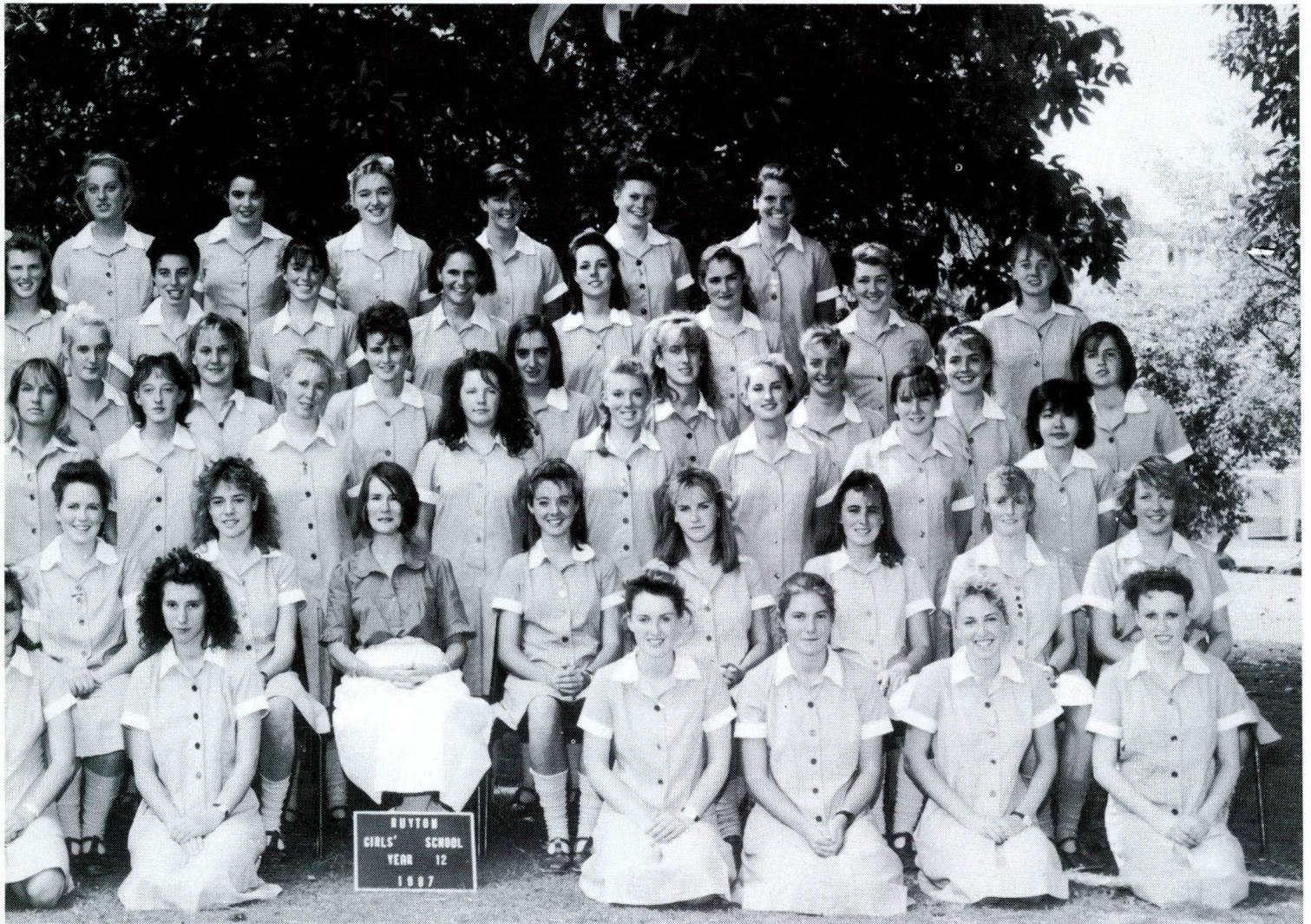
Left — Right Back Row  
 K. Hutchinson, A. Woodhead, B. Wiegard,  
 J. Penrose, J. Nairn, J. Fenemor, L. Monsell-Butler

5th Row  
 F. Cowie, C. Adams, O. Alysandpatos, A. Hill, S. Wauchope,  
 Mrs. S. Barrah, C. Wallace, E. Shrivs, A. Moody,  
 J. McLennan, K. Clarke.





# '87

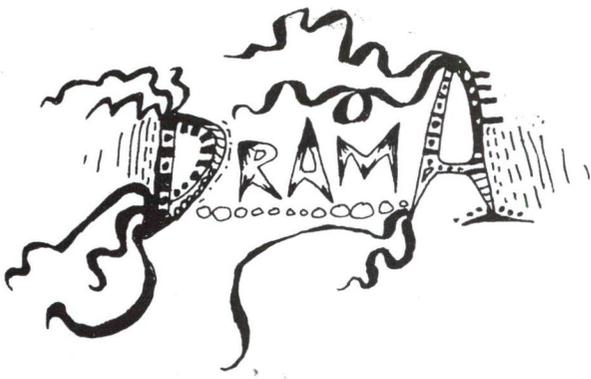


2nd Row  
Chin Chin Gan, L. Hagger, F. Fraser, A. Davis,  
E. Dobbyn, G. Strickland, C. Segan, F. Griffiths,  
L. Adamson, P. Taylor

3rd Row  
N. Warren, J. Elkins, V. Harris, T. Greig, K. Godson,  
V. Moore, M. Rowe, P. Morgean, H. Bainbridge,  
B. Sheehan,

4th Row  
F. Andrewartha, M. Vaughan-Smith, C. Kino, A. Eguiguren,  
A. Sproule, M. Hayward, C. Weiss, H. Radden, K. McDonald,  
I. Goh.

Front: C. Brown, C. Angwin, R. Bozas, A. Gray, N. Phillips,  
S. Derham, C. Sefton, G. Lewis.



## DRAMA REPORT

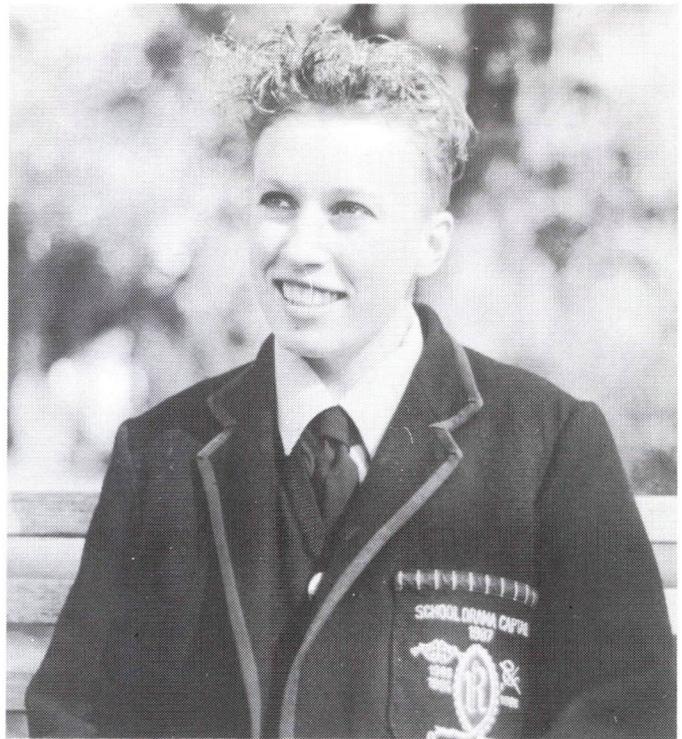
What a year for Drama it has been. I truly don't know where to start! Drama Club seems to be the obvious choice. Every Monday lunchtime is buzzing as a dramatic bunch of girls from years 10 to 12 practise and improve their skills, including mime, improvisation and characterisation. Tuesday lunchtime is the Juniors' turn and girls from year 7 and 8 enjoy more Drama games and work-shops. From these lunchtimes these budding actors also came up with performance pieces for the Drama Workshop on May 28.

The Drama Workshop is a night where Drama classes and the Drama Club are able to work before an audience in a relaxed atmosphere. The emphasis is on the skills learnt in class and at the Drama Club and there is no pressure to be "line perfect". We were presented with comedy, dance, mime and improvised theatre games. The Senior Drama Club performed an original play in which a housewife finds that perhaps too many cooks spoil the broth when it comes to redecorating the home. The audience laughed as neighbours Betty, Ethel and Beryl gave a running commentary. The Junior Drama Club recited their favourite A.A. Milne poems in a colourful and enchanting manner.

We also had some major productions this year, all of which were a great success. The Wizard of Oz was performed by the very talented year 5, 6, 7 and 8. Mr Thornton and Miss Jelbart as well as many other members of staff devoted a lot of time to carrying off this wonderful production. Congratulations must also be given to Mrs. Johnston and family for constructing such brilliant sets. Following the Wizard was the Ruyton/Trinity extravaganza Exodus, the follow up to Genesis, last year's play. This play came complete with a huge orchestra, choir, cancan dancers, gold miners and of course, romance. The cast rehearsed long and hard for this and Mrs. Creese and Ms. Leonard devoted long hours to directing, while Jo Bryce choreographed all the dances. The end result was quite spectacular.

Then in September we were treated to another colourful musical, Salad Days. A play about two young students who inspire everyone to dance their feet off while aided by a magic piano. This was a combined effort between Ruyton and Scotch, year 9 and 10. The cast was in fine form with witty one liners and plenty of singing and dancing.

The House Drama Festival on March 20 was a display of talent from the combined efforts of each House. The Year 11's directed and wrote their own scenario on the topic "A stitch in time saves nine." It was a hard decision for the judges when faced with plays of 15 minutes, each filled with dance, music and comedy. Their final choice was to award Daniell the winner.



Georgina Lewis

Other Drama activities throughout the year have included various outings to the theatre, including Year 10, 11 and 12 going to see Helen Morse in A Streetcar Named Desire. The theatre also came to us with performances in the hall by The FM Theatre in Education Company and even an exotic Indian dancer. The year 10's got a chance to practise their theatre skills with the boys from Xavier in a combined workshop. Not to be left out, Drama is also alive and kicking in the Junior School with Preps to Grade 6 participating in workshops with Ms. Leonard. Out of school as well, some Ruyton Girls have displayed their talents through the Premier Theatre Company both in their first major production "A Tomb with a View" and in out-of-school workshops run by some of the Year 11 girls.

Thank you's must go to FORDA for their support and involvement with all the year's Drama activities. I must also thank Anna, Nerida, Kelly and Myffy who enabled me to survive this hectic year without having a nervous breakdown. Of course, Ms. Leonard must be thanked and congratulated for her endurance, involvement, encouragement and spirit which has made Drama what it is at Ruyton.

Drama is fun and that is what I have had being Drama Captain. Thank-you all for such a great year and best of luck for the next.

Georgie Lewis, 12





## On 15 MINUTE HAMLET

If William Shakespeare had seen our version of one of his most famous plays, "Hamlet" he would have turned in his grave. But if he had seen it — I can promise you his old bones would still be laughing. Why? One of the most serious and tragic plays in all of English literature was condensed with the help of Tom Stoppard into a blockbuster of 15 minutes. How did the humble year 11 Drama class achieve such a thing is a good question which would leave many floundering but it was done leaving the audience in fits.

A few weeks of Ms. Leonard prematurely turning grey while her little "wonders" tipped over Shakespeare's syncopation seemed to promise a near disaster. But somehow all those wierd sounding sentences actually worked, proving that Shakespeare can be funny even if he didn't intend it. Jo Fulton's academic and soulful Hamlet ambled around killing a few people on the way, while his dreaded mother Gertrude (Sophie Heath) stalked the stage. Meg Grainger's Claudius connived and schemed, planning his acquisition of the throne, while Sophie Moran as Ophelia wafted and breezed quite unaware of the drama that went on around her. Toula Polimenakos' ghost gave lasting threats while Rachel Denman as Laertes just wouldn't stop dying.

So while we were in shock that it finally worked, we basked in the applause given by that enthusiastic audience on Thursday night.

**Madeleine Byrne, 11**

## DRAMA WORKSHOP

"Fred, Charles and Antonio were completely separate men. However, they did have one thing in common; they had come to visit a group session to talk about their lives."

This is how one of the Year 10 classes was conducted in preparation for the Drama Workshop evening in Term 2. We began by all choosing a mask which appealed to us and then we developed characters around the features of that particular mask. The characters we had created to suit the masks than had to be portrayed in a shortened version of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." For instance, we had an old, gentle man play the part of Snow White and a grumpy, 'hardly-done-by' man playing the part of the handsome prince. The completion of the performance that only ran for about seven minutes, was after a lot of concentration and characterisation in classes. However, on the night of the performance, all efforts proved worthwhile!

**Nicky Beesey, 10**

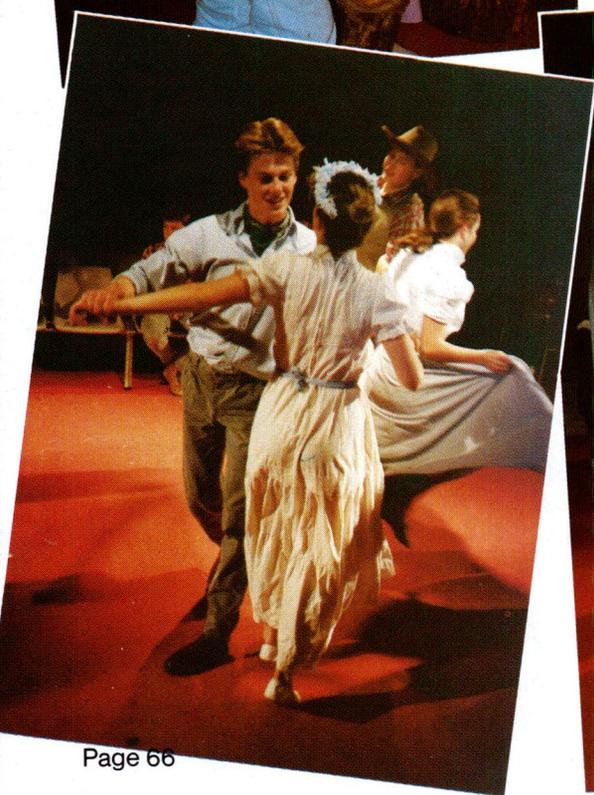
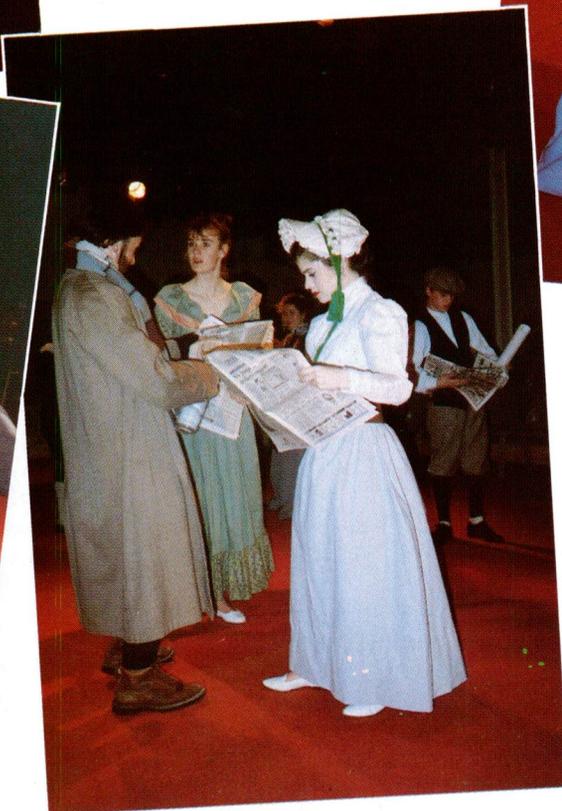
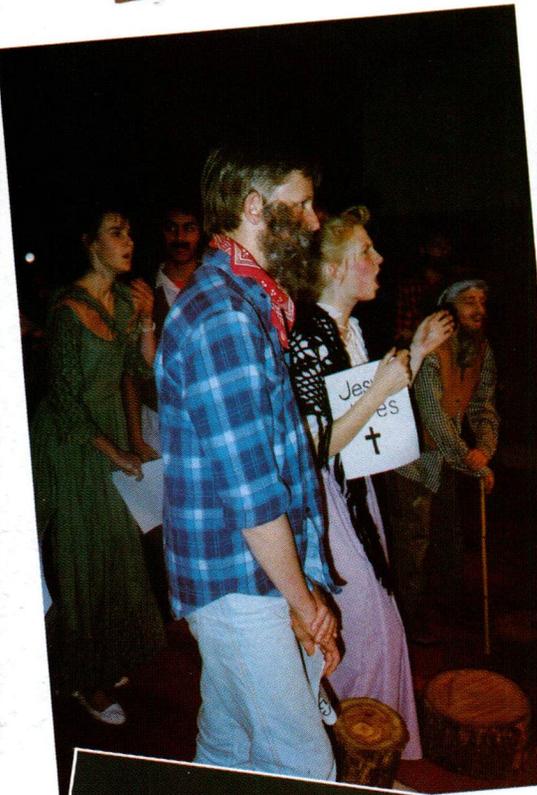
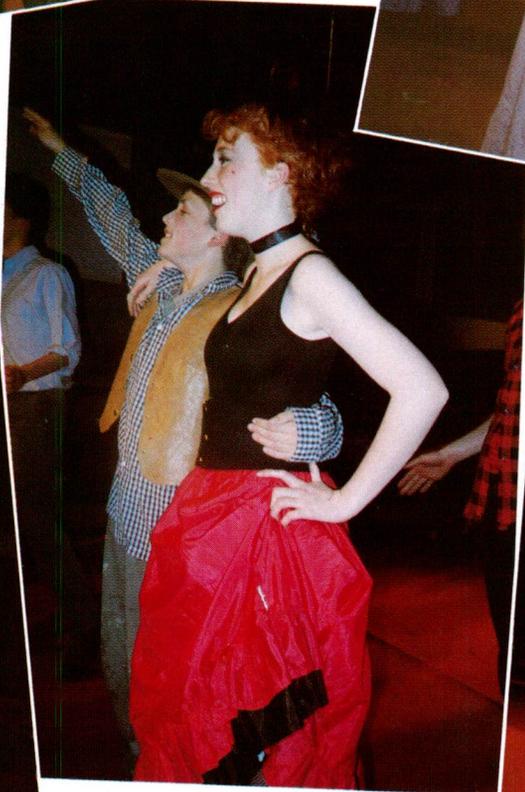
## JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

A relatively new activity on the Ruyton dramatic scene is Junior Drama Club. Budding young actresses from years 7 and 8 meet every Tuesday lunchtime to improve their acting skills and have fun at the same time. The girls have participated in workshops dealing with many aspects of drama such as voice, characterisation, mime and improvisation. It is very encouraging to work with Juniors who attack each new activity with vigour and enthusiasm.

A recent workshop, aimed at introducing the girls to the vital skill of characterisation, was particularly successful. The girls handled this introduction to the Stanislavski method very well. Adopting a certain character, they had to walk, talk and think like that person for the entire 40 minute session. There is no doubt that the skills which the younger girls are learning will be reflected in the future in a continuation of the high standard of Ruyton drama.

**Myffy Vaughan-Smith, 12**





## WE CAME & WE WENT-EXODUS

You were all under the misapprehension that Genesis was the be all and end all of Ruyton/Trinity productions of that character. But that was only the beginning.

You may have assumed that we rested on our laurels with advertising, ("... from the makers of Genesis comes ...") but little did you know what REALLY lurked at the P&F Hall, August 1987: the culmination of two months' endless rehearsing.

You thought we were going to quote you chapter and verse from the Bible. You thought wrong.

From the talented pen of Mrs. Val Crease, we produced a spectacular even Broadway would have been proud of. It incorporated romance, murder, prostitutes and missing persons. (Now that, you must admit, is better than your average Dynasty).

Many thanks to Mrs. Crease and Ms. Leonard for their tireless efforts; Miss Brimacombe for her musical direction; Miss Ogden and the costume girls who spent sleepless nights darning and sewing; the back-stage crew and Miss. Jo Bryce for the time and effort she gave to getting the show "on the road".

Now all that is left are the memories: the dapper Gold Commissioner has returned to his own economics rather than worrying over that of the colony; the prostitutes can now only be seen poring over books rather than potentials down on the Goldfields; Phillip is only running in inter-school cross-country events rather than after Polly and the P and F Hall has returned to normal: that is, until next year.

Julie Blair, 10

## THE WIZARD OF OZ

I was the lion in the Ruyton production of the Wizard of Oz. After a term of work on the production, the whole cast were very excited about it. The night was coming closer and everyone was starting to get butterflies in their stomachs.

Finally the first night came and it was a fantastic success, apart from a few mistakes which we quickly covered by improvising. For the second night all the understudies performed and some of my friends and I sat and watched it.

## THE PRODUCTION WAS FANTASTIC TO WATCH!

The second night came for the principals, the last night of the production, and everyone was feeling a bit upset because it was the end of a fantastic term's work. Overall everyone loved producing and acting in The Wizard of Oz. I know I did.

Amelia Jones, 8



# Old Ruytonians' Association

## EDITORIAL

This year has been a tremendous one for the ORA. We've had a number of functions all of which have been a success and great fun for those involved. The Colours Night was a wonderful opportunity to learn how to make the most of our fashion potential. Later we held a fashion parade to enhance this new-found taste. A party of 30 Old Girls and friends enjoyed "Travelling North" at film night at the Longford Cinema. Warm wishes for a Merry Christmas and we look forward to seeing everyone next year, especially as we will be celebrating Ruyton's 110th Birthday and the 80th Anniversary of the Old Ruytonians Association.

During the last year the ORA has been involved in the Annual Sporting events of the Sun Tennis and Golf. The days are enjoyed by all who participate and we sincerely thank them for their support, especially Melanie Gibbs and Ann Wade.

In November we had our first evening of School vs. Old Girls matches. We played the tennis and baseball first followed by Hockey and Netball and ended the evening with a sausage sizzle. Regrettably, the Old Girls didn't win, but we thank our 3 male honorary Old Girls for giving the games some added interest.

The highlight of the evening was the presentation of the Inaugural Cup, presented to the overall winners. This was won by the present day girls. The cup was originally the Borders vs Day Girls trophy which had been resurrected from under the cobwebs in Henty House cellar, polished and newly

mounted and engraved accordingly.

In March we held a cocktail party for last year's leavers. This is the second year that we have held this and again it proved successful and was enjoyed by the girls.

Our current membership stands at 670 and we welcomed 27 of last year's leavers to our ranks.

The ORA has maintained its involvement in Ruyton by offering a bursary each year, and funding the embroidery of the pockets of the 5 school officials. We also provide 3 prizes to H.S.C. girls at the end of each year.

## MARRIAGES

Sallie Harkin to Jon McCleery  
Sally Turner to Rob Mills  
Anthea Tonkin to John Mollison  
Meredith Walters to Trevor Thornton  
Virginia Norton to Greg Holland King

## BIRTHS

### DAUGHTERS

Wendy Bull (Bate)  
Wendy Potter (Alderson-Smith)  
Janine Hull  
Sally Evans (Loader)  
Leanne Mayes  
Julia Morgan (Simms)  
Julie Christiason (Milner)  
Michelle Summons (Milner)  
Janet Loftus (Elderton)  
Cathy Barton (Norton)  
Heather Novak (Buch)

### SONS

Sally Ward (Alderson-Smith)  
Louise Utter (Foletta)  
Robyn Barlow (Henfrey)  
Cindy Anderson (Christian)  
Coila Lilley (McCracken)  
Julie Oughtred (Nienaber)

## OBITUARY

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

Margot Carre Riddell (Krohn)  
Frances Officer

## LEAVERS 86'

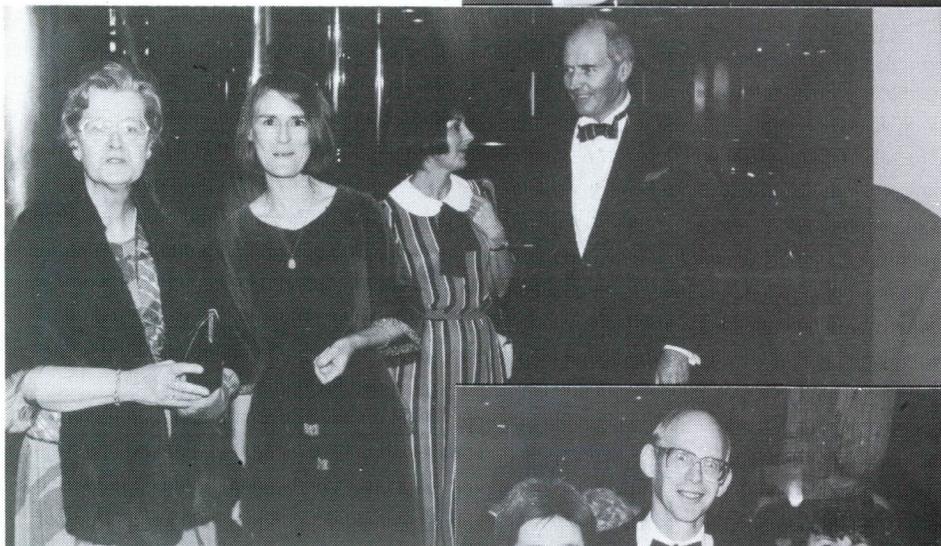
Fiona Candy — Law/Arts Melb. University  
Katie McLeish — Arts Melb. University  
Kathy Manning — Occupational Therapy, Lincoln  
Ingrid Hall — P.E., Footscray  
Leo Hass — Arts, Melb. University  
Katrina Stephen — Nursing, Alfred Hospital  
Merrin Ashley-Cooper — Working in the work force  
Lisa Fraser — Media Studies, Rusden  
Sarah Goodsall — P.E., Sydney University  
Leonie Griffiths — Medicine Monash  
Cathy Ostwald — P.E., Sydney university  
Jane Garland — Marketing Swinburne

SEEN AT THE SCHOOL DANCE ... AND THE FOUNDATION DINNER



Brian Gillies, Prue Gillies, Robert Slater, Liz Bate

Hilary Oates, Brenton Rodrigues, Robyn Rodrigues



Margaret McRae, Suzanne Barrah, Irene Taylor, Ian Barrah

Kathy Loads, Norman Seaton, Marjorie Seaton, Jenny Troup, Regina Bergmann, Elaine Jones



# Congratulations

## YEAR 12 WORK COLOURS

Average over 70% for Terms I and II in English plus three other subjects for students studying five subjects and having failed in no subject.

### 12K

Jackie Elkins  
Fleur Fraser  
Kate McDonald  
Cathy Segan

### 12L

Fiona Griffiths  
Cassy Kino  
Caroline Leigh  
Helen Radden  
Myffy Vaughan-Smith

### 12T

Fiona Cowie  
Elizabeth Dobbyn  
Chin Chin Gan  
Pauline Taylor

## SENIOR FULL

Sarah Wortley

## SENIOR HALF COLOURS

Sam Bond  
Fiona Cowie  
Jacqui Excell  
Zoe McCallum  
Kate McDonald  
Lisa Mitchell  
Raelene Margetts  
Claire Mitchell-Taverner  
Katie O'Bryan  
Katharine Schmitt

## JUNIOR FULL COLOURS — RE-AWARD

Bridget Crone

## JUNIOR FULL COLOURS

Sarah Green

## JUNIOR HALF COLOURS

Milly Bainbridge  
Jane Forbes  
Amy Prunty  
Eliza Simms

## HOUSE COLOURS AWARD

Tammy Greig

## 1987 ART/CRAFT AWARDS

These annual awards are given to those Year 11 and Year 12 Art/Craft students who have performed out-standingly in both academic and practical aspects of their study and who have displayed an uncommon commitment to the visual arts at Ruyton.

### Year 12

Melanie Hayward	(Reaward)
Kelly Hutchinson	(Reaward)
Helen Radden	(Reaward)
Belinda Sheehan	(Reaward)
Melinda Yeo	(Reaward)
Nerida Phillips	(Reaward)
Libby Dobbyn	(Reaward)

### Year 11

Andrea Allan  
Anna Barrack  
Kate Ellis  
Tara Ford  
Justine Wallace

## DRAMA COLOURS TERM 3 1987

Awarded to students who have a high degree of skill; have given outstanding service and involvement in School Productions, assist with the Drama Club and display enthusiasm.

### Reaward

Year 12	Myffy Vaughan-Smith
Year 11	Nadia McDonald Madeline Byrne Belinda Morris Alison Shelton Agar Sophie Moran

### New Awards

Year 10	Emma Bainbridge Fiona Buchannan Sophie Lewis
Year 11	Jackie Exell

## DEBATING COLOURS

### Year 12

Myffy Vaughhan-Smith  
(Reaward)  
Liz Monsell-Butler  
Verity Harris  
Helen Radden (Reaward)

## ALLIANCE FRANCAISE COMPETITIONS 1987

### YEAR 12

## POETRY, READING & CONVERSATION

### Very Honourable Mention:

Anna Hill  
Helen Raddan  
Myfanwy Vaughan-Smith

### Honourable Mention:

Louise Adamson  
Olivia Alysandratos  
Kelly Hutchinson  
Caroline Leigh  
Catherine Segan

## LANGUAGE TEST

### Honourable Mention:

Caroline Leigh  
Catherine Segan

## LISTING COMPREHENSION

### Very Honourable Mention:

Olivia Alysandratos  
Kelly Hutchinson  
Caroline Leigh  
Myfanwy Vaughan-Smith

### Honourable Mention:

Louise Adamson  
Anna Hill  
Helen Radden

### YEAR 11

## POETRY, READING & CONVERSATION

### Very Honourable Mention:

Kerryn Rozenbergs  
Fiona West

### Honourable Mention:

Paula Chadderton  
Jennifer Slater  
Sarah Wortley

## LANGUAGE TEST

### Honourable Mention:

Fiona West

## LISTING COMPREHENSION

### Honourable Mention:

Fiona West



Year 10 — POETRY  
Very Honourable Mention:  
Heather Ferguson

**Honourable Mention:**

Emma Bainbridge  
Nicky Bessey  
Caroline Candy  
Daniela Igin  
Sally James  
Fiona Leigh  
Natasha Logan  
Mohona Maity  
Zoe McCallum  
Louise Miller  
Katie O'Bryan  
Linda Waldron

Year 10 — LANGUAGE TEST

**Honourable Mention :**

Heather Ferguson  
Katie O'Bryan

Year 9 — POETRY

**Very Honourable Mention :**

Justine Braithwaite  
Bridget Crone  
Kristy Matthews  
Charlotte Pratt  
Sarah Rickerby

**Honourable Mention :**

Lee-Ann Brown  
Miranda Duigan  
Melissa Martiensen  
Jane Refferty  
Elizabeth Ryan  
Lyndal Walker

Year 9 — LANGUAGE TEST

**Honourable Mention :**

Sally Driscoll  
Miranda Duigan  
Anne Forbes

Year 8 — POETRY

**Very Honourable Mention :**

Genty Kennedy

**Honourable Mention :**

Karin Blomquist  
Cass Curran  
Edwina Dixon  
Kadri Kutt  
Bridget Langley  
Amelia Liu  
Lucinda MacNab  
Suzy Mayer  
Emma McCowan  
Juanita McLaren  
Amy Prunty  
Eliza Sims  
Andrea Vial  
Katie Weiner  
Sally Whitehead  
Andrea Wright

Year 8 — LANGUAGE TEST

**Honourable Mention :**

Katie Weiner

Year 7 — POETRY

**Equal 2nd — Kate Langton**

**Very Honourable Mention :**

Nicole Long  
Sally Miles  
Inga Norgrove  
Samantha Unger

**Honourable Mention :**

Kate Allen  
Erika Brawn  
Emma Brown  
Shirley Cheung  
Angela Foskett  
Catherine Irvine  
Barbara James  
Katrina Matthews  
Justine Meek  
Solvejg Moyle  
Lalli Murugesan  
Kate Nicholson  
Caroline Nurse  
Yuanna Pappos  
Jane Peterson  
Miesja Reynolds  
Carolyn Speed  
Janine Spinks  
Melanie Ward

Year 7 — LANGUAGE TEST

**Honourable Mention :**

Catherine Irvine  
Kate Langton  
Sally Miles  
Anne Walstab

## SPORT COLOURS Term 3 1987

### Basketball

Belinda Sheehan Reaward  
Julia Teague  
Nadia McDonald  
Jo Fulton

### Netball

Georgia Strickland Reaward  
K. Godson  
Amanda Martiensen  
Anna Goodsall  
Melinda Harrison  
Julia McLennan  
Belinda Sheenan

### Hockey

Liz Monsell-Butler Reaward  
Jo Nairn Reaward  
Claire Mitchell-Taverner  
Amanda Lucas  
Sally Derham  
Pip Cleary

### Cross Country

Sam Llewellyn Senior Reaward  
Melinda Harrison Senior Award  
Jenny Backhouse Senior Award  
Sally Driscoll Junior Reaward  
Marion Dix Junior Reaward

## YEAR 7 HERALD AND WEEKLY TIMES SPELLING COMPETITION

### CLASS CHAMPIONS

7J Millicent Bainbridge  
Emma Brown  
Sharon Archer  
Catherine Irvine

7N Emma Woolley  
Nicola Long  
Justine Meek  
Sally Miles

**Year Level Champion:  
Millicent Bainbridge**

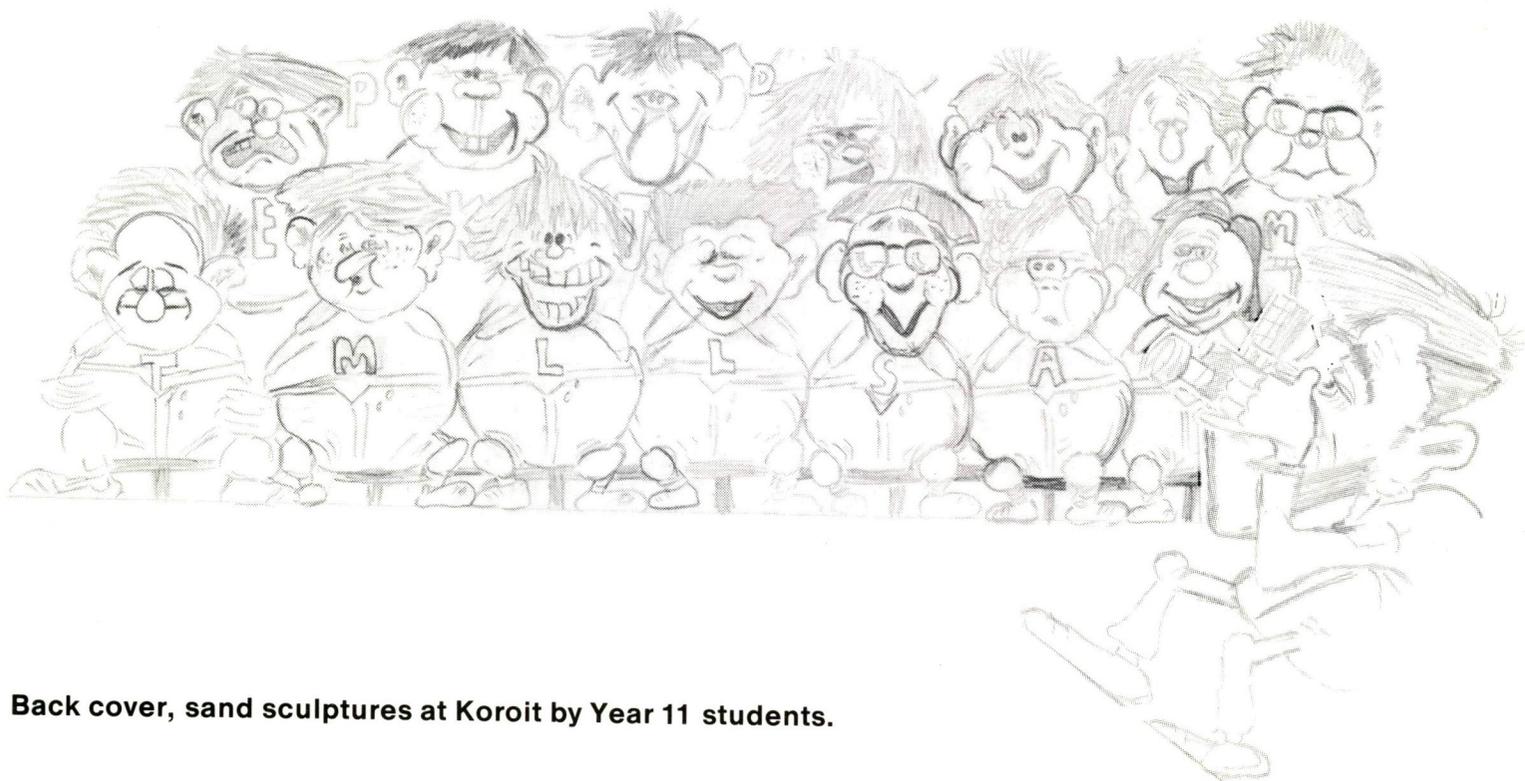


# Your Committee



Front: M. McCubbins, T. Ford, A. Barrack, P. Morgan, K. Hutchinson.  
K. Rozenbergs, J. Wallace

Back: M. Vaughan-Smith  
Middle: O. Alysandratos, L. Dobbyn, M. Hayward,



Back cover, sand sculptures at Koroit by Year 11 students.

