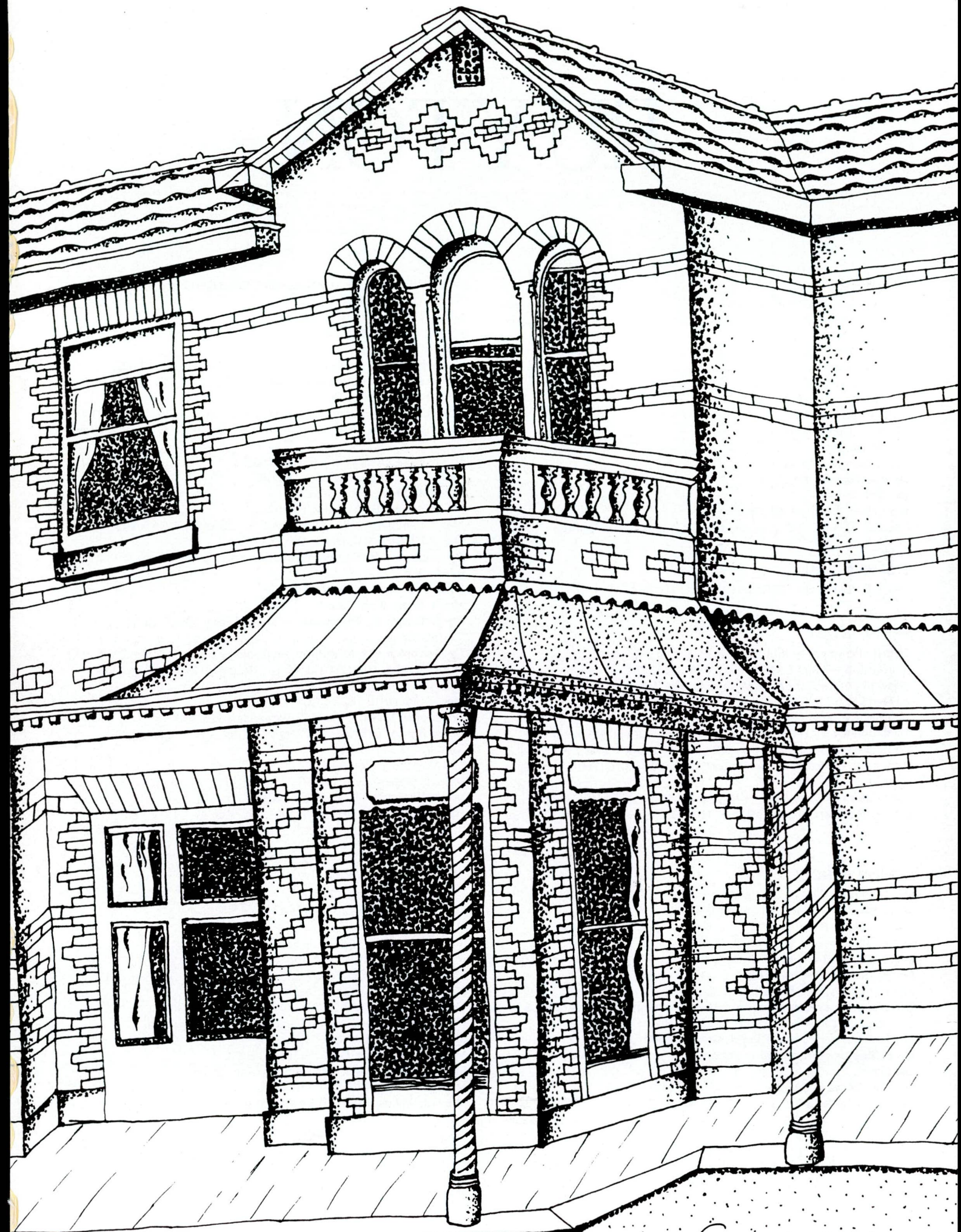




1990
RUYTONIAN



Emma McLavan '90

RUYTON

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Mr J. Arthur, Guitar
Miss A. Awburn, Guitar
Mr H. Badger, Piano
Mrs C. Barry-Murphy, Clarinet
Miss S. Beesy, Piano
Miss G. Burke, Clarinet
Miss A. Cecil, Flute
Miss E. Duffy, Violin
Ms D. Gunn, French Horn
Mr. M. Habben, Saxophone
Miss D. Hancock, Suzuki Piano
Ms C. Hajnc, Recorder
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RUYTONIAN COMMITTEE 1990

Back row (left to right): Bridget Langley Yr.11, Rowena Robertson Yr.11, Natasha Runciman Yr.11, Edwina Dixon Yr.11, Bianca Curwood Yr.9.
 Middle row: Helen Walker Yr.8, Cass Kenna Yr.8, Caroline Speed Yr.10, Nicole McMahon Yr.9, Noella Brickell Yr.7, Romani Mieszkowski Yr.8.
 Front row: Holly Doane Yr.11, Rebecca Howatt Yr.12, Eliza Harris Yr.11, Lyndal Walker Yr.12, Bridget Crone Yr.12, Sally Bell Yr.12, Tonia Froutzis Yr.12.

SPECIAL THANKS

Special thanks from the Ruytonian committee go to — Mrs Denise Curran, Mr Peter Snare, Mrs Jenny Walker, Lousie Hosie, Melanie-Jane Gibbs, Jane Halprin, Lucille Manuelle, Mrs Averil Toyne, Mrs Anne Scott, Mrs Mary Churchward, Mrs Janet Nicholl, Mrs Terry Usher, Sarah Baker, Mohona Maity, Katy Taylor, Miss Rosemary Renshaw, Mrs Jenny James, Mrs Mary Wark and her classes for their help in producing this year's magazine.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The sketches on pages 74, 79 and 88 may be purchased from the O.R.A.

COVER

The mosaic tile floor in the hall of Henty House.



PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Every Thursday before Easter, the tranquility of the Moreton Bay Fig tree is disturbed by an excited invasion from 'Little Ruyton.' Bonnets askew and baskets spilling the chocolate eggs discovered in a nest which materialized only the night before, the search is on to see who can find the generous rabbit who has now so mysteriously disappeared. So too did Alice pursue the White Rabbit in Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland.' In August, the girls in Years 5 & 6 celebrated the 125th Anniversary of this well-loved story. Their delightfully whimsical presentation included that curious game of chess.

'Alice looked around her in great surprise. "Why I do believe we've been under the tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!" "Of course it is," said the Red Queen. "What would you have it?" "Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else if you ran very fast for as long a time as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run twice as fast as that!"

It is beyond question that the pace of change will be unprecedented in the last decade of this century. The technological revolution has challenged our assumptions and changed the Australian workplace forever. Our nation's future will therefore depend on our ability to respond effectively to new opportunities through schools which value quality in education based on principles of worth.

Coming as they do from a School which respects their aspirations, Ruyton girls may be confident about their role in the 21st century. Only five years ago, the Information Technology

Centre opened with one laboratory. In 1990 our facilities have expanded to accommodate the extensive hardware contained in three laboratories, complemented by individual computers in Junior School classrooms from Prep to Year 6 and various subject departments including Music and Science. Even as I write, plans are afoot to purchase a multi-language system operating from a single data-base to process and service all our Administrative and Educational requirements including the Library and Careers catalogues and V.C.E. records.

The technological revolution demands flexibility and breadth of vision; so too our ability to plan educational priorities. We now live globally with global concerns. Australia is a predominantly English-speaking country rich in European tradition, yet geographically situated in the Asia-Pacific region. Our capacity to integrate those political, cultural, social and economic connections must be reflected in a dynamic curriculum which can absorb a multi-dimensional perspective of the world and break through the parochial ethnocentric or eurocentric views of our national past.

And never before have there been so many possibilities for young women to demonstrate leadership in shaping the new world of the future.

Ruyton girls are encouraged to take responsibility and be responsible; to have opinions and respect the opinions of others; to take opportunities and to give back to the society which gave them.

These are the qualities to which all Ruyton girls should aspire. They are as enduring as the story of 'Alice in Wonderland'; they are as timeless as the Moreton Bay Fig tree which stands uprightly and faithfully at the heart of Ruyton.

Prue E. Gillies

A LETTER FROM RUSSIA

Dear Lyndal and Eliza

I had originally planned to write an article for you about our idyllic time in the south-west of France, but on reflection decided that with the extra-ordinary changes of glasnost and perestroika that have been taking place in the Soviet Union, it would be more appropriate to write about our short time in Moscow and Leningrad in early August.

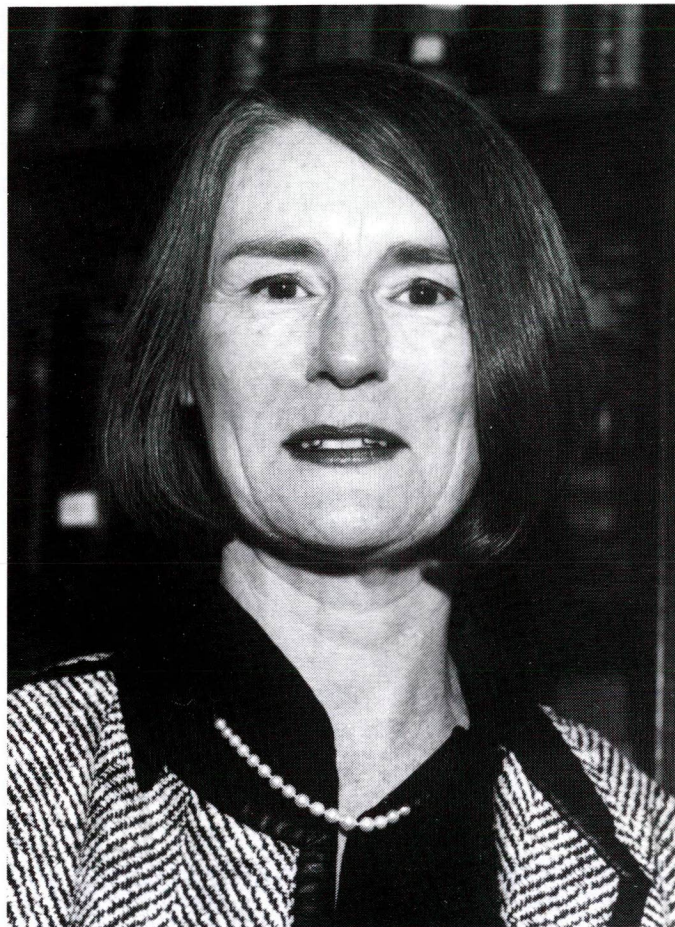
The new openness in Russian society is still the most startling change for visitors to the country. As foreign tourists, we had no restrictions put upon us; we could go wherever we wished, we did not need to be supervised by an In-Tourist guide, we could freely take photographs. I suppose if we had strayed anywhere near military installations we might have been restricted, but as I am not interested in tanks that did not occur. Tourists were kept behind a barrier in the Kremlin so that the government buildings could only be seen hundreds of yards across the square, but at least the Kremlin, or part of it, has been opened to tourists, both Russian and foreign, and we were able to see its wonderful medieval churches, now museums. It would have been possible to hire a car and drive in the countryside, again unsupervised, if we had wished.

Many of the Russians with whom we came in contact, such as guides conducting tours of the Kremlin churches or the beautiful St. Catherine's palace in Pushkin, near Leningrad, spoke quite frankly about their society and its problems. One guide told us that Mr. Gorbachev is not as popular at home as he is abroad. Another guide, a university student studying English, told us about the problems she had encountered when trying to go to Canada for a holiday. She had finally managed to get a plane ticket but then found she had to pay double the cost as she had to bribe the official to secure the ticket. She is instead going by cargo boat, which will take many weeks — but at least she is allowed to leave the country. Taxi drivers pointed out the many queues of people lining the streets, waiting patiently for the goods in short supply — coffee, donuts, cigarettes, meat, bread, ice-cream.

All the queues we saw made obvious one of the country's main problems — a terrible shortage of food and consumer products. The food shortage was quite apparent in the hotel restaurants where the menus were largely a joke as only a few items actually had prices beside them and more often than not, most of these were not available either. Coffee was frequently off, in more ways than one. Perhaps it is because of the food shortages, but cafe eating is not a part of the Russian way of life. Restaurants were very elusive places; we couldn't see any as we walked the hot, summer's dusty streets. We did hear of a restaurant which was not in our hotel, but didn't ever manage to find it. When, in desperation, we tried a restaurant in another large hotel, we were told that it was open to people resident in the hotel only. Our hotel had three restaurants, all of them with broken, dusty fittings, little food, and practically non-existent service. This hotel was not old, it was the In-tourist hotel built within the last ten years.

The Communist State provides for all its citizens, so that there is little unemployment. However, as visitors, we notice that one of the consequences of having such a safety net is that there is little incentive to give service. Tourists notice this most of all in hotel restaurants where the waiters, after having finally identified themselves, give lethargic and desultory service. The bustle of the western restaurant is not seen in Moscow or Leningrad. In fact, the restaurant workers seem to devote most of their energy explaining to prospective, hungry customers why they cannot serve them.

There were also long queues in the major department store, GUM. It is a huge building which lines one side of the famous Red Square, but it is very different from Myers! It reminded me most of the Showground with its rows and rows of aisles and individual stalls cum shops. It seemed that people were queuing for a new delivery of clothes but the sought after goods were certainly not on display. There is very little shop window display of any kind. Fashion is not very important in daily life, but everyone is respectably clad — there are not the beggars that one encounters in many Western cities now. Jeans are worn by young and old, as are t-shirts, often with curious slogans. A worker at the Leningrad airport sported "scratch and sniff" across her chest.



In any foreign place, tourists have to come to terms rapidly with the country's currency. This is particularly complicated in Russia because there is an official currency and an unofficial "hard currency". The official exchange rate is one rouble to two American dollars, but on the street, you can be offered anything from ten to twenty roubles for one American dollar. There are taxi drivers who will only accept American dollars not Russian roubles. Some taxis even have metres which calculate fares in American dollars only. In Leningrad, we saw a girl selling drinks from a stall — a small attempt at private enterprise — she had put up a sign saying "Hard currency only". She wanted American dollars. Can you imagine such a thing happening in Australia, that the country's own money should be refused?

The underground railway in Moscow is an absolute wonder. It costs next to nothing to use it and it is architecturally beautiful. Each station is differently designed, and all are spacious, airy, high-ceilinged and clean. Marble and chandeliers feature prominently, not what we expect to see in railway stations. The trains hurtle in and out every few minutes and you have to be quick getting on. This causes problems for non-Russian reading tourists who have to try to work out from signs written in the Russian alphabet where they want to go. I was almost sliced in two by the automatic doors when I had taken too long on one occasion to make up my mind to get on. My husband was just about cut off at the knees when he inadvertently walked on the wrong side of a ticket barrier.

When we decided to visit Russia a year ago, we had no idea that our timing was such that we would be witnessing historic changes in East/West relationships. In this year, the Berlin Wall has finally fallen, East and West Germany are re-uniting, and the Soviet Union is allowing its citizens more freedom than ever before. In our few days there, we realized that Mr. Gorbachev and his government have a huge task confronting them in making the Russian economy work; but we also saw that a country which has been feared by the West for most of the 20th century is now breaking down the barriers and letting in the outside world. Perhaps not in the way that Western travellers expect, but as I kept on telling myself, that doesn't matter, as we should travel not to seek similarities but to experience differences. And differences we certainly did experience!

Suzanne Barra



"Forward, Forward, let us range,
let the great world spin forever,
down the ringing grooves of change."
Tennyson

In 1990 we have witnessed a great amount of change. In her letter, Mrs Barrah speaks of changes overseas, but also there are many changes occurring in Australia, Ruyton, the Ruytonian and for each of us as individuals.

As with every year there have been changes to the Ruytonian in its format and content. You will notice that many of the reports have been put into a supplement and student orientated work has taken their place. Also, we have a new feature...."Roving Reports". The idea is that students from years 7 to 11 interview fellow students and teachers about any interesting events. Another alteration is the size of the Ruytonian magazine....we have sixteen extra pages to entertain you with. All these advancements could not have been possible without Mrs Turnidge, Miss Howden and the Ruytonian committee.

Each of us face many changes too.....
"I face the biggest change of my life. After being at Ruyton for thirteen years I have to leave and enter 'the big wide world'. This excites me greatly but it is nerve wrecking to face the uncertainty of the future when I have spent so long in a school that has offered me so much. I am hopeful for the future so welcome the changes ahead of me."

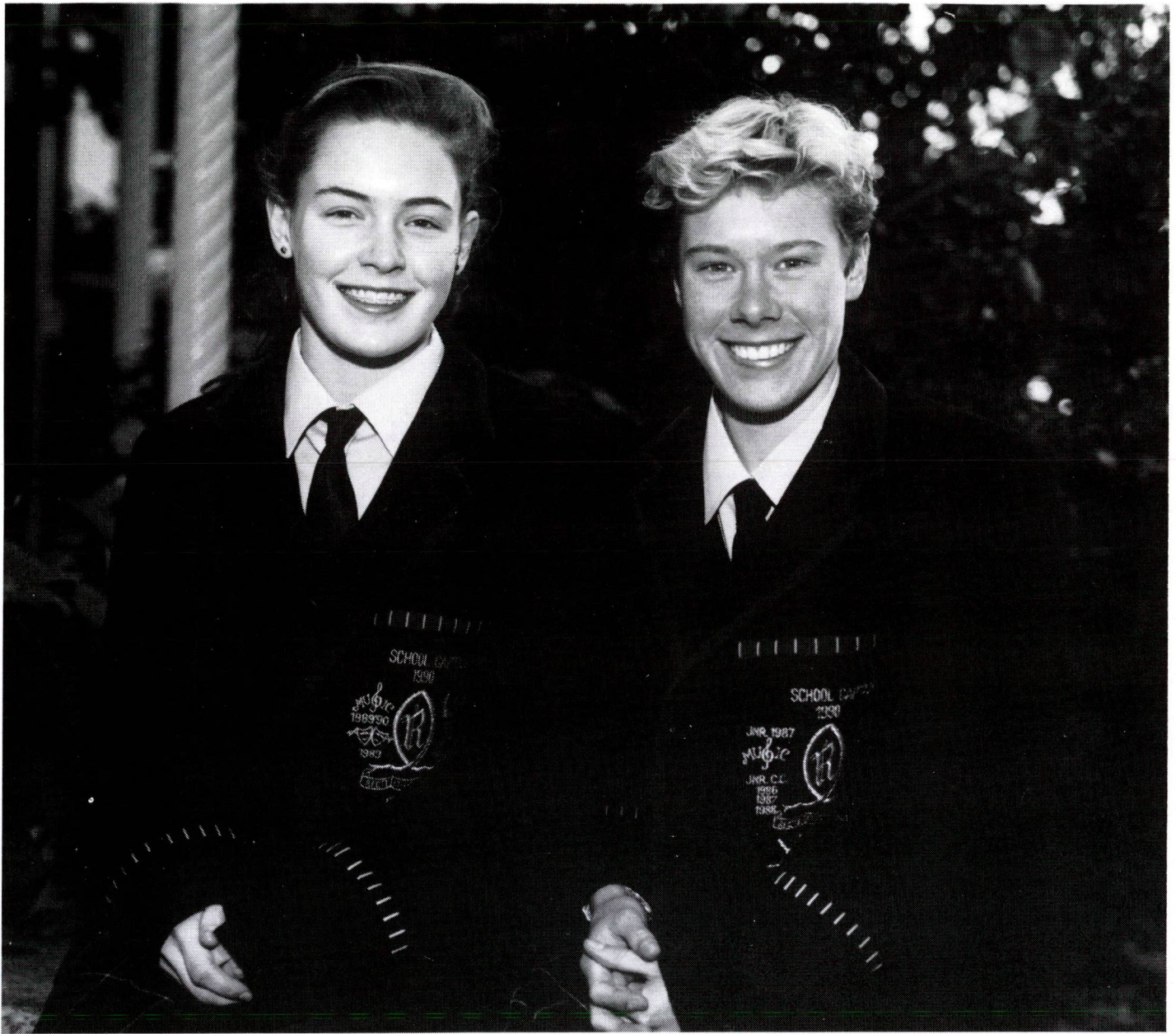
Lyndal Walker, Year 12

RUYTONIAN EDITORS 1990

Left to right: Eliza Harris Yr.11, Lyndal Walker Yr.12.

"One of the greatest challenges of my life will be doing year 12 in 1991. Great changes will be experienced by all students because of the new V.C.E system and I will be faced with new responsibilities and work tasks. After eleven years at Ruyton it is hard to imagine that next year will be my last at a school which has seen enormous change and progress and has broadened my horizons."

Eliza Harris, Year 11



SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT

You never expect dreams to come true. That was why it was so wonderful to stand in front of the school for the first time as the School Captains for 1990. The year has had its ups and downs but, as always, it is the happy moments which spring to mind. We could fill the "Ruytonian" with good memories, such as having our lunch brought every day by Juniors, having books carried for us from class to class and our bags lugged by willing staff members to and from the tram stop... We dream again! Not quite as unexpectedly, these dreams did not come true.

Our term of office opened with the Induction Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. Finally we were able to stun the audience with Corinthians XIII, for the first time in 1990. As we vowed to be "loyal to those in authority and just to those we serve," we hoped we would do justice to the honour bestowed upon us.

Early in term one, we had our first meeting with School Captains of other schools. Over barbequed sausages and chops we discovered that not only were we the only example of 'Co-Captains,' but we also had the largest appetites. We would like to add at this point that each of us would not have been able to manage without the other, (except Miranda could have done without Marion's spelling mistakes, and Marion could have done without Miranda's Spelling Corrections!)

Student-run assemblies have been one of the highlights of the year for us. You may not realise it, but we really enjoyed taking them, and thank you everyone for your support on those Friday mornings. Talking of support, we would like to take this opportunity to thank all our fellow Year Twelves, who braved the year with us

and fully backed us with many difficult decisions. We wish every one of you the best of luck in the future, and it goes without saying that our paths will cross many times. A special thanks to the School Dance Committee. (Do you remember the announcement which asked if anyone had a safety pin to hold someone's dress together — Yes, it was Marion's.) Thanks also to the South House Committee, End of Year Committee and the Junior School Year 12 representatives.

For next year's School Captains, we have a few handy hints:

Mrs Gillies has one sugar and milk in her tea. (Miranda tried three times in vain before she got it right one morning);

Make sure you have a respectable hymn book;

Learn the words of the School Song;

Try to sit next to the Geelong Grammar School Captain at any meetings;

Don't forget to smile, and enjoy yourselves. (You're on Candid Camera, all the time!)

We'd like to thank Mrs. Hills and Mrs. Cordina for supplying the delicious food for our weekly morning teas; Mrs. Barrah, Mrs. Nicholls and Mrs. Bent for their support; and Mrs. Gillies for her endless encouragement, enthusiasm and chocolate "fixes." Thanks also to Mr. Jones for singlehandedly building our new kitchen in South House, and to the motts for our fabulous Microwave.

Finally, a note to everyone. Life's certainly not easy, but you've got to have a dream. If you don't have a dream, how can it possibly come true?

Marion Dix and Miranda Duigan

JUNIOR SCHOOL





JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORT

In looking back over the past 13 years, I realise how much the Primary curriculum has changed. As a Class teacher of the early 1970's one catered for the children in all areas. Library was a small bookcase at the back of the classroom, Art/Craft, Music and P.E. were included, but certainly didn't develop the skills that one sees in the children of 1990.

In the early '70's one had a very rigid timetable. Children sat and listened. Classes were broken into groups, but general instruction was mostly on a whole class basis.

Children of the '90's are not expected to sit quietly all day being spoon-fed information, but rather they are encouraged to be actively involved in the management of their own learning.

Quoting from a Ministry publication, "The Primary School... Curriculum Programs," one reads —

"Primary education is concerned with the development of all the attitudes, skills, and knowledge that children need to cope efficiently with the demands of living in our complex, changing society. Children come to school to learn how to acquire knowledge and how to adapt to new situations.

Children learn best when they are active participants in their own learning. The school experience today is more one of process than of content. This should not mean that content is not important but it does mean that the processes of acquiring and organising knowledge, are probably more important than the knowledge itself."

The curriculum offered at Ruyton encourages active participation while at the same time setting guidelines. I firmly

believe that children need to be taught skills before they have confidence to find additional information for themselves.

John Vaughan, former Asst. Director-General of the N.S.W. Dept. of Education, states,

"Effective learning flows from a willingness and an ability to face problems and to seek answers undeterred by apparent difficulties, spurred on by challenging situations. This is the process clearly visible in the learning of Galileo, of Newton, and of Einstein."

It is important to give a child opportunities to succeed and to recognise her achievements. This does not mean that education needs to be one of softness and ease. It does not mean that lavish praise is handed out for mediocre effort. Success needs to be achieved in worthwhile endeavours. Pupils need to deal with reasonable challenge and so will gain intellectually.

Ruyton provides a full range of core subjects — maintaining an exceptionally high standard in Maths and Literacy, which is borne out annually when all Year 6 girls are tested prior to entering the Senior School.

Ruyton provides specialist teaching in the areas of Music, Instrumental Music, P.E., Art, Drama, Library skills and the new subject of LOTE (French, German and Chinese), Computing and the developing area of Primary Science.

'Learning' in the Junior School is all wrapped in a complex web of curriculum, discipline, tradition and pastoral care. Our ultimate aim should surely be one of producing a human being who is confident on entering society, able to improve society, and able to find happiness and security living in society.

Hilary Oates



MY SHADOW.

My shadow follows me around, It walks and jumps but doesn't make a sound, How come we're both the same, When something goes wrong I get the blame? It can also shrink to nothing at all. My shadow walks through tables and chairs, It's able to climb and run up the stairs. Even if my shadow fades away, I know it will return on the next sunny day.

Amanda Tickell Year 5 Bulleen

RUYTON

There is a school called Ruyton, Brighton, no Ruyton. Where Wellington Street meets Selbourne you will find Ruyton, Brighton, no Ruyton. Girls alone, no boys meet at Ruyton. To learn, laugh, make friends and enjoy Ruyton, Brighton, no Ruyton.

Ellen Arnot Year 5 Bullen

PAMELA BRINK

A young lady named Pamela Brink, One day began to shrink. For cure she ate a frog, And said, "Oh my Grog!" And from now on she can't blink.

Fiona Dolphin Year 5 Bulleen

I like to go to art.
KATHERINE.



I Learn piano
and I play Mary had
a Little Lamb
Debra

Wednesday, 14th March, 1990

He is tall, but thin like a pencil, with a long neck, short arms, but long legs. His hands are big enough to be plates, and dirty enough to plant a flower in the dirty soil. He has big feet, and his shoes are very big, wide and deep. They are fine enough to be swimming pools for the goldfish. His head is long, his ears are big and his hair is curly and dirty, in which fleas like to make a home.

Phoebe Leung, A Beckett.

TOBY

Toby is like a ball of fur,
He sounds like a car motor but softer.
He is absolutely quiet when hunting like a pro.
When he meows he sounds like a record.
When he is lying in front of the warm heater he is contented.

Jessica Boughton

SIMILES

The vampires teeth were as sharp as a spear. His eyes were like two green emeralds sparkling in the light. His nose was as black as the midnight sky and his voice boomed like thunder.

Kate Stanton Year 4

Life on the Farm

It was the year 1896 when my family and I were given 3000 acres of land near Hobart town, where we bred sheep and had a dairy. We worked hard and in a couple of years had a mud brick homestead. In a few years we were said to have the best milk in south Tasmania. We had three horses Ned, Tom and Nell. Ned and Nell were the coach horses and Tom was my horse. He helped me on the farm. We had five children, Amelia, Anne, Jane, James and Charlie. It was a happy life.

Meg Lewis, Bulleen Year5

Tom cat

Once upon a time there was a naughty little cat and his name was Tom cat. One day Tomcat's mother said now children I am just going to the shops and you go through the woods but don't get lost! So Ms. Fur put on her shawl and went to the shops. Tomcat got lost but he found his sister's again and then they went home and then they saw Ms. Fur and they lived happily ever after.

By Sarah Hill, Yr 1.



I like Sport



Simone

SWIMMING.

Kick and paddle, Splash and play, This is what we do all day.
Breastroke, backstroke, move around, When you swim don't touch the ground.

Kick and paddle, Have some fun, Swimming is for everyone.

Alexandra Collier, Tarring, Year 5.

I went to the zoo. I went to look at the zebra. He was eating grass.

Julia Jenkins, Year 1.

SWIMMING

On the first day of swimming we went on a bus to the Kew Pool. When we got there we were put into groups. I was an eel. The last day of swimming was the best. We did water aerobics. After that we went on the water slide. Then we got back to swimming. Then we got out and got dry. Then we got on the bus and went back to school.

Amelia Bennett Year 2

OUR DAUGHTER'S IN THE POOL

Our daughters in the pool.
She might catch a chill.
Hey ho the dairy O.
Our daughters in the pool.
Her mother jumped in first.
Her mother jumped in first.
Hey ho the dairy O.
Her mother jumped in first.
Her father called the doctor.
Her father called the doctor.
Hey ho the dairy O.
Her father called the doctor.
The cat got wet.
So was taken to the vet.
Hey ho the dairy O.
The cat got wet.
O what a mess.
O what a mess.
Hey ho the dairy O.
O what a mess!

Meg Lewis, Year 5 Bulleen

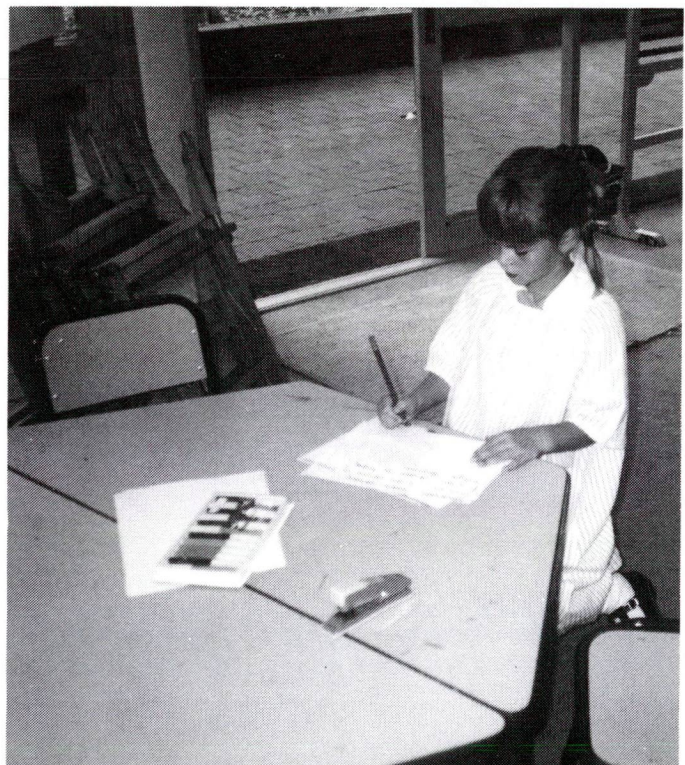
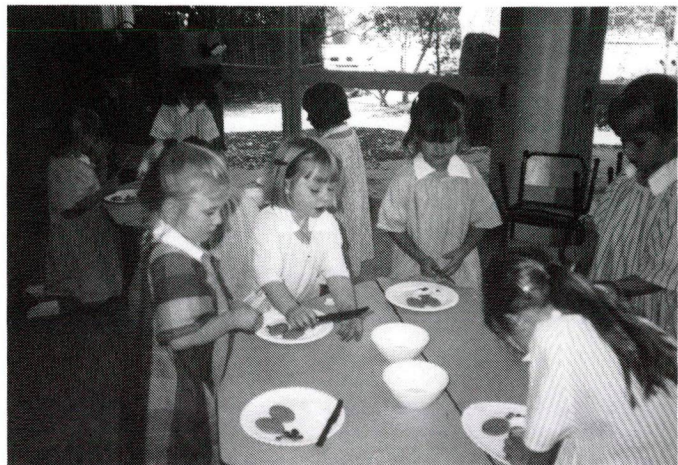
SWIMMING

We went swimming. We dived in the deep end. We also watched the old ladies do aerobics. On the last day we went down the water slide. Then we got changed to go back on the bus and go back to go school to have lunch.

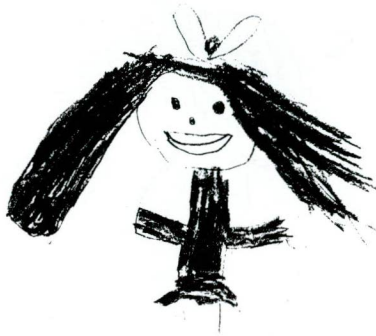
By Catherine Masters Year 2

Oo-La-La Miss Morris
You've won a trip to Paris.
She's dressed for the part but,
Her car would not start.

By Emily Pockley



I like assembly
Renata
Hucci



I Like Sport



JULIA

I like Sport because

I like to run



Fiona

The Nit in the Stew

By Penny Hill Year 4

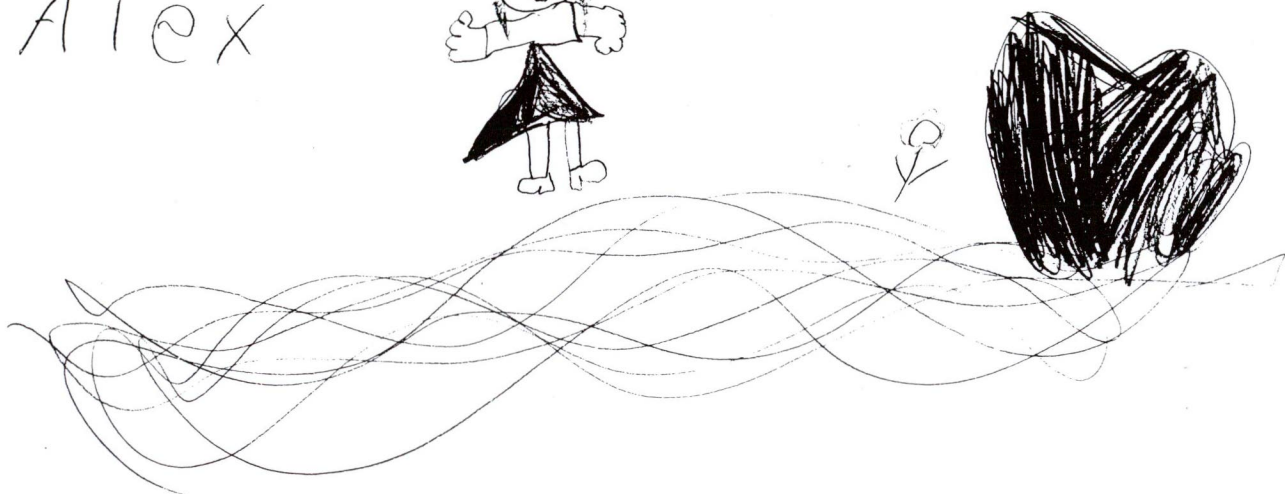
A stupid King of Zoopiloo
Every day ate Mummys stew.
Not noticing what was in it
He ate it all in half a minute.
It was not sweet.
It was not sour.
If we ate it
It d take an hour.
The King now was not satisfied
And started having chook eggs fried
Instead of his beloved stew,
Which Mum cooked in a dunny loo.
Mum was sad.
Mum was quick.
Mum gave King something to make him sick.
Then King threw up,
YUK ,YUK ,YUK !
He knew twas due
To have Mum s stew.
King acted not stupid.
King acted not dumb.
But he called Baron Grubmungrel
For him to come.
Baron Grubmungrel suited
his name,
Colecting beasts was his fame.
He presented a serpent,baby dragons,
green mice.
He presented a griffin and his pet lice.
King now idiotic,
King now was a twit.
King asked if he could rent a nit.
Baron said yes !
They celebrated with chess
And drank lots of wine,
Played Hang off the Clothes — line.
Then what did the King do?
He put the nit in his stew.
He thought nits were much, much neater
And they made your food much sweeter.
King ate the nit in a sec,
A servant saw and he yelled Heck!
He resigned.
He said I QUIT!
That stupid King just ate a nit!
Baron said What?
Give it back!
He gave the King a whopper whack.
The nit flew out to the air.
Baron grabbed it
Left his chair.
Baron said You are a daft man!
He ran off doing the Can — can.
King got up.
He Hit his head
Everyone reckoned he was dead.
But he wasn t
BOO BOO BOO
Mum said Flush him down the loo!
So they did this
Where s he now?
He ended up in the gutter somehow.
Mum is Queen
Baron is King
This story ends out as a thing.
Mum still cooks her famous stew
In the old dunny-loo.
If you ve tried it
Just like me
You just might want the recipe.
And so now our story ends
It could be famous
Tell family and friends.

I like going to
assembly
Brooke



I really like to dress up

Alex



The Lost dinosaurs

Phoebe McDonald
year 1.



once a wron a time
a lost dinosaurs and his
mum and dad were lost
too. and the other
laughed at him
dinosauriss



one night he was walking
and a big storm came
he quickly dug a hole
in the ground and hid himself
in the morning he woke
up he'd been asleep in the
hole. just then his mum
saw him and she was
so happy he began to cry
The end



She is
cute and white.

She has
a bonnet
and
a shawl.

She has
webbed feet
and
a bit of a tail.

She waddles.

She has
a yellow beak
and
quite a long neck.

She can fly.
She has feathers.

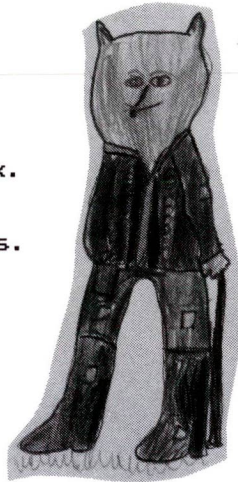
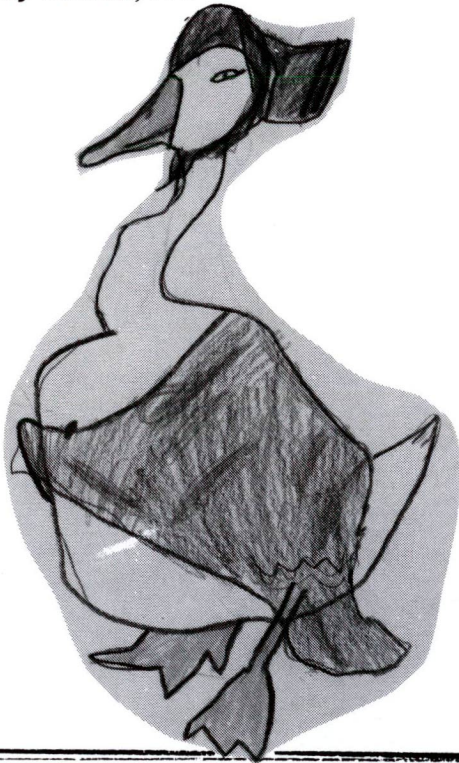
She is
a little silly.

She is
fussy
and
nervous.

She eats
worms
and
bread.

She is **Jemima Puddleduck!**

By *Lucy Terracall, Yr 3*



He is
fluffy
and
has a
white tail.

He wears
a blue jacket
with
gold buttons.

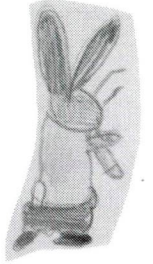
He is
a good friend,
but is quite naughty.

He has
three sisters,
a mother
and a cousin called Benjamin.

He eats
carrots and
cabbages.

He is
Peter Rabbit!

Rebecca Yewers, Yr 3



He is
tall,
wears a coat,
has a stick
and
sharp teeth.

He smells of rabbit.
He is
dressed like a tramp.
He has
lots of houses.

He has favourite foods-
rabbit,
fish
and otter.

He is
Mr Tod.

Georgina Lewis, Yr 3



He has a
fluffy,
bushy tail.
(which he lost!)
and
litte feet.

He is
very good
at telling
riddles.

He has
lots of friends.

He is
naughty and
very cheeky.

He eats
nuts.

He is
Squirrel Nutkin!

Lauren Pisciotta
Yr 3



He has
little feet
with claws.

He is
wealthy.

He is
orange.

He climbs
lots of trees.
He has
a fluffy tail.

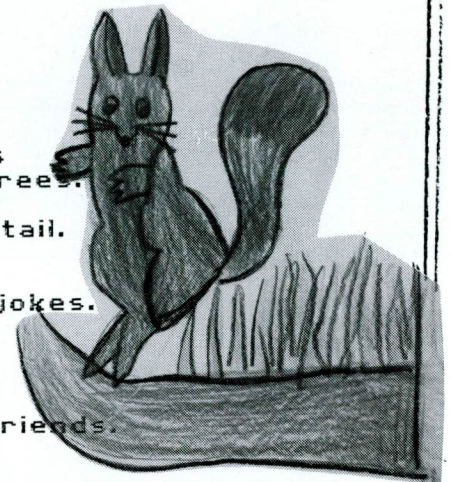
He is
good at jokes.

He eats
nuts.
He has
lots of friends.

He spies
on Mr Owl.

He is Squirrel Nutkin!

By Melissa Starzynski, Yr 3



She is
short and stubby,
plump and spikey.

She has
a little black nose
and two twinkling eyes.

She has
a kind heart
and
a sweet looking face.

She wears
a little print gown
all tucked up.

She wears
a large apron
over her striped petticoat.

I will tell you
her name now,
I am sure you
will know her -

She is
Mrs Tiggy - Winkle !

Alana Harrington, Yr 3

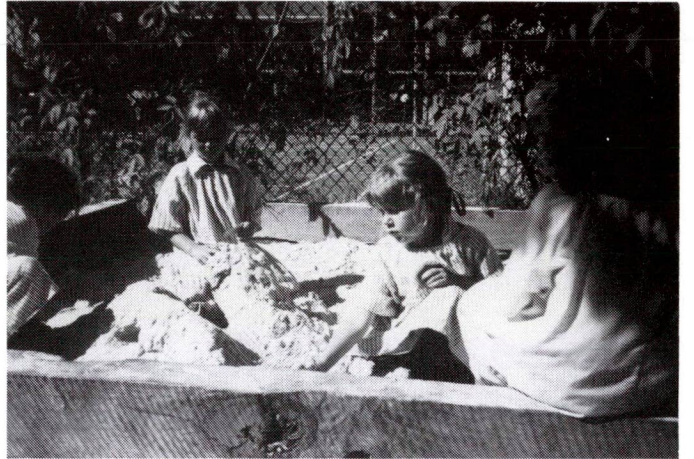


Luci the pearl and diamond fairy.

Once upon a time there was a pink
fairy. She was beautiful. She wore
pearls and diamonds. Her name was
Luci and she lived in a tulip. She kept
her pearls and diamonds in a chest on
a petal.

by Sarah, Yr 3





The Gobblegulp

Fiona Dolphin, Bulleen

The Gobblegulp is most uncouth,
In his mouth is just one tooth,
He gobbles food and gulps Ribena,
Like a living vacuum cleaner.
He has a great big bulging belly,
That wobbles when he walks like jelly,
But what I like about him least,
Is that he is a noisy beast.
For when he eats an apple crumble,
His tummy starts to roll and rumble,
I often hear a noise and wonder,
Was that a Gobblegulp or thunder?

THE FAIRY'S MOTHER

Once upon a time there used to be a house. A fairy lived in the house. Her mum called the fairy for dinner. The fairy came to her mother and they had roast beef for dinner and they lived happily ever after.

Melissa.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet, Sat on her tuffet, Eating her Irish Stew. There came a big spider, Who sat down beside her, So she ate him all up too.

Sarah Hill Year 1.



BOREDOM

Boredom is like an emotion. It is when you get fidgety and annoyed because you can't think of anything to do or you are sick of what you are doing. It is when your mind is totally blank and you can't be bothered to think.

Boredom is something that attacks people who can't occupy themselves or think they can't. It also attacks people who don't open their minds or think logically. It normally happens when everybody else is pre-occupied. It happens to people who have can't. Don't want to. Can't be bothered. Can't, can't, can't in their minds. Boredom builds a brick wall that you have to break down to start thinking logically again.

Mothers are Boredom's greatest enemy because they normally come up with a solution to their child's boredom (except watching T.V.) Their first solution is to read a book which most children hate but then mothers get cracking with ideas and the wall starts to crumble down and then the child takes over and Boredom is soon dead. If you have enough will power, you can always defeat Boredom!

*by Georgina Croyle
Yr 6 A' Beckett*

DRACULA

Dracula is mean and daring, He hates being nice, kind and sharing, Dracula is as black as coal, People say he likes to bowl.

Mean and nasty is his game, Frightening people is his aim, His hair is as green as grass, It scares people when the pass.

His eyes glow as bright as stars, He says he comes from planet Mars, Dracula's companion is called Og, It might be a cat, mouse or dog.

by Emily Brooke Yr4

I learn
CAROLINE piano

JUNIOR SCHOOL "BLOOPERS"

Amphitheatre: a bowl like the M.C.G. with sits around it.
Swimming: a spot where you float and move around in water.
Salary: a long thin green vegetable
Babtist (baptist): someone who works for Bab.
Boycott: two boys fighting with each other.
Casserole: a food like a lump.
Politician is disgusting smoke that politicians the oxone layer.
Baptise: bat food
Boycott: to be crazy about boys.
Chicken pops is a dizese where your get dots that are ichy.
Salary: its a long hard green thing thats helthy.
Catastrophe is a bad temper.
Politician: litter and smoke, gas.
Geoff Weeks has a high-picked voice for his age.
Australia is a contont.
If the plants were not grown commercially for its leaves, it would be grown for its dandy bloosems and beautiful folly age.
The leaves are leathery and tapering with saw-like eyes.,
Mrs. Swift said the dolphin looked like a marble.
Our two-man-cat-suit was now in albit.
When we went camping one time, we saw Hallies Commit.
Dinghy, paddle-steamer, fairy, cargoship and cruiser are all water crafts.
Said a prep child: "This hole punch doesn't work. It has run out of holes!"
Learning the months days of the year.
"30 days has December, October, July and November. All the rest have 31 Except for February alone Which has 29 days clear And 32 each Leap Year."
lways firing.
We blitzed the Netball, winning all three levels. Our finest achievement of the year.

JOKES AND RIDDLES ABOUT WATER

Q. What drips but isn't sticky?
A. Water.
Q. What runs but can't walk?
A. Water
Q. When is water not wet?
A. When it has evaporated.
Q. What do you get when you melt water?
A. Ice water.
My first is in wind and also in whip,
My second is in hail but not in sight,
My third is in fruit but not in fry,
My fourth is in yellow and also in leaf,
My fifth is in shirt and also in rustle.
What am I?

Felicia Lau, A' Beckett.

Water is fun to play in,
Also it is nice in hot weather.
Today water in rivers is polluted,
Everyone is now helping each other to clean up the pollution.
Rivers look nice when they are clean.

Marcelle Knapp, A' Beckett.

WATER is a liquid that you can drink.
At the beach you can splash around in the sea.
The sea water you can not drink because of the salt.
Everything that is alive needs water to survive, and
Rivers are nice when they have trees around them.

Amanda Jacobson, A'Beckett.

Water is important
And it is fun too,swimming pool and waterslide are good examples,
They bring happiness to people.
Each day we need water to live. Of the
Resources of the world, water is the most important.

Phoebe Leung, A' Beckett.

**Water is made by hydrogen and oxygen.
Air is included in the water we use.
The water we use is always fresh.
Every food has water in it, but we can't always tell.
Regularly I drink water because I don't like milk.**
Katy Matthews, A' Beckett.

**We have been studying about water.
All things contain water, including dry food.
The rain cycle is very important to us.
Every living thing needs water to survive.
Regularly, I drink water to stop my body from dehydrating.**
Felicia Lau, A' Beckett.

**Water is WET.
All of us drink it ALL the time.
The THERMOS keeps water hot
Even ELEPHANTS drink it.
Rain comes REGULARLY.**
Sophie Miller, A' Beckett.



Angie Collins, A' Beckett.

I like to play
CLAUDIA

JEALOUSY

Jealousy is a sickly pink.
It smells like lemon.
It tastes like sour cream,
And looks like lips pinched together.
It sounds like nails going down the blackboard
And feels like a broken mirror.

Linda Honan, Yr 5 Bulleen

A
Small
Crackly
Dry Leaf,
Blowing in
The breeze
Softly falls
To the
ground.

Sophie Lui, Yr.4

The Missing Hazelnuts

Do you know the story of the missing hazelnuts?

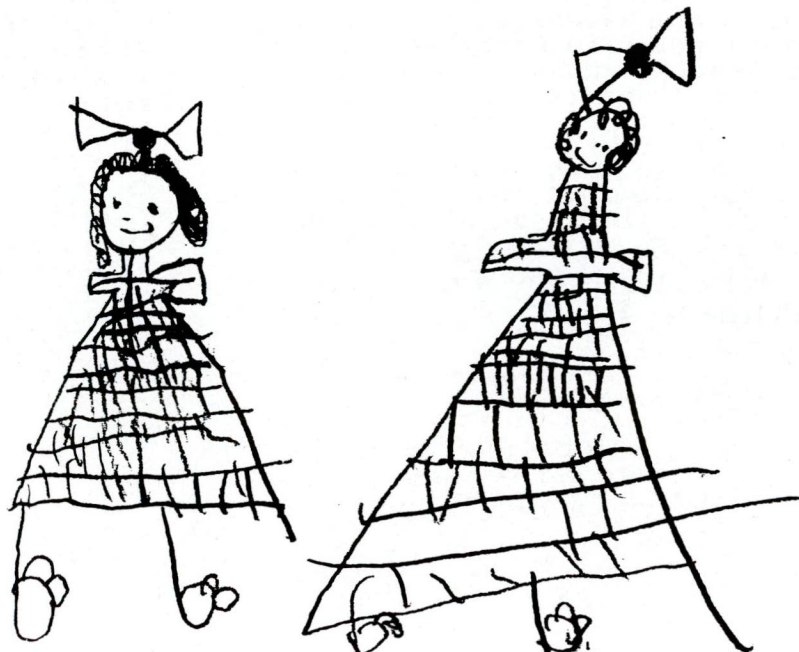
In Autumn when the leaves are changing to red, yellow and gold the fairy called Hazel is waiting for the squirrels to come and collect their nuts for their store. But Hazel thinks they must have forgotten.

She looks down and hears her friends, Forget-me-not and Daisy. Come and sit with us. they said. They see that the little fairy is sad, "What is the matter?" they said. So the little fairy tells them, "We can play hunt the squirrels."

by Emma Henley Yr 2



Annabelle



9 Victor Ave
Kew 3101
Victoria
Thursday 31st May

Dear Icelandic Ambassador,

If these countries continue killing whales they will soon be extinct. The fin whales population used to be about half a million in the Southern Hemisphere. Now there are only about two to four thousand. Other species like the humpback, sei and sperm have done no better in surviving. Not many countries have killed whales but many have died because of the few that have. Australia should join with the many other countries, worried about the future of the whale to put pressure on the International Whaling Commission to make sure no more whales are killed.

YOURS SINCERELY
PURDY BUCKLE .
Tarring 5/6

Is providing make-up for women to wear more important than saving a species that will soon be extinct? If mankind doesn't slaughter innocent animals such as the whale the babies of today will never have time to watch these beautiful creatures living in their natural habitat. Imagine if you were a whale how you feel being slaughtered so people could have smooth skin or enjoy a night out at a seafood bistro.

You probably wouldn't have noticed but whales have feelings just like humans. They have just as much right to live freely in the ocean as we do to live on the earth. Just because they live in a different environment doesn't make them any less civilised than us.

So I would like you and other ambassadors of the world to think about what everybody in the world can do to save the whale.
Yours sincerely, Fiona Berry.
Tarring 5/6

12 Selbourne Road
Kew
Victoria 3101

Tuesday 12th June

Dear Senator Evans

We have been discussing the article in the Sun newspaper, "PREVENT WHALE HOLOCAUST." All of us, here at Ruyton Girls' School, think that it is very stupid that the Japanese, Norwegian and Icelandic people can just come down to Antarctica and the Pacific Ocean and just kill whales for their precious oils, skins, meat and other parts of their bodies. If we have the right to live then why don't they? Anyway what have they done to be killed? If there is anything that I can do please send

to Miss M. Sheedy
305 Riversdale Rd
Hawthorn East
Victoria 3123

I hope to hear from you soon,

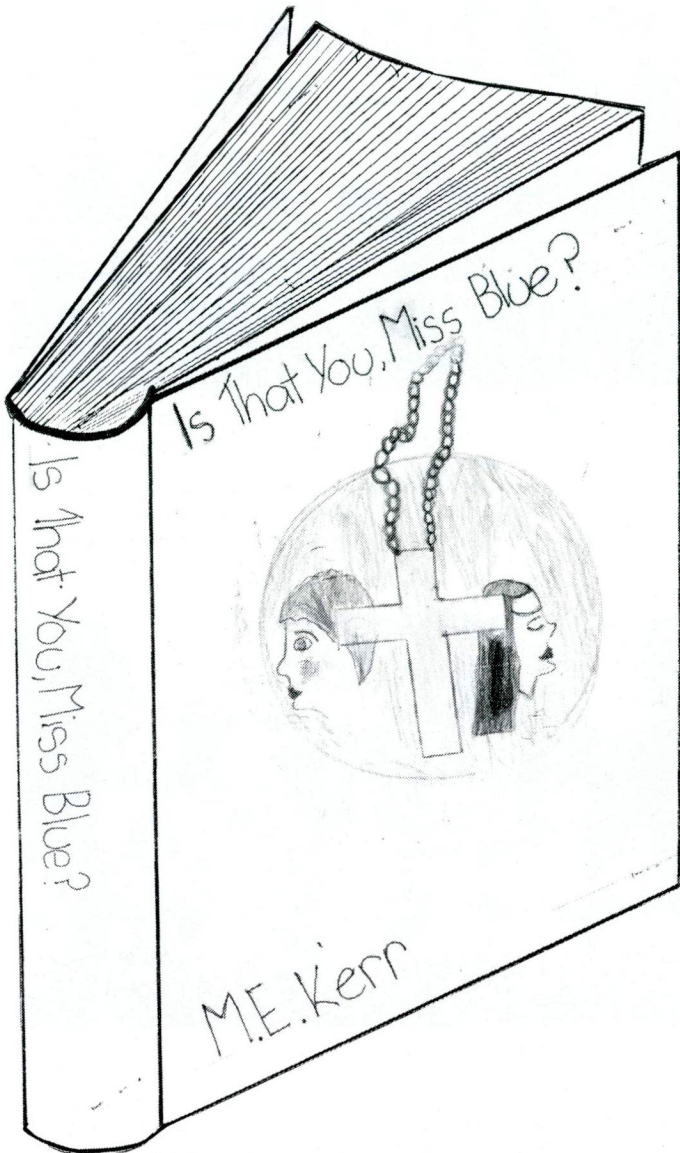
YOURS FAITHFULLY
Megan Sheedy Tarring 5/6
signed

9 Edward St
Kew 3101
Victoria.

Dear Senator Evans,

I am ashamed at the number of whales being killed each year. After all they are the biggest sea animal alive. Whales were around to see the dinosaurs. Iceland, Norway and Japan have already killed out all the whales in their waters and now they are coming to ours. Please don't let the whales die.

Yours faithfully,
Lizzie Andrews. Tarring 5/6



BOOK REVIEW: IS THAT YOU MISS BLUE?

Setting: This story is set in the very strict, religious boarding school called Charles School in Virginia. I think it is set in the fifties.

Characters: Flanders Brown — heroine Carolyn Cardmaker — her best friend Miss Blue — eccentric science teacher Cute Dibbles — a friend of Flanders Agnes Thatcher — member of A.A.A.C. Cadet Thomas — Flander's boyfriend.

Theme: The theme of this book is to look at people as a whole and not to discriminate people for their faults.

Plot: The main plot of "Is that you, Miss Blue?" is A.A.A.C.'s (Atheists Against All Cruelty) plan to steal a painting for their science teacher Miss Blue. Miss Blue had been asked to leave Charles School because she believed she had a direct line to Jesus.

Climax: This book has many climaxes. One of them is when Carolyn is expelled. Another climax is when Cute's father tells off the Principal.

Anna Archer (A' Beckett Yr 6)

Henry and Loz

Once upon a time there was a fairy called Loz. Loz found a sick dog. His name was Henry. Loz cheered him up and they played together.

The fairy waved her wand and they were at fairyland and Henry was surprised. The fairy waved her wand and they were back at home.

By Louise Sayers Year 2

SPAGHETTI

Spaghetti soft and slippery It wriggles in my tum, Sometimes it goes all sloppy. No one makes spaghetti like my mum!

Spaghetti long and slimy Slurped up into my tum, Bolognaise sauce makes it yum. No one makes spaghetti like my mum!

By Lizzie Andrews

Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory dickory dock. Louise broke the clock. Her mother came back and gave her a smack. Hickory dickory dock.

Louise Tolson Year 1

Yr 5 (Tarring)

On the 24th of May, Year Four and Year Three went to Jells Park and Devon Meadows. At Devon Meadows we planted a tree. Katie and I planted a gum tree. Some girls planted a golden wattle, a blue gum and a red gum. I planted a little plant too. It is called a Scarlet Runner. Some girls climbed trees.

**Andrea Fiorenza
Year 4**

The Two Fairies.

Once upon a time there were two fairies. Their names were Jennifer and Lesya. They lived in the woods and they were very pretty. They were twin sisters.

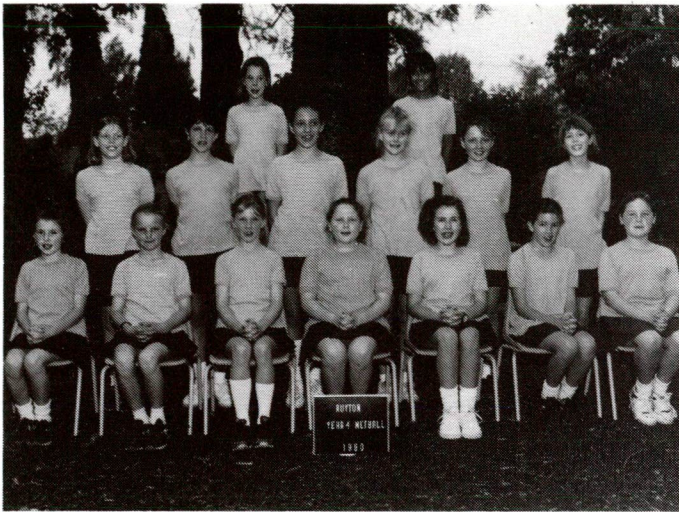
They liked to fly and play with their wands. They went to sleep.

Jennifer and Lesya went to their fairy godmother. The fairy godmother said, "Get me a rat Lesya." So Lesya went and caught a rat and came back and gave the rat to the fairy godmother. The fairy godmother changed it into a man.

by Jennifer



Yr 2



YEAR 4 NETBALL

Lt-Rt Sitting: Holly McDonald, Melinda Robertson, Penny Hill, Katherine Heath, Stefania Brunetti, Amanda Harcourt, Bianca Buchanan.
 Row 1: Kirsty Spender, Emily Brooke, Zoi Cameron, Rebecca Littlejohn, Kate O'Brien, Sally Carwardine.
 Top row: Kate Pettifer, Sumitra Sandrasegar.



ORCHESTRA

Lt-Rt Sitting: Janine Loftus, Andrea Lee, Sophie Liu, Stephanie Brunetti, Melinda Robertson, Grania Buckley, Margaret Rutledge.
 Row 1: Sarah Filshie, Amelia Terracall, Ann Wu, Pippa Usher, Ruth Kemp, Kate Lorimer, Sarah Anderson, Fiona Berry.
 Row 2: Amanda Jacobson, Anna Archer, Amy Paterson, Zoe Fink, Dusica Trkulja, Alicia Robertson, Susan O'Connell, Jessica Tumbri.



YEAR 5 NETBALL

Georgina Sutton, Lauren Milner, Lizzie Sayers, Annelie Zuccolo, Amanda Tickell, Amelia Mason, Pia Miles, Grania Buckley.



YEAR 2-3 CHOIR

Lt-Rt Front: Catherine Masters, Anna Clarke, Bonnie Pockley, Louise Izzard, Cecelia Laurance, Alexis Denby, Emma Henty.
 Row 2: Linda Watkin, Sophie Sunbert, Melissa Starzynoki, Sarah Anderson, Catherine Pitliangas, Zoe Towell.
 Row 3: Erica Menting, Margaret Rutledge, Janine Loftus, Lauren Wilkinson.
 Back row: Alana Harrington, Despina Paltoglou.



YEAR 6 SOFTBALL

Lt-Rt Sitting: Kate Lormier, Larissa Aumann, Pippa Usher, Ruth Kemp, Ann Wu.
 Row 1: Angela Collins, Georgina Croyle, Nicky Robertson, Simone Leyon, Catherine Traynor, Cristina Sammassimo.
 Row 2: Fiona Sidwell, Kathryn Matthews, Sophie Miller.



YEAR 6 NETBALL

Lt-Rt Sitting: Ann Wu, Marcelle Knapp, Leni Cuiro, Fiona Sidwell, Felicia Lau, Larrisa Aumann, Kate Lorimer.
 Row 1: Amanda Jacobson, Zoe Fink, Claire Wilkin, Alicia Robertson, Simone Leijon, Nicky Robertson.
 Row 2: Megan Sheedy, Phoebe Leung, Georgina Croyle, Katie Matthews, Sharmila Sandrasegar.
 Top row: Linden Clarke, Claire Wough-Young.



YEAR 4-6 CHOIR

Lt-Rt Ground: Katherine Heath, Katie Pettifer, Stefania Brunetti, Jane Fiske, Pia Miles, Kathryn Chapman.

Sitting: Emma Strugnell, Melinda Robertson, Amanda Harcourt, Penny Hill, Purdy Buckle, Linda Honan, Kate Staton, Jessica Boughton.

Row 1: Fiona Course, Bianca Dinoto, Bianca Buchanan, Andrea Lee, Sophie Liu, Grania Buckley, Caroline Bell, Holly McDonald, Andrea Fiorenza.

Row 2: Amelia Mason, Cristina Sammassimo, Emma Anderson, Nicky Robertson, Ella Pakes, Anna Archer, Katie Matthews, Annelie Zuccolo, Sharmilla Sandrasegar, Zoi Cameron.

Row 3: Rebecca Littlejohn, Emily Pockley, Alexandra Collier, Meg Lewis, Emily Brooke, Lizzie Sayers, Fiona Berry, Marcelle Knapp, Sara Hammond.

Top row: Caro Rutledge, Kirsty Spender, Felicity Bell, Sally Carwadin, Lauren Milner, Lizzie Andrews, Ruth Kemp, Pippa Usher.



MINI MADS

Lt-Rt Sitting: Grania Buckley, Pippa Usher, Lisa Fraumano, Fiona Berry, Kathryn Chapman.

Row 1: Annelie Zuccolo, Anna Archer, Nicky Robertson, Cristina Sammassimo.

Row 2: Marcelle Knapp, Sharmila Sandrasegar, Amelia Mason.



RECORDER

Lt-Rt Sitting: Fiona Berry, Catherine Yeo, Felicia Lau, Katie Matthews.

Standing: Amanda Tickell, Annelie Zuccolo, Pippa Wilson, Georgina Sutton.



TOURNAMENT OF MINDS 1990

Lt-Rt: Linda Honan, Sharmilla Sandrasegar, Claire Wilkin, Simone Leijon, Jenny Marshall, Catherine Traynor.



STRING GROUP

Lt-Rt Sitting: Cara Thomas, Zoe Towell, Andrea Lee, Sophie Liu, Grania Buckley, Margaret Rutledge.

Row 1: Amelia Terracall, Caro Rutledge, Pippa Wilson, Emma Anderson, Sarah Summons, Lizzie Sayers, Rebecca Littlejohn.

Row 2: Melinda Robertson, Emma Strugnell, Katie Pettifer, Pippa Usher, Lizzie Andrews, Sarah Anderson, Stefania Brunetti.

Absent: Lucy Terracall.



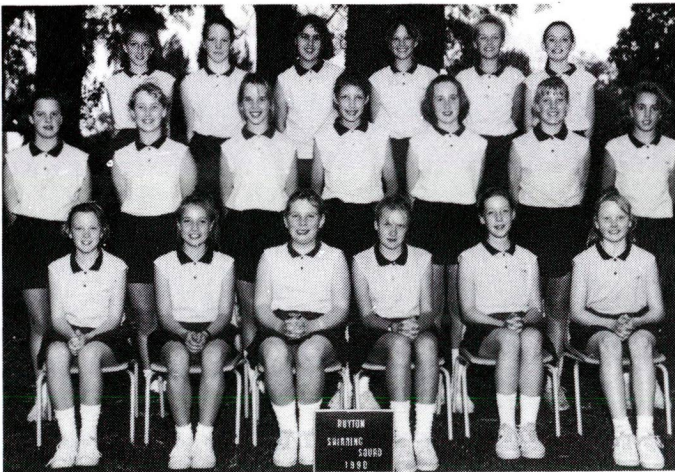
MUSIC CAPTAINS

Lt-Rt: Sophie Miller, Sharmila Sandrasegar.



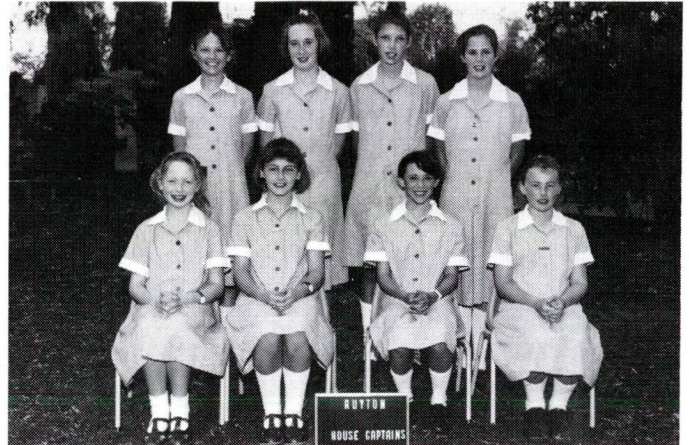
FORM CAPTAINS

Lt-Rt Sitting: Andrea Lee, Sarah Filshie, Ruth Kemp, Elizabeth Andrews, Larissa Aumann, Amelia Terracall, Georgina Sutton.
 Row 1: Amanda Tickell, Phoebe Leung, Anna Archer, Simone Leijon, Anna Lisa Spinks, Catherine Traynor.
 Row 2: Caro Rutledge, Pippa Wilson, Sarah Sommers, Catherine Yeo, Sharmila Sandrasegar, Amelia Mason, Fiona Dolphin.
 Top row: Meg Lewis, Cassie Williams, Felicia Lau, Sophie Miller.



SWIMMING

Lt-Rt Sitting: Amelia Terracall, Amelia Mason, Katie Matthews, Cassie Williams, Linden Clarke, Lizzie Sayers.
 Row 1: Nicky Robertson, Amy Paterson, Simone Leijon, Alicia Robertson, Claire Wilkin, Angie Collins, Amanda Jacobson.
 Row 2: Jenny Marshall, Susan O'Connell, Ella Pakes, Anna Lisa Spinks, Amanda Tickell, Annelie Zuccolo.



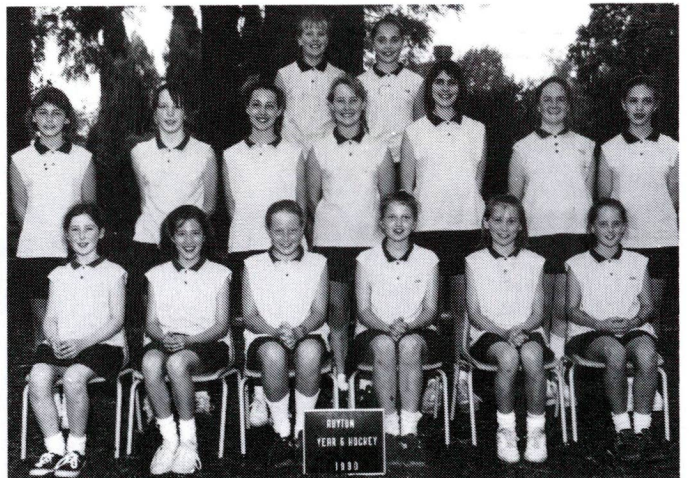
HOUSE CAPTAINS

Lt-Rt Sitting: Marcelle Knapp, Catherine Yeo, Kate Lorimer, Larissa Aumann.
 Standing: Anna Lisa Spinks, Claire Wilkin, Alicia Robertson, Georgina Croyle.



YEAR 5 NETBALL

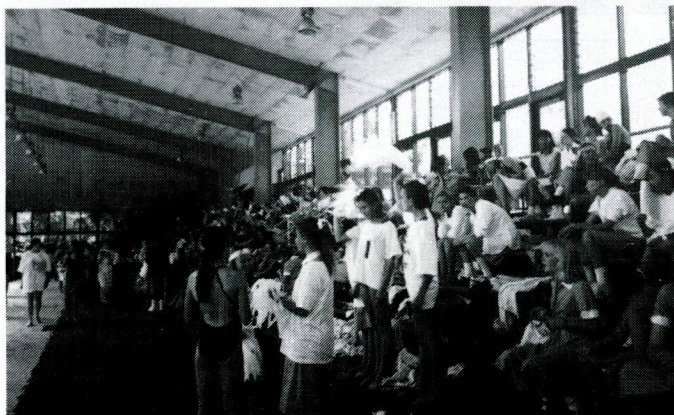
Lt-Rt Row 1: Emma Strugnell, Caitlin Taylor, Kathryn Chapman.
 Standing: Amelia Terracall, Alexandra Collier, Meg Lewis, Emma Anderson, Fiona Berry, Felicity Bell, Lizzie Andrews.



YEAR 6 HOCKEY

Lt-Rt Sitting: Marion Askin, Ruth Kemp, Sophie Miller, Lilly Kwaitkowski, Pippa Usher, Sarah Filshie.
 Row 1: Catherine Yeo, Susan O'Connell, Amy Paterson, Dusica Trkulja, Anna Archer, Catherine Traynor.
 Row 2: Angie Collins, Christina Sammassimo.

SENIOR SCHOOL





MY CITY-MEMORIES

I can't remember the general appearance of the city, but only aspects. I can remember the smells that mingled together, tickling my senses, the strange and foreign smells of the Chinese restaurants and the cheap, fatty smell of the hamburger joint where I used to hang out. They are all comforting, all home to me.

The city had its skyscrapers, reaching up into the clouds of the smog that were always hovering above. But I remember the city's old classical buildings too. From a distance, the city didn't impress much. It was only a handful of skyscrapers and a few badly designed office buildings. When I was a child I wished it was bigger. I wanted it to be daunting and imposing. But it wasn't.

All around the city there was the feeling of what I think had also hindered my country years ago. It was a hopeless feeling, where the shops all had products imported from somewhere else, where the fashions and ideas too, all came from somewhere else. Maybe my city thought what it did and produced wasn't as good as the next city, I'm not sure. The people in my city were all different, I remember that I liked that. The city had workers and millionaires and their wives. Of course, there were ordinary people who lived in a clean house with nice children. But, as I got to know the city better, I realised there weren't many of these people.

As you drive through the main streets of the city, there are empty gutters, and trees forming an arch over the road. You will see hotels with gleaming brass and lush carpet, department stores with clean windows. But at the back of the city are dark alleys, reeking with the smell of rotting garbage. Drunks will lie, slumped in doorways, and syringes lie in gutters. This side of the city is hidden from the onlooker. The tourist buses do not drive down these dimly lit streets.

And this, this city with all its secrets and joys, is my city.

Sarah Sweetman Year 9M

The Countryside.

At night it looks so haunted
Shining in the moonbeams
Nocturnals run undaunted
So ghostly dark it seems
But in the day it changes
So beautiful and clear
I much prefer in the light
Not driven by night's fear.

Belinda Quantock 8Q

THE DARK STREET

As I walked alone along the long, dark street, the wind ran a chill up my back bone. How could my kind, caring friend live in such a place? How could anyone live in such a place? It was getting darker, and old tramps and homeless kids watched me as I walked past in my expensive new uniform. I began to feel afraid, I looked towards a small shabby broken down house which was like a neglected dog, to see the number...23, I had to go to 76! Clutching tight to my bag, I crept along trying not to make too much noise with my school sandals on the neglected road. I heard someone else walking behind me. I looked back, but the dim light prevented me seeing who it was. An old man said to me, "Got a dollar luv?" in a common, croaky voice. I took no notice and carried on walking. A teenager grunted in his uncomfortable sleep. Number 76 finally! I knocked on the door... "Hi," said a friendly voice.

Emilie Harrak 8Q

THE BEACH

I heard the crashing of the waves on the rocks and the hurl of the wind hissed in my ears. The seagulls flying above me in their small content groups fluttered impatiently against the raging wind.

The vibrant sun gleaming over the water, and the sound of my feet squishing in the sand.

I could taste the salt in the air and feel the sand inbetween my toes.

The beach was isolated and only myself and my shadow were to be seen for miles.

The small shrubs that clung to the sand waved violently in the wind, and the waves continued their march up the shore to meet my feet, which were now beginning to feel the icy water around them.

I noticed a small crab running hastily to hide between some shells and I watched it run under a rock to hide away from the wind like everything else.

I walked on, until finally the sun died down, and the stars and moon began to shine brightly..

I often came to the beach to think about life, about living.....and the beach always seemed like a blanket surrounding me, keeping me warm, and at peace.

Madeleine Lugar 8P



THE BATTLE OF THE SEA AND THE SKY

Greeny-blue fists of water strike madly,
Brooding heavens fight back with spears of light and rumbling cannons.

Fishermen, caught in the cross-fire like fish caught in their nets,
panic and yell,

But the sea is a furious green serpent and cares not for the insignificant parasites on its back.

Blow after blow they continue the fight,

Whose is the land by right?

Water turns white and the waves are immense.

The powers of nature are losing their sense.

The sky is black with the frowning clouds.

The sun has retreated, it gets lost in the crowds

Of gulls and of raindrops, which weigh down the air,

Way up in the cavernous sky giant's lair.

Dolphins, which danced here only hours before

Now are fleeing to some safer shore.

And with them the whales, and seals, and fish,

As far from here, to be, is their wish.

The sky's last weapons it throws at the sea,

The whirlwinds and cyclones, and screaming with glee

It hurls a typhoon and drops hurricanes,

And ends its finale with strong thrashing rains.

And at last there is calm, an empty silence

The giants are tired, peace will reign hence,

forth until once more, like men on the land,

at battling and fighting, they try their hand.

Hannah Robert 8Q



TIDINESS

Tidiness is often seen as an expression of self-control. To me, it is the expression of an unimaginative personality. There is no flair in the tidy room, no spontaneity in the tidy drawer, tidiness almost frightens me with its rigidity and conforming standards.

The world is not a tidy place, nature is not tidy by any means. Trees do not grow to match each other, flowers do not grow in strategic positions and rivers do not flow on a straight path, so, why fight nature? People seem to be obsessed by tidy rooms, houses, gardens and even lockers. Mothers seem obsessed by the tidiness of an offspring's room, yet, when the room is tidy it is still the same size, it has not changed.

There are people in the world who live to tidy, they put magazines back where they came from, the glasses in the cupboard must sit in height order and so must the books in the book case.

To me, tidiness represents a restricting lifestyle. It is so restricting to have to place each object in a particular place, needless to say a waste of time. There is no room for self-expression in a neat room, except conformity. The messy room allows for development of character, although it may not look like it, everything in a messy room is in exactly the right place and can be found instantly. Although it would be difficult to convince a tidy person of it, the messy room has an ordered pattern.

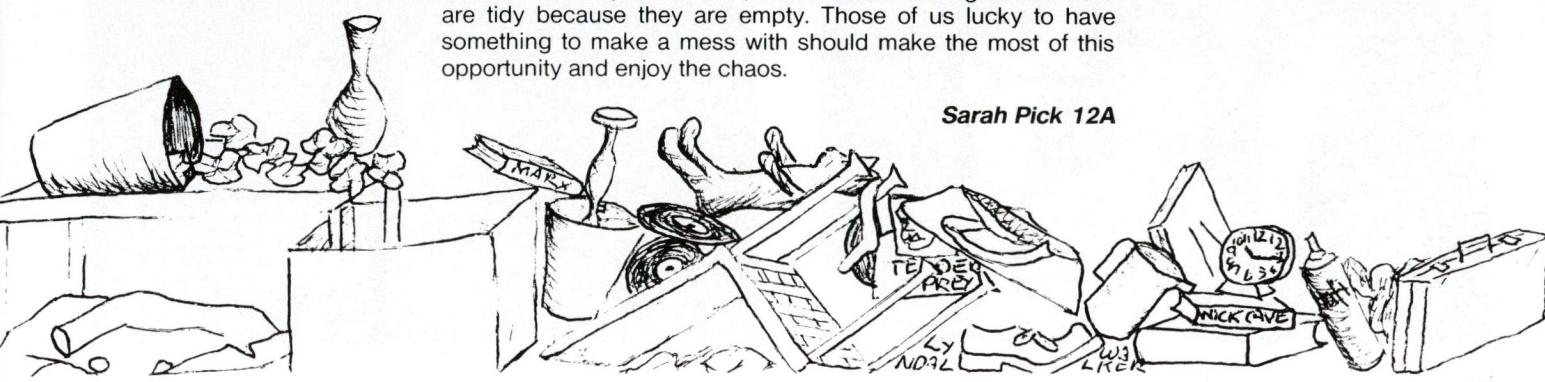
Tidiness is so dull. There is no excitement in a day if one cannot find a rotting apple in the bottom of a desk drawer or a long lost favourite hanky down the back of a box. There is something new to be discovered each day. To me, tidiness represents all these chances of discovery as lost. There is nothing surprising in a tidy room.

What is difficult to understand is the tidy person's obsession with cleaning. Cleaning is something that, once started, never ends. What is picked up today will be discarded and picked up again tomorrow. Cleaning is always there to be done, whether you do it or not, is another matter, it doesn't matter how tidy you are, there will always be more to do. Why waste time on an unending task?

Whatever happened to spontaneity? Flair? The tidy room has neither of these. The tidy room stifles the care-free characters constantly hanging over their heads as one more duty in a person's heavy load. A messy room does not demand loss of spontaneity — it develops it. Every messy room has its character, whether it be messiest on the bed, chair or floor. Besides, it is very difficult to make the ceiling in a room messy and I personally find this frustrating. That wasted expanse that you are forced to stare at while lying in bed is the only thing you are unable to leave a personal mark on. It's leering face seems triumphant over your mess.

Tidiness is expressionless, cold and conforming. Prison cells are tidy because they are empty. Those of us lucky to have something to make a mess with should make the most of this opportunity and enjoy the chaos.

Sarah Pick 12A



THE HOUSEGUEST

This elusive element
Known as Inspiration
Comes to call twice each month,
Every second Tuesday
For half an hour.
It never knocks
But taps gently, persistently,
Until I am forced to
Pull the curtains
So that no one sees.
Inside my darkened state
It grips and possesses,
Whirling through each room
And knocking down my belongings
Until its path is clear.
Once its rage is spent
It crawls shaking to a corner
And from there
Diminishes
Till nothing is left.
Nothing.
Nothing except the echo
Of shattering furniture
And locked, hingeless doors.
Twice each month,
Every second Tuesday,
For an Eternity
I allow Inspiration
To pay its rent.

Justine Braithwaite 12A

SKIP

When I get sick of arithmetic
And reading and writing don't seem exciting
I jog my brain to keep me sane
And skip and skip and skip and skip
And never stop until I drop
And when I do it's strange but true
My lazy brain starts to work again.

By Jane Stewart 7T

JANE EYRE

For the past four months our class, 8N, has been studying Charlotte Bronte's great novel "Jane Eyre". Jane Eyre is a story of the love of Jane Eyre and the tyrannic Mr. Rochester, her employer. It also explains her traumatic youth with her aunt, then her years at Lowood Institution for Girls.

We have seen the series on video during class time, which we found to be most interesting and exciting to watch. It is a very powerful, moving series. The video of Jane Eyre we saw in class was a modern version in colour, but one Saturday early in July, Bill Collins presented the old version in black and white on television. After seeing Jane Eyre in class, I thought that it would be interesting to read the novel, to find any differences between the film and the book.

Jane Eyre is a very long book, with four hundred and fifty two pages, but every page is worth reading. There is always something new happening and, especially in the first half of the book, many new characters to meet. There is a mixture of happiness and sadness that makes it an especially good book to read.

Jane Eyre was first published in 1847, and became a best-seller overnight. It was such a moving book over a century ago, it still continues to be very well known and an absolutely fantastic book today. I think that it is the best and I would recommend it to anyone who likes to have a long read full of adventurous moments and new experiences.

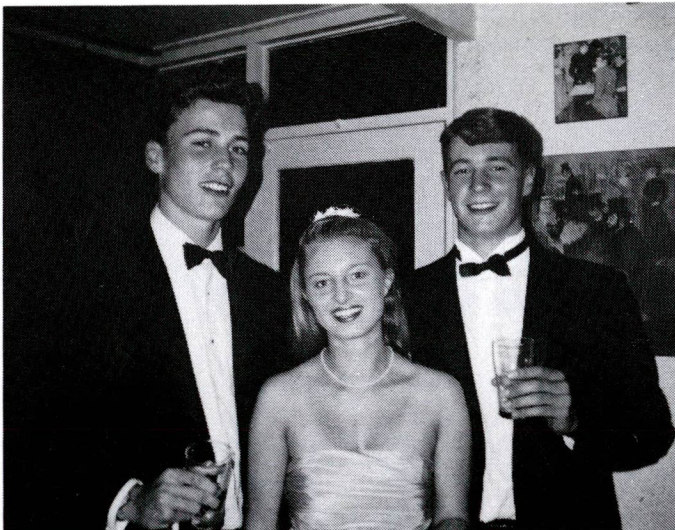
Ages 13 onwards.

Anthea Stevens 8N

LIFE IN THE LOCKER ROOM

What do we have next lesson?
History and French.
Oh Yuk!!
A hot, sticky, unsavoury day.
The smell.
Rotten, squashed bananas and orange peel,
Floats throughout the locker room.
Whats in your lunch?
A peanut butter and watermelon sandwich.
Oh Yuk!!
Rapid swapping of lunches occurred
Shuffling of books and school bags,
Munching and crunching,
Could be heard miles away.
What are you wearing to dancing class?
Velvet skirt, flannel shirt.
Oh Yuk!!
Gossip begins
Cries of anonymous love are heard.
Who likes who?
Rumors wait to be spread.

Claire Campell 9M





AN ISSUE THAT IS IMPORTANT TO ME

I am very concerned with the increasing number of Australians, both adults and adolescents, who spend their lives on the streets. Recently I read the book *Three Nights on Nowhere Street*, by Sydney writer Garry Sargeant. *Three Nights on Nowhere Street* is an account of three nights in which Garry lived the life of a homeless person, with virtually no money, no guaranteed roof over his head, and nobody to rely upon. During this time, he befriended other homeless people, who thought that he was also homeless, and learnt a great deal about life on the streets; the way it really is. I believe that there are ways which we can use to prevent more people taking to life on the streets; and also ways in which we can assist those who do.

There are several different reasons why people turn to life on the streets. Many children and teenagers choose a life on the streets because it seems their life has no direction. The streets seem to offer new alternatives, but the majority end up in a worse situation than before. Some of the older homeless people actually do have a spouse and children. Life and work has been bad, and money has been scarce. They have left their families in search of a new life. Others have been unable to pay rents and various other bills, and have been forced onto the streets by poverty.

I believe that it is essentially the individual's home life which will keep them on or off the streets. If you have a good relationship with your family, then they will be able to face with you any problems that may occur. Many people leave home because they feel that they have nobody with whom they can share their problems. If more people experienced a stable, happy family life, I think that there would be fewer people living on the streets.

Refuges are great establishments for the homeless. In *Three Nights on Nowhere Street*, Garry Sargeant spent his first night in a refuge. A refuge provides you with a roof over your head, a bed to sleep in, somewhere to wash, and a meal. Most of the others in the refuge were friendly towards Garry, inviting him to play cards and pool. Counselling services were offered at the refuge twenty-four hours a day, which I think is extremely beneficial. People will often have nobody to talk to about their problems, and this can lead to them taking drastic actions.

The free meals and accommodation that the refuge centres provide are also extremely important. If these weren't provided by refuges, many homeless people would have to find a way to make some quick money to cover the cost of food and accommodation. I feel that this would lead to many people turning to drug dealing and prostitution.

Funding is very important. Organizations such as the Salvation Army do a fantastic job, providing many homeless people with food, shelter and clothing. Before reading *Three Nights on Nowhere Street*, I believed all people who lived on the streets were harsh, and only interested in looking after themselves. However, Garry Sargeant met a group of Aboriginal people who shared their drink, blankets, and most importantly, their friendship with him. They trusted him not to steal their blankets, and treated him like a close friend from the moment they met him. There was a great feeling of unity and mateship between them, which I was surprised at, but now I feel that I was being narrow-minded about homeless people's attitudes.

Even after Garry Sargeant's article was published, he went back to visit his old friends on the streets. They did not resent him for deceiving them, and treated him with the same friendship they always had. So, it has been proven: these people are not out of our reach; it is possible for us to help them. We cannot all be expected to live on the streets for a few days, as Garry did; but we can all offer our support to the organizations which provide people like Garry's friends with food, clothing and shelter. It is up to us, the people with homes, to help the ones without them — the homeless.

Tash Dean 10J



A FAMILY STORY

The fading light of the evening sky falls over the tall buildings of the city below, casting long and eerie shadows over the roads. There are cars down below on these roads, crawling like ants, looking so tiny in the hugeness of the city. Out towards the far end of the city, the factories come into view, spewing out their black, choking fumes. As a complete contrast, the other end of the city is covered with lush, green grass, and colourful flowers. A murky river runs past the gardens, and is swallowed up by the sea. But the main part of the city lies sandwiched in between the factories and the gardens. The tall, rectangular blocks, and the short, stumpy boxes of city buildings are all placed, side by side, dominating the skyline. The fading light has turned into near-darkness, and the city lights are beginning to show, giving the city a warm glow.

But down in the maze of the city, there is a place that never adds to the other lights — that never gives off a warm glow. It remains dark all night, and even in the daytime, it still remains dark. It is a narrow, bumpy alleyway, that stretches for about fifty metres, and comes to a dead end at the fence. It hasn't been given an official name — nobody can really be bothered to. Everybody calls it something different. The walls surrounding the alleyway are covered with faded, out-of-date graffiti. The ground is littered with rubbish. Nobody really gives a damn about this anonymous part of the city. No-one gives a damn about its inhabitants either.

Down in the deepest, darkest corner of the alleyway is where you will find the family. This is not the ordinary type of family. This is a family of teenage outcasts, derelicts, or whatever you would like to call them. This group is out to be feared. They take whatever they want, and will do whatever they want. They all wear the same fierce and withdrawn expression on their faces, but if you look deeply into their eyes, you will discover that each of them has a sad, haunted look. The leader of this group is a tall and skinny nineteen year old — the one with the most bruises — the one with the ugliest face. He wears a cotton shirt, which hangs loosely off his bony shoulders, and his jeans are well worn.

C'mon boys! It's time to eat.

They go through this every night. Time to eat does not mean to come to the dinner table. These boys don't get it that easy. If they want to eat, they have to steal. So the boys go out in one big group with the leader in front of them. The nineteen year old is very quiet tonight. He is thinking — thinking back to the time when he first joined the group. Thinking back to the time when he'd left home five years ago because it was too straight for him. He smiles to himself. He reckoned that he'd been adopted — his Mum was a doctor, his Dad was a lawyer, and somehow they had still managed to come up with a twisted kid like him. He feels a little guilty as he remembers all the violence he caused. But he's not sorry that he left home — in fact, he's rather glad to have found this group. He's had a wild time with them.

He zooms back into reality as they reach the local food store. They quickly get what they want, and head back home, where everything is safe, and they can become just a part of the big city, living in their anonymous alleyway, as one large happy family.

Michelle Chan 10H

LOCKED OUT

Anyone seeing me now wouldn't believe that just a few months ago I had a family and home. Yet here I was, wearing rags which were by now a brown-black colour with a bad odour of sweat, grease and rubbish. My once blonde and silky hair was now dark brown and messy, I wore mesh gloves on my hands with the fingers cut out. My feet were covered by material boots which were too small, worn to threads and not much use. The clothes didn't give much comfort on this cold night. The buildings were dark as I shuffled along the cobbled street and I could distinctly hear the splash of a cart being pulled through a puddle of water. The chill in the air was biting and I hugged myself to keep warm as I trudged along. I turned left down a street where a lantern hanging from a post revealed the corner houses.

The house was dimly lit and my thoughts were blank. As I scurried down to find shelter for the night, I heard faint music and laughter coming from one of the town houses. This drew me towards a low wide window with its curtains drawn, but a break in the middle let out a warm inviting glow. As I approached it, slowing my pace, the music became clearer. I stood, listening, but a magnetic force beckoned me nearer. I peered into the window, with my nose touching the frosty glass and my hands shielding my eyes from the mirror image so that I could see inside.

Slowly, my vision adjusted to the change in light and I found myself looking into a happy and safe scene. A man of about thirty-four was just sitting down into a comfortable lounge chair with two young children about my age jumping up to greet him. The man smiled and touched the girl's soft face gently and ruffled the boy's brown hair. The father laughed and started to relax after his day's work. He must have just arrived home because in the corner I could see water dripping from the calf-length black coat which he had removed and placed on a hook. He rubbed his hands in front of the fire to warm his face and hands still blue from the cold. A young woman of about thirty entered the room wearing a long full navy dress with wrist length puffy sleeves. She had her hair in a loose bun and a soft, loving smile on her face. She greeted the man with a light kiss and offered him a steaming mug which he gratefully accepted, wrapping his hands around it and sipping from it. Cold and hungry myself, I thought how the thick hot liquid would pass over his cold lips, melting over the tongue and draining down the back of his throat, instantly warming his insides. He placed the mug on his lap and asked his wife in a ragged voice about her day. Her answer was soft and quiet.

Afterwards, the children sat in front of him, one on each side, both excitedly telling him about their day. The boy was younger and looked about seven, his olive skin showed up the white gleam of his smile. His sister had lighter hair, a porcelain complexion and rosy cheeks. She was both taller and slimmer than her slightly chubby brother. She wore a night dress and he was in one piece pyjamas. They looked cosy next to their father. I was looking at the children, father and mother on the plush red couch when the mother got up and, with a single movement, she pulled the curtains, cutting off the light, the warmth and my memories. Cold darkness closed around my empty world.

Catherine Towell 11



THE STRANGER

The decrepit man lay at the corner outside Bailey's Pub. His ragged appearance scared me each time I walked past him.

Not a person would care and even think of that shabby man. The park bench is his home.

The matted beard,
the yellow teeth,
the putrid smell of brandy.

Yes, this is his life.

What a life it is.

Those tattered clothes,
that gritty, mournful face.

What went wrong?

What could have happened?

His favourite possession, that wretched hip flask
and I swear it'll be the death of him.

Sometimes when I'm in bed. I wonder,
how is this stranger?

Is the newspaper he sleeps under keeping him warm? Is the beanie that never leaves his head protecting his face from the harsh winter winds? Why does he scare me so?

I guess it's because I know he has nothing and there are just so many like him, homeless, an empty life.

He'll be there till he dies.

Not even a hope or goal in life
Nothing to look forward to.

Angela Gray 8P



THE ENVIRONMENT

In today's society there are a variety of opinions concerning the environment. The public cannot help but be made aware of these problems, as the media present them to us frequently. We often see pictures of conservationists chaining themselves to trees in order that they will not be felled, or we are exhorted to boycott products which contain harmful gases such as chlorofluorocarbons. Whether we agree with the greenies' or with those who oppose their cause in the name of progress and technology, we cannot ignore the fact that the problem of how to treat our environment is becoming a very real and prominent one.

One issue about which conservationists are passionate is the logging of trees. They claim that in order for us to survive with our present standard of living it is necessary to preserve our forests. Trees are vital for the function of respiration they perform. They take in carbon dioxide and give out oxygen to our atmosphere. An abundance of carbon dioxide is produced by modern industries which release this gas in the process of production. Carbon dioxide accumulates in the atmosphere giving rise to the Greenhouse effect. Conservationists claim that this will result in a general increase of temperature on the earth and the rising of the sea level as the polar caps melt. They believe that this will have catastrophic effects on our way of life.

However, those who oppose the greenies' cause claim that it is necessary to continue the process of felling trees. The timber industry provides society with employment and economic growth. The exporting of timber provides much revenue for Australia. Members of the National Association of Forest Industries believe that their industry is not harming the environment. They claim that more trees are planted than felled, and that this ratio will increase in the future. Some people believe that without human interference with nature, such as felling trees and mining, we would not enjoy our current standard of living. They believe that people would rather live comfortably in a society which had undergone some environmental sacrifices, than have a decrease in the standard of living but an unspoiled natural environment.

The emission of harmful gases into the environment is one to which conservationists are vehemently opposed. They claim that the use of Chlorofluorocarbons and Carbon Dioxide in today's society is ruining our earth. They are the cause of the greenhouse effect as well as the depletion of the ozone layer, which blocks out harmful ultra-violet rays. An increase in cancer also is believed in part to be caused by factors of the environment which are unnatural. The number one killer of children in Canada is cancer, which is believed to have been caused by the emission of harmful gases into the atmosphere.

Those who oppose conservationists believe that we would not enjoy our present standard of living without such mass production methods which release these gases. The poverty level would increase and use of conveniences, such as refrigerators (which release CFCs) would decrease without the levels of modern production.

However, the more optimistic members of society believe that a compromise can be reached. It is claimed that with the use of technology which is carefully planned we could sustain double our population quite comfortably, without uprooting any more species from their natural environments. We are becoming increasingly aware of the existence of an environmental conflict, and this awareness can help us decide whether or not the stance of the conservationists, their opposition, or those who wish to compromise, is one which we should adopt in modern society.

Sophie McCowan 12B



AN ISSUE THAT IS IMPORTANT TO ME

27th July 2075

Dear Diary,

What happened? What happened to our world? They told us, they warned us, but we paid no attention and our worst fears became reality.

The hole, that dreaded hole that stole so many headlines, slowly, so quietly, grew and grew. It seemed to happen without warning, but we knew it was happening and its effects can be seen everywhere today. The blistered faces of the sun-worshippers. Those who cried, "It won't happen to me," those who silently murmur, "I don't deserve this." But they are not the only ones to suffer.

The beaches where they went to worship, beautiful, crystal clear beaches where waves of jade and white crashed onto soft, pure, cream sand. No longer. No longer do small children splash in the shallows or build sandcastles. All that can be found in the shallows are the mystical creatures of the depths, lying lifelessly, coated in oil and sludge. Occasionally one can find a small seal, its growth stunted, dead. Starved to death because someone threw a small plastic ring into the ocean. A piece of plastic that will see the sun rise for millions of years longer than any human will. The sand has lost its softness and its colour. What lies there now is a swamp. A swamp of mud and oil with an indescribable stench. I recall the days when a person would walk along the beach, and would remark; smell the fresh sea breeze. Hmph! What a joke!

The signs no longer say NO DOGS. They say DANGER, NO PEOPLE and the only people to be seen are the scientists in their protective clothing and gas masks. The scientists who walk up and down day after day, trying to ease the extent of the damage. Occasionally, one can detect a faint glimmer of hope in their eyes as yet another drift net is found. It means there is one less out there continuing its mass murder, but when they see the dolphins and the countless numbers of marine life tangled in its unfeeling wall of death, the hope dies also.

Fresh air, people used to go to the country or the mountains, where the forests were to get fresh air. The country is now as polluted as the cities, that is, if you can still call it the country. "What happened to the Amazon?" people ask, "The lungs of the earth. You just threw it out," the Greenies answer. People used to laugh and mock the Greenies, I wonder who's laughing now. People wouldn't use recycled paper, "It's grainy and brown," they whinged. I wonder if they're whinging now? I wonder what those who wasted paper are feeling? If they feel any regret at all for the thousands of homeless animals or for the lack of fresh air. Those majestic forests. The Amazon, the Congo, our very own Daintree. Gone. Nothing but barren wasteland, with dry slumps dotting the horizon. Not even an iron lung can help them now. It can't help us either.

But all is not lost, we still have mountains, mountains of waste. Piled high to rival the tallest peak. Towering over us, reminders of our sin. We ran out of places to dump it years ago, so it just continues to mount up and up and up.

I pity the children most of all. My childhood was filled with visits to the beach, to the mountains, to the zoo. I'd been to the snow, seen rare animals. Now when you talk of giant pandas, the children look blankly back at you. They know of pandas only through books because past generations would not share. They didn't realise that tomorrow's children wanted to see foxes, rabbits and minks alive, not their skins wrapped around people to keep them warm. The generations past were selfish, in the name of progress.

Is a skyscraper more majestic than a mountain? Is smoke, industrial pollution and smog, lighter and fluffier than a cloud? Is oil more beautiful and clear than the sea? Are factories more awe-inspiring and full of life than rainforests? Is devastating progress as fascinating and as important as our earth? Is this future equal in worth to our past? Think and ask yourself... The Environment. How much do I know? How much do I care?

Emma Anderson 10J

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STONE AGE CHILD

The light was just beginning to filter through the branches of the tree that was blocking the entrance to the cave. The men and older boys of the tribe had already left for a day of hunting. My mother and the other womenfolk were beginning to stir. The day had begun. Some of the women took me and the other children down to the water's edge to collect shellfish while the other women were back in the cave sewing skins.

Everyone was in high spirits as we had feasted well the night before on the fatty meat of the bear the hunters had killed the previous day.

We collected shellfish until the hot sun was directly above us burning our skin with its powerful rays. Then we retreated to the shade of the scrub to collect berries. The berries were red with sweet, juicy insides. We put them onto large pieces of bark. When the bark was full we took the fruit back to the cave.

By now the sun was beginning to disappear. The hunters would be home soon, perhaps bringing with them a deer or a bear. There was a shout from one of the small children; the hunters had returned home in victory. My father had a large deer slung over his shoulders. We all crowded around the men venturing to touch the deer's fur and antlers.

After the skinning and cleaning of the deer's hide, the meat was roasted over a blazing fire. When the meat was all eaten the whole tribe watched the traditional burning of the lucky spear; the spear that killed the deer. If the spear was not burned it would bring bad luck to the hunters.

Finally, with full stomachs and beside a warm fire, the whole tribe fell asleep!

Eve Bodsworth 7R

Carrying our few remaining belongings — rabbit skins, sacks of feathers and the fowl that my father had hunted, we slowly made our way through the jungle. The bracken was thick and the sting of salt numbed our skin. My mother would not cry, though she would not speak either. That morning, I had lost my baby sister, Fidora to the raging waves of the great sea that had washed every shred of hope out of the women of our tribe.

There was a rustle in the bushes. The entire tribe halted. Frozen, we watched as Kakai, the tribe leader, drew up his spear and drove it through the gut of a great boar. Blood spat at us as the boar roared in pain, then silence. We all helped tie the boar to a large stick and Kakai and Marnia, my oldest brother, carried the boar and we walked along behind, as we knew of the black snakes. We walked on for a long time until Marnia gave a yelp and collapsed in front of us. A black snake slithered through the bracken and my mother chased after it. She pinned it down with a large stick just behind its head and then in small pieces, she cut off its tail. Her flint knife grew bloodier and bloodier as she cut a slit down its back and left it to die.

We all crowded round as the witch doctor performed his magic, but my mother stayed back. She feared that the witch-doctor may let Marnia die as he had done for her own brother. She remembered him dying, hot and fidgety and drenched in his own sweat. She glanced over my cousin, Seina's shoulder but could not bear to watch. Sweat trickled down Marnia's hot face. The witch-doctor pulled out some sacred leaves from his rabbit skins and began crushing them, grinding them with rocks. Then he made it into a paste with his own saliva and put it between two hand-shaped leaves. He reached once more into his rabbit skins and produced a large flint which had strange symbols carved into it, and made a deep cut in Marnia's leg where he'd been bitten. Blood poured out of Marnia's leg. He placed the leaves over the cut and bound them to Marnia's leg with a rabbit skin. Marnia gave one last moan and fell into a deep sleep.

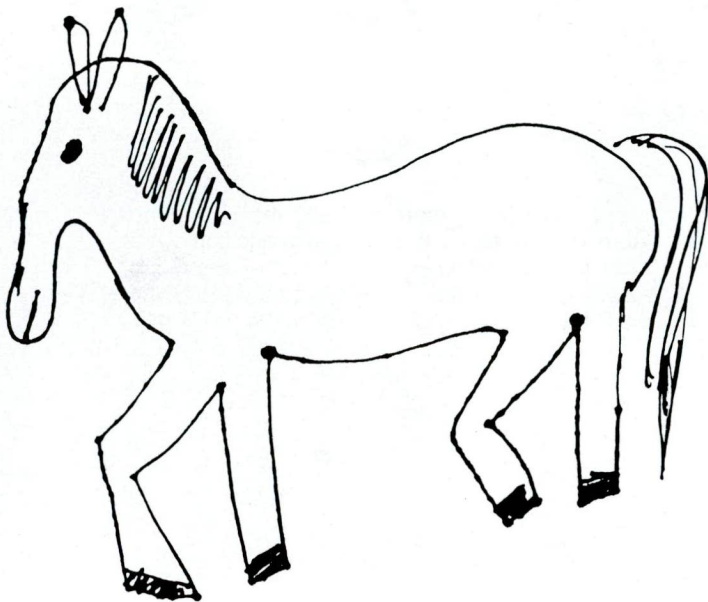
We all thought Marnia was dead except the witch-doctor who would not allow us to touch Marnia. The witch doctor made a humming noise and then placed his sacred elephant tusk between Marnia's eyes and called my mother over. He knelt her down beside Marnia and made her put her hand on the elephant tusk. She and the witch-doctor knelt at Marnia's side, with their eyes closed. They remained in this position until sunset.

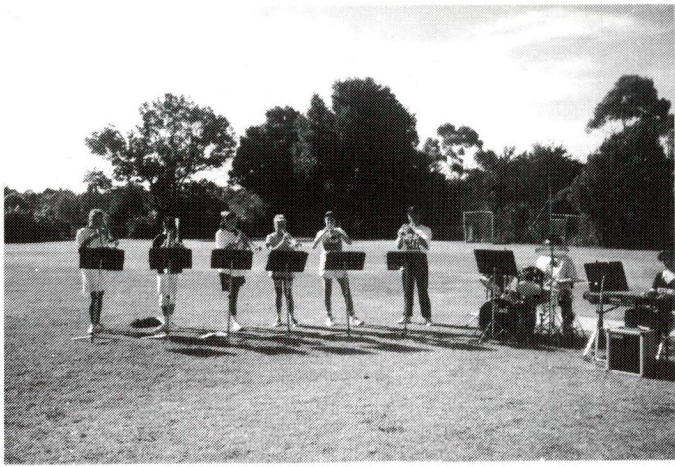
Then suddenly, Marnia awoke. He tried to sit up, but the witch-doctor made him stay. We were all relieved. We knew he would survive.

Kakai cut the boar into eight pieces, two of which my mother and aunt cut up into very small pieces and made into a stew. My cousin, Seina and I helped prepare the fire and plucked the feathers off the fowl. We had tasted nothing but stewed seaweed and a mouthful of fish for fourteen days and so we were very glad of this feast. Uncle Bracht obtained water from a tree for the stew and for us to drink.

At the end of the meal, we rested our exhausted bodies on beds of bracken, rabbit skins and feathers. It was a beautiful, warm summer's night so we slept in the open air and were disturbed by nothing on this peaceful night.

Sophie Allen 7R







Grandmother.
 Always living in the past they were,
 resigned from today.
 In my day she would say,
 with glazed eyes,
 and a voice hinting at the point.
 I almost shook her then,
 for I needed her to see
 It still is her day.
 You have to change with the times,
 I almost said to her that day,
 looking at old photos
 of when she was alive.
 Too late to change her ways,
 so I was rendered helpless
 as she slowly passed away.

Sarah Sweatman 9M

AUNT ROSE

I remember visiting Aunt Rose as a child. The smell of gardenias which grew in a pot beside the front door and the warm aroma of freshly baked biscuits which greeted us as we entered, remain vivid to my senses. As I grew older a change came over Aunt Rose. She became elderly and bitter and I visited less frequently. I realise now how unsympathetic and selfish I have been. Over recent years my fortnightly visits have not been welcomed, Aunt Rose claiming to prefer her own solitude and peace. We sorted out the house today after the burial, and I realise how lonely she really was.

In the closed-off rooms upstairs I found all of her sentimental treasures — flowing ball gowns which were once so splendid, now hanging limp and lifeless — photographs of an elegant young lady with her family and matchbox sized sketches of all the children who had meant so much to her. As a young woman she had been forced to take responsibility for her young brothers on the death of their parents. She outlived them all and never having married, lived a solitary life, yet was surrounded by friends and family. However, as an elderly woman Aunt Rose had relied upon the company of various nieces and nephews, and even we grew increasingly distant as she became old, decrepit and seemingly spiteful.

The downstairs cupboards were lined with yellowing newspapers, some of them forty years old. Their dust covered contents — old baking trays, recipe books and crockery, had not been touched for years, as Aunt Rose had become increasingly unable and unwilling to use more than a few necessary cups, bowls and plates.

She never asked for, or welcomed, any help or companionship in her final years. My questions were answered with grumbling monosyllables uttered from what I saw as a hardened old lady. It was only when I came across Aunt Rose's diary this morning that I was awakened as to how alone and craving for affection and attention she was, and how narrow-minded I had been. One diary entry said:

Dear Diary,

Today, just to hear a human voice I rang the recorded information services — all of them. But my phone didn't ring.

Aunt Rose never showed any fear of growing old. My childhood memories are of a quiet woman, yet gentle and always appreciating visits we made to her. I never used to leave empty-handed. Sometimes, to my childish delight, I would return home with an old ring or bracelet which was offered to me, and on other occasions a flower picked from the pots on the small patio.

As she deteriorated into old age, Aunt Rose was still basically this loving person. I did not perceive that until today, three days too late. I regret that patronising tone of voice I always used whilst inquiring about her health and any wants she might have had. I treated her like an unintelligent young child, when really she was a warm-hearted, if withering externally, adult woman, just like me.

Sophie McCowan



He was young and independent once,
 But now he has to rely on people.
 He was once the centre of attention.
 People always buzzing around him,
 Laughing, joking.
 But now he sits alone in his chair
 Watching the world go by,
 Not bothering with anyone
 They don't bother with him!
 Once a week the family comes to visit.
 The only joy in his life,
 Telling his grandchildren stories of his youth.
 His eyes bright as he stumbles over the words
 Trying to get the story told as fast as he can,
 Frightened they might lose interest.
 But little does he know they sit in secret delight.
 Then they leave promising that next week
 They will go out somewhere special.
 Of course this rarely happens.
 He looks forward to their next visit,
 But in the meantime he sits alone at his window.

Georgina Wild 9M

MY LIFE

The brightness in young children's eyes,
 Reminds me of days gone by.
 The golden years slowly dimming in my memory,
 Like clouds covering a bright blue sky.
 But still I remember the good times,
 The Christmases and birthdays that
 Were the highlights of my childhood.
 The football and basketball matches,
 With me as the main attraction which
 Were the focal points of my teenage years.
 My wife, my princess just passed away.
 She was the main actress in my playing during my adulthood.
 I don't want to keep growing older.
 I don't want to lose my independence.
 I'm determined not to.

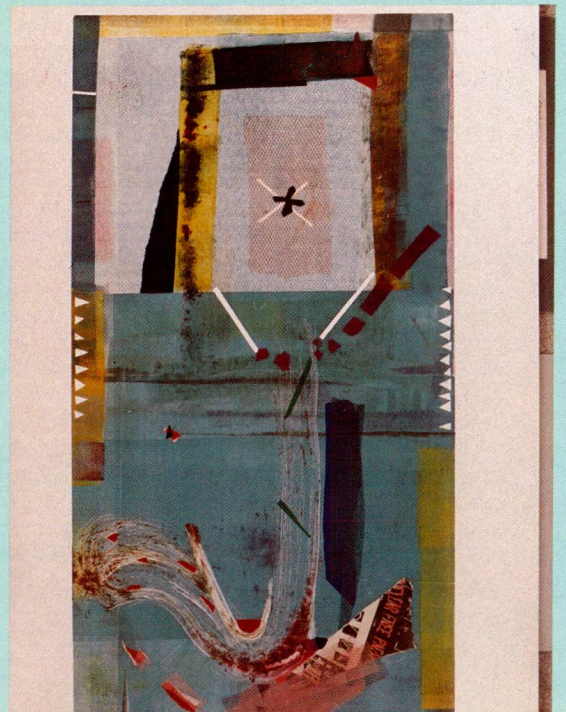
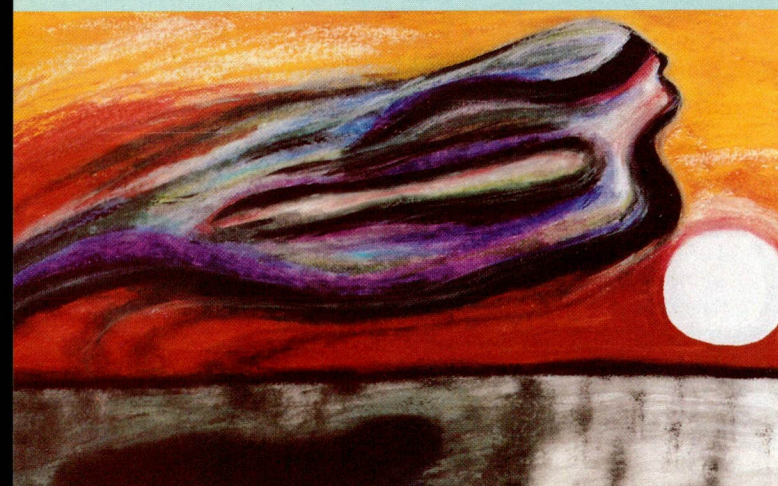
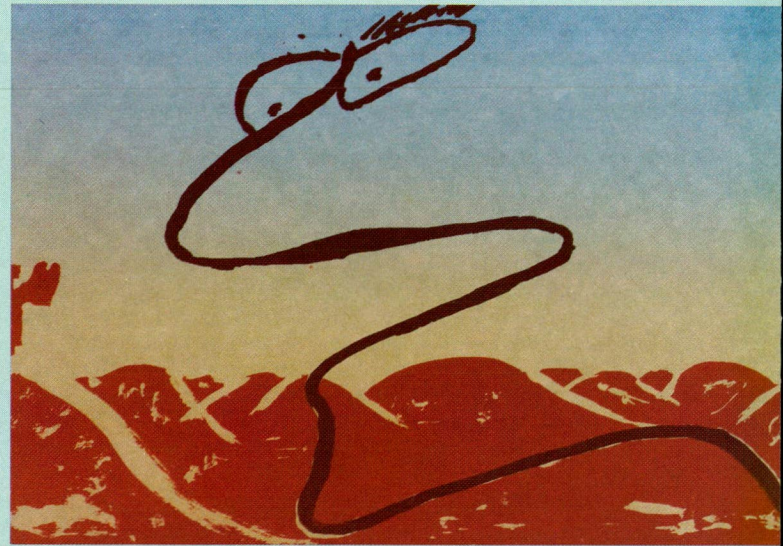
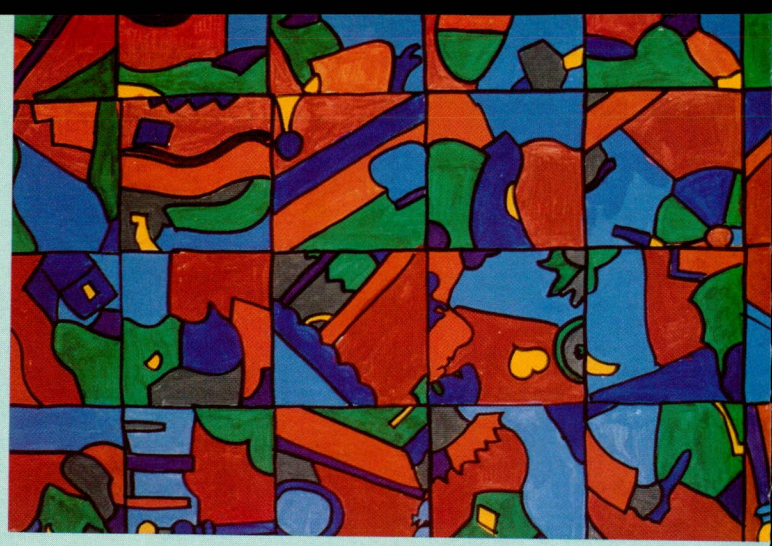
Jenny Lanyon 9M

GREAT AUNTY ANNE

Poor old Aunty had a stroke,
 and was too frail to cope alone.
 The only sensible thing to do,
 was send her to a Nursing Home.
 Finding a suitable home took time.
 However, the choice was finally made.
 A lovely place out in the country,
 by the river, in the shade.
 We drove out to visit her every month.
 A trip I always dreaded.
 I asked myself as I walked inside,
 Is this where life is headed?
 She was treated like a child all over again.
 Not capable of much but a frown or a grin.
 Day after day she lay bed-ridden.
 Becoming tired, frail and very thin.
 A remarkable woman,
 Who lay there for years.
 A battler it seems,
 who had now brought tears.
 For Great Aunty Anne had died,
 at ninety-four.
 The final years she lived,
 must have been painful, I'm sure.

Caroline King 9L







SPORTS CAPTAINS 1990

Left to Right: Gina Douglas, Sally Driscoll.

SPORTS CAPTAINS' REPORT

On the first day of school we said "What a day!" yet we soon progressed to "What a week!, What a term!" and now with a sigh of relief, but more of regret, we can say "What a year!" How many schools are fortunate enough to have "Breakfast with the Stars", meetings with Flo Jo, visits from Debbie Flintoff-King, coaching by Commonwealth athletes and the privilege to participate in the Melbourne Olympic bid. We are proud to have been associated with the school in what has been our most exciting and successful year at Ruyton.

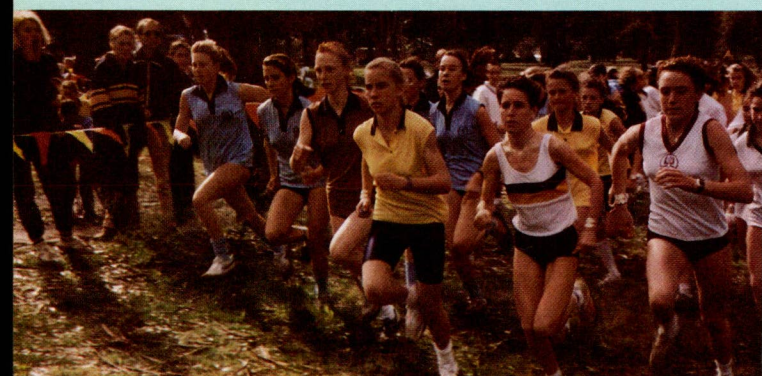
The year began with swimming training at the Hawthorn pool and was followed by the House and Inter-School Swimming Sports, both seeing many successes and outstanding performances. As the year progressed, this became a common pattern for Ruyton athletes. 1990 has emerged as a new era in sport at Ruyton, it is obvious that small size does not restrict sporting achievement. With the plans for the new sports complex well

under way we hope this potential will be even further fostered in the future.

In Athletics and Cross Country the spirit of sport at Ruyton was again evident. With the help of Neville Sillitoe and Ray Burgess we overcame the odds. In other sports throughout the year Ruyton has also done well, netball, hockey, indoor cricket, tennis and baseball have all competed with success.

It is with great regret and many fond memories that we say goodbye. We honestly couldn't have wished for a better year and would like to thank both the girls and staff for helping us along. It is to them that we must ascribe much of this year's success. As well as their outward encouragement and support Mrs. Lachal, Mrs. Dulke, Miss Worssam and Mr. Summerton have put in endless hours of time which we do not see, our sincere thanks, you're the best! To the girls also, we say thank you, your support and friendship have been valued. Good luck to all next year!

Georgina Douglas and Sally Driscoll.



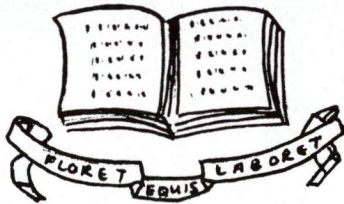


RUYTON WINNERS 1990!





ANDERSON HOUSE CAPTAINS 1990
Left to right: Melita Godson, Victoria Crone.



ANDERSON HOUSE CAPTAINS' REPORT

Melita: "Well Vic., it's finally come to the end of the year and I think we owe Anderson a wonderful cheer." Victoria: "Well Mel, how did we go? Melita: "The year started with House Swimming. The sound of splashing water became familiar as girls swam up and down the pool at the house trials and interhouse sports. Anderson gained a third place with some fine results. What was next on our agenda?" Melita: "Athletics. The sight of red and gold athletes pounding their feet around the track and field became a familiar one. The magnificent day showed the calibre of our fine athletes. And who could forget marching? The hours of practice in recess and lunch times paid off with Anderson being placed a close second. And I can vaguely remember those riveting drama practices!!" Melita: "Yes, it was time to give our physically exhausted Andersonites a rest and let the actors shine through for Interhouse Drama was on its way. It took a while for the ball to get rolling, but after it did, many rehearsals got underway. All the girls involved are to be commended for their hard work and Vic., you know Amy Prunty deserves congratulations for her directing. Do you remember those red shirts clinging to our backs from the House Cross Country?" Victoria: "Yes, since our athletes had had a long earned rest, it was time for them to climb back into their magic boots and set off on a relaxing cross country run around Victoria Park!! Well a few found it relaxing! Many girls are to be commended on their performance. It was a day where all Andersonites joined forces and the house came second." Melita: "House activities were nearly over, just Hockey and Netball to go! Anderson girls showed their co-ordination and that the red of Anderson is always firing. We blitzed the Netball, winning all three levels. Our finest achievement of the year." Victoria: "Finally we'd like to say thank you to all girls in Anderson for your participation and support. We hope that you will give next year's captains the support and friendship you gave us." Melita: "We'll miss you all!"

Victoria Crone and Melita Godson



LASCELLES HOUSE CAPTAINS 1990
Left to Right: Mandy Loftus-Hills, Sarah Rickerby.



LASCELLES HOUSE CAPTAINS' REPORT

"It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game." This famous quote was put to the test for Lascellians in the year 1990, when it seemed that our persistent and tireless efforts were unrewarded. However, on viewing our results of the past year, it seemed that our high spirited enthusiasm did in fact achieve its just rewards.

With the show stopping performance by our dedicated girls in the marching, we mesmerised the audience and added new excitement to marching by revolutionising the beat. Thus, with our spectacular performance, accompanied by "Milli Vanilli", victory came our way.

Drama too, was a highlight and with our stage designs, script, dramatic skills and ability, our creative flair shone through once more resulting in a much deserved first place with Bromby.

Our skills prevailed once more as we achieved high results in our small team sports of Netball, Hockey, Tennis and Baseball. Our extraordinary house spirit provided fun and exciting games for all to enjoy.

However, as the sporting events grew bigger our results somehow became lower!! We gained an admirable second place in the gruelling cross country sports. Yet, no matter how hard we tried we couldn't get off the bottom ranking in the swimming and athletics sports.

Nevertheless, our high spirits and enthusiastic participation made all house endeavours this year memorable and we were proud and honoured to be selected as your captains. We would like to thank the year twelves and year elevens for their constant support and wish next year's captains "Good luck," and remember Lascelles: keep up your high spirits, keep up your friendly competitive nature, keep being the best House! and above all remember that "if at first you don't succeed, try and try again."

Amanda Loftus-Hills and Sarah Rickerby



BROMBY HOUSE CAPTAINS 1990
Left to Right: Rachel Shutze, Alex Rennie



BROMBY HOUSE REPORT

The year 1990 was a year of second places for Bromby House. The second day back at school signalled the start of early morning rises and frozen bodies as the Bromby troops arrived at Hawthorn Pool for swimming training. The efforts of all involved paid off, as Bromby achieved a galant second place and won the Participation Cup.

After becoming accustomed to the icy Hawthorn waters, Bromby House was then required to push their bodies to another extreme, athletics. Once again Bromby's teamwork and camaraderie made it possible for the house to gain second place in the athletics and third place in the marching section of the day's events.

Second term saw Bromby come into its own with an exciting rendition of "The Wizard of Oz" laced with the talent and innovation of Kadri Kutt, ably supported by Nikki Diver and Lyndal Walker. The leadership of these girls and the support and participation of the entire house saw Bromby share the Drama Cup with Lascelles House.

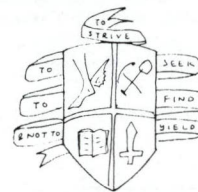
After the welcomed break of the holidays Bromby was again requested to give their best to both the Interhouse Cross Country and the Interhouse netball and hockey matches. Congratulations to Bromby on the well deserved and long awaited results.

1990 saw a striving, consistent and committed Bromby, hopefully 1991 will see an unbeatable Bromby.

Alex Rennie and Rachel Schutze



DANIELL HOUSE CAPTAINS 1990
Left to right: Sarah Brown, Lucy Davies.



DANIELL HOUSE CAPTAINS' REPORT

To be a House Captain is in itself an honour; to be the captain of a house such as Daniell filled both of us with a great deal of pride.

We were both very nervous to begin with, wondering whether we would be able to meet the standards set previously by both Daniell Captains and the house itself.

Daniell's training and organization efforts were successful. Firstly we won the Swimming Cup, then continuing in our efforts we won the Athletics Cup. Daniell continued its success and ended a very successful year by winning the Cross Country Cup.

The wonderful thing about Daniell is the people in the house. We are, of course, very fortunate to have many fine athletes and swimmers. Yet it was also the house spirit and overall participation which made Daniell such a successful house in 1990.

We were both filled with a tremendous amount of pride when we received the cups on behalf of our house. We would have hugged every Daniell member individually, if we could.

We would like to thank every Daniell member for supporting us and for making us so proud. Best of luck to the Daniell Captains of 1991. We hope that you derive the same pleasure from your position as we have.

Thank you Daniell. Keep up the fantastic house spirit and keep on winning!!



THE RUYTON ATHLETICS TEAM 1990

Top Row Lt-Rt: C. Fielding, S. Reynolds, M. Bessey, A. Gray, S. Whitehead, A. Slater, S. Baker, A. Binning, P. Duffell, F. King.
 2nd Row: M. Schaeffer, S. Sandraseger, L. Croyle, L. Mandekic, S. Reeve, R. Beesey, J. Brodie, S. Mayer, G. Willoughby, M. Franet, S. Allen.
 Standing: Miss S. Worssam, S. Brookes, A. Huitfeldt, A. Willoughby, K. Baker, K. Morawsky, A. Wright, J. Taylor, J. Rafferty, S. Hewitt, J. Athorne, C. King, J. Fincham, L. Taylor, K. Allen, S. Weetman, K. Winspear, S. Lodds, N. Long, J. Pavlis, C. Marshall, A. Mitchell-Taverner, A. Scott, K. Walker, Mr. D. Summerton, Mrs. S. Lachal.
 Seated: C. Hing, A. Loftus-Hills, M. Dix, S. Driscoll, J. McLaren (co-captain of athletics), A. Rennie (co-captain of athletics), G. Douglas, M. Duigan, S. Rickerby, V. Crane, L. Tickell.

ATHLETICS REPORT

In view of Ruyton's wonderful success at the G.S.S.S.A. Athletic Sports, I decided to interview Juanita McLaren and Alex Rennie, Ruyton's Athletics Captains, to gain some insight into the life of the Athletics team.

Q. How is the Athletics Team Chosen?

J+A. To qualify you have to be one of the first four in your event at the house athletics. Then we do some training, and at the first meet people are eliminated.

Q. What training is involved?

J+A. We had to train on Tuesday and Thursday nights from about 3.30 pm until 6 pm. We had 5 meets that went until about 6.30 pm, and we trained for one hour on Sunday mornings. We also had to go to aerobics, and if we missed a training session we had to go to aerobics to make up for it.

Neville and Ray were the coaches for the track events, and Mr. Summerton and Miss Worssam were coaches for field. Sometimes we had specialists to come in and help with training, and all the other P.E. staff were really helpful too.

Q. Did the team have any special programmes or seminars to aid with their training?

J+A. Yes, the Sugar Industry organised a session where there were lots of athletes from the Olympics and the Commonwealth Games, who gave us tips on various areas. We also had a weekend training camp, and there were specialised sessions for each event.

Q. How did you come to obtain the positions of captains?

J+A. The whole squad nominated people, then voted.

Q. What duties did you have to do as captains?

J+A. We had to take stretches and warm-ups before training sessions. J. And collect money for presents and parties. J+A. We had to make speeches, be there if the P.E. teachers needed us, and boost morale!

On the Aths. camp, we stayed at the back of everyone on a 3km run

to supposedly keep an eye on things. Then we just ended up walking!

Q. In the past, how well has Ruyton gone at the G.S.S.S.A. sports?

A. We've been second for the past two years.

J. Before that, it was a competition for last place with Fintona.

Q. How did you think Ruyton would go this year?

J. I was absolutely positive that we'd win.

A. I thought we had a really good chance. Were you really that sure Wan?

J. Yes, I was absolutely sure.

Q. How did you feel immediately after it was announced that Ruyton had won the sports?

J. I screamed!

A. We all went bananas, and the year 12's and us were just screaming our heads off.

J. I had to think of an impromptu speech!

Q. What personal traits does an athlete need to be successful, do you think?

J. You have to want to do well for your team as well as for yourself. You have to be willing to try, and able to push yourself to the limit. And you have to be willing to give up homework time!

A. You need self-discipline and you have to have the attitude that Aths takes priority over all else.

Q. On a personal level, do either of you have any aspirations to be athletes in the future.

A. I think Wan should get a coach and join a club. I'll give up.

J. Alex should prepare for the Olympics in Barcelona.

A. I'd like to play hockey at Barcelona!

J. I'm too old to take it up seriously, but I'd love to.

Well, there you have it. With such fantastic and dedicated captains as these no wonder the Aths team has been so successful this year!

**Alex Rennie & Juanita McLaren
 Reports Rowena Robertson**



SWIMMING TEAM

Back row (left to right): T. Noy, S. Hewitt, L. Taylor, C. O'Connell, M. Lugar, A. Waaldyk, A. Huxham, A. Mitchell-Taverner.
 Second back row: S. Reynolds, C. Nurse, A. Joske, J. Morgan, R. Beesey, S. Allen.
 Second row: C. Marshall, J. Piorun, E. Sims, A. Jones, E. Beaumont, M. Walstab, E. Neal, J. McLaren.
 Front row: M. Giarchin, S. Rickerby, A. Scott (Co Captain) M. Godson (Co Captain) G. Douglas, B. Lane, K. Matthews.

The House Swimming was held on the 20th February at Nunawading Pool with Daniell the winners at the end of the day. We would like to extend thanks to John Olsen who put much time and effort into correcting wayward strokes and pushing us to the limits of our strength.

The G.S.S.S.A. Swimming Sports took place on the 8th March. All performances were commendable and the team spirit was inspiring. The cheer squad, lead by a rather vociferous Jane Forbes, made almost enough noise to drown out the starters gun. The night was topped off by the fantastic win of the Year 12 relay team in the 4 x 80 freestyle relay.

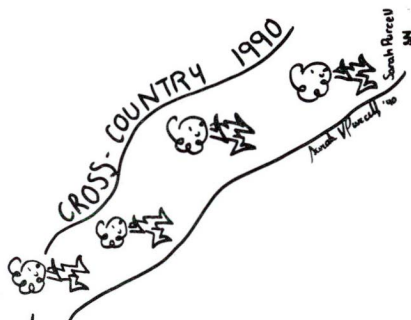
Anthea Scott and Melita Godson





CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Back row (left to right): A. Waaldyk, C. O'Connell, A. Slater, D. Ritter, M. Dix, S. Reynolds, G. Taylor, C. Fielding.
 Fourth row: K. Morawsky, A. Binning, C. King, J. Forsyth, M. Schaefer, E. McCowan, L. Tickell, J. Reeve, C. Kenna.
 Third row: A. Ferguson, S. Zyznikow, K. Murphy, G. Douglas, A. Loftus-Hills, K. Scott, C. Holmes, A. Scott, E. Clark.
 Second row: N. Course, B. Lane, S. Elkassaby, C. Bond, M. Trkuja, S. Elkassaby, A. Willoughby, S. Loads.
 Front row: M. Utter, H. Robert, S. Weetman, J. Taylor, R. Mieszkowski, S. Purcell, S. Buckley.



CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

No matter what their place, there was enthusiastic support and encouragement from the whole team, and it was this team spirit, devotion and commitment that gave Ruyton cross country runners the vital edge over all their rivals. Our win at the G.S.S.S.A. Inter-school competition, on the 20th of August, is representative of the season as a whole and topped off one of our most memorable years in sport at Ruyton.

As any distance runner would know, success does not come easily, and without regular training, dedication and courage. Yet in each and every competition this year's team showed themselves to be willing to give all these qualities maximum effort.

This year under the enthusiastic guidance of Mrs. Anne Dulke, girls ran in a range of events including ten and three kilometre Fun runs, road races, cross country courses and relays. Venues varied from Bundoora to LaTrobe University and Kew to Heidelberg. Staff and girls required both enthusiasm and stamina to cope with the variety of places and times for the events.

Whilst it is impossible to mention everyone we would like to thank, special acknowledgement needs to be made of Andrea Binning, Sarah Reynolds, Kate Morowsky, Amanda Loftus-Hills, Angie Willoughby and Cathie Scott, for their unwavering dedication to the team. Also a huge thanks to Mrs. Dulke and the P.E. staff, as well as Ken Keith, our resident coach. Best of luck to next year's teams.

Sally Driscoll & Gina Douglas



BASEBALL REPORT

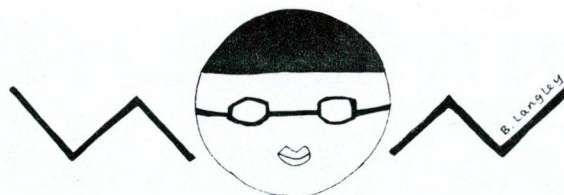
Although we only won two matches during the season, both of them being in the round robin competition, we really did enjoy ourselves, the round robin was a great event. We were thrilled to win two matches against teams that we had previously lost to, and we finished well in the diamond throw — only about 20 seconds behind Korowa. To end the season we convincingly defeated the Ruyton old girls. The whole team would like to thank Mrs. Lachal for taking the time to coach us.

S. Brown

BASKETBALL

This year Ruyton entered four teams in the inter-school basketball: two juniors, one intermediate and one senior. The juniors set the ball rolling with the Junior A's, led by captain Sarah Weetman, winning four out of six matches. Angie Willoughby and Chris Fielding were best players. The Junior B's, led by captain Lisa Taylor followed by obtaining second place overall. The inters also played impressively obtaining third place overall. Best players were Georgia Willoughby, Nicole Long and Jodie Long, with Nicole Robinson the shooting force. A somewhat inexperienced senior team played gallantly with many girls playing in their first season. Best players were Miranda Grace and Belinda Smith. Special thanks go to Mr. Summerton and Mrs. Dulke for their outstanding coaching and support.

Victoria Crone



The Bendigo All-Schools Swimming and Diving Championships 1990

On Saturday the 10th of March, six Ruyton swimmers drove to Bendigo to compete in the All-Schools championships for swimming and made a remarkable impact. They were — Anthea Scott, Georgina Douglas, Sarah Rickerby, Debbie Scott, Melita Godson and Kathy Scott. The races began at 8.00 am and ran all day until 5.00 pm. It was an enjoyable day with many successes.

Melita, swimming butterfly and Kathy, swimming freestyle, reached their respective finals. Anthea received a bronze medal for the 16 years freestyle final and the year 12 medley relay also came third with an amazing finish by Sarah Rickerby and I also gained a bronze medal for the final of the 15 years freestyle. Georgina Douglas won a silver medal for the backstroke with Sarah Rickerby coming fourth in the same race. The highlight of the day was the gold medal won by the year 12 Freestyle Relay team who were far ahead of any other team there.

Debbie Scott 10G





JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row (left to right): K. Heliotis, E. Cousins, C. Kenna, M. Trkulja, D. Balloch, N. Smith, S. Allen, S. Zyznikow, K. Butler, C. Fielding, P. Fielder, (V-CA team) S. Weetman, (C A team), L. Taylor (C B team), R. Mieszkowski, (V C B team) A. Willoughby.



SENIOR TENNIS TEAM

Back row (left to right): A. McLeish, J. Brodie, M. J. Gibbs, S. Rickerby, G. Douglas, K. Matthews, L. Pennicott, S. Driscoll.



INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL 1990

Back row (left to right): Kirsten Williamson, Georgia Willoughby, Nicole Long, Nicole Robinson, Sarah Hewitt.
Front row: Shirley Elkassaby, Kate Morawsky, Yuanna Pappos.



SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM

Back row (left to right): S. Monsell-Butler, J. Rafferty, A. Jones, H. Eldred
Middle row: J. McLaren, K. Gurney, M. Willis, P. Mudge, S. Whitehead, K. Blomquist
Front row: S. Brown, A. Kennie, M. Dix, M. Duigan, R. Crone.



RUYTON SENIOR BASKETBALL 1990

Back row (left to right): Louise Hosie, Penelope Mudge, Amelia Jones, Belinda Smith, Suzanne Mayer, Miranda Grace.
Front row: Zara Kantzos, Victoria Crone, Marion Dix, Rachael Smith, Sarah Brown.



JUNIOR INDOOR CRICKET 1990

Back row (left to right): Katrina Walker, Emily Walcher, Madeline Lugar, Rebecca Carrick, Katie Millikan, Brooke Maddar.
Middle row: Penny Heighton, Lucy Croyle, Kate Baker, Alison Huitfeldt, Monica Kent, Felicity King.
Front row: Zoe May, Cathy Ashton, Sophie Johnson, Angela Gray, Catherine Marshall, AnnaTickell, Lauren King.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back row (left to right): R. Mieszkowski, S. Weetman, L. Taylor, M. Lugar, N. Turner, C. Fielding, S. Hutchins, C. O'Connell, L. King, T. Johnson, J. Pearson, A. Fryday, E. Cousins, B. Madder, K. Mastores



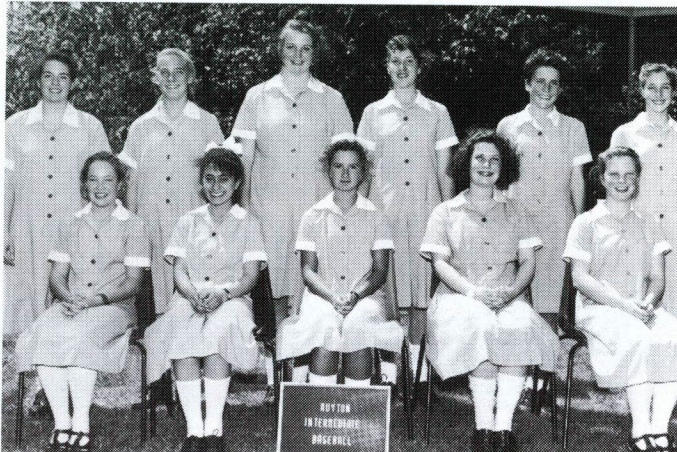
SENIOR NETBALL TEAM

Back row (left to right): R. Schutze, M. Duigan, V. Crone, P. Mudge, S. Rickerby (C B team) E. McCowan, L. Manuele, Siobhan Zyznikow (C A team) M. Adam (V-CA team) J. Brodie, K. Matthews (V-CB team).



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back row (left to right): S. Monsell-Butler, L. Eggers, K. Winspear, J. Rafferty, K. Gurney, Front row: M. Harrak, A. Rennie, M. Dix, A. Jones, A. Slater.



INTERMEDIATE BASEBALL TEAM

Back row (left to right): C. Nurse, S. Reynolds, S. Baker, C. Speed, A. Binning, J. Taylor, Front row: C. Bond, S. Elkassaby, M. Giachin, J. Pavlis, M. Ufter.



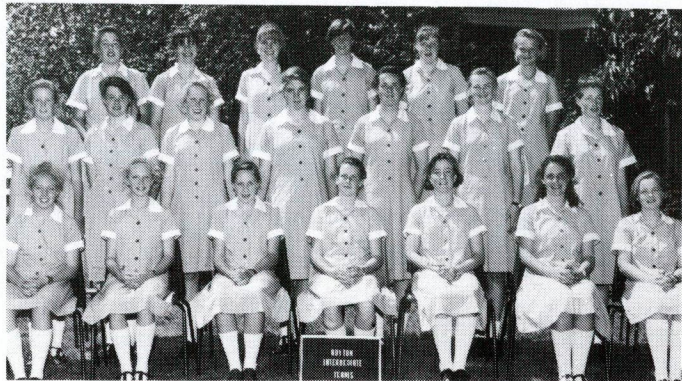
ROWING CREWS

Back row (left to right): J. Spinks, J. Athorne, E. Croyle, J. Forbes, K. Kidd, B. Stevens, Front row: K. Albert, E. Rickerby, A. Pitts, T. Sibree, S. Mills, Seated: E. Brown.



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

Back row (left to right): P. Metzke, A. Binning, S. MacFarlane, Middle row: S. Reynolds, C. King, S. Brookes, E. Cody, C. Campbell, Front row: C. Bond, M. Reynolds, J. Pavis, A. Turner, M. Utter.



INTERMEDIATE TENNIS TEAM

Back row (left to right): G. Candy, K. Langton, C. Speed, N. Long, J. Lanyon, L. Tickell, Middle row: E. Neal, T. Littlejohn, C. Campbell, S. Hamilton, S. Brookes, E. Cody, E. Winspear, Front row: S. Hewitt, F. Taggart, S. MacFarlane, A. Johnston, C. King, C. Gibbs, G. Robertson.



JUNIOR NETBALL

Back row (left to right): R. Coburn, P. Field, K. Koztman, S. Zyznikow, K. Sullivan, R. Miller.
 2nd row: N. Smith, A. Waaldyk, K. Baker, S. Johnson, R. Carrick, V. Curnow.
 1st row: Z. May, B. Lane, A. Taylor, L. Heal, K. Heliotis, E. Walcher, N. Course.



INTERMEDIATE NETBALL TEAM

Back row (left to right): S. Hewitt, (C B team) J. Forsyth (C A team) L. Croyle, G. Candy, J. Taylor.
 Middle row: M. Blomquist, S. Baker, (C B team) E. Neal, M. Gorton, C. Speed, (C A team) J. Lanyon.
 Front row: S. Elkassaby, E. Rickerby, T. Noy, (C A team) L. Tickell, G. Sims, F. Taggart, M. Giachin.

CAMP

On Monday we left for camp,
Some days were very damp.
We did lots of hiking,
But no biking.
We went to bed late each night,
We fell asleep, out like a light.
We had to make a survival lunch,
And all we heard was munch, munch, munch.
Everyone did a little skit,
But had to make up their own little bit.
There were lots of mosquitoes,
Which were attracted by things like Doritos.
On the way back we went to Cape Shank,
If you fell in you would have sank.
When we got back and dropped our bags.
We didn't think fun,
We just got to mum.

Anna Harcourt & Belinda Manuele 7R

Camp

We boarded the bus,
The teachers and us.
To go to camp at Flinders.
Our clothes we unpacked
Our suitcases stacked
And then we jumped on our bunks to rest.
For dinner we ate,
Roast chicken and beans
For dessert we had,
Pears and cream.
The activities, we liked,
In the morning we hiked
Much to our feet's dislike
At night it was cold,
The mosquitoes were bold
And we woke up itching like mad.
When we returned
Our mosquito bites burned
And we were tired as can be.
The year sevens and I.
We all agree
There is definitely no place like home!

By Kylie, Abbey and Eve 7R

The Night Hike

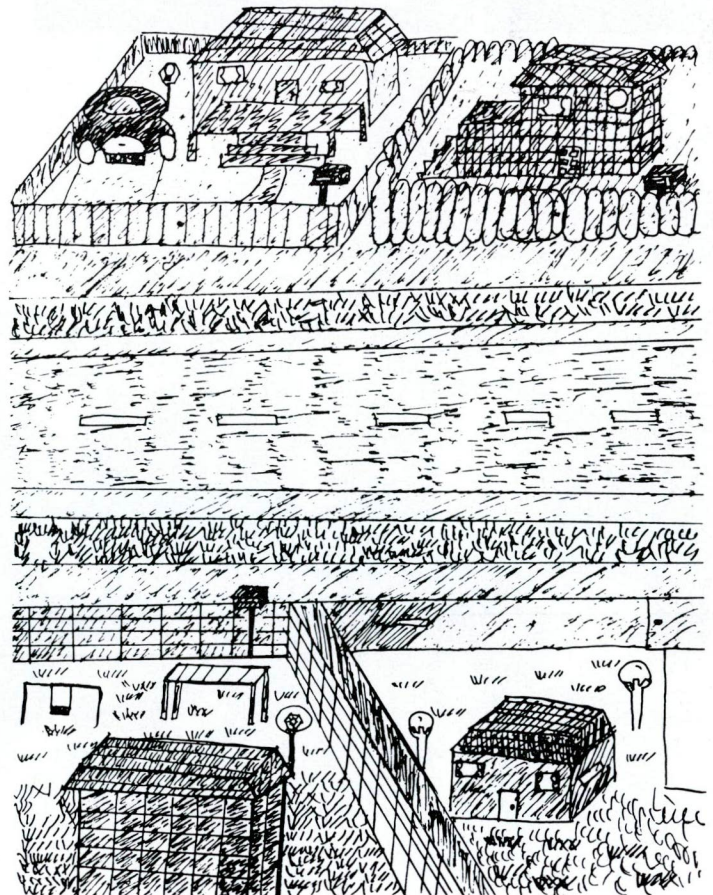
We gathered round in a big clump while Miss Worssam informed us of what was to come. We then had to find buddies so that no one would get lost. We started off with our torches shining and flashing around looking for possums in the darkness. We spotted some possums and shined our torches in their eyes. After a while everyone got tired as we hiked uphill. We were just a sea of moans and groans. We came to a stop to rest and count everyone just in case someone was missing. Then we set off again and spotted a few more possums and shined our torches in their eyes. Finally we got back and indulged in hot chocolate and cake with lots of icing sugar on top. After that we all went to bed and some of us talked and some of us slept.

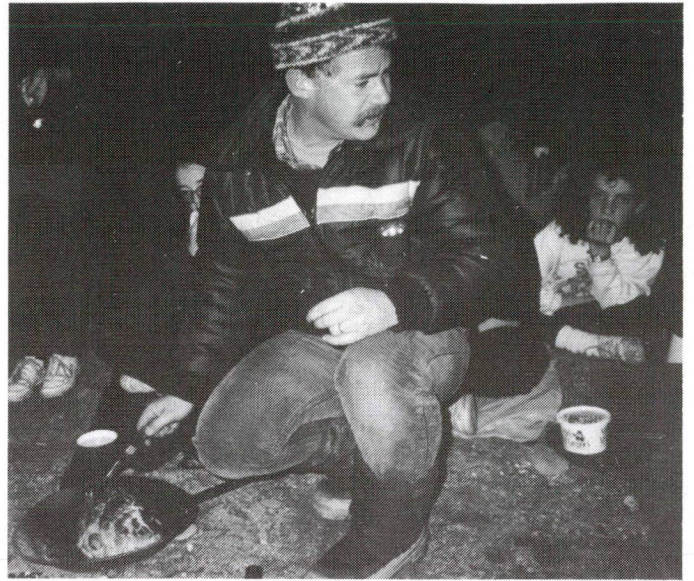
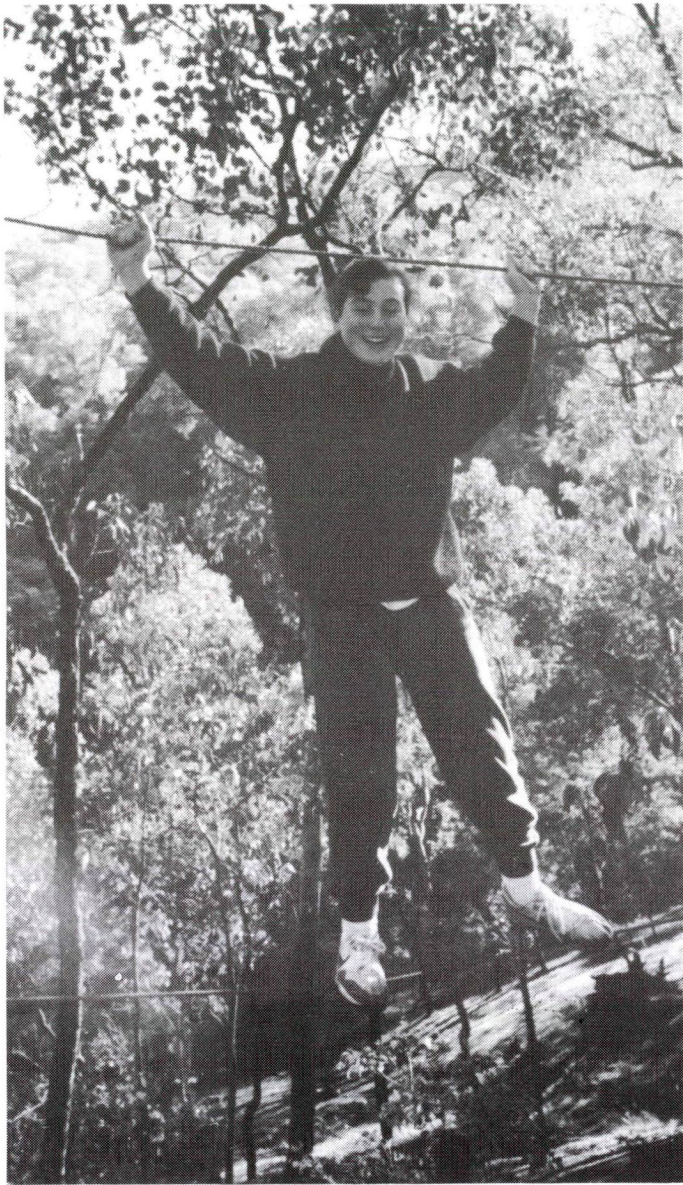
Sangeeta Sandrasega & Sophie Allen 7R

Golden Valley Ranch Poem

Concert, food and lots of fun,
Into bed asleep at one.
Coolarts full of lots of nature,
People follow different culture.
No one got to bed on time,
Because the programme said half past nine.
We went to Cape Shank on the way home,
We were all so tired we forgot to moan.
There were lots of fleas, flies and mozzies,
And went to bed in a really warm pozzie.
The flying fox was really slow,
On the tramp we went high and low.
We went on hikes,
But wished we bought bikes.
We're happy now we're home,
Because now we can use the phone.

By Bindy Jane & Penny Duffell 7R





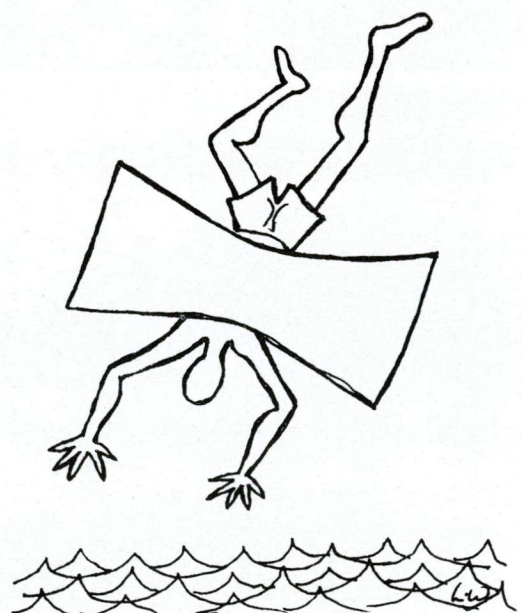
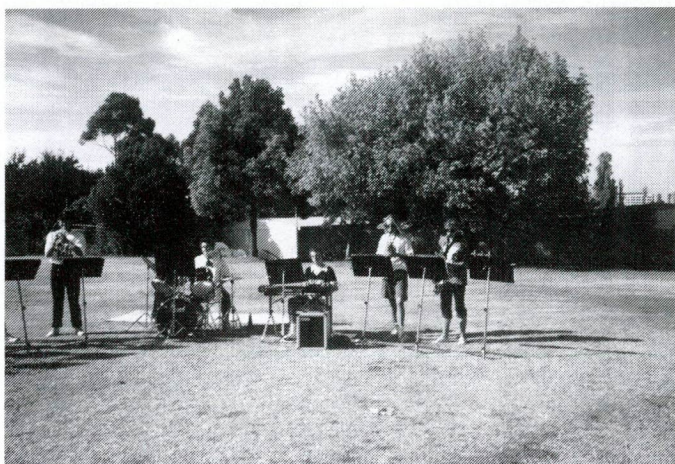


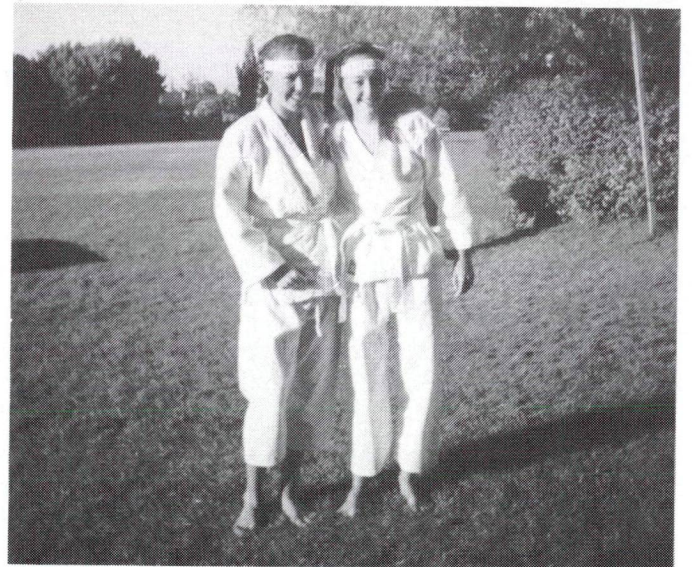
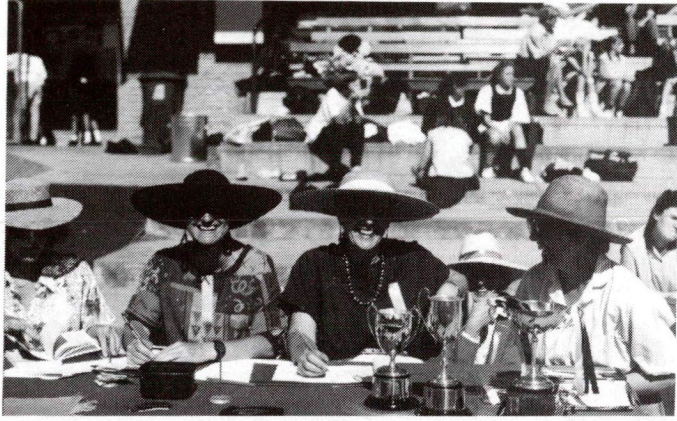
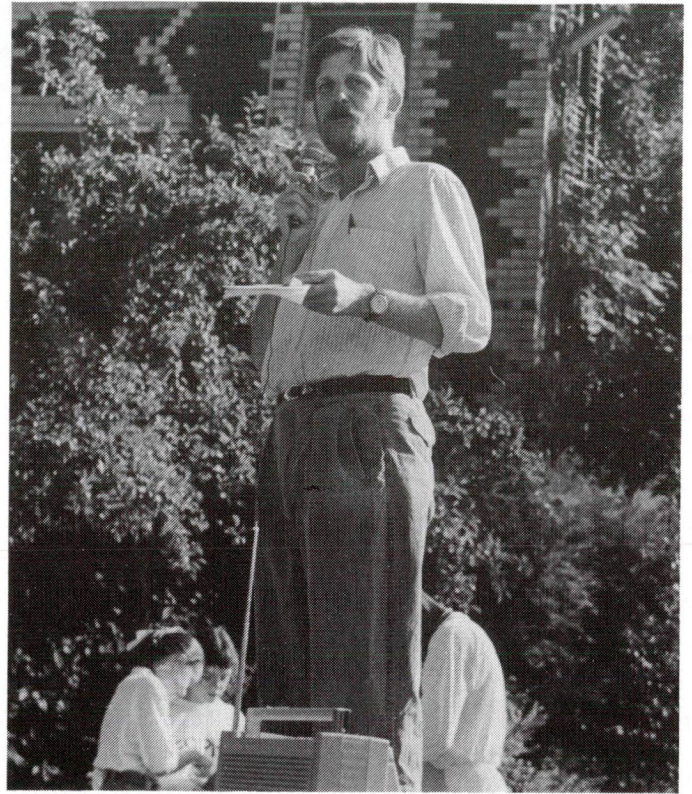
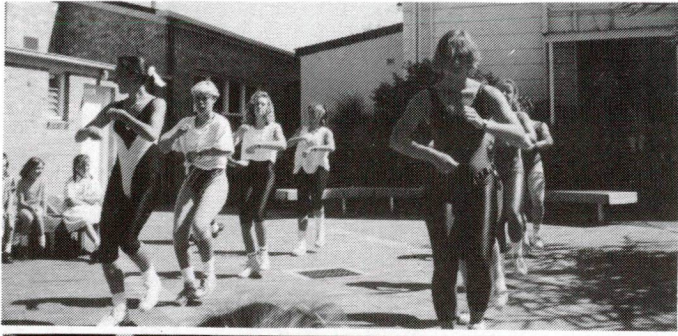
BIRDMAN

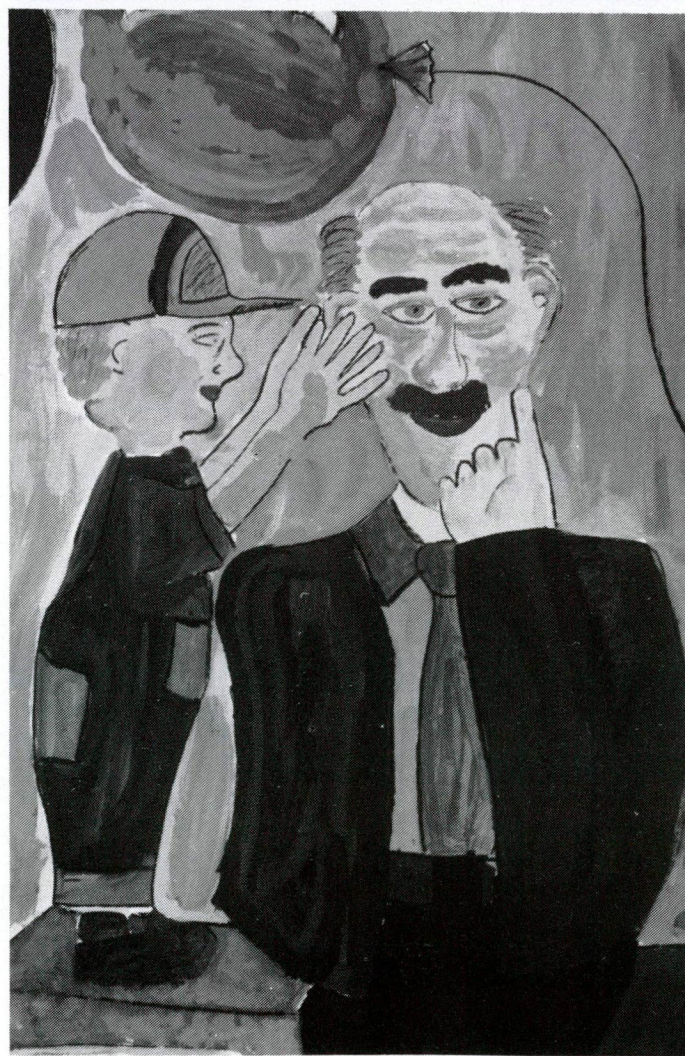
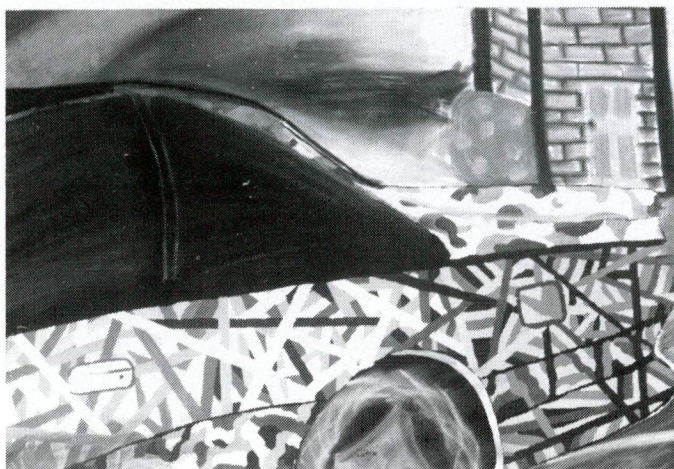
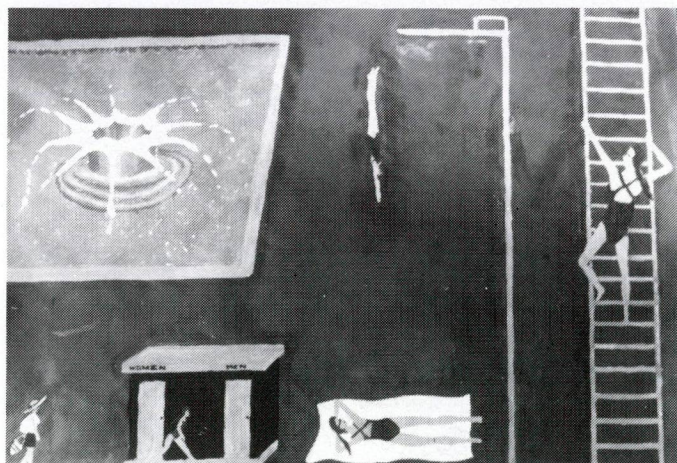
The Big Day had arrived. Eleven bleary eyed Physics students arrived at school at 8.30 am on Sunday the 4th of March. Our first problem was to find a way to transport the extremely large flying machine to Moomba. We were participating in the Birdman Challenge and Mr. Collins was going to risk life and limb by jumping off a 6 metre bridge wearing the result of the last 2 weeks of our labour.

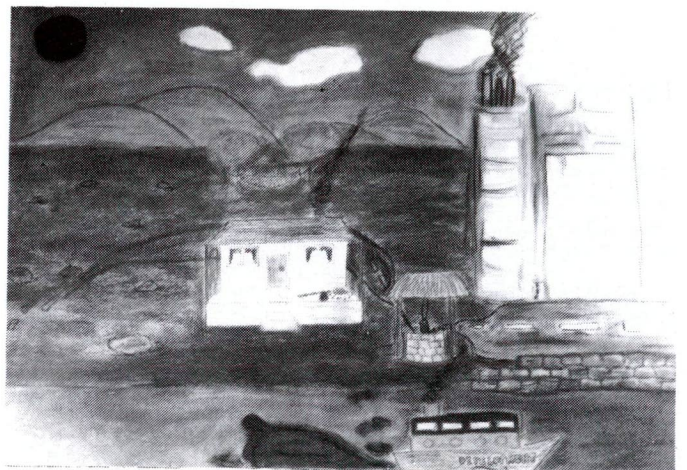
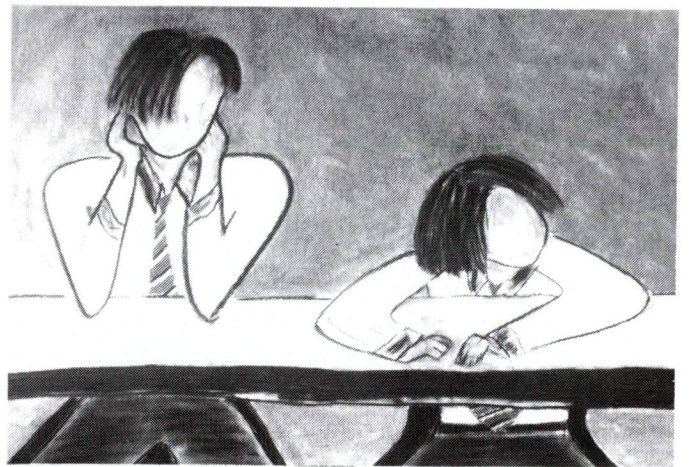
After designing the machine we had all grabbed our hacksaws and measuring tapes and attempted to build a machine in the high hopes that it would fly. Now judgement day had arrived and we were all watching from safe ground while Mr. Collins was standing 6 metres above us conducting a television interview. He started the run up, we held our breaths, he jumped through the air and plummeted to meet the polluted Yarra water only 8 metres from the bridge.

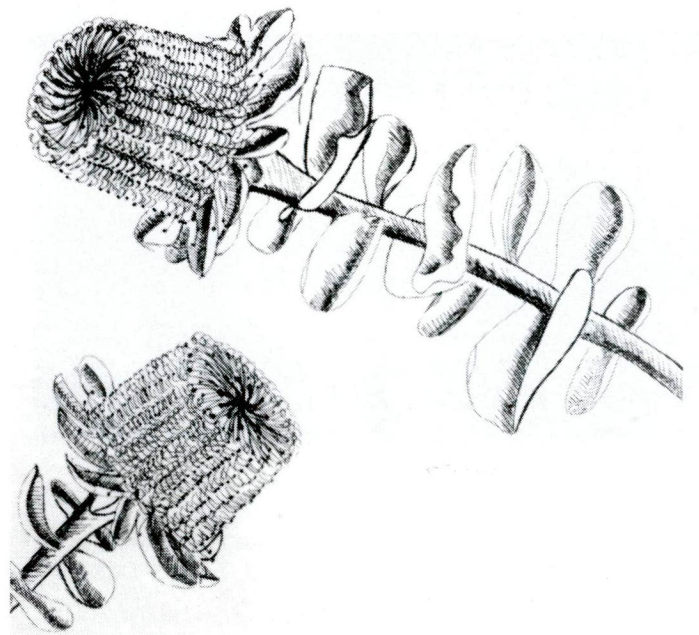
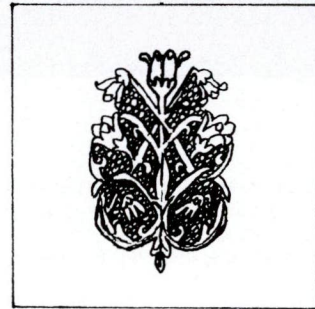
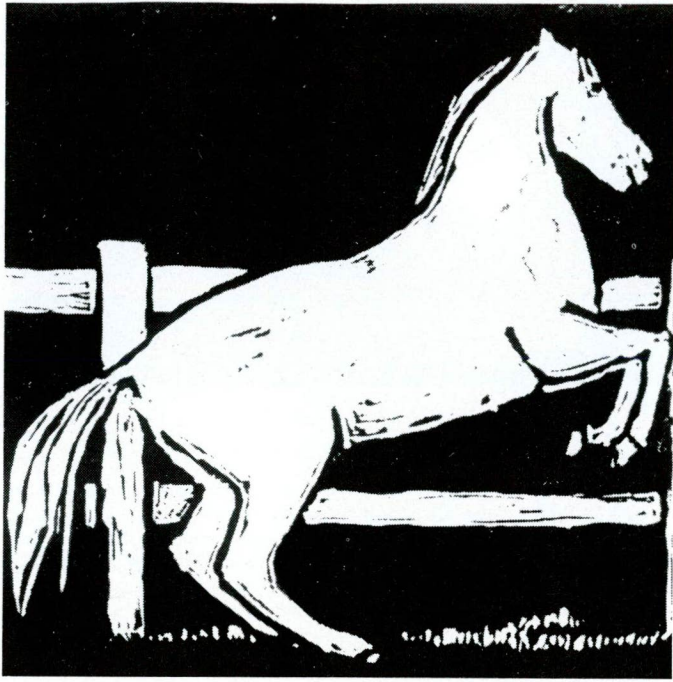
Holly Doane & Tanya Pentland Yr 11













STEP ONE

Time: 5.05 p.m.

Date: 30/6/90

This is the first step a flower takes. It is called the Bud. This is when the flower is surrounded by a leaf-like case, and in a few days, the flower will start to open, or begin to bloom. The leaves which are keeping the flower inside appear to be very tight, and secure.

The colour is a pale pink, and the leaves which surround the bud are very healthy, and are a very dark green.

The shape of the bud is quite like a sphere with a pointy top.

The flower itself is still quite small.



STEP THREE

Time: 4.30 p.m.

Date: 10/7/90

This is the third step a flower takes. The centre petals are quite tiny, and are very close together which makes up the beauty of the flower. As you will notice, the outer petals are very large compared to the centre petals.

The leaves once again are very healthy. The flower now is quite large, but still isn't fully open.

The colour is a beautiful pale pink, and the centre of the flower, due to the petals being so close together, is a little darker pink.

The flower is now quite large.



STEP FIVE

Time: 4.35 p.m.

Date: 17/7/90

This is quite a sad stage a flower has to go through, but all flowers have to go through it. This is the stage when the flower suffers from major bruising, and decay.

A flower has a very short life normally, and starts to lose its nourishment, and begins to die. Bruising and decay is part of the dying process.

The bruises are light brown, as you can see, and is starting to shrink.



STEP TWO

Time: 5.05 p.m.

Date: 2/7/90

This is the second step a flower takes. It is when the petals emerge from the bud, and seem to rise up high, and it's distinctive shape is very beautiful. The centre petals aren't fully open yet, and the outer petals seem to be very tight, and almost appear to be delaying the centre petals from opening out fully.

Also, the leaves which surround the flower are very healthy, and are a very dark green.

The actual shape of the flower is quite like an oval with a flat top.

The flower itself is still quite small.



STEP FOUR

Time: 5.10 p.m.

Date: 13/7/90

This is the fourth step a flower takes. As you can see, the flower now is in full bloom. The petals in the finished product are very attractive. The outer petals are very large, and the centre petals are jagged, and are still close together.

As you will notice, one of the outer petals is suffering from bruising, but apart from that, it looks very healthy.

The leaves are very healthy also.



STEP SIX

Time: 5.10 p.m.

Date: 20/7/90

This is the last stage of a flower. It is when the flower dies and falls off the stem completely. All that is left is the stem on which the flower grew.

That completes the life-cycle of a flower. I hope you liked it!

Joanna Fincham 7R



MUSIC REPORT



So how does one describe a musical year? A symphony perhaps? A musical comedy? A Wagnerian drama of epic proportions? However, any of the above would have to be performed at a very fast tempo to match the hectic pace of 1990.

Expectant faces sitting so upright, shiny hair and bright eyes. The colourful stained glass windows glow and excitement lingers all around. Music fills this setting and brings it to life. The Annual Church and Induction Service at St. Paul's Cathedral was successful as usual, and I think a prime example of the way in which music really does complement many aspects of school life. At the Church Service the beauty of the building and the warmth of the summer evening did join with the music to create a definite and delightful atmosphere. (This environment is wonderfully receptive to small groups such as the Madrigals, who on this occasion were joined by the Baroque Ensemble to perform a rich and moving work, "Suscepit Israele.")

As many a hard working musician knows, the Church Service is preceded by an arduous music camp, (which this year was held on the first weekend of term 1) "a musician's work is never done." Soon after the Church Service, preparations began for the new and innovative Twilight Concert. The Twilight Concert was designed to utilise the excellent space that is Hiscock Court and

establish this area as the cultural centre of the school. While the concert was successful on both counts, it was more importantly an enjoyable evening of musical delights that were "stylistically rich."

Although 1990 was not exempt from the annual music fests such as the Easter Service and the Ruytonian/Xavier workshop, there were many exciting new ventures. The Stage Band has been making regular visits to local primary schools. Their performances not only introduce children to music but give the girls extra experience at performance. With this and the Band's performance at the Hawthorn Town Hall Ball in mind, it can be seen that this group are not only enjoying playing but undertaking a community service as well.

Third term can only be described as an absolute bonanza. Music busily flourished. Our first event, the teachers' concert, provided an opportunity for us to realise our teachers' talents and to dream... For some of us these dreams and aspirations were partly satisfied at the VSMA music festival. Special congratulations go to Millie Bainbridge, Anne Forbes, Sarah Green, Justine Braithwaite, the Junior Baroque Ensemble, the Madrigals, the VCE trio and the newly formed String Orchestra

Now pause for a drum roll rising to a crescendo on Friday 14th September — School Concert 1990: BACH, BEETHOVEN, BARTOK, BEATLES! This concert can only be described as an extravaganza. The beauty of Melba Hall at Melbourne University was second only to the music itself. The audience was presented with a sumptuous "menu" of choral and instrumental works. The excellence of the program was a fitting tribute to the hard work of the music staff, Mr. Summerton, Ms. Richardson and Mrs. Usher.

Finally I would especially like to thank the Music Committee and Music staff who make the musical life of the school so very exciting and enjoyable.

Bridget Crone



CONCERT BAND

Back row (left to right): S. Green, L. Pennicott, A. Slater, B. Lew, A. Mitchell-Taverner.
 Second row: F. Taggart, S. Rickerby, E. Harris, N. Long, S. Long, K. Matthews.



STRING ORCHESTRA

Top left to bottom right: E. Watson, R. Gribben, H. Bainbridge, C. O'Connell, Miss J. Jelbart, S. Pick, C. Nurse, E. Crone, J. Forbes, S. Allen, M. J. Gibbs, A. Johnston, E. Woolley, M. Walstab, B. Crone, D. Williams, K. Allen.



STAGE BAND 1990

Back row (left to right): Bianca Lew, Sarah Rickerby, Elaine Fallshaw, Eliza Harris, Justine Braithwaite, Amanda Slater, Sally Miles, Mr. David Summerton.
 Front row: Amelia Jones, Anne Forbes, Miranda Duigan, Kristy Matthews, Victoria Crone, Sally Whitehead.



PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE 1990

Left to right: Kate Heliotos, Tamara Noy, Alice Mitchell-Taverner, Bianca Lew, Flo Rodrigez, Angela Clark, Natalie Smith.



JUNIOR WIND SYMPHONY 1990

Back row (left to right): Cassie Liu, Emily Walcher, Clair O'Connell, Kate Kotzmann, Anna Joske, Chris Fielding, Kate Heliotos.
 Front row: Claire Ingleton, Karen Parrish, Amy Taylor, Natalie Bates, Katrina Walker, Anna Simpson, Fiona Lee.



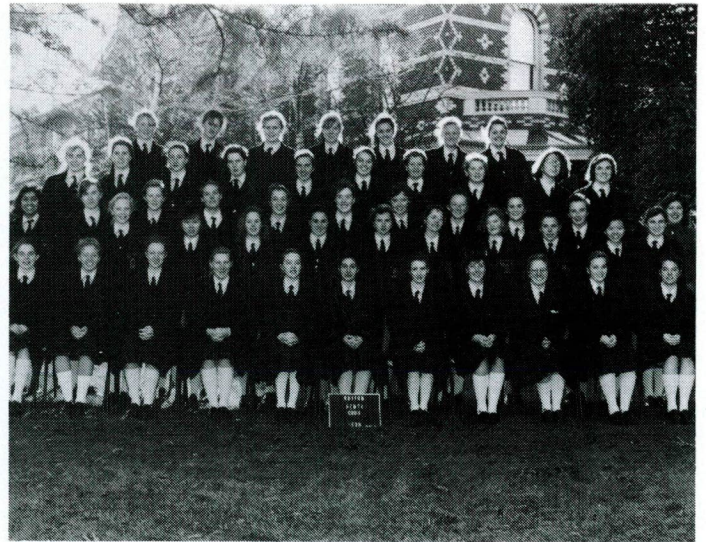
MELBA CHOIR

Left top to bottom right: J. Brody, A. Gorton, L. Neal, J. Forbes, E. Woolley, K. Schlager, M. Maity, E. Sims, N. Dean, B. Smith, A. Jones, R. Gribben, B. LePatourel, L. Hosie, A. Forbes, M. Duigan, C. Nurse, C. Towell, A. Prunty.



ARIETTA CHOIR 1990

Back row (left to right): Stephanie Schimdt, Kate Jackson, Natalie Bates, Amy Taylor, Belinda Quantock, Angela Grey, Romany Mieskowsky, Anthea Stevens
 3rd row: Cassie Liu, Sarah Loads, Larissa Stevenson, Natalie Course, Madeline Lugar, Melena Birtles, Helen Walker
 2nd row: Mr. David Summerton, Claire O'Connell, Emily Watson, Sophie Allen, Kate Kotzmann, Anna Simpson, Robyn McMicking, Jamie Rawls, Catherine Butler, Lucy Croyle, Miss Lyn Richardson.
 Front row: Milka Trjulka, Katie Andrews, Sussanah Buckley, Emily Walcher, Victoria Crone, Sarah Purcell, Kylie Mastores, Jacqui Salter, Zoe May.



HENTY CHOIR

Back row (left to right): B. Johnston, H. Grainger, R. Gribben, C. Speed, N. Robinson, K. Schlager, K. Kutt.
 Third row: S. Baker, S. Bell, M. Godson, E. Woolley, T. Pentland, B. Smith, V. Crone, J. Brodie, M. Jovev, A. Scott.
 Fourth row: M. Maity, A. Gorton, F. Taggart, C. Neal, V. Goh, E. Simms, S. Pick, A. Jones, B. Tovey, M. Giachin, K. McKenzie, L. Hosie, J. Forbes, B. Le Patourel, A. Prunty, A. Forbes, S. Cheung, D. Schwartz, Miss L. Richardson.
 Front row: S. Unger, S. Hewitt, K. Towell, C. Derham, B. Court, L. Manuele, L. Wild, C. Speed, K. Matthews, C. Nurse.



BAROQUE ENSEMBLE 1990

Back row (left to right): Anna Simpson, Cassie Liu, Kate Kotzmann, Stephanie Schmitt.
 Front row: Kathryn Andrews, Milly Bainbridge, Brittany Court.



STRING QUARTET 1990

Left to right: Miss Jane Jelbart, Bridget Crone, Donella Williams.
 Absent: Velyn Curnow.



MADRIGALS

Back row (left to right): L. Hosie, A. Gorton, A. Jones, M. Maity.
 Front row: J. Brodie, K. Schlager, M. Duigan, A. Forbes, A. Prunty.



ARCHANGELO ORCHESTRA

Back row (left to right): M. Utter, K. Morawsky, M. J. Gibbs, L. Eggers, S. Lipson, B. Lew, G. Robertson, A. Mitchell-Taverner.
 Second row: V. Curnow, S. Green, S. Whitehead, M. Dix, S. Rickerby, K. Matthews, M. Bainbridge.



HENTY ORCHESTRA

Back row (left to right): G. Robinson, B. Lew, K. Parrish, L. Pennicott, A. Huxham, C. Matthews, C. Smith, K. Nicholson, A. Fryday, K. Matthews, E. Watson.
 Second row: S. Unger, C. O'Connell, M. Bainbridge, M. J. Gibbs, S. Lipson, S. Driscoll, M. Dix, A. Johnston, C. Nurse, N. Smith, A. Waaldyk, M. Harrak.
 Third row: Miss J. Jelbart, K. Kutt, S. McCowan, N. Long, S. Rickerby, E. Harris, A. Jones, D. Williams, J. Forbes, K. Winspear, M. Duigan, A. Walstab, M. Jovev, L. Allan, Mr. D. Summerton, A. Sharma, F. Lee, K. Andrews, S. Pick, K. Heliotis, K. Morawsky, T. Noy, M. Utter, S. Schmitt, A. Simpson, C. Ingleton, C. Mitchell-Taverner, S. Green.
 Front row: E. Woolley, P. Fielder, R. Gribben, A. Slater, S. Whitehead, K. Allen, L. Eggers, B. Crone, J. Braithwaite, T. Metzke, S. Allen, E. Crone, M. Walstab.

DEBATING REPORT 1990

Good day staff, students and friends of Ruyton. Welcome to 1990's debating report. The topic of this article is of course our activities (particularly our successes) during this year. I need not define any terms, I think, for you are all well aware of the art of debating (otherwise known as talking fluently and at length on a subject which inevitably one does not know as much about as one would wish). I hope indeed that no one has missed out on seeing the orators among us performing.

Well, you may ask, just what have you girls been up to? Perhaps this year may be summed up by the following phrase: "We came, we saw, we conquered.". Not only did we blitz the interschool DAV competition, but successfully out shone those charismatic visitors from surrounding schools such as Xavier and Carey during assembly debates. While some topics were on the serious side, like 'Immigration into Australia' and 'The Institution of Communism', we did have a spot of fun with the aesthetics of black wedding dresses and if the question really is "to be or not to be?" On a more serious note, debating has been enormously successful, teams from year nine to year twelve debated five rounds. A year ten team also entered the knock out rounds conducted by Rotary, unfortunately we lost the final. Our debating night was indeed thought-provoking as we debated for our audience issues like 'That feminism has gone too far' and "That ignorance is bliss". The culmination of the year's activities for Year Twelve turned out to be reaching the quarter finals. This was a monumental achievement and like the school body we were very proud of our efforts.

The younger years were also involved; after warmup games we came around to discussing, if not debating, important life issues. Preparation is the key (as a few ill-prepared debators discovered) to an enjoyable argument so I'm sure the budding juniors will be keen to get into the real thing.

I would like to thank the school for their support on the behalf of all girls involved, but most of all an enormous thankyou is to Miss Howard. She has a habit of staying out of the limelight but those of us who have been involved with her are tremendously grateful to her for her inspiration and help to us all.

Natalie Lloyd



DEBATING

Back row (left to right): S. Miles, C. Mansfield, B. Langley, G. Robertson.

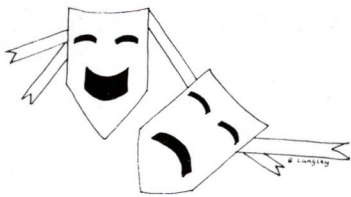
Second row: S. Sweatman, K. Johnston, A. Gorton, J. Forbes, L. Eggers, S. Archer, B. Lew.

Third row: J. Pavlis, K. Langton, C. Gibbs, A. Scott, J. Lanyon, N. Runciman, S. Brookes, L. Neal, D. Schwarz, Miss Howard.

Front row: M. Utter, S. Lipson, R. Schutze, M. Duigan, N. Lloyd, A. Forbes, S. Hamilton, B. Le Patourel, S. Unger.



DRAMA CAPTAIN'S REPORT



"Don't put your daughter on the stage Mrs Worthington"... Contrary to the advice of Mr Noel Coward, Ruyton girls have appeared on stage in every way, possible this year, and in doing so have made 1990 "The year of Drama" at Ruyton.

The ever-present Drama Club has at least doubled in numbers this year, indicating the new found enthusiasm in Drama. The aim of the club is to provide we die-hard theatrical fiends with a stage and time to improve or basically show-off our talents to the unenlightened body of the school. In Junior Drama Club, which is run by year 11 and 12 girls, participants work on improvisation skills as well as preparing skits and scripted plays — confidence building material!! The reckless somewhat "whacky" nature of Senior Drama Club has introduced such characters as "Paddy" to the school, and the ever present T.V. hosts, will they make a reappearance in 1991? We can only hope not. On a more serious note, there were ambitions for Senior Drama Club to actually produce its own play; as is always the case, time got the better of us, and I only hope such plans may be redressed next year.

House Drama this year took on a new and improved face with all four houses producing plays of a standard never before seen at Ruyton. All houses must be congratulated on setting a new precedent for House Productions and particularly to Bromby and Lascelles, the joint victors, I say well done. Thanks must be extended to Ms. Joan Morgan and her husband Mr. Richard Roberts for their time and expertise in the formidable task of judging the performances.

Interschool productions also gave girls an opportunity to further pursue their interest in drama, and gave us, the audience, the chance to see the number of budding actors we are indeed producing in great numbers at Ruyton! The Trinity/Ruyton production of Oscar Wilde's classic "The Importance of Being Earnest" was a demonstration of the talent within Ruyton's

boundaries. Year 11 students from both schools produced a truly wonderful production. Less than a week after the successful Trinity/Ruyton production, we were treated to another spectacle. The Scotch/Ruyton production of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker" involved years 9 and 10 students from both schools. For the first time in a while, the play was performed at Ruyton, bringing with it a 'new-look' blocked-in stage. Thanks must go to Mr. and Mrs. Georgiou who produced and directed this outstanding production.

1990 also marked a first for Ruyton with the introduction of an Artist-in-residence. Miss Beverly Dunn graced Ruyton with her presence for one short week, during which she worked with Drama and English classes of all levels and also shared her talent with Junior and Senior Drama Clubs. Miss Dunn's stunning performances in morning assemblies certainly served as an inspiration for all to get through the day, and in giving Miss Dunn the position of Patron of Drama at Ruyton we hope that our association with her may continue in years to come.

There are many people who have assisted the dramatic life at Ruyton who deserve thanks. To Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Georgiou, their invaluable work with the Juniors, I extend sincere thanks on behalf of all those girls kept skillfully under your wings. Thanks also to Miss Howard for her enthusiasm and help in facilitating the technicalities of the House Drama Festival and for generally 'being there' throughout the year. Mrs Curran's' timeless efforts in costuming and her endless support and creativity in the dramatic life of Ruyton have both been greatly appreciated by myself and all those involved in Ruyton Drama.

Mrs Gillies has demonstrated a passion and dedication to Drama this year that has served as an inspiration to us all. Her enthusiastic approach to Drama has established a solid foundation for the years to come and I know that as I leave, Drama will continue to thrive and go from strength to strength under her influence.

Finally I would like to thank all of you! Staff and students who have made my year as Drama Captain such an enjoyable and rewarding one. Particularly to my friends and fellow dramatists, I thank you for your support, your enthusiasm, your laughter — without it, it would have all seemed pointless.

All the best to next year's Captain of Drama; "Let's go on with the Show!"

Anne Forbes



SCOTCH/RUYTON PLAY

The Scotch/Ruyton production took a new approach this year, as it was held at Ruyton for the first time. The play was appropriately called "The Matchmaker" as the romances bloomed from day one. The play is about a vivacious, scheming woman named Dolly Levi who manipulates people into doing exactly what she wants. Much to her pleasure she runs into a very rich and very available man named Horace Vandergelder. After much excitement Dolly and Horace finally tie the knot.

After 5 weeks of frantic rehearsals everything was "alright on the night" (to use a well known phrase). Many thanks to Mrs Curran for her creative costuming; Nick for his assistance and the matchmakers themselves, Tony and Theodora Georgiou for ...everything.

Jane Forbes 10G



RUYTONIAN — ROVING REPORTER

By Rowena Robertson

In view of Ruyton's wonderful success at the G.S.S.S.A Athletic Sports, I decided to interview Juanita McLaren and Alex Rennie, Ruyton's Athletics Captains, to gain some insight into the life of the Athletics team.

Q. How is the Athletics Team Chosen? J+A. To qualify you have to be one of the first four in your event at the house athletics. Then we do some training, and at the first meet people are eliminated.

Q. What training is involved? J+A. We had to train on Tuesday and Thursday nights from about 3.30 pm until 6 pm. We had 5 meets that went until about 6.30 pm, and we trained for one hour on Sunday mornings. We also had to go to aerobics, and if we missed a training session we had to go to aerobics to make up for it. Neville and Ray were the coaches for the track events, and Mr. Summerton and Miss Worssam were coaches for field. Sometimes we had specialists to come in and help with training, and all the other P.E. staff were really helpful too.

Q. Did the team have any special programmes or seminars to

aid with their training? J+A. Yes, the Sugar Industry organised a session where there were lots of athletes from the Olympics and the Commonwealth Games, who gave us tips on various areas. We also had a weekend training camp, and there were specialised sessions for each event.

Q. How did you come to obtain the positions of captains? J+A. The whole squad nominated people, then voted.

Q. What duties did you have to do as captains? J+A. We had to take stretches and warm-ups before training sessions. J. and collect money for presents and parties. J+A- We had to make speeches, be there if the P.E teachers needed us, and boost morale! On the aths camp, we stayed at the back of everyone on a 3km run to supposedly keep an eye on things. Then we just ended up walking!

Q. In the past, how well has Ruyton gone at the G.S.S.S.A sports? A. We've been second for the past two years. J. Before that, it was a competition for last place with Fintona.

Q. How did you think that Ruyton would go this year? J. I was absolutely positive that we'd win. A. I thought we had a really good chance. Were you really that sure Wan?

An interview with Colin Keogh

At the end of term 1, we were all sad to say good-bye to Colin Keogh. Colin has been a maintenance man at Ruyton since April 1981 and has been a great friend to many girls and staff over the last nine years. Many tears were shed when he left.

Colin had been told by his predecessor, Paddy Murphy, that he could either fight the girls or join them, and if he chose to fight them, they could make his life miserable. So, Colin decided to join the girls and made many friends. Over nine years, says Colin Ruyton girls gave him a great deal of self-esteem and we were like sisters to him, just as he was a friend to us.

Colin helped with school functions including the school dances and socials, often putting up many of the decorations. Attending the school dances was a great experience for him because it gave

him a chance to see the girls all dressed up and in a different atmosphere. Colin also saw the girls at their worst. He had to live through nine Year 12 final days. He was a favourite target of many colourful, sticky and messy missiles. However, he always managed to get his own back, as many girls know so well.

Colin's favourite year was 1987 because that was the first year he had known the girls for all their secondary school years. These girls had grown up with Colin around and had often gone to him with their problems. Another thing that endeared him to the girls was his many kindnesses, like roses for their birthdays.

Colin's saddest day was the day he left and he misses the school and girls. Colin is a wonderful person who is remembered with the fondest memories by many girls.

Roving Reporter: Natasha Runciman, Year 11



MISS BEVERLY DUNN

For one week we had the pleasure of Miss Beverly Dunn being at our school and sharing with us her knowledge of poetry and literature.

Miss Dunn added interest and enjoyment to two or three of our assemblies with oral readings of the work our greatest poets. We also had one English lesson devoted to Miss Dunn reading some poetry to us and then happily answering some of the questions we had for her. These ranging from "Have you written any poetry yourself, Miss Dunn?" to "As you're on the "Flying Doctors", what's Alex Papps like?"

All together it was a great morning and a great week. We were very grateful to Miss Dunn for sparing her time to be with Ruyton. We were all delighted when Miss Dunn agreed to the position of Ruyton's first Patron of Drama.

ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE 1990

Every Thursday morning Year 12 officials and other leaders are seen lounging over the chairs in the warmth of the Study. The scene is set for another Assembly Committee meeting. Amongst the calls for coffee, late arrivals, Mrs Gillies' jokes and Mr. Summerton's worse jokes, it is a wonder that we had assemblies at all this year!

But on a more serious note, I hope that the girls and staff have gained something from our early morning spectaculars. Amongst the speakers of great calibre were: Senator Jim Short, Mr. Begg who opened Law Week; Miss Danielle Kemp from S.B.S.; Professor Bate; Elizabeth Fallor from the Melbourne Living Centre, not to mention the wonderful Beverly Dunn — Artist in Residence and Patron of Drama at Ruyton.

Student run assemblies have taken a more permanent place in the weekly assemblies — occurring every Friday. These have allowed the Senior girls to give news to the School as a whole with weekly Sport Reports, Music, Drama and Debating Notices. Assemblies have also proved to be an excellent vehicle for music performances which have begun our mornings on a pleasant note many times over the year. They have become more geared to making the School aware of some important issues. I hope that in the future girls will see them as a means to promote causes and ideals to follow. I would like to thank the Committee and the rest of the School for their support over the year and wish next year's Assembly Committee Chairman all the very best of luck. Take my advice — use a megaphone!!

Katrina Schlager



THE GENERAL STUDIES PROGRAM

Each year, the school organizes speakers for the Year Twelves to assist them with the transition from school to further education and work. To assist us with coping with money worries, representatives from the Commonwealth Bank spoke to us and to assist us with worries of a different nature, Dr. John Turnidge from the Monash Medical Centre spoke to us about sexually transmitted diseases. We also had speakers to inform us about their various jobs. These speakers included Mrs. Lorraine Elliot who spoke to us about women in politics, Miss. Anna Clabburn who spoke to us about working in Meidi Art Gallery, Ms. Linda Passau, a magistrate at Melbourne Magistrates Council who spoke to us about women in law and Mrs. Janine Keriks who spoke to us about women and businesses. The General Studies Program is a valuable one which this year offered the Year Twelves with a healthy variety of speakers who were keen to inform and amuse us all.

TOURNAMENT OF MINDS

On Saturday, September 8th, months of hard work, practise, fun and frustration came to an end for 14 girls in years 7, 8 and 9. Around 270 teams of seven from a wide range of schools participated in this exciting competition over Friday, Saturday and Sunday at Monash University.

There were two divisions in the competition. Division One for years five and six, and division two for years 7, 8 and 9. Ruyton Junior school had several teams in Division One, all of whom did well. Our Division Two teams also represented the school in an exceptional manner and one was placed in the top five of the division.

The competition consists of two separate events: on-the-spot brainstorming, and a long-term project which could have been presented in the form of a play, model, talk, or any other creative medium. The topics available varied enormously.

One of our Ruyton teams chose to work on a project called Terrific Traffic, a topic involving the designing of a safety car. The other group chose to focus on the sub-culture of Punks under the topic of Telling Tales.

Teams had six weeks to prepare for the competition and a limited budget. For the long term event teams chose which aspects they would like to be judged on. For example, performance skills. The teams were allowed a coach, in this case Ms. Danos did the job and did it well, but in no way were the coaches to help the teams prepare the projects.

All the girls involved would like to thank Ms. Danos for the enormous amount of time, effort and assistance she put towards preparing the two teams for the big day. Thanks again Ms. Danos! from: Libby Bear, Susan Reeve, Kym Ong, Natalie Smith, Jamie Rawls, Fiona Lee, Clair Ingleton, Helen Walker, Hannah Roberts, Prue Fielder, Larissa Stevenson, Robyn McMicking, Alison Chalk, Amanda Waaldyk.

Hannah Robert

ONE MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE

One memorable experience that is foremost in my mind is the two months when we shared our home with a Brazilian exchange student.

Adri was in Australia for one year and she spent the first two or three months with my family. It was appropriate that we were her first host family as there were three girls around Adri's age who could show her the ropes.

When Adri arrived, she was a shy, composed girl but within a year she had been transformed into a confident, lively person who could equal any of us in witty repartee. My father introduced her to Australian humour the moment she stepped off the plane, and she did not stop using it all year.

With a few days to spare before the new school year commenced, we tried to make our guest fit in as easily as possible. Adri attended Ruyton Girls School with my sister and me. She was put into year 11. Even though she was a little older than the average age for this level, because of language difficulties she could have been at a disadvantage in year 12. Adri was a different friend for the year 11 girls, and while at school Adri made many new friends.

One rule for all Rotary Exchange Students is that they make a speech about their home countries. Adri was required to make hers during the period she was at our home. In helping her prepare her speech, with English still a minor difficulty for her, we all learnt a lot about Brazil and the very many aspects of Sao Paulo, Adri's home.

Adri's farewell was quite a harrowing experience, because we had all become so attached to her. We all felt a little empty when she actually boarded the plane.

Trina Matthews



MARIE LAURE'S REPORT

School life in Australia compared with school life in France is very different. To begin with there are fewer private schools like Ruyton; the majority of students go to a government school, which are all co-educational. The differences are many as are the contrasts.

In France we experience a much longer school day (usually from 8pm to 5pm), but we have two hours for lunch, when we can eat in the school canteen or have a meal at home, if we live close by. Our timetable is organised on a weekly basis, with two hours private study and about three hours per night in higher classes.

Wednesday afternoons are generally free but some schools have classes on Saturday mornings.

The atmosphere is very different in French schools with mixed classes, no uniforms, freer discipline and no roll call or assemblies. Recreation and sporting clubs are generally organized by the community outside school hours. There is little choice of subjects for the final year. We must do humanities, sciences, technology and arts.

I have enjoyed the contrasts which Ruyton has presented me with, the information, the interesting assemblies, the opportunity to study quietly in the library, the strong sense of discipline and the chance to have my own locker. (instead of carrying books around all day!).

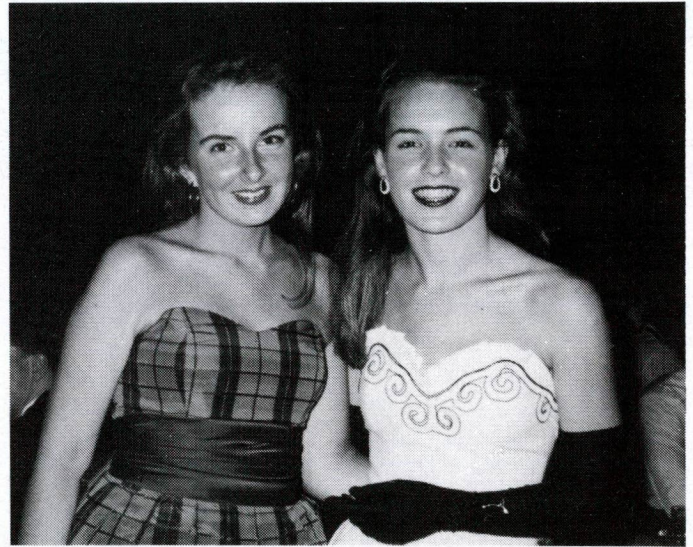
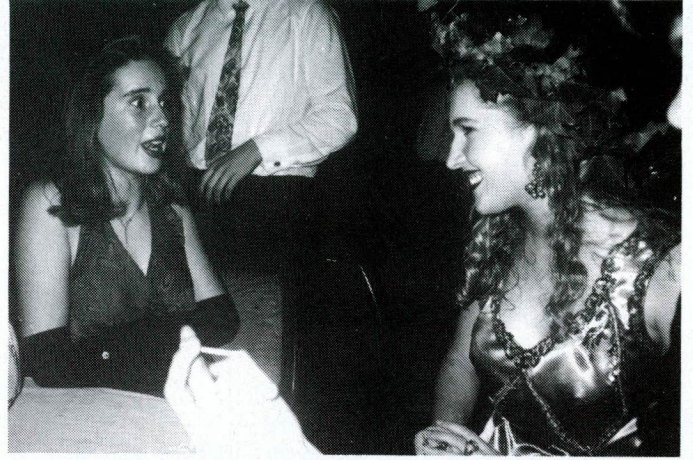
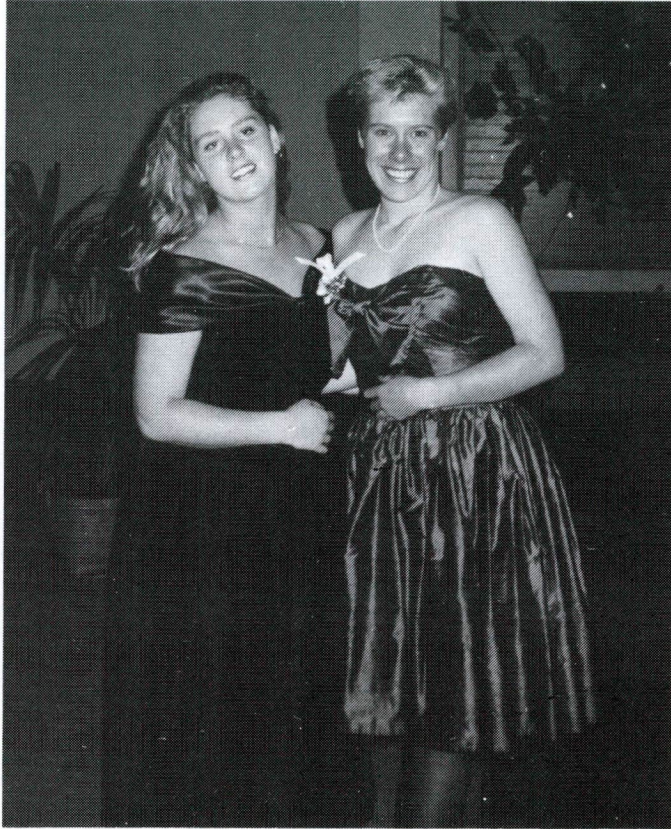
Du gamla, du fria....

My year as an exchange student here in Australia has been the best year of my life. I have made a lot of new, terrific friends and experienced things that I didn't even know existed before I came here. Its not always easy though. You have to be very independent as an exchange student, make new friends and adapt to them and their habits and culture. I live in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. In some ways, Sweden and Australia are similar, but there are plenty of differences as well. The school I go to, for example, has 2000 pupils, and we are all between 16-20 years old. Everyone has to go to school for nine years, and after that, it is up to you if you want to go on to what we call "Gymnasiet". I think it can be described as something between your HSC and University. It is to "Gymnasiet" I go. In the course I am taking, I study 13 subjects. To be able to fit them all in, we don't attend the same classes every day in the same order. We might, instead, study English for two periods on Monday and one on the Wednesday the Thursday. We start school at 8.20 am and finish between 2.40-4.30 pm, depending on what day it is. All schools in the country are co-ed and we don't wear uniforms, nor do we have private schools, so our system is quite different from the Australian one. I have learnt alot this year, not only about your school system, the English language, etc., but things about myself and other people. I know that I will find it very hard to leave Ruyton and Australia, but I will always remember you. So much of what I am today, comes from my year here. Thank you all.

Asa Ericsson Year 11

THE SENIOR DANCE 1990

The attractive reception rooms of 'The Albert' were again chosen as the venue for this popular occasion in the social calendar for girls in Years 11 and 12. The exhaustive preparations produced a bevy of well-groomed young women who, accompanied by their partners, were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gillies before enjoying a pleasant dinner-dance. Members of staff, the parents of the School Co-Captains (Mr. and Mrs. Dix and Mr. and Mrs. Duigan) and Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt (representing the Ruyton Council) were also present. Special thanks were conveyed to Mrs. Bent whose wise counsel ensured a happy compromise between expectations and aspirations on all organization and arrangements.



THE RUYTON PREFECTS AND SIXTH FORM DANCE

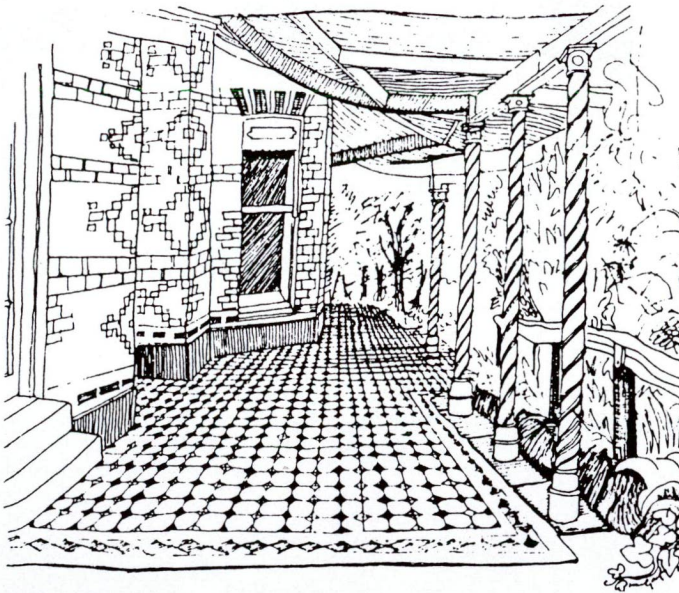
The Prefects, Probationers and Sixth Form of Ruyton gave a dance at Ruyton on August 17. The Assembly Room was used as the ballroom, and was decorated to represent a Japanese garden, with bunches of pink blossom around the walls, and on the stage. Four of the girls from Va and IVb were dressed as Japanese women. Supper was served in the dining-room. We were all very sorry that Miss Daniell and Miss Derham were unable to be present owing to sickness, but the dance was a great success and we were very glad we were able to give it.

June 1933



As this is our first year of being as a Company School, we feel inspired to make a fresh effort in every phase of our school life. It gives us a fresh impetus to do our best in work and sport.

June 1930



OUR NEW WIRELESS SET

When we came back to school this term we were very pleased to find a wireless in the boarders' sitting room. It supplies much entertainment for us and we often listen in to interesting and educational talks.

Dec. 1935

AN APPRECIATION OF ARITHMETIC

Arithmetic! Oh, dreaded word, what visions rife you conjure; and sometimes I just feel as if I can stand you no longer!

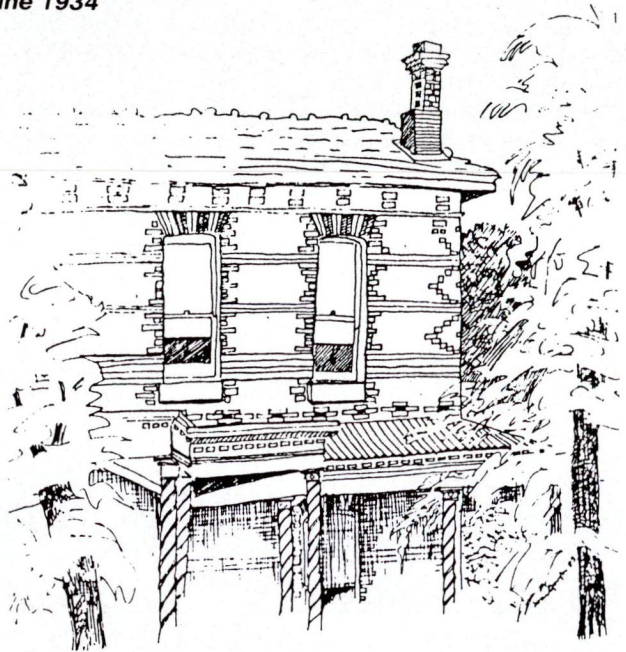
Twice two is four — what does that mean? Forsooth, it doesn't matter! Twice three is six; that's all it is — a lot of senseless chatter.

And even when I've striven for hours, no understanding lingers; and really when all's said and done, why can't I use my fingers?

Arithmetic! You wretched word, you stupid mass of digits! Oh, why can't you become extinct? You just give me the fidgets!

by ARITHMETICIAN

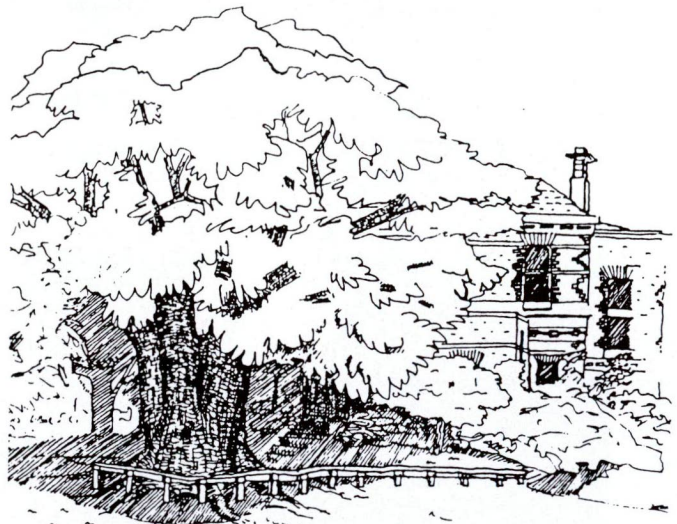
June 1934



RUYTON TAKES UP HOCKEY

Hockey! — a breathless rumour is heard. Hockey! — a louder and more incessant whisper is breathed around the school. Surely it could not be true: Ruyton could not really be going to play hockey! When suspense was at its highest it was announced, one morning, Ruyton will take up Hockey for a winter sport. What excitement! Thrills!!

Dec. 1936



A CATASTROPHE

The greatest tragedy of the term occurred during Easter. Everyone deeply mourned the death of all our dearly beloved goldfish.

Dec. 1935

PREP

The prayer-bell tolls the knell of parting day,
The weary boarders stroll to their devotions,
The prefects drag the juniors in from play,
And prep-books lie about the floor in oceans.
Now gradual silence supersedes the cries,
And fades the study into darkness dim;
While from the distant dining-room arise,
Our feeble voices chanting out the hymn.
When prayers are done our prep we must begin.
In different rooms we sit for fear of speaking;
To breathe a word in prep-time is a sin,
And glares are turned on those whose pens are squeaking.
Supper arrives, and work is at an end,
The boarders hunger after all their toil.
Then like Browns cow, the back stairs we ascend,
and soon forget in slumber, strife and broil.

Dec. 1934

We feel it our duty to announce that a lot of knowledge can be gained from a mirror, glass, and alphabet.

June 1935

FRIENDSHIP

These close friendships, formed at school, will be the potent forces which, later on, when we are struggling along in the battle of life, will buoy us up, and lift us above the common run of things. And all through life we shall retain these friends. Although we may be scattered, nothing can take from us our memories of school days, and when chance throws us together again, think of the delightful times we shall spend reviving past history!

June 1937

RUYTON IN THE 1930's

THE NEW UNIFORM

This year it was decided that the Ruyton uniform was not distinctive enough and needed some alteration. After much discussion and various suggestions it was arranged that we should introduce the school colours into the navy twill in the form of a check. The blouses were changed to a light fawn, and a darker shade was chosen for stockings and gloves. In place of the sweaters with the white stripe, a plain navy sweater with the Ruyton badge has been introduced.

For the summer uniform an attractive gingham has been chosen in two different shades of blue, which tones well with the navy hats and blazers.

Dec. 1933

At school we have learnt to play the game and not give in to our difficulties and incidentally to smile through our troubles; let us then apply this to the bigger troubles of our elders. Let us try to combine a bright face with a helpful understanding, and we will be doing some good. Not the breezy and annoying optimism which says vaguely: Oh, don't worry, things are sure to improve; but intelligent cheerfulness is needed from the younger people.

June 1935

Did you know that it is quite possible to maintain a perpetual blush — as the prefects have learnt to their sorrow?

June 1935

Civilization is fighting for its very life — and we are fighting for everything we hold in reverence: truth and righteousness and common justice. Even schoolgirls can help in the great national war effort. We must develop our capacities for hard work — cultivate endurance and selflessness — and do our best to bring calm out of chaos: peace out of war.

Dec. 1939

CLEAR UP BEFORE YOU CLEAR OUT! LEAVE NO LITTER!

We hope that the new plan of zoning the grounds will prove an effective method of keeping our beautiful grounds free of litter.

June 1939

E. Harris



HENTY HOUSE

Henty House, the magnificent focus of Ruyton's activities, past and present, has been the subject of a special investigation by Year 9 History students. Early in the year, Mrs. Gillies invited groups of girls to explore the building from cellar to Mr. & Mrs. Henty's upstairs bedroom (now the Conference Room). Armed with the original floor-plans of Tarring, as the house was called in 1872 when first built, the girls tried to imagine the building as a family home.

When Tarring was first built it occupied a property of 22 acres, there being only one other house between it and the Malvern Town Hall. Port Phillip Bay was clearly visible from the upstairs bedrooms. The spacious grounds included an orchard, aviary and ornamental lake. From 1880 a gracious Indian tea-house became a cool retreat on hot afternoons.

As Melbourne experienced the speculative boom of the 1880s, the suburb of Kew grew rapidly and the grounds of Tarring were subdivided. By 1920 only four acres remained and neighbouring houses reflected the more recent Italianate and Edwardian building styles.

It was in 1920 that the stately Victorian residence became Ruyton Girls School.

"Forward, Forward, let us range. Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change." Tennyson

In 1990 we have witnessed a great amount of change. In her letter, Mrs Barraha speaks of changes overseas, but also there are many changes occurring in Australia, Ruyton, the Ruytonian and for each of us as individuals.

As with every year there have been changes to the Ruytonian in its format and content. You will notice that many of the reports have been put into a supplement and student orientated work has taken their place. Also, we have a new feature...."Roving Reports". The idea is that students from years 7 to 11 interview fellow students and teachers about any interesting events. Another alteration is the size of the Ruytonian magazine....we have sixteen extra pages to entertain you with. All these advances could not have been possible without Mrs Turnidge, Miss Howden and the Ruytonian committee.

Each of us faces many changes to..."I face the biggest change of my life. After being at Ruyton for thirteen years I have to leave and enter 'the big wide world.' This excites me greatly but it is nerve racking to face the uncertainty of the future when I have spent so long in a school that has offered me so much. I am hopeful for the future, so welcome the changes ahead of me."

Lyndal Walker, Year 12

IMPRESSIONS OF HENTY HOUSE;

Reflections by Year 9 History students
Afternoon tea with Miss Henty.

Nervously I rang the bell. It was the first time I'd ever been invited to afternoon tea at Tarring. After a brief chat with Miss Henty, I was led to the drawing room. This was so luxurious I thought I might be dreaming. I was ushered into one of the soft, comfortable chairs by the fire.

Discreetly I looked up to the ceiling at the detailed, decorative frieze. The walls were lined with a beautiful, hand-painted wallpaper. As I ran my feet over the exquisite rug by the fire, I imagined what it would be like to live here...

Viva Hughes

A young maid visits Tarring for her interview with Miss Henty.

...They told me the house was quite large and very beautiful...When I reached Tarring, I was totally amazed. The grounds reached as far as the eye could see. The house was beautiful. Big windows decorated with lace curtains. I pressed the doorbell. A loud ring rang through the whole house making it seem bigger than it really was.

Vaia Liouzas

Afternoon tea with the Hentys.

The front door was so big I had a sudden urge to go back to our little house with mother. But I had promised that I would come for the afternoon. I reached up and rang the huge bell. The ring made me jump. A maid answered. Her smile made me feel a lot more relaxed.

Martine Schaefer

...The house was brick with lovely iron lacework. The splendid garden added to the beauty...I was shown through a superbly decorated hallway where there was an adorable tiled floor. From here I was shown into the drawing-room where I was to have tea with Mr. & Mrs. Henty.

Sarah Hamilton



A CHILDHOOD MEMORY

As the sand swirled through the air and the sky began to change from patchy white to predominantly grey, a feeling of uneasiness swept over me. The seagulls that had previously been frolicking in the mid-day sun had now disappeared, leaving only us and the great expanse of deserted coastline. The cold, biting breeze sent a shiver down my spine, as I ran to keep up with the adults. The childhood horror of what was to come still remains a vivid memory, even all these years later...

It had been almost two hours since we set off on our walk, and the aches in my little legs were slowly worsening. The initial excitement of a play in the sand and a paddle in the water had long worn off, and I once again asked the inevitable question, How much further? The usual response followed, and just as I was about to complain, I noticed that the rumble of the ocean appeared closer. As I turned towards the sea, I saw that the waves were thundering down onto the sand, hurling a torrent of fluffy white spray, high into the air. The tide was coming in quickly, and my weariness was immediately exchanged for fear.

Not far ahead, I could see the point, around which lay the sandy track back to the car. The vast cliffs on my right made me feel tiny, and I once again struggled to hurry the group along. My apprehension was not shared by anyone else, and I therefore kept it to myself. We finally reached the point; at which stage a large C shaped rock jutted out into the sand. In-between it and the cliff, a three-foot wide path provided an adventurous alternative to get around the point. Dad and I took it.

The minute I stepped behind the rock, I knew it was a mistake. My view of the sea was hindered and the next thirty seconds seemed like an hour. Before I knew what was happening, a tremendous gush of water threw me against Dad. Everything suddenly went silent. Darkness surrounded me. Water filled my nose and ears, and the unrelenting pressure of the wave held me under, as I struggled furiously to gulp for air. I whacked my shoulder against a sharp, protruding point on the cliff, yet the pain was numbed and insignificant. I battled to stay standing, and just as I was beginning to give up, the water subsided, almost as quickly as it had come. I fell to the ground speechless, totally stunned..... Then I screamed.

In the distance, thunder rumbled, and a flash of lightening lit up the dark sky. My sobbing continued as I was hurriedly carried back to the car. The freak wave was an unexpected indication of the oncoming tide, highlighted by the brewing storm. I was now not the only one perturbed by the conditions, and I could sense the apprehension amongst us all. As we stepped off the sand and onto the path, my relief precipitated more tears. The horror of that occasion, however insignificant or trivial it may seem to others, will probably live with me forever.

Sally Driscoll 12 A

THE FAMILY ROOM

The name family room had always seemed to me to be a very apt description of one particular room in our home. This room, with its green pile carpet and rust-coloured velour lounge setting, reflected the very essence of our family. By looking around that room I could find something to remind me of each member of our family, and seeing all these things together in one place gave me a distinct feeling of contentment and peace, in the same way that seeing my whole family in that room would have done.

The rust lounge suite had belonged to my parents since the time they were first married. Although it was now looking rather old and slightly worse for wear, it was still the most comfortable piece of furniture in the house. Comforting and solid, it had been there as long as I could remember, and in this way it symbolised my parents warmth and love. They were always there for me, whenever I needed them, and even though they are growing older now, I knew I could always depend on them.

The rather bizarre star-like figure on the wall reflected the personality of my older sister in an uncanny way. She had picked it up on one of her treks to deepest, darkest Africa and brought it home, insisting that it be hung on the wall in the family room. Whenever anyone walked into the room, their attention and curiosity would immediately be focused onto this strange object, just as whenever anyone saw my sister they would be drawn to her. She had the most mysterious, exotic appearance of anyone I knew and her magnetic personality and looks would always bring her many acquaintances.

The lamp in the corner of the room symbolised my beloved grandmother. Its soft glow warmed and illuminated the room in the same way my grandmother did. She would shine light onto any situation, making everything seem clear and for this, everyone loved her and gained benefit from her matriarchal wisdom.

My grandfather, on the other hand, could be seen as the television in the other corner of the room. This is not only because of the fact that he constantly watched the television but also because he was, in himself, like the television in certain ways. Despite the fact that he could not move around much, he always had a lot to say and was often the centre of attention. Even though he was old and grey, he was a necessity to our family and a permanent fixture of the family room.

The Christmas tree in the corner of the room was a symbol of every single member of my family. It has always been a family tradition that twelve days before Christmas, my family would all gather round and decorate the tree. It was a happy time, and now, as I glance around the room and look at that tree, I can feel the sense of unity and love that emanates from it. This is the same feeling I have when I see my family together in this room, and it is something that can never be lost or forgotten, no matter what time of year it is.

Sally Bell



Eliza Harris

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face — forever".

George Orwell

With time racing rapidly towards the future for today's youth, it is easy to understand why reactions and feelings about it are not positive. The majority of young people think that the future is doomed and all we can see ahead of us is a forbidding black hole. We are a world which pollutes its seas and rivers and air, so it is now dangerous to swim at some beaches. We are a world marked by death caused by heartbreaking famines, never ending civil wars and in general, a pitiful amount of respect for fellow humans. A world riddled with incurable diseases such as AIDS and cancer. An environment which is being destroyed by logging and mining and the unnecessary use of chemicals which combined are thinning the ozone layer, thus causing the Greenhouse Effect. A world continually fearful of a nuclear war which has been so graphically demonstrated with the dropping of the Atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945. Finally the ever present threat of an impersonal revolution of robots and computers does not sound appealing.

Knowing this can we afford to be pessimistic? We cannot afford to ignore the problems and hope they vanish. The youth of today must take heed and join to restore confidence in the future, humanity and its continuing existence.

However, it is noticeable that it is not purely technology and as released fear into our minds, but the actions of our parents and the older generation who are planting these seeds of irreversible doom and inevitable destruction. How can young people help but feel negatively about the future when there is, apparently, no future? At least, not a pleasant one.

Because, isn't it, after all, their fault, and their stupidity, ignorance and mistakes that have blackened the future for us? Or is it purely evolution and progression?

Perhaps it is just because they have not the imagination we have and the capacity to think about the future the way we do. Considering the younger generation accepts technology and furthermore understands it, could it be possible that older people haven't the ability to see that technology doesn't only mean moving towards the space-age but improving what we have? Therefore, they can only project negative feelings about the future.

to educate the people around them. To take action by showing the older generations that we can control our future. Not just to idealise but to take steps towards helping ourselves. Steps such as conserving energy, maybe by not using, and taking for granted, cars as much as we do or even by just turning off unnecessary electrical appliances. Perhaps by publicising the effects logging will have on the community, but most importantly, by fighting for what we believe in. We all have to be aware that every action taken will have repercussions, either good or bad. And these all affect all of our lives. Thus ensuring that our future and the future of further generations is secure and safe.

We have to use, not condemn, progress; technological or otherwise. To right the wrongs so commonly found on earth we have to apply our knowledge and work to help ourselves, not to dig deeper into disaster. For we can use mistakes already made to put together an overview of what can happen if we exploit our resources and our knowledge. After all, we do have control over the future. It is our future!

Could, for example, AIDS be teaching us that sexual promiscuity is not right? Could the hole in the ozone layer be indicating that we have to preserve our forests and cease expansion of our cities? And if it is, shouldn't we be glad that we are being forewarned?

I think that we are being given a chance to redeem our planet, and therefore, we should be seeing our problems in an optimistic light. We should turn disease and destruction into knowledge that will prevent us from ever sliding under again.

With today's youth looking at our problems in this light, we will, I'm sure, be more productive in helping eradicate them. What could be a better step towards shaping our future than being enthusiastic and hopeful about it? And what's more; actually doing something about it.

I have seen the future, and it works.

Lincoln Steffens, Jenna Shiels 12C



RACISM.

Different colours around the world.
People against people.
Australians against Aborigines,
Taking away their rightful land.
On the other side of the World
The white Americans against the blacks.
Who has the right to take away their country?
How would we like to be hated like that?
The black, yellow, pink, brown people of this World
Just happen to be humans just like us.
They have feelings just like us.
They starve, they bleed and die just like us.
To them we are a different colour.
Why do we have a dislike for them?
Why don't they hate us,
Instead of us hating them?
Just because they are a different colour
Doesn't mean they are losers.
So think about them for a while,
And put yourself in their place.
How would you like to be treated like that?

Karen Parish





I REMEMBER

I remember the day we were leaving home so vividly. I had just got into bed, was snuggling down into the sheets and laying my head on the pillow, when a loud knock came on the door. I was angry because I wanted to go to sleep, but curious to see who it was, because it was already past 10 o'clock and my parents and younger sister should have been asleep by then. As I opened the door I saw Dad and Mum smiling and looking at me. Wondering what I had done my mind went quite blank. However it became obvious that I was not going to be questioned about anything and my parents quietly told me the news. Dad said that our application for migration to Australia had been approved and we would be leaving in a fortnight.

After hearing the news I lost all desire to go to sleep. I knew that Dad had applied for entrance permits to Australia but I had kept on putting it out of my mind. I didn't want to leave Malaysia, to say good-bye to all my friends and yet, I did feel excited at the idea of going somewhere new. I was very mixed up. I went to a chair sitting facing the mirror. Looking at the reflection of myself, I saw and realised that I had only two more weeks in Malaysia before moving to Australia. I knew I had so many things to do, so many people to tell, so many things to buy. Because I had only two weeks to do them, I realised I had to get a move on. Despite all that, I had one thing to look forward to. I was going to meet my penfriend whom I had known since grade six. She and I were going to school together soon.

The next morning, I woke up and remembered what had happened the previous night, still believing that it was not true. I asked Mum if it was true — I had to convince myself. The answer was Yes. I could not eat breakfast then as I was anxious to get to school to let my friends know.

When I arrived at school, I rushed to where my friends usually sat and told them. The news gave them a big surprise. I was showered with questions, only half of which I could answer. After that, more and more people came to spend time with me, even people I hardly knew, and I felt sad that eventually in a fortnight, I had to leave them. But life goes on, with or without my friends, and I had to face the facts.

When it was time to leave the school, I took one good look at the building and walked off to catch the bus with my friends, not daring to look back as I would have been too upset. I talked with my friends as though I would be coming back the next day.

The next day, I woke up with very mixed feelings — sad because I was leaving Malaysia and excited because I was going to Australia. I started packing what I needed but halfway through my friends rang to say their final good-byes. I said a quick good-bye but it was too much for me.

Then evening arrived and we loaded our bags into the car. We drove to the airport. After checking the luggage in, I chatted with my relatives until nine-thirty when it was time to depart.

We boarded the plane and I looked out the window remembering all the lovely times and my friends and wondering when, after this, would I ever step back onto the soil of Malaysia again.

Anon.

Clarence

Clarence was a wild flea
He used to run and shout
He slurped his tea most noisily
And ate till he grew stout.
Alas, he died most painfully
So much did he consume
That one sad day he passed away
Blown up like balloon.

Belinda Quantock 8Q

A Memorable Experience

My Mum and I arrived in London on the 20th of January. We took a taxi from the railway station to our hotel, St. Ermin's. The taxi swept past famous buildings, which I had only heard of before, like the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. St. Ermin's reminded me of Bertrams Hotel in "Miss Marple at Bertrams Hotel". They both came complete with the doorman who wore a top hat and could make a taxi appear out of nowhere, chandeliers, fancy rooms and even a resident harp player.

After settling in we went for a walk ... to Buckingham Palace! I hadn't realised we were so near to it. After dinner I raided the leaflet stands and we sat in the lounge trying to work out what we would do the next day. That was when Mum suggested the tour to Bath, Stonehenge and Salisbury Cathedral. I had never heard of Salisbury, rarely heard of Bath, but Stonehenge...! The next morning we found ourselves waiting for the tour bus at a very early hour of the morning, outside the travel agent's.

Even though I was tired there wasn't a chance to go to sleep on the way because our tour guide was very interesting. She began by talking about London and then once we were really on our way she lectured us on the history of Bath, our first port of call. You see, the interesting thing about Bath is it really has two histories. The Roman one and the later 18th and 19th century ones. Both I found very interesting. I hadn't read any Jane Austen novels then but seeing Bath encouraged me to do so. In fact the first book I read was Northanger Abbey which is mainly set in Bath. After its popular period Bath became a dirty, grubby city. Smoke poured from the chimneys covering the city, and it is only now that they are making an effort to return it to its former glory.

One port of call was the Roman Bath Museum. It was one of the most fascinating places I had ever been to. Wandering amongst the baths where once people of a totally different lifestyle had sat and "taken the waters" was really amazing. We ended our tour in the Pump Room where we all had a glass of the water. It tasted like something you take for a stomach ache but Mum managed to finish her glass. After that we were free to do what we liked for a few hours. Mum and I headed off to get some lunch at Sally Lunn's House, tearooms which specialised in Sally Lunn Buns.

We were given a great deal of background information about Stonehenge on the next leg of the journey. There were even some postcards, books and a model handed round the bus. I couldn't believe I was actually going to see it. We arrived and went through the gates and there it was! It was fenced off by a rope but we came nearer to it than I thought we would. It was very cold on Salisbury Plain, and windy, so we walked round, watched the sheep and darted back to the bus.

After Stonehenge we went on to Salisbury Cathedral. It has the tallest spire in England. The interesting thing is that the spire is actually crooked. Then we returned to London. It was one of the best days I ever had.

Kirstie Innes-Will

CONVERSATION PIECE

You can't wear that!
Why?
Cause I'm wearing it tonight
No, it's mine
Why don't we share it?
But I don't want to
It's mine, give it back
No, I'm wearing it
No, you're not
Who do you like?
Oh, I don't know, maybe Tim
Which one is Tim?
The one with the blue shirt
Oh, is that him?
I said I didn't know
Well okay
Do you think I should talk to him?
If you want
I think I will
Well okay, bye
Bye.

Geordie Dixon 9M



Dear Diary,

Today, just to hear a human voice, I rang the recorded information services — all of them. But my phone didn't ring.

I am sitting in the living room, and the baby is asleep upstairs in the nursery with its sea green upholstery. I cannot decide whether to go and make lunch, a quick meal of fried noodles, or whether to go to the shops and buy some fresh vegetables and perhaps some meat and make myself something more nutritious. I cannot decide, so I get up and go out to check the mail-box. There are no letters. I was not expecting any. I pause at the gate for a few moments and stare in the direction of the city. Lights wink at me. There are so many people out in the city going about their business and not one of them knows I am here or that my baby is asleep upstairs in the sea green nursery.

It is only twelve o'clock and I walk along the austere marble-floored hall. I can hear my heels click across the sterile surface. The sound races up the stairs, hits the nursery door and rebounds back down the stairs, hitting me in the face. I returned to my place on the sofa. It is covered with a steel grey and pale blue chintz. The material was sent from Italy. For another half hour I stare blankly at the wall. Then the baby starts to wail. It is the wail of a wounded animal. It is inhuman.

I stand up jerkily from my seat, my legs are asleep. My movement is slow, that of an old woman, but I make it to the oak door. I open the oak door and I am drowning in sea green.

With resolution I pick the baby up. Frantically I grab my handbag and keys, and I lock the silence in as I leave. I walk quite quickly down the street. The baby is crying in my arms but no one looks at me. No one wants to know. No one is interested and they walk past me slowly, dream-like.

I enter the vegetable market. Now I have to make a decision. What do I want? I gently squeeze an avocado between thumb and forefinger to see if it is ripe. I tease out one of the leaves on the pineapple. It is ready. I know because the stalk comes out easily. I grab a pineapple, three avocados and a bag of a dozen apples. The woman at the register does not look up. She adds up how much I owe and says the price quickly. I throw the money down on the counter.

My eyes are smarting as I leave and as I return home I play a game. I imagine that I am going home to make an avocado salad and slice the pineapple into large dripping pieces for when my husband returns from work. I tell myself that it is his baby I am holding as I return home. I hold my head up now as I walk along because I am playing this game. People look at me with a newfound respect but I soon reach my gate and I soon reach my door.

I open the door. The barren house seems almost offended by the creaking of this door. My steps on the cool marble floor add insult to injury.

I am numbed and empty. I feed the baby and hold it in my arms. I wait on the steely grey and blue sofa for the shadows to creep across the room and obscure the yellowing postcards that rest on the top of my mantelpiece. I wait for the baby to wake up again. I wait to feed it and put it to bed. Before I go to bed tonight I will meticulously write in my diary.

Dear Diary,

Today, just to hear a human voice, I rang the recorded information services—all of them. But my phone didn't ring.

Fleur Gibbons 12C

I remember when I was young, and the summertime was the best time....

It was when all the family would come around and we'd have dinner together, and then all go for a swim in the pool.

It was a time when the night time always lasted longer, and bedtime was further away.

It was a time when you'd try to catch the butterflies in the garden. But summertime ends, so does your childhood.

Madeleine Lugar 8P

END SEPTEMBER

Somewhere, huge within me, devil wings began to unfold.

She sat back and stared at what she had just written. She suddenly became very distressed, slammed the diary shut and quickly rose from her chair so that it fell backwards.

She walked slowly across the room dragging her feet, making scraping sounds on the polished wooden floor. She stopped and then stamped one foot, she threw out her arms and began a tap routine learned at jazz ballet classes when she was a little girl. Vigorously, yet swiftly, she moved across the hard wooden floor, moving faster and tapping harder. She let out little squeals of delight and began to twirl around. She twirled and twirled and twirled until she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror, when she suddenly came to an abrupt halt.

She crept over so slowly towards the mirror, staring at her face long, hard and frowning. She reached out to touch the image, almost in desperation, but she failed to touch it. She misjudged again, she will never be who she wants to be. She hurled herself face down onto her bed in a flurry of tears.

Her outburst slowly died down and she rolled onto her back. Though she could barely see through the tears, she watched two birds making a nest in the huge tree outside her window. Ever since she could remember, she always looked out that window and saw something sweet and serene happening in that tree. Ellen closed the book. Again she looked at herself in the mirror. This time not so critically, it's not her fault, is it? She wiped the streaks of mascara from her face. I'll think about it tomorrow. She braced herself, and opened the door, thinking she was ready to take on the adult world.

Tonia Froutzis 12C

A VISION: PEACE

Have You Felt Peace?

A spiritual peace amidst the battlefield of life? You have felt it, a flash of subtle relief, while firing around you are weapons; shots, explosions, deaths, violent joy, devastating happiness, vast sadness, hollow loss. You felt as if you existed solely inside a place that is complete, unified, protected from body. Here no demands are made.

Have You Felt Peace?

A physical sensation. You remember that harmonious, contented, easy feeling you felt with your surroundings.

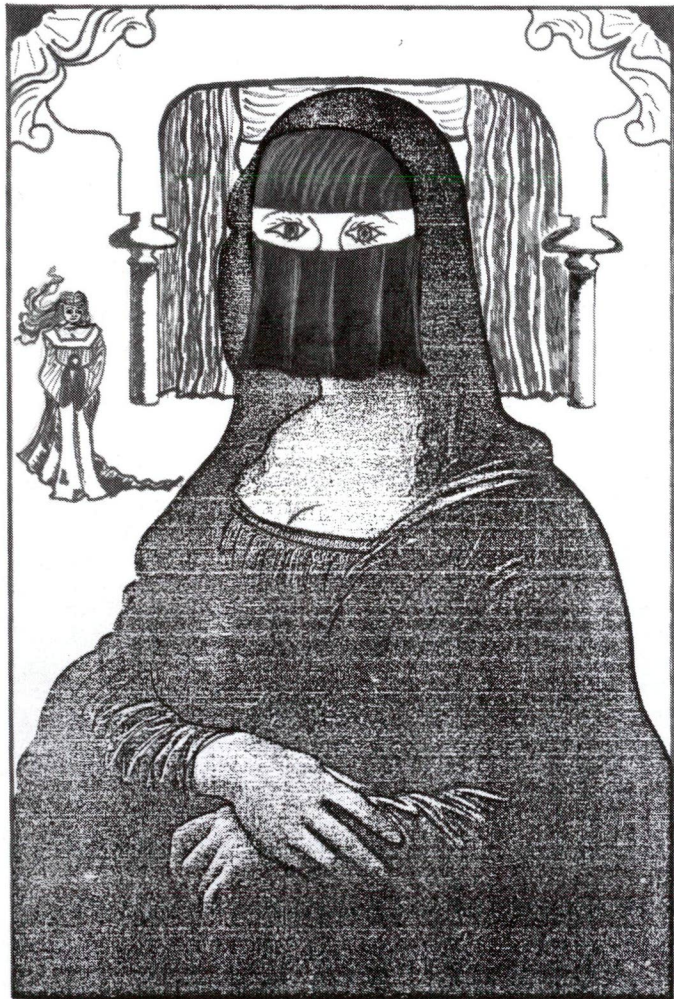
Can You Find True Peace?

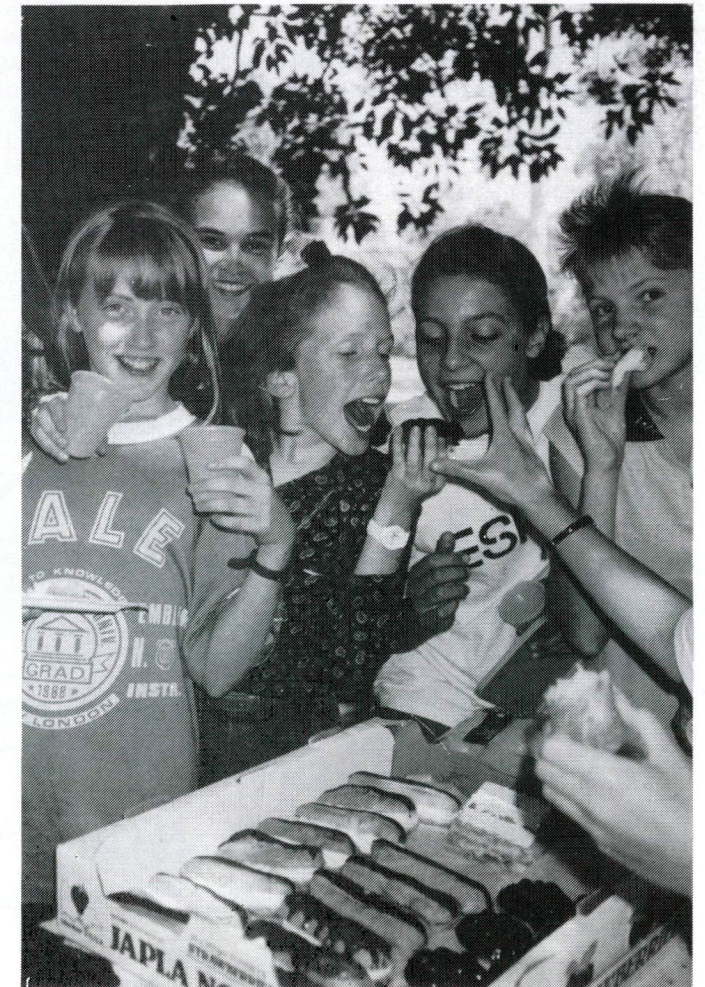
This is a woman's story. This woman had a vision.

A vision: Peace. This vision was strong, vibrant, in the woman's youth: it was a very necessary search fuelled by an inner violence of need. In her middle life, happiness tried to quell this vision, replacing it with content. Yet this vision did not die. Now, the woman is old. Her skin is wrinkled, it feels like dry suede. The hair is white, sometimes lavender, the teeth are false. She totters on her feet — people expect that. Her hands shake, her voice croaks as she speaks, her sight is blurred. Now her vision, her need to find peace for herself, is stronger than ever. The impetus for this search was strong in her youth when it meant finding an identity. Now it is stronger, she is facing, old and tired, the unknown. She is troubled as she looks back over her life: remembering the extremes, the happiness, sadness, blissful discontent. Did she never find true peace? Is the search complete ending with her death, or will it continue its constant course, infinite, inevitable.

You may ask the old woman, "What is this true peace you search for?" Always she will say to you, "It is what you are living to find."

You watch the old woman fade away. Slowly you forget what she said. You forget all about her. You continue with your life.





Alien Vibes

There was once a boy called Djad. This boy was an alien. He lived on the planet Mars along with his family, Djada, Djadas and Djadi.

They all decided to go for a picnic just around the corner on planet Earth. They hopped into their flying saucer. Then their neighbour, Galioth, came and invited himself on their picnic. Galioth was a very troublesome, evil, nasty, not nice, fat pig!

The trip took longer than expected because of Galioth's weight which slowed the flying saucer down. This made it so heavy that they had to land on Earth during the night.

They landed in a dark alley, and frightened the big gang which was the head gang of the city. The gang, after seeing the aliens, ran to the police station and told the police. Naturally the police's answer was, You've had too much to drink, you had better spend the night in the jail house.

Suddenly, at twelve o'clock, all the lights in the city went out and there were little tremors. After consideration, the police believed the gang and ordered all people to lock their doors and windows and stay inside their homes. The F.B.I., C.I.A. and the A.B.C. were called in to try and capture and kill the aliens.

When the aliens were having their picnic. Djad turned in to the police's frequency and listened to their conversation. They heard: All police units, all police units, hot on the trail of the aliens. They have been seen around the park near the gang's alley. Move in for the kill! As soon as they heard this they packed up and jumped into the flying saucer. They tried to get off the ground but couldn't because of Galioth. By the time they got off the ground the police had started to shoot at them. They got away just in time.

So if the lights go out at midnight or there are small tremors then it will just be Djad, Djada, Djadas, Djadi and Galioth having a picnic.

Belinda Manuele and Cassie Liu 7R

THE FUTURE

In the future we will all be older, wiser and perhaps RICHER. In the year 2000 people will probably be having 80's and 90's parties just as we have 60's and 70's parties. We'll probably have new technology, trends and names for things. Can you imagine an 80's/90's party? ...We'll all be dressed as drug addicts, yuppies, bogans and maybe just as average people. Can you think what fashion will look like? Maybe we will all have to have environment friendly clothes, or recycled shoes!

Will our houses look the same? Probably, they will, because there are still some very old houses around now, but there could be new trends in architecture. Maybe underground houses or again,

environment friendly houses. By then, we might have made further progress in space travel, and people could be living on the moon! Continents may have changed shape, and Australia could be connected with Tasmania, or maybe even Vanuatu or another island.

In the year 2000 we might even have found another way of travelling — maybe air-cars (cars that fly). We might have some incredible robot that can solve all our problems! Perhaps food will change, maybe a new breed of animal, species of plant or liquid will be discovered.

Who knows what could happen? I just hope that your future is a good one.

Monica Kent 8P

A TRIP TO VENUS

The space-craft launched into the air. The noise it made as it took off was deafening, though the astronauts inside couldn't hear it clearly. The rocket sped off into the atmosphere and the crowd cheered.

There were three astronauts: Karl Michaels, George Richter and Jessica Matthews. They were all Americans and they were all travelling to Venus to find out whether life existed there.

The space craft had to be built so it could withstand high pressure because the atmospheric pressure on Venus is 90 times greater than that of the Earth. It also had to be cooled and insulated because the temperature on the surface of Venus is recorded to be between 450°C and 530°C. The atmosphere was nearly entirely carbon dioxide.

The members of the crew were sceptical about whether there was any form of life on Venus. If there was, they would have to be fairly advanced to survive the temperature and the pressure.

When the space craft had broken through the thick layer of sulphuric acid cloud, the crew were amazed to see how bright it was on the planet. They didn't need to use their flood lights. They had to leave the planet within half an hour, otherwise the space craft and crew would be squashed to a pulp on the surface of the planet by the atmosphere pressing down on them, so they would have to work fast.

The land was dry, sort of like a desert, with sharp edged rocks everywhere. In the valleys the rocks were flattened out. Amazingly, the jagged rocks hadn't been worn down by the highly corrosive sulphuric acid rain.

The crew were so enthralled by the mysterious planet that they didn't realize how late it was getting and how much pressure the space-craft was under. Karl, George and Jessica, died as a result of their mistake.

Louisa Wilde



MISSION: SHERBET

It so happened that on the 5th of September on a wet and rainy day, Year 2001, Professor Nooglebonk completed his 100th invention. It was an evil invention, created by an evil mind, to make life-like robots which would hypnotise every living person in Melbourne and make them obey all Nooglebonk's commands.

The robots were sent at 9.30 am, just after breakfast, and they finished their task: hypnotising all the people, just in time for dinner.

However, unknown to the robots, Year Four of Waverley Primary School had been spared because they were in the deep depths of the Australian bush. When they returned the next day, they found that the whole of their home city was under Nooglebonk's evil power. The people were moving like robots and unaware that they were carrying out unlawful tasks such as robbing banks and delivering the money to the Professor.

What Year Four saw around them called for immediate action. They hid out in one of their father's lolly shops to devise a plan to save Melbourne. There were many ideas but most were unsuitable until...

"Sherbet", cried Bertie (he was exceedingly fat and never stopped eating), who had spied the confection on the counter.

"Yes, we could throw it in the people's eyes to wake them up," said Jane, who then blushed deeply, because she usually said very little. They then put together their plan and James was elected leader of the group. He organized everyone into groups and made them all wear sunglasses so they could not be hypnotised.

One of the groups went off with hammers and spanners to find the robots and force them to malfunction. Another group went to find the Professor's headquarters by following the people who were going to deliver money to the evil man. They were planning to capture him. The rest of the class armed themselves with bags of sherbet to throw at the people's eyes. They divided into pairs and tackled certain suburbs at a time, on their bikes.

As the people were cured, they joined the action to save the other people still under the trance. By the end of the day everyone was un hypnotised. While this was happening, the group who had set off to destroy the robots, succeeded and deposited the metal robot parts in the can recycling depot.

But the group which had gone to capture the Professor had a very difficult time. They found the Professor in his laboratory making a plan to put the whole world under his power. He was guarded by robots and his laboratory was on the tenth floor of his mansion. This meant the group of children had to climb up the drain on the outside of the house because the entrance was heavily guarded. This was very scary for the children because they seemed to be miles from the ground.

Luckily, before they got too high, the entire Police Force, Army, Navy, Air Force, Fire Brigade and the Girl Guides surrounded the building. The Professor knew his time was up so he came out and surrendered.

The stolen money was returned and Year Four of Waverley Primary School were awarded for their bravery by being allowed as many toys and sweets as they could carry from the biggest store in Melbourne. Also, Bobby's father was repaid for all the sherbet that had been used.

Unfortunately, after all the excitement, Year Four still had to write a report about their nature camp.

BACK TO THE REAL WORLD.

Eve Bodsworth and Melanie Littlefohn 7R



THE FUTURE

I see the uncertain future through passive and intrigued eyes.

I see myself standing knee deep in dirty rubble and debris that gives a flowing musty smell, as I watch the tired red sun drop down beyond the fading horizon and black clouds.

Behind my shoulder a solemn ebony black crow caws and screeches as it soars through the misty sky, heavy with pollution on its way home to a cosy but unsafe nest built on the barren ground, its only view being a wide, flat plain stretching out towards the boundless horizon. The only inhabitant of this barren plain, as far as the eye can see, is the nest and its master.

Back where I stand, lies before me the calm, tedious sea, of which the impurity of the water is beyond the word vile, even putrid. Both small and large pieces of old torn cardboard boxes float past just as the many carriages of a train follow the railroad tracks. Grubby beer bottles bob up and down on the surface of the yellow, murky water, dodging the crinkled chip packets and plastic bags of both blue and white. Even one or two remains of dead fish drift along past with a faded red sock that has its toe hole worn out.

I stand silently on the isolated beach shore in the year 2075. A filth of this world is utterly foul and I'm grateful that I will probably not live to see such horrible destruction of the world.

Karen Johnston 8P

ZIMALOO

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, Blast off! They were now on the journey which had been planned by the Secret Space Intelligence Organization. Their destination they did not know. All they did know was that they had to be back by the year 2001. It was now the beginning of November in the year 2000. They did not know what they would find. Maybe they would come back with nothing or maybe they would not come back at all.

Two days after they had left the earth, they realized that they had engine trouble and they had to land. Quickly! Ahead of them, only a few kilometres away, there was an object which they could probably land on. Soon they realized that it was an uncharted asteroid. It looked like an excellent place to fix up their space ship, so they landed and put on their anti-gravity boots so that they were able to walk. They soon found that the Monulator had been disconnected from the drive Compatitor causing the Monulator to stop making fuel.

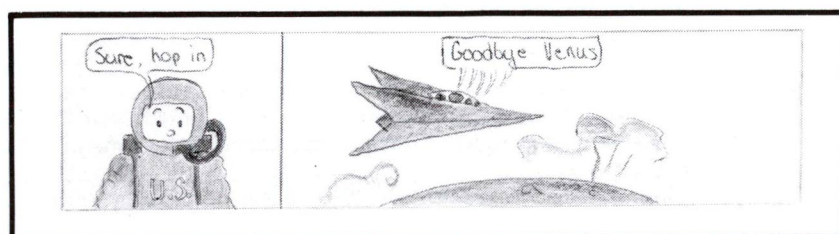
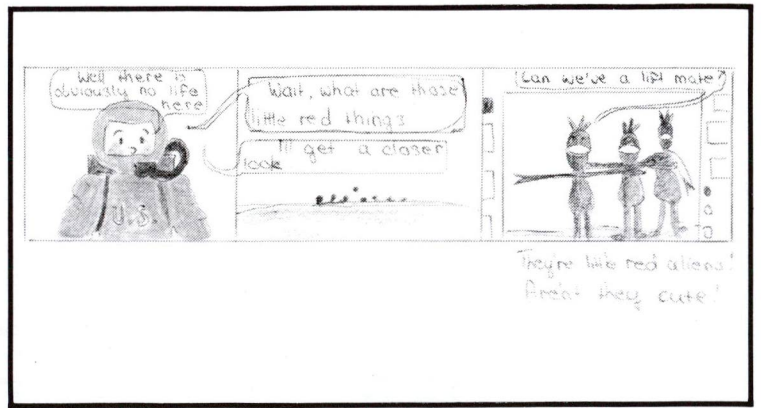
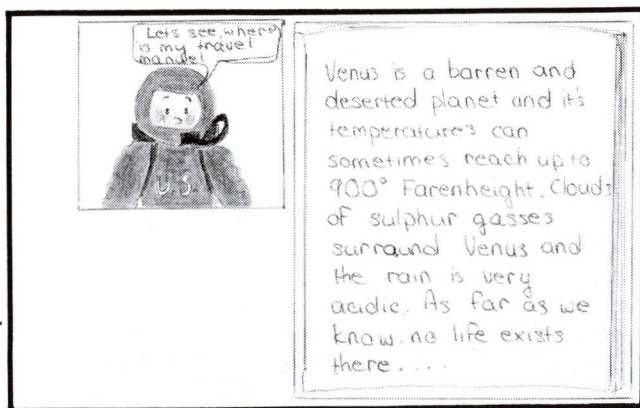
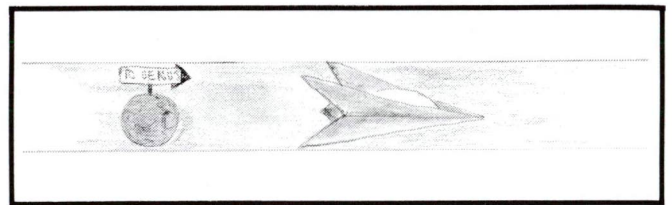
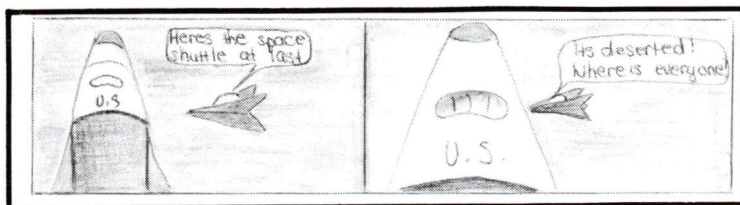
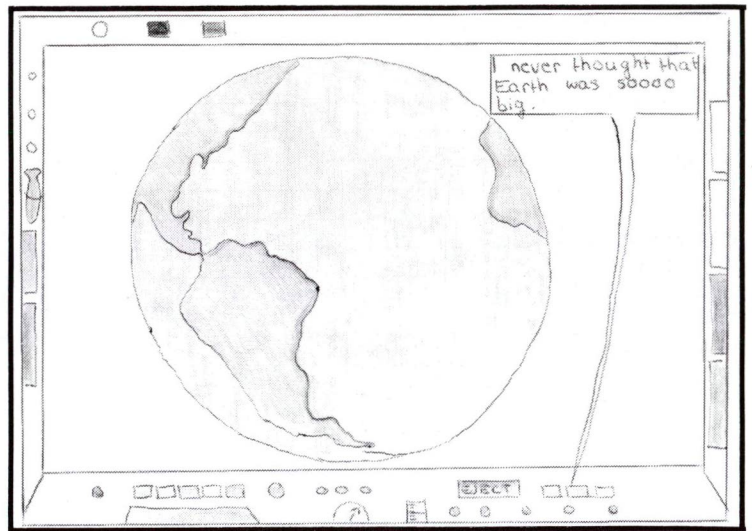
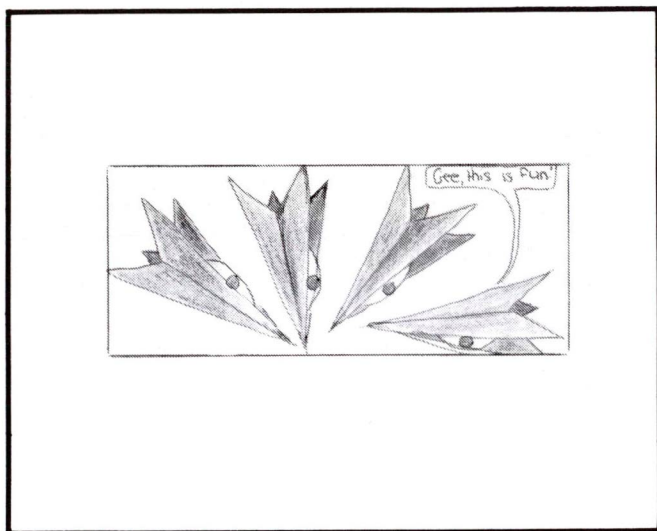
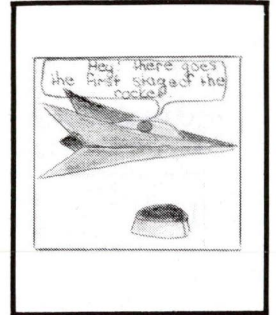
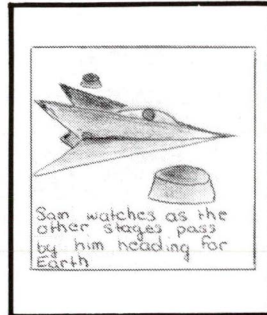
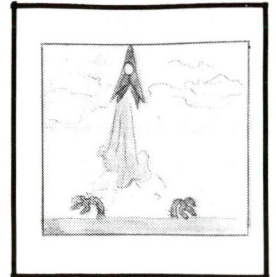
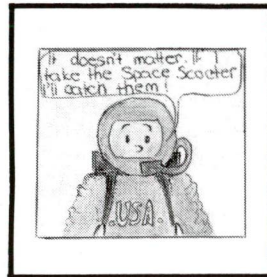
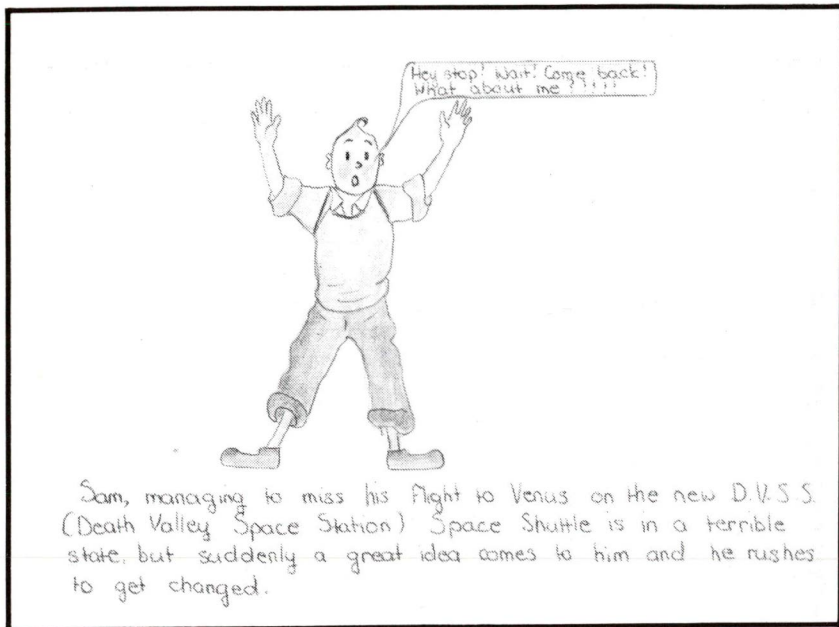
After fixing the Monulator they decided to explore the asteroid. After they had been exploring for a short time they found, to their surprise, what seemed to be a peculiar type of house. They decided to go in even though it didn't look anything like the houses we have on earth.

At first Gillian came across a green light in the wall. She beckoned for Anne to come by waving her hand across the green light. Suddenly the door opened. Gillian and Anne entered cautiously so as not to disturb any creatures which might be in the house. Inside it was dark. Anne looked for the light, found what she thought looked like a light switch and flicked it on. Instead of a light being turned on, a flushing noise came from two places in the house and suddenly five screaming aliens from every part of the house rushed to where Anne and Gillian were standing. When the aliens saw Anne and Gillian they screamed even louder and huddled in the corner of the room. Anne and Gillian had been quite scared of the family of aliens and were surprised that the aliens were scared of them.

Gillian, thinking fast, decided it would be better to become friends with the aliens. If they ran away now the alien family would probably send even more aliens after them and they would never get away, as she had read in books. She quickly communicated her thoughts to Anne who was able to cope with situations like this. Anne finally convinced the aliens that they were not enemies but merely earthlings on a quest to find out more about space.

Gillian and Anne spent a week on the asteroid which was called Zimaloo. They had talks with the leaders of this strange place and found a lot of information about the people. In return they told them about earth sometime in the future, since they seemed very friendly.

Sangeeta Sandrasegar and Catherine Kwiatkowski Yr. 8



THE END ~~~~

THE MIRACLE

It was Monday morning as I recall. The notices were read out by the trusty form captain in a loud and humorous fashion. The class wasn't listening, nothing was different. Weekend gossip was being exchanged, when the overdue sounds of Jingle Bells rang to call the students to house assemblies, which in turn would become just another haven for whispered secrets and fabricated weekend tales. Yes, it was just another ordinary Monday morning. At least until the bombshell was dropped in house assembly.

I shall never forget the eager beavers at the swimming pool, waiting in anticipation for their call to serve time at the Nunawading Pools the following day. The older you get, the less you become involved. It just seems to be the way it goes, not really something I'd thought about until now. That dreaded piece of paper was passed into my reluctant paws. It read, Congratulations, you have made the house team. Kindly be at school tomorrow morning at 7.50 am. 7.50 am! That hour does not exist in my household. My family have always been late risers, (and late arrivers). Still I felt I could sacrifice twenty minutes of sleep and throw on the old Speedos for a lap of the pool. Others could do it, so could I.

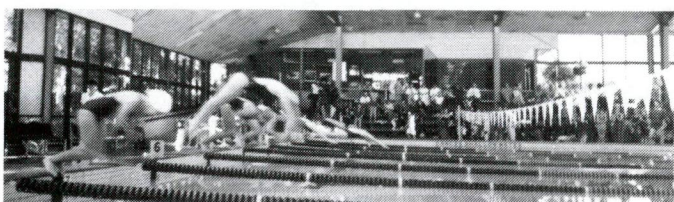
That air of confidence stayed with me all day and was still with me when I arose at 7.30am. With sleepy eyelids and an anxious mind, I pulled myself out of bed, only to find that I didn't have an old pair of Speedos and my armpits were hideous with post Summer Holiday growth. With a shriek, I grabbed the razor and flew into the shower to correct my neglect of body hair! Too bad, the mohair stockings would have to stay. The next problem, bathers! No one has ever worn regulation blue speedos with criss cross back and generally very unflattering cut, so why should I be any different? So out came the flouro green skimpy number I had flaunted on the beach all summer, now I wished I had never given up ballet. The numerous trips to McDonalds were beginning to show!

I finally arrived at school (ten minutes late) to jump on the bus to the pool. We arrived at the pool and modestly peeled off our outer layers, then proceeded to the swimming arena. The pool was like an overwhelming gulf waiting to swallow me up. I was sure it was more than 50 metres deep.

The first few events ran slowly as they always seem to do. (So far, no one was wearing anything but blue Speedos) Then my fate fell at my feet. My event was called. I peeled off my red T-shirt and trotted up to the starting blocks and pretended (as everyone else) that I was very serious about my race. I tried to remain inconspicuous, as everyone else checked out the competition, but to no avail. In my bright green dazzlers, I couldn't have stood out more. The whistle blew, we mounted our blocks Oh God, please let me live, I prayed silently. On your marks, get set (this was it) bang! I jumped in with the rest of the transformed fish and started swimming for my life. I slowly began singing America from West Side Story, to give me the rhythm I needed in order to complete the length of the pool. There was no one around me, so I figured I must be quite a length behind the others (I felt like I had been going for hours). I threw in an extra burst of energy and glanced across, only to find the final ten metre mark. At that stage, I died. My last few strokes were so painful and forced that I thought I was never going to see my bed again. A silly thought, but I was desperate and close to death. Then I touched the end and held on. I didn't bother looking around to see where I had come, I was just thankful I had lived.

Then a plastic card was placed in my trembling hand. I glanced down and saw 1. I started to giggle, two eyes were beaming down at me. I had won the race. Now all I wanted was my blue ribbon. I jumped out of the pool and ran to the ribbon table where I was presented with the ultimate, and pinned it on, ready to flaunt it. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) the race had been division two and I had therefore, not made the interschool team! Gosh! Damn! What a shame! Quite a day indeed, and one I shall remember for a very long time.

Anon.



GOING THROUGH RUYTON

My first glimpse of Ruyton made my mind turn around, great, the teachers were to be found! Girls in blue and white uniforms were happily playing around me.

I remember walking into the Junior school through the gates of grey,

which reminded me of a stormy, cloudy day.

The smell of friendliness was in the air, yet the red bricks radiated a feeling that was so bare.

Royce Hall was filled up with melodies and tunes, making a cold place feel as warm as sand dunes.

At morning assemblies you can hear the choir sing, their voices projected out like a delicate ring.

Now I have moved on up in the years,

into the Senior school which had awaited me with many fears.

School life has now changed in many ways,

moving around a lot unlike those junior school days.

The cramped up buildings offer a lot to everyone,

You can learn languages, computers, science and you can even have some fun.

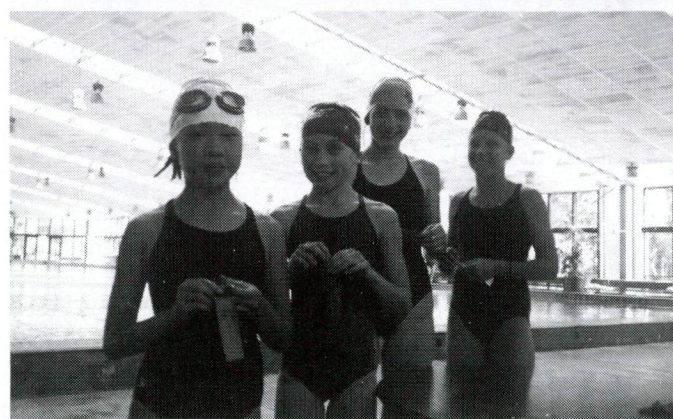
Sports are of a high standard here,

and in athletics we showed them this with no fear.

Whatever the future may offer to me

I will always remember Ruyton as a great place to be.

Lisa Taylor 8P





RUYTON STAFF 1990

Back row (left to right): Mrs G. Sweeney, Mrs D. Gunston, Miss L. Day, Mrs N. Matenson, Mrs J. James, Mrs H. Weiss, Miss R. Renshaw.

Second row: Mr D. Summerton, Ms D. Byers, Mrs T. Georgiou, Mrs A-M. Stenta, Miss T. Harris, Mrs J. Cleveland, Mrs D. Harris, Mrs B. Wilkes, Mrs K. Cleland, Mrs K. Wellington, Mrs S. Lachal, Mr P. Collins, Mrs A. Toyne, Mr D. McDonald, Mrs J. Cantwell.

Third row: Mrs T. Usher, Mrs Y. Panagacos, Mrs V. Pyles, Miss J. Howard, Mrs B. Corstorphan, Mrs J. Madeley, Ms M. Danos, Ms A. Howden, Ms S. Worsam, Ms K. Purdy, Mr P. Snare, Mr C. Keogh, Mrs J. Watson, Mr D. Walker.

Fourth row: Miss D. Berold, Mrs K. Galt, Miss J. Etty-Leal, Mrs D. Curran, Mrs R. Gray, Mrs S. Hills, Mrs H. Collopy, Mrs R. Stuckey, Mrs M. McDougall, Ms C. Sergi, Mrs M. Churchward, Mrs H. Corstorphin, Mrs J. Burnett, Mrs T. Spicer.

Front row: Mrs D. Turnidge, Mrs S. Levin, Mrs E. Fleming, Mrs A. Scott, Mrs J. Troup, Mrs J. Nicholls, Mrs S. Barrah, Mrs P. Gillies, Mrs H. Oates, Mrs L. Bent, Mrs J. Nicholl, Ms B. Basey, Miss J. Jelbart, Mrs I. Taylor, Mrs K. Stanley.





OLD RUYTONIAN'S ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT 1990

Every year for the O.R.A. is different and yet it continues to build on an ever increasingly strong base, for its success.

The past year of '89 — '90 was not a cause for any official or anniversary celebrations, however our functions have been successful and our aims to provide a student bursary, and to pay for the embroidery of the School Officials' pockets, maintained.

Our wish to give past students a sense of belonging to their school tradition has also remained important in our planning activities.

Ever present has been the need to encourage new members. On the last year's final School fee accounts, we were able to offer to parents the opportunity to give their daughters a life membership to the O.R.A. if they so desired.

This was an unmitigated success and all except a couple of School leavers accepted this offer.

Since the last A.G.M. we have held a number of functions. Firstly in June the School Leavers Cocktail Party, held in Henty House and now in its fifth year — this evening will become a tradition. It is an opportunity for girls to catch up with their classmates and discuss their introduction to "Life After Ruyton".

In September we held "An Evening at Home", at which we were able to enjoy a champagne supper and to gain skin care advice from the house of Dr. Renaud in Kew.

In October the O.R.A. Committee organized an evening at Ruyton for garden enthusiasts. "A Garden for all Seasons" enabled us to view slides from the Department of Agriculture Garden Advisory Service and to listen to a horticulturalist speak and answer gardening queries.

This year our Old Girls have once again competed in the Sun Tennis Cup and also of course in the Sun Golf Cup.

At the Old Girls versus The School Sports Day in April, our teams won the tennis and hockey resulting in a draw with the present day girls whose teams won the netball and baseball.

We have two further functions planned for this year. One of which is to be a Garden Party in November.

As well as these functions, Year Representatives, with the invaluable assistance of the School, are holding reunions throughout the year. Of those forthcoming, are the 1965 reunion and a '59, '60, '61 reunion, both planning for October of this year.

If I consider my twenty-eight years on the O.R.A. Committee, it is to be amazed by the dedication of this Committee. Not only for the members' enthusiastic work but for their ability to support one another and each persons ability to give more or less time as her life decrees.

Many Committee Members have held positions of office and remained active members thereafter for a number of years. Each year we welcome School Leavers whose infusion of new ideas is always refreshing. As would be the input of any Old Girl who feels they would like to nominate to join our Committee. Ruyton, I think has always been aware of the importance of the long-standing contribution and yet willing to accept the new.

Finally may I thank Cojana Ware, our Treasurer, Mandy Blyth, the Vice President for her unselfish support and Sally Hodges our Secretary, who will never be able to resign now, for with each new President the need for her help and expertise is reaffirmed.

Thank you all too for your support of the Old Ruytonian's Association.

Helen Grainger, President

MISS JULIE HOWARD

A creative and talented teacher of English and History, Miss Julie Howard leaves us to undertake youth welfare work on a full-time basis in 1991. Joining Ruyton in her first year of experience, Miss Howard's commitment to the students in her care has been as impressive as her willingness to share her knowledge and extend her professional expertise.

It is a measure of Miss Howard's interest in Youth that she has been willing to participate in many aspects of the School's outdoor education, extra-curricular and pastoral programmes. She has been hiking in Wilson's Promontory and ski-ing at Mt. Buller; contributed her beautiful singing voice to Ruyton choirs and has always given priority to the welfare of her students in her Form.

Her very special contribution as Ruyton's first teacher-in-charge of Debating has been reflected in the ever-increasing enthusiasm, interest and achievement of girls from Years 8 to 12 fortunate enough to experience her skilled and confident management of this demanding area of the curriculum.

A caring friend and supportive colleague, we thank Miss Howard for her contribution to Ruyton and wish her every success in the future.

MISS CHRISTINE SERGI

In losing Miss Chris Sergi, the teaching profession has lost one of its most able practitioners; the world of Commerce is indeed fortunate in attracting a young woman of the highest standards and integrity whose welcome presence at Ruyton will be greatly missed.

Her impressive contribution to Geography as both teacher and Co-ordinator has been reflected in the enthusiasm and interest of girls fortunate enough to experience her skilled, efficient and effective management of this aspect of the curriculum. Ever-willing to participate in the School's extra-curricular activities, our students have also benefitted from her dedication to their welfare as a Form Teacher and as a leader in the Outdoor Education programme.

Loyal, tolerant, sensitive to the needs of others, Miss Sergi's gentle and courteous manner won the admiration and friendship of colleagues, parents and girls. In expressing our gratitude for her contribution to Ruyton, we wish her every success in the future.

MISS MICHELE CLARKE

A past pupil of Ruyton, Miss Clarke joined the staff in 1983. Her gentle manner and serene disposition won her the friendship of colleagues and students alike.

An able craftswoman, Miss Clarke has spent many hours in Craft House instructing her students in a variety of skills related to the creative Arts. Her sense of whimsy was exhibited in her own delightful exhibits which have been shown at our annual School Art shows during the last few years.

A caring Form Teacher and an indefatigable member of various Outdoor Education excursions and camps, Miss Clarke's positive contribution to the School has always been appreciated. Sharing her expertise with groups in Drama and many associated extra-curricular activities, we thank her for her contribution to Ruyton and wish her every success in the future.

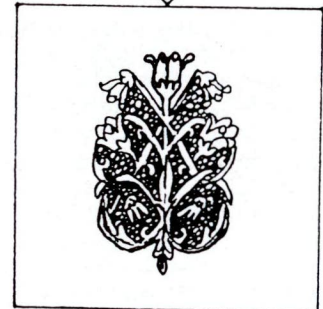
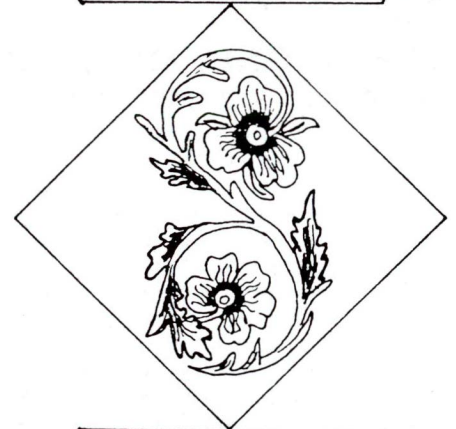
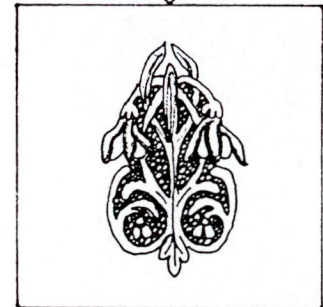
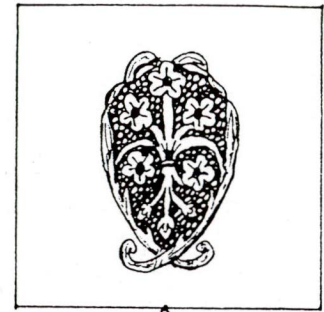
MRS. GLENDA LAUHLAN

Mrs. Glenda Lauchlan joined the staff in Term 2, 1990, to replace Mrs. Jane Smith as Junior School Librarian. She quickly became involved in school life and has willingly contributed her time, often on and beyond the call of duty.

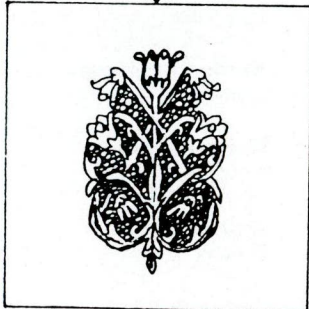
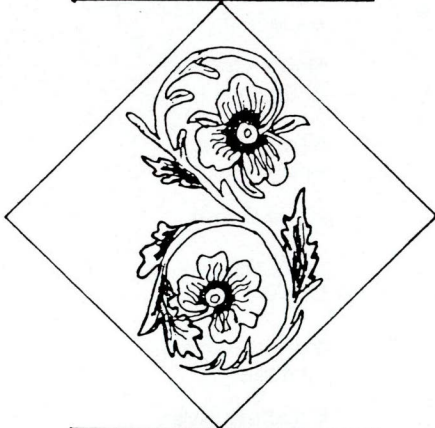
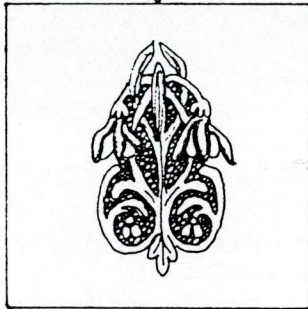
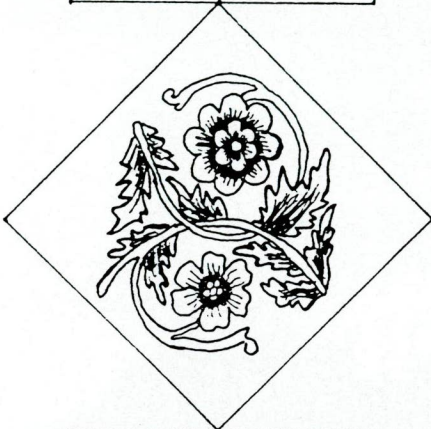
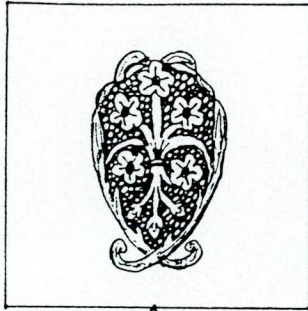
Mrs. Lauchlan has a warm manner, and has taken a keen interest in all the girls. They in turn have responded spontaneously and enthusiastically.

During her time with us she has organised the Book Fair, Book Character Day, Kym Lardner — Storyteller, purchased 'cuddly friends,' which are very popular in quiet reading times, as well as maintaining the regular Prep.-year 6 library classes.

We are deeply appreciative of the many and varied contributions that Mrs. Lauchlan has made by being a member of the Junior School staff. We will miss her, but wish her every happiness and success in the years ahead.



STAFF FAREWELLS



MISS KYM PURDY

When Miss Kym Purdy was selected to be the first teacher from Ruyton to participate in an Exchange Programme with Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School in Calgary in 1989, we little thought she would be making Canada her permanent home. Returning to Ruyton in February this year, Kym was married to Reagan Denehey in May and is now living in Winnipeg but her contribution to the School will long be remembered. An Old Ruytonian, Miss Purdy was appointed to the staff as Co-ordinator of Physical Education in 1987. A respected colleague and a skilled teacher, she gave a renewed sense of purpose and direction to Sport, Physical Education and Outdoor Education through her own dedication and interest. Strategy planning for curriculum and skills training for extra-curricular sport was successfully implemented through her fine leadership. In wishing her every happiness in the future, we thank her and rejoice that she was present at the Inter-School Athletics Sports which were last won by Ruyton in 1975 when Kym Purdy was Captain of Sport.

MS. JOAN MORGAN

When Ms. Morgan brought her second son, Alexander to visit us earlier this year, the warmth of the welcome she received from the girls was a tribute to her commitment to Drama and English at Ruyton. Her very special contribution was reflected in the comprehensive programme she had begun to implement before undertaking Maternity Leave in September 1989. Drawing on her extensive experience of girls' schools including Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School and Firbank Anglican Girls' School, Ms. Morgan gave a new sense of purpose and direction to Drama at all levels of the curriculum. Ever willing to give of her time to the life of the School in Pastoral, House and Form activities, she was always ready to support her colleagues and promote the well-being of Ruyton. We thank her for her contribution to the Performing Arts and wish her every success in the future.

MRS. MARGARET MC DOUGALL

In acknowledging Mrs. Margaret McDougall's retirement from the part-time staff at Ruyton, we pay tribute to an esteemed colleague and admired scholar. Her commitment to excellence in the study of History and English is reflected in an outstanding career in teaching which spanned several decades; her most recent senior position being Co-ordinator of History at Canterbury Girls' High School. In 1989 Mrs. McDougall travelled to Japan as a member of an International Fellowship scheme. Her subsequent report to the Senior School at Morning Assembly was memorable for the colourful insights gained and the witty observations which illuminated a most comprehensive address.

In wish Mrs. McDougall a healthy and happy retirement, we thank her for enriching education at Ruyton during the past three years.

MRS. KAYE STANLEY

The warm and friendly presence of Mrs. Kaye Stanley has provided a focus for counselling and guidance to many during the last four years. Her gentle wisdom, understanding, and kindness to those who request comfort in the present, or information about the future has benefitted the girls, staff and parents who sought her assistance.

Ever willing to learn and apply new initiatives in the ever-growing area of work experience and careers education, Mrs. Stanley has also had a vital role in planning such worthwhile programmes as Peer Support, Human Relations and Year 12 General Studies. A mentor for students new to Ruyton, Mrs. Stanley has also been a stalwart supporter of other School activities; a tangible reflection of her concern and dedication to the interests and welfare of our girls.

A popular colleague, her engaging manner, humanity and care of others will be sadly missed.

After her marriage early in 1991, Mrs. Stanley will take up residence in Townsville and in wishing her every happiness, we thank her for her special contribution to Ruyton and wish her every success in the future.



PREP TO YEAR 12 1990

Back row (left to right): Charlotte Pratt, Sally Bell, Katrina Schlager, Lyndal Walker.
 Middle row: Becky Howatt, Fleur Gibbons, Megg Walstab.
 Front row: Libby Law, Lucy Davies.

**VALETE
 YEAR 12, 1990**

Sally Asome
 Lascelles

Samantha Atkinson
 Bromby

Susan Bailey
 Bromby

Sarah Baker
 Bromby

Elizabeth Beaumont
 Bromby

Sally Bell
 Anderson

Justine Braithwaite
 Anderson

Lee-Ann Brown
 Lascelles

Penelope Chapman
 Anderson

Miranda Christie
 Anderson

Nadia Cipolato
 Bromby

Bridget Crone
 Lascelles

Victoria Crone
 Anderson

Lucy Davies
 Daniell

Nikki Diver
 Bromby

Marion Dix
 Bromby

Georgina Douglas
 Bromby

Sally Driscoll
 Daniell

Miranda Duigan
 Bromby

Jean Elkassaby
 Daniell

Anne Forbes
 Lascelles

Antonia Froutzis
 Bromby

Fleur Gibbons
 Daniell

Melanie-Jane Gibbs
 Anderson

Melita Godson
 Anderson

Sarah Green
 Anderson

Katja Gyga

Jane Halprin
 Daniell

Marina Harrack
 Lascelles

Elizabeth Ryan
 Lascelles

Katrina Schlager
 Daniell

Rachel Schutze
 Bromby

Anthea Scott
 Daniell

Jenna Shiels
 Bromby

Rachel Smith
 Daniell

Fleur Summons
Anderson

Carol Ting
Daniell

Brigitte Tovey
Lascelles

Mary-Rose Vallis
Daniell

Lyndal Walker
Bromby

Margaret Walstab
Daniell

Kate Welch
Bromby

Cherie Harrison
Anderson

Karen Hayward
Daniell

Louise Hosie
Bromby

Rebecca Howatt
Daniell

Susan James
Bromby

Vida Jokubaitis
Lascelles

Siobhan Jones
Anderson

Beth La Patourel
Lascelles

Elizabeth Law
Lascelles

Biraj Laxman
Lascelles

Natalie Lloyd
Daniell

Amanda Loftus-Hills
Lascelles

Mohona Maity
Anderson

Melissa Martiensen
Daniell

Kristy Matthews
Lascelles

Sophie McCowan
Lascelles

Kirsten Mackenzie
Anderson

Samantha Menzies
Bromby

Rachel Millington
Daniell

Sarah Monsell-Butler
Lascelles

Sarah Mott
Daniell

Lucy Pennicott
Anderson

Kate Peterson
Lascelles

Sarah Pick
Anderson

Charlotte Pratt
Daniell

Vanessa Pulo
Lascelles

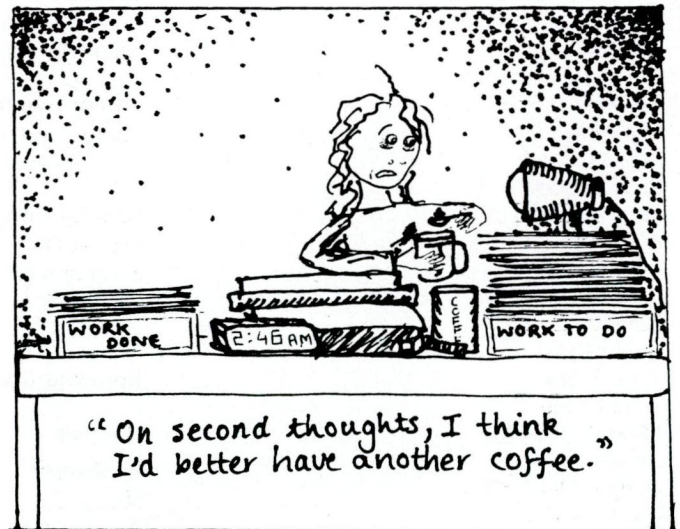
Jane Rafferty
Anderson

Alexandra Rennie
Bromby

Sarah Rickerby
Lascelles

Sheridan Roworth
Lascelles

Lyndal Walker
Bromby



THE YEAR 12 STORY...

JUANITA McLAREN YR 11

MERIT AWARDS 1990 — CONGRATULATIONS

School Sport Colours 1990

Swimming

Senior Re-Awards

Georgina Douglas
Melita Godson
Sarah Rickerby
Anthea Scott

Junior Re-Awards

Erica John
Debbie Scott
Kathy Scott

Tennis

Re-Award

Georgina Douglas
Sally Driscoll
Melanie-Jane Gibbs

Award

Kristy Matthews

Baseball

Re-Award

Sarah Brown

Award

Sally Whitehead

Athletics

Re-Award

Marion Dix
Gina Douglas
Sally Driscoll
Jane Rafferty
Alex Rennie
Sarah Rickerby

Award

Sarah Baker
Jane Brodie
Vicki Crone
Miranda Duigan
Jacqui Fincham
Juanita McLaren
Suzie Mayer
Sally Whitehead
Karina Winspear
Andrea Wright

Junior Re-Award

Kate Allen
Andrea Binning
Sarah Hewitt
Nicci Long

Kate Morawsky
Jane Peterson
Susan Reeve
Debbie Scott

Junior Award

Kate Baker
Penny Duffell
Sarah Hamilton
Alison Huitfeldt
Caroline King
Sarah Reynolds
Martine Schaeffer
Jo Taylor

Special Commendation

Michelle Beesey - injured
Sara Brookes - ill on day
Jaqui Athorne - commitment to
High Jump

Cross Country Colours

Senior Re-Award

Sally Driscoll
Amanda Loftus-Hills

Senior Award

Georgina Douglas
Anthea Scott
Amanda Slater

Junior Re-Award

Andrea Binning
Sarah Reynolds

Junior Award

Kathy Scott
Angie Willoughby

Special Commendation

Marion Dix
Katherine Morawsky
Debbie Scott

Sporting Colours - Term 3

Hockey

Re-Award

Marion Dix
Alexandra Rennie

Award

Sarah Monsell-Butler
Jane Rafferty
Karina Winspear

Special Commendation

Lucy Eggers - for coaching juniors

Netball

Re-Award

Sally Driscoll
Rachel Schutze

Award

Mariece Adam
Vicki Crone
Siobhan Jones

Special Commendation

Belinda Smith - for umpiring

House Colours 1990

Anderson

Renee Buchanan
Rosina Gribben
Belinda Smith
Katherine Gurney
Miranda Christie
Melanie-Jane Gibbs

Bromby

Yuanna Pappos
Edwina Dixon
Jane Brodie - Re-Award
Liz Beaumont
Gina Douglas - Re-Award

Daniell

Michelle Beesey
Sarah Hewitt
Debbie Scott
Angela Turner
Caroline Smith
Kirilly Boulter
Amanda Slater - Re-Award
Juanita McLaren - Re-Award
Sally Driscoll - Re-Award

Lascelles

Jane Forbes
Katrina Matthews
Sally Miles
Alice Mitchell-Taverner
Liz Neal
Emma Rickerby
Georgia Sims
Lucy Eggers
Amelia Jones
Emma McCowan
Karina Winspear
Kristy Matthews - Re-Award

Year 12 Honours

12A

Sarah Baker - History
Victoria Crone - Computer Sc., Music
Natalie Lloyd - Maths A

Katrina Schlager - Human
Development
Rachel Schutze - Economics, Legal
Studies
Rachel Smith - Maths A

12B

Marion Dix - Maths A
Mohona Maitey - Maths A, Maths B
Sophie McCowan - Literature, English
Alex Rennie - Economics, French
Fleur Summons - Economics
Lyndal Walker - Art
Charlotte Pratt - Literature

12C

Bridget Crone - Music
Miranda Duigan - Chemistry, French,
Maths A & B
Anne Forbes - Music
Fleur Gibbons - Chemistry, Economics,
Literature, Maths A
Melanie Jane Gibbs - Human
Development
Amanda Loftus-Hills - Accountancy
Melissa Martiensen - Biology

Work Colours

12A

Justine Braithwaite
Sally Driscoll
Natalie Lloyd
Rachel Schutze
Rachel Smith

12B

Marion Dix
Mohona Maity
Sophie McCowan
Charlotte Pratt
Alex Rennie
Fleur Summons
Lyndal Walker

12C

Miranda Duigan
Anne Forbes
Fleur Gibbons
Amanda Loftus-Hills

Year 11 Work Credits

Kirriy Boulter
Jane Brodie
Sarah Brown
Amelia Jones
Kadri Kutt
Shannon Scott
Catherine Towel

Corrine Healey
Belinda Smith
Lucinda MacNab
Holly Doane

Year 11 Work Honours

Karin Blomquist
Simone de Forest
Anna Gorton
Claire Holmes
Bridget Langley
Amelia Liu
Clare Mansfield
Anna McLeish
Rowena Robertson
Eliza Sims
Georgia Taylor
Sally Whitehead
Karina Winspear

YEAR 11, LEAVERS 1990

Caroline Prouse
Danielle Kidston

THE AUSTRALIAN LANGUAGE CERTIFICATE CHINESE — AUGUST 1990

Brittany Court, Sarah Scotford, Caroline
Gibbs, Sarah Sweatman, Kate Herd,
Nicole Chivers, Tonya Littlejohn, Tamara
Noy, Marnie Giachin, Jo Taylor, Georgina
Robertson, Maudie Gorton, Caroline
King, Fiona Taggart, Caitlin Derham,
Amanda Johnston, Elizabeth Bear.

German Awards

(Honourable Mention Certificates for the
German Goethe Poetry Competition
awarded to the following students in
years 10 to 12)

Year 12

Anne Forbes
Katja Gyax

Year 11

Natasha Runciman
Asa Ericson

Year 10

Patricia Metzke
Rosina Gribben
Caroline Nurse
Elizabeth Neal
Sally Miles
Deborah Scott
Emma Anderson

Alliance francaise Awards, 1990

Year 11

Prix Hors Concours (for native speakers)

Marie-Laure Fargue

Year 11 Poetry, Reading and Conversation

Very Honourable Mention

Karin Blomquist
Marie-Laure Fargue
Amelia Liu
Emma McCowan
Eliza Sims
Karina Winspear

Honourable Mention

Cass Curran
Amelia Jones
Rowena Robertson
Nadia Traficante
Sally Whitehead

Language Test

Very Honourable Mention

Rowena Robertson

Honourable Mention

Karin Blomquist
Marie-Laure Fargue
Lucinda MacNab
Nadia Traficante

Listening Comprehension

Very Honourable Mention

Marie-Laure Fargue
Jessica Piorun
Andrea Wright

Honourable Mention

Lucy Eggers

Year 12 Poetry, Reading and Conversation

Very Honourable Mention

Sally Bell
Anne Forbes
Lyndal Walker

Honourable Mention

Miranda Duigan
Katja Gyax
Sophie McCowan
Alexandra Rennie
Sarah Rickerby

Language Test

Honourable Mention

Miranda Duigan

Listening Comprehension

Very Honourable Mention

Charlotte Pratt



