



RUYTONIAN 1999



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STUDENT EDITORIAL

"We've all got it within us for whatever we want to grasp." – Bob Dylan.

What do I want to grasp for on these pages as we accelerate into the next millennium? Perhaps it is best summed up through change. It is this luxury of not staying the same that is what I'm grasping for, and that's what I hope my contribution to this year's Ruytonian has been.

With the inspirational presence of the Managing Editor, Mrs. Patty Wallace-Smith, this year's Ruytonian features the unique happenings of a year that ends one era and begins another: Moira Kelly's extraordinary visit; the appointment of virtuoso pianist, Geoffrey Tozer, as Patron of Music at Ruyton; the quality production of Noises Off; and the outstanding victory in the GSA Athletics, are but some of the images that have characterised this concluding year in the century.

For my electoral speech last year, I boldly told my audience my passion, 'words and pictures'. Some things never change. These two visual characteristics are of paramount importance; however, this year the Ruytonian Committee decided to emphasise one more than the other.

Pictures! What a delight it is to find your energetic memorable faces peering out from the pages. Whether it be through music, drama, debating or sport, this year, we have endeavoured to give staff and students that special delight.

Mention must be made of this year's amazingly creative and productive twenty-four strong editorial committee. Without its imagination and assistance, this Ruytonian would not be as vibrant and innovative as it is. I would like to congratulate Bianca Meek on being elected Student Ruytonian Editor for the year 2000. I have no doubt that with the inspiration of a focused committee Bianca will find the task of documenting the start of a new century a less daunting yet a very fulfilling one.

So, as we hold this Ruytonian in our hands, we can feel proud of our achievements at the end of one era and find within ourselves all we hope to grasp for at the beginning of another.

Cara Zaetta-Thomas

1. Cara Zaetta-Thomas

2. RUYTONIAN COMMITTEE 1999

Back Row: B. Meek, P. Kanodia,

J. Dakis, Mrs P. Wallace-Smith

3rd Row: S. Hodgson, P. Gilligan

2nd Row: C. Young, C. McKay,

C. Malan, S. White

Front Row: S. Librado,

C. Zaetta-Thomas (Editor),

C. Embury, E. Fry

Absent: R. Colman, M. Hillman,

B. Pockley, M. Davey, T. Nigro,

O. Finlayson, V. Power,

M. Manison, K. Jones, G. Lewis,

J. Lee, A. Hallam



RUYTON GIRLS' SCHOOL



BOARD OF DIRECTORS



THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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1. Mrs. Fay Marles, FM, with Board Members Alan Kohler and Jane White

2. Mrs. Fay Marles with Mrs. Anne Aitken (Levick) at the ORA Garden Party

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

For the Ruyton Board this has been an important year. After a major re-organisation in 1997 we have put considerable energy into becoming a cohesive working unit, and the effects of this have been reflected particularly in our relationship with the School Executive, our planning with Trinity on co-ordinate education, and our closer contacts with other girls' schools.

During the year we also welcomed two new members, Ms. Jane White, a Senior Partner of Minter Ellison and an Old Ruytonian; and Mr. Alan Kohler, the Financial Correspondent for the "7.30 Report", a former Editor of "The Age" and a school parent. Already each is bringing a new perspective to bear on certain issues and we are very grateful to them for their commitment. In May the Board conducted a one day retreat at the Melbourne Business School

where members of the Executive informed us of the work of various parts of the School, strategic direction and future planning. Small group discussion which followed, served to probe issues in some depth and importantly, led to a greater sense of mutual understanding and confidence between us. This strengthening of the lines of communication complements the benefits we have felt from Mrs. Gillies and Mr. Phillips being members of the Board.

Also in May, I attended a conference held by AHISA (Australian Heads of Independent Schools of Australia) in Brisbane, for Chairs of Governing Bodies. There were many issues of common concern to all school councils and the topics in greatest demand for workshops discussions were the most effective way of assessing Board performance, how best to choose a school principal, and the way in which the use of drugs of schools could be managed. Professor David Penington gave an address on the management of drugs in schools, which was obviously a subject of great concern to many.

Shortly after that conference Ruyton hosted a meeting of Chairs of Councils of girls' schools in Melbourne. This followed an inaugural function convened last year by Dr. Elizabeth Roberts, Chair of the Fintona Council. Our meeting focussed on board composition, board selection and the board's relationship with management and we found it sufficiently valuable to decide to continue to meet as a group into the future.

What seems obvious from both these events is that every school council is different depending on the school's constitution and form of establishment, but that despite this our problems are very similar. Further, we each had a sense of our governing body meeting the challenges of school education today in relative isolation and that being able to discuss issues in a forum such as we were doing was both reassuring and enlightening. Finally the Ruyton Board and the Trinity Council have made important contacts with each other and have set the scene for a more structured relationship in the future. It was very encouraging for us all in the course of this to realise the extent of our common commitment and our joint enthusiasm for the future of co-ordinate education between the two schools.

**Fay Marles, AM
 President**

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT



Several months ago, the School received material from Parliament House in Canberra, proclaiming 1999 as the 50th Anniversary of Australian citizenship. Sub-titled 'A Sense of Belonging', the text focuses on the significance of 26th January, 1949, when the legal status of being an Australian citizen was created. As distinguished academic in Constitutional Law, **Kim Rubenstein** explained to us in a Senior Assembly, citizenship can be defined in formal and informal ways. It is the latter category which excites, inspires and challenges. We aim to establish a school community which empowers its members to live confidently, sensitively and, above all, to contribute responsibly to the society in which we are privileged to belong.

In this 'Ruytonian', several contributors reflect on the themes of leadership and our 1999 theme 'One to One - Thinking of Others'.

In theory and in practice, these writers reveal how many girls and staff have affirmed our belief that one individual can make a difference. Encounters with **Dr. Pene Greet**, the astro physicist with a deep commitment to environment issues; **Moira Kelly**, the humanitarian who overcomes extraordinary odds to put children first; the writer, **Barry Dickins**; the missionary, **Father Barry S.J.**; the mathematician, **Dr. Andrew Prentice** and the pianist, **Geoffrey Tozer**, have provided us with different perspectives about values, priorities and ideals beyond the pursuit of the self alone. All are Australians whose example fosters the development of personal, social and intellectual growth.

At Ruyton, we are committed to an education which not only provides opportunities to excel, but to participate. Our educational programme is predicated on the importance of access to learning experiences which collectively encourage students to 'learn to learn', to be curious about their world and find meaning through knowledge. The new learning techniques demand of teachers and those who value enlightenment that sufficient attention be paid to the social outcomes of learning. Judgment, wisdom, self-control and compassion are a fundamental part of this school's philosophy which seeks to foster Australians as constructive participants in the global as well as the local society of the future.

Prue E. Gillies.



**1. Mrs Prue Gillies,
Principal**

**2. Mrs Jennifer Nicholls,
Assistant Principal Senior
School, with Mrs Prue Gillies**

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S REPORT



**1. Mrs Jennifer Nicholls,
Assistant Principal and
Head of Senior School**

STUDENT LEADERSHIP

Daring to lead and to lead effectively, requires ability, resolve, courage and a willingness to take risks. School leaders must be prepared to acknowledge the risk factors; to be willing to take a thoughtful, considered perspective on the issues, to make decisions that are not always popular, to propose solutions that are not always easy.

Co-Captains **Lucinda Kew** and **Katia Sanderson** have proved themselves to be outstanding practitioners of such wise and effective leadership.

Having undertaken an evaluation of student representation at Ruyton, Lucinda and Katia developed a new model, the Ruyton Student Council, providing an effective forum for student views. Lucinda and Katia also joined the Extra-Curricular Captains and members of staff, to re-evaluate the Awards System. Articulate and vigorous advocates for their fellow students, they helped to develop a system which encourages all students to participate as well as to excel.

Admirable representatives of the School at many functions, Katia and Lucinda have also been poised and gracious hosts to many visitors to the School, including **Moira Kelly** and **Dr. Pene Greet**. Yet they have managed to give of themselves, either as participants or supporters to music, sport, drama, debating and community awareness, whilst still attending to their academic studies! It is a fine record and we congratulate them both.

Sarah Cleghorn, Elissa Bell, Stephanie Franklin, Fiona Marshall, Stephanie Salter, Cara Zaetta-Thomas and **Amy Hallam** have also demonstrated qualities of leadership for

others to emulate and admire. Each girl has made an outstanding contribution to her respective area of responsibility, encouraged younger students to participate and acted as a fine role model for her peers. Bringing her own individual stamp to her duties, each captain has introduced new initiatives and enhanced these aspects of School life.

The House Co-Captains: **Sally Jones, Lucy Terracall (Anderson); Kate Johnson, Clementine Young (Bromby); Jorja Burns, Sophie Smibert (Daniell); and Claire Golder, Zoe Towell (Lascelles)** have given sustained inspiration. The Performing Arts House Festival was testament to their collective ability to motivate and harness the creative energies – nearly every girl in Year 7 to 12 participated. Keen and spirited competition was also in evidence at the House Athletics Sports, where once again the participation rate was incredibly high and the House Cheer Squads typified the enthusiastic spirit that the Captains were able to engender. In 1999 a new group of Student Leaders provided effective support to younger girls. Working with class groups at Year 7 and 8 and with Year 9/10 Tutor Groups, these leaders established great rapport with the girls and worked actively to support a range of initiatives such as Community Awareness days and Tutor Group projects. Along with the highly efficient Form Captains, every Year 12 Official deserves accolades for their collective commitment to Ruyton. They have set very high standards and enjoyed a remarkable year of achievement. We wish each girl every future success.

STAFF FAREWELLS

In a challenging and relentlessly busy year for all staff, we have been fortunate in those teachers appointed to the temporary staff. We applaud and appreciate the efforts of **Mrs Monica Brookes, Mrs Wendy Collie, Ms Julie Hoskins** and **Dr Sarah Leahey** who covered staff on leave. We are especially grateful, however, to **Mrs Elizabeth Sawyer**, who has replaced three teachers since November 1998. Mrs Sawyer has responded generously to the needs of the school and has been flexible and versatile in teaching classes in Mathematics and Science and taking on the role of acting Year 7 Co-Ordinator. In 1998 **Ms Georgina Sakkas** was appointed to teach Mathematics Years 7 to 12. In undertaking responsibility for Community Awareness, she ensured that this continued to be a prime focus of student activity. A range of fund-raising projects and environmental issues benefited from Ms Sakkas' oversight and the Community Awareness Committee was a dynamic and committed working group. A highly competent teacher, Ms Sakkas' subject knowledge and extensive preparation have been greatly appreciated. She has a very creative approach to her teaching and shares her enthusiasm for her subject with her classes. Committed to high standards, yet responsive to individual needs, Ms Sakkas enjoyed the respect and admiration of her students. Appointed as Year 7 Level

Co-Ordinator in 1999, Ms Sakkas developed a good rapport with the girls who found her to be approachable and supportive. Parents too respected her sensible advice and guidance. In wishing her well for the future, we thank Ms Sakkas for her contribution to Ruyton. A student at Ruyton and a Co-Captain of the School in 1984, **Mrs Kathy Kyrkou** was welcomed back to Ruyton four years ago, when she joined the staff as a teacher of English and History and Co-Ordinator of Year 9. An outstanding teacher with a great love of literature, politics and history, Mrs Kyrkou brings humour and liveliness to the classes she teaches. She has an extraordinary ability to share her passion for her subject matter and to engage and motivate students. Endless enthusiasm and energy characterise Mrs Kyrkou's approach. With initiatives as such as the Access to Success projects and the End-of-Year Programme, she has approached every activity with a determination to succeed and a sense of infectious enjoyment! As a Level Co-Ordinator Mrs Kyrkou has an extraordinary capacity to relate to her students. She has gained the respect and admiration of students and parents who appreciate her dedication and interest in student welfare.

Mrs Kyrkou is a much loved staff member, known for her great generosity and kindness. Her gift for story telling, repertoire of accents and talent for mimicry help create a positive atmosphere in the staffroom and a great sense of camaraderie.

As she leaves us to take a new role in her family travel business, we thank Mrs Kyrkou for her outstanding contribution to Ruyton and wish her every future success.

Moving from South Africa to Australia, **Mrs Janet Nicoll** took up an appointment at Ruyton in 1981 as Science Co-Ordinator and teacher of Biology and Science.

Creative and innovative, Mrs Nicoll has always enjoyed Science and she has provided a focus for curriculum development. She has also willingly confronted and embraced the changes that technology has brought. Incredible versatility has been the hallmark of Mrs Nicoll's performance. She has fulfilled a range of roles, including Curriculum Co-Ordinator, Year Level Co-Ordinator, Human Studies Co-Ordinator and Senior Teacher (Administration). In all these roles, Mrs Nicoll has confidently accepted the challenges involved. What stands out most, however, is her rapport with people; Mrs Nicoll has worked sensitively and effectively with staff, parents and students.

As a friend and colleague, Mrs Nicoll is admired, respected and regarded with warm affection. A source of wise counsel, advice and support, this Mrs Nicoll has readily given, with grace, generosity and kindness. In retiring to spend more time enjoying her passion for travel, time with her family and further educational involvement, Mrs Nicoll leaves Ruyton the richer for her presence. We wish her every future success and happiness.

Mrs. Jennifer Nicholls

SCHOOL CO-CAPTAINS' REPORT

"The are two aims in life – first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it."

[Logan Pearsall Smith, 1865-1946, After-thoughts, 1]

"Backbone, funny bone, wish bone" – hard work, a sense of humour and the ability to dream. Each of these, we were told, is needed for the making of strong senior leadership. As we reflect on the school year that was 1999, we can only begin to appreciate this piece of advice. The occasions during which we have drawn upon this quotation for guidance have ranged from an afternoon reception with the Governor of Victoria, to vigorously debating the purpose of school awards and choosing the entree for Formal night. 1999 has been an unforgettable experience and the greatest learning curve of all time.

"People must help one another; it is nature's law."

[Jean de Le Fontaine, 1621-95, Fables, VIII, 17, 'The Ass and the Dog']

In our 121st year, Ruyton has focused on the notion of 'one to one – thinking of others'. This has sparked a unique opportunity for the school to engage in and further our commitment to a wide range of local and international community services. Together, we have shared a laugh and a tear while hearing stories of those we have reached. The most rewarding opportunity we have had is meeting some amazing and truly inspiring people with whom Ruyton has become associated.

In March, we extended our involvement with the Xavier Maytime Fair. Whilst working on our 'Ruyton garland stall' we were approached by a man dressed in white cotton, wearing brown sandals and an enormous smile.

We soon learnt of **Father Barry's** long-standing friendship with Mrs Gillies and his eagerness to further Ruyton's affiliation with the Maytime cause. Plans for future association, including raising funds each year to help supply educational materials and the opportunity for a student to visit the mission school in India, are being discussed.

The most memorable connection Ruyton has established this year has been with **Moira Kelly**. Astounded by this woman's ability to speak with ease about horrendous events during war and the courage displayed by the children accompanying her, girls and staff alike were left in awe. The time we spent with the children was an experience of a lifetime. An overwhelming reaction by all present has guaranteed Ruyton's ongoing support of Moira Kelly and her work.

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

[ATTR.2 Voltaire in S G Tallentyre, The Friends of Voltaire (1906), Chapter 7.]

In each of our nomination speeches for School Co-Captain, we expressed a common goal: to create the opportunity for all students at Ruyton to express their views. Upon evaluation of the previous system of student



representation, where Form Captains met once per term, we found that a new and more effective council needed to be established. We submitted a package, outlining a fresh approach to student leadership that would see girls assuming responsibility for Ruyton's future. To our delight it was met with tremendous support from Mrs. Gillies and Mrs. Nicholls, both of whom appreciated the need for such an initiative. The Ruyton Student Council (RSC) was given the go-ahead. The girls' readiness to embrace the RSC concept was reflected in the exceptional standard of the nominees and the enthusiasm with which the elected girls have since undertaken their responsibilities. We would like to thank each girl for her patience in enduring the minor hiccups involved in getting this project off the ground! Meetings with the fifteen-girl council have already provided valuable student insight into school-related issues.

"Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate."

[President J F Kennedy, 1917-63, inaugural address as President, 20th of January, 1961]

Our involvement in revising Ruyton's colours system, was one of our more challenging tasks. With ECA Captains, Staff and Mrs Gillies, each of us entered the debate with our own set of ideals but with the common goal to improve the system. After elaborate discussion, the need to recognise not only excellence but also participation eventually became clear. Although a girl may never make the first team in sport or sixth grade in music, she should be rewarded for having contributed to the best of her ability. For this reason, a dual system was established whereby excellent participation and excellent ability were recognised. We are certain the new system is a success and, after a short delay, has seen a tremendous group of girls being acknowledged.

"Where no counsel is, the people fall: but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

[Bible, OT, Proverbs, 11:14]

**1. Katia Sanderson
and Lucinda Kew,
School Co-Captains**

One of our greatest assets this year has been to have the invaluable support from an extremely understanding group of staff. The most beneficial aspect of our relationship with the staff at Ruyton has been the dependable advice, that promises to be as useful in the future as it has been this year. Any time we needed assistance or had a new idea, someone was there to listen. To **Mrs. Nicholls**, we would like to extend our gratitude. Our constant popping into your office has been a vital connection for us. We have had the enormous privilege this year to work closely with **Mrs Gillies**. Mrs Gillies' unique approach to education and leadership has been inspirational to us both, giving us the confidence to see through each of our plans. Thank you so very much.

"I get by with a little help from my friends."

[John Lennon, 1940-80, and Paul McCartney, 1942-, song: With a little help from my friends]

With the Trinity boys we have formed valuable and lasting partnerships as classmates, friends and fellow leaders. We would like to thank them for their continued support throughout the year.

The friendship of the Year 12s this year has been invaluable, as they have encouraged us, and, indeed, one another, to realise personal and team goals. It is really difficult to express why being part of this year level has been such a privilege. We think it's because, even with such diverse talents and qualities, we are all friends. Thank you for the opportunity to represent you: we hope we've done "The Class of the Century" justice.

We wish **Hermione** and **Alana** the best of luck and hope that your year will be as fulfilling as ours has been.

Lucinda Kew and Katia Sanderson

ANDERSON HOUSE



Motto: *“To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield”*

To Strive – *“to make great and tenacious effort”*

The House Swimming Sports marked the beginning of what has become a most successful and enjoyable year for all Andersonites. The tireless determination demonstrated by all girls as they swam (or in many cases splashed) their way through the water last November became a familiar trait. Whether it was in the pool, on the track, on stage or in the classroom this tenacity was continued throughout the year as Andersonites strived to uphold the excellence renowned to the red and gold.

To Seek – *“to try to obtain or acquire”*

From Spice Girls to footballers the remarkable enthusiasm of all actors led to what may be described as one most excellent adventure. The outstanding team of Year 11s responsible for Anderson’s witty addition to PAHF ’99 must be thanked for their unflagging efforts.

To Find – *“to obtain by search or effort”*

In keeping with Anderson’s triumphant history, victory was found in all facets of House activity. Persistent effort by all was rewarded with success in the Swimming which began this year. Still basking in the glory of our Swimming victory we cast ourselves fervently into the Athletics with impressive results. Debating was no exception, with many amusing and convincing arguments being rewarded with Best Speakers.

And not to Yield – *“to give way, submit or surrender”*

Our successful year can only be attributed to the Anderson girls in all year levels who committed themselves to every House activity. Even in the Cross Country, when the ground was wet, the morning air was bitterly cold and the legs were aching, every Andersonite pushed on, never relinquishing.

But most of all to have Fun – *“a sort of enjoyment or amusement”*

The deafening roars of encouragement that projected from the stands of Doncaster Athletics Track were representative of the true spirit that was evident throughout the year. Even for the girls who were not so keen on running, jumping or throwing the day was a lot of fun as this year, we re-introduced the House cheering cup.

Despite a few hoarse throats the next day, the willingness of all girls to “give their all” regenerated a vibrant House spirit true to Anderson.

We would like to thank all girls for a great year and wish Mia Tobing and Louise Sayers every success in leading the red and gold through another successful year in the life of Anderson.

Sally Jones and Lucy Terracall

1. Lucy Terracall and Sally Jones, Anderson House Captains

2. Seeing Red

3. Emma Purdue

4. Emma Purdue, Sarah Donelly and Meredith Morris

5. Sally Jones and Lucy Terracall with Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall

6. Felicity Irvine

7. Jane Harvey and Michelle Hillman

8. Debbie Lim and Sherry Chang





2 3



4



5



6



7 8



BROMBY HOUSE



Beware, aliens approaching!

They have encapsulated the bodies of Bromby House and are terrorising its members, threatening higher levels of participation, louder cheering and brilliant costumes! Their first mission was to urge as many Brombettes into Richmond Pool as possible, and the results were encouraging, with alien enhanced performances by the **Year 9 Relay Team**, shattering the Earth record for the third year in a row.

Extra-terrestrial activity was again observed at the House Athletics, with outstanding results from **Jane Tulloch, Jane Higgs** and **Bridie Duffell**, who all contributed to our overall 3rd placing. Prizes were given to **Sophie Hindle** and **Clare Bull** from Year 7 for their earthly costumes that covered their real alien identities. The second annual Cheering Cup was closely contested by Bromby, led by the martian-like **Year 10s**, particularly **Sophie Zalkauskas, Anthea Rooke, Alanna Weekley, Anna Smith** and **Celeste Armstrong**, with their original cheers. The true pursuits of the alien Brombettes

became clear early in Term 2, when an out of this world cast combined with a witty and cleverly written and directed documentary by the **Year 11s** which exposed the aliens' master plan. Unforgettable performances included **Sarah Prior** as Hitler, **Year 7 Oompaloompas** and the nature friendly **David Attenborough** – who was responsible for revealing the real aliens – played by **Katherine Daley**. The result was surreal. A victory to Bromby for both the PAHF and People's Choice Cups ended two weeks of intense rehearsals and enthusiasm from the entire House.

Record participation in Cross-Country led to Bromby's 3rd placing, with special credit to **Anthea Rooke, Jane Tulloch** and **Georgina Wright** for outlandish performances. The intelligence of the alien race was tested in Debating, and the Brombettes proved their worth by producing Best Speakers in nearly every debate, with special mention going to **Jessica Huggett** from Year 7 who was awarded Best Speaker twice.

Before the two head aliens are beamed out of Ruyton, they wish to say congratulations and good luck to **Katherine Daley** and **Sarah Prior** who will take over positions as leaders of this alien race for the year 2000. Enjoy your alien mission!!!

Kate Johnson and
Clementine Young

**1. Clementine Young
and Kate Johnson,
Bromby House Captains**

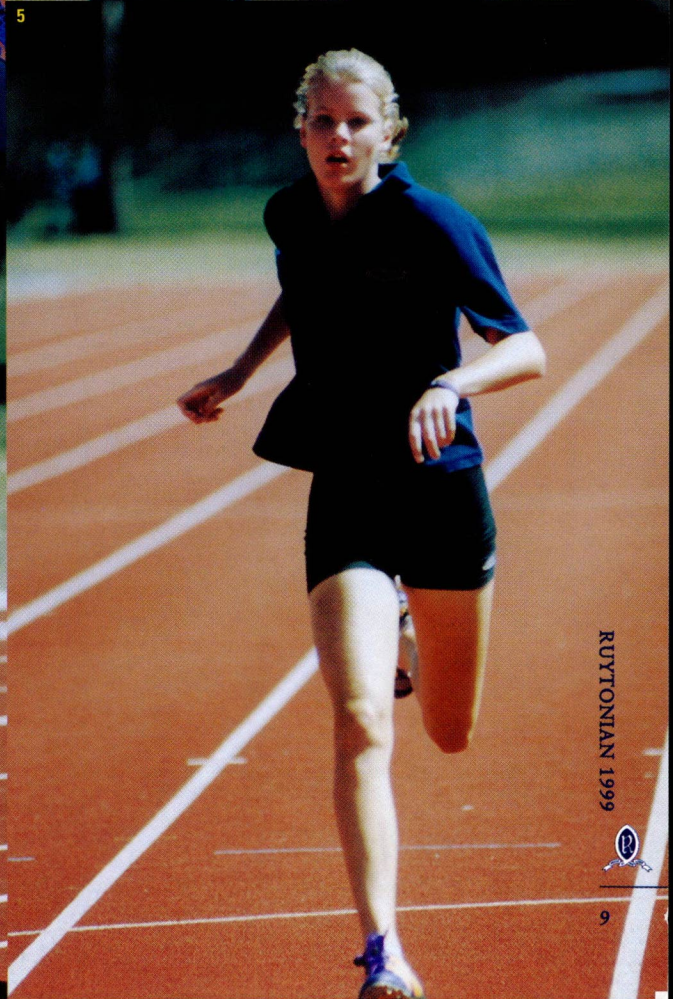
2. Bromby in full voice

**3. Clementine Young and
Kate Johnston**

**4. Sophie Zalkauskas,
India Grigg and Lara Ubaldi**

5. Jane Higgs

6. Jane Tulloch



DANIELL HOUSE



A great year was experienced by all, even though our efforts were not always rewarded, our determination and enthusiasm were never deterred.

Our first challenge of the year was to convince all 117 Daniellites that swimming was not such a bad thing and spending a whole day in your bathers at the pool was just like spending a day at the beach, without the sand. We began on a good note by showing the house how it's done by winning the House Captains' race, unfortunately this seemed a difficult task for some! Despite numerous injuries and spontaneous illnesses, we managed to persevere throughout the day, with all swimming well and showing off their hidden talents. Accounting for our depleted numbers, fourth place was a commendable result! Thank you to all those timid and yet to be discovered Daniell divers who displayed great skills, especially Ellie Webb who won the Year 8 section.

Daniell 'got the feeling' at House Aths performing their new smash hit theme song. *If you've got the feeling* – donned in our pale blue bandannas we looked the part; *Daniell will be cheering* – our unique cheers sparked enthusiasm; *Aah we're getting down tonight* - *Come if you gonna* – this was evident with our dedicated small band of Daniellites; *Run if you wanna* – congratulations to all who participated; *Win coz everything's alright ...* - well, almost!

Our hearts pounding and voices screaming we went straight into action at House Aths. New and old cheers were tried enthusiastically. Led by Chelsea McKay, we put up a good fight in the challenge of the cheering cup. House Aths proved very rewarding with many girls being placed. But it was once we got back to Ruyton that the fun really started. It was a unanimous decision that although Daniell was not as successful as hoped on the track and field, we definitely knew how to organise the best House party, with the three other Houses coming to join in our party! Next on the busy agenda was PAHF and this year almost all Year 11 girls were involved in the running of the play. The topic this year was 'Tale of the Century' with our focus on the Police. A web of intrigue was created in the Royce Theatre when Prime Minister Harold Holt was discovered missing and a suspicious story of a dingo stealing a baby on Portsea back-beach was uncovered. Thankfully all was revealed in Judge Judy's court! Thanks particularly to the dedication of the Year 11s who ensured that fun was experienced by all. The grass was covered with a sheet of ice. The air was crisp and the Year 11 and 12s were ready to brave the early morning to compete in the House Cross-Country. All those braving the elements were up for the challenge and congratulations go to Jo Black, Jorja Burns and Ellie Webb for their fantastic efforts. Luckily Freddo frogs were on hand

to revive the exhausted competitors. House Debating was yet another challenge we had to face. Although we had a bit of a dry spell, everyone worked hard and enjoyed themselves (we hope). Finally we would like to congratulate Sarah Garamszegi and Sarah White as the succeeding House Captains. We wish you all the best in your new roles, and we hope you have as great a year as we did!

Jorja Burns and Sophie Smibert

1. Jorja Burns and Sophie Smibert,
Daniell House Captains

2. Bonnie Coxon, Phoebe
McDonald, Lucy Hallo
and Laura Cropley

3. Singing the Blues?

4. Chelsea Burns and
Stephanie Booth

5. Anita Luke and Kate Stevenson

6. Alexandra Gloster

7. Chelsea Burns

8. Sophie Smibert and Jorja Burns



LASCELLES HOUSE



When Generals Golder and Towell took their positions among the ranks of Lascelles Leaders late in 1998, they had little comprehension of the calibre, talent and enthusiasm of their Unit. Each platoon has reached unrecognisable heights in their efforts to gain Lascellian domination, and in doing so has brought their company both honour and glory.

1. Zoe Towell and Claire Golder, Bromby House Captains

2. Zoe Towell and Claire Golder

3. The Power of White

4. Mimi Davey

5. Victoria Power

6. Emma Peyton and Catherine Fogarty

7. High spirits in the ranks

8. Kim Crow

9. Claire Fitzpatrick

At Richmond Pool at the end of 1998, the Lascelles troopettes had their first chance to prove their supremacy. The support from the trenches could be felt particularly from those vocal 9th Platoon lieutenants. There were many individual efforts demonstrating the Lascellian aquatic abilities, and fortunately, no rescue boats were needed in this dangerous mission.

During our athletic assault on the enemy, at the Battle of Doncaster, we were plagued with injuries sustained in the line of duty and many troopettes had to be carried from the field. The cadets from the 7th platoon were particularly enthusiastic in their first combat activity. Our newly acquired uniform and enthusiastic participation and support could not be suppressed, with the Lascellian vocal chords remaining unequalled.

At the Cross-Country our troopettes ran courageously into combat, dominating the field. They showed their incredible stamina and endurance in the face of grave danger, with our intense commando training, through the dangerous obstacles of Victoria Park, clearly evident. Of course mention must go to the recipient of the Lascellian Medal of Honour – Kimberley Crow, of the 8th Platoon for her amazing bravery and courage which significantly contributed to our final defeat over the other units.

The Tale of Century turned into the Battle of the Century for our Lascelles company. The 11th Platoon must of course be congratulated for their ingenious tactical creativity, and the amazing participation levels they achieved –

also unmatched by the enemy.

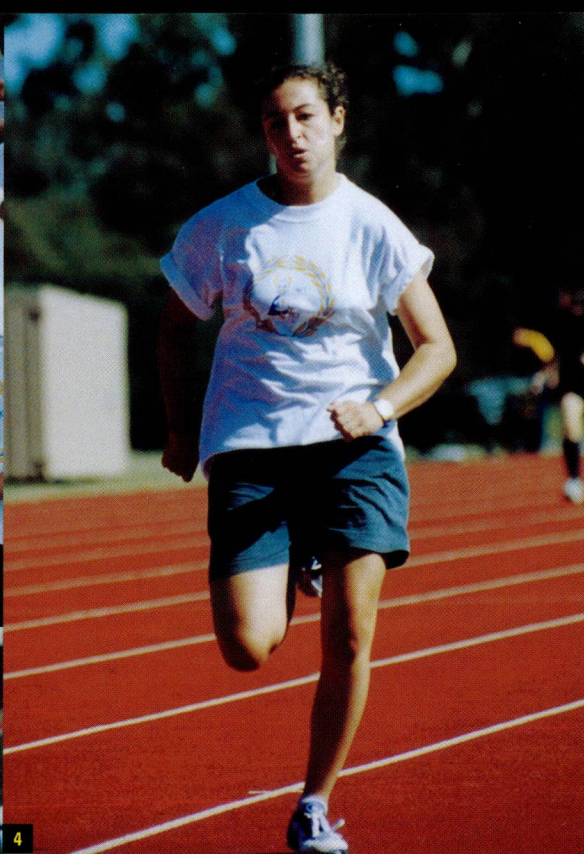
As all Lascellian troopettes should be, the girls were valiant in the fact of defeat, holding their heads high.

An incredible diversity of skill was demonstrated by our domination of the Battle of the Brains – debating. The talents of the 10th Platoon, along with help from Major Cleghorn (Debating Captain) were particularly evident at this confrontation. Clearly, we showed that not only are we physically superior, but our mental capacity is also unmatched. The senior final will be the decider in our last victorious assault on the enemy.

Ladies, 1999 has proved one of the most successful ever for the Lascelles Unit. We would like to both thank and congratulate you for such a fantastic year. However, now it is important that you re-focus your attention to your plan of attack for 2000. We are thrilled to have led you this year and sad that we must retire from our ranks. However, we feel that you have found yourselves two fantastic new leaders in Majors Katherine Olsen and Jessica Dakis, who look set to lead you to further successes next year. Best of luck and Get With the Strength!

Claire Golder and Zoe Towell





RYUTONIAN 1999



DRAMA CAPTAIN'S REPORT



1. Elissa Bell
Drama Captain

With Ruyton audiences comfortably settled in the seats of the newly air-conditioned and heated, Royce Theatre, Drama got off to a start.

The year began with the infamous Lip Sync competition in Drama Club and this year showed the largest amount of participants ever. Entries ranged from amusing miming to fully choreographed performances with costumes made just for the competition.

All participants should be congratulated, especially the new Year 7s who participated courageously and the Year 10 group of Jane Harvey, Hannah Colman, Sarah Hill, Jessica Anderson and Sophie Zalkauskas, who took the logie for their rendition of George Michael's, *Let's go outside*.

Term 2 showed talents in four colours as the annual PAHF (Performing Arts House Festival) proved to be a challenging experience. This year's theme was 'The Tale of the Century' with each performance in the style of a television program; for example, police drama, documentary etc. The prescribed genres proved inspirational as Bromby introduced as to the ABC (Alien Broadcasting Corporation) to show us its winning documentary on the life of humans. In preparation, the Year 11s gained leadership skills, as they both co-wrote and directed their respective House's play, a feat well handled.

The annual MAD (Music, Art and Drama) night proved again to be an excellent night of fun. This year marked the third year that this student-run celebration of The Arts graced the stage. The night was a huge success with students from both Trinity and Xavier joining the girls of Ruyton to 'strut their stuff' on stage in an encouraging atmosphere. Performances ranged from class exercises to skits devised by the students and were both polished and impromptu.

Congratulations must go to **Stephanie Franklin** for co-organising the evening's events, and thanks to **Mr. Stafford**, **Miss Roszkowski**, **Miss Benton** and **Mr. Summerton** for their help on and prior to the night.

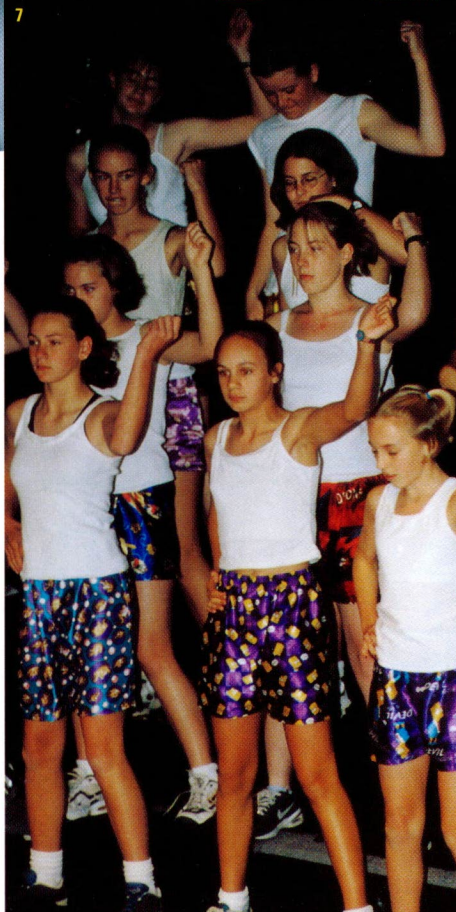
Terms 2 and 3 were packed with productions and thus Drama Club reduced somewhat in numbers; however, students were still given the opportunity to enhance their Theatre Sports skills both in and out of school, as Xavier kindly allowed us to join them for practices on Saturdays. Drama Club experimented with a new competition, the Soapbox Competition. Despite the fact that the participation was not as high as in Term 1, due to sports and other commitments, girls who did participate produced good performances both live and on film. This year's TV Week award went to the Year 8s for their rendition of the all-popular *'Dawson's Creek'*. Term 3 also showed how Drama could be integrated across studies, as students participated in the Science/Drama competition for the 4th year running.

This year there were three Senior School productions, the Scotch/Ruyton play *'Two Weeks with the Queen'*; Trinity/Ruyton performance of *'Noises Off'*; and the Years 7 and 8 production, *'Sheik, Rattle and Roll'*. All three gave opportunities for students to meet new people and explore different elements of theatre.

Elissa Bell



DRAMA



**PERFORMING ARTS
HOUSE FESTIVAL**

- 1. Lascelles
- 2. Anderson
- 3. Bromby Aliens, Kate Johnson and Clementine Young
- 4. Melissa Finlayson
- 5. Bromby Beatles, Anna Smith, Alanna Weekley, Anthea Rooke and Stephanie Tolliday
- 6. Katherine Daley as David Attenborough
- 7. Anderson
- 8. Daniell
- 9. Jane Harvey and Sarah Hill as Bill and Ted



TWO WEEKS WITH THE QUEEN

Scotch/Ruyton Production
 Directed by Mr. David Mustafa
 The Scotch/Ruyton production of *Two Weeks with the Queen* proved a challenging play for Year 9 and 10 Drama students as they had to understand the seriousness of the main subject, yet also grasp the intended humour of Morris Gleitzman.

Dramatic tension, a feature of this production, was created with the use of exaggerated gestures and vocal tones. This provided the play with necessary humour as shown particularly in the exchanges between Aunt Iris, Uncle Bob and Alistair. The cast was small so extra parts were introduced to give more students a chance to participate. These parts, quite obviously impromptu, gave the play an element of experimentation. Mr. Mustafa's manipulation of difficult stage space included a semi-circular stage with a second level at the back. This proved to be an effective device, giving the audience clear views of action. The space was also used symbolically, expanding and contracting to reflect the emotions portrayed through each scene.

The play was a success, both as a performance and as a learning experience. To be able to have an audience in fits of laughter in one scene is clearly an accomplishment, but to have them crying in the next, can only be described as higher art.

NOISES OFF

Trinity/Ruyton Production
 Directed by Mr. Ken Barrett
 Ruyton and Trinity's joint production of *Noises Off* was a farce in three acts by Michael Frayn, a comical play within a play, about a travelling theatre troupe. The first act is a dress rehearsal; the second, the opening performance from a backstage perspective; and the final act, the same performance only from the front. Energy was demanded from the beginning with extremely strong characterisation, as most cast members had to play two dominant roles. Transitions between characters were mastered effectively as students showed a certain level of discipline in quick, precise transformations. The playing of two roles also allowed students to experiment with different accents and physical personas. As the play evolved, the set revolved. By the time first interval arrived, the audience had realized the extent of the hard work that had been put into set design and construction by Ken Barrett and Neil Shilton. In a production where the backstage crew clearly outnumbered the cast, this was a remarkable achievement. The most important aspect of school plays is to have fun and *Noises Off* was clearly no exception. The script also demanded certain dramatic techniques to be experimented with and developed. This is where the play presented its greatest challenge for senior Drama students and was a fascinating learning experience in acting technique.

SHEIK, RATTLE AND ROLL

Year 7/8 Production
 Directed by Ms. Janet Lewis
 The Year 7/8 production of *Sheik, Rattle and Roll* was a typical school comedy of quirky mayhem. The energy and enthusiasm of the girls were reflected in the fluorescent costumes and props that illuminated The Royce Theatre. A sense of madness prevailed with the integration of music provided by the band consisting of several Old Ruytonians. The young actors were able to remain concentrated and enthusiastic throughout the production. The most important aspect of this particular play for Years 7 and 8 was to introduce the girls to further Drama activities at Ruyton. This was clearly accomplished as scenes on stage were filled with enthusiastic participants. As the curtain finally drops on what has certainly been a huge variety show for Drama, I would like to thank the Drama staff, Ms. Benton and Mrs. Caruso, for their constant support and good humour. I would like to congratulate Sam Hodgson on being elected Drama Queen 2000! Just remember to keep the dramatic experience a fun one for all. Finally, for those of you who missed out on any of this year's Drama, I'd like to remind you to take note of next year's dates before the curtain rises. Whether performances are frivolous or dramatic, the experience gained in developing a student's self-esteem is all the satisfaction one needs from a night's entertainment. Better than Foxtel for sure!

Elissa Bell
 Drama Captain

TWO WEEKS WITH THE QUEEN

- 10. Phoebe McDonald
- 11. Chantal Mitvalsky and Hannah Colman
- SHEIK, RATTLE AND ROLL
- 12. Tara Gibbs and Sarah Kelly
- 13. Olivia Finlayson and the Housewives
- 14. Jessica Allen, Emily Crisafi, Claire Horan and Eliza Sweeney
- 15. Sophie Robson and the 40 Thieves



DEBATING CAPTAIN'S REPORT



In 1998, my predecessor Ingrid Lewis, farewellled Ms. Cherida Longley. This year I would like to introduce, to the wider school community, our new Debating Co-ordinator, Mrs. Patty Wallace-Smith, whose abundance of enthusiasm and commitment to helping and encouraging debaters is inimitable. With nine teams to manage, Mrs. Wallace-Smith and I embarked upon the year simply hoping we wouldn't lower the tone of Ruyton's impressive debating record.

The DAV (Debating Association of Victoria) Schools Competition started in March with Ruyton, once again, hosting all of our region's debates. The DAV competition has a total of five rounds, with a win in every round necessary to advance to the finals. Earlier fears were obviously unfounded as every girl represented the school admirably, dazzling adjudicators with their proficiency and touch of panache. At the conclusion of round four, three of our nine teams remained undefeated. The fifth round, described as 'power-paired', pits the best teams against each other in an effort to reduce the number of teams entering the finals series. Unfortunately, two of the three previously undefeated teams lost, thus ending their bid for the state shield. The B1 team consisting of Kate Alexander, Sarah Garamszegi, Emma Henley, Alana Hewitt, Priyanka Kanodia and Bianca Meek, and the D1 team consisting of Julia Cleghorn, Jane Higgs, Sarah Horan and Hannah Quigley, were both narrowly defeated and must be congratulated for their gutsy effort. However, the highlight of the final round was a resounding defeat by the A1 girls, Elissa Bell, Sarah Cleghorn, Lucinda Kew, Katia Sanderson, Zoe Towell and Clementine

Young, against their old foes, Scotch 1, debating the merits of 'Schoolies Week'. With rain teeming down, the A1 team made its way to Brighton Grammar to debate in a play-off, arguing 'That free trade is the way to go'. Sadly, Penleigh and Essendon Grammar School defeated us; however, Ruyton's prowess in the statewide DAV competition didn't end there. A Monday assembly brought the breathtaking news that two girls in Year 12, Sarah Cleghorn and Zoe Towell, had jointly received the prestigious regional Swannie Award. A Swannie Award recognises individual debaters in a competition that is essentially team-focused.

Despite the emphasis placed on the DAV Competition, debating at Ruyton doesn't end there. April heralded the return of the Kew Rotary Debating Competition. Comprising of eight teams from around Kew, the emphasis was upon introducing Year 8 students to debating and preparing them for the DAV Competition in later years. Our Year 8 team consisting of Kimberley Crow, Stephanie Di Russo, Fiona Mitchem, Jacqueline Pitt and Georgina Tulloch showed great promise whilst ably debating the value of making all students learn a second language. Despite being knocked out in Round 1, there is consolation in the fact that we were defeated by Camberwell, the final winners.

The ninth annual House Debating Competition began in August with extra debates scheduled due to overwhelming interest from the younger year levels. This friendly competition is a gentle introduction to debating and often brings to the fore girls who aren't DAV debaters, but most certainly should be. A sincere thank you to the organisational skills of Ms. Sarah Bollen who was adeptly assisted by the House Captains to make the whole competition as fierce as it was. Lascelles House deserve our congratulations for winning the coveted House Debating Cup.

The intra-school competition for the Alan Patterson Public Speaking Prize once again demonstrated the breadth of talent and confidence in our Year 11 and 12 girls. Required to prepare and deliver a five minute speech, followed by an impromptu three minute speech, is no mean feat, and praise must go to all girls who entered this competition. Accolades go to the deserving winner, Zoe Towell, who will receive a shield on Speech Night. Thanks must go to Mrs. Irene Taylor, who organised the successful competition and who so gladly helps foster public speaking skills in all girls. As 1999, and my reign as Debating Captain, draws to a close, I congratulate my successor, Priyanka Kanodia, and would like to remind her and all Ruytonians that this debating and public speaking year has been highly successful. Although our skill and success isn't physically present in the form of shields and trophies, the participation and passion shown all year is a prize in itself.

Sarah Cleghorn

1. Sarah Cleghorn
Debating Captain





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2. DEBATING
(left to right)
Back Row: H. Quigley, A. Hewitt, S. Hodgson, L. Cropley, K. Fogarty, J. Dakis, B. Meek, M. Hillman, R. Bessant, F. McLean, J. Marsden, P. Kanodia, K. Alexander, A. Donnelly

3rd Row: J. Cleghorn, A. Rooke, C. Armstrong, E. Purdue, A. Weekley, S. White, K. Crow, S. Garamszegi, K. Daley, A. Smith, S. Horan, E. Fry, S. Di Russo

2nd Row: N. Siemensma, K. Simon, M. Finlayson, J. Pitt, K. Martinow, A. Forge, S. Salter, E. Peyton, G. Tulloch, E. Henley, F. Mitchem

Front Row: R. Colman, K. Sanderson, L. Kew, E. Bell, S. Cleghorn (Debating Captain), C. Young, Z. Towell, F. Irvine, K. Johnson, D. Lim

Absent: J. Anderson, P. McDonald, G. Lewis, J. Higgs, E. Stapleton

3. Sarah Cleghorn and Zoe Towell receive their A Grade Regional Swannie Awards from Mr Robert Doyle, MLA.

4. Stephanie Salter Assembly Chair



4



MUSIC CAPTAIN'S REPORT



1. Stephanie Alexander, Music Captain

2. ARCANGELO ORCHESTRA

Back Row: M. Pattenden, L. Reed, S. Bamford, A. Hewitt, F. Park-Howell, K. Sanderson, S. Smibert, K. Johnson, P. Kohler, S. Sirianni, S. Salter
3rd Row: E. Gray, C. Malan, D. Loh, C. Young, S. Horan, J. Marsden, O. Faul, E. Bell, A. Smith, C. Roberts, M. Wong, S. Young
2nd Row: L. Reid, J. Boyd, E. Fry, F. McQualter, A. Weekley, S. Ong Tan, K. Alexander, J. Dakis, Z. Towell, J. Skepper, L. Terracall
Front Row: C. Dunin, B. Meek, H. Liu, E. Hardy, S. Franklin, K. Martinow, E. Carlyle, J. Loftus, C. Zaetta-Thomas
Absent: T. Martinow, A. de Kretser, C. Mitvalsky

3. RUYTON MADRIGAL

Back Row: I. Hobson, L. Reid, L. Sayers, S. Hodgson, M. Pattenden
Front Row: J. Loftus, L. Terracall, S. Franklin, K. Sanderson, E. Henley
Absent: N. Brown, P. Croyle

4. CONCERT BAND

Back Row: M. Pattenden, L. Kew, D. Stow, E. Hardy, A. Kohler, F. Finlayson
3rd Row: L. Reed, Z. Lewis, A. Hewitt, S. Smibert, P. Kohler, C. Roberts, S. Sirianni, K. Johnson, S. Salter, C. Hounslow, M. Wong, C. Horan, E. Hillman, E. Bell, A. Smith, L. Cropley, J. Dakis, E. Carlyle, O. Faul
Front Row: C. Young, S. Horan, A. Dakis, J. Marsden, S. Franklin, C. Golder, D. Lim, D. Loh
Absent: C. Adams, A. Bennett, S. Lyons, G. Thurgood, M. Wong

5. Genevieve Thurgood, Amelia Bennett and Alice Kohler

6. Chantal Mitvalsky and Mietta Zaetta-Thomas

7. Anna Smith, Elissa Bell and Laura Cropley

8. Geoffrey Tozer performs at his 'Grand Impromptu'

Another busy and fantastic year in the world of Ruyton music began with the music camp at Arrabri Lodge. The camp brought us together again for a fun-filled weekend of music rehearsals, swimming, tennis, billiards, trampolining and dramatic performances (for the Saturday night concert), all of which helped to prepare our young musicians for the Annual Induction Service held at St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Ruyton Stage Band returned to school the following Saturday for a workshop with the extraordinarily talented **James Morrison**, followed by a phenomenal evening of Jazz. The night featured performances of Stage Bands from Ruyton, MLC, Balwyn High, Scotch and Xavier Colleges, and none other than James Morrison himself, and his Big Band of lively performers.

In 1999 Ruyton's music branched out into the community and our schedule of performances included book launches, weddings, the Ecumenical Service at the Carmelite Monastery, the Community Aid Abroad Festival and the Boroondara and Latrobe Valley Eisteddfods. A special congratulations to Arcangelo Orchestra for receiving two first placings at the Latrobe Valley Eisteddfod. Various groups enjoyed social and educational workshops with MLC and Trinity throughout the year. The most exciting of our interschool relations was with Collingwood School from Vancouver, Canada. Their captivating performances were appreciated by all who were privileged enough to hear them.

The annual Vocal Concert, *Sophisticated Ladies*, featured the Ruyton Madrigal, Melba

Choir, Arietta Choir, the Junior School Mini Mads and a range of small ensembles and soloists performing a wide variety of superb vocal music. Another captivating evening was the *Grand Impromptu*, where renowned concert pianist, **Geoffrey Tozer** (Ruyton Patron of Music), performed world famous piano solos. The MAD Thing (Music, Art, Drama; previously The Arty Music Thing) was once again a success, with musical and dramatic performances by invited guests from neighbouring schools as well as Ruyton students. Artwork by Ruyton girls was also on display in the theatre for the occasion. A highlight of the year was the Annual Music Department Concert, *Our Fabulous Century*. Performed at the Malvern Town Hall and featuring all of Ruyton's major music ensembles and a breath-taking Cello solo by **Elizabeth Carlyle**, the concert delighted audiences and demonstrated overwhelmingly that the standard of Ruyton music continues to thrive. Preparations are currently being made for another music tour to Canada. I know this will be as successful as the previous tour and I wish everyone involved a safe and memorable trip.

I'd like to thank **Mr. Summerton**, **Mrs. Usher**, **Mrs. Turner**, the Music Committee, FORMA and all the Ruyton music teachers who have supported me and made Year 12 my most rewarding year. I know **Melinda Pattenden**, 2000's Music Captain, will have a wonderful year in music and wish her and all Ruyton musicians a successful year in 2000.

Stephanie Franklin



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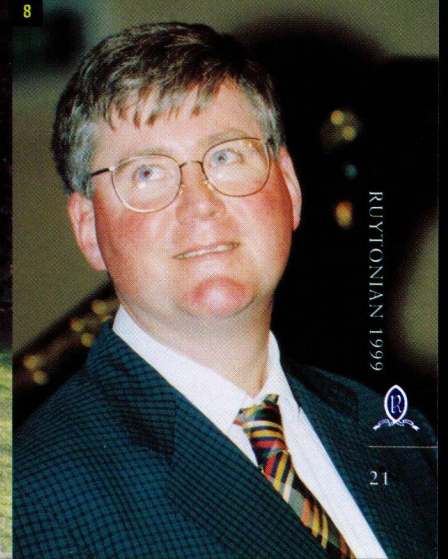
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MUSIC

9. ARIETTA CHOIR

Back Row: E. Franet, C. Dunin,
K. Wall, E. Hill, A. Attwood,
S. Tolliday, S. Horan
3rd Row: E. Sweeney, E. Crisafi,
J. Pitt, P. Yewers, A. Luke,
A. Atkins, E. McKendry,
L. Bailey, E. McLean
2nd Row: J. Loh, O. Bramwell,
E. Davenport, C. Murdoch,
M. Wanklyn, R. Brown,
A. Lavoipierre, P. Wales
Front Row: N. Rodger, C. Horan,
S. Magennis, K. Parsonson,
J. Hazlewood, J. Allen, E. Webb
Absent: A. de Kretzer,
N. Anderson, M. Morris

10. STAGE BAND

Back Row: S. Salter, K. Johnson
3rd Row: S. Sirianni, S. Smibert,
K. Sanderson, P. Kohler,
M. Pattenden
2nd Row: A. Hewitt, F. Finlayson,
L. Kew, D. Stow, A. Bennett
Front Row: E. Bell, L. Reed
Absent: S. McMicking,
G. Thurgood



11. HENTY ORCHESTRA

Back Row: D. Loh, M. Pattenden,
L. Reed, Z. Lewis, S. Bamford,
A. Hewitt, F. Park-Howell,
K. Sanderson, S. Smibert,
K. Johnson, P. Kohler, O. Finlayson,
S. Salter, S. Sirianni, C. Hounslow
5th Row: M. Wong, C. Horan,
E. Hillman, A. Atkins, L. Croypley,
D. Stow, E. Bell, A. Smith,
C. Roberts, L. Kew, A. Kohler,
F. Finlayson, R. Eliezer
4th Row: M. Finlayson, C. Golder,
C. Young, F. Irvine, J. Marsden,
E. Hill, S. Horan, A. Dakis,
J. Newton, G. Tulloch,
J. Hazlewood, O. Faul,
S. Magennis, E. Devries
3rd Row: F. Mitchem, S. Kelly,
R. Brown, L. Scott, M. Wanklyn,
P. Wales, T. Nigro, K. Nicolson,
F. McQualter, J. Skepper, E. Fry,
S. Young, E. Crisafi, E. Strawbridge
2nd Row: C. Zaetta-Thomas,
C. Malan, L. Terracall, E. Gray,
S. Ong Tan, Z. Towell, L. Reid,
J. Boyd, A. Weekley, R. Skepper,
A. Attwood, S. Burton-Rushworth,
K. Alexander, J. Dakis, P. Henty
Front Row: E. Webb, H. Liu,
B. MEEK, J. Loftus, K. Martinow,
S. Franklin, E. Hardy, E. Carlyle,
C. Dunin, P. Yewers, A. Nisbett
Absent: T. Martinow,
A. Donnelly, A. de Kretzer,
K. Scott, M. Morris, E. Weekley,
S. Lyons, S. Tolliday, F. Humann



12. JUNIOR WIND SYMPHONY

Back Row: J. Loh, E. Strawbridge,
Z. Lewis, E. Franet, J. Elston,
C. Roberts, O. Finlayson, T. Hsia,
E. McKendry, L. Scott, K. Hansen
2nd Row: G. Wright, E. Devries,
S. Magennis, C. Horan, E. Hillman,
E. Norrie, M. Loringh van Beeck,
P. Henty
Front Row: S. Kelly, E. Crisafi,
E. Hill, J. Hazlewood, A. Dakis,
S. Horan, F. Mitchem
Absent: G. Davies, N. Anderson,
C. Lyons, F. Humann, C. Jarvis,
G. Tulloch, J. Newton,
A. Lavoipierre





13. MELBA CHOIR

Back Row: S. Blumenauer, R. Bessant, L. Sayers, M. Hillman, E. Hardy, M. Harris, J. Dakis, I. Hobson, A. Hewitt, L. Reid, J. Marsden

3rd Row: H. Liu, A. Smith, H. Hobson, S. Franklin, K. Archer, S. Hodgson, J. Loftus, S. Ong Tan, A. Weekley, F. Finlayson

2nd Row: N. Siemensma, C. Malan, B. Pockley, M. Olaver, R. Colman, K. Sanderson, L. Kew, P. Gilligan, C. Gibbons and S. Sirianni

1st Row: L. Reed, L. Terracall, E. Fry, E. Peyton, A. Rooke, M. Finlayson, M. Wong, R. Yewers, E. Henley and M. Pattenden

Absent: L. O'Brien, A. Phan, E. Stapleton, J. Anderson, P. Croyle

14. Lake Louise, Canada



1999 MUSIC TOUR OF CANADA

"I love a sunburnt country..."

These famous lyrics from the song *My Country* were sung at every performance – suddenly they meant something more to the twenty-four Ruyton girls singing and playing their way across Canada. Homesickness was not a problem (we didn't have time!) but we did enjoy singing of "flood and fire and famine..." to our Canadian exchange schools in Vancouver, Calgary and Toronto. Our party of twentyfour boasted a choir, wind ensemble, wind quintet, string ensemble, jazz ensemble, vocal ensemble and soloists. First stop was Collingwood School in Vancouver where we performed in three concerts, only hours after stepping off the plane. After a very pleasant ferry trip to Vancouver Island

we were welcomed by St. Michael's University School and performed at their Welcome Back Family Day. Next stop was to Strathcona Tweedsmuir School in Calgary where we performed in their stunning new auditorium, enjoyed their wonderful facilities and hospitality, and tasted the semi-rural life. A side trip to Lake Louise and Banff provided wonderful scenery, and a real live look at a moose, an elk and a skunk! The Banff Springs Hotel treated us royally and enjoyed our musical offerings, in exchange for their superb culinary offerings. Havergal Girls' School in Toronto was our last port. Here we managed to fit in two performances, amid subway excursions, city shopping, a trip to Niagara Falls and the Havergal Senior School Dance. A final

performance at the North York Salvation Army service was a memorable end to a sixteen-day whirlwind of sights, sounds and shopping. At the end of it all, with music and instruments safely packed away, the girls enjoyed a well deserved two days of fun at Disneyland and Universal Studios in Los Angeles. There were many highlights and many new experiences. Musically, the girls learnt to give more of themselves in a performance than ever before; some learnt a new independence, others made new friends. Most of us found that being billeted in family homes was both nerve racking and enriching. Beyond this, all of us learnt that music speaks all languages and is a wonderful means of seeing the world.

Jayne Turner



SPORTS CAPTAIN'S REPORT



1. Fiona Marshall
Sports Captain

The christening of two new sculls in the first assembly as the 'Carol Driscoll' and the 'Stan Guilfoyle' was a fitting start to Ruyton's sporting year. As with every year, sport at Ruyton in 1999 has produced new challenges and new experiences for all girls in some way, whether that be from inter-school competition, House sport or in PE classes. In Term 1, the swimmers and divers trained tirelessly in the short lead up to the GSA swimming sports. For Swimming Captain, **Jorja Burns**, and Diving Captain, **Georgina Lewis**, a 2nd place in the Elizabeth Butt Trophy and an overall 4th was a pleasing result. There were many 'personal bests' among Ruyton's competitors and we scored more points this year than ever before. Special mention must be made of National Diving Champion, **Tabitha Robb**, who scored more points in a GSA diving competition than has ever been recorded. Later in the year, Tabitha received one of only 53 Sporting Blue Awards for her achievements in diving. After months of early mornings, blistered hands and sore muscles Ruyton's rowers were prepared for the prestigious Head of the School Girls' Regatta. Thirty-one girls took to the water in seven crews. Two crews

won Petite finals and a further three crews were placed in Petite finals, an excellent result for Ruyton. Thanks to the Captains, **Chelsea McKay** and **Georgina Lewis**, for their continual words of encouragement. In the past Ruyton has shown enormous strength and depth in running events. 1999 has been no exception. Over winter the Cross Country runners participated in numerous cross country runs before the GSA competition. The team, captained by **Jane Tulloch**, gained a creditable 3rd place on the day. Ruyton's Athletics Champions, **Kimberley Crow**, **Georgina Power** and **Jane Tulloch** continued to inspire and amaze with their achievements. In August, Georgina competed in the World Youth Track and Field Championships in Poland narrowly missing the final in the 100 metre Hurdles, a remarkable effort.

During the athletics season 1999 saw unprecedented numbers of girls wishing to participate in team sports: Hockey, Netball, Tennis, Baseball, Basketball, Volleyball and Cricket. Ruyton fielded 32 teams in these sports this year with involvement from every year level. At the end of the Netball and Hockey season, the junior teams competed in a GSA Round Robin. The Year 7A Netball team and 8A Hockey team won this event, a brilliant effort, and promising a good future for Ruyton in these sports. Meanwhile, the Senior Hockey team, led by inspirational Captain, **Mimi Davey**, enjoyed success in the Buchanan Hockey Cup. Out at Albert Park, the Basketball teams were involved in many close matches. **Chelsea Burns**, a member of the Victorian Institute of Sport and the Melbourne Tigers Under 18 Firsts, was undoubtedly the star basketballer displaying her considerable talent in every match.

Our Equestrian team competed in the final of the Victorian Equestrian and Inter-School Challenge Ruyton competed against very strong opposition to achieve five creditable placings.

Ruyton Rhythmic Gymnasts continue to excel (under the coaching of ex-Ruytonian **Emma Taylor**). At the National Clubs Championships **Emily Ogilvie**, **Sarah Rossi** and **Julia Jenkins** gained exceptional results with a 1st place in the Mixed Pair and 2nd in the Same Pair. It is exciting to see the Gymnastic Club grow and develop with increased participation from the Junior School.

The excellent achievements of Ruyton girls would not be possible without the untiring work of all the coaches and teachers. Thank you to the Physical Education staff, **Ms. Day**, **Mrs. Dulke**, **Ms. Didier**, **Ms. Cockwill** and **Ms. Lipshut** for their support and enthusiasm throughout the year. It is greatly appreciated by every Ruyton girl.

Congratulations to all girls who have participated in sport in 1999. I wish **Mimi Davey** a fulfilling and enjoyable year as Sports Captain in the year 2000. May the spirit of Ruyton sport continue into the new millennium.

Fiona Marshall



CATCH US
IF YOU CAN.

RECT ET FIDE

JYNT

5

RECT

RUYTON

5

SWIMMING & DIVING



1. SWIMMING AND DIVING (left to right)

Back Row: C. Bull, S. Bamford,
J. Slattery, J. Marsden,
A. Attwood, K. Crow, A. Atkins,
C. Burns, S. Zalkauskas,
E. Franet

2nd Row: R. Purdue, S. Robson,
C. Dunin, M. Looringh van Beeck,
R. McPherson, A. Robson,
S. Tolliday, R. Rocchi, A. Dakis,
E. Webb

3rd Row: S. Hindle, Z. Lewis,
E. Hillman, B. Duffell,
K. Sanderson, C. O'Sullivan,
J. Hazlewood, C. Murdoch

Front Row: H. Smith, L. Reed,
M. Pattenden, B. Meek,
G. Lewis, J. Burns, L. Sayers,
S. Jones, T. Robb

In our short yet efficient lead up to the GSA sports, the Swimming team trained vigorously under the guidance of our dedicated coaches, Cathy Acocks and Melita Godson. Over the season we competed in 'PB' meets and attended our annual swimming camp at MSAC, with highlights including our time in the wave pool and on the waterslide. When the GSA finally arrived our commitment to training shone through, resulting in six 1st places, seven 2nd places and ten third places. Congratulations to the Year 10 Freestyle Relay team (Chelsea Burns, Sophie Zalkauskas, Jane Marsden and Jane Slattery) who remain undefeated at the GSA. This achievement gained Ruyton a hard earned fourth place (a one place improvement from last year) and runners-up in the Elizabeth Butt Trophy. A select group of swimmers were chosen to swim in the Victorian All Schools Championships. Five out of the nine relays made it through to the finals: Open Freestyle Relay, 6th (Burns, Burns, Marsden and Zalkauskas); 15/U Freestyle Relay, 5th (Burns, Zalkauskas, Marsden and Slattery); 13/U Breaststroke, 8th (Bull, Robb, Sullivan and Hill); Open Backstroke, 9th (Pattenden, Burns, Zalkauskas and Robson) and 15/U Medley Relay, 7th (Zalkauskas, Burns, Slattery and Robson) with all girls performing well.

Jorja Burns
Swimming Captain

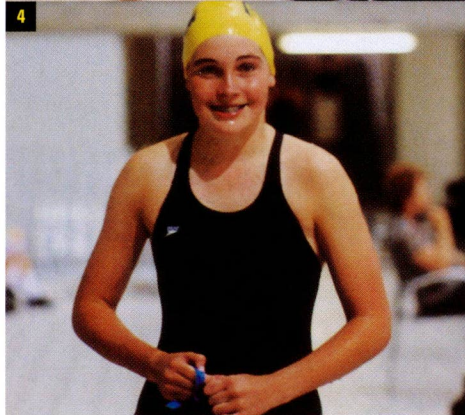
2. Clare Bull

3. Taking the plunge

4. Jorja Burns

5. Vocal support in the stands

6. Laura Black



In a sensational season, Ruyton divers virtually 'scooped' the pool. While our swimmers impressed us with their speed and fitness, Ruyton divers stunned and amazed spectators in their exceptional display of aerobatics and courage. Under the excellent tuition of David Rigby our girls came home with three out of a possible six firsts from Tabitha Robb (State and National Champion); Zoe Lewis and Rebecca Rocchi; a second from Emily Ogilvie; third from Georgina Lewis; and a valiant fifth from Carla Malan who stepped in at the last minute. Congratulations, girls.

Georgina Lewis
Diving Captain



CROSS COUNTRY

1. CROSS COUNTRY

(left to right)

Back Row: C. Gibbs, K. Sanderson, F. Allen, K. Stirkul, M. Hillman, F. Marshall, J. Higgs, B. Meek, B. Coxon, J. Burns, M. Jones, E. Bell, G. Power

2nd Row: T. Gibbs, S. Bamford, A. Dakis, E. Fry, F. Irvine, S. Jones, K. Johnson, S. White, E. Franet, L. Swinneron, A. Rooke

3rd Row: S. Hindle, E. Weekley, M. Music, S. Gordon, K. Simon, M. Finlayson, R. Purdue, C. Jarvis, H. Cropley, E. Boudrie

Front Row: G. Wright, O. Finlayson, E. Purdue, K. Crow, J. Tulloch, J. Black, E. Webb, S. Robson, Z. Lewis



2

The enthusiasm and dedication of the GSA Cross Country team was evident throughout the season, with all girls training extremely hard and performing consistently well. Ruyton girls braved the arctic conditions prevailing at several APS events leading up to the GSA Cross Country at Chelsworth Park in Ivanhoe. The determination to succeed, plus the hard work at training, paid off with the Juniors achieving first place, and pushing Ruyton to a very creditable third place overall. Cross Country is a gruelling event and every competitor who participated deserves our admiration, particularly Kimberley Crow who gained an outstanding 1st place in the Junior section. Other commendable performances were Emma Purdue, 3rd; Natalie Forsythe, 4th; Ellie Webb, 5th; Joanna Black, 7th; Sarah Gordon, 11th; Jane Tulloch, 12th; and Kate Simon, 13th. The combined efforts of the Juniors ensured the season finished on a high note, with two teams gaining a rewarding first place at the Victorian State Relay Championships. The Ruyton girls showed terrific school spirit with all team members contributing to a successful Cross Country season.

Jane Tulloch
Cross Country Captain

2. Kim Crow, Sophia Robson,
Olivia Finlayson and
Georgina Wright

3. Jane Tulloch and
Georgina Power

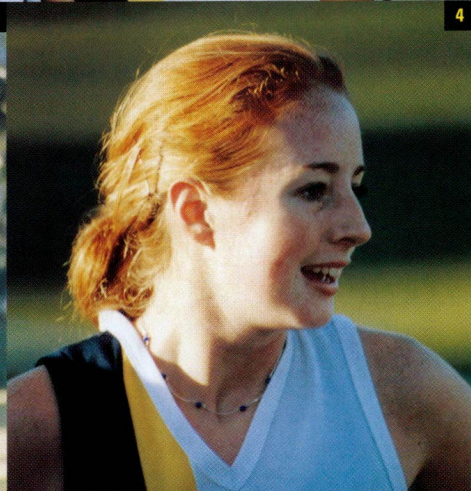
4. Georgina Power

5. Kim Crow leads the way

3

4

5



GSA ATHLETICS



After four years of being runners up, the Ruyton Athletics Team were ready to take up the challenge for 1999. The girls trained extremely hard at the Doncaster Athletics Track for most of Term 3. They also participated in APS meets and their strength and enthusiasm were evident throughout the season.

On the day of the GSA every girl was committed to achieving her best performance for the school. Ruyton's fighting spirit and dedication ensured a successful victory in both the GSA Athletics Cup and the Margaret McPherson Cup. As well as many outstanding individual performances on the day, the team events were keenly contested and spurred on by the most colourful and supportive cheer squad. Ruyton's success continued at the Victorian Schools Relay Championships with numerous teams competing against the best schools in Victoria. Many teams made finals with the highlight being in the under 20 age group where Ruyton won three gold medals in the 4 x 100m, 4 x 200m and the 4 x 400m. The winning team members were Jane Tulloch, Georgina Power, Mimi Davey, Felicity Irvine, Emma Purdue and Jane Harvey. Thanks must go to all the specialist coaches, especially Ruyton's head coach, Stephen Ellinghaus, who inspired all competitors to achieve our GSA Athletics goal for 1999. Congratulations Ruyton!

Jane Tulloch
Athletics Captain



1. ATHLETICS TEAM

(left to right) Back Row: J. Higgs, F. Allen, M. Hillman, E. Hardy, L. Whalen, J. Marsden, K. Sanderson, L. Kew
6th Row: Ms. A. Lipshut, T. Hsia, Mr. S. Ellinghaus, Miss G. Didier, Ms. L. Day, L. Cropley, F. Maclean, S. Mitchell, K. Simon, K. Rance, S. Horan, B. Duffell, G. Booth, J. Burns, K. Slattery, S. Normand, S. Robson, O. Finlayson, C. O'Sullivan, M. Manison, Mrs. A. Dulke
5th Row: S. Jones, V. Hatcher, L. Swinnerton, E. Ogilvie, K. Scott, E. McKendry, C. Murdoch, T. Gibbs
4th Row: J. Voglis, G. Lewis, C. Bull, R. McPherson, C. Golder, M. Wong, F. Irvine, K. Johnson, A. Robson, A. Luke, E. Franet, R. Purdue
3rd Row: M. Looringh van Beeck, M. Davey, J. Tulloch, G. Power, F. Marshall, A. Rooke, E. Purdue, J. Harvey, I. Grigg, C. Burns, A. Riches, C. Littlejohn, J. Cleghorn, S. De Kever, S. Bamford
2nd Row: E. Sweeney, E. Weekley, Jacob Bear, G. Wright, E. Boudrie, E. Archer, H. Osborne, E. Webb, S. Garamszegi, Z. Lewis, A. Dakis, S. White, K. Crow
1st Row: E. Verocchi, J. Black, S. Lester, K. Nicolson, CUIYC, K. Woolcock, H. Smith

2. Mimi Davey (Athletics Vice-Captain), Jane Tulloch (Athletics Captain) and Georgina Power (Athletics Vice-Captain) with Jacob Bear

1. SKI TEAM
(left to right)

**A. Franet, E. Wilde, L. Black,
S. Macleod-Bourke, G. Didier,
M. Adams, N. Sirianni, S. Franet,
E. Radford, S. Robson, S. Logan,
F. Mitchem, E. Webb,
K. Nicolson, E. Franet,
S. Tolliday, J. Lipshut,
R. McPherson, G. Dennett,
N. Williams, A. Dakis,
S. Sirianni, L. Wallis, S. Hill,
C. Adams**

**Absent: H. Radord,
E. McKendry, E. Weekley,
J. Simson, A. Batrouney**

ROWING

2. ROWING
(left to right)

**Back Row: K. Grainger,
S. Smibert, A. Weekley,
J. Marsden, B. Coxon,
F. Park-Howell, L. Whalen,
L. Munckton, E. Ramsey,
M. Tobing**
**2nd Row: E. Purdue, S. Bamford,
F. McQualter, K. Alexander,
F. Finlayson, G. Booth,
C. Fitzpatrick, J. Weeding-Hill,
A. Dakis**
**Front Row: A. Rooke, K. Simon,
M. Finlayson, G. Lewis,
C. McKay, E. Peyton, K. Maple**



Starting with a series of summer camps on the Yarra and the appropriately named Paynesville, the 1999 Rowing Season was set to be tough, competitive and a lot of fun.

Every weekend rowers competed in regattas from Nagambi to Geelong, with the Year 10 Four of Alanna Weekley, Jessica Anderson, Jane Marsden, Kate Simon, Emma Peyton (cox) and Sue Stewart (coach) becoming State Champions. Yet the final was at the Head of Schoolgirls' Regatta on the Barwon where two crews, from our full complement of seven, made it through to the semi-finals: State Champions and the Year 10 Quad Scull of Emma Purdue, Katherine Grainger, Sarah

Hill, Celeste Armstrong, Melissa Finlayson (cox) and Vicki Lawson (coach). The Senior Quad and Year 9 2nd Four crews won their petite finals, with the other three crews valiantly placed in their petite finals. All rowers would like to acknowledge the unstinting support of the Henty Rowing Club, and our prodigious coaching team.

Georgina Lewis,
Captain of Boats

HOCKEY

1. SENIOR HOCKEY

(left to right)

Back Row: M. Davey,
G. Booth, F. Allen, L. Sayers,
G. Lewis, A. Hallam,
M. Tobing
2nd Row: C. Young,
C. Golder, S. Smibert,
R. Colman, L. Terracall,
K. Johnson
Front Row: L. Reed,
M. Pattenden, H. Liu,
D. Stow, F. Finlayson
S. White, L. Reed



BASKETBALL

1. SENIOR BASKETBALL

(left to right)

Back Row: J. Tratt,
S. Stewart, L. Sayers,
F. Marshall
Front Row: P. Kanodia,
C. Stewart, S. Prior,
J. Burns, E. Fry
Absent: M. Hillman,
S. Hodgson, K. Daley,
A. Lin, S. Tallent



VOLLEYBALL

1. SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

(left to right)

Back Row: C. Golder,
F. Allen, E. Booth,
K. Stirkul, D. Stow
Front Row: G. Booth,
S. Garamszegi, A. Gloster,
J. Dakis, H. Liu
Absent: S. Smibert,
R. Harker (Captain),
F. Finlayson, C. Young



EQUESTRIAN



1. EQUESTRIAN TEAM
(left to right)
F. Newton (and Harmony),
T. Manison (Cream Puff),
O. Bramwell (Star),
S. Ramage (Storm),
C. Adams (Co-captain and
Northern Maynard),
S. Nankervis (Co-captain and
TP Silver Jess), S. Normand
(DJ Rules), E. Davenport (Katie),
L. Davenport (Shannon),
J. Newton (Shaboot) and
M. Adams (Gysmo)

2. Sarah Normand (DJ Rules)

3. Melanie Adams (Gysmo)

NETBALL



1. SENIOR NETBALL
(left to right)
Back Row: J. Burns, K. Stirkul,
F. Marshall, A. Doyle, E. Hardy,
C. Stewart, S. Stewart, S. Prior

2nd Row: J. Tratt, G. Power,
A. Hewitt, S. Hodgson, P. Kanodia,
S. Jones, J. Tulloch

Front Row: F. McQualter,
K. Daley, R. Harker, J. Dakis,
B. Duffell, Z. Towell

BASEBALL

1. SENIOR BASEBALL

(left to right)

Back Row: R. Colman, L. Terracall,
E. Bell, J. Burns, V. Hatcher,
H. Liu, S. Jones, C. Young

Front Row: B. Duffell, Z. Towell,
M. Davey, P. Kanodia,
S. Garamszegi, K. Johnson



TENNIS

2. SENIOR TENNIS

(left to right)

Back Row: C. Golder,
S. Cleghorn, A. Hallam, J. Dakis,
F. Marshall, A. Forge, K. Stirkul,
L. Kew, K. Daley

Front Row: A. Rieusset, F. Irvine,
R. Harker, M. Wong,
S. White, E. Fry



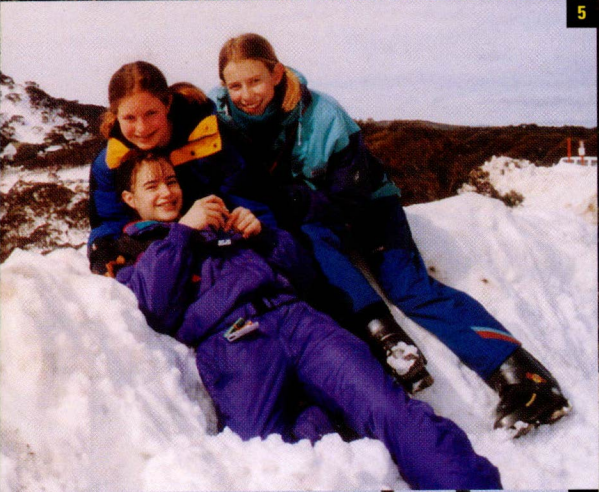
RHYTHMIC GYMNASTS

3. RHYTHMIC GYMNASTS

Back Row: S. Rossi,
C. Littlejohn, J. Jenkins
Front Row: A. Nisbet,
E. Ogilvie



OUTDOOR EDUCATION



DIVERSITY EXPLORATION CHALLENGE EXTENSION

- 1. Year 9 at Mt. Hotham
- 2. Sovereign Hill
- 3. Year 3 at Camp Clevedon
- 4. Bright-Summer Program
- 5. Year 9 at Mt. Hotham
- 6. Sovereign Hill
- 7. Bright Summer Program
- 8. Athletics Camp

COMMUNITY AWARENESS

lives of people in third world countries and how the 40 Hour Famine donations are used. The Xavier Stage Band performed to congratulate the girls involved. Funds raised from this casual clothes day went towards the Kosovo refugees.

In May, girls from all year levels participated in the Red Shield Appeal for the Salvation Army. Ruyton held its own stall at Xavier's annual Maytime Fair, collecting funds for the Indian orphanage. Later in Term 2, Father Barry, Xavier's Chaplain, thanked and presented each girl involved with a medallion that was blessed on the tomb of Mother Teresa. To mark our 'green' theme of Term 3, a 'Captain Planet' assembly was presented to the School as a curtain raiser to our environmental Community Awareness Fundraising Day. The Year 12 'planeteeer' school officials and 'litter monster' teachers were excellent performers, especially Mrs. Taylor who would not succumb to the powers of 'Captain Planet'. Our 'Green Day' was a huge success with stalls that highlighted the need to look after our planet. Girls clothed themselves in green and sold 'Fried Worms' (sausages), bath bombs and 'Hairy Harries' with the proceeds being donated to environmental organisations.

This year has definitely been busy and very fulfilling for all involved. My thanks go to the Community Awareness Committee, whose efforts have generated increased interest throughout the School, particularly in the younger years. Thank you to Ms. Roszkowski, for her endless guidance and friendship that made for such a rewarding year. Kate Alexander's enthusiasm has been greatly appreciated and she will be continuing in her new role as the 2000 Community Awareness Chair. I hope that this year has sparked the unlimited potential of Ruyton's Community Awareness, and that it continues to flourish into the next century.

The power is yours! – Captain Planet.

Amy Hallam.

1. Amy Hallam
Community Awareness Chair

2. Captain Planet Assembly

3. Ms. Jo Roszkowski
and Amy Hallam

4. Moira Kelly's Albanian
charges with Captains

5. Community Awareness Day

6. Cara Zaetta-Thomas

7. Community Awareness Day

8. Mrs. Prue Gillies with
Ms. Moira Kelly and
Mrs. Jennifer Nicholls



'Thinking of Others' was the theme for 1999 and this became a reality in our 121st year. The enthusiastic Ruyton community embraced a range of volunteer activities, our endeavours resulting in many highlights. Moira Kelly gave us our initial inspiration to help those truly in need when we became aware of the suffering of some Albanian children. These children came to Melbourne for surgery, their faces disfigured by severe burns or wild pig attacks. The proceeds from our first Community Awareness Fundraising Day in Term 1 went to support Moira's admirable work. This was a really enjoyable day, with food stalls and musical and dramatic buskers. Later in the year, Moira Kelly visited Ruyton accompanied by Elvis, Luzzim, Sally, Maria and Dennis, very proud and happy following their successful

operations. It was wonderful to see their hope and enthusiasm for life. Memories of the children singing, hugging us as they said 'Thank you' and the poignant goodbye, waving as they walked to the end of the street, will remain with us forever.

Our very busy year continued with girls petitioning to stop the cruel treatment of animals in circuses. This was presented to the Boroondara Council. Year 8s were major participants this year in the Red Cross Appeal, collecting a significant sum whilst braving the stormy conditions. We were also involved in Jubilee 2000, a campaign to abolish third world debt. A paper chain of signatures was created to show our support. Later in first term Samara Hodgson and the Community Awareness Committee sold hot cross buns to raise further donations for Moira Kelly's causes.

Term 2 began with the 'Forget-Me-Not Walk', where girls from Years 6 to 8 walked to Ruyton's historical sites as well as raising awareness and funds for the Mothers' Day Appeal. On May 14th to 16th girls from all year levels were involved in the 40 Hour Famine/Sacrifice for World Vision. Julie Ramsbotham came to speak to us about the





PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION



1. JUNIOR: Jess Disler, Year 7 (Theme: Ruyton at Play)

2. INTERMEDIATE: 'Character in Chinese' Annie Lee, Year 10 (Theme: Character)

3. SPECIAL COMMENDATION: Emily Booth, Year 11

4. SENIOR: 'Crown Light' Sarah Prior, Year 11 (Theme: Urban Images)



FAX FROM THE PALACE OF PRINCE CHARMING – MONTE CARLO

Scene: Cinderella dictates a fax to her personal assistant, Simon.

Step Sisters,
I can't help but laugh into my Japanese Slipper as the lilo drifts languidly across the crystal clear water of my diamond shaped pool. Yes, I am no longer a charity case, a menial. How does it feel picking your own underwear up from the floor? I guess the thought has crossed your mind as you both place your ball gowns into the front end loader, that your little washer woman has gone AWOL. Just a little on the left shoulder blade sweetie be sure to apply evenly. (Hang on Simon, are you writing that down?) Anyway, in a word, I've made it. King of the hill. Top of the heap. A-no. 1. Got that? Underline that Simon. I've exchanged my good old rags for the exclusive Versace label, and no stroke of midnight is going to take that away from me. Feel free to have any of my hand me downs, but because I was constantly working, they'll need a decent scrub. Remember the pumpkin? Try this, a new Mercedes Benz E-Class, with four door locking, power steering and let's not forget the ABS brakes. Colour: metallic orange ... for sentimental reasons. Prince Charming, I can't keep it a secret, he's great around the house, not to mention the fact that he is absolutely gorgeous. I suppose you are wondering how the prince chose me. Sorry, but magicians never give away their secrets, take a leaf out of my book, girls. Please don't think for one second that I am writing just to gloat. I really hope that we can let bygones be bygones. I am really quite concerned that you, well ... are going to get left 'on the shelf', Simon honey, does that sound too catty? The thought of whether you both will be able to find someone who will love you for your beauty, (inner of course), has kept me awake many a night. But believe me, I hope that you will find men who will love you and all of your eight toes without judgment. What man could look down on women who sacrifice toes for a good pair of glass slippers. At the time my only disappointment was that you couldn't find a handbag to match. Anyway, can't chatter like this all day, life as a princess is BUSY, BUSY, BUSY. Make sure that is in capitals Simon.
Ciao for now Darlings, Cindy Charming
Anthea Rooke, Year 10

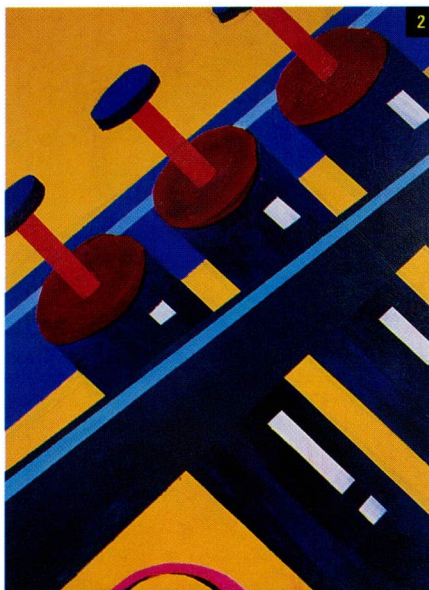
Commendation for "Personal Narrative" – Creative Writing Competition

THE BURNING OF THE WILLOWS

A haze covers the creek. It is not a cold, wet, ghost-like dawn haze that seeps through thin school jumpers and turns noses red, but a dry, woody, warm haze. The smoke rolling gently towards me envelops me. The scent rises on the wind like smoke from a sensor, sanctifying these last few cloistered days of books and papers. They are burning the willows on Merri Creek.

These short grey-brown trees, with their shining, broad, irregular crowns, have witnessed the passing of decades. A continuous

rush of water has washed their gnarled and twisted roots, season upon season. Here their bright red-brown branches have nurtured life, seen it grow, and remained when it departed. As young trees they shaded mill workers walking home in breathless summer heat. The mill and its workers are gone now, but the willows remain. Not used for wood or fuel, they have survived that I might grow in their shadows. In spring I have twisted their pale yellow catkins in my hair; in summer I have lain against their cool comforting trunks; and in fall they have held me fast on their long leaning branches. The willows have always been on the banks of the Merri where I walked as a child, and I cannot imagine life without them. I love the willows, but now they must go. Why should they burn the willows? The trees must go to make way for the Merri. The thin, awkward, dingy little creek was held in place by the willows' deep, underground stems and densely matted roots. Rough, loving, twisted fingers of foliage bathed the Merri banks in soft filtered light and created quiet sheltered pools shielded from the harshness of direct sun. But now what once held it firm must pass away so that the Merri can run free. So the willows are burning. Their age and resilience, their tradition and majesty, are gone in a cascade of fire and ember to make way for a tumbling creek. A creek that now needs to grow and expand in breadth and flow. In channels that have slowed and stagnated there must flow a quick fresh current: a current that will carve out a new course. The time has come for the creek to cascade into the full light of the sun and to sustain new life on its banks. As they slash and burn the willows, the ungainly creek is laid bare to race alone along the gully. For the first time I realise that the creek is not little at all. At first it is obnoxious-looking, ragged, naked and unappealing, without the familiar shapes of the willows to obscure it. To my eyes it flows too fast and glistens too brightly. I do not like its scarred banks and I mourn the willows. I fear I will forget them; their soft beauty and their flashing foliage. But the stream flows on. It is at first an uncouth stranger struggling on its way, unsure of itself and its course. But it flows on. And as it does I realise that the willows will not be forgotten – their legacy is the stream. I see the new life, the abundant life that will with time grow into a rich culture,



carried and fed by the stream. It was necessary to burn the willows in order for the full potential of the creek to be realised – now the Merri will grow. It will no longer be an insignificant creek but will cut a wide course through the now weed-tangled banks. It was necessary to let go of the established to make way for the new. It was necessary to burn the willows in order to release the lifeblood of the stream.

As I walk home amidst the ashes of the willows I imagine myself immersed in the clear water of the stream. Carried along by it, I farewell the willows, though loving them still. Having learned from them and carrying their experiences inside me, I form my own new experiences. At first I am awkward; I am all adrift in this new and unfamiliar territory. At first I hate it, hate the willows for leaving me this wet legacy in which to carry on, without telling me exactly how to proceed. I hate the current that pulls me along through life, a current that cannot be fought against, and a force that will not allow me to go backwards or to remain stationary. It is hard at first, yet, as I flow, I gain equilibrium. Gradually, I realise what my new role is; I begin to set my own course and I gain experience. At last I realise what is was that my willows prepared me for, and I love them for teaching me, for allowing me the fluid space to find myself away from their protective roots. I imagine myself in the current even as I shy from its terrible inevitability. It is constantly pulling at me; I can hear it calling. As I climb the bank, once more returning to my books and papers, I know that soon it will be time. Not today, not tomorrow, but soon. One day we must all farewell the willows.
Kela Kraft, Year 12

Isobelle Carmody Writing Competition:

A Sharp Object

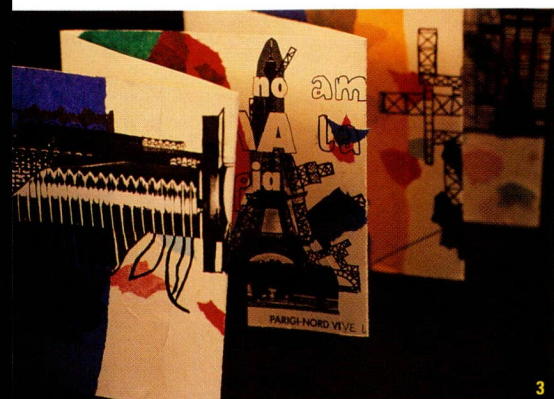
A SHARP EDGE

They were a middle-aged American couple who had been taking a holiday in Australia. They were well-off. Actually, they were incredibly rich. In fact, as well as being rich, they were very well known as Sir Ronald and Lady Silvia Beeswax, collectors of anything made of expensive metal. Their most prized possession was a silver pocket-knife. It wasn't

1. Rebecca Yewers, Year 12

2. Melinda Pattenden, Year 11

CREATIVE WORKS



3. Jessica Dakis, Year 11

one of the cheap, flimsy pocket-knives you can buy in army stores, oh no, it was solid silver and the cover was ornately decorated in the pattern of a vine.

At approximately 2.32 p.m. C.S.T., Silvia and Sir Ronald (he never let anyone forget the Sir) were impatiently waiting at the Alice Springs Airport for a plane to take them back to their beloved homeland, Florida.

"Oh, it's so blazing hot," puffed Silvia, fanning away with her pink-and-white lacy fan she had originally bought as a souvenir.

"I could just fancy a refreshing pear. D'you have one, love?" asked Sir Ronald.

"Sure thing, honey, but what are ya gonna cut it with?"

"Boy, I have no idea. We've packed everything in our cases."

"Except the pocket-knife."

"Oh, Silvia-darling, I couldn't use the pocket-knife."

"What else are you gonna use?"

Sir Ronald thought for a while, then said,

"The pocket-knife?"

"Exactly," said Silvia in an I-told-you-so tone. Half an hour later, three pears and one pocket-knife lighter, Silvia and Sir Ronald boarded the aeroplane set for Miami. They didn't know it at first, but their priceless pocket-knife was sitting on a smallish, beige, plastic coffee table, that had cost \$6.95 at a garage sale in 1983, in a hot, deserted airport in the middle of nowhere (Alice Springs).

A farmer and his family sat down on some beige, plastic chairs near a small, beige etc. ... coffee table in the Alice Springs airport.

The Sandersons were farewelling a cousin, his wife, and their two-year-old son who had been staying with them for a few weeks.

Fifteen minutes and lots of kisses and hugs later, the family of three boarded the aeroplane. They had an extra piece of luggage which was in the pocket of a two-year-old's red-and-yellow-and-green playsuit.

In Brazil, the Sandersons' cousins' next destination, on a guided tour of the rainforest, a silver pocket-knife was dropped amongst the dense, lush undergrowth, and picked up by a curious native who put it in her leather pouch. On the next guided tour the native lady was with, some Italian tourists with well-greased hair noticed the gleaming object and took it, hoping it would be worth something back in Italy.

In an Italian home, two days later, a pocket-knife was slipped into a long overdue letter

to a not-so-dear pen-pal from an Italian girl who would rather be outside, playing with her brothers and sisters.

In Melbourne, Australia, a letter from a not-so-dear pen-pal was received just as the boy was about to go on holidays to Alice Springs. The letter was hastily shoved into a backpack, and, after a hot week of holiday, the letter was shown to parents while waiting on some plastic chairs at an airport, and promptly left behind.

Sir Ronald and Lady Silvia returned to The Alice, as worried as can be for their pocket-knife which was like a child to them.

Immediately they recognised the plastic coffee table where Sir Ronald had devoured three pears, and there was the knife! Two exhausting days later, they were relaxing in their air-conditioned mansion, when a maid who was polishing the knife, dropped it in the compost chute which led straight to the heap. She rushed outside, but the compost-collecting truck had already arrived and was loading up (Silvia couldn't stand the smell, so it was collected daily). Just my luck, thought the maid to herself ...

Sarah Kelly, Year 8

THE WATER MAIDEN

As the wind blows tiny ripples across the water,
The stillness is broken.

The maiden of the deep is arising,

For her time has come again;

She is needed.

As silent as a graveyard,
The lake is abandoned until the spring arrives.
As the lilies sway to and fro beneath her,
The water maiden sleeps on.

The water shines with a green tinge,
But still there is something not quite right,
A single beam of light pierces the water,
At this, the maiden opens her eyes and floats to the top.

She is drawn up out of the water,
And with gracious steps she walks along the rippling pool,
At the water's edge she pauses,
And her jet-black hair cascades around her in a mass of tangled curls.

With soft feet she pads towards the weeping widower,
And with a silent movement she stretches out her hand –
Her lover is drawn into the water,
Never to emerge again.

Once again the water is still,
And the maiden is asleep again,
With a smile on her face as they are reunited at last.

Clare Dunin, Year 9

THE WAR OF DISASTER

To see the blood stained poppies,
swaying in the wind,
reminds me of the sorrow,
which has just begun.

For six whole years I fought that war,
packed up at age fifteen,

sent to the woeful waste land,
to fight for what we dream.

They didn't tell us what to fear,
or even what we'd face.
Instead they sent us off like we were
some disgrace.

So is this really what our fortunes had foretold?

And to this very moment,
the people always say
"The men who fought are heroes,
and that their war shall show."

Cheryl Lyons, Year 8

I am sitting in a small clearing, with my prey
dangling from mouth and as I take a bite out
of the dead carcass the flavour flows through my
mouth and fills my stomach. I feel content
for a while but then my hunger returns in
painful jabs and I am forced to hunt.

When I come out of the clearing and climb up
on top of a boulder the chill in the air brushes
past me making the hairs on my back rise.
But along with the breeze I pick up a scent of
food. I head in the direction and start to
move towards the scent quite fast but quietly.

I am crouched and still, ready to pounce,
impatient to have the luscious feeling of
flavour again. Just as I am about to jump a
whistling piece of metal dashes past my nose
and I feel hunger no more but fright.

As I run from the metal flying past me, a
single stone gets stuck in my paw and settles,
not wanting to come out. But I have to keep
on moving, I am limping through the shrubs
and over boulders, the pain striking me at
every step. Then suddenly the enemy is upon
me, the pieces of metal are coming, missing
me by little now and then with one last
screeching noise, like a piece of fire, sheets
through the back of my neck and everything
goes black.

Elizabeth Franet, Year 8

ALL HALLOWS' EVE

Twisting and writhing from the jagged
rocks below,
The torched witches and demons strain for
the freedom of the sky.
A fluttering bustle, their long capes flapping,
caught in a whirlwind of movement.
Tormenting screams and cackles of laughter
filling the air.
Evil erupting, spreading afar.

Streaming locks and braids intertwining in a mess,
Smoothing and strangling, a disorderly tangle.
Astounding roars of thunder booming
from the sky,
Lightning flashing, unleashing the power of fire.
The peace has broken, now evil reigns.

Pitchforks and broomsticks knocking together,
Dangerously tapping, stabbing and wounding.
A sharp piercing of an innocent's soft, bare skin.
A shrilling scream of excruciating pain,
As a tight twist of bodies unravels to escape.

Witches and demons, the inhabitants of
Satan's realm,
Join in the harmful celebrations of fire and death.
Spreading throughout the dark and vast land,
Their dangerous cravings for sorrow and anguish,

strange desires and passions to be bizarrely satisfied.

While watching the suffering and the pain of a mortal,
The innocent human being ferociously tortured,
They sinisterly rejoice. Their deed has been done.
Immense pain has been spread; fire and death now prevail.
Hannah Quigley, Year 9

THE BIRTH OF NEW MAN

The world was born in an arid land,
Surrounded by rocky cliffs and ice white mountains.
The sky was filled with sodden dark clouds,
But the stormy sky slowly started to burn away;
The fierce flames force the gloomy sky to retreat.
There is now a haunting, musty yellow sky.

The world has been growing,
And so has the being inside it.
But the world has been shadowed,
By a veil of darkness.
But it has also been sitting,
On a crisp pure white cloth.
So will the being inside,
Be evil or good.

The lifeless woman stands bare like a zombie,
Index finger pointed at the mysterious world.
The child hides behind the woman in terror,
Of what the world will bring.

The world begins to shudder;
The being inside is now ready.
It stretches and moves in frustration,
Determined to reach the outside.
Its world begins to rupture and then it cracks,
Sticky blood seeps out from inside.

The world is now broken in two,
And the being is alive.
He now stands triumphant,
Before woman and child.
He is the New Man.
Katherine Maple, Year 9

IL'YA OF MUROM AND NIGHTINGALE THE BRIGAND

The fear imminent in the horse's eyes,
Shows the danger and peril at hand;
Petrified, she chafes at the bit,
Whilst on her back sits the gallant rider,
Ready for attack, never afraid.

The dusk brings with it the ending of day,
And autumn makes way for winter.
A cold wind blows from the mouth of evil,
But the knight stands his ground,
Ready for attack, never afraid.

The winged creature sits at its vantage point,
In a nest surrounded by branches.
Through its mouth leaks a manifestation of evil,
But despite all its ill intentions,
The rider is ready for attack, never afraid.

Over the English hills flee the frightened creatures,
The owls to their nests, the weasels to their burrows,
The rabbits retreating to their sheltered warrens,

And though his horse rears,
The knight is ready for attack, never afraid.

Never afraid ...
Sarah Horan, Year 9

BLUE AND AQUA

Deep down in the ocean,
Lies a world of serenity,
An environment always in motion,
Though sometimes as still as silence.

In a coral reef of water sighing,
Swim fish of blue and aqua,
A place that is slowly dying
A community in almost perfect harmony.

In a swirling sea,
Amongst the kelp forests a population of sea lions play,
Their calves dart in and out, able to grow up free,
Never knowing what is coming their way.

Hidden in the shadows of a rock pool,
Crawl snails and sea stars as well,
Each working away at their own amazing niche,
Some secrets the ocean will never tell.

As we move on in time,
And advance in technology,
A single person stands on a shore,
Dedicated to discovering about life,
the study called ecology.
Emma Hill, Year 8

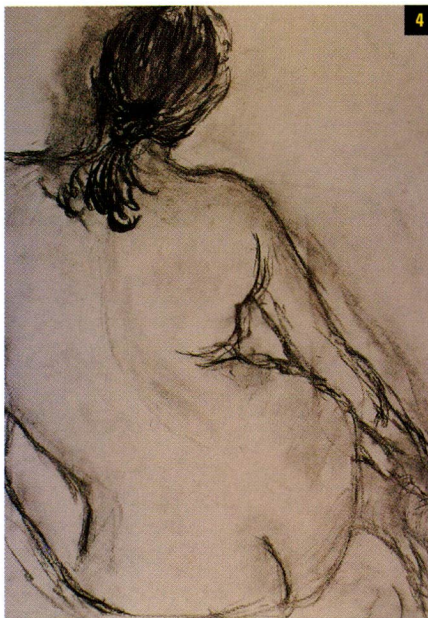
PLANETS

Distant, massive
Spinning, whirling, twirling
Forever out of reach
Stars.
Olivia Finlayson, Year 7

WHERE ARE THE HEROES?

Are there heroes, if so where?
Who are the heroes, if so why?

Starvation kills children slowly each day
Where are the heroes?
People die for their right to have a say
Are they heroes?
Men slaughter each other in petty wars
Who are the heroes?



Humans kill animals without a cause
Surely they are not heroes?

Diseases maim and kill those who can't fight
Where are the heroes?
People torture others and strip them of rights
Are they heroes?
People kill others to stop them killing
Who are the heroes?
Men murder because they think it is thrilling
Surely they are not heroes?

Are there heroes, if so where?
Who are the heroes, if so why?
Philippa Henty, Year 8



REX

Hello, down there, yes up here, I'm Rex the King Tyrant Lizard or more commonly known to you as Tyrannosaurus Rex, at least I used to be.

Now I'm just a pile of old bones pieced together and displayed in this modern, featureless museum.

My, how the world has changed since my era, the Cretaceous era.

You see a long time ago the world was a very different place, where dinosaurs lived and roamed the earth.

In this particular era the climate was beginning to cool, and for the first time climates varied throughout the world.

Forests of modern plants were beginning to develop and the Cretaceous era saw thick woods and forests of willows, oaks, maples, hickory and many other trees that still exist to this very day.

I stood a huge 16 feet above the trees and the endless food chain, which made me the most fearsome carnivore of the era.

Unfortunately I had to share the forest with other dinosaurs, which didn't suit me well, but provided enough food options for a lifetime.

Speaking of lifetimes, I still have many happy memories of my own life and how I spent it. The greatest memory of my time was when I travelled to the end of the Cretaceous forest in search of Plesiosaurus Lake.

It all began when I awoke one morning feeling extremely hungry and thirsty.

I decided to find food and water beyond the forest so I lifted myself up using my small clawed hands and let off in the direction of east.

My food consisted of hadrosaurs, carcasses and

4. Sarah Hill, Year 10
5. Olivia Breheny, Year 9

CREATIVE WORKS

other dinosaurs and I located my prey by sound, scent, movement and sight because my eyes gave a three dimensional view past my nose. Suddenly I spotted a hadrosaur in the distance and my instincts took over. The mincing steps I usually took at 5 kilometres per hour increased to an immense speed of 30 kilometres per hour, but the hadrosaur was determined to fight for survival. It charged towards me at full speed, but the impact of my 6 tonne body weight crashed into the flank of the helpless hadrosaur and it fell painfully to the ground. With my muscular jaws and saw edged teeth I consumed the hadrosaur quickly and savagely, holding it down with my large clawed foot and killing it with great bites and slashes. When I had finished devouring my prey I moved slowly through the forest at my usual pace of 5 kilometres per hour in search of water. At this point in time my sturdy hips were shaking with tiredness so I lay down on my

smooth underbelly and drifted slowly back to the Jurassic era. Suddenly I heard a loud thumping noise in the distance, but it didn't bother me so I continued on my way. Gradually the noise grew louder and a stampede of raptors ran swiftly past me. Just for fun I plucked one out of the pack between my teeth and killed it with fast shaking movements. I could briefly make out a hill in the distance so I kept prowling. The climb was exhausting, but I had made it. Suddenly a dark shadow loomed across the land and before I knew it the Cretaceous era had come to an end. Over 700 million years later I was unearthed and examined by a team of palaeontologists discovered in 1902, who said I was extinct or something like that. Unfortunately not all of the bones in my tail were discovered and since then, there has been much argument about my total length. It seems so far away now, yet I can remember every plant and animal that existed on the land. Well that just about covers it for now and my bones are old and tired, but I am finally at peace with the humans and here I will stay forever and ever.

Lisa Bailey, Year 8

STICKS AND STONES

The mud covering my scrawny legs has dried, and is starting to crack. The sun is draining my body of moisture, and my throat is dry. My left eye has swelled shut, because I haven't put ice to it yet. I was in a fight today at school, and my Pa would be very angry if he knew that I'd been in another fight, so I must wait here until my Ma arrives home from work before I can venture home. Sometimes, the kids at school tease me and steal my lunch money, and sometimes, some of them push me around, and I have to fight back. They pushed me into the mud today, and now I'm recovering in the sun. I'm sitting on a dock by the river, down near our house. This is where I like to come when I have to think, either that, or when I have to hide. I haven't yet decided if I'm thinking or hiding today, perhaps it's both. Pa takes care of my brothers and me during the day, because Ma works at the hospital. Ma is very committed to her work. She does nine-hour shifts, six days a week, and the four of us, the children, that is, savour the time we have with her. Ma says she encounters all sorts of diseases, and she never says 'you', always 'we'. She comes home from work and asks me; How are we feeling today? That's how the nurses speak, you know. Ma always listens to me when I have problems, especially when I get into fights at school. The teachers at school say one of the best qualities a person can have is to be a good listener. My Ma must be the best person I know, then. I feel a cool breeze blow across the river, and I know that it will rain soon. I think I'll stay here for a while longer anyway.

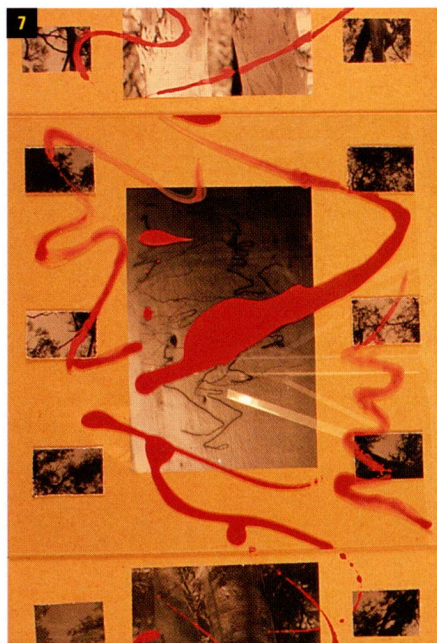
Tiny droplets of rain have started to fall on the dried mud that covers my body, and dark, slimy patches are forming. I can imagine being a warrior princess, with war paint covering my face, ready for battle. I would be prepared when Christina and Joanna and Jessica pushed me, and I could stand up to them, and defend my family, and I wouldn't be a coward like I was today. When they came to me in the schoolyard and asked for my lunch money, I could say no, and they would walk away. They would just walk away, and the fighting would stop. When they teased me about my problems, and about my family, I could defend myself, and soon they would be frightened of

me. I'm not a warrior princess, though, and the war paint on my face is only mud. Tomorrow at school, the kids will tease me again – and again, I will be a coward. The mud drips off my face, fused with the rain, and my skin feels relieved from the heat of the sun. Although I am soaking wet, I'm no longer covered in mud. The air is cold on my drenched body and I'm all alone. Being alone means that there is no one to tease me, so I like being alone. Today, no one at school would talk to me, and when I sat down with my friends at lunchtime, they stood up and walked away. Usually, when they walk away, that means that no one will steal my lunch money, but not today. I had to spend lunchtime hiding in the playground with no lunch. I had to hide because I can't tell the teachers when they steal my money – everyone would call me a "tattle-tale" and they would tease me. They'll stop stealing my money soon, and I won't have to hide. I'm sure of it. My eye is throbbing from earlier on, and the wind has a sharp painful tinge on my skin, where it was cut in the fight. When I go home later tonight, Ma will dress the cut and put ice to my eye for me. She will make me feel safe, hidden away from the kids at school. She will hide me from their teasing. She will hide me from the way that the kids stare at me. Ma is the only person in the world I feel safe with. She tells me that, with time, they will stop teasing me. I wonder how long time is? The river is rough now with the wind, and ripples are forming on the surface of the water. I'm so cold that my skin has turned blue, and I'm shivering to keep warm. My youngest brother, Michael, will be home from school now, and probably telling Pa all about my fight at school. I suppose there isn't any harm in going home, then, and besides, I'm too cold to sit on this dock until he goes to bed. The weather is worse now than any punishment I might face at home, and I am tired. I skim a rock across the water and watch it bounce one, two, three, four It leaves rings on the river, and the rock finally sinks into the water. If I'm lucky, they might stop bullying me at school. If I'm lucky, I'll be brave and stand up to them, and I won't be a coward. I've never been lucky before.

Kate Johnson, Year 12

THE DISH THAT RAN AWAY WITH THE FORK

She breathed a sigh that was mingled with anticipation and regret. His keys jangled as he opened the door. He was late. Again. As he stumbled through their front door, his head was down and his tail was between his legs. He knew. In the bowl on top of the table, a solitary goldfish circled. It looped between the elodia weed, rising to the surface then effortlessly gliding down to the fluoro gravel that lined its tank. Bubbles echoed up from the silent pump. The goldfish was unaware of being watched, instead staring mindlessly into the rounded emptiness. After all, its options were fairly limited. Moving across the lounge room, he flung his briefcase onto the chaise-longue, sending magazines sprawling onto the plush woollen lawn of their apartment. He pulled up a



stool and sat down at the cold marble bench. Adorned with fried egg and dried soup, the stove suddenly rattled. The kettle had boiled. Shafts of steam shot forth from its mouth. She crossed the room, picked up the kettle and turned off the gas. Selecting a navy cup from the rack, she grabbed a chamomile teabag and poured the water, while he looked on, expressionless. Perfume hung heavily in the air. It was not hers. The silver clock tick-tocked across the room. Below it, empty coffee mugs and wine glasses and half-drunk cups of tea littered the bench top and the sink. Foam frothed and burst as the washing water cooled and disintegrated, to reveal dirty dishes and spoons. Jumbled jars of assorted herbs and spices lined the bench in a disorderly manner.

She sipped her tea and sensed his unease with considerable satisfaction. He sat, his arms cradling his troubled head, his eyes gazing forward into nothing. Across the street, a car swerved as a cat zigzagged across the rain-soaked road.

He turned, got off the stool and moved towards his briefcase. She leaned heavily against the bench. The tap dripped. Droplets of lukewarm water spilled across the bench-top. She stiffened and bit her reddened lip.

His briefcase clicked open. Extracting a series of beige papers, he looked up and caught her gaze. In a clinical fashion, he observed that she was still attractive. He picked up the newspaper, and knew she was no fool. 'So ... why?'

He hesitated, diverting his eyes to the incomplete cryptic crossword.

'What's in-between hedonistic advantages?' She chewed her cheek and smirked.

'Cad.'

Sitting down opposite him, she noticed a ladder in her stockings. She leaned forward and fixed the magazines into an orderly stack. His breath was stale from alcohol, his shirt dark with perspiration. Their glances clashed. She exhaled.

'Well?'

He threw a sideways glance in her direction, hoping this time to avoid eye contact. He was caught. Narrowed eyes fixed his gaze, forbidding him to look away. He noticed her whitened knuckles and was afraid.

He followed her hand movements as she crouched down, nimbly re-buckled her shoe, pivoted, then strode towards the table.

Grasping the fishbowl in both hands, she paused, then calmly dropped it onto the kitchen floor where it shattered into fragments. Glass. Gravel. Weed. Fish.

She picked up her handbag, reached for her coat, and walked straight out the door.

He watched her disappear down the stairs, her footsteps bouncing off the concrete walls. The goldfish flipped and squirmed, gasping for air.

Rebecca Colman, Year 12

FLOR DE MAR?

Dear Helen,
21/07/99

As promised, here is the first of seven postcards, one for each day of our holiday in paradise. Whilst you, my darling sister, housesit my

dishwasher, my washing machine, my fridge with the kids' grubby fingerprints and my washing line with the cracking paint and the pegs that Katie and Bobby throw at each other, I will be painting this Spanish island red. As you can see from the photo, the airport on this island is rather small. We actually had a bit of trouble getting here. The international airport at Madrid was undergoing renovations and the only remaining terminal was a mess. We had a choice of circling for five hours and hoping our fuel didn't run out or clambering through the area under construction. We chose the latter and were forced to sign legal documents that promised we wouldn't sue if beams were dropped on our heads, or if we fell through the floor, or tripped and had a nail plunge through an eye. We did survive, only to wait for two hours for our connecting plane, which, when in the air, managed to dislodge three fillings, loosen a toupee and turn Alex a rather nasty shade of green, all due to the turbulent ride. However, we're here now and first thing tomorrow, the whole family will be hitting the beach. Yours on cloud nine, Amanda.

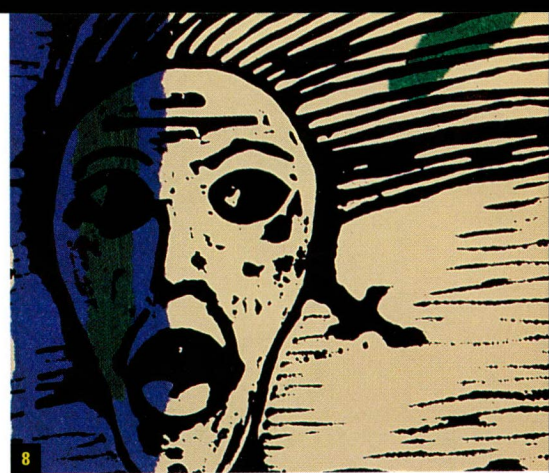
Dear Helen,
22/07/99

Absolutely no sign of shimmering blue bays. Instead of the picturesque locations on this postcard, we found nothing but bays of decomposing sewage. The water, and I use that term lightly, murky gloop would probably be better, had bobbing tin cans, stray pieces of unmentionable, blood-sucking leeches, decaying animals corpses and cracked pottery posing as coral. Back in Australia we'd all had to endure the indignity of vaccinations. We'd had to sit for 77 minutes in the waiting room surrounded by wheezing, sneezing, coughing, gasping patients while we counted down until the doctor propelled colossal, piercing needles into our innocent flesh. As you can imagine, this was no fun but now I fully appreciate it. After one look, we opted for the hotel swimming pool instead.

Love Amanda

Dear Helen,
23/07/99

One of the reasons I chose a Spanish island, instead of an Australian island was for the kids. I wanted them to appreciate language and cultural differences. I'm trying my best to be a good mum, but what we've ended up with has been rude taxi drivers, insolent maids, uncouth shopkeepers, vulgar beggars and a disrespectful hotel manager who takes delight in our struggles. Every single islander refuses to speak English and the Spanish phrasebook we picked up at Tullamarine, 5 minutes before boarding, just doesn't suffice. Have you ever tried buying a gorgeous Spanish scarf when all you receive is giggles, pointing fingers and blank stares? After ordering dinner, which was another great toil, equal in size to swimming the Sahara, we tried to enjoy a little entertainment. This postcard promotes feisty flamenco dancers with fabulous costumes and intricately choreographed dance moves. In my opinion, one transvestite, with a botched operation, hairy back, chipped hot pink nail polish and a toothless smile, does



8. Emily Crisafi, Year 8

not a flamenco dancer make.
Love Amanda

Dear Helen,
24/07/99

I'm writing this hiding in an old disused bus that only has two wheels. Instead of the friendly chess-playing locals, as depicted on this postcard, the citizens of this rotten island are Spain's answer to the Casa Nostra. Smarmy Latinos in cheap suits with cheap aftershave, cheap haircuts and cheap shades are everywhere, but I didn't think anything of it until today. About half an hour ago, Alex and I were on a romantic walk when we heard a loud bang. Naïve little Amanda thought it was just a car backfiring but big brave Alex decided there was danger and jumped onto me to protect me with his body. We both lay in the dust for a while, stunned and gasping for breath. I was slowly inspecting my body for bruises when there was another shot. Alex suddenly recovered and tried to pick me up off the ground and carry me to safety. Apparently he isn't quite as strong as he used to be and we both crumpled into the dust for a little while longer. Alex massaged his back and I continued bruise inspection when the third shot rang out and a woman started wailing. We leapt to our feet and ran to this old bus. I can't quite decide whether I'd prefer to be shot to death or eaten alive by several dozen menacing spiders that inch closer and closer as I sit here.

Love Amanda

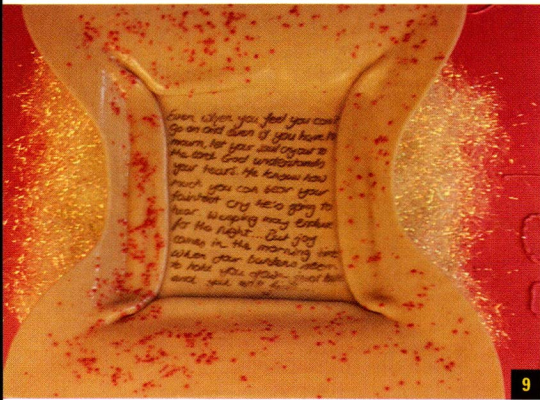
P.S. Whilst peering out a dusty window, covered in cob-webs, to see if it was safe to come out, I think I spotted the one and only Skasey, with Pixie. They just strolled out of a barn, with their arms round each other. I'm no doctor, but from a distance his lungs certainly seem to be supplying his body with plenty of oxygen, that is, if the heavy breathing that fogged up the barn window is anything to go by.

Dear Helen,
25/07/99

After recovering from the shock of a spider crawling over my skull and down into my shirt yesterday when we were in the bus, we explored the Crusaders' Castle. I wanted to get a feel of the cultural history of the island but I should have guessed things wouldn't go quite to plan. Innocently we paid a good chunk of our fast-depleting money for a tour. The castle could only be described as a renovator's dream. The crumbling, dilapidated building was, at best, structurally unsound and needed both an architect and a builder. Furthermore, we spent the whole time sucking our nostrils closed. The tour guide smelt



CREATIVE WORKS



9. Merowyn Olaver, Year 12
10. Sarah Kelly, Year 8

'something chronic' as Katie would say, who had quickly decided he probably hadn't showered since the end of the Spanish Civil War. He hadn't washed, he hadn't brushed his hair, he hadn't shaved and his bloodshot eyes kept savouring every inch of my daughter's innocent body. For the first time in five days, I believe I've found an instance where the brochure told the truth, this decrepit structure was definitely untouched by time.
Amanda

Helen,
26/07/99

I really haven't learnt. After the castle incident yesterday, we fulfilled our promise to Bobby. He really wanted to see the bulls; so see the bulls we did. There was a traditional bullfight in the village square. The area was cordoned off and screaming Spanish fans cheered. Everything was fine, (quite a change), until a one-eyed beggar stole Alex's camera and wallet. Still embarrassed from not being able to save me near the bus the other day, Alex set off in hot pursuit of the thief, dodging family picnics, couples making-out and a women lying on the cracked cobblestones in labour. Alex, our hero, attempted a launching dive in an effort to emulate Bond, James Bond. You probably guessed it, it wasn't successful, but I am told it was spectacular. Apparently he tripped on a loose stone and was jostled under the rope into the bullring. He lay there bleeding whilst the bulls snorted, stamped and prepared to smash each other into smithereens. Suddenly, they were distracted from their intents by a snivelling man with a sunburnt, peeling face and dusty, bloodstained clothes. To cut a long story short, there were only minor injuries and he'll be released from hospital tomorrow morning.
Amanda

Helen,
27/07/99

Too weary to explain. Pick us up at the airport.
Amanda
P.S. I miss my grubby whitegoods.
Sarah Cleghorn, Year 12

FATHER AND SON

Gordon sat tensely at the foot of the stairs eagerly watching the door. It was a sunny spring Sunday morning, perfect for fishing. Gordon's parents were divorced and he

rarely got to spend any time with his father. That's why these fishing trips they shared about four times a year meant so much to him. The last two times his Dad had called ten minutes before they were supposed to leave. Gordon looked at his grandfather's ancient old cuckoo clock which was poking out of the wall next to the door. It was ten past ten. 'He's going to make it,' Gordon reassured himself, 'he's ten minutes late and he hasn't called. He's going to make it.' His mother walked past and looked at her ten year old son's hopeful face. 'Poor kid,' she thought. 'Please don't let him down Gary, not again.' But the clock kept ticking and Gordon was still sitting. It was twenty past ten when she passed again. She looked at Gordon and frowned, 'Do you want a drink honey?' she asked trying to change her frown into some sort of positive, less pitiful expression. 'No thanks Mum, Dad will be here any minute,' he replied glancing towards the clock. She said nothing and gave him a forced smile and went into the kitchen. Gordon sat and watched as the clock continued to tick. He looked up at the old wooden, house shaped clock and became hypnotised by the second hand's slow even ticks. The clock was a dark burgundy wood of some kind and was always covered in dust even after it had been cleaned. It had two small doors above a hand painted cream porcelain face with black numbers and silver hands. The doors had small patterns engraved in it that had worn off so they were indistinct. He had never seen the cuckoo though because it was broken and hadn't appeared in ten years. It was only a small clock that was in the shape of a small house. They had had it forever. It used to be his grandfather's but it had been passed down to his father and then to him. He wasn't sure how long or far back the chain was though. As he sat and stared at the clock he remembered when his father had given it to him. He was seven and his father was moving out. They had cleaned it carefully together, not forgetting to check the corners. They had worked in silence pretending to be concentrating on the job at hand, until Gordon carelessly let one of his tears drop onto the doors of the clock. His father's comforting words still echoed in his mind, 'Don't worry Gord, we will still see each other all the time. I promise!' He had even crossed his heart. He did keep up the promise for the first year or so, but then seemed to drift away out of Gordon's reach. Gordon woke up from his daze to the sound of ticking and checked the time again. It was twenty past eleven, another hour had passed him by but it seemed like three. He sat still, eyes fixed on the clock. The sound of a car was drawing closer to the house, Gordon gazed at the door as he listened carefully, but the car didn't slow down and just kept on going. Gordon's gaze dropped to the floor along with his spirit as he sat frozen as a statue listening to the rhythmic ticking from the clock on the wall. It was now one minute to twelve. Gordon's eyes grew hot and a familiar lump came to his throat. He tried to swallow but nothing could stop his disappointed tears as they helplessly

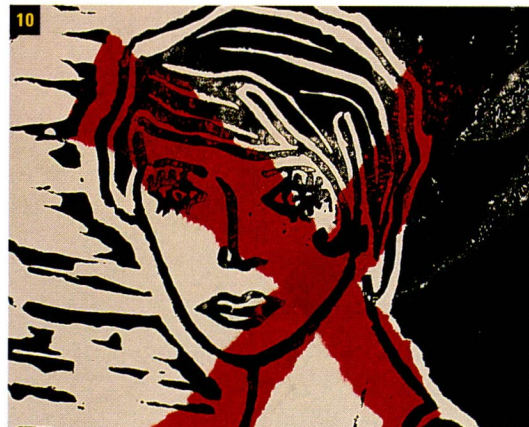
burnt their way down his cheeks and dripped off his chin. Suddenly the doors of the wooden house flung open and a gorgeous little yellow feathered bird popped out whistling 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' as a shiny black car pulled in the driveway and his father walked in the door with two fishing rods. 'Sorry I'm late Gord but I had to pick up the rods,' he said casually, 'hope I didn't make you worried son.' 'No, no,' replied Gordon with a fantastic grin spread from ear to ear, 'I knew all along that you would make it.'
Sarah Prior, Year 11

THE BEWILDERED SOLDIER

Up goes the trumpets bang goes the drums,
A brave young boy goes to war.
A hero in his siblings minds
A hope in his parents' heart.

During the months the bravery drifts away
It turns into deep black clouds.
No happiness rains down.
No prayer makes the water of peace come.

They all have guns.
They all have wounds.



They're all in shock.
They're all alone.

I try to lie down,
I try to breathe,
I can't break the silence,
I pray.
It's eating up my feelings,
It's eating up the men,
It's breaking these precious hearts.
It's war.
It's deep heart wrenching thundery war.

I was born in Australia
And I want to die at home

Maybe if I just blink
The tears will go away.

Alice Bamford, Year 6
Very Highly Commended, Dorothea
Mackellar Competition

CHROMOSOME 21

*The seedling sprouted out of its hard coating,
growing towards the bright sunlight.
Through the thick dirt it clambered, until it
could see the sun at last. Toward the sun, it
thought, toward the sun.*

She was born on a Tuesday. Two months early they said, in a hurry they said. I guess they didn't know, how could they have known? A genetic disorder, they said. Down Syndrome. What would they know? *The sapling's newly formed leaves rustled in the wind. Bright green leaves, with freshly formed dew collecting in the rivets. The sun shone through the cloudy sky, shedding light on the small sapling. It was a strange tree, really. It was slightly ringbarked, and its leaves were almost transparent. I suppose it had a disease, born with it I guess, but I'm no tree doctor. Yet, although it was ill, it grew strong and tall, uninhabited by nature. A gust of wind blew, and a leaf came tumbling toward the ground, spiralling downward to rest.* On her sixth birth day she learnt to walk. By her tenth she could talk. She grew, like a normal person, yet so slowly. How could I handle her? By her twelfth birthday she was impossible. She still wet her pants and she depended on me for everything. She can go somewhere else to be cared for, they said. So she went.

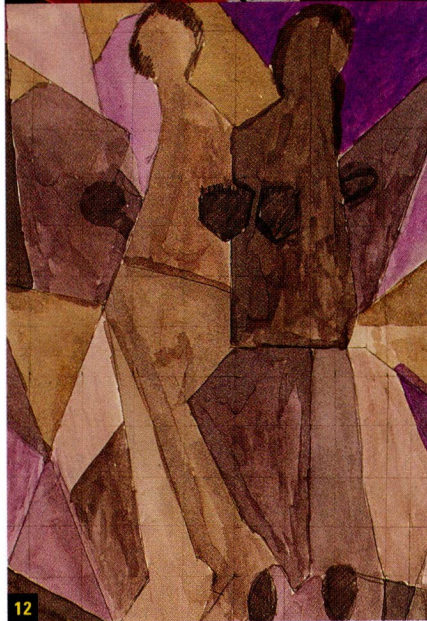
The rain fell, and then came the snow. A cold, icy breeze swept through the tree's bare branches. On the ground, a thick layer of snow covered all green and any signs of life. The landscape appeared bright yet barren and lacking of life. A place of great cruelty, yet the little tree grew upwards, never disturbed or concerned with the external environment, but instead, lived internally ...

I visited four times a year. Any more than that would be bad for us, make us mentally unstable, they said. So she stayed there, in a small room, and she grew up. The room was dark and tiny. Pale brown and green curtains hung from the windows, and a matching brown doona lay on her cast iron bed. The room was cold in winter, and hot in summer, but she didn't notice, they said. When I came she hardly responded, like she had forgotten me. In fact she didn't respond to anything much. She lived in her own world. It's normal, they told me. How could she remember anyone, when she doesn't even know how to talk properly? I don't know ...

Bright red and pink flowers grew around the base of the tree, in the small suburban backyard. A small tin shed stood in the back corner of the yard, covered with thick, green ivy. The ivy strangled the shed, it could hardly stand up under the weight of it, yet there it stood. The air smelled of freshly cut lawn, of fresh summer barbecues and of ice cream. The screams and cries of young children playing in the neighbourhood could be heard as the wind rustled the bright green leaves of the tree.

I came to visit her before I left. She just stared out the window, didn't even notice me. She looked outside, to the sun and the garden, and watched the children playing across the road. A shiver shot down my spine, as I glanced around the cold, dark room. Maybe I could take her outside, I suggested. Better not to, they said. I told her I was leaving, she didn't even take note. How could I communicate with her icy glare? Better just to forget.

It was the summer of '68 when the tree began to droop. The originally transparent



11. Alia Turnidge, Year 12

12. Claire Horan, Year 7

leaves burned brown, and withered in the sun. It just ran out of water, no matter how many times we placed the hose to its roots. The tree slowly withered, shrinking away from life itself. Young birds still perched in its branches, and sung their sweet tunes, yet the tree continued to wither.

I didn't visit her for ages. She was doing fine, they said. I guess I should have visited, but it was so difficult to travel that far just to see her. Why would I want to do that? She never even noticed I was there anyway. My life continued, and I forgot. It really was easier to forget. One day, years later, I decided I would visit. I travelled across the country, in my small car. Passing through small, dusty country towns, towards the city. *Rain belted down onto the dry, parched ground. The ground soaked up the water, until it could soak up no more. Small puddles began to form on the ground, around the roots of the tall tree. The branches of the tree were dry and brittle. Dead. Small insects burrowed into the trunk of the tree, taking refuge from the rain. Life continued.* She was gone.

Jess Dakis, Year 11

First Prize, Isobelle Carmody Creative Writing Award 1999

Reviewed: B. Dickins, 10/8/99

This has the originality and sweet sombreness of a fairy tale. The feeling for the majesty of nature juxtaposed against the source of a sick child's fate is truly compelling.

Heartbreak comes so easily to this gifted author: heartbreak and such sweet and honest sorrow. The portrait of the sick girl gazing out of her bedroom window at merry children at play is beautifully and elegantly written. I hope this brilliant and upsetting tale can be faithfully expanded – should be a novella, in my view.

IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES

Glasgow in 1940: a city hard-hit by the effects of the war. The contribution of nearby Clydebank to the British war effort, with its shipyards and munitions factory, made Glasgow an important target for the German bombers.

Life in Glasgow's east end had always been a struggle. The crowded tenements housed thousands of unemployed men and their hungry families, and hungry families without their unemployed men. Children entertained themselves noisily in the back courts, while frustrated mothers tried hard to keep their families fed and clothed. The cramped living conditions lacked privacy and basic hygiene. There was nowhere to escape to.

This is the story of George and Eddie. In the year 1940, soon after 'just another air-raid', they escaped ...

...We was hurried down tae the end of Beechgrove Street, Bridgeton, where we lived. Me an' Eddie had been playin' football when the siren went off and people went tae the shelter in the power station at the end of the street, taking us with 'em. We was always having tae go there. It got crowded. Boring as well, but this time was better than others – we got bombed! The shelter wobbled, but nothing fell down – except for outside. When Maw let us oot, the station had nearly all gone, and there was bomb-bits all over the place. We raced tae see who could get the biggest pile. Ah beat Eddie, cos he were only five, but Norrie, who's bigger 'n me, he won the race.

Maw called us in when we were all still looking for bomb-bits, and Ah won the race tae the top of the close, but Maw just handed us a bundle tied up wi' string and marched us right back doon. Norrie an' Mirren an' Bessie an' Jimmy were bein' marched by their Maw's tae, and they wouldnae let us race tae the corner – that's how come we knew something was up. We marched all the way tae the Central Station in town, meeting more an' more marchin' bairns on the way. Maw didnae say much, just "Mind yeselwe, noo – be good lads willya?" Me an' Eddie thought she'd gone mad. The man handing oot gas masks in cardboard boxes on strings we thought was mad tae, and the fat lady wi' the apron on that gave us sweets in a wee parcel was definitely an' wi'oot a question aff 'er nut! Eddie's mug was shinin', but Ah was baffled.

The train ran through Glasgow and intae the country. It stopped next tae a wee station what said Moffat, Dumfriesshire. Ah could read that oot tae Eddie cos Ah was eight and big enough tae read things tae little brothers

CREATIVE WORKS



13. Lisa Bailey, Year 8

who weren't big enough yet. Ah didnae really know where we was anyway. Eddie, who was only five, still a wean who didnae know any better, starting 'choo-chooing' for the train tae move again. We was made tae sit on the platform with lots more bairns we didnae know. Eddie was feart and started greetin'. Cos he was a sad wee laddie with the face of a cherub, the lady what was in charge took his hand and called out, "I'm going to take this one." But "Noo," Ah told her boldly, "He's mah wee broother an' Ah'm tae look efter 'im."

Her name was Mrs. Alexander, and she held oor hands as she walked us tae her home. The town was Moffat and there was lots of sheep and ducks. We walked past a big pond and up a green hill. Hills in Bridgeton was grey. Behind a big tree there was a big house. Me an' Eddie reckoned it must be a palace for the King on his holidays, cos there was a garden and the garden had a horse in it. Mrs. Alexander reckoned we was a laugh and she walked us through the gate. We'd never seen proper dogs before. The dogs 'round Bridgeton were skinny an' mangley things, Maw telt us not tae go near, but we didnae wantae anyway. Mrs. Alexander telt us they were Spaniels. They charged at us with their flappy ears when we came in the gate. Eddie looked feart cos he didnae know what these creatures was what was jumping all over him cos he was tae wee tae know. Ah knew what they were, but they was a wonderment, even tae me. This must surely be a palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander had nae bairns of their own, so we was treated real nice. They took us driving in their motors 'round the countryside. We didnae know anyone who had a motor, and here was the Alexanders with two! Ah liked the Daimler, but Eddie liked th' Rover better. They took us oot in both. The spaniels followed us everywhere. They chased after the mice from the plague in the barn (wee brown mice they was!), and they yapped 'round the sheep in the fields. There was more animals in Moffat that me an' Eddie had ever seen before and it was a very green place. Ah joined intae Cubs and we went exploring 'round the town. Moffat Academy was very different from mah Strathclyde School in Glasgow. Ah won a sweetie cos Ah could spell the word 'fruiterer' and naeb'dy else could.

All the other bairns what we'd been brung tae Moffat with didnae have the fortunes of me an' Eddie. They all were staying an an auld and empty castle what they reckoned was haunted by mysterious ghosts of the olden days, and the wee ones was feart tae sleep most of the time. Many of that lot went back tae Glasgow where it seemed nae danger was tae come. Me an' Eddie stayed on.

Mrs. Alexander gave us two rules for staying with her. Number wan: don't climb on the ram statue in the town centre. Number Two: don't venture tae the pond without a grown-up. The view from the top of the big ram statue was great. You could see doon intae the valley, and past the pond with all the ducks, then up again tae oor house. Eddie wasnae allowed up cos he were only five and if he fell it'd be mah skin, so Ah jist called out what I saw tae him and he kept a look-out. Chasing the ducks 'round the pond was great fun, me an' Eddie liked tae dae that. One night, jist before bed-time, I fell intae the pond, but was feart tae tell in case I got intae trouble, so Ah went tae bed with mah wet clothes on. Me an' Eddie had a bed each at the Alexanders'. In Bridgeton, me an' Eddie an' Maw and Da' all shared a bed and oor house only had two rooms. In Moffat, we slept in the part of the house with Jean and Jennie, who was the maids. Sometimes Eddie would wantae sleep with me in mah bed, cos he were only wee and sometimes missed Maw and Da'. When Eddie got homesick, Jean and Jennie would let him bang the dinner gong and he cheered up right enough. Maw came tae visit us twice. She pretended like she missed us, but Ah knew she jist wanted Mrs. Alexander tae give her clothes and sympathy cos she'd jist got a new wean and had nae money. Jean and Jennie an' Mrs. Alexander didnae belt us like Maw did, that's how come we liked them so much. At Christmas time, we was given presents. We'd never got anything fae Christmas before because we were poverty-stricken and ungrateful. That's what Maw said anyway. The snow in Moffat Christmas was white and soft. It stayed on the ground a long while. In Bridgeton, the snow was grey and turned tae slush right away. We could make snowballs and snowmen out of Moffat snow. We played in the snow nextae the little river Clyde, which Jennie said turned intae the big Clyde in Glasgow, where Brown was, but me and Eddie didnae believe her, cos this river was only a stream an' the Clyde was bigger. If Jennie was being true, we could follow that stream intae Glasgow where there were bombs an' sirens an' munitions an' mangley dogs an' brown trees an' asphalt an' slushy grey snow. Me an' Eddie didnae believe that. We didnae want tae believe that. We didnae like it or belong tae it any more. Moffat, where we was for eighteen months, with its birds an' spaniels an' motors an' ducks an' sheep an' green hills an' white snow, was oor hame now, and we loved it more n' anything. "It was the happiest time of my life and I wish to Christ my parents had left me there."

Fiona Finlayson, Year 12

NORTHERN LIGHTS

It's beautiful, so bright and colourful, like

someone splattered paint in the sky. That's why I love the Northern Lights. Its scientific name is the Aurora, I like it because it sounds mystical. I love the Yukon. You'd think it would be really lonely but the Inuit are nice. Some people are scared of the wolves, some think that they are evil demons, but their howling comforts me at night. The Inuit worship the wolf spirit and so do I. They are graceful and mysterious, I wish I could paint one, not just the body that's easy enough, but I want to be able to include the joy of being free and wild, the spirit. I'm tired and the Aurora has vanished so I'll go to bed and let the wolves sing me to sleep. In the morning as I wake up I see a dream catcher hanging above the doorway that wasn't there before. On the face of the dream catcher is the face of a wolf. I go out and ask if anyone put it there but no one knows that I'm talking about. The shaman says it is a gift from the gods. I go out that morning to try and see a wolf but I don't. While I'm gazing up at the Northern Lights I hear a low howl like the sighing wind. The stars seem to form a pair of glowing eyes looking down at me. The howls get louder until I hear what sounds like words being spoken. "So you want to know what it feels like to be a wolf. I will grant you that but you must promise to always treasure and honour the wolves."

"I don't understand, what are you talking about?"

"You said you wanted to know how you could express the wolf spirit so what better way for you to do so than to become a wolf yourself?"

"Thank you. I don't know what to say."
"You're welcome."

The eyes disappear and so does the howling. "What does he mean he'll turn me into a wolf?" I look down and see that the ground is close to my nose. Everything is in black and white, and I'm all furry. 'I'm a wolf!' It's amazing I open my mouth to say thank you and a yelp escapes; I'm astonished. I don't know what to do! I can't go back to the camp because I'm a wolf and I can't go and live with the other wolves because I don't know how to act. What if I accidentally went into another wolf's territory? I guess I'll just wander around for a while. It's so neat, I'm trotting. I've never trotted before except once but that was when I was riding a horse so it doesn't really count. It's so strange that everything is black and white when I know that the trees should be green. I surprise myself by trotting over to a tree and sniffing it. I can smell the scent of another wolf and I steer clear of that area. I'm starting to feel a bit hungry so I sniff the air to see if I can smell anything interesting. I get the faint smell of a snow hare and I trot swiftly over but the hare sees me and darts into her hole. I'm wandering around looking at the trees when I get a whiff of deer, oh! It smells so good. The wind is blowing in my direction so I figure that the deer won't be able to smell me. I weave my way through the trees to where I can see the deer. She puts her head down to chomp off another clump of grass and that's when I strike. Her head shoots up and she runs as fast as she

can but I'm faster. Then it's over and I'm full; so I've found a tree and curled up and gone to sleep. In my dream the wolf spirit tells me that I did well on my first day as a wolf and asks me whether I want to stay as a wolf or if I want to go back to being a human. I tell him that I don't want to be a human again, there is nothing in my life that I want to go back to. I would rather be a wolf for the rest of my life, but I needed to know the rules and where to hunt and where to sleep. I'm happy as a wolf. When I wake up the next morning I trot off into the forest to start my new life.

There is an old Inuit legend that says a woman came to their village to paint the spirit of the wolf. She called the wolf spirit to help her and he turned her into a wolf. She was never seen again. When the hunters are out hunting they say they see a lone wolf wandering through the woods and say it's her, but no-one really knows.

Sarah Lyons, Year 9

THE FAMILY ALBUM

Grandma's House

I thought my Grandma would always be there. She was there when I was born, for my first birthday, my first tooth lost, every Christmas, and anything and everything in between. My father's parents died before I was born so she was my one and only Grandma. She had always been an independent woman and when she had the stroke, it destroyed her soul. And in time she died.

Granny opened the fly wire screen, tottering out in her blue dress with her latest new knitted shawl around her shoulders. "Ooh haven't you grown Carol, Wen, Catherine, I'll have to measure you on the wall. I bet you've grown an inch. Did you buy McDonalds on the way up?"

"Do you want some granny?"

"Ooh no, I shan't," she said as she reached into the paper bag, "I'll have some chips, that'll do me fine dear."

'Can you open the gate love,' Mum softly spoke as she studied my face. I slowly walked up to the old iron gate that Mum used to be able to climb through when she was little. I tried to untangle the web of pale pink wool that I had used to hold the two gates together at my last visit.

"Go fetch some nice wool from my sewing cabinet, the one with Humphrey Bogart sitting on top of it," Granny cheerfully yelled from the big white chair with her knitted shawl over her shoulders. "Do I have pink? I think a pink scarf would go well with yellow Ted's pink dress I made for her last time."

I couldn't untangle it so in a huff I viciously broke it in half and opened the gates. We drove around the old washing line out the back. The familiar sound of the lush green lawn under the tyres sparked up lost memories. The house seemed desolate without her, a bit like the way I was feeling. My brother and I were silent, I don't know why. Maybe it was out of respect, shock or just plain sadness and nothing to say. Although everything was still there, so much had gone.

*"Tra la la la la, happy as can be,
All good pals we're jolly good company,
Never mind the weather, never mind the rain,*

Now we're altogether ... whoops she goes again."

Where was that voice of pure cheer? The stories only she could tell? The comfort and warmth that only Granny could give?

I walked outside, up the concrete path, where I used to drown ants, then bring them back to life with salt. I walked past the old piece of round cement which my bother and I would stand on and travel to other worlds. I peered into the shed window while I felt under the frame for the key. It looked exactly the same. Granny used to get teary when my brother would come inside from the shed with a pair of glasses, oblivious to the fact that they were grandpa's, who'd passed away years before. The smell of stale air, oil and sawdust not only filled my nostrils but also my mind with old memories of a perfect childhood at my Grandma's house.

I had dreaded coming up here to pack up her belongings, her life. But as I sorted through her clothes, books, china, letters, jewellery and photographs, I learnt a great deal more about her than any pen could write or words could speak. Each fork had fingerprints left from forgotten dinners, each piece of clothing had an occasion behind it. I just wish she hadn't left so soon, and had been there to tell me.

Catherine Fogarty, Year 10

BIG, BAD, POLICE DAD

He pulls the dented, off white bomb-on wheels Into the driveway out the front.

The car door slams.

The front door opens.

She hears him

Wipe his shoes on the mat

Drop his briefcase on his bed.

He comes out

Greeted joyously by

Four kids and his wife

Who all want to know

Why he was so late,

And how many robbers he caught today.

The same answer,

As every night.

'Have a guess

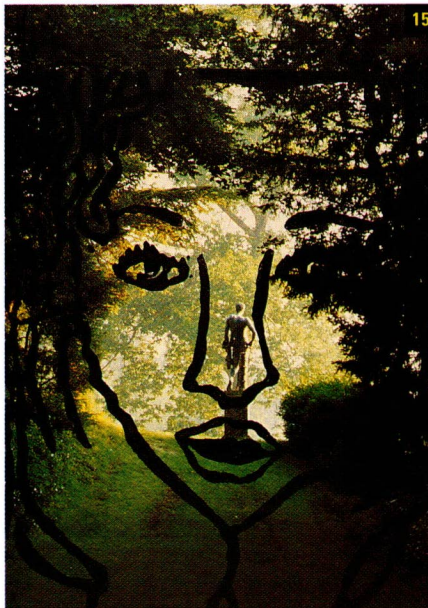
How many d'ya think I caught.'

Everyone, guessing furiously.

'Seven, dad, seven?'

'No, nine.'

'Bet it was four, like me,



Was it daddy?'

While dad just stands there smiling

As we all try our hardest to guess.

'Dad, jus' tell us.'

Charlotte's whining now.

He swings her up onto his shoulders

And parades her around the room.

She squeals with excitement.

He's her real hero now.

He's the big, bad police Dad.

'Tell me, tell me!'

He whispers in her ear.

'None? Daddy, if you don't catch any

You can't be the hero.'

But it's the same every night.

He doesn't work on the streets

But in an office at the police station.

To a four-year-old

It's all the same:

A policeman catches robbers

And that's all there is to it.

He's still her hero

As long as he plays her games,

Listens to her stories,

He's her hero.

Catherine Geer, Year 8

UNLIKELY HEROES

They call themselves an army but not the

violent kind,

They fight against homelessness,

poverty and hunger.

In floods and fires, you can count on them.

They roll up their sleeves and give out a hand

To people in need, to people facing tragedy,

To families without food, clothing or

somewhere to stay.

They get involved without fuss and with

much care.

They are a shield of protection for

vulnerable lives,

Their shield is coloured red, each year we

hear their cry,

"Dig deep and give to the Red Shield

Appeal" –

Their willingness to help is always there,

as we say –

Thank God for the Salvos.

Emily Crisafi, Year 8

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is trust, loyalty and reliability

Friendship is a relationship with others,

happiness and selflessness

Friendship is about thinking of others and

being dependable

Friendship is about giving, helping and

working together

14. Cara Zaetta-Thomas, Year 12

15. Elizabeth Archer, Year 8

CREATIVE WORKS

Friendship is about realising the irrelevance of mental ability and family background
Friendship is kindness, thoughtfulness and the inclusion of all who wish to be included
Friendship is about needing a friend.
Claire Horan, Year 7

HAIKU

The lake is peaceful
It stands still in calm moonlight
The water untouched.
Kate Enright, Year 7

THE MAKINGS OF A HERO

A hero must have achieved,
For achievement lures admiration,
But to achieve you must believe,
For you cannot recognise an achievement,
If you do not see the effort and respect that stands beside your feat.

And strive for alternative success.

Heroism is a guiding light,
That leads the ambitious to their dreams,
That guides the pathway for others,
That achieves an aspect of admiration,
That triumphs over the odds,
That is respected by others.
Kimberley Crow, Year 8

AUSTRALIAN FABLE

It was one of those months when rain hardly fell and finding water was the only way to survive in the bush. You had as much chance of finding a pool of water as you did of winning the lottery. One day Dingo found a small clear pool of water. Finding this he drank eagerly but decided not to drink all of the water and left some for the next day. He lay down in the shade of the old gum tree and made sure no one came near his water. Soon Wombat came plodding along. Seeing the water he thought he was in a dream. Wombat plodded towards the water. Dingo opened one eye and jumped up and stood in front of Wombat. "What do you think you're doing Wombat?" snarled Dingo. "I'm just seeing if the water behind you is real and if it is I would like to drink from it because I am old and I need water," Wombat replied. "This is my water and no one may drink from it. Now be off before I get hungry." Wombat turned around thirsty and tired. Dingo knew he could not leave his water because another animal would drink it. He slept that night under the old gum tree and watched any animal that came near. Dingo stayed next to his waterhole for many nights and days not letting any animal drink from it. One day Dingo woke up very thirsty. He walked towards his waterhole for a drink but to his amazement his water had disappeared. He ran to where the other animals were and shouted at all of them and said, "What have you done with my water?" The animals looked dumb, then the old kangaroo spoke up and said, "The water probably disappeared into the ground. Now we are all very thirsty." Dingo knew he was right and turned around and headed home. Weeks went by and Dingo got very thirsty. One day he decided to go back to the animals and see if they had any water he could drink. When he arrived where the animals were he saw that all the animals were drinking from a big waterhole and they all looked very healthy. He spoke up and said, "I am very thirsty. Please let me drink from your waterhole." All the animals looked up. Wombat walked towards Dingo and replied, "When we were thirsty and you had water and we didn't, you didn't let us drink from your waterhole. Now we won't let you drink from ours." Dingo turned around and regretted not sharing his water with the other animals. He went into the bush and lay down and slept. Moral: Share with others and they will share with you.
Harriet Munckton, Year 7

A FRIEND

She sat in the corner
Her eyes a foggy blue
I stood there before her

Looking for clues.

Her skin spotty and pale
Her arm a punctured mess
Her body small and frail
Would she confess?

She stood up to walk
But collapsed to the ground
She was going to talk
But failed and frowned.

I wanted to help
If only I could
I knew how it felt
When nothing was good.

What if she died?
What would I do?
Would I have lied?
What if it was you?

In the end
What difference did it make
She was a good friend
And my heart did break.
Hannah Croyley & Sarah Gordon, Year 7

COLOURS...

Black is death, doom, despair
Black is hatred, madness, sorrow
Black is the darkness that can blank out your soul

White is purity, health, strength
White is a dove, a snowflake, a marshmallow
White is a cloud floating free in the sky

Blue is sadness, coolness, peace
Blue is an ocean, the sea, the sky
Blue is a drop of water on a parched tongue.
Sarah Bennett Year 7

A hero must experience success,
Because success brings honour from others,
And to succeed you must fail,
Because failure brings out light in achievements that seemed a normal occurrence.
Failure turns normal to success,
With the flick of a switch.
A hero must be honoured,
Because you cannot be an unrespected hero,
And to be honoured you must be proud,
For if you do not recognise your deed,
People cannot respect an ignorant hero who doesn't identify their status.

A hero must be motivated,
For motivation drives the vehicle of success,
A vehicle that holds the power,
To be the best you can be,
A vehicle to your dreams,
If you dream of success.

A hero must be determined,
For determination is the most admirable aspect,
Any hero can claim,
As determination includes dedication,
And dedication is not easily achieved.
So a determined individual is in the fast lane to heroism,
With a one way ticket for success.

A hero need not be worshipped,
For there are many unspoken heroes,
That do more good than the heroes of the media:
Heroes who save lives rather than break records,
Heroes who live for others,



16



17

16. Alice Bennett, Year 7
17. Cara Zaetta-Thomas, Year 12

WHAT IS WINTER TO YOU?

To some, winter may seem bleak, but to me, it is redolent of characteristic and special sights. Travelling in the city, I see people huddle on street corners like penguins, trying to block the Antarctic winds. In gardens, trees drop their leaves and look like skeletons or stick figures: below them lie piles of mushy leaves, their colour retaining the last remnants of autumn and warmer months. I remember afternoons spent skipping and



cart-wheeling through the crunchy piles, kicking the crimson, brown and orange leaves into the air; before a few weeks pass and they become too mucky. First thing in the morning, delicate dewdrops are scattered on empty branches and in vacant spider webs, glinting like diamonds in the sunshine. Looking at the trees, I breathe out puffs of smoke into the morning chill, a vigorous feeling overtaking any sleepy drowsiness as the cold air stings my nose and cheeks. Back inside the warmth of a house, the windows are opaque with frost – a thrill for a small child learning to write her name before the slow dissolve of the watery letters.

Felicity Irvine, Year 12

SAN FRANCISCO

The streets of downtown 'San Fran'
Are like the battle your knees inflict when
skiing down moguls,
While the cable cars glide them like a
roller coaster.

But cable cars don't cruise the roads in the
Ghiradelli Square Chocolate Factory,
They lay in a fudge-lined bowl, with three
scoops of rich ice cream
Smothered with hot fudge sauce and
marshmallow topping with a circle of
whipped cream,
Bedecked with nuts, a chocolate cable car
and a cherry!

After walking across a fog-suffused,
wind-chilled Golden Gate Bridge –
a pointless experience
Because nothing is visible below, beside,
beyond,
We found ourselves abandoned, and a sign
saying, San Francisco.

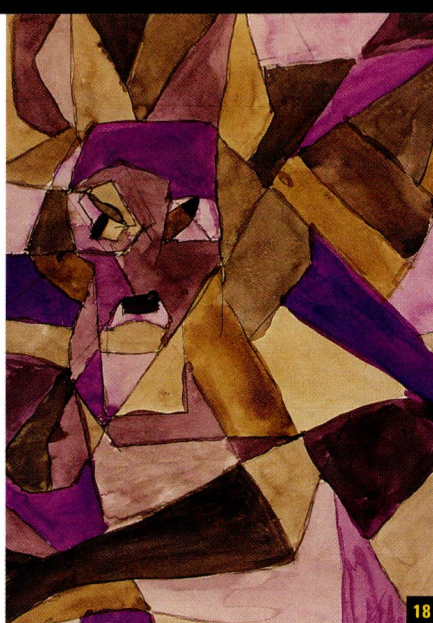
Union Square is a pigeon poo perimetered,
shopping frenzy,
With Macy's taking the lower side and
stores such as Sax, Chanel and the tacky
tourists stores
Lined up so closely together, not even a
small and insignificant boutique could make
a shop in between.

Hundreds of homeless people beg, loiter and
sleep on the street and sidewalks.
Homelessness like this is unseen in Australia
And although San Francisco is a very
exciting place to go,
I never felt safe there as I always do being
downtown at home.
Sarah White, Year 11

MELBOURNE

Glistening balmy nights following sunlit
jovial days,
Crunch leaves underneath foot, hustling,
blowing along the street,
Frosty mornings, frequent rain, aching fingers
and cold rosy noses,
Striking rainbows, colour and warmth,
glimpses of summer surface

Amongst tall city buildings – the pace, the
haste, the rush,
Constant energy, designing, inventing,



achieving,
Workers strive – technological opportunities
dawning here,
Bourke Street Mall – buying, selling; to some
the ultimate shopping experience

Congestion grows to lights, commotion,
activity,
Dining culture, flair and style as Lygon Street
reaches its climax,
Victoria Street – oriental lifestyle spilling forth,
Varying people – plentiful races,
colours, religions

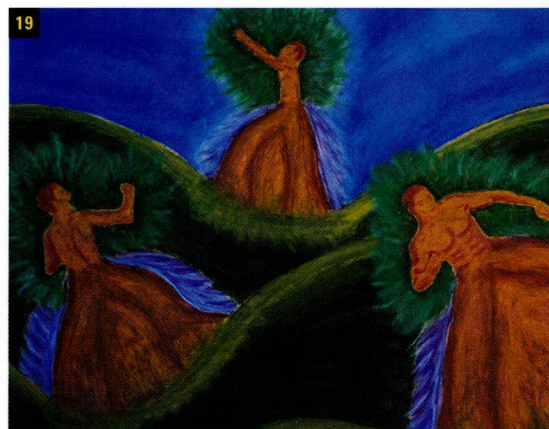
From forth the banks of the Yarra River,
people wield enthusiastic recreation,
Trams rattle, reaching destinations,
offloading passengers,
Flinders Street Station – busy, efficient,
a Melbourne icon,
A stadium, home to the '56 Olympics,
the majestic MCG

Inspiring athletes must survive the heat,
anticipation of compulsive tennis,
Glimpses of colour flaunting logos,
controversy, prestige – the mighty Grand Prix,
Imperative football begins the passion – grips
the state, drawing patriotism,
Eager bystanders encourage the triumph, the
hats and glamour – Spring Racing alive!
Kate Bucknell, Year 11

FAREWELL

I stand in the doorway, staring at the empty
room. The bare wooden floorboards seem
out of place and the heavy velvet curtains
appear dark and foreboding. Every sound is
magnified without the soft buffer of the
furnishings. The living room, once a place
abundant with happiness and smiles has, in
one day, been converted to a foreign area.
'Over here, mate...'
'Bit lower, bit lower, easy does it!'
All around me, removal men are dismantling
the house, and with it, precious memories of
happy times. Some of the industrious workers
heave large items of furniture out of the house
and into the truck, whilst others sit cross-
legged on the floor, packing china ornaments
into boxes with care and grace which seems
incongruent with their large, muscular builds.
Meanwhile my mother runs around the house,
barking orders at anyone in her wake. As each
minute passes, she becomes increasingly anxious,
concerned that everything makes it into the
truck safely. Like a cat ready to pounce, she
watches as photo albums, books and paintings

are packed into huge cartons, awaiting any
mistake on the part of the removalists.
My grandmother is keeping herself occupied
by 'helpfully' handing out cups of tea and
coffee to the grateful workers. The surliest
removalist, who is also the leader of all
operations, gives her the title 'Smiler', with
which she is very pleased. Chuckling to herself,
she bustles off to the kitchen, in order to
prepare more coffee. After all, 'Everyone
must keep their spirits up!'
'Stomp, stomp, stomp ...'
I can hear my younger brother pacing down-
stairs in a soldier-like fashion. He, together
with his trusty companion (the family dog),
has taken on the responsibility of 'minding'
the bathroom downstairs. It is the one room
in the house which is 'removalist-free' as
everything inside is 'too precious to be man-
handled into boxes'. So, up and down he
paces, dragging the dog with him.
Outside, I hear the boxes being loaded into
the removal truck. Our pieces of furniture
are being slotted into the truck like giant
pieces from a jigsaw puzzle. At the front



18. Amanda Scott, Year 7

19. Luci O'Brien, Year 11

door stands my mother, observing the final
moments of the packing. I am overcome by
a sense of finality.
Through the open window I can see the
neighbours playing cricket out on the bitumen
road, which shimmers in the Queensland
heat. I can tell that their energy levels are
low, impeded by the heavy humidity of the
day. Nevertheless, the two teams valiantly
struggle on and I am lucky enough to see a
classic 'six', in which the cricket ball bounces
off a jacaranda tree and into the pool in our
neighbours front yard. Howzat!
My gaze returns to the empty room before me.
So little is left to remind me of the happy
times we spent here. The structure of the
rooms is the same but where is the laughter,
the clinking of glasses, the crash of cutlery
and crockery, the strains of Christmas carols
on a steamy Brisbane December day? Are all
these things packed in the boxes marked
'Smith, Melbourne' or are they just memories
locked in my mind?
Anna Smith, Year 10

RENAISSANCE RUYTON





Children's Games (Apologies to Bruegel)

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 Mr. S. Bowman

Landscape Gardener/Designer

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Caretaker

Mr. K. Morrison

Spotless

Mrs. M. Currie - Manager

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Ms. W. Anderson - Brass
 Mr. J. Arthur - Guitar
 Mr. P. Bartels - Flute
 Ms. G. Beilharz - Piano
 Ms. N. Brown - Violin
 Ms. G. Breedon - Flute
 Ms. G. Burke - Clarinet
 Mr. M. Habben - Saxophone/Clarinet
 Ms. D. Hancock - Suzuki Piano
 Ms. K. Hirst - Violin
 Ms. S. Horbelt - Percussion
 Ms. F. Johnson - Violin
 Ms. A. Keller - Jazz Piano (Term 1)
 Ms. E. Kirkbride - Violin (Term 1)

Ms. R. Leitch - Voice
 Ms. J. Lowe - Oboe
 Ms. M. McClymont - Theory/Piano
 Ms. J. Mason - Violin
 Ms. E. Mentiplay - Violin
 Ms. D. Mitchell - Piano/Voice
 Ms. F. Piggott - Cello
 Ms. S. Richards - Piano/Voice
 Mr. M. Shiell - Flute (Sem.1)
 Mrs. S. Williams - Piano
 Mr. I. Wilmot - Double Bass

Coaches

Mrs. S. Stewart, Dip.Teach., M.C.A.E. - Rowing (Sem. 1)
 Mr. M. Phillips, B.App.Sc.(Phys.Ed.)



THE EDUCATION PROGRAMME



1. BASTILLE DAY (left to right)

Back row: Madame Brown, Daniela Stow, Madame Gutierrez

Front row: Mimi Davey, Phoebe Croyle, Arabella Forge, Kate Alexander, Nicolle Brown

'It is a good thing to stand away from the canvas and take a full view of the picture'.

For Ms. Beverley Casey, the Director of Studies, and Mrs. Dagmar Turnidge, Assistant Principal, Policy and Planning, the compilation of a summary of the work of the Curriculum Deans and professional development is a very daunting task. In thanking them, we acknowledge their excellent leadership and record our gratitude to the Deans for their commitment to the education programme at Ruyton. Professional Development for Ruyton's teachers this year has focussed on the nature and processes of learning. Many practical strategies have been implemented as a result, including a "Learning to Learn" course for Year 9 students. The effective integration of learning technologies across the curriculum continues to be addressed and in 1999 a staff member was provided to act as a team teacher and coach during class time in all subjects. This has been a successful way of evaluating the application of technology and exploring the use of whole school collaborative projects to make greater use of internet facilities. New programmes have been introduced in 1999. The Year 9/10 electives programme, in conjunction with the pastoral care structure, aimed to broaden the range of experiences available to girls in those year levels and to build on strengths apparent in multi-level groupings. The range of electives included such diverse offerings as Media Studies, The Law and You, Marvellous Melbourne and Journalism. The results of a comprehensive survey conducted among students and staff produced a ringing endorsement of the electives programme for the Year 2000.

Year 7 'Activities' introduced this year, aims to blend learning with creativity and fun. 'Here for Life' with members of the Melbourne Football Club and toy-making for the Villa Maria Society were among the opportunities provided for awareness of life skills and community issues respectively. Music and Drama also fostered self respect, problem solving and teamwork. For girls in Year 6C, French Partial Immersion was a refreshing way to encounter another language and enjoy the new perspectives on communication and culture this provides. From activities which have ranged from exploring skeletons to writing electronic postcards to French pen pals, the girls are immersed in the programme for approximately seven hours per week. With a variety of visitors such as fashion designer, Jane Hill, senior copy editor, Tony Colman, artist Stephen Spurrier and Dr. Ken Wach and Ms. Jo Roskowski. Mrs. Jo Brudenell and Ms. Pheona Rawnsley provided enlightenment and inspiration. The exhibition of recent past Ruytonians' work in tertiary art studios is testimony to the aesthetic and creative standards encouraged at School. The effervescent and dedicated Director of Drama, Ms. Cath Benton, with Mrs. Caruso, have inspired memorable moments in the Drama curriculum such as the Year 7 self-scripted musicals and soap opera. With the impressive schedule of productions for Year 8 the core curriculum is a source of great participation and endless opportunities to excel. The sense of teamwork, shared philosophy and commitment to common goals have been and continue to be characteristic of Mrs. Irene Taylor's outstanding leadership of the English Department. Symbolic of that unity of purpose is the annual Creative Writing Competition. Now a significant event in the calendar, the competition is a celebration of students' talents in creative writing, a celebration which affirms the intrinsic value of our imagined and personal worlds. Continuing the tradition of collaborative ventures, the Family Album project gave students and teachers a sense of a collective, shared experience. Barry Dickins, Writer in Residence, brought a wealth of interviewing experience to the classroom and imparted a sense of privilege in being the teller of someone else's story. Learning to listen, observe, record and finally shape a story in a creative way was a most valuable experience and the theme of different people, different times, different lives has produced a rich collection of personal memoirs, a fitting tribute to the members of our Ruyton extended family. Students have also enjoyed meeting other practising authors such as Isobelle Carmody, and Maureen McCarthy, who was at the Melbourne Writers' Festival and a happy conjunction of Science and English, the visit by Dr. Andrew Prentice, Patron of Science, certainly brought a new dimension to the Year 12 study of Brecht's "Galileo". Our place in society, an appreciation of the local environment and an awareness of Planet Earth have been the continuing

themes of the courses presented to students in the Humanities faculty in 1999. With Dean of Humanities, Mrs. Jenne Hale, and a team of teachers committed to the values of humanities education, skill development and an acknowledgment of a variety of learning styles, courses have offered students many experiences and the opportunity to demonstrate their talents in specialized areas. Changes to the curriculum have enabled students in Years 9 and 10 to have the opportunity to study traditional disciplines from a range of electives. Learning technologies which incorporate the use of the Internet, CD Roms, Geographic Information Systems (GIS) and many programmes such as Powerpoint, Excel and Publisher are featured in most courses in this faculty. Guest speakers have added interesting perspectives to classes and students have visited a variety of sites and venues including a Hindu Temple, the Immigration Museum, the Old Treasury Museum, the Shrine of Remembrance, the CBD of Melbourne, the Mornington Peninsula, and the Organ Pipes National Park. The history of Ruyton continues to be a significant aspect of our collective memory and this year our involvement in the Forget-Me-Not Walk and The Old School Tie Exhibition have provided valuable links between the past and the future. An exciting and diverse programme of Enrichment has been orchestrated by the inspiring Dean, Mrs. Jenine Caruso. Six teams from Ruyton participated in the Tournament of Minds. These multi-aged teams of talented students from Years 5 to 8 explored literature, environmental science, mathematics and worked co-operatively to complete their tasks within the six week time limit. Two Science Drama teams impressed the Science Teachers Association of Victoria with their work. The Year 9 team won a certificate of excellence for their presentation entitled "Viruses and Immunization" and the Junior School team reached the State final, proudly presenting their play "A Giant at the Bottom of the Garden". MINE Days, The Icarus Challenge, Lego Dacta, The Maths Olympiad, Ruyton was represented in all these activities for gifted and talented students - and excelled. For dedicated Dean of Information Technology, Mrs. Sue Heinicke, and Systems Manager, Mr. Gary Richmond, the introduction of the remote Radio LAN wireless networking facilitated greater network flexibility. Students now connect directly into the Ruyton network not only from various hubs, but also from any other point about the campus (without cables or hubs) via the remote aerials. Students have been able to take part in investigations using the Internet, web quests and email directly from their classrooms or the playground and may also connect into the Ruyton network from home via the public Internet system and have access to both email and personal work files at any time. 1999 has also heralded the beginning of a direct link between industry and the school.



Through the assistance of industry professionals, students learn the skills associated with multimedia authorising packages and how to incorporate virtual reality into their own chronicle. New programmes, such as the GIS (Geographical Information System) which have taken off recently in industry, particularly in the area of marketing have also been introduced in Information Technology classes as part of a partnership with the SOSE key learning area. Thanks to Mrs. Diane Berold, the Year 12 Ruyton/Trinity Literature students have enjoyed two soirees this year. The first focussed on **Play in Performance** and entailed readings of poetry and plays, while the second, **Book Readings and Reviews**, fulfilled the Work Requirement, 'Presentation of a Review'. Compered ably by **Stephanie Salter, Despina Paltoglou, Andrew Kelly and Parris Sloan**, these occasions have demonstrated the breadth of literary interest in a group of very talented students. The initiative of partial immersion French by Mrs. Denise Brown and the staff of Languages Other Than English (LOTE) has been successfully introduced to Year 6. This course is content-based, involving SOSE (Mrs. Michelle Wright) and Music (Ms. Lynette Richardson) and will be continued for some students in Year 7 in 2000 as an intensive course. Exchange from and to France, Bastille Day celebrations and the application of technology has opened new windows for language proficiency. Mrs. Danyang McAuliffe provided real opportunities for appreciation of another

culture, as did the visit of ethnomusicologist, **Mr. Whang Zheng-Ting**. Other activities have included an excursion to the Chinese Museum and a Chinese lunch. Mathematics Dean, **Mr. Kevin Moloney**, and his staff are to be congratulated on the **Three Year Enhancement Plan** completed this year. A blueprint for Mathematics at Ruyton, this is a visionary document for the future. Expert advice from **John Munro** (Learning styles in Maths), **John Dowsey** and **Gary Asp** (Geometers Sketchpad) has also been invaluable.

It is imperative for students to experience Science outside the classroom; to meet real scientists and observe their workplaces. This has been a priority for Dean of Science, Mrs. **Cathryn Furey**, and will continue to be so. To this end, the visit of **Dr. Pene Greet** as Scientist in Residence was of particular significance. An upper atmosphere physicist who has spent a number of years carrying out research at Australian Antarctic bases, Dr. Greet is an unassuming intellectual with an engaging enthusiasm for her work. She delighted students with her wonderful stories and love of the environment.

Patron of Science, **Dr. Andrew Prentice**, also visited Ruyton to speak about his recent work with NASA on the physical structure of the moons of Jupiter and the life and work of Galileo.

Visits to the LaTrobe University, Swinburne University and the Australian Radiation Laboratories were complemented by individual students being selected to attend the MacFarlane Burnett Centre and the Victorian Youth Space Forum.



2. Isabelle Carmody Award winner, Jessica Dakis, Year 11, with Writer in Residence, Barry Dickins



3. Dr. Pene Greet with Natasha Jovanovic and Elisabeth Davenport

JUNIOR SCHOOL FRENCH

LE FRANÇAIS DANS L'ÉCOLE PRIMAIRE
Term 3 began with an historical 14th July. Bastille Day was a memorable event with the appearance of the king and queen of France, Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette! Everyone was back in 1789 for a week. Bastille Day celebrations illustrated a page of French history and the girls know now what happened to the king and queen. We concluded the term with the passing of the seasons and time, as well as comparing and understanding the weather in France and Australia. We have also been busy performing a variety of songs, poems and nursery rhymes. Finally in the last term of the year, we will be travelling into space exploring the galaxy... and revealing all we've discovered about the stars and planets in our final performance, and all of this in French... "bien sur"!
Noëlle Saulais

In Years 4 to 6, the girls have also been discovering and using French in a variety of activities. They regularly perform dialogues and sketches in French, both in front of their classmates and at school assemblies. Certain performances are also filmed and viewed by the class. This is not only a lot of fun, it also allows the girls to start becoming aware of themselves as French speakers.

Throughout the year students have created individual or group posters on themes such as "l'école", "les sentiments" and "les vêtements" in which they put into practice the structures and vocabulary learned in class. Bastille Day celebrations were an opportunity for girls in Year 6 to run stalls serving up a variety of French sandwiches, pastries, cheeses and drinks. The delicious "déjeuner français" was followed by a musical buffet with "La Fête de la Chanson Française". At times The Royce Theatre looked and sounded more like the stage of the Moulin Rouge, with echoes of Maurice Chevalier, Edith Piaf and Françoise Hardy, not to mention a couple of budding Can Can dancers. In Year 6, the new Partial Immersion Programme has given students the opportunity not only to learn a lot of French grammar and vocabulary, but also to use their French in a variety of authentic and stimulating activities. The girls have studied topics such as "The Human Body" and "World War One" in French, and are currently writing and filming a documentary about Ruyton to send to their penpals in Champagne, France. As one Year 4 student put it, "French is exciting. We can use it in a lot of ways, just like English."
Michelle Wright

INTERNATIONAL PROGRAMME

REPORTS FROM IP PARTICIPANTS, 1999

Erin Fitzpatrick
(Glenlyon-Norfolk School)

Deciding to go on exchange was one of the best choices I have ever made and my experience at Ruyton was wonderful. I have so many great memories and can't wait for the opportunity to visit Australia again.

Daisy Klaibert
(St. Michael's University School)

I had an incredible time while I was in Australia. Almost everyone was extremely helpful and friendly and I had no problems fitting in whatsoever which meant that I could make the most of my time in Melbourne. I have so many memories and experiences that will be with me for the rest of my life and I made so many friends that I'm sure I will keep in touch with. Thanks to Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Gillies and everyone who made my stay so great.

Stefanie Cheah (Havergal School)

Ruyton Girls' School will always have a special place in my heart. From my first day of school to the last, friendly and helping faces were all I saw. I can honestly say that I loved every moment I was in Melbourne. The weather, the beaches and especially the people contributed to my unforgettable experience. It was really great to be able to live somewhere other than Canada and experience a different culture. I don't think there was one thing I didn't enjoy when I was in Australia. Well, maybe one thing – Vegemite! My exchange to Ruyton could not have gone so smoothly without the hospitality of the Sayers and Hodgsons. I would also like to thank all the teachers at Ruyton, Mrs. Macdonald for arranging exciting trips and Mrs. Gillies for showing us Havergalians a good time!

Nicolene Ramsunder
(Durban Girls' College)

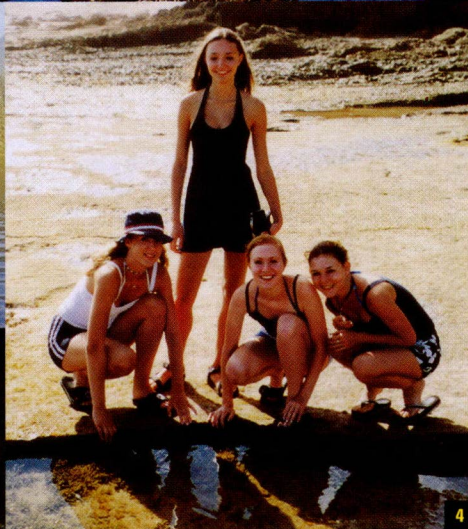
My stay at Ruyton was indeed a memorable one. I felt I became a true Ruyton girl and did not want to return home at the end of my exchange. The warm reception I received on arrival, and the love shown to me by my host family, the teachers and students alike will always be fondly remembered. It was indeed an experience of a lifetime.

Sophie Laborde and Noémie d'Angerville
(Franklin St. Louis de Gonzague)

We spent seven weeks in Australia and in these few lines, we would like to tell you what we appreciated the most. First of all, the Australians were always really open and ready to listen to us. We also appreciated all that our host families did for us because we both got to visit fascinating parts of Australia like Port Douglas and Sydney. We were also very impressed by all you did for the 14th July – much more than we do in France! It was also a great experience discovering the differences between French and Australian schools. Last of all, we would like to thank you all for making us feel so much at home.

In September/October 1998, Mia Tobing, Carlie Gibbs, Katherine Fryday and myself, travelled on the trip of our lives to Vancouver B.C., Canada where we went to Collingwood School. Wearing their uniform was very exciting but our experiences were beyond describable. We took a ride up the gondolier at Grouse Mountain (the ski fields at their backdoor), went "downtown" along Robson Street to shop, rode tandem bikes with our host girls around the harbour in Stanley Park, went to an ice-hockey match (Vancouver Canucks vs Phoenix Coyotes) saw the Broadway musical, Rent and partied with new school friends. We all had the chance to see beyond Vancouver, such as the dramatic Whistler, Victoria (Vancouver Island) and taking water taxis to family cabins in the islands lying in the waters surrounding Vancouver. My most memorable experience was when I visited the west coast of Vancouver Island for three days. There was only one road you could take around the island and that was an old logging road. The environment was totally exquisite and the nature completely untouched. In most areas I saw no houses on the lake's edges and there wasn't even a ripple on the water. I was also lucky to see the American Bald Eagle, but the most distinct thing in my mind was boating nearby where a native Indian tribe live. For the four of us, the best part of our trip was all the friends we made.

Sarah White, Year 11



1. Sam Hodgson, Natalie Vegg and Louise Sayers at Niagara Falls

2. Soolin Ong Tan, Jessica Dakis and Anna Smith, Canada Music Tour 1999

3. Sarah White and Verena von Pfetten on Vancouver Island

4. Rockpooling: Verena von Pfetten, Daisy Klaibert, Nancy Powrozniak and Danielle Conn

5. Ms. Wendy Anderson at Lake Louise, Canada

6. Sarah Prior and Katie Olsen in Trafalgar Square



OLD RUYTONIANS' ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

With the new millennium upon us the ORA must look forward to be an organisation which meets the ever-changing needs of our members. With this in mind, we have continued to develop ORA networking which was launched so successfully last year with a special night at Rydges Riverwalk in Richmond and in 1999 was held at Leo's Fine Food and Wine Store. **Megan Backhouse** ('84) joined us to speak to the topic 'Food for thought. Is our growing interest in what we eat more than just a fashion statement?' Other functions - at least two - are planned for 2000. Women's affairs and media are the favourite topics at this stage.

Thanks to the efforts of **Jane Garland**, annual giving was launched this year and we look forward to a generous response so that our scholarship is equal to a full year's tuition fees. This year we honoured the dedicated service of two former members of the ORA Executive with Honorary Life Membership.

Sally Hodges (Dean '70) and **Wendy Hewitt** (McKerrell '58) have both given many hours to ORA committee meetings and represented Old Ruytonians on the Council of Ruyton.

Wendy had two daughters at the School (Caroline '89, and Sarah '92) and has taken a lively interest in many activities as a past student, parent and now past parent. Sally held the position of President of the ORA and has also been a part of many School events as a generous and supportive participant. We congratulate both Wendy and Sally on an impressive record and their names will be recorded on the Honorary Life Membership Honour Board in The Royce Theatre.

Jane Garland, who passed the Presidency to me in April '99 must also be acknowledged. She brought back vitality and commitment to the role of President and gave generously of her many talents to the ORA Committee but took a lively interest in School affairs including The Ruyton Foundation. We thank her for her leadership and her dedication to Ruyton. Finally, I would like to thank the Committee, **Sally Bell** ('90), **Amanda Blyth** ('77), **Verity Harris** ('87), **Sally Hodges** (Dean '70), **Natalie Smith** ('94), **Fleur Summons** ('90), **Sally Turnbull** (Wilkes '83), and **Sally Zalkauskas** (Blair-Holt '71). Their support has been invaluable and we look forward to another exciting year.

OLD SCHOOL TIES

Some wonderful memorabilia from the **Ruyton Archives** were included in a recent celebration of early Victorian education. The 'Old School Tie' Exhibition held at the magnificently restored Old Treasury Building included over 650 individual artifacts and archival items gathered from fourteen Melbourne and Geelong schools which can trace their history back before 1880.

Ruyton played a prominent part with the Official Opening performed by our own 'Little Ruytonian', **Sir Rupert Hamer** who attended Ruyton in the 1920's. A delightful photo of Sir Rupert with his brother Alan, both in their Ruyton uniform, was used for the Opening and



press releases, along with a 'philanthropic' letter written by the former Premier, aged 5. Also a photo of the 1903 Ruyton Hockey team was selected for the cover of the official exhibition programme.

Ruyton's first archivist, **Mrs. Monica Rapley**, spent many hours assembling the Ruyton memorabilia. Our exhibits included a 1911 exercise book, the boarders' dinner gong, a tea set and an interesting collection of photographs. Having spent most of her professional life in education, Mrs. Rapley is familiar with the many types of records created in the daily functions of a school. The need to produce and easily access this material is vital and with a special archival database, the maintenance and development of the past is assured.

1. ORA Committee (L to R)

Back Row: **Sally Zalkauskas, Verity Harris**
Front Row: **Fiona Horman, Amanda Blyth, Fleur Summons, Sally Bell and Sally Turnbull**
(Absent: **Natalie Smith, Sally Hodges**)

2. Careers Evening (L to R) **Jenny Lanyon, Louise Miller, Kirsty Simpson, Romani Mieszkowski, Monica Kent**

3. **Wendy Hewitt and Sally Hodges**

4. Careers Evening (L to R) **Katherine Bentley (Manning), Celia Armstrong, Kathy Scott, Rebekah Vaiopoulos, Fiona Taggart**

5. Careers Evening (L to R) **Katie Bowman, Julie Blair**

6. Old School Ties (L to R) **Gillian Reid, Katia Sanderson, Sir Rupert Hamer, Lucinda Kew**

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL & HEAD OF JUNIOR SCHOOL



**1. Miss Lee Wills,
Assistant Principal and
Head of Junior School**

I'm sure that you would agree that one of the most grossly overused but 'in' words in the latter years of the 20th Century, is the word 'stress'. In our younger years, the Oxford dictionary's definition 'constraining or impelling force' was usually associated with the physical quality of materials as well as being used to emphasise a point. Today we hear the word more often applied to a human reaction to situations. Of course, in itself this can be positive when you consider an athlete striving to better her previous performance, but somehow the term 'stress' has gained a negative connotation, one that suggests that stress is unhealthy and that it should be avoided at all costs.

Those of us privileged to work with children, realise the importance of recognizing the individual and taking them from 'where they are at', helping them to continually open new doors to tread new pathways, to be respectful of, but not afraid of the unknown and to eventually realise their dream.

This doesn't just happen. We know as teachers the importance of structuring the learning environment in such a way that each child will be realistically challenged and enriched. It is vital that the child is aware of the contribution she is making to the group, to the team, to the School. It helps to build resilience and enhances self-image. We constantly hear that optimism is the pathway to resilience. Research indicates that an individual's optimism is the key predictor to their success in the areas of education, health, work and sport. It is optimism that determines whether we persist in difficult situations, or whether we give up. Alarming, research also suggests that approximately two thirds of the population have a pessimistic outlook, often leading to depression and dysfunctional coping strategies. Our beliefs determine our response to adversity. Optimism predicts persistence. In most areas of life, we want people to persist in the face of difficulties or stressful situations, rather than to give up. It is the right of every child to feel safe, secure and wanted. Within this framework we must constantly guard against prematurely 'stepping in' which denies the child the opportunity to solve a problem, or to clarify an issue. It is the act of 'stepping in' or 'taking charge' of a situation that usually leads to the child losing confidence in her ability to 'have a go'. Perhaps we should step back and seek opportunities to encourage a child to tackle these issues herself; thus ensuring that valuable learning and teaching situations are not lost forever. Valuable learning opportunities that build problem solving skills, initiative and resilience in our children are reinforced when we encourage each child to 'have a go'. For it is this 'having a go', within the secure and caring environment of their school and homes that best equips our children to meet the challenges and adventures which lie ahead.

Miss Lee Wills

JUNIOR SCHOOL CO-CAPTAINS' REPORT

LEADERSHIP IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Playing the role of Junior School Co-Captains this year has changed the way we feel about ourselves and has also given us an exciting responsibility. We were a little overwhelmed at the thought of leading the Junior School. We can all admit that having Miss Wills as our Head of Junior School was very encouraging. She is like our tour guide and role model. At first, reading the prayers in front of the Junior School was very daunting but then they grew to be our weekly routine. We especially enjoyed reading the prayers that the younger girls had written. We certainly had fun when we dressed up as our Senior School Co-Captains, **Katia Sanderson** and **Lucinda Kew** at Senior School Assembly. They were also very encouraging in our journey towards responsibility. The things that made us feel special were when Miss Wills asked us to read a bible reading in the Ecumenical Service and showing visitors around on Open Day. We also joined Senior School Assembly where we heard **Moira Kelly** describe her work with the deprived children from Bosnia. At times it brought tears to our eyes. Being Junior School Co-Captains has certainly been an experience of a lifetime.

Leadership is offered in the Junior School in many ways. By the time the girls reach Year 6 they have had the opportunity to be Class Co-Captains, members of the Student Council, Library and Art Monitors not to mention Big Sister and Little Sister programmes. The girls have also taken part in the year level musical productions and at Years 4 and 5 many take part in the various sporting teams that represent Ruyton throughout the School year. This leads the way to increased opportunity in Year 6. Junior School Co-Captains, House Co-Captains, Drama, Music and more recently introduced Art, provide additional opportunities to contribute to the welfare of the girls. Many initiatives are suggested by the girls and they make them work. This provides an excellent preparation for their years in the Senior School.

Heleine Andrianakis, Alice Bamford, Frances Boyd and Penny Hey

**1. (Left to right):
Co-Captains Heleine Andrianakis, Frances Boyd,
Miss Wills, Alice Bamford and Penny Hey**

**2. (Left to right):
Front Row: Philippa Inge, Heleine Andrianakis,
and Tatum Roth
Middle Row: Elizabeth Calder, Penny Hey, Frances
Boyd, Erin Radford, Mrs. Caruso and Camilla Hodgson
Back row: Sara Lavoipierre, Tyler Payne,
Jacqueline James, Alice Bamford, Sarah Southwell
and Olivia Paine**



JUNIOR SCHOOL MUSIC CAPTAINS' REPORT



1999 has been a very busy musical year for all the girls in the Junior School.

TERM 1

Our first major event was Grandparents' Day in February which was a varied program, including class items from the Preps, Year 1's and Year 2's. The girls all played their violins, which was fantastic to see, considering they only started playing at the beginning of the year. A special item came from the French immersion Year 6 girls when they performed "A la Claire Fontaine". It proved to be a spectacular day, and we are sure that they all went home very proud of their granddaughters.

Mr. Summerton invited the Minimads to participate in a special concert with the visiting Canadian choir from Vancouver. The Minimads sang the haunting "Donna, Donna", and a lovely English round "Hark to the Echoes".

On Open Day most of the ensembles gave a half-hour workshop. Interested parents squeezed into the rooms to be entertained and to learn about the music program in the Junior School.

TERM 2

Minimads were invited to perform in the vocal concert, "Sophisticated Ladies". They sang an entertaining, choreographed "Mary Poppins Medley", with half of them dressed up as chimney sweeps and the other half dressed as Mary Poppins.

This year, in the Boroondara Eisteddfod, Ruyton entered Walsh Singers and the Brass and Percussion Ensemble, with Walsh Singers gaining second place in the finals and the Brass and Percussion Ensemble having their photo in the Boroondara City paper.

The Year 3&4 musical this year was "Of Mice and Mozart", a wonderfully entertaining production retelling the life of Mozart as seen by the mice who lived in his house, with every song based on a well-known Mozart theme. Walsh Singers and Minimads were invited to perform at the Geoffrey Tozer concert and impressed Mr. Tozer greatly.

Our Year 6 captains represented the Junior School at the annual Ecumenical Church service held at The Crossways Baptist Church. They sang chosen hymns and one of them, "Sing a New Song", has become a favourite in the Junior School.

TERM 3

Walsh Singers and Minimads performed at the Hawthorn Citizenship ceremony - a Naturalisation Ceremony where one hundred and forty people became Australians. They concluded the fifteen minute concert with a very touching rendition of "I am Australian".

At the Senior School Music Concert, Walsh Singers, plus a small string ensemble of 14 players, amazed the audience with a fun arrangement of an American Fiddle Tune called "Cripple Creek". The Brass and Percussion ensemble joined forces with some of the senior brass players and performed a lively tune, "Spanish Flea". For the grand finale, the Walsh Singers joined up with all the Senior School choirs to perform a breathtaking and moving arrangement of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana".

The Year 6's had a splendid time making a marimba with a musical handyman Jon Madin. We really enjoyed this experience and hope girls playing it in the future will enjoy it as much as we did.

TERM 4

This year the Year 6's musical was "The Mikado". They had tremendous fun acting and singing. A special congratulations to all main characters who put in a huge amount of work. The two KoKos were Frances Boyd and Heleine Andrianakis. They are coincidentally both Co-Captains, and they were KoKos.

The Prep, Year One and Two girls had a wonderful time performing "Out in Space" another fun, energetic and colourful frolic from the little girls who loved their planets adventure.

This year many girls have participated in our successful music assemblies, either playing an instrument that they learn privately, or in a group. Many thanks to the instrumental teachers, who put in many hours of work to prepare their students.

The girls would specially like to thank: Miss Richardson - for putting in hours of work with the Junior School Miss Johnson - for working with the string ensembles.

Wendy and Sonja - for working with the brass and percussion groups.
Mr. Bartels - for silver pipes.

A. Magennis, K. Sutanto,
E. Calder, A Greig

1. Music Co-Captains, A. Magennis, K. Sutanto,
E. Calder and A. Greig

2. WIND CHIMES (left to right)

Back: S. Blyth, L. Woolcock, H. Harris, A. Magennis,
A. Fraser, A. Bamford, S. Franet, H. Sekiguchi
and F. Reynolds

Middle: E. Radford, J. Finlay, K. Flukes, L. Eldred,
E. Nairn, A. Batrouney, A. Moore, L. Olayos
and J. Maxstead

Front: G. Calder, S. Pellizzeri, I. Prentice,
A. Mackenzie, P. Hey, S. Olayos, S. Southwell,
P. Inge, E. Calder and R. Gregory

3. STRING SEXTET (left to right)

K. Sutanto, H. Stamopoulos, E. Young,
T. Wanklyn and L. Stephens
Absent: A. deKretser

4. SILVER PIPES (left to right)

Back: M. Don, E. Nairn, K. Maroney, A. Samuel
and K. Flukes

Middle: W. Yang, J. Simson, J. Williams and P. Hey
Front: B. Brown, O. Morgan, A. Batrouney
and S. Olayos

5. PAGANINI STRINGS (left to right)

4th row: O. Quinn, I. Trinca, J. Hill, J. James, S. Wright, K. Wharton and F. McSteen
3rd row: L. Hicks, K. Bishop, L. Davenport, N. Harbig, R. Gregory, H. Stamopoulos, T. Wanklyn and N. Moore
2nd row: L. Fitzmaurice, M. Paskiewicz, J. Strawbridge, E. Calder, P. Nunn, T. Roth and K. Sutanto
Front: M. Mah, V. Marriott, A. Egan, E. Young, H. Cunningham, L. Stephens and G. Taylor



6. YEAR 3 STRINGS (left to right)
Back: Ms. F. Johnson, A. Lovett, E. Wilde, S. Allen, L. Ainger, A. Vlassopoulos and R. Goodall
Front: J. Graham, S. Sekiguchi, I. Nguyen, C. Stolarek, H. Bottom, E. Jonson, I. Deakin and L. Curay
Absent: K. Johnston

7. BRASS AND PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE (left to right)

Back: T. Manison, A. Fraser, A. Bamford, S. Franet and L. Olayos
Middle: L. Woolcock, H. Harris, H. Sekiguchi, A. Magennis and S. Blyth
Front: K. Reid, R. Gregory, S. Hirschfelder, K. Palermo, Z. Murdoch, V. Panopoulos and M. Adams

8. WALSH SINGERS (left to right)

4th row: L. Woolcock, E. Young, K. Reid, T. Manison, D. Leonard, S. Pellizzeri, I. Prentice, K. Dewan, F. Mitchell, F. Reynolds, M. Manison, K. Maroney, L. Beaton, A. Fraser, S. Ramage, A. Samuel, J. James, M. Hodgson, A. Greig and S. Cherian
3rd row: A. Lovick, L. Hicks, J. Dowell, C. Hund, H. Harris, J. Finlay, A. Looringh van Beeck, S. Blyth, L. Davenport, R. Carli, G. Calder, J. Simson, S. Forde, E. Radford, A. Liebelt, S. Muir, A. Bamford, J. Hill, K. Flukes, W. Yang, A. Harle and S. Franet
2nd row: T. Wanklyn, P. Inge, S. Lavoipierre, C. Franich, M. Paskiewicz, J. Strawbridge, P. Nunn, H. Stamopoulos, C. Sircelj, K. Bilney, K. Gleeson, M. Sesto, T. Leach, A. Magennis, R. Cleeve-Gerkens, P. Hey, F. McSteen, E. Calder, T. Payne, F. Boyd, A. Batrouney, S. Olayos and F. Ferdaus
Front: M. Mah, V. Marriott, G. Taylor, V. Verrocchi, L. Olayos, O. Paine, A. Mackenzie, L. Fitzmaurice, H. Cunningham, A. Muir, S. Pizzey, S. Hirschfelder, S. Southwell, L. McCluskey, J. Read, N. Moore, N. Pullan, H. Andrianakis, N. Harbig, H. Sekiguchi, N. Sirianni, R. Gregory and K. Sutanto

10. BUMBLEBEE CHOIR (L to R)

5th row: S. Allen, R. Biswas, R. Goodall, A. Lovett, C. Stolarek, I. Lovick, J. Self, H. Read, H. Radford, M. Prentice and R. Pellizzeri
4th row: B. Hallgren, E. Wilde, L. Ainger, A. Castellucci, A. Vlassopoulos, K. Richardson, N. Gregurek, S. Mercuri, K. Pizzey, B. Charles, J. Collins and E. Keene
3rd row: A. Franet, K. Udorovic, E. Muggleton, S. Gleeson, S. Laforest, S. Heywood, E. Jonson, A. Loizou, L. Beattie, J. Balson, B. Sasse, L. Gray and K. Johnstone
2nd row: A. Mascaro, A. Drenwiski, C. Gidas, M. Kannegiesser-Bailey, K. Southwell, C. Malon, A. Keely-Burling, D. Paszkiewicz, A. Cunningham, H. Bottom, F. Newton and S. Harris
Front: D. Hanna, C. Vitsenzatos, P. Pietromonaco, S. Loden, E. Bramwell, S. Bamford, N. Mackenzie, C. Hudson, R. Cowie, I. Nguyen, S. Sekiguchi, J. McCahey and E. Bowtell
Absent: I. Deakin and J. Graham

10. MINIMADS (left to right)

Back: M. Hodgson, F. Boyd, F. Reynolds, T. Manison, K. Dewan, J. James, L. Beaton and A. Greig
Middle: T. Leach, T. Wanklyn, A. Lovick, H. Andrianakis, L. Hicks, R. Cleeve-Gerkens, E. Young and E. Calder
Front: S. Southwell, R. Gregory, P. Inge, O. Paine, K. Sutanto, S. Hirschfelder, N. Sirianni and A. Magennis
Absent: A. deKretser



JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORT



1. (Left to right):
Front: Amelia Batrouney
and Sophie Muir
Middle: Stephanie Franet,
Rosie Gregory and
Natalie Sirianni
Back : Alice Fraser,
Jessi Simson and
Emma Nairn,
Junior School House
Co-Captains

2. EQUESTRIAN TEAM

3. RHYTHMIC GYMNASTS

4. SWIMMING TEAM

5. SKIING TEAM

The girls in the Junior School have had yet another busy year in sport. Junior School girls are always a motivated and enthusiastic group, who participate with a great deal of enjoyment and determination in all areas of sport.

During Terms 1, 2 and 3 the Year 5 and 6 girls are able to participate in a regular weekly sports program. This year has seen a record number of participants from both year levels being involved in playing Softball/Teeball, Netball and Hockey. Throughout the year, House competitions are held in both individual and team sports. These events are structured to cater for all ability levels and have been thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated.

Girls who are interested in increased levels of competition were able to join training squads for Swimming, Cross Country and Athletics. Selected girls competed in the Victorian Primary Schools Sport, South Yarra District events in Swimming, Cross Country and Athletics.

Impressive individual and team results continued in the District Competition with Ruyton winning the Swimming and Cross Country, and coming second in the athletics. Girls who were interested had the opportunity to compete in Equestrian and Skiing events during 1999, and the Ruyton teams recorded impressive individual and team results in each of these sports.

Many girls play Netball on Saturdays as members of the Ruyton Saturday Netball Club, and 1999 has seen the highest number of teams involved since the Club's inception. Rhythmic Gymnastics is also a popular sport amongst the Junior girls. Inspired by the success of our senior gymnasts, several juniors have been involved in regular competitions throughout the year.

The Year 6 girls have also participated in the GSA's round robin programme in the following sports: Teeball, tennis, Rounders, Volleystars, Netball and Hockey. GSA Swimming and Athletics competitions were also enjoyed by Year 5 and 6 girls.

We look forward to an enjoyable and challenging sports season to begin the new millenium.

Amelia Batrouney, Sophie Muir,
Stephanie Franet, Rosie Gregory,
Natalie Sirianni, Alice Fraser,
Jessi Simson and Emma Nairn,
Junior School House Co-Captains



JUNIOR SCHOOL DRAMA CAPTAINS' REPORT



1. (Left to right:
Drama Co-Captains
Lucy Eldred and
Jessica Turnbull

When you love Drama and have two hundred other girls who love Drama to work with, being Drama Captain is the best job in the world.

Our year started with the "Blue & Gold Speech Competition" and this was great fun and a dramatic success. Our winners **Sara Lavoipierre** as one of the Two Fat Ladies and the Year 6's as the cast of "Clueless" proved great entertainment.

In Term 2 the students of Year 3 & 4 performed "*Of Mice and Mozart*". This witty musical revealed the amazing talents of singing mice. **Lucy Fitzmaurice** was a convincing Mozart and **Mei Mah** as the Mozarts' canary delighted the audience. Combine this with the brilliant piano and violin playing, breathtaking singing and marvellous acting and the show was a real hit. At the end of Term 2 we launched the Junior School "lip sync". This proved to be very popular and the finals filled The Royce Theatre. Congratulations to **Monica Paszkiewicz** and **Phoebe Nunn** performing "*Toodloo Kangaroo*"; **Heather Cunningham** and **Jenna Strawbridge** performing "*The Venga Bus*"; and **Juliet Maxted**, **Amanda**

Grieg, **Millie Hodgson**, **Frances Boyd**, **Jessica Turnbull** and **Lucy Eldred** performing "*Mamma Mia*" for reaching the finals.

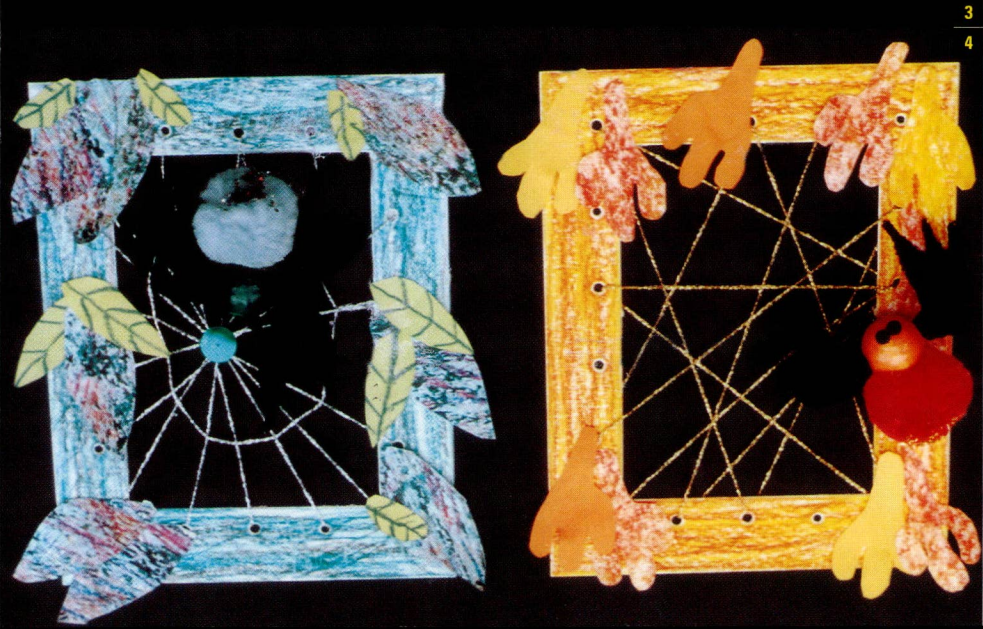
Term 3 saw the Year 5's perform "*Off Broadway*". This production once again revealed just how talented Ruyton girls are. Every girl in Year five was fully involved and certainly had fun. The Sunday Dress Rehearsal was full of laughs and a lot of hard work. To conclude a very busy year for the Drama department, Year six presented Gilbert and Sullivan's "*The Mikado*". Extravagant costumes, exotic make-up and wonderful actors combined to make this a memorable production. All Year 6 now want to be "*On the Stage*". As always the Little Ruyton House concert was a highlight of the Drama calendar. Christmas in Space concludes our year as Drama Captains in the stars!!!

We would like to thank **Mrs Davis** and **Mrs Caruso** who have worked with us this year and made sure that Drama is always fun and something every student looks forward to during the year.

Our names are **Lucy Eldred** and **Jessica Turnbull** – let's hope you'll see these names in lights!!

Lucy Eldred and Jessica Turnbull

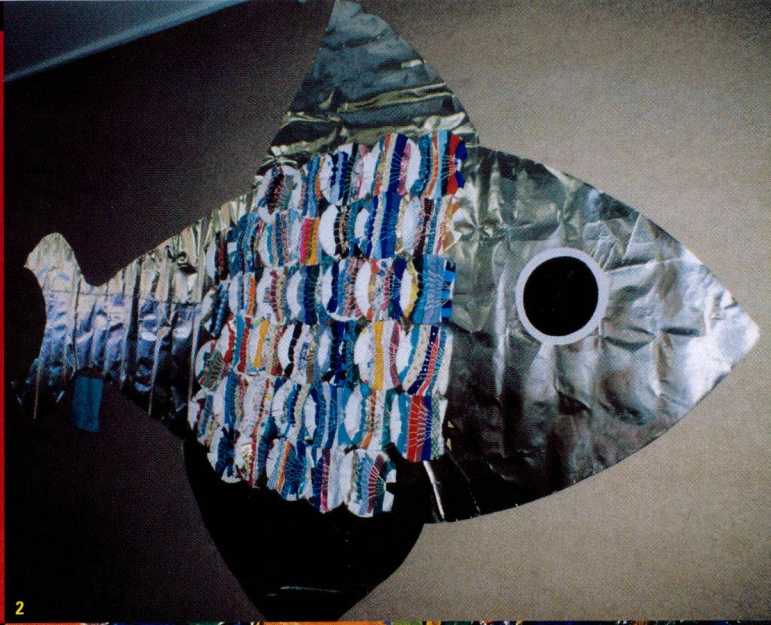
YEARS 3 AND 4 ART



1. Egyptian cats
2. Rebecca Goodall
3. Emily, Howells, Jessica Finlay and Heather Cunningham
4. Sarah Blyth (left) and Lauren Woolcock
5. Genevieve Calder



PREP - YEAR 2 ART



1. Pippa Pietromonaco and Brittany Hallgren
2. Communal woven fish, Year 2
3. Maddie Kannegieser-Bailey, Year 2
4. Sophie Lumsden, Year 2
5. Anna Chmiel, Year 1
6. Mia Antonopoulos and Vanessa Sullivan, Prep





7. Eliza Bramwell, Year 2

8. Kate Walker, Prep

9. Alexandra Pizzey, Prep

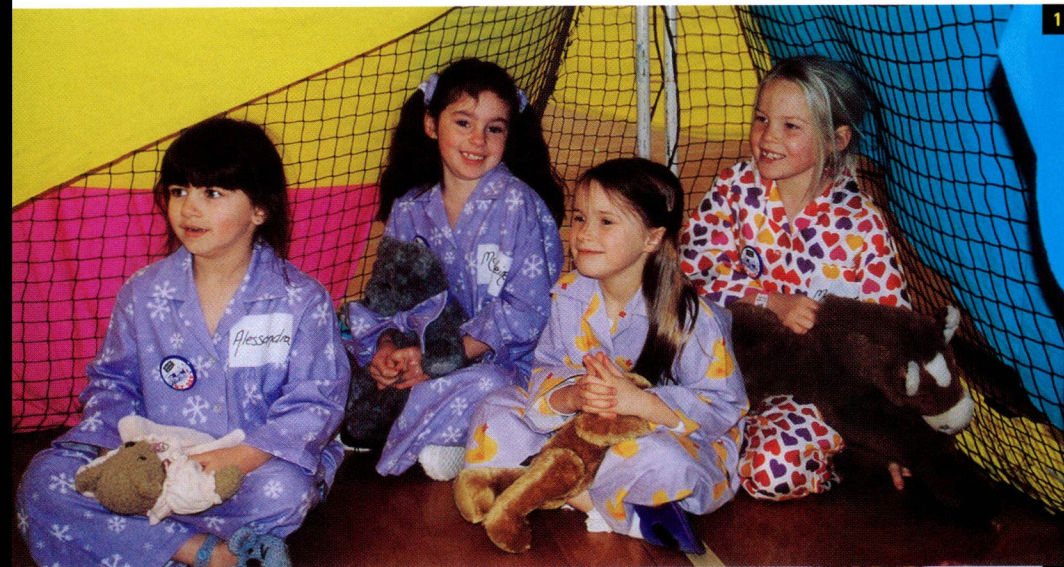
10. Margot Symon, Year 1

11. Katya Udorovic, Year 2

12. Paper mache bowls, Year 1

13. Lucy Davenport, Year 1

JUNIOR SCHOOL COMMUNITY AWARENESS



1999, the International Year of Older Persons inspired the Year 6 girls to undertake a special project with Miss Harris at the Bodalla Aged Care Home in Kew. During lunch time once a week, Lizzie Calder, Raffaella Cleeve-Gerkins, Alexa Egan, Francesca McSteen, Tian Tian Liu, Jenna Read, Karina Sutanto, Florence Tran, and Miss Harris, visited the frail and elderly ladies and gentlemen. They worked with the residents on a wonderful garden scene, which now adorns a wall at the Home. The girls also sang to a very appreciative audience.

1. YEAR 1 P.J. DAY

Alessandra Ogden, Madeleine Reilly, Madeleine Hannington and Margot Simon

2. FOOTBALL DAY

Peter Bell, Alice Fraser, Millie Hodgson, Emma Nairn and Darren Gasper

3. FOOTBALL DAY

Camille Hudson and Darren Gasper

Community awareness throughout the year has taken many forms:

- Years 5 and 6 girls joined the Senior School for the Ruyton Walk raising funds for the Royal Women's Hospital.
- The MS Read-a-thon took place during May and June. 1548 books were read and the wonderful sum of \$3773 was raised for the Multiple Sclerosis Society.
- The on-going programme throughout the year was the sponsorship of the Asiatic elephant at the Melbourne Zoo. \$450 was raised through an Easter raffle. The prizes, a dozen beautiful hampers filled with Easter goodies, delighted many eager young contributors. We really appreciated the generosity of the many donors.
- Prep - Year 5 designed their own calendars for the Year 2000. The calendars had the times table on the back and were laminated. They make a wonderful keepsake or gift. Some of the profit made from the calendars made up the remainder of our zoo sponsorship.
- The Junior School also sold the jelly bean baby badges raising \$250.00 to support Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation.
- Corks were collected throughout the year. These were used in a recycling scheme

organised by the zoo. A large green bin was filled many times over. Money obtained from the corks was put towards the new elephant enclosure.

- Jeans for Genes Day was on the 6th August. A grand total of \$404 was donated to the Institute of Children's Medical Research.
- On Friday 13th August, the annual Football Colours day was held. Girls dressed in their favourite team's colours and took part in numerous competitions, following a football theme. A football clinic took place on the oval, run by well known footballers - Leigh Colbert, the Geelong Captain; Marc Woolnough (Geelong); Darren Gasper (Richmond); Chris Lamb (Melbourne); and Peter Bell (Nth. Melbourne). \$242 was raised as a result of this special fun day and was given to the Bone Marrow Donor Institute of Victoria. We would also like to thank Mr and Mrs Hudson (Camille, Year 2M) for arranging the visit of the footballers.
- October marks Cystic Fibrosis month. Another special activities day.
- December - Junior School girls bring along a Christmas gift for another child in need. These gifts are collected and distributed by the Salvation Army, Smith Family and the Wesley Central Mission.
- During this month we also encourage the children to bring a packet or can of food to help the North Melbourne Lost Dogs' Home and Cattery over the busy Christmas period.
- During the year donations were also sent to:
 - a) Moira Kelly for her work in Bosnia
 - b) Save the Children Fund
 - c) Anti-Cancer Council
 - d) Very Special Kids
 - e) Save the Dolphin Fund
 - f) The R.S.P.C.A
 - g) Project Hope - Horses.

Tanya Harris

YEAR 6: INTO THE NEW MILLENNIUM

Beyond the Year 2000 we see a High Court Judge, Commercial Lawyer, Marine Biologist and an Actress. Using new and advanced technology, scientists involved in research will be able to find cures for deadly diseases like Multiple Sclerosis, AIDS and all forms of cancer. Technology will also focus on fun and leisure; with shoes filled with helium jet packs to allow us to fly, giant trampolines and virtual reality video games. Australia may become a Republic Nation; and we hope that contracts will be signed by world leaders to prevent people from harming the environment. The new millennium our lives will be changed forever.

**Rosie Gregory, Monica Don,
Elizabeth Calder, Sarah Olayos**

Beyond the Year 2000 we see a future Physiotherapist, a Managing Director, a Fashion Designer, a Journalist and a Musician. We hope that cars will be designed to be safer and kinder to the eco system. The fashion industry will continue to expand. We think that worldwide; people's participation in fitness activities will decrease due to a greater interest in technological devices. Australia may become a Republic Nation. We hope this doesn't happen, because Australia's history is so strongly associated with Great Britain and it would be a shame to break the tie.

**Alice Fraser, Tessa Leach, Olivia Morgan,
Emma Nairn and Natasha Sullivan**

We hope the new millennium will bring a cure for hereditary and other fatal diseases such as cancer and heart related problems. Our ambitions for the future are architecture, medicine, teaching, science, writing and singing. Looking into the future, aeroplanes will travel maybe at the speed of light and computer technology will be so advanced it will be a basic necessity. Holiday makers will travel into space, while travelling to other countries will take no time at all. The Year 2000 and beyond is exciting and will be a whole new adventure.

**Rafaela Cleeve-Gerkens, Erin Radford,
Natalie Harbig, Penny Hey**

Beyond the Year 2000 we see ourselves as a Doctor, Animal Minder, Vet, Paediatrician and an Archaeologist. Schools will operate on computer and travel time from country to country will be minimal. The medical world will discover various cures for fatal diseases. Many animals will become extinct due to the rising of the temperature, because of the hole in the ozone layer. Household appliances and designs will become more efficient and fashion design will be extraordinary.

**Anna Magennis, Francesca McSteen,
Laura Beaton and Waynee Yang**



Our dreams, the future, the Millennium.

I want to swim there
In the Olympics.
Be in the Court
As a Barrister.
On the stage
Acting and being musical.
I want to win that race
On the snowy slopes.
Help by being an animal nutritionist.
To discover
Cures for cancer and emphysema.
I want peace to fall
All over the world.
To pick and flick
The pollution away.
To terminate

**1. Front L to R: Leanne Irvine,
Hana Sekiguchi and
Caroline Jarrett
Middle L to R: Natalie Moore
and Sarah Olayos
Back L to R: Laura Beaton,
Samantha Ramage, Millie
Hodgson, Emma Nairn and
Pamela Panagopoulos**

**2. Front L to R: Melanie Adams
and Tyler Payne
Middle L to R: Tessa Leach,
Kayley Flukes, Alexandra Harle,
Jacqueline James and
Waynee Yang
Back L to R: Natalie Sirianni,
Fatin Ferdaus and Rosie Gregory**

YEAR 6



Increased use of solar power.
Expanding populations on earth
Will see people living on Mars.
Scientific research will find
Cures for Cancer, AIDS and other fatal diseases.
Whatever will be,
We know we can have a positive influence
In careers which span areas like,
Law, Architecture, Paediatrics and Psychiatry.
**Alexa-Jane Egan, Jacqui James,
Natalie Moore and Adrienne Samuel**

Sophie wants to be a doctor and try and discover a cure for cancer. Cancer is an extreme illness and desperately needs a cure, as many people have devastatingly died as a result. Hana objects to the beautiful rain-forests and wildlife being destroyed. This is a major problem for the animals' homes and if Hana achieved this it would make a great difference to our future living. Tatum wants to be an author and write stories to help children's imaginations to grow, because if children think that life is only serious they will become like robots. Jenna would like to travel around the world and prevent the wildlife suffering.

Sophie Muir, Jenna Read, Tatum Roth and Hana Sekiguchi



In the future we will see,
The eradication of animal cruelty.
Less pollution in the atmosphere,
Due to greater use of solar power,
Reducing the hole in the ozone layer,
And the incidence of skin cancer.
Scientific development will include,
Cures for Cancer, AIDS and diabetes.
We hope we will play a role,
In helping these things happen ...
**Sosha Cherian, Tian Tian Liu,
Sam Ramage and Florence Tran**

Look deep into the future,
We wonder what we will be?
A mogul skier in the Olympics,
An Historian researching age-old mysteries,
An Author writing children's books,
A performer dancing free.
We'd like to travel the world and explore,
The United Kingdom, Africa, America
and Europe.
What will the world come to?
Robots will rule,
It will be dangerous to walk the streets,
Life will revolve around computers,
And technology, What will happen?
We'll play a role but we'll wait and see.
**Natalie Sirianni, Lucy Eldred,
Frances Boyd and Juliet Maxsted**

**3. Front L to R: Kathryn Maroney,
Jessi Simson and Amanda Greig
Back L to R: Monica Don,
Olivia Morgan and Sophie Muir**

**4. Front L to R: Adair Robbins,
Erin Radford, Penny Hey,
Tatum Roth and Sophie Forde
Back L to R: Karina Sutanto,
Stephanie Franet,
Heleine Andrianakis and
Natalie Pullan**

Those awful people who kill.
I want to tag them out of the game
Those people who inhale drugs and cigarettes.
Give welcoming homes to the homeless.
Whatever we do
We want to make a difference
However or whatever the costs may be.
**Kayley Flukes, Steph Franet,
Alex Liebelt and Sarah Southwell**

Into the future...
What do we envisage?
We will learn from our mistakes,
Avoid world conflict
And develop greater unity.
There will be a further upgrade in technology,
Dwindling supplies of fossil fuels will mean

INTO THE NEW MILLENNIUM

Our hopes, our dreams...
 Careers we'll follow;
 Chiropractor, Surgeon,
 Vet and Model.
 To travel around the globe,
 France, New Zealand
 Europe, Scotland.

To be successful,
 In whatever we do.
 Look to others
 How can we help
 Our fellow human beings?
 What kindnesses can we show?
**Sophie Forde, Amanda Greig,
 Alex Harle and Jessica Turnbull**

There are so many things and we
 can be them all,
 Lawyer, actress, singer,
 We'll be happy in our place,
 Being a horse instructor,
 Teaching night and day,
 High jump in the Olympics,
 Going for first place.

Cancer, AIDS and deafness,
 We understand them all,
 We need to find a cure
 For all those suffering souls.

Let's help those in need,
 Fundraising is our aim,
 Salvos, Red Cross, Anti Cancer,
 Diabetes and Aids.

We need to help the homeless
 Get money, food and health
 And the world that we will live in,
 Will be a better place.
**Melanie Adams, Amelia Batrouney,
 Jessica Hill and Lauren McCluskey**

The dreams we have,
 Can come true.
 These dreams are of
 A better world.

We would like to portray our goals,
 From sickness, homelessness,
 No pollution,
 World peace and drugs.

We would like to help
 Endangered animals,
 Find abandoned pets new love.

We each have our own goals
 That we want to follow:
 From sports to politics,
 Scientist to vet.

Knowing one person can't do all this,
 But still it's a goal,



And one mind can change many others.
 By **Caroline Jarrett, Pamela
 Panagopoulos and Jessi Simson**

What will the next century bring?
 Flying cars,
 And solar power,
 Water conservation,
 Less pollution,
 Increased recycling,
 Phones with screens,
 Home shopping,
 Respected smoking and drug laws,
 No more wars.
**Heleine Andrianakis, Tyler Payne,
 Natalie Pullan, Adair Robins and
 Cathrine Howells**

**5. Front L to R: Frances Boyd,
 Juliet Maxted, Jessica Turnbull,
 Jenna Read, Natasha Sullivan,
 Florence Tran and Anna Magennis
 Back L to R: Natalie Harbig,
 Alexa-Jane Egan, Lauren
 McCluskey and Jessica Hill
 Absent: Rafaela Cleeve-Gerkens
 and Catherine Howells**

**6. Front L to R: Francesca
 McSteen, Elizabeth Calder,
 Sarah Southwell and Amelia
 Batrouney
 Middle L to R: Sasha Cherian
 and Tian Tian liu
 Back L to R: Alice Bamford,
 Alice Roger, Adrienne Samuel
 and Lucy Eldred**

GRADE 5 INTEGRATED STUDIES UNIT



HATCHING CHICKENS (VAL QUIRK AND ANGELA ROBERTSON)

6th August (last day with chicks)

Dear Ruytonian,
We've had such a busy last 2 weeks since the eggs arrived! Everybody was given a chick egg. Watching them hatch was very exciting, though sadly some showed no sign of life. Mrs Quirk cut open the eggs that didn't hatch; most had not developed fully. For the chickless girls, we had day old chicks brought to school for them. After the chicks had hatched and dried out, we took them from the incubator and put them into the tub. Now we spend lots of time with them. When we read, we take the chicks out to hold. On the weekend we were allowed to take them home to play with, but halfway through we swapped with a friend.

1. YEAR 5R AND CHICKS

(Left to right)

Back row: Isabelle Prentice, Alexa Kuzyk, Elly Steinlauf, Katelyn Dewar, Danielle Prentice, Emily Young and Sophie Hirschfelder
Middle row: Lauren Hicks, Rosemary Sasse, Cecelia Hurd, Jemima Dowell, Sarah Dayman, Serena Pellizzeri and Mary Daisy Disney
Front row: Bella Brown, Olivia Quinn, Fiona Mitchell, Alice Lovick and Kate Wharton
Ruyton uniform: Pippi Inge

Lately we have been watching them grow very fast and observing their behavioural patterns. We've all had a wonderful time weighing, measuring and playing with our chicks. Thankyou Mrs Quirk and Mrs Robertson for making it all possible. It will be hard to say goodbye.

From Year 5
(shared writing by 5Q and 5R)

SOME FURTHER ACTIVITIES FOR OUR UNIT:

- Ex.....word models (pronounced 'eggs.....')
- Mind Journey
- Egg Sayings
- Birth/Hatching Notices
- Poems
- Graphs
- Daily entries in our Chick Diaries
- Oviparous Creature project and presentation

DIARY ENTRIES:

• The eggs were sitting in the incubator on a tray, when two warm hands gently lifted them into a carton to go to Ruyton Girls' School. K. Van Gulick 5Q

• The eggs arrived and everyone was jumping with glee.
Emily Young 5R

• The incubator is warming up and getting ready for the eggs.
K. Bishop 5Q

• I love my chicken already even though it hasn't hatched yet!
Bella Brown 5R

• I was so excited when I came to school, to see if my chick had hatched.
Isabelle Prentice 5R

• The egg weighs around fifty grams and we are going to time how long it takes to hatch.
Kate Gleeson 5Q

• When Mrs Quirk cracked open my egg, my chicken was dead.
Serena Pellizzeri 5R

• Dr. Quirk has helped many a chicken to hop out of its egg.

A. Pitt 5Q

• Barbie likes to keep warm in her tissues and under the warm light in her tub.
Kacey Reid 5R

• I put a soft toy in the box with the chicken. They jumped on it, snuggled up to it - they looked so cute.
H. Harris 5Q

• Yesterday I had to put another tag on Junior because he'd lost it.
Sarah Dayman 5R

• At playlunch my chick was taken to the Science Lab. to be put to sleep because it was sick. L. Black 5Q

• His wings have grown again - I don't want him to grow any more.
Kate Wharton 5R

• Omelette can run very fast now and is starting to use his wings.
C. Franich 5Q

• We took the chicks outside today; but all they did was peck the ground and poo.
Rosemary Sasse 5R

• Yesterday my chicken went home with Laura for the night and apparently jumped out of his box downstairs, hopped upstairs and jumped into Laura's bath, which had shallow water in it.
F. Reynolds 5Q

• I have grown really attached to my little Nutmeg, I don't want to say goodbye!
Lauren Hicks 5R

• My chick weighs a fat 84 grams, I've no idea what he's been eating, but he definitely needs to go on a diet!
Kristina Palermo 5R

• I'm feeling really sad that I have to give my chick away, but I'm relieved that I don't have to look after it anymore.
Z. Murdoch 5Q



Exotic
ST LAURA COUNTRY

EXPLORER

From Egg to Chicken

Chicken and egg

OVIPAROUS CREATURES

LADYBIRDS
Harold Oldroyd

THE FIRST SIGHT OF
SPIDERS
Lionel Bender



It's A Boy
It's A Girl

KATIDIN DENAU, S.P.



FANTASTIC STORIES

RUYTONIAN 1999

YEAR 4



MICE AND MOZART POEM

Mice over there!
 Look left and right!
 Look!
 The Mozart family's come!
 Oh! Miss Mozart's talking!
 We hear a knock
 It's Mr. Mozart's friends
 Guess what happens next?
Jillian Pleunik

GOLD

Coins and metal
 Nugget, heavy and shiny
 Hard to find.
Jessica Finlay

1. YEAR 4 (Left to right)

Front: Annie Looringh van Beeck, Monika Paskiewicz, Vanessa Quincey, Sarah Duckworth, Grace Taylor and Victoria Verrocchi
Middle: Vinaya Marriott, Emily Howells, Lucy Bennison, Jillian Pleunik, Jenna Strawbridge and Stephanie Wright
Back: Mrs. Janet Swan, Lauren Davenport, Phoebe Zimpler, Issy Trinca and Morgan Manison

2. SOVEREIGN HILL CAMP

Jessica Finlay, Monika Paszkiewicz and Vanessa Quincey

3. Lucy Fitzmaurice, Lauren Davenport, Issy Trinca and Renata Carli

CAMP

The day before camp
 I was really excited
 I had just returned from Germany
 Every day was great!
 We were sad we had to leave
 But happy to see our families again.
 Some things we did
 Panning, shopping,
 Looking and learning.
Sarah Duckworth

BUFFY

We have a buffalo called Buffy
 On his back he's very fluffy
 His eyes are beady and black
 And we carry him in a sack.
 He has fluff on his chin
 And his face always wears a grin.
 We love Buffy!
Alex Mackenzie & Lizzie Olayos

CAMP

Fun
 Stockade
 Eureka
 Panning for gold
 Sparkling metal found
 Horse and carriage
 Old fashioned
 Horse shoe
 Good!
Issy Trinca and Lucy Bennison

I learnt a lot of things
 One was making friends.
 Sure, I had rough times
 But can you go a year without them?
 Camp was the most exciting;
 We went to Sovereign Hill.
 It was a year to remember
 A fabulous year.
Morgan Manison

NEW HOME

I am a plant
 I'm sitting in an uncomfortable pot all
 squished up.
 I see a girl digging a hole in the soil
 She tips me upside down
 Her hands are gentle around my stem

Ouch she's shaking me!
 I fall out of the pot into a hole in the soil
 It's warm and nourishing
 Lovely!
By Grace Taylor

Pelicans
 Wise, proud
 Flying, breeding, snickering
 A majestic waddling bird.
BIRD.

Frogs
 Slimy, fast
 Jumping, croaking, eating
 A tropical, leaping creature
AMPHIBIAN.
Phoebe Nunn and Jenna Strawbridge

ABOUT CAMP

Camp
 Good fun
 Sovereign Hill
 Eureka
 Battle
 GREAT!!!
Monika Paszkiewicz and Annie Looringh Van Beeck

YEAR FOUR

Yelling with happiness,
 Everyday is a fantastic day,
 A fantastic class,
 Respecting the teacher,
 Funny fantastic class,
 Our lavender plants are growing,
 Under-estimating cool class,
 Relationships with friends,
WE ROCK!
Vinaya Marriott, Lauren Davenport and Lucy Fitzmaurice

Gold is old and very bold always
 Very precious
 It never breaks
 And never crumbles
 Always the same old gold.
Phoebe Zimpler, Emily Howells and Victoria Verrocchi

YEARS 3 AND 4

1999 IN COMPOSITE 3 AND 4

We started the year with ten girls in Year 4,
And ten in Year 3 made us happy for sure.
With classes of girls in the Junior school,
We all went swimming at Xavier pool.

We made a small town called Composite Cove,
With Streets and Roads and Courts and a Grove.
Jasper's tree made a real landmark
Around the corner from the National Park.

We studied explorers and maps and gold;
The tents in our room were supposed to be old.
Year 4 went camping to Sovereign Hill
Where gold panning was a real thrill.

We enjoyed reading Pinquo by Colin Theile
And wrote letters to him and signed them
Sincerely.
We've read other books and written our own,
And projects and work on computer were shown.

Grandparents came and saw what we'd done;
Having them here was really great fun.
We had lots of parties and made many friends;
Our friendships made here will never end.

'Mice and Mozart' was the Threes' and
Fours' play;
We performed it at night as well as the day.
Year Three girls were mice with tails so long;
The rap at the end was our favourite song.

Year Three went to camp at the start
of Term Three
And looked for possums in every tree.
Water and Wetlands we've studied as well,
And we all remember the day when TIME fell.

We dressed up for Book Week and
Football Day too
Our cats went to Zart Art and we yelled, "Yahoo!"
We hope next year will be lots of fun,
For this year has been our favourite one.



RYTONIAN 1999

YEAR 3B



SALT AND VINEGAR CHIPS

Smells like vinegar and salt,
Tastes like vinegar and salt,
Feels curved, thin and round,
Looks yummy and tasty,
Sounds crackly and crunchy.
YUM, YUM, YUM.
Nicole Gregurek

LOLLYPOP

Hard, crunchy,
Sugary, yummy,
Hard and stiff.
They are colourful to look at,
They make a crunch, crunch, crunchy sound,
The smell is sugary and irresistible.
YUMMY, YUMMY, YUMMY.
Belinda Sasse

LOLLIES

Yummy,
All funny shapes,
Sticky,
Crunch, crunch, crunch,
Soggy, gooey.
Eliza Jonson

PAPPADAMS

Oily,
Yummy,
Lumpy,
Bumpy,
CRACKLE, POP!
Anna Bamford

LASAGNE

Cheesy and creamy,
Smooth and bumpy,
Meat and pasta,
Hot and yummy,
Oh how I like it!
It's my favourite food.
Emily Wilde

POPCORN

Popcorn is buttery and salty,
Popcorn is bumpy and round,
It goes SNAP, CRACKLE, POP!
Jessica Balson

BURRITOS

Hot OUCH!
Spicy AHH!
Warm YUM!
It's a creamy colour,
Take a big bite,
OOPS It fell out!
Katie Richardson

CUCUMBER

Cold and sweet,
Crunchy, funny,
Bumpy and green,
Long and round.
Livia Beattie

LOLLIES

Lollies smell delicious,
They taste yummy and sweet,
They feel funny and sticky,
They are all different shapes and colours,
You can hear the paper scrunch,
When you unravel it with a little twist.
Katherine Nugent-Johnstone

GNOCCHI

Warm and soft,
Potato and round,
Squashy and delicious!
Jessica Graham

CHOCOLATE SPONGE CAKE

Chocolaty sweet,
Chocolaty, creamy, sweet,
Squidgy,
Creamy, squidgy, chocolaty and yummy,
SQUISH, SQUISH, SQUISH.
Adria Castellucci

HOT CHIPS

Yummy, potato and smooth,
Long and sloppy,
Makes my mouth water.
Sophie Laforest

CASSEROLE

Veggies with red sauce,
Splish, splash, splash,
Sloppy and squelchy,
Tastes and smells like yummy vegetables.
Isabel Deakin

CHIPS

Salt and vinegar,
Delicious,
Easy to break,
Crunchy,
Pop!
Stephanie Gleeson

HOT PIES

Meaty,
Delicious,
Flaky,
Bumpy,
Crunch, crunch, crunch.
OOPS!
Sauce on my t-shirt.
Lisa Ainger

SPAGHETTI

Meaty,
Pasta,
Soft,
Squirmy, slurp!
Sarah Allen

JELLY

Fruity,
Fruity, watery,
Wobbly,
Smooth,
Squishy.
Elizabeth Bowtell

HOT CHIPS

Chips are hot,
Chips are salty,
Chips are tall,
They taste like vinegar,
When you put them in your mouth, they
crunch.
Alexandra Loizou

POPCORN

Popcorn gets everywhere,
Popcorn is buttery,
Popcorn feels bumpy, round and curly,
Sounds like pop, pop, pop!
Alexandra Vlassopoulos

PAPPADAMS

Indian,
Beautiful,
Bumpy,
Curly,
Crunchy.
Eugenie Muggleton

FAIRY FLOSS

Sweet, sugary,
Melts in your mouth,
Tingly, soft, pink, spongy and see-through.
Sylvie Heywood

DIM SIMS

Dims sims taste yummy, yummy,
They feel smooth and soggy,
They are round,
They go snap, crunch and pop!
Elizabeth Gray

1. YEAR 3B (Left to right)

Back row: Sarah Allen, Emily Wilde, Lisa Ainger,
Adria Castellucci, Alexandra Vlassopoulos, Jessica
Graham and Anna Bamford
3rd row: Elizabeth Bowtell, Katie Richardson, Nicole
Gregurek, Katherine Nugent-Johnstone, Elizabeth
Gray and Sophie Laforest
2nd row: Belinda Sasse, Eugenie Muggleton,
Stephanie Gleeson, Eliza Jonson and Jessica Balson
Front row: Livia Beattie, Alexandra Loizou and
Isabel Deakin

I am as beautiful as a queen.
I am as good as a maid.
I wear pretty clothes like
Cinderella at the ball.
My favourite colour is the same as a pig
A Princess by Danielle Deriu

I'm yellow on the outside like the sun.
I'm beautiful like a rainbow.
I grow in the spring like a tree.
I'm shaped like a trumpet.
What am I?
A Daffodil by Madeleine Cleeve-Gerkens

I have a pointy hat the same shape
As an ice-cream cone.
I wear a black cloak like a wizard.
I have a green face like a frog.
What am I?
A Witch by Isabella Tolley

I live in the water like a fish.
I am small like a krill.
I am black like the sky at night.
I change like a caterpillar.
What am I?
A Tadpole by Leshea Morkham

I am as shiny as the sun.
I live in the sky like the moon.
I come out at night like an owl
What am I?
A Star by Tori Curtis

I am as black as the night.
I prowl and pounce like a tiger.
My eyes are as green as emeralds
My purr is as loud as rumbling thunder
What am I?
A Black Panther by Kate Robertson

I am brown on the outside and white in the
inside
I am as hard as a rock
I am bigger than an orange.
I have liquid inside of me.
I am a fruit.
I am tropical like a pineapple.
What am I?
A Coconut by Anna Chmiel

I am orange on the outside like a pumpkin
On the inside I am as red as a tomato
And as round as a tennis ball
What am I?
A Blood Orange by Charlotte Paine

I am green like an apple.
I am long and skinny like a pencil.
I am a vegetable that grows on a bush.
What am I?
A Bean by Amorette Garner-Williams

I'm as red as an apple.
I'm as juicy as a pear.
I'm as sweet as a lolly.
I'm a fruit with seeds.
What am I?
A Strawberry by Maddy Hannington



I am red like a rose.
I come on a stick like a grape.
I am very juicy like a pear.
I have a pip like a peach.
What am I?
A Cherry by Elise Brookes

I shine like a star.
I come out at night like an owl.
People say I have holes in me like cheese.
What am I?
The moon by Madeleine Reilly

I am fluffy like a mop.
I have four legs like a Cheetah
I have whiskers like a dog.
When you drench a bucket of water on me
I look like a wet mop.
What am I?
A Persian Cat by Katya Doig

I am golden like the sun.
I eat food like a cat.
I have whiskers like a mouse.
I have feet like a rat.
I eat like a bird.
What am I?
A Guinea Pig by Courtney Lewis

I am round like a peach.
I am red like a strawberry.
I grow on a tree like a lemon
What am I?
An Apple by Alessandra Ogden

I am red as an apple
I come in bunches like bananas!
I have seeds like a kiwi fruit
What am I?
A Strawberry by Sophie Teed

I am beautiful like a wedding ring.
I am colourful like a rainbow.
You see me during the day flying around
like a bee.
What am I?
A Butterfly by Rachel Cocks

I have four wheels like a pram.
I'm shaped like a mini surfboard.
When you ride me you wear a helmet like on
a bike.
You also need knee pads like on rollerblades
What am I?
A Skateboard by Ally Hay

I am yellow like butter
I am hot like an oven
I am far away
Like Mars, you will need sun glasses
What am I?

The Sun by Lucy Davenport
I am cold like the snow
And brown like a bear
What am I?
Chocolate Ice-Cream
by Ariane Garner Williams

I am as soft as a teddy.
I am yellow like the sun.
Inside I have a hard, hard pip like an apricot.
What am I?
A Mango by Alex Dinuccio

I crawl like a baby.
I have a shell like a lobster
I have nippers like scissors
What am I?
A Crab by Catherine Leonard

1. YEAR 1 (Left to right)
Back row: Madeleine Cleeve-Gerkens,
Georgia Howard, Kate Robertson, Margot Symon,
Madeleine Reilly, Alexandra Hay, Sophie Teed,
Anna Chmiel and Danielle Deriu
Middle row: Katya Doig, Leshea Morkham,
Isabella Tolley, Rachel Cocks, Alexandra Dinuccio,
Elise Brookes and Ms. K. Johnston
Front row: Courtney Lewis, Victoria Curtis,
Lucy Davenport, Madeline Hannington,
Amorette Garner-Williams, Alessandra Ogden,
Ariane Garner-Williams and Charlotte Paine
Absent: Angelica Rush

YEAR 2



THE FAIRY FOREST

I love the fairy forest because there is no place like it and everything looks real.
Charlotte Malon

It is so beautiful in the Fairy Forest because you just look at the fairies and think it is real.
Eliza Bramwell

When you remember the Fairy Forest you close your eyes and dream about walking in a forest.
Felicity Newton

I love the Fairy Forest because of the beautiful colours and the fairies. The peaceful music is really relaxing. Sometimes when I am in there I feel like I am in a real forest.
Anne Cunningham

The Fairy Forest is special because of the painting from Angie Morgan and all the other things she did. I love the rainbow and the fairies. I love the tree with the lights and the toadstools.
Natasha Mackenzie

It feels like you are sitting with a real fairy in the Fairy Forest. It is very peaceful and when you open your eyes, you are in wonderland.
Sammy Bamford

When I was in the Fairy Forest with the dolphin music on, I thought that I was in the water with the dolphins. I love the Fairy Forest.
Christina Gidas

I love the Fairy Forest because if you close your eyes and open them again, you feel like you are in a real fairy forest.
Rebecca Cowie

In the Fairy Forest, it feels like you have discovered that all of the fairies are calm, not rushing and not loud.
Siobhan Harris

The Fairy Forest is special because the fairies look real and the forest looks real and the music is nice and soft.
Julia McCahey

I feel like fairies are around you in the Fairy Forest and you feel like you are in Fairyland.
Danielle Hanna

The Fairy Forest is very beautiful. It looks real. There is a rainbow as well. I like the Fairy Forest.
Maddie Kannegiesser-Bailey

The Fairy Forest really feels the same as a real fairy forest because it has a rainbow that looks like one with gold at the end of it.
Katherine Southwell

The special thing that I like about the Fairy Forest is that when you lie on the mat and the music is on, you feel like you are in the sea.
Daniela Paszkiewicz





When I was in the Fairy Forest and I closed my eyes, I really thought I was in a fairy's house touching all the glittery spider webs and saying hello to all the fairies. I felt special having dinner with all the fairies.
Katya Udorovic

I love the Fairy Forest because it feels like it is real. It feels like I am in the Fairy Forest.
Brittany Hallgren

When I touched the fairies, the fairies looked like real.
Camille Hudson

The Fairy Forest makes me feel special because it is a very special place.
Alex Franet

I like the Fairy Forest because when I walk into it I feel like I am really in a fairy forest with fairies all around me.
Sophie Lumsden

I like the Fairy Forest because when you are in there you feel like you are in a magical land.
Madeleine Bradley

THE FAIRY IN MY DREAM
Jasmin.

When I was in the Fairy Forest I saw a beautiful fairy. She had purple wings and a pretty cape. She was beautiful. She had star stockings as well.

FAIRY FOREST DREAMS
Emily.

I was looking for Bowser in a strange forest. There were fairy friends and goblins too. I found Bowser near two trees. He was O.K. I gave him a cuddle and took him home and gave him some food..

THE FAIRY FOREST
Anna.

The Fairy Forest is beautiful. All the fairies are flying over me. I found a pot of gold under the rainbow.

THE FAIRY FOREST
Romi.

When I go into the Fairy Forest I always feel happy. I never feel sad. It's just this feeling I get. I can't explain this feeling but one thing I can tell you is that it is a happy feeling.

THE RAIN FOREST
Stephanie.

Once upon a time there was a forest. In the forest lived a fairy. I went to that forest and saw fairies. They looked beautiful. In my classroom we have a fairy forest. It looks just the same.

THE FAIRY ROOM
Marcelle.

When I was in the fairy room I thought I was in the forest. I walked past beautiful green, palm trees and I saw three blue birds above me. I saw a rainbow – green, blue and pink. I walked through it. It led me to a blue river with lots of tropical butterflies flying over it.

A DREAM IN THE FOREST
Holly Radford.

I was in the forest with Marcelle. We played with the fairies. We were in dresses. We had make-up on and we looked fantastic.

RAINFOREST
Christina.

I was walking in a rain forest. There were fairies everywhere. I played with them and I talked to them. I learnt some magic. I played with my magic and I used it a lot. Then it was time to go home. I said, "Goodbye!" I was back at home.

THE FAIRY FOREST
Imogen.

I heard a flapping sound. It was a fairy. It was a nice sound. Then I saw a fairy. It was fun looking at it.

THE FAIRY FOREST
Pippa.

I liked the forest because it was a quiet place - and peaceful. It was very nice in there. I wish I was a fairy and I lived there.

THE FAIRY FOREST
Maria.

I liked the fairy forest because it was beautiful and very quiet. I wish that I lived there with real fairies. It would be really good fun if that were true.

IN THE FAIRY FOREST I...
Bianca.

When I was in the fairy forest I felt like I was at the end of the rainbow. Then it was like all the fairies had come out and picked me up and then I became the Fairy Queen. Then my dream ended.

IN THE FOREST
Amelia.

The fairies live in the forest. They live in a hole in a tree. The tree is called "The Lightning Tree." Each full moon the hole in the tree opens and the fairies come out and celebrate.

THE FAIRY FOREST
Sarah.

As I look at a tree I see a fairy house in the trunk of the tree. I see a fairy sitting down to dinner. In the next house I see a fairy sleeping. Then I close my eyes and I imagine I am walking through the woods and fairies are following me.

THE FAIRY FOREST
Holly Read.

I wish I had a bedroom like the Fairy Forest. The Fairy Forest is beautiful. It is my favourite place.

DREAMING OF THE FAIRY FOREST
Kate.

I liked the Fairy Forest because it was quiet and peaceful. My After-Care teacher at Art did it all and I think she is very good. I could go to sleep there and have a very good dream.

IN THE FAIRY FOREST
Alex.

In the Fairy Forest there were some fairies and a beautiful lake. The fairies were drinking the sparkling water. I love fairies.

MY FAIRY DREAM
Jessica.

Fairies are beautiful and friendly. They make beautiful noises and they make me feel nice inside.



PREP N



FRIENDS

I like my friends playing at my house because we can play all day.

Emily Berlangieri

When it's my birthday, I like it when my friends give me nice presents.

Jane Trotta

I like having my friends come over to my house and play in the swimming pool. I also like playing when the stars come out.

Kate Strachan

I like playing games and having my friends over to my house.

Ally Pizzy

Sometimes I like to make friends cards if they are sick. I like to give them roses.

Nicaela Dwight

If you hurt a friend you say sorry. I like playing lions with my friends.

Maddy Laforest

I like going to sleepovers at my friend's house, playing lots of games and doing fun stuff all night long.

Mia Antonopoulos

If you only have one best friend, and you tell somebody else, then you can easily hurt their feelings. You have to have lots of friends, I like to go to the movies with my friends.

Laura Rowland

You should always have lots of friends because it is nice to have lots of friends. I like going bowling with my friends.

Katherine Nolan

I like playing with my friends and saying I love you.

Indianna Roehrich

I like to cuddle my friends when they are feeling sad. I like to have them over to my house to play.

Grace Mead

I like to go to the park with my friends.

Tatiana Kotsimbos

My friends are fun to be with. If they fall over and twist an ankle, you always help them.

Kate Billings

I like taking my friends places. My favourite place to go is 'Rare Bears'.

Katherine Adrianopoulos

I like to go to the circus and see 'Tweety Bird' with my friends.

Maddy Muir

I like to make my friends happy. I like playing games and having fun with them.

Olivia Harvey

I like it when my friends come over to my house. I like it when we dress up and play.

Isabella Weeding-Hill

I like my friends because they are nice. I like having my friends come and play at my house.

Alison McMaster

1. PREP N (Left to right)

Back row: Alison McMaster, Grace Mead and Tatiana Kotsimbos

3rd row: Madeline Muir, Emily Berlangieri, Katherine Adrianopoulos and Kate Billings

2nd row: Madeline La Forest, Isabella Weeding-Hill, Laura Rowland, Indianna Roerich and Katherine Nolan

Front row: Jane Trotta, Alexandra Pizzey, Erasmia Antonopoulos, Kate Strachan, Nicaela Dwight and Olivia Harvey



FRIENDS

Friends play games with you and they help you. I like having friends.

Freya Bottom

Friends ask you to play and they are kind to you. Friends come to your house sometimes.

Gabrielle Bassili

Friends are kind and they play with you. My family are kind to me and they are my friends too.

Eliza Greene

You can let your friends share your games. Sometimes they sit with you if you don't feel well.

Rebecca Loizou

Friends play with each other and be kind to each other. Friends cuddle someone if they are hurt.

Georgina Baker

You can pick up your friends from school and have a sleep over. Your friends like you a lot.

Caley Jowers

Once I saw my friend at Rare Bears. Friends play with me lots. I help my friends when they need some help in the playground.

Vanessa Sullivan

Friends care about you. Friends have smiles and they play with you. Friends make me feel happy.

Mary Cowell

Friends can give you a piggy back. Friends treat me nicely because they like me. Having friends makes me happy.

Livia Tsipos

Friends can help you write. Friends can help you read. Friends can invite you to their house. I feel good when I have someone over.

Katherine Tobin

Friends share with me and play with me. Sometimes friends give things to me and I feel good.

Elizabeth Pearce

Friends play with me in the cubby house and are nice to me. I feel happy when my friends help me.

Emma Kenshole

Friends play with you. I like playing chasey with my friends. I feel happy when my friends come over to my house.

Georgina Meehan

I love my friend because she is very kind to me and when I am hurt she takes me to the teacher on duty.

Imogen Browne

Friends come to my house and play with me. My friends are not mean to me. They cuddle me and give me presents because they love me.

Zoe Kanat

Friends are special because they play with me in the playground after school. We do things together.

Alison Lindsay

Friends can have races with you. Friends can play tennis with you. Friends are nice to each other.

Emily Scott

Friends play with me and let me be the chaser in chasey.

Kate Walker

Friends play with you. They help you when you fall over. They do nice things to you.

Cecily Walker-Cox

1. PREP N (Left to right)

Back row: Livia Tsipos, Eliza Green, Gabrielle Bassili, Emma Kenshole and Katherine Tobin
3rd row: Zoe Kanat, Rebecca Loizou, Vanessa Sullivan and Kate Walker
2nd row: Elizabeth Pearce, Cecily Walker-Cox, Georgina Baker, Freya Bottom, Imogen Browne and Georgina Meehan
Front row: Alison Lindsay, Caley Jowers, Angelica Norman, Mary Cowell and Emily Scott

PREP B SPECIAL EVENTS

1. Prep B Easter



2. Holiday Programme- Pirates and Princesses



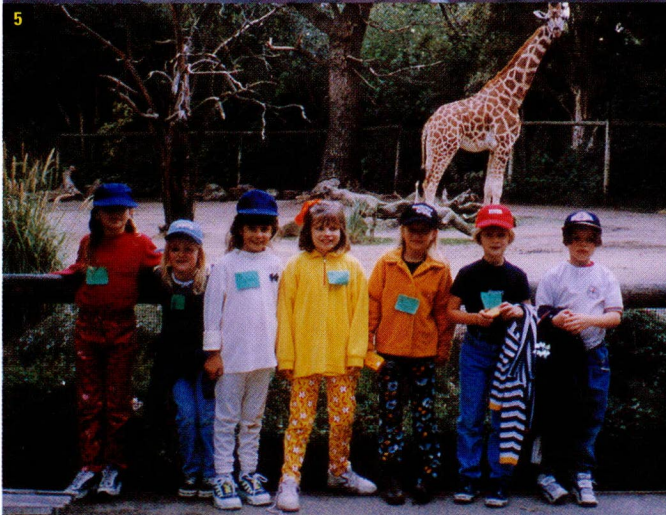
3. "Mr. Marimba" - Jon Madin with Year 6H



4. Year 2M (left to right)
Back row: Madeleine Bradley, Maddie Kannegesser-Bailey, Anne Cunningham, Alex Franet, Sammy Bamford, Brittany Hallgren, Christina Gidas, Camille Hudson and Sophie Lumsden
Front row: Siobhan Harris, Eliza Bramwell, Katherine Southwell, Natasha Mackenzie, Daniela Paszkiewicz, Charlotte Malon, Danielle Hanna, Julia McCahey and Felicity Newton



5. Zoo Trip (left to right):
Brittany Hallgren, Camille Hudson, Katya Udorovic, Charlotte Malon, Sammy Bamford, Natasha Mackenzie and Alex Franet



6. Junior School Holiday Programme



7. Grandparents Day: Katie Johnston, Year 3/4W with grandparents



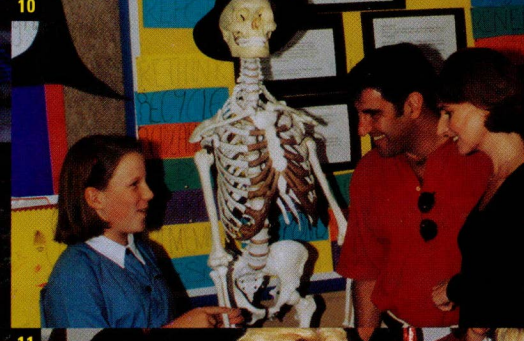
8. Gabrielle Bassili, Elizabeth Pearce, Imogen Browne, Kate Walker and a fireman?



9. "Spring has Sprung"
Jacqueline James, Heleine Andrianakis and Camilla Hodgson



10. Open Day: Kayley Flukes



11. Mothers Day Breakfast: Mrs Marriott and Vinaya Marriott



LITTLE RUYTON CREATIVE



At Little Ruyton, the three to five year old children participate in a wide range of experiences. Many of these include the use of art and recycled materials.

1. Harriet Haig - Pattern
2. Isabella Kerr - Tree Houses
3. Lianne Fares - Outer Space
4. Lauren Harcourt - Painting
- 5 & 6. Murals
7. Eliza Cooper
8. Abigail Miller
9. Space Rocket - Pre-Prep
10. Martyn Jelbart - Pattern
11. Zachary Blood - Letterland Robber Red and Hairy Hat Man
12. Sarah Butler - Self Portrait
13. Harriet Haig
14. Isabel Wormald - Plan of Space Rocket
15. Gracie Hooper and Natasha Kotsimbos - Black on White
16. Harry Wenzel - Letterland Annie Apple
17. Tristan McNicol-Smith
18. Peter Murray - Plan of Space Rocket

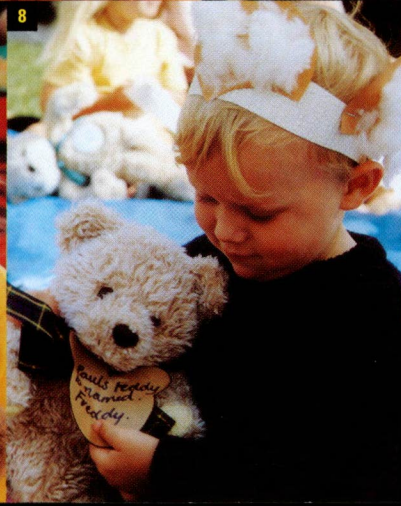


LITTLE RUYTON KINDERGARTEN



Every day is a very special day at Little Ruyton Kindergarten. Whether it is the play experiences, which are so attractively set up for the three year olds, or whether it is a special event, being at Kindergarten is such a delight. Whether you are a child or an adult, the experiences provided always put a smile on your face and you feel like you would love to stop and have a play. And this is just what the Kindergarten children can do every day!

1. Wattle Group Fairy and Elves day
2. Emma Louise Harlock
3. Elodie Kuhne-Martini
4. Banksia Group. Music and movement
5. Wattle group Teddy Bears Picnic
6. Sarah Kanat
7. Emma Lorraine Cadywould
8. Paul Hendy
9. Tristan McNicol-Smith with 'Georgie Bear', a special Kindergarten 'take home' bear





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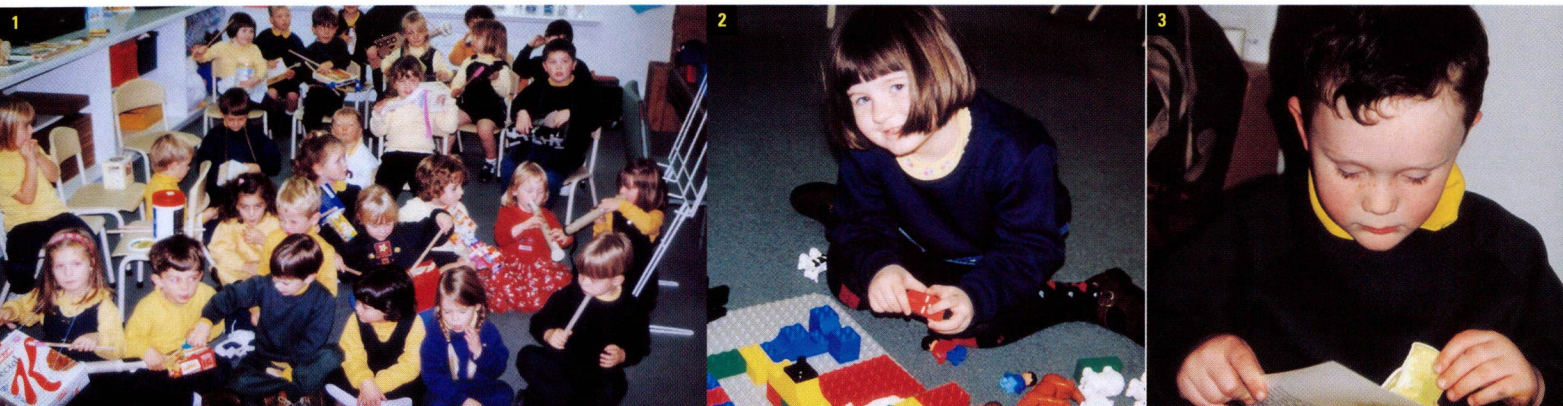


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- 10. A visit from the Fire Brigade
- 11. Geena Angove and Claudia diDonato
- 12. Andrea Murray
- 13. Hamish Knowles
- 14. Angus Beattie with the fireman
- 15. Milly Bishop posting her letter
- 16. Banksia group fairy banquet
- 17. Olivia O'Connor
- 18. Isabelle Schiavone
- 19. Paul Henty and Barry Henty, Fathers' morning

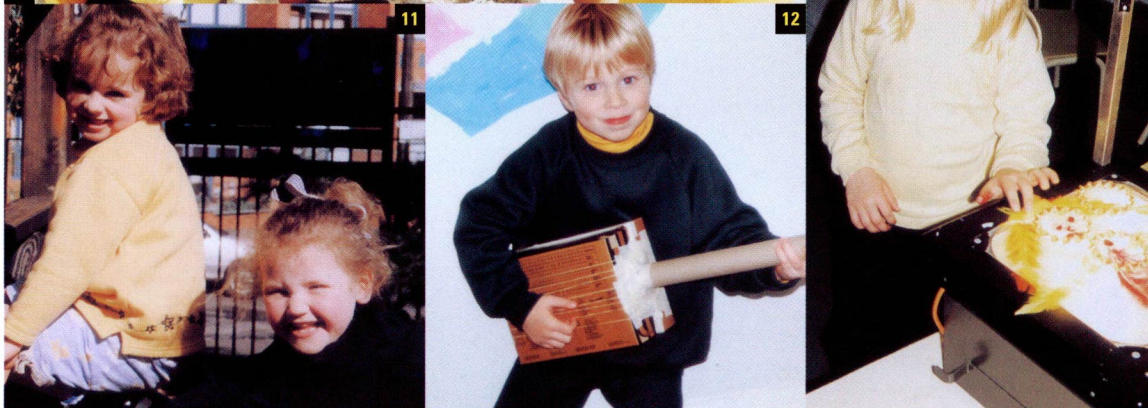
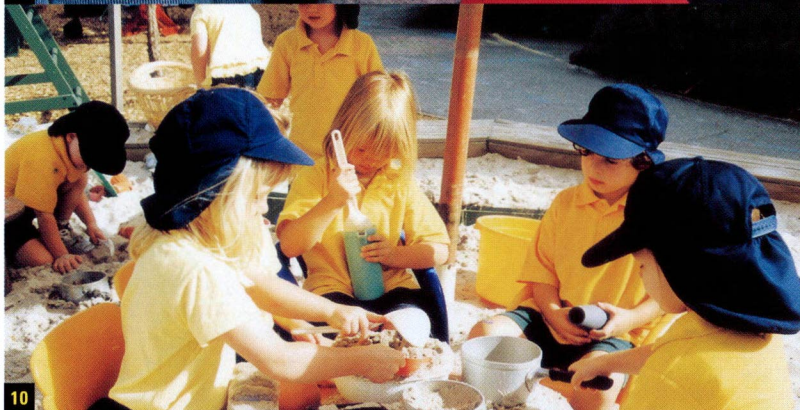


LITTLE RUYTON PRE-PREPS



It's all smiles at Little Ruyton Pre Preps! The Pre Prep girls and boys experience a wealth of opportunity as they play each day and participate in all that is offered in our early learning areas. From creative play times to exploring the phonetic sounds of the alphabet, our environment provides excellent foundations for the Pre Prep skills as they develop skills for the future.

- 1. Pre Prep Orchestra
- 2. Georgia Walsh
- 3. James Colliver
- 4. Mitchell Longstaff
- 5. Stephanie Hannington
- 6. Laura MacKinnon
- 7. Jack McIntosh, Francis Ryan, Dayle Morkham and Hugh Morris
- 8. Abigail Miller, Isabella Kerr, Stephanie Hannington and Dayle Morkham
- 9. Isabel Wormald
- 10. Enjoying sand play
- 11. Harriet Haig and Laura MacKinnon
- 12. Francis Ryan
- 13. Isabella Kerr



LITTLE RUYTON GIRLS PRE-PREP



1. Mrs. Gillies and Morgan Lewis

2. Lauren Barina and Ella Molnar

3. Allie Drewinski and Alessia Angele

4. Miss Jenelle Andrea and some Pre Prep girls

5. Mrs. Gillies and Jasper say hello to Carina Pezzimenti, Alice Date and Shanique Hallgren

6. Mrs. Coleene Scott with Taylor Connolly and Claire Bassili

7. Miss Anna Harcourt with Lauren Barina and Georgia Browne

8. Eliza McNab and baby sister Annelise

9. Stephanie Cannaloga

10. Marie Poutakidis

11. Stephanie Cowley and Tallulah Butcher

FRIENDS OF LITTLE RUYTON

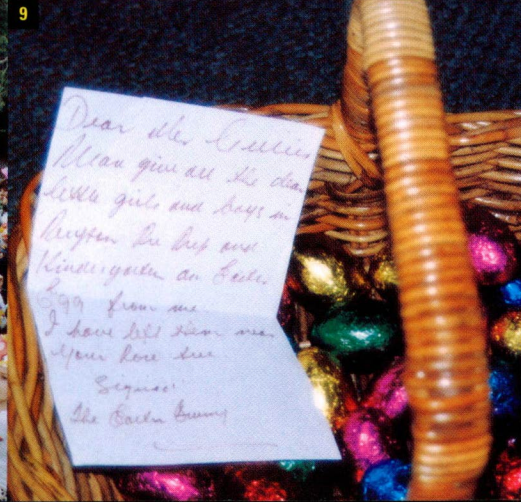


CHRISTMAS

1. Santa is welcomed to Little Ruyton
2. Vanessa Sullivan (Prep '99) enjoys a sit on Santa's knee
3. Martyn Jelbart receives his surprise from Santa
4. Georgina Baker (Prep '99) has a turn at being Rudolf!

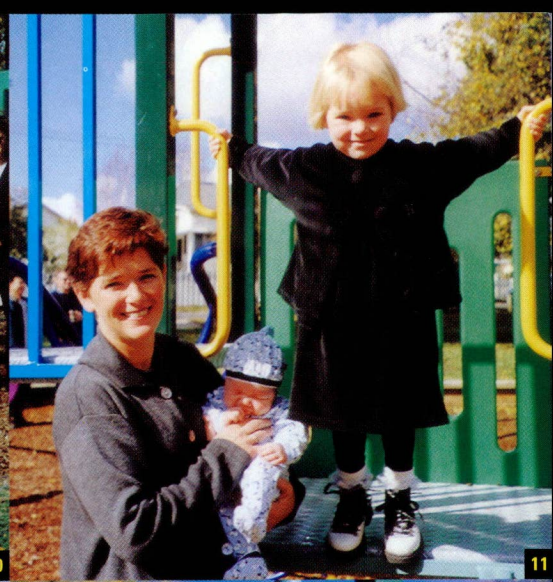
EASTER

5. Mr. Brian Gillies opening the letter from the Easter Bunny
6. Mrs. Prue Gillies, a special guest at the Easter Bonnet parade
7. Mr. Gillies wearing his easter bonnet along with the Little Ruyton children
8. Mr. Gillies assisting the Easter Bunny and Mrs. O'Grady in giving out Easter eggs
9. Basket of eggs and letter from the Easter Bunny





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Little Ruyton gives parents the opportunity to be part of our Parents Support Group, 'Friends of Little Ruyton'. A number of social and educational activities have been greatly enjoyed by the Little Ruyton families.

10. Picnic Day at Eglington Park

11. Susie Lachal with Lily and Gustav

12. Syd Allen and Amelia

13. Lauren Harcourt with mother Melissa and baby Matthew

14. Lauren Barina

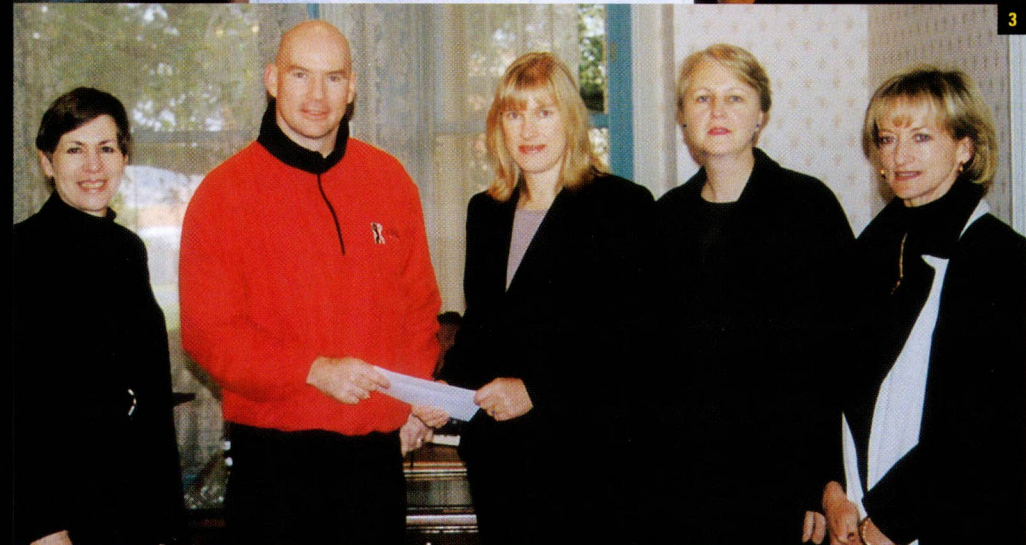
15. Stephanie Hannington

16. Mrs Dianne Meehan and James

17. John Malon and son James



RUYTON SUPPORT GROUPS



Each term, it is the pleasant duty of the Principal to host the Presidium Luncheon. A rather grand name for a relaxed and informal occasion, this is the forum which captures the spirit of support, generated by the Presidents of the Parent Support Groups. 'Morrison by Moonlight' was the romantic title chosen for the 1999 Twilight Concert. Conceived, planned and executed by the Henty Rowing Club, legendary musician, James Morrison and his Big Band provided a feast of entertainment. The rain stayed away as more than 3000 people enjoyed a night to remember. In the afternoon prior to the performance James Morrison and his Quintet conducted a tutorial for nine Boroondara school bands, five of which including Ruyton's Stage Band, conducted by Matt Habben went on to perform at the main event. The Henty Rowing Club's dedicated committee, led by President, Ken Finlayson, deserves our heartiest congratulations.

Thanks to this annual fund-raising effort, two sculls have been purchased and named in honour of Dr. Carol Driscoll (former Chairman of the Ruyton Council) and Mr. Stan Guilfoyle (Vice-President of The Ruyton Foundation). The boats were launched at the first Senior School Assembly for 1999. Early in March, the Great Garage and Car Boot Sale, devised by Mrs. Virginia Ogilvie and Mr. Richard Jenkins, proved to be a great incentive to clear out unwanted goods (and take home someone else's!)

The Parents of Ruyton (POR), with President Mrs. Ros Franet, have engaged in a variety of activities, ranging from the highly anticipated Tennis Day to a wickedly witty debate at the Literary Luncheon in August. The POR has been most supportive of community events organised by other groups as well as planning educational initiatives such as 'De-Mystifying Adolescence', an evening with Associate Professor Michael Carr-Gregg and Open Day.

The highly anticipated Mothers' Day Stall was a veritable treasure trove of hand-crafted goods wrought by the skilled hands of the Questers group. The Royce Theatre has benefited from deservedly buoyant sales and a stylish speakers lectern table and chairs will now grace future assemblies and other special occasions. President, Mrs. Lindy Smith, deserves special thanks for her generous leadership which has included the Year 7's toy-making for Villa Maria.

Mrs. Sue Crow, President of FORSA (Friends of Ruyton Sport) and her enthusiastic committee, organized an inaugural dinner at Kew Golf Club in April. With a trivia quiz and auction, it was a social and financial triumph with proceeds supporting Ruyton's sport and the Heartwell Foundation (an organization which assists children with severe illnesses and disability).

The Ruyton Rhythmic Gymnastics Club continues to benefit from the dedicated efforts of President, Mrs. Virginia Ogilvie, and the parents who assist our girls reach for the stars. Mrs. Pat Franklin, President of the Friends of Ruyton Music (FORMA) and her stalwart committee have continued to ensure that Ruyton's musicians are provided with practical and appreciative support. Fund-raising for the 1999 Music Tour, supplying delicious refreshments at every concert ranging from 'Sophisticated Ladies' to 'Grand Impromptu'

1. (left to right) James Morrison with Mr. Summerton and Mrs. Gillies

2. Celebration Fair Committee

3. FORSA Dinner Committee (left to right) Mrs. Gillies, Scott Taylor (Heartwell Foundation), Mrs. Sue Crow, Mrs. Deb Webb, Mrs. Jane Hoyle





and attending various musical events in and outside the School, FORMA members deserve a standing ovation for another year of dedicated commitment.

To the retiring President of FORDA (Friends of Ruyton Drama), Mrs. Gay Lewis, gratitude and thanks. Her enthusiasm and interest in the performing arts has enhanced many productions and assisted members of the Drama Department to achieve their creative objectives.

Mrs. Sally Black, President of FINA has continued to consolidate the excellent work of this Committee which has included a trip to Bendigo to view the work of Clarice Becket and expert oversight of Ruyton's art collection. The Blue and Gold Committee's President, Mrs. Heather King, and her Committee have again demonstrated that meticulous planning attracts many past parents to Ruyton for a pleasurable musical evening in November. The International Programme support group, chaired by Mrs. Susie Sanderson, has been kept 'on the road'. With co-ordinator of the programme, Mrs. Jennie Macdonald, the friendly invasion from England, Canada, the United Kingdom, America, France and Germany visited Healesville Sanctuary, Sovereign Hill, surfed at various ocean beaches, even swum with the dolphins.

Postscript: Celebration Fair was held after publication of the 1998 'Ruytonian'. Every Support Group was involved in this wonderful event, the proceeds of which were applied this year to the purchase of multi-media projectors. Now placed in The Royce Theatre, the Information Resource Centre and other areas of Junior and Senior Schools, the projectors are tangible evidence of the generous support which prevailed and was so evident.

Fair Committee, chaired by Mrs. Virginia Ogilvie.

4. Dr. Carol Driscoll and Mr. Stan Guilfoyle

5. Questers (left to right) Mrs. Fiona Archer, Mrs. Gay Lewis and Mrs. Claire Reid

6. Great Garage and Car Boot Sale

7. Mr. Matt Habben and the Ruyton Big Band



ENRICHMENT

Inspiring! What an exciting and diverse group of students I have been privileged to work with this year as Dean of Enrichment.

At Ruyton we have been given the opportunity to follow so many different paths and the students have embraced these opportunities and willingly participated in programmes designed for gifted and talented students. To their delight they have acquired new knowledge and achieved great personal success.

This year we have entered six teams in Tournament of Minds. These multi-aged teams of talented students from Years 5-8 have explored literature, environmental science, mathematics and have worked cooperatively to complete their task within the six-week time limit.

Our two Science Drama teams impressed the S.T.A.V. with their work. Our Year 9 team won a certificate of excellence for their presentation entitled, "Viruses and Immunization"; and our Junior School team reached the State final and proudly presented their play, "A Giant At The Bottom Of The Garden" at the Darebin Performing Arts Centre.

M.I.N.E. Days, The Icarus Challenge, Lego Dacta, The Maths Olympiad; Ruyton was represented in all these activities for gifted and talented students. I am delighted to report that our students not only participated but also excelled. As our school song says, "Ruyton girls come to the fore". Inspiring! Yes, you are.

Jenine Caruso

1. Tournament of Minds - Sarah Olayos and Rafaela Cleeve-Gerkens

2. Final rehearsal

3. Shannon Burton-Rushworth, Jess Disler and Isabel Lumsden

4. Samantha Ramage

5. Amelia Batrouney

6. Persephone Wales, Jess Disler, Linda Scott and Isabel Lumsden

7. Hats for the year 2010

8. Mrs. Jennie Caruso and Jessica Turnbull

9. Sarah McCloud-Bourke and Tory Manison

10. Mini Tournament of Minds

11. Sarah McCloud-Bourke

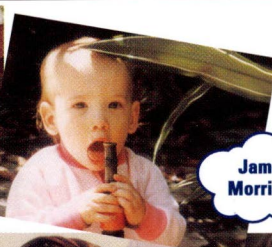
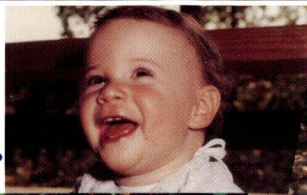
12. Sarah Olayos and Rafaela Cleeve-Gerkens



YEAR 11 FORMAL



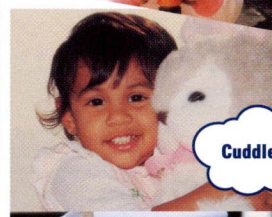
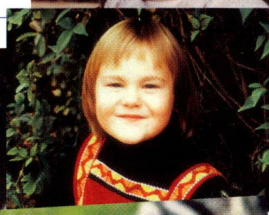
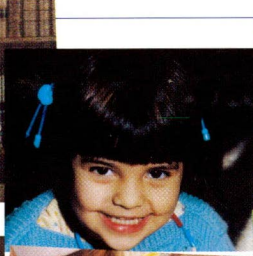
I WANT TO BE ...



James Morrison



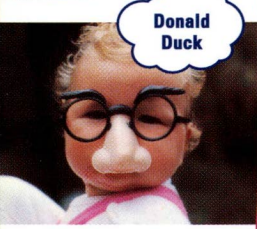
At Oaks Day



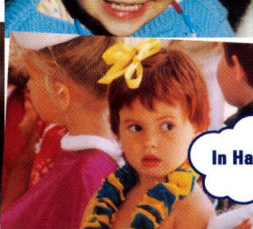
Cuddled



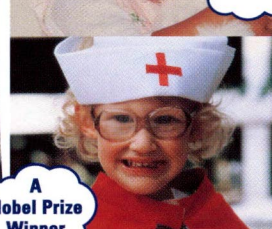
A star



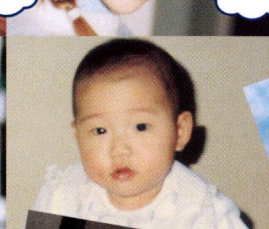
Donald Duck



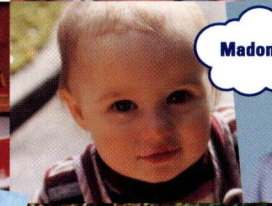
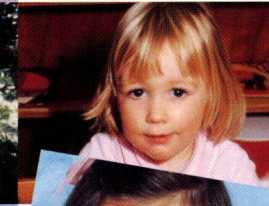
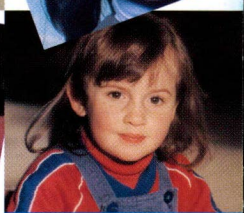
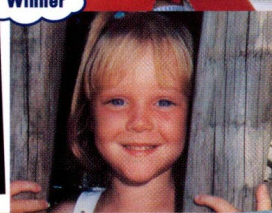
In Hawaii



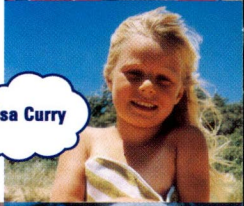
A Nobel Prize Winner



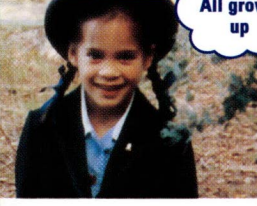
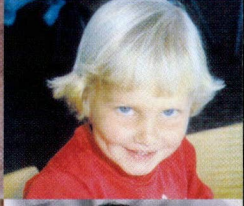
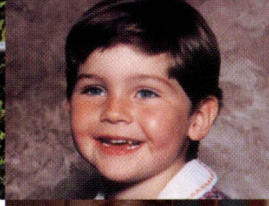
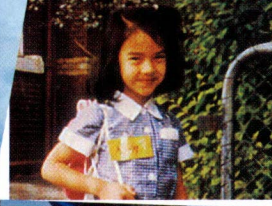
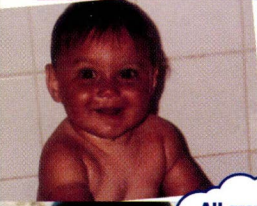
Fed and watered!



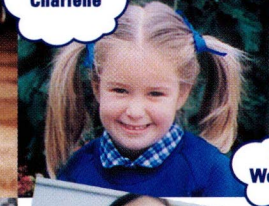
Madonna



Lisa Curry



All grown up



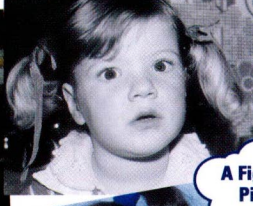
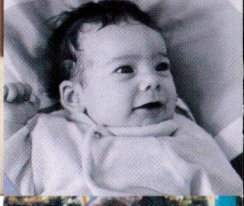
Charlene



Roger Woodward



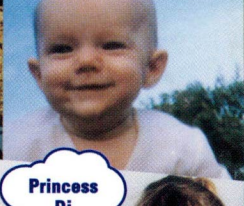
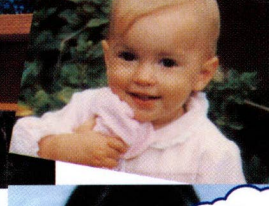
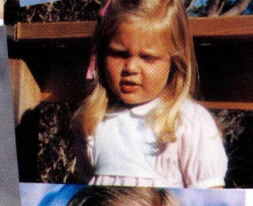
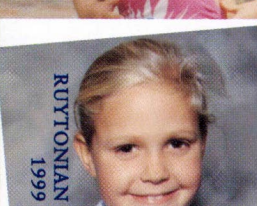
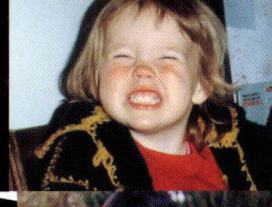
Clean



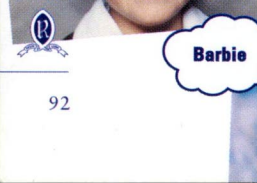
A Fighter Pilot



Princess Leia



Princess Di



Barbie



The Bangles



RUYTONIAN
1999

YEAR 12 FORMAL (JUST LOOK AT THEM NOW)



YEAR 12 AWARDS

ACADEMIC

Work Colours

Sarah Cleghorn
Felicity Irvine
Katherine Johnson
Sally Jones
Lucinda Kew
Monica Kishore
Janine Loftus
Kim Martinow
Gillian Reid
Stephanie Salter
Alia Turnidge
Clementine Young

Certificate of Excellence

Sarah Cleghorn – Debating
Felicity Irvine – Athletics
Janine Loftus – Music
Kim Martinow – Music
Melissa Starzynski – Music
Zoe Towell – Debating
Jane Tulloch – Athletics

DEBATING

Gold Certificate

Elissa Bell
Sarah Cleghorn
Felicity Irvine
Lucinda Kew
Georgina Lewis
Stephanie Salter
Katia Sanderson
Zoe Towell
Clementine Young

DRAMA

Gold Certificate

Elissa Bell

MUSIC

Gold Certificate

Elissa Bell
Jacqueline Boyd
Rebecca Colman
Phoebe Croyle
Rabintha Eliezer
Fiona Finlayson
Stephanie Franklin
Claire Golder
Emma Hardy
Katherine Johnson
Lucinda Kew
Debbie Lim
Janine Loftus
Kim Martinow
Lucy Reid
Stephanie Salter
Katia Sanderson
Natalie Siemensma
Sophie Smibert
Daniela Stow
Lucy Terracall
Zoe Towell
Melanie Wong
Rebecca Yewers
Clementine Young
Cara Zaetta-Thomas



SPORT

Gold Certificate

Georgina Booth
Jorja Burns
Bridie Duffell
Fiona Finlayson
Claire Golder
Rachael Harker
Katherine Johnson
Sally Jones
Georgina Lewis
Fiona Marshall
Katia Sanderson
Jane Tulloch

HOUSE AWARD

Anderson

Emma Hardy
Sally Jones
Fiona Marshall
Daniela Stow
Lucy Terracall

HOUSE AWARD

Bromby

Katherine Johnson
Clementine Young

HOUSE AWARD

Daniell

Elissa Bell
Jorja Burns
Sophie Smibert

HOUSE AWARD

Lascelles

Sarah Cleghorn
Arabella Forge
Claire Golder
Lucinda Kew
Georgina Lewis
Katia Sanderson
Zoe Towell
Melanie Wong



1. RUYTON STUDENT COUNCIL 1999 (Left to right)

Back row: Mrs J. Caruso, M. Menison, P. McDonald, K. Sanderson, L. Kew, S. Bamford, C. Malan, and K. Rance
Front row: E. McClean, J. Higgs, L. Scott, J. Pitt, J. Newton and E. Webb
Absent: L. Cropley, L. Hallo, J. Dakis and B. Pockley

2. Zoe Towell, recipient of the 1999 Alan Patterson Public Speaking Prize

3. Katia Sanderson and Lucinda Kew at the Induction Service at St. Paul's Cathedral

PRINCIPAL'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE RUYTONIAN COMMITTEE 1999

Managing Editor: Mrs. Patty Wallace-Smith

Student Editor: Cara Zaetta-Thomas

Sub Editor: Rebecca Colman

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Ji Hyun Lee,
Georgina Lewis

Year 11: Jessica Dakis,
Mimi Davey,
Elizabeth Fry,
Prue Gilligan,
Marlow Hillman,
Samara Hodgson,
Priyanka Kanodia,
Chelsea McKay,
Carla Malan,
Bianca Meek,
Bonnie Pockley,
Sarah White

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Olivia Finlayson,
Kylie Jones,
Samantha Librado,
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Miss Lee Wills



A winning combination! Mrs. Patty Wallace-Smith and Cara Zaetta-Thomas, with sub-editor, Rebecca Colman, have been the irresistible force which has produced the 1999 'Ruytonian'. Creative ideas, determination to meet impossible deadlines and a fresh, vigorous approach has resulted in a very fine magazine for all to share and enjoy. In thanking the many who have responded so promptly and generously to requests for tasks and photographs, I record my particular gratitude to the committee of girls and staff who have contributed so generously to achieving an exciting and comprehensive record of the School in its 121st year.

Prue Gillies,
Principal.

**1. Mrs. Prue Gillies,
Principal**

YEAR 12 1998



1. YEAR 12 1999

Left to right:

Back row: F. Marshall, G. Reid, Z. Towell, J. Burns, R. Harker, S. Samuel, E. Hardy, B. Duffell, G. Booth

6th row: V. Hatcher, S. Cleghorn, M. Olaver, A. Forge, J. Tulloch, C. Young, S. Jones, K. Johnson, F. Irvine, C. Golder, J. Boyd, S. Smibert, P. Dawkins-Walsh

5th row: R. Colman, P. Croyle, J. Try, S. Franklin, L. Terracall, N. Brown, R. Eliezer, A. Hallam, A. Gloster, A. Drapac, J. Lee

4th row: J. Tucker, L. Reid, J. Loftus, K. Martinow, C. Zaetta-Thomas, A. Lin, R. Yewers, J. Meadows, L. Kew, E. Bell, K. Sanderson

3rd row: S. Oldman, I. Hobson, N. Siemensma, M. Kishore, A. Rieusset, S. Chang

2nd row: K. Kraft, D. Lim, A. Turnidge, F. Finlayson

1st row: M. Wong, S. Salter, N. Shamid, A. Yen

Front row: D. Paltoglou, J. Pannan

2. PREP 1987

3rd row: Rebecca Yewers, Anna Stow, Belinda Nankervis, Erica Menting, Despina Paltoglou, Mrs. Beverley Wilkes

2nd row: Zoe Towell, Phoebe Croyle, Melissa Starzynski, Sarah Anderson, Sophie Smibert, Lucy Terracall

1st row: Katherine Burnside, Margaret Rutledge, Merowyn Olaver, Linda Watkin, Jaclyn Thomson, Janine Loftus, Alexandra Clark

Front: Stephanie Salter
Absent: Caroline Mizgala



3. PREP 1987 with PREP 1999

Back row: M. Olaver, R. Yewers, M. Starzynski, P. Croyle, S. Smibert

3rd row: Zoe Towell

2nd row: L. Terracall, J. Loftus, S. Salter, D. Paltoglou

Front Row: Prep girls 1999



THE NEW SCHOOL TIE



1999 VERSION



Ruyton Girls' School
12 Selbourne Road Kew 3101
Tel: 03) 9819 2422
Fax: 03) 9818 4790