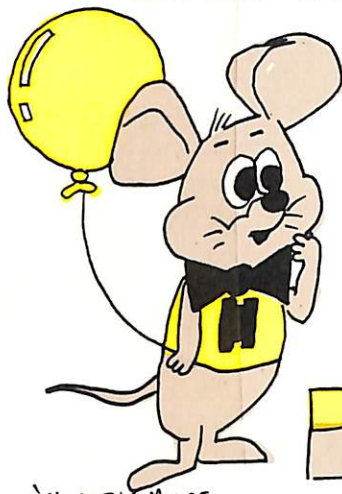




HEATHMONT

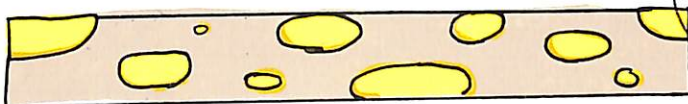


'MONTY' MOUSE

HIGH



1989



BY THE
CREEK



'HEATH' THE CREEK CREATURE.

SCHOOL MAGAZINE!

BBZ

REFERENCE

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PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

A recent article in the Melbourne Age concluded with the following reflection:

"For me school will always be fun times. The world gets too serious once you leave school."

P. Schwab

Ex-Burwood High School

The sentences above were used by Peter Schwab to conclude an article on the disappearance of Burwood High School from the list of operating secondary schools within the Victorian state system.

I hope that all students will be able to look back at the year of 1989 and say yes, I did enjoy the following activities and I participated in life at Heathmont High School —

- the camps and excursions
- in sporting events
- the school Production
- English Week, History Week, Science Week and Library Week
- the school bands
- the class lessons
- the work of the S.R.C.
- Work Experience

In this reflection I trust that all students will be aware that the curriculum of the school is designed so that you can improve your skills and grow as positive and responsible members of your family and indeed the community at large. If you have done this in 1989 and continue to do it in the years ahead then that "serious world" spoken by Peter Schwab will become your oyster and one in which you will grow; a place in which you will grow and move with confidence into the pleasure and "fun" of the world of work and adulthood.

To those students who are leaving school at the end of this year you carry with you the best wishes and the reminder that you should always regard the school as a resource centre and as a community of support and encouragement.

In concluding this message for 1989 I would like to make two further points:

1. A special "thank you" to our editors, for the production of "Up The Creek" does add considerably to the life of our school.
2. We are working through times of change in Victorian Education and in 1990 we will become Heathmont Secondary College. While this name change is being forced upon us it will most certainly be our challenge to make sure implementation of the new policies concerning the District Provision of the V.C.E. takes place in a way which builds upon the traditions of Heathmont High School and leads to the improvement in the fabric of our school.

Raymond Scott



EDITORIAL

We have made it through to our second edition of *BY THE CREEK*, and there was just as much pain and suffering as there had been last year. The editorial committee has toiled lunch hour after lunch hour with food snatched in between pages of typing.

This year we have a greater range of student work to include so we are very pleased about that, we hope you enjoy it. We also bought a camera exclusively for use of the magazine and that is why we are able to include such an array of photographs. Thank you to all those contributors (either willing or unwilling).

We are pleased with the final product this year and hope you, our readers, will enjoy it too.

Thanks to all those who have helped along the way, Jeremy Austen of Year 7, Don Morelli and all those staff who assiduously passed on the student work that we have included. A special thanks to Donna Vassallo who worked with us all on this production until the end of Term Three when she left to take a job as a junior dental nurse we missed her hard work in the final stages.

Ruth Anderson-Smith
and the editorial committee:

Tracy Bransgrove
Nicole Downie
Jacqui Kwadijk
Penny Makin

SAYING THANKYOU & WELCOME

The 1989 school year saw the arrival of a group of experienced teachers, and it is to be hoped that they enjoyed their first year at our school and that they will be able to make many positive contributions to the operation and development of Heathmont High School.

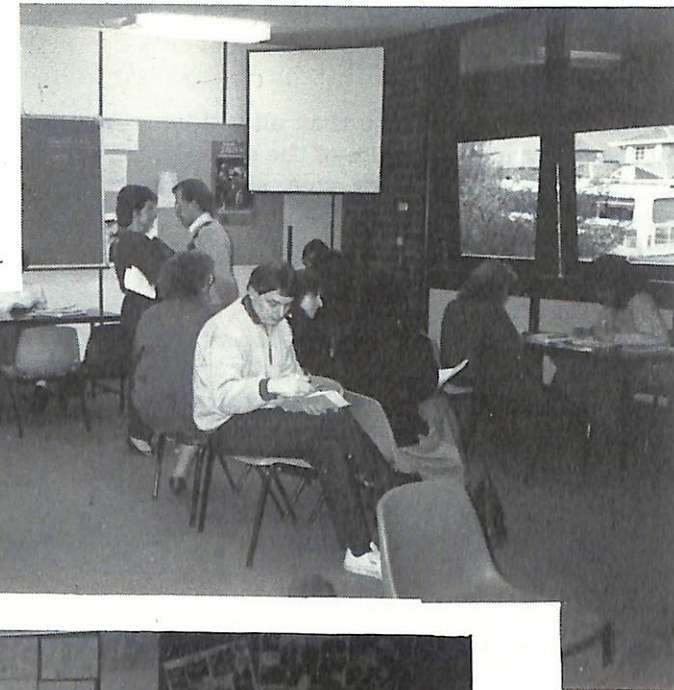
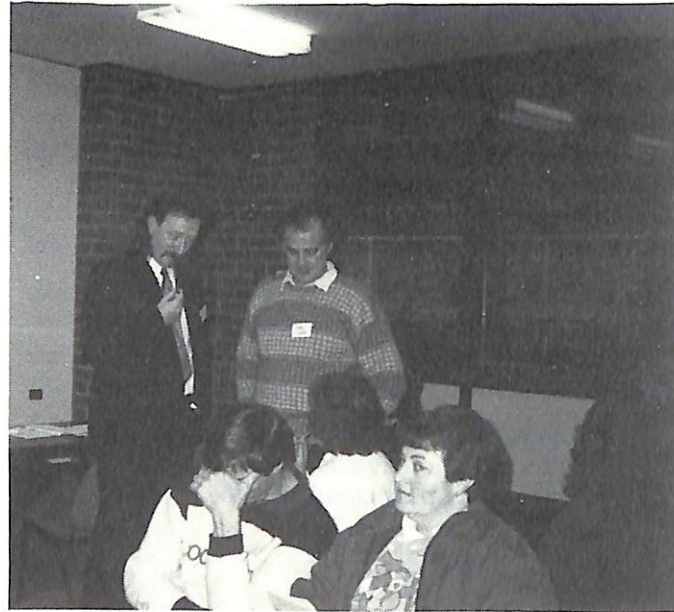
The following staff were welcomed to the school during 1989:

Karl Broecker	Cathy Panoutsos
Loo-Bee Agn	Ross McLean
Margaret Chetwin	Lisa Dooley
Stephen Moresi	Ann Williams
Ross Donlon	Margaret Tyson
Mike Curtis	Marc Wright
Robin Free	

Staffing changes either during or at the end of 1988 saw the following teachers leave our school and we thank them for their various contributions:

Sue Burgess	Heather McLeod-Dryden (Leave)
Michael Clancy	Rosemary Treloar (Leave)
Karen Steinicke	Barb Moore (Leave)

Unfortunately 1989 has seen two of our staff members, Sandra Taylor and Marg Skewes, leave the school on extended sick leave, with Sandra Taylor eventually retiring from the Ministry. These teachers carry our best wishes for a speedy recovery and return to the work force.



HEATHMONT HIGH SCHOOL: STAFF LIST 9 (as at 10/7/89)

Principal:	Ray Scott	Meredith Ure
Deputy Principal:	Peter Tatman	Judy Walsh (Mrs)
Teaching Staff:	Doug Andersen	Maureen Walsh
	Ruth Anderson-Smith	Ann Williams (Mrs)
	Loo-Bee Ang	Daryl Wilson
	June Ashman (Mrs)	Marc Wright
	Merrin Ayton (Mrs)	
	Agi Birchall (Mrs)	Lab. Tech.:
	Ronald Boreham	Cheryl Thomas (Mrs)
	John Bourke	Office:
	Sarah Bridge	Eileen Edwards (Mrs)
	Karl Broecker	Judy Forbes (Mrs)
	Barrie Brown	Pat Scheele (Mrs)
	Anne Burke	Jenny Cox (Mrs)
	Margaret Chetwin (Mrs)	Integ. Aide:
	Rita Chioldo	Marg O'Dwyer (Mrs)
	Sigrid Cunningham (Mrs)	Robyn Free (Mrs)
	Michael Curtis	Integ./Teacher Aide:
	Wendy Dalla-Riva (Mrs)	Robyn Percy (Mrs)
	Michele Deckert (Mrs)	Lib. Tech.:
	Margit Devine	Val Biggs (Mrs)
	Ross Donlon	Wendy Onley (Mrs)
	Lisa Dooley	Itenerant
	Anne Gordon	Music Staff:
	Murray Gould	Neil Barry
	Lucy Grabowski	Martin Corcoran
	John Harrowfield	Caroline Grace
	Robyn Hasell (Mrs)	Cleaning Staff:
	Louise Henshaw	Beryl Bartlett
	Vicki Hudson (Mrs)	Roy Emmins
	Ross Jurey	Paul Holmes
	Linda Kaufman	Myrna McBain
	Neil Kelly	Tom Morris
	Judith Kershaw (Mrs)	Carlos Quaremba
	Malcolm Lawson	Laurie Shadbolt
	Khim Len	Kitchen Maid:
	Marty McCarthy	Noelene Duff (Mrs)
	Eva McDonald (Mrs)	Sick Bay:
	Ross McLean	Chris Hopkins (Mrs)
	Jeff McMaster	Canteen:
	Sheila Masters (Mrs)	Mary Butcher (Mrs)
	Stephen Missen	Beth Hamilton (Mrs)
	Don Morelli	Rosemary Bedwell (Mrs)
	Stephen Moresi	
	Geoff Moss	
	Marj Munro	
	Denise Murray	
	Linda Nash (Mrs)	
	Kevin O'Brien	
	Cathy Panoutsos	
	Brian Pearce	
	Joyce Phillips (Mrs)	
	Alan Porter	
	Brian Poynter	
	Philip Reynolds	
	Sally Rule	
	Vince Sicari	
	Margaret Signorini (Mrs)	
	Jane Stringer (Mrs)	
	Margaret Tyson (Mrs)	



LIBRARY REPORT

This year has been a busy and interesting one for the library staff. Our aims have been to build up new resources to support the curriculum, and to make the library a pleasant place to be. We have worked on many projects to achieve those aims, and we hope that the students and staff have enjoyed using the library this year!

So . . . What have we been doing? The following is a brief list:

- ★ We have added 442 non-fiction books and 387 fiction books to the collection. The new fiction has been especially popular.
- ★ 109 video programs have been recorded for use in class.
- ★ 1228! Class sets and many periodicals have been processed. The magazine area has been reorganised.
- ★ Monthly displays on topics like golf, the Grand Prix, pets (remember the guinea pigs?!), football, Ronald Dahl etc. Have been organised.
- ★ Hundreds of book boxes have been prepared.
- ★ New books days happened and were popular.
- ★ New signs to brighten up the library have been made.

★ Book club novels are being displayed each month to help people decide what to order.

One event which deserves a special mention is 'Word Week'. This was a week of events run by the library and the English faculty to celebrate reading and writing. During that week the library was decorated with prize-winning novels, a bed to advertise our theme of 'Dreaming' and some terrific student work. We held a poster competition and a quiz for Year 7 and 8 students. Many people participated in those events and we hope that a good time was had by all!

During the year, a library staff member left, Sandra Taylor, due to illness. We wish her well in recovery and in her plans for the future. Your staff for 1989 have been:

Sandra Taylor, Vicki Hudson, Ann Williams, Margaret Chetwin (Teacher Librarians)

Val Biggs, Wendy Onley (Library Technicians)

We hope that the library has been a useful and pleasant place to be this year. If you haven't been in yet — your most welcome!



IMPLEMENTING THE NEW V.C.E.

Studies at the senior end of our school will begin to change from the beginning of 1990 for we will be participating in the statewide process of introducing the new Victorian Certificate of Education. From 1992 this new certificate will be awarded to those students who satisfactorily complete 16 units of a two year study program approved by the Victorian Curriculum Assessment Board.

The changes are being made to:

1. Meet the needs of all students staying on to Year 12 and to provide access to a single common certificate at this level rather than the range of certificates which currently exist.
2. Give all students access to both theoretical knowledge and practical skills.
3. Prepare senior students for tertiary study and changing needs of the workplace.

The Phase One studies of English, mathematics and Australian Studies will be offered to the Year 11 students at Heathmont Secondary College in 1990, and while these students will do a one year V.C.E. in 1991 that year will see the beginning of the first two year programmes commencing for the students of Year 11.

From 1991 students will study 24 units over two years and these programmes will have to include:

1. 4 units of English
2. 4 units of Arts/Humanities including Australian Studies 1 & 2.
3. 4 units of Mathematics/Science/Technology.
4. The remaining studies will come from the other study areas.

Much work has been done throughout 1989 in preparing this for implementation and I would especially like to thank the Co-ordinators Daryl Wilson, Marty McCarthy and Joyce Phillips, along with the participating staff for most significant roles that they have already played during this important time for our school.



SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

While the 1989 year has again seen our School Council apply itself to the traditional tasks of caring for our school, we have also seen an increase in the work load and decision making role for the council and it is with considerable gratitude that we thank the following members for their contribution to the school:

Des Thomas — President
 Chris Nickels — Vice President
 Daryl Craze
 David Biggs
 Wendy Lipianin
 Roseanne Whitehead
 Ross Paul
 Sue Tilbrook
 Brian Pearce
 Wendy Della-Riva
 Malcolm Lawson
 Kim Thompson
 Craig Reaks

A special thank you to the sub-committee convenors:

Malcolm Lawson — Finance
 Chris Nickels — Education
 Wendy Della-Riva — Buildings & Grounds

whose reports will continue to provide the basis for our monthly meetings, and to Peter Tatman and Eileen Edwards for their participation throughout the year.

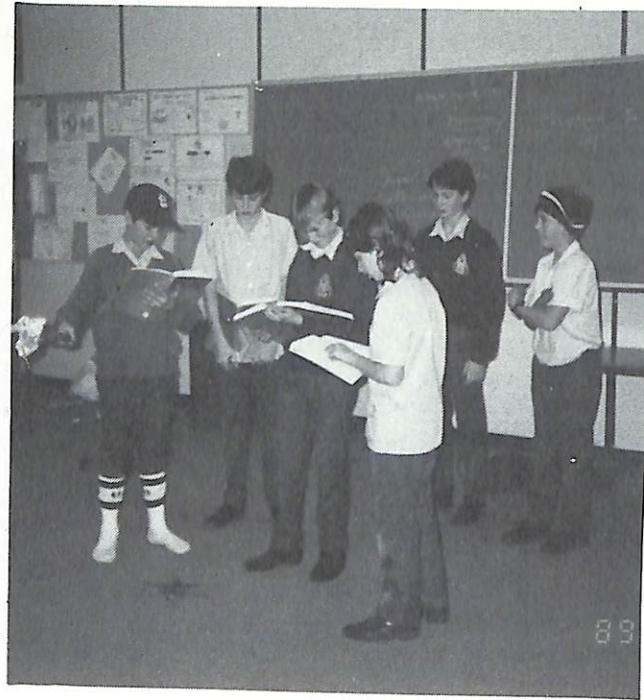
Again I would encourage all parents to support the work of the School Council as it works through the following issues over the next six months:

1. A new school uniform policy
2. Policies with respect to the V.C.E.
3. The District Provision of the V.C.E.

These issues will all be of importance to us all and I would urge the school community to consider all of the issues in the most careful manner possible.

In concluding this report I would like to pay a special tribute to our student representatives, Craig and Kim. These students have come out of Year 10 and I would like to thank them for their regular attendance and for the special contributions that they have made, both at our meetings and subsequently at the S.R.C.

Raymond Scott



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR 7 CAMP 1

What I enjoyed the most about the camp was going to the East Warburton Pool, but I didn't like walking there and back. I also liked most of the activities, but the T-shirt painting and the camp pool were the best.

- Kathryn North, 7A

What I enjoyed most about camp was the tennis court, games room and swimming pool because its hot up there. My next favourite thing was the activities, especially the flying fox.

- Shane Allsopp, 7A

On the 27th of February, Year 7 went on a camp to Warburton. My first impression of the camp was that I thought it was nice but the cabins were too small. I had a cabin with 5 people in it but only four beds so someone had to sleep on the floor with a mattress.

On the second night we had a disco. It was fairly good, but hardly anyone danced.

The thing I didn't like was kitchen duty and walking on hot days.

- Shelley Muir, 7A

I have had two highlights at camp.

1. I really liked the Warburton pools because it cools you off and it had a diving board and the canteen. We bought lots at the kiosk.
2. When we had free time most of the boys chatted up most of the girls. They looked better at camp than they do at school.

- Daniel Reynolds, 7A

My highlights of the year seven camp was the disco night, the activities and the pool. One other thing was when Adam, Shane and Matty found a girlfriend.

- David Anderson, 7A

On the week while the people were at camp me, Tanya, Sarah, and Mellisa stayed back. For a week we did Monday - Maths, Geog, Hist, English, Library, German, that was a very boring day. On Wednesday we had ace Ceramics, I usually have Woodwork, I hate it. In Ceramics we made little pinch pots with hot cross buns, it was ace.

- Sally Huges, 7A

On the camp I liked the rope course, pool table, swimming at the Warburton pool, bush night hike. The thing I really liked is the concert because there was some funny plays.

- Graham Colpus, 7A

What I enjoyed most about the camp was going to the East Warburton swimming where we could spend our money and muck around in the pool which had diving boards and the water was nice and cold, and I was glad that the second time we went there the teachers didn't make us walk like the first time.

- Sarah Agnew, 7A

My highlight of the camp at Warburton was the first night when our groups went on a night search. We had to look for letters A-Z and find out the hidden sentence. Greg and I always stayed out the front and we found an old wombats hole. After going around the trees down and up hill we were a bit lost but found our way back. It was ace FUN!!

- Hamish Champion, 7A

What I enjoyed most about the camp was going swimming at the Warburton pool. The first time we went to the pool was on the first day we had to walk 8km, 4km there, 4km back. The reason I liked it was there was a diving board there and you could spend your money.

- Matthew Smith, 7A

At the camp I most enjoyed the ropes course and playing table tennis. I liked the rope course because it was fun and challenging. I also enjoyed swimming in the pool because it was hot.

- Adam Watson, 7A

I enjoyed most of the things I did on camp but the things I liked the most were the swimming pools and the trampoline because the days we were there it was boiling. (I was sick for two days so I missed out on the other good things.)

- Elissa Broadhurst

I enjoyed most things but I liked the swimming the most because it was hot the days we were on camp. I also liked the table tennis and trampoline.

- Danielle Luck, 7A

What I enjoyed most about the camp was the rope course because it was a bit challenging. I liked the pool too because it was nice and cool and you could buy lollies.

- Travis Levy, 7A



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR 7 CAMP 2

Some of the highlights of the year 7 camp were the ropes because they were fun and I liked the horses, the flying fox and the best highlights were the camp fire when we were singing songs. I liked the food we had and the gamesroom. The best teacher was Miss Rule because she is so cool. I liked to go to the pool because I like walking.

- Naomi Lane, 7E

Some of my highlights of the year 7 camp were the ropes, the concert night, and archery. I liked the ropes because it was a bit of fun and it was a good challenge to get across. I also liked the concert night because lots of people thought up some good ideas for acts. I liked archery as well because I never really knew how to do archery properly and now I can.

- Lisa Krutop, 7E

My highlights from year 7 camp were when we went to Warburton Pools and had a hike in the bush after dark. The disco was great and the concert because it was funny. But most of all I liked the ropes course because it was strenuous and challenging.

- Anon., 7E

The best things that I did on camp was the t-shirt painting, flying fox and the ropes. I also enjoyed bush cooking with Miss Grabouski because mine was sort of yummy. I liked going to the pools and jumping off the diving board then walking back again. I enjoyed the concert very much and the bushfire. I think the best teachers on camp were Miss Grabouski, Mrs Birchall and Mr Poynter. The best thing I liked of all was going to bed. The most interesting highlight was walking to the pool because we walked through the pretty bush.

- Leanne McRitchie

My highlight was playing games because there was a lot to do. I also liked the night hike and the Flying Fox because it was a lot of fun.

- Allan Baker, 7E

A favourite time on the camp is the trampoline doing flips and tricks like that. Another one is on the way home we were singing all the way home. I think we did that because we were excited in getting home. Another one was when we made it to the pool it was bad when we walked there and back, but ace when we got there. It was so hot. Another favourite one is the animals because I like patting the horses.

- Damien Nickels, 7E

My biggest highlight was winning the Life Be In It Award. Other highlights were when (my friends) all got to know the teachers very well especially Mrs Birchall. I enjoyed the rope course but didn't go on the flying fox (chickened out). I know all of us liked the concert night. I got to know lots of the year 7's especially the loud ones next door (other half of Cabin).

- Sophie Wohling, 7E

My highlights of the year 7 camp were the rope course, walking to the swimming pool, doing activities like working out a problem as a group. I liked talking to Joanne and the teachers. I liked the camp fire and eating lollies. I mostly liked the girls.

- Ryan Brown, 7E

I liked the whole camp. The food was great, the activities were the best, and the animals were the best of them all because I like animals.

- David Kwadijk, 7E

On camp my highlight was the animals. There were horses, peacocks and sheep. I liked the night hike with Mrs Birchall and the rope course and the flying fox

- Katie Muhlhahn

My highlights from camp were the flying fox, going to the pools, the night hike and the campfire. I also enjoyed the disco. My favourite was the night hike because I enjoyed trying to spot the letters as we went along the track and I met three new friends Kellie, Kylie and Evon. On the hike we tried to scare the group behind us.

The camp fire was good also because we had a sing along and Mrs Birchall's actions looked funny until we had to do them.

- Nicole Bloomfield, 7E

The flying fox was good because Mr Pointer let us crash into the tree until the last moment. The activities were good because we had to work out how to complete and how to do the activities. The concert was fun because it was good to see the other plays.

- Andrew Turner, 7E

My highlights of the year 7 camp were the flying fox because we got lots of turns and the pool because it cooled you down when it was hot. One of my other highlights was Archery with Mrs Birchall because I had never done it before.

- Hayden Bird, 7E



My highlight from the year 7 camp was at the pool. We had five people bombing one person at the same time. I also enjoyed the night hike. No one was shining their torches on the ground and everyone tripped over a log. The best part was at night because Andrew was banging on the wall so we threw shoes at the wall and put a crack in it.

- Gavin Byrne, 7E

My highlights of the year 7 camp were the swimming at the Main pool at Warburton and I also liked the night hike and the flying fox. The concert and the disco were O.K. The bush cooking was good. I thought the camp fire was really good fun.

- Vanessa Marshall, 7E

My highlights of the year 7 camp were painting the t-shirts or pillow cases which ever you had. I had a pillow case and I wrote my name on it with all squiggles. Once I had ironed it it looked really good. On Monday and Wednesday we walked to the pools which is an 8km walk one way. I don't know if it was worth it. It tired you out. At the pools they had a diving board and a kiosk. I liked the animals especially the horses. One of the horses attacked and chased everyone in sight.

- L. Kinna, 7E

The most highlighted thing to me at the camp was the concert because all the acts were interesting. I liked the night hike and the tricks we played on the night hike. I thought that the camp fire was very good. I loved the t-shirt painting because we used puff paint. I liked all the cats because each time I would look out our cabin I would see them lying around in the garden.

- Kate Renshaw, 7E

I liked the swimming at the Warburton pools especially on Monday after jumping over all those fences. I also liked the concert. Joanne was very good. The disco was very boring. I made some damper but it burnt. I didn't really like the rope course.

- Sarah Lawson, 7E

My favourite times on camp were the walks to the pool and back. I wish that we had gone on more walks but the bus strike limited our activities.

At the pool it was good too. It wasn't heated or chlorinated so it was more fun once you were in. Another favourite time of mine was going to sleep because for once I was tired at the end of the day.

- Anon., 7E

My favourite thing on the year 7 camp was the camp fire where we sang a lot of songs like "Them Bones", "Little Tom Tinker", and others. There were lots of torches on the camp, mine was one of the brightest there. The "Lights out time" on camp was about 10.30 p.m. The people in my cabin (12) were Michael Carland, Daniel and Shane. I thought the concert was good because there was lots of variety in the acts.

- Sean, 7E

My highlights on the year 7 camp were at the concert in the hall. Everybody did an act of some kind. Most of that night was a highlight. Another highlight was on the rope course at the top of the paddock. Everybody had to climb, run or jump over an obstacle. Some of it was hard.

- Nick Dutton, 7E

My favourite part of the camp was when I won the table tennis tournament against Dimmo. One of my highlights was the bush campfire and when Mrs Birchall sang a song with actions and singing, it was hilarious. I also liked tennis. I liked the rope course.

- Paul Topham, 7E





HOW TO DO A BUNNY HOP ON A BIKE

There are many variations of the bunny hop but they all involve the front and back wheels off the ground at the same time. The theory is hard to explain but once you have mastered the bunny hop you will wonder why it took so long!

To get the back wheel off the ground is mainly a matter of timing and the giving of a flick of the body at the same time as lifting the front wheel off the ground.

Closely related to the bunny hop are the 180 and the 360 degree turns. In the 180 degree turn the rider can go straight up the wall and do the bunny hop, spinning round to drive in the opposite direction. If you don't get enough height, the bike lands and stops dead while your body keeps going around so that you almost have to fall off. And at least the 180 degree turn, and then even more difficult degree turns are done without putting the feet on the ground at all.

Michael Higgins, Year 7

HAYDEN'S LIFE STORY

Obituary

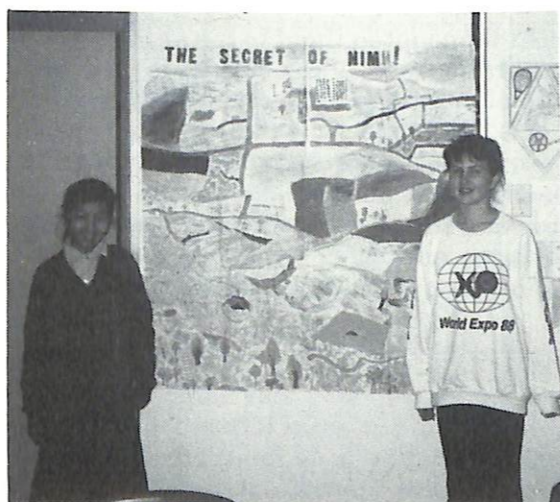
Hayden Rowell my step brother, very close to his family and all of his friends, had Leukemia at the age of seven. Hayden was diagnosed in October 1984, and after his Chemotherapy he had a very happy, healthy 3 years. On January the 15th 1988 Hayden relapsed, he then underwent more intense Chemotherapy, followed by a bone marrow transplant. The bone marrow was donated by his twin brother Christian. The bone marrow transplant went well.

Then in October Hayden relapsed again. He became good friends with Peter Brock and Darryl Cotton. Peter Brock gave Hayden a Brock jacket, a ruler, a keyring and a poster. Darryl Cotton met Hayden and was very close to him. Darryl mentioned all the kids in the Royal Children's Hospital and especially 6 east and Hayden himself.

After this Hayden came on our school camp, to Beechworth. Our Principal Mr Brown carried Hayden up all the tracks. Kristine who was his girlfriend was with him all the time.

Hayden Died on the 17th of December 1988.

Kylie Parker & Alethea Rowell



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR 9 CAMP

The highlight of the camp was the bus trip up. The main fun mostly came from the toboggan and water slide.

- Cal Revell

The highlight of the camp was the water sports because I like canoeing and tobaggan sliding.

- Andrew S.

The highlight of the camp was playing mini golf all the time because the water slide was always packed and the life jackets for the canoes had been taken. So I played mini golf with my friends and computer games.

- Chris R.

I loved the Year 9 camp for it's free supervised activities. What I loved the most during that time was going on the water slide and falling out of the canoes.

- Susan Jones

For me, the highlights of the Year 9 camp were the free time activities which included the water slide and toboggan. The free time was fun because the other things we did were pretty boring.

- Kirsty Shepherd

I think the camp was the best I've been on, I liked the waterslide and toboggan. I enjoyed mucking around in the tents with my friends at night. I mostly enjoyed the free time and I hated the bus trip!

- Michelle Logie

The biggest highlight of the camp for me was going on the night hike because while we were walking along I found out we were going into a grave yard. I was absolutely scared out of my wits. The best bit in going into it, was seeing Emma as scared as I was.

- Tijen Yazici

Nightlife was the best part of the Year 9 camp because we would all go into the rec. hall watch a movie, play games and have a grouse concert. But the grouse thing about the nights was when we could all go to our tents and muck around more than ever.

- Natalie Morrison

The highlight of the camp was coming home. The camp wasn't real bad, but I wanted to come home.

- Fiona Peterken

I think the camp was the best I've been on. I liked the waterslide and toboggan. And I enjoyed mucking around in the tent with my friends at night. I mostly enjoyed the free time, I hated the bus trip.

- Michelle Logie

For me, the highlights of the Year 9 camp were the free time activities which included the waterslide and toboggan. The free time was fun because the other things we did were pretty boring.

- Kirsty Shepherd

The best thing about the Year 9 camp was the waterslide and the toboggan slide, especially the toboggan because I lost my stomach every time. It was unreal having lots of free time so you could muck around with your friends.

- Rachel Jens

The highlight of the camp for me was being away from my family and getting to know more people and friends.

- Emma Smith

I think the main highlight of the camp was the waterslide and canoeing. First of all, I went canoeing with Angie, we nearly sunk our canoe and we had to have Mario rescue us out in the middle of the lake. Then I went down the waterslide in Mr Jury's wet suit, which was 10 sizes too big, but I went down the waterslide at about "100 miles an hour" — (well nearly). There was a big ditch where you flew practically in the air when you went down it.

- Nicole F.

I think the best part about the camp was going down the water slide. The funniest part about the camp was the games on Tuesday night. People eating a whole salada and then trying to whistle and others trying to find marshmallows in a bowl of flour, with Mr Poynter as scorer the teachers didn't have a hope of losing.

- T. Pritchard

The week that everybody was on camp, I got Laran-gitis. I had a sore throat and couldn't talk and I had to stay in bed all week watching the soap operas (which were really boring).

- Tamlyn Caldwell

The best part of the Year 9 camp was the night hike on the first night. We wandered around all the graves in the dark. Oh, there was the light from the full moon, but that was the part I enjoyed the most.

- Laurel Dovaston

The best highlights of the camp were having freedom from teachers and getting home.

- Arthur Sioziopoulos

The best part of camp was the bus trip up. Capsizing the canoes was funny and the trip to the cemetery was something to remember.

- Rebecca Smith

POLITICIANS

Lying and cheating
Fighting and squabbling
Being voted in or out.
Confused.

Linda Markus

YEAR 9 EXCURSION TO WARRANDYTE

On Monday the 22nd of May, Years 9A and 9B went on a history excursion to Gold Memorial Park and Pound Bend Reserve near Warrandyte.

While in Gold Memorial Park, we ventured into an old gold mine which was built in 1860. From floor to ceiling the mine was merely one metre eighty for most of the way, but in some places it rose up to five metres.

Our guide, one of the park rangers, led us to various places of interest within the dark enclosures. These included old working sites, caverns, and quartz reefs.

We went to Gold Memorial Park first, and then travelled to Pound Bend Reserve.

Pound Bend Reserve's major feature would probably be "The Tunnel". This is a tunnel which connects a 220m gap between two sections of the Yarra River. It was blown out so that the miners could drain the river in order to dredge for gold in the river bed at Pound Bend. The tunnel was constructed in 1870.

We got an insight into what it was like for the miners to work in the musty, claustrophobic atmosphere of the mines, and (at Pound Bend) we also saw the effort taken by the miners to get to the gold.

Simon Nelson, 9A

YEAR 9 MEMORIES

I REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. . . my tooth went through my bottom lip (and left a scar) while I was fooling around on the rocking chair . . .

. . . I accidentally fell through the shed roof . . .

. . . I played boaties in the bath with my brother and sister when we were all little . . .

. . . the end of a nail scarred my belly as I was climbing on the roof . . .

. . . we went on holidays and I accidentally walked into the girls toilets. I heard two women talking and got such a shock that I ran out and ran back to the tent crying . . .

. . . I always got sunburnt and Mum would rub tomato on my back . . .

. . . I used to get scared watching Dr. Who. I was really scared watching the tunnel you go through at the end . . .

. . . my brother and I used to play cricket until eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve . . .

. . . I put some biscuits out for Santa at Christmas, and some carrots for the reindeer. Sometimes I gave Santa a beer.

Anon., Year 9

I REMEMBER WHEN . . .

. . . I was in a minor car accident and I would only let Dad get the glass out of my forehead. I wouldn't let the nurse touch me . . .

. . . put the turtle over our fence into the kindergarten yard . . .

. . . I was riding the motor bike around a paddock and I didn't see the barbed wire fence. We had to wait two hours for the doctor at the hospital. I still have the scar!

. . . Mum left . . .

Anon., Year 9

SADNESS

I still feel sad about the time . . .

I do not weep for all to see,
But in the loneliness of my room.
Friends they try to comfort me,
But comfort is far too soon.

It's with my memories,
I share my tears.

I feel, I cannot share this private grief,
Locked in this languished
Heart of mine.

Where sorrows dwell and smiles brief,
And lost all sense of time.

So it is with memories,
I share my tears.

I cannot take your kindly outstretched hand,
Or cry upon your shoulder there,
Dear friends, please understand.

My loss is mine to bear,
Like my memories and my tears.

I will not cry whilst in a crowd,
All my feelings,
Locked inside I keep,

And so I do not cry aloud.

Alone is where I choose to weep,
That endless flow of tears.

Annon. Year 10

HEATHMONT HIGH SPORTS RESULTS

To start off I'd like to take you back to the beginning of the sporting year, back to the House Swimming Sports (remember them?) We'll launch right in with the final scores:

	Bradman	Fraser	Clarke	Cawley
Total	903	1049	791	782

Well done Fraser!

Also we'd like to congratulate the individual champions from each age group. (Don't be so happy!) So here it goes:

U/13: Belinda Raymond & Christian Groves

U/14: Tiffany Dempster & Matthew Jamieson

U/15: Michelle Logie and Alison Whitelaw (equal first) & Jason Christensen

U16: Melanie Lattimore & Jonathon Parks

U/17: Sandra Domelow & Andrew Creighton

OPEN: Susan Goby & Adam Lattimore

KNOXWOOD SWIMMING COMPETITION

The Knoxwood swimming sports were the most exciting swimming sports for many years. Heathmont led for most of the day and the swimmers from our school had managed to win almost half of the individual events that were held. With only 2 races left there were only eight points behind Vermont and the spectators were becoming very involved due to the closeness of the struggle. Unfortunately were placed second, behind Vermont as we lost the last events. Congratulations to our intermediate swimmers who won the intermediate pennant.

KNOXWOOD DIVING CHAMPIONSHIPS

(More swimming!) Okay let's begin. Congrats to all who competed and a special congrats to Graham Colpus for his (ta da!) FIRST PLACE!

Of course there were other people who placed and they were:

U/14 BOYS: E. Pinwill, 4th

U/14 GIRLS: J. Blomberg, 4th

U/16 BOYS: D. Bullock, 3rd; E. Pinwill, 4th

U/16 GIRLS: C. Scott, 3rd M. Logie, 5th

OPEN: D. Whitehead; 3rd R. Prislán.

EASTERN ZONE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Well done to the fifteen students who represented the School and the Knoxwood Group at the Eastern Zone Swimming Carnival. Over all they had a successful day, the individual results were as follows:

C. Mapstone (3), S. Paul (3), A. Love (3, 5, 5), J. Christensen (1, 1, 1, 7), M. Lattimore (3, 5), S. Domelow (2, 4, 4), A. Lattimore (4), J. Parks (3, 4), T. Nemeth (2, 4), N. Findley (3, 4), G. Colpus (6), C. Hutchinson (8).

JASON CHRISTENSEN (1, 1, 1). WELL DONE!

Our three relay teams also did extremely well. All placed first! The teams were:

U/16 GIRLS MEDLEY TEAM:

N. Findley, A. Whitelaw, C. Hutchinson, M. Lattimore.

U/15 BOYS TEAM:

D. Hand, C. Mapstone, J. Nemeth, J. Christensen (In record time too, might I add!)

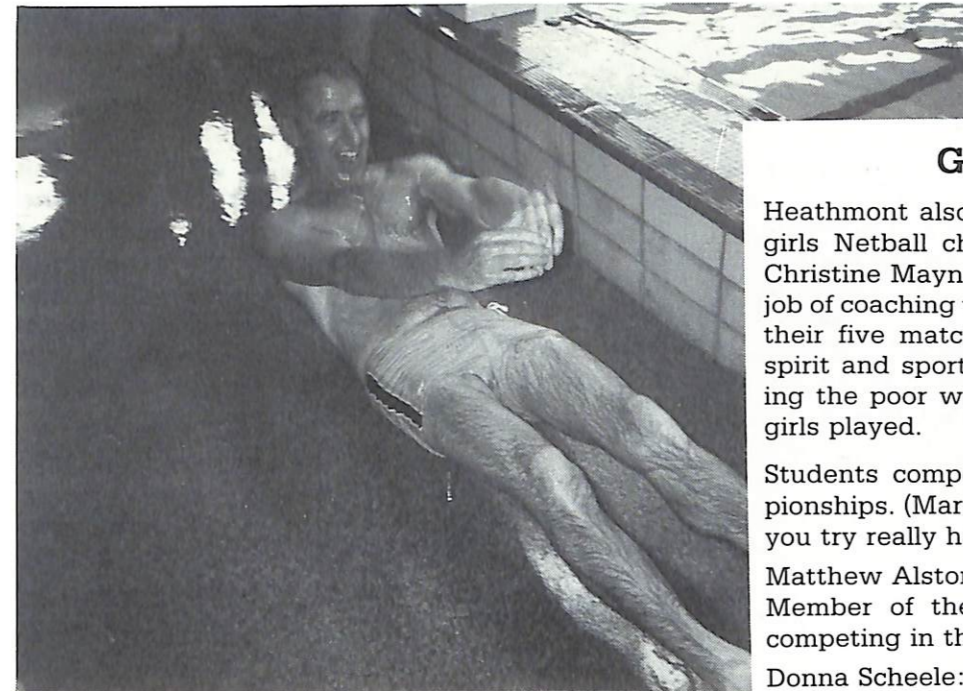
U/16 BOYS MEDLEY TEAM:

D. Hand, C. Mapstone, J. Parks, J. Nemeth (Also in record time!)

V.S.S.S.A.

On Friday 14th April nine students from Heathmont competed in the V.S.S.S.A. Swimming Competition. The competition was of a very high standard and our students acquitted themselves very well. Jason Christensen was our only competitor in individual events, and gained a third, second and first. The girls U/16 medley relay team (N. Findlay, C. Hutchinson, M. Lattimore, A. Whitelaw) placed fourth as did the boys U/16 medley relay team (D. Hand, C. Mapstone, J. Nemeth, J. Parks). All the relays were closely contested. The boys U/15 relay team (D. Hand, C. Mapstone, J. Nemeth, J. Christensen) finished the evening on a high note by winning their event — they were 3 seconds off the record. Congratulations to all the competitors for their efforts and placings in the competition.





GIRLS NETBALL

Heathmont also competed in the Victorian school-girls Netball championships held on August 8th. Christine Maynard and Sharon Molloy did a terrific job of coaching the Junior girls side who won four of their five matches. All teams level of skill, team spirit and sportsmanship were excellent considering the poor weather conditions under which the girls played.

Students competing in State and National championships. (Marvellous! See what you can achieve if you try really hard!)

Matthew Alston:
Member of the Victorian U/20 schoolboys team competing in the Australian titles.

Donna Scheele:
Member of the Victorian U/20 schoolgirls team competing in the Australian titles.

Michelle Benison:
Member of the U/21 Australian Netball squad.

Bradley Toye:
Victorian representative in Water ski racing. (Un-usual!)

Shelley Gwynne:
Member of the Victorian U/16 and U/18 Softball teams.

Cameron Shepherd:
Member of the Victorian Lacrosse team.

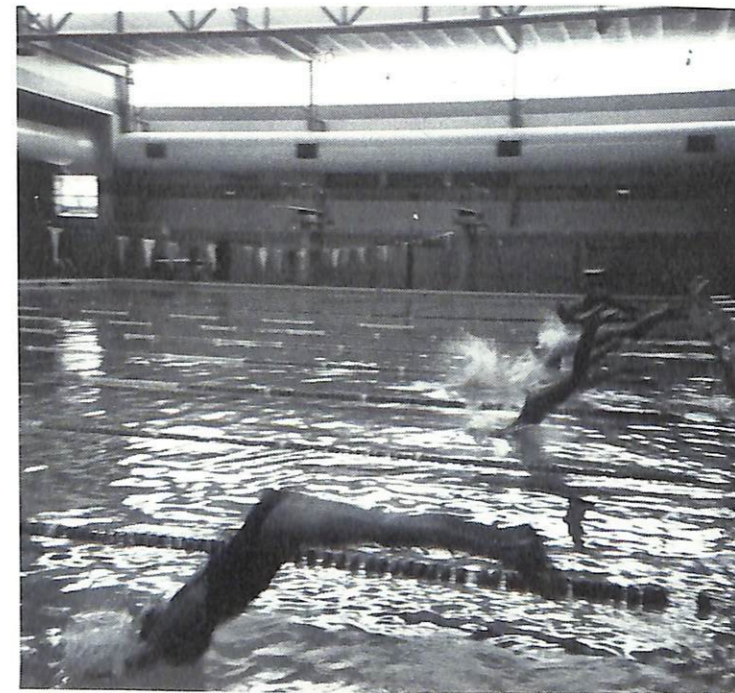
Jodie Hough:
Member of the U/14 Kilsyth Cobras team which won at the Australian championship.

Nadine Crevatin:
Competed in the Victorian Ladies Simulated Clay target shooting championships (Different!).

Naomi Lane:
Member of the Victorian U16 Netball team.

Jason Christensen:
Won the Victorian Roller bike ride and will compete in the Australian championships.

Megan Levey:
Competed in the Australian Speed Roller skating championships.



HEATHMONT HIGH ATHLETICS

The athletics carnival was finally held on May 3rd. The weather was good (pity!) and most people enjoyed themselves. (In truth they were only pretending to so the P.E. teachers wouldn't shoot them later!) Most events had at least one competitor or team. Once again the novelty events were popular and houses fielded enthusiastic teams. (This again, a lie invented by the P.E. Faculty. Most people were there under protest.) The following students were the individual champions in their age group:

OPEN BOYS: Stephen Roddis
 OPEN GIRLS: Donna Scheele
 U/17 BOYS: Geoff Whitehead
 U/17 GIRLS: Danielle Roetman
 U/16 BOYS: Brendan Cashman
 U/16 GIRLS: Joanne Letts
 U/15 BOYS: Dean Bullock & Matthew Scheele
 U/15 GIRLS: Kym Bellamy
 U/14 BOYS: Jimmy Tzikas
 U/14 GIRLS: Leanne McRitchie
 U/13 BOYS: Paul Steven
 U/13 GIRLS: Sarah Upham

The age group results were:

	Bradman	Cawley	Clarke	Fraser
Junior	617	437	398	560
Intermed.	455	456	374	463
Senior	230	281	403	374
Aggregate	1302	1174	1175	1397

Congratulations to the Bradman Juniors, Fraser Intermediates and Clarke Seniors for their wins in the respective age groups. Congratulations also to FRASER on their winning of the aggregate trophy. 1989 has proved to be the year of Fraser house as they have blitzed the opposition by winning the aggregate in all three carnivals — swimming, cross country and athletics. (Rigged! The entire school sports have been rigged! Everyone knows that Clarke is the real winner — it's just that we couldn't afford the bribes.) Most events had a full complement of Fraser competitors and this display of house spirit is to be commended. (Ha! They were forced to compete!)

THE EDITORS OF THIS MAGAZINE WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT THE 'VIEWS' EXPRESSED IN THIS ARTICLE ARE NOT THOSE OF THE PAPER AND WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO CONGRATULATE FRASER ON THEIR SUCCESS THIS YEAR.

KNOXWOOD ATHLETICS SPORTS

Heathmont High School finished third behind Vermont and Wantirna in the Knoxwood athletics. (Will we ever beat Vermont? Next year you betcha!) However we did do well in the individual events with 53 of our students placing in the first 3 in their respective events. Eight of our relay teams placed in the first 3, but no school was able to challenge the depth of Vermont who did very well in the relays. We were only 38 points behind Wantirna. (And next year we'll be 38 points ahead. And now that I have made my pep talk for today, let us continue.)

EASTERN ZONE ATHLETICS

Twenty four students from our school competed in this round of the athletics. The success was mixed with the following students placing in the first four: K. Muhlhan (2), J. Christensen (2), J. Tzikas (3, 3), S. Upham (3, 4), K. McAvoy (4), P. Gnaikawicz (2), S. Dolman (4), R. Tobin (4), M. Mascarenhas (3), U/14 girls relay (4).

The conditions for the sports were very bad as we had four different seasons in one day. Competitors were alternately bathed in sunshine and drenched with rain. (That is the price you have to pay for your sport. Now if you were really smart you would choose something indoors such as Chess or Crossword Puzzles.)



SPIDERS

Eight-legged
 Creatures
 Poisonous fangs at
 Front
 Masters of the web.
Michael Siegman

THE SUN

The Sun
 Is
 Shining through
 The trees
 Like
 Money falling
 From
 My pocket.
Kate McAvoy



SUMMER & WINTER SPORT

KNOXWOOD

Contrary to popular opinion that sport is only for the elite few, (This is a complete and utter lie!) 240 students competed with varying degrees of success in the winter sport competition and a similar number in the Summer sport competition.

Teams that won and continued to Eastern Zone competition were:

- (a) Seniors — Girls soccer, Boys cricket, Girls badminton and Girls basketball
- (b) Juniors — Boys basketball, Girls netball B, Girls basketball and Girls table tennis.

CONGRATS TO ALL OF YOU!



ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES CAMP



DAY 1

All the year eleven environmental studies students took part in a five day camp. We met at Dandenong Station at 9.00 a.m. on Sunday morning. Of course the train was late. Eventually the train came and we left on our three hour train ride to Bairnsdale, which seemed like forever. We arrived at Bairnsdale. We were all relieved when we got there, but then we found we still had a bus ride to Paynesville. After we got to Paynesville we loaded Mr Sutton's ferry and went to Bunga Arm. Our camp site was definately an anticlimax. Sea and sand everywhere, no shops in sight and no power points. On top of it all the toilet smelt worse than a dead cow left to rot for six months.

Just as we were looking forward to relaxing in the great outdoors, the slave drivers made us put up our tents. Relaxing was not what they had planned for us.

They gave us lunch and sent us to work. We made bait to lure small defenceless animals in to the awaiting traps, which were set each night, and checked each morning.

The next task the slave drivers had for us was dinner. Not only did we have to cook it, we had to eat it too!

We all know what they had in store for us next, and we were not looking forward to it. Yes! It was the night hike, along the surf beach, with the freezing Bass Straight winds blowing upon us. We were all relieved when it came time for bed, where we slept like zombies, unaware of what was coming the next day.

DAY 2

We were woken at some ungodly hour in the morning to check our animal traps. Luckily the animals were smart enough to know better.

We made breakfast and hopped straight into our next task. We had to stand in the icy cold water and collect little fish in strainers. That was nothing compared to our next task. We had to identify every kind of species of plant in one metre quadrants right over a sand dune. This task took so long it was sooooooo boring.

For the first time in a while we were able to relax while watching videos. We were given free time and sent to bed.

DAY 3

Another morning and I think by this time we were all sick to death of roughing it.

We realised then why we had such a great meal the previous night. It was to soften us for the next thing they had for us. it was a hike, over sand dunes, through swamps, bush tracks, everything to Rotamah Island. The hike took hours, for lunch we got fed a few scraps left from yesterday's and sent back to work.

Again they tried to soften us up. They took us to Paynesville for showers. We weren't fools. We all knew they had something terrible in store for us the next day.

We went reluctantly back to camp by Mr Sutton's ferry, set our traps and had a camp fire, then flaked into bed.

DAY 4

Got up, relieved that this was our last morning at this camp site. No more stinky toilet. We collected our traps. A stupid little bird and a bush mouse found their way into our traps.

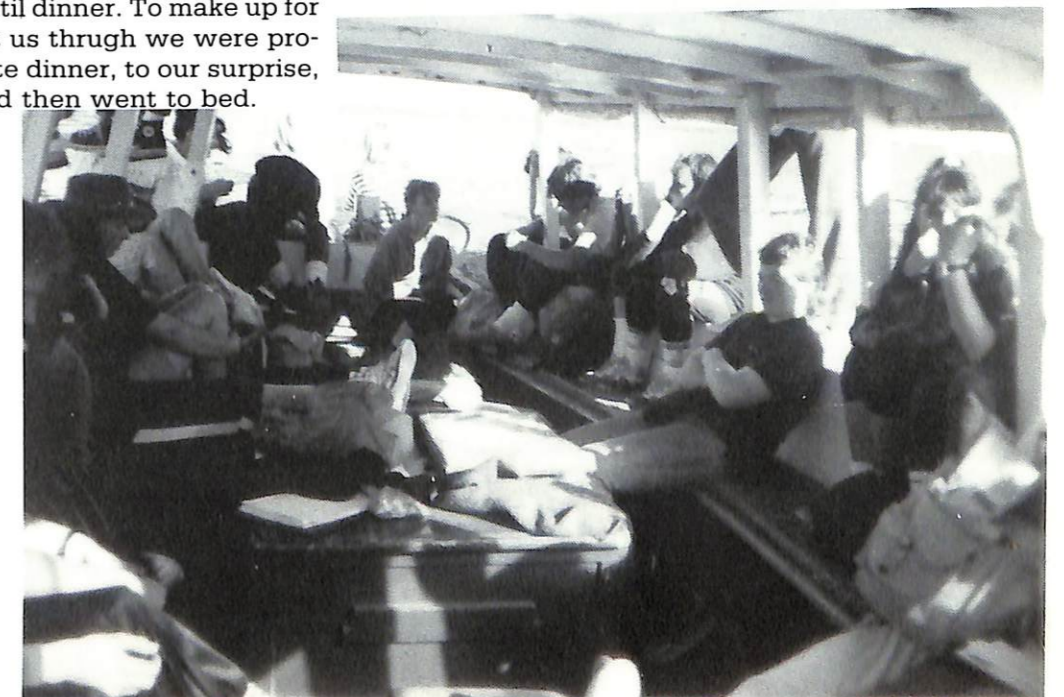
Breakfast and then we packed the ferry and left to go to Sperm Whale Head. We thought we were ready for the task ahead but nothing was as demeaning as picking up pooh so we could identify which animal it cam from. This was the last straw. We were mad but not for long because they took us to a caravan park where we had our own cabins and caravans. They had everything, beds, showers, flushing toilets, T.V. and running water. We realised that the slave drivers were in fact human when they arrived with fish 'n' chips for us all.



DAY 5

We woke up clean and refreshed, and we realised that even though we all worked hard, we enjoyed ourselves and we didn't want to go home, and besides we didn't want to leave 'Sutts' there all by himself. We found out that the teachers were people too and we had fun while learning in the great outdoors. After this we had yet another job. We were lucky. It was only to reset the traps.

Finally we got free time until dinner. To make up for all the hard work they put us through we were provided with a spit roast. Afte dinner, to our surprise, we had more free time and then went to bed.



The trip home was not half as bad as the one there, with our new found friends and good memories to look back on.

A big thank you to Mr Mac, Mrs Ayton, Miss Bridge, Mr Broeker (KB) and especially 'Sutts' (Mr Sutton. You're not half as bad as you make out to be).

YEAR 11 TOUR

The sun hadn't even risen. I was standing out the front of the school in total darkness, surrounded by a crowd of parents, suitcases and noisy students. No, this wasn't a nightmare, it was the start of the Year 11 tour! We were all excited at the prospect of ten days of travel, and as we boarded "The Trek-set", we had no idea of what lay ahead of us.

Nobody slept during the first day on the bus; there was too much happening. The bus wasn't quite as luxurious as we had hoped, however, little features like the absent toilet and the radio we could almost hear gave it an appealing charm!

We slept in tents in most of the places we visited, setting them up in the darkness and pulling them down again too early in the morning to know what we were doing. We became experts at teamwork.

The tour really began when we reached the Gold Coast. We had a night on the town in Surfer's and a day at Sea World which was great! While everybody else made themselves sick on the Corkscrew, Maree and I passed the time by following groups of good-looking guys around, checking out their short shorts. A couple of other girls joined us later in our manhunt!

Sydney too was great. The Heathmont guys really enjoyed the tour through King's Cross. We had a lot of free-time in Sydney and most of us headed for the Hard Rock Cafe at the first opportunity.



WITCH

Have you ever seen a witch?
Grey-faced, mean looking, wart-nosed bag!

Daniel Willcocks

WORMS

Worms are
Sightless
Crawling
Slimy things.

Richard Myles

Our final destination was Canberra. We arrived at the camping ground feeling cold, hungry and worn out so it was fantastic to find out that we were staying in cabins rather than in tents, what a luxury!

We were there for two nights and the tour awards were handed out on the last night. A few people got together and performed some short acts which got a lot of laughs. A group of guys calling themselves "The Dead Poets Society" (alias Tim, Jeremy and Co.) made up a song that summed up the whole tour. Later that night there was a party in Matt's cabin — all invited!

Everyone was feeling both relieved and sorry to be going home. The Year Eleven Tour was a really great experience. The places we went to were good but the time spent on the bus was what made the tour. The little incidents like Kate spraining her ankle in Narrandera or freezing to death while we were waiting for a train in Sydney . . . these are vivid memories. The food was . . . I won't say!!! The nights were cold and it seemed as if we only averaged two hours sleep a night. BUT the tour was fun and I think everyone came away from it with a lot of good memories.

Amanda Cullen, Year 11



IDENTITY

I put on my poet's eyes today
And saw the world in words.
Prose and poetry, metaphors and similies
Tumbled in my head
The sky isn't blue today,
It's infinite, empty satin
Stretching up and up and up.
Words crowd, fight and scream
to be let out
And sometimes I just let them go.

I put on my artist's eyes today
And saw the world in colours.
Tones and shadows, composition and perspective
Hounded my thoughts!
What colours! What form!
How would I group them?
Everywhere a masterpiece lurked —
From the rolling hills
To the old tin can
To the whiskers on the mouse.
They cry "Draw us! Make us!
Create us!"
And sometimes I do.

I put on my scientist's eyes today
And asked the question 'Why?'
Everything had an explainable reason
Force equals mass times acceleration
Viruses live inside other cells
And salt is made of ions.
The world was ready and easy to dissect
Analyze and test,
And today I did.

But today I didn't put on any eyes
Instead I stopped to think
Could I wear all my eyes at once?
Be everything?
Or must I only be
a poet
artist
or scientist?
Could I just not wear any eyes
And be nothing?
Would I be visible still?
Could I see?
Would I be somebody
Or nobody?
Would I have something to say,
create, explain?
Or with no eyes, am I meaningless?

Jacqueline Kwadijk, Year 11

DEB. BALL 1989

The Deb Ball was a wonderful night. Not only did it introduce the girls to society but it played an important role as a formal occasion for the school. We all had lots and lots of fun.

The night did not only begin on the 15th September, but eight weeks beforehand, when all the debs embarked on a cruel and treacherous journey with Mr and Mrs B., Mr Sicari was also there lending a hand whenever possible. You would not believe the boredom and monotony which set in during those sixteen long hours as we slowly danced our way into the night.

The whole process was like 'Days of our Lives', it started off very pleasantly but ended in a fiasco of dramatic love affair break-ups and unpunctuality. If it hadn't been for Vinnie's superb counselling, all the deb girls would have been dead before the night from caffeine overdoses. All in all, we learned how to dance and truly began to appreciate the Sunday afternoons we had had before deb practice started. You would think with six weeks to prepare our suits, Night 'n' Day Formal Hire could have at least got it right but, oh no, they had to make the sleeves two inches too short and trousers three sizes too big. However, because of Mr Sicari's careful briefing on the mistakes that could be made, we were aware of such possibilities and were able to rectify the problem immediately.

The highlight of the night was of course the arrival of the flowers. They made the guys look five times as handsome and the girls ever prettier. In our opinion, they truly made the night.

Anyhow, after all the zips and rips were fixed on all the panicking girls and everyone had had a chance to comment on each others dresses we lined up to have our photos taken. After we had been through the monotonous waiting for the photos we all made our way to the stage for our last rehearsal. By this time our teeth were chattering and some of us were becoming quite flustered.

After the final last minute changes were made to our dances we were hurried off to our waiting rooms where we would sit, bored and stressed for the next hour. The girls room left a lot to be desired. It was a locker room next to the kitchen and was only the size of a bedroom, housing 10 chairs and a toilet with barred windows and tiled floor. The guys had nothing to complain about though since theirs was carpeted and had a balcony looking out over the carpark.

What was going on in these rooms while our nerves were at breaking point? The girls stood arguing about the chairs and picking alfalfa shoots from the sandwiches out of each others ruffles, constantly asking the time and trying to keep clean given the grime in the room around them. The guys sat down, played cards, listened to their walkmans, hung over the balcony checking out the people as they arrived and some just talked, there didn't seem to be the nervous tension in the air that there was down near the kitchen!

The time finally came, the guys were lining up on the stairs, flashes were lighting up everywhere and the girls made their way backstage via the kitchen.

Finally the music started and the curtains opened to reveal three stunned, scared and basically numb girls looking out over a sea of 600 faces. Despite wobbly knees and shaking hands we made our presentation without any catastrophes or major embarrassments. We were relieved when it was all over and we were sitting at our tables ready for dinner.

As the night continued, the cameras flashed constantly, I'm sure there are enough photos to fill a museum. However it had to end, people were hugging and kissing each other, others were limping from having danced so much but we all made our way to the cars on our way to the party. Thanks Karen!!! It was a wonderful night and I'm sure that the 1989 deb group would recommend that everyone have the opportunity we had.

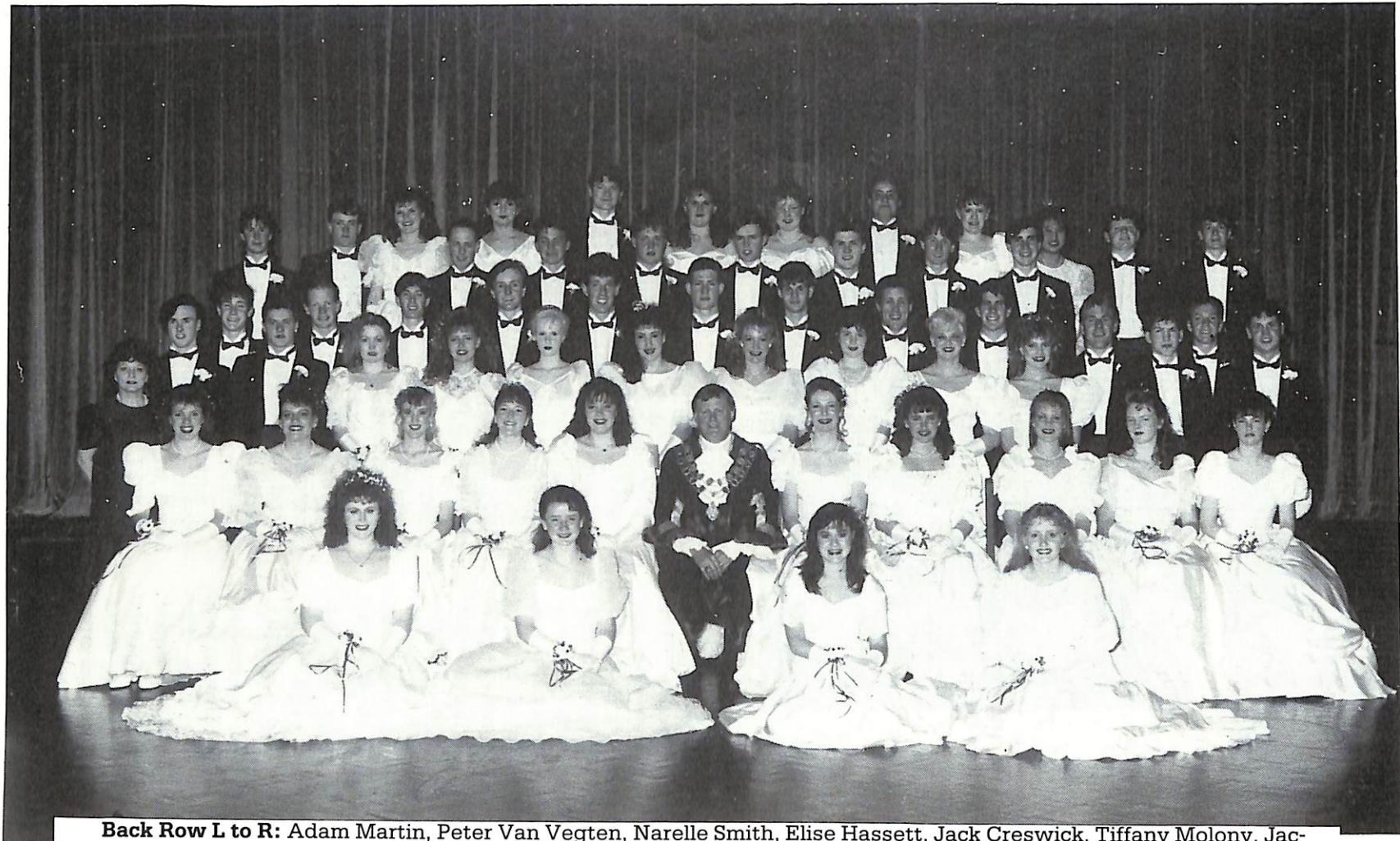
Narelle and Jeremy, Year 11

WHAT AM I?

I am not very big — about an inch long, I am not human. I come in heaps and heaps of colours blues, oranges, reds, purples, pinks, greens, yellows, whites, blacks, and many more and I can be bought in shops. I can range in prices, I have one little arm that branches out from me and also I come in lots of shapes and sometimes I can be a little bigger than an inch. I am made of plastic, I can also fit on the end of something.

What am I?

Todd Knight



Back Row L to R: Adam Martin, Peter Van Vegten, Narelle Smith, Elise Hassett, Jack Creswick, Tiffany Molony, Jackie Bell, Robert Brum, Melissa Hunter, Barbara Wee, Brett Morrison, Peter Herring.

2nd Row L to R: Jeremy Houghton, Richard Ballard, Matthew Tankard, David Skeen, Trevor Mayne, Ben Driscoll, Cameron Martland.

3rd Row L to R: Matthew Thomas, Garret Salomans, Matthew Murray, Tim Byrone, Mark Lee, Randall Jongs, David Ritinger, Brad Jackson, Craig Lamprell, Chis McEwen, Hugh Clement, Ken Miller, Matthew Smith, Joal Allen, James Freebairn.

4th Row L to R: Megan Smith, Eva Klis, Amanda Collier, Mandy Fletcher, Monica Ounerker, Alison McKenzie, Kylie Shan, Tracy Anstey.

5th Row L to R: Mrs Butler, Kristie Taylor, Kathryn Taylor, Jill Friedbrich, Katrina Forssman, MaREE Gilbert, Cr. H Lupton (Mayor of Knox), Cassie Carmston, Dianna Elliot, Danielle Roetman, Narelle Mapstone, Debbie Lamprell.

Front Row L to R: Deanne Yeomans, Barbara Rolls, Melissa Jennings, Karen Dunn.

H.H.S MUSIC-BAND PROGRAMS

Many programs have been set up for the Heathmont High School band this year. The newest of our bands is the Junior Band which practises every Monday night, conducted and supervised by Martin Corcoran. This band plays many songs such as Hayden's Surprise, Morning Mood and Denova Overture, also our band has been asked to play with Mitcham High School, making it as 75 piece orchestra.

Every Tuesday another band is formed and conducted by Brian Poynter. This band has been playing at many schools during the year, the excellent program has been arranged by Mr Poynter. The schools we played for include: Marlborough Primary and Our Ladies at Bayswater. We played such entertaining songs as Johnnie. B. Good, Jailhouse Rock, Muppet Show and Anchors Away.

The Senior Band, the most experienced of them all, is currently playing at school fetes and tours, with some new complicated pieces of music such as: Suit of Carmen, Beetles Gold and In the Mood etc. Just a while ago the three bands came together to entertain the shoppers at Eastland during the Expressions Festival. This was a great success and the performance of Heathmont High was spoken of highly by the spectators. Once a week the members of the band have lessons on their particular instrument. Martin Corcoran teaches the saxophone and

clarinet, Neil Berry teaches the brass instruments and flute and oboe is taught by Carolyn Grace. On Wednesday lunchtimes, our newly formed Jazz band plays and we hoping that it too will be a success. The Show Band is also very popular, their work in preparing for the complicated songs for the school Production of Man Of Steel was really terrific. At the end of the year on the 5th December all the bands of '89 came together for a 'finale' concert at Nunawading High Schools theatre.

This year we had a Chocolate Drive which consisted of all the bands selling chocolate to shops and neighbours etc.

Alltogether we raised three and a half thousand dollars which we used to buy a new Pearl Export drum kit, an Atari computer which is used to arrange, memorize and compose music amongst many other uses and DC-10 synthesizer to fulfill the missing parts of the band. We have also this year had a new rehearsal room and new carpeting which has been brilliant. Other recently introduced instruments include Wind Chimes and Timpane. All the bands thank our music co-ordinator, Mr Poynter, for all his work. Everything revolves around him. He has organised and brought us all this great enjoyment. I am sure that if you asked a band member how they liked their bands they would say they're the BEST.

Matt Poynter

(No relation to the above Poynter!!)



It was at breakfast on a bright Saturday morning that Julie first made her announcement. She put down her spoon and finished her mouthful of cornflakes and said, 'There's a ghost in my bedroom.'

No one took any notice. They were too busy doing their own things, her father, reading the newspaper, her mother, making a shopping list and her brother, Andrew, ignoring her as usual. She hated Andrew. He was tall with dark hair, which came down to his shoulders. His face was covered with freckles and he always had a devilish smirk on his face. Whereas she, well she was beautiful. As everyone kept telling her. With her two blonde ponytails and cute nose with freckles. She thought for a second, then said, raising her voice this time, 'There's a ghost in my bedroom.' Her mother and father both put down what they were doing and simultaneously said, 'Is there dear?' She was only 7 years old. Andrew was 16 and sick of this. Last month it was an invisible rabbit and they all had to jump the first step to go upstairs other wise they would kill the rabbit. The month before it was a pink dragon in the hall cupboard and that meant that no one could go in to get anything. He was sick of it all. Julie continued on talking about her ghost finally her mother was sick of it and changed the topic by saying, 'What sort of cake would you like for your guests today for lunch?' Andrew looked up from his thoughts, 'Guests! who?', 'Oh, Julie is having three girl friends over for lunch,' replied Mrs Bennett. 'Oh great,' said Andrew, 'just what I need. Her dumb friends over.' Mr Bennet glanced up giving Andrew a warning look as if to say you dare try anything. Andrew looked away quickly then turned to Julie and said, to tease her, 'What does this ghost look like?' Julie, suprised by his sudden interest then narrowed her eyes and said, 'Its a frightening ghost, with great big eyes and teeth, horrible nasty claws and a terrible smell. He turned around and laughed in her face then said, to provoke her, 'Ghosts dont have claws, they have banging chains and skeletons and they carry their heads under their arms, 'this one doesn't,' Julie retorted. And it does anything I ask it to do, so I wouldn't annoy me or I will get him onto you.' Andrew just laughed. With that she started crying. Mr Bennett looked up from his newspaper and spoke. 'Now look what you've done. go to your room and stay there until lunch time when your behaviour will have improved.' Andrew got up muttering to himself and stomped off to his bedroom. He would get her, he thought, he would get her back this afternoon. He would prove there was no ghost. The doorbell rang and Julie ran to the door to greet her friends. Andrew had just been allowed out of his room with a lecture on behaviour to go with it. 'It wasn't fair', he thought. 'She could get away with murder in this house and yet everyone would still think she was so sweet.' Ha! That was a joke.' Oh well it it didn't matter anyway had a plan to get her back. After lunch Julie and her friends played hide and seek then later they went home.

Julie was bored and went looking for Andrew to see if he would play dominoes with her. She first went to her room to get the dominoes and as she entered she let out a great shriek and within moments her mother and father were there staring also because there in the middle of her room sat Andrew with all her draws and desk open. Clothes everywhere and her doll collection, with her favourite doll in it, wrecked. Mrs Bennett broke the silence and said, 'What are you doing Andrew?' Suddenly he looked up, flashed back to reality then smiled and said, 'See there is no ghost it is only fake. She is lying she is always lying!' With that Julie looked him with sharp twisted face and yelled, 'My ghost is going to get you Andrew, with its sharp claws and its horrible smell, it wil get you!' Later on when everyone was in bed Julie got up and opened her cupboard. At least he had forgotton to look here. 'Hello', she said holding her nose. 'Would you do me a favour? Could you please go downstairs and hurt my brother, really get him good as he doesn't believe in ghosts.' It was about 1.00 am when Andrew woke up and realised he was in bed and remembered why he couldn't sleep. He kept on seeing Julies face when she had yelled at him about the ghost. It was all nonsense anyway. A few minutes later he heard a sound. A wet slithering sound. Then he sniffed and he smelled this horrible smell. It smelled like dead leaves and sewers and the stench was getting stronger, and the slithering 'J,J, Julie I know t,t, that is you so . . . so go away. I t,trying to get some sleep.' The noise stopped suddenly then started again, this time the stench and noise was so strong that it seemed like it was just outside his door. He spoke again, now shaking with fear. 'O.K. J,J, Julie, I believe you about your s,s,silly ghost. Now can you go away?' But still the noise kept on coming it was now in his room and at the end of his bed and the smell was sickening and was getting worse it drew closer and closer. Andrew tried to scream but he couldn't find his voice as he was so petrified. Then these two big claws struck out at him trying to pull his body apart, tearing at his chest and face. Julie walked downstairs and saw her mother crying and went over to her and asked, 'What's wrong mummy?' 'Its your brother,' she replied 'He had an accident, he is in hospital. He has been torn apart . . . and then she broke out into tears again,' 'Oh is tht all, 'smiled Julie 'I know about that, my ghost did it, I told it to.' Her mother looked up and gave her an icy look and said, 'I don't need any make believe stuff Julie, not at the moment and go to your room. How dare you say such a mean thing.' Julie slowly walked up the stairs. Anger was building up inside her with each step she took. 'her mother didn't believe her about the ghost either,' She thought, and then closed her bedroom door and opened her cupboard. 'Hi,' she said 'Mummy doesn't believe either. We will have to show her too. Just as we showed Andrew. Right?' 'Right.'

Natalie Brown 9F

HONEST DON

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," called out the Mayor of Billabrook. "First of all," he continued, "I'd like to thank you all for coming here to the Billabrook Town Hall, to aid all the victims of this horrendous catastrophe. Only last week, we were all going about our daily lives, then, yesterday, a homicidal, axe-wielding, anarchist maniac hacked eighteen people to death, and left another thirty-two people missing various body parts.

"This homicidal, axe-wielding, anarchist maniac, was a well known member of our community, and well liked by everyone, until yesterday, that is. This man, Honest Donald Bishop, frequently won the "Nicest Guy We All Know And Love", award and was a faithful judge at Bingo night for the last twenty years.

"If I told you a week ago that Honest Donald Bishop would do such a thing, you would all have laughed me out of town. But it has happened, and I want all of you to dig deep, and donate money to help the victims' families. I think \$8000 is not an unreasonable amount to ask for.

Secondly, I want anyone who knows about Honest Don's whereabouts, to come and give their information to Chief Inspector Simon Walter Bradley, who is here next to me.

Unfortunately, Honest Don escaped after he committed these horrific murders, and so far, he has not been caught. The entire Billabrook Police Force have been searching for Honest Don day and night, but they are both totally exhausted, and need your help. They have conducted their search admirably, but the immobility of their police ute has hindered the search immensely. Even so, they've established a number of clues as to where he is, and what made him do it. And here to tell you about it, is Chief Inspector Simon Walter Bradley."

With that, the Mayor concluded his speech, and sat down to let the Inspector talk.

"Thank you for your, ahh, introduction," said the Inspector, "Now as you know," he continued, "we have a number of clues that we have discovered. Theoretically, he can't have gone far away because as was mentioned, the police ute has broken down and the only other mode of transport available is Little Sammy Davis's tricycle, and that is still here, so Honest Don can't have taken it.

"The second clue we've worked out is that Honest Don is still armed. We think this, because we've been able to match all the arms we found around town, to all the bodies without arms and there are no spare arms left that could be either of Honest Don's arms.

"Thirdly, we have a suspicion that before he killed everyone, he was not a happy man. We can reinforce this thought with the fact that when we searched his house we found a note on which was written the words, "I am not a happy man." The note was signed, Honest Don, and it was in his

handwriting, so we believe he wrote it.

The fourth clue is that the note we found was written on a piece of green and orange chequered paper, and trailing from his last victim to the old disused barn on the edge of town, to believe that he is hiding out there.

We also think this because when Sergeant Major Clarence Smedley Punk and myself went inside to investigate the barn, the Sergeant came back with an axe embedded in his back. Unfortunately, he survived. I mean, he survived.

These are the only clues we have so far, and we would greatly appreciate any information to shed light on this most baffling case."

A young man who was wearing only a Tarzan type loin cloth raised his hand.

The Chief Inspector pointed at him and said, "You sir, in the loin cloth, what have you got to say?"

The young man stood up, cleared his throat, and commenced talking, "Thanks Chief Inspector. Well, as you all probably know, I'm Stinky Sullivan, and I live near where Honest Don killed his last victim, and what I saw may interest you."

"On the morning of the killings, I was trying to work out a problem with the inefficiency of the timer on my Hydrogen bomb. When I looked out the window I saw Honest Don hacking a guy to death, and when he had finished, he started syphoning blood out of the guy's veins, then pouring it everywhere in his exhilaration, "Yippee, this fun. I like hacking up innocent people. Especially in their state of defencelessness after I've removed their feet violently with my trusty axe."

"After I heard this I thought to myself, "Heck. He sounds a bit peeved. Perhaps it's because he has a lot of problems, and due to lack of communication, all his bad feelings are bottled up inside him. The only way to get rid of his anger is to chop people up into bite size pieces."

"Yes! That's exactly right," screamed Honest Don in a maniac voice. He had snuck into the hall while everyone was listening to Smelly Sullivan, and now he stood in front of them, with his axe held high in his bloodied hand.

"But now that you all know my problem," he continued, "I'm going to kill you all. Because if I don't, when I walk down the street, you'll talk behind my back and laugh at me. I couldn't stand that, so . . . Bye Bye kiddies," Then he ran over to the nearest person and killed her. He went on to another person, but on the way he tripped on a chair.

"Damm!" he yelled, "Look at this incongruously placed chair. Whoever put it here, I swear I'll kill you dead. And when all of you are dead, and lying in pieces on the floor, don't you dare think about resurrection at all, because if you do I'll kill you again and again until you give up and stay dead.

You can all give up on the interdependence on each other, because if you do that I'll kill you also. And anyone who does neither of these things, I'll kill you too.

With his little speech finished, Honest Don commenced killing everyone with such noisiness that even the already dead people blocked their ears.

When he had killed everyone in Billabrook he discovered he had no one to play with, and so sad was he, that he killed himself.

*Thomas James
A spelling exercise!*



EASTERN ZONE

Most of our teams finished either third or fourth at this level of the competition, but the Senior Girls Soccer Team had an excellent, hardfought victory and went on to compete in the V.S.S.A. competition. (Yey team!) The soccer team placed second at this level of competition making them the second best team in Girls soccer in state high schools.

GYMNASTICS

A boys Gymnastics team from our school competed in the Eastern Zone Gym competition this year. Things began badly with one of the team members sustaining an injury before the start of the competition. (Oh no!) This left us with virtually a 3 man team for most of the competition. (This is terrible! How will our heroes survive?) Despite this the team managed to finish in second place (4 points behind first place), and with a full team would have won. (Shouldn't that be 'could have one'?) The team was Jarrod Blomberg, Brett Budziarski, Andrew Creighton and David Whitehead. Brett Budziarski also competed as an individual in the rings competition and placed first. Well done.

BOYS BASKETBALL

Heathmont High entered a Basketball team in A grade Senior mens competition at Boronia Basketball stadium in the winter season. The team was very successful, winning most games by large margins and playing in the grand final. Team members wee Richard (Julius) Irving, Anthony (cheeks) Goyne, David (Mail man) Rittenger, Brad Jackson, Kim Thompson, Joal Allen, Cameron Martland, Jason Cotter and S. Moresi. (What a honey!) (FOR ALL THOSE THAT WERE REALLY WORRIED ABOUT THAT LAST COMMENT, IT WAS A JOKE!) Shane Roche, and matthew Alston filled in when the team was short. The team played excellent basketball at a very high skill level and the players are to be thanked and congratulated for their efforts. (The coach had to say this!)



CHALLENGE OF WORK DAY FOR YEAR 11 — Sept. 19

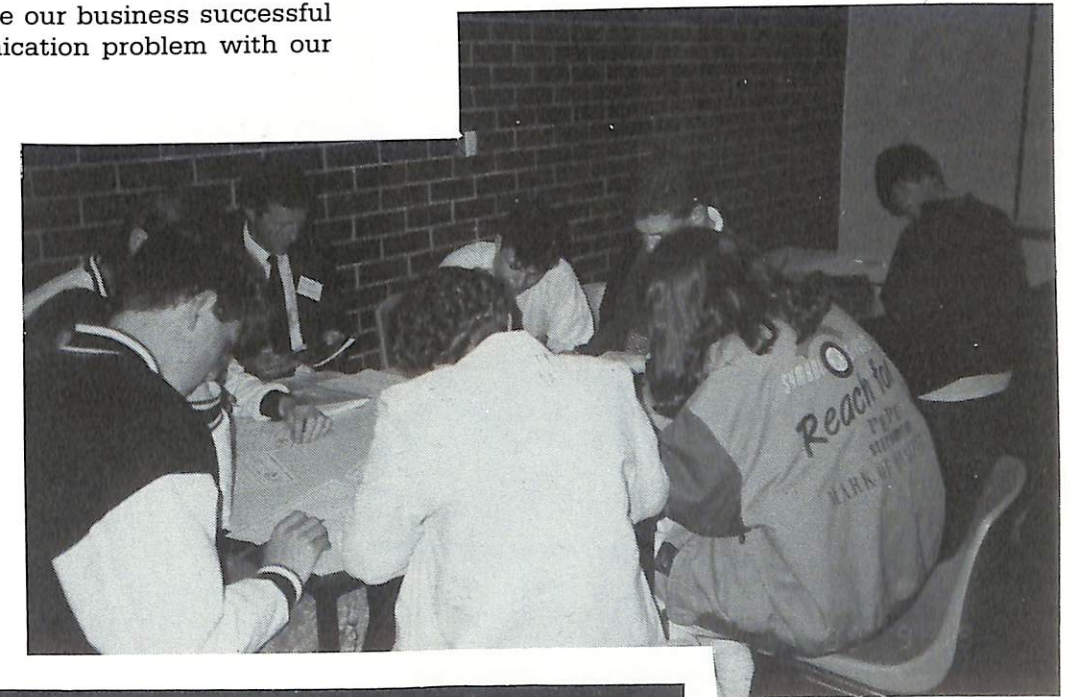
The seminars are run by a group called Enterprise Australia and 10 business people from a variety of industries were involved with our Year 11s.

Each person worked with small groups of students. The purpose of the exercise was to try and prepare students for the business world. Many activities were carried out by the students and although there seemed to be no purpose to the exercise, the relevance was explained by the organisers after the task was finished. The types of exercises that were carried out were a card trick, which was later explained as being a communication test which all groups failed and another role-play which was also a communication exercise. These activities showed us examples of problems in many businesses and ways in which we can overcome these problems and make our business successful and not have a communication problem with our associates.

SISTERS

Older and younger
Throwing cans of hairspray
Talking non-stop.
PAINS.

Donna Taylor





YEAR 10 SKI TRIP
... the students' report

On Monday the 31st of July at approximately 4:30 a.m., 39 Year 10 skiers and several teachers departed from school, marking the beginning of the hottest week of the year! Snow fell all day Monday creating great conditions for the many beginners who participated. We were all soon on our feet, with the help of trendy young ski instructors!! Although there was little snow for the rest of the week, everyone still managed to have a fabulous time, not forgetting the night activities, which included discos, swimming, relaxing in the spa and sauna or just doing your own thing! At this point we would like to thank Mrs Cunningham, Miss Murray, Mr Reynolds, Miss Henshaw, Miss Bridge and Doc for organizing and participating in an excellent trip. A word of advice for all Year 9's — start saving for the most brilliant week of Year 10.

Danielle & Narelle

The ski camp staff are pleased to announce the winner of the 1989 H.H.S. **Skier of the Year Award** — **Monique Allen**. Dianne Sloan was runner-up and a special award goes to David Scott as best skier. The Skier of the Year Award goes to the skier who displays outstanding improvement, together with a generally positive attitude and friendliness, courtesy and consideration of the slopes.



CROSS AGE TUTORING 1989 ANNUAL REPORT

This subject is now in its second year at Heathmont High and I am pleased to say, that the running of it has become much more efficient and streamlined. It's really encouraging to report that the number of students who chose this subject has more than doubled since 1988, and because of this, CAT has run for both semesters in 1989. Even more encouraging for me was the fact that three students from last year's class elected to take the subject a second time this year — thanks Kris, Chad and David! After all the negative talk we seem to hear about teachers and the teaching profession, it really is heartening to think that we've set a good enough example to our students, that they'd want to have a go at being "teachers" for two lessons each week.

For those students (and parents) who aren't familiar with the programme, I'll give a brief rundown: Cross-Age Tutoring is run as an elective at Year 10 for 3 periods each week. During the first four weeks, students are trained to become tutors — a lot of role-play is used to make the tutors sympathetic to the needs of learners and to gain familiarity with their new role as "teachers"! After the training period, the tutors begin tutoring — as a general rule, one lesson is spent in a class at Marlborough Primary School: one lesson in a Year 7 or Year 8 class here at Heathmont High and the third lesson is spent in a discussion group with the CAT teacher and about 8 other tutors. The things that tutors do in a class depends on the class itself, the classroom teacher, the subject and the tutor, but just to give an idea of the range of activities tutors have been involved in. I'll list some:

Running of P.E. classes: Kirsten, Kristian, David, Belinda, Donna.

Involvement in Art classes: Brendan, David, Deanne, Jo, Elaine, Karyn, Justine.

Involvement in Maths & Science classes: Georgia, Sheryl, Renee, Simone, Marcus, Melanie, Anthony, Amanda, Lisa, Austin, Rodney, Chad.

Involvement in English classes: Laura, Adam, Sonya, Rachelle, Heidi, Lisa, Steven, Elke, Elliott, Mina, Emma.

Involvement in Humanities classes: Sue, Sylvana, Michael, Aron, Joanna, Sarah, Ailsa, Julie, Nicole, Rachelle, Melissa.

Involvement in Language classes: Mina (teacher ESL students), Kim, Nicole.

As well as thanking the students who worked so hard in their job as tutors, I try to take every opportunity to thank all the staff involved in Cross-Age Tutoring; as I keep saying, it couldn't operate without them. Thank you to the supportive and encouraging classroom teachers here at Heathmont High; the Integration Team; Year 10 Co-ordinators; the staff and students of Marlborough P.S., Ray Scott and Gary Jobling.

Sally Rule and the Year 10 Tutors



SCHOOL

Sometimes fun
 Maths, Music and English.
 But I find it hard to get up
 And . . . all those teachers!

Amy Koenig



THE OUTDOOR CLUB

1989 saw the beginning of the Heathmont Outdoor Club. The club offered one activity per term and hopefully we will be able to extend this next year.

The outdoor club adds to the school curriculum in providing enjoyable, non-competitive activities that can be pursued in leisure time. It enables participants to travel to places that may be more remote, where they may never normally go. It also encourages appreciation of Australian flora and fauna.

I am most grateful to Agi Birchell, Anne Burke and Marc Wright for their interest and support and hope that other staff members will consider participating in future activities.

The activities offered this year were:

- bushwalk to St. Leonards, Year 10, April
- Nordic Ski Trip, Years 9 & 10, July
- Great Victorian Bike Ride, Years 10 - 12, Dec.
- Bushwalk at Cape Schank, Years 7 & 8, Dec.

M. Signorini

CROSS COUNTRY SKI TRIP

On Saturday the 22nd of July Mr and Mrs Signorini and Mr Wright took four students on the first outing of the Heathmont High School Outdoor Club. The trip was to Lake Mountain for a day of country skiing. We left at 6:45 a.m. and arrived at the mountain at about 8:00 a.m. The morning was cold but the weather turned out better than we had expected.

Everyone greatly improved their skiing ability without any injuries and we all had our fair share of falls and collisions, especially Moose and Carolyn!

We were fairly tired on the trip home, ready for a bath and some sleep. It was a fantastic day for all and we hope to go again next season.

Carolyn & Sherrie, Year 10



DREAM TO A MINE

Last Wednesday night I had a strange dream. Our whole class, Nine "E", went for a hike down the street and we fell down a hole, (It must have been a pretty big hole). When we reached the bottom I discovered it was a mineshaft. Everyone was saying that Mrs Phillips, our History teacher would love it here. Then all of a sudden a strange person with red glasses popped out of nowhere. She or he started to talk about Maiden Hair Ferns, and photosynthesis. We ignored the figure, it faded away.

Steve said he could smell McDonalds. We started walking down one of the tunnels. We began to descend down a steep part of the shaft. Suddenly Kathy and Cathie slipped over and there was an avalanche of cheeseburgers.

Tim said, "Well Steve, there are four cheeseburgers."

After we had a feast we started off again, this time Tam could smell Mexican food. Some people still had cheeseburger boulders stuck on them, maybe they were saving them for later. In one section of the mine we had to be very careful, because some beams looked insecure.

After walking across some ragged terrain we came to a mining operation, but one very strange point was that no-one was operating the machinery. There were drills, gold pans panning, flying around and everything. When Bryce tried to take a photo, everything disappeared. At the time in the dream, no one thought that all this was strange, strangely! We found some loose rocks that the machines had been extracting, but only contained quartz, no gold.

All of a sudden everyone became claustrophobic, and at this time there was an exit out of the mine. We came out in bush, and the strange person with glasses appeared again and started yakking on about conservation, types of trees - especially eucalyptus and fern trees, most of all the vegetation around us. We walked out of the bush into the township of Warrandyte. Jenny said this type of environment is very dangerous because of the five schools that exist here.

Then I woke up! Some how I think I know who the forest freak is, not that I don't like forests, a matter of fact I like them very much.

Rodney Commerford, Year 10

THE STUDENTS REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The Student's Representative Council was originally set up for students to be able to voice their own opinions and to make suggestions as to how their school should be run.

This year, the SRC has undertaken to maintain that purpose, developing better communications with the staff than previously and encouraging students to become openly active in the school's life.

Many student's parents and staff do not fully realize the potential of the SRC and the extent to which the form representatives work to keep our school community running efficiently. The Principal suggested that the representatives have badges to identify them and help give them their deserved status. The badges were brought.

Individuals in the SRC have devoted their own time to help their fellow students: one Year 7 volunteered to open the lost property every Thursday and to provide the service free of charge, and the President has taken time out to speak to an entire staff meeting - a commendable effort! These are just two examples of the many who have devoted their own time to do things for others.

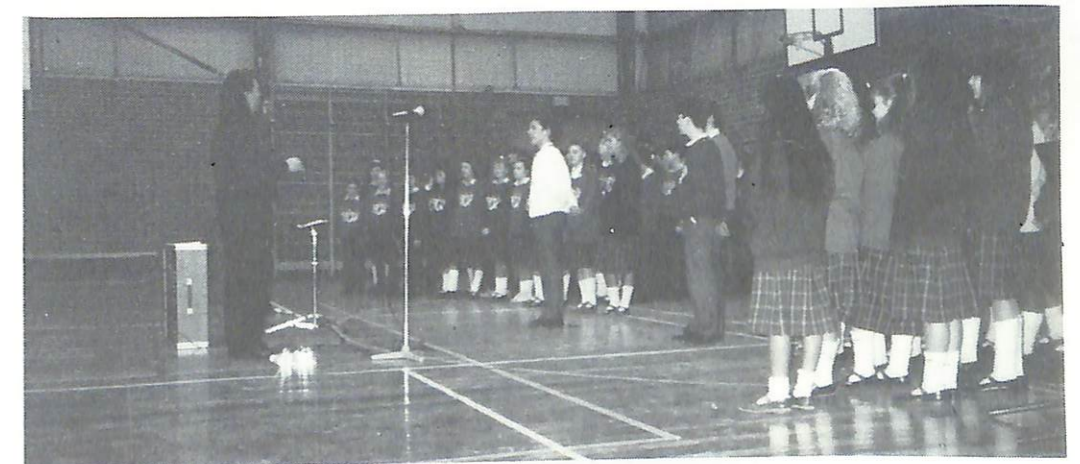
Not only have the SRC done work for the school community but, have also helped in local and wider communities. On the last Out-Of-Uniform day about ninety dollars was collected and donated to the Salvation Army to be used for others. This year's 40 Hour Famine, run by World Vision, was organized by our Student Welfare Co-ordinator and the SRC, and raised over \$2900. The money has gone to Mozambique and, we should realise, has saved the lives of many, some of whom are our age but do not have the chances of survival as we do.

Better lines of communication between the Principal and Staff and the SRC have been opened up this year through the establishment of regular meetings between the President and the Vice-President and the school's Principal. In these the opinions of the students and the ideas which have been conveyed to the SRC executives have been presented to Mr Scott, producing various changes to the school's procedure. For example, changes were made to bell times in order to accommodate bus travellers more comfortably.

The SRC helps to display and/or develop the leadership skills of those students who are daring enough to get involved. In this participation the SRC representatives encourage their own self-confidence and the confidence of others in them. This year's President, Ailsa Brew, and Vice-President, David Whitehead, both of Year 10, have done a wonderful job of keeping the SRC meetings running smoothly, so congratulations are in order there. Also many thanks go to Mrs Nash, our Student Welfare Co-ordinator, for the supervision, guidance and encouragement given that kept us all going.

I hope that next year's SRC representatives will carry on the good work done by everyone this year and also that the body of staff, students and parents will get behind their representatives in order to make the SRC a productive and useful group yet again.

Anita Tyson (Secretary)



THE YEAR 12 YEAR

The nitty gritty of the Year 12 year began in early April when 70 Year 12 students and 4 insomniac members of staff headed off to the Salvation Army camp at The Basin. The camp is held each year as early as we can make the booking in the hope that it will help get the students off to an effective start in this most important of years.

On the Sunday night we had invited students from the previous year to come back and discuss their reflections on the year with the current victims. They spoke about the problems the present Year 12s might face and outlined some of the remedies they had found successful. One of the 1988 students, Concetta Libertone said, "You will hear this and still make the same mistakes we did!". From my observations this is true of some but many did heed the advice . . . The age-old problem of students leaving work till the last minute is still with us! Rather than using lots of outside speakers this year, we used the skills of many of our own staff to talk about relationships, relaxation, coping with pressure, solving problems and career advice to name but a few. There was still free time where we could play sports and generally unwind.

One of the few people from outside who spoke at the camp was a member of the Victorian Police Force who shocked students with his accounts of some of his experiences in other parts of Melbourne. It was an eye-opener about the ways in which the changes in society are creating enormous pressures and it was also invaluable insight into the life of a "cop". We followed this angle up later in the year when we heard the Police Traffic Awareness group talk about speed and alcohol. It was good for all of us to see the human face of the Police Force and we all certainly appreciated their efforts.

A BBQ and social afternoon capped off an excellent camp, highlighted by well behaved and attentive students and staff from Year 12 who all made the effort to get up to the camp at some stage.

Jenny Ricard's session on relaxation and exercise also began a weekly class with some of the Year 12s. Some English problems were also aided by Sally Rule giving up lunchtimes to work with a small group of students on writing skills.



CULTURAL DAY

Every year, just after the mid year exams and before the parent-teacher night we set out to see some of the sights of the city that many students may not have seen. Our first "cultural" port of call was the National Gallery where the students poured over many works of art discussing many of the technical aspects. Some of the comments overheard:

"That's the one in the Kit Kat ad"

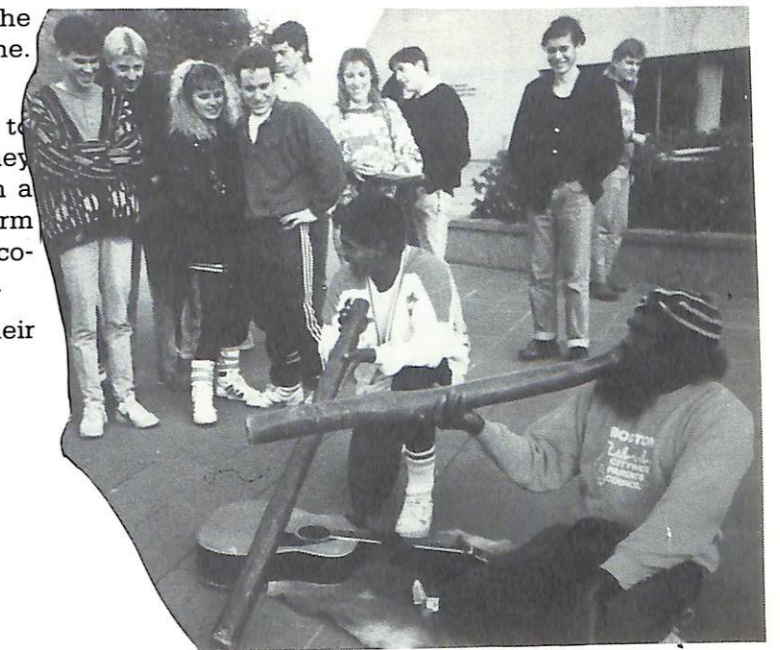
"How long do we have to stay here?"

"When's lunch?"

The tour of the Arts Centre was most fascinating, with Michael Goyne showing his extensive knowledge of Japanese with the tour guide. Many of the students had no idea just how large the complex is and how many theatres there are underground. We stopped for lunch at the 'Great Space in Collins Place' and when Mr McCarthy finally returned we went to the Stock Exchange where the Economics and Accounting students were in their element. We then went to the Old Cathedral of St. James, the oldest Cathedral in Melbourne and then on home. An enjoyable day was had by all.

All staff involved with the Year 12s this year are to be congratulated for the outstanding efforts they have put into their teaching. It really has been a team approach between co-ordinators, form teachers, the careers teacher, pupil welfare co-ordinator and the individual classroom teachers.

We wish the students the best of luck in their examinations and in their future careers.





SOCIAL SERVICE

This year students organized a basket lunch auction where staff members bid for meals prepared by the Year 12s. The idea is that the staff then sit down at tables with the students who made the meal. Meals were sold from \$10 to \$30 and the sum of \$200 was raised in a fun way for the Salvation Army. The effort put in by the students was outstanding and even Mr Harrowfield was heard to admit that he was full. (Quite an achievement).



JUNKYARD

Smells, cars, trucks, bins,
Gulls, fees, cats.
Bells, papers, bottles, tins,
Junk, wrecks, rats.

Richard Myles

YEAR 12 CHARACTERS

We asked the Year 12s this year to leave us with some deep and meaningful philosophical thoughts about their experience of the year.

The questions we asked them to respond to were these:

1. What have you enjoyed about the school?
2. What is your intended occupation?
3. What is your advice to the world?

Natasha Aarons

- * My spunky little redhead.
- * Nursing, hotel management.
- * Do what you want to do and be who you want to be and don't let anyone change you.

Robert Allen

- * Nothing.
- * Accountant.
- * Don't die.

Byron Ashman

- * This is a trick question, right?
- * Pilot and international playboy.
- * Better to burn out than fade away.

Robert Bendle

- * Maths with JB and watching him embarrass people like Thanh!
- * Radiologist.
- * Don't give up sport, Live!

Michelle Benison

- * School?????
- * Garbologist or brain surgeon.
- * What world?????

Jason Brewster

- * Classes in A 8.
- * Vet.
- * Take it easy.

Scott Brooks

- * KB's cliches and everything else except homework and exams.
- * A corrupt cop.
- * Drop the bomb.

Gregor Buckingham

- * Weekends and public holidays.
- * Professional money maker.
- * Don't worry about a thing, if you do Year 12 chemistry do it part-time if you have Lenno.

Chad Bullock

- * When Mr Bourke left the class on rare occasions.
- * Liverpool No. 10
- * Avoid Year 12 Maths B

Elise Bushell

- * The friendships I've made.
- * Engineering, hopefully.
- * Things can't possibly be as bad as they seem, so don't cry, laugh.

Nadine Crevatin

- * Accounting.
- * Accountant.
- * Enjoy yourself as much as possible and don't let school get you down.

Caroline Carter

- * The friends that you make and keep.
- * Criminologist.
- * The end is always in your reach.

Damien Cashman

- * Confrontations with narrow minded teachers.
- * President of Bond Corp.
- * Don't try and educate the ineducable.

Brenton De La Haye

- * Holidays.
- * Anything that makes good money.
- * Be sensible — don't do Year 12.

Michelle Dellow

- * Leaving.
- * Journalist.
- * Have fun.

Keith Dunsford

- * Sleeping through Chemistry Classes.
- * Chemist.
- * Find a quiet place to think . . .

Tim Emeny

- * Sleeping during Maths. G'day Mr. Harrowfield.
- * Entrepreneur — Money Maker.
- * Hang loose, don't let anything worry you and most of all have fun.

Joanne Evans

- * The "frees".
- * Economist or check-out chick!
- * Only take the serious bits seriously.

Rachel Freebairn

- * The lunchtime frolics on the oval when the daisy's are in bloom.
- * To promote "free love" on the streets of St. Kilda.
- * Become President of the SRC to ensure you receive all possible perks like free pencil sharpeners and rubbers.

Graciella Gabriel

- * Hmm . . . When Friday rolls around and you realise you've survived another week. Being asked continuously, "Who is ZIGGY?"
- * Graphic Artist/Designer.
- * About VCE . . . It's every man for himself. Be prepared for "abuse" from your teachers, (they think it's motivational!) and don't worry what marks you get, by the end of the year the only thing you want to get is OUT!!!

Donna Gilchrist

- * Being the only Girl in a class full of boys.
- * Accountant, a world authority on embezzlement and tax evasion.
- * Show a bit of leg, you'll always get a ride.

Antonio Go

- * None of the above!
- * Architect/Engineer.
- * Tough times don't last, tough guys do!

Michael Goyne

- * Lunchtimes.
- * Accountant.
- * Don't do Year 12.

Peter Herring

- * Lunchtimes, recess and free periods.
- * Garbo.
- * Quit!

Helen Hoskin

- * Lunchtimes at Aimi's place.
- * Architect.
- * Keep going forward and faith will come to you.

Lisa Howlett

- * Clint Watson!
- * Secondary Phys. Ed. Teacher.
- * Go ahead and do what you want to do.

Richard Irving

- * Social life.
- * Accountant.
- * Do Year 12 even if you stuff it up, but don't do all school work, the social life is good.

Sonia Kozub

- * Friends and being Byron's Physics partner.
- * Remedial masseur or nurse or sumo wrestler or . . .
- * Don't go to school, there are too many hassles and pressures.

Angel Lam

- * The camp and I'm looking forward to the Valedictory Dinner.
- * Journalist or economist.
- * Peace.

Adam Lattimore

- * The knowledge and experience I have gained.
- * To make lots of money and have lots of holidays.
- * Have fun. If it's not on it's just not on.

Thanh Le

- * Watching Geoff being harassed by Mr Bourke.
- * Engineer.
- * Come to Heathmont and have Mr Bourke for maths.

Cassy Le Poidevin

- * The thought of leaving, otherwise very little.
- * Something related to Law or Economics.
- * Seek inspiration from Guppyman or Deth.

Vincent Lopes

- * Knowledge, learning and social life.
- * Police officer.
- * Be happy.

Tu Ly

- * Expo 88.
- * Accountant or interior designer.
- * Peace.

Kim Mansell

- * Staring at Mossy's sexy legs.
- * Advertising manager.
- * Party!

Glenn Marquis

- * Lunchtimes were good but nothing beats leaving!
- * Pilot.
- * "No, you're not dead, you just can't think of anything to do today."

Simone Marshall

- * The company.
- * Accountant.
- * Grow taller because life is short.

Malintha Mascarenas

- * Sport.
- * Accountant and professional cricketer.
- * Be black, it's more fun.

Roslyn Maxwell

- * Not being there.
- * Musician/music teacher.
- * Life is never easy, but be prepared, VCE is downright impossible.

Michael Moeller

- * Australian History!!! Ha! Ha!
- * Dole bludger.
- * Be a winner.

Laurel Moulnox

- * ???
- * Economist/politician.
- * Have as much fun along the way as possible - you only live once!

Andrew Noble

- * Driving my Commodore.
- * To be Australia's next Alan Bond, but better.
- * Don't worry about Bathurst, the Commodores will come back.

Kathy Rahimi

- * Maths B with my favourite teacher, Mr Bourke.
- * I want to be a Maths B teacher.
- * Study Maths B.

Stephen Roddis

- * The wild parties and vast discussions in Mr Bourke's maths class. This was nearly as good as Mr Harrowfield's jokes!
- * Strangling small furry animals and putting stickers in packets of cornflakes.
- * Give badgers the vote.

Rebecca Roberts

- * Stuffing around and relationships with friends.
- * Teaching the next generation to seek revenge.
- * Don't let things get you down, determination can get you everywhere!

Nancy Port

- * Morning coffee with Paul : Sagas : Support from friends - especially Stephen : The parties.
- * Psychologist or something arty and eccentric.
- * If you want something, take it. If you can't find it look for it and once you've got it keep it . . . above all don't drive with Steven Philp!

Geoff Phillips

- * School? Never heard of it.
- * Something that takes me far and wide in the world.
- * If you get Bourkey for Maths B, learn those **** examples in the book!!!

Jacintha Salomons

- * Free Periods.
- * Architect.
- * Love your KISLA.

Leoni Sonnenberg

- * Leaving.
- * Actuary.
- * Go to Liverpool and meet Eric (Ziggy) Greaves.

Grant Taylor

- * Not having to work.
- * Accountant.
- * Go to school!

Cathy Tirkot

- * Nothing! (to tell the truth, nothing.)
- * Police woman.
- * DO NOT STACK YOUR CAR!!!!

Aimi Turner

- * Not much.
- * Don't know yet.
- * Don't do HSC.

Martin Turner

- * Social life, gaining knowledge and sport.
- * Sports scientist/journalist.
- * Discipline yourself.

Matthew Turner

- * Free periods.
- * Marketing manager or professional surfer.
- * Clean up the beaches or we'll be surfing sewage.

Paul Veldman

- * Spelling tests with Captain B., sagas. Being engaged to Tania and casual affairs.
- * "To be the best fighter pilot in the navy SIR!!"
- * I'll be back!.

Simon Wallis

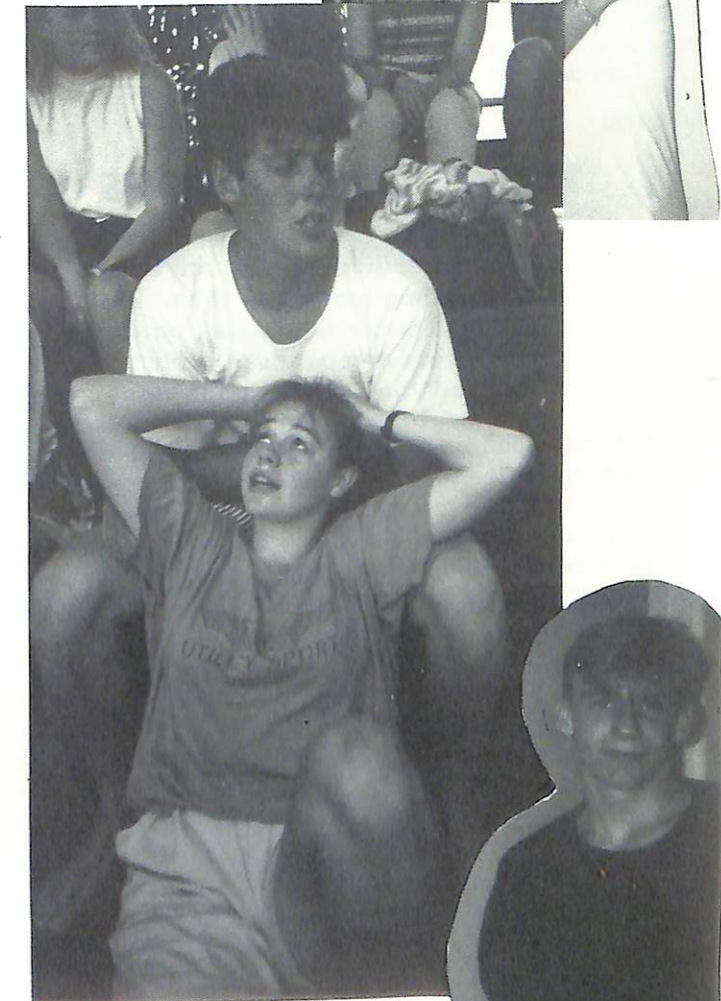
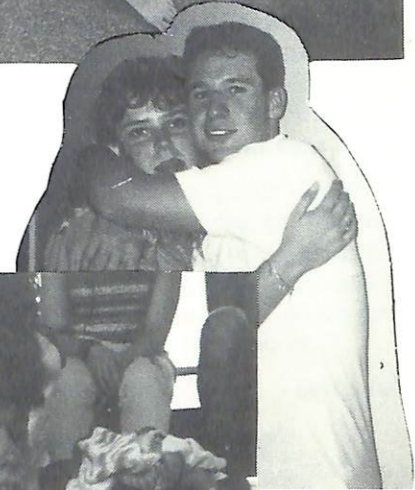
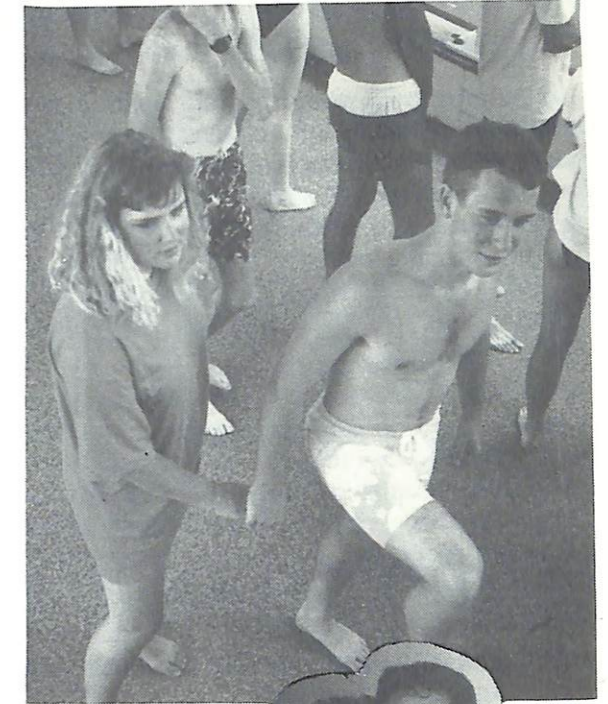
- * That's classified. I could tell you but then I'd have to kill you.
- * Computer programmer/analyst.
- * Live it up while you're young, if you don't look

Clinton Watson

- * Everything, especially water pistols and snatching.
- * Physiotherapist/entrepreneur with Stuart Welsh.
- * Get enough sleep.

Stuart Welsh

- * Water pistols, Monash Uni, Robert Koenders, KB's clinches, bass drums.
- * Fitness adviser/entrepreneur with Clinton Watson.
- * Get involved with other activities outside study time.



AN EXPERIENCE

It was during one of our regular visits into the city that I experienced an amazing aspect of life on earth. It was a hot day and we had all been proudly wearing our new T-shirts, (heavy metal), having arrived from England a few days before. I suppose we must have looked somewhat like a group of "hoods" at the time — "Headbangers with black T-shirts", still the thought never really occurred to me.

The time must have been dwindling past one o'clock, as we were beginning to experience hunger pains. We fought our way up the shopper plagued sidewalks till we reached our favourite lunchtime haunt — MacDonalds (which also seemed to be everyone else's favourite lunchtime haunt). The lines were long, but being fast-food-freaks, we knew how to endure such tests of faith.

After finally obtaining a lunch of assorted additives and indigestion, we discovered a vacant table, only to find that there wasn't enough room for all to sit around it. As I was last to reach the table, I had to place myself on a seat belonging to a neighbouring table.

Shortly after I had settled myself, a flushed looking mother arrived at the table directly next to me with her two young sons (around Grade Three and Grade Four size). Unfortunately, the table they had seized upon only seated two people, so one of the boys was doomed to sit with me.

While his mother was ushering him to sit down, the poor kid must have looked at me and seen the ultimate stereotype image of a teenage lout.

I could remember countless times in my Primary School days when the sight of a teenage scared me stiff, let alone ones that employed a tough image. I avoided them like a plague. Yet here in my everyday teenage life, I had scared a young child visibly without any intention for doing so.

I was amazed, even astonished at the way the world turned. Life passes by so quickly, whether you like it or not.

Feeling a little guilty, I turned to the frightened youngster and smilingly reassured him that I would spare his life.

David Skeen, Year 11

POEMS

WHAT I THINK OF DOGS

I love dogs. I love everything and anything about dogs. I hate spending money on them. But I hate tripping over dogs or coming home from doing the shopping when your dog jumps up to lick you, the shopping falls on the floor and the eggs break. AAAH! Yes eggs, I think they should be harder so that they don't break when dropped but that would make it harder to break them into the frying pan. Frying pans are too sticky. They should make more non-stick ones. But then the price would go up and those petty department stores would try to sell you a couch! Couches these days! I don't know! You either get one that is too hard or too soft, not the one you like at all. The salesmen really try so hard, they nag you to buy the product. Don't they get up your nose? There is something else . . . noses. I mean they're not very stylish are they? Especially when you've got to blow them with tissues! I really hate tissues, how they're so cushy like toilet paper. There are two kinds of toilet paper, soft stuff that tears and tough stuff that hurts, especially when you're in a public toilet. That's another thing, Publicity! There isn't enough privacy in this day and age. You try to do somethin private and suddenly you have some short fat dog panting down your neck wondering what you're doing. Gee . . . I hate dogs. Everything and anything about dogs . . .

Duncan Richards Yr. 8

There was a man called Dimo
He really liked to drive a limo
One day he had a smash
It looked like he'd been bashed
That poor man named Dimo.

There was a person called Cam
Who liked to wheel a pram
One day he hit a stone
He broke all his bones
Then everyone felt sorry for Cam.

There once was a snake
Who baked the world's best cake
One day he baked a cake nice an brown
So he won a crown
That good old cake baking snake.

There was a child called Paul
Who had a great big fall
He broke all his bones
So he wished with his stone
Which made him better from the big fall.

There was a young man who liked making jam
But on Tuesdays he got help from Sam
One Tuesday he went wacho
And turned spacko
So he ended up in a pram.

Paul Gibson, Year 7

WHEN CANBERRA RAN RINGWOOD'S MEALS ON WHEELS PROGRAM

They said it was, "an unbeatable system". "No problems will arise," they said. "Much better than the council's way of running things," they told us. This was the new Meals on Wheels service. It was decided to have only one car (supposedly to save money, time and help stop the pollution problem). The citizens were quick to criticise the new program, but decided to try it anyway.

Within the first week a problem had surfaced, with only one car servicing the whole area of Ringwood, it took a lot of time to deliver the meals. One elderly woman complained, "I now get my lunch at 5:45 p.m., which is when I'm supposed to get my dinner!" However this didn't worry the politicians in Canberra. They fixed the problem by abolishing the speed limit but only for specially marked "Meals on Speedy Wheels" cars. They assured us it now wouldn't take as long to get the meals delivered.

But the people still complained, "It's not the traveling that takes up the time, it's the actual giving of the meals. The elderly residents like the deliverers to stay and chat with them for a few minutes. Sometimes, it is the only company they get. We need more cars." The organizers gave in, and bought two more cars. It didn't help. The organizers were saying the whole idea of "Meals of Speedy Wheels" was to help stop the pollution around Ringwood.

Three more deliverers were assigned to each car. Each deliverer was assigned to a street, with their meals. They would then run up and down the street as fast as they could, delivering the meals, and being picked up. It would be called "Meals on Legs".

This made more problems. After a couple of days work, all the deliverers resigned saying, "the work is too hard and too physically demanding." No-one wanted the job, and things needed changing.

The "Meals on Legs" idea was scapped, and the "Meals on Bolts" idea bought in. Robots would be used to deliver the meals. Their course was programmed into them. They could travel as fast as a car, but didn't need to worry about the traffic lights, jams, etc., because they travelled on the footpath. The meals would be carried in a small trailer behind the robot, which would, when delivering the meals, speak like a human to the elderly person.

But it still didn't work. People were too scared to walk on the footpath, fearing they would be run over by these robots travelling 80 kph. The elderly citizens didn't like the new robots. They found the new technology hard to understand and they didn't like speaking to a piece of machinery. The only good points about the "Meals on Bolts" program, was it was quick and didn't pollute the air.

After a few weeks the "Meals on Bolts" program was abolished, and after pleading for the original "Meals on Wheels" program back, they got it. But with a few changes. Six more cars were added to the fleet, and special devices were installed on cars to stop them polluting the air in Ringwood.

Lisa, 10D



Mega Life.

MY STOMACH

There she goes again! Running around the house trying to rustle up some money for another binge.

This ritual takes place every Sunday and I'm the one who has to suffer. Doesn't she realise that I'm not that big? I can't fit all those mashed up, mushy pieces of food inside my walls.

... I wish she'd just understand that MacDonald's stuff is just not on.

... Now, if it were a big, juicy roast pork with all that crackley stuff and roasted spuds, melted butter and corn on the cob, that would be a different story.

... But no, she has to eat all that junky stuff with thousands of calories. I'll get her back though, she'll regret it when I begin to curdle and my acids reject those tiny pieces of food.

... Aw no! Here it comes! MacDonaldis ahoy... Well, she's having two cheeseburgers today and large chips! I'm empty and grumbling but my grumbles aren't that loud.

... I'll be glad when it's all over, it's hard being a stomach of the 80's.

... She's done it! She has demolished the last of her tucker and boy do I feel heavy. I feel like a balloon about to burst.

... Those pickles really cause a sensation with my acids, I can feel a grumble coming on.

... "GGGRRUMMBLLLLL!" Oh no, I hope she didn't hear that.

... Oh but I think she did!

Yep, she sure did! Here comes some more Macca's and this time it's... Ohhh yum!... It's a HOT APPLE PIE!!... Wow, now this is good stuff! MacDonald's isn't so bad after all, I mean now that we've discovered HOT APPLE PIES. Hopefully they will, in the future, be included in these Sunday afternoon rituals. I'm sure I can develop a liking for Sunday's after all.

Donna Vassallo, 11E

WAGGING WEIGHT WATCHERS

(To Once a Jolly Swagman!)

Once a jolly fat woman wagged weight watchers
Under the influence of another fat scrag
As she drank and she ate and waited for her jeans
to split,

You'll come wagging weight watchers with me.
Wagging weight watchers, wagging weight
watchers

You'll come wagging weight watchers with me
As she drank and she ate and she waited for her
jeans to split

You'll come wagging weight watchers with me!

Narelle Reeves & Melanie Caffyn, 8C

EIGHTEEN

Before my eyes I could only see an eighteen year old boy with tears streaming down his pale face. Every noise he heard, he turned his head in horror to see where the noise came from. You could hear muffled screams outside the house. As the crowd grew, the more nervous the cops became, trying to stop the people from entering the house. On the lounge floor lay the dead body of Johnny. It was an accidental death, a fatal gun wound to the head. There was a photographer taking photos of the body while numerous people walked in and out of the room. I stood there glaring at the blood stains on the carpet. All I could think about was Timmy and what would happen to him? I've known Timmy since I was eight and he was thirteen. By the time he was sixteen he had become rather dependent on the bottle. By eighteen he had become an alcoholic. Timmy wasn't someone who could openly express himself, but sometimes he came close to it.

The next couple of weeks were tough for Timmy. You could always feel the tension in the air when you were around him. And some nights you could hear him crying himself to sleep. One night I went into his room to calm him down, but he just wrapped his arms around me and cried on my shoulder. It was an accident. Timmy had been cleaning his rifle and he didn't know there was a bullet in the barrel. Just as Johnny walked into the room, the bullet fired from the barrel and got Johnny in the head. He died instantly. The worst part was finding Timmy in the corner hugging his rifle with a bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand. He had tears coming out of his eyes at 100 m.p.h. and he was white as a ghost.

As weeks went by, Timmy's court case came. Timmy pleaded his innocence but the lawyers made a mess out of him. Timmy had to get off the stand sometimes because he was crying so hard and he couldn't concentrate on the questions. Finally the jury reached their verdict. They found him guilty. Everyone also knew he was innocent and we were shattered by the decision they had made. Timmy was given life imprisonment!

Over the years I went to see Timmy in jail once a week, maybe twice. I could see his life being torn apart, he became more depressed every day. Finally the depression took its toll, Timmy had died on the 4th of April, at the age of 26. We'll all remember Timmy, and I know he's my hero for ever.

WINNING ENTRY IN THE SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

Fiona McBroom, 8F

PUPPIES IN LOVE

It happened during fifth period, just after lunch, when he chanced to look up and catch her eye reflecting his own. His heart leapt out of his chest, a strange feeling engulfing his entire body and even though the moment lasted for only a second, it remained in his thoughts for a long time after.

He had always been quite good friends with her, exchanging friendly greetings and talking about little, unimportant things. Before, there had been nothing particularly special about their relationship, but now things seemed different. It was impossible for him to pinpoint when or how it had happened, it just happened, and that was all there was to it.

Whenever he saw her after the happenings on that certain day, he would again experience the strange feeling throughout his body, not as powerful as the first time, yet still strong enough to render significance. At night, he would dream of ways in which he would approach her, impress her with words and ask her out. The dreams seemed so accessible in the world of his mind, but in the world of reality he would suddenly become plagued by fears of doubt, and would put off re-enacting his dreams until, say, the next day. Or the next.

It happened, by some extraordinary act of fate, that exactly a week after that certain period five, they were both sent out of class; together, alone. They were about to re-enter the classroom, when he suddenly blurted out his feelings, and action played over in a thousand times in his mind, managing to overcome all his fears and ask her out to the pictures. She, of-course, said 'Yes'. And they both walked into class with smiles on their faces.

It lasted a week. Seven days of movies, holding hands, cuddles and kisses, pleasing each other with what they would offer. Suddenly, one day he happened to turn around in the locker bay and catch the eye of the new girl. And his heart leapt out of his chest, and that same, strange feeling engulfed his body.

Year 11



HISTORY WEEK 1989

This year we decided to give History week an historic focus and the date we settled on was the week starting April 25th. Our range of activities was tremendous:

- trivia questions daily on the bulletin a collection of vital historic facts, figures and personalities!

- a colonial sports day where we encouraged the dying art of COOEEing, ran egg and spoon races, hoop races and three legged races to name just a selection.

- a colonial dress/dance day which was well patronised by students and staff alike.

- an Anzac Day reflection day assembly which was run by the Year 12 Australian history class and one of the Year 11 English classes. Their presentation included short tableaux of the range of reaction to the war in Australia readings of writers and poets responses to the experience of war. It was an activity that caused the school to reflect on the significance of Anzac Day.

The Humanities staff worked furiously to organise all the activities and to make sure it all ran smoothly, a good week of interest and action. Thanks to all those involved.

IS IT TOO LATE?

"What will we do with the world?" he said.
"Choke the air till we fall down dead,
Log our forests and pollute the sea.
I'm not responsible, don't blame me."

If we live, we kill the land,
How could he possibly understand?
He is nothing, only a child,
Not enough to save the wild.

Those who will destroy his home,
Who clump the trees with gunk and foam,
Who kill his world. Is that what they want?
Or are they simply ignorant?

"There's no excuse. It's my world too.
What the hell am I going to do?"
That is a question many may ask,
"How do we complete this awful task?"

Is it really that bad? I don't think so.
Is the world O.K.? The answer is NO!
We have to do something, together is best,
We must clean up the earth that we have messed.

If only they would realise.
He said, "I might be small in size
But my voice is just as strong,
I'll teach them what they're doing wrong.
They may think that I'm a nerd,
But I'll make sure my voice is heard.

"Unless you want to live in space,
I suggest we fix this place.
I don't want to live my life
In this place of war and strife.

How do I save all of this?
Don't tell me you wouldn't miss
The trees, the flowers, lakes and grass.
You take it for granted and walk past,
On your way to city chores,
About to pollute the earth some more.

Think about what your doing please,
When throwing rubbish behind the trees.
Appreciate the beauty about
Before you have to do without.

The millions of years that we were fine.
Why was I born into this time?
In fifty years or so, it's said
We could all very well be dead!

You may say it's inevitable,
And that our atmosphere is full
Of smoke, fumes and gasses, too.
What can one young person do?

I'll tell you all, here and now,
The answer to that question: "How?"
I'll get together all my friends
We'll try our hardest, 'til the end,
To reach what is our only aim —
To reach all those who think it's a game.
To stop those who ruin our home
We won't give up. We're not alone.

I pity the babies born today.
Will they think like us? This way?
Will they try to change their fate?
Or will it just be too late?

The Earth cannot go on like this,
With the ozone layer falling to bits.
Is caring for earth too much to say?
Is the price too high to pay?

Maybe one day they'll hear our cry:
"DO SOMETHING, WE DON'T WANT TO DIE"

by Tracey Webb

THE GIRL AND THE ROSE

In a world far beyond,
Amongst the ever green.
Lay a girl with golden hair,
That lit the entire scene.

To her side lay a rose,
Of blood red colour.
In her hand she held it tight,
Filling it with strength and beauty.

She held it up,
To the sky that floated with ever blue.
The rose it shone,
The rose did shine and there it lay
In the sky with the girl of all worlds in strength and
beauty

Olivia Stuart, 8A

THE LITTLE JUNGLE BOY

Through the trees,
In the woods,
Sat a little boy.

With dark brown hair,
And dark brown eyes staring at the moon.

He had a fire burning bright,
Which flickered every time, he poked it with his
stick

The stars they shone down on him, as he fell asleep
The fire kept him warm at night,
He never even peeped!

Olivia Stuart, 8A