

HEATHMONT

S.C.



1991

BY THE CREEK



Eileen Edwards
Bursar H.S.C.
1976-1991

On July 4th, our Bursar, Eileen Edwards (only 41 years old) died after collapsing while competing in her regular Thursday evening netball game.

Eileen was an enthusiast and approached the game with great vigour and determination, just as she did all aspects of life. This determination was evident, for example, in her approach to the new computerised accounting system, a challenge accepted and a new skill gained.

In her sixteen years of service to the school community first as a typist when the school was established, then as Bursar, Eileen was always a team member, but most of all a caring colleague and, to so many, a friend.

She frequently gave encouragement or help to distressed students or those with troubles, and prompted the administration when acknowledgement of a special effort or occasion was needed.

Eileen remembered personal achievements and "milestones" and encouraged the staff to have social get-togethers to emphasise our dependence on each other and to lift morale. We miss Eileen's friendship, her sense of fun and her interest in us all.

The whole school community offers heartfelt condolences to Eileen's husband, Geoff, and to her children, Leanne and Scott.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Heathmont's sixteenth year is its first full year as Heathmont Secondary College. This, in itself, reflects the great change currently occurring within education. The new Victorian Certificate of Education, which is an extension of the Curriculum Frameworks in Years 7-10, the re-organisation of some schools into multi-campus colleges and the rapid growth in the number of students staying for a full six years of secondary education are all aspects which reflect this change.

Considered forward planning is even more essential than ever if schools are going to maintain their effectiveness and manage the change that is inevitable. During this year after consultation with all sectors of the community - students, parents and staff - the school council adopted a Directions Statement. This statement is designed to provide a framework from which the school can plan its future. The essential elements of this framework are as follows.

- * encouragement of excellence
- * promoting development of the whole person, with a program catering for individual needs
- * effective resource allocation to enable all students to reach their full potential
- * close co-operation with other schools in our district
- * promoting student involvement
- * support for staff
- * maintenance of quality buildings and grounds
- * working closely with a wider community
- * improvement in our financial resources

At a personal level, I have found my first year at the school hectic but exciting. One of the factors that attracted me to Heathmont was the students. In this area I have not been disappointed. Equally I have been impressed with the way the overwhelming proportion of our students conduct themselves. It is increasingly important that young people are flexible, well-educated and in the possession of good inter-personal skills if they are to flourish in the society in which we live. It is essential that schools accept responsibility for assisting our students develop their abilities. Equally, it is essential that the students make the most of their opportunities. I am confident that this is currently happening at Heathmont but further that we will continue to examine ways through which we can perform even better.

Glenn H. Fankhauser
Principal





Friendship is the colour of a bright sun.
 It tastes like delicious marshmallows and smells like French perfume.
 It looks like a shiny red balloon and sounds like a violin playing in the night.
 It feels like floating through the air.

by Nick Nicholl and David Wright

Friendship is pink.
 It tastes like apple pie and it smells like sweet perfume.
 Friendship looks like a beautiful flower in the sun.
 It sounds like the wind blowing through your hair and feels like the best thing in the world.

by Lisa Sitlington



Friendship is as yellow as a buttercup.
 It tastes like a Slurpy on a boiling hot day and smells like a sandy beach.
 Friendship looks like lots of coloured flowers, the sound of laughter.
 Friendship is too good to be true.

by Tracey B. & Melanie P.

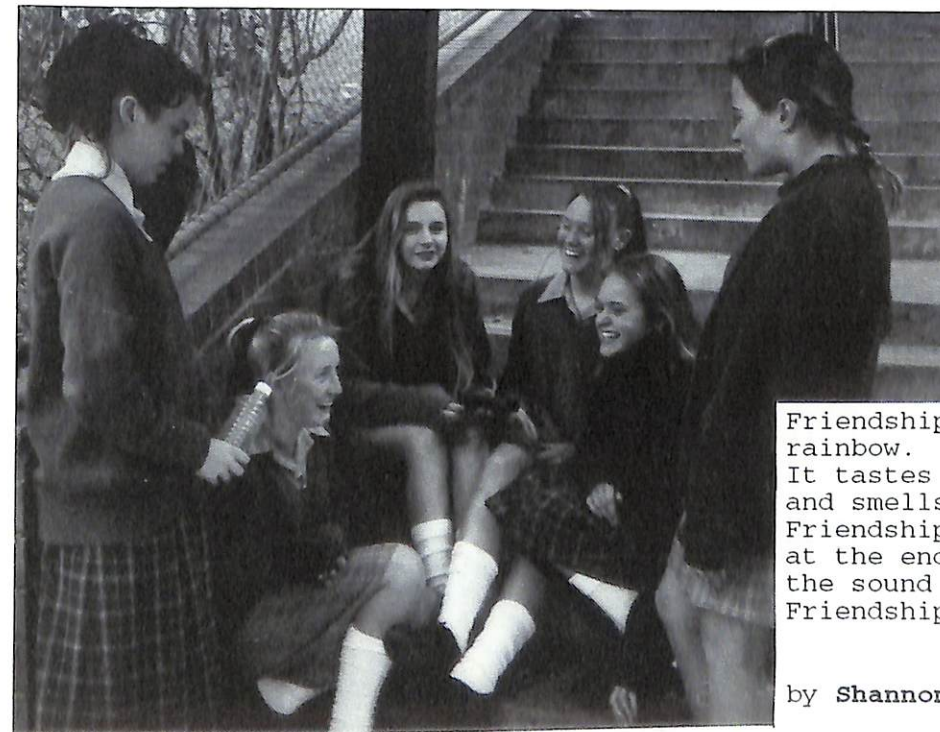
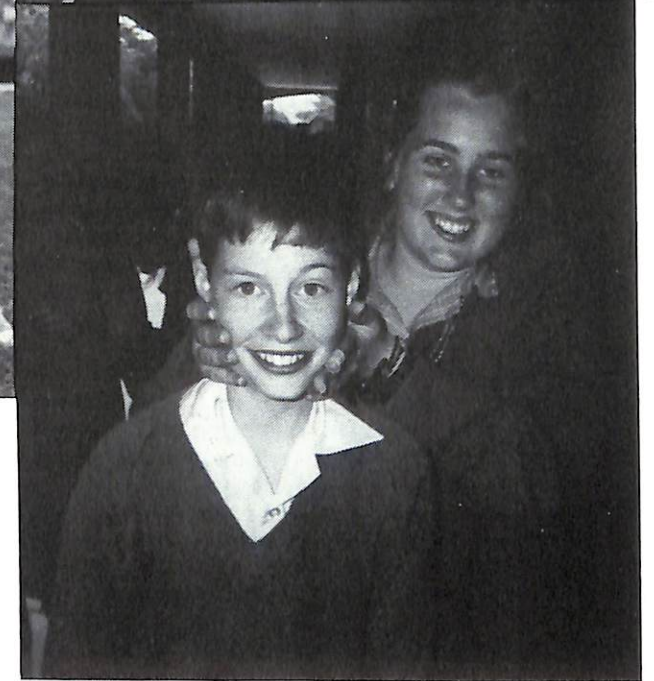
Friendship is bright blue, tastes like ice cream, smells like roses, the sound of kids at the park.
 It feels like heaven.

by Alan Budziarski



Friendship is purple with yellow spots.
 It tastes like warm Christmas pudding.
 It smells like banana bubble gum.
 Friendship looks pretty good to me, the sounds of giggles and burps.
 It feels soft and slushy.
 Friendship is essential.

by Kelly Jennion & Susanna Venn



Friendship is the colours of the rainbow.
 It tastes like lemon gelati and smells like chocolate fudge.
 Friendship looks like a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the sound of slapping hands.
 Friendship is about mates.

by Shannon Meadows & Chris Ramsay

NEW STAFF IN 1991

Glenn Fankhauser
Christian Byrnes
Judith Gray
William Michael
Spiro Onisiforou
Andrea Poole
Leanne Rose
Gary Scott
Glenys Smith
Lynette Tonkin

YEAR 12 STUDY CAMP

At the beginning of the year, over a hundred year twelve students headed for Mt Evelyn, to the Oasis Youth Camp. The four day camp was designed to help all year twelves cope with the hardships of the final year at high school.

On the first night, a group of 1990 Heathmont Year Twelves, came and spoke to us about their year. This evening scared a few people in that the amount of homework that had to be done throughout the year, was a lot more than we had all expected.

After a sleepless night on our hard vinyl beds, the second morning, for the girls, was spent with a self defence expert. He taught us many defensive movements which all the girls seemed to enjoy. The boys' morning was spent learning Judo with Mr Broecker. Whether they enjoyed it or not is still unknown! Also they were taught relaxation skills by Ms Gordon and Ms Munro.

Tuesday was spent hiking to the Silvan dam. The 1990 Year Twelves had told us to avoid this "walk" like the plague, as last year they got lost on the way back. Most of us weren't worried as this couldn't happen two years in a row. How wrong we were! I won't say any more.

On Tuesday night we entertained each other with a concert. A memorable night was had by all, especially when cabin 4B performed their rendition of "Calendar Guy".

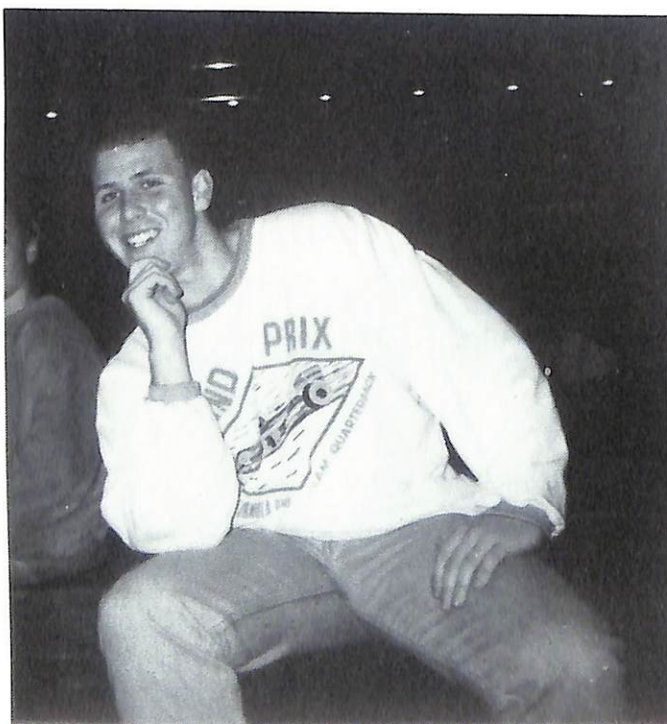
Wednesday morning was spent with a goal setting expert, the term expert being used loosely. After that, we had lunch and went home.

The four days gave us a chance to meet new friends and learn a few things about the school and what is expected of us in our last year at Heathmont Secondary College.

YEAR 12 EXCURSION: IN THE ARTS CENTRE!

I was sitting in the corridor outside one of the theatres. It was the first time I had had the chance to sit down for a while. Opposite me was the rest of my group. They were positioned in 3 natural rows, curving at the end. I know this because had stopped listening to the guide and was concentrating on my friends and how the small number of spotlights had made their faces stand out from the brown back wall. It would have made a fantastic painting. The pattern they had formed was used in a lot of historic paintings where curves were very popular. I studied their familiar faces. For the first time ever (probably from the tertiary talk influence) I wondered where we would be at the same time next year. Posing in front of me were people I had grown up with over the last 5 years and even longer. A lot of them I would never see again after I had finished school, even though they have had such a great influence on me. Sure, I will miss them and try to keep in touch but as time goes on and work loads increase I will lose contact and so will they. They will be replaced and so will I, with new people who will make us laugh, give us support and influence us. We will grow up and grow apart.

by SIMONE LEWIS



VCE - 1991

1991 has seen many changes in and around our school community, both good and bad. Definitely the biggest change in the senior levels of the school is the introduction of the VCE, or Victorian Certificate of Education. This new system replaces the old HSC, or Higher School Certificate, and is comprised of two years study instead of the traditional one. This year marks the first year of full operation of the VCE, and with its introduction has come much controversy. As our senior students approach "do or die" time, one question is being constantly asked - is the VCE for the better or for the worse?

One of the major differences between the VCE and the HSC are the infamous end of year exams. The VCE aims to abolish the exams that were once an integral part of the HSC, and for year 12's, who are doing as many as four VCE subjects, this is important as they approach the end of their schooling year. Along with exams comes much pressure and most year 12's are relieved to no longer have such worries, illustrated by one student's comment, "It is much better to know your whole mark doesn't rely on a few hours at the end of the year." However while the VCE has no set exams, it does have a number of Common Assessment Tasks, or CATS (Basic Assessment Tasks in year 11) for students to sit either throughout or at the end of the year. Reasoning and Data, a mathematics subject offered in the VCE, has two out of four CATS set under exam conditions, and while some say there is no difference, others argue there is no longer as much pressure.



With the year 11's having completed one unit of the full VCE program, and the year 12's a limited three units of the four comprising the VCE, these students can now be accurate in their appraisal of the VCE. There is no doubt of the way in which the system goes about teaching students organisational and management skills. While the HSC never heavily relied on work done throughout the year, this is a major part of the VCE. With constant workbook checks throughout the year, each student must learn to keep work in a neat and orderly fashion. Some subjects even require students to keep a record of all work undertaken in each class. With this new system, it is certainly a case of every little thing counts, as our senior students have quickly learned.

It seems there are many factors both for and against the new Victorian Certificate of Education. With the full program being introduced only this year after a limited program last year, many students are struggling to come to terms with the heavy workload associated with the VCE, especially as every little thing counts towards final marks, although most are glad to see the abolition of end of year exams. One thing however is for certain. The 2 years that make up the V.C.E. are far from easy, and our year 11 and 12's will testify to that, as will future V.C.E. students. As for the future of the V.C.E., only time - and the opinions of our students - will tell.



YEAR 7 CAMP

I liked the ropes course best and the bush cooking. We had a lot of free time and there was lots to do. I liked the trampoline and the games room. There should be a roster for who plays in the games room. You SHOULD be aloud to talk for half an hour after lights out.

The best thing I liked on the camp was the ropes course because it was really easy for me, because I went through it pretty fast and the other people went really slowly so I had to wait for them. The best bit I liked on the ropes course was when you had to swing on the ropes.

I liked the rope course the best, not because it was fun. It was funny when I had Dennis Baker as my partner and everything that was more than four feet off the ground was too high for him, he didn't even give it a try. I think the huts should be bigger because it's pretty squashy with 9 people in it.

The best things at camp were the Flying Fox and the trampoline. The Flying Fox was good but it didn't go fast and you only got one shot. The trampoline has protection and everything but you are only allowed to go on for two minutes! But the trampoline is good.

I really liked camp. It was great fun, especially toasting marsh mellowes and the disco. The ropes course was fun except some parts were a bit scary. I made a few new friends and got to know some more people.



I thought the camp was good. I liked the concert and the disco, which I thought was a lot of fun. The camp fire was good especially when we toasted marshmallows. I liked getting to know new people.

At the camp I like the activities because you were never bored. The flying fox was a bit slow, but archery was the best. At the concert our play wasn't good. It didn't work and we got 4 out of 10. The disco was good. They had good music. I got an award for the fastest dancer. Our cabin was good. We had eight boys in it. It was pretty good.



Seven
Sexy
Spunks
Swam in
Saggy
Speedos while
Sipping
Spaghetti
Soup.

by Tracey Browne

The things I like about the camp are it had a big swimming pool and a trampoline. The meal I liked the best was the lunches. I also liked the activities too and the damper tasted great. The cabins were old and scary at night.

The camp was a lot of fun, but most of all I enjoyed meeting new people and getting to know everybody. I also liked getting to know the teachers better.

I thought the camp was great fun, except the teachers made it horrible to be there. Of course I didn't have this attitude while I was up there. The flying fox was excellent but it went too slow. At night we went to sleep too early. I am used to going to bed at 2 o'clock in the morning and getting up at 6 o'clock, but Peter liked to wake up at a quarter to 6 every morning.

I liked the flying fox the best. It was funny when Andrew Merrit grabbed onto the rope and got dragged along the ground. Also I liked the food, especially when we had pies for lunch.

What I liked most about the camp was the flying fox and the indoor games but what I liked best was being away from "HOME".



I thought the camp was a great way to meet friends and find out more about the people you already knew. It was good meeting the teachers as well. The best day for me on camp was Thursday. I stayed in the pool for a hour. I had dinner duty for the first time and the camp fire was heaps of fun.



ROW 6: Scott Dolman, Ben Couldrey, Cameron Martland, Malcolm Hudson, Chris Curran, Greg McTaggart
 ROW 5: Jon Parks, Brad Jackson, Matthew Williams, Bryce Pilbeam, Paul Hawkey, Joel Allen, Jarrod Blomberg, Stuart Murley, Spencer Tennant, Adam Simmons, Rodney Tobin
 ROW 4: Adrian Kennedy, Rebecca Appleby, Sharon Molloy, Nick Bubb, Tim Byrne, Eleassa Fox, Shelley Gwynne, Steven Jackson
 ROW 3: Rachel Jens, Helen Neumann, Kylie Lemarchand, Gina Carroll, Tijen Yazici, Nicole Marshall, Valerie Ramsperger
 ROW 2: Melissa Matjeka, Taryn Winnett, Kirsty McKenzie, Kate Byrne, Cathy Scott, Anna Kramarev
 ROW 1: Sally Roberts, Kerry Chesson, Natalie Ford, Laurel Dovaston



ROW 6: Cal Revell, Thomas James, David Rosengrave, Ben Spencer-White, Dean McMahon,
 Michael Schaap, Adam Greenaway
 ROW 5: Christian Dummett, Jason Ramsay, Adam Simmons, Greg Cunningham,
 Andrew Gordon, Chad Williams
 ROW 4: Nick Robinson, Simon Weller, Cindy Hutchison, Claire Kuiper,
 Christian Spencer-White, Gavin Williams, Dominic Horacek, Danielle Biggs,
 Cathie Morrison, David Whitehead, Tom Freebairn
 ROW 3: Mrs. Butler, Nathan Barwick, Jane Woodford, Lara Ferguson, Tracy Pritchard,
 Rahnee Stebbins, Leanne Cook, Nicole Bilston, Meagan Watson, Heidi Horton,
 John Kupsch, Mr. Butler
 ROW 2: Tiffany Williams, Gillian Shedden, Elizabeth Whitehead, Natalie Tennant,
 Helen Mitchell, Ebony Jones, Kirsty Shepherd
 ROW 1: Alison Whitelaw, Kate Terry, Melissa Horton

THE DEB

For a while
The spotlight will be
Shining brightly
Right on me.

DEBUTANTE BALL - 1991

The atmosphere was choking as the partners of the debutantes were presented to the audience. The healthy chatter turned to applause and we made our way to the positions on the dance floor. The debutantes then made their entrance. One by one they walked from the archway in all their splendour and were presented to the mayor amongst happy cheers from the audience.

The dances were performed well by us all, and the lighting and music were both used very effectively to add a special touch to the scene. When the dance finished we all made our way to our tables for dinner, and spent the rest of the night dancing, talking and reminiscing.

It was a great night where everybody had a lot of fun, and a time that the debutantes and their partners will remember for a long time to come. Many thanks to all those people who helped in organising such an enjoyable night for us all.

COUNT NOT THE WAYS

Count not the ways to say that I love you
For words do not always flow from the heart
But count the ways that I show that I love you
You should be able to tell these apart.
In the end it's sincere feelings that count
Ones that will last through any disaster
That no-one would be able to surmount
Making you forever more my master.
To this love what could possibly compare
Look not at the lines that mark passing years.
Age and swift time together we will share.
When death separates us, flow not your tears
For as long as this sonnet shall survive
Our love forever on it will survive.

YEAR 10 SKI WEEK

On August 5, 39 students and 5 teachers set off on a bus ride to Mansfield at 4:30 am!

Gino, the bus driver made a valiant attempt at comedy but most of us were too tired to laugh at his boring and not very humorous jokes. Good try Gino!

When we arrived at the Alzburg Inn, skis were fitted and luggage dropped off. We then headed off to Mt Buller. When we finally made it up the winding mountain only one person had thrown up, luckily!

We then had to walk up to the chair lift which would take us to the main beginner slopes, which most of us found most difficult!

Each day our ski instructors took us for one and a half hours down different slopes, teaching us how to snow plough (slow down or stop), although Kylee J. had a hard time getting used to it!! She seemed to have spent at least half the week on her bottom, as did Lisa O., Andrew P. and Ben J. Oh well guys, there's always next time!

But by day five most people were very confident, and much improved, so we were taken down the intermediate slope.

But, life did not turn dull as soon as we got on the bus to return to the Alzburg each day! Each evening, activities such as a disco (twice) and a karaoke night were held. The karaoke night was a big hit, especially with Claire, who got up and sang "Pearl's a Singer", which none of us will ever forget.

Overall it was a fantastic week of skiing and socialising (especially with the Vermont guys by girls of room 149!), which we will never forget.

Bad luck to Melinda and Rebecca for injuring themselves before the week was through (and in Melinda's case before the first day was through!), but I'm sure they enjoyed themselves anyway.

Congratulations to Adam Thompson and Julie Knox for being awarded "Skier of the Year" and thanks to the five teachers, Ms. Henshaw, Ms. Murray, Mr. Cap, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. McConchi for a great trip.

HEATHMONT JUDO

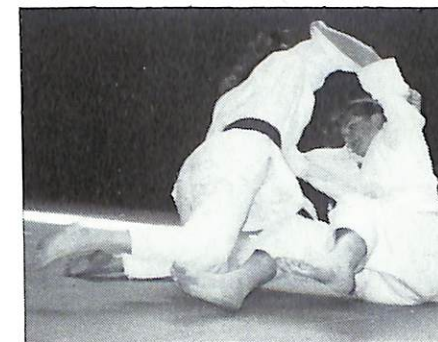
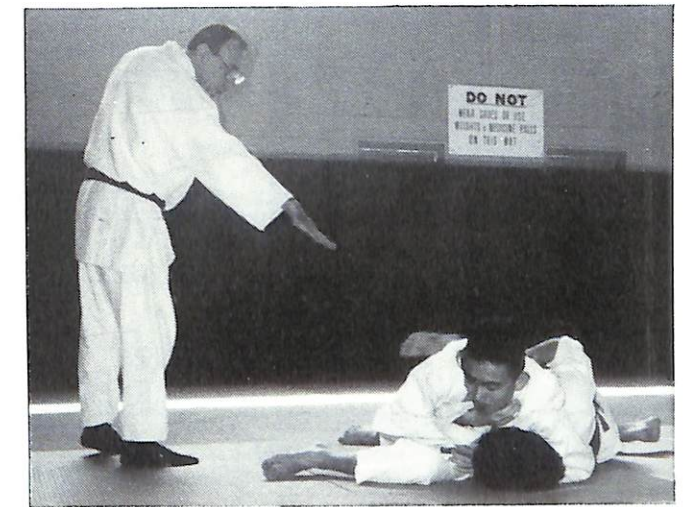
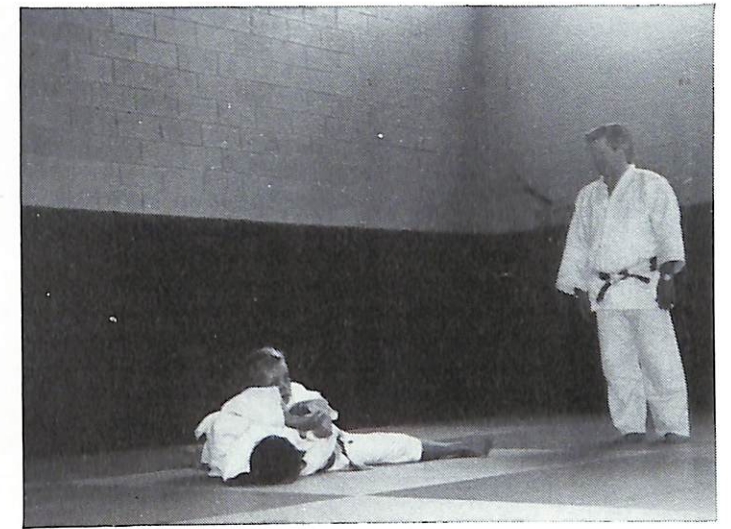
On Wednesday, October 16th, some twenty-four students ventured over to Monash University to participate in the annual All-Schools Judo competition.

Most of the students had not competed in an official competition before and were understandably nervous.

As a school we easily took out the Aggregate Shield with the following excellent results:

1st	Greg Blundell
1st	Narelle Reeves
2nd	Julie Burke
2nd	Caroline Giouris
2nd	David Archer
3rd	Natasha Wiese
3rd	Maria Vidic
3rd	Daniel Nicol
3rd	Brett Rattray
3rd	Gavin Williams

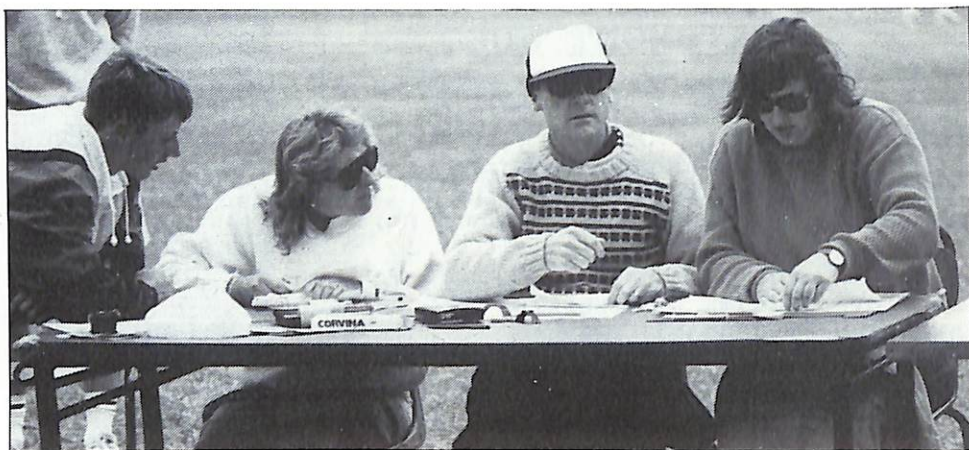
A great team effort, proving once again that Judo is alive and well at Heathmont Secondary College.



Judo Team

Andrew Muhlhan, Michael Fogarty, Trevor Lightfoot, Gavin Williams, Maurice Wiese, Paul Mason, Richie Thai, Nick Dutton, Dominic Horacek, Alan Baker, Daniel Nicol, Greg Blundell, Natasha Wiese, Suzanne Schaap, Maria Vidic, Caroline Giouris, Narelle Reeves, Julie Burke, Tate Freeman (ex-student), Darren Baker (ex-student), Karl Broecker (coach).



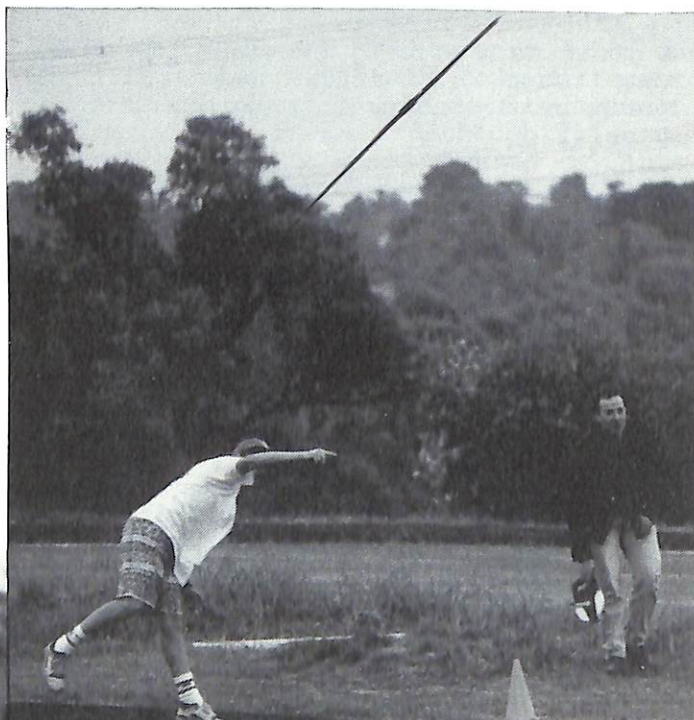


HOUSE CHAMPIONS: ATHLETICS

U13	Brett Walker	Tracey Browne
U14	Heath Meldrum	Tammy Goynes
U15	Adam Watson	Maxine Hewlett
U16	Jimmy Tzikas	Elissa Caffyn
U17	Scott Dolman	Christine Maynard
U21	Steve Jackson	Kirsten Debernadi

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL RESULTS

FIRST	: FRASER
SECOND	: BRADMAN
THIRD	: CLARKE
FOURTH	: CAWLEY



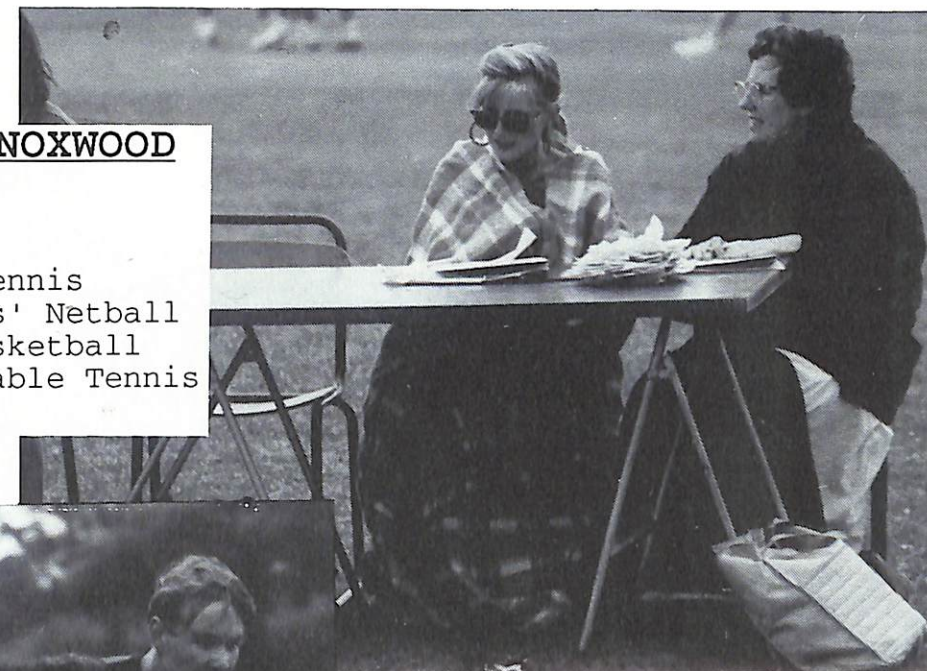
CROSS COUNTRY

FIRST	: CAWLEY
SECOND	: FRASER
THIRD	: BRADMAN
FOURTH	: CLARKE

WINTER SPORT: KNOXWOOD

WINNING TEAMS

- Senior Girls' Table Tennis
- Intermediate (B) Girls' Netball
- Intermediate Boys' Basketball
- Intermediate Girls' Table Tennis
- Junior Girls' Hockey



CROSS COUNTRY : CHAMPIONS

U13	Daniel Allsop	Tracey Browne
U14	Josh Parks	Tracey Rosengrave
U15	Craig Browne	Leanne McRitchie
U16	Andrew Woodcock	Chantelle Adamson
U17	Gavin Williams	Sonja McKeown
U21	Malcolm Hudson	Rebecca Costello



SUMMER SPORT: KNOXWOOD

WINNING TEAMS

- Senior Softball
- Senior Girls' Cricket
- Junior Girls' Cricket

SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

FIRST :FRASER
 SECOND :BRADMAN
 THIRD :CLARKE
 FOURTH :CAWLEY



HOUSE CHAMPIONS: SWIMMING

U13	Aaron Prior	Trudi Bons
U14	Joshua Parks	Sarah Caffyn
U15	Craig Browne	Lainie Smallwood
U16	Chris Mapstone	Linda Wight
U17	Jason Christenson	Alison Whitelaw
U21	Craig Exon	Alisa Brew



V.S.S.S.A. STATE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS:

Jason Christenson	U17 100M Backstroke	1ST
Josh Parks	U14 50M Freestyle	2ND
Heath Meldrum	U14 50M Breaststroke	5TH
Josh Parks	U14 50M Backstroke	6TH

RELAY TEAMS:

U14 Medley Relay	3RD
U14 Freestyle	4TH

SENIOR GIRLS SOCCER

On the 26th of June our Senior Girls Soccer Team played in the Knoxwood Inter School Sport. It was a great day with us winning all our games.

Scores!

Heathmont v. Vermont	8:0
Heathmont v. Scoresby	7:0
Heathmont v. Boronia Heights	16:0

Top Scorers!

Julie Anderson	- 10 goals
Danielle Tine	- 8 goals
Shelley Gwynne	- 8 goals
Kirsten Debernardi	- 3 goals

J.D.R

I went with you to see your father,
 The only man you idolise.
 You walked in and he smiled,
 You could see the happiness fill his
 dried eyes.
 I stood there and watched the two of
 you,
 You were a happy proud pair,
 And you kept him from seeing that you
 were blue.
 Underneath there was too much pain.
 The world didn't seem to understand.
 You were filled with angry questions,
 You wanted to know why it had to be
 YOUR dad.
 Your father's life was taken,
 He'd always been a good person,
 So therefore God HAD to be mistaken.
 But you still can't believe it's true,
 That he's never never coming back,
 The man that was very much a part of
 you!

by Cathy

ANGER

Anger is red
 It tastes like blood
 and smells like pollution.
 Anger looks like an oil spill,
 the sound of raging waves
 on a stormy night.
 Anger feels like a hammer
 beating you down.

CROSS COUNTRY

The Cross Country started with the school Fun Run which raised over \$6,400 for the Salvation Army's Cross Roads program. From this fun run the teams were chosen for the Knoxwood Cross Country.

Then on the 16th of May a group of students went to H.E Parker reserve to represent Heathmont in the Knoxwood cross country. We had competitors in all 6 races, junior girls, junior boys, intermediate girls and senior girls who ran three kilometres and the intermediate boys and the senior boys who ran five kilometres. The conditions were wet and muddy and quite cold. These people did very well and Heathmont finished 5th overall.

We had two teams finish 2nd: junior girls, Tracy Rosengrave, Heidi Kerr, Tammy Goyne, Larissa Ham, Meg Thomas and Michelle Waugh; and under 21 boys, Malcolm Hudson, Stephen Sonnenberg, Brent Ham, Gavin Williams, Paul Hawkey, Nick Bubb, Andrew Cody, David Whitehead and Jonathan Kupsch. The first five competitors listed in each team then went on to the Eastern Zone cross country as well as two individuals, one from the intermediate girls: Leanne McRitchie and one from the senior girls: Sonja McKeown.

The Eastern Zone Cross Country was held on the 6th of June. The weather was much finer and it was a good day out. We played footy and other games. For lunch we had a barbeque and this time we didn't let Mr.Wright cook (last time the sausages were burnt). The race was more difficult and it had more hills. We still had a good result with the junior girls finishing 6th as a team and the senior boys finishing eighth as a team. Sonja McKeown finished 29th and Leanne McRitchie finished 46th.

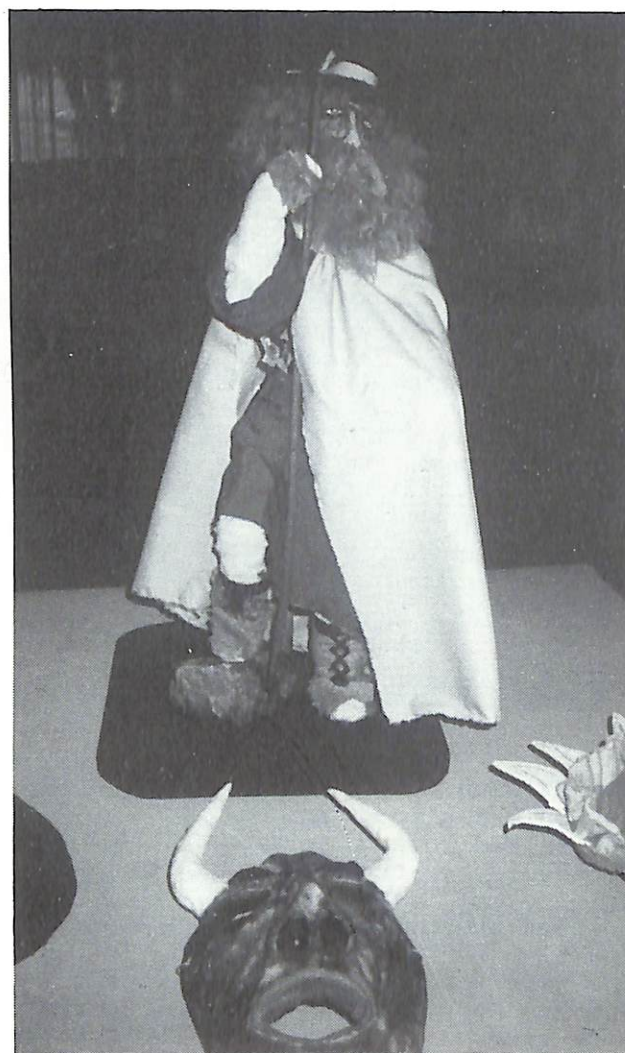
Mr. Youssef drove the bus to this race and on the way he took us for a tour of the new estate and led some of us to think he cut his driver's licence out from the back of a cornflakes packet.

Thank you Mr. Youssef (for driving the bus). Thanks also to Mr.Moresi and Mr.Frank for supervising a check point for the runners in the Knoxwood Cross Country. A big thank you to Mr.Wright for organizing, training the runners and encouraging them in every race.



LIFE OR DEATH?

Lying on my bed
 Cries for help echoed.
 Tearing me up inside
 Where do I start?
 I hate the truth
 Hidden behind happy faces.
 Seated at my desk,
 razor blade in hand.
 What am I doing?
 Is this the only solution?
 Cold
 Against my warm soft skin.
 Am I crazy?
 Rich was the colour:
 Red
 Like the clouds at sunset.
 The pain was unbearable.
 Teeth clenched;
 Deeper and deeper;
 No control.
 What once was white
 Transformed to crimson.
 Will the pain stop?
 Dear God, ruler of all
 Most powerful one.
 I'm pleading to you
 With bloodstained hands.
 Hating myself, I won't cry
 I have no right.
 "No...."
 The word lingered.
 Her fragile body
 Slipped heedlessly from the chair;
 Sprawled.
 Blood
 Stained the colourless carpet.



SENIOR BOYS CRICKET

Heathmont took what we thought was a well balanced and talented side into the Senior Cricket for 1991. We travelled to Boronia, where our matches were to be played, with aspirations of a good performance for our school.

In the first match we were able to hold Boronia Heights to 8/36. This target was easily accomplished with us reaching 0/79 at the end of our overs. Paul Hawkey made a stylish 30 not out, and Sean Edwards capped off a fine match by adding 34 not out to the 4 wickets he had already taken.

The second and third matches were against Scoresby and Bayswater. Scoresby put us under a lot of pressure but we finally won well. Bayswater gave us a fright when one of their batsmen took the attack apart and made a very good 43 for his side, but after dismissing him we were able to win by 39 runs.

Our final match was against Ringwood. We lost the toss and were asked to bowl first. After their 17 overs we did well in restricting Ringwood to 6/87. This was mainly due to the fact that Don Allan and Matthew Pinwill both took fantastic catches. The wicket takers were Daniel Connolly with 3, Ryan Scully with 2 and Sean Edwards. Our target of 88, we thought, was a very achievable target but as it turned out due to a slow start because of some tight Ringwood bowling and an outstanding leg spinner who captured 5 wickets, Heathmont could only manage 9/82 from our overs. The only batsman to make a big impact on the scoreboard was Paul Hawkey who finished a marvellous couple of days for himself with a solid 39.

The loss against Ringwood was a very disappointing way to finish the two days of cricket where the team had played very good cricket. I would just like to thank the boys in the team for their fine efforts in the four matches. Finally, on behalf of everyone in the team we would like to thank Mr. Missen for his coaching and encouragement which helped make the two days fantastic.

by **Ryan Scully 12**
 (Captain)

Coaches Note: This team should be congratulated on the way they represented the school over the two days of competition. They were enthusiastic, sportsmanlike, a pleasure to coach, and excellent ambassadors for the school. Ryan did an excellent job as captain.

SENIOR GIRLS TABLE TENNIS

On Friday 28th June, Tracy Pritchard, Sarah Caffyn, Katie Shell and Kylie Shell represented the school in the Knoxwood Inter-school Table Tennis competition held at Maroondah Secondary College. The Heathmont team defeated Vermont SC 5 rubbers to 1, Ringwood SC by an identical margin and Maroondah SC 4-2. Tracey and Katie managed to win all three of their singles matches. The team performed extremely well, especially considering that both Sarah and Kylie are still eligible for junior competition and Katie for intermediate. Another Knoxwood pennant was ours.

Tracy, Natasha Wiese (Year 8), Julie McLennan (Year 8) and Sarah then went on to represent the school in the Eastern Zone competition at Kilsyth stadium on Thursday 1st August and were far from disgraced. They won a couple of matches and finished fourth out of the six teams competing.

SENIOR BOYS TABLE TENNIS

On the same day, David Scott, Marcus Krebs, Malcolm Hudson and, a last minute inclusion to the team, Steven Jackson, represented the school in a competition that included a number of top Australian junior players. They defeated Maroondah SC (3 rubbers & 6 games all) on points, lost to the very talented Wantirna SC team 6 rubbers to nil, defeated Ringwood SC 6 rubbers to nil and also defeated Vermont 4 rubbers to 2. Malcolm and Marcus managed to win all but one of their singles matches. Wantirna went on to win the Eastern Zone competition comfortably several weeks later, and stood a very good chance of taking out the All Schools competition.

by **Steve MISSEN**
 (Coach)

TRIALS

Nerves run through me
 As I sit and think
 Trials are soon
 No time to blink
 How will I go
 I will never know
 All you can do
 Is wonder who
 Will make the team
 Instead of you.

INTERNATIONAL SKATING

Dad!
I need the CG's
Quick!
Change the fajnirs

Race continues
Nothing matters
Falls are falls
Positions better

Pin my numbers on
Can you see them?
I'd better stretch
I'm on next

Last lap
Bell rings
Agressive Skaters
Anything to win

Check no jewellery
Helmet on
Skates on
Called to the line

Go go go go
Tunnel vision
Line in sight
Win or die.

I feel sick
Toilet
No time
Positions told

DEAD!!

by M. L. 10

Front line
Good
Loathe back line
Get Ready

"Tension"!
Bending low
Adrenalin high
High pitched crack

The race is on
Buzz of wheels
Assaults ears
Jostling bodies

The corner comes
Crushed together
Positions set
Wheels connect

Striding striving
Down the straight
Hot wheels
On bitumen track

Legs pushing
Arms Striving
Muscles pumping
Brains ticking

Someone blew
On my face
Mushy mess
Can't see

People shoving
Passing clashing
Kicking biting
To get to their place

Heel hits toe
Sudden pile up
Bodies entangled
Helmets crash

BLOODSHED ON HODDLE STREET

A blast rang out from the madman's gun.
Then shortly after, another one.
He shot quickly. He shot at random.
He'd shoot them all! He's shoot them
tandem!
The firing continued until many lay
dead
Because something had clicked in the
madman's head.

Souless bodies lay all around.
The bloody victims spilled on the
ground.
Emergency services came forth in teams,
Greeted by sounds of the witnesses'
screams.

What troubled the mind of this sick
man?
And what made him fire the gun in his
hand?
That night as I watched the news on
T.V.,
The massacre was shown for Melbourne to
see.
Film taken from the safety of a
helicopter seat.
Below was the bloodshed on Hoddle
Street.

by Gina Carroll 11c

THE TOMCAT

The tomcat used to be free, he used to
roam around the alleys eating scraps
that he could find, and at midnight in
the alley he would chant about how
happy he was and he would swing his
snaky tail.

Until one day a girl, who was about six
years old, found the tomcat and took
him home. The tomcat howled all night
because he didn't like being locked up
in the house.

He hated living in a house. He wanted
to be free again, so at midnight he
goes to the alley to wail and chant the
hate of a million years and swing his
snaky tail.

In the morning he is back at the house
lying on a warm rug in front of the
fire licking his silky fur with a veil
over his yellow eyes to hide the hate
inside him.

by Emma Ellington

MELBOURNE WRITERS FESTIVAL

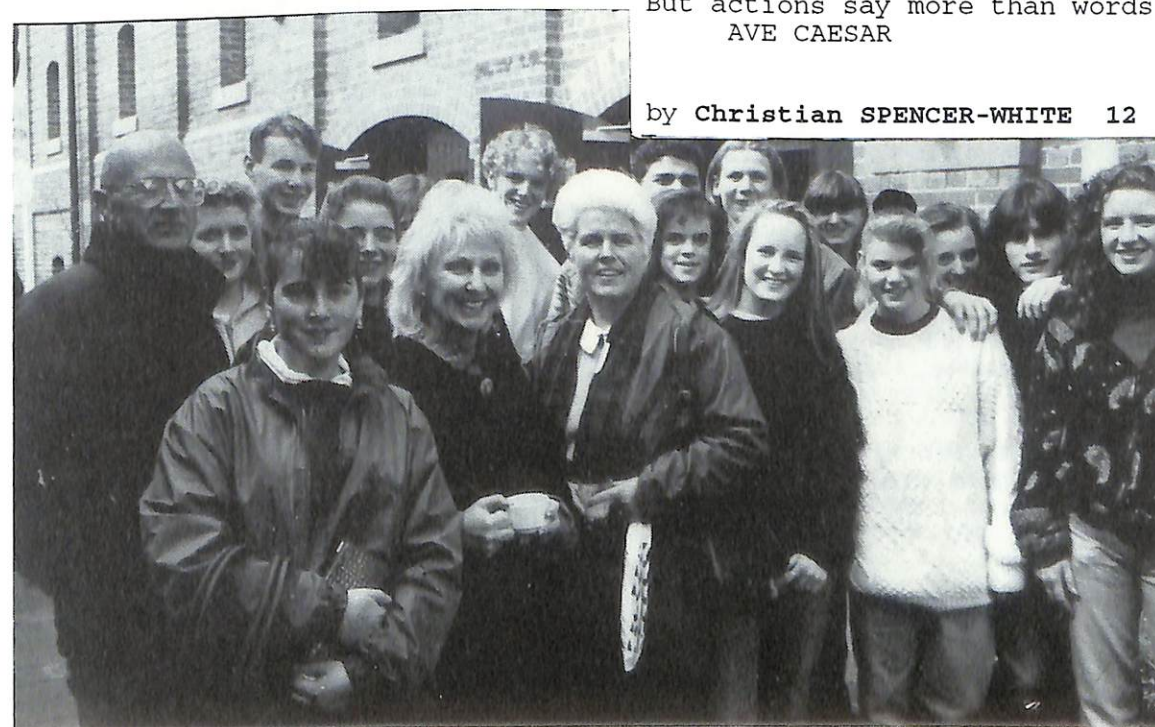
And I asked him for a cherry picker,
and he said " Okay I'll ask Richard. "

This line was given to all of the
students attending the Melbourne
Writers Festival on Thursday the 12th
of September. The gift was given to us
so that we can include it in our future
pieces of writing.

The two writers discussing their
methods of writing were Carmel Bird and
John Bryson. Carmel Bird has written
books such as Dean Writer, Cherry Ripe
and Bluebird cafe, while John Bryson is
mainly known for his novel Evil Angels
which is a major film.

After one big lecture, in the Carlton
United Breweries Malthouse theatre, the
group was split in two, and two
separate lectures were held, one by
each writer. After a cultured morning,
the class went off to the high class
restaurant..... chez McDonalds, where
trivia cards were a sudden trend, but
unfortunately no one received a
question about the author of Evil
Angels!

10
Ten
Tiny
Teddies
Tickled
Tom's
Tummy. by Kelly Jennion



THE JUST FIGURE

A man called Pilate
Washed his hands and said
"I am innocent of the blood of this one
just man",
"His blood be for us and our children",
they replied
Stripped him
Clothed him in the colour of his blood,
Beat him.
Mocked him.
Humiliated,
Frustrated,
They made him carry his own death tool.
Thank God for Simon,
For he lugged the crucifix for Jesus.
On top of the cross they mocked him
more.
INRI.
This was Jesus,
King of the Jews.
As the nails
Were pushed in his palms
With one last cry from Jesus
All was quiet.
But actions say more than words.....
AVE CAESAR

by Christian SPENCER-WHITE 12

LIBRARY REPORT - 1991

This year has been a busy and interesting one in your library. Our aims have been to provide resources to support the curriculum, to help you to learn how to use them and to make the library a pleasant and stimulating place to be. We have worked on many projects to achieve those aims and we hope that students and staff have enjoyed using the library this year.

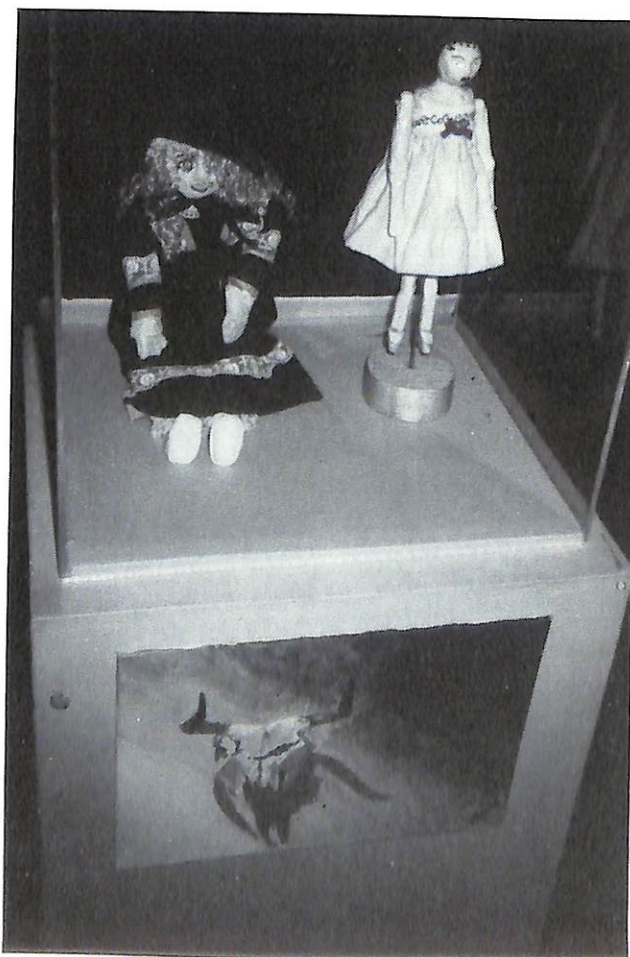
So...What have we been doing? The following is a brief list:

- * Adding many fiction, non fiction books, videos, class sets, vertical files, Age booklets and clipping sets to the collection.
- * Purchasing new reference books including a Junior Science encyclopedia, a new Australian encyclopedia and a full set of Collins Eyewitness guides.
- * Computerising class sets to make borrowing and returning easier for you.
- * Conducting research skills programs for Year 7, 11 and 12 students.
- * Helping an average of 16 classes, 228 individual researchers and 343 lunchtimers per week. That adds up to 980 students using the library every week.
- * Displaying bookclub novels every month and organising a guest speaker on the scheme.
- * Organising Book Week in conjunction with the English faculty. Some of the activities were - decorating the library and displaying the prize winning novels; a poster competition and a short story writing competition; a junior quiz in which 112 students participated and a senior quiz in which 60 students took part, Salamagundi, The Golden Throat Poetry Reading, a musical performance by the band and a writing competition for the staff.

Many people were involved in these events and we hope a good time was had by all!

Your Library staff have been:
Vicki Hudson, Marion Last, Anne Williams, Lyn Reeves, Val Biggs and Wendy Onley.

We hope that the library has been a pleasant and useful place for you in 1991.



WINNER OF THE JUNIOR SHORT STORY COMPETITION

THE EAGLE

ALONE IN A PSYCHIATRIC WARD

I am alone. I am surrounded by concrete walls with foam padding on them to protect me from injury. The only light I have is through a tiny thin pane of glass in the ceiling, but like the heavy metal door it has steel bars in front of it.

The only furniture I have is my bed, but that's bolted to the floor and a couple of buckets which I use as a toilet. I am totally alone.

The psychiatric ward that I'm in is silent most of the time. Except for the soft footsteps of the guards pacing up and down and the occasional scream of another crazy patient.

No visitors allowed here. It's a shame because I would do anything to see my family again even if it was only for five minutes. I also miss seeing the world, other people, trees, animals and a blue sky.

We do get to leave our cells though but only once a week for half an hour. But we just get moved to another room, where we walk around a pole in the centre of that room.

I now talk to myself all the time; I even have fights with myself. The guards probably think I have gone even crazier than before, now that I am talking to myself. But I don't care because I know that I shall never leave this place.

I think that it's unfair that we are all in separate cells even if it is for our own protection. It would be so nice to hear someone else's voice other than mine. I have been thinking and thinking for days now. And I have finally found a way to escape my loneliness, and now it has gone. My solution was to make a dummy from a blanket and bucket.

I would now like everyone to meet my only friend in the entire universe, Clara Dummy. I have to use my own voice for Clara's, but I really don't care. Because now I am not alone.

ANYMORE.

by Fiona Rendall

Sitting on a crag is not the most easy thing to do. Looking down at the sea isn't one of the easiest things to do too. I am waiting for a big bird to swoop and grab. The smaller the faster, the bigger the slower.

The sun is slowly setting.

Then, prey! Big, fat, slow bird coming towards its death. I dive down at it. I miss it but there is a chase to be started. I give him a head start. Then like an F-1 racing car, I start chasing him. When I am within a metre of the bird he sees me and begins to dive. He was going to make me chase him through the rocks.

I know the rocks like the back of my claw. I know I'll meet him on the other side of the rocks. He didn't know that I was going to meet him. He was frightened when he saw me. He nicked off to the grass area, then something hit me. I fell to the ground, knocked out by a rock. The bird got away with blue murder. It was a bad day.

by Declan 7D

DROUGHT

It was twelve o'clock in the afternoon and I was sitting at my desk at school. It was boiling hot and sweat was rolling off my face. The drought had been going for fifteen days and each day it was getting hotter.

There were only six kids in my class and they all had the same sweaty faces as we looked out of the window at horses which were swinging their tails to get rid of the itchy flies.

Suddenly the teacher said, "Just put your books in your desk and I'll read a story."

The story was boring and no one was listening. I was dreaming of having ten buckets of water poured over my head, but that was unlikely.

Then the bell rang and everyone started yelling and screaming. We could finally go home but I had to look forward to walking home in boiling heat.

by Heather Cox 7D

WATER, WATER

Do you know what they say
It's a part of us everyday

From lakes to oceans, big and small
It's even tied in with football

The team trainers run water out to
players
It's essential to them if they want to
be stayers.

When we work hard and sweat
Water is leaving our bodies, you can
bet.

We then have to drink to put it back in
So we can play on and hopefully win

We water the football fields to make
the grass lush
So when we fall it's not such a crush

Excess water makes the ground go to mud
You pick me and I'll put your face in
it, bud!

* * * * *

Now looking at scientific facts
See how many people know these in the
packs

85% of your brain is water
Try telling that to your little
daughter

Water makes up 75% of your skin
Throw me that fact and I'll cop it on
the chin

Water makes up about 67% of the total
you
No jokes, it's really true.

* * * * *

It makes a transport system for wastes
that are soluble
And helps make inside of you tolerable

Water transforms heat energy from cells
24 hours a day, it needs no bells

In water, heat energy is stored
It's waters job, don't think it's bored

Water provides homes for animals like
fish
From the deep seas to a pet in a dish

Swimming, surfing, skiing, rowing just
to name a few
Are water related recreational
activities that you can do.

Water can be found in any of three
states
I've seen steam, liquid and ice there's
no debates.

* * * * *

As a solvent water is exceptionally
good
Better than most run of the mill hood

Water is the solvent of many a solution
If you're not careful you'll be
creating pollution.

* * * * *

Water has a property that it can be
heated
To make most kitchen duties totally
completed

It falls to Earth from the sky
Don't look up or it'll hit you in the
eye

It condenses up high in the clouds
Until the temp drops and the cycle
rebounds.

* * * * *

Most of man's brilliant constructions
needed water
To bring the cement closer to water

Mankind has used it since the first
second
If you mistreat it you will be saddened

Why do we take you for granted
Because you are so specially planted

There are two Hydrogen bonded with an
Oxygen
It's as clear as the writing I'm doing
with this pen

The molecules are polar, like I've
already said
You've learnt enough now go to bed!!

by Chris Curran 11

WATER - THE ESSENCE OF MY BEING

Life down in the deep dark depths of
the ocean was boring and eventless. I
was unhappy. I wanted to lead and
exciting life. So one day after
bidding good-bye to my family and
fellow water molecules, I set off on an
adventure.

I had no idea where to go so I just let
myself float up to the surface of the
water. We had been told as children
not to go too far up as terrible things
could happen. Molecules had just
disappeared into thin air. But I
didn't care, I wanted to see what would
happen. So I floated to the very top
layer .

I felt the sun heat me up. I had more
and more energy. All the energy make
me move away from the other H₂O
molecules around me. The hydrogen
bonds between us broke. I thought that
I might fall apart but luckily I had
strong covalent bonds joining my
hydrogen and oxygen molecules together
inside me. It takes a lot of energy to
break those bonds so I was safe. Soon
I was flying up into the sky. I felt
very light headed. No longer was I
surrounded by water molecules. Instead
oxygen molecules were all around me.

Before too long I was so far up I could
hardly see the ocean. I kept floating
upwards until all around me it became
misty and cloudy. I had started to
cool soon and had much less energy.

Pretty soon I was so cold that I had no
energy to stay where I was and started
to fall all the way down to earth. I
was really disappointed because I
thought I must be going home again and
I really didn't want to yet.

I was wrong. I must have blown across
while I was in the air because I fell
into somebody's rain water tank. I was
happy because I know these people liked
their water pure and uncontaminated by
chemicals.

The people who owned the tank were
having a big party that night. So they
needed to get some water to make ice
cubes. I happened to be one of these
molecules. I was very happy as I had
never been frozen before. It was a
really weird feeling. We started to
get really, really cold. The other
water molecules around me started to
take on a very structured arrangement
around me. I could no longer move
freely. I felt very trapped.

We stayed like this for what seemed
like years. It was very dull.
Eventually we were removed and I was
placed into a glass of scotch. The
warmth from the scotch started to
dismantle this highly structured
arrangement. I was happy to be free
again.

Soon I realised that I was about to be
consumed. I was rather scared. There
was a very funny looking old man who
was about to swallow me. He lifted me
up and poured me down his throat. I
went flying down all these funny
tunnels until I stopped in his stomach
with lots of yucky food scraps. I was
transported to the cells of this body
carrying nutrients around the body. I
felt very essential to him. Before too
long I was excreted, as alcohol can
make you need to go to the toilet a
lot. After this I went out into the
septic tank and was treated with
anaerobic bacteria. Here I sat for
days and days. It was getting rather
boring, not to mention smelly.

One of my friends, a water molecule,
came and told me that he had found a
way out of this horrible place. We
floated out into the soil and pushed
our way to the surface into the fresh
air. We floated down over the sand and
into the ocean. Back where I started
from, but I was glad to be home amongst
my family and friends. Although I had,
had a fun adventure.

by Kate Byrne 11

SUNSET

The rose tinted shimmers of light,
From the sunset are dispensed,
Unevenly along the horizon,
The last signs of hope,
In the almost forgotten day,
Until the night sky,
Is filled with a great display,
Of crystal ornaments hung,
So high over the sleepy world.

The silver linings that surround,
The puffy white clouds,
Remind me of the golden trimmings,
That end the display of a king's,
royal robes,
Which will disappear behind closed
doors,
Until its kingdom wishes,
For its greatness to appear,
Once more over the land.

by Helen Mason

SOMETHING NORMAL

Somewhere unknown, somewhere normal there is an object that has a secret that no one knows, that would change the lives of many people.

This thing is a rock, not a special rock, not an interesting rock but just a normal rock. This rock was the first thing brought into existence and easily the most massively boring thing ever to take up space in this dimension, and it was grey. The rock is so old that it had taught itself to think and after five million years of thinking it had created a secret which is a big thing for a rock. It then spent another two million years protecting it.

You're probably wondering how a rock could protect anything. Well the traditional way for rocks to go about protecting things, which are usually secret tunnels, treasure, etc., is to hopefully be big and just get in the way a lot by blocking the tunnels and such, but since the rock's secret was information the rock had nowhere to hide it and this caused a problem.

The rock after ten years decided just to stare at anyone who thought about looking at it. Now you're probably not but might be wondering how a rock could stare at anyone, it can't. Now the only problem we are faced with is that the rock didn't know it couldn't stare at anyone and no one had ever bothered sitting down and explaining this to the rock or, for that matter that it can't hear either.

So now what we have is one rock with one secret that is staring fiercely at any innocent who decided to even glance sideways at it. The consequences of this was that if this person looked into a staring competition with this rock, the rock would win as it had millions of years of practice. If this person looked at this rock for more than 10.6 seconds every single one of their brain cells would be filled with geographical data giving the directions to non-existent cities of gold and the victim would mindlessly mumble these in a regional dialect of a tribe existing in the far reaches of Inner Mongolia for the term of their natural life.

The reason the rock has kept its secret for so long is that the rock knows how much trouble its discovery would make because there is already a theory on the rock's secret, but alas it is wrong.

The rock's secret is that people who keep pet rocks are not insane, stupid or idiotic or anything like that because rocks can think but the final problem is that they cannot communicate.

by Evan Whitelaw 9C

ANOTHER PLACE

Why should you fear, a necessary ending
As I'm drawing closer near it,
Clouds of hope are slowly descending
I'll be gone, but remember my spirit.
Just remember the days that saved us
From the worries of this world,
Like when the strong breeze passed us
And our flag would remain furled.
So just count the times of such sweet bliss
And remember what we once had,
Simply a soul that will be sadly missed
But this soul will never be sad.

by Cal Revell 11

PLAYING GULF

based on the theme of the poem
"Weapons training" by Bruce Dawe

They came in their hundreds
Thousands in fact
Ready to fight
Waiting to attack
Watching, listening, and smelling
It has become a game
To one and all
A life is lost, you become
One point down.
A town is bombed and destroyed
People scream, 'Hurray, hurray'
But what is done
Is neither right nor wrong
As it is only a part of the game
And you have just won your serve
The land is in terror
Blood gushing like a river
Who shall win?
Loser will pay with his life
But isn't that a small price to pay?
If you stand to win the match of the day.

by Tamlyn Caldwell 11F

Seven Silly Salesmen Sell Stacks of Stupid Students	Seven squirrels Said Sorry as they Stapled smelly Salad sandwiches.
-----------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------

by John Da Costa

by Louise Scerri

OUR WORLD

O is for the ozone layer.
U is for the unclean streets.
R is for recycling.

W is for our wildlife.
O is for the oxygen we breathe.
R is for the rubbish that pollutes our streets.
L is for the land we live on.
D is for death, which may happen to
OUR WORLD if we don't do something
to stop it now.

by Laurel Dovaston 11A

WORK EXPERIENCE

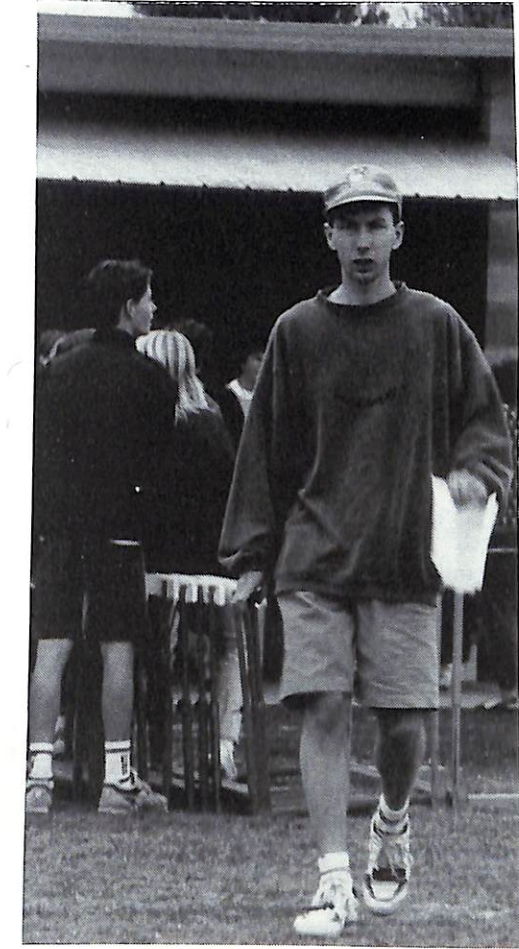
When I was on work experience I worked for a plumbing company called Gardner and Taylor. The factory is in Bayswater but I worked on site for two weeks at Monash University. The business provides water and heating services. Before I started I thought that I would be a 'gopher' and they wouldn't give me any good jobs to do but the only time they treated me like a 'gopher' was when I had to go and get the lunches. I liked getting the lunches because I knocked off for lunch twenty minutes before everybody else.

I did things like welding pipes and drilling brackets into concrete. I learnt how to copper solder and how to do the Patrick Swayze dance which is what my supervisor taught me when he got sick of doing work. I didn't have a best part of my work experience, it was all good except for the time my supervisor cracked it with me for stuffing up four rooms worth of brackets.

I was seriously considering being a plumber but I've decided to finish High School before I make any serious career decisions. Work experience was better than I expected because I thought I'd be working for an old alcoholic in a business the size of a milk bar, but it was a big factory and everybody was friendly.

I really think work experience is worthwhile because it gives you a good view of the work force and I think it would convince a lot of kids to stay at school.

by Tom Tsaousidis 10F



Ten
Terrible
Turkeys
Turned into
Ticked off
Teachers

by Nick Weller



ENGLISH WEEK

English Week was combined with Book Week once again this year to celebrate with seven days of activities.

The library was the focus of the fun and games. A poster competition, "Book into the Future" found lots of entries and displayed around the library walls and quiz competitions saw the library bursting at seams as students worked in groups to find the answers to tricky literary questions.

The annual short story competition generated many high standard entries, while the Golden Throat Awards had students reciting their favourite poems to a lunchtime audience. Salamugundi kept everyone on their toes with a variety of language games and daily quizzes appeared on the bulletins to keep everyone guessing.

Everyone had a great time and look forward to the celebrations happening gain next year.



Seven
Scary
Snow Leopards
Stupidly
Sucking
Silly
Sausages

by Peter Mc

I WALK

I walk
And I see an old man with a baby.
The old man is tired with life
but not ready for death.
The baby is awake to life
happy to be free.
The old man lashes out at the baby with words.
The baby looks hurt
but then smiles at a butterfly.
When you are old nothing is new
When you are new, you are happy.
I feel like an old man.

YEAR 11 CENTRAL AUSTRALIA TOUR

We left Melbourne at six man.
We were all hyped up.
When we hit the road man.
We could not shut up.

Murray Bridge was first man.
It was such a dump.
Everyone moaned and groaned man.
The lilos would not pump.

We headed for the bush man.
and what a bush it was.
We peed behind the trees man.
(Hows ya form - What a joke.)

Off to Coober Pedy.
An eventful place it was.
We slept underground man.
But a few kids got quite wet.

We made it to Alice Springs.
We went and saw a show.
His name was Ted Egan.
- SMELL ME NANNA

We left for the rock man.
It took more than a day.
We stopped at Kings Canyon,
And walked a hell of a way.

We looked at some camels.
And then we had a ride.
Henshaw sat on one man.
The poor thing nearly died.

The time had finally come man.
We all climbed the rock.
When we started climbing,
We all got a shock

I've been everywhere man.
I've been over the Rock.
I've been over the Olgas.

And our camping spot.
That night we had some drama.
The kids got really sick.
Two went to hospital.
Caused by microbes' tricks.

The teachers did a good job.
Controlling all us kids.
We'd like to join their families
And be their 'billy lids'.

WE'D LIKE TO THANK OUR DRIVERS
AND THE WONDERFUL COOKS
FOR PUTTING UP WITH OUR WHINING
AND THE BLOODY SOOKS

'OH WHAT' THANKS FOR COMING !

WHEN A FRIEND BETRAYS

In you I saw love and devoted trust
Held with a bond whose appearance
seemed strong
Your man-made paradise left me open
Vulnerable when I was proven wrong.
Your words, which I held to, now meant
nothing
All the love and the trust was
forgotten
Such a small price for the title of
friend.
My pain, so great here at rock-bottom
My belief and my confidence shattered
I could never seek your shoulder again.
You let me believe your promise was
true
Without second thought you left me in
pain
My trust in all the world did you sever
Smashed the love which I thought was
forever.

by Kellie STEELE 11B

MY GRAN

She talks too much especially when we
watch television. Gran always repeats
things over and over again. She
forgets things. When you don't have a
key to open the door she takes too long
to come and open the door. Her cooking
is great but when she fries eggs she
mostly burns them. She can be very
fussy sometimes. Most of the time she
asks too many questions that I don't
know how to answer. Mum, Gran and I
get on well together. Gran and I do
argue quite a lot and she can be a pain
sometimes but I still love my
grandmother.

by Julie Yang 8C

WAITING

The clock would tick
And I'd suffer
When will he ring
I would wonder
So many times I'd sit by the phone
And all I could hear was a silent tone.

Night would come
And I sit on my bed
Think about the times
We could've had
You left so soon
Now all I've got is a glowing moon.

YEAR 10 CROSS AGE TUTORING

Cross Age tutoring is an elective chosen at year 10, designed to enhance a student's ability to teach as a tutor.

At the beginning of semester 1 our cross age class was taught the necessary requirements to become a tutor at both primary and secondary levels. We were taught to have confidence in ourselves and our tutees, both socially and academically. As well as this we were taught how to boost our tutees self esteem and learning abilities. It was a quick course in becoming a teacher and that is how we were treated, as a teacher.

We saw ourselves become more mature and responsible where it was necessary, in preparing work, tutoring upon time and being seen as another teacher in the eyes of our tutees.

I taught a primary student studying grade 3 at Heathmont P.S. who had difficulties with most of his work. When with him, he had no desire to work and did not feel comfortable with me being there. Throughout the semester of working with him things changed and with a bit of encouragement and much needed praise my tutee improved a great deal with motivation and self esteem. Many other cross age tutors were faced with similar circumstances and learnt a great deal about the pressures of preparing work and assessing it as a teacher does. Some of us even taught a whole class and built up our own confidence. At the end of the semester we were given reports from both our primary and secondary teachers as well as our cross age tutoring teacher (Mrs Andrews), on how we faired as a tutor. I personally found cross age tutoring very rewarding and enjoyed attending those classes. I can speak for my cross age peers as well in saying that cross age tutoring is an extremely worthwhile elective.

by Narelle Reeves 10

THE MUSIC PROGRAMME

This year there are well over one hundred students involved in the music program as it is expanding every year. The school Jazz band, Senior band, Intermediate band and Training band have played at many venues this year. Here is a list of concerts in just over a month:

Monday 27th May - Jazz Band - Bourke St Mall 1.20pm
Monday 27th May - Jazz Band, Training Band and Selected Soloists 7.30pm.
Monday 3rd June - Senior Concert Band, Yr 9 Ensemble and Soloists.
Wednesday 12th June - Intermediate Band, Yr 10 Ensemble.
Tuesday 18th June - Jazz Band - Band Festival at Box Hill High.
Sunday 23rd June - Jazz Band - Benefit concert for Bangladesh.

This just goes to show how busy they have been. At the moment there are seven teachers coming in just to take Instrumental students:
Mr. Corcoran - Clarinet and Saxophone
Miss. Grace - Flute
Miss. Stevenson - Clarinet and Saxophone
Miss. Rose - Flute
Mr. Pendleton - Percussion
Miss. Gray - Percussion
Mr. Berry - Brass
That is as well as the classroom teachers Mrs. Graham, Miss. Ang, and Mr. Poynter (who conducts the Senior, Intermediate and Jazz Bands).

On one occasion the school was treated to a concert by the Billanook Rock Band ,Body and Soul, and the Heathmont S.C Jazz Band.
It gave the students not usually involved in the music programme a chance to hear the benefits of musical tuition.

A WAY OUT?

He sits in his room
He tries to do his homework.
He stops, he sees no point
Is it worth it? he thinks
Is it worth it? he thinks
Is it worth it?
They say he is in a free world
But he is not.
He brings out the key to freedom.
Speed speed speed.
He takes a snort.
He is free.
A thought hits him.
Freedom will last if he dies.
He goes to his father's desk.
The gun gleams wickedly in his hand.
He puts the gun to his head
But lets it fall to the floor.
Is this the answer? he screams inside.
He weeps.
Soft, pitiful sobs.
He picks the gun up.
He pulls the trigger.
When he is found the tears have dried
And he is smiling.
The only way out.
The only way out. He smiles.

HEATHMONT SECONDARY COLLEGE STAFF LIST AT 7/10/91

Principal: Glenn Fankhauser
Vice Principal: Peter Tatman

Teaching Staff:

Doug Andersen
Ruth Anderson-Smith
Gina Andrews (Mrs)
Loo-Bee Ang
June Ashman (Mrs)
Youla Athanassiou
Merrin Ayton (Mrs)
Geraldine Baker (Mrs)
Ronald Boreham
Karl Broecker
Barrie Brown
Peter Bullock
Anne Burke
Christian Byrnes (Mrs)
Anthony Capomolla
Rita Chiodo
Simon Clark
Michael Curtis
Michele Deckert (Mrs)
Margit Devine
Ross Donlon
Lisa Dooley
Eva Duus (Mrs)
Greg Frank
Anne Gordon
Murray Gould
Judith Gray
John Harrowfield
Louise Henshaw
Vicki Hudson Mrs)
Pat Hurley (Mrs)
Judith Kershaw (Mrs)
Marion Last (Mrs)
Khim Len
David Levey
Ross MacLean
Cheryl McCubbin
Eva McDonald (Mrs)
Con McGillycuddy
Julie McLean (Mrs)
Jeff McMaster
William Michael
Steve Missen
Barb Moore (Mrs)
Don Morelli
Stephen Moresi
Geoff Moss
Denise Murray
Kevin O'Brien
Spiro Onisiforou
Cathy Panoutsos
Brian Pearce
Sandra Pearce (Mrs)
Joyce Phillips (Mrs)
Andrea Poole (Mrs)
Alan Porter
Brian Poynter

Gail Reynolds (Mrs)
Philip Reynolds
Leanne Rose
Gary Scott
Vince Sicari
Sue Skipsey (Mrs)
Glenys Smith (Mrs)
Wendy Spratt (Mrs)
Penny Stevenson
Jane Stringer (Mrs)
Lynette Tonkin (Mrs)
Margaret Tyson
Judy Walsh (Mrs)
Maureen Walsh
Ann Williams (Mrs)
Marc Wright
Ayman Youssef

Bursar: Lyn Harrison (Mrs)
Office: Julie Clark (Mrs)
Judy Forbes (Mrs)
Pat Scheele (Mrs)
Integ Aide: Robyn Free (Mrs)
" Marg O'Dwyer (Mrs)
Barbara Walker (Mrs)
Integ/Teacher Aide: Robyn Keating (Mrs)
Lib Tech Val Biggs (Mrs)
Wendy Onley (Mrs)
Lab Tech: Cheryl Thomas (Mrs)

Itin.Music Staff:
Neil Berry
Martin Corcoran
Caroline Grace
Gordon Pendleton

Cleaning Staff:
Beryl Bartlett
Josephine Collins
Ron Ferguson
Ross Ferguson
Myrna McBain
Tom Morris
Laurie Shadbolt
Kitchen Maid: Jenny Cox (Mrs)
Elizabeth Downey (Mrs)
Canteen: Mary Butcher (Mrs)
Beth Hamilton (Mrs)
Rosemary Bedwell (Mrs)
Sick Bay: Chris Hopkins (Mrs)



We made this magazine

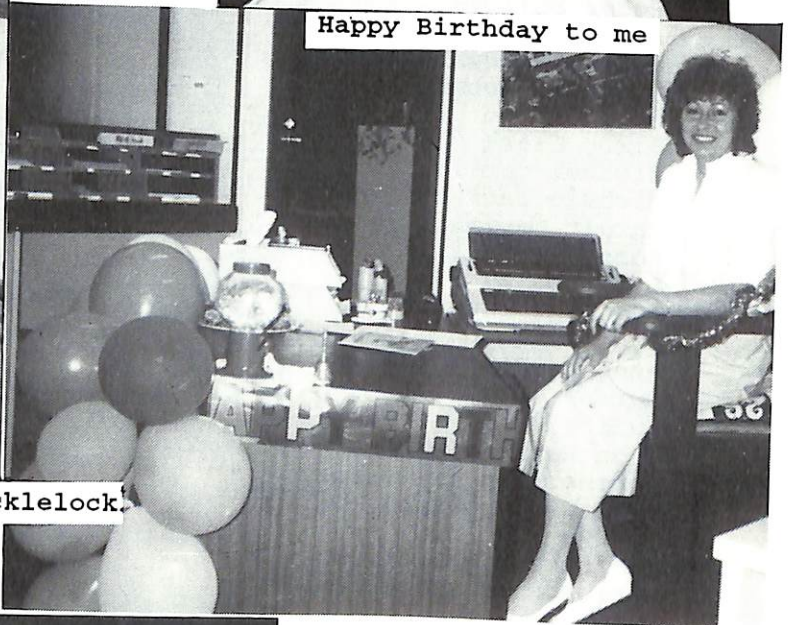
When I can't sleep,
I count Year Sevens!



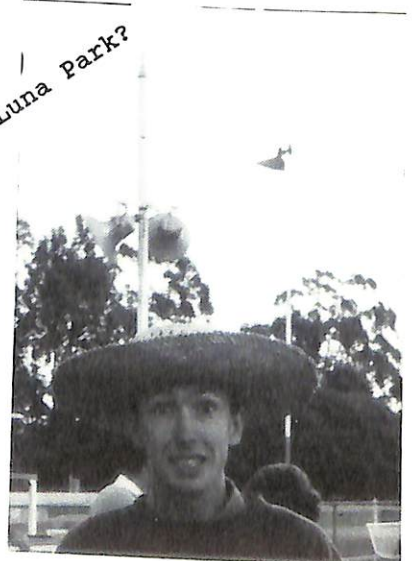
Happy Birthday to me



... and Dooley wins with a Reverse Ticklelock!



Luna Park? What Luna Park?



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Prue Beard
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