

◆ By the creek ◆



heathmont s.c.

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## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT



1992, Heathmont Secondary College's seventeenth year, has seen change continuing at a rapid rate, and for older members of the school community (like me!) time has flown.

Our year twelve students this year are amongst the first to complete the two-year VCE. Like most things that are new or involve major changes there have been teething problems. These have been high-lighted in the media during the year and have, I believe, put great pressure on our students and staff. However, I am convinced that the students who graduate from Heathmont with their VCE certificate at the end of this year will go into the world of work or to tertiary education as well-prepared as any of our earlier students. It would be remiss of me, though, not to point out that the issue of student attendance at VCE classes has been very worrying for subject teachers.

One feature of a good school is the provision of a breadth of learning experiences for its students. Throughout this magazine is a record of our success in this mission. The successful involvement of our students on the sporting fields, the raging success of the Debutante Ball for Year 11 students, the wonderful Writer-In-Residence program, a myriad of camps and excursions and the work of our talented musicians are just some of the highlights referred to.

The revival of the School Representative Council as a student voice is also a feature of this year. A school that does not listen to its students (along with the other groups that make up the school) does so at its own peril. I look forward to the further growth and involvement of students through this and other forums.

Documentation of school policies and practices is an important process in evaluating the quality of education that we provide. In September this year an exciting evening was conducted with students, staff and parents to review the school's aims and objectives. This was the beginning of a lengthy process of updating existing policies.

In conclusion I thank the members of our dedicated staff who again have worked tirelessly on behalf of our students. Of course, students see teachers in action in the classroom without necessarily knowing the many hours of preparation required to ensure that lessons are exciting and challenging. In addition, staff have many other duties including interviews with students, meetings to discuss policy and practice, extra-curricular involvement with students and regional and state-wide curriculum commitments. Our staff undertake their duties with enthusiasm and devotion. I thank them for all their efforts on your behalf.

CANCELLED  
54944

Glenn Fankhauser  
Principal



ROW 7: B. Poynter, J. McMaster, M. Wright, M. Curtis, P. Reynolds, R. Boreham, S. Moresi, P. Bullock, A. Youssef, R. Donlon, V. Sicari, M. Gould, A. Oldman.  
 ROW 6: B. Brown, B. Michael, G. Frank, J. Cox, T. Capomolla, S. Missen, D. Murray, K. Len, D. Morelli, J. Harrowfield, G. Moss, G. Scott, S. Onisiforou, A. Gordon.  
 ROW 5: P. Hurley, S. Clark, L. Blakey, E. Duus, R. MacLean, M. McCarthy, F. Lenthall, G. Smith, K. O'Brien, A. Poole, D. Levey, J. Phillips, M. Tyson, A. Burke.  
 ROW 4: B. Pearce, R. James, A. Porter, J. Walsh, Y. Athanassiou, J. Kershaw, M. Last, M. Walsh, S. Stringer, E. McDonald, V. Timbury, J. Gray, B. Moore.  
 ROW 3: C. Byrnes, J. Stringer, H. McLeod-Dryden, L. Rose, J. Peart, L. Tonkin, A. Williams, L. Dooley, R. Anderson-Smith, C. Thomas, R. Keating, M. Ayton.  
 ROW 2: L. Ang, R. Chiodo, L. Harrison, J. Forbes, J. McLean, C. McGillicuddy, J. Clark, G. Baker, V. Hudson, R. Free.  
 FRONT: L. Kaufman, V. Biggs, C. McCubbin, J. Ashman, P. Tatman, G. Fankhauser, C. Hopkins, M. Devine, M. Deckert, W. Orley, C. Panoutsos.

STAFF



Ruth Anderson-Smith  
Acting Vice-Principal

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ... THE ACTING VICE PRINCIPAL

A plaintive voice comes through the intercom. "RAS, are the heaters on in C Block? I'm freezing!" I'm sure they are but it is cold. I'll check. Time for briefing. What do I have to say? Uniform check for this week...plumbers need to turn off the water for a short time...meeting after school is...I need a cup of coffee.

A Student at the door. "RAS, can I borrow the bolt cutters? My lock is broken. I'll need a new one."

I must phone that parent about the letter I received yesterday. The School Council has a committee that is looking at the whole issue of uniform. Perhaps she would like to be a member. I need to order more gas for three of the portables, otherwise we won't be able to get the heaters there alight. "Your appointment is here for 9 am RAS." This is the day for the National Health and Medical Research Survey...B1 is out of action because of the Exhibition (it will just have to do). I'll get the duty student to find the first "victims".

Have all the rolls been returned? Great. That job is out of the way. Now I can start on the paper work which is piled on my desk. Orders. Brochures about wonderful holidays in the Centre. Confessions from yesterday's miscreants. The list goes on. Oh, and I'd forgotten about the minutes of that meeting. They need to be typed and distributed quickly so the committee members have time to read them before tomorrow night's meeting.

Perhaps a wander at recess would be a good idea. It helps with the yard duty and litter problem and the sunshine makes it an attractive idea today! My class in periods 3 & 4 will be a welcome relief. I really enjoy that group of girls. They are interested, enthusiastic and communicative. They keep me on my toes.

Off to a meeting at lunchtime. There is still a lot to be decided about VCE for next year. How much will it change? What do we, as a school, need? There will be lots of discussion.

After lunch, the Year 10 students who are organising the VCE jumper for next year will meet in the VP's office to look at the alternatives they can put to the Year 10s. Should be interesting. They have really got their act together and have a range of samples and ideas to discuss. Real go-getters!

I need to see the bursar in Period 6 to check on the budget. There are locks and lockers to be ordered for next year. Perhaps KO would ask Sandy, the maintenance man, to check those lockers that need to be replaced.

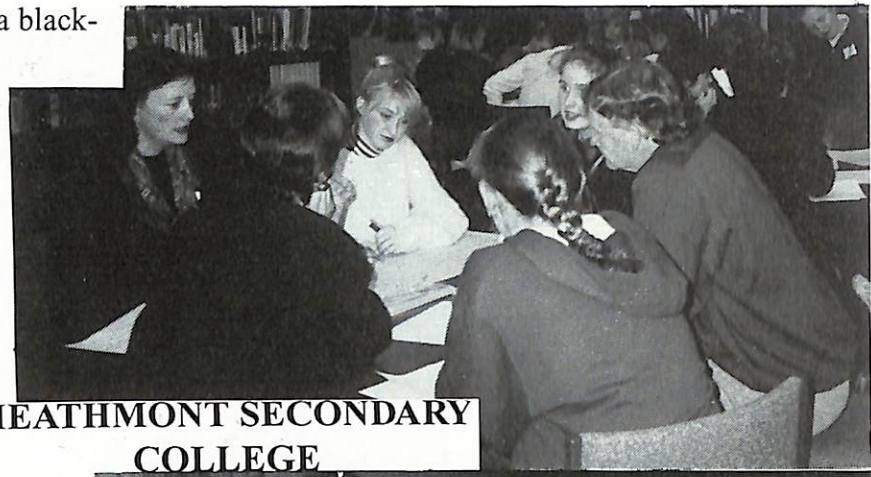
Level co-ordinators meeting after school. They all look exhausted. VS comes in with a cheery comment and the atmosphere changes. There is a lot to be discussed and GF really relies on this team of people to lead us all to keep the discipline and welfare of the students up to scratch.

A final, "How did the day go?" chat with GF and it is off home ready for another day tomorrow. It's different, but I'm enjoying it!

sounds like fingernails scraping down a black-board



**HEATHMONT SECONDARY COLLEGE**

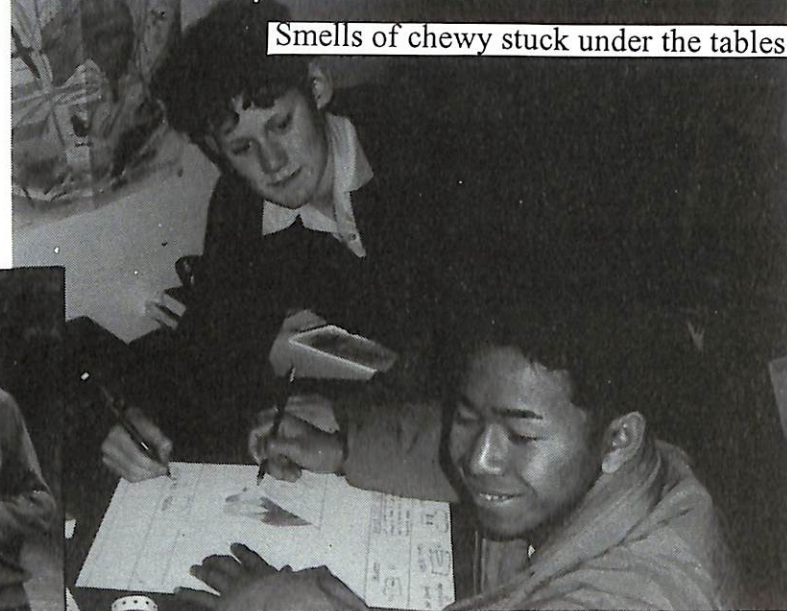


Smells of chewy stuck under the tables

it sounds like bolting feet at the bell  
it sounds like a footy game



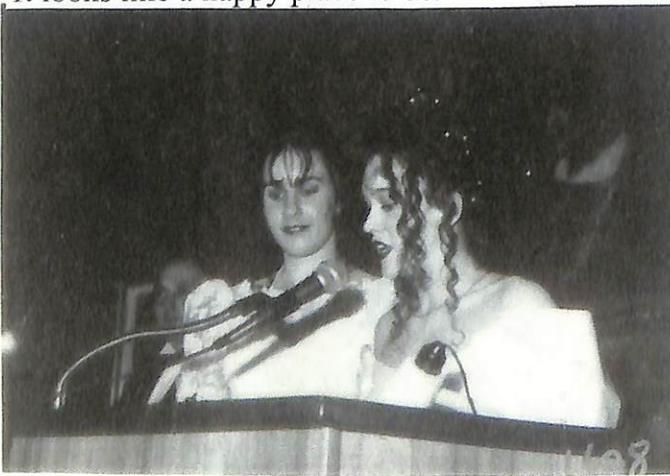
It looks like heaven among the cool trees  
It sounds like a cheer squad



It tastes like Golden syrup  
and smells like a rose flowering in Spring.  
It looks like a happy place to be.



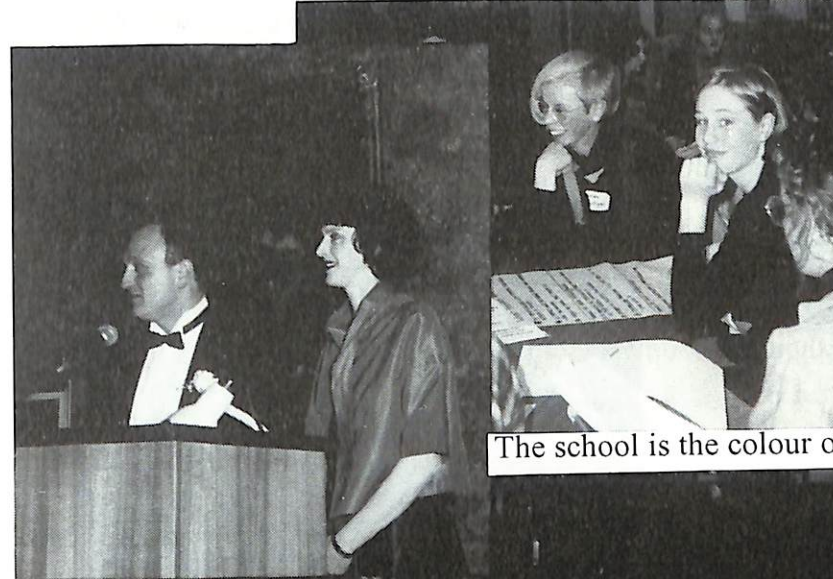
It smells like choc jam donuts



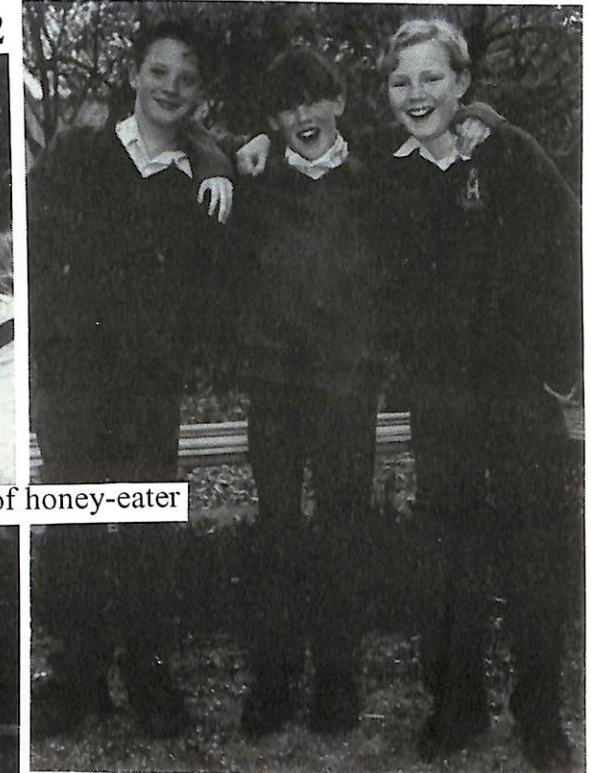
After the bell all is silent except for an occasional giggle or whisper



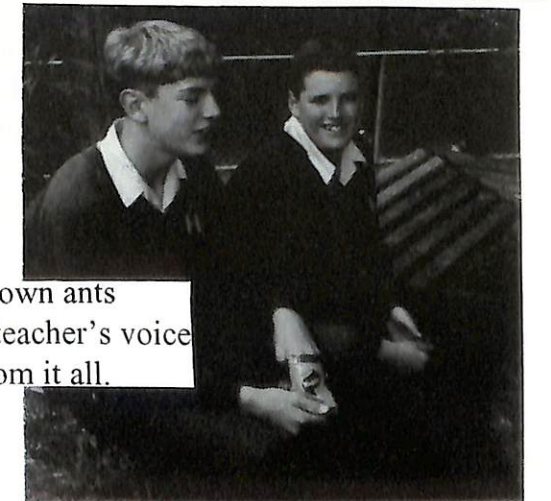
**THE FAMILY ALBUM 1992**



The school is the colour of honey-eater



It looks like a box of busy brown ants  
it sounds like the drone of a teacher's voice  
It feels like I need a break from it all.



Heathmont is a garden of green  
It sounds like the excited sound of friends being friends  
Being here makes me happy

## HEATHMONT'S YOUNG ACHIEVERS

"Young Achievement Australia" (YAA) is an organisation dedicated to teaching secondary college pupils about what life will be like after school. Groups of motivated year eleven students volunteer to join the program, Australia wide, taking a step in the right direction towards being important members of our society in the years to come. Today's students are tomorrow's leaders.

YAA allocates these students to nearby company - which has kindly donated its time and knowledge - and they meet every week for about six months with the advisers from their company. For a period of twenty-four weeks, the students start up and run their own small business and then liquidate at the end of the program. The starting capital for the YAA companies is gained from selling shares (or sponsor certificates as they are well known by) for two dollars each at the program. They plan to return the share holders a pretty healthy dividend on their shares.

My company was called YASA Enterprises (each company had to have the letters 'YA' in its name) and we were a group of six Heathmont, and about twenty students from Fairhills Secondary College under the guidance of Frank Walker and Brian Holden from Dunlop Industrial Products in Bayswater. Our product was cork pinboards which we sold for fifteen dollars each. We manufactured and sold about two hundred and fifty of these and finished returning about three or four dollars on each two dollar share back to our sponsors. Along the way was an endless number of invaluable lessons. Here are a few of the things we learnt:

- \* People skills - Effective communication with customers, suppliers and other members of the group.
- \* The importance of keeping neat and accurate business records.
- \* Keeping the production line system efficient in terms of time and money.

\* Making sure each person does their set tasks properly and on time as to not hold up anyone else who might be relying on that task's success.

But, the most important thing we learnt was how to get a group of strangers together to work as a team in a friendly business environment. We made plenty of mistakes throughout the course of the program, but we learnt from each one. And now this minority group of students, has the edge over the rest when it comes to a job interview situation... And we all know how important that is in these tough economic times.

I strongly recommend that next year's year eleven students get involved... You will be a better person for the experience.

by Ben Jones 11F



John Colville from Dedicated Micro Systems, Paul Spooner (pictured), the Managing Director of Just Jeans, Brian Holden of Dunlop Industrial Products and Mrs Free addressed Business Management students this year. Their help was very much appreciated.

## A TREE

The tree stands outside  
I think it is beautiful  
Swaying in the wind.

They give us oxygen  
they shelter many animals  
swaying in the wind

Why do we do it  
they have more rights than we do  
swaying in the wind

Yet we destroy them  
mercilessly, one by one  
swaying in the wind...

## BIRTHDAY

Friday the 13th is considered an unlucky day by most and belief originated 25 years ago when a seemingly cute baby was born; but it wasn't really a baby at all it was actually Ms. Dooley!

Friday the 13th of March this year Ms. Dooley got what had been coming to her for a long time.



Well Ms. Dooley was unexpectedly late but when she arrived she was flattered and embarrassed and opened her cards, and thanked Travers for the Miss Piggy cake.

Thank you to all the people involved, and thank you to Ms. Dooley for being such a good sport.

## THE GOLDEN INNOCENCE OF LOVE

She tried to hide her smile,  
But her blush gave it away.  
She looked so deep into,  
Those ravishing eyes of grey.

His gaze, it followed her movement,  
Her every step he watched.  
They treasured the time they spent  
Together, on days their innocence lost.

Their love it never shallowed,  
As the years past grey and old.  
Until the grave of love was dug,  
And buried was their gold.

## WORK EXPERIENCE

My first week of work experience was spent at the R.S.P.C.A.

On the first day, I was made welcome and everyone explained what they expected of me. Almost straight away, my nervousness which had been plaguing me since the night before left, and I settled into the job.

Another girl called Leanne also had work experience there and we made friends straight away. The first job I had to do was wash out the dirty syringes. I remember thinking, I hope I get to observe operations, and I did.

I spent the first day consulting with an old, but extremely friendly vet. I was allowed to hold the animal while vaccines were given and cleaning up the mess that either the animal or vet had made. I really enjoyed myself and the only incident that put a damper on things, was when a beautiful, innocent cat was admitted after being hit by a car and died. I found it hard to fight back the tears but knew that the vets had tried their utmost to save the unfortunate creature.

The second day of my work experience, was spent in the surgery. I saw about four unwanted animals get put down and each time I left the room. I saw many castrations and speys, it seemed to be a common type of operation. I surprised myself by not feeling queasy when a pit bull was opened up for a full observatory operation, to see why it constantly had diarrhoea and vomiting. Amazingly enough, two skewers were found lodged in its intestine!

The end of that day was spent gaining first hand experience on how to efficiently clean an entire twenty-four cages.

The following day I spent in the consulting room again, and enjoyed myself immensely. Undoubtedly, the highlights of the day were when I was permitted to see an autopsy carried out on a sheep

to find out the cause of death, ( It was bludgeoned to death!) and when I was allowed to remove stitches from an ear of a sorrowful looking cat. The rest of the week spent there passed so quickly that by the time Friday arrived I thought it was still Monday!

My last day was a sad one. I had grown attached to a bedraggled Pekinese. It was a stray and had been poorly looked after. I even gave it a haircut with the help of Leanne. When the time came to leave I thanked everyone for their help and paid a teary farewell to my little Peke.

Despite all of the fun and knowledge that I gained I no longer have any desire to be a vet for I know that I will always want to take home neglected animals like My Little Peke.

by Kelly Bettridge

### KNOXWOOD GROUP INTERMEDIATE TABLE TENNIS

On 16th June, we were represented by the following students at Kilsyth Stadium:

#### GIRLS

Elizabeth Martin  
Madelyn Sands  
Lyndall Scott  
Samantha Spicer

#### BOYS

Paul Gibson  
Bogdan Jovicic (BJ)  
Robert Mitchell  
Lee White

We were drawn in a pool consisting of teams from Boronia Heights, Maroondah & Scoresby Secondary Colleges.

The girls had three very close and hard fought matches, of which they won two, and finished a very close second in their pool (defeated Maroondah 3 rubbers all - 8 games to 6, defeated Scoresby 4 rubbers to 2 - 8 games to 6, lost to Boronia 3 rubbers all - 6 games to 7).

Elizabeth and Samantha achieved some very good wins in their singles matches and in doubles together, whilst all members of the team contributed at some stage in winning rubbers.

The boys competition was strong with us managing to win one match, lose one and draw one (lost to the strong Maroondah team without managing to win a rubber, but fought back well to draw with Scoresby 3 rubbers all - 7 games all and to defeat Boronia 6 rubbers to nil - 12 games to 2).

Lee & BJ achieved some good results in singles while Paul and Lee managed to win two of their three double matches together. All of this team were also able to contribute by winning rubbers at some stage during the day.

These students were excellent ambassadors for their school throughout an enjoyable day.

Steve Missen (Coach)

### THE MELBOURNE WRITERS' FESTIVAL

Our class of Year 11 Literature students spent a culture-filled day in Melbourne attending the Melbourne Writers' Festival and visiting the Performing Arts Museum. The festival this year had a Fantasy theme with addresses by leading writers of fantasy fiction, performances of extracts from writers' books, music by a South American trio. Later we went to the Performing Arts Museum and saw a multi media presentation of the history of entertainment in Melbourne, from Batman to Batman (little joke there). Lunch at MacDonalds. A walk along Southbank. Fine weather. A ride on a tram! What a great day!



## CROSS AGE TUTORING

Cross Age Tutoring is a Year 10 elective where students spend time in Year 7 or 8 classrooms and Primary school classrooms acting as extra teachers. These are some memorable moments from the experience of 1992 tutors:

My most memorable moment Cross Age Tutoring was when I was tutoring a Home-Economics class. I believed that I knew a fair bit about cooking and believed that the young innocents needed my guiding arm. (in fact this story could be applied to more than half of my teaching days). Three times I got the children in boiling salted water was when:

- (a) They were making biscuits and I told them, "Let them cook for a couple more minutes." They burned.
  - (b) I said "Let it boil one more moment." The water spilled over.
- Do you think that makes me a gourmet?

by Grant

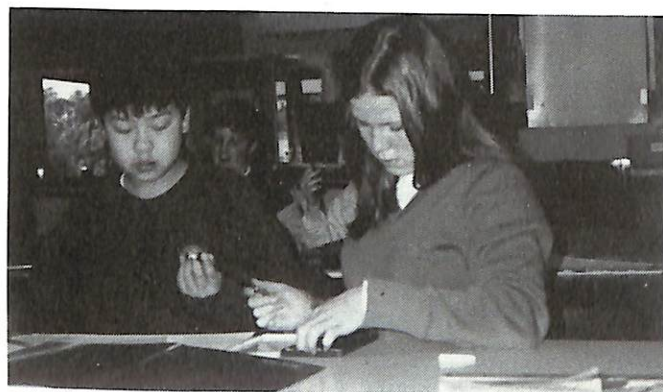
I read out Flies in the Country Kids series. After that the kids made up stories about "Attack of the Killer Flies." We discussed how we killed flies. Some of the methods were off! Anyway, I helped all the kids with spelling, etc. I told them next week is my last week and they got upset! How sweet!

by Vanessa



During Cross-Age tutoring, one of my classes was at the primary school with the grade 4's. I was helping one of the kids with their maths when the bell went and they all packed up and went outside. I was about to leave when I noticed a girl standing beside me with a very upset look on her face. I asked what was wrong and she said she had a sore shoulder. I asked her sympathetically if she would be alright until home-time and she sighed as though she had to think about it. She then looked up at me through her glasses and said "I guess so," and then went out to recess, limping while rubbing her shoulder.

by Leigh



Mostly I worked with an individual student, Troy. After a while I could see that he was reading a lot more fluently and was also reading harder things. He enjoyed the computer, which he got to do most weeks with me, if he had done his work before hand.

by Jordan

One day the kids had to perform a play in front of their parents so I helped them to practice. It was called "The Three Bears." I took them up to the art room and cleared a space for the play. All of the kids performed well except two so I sent them back and asked for another two because they were being little \*\*\*\*\* , pardon the French. After that nobody misbehaved because they didn't want to go back.

by John

## WHEELCHAIR EXPERIENCE

This term some of us have had a taste of what it would be like to be in a wheelchair. Anyone in 9B had the opportunity of spending a day in a manual wheelchair. We were to remain in the wheelchair from form assembly (9.00 am) till the end of the school day (3:30pm). We experienced many difficulties.

For example, anyone in a wheelchair trying to get into the library has to go around the whole outside of the school. It took us around 15 minutes and we didn't spend much time in the library as a result, especially when we needed to allow 15 minutes to get back to class.

Seeing someone in a wheelchair is very different from actually being in one. Many of us don't realize it and take it for granted. Being in a wheelchair means you are restricted in movement which is a great change as you know what it is like when you could do so many things before.

Some other examples of difficulties are getting to J block for art and craft. You have to go out on the car park and out onto the road. You have to go out in any weather - rain, hail or shine - with no cover or protection. In class you are away from the desk since you sit in a different chair which makes it difficult to work. you have no access to lockers because there are masses of people crowding around everywhere.

People who don't know that we were just experimenting came up and asked "What's wrong?". Some just turned away as if they were ashamed, but most helped out.

So come on guys, we're still the same people - wheelchair or not!

by Tatjana Radosavljev, Angela Cummins,  
Danielle Vollerup, Belinda Kaigg  
& Glenn Gasseling.

## THE PLANT RAP SONG!

### CHORUS

Let's talk about salt, baby.  
Let's about plants and seeds.  
Let's talk about cotton wool  
And glass dishes,  
That you need.  
Let's talk about salt,  
Let's talk about salt.

### BREAKDOWN!

Dish one had none,  
Dish two had some,  
Dish three had more,  
But didn't score!

Dish one grew the best,  
Higher than all the rest!  
Number two really tried,  
But the thing was, it nearly died!  
Number three,  
Goodness me!

The greatest overdose of salt you ever did see!!

### BREAKDOWN!

### CHORUS

Let's talk about salt, baby.  
Let's talk about plants and seeds.  
Let's talk about cotton wool and glass dishes,  
That you need.  
Let's talk about salt.  
Let's talk about salt!!

Year 7 Science prac sung by:  
Tanya Mc Cormack and Susie Carland 7F

## LIVING IN A RETARDED BODY

Living in a retarded body is suffocating. I don't understand the loneliness, being talked about and laughed at when I don't know how to answer smartly. The words I say aren't clear. Being Downs is boring. I don't go out with any people but my family. I like to go out with Dad and Mum, but I would like to go out with boys my own age. Sometimes I think that I am stuck.

Living a normal life is like a sort of dream. I don't know what it would be like. Would I have good fun or not? I don't know. I might be able to go to the pictures with friends or look after Libby. I would like to play football if my body and brain worked at the same time. I could play football for the Bombers.

A good life is being happy. My life is good. I love Mum and Dad and my sister Libby. I love my Nan. My home is warm and kind. I have nice friends at school and at the shops. I wish I looked better. I have better things than some disabled kids. Sometimes it is good, when I think of the things that I would do too if I was ordinary like other boys.

I don't have a lot of friends, except for Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Free, Mrs. Keating, and Miss Henshaw. Some boys say hello and some girls say hello. I can't speak good and they don't have the time to listen or to wait. This is not their fault. Margaret O'Dwyer is my friend but I have not seen her. Miss Devine is good to me. She stops to talk, she is my special friend. I will get new friends when I go to work, I think.

I don't want to get married and have kids. They might have Downs. I don't think anyone would marry me the way I look. Marriage and kids won't be for me. The people who will always love me are all my family and some of the friends of the family.

One day I will live on my own. When Mum and Dad are old and grey and Libby is married I will live with special people. I don't want this, but I don't want to be a problem all my life.

by Kirk WEBSTER

## OPEN EVENING

On May 27, our school opened its doors to prospective students and parents, in the form of an open evening.

This evening gave the opportunity for future secondary students to see for themselves what Heathmont has to offer.

Classrooms and other facilities were open and current students could be seen in their usual working environments.

Each of the schools faculties were represented and either provided demonstrations, or displays for our guests to see.

Year 12 Art students took the time to work on their V.C.E. assignments, while demonstrating what different techniques and materials are available for students to use in their work.

The school bands performed giving prospective students one example of the many extra-curricular activities that one can be involved in while a student at Heathmont Secondary College.

## JAWS

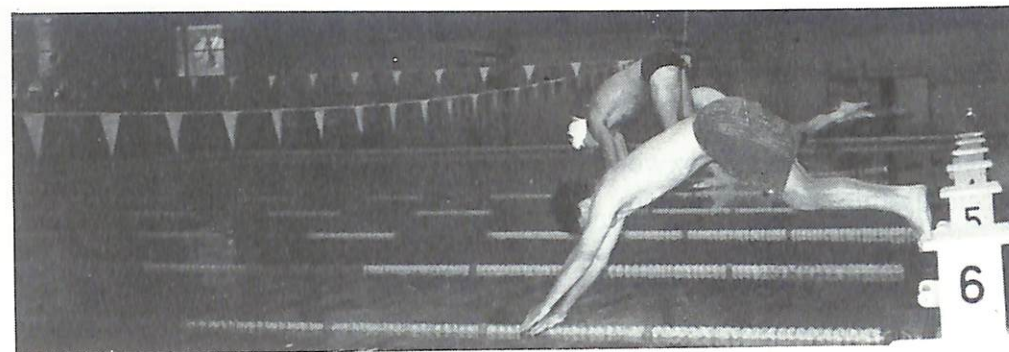
Splash, I could feel the water come over my head. A 12 metre shark had ripped my arm off and was dragging me under. There was blood in the water everywhere. I could taste it.

I saw his eyes. They looked like they were dead, like I was about to be.

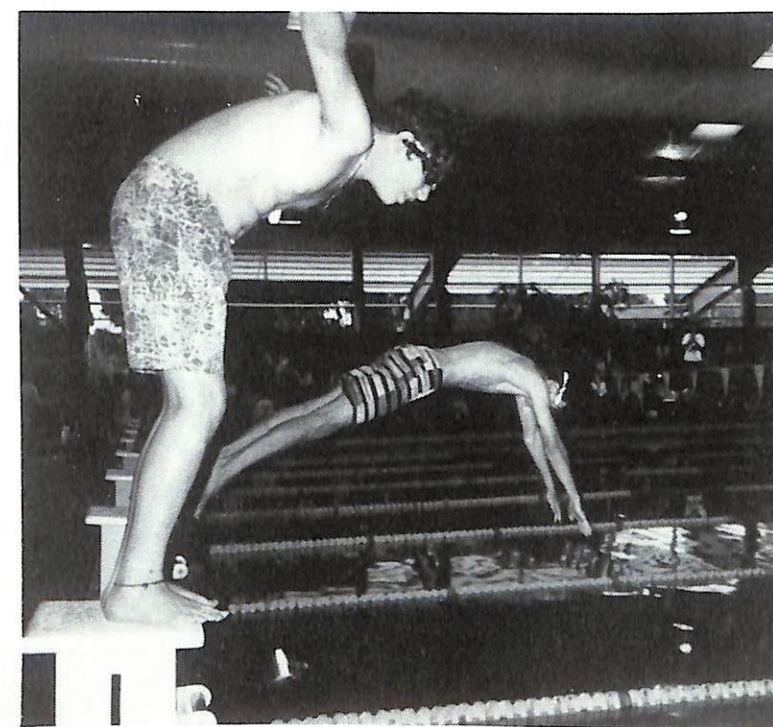
The worst bit was when his teeth dug into my gut and blood squirted out everywhere in the water.

I saw my leg halfway down his throat, and a bit further down, my arm. Someone tried to save me, but fell in and joined the crew. He didn't last long either.

by Adam Kingsley 7G



## SWIMMING CARNIVAL



## SWIMMING

A large team represented HSC at the Knoxwood group swimming. Successful competitors were:

### YEAR NINE

Briony Gardiner: U16 Backstroke  
 Josh Parks: U15 Breastroke, Freestyle, Backstroke  
 Josh Parks U15 Relay  
 Paul Raeck "  
 Cameron Wilson "  
 Jarrod Nemeth "

### YEAR TEN

Steven Paul U16 Relay  
 Cameron Brown "  
 Dean Miller "  
 Jarrod Nemeth "  
 Leanne McRitchie U16 Relay  
 Leigh Catto "  
 Sally Hughes "  
 Briony Gardiner "

### YEAR ELEVEN

Chris Mapstone U17 Butterfly, Backstroke

### YEAR TWELVE

Jason Christensen U21 Freestyle, Backstroke, Individual Medley  
 Jason Christensen U21 Relay  
 Jon Parks "  
 Paul Hawkey "  
 John Kupsch "  
 Nicole Findlay U21 Backstroke  
 Melissa Horton U21 Butterfly  
 Nicole Findlay U21 Relay  
 Melissa Horton "  
 Alison Whitelaw "  
 Liz Whitehead "

At Eastern Zone approximately 50 schools were represented and the Heathmont team came second overall, an excellent effort. Students who went through to the State finals were Jason Christensen, Josh Parks, Briony Gardiner, Liz Whitehead, Alison Whitelaw, Melissa Horton and Nicole Findlay.

State Schools' Sports Association:  
 Jason Christensen and Josh Parks were winners at the State Schools' finals.

## DIVING

The following people represented Heathmont at the Knoxwood Diving competition on the 27th March:

Year 7: Vicki Flecknoe, Alysya Coleman, Cain Edwards  
 Year 8: Michael Tregoning  
 Year 9: Melanie Reeves, Sally Quinn  
 Year 10: Emma Pinwill, Simon Morrison  
 Year 12: John Kupsch, Dean Bullock

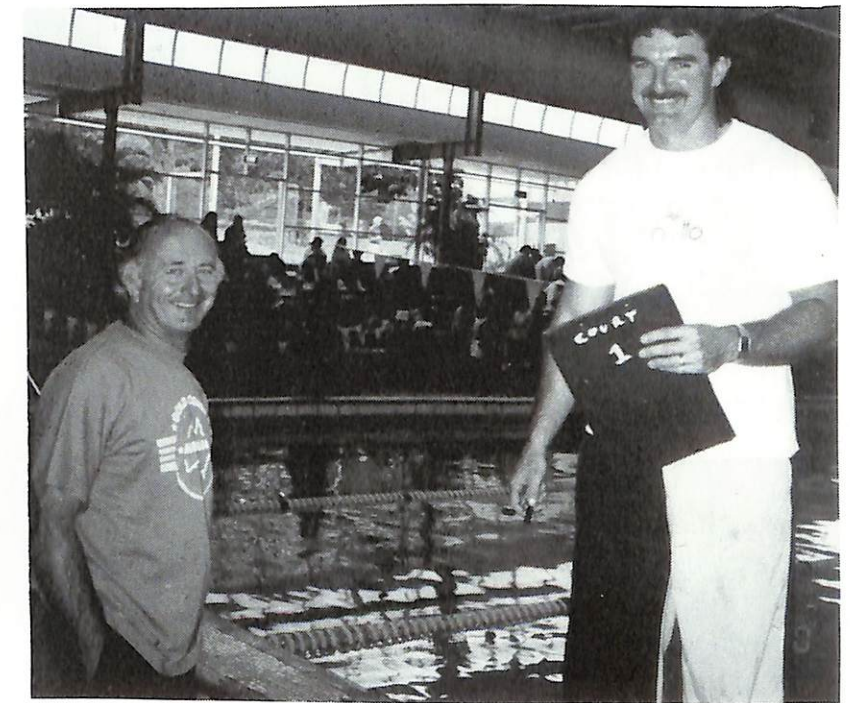
Emma Pinwill won the girls' diving and went on to win the Eastern Zone diving and was runner-up at the State Schools' finals. A fantastic effort.

## WINTER SPORT WINNERS

Heathmont teams were very successful this year:  
 Intermediate Netball (Runners-up, Eastern Zone)  
 Senior Netball (Winners, Knoxwood Group)  
 Senior Football (Winners, Eastern Metropolitan Zone)  
 Senior Girls' Table Tennis (reached the State final)  
 Girls' Soccer (Winners, Knoxwood Group)  
 Junior Boys' Basketball (Winners, Knoxwood Group)  
 Intermediate Girls' Basketball (Winners, Knoxwood group)  
 Intermediate Boys' Basketball (Winners, Knoxwood Group)

## SUMMER SPORT

HSC won the Intermediate Boys' Cricket



## HOUSE SWIMMING RESULTS

	Cawley	Bradman	Fraser	Clarke
Junior	354	386	342	434
Inter	165	250	232	245
Senior	82	94	140	165

FIRST	FRASER	844
SECOND	CAWLEY	730
THIRD	CLARKE	714
FOURTH	BRADMAN	601

## INDIVIDUAL SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

	BOYS	GIRLS
U13	Gavin Catto	Belinda Closter
U14	John Da Costa Aaron Prior	Leanne Spiteri
U15	Joshua Parks	Sarah Caffyn
U16	Steven Paul	Briony Gardiner
U17	Chris Mapstone	Elissa Caffyn
U21	Jason Christensen	Nicole Findlay Melissa Horton



## THE YUPPIE

(A poem in the style of  
Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales")

What's that you say, you want to walk with  
me?

But I am the cream of society.

I mustn't be seen with the likes of you  
Who proudly display cheap tattoos.

Can't you see I'm wearing designer trousers  
And you live in suburbs with split-level houses.

I'm more successful and always will be.  
Because Daddy owns the company.

You have no future, you'll never go far.  
You'll probably finish face down in a bar.

I can see your eyes green with envy  
But dream on, you'll never be like me.

You might as well just try and face it now.  
When it comes to class, you just don't know  
how.

Who do you think you are calling me a snob?  
What's that you say, you've got a good job?

What do you mean, "Back in my place"  
Oh please don't slash my beautiful face.

What? Red blood, I thought mine was blue!  
Oh my god I am just like you.

by Kylie Seaton  
Year 11 Literature

## SNAILS

Snails move  
Very slowly  
Like  
Old men  
With walking sticks

by Carla Ware

## FACES

Faces you see them  
On the street  
In a car  
Some up close  
Some afar  
But do you see the person inside  
The person the face tries to hide  
The thing that makes a body whole  
The thing that bears a pure clean soul  
Someone with problems just like yours  
Some of which you are the cause  
You take people by their face  
But are not willing to accept their race  
Why should you say again  
you're happy and you have a friend  
You see that they don't but you don't care  
You're not willing is that fair  
Some people you don't like from the start  
Some people you don't like because they're not  
smart  
Some people just aren't in  
Some people just don't grin  
But do you ever give them a chance  
Stop and take a second glance  
Do you see the person inside  
The person the face tries to hide

by Jodi Scoble

## TOO LATE

You left me with a broken heart,  
You said you didn't care  
Selfish you left with all  
I knew that wasn't fair.

## THE SEA

Have you ever seen the sea?  
Water-splashing, sand-dashing, shell bashing,  
splash.

by Simone Balent & Peta Birch 7B



## YEAR 7 CAMP



## BATH TIME -

### FOR A SNAIL

It's raining fast  
Along the path  
The snail creeps out  
To take a bath

The rain has gone  
The sun is high  
The snail is crawling  
Home to dry

by Joey Spencer-White

## KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

by Kirsty Shepherd

When we left Melbourne we were all so hyped up. Jarrod, my eighteen-year old friend, was driving. He was going really fast, overtaking, annoying other cars. Tam and I were just loving it. It was just like in the movies- driving fast, wind in your hair, not a care in the world. It was kind of frightening but I never even considered that something would happen.

Jarrold is a genuine heavy-metal freak, so the music we were listening to was literally thundering through us- we could feel it! But I'm not one to complain. It did divert my attention away from the thousands of trees that we drove past, all of which seemed exactly the same in size, shape and colour.

During our travels we would go past other cars with "Happy Families" printed on their bumper bars, or at least that's how it seemed. They would look at us in disgust. Nothing was more enjoyable than going past a car like that, with the father concentrating on his driving and the mother pointing out the Eucalyptus trees to her two golden-haired children, while sitting in their in their unbelievably clean Holden or Ford "family cars", while we were in a beat up Monaro with multi-colored panels, music blaring and the speedo almost off the dial. It was a power game that "we, the young people" always won.

Before we knew it we had made it to our final destination - Eskdale. A tiny country town, smack bang on the boarder of Victoria and New South Wales. It was just a weekend trip. Most of our time was spent catching up with old friends, retelling stories- the ones that you always hope to forget.

Anyway, soon enough everyone did forget, and it was time to go back home. Driving home seemed to be even more thrilling than on the way up. Jarrod was doing a hundred and thirty kilometres an hour on average, which leaves absolutely no doubt in my mind that this was the reason for the car having the shakes. And, of course, Jarrod's music, which was made up of screamers that called themselves singers and other band members who didn't quite know what to call themselves because they didn't know what they were doing, somehow found its way back

into the tape deck of the car stereo, delivering a sound which was quite indistinguishable from anything my ears had ever had to perceive before.

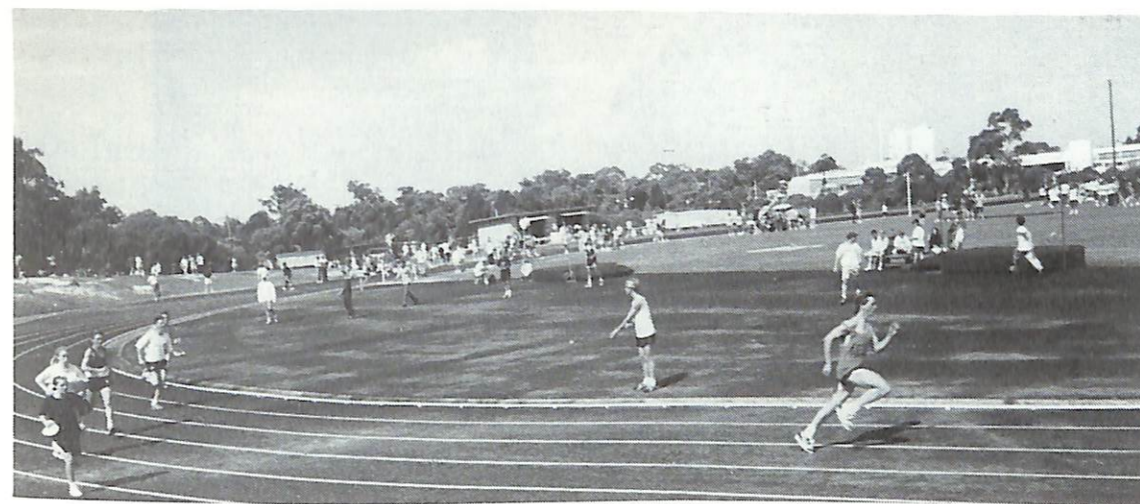
There was, however, one song called "Knocking on Heavens Door", which I had actually heard before and which I actually liked. Tam liked it a lot too, and so because Jarrod always likes to please us and because we threatened him, he put the song on, over and over again. We all sang along. We could even have been mistaken for a bad version of a church choir.

After talking about various different topics for approximately four hours, on top of convincing all the cars that we had passed never to go on the road again, I became very sleepy. I nodded off for not more than five minutes when suddenly I felt a great thump in my back. I turned my head around to see Tam's smiling, cheeky, guilty looking face. This meant war, as it always did with Tam and I. I grabbed her arm and the fight was on. It was only a friendly fight, if it's possible to have one. We did, however, make enough shrieks to make even Jarrod worry. He yelled at us to stop, like any angry father would do if his children were fighting. There was silence and then all three of us burst into laughter.

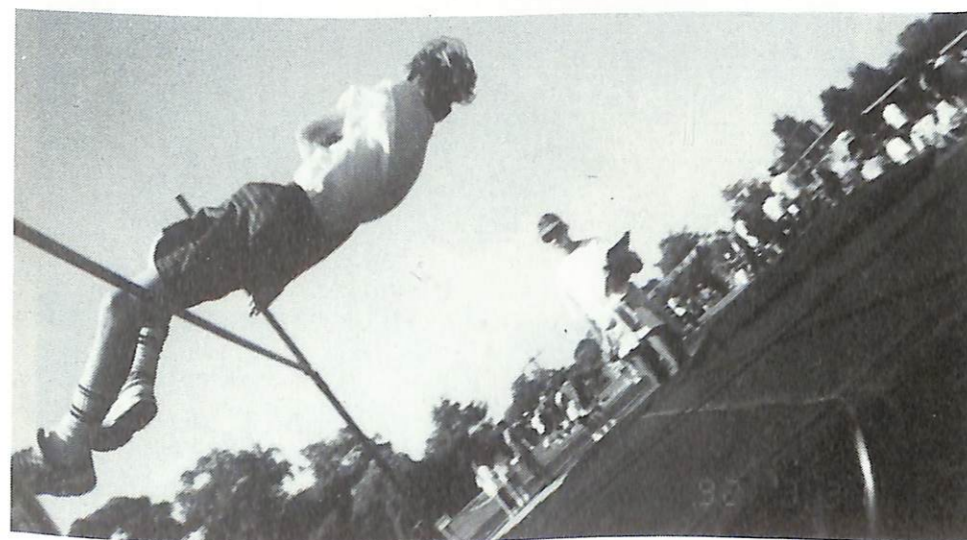
Tam and I were still trying to calm down about five minutes later when the car came to a sudden halt. We both looked up and wiped away the tears which had fallen from our fit of laughter. Straight ahead was a fire engine, a police car and an ambulance. Slowly driving closer in the banked up traffic, we could see more.

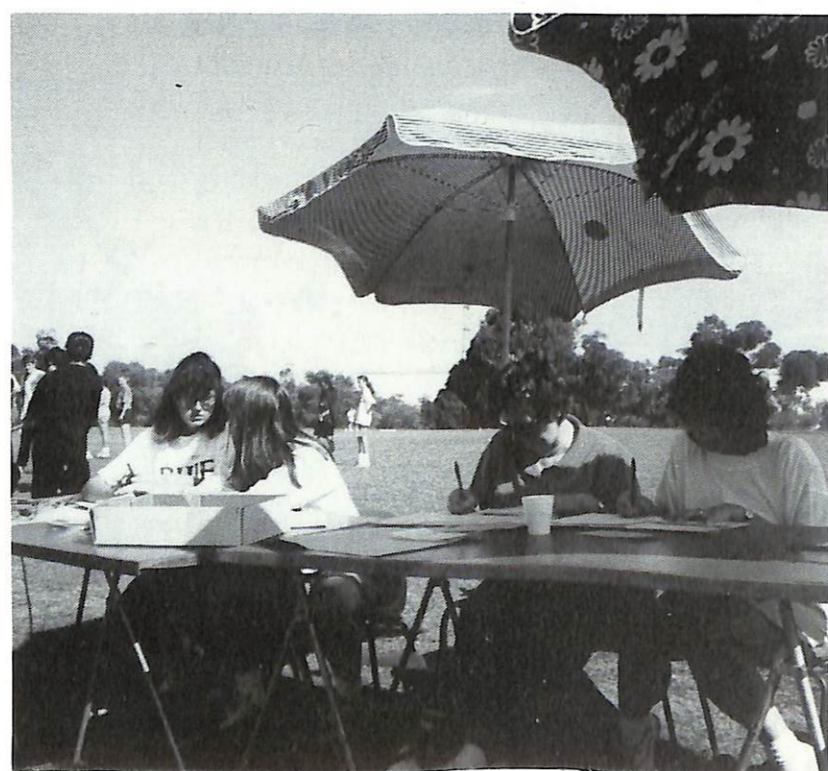
A man with a sign made us stop and wait. Cars were coming from the opposite direction, passing us and the accident. We moved up slightly in the line of traffic and from where we were, I could see everything. One car had ploughed into the back of another. There were people sitting on the side of the road, blood all over them.

The worst part of it was when I removed the sunglasses that I had been wearing. All I could see was a bloodstained hand hanging limply from the car. I looked up at one of the cars. It had a 'P' plate on it. I then looked at the people once again. That could be us! It all suddenly made me realize, were we knocking on Heaven's door too?



## ATHLETICS CARNIVAL





## ATHLETICS DAY

On Tuesday, 31 March we had Athletics Day. For almost the first time it was sunny and hot. Of course most people wore their jeans, tracksuit pants, Stussies, etc. and were boiling hot the whole time. Shade was practically non-existent if you did not have the forethought to sit on the wet ground underneath the trees. For those like myself who were not feeling particularly energetic that day or any other day it was a tad un-exciting. Once the Mars Bars had run out in the canteen, the batteries had gone flat in my Walkman and I had read Dolly, Cleo and Cosmopolitan from cover to cover you can only do so much. For the fashion stakes Country Road was the out and out winner, not to mention the surfie-look with Rip Curl, Billabong, Quiksilver and numerous Kuta Lines tops. Nike Air won for shoes in the typical fashion parade on out of uniform days.



## HOUSE ATHLETICS RESULTS

	Cawley	Bradman	Fraser	Clarke
Junior	615	516	505	489
Inter	681	328	337	323
Senior	387	280	388	439
FIRST	CAWLEY		1683	
SECOND	CLARKE		1251	
THIRD	FRASER		1230	
FOURTH	BRADMAN		1124	

## INDIVIDUAL ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS

U13	Kim Arrowsmith	Tim Cattermole
U14	Faye Dobson	Rowan Williams
U15	Michelle Dobson	Victor To
U16	Leanne McRitchie	Mathew Shanahan
U17	Elissa Caffyn	Jim Tzikas
		Jody Hough
U21	Sonja McKeown	

Kate Muhlhan (Year 10 javelin) and Natalie Dolman (Year 9 high jump) won their Eastern Zone events and went on to compete at the State finals.

Other zone competitors were Daniel Allsopp, Bridget Shirley, Barry McBain, Michelle Dean, Tammy Goynes, Chris Curran and Rowen Williams.



## KNOXWOOD GROUP SENIOR BOYS CRICKET

The following boys represented the school in competition against other schools: Paul Hawkey (Captain), Stuart Murley (VC), Brett Booth, Heath Booth, Jon Parks, Peter Connelly, Greg Blundell, Greg McTaggart, Josh Nemeth, John Kupsch, Steven Rice, Gavin George & Jarrett Drake.

### Match 1

Heathmont 6/97 defeated Scoresby 7/79

In the first of our matches, Scoresby batted first and never ever got on top of our attack and any stage. In 16 overs the best of the bowling came from Peter Connelly with 3/4 from three overs. Brett & Heath Booth both picked up a wicket each. The bowling was backed up by some excellent fielding including two good catches and two run outs.

We passed them comfortably with Stuart Murley following up a tidy wicket keeping performance with a top score of 36. Peter Connelly remained undefeated on 16.

### Match 2

Heathmont 4/96 defeated Boronia 10/45

We batted first and after a good opening stand of 32 from Paul Hawkey and Stuart, slumped to be 3 wickets down for 34 before Peter Connolly joined Heath Booth to add a partnership of 57 runs for the fourth wicket. Peter scored 21 whilst Heath remained unbeaten on 27.

Boronia then batted but were no match for our bowlers. They were eventually dismissed in the eighteenth and last over of their innings for a rather disappointing total. Jon Parks, Paul and Heath all picked up two wickets, whilst Peter captured another. Stuart picked up a catch, two stumpings and a run out behind the stumps. Nine of the dismissals involved contributions from the fieldsmen.

### Match 3

Heathmont 9/86 lost to Maroondah 8/120

Two days later we returned to Batterham Park (The Basin) needing to win against Maroondah to ensure our passage to the next level of competition. We lost wickets regularly during the afternoon with Stuart top scoring with 26. Josh Nemeth struck a couple of solid fours at the end of the innings but we were always going to have difficulty defending such a total.

At one stage they had lost 5 wickets for 51 but a couple of big hitting performances (one batsman hit four sixes, another three fours and a six) saw them home safely. Heath was the best of the bowlers with 3/24 while elder brother Brett took 2/25. Stuart again picked up four catches in a another good team fielding performance.

Two wins and a loss was not enough to take us further in the competition. The boys had two enjoyable days and were a credit to themselves and the school in the way in which they conducted themselves.

Steve Missen (Coach)

## SICK ANIMALS

One day when all the animals were sick,  
I just couldn't think of something to do.  
I sent for the doctor quick, quick, quick,  
And put them to bed with a bowl of stew.

Spot, the short legged dog had caught the wag,  
He had contracted it from the lazy Fox,  
For they play together on the old log.  
But I'm sure the fox had the chicken pox.

The old feathered owl likes to eat Lizards,  
She'd catch one no matter how hard she tried.  
But this big one got caught in her gizzards.  
T'was a sad night, for the animals died.

So when the doctor finally arrived,  
There were no animals left to revive!



## HEATHMONT JUDO '92

On Wednesday, 21st October, some 38 students attended the annual All High Judo Championship at Monash University.

The interest and enthusiasm shown by our students was excellent. The Judo was of an extremely high standard with the inclusion of some Victorian and Australian champions.

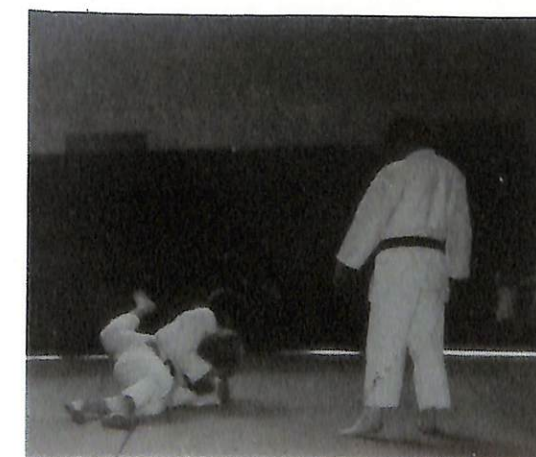
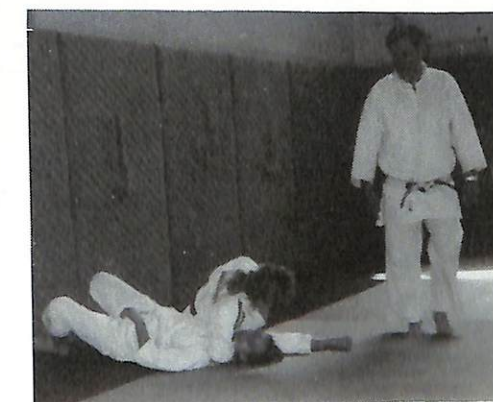
Our students acquitted themselves very well, receiving 3 Gold Medals, 2 Silver and 8 Bronze.

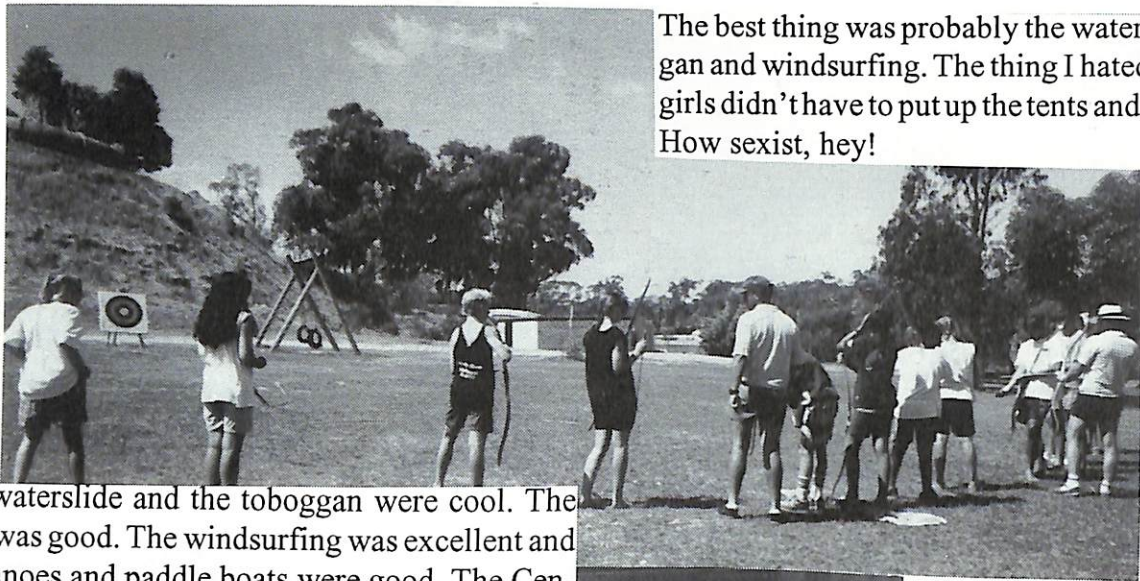
### Placings

Christian Groves	1st	U/16	60-65 kg
Narelle Reeves	1st	U/21	55-60 kg
Nick Dutton	1st	U/16	55-60 kg
Richard Kors	2nd	U/16	Over 75 kg
David Worthington	2nd	U/21	60-65 kg
Jordan Lanham	3rd	U/16	65-71 kg
Bradley Clarke	3rd	U/21	Over 86 kg
Shane Reaks	3rd	U/21	60-65 kg
Ken Darwish	3rd	U/16	50-55 kg
Kate Mulhan	3rd	U/21	Over 72 kg
Emma Pinwill	3rd	U/21	55-60 kg
David Archer	3rd	U/21	Over 75 kg
Andrew Woodcock	3rd	U/16	55-60 kg

Other team members all performed well and were a credit to the school. The Heathmont team once again finished in the top 3 teams in the state, a magnificent result. Let's do even better next year!

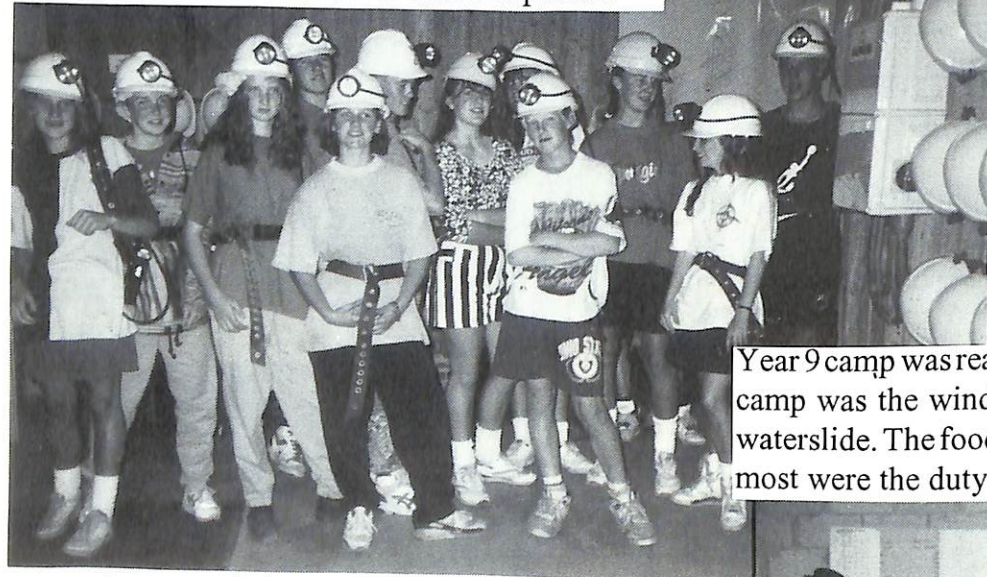
Karl Broecker (Coach)





The best thing was probably the waterslide, toboggan and windsurfing. The thing I hated was that the girls didn't have to put up the tents and the boys did. How sexist, hey!

The waterslide and the toboggan were cool. The food was good. The windsurfing was excellent and the canoes and paddle boats were good. The Central Deborah Mine was better than I expected.

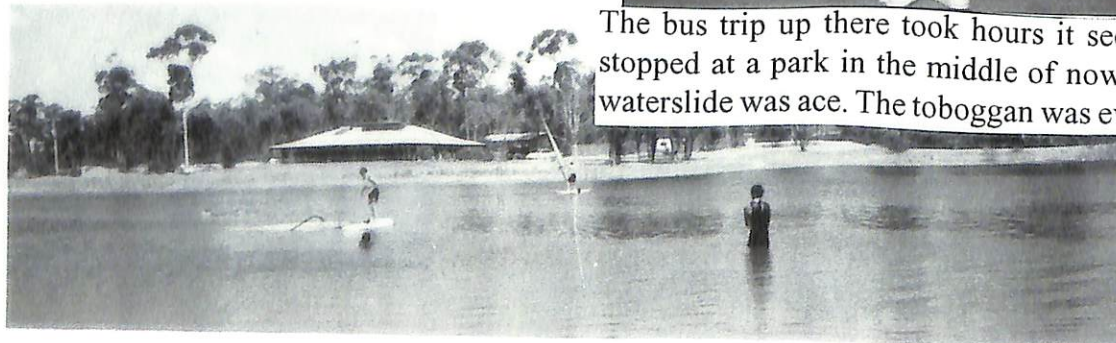


Year 9 camp was really RAD. What I enjoyed about camp was the windsurfing, the toboggan and the waterslide. The food was alright. The things I hated most were the duty groups and the tents.

One of the best things about the year 9 camp was at the very start. The guys had to put their own tents up while the girls lazed around and watched them from their already put up tents. The best activities were the waterslide and toboggan. The food was ok, but the drinks were disgusting. All they gave us was water which tasted terrible. Then they complained about people dehydrating.



The bus trip up there took hours it seemed. We stopped at a park in the middle of nowhere. The waterslide was ace. The toboggan was even better.



## YEAR 9 CAMP

ARAKOON

## STUDENT SUPPORT

Student Support is a subject that isn't counted as a VCE Subject. It has been put together to build up peoples' confidence and motivation towards their homework.

Student support consists of year Eleven and Twelve students who work together in helping each other.

It is a subject that anyone needs, the class has students that are good at all different subjects and help the people who aren't good in those areas. The best thing about student support is the extra time you get to do your homework and to have other people around you to ask for help. The only problem can be attendance. Sometimes you feel like not going, you say to yourself "It's only student support."

It is a worthwhile subject, Mrs. Tyson is a great help, and a good friend who will encourage you in your school work and in any private matters.

by Rebecca 11

## WINTER

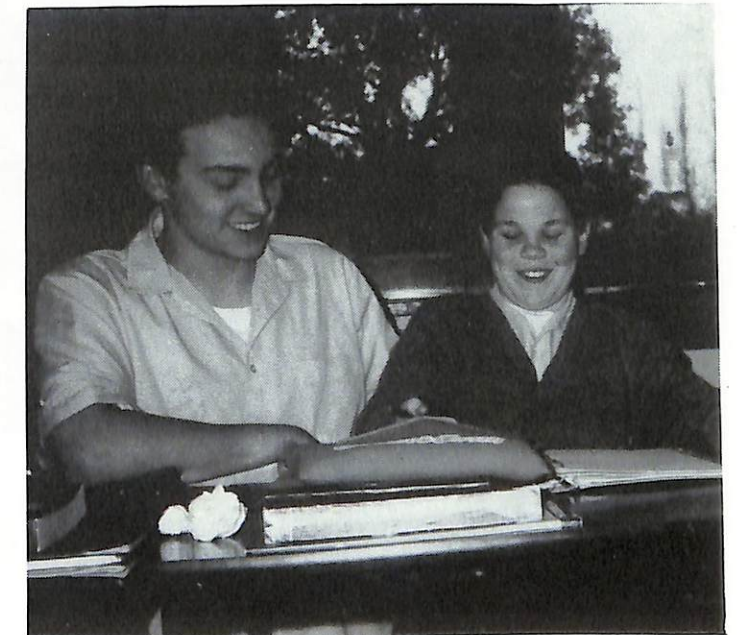
I was five when it happened.  
The winds blew, tearing at the house.  
The rains poured and lightning  
filled the black sky.

The sun was gone,  
hiding, hiding behind deep grey clouds,  
not daring to show its face.  
Autumn was gone. It was winter.

The trees stood bare, making intricate patterns  
on my wall.  
And the wind, the winds were still blowing,  
causing my window to rattle.

Winter was here!

by Brent Chesson 9



## THE PEER SUPPORT PROGRAM

During terms 1 and 2 there was a Peer Support program operating at Heathmont. This involved Year 7 students split into groups of 6 or 7, who were led by two Year 10 students. The program consisted of supportive activities used to help the Year 7 students settle into a new school, as well as making friends in more than just their own level of the school. The program ran over 8 weeks, and proved to be very successful.



HEATHMONT DEBUTANTES 1992



HEATHMONT DEBUTANTES 1992



## ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN

On the 6th of April, a talented group of musicians, called Roll Over Beethoven, performed in front of year seven and eight, music classes and various year ten elective forms.

During their performance they explained the history of the Music Industry from the 1950's through to the 90's.

The concert consisted of heavy metal music by AC/DC, Rock and Roll by The Beatles, songs from the Motown era and various current tracks, including songs from Prince and Baby Animals.



## MUSIC

Various workshops of Dance and Learning to play by ear, were held at lunchtime and during class, for the willing participants to get ready for the concert. Our very own group of talented musicians joined R.O.B in a version of Mustang Sally (by The Commitments) and other tracks. They played well and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The students that had participated in the Dance workshop bravely bopped to the Nutbush, which was played by R.O.B and our group of muso's.

Later into the concert, the H.S.C. band, Turning Point, which consisted of four students, performed two songs. One of these was called Green Onions. Good old Steffen Boots took the lead while the rest of his buds sat back and played to their hearts' content. Vivacious roars exploded from the audience when they left the stage. Over all it was a great day for all.

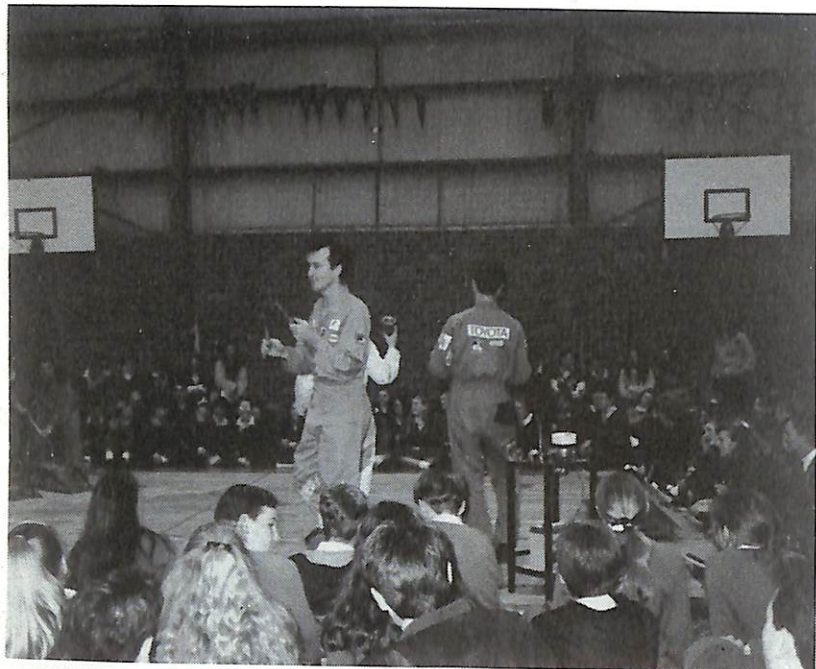
Thanks to Roll Over Beethoven, Life Be in it and everyone who participated.

by Kelly Bettridge & Joanne McCarthy



## MUSIC AT HEATHMONT

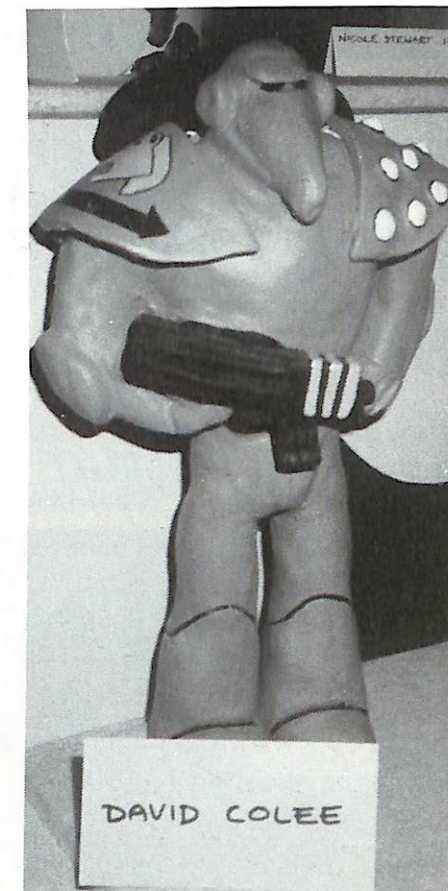
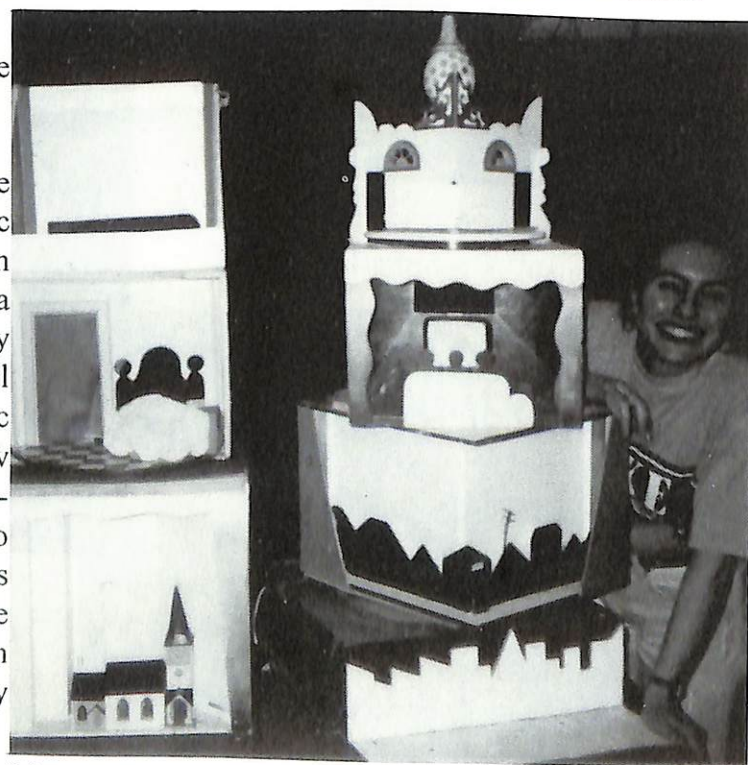
The hugely successful music program at Heathmont continued this year with many performances within the school as well as in local parks and shopping centres. Visiting musicians provided extra tuition and revved up students to reach even greater heights. The photographs here show you some of the musical action.



**THE PLAY'S THE THING**

All year levels at school have attended at least one theatrical performance during the year.

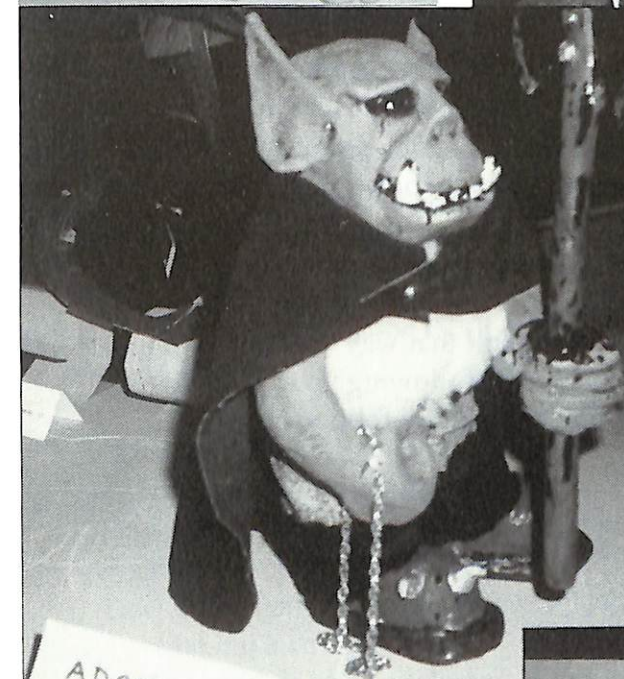
Year 7 had a great time with Sam Angelico, the world famous magician and Year 8 saw "Lunatic Soup" a puppet play performed by the Handspan Company with a message about drugs. The Arena brought "Fix it, Alice" to the ECA Centre, a play based on the alarming but (eventually) successful attempt by a woman to be the first female mechanic at the Ford Motor Company. Years 10 and 11 saw "Shakespeare Without Tears" a wonderful introduction to the bard, while the Year 12s went to "Cry Freedom", our non-print VCE text for this year. In addition, many students and staff at the school went to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Botanical Gardens, an excursion especially provided for our Literature students.



DAVID COLEE

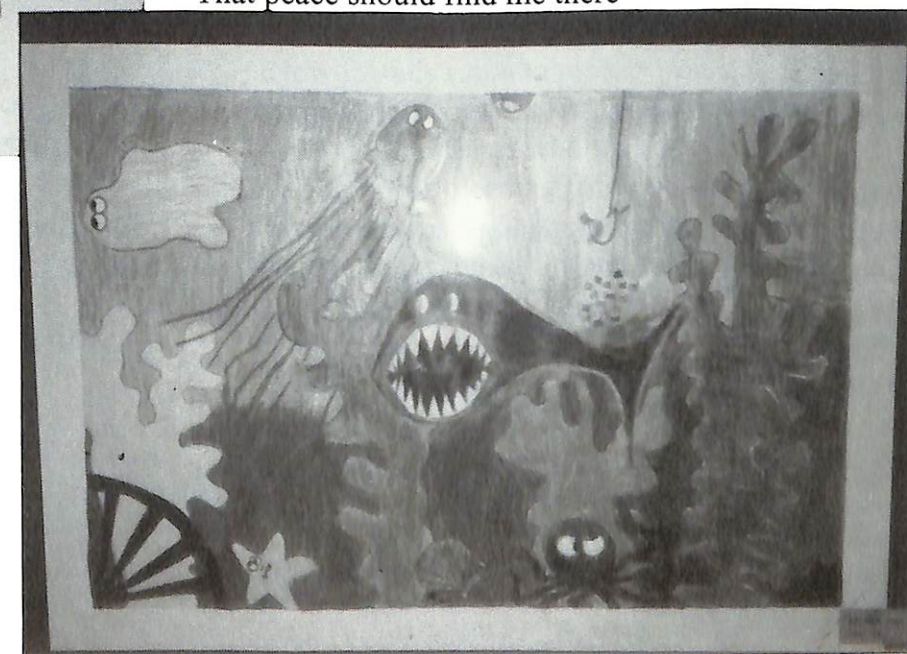
**PEACE**

When lying on a sun drenched rock  
 With my face towards the sky,  
 The sound of water lapping gently  
 And the sound of a bird flying by.  
 As the cool breeze tickled my face  
 And as the wind blew through my hair,  
 I thought how wonderful it did feel  
 That peace should find me there



ADAM THOMP  
**BATTLE LOST**

Sleepy, sleepy  
 My eyelids are so heavy  
 I fight, I struggle,  
 Yet I am losing.  
 My body lies quiet and still,  
 As my mind drifts into dreamtime,  
 Still tired, still sleepy  
 Now my eyes are closed tight,  
 I fought, I struggled,  
 Yet I lost.  
 Goodnight...



## THINKING OF YOU

Domino effect.  
The waves breaking along the beach  
Smashing on the sand  
Then trickling down the pebbled shore.  
I think of you  
And smile softly.

Wispy clouds  
Gently floating over the ocean  
Filtering the sun.  
Reflection on water hurts my eyes.  
I think of you  
And grin happily.

Smiling sunshine  
Carried by a warm caressing breeze  
Blowing my hair  
Rustling through dry leaves.  
I think of you  
And chuckle quietly.

Top heavy pelicans  
Swooping in and out of the sparkle  
Awkwardly landing  
Waddling by me on short little legs  
I think of you  
And laugh loudly.

Bobbing swell  
Lifting toy boats up and down  
Down and up  
Calmly swallowing a thin black horizon.  
I think of you  
And clutch my stomach.

People standing  
Tilting their heads and watching  
Looking at me  
As I topple down the sandy slope laughing.  
I think of you  
And roll into the water.

by Kellie Steele 12

## PERVERTS

It makes you feel uncomfortable,  
Doesn't it?  
The dirty men with evil eyes  
Scanning your body  
Judging your naivety  
How far can they get  
before it's a crime?  
Their lustful looks surround you  
You feel naked  
Unprotected  
Scared  
What are they looking at?  
Their eyes undress you  
You are left  
Like a damn idiot  
Starkers  
You avoid their arched eyebrows  
Murmurs of approval  
As they rearrange their jocks  
Sleazily  
They smile  
You walk away  
Trying not to wiggle  
But you're built that way  
Feel their eyes following you  
Just pray they do not follow

by Kellie Steele 12

## SUN

The bright  
Morning sun,  
Like  
A big big  
Glowing torch

by Carla Ware

## ANTS

Ants are  
Small  
Like  
A single  
Bread crumb

by Neil Wigley & Dustin Ball

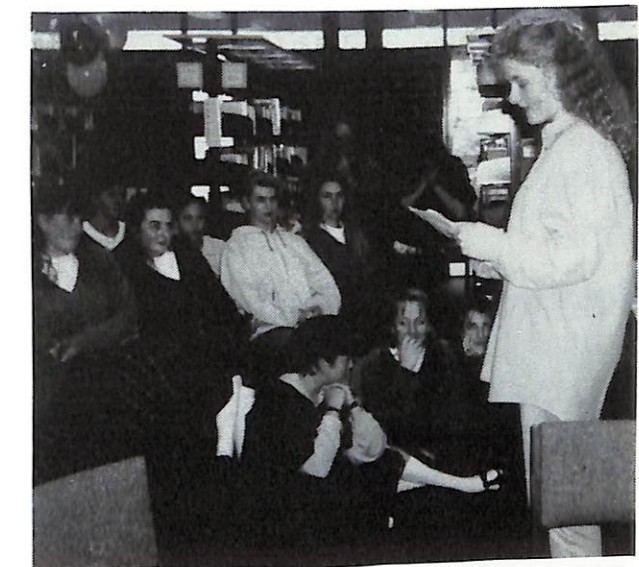
## JANEY RUNCI

A number of students were fortunate enough to attend a gathering to celebrate the arrival of our writer-in residence Janey Runci. We were given an introductory talk by Mr. Donlon who informed us of the things Janey would be doing while here at Heathmont. Then, Mr. Fankhauser discussed the great opportunity that Janey would be providing for us and encouraged all students to make use of this new resource. After Mr. Fankhauser's speech we were treated to recitals of three students work. Then for some, came the highlight of the event, the handing out of bowls of lollies. These bowls were passed up and down numerous times while Janey prepared to talk. When she finally did get up and speak, we were not disappointed. After being read a section of some of Janey's published work she also encouraged us to visit her, saying she was very excited at the prospect of reading some of our work. Everyone left the meeting with a feeling that they now had a reason to write and improve their work with Janey's help.

## MORNING MIST

Morning is so soft and peaceful,  
That it is a picture only found in heaven.  
Tiny rose buds are folded up tight,  
Against the coldness of the night.  
Dew drops hang on spiders webs,  
Making a string of pearls.  
The grass is soft and damp,  
And covered in a sheet of silver.  
Water drops run down the leaves,  
And sparkle like diamonds.  
The trees sway to and fro,  
As the wind softly blows.  
Golden rays slice the clouds,  
And they shine down on all that is beautiful.  
My misty heaven,  
You are no longer silver  
But a palace ablaze with golden ice.

by Fiona Rendell



## THE BATTLE OF MALDON

An Anglo Saxon poem  
(translated and written as an Alliterative Poem)

Brighthelmet's child, who was now a warrior,  
began calling over the cold water.  
"Now there is room to receive you.  
Come to us comrades and conquer like men,  
As God only knows who will bid goodbye,  
And be borne bleeding from the battlefield."  
The murderous Vikings moved on and on,  
Not caring for the chill water on which they  
wandered,  
They passed over the Pant,  
The host shouldering their bright shields,  
Until the last had reached the land,  
And advanced onwards once more,  
Still bearing their shields before them.

by Linda Wight

**PUBLIC SPEAKING**

Gill Shedden of Year 12 became the first student at Heathmont Secondary College to participate in the English Plain Speaking Award. She competed against students from both private and state schools and received high praise from the judges for her performance, which included a prepared speech on "Animal Liberation" and an impromptu on "Shopping", which was warmly applauded by the audience.

In another first, Kylie Shell of Year 11 became the first student from Heathmont to take part in the Jaycees "Youth Speaks to Australia". In a splendid effort, Kylie finished a very close second in the competition and has been urged to compete again next year.



**BARCELONA BASKETBALL**



I'm in the team  
The Boomers basketball team  
Isn't that the best news you've seen?

We're off to Spain  
Ready to train  
For the Barcelona Olympic Games.

We play as a team  
The best you have seen  
The mighty boomers from Aus.

The draw was cast  
We played hard and fast  
But the quarter final we didn't get past

So the team form Down Under  
Watched in wonder  
As the Dream Team from the U.S.  
Flattened the rest  
And proved they are the best.

by Michael Preece 7E

**ALONE IN HIS OWN WORLD**

My friend, he sits there on the couch with a beer in one hand and a smoke in the other. He can't see me watching him because I'm peeking through the crack of the door. He's watching television, but that doesn't mean he's taking it in. His face is long and sad with eyes that are cold and hard. His hair is long and blond and he is also quite tall. His eyes are big and looking tired, the wrinkles around his big eyes tell me he's experienced a bit in life, but the way he looks it hasn't been too good.

He's sitting there on the couch, legs apart in jeans and a shirt, his head is falling to go to sleep, the cigarette is out and the beer bottle has fallen to the floor.

I open the door quietly not to wake him and turn off the television. I found a blanket to place over him to keep him warm. I turn off the light and I clean his mess of empty bottles and cigarette buds everywhere and I kiss him good night, he does not notice it, being drunk and fast asleep.

I suppose you could say I feel a bit sad for him for he hasn't been to happy, emotionally, so he gets drunk every night to let the bad feelings he has inside him flow away.

In the morning he wakes up with a huge headache and a moan and groan and with a backache from sleeping on the couch the wrong way. No smile on his face, just a frown, staggering around our home.

We don't seem to talk as much as we used to and when we do communicate he just moans or groans or doesn't have much to say. Although I care deeply for him I cannot stay and watch him throw his life away. I will help him through this, but I will live my own life, do my own thing. I will not stay. If he wants me to stay and help him to try to change, I will, but only if he will try to help himself.

by Linda Enevoldsen

**ALONE AT NIGHT**

Leaves rustling,  
Swaying bushes,  
Branches scratching,  
Against the window,  
Footsteps coming,  
Closer, closer,  
Darkness creeping in.

Heart thumping,  
Palms sweating,  
Thoughts dashing,  
Who's outside?  
Rain beating,  
Dogs howling,  
Quick, run and hide.

Doors creaking,  
Heavy breathing,  
Eyes staring,  
Someone's there.  
Shadows creeping,  
Moonlight streaking,  
On this scary night.

Night quiet,  
Silent dreaming,  
Creatures stirring,  
As they sleep.  
Eyelids falling,  
Gently drowsing,  
All alone at night.

by Kelly Bettridge 10B

**DEW**

Early morning  
Dew drops on the  
Bright green  
Leaves  
Like  
diamonds on a  
Green velvet cushion

by Sharni Wood

## AUSTRALIAN IDENTITIES

The aborigine wanders aimlessly across the desert plain.

The unhappy woman makes her way along the rocky shore.

The young boy, full of dreams, heads for his horizons.

The teenager cries as she leaves the doctor's surgery knowing she is pregnant.

The sexy male stripper flaunts his lustful body to the crowd.

The surfer grabs his board and hits the raging sea.  
The farmer's wife milks the cow in the twilight of the morning.

The family man works day and night to keep his family alive.

The frightened children run from the blazing fire.  
The player clenches his fist at the umpire's final decision.

The joey bounds towards his mother at the first sound of danger.

The band pumps up the volume for their screaming fans.

The housewife slaves away at the kitchen sink.

The greenies hold their protest until dawn.

The street kid rummages the rubbish bins for his first morning meal.

The cricketer takes his bat and heads towards the pitch.

The brumbies run in the mountains freely.

The doctor works endlessly to save the newborn child.

The young lovers kiss and cuddle experiencing the feeling of love.

The old digger closes his eyes against the tears of Remembrance Day.

The young boy regrets not wearing a seat belt and now is paralysed for life.

The koala lazily munches on the green gum leaves.

The postman delivers the results to the waiting V.C.E. students.

The grandparents watch happily as the children play on the play equipment.

The drunk sobered up in the jail cell and realises what he has done.

The business man sips champagne in celebration of his long-awaited promotion.

The computer programmer busily types in the essential data.

by Year 10 Literature Class

### HE WAS

He was my friend

He was my love,

He was my peace

Like a white dove,

He was my hope

He was my truth,

He was my idol

Who showed me how to cope,

He was a listener

He was a guide

He was the one I lost

He was my dad.

### FRIENDSHIP

My idea of Friendship,  
Is the kind that really lasts;  
All that matters is the future,  
Forget about the past.

It must survive a thousand battles  
Put up a thousand fights,  
It must glow like a candle  
Or a Christmas tree with lights

Put up with all the heartache,  
Put up with all the tears;  
Relive each other's dreams,  
And conquer all your fears.

Help get it through the bad times,  
And cherish all the good;  
Build your friendship like a brick wall,  
Or a castle made of wood.

Listen to my words,  
Hear what they say;  
Cause if your friendship isn't made of this,  
You're missing in a major way.

## G'DAY MATES!

My name is Marinella Jarvela and I'm a Finnish exchange student at your school during 1992-1993. I arrived in Australia at the beginning of July, so now I have been here about two months. But before I arrived in Australia, there was a long time to wait until July.

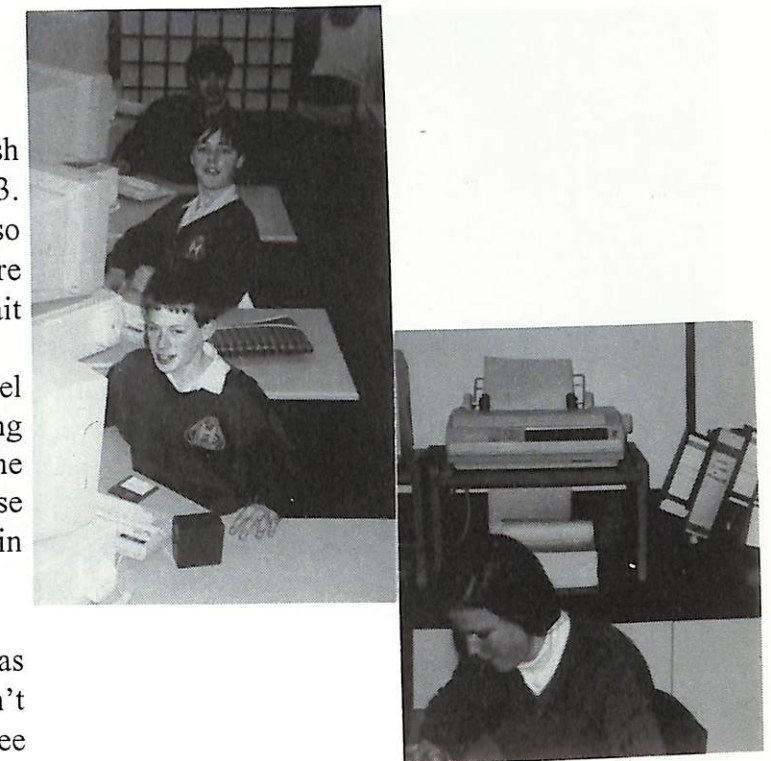
I sent my applications to S.T.S. (Student Travel Schools) on August 1991. It was a very exciting time to wait for the answer if I am chosen for the exchange program or not. I was so happy because I was! I'm very lucky I can be here because in Australia it is not very easy to get here.

The other thing, and almost more exciting, was waiting for the Host Family information. I wasn't very lucky because I got my information only three weeks before my leaving from Finland.

But now I'm here and all these are in the past. I have really enjoyed your beautiful country and its people, and my Host Family is excellent! Many things really are different here. Seasons are in a different time, no snow in Winter, many strange animals and you even drive your cars on "the wrong side" of road!

Now I'm looking forward to Summer and the trip that will be during the holiday. It'll be for S.T.S. exchange students and we'll roam almost all over Australia. It will be great! Seeya!

by Marinella Jarvela



The Magazine Committee in Action

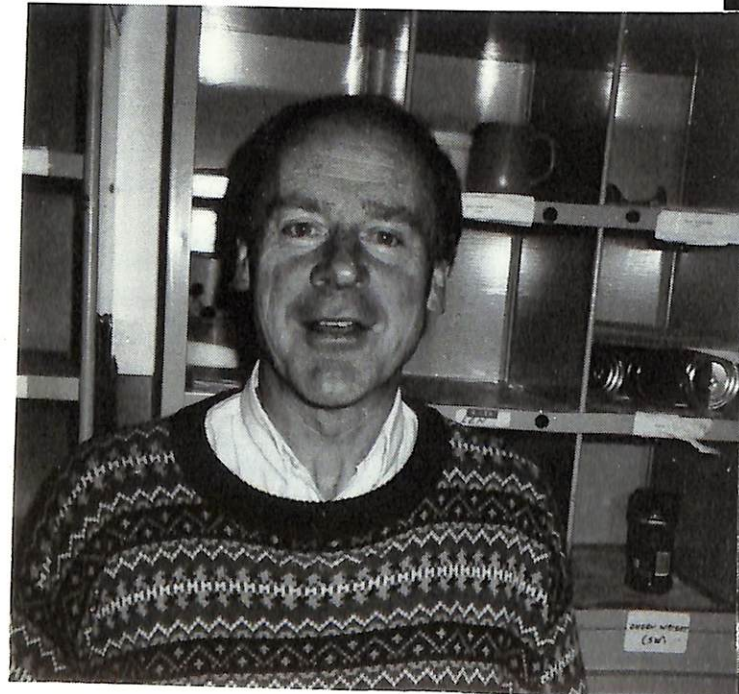




THEY ARE LEAVING



GOODBYE AND THANKS



WE'LL MISS YOU

Mike Curtis

Margaret Tyson

John Harrowfield

Michele Deckert

Wendy Spratt



HEATHMONT SECONDARY COLLEGE  
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Ross Ferguson

Myrna McBain

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Kitchen Maids: Jenny Cox

Elizabeth Downie

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Beth Hamilton

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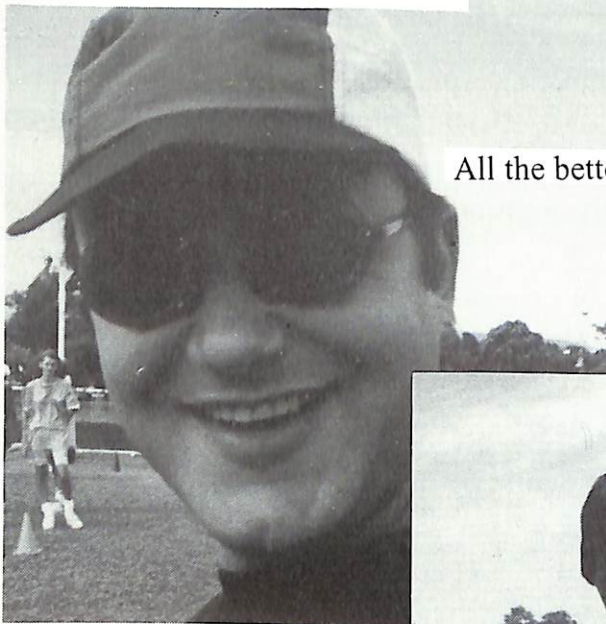
Susan Wright

Ayman Youssef

DAGASAURUS FINALISTS 1992



Maybe D.P. would be better than this ...



All the better to see you with!



... five hundred and forty - ouch! ..



Anyone for juggling?



With a full Airpot I'm a match for anyone or anything, young man.



Lisa, I didn't mean that you should literally bite my ...

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE 1992

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