

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit huius.

Vivat Academia
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Struan '72





Buzz's Burblings

Well, here it is, Struan 1972. We've had an exciting, different year at F.T.C. and my aim has been to record as much of it as possible in this Struan. There have been many mind-boggling phenomena, such as a mass sit-in on the oval, and subsequent bone-weed pulling; messy egg-throwing escapades; exhausting square dances; a colourful raft race; a hazardous hardest-to-find competition and, of course, our one and only "Elf".

Your Struan has, for the first time, been printed within the College. It has taken many nerve-racking, ink-stained hours, and sincere thanks go to the Struan devotees who aided and abetted production. The much sworn-at machine has done it's job and presents Shirley's typing, Wendy Cummings' cartoons, Chris Bennetts' photos and my layout and article headings quite graphically. Thanks also to staff members who either wrote articles or judged the awards.

To returning students there is the challenge to become absorbed and involved in the type of life that College can offer. For exit students the challenge is to survive the never-to-be-forgotten first year out teaching, and then the less frantic years which follow. Good luck to everyone.

Julie Buzzacott

Z WAR



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| BARTOLOTTO, Alan P. | You're overdue again (Periodicals). | BLACKLEDGE, Sandra D. | Don't say a tissue, say a Scottie's. |
| BRENNAN, Stephen J. | The "A" student. | BOOTH, Pamela M. | Have you got your specimen here today? |
| BROWN, Andrew D. | Gone but not forgotten. | BORENSTEIN, Diana | I don't agree . . . what did you say? |
| CAPPADONNA, Anthony | Not another sick joke. | BOSMAN, Julie A. | What did the Easter Bunny bring, Julie? |
| NOWELL, Heather M. | The big knit(er) | BOYD, Janet M. | Whose engagement can I announce next? |
| ALLISON, Jane M. | She's improved with practise. | BREMNER, Trina K. | He went down fighting. |
| ANSELL, Margaret C. | My little Brownies aren't always brown. | BRIDGFORD, Anne M. | Anyone for a funny girl? |
| BAGLEY, Kristine A. | Z I's tourer. | BROWN, Ellen K. | Jan made me do it. |
| BARNES, Anne G. | Who pulled who's door off whose car? | BROWN, Rosalie | Who drives the portable motel. |
| BARRADELL-SMITH, Diana | Who's Elf is in whose pocket? | BROWN, Roslyn | What's the difference between hostel and flat? |
| BARRETT, Janet S. | If you can't think of anything original, you shouldn't be teacher's. | BULL, Annette E. | That's a lot of bull . . . |
| BARRETT, Lorraine J. | Our group conscience. | LOUGHRIDGE, Jeanette E. | Never on Wednesdays. |
| BEATTIE, Vivien B. | No relation to Warren Beattie. | BURGIO, Gregoria | It's amazing what Jim and I do over a pot. |
| BEBB, Lynette P. | Our Ski mistress. | BECKWORTH, Judy T. | Why did she leave Bendigo? ? |

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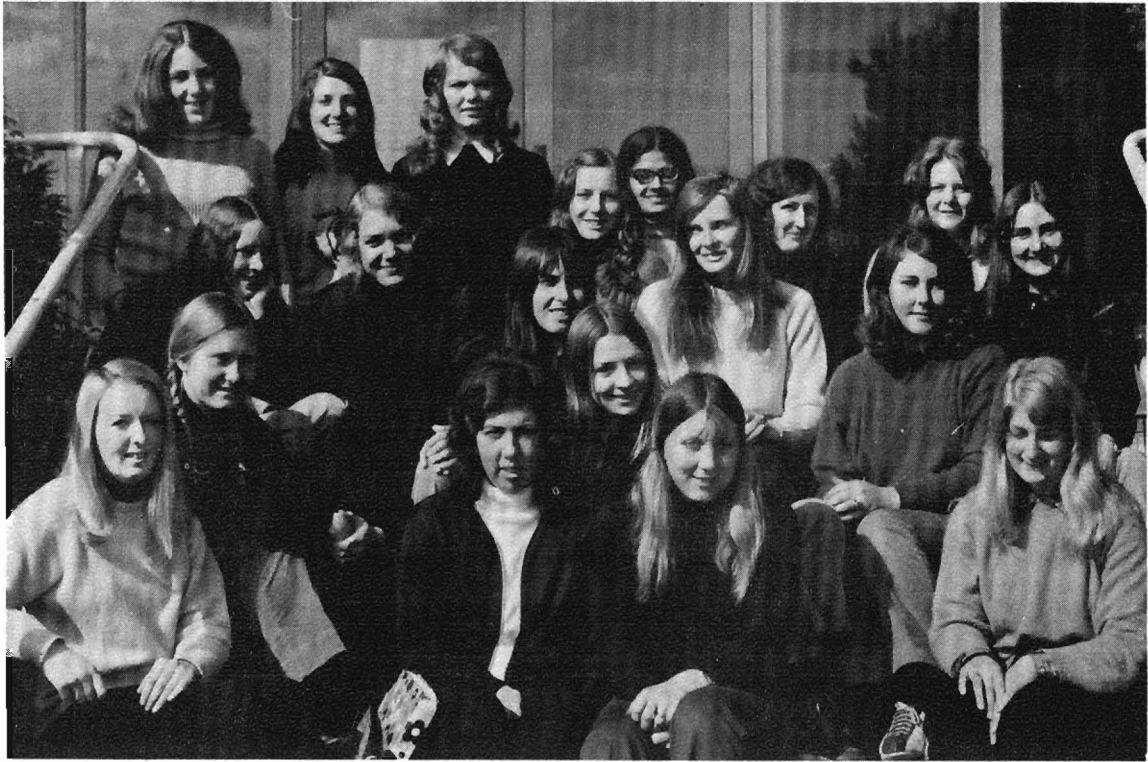
CRANG, Leigh J.	You're joking! !	DAVEY, Susan J.	Is she one of our group? ?
DALTON, Kevin R.	Fairy interesting.	DOWLER, Barbara G.	Our marathon walker to College.
DRYSDALE, Ian R.	Our married man.	DUFFY, Irene R.	Our marvellous money manageress.
BUZZACOTT, Julie H.	H-I-D-E-O-U-S ! !	DUKE, Eleanor A.	Eleanor Ann Duke Forbes . . . would you believe Annabelle? ?
CAIRNEY, Maureen E.	Happiness is John and plants?	DUNCAN, Susanne J.	De nutty wun! !
CANTWELL, Sheryl E.	Ten cents please.	DYER, Susanne J.	Always rushing, always smiling.
CARNE, Judith A.	Al-pal's little red-haired girl.	EASTERBROOK, Elizabeth	Yeah, that's right
CARTLEDGE, Jennifer A.	Don't you think it would be a good idea if we . . .	EDNEY, Jennifer F.	Ooooh Allan! and golf clubs.
CLOKE, Janette R.	What's S.R.C. let alone their fees? ?	ELLIS, Christine M.	Our star in the "Sun".
COE, Heather I.	Believes in long engagements.	ELLIS, Judith M.	Disguised talent! !
COGLAN, Dianne M.	Mmmm . . . but . . .	EVANS, Janet E.	What did happen at that ski weekend? (1970)
COVEOS, Jane	Quiet, but studious.	FARR, Sue	Our hamburger helper.
CRAIG, Dianne H.	Always quiet and happy.		

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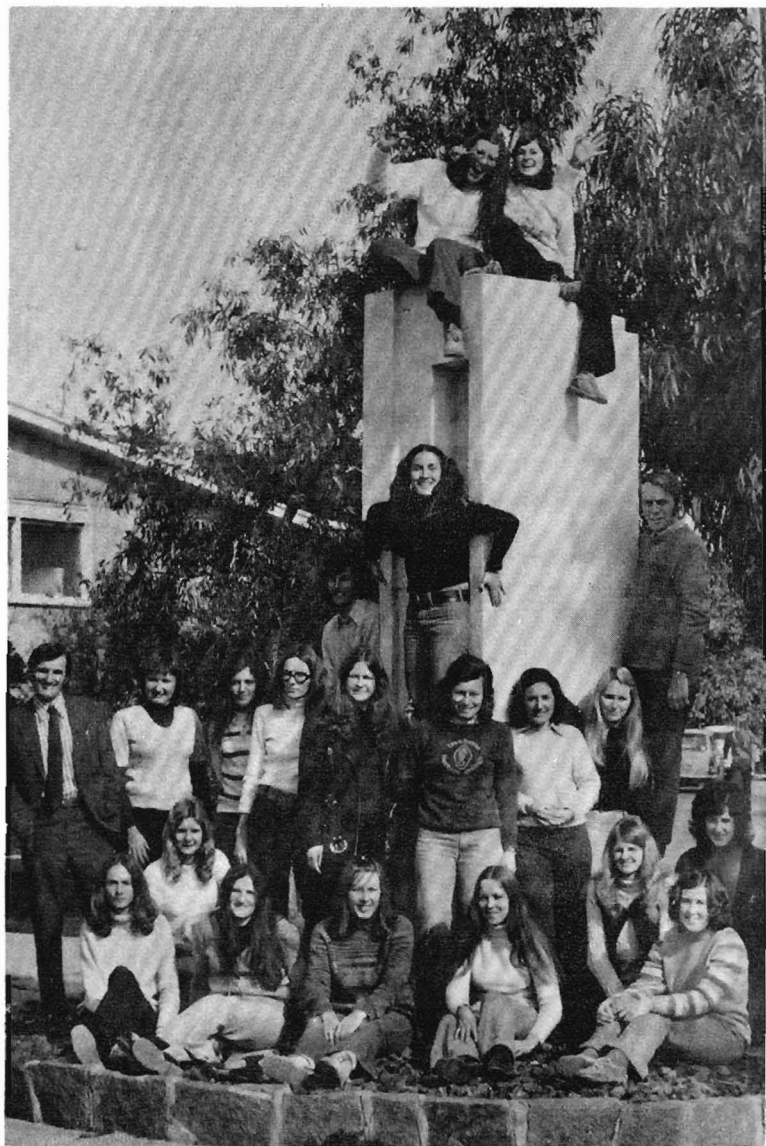
- FOX, Les** The only car at college held together by red stickers.
- JACKSON, Stan** Perfect record . . . one group meeting per term. Good on ya Super! !
- KEMP, Alan** Hopes that Ralph Nader's figures about the back seats of Holdens are wrong.
- FAVOLORO, Anne** Better late than never.
- FERGUSON, Heather** Welfare . . . Who's? ?
- FINDLAY, Kaye** Likes drinking machines.
- FITZMAURICE, Marilyn** I'll get my driver's licence if it kills me --- or somebody else!
- FRANKENI, Faye** Mother's Club President.
- GIBLIN, Katy** They (S.R.C.) have absolutely no right to . . .
- GILHAM, Lorraine** No, blue windcheater's are not the F.T.C. uniform.
- HALE, Sue** Mrs. Hamilton wants me? What for?
- HURST, Carolyn** Comes from Footscray to find her lectures are cancelled.
- GRINHAM, Karen** Ted always says "What is it supposed to be?"
- DODD, Christina** Rubbish . . . my aids are not overdue!
- HALPIN, Judith** Gets a free oil change and grease.
- HELLIER, Carol** Has a couple of good tips (racing, that is).
- HERMAN, Trudi** The other Trudi.
- HIHO, June** Wants to be a racing car driver.
- HOGARTH, Gayl** Oakleigh F.C. mascot. Did you see Phil on tele?
- HUNT, Toni** Expert recorder player.
- HUXTABLE, Margaret** Mrs Toes Van der Hoof? ?
- JACKSON, Ruth** The other hostel kids are permanently starved, but Ruth is still eating.
- JAGAN, Chris** Oh boy! Pottery again.
- JAMIESON, Mary** Maaaaaaarry.
- JANECZKO, Eluna** Could you all listen for a minute?
- JANETZKI, Robyn** (Noise) Guess who rang me last night?
- FACEY, Sue** Made a come back.

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| PICKLES, Michael J. | I'm just trying to have a hoot and a toot on the old spit and dribble tube. | NEWNHAM, Lynette J. | The Hostel Fiend. |
| MITCHELL, Beverley S. | The silent one. | NOLAN, Susan M. | Miss Mornington Peninsula. |
| MITCHELL, Robyn E. | Second time lucky, they say. | NUTT, Marian E. | Up with Labour, ya ya ya. |
| MOONEY, Patricia L. | I'm always busting to go. | VANDERHELM, Rozlyn | I just sank when I met Hank the Hunk. |
| LENNOX, Cheryle A. | She has her own Ray of sunshine. | PALMER, Margaret A. | First it was a broken arm, now it's glandular fever . . . the walking health bar. |
| MOORE, Nerissa M. | Well it's John, or is it Scott? No it's Colin. | PARKER, Carol G. | I wish my hair would grow. |
| MORRISON, Maxine R. | The walking street directory. | CALLANAN, Sandra E. | Have you come across any good recipes lately? |
| MORSE, Judy-E. | The secret marrier. | PAYNE, Linda J. | I'll collect the ten cents at the door, ok? |
| MORTIMER, Susan J. | Redhaired inhabitant of Hostel and hotel? ? | PEREIRA, Suzanne G. | The rocket talker. |
| MURPHY, Valerie J. | Miss Guest would like you to pay attention, please. | PHELAN, Rosemary R. | I use SCOTTies all the time. |
| MURRAY, Stephanie A. | Miss V.W. dragster, 1972. | PORTINGALE, Sue G. | Anyone for basketball? ? |
| NAKON, Maria | I wish they'd get my name right. | RASMUSSEN, Rosemary J. | Miss Ford, 1972. |
| NATOKA, Elena | This college makes me flip my wig(s). | RAWLEY, Nola M. | Anyone for a ride on the Puffing Billy? |

Z sick's



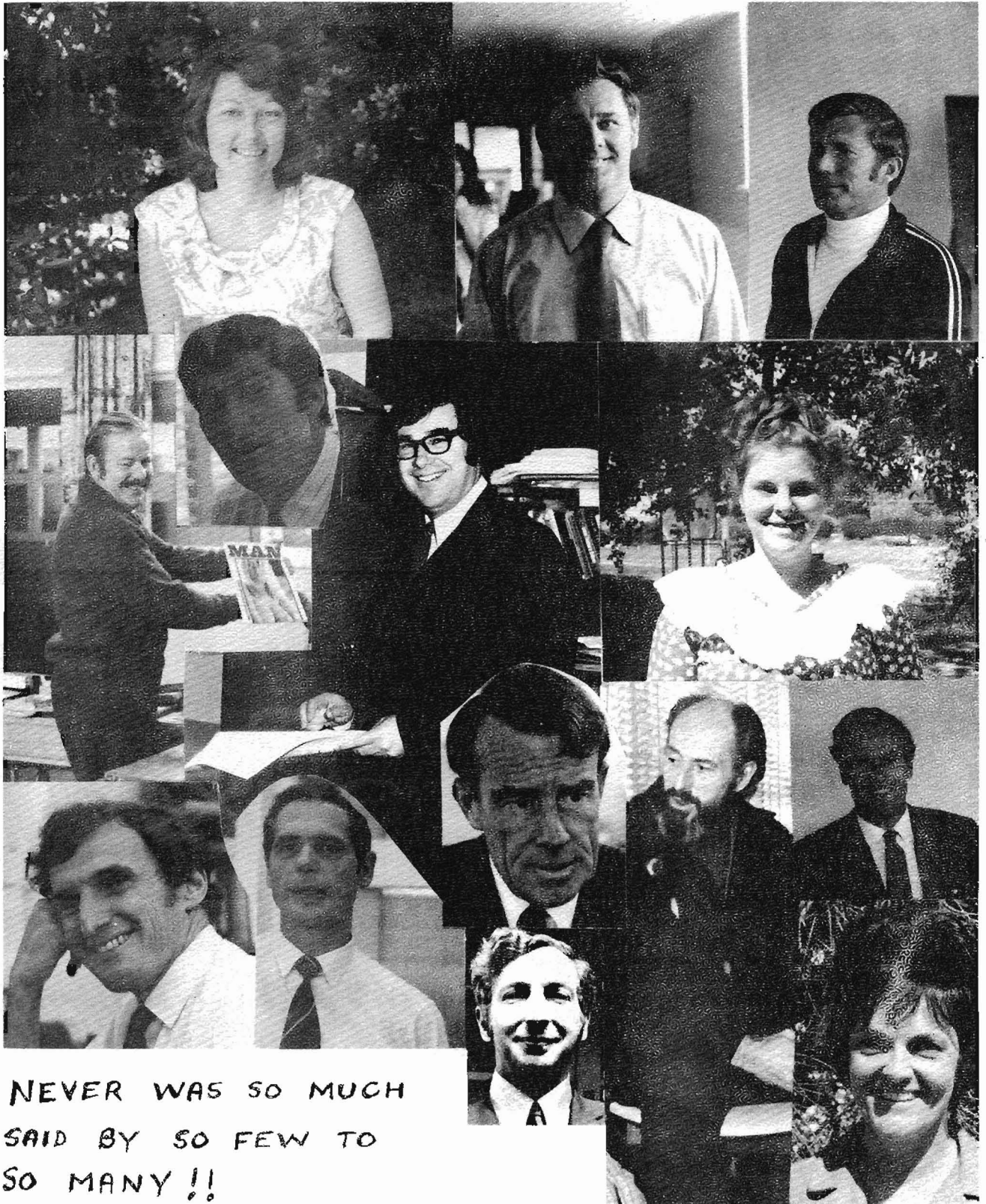
- RAY, William J.** Our blue-eyed, country-loving, hymn-singing padre.
- RILEY, Michael J.** Mini Pappas — "Quiet back stage".
- ROSS, Anthony B.** An up and coming M.P. for Hotham.
- RAYMOND, Anne** Why did she jump out of bed and hurt her foot? ? ?
- READ, Pamela D.** Laughs a lot.
- REID, Catherine P.** How many hotdogs do we want? ?
- MATTHEWS, Susan P.** One of our marrieds.
- RICHARDS, Susan J.** Who can I bot a ciggy from?
- RITCHIE, Gail M.** Married life has certainly made travel to College easier.
- ROBERTS, Ellen I.** One of the more pleasant Z6's.
- ROBINSON, Heather A.** The prize giggler.
- ROBINSON, Ngaire E.** Take your partner and do-si-do.
- ROBINSON, Susan M.** Barry seems to be taking up a lot of my time lately.
- BARRETT, Lynette D.** Just another thing. We raised \$1,000 for the Guide Dogs.
- RYAN, Denise** Z6's little mother? ?
- SANDERSON, Jennifer A.** It's about time I broke off with David again.
- SILVER, Marilyn S.** Hi-Ho . . . Silver.
- SAUNDERS, Jennifer L.** Outstanding — S.R.C. fees that is.
- SCHERER, Grete I.** Speeding Holden driver.
- SCHWAB, Carol E.** What's a Guru, Carol? ?
- SEAMONS, Elizabeth A.** She just likes potting around.
- SHARP, Margaret** Silent observer of the Fabrics room.
- SHAW, Julie M.** I love popping popcorn. Ooh, Ooh
- SHEPHARD, Linda C.** Well, you see. No it's not like that.
- SHEPHERD, Evelyn A.** Without these eyes, I can't see a thing.
- SHERWELL, Heather D.** Er, um, well, yes! !
- SICILIANO, Christina** She's got the littlest of everything -- and no control.
- SMITH, Robyn D.** Our "Fair" lady.

Z sevir

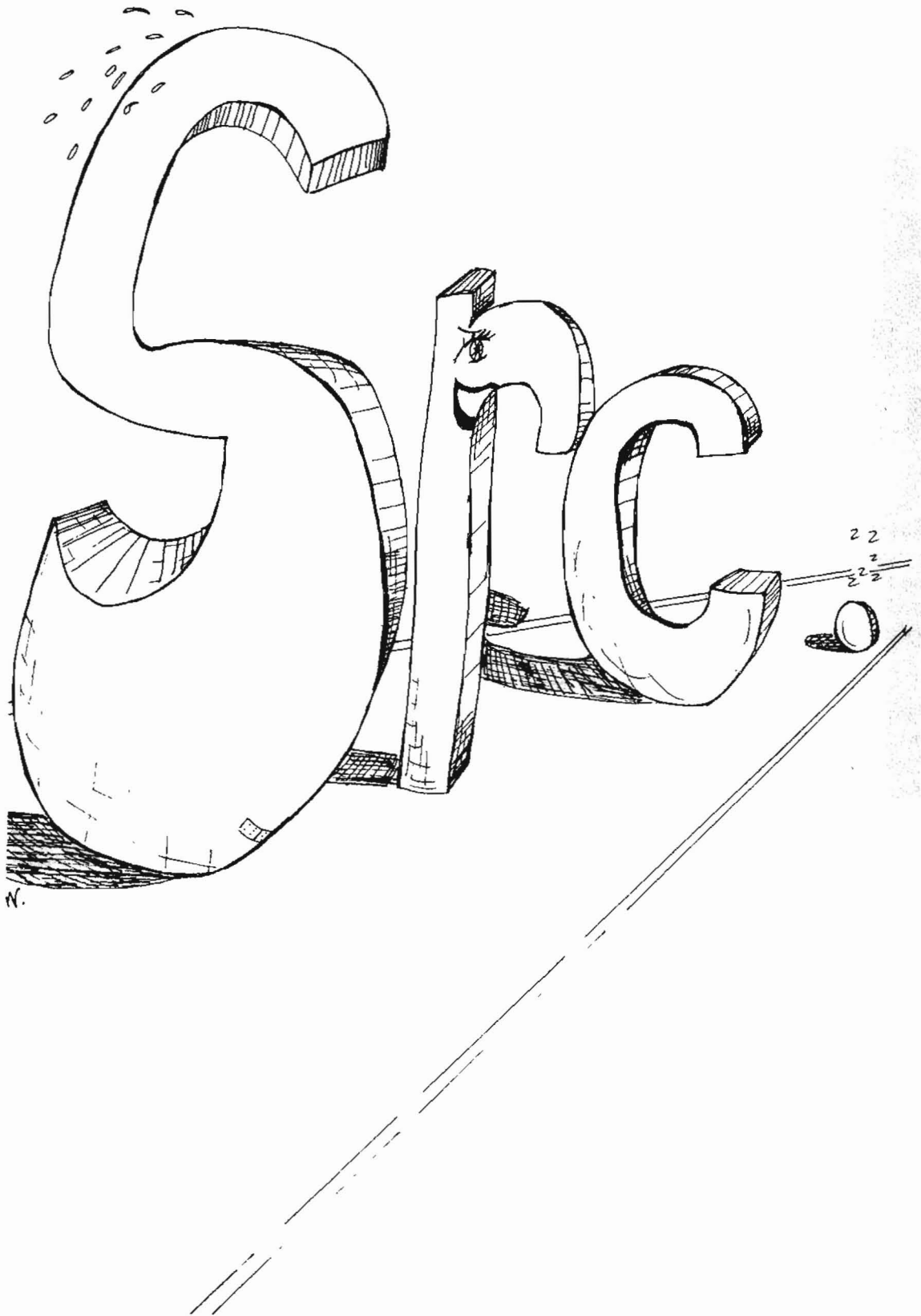


STEVENS, Bill S.	Father of the Year.	TEMBY, Sharon L.	Otherwise known as Lloyd Bridges.
WATKINS, David J.	Hells Angels' chief bikie.	THOMAS, Pauline R.	Our country hick.
WILSON, John W.	Dream boy—Z7's heart throb.	THOMPSON, Susan E.	Suffers with B.O.
WINBANKS, Dennis B.	Our mechanic.	TRUEMAN, Patricia	The Datsun doll.
WYNN, Gregory A.	Our chess champ.	WALL, Judith S.	Thick as a brick.
SPENCER, Kaye	Bubbie.	KING, Sally	Another married.
STEENHOLDT, Judith M.	Thinking of joining the Navy.	WALTERS, Sharyn A.	Mother of us all.
STEPHENS, Charlene A.	One of the Frankston house dwellers.	WAUGH, June M.	Wog.
STEVENS, Judith A.	Digs a mean dyke.	WELLER, Monika I.	The sardine can opener.
STEWART, Jeanette K.	The leather lady.	WHITE, Julie A.	The group's social worker.
STOREY, Dianne J.	Has a habit of climbing.	WHITING, Helen P.	She loves flake.
STREET, Maree P.	Walks the streets.	WILSON, Judith M.	Our elected complainer.
SYMONS, Donna P.	One of the marrieds.	WOLFE, Susan A.	Our chief projectionist.
TALBOT, Susan D.	From the old country.	YEWERS, Lynette A.	Sorry I'm late.
TANNER, Marta A.	Paddy.	YOUENS, Joan M.	Crochet Cat.

exie experts



NEVER WAS SO MUCH
SAID BY SO FEW TO
SO MANY !!



President's



Report

It is difficult to assess S.R.C.'s work of 1972 in one short article, because I do not think this magazine even gives the full picture. The work of a Students' Representative Council should not reflect so much in the major feats achieved maybe three or four times a year, e.g. balls social events etc., but in the day by day services offered to students. With this in mind we have attempted to provide a balanced service to all students.

We began this year with our financial affairs in a shambles - a fact not openly realised. The task of controlling over \$15,000 is momentous for any student, and unfortunately our books were not in order. By employing a Secretary, Shirley Anderson, we have alleviated this accounting problem and I can report that every cent taken or spent this year has been correctly accounted for. Shirley has provided us and ultimately you with a much tidier and complete service, and sales of fordigraph, windcheaters, theatre bookings, ball tickets, etc. have been well organised.

I think the two aspects of S.R.C.'s work this year which have best emphasized a resurgence in student involvement and concern were publications and theatrical productions. Again, I am sure not all students realise the changes we have made for their benefit. By producing and printing our own regular newsletters, Nostrums and other relevant information, we have attempted to inform you of our activities as well as provide an opportunity for you to voice your opinions. Much information about College and society generally has been relayed through our publications, as well as criticism and resultant action to it by those affected.

The other exciting aspect has been the two drama productions. Black Comedy and Elf were both student-organised and run under Mr. Pappas' guidance. Elf especially, with such a large cast, captured everybody's imagination and the audience response indicated that students can present worthwhile and meaningful material of a high standard.

All other constituted committees proceeded with their affairs admirably and their work is described in the following reports.

Perhaps the most recent but in the future one of the most influential aspects of our work will be concerning curricula matters. This year we

initiated investigations into certain sides of academic procedures. This involvement will, if successful, allow you a much greater say in matters which concern you and your course directly. For next year, S.R.C. is planning a Curricula Committee to look after students' interests, and this will need every returning student's support to make it a success. Also, hopefully, students will have a means of representation directly to the Board of Studies.

On a more sour note, we still had a small number of students failing to give us financial support but still expecting the direct benefits we offer. They proved a nuisance throughout the year and I only hope ALL students give their support in future years. Also unwarranted criticism and apathy to our work hampered some activities throughout the year.

It is with mixed feelings that I conclude this article. I am glad that I have finished my course but sad at losing so many friends at College. I only hope that every person, on reflecting at this stage of their College life, has these same sentiments. I wish John Anthony, his S.R.C. executive and all returning students the best of luck in their College life, and all exits good teaching next year.

Leigh Crang

Vice Pres.



Involvement is the key to enjoyment in an institution such as ours. I personally have thoroughly enjoyed myself at Frankston and only wish this were the case for everybody. Frankston offers a wide variety of activities and facilities, ranging from sport and car rallies to extricating bone-seed from our natural bush areas.

That time be found to relax and enjoy ourselves in a way which benefits ourselves and others is important to our physical and mental well-being, and is as much a part of learning to become a teacher as academic studies.

My work on S.R.C. over the past two years, involvement on committees, in sport and drama, has shown me that training to be a teacher is not just learning to teach but learning to live.

Learning to live also involves meeting and mixing with people; those I've met at College - the staff and students - will stay in my memory long after the vision of rooms and corridors fades. It is to them I owe a great deal and I'm sure I speak for others as well as myself when I say this.

To next year's S.R.C. and other returning students, I can only say how I envy you. A new building, wonderful theatre and course innovations should help to make 1973 an exciting and memorable year for everyone. Remember three years is shorter than you think; make use of what F.T.C. offers and become part of the atmosphere it generates.

Sharyn Walters

Secretary



I began the year not really knowing much about the Secretary's job. But it has proved to be a very enjoyable and valuable experience.

The S.R.C.'s decision to hire Mrs. Anderson as a business secretary has been of great benefit to me. Even though it has not lessened my workload, it has enabled me to cope with a greater bulk of work. I feel that the acquisition of the offset duplicator has been a good step forward. It has helped to bring the students closer to the workings of S.R.C. and this, of course, is as it should be.

S.R.C. has become stronger this year because there has been some improvement in group representation at S.R.C. meetings.

However, attendance is still not as we would like it. S.R.C. is responsible to the student body but what a small percentage of group representatives don't realise is that they are responsible to their groups. This is the cause of some of the breakdown of communication. I hope that this can be improved in coming years but I don't quite see how. People cannot be forced to attend meetings; it should be up to them.

S.R.C., with the help of the students it represents, is attempting to widen its spheres of activity. Students are now showing that they need more academic and professional channels through S.R.C., both inside and outside Frankston Teachers' College. As the representative attending meetings of the Victorian State Council of Student Teachers, I have been able to compare problems of Frankston T.C. against those of other Colleges - actually we come off remarkably well. The experience of other Colleges in dealing with their problems and our knowledge of their actions should aid us in coping with problems which face us. I hope that the steps taken in internal matters such as assessment, school experience and course structure can be furthered in 1973.

There are many people whom I should thank and these include other Executive officers, S.R.C. reps. and Staff representatives - all have been willing to help or give advice when I have needed it. I thank the students for their co-operation during the year. Good luck to 3rd years and I hope College in 1973 will be successful for 1st and 2nd years.

Jenny Patullo

Treasurer



My year as Treasurer has been a new experience for me, and I have enjoyed it very much. Merely being involved in the S.R.C. activities, work and decisions is a challenge and an eye-opener.

We began the year somewhat in confusion as we were waiting for last year's bookkeeping to be audited. We also faced the same old problem of fee collection. Next year I would say a major decision the new S.R.C. will have to make will be that concerning their stand on 'fees'. It is well known that without adequate financial backing no group or committee can survive, let alone function effectively.

Therefore these questions must be considered. Does S.R.C. have the right to collect S.R.C. fees from all students? Is the S.R.C. justified in pressuring those unwilling students to pay up their fees? Are unofficial S.R.C. members eligible to use the facilities and property provided by the S.R.C., or to participate in the many activities organised by S.R.C.? If these students are not considered eligible, how are they to be barred?

One possible way to gauge student opinion on this issue of fees is to call a general meeting of all students. However, as shown so often throughout 1972, students will agree to suggestions because agreement is quick and easy, and prompt agreement means a short meeting so they can get back to what they want to do.

Possibly this situation will change next year if students become more aware of and interested in what's going on around them. I hope the 1973 S.R.C. is able to reach a satisfactory decision on fees and thus establish a definite policy concerning this issue.

This year we changed the bookkeeping system of having separate accounts for each student club. All money was placed in the General Account. We set up a system of 'grants' by which each club president estimated his expenses for the year and applied for this amount of money for use during the year. The S.R.C. executive finalised the grants and allocated what they considered fair amounts. This system has worked very well this year as clubs tended to work more closely to pre-planned budgets and it was easy to see how much money we could estimate would be available for general expenditure.

We spent \$1,000 on an offset duplicator and \$250 on an electric typewriter. This expense is justified by the fact that we can now print our own student newspapers and save considerably on the cost of each issue.

In March of this year we employed a business secretary - Shirley Anderson - who works 20 hours per week. Without her S.R.C. could never have functioned as effectively as we have. Shirley does all our typing and most of the bookkeeping, as well as taking on many jobs for S.R.C. members when they are overburdened with College work. Every member of S.R.C. appreciates Shirley's efficient, high quality work, as well as her pleasant personality and friendliness. We all thank her sincerely for the great help she has given the 1972 S.R.C.

I have been very happy in my position as Treasurer and I wish the 1973 Treasurer as much enjoyment. Thanks to all those who have supported S.R.C. this year, and to all students I suggest that involvement is the key to enjoyment of College life.

Jenny Cartledge



Social

I must begin by congratulating the new Social Representative, Sharron Hughes, and at the same time thank her for her great work throughout the last two years, especially with the decorations for the First Term Ball at St. Kilda and the infamous 'Aussie Ball' at the Royale Ballroom. I sincerely hope Sharron can find another reliable person like herself, and so make her job next year as enjoyable as my job was this year.

The three "Square Dances" organised by Ngaire Robinson were really swinging nights. You just would not believe how many people do not know which is their left or right hand. Taa, Ngaire.

A Car Rally which ended up anywhere from Crib Point to Devil's Bend depending on your ability was the site of many rotten eggs just ask Gnome and Rob. Taa, Rhonda White and helpers.

The introduction of I.D. cards this year enabled many cheap nights at the flicks, especially "Godspell", "Eazza" and "Grease". Taa, An Bridgford.

A B.B.Q. is planned to be held at Red Hill on Mr. Brennan's farm later on this year. Taa, Mr. Brennan. Your thoughtful offer will undoubtedly proved successful.

Another premature "taa" to Lynn Bebb for arranging the final Ball at the New Palais in St. Kilda.

I'd like to thank all the S.R.C. gang for their help and companionship this year, not forgetting Shirley Anderson's capable and reliable assistance throughout the year.

Finally I'd like to deliver an extra big "taa" to everyone who has attended any of the social turns over the last two years. I hope you have enjoyed them as much as I have. Here's to beaut Chrissy hols and an even better 1973.

Jan Barrett

C & D



This year, as Concert and Dramatics representative on the S.R.C., I have endeavoured to provide various forms of entertainment throughout the year. The well-known pop groups, "Friends", "Country Radio", "Taman Shud" and folk singer John Graham provided a bit of life from the usual drab lunchtimes at College. "Dooit Week" also gave us the opportunity to see a wide variety of talents exhibited by the Queensland pop group "Shepherd", the "Limehouse Jazz Band" and John Graham.

Concerts utilising student talent were also organised during the year. How can we forget the fine singing style of "Gnome", the many antics of "Wog" and the unforgettable pie-eating, hard-boiled egg eating, gargling and laughing competitions. Thank you to all those people who participated in these concerts, not only for showing us that some talent does exist around the College but also that we have some very good garglers and fast-eaters with iron stomachs.

However, we must also give a vote of thanks to those first years who were initiated into this College by being forced to get up on stage to sing "Ipsy Wipsy Spider" (with actions) for us during the Orientation Concert, showing their true worth as student teachers. Once again, the third years are expected to give a Concert for the first and second years during their final week here at College.

Concert and Dramatics was given much more responsibility this year due to the fact that the S.R.C. was asked to "take over" the Play and Musical. "Black Comedy" proved to be another of Mr. Pappas' successes but, unfortunately, we were unable to hold a Musical this year. This was mainly due to the fact that Mr. Brennan, who has produced the College Musicals for many years, was unavailable this year and the Music Staff and S.R.C. encountered too many loopholes while trying to find a way to present a Musical this year. However, plans for next year's anticipated Musical are already underway. Our new theatre should prove to be a valuable asset in all future College productions.

One of the huge successes of the year was definitely the multi-media College drama "Elf in My Pocket", the first of its kind presented in this establishment. This student-written, student-produced and student-presented production (under the guidance of Mr. Pappas) not only provided hours of enjoyment for the participants but everyone was thrilled to be able to present the show to a packed house on four occasions. The fact that a record of the many songs from the show has been produced is another indication of the show's success.

Another great success this year was the "Miss (male) F.T.C." Contest when no less than 22 guys paraded down the carpeted catwalk early one Wednesday arvo'. Why, a couple of the fellas were accused of being "real girls"! The adornments of wigs, high heels, stuffed chests, pig-tails, mini-skirts, hot-pants, bikinis and makeup sent everybody into peels of laughter, and the comments from our distinguished compere "Nurt Bewton" did just as good a job.

During the year, Concert and Dramatics also managed to secure the services of actors and actresses from the "Melbourne Theatre Company" who presented two shows ("Crazy World of Advertising" and "Jailed") for us one evening. Everybody appeared to enjoy these performances and the S.R.C. was given an incentive to try to provide more night-time activities.

Finally, I would like to thank all those people who supported Concert and Dramatics this year, thus helping to make the various activities successful; I hope you enjoyed them as much as I did. As Concert and Dramatics representative next year I am hoping to organise other forms of entertainment you may be interested in as well as activities similar to the abovementioned.

Best wishes for the holidays.

Rita Farrelly

Sport



It is not an easy task to summarize a year of sport which has excelled in many areas but lagged miserably in others. Looking back, it seems to have been a relatively happy and successful year, but we must admit that there were times when sport was far from happy and far from successful. Here is a description of what actually happened and perhaps the opinions which accompany it may help to qualify.

There were 24 clubs this year, some more lively than others, but overall they covered a wide range of activities. All the students who were involved, either organizing, competing or just showing interest deserve credit and many thanks. The club presidents and members of staff especially did a great deal of work which we appreciate.

Competing teams in the inter-college draw were -

- Hockey - (Sharyn Walters, Mrs. Claringbold and Mrs. McKeown.) They reached the semi-finals.
- Softball - (Anne Forbes, Mr. Falda)
- Squash - (Judi Wall)
- Men's Basketball (Leon McAlpine and Mr. Lewis)
This was one of the keenest, most enthusiastic clubs in College. Congratulations and thanks to all. The Wednesday afternoon and Wednesday night teams both reached the Finals. There was also a Sunday night team for which the guys made great "weekend efforts" to play.
- Women's Basketball (Helen Lee-Archer)
- Golf - (Ailan Miller)
- Football - (Dennis Hanley and Mr. Marshall)
- Volleyball - (Dianne Lee) They were runners-up.
- Tennis - (Mr. Seedsman)
- Netball - (Heather Coe, Miss Wallace and Mr. Dolphin) Congratulations to both teams for winning their grand finals.
- Tabletennis - Congrats. for winning the Grand Final

Other non-competing clubs were -

- Bowling - (Kevin Gould)
- Horse-riding - (Merrin Trewin)
- Water skiing - (Kevin Dalton and Mr. Ladd)
- Scuba Diving - (Margaret Taylor and Mr. Finnis)
- Canoeing - (Graeme Midgley and Mr. Falla)
- Yachting - (Ngairé Robinson and Mr. Falla)
- Caveneering - (Michael Rogers)
- Cricket - (Peter Levey)
- Surfing - (Malcolm Nicholson)
- Modern Dance - (Cecilia Meehan and Mrs. Claringbold)
- Gymnastics - (Penne Matthews)
- Fencing - (Mr. Piggott)
- Chess - (Greg Wynn)

Besides the Inter-College draw, we had competition from Geelong Teachers' College, who visited us on July 12 and Cerberus Naval Depot, whom we visited on August 9. And what a day to remember that was, as always!!

There was of course the Inter-College Athletics. We were extremely well represented and our competitors are to be congratulated. Frankston came second by 8 points which was a great effort. We also sent an Athletics team to Wakehurst, N.S.W., and gained twelfth place out of twenty-four clubs. Term One was very busy because as well as these two big events there was the Swimming Carnival. We finished third. Thanks to Mr. Seedsman and Mr. Marshall for training the teams.

Competition within the college itself was in the form of group Volleyball matches, a Pool tournament, a never-finished Tabletennis tournament and the occasional egg-throwing and Chess match. A highlight to our madness was the Girls' Footy Match on the last Wednesday of Term Two. This became a great source of amusement to the spectators (who cheered in admiration), the players, (who didn't know it could be so complicated) and the poor umpire (who was rewarded accordingly at the conclusion of the day). Staff versus Student matches are always popular and the Volleyball and Hockey did not disprove this. Pity there weren't more! It was great to see regular Staff-Student basketball matches start during Tuesday lunchtimes in Term Three.

A great day was had by all on the Yarra River, where the keen sense of true sportsmanship was displayed. This was the Swinburne Raft Race, needless to say, in which Frankston may not have finished, but no one could say we didn't play the game!

The major and proud purchase for the year was the Hobey Cat - a \$900 slab out of a healthy \$3,500 grant.

1972 came to an official climax at the Sports Presentation Night (first of its kind here) on October 17. Laurie Peckham (once an F.T.C. Sports Secretary) was our guest, and sports awards in the form of seahorse medallions were presented to deserving students.

Now to expand on our opening remarks. Most of what has already been said is the "happy and successful" part of sport, but unfortunately there are darker spots. Some people ignore these, but we feel they must be said. For example, it is rather feeble that a college with thousands of dollars worth of equipment, people willing to organise and a whole afternoon free from lectures can never reach a maximum of sport-participating students. (The greatest proportion of these are First Years Spectators can be counted on one hand, unfortunately. Numerous lunchtime activities have fallen through, either because of lack of interest or lack of advertisement. Nevertheless, the P.E. Staff has been a tremendous backbone all year and we hope Miss Wallace, Mrs. Claringbold, Mr. Marshall (thanks for arranging all Inter-College matches), Mr. Seedsman and Mr. Falla realise how much they are appreciated. Extra special thanks to Mr. Ladd. We thank him for his guidance and hope he enjoys a well-earned Christmas break.

However, don't misunderstand us. Being involved in S.R.C. has made the difference between "just another year" and a fantastic, never-to-be-forgotten one. We hope to be better teachers because of it. So good luck to the S.R.C. of 1973, particularly the Sports' Secretaries - we hope you enjoy it as much as we did.

Wog and Wal

(otherwise known as June² Waugh and John Wilson or (JW)²)



Nostrum

This year has been the first complete one as far as Nostrum is concerned. With only 18 months of existence, it has now proven itself to be a vital and successful part of College. Continual response indicates that it is an important medium for voicing opinions. And it is obvious that Nostrum has become, and will continue to be, the accepted publication circulated throughout the years to come.

There have been five editions this year. Each edition has been full of student contributions expressing items of current interest. Also of note is the fact that staff members are contributing in greater numbers with each edition, so making Nostrum more representative of College thought from all angles.

With the purchase of our own offset duplicator, three of the five editions this year have been printed within College by students. This has made Nostrum more a part of College activities and a more personal item. Costs have also been lessened. With this internal production of Nostrum have come the tremendous group of helpers - thanks to all of you; without you the job couldn't have been done.

Finally, I hope everyone continues to support their newspaper next year. With the promise of new and fresh ideas, I believe it will go on to greater dimensions.

Best of luck for 1973.

Heather Ritchie

Social Service



It was once said by a famous song writer that "it is only the giving that makes you what you are" (John Lennon). These words still seem to ring in my ears as 1972 comes to a close. The biggest sacrifice anyone can make is to give themselves in an unrestrained and unselfish manner. This I feel has been done by many students who have given their time and energy to consider those who for a number of reasons are in some way worse off than themselves.

Unfortunately many students refuse to acknowledge this group in society that is in dire need of our help. Their thoughtlessness, or in some cases ignorance, has been far outweighed by the good work that has been carried on by a number of students in the College.

I have always felt that as student teachers we should be constantly aware of the responsibility that we have to help children. This has been one of the main aims of Social Service this year. Students have given their time to several organisations, for example, the Andrew Kerr Memorial Home. Students have tutored free of charge children from the Menzies Homes. This has been carried out successfully in past years and this year was no exception. Many thanks to all those students who assisted in this field.

Every year the community is called upon to give to various appeals. We had our share of them this year. A fair amount was collected for all these appeals and once again the money was received with many thanks. A walk was held through the streets of Frankston to raise money for "All Handicapped Children". Apart from raising over \$80 in under an hour, this walk showed the community that students were displaying their genuine concern for children.

Students gave generously to an appeal which was held for an aboriginal mission in Central Australia. Comics, toys and books were donated by the students and were sent up by rail to the mission. Groups are carrying out their own activities to continue supporting the mission.

A weekend was held at Portsea for children from inner suburban schools and was the first of its kind to be held at Portsea. Another is planned for the last week of the Primary School term.

Rather than continue on mentioning those activities which took place within and without college, I would like to finish by saying that Social Service will only be as beneficial as the body that supports it. I am sorry if I have not mentioned any groups or individuals for their efforts (no doubt there are many). However, I would like to thank all those who have helped in any way at all this year (with special thanks to those on the committee). My job has been made easier simply because there have been a group of students who have backed me up. I am most grateful for the support these people have given me. I have been happy to have carried out this job and I have gained tremendously from it. I hope that students will continue to support any Social Service activity and the Committee. Thanks once again to all those who helped in any way in 1972.

Mick Pickles

V.T.U.

Despite the lack of interest and enthusiasm displayed by many College students, the V.T.U. once again managed to organise activities and formulate policies thought to be in the best interests of students. It seems a pity that unless there is a really serious grievance or hardship felt by students, there is a corresponding lack of interest and support for the V.T.U. This may be partly due to the fact that with S.R.C. looking after more and more student interests some people can see little or no place for the V.T.U. in College; this is something that will have to be ironed out next year.

Enough on the criticism side; now to the highlights of the year. As you all know Jenny Saunders resigned as President. (Sorry Jenny, this was not really a highlight!) This was due to the pressure of work and also the lack of support given to her by other College students. From

what I saw Jenny did her best to keep the V.T.U. going, and on behalf of the V.T.U. I would like to thank her sincerely for her hard work throughout the year.

Our action concerning a delay in a payrise aroused much interest and support and I'm sure the V.T.U.'s expression of disapproval in relation to the delay was instrumental in effecting the issuing of the rise.

A carefully planned questionnaire helped isolate and analyse problems and difficulties experienced by hostel students and hopefully these have been, or will be, remedied in the near future.

The V.T.U. was instrumental in instigating the first student-lecturer discussions on the 90% lecture attendance policy, and it is pleasing to see that a general solution (at least in some faculties) has been reached.

Probably the real "high spot" of the year for the V.T.U. was our first attempt to hold a social function. Our dinner, with guest speaker Ken Newcombe, although not a financial success, was certainly well worthwhile with everyone (especially Anne and Chris) making good use of the liquid refreshments. As President of the Australian Union of Students, Ken had many interesting facts about the Union of which most College students would previously have been ignorant. Next year I feel the College should give serious consideration to affiliating with the A.U.S. as there are very many benefits which will accrue from such a decision.

In conclusion I would like to thank Tony, Geoff and all other members who have given me support since I became President. Tony especially has spoken well and longwindedly throughout the year.

G. Lechte



Welfare

This year has been an important year for the students of this College in connection with the Parents and Friends Association (formerly the Parents' Welfare Association). The Association has changed its name and constitution in the hope of encouraging more students to take an active part in their functions. As we all know, their main aim is to raise money to help improve the facilities of the College. I would like to thank the Association on behalf of the students for all the work they do for our benefit.

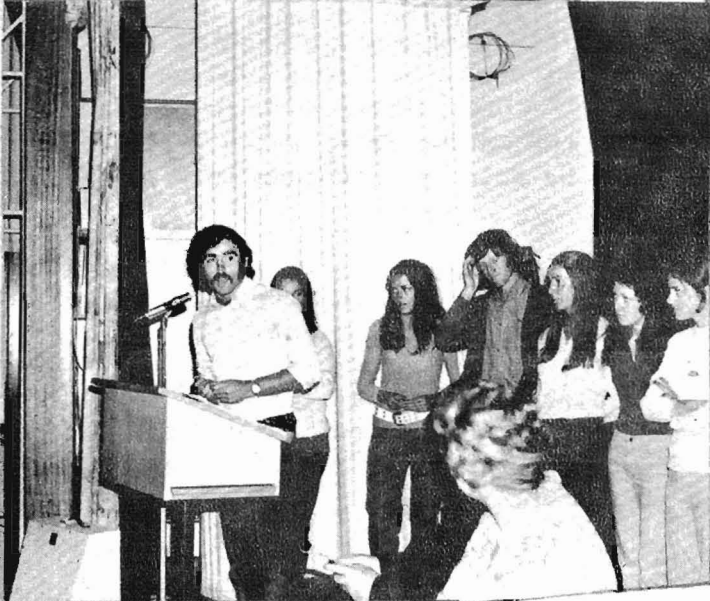
Welfare's year started with the Garden Party which was mildly successful. Maybe next year we will be able to encourage more parents to attend.

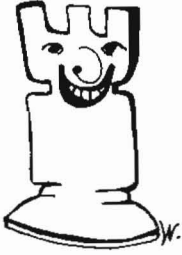
The car rally held in second term was quite successful, raising \$50. I want to thank all those who came and hope there'll be another next year.

Finally the main money-raising activity was the Fair, which raised over \$1,000. For all those people who helped, the committee consisting of Sue and Jan, the lecturers involved and all the students who supported the Fair I'd like to say "thank you".

Wendy Cumming

assembly '72



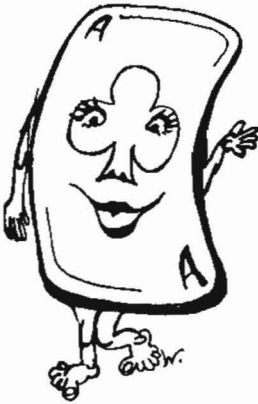


Chess

Despite the small number of people interested in chess, a number of activities were accomplished. A simultaneous exhibition tournament was held during Doo-it Week. An interesting Staff/Students Match was played on six boards.

The Staff Team was represented by Mr. Mollard (2 boards), Mr. Burns, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Gunn and Mr. Sceats. The Student Team was represented by Terry Avery, Julie Buzzacott, myself, June Waugh, Rob Anderson and Chris Bennett. A draw resulted, three wins each. Finally, I would like to thank June Waugh for all her help during the year.

Gregory Wynn Z7
Club President



500

This year has seen the emergence of a determined group of first-years forming the College 500 Club. The Club was formed because of two reasons - firstly to further the game of 500 amongst students, secondly, because at the time it was formed first-years were being labelled 'apathetic', 'lazy' and/or 'lethargic'. It is surprising that students of this description could support a club, yet many did and have done and the group itself must be credited with a measure of success. Our card night was particularly enjoyable and well-run, and in the future it is to be hoped that many nights of this type can be arranged. Next year we hope to contact other 500 clubs to arrange games. Speaking generally it would be quite reasonable to expect that from the small beginnings made this year the 500 Club will develop into a functional and more important recreational outlet for students in future years at College. Thanks are due to all of those who have helped organise and participate in activities organised by the club; our hopes are high for 1973.

President: Rob. Anderson
Secretary: Chris. Bennett
Treasurer: Karen Jackson

C.F.



The first organised meeting of the Christian Fellowship group was a pre-college committee meeting held in January in the home of one of the committee members. Here, the first term program was decided upon and posters for the first couple of meetings were made. The printing of fresher leaflets was arranged and these were distributed to all first year students during orientation.

Monday is the day set aside for special meetings, Wednesday mornings for prayer meetings and regular Bible Studies are held each Thursday at lunchtime. Committee Meetings are arranged when deemed necessary.

The first of the special meetings held in first term was a Sing Thing held in the Links area, the second, a talk by Mr. Welch entitled "What is C.F. About?". Following this, a folk singer came and sang in the Hall, a listening session with the LP "Rock Mass for Love" followed, Film-strip Number One and the filmstrip, "The Stranger" were both shown in the Hall, and finally a Bar-B-Q was held in the Links area. Other main features of the program included visits from two guest speakers: Mrs. Pat Shepherd, who related very real experiences in her life concerning Atheism, Spirituality and Christianity, and secondly, John Howells, who presented a lecture/discussion session on the importance of religious education in the total education of the child and briefly examined the new revised Religious Education Curriculum.

Some members of the C.F. have taken the opportunity of attending various get-togethers with other kids from other colleges and universities who are connected with C.F.s and E.U.s. Unfortunately, a joint-camp with Coburg and Mercer House Teachers' College Christian Fellowship never managed to get off the ground as the accommodation fell through at the last minute. A proposed weekend camp at the Portsea Annexe also had to be cancelled as it was not possible to get a last minute replacement when Mr. Welch took ill.

Many thanks to Les Fox (President) and the rest of the 1972 Committee for all the time and effort put into running the Fellowship this year.

Judy Jackson
Secretary of
Christian Fellowship

Caveneers

1972 saw the rise in the College of a group of wierdies, troglodites and other indescribable afflictions in the form of the Caveneers. Led by the well-known, red-bearded dwarf, Bruce West, and myself as titular head of the aforementioned Caveneers, many were amazed and astounded at the adventures they had.

With an almost generous grant of \$55.00 from S.R.C., the Caveneers set out in May, Bruce and I attracting no less than two members to the club, Messrs. Avery and Hicks. Due to the subsequent tales, legends and myths of our great exploits, the end of August saw 17 crazed College students camped 'at the Pyramids' alongside the Murrindah River, 7 miles north of Buchan. We were honoured to have the vice regal patronage of Mr. and Mrs. S.R.C. themselves. Leigh and Jan agreed it was an experience never to be forgotten. (Leigh is still receiving guidance from a psychiatrist.) As well as this, we were honoured by the presence of the President elect, John Anthony. Believe me folks, caving is THE activity with the IN set at College.

Well-known cinematographer Laughing Michael Riley, with the assistance of the famous lighting man and battery carrier Chris (Cocoa Pop) Bennett produced F.T.C.'s first underground film "The Dark Beneath".

After viewing some very easy, pretty caves, the whole group decided to visit the fabled underground beach in Titan's Cave. This proved to be a memorable experience.

Because of the relative difficulty of the cave and the number of inexperienced members in the party, strict safety precautions were observed except by nuts like myself and bigger nuts like Michael Riley who followed where I went. It took two hours to get all safely to floor of the first chamber, a huge cavern in which four houses could easily be accommodated.

Of course, all wanted to see the beach so all unknowingly followed me down the narrow rock scramble which lead to the second main chamber of the cave. Somehow, torch in mouth, Mad Dave Abbott, a natural caver, got ahead of me and managed to lead the others through the most difficult passage.

Eventually, all were viewing with wonder the underground river and its beach. Huge staelectites hung from the ceiling and shadows darted across the ceiling as the more adventurous set off down the river. All were impressed by gallantry of Bruce as he paddled, nearly naked, on the lilo into the murky depths of a water-filled cavern. Unfortunately he came back. Getting out of the cave took equally as long and we were almost minus one S.R.C. President, who nearly became a permanent fixture in the entrance.

Later on the more experienced members of the party became film stars. Special credit must go to Cocoa Pop Bennett as he had to lug around a battery pack and light weighing over 20 lbs. If you have seen the film you will realise just what heroes we all are (rumors that the whole thing was filmed in P.9 are not true!).

Why not become a hero next year? S.R.C. financed the last trip and will hopefully do so next year. Here is a chance to add a little adventure to your life. More trips will be on next year and possibly one this Christmas for present devotees. The possibility exists of a "Buchan Annexe".

Michael Rogers

12 RULES FOR PARENTS WHO WISH TO TURN THEIR CHILDREN INTO JUVENILE DELIQUENTS

1. Begin at infancy to give the child everything he wants. In this way he will grow up to believe the world owes him a living.
2. When he picks up bad words, laugh at him. This will make him think he is clever.
3. Never give him any spiritual training. Wait until he is 21 then let him decide for himself.
4. Avoid the use of the word WRONG. It will develop a guilt complex. This will condition him to believe later, when he is arrested for stealing a car, that society is against him and he is being persecuted.
5. Pick up everything he leaves lying around - books, shoes, clothes. Do everything for him so that he will be experienced in throwing all responsibility on others.
6. Let him read any printed matter he can get his hands on. Be careful that the silverware and glassware are sterilised, but let his mind feast on garbage.
7. Quarrel frequently in the presence of your children. In this way they will not be too shocked when the home is broken up later.
8. Give a child all the spending money he wants. Never let him earn his own. Why should he have things as tough as you had them.
9. Satisfy his every craving for food, drink and comfort. See that every sensual desire is gratified. Denial may lead to harmful frustration.
10. Take his part against neighbours, teachers and policemen. They are all prejudiced against your child.
11. When he gets into real trouble, apologise for yourself by saying, "I could never do anything with him".
12. Prepare for a life of grief. You will be likely to have it.



Principal's Report

Once again this annual message comes from the Acting-Principal, for Mr. Jenkins is still not well enough to resume duty.

Another busy year has passed, and very shortly almost two hundred folk whom we have come to know over a three-year period will be leaving to begin the work for which we have tried to prepare them. This is both a sad and exciting time for them. Staff and returning students will miss them, but wish them well.

Returning students, too, will be facing new and exciting changes. Physically, we will move into the new buildings early in 1973, buildings which have been written of so often in the past, but which are now a reality. Then, too, the next few years will see major changes in the control and administration of teacher education.

However, although for us all the coming years are to bring these changes, I believe that certain values endure. I have spoken before of Sir Richard Livingstone's definition of education as "The search for the first rate". If you can keep this before you as an ideal in all that you do yourself, as a student or as a teacher, and put it before your pupils, giving them only what is your best, presenting only the first rate to them, and expecting their own 'first rate' from them, both you and they will find tremendous satisfaction, and we will be doing our part for a better world for everyone.

Some nineteen centuries ago, Paul gave this message to the Philippians, and I pass it on to you today as an example of the enduring values of which I speak:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

G. Kentish



V.P.

Report

The Editor has asked me to write something for this year's Struan. What I have to offer seems to me to be appropriate.

To those who will be returning after completing the first or second year of the Course I would suggest that the vacation period would be a good time to give some fairly deep thought to the nature of the task you will eventually face, and the implications of two words - master and servant. If the term 'servant' seems invidious to you, consider the facts. You will be the servant of the Department which employs you and, through them, of the people of this State, who pay you. Also, though you may be the 'master' of a grade or small school, 'Master' again means servant. You are there to serve the children entrusted to your care. This particular ambivalence is even more obvious, or should be to you, than the normal one in any other occupation where mastership also implies serving in some measure, even to some extent serving your employees. The relationship between teacher and children is a very special one.

Can it be assumed that, having completed one or two years of this course and having decided to persevere, you have accepted this? Think it over.

Those of you who will commence the final year of the Course will be the most experienced group in College. You will be the main strength of the student body in many ways, and through your support and interest will be able to ensure that your S.R.C. can continue the good work along lines established this year. All students in all years might well take this to heart, but it is up to the third year members to show the way.

Finally, congratulations and a very brief message for those who leave us as classified teachers, with Diplomas, after completing their three years. Try to fit in with the staff to which you are appointed, and with the community in which you serve. Practise humility and remember - Diploma of Teaching (Primary) does not qualify you to walk on the water. Good luck! From now on, life is earnest - so enjoy your vacation.

D. H. Allan

black comedy

A puzzle to ask any '72 College student would be as follows:-

What had in it a seductive bitch, a dizzy deadhead, an antique camp(er), a boisterous military man, an oversexed but frustrated artist, an old and besotted spinster, a foreign electrician and a rich but slightly scorched society man?

Any ideas?

If answers are slow in coming, then you obviously did not come to the College play in 1972. Produced by George Pappas, "Black Comedy" was an outstanding success and many comments were passed crediting it with being one of the best productions ever staged at the College. I would like to express sincere thanks to G.P. and the backstage crew who were the foundation stones for the show's success.

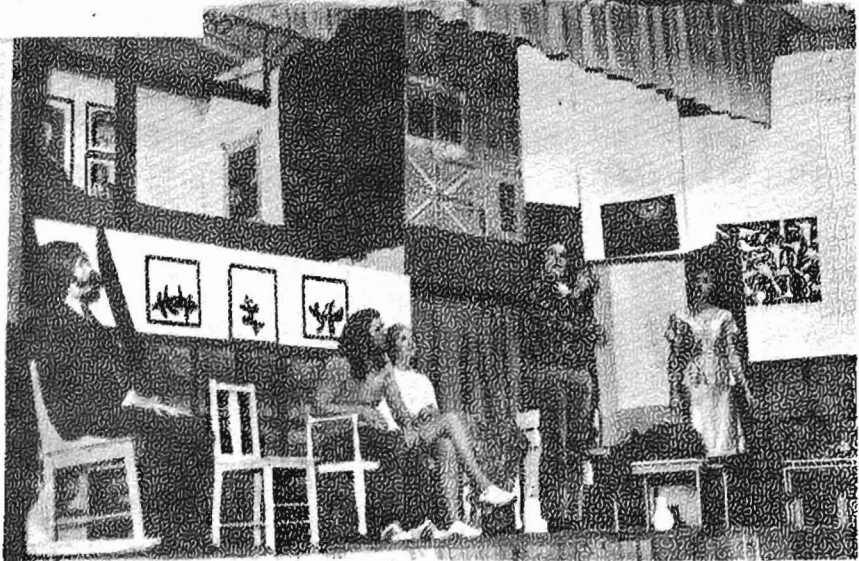
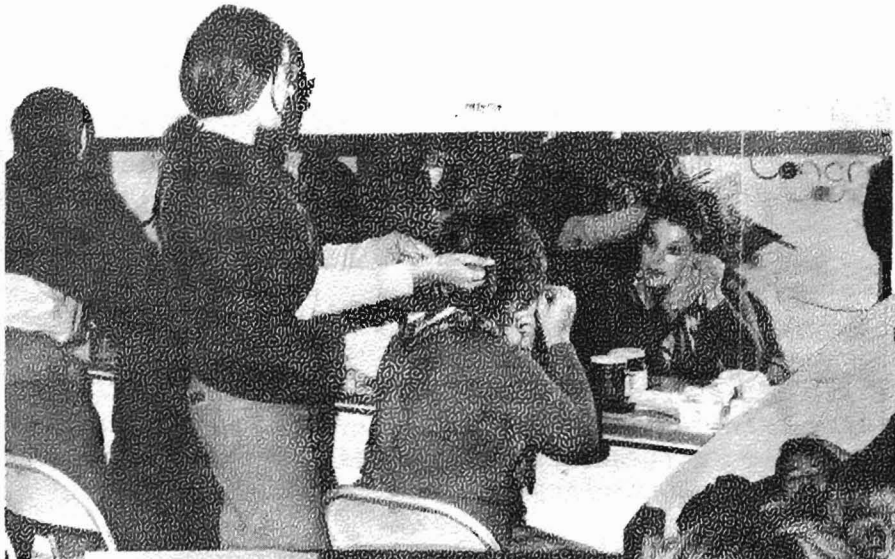
How many of us remember the ingredients which went to make the play as funny and as enjoyable as it was? Was it the fact that it was one of the few comedies ever staged at College? Was it the cast? Was it the script which formed the basic laugh inducer? My vote goes to the latter of these three alternatives. Can anyone remember any of those priceless lines of pure comedy which kept the hall rolling in laughter right up until the last curtain, and beyond, in many cases.

"Now, do you think this is quite the moment?" - the response to Brindsley's bedroom invitation which Harold heard by mistake.

"Got any candles, Miss Fernival?" - a subtle comment made by the Colonel to the elderly spinster of the day. Raised a few eyebrows!

"All white, keep your hairpiece on, I'm twying." - the impeded speech of the dizzy dingaling in that blue dress.

The brilliant script which was packed with laughter, a willing and easy-working cast, a great producer and a hard-working stage crew were all ingredients in a great dish. Thank you on behalf of F.T.C.



I N F A N T H A P P E N I N G

If, in the last few weeks of Term 2, you were driven to the doctor complaining of hallucinations involving such characters as a ticking (no tocking) dog, a spelling bee, a God of the Underworld or a Witch, let me set your mind at rest. You did see a green witch and a yellow, dancing bee in a straw boater wandering the corridors, even eating 'Golden Gaytimes'.

These were characters from the four short plays presented in Children's Theatre by Drama 3 students for neighbouring school children.

The opening play, with an elaborate set which involved much cost, not to the management, but to the cast, was the 'Dictionopolis' sequence from the Phantom Tollbooth. It was slightly zanier than the original, but enabled good to triumph over evil. The second extract provided the 'sex' (always enjoyed) for the show. This was "Persephone", also known as Perfesthony and was a re-enactment of the Greek Myth of Summer and Winter? It was given an 'R' certificate by George Pappas and boosted apple sales at the Victoria Markets to a record peak.

The show would not be complete without some violence and although not quite of Homicide standard, "Petroushka" brought cries of "murderer" from the audience. It contained the 'eternal triangle', well-known to viewers of 'Days of Our Lives' and also revealed a rare musical talent in our 'future prime minister'.

"I was one of the unlucky ones" is a statement which was made frequently by those who missed Children's Theatre. But if you did manage to find a seat amongst the hundreds of enraptured children you would have seen a never-to-be surpassed effort at improvisation of a polished, well-rehearsed play - 'Gold' - written by George Pappas B. De Milie.

Yes, would you believe it, gold was discovered in P9 - and a bunch of hard-working writers, actresses, actors, wardrobe mistresses and make-up artists - our own Drama 3 students who worked to packed houses (well, portables) - had to put on an extra performance. (Of course, we must admit that the Alphabet biscuits were quite an attraction.)

Yes, Drama does give you that ring of CONFIDENCE.

Cast of Thousands -

Dianna Barradell-Smith	-	Persephone, Smythe
Diane Borenstein	-	Milo, a dancing doll, a geologist (?)
Dianne Coghlin	-	Cupid (wearing glasses) Dawson (lower class)
Gillian Leech	-	Mickey Mouse fan, Convict in the tent
Helen Lee-Archer	-	Petroushka, Story Teller, Brown, Governor Hotham
Julie Buzzacott	-	Letter buyer, drummer, settler
Judy Wall	-	letter seller, judge
Ngaire Robinson	-	Spirit of Death, Dampier

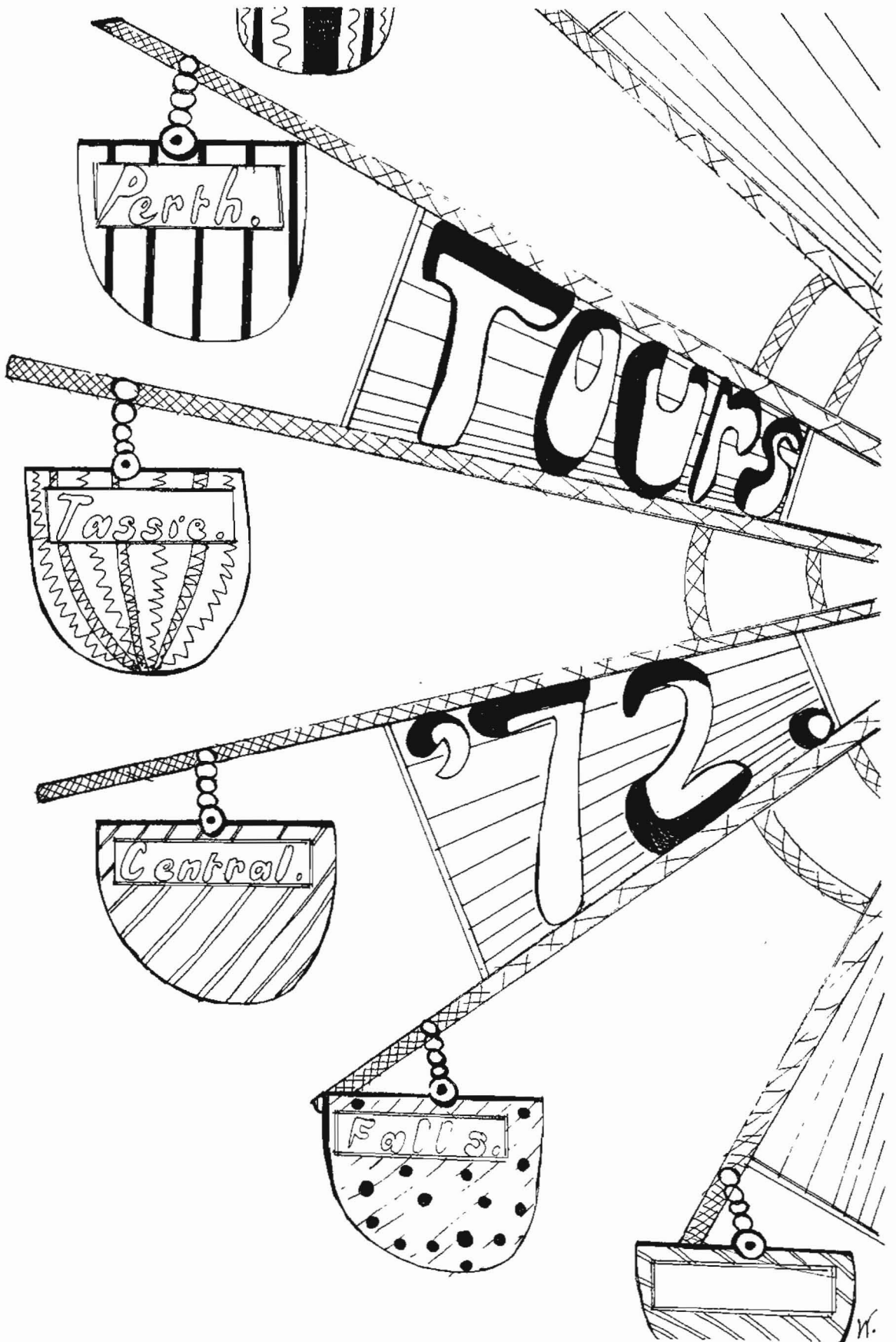
Cast of thousands cont'd.

- Rosalie Brown - Letter seller, Captain Cook, Drummer
Nerissa Moore - Tock, Nerissa the Moore, Colonial Secretary
Marilyn Fitzmorris - Governor Gipps, Demeter, Policeman
Sharyn Walters - Spelling Bee (Musical), Lister, settler
Tony Ross - Pluto (love sick hero) Magician, Narrator
Michael Riley - Understudy, Usherer, Absentee Lighting Man
Judy Ellis - Bad Witch, unlucky Hargreaves, Policeman
George Pappas - Worrier, light switcher, alphabet biscuit eater

Signed Maisey Witch







Tassie

As you can imagine, we were all rather excited at the thought of going overseas for the first time, except poor Pam, I'm afraid, who caught her finger on something getting into the car at Frankston. The possibility of maybe not being able to wear her wedding ring for the trip was really upsetting (!!) but she managed to get over it. I don't think Uncle Nole minded either..... We nearly didn't make it overseas though after the big rush of getting up so early, because the b.....y plane was late. Good old Pam to the rescue again. She just happened to run into an old flame (arranged or not I'm not quite sure) who gave us free coffee to help the pain of waiting.

I know Marilyn said we could share her husband, but I thought she started a bit early when she parked him next to someone else on the plane going over. Still, with 21 girls to get through (excuse the connotation) in four days I suppose he'd have to start relatively early. After about 70 airborne minutes we beheld the fantastic island of Tasmania for the first time. I'm not sure about the others, but as soon as we stepped out of the plane I'd seen enough. I mean, you should have seen the size of the major airport - what a joke! Still, things improved (especially Uncle Nole - to be explained later) and we all ended up having a really great hol.

I don't know if you were aware of the fact, but the Tasmanian natives actually speak a language which is vaguely similar to our own! And very important people they are too. I mean the first one that spoke to us just happened to be Darrel Baldock's cousin, and you couldn't get anyone more important than that! He made sure we knew in the first five minutes too. We had to suffer being reminded every five minutes from then on for the next four days, because as well as being Darrel Baldock's cousin he was our bus driver.

On to Hobart - stopping for the Koolstras' first see and touch of snow (being assured by Wog that it was the real thing). Saw the Great Lake and some power station (real 'citin' it was). But the salmon ponds - whacko, were they ever fabulous. Have you ever seen salmon ponds without salmon? Well, we did, or at least we thought we did until someone discovered they were salmon disguised as trout - or was it trout disguised as salmon? Whatever it was, it really made the whole trip.

As you can well imagine this was not only a group of students from Frankston Teachers' College who were touring the great apple isle, but they all just happened to belong to the C.C.C. (Camera Clicking Club).

They'd been going strong ever since touchdown at Devonport, and they didn't let up - the club back home would have been proud of them. Well done, clickers!

We moved into the first hotel of three that night - funny that we should stay in the same city for three nights but at different hotels each time. Something suspicious about anyone related to Darrel Baldock I'd say (if you have any regard for my opinion that is). Otherwise, could have been because they were crowded. Anyway, there's one thing for sure - "change of hotel does not mean change of food" (Confuscius). Little did us poor innocent children know that we were in for tomato soup, roast chicken and apple pie every meal thereafter.

The nights were left to our own amusements - and amusing they were.

On the second day (Tuesday) we headed for Port Arthur - and what an experience that was - not the place so much as the guide. You'd have to meet him to believe him. For those who have been to Central Australia and had the pleasure of Lofty at Ayers Rock, this guide was very similar. He had a fantastic memory for names. Whatever your name was, he'd suddenly remember a convict of ill-repute with the same name; "What a coincidence!" Nobody was allowed to talk, just "nod if you agree or shake your head if you don't." Port Arthur was also the place for the first bit of overseas romance - half ya luck Bolte!

More tomato soup for lunch, then off to contemplate suicide at Devil's Kitchen and the Blowhole (every state has its blowhole). Funny thing that the same guys that were at Port Arthur were at the Blowhole too. Hmmmmmm. We drove back through a very quaint town called Doo Town. There was a criterion for living there - you had to call your house Doo. For example, "Doo Me", "Doo Me Too", "Doodle Doo", "Shieldoo", "Af-2-Doo".

After the second hotel, with tomato soup, roast and apple pie, and another swinging night in groovy old Hobart, we went guess where! That's right - none other than the Cadbury's factory. Boy, did we ever feel like tourists at that point. (By the way, the C.C.C. has been going very well all this time) Well, I suppose the factory was interesting enough but there was a definite shortage of samples. Pity!

Was Wednesday night ever THE NIGHT! It started with good old Uncle Nole shouting drinks at tea, except he turned out to be more cunning than he was generous because the drinking age was 21 and there weren't many to shout. Well done Mr. T! After tea we moved in mass to the Downtowner (remember that if ever you're in Tas). And here there were new experiences for everyone - like a few attempted pickups, a married lady trying out her old style (and I don't mean Mrs. C.), and a new drink. Ouzo and raspberry - I recommend it. The whole conversation at this place consisted of trying to decide where we'd go next, so while we were still discussing it Vic (busdriver) thought he would take us for a nice pleasant ride around and around and around and around and around the city fountain. Oh boy - we came mighty close a few times. We eventually ended up at the "Ball and Chain" and parked a bus in a no parking space. The management got such a fright that they hid us up stairs away from everyone else. The rest of the

evening was subsequently spent directing everyone "you-know-where" as they came up the stairs.

The other sides to people's characters started to blossom about now (it's amazing what the stuff can do) with Ellen trying to win herself a Japanese officer and Uncle Nole trying to play big daddy and stop her. Some of us even started to imagine faces at the kitchen window. Strange! And then at the moke of stridnight just like the fairystory promised our busdriver became a dancer and entertained us excellently, much to the amazement of his wife. But the night was not yet over - on to the Uni. students' hangout. It was here people started to quieten down and dwindle home slowly.

The last day was spent getting back to Launceston (would you believe it's the second largest city and only has 20,000 people?) to catch the plane. I must say I was relieved to see a bigger airport. If we didn't arrive in style, we were certainly going to leave in it. There was a mad last rush for the Camera Clicking Club entries as we boarded a jet. We thought 70 minutes was pretty good to get over but 40 minutes to get back--incredible! There was hardly time for tea and bickies. Back into the arms of loved ones after the shortest overseas holiday on record.

That's it folks - good time had by all and ta muchly to our two not-so-old oldies, who will remain anonymous. But if you haven't guessed by now ask Mr. Teasedale or Mrs. Claringbold.

CENTRAL

After the initial shock of seeing a blue Peninsula Buslines 'coach' coming to take us on an 'educational experience' we settled in and the fun began. On board, under our seats, above our heads, in the boot - any place where there was room - we each had at least the following equipment:

One sleeping bag
One lilo
Plenty of old clothes
Eating irons
Missing from
our kits were - A dust mask - an essential item to protect one from the fine particles of 'Central' silt which lodge in every conceivable place. You name it and dust could be found there - REALLY!!
Northern Territory Manges Elixir - a preventive medicine which wards off 'Central Australian' bugs of the bacteria type.

But of course the essential of essentials is the ability to find something to do when movement is limited to one square foot (creative long distance travelling I call it).

For five days we travelled practically non-stop (well, just for comfort now and then). On and on we went, across the Gibber Plains, which Vicki instantly fell in love with. There's hope for plain fellows yet if you meet Vicki. Can you imagine someone shrieking, "Oh, look at all the little gibbers - that fat one must be pregnant!" And so the cult of the Gibbers grew. Incidentally this exciting sub-culture or fad grew into a serious, scientific investigation as to whether gibbers reproduced asexually or sexually. Finally, after much debate we consulted our scientist-lecturer Dennis Forrer who decided in favour of asexuality - how dull!

Another excitement was the spotting of real mirages. This led to quite a deal of debate, decidedly falling in Strawberry's favour.

Prue: Are those puddles real?
Strawb: Of course.
Prue: No, they're not. They're mirages.
Strawb: No, they're not. They're puddles.
Prue: Yes, they are mirages.
Strawb: Well, then, how come we're swerving to miss mirages?

If you've never studied the isobars of an Australian map then I'll tell you now that there's not much water in the Red Centre at all. Now, all the people who like being grubs could do so, and do it with social sanctity. We were all gracious enough to accept others who stank just as much as we did. Mainly because our sniffers couldn't tell the difference anyway. They were too clogged up with dirt. Don't be disgusted - that's the nitty gritty of life in C.A.

If you've heard any rumors that Judy Wall posed in the nude, well, it's not true! But Rufus did catch her, with camera in hand, in the sophisticated toilets of C.A. Thank goodness the print is over-exposed.

We spent two sweltering days at 'The Rock'. Do you know that the rock is there when you get there and when you wake up it's still there? It doesn't do anything. It just sits there, guarding all the tourists who come to stay beneath its gaze. And in our usual quiet manner the W.W.W.'s (Wood, Water and Washing up Patrol) sang our evening prayer to the Rock. It is an adaption of the Hokey Pokey with 'Oh Great Spirit of Rock' inserted in the appropriate places. Interesting fact about our tour - every single person climbed to the summit.

One week after our departure from Melbourne we arrived at Alice Springs. That day was a day of political and social reform. We were given free choice to select what duty group we wished to belong to. Also the 'Windows Open' pressure group won the 'Oxygen and Dust' versus 'No oxygen no dust' debate. Every second window could be open.

Also this momentous day was a certain lady's 21st birthday. When we reached Heavitree Caravan Park, Alice Springs, and set up camp, we piled into the bus and presented her with a cake and sang "Happy Birthday" hoarsely. Our birthday girl had such a good night that she slept in just her sleeping bag. Now who was surprised when our birthday girl's tent was pulled down by the Melbourne F.T.C. mob at 6.00 a.m.? A certain person was seen, sitting bolt upright clutching her sleeping bag to her body and broadcasting to the nation, "This isn't funny - I haven't got a stitch on!"

Well, that's how Henley-on-the-Todd day began. Henley-on-the-Todd hereafter referred to as HOTT was the highlight of our trip. It is a most extraordinary carnival run by the Rotarians of the Alice area. It begins with canoe races in which a crew stands inside the boat, lifts it up (no bottom you see) and on the gun runs down the sandy dry creek bed for about 50 yards and back again. There was a yacht race, a canoe race on a railway line, a greasy pole competition, etc. There is nothing in the city to compare it with. If you can imagine the Royal Melbourne Show, Moomby, College Fair and the Swinburne Tech. Raft Race all rolled into one then you are only beginning to comprehend the excitement and fun of HOTT.

I could go on forever telling you about the Aborigines at Oodnadatta, Wilpena Pound, games of footy on the Gibber Plains, the Little Red Gnome in the Woodheap (who was really the principal of Robinvale High) and many things I've forgotten but, why don't you find out for yourself? A College trip is worth every cent you pay. Be prepared to leave the benefits of civilization behind and you will have the time of your life.





We were an all-girl trip (certainly missed male company which is a necessity when it comes to dancing partners and calming ruffled tempers. So how about it in future fellas???)

On behalf of the CA group I would like to thank 'Uncle Black Jack Griffiths' and Dennis and Dawn Forrer for accompanying us on our trip - they were definitely stout-hearted, long suffering and a very vital part of the "experience".

N. Robinson

PERTH

When places for the trip were first announced, bulk people rushed to fill the seats for the measely price of \$135. About three weeks before we were supposed to leave for Perth, a number of people decided to dip out. Then the stories began. There were rumors of us paying an extra \$50 to make up for those who piked out. Staff weren't overly keen to come on tour. Even rumors that the trip would be cancelled floated around College. Everything eventually worked out and we left on Saturday 19th August as scheduled.

For the next 17 days we were under the care of Allison Ogden and Bill Dolphin. They were assisted by Reg - the driver - and Greg - the courier - who was a cop in his spare time.

The following is a day to day account of what happened on the trip.

Two buses arrived at F.T.C. on that chill morning - a Calderwood Coach and a crappy little Peninsula bus. Luckily we got the Calderwood which was equipped for a long trip like ours - the poor "Alice" kids had to suffer. (Great job Centralian Tours did - we should give them the Big A next year!)

About 6 of us piled into the bus and rode it to Moorabbin Bowl to pick up the rest of the crew - and about 5 million tons of luggage!! We finally got moving at about 8 a.m.

We hit Buronga Caravan Park, Mildura, at 4.30 p.m. and cooks set to work. Allison let fly with one of her classic comments - "I haven't had one pea yet" (bit ambiguous, Allison). After tea we made a short visit to the International Bar.

Last year Bill Mitchell forgot his lilo - this year he went one better and forgot his sleeping bag. Luckily he had 4 doz. tinnies to keep him warm (Ho! Ho!).

Sunday: The old "generator in the car trick" was used to wake us at 6 a.m. which was the rising time for the 17 days (ugh!). Surrendered our fruit at Yamba on S.A. border - not ALL the fruit though. Denise and Corinne were still eating apples and oranges which they had forgotten four days later! The old Jan C. did a wonderful job of washing the cucumber under the sewerage water at Morgan - it added to the flavour. Toilet water overflowed and the sewerage sump overflowed too, right near the food table. Stopped to rob the S.A. railways of some old sleepers - they won't miss them. Bill D. tried to convince us that two clumps of bush were two kangaroos - that a tame dog was a dingo! He told us to "wave to the people on the train" - the train was empty. Our first bush toilet stop was greeted with some classic comments, such as -

Allison - "Once I start I can't stop."

"prickles in my b---"

Rhonda - "fly inspection"

Arrived late at Pt. August and saw F.T.C. Alice mob.

Monday: Headed for Iron Knob where we had an interesting tour. Reached Ceduna and stocked up on licorice and the beer drinkers on tinnies. Stewed apples and custard for dessert. Julie told us that stewed apples give you the runs so 6 of us - Julie, Joy, Jan, Rhonda, Denise and Corinne - ate almost a whole huge 5 lb. tin of apples. It worked and all one could see the next morning stretching to the horizon was pink toilet paper. That night the "crew" otherwise known as the "derros" Bill, Rob, Jul, Joy, Jan, Rhon. 'Nise and Corinne joined forces with Reg and Greg in joke telling. We heard some little rippers that night - didn't we Greg??

Tuesday: Someone slept through the alarm - Greg? Heading for Eucla. Rhon. had a bad accident? She wet her pants and "they were new on, too!" Arrived at Eucla and refueled. The beer drinkers were disgusted - 2 doz. small cans cost \$9.60. Showers were 25 c. with salt water.

Bill M. washed his hair and "couldn't do a thing with it" except cover it up with his faithful old beanie!

Wednesday: Stopped in the middle of nowhere so that Jul, Joy, Rhon, 'Nise and Corinne could have a twink behind the bus - Corinne soon discovered that one must give due consideration to any prevailing "tail" wind - unless one wants to wash one's feet at the same time. Camped on 'concrete' outside Balladonia.

Thursday: Highlight of the day "Jobie Rones" adorned in ribbons to read the news. Arrived at Esperance and some 'idiots' went for a swim in the local ocean.

Friday: Celebrated one week on the road with 3 leg injuries - Joy, Marg and Rhon.; and one broken bus. Crawled into Albany very late. Lady in charge of the place not very friendly. Rob had to chat up the old dear so that he could use the phone to ring a cab to get some tinnies.

Saturday: Beaut day - quiet. Some derros went down the pub at 3 p.m. and stayed in the general vicinity of a bar 'till 2 a.m. Jul. met the love of her life - oh, happy day! But he lives 5 million miles away in Scotland - tough luck Jul!

Sunday: King hangover for some! Found out, by looking at a few necks, that the vampires had been out the night before - hey girls! Did tour of sights around Albany. Reached Pemberton and spent the night at the R.S.L. Hall.

Monday: Finally arrived at Orange Grove Caravan Park, Perth - talk about the "back blocks" - 12 miles from Perth. Jul. got to see Greg's private "etchings" - pretty cool - Ay Jul! Late night for many.

Tuesday: Rottnest Is. trip. The two dags - Jul. and Corinne - were very quiet for once - after almost having a couple of technicolour yawns! As usual, the 'Derros' ended up at the pub dropping a jug or three. Girls stripped off in the bus - turning on the local truckies - and then had a night on the town.

Wednesday: Some of us were woken up to the sound of a dry vermouth bottle being smashed against the tent. Most went sightseeing. Brian and Kevin (two Vic. boys) took Jan, Rob, and the five Heavies (Jul., Den., Corinne, Rhon. and Joy) - a total of 1/2 ton, into Perth for a tour. The above-mentioned finally got to bed at 3 a.m.

Thursday: Woke up to sound of cowbells - tinkle, tinkle. Visited Yanchep caves. Mr. Mitchell and our new student teacher, Mr. Jones, led two lines of boys and girls into the caves.

Friday: Left Perth for Kalgoorlie. Most slept till Coolgardie where we had only 15 minutes to see the town - all we saw were the dyke and the milk bar. Arrived Kalgoorlie and after tea we checked out the "Hay Street Gang" - twice. Early night.

Saturday: Caught train at 7 a.m. Great 36 hours spent. Great food and people. We were told not to take our P.J.'s or any good clothes - consequently looked like slob. Some girls took a nap in the raw and were red-faced when stewards came in to see if they needed anything.

Sunday: Greg and Reg. waiting for us at Port Pirie. Drove on to Murray Bridge via Adelaide and slept under the stars. Highlights of the day - Kentucky Fried Chicken and icecream for tea, and a blow out - right under two of the heavies (wonder if they had anything to do with it?????).

Monday: Headed home. Songs with Reg. and Bop leading the "choir". Arrived at Moorabbin Bowl at 8.30 p.m. No-one wanted to go home!

Choice comments of trip:

- Bill D. - "Be discreet, don't scatter."
"There are some galahs on this bus."
"Are we all here? No. The wees are outside."
- Allison - to a TV survey man in Albany -
"We've got 32 girls back at camp - oh, no - I think some of them are boys."
"I'm only dribbly."
"My toilet operations are still not working."
- On Ferry to Rottneest - someone -
"Where's the toilet?" Answer - "Down the stairs and out the window."
- On train, Barman to Corinne -
"Has anyone ever told you you've got a beautiful body?"
Corinne's reply - "You've got to be kidding."
- Rob to Bill D. - "Bill, where would you like Allison's tent?"
Rephrased to "Where would Allison like her tent?" So Rob asked Allison who immediately answered, "You'd better ask Bill."

(signed) Some tour members

SNOW

Little did we prospective skiers know, when we set out, that 42 people would return with so many bruises, so rapt in skiing (even though some of us still can't ski) and so experienced in "steaming arses". All was rather quiet until.... WE HIT SEYMOUR! Booze, Hamburgers, Booze, Peanuts, Booze. Once well stocked up, we set off again. Meanwhile Fran was playing Cupid matching bedfellow and bedfellow, and bedfellows with bed!! At last the weary travellers arrived in Bright, to be greeted with an old-fashioned homely Commune house, not only equipped with electric blankets but also winding staircases, an unlocked pantry (love those Planter's Pretzels and Ena Vite Rolls!) "Siberia" very "moogy" showers, fireplaces without fire, and a toilet where a girl could never feel quite alone because Gnome and Roota were within hearing distance on the other side of the wall. But one can't forget the kettle, cups, saucers and tea-bags ("suspended from College for 3 weeks" according to Gnome) supplied in each room - great help without any milk!

But, of course, the night was not complete without a party. So all those souls willing to wait a couple of hours before charging off to respective rooms for a little sleep (?) piled onto the double bed in Fran and Rita's room. Who would have believed that a double bed could hold eleven entangled bodies; then Gerry decided to become a propellor and swirl around and around on top of the bunch. Many swigs later, Gnome decided to join the "happy" crowd and was soon left to entertain us with "The New Testament According to St. Gnome". The greatest reaction he managed to obtain from his brethren was Dave's spasmodic laughter ("Her.. Her..Her..Her.."). With tears running down our faces and our stomachs aching, we finally managed to catch a few winks to the lullaby of Dave's non-stop laughing in the distance.

Early rise Saturday morning, but some did not manage to get up on time. That day, the Dingo Dell run on Buffalo became the scene of many mishaps - some of us edging our way up the run but never getting very far, others sliding down the hill - backwards! Those learning how to stop (it does help) invariably managed to end up in the water-hole. While some were snow-ploughing into people, others kept falling off the ski-lift. By lunchtime, all individual learners had found original ways of falling over or helping others to fall over! Some even decided to resort to tobogganning. By the end of the day Roota had caused a spectacle by doing a somersault on his toboggan. Overcome by their first sight of snow, Dave and Viv. decided to start a snow-ball fight to make sure that everyone returned to Bright at least a LITTLE wet!

After steaming off, we settled down to a luscious roast dinner before invading the town. After a night of boozing, dancing and playing pool, those not in a hurry to get to bed - AGAIN! - attended one of the many parties around the place. Unwelcome visitors to our abode had to be chucked out while the echo of "Agatha", "Andrea", "Alexandra", "Agnes",

"Alexina" echoed from one of the rooms. Again, some of us did not settle into bed until the early hours of the morning to catch a few winks before our stupendous second day on Dingo Dell. Even though it was snowing that day, most managed to improve and some were even able to ski from the top of the run to the bottom without falling over once! What skill!

But our weekend was not complete without a Revolution when many refused to return to the bus. However, we soon had to chuck in our ski-gear and head for home. Everyone was just beginning to doze off when a great roar of "LU..CL..FER" broke the silence and everyone was given a preview of the songs from "Elf in My Pocket". One comment was "If that's what it sounds like, I'm sure not going to come and see it!" Seeing our singing was appreciated, Wolfman conducted the mob singing the well-known tunes of "Calamity Jane" and many "Golden Oldies" while Graham demolished many Stubbies up in the back seat. Earlesy joined in with the "Grunt Blues", "Yuliefoot U.S.A." and "Theme From the Place" while the driver felt very sorry for himself due to his lack of success in conning off one of the F.T.C. birds. But we all managed to hold fond memories of our fabulous Ski Weekend..

"I was skiing down the slopes the other day,
When someone took my mountain away,
It was very windy that day,
And blow me down,
It blew me away!"

"I was skiing down Ayer's Rock the other day,
When a boong did pass my way,
And to that boong I did say...
You should try my trick,
Skiing with one ski and one stick".

"I was returning from the snow the other day,
When a snow-cow did pass my way,
And to that snow-cow I did say..
Hey, snow-cow, get outa my way!
Running over snow-cows does not pay,
'Cos on our mattress we no longer lay."

The F.T.C. Snow Bunnies and Snowmen



Nicknames

Sitting in the Hall watching a lunchtime basketball match, the other day, we heard the usual shouts, "Hey Roota, over here!", "Where's ya teeth Soop?", "Bloody hell Wiggles", "Hymee!", "Chick!", "Rocky, over here", "Shawry" etc., etc., etc. In fact, it seemed peculiar hearing some of the guys being called by their real names - "Bill", "Greg" and "Brian". Have you ever wondered how some of the kids around this establishment came to be called by such peculiar names? We decided to ask around a bit.

Well, first you have the nicknames which have been derived from the guy's real name -

ALPINE (Leon McAlpine in person)
LEECHER (Peter Levey) - Any other meaning?
CAPPA (Tony Cappadona) - The drummer boy.
BARTA (Alan Bartalotta) - The bloke with an "elf" in his pocket.
CRANGY (Leigh Crang) - Everyone knows him.
SWITZ (Jim Switzerland) - J.A.'s "twin".
WRIGGLES (Lindsay Wrigley) - Prue's "man".
EARLESY (Bruce Earles) - The buy who loves tutorials.
NICKO (Malcolm Nicholson) - The surfie around College.
MR. SHORTS (Kerry Short) - Short guy in shorts.
MIDGE (Graham Midgely) - He potters around a lot.
JACK (John Ellett) - A fair dinkum Aussie.
WESTY (Bruce West) - Likes getting lost down caves.
J.A. (John Anthony & Judy-Anne Norton!)
GEZZA (Gerry Kelly) - Otherwise known as "Gerryatics" - wonder why?
HYMEE (Noel Hydman)
LACE (Geoff Lacey) etc. etc.

Then you have some interesting stories behind nicknames, such as -

SUPER (Stan Jackson) - He used to be called Standard, as in petrol, until someone decided to call him the other type - Super!
WAL WOMBAT (John Wilson) - Last year a lecturer said something about a wombat; Alpine and Wal laughed and before he knew it, John became known as Wombat.
ROOTA) (We all read the history of "Roota" in Nostrum.
RALPH) Bill Mitchell (Roota would rather be called Ralph rather than Roota.
GOOFY) (Have a look at Roota's feet and you'll see why he's called this.
CHICKEN HANLEY (Dennis Hanley) - His father owns a chicken farm.
GNOME (Andrew Piercey) - Eric Burdon sings about a "long haired, overgrown leaping Gnome". The name appeared to fit Andy.
WOLFMAN (Alan Hughes) - He looks like a wolf with all that hair on his face.
ROCKY (Peter Young) - He looks like a boxer, especially with that jaw.
WEIRD HAROLD (Kerry Short) - He calls Corinne Lippi "Fat Albert" (from the "Bill Cosby Show" so she started calling him "Weird Harold".
KAYFER (Kerry Short again) - His dog is called Deefer ('D' for dog) so 'K' for Kerry became "Kayfer".

SLACKEY (Keith Moore) - He was caught writing a ditty about a slack guy at Portsea Annexe.
GURU (Kevin Jordan) - Always used to wear a pendant around his neck last year.
B.T.G. (Alan Miller) - Big Time Golfer? Big Time Groover?
PROFESSOR RATBAGGY (Bruce West) - Take a good look at him; you'll see the resemblance.
BARON (Russell Reinhardt) - He used to be commonly known as Baron Von Reinhardt.
SHORTARSE (Robert G. Jones) - He is very short and so is his arse.
TRUCK (Laurie Fields) - Laurie sounds like "Lorrie" but truck sounds better.
SQUASH (Robert McIntosh) - Kids couldn't pronounce McIntosh, so the class used to say "Mr. Macinsquash".
MOUNTAIN (Robert Taylor) - He looks like a mountain compared to all the hills who hang around the Common Room.
SUNTAN MAN (Robert A. Jones) - Always wears t-shirts.
TERRY TALKATIVE (Terry Avery) - He doesn't talk much.
HOOKS (Roger Fiedler) - When asked how he got his nickname, he said he didn't know, but he looked very embarrassed. HmMMMM!

However, in comparison, not many chicks around College appear to have nicknames, but here are some:-

WOG (June Waugh) - Waugh is pronounced "War" but looks like "Wog".
However, she's not a wog.
BUZZ (Julie Buzzacott)
FAT ALBERT (Corinne Lippi) - Weird Harold named her.
WHITEY (Rhonda White)
J.C. (Julie Crisfield)
BOMBSHELL (Lyn Norris) - Ask any guy around College why she is named this.
STRETCH (Penny) - She's pretty tall.
SAM (Glenyse Pollard) She once dressed up as Sammy Snake for a fancy dress turn and the name stuck.
TREE or JUDE (Judy-anne Norton) - She sometimes wears a jumper with a tree on it.
STRAWBERRY (Ann Taylor) - She has a T-shirt with a strawberry printed on it.

And then we have the lecturers' nicknames.....(but that's another story).

Kids' Poems

BLIND

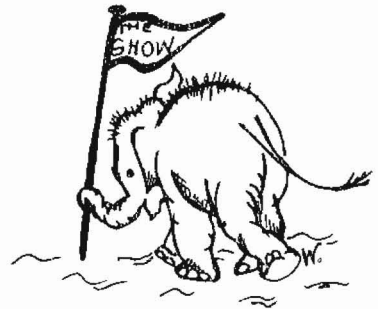
Everything's dark,
Nothing to see,
Like the night
Has fallen
And everything's still.
The children playing in the park,
The bus driver, driving the bus,
They can all see
But, oh no, not me.
The labrador that is leading me
It can see too.
Oh why was it me that was blind?
Please, someone, tell me why I am blind.



Rosemary Vine
Grade 4

THE SHOW

Everyone goes to the show,
Are you going?
Well, yes or no!
There's fairy-floss, drinks and all.
If you go there you'll have a ball.
See the animals first of all
Some are huge and some are small.
Soon it's over and everyone goes
When it starts again
Nobody knows.



WHITE

White is soft
White is so fluffy
White is just like a baby puppy
White is not awful
White is so nice
White is as white as a bowl of rice.
White gives us light
Without it it's dark
Paper is white, the colour we like
And white is gay, opposite to black
We all like the colour white!

Ray Thomson 6T
Bonbeach

IN THE JUNGLE

In the jungle tomtom drums beat fast
The dance of peace is on at last;
All the men were painted
And all the ladies were naked
Men lit a fire
The flames went higher
All the monkeys were prancing
While the men and women were dancing.

Sandra Hadley 5P





TWO LITTLE PIGS

Two little pigs
Sat in a sty
The father was sad and
The mother did cry.

They'd lost their young triplets
They'd met fate with the wolf
All except one
With a tin plated roof.

Here is a story
I'm sad to tell
Well, I hope they're in heaven
And not Satan's hell.

They left home one day
With an oink and a whistle
A basket of lunch
And a good luck charm Thistle.

One bought some bricks
And one bought some hay
And one bought sticks
Death was coming their way.

A wolf came around
And he huffed and he puffed
Then he took out his handy
And he snuffed, blew and puffed.

The house blew away
And a piglet ran out
With an oink and a squirm
And an occasional shout.

Well the wolf had some practice
At running, you see,
And he caught little piggie
And had him for tea.

Next day I think he came to
the house of sticks
And knocked on the door and said,
"Come out little piggie, come out
I say,
Or in a second you will be dead."

So, he blew and he blew
Till the house blew away
This poor little piggie won't
See the next day.

Well, on Friday I think
He visited Dick
Who had made his house
Out of 93 bricks.

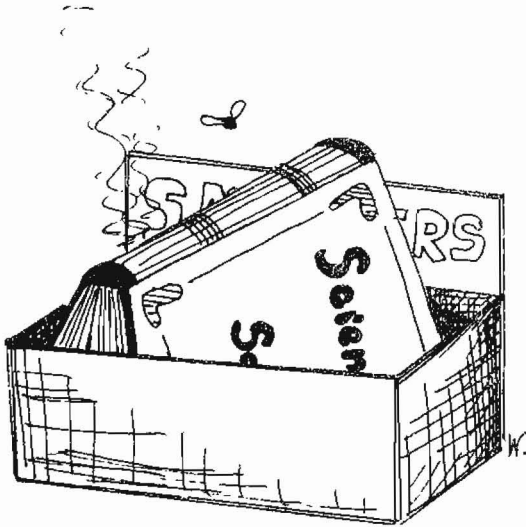
Well wolf blew and he blew
But the house stood its ground
I hope little piglet by wolf
Won't be found.

Wolf climbed to his roof
I'm ready for you
He slid down the chimney
And turned into stew.

For piglet, you see,
Put a bowl of hot stock
For wolf to get into
And drown with a shock.

Sally Martin 6F
Mt. Eliza P.S.

Letchers



Well, that interesting time of the year is with us again - prize giving time.

This year good old P.P.T. takes off the usual prize - it was voted the most boring hour lecture. Though one has to admit the competition was pretty fierce this year with all the faculties trying their best to win.

Congratulations! Your plastic covered De Cecco (the Teachers' College Bible) is waiting to be picked up.

The biggest 'waste of time subject' prize was found by the judges to be the most difficult category with many faculties neck in neck throughout

the whole year. But at the front in the finish were science, music Part 1, the ever-popular P.P.T. and local favourite to win, Education. Well, did you back it - Education it was! Both philosophy and psychology. Unfortunately your two-tone plastic recorders were blown and burned to death by a vicious, angry mob of Diploma 2 music students.

The most boring general subject for '72 was given to Science again this year for an outstanding selection of terrible topics. It reflected great ingenuity on behalf of the faculty to continually bore students for a whole 12 months - a performance which has not been equalled by any other competitor. Alas, I hear the science course is being changed; they shall have to forfeit their 20 year held trophy in '73 to a more deserving group of dedicated teachers, though I am sure there will be no lack of runners. Your prize of a gold leaf covered 'Science & Society' will be found in the Smokers' tin outside your office.

The main prize this year from the staff goes to the whole of Dip. 2 students for their tremendous apathy, indifference and unconscientious bored attitude which was unceasing all year. By the way, the 'sleeping in class' record was broken this year by 3 hours; however, there are many new record holders and this magazine does not have the space to name them. Your individual prizes will be distributed on the usual computer sheets at group assembly, December 8th. Well, see you next year at this time - or will I?

P. Trigger

Struan Awards Poetry 1st Prize

Do you see a bird
 in that old willow tree
That I planted
When my days were young?
Can you feel the fire,
 I lit for you
Maybe my love,
 When we were true
 And my heart led you
 Across the desert of life.

But my love, my age detests
 the thoughts
That enter my head.
 Will I die a happy man?
 Will you succeed in all you can?
 Can you feel the moment of truth?
 Do we live, like cats on a hot tin roof?

I walk a lot now,
 as the time is near,
Too frightened to hold a mirror,
Or a portrait of you, my dear,
As your memory stirs my withered brain
 Into some odd excitement
 Not easily explained.

We walked too, I guess,
And told and thought,
And often caressed our bodies soul,
Like a struggling dancer
reaching.
Reaching for the final step,
To end his merry dance.

You reached it, my love, my life.
Somewhere over the moon
Or to a suffering eternity,
Where I might rest.

But it is true that my life is on trial,
Like a blinded kitten
drowned in the morn,
Not knowing where its bones will lie,
Not knowing where its soul was born.

I am sorry, my love, if I caused you pain
As your tears,
your lonely desperate tears,
Flooded my brain
And caught my hand
And moved my mind,
to a reaction,
That even now I can't explain.

And here I lie, my sweet love,
Alone,
without your old soft body
To break the day, and the night
With your far away Eternal Light.

Together, like stuffed crows
we commenced our game
Of hope.
I was the plate and you the knife,
Grating prosaic sorated edges into my bare flesh,
Devouring me,
With your many years listlessness.

But we had many happy times, my dear.
We laughed and cried all night,
Sharing pain
And thoughts,
Too deep for words.
We talked about justice,
life
and despair,
Forming new remedies
And caring not where they were on trial.

Oh my love, my life is near.
Please, please take my hand
And relieve my fear.

Sometimes,
I thought that we discovered the light,
Forgotten in most grey minds.

A light of love, shining bright and free,
Washing dirty minds and favouring charity.

A light we shared through age,
suffering,
and misery.

Calling the wardens of life,
our dearest hope,
To sit on this gross case of misjustice.

A light never stopped by a lost cause,
Or the balance of a man
Repeating the last words
Of his death song.

..... Do you remember, my dear,
When I was young,
And we together,
Robbed the ocean
Of its tormenting hue

Cheryl Rolland

2nd Prize

Sue JONES

*Employ life
Enjoy life,
Each instant long.
Hid in depths of misery is a song.*

*Song of rain,
Feet of pain:
Joy is ever present -
Find it: disregard what you resent.*

*Trees' leaves,
Sun's light
Each a source of delight.
Green and budding,
Brown and crumbling;
Golden or grey,
Brilliant or dim -
Vanquish worries by letting love in.*

*Things that are,
Or what shall be:
The drizzling rain
(The future tree) -
All are ecstatic beauty to me.
Awaken your eyes, and you, too, shall see.*

*Live life,
Love life,
And you are free.*

Prose

Prize

He went to sleep, but it was not deep, peaceful sleep as it should be, for he kept having a recurring dream - a nightmare? - about the events of the past months: events which had taken him to the heights of happiness and the depths of depression.

It started with a large lottery win. The money could be very usefully spent on a new car, fulfilling a year's-old ambition. "A new car, a new car belonging to me, all my own, paid for, mine completely." How his friends came flocking. They admired his new machine, were thrilled when he took them for a spin, openly envious at his good fortune. Life was really great with a new machine. "How to win friends and influence people," he thought. He knew now, he'd found the secret. There were places to go, people to visit, touring the countryside was the thing to do.

But it didn't last long. His happiness bubble was soon to fall to the ground, and shatter, shatter into a million little pieces, and scatter his happiness to the four winds.

He was on his way home after a touring weekend, feeling tired but happy. Suddenly he was neither, for he was unconscious. His car had been forced off the road, it turned over and over as it slid down an embankment. When it finally came to rest it was a twisted hunk of metal, a hunk that five minutes ago had been a beautiful new car. People gathered around, not friends, just ghouls. The tow-trucks came, then an ambulance, and finally the police arrived. They couldn't question him though because he was being rushed to hospital.

When he finally regained consciousness he had been in hospital for three days. He awoke to see anguished looks on his parents' faces. He tried to speak but it was too difficult, his lips were badly cut and swollen. He tried to move his arms and legs but they wouldn't respond. He became frightened. In a desperate bid to communicate with his parents he screamed, the only sound he could make. A nurse heard him and gave him a sedative; he slipped back into the world of the unconscious. So his days slipped by, waking and sleeping, waking and sleeping. His parents didn't come every day now that they knew he was going to live. They were quite old and didn't like to travel. His friends didn't come every day either. "Sorry mate -

got something on all next week" they'd say. "Yeah, sure - it's O.K." he'd say, smiling, while inwardly he wept. He resigned himself to another operation - after this he'd be able to move, walk around, go back to his studies, really live again. The day came, they operated, he regained consciousness, but not movement.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "we did all we could. I'm afraid you'll be paralysed for the rest of your life."

"Thanks, doctor," he said. He waited until he was alone then he cried. He couldn't even wipe away his own tears.

When the hospital could do no more for him he was moved to a home for the crippled. There he is now, alone and depressed. His parents wonder how he is getting on. "We must go and visit one day," they say. His friends have almost forgotten him: "Wonder how old What's-his-name is in that Home? We really ought to go and see him some day."

Yeah, go and visit him - he's very lonely.

Julie White

Children's Lit.

1st Prize

"Cuthbert's Feet"

Alan Kemp

2nd Prize

"Zim, Zam and Zannet and the King"

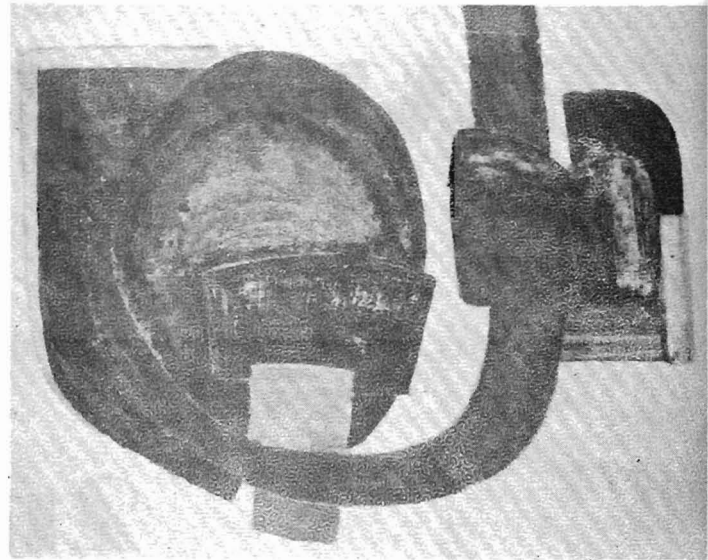
Ngaire Robinson

Painting



1st

Lyn Bebb



2nd
Anne
McGilvray

Pottery

**First
Prize**

**Jean
Landgren**



**Second
Prize**



**Stephen
Brennan**

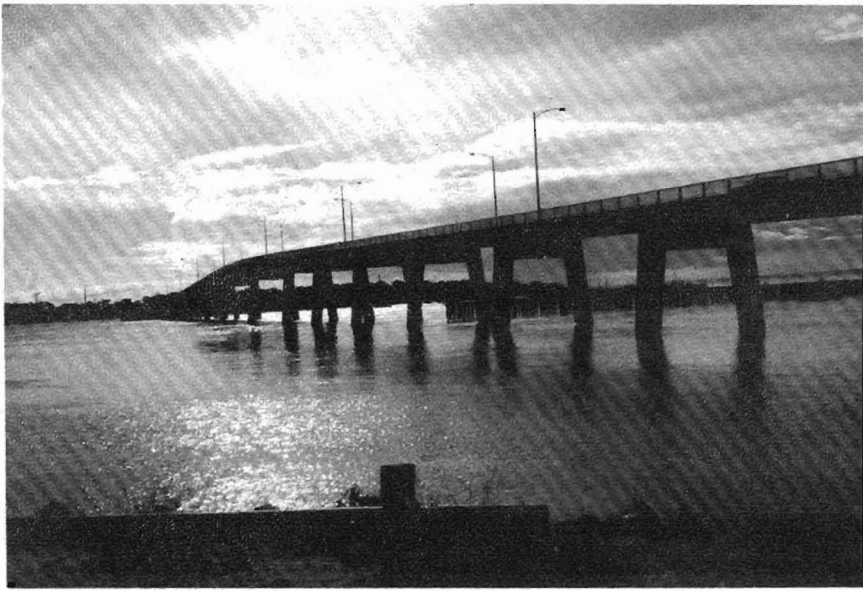
Photography

1st Prize



Michael Rogers

2nd Prize



Judy Carne

Song

1st Prize

"Won't you stay with me a while?"

**Alan Bartalotto
&
Les FOX**

2nd Prize

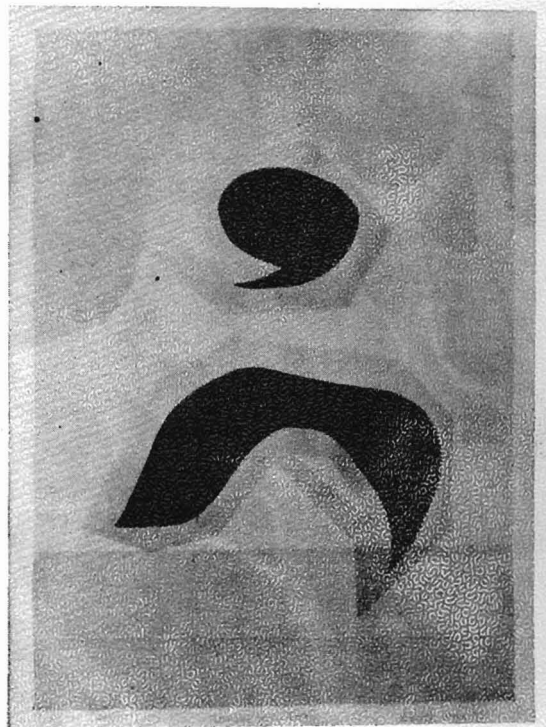
"Don't leave me now."

Greg Wynn

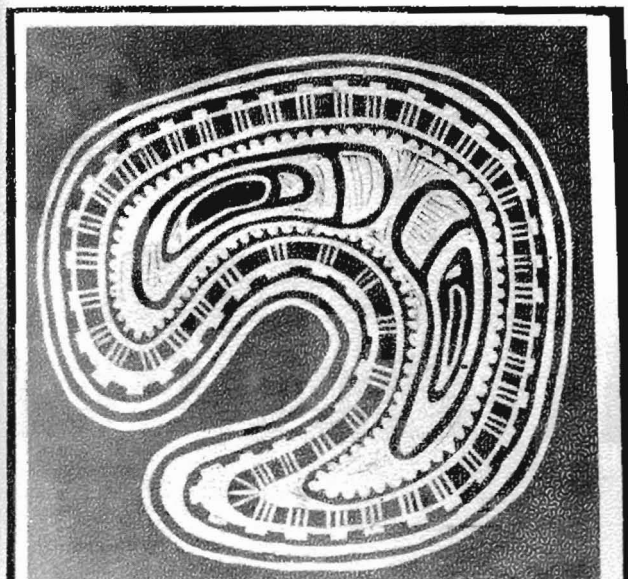
Graphics

**First
Prize**

**Bill
Jeffs**



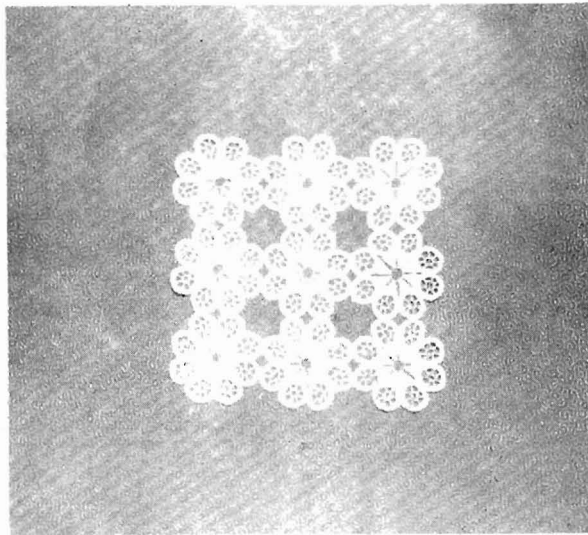
**Second
Prize**



**Edna-Kay
Pihlau**

fabrics

Prize



" H E D D A B O " Swedish Needlecraft

Jean Landgren

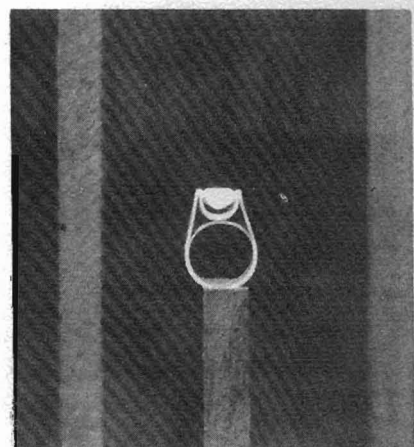
Jewellery

1st Prize

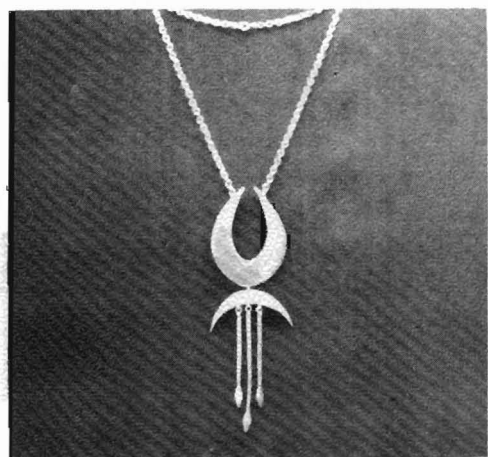
Robyn Frater

&

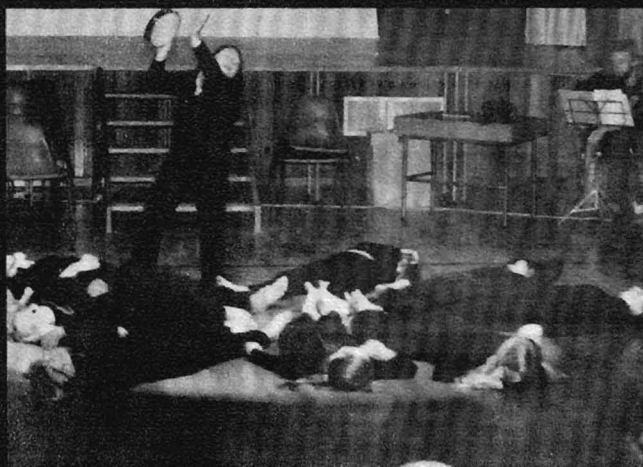
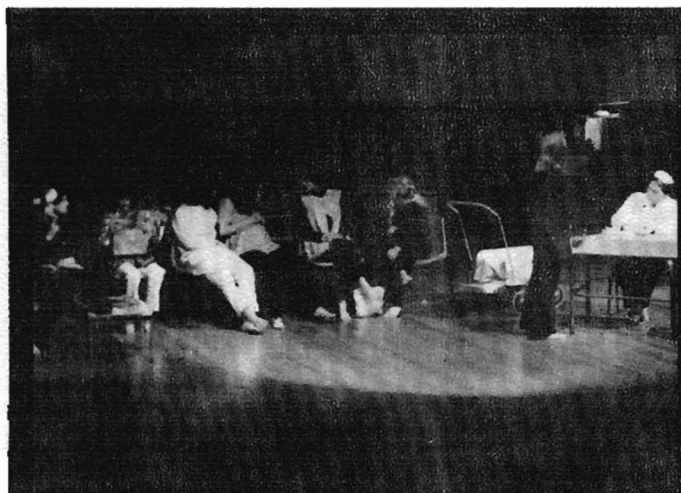
Kerry O'Connell



Recommended



Robyn Frater



THERE'S
AN
elf
IN MY POCKET





"Traditions are a splendid thing;
but we should create traditions,
not live by them."

Franz Marc

My initial experiences in teaching took place in a training school for delinquent boys, followed by two years in a large inner-city high school. In both cases I recollect expending a great deal of energy and concern in maintaining or polishing my 'role' or 'position' as a teacher. However, prior to returning to University, I was confronted by a class of extremely outgoing, personable students who demanded quite frequently that I disregard my precious 'role' and just be myself. A recent weekend spent at Portsea with a group of students has caused me to reflect upon my new position - teacher. I find that, possibly because I have been involved in formal education for most of my life, either as a student or a teacher, I have begun to assume, almost instinctively, certain teacher 'role' characteristics. This rather mindless adherence to a traditional rôle leaves me feeling uneasy.

The educational process in which most teachers and students engage relies heavily upon a role playing ethic. The teacher either consciously or unconsciously, blatantly or subtly, assumes a part which features attributes of 'authority', 'maturity' and 'superiority' while the student is accorded a role usually described in terms of 'submissiveness', 'immaturity' and 'inferiority'. These artificially contrived roles are further propagated by the use of fruitless rituals which encourage both teachers and students to encounter each other as actors within a school setting rather than as people in a personal relationship or confrontation. All too often a potentially meaningful, personal student-teacher dialogue degenerates into a rather standard soliloquy.

Richard Johnson, a psychotherapist, offers the following very relevant statement concerning personal involvement:-

"I reject any organised pretence to an objective knowledge of man. I know only what I sweat from my own personal struggle to stay alive. Psychotherapy is not a professional routine. It is a personal venture. The client is "like me". I reject any professional boundary between us. I "make it" as a person or I fail."

Substitute 'teaching' for 'psychotherapy' and 'student' for 'client' and there emerges a rather powerful declaration which every person in education must consider. The distorting energies which individuals so frequently channel into role playing activities must be redirected into more honest personal involvements. Reliance upon a pre-cast role can only lead to erudite stagnation. In the words of Kierkegaard, "Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards".

Brian Twohig





exit

exasperation

Student 1, looking at gazette, "Mudgegonga."

Student 2, "Where's that?"

Student 3, opening out an enormous map, "Um, er, hang on a minute, oh, here it is, N6."

Student 4, "Well, I can't find it on my map."

Student 2, "What's it near?"

Student 3, "Beechworth."

Student 4, "Oh great! Write that one down."

Student 5, "Eh? What?"

Student 4, "Write it down."

Student 5, "Write what down?"

Students 1 to 4, "Oh, no!!"

Student 1, "Mudgegonga, of course!"

Student 5, "How the heck do you spell it?"

Student 1, slowly, "M u d g e g o n g a".

Student 5, writing, "M u g e d . ."

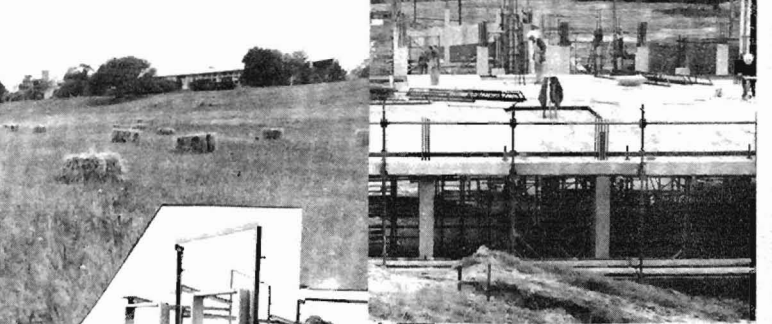
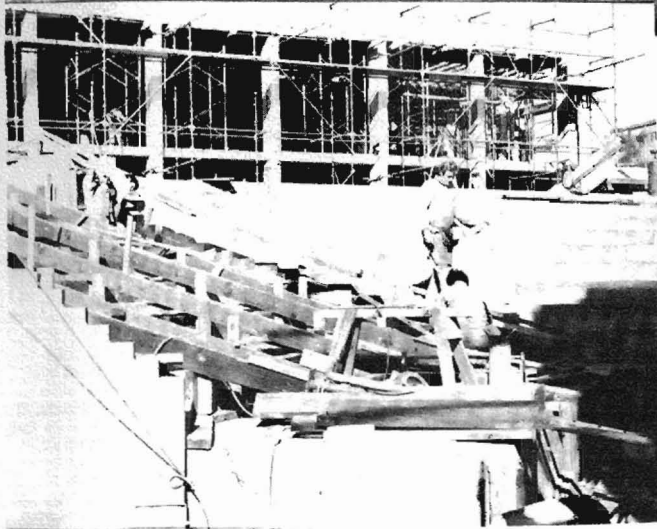
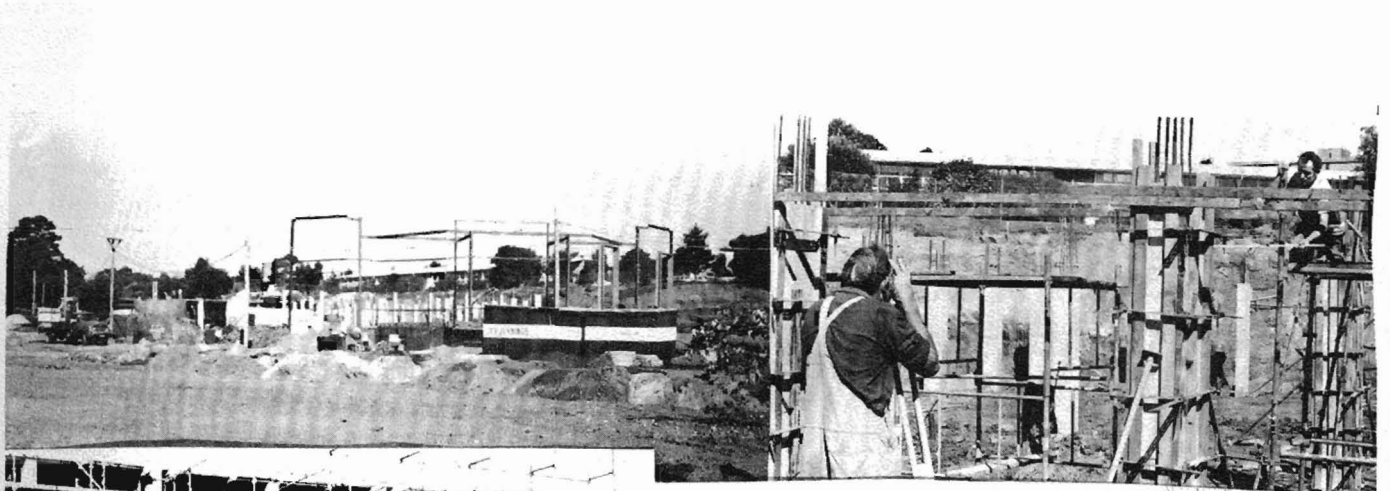
Student 1, patiently, "No, no, M u d g"

Student 5, "Oh, M u d g e g . . then what?"

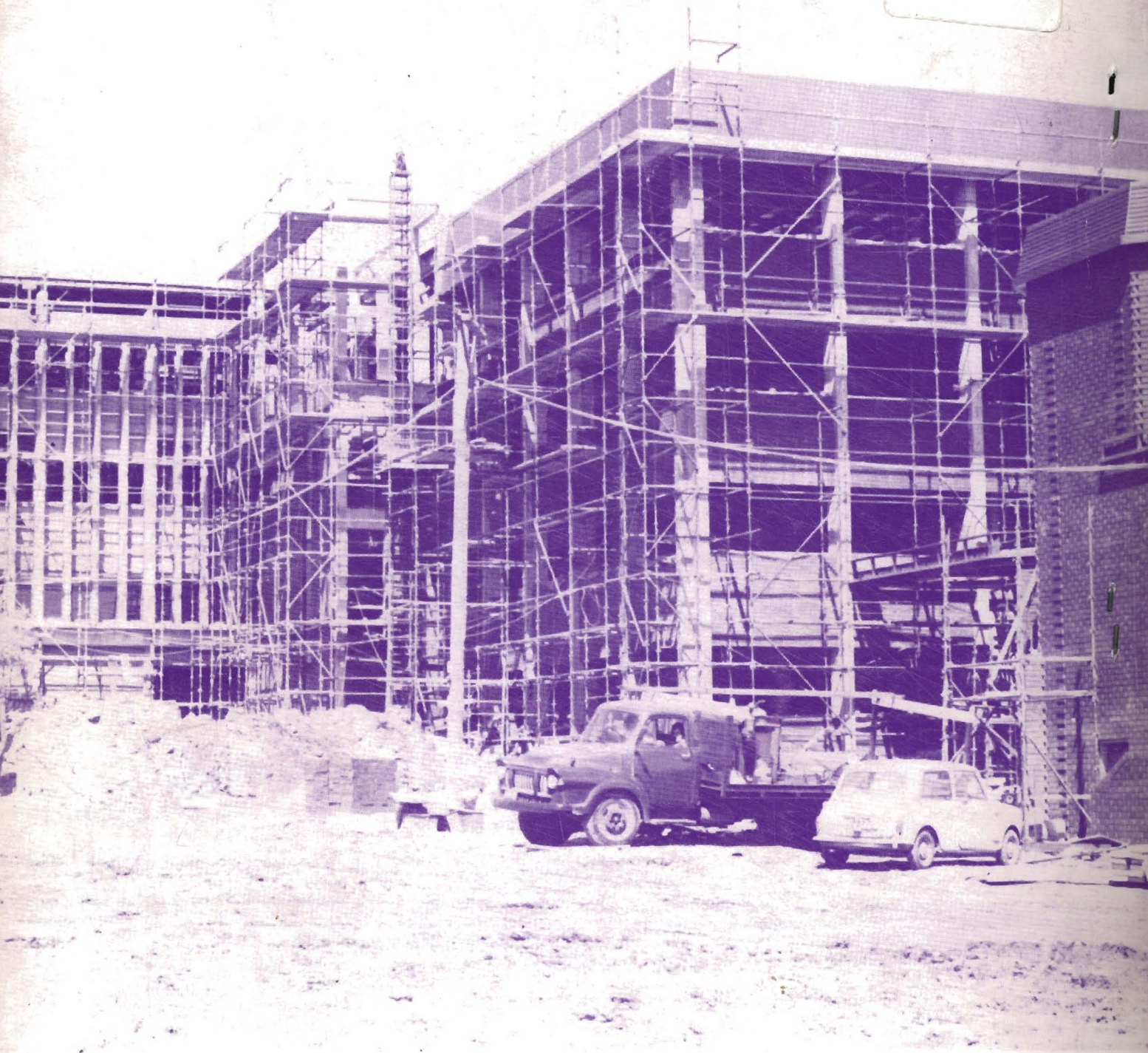
Student 1, screaming, clawing at the air, gasping for breath, writhing in agony, hysterically sobs very slowly and precisely ...

"M u d g e g o n g a" then collapses over the map strewn table, a maniacal smile slowly creeping over her demented face.

Student 5, "Oh, what the heck, I'll copy down the next five schools and take pot luck."



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