

**Struan '73**

Dear Students,

Struan '73 is the last publication for the year, and it is hoped that you shall find it enjoyable. The magazine was printed entirely inside college, and therefore, needed full student support. But due to the fact that this did not occur, delays and headaches became evident. I believe that in an institution such as this there is a need for full support from all.

This year we have tried to bring into the magazine a much broader perspective of material. Still retaining the S.R.C. Reports, Struan awards, etc., but also introducing material which in itself is quite enjoyable to read and also material which can make you think! I believe the standard of the magazine has been uplifted, even though the quality of photographs is low ---- this unfortunately could not be helped.

I would like to thank those people who assisted in the publication for their dedication and hard work. Shirley, Kay, Jenny, Trish, Rob, Peter, Fred, Keith, and the hostel gang. Also the printing companies deserve some thanks for their help.

Thankyou,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Chris Bennett". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

Chris Bennett.  
Editor.

# President's Report

I suppose the usual thing to do in an article such as this is to look back nostalgically at what has happened over the year. I can't see much point in doing this in great detail because I'm sure you've got a vague idea of some of the things that have happened. So what I hope to do is comment briefly on some aspects of the year and then try to explain some of my own thoughts on S.R.C.

In the area of finance we started with considerably less than the previous S.R.C. Hence our budget was a very strict one in which many of the committees, such as Sport, Social and Struan, had their finance halved in comparison to last year's committees. In the light of this they have done an admirable job with the limited resources. The employment of Mrs. Anderson as Secretary, cum printer, cum bookkeeper, cum office rouseabout, was certainly of enormous benefit to all concerned, not just the S.R.C. but to the students in general, and so I take this opportunity to thank her. Every cent taken into the office has been correctly accounted for and the books have been balanced and audited each month; in fact they were done so well, that it was considered entering them in the Australian Accountants Association annual bookkeeping competition! On a more serious note I think that it is high time a cash register was acquired to ease the workload and improve the efficiency required to keep the books correctly. This would alleviate the problem of receipt-writing for every sale whether it be 6c. or \$6. The possibilities of an S.R.C. only extend as far as its finance — think about it!

To assess S.R.C.'s work is a difficult and I think personal thing. Obviously those who have derived some benefit will be those who have been prepared to put something into it. Those who consider they have derived little or no benefit will be those who expect to have everything put into their lap wherever they may sit, without giving anything back. It is these people who fail to realize that they have in many ways gained benefits even though in their ignorance they can't see it. From my position I feel that we have provided a much improved, efficient and beneficial selection of day to day services, due in no small part to our new facilities. We have also made available throughout the year a great variety of avenues and opportunities for both new activities and experiences (but once again we were limited by funds), whether it be Wednesday afternoon sport, lunchtime concerts or evening entertainment. All the committee heads including sport, C&D, Publications, Social, Social Service, etc. have worked tremendously hard in their respective areas for your benefit — what most people fail to realize is that these people get nothing for their efforts.

Another aspect which we had hoped would become important this year is in the area of our academic work i.e. curriculum, assessment and school experience. Unfortunately, it fizzled and for only one reason — you



the students made no use of the avenues made available to you. I can see no point in S.R.C. continuing these committees if the students are not going to utilize them.

I would like to briefly mention a couple of productions that eventuated this year. The previously accepted belief that to produce a play or musical of any value required the direction and control of a lecturer has been somewhat shattered. Instead it has been shown that the students are more than capable of producing something of value by themselves, in this case the Front Room Boys directed by Michael Rogers and produced by S.R.C., and also that students can work with the staff on the same level in various areas. The obvious example here is The Boyfriend, which was directed by the music staff and produced by S.R.C. Hopefully this co-operation and participation will continue to improve next year.

Students have also gained representation on the two administrative bodies within College — firstly on the Board of Studies (after S.R.C. requested it) and secondly on the College Council. Still, there is plenty of scope for student representation on the other committees which actually do a lot of the hard work and where student opinion would be of most value. Maybe next year?

Anyway, enough of the 'official' ramblings. I feel S.R.C. is a necessary and important aspect of College but its continued existence can only be justified by the work it does. However, this work can only be of benefit if the student body is prepared to not only give financial support but to give something of themselves in the way of time and effort. Hence, if the Council works hard providing day to day services, extra-curricula opportunities and influence in other areas within College but is not successful, then the fault can only lie with the student body. If you consider that you are getting little or no benefit

then think again — it's probably not the fault of the S.R.C. but your own because you cannot be bothered exercising the rights you have by applying pressure to have activities directed towards an area in which you are interested. Yet here again difficulties can arise. There is one thing I've learnt this year and it is that it is impossible to please all the people all of the time — all you can hope to do is please some of the people some of the time. Hopefully we have been able to do this to some extent this year. I must admit that in a lot of ways I was really happy with the resurgence in student involvement. I don't mean that everything was a huge success attendance-wise but gradually more and more people became involved in various activities and this was good.

I've taken the position and responsibility seriously but still have been disappointed and frustrated many times. Hence I would remind you that you have elected an S.R.C. for 1974 to work for you but these people can only be successful if you give them your support. To Angus MacArthur, his executive and committee heads, I wish them the best of luck next year.

On a sour note we have a small number of students failing to give us financial support but still expecting the direct benefits we offer. They proved nothing but a nuisance throughout the year and I hope all students give their support next year.

I still don't feel that I've said all that I wanted to, but I can't go on forever. I do know that the things I'll remember about College will be the people I've met and all the new and sometimes crazy experiences we've had — not the theories of Piaget or Ch. 7 from De Cecco. I only wish everyone could have these same sentiments. Finally I would like to thank a few people — not just the S.R.C. — but a lot of other people who've helped out in so many ways — Bill, Jenny, Heather, Shirley, Michael, Westy, Midge, Rita, Rooter, Fran, Geoff, J.C., Sharron, Chris, Jill, Merrin, Gerry, Julie, Denise, Mr. Lacy, Mrs. Morgan, all the reps. etc. etc. and anyone else who has slipped my mind at the moment.

To everyone — cheers and luck for '74.

John Anthony

## Vice Pres Report

At this time of year and in this type of report I suppose one should answer such questions as,

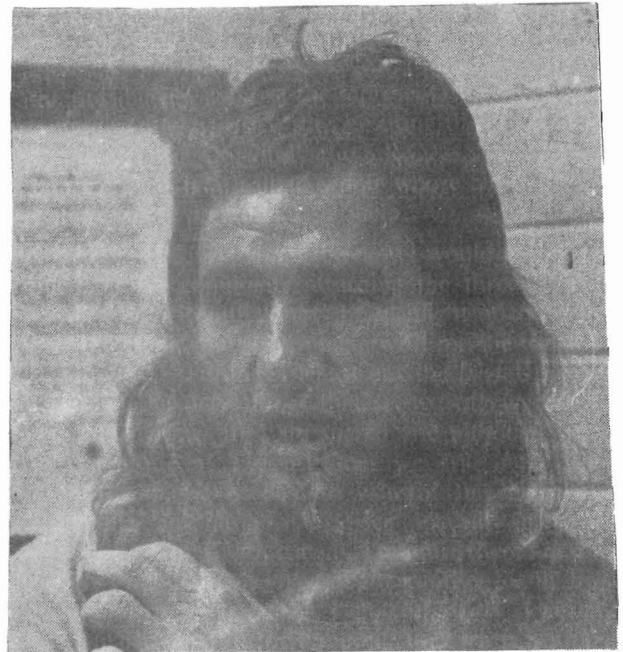
How effective was S.R.C. this year?

How well did it achieve its aims (did it have any)?

Did S.R.C. offer an increased number of services to students?

Was S.R.C. representative?

however to do so would be superfluous for those who supported S.R.C. know the answers (both positive and negative), while those who withheld their support wouldn't be interested anyway. Perhaps the only thing that needs to be said is in terms of the extent of representation upon which S.R.C. operated.



Basically it was poor.

True representation will only occur when people take the time to air their views and to ensure that the organisation which is supposed to represent them has the opportunity and the manpower to do so. Unfortunately many decisions have to be made without complete knowledge of the opinion of the student body, this leads to criticism and dissatisfaction that is not only not constructive but is founded on an ignorant misconception. It is obvious that any S.R.C. will only be as strong as the people who support it, therefore I hope that next year the students realize the possibilities and use the representative system as it is supposed to be used, thus ensuring the effectiveness of the council. Obviously the S.R.C. as such can only improve if it is a unified whole whose aim is student welfare based on student self-help.

With S.R.C. matters aside now I would just like to make a few comments regarding the three years at Frankston. Without doubt the highlight of the course and the thing that will remain with me the longest is not any of the things I learnt but the friends I made. After all the only things that seem truly worthwhile are those things that are shared and although we all seek solitude at various times we still need others to justify our existence. In view of this I feel that F.T.C. has and has a lot to offer especially in regards to sharing things with friends. I am sure there are some people at college who have spent a rather lonely three years and for those people I am truly sorry. I am also particularly grateful for the opportunity I had through the S.R.C. to get to know members of staff and students who otherwise would have remained anonymous.



Further more I would like to thank all the students on S.R.C. who put up with me throughout the year and who helped to make this final year a most enjoyable one.

Finally I would like to wish next years S.R.C. the best of luck and might I add that if Angus can devote half as much time and effort to the job as John has done then he can't help but make a success of it. Again thanks to everyone who befriended and helped me over the three years (especially the other members of the executive and Shirley, who had to overcome my mistakes).

For those going out to teach next year, good luck and I hope you get what you deserve.

Bill Jeffs

## Treasurer's Report

As Treasurer of the S.R.C. for 1973 I can look at the past year and see that, financially, we have operated smoothly and efficiently.

Despite the fact that we started off the year with \$5,000 less than the previous S.R.C. had available to them, I feel that our year's activities and services compare equally as favourably. Most of you were probably unaware of this limitation of funds and perhaps now can appreciate just how hard the S.R.C. has worked for your benefit this year.

Our budget was therefore a tight one, with each committee and club having to estimate at the beginning of the year an absolute minimum that they could function efficiently with. It is a credit to each committee that they have done such a good job and not gone beyond their restricting boundaries. To enable certain committees to finish the year with a flourish of activity the executive will re-allocate grants and put extra money where it will be used for your added benefit — Concert and Dramatics is one committee which will be able to provide more entertainment by doing this. A certain amount will also be set aside as a carryover for next year's S.R.C. to use at the beginning of the year.

Our money has gone towards many varied things this year so that no student can say that he has been untouched by the S.R.C. benefits. Publications, the weekly newsletter, sport, plays and musical, film nights, Portsea, billiard and table tennis tables, phones and lunchtime activities are just some of our provisions.

As far as efficiency is concerned, our office rates highly. Every cent is accounted for so that we know exactly where our money has gone. This must be done as our books are audited at the end of each month and



no unaccountable items are allowable. Our thanks must go to Daryl Gibbs for doing the job of auditing — a job well done. Thanks also to everyone who has co-operated by using the order books and receipt books.

Of course, when it comes to thanking people, Shirley deserves a good share. Only with her acting as a central nucleus has the office operated with complete smoothness. It's goof to have both a competent secretary and friend present with us.

The gains from holding any position on the S.R.C. are valuable, and for these I am grateful. Perhaps the most I have got from my three years here has been due to my association with the S.R.C. In any case, due to involvement and the terrific people I've had around me my stay here has been a lot of fun. I only wish every student could become Treasurer of the S.R.C. and so leave College with such sentiments as these.

Best of luck to you all,

Heather Ritchie



## Secretary's Report

1973 has been an exciting and changing year. I hope, though, that it doesn't pass without students fully realising the consequences of change.

The administration of teacher training has, I feel, taken a step in a different direction. With autonomy we move into a new sphere. Here really begins Frankston's attempt to become an exceptional place to learn to become a teacher -- that is, if we want it to become such a place and gain such a reputation.

Assuming this to be one ultimate aim, we must work together because it does rest with everyone concerned with the College. S.R.C. has attempted to move towards this aim through extra curricula and curricula activities. Students have now gained representation on the Board of Studies and the College Council, and through this it is hoped to provide some sort of voice for you.

As a representative organisation it is expected that at times we will be met by opposition. We hope that all well-directed criticism has helped to improve relations between you and the people you chose to represent you.

Looking back on three years at Frankston I can really find little fault in my impressions and reflections. There is, however, one thing which I feel should cause serious concern -- that is the role of women students in the College. The female population consists of more than two thirds and in that number there must be people who have workable ideas which they would like to be considered and perhaps put into practice. Please make yourselves be heard. It is well worth the effort involved in considering new ideas.

To exit students, I hope you leave College with a zest for life and teaching. All of us have a crucial, demanding yet exciting task to perform and there is much at stake. Remember the problems faced and overcome at College. Surely these help to broaden and enrich living.

To first and second years, if you become as involved with College life next year as you have been this year, Frankston will continue to be a good place.

Probably my greatest wish along the Educational train of thought is -- I hope everyone here really wants to become teachers. One of the most distressing confessions which I have heard anyone make was made by someone who had a new Dip. of Primary Teaching in her hand but declared that she didn't want to be a teacher; two lots of happiness at stake here -- hers and that of the children she will teach.

I hope that you've all found your true liking and that you consider it carefully.

I will always remember Frankston but it will be the people and the atmosphere that I'll miss.

**Jenny Patullo**

## PORTSEA

By way of an introduction, the State College of Victoria at Frankston, once F.T.C., has a camp at that highly popular tourist resort known as Portsea. The camp was once a school. Briefly, this year was a very important year for the Portsea Annexe.

Following on from a recommendation made in 1972, it was decided that all first year groups were to spend one week of a teaching round at Portsea. This being the case, great many plans and decisions were to be made. The first major step was the building of adequate student sleeping quarters. These buildings were essential, as the old schoolroom was not sufficient. Within the first four months of the year, two timber lodges, each capable of holding about 20 people, were built and fitted out with bunks, electric lighting and free smells of fresh paint.

Other facilities fitted included furniture for the lodges and the dining room, an incredible, strongly-built B.B.Q., a telephone, bunks fitted into the lecturer's lodge, improved kitchen utensils, a portable gas stove, a huge fridge from the old caf., an oil heater for the winter months, a new heavy-duty lawn mower, phys. ed. equipment, a table-tennis table and me. . . your modest Portsea Rep!

There is no doubt that these first year camps helped increase the friendly relationships between lecturers and students, students and students, lecturers and lecturers, and most importantly Portsea showed these students (going from their general views and the comments given in a questionnaire) that College is not ALL work. . . it can be a friendly, enjoyable place from which a lot can be gained. The activities undertaken varied, depending on the different faculty lecturers who were "in charge" each day. The annexe was also used by other students on weekends. These students' activities ranged from mowing the lawns to visiting the local on odd occasions. The continued stream of bookings for Portsea throughout the year was proof of its popularity.

Of course, a success cannot occur without some organisation behind it. As far as Portsea is concerned, the main administrative body is the Portsea Committee. On this Committee are members of staff and a 1st, 2nd and 3rd year student rep. For the year 1973 Mr. Peter Ladd was President and Mr. Bob Marshall was Secretary. Other members included Mr. Gus Watt, Mr. Max Quanchi, Miss Julie-Ann Collier, Mr. Angus Mc Arthur, Mr. Bob Greaves, Miss Maisie Papworth, Mrs. Joan Hamilton, Mr. Terry Seedsman and myself. Mr. Seedsman held the reins during Laddy's absence.

Well, that's about it for 1973! I can't think of anything else except that there's still a lot more to be achieved in 1974. I know that I've enjoyed being Portsea

Representative. The work is a little hard at times, but it is enjoyable associating with great people. . . on S.R.C. and on the Committee.

Looking back, my three years at College have been grouse. I started 1st year as a real dag, a real scared schoolboy. . . I left it the same! Seriously, the three years at College have had enormous effects on me as an individual. . . I've met some great individuals, made some everlasting friends, I hope, and had some unreal experiences (both humorous and otherwise). It's impossible for me to say exactly what this place has made me and what it has meant to me. Good luck to everyone in the future.

From a person you'll all soon forget,

**Bill Mitchell**

## SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

There are so many areas in which assistance of some kind or another is needed that it is hard to know just where to start. Requests from all types of charities and organisations have been continually coming into College. Almost all of these were asking for money for buildings, equipment or improvements of some kind. Although all of these are essential I felt that because we are students and fairly short of money an active, participating form of social service would be more appropriate. However, time has taught me differently. "Activity" seems to be a word that makes College students shudder. It involves giving up time and energy and unless you can benefit personally from the effort it's just not worth doing. Most people today are becoming so self-centred that they are losing sight of the things that should mean the most to them. Personal satisfaction doesn't come from the things you take from life but rather from what you put into it. I hope that next year students will begin to realise this and take a more active role in all activities around College, including Social Service.

On the credit side of things I'd like to thank the social service reps. and anyone else who has given up their time to help me throughout the year.

To the 1974 Social Service Secretary I'd like to wish every success in your position, which I'm sure will bring you new interest and satisfaction.

College is what you make it, so before you complain take a good look at yourself.

**Jill Young,**  
Social Service Secretary

## SPORT

In writing this report I would like to have started with some terse and pithy epigram expressing what was hoped could be achieved through the sports and recreation program presented this year. Having taken thus far without saying anything it's obvious I couldn't find one so the next best thing is to make up your own, and in this case I came up with — "You can't involve all of the people all of the time but you can involve some of the people all of the time and you can involve all of the people some of the time". My apologies but it does express the main idea about providing variety and quality in sport and recreation.

Too often sport is regarded as hardline win-at-all-costs competition and the image does little to engender individual involvement for those who merely wish to enjoy participating in a leisurely activity. That is why the word recreation is added to the title. It has been our endeavour to implement the key words "involvement" and "enjoyment" to the greatest extent by providing as wide a variety of individualised and team oriented activities to be of some interest to some of the people at some time.

Of course there are those who will always be involved in everything and the enjoyment they derive from participation keeps them keeping on. There are also those who will never participate — they are probably in as small numbers as the abovementioned minority — and then there is the majority of people who would participate if only given a push. It has therefore been our belief that if you provide enough opportunities to be involved in something that appeals then the need to push will become lessened. We have not badgered — it is known to be pointless — but gently encouraged.

With activities like canoeing, caveneering, aquatics, horse-riding, scuba-diving and golf, the individual is catered for as adequately as the keen sportsmen who are involved in inter-college competition. This year Tae Kwon Do and sky-diving were added to the list of recreational activities and were great successes. Ask anyone with bruised ribs or stiff necks from looking up to see if the 'chute opened.

Despite the apparent pre-occupation with recreational activities competitive sport is still part of any well balanced program. As any glory on the sporting arena is measured by trophies we could look at our performance and say we have failed. Yet winning isn't everything. On the athletics field we had some great individual efforts producing five winners, all with records, but the experience of being involved in the trip to the Wakehurst Relays, Sydney, and being a member of the biggest cheer squad at the Aths. Sports (we're truly proud of that achievement) are immeasurable.

In the swimming, team performance wise, we produced a very creditable second in Division 2, overcoming

a number of training difficulties. The social gatherings after both the Inter-collegiate carnivals were equally as enjoyable as the taking part.

In intercollegiate winter sport we had squash, netball (seconds), mens and womens basketball, hockey, volleyball and golf teams all representing Frankston in the finals. Golf was our major success but there was never any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the other teams who acquitted themselves well.

On the more light-hearted side, though the competition was deadly keen, there was the thrill-a-minute dramatics of the (then) F.T.C. Inaugural Annual Wheelbarrow race, not to be confused with the antics of the Staff Student Basketball and Softball days. The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the trip to Geelong — if not for the sporting matches on and off the field then for the trip home.

To top off what we feel has been a gratifying year came the annual sports presentation night at which the redoubtable Neil Roberts excelled himself and enhanced further the esteem of both the medallion trophies and the Club ensignias which have been introduced as some recognition of those who participate regularly in sport. This year also saw the introduction of the Male and Female Sports Stars Sward for the year in recognition of the dedication and versatility of Graeme Midgley and Sally Raven.

In retrospect sport and recreation in 1973 has flourished and if you were involved in any of the programmed activities throughout the year it is our hope that you enjoyed them. If you did, it has made our efforts worthwhile.

Geoff Shaw

## CONCERT & DRAMATICS

What is the Concert and Dramatics Representative on the S.R.C. expected to do? Well this, of course, depends on the students. Do you want outside entertainers to be paid to come here and perform? If so, at lunchtimes and/or in the evenings? Do you like to see fellow students displaying their singing talents, making a fool of themselves or dressing up as a member of the opposite sex? Would YOU do the same thing? Do YOU think it is worth continuing to have student productions here in our new Theatre? It's all up to you. So, first and second years, please give these questions some thought. We try to provide you with what you want, so please give us an idea of what you would like to see your money spent on and support the various activities organised for you.

This year, as C. & D. Representative, I have tried to provide a variety of forms of entertainment through-



out the year. The pop groups "La De Das", "Mississippi", "Dirigoes" and singers Ross Ryan and Mike McClelland gave us a bit of a break from lectures and generally sitting around the "caf" during lunchtimes. And how can we forget Ron Blaskett and Gerry Gee, the fantastic "Mornington Island Aboriginal Dancers", and the reactions of our "visitors" to the Shadow Puppet Show. During "Activities Week", a Jazz Night (with the "Red Onions Jazz Band") was organised and, though poorly attended, was enjoyed by all who did come.

During the year, a number of actors and actresses from the Melbourne Theatre Company presented two shows for us - "If This Account Is Not Paid" and "The Stinking, Filthy, Dirty, All-In Pollution Show", and the Players' Caravan presented "The Great Australian Historical Exhibition", all of which were enjoyed by those who attended. I would like to thank all of the students who participated in the Student Concerts this year too; hidden talents certainly shone through. Furthermore, I'm sure everyone is looking forward to the traditional third year Concert on the last day of College this year.

Once again, productions were very successful again this year. "Enduring As The Camphor Tree" proved to be another of Mr. Pappa's successes. After a lapse of a year and many hassles earlier in the year, we eventually managed to stage a musical this term. After a sell-out season, "The Boy Friend", under the direction of Bob Bilsborough, showed that as far as college musicals are concerned, the future looks bright. Another success this year was the first-ever all-student production "The Front Room Boys" which, we hope, will be the first of many in the years to come. Thanks must definitely go to Mike Rogers for the magnificent job he did not only as Producer of this play, but also for organising the Film Nights throughout the year.

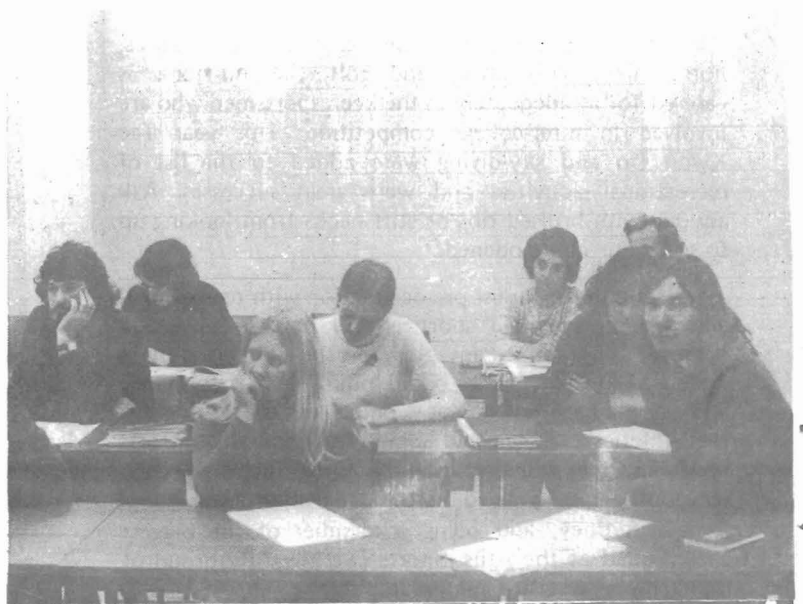
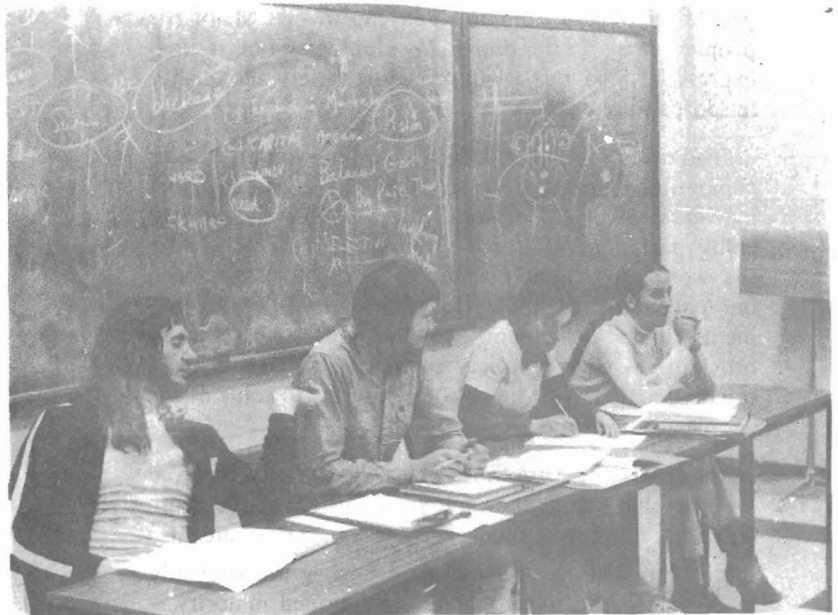
Thanks also to all the guys who participated in the "Miss (male) F.T.C." Contest with their adornments of wigs, mini-skirts, make-up, stuffed chests, bikinis etc. Judged by four distinguished members of staff and compered by the inevitable K.D. in a Tony Barber role, the peals of laughter rarely ceased during the "Quest".

Such has been C.&D. this year. Do you want these activities to continue? Would you like to see some changes? All I can say is that if you are interested, join the C&D Committee next year, offer suggestions and give a hand. I would like to congratulate Debbie Smith and wish her all the best as C&D representative next year.

Finally, I would like to thank all those people who helped me in my work this year as well as all of you who supported the various activities.

Best wishes for '74.

Rita Farrelly





## NOSTRUM REPORT

The concept of Nostrum was and still is a forum for student opinion and ideas. It is rather evident that many opinions and ideas have been expressed, in several different ways, which made a great deal of use of this media. But I ask the question: Who used Nostrum as a forum? I find an answer that I feel is disturbing, for the answer lies within a minority at college. This minority contributed regularly to Nostrum and one could make the assumption that this group is representative of the student body's opinions. Nothing is further from the truth. This minority is a group of people who write to Nostrum for a number of reasons; firstly some are concerned about their future and that of Education so they air their views; others write because they enjoy writing; others have a gripe and want to get it off their chests; and some just like to stir. Whatever the reason it is still a minority who contribute.

It is about time that we began to consider ourselves as professionals seeking our vocation as teachers. We have a responsibility to ourselves, teaching, and to the community to regard ourselves as professionals. Students graduating from college nowadays will be taking part in many of the changes which are slowly occurring in educational methods and philosophy.

As professionals we should be the ones, who, in ten or twenty years time, are writing articles in teachers' magazines and journals, not to mention the numerous psychology periodicals. We are part of the new trends in education and as such we should be the pacesetters.

If one takes the numbers of students who contribute to Nostrum each year as an indication of what the future holds for other sources of opinion, then the outlook is not bright. If one is not going to show indications of becoming professional in the field of education now then I cannot see any hope of achieving the status of a professional when you leave this sheltered existence within the walls of this college.

If you consider yourself a professional and that teaching is not just another job, then you are halfway there, for you others I have one piece of advice, before it is too late

**EXPRESS THYSELF!!!**

Terry Avery  
Nostrum Editor 1973

## SOCIAL REPORT

In 1973 there have been an abundance of activities held for College students -- some of which are becoming annual events, others were experiments in trying something different.

For those who attended any or all of these activities, you would have gained something from College life, even if you get lost on the way to Cape Schanck or feel rather ill after the Iron Man Contest, or if you had to go through a song or dance "one more time" in the musical.

Regardless of what activities you participated in, you will have something to help you to remember this year at College and for about 270 third years this will have been your last chance.

As a committee head on this year's S.R.C. I feel I have not only played a part in organising activities but I have also had a real chance to become involved in College life. This year I have gained an insight into what really goes on behind the scenes, both in the S.R.C. and around College itself. This insight is something that all students should have -- so many students are unaware of what is available to help students and to make life at College more enjoyable.

I would like to thank Jill Martin for her help this year in organising theatre nights and during the sale of ball tickets. Thanks also have to go to Shirley Anderson for her help in balancing the thousands of dollars I have had to handle this year -- even after two years of maths. at college I still have difficulties in balancing the takings.

Lastly I would like to congratulate Glenys Pollard on taking over the position of Social Secretary, and wish her luck in trying to gain more money in her grant from Angus than I could from John.

Wishing everyone success in the future, and I hope that you all have a great time rounding off the year at the Recovery Ball.

Sharron Hughes

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP REPORT

The Christian Fellowship is a Special Committee of the S.R.C. It operates as one of the many groups of students within the College who organise functions etc. for the members of the College.

On the other hand, the Christian Fellowship operates independently of the S.R.C. This results because of the basic functioning and nature of the C.F. The group has its own constitution where its three basic aims are stated. These are:

1. To present the claims of Christ so that other students may come to a personal experience of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord;
2. to have fellowship with students of like faith for mutual help and growth in the Christian life, especially by means of Bible Study and Prayer, and to encourage one another in witness for Christ;
3. to stimulate an informed and active interest in the missionary task of the Church at home and abroad.

With these aims in mind nominations for the C.F. Elections must come from the group itself and does not become part of the S.R.C.'s responsibility.

For these reasons, then, the Christian Fellowship has developed firstly as a body of students who function within the College and for the members of the College (both staff and students) with specific aims in mind, and, secondly, as an organisation which, by nature, operates independently of the College.

Each Committee has the responsibility of communicating with as many students and staff in College as is possible. This is a difficult task as there are many barriers to be overcome before this can be achieved. However, this is the problem of every other College Committee as well.

For those who do come with such basic beliefs and aspirations to share there is great encouragement and deep friendship to be found.

Organisation for next year's program is already well under way. The Committee has several proposals which are aimed at overcoming the problem of communication, so that more personalised communication within the College will result in more becoming involved with the group and its functions.

From what I, personally, have observed of the 1974 Christian Fellowship Committee, I feel sure that their

aims will be achieved in the new year. On behalf of this year's Committee, I feel privileged to pass on the responsibility of the Christian Fellowship to such an enthusiastic group of Christian kids.

Judy Jackson  
C.F. President 1973

## V.T.U. REPORT

Once again, this year, the V.T.U. functioned with minimal support. This was partly my fault as I did not put as much work into the Union as I should, or could have, done. This was in turn partly due to the fact that meetings were poorly attended and audiences at guest speakers' meetings were an embarrassment to myself as well as the speakers concerned.

I do not blame students entirely for this lack of support. With the A.U.S. catering for most student needs and outbidding the V.T.U. in Travel and Health Schemes the role of the V.T.U. in College seems minimal. This is not helped by the conservative and ancient policies expounded by V.T.U. officials. The situation seems to be that a purely industrial body does not have much place in College where industrial matters arise only very occasionally. Student allowances are geared to the salaries of teachers so students have little involvement with the determination of allowances. Apart from a few queries which arise about anomalies in pay and a buzz of activity when Union elections are held, the V.T.U. is all but dead in College.

This is not to say that I would like to see the V.T.U. disappear in College. For a few interested people it provides experience in industrial affairs and lays the groundwork for strong support when these people leave College.

To the next executive I say; do not expect great support in your activities but remember that even if one person shows interest the activity has been worthwhile. It is important to keep the V.T.U. alive next year as we have the vote at council meeting.

Thanks to my executive for their help throughout the year.

G. Lechte (President)

## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

When the Editor asked me to write a report he suggested that I make some predictions about the future development of the College rather than review the activities of the past year.

The task is not an easy one. As a constituent College of the State College of Victoria we are now independent of the Education Department. We are governed by our own Council but have limited autonomy only. Power resides mainly with the Interim Senate of the State College of Victoria which is a supervising and co-ordinating body. We can plan new course of study, but they can be introduced only with the approval of the Senate. We are responsible for the College administration and finance, but the Senate approves and allocates the funds. The Council has the right to appoint its own staff, but it must do so within the establishment determined, and on terms and conditions approved by the Governor-in-Council on the recommendation of the Interim Senate. The Senate determined the standards of admission and awards the Diplomas and Degrees.

Changes are occurring within the College, but major changes will not come quickly. The earliest possible date for the introduction of new courses will be 1975 and, after that date, further courses will be introduced as new buildings become available. Staff already appointed by the Council for 1974 include some from interstate and all appointments have resulted from open advertisement. Additional administrative staff are being appointed to handle the greatly increased administrative workload.

All new students for 1974 — an intake of 450 — will undertake the present Diploma course. In the main, they will have studentship awards from the Education Department but some will be private students in receipt of a living allowance from the Federal Government. The decision of that Government to abolish tuition fees and to pay allowances to tertiary students will probably result in the eventual abolition of bonding and in a review of studentship awards. By 1975 we would expect to be responsible for the selection of our own students.

The staff and Council members are currently involved in planning for the future. Aims and objectives are being clarified, new courses are being suggested and new buildings are being planned. At the moment it seems that only one prediction can be made with certainty — that the major continuing function of the College will be to train teachers. No doubt courses will be provided to train some specialist teachers, some secondary teachers and kindergarten teachers. I anticipate that a fourth year course for Primary teachers will soon be approved and that in time degree courses will be offered.

One cannot be as definite about other new courses. In tertiary education the greatest demand is for vocationally oriented education. It would be relatively easy for this College to broaden and extend its present courses to train those who work in areas closely related

to teaching — the social workers, the personnel officers, the leaders in sport and recreation. Provision of such related courses would provide all students with the opportunity to transfer, with little or no penalty, from one course to another. Non-vocational liberal arts courses could be provided to meet community needs. Our location at Frankston would seem to make this a feasible proposition.

Throughout this year, students have expressed concern that future developments will necessarily bring undesirable side effects — less personal interaction between the administration, the staff and students, less concern for the individual, less identification with the College. They fear increased competition, an over-emphasis on the attainment of high academic standards in the liberal studies and a reduced emphasis on practical and professional studies.

Let me assure you that we intend to preserve the basic philosophies that have enabled this College in the past, to make a distinctive contribution to tertiary education. There is no need to duplicate other tertiary courses — we can provide those which are equal in standard but different in content and treatment.

The year passes, and once again comes the flattering, but rather daunting, request to write "something" for the annual magazine. Even more daunting is the thought that the magazine is a souvenir which today's students will find in a forgotten drawer about 2000 AD and re-read!

## VICE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Perhaps the main thing I want to say is Thank You — 1973 has been a very good year, more full of challenges than most, but these have been met by staff and students alike with enthusiasm and initiative. To me, this is what life is about, and I hope you will continue to meet the challenges of the future in the same way. Those who have participated in the richness of experiences the College has to offer, and particularly those who have initiated many of them, must feel greatly rewarded.

The coming challenges to us who remain will require much thought and even greater effort, as we plan more buildings to meet future demands for new and varying courses. I want to challenge and fight the too widely held assumption that, as we increase in size, the importance of the individual student will diminish — that the College must necessarily become an "impersonal" place. It will, if we believe it will. But, as one who believes that the "who" is teaching is much more important than the "what" is taught — I see this as the greatest challenge — to provide the kind of staff and the kind of structures which will allow the maximum of professional and personal contact, and a feeling of "caring" and "belonging" to every student.

V.P.

# Recreation

Samantha Sandalwood and the Frivolous fantasies of the ubiquitous Southern Coastal Mangrove Researchers.

This title has no relevance at all to the following comments on the encounters between staff and students on the sporting fields this year. It proves, however, as you read this page, that if when confronted with something unusual or intriguing, even the most sceptical person will read on, or in this instance, participate.

What could be more unusual than that suit-wearing, office-inhabitating and often dogmatic and tyrannical lecturer who swerves out of the mass of arms and legs and passes brilliantly 30 metres downfield, or who gracefully sweeps and top student bowler to the find leg boundary, or who rebounds and goals on the basketball court, or who turns out a real professional once he enters a softball diamond? Staff are not all middle-aged, slightly overweight and past their prime! As has been proven this year in all the occasions when skill was tested, the monopoly in sport and recreation does not belong solely to the long-haired, jean-wearing youth of this College.

The scores are not important in these meetings; the participation and the relationship between staff and student that can develop is the real measure of their success. While this place remains a teacher training institution, close relations between staff and students will be important, not only on an individual basis but on the wider scale. Being beaten, in fact thrashed 14 to 1 on the softball diamond may have hurt the student's pride, but the participation of the players and the many spectators together was the real benefit of that afternoon's exercise. In 1965 while I was the S.R.C. Sports Secretary I wrote in Struan that sport could play an important role in the acceptance and assimilation of the Teacher Trainee when he went out into the community. I still feel this is true. Recreation has now diversified away from the football-cricket-basketball-tennis dominance of old, and bush walking and orienteering might well join caveneering on the Staff-Student Sports program for 1974. If it does, then staff and student relations will improve by it. The several activities which were participated in, watched and enjoyed by Staff and Students this year have contributed to the continuing development of a College spirit -- and it is to be hoped that they continue in the future.

Max Quanchi

## SPORT

Representing my College has always been very important to me even though I have participated in only two teams -- swimming and hockey. Although I feel enjoyment is the first necessity, one cannot detract from the satisfaction and elation gained in winning a premiership, race or match. Competing in individual events is to a certain extent for self-achievement and therefore does not hold as much attraction for me personally as does competing in team events whether it be a relay team or hockey match. Participation in such College teams enables one to build up a loyalty and feeling of real belonging to the College -- a feeling that is being denied so many tertiary students nowadays.

The introduction of sports awards has provided the students with a new interest and endeavour in sports -- gaining one of these awards had as much impact on me as winning a blue ribbon in primary school. The medallions mean a great deal to me, not only because they are so nice but because they represent and are a reward for the sports that I really love to participate in. As for that other trophy, I cannot really say in words what it really means to me; however, I felt very proud and honoured to have received it.

Finally, there are just a few people I would like to take this opportunity to thank for all their help and assistance this year. Firstly, Geoff and Julie, whose work has increased participation in sport so much; secondly, Mr. Marshall who as usual did such a fantastic job with the swimming team; thirdly Mr. Brennan, who gave the hockey team some invaluable coaching points and finally Mr. Foster for all his encouragement and perseverance with Judyanne and I in Phys. Ed. lectures.

Sally Raven



# A Stagnant

## Oasis



A stagnant oasis in a raging sea of change, F.T.C. and most of its brethren are staunch members of a middle class, 19th century, mass-education machine called the system. It is depersonalized, and divorced from reality, looking at the world with its rose-tinted glasses, to filter out what it does not wish to see.

After 12 years the system has coaxed its puppets into accepting the rat-race, ironically they accept it, but can only survive the grind by learning to beat the assessment racket — prostituting themselves for a piece of paper. In the frantic climb up the promotional dung-heap a great part of the real world is forgotten, ignored or has never been seen. What of the migrant children in Collingwood or the young country child? They possess a totally different language, life and thought process, yet the product of F.T.C. is only trained to teach white, middle class children (that is if we still accept the traditional idea of “teaching”).

What chance have most of the cogs in the system had to see anything beyond their backyard? The Fitzroy delinquent, or the Toorak delinquent, the council laborer and his family, the teenage alcoholic or drug addict or the pensioner trying to scrape out an existence in Carlton, are rarely observed or understood parts of our society. Fewer people still, have the chance or desire to see other places or nationalities. Travel, the greatest eye opener and brain stimulator, gives opportunity for new ideas, seeing different cultures and meeting new people. Yet leave, or help in travel from the Education Department? — not on your sweet Nelly! Although the Education Department stands to gain from it in better teachers with fresh ideas.

Education should be a process to stimulate creative thought and divergent thinking and should also build up a rich and varied background from which to stimulate young children to further thought. At F.T.C. however the bulk of the diet, and especially the way it is dispensed, is a self-perpetuating academic monstrosity the key motto being, “do as I say not as I do”. The college spews forth a lot of excellent theories and excit-

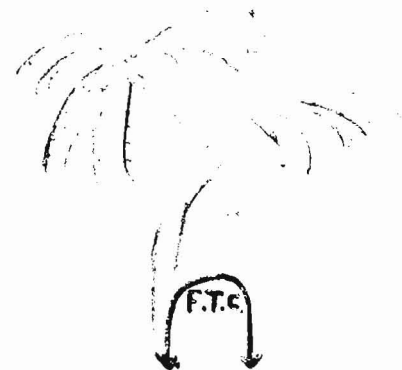
ing new ideas, yet what does the student see of them? In a computer age of miraculous gadgetry, where are the vicarious aids, the programmed learning, taped lectures and practical demonstrations?

The theory says that the student centred approach is the way — student organized work; independent research; self-motivation; but where is any sense of true student involvement, or dedication, which could come from this approach? Apart from a few “electives”, and occasional independent reports, assessment is straight, parrot style. Plagiarism is the name of the game! Who can photocopy the most bullshit and get away with it, for a topic which the student cares little or nothing about?

The most stimulating part of college, and also the most valuable aspect apart from teaching rounds, is of course extra-curricular activities. Leadership, organizing ability, social interaction, confidence, adventure, fresh ideas and a vast general knowledge results from these activities. Unfortunately these are only incidental sidelines, from which, those involved may find themselves handicapped rather than rewarded.

What is the future for a system such as this, and the people involved in it? Most of them are forced by the system to bury their heads as they ceaselessly chase a bigger bit of paper which decreases in value every day. They are competing for a higher place on the dung heap, which brings more money, status and ulcers. The world is changing more rapidly every day — starvation, pollution, race-riots, Future Shock, student unrest, and civil unrest. In a world such as this, the prognosis for a system that is looking backwards, or even one that is looking only at the present, cannot be optimistic.

Dave Abbott





# Graduates

A recent article in NOSTRUM classified students into three groups --

1. The conscientious person -- who does, believe it or not, really want to join the teaching profession.
2. The below the knocker student who had no other avenue open to him, including Uni dropouts.
3. The person who chose teaching, not really knowing what he wanted to do, and who now is unable to escape.

Apparently these categories were based on the subjective views of the author but some research carried out with this year's graduates does tend to support some of these assumptions. Evidence gathered from all this year's male exit students and a random sample of the third year women as their first year shows that 55 per cent had chosen primary teaching as their first choice of career. However, only 35 per cent of the men really wanted to be teachers compared with 71 per cent of the women. Thus, percentage wise, twice as many women as men students could be categorized in this first group. Whether these also are the "conscientious" ones was not investigated.

Since more than half the student graduates could be classified as belonging to the first category, the other two groups must necessarily be the minority. How many are "below the knocker" students cannot be proved but an analysis of High School Certificate results based on the three best subjects gives the following breakdown:

A's = 5% B's = 15%  
A's = 5% B's = 14% C's = 45% D's = 36%

Evidently most students have more C's and D's than A's or B's, but whether those who chose primary teaching were also those with the highest H.S.C. results has not been investigated. Also the number of University dropouts was not considered but it is interesting to note that 55% of the students had applied for University places and that 31% of those who applied were successful in being offered one. This means that 17% of this year's graduates could have gone to the University, but, for numerous reasons, chose primary teaching instead.

Unfortunately no "hard data" was collected in the research to confirm or refute assumptions about the third group but some other characteristics about the "average" graduate have emerged. For instance, 18% and 13% respectively attended Catholic and secondary schools other than State High Schools. 31% and 21% have socio-economic backgrounds that are middle-class and upper middle-class (Congalton's categories 4 and 3 respectively) whilst 15% and 19% come from the two

upper and two lowest socio-economic groups. Generally there is no significant difference between male and female graduates when socio-economic background, H.S.C. results and secondary school attended are compared but there are differences in inter-personal attitudes and attitudes to teaching.

When the graduates were first year students they exhibited favourable attitudes towards "sex, marriage, teachers, children and reward" which indicate their concern with social aspirations and future responsibilities. However, they were very much less favourably disposed towards "prestige, conformity" and "authority". The women graduates appeared to have been more concerned with their desire to succeed in their ambition to become teachers as their attitudes towards "competence, teaching certificate" and "headmaster" were more favourable than those of the male graduates. Female graduates generally had more liberal attitudes towards children, indicating that they should be able to maintain harmonious classroom relations based on affection and sympathetic understanding and would have to rely less on disciplinary actions than the male graduates.

Over the three years in College, however, these differences have tended to disappear and now both male and female graduates on the average subscribe to modern beliefs about less mechanical subject-centred teaching and less authoritarian teacher expectations. Now, more than when they were first year students, this year's graduates favour children's self-direction and inner motivation and generally believe that children are capable, through the influence of positive home and school environments, of self-discipline and accepting responsibility in a cheerful, willing manner.

Conversely, attitudes towards "college, teaching practice, teachers, headmaster" and "teaching certificate" have declined throughout their three years of training and this aspect of their professional training needs closer examination and dialogue between staff and students.

Finally, although the graduates have shown significant changes in attitudes towards teaching and are now more progressively oriented towards teacher-pupil relations, there is abundant research evidence from overseas studies to show that these tendencies are reversed after one year's initial teaching experience. The largest and most stable change has been for three year trained primary teachers. Will the 1973 graduates from the State College at Frankston follow this typical pattern or will they be the "new breed" who still believe in and practice "progressive education" on matters of method and child-centred education even when College is but a dim memory?

Michael J. Kelly

# OPEN CLASSROOM

They're all neurotic nut cases! the first impression of an open classroom. After two days, I changed my opinion. It was just that for the first time I was seeing children as people in the classroom; feeling, thinking, doing, reacting human beings, not repressed puppets glued into 35 desks. Challenge is the keyword to an open classroom, because you would have to be made to try it. Coping with 35 bundles of troubles and traumas, individually not enmasse as a well disciplined, half comotose grade. The open class permits children to communicate; for the first time they are not tied to their desks but are free to wander around, to talk to others, to relate, to act and react, feel, discuss, argue, and learn to cope with their peers in a structured environment. This is what produces the idea that they are all neurotic, as conflicts, personality clashes and emotional problems are much freer to come out, and they do all the time! Life is never boring in an open class. In a formal class, the child has very little chance to interact with others, he is stuck in his seat, most of the time he cannot speak to anyone except occasionally to the teacher; most of the time he just sits there and acts as though he is listening intently (and even at the best of times this is debatable).

Learning does not cease in the open classroom, even the 3 R's can be catered for. Most education is based on the assumption that children will not learn unless they are forced to. But children do want to learn, they just don't always want to be taught. Some of the aims of open classes are that learning should be enjoyable, self-motivated, and independent. The product is often not as polished, with neatly ruled margins, but the quality, quantity and variety is staggering.

What, however, is behind all the activity; behind children arriving at 8.00 a.m. regularly, wanting to start work? The answer is 7 times as much work for the teacher (facilitator); that is, the teacher has to be a walking resource supply, for behind the apparent chaos there is an incredible amount of planning, preparing, collecting aids, slides, and scraps, not to mention fighting off hostile administrators or curious onlookers, whilst all the time thinking up new ideas. You can fob off a formal grade with an English grammar exercise from a book, but the open class has to be sold on every project, as they must be interested to do the work. Motivation is at a premium every square inch of the wall should be covered with pictures, charts, graphs, newspaper items, all constantly being changed.

Rules and regulations do exist in an open class. An open class does not mean Laissez faire. Behind every open class however, there is a different philosophic reasoning, a different set of rules and a different teacher. Most rules are worked out in co-operation with the children, and issues are often decided by class courts. The teacher in the class is equal to, but not more important than the children (at least that's the theory). He or she has as much right to respect and consideration, but no more than any child in the grade.

An open class can be totally open, Summerhill style, or may start with 10 minutes free time a day. It is a hard yet very rewarding way of teaching. After two days as an observer, I was exhausted, through constantly relating to a never-ending stream of individuals, instead of to one orderly seated and arranged grade. Open classrooms are not for everyone, as only a few teachers are emotionally or technically suited to them and some children feel safer in a more disciplined formal class. The noise factor is enough to send most teachers round the nearest bend — it's not pandemonium, but a very constant and very loud hum. The open class requires more materials and project work etc. The teacher has to be a family counsellor cum psychiatrist; a ventriloquist cum magician who can split into 35 pieces at once. But what are the benefits of the system? Maybe the best judges of this are the children themselves. Below are some comments from grade 4 children in an open class.

"You taught us how to supervise ourselves. When you were away, we didn't need a teacher to tell us what to do".

"Other grades stand up and say miserable 'good mornings', we just do it in a loving way by ourselves and when we come in we just get straight to work".

"It's more fun doing things like Maths this year".

"But do you learn anything?"

"Well at least I can see things now".

"4B is much more different than the other grades and everyone can understand each other more because we all take care of each other and we have time to talk".

"We are part of a family".

Dave Abbott

# Post Mortem

"To be or not to be?" That was the question which quivered on the lips of 40 or so budding young "actors" and "actresses", as they saw the first attempt at a 1973 musical go up like a lead balloon. Past musicals had been slow away from the barrier but this one didn't even make it onto the track. Alas "Bless the Bride" was scratched. Not to be defeated, the trainers sallied forth with a new star "The Boy Friend". It didn't look all that flashy but was at least given a chance to start. After a few feeble attempts it did manage to leave the barrier in the 1973 musical handicap. After the slow start the fans began to wander away until only 34 remained. The first trainer abandoned his charge and left it in the hands of two willing men. The new trainer Robert "One More Time" Bilsborough and his assistant Ivor "Make Those Words Sharp" Morgan took over and were determined that "The Boy Friend" would begin again and would be a winner. The greatest factor, apart from having only 34 in the cast (comprising 26 girls and eight fellas) was the desperate shortage of time. The whole crew had only seven weeks to groom their charge for its big test on October 10th. It was decided that the only way to meet the deadline was to adjourn to the Portsea Annexe for two consecutive weekends of hard training. At this point, dear reader, the "horseplay" ends.

Those two weekends, which began at 7 p.m. Friday night and ended at around midday Sunday, were what was needed to mould 34 individuals into what has been described as perhaps the friendliest and best disciplined group which has ever done a musical at Frankston. This year has shown that there is no need for long weeks of rehearsals if the cast are prepared to listen to instructions given by producer, musical director and choreographer. The cast this year realised the task they were faced with and they overcame that task in brilliant style. If nothing else is remembered from the weekends away, one phrase will stick in all our minds for years to come, "One More Time", the dreaded words which echoed from the walls in sweet tones sounding very much like the voice of our beloved producer. For those of you who saw the show and enjoyed the finale of Act One, spare a thought for the chorus. On one Saturday afternoon those girls did that particular sequence eight times without a rest. There are other examples but that one stands out. It certainly wasn't all fun and games. Despite many groans and grumbles every one of the faithful cast managed to stagger through the rehearsals practically unscathed.

Our next big step was to rehearse in the new theatre -- the dream world of the drama lover in Frankston. Our first rehearsal was nearly our last. No one was particularly keen on their lines bouncing back at them two or three times. However, having finally settled in, everyone was determined to do the best he or she could. Gradually, positioning was worked out and the whole show really began to flow, running like a well oiled machine.

The hurdle was overcome. Next came our first rehearsal with the orchestra. This lifted the show to new heights which pleased everybody.

Sunday, October 7th -- the night which would help to decide our success or failure. Everyone was keyed up to perform in front of perhaps the hardest audience ever invented to test a show's appeal -- the PENSIONERS.

The cast knew that if they could sting these critics into laughter -- in the right places -- then we had a show which would appeal to anyone (even that revered dramatist G.P.). Fortune smiled on us. The pensioners laughed, clapped and even sobbed, directly on cue. Success seemed to be in the air.

Our last big test reared up before all and sundry on Wednesday, October 10th -- Opening Night. No one thought of Sunday's success. After all it had been three days and maybe everything had gone stale. Despite the disadvantage of only about half an audience the show was greeted with plenty of applause and many favorable comments about the show. From here on the theatre held a capacity audience every night. In fact, the show was so well received that extra seating had to be included for the last two performances.

"The Boy Friend" had run spectacularly over six courses of time and had then retired in a blaze of glory. Praise had been forthcoming from every quarter and all associated with the show should be justly proud of a particularly tightly produced and well performed show. Everyone is to be congratulated on his or her effort but the two names which stand out are those of the men who led the cast to such a triumph. They are, of course, Mr. Bob Bilsborough and Mr. Ivor Morgan, producer and musical director respectively. A special note of thanks must also go to Mr. Paul "Obs" O'Brien who did such a fine job designing posters and tickets.

Well, it's all over until next year and the Boy Friend has been a huge success despite the many setbacks during preparation. It is to be hoped that more people take an interest in future musical productions so that outsiders won't have to be called in to help boost numbers. This refers mainly to the male members of the cast. Of the eight male members of this year's cast, three were not College students. Think about it for 1974 men! There is nothing like a musical to get a big group of people together as one unit working together. Although there is a lot of hard work involved, the final result is one which is well worthwhile.

Thanks again to all who helped and on behalf of the cast a special thanks to the people who helped make the Boy Friend the great success it was --

THE AUDIENCES.





# Front Room Boys

This production was an immense success for several reasons. It was extremely well received by those who saw, certain members of staff expressed the opinion that it was the best production ever at the college. It also importantly, proved that members of the student body were capable of organising and presenting a full-scale dramatic production without paternal guidance from staff members. However the fact that a large number of college students did not see the play was disappointing. If the failure to attend was due to lack of interest, I find this a rather unfortunate attribute in people training to become educators.

Those involved with the play, spent at least 7-8 hours per week rehearsing for nearly 12 weeks. This of course does not include extra time given up by cast and crew to learn lines, build the set, record the audio, set up, and maintain the lighting, procure props and organise and print publicity.

There were of course minor problems. The theatre committee asked us not to "emphasise the obscene parts". We were at a loss as to know what this meant until an actor from the Mordialloc Theatre Company substituted "knackers" for what must have presumably

been "knickers" in their production of "Enemy" at the College. "Enemy" also introduced for a short period an army tank and two tons of sand into the Front Room Boy's Office. Our problem scenes were scene 7 (the office review) and scene 12 (the office party).

Scene 7 called for the near impossible, Bill Jeffs to dance and Bruce West to sing. But somehow after rehearsing this scene twice as many times as any other we were able to produce what was for many, the highlight of the show. Scene 12 was a case of "one more time" to get dialogue and action perfectly synchronised. Although they got pretty close I will let you into the secret that not once did the actors do this scene exactly the same.

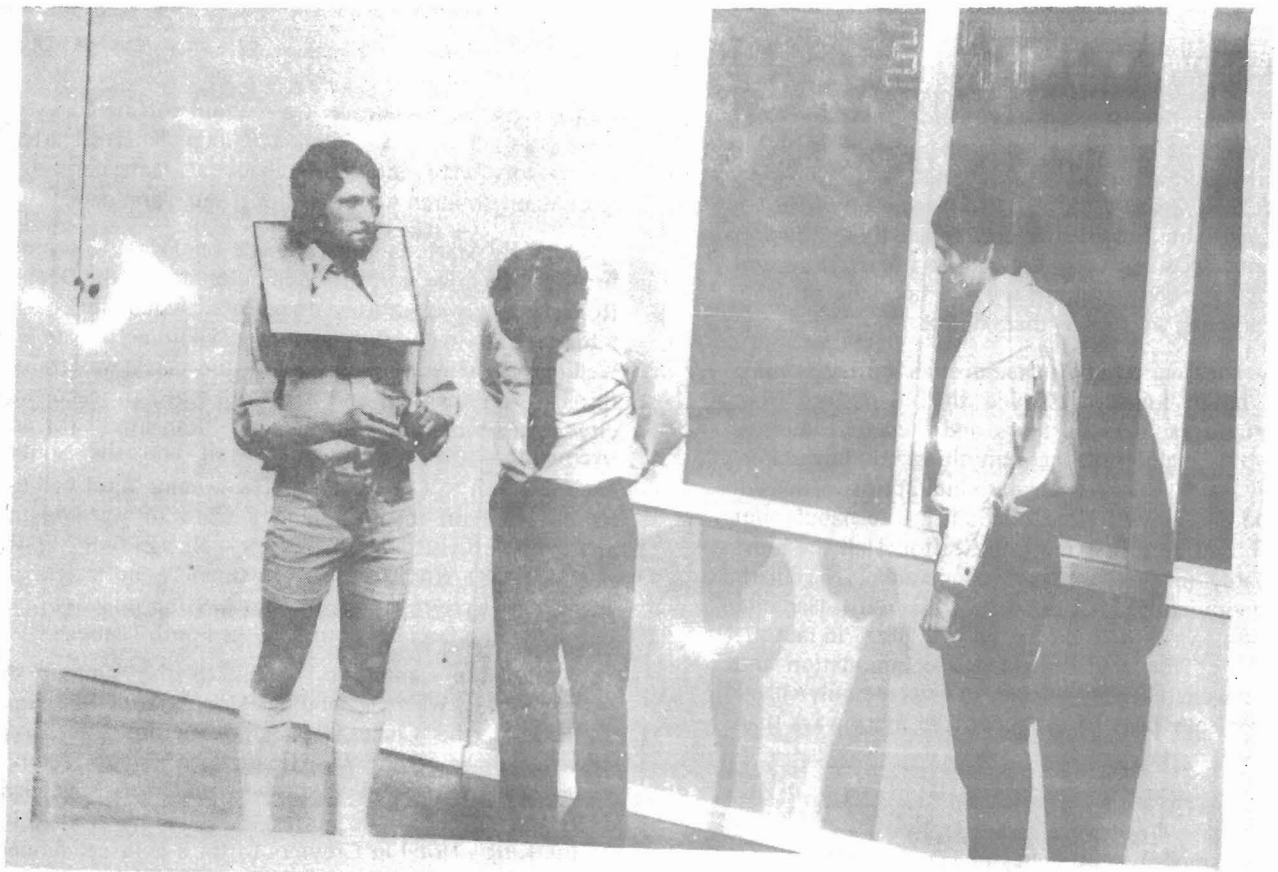
Although time consuming the job of directing the play was remarkably easy due to the fact that this production was a complete team effort. Every member of the production crew did their job and assisted where they could in other areas.

In conclusion I should like to thank all those who made "The Front Room Boys" such a terrific experience and marvellous production. Good luck and every success to those organising student productions next year.

M. Rogers







## KIWI LAND

Thirty-four weary travellers from Frankston and Burwood cheered lustily when they saw the lights of Melbourne below them. At the end of a whirlwind tour of New Zealand, which had begun on Saturday 25th August at Tullamarine and ended there 13 days later, not a few were feeling a little homesick — and here was their beloved home-town, a fairyland of lights in the darkness, welcoming them home.

They had landed in Auckland on Saturday evening after a heavy fog had delayed their departure from Melbourne by some four hours, and their first impressions of the shaky isles were anything but favourable. Not only was the airport singularly unimpressive, considering the enormous tourist traffic it has to handle, but to be offered as a first meal at Grafton Hall the most unbelievably inedible garbage masquerading as goulash that anybody could imagine was a gross insult! Happily, though, this was not to be the normal fare — in fact the remainder of the tour provided accommodation and meals that were first class — Auckland was the only village that left a sour taste in the mouth, in more ways than one.

Sunday morning brought a 325 kilometre drive north around Hauraki Gulf, through Wellsford and Whangarei to Paihai on the Bay of Islands, and a launch trip across to Russell to visit Pompallier House, built in 1842 by the Catholic Bishop of that name. Paihai was originally settled by missionaries and it was here that New Zealand's first printing press was set up, on which was printed the Treaty of Waitangi when the British and Maoris finally came to terms.

Monday morning was highlighted by a visit to the Kerikeri area and Rewa's Village — a replica of a pre-European Maori village constructed on the actual site occupied by Rewa, Hongi Hika's lieutenant, when Samuel Marsden set up the first mission there in 1819. Great care has been taken to keep the village authentically pre-European in style, from the marae in front of the chief's enclosure even to the meat safe — a basket hung high in the air above the fly-level and used only for delicacies (such as children's fingers) for the chief or his eldest son.

The group travelled south from Auckland on Tuesday morning to Otorohanga for a visit to the Kiwi House, then on to the Waitomo caves, where the festoons of glow-worms in the Glow-worm Grotto are a fascinating sight. Thence to the Lake Maratai Country Lodge at Mangakino, from where excursions were made during the next couple of days to Rotorua (what a stench!), the tame trout springs, the Wairakei Thermal Valley (where power is generated using steam from the bowels of the earth) and Lake Taupo, famous for its hydro-electric scheme.

Following visits to the Expo Agrodome to watch

a sheep-shearing exhibition (talk about carting coals to Newcastle!) and to the Orakei Korako Thermal area, the visitors were entertained back at Mangakino by local Maori children with traditional songs and dances.

An early start had to be made on Friday morning for the long drive south to Wellington across the Desert Road, and it was entirely unexpected when the coach faltered and finally expired some 95 kilometres out of Wellington. After a lengthy delay the party was transferred to another bus and barely managed to reach the city in time to board the steamer "Rangatira" for an overnight cruise down Cook Strait and the South Pacific Ocean to Christchurch. The evening meal had to be obtained on the ship (and a word of warning to anybody who visits the shaky isles — NEVER ASK FOR A PIE AND SAUCE!) but fortunately no cases of seasickness were reported, so Saturday morning saw the beginning of a fascinating tour of the South Island.

Across the Canterbury Plains to the summit of Arthur's pass, where a fabulous smorgasbord was demolished at the Chalet Restaurant before the party travelled down to the West Coast for a visit to Shantytown (a reconstructed gold-town similar to Sovereign Hill) and a ride on the puffing-billy, before settling in at the King's Hotel in Greymouth for a gourmet dinner and excellent overnight accommodation.

Climbing Franz Josef Glacier was the highlight of Sunday's tour, and a few people were lucky enough to be able to take the ski-plane flight to the summit.

Another long drive followed on Monday — south along the West Coast and through Haast Pass to the dry inland areas around Lake Wanaka (30 miles long, 3 miles wide and 1,000 feet deep) and on to Queenstown.

A visit to the historic gold-mining centre of Arrowtown (where goldpanning equipment was provided and used without success!) was followed by a trip up to Coronet Peak for a chairlift ride to the summit and free-for-all snow fights. Tuesday afternoon was free for skiing, trail rides or jet boat rides and the highlight of the day was the gondola ride up to the Skyline Restaurant for dinner and dancing. This evening was voted the best of the tour.

Leaving Queenstown after breakfast, the party drove through the Lindis Pass to the McKenzie country, where Mr. Ralph Weir at Georgetown provided jet boat rides on the Waitaki river — exciting to say the least.

On to Christchurch and overnight accommodation at the Stonehurst Motel, before a final day of sight-seeing and souvenir-hunting left everybody exhausted and penniless — the last two dollars of New Zealand play money being extracted by the authorities as "airport tax".

So ended a memorable trip — the last of the traditional September holiday tours, alas and alack.



**Queenstown N.Z.**

## TO PIMBA WITH LOVE

### Objectives:

By the end of the trip the students will have —

- (1) Survived for two weeks on Weeties, sandwiches and BBQ.
- (2) Had experience in all types of bogging, flooded rivers and broken-down buses.
- (3) Baby-sat a busload of 15-year-old Swan Hill boys for two weeks.
- (4) Changed one shy, quiet Bill Cooper into a sex maniac.

### Pre-assessment:

**Lecturers: Bob Greaves** — Familiarises himself with the students beforehand in order to know what trouble to expect.

**Fran Kenny** — Should have collected and prepared necessary materials such as a bus, a portable toilet, leak-proof tents, pills for all occasions.

**Students** — Have made the mistake of paying for the trip; have prepared all necessary equipment, including toilet rolls, Cleo's "mate of the month", recorders and anti-frustration pills (for the 35 girls only — the five males wouldn't need them).

### Instructional Procedure:

**Day 1** — Students were seated at 6.30 a.m. in a group on the bus (some were still under the influence from Rooter's party the night before). Most of the gang slept all the way to Murray Bridge, stopping only for the familiar words — boys to the left, girls to the right. After tea was served by a sexy broad at a roadside cafe the bus continued to Adelaide camping ground where a "tent erecting" demonstration took place. After much banging (of tent poles) the tents were erected and most returned to bed. But why did Barbara, Karen and Lyn not sleep in their tent that night?

**Day 2** — After breakfast consisting of Weeties, Weeties or Weeties, the bus left Adelaide for Port Augusta. However, the sun shower which began soon after leaving Adelaide continued to follow the unfortunate bus all the way to Port Augusta. Most found it very difficult to set up camp in a swamp and many turned to the church for shelter. Those who sheltered at the church prayed for dry weather while those at the camp prayed that the pub would agree to sell them \$30 worth of grog, so that they could drown their sorrows. While Wol was jumping puddles, Frenchy was drowning in her sleeping bag and the church-goers were baby-sitting some 12 year old Swan Hill boys.

**Day 3** — Most of the tents had floated away by morning. While some went swimming, others toured the city on the back of a motor bike, and the rest sat around and moaned that they wanted to go home — they were given a "Chinese eye glance".

**Day 4** — When we heard that three buses were bogged at Pimba, we decided that ten buses would sound more convincing, so we hastily packed and left for Pimba with the other nine buses. Pimba is a one horse town with one pub, 2 toilets, no showers and a plague of hepatitis. So the rest of the day was spent playing "assassin" and "zoom" and dreaming of home with the "fragrant" odours from the tip wafting in the air.

**Day 5** — The road was still impassable so the day was spent shopping and showering at Woomera. Meanwhile back at Pimba much dancing, singing and "getting to know you" took place after a choice dinner menu of bar-b-que, bar-b-que or bar-b-que. A certain two pint bottle of GIN was seen in the hands of five young ladies and half an hour later two of the girls were found at the bottom of the tip. No explanations needed. Meanwhile baby-sitting was becoming a full-time occupation for some girls.

**Day 6** — Bob, in his best singing voice, woke the camp at 5.00 a.m. and one hour later 40 bodies were silhouetted against a colourful sunrise pushing a G.E.T. bus out of the Pimba tip. Soon the convoy of 10 buses set out on its trek. Five hundred yards later the first bus was hopelessly bogged. Although Mick's Mud Muncher was bogged twice, that day the travellers were not deterred and drove on through mud and floods to the tune of "we shall not be bogged". Mick's Mud Muncher bus arrived at the finish line, Coober Pedy, in third place, leaving three broken-down buses behind them and six others still in the first straight of the race.

**Day 7** — After the usual tea, most spent 60 cents for a shower, others went out to walk the streets of Coober Pedy — for touring purposes only. Fran decided to forget about her karate experience and lead the rest of group in hiding in the long grass whenever a car passed. Mattresses had to be reorganised that night when certain males were found sleeping in the girls' tents. After a prolonged tour of the town the bus set off in high spirits for Alice Springs; however, a flooded river again prevented them from continuing. Most people slept in the bus but some tents were found next morning beneath a pile of boulders — it was the only way of preventing the tents from blowing away in a gale.

Bob's quote of the day — "Look out Shirley — I'm at it again. I told you I'm a fiddler — I can't find it".

**Day 8** — An early start, a 4 foot river to cross, all went well for the next few hours. However, the crew was stopped again by a flooded river. Two drowned buses later, Mick's Mud Muncher floated across the river and, after driving through one mile of water every 500 years, reached Alice Springs disguised as a lump of red mud.



Roma, the last to have a shower that night, was met by the first of the early risers while Jill and Rhona were dead to the world in their motel room. Why were they the privileged ones? The laundromat was the most popular tourist attraction that morning, while swimming at the telegraph station left camel riding for dead.

*Day 9* – Swimming was attempted at Simpson's Gap but the boys found that the water had frozen more than their toes. While at Alice, Julie looked after the gang with her whistle, one blow and Bob and the bus drivers came running to her rescue. Julie wouldn't stop blowing.

*Day 10* – A new business was set up at Ayer's Rock in the caravan park. Joan's, Frenchy's and Fran's double bed was very popular during business hours. Strop was the first to patronize the popular tent.

*Day 11* – Debbie and Leigh were awarded "courage medals" for sliding down Ayer's Rock. Heather became mysteriously ill after visiting the fertility cave.

Quote of the day at the Olgas – "These rocks give me the runs".

While Joan, Fran and Frenchy were making "sweet music" banging around in the organ cave, Dud, Sue and Ann were preparing to liven things up at the pub. At the camp fire, Caffa celebrated his birthday to the strumming of Chook's guitar.

One must also ask "who rocked with who, and who rolled with who" that night, and also "was Ken really lost when he drove certain girls to the fertility cave?"

*Day 13* – "Oh, what a beautiful morning", Bob again serenaded the camp awake. Another early start. Bob and Heather, quite bored with the bogging situation, decided to fly back to Melbourne. To this day Bob does not know what went on in the tent of Peter and his two wives.

## WANDA

What cultural depth, or lack thereof promoted many of the college students who attended the regular film screenings to say of "Zabriskie Point" that it ended "funny", to exclaim that "The Illustrated Man" was a bit far-fetched, to claim that "Easy Rider" and "Joe Hill" didn't have much in them, exclaim after "Happy Birthday Wanda June" that they did not understand it, chastise "The Last Picture Show" for being "dirty" and laugh and squirm with embarrassment during "Boys in the Band"?

One can only guess that the cultural depth of many trainee teachers does not extend far beyond American pulp television series and "Number 96". All the above-mentioned films either were commercial successes or at least received critical approval when first released. The reaction to "Film Society" type films from directors such as Fellini, Bergmann or Truffaut would most likely have been even more unfavourable. An unfortunate incident did occur where one person who takes a keen interest in films actually ceased coming to screenings at the college because reactions to some of the films from sections of the audience upset him so much.

On arriving at Coober Pedy, half the members decided that they'd do anything for a drink and so once more ventured towards the town where they stumbled across both drinks and opals – quite by accident.

*Day 14* – Debbie, attended by Barbara Mc, was rushed to Woomera Hospital – was this due to the rubbish tip or the fertility cave?

*Day 15* – Two hours were spent sightseeing at the Salisbury Bus Terminal. Many souvenirs were collected from the rubbish cart. Loggy now owns a skull cap. That night a final Cpruba party was held in the bus after which Rhona, Roma and Angela took a cold shower, through no fault of their own. Mick and Ken went from tent to tent – looking for the broom. Ian and Caffa spent their night pulling down tents while Peter and Bill spent theirs erecting them!

*Day 16* – HOME

CHALK BOARD SUMMARY (Circle the correct answer(s)).

Who stole the tin of pineapple from the bus? (Karen D., Peter, Marita).

Who splashed Rhona, Roma and Angela with cold water? (Brian, Loggy, Bill R.).

Who were the girls who babysat the Swan Hill boys? (Chuck, Jan, Gerra)

Who found new boyfriends on the trip? (Lorraine, Tamara, Leigh, Maree)

Who sunbaked in rain, hail or shine? (Jenny, Sue E., Sandra)

Who were Peter's two wives? (Janine, Kay, Wal, Jeanette)

Would the real Julie please stand up? (Bobby Joe, Fifi, Hildegard, Brigitte O'Flauty)

It is rather appalling that people entering the education profession should be largely non-receptive to the medium of film and also, as many did not even attend the screenings, exhibit an almost total lack of interest in the medium. Especially since the advent of television motion pictures have become the most important and frequently used means of communication in our society. Teachers should be fully aware of the medium which at present is still largely in competition with them but which should be understood and utilised by them. While teachers behave like Philistines in the face of art or continue to ignore the medium of film and while the administration of this College does likewise (why is there no film course here?) rubbish like "Number 96" will continue to be the top rating television program and children will believe it to be the epitome of drama, entertainment and information about society.

To those people who really appreciated the films this year (or at least some of them) I trust that through your support the Film Society will be able to extend its function and among the "Carry On" films plant the occasional Wild Strawberry.

M. Rogers



# Short Stories

David Jamieson methodically removed the layers of paper from the package on his highly polished mahogany table. He was a tall man, proud of his physique which had not yet lost its youthfulness. Slight greying of the sideburns was the only indication of his forty years. Only a close examination revealed the tiny lines at the corners of his clear, icy blue eyes. Eyes which betrayed little emotion. Pressed against gritted teeth his thin lips made his face hard. As he peeled away the final tissue, his face was transformed. Eyes averted, lips parted, the face of a condemned man reprieved at the final hour.

Overcome by shortness of breath, his face drained of colour, he sank into the welcoming embrace of the padded leather armchair. His composure regained, he leaned forward and gently lifted the camphor chest from its frothy tissue nest. Reverently, the shaking hands placed the beautiful receptacle on the desk top. David sighed: a long drawn-out sound that defied interpretation.

The man in the chair made no attempt to open the box; he sat and stared at it. Within his grasp was the gem which had diseased his mind and plagued his dreams over many years. The antidote was there, a chilling fear prevented his taking it.

David recalled vividly the time he had seen the camphor chest. He was five years old and rummaging through his mother's wardrobe on a wet afternoon when he found the exquisitely carved box. It was no larger than a brick and rested comfortably in his lap. For the next hour the little boy untiringly traced the pattern in the wood, his tiny fingers feeling the textures and forms created by a master craftsman. Never had anything fascinated David as did this box, not only its artistry but also the mysterious delicate perfume.

An enigmatic smile was his mother's response when he questioned her about the camphor chest and its contents. She told him of the old Chinese servant who had entrusted the chest to her when, as a missionary's daughter, she had spent her girlhood years in China.

In the years that followed the camphor chest became an important part of David's life. The box remained locked and no amount of coaxing would destroy his mother's resolve that it should remain so. She hinted that the box and its mysterious contents would one day belong to David, more than this she would not concede.

David's imagination soon took control. The box contained a fabulous jewel, a miracle drug, some rare element: the possibilities were endless. It was a harmless game for the fatherless child who dreamed of the day he would no longer live in poverty.

During adolescence the dreams began. At first they simply took the form of the childhood fantasies but soon they became nightmares. Pandora's Box was a gift

to mankind compared with the horror David concocted for the innocent camphor chest. He would awaken in a cold sweat, truly frightened by the evils he imagined. On more than one occasion he almost destroyed the chest but an inexplicable force had prevented him. It was as if the feel of the carved wood in his hand and the subtle perfume combined to calm his hysteria and cool the fever.

With the passage of time David developed considerable business acumen and devoted himself to making David Jamieson a wealthy man. His life became so involved that his fantasies were pushed into the background. Only when he was totally unoccupied did the desire for the camphor chest overcome him and the dreams disturb his repose.

As he reviewed his life he was consumed by a sense of shame. His recent years, he was forced to admit, had been selfish ones. He had raised himself to the pinnacles of commercial success, to the detriment of many people. If the result meant success for Jamieson then the methods were justified, regardless of the cost to others.

His own mother refused the comforts his money offered her. She was distressed by her son's success. David's ethics and her own were irreconcilable. She begged him to forget his ambitions or at least allow compassion to guide him in his pursuits. When he refused, she announced her intention of returning to China.

She bade him a brave farewell, wished him success and mounted the gangway to the plane. Under her arm she carried the ubiquitous camphor chest. From his vantage point, David watched her enter the plane, a tiny figure, frail but strong. He knew he would never see her again. During the night he awoke, shaking, in the realisation that his claim to the camphor chest was also lost.

The ensuing decade took David from strength to strength. His every command was fulfilled by an army of underlings. No week passed that the doings of David Jamieson did not make headlines in the press. He became the idol of the American public, the self-made man. Those seeking his favours conveniently forgot the underhanded methods their idol had used to gain his pedestal.

Success was not the answer. He lived an empty life. The awful dreams of his adolescence claimed his nights once more, but, there was no longer the solace of holding the chest in his hands. It was in China.

The torture was eating away at his sanity as the pounding surf erodes the shore. He, David Jamieson, could buy anything he desired, anything, but the camphor chest which would bring him peace.

Then came the notification of his mother's death. She died almost destitute and left no will. David spent nights in torment; the camphor chest was lost.

So he believed, until the package revealed the object of his desire. Fifteen minutes passed while he gazed fixedly at the walnut brown chest and contemplated his life. Slowly, he leaned forward and took the box in his hands, gently caressing the intricate carvings as he had done in his boyhood. He felt at peace with himself.

Taped at the base of the chest was the key. He carefully removed it and inserted it in the tarnished lock. The moment he had awaited so long was at hand; he broke into a sweat. Beads of perspiration trickled down his face. The lock gave way. He gently raised the lid. The strong pervading odour of camphor enveloped him. He breathed deeply.

On the delicate crimson satin lining lay a scroll of white rice paper. Trembling fingers lifted it from its bed. David unfurled the scroll and feasted his eyes on the black Chinese calligraphy. Beneath it, another more modern hand had inscribed the English translation.

Confucius said:

*"Riches and honours are what man desires. If it cannot be obtained in the proper way they shall not be held. Poverty and meanness are what men dislike. If it cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be avoided".*

David Jamieson read the words and he wept.

Margaret Davidson

## FIFTY FIVE CENTS WASTED

My eyes watched the kitchen clock as I ate lunch. In one hour's time I would meet my sweetheart, SueEllen, at the telephone booth near the market. I had the whole afternoon planned since last Tuesday, one week ago. My excitement was one week old! SueEllen was my third date since I started growing whiskers three months ago. I scratched my chin. Yeah, I needed a shave.

"Don't gobble your sandwiches Bill. You've got all day to eat them".

"Yes Mum".

"What are you doing today, Joey?" asked Mum.

Joey, my one and only younger brother, was a pest. He was spoilt rotten. Today, he would be my one worry.

"Nothing much. Probably just ride my bike".

He looked at me so I pulled a face.

"What were you doing Bill?" Joey asked.

Mother saved me.

"Your father wants you to feed the chooks and sweep the back verandah Bill".

"What about Joey?"

"He's too young".

"He's always too young!"

"Now, Bill. Don't be jealous".

"Yeah. Bill. Don't be jealous".

I leaned over and took a swipe at his head, but he ducked and laughed. "I'll sweep the verandah and feed the chooks later, after I've been to the market".

I didn't really tell a lie; I was going to the market to meet SueEllen, then we were going to the pictures.

"Do it before you go please. We never know when you'll come home. The weather's fine; I may do some washing".

I at my crusts. There was only fifty five minutes to go.

"You brush the verandah Joey, and I'll pay you ten cents".

"It's a big verandah, and the broom's nearly broken. It'll cost you twenty cents".

"Fifteen".

"Righto".

Feeding the chooks was easy and I had it done in five minutes. I stepped on the verandah to pick up my jumper when a hand was thrust under my nose.

"Money, Bill".

I gave him fifteen cents' worth of two and one cent pieces. I didn't want my pockets to jingle when I took SueEllen out. My T-shirt was damp and smelly in the armpits so I decided to have a quick shave and shower and to change my gear. That took me fifteen minutes. Only twenty five minutes to go.

I pinched some of Dad's Avon aftershave. It stung a little but if it turned SueEllen on it was worth it. Joey came into our bedroom and threw his dramatic body on his unmade bed.

"Where are you going, Bill?"

"Out".

"Out where?"

"Outside".

"What for?"

"It's a beaut day".

"You're even brushing your teeth!"

"So what? I DO you know. You should clean yours sometime. If you ask Mummy nicely she'll clean them for you".

"You never clean your teeth at lunchtime. I know. . . you're going to see a girl".

I gave no answer. I went back to my room to find some money

"Why don't you make your bed, Joey?"

"I don't have to".

That was the whole problem. He never had to do anything. He persisted with his questioning.

"What girl are you taking out?"

Boy! Was he abrupt and persistent!

"Who said I was taking out a girl?"

"Well, you don't smell pretty when you go out with your mates from school".

I hurried outside and slammed the front gate. Only one

hundred yards away and he had caught up to me, riding his bicycle.

“What colour’s her hair?”

“Who?”

“Your girlfriend”

“What girlfriend?”

“The ugly one”.

“I haven’t been seen with Alice since her old man stepped in!”

“Not her! Your latest one”.

“You always ask too many questions. Are you playing detective or something?”

“That’s kids’ stuff!”

“Why do you think I said it? Stop following me”.

“You sure are just . . . It has to be a girl”.

The faster I walked the harder he pedalled. One more block and we’d be in the main shopping centre. Joey was determined to stay with me.

“Where are you going, Joey?”

“Don’t know. I’m just riding around”.

“You wouldn’t be going to the park, would you?”

He stopped and thought.

“I’ll go there eventually. You going there?”

“I might be. There’s a new pizza place in Thomas Street. Why don’t you go there and have a pizza?”

“Just had lunch”.

“How about a gelati?”

“No money”.

“I gave you fifteen cents”.

“That’s at home in me money box”.

“Look, here’s twenty cents. That’ll be enough for an icecream”.

“I feel like having a coke. I’m very thirsty”.

I gave him forty cents. I had only three dollars left – enough for two tickets and two icecreams.

“I’ll see you Joey”.

“I’m not going yet. I’ll go there after I’ve ridden around for a bit longer – build up my thirst”.

“Go now will you? You’re making me late”.

The main shopping area was crowded with people. Tuesday was always crowded with different sorts of people hurrying around Dandenong searching for bargains. Joey jumped off his bike and wheeled it, next to me. I could lose him in this crowd for sure! I hoped to spot SueEllen before she spotted me. I couldn’t even see the telephone box from where we were. Joey followed me across the pedestrian crossing. He was silent now. I looked at the shops, hoping for a quick idea. Then it clicked. The Maple’s corner shop had a “Walk through to McCrae Street” sign on the door. Joey would have to cycle around to meet me on the other side. I dashed in, leaving Joey bewildered.

I strutted through Maples, feeling slightly more at ease. That didn’t last long. At the other end Joey was already

waiting for me. I turned round and ran out of the store, turned left and ran past the Commonwealth Bank. I entered the newsagent’s shop and peered through the front display windows to see what Joey was doing. He was waiting at Maple’s entrance. I had fooled him.

I walked through the shop and strolled down the lane, passing the nursery on my right. As I crossed the road a car tooted. I suppose I was thinking of SueEllen and the time. The town hall clock told me I had only two minutes to go.

I headed straight for the red telephone booth. SueEllen hadn’t arrived yet. Sitting on the hard public bench I watched the passers by for SueEllen. I could smell the nearby stall’s rotting oranges. I was relieved over losing Joey but I grew tense because SueEllen hadn’t arrived. I did my hair and chewed a P.K. I stood up, trying to spot anyone with red hair amongst the crowds. She usually wore her hair in pigtails but I liked it hanging out. She said she would, just for me! I checked my watch. Fifteen seconds past two. She was late! I was willing to forgive her for being five minutes late but I was still anxious.

I sat down again. At six past two a red-haired girl hurried by. She was much taller than SueEllen. I bent my head over my knobby knees and studied the cracks and squashed apple cores on the path.

Something tapped my shoulder. It felt like Joey’s finger, so I checked the shoes first. Yellow plastic sandals. I didn’t recognise them. Joey hates yellow. Looking up, a rough voice questioned, “You Billy?”

Everyone, except SueEllen, called me Bill.

“Yes”.

“I’m SueEllen’s friend. She told me to tell you that she’s sorry she can’t make it because some friends from the country came and she has to babysit”.

She ran off before I could ask any questions. I strolled across the road, very disappointed. I gave Joey fifty five cents for nothing!

“She’s too young for you”.

“Oh, Joey!”

“She was worse than Alice!”

“Don’t know what you’re talking about. Hey, have you had your coke yet?”

“Nope”.

“Come on. You can shout me one”.

“Got no money”.

“What happened to the forty cents I gave you?”

“My friend and I had a gelati”.

“What friend?”

“The one I met outside Maples waiting for you!”

“All right. I’ll buy you one. Careful crossing the road now”.

“Yes, Mummy”.

Liz Cook

# STRUAN AWARDS



**PAINTING**

**J.Smyth**

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**GRAPHICS**

**P.Martin** =====



# POETRY

Pretence.

You can sit and make rhymes  
Talk in riddles and  
Babble gobbledygook  
Just to make people notice.

But it is all useless.

Only if you have  
Feeling  
Sensitivity  
Originality  
— that really counts.

For all your  
Rantings, chantings, protests  
High class sales pitches  
Or low pitched banterings  
Your opinions are hollow  
No ring of truth  
No knell of trust.

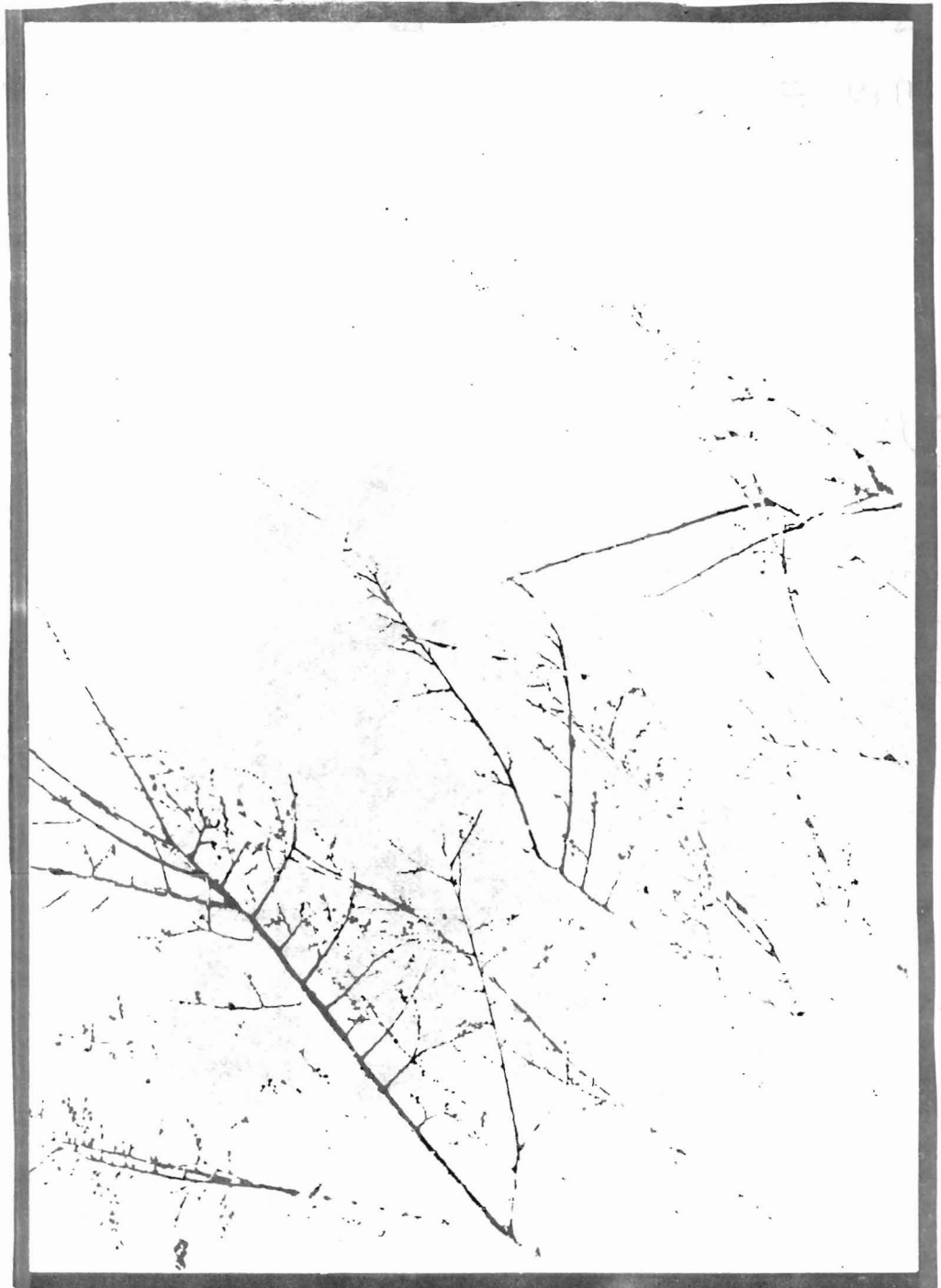
Feel them well  
Hear them echo  
See them swell  
Watch them die.  
And know them for what they are.

They ricochet  
Like bullets in old time movies  
Off bright new minds  
Eager to follow.

They reverberate  
In the void  
Of mindless youth  
Point them in the right direction  
And they will be trapped  
In empty chambers.

But wait  
The time will come  
When what is said  
Will be seen  
As so many words  
And what was meant  
As something absurd.

Without  
Feeling, sensitivity, originality  
Words are only gloss  
Peel them away.  
Reveal the dull monochrome  
Of black, plastic senses.



You can sit and make rhymes  
Talk in riddles  
Or long winded dialectics  
But people change with the times  
Take in the riddles  
And the esoteric becomes eclectic  
People notice the gloss.  
Ever read a child's words?  
Before innocence is lost.

**G.Shaw**  
**1st prize**

# POTTERY

## 2nd prize

Looking back  
To those few days  
When longing for  
    your company  
I spent years of hours  
    waiting. . .  
That air of expectancy,  
    of hoping  
For the sounds of your voice  
That would caress my soul  
Yes, the soul  
    communication  
That blissfully, and oh so  
    so lovingly  
Melts my loneliness  
Into beautiful memories.  
But,  
    as minutes  
    faded into hours,  
And my hopes  
    into emptiness  
I came to the realization  
That the love I give so freely,  
To you, is not worth  
Even half an hour of your time.  
When in my pain,  
    my loneliness  
I need your company most —  
    you do not come  
And I am overwhelmed with tears  
That wash away what love  
    I have left,  
And leave behind an emptiness  
That no words can ever begin to fill.



**L.Maskell**

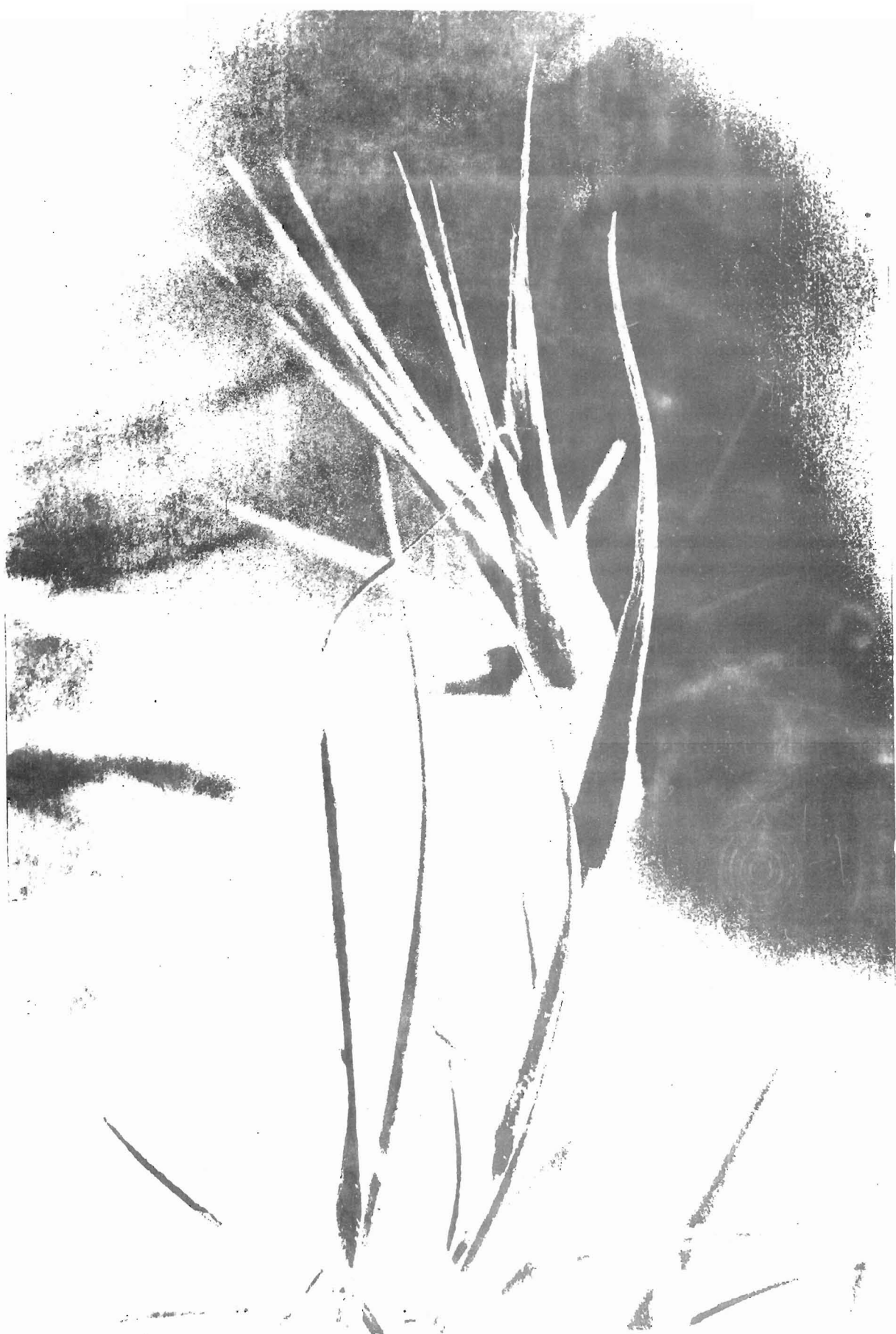
**R. Morgan**



**M.Rogers**

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

**M.Wills**





# PROSE

Wendi Harris

Thick grey walls glaring. Lonely space. Stereotyped plastic chairs seating instruments of mass production. Cubicles of knowledge. This was where she worked — the factory of wisdom — her excuse for the emptiness.

Two years was a long time but she was content here as being a student was all she knew. Numerous elements of the educational system provoked contempt within her but this was buried by hopelessness. After all, what did it matter if in training to teach you were conditioned to exploit by the same means with which you had previously been exploited? It seemed part of the natural evolution. The river's flow had reversed, that was all. Nothing ever changed drastically. All processes were related for life itself was merely a windowless room that bred self-centred awareness and led to suffocation, she thought.

Today Janet L. sat in the pallid, overheated lecture room like most other days, staring at the person on display.

"Educational objectives identified in freedom". Good — get it down.

"Give the children variety of experience so that they can think for themselves".

Fantastic.

Thirty-two fellow students scribbled in haste so as not to miss a syllable.

"Don't dictate facts to them but allow learning through liberal experimentation that will enrich perceptual awareness. . ."

Going too fast. . . hurry. . . get it down.

"Creativity, individuality and. . ."

What? How on earth do you spell. . .? Is it time yet? Not quite. Keep writing. Writing. Stop. He's closing his books — time to sign the rôle and leave. I suppose.

She proceeded along the passageway, and up three flights of stairs. Blank walls greeted her apathy. L. fitted in well with this environment. Her conservative middle-class background had protected her from major problems in life. A good home, a private school education and an unassuming disposition led to a comfortable life of natural conformity.

Her destination, the Caf., was only a little way now. As she pushed through the people near the door and dreamed of strawberry malteds, her name was called on the P.A.

"Janet L. wanted in the P.P.P. Office. Janet L. . .". The voice repeated its message.

Hurrying down the stairs from which she'd just come she didn't have time to wonder what the interruption in routine involved. L. turned from the main passageway to one that was smaller and darker. To the left and then the right; second door on the right.

Hesitant knock. Yes, she could enter. The room consisted solely of chairs and desk which seated the head of the faculty. He motioned her to sit.

The slumped body was reading. L. guessed it was her teaching report from the last teaching period that they were assigned to three times a year.

"Well", he spoke at last, "it seems that you came into some quite serious trouble while out teaching".

The remark surprised L. who scanned her mind for incidents that might be termed "quite serious trouble". Blank.

"It seems that you. . . Well, you put sticky-tape across a child's mouth. . . hmmm, quite serious indeed".

Was he joking? That's what it had been at the time.

She answered, "Yes, the child threatened my authority you might say, by daring me to do so. He seems quite happy and everything being the centre of attention, I guess. My teacher joked about it in the staff room and said. . ."

"Well, this is all very well but the joke, I'm afraid, has ended".

As he went on and on, her astonishment merged into understanding. It was happening again; circumstances were twisting her into an agent, a thing, a robot. She wasn't surprised.

It seemed that the parents of the alleged victim of her

It seemed that the parents of the alleged victim of her indiscretion were outraged to hear of the incident. Their protests of danger convinced the headmaster of injustice, who persuaded the teacher to disapproval.

So here she was.

The joke had ended but the incident hadn't. Within the next hour she was sent to the head lecturer who labelled her act "inhibiting to the child's free spirit" and referred her to the vice-vice-principal. From there she went to the vice-principal and finally the imminent meeting with the principal.

It was at this stage that she began to realise the implications of her crime. She entered his office.

Fear surged.

The unfamiliar face at which she stared had previously only been a name existing because of power.

Unconscious questions seemed to pierce the silence. Was this really "IT"? — the big moment of suspension — or even expulsion — NO! Could it be expulsion?

He stared at her for an unusually long time. This was a well-known teaching method of showing disapproval. She knew this but couldn't help reinforce the drama by lowering her head.

He began in a muddled tone about things being unsatisfactory.

Silence revisited the office.

On speaking again he confirmed the disapproval she'd already met. He talked of endangering the child's life, inhibiting his personality, and ruining his trust in authority.

He questioned her lack of awareness and knowledge. He challenged her right to utilize her authority indiscriminately, causing devastating effects. He asked for her to ponder the child — as an individual of feeling, emotion, need and wonder. He accused her of damning this. He accused her of destroying it.

Discomfort enfringed her. If she was to be expelled she wished he would tell her and not draw out the agony longer. For heaven's sake! How much longer would this last? It wasn't her. No, it was the system. It was the emptiness and the circumstances that conspired against her.

"Don't cower in the seat", he warned. "Your whole attitude seems significant to your sloppy manner and dress. If in fact. . ."

Five more minutes and she feared insanity. Already she felt dizzy from his voice. What would her parents say? Where could she go? She knew nothing but learning. Was she really to blame?

As more time passed, the voice became unbearable. Don't go on. That mouth, why doesn't it stop? It's hot. Please, please, stop. Can't think. Hot. Don't go on.

He kept going. What was he saying didn't matter any more to her. It was his voice. That dreary voice. The ugly mouth.

It was her fault. She knew this now for she was responsible for herself after all.

Words — destruction, disloyalty, unethical, bad, poor, child, sticky tape, sticky tape. . .

Stop! Please stop. What does it all mean? I'm confused, I'm sorry — yes I'm sorry.

What? What had he said? She hadn't noticed his change in manner but it was there. Why? He was talking much more quietly now. But how long had it been like this? She hadn't noticed.

Wasn't she going to be turned away? No? Another chance? One more?

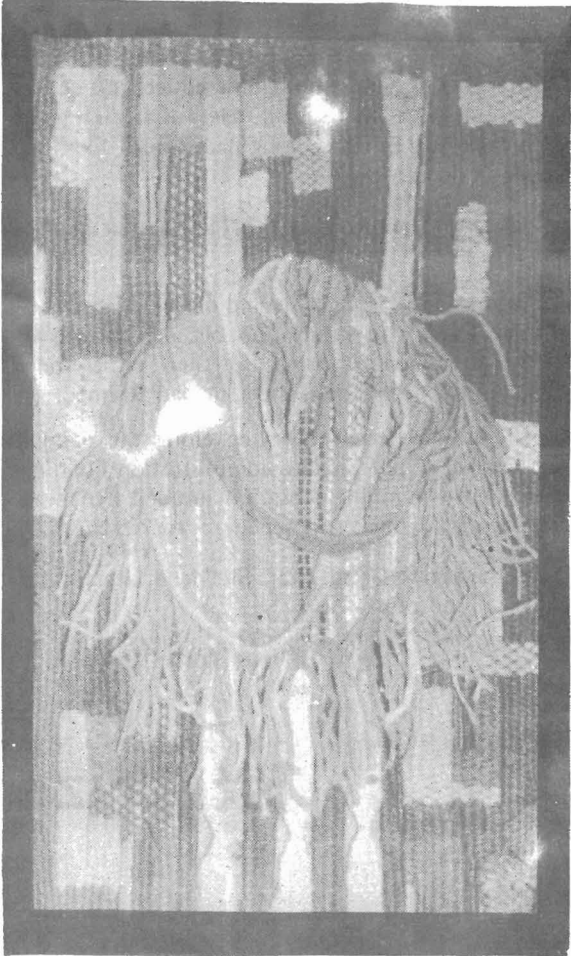
Exploding sobs and laughs reflected her existing ambivalence. Yet anger and infuriation became choked by relief. Embarrassment showed for her panic toned thoughts, and the proportions the issue had attained.

Shortly she found herself hurrying along the passage that marked her exit from the administration building. As she walked a numbing sensation invaded her mind. The emptiness was gone again — perhaps repressed.

What was the time? Good grief. She'd be late for the last lecture if she didn't hurry.

**1st prize**

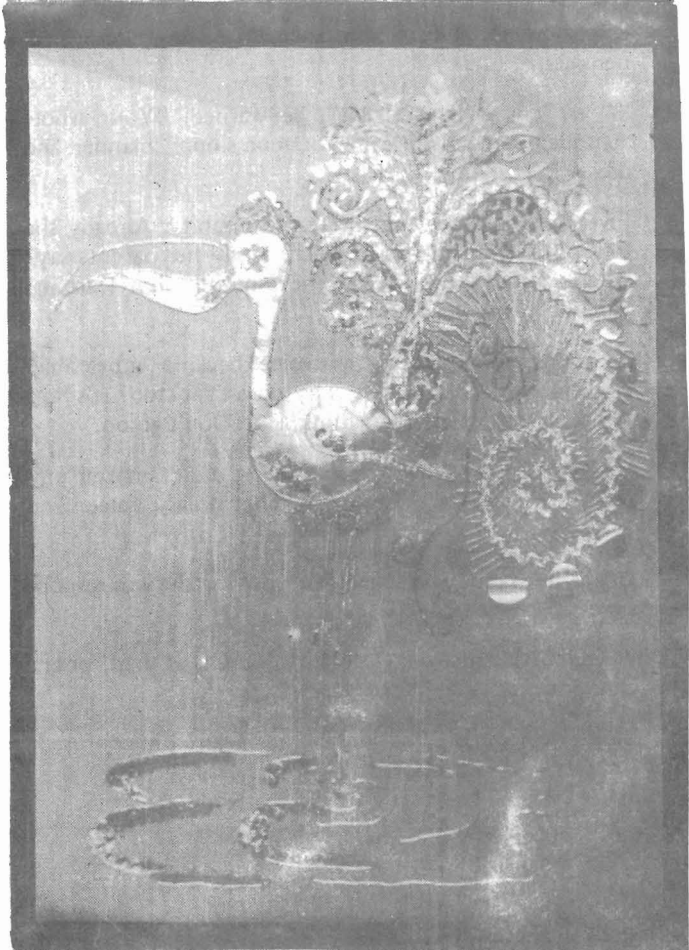
**FABRICS**



**L. Nikolsky**



**S. Brumley**



# EXIT GROUPS

















Z6





Z8







