

struan '69



painting award
Sharon Madder



struan

magazine of the students
of Frankston Teachers College

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Proofreader: Margaret Hocking*

FRANKSTON TEACHERS'

COLLEGE LIBRARY

Margaret Hocking

*When I look in a mirror
I pray to see
The teacher I'm supposed to be*



Exit students now face their futures and must come out of their professional congealment. No longer protected in the hypothetical classroom situations of the training schools, students will have to face the concrete hardness of Victoria's antiquated education system.

Students will soon find out whether or not the teacher training administered at this college will be able to encompass their experiences in first-hand situations. They will know if they are prepared or not for the task which lies ahead of them when on that primary occasion, in their own class rooms, they are faced by the raw material they are to work with.

No longer will there exist the false situation where the trainee is handed a ready-made and functional class of pupils to work with. The newly qualified teacher will be working with fresh clay, no longer can he stand back and admire the finished article, suggesting changes that could be made. He will have to use his own hands with the material supplied to him and make the changes as he goes, learning by all the mistakes he will make. Then at the end of his first year "out" with the combined working class in front of him, he will be whisked away to start a new project.

It is in this moulding and creating that the teacher must use his individual talents and personality. There will be no time to think on past experiences in the "doll-house" classrooms of the training schools the teacher will have to make his own rules and standards to fit his individual situation.

It is the ability to turn his talents, personality and adaptability to ever arising situations that marks the true teacher and tests the foundations laid at this institution, for it is not a matter of whether a teacher can reproduce, for this is hypocrisy, but rather of whether a teacher can teach!

But a teacher's task does not finish with the children for there are other battles to be fought. It is so obvious to see the lack of administrative foresight and the chaos that has resulted in dirty, over-crowded uncomfortable and badly equipped schools; shortages of trained and qualified teaching staff and the need for an education system which encourages flexibility of teaching methods.

The new teacher faces not only the need for a reappraisal of the education system as a whole, but also the needs for an investigation into the requirements of those who are members of the teaching profession. In a country where more money is spent on alcohol than on education we are faced with situations so opposed to the ideals of teaching that it is little wonder that the Department finds itself re-calling retired teachers and allowing married women to continue in their positions.

We find one teacher schools controlled by females, forced to do men's tasks; petty regulations and stifling "red tape"; discrimination in training schools; overcrowded and understaffed teacher colleges, ad infinitum. If the training we receive at this institution does no more, we must hope that it enables us to withstand the departmental fruit-salad we have to penetrate before even catching one glimpse of the children we are to educate.

I have a feeling that we are in for a rude awakening, and can only hope we haven't been dormant too long.



ashby

poetry award

Through Sadness

Through sadness, softly
 fall the
 years like idle ripples
 of harping fingers
 tinkling:
Before your eyes, fall the autumn
 leaves of
 mortal years
At the day's end of an endless tale.
You, laughing, dance dervish wild
 while smoky fly the sparks
 of fiery loveday:
To the triumphant timbre
 of horns on a
 fellside morn.
Pursue life, run the world like
 the canter of a war
 horse's crimson
 hooves.
In a life-death dance, your
 laughing hair
 coal gloss black:
Mingles
 with the sadness
 of grey tears
 the twig hands
 of winter nights.



From Sweetness to the Raven

Confine the course of groaning time
 to a purpose plentiful:
Pursue the pain to heaven's hill
 perched before the gulf of loveday's death.
Give the joy lightly falling
 leaves of love in lavender.
Burn the brightness on the altar
 for the worship of younger days,
Smoky rises life's sad incense
 till caught by the eastern wind,
and scattered blood-red in the sunset
 to the porches of timely death.
In the mists of joyful tears
 sit beside me sorrowing:
sing the sad lament of ageing
 till the raven knows your mind.

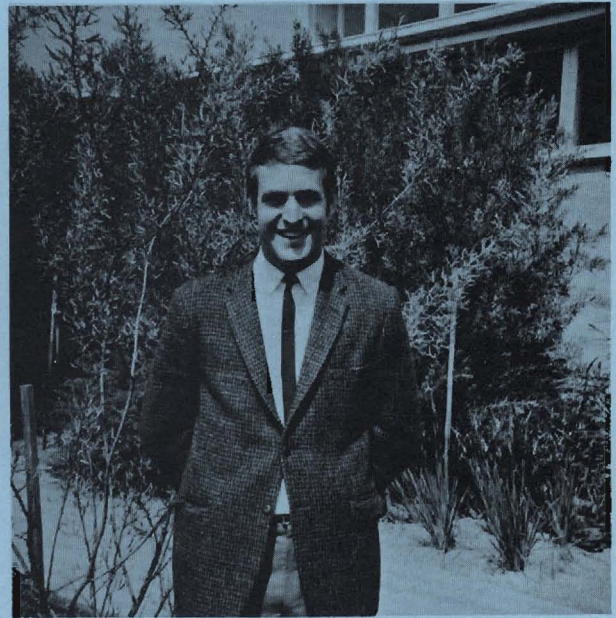


Light for Linda

Tree springs, leaf lives laughing longer
 than the tears of mortal years.
First the birth, then the glee days,
 did you drink the youthful waters?
Love comes glinting sighing jewel-days,
 sang you long in blood warmth?
Would you come to one who loves you?
 Run the love-fields forgetting sorrow,
Ere you drown in deathly dark
 and committed to concluding earth.
Live in the bliss of life's fulfillment,
 while the sun sings in the trees.

WITH POLITICAL UNDERTONES

One is always wiser in retrospect, and as I sit down to write my annual report as President of your S.R.C. I find myself in this category. I now know how, why and what results when being asked about the College and its student Council. This was not the case at the beginning of the year. The council started as they've done in the past with no real experience in student politics so we found ourselves at times a little confused and bewildered by situations which arose and perhaps threatened the security or prestige of the council. These incidents were not overwhelming or particularly alarming, but they did force a lot of constructive thinking and some action as a result. My point here is that it's now that the council is beginning to function smoothly and effectively, with all sub-committees and executive members knowing their specified jobs and performing them without any cajoling from the student body so it seems a pity that I have to say that it has taken us until mid-way through the tenth month before this feeling of confidence and ease has settled on the council. Don't you think it seems to follow that a person who can afford the time should attempt to preside over an S.R.C. for two years rather than one? That is, I would strongly support a person who had intentions of holding the President's position for two years, but perhaps this in some cases is not entirely necessary because a President of an S.R.C. in the future may be fortunate enough to have an immediate past-president in the College and as a consequence will have access to information, ideas and skills that no other president has had in past terms.



My position is rather unique because I find that I am going to be the first immediate-past-President who will return to the college in the following year. Next year's President therefore will have a readily available source of experience from which he can draw ideas and assistance if the need arises and I know in my case this would have been of great assistance to me at the opening meetings of our council.

At this point I would like to compare our present S.R.C. to one which may easily evolve in the next few years.

There are two ways a Students' Representative Council can be run, firstly as a basically conservative and administratively orientated organisation showing concern, not for political issues of an international or national scale, as has been done at most universities, but showing concern for the conditions and amenities available to the students of the college who comprise constituent members similar to those of any other organization or club who charges a fee for membership. The second way to run an S.R.C. as a politically active revolutionary body similar to the Students for Democratic Society organizations which have influenced the life of the universities so greatly in recent months.

Before I considered standing for President of the Council last year I thought, if elected, how would it be run and considered the two schemes I've outlined. I chose the traditionally more conservative because to me that is how to run an S.R.C. in a college of small proportions at which relatively high fees are compulsorily charged. I think it is grossly unfair to the students to ask them to pay large membership fees and then give them nothing other than sensationalism in the newspapers for a few radicals. At a highly impersonal and largely populated university (compared with F.T.C.) perhaps the arguments adopt different dimensions but my idea was not to become politically oriented in administering the S.R.C. Many of you will disagree and say that college S.R.C.'s are too conservative and perhaps this is a well founded charge, but while not looking for excuses to justify my, or any of the council's actions, I believe for a small group such as the college, their harmonious and smooth functioning of relations between staff and students are essential, that is to say I do not favour acquiescence on principles or beliefs, but I do believe that an S.R.C. which attempts to adopt a type of S.D.S. policy could damage an established stability and faith in our students.

In conclusion I would like to say how fortunate I have been to have working with me an extremely fine group of keen and conscientious students who at the start of the year were like me in assuming their positions without much experience.

To them I would like to publicly express my sincere thanks for the magnificent job they have done in performing their tasks diligently and without personal gain.

ROBERT PRICE, President. 1969

bunyon

*poetry award — Second
first entry*

Silver brass polish sky, pouring
the night to say hello.
I feel the sky happiness
floating ache joying with the music.
louder is the rhythm thumping tap feeting foots
bashing hands the desk to know I'm real.
brighting eye flash cries the sun
streaming in my mind.
as arms of birds fly the day away
in burningness brilliance shining blackly smooth these keys.
bright bright glowing the tops roof cars quiet sitting.
so much me blinded in looks the light, shooting everything.
milk purple sad me makes, in thinking of you.
its still smile yellowing
behind the trees and dark darkness.
theres a light in this room already
and the car tops die in lines of streakly white.
a guitar stands upright on sofa legs,
I write onward the surge of thinking the feelings I hold
to finally see the crowning gloriness beauty,
screaming ball vision laced in irridescence of spider colours,
sun sinkingness beating in my heart
to watch the blue wriggly smoke run away.
you. you. you. I saw you to grab my soul
talk to you, hold you perfume smell sweetness
happy arming round you all.
I now look outside to see the fading life.
nautilus cloud in front of the ledge as two kiss
to envy the loneliness in watching.
this is me written in letters of sight and paper
type everything just all thats there.
every yawn of mouths oblivious to me
I am me, I don't know what I am,
pulsate motions fix in me to come alive in poetry.
I want to be beside you and tell you inside my heart.
be there I ask to make me me.

9th Sept.



Second Entry

Long years

Long years
as age of tracing paper skin,
lips that kissed
still find a wrinkled brow
the resting place of tenderness.

Memory.
park grass shoots,
kneeling vows
like prayers of eye meeting eye.

This unsung song
is love,
soundless in the warmth
of holding one another.

Close together
in the days of living,
oldness will grace our bond
and I will love for you,
even in a smile
of parchment lips.

I will kiss your brow,
for seventy hours of youth,
and park grass shoots
will grow forever
on the marbled fact of end.

Long years,
still longer in the words I do.
eternally, I do.

Tracing paper thin is death.
for we are pressing palms
in memories of friends.

Shoots,
prayer kneeling vows of life in life,
I am forever,
We are forever,
And this is long,
very long.

We are infinity,
the soundless warmth in space
of arm in arm
Long years.



SINGLE LINE PRINT :- FACES.

Award
D. Bunyon

A Child

Second Award
D. Bunyon



graphics

QUEENSLAND TOUR



What a tour!

Twenty-nine females accompanied by Mrs. Vogt and Mr. Dignam set out via first class travelling on the Southern Aurora and Brisbane Express for Coolangatta which was to be our headquarters for six glorious days.

Excited at the prospect of sand and surf the weather slightly dampened our spirit by being overcast and wet for the majority of the time. However this did not prevent us from thoroughly enjoying ourselves and doing things which at any other time we would never have thought of.

As one can imagine the night life was gay and many new friendships were formed and consolidated!!! One I.T.C. girl in typical I.T.C. fashion refused a midnight trip to Memorial Beach at midnight with a boy she had just met.

Many incidents occurred which one will never forget and it is these memories which are constant reminders of the good time had by all.

Who for example can forget the lecturer (due female) who got stuck up a tree trying to position herself for a photograph of Brisbane? The same lecturer was the only person to fall (gracefully of course!) into any water — six inches deep!!!

The male member on the tour was so overcome by the array of beautiful girls that in order to prevent any jealousies he refused to have his photo taken with any of them.

Then there was the innocent Ingrid who, after having her moment of glory on the shoulders of a male who was balancing on the aquaplane behind the boat, found herself floundering in the water.

Jenny went roller-skating and found that the fact that she was wearing shorts over stockings had its disadvantages when she fell over and the shorts started to rise.

Myrna gave a fine display of trick roller-skating and was envied by all who could stand up!!!?

Five second years will never forget the thunderstruck look on the faces of two first years when they discovered that they had been allocated the use of the same bedroom. The faces even worsened when they saw who the second years were??!

I'd love to have been a fly on the wall when a certain second year, who also made it a habit of throwing her slippers to strange men in the train, stayed behind by herself to supposedly set her hair while her room-mates went out for the evening.

Regular midnight runs along the beach were quite common but the girls involved didn't appear to be getting any fitter. Makes one wonder, doesn't it?

Organised trips enabled us to visit such well-known places as Surfer's Paradise, Brisbane, Marineland, Ski Gardens, Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary, Golden Circle Pineapple Cannery, Stradbroke Island, which involved a full-day cruise, and other places which constitute the famous Gold Coast.

Accommodation in Coolangatta was provided by the ideally situated Greenmount Guest House which was equipped with modern facilities and a heated swimming pool.

Despite the weather we managed a couple of days of swimming and sunbaking and with these our holiday seemed complete.

At the conclusion of such a tour one cannot help but wonder why college tours are not more enthusiastically patronized. Speaking on behalf of the Brisbane tourists, tours represent an integral part of college life, develop new friendships, provide a lot of fun and the enjoyment of travelling and doing things together.

Even though thanks have been given to the lecturers many times prior to this writing I think it is fitting and appropriate to offer them again. Mrs. Vogt and Mr. Dignam did a marvellous job controlling the antics of twenty-nine females (similarly we did a marvellous job controlling the antics of two lecturers). Once again — thanks!

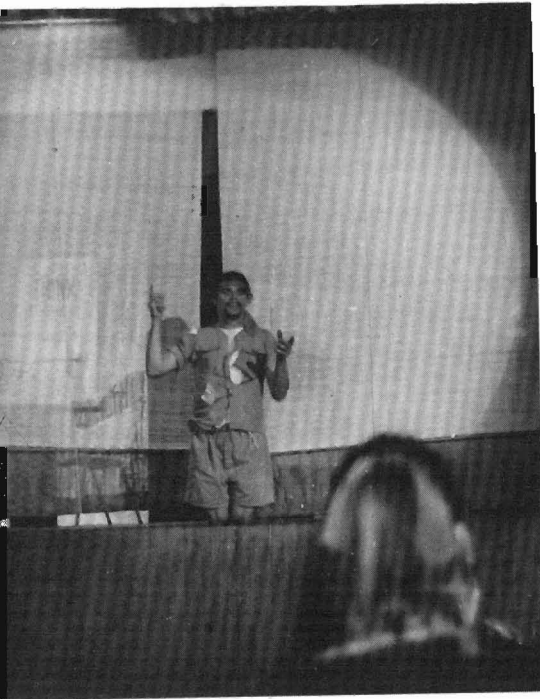


Tea House

More than just a college play "The Teahouse of the August Moon" was unique in the acclaim it received throughout its all too short three night season. Led by Mr. George Pappas everybody, acting in a purely voluntary capacity was determined to make their dedicated two months of rehearsing pay-off.

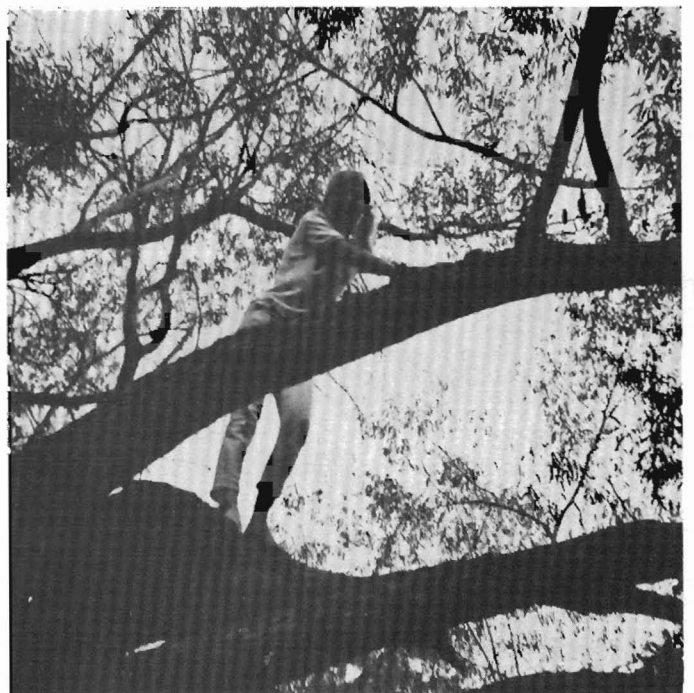
Problems with Japanese lines, putting a jeep on stage and training a live goat to be a co-operating part of the performance were overshadowed by the intense desire to create a successful college play, attempts at which had been thwarted in past years. But even with fine sets (thanks to Mr. Greaves and his crew) faultless performances and precise production the success of "Teahouse" was not yet assured. Publicity, a major component of any stage production was tackled by all members of the cast and backstage crews, ensuring that the hall was filled on all occasions. The result was acclaimed as the most successful play in college history, both monetarily and participation wise.

The intense effort to stay out of the red and in fact realize a profit it is hoped will provide more stage equipment in the hall for the betterment of future college dramatics. On this point sound foundations are being laid with the retaining of Mr. Pappas in the role of Theatre and Dramatics lecturer to Diploma Students. A pleasing feature of this course will be the compulsory participation of students in all college productions.





photography award
D. Bunyon



second award
M. Hocking,

Portsea Annexe was undertaken by the college as a gamble. At this stage it would appear as though the gamble is to pay off.

To incorporate this one time single roomed school into the college auspices the organizers placed great faith in the interested college body and, to quote Sir Winston Churchill, "Never have so many owed so much to so few."

Those people who scraped old bricks, slapped paint on a rusty tin roof with a prayer, and dug ditches in their sleep have transformed the annexe into a useful and enjoyable facility.

The foundations have been laid but the task is still there as are the organizers, the only thing lacking is the workers, as usual they are the ones who will benefit most by its completion.

Jan Modjeska



James Morgan, Librarian

Mr. Morgan's death from heart failure on Sunday, 12th October, 1969, came as a shock to staff colleagues and students alike. Only a very few had known that he had suffered a heart ailment for the past thirteen years and that he was well aware of the fate likely to overtake him at any time. In his characteristic style of independence and modesty he chose to keep this fact to himself, lest anyone should 'make allowances' for him on account of it.

Mr. James C. H. Morgan, B.Com., A.L.A.A., was promoted to Librarian Lecturer Grade I in charge of the Frankston Teachers' College Library on 1.1.1969 after serving five years in the library at Melbourne Teachers' College. Mr. Morgan's activities as a librarian extended well beyond the sphere of his own library. He was a member of committees working on plans for development of new libraries for schools and colleges. An active member of his professional association, Mr. Morgan had attended the 15th Bi-ennial Conference of the Librarians' Association of Australia held in Adelaide in August this year.

Our College library service was extended into new areas by Mr. Morgan, who was energetic in pursuit of further developments as well as in coping with current difficulties such as the shortage of space in the library.

Indicative of his modesty is the fact that few of us knew that Flight-Lieutenant J. C. H. Morgan had served with distinction in World War II in Bomber Command. In heavy bomber raids over German steel works and munitions plants in the Ruhr his success resulted in his being withdrawn from operations over enemy territory and his duties confined to developmental work on a new bomb-sight and the instruction of other bombing crews. Classified among "key personnel" he was attached to a R.A.F. Squadron operating with Pathfinder Force.

An incident in Mr. Morgan's service is recounted in Herington's AIR WAR AGAINST GERMANY AND ITALY 1939-1943, published Canberra, Australian War Museum, 1954. "Returning from a night raid over Duisberg on 7th September, 1942, Pilot-Officer Morgan, navigating a heavy bomber of No. 49 Squadron, was not so fortunate, as his crew, after a nightmare ordeal in trying to get their crippled aircraft home on two engines, finally had to take to their parachutes as soon as they reached England, for the Lancaster was almost unmanageable and was steadily losing height."

At the College Assembly on Wednesday, 15th October, the President of the S.R.C. announced that the Council had decided to make a donation from Students' funds to the Heart Foundation and to establish a special collection of books in the College Library as tributes to Mr. Morgan. The College Principal and Staff also made a donation to the Heart Foundation.

Summation

At the end of a year one can only look back and say thank you to the people who have helped you and for the wonderful, sometimes harrowing, time you have had.

From shaky foundations Bob Price has formulated a functional SRC which has made its presence felt merely by the work it has done. The SRC has endeavoured to provide opportunities for increased active participation in college life with the hope that students may gain more than teaching knowledge from their course. As a tertiary institution college is not only a book absorbing factory. The wide-range of extra-curricula activities available allows a student to develop a social, as well as an educated outlook; it allows him to become a full member of a vital community, not merely an attending passenger.

For their work in this direction I thank Bob and other members of the council on behalf of the rest of the college, and I wish them, as all other exies, the very best for their futures.



Members of the staff must be thanked also — The Principal for his consistency and willingness to listen, the quiet and ever reliable Mr. Bell for his ready co-operation, and many others, known to all for their consistent aid.

ANNE DYNES, Vice President SRC



A.S.T.A.

It is now possible to talk of Australian student teachers as a definite group in Australia with an ever increasing forceful voice on matters of their training and welfare.

In each college great achievements have been planned or accomplished both internally and externally involving other colleges on a state and national basis.

The need for this co-operation is impelling, the difficulties overwhelming.

It is the aim of ASTA to improve the conditions of and co-operation between all colleges. The first steps have been taken to accelerate activities on all 3 levels — college, state and national.

There is no clearly held and practiced method of training teachers and in many cases, the need for it seems to have been overlooked. For the effective preparation of teachers ASTA feels that a teachers' college must provide academic devel-

opment, professional development, teaching practice and extra curricular activities leading to the development of the whole person.

Student councils are increasing in responsibility as well as in scope of activity. They have much more control of funds and now are starting to question controls and limitations placed upon them. United under A.S.T.A. our demands will be felt more strongly and a fair hearing can be guaranteed.

If A.S.T.A. can initiate, foster and stimulate discussion on recommendations and action and if it can become the focus and voice-piece for student teacher feelings on college students' welfare, then a great task will have been achieved, a great need met.

COLIN R. BEATON —
Foundation President
per G. MORGAN —
Victorian State Secretary

Australia Inland

Tour No. 1

What did you like best about your holiday:—

- being woken at the unearthly hour of 5.30 each morning by the musical sounds of "Wakey! Wakey!"?
- the Camp Pie, Bush Bickies and cordial?
- being chased down the main street of Coober Pedy?
- fossicking for opals that didn't really exist?
- the sneaky people who crept up on you and took those candid shots?
- the arduous climb to the top of Ayers Rock or the Fertility Cave at its base?
- the spaghetti that you somehow managed to tip down the front of you when you were having a swing and waiting for the St. Trinians' Harem to arrive?
- having your hair washed by an expert hairdresser?
- sleeping in the open with the rain pelting down?
- singing with the aborigines at Victory Downs?
- shouting yourself hoarse with fifty "Harp! Harp! Krinkles!" every day.
- the lack of sufficient water from Tuesday to Friday?
- the bus drivers on the couriers?
- or reminiscing over slides, photographs and a good, home cooked meal?



Sabel

the hand

The soft clammy hand slowly protrudes into the womb of the barrel.

Twitching, it grapples around blindly for it's target.

Hoplessly lost is it in a sea of life.

Slowly the hand hits upon its target... LIFE.

The life of some innocent helpless child,

Who but some two score years ago was suckling upon his mothers breast.

Now this child is unaware that he is but a round piece of wood,

Who has been given the privelege of a licence to kill.

Is it not the hand which createth and killeth the child?

*Yet living here,
As one between two massive powers I live
Whom neutrality cannot save
Nor occupation check*



The publication of "Struan" is always associated with the year's end, and this brief article gives me a welcome opportunity of commenting upon some of the significant things that have marked the swift passage of another college year. Experience reminds and warns me that it is much safer to review the past than to prophesy the future, especially if my speculations involve the expenditure of large sums of money. In the 1967 "Struan" for example, I wrote confidently about the vast new building that would soon restore comfort and convenience to the College. In 1968 I referred to the big issues relating to teachers' college organization and administration that were expected to be resolved, though I added "during the next few years" just in case. If I dare prophesy again in 1969 I should say that 1970 may at least see the creation of a college council to decentralize control of the college in some vital areas.

If I look for some events of 1969 to be recorded in the history of the College, I must mention the exit of the last groups of T.I.T.C. students. Their ranks have yielded S.R.C. presidents and other College leaders in many fields, and without their loyalty and energy the College would have been a much poorer place during the last ten years. The new three-year course will not provide for such intensive specialization at the T.I.T.C. course did, but we are trying to retain some of the best features of that course, which indeed produced enthusiastic and dedicated teachers. Delightful as it has always been to have had some third year women students, we are looking forward with great expectations to having some third year men in 1970 for the first time.

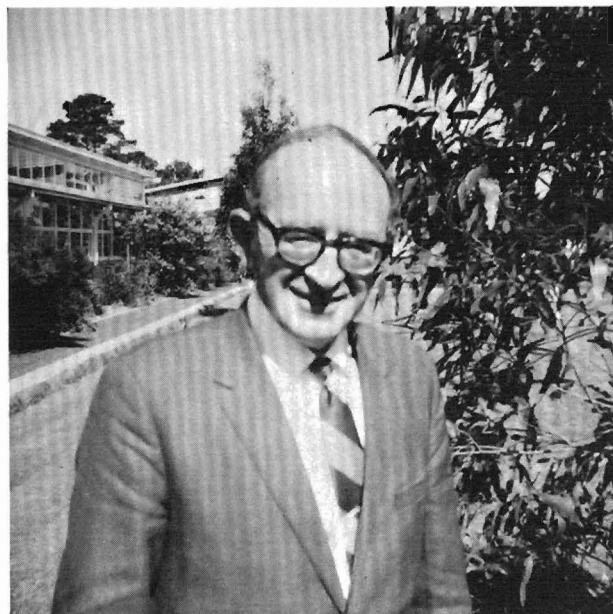
1969 also saw the introduction of a new policy which enabled women students to retain student-ships after marriage. There will doubtless be more of them as time goes on. An S.R.C. in the 70's may find itself campaigning for a creche or kindergarten!

Surely among the most significant things that happened in 1969 was the provision for greater representation of students on important College committees. Students have representatives on the standing committee that organizes the school experience program; and they have direct access

to the assessment committee, which determines college policy on assignments, examination arrangements, and the like. Committees dealing with Education Week, student welfare, hostel matters, and the Portsea annexe also include student representatives in various proportions. And that is to say nothing of students' own committees — for example, social, sport, social service and publications — where staff influence, if it is exercised at all, is almost entirely advisory. The process is not complete, nor is the machinery yet perfect; but what has been done promises well for the greater co-operation and reciprocal respect of all who are working to make the College truly successful.

Finally, I must briefly mention the Portsea project. I regret that it is not going to be further advanced before this year's exit groups leave. However, considering that we have to rely upon our own resources, much was certainly done during 1969. Portsea will mean more and more to the College as time goes on, and I look forward to the time when a group of ex-students use it, say, for a weekend seminar or something like that. I shall be delighted to "go into residence" with them, if I may.

George Jenkins,
Principal



Pottery



award
J. Thompson



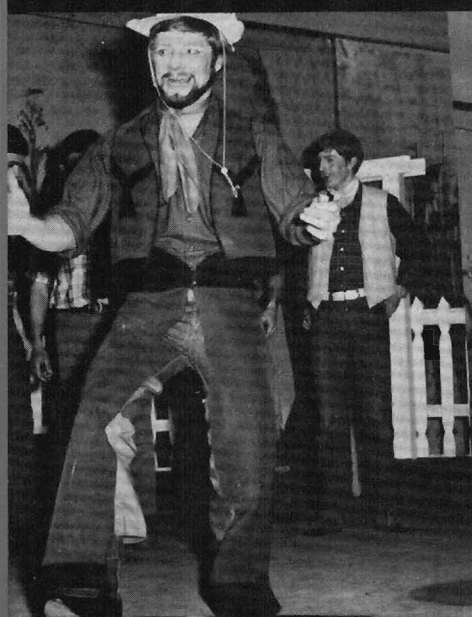
second award
B. Cusworth



O

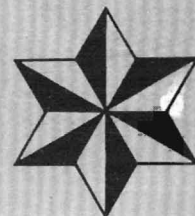
KLA'







"The Joys of Camping"



Hop on board and join the fun!
Central Australia here we come.
Chores delivered — camp set up,
Then a rush to the table to consume some grub.
Mildura at night — the pub was shocked
When 20 decided to order Gin-squash!

Dirty, conspicuous a grimy old town
Was Broken Hill and its rusty tin mines.
At Peterborough we camped for one whole night
With our guides Jack and Eric and the two
Trembaths.

Refreshments at Augusta the cheerio
He's off to Woomera to see the rockets go . . .
What a night twas at Lake Hart
The Chorus girls . . . boy did they go mad
When round the camp fire they did play.
At Coober Pedy a guide we met.
Queer, sensational was this little town
With its dugouts going underground,
Bulldust alley explains perhaps . . . the alley cats!
Powdered up — looking glamorous
We arrived despondently at Roufus
Rather coy and meek were we whilst sorting
rather prettily.

Then all of a sudden the town went wild
And we rocked in the house till some unearthly
hour.
The Champagne flowed — The Greeks they
howled.

Boy it was hard to say Goodbye.
Across the Northern Border we arrived,
The crew they cheered and went wild.
Alice Springs we finally reached
It seemed our destiny had found its peak
Oh! how all of us did rave
When standing on John Flynn's grave.
Smelly dirty, looking like pigs
We raced for the showers — you should have
heard the screams.

The first years too we did greet
Old Legge he looked so smart and sweet!
Stanley Chasm had its charm
The tall rugged rocks looked so refined
The stark naked gums scattered in green
And underneath sat some aborigines
Two bob! Two bob! they shouted out
And the children they smiled at our remarks
A song or two we sang to them
And they joined in by clapping their hands.
Ayers Rock how we loved it so.
The crew went wild on reaching the top
After one and half miles of exhausting hike.
Old Loftus the bushman — how he made us smile
When he told us the legends and myths of the
tribes

Then onto the Olgas — how majestic they stood
We climbed and climbed till we reached the peak
Of a glorious view point — The Valley of Winds
Then to Victory Downs in the middle of the bush.
The bright lights of Coober Pedy, how they shone
And all aboard zoomed out like a bomb
To prepare steak and Claret for a special occasion,
Roberta's 21st — oh how we sang
Those birthday wishes from all the gang
En route to Adelaide a homage was paid
To the Barossa Valley wineries
To sample some wines

— Bergundy — Port — Sparkling Rhinegold
Whoops! watch the step as you climb down . . .
It seems our Centralian Tour has finally drawn
nigh.

We've ventured far — 5,000 miles all told
And now our journey is coming to a halt
A final line may I leave with you
Before I say — farewell
If ever you get the chance to go
Central Australia — forward ho!
"The Bush camping life — it's fun and games
Even when it starts to rain"

Susan Coward

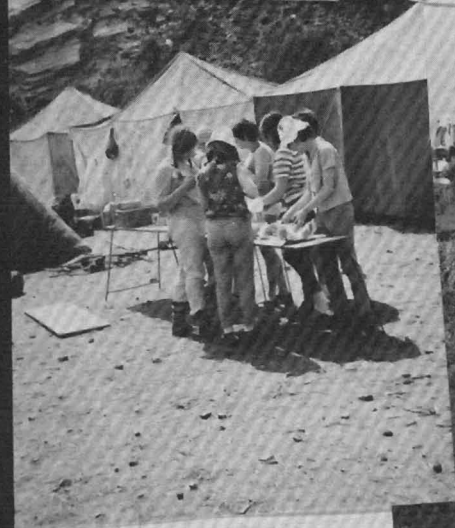
Art Awards



*L. Strazdins
second award*



*second award
S. Powney*



durrant on fellowship

The Christian Fellowship group at this college is a self-supporting interdenominational club that seeks to present to the students modern religion as it is in a modern world.

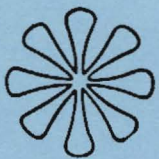
Presentation involves discussions, debates lectures and films. The members investigate current affairs from a Christian viewpoint and partake a programme of bible study and prayer. The fellowship also acts on a social level holding informal coffee nights and outings.

It is not a pressure group, and all students, whatever their creed, are welcome to attend. Opinions and interest from students not in the fellowship are valued and these are invited to our meetings, notification of which appears on notice-boards and other prominent places in the college.

May God bless you throughout the coming Christmas Season and may you all have a very Happy New Year.

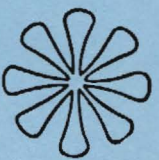
John Durrant
President Christian Fellowship

concert and dramatics




This year the Concert and Dramatics Committee has enjoyed what must be recorded as being one of its most eventful and rewarding years. I feel that this factor can be attributed to our aim for this year, which was to prove that in, an institution of this size, there must be a high talent content. Our predictive aim indeed proved correct, as was shown by the success of our Talent Quest earlier in the year. This event unleashed many new and hidden talented people from this college.

During this year we have endeavoured to supply Frankston Teachers' Collegerians with a wide range of entertainment. Among our activities have been

- 
1. 3 "Boomer" concerts;
 2. New World Trio Concert (with Social Committee);
 3. Tea House of the August Moon;
 4. Oklahoma;
 5. Talent Quest;
 6. Ballarat Concert;
 7. Aided Migrant concert;

At the time of writing, the following future activities are pending confirmation:

1. Choral or Carol Festival by exit groups;
2. Combined lecturer and Boomer concert;
3. Perhaps a professional concert:



In order to make the large program of events possible, an active committee is essential. It is in this regard that I would like to extend my sincerest thanks to all C and D Group Reps. who so ably assisted me (at times) during the year. To the College body as a whole, I thank you all for patronizing our activities so well, and putting up with me.

Therefore, without your support, the year could not have possibly been such a success. In conclusion, I wish everyone "All the best" over the festive season, and may the New Year bring you peace, good health plus happy and successful futures.

Gerry Sabel
Concert and Dramatics

Bush Walking

Although this year did not provide the college with an over-active club we have learnt a great deal that should enable smoother organization in the future.

Travelling arrangements and budgeted costs present the greatest problem and we found ourselves dependant on private transport for two of the trips away. The most pleasing feature of the inaugural year was the intense potential of this club within the college and a larger active membership is hoped for in 1970.

Overlooking interferences though, the club was able to enjoy some memorable outings. The first trip was to Wilson's Promontory and thirty-seven members embarked on this. The suspension on the van made the trip easily unbearable as did the feminine majority. Arriving at midnight also created problems with the camp-site, which wasn't operable until after 3 a.m.

Our bushwalks involved a trip to Sealer's Cave, Oberon Bay and Waterloo Bay. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of our visit to Tidal River, especially so far as the non walkers were concerned, was the social life — 8 parties frequent socializing with the natives. It was really amazing to see sick and sorry hikers loose their aches and pains every night and drag themselves to the social outing.

Although enjoyable, Tidal River was a picnic compared with Cathedral Range. It was here that six stalwarts pitted themselves against the environs. The first afternoon we started with a walk to Mt. Cathedral returning at dusk to our camp at the Jaw Bones.

Thick mud, sleeted roads and rocky surfaces made both the car trip and walking harassing. At one stage a bridge collapsed under our car and it had to be abandoned, to be picked up later.

One night we slept with some shooters in an old hut. Shooting competitions and cards occupied our time except for a single diversion when a member of our party was scalped on the chin.

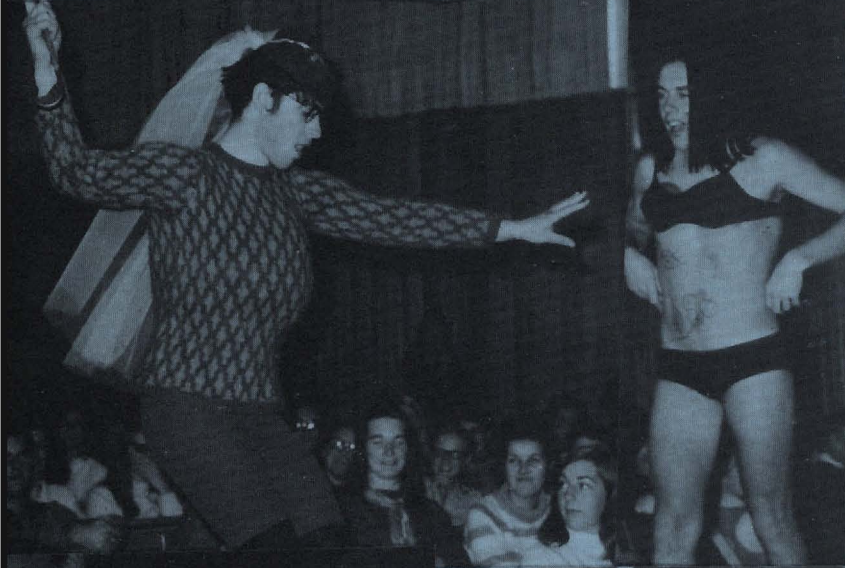
On the way out the Morris 8 had its sump ripped off. It then had to be towed the seventy miles back to Clayton.

We finished the year with a one day trip to the You Yangs.

It is hoped that all members enjoyed the trips we undertook and I can only finish by extending an invitation to students to come bushwalking next year.

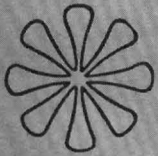
M. Bourne
President, Bushwalking
Club





S · R · C ·





A World of their Own

Uninviting, sometimes even unimpressive. But what's it like? What is the spirit of the place? When exit hostellers were asked, they commented, "Reasonable", "Bearable" and "unexciting". One of the exies' comments are worth noting —

"After two years of imprisonment I look forward to being free. For two years I was observed, watched and noted like a mal-functioning clock by all degrees of authority — "Watch your step fella; a girl in your room and your out on your ear".

"Your position in the hostel, that is, its stability, depends on how well you get on with people, or much rather, supervisors, students not being considered "people".

"To make matters worse there is the bird problem. In past years our feathered friends kept to themselves, but in '69 they nested in the top storey of our wing. Talk about untidy — and the noise! It got so bad that the elite of the "pub" had to take up domestic quarters on the floor. Has tradition no value in this college?"

"When I think that I fought to get in here two years ago and then found spare rooms when I got here. I wonder what supervisors haven't studied the normal distribution curve lately."

"The situation is serious. One thing is a surety. The hostel must remain mixed for two reasons. Firstly, for the security of both property and body, the protective backbone of the college — the males — must remain. Secondly — men are so scarce in the Primary field now that their removal from the hostel would be a bad omen for the girls."

Do these comments properly describe the hostel, its occupants and its moods. Only a hosteller can tell!

J.D. '69



Shosh

Let me tell you
What this life is about as to Venice
"Quelle mot elle chort"

With head held high, hands still
I am poised between Pope and pill.
And
when from my foot the bird did flee
I
wondered who that bird could be.

As upon this matter I doth pan,
onto ratchet, eyes to lining
heart to confess
hair black and shining

The latter word does move
me
whether under or outer wear
Wig or natural hair,
I love it I swear.

This could only be life as it was
It shall be remembered
For, eternity my dear Shosh
Don't forget me.

Trevina



HOME

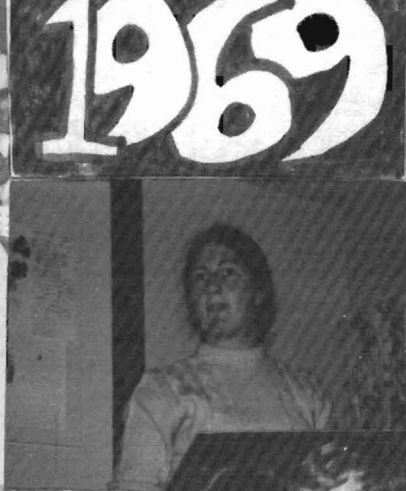


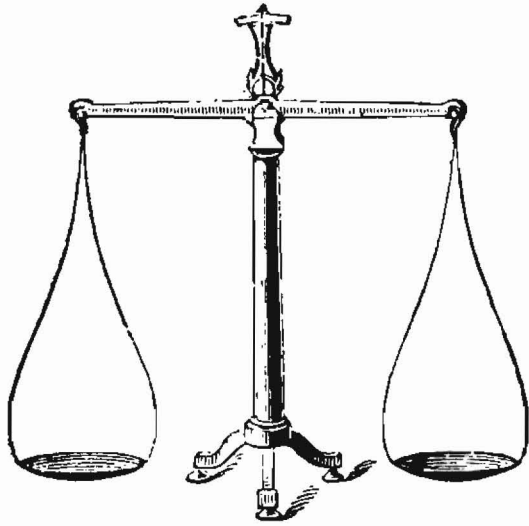
HOME





1969





Time now lost 'neath
 Dust of ages past
 Conceals a fate
 Well left.
 Once proudly o'er this land
 Stood grace supreme,
 Now gone.

Did I dream.....?
I once
 Stood on a river bank
 And lo!
 I saw not running water.
 Instead a raging torrent
 Of artery red
 Was seen.....
 Please.....Did I
 Dream.....?

Proudly proudness bowed,
 refusing sight,
 Refusing light
 Within their right.....
 Gone, gone.....Blindness
 With tongues confused
 Turned and whirled
 Whirled and turned
 Cast at last past
 Never ending.....
 (And the wind,
 Sighing, crying,
 Dying.....
 Blown over backwards
 Past.....last.....)
 Dead!

Alas, alas.....
 Past me whirled the blood
 Of all mankind!

first impressions

The drizzling rain was there — as though a wall before me. The windscreen wipers took up their monotonous rhythm as we sped along Highway One. A good environment for thinking if I wasn't driving . All the same I wonder how it will be. Back and forth, back and forth continued the wipers, all to no avail.

The car slid to stop within a shroud of water.

“Quick get the bags — mind my golf clubs — don't get wet.”

“Hi — Geoff?.....who? Mr. Jones.....pleased to meet.....goodbye, thanks for coming, see you.....Yes it is wet — inside? Sure! (Inside, sure! God what have I got myself into. Too many lights, too many people.....so many birds!)

“Boys.....where? Oh anywhere — good. This one? — that's yours, sorry. Concert downstairs?Right.

“Here way are now. Beds' not bad either; wonder what the foods likes.” Now for this concert — hope they put a good one on for us.”

“What's that? What will I do? I feel sick.”

“Darwin's theory is true — I survived, I was moulded. Living with others is difficult but it is an experience. A strange room, bed and environment but I'll think about that tomorrow..... yestomorrow.”

Group B1 T.P.T.C.

Back (l-r): Anne Condon, Cathryn Barker, Gwen Beifrage, Margaret Ahern, Noel Anstey, Michael Bourne, John Ball, Rodney Burt, Helen Buckley, Jennifer Cowman, Annette Deans, Annette Brooke.

Middle (l-r): Carol Cavey, Julie Brocke, Nina Chimoni, Fiona Brown, Ann Brodie, Kaye Brown, Andrea Collins, Marie Cross, Sandra Deegan, Marion Atkinson.

Front (l-r): Lorraine Carey, Lee Barnes, Sean Buck, Sue Coward, Anne Berger, Mrs. Kfmpton, Mr. Flynn, Delene Commerford, Linda Davis, Llyn Clottu.

Absent: Gillian Brough, Beryl Cusworth, Marg Bassi, Eleanora Brak.



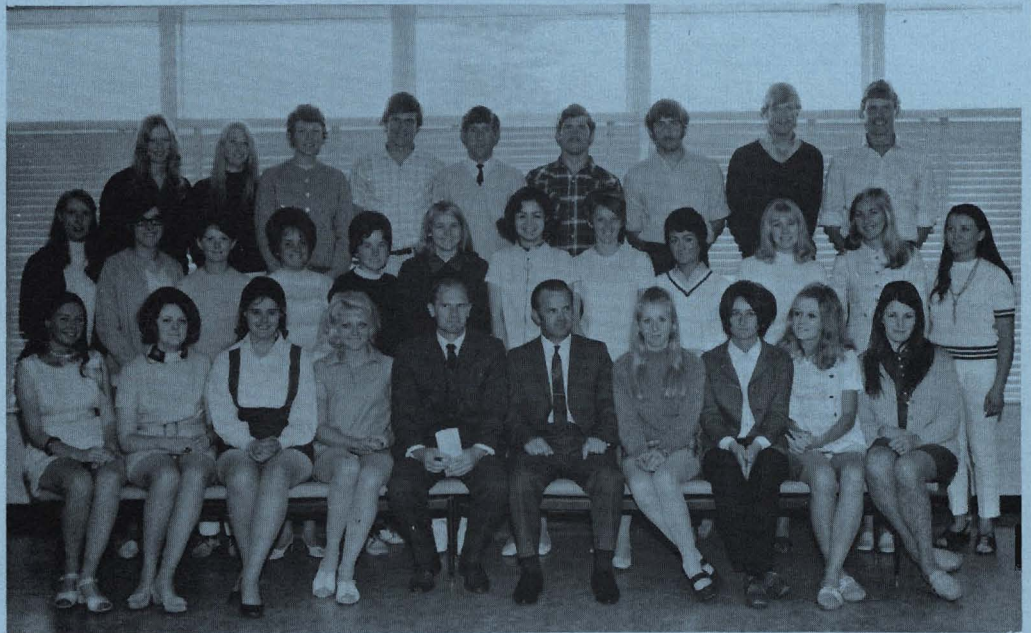
Group B2 T.P.T.C.

Back (l-r): Margot Echberg, Margaret Hocking, Marie Hocking, Robert Cannon, John Durrant, Trevor Davies, Tony Cavell, David Cook, Brian Chatham.

Middle (l-r): Kay Hart, Gail Edwards, Chris Dowling, Sandra Giles, Sue Fussell, Brenda Gyles, Liz Drakopoulos, Vicki Forbes, Chris Harris, Barb Grove, Sue Good, Jaquie Gyngell.

Lower (l-r): Kaye Harman, Edith Gibson, Nancy Eigenraam, Helen Downie, Mr. Manning, Mr. Lacey, Pam Geary, Sandra Gleeson, Ann Graham, Robyn Healy.

Absent — Lynette Douglas, Robyn Gaye, Elwyn Gibson, Pat Giovanis.



Group B3 T.P.T.C.

Back (l-r): Carol MacDonnell, Sue Mason, Sue Minter, Joanne Moore, Rhett. Griffiths, Mike Foley, Greg Fawcett, Phil Hoare, Ron Hottes, Sue Loser.

Middle (l-r): Helen Montgomery, Kerryn Knop, Kerry Kelleher, Mary Murdoch, Gail Lenz, Pat Lawson, Marg Malone, Barbara Irving, Sally Hopcraft, Sue Mark, Helen McIlroy.

Lower (l-r): Tina Licciardo, Robyn Kettels, Judy Holmes, Jane McGill, Judy Lousada, Miss Wallace, Mr. Finnis, Anne McLaren, Monica Lightfoot, Gillian Jefferys, Margaret Judd.

Absent — Jillian McQueen.





Group B4 T.P.T.C.

Back (l-r): Sharrin Murphy, Gerry O'Shea, Ian Maddison, Nick Murray, Allan Hutchinson, Tony Johnston, Geoff Morgan, Greg Merlo, Lynn Roberts.

Middle (l-r): Anne Pobjoy, Tricia O'Connor, Jaclyn Sandys, Lynette Purches, Sandra Robinson, Ann Musso, Jill Palmer, Marg Robertson, Marion Rice, Joan Paterson, Liz Papudins, Roslyn Seton.

Lower (l-r): Sandra Myers, Michele Parker, Janine Perrett, Jillian Quirk, Mr. Greaves, Nellie Neufeld, Beryl Phillips, Judith Sandilands, Bev Pearce.

Absent — Bev. Peacock, Dianne Rooth.



Group B5 T.P.T.C.

Back (l-r): Sally Whitehead, Wendy Tardif, Gerry Sabel, Paul Valentine, Kevin Seal, Greg Robb, Kristine Stone, Lydia Toplass, Viv Shields.

Centre (l-r): Jane Webb, Laureen Wallace, Barbara Skey, Roslyn Walker, Judy Weber, Mary Wollin, Bev Wise, Robyn Trott, Anne Wilson.

Front (l-r): Ros Spooner, Louise Warburton, Anita Strazdins, Janine Thompson, Mr. Kelly, Janet Vaughan, Rosemary Taylor, Rosemary Squire, Glenda Trembath.

Absent: Judith Watkins, Mike Walmsley, Judy Waters, Peter Tardrew.



Tennis Premiers

Back (l-r): Allan Hutchison, Ron Hottes, John Ball, Keith Burden.

Front (l-r): Jenny Smith, Wilma Bartling, Anne Wilson, Sue Cooke.

Group Z1 I.T.C.

Back (l-r): Allison Bolt, Anne Dynes, Valerie Crees, Chris Braidie, Heather Beaumont, Julie Campbell, Milada Boublik, Sue Fisher, Jenny Feiss, Alison Burgess, Marg Aitken.

Centre (l-r): Angela Coe, Marie Carruthers, Leigh Coghlan, Dianne Coyne, Dianne Blake, Helen Faulkner, Sue Brook, Pat Fennessy, Lois Baldock, Lee Collier, Barb Aisbett, Patricia Cunningham, Pamela Bolding.

Lower (l-r): Nancy Curtis, Brenda Baxter, Sue Cregan, Denise Anderson, Alleyne Ballinger, Mr. Kemp, Mrs. Wells, Kathryn Barratt, Carolyn Crocos, Wilma Bartling, Cheryl Egan, Gail Colihole,



Group Z2 I.T.C.

Back (l-r): Lois Hunting, Robyn Lade, Elaine Kilfoyle, Glenys Fordham, Chris McConchie, Janis Flanagan, Judith McMaster, Pamela Lewis, Ruth Lanston, Christine Kiantos, Chris Hinde.

Middle (l-r): Sue McDermott, Gerda Laven, Janet McCormack, Pat King, Karyn Jolly, Alisa McDonald, Kathy Goodger, Sharyn Madder, Janice Lambert, Liz Hallett, Sue Giligich.

Lower (l-r): Helen Georgiou, Janet Ling, Diane Johnston, Sue Fletcher, Mr. Prowse, Miss Edwards, Barbara Lugg, Marilyn Fogarty, Rhonda Hynes, Lee Fricker, Lorraine Goulden.

Absent — Alison Kay.



Group Z3 I.T.C.

Back (l-r): June Shimmen, Pamela Wilson, Irene Marshall, Chris Western, Chris Symington, Bernadette Morris, Janice Moore, Sue Traill, Carmel Moulton, Sue Miller, Roberta Zaks.

Middle: Colleen Murphy, Margaret O'Shea, Julie Morris, Nicola Power, Elizabeth Murray, Judith Walker, Sue Quin, Joanne Rumpff, Noela Needham, Elaine Pearson, Pamela Moran, Jan Provis.

Lower: Deidre Todd, Ingrid Wersching, Carol Wallace, Cheryl Sangwell, Mrs. Hamilton, Christine Vronidou, Christine Wedgewood, Judith Maggs, Judy Wilson.

Absent — Kim Pearson, Marg O'Shea.





*'and the walls came
a 'tumblin down.'*

On looking back through past Struan Magazines, it is interesting to note an article written by John Whitelaw, Sports Secretary in 1967, concerning the inception of voluntary sport, and I quote:

"I cannot help but wonder, however, if we have seen an end to this era of sporting success in the college. Will the tradition, which the students of past years have built up, just die away? My doubts in this matter have arisen since the inception of voluntary sport in the college. A feeling of apathy towards sport has emerged which could challenge the sporting tradition of the college. I am wondering now if perhaps there was a hidden factor behind our past success — compulsory sport."

This prediction appears to have been correct by the lack of interest in sport shown by college students this year. If we take a quick glance at past premiership teams it is appalling to notice that the tradition of our College is slipping down hill very quickly.

In 1967	the College	won	8	Premierships
In 1968	"	"	"	8
In 1969	"	"	"	4

With possibly the best diversity of sporting equipment and facilities in the whole of Victoria's Training Colleges, it is hard to understand why students do not make the most of their opportunities in this field.

This year a number of new Clubs were formed, e.g. Bushwalkers, scuba-diving, etc., and each Club was encouraged to have a President and Committee whose duty was to organise the Club's activities. This has proved to be quite successful but will depend upon greater student participation and interest to be completely successful next year.

Despite apparent student apathy toward sport, we managed to scrape together a swimming team which came fourth. Inter-College sport was more successful. From eleven competing teams 7 were in the finals and 4 of these are Premiers. The final competition for the year is the Inter-College Athletics Carnival. Will Frankston be Premiers once more?

In conclusion, we hope the Clubs become a great success and voluntary sport creates greater participation of both students and staff.

TONY JOHNSTON
NOELA NEEDHAM Sport Secretaries



Ist Hockey F.T.C.

Now here's a preamble on a team we once knew,
There were forwards five and fullbacks two,
Three at the halfway, one at the rear,
The most original line up you'll ever hear.

Goalie — Heather Shaw, score for the season,
two jumpers, a pair of sox and 2 goals (but
not for us!)

L. Back — Glenys Leech, is it a bird?, is it a
plane?, no its only Glenys.

R. Back — Margaret Pimlott, 'Force them off
side Frankston', Everybody Out'.

L. Halfback — Sandra Myers, she's at her best
on the roll-ons. "Come on Julie or Carol, who
ever you are".

C. Halfback — Carol Taylor, 'that's illegal, get
up and hit it!'

R. Halfback — Noela, she don't knee-dum.

L. Wing — Helen Wedgewood, that umpire's
biased there's no side line there.

L. Inner — 1. Bev. Boston, always sitting down
on the job.

2. Robin Eccles, "do I have to take
them off?"

Center forward — Heather Davis, score for the
season five goalies, two fullbacks and 95%
goals.

R. Inner — Barbara O'Neil, always playing hard
to get, Out of sight.

R. Wing — Julie McKenzie, "hit them in the shins,
hit them in the ankles, if you see the ball, hit
that too".

An Epitaph is due to this great team
Who won every game, (it was like a dream)
Then the finals came 'round
And the team went down
It was like the first footy semi round.



Squash Club

During the year the club was successful on
five occasions in competitive inter-college
matches. This however only applies to our first
team as the seconds were rather unlucky all year.
Still they participated and this is the exception
rather than the rule in a college with non-com-
pulsory sport.

As a result of this our main problem throughout
the year has been to obtain support from college
students. One can be proud in defeat but only
shameforced with a walk-over! Considering the
fact that this college has 750 students then one
would presume that a team of 12 players could
be found every week.

Apart from this thanks is due to those who
gave support all year. Next year more determi-
nation and greater support will be needed to obtain
further success.

Frank Benko — President

Swimming Team — '69

"Poor" — indeed would be praising the all-
mighty turnout of 20 people to make up the FTC
Swimming team this year. Despite repeated re-
quests and pleas, attendances did not rise above
the 2% mark, and our rock bottom defeat resulted
at the swimming carnival.

With 14 places out of 26 starts, a fine perfor-
mance was put up by the individual few.

Hoping to appeal to more, the swimming club
intends to arrange coaching and surf swimming
sessions in the future. Under this system, anyone
with just a rudimentary knowledge will benefit,
and hopefully FTC's results will benefit also. One
thing is for sure, we are at the bottom now — we
can only go up. [?]

J. Wiadwowski — Captain



Struan Rifle Club

Although the membership was small this year
— 4 in all — the members still enjoyed many
wednesday afternoons. Despite the near misses,
especially when Eva was holding the trigger, no
one was hurt.

Because of the small membership we did not
enter any competitions. Next year it is hoped
that the target rifles will not have to be repaired
so many times and the members can concentrate
on upgrading their scores.

Present members would also welcome more
students into their ranks in '70 as it is anticipated
that inter-college "shoots" will be undertaken.

Alison Payne



Football

For the second year in succession the college
team failed to reach the finals. It can only be
hoped that next year the football team will do
better and bring Frankston back to the top in this
Winter Sport.

The unfortunate circumstance with this year's
finals is the disinterest shown by many players
once the team became ineligible to make the
finals. If it had not been for students who filled
in then we may not have been able to field a
team at times.

Thanks must go to the coach Mr. Marshall
and the interest shown by those ready to organize
the team on and off the field. Best of luck to
next year's team and to all this year's players
who are going out to teach.

Kevin Seal

Tennis

After twelve long years the tennis team finally won its first premiership. The co-operation between players coupled with enthusiastic team spirit resulted in this successful 1969 season, during which all matches were won convincingly.

The seconds team, however, was not quite as successful, although they performed creditably throughout the season winning most matches.

Thanks to all players and members of staff who patronized the teams.

W. Bartling

Volleyball

Unfortunately the Volleyball team lost the finals to Coburg, 3 games to 1. The team played very well during the year loosing only two games. Our thanks must go to Mrs. Wheeler who gave us much support and encouraging. Those in the team were Sue McGavin, Christine Nevitt, Gail Edwards, Tom Durham, Brian Hansen, Warren Fry, Stephen Hart, Sandra Ryan. Thanks also to all those who came along each week to give support to the team. Good luck for next year!

Gail Edwards — Captain



Basketball

Premiers (Representative)



Standing (l-r): Pam Wilson, Margo Echberg, Elaine Kilfoyle, Beryl Phillips, Sue Fussell, Mrs. Wells (Coach).

Seated: Janine Thompson.

Softball Premiers



Standing (l-r): Kerry Knop, Margaret Handford, Sandra Gleeson, Miss Wallace, Michele Panker, Brenda Giles, Robyn Gay.

Seated: Margaret Molone.

Absent: Sandra Potter, Tina Banitska.



‘ I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY ARE ALWAYS BEEFING ABOUT STUDENT RESPONSIBILITY. I RATHER ENJOY THE HIGH SCHOOL ATTITUDE. ’