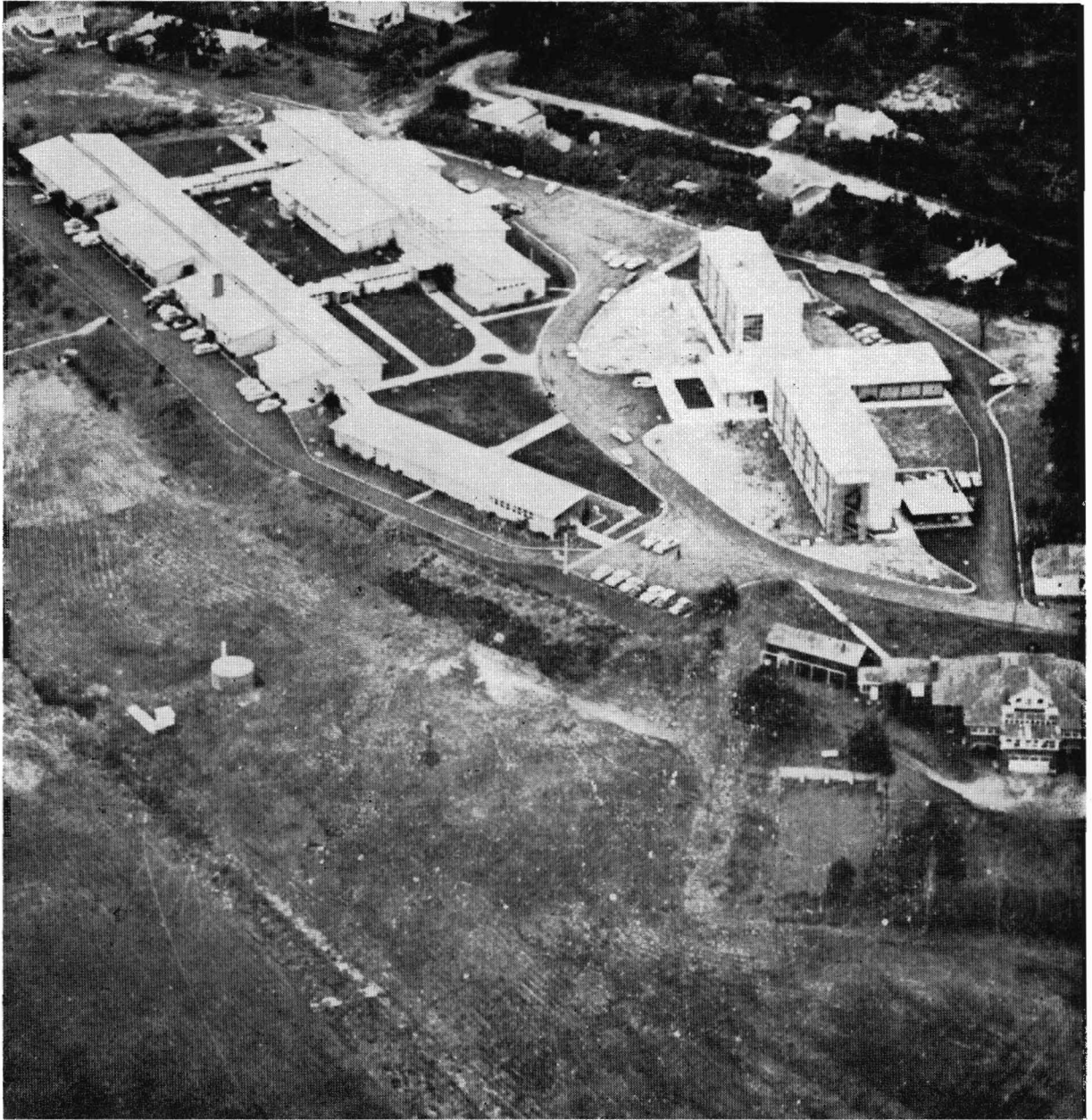


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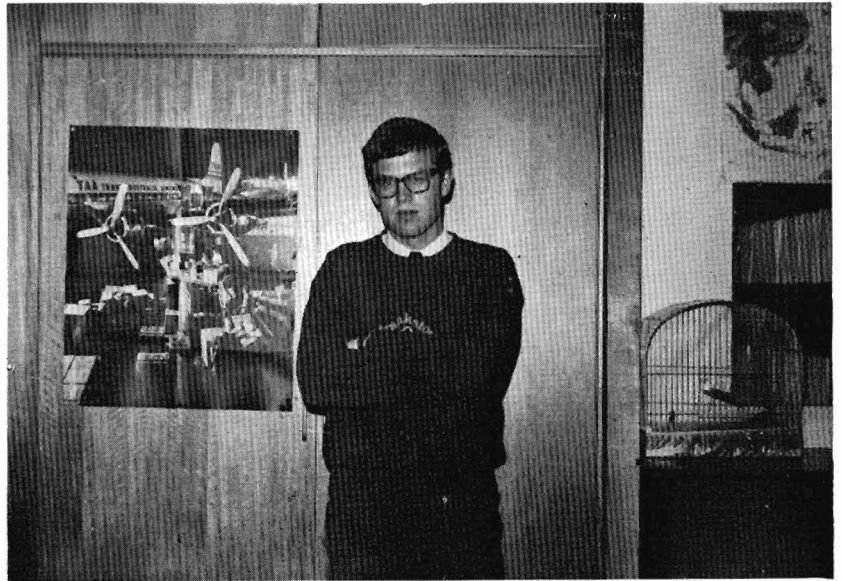
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COLLEGE LIBRARY

FRANKSTON TEACHERS' COLLEGE

*annual magazine of the
students' representative council*

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR



What can one say? Another year completed; another episode of one's life coming to a close. Think back on what this College has accomplished and how you have assisted it in its development. The only way to develop as a teacher and a person in this institution is to give your heart and soul to it. You will receive your reward. Don't shirk responsibility, my friends, jump into the fray and taste life's honey — whether it be bitter or sweet. I sincerely hope that those students who read these few words will get as much out of college life as I have. Frankston Teachers' College, your staff and your students, on behalf of 1968, I thank you.

Colin A. Horn

MEET THE MEN AT THE TOP



Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Bell
review student photographs

Is College Changing ?

Students leaving the College at the end of 1968 — especially the T.I.T.C. students, who have been here three years — will agree that it is in many respects a very different place from what it was when they began their courses. To members of staff who were themselves students in the College a few years ago the changes made during 1967 and 1968 will seem still greater.

True, the College buildings are the same, except for the addition of portable classrooms; the common-room is the same, though more crowded, and so is the library; the canteen continues to provide only a minimum service under the same cramped conditions; and "Struan" is still there, but looking more dilapidated. The sad fact is, of course, that there have been fewest changes in the areas that require the expenditure of money!

The changes have rather been in the organization and general atmosphere of the College. Changes in courses, with fewer subjects, but more choice of them; less lecturing but more time to be spent as each student thinks best;

changes in College hours and attendance requirements; voluntary participation in sport; increased lunch-time activity; changed attitudes in matters of dress and the conduct of social functions; closer connections with College students elsewhere.

Part of the net result has been greater student freedom and greater responsibility individually and corporately. And I am satisfied that students see it that way.

The "esprit de corps", which any good college values and tries to maintain in the face of growing numbers and other complexities, does not seem to have suffered. In fact, it surely received a boost when our student leaders returned from a national conference of teachers' college students and assured us at an assembly that we could be proud of the virtues that F.T.C. possessed. That these leaders went to the very next S.R.C. meeting and found some faults to set about correcting was a good sign, and an indication of how stimulating the national conference had been.

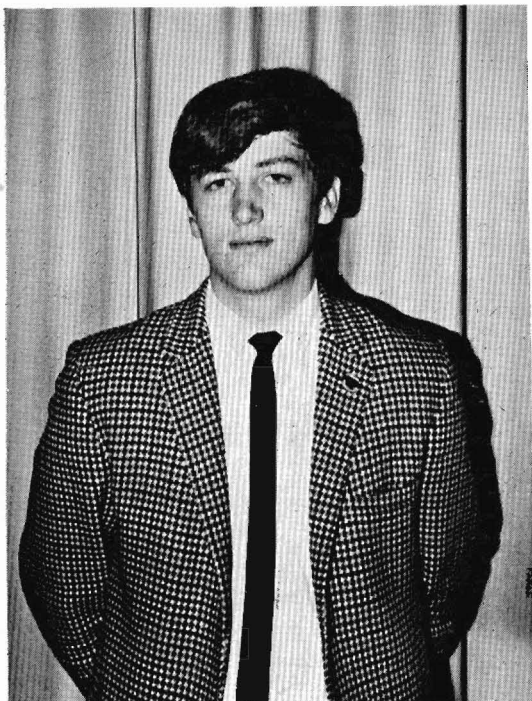
The College will go on changing, and, we hope, improving. Big issues relating to the organization and administration of teachers' colleges and to the improved status of their courses will be resolved during the next few years. Our own greatest immediate material need is a new building that will not simply check the further deterioration of working conditions but raise them to a new level.

G. Jenkins, B.A., B.Com., B.Ed.,
M.A.C.E., T.P.T.C.

GRAC COMMITTEE



PRESIDENT'S REPORT, 1968



Tony Vaughan, S.R.C. President

The Frankston Teachers' College has the most influential and autonomous S.R.C. in Australian Teachers' Colleges, if not all tertiary institutions, and I'm sure that the students who are responsible will want that situation to remain.

Our College has enviable sporting and academic records and its place in the community is one of high esteem. Culturally, it has reached continually upwards. When the new building is completed, the College will undoubtedly be one of the finest of its type in the Commonwealth.

Why is this so? There are several reasons: no student will deny that our Principal heads the most co-operative, willing-to-help and friendly staff, a vital factor in College success. Secondly, a lot of praise must go to present and past students. Though sometimes a minority, they worked extremely hard and put in long hours for their College and their fellow students, and, I must add, for no tangible reward. These are the hub that the student wheel revolves around. To them, my sincere thanks. To Marg, our lovely vice-president, to the secretaries and their committees, my congratulations on the excellent work you have done this year.

My own personal opinion is that S.R.C. this year has done a great deal, adding to the comfort, and looking to the welfare, of students in general.

To all students, may I wish you the fortune of achieving all that you aim for.

A. J. Vaughan,
S.R.C. President, 1968

VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT, 1968



Marg. Cavanagh, Senior Vice-President

Another year has passed, during which most of us have shared a mixture of joys and sorrows, hardships and rewards. Many of us can look back over the events of the year and agree that it has been of great benefit. Not everybody can be dux of the College, but everyone can experience the satisfaction of having tried to do their utmost whether it be in the lecture room, on the sporting field or in co-operating with fellow students.

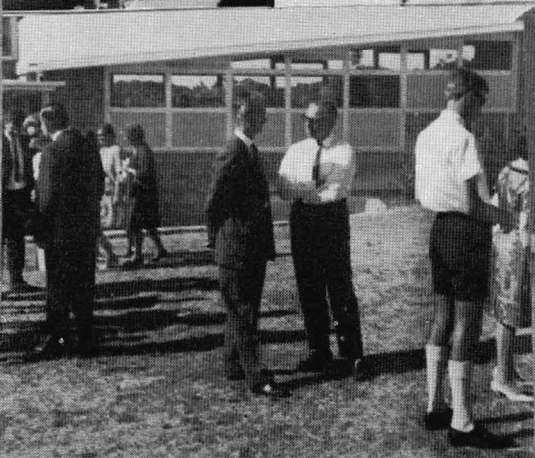
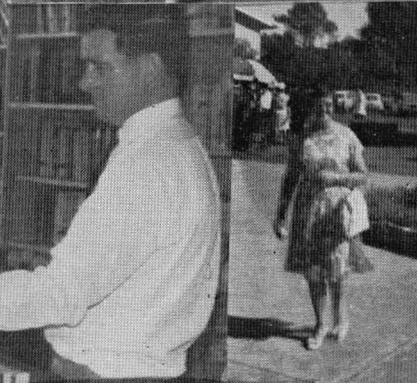
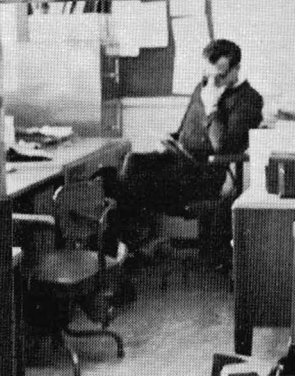
Enthusiasm is the keynote to the successful functioning of the College, because it leads not only to high achievement for the individual, but it is infectious and can lift the attainments and aspirations of the whole College.

Along with enthusiasm, there must be courage. Everyone at some time is afraid to give of themselves, but surely this is only a fear of failure and ridicule. An enthusiastic and active participant or leader can only be admired, not ridiculed — when students can understand this, they will gain much from their College experience. These will be the ones who have made the most of their opportunities and abilities, and they will remember Frankston with pride. Unfortunately there will always be the few who leave here saying, "I'm glad that's over — College has given me nothing," but I would like them to consider their own contribution to College; they most probably will find the answer to be nothing.

College gives you the opportunity to follow the path of personal achievement. It is all very well to say, "someone else will do it" when faced with a request for assistance or leadership, but remember that someone else is saying the same thing about you. It is a fatal error to relax under the impression that all is well. That road leads to stagnation and retrogression. You have accepted the challenge of education, and to be successful you must be strong in your ideals and motives and never be afraid to set your goals too high.

May I say "Thank you" for a memorable year. I feel privileged to have been a part of it with you. You have my wish for good health and happiness in the future.

Margaret Cavanagh,
S.R.C. Vice-President, 1968





The aim of the **FILM CLUB** is to provide entertainment for those interested in film making. It really could be such a productive ORGANIZATION with your **SUPPORT** but that word is so fugacious as to be unredeemable.

800 feet of microfilm have been left for light to settle on this year.

Photographers have crawled into the **UNCRAWLABLE** holes to take shots they wanted of the **GLORIOUS** **TEACHERS' COLLEGE LIFE** which is just so exciting as we'd like to congratulate the **NARCISSISTS** who deigned to show their skulls on film. Acknowledgement is made of staff members devoting valuable time in **PREPARATIONS**.

SONG OF OODNADATTA

Tune: Biplane Evermore

1. Well, we're up at Oodnadatta where the life is rather full,
And you cannot see across the street for loads of swirling bull,
She looks a little sandy, but we're proud of our town's name,
You could hardly say the men were dandy, or a word that's much the same.

CHORUS: Oodnadatta, where the life is full,
You cannot see across the street for loads of swirling bull.

2. Now by chance it once did happen here a College bus got stuck,
And the fellows of the township all went down to try their luck,
So down the track there charged a mob of Oodnadatta churls,
All hell-bent to secure themselves a Frankston College girl.

CHORUS:

3. Them little teacher girls they took one look at us poor slobs,
And decided it be better that we all might think them slobs,
We knew we weren't no pictures, but were sure we weren't no runts,
Imagine how we felt, not having seen a girl for months.

CHORUS:

4. Those birds and their Abduls all went round to have a drink,
Followed by the local yahoos there a few pots for to sink.
To this cove with a pink hat sez I, "Why don't you wear a skirt?"
Well you shoulda seen him stuff that hat right up his ruddy shirt.

CHORUS:

5. This tall young skinny cove he walked up to the bar,
We had to make a move quick now to get us any far,
So I fill a middy up with gin and add orange to taste,
And took a decent belt to show the mug it wasn't laced.

CHORUS:

6. I tell the lanky slicker to present it to the birds,
And tell him to go ask them if they'd like to see my herds.
Now if they'd drunk the flamin' gin it would've done the bit,
But they didn't like the dead grasshoppers floatin' round in it.

CHORUS:

7. But them birds would not have none of it, and tempers they run short,
And it's plain to see we'll have to make an effort of a sort.
Now it just so happens that we've got the best darned trick of all,
For to-night's the night of all nights-like, the Oodnadatta Ball.

NEW CHORUS: That line would do the trick for us, of that we're pretty sure,
If only them poor birds knew what we really had in store.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

TOUR NUMBER No. 2

Are you the one who:—
 flattened the outhouse at Lake Hart?
 threw out your spaghetti tea, which is
 now probably killing the fish in the water-
 hole?
 was the lady in the orange dress pro-
 tecting her brood in Alice Springs?
 had a proposal from the cattle barons
 at the Alice?
 had your tweeds around your ankles
 when that idiot went berserk with the camera?
 was considering an air fare back to
 Melbourne when the rain came at the Alice?
 rode the ugly camel (and loved it)?
 trusted him and went to see his opal
 collection?

. . . . ran around "the Rock" looking for lost
 women who weren't really lost and were asleep
 all the time?

. . . . liked being tickled by kangaroo rats
 in your sleeping bag at Ayers Rock.

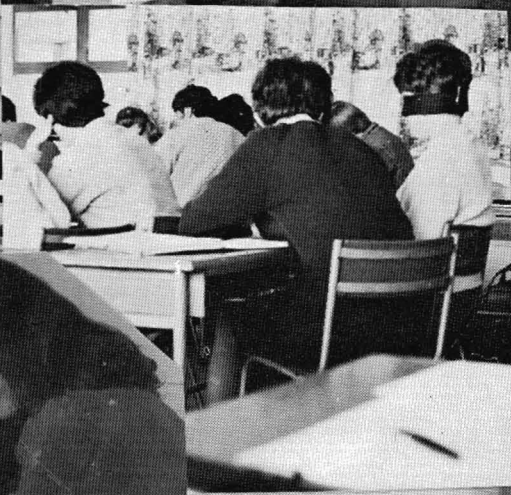
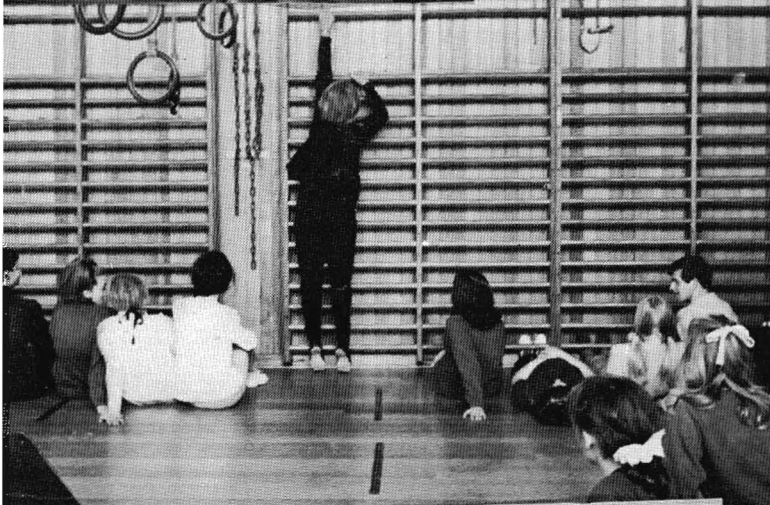
. . . . got your didgeridoo bunged up with
 fluff?

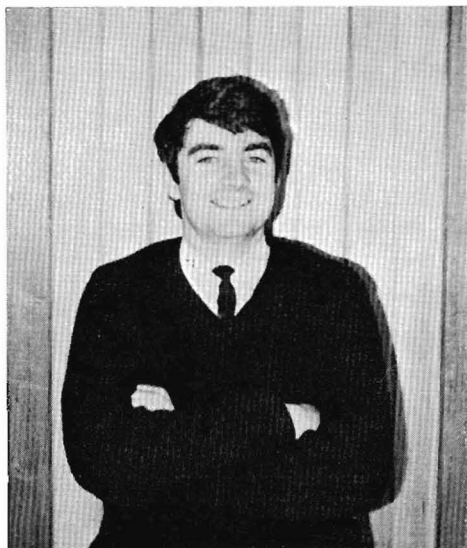
. . . . had your toilet invaded by the fair
 sex?

. . . . got your directions mixed up and
 went to the wrong side of the bus?

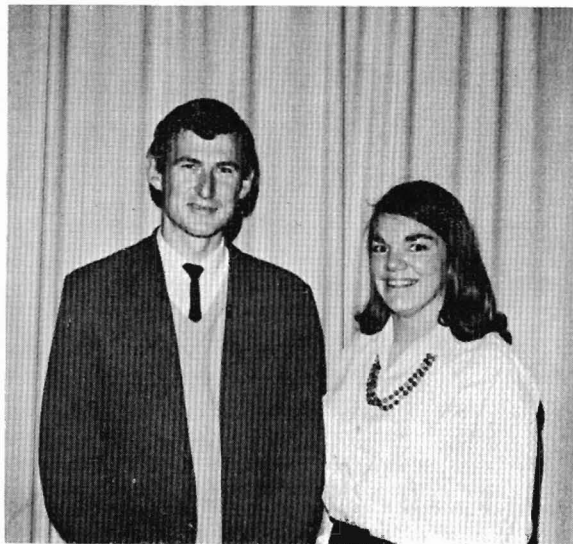
- - - You are! Well, how about a rocket
 for Tour No. 2?

Euan Cameron,
 Tour No. 2,
 Central Australia





Junior Vice-President Geoff. Morgan

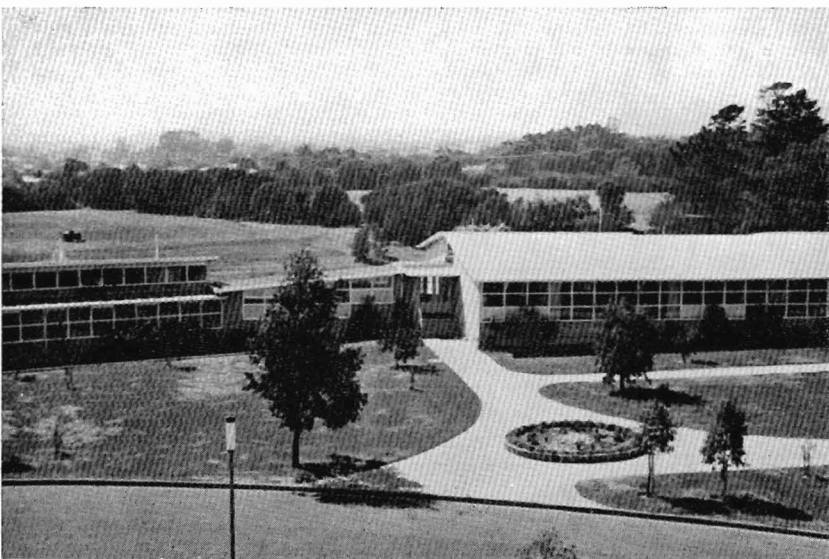


V.S.T.A. Representatives B. Neighbour and B. Champion



V.T.U. President
Jim Grayling

V.T.U. Secretary
Pat Mason



A.S.T.A.—australian student teachers' association

There are 25,000 Australian Student Teachers; A.S.T.A. is an attempt to unite these within a national framework. They have recognised the potential of a Federal approach towards teaching and teacher training.

A.S.T.A. is vitally concerned with the restrictions placed on the student in his period of training and the limited responsibility given for that flexibility of mind that is necessary at a time when new methods, approaches and equipment are being evolved and introduced.

The changes A.S.T.A. advocates in the Col-

leges' courses will ultimately find expression within the newest and most progressive teaching attitudes for the real benefit of Australian school children. A.S.T.A. also recognises the student role in the formulation of educational aims as one of discussion and participation, which will encourage a closer co-operation between student and staff, the attitude being directly applicable to the classroom.

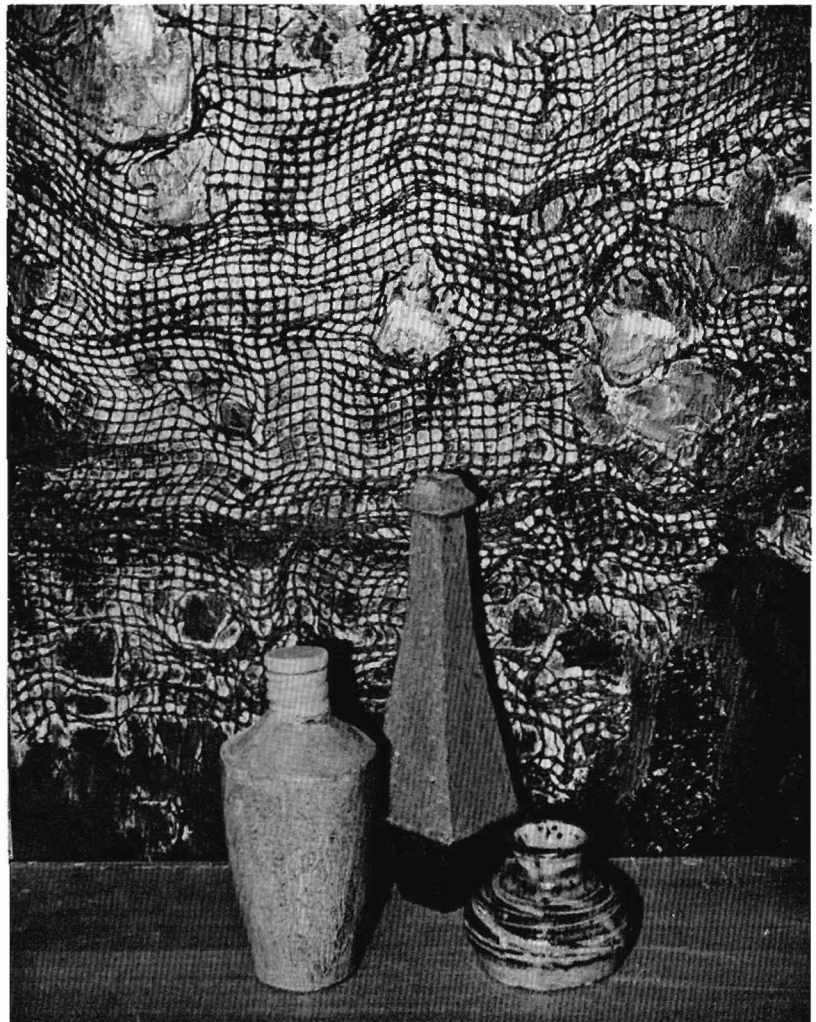
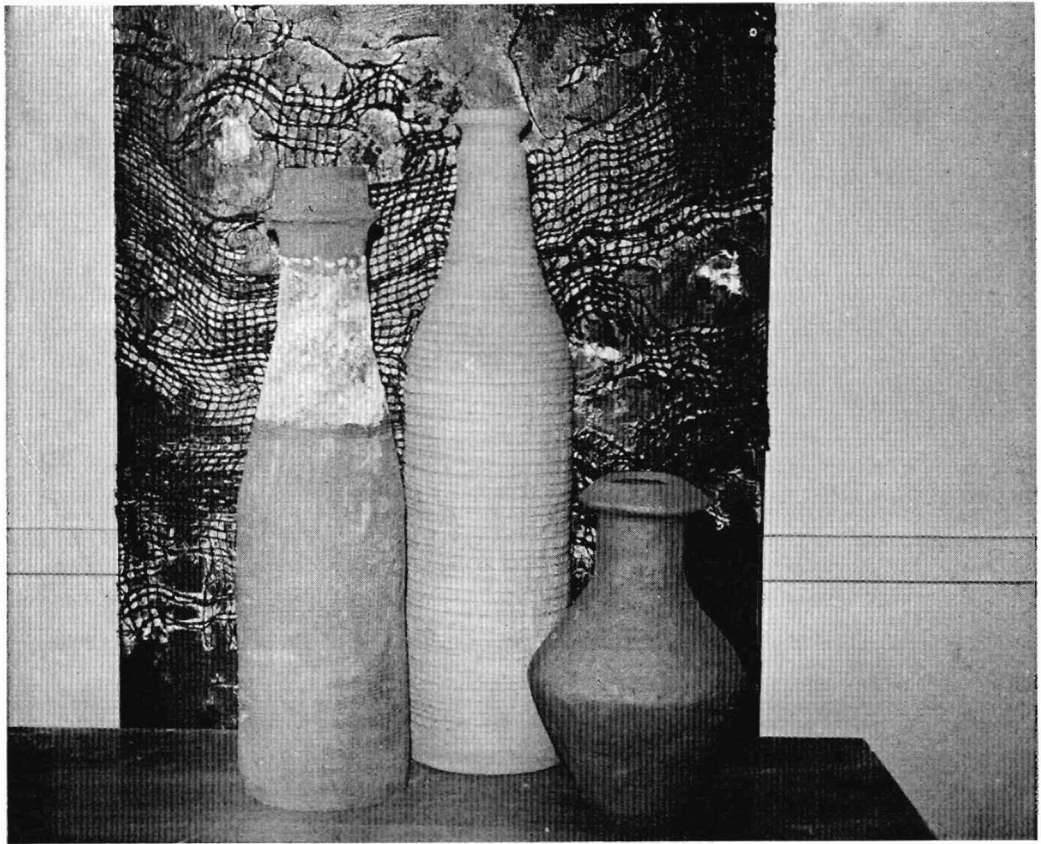
A.S.T.A. is the most important light to appear on the student-teacher horizon for many years.

A. J. Vaughan

The Open Road

The journey begins, the car travels out of sight,
 The day becomes hot, the response takes time,
 The memories of latter days cloud the mind,
 The girl, the beach, what matters in life?
 What matters in life? It doesn't seem real,
 What does it cost, if care is replaced by zeal.
 Only life itself, if that means much,
 The prime of life to be cancelled at a touch.
 The open road lies beckoning ahead,
 The thrill of speed rises in the blood,
 The car is geared, the revs. spin faster,
 The challenge of life becomes the master.
 The time seems right, the car races forward,
 A split-second decision is coming up.
 A car looms out of sight,
 The vision is blurred, the sun is bright.
 Judgement is hastened, so is fright.
 The body moves, the car responds,
 The wheels bite in, the eerie brakes cry out,
 Thought and action are limited to a shout.
 The distance decreases, the impact is imminent,
 Car and car, body and body
 Came together as if never in doubt,
 Nerve and tissue depart from one,
 The blood of life spurts from the heart,
 The thump of breath keeps on . . . then not.
 Is life to end like this or is it still supreme?
 The response becomes your answer if you pursue a dream.

Colin Thorn



ART FACULTY

Left to Right
Mr. R. Gilss, Mr. R. Greaves, Miss
M. Papworth, Mr. D. Allan, Mr. J
Williamson, Mr. O. Piggott, Mr
G. Brennan, Mr. T. Wells.
Absent: Mr P. O'Brien



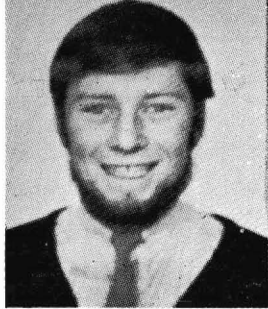
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BACK — Mr. R. Townsend, Mrs
M. Lacy, Mr. W. Dolphin.
FRONT - Mrs. M. Tart, Mrs. J.
Lochland, Mr. G. Towers, Mrs.
L. Piggott.

SCIENCE FACULTY

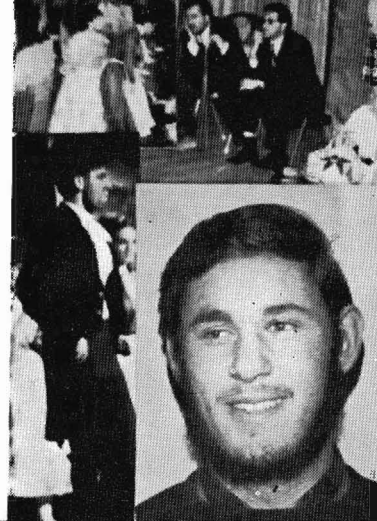
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Mr. D. Legge, Miss W. Smales,
Mr. B. Edmondson.
Absent: Mr. L. Flynn





GREG. SIMMONS (ZSUPAN)

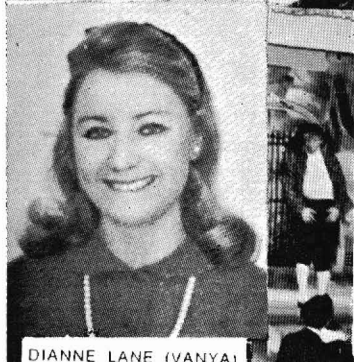
THE



DESMOND BUNYAN (BARINKA)



CLAUDIA COX (SAFFI)



DIANNE LANE (VANYA)

GIPSY



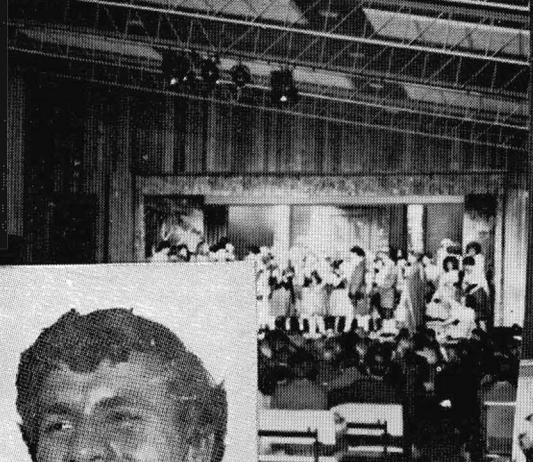
JOHN DURRANT (KARESKA)



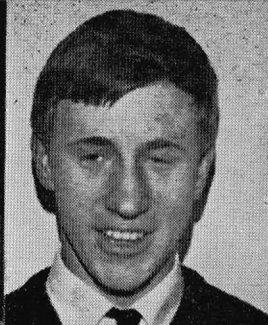
ROBERT LEESON (MISHKA)



INGRID WERSCHING (CZIFF)



SANDRA JACQUES (FRANZI)



GAVIN BYRT (OTTO)



IAN BENNETT (PALI)



RICK FRANCIS (HOMONY)



BARON



BARBARA CHAMPION (MIRABELLA)



RICHARD BRUCE (CAPTAIN)



MARIE CARRUTHERS (ARIETTA)

MUSIC FACULTY

Left to Right:
Mr. G. Jones, Mr. J. Ogden, Miss
M. Edwards, Mr. B. Chalmers.



ENGLISH FACULTY

Left to Right:
Mr. E. Finnis, Mr. R. Wittman,
Mrs. H. Edwards, Mr. K. Mac-
Pherson

Absent: Mr. M. Brown, Mrs. M.
Brown, Mr. J. Prowse, Mr. D.
Juler, Mr. G. Pappas, Mr. W.
McIntyre.

SOCIAL SCIENCE FACULTY

Left to Right:
Mr. P. Clerici, Miss M. Channon,
Mr. L. Lomas, Miss G. Kentish,
Mr. J. Lacy.



THOSE FORMATIVE YEARS

Apparently every teacher, and trainee teacher, is bound to be subjected throughout life to references to "responsibility to the nation's youth during its most formative years". A recent spate of such memorable clichés has led me to try and define which years do constitute the most formative period, and who really contributes to the process.

Since the course of my life, according to statistics, is but one-quarter run, my investigation can only be 25 per cent. effective. Conviction as to the changes in character and perspective during the remaining 75 per cent. of life must be based on observation of parents, instructors and elderly friends. If a generation is averaged at 25 years I can observe the change in outlook, character formation if you wish, of two generations beyond my own. The conclusion is that the 25 to 50 age group are considered set in their ways by the youngsters and unstable by their elders. The 50 to 75 age group are considered "past it", or possibly senile by both younger groups, who apparently ignore the fact that they also are approaching the "past it" period with the speed and directness of an orbiting comet.

Return to that first twenty-five years, those of which students may speak with some authority. At what period are pressures and philosophies most likely to be impressed on the delicate parchment of personality? At what age is a child first subjected to deliberate, calculated, external pressures by persons chosen or trained for the job in hand? Approximately thirty seconds after birth, when a highly trained medical entity slaps his bottom, and elicits his first conscious response to society — a yell of anguish.

Let us take this small, abused new member of society, and turn him into a case study as we are taught to do.

Stage two, the child at its mother's breast. Along with nourishment he will imbibe satisfaction, confidence, and security, and the philosophy of Dr. Spock, whose word is Holy Writ for the new Mama. Our child is forming his first lesions with society. He has learned a valuable lesson. If you want something from higher up, yell loudly. Make enough nuisance of yourself and someone will do something about it to save themselves embarrassment.

Some time around twelve weeks our little case study is switched to a bottle, and force-fed a number of revolting mushes. Not unnaturally he resents this, and using the knowledge learned at stage two, he tries to bring influence to bear. Straight away he learns another lesson — you must be tolerant of the demands of parents' social life.

It is usual for another influence to enter baby's life at this stage; he acquires "a sitter". A sitter can be almost any type of person. One characteristic is common to all; they are forced to do the job by economic necessity, no training required. At this formative stage it is not uncommon for really impressionable children to conclude that all that confidence, security and philosophy have gone overboard, and commence brewing up the most interesting traumas. It is worthy of note that traumatic experiences never count a hoot till after the third appearance before a magistrate, when they suddenly assume enormous importance.

Scarcely has the child passed through the mental turmoil of acquiring a sitter than he reaches that stage of his life delicately referred to as being "trained"!

Training consists of focusing approximately 50 per cent. of the child's waking time on organs and functions of the body, which a year later he must know by mental legerdemain do not officially exist. So, along with frustration, mistrust and insecurity, we have added another valuable lesson, duplicity.

I feel a line or two should be devoted to educational toys. These perform much the same function as allowing the kid in the saucepan cupboard, but they cost a great deal more and are sometimes quieter. However, from his toys our child learns a valuable lesson. People are not all the same. Some will retrieve a tossed-out object twenty times, others clip you one after the third pick-up. Lesson One, learn to pick a sucker, and Two, learn to duck.

The very formative years from playpen through pre-school to infant room are most important. They are nominally guided by Mother, who actually hands the job over to the TV; by play leader, who actually hands the job over to a jungle-gym and a covey of paint pots; and an I.M. who actually tries to bring order to a chaotic small mind, which she occupies in equal proportions with Yogi Bear, the family dog, and a handful of swap cards.

Some authorities claim the years of primary school cover the most impressionable period of a child's life. Here, he learns to accept authority; that the world consists of those who have, and those who have not; he feels the first stirring of compassion. He learns that God created the world in six days, and probably concludes he played golf on the seventh. The perfection of creation is revealed in the form and colour of the flowers, in the exquisite enameling of a ladybird's wing. Fidelity is exemplified in the lifelong mating of the gentle doves. That God created man in his own image

and he possibly resembles Daryl Baldock. In short, our child has come to the conclusion that God's in His Heaven.

All's right with the world.

Our child is really very well adjusted in spite of us.

Comes secondary school, our fine young case study with his well developed social consciousness is ripe to be formed into a fine character with a clear sense of right and wrong. To assist this formative process he goes to a co-ed school where girls and boys will learn to mix under natural, ideal conditions, but never in corridors, on stairs, in quadrangles or class rooms. Our lad may have trouble correlating the book of Genesis with his introduction to the theory of evolution, but once over the hurdle and he will digest Darwin's theory down to the last morsel of natural selection. He may even discover Freud, but not if his parents can help it.

By now our typical lad with his typical thirst for knowledge will want all that the mass media can offer. Only an example of the fare offered will suffice. A keen observer, he will deduce that it really does not matter what brand you smoke. Just smoke and you will have muscles of iron, lungs of leather, will drive nothing less than a Rolls or a Benz, unless its a stable of race horses, and you will be fawned on by sloe eyed damsels in micro skirts.

This obviously most impressionable age is obviously the moment for sex education to begin. The guidance councillor does his best,

the religious instructor does his best, calling to his aid the birds and bees, and Romeo and Juliet. The parents leave the whole matter to "Truth" and "Readers' Digest", but somehow it all seems unrelated to the discoveries our case made the first time he borrowed the car after his eighteenth birthday, and took his girl to the drive-in.

And so our child has become a youth, perhaps a student, and the formative influences come crowding thick and fast. "Education is for living" cry the educators. "Education spells success" hint the situation vacant columns. "Success is more in your pay packet" declare the parents. "Money means possessions, fun, excitement" flash the mass media. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul" thunder the churches. "You have never had it so god" trumpet the politicians.

Walk miles to raise money for the starving children of **this** country, it is a humane act. Go starve and maim the children of **that** country, it's your patriotic duty. Accept responsibility — don't think — or if you do, stay silent — conform or perish. And so threading his way along the path of conflicting doctrine comes our impressionable young "case history". He has become a man, and he has realized one quarter of his destiny. He has become what? A statistic, a hole punched in a card, a tax return, a marble in a barrel.

Andrea Collins, A1
Winner of "Struan" Literature Award

OBITUARY

Susan Harrison, 28/2/1948 - 3/9/1968

Sue was born in England and migrated to Australia at an early age. After living for a short time in the country, the Harrison family moved to Melbourne, where she began her schooling at Hughesdale State School. She continued on to Springvale High School, where she became a prefect and House Captain, gaining three second class honours in Matriculation.

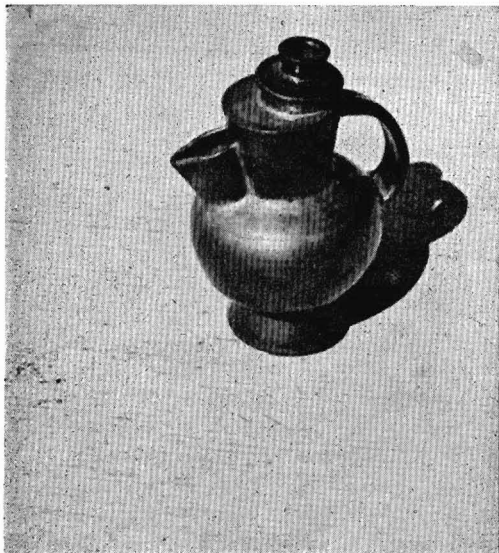
She then came to Teachers' College, where she led an extremely active life for the two and a half years in which she was here. She was the group leader of 2B and, later 3B, and was in the top-ranking of the students in her T.I.T.C. course. All those who knew her well realise what a lively and adventurous girl she was, and she gained the respect of all, students and lecturers alike.

Unfortunately, as a result of a road accident, Sue was killed while pursuing the fun-loving life she so much enjoyed. She will be deeply missed by all her friends and acquaintances. The College extends deepest sympathy to her family.

"Sadly missed and never to be forgotten"

THE HOSTEL

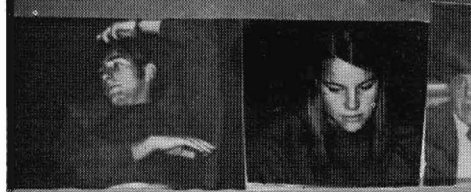
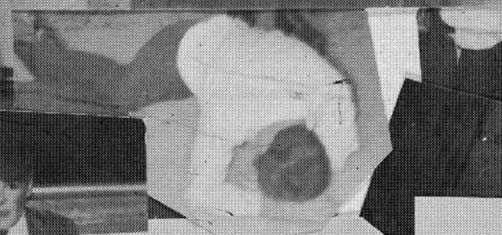
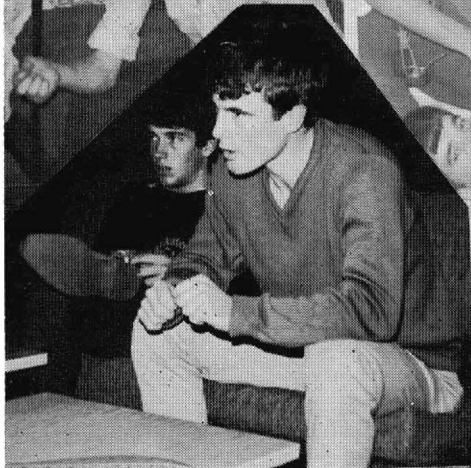
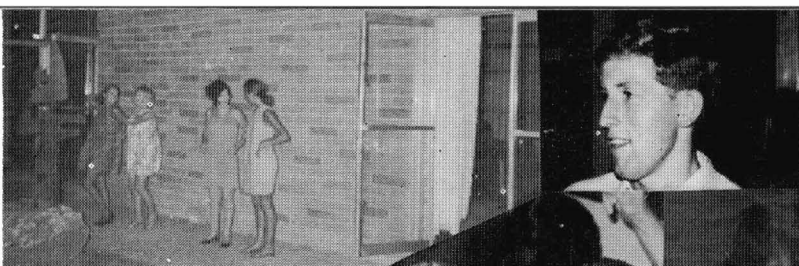
(The 'Hub' of the College)



"SHAPES"

Black or white still make a shape,
 A shape from clay of created earth,
 Two shapes the same,
 Two shapes seen as one,
 Two shapes unlike in the heated sun.
 The hot rays burn
 And the fire shines bright.
 The lighter is needed
 To make the shapes right.

Julie Walters





JUDGMENT

Time came for the soul to face its maker.
 It stood in the fearful dark of the unfamiliar,
 But offered no complaint, though it was fear-filled.
 "Arise," said the Lord, "and come humbly forth."
 But the soul stood static and said,
 "In a God I do not believe."
 Silence of eternity filled the heavens
 And the whispering of waving winds
 Echoed like drums in the stillness.
 "No," said the soul, "I do not believe."
 The Lord was solemn, then said,
 "You do believe. I offer you this reprieve.
 You believe in the beauty of the world I made,
 You love the sunset that crimson the sky,
 The rabbit that hops, the soil turned by spade,
 You see the beauty of a leaf and wonder why.
 You love the silence of a church, the bells in a steeple,
 And most of all you believe in the goodness of people."
 But the soul stood motionless, its faint heart firm.
 "I do not believe," it said. "For the world is not good.
 I gave life all I could and lost in return.
 So why should I accept a God that is good?
 No God I know would make the world bad,
 Would let people suffer and still be sad.
 For life is built from the things that are,
 But does man build? No, he destroys.
 Beauty is in the world around us,
 But not in the hearts of the men you have made,
 So why should I believe?"
 "Are you afraid?" The white soul nodded.
 "I am afraid of the pitch black of night,
 And the cold winds that bitterly blow.
 I am afraid of the noise of the night,
 Of all things unknown to me.
 I am afraid of the creak of a step,
 The door swinging in the dark, unexpectedly,
 And the ghostly patterns of leaves on the wall.
 Most of all I am afraid that I will be hurt."
 "Do not be afraid," the maker said.
 "Come to me."
 And I came.

B. Aisbett, 2A

WINNER OF "STRUAN" POETRY AWARD

The only thing wrong with being best man at a wedding is that you don't get a chance to prove it.

Statistics prove that the general run of pedestrians is too slow.



NEW F.T.C. MOTTO

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today because if you do it today, you can do it again tomorrow.

EDUCATION FACULTY

(Left to Right) —
 Back: Mr. K. Runciman, Mr.
 A. Fry, R. Anderson, Mr. B.
 Jacka.
 Front: Mr. M. Kemp, Mr. D.
 Hunt Mr. R. Cameron.
 Absent: Mr. R. Mottek.



Dr. A. Clements



PHYSICAL EDUCATION FACULTY (Left to Right) —
 Mr. P. Ladd, Miss S. Waring, Mr. T. Seedsman.
 Absent: Mrs. J. Wells, Miss V. Wallace.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MARTIN LUTHER KING

Once again the dark and sordid cloud of tragedy has blanketed the United States and the rest of the world.

Tragedy that has resulted from the brutal murder of yet another great American leader. Tragedy which has again ripped a young and vigorous family apart at its very roots. Will this mark an end to this wicked era and decade of assassination of our greatest preachers of peace?

Doctor Martin Luther King was indeed a great man, In his thirty-six years on this earth he accomplished much. In fact he accomplished more than many men and women have, or possibly ever will, have accomplished in a full lifetime. Apart from academic success, he accomplished staggering results by his immovable desire for peace and freedom by methods of non-violence. It was these methods that gained him many a popular victory.

Such a tragedy it is that this man, who preached for non-violence, peace and long-life, was himself to die before those many over-awed charges under his care, at the hand of a ruthless, gutless and insane sniper.

Not only did this "giant" of the universe, and now the history books, stand for God and peace, but he also stood

As a highly respected and loyal representative of our many Negro brothers in America.

Doctor Martin Luther King shall never be completely replaced, And his memory shall live in the hearts of many men and women for ever. Thus, in the words of that Negro spiritual: "HIS SOUL WILL GO MARCHING ON". So too will his many doctrines, which he continually spoke and heralded as a spiritual and popular leader.

He spoke of freedom:

freedom of choice,
freedom from violence,
freedom from want,
freedom of religion,
freedom from colour segregation,
and freedom of speech.

This Freedom, coupled together with his desire for a non-violent solution towards peace, were his primary aims.

Now that God has taken this truly great man under His careful and guiding care, may we be granted without delay and violence, that great and everlasting desire of the late Doctor Martin Luther King:

"EVERLASTING AND UNIVERSAL PEACE AND JUSTICE".

G. Sabel, E1



MATHEMATICS FACULTY
 (Left to Right) -
 Mr. K. Reed, Mr. G. Hughes,
 Mr. J. Healy.
 Absent: Mr. F. Brown.



INFANT EDUCATION FACULTY
 (Left to Right) —
 Miss M. Dean, Mrs. E.
 Kennedy, Mrs. J. Hamilton,
 Mrs. B. Kimpton.

"REVERSAL"

Pot-bellied,
 Stick limbed,
 Eyes sunken and dimmed,
 Like old men.
 Awaiting death;
 Longing for relief
 From that extreme suffering
 Normally associated only
 With acute adult consciousness.

Misery to dull all senses,
 Stiff, stilted action.

How ludicrous the affluent way of "spontaneous growth."
 Famine and poverty have, since conception,
 Shrivelled such response.

Birth is agony.
 Life is morbid existence.
 Death is final escape.

Child! What has become of your childhood?
 Man! Where is the purpose of life?

How to make friends and influence people

As I left the car park and ambled in towards the locker room, a voice said, somewhat anxiously, "Ave you got 'em?" "Have I got what?", I replied.

"The cheques," hissed the voice.

At this my cardiac muscles gave an involuntary twitch. Thursday — pay day —

I began to shudder in my number tens. I had been in the College for about two minutes!

It is quite an experience sitting in a room waiting for the first lecture to begin on pay day.

As most people enter the room a questioning glance is cast my way — only to be met with a blank look.

Several ask that detestable question — "'Ave you got 'em yet?"

Then a discourse is usually given about my duties and the need for haste in collecting and distributing "them" because of the dire lack of finance.

The first lecture ends and it is time to collect the . . . dare I say it . . . the dreaded slips.

But the worst is to follow — the feared walk back from the office.

Pounce . . . I had managed to reach the corridor door (a distance of five yards)

before being beseiged by two females — "Quick, quick we need them," they chorused.

Having safely negotiated that obstacle I proceeded cautiously to the next lecture.

"Oh you beauty, you've got 'em," greeted me as I walked into the room.

The noise becomes deafening, created by the surging and shouting of the mob.

(There are only six people from my group in this lecture.)

"Where's mine?" "There's mine, give it to me quick!", "Come on now, line up in an orderly manner . . . please," says a meek voice, encircled and suffocated by the crush of the crowd.

Thank goodness, the lecture's begun. A little peace . . .

when I am roused by a tap in the ribs . . . with an elbow.

Looking up, I could see someone frantically semaphoring at the door — gulp — someone from my group — "H..a..v..e — y..o..u.. — g..o..t.. 'em?"

Nod; In a flash he is beside me — "I've gotta cash it," he mumbled.

Now that the lecture has been interrupted I begin to think about the vultures gathering outside.

Walking from the lecture, engaged in conversation (about the lecture!) when, wham . . .

the peace is shattered: "Have you got 'em?"

"Quick, pal, come on quickly, I need it desperately, mate . . . buddy."

At one o'clock I collapsed in the common room with bruised ribs and sore feet due to the ecstatic reception given by the group.

It never ceases to amaze me, how many friends one has on pay day.

Oh well, this is a group leader's lot I suppose,

if you're foolish enough to become a group leader.

"Ex-Groupee"

ODE TO A ROBIN

As I awoke this morning
The bright new day was born.
A Robin perched upon my sill
To signal coming dawn.
The bird was graceful, young and gay,
And sweetly did it sing.
The thought of happiness
Within my heart did ring.
I smiled at his cheery song.
Then it paused for a moment's lull,
I gently closed the window
And crushed its bloody skull.

Geoff. Barclay

Struan Photography Award

1st Prize, Marion Atkinson



Both of these entries were coloured slides. These photographs do the original prints little justice.—Ed.

2nd Prize, Gavin Byrt



EXIT I.T.C. GROUPS



GROUP 3A (Left to Right) --
 BACK: J. Austin, R. Bassett, J. Cockwill, R. Badger, L. Eicke, M. Backman, S. Butcher, S. Brown, G. Adams, M. Cumming, I. Edelmaier, C. Byrne.
 MIDDLE: B. Crees, J. Bacon, J. Fleming, S. Adcock, P. Cookson, V. Davidson, M. Bongers, H. Daykin, L. Bunting, D. Davis.
 FRONT: M. Bolton, M. Cavanagh, B. Champion, Mr. G. Jones, S. Byrne, Mr. G. Brennan, S. Faulk, S. Burston, S. Fleming.



GROUP 3B (Left to Right) --
 BACK: D. King, M. Halket, M. Hilton, L. Nicholson, S. Hurley, J. Newey, L. Lee, R. Nelson, L. Harding, A. McNicol, I. Knowles, C. Ketels.
 MIDDLE: M. Grant, D. Jamie, R. Henley, J. Gebert, K. Hill, C. Minister, N. Hill, C. Holt, S. Fullwood, J. Molday, P. Goldsworthy.
 FRONT: B. McRobert, N. Hazeldene, S. Harrison, W. Knowles, Mr. R. Anderson, L. Gibb, G. McGraw, D. Lane, C. Gillett.



GROUP 3C (Left to Right) —

BACK: Kit Schultz, Jan Savige, Barbara Oldham, Dianne Stewart, Barbara Stone, Joan Wadsworth, Colleen Purcell, Julie O'Connor, Julia Walters, Sunni Weber, Tassie Pappetos.

MIDDLE: Hilda Randall, Doreen Owens, Ronda Scott, Salange Wynn, Margaret Saward, Beverly Veal, Yvonne Richards, Alana Wilson, Margot Simpson, Diane Riseley.

FRONT: Lyn Turner, Kathy Perret, Margaret Sharkey, O. Piggot, Barbara Wood, T. Seedsman, Kay Slinger, Judith Shelton, Wendy Sheen.

Changing Places

"So I don't know my job?" said the teacher with a frown.
"If you like we could change places for a short while, Mrs. Brown."

So the teacher took up cooking, sweeping, ironing, feeding chooks,
Leaving me with twenty darlings and a blackboard and some books.

Like a clipper in full sail I headed for the fray,
But within an hour it would appear that this was not my day;

"Please, Mrs. Brown, our Johnnie put a frog right down my back,"

"And I've left my hankie and my pen in my coat out on the rack,"

"And Mrs. Brown, our teacher writes our sums out on the board —"

Quick, Mrs. Brown! Tim's hanging little Janey from a cord!"

Recess — a quarter hour of peace — or so I fondly thought,

But all my hopes and reasonings and pleadings were for nought;

Back again to all the questions and queries and "don't knows" —

("Oh, Tony! Take this hankie and please try to blow your nose!")

"Mrs. Brown, please tell me why it is that emus cannot fly."

"Mrs. Brown, I just can't do this, should I try to multiply?"

"Mrs. Brown, why is it that you look so miserable and cross?"

"Mrs. Brown, quick, look at Jerry, he is throwing at Ross!"
(Oh dearie me, I'll never criticise this school again.)

"Mrs. Brown, how many bushels in a two-ton truck of grain?"
(Oh will it never stop? Won't they run clear out of breath?"

"No! Grade One, you don't say 'ef', that sound on there is 'eth';"

"Mrs. Brown . . ." Just one more time and I'll let out such a scream.

"Please, Allie threw her cake — Mary's face is full of cream"

"Now what's the matter, Tommy? John won't let you have a swing?"

(Oh please, dear teacher, please come back, I'll treat you like a King.)

"Mrs. Brown, Sue ate this cake and now she feels quite sick" —

"Mrs. Brown, if it's O.K. Go on and have a lick."

"Mrs. Brown, as yet we haven't had our History or Sport."

"And you really ought to do your hair, Mrs. Brown, you really ought."

(Oh dear, when will that man come back? Will he leave me here all day?)

"Now children, please be good; you can all go out to play."

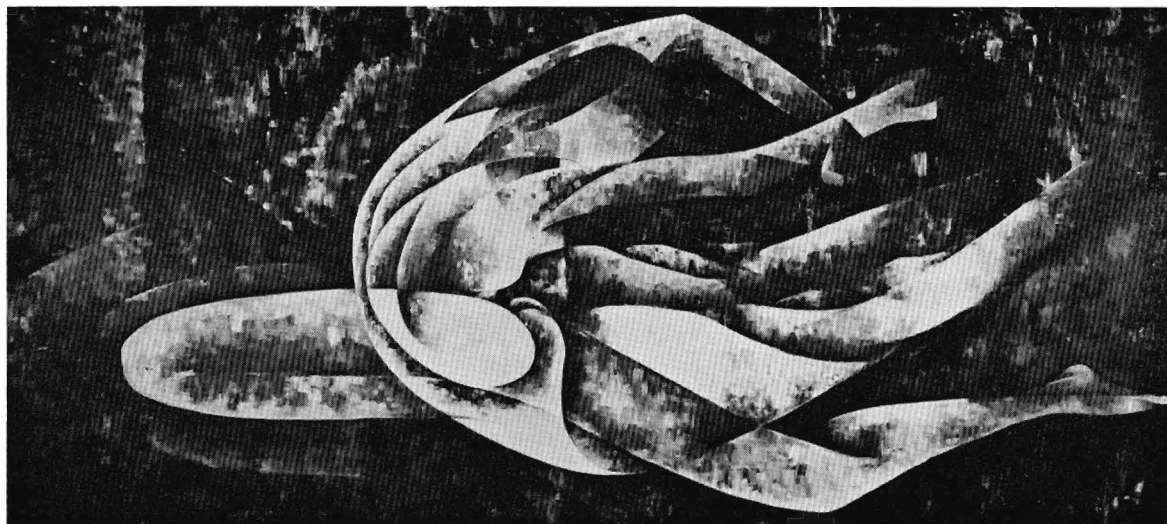
"But Mrs. Brown, please tell us — how can the world be round?"

"But if that's so why don't we fall, etc.? Tell us, Mrs. Brown."

Well why don't we? Well I don't know. That really set me thinking.
Just half a day of school, and oh, my ego's sinking;
I've decided that a teacher's life is really not for me;
So hurry back, dear teacher, please, and listen to my plea:
I'll never cause you any trouble, fuss or bother,
Hurry back and let me go; a much, much wiser mother.

Teachers I know deserve
The best that we can give them.
From now on I'll be first to say:
"With heart and soul, God bless them."

Struan Art Awards



1st Prize, Pam Goldsworthy



2nd Prize, Des Bunyon

EXIT
PRIME
GROUPS



GROUP A2 (Left to Right) ---
 BACK: W. Buchanan, N. Ager, L. Blakeley, G. Ainswerth, R. Bruce, G. Barclay, L. Booker, I. Bennet, G. Byrt, R. Chandler.
 CENTRE: M. Baranyay, M. Bateman, R. Buzaglo, J. Cantwell, R. Brown, A. Bolger, M. Collins, L. Clements, S. Atkinson, D. Avery, C. Cox, R. Ackerman.
 FRONT: S. Appleby, R. Anderson, D. Cook, L. Bell, D. Legge, P. Ladd, G. Ashton, M. Bergman, H. Cotton, A. Ballantyne.



GROUP B2 (Left to Right) ---
 BACK: J. Hawkesworth, A. Cumming, D. Cook, J. Crofts, J. Hassett, R. Francis, G. Elmer, T. Cross, D. Highfield, J. Howes.
 MIDDLE: J. Grayling, S. Hall, P. Gentle, M. Flynn, M. Elliott, S. Edwards, J. Haslam, M. Grando, C. Hayes, L. Cushing, D. Hall.
 FRONT: P. Fullerton, M. Hawke, H. Cunningham, Mr. P. Clerici, Mr. L. Lomas, M. Eisenger, J. Fagg, S. Elliott, W. Gibson.
 Absent: L. Gale, B. Fry, J. Gardner.



GROUP C2 (Left to Right) —
 BACK: G. Mead, W. Irvin, R. Leeson, R. Mansfield, R. Muir, C. Mason, M. Kingsley, J. McCallum, K. Ladd, S. Kelly.
 CENTRE: Y. Lowe, P. Herten, V. Henderson, H. Little, M. Jeffery, C. Heenan, L. Kingston, B. Lee, M. Kocmut, A. Kreutzer, R. Morey.
 FRONT: S. Lehne, R. Littlejohn, M. Heriot, I. Jakstas, D. L. Hunt, M. Kuusk, M. Kliman, J. Lyons, B. L. John.
 Absent: M. Kindler, A. Krupinska, Mr. D. Juler, J. Lethbridge.



GROUP D2 (Left to Right) —
 BACK: D. Shelton, J. Oudyn, N. Peeler, K. Murphy, C. Rolfs, B. Paris, C. Norris, B. Neighbour, R. Powell, B. Quigley.
 MIDDLE: M. Noonan, M. Lyons, J. Robison, L. Robins, D. Meade, C. Oliver, J. Middleton, I. Novackis, H. Ross, H. Robins, V. Neville, G. Rice.
 FRONT: P. Mason, J. Russell, C. Robinson, L. Pike, B. McConville, Dr. A. Clements, J. Rainbow, F. Piper, S. Millward, G. Mattingly, B. Norrish.



GROUP E2 (Left to Right) —

BACK: J. Ward, P. Sullivan, B. Smith, G. Simmons, C. Thorn, R. Walsh, A. Vaughan, C. Waters, B. Usher, N. Spooner, R. Sierakowski.

MIDDLE: G. Williams, M. Sadowski, M. Thorn, L. Wigmore, K. Ware, J. Stephens, L. Wood, H. Ward, A. Walker, S. Westley, E. Simmons, S. Stubbs.

FRONT: G. White, C. Wilson, C. Wheelwright, H. Hilton, J. Taig, Mr. R. Greaves, Mr. T. Wells, C. Wheelwright, J. Young, J. Wiseman, C. Woodward

Absent: D. van Pelt.

Active Concern With Social Concerns

The Current Affairs Club was formed during the first term this year by a group of students who expressed a desire to concern themselves actively with social and political issues of society.

The general aim of the club is to encourage all students to take an active interest in the problems of society. A variety of activities is undertaken to achieve this aim; meetings are held, surveys of opinion taken and prominent speakers invited to address student lunch-time meetings.

The club feels that there is no issue unworthy of serious discussion, particularly for teachers of the future. The club endeavours to present all possible sides to any problem, together with the facts and background to it.

The students have held a series of meetings to discuss whether or not abortion laws should be reformed. The president of the Abortion Law Reform Society and a prominent gynaecologist presented views for and against abortion law reform, respectively. To put these views in better perspective, the medical and legal aspects of the question were given by the College's medical officer and a local solicitor, respectively.

The club also aims to have the topics which are discussed to be those of some reference to the contemporary

situation. In this Presidential election year, the club was fortunate to have the American Consul to give a view of the role of the intellectual in American democracy. His address has helped students to understand the peculiar forces that make up the American political scene.

Of the issues prominent in contemporary Australian politics, conscription, civil liberties, student responsibilities, education and the war in Vietnam have been discussed at student meetings. Among those who have come to the College and expressed their position on an issue at such meetings are Mr. Clyde Holding, M.L.A., the Rev. Bruce Silverwood, Mr. Ian Cathie, M.L.C., Mr. Phillip Lynch, M.H.R. and Sir Arthur Rylah.

Some of the topics to be discussed in the future are censorship, sex education in schools, apartheid, the homosexual in society and the Rhodesian situation. Some issues, although obscure, are still very real problems in the community.

The club considers that all citizens, teachers especially, because of their position, should be aware of the problems and issues facing society so as to be able to play a more positive role as citizens in the community.

The Editor congratulates this club on their formation and the success gained this year.



“THE TEACHING ROUND” or “How the training SCHOOL will give you EXPERIENCE”

Teaching Round! The statement that strikes fear and apprehension into the heart of even the most seasoned Teachers' College student. The schools to which the students are attached are posted. But you had that school last time! Oh, well, you didn't do too well the last time. This time you'll really show them what you're made of.

So you know your school, which by the way, is learned the last day of the week before you start. You race home and salvage your Notes of Lessons book from beneath the six-inch layer of dust which has accumulated on it. You put fresh sheets of paper into it ready for the recording of more of your efforts, both good and bad, making sure you have enough paper for that three-page "crit" you know you're going to get for that really great lesson you're going to give. You pick up your clothes from the dry cleaners, not forgetting the suit you're going to wear for that ominous being, "THE LECTURER".

Monday finally arrives. Outwardly you appear quite confident and calm, but let's not kid ourselves. Inwardly you're jumpy and looking for an excuse to take the day off. Unfortunately, no such fortune befalls you, and you leave home armed with your notes of lessons book, your haircut, the results of which can be blamed on your sister (it's no shame for anyone to know you just can't afford one), and your "Teachers' Look", for don't forget my friend, YOU are a professional.

You arrive at your school, that symbol of architectural genius with its exquisitely ventilated surroundings, its superb heating and of course its most significant feature, the abundance of storage space available. You meet your Headmaster, the legendary "backbone" of the school, who greets you with a friendly, but officious, "Good morning, boys and girls!" You are welcomed to the school and, after undergoing a quick but temporary sex change by being called "Miss" instead of "Mr.", you're introduced to your class teacher and then to your grade.

Your grade. What delightful children. They very nicely "sang" you a greeting. But look deeper, my friend. What is going on in their fiendish little hearts? Nothing, you say; they are too well-mannered for that sort of thing? Look again, boy, for the most interesting part of your first day, "The Trying Out" is about to begin. A stalemate is reached. They're summing you up and you're summing them up.

You take Spelling to "get the feel of the grade", knowing full well that you'll have to be pretty tight on discipline so they know who's boss. Apart from two boys in the back seat re-enacting Lionel Rose's title fight, a rather amorous scene from a delightful couple in the fifth row and assorted paper models of the F-III in action, you didn't do too badly.

The day is over, and you get your lessons for the following day. A half-hour lesson on adjectival clauses? It could have been worse, you know; you could have scored a half-hour lesson on the comma. Anyway, take it as a challenge and show them what you can do. So

then it's a quick trip back to the Aids Room and then home to sit up half the night to prepare for the following day's lessons.

Your lessons are given, and things are rather uneventful for the next few days. You at least know your control's pretty good because there've been no murders in the grade while you've been there, although one boy did suffer a broken jaw in one of your exhilarating and inspiring lessons. Then you learn that the lecturer's coming, so you race home and spend a great deal of time preparing for his visit and you're making sure that your best suit looks just right for, after all, he is an important man.

He arrives and sits down and looks at your record of events at the school (that is, your Notes of Lessons book) and watches you teach. You know he's there and the children know he's there, and somehow you don't really feel like changing singulars to plurals that particular morning, but still you battle on.

At last, it's over and, while the children are doing the application work you set for them, you have a talk with "the lecturer". Your preparation wasn't bad and your subject matter was good, but could have had a little more "meat" in it. Your control was good, but there were one or two children who weren't with you during the lesson. (That Billy Smith — you'll get him for this. But you really couldn't do much about it because you'd already handed out 3,500 words around the room in that half-hour and any more would look like victimisation.) Well, you didn't do too badly, but take a bit of advice. Don't be there the next time "the lecturer" comes. This was one of your good days.

So three weeks drag by and eventually it's all over, and just as well because you're physically and mentally exhausted. So the final day comes, and as luck would have it you have a day control, but seeing as your report's been written you don't care a hang and the kids run riot. You say your goodbyes to your class, who want you to stay and teach them because "you're better than the last visiting teacher we had." You say farewell to your class teacher and thank him for all his help, because, let's face it, you couldn't have got through without him there to cover up for your mistakes. You then say your "thank-yous" to the Head Master and gracefully leave.

Well, it's back to College now for a good rest, with teaching rounds in the past, the only reminder of which is the pending teaching mark, but that doesn't worry you. You know you'll get an "A" because, after all, you know they can't keep true talent under for ever. You have only one regret — you didn't get that three page "crit" you allowed for. You got one of two and a half pages, but that wasn't a good one, so with a bit of luck you might lose that one. You're home now and lying on your bed. Well, did you have a good round? Hey, I'm talking to you! Don't you snore like that when Hey

G. Mead, C2

Tours . . .

PERTH TOUR

With the words of our Principal ringing in our ears: "Don't get any adverse publicity" we left our home town of Melbourne early Monday morning. We successfully heeded his advice, except for tangling with

- the Press in Mildura,
- the Police at Penong,
- the Police at Esperance,
- and the Press in Albany.

But, never fear, we told them we were from Burwood.

The tour was characterized by the unexpected, so there was rarely a dull moment. On the third night out we found difficulty in finding a place of abode. Camping proved impossible, as everything was washed out. Tea was made on the side of the road between downpours of rain. Eventually we arrived in the thriving metropolis of Penong (there must have been at least six houses). For shelter we were directed to the rarely used railway station. Ventilation was excellent, with a 10-ft. wide doorway facing the open paddocks. After settling down, with only a spare inch to spare, a sole voice was heard to say: "There's a train coming." Alas, it was a car coming across the open paddock — the long arm of the law had come to investigate. After much confusion, a peaceful tranquility overtook the establishment. Since that night our beloved lecturer is now called "Sheik".

Highlights of the tour included seeing Iron Monarch, climbing down Koonalda Caves, feeding camels chocolate, swimming in the Great Australian Bight, tour of a mine at Norseman, viewing the magnificent coastline around Esperance, going to the Drive-In in a bus (Gone With The Wind — a comedy?), visiting the Whaling Station, seeing the Petrified Forest, and climbing the Gloucester Tree (242 ft.).

Miss Channon took an avid interest in the wildlife, and now is authority on the habits of many animals, including possums, sheep with their feet in the air and Boing, Boing, Boings (Kangaroos).

We hit Perth on the tenth day, and during our stay we took over the St. George Restaurant and Gloucester Trotting Track, Mundaring Weir, Yanchep Caves, Scarborough Beach and Fremantle. The organization of the trip was good enough not to be chaotic, and bad enough to be entertaining. Glenise Rice and the cooks fed us well, which pleased the Shiek immensely. The tents didn't fall down, despite the fact that Sue Fleming and company erected them. Lee Collier worked her crew to the bone, till she could see her face in the pots.

The train journey home was a delight, going from the absolute in luxury to fourth class accommodation, but proved most entertaining. Our thanks were due to our bus driver, Alex, and Keith, the Courier, The Sheik (Mr. Anderson) and the 1st wife (Miss Channon) added much to the tour, and the Harem (all 34 of them) were pleased to have them, as was testified by the three and a half cheers on the Spencer Street Station on Wednesday morning.

Jennifer A. Ward

HARRIETVILLE TOUR

TIME: Friday, 6th to Tuesday 10th September.

LECTURERS: Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. Ogden.

DEPARTURE: One hour late, therefore first opinions were definitely BAD!

The trip was wonderful. All we could see was blackness, a few white lines, the back of several trucks, a full moon, and some stupid goose trying to ride a motorcycle over a mound of gravel!

A first-class idiot, pest and nuisance made sure that no one went to sleep or got bored.

At 12 midnight we arrived at our log cabins. Laughing, giggling, screaming, yelling and even several isolated cases of sleeping, told the story of the first night. In the middle of all this Jan Taig dropped her false teeth with a clatter on the wooden floor.

We proceeded to Mt. Buffalo, where most enjoyed a lesson and, apart from Mrs. Hamilton and Sue Fisher, became competent skiers (the other two would have done much better had they not spent most of their time under their skis). That night we had a very pleasant evening, lasting until the early hours of the morning, singing around a piano provided by the locals (especially for Mr. Ogden, so it seems). Certain queer things happened that night:

(1) of the two beds in Mr. Ogden's room one happened to be short sheeted . . . it was the wrong one;

(2) Jan didn't drop her false teeth.

Our day at Falls Creek (Sunday) proved to be very eventful. Everyone, except three or four Pikers who went tobogganning, went up on the chair lift (or tried to); Christine Bradie got a bit tired of this the second time so jumped off (accidentally of course) about ten yards from the start. Luckily she only received mental injuries . . . hurt pride! Then Libby Simmons, whilst playing Rugby on the snowfields, so she tells me, tore a cartilage in her leg.

Albury was unique. Some of the girls found Coles the ideal place to find a member of the opposite sex. Monday morning was perhaps the most pleasurable and unforgettable time of the whole tour. That was the day we went to the All Saints Winery . . . intoxicating place. Several girls discovered and explored a haunted house on the return journey.

Back in Albury we visited the magnificent War Memorial Monument. Mrs. Hamilton particularly enjoyed this sight-seeing tour.

After confusing the Fruit Fly Man we arrived back in our country. Good old Victoria.

The journey home was entertaining. What with visiting a quaint museum at Beechworth, passing through Glenrowan (personally, I blinked, and missed it), Gerri White squirting passers in Swanston Street with her newly acquired water-pistol. The tour was over, all we wanted was our beds.

Not one person failed to have a marvellous time. Much of the success of the tour was due to the fairness and understanding of Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. Ogden.

We recommend our College tour to all students. What better way is there to get to know your fellow students, your lecturers and Australia, and enjoy an experience you will never forget.

Gail Williams
Christine Wilson

PREMIERS



SOFTBALL 1sts —
 BACK: G. White, G. Williams, M. Parker, A. Steed.
 MIDDLE: M. Malone, C. Perret, B. Gyles, P. Giovanis.
 FRONT: C. Woodward, Mr. T. Seedsman, B. Wood



BASKETBALL 1sts —
 BACK: P. Wilson, S. Byrne, S. Fussel.
 FRONT: K. Slinger, S. Lousa.
 Absent: M. Holmes, M. Crollen.



PREMIERS

HOCKEY 2nds --
 BACK:
 B. McRobert, A. McNicol,
 P. O'Connor, P. Mason,
 M. Elliott.
 FRONT:
 N. Brak, M. Cross, A. Wil-
 son, S. Lehne.
 Absent:
 M. Atkinson, M. Hennig



PREMIERS

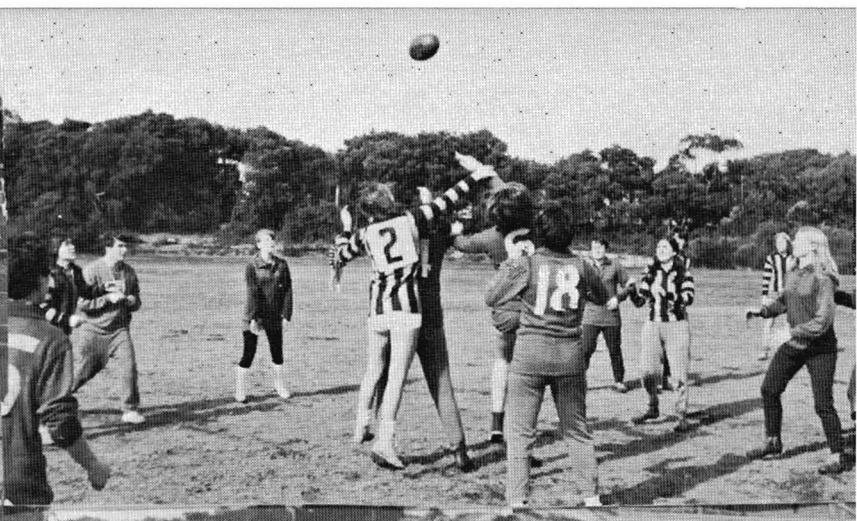
GOLF TEAM (Left to Right) -
 L. Coghlan, M. Cavanagh, Mr. J. Williamson, H. Kneebone, C. Purcell, S. Traill.

PREMIERS



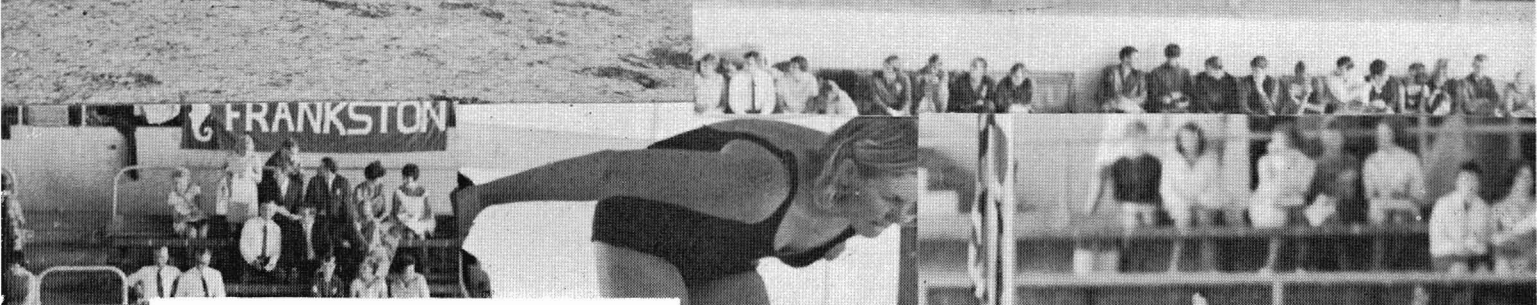
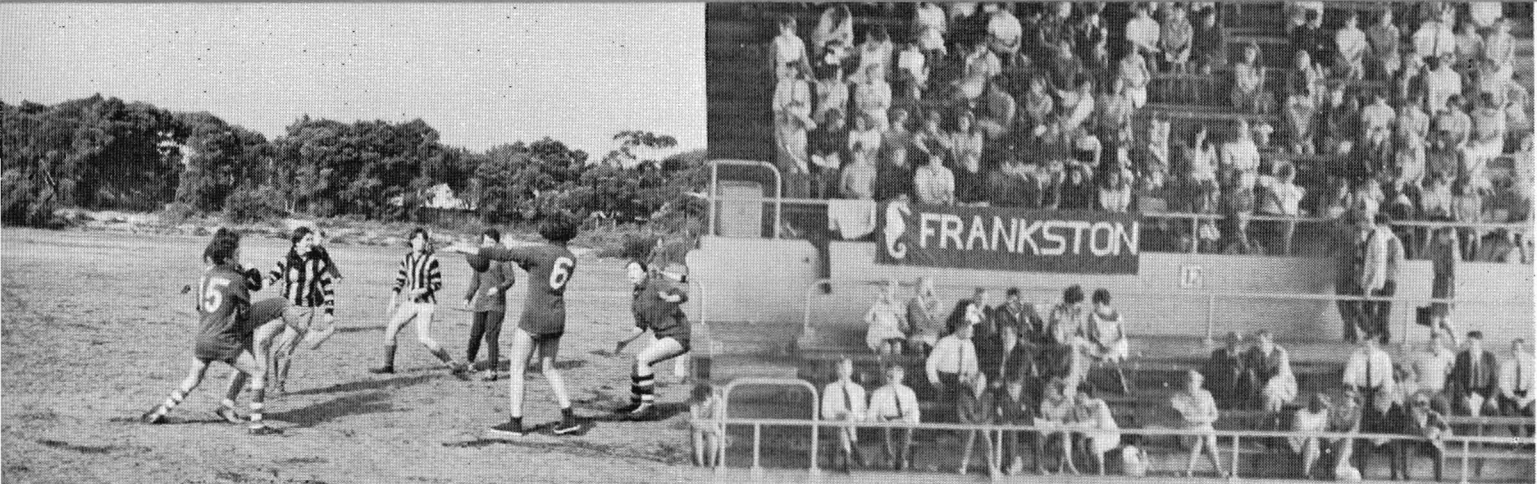
VOLLEYBALL —
 BACK: N. Ager, W. Buchanan.
 MIDDLE: M. Sadowski, Miss S. Waring, S. McGaven, S. Ryan.
 FRONT: I. Bennett, M. O'Hare, G. Edwards, J. Crofts



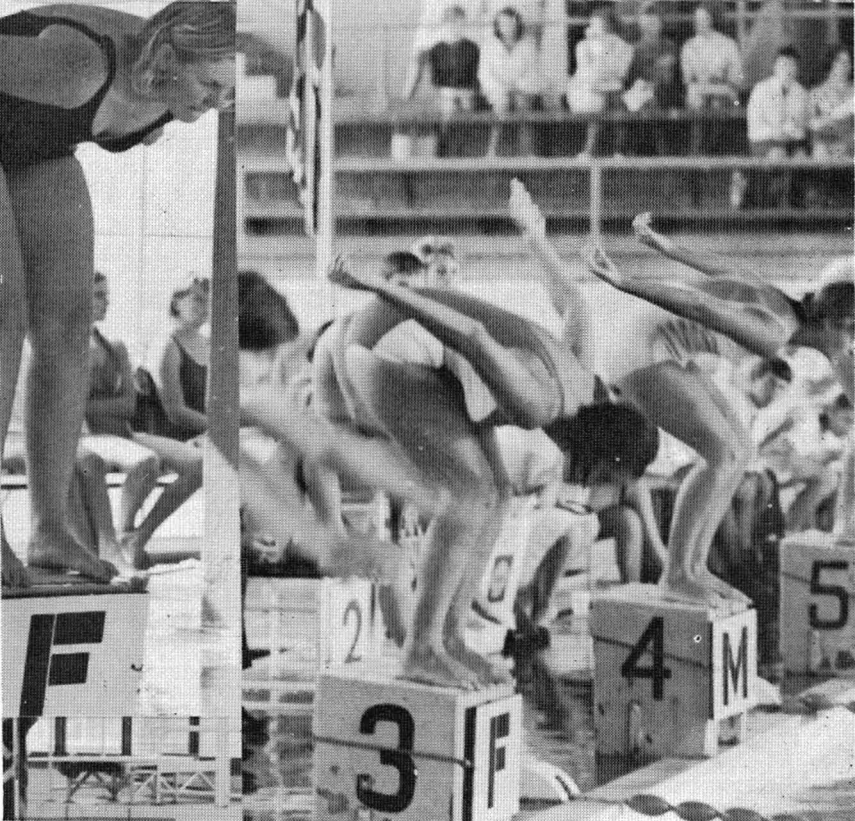


SPORT



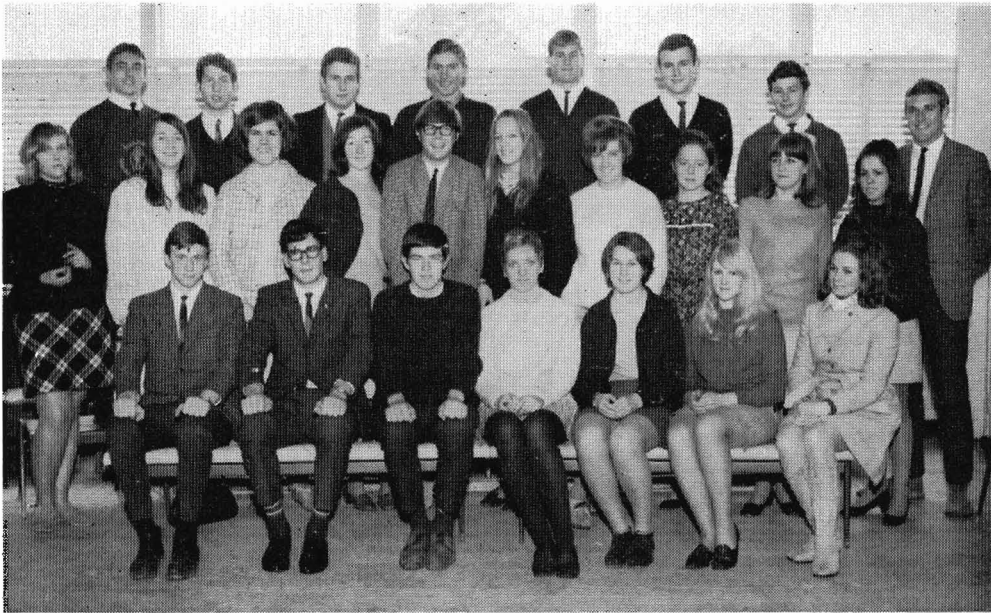


'68



PREMIERS

BASKETBALL 3rds
 Back: M. Echberg, B. Champion,
 C. Williams, P. O'Connor, C.
 Dowling.
 Front: L. Clements, Mr. W. Mc-
 Intyre, D. King.

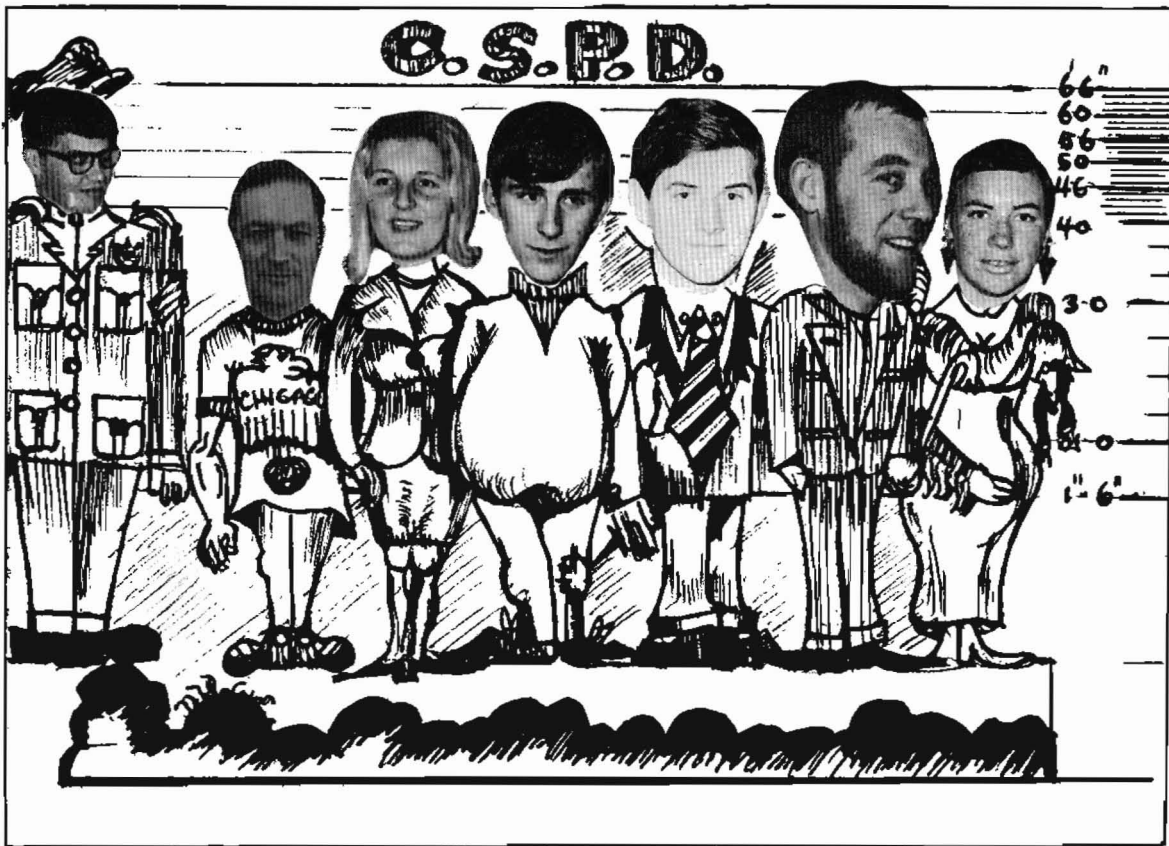


SWIMMING
 Back: R. Mansfield, S. Buck, J.
 Oudyn, R. Muir, B. Paris, B.
 Quigley, D. Highfield, R. Price.
 Middle: D. Stancliffe, P. Payne,
 S. Coward, A. Bolger, R. Bruce,
 H. Ross, B. Cusworth, A. Bal-
 lantyne, M. Grant, B. O'Neil.
 Front: G. Byrt, L. Booker, K.
 Seale, J. Middleton, J. Fagg, L.
 Golden, J. Chipperfield.

PREMIERS

HOCKEY 1sts
 Back: H. Shaw, G. Leech, L. Hard-
 ing, S. Myers.
 Centre: R. Eccles, B. Boston, N.
 Needham, V. Davidson, B.
 O'Neil P. King.
 Front: J. Savige, Mr. G. Towers,
 C. Minister.





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john hassett, gavin byrt.

JUDGES: mr. r. greaves, mr. allen, mr. d. juler.

STAFF REP.: mr. d. juler.

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