

STRUAN '81



TWILSON

"ALL WE WANTED WAS A LITTLE SHADE!"



Sitting in the Caff, in between lectures at SCV Frankston, a fellow martyr glanced up, and with a vacant stare on his face questioned, "If I submit something, will it be printed in Struan?" It would have been easy to make a cynical observation of his subtlety, considering we were his friends and the editors, had it not been such a surprise. He was a sports devotee of long standing and rarely ventured from the football oval let alone flirted with the creative. He explained in all his years at College, he had never seen his name in print, and would like to before he left. It struck us a very apt illustration of what Struan should be for.

As you know, this is the last official SCV Frankston Struan. College has become a place where we can get satisfaction and status in areas never again open to us; such as editing! We may never again be recognised as dramatic, scientific, philosophical or good at running etc. And before we all become dole-bludgers, Emergency Teachers or even become that elusive Teacher, Struan is here as one of the means of making YOUR definitive marks at College. If you can string a few words or colours together with an inkling of imagination, you can see your name in print, and feel your ego and reputation soar! When you are ninety, you will bless the Editors of this years Struan for their ruthless attack on apathy and your own young vanity. This might be your last chance to drag yourselves from the dregs of anonymity – or set yourselves on the path to literary heights.

It was once said – quote – "No-one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money!" – For once we think this is wrong!

NINA WHYTE
alias – Tweedle-Dum
TORI WILSON
alias – Tweedle Dummer

EDITORS



DIRECTOR'S REPORT

Struan Introduction

This is possibly the last issue of "STRUAN" to be published under the name of the STATE COLLEGE OF VICTORIA AT FRANKSTON. The reason is a simple one: this college is soon to merge with the Caulfield Institute of Technology and become its Frankston campus.

The events leading to this relationship with the Institute are well-known. The Committee on the Review of Commonwealth Functions (known as "The Razor Gang") recommended that this college of advanced education, along with some 30 other colleges of advanced education, should merge with other tertiary institutions. This consolidation in the advanced education sector is to lead to more efficient use of Commonwealth resources through economies of scale and thus lead to significant savings in funds allocated to individual colleges.

The year began optimistically enough. The wish of the college to remain an independent college of advanced education with a diversified academic programme including business studies and applied science, for example, had been accepted by an independent Steering Committee chaired by Sir Louis Matheson. However, by April, this optimism turned to pessimism. The consequences of the SCVF-CIT merger were beginning to be understood as both institutions began their merger discussions. The reactions of Council, staff and students and the Frankston community served by the college reflected the conditions set by the Council of the Institute. Understandably, the Institute Council sought answers from Government on a number of concerns the Council had for the obligations the Council saw it has to accept if it were to accept responsibility for advanced education in the Frankston region through its administration of the former State College of Victoria at Frankston.

The responses of the college were further aggravated by the time taken to resolve difficulties associated with the conditions under which the merger could proceed. Here, the students of the college were involved in an historic event – a student march to the offices of the local member, Mr. G. Weideman, MLA. Meanwhile the staff of the college were preparing their responses to the effects of the merger as the conditions came to hand. It was not until October that negotiations began again for both institutions. The particular outcomes have yet to be known.

For all that, the purposes of the merger remained clear: to provide access to greater opportunities in advanced education to the citizens of the Frankston region. Programmes in teacher education are to continue at undergraduate and postgraduate levels. New programmes in areas such as applied science, the humanities and business studies are to be introduced.

What of "STRUAN" and the many publications like it published by the State College of Victoria at Frankston?

It is always easy to look back with some nostalgia



on the student reports of times, people and events associated with the college. This comment would certainly apply to those reports of the college predecessor the Frankston Teachers' College. Previous issues of "STRUAN" have captured the inimitable way of life of students who have passed through both institutions. I would trust that this way of life will continue to be captured through future issues of "STRUAN". The proposed School of Education could grasp a valuable opportunity to continue the publication but in the name of the School. I would find it difficult to believe that the spirit so evident in the Frankston student body will not be part of that of a School of Education! There are many traditions to be followed and to lose them would be a tragedy for future teacher education students.

So, to all of those who graduate this year, I pass on the congratulations and best wishes of the Council, its staff and its student body. The year 1981 sees the last of the large graduating groups. In part, this graduating group reflects the inevitable changes in the planning for advanced education in this region – and many would argue for the better. The schools and pre-schools each graduate goes to will likewise be reflecting the subtle changes in primary and early childhood education.

This issue of "STRUAN" then marks another milestone in the history of this campus. I certainly look forward to reading of the events of 1982 in what I trust will be the successor to "STRUAN".

GRAHAM TREVASKIS
Director

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

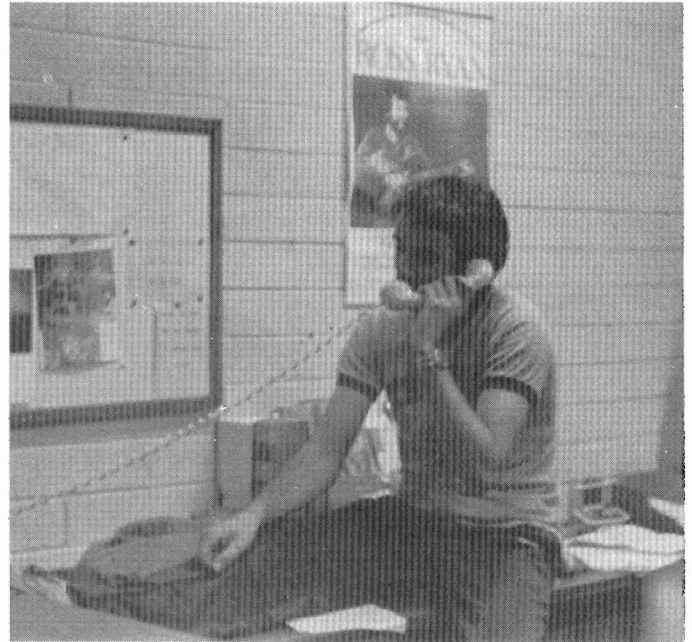
Well, what a year this has been!!

The year started with a smaller (much smaller) than average budget. The problems of distribution seemed immense. In fact, history may have been created in the length of time it took to approve the budget. But history was again created when the amended budget was passed within 24 hours. Well, so much for financial matters, these were not the highlight of the year, although this took us to the end of April.

May was a different story, the Ministerial Statement on May 5 created a large cloud over the future of SCV Frankston. Was the amalgamation of CIT and Frankston to mean that there would be one or two unions. After weeks..... months of deliberation the solution appeared to be at hand. Negotiations continued well into August until CIT decided in early September that they would not continue with the amalgamation.

The month of August was a most memorable one, within which we saw possibly the greatest amount of enthusiasm and unity ever displayed within the walls of this College. This unity was demonstrated on Friday 14th August, when almost every student and nearly all staff members were involved in a show of support by marching to the office of the local member Graeme Weideman. The March itself was a great success with an unbelievable atmosphere mounting during the ensuing barbecue/turn. This march was a credit to all who took part and I would like to congratulate all the people who took part. To those who didn't well you don't know what you missed.

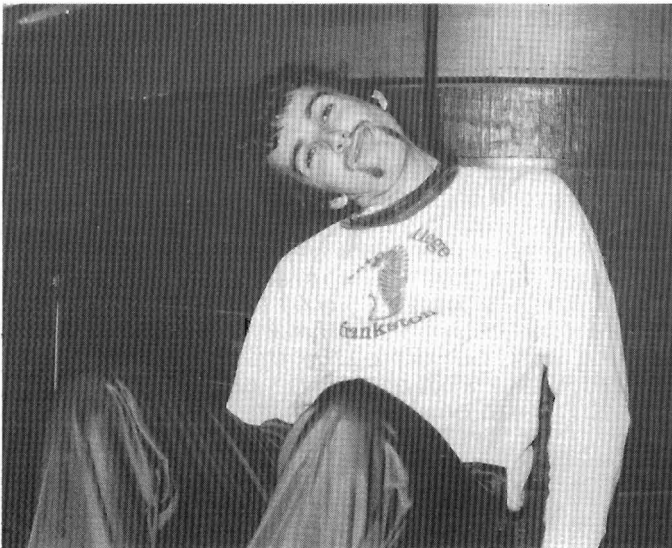
In conclusion, I wish all students the best in the future with their studies and teaching careers. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank this years Student Union Board for all the work they have put in and wish next years Board all the



best. Especially I would like to congratulate next years President and wish him well with the future negotiations with CIT now that amalgamation is to continue.

There is one last person, definitely not the least person, who must be thanked by each and every student of this College, Gwenda Perry. Gwenda, our Business Manager puts in larger than usual hours and is also there when you need her. Having to put up with the people such as she has this year, shows great intestinal fortitude. The control she has shown in several rather testing situations has won my admiration. Thanks Gwenda, for a job well done. I am sure we all appreciate your efforts.

PAUL HODGES
El Presidente



VICE-PRESIDENT'S REPORT



This year '1981' has for me been one of challenge and excitement.

It seems that I have not had the time to see or do all the things I thought I would be able to in this year. Time sure flies when you are working hard and having fun.

I would like to thank all the students who took part in the 'March' to Frankston in the rain on August the 21st. Thanks also go to the lecturers and staff who came and braved the weather to give their support.

Mr. G. Weidemen was presented with a letter by student representatives on the day of the 'March'. The Student Union received a reply Monday the 21st of September 1981. Quick Action?!?

(I hope that not all people work in this manner) We (Paul, myself, Gwenda and Dr. Williamson.) have been involved in a large number of meetings with our counterparts from the Caulfield Student Union. At these meetings a great number of important student issues were discussed and some structures agreed upon after long talks and co-operation from both sides. The main issue being the Frankston Student Unions stand on a proposed take-over of the Union. It was made quite clear that we would not be walked on or 'run' by people who were not directly involved with Frankston Students and their needs. Just because the College is being 'joined' to Caulfield does not mean the Student Union must dissolve or lower standards or actions. It is felt that we the Student Union of Frankston have a lot to offer its students and the Caulfield students who may 'join' the Teacher Education Students at the Frankston Campus.

Next year will be one of change for every student at Frankston. If the changes are to benefit the students each and every student must help one another and fight for their rights and the Student Union.

It is important that you keep the spirit of the Frankston 'Teachers' College alive by taking part in all of the activities and organizing more that you wish to take part in. Remember the Student Union is for students and is run by students. So please help to run the shop and the different activities and you will be helping yourselves.

I wish the new members of the Union good luck next year with their College work and the running of the Student Union. I would like to thank all the people I have had the pleasure of knowing and working with over the past three years.

I would like to wish everyone good luck next year in finding a job or enjoying themselves.

Best wishes for the future.

LESLEY HILL
V.P.

ENTERTAINMENT



We would like to thank Mandy Cook, Randall Cruickshank, Ron Nooteboom, Steve Crossley, Gwenda Perry, Patsy Atkinson, Maureen Hanratty and Vicki Kelly as well as many others for their great help in organizing and cleaning up after activities.

We would also like to express thanks to everyone who supported college social functions throughout the year. Unfortunately the same people appeared each time BUT they seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

A BBQ in the Links set the year off to a good start with ex-student Russell Svigos playing guitar. "Adas Persuaders" made a 'top' appearance for the first turn of the year. Followed by a Rocky Horror Night with the band "Harvest". Once again a lot of people missed out on two very good rages. Everyone who came to the Ross Ryan concert will agree that he truly is a great performer.

Lunchtime concerts throughout the year included Chris Freeman, Greg Hind and the very popular Davey Bros.

Baxter Tavern was graced with our presence for 3 dry tills during the year.

The Bush Night was a great success with bands "Cobbers" and "Banshee" providing the entertainment. Good to see a lot of new faces!!

Other activities included Theatre Restaurant, Film Night and last by no means least the Christmas Party followed by two days at Portsea.

We wish the future Entertainment Committee the best of luck next year and hope you are supported in full force.

Good luck Frankston State College.

ANNE DOUGLAS
MICKY MORRIS

ASCOLTA

We began the year by planning a newspaper to rival 'The Times' in intellectual content 'The Bulletin' in dependable financial advice, Mike Willesee in hard hitting 'human interest' stories and 'Punch' in satirical comments on society. We worked from dawn till dusk, following the exciting leads set before us, never daunted by the faint reluctance to contribute which was occasionally voiced. Our journalistic bent proved too strong to accept any defeat – our triumph was assured. "Ascolta's" success was undisputed. Nobody told us we were nothing like the above-mentioned media.
We resign victorious.

JULIE WARDEN
NOELENE COONEY



PUBLICITY

When we, Jenny & Sue, Sue & Jenny, took on the position of publicity officer we thought it would be a job of minor responsibilities. However, **now**, after a year of hard work and devoted service, we know differently.

"You" as uninformed bods of SCV Frankston have been led to believe that the Student Union is controlled by those prestigious positions of President, Vice-President and Secretary however, this is not the case. We would like to **NEGATE** this belief, (NB Negate is the word of the year), and give you the cold facts. We, that is for a brief reminder, Jenny and Sue, Sue and Jenny, are the all-powerful rulers of Frankston Teachers College. ... Hope we've brightened your year with our artistic talents. We love you all! Thanks for buying our records ...

And last, but by no means least, we would like to thank our Mums and Dads for having us... Oops, not to forget, "We" would like to thank the Academy of Gloria Marshall who tried but failed under the pressure of McDonalds. Good luck to the Pubs. next year.

SUE and JENNY
JENNY and SUE

SOCIAL

Well here I am sitting in class listening to Dick Trembath talking about the effects of alcohol on the nervous system – really gripping stuff.

Being in charge of 'Social' this year has been quite an experience, something like walking over broken glass in barefeet or tearing off your finger nails and pouring sulphuric acid on the exposed parts.

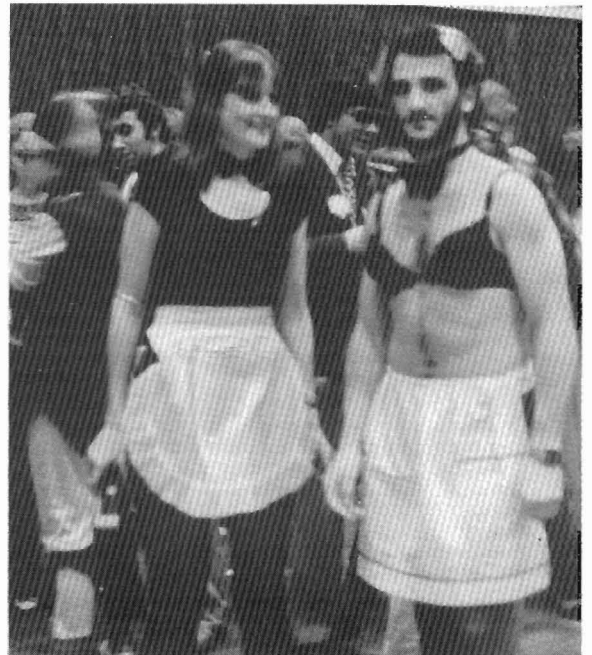
The first ball was wrought with hassles (the least said about this the better). None the less all those who went (the lucky ones) had a bloody good time. I've learnt from my mistakes (I hope my fellow students have too) and the next ball to be held in November will be just as good as the last.

Thanks must go to Gwenda for her help, to Wendy and to Harry (for accompanying me on my arduous journey to Springvale to get a Liquor Licence).

Good luck to the girls in charge next year, you'll need it. And remember if you need any help or advice don't come to me.

TONY SHAW





THEATRE & DRAMATICS

This year has been a very interesting year for me. I have learned a lot about myself and about other people.

I've learnt that I am a walking disaster. I've learnt that people (not all but the majority) are unbelievably unreliable and apathetic. Two factors which help neither with putting on a musical or with becoming a teacher.

Viva Mexico is a happy and musical, musical! It has an interesting collection of characters both as part of the story and in the cast!

Raquelita	Penny Earle
Ramon	Greg Young
Mama	Bronwyn Morgan
Lola	Roisin Jones
Casilda	Patsy Atkinson
Lopez	John Mace
Senator	Donald Rose
Lucille	Tori Wilson
Pepe	Steve Agnew

Pablo	Darren Gale
Mendoza	Paul Hodges
Bernardo	Brendon Kelson
Priestess	Vicki Kelly

There are as usual lots of people to thank: Ivor Morgan for teaching us the songs, Marion Levell for working with the principals, Kate Boyle for costumes, Margo Guest for Make-up, "Uncle" Bob Bilsborough

Finally to all the people who answered when I asked, when I nagged, lent their shoulder when I cried and sat still when I slammed doors I thank you more than words can say. In other words, thank you Patsy, Mum and Gwenda.

WENDY PERKINS



... and more Mexico!



How do you spell Bob Bob? B.O.B.

BALI

It's bloody bagus mate!

Cold Bintang, Magic Mushies and the Other Beer Garden Sport, Surf, Sun, Bargains, Massages – well, this is Bali!

We were all accommodated in different places from the “hotel??” Restu Bali, 14 Roses to Tokyo Cottage with flushing toilets!

Brendon made a great business trading with the Balinese. His opening line “Why you no have cash register?” “Bemo Bemo, you want Bemo. You go to Denpasar?” These were open air buses that were the main means of transportation. Many a hairy bus trip down bumpy dark tracks taking us to the Sunset Club, Maxis Rum Jungle, La Barong, Sand Bar – (mainly for peroxide, fake tan trendies) and other greasy Javanese taken over discos.

Sue Higgins left a nasty dent in one of the Bemos in a hit and run and a Javanese left a nasty dent in Brendon's jaw in a kick and run.

One warm night, the courageous naive few under Dianne's wing, ventured out for Mushies. We waited in excited anticipation for an “unreal” time – nothing happened. Top rage at Maxi's for a birthday party – and celebrated it with “We're a pack of dirty Balinese, Balinese are we, we come from Bali, the arsehole of the sea!”

Travelled around the Island and stayed over a night in a great motel in Sanih Beach, 12 people per room and to make things a little more squashed, we had bed bugs, rats, lizards, frogs and scummy dirty dogs.

The Balinese have a very slow way of life, but work from five in the morning to five at night.

Being very wary about snakes and spiders my first questions on arrival, ‘Are there any snakes?’ The reply ‘No snakes in Bali, but if they bite you, you die.’

Beaches are beautiful, and the ringing of “Pine-apple, drinks, you want massages, nice sarong, special price for you my friend, good for you phallic bang, wooden carving,” was enough to send anyone around the bend.

Food in Bali was unreal, if you like cold rice, hot lemonade and bawking satays.

Playing thumper with potent Rocket Fuels, card games with Jenny H's duty free Bacardi and giving our rooms to Danish spunks, sharing a bed with Greg, he snores, not Sue, was all part of it.

Mark Rodent did a great job in organising this tour and it was enjoyed by all.

Lesley, Oh I'll come too, Shelton.

Poppy, Can't stop raging, Tsousis.

Dianne, When are we having Mushies again, Porter.

Julie, Oh they're unreal, Tonge.

Christine, Where's the toilet, I've gotta go again, Renfree.

Glen, the customs man can't catch, Thompson.

Lisa, they told her they were small but hot (like chilli from Viu Watuh!), Green.

Roxanne, looking like a choir girl, Rodgers.

Gary and Graig's all night sessions on duty free grog – Sink more Bintang boys.



Darren, Can't catch a plane, Gale.
Tanya, bombing rats, Vanangeren.
Debbie, I'm coming Graeme, Martin.
Ziggy, I hate this stinkin' place – where's Mick?, Knott.
Delwyn, Where's Titch?, Croad.
Mark, I've got Michelle, Roden.
Craig, Blue Meanie, Thompson.
Mark, Did I go to Bali?, Powell.
Chris, Where's Jane, I want to dance, Hickey.
Jane, Marie, Anne, Joanne and Faye, Kept intact in Room 6.
Hugh, I've got a headache, O'Brien.
Jim, Where's my blue clothes, Carson.
Sue, where's your suntan?, Carter.
Julie, Lose weight, Ahearn.
Belinda, early morning swim, Tonkin.
Gary, I'm having a good time you know, Rolfe.
Jenny, I just can't go, Maber.
Michelle, I've got Mark, Christie.
Vicki, Big Banana, Kelly.
Katie, Your shout, Hall.
Mick, I paid it all and had a ball, Roden.
Robby, Where's my Jim Beam, Carter.
Louise, Hurry up Shane, Duggin.
John, Where's your glasses?, Denton.
Lynne, Where's a blonde bloke, Powell.
Greg, I'll sleep in your room tonight, Young.

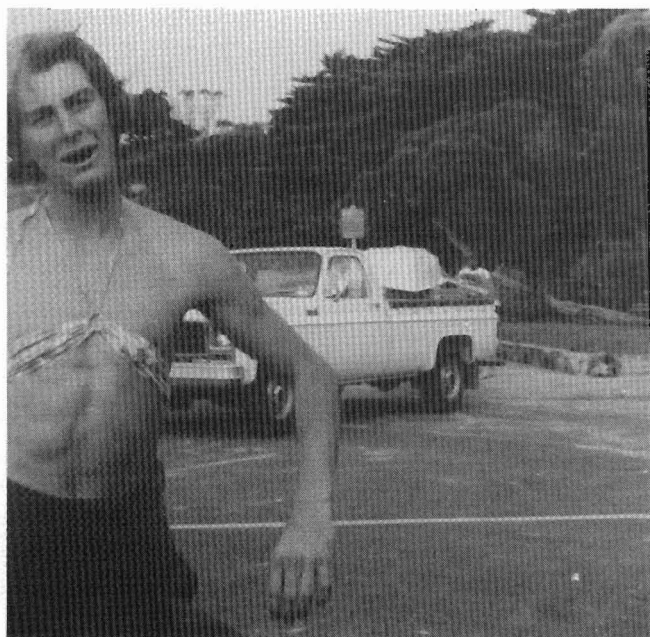
So for those few that didn't go to Bali, all I can say is – Jig a Jig.

by the BALI RAGERS



***BARTER
SCOUTS***

***MIKE
WILLESEE
WHERE
ARE YOU?***



***CHEAP BUT
NOT EASY!***

CAMPING REPORT

To all Frankston ragers, come listen to what we say;
The innuendos are rife that your committee is still
gay.
Your hard workings reps. are as trusty as any bank,
Even though some past actions, could be labelled
as rank.

In truth, this job entailed quite a demanding lot;
Including the abuse, that seemed never to stop.
We worked our ring-gear, right down to the core;
But the ungrateful complaints, arrived by the score.

By October our efforts were nearly all spent,
When suddenly it was realised, that others were
bent.
Our flagging tendencies were rapidly uplifted,
As we rode on – now vigorously extended.

We tried to cater for more and more parties,
As we swelled with pride at the gay and the hearties.
Our range of available equipment was fantastic;
Not to mention whips, leather and inflatable plastic.

Nina – I said not to mention whips, leather and
plastic;
Though, by now, you've realised we're being
sarcastic.
So welcome, one and all – you don't need a
reference;
But of course, young boys, will be given first
preference.

We have at our disposal, whatever you desire;
And most of what we possess, is available for hire.
So before all your TEAS or dole money is spent,
Won't you leave enough cash for a deposit on a tent.

MARK JEFFS
ASHLEY HOWARD



AUS (Australian Union of Students)

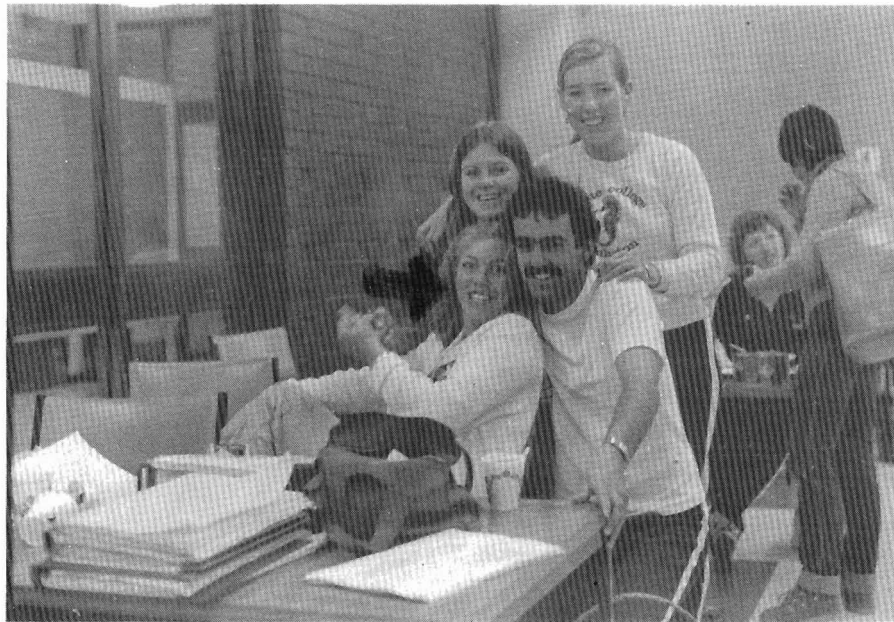
Due to our incessive workload this year e.g. re-submissions, college turns, failed exams, marches and other general college paraphernalia, we have been unable to attend as many AUS meetings as we would have liked. But that does not mean we haven't been involved in the issues in question e.g. Razor Gang Cuts etc.

The positions of AUS representatives is one of importance to the general life of college students - we are here to ensure that any problems that may arise during the year are reported to the Union, so they may act in a manner most beneficial to the student/s concerned.

We hope that next year, the students will continue to support their Union, as it is a body of people who really **do** look after our interests.

GOOD LUCK

BETH-LYNN MOODY



SPORT

This years sport proved to be a greater success than at first anticipated. Representatives from 1st, 2nd and 3rd years performed with amazing zest and showed incredible skills both off and on the field. Teams were entered in the Football, Netball, Volleyball, Men and Womens Basketball competition. Although we performed with limited success a good time was had by all.

The highlight of the year was the annual ACAESA Trip, this year to Canberra. Again our on field exhibitions were overshadowed by our off field endeavours which at times showed the enthusiasm of truly dedicated "PERFORMERS".

Sport 1981 was as successful as Jane and I could have hoped and we sincerely wish Pauline and Chris (next years representatives) all the best in their new positions and hopefully they will receive the support we did.

GILBERT KEISLER
JANE STEINFORT



Canberra the Brave



As always, the sports trip is THE gala event of the outdoor activities calendar – a week to remember. After holding a successful trip to Adelaide last year, we blissfully sailed into the projects of Canberra with high aspirations. However, after the initial excitement, we were most impressed by the generally apathetic attitude of the College in regard to attendance, bar 25 enthusiastic fools and the ever-reliable sports reps. – Bert and Jane.

Saturday July 12, significantly the eve of this momentous trip, we energetically began our preparation of wardrobes and treasury situations to last us the entire week – the best of which consisted of the unparalleled creative genius of Hassa (Ha Ha).

The weather was not glorious when we left Melbourne, and it never did take that inevitable turn for the better, but we did not despair.

In typical college tradition, we left late and spent an enthralling evening of drinking, insomnia, a frightening experience when Andrew Aitken took the wheel and listening to Harry throw-up in the esky (much to Garry Walker's dismay, it being HIS esky). We arrived in cold, windy, rainy Canberra the following morning, weary, bleary eyed and eager for an arduous day of sport – which we lost! The turn at the College that night proved interesting and self-abuse was rampant. Boat races (skulling competitions for the uninitiated and being with ex-sports trip exponent Hassa) – the week had just begun.

Meanwhile back at the Car-o-tel on Tuesday morning the rabble went off to its sport. H. Evans and T. Shaw were unjustly left behind, the disappointment of this and the shock of no live telecast of the night footy grandfinal, the lads decided to head for greener pastures – Melbourne. Instead they searched through Canberra for a suitable watering hole, they

found the Settlers and sat there from 11 am till closing abusing their livers and the three piece suit set that invaded the bar and stood drinking gin and tonics.

However for the rest of the madding crowd, it was off to Canberra University followed by an interesting feed at Happy Harry's Chinese Restaurant, a quick bus trip to the Workman's Bar where the pokies and beer were not shied away from. Then off we went to the local disco – the "Roxy", a place we were to haunt the successive night. The early morning starts, the games of sport and the late nights bopping, needless to say the luckless few's health did not last. But being a resilient lot, we "kicked on" and the sore throats were overlooked. On Wednesday we played sport, well we sat in the bar and watched sweaty morons, limping and bleeding and nursing their sore limbs. In the afternoon we rested, all except for the eager pisspots, determined to acquire port noses and beer guts. The afternoon saw pitched battles between various colleges, hurling deadly plastic cups at one another. The evening was spent at Ainsley Football Club, dancing, mixing our drinks, much to the consternation of our precious bodily fluids and wondering just who the hell threw-up in our bus, yes life at Canberra was just one big merry-go-round.

Thursday and the same procedure was followed, with the exception of a scenic trip to the sights, the most significant of which was the War Memorial. A final turn at the Canberra Uni., to re-cap on the unanticipated success of the first night, and we left drunk and saddened at the prospect that this was to be our last sleepless night in Canberra.

The Car-O-Tel stay would not have been complete however without a visit from the "Men-In-Blue" complaining of our roudiness, and a number of raucous chorus' of our incomparable College songs. Little or no sleep was attained that night in readiness for the trip back to Melbourne.

This trip resembled the conditions on board a Vietnamese refugee boat. The crisp Canberra atmosphere had taken its toll on young helpless lungs and throats, and for many weeks following, we could hardly talk or walk, let alone "crack any whips".

Thanks to all those without whose help the trip was still possible. For the totally uninformed or bewildered, we had great success in Ice-Hockey, Water Polo, Lawn Bowls, Gridiron and Tequila Soaking. The girls reached the semis in Netball and Volleyball. This was a good enough reason to celebrate for four days!

At the risk of being boring, the trip to Canberra was an unmitigated success!

by
TORI WILSON
and
TONY SHAW

CANBERRA EPITOMISED . . .



R R R IT'S MAGIC

Hey Hey We're
(To the tune of The Monkees)
(Last 2 lines Blowin' in the Wind)

RRRRRR
Here we cum
Sking up at Falls
We make the funniest noises
When we smash our balls.

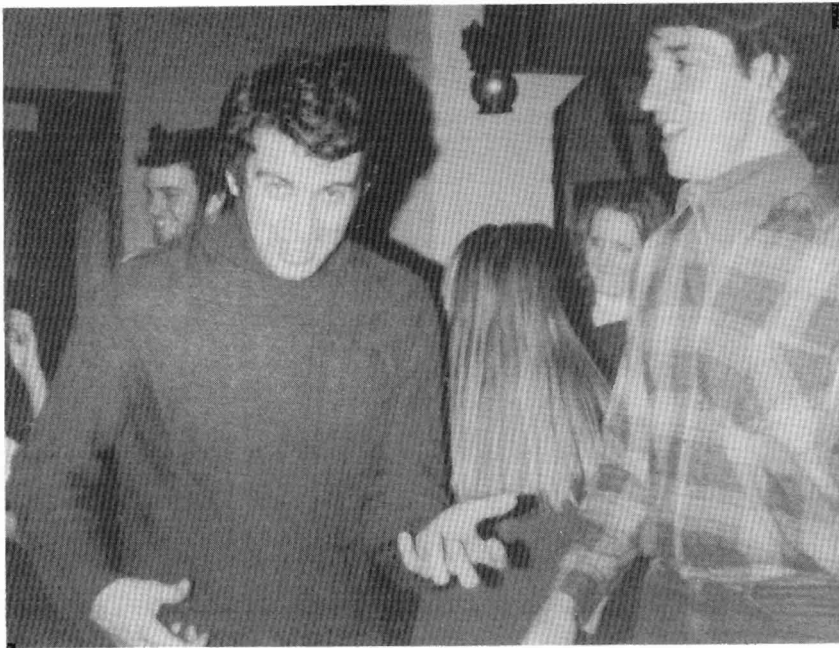
Hay Hay we're from Frankston
We're gonna sleeze around
We're to busy drinking
To keep any tucker down.

It's time to get parro
Come and watch us spew and chuck
We're the young generation
And we've got someone to
RRRRRR it's magic
We're getting pissed at Bright
Yodelling on the roadside
Oh what a beautiful sight

It's time to go skiing
Rip roaring down the slope
The Girls Find the Poma Handy
For times when we need a real bloke.

We really like the snow
We're mountin' men and women
No matter where we go
The answer you know is blowin' in the snow
The answer is blowing in the snow.





Secretary's Report 1981

Well

It's been a hard year.

Sincerely yours,
GARRY ROLFE.



TREASURER'S REPORT

Dearest Student,

Well another year is over and the Student Union has completed one of its most testing years. It seems we have weathered the storm of a Caulfield Student Union takeover of our Union and it looks as if the two Unions will now be working as a united force on perhaps the more important issue of how the amalgamation will effect the students, lecturers and courses of the two Colleges.

As the Treasurer of the Union I should comment about the Union Coffers. We have spent the money well and there is hardly any left. But what a great time we have had. Anne and Micky have had some great turns, most notably the Cobbers and the Christmas Party and the lunchtime concert with the Davey Bros. was brilliant. Also Ross Ryan put on a great performance for the students who bothered to go. We've had dry tills, Wendy's Musical "Viva Mexico" (the professionalism of the lighting crew was outstanding) and some great Ascoltas from Julie and Nolene. Unfortunately there was a poor turnout for the first Ball but a great grovelling time was had by all. Gilbert and Jane have had some great occasions in the name of sport as well. The only thing missing are a few mature ages to organise social events for themselves (funds are always available for a good cause).

Finally, I would like to wish Julie Warden the best of luck as my successor as Treasurer of the Union. (It is her formidable job to go through the books and figure out the mess I have made). Best wishes to the new Student Board next year, and the best of luck to the rest of my third year friends (all 3 of you) in the teaching world next year.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN CROSSLEY





3rd YEAR GRADUATES



Neda Cevolatti
 John Denton
 Rodney Wyatt
 Helen Dearness
 Mark Lancman
 Lisa Green
 Anne L. Douglas
 Barbara I. Ledger
 Janine K. Lloyd
 Colin D. Smith
 Julie E. Morris
 Timothy O'Shannassy
 Lynette C. Poxon
 Janet S. McLaughlin
 Janice L. Prescott
 Debbie L. Martin
 Jennifer L. Maber
 Arete Mitris
 Mark S. Powell
 Dianne L. Rumble
 Helen M. McCallum
 Paul C. Pavlou
 Lee F. Evans
 Tonia A. Herft
 Garry G. Rolfe
 Edelgard Scharpenack
 Jean C. Varty
 Lyn Powell
 Patricia M. Ditchburn
 Silvana S. Agostini

Bronwyn Pearson
 Beverley A. Wilson
 Paul N. Hodges
 Sally A. Inchbold
 Paul Richardson
 Katrina A. Frindt
 Michelle L. Day
 Fiona J. Calladine
 Janice L. Bentley
 Mandy E. Cook
 Suzanne K. Duggan
 Leonie E. Cowling
 Susan G. Douglas
 Stephen Crossley
 Mary M. Doherty
 Dianne R. Bingham
 Wendy Beckwith
 Lynda J. Duff
 Sally E. Fellows
 Louise M. Duggan
 Jeanette E. Binge
 Amanda J. Bligh
 Karryn J. Caruana
 Julie V.J. Aherne
 Sharon L. Dalziel
 Dawn M. Brewer
 Susan S. Carter
 Susan M. Bowman
 Debbie M. Kuster
 Andrew N. Higgins





Brendan Kelson
 Darren S. Gale
 Hazel Kewin
 Sue E. Hardiman
 Victoria A. Kelly
 Pauline M. Gallagher
 Maureen T. Hanratty
 Robyn M. James
 Tracey-Lee E. Kuno
 Peter R. Hand
 Jennifer A. Stewart
 Sally M. Snowball
 Kathleen E. Taylor
 Nina A. Whyte
 Lesley P. Shelton
 Wendy A. Seymour
 Judith A. Wilson
 Kalliopi S. Tsousis
 Susan Mary S. Thompson
 Lyndee E. Scott
 Greg J. Young
 Kathleen M. Thompson
 Sonia S. Minzenmayr
 Dianne M. Porter
 Roxanne M. Rodgers
 Christine Renfree
 Mark G. Roden
 Mark L. Jeffs
 Karen Gardner
 Susan A. Higgins
 Ute Geiler
 Joanne-Elizabeth Kerr
 Ashley J. Howard
 Andrew D. Horsburgh
 Victoria M. Wood

Sharon M. O'Brien
 Bruce W. Mesley
 Joanne Daugherty
 Jennifer Watkins
 Krina L. Barrington
 Lesley M. Hill
 Julie A. Tonge
 Jenny Lang
 Julie F. Fox
 Richard G. Lloyd
 James W. Carson
 Mary E. Piels
 Joanne F. Rossie
 Lesley L. Eriksen
 Maria M. Gajica
 Kerry A. Bird
 Lynne M. Higgins
 Randall Cruickshank
 Glenn G. H. Thompson
 Monica M. Green
 Patricia F. Atkinson
 Adrienne R. Knott
 John Crosby
 Sharyn L. O'Donoghue
 Donald H. Rose
 Beth-Lynn Moody
 Dawn L. Peters
 Diane L. Robertson
 Wendy J. McLeod
 Browyn A. Morgan
 Wendy J. Perkins
 Kerryn R. Richards
 John C. Mace
 Pamela M. Parker
 Sharon C. Piening



SOCIAL SERVICE

In the final year of our College life, we have represented the Social Service Committee;

We being: Wendy McLeod

Di Robertson

Sharyn O'Donoghue

We have tried to promote the social service aspect as much as possible this year. The first event being the FANTASTICALLY successful and DON'T YOU DARE SAY YOU DIDN'T HAVE A GREAT GREEN TIME — GREEN DAY. This proved to be an enormous success, but who would doubt this, the three lovelies — namely us planning such an event. The reigning QUEEN FROG FACE RENFREE will end her uherr ah monarchical dutieship to the 1982 king or queen of GREEN.

Other proposed and unimplemented highlights of the year would be the rolling up or rolling down of the so called "NEEDY" Bloodbank. This went down like a BLOODY LEAD BALLOON. Also the continued donation of the child service of tutors from the student body enlightened our opinion of the kind hearts of the students around this place!!! (IN OTHER WORDS — NO DOUGH — NO GO!!)

For the remainder of the year we plan to have a MAD HAT AND TIE DAY and other activities too numerous to mention among them a "CAFE OLYMPICS", and also this time a supportive interest, who knows where the support will be?? MISS F.T.C. We hope these projects will be undertaken with the same degree of enthusiasm support and all round GOOD FUN.

Monies collected to date amount to approx. \$150. This will be distributed with approval by students, to certain necessary charities local and otherwise. Such charities as the Menzies Homes (Frankston), Salvation Army, etc.

In conclusion to this mere summary of our work this year, we would like to thank everybody immensely for their support and contributions which were gratefully received, without everybodies help this would not have been possible. It was our desire and objective primarily to unleash the fun-loving spirit in you all. We thought it might be a change for your lives to have some fun without the booze.

We hope our efforts or what we at last have tried to do can be treated with as much enthusiasm next year.

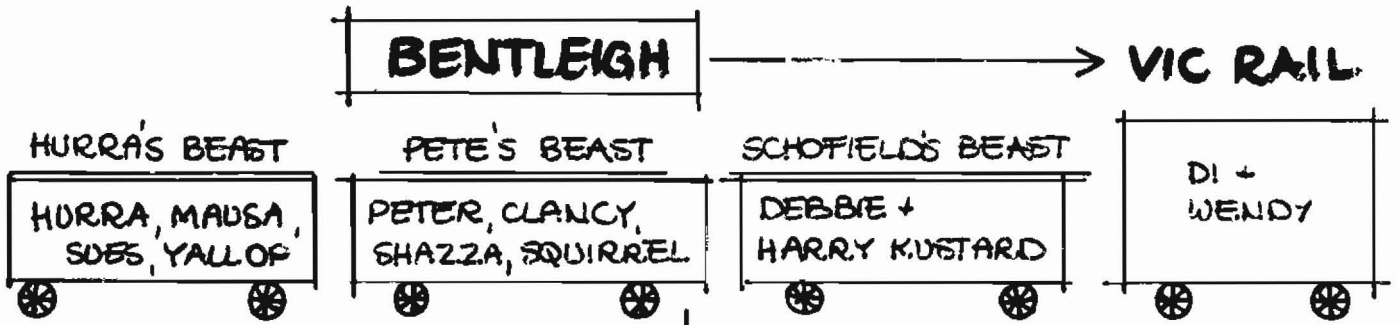
Thanks again for making our last year here a memorable one. (sniff, sniff, tear, tear).

Loving and leaving you,
DI, WENDY AND SHARYN

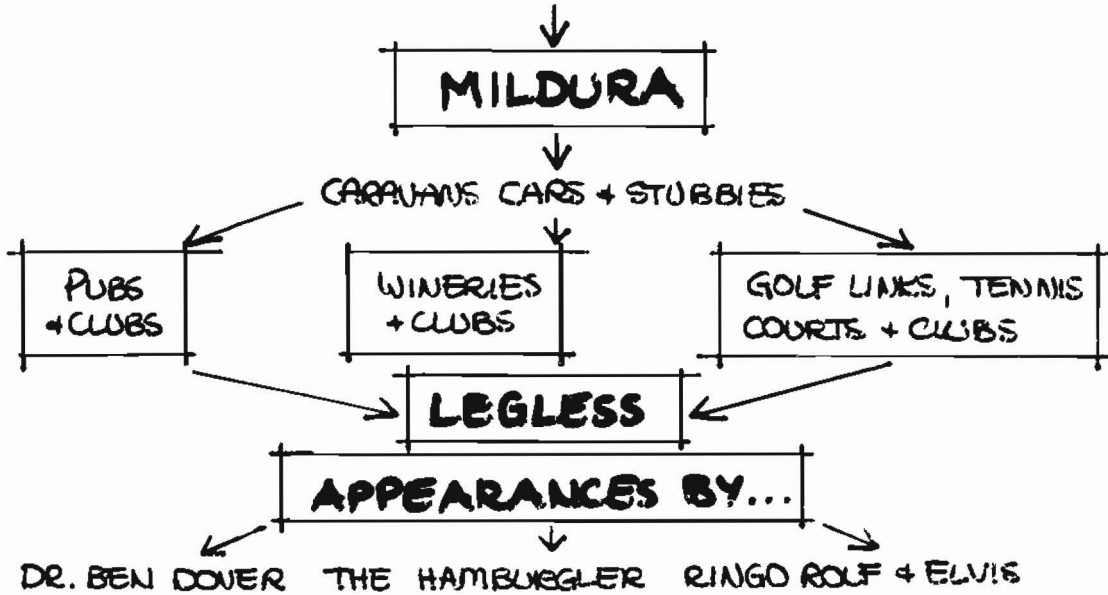


MILDURA '81 "Giddy Mate"

by Sue Hardiman,
Debbie Kuster



ON THE ROAD



STROKE MY SWORD !!

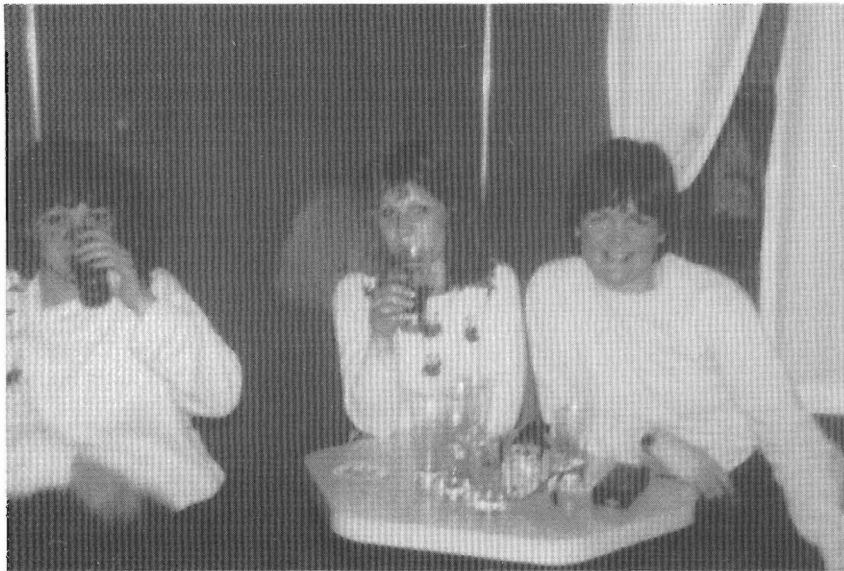
IT'S CRUSHED ME !!

I WANNA GO HOME GEORGE !!

I'D EAT A SHIT SANDWICH
BUT I DONT LIKE BREAD !!

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

HI MUMSIE! I'M HOME AGAIN



REJECTED

His working days were over
So he headed down the track
With drooping head he limped along,
No thought of looking back.
He knew he was not wanted,
He had sensed it in the air,
But the future held no interest
For a heart filled with despair.

Through days of scorching heat and wind
He wandered the country wide,
With barely a welcome sight to see
Or a familiar sign to guide
Days were weeks and weeks were months
And water holes were dry
Food was scarce but loneliness thrived
As the minutes passed on by.

The track was dark and the night so cold
As his head lay in the dust.
His body so tired and weary
But move on, he knew he must.
So he raised his tired body
But in the distance came the sound
Of thundering hooves and rifle blasts
That echoed all around.

And as the sounds drew closer,
They brought visions of the past –
Of hatred, cruelty, sad neglect
And days of endless fast.
But he could not escape the danger
Which was only a breath away
His strength was overruled by pride
– Death! – a cheap price to pay.

Three troopers – mounted; rifles raised,
He looked up with pleading eyes.
But a bullet fired, silence broke
Through the sound of muffled cries.
His misty eyes searched all around
Reflecting the piercing pain,
Then once again, there came the blast
That shattered through his brain.

The sun was finally rising
As the men rode on their way
Upon his face, his misery,
He had seen his final day.
He had burst his heart for his master
And with a last, ever-meaningful sigh –
A dog; – unwanted and unloved,
Finally chose to die.



by SUE HARDIMAN

Dinner at the Ling Wah

(otherwise known as “another excuse for a turn”)

The guest list was more extensive than in previous years, and the result was probably the best Union Board dinner the college has seen. People from all walks of life (within the college), and of all possible dispositions lobbed on the doorstep of the Ling Wah in Frankston on Tuesday 13th of October. Some people were fortunate enough to have a guided tour of the kitchen – if they parked out the back that was, and see the food we were to consume in various stages of preparation. Then the host asks; “Are you with the Plimaly School?”

After the culture shock encountered in the tour of the kitchen, the response of “Uh!”, (which in Chinese must mean – Yes), and you were led **out** the “in” door and into the main arena for the night.

When in the main arena you were confronted by hoardes of starving masses (some people call them students). Some of these were known to be fasting in order to prepare for the ensuing feast. Other members of the group were too busy maintaining their consumption of liquid balance.

The first thing that struck me was the door when Mr. Ling Wah let it go. Actually the initial excitement at the presence of revolving dance floors on every table was enormous. More Culture Shock! They had sticks all over the table. The revolving dance floors came in handy for placement of bottles and cans. Back to the sticks; this was the pattern of the eating skills of each person – only because there weren’t enough forks!

While this encounter with Oriental Culture was taking place, the realisation was made that most people in the room were in varying and increasing stages of intoxication. In fact the noise was becoming overpowering. The traditional pairing up was in motion – once again.

The champagne (Great Western, of course) arrived later in the night and went within a short, very short length of time. What happened to the bottle of pink!! Next came the speeches. New President Andrew Wright made a rather creditable and long start to the year by making a speech in length, equal to any politician avoiding a question. Standing in a pool of perspiration, Andy put together a good speech, but his class control seemed to be lacking a little bit. Maybe it was the class which was the trouble. Maybe they were lacking a big bit. They were getting pretty merry by then.

The speeches finished with a small presentation to Gwenda in appreciation of the work she does. Amid three cheers, the crowd faded back into the oblivia, in which most were by this time. Those who weren’t were pretty close to it.

Bertie the little **barrel** of fun?, was given the job of presenting the present to Gwenda. After dancing with it for five minutes, he finally let go of the empty

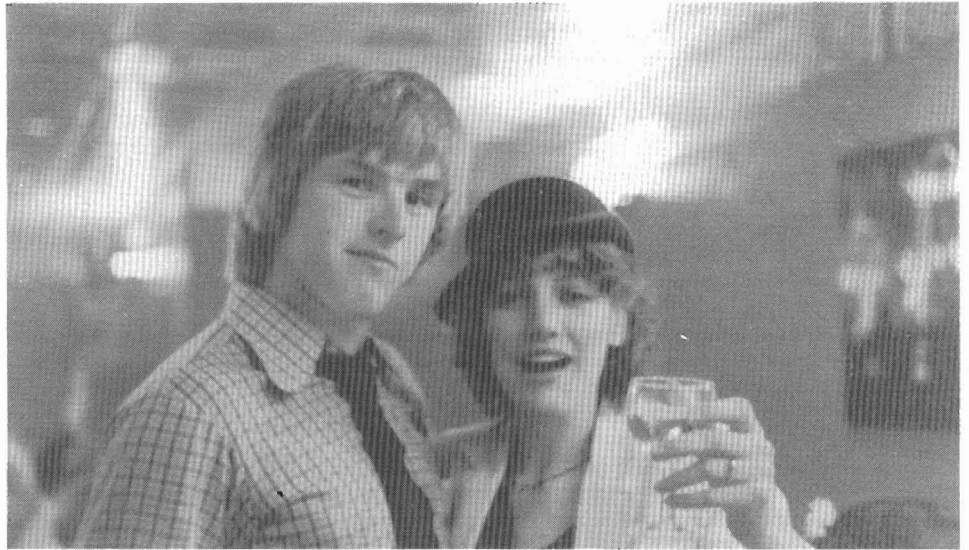
cardboard box and lurched backwards almost demolishing what was left of the already partly disemboweled restaurant.

By the time we were leaving – all the other guests were gone!! Then we left in various stages of locomotion, hands and knees, grovelling along the Frankston sidewalk. Many heads were turned, and one stomach in particular, who now specialises in landscape gardening. She also dabbles in bathroom decor. Put away the rubber gloves Robbo! This effort was quite **mess**-merising.

In retrospect, it was quite an event – one many would like to remember if only they could! Personally, I enjoyed the Egyptian food, hang on, I think it was Mexican – oh no, that was the musical. Well, I better leave it at that before I tread on too many chopsticks. Aah, what a chuckle it was, I think. If you believe all this chop suey – then you must have been there.

L.K. HOLIC

GO
FORWARD



MOVE
AHEAD



IT'S NOT
TOO LATE



WHIP IT!



WE THE EDITORS, THANK
GWENDA PERRY FOR ALL
SHE HAS DONE.

KICK ON!

EARLY CHILDHOOD
GRADUATES
1981





TWILSON

"... G'DAY, TEACHER!"



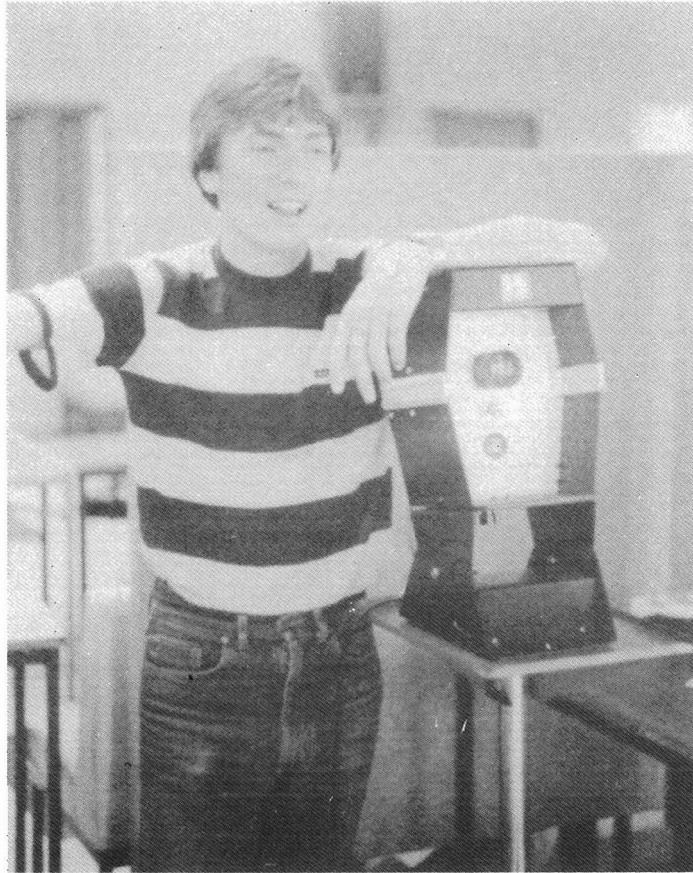
NEED

WE

SAY

MORE

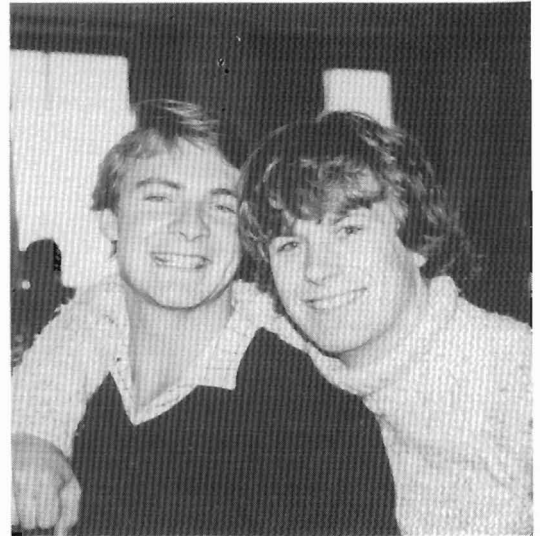
!



**THANK YOU ROBERT
(ROBBO) FOR ALL
YOUR HELP. HOW
COULD WE FORGET
YOU! FROM GUESS
WHO.**



Baxter Dry Till



Paradise at Baxter!



Heaven can wait!



... and more!

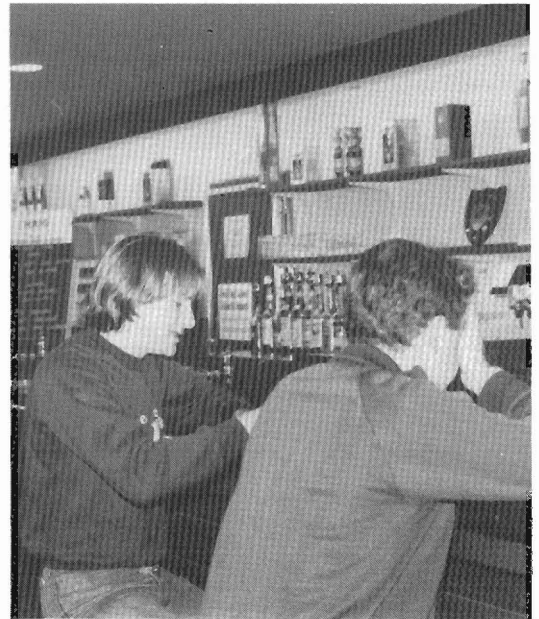


We're happy little VEGEmites..

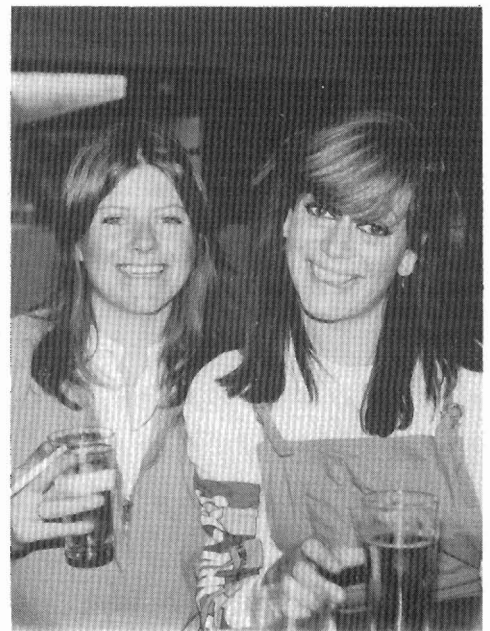


**BOYS
AND
GIRLS
COME OUT
TO PLAY!**

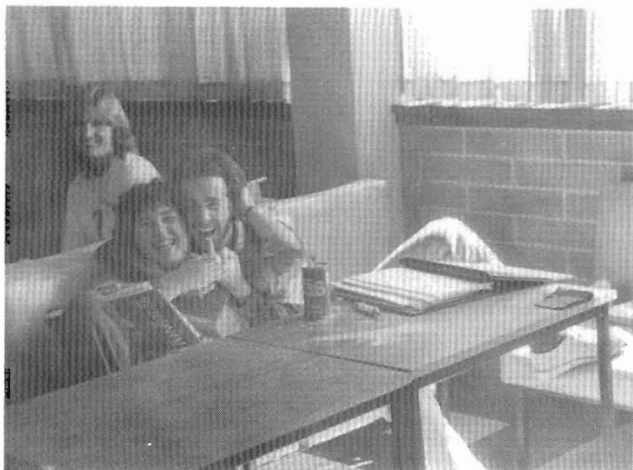
... and still more!



**EDDIE CHARLTON
TAUGHT ME
THIS!**



IN COLLEGE SCHNAPPS



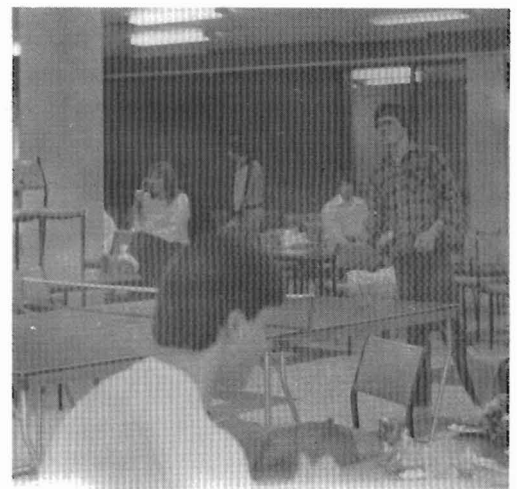
MY, MY, MY;
WHAT
A CLEVER
LITTLE
SECRETARY!!



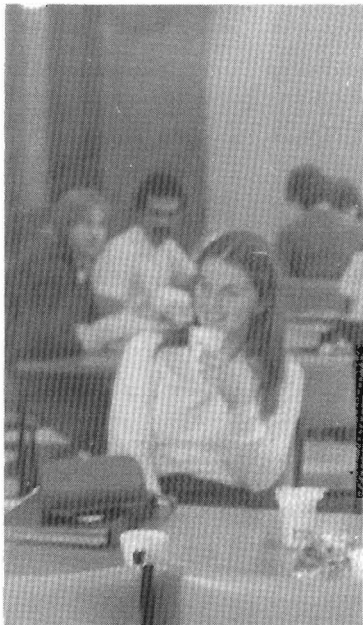


**THERE'S A
CONCH IN
EVERY
CROWD.**

**Nothing
escapes
the notice of
the Struan
editors.**



MUST COLLEGE LIFE BE THIS HARD ?



LAST OF THE COLLEGE SCHNAPPS



CAUGHT YOU!



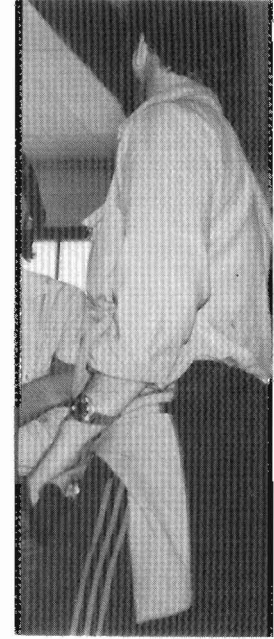
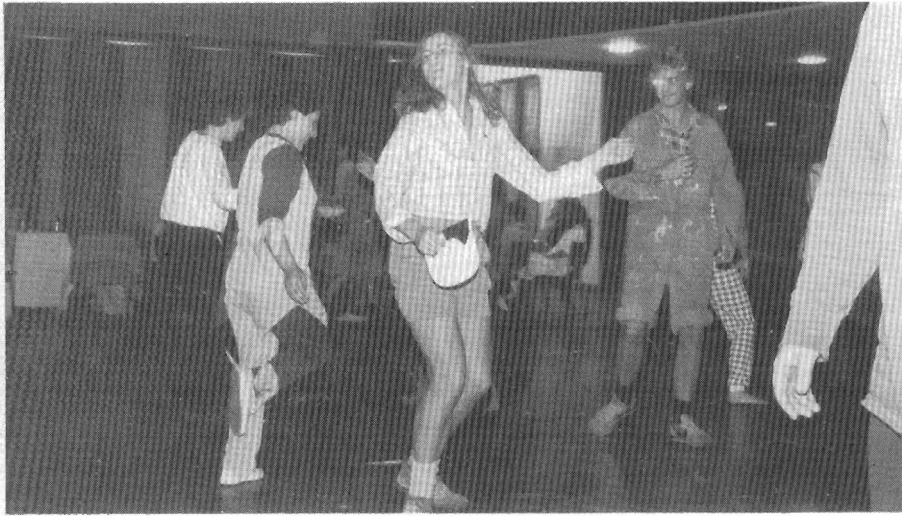
HA, HA,
AND YOU
THOUGHT HE
WAS NORMAL.



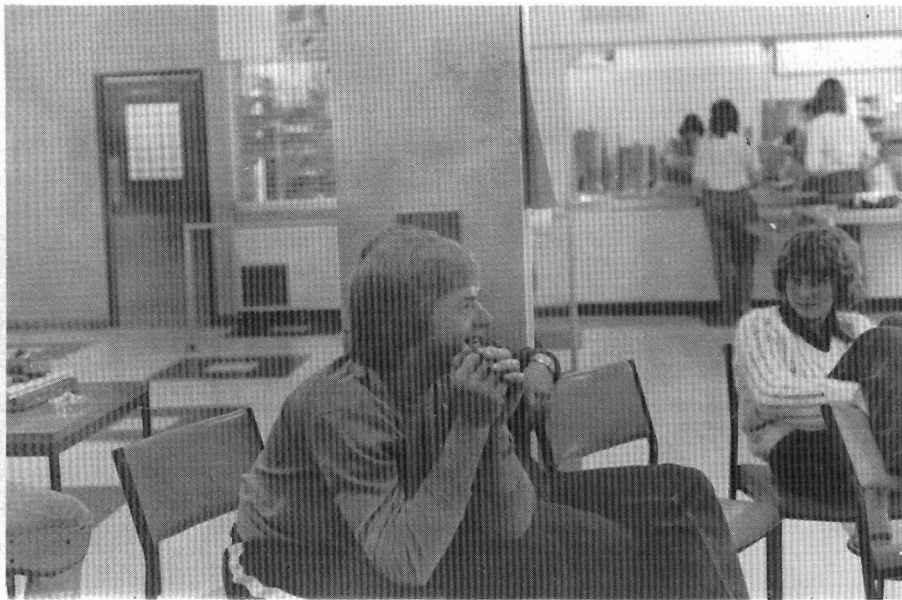
GREY DAY

oops
GREEN





D
O
N
'
T
P
E
A
K



RODIN'S
THE
THINKER

WE STARTED
IT, AND SO WE
SHALL END IT!!!
NINA and TORI





VALE

TWILSON