

1964



**STRUAN**



COVER AWARD

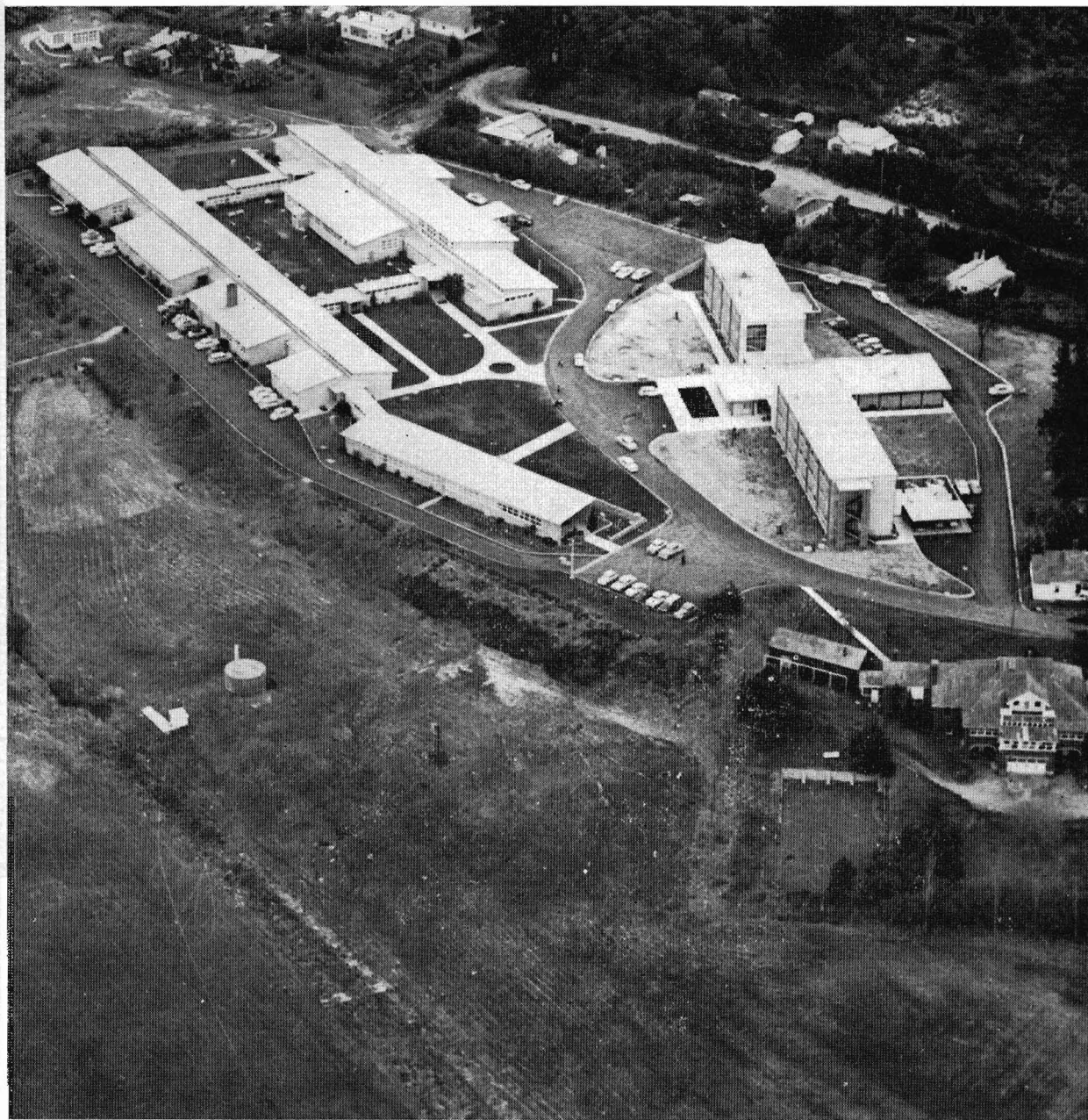
THEME — the present, the future and us.

The figure group in black is intended to represent the present, shown gazing into limitless future.

The grouping of figures suggests the collective activities associated with college life and the use of black strengthens and embraces the idea of a group.

Broken blues, whites and threads of black and grey are used to create an atmosphere of doubt, into which, each one of us must step.

Cover design by  
ALAN BACON  
Group D2.



**STRUAN 64**

# STRUAN 64



THIS MAGAZINE  
ATTEMPTS  
TO DOCUMENT  
IN PROSE, POETRY & PHOTOGRAPHY  
THE PEOPLE, EVENTS & PLACES  
ASSOCIATED WITH A YEAR  
IN A TEACHERS' COLLEGE

EDITOR	JOE ANDERSON
LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS	JEAN AULDIST CAROL ARNOTT DON GRAHAM ROBYN SCOTT PETER DENNISON EVA POMOTHY EWEN McPHERSON LYNETTE SYKES
CREATIVE ART WORK	JUDY CRUMP STRUAN ART AWARD SHELAGH PEARSON PATRICIA JOHNSON VALERIE JONES TAMARA SKARJEV
PHOTOGRAPHS	V. WALLACE
STAFF	J. PROWSE O. PIGGOTT A. CLARKSON N. WHITE

## Principal's Message . . .



**GEORGE A. JENKINS**

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

The editorial request for my annual "message" for "Struan" is an urgent reminder of how quickly yet another year has gone. The College, while still one of the two youngest in Victoria, has now been operating for six years; and the older the College becomes the more valuable is an annual publication like "Struan" as a chronicle of events and people.

It is not "Struan's" function, however, to record or explain the changes that have been made in college courses. These changes have been so numerous since 1959 that a superficial observer might wonder just how clearly the College saw its aims. The changes have, in fact, been made very purposefully in the light of thinking and developments overseas (especially in England) and with an eye to the future of tertiary education in our own country.

The status of teachers is very closely bound up with the length of their training and the standards required. Changes in the college courses here have aimed at raising academic standards as far as the present length of courses will permit. They help to pave the way for longer courses and the possible administrative reorganization of the state's college systems. As you all know, the future of our institutions for tertiary education has been the subject of governmental inquiry—and teachers' colleges are tertiary colleges that must function at post-matriculation level. This does not mean abandoning our present ideal of educating the whole person; but it does mean the end of the idea that a teachers' college should simply teach its students how to teach.



Bev. Tregear.

After the first thrill of being elected as President of the Students' Representative Council had abated, I must admit it was not without certain qualms that I returned to assume the responsibilities which were to be mine.

However, these qualms proved to be unnecessary as throughout the year I have received nothing but loyal support and help from the members of the S.R.C. and from the student body.

I would like to give special thanks to those on the Executive. Peter Handley, the Vice-President, has always given me the encouragement and assistance that I so often needed.

Our Secretary, Leigh Joslin, has done an excellent job. The minutes have been consistently accurate and well-written and I have felt confident in leaving the correspondence in his capable hands.

Elected as Junior Vice-President at the beginning of the year, Ken Milson has proved himself to be both reliable and business-minded. With the assistance of Anna Jurkiw, Ken was largely responsible for the organization of the Annual Fair. Special thanks to Ken and Anna for their work here.

To be Treasurer, especially where large amounts of money are involved, is indeed a responsibility; Jim Harvey was just the person for this position. His bookkeeping has been outstanding in its accuracy and detail.

The finance committee has acted wisely and astutely in managing the allocation of the students' finances. The results of this have been plain to see. The Mid-year Ball has never been cheaper, our trip to Bendigo and our graduation ball were heavily subsidized. Following the increased efficiency of the distribution of the students' money it is felt that a reappraisal of the S.R.C. fee is necessary.

This year has seen the initiation of moves to re-organize outmoded provisions in the constitution. The reason for this move is the tremendous growth within the college since its inception. It is to be hoped next year's S.R.C. will complete this important task. In addition to the above activities the S.R.C. has been prominent in arranging for the purchase of more records for the aids room and more library books, providing extra facilities for the students' common room, purchasing a tractor and fittings, supporting the college folk-singing group in their radio debut, arranging for making Struan available for student activities, providing buses for sports trips and for the organization of the college picnic.

As you know, the executive is only responsible for a limited number of

S.R.C. activities. Of equal importance is the work of the various committees.

Geoff Levey, as the social secretary, has, together with his committee, given the students a year of very enjoyable social functions. The highlight of these was the Winter Ball with its festive South Seas theme; added to this his committee has conducted several dances throughout the year. The organization of all these activities has been a credit to the social committee and I am sure that their work has been appreciated by all.

The limited contribution of articles by the students has led to the publication of only one "Sea Horse" this year. Nevertheless its high standard is an indication of the untiring work which Hedley Finger and his committee have maintained throughout the year. The whole college is looking forward to the publication of "Struan".

I was particularly pleased with the work of the Concert and Dramatics Committee this year. Arthur Miller's play "Death of a Salesman" was quite a difficult one to produce. In spite of this it was a great success and this example was followed at the end of second term with the College Revue. Graeme Hindley and his committee deserve praise for their efforts.

Mary Hancock and Max Quanchi, our two sports Secretaries, have been really suited to their positions being both energetic and willing to work, in conjunction with the Phys. Ed. staff, to provide better sporting facilities. One of the highlights of the year for the committee was its combined effort with the social committee in organizing a Farewell Dance for our Olympic Representative, Laurie Peckham.

Glenda McComb held the position of Welfare Committee representative

for the student body. Glenda has been an able mediator between the students and the Welfare Committee. Her work, connected with the Garden Party, the Fair and the Mannequin Parade has been much appreciated.

The position of Grounds Improvement Secretary was filled this year by Pat Hall. She and her enthusiastic committee have had a decided effect on the appearance of the college grounds. Apart from the overall improvement to the gardens they have been instrumental in erecting a protective fence between the hockey field and the basketball court.

Although no longer an official member of S.R.C., Chris Lothian, as Secretary of the Social Service Committee, has been untiring in her charitable work; a detailed report of her activities has been included in "Struan".

My thanks go also to Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Brown, the two staff representatives on S.R.C. I am really grateful for their willing help and attendance at all meetings.

Finally, I would like to extend a very special note of thanks to Mr. Jenkins. I have appreciated the way he has given up his valuable time to be of assistance and to offer guidance whenever it was needed.

Before closing, on behalf of all exit students, I wish next year's S.R.C. a successful and happy year. I urge all students to be enthusiastic and to bring ideas to the S.R.C., either directly by attending their fortnightly meetings, or through the group representatives.

Only the full support of all students will enable the S.R.C. to operate to its fullest capacity.

Once again, to everyone, thank you very much—

One of the most succinct comments on student life is contained in that S.R.C. publication, the College Diary:— "December 11 Students go down." Let us accept that calendars are necessary. But such prophecy is in the realm of witchcraft or second-sight.

The college year will end on that day, for students at any rate. For some, college life will end, and they will tread out new paths to glory. Perhaps, to the more sentimental of us, "Struan" will present some tangible record of the college years. It may serve to prove that college life was neither just a bad dream, nor merely a time of student-shared, idyllic happiness.

However one regards "Struan", or college life, the actual event of the publication is due, this year, to a greater extent than ever before, to the efforts of those members of staff who have shared in the work.

Thanks are due in particular to Mr. Prowse and to Mr. Piggott. We are especially grateful to the typists in the "front office" who undertook a Herculean task with a ready smile. The committee thanks all contributors for making material available.

Let us hope that on December 11 the students, whichever direction is their lot — down, up, out or in — will carry with them "Struan", a testament to the reality of a year gone by.





## Teachers on S.R.C. . . .



From top left reading down.  
 Peter Handley, Vice Pres.  
 Max Quanchi, Sports Sec.  
 Geoff Levey, Social Sec.  
 Hedley Finger, Publications  
 Leigh Joslin, Secretary  
 Jim Harvey, Treas.  
 Graeme Hindley,  
 Concerts & Dram.  
 Chris Lothian, Social Service  
 Ken Milsom, Junior Vice-Pres.  
 Pat Hall, Ground Improvements  
 Glenda McComb, Welfare Rep.  
 Marylou Hancock, Sport Sec.

# Staff . . .



## ● ADMINISTRATION:

- G. A. Jenkins, Principal
- A. H. Fry, Principal's Deputy
- G. F. Kintish, Senior Woman Lecturer

## ENGLISH FACULTY

- M. Brown
- M. A. McMahon
- J. Prowse
- R. Ryan
- C. McGarvie



## ● INFANT TRAINING FACULTY

- E. M. P. Kennedy
- D. Ogden
- M. S. Homes



## ● LIBRARY FACULTY

- R. Haylock
- M. Lacy
- W. Dolphin
- I. Webb



## ● EDUCATION FACULTY

- K. H. Mutimer
- L. McMahon
- J. White
- R. Watson
- R. Cannon



● SCIENCE - MATHS  
FACULTY

L. J. E. Flynn  
L. Gartside  
W. Smales  
F. Brown



● ART CRAFT FACULTY

D. H. Alton  
M. Papworth  
R. J. Giles  
J. P. Todd  
G. E. Brennan  
O. Piggott



● SOCIAL SCIENCE  
FACULTY

J. Lacey  
R. E. Ellis  
L. Lomas



● MUSIC FACULTY

B. A. Chalmers  
J. Christenson  
B. J. Gleeson



● PHYSICAL  
EDUCATION FACULTY

P. Lidd  
V. J. Wallace  
Dr. P. Stretton  
J. Longden



## A SHORT STORY BASED

### ON A NORDIC LEGEND

by CAROL ARNOTT

The hot, white sun burnt down unmercifully on the yielding red soil in a remote region of the Australian desert. Save for an occasional clump of scrawny, xerophytic scrub this parched wasteland was barren of visible life. Even the hardy natives who peopled this ancient land did not dare to venture into this dry, unfriendly part of the country, void of all food.

Under such forbidding conditions it was strange to find life — alien to this mysterious land — struggling pitifully over the scorched earth which had been eroded to a flat plain through centuries of continual weathering. His skin was white, but its colour was scarcely recognizable underneath the coating of red dust which enveloped him. His eyes were puffed and bloodshot — his tongue and throat swollen and parched black. Save for one, small canvas bag this man carried no possessions. Where were his supplies? his horse? Surely no man would chance such a journey into hostile country without supplies!

Dragging his starved, pain-racked body over this indifferent land he uttered incomprehensible ravings through cracked and bleeding lips. Although the bulk of what he said was mumbled under his breath small phrases such as "aboriginal attack", "my partner", "it was worth killing for", and "I'll never give them up" were clearly spoken.

Apparently in need of rest the tortured body lurched to a stop beneath what shade a meagre clump of desert scrub had to offer from the penetrating rays of the intense, midday sun. He lay there, panting heavily — continually ranting and raving — and at odd times uttering wild bursts of uncontrollable laughter. Without apparent cause these uncanny ravings suddenly ceased, and, starting violently, he emitted a piercing scream. Grovelling frantically in the dry, sandy soil he retrieved his solitary possession — the small, insignificant bag — and feverishly ripped it open. Clumsily he emptied the contents and greedily fondled them. These small, dull pieces of rock he so hungrily fingered obviously meant everything to this man and he would do anything to keep them in his possession.

As he lay there, gloating over his ill-gotten wealth, there appeared without warning a flash of light, momentarily blinding this obsessed man. As the glow faded there appeared a figure dressed similarly to the wretched human being lying in the dust. In horror he tried to escape, but he was held to the spot as if by some supernatural power. The weird figure moved closer to the petrified man until its face was distinguishable. When he saw the face the dying man uttered a strangled cry of recognition and begged for mercy, screaming hysterically that he wanted help. The figure reached out a pair of gnarled, rough hands indicating that the man must give up the sack and its contents before he could expect any assistance. This the man blindly refused to do, burbling about committing murder to get them, he would never give them up — they belonged to him alone, now!

The strange figure persistently asked for their return, but the near-dead man, his mind a mass of uncontrollable hysteria, clung even more tenaciously to this small sack of stones which could determine his fate.

The figure faded into the distance, its voice echoing around the lunatic man, threatening punishment for the misdemeanour he had committed against his partner.

As suddenly as the strange figure had appeared before him a second figure came into view, not an animated figure as was the first, but a prostrate form, lying helplessly in the dirt and filth. What he saw was not a pretty sight. The eyes of the figure had been scavenged by birds, and multitudes of crawling maggots had made themselves at home in the vacant sockets. Carnivorous birds sat triumphantly on the bloated, half-rotted, maggot-infested intestinal organs of the figure gloating over their fruitful catch in such a desolate land.

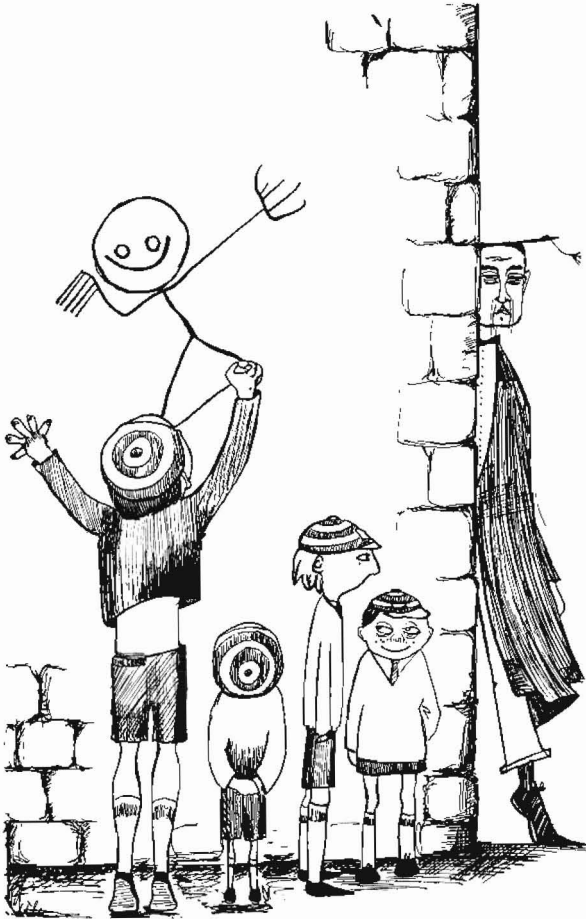


Nausea overcame the petrified man and, vomiting violently, he tried to escape from this ugly sight; but unseen forces compelled him to move towards this revolting figure. Suddenly he screamed in terror. This lacerated figure bore an exact resemblance to himself. On realising his fate the man protested wildly, pleading for mercy from his previous visitor, and flung his wretched body on to the parched earth. Blood oozed from his cracked mouth, and his fingertips were raw from continuous pawing at the ground in an attempt to dig a hole in which to seek refuge. Gasping frantically he struggled painfully to his feet and in a final fit of madness made a desperate dash towards nowhere in particular. Throwing up his skinny, unclad arms he uttered a loud, piercing scream which chilled the very heart of the land, and with a final horrifying convulsion he slumped to the ground — dead.

The bag which meant so much to him had been released from his possessive grasp; its contents were scattered in the red dust. Already the gentle wind was forming a protective blanket of dust over them — returning the opals to their rightful owner.

# EXKERSHUN NOATS

8th October, 1964



Mi naym iz tommy and reesantly i vizitted the frankstonge Teechas Skool. To fine owt ubowt teechas for soshal studees topik ow skool.

This skool az a prinzipel which is jus a fansi werd for Hedmarsta Butt he duzent balt the kidz. thir arr sum teechas thair hoo fuld me for a bit bekoz thay sed thay woz lecherers. Thay lik tu tork orl day and neva sho filums and hardlee eva rite on the bord.

Thair sum peapull corled stewedants hoo lissen tu wot the lecherers tork about.

Stewedants hav 3 things:

1. lechers
2. ass-em-blees
3. ess-ars-see

thir is a fized lecherer corled Mr. Lad hoo likes tu sho how strong he iz by lifting that mikrafon at ass-em-blees. thair iz also a stewedant corled Macks

Kwonchy hoo torks and evrywun klaps. the prinzipel cums and torks about toors and craks week joks and evry wun klaps.

Then Mr. Fly torks about checkers and stewedants hoo muk up notisez and sez see mee in mi offis at 4 oh klok. I gess he is the wun hoo balts the stewedants. the ess-ars-see prezidunt torks about incagements and evary wun klaps.

tha stewedants arr vairee groad-up koz the prinzipel sed tha boys and gurls can sit neer to each other at ass-em-blees. Sumtims at ass-em-blee is a woomun Miss Kandish.

Yu doant gett mourning milk butt tha boys orl get into thair kars and go tu dennis hoo eva **he** iz. then thay cum bak laffing and singing.

then at sho and Tell Time Kris Lotham holds up jumpurs (she is a stewedant tu).

Mr. Charmer getz angree and wayvz hiz fist tu mak tha stwedants sing at ass-em-blee.

and that iz tha end.

—TOMMY MEAKIN, Gr. 2  
Canadeean Bay Stayt Skool

## THE MILK RUN—

by DON GRAHAM

The loud-speaker in the Aircrew Ready Room cleared its throat. Instantly there was silence.

"Aircrew! Man your aircraft!"

They were ready. Sea Fury fighter pilots and Firefly bomber pilots and observers sprang to their feet and made for the door. Hurrying along the passage leading to the ladder to the Flight Deck, Lieutenant Commander Dave Gardner, Commanding Officer of the Firefly squadron, found himself in company with Lieutenant Commander Pete Miller, Commander of the Sea Fury squadron. The two emerged on to the Flight Deck together and stopped for an instant at the door.

In the pre-dawn dark the Flight Deck was a hive of activity. Aircrew were running to their aircraft which were ranged either side of the deck, fighters on the starboard side and bombers on the port.

Dave looked towards the east and Japan — to where the sun's rays were just starting to lighten the sky.

"Another day, another dollar," Pete laughed. "Looks like good flying weather; the Met. boys were right for a change. Don't worry about the Gooks, cobber. Us fighter boys will clean them up for you. There'll be a few more good Commies before that sun gets much higher. Dead ones! Should be a milk-run."

Dave turned without answering and ran for his 'plane. As he climbed into the cockpit three of the Furies on the starboard side started their engines. The pilots were gunning the engines as Dave's mechanic strapped him in.

"Good luck, sir!" shouted the mechanic, climbing down from the wing.

"Good luck," mused Dave. "As if we need luck!"

Waiting for the time to start engines he thought of the coming strike.

"Another milk-run," Pete had said. It probably would be.

At briefing they had been told that their target, the village of Pyong-do in North Korea, had been turned into a supply dump by the Red troops. To divert the Allies' interest the villagers stayed on, and the Reds had not mounted heavy defences. But American Intelligence had found out and had ordered both squadrons to destroy the village. First, the Furies would attack with their rockets and cannons to demoralize and wipe out the defenders. Then the Fireflies would go in and attack with their high explosives and napalm bombs to ensure that the dump was completely wiped out. Thirty aircraft against a tiny North Korean village! Dave couldn't help thinking of the women and children about to die — poor, ignorant peasants. However, this was war, or so he had been told.

"Time to start up skip."

It was Dave's observer. Dave pressed the starter button and jiggled the throttle as the engine roared into life. He ran the engine up, keeping his eyes on the cluster of gauges in front of him. The mechanic was standing at the wing tip looking up at Dave. The aircraft shook like a mad thing as Dave gave the engine full throttle and then cut it back. Everything seemed serviceable; Dave gave a thumbs-up signal to his mechanic who smiled and ducked away from the plane.

Now it was Dave's turn to go off. The director in front of the aircraft waved his arms in a beckoning motion and Dave released the brakes and opened the throttle slightly as the aircraft started to move. The directors, dancing in the slipstream like fantastic ballet dancers, passed him from one to the other as he taxied along the deck to the catapult. Their job was to keep a steady stream of aircraft moving up the deck.

Dave's aircraft jerked as it hit the chocks on the catapult and came to a stop — he was in position. The flight deck crew attached the wires to the plane and the catapult took up the strain. The Flight Deck Officer circled his green flag. Dave opened up the throttle and checked his gauges once more. He then gave a "thumbs-up" to the Officer who dropped his arm holding the flag. Dave experienced a mighty thump in the back and the aircraft was airborne, climbing away from the ship. Dave steered to his waiting position.

As he circled he gazed at the ship. It would be good to get back to her. He always felt slightly nervous on the first mission of a new tour of duty.

The ship had left the Japanese port of Sasebo the previous day. His thoughts slid back to a fortnight ago. The ship had finished its tour of duty in Korea and was heading for Kure. Dave was in his cabin, sprucing up his uniforms for the shore leave to come.

"Hey, Dave! Have you heard the news?"

It was Pete. He had the next-door cabin.

"What news?" asked Dave.

"Whacko, cobber. We're going to Sasebo instead of Kure. The Yank admiral wants to entertain us. Just think of the ball we'll have. Those Yank nurses — whacko!"

"Your'e joking," said Dave.

"No, I'm not. We were just told. You wait and see."

Just then the loudspeakers crackled.

"This is the Captain speaking . . ." As the Captain continued Dave's face fell in disappointment. He was looking forward to Kure as he had planned to ask Natalie to marry him.

The other Fireflies had joined up with Dave now. All the aircraft headed towards the Korean coast, the Furies ahead of and slightly above the bombers. All crews kept a sharp look-out, but no Mig's had been seen in this area. The famed Mig Alley was further north, but one never knew. They could be there.

As they crossed the rugged coast Dave let his thoughts slip away again.

He had met Natalie at a cocktail party aboard the ship in Kure. She was a nurse in the army Hospital at Hiro. Dave had been in the middle of an argument with Pete.

"The only good Red is a dead Red — soldier, civilian, man, woman or child," Pete stated.

"I can't help feeling sorry for the women and children," Dave replied. "This war isn't theirs."

"The trouble with you is that you're too soft, cobber," scoffed Pete.

"Am I really too soft?" thought Dave, as he had turned away. He knew Pete lived for flying and loved nothing better than combat missions. He hated the Communists with an intense hatred. Dave didn't know why. He had read a lot about Korea and could feel compassion for its people.

They had crossed the coast now, and were flying over mountains and occasional rice paddies. The Furies turned slightly and set course for Pyong-do, about fifteen minutes away.

"What a place to fight for!" mused Dave looking down at the countryside.

After the cocktail party Dave had taken Natalie to a Japanese cinema. The dialogue was in Japanese but they didn't care. A newsreel on Korea was shown. American and Commonwealth troops were taking a village. The English sub-title said simply that the village had been partly destroyed



by naval aircraft. Dave was sickened at the sight of the bodies lying in the streets — mostly civilians. It was the first time he had seen actual evidence of the destruction he had helped to bring about. On top of his argument with Pete it was too much.

The Furies had pressed on ahead and the Fireflies began to circle about ten miles from the target. Dave saw Pete's aircraft start its dive. He couldn't take his eyes off it, but he knew that the other Furies would be screaming in to attack. Then Pete released his rockets. Dave watched them speed toward the ground as Pete pulled his aircraft back into the sky. The rockets struck a hut which erupted into flame. Dave watched fascinated as more rockets ploughed into the village. Small explosions wrecked some of the huts.

"What am I doing here?" thought Dave. "This isn't our war. Why am I waiting to kill North Koreans?"

On one of his shore-leaves, spent with Natalie, they had gone by bus to Hiroshima. Standing before the ruins kept as a memorial to the Atom Bomb victims Dave had expressed his feelings on war and killing to Natalie.

"I just can't see the reason for it all. Here at Hiroshima innocent women and children were killed. Oh, I know they were Japanese and our enemies, but they were still women and children. I feel the same way when I lead an attack on a Korean village. Why must I do this — killing and maiming? Why must there be war?"

Suddenly some flak appeared near the Furies. The Reds had some anti-aircraft guns in action. Some of the Furies pounced on them, straffing the ground until the firing stopped. Then they resumed the attack on the village.

"Cleaning up the place for us," Dave thought. "Making sure it is a milk-run."

After his disappointment at not going to Kure Dave had phoned Natalie and asked her to marry him. She had said yes. Naturally he was breaking his neck to see her and to give her the ring. It would have to wait until after this tour of duty. Another fortnight and he could ask her properly. That was something to look forward to.

The Furies had ceased their attack. The village was a shambles. Smoke and flame billowed up from the burning huts. Small explosions helped to feed the fires.

"Not much left for us," said Dave's observer.

"No. Makes it easy, doesn't it?" Dave replied, adding to himself, "poor devils. Couldn't have been too many troops there. Probably all civilians. Wonder how many women and children were killed?"

The Furies re-formed astern of Pete and started back towards the Fireflies.

"Righto cobber. They're all yours. Get in there and blow them to pieces. We'll wait for you. You should have an easy run, but give us a squawk at any sign of trouble," came Pete's voice.

"Roger, going in. Follow me," Dave called.

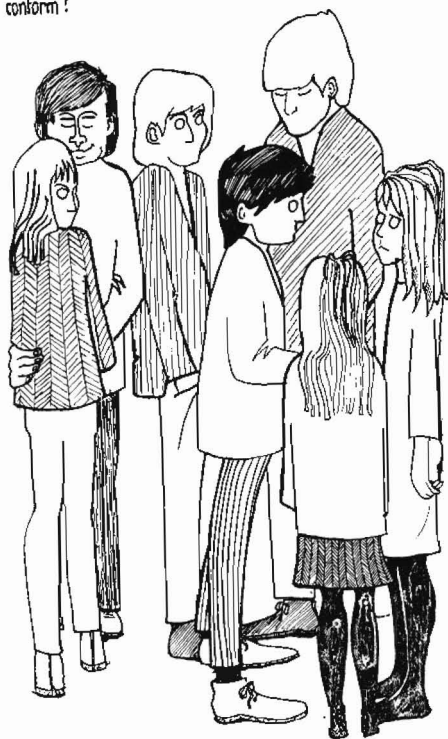
He switched on his bomb-sight, opened the throttle and pushed the control column forward. Dave lined the aircraft up on the least damaged part of the village and as the aircraft started its run-in on the target he pressed the row of switches to fuse his bombs.

"A milk-run," he thought. "The Furies have done all the dirty work for us. A real milk-run. Get this over with and get back to the ship in time for morning coffee."

Just then the anti-aircraft shell exploded in his cockpit.

## Personalities . . .

strange how the non-conformists conform?



## DECADENCE

Pinnacles, crags and blackened cliffs — the island  
stands — a fortress  
sculptured and shaped to a monstrous form,  
a threatening visage,  
a giant sea-serpent in an ocean storm.  
Upon these cliffs there rose a castle, half hidden  
by towering pines  
that whispered strange, unknown secrets,  
and tossed their boughs  
to the skies.  
The castle here dominates,  
a symbol of pathetic majesty,  
a refuge  
of tormented kings.  
Whilst amid these rocks and rills  
the sea-birds wheel, with slow,  
monotonous movement of wings,  
Beyond — beneath the trees, where  
tangled weeds and creepers grow,  
there lay  
an unkept grave — forgotten  
and forlorn  
— And, all amongst this ruin and decay  
a single wild red rose,  
a pure and fragrant bloom,  
stretched forth its thorny arms  
and bleeding head in an appeal  
against the years of scorn.  
And a shaft of light  
fell upon this grave;  
The sea fell silent,  
and the storm died away.



E. POMOTHY



**Teacher in Creative Activity . . .**



Samantha was different. That's what she told herself, and really believed, and told others when she got the chance. She was helped by her tall, slim figure and long dark hair that could be up in the smartest coiffure, or down, down in the beatest mop out. She relaxed in tight slacks, sloppy jumpers, vivid tights and short skirts. She dressed up very chic and fashionable in clothes she made herself.

Saturday night, nothing else to do, Samantha and a girl friend went to a well-known jazz dance. Here were others who saw the folly of the world and so were leaving its conventions — they were non-conformists.

They arrived at about nine-thirty. The hall was gloomy, smoky, dark; the faint smell of coffee drifted with the smoke. It was hard to find familiar faces in the dimness.

Samantha and her friend wandered in; seeing no one familiar in the gloom they sat down beside the wall, inconspicuous on the floor. Gradually faces began to appear out of the dimness, and forms, figures were lit up by the cool glow from the stage. Samantha had a feeling of satisfaction: "Isn't it terrific, 'Chelle? You feel so relaxed, as if you belong. It's all so casual and so — so different."

"Yeah."

A couple dancing on the dark floor saw Samantha and her friend and moved towards them: "Hi!" "How y'a goin'?" "See you later!" and moved on. Samantha continued to sit and watch the dancers. From her position she could see little more than a silhouette of rhythmically pumping bodies against the blue-green lights of the stage. Girls, with long hair of about the same length, parted in the middle, some turned up at the shoulders, long straight fringes. Big jumpers and jackets, some hanging long, some cut short at the hips. Thin legs, monotonously stepping out the rhythm in time with hands pumping like so many silent metronomes. Continual, aimless movement.

Robbie asked Samantha to dance. He was an old, close friend and she liked him. His greatest possession was a twinkle in his eye and a smile that said: "I've got a meaning in life that you miss. I can't tell you, but I can show you."

With a nod she accepted, stood up, and soon was part of the mass of jazzing dancers. Friendly chatter passed between the pair for a few moments, but conversation soon ran out and they fell to concentration on the music. The effect of the jazz and its expression in music was hypnotic. The silhouettes, all so alike in colourlessness, form and texture, formed a pattern on Samantha's brain. All she was seeing was the pattern, and she herself seemed to merge into it.

So familiar was she with the rhythm and steps involved that she became almost completely unaware of the individuals around her, including her partner; she was so fascinated by the pulsation of bodies and music that she felt the thrill of identification with these young people all so removed from convention, all gaining such complete satisfaction from the music and the dance. One unit moving in a pattern, though not in the same direction. What did the world or anyone matter now? Here was a place where non-conformists could belong.

Then, quite suddenly, after a brief pause, the tempo of the music changed. The pace was fast, vital, loud, and the rhythm was clearly, brilliantly marked. The trumpet screamed in a piercing, restless, perturbed melody which the trombone echoed in a vague, disturbed, lower key.

Surprised by this and by the sudden animation with which her partner began to dance Samantha was jerked back into reality. It dawned on her

inexplicably that she was a person among other persons, and they were all hidden, disguised in a pattern. Everyone looked the same, everyone danced the same, everyone dressed the same, and Samantha was part of it all. But she wanted to break away.

"Oh, Robbie, why can't we do something different?"

"What's the matter?" he answered coolly. "Are you sick of this dancing?"

"No, it's just that everyone's doing it. Look! Everyone's just the same; I'm just one of a crowd."

He laughed. "Don't worry, you're you. There could never be another person in the world the same as you! You're unique, every person is unique."

"But . . . I don't know . . . here I am trying to be different, and look at me — sloppy jumper, slacks, long hair — just like all these other people. What's the use? I might as well be conventional; I'm only defeating my purpose. Where do I go from here?"

Robbie was serious then. For several seconds he stared into space, thinking hard. "Samantha," he said, "there's more to it than you think."

"How? how?"

"It isn't what you look like, or how you dress that counts. It's something deeper, it's — it's what's inside, in your heart, and mind and soul — and then what comes out."

"I don't think I know what you mean Robbie."

"I'll see if I can show you. Let's wander over there."

As they gradually moved through the crowd, away from the band, Samantha noticed a red-gold light glowing out of the darkness near the door. Coming closer, she perceived an increase in vitality which was closely connected in her mind with the warm, fire-like glow from a tattered Chinese lantern hung by a high window. Slowly the pair edged closer to the apparent source of the good humour and animation. Then the centre of light and laughter appeared.

The light fell, gold, on the face and hands of the girl sitting by the wall. She was about twenty, had longish hair caught back in a band. Her jumper was bright orange, warm and vital. But she sat in a wheel-chair, her thin legs useless, hidden, her right hand curled into a barely mobile hook. Her face was screwed up with the effort of every word she spoke and her speech was slow.

Samantha felt sick. The sight of the polio victim repulsed her, not because the girl was ugly, for in spite of her deformity she was quite attractive. But that screwed up face, those tortured hands, useless legs said so much to her about suffering, pain, rejection, loneliness, and inability to live a full life.

"That poor girl," she said at length, "how can she bear to live? Much less come and watch us have a good time?"

"Come and meet her."

"I couldn't bear to."

"She's a good friend of mine. Perfectly normal and intelligent — above average in fact, and pretty cluey all round. She's just unfortunate physically . . . had polio when she was about fourteen and they thought she was going to die. Couldn't talk, or walk, or even sit up for ages. Now look at her."

"No. I'd be embarrassed — she'd think I was just curious."

"Don't be silly, Helen has more sense than that. She loves meeting people."

Samantha made no reply. As they danced she unobtrusively watched Helen. Two fairly young girls were carrying on an eager conversation with her, scattered with laughter, and a shy-looking boy on the other side was





being drawn into their fun. One or two couples dancing nearby joined in the jokes and in turn passed on witty comments to their friends. Despite the distortion which Helen's face showed when she spoke every word seemed to give pleasure to those who listened, not because she was an orator or a comedian, but because she spoke about the things which interested the people around her, because she was concerned that not one person she could contact would be left lonely or bored.

The effect on Samantha was strange. She felt drawn to this disfigured girl whose grotesque hand was gently tapping out the rhythm of the music. This girl who seemed to have not a thought for herself. Selfless. Giving. It was hard to tell just how she was giving, but it became clear to Samantha that Helen was giving part of herself away.

Samantha found herself with her back to Helen, trying not to look at her, but Robbie was talking to her and she watched his face. It lit up with the pleasure of seeing an old friend and immediately they were teasing each other good-naturedly.

"Who's your friend?" Helen asked.

"Oh, she's shy . . ."

"Come off it! I'm not," retorted Samantha, taking the bait. She did not look at Helen.

"O.K. Helen, meet Samantha. Sammie, meet Helen."

Samantha was embarrassed. She felt that Helen could read her mind and knew her rebellious fear.

"Hello, can I call you Sammie? It's not such a mouthful. But I suppose you're always being teased about your unusual name. I like it."

"Thanks. I like yours too." Then she thought: "Oh what a fool I am. Why can't I think of something original to say?"

Helen went on. She asked Samantha all about herself. Somehow she discovered her pet subject, Modern Art, and soon they were deep in a discussion of her favourite artists.

Samantha relaxed; they talked and talked, and laughed. Robbie stood by; only occasionally did he add a word or two to the conversation. But he was laughing to himself for Samantha was discovering something. She didn't know it yet, but he knew.

"You must be sick of just talking to me. Go and dance. That music is too good to waste."

"No! No, I can't go and leave you here."

Samantha no longer felt guilty about Helen. She knew the afflicted girl had something better than dancing — something that no one could ever take away from her — something different that was basic to her whole existence. The reason for her reluctance to dance was that Helen was wonderful to be with.

Suddenly that warm, flame-like light on the wall flickered, and Samantha knew that Helen and the glowing redness were somehow bound together. The light was a symbol of the outgoing warmth and love and concern, the complete devotion to giving to others. A lamp does not exist for itself; it exists for the light which is continually transferred to other objects which in turn reflect. The ragged, red shade matters very little. What matters is the filament inside, and that the light is allowed to get out. Now she knew why and how Helen was different.

## LONGING



Barbara was ill in bed when she heard a noise which reminded her of the rolling of waves on to the beach. She wanted to express, in some way, her feelings about the beach and took about half an hour to write this poem.

I long to stand in the bitter wind  
Well wrapped from the stinging sand,  
And hear the breakers wildly roar  
As they crash on the lonely land.  
I long to feel the cold, wet spray  
And hear the sea birds screaming.  
I long to be tossed into the shattering  
surf  
In its buffeting, rolling, breaking.  
I long to be free, to be soaring high,  
To be swooping and diving about  
O'er the rugged land and the surging  
sea  
To answer the wild wind's shout.  
To be one with the sea, and one with  
the wind  
This does my spirit plea,  
It cannot be bound, it cannot be  
caged,  
It must be forever free.

—BARBARA KING, Grade 6  
Frankston East State School

# OUTWARD BOUND

experienced by Miss J. Longden

"Participation in an Outward Bound School creates physical fitness that means 'run' instead of 'walk', an almost explosive energy, a tendency to climb up lounge room walls, and an enormous appetite." This would be a fair statement of the first obvious changes in the observed specimens, i.e. the unusual people who had returned, quite astonishingly, from 23 days of experimentation at Fisherman's point, Hawkesbury River. The specimens appeared to be very fond of talking, and this, combined with an inability to sit still, made them rather tiring to observe. However, these physical results continued only a little longer than the daily exercises and cold showers. In most cases this was about two to three days. As their muscles slowly returned to fat and their pace decreased what more lasting changes were noted?

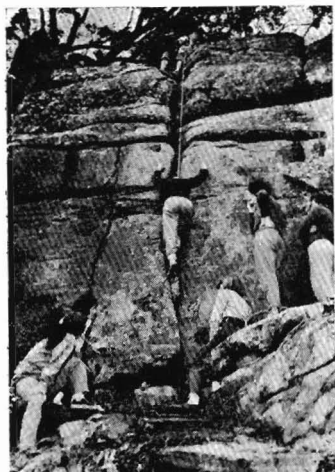
The striking feature was the effect on all participants. A random selection: they came from all walks of life, were within an age range of 16 to 24 years, had many different religions and a wide diversity of physical capabilities. Yet, although all went through varying degrees of private hardship a wonderful growth was obvious. This, of course, differed from person to person, and was at different levels, but something stimulated it in each one of them.

Stimulation was due partly to the isolated environment of the Outward Bound school with its efficient facilities and well-balanced activities, partly to the anonymous background of each student and partly to the fine quality of leadership offered. But most of all it was due to the students themselves, either grouped as a small community or acting as individuals. They grew because of themselves, because of their innate desire to meet and to overcome the challenges presented to them. If, in the course of this effort they failed, it was only another way of learning. And so by experimenting further, and by persistence, gradually they grew.

What was this growth they experienced? A willingness to "have a go?"



"Through Adventure".



the feeling of confidence brought about by a sense of achievement? A sense of urgency in their ability to persevere beyond their known limits? Perhaps it was, in most cases, the chance to re-establish or initiate a new set of spiritual values. These accomplishments in themselves seemed remarkable, and yet even more remarkable was the fact that they could be observed.

Most significant in their growth was their desire to live selflessly, each one giving of herself freely. Their food, clothing, home, strength, intelligence and friendship were shared as a result of pressured community life, of having to exist together, for security, through many difficult times. Sharing then was a necessary part of their living efficiently, but gradually the conception altered to a form of offering mutual co-operation and interdependence. A "self" was offered and another "self" responded for mutual benefit, but more honestly because

they wanted to give. How different from the "self" existence and involvement of so many of us!

Outward Bounders, like elephants, have long memories. Many changes and developments will naturally occur, but the effects of 23 days at Fisherman's Point will never be forgotten. As caterpillars shed old cocoons, they have emerged, perhaps not as butterflies, but as new creatures with wonderful opportunities and a tremendous desire to use them.

### "Character Training"



## A BED-TIME STORY TO BE TOLD TO OUR GRANDCHILDREN SEVENTY YEARS HENCE.

by ROBYN SCOTT

Once upon a time there was a country called Australia in which eleven million people lived comfortably and in the belief that theirs was the best and happiest country in the world. There was a reasonable basis for this assumption as few people there were actually starving. Those who were unable, or not inclined to work, were supported by the Government in a sort of a fashion.

The only people who could be said to have been in anything like dire straits were the percentage of the older citizens who had outlived their usefulness to society anyhow. Not that these were in a completely hopeless position for the Government did give them some money upon which to exist (if not actually live in the broadest sense of the word). Some people even thought that more should be done for them, but these were overruled. It was generally thought that parliamentarians, disc-jockeys, and T.V. comperes who made people laugh were more deserving and — who ever saw a starving pensioner making people laugh? and so they were paid accordingly.

Well, anyway, this happy country had been endowed with a thing called the White Australia Policy. This was a device designed to keep people with skins that did not approximate to the shade of "white" enjoyed by the Australians out of their country. Of course it wasn't only a question of skin-colour, for many of these non-Australians didn't have the queer shaped eyes that Australians were so proud of, either.

Some of the Australians thought it might be a good idea if a percentage of these others were allowed to live in Australia. This was quite ridiculous; besides, there were some black men living there already. As a matter of fact they were living there before these white people. After the arrival of the whites, the black men (aborigines they were called) decided that the attitude of these new-comers was right because there were more of them, so they started to die. Some considered that if they cohabited with the whites their own obvious inferiority would be expunged. Needless to say they soon realized that this idea was quite ridiculous. Deciding to speed up their own extermination and abandoning any aims in life they commenced to drink themselves to death. In many parts of the land this opportunity was denied them by law. That is, if they were caught doing it, they were thrown into jail. But at least there they could die with a roof over their heads, which shows the extreme thoughtfulness of the white people. They were thoughtfully aided by the majority of whites who ignored them to death. In the rest of the world there were some people (about 2/3rds of the population really) who did not subscribe to the idea of white superiority. They dared suggest that it was a daft idea. They even hinted that the whites had been "taking them for a ride" by using their countries to supplement their own dwindling resources.

There was a part of the world called Asia then, which comprised countries whose occupants did not enjoy the comforts of the Australian way of life. In fact most of them were quite hungry; their rulers kept on telling them about Australia, a big place with a small population which wouldn't let Asians live there. Not that the rulers gave two hoots— but the thought of those selfish Australians served to keep the people's minds off their own poor living conditions.

Australia was a participant in the Colombo Plan which, among many things, helped to educate a few of these Asians. Most who were educated though came from the wealthier levels of society so that the peasants were still easily convinced of Australia's aloofness.

Not that the Australians were completely indifferent to Asian affairs. Why, they even invited Chinese soccer teams, Indian hockey teams and Japanese table-tennis teams to Australia to entertain the people. This shows how tolerant they could be, not at all like Sud Afrika who wouldn't even let their own non-whites into their sports teams.

One day some Asians decided it would be a good idea to go and live in Australia. Of course they couldn't go just like that, because, as I said, the Aussies were a bit unwilling to allow it. So an army went over and invaded. This piqued the Australians more than somewhat and they even shot a few Asians. But they decided that so long as the Asians were there they might as well stay. They even went so far as to rename the place "New China" in response to a suggestion from the Chinese Commander in Chief.

So you see I've been talking about our own country, children. If you're wondering what happened to the whites I'll tell you. Some considered that if they cohabited with the Asians their own inferiority would be expunged. Needless to say they soon realized that this idea was quite ludicrous. Deciding to speed up their own extermination and abandoning any aims in life they commenced to drink themselves to death. Except for about a million, who emigrated to a place called Israel which was inevitably amalgamated with the United Arab Republic.

Next time, children, I'll tell you all about: "The Sublimation of the American Culture by the Puerto Ricans". Now off you go, there's mother with your rice supper.



Sit on your (end)  
in the sun  
don't worry  
about another or  
one  
of the things;  
of the troubles  
with wings,  
that you worry  
about when  
you're not  
sitting on your  
(end) in the  
sun . . .

and it's hot  
in the sun  
and sot  
in the zun  
and is fun  
in the zun  
zuuuuunnnn.

## Education Day . . .

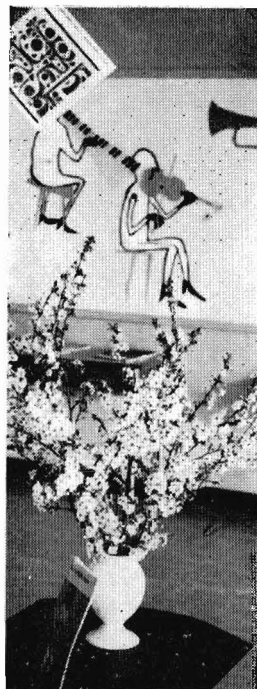


● EXPERIENCE IN CLAY  
MAGIC OF ART  
STRUAN



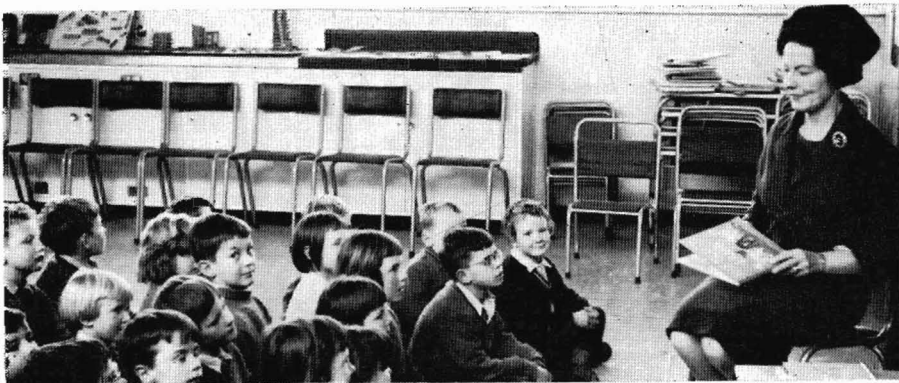
● CREATIVE MOVEMENT

● DISPLAY —  
MUSIC ROOM

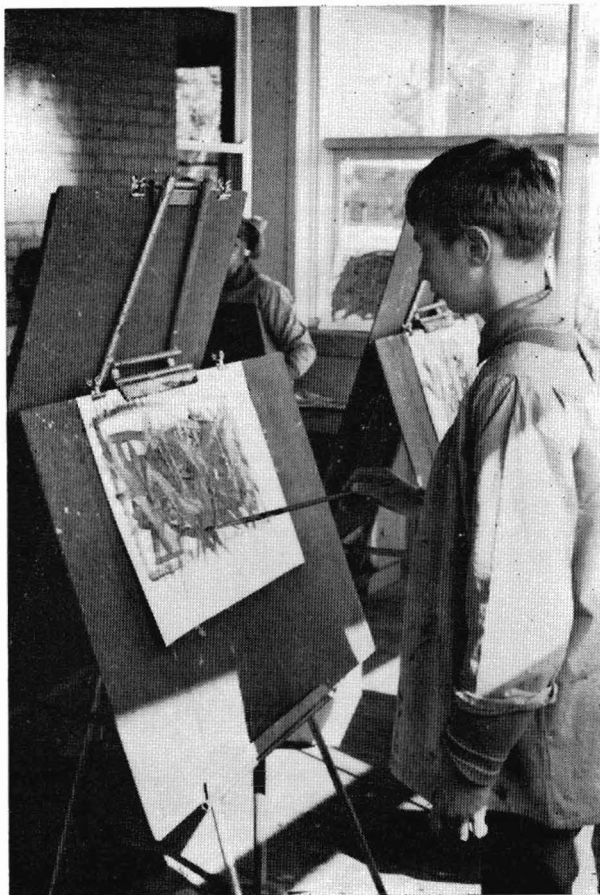


● DISPLAY — SOCIAL STUDIES ROOM



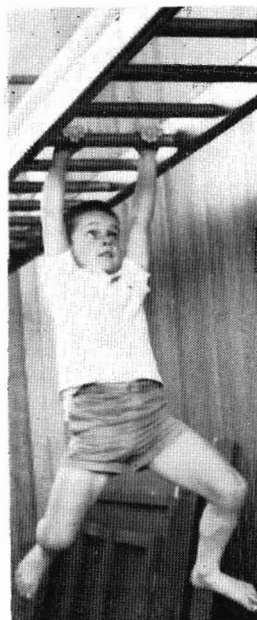


● TEACHER IN ACTION — MRS. KENNEDY WITH GRADE 1 PUPILS FROM A TRAINING SCHOOL



● THE STUDIO — MAGIC OF ART STRUAN

● WORKING OUT IN THE GYM.



## Struan Literary Award . . .

### SEA AND HUMANITY

There lies beneath me calm, serene,  
the sea,  
and the scented breeze blows lazy  
ripples  
from the water — so soft, alluring,  
free,  
to wash upon the rocks, the stony  
pebbles.  
An invitation to my weary limbs  
to be caressed — awoken by the  
waves —  
is satisfied and all my woes and  
whims  
are washed away. At once no more  
I crave  
for worldly things beyond my reach;  
I laugh,  
I plunge into the shimmering glassy  
depths;  
my throbbing body now the sea  
engulfs  
and peace my tortured brain accepts.  
Beneath the blue dash rainbow fish  
all ways  
while coral grows so weirdly motion-  
less,  
and clinging sea-weed floats and lies  
about me in shafts of sunlight's  
brightness.  
Afloat I dream, as the quiet buoyant  
pool  
embraces me, supports me lovingly,  
yet now I realize that a man's a fool,  
naively to trust in sea's security.  
Abruptly many a silent, cool lagoon  
may be a crashing mesh of horror,  
death  
and fear, etching, carving afflicting  
wound  
on wound on all God's creatures  
there beneath.  
The sea, now soothing, playful as a  
friend,  
a dangerous, treacherous foe can be,  
a two-faced being no-one can defend,  
Ocean, why must man be so like  
thee?

—LYNETTE SYKES

### "THE UNTAMED"

Nature's child —  
You so wild and free,  
at home with the harsh wilderness  
and empty hills,  
lost and drifting,  
like a poppy seed  
blown by the frolicking breeze.  
You — so distant and mysterious,  
devoid of culture  
and all aesthetic appreciation,  
yet sensitive  
to the music of the wind midst the  
trees,  
lulled by its whisperings  
to drowsiness, and peaceful ease.  
You — so headstrong and proud,  
so much a symbol  
of freedom and liberty,  
— a fearful captive  
Amidst noise and crowd;  
— nature's child; independent, cold,  
primitive and wild.

—E. POMOTHY

### "SACRIFICE"

The cold, grey dawn stole over all the  
field  
To break the eerie quiet of the night,  
A scene where France because of  
bloody fight  
Had made a place where crops no  
more would yield.  
'Twas here that men on horse and  
foot did wield  
Their failing strength against the foe-  
man's might.  
Here for a cause they thought was  
just and right  
They played the hand that fate alas  
had sealed.  
Here valiant brothers fighting side  
by side  
Were next to landlord bold and lowly  
slave,  
With personal fears, alone their own  
to hide.  
And for this cause their own life's  
blood they gave  
Until the silent night came like the  
tide,  
When life did turn to clay and hill  
to grave.

—PETER DENNISON

### "EYES"

Blind eyes, yet seeing.  
Eyes that see not as we but yet  
see more,  
That stand upon the frontiers of that  
far land,  
The throne of dreams  
And see the truth beyond,  
\_\_\_\_\_ and use it.  
To have one's eyes put out . . .  
Yet this is not blindness!  
Lack of sight — far the monuments  
of mankind —  
But yet not a lack where truth is  
seen  
And known  
For not all men know the truth  
And not all, knowing, obey it.  
The precepts and truths of our basic  
lives  
Are free to all  
And, though vital as the air,  
Are not seen by all of those with  
eyes.  
Eyes!  
What are eyes?  
Does a man need eyes to be honest?  
To follow his god?  
And love his fellow man?  
No.  
He has lost his eyes,  
And wildly indeed will he mourn their  
loss —  
But he is a man!  
He will face life and dictating his  
own terms  
Conquer life on the field of his mind  
And emerge from this sad trouble  
A yet greater man  
Than here before.  
A Tyrant may put out his eyes  
But, saving for that last, great, evil  
execution  
He has no recourse to the mind  
That Peleus holds so dear!

Anon.

## Teacher on Stage . . .



● PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

What a year! Perhaps Dr. Allen Cole, who spoke to us about Drama at an assembly early this year, would be pleased to note the amount of dramatic activity in College this year.

Following the usual custom, Shakespeare Day was celebrated on April 22nd with a presentation by first year students of the final scenes from "Antony and Cleopatra." Considerable talent was disclosed by the students who had volunteered to enact the difficult roles.

In May the College play season of two nights was the production of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman". This play represented a tremendous challenge to student players who proved the worth of attempting a demanding play. All staging and front of house work was carried out by Students working in committees under the direction of Third Year I.T.C. students of drama. The large cast worked efficiently in contributing to an interesting and often-moving performance.



● DEATH OF A SALESMAN

August saw the annual Gilbert and Sullivan production play to its usual packed houses. Many people contributed to the success of "Pirates of Penzance." Staff members who made strenuous efforts to ensure its success were Producer Brennan, Musical Director Gleeson, Wardrobe Papworth and Sets Giles. Students took all of the leading roles in the production, some were members of the orchestra, and others attended to duties backstage and at the front of the house. "Pirates of Penzance" proved a worthwhile effort, very successful and most enjoyable.

Ten days after "Pirates", the Concerts and Dramatics Committee squeezed in its own venture: "Student '64". Items — humorous and otherwise — were welded into a variety show by Concerts and Dramatics secretary Graeme Hindley. As always this proved to be an audience pleaser and provided an opportunity for over three hundred students to participate.

"Lugalalong", the successful lunch-time folk-singing effort, actually led to a profitable recording for radio performance. A Talent Quest, conducted by a group as its contribution to the College Fair, did its own share in unearthing ability and in fulfilling the aims of the Concerts and Dramatics Committee.

As a result of these various activities many of this year's students have discovered how much work is



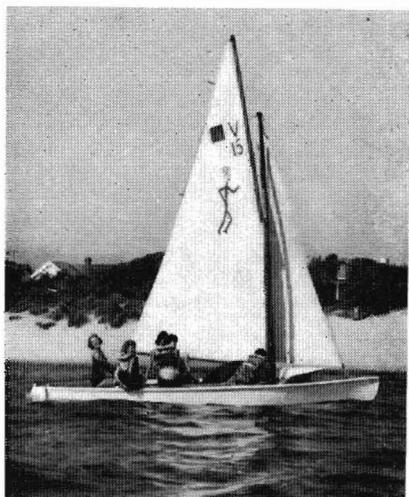
● SHAKESPEARE DAY

involved in "putting on a show". As well as the work of the producer, the musical director and actors there is so much other work to be done by teams in charge of set designing and erection, costumes, make-up, properties, promotion, stage managing, prompting, ushering, etc. One important result, then, of the work of the Concerts and Dramatics Committee this year has been the education of many students in the work of the theatre.

● BACKSTAGE



**Teacher at Sport . . .**



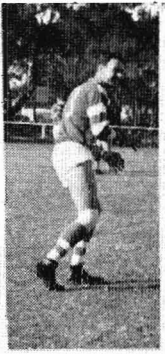
The Others at Sport . . .



A STRIKE!



INSPECTORIAL ACTION



LEG-HO!



WATCH THOSE LEGS



MISSED AGAIN

NINE MORE TIMES



## Assembly Speakers . . .



BEV. TREGEAR

"In one grade of six-to-seven-year-olds there were about eighty children." (New Guinea, Christmas 1963)



Mr. KEITH GLOVER

"For twenty-three out of each day's twenty-four hours, programmes, emanating from Melbourne, are beamed out to the overseas listening world. Its main function is to win friends and influence people'."

(Radio Australia)



Dr. A. COLE

"There is one sure way of curing our invalid theatre, and that is by the birth of the critical interest of those not professionally involved in the theatre."



MR. CYRIL MINNS AND ANDY

"When I left school I wanted to find a way of life where, in spite of my blindness, I would be independent."



MISS WATSON

"The work of my department depends on the interest of an informed public. Children should know that Victoria's wildlife is worth conserving and it is irreplaceable."



"From 1947, education in Japan for children between the ages of 6 and 15 has been compulsory, free, and is providing equality of opportunity for the children of Japan."



MISS KIMIKO ORIMOTO

Messrs. Jayalath and Welagedara and Mr. Ahmad Bin Taib. "We specialise in English, Maths., Social Studies, Art and Physical Education."



MR. FRY

"Who threw that 'Fair' soap?"

"Challenges issued by an Outward Bound camp are physical, mental, and moral."

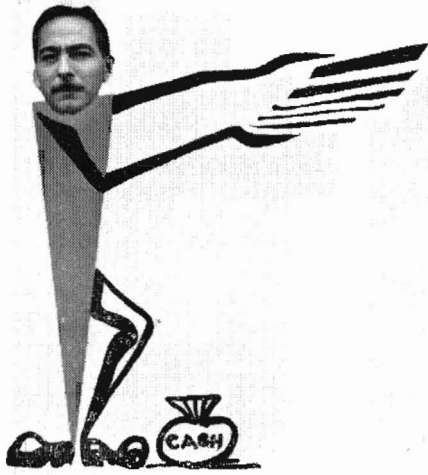


MISS JUDY LONGDEN

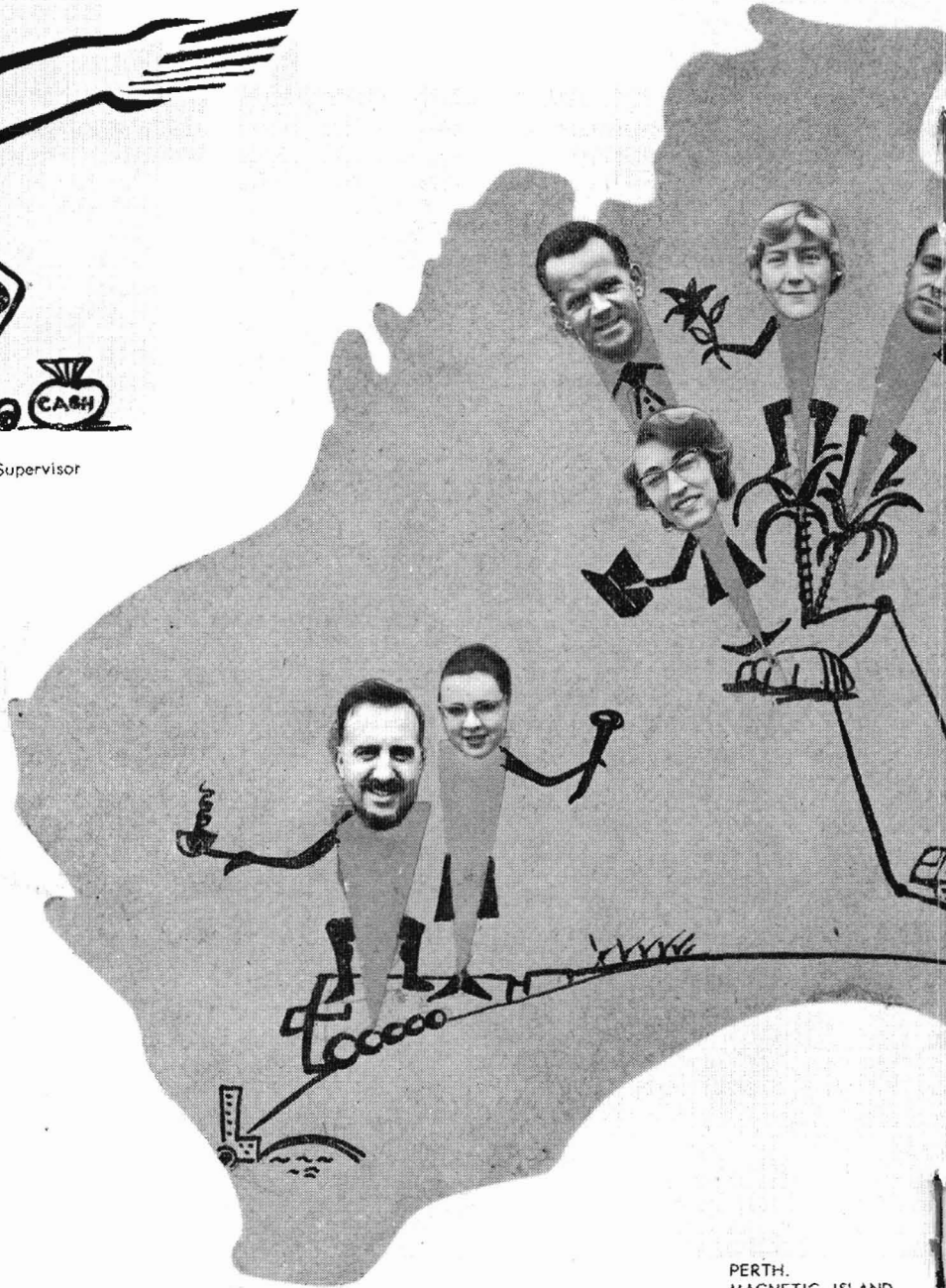


MR. N. HOLT

"Officers of the Mental Hygiene Department are especially anxious to speak to groups of teachers because the people dealt with in mental institutions are those whom society has failed to bring to a correct and full development."



Our Noble Supervisor



PERTH.  
MAGNETIC ISLAND  
TASMANIA  
CENTRAL AUSTRALIA (A)  
CENTRAL AUSTRALIA (P)  
CENTRAL AUSTRALIA (b)

AUSTRALIA DIGESTED — TOUR GUIDES PROVIDED.



(Ayers Rock)  
(Palm Valley)  
(by bus) camping trip

## Teacher on Tour . . .

### "THE PIONEERS" — THE FIRST OF MANY — "CENTRE" BY BUS

**Tuesday — D-Day.** Congrats, Mr. Jenkins. Your systematic organization of the hectic packing was wonderful; but there was no need to leave your own gear in the back of your car.

Confident, brave start; sunbaking, unique scenery, relaxation and fun ahead . . . (?).

Excitement soon deflated by a machine gun-like staccato. Just 40 miles from Melbourne and the bus groaned to rest. "All out for a photo!" (click, click). Sulky silence loomed. Feared this was the end of the adventure. A piston had shot clean through the engine wall.

Five freezing hours later, a new bus. After dark, bodies filled all corners in search of sleep — some even risked the floor.

Pow! SSSsssss . . . "Oh, no!" We changed the wheel. (click, flash).

**Wednesday, 1.30 a.m.** To bed at Pine Lodge Motel.

Nervously on the way to Broken Hill, wondering what might befall us.

A pause (click, click) at Murray Bridge and Lock 10 at the junction of the Murray and Darling Rivers highlighted this beautiful country of groves, vineyards and orchards.

Although feeling at home in Wentworth Prison we pushed on past the end of the 'good road'. We had, so far, been disappointed in that only three of the bus windows were made to open. The virtue of this was soon evident. Dust, hanging oppressively in the air, sluggishly thickened.

Lunch. (click, cli . . .) "Hey, who chased those emus away?" "The Great Anna Branch of the Darling" caused laughter. A name like that deserved more than a water-hole.

"Ladies to the left; gents to the right!" — Confusion. Two girls had to go so far they became lost — (found again).

Green land had long given way to brown (click, click). The flatness can only be realized when seen. Hundreds

of miles without a bump in the horizon. Awesome, lonely. Distant, flat-topped plateaus occasionally broke the horizon. Unique and mysterious. The nearest to true desert was occasional stretches of gibber plain — just small pebbles on a red earth, with no vegetation for miles.

Vegetation alternated between salt bush, nothing, sparse mulga and a few gums. Some wildflowers were evident in a few areas.

#### BROKEN HILL

The beautiful, modern N.S.W.-type railway station made ridiculous contrast with the crowded, almost slum area. Transformation, in other areas, brought about by the water pipe-line scheme.

Screaming, hepped hot-rods; women 3:1. Literally a hotel on every corner — just small, with few patrons, but numerous old verandah-type buildings.

This night, in an old, converted court house, a safe 16 miles out of the town. Usually used as a boys' only hostel, there was only one compartment of three showers. Scramble for claims. "Yer can't come in!"

**Thursday** (snore . . . snore) . . . er Mr. Jenkins, (snore . . .) (tap! tap!) . . . You'll er . . . get cold sleeping like that."

South west to Port Augusta. Burn was the border crossing (click, click). Oddly the good citizens of this two building town elected to erect a dignified public convenience (click, click) on the border. The men seemed to somehow think it funny.

From warm inland through cold, drizzling Flinders Ranges (click) to the coast (click) at sunset (click).

Walking around Port Augusta brought hoots and whistles (8:1 — women's favour). First night under canvas.

#### Friday.

The green, coastal strip did not prove very thick. Soon the trans-

continental railway and the Woomera pipe-line for a while were the only breaks to the browns of the dry inland.

At Kingoonya — dust, big verandahs, main street as big as a football field, not a blade of grass; met George Jenkins—proprietor of general store.

Night stop on the plains. We now saw the gradual process from favourite mattress to the hard, hard ground. We had gradually been worked down from home, to Motel, to Hostel bunks, to camping ground, to Gibber Plain.

First real taste of outback life. Rather warm, especially towards the back of the bus. The tour group beginning to feel and act as a congenial team.

Corroboree around huge fire. Organized activity finally exhausted after four hours. King's Chief Gartside, \*B.A.W.D. in classic rain dance. In near clear skies, light rain pattered by morning. "It was on" and didn't stop for three days.

\*Bloomin' Awful Witch Doctor.

Two deflated Lilo's convinced many that the ever-present Bindy-eye seeds had sharp points.

### **Friday.**

Kangaroos. Dome-shaped rocket shelters. Shuddering road corrugations. Vibrating cards, books and sleepers. Excitement of Coober Pedy soon revived our high spirits. Mail day. All the diggers milled in "the Store". What a store! Everything, nearly. Bearded, tough, friendly.

"No thanks. I wouldn't like to see your mine." We backed from the Hairy-faced ones, out the door, and on our way. It seemed that there 44 gallon drums cost £1 each. Water was just adequate along the track while not usually costing this much, and easy to drink.

With surprising stealth an aborigine appeared from the plain just 30 feet from our lunch-time fire. There he stood until approached and invited

over. He seemed to realize an appointed place, standing humbly 10 yards away. Riding on "Camulla" his family's arrival animated him. "Two bob — two bob" permitted the dignified posing for photographs.

"Charlie" the Mountain Devil (a 5-inch spiky lizard) became our mascot when sold to us by a native.

Disgusting! Rain at "The Rock". Still . . . click . . . click . . . click . . . click First sunshine for three days (curse Mr. G.).

### **Tuesday.**

Invitation by other tour finally forced us out of the clothes to which we had become attached . . . Beards prickling, we accepted. Came home, enjoyed repitching stormed camp.

**Wednesday** — In mourning.

**Thursday** — A few lost their memories in early hours of the morning.

**Friday** — Introduced to the beauties of 'The Alice' areas, Standley Chasm, Namatjira-type landscapes, Alice itself, native wall paintings.

**Saturday** — Another flat tyre. Mouldy bread can even taste good when hungry (hungry us, not bread).

**Sunday** — Woof! Woof! Coober Pedy again but men not found. A glorious red desert sunset: Very slow time, the road flooded 2½" for the first 11 miles. Often had to leave road.

**Monday** — Port Augusta. That police car wasn't legally arresting the girls — just checking they say. Such sentimental duty.

**Tuesday, Wednesday** — Green grass again.

A book could have been written here. It was a memorable, eye-opening experience. The only disappointments we suffered were that this first-of-many bus-camping tours, while such a success in every way, could never be long enough; and that I learnt, rather dramatically and bitterly, that some Australians really have strong colour prejudice.

G.R.H. & R.S.

## PERTH TOUR, 1964

Sunday, 30th August, we all joyfully boarded the "Overland" for what we expected to be a pleasant start to our journey. We all know better now! Little sleep was had by all — guess we weren't used to sleeping sitting up. What a night!

After a delightful (??) breakfast at Murray Bridge we travelled on to Adelaide where we wandered about for two hours before having lunch at the Railway Refreshment Rooms, then on to the train and off to Port Pirie. What a place!! — made especially exciting by a two hour wait on the station.

The "Trans" was late, but when it did arrive we were all eager to board it and have tea. Everyone made the most of their night on the "Trans" (don't get the wrong idea); such comfort, we could really lie down.

Tuesday was an unforgettable day, especially for those who had never crossed the Nullarbor before. We noticed the gradual change in the vegetation and when we reached a town, even if it did only consist of six or seven fettlers' houses of very individual design (like fun), we madly waved to any inhabitants in sight. Gee, they got a thrill.

At Cook we all piled out and made the most of our twenty minute break, took photos of any suitable sight and returned to the train. We were all promised camel rides, but to our disappointment there were no camels, only a few mangy dogs. It was a relaxing day and on arriving at Kalgoorlie at 8 p.m. we decided to go for an evening stroll around this wild town. Hiking around the streets we saw enough to put us off the idea of wanting to stay there, even if gold could be found.

After a night in a train carriage at Kalgoorlie station we went on a bus tour of the town. Bad luck we had to pick their Cup Day — everything

was shut so we couldn't go down to the mines. We were all pleased to board the train Wednesday night, for this was the last stage of our trek to Perth — hooray.

Thursday we arrived in Perth and for the next ten days we enjoyed ourselves. During the day we went on bus tours in and around Perth; and at night we did all sorts of things . . . depending on our likes and dislikes. Most of us made our way to Perth's picture theatres several times and some went to dances. There were 2000 sailors in Perth, but please note, we weren't allowed out with strange men.

The Rottnest Island trip will be remembered by all. Who do you think was the first to be seasick? Mr. Brennan, followed by our old pals Jan Beggs, Rose Warry and a few others. Many of our party entertained the other passengers with delightful renditions of "Little Peter Rabbit", etc., etc. A pleasant tour of the Island compensated for the rough boat trips even though we arrived back in Perth over an hour late.

Most of us managed to see Perth by night from King's Park. This wasn't on the itinerary but we all seemed to find a way of getting there somehow with some-one!! The lights were terrific; the view was marvellous.

The Yanchip Park trip and Darling Range tour, when we saw all the dams of Perth (and I mean when you've seen one dam you've seen the lot), were of interest and the tour to the B.P. Oil Refinery at Kwinana was enjoyed by all. We were serenaded on bus trips by the I.T.C. singing group. Some brave souls went for a swim at Rockingham while others were content to sunbake. It was bad luck that Wendy Huggins missed many trips because of illness.

After a free day, when we spent the remainder of our money, we

"taxied" out to Perth Airport for supper on our last night to farewell our good friends Miss Christensen and Miss Huggins on the 11.45 p.m. plane.

Saturday, our last day . . . Leaving Perth on the 6.20 p.m. train there were mixed feelings among the students; some were sad, some were glad to be going home, but I'm sure our Perth tour was enjoyed by all who shared in it.

We arrived in Melbourne on Tuesday morning, collected our baggage and travelled to our particular destinations, tired but ready to start College on Wednesday.

Many thanks to Mr. Brennan and Miss Christensen for their companionship on the tour; hope that they enjoyed it as much as we did and didn't find the responsibility of looking after us too wearing.

Mr. Brennan's two-way jokes and comments no doubt brightened the tour, while Miss Christensen was always ready, Dexasal in hand, to help those who weren't feeling well.

Some comments from Mr. Brennan — "Look girls, don't you know your voices echo all over this Hotel and it is 1.15 a.m. What about going to bed?"

—"I mean you are kidding about the roast lamb and mint sauce? There is an alternative? There isn't!! Oh well, I'll have roast lamb and mint sauce. (This was what we all heard at Yanchip Park)."

—"No, girls, I've told you before you're not going out with strangers. It's not that I don't trust you, but . . .

Miss Christensen: — Tap, tap, tap. "Jean . . . are you up? Are you sure you're up? Tap, tap, tap, "Are you up yet? Chris, come to the door and show me!"

Seriously though, thanks again to Mr. Brennan and Miss Christensen.

—JANET BYRNE.

## THE TASMANIAN TOUR

### Monday, 7th September:

Our party of 30 students, accompanied by Mrs. Ogden and Mr. Mutimer, arrived at Essendon eagerly looking forward to the tour of Tasmania. Our 'Super-Viscount' started an hour late because of engine trouble; this caused some uneasiness. We felt even worse when the plane started to perform gymnastics half-way across Bass Strait.

### Tuesday, 8th September:

Set off on a long, tiring, nauseating trip to Queenstown, a tiny corrugated-iron settlement which looked as if it had been dropped out of nowhere into the middle of the quarries.

### Wednesday, 9th September:

Oh, that bus! We covered another 168 miles on the way to Hobart, stopping at Tungatina, Lake St. Claire, the Salmon Ponds at Plenty and the 'Old Colony Inn' at New Norfolk — a honeymooner's paradise — arriving in the capital in time for tea at the Aberfeldy Hotel. One day was spent visiting Cadbury's at Claremont. Another day we went to Eaglehawk Neck and Port Arthur, passing the Blow-hole, Devil's Kitchen and Tasman's Arch en route. Our nights were mainly taken up by gadding about to the local picture theatres, ice-skating rink, bowling alley and rock dance. At the last place we made history by introducing the 'Hitchiker' to Hobart.

### Monday, 14th September:

Journeyed to Launceston where we visited a local radio station (7LA) and requested a cheerio that night. We continued to Devonport the next day, visiting Entally National House on the way.

We boarded the P.O.T. at 6.15 p.m. and spent an unforgettable night rocking and rolling across Bass Strait. We were still swaying on our feet next morning when we reached Williamstown, but Melbourne never looked more beautiful.

## Softball Team . . .



## PREMIERS, 1963-4

**FIRST ROW:** JAN BERRIE, Mr. K. MUTIMER (Coach), HELEN FLANDERS.

**SECOND ROW:** LESLIE GIBLETT, ANITA BAJINSKIS, BARBARA HANKS, FAYE PYKÉ, ROBYN GREEN.

**THIRD ROW:** HEATHER ROSS, MAREE STEINFORT, LYN GIBLETT.

Despite the fact that, during the season, key matches were played under "unplayable" conditions the Softball firsts won the Premiership.



## Basketball Team . . .



### PREMIERS, 1964

**FIRST ROW:** BRENDA CARPENTER, Miss J. LONGDEN (Coach), LYN BANKS.

**SECOND ROW:** MERILYN PAYNE, BARBARA HOFFMAN, JUDY BALLANTYNE, CAROL BOSWELL.

**THIRD ROW:** PAM HUNTINGFORD, RHONDA BUNBURY, ANNE WILSON.

Our Basketball second team, this year proving too strong for the opposition, won the college's first Basketball Premiership.

## DIARY OF TOUR TO AYERS ROCK

### Wednesday, 2nd September:

Left Melbourne in the very uncomfortable Overland. We had seats designed for sleeping. They didn't succeed in putting us to sleep, not even when Mr. Piggott tried to sing in his booming, baritone voice.

### Thursday, 3rd September.

Watches back  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. We wandered around Adelaide, went on to Port Pirie, then to Marree where we changed to the Ghan. What a train! We slept very soundly that night.

### Friday, 4th September.

It was announced quite calmly that we were only four hours late. Then, at 7.12 p.m. the train driver mis-guided the train. So we were derailed (it does not only happen in Victoria). The jolt had its effect . . . a light bulb fell on Susan's head, Beryl fell out of a top bunk, Mr. Piggott and Mr. Lacy met head on (both had lumps to prove it) and Miss Smales, who had been having a shower, collected a grazed shin. She did have the presence of mind to get dressed before investigating though! We were to be delayed slightly . . . only two hours. Two hours later . . . engine had not shifted. We went to bed.

### Saturday, 5th September.

Awoke . . . looked out window . . . same scenery . . . sand dunes in the Simpson Desert. At last, at 9.21 a.m., we shifted, arrived in Alice Springs 18 hours late (this is apparently good for the Ghan!). There are **men** too in Alice! Gail says so.

### Sunday, 6th September:

Left for Ayers Rock. Called at Mt. Ebenezer and Curtain Springs Station. It was raining at the Rock. First rain around Alice for years and we brought it! Celebrated Father's Day for Mr. Lacy.

### Monday, 7th September:

Day trip to the Olgas, climbed Mt. Bruce and into the Valley of the Winds. Drank billy-tea with gum leaves and twigs added especially for the effect.

### Tuesday, 8th September:

Morning . . . met the campers. Climbed Ayers Rock — surely you have seen those badges!

Afternoon . . . Tour of caves around the Rock. Initiation cave has blood stains on the wall. Many paintings have been defaced by tourists.

Evening . . . party at which we 'tourists' were entertained by the hardy 'campers'.

### Wednesday, 9th September:

Returned to Alice Springs . . . visited Angus Downs to buy Aboriginal souvenirs. Brian, the bus driver, had a phobia on keeping people awake. He roared every few minutes for us to 'wake-up.' We loved the Centre's Rivers too — wot, no water!

### Thursday, 10th September:

Morning tour of Alice Springs . . . saw the Tara Mara Gallery, the memorial to Albert Namatjira, the John Flynn Memorial Church, and Old Timers' Home where we spoke to an old Afghan camel driver. The Alice primary school is air-conditioned, has lawns, a swimming pool, good facilities, big rooms. Any takers?

### Friday, 11th September:

Bounced out on a tour of Simpson's Gap and Standley Chasm. The tours out there are mighty for slimers — all that climbing, and those roads! Standley Chasm does have the colouring we see in photographs when the sun floods in at about mid-day, although we didn't see it at the best time of the year. Simpson's Gap had water and beautiful sand to sun-bake on.

### **Saturday, 12th September:**

Left early for Trepahina Gorge, also saw Emily and Jessie Gaps (named after the daughters of the Surveyor of the first Overland telegraph). They were interesting, picturesque places too. The ghost gums make good powder too . . . don't they Val?

Afternoon . . . We went to the Henley-on-Todd celebrations held in the Todd river bed. We have now seen a great boat race — one held with no water. The bottom is cut from the boat, the team get inside, hold up the boat and run. One yacht ran aground — its sails caught in trees. Our part in these celebrations was as the 'marching monsters from Mars'. (We marched up and down and definitely could not degrade the College by associating ourselves with it.)

### **Sunday, 13th September:**

Arose very early, 5.30 a.m. to be exact, caught the Ghan at 8.00 a.m. and left. Certain members of our tour were almost lost at Finke when some of the locals decided that they needed cooks and jillaroos.

### **Monday, 14th September:**

Arrived at Adelaide (only 1 hour late). Changed to the Overlander and came home. Adelaide from Mt. Lofty at night was really beautiful, and we had the added attraction of being able to watch the Beatles on the drive-in as we passed. Had a birthday party for Gail and Sue.

### **Tuesday, 15th September:**

Saw Spencer Street at about 10 a.m. and they saw one very dirty mob. Still we had a marvellous trip!

Mr. Lacy and Mrs. Webb did a terrific job as our 'Daddy' and 'Mummy' . . . we had to adopt them so that they would not feel lost without their families, and 27 girls and Ian agree that they had a wonderful tour . . . the BEST, and we learnt a lot from it about people and places in other parts of Australia.

## **QUEENSLAND TOUR**

When Captain Cook's boat floated past Magnetic Island the compasses went berserk — the reaction of the compass is comparable with the effect the island had on the Frankston Teachers' College touring party.

As a result of the tour the College can now boast of having the best hula dancer in the Southern Hemisphere, namely Leilani Kennedy, who on the night of our Luow demonstrated to one and all her, up till then, undisclosed talents.

During this stay our four male members, headed by "Shark Bait Dolphin", had to be constantly restrained from interrupting certain carefree swimmers who frolicked in the waters of secluded coves. Our ever reliable and capable Dr. "Ben" Harvey (alias Taurus) capably dealt with all cases of malaria, diphtheria, sleeping sickness and toothache with a dab of vaseline or a spot of oil of cloves. Since our return to Frankston we've had trouble restraining "Monkey Legs" Handley from constantly ascending anything that vaguely resembles a coconut palm trunk, that is anything in an upright position (drainpipes, flagpoles, gateposts, etc.).

It is a foregone conclusion that one G. Levey, Esquire, will have no difficulty in obtaining spare cash from varying sources after his brilliant display of night photography — those "natural" poses.

We obtained our sea legs on our four hour trip to Palm Island — Leilani didn't fare too well — where we had trouble retrieving our clan from the natives who insisted we were long-lost relatives.

To sum up the tour we would like to quote certain members of the party: "We wouldn't have been dead for quids — we would have had to be stiff to be dead."

### LOYOLA REPORT

The Loyola group is a catholic organization which exists in the College. Its patron is Saint Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits and a prominent educator. The aims of Loyola are to provide a more Christian environment for students and to give them an opportunity to discuss their ideas and views. Its meetings are open to all College students.

It was discovered that the best way to achieve these aims was through informal discussions which gave all those students present an opportunity to express their opinions. Early in the year a few discussions were held. Topics such as "the need for Catholics to be well-informed about their religion" and "the attitude of the Catholic Church towards birth control" were discussed. A number of Catholics volunteered to work as Lay Catechists in their own parishes.

Loyola hopes for a more successful year in 1965. It is already planning open meetings, discussions, visiting speakers and films for next year. We pray for God's blessings on Loyola's future work.

—CLAIRE CARLIN

### T.C.C.F. NOTES

Can a full, vital, joyful life of complete peace and fulfilment be a reality today? Can a human being rely on God **absolutely** to supply **everything** he needs for life spiritually and materially? Can Bible truth be substantiated by historical research? Am I my brother's keeper?

These questions, and many others, have been discussed, illustrated by personal experience, answered and proved during the year's T.C.C.F. meetings. From our Bible stories we **know** we can experience a "fullness of life" found in Jesus.

One speaker told of her work amongst crippled children. This work, commenced in faith (with £5), has been maintained by faith alone. The money raised now totals £70,000, this coming not through any appeal but always in answer to prayer. Two speakers from the Institute of Archaeology illustrated the truth of Old Testament stories from archaeological research and discovery.

The group has maintained an interest in a Missionary Teacher in New Guinea, sending aids and a cuisenaire set in response to his appeals. Jumpers have also been donated to aid welfare work.

Next year's committee will function under Fred Piening (President) and Chris Pask (Vice-President).

We have found a "way" amid all the confusion and perplexity of life, we know the "Truth" beyond doubt, and we experience a wonderful, abundant "Life" in Jesus who said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

**LIFE**

by Ewen McPherson.

Life is a time  
Of trial  
And trouble,  
Life is a period  
Of testing  
And trying  
To better  
Ourselves  
And to be  
Better  
Than others  
Without caring  
How it is done  
Or who is hurt.  
Man,  
An animal  
Who lives and  
Is greedy,  
Wicked.  
He is evil  
And lustful,  
But would  
We change  
Him  
For a virtuous  
Demigod  
With no feelings  
Or faults  
That life  
Might be  
Smooth?  
Without trial  
Or trouble?



Or testing  
Or trying?  
No.

I like this  
Sinful world  
Of mine.

## Swimming Team . . .

## VICTORY, 1964



**FIRST ROW:** MARGARET TOKE, JILL DOUGLAS, YVONNE WEINBERG, Mr. W. DOLPHIN, Miss V. WALLACE, LEON GELLIE, JUDY BALLANTYNE, LYN REID.

**SECOND ROW:** NORM BOOTH, LOIS WILLIAMSON, HEATHER ROSS, BRONWYN SMITH, KAYE BISHOP, ELIZABETH LUND, SYBIL HAYES, JUDY MCKENZIE, BRENDA MENNIE, PETER WILLIAMS.

**THIRD ROW:** IAN MILLER, BILL BAILEY, JIM HEALEY, PAUL HAZELL, MAX BENNETT, JOHN GALLUS, MAX QUANCHI, NEIL LOVELESS, PHIL FAWCETT, VIN CLAXTON.

For the first time on record the Frankston Swimming Team won its section at the inter-college swimming carnival.

## Squash Team . . .

### PREMIERS, 1964



**FIRST ROW:** KAY HONIBALL, JULIE AARONS, MISS V. WALLACE (Coach), NEIL BARRAS, JAN BEGGS.

**SECOND ROW:** JIM HARVEY, LEONIE WRIGHT, JIM RICCHINI, JOHN FOLEY, MARILYN GIBBON, KEITH BOAST.

Thanks to the able coaching of Miss Wallace and the enthusiasm of the players our SQUASH team, premiers in 1963, won the 1964 Premiership.

## Hockey Team . . .

**PREMIERS, 1964**



**FIRST ROW:** ELIZABETH LUND, SYBIL HAYES, CHERYL MARCHESI.

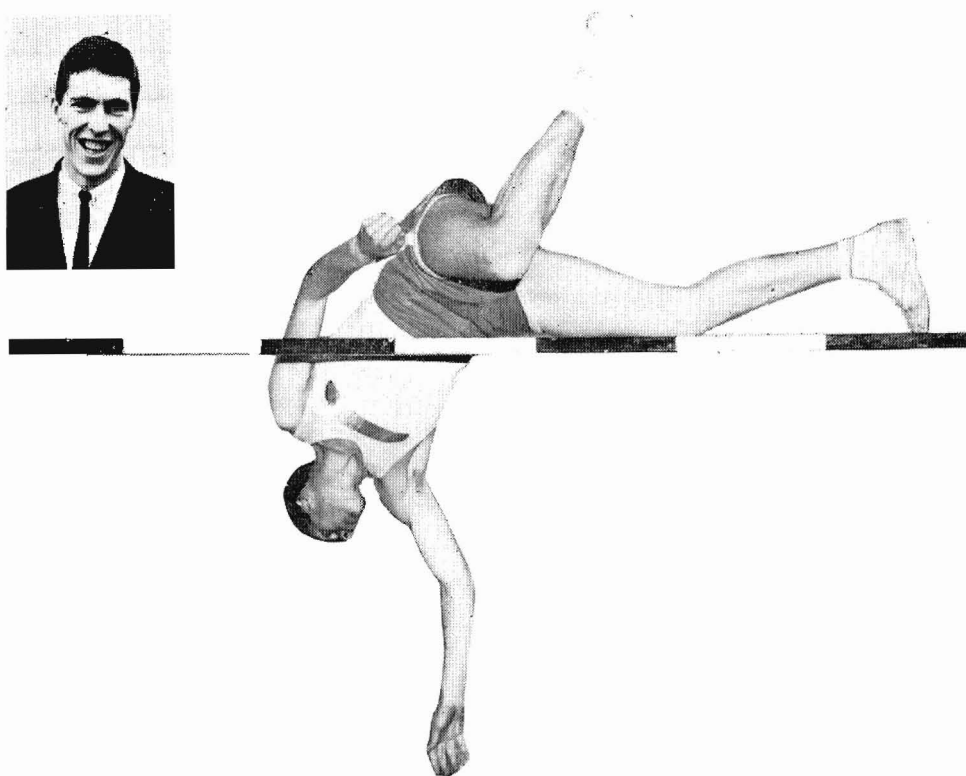
**SECOND ROW:** DALE SMITH, WENDY ROEDIGER, JUDY MCKENZIE, PAULINE KEAST, MARGARET FRY,  
LESLEY McCALL

**THIRD ROW:** ROSLYN BOYD, WENDY WILKINSON, JENNY REEVES.

1964 was a most successful year for our hockey teams. The first team was beaten in the final but the SECOND TEAM went on to win the premiership.



● TRIBUTE TO LAURIE PECKHAM — OUR OLYMPIAN, 1964



TOKYO — 1964

If the Japanese set out to ensure that the 18th Olympiad would be the most outstanding ever they certainly were successful. The planning was superb. There were sufficient attendants, guides and police to afford complete, comfortable control without ever becoming obtrusive.

All visitors were treated with the utmost friendliness and hospitality greeted us everywhere. The Japanese girls in particular made us very welcome and entreated us to correspond with them on our return.

The attention to detail was not limited to the Stadium which was a real show-piece. Training venues were established in all the villages around and the schedules for different countries to use them were prepared with complete fairness.

The accommodation showed detailed planning and supplied all that we required, even to the provision of long beds with an extra piece of mattress.

Once in a track suit all racial pettiness was dropped and one was merely a competitor. This applied to all nations and no privileges were sought by anyone.

The closing ceremony was most moving. I am sure everyone had a lump in his throat as he stood in the middle of the arena knowing that for 1964 the games were nearly over. More than anything else the closing of the Games made me determined to get to Mexico in 1968.

—LAURIE PECKHAM

Central Australian — Palm Valley  
Tour

ODE TO US

(To the tune of  
'The Queensland Stockman')

1. We've been up Alice Way for a  
type of holiday  
We've travelled more than Stuart  
ever did,  
We've ruined many a train and  
we won't be back again,  
For the railways couldn't ever  
stand the strain.

**Chorus:**

- With a pack of 30 girls—Uncle  
Owen and poor Win  
Did so much checking up that  
they did their four eyes in.  
While we all ran riot they tried  
to keep us free from sin;  
But we managed, managed,  
managed to slip a quick one  
in.
2. From Pt. Pirie to Marree we  
surveyed the scenery  
Then late that night upon the  
Ghan we jumped.  
We bribed the stewards for  
bunks but we didn't know  
those hunks  
Had the keys to all the doors  
and even more.
  3. Well we were Alice bound  
when we heard an awful  
sound  
The train becoming sand-dune  
bound.  
We had to have a laugh for poor  
Win was in the bath  
We thought her day had come  
for she landed on her **hum**
  4. We landed in Alice like souls  
from People's Palace  
And set about to change our  
luggage there.

- On the lawn we had no care, we  
transferred our underwear  
For a rugged trip we had to  
undergo.
5. Palm Valley we did tour, the  
natives they did lure us  
To jump upon the camel for a  
ride.  
Some mountains we ascended  
and there our day we ended  
When the dust storms swept us  
round in a shroud.
  6. Souvenirs we collected more  
than we expected  
And we swotted flies in almost  
every place.  
Back in Alice in our glory, we  
were told the mournful story  
That we'd live in tents cause  
that's the only space.
  7. Small tents we did discover and  
red dust our beds did smother  
So to old Uncle Owen we did  
trot.  
The boss was in a spot so we  
changed the blinking lot  
And the dirty sheets galore went  
out the door.
  8. Some dark clouds came our way,  
much to our dismay  
The rain began pelting down.  
Our clothes were strewn hither  
and we were in a dither  
For the morning found us float-  
ing in a river.
  9. To Ayers Rock we did go and the  
bus we had to row  
For the rain lay in lakes upon  
the ground.  
When we reached our destina-  
tion imagine our elation

- When we knew that some rooms  
for us they'd found.
10. We climbed the rock next day  
when the sun came out to stay  
And we huffed and puffed as up  
the face we toiled.  
Thanks to our driver John we  
found, Yes! that all our fears  
were groundless  
When that mighty rock our ef-  
forts would have failed.
11. We staggered tired and dumb  
thru' the sand and passed each  
gum.  
When down to the ground again  
we slid  
Our badges we proudly wore  
and though our legs and tails  
were sore  
We grinned and bore the bruises  
that we hid.
12. About I.T.C.'s and their frustra-  
tration, what primes say is  
without foundation  
And we found this out on visiting  
Ayers Rock.  
In Fertility Cave we rubbed the  
rock, in Maternity Cave we sat  
on the block  
So in future we will populate the  
Nation.
13. Back to Gillen and the tents then  
more packing and thence  
Once more aboard the Ghan we  
were borne.  
If we jumped the rails no more  
we'd reach fair Frankston  
shore  
By early on next Tuesday morn.

## Sports Committee Report. . .

### Aims of the Committee:

1. To provide suitable facilities and equipment.
2. To cater for the interests of all students.
3. To arrange inter-college trips to country colleges.

### Committee:

Composed of representatives from all sporting groups, this committee is headed by two secretaries—a man and a woman. All work is done in conjunction with the College's three Physical Education lecturers: Miss Wallace, Miss Longden and Mr. Ladd. The committee is grateful to these three people for their guidance and encouragement.

### Accomplishments during 1964:

1. Drinking taps were placed between the hockey and the football fields to save players that long walk back to college for a drink.
2. The oval was top-dressed and the grass cut; footballers and cricketers should enjoy their sport on this excellent ground in 1965.
3. The College's purchase of a tractor has facilitated the development of the spacious grounds around the buildings; for instance we now have a new hockey field and a new baseball diamond.
4. In conjunction with the Ground Developments Committee safety fences were erected around the basketball and hockey areas.
5. To develop a new sport in the college, dumbbells, weights and a weight-lifting bench were provided. This increased the range of sport available to students. Yoga and Bush-walking were also introduced this year.
6. This year, the sports trip to a country college was to Bendigo.

A special train took one hundred and eighty students and lecturers to a fog-shrouded Bendigo where they were welcomed by an enthusiastic band of Ned Kelly's followers. All in all, it was an enjoyable and a successful trip.

7. Our major accomplishment this year was the success of our swimming team in the inter-college carnival early in the year. The team swam excellently to gain places in most of the races. Supporters were well-voiced and remained to the end to see Frankston win its first major inter-college shield. Perhaps we shall be equally successful in November's Athletics Carnival. Added interest will be given to the athletics by the appearance of our Olympic representative Laurie Peckham.

### General:

Apart from these more noticeable accomplishments, every week small items of equipment were provided, inter-college games were arranged and facilities were made available to all sports groups. These efforts certainly proved worthwhile this year as eight out of our sixteen teams reached the grand finals in the inter-college sport. Our four premiership winners were Squash, Basketball Seconds, Hockey Seconds, and Softball Firsts.

There can be no doubt that the ability to participate in sporting activities is a great help to a teacher in gaining acceptance in the community. As the sports committee does its utmost to provide a wide range of sports for college students it feels that it is performing an important function.

—Marylou Hancock  
—Max Quanchi

## BASKETBALL

This year, once again, the International Rules Basketballers did their best and, despite their shortage of seasoned players, they managed to come fourth in the inter-college competition.

Five college teams entered a local competition; matches were played in the college hall each week. Three of the teams were composed of women students, one of men stud-

ents, and the other was a male staff team. In the main winter competition the Kittywakes (one of the college teams) won the women's competition. Both of the men's teams reached the finals, the staff being defeated in the grand final by the Army Apprentices from Balcombe.

J. Gaywood, J. Lethlean, R. Bunbury and B. Bright are to be congratulated on their selection for the Country Week Fixtures this year.

---

## BUSHWALKING 1964

During the winter term a dozen enthusiastic bushwalkers, under the most capable guidance of Miss Smales, conducted many exhausting but pleasant walks. Areas included Frankston, the Military Reserve, Moorooduc, Mornington, Pearcedale, Beaumaris and Carrum Downs.

After "cutting our teeth" on Arthur's Seat and timing our walking speed on flat ground (average was 4 m.p.h.), we divided the sheep from the lambs.

We walked an average of six miles each week on a planned route about which a detailed report was furnished. During the wet afternoons Miss Smales imparted to us some of her "bush lore"—we studied maps, compass reading, equipment required for a walk camp, etc.

In all a most profitable and enjoyable time was had by all, thanks to those who planned the walks (not forgetting Mrs. Todd and Miss Smales).

—Christine Tarrant, E.2

## COLLEGE IMPROVEMENTS

As the Grounds Improvement Committee was late in being formed this year its members feel that their accomplishments were few. The S.R.C. grant of £200 was only partially expended. At the request of the Sports Committee two fences were placed around the basketball courts. Money was also spent on improving the football ground and in buying trees for the area between the music room and the student block.

The Committee feels that it could have done more for the College if its projects had received the support of a greater number of students. If the Grounds Improvements Committee of future years is to be a useful institution then the student body must make its demands of the Committee, and must give its active support to these projects.

The retiring Committee would like to encourage the incoming Committee to continue College improvements.

—Patricia Hall

## Social Events . . .

This year, thanks to a generous donation from the S.R.C., the Social Committee has been able to sit down and arrange for "extra-curricular functions of a social nature for the student body" without keeping an observant and somewhat cautious eye on finance.

The social year began very brightly with the Welcome Dance to the first year students. Coloured lights illuminating the links, a packed common room and a beautiful night all helped to start the year off with a 'bang'.

No doubt one of the highlights of social life came with the Beatle Dance. The "Flies" created the necessary beatlish atmosphere along with the cut-outs of the 'mop-haired Quartet'.

"Come to the sports dance and give Laurie Peckham a warm send-off to Tokyo", was the whisper towards the end of second term. No doubt the presence of the "Chessmen" with Merve Benton helped greatly to attract the crowd, but we must not discount the effect of Laurie's magnetic good looks.

After weeks of preparation our Winter Ball finally moved into full swing on June 21st at Moorabbin Town Hall. The South Seas Theme provided plenty of colour; no doubt the excellent attendance helped towards the Ball's success.

Several groups ran functions during the year and these proved to be very successful.

In conclusion I would like to thank all the group members and staff reps., Mrs. McMahan and Mr. Chalmers, for their unfailing support of all the committee functions throughout the year.

—Geoff Levey

## Social Service . . .

In keeping with college tradition, students again were busy this past year in various forms of service. There were three main channels: personal service, donations of money and material, and collections around College and Frankston.

The emphasis in '64 was upon personal service where individuals, mainly children, received direct help. Such organizations as Andrew Kerr Memorial Home and Menzies Boys' Home were visited regularly and tuition and other help given on a personal level.

A great deal of money, about £170, was raised and expended on such worthy objectives as The Royal Children's Hospital Appeal and helping to train a Seeing-Eye Dog.

We were busy in assisting community efforts by participating in the Asthma Appeal, Red Cross and the Legacy Appeal. All these activities, and many more, add up to a successful year in Social Service.

But what of next year? 1965 will provide many opportunities for exit students to do practical social service work in their schools. If you are active and show an interest the children will too. Students of 1965, no doubt, will be challenged in many ways to serve the community.

I would like to thank all students and members of staff who have helped me during this year in Social Service, and wish them all the best of luck in their teaching careers.

—Chris Lothian



## V.T.U. NEWS

### V.T.U. Committee at Frankston

The College Trainees' V.T.U. Branch commenced activity with the nomination from each group of a "V.T.U. rep.". It was emphasized that whilst group reps were expected to attend branch meetings to enable them to report back to V.T.U. members in their groups, every trainee member was entitled to attend and vote at these meetings.

Increased copies of the Union's Journal and useful supplements from it were made available.

The Union was 'there—in case', as so many desire it. Its expert advice and relatively vast resources proved useful to some of our members. (Expert recently defined as 'x'—the unknown quantity, and 'spurt'—a drip under pressure.)

Our greatest contribution was possibly a suggestion (later adopted) that a permanent Trainee Committee should be set up consisting of:

Trainee Council Reps., Interested Council Reps. of the past 3 years, Reps. from Teachers' Colleges' Staffs and Reps. of the various divisions in the V.T.U. This Committee will co-ordinate Trainees' Union ideas and resultant action, keep a 'watchful eye' on Trainee conditions, salaries, etc., and advise and assist with action designed to maintain or improve them.

The idea won support as it obviates a difficult problem of the trainee teacher, union-wise, considering his inexperience and therefore probable inability to effectively deal with the preservation and improvement of his conditions. Every trainee or apprentice faces the same problem. He is most interested in improving

trainee conditions when he is least capable of doing so. And when he is capable (by union experience) of doing something about trainee conditions he is understandably not fired with the same enthusiasm to act, not being in the situation.

A Standing Committee, as proposed by our branch, will provide experience and guidance, together with ideas to base action on. It seems that non-trainees on this Committee may have to serve without having a vote, but this is a small price considering the advantages to all teachers of improved trainee conditions.

### People: 1964 Office-bearers:

President, Bob Crook; Secretary, Jenny Bradley; Council Rep., John Foley. Assistance is also acknowledged with thanks from 'Liaison Officer' Mr. Brown and from Mr. Mutimer, Councillor for Teachers' Colleges' Staffs.

### Recommendations for action in 1965:

1. Reports to Assembly and News-sheet to Tutor Meetings to awaken students union-wise.
2. Regular meetings with **invited** speakers to supply factual data.
3. The establishment of sub-committees on branch level to ensure plenty of ideas for activity, and
4. Regular reports from V.T.U. group reps. to groups.

### 1965 Office Bearers:

The President and Secretary for 1965 face the responsibility of providing for college students a democratic, non-departmental body which can reflect their ideas without fear of censure from a departmental officer.

The Council Representative must exercise the vote for Bendigo, Ballarat, Geelong and Frankston Colleges on the V.T.U. Council—the 40-man body which governs the 23,000 strong V.T.U. between Conferences. Best wishes to him (or her) in this responsible post. I know that by the time this is printed Frankston will have a Councillor in whose judgment Trainees will have confidence.

—John Foley, 1964 Council Rep.

## Welfare Association . . .

The Welfare Committee's year began with an air of enthusiasm when Miss Kentish spoke at the well-attended Annual meeting. Mr. Malkin was re-elected as president and was ably assisted by the vice-president, Mrs. Mennie. Mr. Bell once again proved to be a most competent treasurer. It was very gratifying to find ex-student, Neil Toyne, standing for and being elected as Secretary. Miss Homes and Mr. Ladd capably filled the positions held by the staff.

Thanks must be extended to the R.A.A.F. band which officiated at the annual garden party. It was a most enjoyable afternoon with the proceeds from the afternoon tea going to the Jane Carrigg Fund.

The dressing rooms provided by the Welfare Committee proved to be a great asset during several hall productions and were appreciated by the casts.

Once again the Fair was a great success. The Welfare Committee and the student body extend their special thanks to Mr. Prowse, Anna Jurkiw and Ken Milsom who worked for the Fair through the co-ordinating committee.

Added incentive to work yet harder for the Fair came from the purchase of the tractor bought from last year's Fair proceeds. The tractor has already proved invaluable.

As "Struan" goes to press Welfare for '64 has one more important function to promote: the Mannequin Parade. It is hoped that this year's support for this occasion will be even greater than it was last year.

### THE FAIR

Huddled around a small table in the corner of a rather large room the five strategists plotted their moves in what was to be the biggest manoeuvre of the year, F-Day. "Let's hope for fine conditions Jack," the leader of the group said with concern writ-

ten clearly on his face." Don't worry, Alf, with our well-equipped battle group, being some five hundred strong, we should be assured of success regardless of conditions." It was this type of optimistic outlook which boosted the morale of the frowning, frustrated five. F-Day was set for October 3rd at 1100 hours, a time some months away at that stage.

We had the raw materials of an attack force but training was essential. These five hundred unprepared recruits were about to be subjected to a concentrated campaign which, it was hoped, would prepare them for F-Day. Per medium of advertising posters and verbal activity at the weekly meetings of the T.P.T.C./T.I.T.C. groups the doctrines were spread—minds were being geared to think about F-Day.

Very gradually our supplies were being built up. Within only a few days of F-Day we were still insufficiently equipped. Battle group leaders were rushing about frantic with worry. There was an overall sigh of relief when supplies eventually got through—everything was set for F-Day.

Early on October 3rd, that all important day, our army was strategically positioned. Leaders scanned the horizon for signs of the invasion forces. It was raining, visibility was bad. The attack was set for 1100 hours. At 1030 hours the first invasion forces were sighted. Moving in swiftly, silently, and armed with Libra-Solidus-Denarius type weapons they came. Our group, not to be caught "on the hop", moved into action.

Five hours of fierce fighting saw the opposing forces hastily retreat. When the smoke cleared away at approximately 1630 hours our triumphant army stood amongst the debris. We had won another battle.

—Ken Milsom, Anna Jurkiw



## Exit Group I.T.C. 3A . . .



**FRONT ROW:** BETH MONTGOMERY, NATALIE DONELLY, LEON GELLIE, ANNE STIRTON, Mrs. P. KENNEDY, Mr. K. MUTIMER, SUE ODGERS, SUE PEARSON, MARJORIE CHAPMAN, MARILYN WATSON.

**SECOND ROW:** VALERIE EDWARDS, YVONNE CULLEN, CHERYL MARCHESI, MARY HANCOCK, ANGELIKA REIBNEGGER, PAMELA BULL, ELIZABETH ROWAN, GILLIAN NIXON, SUE MURPHY, SUE BAINBRIDGE, LESLEY GIBLETT, PATRICIA LATHAM.

**BACK ROW:** MARGARET HUNTER, JUDITH BROWN, GLENDA McCOMB, DOROTHY TROTMAN, BEVERLEY TREGEAR, CAROLE YOUNG, JANET BERRIE, ELAINE RAMSAY, WYNETTE WALLACE.

## Group Notes 3A . . .

### HELEN ANGUEY:

Ambition: To marry a millionaire in order to leave the field.

Theme song: I want to be Bobby's girl.

Probable fate: To be put out to pasture.

### SUE BAINBRIDGE:

Ambition: To go to "Outward Bound."

Theme song: Don't fence Me In.

Probable Fate: An inward bound wife with an outward bound husband.

### JAN BERRIE:

Ambition: To bomb Channel 2.

Theme Song: So Tough.

Probable Fate: To replace Corinne Kerby so that she will not Peter out.

### JUDY BROWN:

Ambition: To have a house with a courtyard.

Theme Song: ' Big D Little Allas.

Probable Fate: A holiday at the Governor's leisure.

### PAM BULL:

Ambition: To hitch hike around Australia.

Theme Song: Happy Wanderer.

Probable Fate: To run out of petrol.

### MARJ. CHAPMAN:

Ambition: To be a regulation size.

Theme song: Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue or Sixteen Tons.

Probable Fate: To marry a leprechaun.

### YVONNE CULLEN:

Ambition: To have a tidy bedroom.

Theme Song: Little Boxes.

Probable Fate: To marry an undertaker.

### NATALIE DONNELLY:

Ambition: To join the Y.L.'s.

Theme Song: Hello Young Lovers.

Probable Fate: To become a frustrated labourer.

### BABETTE EAGLE:

Ambition: To marry a wealthy farmer.

Theme Song: Can't Buy Me Love.

Probable Fate: An I.M. with a private vin'yard.

### VAL EDWARDS:

Ambition: To travel widely.

Theme Song: Cruisin Down The River, or Moonlight Swim.

Probable Fate: Confinement.

### LEON GELLIE:

Ambition: To argue in lectures.

Theme Song: She's A Rebel.

Probable Fate: To have as much leeway as possible.

### LESLEY GIBLETT:

Ambition: To prevent Gerald getting any la(r)ger.

Theme Song: Oh Have You Ever Swung On A Bar.

Probable Fate: To live happily but bitterly in Foster.

### MARY HANCOCK:

Ambition: To paint Sydney red.

Theme Song: Frosty the Snowman.

Probable Fate: To marry a reddleman.

### MARG HUNTER:

Ambition: An army bride.

Theme Song: Christopher Robin.

Probable Fate: An ex-army bridegroom.

### PAT LATHAM:

Ambition: To be a cartoonist for Walt Disney.

Theme Song: When You Wish Upon A Star.

Probable Fate: Ticket seller at a cartoon hour show.

GLENDa McCOMB:

Ambition: To remain an I.M.  
Theme Song: Where Have All The  
Flowers Gone?  
Probable Fate: Building sand  
mounds.

CHERYL MARCHESI:

Ambition: To arrest Quick Draw  
McGraw.  
Theme Song: Cowboy In The Con-  
tinentaI Suit.  
Probable Fate: To be out-drawn.

SUE MURPHY:

Ambition: Six black-haired child-  
ren.  
Theme Song: Scarlet O'Hara.  
Probable Fate: Advertising matches.

BETH MONTGOMERY:

Ambition: To tame a lion.  
Theme Song: I'm a great big tiger.  
Probable Fate: To be a zoo-keeper.

JILL NIXON:

Ambition: A city school.  
Theme Song: Show Me The Way To  
Go Home.  
Probable Fate: Nar Nar Goon.

SUE ODGERS:

Ambition: Instant coffee breaks with  
rich young executives.  
Theme Song: You're The Cream In  
My Coffee.  
Probable Fate: Being tea lady at  
Bandiwallop South.

SUE PEARSON:

Ambition :To honeymoon on Mag-  
netic Island.  
Theme Song: Ukelele Lady.  
Probable Fate: To be knocked un-  
conscious by a coconut.

DOROTHY TROTMAN:

Ambition: To be a guard at Bucking-  
ham Palace.  
Theme Song: God Save The Queen.  
Probable Fate: The second Guy  
Fawkes.

WYNETTE WALLACE:

Ambition: A Contemporary house for  
two.  
Theme Song: Drink, Drink, Drink.  
Probable Fate: A temporary house  
for six.

MARILYN WATSON:

Ambition: To get a Prep Grade.  
Theme Song: With A Little Bit of  
Luck.  
Probable Fate: Her own Prep grade  
of red-headed children.

CAROL YOUNG:

Ambition: To have a house with a  
double garage within two years.  
Theme Song: What Is Tommy Run-  
ning For?  
Probable Fate: Success.

ELAINE RAMSAY:

Ambition: To be an I.M. at Hillend  
Walhalla Consolidated.  
Theme Song: Digging, Digging With  
My Spade.  
Probable Fate: To make Hay (ward)  
while the sun shines.

ANGELIQUE REIBNEGGER:

Ambition: To be an I.M. at Finke  
River.  
Theme Song: My Boomerang Won't  
Come Back.  
Probable Fate: Director of education-  
al tours up Kananook Creek.

LIZ. ROWAN:

Ambition: A Karmann Ghia.  
Theme Song: Driving Along In My  
Automobile.  
Probable Fate: A Hot Rod.

ANNE STIRTON:

Ambition: To be I.M. at California  
Gully.  
Theme Song: California, Here I  
Come.  
Probable Fate: To have her Phil.

BEV. TREGGAR:

Ambition: To have S.R.C. Hand(!)ey  
at all times.  
Theme Song: I Met A Man Called  
Peter.  
Probable Fate: To prove to the  
world that Vice is nice.

**Exit Group I.T.C. 3B . . .**



**FRONT ROW:** MARY TEDESCO, DIANE LIPPIATT, ELIZABETH MALKIN, MAUREEN O'SHEA, M. BROWN, J. TODD, JANICE BEGGS, PAMELA MORRISON, SANDRA BUCHAN, JEAN WARD.

**SECOND ROW:** DEIRDRE ODEN, ROSEMARY FACEY, GABRIELLE CALLANAN, ROBYN GREEN, JOELLE MASON, EDNA BRIGGS, MARILYN GIBBON, MARIE-THERESE DEVENEY, LOIS EDWARDS, KAYE FISHER

**BACK ROW:** CARROLE REYNOLDS, JUDITH JOHNSON, HAZEL RAPAPORT, BERYL HANSFORD, MAUREEN PHILLIPS, ANNE WILSON, PAULINE NICOL, ELLEN DORIAN, MARION SMITH, ELAINE CRIPPS, LORRAINE ARROWSMITH.

## Group Notes 3B . . .

Here we've been for three long years,  
At times we've almost been bored  
to tears.

Although we had our times of debt  
When Marie asked us to place our  
bets.

While Lora has a smashing time  
Her pottery turns out looking fine.  
"But don't you think . . .," young  
Mary says,

For a WEB footed footballer they  
say Kay cares.

From Maureen to Gillian she'd change  
her name,

To wedge her clay Gay tries in vain.  
Dee came back looking mighty brown,  
They say Ruth's sheepfarm is just  
out of town.

The WESTONS on T.V. keep Rose-  
mary glued,

I hope for this script the writer's  
not sued.

Maureen P you can't BULL'ER,

Beryl's car could be fuller.

(Her battery fell out on the ground,  
you know),

And poor Lois's ended up in a GRATE  
mess . . . so

She envied Phil on a horse — too  
slow!

And Sandra, it's only 200 miles to go.  
Of passing exams Elaine "knows the  
trick"

And to you she's going to show it.

And we've heard the latest on Jean's  
jumper,

At last she's going to sew it.

"Now here's a sweet girl," her name's  
Pam M,

And Minny's smart even though she's  
I.M.

A guitar and a song and Joelle's up  
the spout,

And here comes Ellen to help her out.

For Judy it's a ship-shape life,

They're late again, the trio's in strife.

Hazel's to utilize her aids at North  
Shore,

"The pink rod," says Maureen V,  
"that's number four."

Mal. knows what's pleasing. She  
learned that in Psych,

Pauline's still hoping she'll get a  
school she'll like.

Jan and Carrole both went to Perth,  
I bet there were giggles at night in  
that berth.

Elizabeth's keen on sex and hell,

That's her Psych. test, it went off  
well.

Diane's a barmaid in the local hotel  
And Robyn just told us that she is  
swell.

When we come to the end of the year  
I guess we'll all shed one little tear.  
Thank you everyone for helping us  
through,

If we get into trouble we'll remember  
you!

## Exit Group A2 . . .



**FRONT ROW:** JILL DOUGLAS, RUTH TARDREW, LESLEY FIMMEL, YVONNE WEINBERG, LEONIE WRIGHT, GARY PARKER, JACQUELINE GAYWOOD, MIRA KOSTIC, MERRILYN BROWN, NEILMA BOLGER.

**SECOND ROW:** STEWART COUTTS, KEVIN McGAW, JIM HARVEY, NEIL BARRAS, JACQUELINE GIBLETT, GRAEME HINDLEY, RODNEY PHILLIPS, IAN MILLER, GEOFFREY GRAHAM.

**BACK ROW:** STEWART OLIVER, PETER METHERALL, JOHN FOLEY, PETER WILLIAMS, IAN DUNWOODIE, JOSEPH ANDERSON, PETER HANDLEY.

## House Notes A2 . . .

### NUDE PINK

NEIL BARRAS (Capt.): We'll borrow your hessian mat . . .

LYN. GIBLETT: Not a plumber, but handles Fawcetts well.

JACQUIE GAYWOOD: A happy piece of timber.

GRAEME HINDLEY: About this revue . . .

PETER HANDLEY: Running for president.

KEVIN McGAW: Hanging five. One for the road, eh!

GARY PARKER: Last seen hanging five at Cat Bay.

### TURQUOISE

LEONIE WRIGHT (Capt.): Sun's Rays shine strongest on Melb. on Dec. 18th.

MERRILYN BROWN: Should have earned more house points for behaviour.

NEILMA BOLGER: I don't know. Ask Geoff.

RUTH TARDREW: Bernie's low-boy.

IAN DUNWOODIE: I.D. who hopes to be a DI.

PETER WILLIAMS: Effievescent Bendigo and June—25 bob and grog, too.

PHIL. BUZZACOTT: Part of the floating corps(e).

### RHUBARB RED

JOE. ANDERSON: I'll come . . . if I can get rid of the wife . . .

MIRA KOSTIC: We do admire'a.

JILL DOUGLAS: Doesn't know one end of the corridor from the other.

STEWART COUTTS: The cleanest of them all.

GEOFF. GRAHAM: I counted 21 . . . and there were more . . .

ROD PHILLIPS: Me and my friend

JIM HARVEY: Taurus.  
Graham . . .

### GANGRENE

YVONNE WEINBERG (Capt.): Mis-managing the budget.

LESLEY FIMMEL: Let's be Frank about it.

PETER METHERALL: Up all night doing I.T.C. assignments.

STUART OLIVER: There was this bloke Cappani, oh, and Francesco, and Salvatore. No, two Salvatores . . .

IAN MILLER: Cracked the ton this morning.

JOHN FOLEY: Any good driver takes up at least 3 lanes.

DON GRAHAM: Our other naval body.

## Exit Group B2 . . .



**FRONT ROW:** SYBIL HAYES, NOELA BUTTERWORTH, NORMA CAMPBELL, JIM RICCHINI, Miss W. SMALES, Mr. J. LACY, ROBYN COLLINGS, SHIRLEY BURRIDGE, SUSAN BLAZE, CHRISTINE PITMAN,

**SECOND ROW:** JENNIFER WHITNEY, JENNIFER DOODT, ELAINE MULRANEY, CHRISTINE VARNEY, HEATHER ROSS, JULIE HORNER, ANNETTE MOON, NORMA KAY, MARGARET FITZGERALD, CHRISTINE LOTHIAN.

**BACK ROW:** KEITH BOAST, RAY PARSONS, TOM YATES, JIM HEALY, MAX QUANCHI, KEN DUNSTAN, LES THOMAS, MALCOLM McROBERTS.



## Group Notes B2 . . .

### ORGY-NIZATION

LES. THOMAS: "You're nice"—  
"Get out of it."

MAX QUANCHI: "Ladies and  
Gentlemen and Max Quanchi."

TOM YATES: "England's got tra-  
dition. Tom's got Judy."

MALCOLM MacROBERTS: "What,  
me and all those women?!"

JIM HEALY: "Pirate Princess of  
Penzance."

RAY PARSONS: "Is Ray here  
today?"

JIM R.: "He likes to roll his own."

KEN DUNSTAN: "Coca Cola, pep-  
permint crisps and jelly beans—  
more."

GORDON NICHOLL: "Fish Creek's  
first Ambassador Official."

KEITH BOAST: "Don't wake it."

CHRIS LOTHIAN: "Not all her so-  
cial work is for Charity—Eh, John."

JENNY WHITNEY: "Oh, for the  
high-flying Saints."

ANNETTE MOON: "It's these quiet  
ones you've to watch."

SHIRLEY BURRIDGE: "How's  
your friend?"

ELAINE MULRANEY: "Gary  
reckons . . ."

MARGARET FITZGERALD: "Hasn't  
she got time to sleep at night?"

NORMA KAY: "Six-legged beetles  
aren't the only ones she collects."

HEATHER ROSS: "I'm one of  
those agri-culturally minded people."

NORMA CAMPBELL: "She's up the  
pole."

ROBYN COLLINGS: "Rumble, oh  
here she comes."

SYBIL HAYES: "I'm really 18  
Mista."

SUSAN BLAZE: "Miss D., can I  
use my own cuisenaire set?"

JULIE HORNER: "How many  
people are coming to 1 weekend?"

CHRIS VARNEY BROWN: "Chris-  
tine, are you good enough to answer  
this?"

NOLA BUTTERWORTH: "She  
makes anything a success."

CHRISTINE PITMAN: "Silent but  
. . . ?"

JENNY DOODT: "A boy at every  
port . . . Peerie."

Mr. LACY: "I'm all in favour of  
what you suggest—but . . ."

MISS SMALES: "Give him a go,  
he's doing his best."

RAY PARSON: "The quietest Par-  
son we've ever met—it is all in the  
mind."

We consider ourselves to be the best 2nd year group in College. Practically every person in the group has shown qualities required in leadership, thus our lectures were often very colourful, especially Cuisenaire. Many successful group nights and weekends were held during the year; the success of these arose from the friendship which was evident from the beginning. As the year progressed these friendships were further enriched, resulting in a marvellous feeling throughout the group. Under the tutorship of Miss Smales and Mr. Lacy we obtained much help with our work. This was greatly appreciated by all concerned. Best of luck to all listed above for their teaching careers.

## Exit Group C2 . . .



**FRONT ROW:** IRENE STICKLAND, CHRISTINE KOELMEYER, ANITA BAJINSKIS, JOY ALBERT, Mr. W. DOLPHIN, Mr. G. BRENNAN, LORRAINE HANSON, MARGARET REARDON, TAMARA SKARAJEW, DENISE NANCARROW.

**SECOND ROW:** RHONDA MORRIS, EVELYN SEEFELD, ELIZABETH SKIDMORE, CHRISTINE PATTISON, LYNETTE GOLDSWORTHY, SHELAGH PEARSON, ELLEN GRINHAM, MARGARET MANNING, DENISE ETHERTON, ILA MURDOCH, MARGARET DUXSON.

**BACK ROW:** EILEEN HORAN, NOLA HATELEY, ROBERTA SMITH, IAN SMITH, JOHN TRIMBLE, RODNEY BRYAR, ARENDINA KUIPER, VALERIE TAYLOR, JUDITH MAXWELL.

## Top 29 — C2 . . .

IAN SMITH: A Taste of Honey.

JOHN TRIMBLE: Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

ROD BRYAR: I've Got The Teachers' Blues.

LORRAINE HANSON: You've Gotta Have H(e)art.

ANITA BAJINSKIS: Take Me Out To The Ball Game.

JENNY BRADLEY: My Eyes Are Dim, I Cannot See, I Have Not Brought My Specs With Me.

DENISE ETHERTON: I Stood Upon a Rock.

TAMARA SKARAJEW: From Russia With Love.

CHRISTINE KOELMEYER: Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend.

JOY ALBERT: She's a Mod.

MARGARET DUXSON: I'll Follow The Boys.

NOLA HATELEY: Who Knows Where Or When?

JUDY MAXWELL: One Day My Prince Will Come.

EVELYN SEEFELD: Hey Ho, Come To The Fair.

EILEEN HORAN: Michael, Row The Boat Ashore.

MARGARET MANNING: I'm Tired And I Wanta Go To Bed.

IRENE STRICKLAND: Lewis Bridal Song.

MARGARET REARDON: Tan Shoes And Pink Shoe Laces.

VALERIE TAYLOR: What Kind of Fool Am I?

LYN GOLDSWORTHY: Surfer(s) Girl.

DENISE NANCARROW: I Met A Man Called Peter.

ROBERTA SMITH: All Day, All Night.

ILA MURDOCH: I Wanna Go Home, I Wanna Go Home.

RHONDA MORRIS: Whistling Rufus.

ELIZABETH SKIDMORE: Food Glorious Food.

CHRIS PATTISON: A Scottish Soldier.

ELLEN GRINHAM: A Sweet Old-Fashioned Girl.

SHELAGH PEARSON: Rule Britannia.

DINAH KUIPER: I'm Just A Country Girl.

Mr. DOLPHIN: If They Asked Me I Could Write A Book.

Mr. BRENNAN: Mona Lisa.

## Exit Group D2 . . .



**FRONT ROW:** CARLA ROTTIER, MARY KILGOWER, SUSAN TOLHURST, BERNIE PERRETT, Mr. L. McMAHON, Mr. G. McGARVIE, JILL LETHLEAN, MARGARET WALLINGA, JENNY REEVES, DENISE FLYNN.

**SECOND ROW:** PAULINE KEAST, JUDITH DREVERMAN, TRINA WATSON, LYNETTE SYKES, DIANE WOOD, JIM ALEXANDER, JAN KELLEY, BOB CROOK, KAYE WRIGHT, KATHY SAMS, LORRAINE RICHARDSON, MERILYN PAYNE, JEAN BROMLEY.

**BACK ROW:** GEOFF LEVEY, HOWARD FOSTER, GEOFF GAYLARD, ALAN BACON, NEIL LOVELESS, NOEL RICHARDS, KEN HAWKINS, PETER DENNISON, JOHN WALL, LEIGH JOSLIN.

## Group Notes D2 . . .

TRINIA: It is the quiet ones you have to watch.

JILL: "Young boys I cannot endure."

KEN: Suddenly matured!

MARY: "Where's Paul?"

PETER: "He's gone for a Tosca."

PAT: You're not so SPRITELY lately.

KATHY: Has the "chemist" helped your athlete's foot?

MARGIE: Has been working FLAT out this year.

SUE: "What's in the bag, Sue!"

DIANE: They say there are good trees in every WOOD.

JUDY: "Where did I put those cases?"

KAY: Late in her own WRIGHT.

MERRILYN: Still looking in the letter box, Merrilyn?

LYN: "Here's our contribution, Lyn."

CARLA: The line's engaged.

JEAN: Brings home the BACON.

JAN: Any relation to Ned?

PAULINE: Last of the Dandy scraps.

DENISE: Engagement off again 'til after shearing'.

JOHN: Heard the doctor found blood in your alcohol stream.

BERNIE: YOR LATE!!!!

NOEL: "What's it like underground Moley?"

LEIGH: Little Mr. Executive.

GEOFF L.: What did the Northern air do to Geoff. Hasn't been the same since he came back.

NEIL: "What ticking noise, Mrs. O?"

HOWARD: Fosters flows in the family.

GEOFF G.: Still waters run deep.

JIM: A Dande-NONG.

ALAN: The best bacon depends on the gene factor.

BOB: "Are you RIGHT?" "RIGHT."

LORRAINE: Love's a good fight.

JENNY: Whose car Jenny?

Mr. McGARVIE: See you New Year's Eve, (but the marks won't count then anyway).

Mr. McMahon: "Remember Pearl Harbour and have your fun before the nips come."

## Exit Group E2 . . .



**FRONT ROW:** PAT LONG, JANE McCARTHY-CLERKE, MARGARET FRY, J. WHITE, O. PIGGOTT, JUDY CRUMP, ROBYN SCOTT, PAT HALL.

**SECOND ROW:** SANDRA PHILLIPS, VALERIE GILPIN, RUTH McCOMB, ANNE CURTIN, VALERIE JONES, STEPHANIE SMITH, JUDITH SPENCE, ANN McLAREN.

**BACK ROW:** LYNETTE SMITH, CHRISTINE TARRANT, TIM KUPSCH, DON GILLIES, HEDLEY FINGER, WENDY CARR, PAT JOHNSON.

## Group Notes E2 . . .

PAT C.: "O wretched madness of a leader (Luran.)

WENDY: "No Englishman has any common sense, or ever had, or ever will have. (Shaw).

JUDY C.: "A maid should be seen but not heard." (Unknown).

MICHELLE: "A dooced fine gal — well educated too — with no biggodd nonsense about her." (Dickens).

HEDLEY: "A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,  
Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,  
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine." (Byron).

MARGARET: "How many people have a good ear for literature, but sing out of tune?" (Joubert).

DON: "The great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do." (Bagehot).

VAL G.: "Everybody who is incapable of learning has taken to teaching." (Wilde).

PAT H.: "The frog's own croak betrays him." (Benham).

PAT J.: "You come late, yet you come." (Schiller).

VAL J. "Much learning doth make thee mad." (New Testament.)

TIM: "Few persons have the courage to be as good as they really are." (Hare).

PAT L.: "Law is king of all." (Alford).

JANE: "The Moar the merrier." (Unknown).

RUTH: "A quiet tongue makes a wise head." (Cogan).

ANN: "The more discontent the better we like it." (Emerson).

SANDRA: "To be born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad." (Sobartine).

ROBYN: "Every woman thinks herself lovable." (Ovid).

LYN: "Doant thou marry for munny, but goa where munny is." (Tennyson).

STEPHANIE: "Wedlock is a padlock." (Ray).

JUDI S.: "A hot Noel makes a fat churchyard." (Swann).

CHRISTINE: "In her tongue is the law of kindness." (Old Testament).

Mr. PIGGOTT and Mr. WHITE:  
"Now owls are not really wise — they only look that way. The owl is a sort of college professor." (Hubbard).

# Autographs



R 370.7305  
ST 927

