

STATE

COLLEGE

of **V**ICTORIA

at **F**RANKSTON

1974

EDITORIAL

I have had quite a few serious doubts about this magazine during its conception due to the lack of contributions and being unable to get the material that I desired.

As it has turned out it is not the STRUAN that I wanted to produce and I must admit that the job was more than I could handle. Perhaps it is more than any one person could handle, with the rest of college activities to cater for as well.

Therefore, I must apologise for the magazine's weaknesses and thank those who contributed for its highlights. Special thanks must go to Shirley Anderson, not only for her typing but for her help with drumming up contributions. There are other people who helped in some small way or another and I thank you, too.

Best wishes, Claire, for next year's STRUAN.

Peter Harcourt

PRESIDENT

1974 was a year of change. The second year of operating in the new building saw expansion of activities in most areas. Financial turnover was doubled. This was due to increased compulsory fees and the work of many hardworking enthusiastic students.

The Executive, David (Vice President and snow fiend), Brian (money changer and watcher of expenditure) and Marnee (Scribe and opener of correspondence) have all worked to the utmost making the S.R.C. run smoothly.

For organising and making sport something worthwhile in College - thanks, Sally and Bruce.

Congratulations go to Judy for the success of three Balls and the Red Room nights.

For a Runathon, Lost Property Auction, many entertaining moments in S.R.C. meetings and for organising Social Service in a meaningful and useful way - thanks, Shane.

For two plays, a musical and visiting theatre groups, thanks go to the organisational powers of Debbie.

For lunchtime and evening performances of groups such as Daddy Cool, Captain Matchbox, Ariel and many more - great job, Terry.

For the editing of the publication you are now reading we appreciate the work of Peter.

For the Nostrums throughout the year we remember Rob, Vince and Geoff, and all those who collated and kept "The Monster" (offset printer) going.

The work of organising the Welfare Car Rally can be attributed to Kayleen.

Julianne kept us informed of matters pertaining to Portsea.

The award for patience, understanding and organiser extraordinaire must go to our Business Secretary, Shirley Anderson.

To each and every student who supported and helped in even a small way, thank you for making S.R.C. worthwhile.

What of next year?

I wish Ray, his Executive and Department Heads all the best for a successful year of meaningful and worthwhile activities.

Ray, the problems of communication and participation are present in every aspect of society. One of the aims of S.R.C. should be to reduce these problems. Don't be disheartened if you can't change attitudes overnight - nobody else can.

Angus McArthur

TREASURER'S REPORT

Yet another year has slipped past and as usual it is the time we all take stock and decide what we achieved during its duration. The S.R.C. has grown beyond all expectations this year; our activity range has almost doubled and the amount of money going through our books has almost tripled.

The only thing that hasn't really increased is the number of helpers in the office. Once again this year we had our hard core of workers who did everything while others thought it much more profitable to sit back and criticize that hard core. Some people in this college still fail to realise that the only way to have a "gripe" heard is to come down and seek out the person concerned. Cafe criticism goes no further. Also members of the S.R.C. don't appreciate anonymous letters placed on their desks or obscenities written on their folders. It seems the height of cowardice from the people who did this in College during the year. Anyway, enough of the gripes!

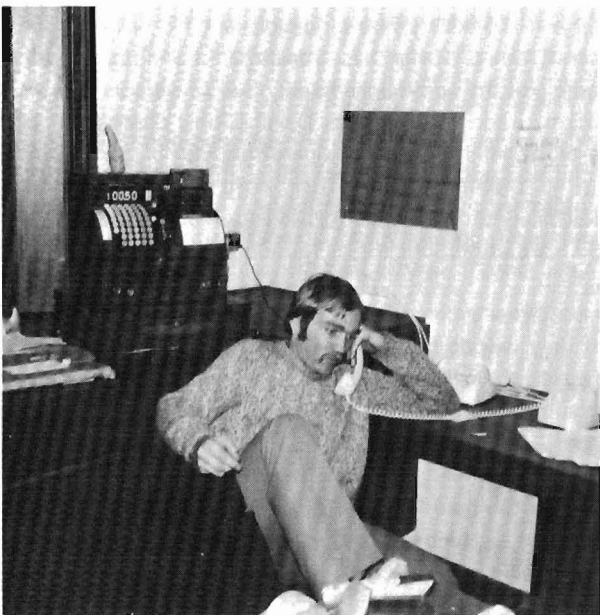
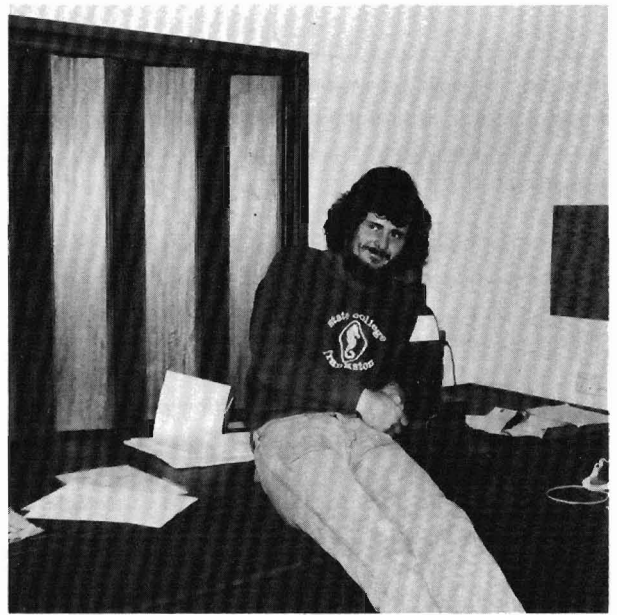
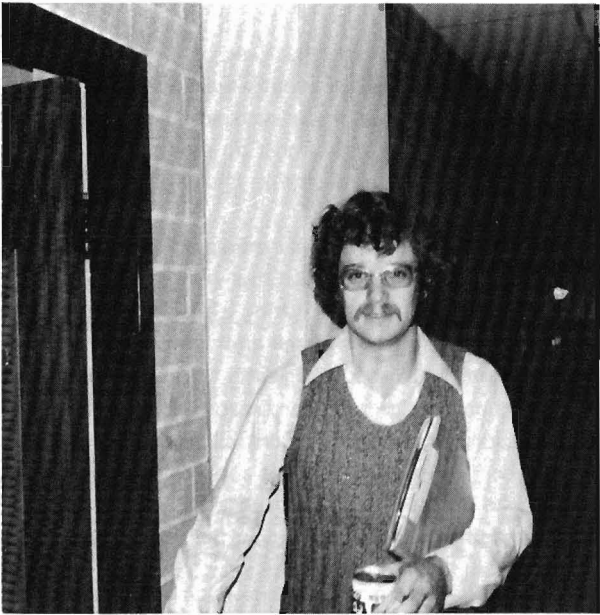
This year has been a very enjoyable one for both me and the other members of the S.R.C. and thanks are due to many people. All the committee heads, club presidents and the administration (in particular Daryl Gibbs) deserve our whole-hearted thanks for their co-operation. Our biggest thank you must go to Shirley in the office. I often wonder where we would be without her; her organisation and knowledge of the S.R.C. are in fact our major foundations.

To next year's executive, I wish all the best and I am sure that they will do their best as we tried to do this year. However, their best is not good enough unless they have the students behind them.

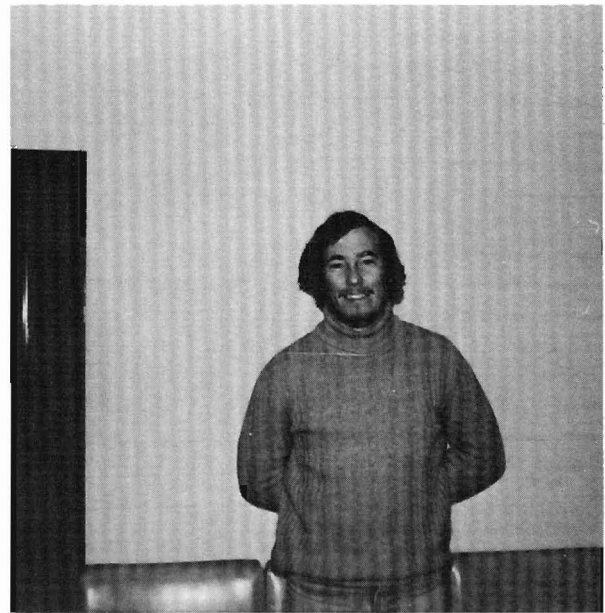
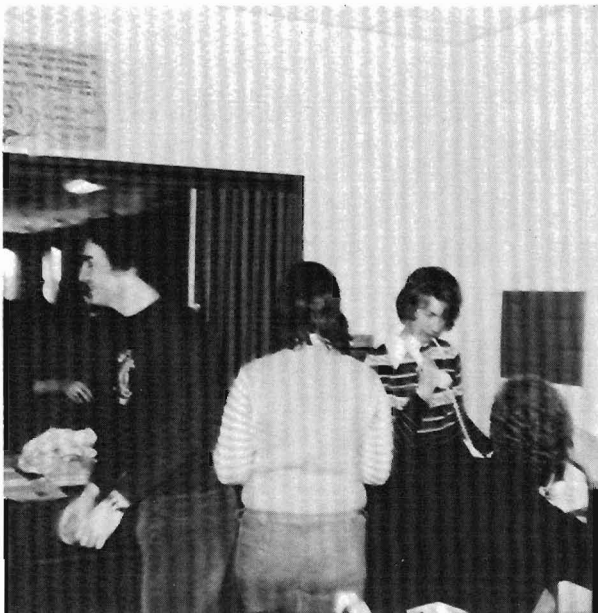
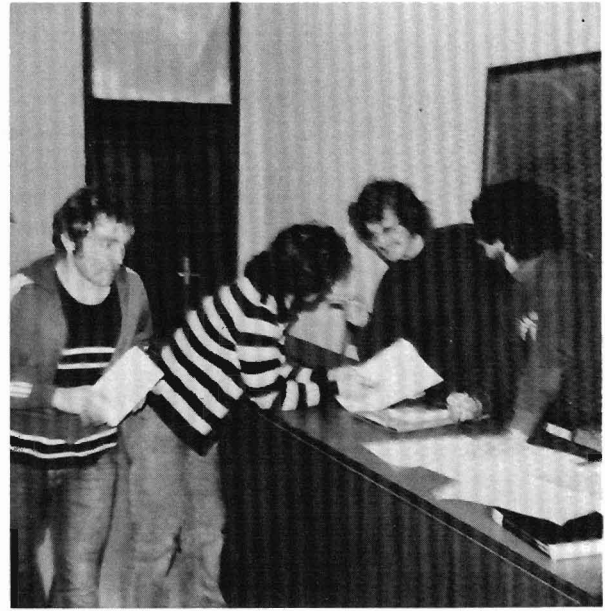
Next year with Angus I hope to develop a strong Dramatics and Entertainment section at this College. I wish Marnee and David all the best for the next year and thank them for an enjoyable year.

Brian Collins

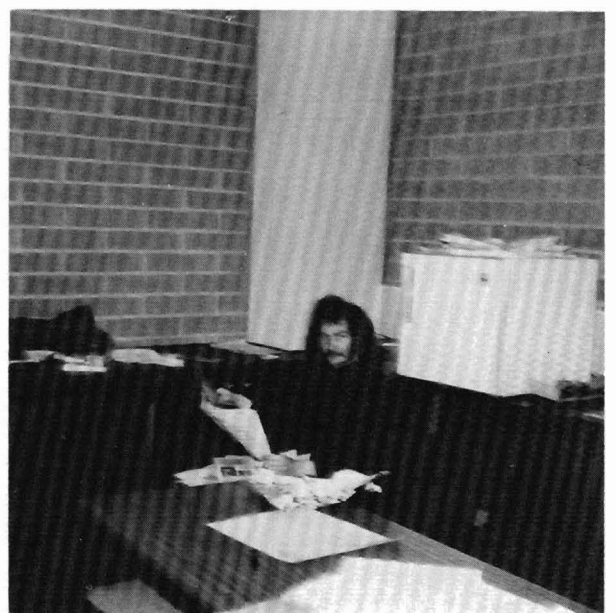
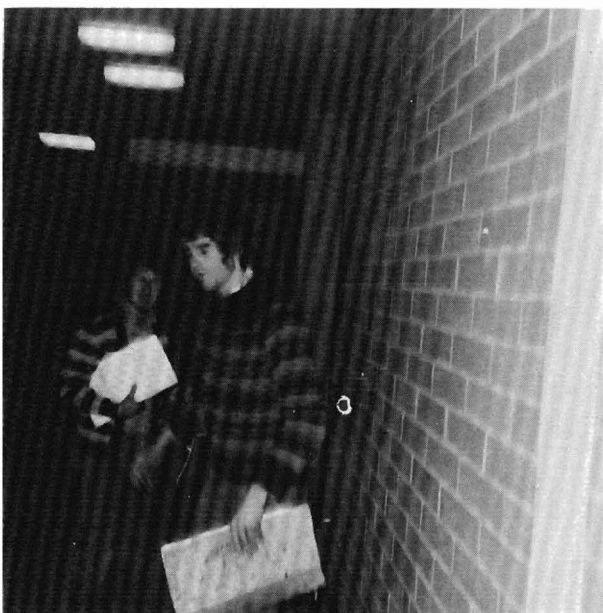
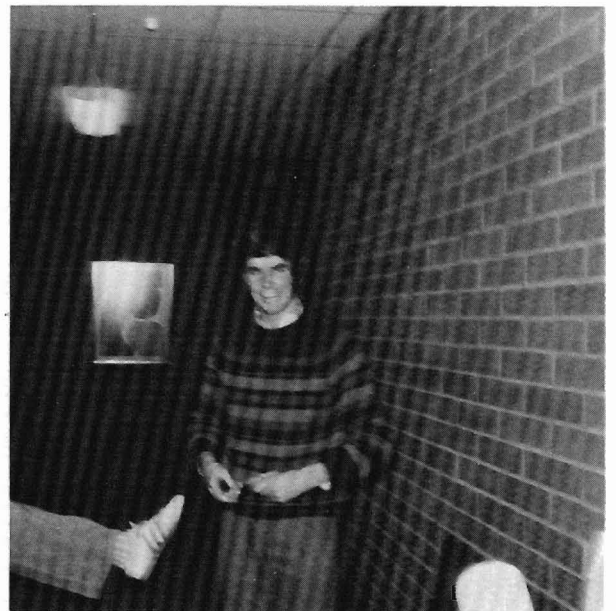
S R C 1974



SRC 1974



S R C 1974



SPORT

At the beginning of this year it was decided that for the Sports and Recreation program to be successful it would have to be as wide and encompassing as possible. In theory this is an ideal situation; however, in practice it was found that before the implementation of any new activity student interest is essential.

As has been indicated in the past, the sports program, with few exceptions, comes to rely on the same hard core of students who contribute to all aspects of College life. To these people - many thanks for your help and participation. To the people who didn't care to take advantage of the activities, we offer you sincere commiseration; to go through College without experiencing the fun and contact with other students and staff is a very sad thing - something you may realise when it is too late. For this year's exit students it is too late - for the first and second years, please wake up to yourselves. Take full advantage of what is offered by your S.R.C.

Socially, sport has been very successful this year as we feel that sport should not end on the playing fields. The social contact gained through the post match festivities is just as important as participation in the sporting activities. With this in mind, many opportunities were created for staff and students to meet together on a different basis than that of student and lecturer.

Looking back on the year, it is not hard to find a day where people who got out and played sport really received something in return.

- * The Inter-year Athletics at Ballam Park, where 300 odd students displayed their athletic prowess in events that they had never tried before.
- * The lunchtime 5-a-side soccer competition, proving conclusively that a team from S.C.V. Frankston is unlikely to bring home the next World Cup.
- * The lightning premierships against Melbourne, Rusden and Coburg.
- * The lunchtime basketball competitions.
- * The girls footy match.
- * Staff/Student games, etc. etc.

This is to name a few that come to mind, where it didn't matter one way or the other if you won or lost. The pleasure gained from such activities is a benefit in itself. Jazz Ballet is another example where enjoyment is derived from merely joining in and having a go.

Mention must be made of the newly established Athletics Club which, hopefully, will encourage other clubs to follow suit. For sport to continue at Frankston, clubs must become more independent and be prepared to organise themselves without relying on others to do it for them. For this to occur, responsible, interested students are a necessity in the running of the clubs and therefore we hope to have club presidents elected this year so they will be able to begin their work immediately on returning to College. With this criteria for club presidents, avenues will be opened for a more diversified sports program, with those interested forming their own clubs.

Another change this year was the omission of the presentation night as such, and replacing it with the Sports Cabaret held in the College Cafeteria. This night was an extension of our endeavours to promote social interaction and as such was a tremendous success. During the night, badges were awarded to all people who participated regularly in sport throughout the year and it is hoped that these will be a small incentive and reward for their contributions to sport.

On this note we would also like to thank the Phys. Ed. staff and all other staff members who have given up their time to not only help with sport but also to join in and enjoy it along with the students.

Overall, Frankston has got the most potential of all the Colleges. We have the best grounds, a greater percentage of students interested in sport and a terrific staff/student relationship. For your own sake, make the most of it - join in and enjoy College life. Be prepared to give up a little time and effort - you might be surprised at what you get in return!

If it is taken as true that only 5 per cent of the Australian population is classed as fit, then maybe there is something to be said for sport.

Sally Raven
Bruce McInnes



SOCIAL SERVICE

Over the past eight months or so, I feel that Social Service has undergone a great change. With less emphasis on group meetings, group efforts have become fewer and fewer. The system of Group Reps. had to be scrapped, also as a result of fewer group meetings. If this continues, I feel that Social Service in this College will battle to survive.

However, there are areas in which success can also be achieved and this year has been no exception. The most publicised "event" of the year, and perhaps the one that most people believe was the only activity undertaken, was the Runathon. Again, a big thank you to everyone who contributed in any way.

To the people who coached children from Menzies Homes, St. John's East Frankston, Woorinyan and Moorabbin Special School, sincere thanks.

To the people who supported our auction for Pt. Leo Life Saving Club, thank you.

To the people who looked after the War Veterans at the play and the musical, thanks to them also, and to all those who gave blood when the Blood Bank came.

While there are still people who are prepared to give a little of their time and effort in these types of activities Social Service will survive.

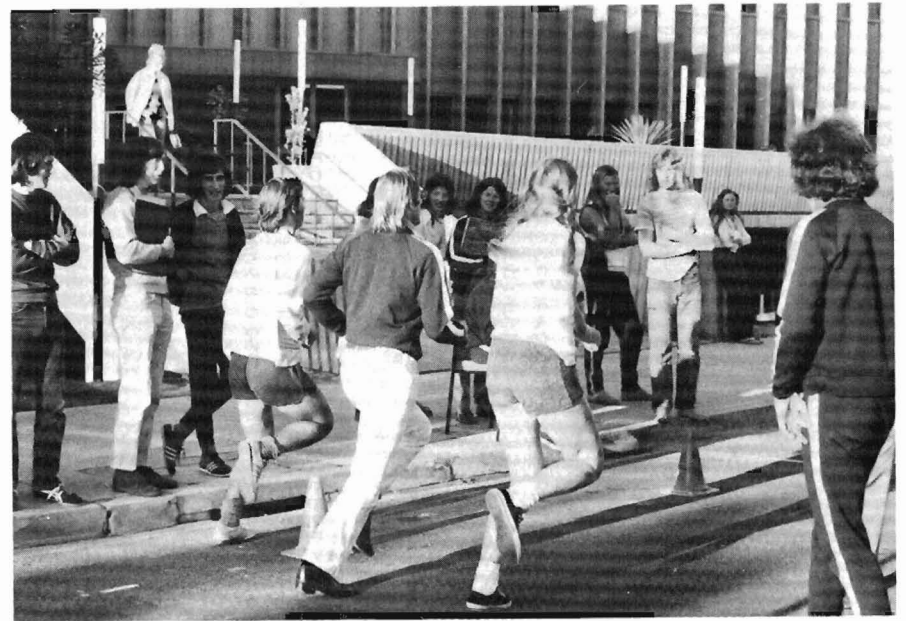
To next year's Social Service Rep. every success and one piece of advice. If you ask for any help, expect none because any number above that is a bonus.

Finally I would like to express my sincere appreciation of Shirley Anderson, who has made my job, and those of most other members of S.R.C., much easier.

Every success to everyone going out teaching next year, and also to 1st and 2nd years for the rest of their time in college. If you do nothing else, ENJOY IT!

Shane Fogarty





FROM NOSTRUM TO STRUAN

S.C.V. Frankston is a College with a considerable number of amenities and assets. The S.R.C. also has departments and committees which endeavour to work for the student population. One area which concerns me is Nostrum, the student magazine, and again this year it has failed to achieve rapport with the student body in general. Much of the blame here lies with me as a co-editor. Unfortunately the task of producing a quality magazine at regular intervals was beyond me personally as a student. Nostrum demands at least ten hours of work weekly for it to succeed in the bounds of its intentions. Coupled with this work load is the need for assistance from interested students and staff. This was one area which lacked enthusiasm this year.

I offer sincere congratulations to Pam Bishop on attaining the position of Nostrum Editor for next year and wish her more success than what came our way this year. May I urge the importance of a college magazine, one which is worth keeping, as a high priority in College communication. This is intended to imply the senseless waste of a magazine as a medium if produced echoing "high school" comments and immature gripes.

I am hoping that next year's S.R.C. can effectively communicate with the vast majority of the student body and the considered need for a gripe sheet is no longer present.

Finally, I would like to thank all those who helped with Nostrum this year and urge them to continue their much welcomed assistance next year in an effort to revive the potential open forum in newsprint which has degenerated to a slander sheet over recent times.

Vince O'Connor
Co-Editor Nostrum

classification?



"Squidly for Wondigo South! ... Next"

Student Theatre

S.C.V. FRANKSTON STUDENT'S REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL
PRESENTS

WHO?

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY JACK HIBBERD



Angus McArthur as ALEX



David Zohs as PADDY

DESIGN-ROGERS, ZOHs, McARTHUR, STAGE MANAGERS FEAST, JACKSON, PROPS, LINDSAY, LIGHTING-BENNETT, HARRIS, MAKE UP-MATTHEWS
BUSINESS LUNCH



Ron Kluvers as DINGA

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL ROGERS

STUDENT THEATRE

Student initiated, produced and directed plays were thought to be a recent development at Frankston but back in the early sixties a student, Max Gillies, was writing and producing shows for the S.R.C. Max has since made a name for himself with the Australian Performing Group and is the star of a new Australian Film, "The True Story of Eskimo Nell."

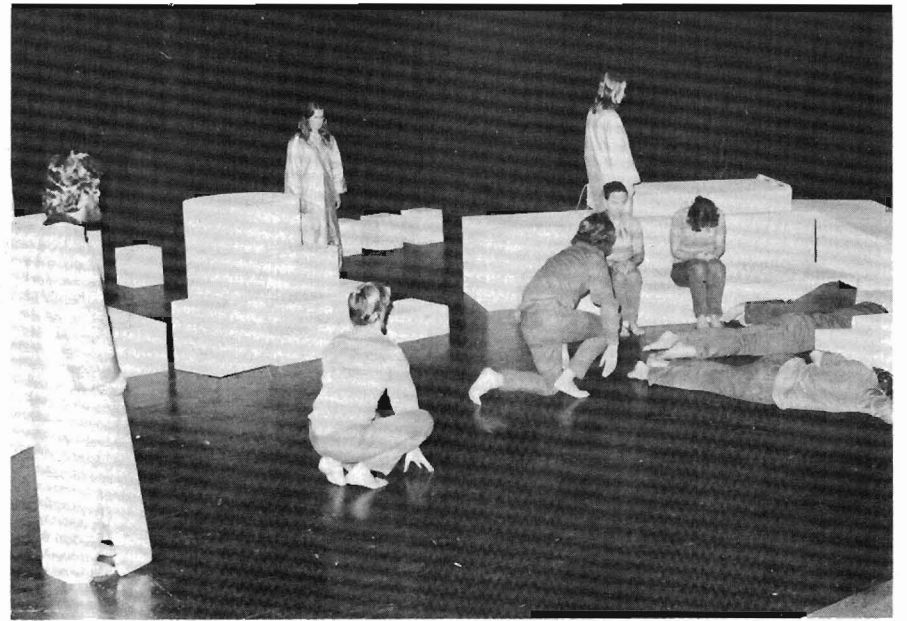
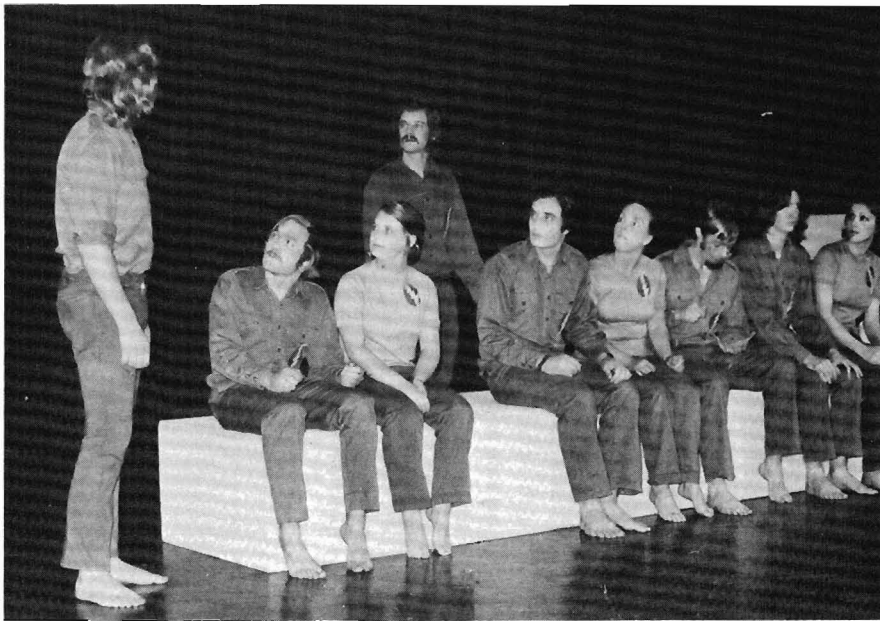
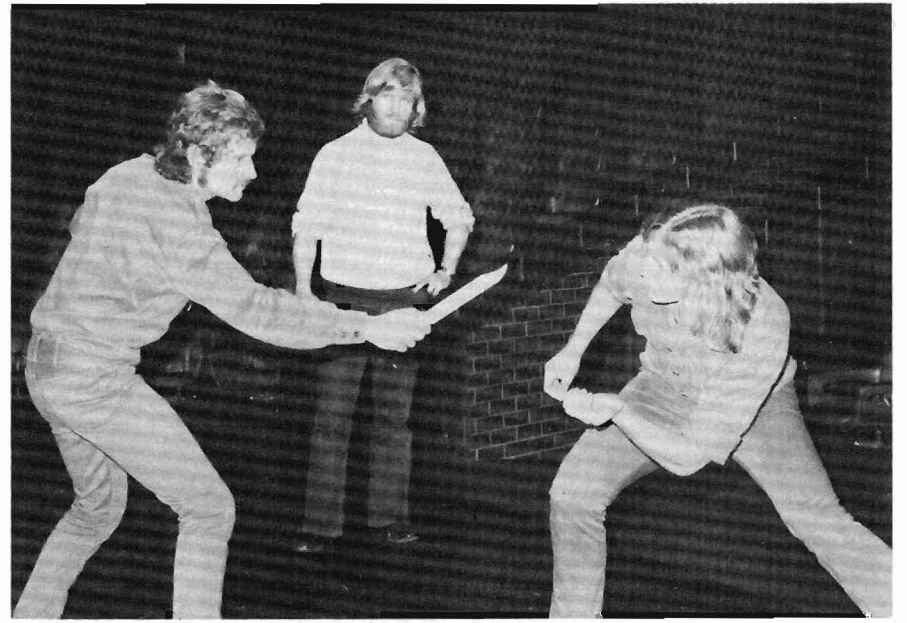
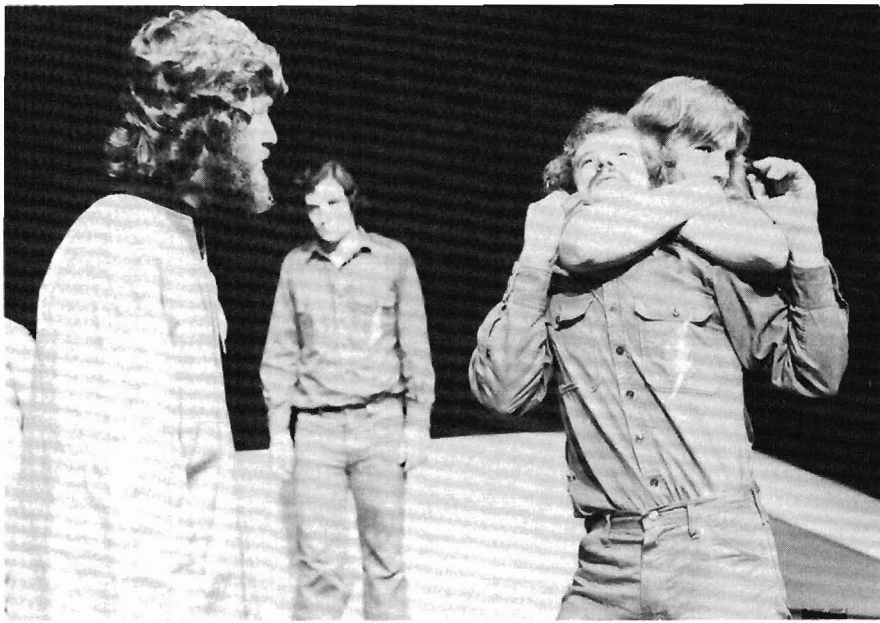
1972 saw the beginnings of the present phase in student productions with the presentation of "There's an Elf in My Pocket". "Elf" although under the overall direction of staff member, George Pappas, consisted of original material written and produced by students. Students wrote scripts, composed songs, made films and produced individual segments of the show.

1973 opened with an original revue, "Caught in the Act" directed by George Pappas but written by two college students. September 1973 saw the opening of "The Front Room Boys" which was a complete student production with no assistance from staff members. Initiated by Bill Jeffs I had the honour and privilege of directing it for the S.R.C.

This year in the capacity of "honorary student" I again have been asked to direct. This time two short plays, "Who" and "The Real Inspector Hound" are being presented. Two full student productions are projected for 1975.

M. Rogers





SALAD DAYS NOSTALGIA

After the trials and tribulations and final success of the '73 musical, "The Boyfriend", many anticipated an even better '74 musical. There was only a few obstacles to overcome as compared to the barriers which loomed up continually for "The Boyfriend".

But "musicalitis" hit many of those who saw the '73 effort and, much to the pleasant surprise of our talented producer, Bob Bilsborough, trying to find male cast members was no problem (all he had to do was to find some men who could sing). He finally singled out an immense cast of 60 odd, got on his knees and prayed for smooth running.

Auditions were held on the same night as the Runathon and everything looked rosy and set for an outstanding production of "Salad Days".

Rehearsals began every Tuesday and Thursday nights, and everything was nicely set out to meet the July 17 deadline - opening night. Chorus numbers began to take shape and run like clockwork and the two rehearsal weekends at Portsea were quickly upon us.

These weekends were intended for rehearsals of scenes and individual musical numbers - but alas trouble began to rear its ugly head; only half of the characters turned up on the weekends while the other half found their excuses on Corn Flakes packets. This was a great limitation in that many scenes were unable to be rehearsed as only some of the characters for many of the scenes were present.

Anyhow, back to weeknight rehearsals and people began realizing that time was running short - there was just on a month before opening night and many scenes from Act 11 had not been looked at, let alone a full rehearsal of the whole show. Lines had not been learnt which added to the confusion; things began to look dismal when our dear director gave everyone a burst similar to a coach's three quarter time address in a grand final when his side was six goals down. Individual players got the cold stare treatment and a threatening "one more time" was more than just verbalized. Three weeks to go and the Tuesday night of that week was so shambly that threats to cancel the whole production began to loom. The turning point was on the Thursday night when people began turning on Oscar winning performances to save the musical. Finally we stung the boss for a smile. From here on until Sunday July 14 the varnishing and polishing took place - except for the final scene of Act 11 which had the full cut and polish treatment. July 14 was the final big test before the first of our paying customers were shown to their seats - pensioners night, the greatest group of critics of them all. The audience was not big but it provided the incentive for an all out effort by all concerned and the pensioners reacted most favourably.

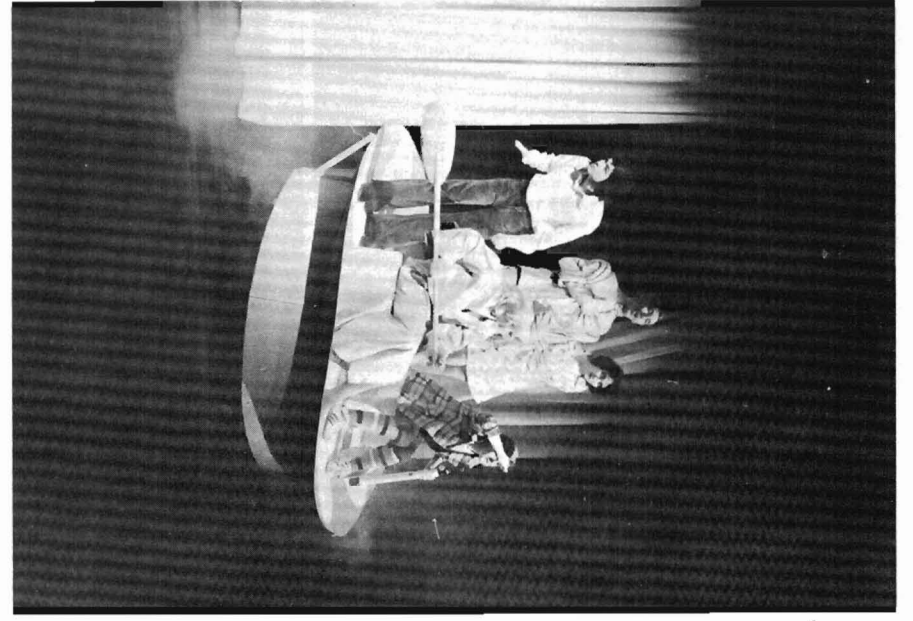
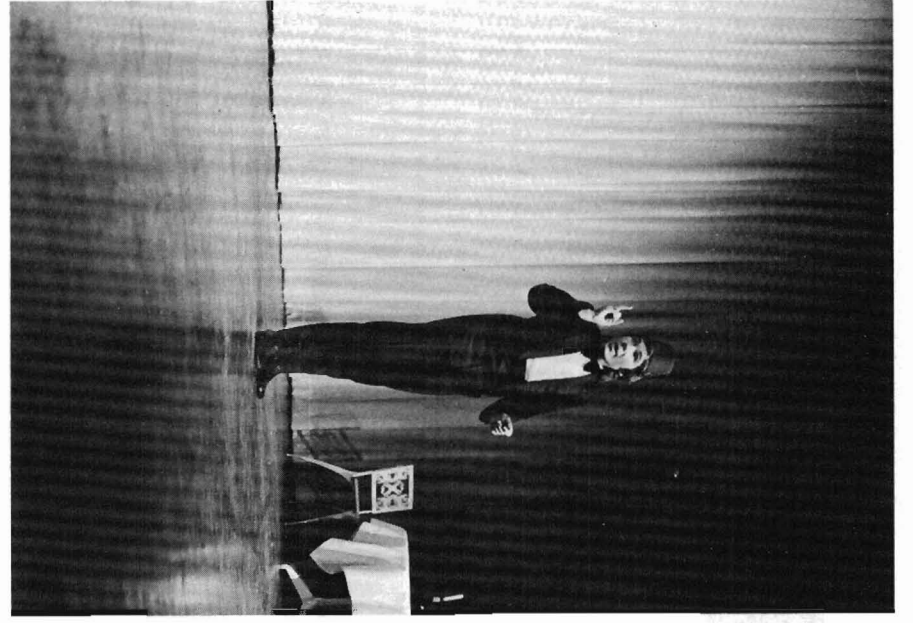
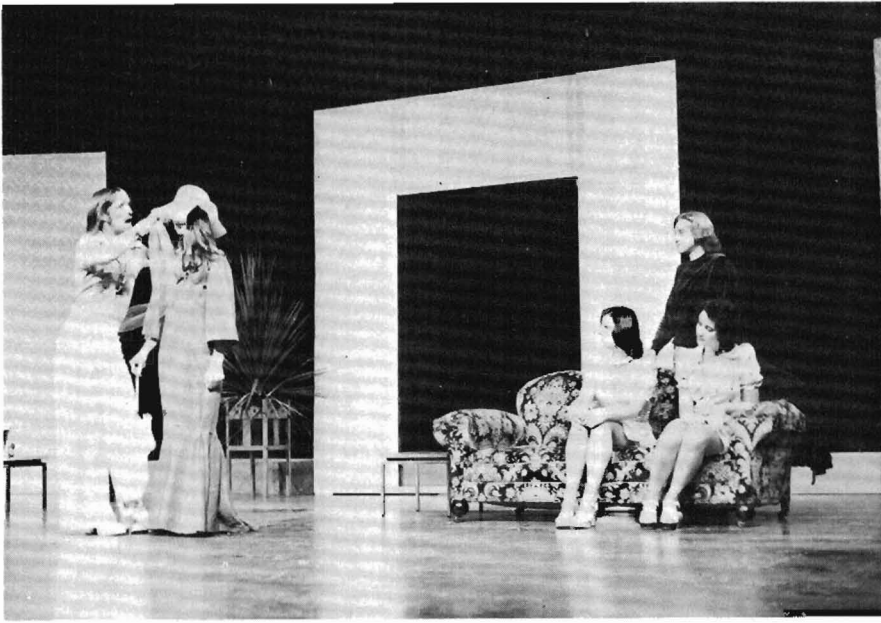
Opening night arrived and despite a few cases of butterfly stomachs the show was received by all without criticism and people being rapt to the backteeth. Crowds grew into capacity audiences and extra seating was required; faceless college students decided to get off their arses and see a show that was recommended highly by other less apathetic types. The show was videotaped on the 7th night and, as an added highlight, Laurie left his fly undone.

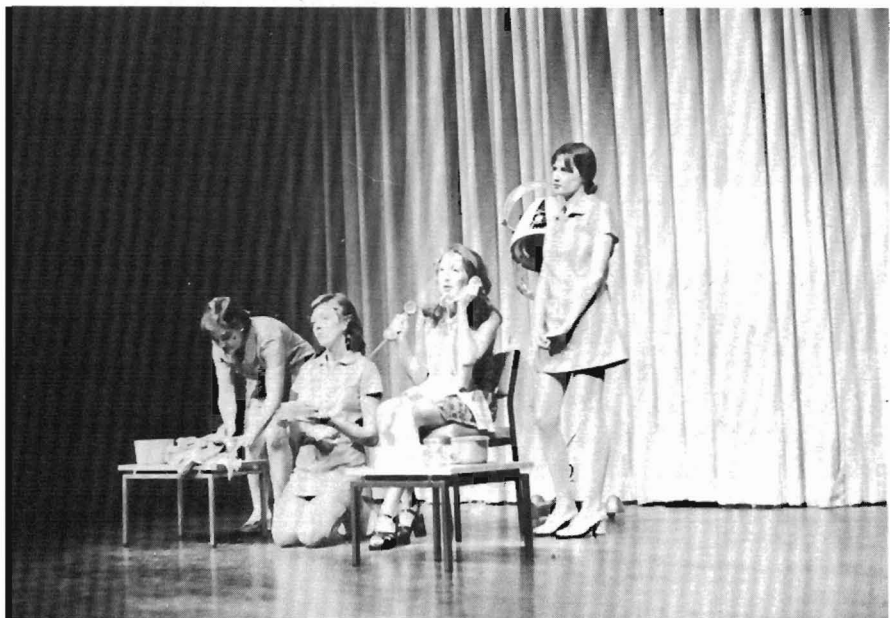
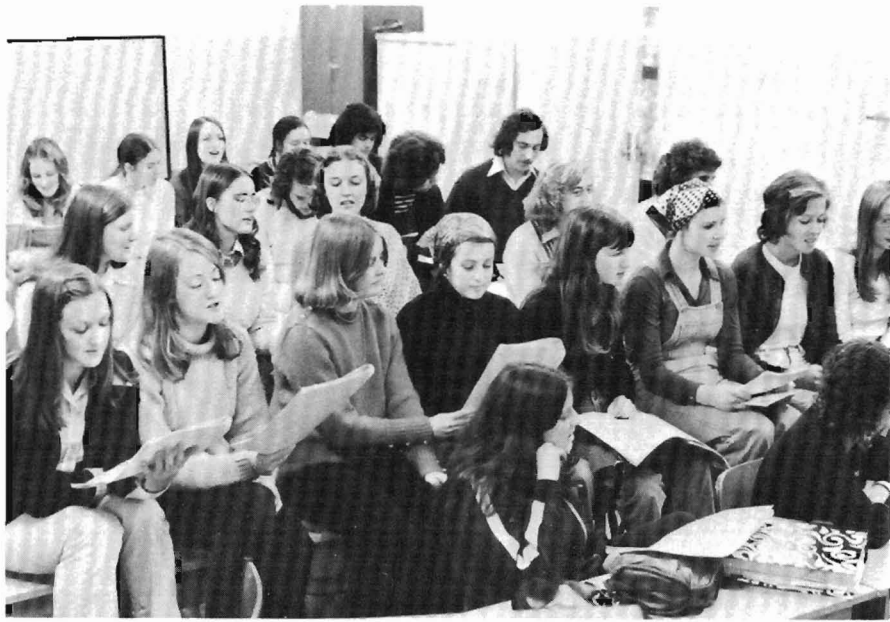
"Salad Days" proved to be a highly successful and professional production despite many setbacks which need not have occurred. The problems that occurred in '73 were overcome and '74 seemed like a good year but different problems erupted which were finally beaten down. Hopefully 1975 will see another successful musical if people are willing to work and provided the men keep their numbers up. So think about it for 1975; it is a lot of hard work but it's well worth it. Ask any of the cast who were also in the "Boyfriend" (incidentally, any failures in 3rd year by these members will only be due to the fact that they want to be a part of the '75 musical). And men, you don't have to have Caruso voices - our leading man Steve Buckley proved that.

Final thanks must undoubtedly go to Bob Bilsborough, our fine producer, Jim Ogden, our dashing musical director, Debbie Smith, our choreographer and you, the audiences, for making the show so successful.

Tim

Tim and Jane eventually settled down in beautiful suburban Moonee Ponds, Tim got a nice steady job as a piano salesman while Jane sits in the sun. Troppo eventually found her voice; Uncle Zed and Asphinxia teamed up together and Ambrose highjacked the Flying Saucer and Electrode.





AMMOPHILA ARENARIA

Those who recall the film "The Summer of '42" will no doubt best remember the awkward, adolescent fun making and tentative experiences at sexual foreplay and intercourse that took place in the sand dunes of the Maine coastline. For the observant, a plant which nearly every Diploma 1 student is familiar with was also starring at the same time. It was *ammophila arenaria*, or marram grass.

Well over 20,000 marram grass seedlings were collected, prepared and transplanted during the conservation project run in conjunction with the Diploma 1 camps at Portsea Annex. This project was envisaged as a practical demonstration of the type of activities that Primary age school children could easily participate in, and as an effective contribution to the conservation of the natural resources of the Mornington Peninsula.

With Federal and State aid, the Soil Conservation Authority, the National Parks Authority and local Shire and foreshore committees are currently carrying out erosion control projects along both the Bass Strait and Port Phillip Bay shorelines of the Peninsula. In future years the National Parks Authority will have responsibility for the length of coastline from Pt. Nepean at present within the Defence Forces Prohibited Area to Cape Schank and Flinders. This area, with the acquisition of natural and partially developed bushland behind Arthur's Seat and extending south to Cape Schank, will constitute an exceptional addition to the National estate and our legacy of protected natural resources.

The ocean shoreline of the Peninsula is heavily eroded. The bare dunes of Gunnamatta, the bulldozed and partially occupied building blocks at St. Andrews, the cliff erosion at Diamond Bay are only a few examples of problem areas. These erosion problems are caused by several factors. Obviously natural phenomena, wind, water and fire action will denude a dune of vegetation and allow movement of the sand to take place. The other causes are less acceptable. The construction of bitumen car parks, road laying and the siting of streets and building blocks on the fragile primary dunes creates an imbalance in the systems that control the geomorphological and ecological zones of sand dune areas. Furthermore, the Mornington Peninsula is a focal point for the trampling feet and vegetation destroying activities of Melbourne's holiday and leisure seeking populace. Paths to beaches, climbing cliffs, brush for barbeques, trail bike trails and the sheer weight of numbers create small erosion zones where the vegetation is removed. Without this stabilizing protection the sand moves and as it moves it creates larger eroded areas and covers over natural bushland, roads, buildings and building blocks, farmland and recreation areas.

The planting of marram grass, a sand and salt tolerant colonizer of bare sand, is one method of enabling revegetation to take place. Other preventive and protective measures are to restrict access to areas of special ecological and geomorphological significance, or where an erosion problem is already present. Another is to raise barbed wire fences and channel people from the roads and carparks, through the fragile dune areas to the beach. Another is to make the citizens of Victoria aware of the natural resources of the shoreline, and to develop in them a non-destructive ability to utilize those resources whilst still conserving the unique aesthetic and environmental characteristics of the area.

The marram grass planting project was aimed at developing in the students involved an appreciation of coastal resources as well as the hard labour involved in putting the much quoted but little acted upon term "conversation" into practice.

The marram grass was transplanted in an unobtrusive area along the Portsea back beach. Over the next two winters it will grow and multiply. It will then be transplanted, hopefully, by future students of this College under the guidance of the National Parks Authority in locations where dune erosion constitutes a serious problem, or for the development of further nursery areas. The students of 1974 can then look back, with calloused hands and broken nails, and say "we did that". The marram grass planting of the winter months of 1974, like the "Summer of '42", were a time when we found out about part of our world, which was always there, but which we only slowly came to understand and appreciate.

Max Quanchi
Social Science Dept.



POETRY

"CONTEMPLATION"

Sit, contemplating the rising curl of the smoke from your cigarette.

It makes no sound whatsoever, and neither does anything else.

Not that you care.

You're all alone, and that's all that matters, because

You wish you weren't.

You can have all the friends in the world

But still be alone.

So you sit,

Waiting

Waiting for the phone to ring.

And you notice that the tiny speck of grey ash smudges

Into a black blur

As you rub it into your bare leg.

And the tiny hairs on your arm

Glimmer like small glass slivers when

the rays from the mid-afternoon sun

Catch them unaware of their vulnerability --

Just as I was with your radiance.

Perhaps it would help if some outer external noise

Would shatter the glass pane of my solitude

And remind me that I'm still alive

But I must be living still --

I feel pain!

pain which throbs as my heart tries to beat

Its way through the day.

You can have too much of being alone.

The white ash grows longer at the end of the cigarette.

It cuts the paper away in a burning agony

And I know how the paper feels.

I'm not alone in my agony.

Keryn L. McLear, 452/W

LONDON BRIDGE

My sea ghost - rise.

Rise slowly, and silverstreak my eyes.

To breathe Neptune's breath,

Feel the scaly curves of the mermaids,

To pony-tail my hair with sea grass.

*Thoughts swimming in a fathomless
imagination.*

My sea ghost rise.

There are words to be written.

The dark waters are stirring.

RUNNING DRY

Blank wall;

Like a dreamless night,

Polluted Mind,

Eyes that are blind;

And paper, without writing.

SUNDAY WITH YOU

Let's live in the present tense,

At least we know today is here,

It's raining sunshowers.

P. Dangelo

PROSE

The sky was pregnant with rain. The once bloated grey clouds were now ladling out their burden on to the waiting earth below.

8 o'clock.

Mixed thoughts.

"I had to get up early for this. I hope it's worth it."

Apprehensively I stepped out of the vehicle. Dramatically I belted across the acres of asphalt in the pelting rain. I rushed between the steel-cold buildings, leering over me with hideous arms out-stretched. Poles entangled in barbed wire. A withered tree, a handful of plushed velvet flowers bent beneath the lashing onslaught of the summer storm.

Friday.

"It can't take long. I've got to get back. Exam This afternoon. My last chance. I've got to get it this time."

Glints of silver and gold attract too many. I had lowered myself to become one of them. But I was desperate.

Fingers, arms, legs, brain crossed. I stumbled into the office.

Sterile.

Monotone surroundings.

"Wait please."

"How long? One hour, two hours?"

Nervously I fidgetted away the first few seconds as one in waiting. Funny The mind explores strange places when the body is confined to the arduous task of restricted repose. Looking back one wonders how one managed to endure it. But the memory is kind. It tends to forget pain. How necessary then, it is for me now, to over-emphasize my present few recollections in order to once again conjure up in the brain the past events in their true perspective.

Varied noises.

Variegated faces. Reflections of a diversity of backgrounds. Unexplored minds, untouched yet all too easily marked with experience's effect.

Green walls, brown and grey flecked tiles. The epitome of an architect's stereo-typed mind.

Tapping feet.

Tension mounting.

I was called into the office. At first it seemed more to me like a summons. But oh, the let-down.

White forms.

"Sign please. Start Monday. Thank you."

"Thank you, Dad." Contacts account for much in this world. What it was like to feel grateful to a father who was a personal friend of the Personnel Officer.

What was it going to be like? Would I like it? But what was there to worry about. Factory life couldn't be that bad, could it? After all thousands are employed within its environs in this state alone; thousands have been for years and years and years.

If I had only realized then that a greater under-statement in all history has never issued from human lips.

Monday morning.

Hurrying feet. Rush and haste, no time to waste. CLOCK IN. On time. Race the clock, beat the clock, DESTROY IT.

"This is your job. I hope you will be happy here."

I smiled.

"WIPER MOTORS."

I was to become deeply acquainted with these articles in the ensuing weeks.

Monotonous regularity. Aching fingers. Droning ears.

The clock ticks time out of time. It is a tyrant. It ticks out, all too slowly, the drudgery to be born. Yet it is also a friend for it marks the ending of ennui.

Seconds, minutes, hours, days - go plodding by, like weeks, months, years, centuries. Perhaps these aeons have mellowed me into a unit, oblivious to everything, even to my own real self. Suspended in time I lie, deeply engrossed in dreams of the future; to wait alone the barrage of oncoming motors.

Flights into fantasy.

My heart flies out from my body, winging on an iridescent cloud.

My mind expands on routes my body can never travel.

Meaningless existence.

Softness melting into the iron refuse around me. Glimpses of radiance now suffocating in soul-destroying labor.

Fanatical speed. Madness.

"I must keep the pace. Keep the motors going. They're building up."

"Hurry up"

I am surrounded by lecherous machines hooting out odoriferous obscenities; degraded mechanical, humanoid forms bowing before them; owing their subsistence to them.

Useless repetition.

"I feel as though I'm going mad. All these thoughts are churning turmoil in my brain.

Am I insane?"

Stifling heat.

Monotony sheds a tear for enjoyment and variety that is gone; their sweetest virtues decaying in a quagmire of indifference.

Eternity drones on Infinite the hours seem; lost in a vacuum.

I observed the people around me as I worked. Why were they here? Intelligence factors? The ones that separate these people from the privileged, the intelligent?

How can they stand this work? I can return to my warm, protective environment when this is over : the studious one that is forever discussing these unfortunates from the comfort of its own safe seclusion.

Surely these people are just as human as all others? By what weird quirk of fate have they been destined here? How do they feel?

What preserves the sanity of this world? Surely it is not its own system of insanity?

Here sit I,
engulfed in a numerical sequence of lifeless, mechanically moving organisms.

Where stands human kindred?
Here sit I,
A reduction of humanity
A paranoid machine.

S. Woodthorpe, Y8

WHAT - NOWHERE?

1 5 7 6 8 9 2 4 8 7 3 4 2 7 9 1 5 6 8 9 2 4 6 5 8 5 7 9 1 3 9
8 4 7 5 1 1 2 and so they never stopped.

Who could remember the year, the time, the day or date?
Was it yesterday, tomorrow, eighteen or twenty-seven centuries ago, or is it a dream of tomorrow?

Why does that dust - no, closer - minute grains of sand - move in and out of the boulders in that wavy, curly, sharp erratic fashion? Controlled by something. The boulders? No the wind - no, the people! The people created the dust and the grime. The millions of people . . .

Wait! There's a leaf - a stick - one lonely stick - not moving, not doing anything. Yes, it's growing. A leaf, there's a leaf. A small touch of green, there, in those open spaces, no closed. No, no space at all in all that dust. No leaves, no grains, and no boulders - only dust and people. Thousands of people. Heads. Faces. Millions of hands, billions of fingers, all groping, degrading, tasteless, nothingness.

Who would stop and wonder what it had been like? NO ONE, because no one saw or understood, or knew, the beauty of trees, birds, animals, grass, streams and sea. It is just no use, anymore, trying to tell them.

"You're speaking of the old times. Days gone by; old pipe dreams. There never was any beauty. Never has been anything; only nothing."

Can they be right? Am I dreaming? Was it yesterday or tomorrow that made me aware of splashing waves, clean air , lovely sunshine, and rain; of voices and song in the air, and smells, wonderful to behold? Am I alive or dead, or dreaming a nightmare?

I seem to remember sights magnificent to the eyesight - body and mind. Sights of animals, scenery, blossom, new life and flowers - and grass. Lovely luscious, long, wet green feathers covering the dust and dirt, where the people now grovel, breed and "live".

Am I living in hell? Was there ever such a . . . a heaven, with such fine feathered, carpeted grounds, and good living? Did it ever exist? Does this exist? Do I exist?

K. M. Scammell

PROSE

The sky was pregnant with rain. The once bloated grey clouds were now ladling out their burden on to the waiting earth below.

8 o'clock.

Mixed thoughts.

"I had to get up early for this. I hope it's worth it."

Apprehensively I stepped out of the vehicle. Dramatically I belted across the acres of asphalt in the pelting rain. I rushed between the steel-cold buildings, leering over me with hideous arms out-stretched. Poles entangled in barbed wire. A withered tree, a handful of plushed velvet flowers bent beneath the lashing onslaught of the summer storm.

Friday.

"It can't take long. I've got to get back. Exam This afternoon. My last chance. I've got to get it this time."

Glints of silver and gold attract too many. I had lowered myself to become one of them. But I was desperate.

Fingers, arms, legs, brain crossed. I stumbled into the office.

Sterile.

Monotone surroundings.

"Wait please."

"How long? One hour, two hours?"

Nervously I fidgetted away the first few seconds as one in waiting. Funny The mind explores strange places when the body is confined to the arduous task of restricted repose. Looking back one wonders how one managed to endure it. But the memory is kind. It tends to forget pain. How necessary then, it is for me now, to over-emphasize my present few recollections in order to once again conjure up in the brain the past events in their true perspective.

Varied noises.

Variegated faces. Reflections of a diversity of backgrounds. Unexplored minds, untouched yet all too easily marked with experience's effect.

Green walls, brown and grey flecked tiles. The epitome of an architect's stereo-typed mind.

Tapping feet.

Tension mounting.

I was called into the office. At first it seemed more to me like a summons. But oh, the let-down.

White forms.

"Sign please. Start Monday. Thank you."

"Thank you, Dad." Contacts account for much in this world. What it was like to feel grateful to a father who was a personal friend of the Personnel Officer.

What was it going to be like? Would I like it? But what was there to worry about. Factory life couldn't be that bad, could it? After all thousands are employed within its environs in this state alone; thousands have been for years and years and years.

If I had only realized then that a greater under-statement in all history has never issued from human lips.

Monday morning.

Hurrying feet. Rush and haste, no time to waste. CLOCK IN. On time. Race the clock, beat the clock, DESTROY IT.

"This is your job. I hope you will be happy here."

I smiled.

"WIPER MOTORS."

I was to become deeply acquainted with these articles in the ensuing weeks.

Monotonous regularity. Aching fingers. Droning ears.

The clock ticks time out of time. It is a tyrant. It ticks out, all too slowly, the drudgery to be born. Yet it is also a friend for it marks the ending of ennui.

Seconds, minutes, hours, days - go plodding by, like weeks, months, years, centuries. Perhaps these aeons have mellowed me into a unit, oblivious to everything, even to my own real self. Suspended in time I lie, deeply engrossed in dreams of the future; to wait alone the barrage of oncoming motors.

Flights into fantasy.

My heart flies out from my body, winging on an iridescent cloud.

My mind expands on routes my body can never travel.

Meaningless existence.

Softness melting into the iron refuse around me. Glimpses of radiance now suffocating in soul-destroying labor.

Fanatical speed. Madness.

"I must keep the pace. Keep the motors going. They're building up."

"Hurry up"

I am surrounded by lecherous machines hooting out odoriferous obscenities; degraded mechanical, humanoid forms bowing before them; owing their subsistence to them.

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K. M. Scammell

“UNTITLED”

Some people say, “Thank God for the Salvos” and I will certainly lift my glass to such a worthy phrase. Now, though, as I sit transfixed at my lounge-room window may I add, “Thank God for my Gum Trees”. Why gum trees?

After uprooting my husband and three young sons from London’s suburbia we settled very nicely thank you into a triple-fronted brick veneer home. After seven years of establishing wall to wall carpet, garage and concrete edges, I suddenly realised that back fences and other people’s washing were not the epitome of beauty. This realization reawakened the moving bug once more. Hurray! We were going to move, but where were we going? At 2 a.m. one Sunday morning I knew where we would be starting all over again; two hundred metres from our present abode!

Just over twelve months later we moved into this, our present home. “Impossible to build on such a slope” was the conventional opinion. We proved that statement wrong, greater powers than our own were determined that our house would be built on an ancient Aboriginal encampment.

It was during the October of 1972, as the pressures of the H.S.C. reached their climax, that I first found solace in my humble gum trees. Then, during the following year, preparing again for another two subjects, the adage of new house, new baby added another son to our fold. My previous gums became my refuge, my life-line. Their innate serenity bewitched me to the point that, instead of deciphering Chaucer and trying to understand the intricacies of Australian politics, I gave my thoughts to my gums. Why had I become so intoxicated with their total involvement of my window?

Now, twelve months later, as I sit transfixed once more, with all those wretched assignments due in on the eighteenth, I am at last beginning to communicate with my humble friends. Could it have been that their silent will reached out and instigated the farewell to my country of birth? Two hundred metres off course after a twelve thousand mile journey is really not a bad effort. My trees have spoken; they represent mankind in its purest form. They are not ostentatious but they are certainly ubiquitous, struggling to succeed in living. Some die slowly, others never make maturity and their powers of recovery when everything points to their destruction adds relevance to their simile of life. The wattle and tea-trees are friends to my gums, but somehow the conveyed imports of European stock do little to encourage my friendship.

Is it then that gum trees are the representation of life in its purest form? Do we need to add the alien accessories to improve our lives and if proven yes, then I will take the other road.

Now, as I watch the gentle silhouettes of my silent friends dimming against the evening sky, I feel safe in knowing that tomorrow’s sunrise will once again unfurl the hypnotic serenity of our friendship. Of yes, Thank God for the Gum Trees!

Frances Congdon, X10



PAINTING



PHOTOGRAPHY

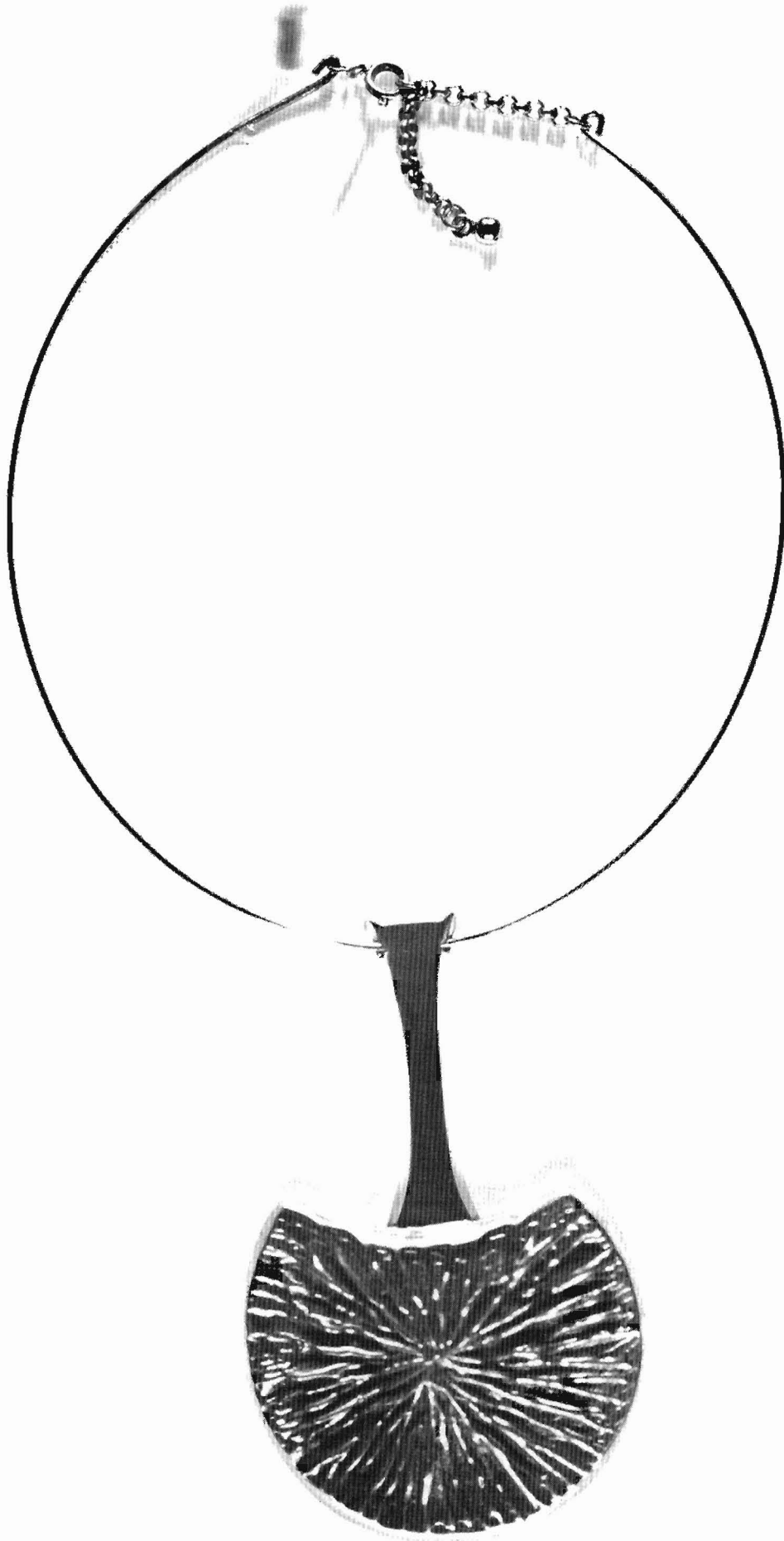




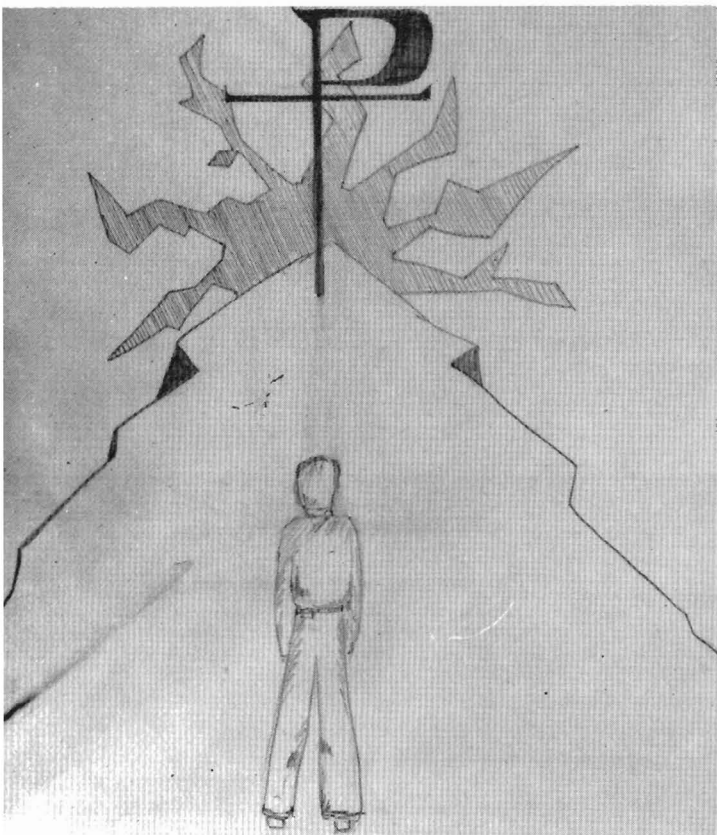
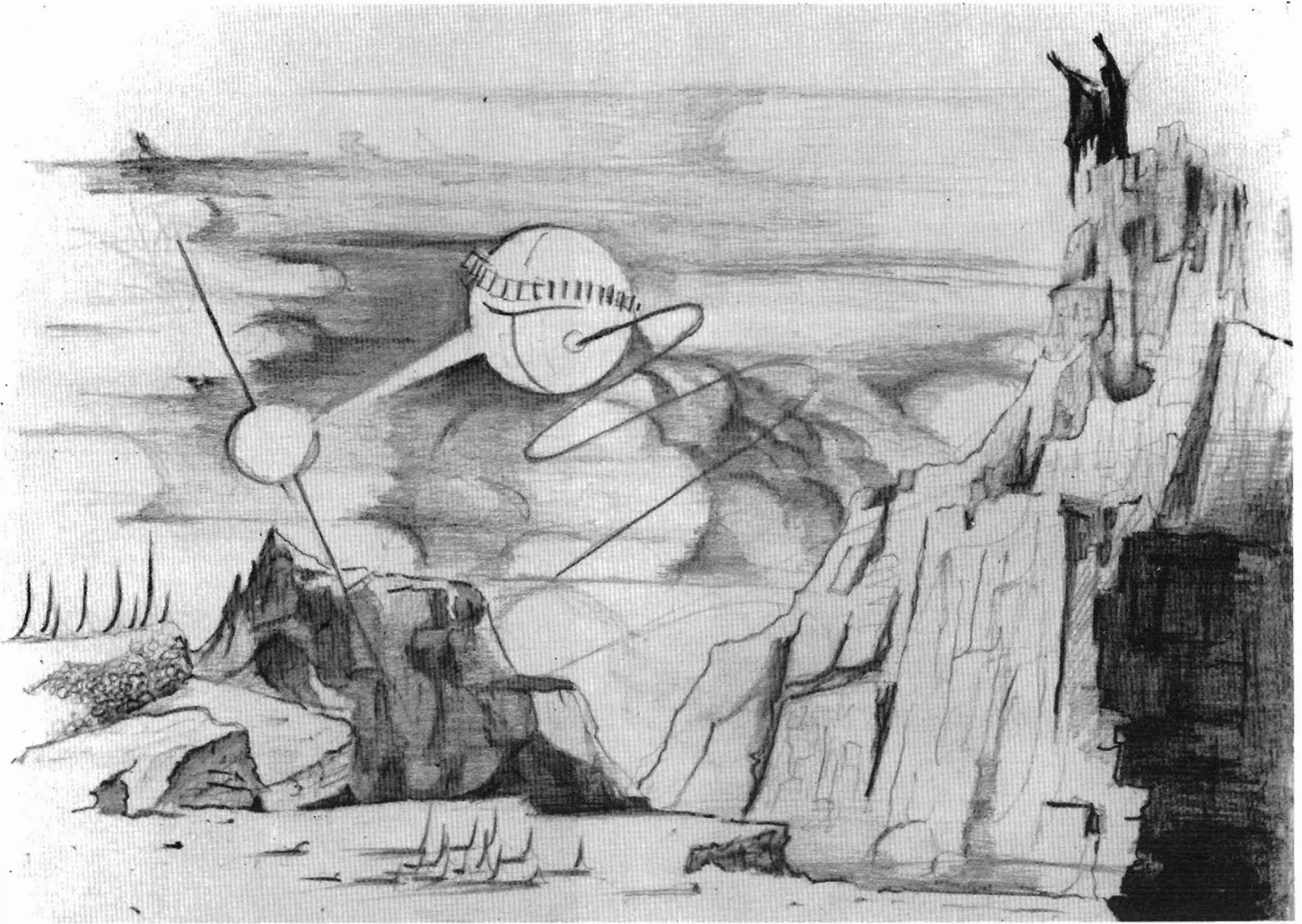


Chris Bennett

JEWELLERY



GRAPHICS



Sport





IS THIS MY BAG?

I sit at this time in a three bedroom weatherboard house at a laminex coated kitchen table.....I write, my thoughts not yet collected, all are asleep. I begin to wonder,

Is THIS my bag?

My first year at a tertiary institution draws to an ignominious finish - what words, what a laugh, a bitter, sad, hollow laugh.

Surrounded by my peers, my equals then, on to teaching rounds, how nice, how pretty.

No....how false, what a tinsel chrome coated world---

Enter: Hello boys and girls! Click. I'm Mr. or Mrs. or Miss or Ms whatsit: click: your friendly travelling visiting teacher whirr click: I'm no student: no, I'm a visiting teacher: In this environment I may as well be a Eunuch.

I feel ashamed.

Stop! Stop! Stop! (for want of a better word)

This isn't my bag! I'm not even fooling myself.

I am a student, if you like a learner
I make mistakes
Bad ones.
I can admit them, but never to a class: click: goes
the Eunuch.

Click goes the Eunuch: he is given aid: it is called a visiting lecturer:

"Now children, today we will be on best behaviour; we have a guest in the room.
Never underestimate the primary child.

"A good beginning but you: barbed pointed good bad destructive instructive creative:
(you poor bastard, I'm only doing my job).

"What school have you got?"
"Monterey"
"Stiff!"

"What school have you got?"
"Karingal"
"Lucky bastard!"

"I understand the kids at Davey Street or wherever can be real little mongrels."

"Yeah, depend on how you approach them though: (click) just let the little fools know who's boss, be the top man, gloss gloss click don't let the little buggers know you're afraid of 'em.

Back to college;
back to P.P.T.

To sleep or to bitch: I'll (click) bitch:

"My control is non-existent: what do I do?"

"Don't worry; it'll come with time and experience."

"You said that the last time."

"Don't panic: it's the worst thing you can do."

"God, you're here to show me how....don't worry (click)
don't worry (click) don't worry (click)

No one else seems to have my trouble: why me: what's my disease.

This isn't my bag.....

Back to teaching rounds after some enlightening aid and assistance.

Oh God, (click) I feel so bad.....

(Written at a rather low moment)

Anonymous

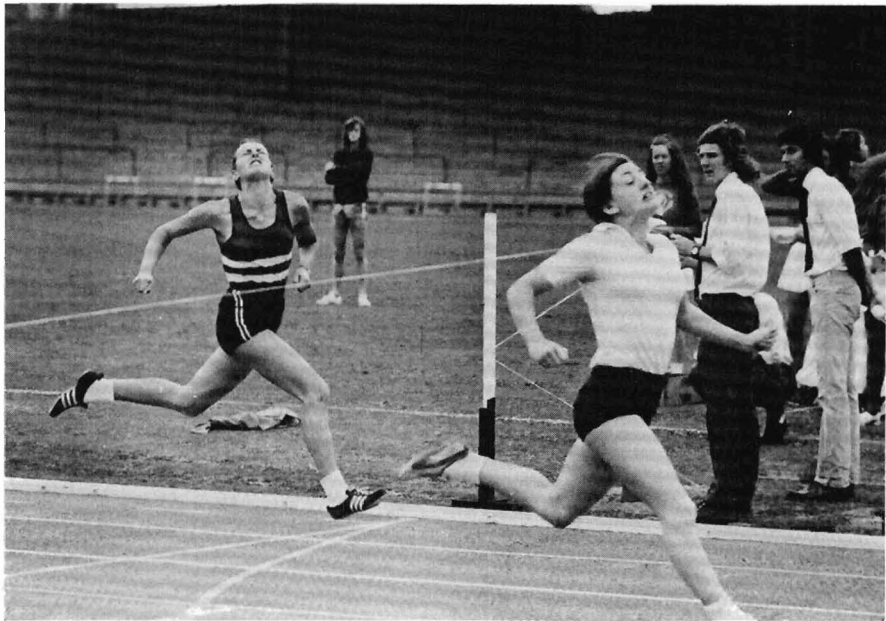
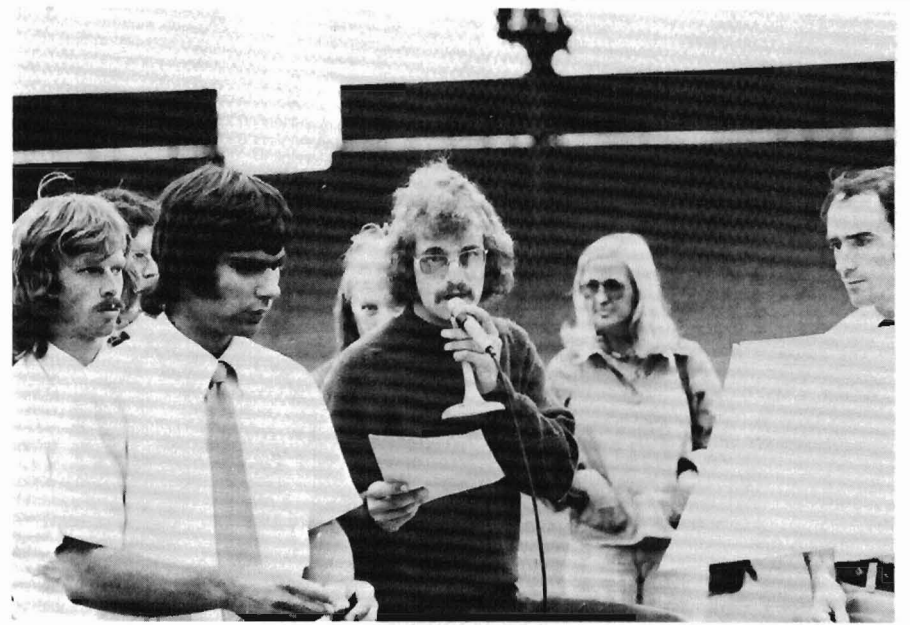
INTER-COLLEGE ATHLETICS

1974 was the final year that Frankston was the host College of the sports. As usual, thanks to the brilliant organizing of the College's Physical Education Staff, the sports went off without a hitch.

Although Frankston may not have won, I believe that those who represented the College should be praised for their determined efforts in their individual events.









WINTER'S APPROACH

*Sad sunlit summer days
gone.
Revealing thin tastes of cold winter
Falling through my days
Endlessly
Showering a myriad of the season's
wrath upon me.
Wasted
Days, devoid of tomorrow's
Leaving
Lingering doubts of yesterday's value.
Questioning
A world that refuses to yield
to my pure touch
Blindly
Ignoring my existence, and I
Refusing
To accept the harsh realities
Fall endlessly through my days
Leaving no impression
Upon the moistened surface
of a world in turning.
Sad sunlit summer days
Gone.
The seasonal wheel is turning.
Faint hints of cold winter
Fall upon the thin membrane of my existence.*

Bill Rollins

MY DAD'S WORK CAR

When I was about four, we lived about half-way up the hill to Nana's place. My dad's big black Ford that he used to drive to work would be left in our garage at the top of the lane. Shane and Chris were never allowed near Dad's work car but of course Shane and Chris managed to climb in one afternoon. All the funny little knobs and buttons and things fascinated me so much I decided to try them all out while authoritatively explaining the function of each to interested two-year-old brother. The key happened to be in the car at that stage, but turning the key did little more than make some things go red. However, a little silver button took my interest. After a few pushes I discovered that one little push on this little silver button would result in the car jerking forward, just a little bit. We were driving Dad's work car.

A few more pushes and we felt as if we were on our way to Adelaide where we had been for our last holidays. Little were we aware of the decline of the driveway which awaited the front wheels of Dad's work car with about another eight pushes of this little silver button - we were gaining speed. What a breeze. We thought we had been about a thousand miles when . . . crash. We had hit a lamp post. In excitement I looked over to see if Chris was enjoying himself. He was on the floor bawling his eyes out. Dad and Mum rushed out, picked up my poor little brother, and me, the heroic driver of my Dad's work car. I seemed to be the centre of attention during this while my brother went for a drive in the ambulance. This special day, the day I pranged my Dad's work car, began a new era. Dad didn't bring his work car home any more after that.

Shane Fogarty

THE CAFETERIA

Shrill, crisp voices pierce the area, where people are sitting amidst empty plates and left overs. Laughter and chatter mingle with the silence of those sitting alone. Books and papers scattered haphazardly across tables, block any space on which to write, while perched coffee cups sit on three levels of newsprint.

People turn looking at others in lazy scrutiny, smoking defiantly and habitually lighting another. Legs crossed, they sit, leaning back in chairs, lolling in their grubby jeans.

Hectic bustle attacks one person as she realizes a forgotten errand. Perfume and body odour form a cloud, as a harried student shuffles past in a partly bewildered haze. At five minutes to two, there are fewer people adorning this place, continuing the chatter at a lower pitch, as they absently, sometimes purposely, forget their timetable.

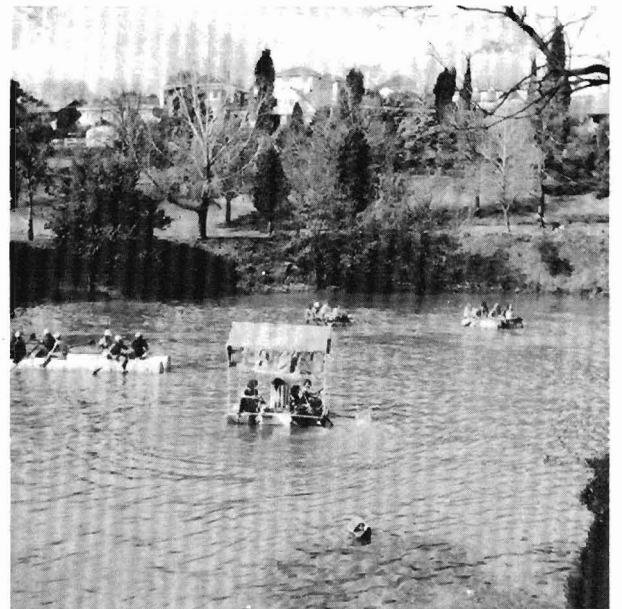
Lee Harrison.

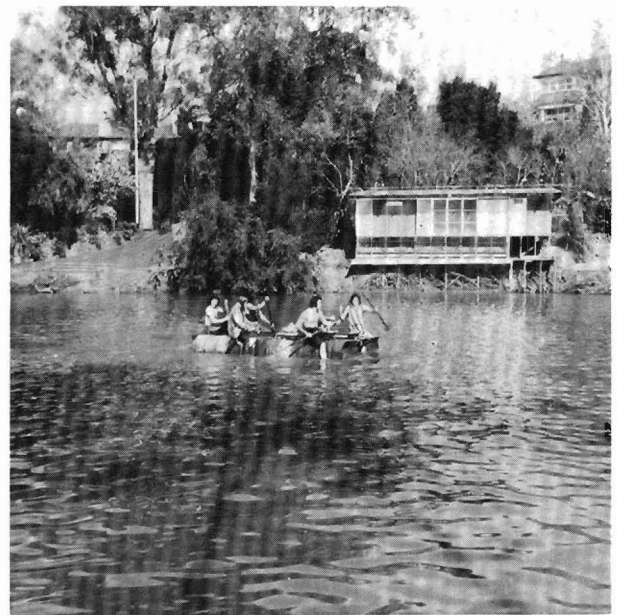
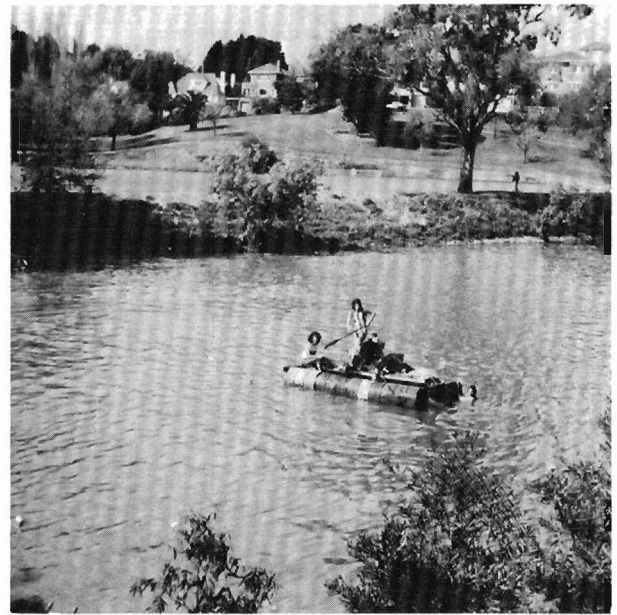
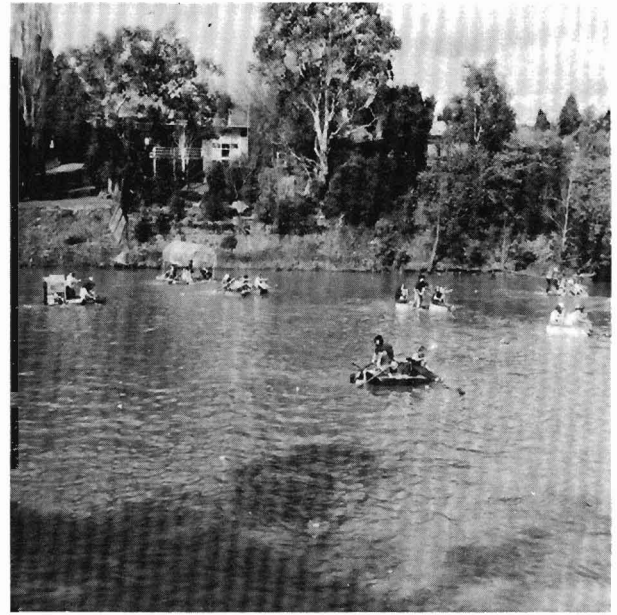
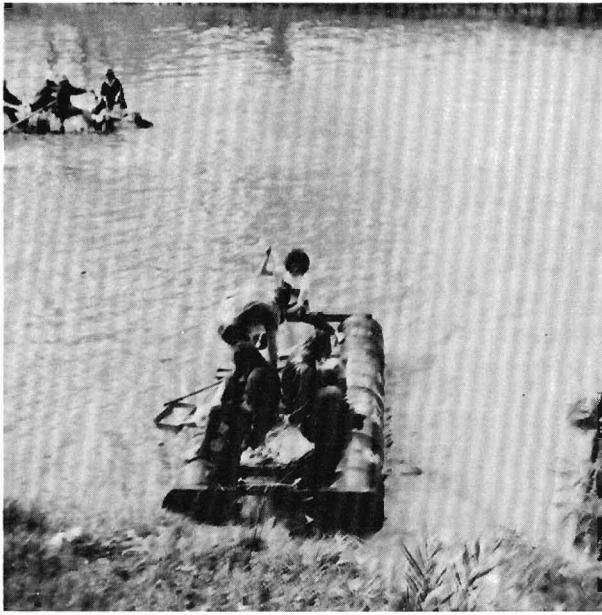
LIBRARY - 498 W

*A stifling heat lies across my chest
seeping into my nose and throat.
My senses are dulled by the continual
purring of the air conditioner.
Huge bolted windows laugh at the
self-imposed captors in their tiny
individual cells.
Hedges of shelves cultivated with books
loom over me.
Claustrophobia shivers through me.
A jigsaw of grey presses threateningly
towards me whilst fluorescent glare
beats down from above.
I have to breathe fresh air again.
I have to get out. I have to escape.*

RAFT RACE

This year the College entered a strong contingent of four rafts in the annual tertiary institutions' Henley on the Yarra. After a hectic time at the start with all the rafts sharing the putrid bombardment by both spectators and competitors, the rafts slowly moved away. It was a particularly gruelling race over five miles. All but one Frankston raft finished, with one of the rafts taking out third place. An "A" for effort must be given for Bendigo for their raft fitted out with a barrel and water hose.





THUS A CHILD LEARNS

*Thus a child learns;
by wiggling skills through his fingers and toes, into himself,
by soaking up habits and attitudes of those around him;
by pushing and pulling his own world.*

*Thus a child learns;
more through trial than error,
more through pleasure than pain;
more through experience than suggestion;
more through suggestion than direction.*

*Thus a child learns;
through affection, through love, through patience,
through understanding, through belonging,
through doing, through being.*

*Day by day the child comes to know a little bit of what you
know;
to think a little bit of what you think;
to understand your understanding.
That which you dream and believe, and are, in truth,
becomes the child.*

*As you perceive, dully or clearly;
as you think, fuzzily or sharply;
as you believe, foolishly or wisely;
as you dream, drably or goldenly;
as you bear false witness or tell the truth -
thus, a child learns.*

CHILDREN LEARN WHAT THEY LIVE

*If a child lives with criticism
He learns to condemn!
If a child lives with hostility
He learns to fight!
If a child lives with ridicule
He learns to be shy!
If a child lives with shame
He learns to feel guilty!
If a child lives with tolerance
He learns to be patient!
If a child lives with encouragement
He learns confidence!
If a child lives with praise
He learns to appreciate!
If a child lives with fairness
He learns justice!
If a child lives with security
He learns to have faith!
If a child lives with approval
He learns to like himself!
If a child lives with acceptance and friendship
He learns to find LOVE in the world!*

SABOTAGED - 498 W

*Curvaceous buttocks bounced both left
and right as she breezed along the
footpath. Her ample charms however
ended at the shoulders where age
had claimed the area between the summit
of the nose to the valley of the
wrinkled eyesockets: An outwardly
attractive body had been sabotaged
by the head.*

THE TRANSPORT HAZARD

With my pants clinging to my legs and my notes in one big blue blob, I feel like superman caught in the rain on a corner without his telephone booth. You see, I'm standing in the rain, for all you dumb twits who haven't caught on, and it's coming down real wet water. Such are the hazards of waiting for your college taxi to arrive. I'm a poacher, i.e., I poach cars and their drivers for an adventure-filled, luna park type escapade to F.T.C. everyday.

Not bad today - only 20 minutes late.

"Hi! Sorry I'm late. Dad ran over the cat's tail and I had to run him to the vet."

"Oh, that's all right." Hell, the excuses get worse everyday.

Off we go, shoulder to shoulder, true comrades and all that, you think? Not on your life - there are five other wet little beasties in the back too.

"Heck, watch out . . . almost collected him. Go back and have another shot . . . you might get him next time."

"Would you mind wiping the back windscreen? I can't see. I'll just get the cloth. It's under the seat somewhere."

"No, no, no - calm down. It's all right. I'll use my handkerchief." No wonder she can't see. We're stacked three high up to the roof in here.

"Come on fool, get going. I've got a lecture in ten minutes" . . . and we're only at Mordialloc!

"Boy, you think they could go a bit faster than 60 mph down Beach Road." Yeah, there is only 5000 other cars who want to go in every other direction at the same time!

"Oh God! Didn't even see that red light. Never mind, no harm done." No, no . . . it's all right, we just changed a nice shade of green in the back here, and it smells like someone got a bit more than a fright when we slid artistically between those two cars.

"How's your knee, love? Am I squashing you?"

"No, I'm fine" but hell those studs on your jeans don't half stick into me, do they?

I wish she would go over those railway lines a little under 50. I think I shall have an acute case of concussion by the time I get to college - IF I GET THERE.

Ah, there it is.

STUDENT APATHY

The reasons of "no time to be involved", "too much work to do", "a strong social circle out of college", "a part time job", "a girl/boy friend", "living too far away", are those used by the typical apathetic student. The situation applies just as much to the typical-involved student who does not have a dramatically different life style compared to the non-involved student.

Even at our comparatively small tertiary institution where the population might be approximately 1,000 students and staff some people may feel overwhelmed, insignificant, feel that no one really cares about him/her and have a lack of self-confidence.

A tertiary institution, especially one which is supposed to train people to handle children and other people, should offer encouragement, build up self confidence and help to learn the social arts.

This college offers many opportunities to people to assert themselves socially, to meet people (often with similar interests and problems, particularly on the academic side of college as everyone is doing a similar basic course); to name a few, the musicals, plays, numerous concerts day and night, sporting and non-sporting activities and the numerous parties to which there is usually an open invitation.

Surely with the small number of college students and staff (compared with other institutions) and the number and variety of social functions, the frequent availability of transport and friendly people there should be no excuse for the degree of student apathy.

This is not a criticism of the students who have genuine reasons for non-attendance - and there are some - but one directed to the many students who do not have real, valid reasons.

John Woodman

While on teaching rounds I discovered children through their poetry and verse. On the next two pages are some of the writing of children in grades 5 and 6.

THE STORM

*The waves crashed down upon the sand
The rain came down to cool the land.
People rushed here and there,
Thunder roared without a care
Far into the night the storm raged on
But when daylight came
The storm was gone.*

K. Densley

HAIR

*Hair, Hair everywhere
Why does everybody care
So much about their hair.
Long hair, short hair,
Strong and bought hair
So many new ways and styles are sought
To keep these tangled dreads
Why can't we have a world of bald heads?*

*The same idea the frogs all had,
Was not indeed very bad
Would this someone help them now?
Who, when, why and how?
Then suddenly one by one,
The leaves stopped shaking,
What had it done?
Again the voice they could hear,
The frogs then forgot their fear.
"Who might you be?" the frogs asked boldly,
"None of your business" the voice said coldly.
Some of the frogs then said
"Look at those electric wires"
The others cried "There are no electric wires,
You are only silly liars"
Suddenly the frogs stood still
They heard a voice, it sounded ill,
They followed it
Through the reeds
They soon found some electric leads.*

K. Densley

*My sister loves collecting things,
Bangles, baubles, buttons and rings,
But most of all she loves
collecting caterpillars, frogs and beetles.
Then after much trouble she starts erecting
Homes and hollows without neglecting
That some need more care and attention;
Without noticing Mum's prevention
She takes them in the house.
Not knowing of her beetles I hopped into bed
With a strange, strange feeling
from my toes to my head.
My heart started pounding,
The sight was astounding
My face suddenly yellowed
And then I bellowed,
"A bug, a bug, Paula come here!"
And after that, the little brat
was not allowed to keep them here.*

*The circus is in town
With a new-found clown
The ponies' feet go clippity clop
The crowds are gathering in the big top.
The performance has begun,
The elephants enter, weighing a ton.
During the performance the tigers roar,
The crowds are yelling "more, more!"
In come the jugglers, with perfect timing
The clowns are busy
autograph signing,
The trapeze artists fly through the air
The monkeys chatter without a care.
The performance has come to an end
Everyone walks home in a dream . . .
To be a member of the circus team.*

K. Densley, S5

THE PYTHON

*A python I should not advise,
It needs a doctor for its eyes
And has the measles yearly
However, if you feel inclined
To get one to improve your mind
And not from fashion merely,
Allow no music near its cage,
Because it doesn't greet sincerely.*

Cheryl Craig

POEMS

*We heard shudders and shakes in the night
That stopped when we turned on the light,
We heard them all through the house,
They were too loud to be a mouse,
One night we heard them louder,
While we were eating our chowder,
We turned around and saw her,
The ghost of Agatha Blurr,
And after that we know,
What causes the shudders and shakes in the night
That stopped when we turned on the light.*

*Bats, frogs, beetles and snakes,
All the things that give you the shakes,
Everyone of them meets tonight,
It will be a terrible sight,
They will roam around the town,
Knocking all the people down.
We'll get our spray cans ready.*

Karen Crosby

*At the camp
It was really fun,
Some people had nightmares
And called for their mum.*

*Some people streaked
From the toilet to their hut
Others just sat there
Like a cigarette butt.*

*Trevor Button was the
Best streaker of the year
So some children celebrated
With a clap and a cheer.*

Graeme Davie

THE BROOK

*Till last by Phillips' farm I flow
To join the brimming river
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever more.
I chatter over stony ways in
little sharp and quiet places
By thirty hills I hurry down
to tinkle down a valley
Until I join a peaceful dam.*

Peter Edward Hart

THE SHELL

*See what a lovely shell
Small and pure as a pearl
Lying close to my foot.
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
A miracle of design.*

ANOTHER SHELL

*I pressed the shell
Close to my ear
But no sound to be heard
I listened again and out
came the sound of a bell.
Then I placed it again on the shore
in pain.*

THE SPOTTED ELEGATION

*The spotted Elegation
Is a menace to the nation
He's always playing his limping game
Acting though he's very lame.
He lives in Australia
With his twenty-two foot trailer,
And in his trailer is a broken fence
Which he sells for fifty cents,
He feeds upon pavlova and cream,
And rips his pink pyjama seam,
His mother thinks he is a brain,
Although he is quite insane,
So I guess that's why the
Spotted Elegation
Is a menace to the nation.*

Kerrie Dow

AUTOGRAPHS