



STRUAN '65

Cover: Jean Auld
Struan Art Award

*Of old, it stands alone, symbolic of the
past,
A monument and donor
Of dignity to the educators of the
future.
Brick red!
Around — lush green of vine and tree,
Inside; musty air walls imbued
With rains of winters gone.
Lingering spirits, memories of those
who passed —
Through to the world unknown.
To them,
Struan stands
A lasting source of reminiscence.*

Keith Naylor.

TOWARDS THE HORIZONS . . .



FRANKSTON TEACHERS' COLLEGE

STRUAN '65

*This Magazine
Attempts
To Document
In Prose, Poetry and Photography
The People, Events and Places
Associated With A Year
In A Teachers' College*



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Principal's Message



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

We are living in an age that requires us to have some understanding and appreciation of science because of the tremendous part it plays in our lives. It is therefore not contrary to the spirit of the times for me to suggest that we teachers should regard our own work more as a science and less an art than we have been accustomed to.

The idea that the best teaching method or procedure is the one that suits **me** as an individual teacher in a particular situation is easy and comfortable, but it provides too ready a defence against criticism and suggestions of change. It can lead to a habitual rationalization and to complacency or even laziness. It tends to discourage self-criticism and objective evaluation of myself or anybody else. If we think of teaching as a matter of personal knack and skill acquired mainly by experience, we may as individual teachers become impervious to ideas of change and improvement.

Teachers get great pleasure and

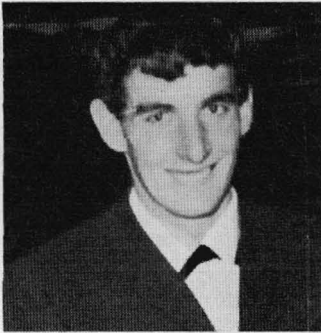
profit from swapping ideas when they meet at conferences or union meetings, but much of this exchange is only at the level where teaching is regarded as an art. We need information and guidance at the level where teaching is seen as a science.

It is unfortunately true that Australia spends very little indeed on educational research. When we think of the huge amount spent annually on education — an amount still far short of the country's real needs — it is surprising that the public does not demand more research to ensure that it gets the maximum possible return for this investment. If the public did, the A.C.E.R. would surely rank in importance with the C.S.I.R.O., and some of its achievements would be just as fantastic.

For various reasons the messages from educational research do not always come through loud and clear, but we have gradually accumulated a substantial body of scientific knowledge about child development and behaviour, the learning process, and teaching techniques. This knowledge will go on increasing, and teachers must be ready to seize upon it and apply it to the advantage of their pupils. If we look more scientifically at the tasks of education we may even help to level the distinction some people are trying to make between teaching primary school children and teaching secondary school children.

I am not suggesting for one moment that the personality of the teacher does not matter or that education is not a personal process. Scientific investigation may yet explain the magic personality of the "born teacher", and we already owe to science our appreciation of the personal and individual nature of education. My argument is simply that we should think of teaching more as a science and less as an art than we have been accustomed to.

President's Report



*Max Bennett
President S.R.C. 1965*

On looking back over the year the question that any committee, organisation or association asks itself is "What have we achieved?"

This is a very pertinent question and is often difficult to answer truthfully. However, with regard to the S.R.C. this year we did achieve something.

At the moment the main task of the S.R.C. at Frankston T.C. involves administration and the control of the money obtained from the fee placed on each student at the college. This money was ably distributed among the various committees by the Finance Committee. It was distributed among the following committees: Publications, Social, Grounds Improvement, Concert and Dramatics and Sport. Social Service does not receive a grant, as it is against College policy.

These committees are autonomous within themselves, but are technically responsible to S.R.C. and then to the Principal, who has the power of veto, for their actions. The S.R.C. as a whole has the power to direct individual committees on what course of action should be taken if the occasion should arise where this is necessary. The Committees are free to conduct meetings and draw up their own plans to spend or use their allocation. Some say that the committees are too

free and that S.R.C. should have more control over their actions and decisions. Clubs formed within the college are also under the control of the S.R.C. These include the camera, trampoline and music clubs. The latter received £70 from SRC this year.

At the beginning of the year we had some problems with the Publications Committee. At first it consisted of one enthusiastic member and the Publications Committee was threatened with extinction unless a full committee could be formed. The problem was resolved, and since the Joint Editors took control the Publications Committee has not looked back and must be congratulated on the work they put out. To disband the idea of a Publications Committee would be a loss to the college and it is hoped the system of joint editors will overcome the problems that have existed in the past.

As well as the control and organisation of committees, S.R.C. administers the sale of pennants, motifs, badges, tie pins and cuff links, and the S.R.C. office is the storehouse of lost property in the college. This latter task in one which the S.R.C. could well do without. The Canteen Duty Roster is also in the hands of the S.R.C., but this "voluntary" roster fails because of the lack of active support from the students. Returning students should realise that if they refuse co-operation in this matter in the future, the result may be that the canteen will close down altogether.

The organisation of Inter-College visits is perhaps the greatest task that S.R.C. has undertaken this year. During the year four colleges visited us —Geelong, Bendigo, Western and Technical T.C.'s. All these were successful and enjoyed by the colleges concerned.

A small contingent came down from

Geelong on the 7th July by buses, and despite the weather enjoyed themselves. This visit was a little disappointing because the social aspect was largely neglected. Amends were made on the 11th August when the whole of the Bendigo TC visited us. Altogether this was a very successful day both socially and on the sporting field. On the 17th August a small but energetic group from Western TC, South Australia, visited us. These "Westerners" were jealous of our college's surroundings, view and hostel. The visit by the Technical TC was an educational one and S.R.C. provided the guides and acted as hosts for the morning.

These visits are a very important part of college life; they give the respective S.R.C.'s a chance to meet and exchange views regarding the operation of their councils and the visits provide competition in a wide variety of sports and a chance for the colleges to meet socially.

It is pleasing to hear that Inter-State college visits are coming back into vogue. These were popular a number of years ago, but seemed to have drifted into the background. However, they are with us again and it is up to the students of the various colleges not to abuse them, but to make the most of a valuable opportunity.

Perhaps the most important role of S.R.C. is to look into and carry out if practicable and acceptable, suggestions made by the students within the college. This year the S.R.C. followed up a number of student requests and suggestions with few

positive results. These included: A Miss Australia entrant from the college sponsored by the S.R.C.; a vending machine; a cafe-bar machine; library seating; a certificate of competency for the operation of a film projector; exams and their clash with teaching rounds and the question of teaching marks. This last one was perhaps the most important and successful task that the S.R.C. carried out this year as far as the students, particularly the first-years, were concerned. The result is now that teaching marks are given after every round, and the C classification is divided into C+ and C—. This success showed the practical influence and power that SRC does possess and should provide an incentive to the incoming S.R.C. It proved that if the students have a legitimate grievance and bring it to S.R.C., something can be done about it.

The question that we asked and the incoming S.R.C. asked and future S.R.C.'s will ask is how can S.R.C. be improved? What more can S.R.C. do? These are difficult questions and it will be only over a period of time and experience that S.R.C. will further develop. S.R.C. can develop only as the needs of the students demand, and will undoubtedly do so as the College expands and the student population increases. The three-year course and later the four-year course will affect S.R.C., whose constitution, outlook and responsibilities will change markedly.

In conclusion I wish Geoff Olney and his S.R.C. every success in 1966.



Vic Say, Geoff Olney, Editors

This publication marks the climax of a busy and complicated year for the Publications Committee. The incumbent editors took over half way through the year and have been six months behind ever since. However, STRUAN is here, your record of 1965 at Frankston Teachers' College.

The policy of the Publications Committee is for maximum student participation in student publications and we thank those students who contributed to and helped with the production of Seahorse and Struan. Not to be overlooked are those staff members who assisted us greatly with advice and judged the Struan awards. Thank you!

A disappointing feature of the Publications year, however, has been the lack of support of a great number of students; those who were asked to put names to photographs; those who were asked to write reports and so on.

However, enough of sour grapes.

Many of you are leaving College for good. Physically, anyway. Don't leave altogether. Don't widen your horizons and forget where you started. Perhaps this Struan will help you remember those left behind as it might help those to remember you.

Wherever you are, in College or out there teaching, good luck, and keep up the good work.

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THANK YOU

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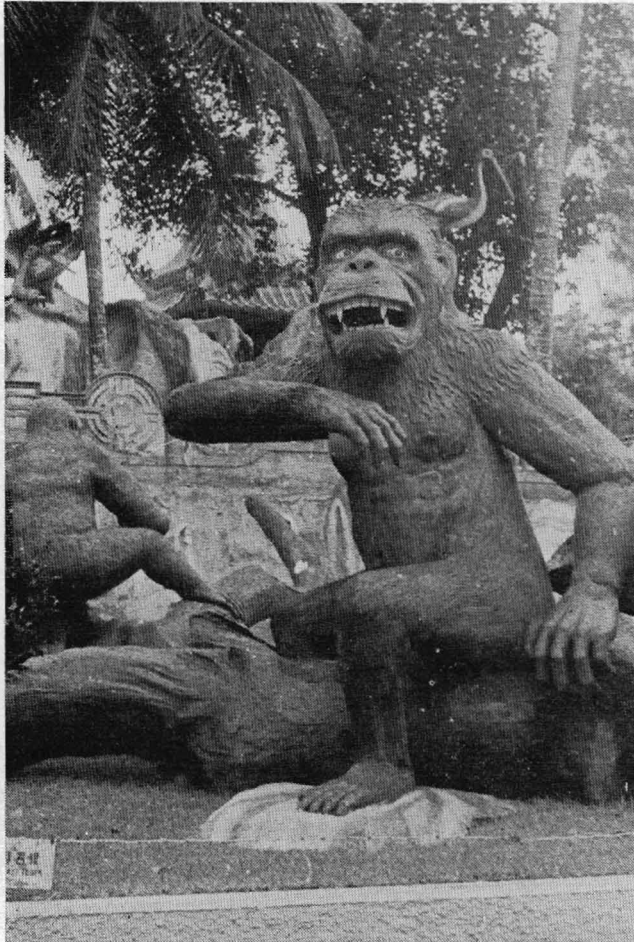
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- ATTACHED: Dr. PHILIP J. STRETTON, M.B., B.S.



The unknown person whose quiet, diligent attention to duties and thoughtfulness for others have made him (or her) the perfect college member.

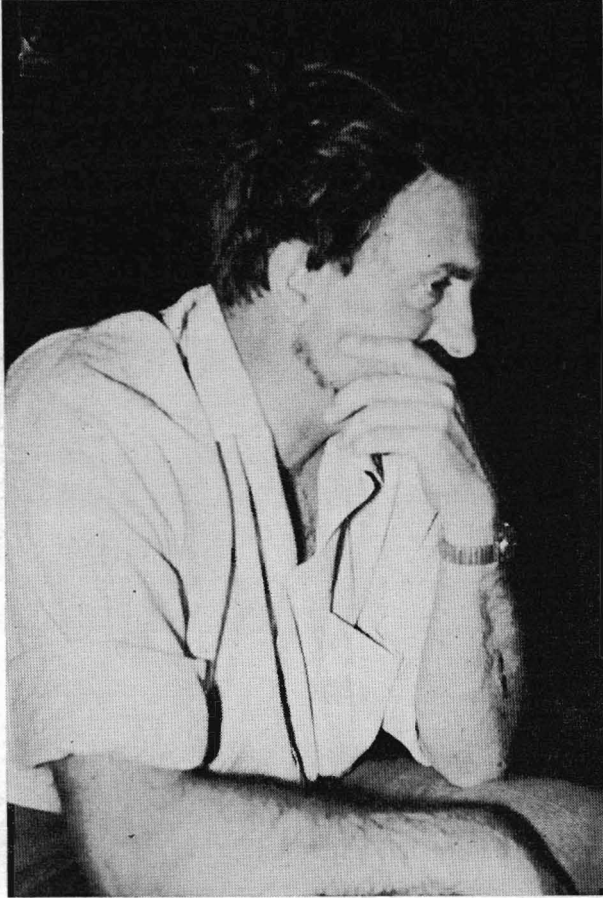
College Diary

- February** College re-opened
- March** Combined Teachers' Colleges' Swimming
Carnival — WE WON!
Garden Party
- May** "Hotel Paradiso"
- July** Geelong T.C. visited
Mid Year Ball
- August** Education Week
"Tom Jones"
Bendigo T.C. visited
Western T.C. (S.A.) visited
- September** Tours: Heron Island, Magnetic Island,
Gold Coast, Perth,
Camping and Combined tours
of the Centre.
- November** Combined Teachers' Colleges' Athletics
Carnival — WE WON AGAIN!
College closed
Football Premiership — WE WON AGAIN!
- December** Graduation Ball
Graduation
College Closed

Around the College



Around the College



Who suggested these productions in the first place? . . .

Around the College



At work

. . . . and play

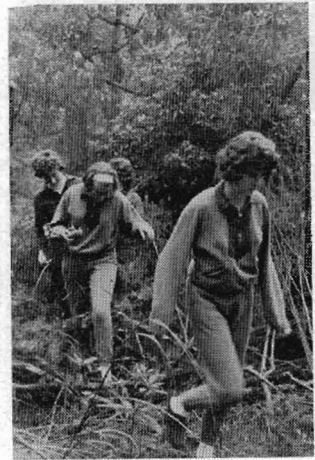


Photographer Curran

Around the College



eerrk!



Brrrr!!



Garden? Party

Around the College



. . . isn't he luvrly!!

*Next year, TV
in the gym*



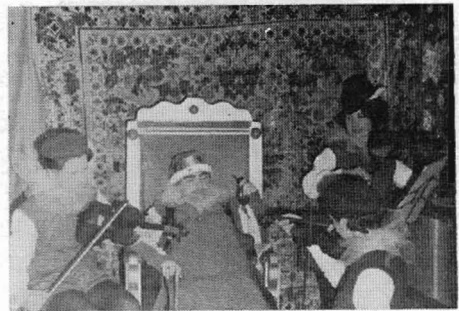
*The butcher,
the baker
the candlestick*

Around the College

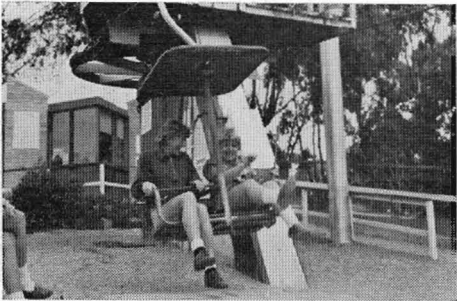


Oh look, a camera!

*That is NOT
Mr. Brown*



Around the College



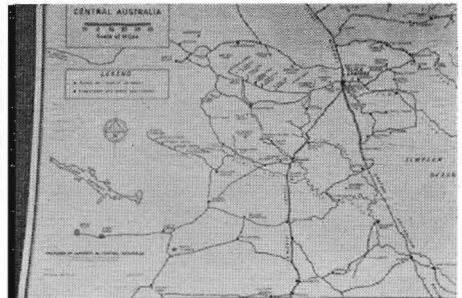
*Bushwalking . . .
with mod cons.*



*Did you hear
what she said?*



Bendigo came . . .



. . . and we went.

Combined Centre Tour

Wednesday, September 1—Left Spencer Street on the Overlander on the first leg of what proved to be an interesting tour from which we all returned with more knowledge than we had previously enjoyed.

We left late—this was to become a recurring feature of the trip. Sleep, many of us found, was something that was well-nigh impossible for we were all having such an exciting time.

Thursday, 2nd—Bleary eyes and haggard faces seemed fairly general at Murray Bridge, where a few brave souls partook of a most delightful breakfast. First incident—Lyn lost her toothpaste down the fold-away sink, followed shortly by Heather. The facial scene had changed slightly by the time we reached Adelaide. The majority of our party went sightseeing, while wiser old owls booked sleeping berths for the journey home. We were amazed at the speed of the clerks at the station—it took them fully two hours to change bookings for five people.

Adelaide-Port Pirie — General rule was catching up on the previous night's sleep (or lack of it).

Port Pirie-Maree — Singalong enjoyed by all.

Friday, 3rd—Gibber Plains, with odd houses appearing now and then. The ideal place to teach.

Oodnadatta—all out for photos. Many of us were struck by squalor and filth in which Aborigines exist.

Saturday, 4th—Arrived Alice Springs 12.30 a.m., 2½ hours late. Welcomed at the hotel by a row of tents which we were informed were to be "home".

Morning visit—John Flynn Memorial Church, Rex Battarbee Art Museum, Flying Doctor Base, National Park where the original Alice Springs was founded.

Afternoon "visit"—swimming, horse-riding, Pitchi Ritchi art camp.

Evening—trip to the pictures, Central Australian style.

Sunday, 5th—Left for Ayers Rock on Pioneer bus "Werrup", which means Red Ochre. Our coach captain, Noel McKenna, an extremely informative and very friendly person.

Curtain Spring—sang Happy Father's Day to Uncle Gordon. We arrived at Ayers Rock after a 9½-hour drive.

Monday, 6th—Got the "feel" of the Rock. Later we went round to see the Overlanders Camping Tour. Hurray for clean us.

Tuesday, 7th—Many discovered just how far it is to the top of Ayers Rock. Some didn't even bother to find out at all.

Wednesday, 8th—Left Ayers Rock 8.30 a.m. Some of us had camel rides. We were surprised to find Aborigines owning camels.

Reached Alice again about tea time.

Thursday, 9th—New bus, "Ilumca", meaning Ghost Gum, and a very pleasant driver, Norm. We were taken out to Ellery Creek Gorge where we resided at the Glen Helen Lodge. The rooms were luxurious, but this fact was spoilt by the hard water which curdled our soap.

Friday, 10th—We saw the Glen Helen and Ormiston Gorges.

Saturday, 11th—Hermannsburg Mission. We were shown the school, the old and the new churches and the vegetable garden. We were pleased to have an Aborigine travel back to Alice with us. He kindly showed us how to play the rhythm sticks.

Sunday, 12th—We left dear old Alice at 8 a.m.

Monday, 13th—Once again arrived late—this time into Adelaide.

Tuesday, 14th—Breakfast in bed with papers delivered, and, yes! We arrived late home at Spencer Street.

Altogether the Combined Centre was a tour never to be forgotten. Mr. Brennan and Miss Papworth were terrific and helped our trip to run smoothly and happily.

—ANNE SHEPPARD.

Journey to Western Australia

The journey to Western Australia was not only a marvellous holiday but was an educational experience which should be remembered by the tourists for many years.

Boarding the "Trans Continental" at Port Pirie after a smooth trip from Melbourne we began to feel a holiday spirit with the delicious meals and the service provided by our stewards. Cards, singalongs and dancing (except congas) were the means by which we filled in time as the train dashed across the Nullabor. The desert is impressive. However, it is not as desolate as is often implied. Blue bush, myall, mulga and mallee dot the landscape with occasional trees here and there. At certain spots the train halts at a siding where there is a weatherboard building and one or two outhouses. A couple of hundred yards back from the line, is a line of about seven houses—this is the main street.

One such place is Cook, which is 569 miles from Port Augusta and 539 miles from Kalgoorlie. Cook is a diesel refuelling station and the occupants of the several establishments are employed by the Railways.

Arriving at Kalgoorlie at about 8.00 p.m. on Sunday evening we were shown our "suites" or cabins located in a railway carriage stationed in a rail siding. On the following morning we were taken on a tour of Kalgoorlie. This is an historic gold-mining town which has an atmosphere that is all its own. It has a wide main street—Hannan Street—in which is the monument to Patrick Hannan, the first man to strike it rich there, and along which cars and people move as if they had nowhere to go. The people are very friendly and willing to have a yarn. We were taken to an open-cut mine no longer operating and then to one of the biggest mines on the fields, the "Earl Kalgurlie" mine. Here we saw a huge shaft in operation and a mighty box-like bucket bringing up loads of ore and rubble from the hollow far below. As well as gold, Kalgoorlie obtains £1½ million worth of wool per annum from its sheep. Another feature here was the Mt. Charlotte reservoir which is supplied from Mundaring Weir, 350 miles away. The water is carried this distance by a mighty pipeline.

Journeying the final stage on the "Kalgoorlie" we arrived in Perth on schedule on Tuesday morning. In fact, and, Victoria Railways take note, we were actually 30 seconds early, according to Doug Jamieson, when we pulled in at Perth station.

Perth is a large city with its fine banks, insurance blocks, spacious and well-kept department stores and its clean streets. A couple of its streets in the heart of the commercial block are one-way which helps to keep traffic and shoppers flowing well.

We settled in well at the Britannia Hotel in William St. and were well received by George and Ness Youngman who provided excellent meals and service during our stay.

Our first organised tour was a bus trip around the suburbs of the Swan River. This began with King's Park, a beautiful hillside parkland on the outskirts of the city. From here one has a lovely scenic view of Perth as it looks majestically over the Swan River. The best view is seen from the foot of the War Memorial, built on the highest point of King's Park. The new Narrows Bridge linking outgoing roads from Perth to Fremantle and Kwinana, looks like a structure made from a child's mecano set from this point.

A feature of the tour which was not looked forward to but which was thoroughly enjoyed was the visit to the Schools and Colleges of Perth. The first

school was Coolbinia Primary School, which goes to Grade 7. All the Primary Schools in Perth go to Grade 7, then the children go to Junior High School for two years, after which they proceed to Senior High School where they do Sub Leaving in one year, and Leaving which is a two-year course. After passing their final Leaving Examination they have the equivalent of the Victorian Matriculation.

At Coolbinia we were shown over the school by a Mr. Segar, a Nature Studies expert attached to the school. A particular feature of this school was the emphasis on plants and wildflowers of Western Australia. Numerous gardens and nurseries were laid out where the children could watch the plants and flowers growing in a "natural" situation. There is a plan for an open air "nature classroom" where the children could go for their Nature Study lessons.

The Tuart Hill High School came next and was certainly a beautiful school. Completed in 1956 it is a two-storey white brick building with large green tinted windows to provide plenty of light to the spacious classrooms without allowing too much glare. There are 1500 pupils attending the school which has new and efficient science rooms, a lecture theatre (used for lectures and films in science), a swimming pool, large playing fields, and a large assembly courtyard. This school also provides for art and craft subjects such as painting, pottery, wood-work, sewing and mechanical work. There are separate rooms fully equipped for each of these departments.

We then went to Claremont Teachers' College where we were amply entertained at a luncheon given by the staff and members of the S.R.C. This College is housed in a large two-storey building and differs in appearance from our own College. Some of the lecture rooms here, I thought, were a little small.

During the afternoon we inspected the Graylands Teachers' College which is situated at a former Army Barracks with the tin and wooden huts and sheds being turned into lecture theatres. A feature here was that all the students participate in some form of gardening and work around the College for certain periods each week. A couple of the students who were showing us about, said, that besides making the surroundings more attractive it helps to inculcate a better College spirit amongst the inmates. There certainly was a good atmosphere here at Graylands for the students who showed us about and looked after us during afternoon tea were really great guys, er, sorry, gals. The subjects they do are similar to ours but they do about ten subjects in much less detail.

John Forrest National Park and Mundaring Weir were great scenic spots, the latter with its huge mountains of pine trees and its giant spillway, the former with its many wild flowers and native trees.

A highlight of the whole tour was the trip to Rottnest Island, which is 12 miles off the coast of Australia near Fremantle. The island is picturesque with its rugged hills, its trees and wildflowers and its jagged cliffs stretching down to the great crashing waves of the Indian Ocean. On the island there are small brown, furry, four-legged animals called Quokkas, which are something like a wombat. They are blind in the daytime but can smell any food that you hold close and will come right up and eat bread from your hand. Some of the bays and beaches on the island are superb and very popular in summer. On one of the rocky cliffs we saw several red and yellow crabs and we were all fascinated by their quaint sideways crawl. The trip back on the ferry, the "Katemeraire", was really enjoyable with a grand old singalong with Mr. Howe providing some lovely numbers.

One that was particularly popular was that great Irish favourite, "The Garden Where the Praties Grow". The singing was so good that one of the passengers, a dear old lady, came up and thanked us. I think she must have thought we were part of the itinerary for the trip.

Yanchap Park was a most delightful spot. Here there are large green gardens filled with Western Australian wild flowers, trees and shrubs. It is an ideal area for picnics. The caves at Yanchap are worth seeing, for there are numerous stalactites and stalagmites, some of which have unbelievable formations. The temperature inside the caves is a constant 75° all year round and the water in the caves is about 99.1% pure. Surfacing after our visit to the caves, we had lunch on the lawns, then rowed about on the lake very expertly. In fact, one of the gardeners at Yanchap thought that Doug Jamieson was Stuart McKenzie as he rowed dexterously across the calm blue waters past the spiky water weeds. Altogether this day at Yanchap was enjoyed by all of us.

On Tuesday morning we were shown about the historical buildings of Perth by an hysterical old lady. Seriously, she certainly meant well and was very interesting, particularly when speaking of her former friends in the cemetery.

The three-day tour of Pemberton was another highlight of the tour to the West. The forest with its giant Karri trees was impressive. Here there is a huge fire look-out tree standing 212 feet tall, which is thought to be the tallest of its type in the world. Sandra McKee, showing all the prowess of a koala, was first to the top. We were taken around the trout hatcheries here. In one pool there are 750 trout, some of them having bright red stripes along their bodies. Trout can breed up to 1500 per fish per year. Some of the larger type here are called Rainbow and came originally from Canada. About half a mile from the Trout Hatcheries was a weir and many of us took some excellent snaps.

The Timber Mill owned by Hawker-Siddeley is another feature at Pemberton. Timber is cut into various lengths and sizes by round, toothed saws. The logs are rolled into position by means of chains and are rolled towards the saws on rail trolleys operated by pulleys. The saws are steam operated, the steam being provided by fires stoked mainly with the sawdust, so there is very little waste. Here Margaret Freeman and Allison Tuppen nearly fell into one of the conveyor belts, but were rescued by one of the tough mill hands. We spent the two nights in Pemberton at the Avalon Travel Lodge. Due to nightly entertainments being booked out we were resigned to playing Chinese checkers, charades and draughts. (By the way, if anyone wants a win at draughts, see Pam Perry.) The trip back in the bus was through some very pretty country. Going through Donnybrook a couple of the girls, Sue Henderson and Carol Michaelson, tried to buy apples but were told to go to the packing sheds for them. At this juncture we should make special mention of the bus driver, Clem Howell, who, I am sure, all the girls will miss. With his warm, happy nature and his knowledge he certainly made this trip to Pemberton more interesting. Oh! I nearly forgot! One of the parks we passed near Bridgetown was called "Guppy Park". We are sure that this was named after our Miss Guppy so we can see that the Frankston influence has spread to even Western Australia.

Saturday, the day after arriving back in Perth was an uneventful day and most went to either the football or the beach. Some even went about picking wildflowers, I believe. And as we all know the outcome awaiting tourists picking wildflowers in the West I am wondering if some of us are not smiling in relief at

having left Perth, for as one of the notable residents of Perth told us, "You pickee, we smackee".

For more detailed impressions of King's Park any interested people could see Sue Henderson, Alison Tuppen or Margaret Warren. For a run down of Perth dances, well, Kathy Smith has all the details. The cardsharps were Sandra McKee, Glenys Tinkham and Marilyn Callister. The champions at charades were Alison Tuppen, Judy Douglas and Marion Howie. The best chucklers were Pam Killey, Annette Hutchinson, Jenny Bloomfield, Roslyn Taylor, Roslyn Shellard. The best canasta players were Alison Guthrie, Don Rule, Roslyn Taylor and Mr. Howe, while possibly the terrible three were Carroll Dean, Marion Howie and Kay McIntyre. These three were inseparable and were always busily working out some joke. However, they were out-tricked on the last night in the Trans Continental—ask Doug Jamieson and Don Rule.

Altogether we all thoroughly enjoyed this Western expedition and we are indebted to Mr. Howe and Miss Guppy for their untiring (many sleepless nights) efforts.

—MICK PLUMSTEAD.



Centre Camping Tour

The time of day and weather
Mattered none to us:
The members of the camping tour
On board the doomed Bond's bus.
For it seemed that at the worst of times
The best came out in us.
The hot and dusty desert,
The vibrating bumpy ride,
The broken springs and shackles
Did all good film provide.
The buzzing bloomin' blow flies
Or those cursed well-spread burrs
Didn't really worry us,
Although we did so curse.
We feel the credit's due
To the very best of us:
The noble, cheery lecturers
Who at any time of day
And in any weather too
Helped to make the camping tour
Enjoyable for me and you.

—LYNNE ROSE

Sports Report

The committee is composed of representatives from each of the college sporting groups. This committee meets regularly to discuss equipment and facilities to cater for all student sporting interests and to discuss intercollege visits. All work is done in conjunction with the Physical Education lecturers, Mr. Ladd, Miss Wallace and Miss Longden.

Unfortunately, because of lack of finance, no major undertaking in the way of extra facilities or equipment could be carried out. However, the baseball team was provided with uniforms and new equipment, and maintenance equipment provided throughout the year has ensured that all sporting bodies have good quality material to commence sport in 1966.

This year we were visited by students from two colleges: Bendigo came down for a sporting day that proved most enjoyable for all concerned, and we also received a visit from the South Australians, Western Teachers' College, in Melbourne for one week in second term.

On the sporting field itself, Frankston has had the most successful year in the history of the college. Our teams won six of a possible eighteen premierships which is well above the 'quota' among six colleges. Our greatest triumphs were the winning of both the combined swimming and athletics carnivals which, along with the coveted football shield, could be termed the 'grand slam' of college sport.

To conclude, it would be safe to say we were the most successful college in sport for the year 1965, and we, the outgoing committee, would like to wish the college all the best for 1966.

—LAWRIE PECKHAM.

—DIANNE BAIRD.

FIRST FOOTBALL PREMIERSHIP

During the 1965 season the College football team played 15 games of which it lost 2 and won 13 including the grand final of the inter-college competition. The team gained for the College its first football premiership; and by defeating the two country colleges played, it showed itself to be the best Teachers' College team in the state.

The team was notable for its evenness and all-round strength; but the decisive factors in its success were probably the wealth of good big men and talented forwards and the outstanding kicking power shown by all players. The ability of all players to take strong marks and to kick accurately over long distances put opposing teams under constant pressure and so enabled the team to play attacking football at all times.

These qualities were clearly demonstrated in the grand final against Coburg Teachers' College. That Coburg was never able to counter Frankston's big men was shown by the performance of Rodney McNab who capped off a splendid game on the ball by kicking six goals. The other followers, Hank Verwoert, who was outstanding during the whole season, Daryl Hook, and Doug Ferguson were

ably supported by the rovers, Peter Gatto and Vin Claxton, whose kick-getting ability generated great drive. The outcome of the game was never in doubt when in the first few minutes Brian Quirk scored two goals with long kicks. Throughout the game the centre line of Roger Spaul, Neville Stone, and Graeme McKenzie kept the pressure on the opposing back line. Although Coburg was able at times to counter the high marking of John Gallus at half-forward and the elusive Alan Johnston at full-forward, they could not close the avenues to goal provided by other forwards like Doug Gibbon, and after he was injured, Phil Fawcett. At half-back Max Bennett contributed greatly to victory because he not only blanketed a potentially dangerous opponent but also initiated many attacks. He was ably supported by Chris Long and by Stan Oakley, who gave a faultless display on the flank. This enabled Keith Naylor, always a great back pocket, and Colin Coutts to meet the ball and turn defence into attack. When called on, Mick Plumstead responded with characteristic unselfishness.

The most unfortunate player was John Callery who, after giving the team great service as a rover, was unable to play in the grand final due to illness.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the team was the fact that thirteen of the grand final team were first-year students. This augurs well for 1966 when Frankston should be able to build on the foundations already established for a strong football tradition.

—R.W.

VOLLEYBALL

During this year's winter term, there was formed a group of athletic females all eager to play volleyball with Mr. Ellix, he being the "coach" of the now (in)famous volleyball team. Throughout the season we played many teams, giving them the benefit of our experience, thus teaching them the finer points of the "game". With great seriousness and eagerness we battled through each week against great odds, gradually making our way to the finals. We managed to defeat Burwood, so gaining the first premiership under competitive conditions, thus completing the season undefeated.

Brenda Mennie was our ever-inspiring captain, while Janie, Margaret, Kirsty, Nancy, Slocca, Diane and Carol made up the magnificent fantasmogorical College team.

Our thanks go out to our "One love", Mr. Ellix, for his patience and stamina while teaching us the various tactics of the "game".

The matches were held twice a week in the College hall after a rather disappointing start. The Kittywake girls really played together as a team to go on and win the Grand Final against the previously undefeated WRANS team. We owe our success to the enthusiasm of team members and supporters and the encouragement given to us by John Milner, Peter Van der Lande and Rien Duyvestyn. Keen competition was provided throughout the season by the other teams — Cherokee and Collegians, the other two College teams, Mornington, Seaford and WRANS.

At the end of the season, six College girls — Rhonda Bunbury, Lyn Banks, Barb. Bright, Marilyn Dean, Lois Williamson and Marilyn Callister, participated in the Victorian Country Week Championships and although we were only successful in winning one of the three matches, an enjoyable weekend was had by all.

Marilyn Dean.

BASKETBALL

INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL

FIRST TEAM. Although we did not manage to reach the Grand Final, the Firsts had a very enjoyable season at Basketball with Miss Longden always present to give encouragement and sound advice. However, throughout the year our team was unfortunate in having much sickness and injury. Thus membership was constantly changing over. Even so, the keen spirit and enthusiasm of the team was not altered. Captain was Barbara Bright.

SECOND TEAM. We took off the Premiership for the second year in succession. This success was due to enthusiasm by team members and expert coaching by Miss Longden. One match was lost but all others, including the final against Coburg, were won convincingly.

THIRD TEAM. Encouraged by Miss Wallace, we played invigorating games throughout the year. Although we missed out on becoming Premiers by a narrow margin, our games were enjoyable because of the keen team spirit. Captain was Rhonda Bunbury.

We hope that next year, Frankston will be able to win the basketball Premierships. Best of luck to next year's teams.

HOCKEY

Premiers 1965
Through beards, abuses,
fantastic ability,
fitness,
determination and
good will!

Thanks everyone
Kerri and Barb.

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College Improvements

The grounds improvements committee began its second year with the responsibility of £300 S.R.C. allocation. All possible improvements were listed from the suggestions of the students and staff and apart from general maintenance and improvement commitments, several larger projects were initiated. The (bush) area above the hockey field was landscaped and the appearance of gardens improved with tree planting, stonework and watering systems. The much needed parking area extensions were also completed. In conjunction with the Sports Committee hockey posts and soil for the cricket pitch have been provided.

Several members of the college deserve thanks for their efforts and particularly so Mr. White, without whose direction and energy little could have been achieved.

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Social Committee

This year I feel that the Social Committee has been very successful in its activities, and that this success has been due to the very active committee members and interested helpers, without whose aid we could not have managed.

During the year we have successfully run seven dances and two balls. We were very happy about the enthusiastic way in which the staff participated in the two square dances held. Special thanks to our 'callers', Miss Kentish and Mr. Corr. The student reaction to these square dances was excellent, and their response showed us that a change from the standard dance is appreciated.

The balls were the highlights of the year and we feel that the 'Strangers' added greatly to the success of the evenings. They added a break from the conventional which was appreciated by the students.

Altogether, it's been a mighty year, and we hope that next year is even better. Good luck and lots of fun to next year's Social Committee.

—JANIE WINDER.

Welfare Association

This has been another extremely successful year for the College Welfare Association.

The first function for the year, the Garden Party, on Saturday, 13th March, attracted a large number of parents and friends despite the wet weather. To the pleasant accompaniment of the R.A.A.F. Band, new students and their guests toured the College and met the Principal, Staff and Welfare Association members.

At the Annual Meeting on April 7th, the largest Committee yet, re-elected as its President, Mr. A. Malkin; Mrs. J. Mennie, Vice-President; Mr. N. L. Toyne, Secretary; Mr. J. Bell, Treasurer, and elected Mr. C. Williamson to the position of Second Vice-President. To conclude the evening, Lawrie Peckham gave a very interesting talk on his experiences in international athletics.

During the year we have been pleased to have Shire representatives on the Committee—Councillors Johnston and Hosking. Thanks go to these very busy people and also to the Staff Representatives, Miss Homes and Mr. Ladd, for their valuable work in the activities of the Association. Congratulations to the Executive on the capable and efficient way they have carried out their duties.

This year a very early and enthusiastic start was made in the preparations for the College Fair. A co-ordinating committee of two Welfare and two Student Representatives, together with a representative of the Staff, was organised.

This small group worked untiringly and, together with the Association and the groups within the College, had everything in readiness for Saturday, 2nd October. The efforts of all concerned were well rewarded by the record profit of £1219/10/4.

Special mention must be made of Mr. Prowse's ingenious String Competition. It was with mixed feelings that the students carried about those intriguing bottles for the months preceding the Fair, but I am sure that all doubts as to Mr. Prowse's sanity were resolved when the profits exceeded £300.

Congratulations and sincere thanks to Mr. Prowse for his many hours of thought and preparation, also to Ken Milsom and Michael Plumstead, the Student Representatives on the Co-ordinating Committee, for their part in the success of the Fair.

Thanks must go to Mrs. Hart for her efficient organisation of the last main function of the year, the Mannequin Parade. This proved to be very successful and enjoyable. I am sure that all who attended were very proud of the three College models. It was very encouraging to see the increased support of the students in the attendance this year.

Apart from these major functions held throughout the year, the Association has donated £100 to the College library and financed the development of a new hockey field which will be ready for the 1966 season.

I would like to take this opportunity of saying how much I have enjoyed working with the Welfare Association during my year as Student Representative and how much we, the students, should appreciate the valuable work they are doing. As parents and friends, they are vitally interested in the College and work very hard but their work is made easier and more enjoyable when it is in conjunction with us within the College. I would like to congratulate Nola Higgins on her election as Student Representative for 1966 and hope you continue to give her the wonderful support you gave me during 1965.

—JENNIE LOGAN.

Social Service Committee Report

Looking back over a year, one can count up many activities undertaken by individuals and groups under the name of "Social Service". Most of these were money-raising efforts, for Community Aid Abroad and other objects, and some were direct community help.

It is encouraging to think of those who spent hours of time and gave generously, and others who supported and helped them. Thank you, all the people who gave, sold, knited, sewed, organized, collected, tutored, and took part in dozens of acts of service. Many people will appreciate what you have done.

But it is discouraging to think that there has been no evidence of general enthusiasm or even interest in "Serving Society". The Social Service Committee in College suffers from a lack of official or financial support from the S.R.C. Committee, but also because the student body is apathetic to the needs of the community.

It can hardly be denied that, with the world's wealth so very unequally divided, those who are on the rich side, as we are, must give generously when we have an opportunity to help. This means giving not only our money, but also our time, effort, talents and interest.

Please, next year if you are still at College, give a thought to the needs of others, and don't let the few Committee members and enthusiasts do all the work. Try to make or do something for someone else.

The community is looking to us as teachers and future teachers both to help them and to set an example of generous service. We can all afford it, and we all have talents we can use.

— JEAN AULDIST.

T.C.C.F. Report

Many of the students in college are probably wondering what T.C.C.F. is, who can go to its meetings, and what its aims are.

T.C.C.F. is an interdenominational Christian Fellowship which exists to enable students to have fellowship with other Christians, to spread the love of Christ, and to make us aware of our Christian responsibilities, both as teachers and citizens.

This year we have had a variety of meetings, discussing topics such as 'Science and the Bible', 'Why are the Churches Empty?' and on occasions we had guest speakers to lead our discussions.

One speaker from the Institute of Archaeology brought many specimens, and slides of excavations, which he explained proved the authenticity of the Scriptures. Another speaker showed slides of camps and beach activities run for children during their vacations.

Missionary interest has been maintained again this year with money being sent to an international Overseas University Fund which pays for the education of students in India and South East Asia.

Next year we are looking forward to a year of progress, and already the new committee, with John Doyle as president, is organizing a program of open meetings with discussions, visiting speakers, and films. We pray God's blessing on the Teachers' Colleges' Christian Fellowship next year, and praise Him for all His guidance in 1965.

Hostel Notes

We started the year by welcoming about fifty newcomers to "our home", as well as two new supervisors, Miss Walsh and Miss Kingsley. Mr. Wells also was welcomed back after his trip overseas last year. Once initiation was over the first years managed to settle down to the Hostel way of life and at the Easter break-up they were given the opportunity to display their talent (even rabbits have talent). The May holidays meant a very sad loss to the Hostel when Mrs. Gillman left after serving as Matron for over two years. For a while we managed without a matron but eventually Miss Timmis joined the Hostel.

Occasional sing-alongs, a group outing to "My Fair Lady", a bonfire on Guy Fawkes' day, carols at dawn, plus an end of year Hostel break-up at the "Hide-Away", Sassafras, have all added to the social side of Hostel life. "Playmates", the Hostel Magazine which started last year, is being continued this year. Also a Hostel Year Book is in the initial stages and it is hoped that both of these can be kept going and improved on in the future.

Hostel students have had their share of engagements this year and our congratulations and best wishes for the future are extended to Lyn Burge, Judy Casey, Lyn McKean, Ken Milson, Wendy Roedigar and Bronwyn Smith.

At the end of the year we will be saying good-bye to Mr. Giles, who is leaving after being here for four years. The smooth running of the Hostel has largely been due to his efforts. We will also be saying farewell to Mrs. Mould and Miss Kingsley.

This year the Hostel Committee consisted of Barbara Bright (Pres.), Cheryl Dodd, Norma Walker, Lindy Davies, Julie Arnold, Liz Gardiner, Phil Fawcett, Jeff Lester, John Milner and Peter Van Der Zande, and we hope that next year the Committee, with the students' support, can do even bigger and better things. I extend every good wish to next year's Committee.

—BARBARA BRIGHT.

Project '66

It has taken me three years to realise one major facility that this College is in need of: namely, a large theatre room. The presence of television and a movie projector in the College makes this need more apparent, and the need is growing each year.

What better medium than films can be used for clarifying concepts or introducing new ones? It is a general feeling among third years that our course in Science this year would have been futile had it not been for the films shown throughout the year. But must there always be the inconvenience of transporting the projector to and from the Aids Room, when we know that it cannot be of benefit to the machine?

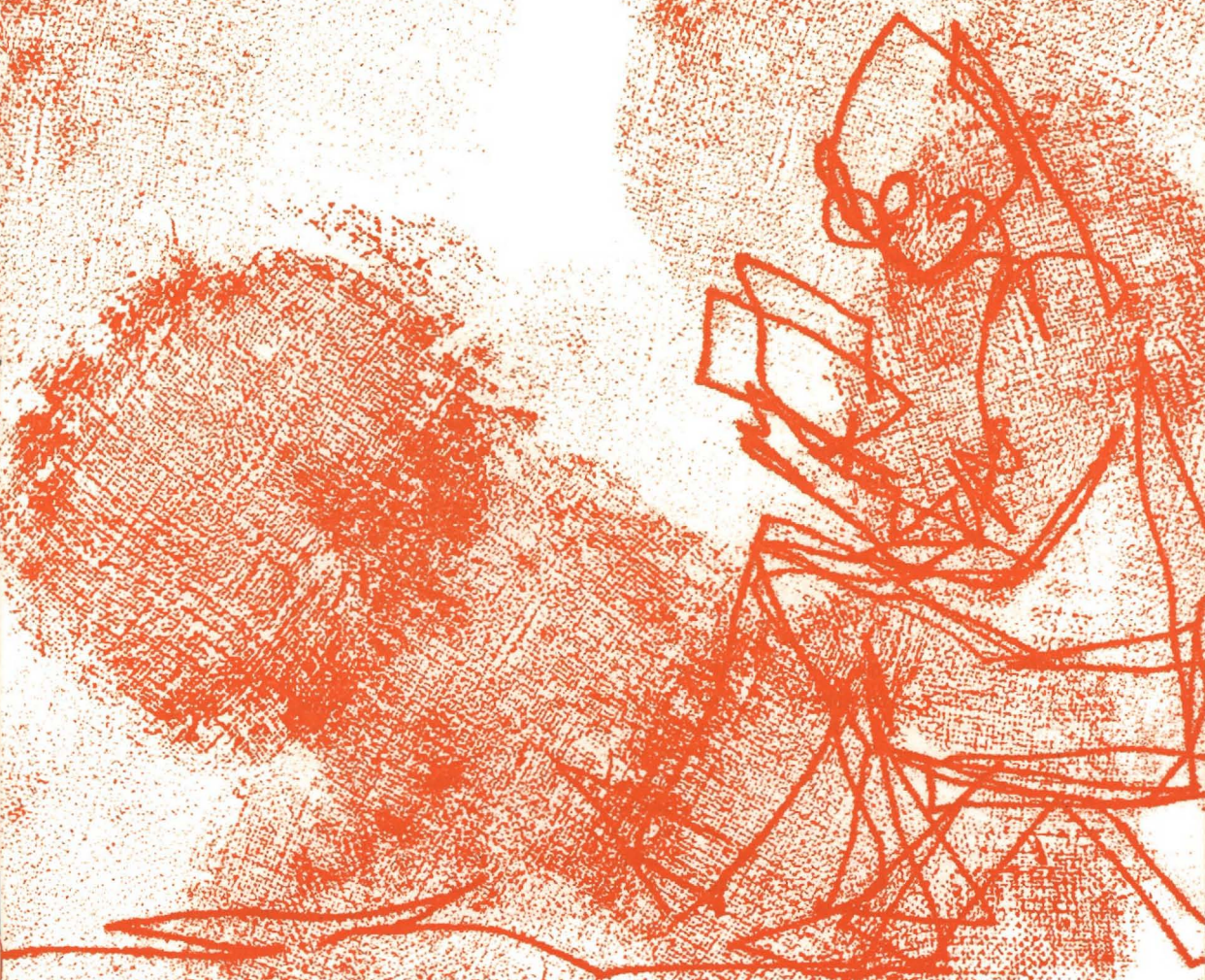
Also, there are the timetable changes that must be sought sometime in advance, which means that none of this film showing can be incidental.

Would not the advantages of a television set in this College be more apparent if there were better facilities for viewing the programmes?

Therefore, SRC 1966, here is an item to consider when spending the Fair money. We have our organ; it took a great deal of money. Why not be ambitious once again and consider a large theatre room?

—MARILYN DEAN

STRUAN



WINNER – STRUAN LITERARY AWARD



– GEORGENE McILROY

THE STONE AXE

It lies on my desk in full view, where he may see it easily should he ever come searching for it. To the casual observer it is simply a paper-weight. Indeed it serves the purpose well enough; only I am disquieted by the incongruity of this splendid creation of hand and mind fulfilling so menial a role in such mundane surroundings.

He must have loved it; the creator who fashioned it so patiently in those lost years now shadowy in dreams. He judged its weight so carefully, just sufficient to make the fingers flex to support it, and draw the palm firmly against the smooth, curving side, inviting the fingers to grip its contours so that they are automatically guarded from slipping down the gleaming face to that black, razor-sharp edge.

Here stands the product of the advanced mind, some Australoid Michelangelo; fashioned with consummate skill and endless patience, the prototype of a weapon other men would someday produce in metal.

Often I have held it, admiring afresh the perfection of balance, the flawless polish; and grieve that it will never warm to my touch. It is as if the stone contains an endless source of cold, which strikes to my conscience, and grows, a burden of guilt. Yes, I am guilty, for I coveted this beautiful thing he had made. I stole it and offered in return the symbol of a civilization he neither knew nor understood. Now the wrong is committed, and I solve my conscience and absolve my guilt, but I do not know how to make reparation.

I remember the morning on which my association with the axe began, with dream-like clarity. It was early summer; I had left the car and followed a thread-like path (probably a bandicoot run) through the grass and gorse, my passing momentarily striking a sharper note in the drowsy murmur of the myriad wild bees. The sun was in earnest that morning, he leaned hotly on my bare arms and neck, and set the heat haze dancing where the gold of the gorse mingled with the first flattened top of the marram grass.

Here the track dipped steeply towards the bay. The long, green surf came curling lazily in, shattering into festoons of foam just where the ebb and flow set the colours spreading in the wet sand.

This curve of coastline, how I loved it. It stretched away on either side like a graceful gesture from the hand of God in the dawn of Creation. Every sound of wind and surf and birds' calls, the scent of bloom and wet sand, each dip of the path and the outcrop of rich red rock burning its colours into the silver sea of marram grass, I know it all so well. I always thought, as a child, that could I choose the place of my death, this would be it; this the impression and picture I would want to carry with me into all eternity.

As I stood there delighting anew in the surrounding loveliness, something flickered dark and swift across the silver plains or marram grass, and I glanced upwards. High in the blue a pair of white sea-hawks was teaching a pair of offspring to hunt. They led their children upward in effortless spirals, then dropped away in great swoops, swift aerial yachts, in line ahead. I moved on and down, intent on the hawks' aerial manoeuvres, and missed my footing. I went sliding down, submerged beneath silver waves of marram grass. I struggled to a sitting position. There was my opened purse, its largesse of coins scattered on a flat, red rock, and beside them were the car keys. I became conscious that one hand felt



distinctly gravel-rashed; the other was clasped hard on something smooth and cold. I stood up swiftly and looked at the object my hand had gripped. It was a black stone axe-head, alien stone in this land of bright red outcrops. Black and fine-grained, bespeaking infinite hardness, its edge was not flaked and chipped, but ground to a flawless polish that ages of wind and water had not defaced. I was exultant; not only was this something I had always longed to find, but it was a specimen of unrivalled beauty and rarity. I had never seen such a beautiful example in any collection. I realized I was shivering with excitement, perhaps also a little from the pain of the gravel-rash, and a little from the intense cold of the black stone in my hand.

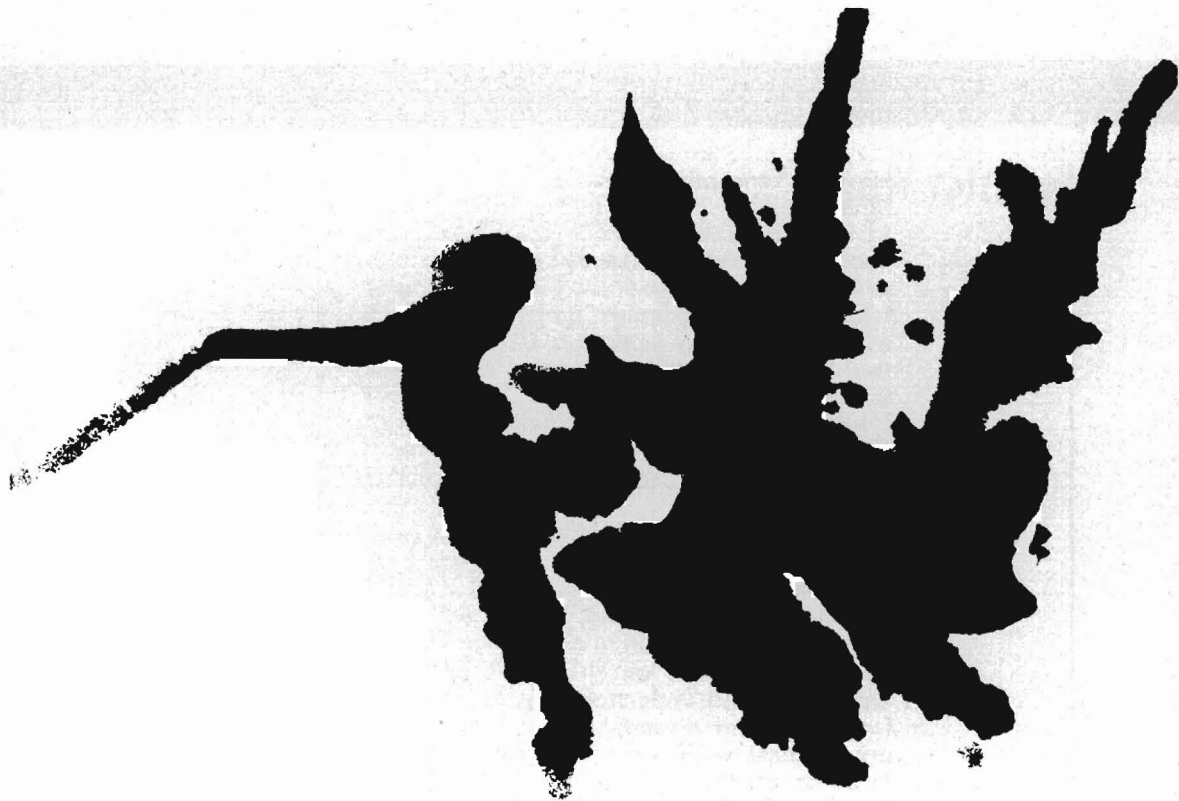
Attracted possibly by my scrambling among the tall tussocks, the hawks had returned, and now, one behind the other, they drew a sharp, decisive line of shadow across the grass just in front of me. As their shadow passed, I saw coming up the path towards me a slim, brown man. I realized that he had not been on the beach below a few minutes before, yet he had been in the surf; his hair was still damp from it; a few tendrils escaping from the string that bound it were long and softly waved. Patches of sand adhering to calves and thigh showed golden against his dusky skin. His dark eyes searched the path with worried concentration. He strode upward with swift effortless strides. With the open purse and coins at his feet, he stopped dead; an expression of bewilderment crossed his face as he examined these objects, strange to him. The sun and the moon shone as discs in the sky, but here some lay upon the ground; such things had no counterpart in his experience. He stooped a little to examine them, then he drew back sharply, and his glance went by them, beyond me, searching still for his axe.

Swiftly putting the axe-head behind me, I gestured towards the coins on the rock between us, a suggestion that we might bargain. He did not see the gesture. It was not there to see, I did not exist in visible form. I would not stand upon that place until a span of centuries had passed. I was standing on the other side of time, beyond a barrier so intangible that it could be drawn by the shadow of a passing bird. He glanced again at the coins, and I saw his mind discard them as useless, even unwholesome — his need was the axe. It was necessary to his well-being, loved as his creation. I could see his sadness at its loss.

Suddenly there came a sound so rare and sweet that both of us glanced upwards. The parent hawks were calling their young. A wild sweet call, high in the heavens, sounding unchanged down the centuries. Now the line of racing shadows swept back across the silver sea of grass. I regained my sense of values. I raised my arm to toss back the axe, across the gulf of time. But I was too late. Our minds had existed together for just the moment of the birds' call, then the chasm had opened again. I stood alone. The long surf still rolled across the bay and swept up the smooth beach, the bees still murmured their song of content, but the stone axe was ice-cold in my hand.

So I wait for a sign from him, or a conviction to grow in my own mind, which will tell me of the reparation I must make. We may not share another moment in time, the slim brown man and I, but the gulf of time has closed, our races are co-existent now. Because every act of an individual is part of the sum of human behaviour, my guilt belongs to all my race, and all my kind must share in my atonement. The stone axe is only a symbol, but every symbol is the dwarfed progeny of a greater reality. Before there comes a reckoning, there is a balance to be adjusted between us to measure what we have taken, against what we have to give, and what his people have lost and what they may receive. Our races are co-existent, but there is still a barrier between us, a barrier of shadowy, intangible things; of doubt, distrust, prejudice and self-interest. On either side of the barrier some men stretch out their hands with good intention, but shadows distort visions and gestures fall inert.

So we must wait, two peoples, until there comes a call familiar to us both, and in that moment when both shall see a common vision, we may cross the barrier into each other's worlds and, seeing clearly, understand. Pray Heaven we hear the call above the noise of civilization, and that it comes soon, for the sands of time are running swiftly as if borne on an ebb tide.



WINNER – STRUAN POETRY AWARD



– LINDY DAVIES

It has been a long day
I am tired
Rubens — you have
refreshed me.
You painted with love
I received with love.
We have something
In common . . .
Rubens — how I envy you
in fact I am jealous
Why were you so
endowed with the gift
of artistic talent,
I would give away
everything

Except my name and soul
to have this.
When I think logically
I feel — why shouldn't
you have had this joy
For that is what it was.
Sometimes I grasp a
thread of your life
Hang on, and then
with a changing tide
Drift away, like a
forgotten leaf.
I wander aimlessly
in my thoughts.

Have no conception of
time.
In fact I hate it.
Footsteps crunching, steady
irritating
I loathe them, I loathe
everything to do with
this institution
Excluding my — "friends".
I have not established
myself.
therefore find no peace
I want to cry
Please let me
Nothing will come
I am dry
like the centre of a dying, hungry
country
Parched, for want of
knowledge and understanding
I can't express myself,
my greatest wish —
to be an artist
then I could find an
outlet for these emotions.
Today I experienced
disappointment in every
way,
Religion, friendship, humanity
All three deserting me —
Once again — discontent
Why and Why and Why,
Because, Because, Because.
I don't know
I don't know.
Oh, spirit let me see
reveal yourself.
Relieve my suffering
I am in bondage.
— yes the chains of
my own feelings
No longer do I feel
sane
Instead — I wonder
something is happening
There must be a
breaking point somewhere
Perhaps I'll find it
in — Infinity — **Death.**

Geoff Olney

Idyllic was the life they led—
Their island — Paradise.
Faintly touched by white man's dread
Pestilence and plague.
For a few among them freely went
Unafraid of Gods and Kings;
Careless, defiled the Goddess of them
all,
Unknowing.

They called her Mother,
And she lay in peace
Though Her daughters grumbled
Over the years.
The Humans came to probe Her
And search Her bowels;
She let them come and go, and re-
leased
No stony tears.

Then the inner torment, deep below,
Groaned in Her veins.
No rest.
She withstood; She strained
To no avail. The pressure built,
She belched—
A hundred houses tumbled,
A thousand people died,
Unknowing.

Lindy Davies



Packages, parcels, people
Dut-dut, dut-dut
Oil smells, dust; uniforms
"Tickets please" — "Excuse me"
Dut-dut, dut-dut.
Cigarettes, smoke, cartons
Magazines, knitting, paperbacks
"Scenery is lovely"—"All the same"
Dut-dut, dut-dut.
Steam, whistle, shunting
Dut-dut, dut-dut.
"All aboard"—"Goodbye".
Tears, sadness, memories
Dut-dut, dut-dut.

Colleen O'Shea

Once a little star
shone upon afar
I looked up
It looked down
But soon it hit my eye
I could not mind:
It caused a tear
Yet tears are made to fall
And the star looked out —
Out of my eye
And the tear that was
Me — fell down.

THIS OLD . . .

Slowly it drained leaving him faint,
Corroding, eroding paths once
straight,
Gouging a tunnel dark and alone
Deeper and deeper till youth was
all gone.
The dust of years like ashes burnt
The sinews of a soul torn and rent:
A mantle of grey veils his sight
And knowledge not innocence forms
his light.

W. F. Bailey

WHAT IS THE COLOUR?

brown and grey and oozy mud,
purple, crimson dripping blood,
light green, dark green, orange, red.
what is the colour when you are bled?
yellow, pallid pus and bile,
even gall will make you smile,
blue and rotting black-grey lead,
what is the colour of the dead?

Lindy Davies

Nareeb — towering like some
great giant
Formidable — and yet alluring
What revelry happened behind
those walls
Stark and cold in their
greyness
What sorrow did you hide
Tears, laughter — echoing
as in some huge chamber
You are protected by Nature
But soon — people will
come and destroy thee
The walls will soon be rubble
The stained glass — powder
The flowers will be crushed
and the trees uprooted
For a rose must die
for something to exist
We have all found that.
For as we breathe
flowers whilt
leaves wither
So it is with you
As you are destroyed
People will come
and build on your
earth
No longer will you be
remembered
Nareeb will be just
a memory to a few
of us who loved you.
That long drive that
has taken many
friends to and from your
door
Will be covered by tenements
The very thought
grates on my mind.

The moth exhausted lies prostrate
His wings glowing, gold,
silver and green in
the dim light.
Like some person
searching for an outlet.
Struggling and blind in
its quandary.
For the moment it is
motionless
Storing strength for
another attempt
The beautiful legs
and antennae spread
out in exact
symmetry.
Last but still hope is
there
However, small it may
be
Existing
Not living..



O God what am I
that I have been born
free of any great disability
As I sit here and watch
the maimed in limb and mind
I realize how fortunate I am.
Every day I find something
wrong with the world I am
never satisfied,
I complain and criticize.

Geoff Olney

TRIBUTE TO ERNIE

Azure, we call it, blue and fair,
With one white cloud in the shining air.
A roar of power, and Bernoulli flies
Two men into the crystal skies—
Up there.

The glint of sliver, the roar of props,
Then silence. The engine stops
Its racket, at that crucial time
When power's needed for the climb—
Up there.

Controller leaping in the tower,
Hearing the dreadful lack of power.
Then 'Practice, practice', comes the call,
There is no urgency at all—
Up there.

Banking thirty, turning right,
Instructor tense, and student white.
Decision's made, they have to bow
To fate, there is no changing now—
Up there.

Three hundred feet it needs to turn,
Back to the strip where it was born
Into the sky like eagle flying.
Returning now like sparrow dying—
Up there.

Slower, lower, looms the nose,
A shudder through the framework goes—
Another — an incipient spin!
'Good God! Look out! He's going in!'—
Down there.

The siren trembles, engines roar,
This time it is men's hearts that soar
Into their mouths. Will it fire?
And then it's but a funeral pyre—
Out there.

The flames lick high, the heat is cruel,
Sixty gallons of Avgas fuel
To be beaten by a chemist's powder.
A whump and then another! louder!
Out there.

The oily smoke is rising higher,
The tenders have put out the fire.
The bird is but a heap of rubble,
Two lives are lost for a minute's trouble—
Up there.

'Per Ardua Ad Astra' cries
To be heard aloft the skies;
'Per Ardua Ad Terra' wins—
Remember, Man has legs not wings—
Up there.

The pilots are returned to dust,
The gremlin's had his final touch,
Black, not blue we'll call the sky,
For Death is flying way on high—
Up there.



Noemi Schick

NOW

I sit and watch the faces pass.
Faces; faces rise and fade,
Out of the past they come and
From the present merge into
Limitless future — time, thought space.

Human, human faces.
Yet what I see is savage, animal:
Despair, hate, hunger — passion.

Skin drawn tight over shrivelled bones,
Eyes from hollows peering:
Seeing yet not believing,
Full of suspicion, fear and hate.
This is the future and the past,
This is what has been made of life.

And now we grow dull—
No energy for living now,
No laughter and joy now,

Only the unblinking stares
Of a thwarted generation
Looking hopelessly
Into the dark and dismal future.

Anon

FOR REFLECTION

Back of the person you are
Is the child you were,
The child who believed in you,
Who had faith and hope and dreams for you,
The child who used to be you.
Can you face that child, the child
Who used to be you,
With eyes unflinching and heart that's true,
Can you claim you have played the game you knew,
In the child who used to be you?
Or must you tell that child,
Who used to be you,
That the adult you dreamed of is dead—
That you've buried that child
That child who used to be you?
And that child's hopes and dreams of you?

Warren St. Clair

LIFE — FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

Oh, the joy of life;
This corrupted and boring life.
What to do,
Oh, what to do
When you're tired and blue and don't know what to do,
When you have been driven up the pole,
Oh, what to do.
Just find yourself a hole,
Crawl inside and lie down and bid the world a sad goodbye.
Cause when you feel the way you do
Oh what can you do.
I'll tell you my friends
Precisely nothing.
You are just like a used plaything,
So my friends when you are inside your hole,
Say your prayers and prepare to climb
Those white, white stairs up to the pearly gates
For the judgment time comes to all us liars,
Who spend all their time on earth caught between a huge pair of pliers
On one side the choking grasp of your own misdoings,
On the other the chill, tight grip of the darkness of your life;
And when your life is dark
Don't try and solve it by a walk in the park.
When your friends avoid you,
When the justice and purpose of life avoids you,
Then my friends—even those who despise me—
Please take my advice and don't flee
Don't take your life with that knife you haven't got the nerve to use,
Lift your heart and eyes to heaven my friends,
And turn to your only friend, the one who
Hasn't been avoiding you, you have been avoiding him,
And so with a final line I'll leave this earth.
For those who read this work please don't regard it with mirth,
But be sympathetic to a someone as pathetic as me.

T. W. Lee

REBIRTH

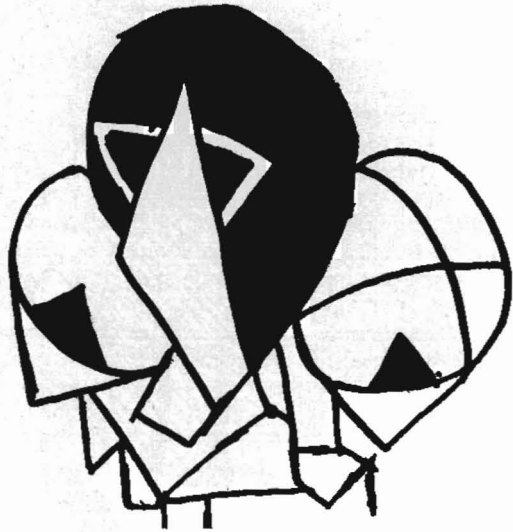
Each morning, with the rising sun, brings life and hope anew.
Though dark despair, the day before, within your heart wild
grew.
And fearful were your prophecies and thoughts of times to be;
And more than once you gave up hope—no goodness could you see.
But then at last relief would come, and sleep would close your
mind,
And send you to a tranquil world, with no regard for time
Until, at last, refreshed and strong, you met the newborn day
With eagerness to conquer all the trials to come your way.

Terry Laybourne

WHY?

Why do people hate me?
Why am I frowned upon?
I love to sit and watch the birds at
play.
I love to see the cutting of the hay.
I love all the pretty flowers,
And all the sunshine showers.
I dislike cruelty,
And pain,
And suffering.
I am able to find love in my heart
for all people,
All nature's creations.
Have I not the same number of
arms,
And legs,
And eyes,
And ears,
And . . . ,
And everything,
Just like other people?
Do I not breathe
And see,
And hear,
And think,
Just like other people?
Why then am I regarded as
inferior?
Why am I not referred to as a
normal person,
Instead of that hate-filled word,
Nigger?

Geoff Olney



You are. You listen and learn,
Saying little, as wise men do.
We forget your presence,
Deny you're there —
But you're in every one of us.
Deny it? Yes, we do
Too often. We crush you
But you listen still,
And sometimes speak
When crust is broken and we stand
unfettered,
A child again.
For a moment
Loving, as a child is able—
But not a beast that calls itself a man.



Jean Auldism

That little boy looked so disappointed. Only two minutes ago he was walking proudly home, balancing in his muggy hands a white and glittering silver angel. He was thinking about where he could hide it 'til Christmas day. But now he would not have it to hide. The rain came.

When I saw Freddie I thought, "Poor kid. Nearly home and the rain just caught him."

When Freddie's mum saw him she thought, and said: "You little devil why didn't you hurry. Your shirt's all wet and so are your pants and what's that screwed-up mess in your grubby hands? Go and get dry at once—I wish you wouldn't dawdle!"

Freddie thought: "I tried so hard. It's no good telling her what it was for."

Freddie was hopeless at most things. Just average at handwork, but generally something went wrong somewhere. You know how one has a wonderful idea of how to make something? A car that will really go (but the cotton reels won't really turn); a happy, funny clown (but the mouth seems to look sad, not funny); or an angel that looks really holy and beautiful and ethereal.

Freddie didn't know the words ethereal and holy, nor did he understand what the angel's message meant:

"Glory to God in the highest . . . peace on earth . . . men of goodwill . . ."

But this angel really worked. It was lovely. It shone. The glitter sparked. A bit of clag dribbled down the back and the wings were somewhat crooked, but nevertheless it was beautiful. It was clean and well-made.

The teacher said, "Take it home to Mummy, Freddie, as a Christmas present." "But what if she sees it?" said Freddie. "Hide it somewhere, just until Christmas."

It was an awfully hot day. The green trees in the park were tempting. But Freddie went straight home. He walked slowly, his beautiful angel balanced in his hands so as not to spoil it. Every now and again he stopped and adjusted the slightly crooked wings.

The angel seemed to suddenly gain an eerie radiance in the sunlight, which became queerly white as the sun peered out from behind enormous threatening grey and black clouds. The light faded, the clouds darkened. The atmosphere thickened and changed. Still the angel shone white.

Then it rained. One spot. Two drops. Splish, splash, spit, spat, plit plop. The sky burst open and poured forth great tears. How could those little hands cover those stately wings they had made?

PERFECTION

The word slips easily from my mouth, before I even think.
Perfection is a sound so sweet, yet makes our high hopes sink.
How can a man, a mortal man, hope to achieve such heights,
And walk a path untrod by man in wisdom and in light?
Oh, only God, Himself, who is perfection, can explain
If man can gain the mental strength to do away all pain.

—T. W. LEE.

Lindy Davies

I am enriched
Tis wonderful
One would never
imagine
that friendship
could give so much.
Through speech and silence
This truly was
acquired.

The world is but a
broken toy
And we the components
It is not until
some yearning is
satisfied that part
of this breakage
can be restored
We become one
in our thoughts
Communication is achieved
Love is strengthened
Hope is reborn.

No longer do
we experience
loneliness in our
quandary
For we are
assured
by a simple
word
A warm smile,
A mutual affinity
Doubt
still present
But not so
cruel
for it is shared.
Thank God for people
without them
we would be nothing
Thank God for life
Without it
we would want nothing
Thank God for
Love
Without it
there would be nothing.

O body of mankind
How expressive you can be
If set free
Otherwise you are but a
Mass of grey matter
Stagnant — immovable.
O for music it stirs
the blood
Allows the mind to relax
and melt into nothingness
Ah bliss, ecstasy.
Freedom — How wonderful
that we can attain this
Millions cannot, without
the imminent fear of death
as a consequence.

I love the sea
with its voice
How I long for it
when I'm away
It talks so well
saying everything in
so few words.
Crashing down upon the
rocks white foam flying
in the air
Lapping against the shore
as though it was afraid
to touch the sand
Twinkling in the sunlight
a million stars shine
on a hot summer's day
All its moods are so
expressive
When one is alone what
can be better than to
walk barefooted along
the water's edge
Crunching the sand with
one's toes
Feeling the salty air crisp
against one's lips.

A Story

"Excuse me," said the girl as she edged in between the pram and the seat. The train jerked and the conversations resumed. In the right hand corner sat a middle-aged Italian morosely chewing dates. His only interest appeared to be the increasing pile of date stones under the seat.

"Mind you, he's a nice steady boy. Not like some of these ones you see around. He'll give her a nice home and that."

"Yes."

"He never was one of those ones to throw his money around. Even when he was only a little chap. Why, I can remember him comin' to me and askin' for money to go to the pictures with because he'd put all his pocket money in his piggy bank. It's not many kids nowadays that'd do that."

"No."

"His Dad and I have always tried to do our best for him really. And he's always been that grateful you know. He'd never even forgotten one of me birthdays. He always used to say that when he got a lot of money he'd really buy me something . . . course he's saving for his house now, and I really don't expect anything."

"No."

The young mother lifted the baby out of the pram and onto her lap. She groped into the bag beside her and pulled out the baby's dummy. A fervent admirer of Dr. Spock, she patiently tried to introduce the plastic object into the infant's reluctant mouth. After a few more attempts, the dummy fell onto the seat, wet and sloppy, with its crumpled strip of blue ribbon sadly dangling over the edge.

Staring vacantly out of the fly-specked window sat a young member of the lobster pot generation. "Look like Cleopatra with these exotic gold slippers," the sign had said. Her legs were shapeless in laddered, wrinkled 3/11 hosiery specials. A mauve shift boldly exposed the undeveloped knees. Bleached and teased, her hair gave evidence of Saturday nights spent with "a friend what's learnin' at the 'cademy".

Releasing a puff of smoke, the youth leant over to pick up a folded newspaper left by an earlier occupant. His bitten finger-nailed hands searched for the comic section. Flicking past international news, editorials, local reports, and book reviews, he found the page. Carelessly he dropped the remains of his cigarette, stubbed it with the practised twist of his pointed shoes, brushed the fallen ash from his tapered trousers, and returned to "Li'l Abner".

"Shhhhhh. There's a good boy. Shhhhhh. Want his rattle, does he? Here we are. There, that's better isn't it? . . . Oh, dear. Want the duck instead. There . . . perhaps we'd better go back into the pram."

As the train slowed, the middle-aged man gathered up his greasy raincoat, stuffed a copy of "La Fammia" into his pocket and flung the door open. Somewhere in the front of the train, the driver squeezed the brakes. Solid and heavy, the carriages buffeted. The Italian swore as the door jolted. The cold air rushed into the compartment as he shuffled off the train, still fumbling for his ticket, hidden somewhere among the pennies, handkerchiefs, keys, and dates.

After licking his duck for some time, the infant had apparently come to the conclusion that it was not as tasty as it had first appeared, and so it might as well lie on the floor. In any case, the result was that he threw it out of the pram, where it landed at the youth's feet. Feeling self-conscious, the youth at first tried to ignore its existence, but finally, red in the face, he picked it up, and thereafter sat staring out of the window with fixed concentration.

"Did you see that? She didn't even wipe it before she gave it to him. Lyin' there in all that muck! You never know what's been on the floor with some people around. I'd never've done that, would you? Mind you, it's not every mother what's careful about hygiene, I always say. Always used to tell my boy that. He never did like to come home to an untidy house. Used to tell me, he did, if I'd forgotten to clean up his room like he wanted it. Very particular is our Bill. His father used to call him Little Lord Fauntleroy, you know."

As the train pulled into the station, the youth leapt up and jumped from the carriage. He was late for work, he told himself. Still talking, the two women got out after him, and the young mother eased the pram onto the platform with a practised movement.

At the next station the girl in the mauve dress rose and left the carriage. On her cane basket, the pink and green flowers bobbed sadly as she slopped along in her exotic gold slippers.

Marilyn Dean

ONE STEP FORWARD. ONE STEP BACK

It was visitors' day at the hospital, and I felt it my duty to see the members of the Reverend Silverwood's congregation. How happy I felt when I noticed an ailing aboriginal woman in a ward full of other white patients. She had a smile on her face, but beneath this smile I noticed a certain expression of fear. The children were running around freely, unaware of the purpose of their visit. I could not help noticing one small boy who stopped for a moment and stared at the aboriginal patient. Suddenly, before I could prevent it, he spat viciously at her, uttering the words "Dirty black woman!" Rage overcame me. I was insulted, and disgusted. Before I could control my emotions, I bent down and hit the child hard. There was a hush throughout the ward; even the little boy did not murmur. All eyes were directed at me, the aboriginal lay preacher of this district, who had dared to interfere with this white child.

I suddenly felt alien and strange. Without thinking of what I was doing or where I was going, I flashed a quick look at the desperate aboriginal patient, then walked with determination out of the hospital.

I don't know how far I walked; but slowly from the confusion in my mind came memories of what my life had been — a series of attempts and escapes. Firstly there had been my education. It had been hard leaving the mission station to venture into an unknown city; but I was eager to learn and study the anthropology of my people in greater detail. Part of my experience had been to mix with white people, become acquainted with their social standards and demands, and study their attitudes to aborigines. Despite the fact that aborigines and whites had been brought up together, the former were still treated in an inferior way by some whites.

When I returned to the mission station three years later the warm welcome given to me did not long overshadow the sordid impressions I received. Young men had been encouraged to go away to nearby cattle stations. They returned occasionally; but it was noticed that the money they earnt was spent on gambling and alcohol. No advice or scolding could convince them of the injustice being done.

Things grew worse. Family life was broken up, and bitterness towards the whites arose. Then came the climax. When work grew scarce, the aboriginal men

were dismissed. Feeling unwanted they returned to the mission station, bringing with them the vice and immorality of the cattle stations. They could not be accepted by either society again.

I tried hard to think of the time before I left; but my education had taught me to be critical. It had made me a foreigner to my people. No-one on the station wanted different conditions; their experiences with whites had only been unhappy ones. Talking and persuading had no effect on them. My education had been useless.

Impulsively I left the mission station and drove for many miles, when I came to the hometown of a former leader of the mission station, the Reverend Clarke Silverwood. That night at his home I was able to rid all the bitterness and disappointment from my system. My audience had been most sympathetic.

After much thought, I decided to become a lay preacher and during the succeeding months everything went as I had once dreamed it would. I had friendship, hospitality, company and a rewarding occupation. My worries about assimilation seemed over at last. . . .

How wrong I had been. The old bitterness and despair suddenly returned in this one incident at the hospital. I now came to the bitter realisation that despite what people such as Reverend Silverwood did for us, there would always be those who thought of us as "black" and "dirty" and forced their children to have similar attitudes and practice cruel discrimination such as that I had just observed.

I felt sick, sick inside, stumbling along the dusty road, I shook my weary head and tried to think clearly; but my mind was troubled and confused.

I lifted my head and saw before me a high hill. A sudden impulse made me climb that hill and stand on top of it. All round in the valleys below were small townships. Here I was, viewing the world from a distance. It was a white world, a western world. As I moved my eyes around each town, a wall seemed to rise in front of it, preventing my entry.

I am still standing on this hill. I, the representative of my people, isolated, unable to enter these towns. Whose fault is it that I am standing here; my peoples' or the white societies' in those towns? Perhaps it is no-one's fault, perhaps it was meant this way. Shakespeare once wrote about the world being a stage and each having his part to play. I am left wondering—what is my part?





**. . . . AND WE WERE
PREMIERS !!**

★ FOOTBALL

★ ATHLETICS

★ SWIMMING

★ BASKETBALL

★ HOCKEY

★ VOLLEY BALL

Football



FOOTBALL

Left to Right

*Back Row: P. Fawcett, P. Hazell, J. Gallus, R. Carter, R. McNab, D. Hook, D. Gibbon,
J. Johnston, R. Craig, J. Callory.*

*Centre: P. Croke (Boundary), M. Plumstead, S. Oakley, R. Spaul, B. Quirk, H.
Verwoert, C. Long, K. Naylor, V. Claxton.*

*Front Row: D. Ferguson, C. Coutts, M. R. Wittman (Coach), M. Bennett (Captain),
Mr. G. Corr (Asst. Coach), J. Milner, N. Stone, G. McKenzie.*

Absent: P. Gatto.

The Players

MAX BENNETT: Captain, ruck and half-back, provided strength in back line with rugged play and safe marking.

JOHN GALLUS (Melbourne 2nds), centre half-forward, a great mark and an intelligent player.

PETER GATTO (Wonthaggi), nuggetty and clever rover, a great asset to the side.

ALAN JOHNSTON (Drouin), full forward, a match winner, clever and elusive.

KEITH NAYLOR (Warragul), back pocket, strong and determined, turned many attacks.

VIN CLAXTON, utility player, ever reliable and consistent.

PHIL FAWCETT (Bruce Park), rugged and determined, provided trouble for opponents.

HANK VERWOERT (Pahran VFA), ruckman, spectacular in hit-outs and in general play.

BRYAN QUIRK (Carlton VFL), half forward, brilliant when needed.

NEVILLE STONE (Melbourne VFL), centre, spearhead of many attacks.

CHRIS LONG, rugged, dependable backman.

JOHN CALLERY (Melbourne VFL), rover, tough, clever, determined.

ROGER SPAULL (Bruce Park), winger, good left foot, clever.

STAN OAKLEY (Glen Alvie), clever and fair, valuable utility.

DOUG FERGUSON (Oakleigh VFA) ruckman, creative handball.

COLIN COUTTS (Melbourne VFL), full back, fast player who backs his judgement.

DOUG GIBBON, rugged half forward, fast and strong left-foot kick, entered side late and lifted the forward line.

ROD McNAB (Melbourne VFL), ruckman, strong safe mark and good kick.

DARYL HOOKE (Leongatha), ruckman, good team man, never stops trying.

MICK PLUMSTEAD, winger, opened up play with handball.

GRAEME MCKENZIE, winger, a good kick, fast.

RON CRAIG, solid half back flanker.

Others who played during the year were John Milner, Paul Hazell, Lance Smith, Geoff Rogers, Ric Carter, Reinhart Kasputtis, John Callanan, Bob Hayes, and John Wintle.

The team would like to give special thanks to Phil Croke for his unfailing support throughout the year and his excellent boundary umpiring.

To our coach, "Slim" Wittman, many thanks for the time and valuable advice he gave to us. We would also like to thank Mr. Corr, Mr. Lacy, Mr. Dolphin and M. Ladd for their support.

Swimming



SWIMMING

Left to Right

Back Row: E. Lund, J. Milner, C. Coutts, J. Callanan, P. Foster.

*Centre: J. Gallus, R. Spaul, R. McNab, L. Williamson, A. Robinson, K. Leach,
H. Canobie.*

*Front Row: A. Burdekin, M. Toke, P. Herring, D. Jamieson, P. Morrison, B. Worthy,
P. van der Zande.*

Athletics



ATHLETICS

Left to Right

*Back Row: Neville Stone, Mick Plumstead, Max Bennett, Ric Carter, Neville Gutteridge,
Denis Young, Ewen MacPherson.*

*Centre: Bryan Quirk, Kevin Bolton, Vin Claxton, Lois Williamson, Lorraine Hawkes,
Dianne Baird, Judy Ballantyne.*

*Front Row: Margaret Toke, Jill Berry, Laurie Peckham, Colin Coutts, Annette Noble,
Maree O'Sullivan.*

Basketball Seconds



Left to Right

Front Row: Carol Boswell, Miss Longden, Glenys Tinkum.

Back Row: Pamela Huntingford, Lorraine Hawks, Judy Ballentine, Helen Wilson.

Hockey



HOCKEY Ists.

Left to Right

*Back Row: Pam Morrison, Heather Carokie, Norma Walker, Liz Lund, Marilyn Dean,
Judy McKenzie.*

Front Rows Jill Berry, Robyn James, Kerry Skinner, Barb McCallum, Julie Arnold.

Volleyball



VOLLEYBALL

Left to Right

Back Row: Kirsty Phillips, Carol McCartney, Nancy Sloca.

Front Row: Janie Winder, Marg Sheedy, Mr. Ron Ellix, Brenda Mennie, Dianne Fler.

Basketball – International Rules



KITTYWAKE BASKETBALL

Left to Right

Back Row: Maree O'Sullivan, Norma Walker, Lois Williamson.

Front Row: Marilyn Dean, Peter van der Zande (Coach), Barbara Bright (Captain).

FRANKSTON TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Beside the sea our wisdom grows,
Let us sail the waters wide,
Unafraid of things unknown,
With the distant shore our guide.
Symbol of our aspiration,
Light of truth and inspiration,
With enlightened hearts afire
Towards the horizon we aspire.

Shalom Chavarim
. . . till we meet again,
Shalom

Exit Group 3A



I.T.C.

3A — Mrs. LACY

*Julia Ann Aarons
Pamela Josephine Balguc
Caroline Ann Best
Barbara Bright
Andrea Mary Courage
Noreen Maria Dallan
Beverly Norma Douglas
Marion Firms
Janice Lynette Fromholtz
Marion Rita Hanlon
Patrica Ann Huggins
Jennifer Patience James
Dorothy Anne Lemmon*

*Elisabeth Lesley Macdonald
Jean Suzanne Matthews
Janet Rae McLeod
Sandra Margery Nelson
Marrilyn Joy Potts
Leonie Joy Roadknight
Margaret Anita Sheedy
Christine Dorothy Stainsbury
Julie Beatrice Stubbs
Roslyn Mary Taylor
Maria Teresa van Hees
Lois Mae Williamson*

Notes

JULIA AARONS: "Give me sport or give me death."

"Ha-a-a-roid!" "You"

I don't think we'll have a coffee machine.

PAM BALGUE: "Lazy Fare."

Unification of Egypt? 1066.

Botticelli's daughter's supreme achievement?

Marrying the Pope!

CAROLINE BEST: He! He! He!

Have you all paid me? What's your name?

"I'll have it combed up tomorrow."

BARBARA BRIGHT: Reads Ginger Meggs comics.

I want to teach near Geelong.

CLAIRE CARLIN: "If I don't have infants, I'll resign."

ANDREA COURAGE: Lets the College bell ring at 9 a.m., then arises, breakfasts and comes to lectures.

"Yes, that's what I meant. It can't be wrong. Morris has blown a gasket."

NOREEN DALLAN: "I've more to do with my time than listen to lectures. Let's go and POT."

BEV. DOUGLAS: Believes in making contact.

MARION FIRNS: Policy — "There's room for three in my car."

LYN FROMHOLTZ: "Oh, to be in Singapore, now that summer's there."

MARION HANLON: "How and why should I know? I hope I don't lose pay".

PAT HUGGINS: Dates are made to be broken. I STILL have not finished.

JENNY JAMES: "Belt those kids! Show no patience. I refuse to eat mouldy bread."

DOROTHY LEMON: Leader of anti-Austrian campaign. She is the result of a left handi-cap.

BETH McDONALD: Gives detailed Geography lessons to elucidate the position of her home town, Waai.

JANET McLEOD: Mother of 300. "I've got hay fever **again**. She's killed another husband."

JEAN MATHEWS: "Not everyone has artistic ability." Gym comes first.

SANDRA NELSON: New Guinea has many attractions. "Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes."

MERRILYN POTTS: Silence is golden. "Don't make any more trouble."

LEONIE ROADNIGHT: I hate to do this, but I'm after more money.

MARGARET SHEEDY: "I've started a new diet . . . cakes, chocolates, ice-creams, etc." Mr. Fry said . . .

CHRIS STAINSBURY: Six weeks ago, five weeks ago . . . When I'm married I'll . . .

JULIE STUBBS: "I don't know."

ROSLYN TAYLOR: Violin — I chop it up! Tintoretto used to paint insides.

MARIA VAN HEES: Why aren't my mice reproducing?

LOIS WILLIAMSON: Wrong answers at the wrong time. I can't help it if I'm dumb.

Exit Group 3B



I.T.C.

3B - Mr. PROWSE

*Elsie Jean Auldish
Cheryll Dianne Ballard
Jennifer Mary Bloink
Trudy Janine Catlin
Roslyn Margaret Cox
Marilyn Frances Dean
Barbara Evelyn Dretzke
Helen Rae Flanders
Judith Fyffe
Kathryn Joy Honiball
Norma Marilyn Hunt
Maira Josephine Jones
Jennifer Ssan Logan*

*Lorraine June Male
Jennifer Anne Medlin
Christine Edna Pask
Robyn Marjorie Putt
Eva Margot Rodenburg
Maureen Isabel Slocombe
Gail Denise Stevenson
Rosemarie Anne Stynes
Joan Margaret Thomas
Pamela Ann Viney
Joan Susan Wilson
Sandra Gay Wright*

Notes

JEAN AULDIST: I can't treally agree because . . .

CHERYL BALLARD. He would be MARVELLOUS for Chelsea Library.

JENNY BLOINK: Has trouble getting Galahs to college.

TRUDY CATLIN: Never to be caught without a train ticket NOW.

MARILYN DEAN: We live together . . . in the Hostel.

BARBARA DRETZKE: The Dennis IS her favourite past-time.

HELEN FLANDERS: It's the softball padding . . . NOT ME.

JUDY FYFFE. Which twin is Tony?

KAY HONIBALL: Any m o r e squares?

NORMA HUNT: I put it straight to him . . . I wanted a ride out from Warragul.

MOIRA JONES: I don't want to influence you—BUT.

JENNIE LOGAN: Nepotism on welfare.

JENNY MEDLIN: A Jexy Vee Wee goes anywhere.

LORRAINE MALE: Anybody know of a flat around Balwyn?

CHRIS PASK: She's keeping up with the Joneses.

ROBYN PUTT: Keeps up with all the latest fads.

EVA RODENBURG: Is Mitiamo in Japan?

MAUREEN SLOCOMBE: Her friends call her Maud.

GAIL D. STEVENSON: The D makes the difference.

ROSEMARIE STYNES: Tobacco is not the only thing at Myrtleford.

JOAN THOMAS: Guess where I'm going next year.

PAM VINEY: Is it congenial or congenital?

JOAN WILSON: MORE inclined to believe in ghosts.

SANDRA WRIGHT: Has she ever won the lucky spot at Moorabbin?

JACKIE PROWSE: G-O-R-G-E-O-U-S with many heartfelt thanks. If we accept a world without end, Must there be a beginning?

Exit Group 3C



I.T.C.

3C---MISS GUPPY

<i>Kaye Lynette Baker</i>	<i>Dianne Margaret Kettle</i>
<i>Beverley Ann Bays</i>	<i>Virginia Lucas</i>
<i>Roslyn Edith Boyd</i>	<i>Elizabeth Norma Thornber Lund</i>
<i>Marilyn Faye Callister</i>	<i>Judith May Malinowski</i>
<i>Doreen Cooper</i>	<i>Lesley Jean McCall</i>
<i>Judith Margaret Cracknell</i>	<i>Brenda Joy Mennie</i>
<i>Cheryle Faye Dodd</i>	<i>Kirsty Jean Phillips</i>
<i>Lynette Patricia Duncan</i>	<i>Faye Lorraine Pyke</i>
<i>Margot Hislop Murray Forbes</i>	<i>Nancy Jean Ross</i>
<i>Alison Jean Guthrie</i>	<i>Gail Roslyn Stevenson</i>
<i>Margaret Mary Houlahan</i>	<i>Glenyse Marilyn Tinkham</i>
<i>Annette Hutchison</i>	<i>Gillian Audrey Webster</i>
<i>Maree Anne Illingworth</i>	<i>Janet Winder</i>

Notes

KAYE BARKER: Oh, no. John won't mind.

BEV. BAYS: Will my problems work out right or wrong?

ROZ. BOYD: I really thought he was joking.

MARILYN CALLISTER: I'm just a country girl.

DOREEN COOPER. A wee drop o' scotch.

JUDY CRACKNELL: Barry ! ! ! ? ?

CHERYLE DODD: Works too hard. "Don't you think?"

LYN DUNGAN: Thou shalt always sacrifice thy life's earnings (Soc. S.).

MARGOT FORBES: Minni — oh, really, Martin!

ALISON GUTHRIE: Physically fit — Does she really bush walk?

MARGARET HOULAHAN: Transistor Sister.

ANNETTE HUTCHINSON: I must, I can, I will, oh! I can't.

MAREE ILLINGWORTH: Girls should be seen and not heard.

DIANNE KETTLE: Now we know why she volunteered for SRC Rep.

GINNI LUCAS: Is off to explore Clear Lake.

LIZ. LUND: Ambition to arrive early via Bendigo. Has a secret passion for Vintage Cars.

JUDY MAL: Did you know your name is famous. How do you spell it?

LES McCALL: Oh for the life of a sailor.

BRENDA MENNIE: Is now licensed. Are you going water skiing?

KIRSTY PHILLIPS: Hobby — arriving early. Shame!

FAYE PIKE: Size doesn't count.

JEAN ROSS: Well, if given a chance . . .

GAIL STEVENSON: Will soon have a new (Mc)Master.

GLENYSE TINKHAM: What does she do in her leisure time?

GILL WEBSTER: Shows signs of greatness when she finds out what it stands for.

JANIE WINDER: QUOTE: "Winder by name and wound up by nature" —Laurie.

J. GUPPY: "Yea, I say unto you that we have foresaken the ways of the ignorant and walk in the path of learning, guiding ourselves with knowledge e'en unto the year's end."

3C is noted for: quietness.

Eating capacity.

Non-conforming ITC's.

Its friendliness.

We'd like to see: Mr. Jones early and organised.

J.P. late.

Janies on a strict diet.

Thanks to: College for three wonderful years.

All staff who have lectured to us.

Miss Guppy for her enduring patience.

Exit Group A2



T.P.T.C.

A2X -- Mr. GILES

*Carol Evelyn Arnott
Judith Elizabeth Ballantyne
Carol Anne Boswell
Rhonda Maureen Bunbury
Christine Margaret Cantwell
Laraine Margaret Emery
Pamela Margaret Fitzgerald
Carol Godman
Loris Margaret Hair
Alan John Attwood
Norman John Booth
Philip Gerald Croke
Phillip John Fawcett*

A2Y --- Mr. RUNCIMAN

*Barbara Kaye Hanks
Maureen Elizabeth Ann Harris
Joy Ann Hatcher
Lynette Heath
Barbara Joyce Hoffman
Pamela Jean Huntingford
Patricia Rae Keeley
Sandra Louise Lowndes
June Shirley Mayers
Barbara Helen McCallum
John Edward Gallus
David Laurie Griffiths
Paul Edward Hazell
Gregory John Lawrence*

Notes

We are the kids of Group A2,
Uncles Ken and Ray lead the happy
crew
Although a mixed and varied assortment
We cringe to Almighty Allan important.

In the group there are some that are
sporty,
And plenty of others just plain
naughty.
In lectures Phil and Paul do pretty
well
But at hole digging they excell.

We worked mighty hard throughout
the year,
Now off to the Dennis to give us a
cheer,
Waiting for results kept us in suspense
But next year we're out to torture
innocence.
A2 Group Notes: Pat Keeley, Joy
Hatcher.

Exit Group B2



T.P.T.C.

B2X — Mr. FLYNN

*Denise Mary Mitchell
Karla Brinda Nunavs
Joan Patrica O'Grady
Colleen Marie O'Shea
Marjorie Lorraine Pentland
Eva Yelding Pomothy
Jennifer Reynolds
Wendy Ann Roediger
Robyn Joy Runnalls
Ewen Douglas McPherson
Peter John Marriott
Robert Gerard Metherall
Lawrence William Peckham*

B2Y — Mr. GILL

*Marjorie Lynette Shaw
Pauline Ann Sheridan
Doreen Ann Stanley
Shirey Ann Sutton
Helen Rosemary Tendeson
Suzanne Marce van Prooyen
Heather Marion Wait
Sharne White
Glenys Joan Wigmore
Basil Philip Buzzacott
Donald Robert Graham
Brian Anthony Thomas
Richard John Turner
Harry Wilts*

Notes

The Editors regret that no Group Notes were submitted by members of B2.

Exit Group C2



T.P.T.C.

C2X Mr. McGARVIE

*Elizabeth Barbara Anderson
Diane Joan Baird
Lynette Rae Banks
Lynne Dianne Barnes
Claire Lorraine Britton
Susan Elizabeth Buddle
Lynette Jean Burge
Patricia Meryl Callaghan
William Francis Bailey
Maxwell Lindsay Bennett
Kevin Noel Bolton
Richard Owens Boyle
Raymond John Carter*

C2Y Mr. ALLAN

*Glenys Joan Cameron
Brenda Carpenter
Judith Lorraine Casey
Avis Florence Charlesworth
Dianne Louiza Christou
Helen Elaine Davies
Lindy Belle Davies
Judith Margaret Dean
Christine Dobrowolsky
Janette Christine Dungan
David Winston Church
Vincent Patrick Claxton
Peter Gatto
Thomas Harvie Hill*

Notes

C2—a talented, varied lot,
Measured up to all demands.
Let us now introduce each one,
Before our group disbands.
Lively Lindy leads our lot
Well, carefree, lively play.
In punctuality and in dress
She gaily paints the way.
Max provides the male support
To all her little schemes.
As she plots, collects, plans,
He smiles and blandly beams.
Tom and Dick, our handsome wolves,
Starred in C and D all year.
With Avis, Lyn and Lyn Barnes too,
Their performance had no peer.
Our sporting lights I can't forget
Our hurdling Di's a whiz.
And Kevin in his mighty mile
Throws females into a tizz.
Peter and Vin star also here
Their talents are so broad
Wel led by David their scholling
feats
Came way above the board.
Romance was with us all the year.
What will 1966 bring?
Cause in '65 Judy, Helen and Lyn,
Managed to "snare" a ring.
Brenda insists that Paul's the "great-
est",
Judy Diane's likewise one-eyed,
Chris has insisted that blond hair's
the thing.
But GNG617 is Jan's pride.
Claire has made many astute contri-
butions
To lectures perhaps otherwise drear.
To our Shakespearean genius Glenys
we owe,
The fact that we see "Othello" clear.
And I can't leave out Sue bound for
Cabbage tree creek.
Our Dianne, so glamourously free
Nor B'ill, our talented intellectual brain
Nor talkative, extravert Me.

Exit Group D2



T.P.T.C.

D2X — Mr. MUTIMER

*Dianne Joy Fleer
Robyn Janet Gunther
Pamela Ann Harding
Pauline Elizabeth Houlahan
Jillian Patricia Howard
Gaye Ann Howlett
Alan Victor Johnston
Robert Bruce Johnstone
Jeffrey Alexander Lester
William James Hugh MacCartney*

D2Y — MISS SMALES

*Wendy Ann Huggins
Sheila Janet Jeffrey
Anne Rosemary Judge
Anna Therese Jurkiw
Ilona Laima Macanovskis
Carol Anne McCartney
Heather Maculay
Georgene Mary McIlroy
Judith Lea McKenzie
John Richard Maxwell
Reginald Kenneth Milsom
Christopher John Myers
Richard Terrence Napier
Keith Roderick Naylor*

Notes

Dedicated to our tutors Mr. Mutimer and Miss Smales so that they will remember D2.

GEOFF HOFSTEEDE: Here today, gone tomorrow.

ALAN JOHNSTON: Sleepy Time Boy.

BRUCE JOHNSTONE: Cricket, anyone?

JAFF LESTER: Would you give me a driving lesson, Crash?

WILLIAM MacCARTNEY: And you prefer Hubert!

DIANNE FLEER: She's lovely. She's engaged . . .

GLENYS GOMARSALL: I have never stolen anything.

LIZ GROSSMAN: Steady on there, LIZ OLD GIRL.

ROBYN GUNTHER: She'll NAYL — OR CATCH HER MAN.

KEITH NAYLOR: Deferred AGAIN?

PAM ARDING: It is hot in Queensland, Pam.

PAULINE HOULAHAN: Back to Noble Park?

JILL HOWARD: Money! Money! Money!

GAYE HOWLETT: Talk! Talk! Talk!

JOHN MAXWELL: Friends. Romans. Countrymen!

KEN MILSOM: Fashion Model "Bermudas", 1965.

CHRIS MYERS: Row, row, row your boat.

DICK NAPIER: I Never Will Marry?

WENDY HUGGINS: I have to sew those squares.

Sheila Jeffrey: Could I have those squares, please?

ANNE JUDGE: Is there a telegram for me?

ANNA JURKIW: TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES . . .

ILONA MACANOVSKIS: The calculus and applied girl.

CAROL McCARTNEY: Are you blushing, Carol?

HEATHER McCAULEY: What time do you write your lessons?

GEORGIE McILROY: The Camera Club will meet . . .

JUDY MCKENZIE: Mute the Tute's favourite subject.

Exit Group E2



T.P.T.C.

E2X - Mr. RYAN

*Dianne Laraine Morris
Wendy Jeanette Morton
Jeanette Catherine O'Grady
Gerdina Piening
Eva Augusta Randa
Bronwyn Jean Reese
Lynnette Margaret Rose
Noemi Schick
Kerri-Anne Skinner
Phillip Richard Norris
Frederick Johan Piening
Andrew Victor Say
Peter Whitford Searle
John Leonard Seggie*

E2Y - Mr. LACY

*Cora Anne Sproson
Janice Lorraine Tuck
Margot Loretta Walton
Anne Marie Whitworth
Karryn Margaret Wilson
Patricia Lynne Wilson
Diane Faye Winberg
Lesley Dawn Wise
Lois Kathleen Wood
Alison Margaret Wright
Allen James Theobald*

Notes

PHILLIP NORRIS: The Musicman.

FRED PEINING: This train is bound
for . . . ?

VIC SAY: Night on Bald Mountain.

PETER SEARLE: Madame Butterfly.

JOHN SEGGIE: Big Bad John.

DIANNE MORRIS: Right said Fred.

WENDY MORTON: I could have
danced all night.

JEANETTE O'GRADY: She's the
daughter of . . .

GERDA PEINING: Little Dutch Mina.

EVA RANDA: Phone 97-2647.

BRONWYN REESE—

TREVOR WALSH—

Wherever he goes, she goes.

CORA SPROSON: I wanna be
Bobby's girl.

LYN ROSE: The brave Gendarmes.

NOEMI SCHIK: Still waters run
deep.

KERRI SKINNER: Rick rack paddy
wack give a dog a bone.

LANCE SMITH: Sleepy time boy.

ALLEN THEOBALD: Humpty
Dumpty.

JAN TUCK: A man called Peter.

MARGOT WALTON: Little Bo-peep.

ANNE WHITWORTH: My Bonnie
lies over the ocean.

KERRY WILSON: Bella Mar-
guerita.

PAT WILSON: "She's a Mod."

LESLEY WISE: Teacher's pet.

DIANE WINBERG: Here comes the
bride.

LOIS WOOD: Smooth and mild and
the taste comes thru'.

ALISON WRIGHT: The Power and
the Glory.

Mr. LACY: The King sat in his
counting house.

Mr. RYAN: Who's sorry now?

Autographs:

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