

STRUAN '66



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Annual Magazine of Frankston Teachers' College

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Editorial



Greta White and Kevin Nicholson, Editors.

So another year finishes at Frankston. For many of you it will have been the last. No longer will there be the scurry of feet, the babble of voices between lectures, muted apologies to lecturers, shouts of glee and peals of laughter from the Common Room. You are leaving Frankston.

For better or worse you have changed — perhaps in some cases ever so subtly — since your arrival. From a position of comparative lack of responsibility you are assuming a mantle of great responsibility . . . you have become a teacher! Moreover, a primary teacher and despite many common fallacies you have a tremendous part to play in our community life.

The thought that we would like to leave you with is that your pupil is essentially a being in the process of formation. Do not stress goals and ambitions too much. We hear too much of examinations and good jobs that must be obtained. We hear all too little of the fact that sometimes the pleasure and character-formation gained from pursuing a goal is more important than the goal itself. It is not of primary importance that our pupils become wealthy, successful or famous. It matters that they develop the right ideas and attitudes towards knowledge, recreation, culture and their "neighbours".

Thus we bid farewell to those leaving College and hope they can reflect with satisfaction on their achievements during the last two or three years. At the same time the exiles can feel confident that the returning students will maintain the academic standards and continue the social activities that have become their new responsibilities.

May the Christmas period and the future bring happiness and success to you all.

Principal's Message —

Our College and Our City



George A. Jenkins

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

Last year the Frankston "Standard" chose to announce a major college sports victory with the heading, "Our College Wins Again." It is in the same spirit that I use my few lines in the college's annual magazine to express pride in the new status of "our city" and to wish it well.

The Shire of Frankston was proclaimed the City of Frankston on Wednesday, 24th August, 1966. In local history it was a great occasion. As its special contribution to the celebrations the college had undertaken to stage in the new civic centre a display that would illustrate the development of local government in the district. College interest in the occasion was further stimulated when the Shire President, Cr. P. Hosking, accompanied by Mrs. Hosking, attended assembly on the Wednesday before proclamation day. If we were to have the first mayor and mayoress at assembly it had to be that day, because Cr. Hosking's year of office was to come to an end during the college vacation, which was only a few days away. Besides, Cr. Hosking had rendered great service to the college as a council representative on the Welfare Association committee, and we wished to thank him.

Although most college students live beyond the boundaries of the new city, Frankston will always mean a great deal to them, and they will speak well of it throughout the length and breadth of Victoria. As the city grows — and it will double its population again in the next ten years or less — more Frankston students will attend it, but it will always have a large percentage of students from outside Frankston.

The college has always identified itself closely with the local community. It has, for example, made its buildings, grounds and facilities available to local organisations, and its students have engaged in a wide range of local social service activities. The college itself is a landmark in the city, and is likely for many years, if not always, to remain its biggest centre of advanced education. It is, of course, also of economic significance to the community.

It is hoped that, just as Frankston steadily progressed towards a new and higher municipal status, the college will steadily progress towards a higher educational status — the status of a degree-granting establishment. It is surely a prospect to stimulate the civic imagination, and, is at the same time the new city's most hopeful way of getting a college of university standing in the not too distant future.

S.R.C. President's Report

A most difficult task for any organisation such as S.R.C. is to evaluate itself. What has been achieved? How successfully were our tasks carried out? What should have been done, or perhaps not done? Which aspects could have been handled differently? These and similar questions spring to mind quite easily, but the answers are not so readily forthcoming.

A large part of the work of S.R.C., and probably the most important, is that of looking into suggestions raised by students, through their representatives, and deciding on their acceptability and practicability. A variety of such suggestions has passed through S.R.C. processing this year, ranging from repairing the volume control on the radiogram (carried), to the provision of a College Ski Hut in the Mt. Buller area (not carried). S.R.C. has dealt with such things as: the number of chairs in Lecture Rooms; the hours of opening of the Aids' Room and Library; provision of street lighting in the area outside the College; the re-establishment of the mid-year examination for third year I.T.C.s; overhaul of all clocks in the College; replacement of large library chairs with tables, to provide more working space; a heater for the Struan studio; a week's warning of teaching round placings; the marking system used on teaching rounds; the docking of students' pay; College dress standards, and many, many others. All these suggestions came from students, which seems to indicate a healthy interest in the College, S.R.C. and our own welfare, despite the cry of apathy constantly ringing around the College.

Of the other functions of S.R.C., the handling of thousands of dollars levied from students is a difficult and important one. The Finance Committee, ably chaired by Helen Turley, got to work early in the year and allotted finances to the various committees, on the basis of their forecasted requirements. This year saw a change in the Constitution relating to the Finance Committee, and now all committee secretaries are members where, previously, Publications and Social Service Committees were not represented. The vital position of Treasurer was capably filled by Darelle Wood.

The committees themselves, integral parts of S.R.C., but nevertheless autonomous within their own areas of responsibility, have functioned smoothly, and the credit for this goes to their enthusiastic members and their hard-working Secretaries. The Social Committee, led by Lyn Reid, has taken on a number of difficult tasks this year, apart from their usual work organising dances, balls, and other social events. This group capably handled the provision of guides and information centres on Education Day, afternoon teas on several occasions—inter-College



Geoff Olney (President), Helen Turley (Vice-President)

visits and conferences—and the like. Their regular function has not suffered for all this, in fact, the standard of social events in the College this year has been particularly high.

The Publications Committee (Editor Greta White, Co-Editor Kevin Nicholson) started well, and has kept up the high standard that was set with the first copy of "Seahorse". In a new format, they have provided thought-provoking, informative and entertaining samples of students' articles for us throughout the year. With the addition of a Public Relations Officer (Jenny Smerdon) to the Committee the doings of Frankston Teachers' College have been well presented in the local community in the form of many articles and photographs in the Frankston "Standard".

The Concerts and Dramatics Committee has produced several one-act plays and other entertainments during lunch-times throughout the year, organised by Anne Shepherd and enthusiastic committee members and volunteers, the College Improvements Committee (Ian Howie slave-driving) has changed the face of the College by wall-building, rock-placing, grading, levelling and planting. Again, numerous "volunteers" aided the fine work of this Committee.

The Sports Committee (Colin Coutts and Alison Tuppen leading), by hard work and good organisation, helped our College teams to take off nine of the twenty inter-College premierships in winter sports, as well as the swimming and athletic carnivals.

The Social Service Committee (Marg Wham) has once again had us all working hard for those not as well off as we are, and Welfare (Nola Higgins) working hard for our own benefit. From 1965's Fair money, S.R.C. purchased a movie projector, a listening unit, two IMP sets, a Grolier teaching machine, a slide projector, and various other teaching aids for students' use, and trees to beautify the hostel area. The success of the Fair depends largely on the work of the Welfare Association and the Students' Welfare Committee, and again this year, our Fair was a great success.

A feature of this year in S.R.C. has been the broadening of outlook of students in Colleges throughout Australia. Frankston's S.R.C. has been deeply involved in national and state conferences of students, and inter-College and Interstate visits. A contingent of forty Frankston students visited Wattle Park Teachers' College in Adelaide, and while there, two delegates from Frankston attended the initial discussions concerning the formation of a national student teachers' union. One delegate will attend the inaugural meeting of the Union in Adelaide in the Christmas vacation. Four delegates from Frankston attended the initial talks in Bendigo leading to the formation of the State Council of Student Teachers. We hosted the inaugural conference in September, at which the Constitution of the Council was decided upon. Ballarat Teachers' College visited us for a sporting and social afternoon, and we sent a contingent to Bendigo similarly. These meetings are most beneficial to all concerned, and are becoming an accepted and valuable part of College life.

Closer to home, S.R.C. has organised several "Teach-ins" at Assemblies during the year, and the idea of an S.R.C. Assembly once per term has been maintained, with the idea of keeping students closely in touch with all aspects of S.R.C. functioning, with S.R.C. organising the Assembly program.

All in all, I think it could be said that S.R.C. has had a successful year. Thanks must go to many people, particularly the executive (Helen Turley, Graeme O'Toole, Mel Gay and Darelle Wood), the Committee Secretaries, those staff members most closely concerned with S.R.C., and those enthusiastic committee members, group representatives, and others who did so much to help.

In conclusion, on behalf of S.R.C. 1966, I wish Frankston Teachers' College and its S.R.C. every success in 1967.

Students' Representative Council



BACK: Miss Guppy (Staff Representative), Mr. Brown (Principal's Representative), Lyn Reid (Social), Greta White (Publications), Margaret Wham (Social Service), Jenny Smerdon (Public Relations), Anne Shepherd (Concerts and Dramatics), Kevin Nicholson (Publications), Alison Tuppen (Sports), Colin Coutts (Sports), Ian Howie (Grounds Improvement).

FRONT: Darelle Wood (Treasurer), Helen Turley (Vice-President), Geoff Olney (President), Graeme O'Toole (Junior Vice-President), Mel Gay (Secretary).

Members of Staff



BACK: *Mr. Wells, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Dolphin, Mr. Jones, Mr. Lacy.*

THIRD: *Mr. Cameron, Mr. Prowse, Mr. Townsend, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Juler, Mr. Wittman, Mr. Browne, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Lomas, Mr. Corr, Mr. Towers, Mr. Giles.*

SECOND: *Mr. Kneebone, Mr. Piggott, Mr. Flynn, Mr. White, Miss Wallace, Miss McDonald, Miss Ansell, Mr. Ladd, Mr. Gilfedder, Mr. Chalmers, Mr. McGarvie.*

FRONT: *Miss Papworth, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Ferrari, Miss Smales, Mr. M. Brown, Miss Kentish (Senior Woman Lecturer), Mr. Jenkins (Principal), Mr. Bell (Vice-Principal), Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Lacy, Miss Guppy, Miss Longden.*

ABSENT: *Miss Craig, Mr. F. Brown, Mr. Mutimer, Mr. Allan, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Fry, Dr. Stretton, Mr. Gill, Mr. Healey, Mrs. Sax, Mrs. Todd, Miss Holmes.*

DEAR DIARY...

- JANUARY** "Those lazy, hazy, crazy Vacation days . . ."
- FEBRUARY** "Just a-working on the chain-gang."
The Freshers begin . . .
- MARCH** The Garden Party — Hey, look us over.
We're not really Waterbabies just 'cos we won the Swimming.
- APRIL** Easter swot vac.
- MAY** "Goodbye, Tony Bligh" — a success for Jeff.
"Rookery Nook" — good work by C & D.
Let loose at last, but not for long.
- JUNE** Wild at Wattle Park.
Ballarat brings the rain.
- JULY** Mid-Year Ball — it was op at the hop.
- AUGUST** EDUCATION DAY
Frankston Shire declared a City — extra holidays are welcome.
Let loose again, some of us even to Queensland and the Centre.
- SEPTEMBER** The calm before the storm . . .
- OCTOBER** "Heigh ho, we went to the fair."
EXAMS!!!! Shakin' all over!
- NOVEMBER** Athletics ability displayed.
Combined Teachers' Colleges' Church Services.
- DECEMBER** Picnic Capers.
Graduation Ball — "We're gonna shake those lecturers out of our hair."
Graduation Ceremony.
"Those lazy, hazy, crazy Vacation days" again . . .
- 1967** Some of us will be taughtured.
While we lucky exies will be taughturing!

Committee Reports

Social Service

This year, for the first time, the Social Service Committee received a small grant from the S.R.C. Because of this finance, an early start in money-raising activities was possible.

Emphasis during Term One was on College and Group activities, to support the College-selected organisation of the "Aborigines' Advancement League". One of the highlights was the production of "Goodbye, Tony Bligh", a play written and produced by College student Jeff Leask. His group, C2, worked as ticket-sellers and ushers to make the night a great success.

Among other activities, the Committee worked with the Social Committee in organising a Square Dance in the Common Room.

In contrast to this, Terms Two and Three were mainly concerned with group and individual efforts of service to the community and various organisations. Many thanks must go to those who knitted, sewed, tutored and donated their time and money to help others.

A great deal of the responsibility and credit for Social Service rests with the Group Representatives who strove hard to generate enthusiasm and action in each particular Group. I cannot say how much I valued their friendship, suggestions and co-operation during the year.

Whether or not you return to College next year, please remember that there are many people in your street, your suburb and your town who need help—your help. Maybe you can give material aid, maybe just give them some of your time. Don't forget — please.

MARGARET WHAM.



Concerts and Dramatics

1966 was a successful year for Concerts and Dramatics, especially considering that at the end of 1965 it was suggested that the Committee be dissolved from S.R.C.

You will no doubt feel as we do, that it was just as well that suggestion wasn't carried through.

We feel this way for several reasons. Firstly, C and D did prove more active in 1966. Secondly, its activities were of a wider scope and involved more students. Thirdly, you supported us well and so we have concluded that you want this Committee to remain.

What were our activities this year? Many students, organized through C and D, gave assistance in the College Play, "Rookery Nook," a most enjoyable performance.

C and D was active in helping backstage for the Shakespeare Day performance by the First-Years. Our lunch-time Australian Folk Festival was another success.

Second Term saw two lunch-time one-act plays, the first by "Primes" — "Mr. Twemlow is Not Himself," and the second by third-year I.T.C's — "Queen Victoria is Not Amused." Both received your laughter and applause.

Undaunted by previous failures to have a Revue-Variety, we were able to produce such a show early in Third Term.

Finally, we managed a feat which no other Committee achieved — we made "stars" of all students and staff through their carol singing at our annual festival.

The Committee thanks you for all your support throughout 1966. I would like to extend my thanks to an eager Committee and an ever-helping staff supervisor, Mrs. Brown, and in conclusion I wish the 1967 Concerts and Dramatics Committee good luck.

ANNE SHEPHERD



College Improvements

A main feature of the Improvements Committee must be a very sincere thank you to the whole College — both students and staff alike, who so willingly gave their time to assist us with the work we have done.

We must also thank Mr. Jenkins for allowing us to overspend our original grant of \$520 students' fees.

I would particularly like to thank Mr. White, through whose untiring effort most of our work has been achieved, and Mr. Giles who has worked both manually and in designing the entire hostel surrounds, our main achievement for the year. This work included the laying of underground sprinklers and the planting of lawns and trees, the placing of large, decorative rock and small pebbles, the building of a rock-retaining wall and the planting of a garden behind this. Other smaller ventures for this year have included the completion of the car park, the rock edges in the "links" area and a part in the cost of the completion of the new hockey field.

In closing I must once again say thank you very much to everyone who helped so enthusiastically.

IAN HOWIE



Welfare Association

The College Welfare Association has completed an extremely successful year.

The Garden Party on Saturday, March 19, held in brilliant sunshine, was our first success. The R.A.A.F. Band provided enjoyable entertainment throughout the afternoon, while new students introduced their parents and friends to the Principal, Staff and Welfare Association members. College students provided a pleasant and entertaining hour for the visitors with a variety of items. Many thanks must go to the students who willingly and efficiently helped the Welfare members serve an enjoyable afternoon tea.

Office-bearers for 1966 were elected at the Annual Meeting on April 13. Mr. Malkin was re-elected as President, Mr. C. Williamson as Vice-President, Mr.

N. L. Toyne as Secretary and Mr. J. Bell as Treasurer. Our congratulations are extended to these members. Also, sincere thanks to the Staff Representatives Miss Holmes and Mr. Ladd for their continual support and assistance to the Association.

On March 9 we were shocked and deeply saddened by the death of Mr. Malkin, our President. He was in his third term of office as President and was enthusiastic and helpful at all times. Early this year Mr. Malkin presented the College with a sports notice-board which was greatly appreciated by all and is a remembrance of a fine man.

The preparations for the Fair in October were commenced early this year. A co-ordinating committee was elected early in June, consisting of a staff member, Mr. Prowse, two student representatives, Isobell Rolfe and Mick Plumstead and two Welfare members, Mr. Toyne and Mr. Williamson. This group, with the co-operation of all College groups, worked continually throughout the preceding months and was rewarded with success on the day of the Fair.

The last main function of the year was the Mannequin Parade. Mrs. Hart, one of the co-operative and enthusiastic members of the Association, must be congratulated for her organisation of this function. The parade of fashions in new synthetic fibres was most instructive and was enjoyed by all who attended. Apart from these main functions during the year, the Welfare Association has purchased library books and other items for the College.

The Welfare Association has achieved excellent results and is greatly appreciated by all students. It has been a pleasure working with the members and I wish them even greater success next year.

NOLA HIGGINS



Social Committee

This year's Social Committee worked conscientiously and effectively in providing activities which included the following:—

- Crowds and fun at the Welcome Dance.
- Those Go-Go girls, the coffee . . .
- Stick-jaw toffee, Salada biscuits, balloons, apples, lifesavers, eggs—and all in one lunch hour.
- Black and White illusions (Mid-Year Ball, of course).
- Friendly, bouncing people at the "Soc. Hop".
- Students clustered around the Common Room during lunch hours listening to well-known folk-singers.
- Fun had by all at the Square Dance after the fete.
- Post-exam. joviality at the "Recovery Dance".
- Happy takers at the Pink, Yellow and Orange Graduation Ball.

I would sincerely like to thank everyone who assisted with the above functions and the Social Committee's responsibility in the Ballarat Visit and Education Day.

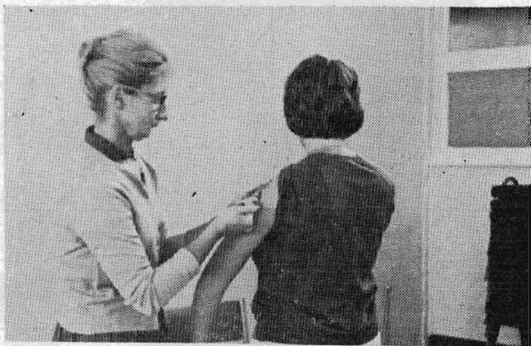
Hoping you gained from the functions we provided, as we certainly enjoyed working for you.

— LYN REID

DO YOU REMEMBER?



Mr. Chips?



College Needle



O'Toole's Harem



And the Sower . . .



O for Orange, Silly

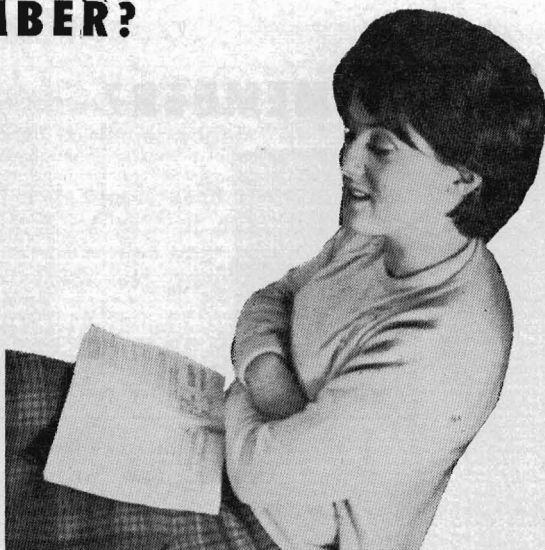


Frankston Lovelies

DO YOU REMEMBER?



May I Leave, Sir?



Normie Sends Me



Giles Dynasty?



Don't Look Behind



We're All on Diets, But . . .

LITERARY SECTION

WINNER — SHORT STORY AWARD

Geoff Olney

Before the Dawn

"Darling, I've brought you a visitor!"

Good old Auntie. She'd raised him from a toddler. Cried over him, laughed with him, and given him everything he had ever wanted. And now she was trying to marry him off! Now! Hell, he didn't want girls now. He didn't even want Auntie.

He knew it would be a girl. That followed. If Auntie brought the visitor, it was a girl. He knew Auntie too well.

"Hello David."

The voice was soft, sweet, and pleasantly low. David didn't notice. A voice was a voice.

"David dear, this is Susan. She said she'd like to come and see you."

"Hello." It sounded as languid as he was, on his back in that white iron bed.

"Your Aunt thought you might like a change of voice. I live in the flat upstairs. I moved in after you . . . went away."

They talked. Auntie and the girl. And then visiting time was over.

"Do you mind if I come again?"

"No, I don't mind. It's a free world." His tone was more bitter than he really intended, but pleasantries were not the order of the day.

She came the next week. They small-talked, and he found that she was a country girl, from the Mallee, and had come to the city for work. She in turn found, or so she let it seem, that he liked light classics, and Alberto Moravia and Golon. He knew, of course, that Auntie would have known the girl only ten minutes and his whole history would have been common knowledge. He told her anyway.

The next night she read to him: Golon, "Angelique." As her words came, he thought less and less of the story, and more of himself. So this is what it's like. Dependent, even for a book. Like a kid with a bed-time story. His favourite hoppy — David, who devoured anything in print, relying on a stranger for a few words.

"Possibly never see again." The doctor's words struck him chill as they had done weeks before and every day since. How could he ever let them take the bandaging off? He'd rather not know!

"Extensive burns to the eye tissue. Probably won't graft." The doctor's muttered discussion had reached his ears like a scream. Perhaps he was already blind, and his ears were taking over. Oh God!

"Are you all right, David?" Her voice pierced the blackness around him. He realized that she must have stopped reading some minutes before.

"Yes, 'course I'm all right. Bit sleepy, that's all." She started reading again. He doubted if he'd fooled her. How much did she know? Did she know he

might never see again? If things were different . . . she was kind and pleasant, and her voice made him think of a pretty face. He dozed.

B—— VCs! Lying in the dark in a stinking padi with sodden boots and brain. A year's pay for a hot bath and a cold beer! At least old Victor Charlie was quiet in this zone. Poor Bill. Fancy sticking his foot on a panji. Lucky, in a way. He's in a bed, not here. Wonder what Auntie's doing? He rolled on his back, and felt the sludge soak into his shirt, and saw the first hint of light in the east.

"Righto. Smokes out. On your feet!" Blast that two-bob corporal. A bloke's only just sat down.

He rolled over, and struggled to his feet, stiff and cold. The mud in front went white, and heaved. The whole flaming world came up to meet him.

Since then, it had been a succession of beds and orderlies and nurses and doctors. The sheets got progressively crisper, and the doctors' hands softer, but the places meant only one thing to him — the penetrating, stinking, rotten stench of a hospital. It was supposed to be a clean and antiseptic smell, but somehow it got into his bones and seeped into his brain, and stank.

He kept dreaming of dirty little men and phosphorus mortar bombs and screaming, bleeding mates . . .

"I have to go now." Her voice broke softly into his half-sleep. She'd stayed then! He found his hand in hers. It was soft and warm, and somehow comforting.

"Will you finish the story tomorrow, please? I won't go to sleep, I promise." Not to that blasted dream, anyway!

She read to him the following night. He didn't sleep, but he didn't hear the story either. She gently closed the book.

"It won't be so bad, you know. They have all sorts of jobs for blind people, and you could get a dog." A blooming dog! To lead him around! A dog was to romp with, to hurl sticks for, to fetch ducks for a man. Not to be the eyes for half a man.

He felt bitter again. While she read to him, and while they talked of little things, his eyes didn't seem to matter so much.

"You just don't understand, you just don't know!"

"I want to, David. I want to help."

"Read to me then. Don't tell me how helpless I am."

"David, it's not as bad as all that. You're young. You have a life to lead."

"Some life. A cripple at twenty two."

"You're not a cripple, just because you can't see. You can still be a man, and live a man's life."

"Go away and leave me alone!"

The door swished shut.

The visitors were coming in. He could hear them in the corridors. God, I hope she comes! Even if she just lets me apologise. Please, Susan, please!

He heard her long before she reached the bed. She said nothing, just sat down and opened a book. He reached out his hand for hers, and touched the book instead. He froze. His brain registered slowly, step by step. His voice came low and soft and very strange.

"Susan. Susan, the book. It's . . ."

"Yes, David. The book is Braille."

And then he cried. For the first time since he was hit. And for the first time in his life he cried for somebody else.

The Journey

The train eased its slim bulk out of the long station. And in his second-class compartment, the old man settled further back into his seat and looked at the other occupants who, in the way of all travellers, stared back at him through the vibrating reflections of the dark window.

They sat, the young girl whose plump figure didn't quite harmonize with the classic beauty of her slender neck and magnificent head. Her long black hair had been carelessly pulled back from her face, revealing high taut cheekbones and wide dark eyes, each guarded by a slender dark brush of silken eyebrow. And her companion, a boy of perhaps twenty, seemed to be almost faceless, so immobile and expressionless were his features. They were only three and the grey china lamp, pocked and speckled by the danse macabre of generations of moths and flies, seemed like some baleful octopus, throwing out long, shadowy tentacles of light that embraced them and held them together in an intimate conspiracy against the black depth without.

With his rough calloused hand, the old man pushed back a stray wisp of grey hair and wondered about the pair opposite. She was, he decided, about eighteen or nineteen and he stirred uneasily as thoughts of another girl gushed forth from the deep well of his past, the past he was now after sixty years returning to face. And a ripple of fear and anticipation quivered over him. He looked at her bare hands and the long, tapered fingers that pulled uneasily at the fringe on her thin travelling rug. And in the second that his gaze lifted from the shabby brown coat to her wide black eyes, he was caught by the naked fear and shame and fatigue that flashed out. It was gone in an infinitesimal grain of truth in a human soul. His wrinkled blue eyes closed to hide the compassion and the guilty shame that would reveal to her what he knew, for he had seen that look before and it tore like talons of fiery steel at his bowels and stomach, just as it had sixty years before.


To ease his ache and to sever the bond that had by his glimpse into her soul drawn him to her, he brought from his parcels a bulky brown paper bag and offered it to the girl and boy.

"Would you like some fruit?" The words hung for a moment in the air as the boy stared unheedingly in front of him, and the old man was conscious that the silent intimacy was broken. And he was glad, while half-regretting it.

But the girl nodded and smiled as she accepted a round, ripe orange. For the first time she looked directly at the old man, and the deep creases in his high forehead and around his tired old eyes told her that anguish and pain are not the prerogative of the young.

"He must have been handsome once," she mused, and looked for a second at the boy. Would those same lines of pain be one day etched on his smooth face?

"And will I be there to see them if they are? God, this is crazy! The only real thing, the only significant thing is what are we going to tell them. How will we . . . ? What will we say? If they . . . but he wouldn't let them — would he?" Her turmoil raged on and she looked in silent entreaty at the boy by her side. He had been good to her, had always sworn his love for her. He was with her now — but was he really with her? She felt a cold emptiness where he should have been and she suddenly knew that, however close they drew together, she was alone and completely alone. And she finished eating her tasteless orange.



The train raced on, thrusting itself against the weight of the black night, cleaving a path that opened in front of it only to close behind it. And as the dim light of his compartment flickered spasmodically, the old man occasionally stirred and shifted slightly. Now that he was returning, thinking wasn't so painful to him and instead of trying to smother his memories, he allowed himself to meditate on the island and the girl he had left there.

They were both twenty. She was fair and suntanned and beautiful and he was dark, bronzed and beautiful. He was of course going to become a fisherman like his father and his grandfather before him, a fine fisherman who would grow rich and fat and sing to the moon as he rowed home at night with a big catch. And she was going to wait for him in their home and cook his fish and watch beside him as he grew fat and rich. But summer came and with it starry moonlight nights perfumed with the salt air and the sea and the thought of being young and alive. Each night the fair girl waited on the shore for her bronzed lover to return with the boats. And for many nights under the protective palms they fulfilled their young passion of one another. But summer turned to autumn and the dark boy knew he was too young and too poor to marry. One morning he wrote her a letter avowing his love and swearing to return to her and their unborn child as soon as he had saved enough money. He pushed the letter under her door.

The old man moved restlessly as his last memory of the island flooded into his heart and mind, a memory that was carved into the depth of his very soul.

It was yet dark and as he looked back to shore the black silhouettes of the tall pandanus palms were thrown into clear relief as behind them the crimson streaks of a new day seemed to engulf and swallow them in a silent quiescent furnace. He sat in his little boat waiting to board the motor launch and the slap slap of the waves against the boat seemed to be rejecting him, reproaching him. And as he sat gazing at the island, he grew up a little.

"Perhaps I should return; there is still time." But he was young and, even as he said it, he climbed aboard and watched the island receding into his past.

It was some time before the ticket conductor could arouse the old man from his reverie and the young boy opposite glanced at the two men incuriously. He turned and looked at the girl beside him and wondered for the thousandth time why it had happened to them. She was too young, too inviolate to be carrying a child. God! It still hurt him to look at her beauty, and churned up in his tangled passionate emotions was a pride that she was carrying his child; but his revulsion from this pride made him shrink from himself in horror.

"I'm a bum, a no-good city bum; no money, no future . . . what the hell are we going to do?" Round and round his brain beat out this drone until he thought his mind would die listening to it. "Maybe they won't feel too badly about it. All I need's a little money — God! We'll get by if only they leave us alone . . . What if they separate us? They won't, they can't, I won't let them . . . Why not? because we love each other. I love her — don't I." And his blank eyes revealed to the girl the passionate fever behind them.

She wondered what would be said. She had been worried about coming south to the city and now the worst had happened.

"Do I want marriage?" And in her heart she knew she did, not only because of her coming child: because she wanted him. But her young pride forbade it unless he wanted her for herself. Of this she was sure.

Night drew on as the old man drowsed to the rhythmic tattoo of the rumbling train. And in his dreams the blurred images of his past life rolled by,

his first job in the city loading and stacking the cargo for the big steamers and, later, sailing on those same steamers. He saw again the ports with their mysteries and their women. The women had always brought to him more pain than pleasure and brought to him, as does the scent of life to the dying man, sweetness, without the ease of solace. He saw for a moment his child, but the image twisted and he awoke, aware that it had been only another illusion. His head ached and he knew at last what he had to do; he had to expiate his craven act of so long ago. How he could do this he knew not, but as he looked into his heart and saw himself, he felt a new peace and ease.

The first grey streaks of dawn lit the sky and the young boy took the girl's hand in his own. She leaned on him and welded her strength with his. Together, the three sat and waited for the sun's warm rays to melt and mend their lacerated emotions.

— KATHY SMITH

*Author Kathy
Smith and Tour
Lecturer, Mr.
Giles*



She didn't know where it was

It was one of those quiet car trips home. We were all tired — overwork we put it down to — and nobody felt like talking. Well, that is until a car passed us with a sign on the rear window — so what, you say — this read “NO CONSCRIPTS FOR VIETNAM.” That started it, the quiet, mild-mannered saintly character in the rear seat began. “What a load of ——— rubbish.” With that, his stocky rugged companion promptly began, in good “Australian English,” to make a case that Australian conscripts shouldn't go to Vietnam. The driver, a tall, lanky, loose-limbed, long blonde-headed Australian named John, instantly jumped in to support the now irate Bob. The saintly character was having an uphill battle trying to convince his buddies that conscripts should be in Vietnam. That is until Mick, conspicuously known by his cordial greeting, “Good-day mate — how are ya mate?”, further complicated the matter by saying, in ardent support for the now red-faced, halo-supporting character — “Listen, you

mob, most ——— Australians are that b—— apathetic that many of them don't even know where Vietnam is." "Oh rubbish," said John. "You must be joking," said Bob, "everyone knows where it is. The silent adjudicator, the girl in the far corner, just smiled politely.

The sides had now been chosen — Warren and Mick saying that everybody knows where Vietnam is; and John, whose driving had gone from bad to worse since the argument had started, and Bob, who had burst several buttons off his coat when gesticulating to make his point, maintaining everybody knew where it was.

John looked at the fuel gauge — "Blimey, we're just about out of juice." The garage we pulled into was just like any other garage — the greasy-faced, overall-clad figure who came to the window and said, "Yeah mate, what'll you have?" puzzled all of us because apart from "its" outward appearance it was a woman! "Well, you can't win them all," was John's only reply. "Ten bob's worth of super, thanks."

We were all thinking the same, but Bob was the first to say it. "Let's ask her if **she** knows where Vietnam is." John quickly added, "I'll bet you ten bob she knows where it is." "You're on," Mick and the saintly character replied.

John popped the question and the answer astonished all of us. "Strike me lucky, I haven't a b—— clue," she said, "but I'll go and ask the head mechanic." In between fits of paralytic laughter we saw the head mechanic disappear to ask the boss. He returned with a rather puzzled look on his face, whispered to the young lady, who returned and said: "Well, they THINK it's up north somewhere, but just between you and me I don't give a ———damn. I mean, like, you know, well it's kinda like this. If I sat down and meditated about Vietnam all day, I'd never get time to mend all those b—— punctures."

We departed slowly from that garage still in fits of laughter, Mick and I ten bob richer, and Bob and John ten bob poorer, but moreover we had all had a good laugh, not at anyone's expense because the young lady thought her own ignorance was a bit of a joke also.

Well, it just goes to show — never bet on a dead cert . . .

— Dedicated by the saintly character to all those who have ever, or are likely to ever, travel in John Wintle's car.

— WARREN ST. CLAIR



"Still Life"—David Esler, A2

WINNER — STRUAN POETRY AWARD

Geoff Olney

H O S T

The door slides shut, and closes
That endless corridor of time
With rooms of endless hope.
Eternity, in a small boy,
A father's apotheosis in blue.
Mitotic changes, the square of the square
Of thirty-two; and more;
Growth, and the machinations of convoluted brain.
Bifurcation, and the old
Is Silenus, youth is new. Disbelief.
A chasm between, and yet from chaos comes life
And the darkness of age knows
The light of juvenescence, but
Speed and hate and height of life
Have shut the door. The boy is man,
And man is disillusioned.
For is this not the seed? And the seed
To germinate and square itself?
Where is the justice, Ethic?
Persecution of name, but character is
Lost.
Mendel a heretic, Darwin fanatic, for
Hopes are not geneticized.
The man himself a man becomes
And has his own triumphal seeding—
Ten fingers, ten toes, and eyes—
To break his life and heart.
For what? To perpetuate the name.
The door slides shut and closes that endless corridor of time
With rooms of endless hope. For is this not the seed?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MY GREATEST WISH

That I could see this world in all its beauty,
An Edenic paradise, fit for men.
A land where fear and hate are words unknown,
And the sword is much the servant to the pen.
A place where man has dignity and pride,
And is not marked down according to his creed.
Where all can live as equals and as kings,
And none will follow those who cannot lead.
A plot of earth where wisdom leads the way,
And courage is built into every heart.
Where all can live in harmony, I say,
From such a world I never would depart.

—Terry Lee, C 2.

EPIDAUROS

I sat alone in that vacant hollow
Staring down on the dry, cracked earth.
Whilst high above, the great winged eagle
Swooped, glided, hung.
Blocking the sun,
And casting over the ground below
Its unspent Herculean shadow.
Midget in that yawning trough
Amongst the giants of bygone ages
Hearing their voices, seeming to see
Delight, amusement, fun,
Their faces in the sun
Oblivious of the threat that lay there,
Too strong for the wisest sage to bear.
Oh those stinging, remorseless words
Why were they written of one so great?
Aristophanes with the comedian's lash,
Cutting, bitter, biting.
Audience delighting,
About the speech of our philosopher
Evil implications to his words.

—Margaret Bailey, 2 A.



CAGED IN

In a cage:
banned from society.
Beautifully black against the stark white.
Fighting a futile battle.
There's no hope—
you'll have to accept it.
You're inferior;
you're black.
There's no changing you now;
even if you think white, you're still black.
Thoughts of night, ebony, coal—
that's you.
I think you're fine
I want to accept you as you are,
but society makes it so hard, for us both.
You're real, living, sensitive.
If only I could share your struggling lips,
we'd make it, I know.
Just don't pollute yourself with all this
white stuff — Keep clean.
Here I sit writing big, bold, black letters
on thin, glossy white paper—
It seems crazy, and oddly hypocritical.

—Julie Fermanis, D 1.



SHROUDED SEA'S SPELL

Earth enveloped by the crisp mist
Looks peaceful, serene. This semi-realistic sight,
Great abyss between earth and heaven;
This sea, now murky, a tainted amethyst.
Shore and mainland mysteriously amorphous,
While soft eeriness, suffocated light
Enhances the bay, shrouds the white
House on the formidable, veiled cliff.
The bridge looms across the canal
Where river meets the silent, sleeping sea.
The black silhouetted statue can tell
Of the mysteriously peaceful ecstasy
That raised me up to a higher level
Of spiritual serenity by this fantasy.

—Julianne Higgins, A.1.



CHROMATOPSY

Frustration and love,
Joy and declension, with lethargy
And dark.
For brown is blue and yellow, and
Nonprevalent monochromes and
Multichromes of white are grey.
Elation and defeat. Brights are dull,
Their hue subjective.
For living does not give
Life.
Existence is Pyrrhonic black;
Primaries are theory for
The disbelievers, scepticism is
Done. But not to death; the outlet
Is grey, not black; and white is
Complementary sometimes.
For living
Does not give life.

—Geoff Olney, D 2.

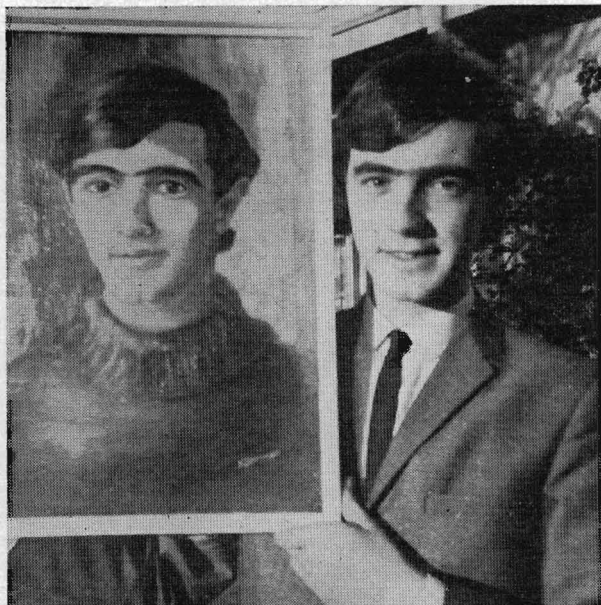


DISTRACTION

Thoughts, real, disturbing, distract from academic work.
Dead-lines loom upon me, but urgency does not overcome my failings.
Time is spent in bearing and examining my many thoughts.
Honest effort is made but to no avail.
Unencouraging, stark results stare at my eyes . . .
Distraction.

—Pam Hogarth, C 2.

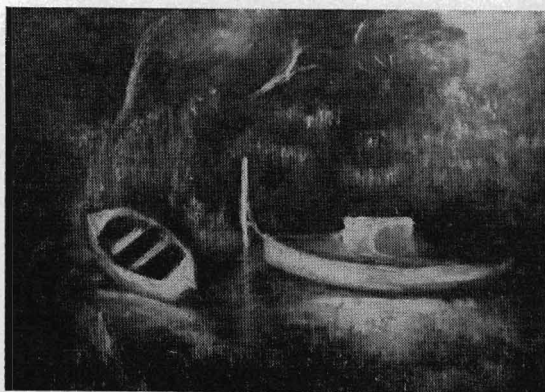
WINNER — STRUAN ART AWARD
Kay Stammers



"Clyne"

Third

Second



"Boats"—Margaret Warren, ITC2



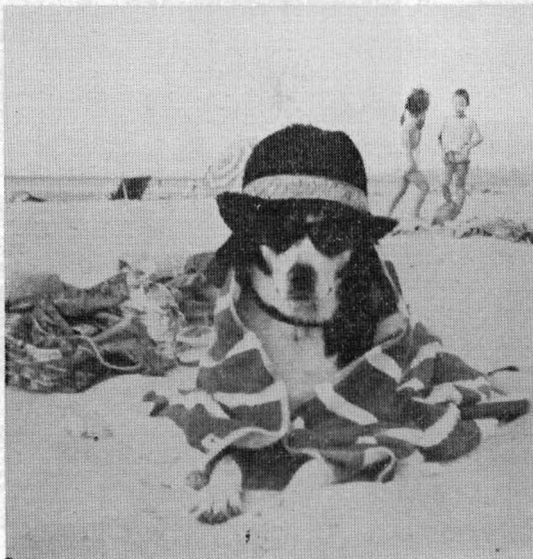
"Victim"—Darylle Kelly, C2

WINNER — PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD
John Kirby



Second

Third

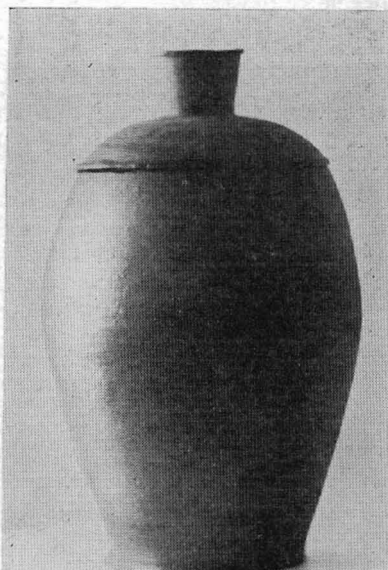


—by Claire Gillett

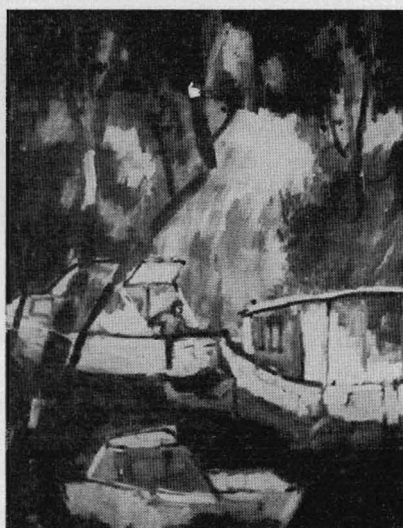


—by Gordon Curran

COLLEGE WORKS OF ART



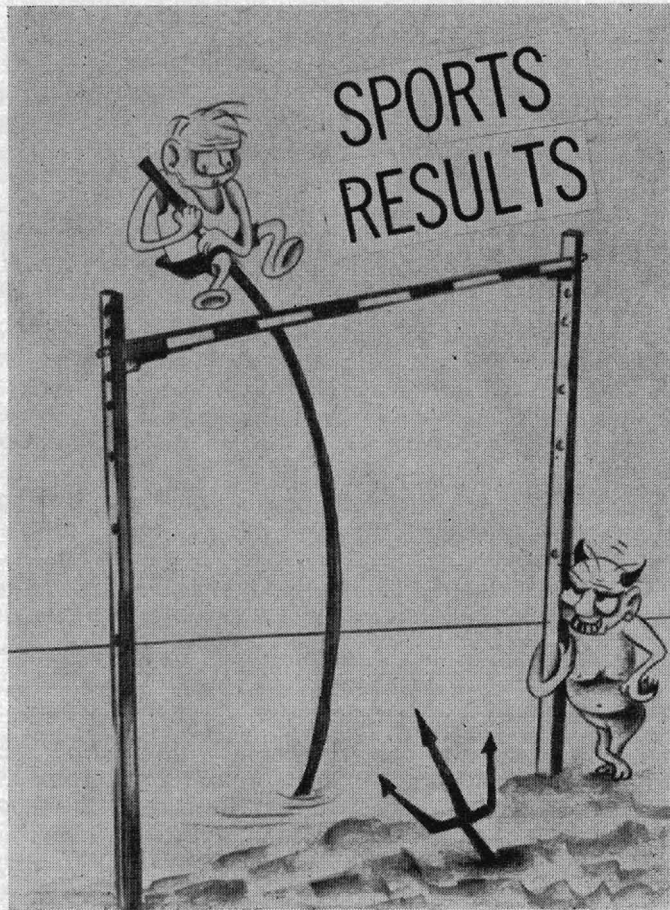
Pottery



. . . . paintings



. . . . pretty women



SPORTS COMMITTEE

This Committee was composed of representatives from each of the College sporting groups. It met regularly to discuss equipment for College sport, inter-college visits and to cater for the general sporting interests of the College. It worked in close conjunction with the Physical Education staff, Mr. Ladd, Misses Longden, Wallace and Craig.

The major undertaking of the Sports Committee this year was to outfit the Athletic Team. In addition, two new sports were undertaken — these being fencing and surfing. A great deal of interest was shown in these.

Successful sporting days were had by all when we hosted Ballarat Teachers' College and visited Bendigo Teachers' College.

This year Frankston had its most successful year on the sporting field and indeed it could be said that Frankston dominated the inter-college sport. Our teams were represented in 16 out of the 19 grand finals and took away nine premierships. Winning both the Combined Swimming Carnival and the Athletic Carnival, we completed what is termed the "grand slam" of college sport for the second year in succession.

Much of the success was due to the Phys. Ed. staff and individual team coaches.

Thus it can be seen that the College carried on from where it left off in 1965, and we, the outgoing committee, wish the College all the best for 1967.

— Colin Coutts
— Alison Tuppen

VOLLEY BALL

This year saw the introduction of mixed teams to the inter-college volleyball competition. Frankston, undefeated on matches, and having lost only five games out of the fifty-five played over the season, came through to win the first premiership under the new arrangements.

The final match was played off against a very strong Melbourne team, and after three games the score was 2-1 in our favour. The next game saw the end, and the match score was 3-2 after playing the last game for points.

During the year we played a social night match against Monash University "B" Grade team, and won five games of the ten played, the women's team being undefeated.

Much of the credit for our successes goes to our hard-working coach and astute umpire, Mr. Ray Giles, who inspired every member of the team with the will to win. Thank you.

The team, which must take the ultimate credit, included quite a few first-year students, and this augurs well for another successful season in 1967.

— G. Olney

FIRST HOCKEY

An exciting, close match finalized the season with a narrow victory for us. Our most consistent best players were Julie Arnold (capt.), Norma Walker and Jill Berry. The team would like to thank Mr. Brennan for his encouragement which helped us to victory.

— Lois Purcell

FOOTBALL — THE PLAYERS

Dick Wittman — Coach. "Tremendous!!" Every player in the team wanted to win that premiership as much for Dick as for themselves.

Rod McNab (captain) — Frankston V.F.A. Ruckman. Always tried to set an example and lift his players.

Bryan Quirk (vice-captain) — Carlton V.F.L. Half-forward. A great opportunist. Always there when needed. A deadly kick.

Hank Verwoert — Prahran V.F.A. (interstate rep.). High flying spectacular ruckman. Valuable on the backline.

Neville Stone — Melbourne V.F.L. Half-forward. Dashing utility player. Great speed, ball handling and recovery his greatest assets.

Chris Long — Noble Park-Federal. Full-back. Rugged, reliable backman. Handy when the going's rough. Respected by most forwards.

Col Coutts — McKinnon. Utility. Great team man. Held down various positions, mostly capably. A most valuable player.

Stan Oakley — Glen Alvie-Bass Valley. Half-back. A steady, reliable half-back. Great anticipation and clearing dashes subdued most opponents.

Roger Spaul — Frankston Rovers M.P.F.L. Dashing left foot half-back who can take a spectacular mark.

John Callery — Melbourne 2nds and 3rds V.F.L. Rover. Rugged, tenacious, never-say-die rover. An excellent goal-getter.

Daryl Hook — Leongatha S.G.F.L. Ruck. Never gives up. Can be depended upon in the back pocket.

Doug Ferguson — Mentone-Federal. Used his size and thinking to advantage on the half-forward line. Useful when on the ball.

Reinhard Kasputtis — Noble Park-Federal. A dashing, tenacious defender. A most improved player.

Ron Craig — Noble Park-Federal. Back pocket. Backs his judgment to go and meet the ball. Rovers find kicks very hard to come by.

Graeme McKenzie — Frankston V.F.A. Wing. Dashing wingman. A good constructive thinker with accurate disposal.

Doug Gibbon — Mordialloc B.F.A. Half-forward. Used his size, deceptive fast and accurate left foot disposal to the utmost advantage.

Ric Carter — Frankston Rovers M.P.F.L. Ruck. Not a regular but could be depended upon to give his utmost. Most improved and a good clubman.

John Callanan — Oakleigh V.F.A. 3rds. Once again not a regular player but proved to be a constructive half-forward with the chances he got. Another good clubman.

Peter van der Zande — Frankston Rovers M.P.F.L. Perhaps unlucky not to play more games. Could be relied upon to help out where necessary.

Mike Smith — Yallourn L.V.F.L. Half-forward. High flying, fast moving and fiery. Elusive left foot turn and accurate pass.

Brian Gourley — Half-forward. Fast, intelligent ball-getter. Good left foot turn and disposal.

Ken Saddington — Melbourne 3rds V.F.L. Rover and centre. Classy footballer. Accurate disposal with both feet. A most intelligent and constructive player.

Graeme Brown — Mornington M.P.F.L. Utility. Fast, elusive left footer. Always placed his kicks to the best advantage. Handy around the goals.

Geoff Neale — Rugged utility. Always gave his utmost for the side. Played in numerous positions.

Russell Woodley — Good mark and kick. Played some valuable games on the forward line.

Alan McNish — Wingman. Hampered early in the season by injury. Came back to play some constructive football.

John Pearson — Ruck. Big solid player. Showed potential when given the chance and will develop.

Jim Young — Carrum M.P.F.L. Backman. A rugged dashing defender, who always lets his forwards know he's around.

I would like to thank all players for their co-operation throughout the year and particularly those who did not get a regular game, but were always there to help with the boundary, goal umpiring and other jobs vital to a football team. I feel it was because of this close knit co-operation and the guidance received by Mr. Wittman that we had such a successful year. All the best to those who are returning next year; give your full support to the coach and you should have no worries.

— Rod McNab

SQUASH

Great success was achieved by the squash team this year, which finished the season undefeated and won the grand final.

The women did very well all year. Anne Sheldrake dominated her games as No. 1, and seldom lost a game, and Zana Flood, Dennie Finch and Janette Evans all excelled. The men also played well — David Kerr, hard-hitting No. 1, Terry Boyce, Peter Foster, Graeme Smith and Warren St. Clair.

Well done Anne, Dennie, Peter and Graeme, who won in the final. Special thanks to our coach Mr. Wells, who helped thoroughly with tactics and encouragement.

Score in the final was Frankston, 4 rubbers, 13 games, 191 points defeated Toorak, 4 rubbers, 12 games, 153 points.

— **Captain**

SECOND HOCKEY

A very good season was had by this team. Frankston drew with Larnook in two matches and the grand final which therefore had to be replayed. The result was a victory for us. Best players during the season were Kathy Nicol and Dale Smith (captain).

Thanks must go to Mr. Towers, our encouraging coach. Our success in the season was due to his interest and help, and the fact that the team played always as a whole.

— **Jill Stewart**

SECOND TENNIS

This team successfully won the premiership after a very exciting grand final. One of our best players for the season was Penny Harvey. Team spirit, reflected in our decisive victories, was always high.

— **The Team**

BOWLING

The bowling team was lucky in winning the grand final against Melbourne. Melbourne had beaten us twice during the season and we were dubious of our chances before the game. However, a special concentrated effort won us the premiership. Best players for the season included Janet Henstridge and Ray Watschur.

— **The Team**

BASKETBALL THIRDS

We had a very successful season for which we would like to thank our coach and enthusiastic supporter, Miss Wallace.

In the grand final, we convincingly defeated Burwood, who had been our closest rival during the term.

— **The Team**

BASKETBALL FOURTHS

We also had a successful year with only one loss and one draw. Naturally, our most "coveted" game was the grand final, where we defeated Toorak by only one goal.

Thanks must go to Miss Wallace for her coaching and support throughout the year, and especially during the final match.

Jan Wheal, our Captain, did a great job and spurred the team on at all times. Thanks to all girls who played, scored or umpired throughout the season. Thanks also to Miss Wallace and Miss Longden for the Chinese meal to which we were shouted.

— **Nola Higgins**

WE WON!

SWIMMING TEAM



BACK: Laurie Drysdale, Russell Woodley, Roger Spaul, Ken Wallis, Doug Gibbon, Colin Coutts, Rod McNab.

CENTRE: John Callanan, Dennis Young, Rob McDonald, Peter van der Zande, Peter Foster, Ken Saddington, Allan Burdekin, Brian Watterson.

FRONT: Mr. Dolphin, Maxine Peart, Heather Canobie, Meryl Maggs, Margaret Toke, Pam Perry, Cathy Nicol, Annette Robinson, Kay Leach, Miss Wallace.

ATHLETICS TEAM

Jill Berry, Sue Burston, Rick Carter, Margaret Cavanagh, Shirley Chandler, Sid Cooper, Colin Coutts, Zana Flood, Doug. Gibbon, Janine Gould, Brian Gourley, Lorraine Hawkes, Ian Hardy, Daryl Hook, Reinhard Kasputtis, Renee Kroes, Rod McNab, Judy Morrish, Pam Morrison, Annette Noble, Kath Perrett, Mick Plumstead, Lois Purcell, Bryan Quirk, Ken Saddington, Roger Spaul, Neville Stone, Marg. Toke, Peter van der Zande, Hank Verwoert, Carolyn Vernon, Brian Watterson, John Wintle, John Whitelaw.

HOCKEY FIRSTS



BACK: Skaidrite Grinbergs, Robyn James, Anne Gow, Lois Purcell, Jill Berry, Sue Fleming, Carolyn Minister.
FRONT: Virginia Davidson, Rosa Coles, Heather Canobie, Norma Walker, Julie Arnold.

HOCKEY SECONDS



BACK: Catherine Nicol, Leslie Harding, Jill Stewart, Sue Burston, Joan Bilson.
CENTRE: Alan Wilson, Mr. Towers, Dianne Chisholm, Dale Smith, Janet Neck.
FRONT: Brenda MacRobert, Lyn Coghlan.

THIRD BASKETBALL



BACK: *Miriam Stanford, Denise Gaughwin, Miss Wallace, Barbara Champion, Margaret Hanton.*
FRONT: *Barbara Gregory, Ute Martini, Elizabeth Keith.*

FOURTH BASKETBALL



BACK: *Nola Higgins, Margaret Freeman, Kathie Indian, Miss Wallace, Sue Plain, Denise King, Lorraine Evans.*
FRONT: *Ros Drayton, Nola Hill, Janet Wheel.*

VOLLEY BALL



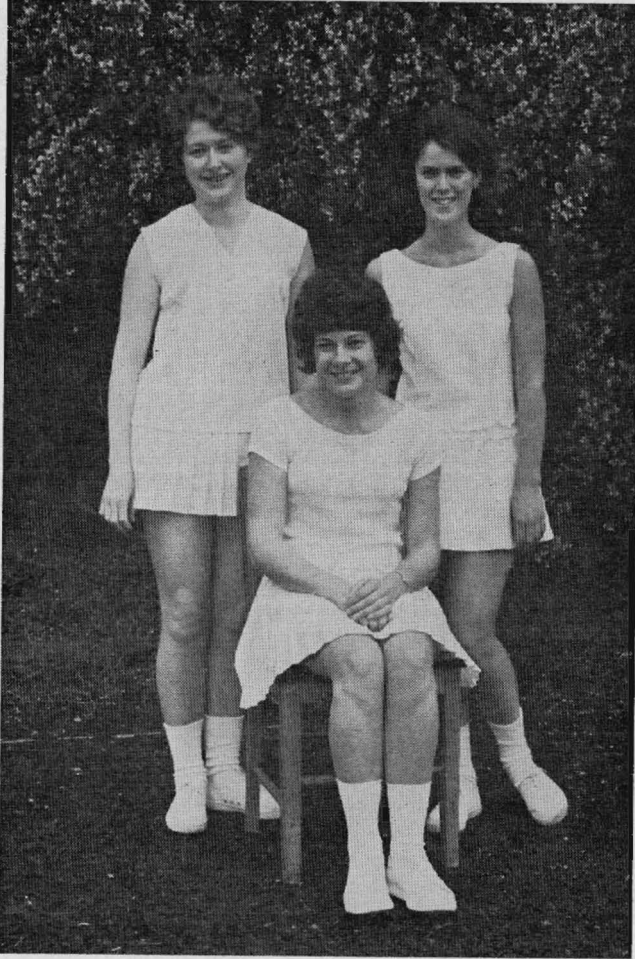
BACK: Marie Timmins, Geoff Otney, Michael Thompson, Paul Toomey,
Sidney Cooper, Marie Backman.
FRONT: Hilmar Batza, Carmel Healy, Nancy Didolis, Czeslawa Wasylkiw,
Mr. Giles.

BOWLING



BACK: Darren Adams, Ray Waisnur, Dian Wassylko, Albert Williams,
Rod Snee, Janet Henstridge.
FRONT: Joanna Wolkow, Yvonne Ritchie, Mrs. Lacy, Diana Jamie,
Carol Morgan.

TENNIS SECONDS



L. to R.: *Jenny Harling, Lorraine Gibb, Penny Harvey.*

SQUASH



*BACK: Peter Foster, Warren St. Clair, Mr. Wells, David Kerr, Graeme Smith.
FRONT: Dennie Finch, Janette Evans, Terry Boyce, Zana Flood,
Anne Sheldrake.*

FOOTBALL



*BACK: Brian Gourley, Geoff Neale, Graeme Brown, Jim Young, Ken
Saddington, Graeme McKenzie, Ron Craig, John Callery, David Dennison.
CENTRE: Stan Oakley, Colin Coutts, Doug. Gibbon, Doug Ferguson, Ric
Carter, Hank Verwoert, Daryl Hook, John Pearson, Michael Smith,
Neville Stone.*

*FRONT: Reinhard Kasputtis, Alan McNish, Roger Spaull, Rod McNab,
Mr. R. Wittman, Bryan Quirk, John Callanan, Chris Long, Peter Nash.*

Frankston Romp Home in Grand Final

Frankston, in a magnificent final quarter in which they kicked nine goals, ran away from Burwood to win the Teachers' College premiership for the second year in succession. Final scores:

Frankston: 18-9—117

Burwood: 8-4—52

Never at any stage, except perhaps in the third quarter, did Frankston look like losing.

The team was at full strength and full of confidence before the match. The first quarter saw a scrambly nervous start. Gourley was winning kicks with ease on a forward flank and Coutts and Stone defended stoutly. McNab from a throw-in handballed brilliantly to Quirk for first goal. Burwood snapped two delightful goals, but goals to McKenzie and Saddington kept Frankston with them.

Kicking with the wind in the second quarter, Frankston started poorly. A foolish free let Burwood in for a goal. Quirk led well down field to mark. His kick must have travelled sixty-five yards for a superb goal. This was followed up by quick goals to Quirk and captain McNab, whose long-angled kick capped off good general play. Frankston appeared to relax. Their forwards were crowding Quirk who led well for a point. Masterful shepherding by Gourley allowed Callery to snap a fine goal. At half-time Frankston led 8-4 to 5-2.

The third quarter opened on a fiery note. Players threw themselves in regardless. The umpire seemed to rattle Verwoert. The big fellow was finding the conditions not to his liking. Burwood, exploiting the loose-man game to perfection, gradually crept closer. Full-back Long was consistently manhandling the full-forward and, after conceding a foolish fifteen-yard penalty which resulted in a goal, was switched to a wing, the ever-reliable Coutts going to full-back. Oakley, Spaul and Stone were defending well. From a solitary forward thrust, Quirk eluded two opponents to kick a fine goal. At lemon time Frankston led by eight points.

In the last quarter Frankston really showed its class. Using a fast play-on technique and looking for a man in a better position, they raced away. Goals to Quirk — his ninth, Gibbon — who was playing a great final term, Stone and Smith completed the onslaught.

Frankston won because their players were more skilful. They had several stars who dominated and several who played serviceable games, such as Hank Verwoert.

Coach, Mr. Dick Wittman, summed up after the match: "I'll never see a better team at Frankston than the one we had today."

Goalkickers for Frankston: Quirk (9), Callery (2), Stone (2), McNab, Seddington, Smith and Gibbon.

Best Players:

1. Brian Gourley — was always doing something constructive on the forward line — a courageous game.

2. Neville Stone — almost with nonchalant ease, he gathered kicks, always bringing team-mates into the game with well-directed long kicks.

3. Bryan Quirk — nine goals on a wet, windy day would seem to speak for itself. However, he often passed unselfishly to players in a better position.

4. Colin Coutts — if it wasn't for Colin and Stan Oakley in defence, in the first half, Frankston's task would have been much harder.

Best of the Rest: Rod McNab — a fine captain's game, Callery, Smith, Gibbon, Saddington, McKenzie, Spaul and Verwoert.

— Kevin Nicholson



College Tours

Central Australia Camping

TOUR NO. 1: MISS CRAIG, Mr. WITTMAN

TOUR NO. 2: MISS GUPPY, MR. WHITE

Monday, 29th August — Melbourne-Mildura

Loaded with sleeping gear, suitcases and eating utensils, 33 girls, one lone boy and two lecturers boarded the new silver bus which was to carry them 1500 miles into the vast interior. All went well until the arrival at "sunny" Mildura, where tents were pitched, a campfire made and tea cooked. Hard work but good fun.

Tuesday, 30th — Mildura-Broken Hill

It was up at dawn, find your clothes, roll up your sleeping gear, wash the face, line up for breakfast, line up for washing-up, load the bus and off! That afternoon was spent on a conducted tour of the mining areas around Broken Hill.

Wednesday, 31st — Broken Hill-Lake Hart

Waved good-bye to civilization (and Mr. Mutimer) at Port Augusta (S.A.) and travelled north into salt-bush country. Had our first "wilderness" campfire, with singing and storytelling — stockman-style.

Thursday, 1st September — Lake Hart-Coober Pedy

Passed through Kingoonya, an outback town consisting of a general store, an hotel and a police station. Here there is a hiring fee of one dollar for the key to the conveniences — how inconvenient! We had intended to travel well past Coober Pedy, but a leak in the bus's petrol tank forced us to spend the afternoon there.

Friday, 2nd — Coober Pedy-Kulgara

First signs of the "Wog," a mysterious 24-hour sickness which struck nearly everyone in the bus.

Saturday, 3rd — Kulgara-Alice Springs

Arrived at the Heavitree Gap Caravan Park in time for lunch and a blissful exploration of the modern, clean shower block, with its hot water and electric light. That evening was spent "out on the town."

Sunday, 4th — Free day in "Alice"

Warm sunshine, blue, cloudless skies. Popular activities were souvenir-hunting, swimming and horse-riding.

Monday, 5th — Touring

Visited Stanley Chasm and Simpson's Gap.

Tuesday, 6th — Alice Springs-Ayers Rock

Called in at Mt. Ebenezer to trade with the aborigines. Paid "two bob" for nulla nullas, rides on camels or to take photos.

Wednesday, 7th — Climbed Ayers Rock

Some needed more encouragement than others, but nearly everyone managed the difficult and exhausting climb. The magnificent view plus, the privilege of signing the Visitors' Book, were rewards. Incidentally "Frankston Teachers' College" is now written in stones on the very top of the Rock.

Thursday, 8th — Visit to the Olgas

This is a huge rock mass, 20 miles west of Ayers Rock and roughly the same size. Found the rock-climbing exhausting but challenging. Rest of afternoon free to explore the aboriginal caves around the base of Ayers Rock.

Friday, 9th — Ayers Rock-Mt. Willoughby

Travelled through acres and acres of colourful wildflowers, resulting from the recent rains. No tents erected that night — sleeping under the stars is such fun.

Saturday, 10th — Mt. Willoughby-Lake Hart

Stopped at Coober Pedy to visit a dugout.

Sunday, 11th — Lake Hart — Adelaide

Let loose in Woomera township for an hour's sightseeing. Travelled towards the green fields of the south and spent that night shaking red dust out of our clothes, hair and sleeping gear.

Monday, 12th — Free day in Adelaide

Main feature was breakfast in bed, at least, breakfast in bag! Miss Craig and Mr. Wittman were the Good Samaritans.

Tuesday, 13th — Adelaide-Melbourne

Tired, suntanned, happy and with many wonderful memories, we had one thought — there is still no place like HOME.

— KAY STAMMERS (TOUR NO.1)

MAGNETIC ISLAND

Magnetic Island tourists set the mood for their trip on the first night aboard the Spirit of Progress. We made a record in cramming seventeen people into a double-berth sleeper for our first sing-song

Several sleepless hours later we parted ways to explore that northern suburb, Sydney. Strangely enough, everyone seemed to end up at the same places — Kings Cross, the A.M.P. Building or on ferries going to Manly. There is a lot to see in Sydney — even in the rain.

Our next stop was Tallebudgera National Fitness Camp, in sunny Queensland. We settled into comfortable accommodation — well, we WERE tired.

We spent the Saturday night at Surfers Paradise with the Heron Islanders and a few extras. The following morning we visited our feathered friends at a Bird Sanctuary and later the College Bikini Girls fed porpoises at Tweed Heads.

Monday was spent in Brisbane, riding trams (a healthy pastime) and visiting the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary. Most girls put on their best maternal smiles when posing for photographs with bears in their arms.

We hit Townsville in the early hours of Wednesday morning. Too dark to see what we were eating — luckily. Who would guess that Breakfast Delight (aboard the Sunlander) was porridge!

After a tour of Townsville we were soon to become sailors aboard the "Arcadia," en route to Horseshoe Bay Guest House — on the Pacific Ocean side of the island, where we stayed in small huts. The setting was divinely tropical, with a romantic, peaceful atmosphere. The food on the island was really delicious.

Our first night was a rather late one, due to the mysterious appearance of giant toads in the girls' rooms. Luckily our brave men came to our aid.

One of the highlights of our trip was a cruise to Palm Island, which is very aptly named. There we sunbaked and visited the island's primary school where the young aboriginals won our hearts.

The next Saturday was spent hiking and buying souvenirs, from Captain Kidd. Many of us mailed coconuts home to Melbourne.

That night the local tennis club invited us to their Bar-B-Q — eating and dancing to the heart's content. The I.T.C.'s rose to the occasion in entertaining the natives of Magnetic Island with the latest "in" dances — "The Seven Steps" and "When You're Happy and You Know It."

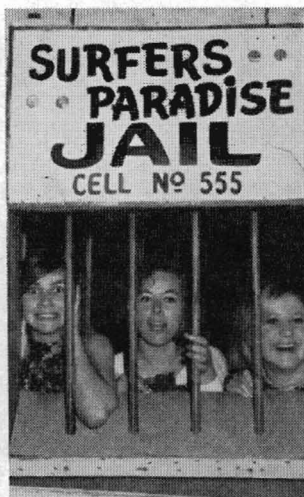
On Sunday morning we paid our last homage to that glorious sun, after which we sadly packed for home (except two girls who literally found it hard to leave the island). Then it was over to the mainland and off to Brisbane.

With suntans already beginning to fade, or, worse still, peel off, we drew nearer and nearer to the cold south.

Our 'plane trip from Brisbane to Sydney was unforgettable, especially the wonderful night sights viewed when circling Sydney.

All too soon we were heading by train to Spencer Street for our tearful rendering of "Auld Lang Syne." Sincere thanks to Miss Papworth and Mr. Lacy for helping to make our trip so wonderful.

— CHRIS ROWLANDS
— ANNE SHELDRAKE



They were tourists?

HERON ISLAND

Heron Island was the most expensive tour this year and it was worth every cent.

Of the 20 of us who met in Melbourne on the Thursday night, few knew more than a handful of their fellow tourists. First-class single-berth accommodation on the 'Rora to Sydney did little to help this and we again went our own ways in Sydney on Friday. This day was free for sightseeing. At night we again caught a train, this time to Casino, where we boarded a bus for that well-known Gold Coast holiday resort, Tallebudgera. Although not quite as luxurious as our first-class rail berths, Tallebudgera had a good beach right on our doorsteps.

A cool breeze kept all but the thick-skinned away from the water. Many of us restored clothing from a packed-in-suitcase condition to a state more suited to Saturday night in Surfers. After dinner we piled into a bus which, unfortunately, was infested with Magnetic Island tourists, and set off for Surfers Paradise about 12 miles away. The evening was spent according to individual tastes: window shopping, bowling, slotcar-racing, visiting coffee lounges, night-clubs and so on.

Sunday, afternoon we bade a sad farewell to Magnetic Island tourists and Tallebudgera. During the afternoon's sight-seeing in Brisbane that ritual happening, without which no College tour would be complete occurred. The bus broke down! We still managed to see the City and Mount Coot-tha, though, and just made it back in time to catch the Rocky Mail to Gladstone. From Gladstone we boarded the launch for the four-hour voyage to Heron Island. Those who remembered their travel-sickness pills and protected their pale southern complexions from the elements enjoyed the trip. Some of those who didn't, didn't . . .

The Island was tinier than we had expected. Even from where we transferred from the launch to small boats the full length of the island fitted into the average camera view-finder. As we landed we put our watches an hour ahead to Heron Island time. This extra hour acts as daylight saving, and has many advantages.

We lived in "The Dorm." This was a larger building with four rooms of six bunks opening on to one frontage. As fresh water was by catchment only we had to carry it from the tank to each room, an inconvenience we soon got used to. There were fresh-water showers on only two days per week, but hot and cold seawater showers were available at other times. That is all that could be said on the deficit side. Meals were superb and well served, especially considering that everything had to be brought from the mainland. Two birthdays celebrated on the island added to the interest of the appropriate evening meals, and even birthday cakes were "acquired." Mr. Giles appeared to be the luckiest man on the island when he celebrated his 23rd (?) birthday and received a congratulatory kiss from all the girls!

The days were spent soaking up tropical suntan, swimming, water skiing (or the attempt to do so), snorkelling and just wandering around the beaches. Organised day functions were a conducted walk around the island, a reefing expedition (this is where you walk on top of the coral at low tide) and an all-day picnic cruise to Wilson Island, which is an excellent place for collecting shells.

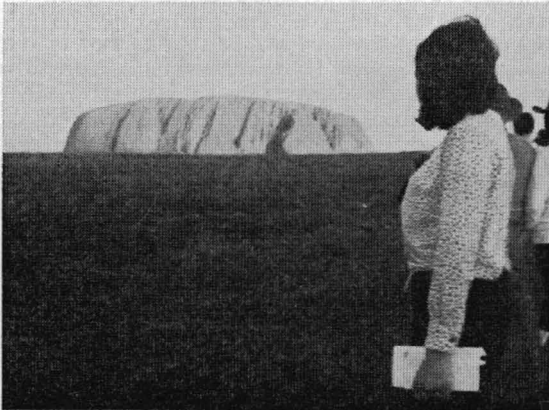
The evenings' entertainments included dances, film and slide nights and playing Bingo — a "race meeting." These usually finished early to suit families visiting the island and so a lot more time was spent in the lounge listening to and dancing to the juke-box. Generally, the evenings were warm enough to walk around the island in the moonlight or to sit in the outside Pandanus Lounge.

Many of us were feeling close to tears when it came time to leave. The trip back to Melbourne was very quick and included 'plane travel from Brisbane to Sydney.

We, the students, are very much aware that without the manner in which Miss MacDonald and Mr. Giles carried out their duties the tour could not have been such a success. Thanks to their fine management we had none but the unavoidable delays. At the same time they fitted in so well with the group that, when comparing numbers with students from other tours, they would say: "We had — students and two lecturers"; we would say that there were 20 of us — 15 girls and five boys!

The twenty of us, no longer strangers, wish equal success and enjoyment to next year's Heron Island Tourists.

— JENNY SMERDON

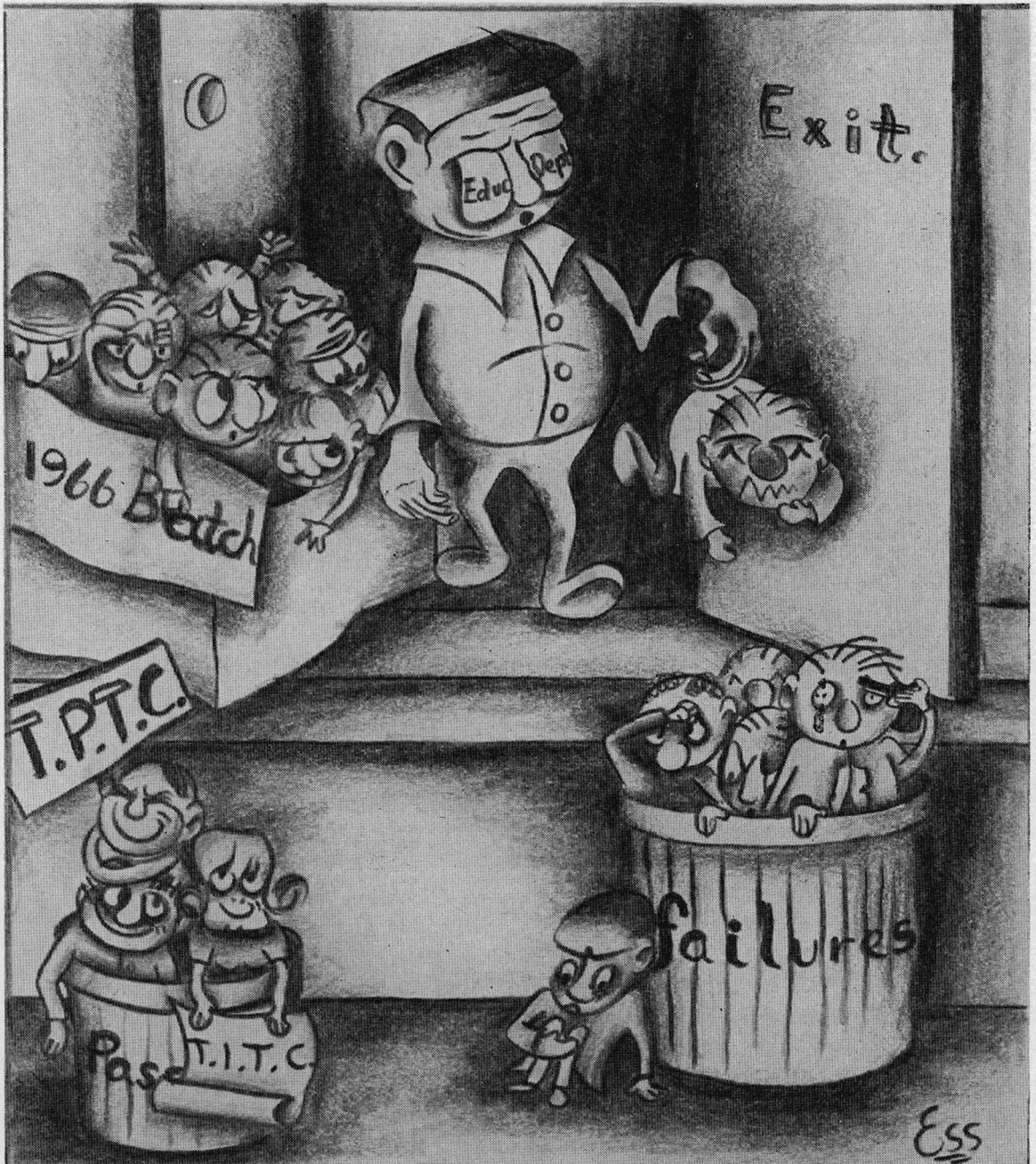


Shall we climb?



Well — we made it!

FAREWELL TO THE EXIES



"...there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Exit Group 3 A



BACK: *Shirley Chandler, Lynley Brown, Elizabeth Ady, Pam Blue, Elisabeth Crouch, Helen Christie, Sue Griffiths.*

CENTRE: *Jill Baker, Patricia Emery, Marlene Dart, Faye Banting, Lesley Carter, Rosemary Gunn, Sue Daly, Sue Ackroyd.*

FRONT: *Lyn Cutts, Dawn Cooper, Helen Fowler, Mr. Wells, Miss Longden, Anna Bonk, Janet Byrne, Janice Fletcher, Sandra Gardner.*

ABSENT: *Kaye Bishop, Kay Casey, Laima Gudeika.*

GROUP NOTES

ELIZABETH ADY: "Jogging Up and Down in her Little Red Wagon."

Likes coloured stockings. Dislikes coming to college in the morning.

SUE ACKROYD: "All that Glitters is not Goldie."

Likes the Drive-in. Dislikes Friendship rings.

JANET BYRNE: "It takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worried Song."

Likes arguing with lecturers. Dislikes exams and impractical material.

KAYE BISHOP: "He'll Have to Go."

Likes fast sports cars. Dislikes intimate restaurants.

LYNLEY BROWN: "Dashing through the snow."

Likes dashing through the snow . . . with Bill. Dislikes short boys.

JILL BAKER: "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines."

Likes expensive clothes. Dislikes pink chiffon, gold sandals, seal skin boots, etc.

FAYE BANTING: "I Know Where I'm Going."

Likes potato chips. Dislikes City schools.

PAM BLUE: "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"

Likes Sailors. Dislikes backward rolls.

ANNE BONK: Has a boyfriend with a beam balance business.

Likes getting A's. Dislikes getting B's.

HELEN CHRISTIE: "Please Help Me I'm Falling."

Likes curtains in her classroom windows. Dislikes the vaulting horse.

LYN CUTTS: "When Ken Comes Marching Home Again, Hurrah, Hurrah."

Likes Sydney motels. Dislikes National Service.

LESLEY CARTER: "Yes, the weather is fine up here."

Likes soft top cars. Dislikes College tracksuits, pearls.

ELISABETH CROUCH: "Queen of the Road."

Likes Dingley "parkers." Dislikes night driving.

SHIRLEY CHANDLER: "Tan Shoes and Pink Shoe Laces."

Likes coloured shoes. Dislikes bringing boys home to meet mother.

KAY CASEY: "Please Dr. Casey."

Likes spending time in hospital. Dislikes having to pay.

SUE DALY: "Teacher, Teacher, I'm the Mate for You."

Likes white socks, fitness camps. Dislikes very strict diets.

MARLENE DART: "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend" — almost.

Likes secluded "parking spots." Dislikes big trucks.

PAM EMERY: "Diamonds Payment in Advance."

Likes buying material. Dislikes Engagement rings.

JAN FLETCHER: "Love and Marriage."

Likes Doug. Dislikes working.

HELEN FOWLER: "Hey Look Me Over."

Likes Bob, knitting, seal-skin boots — White. Dislikes long engagements.

DAWN COOPER: With "Dawn Comes a Ray" of Sunshine.

Likes folk singing. Dislikes hostel "cooking."

SUE GRIFFITHS: How "Consolidated" is her learning?

Likes red "Mallee" soil. Dislikes hostel life.

SANDRA GARDNER: "A Hundred and One Pounds of Fun."

Likes platonic relationships (We're just good friends . . . really). Dislikes

Cuisenaire.

ROSEMARY GUNN: "With a Song in Her Heart."

Likes singing at College functions. Dislikes cream Holden utilities at the

College entrance.

LAIMA GUDEIKA: "I've Been Working in the Library All the Live Long Day."

Likes double frees. Dislikes doing assignments.

Exit Group 3B



*BACK: Yvonne Minister, Susan Marks, Marylyn Hudson, Jennifer Hyland,
Penny Harvey, Joy Jenkins, Kaye Moody.*

*CENTRE: Heather Irons, Roslyn Murphy, Elizabeth McCann, Gwen
Morrison, Annette Hore, Renee Kroes, Susan Lancaster, Morven MacInnes,
Meryl Maggs, Irene Jarema.*

*FRONT: Yvonne Haywood, Kathleen Moysey, Robyn Guy, Mrs. Kennedy,
Mr. Allan, Lynette Kennedy, Lynne Muirhead, Jillian Logan, Jan Holt.*

GROUP NOTES

ROBYN GUY: "Montessori says . . ."

PENNY HARVEY: Likes to antagonize Mr. Mufimer by wearing red.

YVONNE HAYWOOD: The constant dismay of Mr. M. in her mini-skirt.

JAN HOLT: No! she doesn't have relations with Harold.

ANNETTE HORE: Goes T.A.A. — "the friendly way."

MARYLYN HUDSON: Has "hydro-elastic suspension."

JENNY HYLAND: Ouch! Crash! Bang! — "'Scuse me."

HEATHER IRONS: Oedipus "Rex" has taken on a new significance for Heather.

IRENE JAREMA: Dark glasses on a stormy day!

JOY JENKINS: Goes to Sydney to help put out fires.

LYN KENNEDY: O.K. — Roger and out!

RENEE KROES: Her constant companion is "Fred."

SUE LANCASTER: That girl with the sexy hairstyle!

JILL LOGAN: "Right" — said Fred.

MORVEN MacINNES: "Three coins in the fountain."

MERYL MAGGS: Is "Outward Bound."

SUE MARKS: Guess who had an extension on every assignment this year!

ELIZABETH McCANN: The first to break 3B's taboo of spinsterhood.

YVONNE MINISTER: Who else would notice that a certain Pschych. lecturer was the "devil" of a man?

KAYE MOODY: May be in big demand for cake-icing now that we have two engagements.

GWEN MORRISON: "I'm going to trade my board in for a boy-friend!"

KATHY MOYSEY: "Stop!" said the red light. "Go!" said Peter.

LYNNE MUIRHEAD: "I could crown that man."

ROSLYN MURPHY: May take up skin-diving — to catch a "Pike."

Exit Group 3C



BACK: *Jill Tully, Margaret Shiners, Norma Walker, Helen Wilson, Wendy Wilkinson, Lyn Reid, Judith Steele, Margaret Toke.*

CENTRE: *Pam Wathen, Marie Reilly, Christine Normai, Rosemary Warry, Lois Purcell, Anne Wilson, Heather Payne, Shirley Pont, Helen Turley, Maureen O'Dea.*

FRONT: *Dale Smith, Anne Shepherd, Beverly Musgrove, Miss Papworth, Mr. Chalmers, Carlene Richardson, Diana Todd, Wendy Sutcliffe, Margaret Wham.*

GROUP NOTES

"The Woods would indeed be silent if only those birds that sang best, sang it all." Following on the lines of the quotation, it has taken 25 individual personalities to MAKE our group. We have among us many members who exhibit brilliance in the fields of sport, academic and social life.

Below we introduce the varied personalities in our group.

MISS PAPWORTH: "Silver Threads and Golden Needles."

MR. CHALMERS: "Goodnight LADIES."

BEV MUSGROVE: "Please Don't Talk to the Lifeguard."

CHRIS NORMAI: "Get Me to the Church on Time."

MAUREEN O'DEA: "Heigh-Ho, come to the Fair."

HEATHER PAYNE: "With a Little Bit of Luck."

SHIRLEY PONT: "It's Late."

LOIS PURCELL: "Big Boots."

MARIE REILLY: "What's She Really Like."

LYN REID: "After the Ball is Over."

CARLENE RICHARDSON: "Just We Two."

ANNE SHEPHERD: "Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor."

MARG SKINNERS: "Just Give me Money."

DALE SMITH: "She Wore an Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini."

JUDITH STEELE: "Food, Glorious Food."

WENDY SUTCLIFFE: "Wild One?"

DIANA TODD: "Rave On."

MARG TOKE: "Someday My Prince Will Come."

JILL TULLY: "You Talk Too Much."

HELEN TURLEY: "Oh, No John, No John, No John, No."

NORMA WALKER: "Handyman."

ROSEMARY WARRY: "There'll Never be Anyone Else but You and You and You."

PAM WATHEN: "Sleepy-Time Gal."

MARG WHAM: "Help!"

WENDY WILKINSON: "When the Saints Some Marching In."

ANNE WILSON: "Dream, Dream, Dream."

HELEN WILSON: "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend."

Exit Group A2



BACK: *David Esler, Ron Craig, Carole Bullen, Charlotte de Wolf, Pru Barlee, Marylyn Coram, Christine Broderick, John Doyle, John Callery.*
CENTRE: *Gordon Curran, Terry Boyce, Colin Coutts, Ric Carter, Doug Ferguson, John Callanan, Alan Burdekin, David Dennison, Rachael Culbard.*
FRONT: *Emmy de Vries, Jill Bertino, Rose-Marie Ainsworth, Mr. Giles, Mr. Runciman, Rob Bishop, Heather Canobie, Dianne Bell, Carroll Dean.*

GROUP NOTES

GORDON CURRAN: "I disagree!"

TERRY BOYCE: "I'm with Hank!"

BOB BISHOP: Pictures anyone?

COLIN COUTTS: "Blowflies as big as Budgerigars."

ALAN BURDEKIN: "No money this week, John."

RICO CARTER: The English Can-ner-y.

DOUG FERGUSON: "Guts and determination."

RON CRAIG: Watches Bugs Bunny.

JOHN CALLERY: "Best and fairest".

JOHN CALLANAN: "Now, one of my brothers does that."

JOHN DOYLE: "Any money this week, people?"

DAVID ESLER: "This carol is supposed to be for a large chorus that can sing."

DAVID DENNISON: "Can you drive, Ric?"

ROSE-MARIE AINSWORTH: "D" anyone?

PRU BARLEE: Was so dark she had trouble getting back in the country.

DIANNE BELL: "Ooo, how rude (giggle, giggle)."

JILL BERTINO: "Er — you can't do that — Let's go."

CHRISTINE BRODERICK: (at 5 to 4) "Have you started your assignment yet?"

CAROLE BULLEN: "It's my sister's."

RACHAEL CULBARD: Related to Johnnie Appleseed or the Mad Hatter?

HEATHER CANOBIE: "Oh, rubbish!"

MARYLYN CORAM: "Everything's rosy when we're flying."

CARROLL DEAN: Last but (certainly) not least.

CHARLOTTE DE WOLF: "Dear diary, oh no John, no John, no John, no."

EMMY DE VRIES: "Just leave me out."

Exit Group B2



BACK: Vincent Gillett, Neville Gutteridge, Doug. Gibbon, Daryl Hook, Rodger Goodwin, Phil Hart, Earle Goldie, Ian Hardie, Bob Hayes.
CENTRE: Anne Firns, Nanette Forsythe, Jill Heathcote, Doug Jamieson, Ian Howie, Sue Henderson, Nancy Didolis, Robyn Hamilton.
FRONT: Barbara Gregory, Kerry Dunlop, Pam Gillies, Mr. Gilfedder, Mr. McGarvie, Peter Foster, Janet Henstridge, Liz Gray, Liz Gardner.
ABSENT: Mel Gay, Paula Graham, Julie Hall.

GROUP NOTES

EARL GOLDIE: "If you dont want' to listen, Earle, you may as well go." Wake up, Earle, wake up!!!

NEVILLE GUTTERIDGE: "Can you lend me . . ." or "Have you seen Marg?"

RODGER GOODWIN: "Had a bit of trouble with the car over the week-end."

PHIL HART: "You goose."

IAN HARDIE: "Anyone been dominating the basketball, lately?"

VIN GILLET: It's the quiet ones you have to watch.

BOB HAYES: Most enthusiastic Union rep.

DOUG GIBBON: "What about some insurance for footballers?"

DOUG JAMIESON: Experience in infant behaviour leads to high ISM marks.

PETER FOSTER: Go and get the cheques. Tribute to the Dennis.

MEL GAY: I like fellows to be neatly dressed.

DARYL HOOK: Doesn't waste enough time arguing in lectures really.

IAN HOWIE: "I'm not a bigot, you poor types. I was brought up in a perfect environment."

ANNE FIRNS: Still waters run deep.

PAM GILLIES: "Has anyone brought any produce today?"

ELIZABETH GRAY: SHE likes fellows to be neatly dressed!

ELIZABETH GARDNER . . . and her sports car.

JILL HEATHCOTE: "I've got worse since my College driving lessons."

JULIE HALL: "The-uh-reason-uh-for-"

PAULA GRAHAM: Away again.

SUE HENDERSON: "What about a Group Night?"

BARBARA GREGORY: "Pete said . . ."

NANCY DIDOLIS: 60 mph down Wells Rd.?

NANETTE FORSYTHE: An apple a day.

JANET HENSTRIDGE: "Our house is going to be in the Dandenongs."

ROBYN HAMILTON: "Only 100 days to go!"

KERITH DUNLOP: "There's only one thing near to my heart — my horse!"

Exit Group C2



BACK: Margaret Lawson, Kerry Hobbs, Barbara McEwan, Jeffrey Leask, Keith McKenzie, John Milner, Kay Lawrie, Christine Jones, Sue Lindsay-Smith.

CENTRE: John Morrissy, Terry Lee, Chris Long, Rod McNab, Stan Oakley, Colin Newbury, Jonh Jones, Graeme McKenzie.

FRONT: Jenny Manison, Lyn McKean, Pam Hogarth, Glenda Lane, Mr. Piggott, Ian Jamieson, Darylle Kelly, Danuta Jasik, Cheryl Jackson.

ABSENT: Reinhard Kasputtis, Marjorie McIntosh.

GROUP NOTES

PAM HOGARTH: College got her down for a while; she fought back.

DARYLLE KELLY: C and D the most vital subject in College. The library is ours not yours; the books are **ours** not yours; but I can't return Lowenfeld yet — I haven't finished.

GLEND A LANE: The connoisseur of the art of squashing grapes. Apply for a position you're suited for. My choice is the Barossa Valley.

DANUTA JASIK: The New Australian who isn't one of them. Girl's courses for girls; boys you're not wanted.

CHERYL JACKSON: No I did want to be a teacher! Do your course, get out and snatch your man.

LYN McKEAN: I'm only a country girl.

JENNY MANISON: But I didn't go on that diet, Barb! In my opinion the whole idea smells fowl!

SUE LINDSAY-SMITH: Who said I didn't rate? Believes that the College doesn't provide adequate parking facilities.

MARG LAWSON: Well, you know it's just the talent she has (for maths).

BARBARA McEWAN: She's always got a problem; you know, I say that we **SHOULD** be allowed to wear mini-skirts.

CHRISTINE JONES: She's a whiz at Psych. The only way to quit this racket is to get engaged. I've done it, I've done it!!

STAN OAKLEY: Dedicated to those whom we hallow (Mr. Piggott and Mr. F. Brown). And as a guide to those who follow. (The incoming students). The objectionally conscientious Alvie boy! College teaches us to be phony intellectuals.

GRAEME McKENZIE: The little bloke that "peddles pills" (Menthoids).

ROD McNAB: Here? There? Anywhere? "The Palace" is no place for poultry farmers' by-products.

JOHN JONES: Flash Gordon! Ed. Org! Valuable?

IAN JAMIESON: The leader of the Group.

JOHN MORRISSY: I've been everywhere Jack! Instigate a drive for an Agronomics Course.

JEFF LEASK: Tickles the ivory to annoy his mother. Would rather produce than teach.

KEITH McKENZIE: Silence is golden.

COLIN NEWBURY: It's gonna be all right mate! There should be less integration and more interdigination.

REINHARD KASPUTTIS: The philandering absentor. Efficiency is not the essence of being a teacher. Be a man.

CHRIS LONG: The man in the iron mask.

TERRY LEE: It's not my union, so I'm not a Commo.

JOHN MILNER: Who says I run a harem? I just get around a lot.

MARJ McINTOSH: The flight of the bumble bee!

KAY LAWRIE: KERRY HOBBS: Cannot be separated even with a crowbar. Exams should be replaced by monthly tests.

Exit Group D2



BACK: *Cathy Mence, Helen Nancarrow, John Rose, Christine Rowlands, Don Rule, Cheryl Minter, Carol Machaelson.*

CENTRE: *Dick Sealey, Bob Rhimes, Geoff Olney, Mick Plumstead, Bryan Quirk, Geoff Rogers, Roger Spaul, Colyn Pountney.*

FRONT: *Sue Plain, Rosalind Shallard, Mr. J. Lacy, Mr. G. Brennan, Gwen Philip, Jenny Smerdon, Gail Rechter.*

ABSENT: *Pam Morrison, Arthur Pritchard, Sandra Randall, Lynne Rose, Dianne Russell, Dick Ryland.*

GROUP NOTES

All hail! Oh group D2, our idols;
A stranger mob you'll never find.
First we'll tell you about our tutors.
If they don't read the rest, we won't mind.
Has anyone seen Mr. Lacy's mug?
After the footy this was the cry.
Mr. Brennan is off with the chooks —
If you've seen his shoes, now you know why.
Gwen is Group Leader and often heard murmuring
In tones soft and low, "Will you all listen?"
While "How to marry a millionaire?"
Is Carol Michaelson's latest question.
Big Daddy O'ney runs our dear College,
Not-to-mention the army (but in his spare time),
While Cheryl, the rowdiest (?) girl in the group,
With too many A's shouldn't be in **this** rhyme.
After several new noses and many group parties
Sue's political interests might make her Prime Min.,
While browner and glamorous is Pam since Magnetic,
We expect a bikini was her greatest sin.
The Victoria market must be Ros' haunt
But at College is pottery or Giles her main love
Roger takes care of the hostel's high morals
And softly, while showering, coos like a dove.
Chris Rowlands can often be heard sadly sighing
"I never do anything but no-one believes me"
And Cathy replied when this author approached her:
"I can't think of anything they'd **print** about me."
Mick's jokes aren't blue, just blue-min 'orrible,"
But even so, he laughs till he cries,
Don is our "Wow-thing" with mop-top and cuff-links —
He dazzles the girls with his bright Paisley ties.
Gail is most popular first thing each morning
For she brings the paper with "Wizard of Id."
Bob Rhimes had such a good time on Magnetic
The others still talk about things that he did.
Our nomination for "Miss Organisation,"
Our Ayer's Rock conqueror, is Dora (or Di).
Dick Sealey is known for blond curls and clean living
But it's all those Red Herrings the staff know him by.
Sandra Randall is such a bright birdie
It's not just in Psych. that she knows all the answers.
Geoff Rogers (whose weight always "drops" after parties)
Is our greatest master of words with some (?) letters.
We're watching Dick Ryland because he's so quiet —
He's done nothing yet but one day he might.
Many girls come each morning in John's station waggon —
They draw straws to see who'll be last out at night.
Eye-lashes fluttering, hearts all a-thuddering,
Girls start a-muttering when Bry. goes by.
For Col happiness is — as if you don't know,
And sorrow is Call-up, just hear the girls sigh.
Helen Nancarrow (she's one of the fellas)
Creates quite an uproar in lectures on art,
While tawny-owl Lynne might well give up the Brownies
If things go well with the affair of her heart.
Jenny has dithered in Public Relations,
With more experience, where might she go?
Our last is Arthur, a typical student,
And, as at all group turns, he'll put on a show:
"It was 0930 hours, I walked into the lecture.
There was one spare seat — next to a blond,
I sat down. 'She' was beautiful . . ."

Exit Group E2



BACK: Brian Stroud, Ross Watson, Paul Toomey, Michael Thompson, Hank Verwoert, John Wintle, Ray Watschur, Warren St. Clair, Darryl Trott.
CENTRE: Neville Stone, Kay Stammers, Greta White, Jill Stewart, Margaret Strong, Judy Webb, Jan Steinfort, Darelle Wood, Alison Tuppen.
FRONT: Pat Smith, Mirriam Stanford, Gail Talbot, Dennis Young, Mr. Corr, Peter van der Zande, Kerrie Wilson, Jenny Taylor, Kathy Smith.

GROUP NOTES

Dedicated to our tutors, Mr. Mutimer and Mr. Corr, so that they may never forget their favourite group.

JUDY WEBB: When she goes, she really "go-go's."

KATHY SMITH: "Now about this darn Puffing Billy trip, you lot."

GAIL TALBOT: "I'm sorry, Mr. Brown . . . I don't know."

WARREN ST. CLAIR: "Channel 7, Monday night, 8 o'clock."

MARG STRONG: "PLEASE flog the towels."

KERRIE WILSON: "O to be in England."

PAT SMITH: She's pretty and blonde and BIG at heart.

JOHN WINTLE: "I don't agree with that" (the group roars).

ALISON TUPPEN: "John is a Bachelor of Science, but he won't be a bachelor for long."

KAY STAMMERS: She wants to join the army now.

HANK VERWOERT: Sopochles stated that a TV will beat a Studebaker hands down.

PAUL TOOMEY: "I'm the only man in the Centre,
The only man in the Centre,
With"

PETER van der ZANDE: Most popular boy in E2! Or is it those bits of paper?

JENNY TAYLOR: Occupied 24 hours a day, at work and play!

BRIAN STROUD: "You can have my guitar for the **whole** period."

MIRRIAM STANFORD: Her favourite occupation is robbery.

JILL STEWART: Hockey is HER favourite sport. Or is it?

JAN STEINFORT: The only thing that is bigger than her feet is her heart.

DARRYL TROTT: He likes mini minors and mini skirts.

NEVILLE STONE: Footballers seem to have a way with the kids and that's not all!

DENNIS YOUNG: He's NOT related to that popular Frankston resort.

GRETA WHITE: "PLEASE get writing NOW!"

MICHAEL THOMPSON: The ITC's call him "Mr. Frankston Teachers' College."

RAY WATSCHUR: "I'm NOT the Music Man."

ROSS WATSON: "I **refuse** to teach anywhere near home."

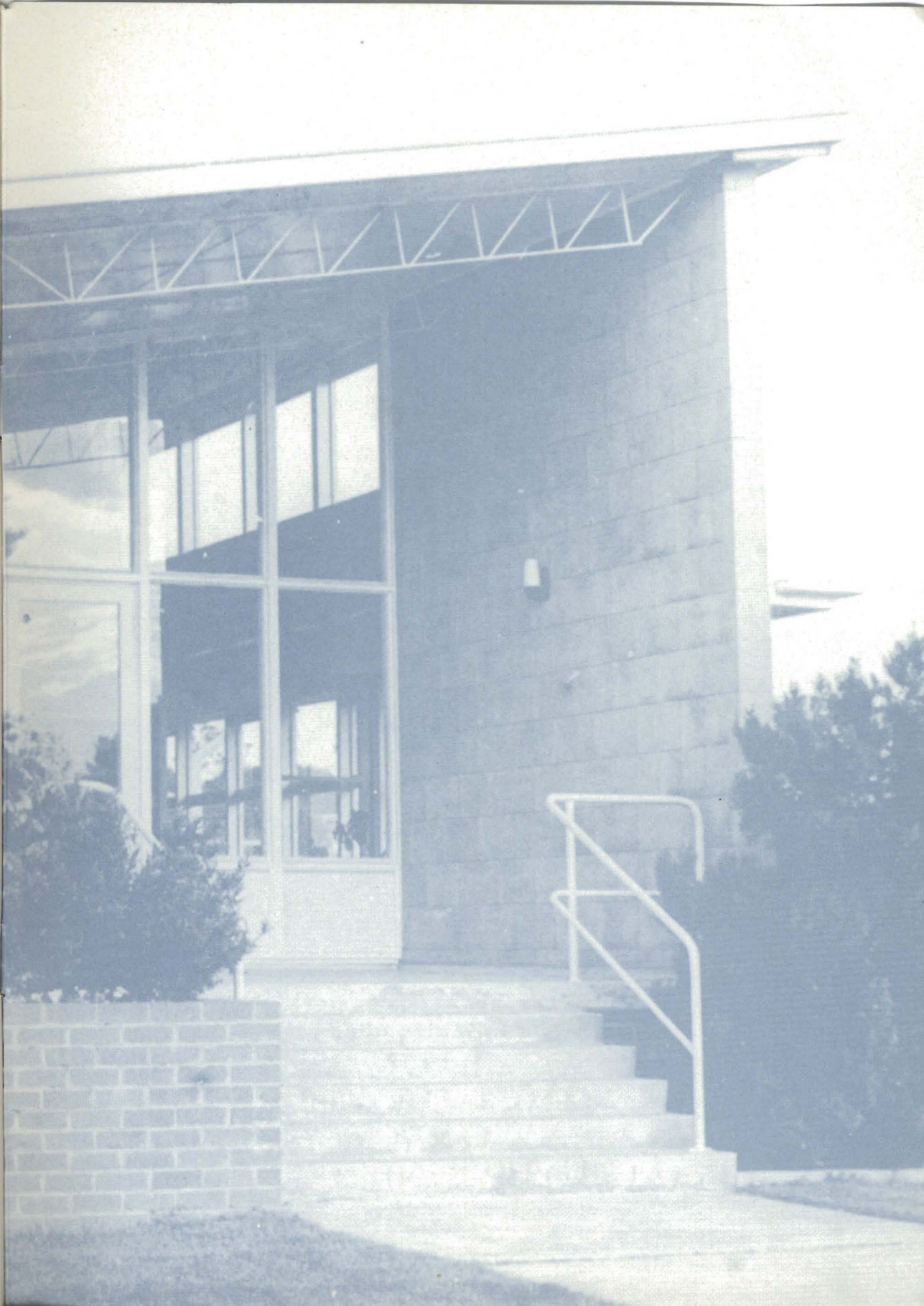
DARELLE WOOD: Writer of "How NOT to Bookkeep in One Easy Lesson."

Autographs



Beside the sea . . .

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.



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