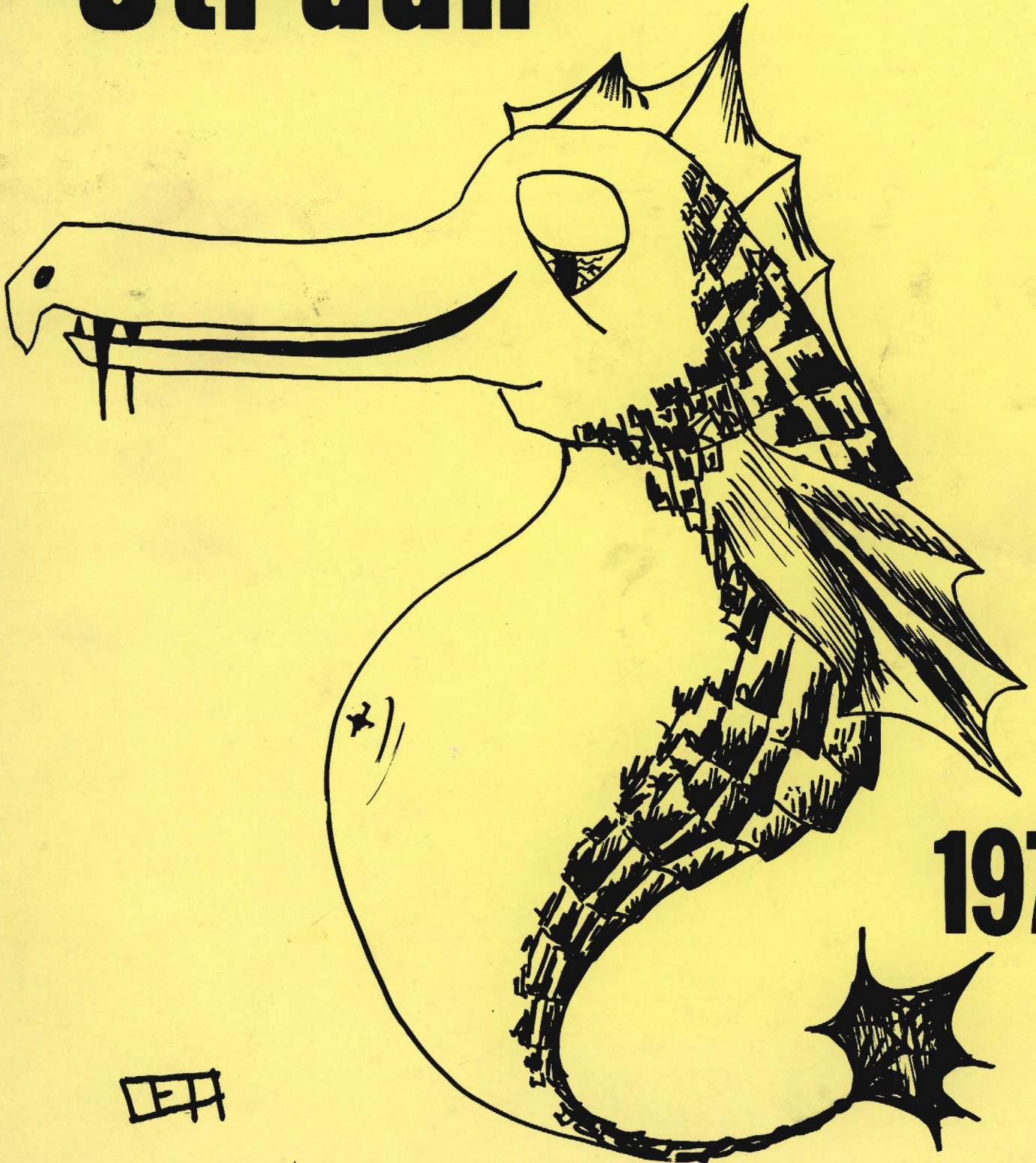


*Galbanofield*

1971.

# Struan



1971

LFF

# PROLOGUE

"Is there any more?" said Pooh quickly.

Rabbit took the covers off the dishes, and said "No there wasn't."

"I thought not." said Pooh nodding to himself, "Well goodbye I must be going on."

So he started to climb out of the hole. He pulled with his front paws, and pushed with his back paws and in a little while his nose was out in the open again ..... and then his ears ..... and then his front paws ..... and then his shoulders ..... and then -

"Oh help!" said Pooh "I'd better go back". "Oh bother!" said Pooh "I shall have to go on."

"I can't do either!" said Pooh "Oh help AND bother!"

A.A. Milne

FRANKSTON TEACHERS'

COLLEGE LIBRARY

FRANKSTON TEACHER'S COLLEGE NEW WING



# EDITORS

Sharyn Walters  
Julie Buzzacott



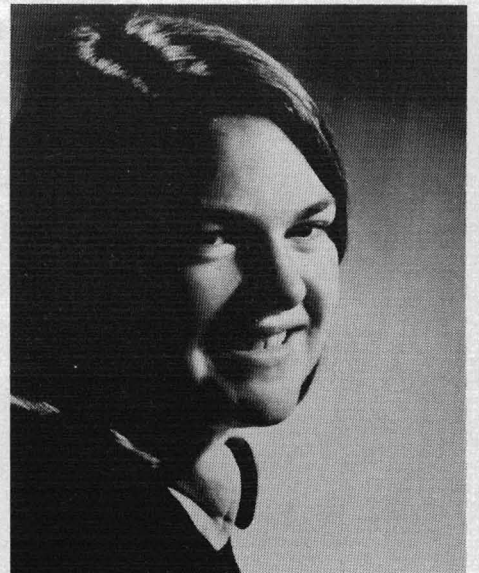
JULIE BUZZACOTT

# ARTWORK

Don Ashby

# CAMERA

Graeme Cook



SHARYN WALTERS

# JUDGES

Poetry	—	Monty Brown
Photography	—	George Pappas
Fabric Arts	—	Ray Giles
Graphics	—	Paul O'Brien / Ray Giles
Painting	—	Paul O'Brien
Pottery	—	Gus Watt

## APOSTOLIC DECREE

On the first day S.R.C. saith "let there be a Struan."  
On the one hundred and seventy second day the appointed Struan leader saith "Nay, I can no longer go with thee."  
On the one hundred and eightieth day S.R.C. saith "Can we yet bring forth a Struan?" On this day also, two disciples of S.R.C., Julie and Sharyn, spoke unto the multitude, "Yea, we shall go forth and produce."  
By the one hundred and eighty first day, we, the Noble Two, had begun fruition.  
On the two hundred and ninth day, after severely bludgeoning

multitudinous people and fellow disciples, sufficient scribal gems were gathered to initiate an exordium.

On the two hundred and twentieth day we begat a skeleton magazine, but the Heavens denied us solace. We were betrayed — our scroll maker had done a Judas. Woe, o' woe was us. We rose from our murky depths with fresh breezes of salvation from our kindly compatriot, Saint I.W. From the aforesaid day onwards we toiled and laboured, heavily burdened, to create this noble testament of F.T.C., in the year here ending nineteen hundred and seventy one.

# ROGUES



*Mr. Brennan*



*Mr. Garrett*

ZED WUN



*Mrs. Kennedy*



*Mr. O'Brien*

ZED TOO

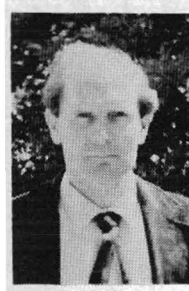


*Mr. Giles*

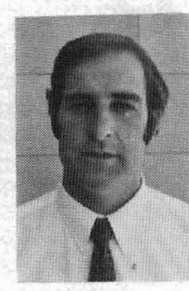


*Mr. Ingamells*

ZED FREE



*Mr. Manie*



*Mr. Finnis*

ZED FORE



*Mr. Legge*



*Mr. Welsh*

ZED PHIVE

# GALLERY



*Mr. White*



*Mr. Jacka*

**BE WUN**



*Mr. Ogden*

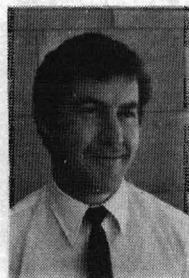


*Miss Hopkins*

**BE TOO**



*Mr. Flyn*



*Mr. Jones*

**BE FREE**



*Mr. Greaves*



*Mr. Norman*

**BE FORE**

# ZED WUN



**DON ASHBY**  
**GORDON ATKIN**

– Pipe down; How very phallic.  
– Put on some music with a steady rhythm.

**COLIN BAIRD**

– Tchaicovsky? Who's he?  
Mmmm.

**CLIVE BROMAN**  
**KEITH BURDEN**

– S'port sport – ask Bron.  
– He may be a Burden, but he's not an Animal.

**JOHN CAMPBELL**

– Little John and his band of Portsea Hoods.

**CHRISTINE ALLDAY**  
**JANET ARTHUR**  
**ANNE BARTLETT**  
**JAN BATTLETT**  
**YOLANDA BIRKENBEIL**

– Bill's, nothing but Bills.  
– Has anyone got any money?  
– I can see for Miles and Miles.  
– Oh (censored)!

**LEONIE BALL (nee Brett)**

– "Pottering" around the coffee machine  
– going Somewhere Over The Rainbow.

**BRON BRIGHTON**

– Anyone for tennis? Aths? – ask Clive.

**LOIS BROWN**  
**MARG. BULL**

– A Rose by any other name ....  
– V.T.U.S.R.C.Dip.Tchnng.V.I.C.E. (Pres.).

**JOANNE BUNCE**

– chuckle, chuckle, Ha, ha, ha, ha, har-vy.

**DAWN BUZZACOTT**  
**ANNE CARGILL**

– What a busy little b.....  
– Soft and gentle with a brutal boot.

**TRICIA CARTER**

– Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

**CHRISTINA COOK**

– Next year's first ruck for South.

**GAIL CHAPMAN**  
**HILARY CLEINE**

– Car-pet is a lovable Imp?!  
– "Or alternatively – smut, filth and depravity."

**LIZ COOPER**

– I hear those church bells ringing.

**ROSEMARY CORKHILL**

– Have you seen "Rosemary's – oops!

**ANN CUPPLES**  
**JANE FISHER**

– Plays a cupple of instruments.  
– Hmm....Baby wear..."Fair" enough!

**LECTURERS**

**MR. GARRETT**  
**MR. BRENNAN**

– Evaluation – A  
– The art of making what?

# BE WUN



JACK AARON  
BOB COLLINS  
STEPHEN COOK  
WES DOBSON  
JIM FERN

PAT ABEL  
ERICA ANDERS

CHRISTINE ARTHUR

SANDRA ATKINSON

ANNE BALLARD

NADIA BALLARIN

VIVIENNE BARNETT

JAN BEARD  
VIRGINIA BIRCH

ELIZABETH BOEKEL

- Jack's flat on his back - again?
- We trust you Bob? Damn!!!
- "I haven't read the book yet".
- "Howya goin' matey!"
- Another sailor - need we say more!
- She must be - she's engaged.
- Disagrees with Jim about Catherine E.
- Intends working in Vietnam 'til May. At what?
- Sings dirty ditties from the soles of her snappy shoes.
- Another Joan Sutherland in the making.
- (Alias Sophia L.) Frank J's soccer ball.
- Do cars run on transistor batteries and water alone?
- Shaving's for the birds
- They call her Virgin for short but not for long.
- Beth and David - Hostel Romeo and Juliet

JENNY BOUCHER

SYLVIA BRIGIS

YVONNE BULACH

ROSCELYN BUNN

ELIZABETH BURKE

CARMEL BYRNE  
HEATHER CECIL

GLENDA CORCORAN

CHERYL COWELL  
LINDA CRIDLAND -

CHRISTINE CROKE

WENDY DOWNALL  
PAGO SAMPSONIDIS

- Accident - Not Butcher - Boucher!
- Has a PRONE car - or is it her?
- Who said Toranas aren't good cars?
- Funn, Funn, Funn!
- Burkes law with Buckley's chance.
- Potty about Pots
- Any goal post holes in the common room?
- Oh no! Not another A.
- She agrees with Erica.
- Expert tractor driver - except when X appears.
- I won't read the notices till you shut up!
- Married to Peter Pan
- Who else would marry, the same bloke twice - without divorcing him.

# ZED TOO



**GEORGE CARLYLE**  
**DES CARRUTHERS**

— The Nomad  
— The number one tipster at college

**STEPHEN CARTER**

— Claim to fame — painted naked ladies on the dust bins

**JEFF CAUGHEY**

— Found what he wanted at college

**PETER CLARKE**

— Who?

**JOHN DALY**

— Father of the year

**PAT DONOHUE**

— Pat is a four letter word.

**HEATHER DAVIS**

— Fond of Surf

**NORMA DICKINSON**

— "Well it's like this you see — you see."

**MARGARET DRUMMOND**

— If at first you don't succeed, try try again

**FRANCE EFTHIM**

— Sorry I'm late — car broke down!

**LEE ELLERINGTON**

— We're a happy team at Hawthorn.

**LYNELLE EMANUELLE**

— Never stuck for words.

**LINDSAY EYRES**

— Fair Eliza Doolittle of Z 2.

**GILLIAN FELL**

— She's gone potty.

**ROBYN GALLAGHER**

— The Rosebud Rebel

**BEV GIBBS**

— A ticklish subject

**DENISE GOODFELLOW**

— The Diet Queen

**MARGARET GOULEY**

— A Policeman's wife to be.

**KAREN HADDRICK**

— She's right on the ball.

**GLENDA GRAYDEN**

— I'd like you to meet my husband Bill

**MARG. HANFORD**

— Hails from N.S.W.

**KATHY HERNAN**

— The hills are alive with the sound of Kathy.

**DAWN HILYEAR**

— Scribe for the S.R.C.



# BE TOO



DON GALL  
 RAY HOCKING  
 BRIAN HOLE  
 FRANK JOHNSON  
 MAUREEN DAVIES  
 ANNE DEWHURST  
 YOLANDA DI PIETRO  
 MARGARET DU BIGNON  
 MYRLE RAYNES  
 MAUREEN RYAN

KATHY WILSON  
 MAREE FORDHAM

MARSHA FORDHAM

HELEN FOTHERINGHAM

MARGARET FOUNTAIN  
 JAN FREEMAN

– How are you dating?  
 – Anyone got a fag?  
 – You're mighty sexy today  
 – You want a thick ear?  
 – What lecture have we got now?  
 – How embarrassing  
 – Y – A – W – N !  
 – What, what, what!  
 – No, Mr. Brown  
 – " 'ave we got time for a cup  
 of coffee?"  
 – Gotta go to the John  
 – "Damn, I've locked the b.....  
 keys in the car."  
 – "Sorry I'm late, the ruddy car  
 broke down."  
 – "If there's one thing I can't  
 stand ....."  
 – "I'm so tired"  
 – Schweppes!!

PAM FRICKE

NASU GEORGIU  
 MARIA GRIMES  
 MARGARET HARRISON  
 JAN HERBERT  
 JAN CAMPBELL

MARILYN HILL

HELANDER HUTCHINS  
 PAM KEALEY  
 MARY KELLY  
 SUE KIDD

JUDY KING

LECTURERS:  
 MR. OGDEN  
 MISS HOPKINS

– "What can we do for the fete  
 this year?"  
 – "Ooh I don't know."  
 – "Ya'd better not"  
 – "Wouldn't it rot your socks?"  
 – "Waal, you know how it is."  
 – "I can't I've gotta go home  
 and cook tea."  
 – "Oh, you'll know about the  
 bus next week."  
 – "Can I have an extension?"  
 – "I can't be fagged."  
 – "Just been out to Monash."  
 – "Hey you guys what room are  
 we in?"  
 – "I just can't stop talking."

# ZED FREE



DAVID EDWARDS  
ROBIN FARROW  
BRIAN FORWARD  
WARREN FRY  
STEPHEN HART  
KERRY HUNT  
ROBYN HYDE  
ANNE HARVEY  
MARY-ANN JOHNSON  
CAROL JONES  
JOAN KEMP  
LESLEY KNORPP  
GYLDA LEEMING  
SONIA LINDHOLM

JANETTE LIVESEY  
JANINE STACEY  
HELEN McFARLANE  
PAMELA McKNIGHT  
JENNIFER MANZIE  
MARION MILLAR  
VALERIE HARRY  
PATRICIA MOUNT  
ELIZABETH O'BRIEN  
KATHERINE MURRAY  
HELEN NASON  
LECTURERS:  
MR. GILES  
MR. INGAMELLS



# BE FREE



**ROBERT MAC ARTHUR**  
**DENNIS McNAMARA**  
**ROBERT MILLEN**  
**DAVID PEVERELL**  
**GRAHAM QUAIL**  
**JOHN READ**  
**HELEN KIRKHAM**  
**LOUISE LASKEY**  
**JENNIFER SMITH**  
**CATHERINE LUMLEY**  
**LORRAINE McGEACHIN**  
**KARYLENE McGORLICK**  
**ROBYN McKECHNIE**  
**ROSA MOSOVIC**  
**MYRA MENZIES**  
**MARY MILLWARD**  
**JUDY MISSEN**  
**CAROLYN MITCHELL**

- Undertaker?  
 - Silent and Sexy?  
 - Our flame of desire.  
 - David who?  
 - Bird watching golliwog.  
 - No comment  
 - No comment  
 - On your Marx.  
 - Our Mum!  
 - No comment  
 - God, I've forgotten my mane.  
 - Always practicing for the drags  
 - No comment  
 - No comment  
 - No comment  
 - No comment  
 - No comment  
 - No comment

**BEVERLY MORRIS**  
**GLENDA MORRISON**  
**LESLEY MOSS**  
**CHARLEENE MOTT**  
**YVONNE MURPHY**  
**NINETTE MUSCAT**  
**PATRICIA NAISMITH**  
**KAY NEUMAN**  
**PRISCILLA NEWMAN**  
**JUSTINE O'BRIEN**  
**SALLY PATHE**

**CHERYL PETTIT**  
**JULIE PHILLIPS**  
**JENNIFER RULE**  
**LECTURERS:**  
**MR. FLYN**  
**MR. JONES**

- The proverbial drunk.  
 - I've failed that test.  
 - Irish?  
 - No comment  
 - Our Sydney pace-setter.  
 - No comment  
 - No comment  
 - Hang On!!!  
 - Tams teddy bear.  
 - No comment  
 - Waiting for her "SHIP" to come in.  
 - No comment  
 - It's tremendous  
 - No comment

# ZED FORE



ANNE RUSSELL  
HELENE SCANLON  
JUDY RUSHTON

SUE NEWTON  
SUELLEN JEWSON  
BRONY SCARFF  
JOAN O'BRIAN  
HARRY PIENING  
JOHN MACASHNEY  
BRUCE KERSEY )  
JAN ROBINSON )  
PETE NANKERVIS  
LINDA ROACH  
IRENE REDDING  
SUSAN MOORE  
DIANE PENFORD  
SUSAN RICHARDS  
KAREN REED  
ALISON PAYNE  
IRENE PROUDLOCK

- Canberra calling - are you extending?
- The tyranny of the Presidency
- .....and loving it
- The more the merrier..... hey Jude?
- Oh le Orh Leonard
- Lay upon my big brass bed.
- Oh you beautiful doll
- The Swift Creek Chronicle.
- Lovely Rita!
- Ye old college soak
- United we stand
- Tervis did it!
- A love life unbelievable.
- Off off and away ... Ah men!
- Happy is the bride .....
- Ain't love just grand?
- The Eighth wonder?
- The Conch of Z 4
- Once seen, never forgotten
- A red - hair - ing

PAT ROGAN  
SUE OSMOND  
YVONNE SHANDLEY

JAN PERRY  
LIZ PATON  
GWENDA NOBLE  
EVA NOVAK

LECTURERS:  
ERNY FINNIS  
MR. MANNIE

## EPILOGUE

From this place we now do part,  
Yet always there will be in our heart  
A place for College, and Z 4  
And the many good Friends  
we will see no more  
THE PRESIDENT.

- A woman of few words
- Here today, gone tomorrow
- Oh where, oh where can she be?
- Twinkle toes.
- The sounds of Silence
- Still waters run deep.
- Empty vessels make the most noise

- Squadron/leader Finnis
- Z4 Philosopher

# BE FORE



**PETER VEVERS**  
**DAN WILKINS**  
**PAUL TRIGGER**

**PETER WEISSENFELD**  
**BEV PITT**  
**NANCY RAE**

**JANNINA RALPH**

**CARINA REDDAN**

**JANET RICHES**  
**SUE ROBINSON**  
**BRONWYN SAFFIN**  
**NOLA SCHWARZE**  
**BARBARA SHARP**  
**JULIE SHARPE**  
**SUZANNE SHEEHY**  
**ROSE STEWART**  
**PAT STOCKDALE**

- Peter the Kid
- "Hi Stranger!"
- "Say, have you got the lecture notes from yesterday?"
- The strong, silent type
- Big Chief, Little Nail.
- The crazy, mixed-up Scotch Canadian
- Looks very aquatic in her yellow battle jacket.
- "I'll be engaged next" is always her promise.
- B 4's Star of Calamity Jane.
- Always there - never bare.
- Not another "A"
- The Maths genius
- Tell us another one.
- Steady, reliable and wacky.
- Portsea Pub's best customer.
- Quiet, subtle and rude.
- To be or not to be faithful i.e. N.Z.

**VERION STROUD**

**DIEDRE SULLIVAN**  
**DENISE SWEENEY**  
**JUDI SWINDELLS**  
**HELEN VINCENT**  
**MARG. WALLACE**  
**HELEN LEMON**

**ANNE WATLING**  
**KERRIE WELSH**  
**SANDRA WICKS**  
**JUDI WILLETT**  
**LORRAINE WILLIAMS**  
**JULIE WILTON**  
**FRANCES WRIGHT**  
**RHONDA BISHOP**  
**LECTURERS:**  
**P. NORMAN**

**R. GREAVES**

- The maniac with the red Escort.
- Terry's friend
- Group leader ???
- Hells bells, not Swindells.
- Lolly lady at the Fair
- Dolly's Pin-Up Girl
- The mature member of the group.
- The Ice-skating fanatic.
- "What's up, Ollie?"
- Finally took the big step.
- A pioneer - i.e. aids club.
- Horses and J.C.
- Julie Who?
- Dreamer - typical of publications.
- A member of the clergy??
- Save scientist from the scintillating science section.
- Pottery Prince of Paupers' Paradise.

# ZED PHIVE



GREG ROSE  
 KEN SPENCER  
 IAN P. STRONG  
 LEN VARDY  
 BILL GLYNNE  
 BRIAN WRIGHT  
 BRIAN WINDEBANK  
 JENNIFER SLATER  
 ANNE SPARK  
 HEATHER STEVENS  
 ROSEMARIE STRUVE

JANICE TAYLOR

- Little Cupid (in disguise).
- "Daddy" Cool.
- The initials tell all.
- Age helps.
- The elusive butterfly.
- Still running
- Mr. X - we never see him!
- Hee, Hee, Hee, Hee etc.
- "Aw, come on you guys."
- "Well, that's what they said."
- "What was the attraction in Sydney?"
- "I just can't take the responsibility."

LOIS TAYLOR  
 MOIRA TAYLOR  
 LIZ TOMLINSON

PATRICIA TREWIN  
 MAE COTTERELL  
 SUZANNE WALKER  
 INGRID WEBERRUSS  
 JANIS WHITFIELD  
 G. M. WICKES  
 LEONIE WILLIAMSON  
 HEATHER YANN  
 JUDITH YOUNG  
 NANCY ZAIA

- "Anyone want a cup of coffee?"
- "It's a good day for a holiday."
- Brother Trembath: "you're just a cynic."
- "Aw, I don't know."
- Mother of the year.
- Hansen and Gretel?
- Leggology whiz!
- What Jeff found.
- Mum's the word!
- Obsessed by cuddly Bears!
- Untold who??
- "Oh, Bull!"
- "Anyone got their money?"

# PORTSEA



# PORTFOLIO





# STRUAN

## POETRY

1ST PRIZE

### Len Vardy

#### THE DARK GATES OF CONSCIENCE

*The Dark Gates are locked.*

•                      •  
*Dark grows the day  
At dawning,  
Dark indeed.  
Beamed shafted light  
Grows within  
Greyness shadowed, crying  
Crying .....*

*Turn a face away,  
Hide,  
Cast downward eyelashes  
On silken skin.  
Hide,  
Draw the shades.*

*Line upon line  
Man upon man  
Passes by:  
Passes.*

*Gnarled hands entwined,  
Twist, contort, writhe.  
Incessant struggle.  
Tense stark hands  
Seek, twist and seek a meeting  
Never joined.  
Seek and meet.....  
Apart.  
Defilement eternal,  
Singular union.*

*Dusted curtains musty,  
Pulled, hiding day.  
Stay inside,  
Turn away.  
Dare not search a lost  
Hopeless glance seeking yours.  
Ignore, sit, fold your hands,  
Rock your chair,  
Pull curtains musty.*

*Desperation.  
Illusions unclaimed  
Shattered, scattered;  
Tears form.  
See the Walls close round.  
Stand  
Forlorn, unaided,  
Abandoned.*

*Line upon Line  
Man upon man  
Face turned:  
Passes.*

*Monotone of light bear me,  
Tear me, fling me out;  
Spread lifeless wings,  
Breathe within me,  
Give me  
Life.*

*(Quiet tear trickles,  
Bends a sobbing hope.)*

*Turn, turn, turn,  
Come ..... one face,  
A face ..... hand  
Or a hand .....  
TURN! Turn.*

*Anguish hides tears, searches.  
Fingernails broken dirty,  
Claw, scramble to  
Grasp, clasp a drifting hand.  
Light is failing,  
Denied.*

*Line upon line  
Man upon man  
Face turned  
Hand withdrawn:  
Passes.*

*Inside your womb  
Stay.  
Of yourself  
Never give.  
Destroy  
Raze illusions,  
Desolate reality.  
Thereby destroy.*

*Cold steel inflicts a gaze  
Which faces me;  
Hard lined mouth  
Controls a sneer.*

*It's growing, growing.  
God it's coming,  
Coming .....*

*Line upon line  
Man upon man  
Passes by, passes by:  
Passes.*

*The Dark Gates are locked  
Bolting life away.*

•                      •  
*A tear has fallen,  
Caressed a broken hand.  
The world is dead.  
Bolt the Dark Gates.*

# AWARDS

Clive Broman

EQUAL 2ND PRIZE

*HELP ME*

*I hid beneath the chair,  
As giants trampled me;  
They took away the moments that  
I looked upon the free.*

*I screwed up into evil,  
In the corner twisted spite;  
To spout the hatred out to all  
Of those who made me fight.*

*I saw the purest blackness  
Engulfing all of me.  
I clawed my way, so useless  
As I sought normality.*

*I stopped. A hint of something  
To curb this burning shaft?  
I heard and wondered what  
Had ceased the oppressed laugh.*

*I glanced, a little furtive,  
But no, there was no sound.  
And now I just stood up  
Where I once had clawed the ground.*

*I shook myself in disbelief  
I now knew I was right;  
But with sanity comes grief  
It was here I was for life.*

# Hilary Cleine

EQUAL 2ND PRIZE

## CANDLES

*Spluttering, stumbling, apologising candles  
Flicker, flame, fizzle, forget then  
Grow and gain and greedily expand  
To delight, decline and die.*

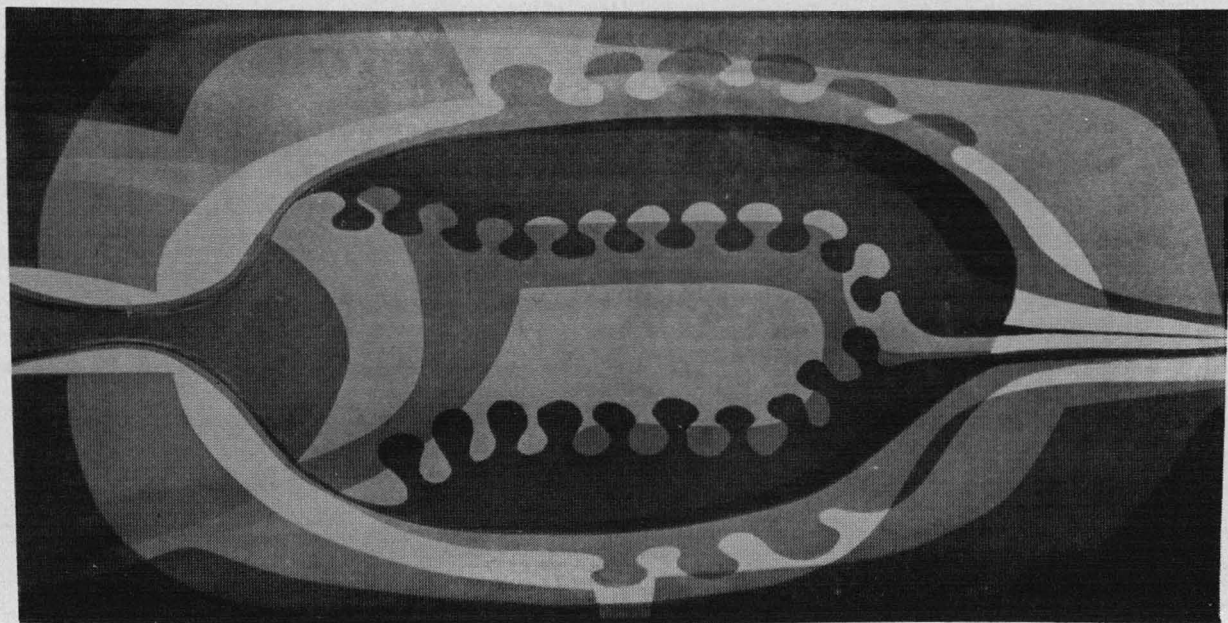
## QUEASY

*A bilious yellow sky lies flat, behind the churning sea  
And casts an orange half-light on the green water.  
A sickly hot breeze wafts by, and the blowhole in  
the rocks  
Spews forth a host of mustard foam and struggling  
fish.*

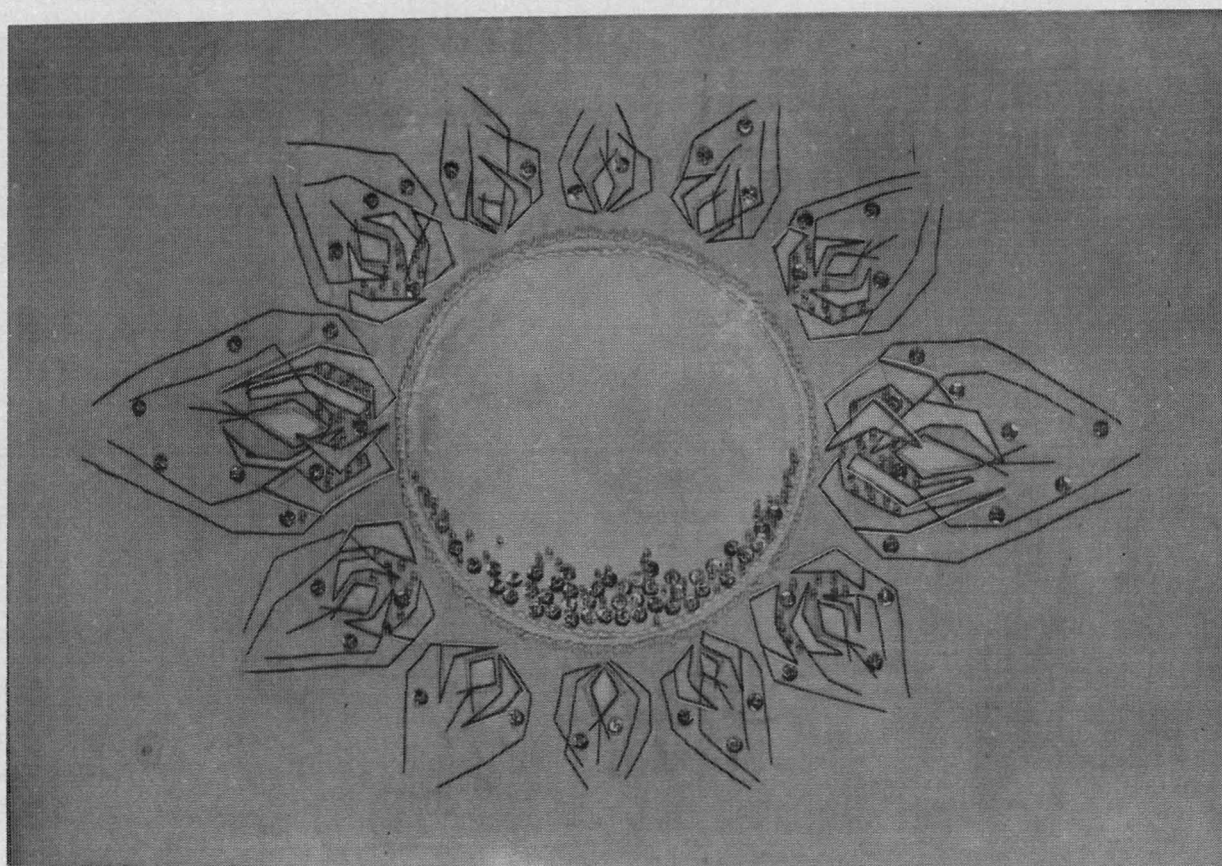
*The sea's waves are oily and suffocate life  
In the depths of their heavy grey linings.  
The sand feels like gravel, and sharp as a knife,  
You can hear the wind moaning and whining.*

*A trail of black ants winds by, twining around  
dizzily,  
Making you sway and blink through the daze.  
A pattern of shells hypnotize, then the dirty brown  
water  
From the wave,  
Crawls up the sand to ooze between your dusty toes.*

# FABRIC ARTS

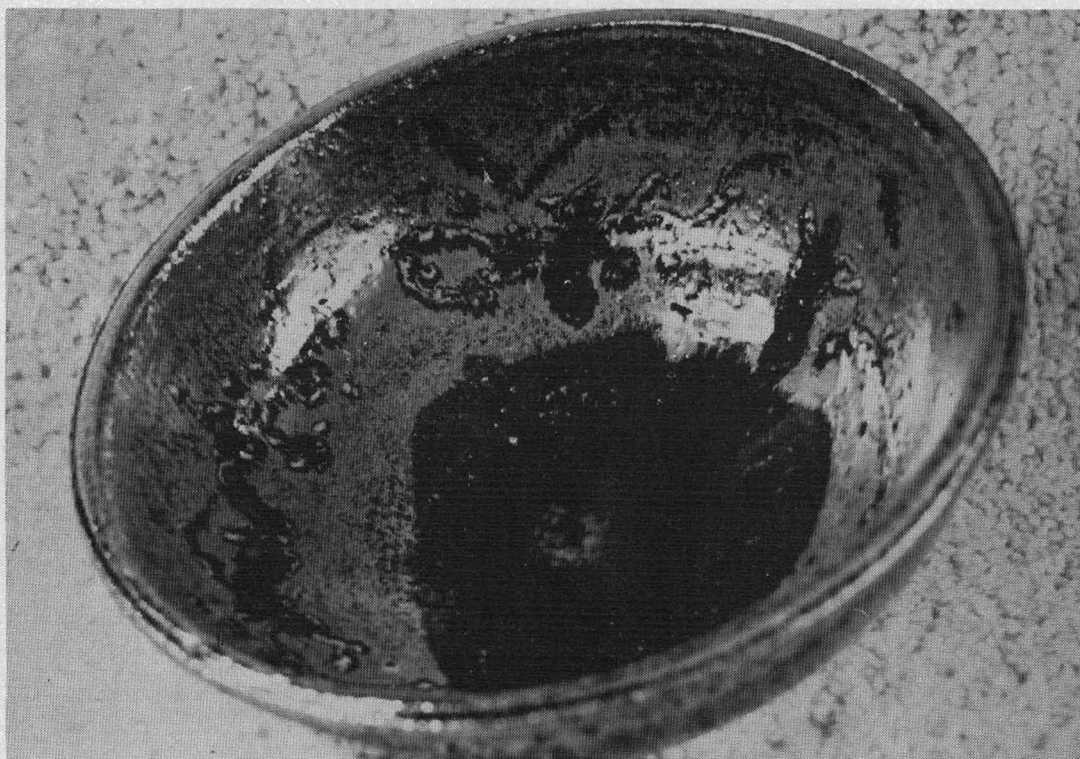


**1st Prize**  
BRONWYN SCARFF



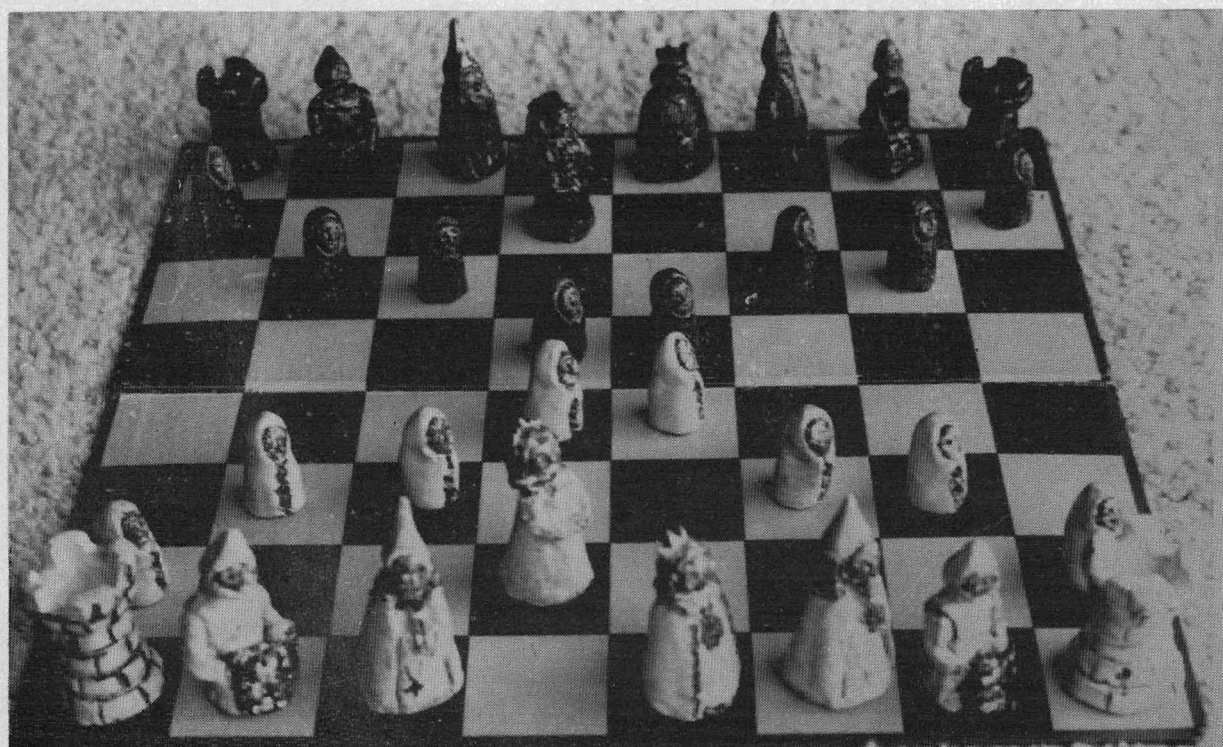
**2nd Prize**  
SUE RICHARDS

# POTTERY



**1st Prize**

STEPHEN BRENNON



**2nd Prize**

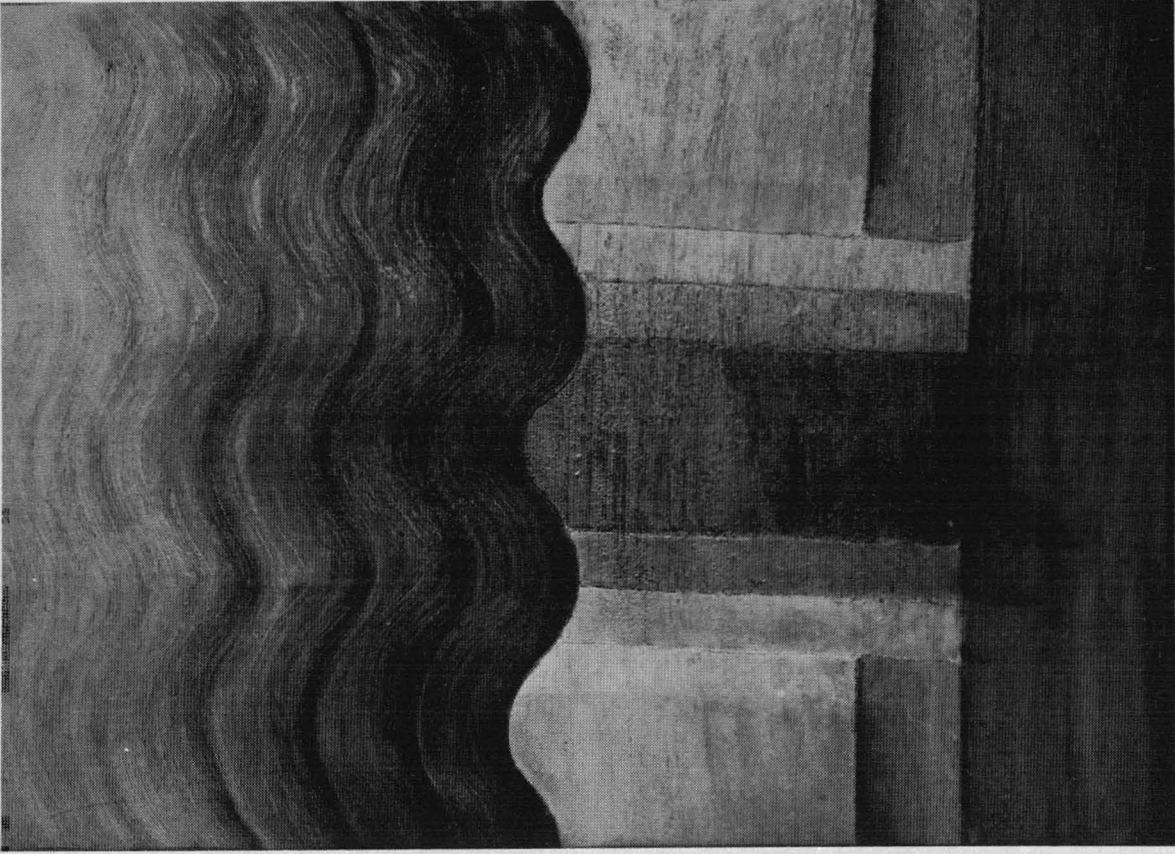
ELUNIA JANESCZKO

# PAINTING



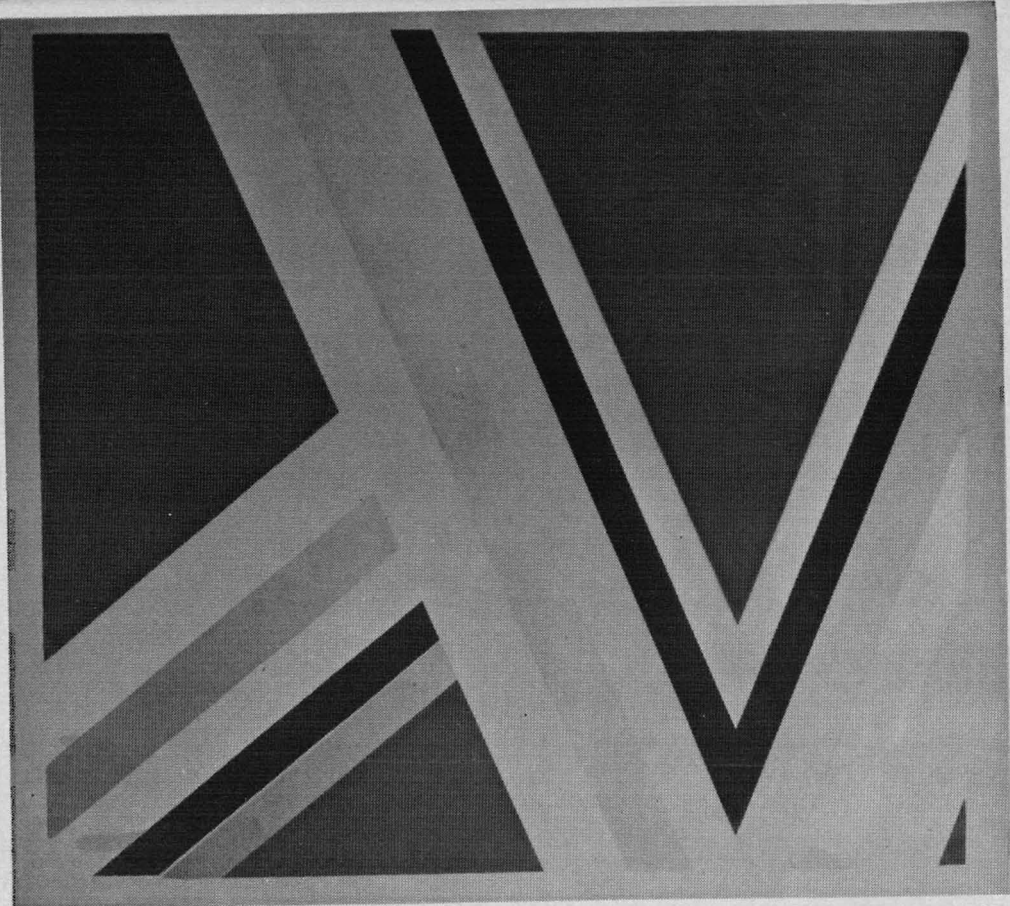
**2nd Prize**

STEPHEN CARTER



**1st Prize**

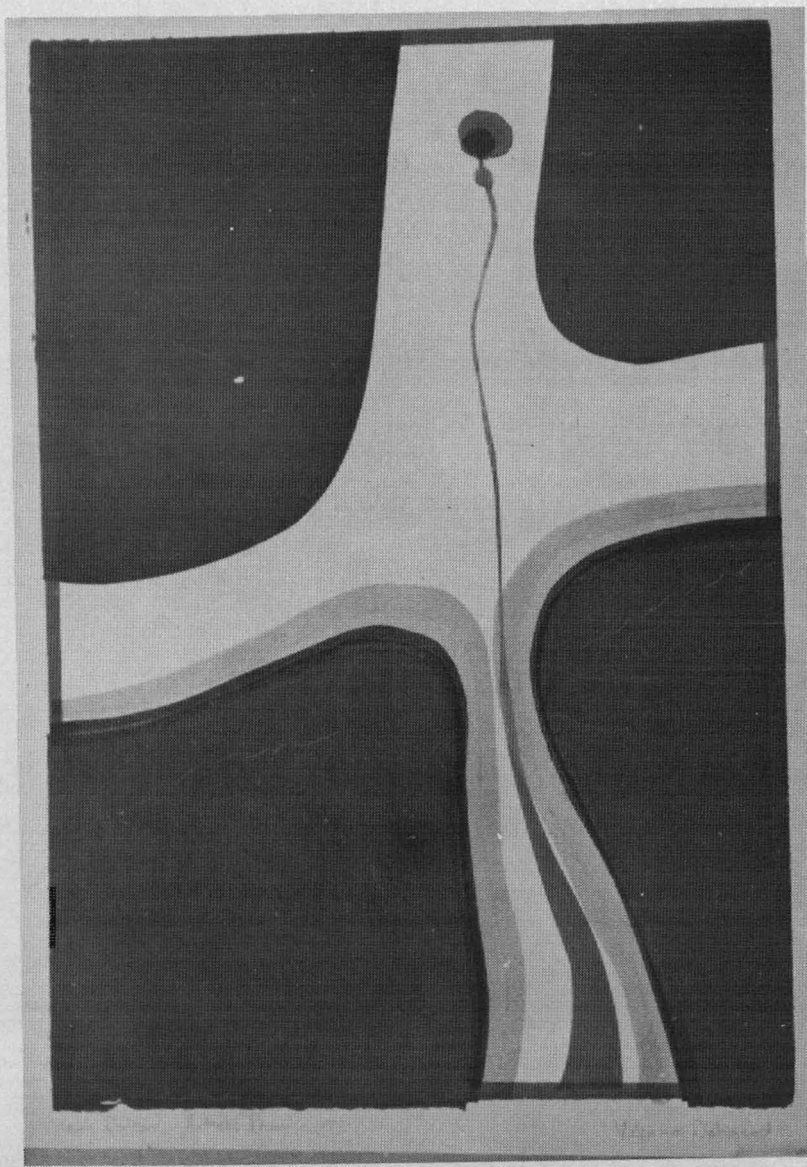
MARG. GOURLEY



**1st Prize**

JENNY MANZIE

# GRAPHICS



KEVIN DALTON

**2nd Prize**



# 1st Prize

NGAIRE ROBINSON

(Reproduced from colour slide)

# PHOTOGRAPHY



DON ASHBY

(Reproduced from colour slide)

# 2nd Prize



# M I S C E L L A N Y

71

## UNORTHODOX MARRIAGE

*Standing together*

*They may stand alone against the whole world.*

*They may overcome the taunts*

*They may repel the jibes.*

*They may stand secure*

*Standing together*

*As the pinnacle*

*Of their love*

*for each other.*

J.A.W.

## WHAT IS A CHILD?

*Children are usually small in stature, each possessing a certain number of appendages, all aligned with size of the little individual. These appendages are used in abused in many ways, all of which are seen in our domain — the class room. Here are a few suggestions in regard to how you can instruct a child to cease appendage interactions within the room.*

- (a) Pull your finger out, Johnny,*
- (b) Release that girl, right now, Randy.*
- (c) Your mouth isn't big enough for your foot.*
- (d) Use a handkerchief, Sue.*
- (e) Let her go!*
- (f) We don't eat painty fingers, Dimitrious.*
- (g) Retract your tongue, thankyou.*
- (h) I told you to let her go, didn't I*
- (i) Not in the classroom please.*
- (j) We can't glue noses together.*
- (k) Not that either.*

*Second year Dip.*

## THE LAST OF THE FOOL FISHERMEN

*The clear white stream once*

*flowed and bubbled over the silver sand*

*Played tag with the pebbles*

*which danced with delight.*

*It laughed noisily*

*at the happy fisherman*

*It mischievously tossed the fish about*

*and even tickled the tadpolers' legs.*

*Now —*

*Green and muddy*

*the water swells it's banks*

*and lays an oily covering*

*over the sleeping fisherman*

*— tossing his empty basket onto the waiting rocks.*

*It greets the tadpolers' with a handful of sand,*

*and whips the marble legs of these auwary fools.*

SYLVIA BRIGIS B1

## AGE

*Old, old man,  
Sad and  
Tired and  
Alone.  
Nobody cares,  
But I,  
Won't you smile for me?*

*Old man,  
Your shoulders  
Droop with  
Age  
And despair.  
Nobody loves you,  
But I.  
Won't you laugh with me?*

*Don't you see, old man?  
There  
Lies, before you,  
A wide world –  
waiting.  
Come,  
Hold my hand  
Feel  
Its warmth  
and compassion  
And awareness  
Of your Sorrow  
And Needs.  
I may be young  
and naive  
But  
I understand*

*Feel the sun above you  
Burning your withered soul.  
It's shining.  
See the birds fluttering overhead,  
They're singing.  
Sing and shine and glow  
And  
Be happy  
For I am.*

*Old, Old man,  
Ashamed and defeated.  
The warmth and mellowness  
of your youth  
Has faded away, unseemingly.  
But,  
Never too late –  
Awake from your trance.  
And see and feel and know  
Your summer years  
Once more.*

*Old man,  
You are alone  
No longer, for this,  
The hand you clasp,  
Shall bathe your  
Heart in  
Youth  
And you shall  
Be reborn  
Again*

M. ROZENTAL X8

## *My Life Story by Lionel Rose*

*I started to grow into a neat little rose after my mum dropped about twenty seeds to the ground. Only four survived; I was one. My mum was Petunia Clarke and my dad was Lupin Rose. When I was two months old, dad was burnt to a crisp by fire.*

*When I was eight months old my mum's head was chopped off? so were my brothers' and sisters'. I was lucky for I was dropped behind a big clump of grass.*

*When I was a year old I fell in love with Marigold Style. I was married when a war broke out between the weeds and the flowers. It became the first Plant War.*

*I was in a troop commanded by Sgt. Calybe. We sneaked through dead weeds and flowers. Suddenly we saw some Dandelions finishing off some Daisies. We attacked the Dandelions. It was a trap. Some Couch Grass ambushed us, leaving me and some others alive. We had beaten the enemy. We continued on through mud, to find an enemy signal station. I threw a few stink bombs "Boom!" Not a thing left.*

*After the War I was the most highly decorated flower in the garden. Now I'm the prime minister of Gardenville and I'm fifty months old. I'm a widower and flower of two, Grand flower of eight and Great Grand flower of three. I've seen the second and third Plant Wars come and go.*

DALE TREANOR  
N.P.S.S. Gr. 6.



# A

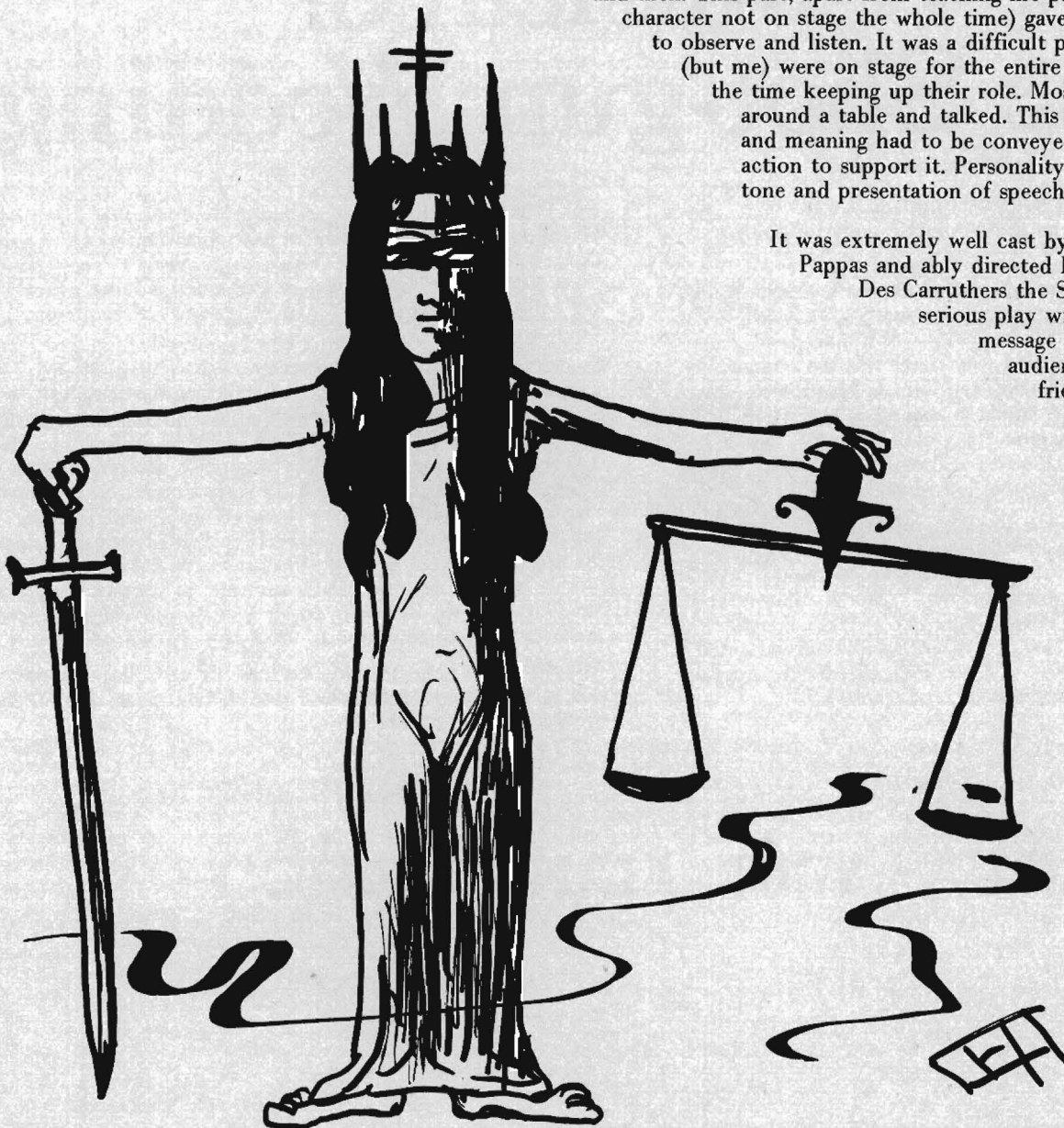
# GUARDS-EYE

# VIEW

As guard, my part in the play was small. I came in and out once or twice and spoke now and then. This part, apart from teaching me patience, (I was the only character not on stage the whole time) gave me a good opportunity to observe and listen. It was a difficult play: all the characters (but me) were on stage for the entire show, they had to act all the time keeping up their role. Most of the time they sat around a table and talked. This meant that all the drama and meaning had to be conveyed by voice alone, with no action to support it. Personality had to be got across by tone and presentation of speech – a very difficult task.

It was extremely well cast by the producer Mr. George Pappas and ably directed by him with assistance from Des Carruthers the Stage Manager. It was a serious play with a message and the message was transmitted despite audiences unused to seeing their friends taking what seemed in many cases incongruous roles. The play had favourable write ups in the local papers and was both an artistic and entertainment success.

DON ASHBY



# CALAMITY JANE

## A Musical of Three Shot-gun Weddings

What a calamity ..... we slaughtered them! It was obvious to all who saw us that we loved every minute of performing it.

Several identities and happenings that occurred unexpectedly backstage and onstage cannot go without final loving thought. There was the clownish cowboy who was hundreds of years out on his sporting idols, and who later was the one guy among thirty-seven girls in the Red Centre. Mustn't forget the little girl who wandered around in her Woolworths dressing-gown, muttering something about "Harry" under her breath. Our painted apaches walked around saying "ugh", "easy" and generally terrorizing everyone.

Numerous goofs took place on stage, mainly crazy, mixed-up lines; for example, "I had to sit with the muzzle between my legs to stop it from curling up on me", "I thought there was a posy after me," "She wants to marry me, and so do I", and "Thanks Jane" ..... "It's all right Tarzan". Of course our two practitioners, adversely affected by alcohol, confused many of their lines, steadfastly denying that they were "under the affluence of incohol."

Our backstage helpers also rushed around creating memorable sayings, such as: "Boys, careful with those lanterns, the girls' dresses might go up" and "Who's got Andrew's coat?" Then there was our darling Dashby, the bearded wonder, whose cry of "Quiet backstage" echoed constantly throughout the corridors.

Sincere thanks from all the cast go to the multitudinous people who helped prepare and sustain us, particularly Mr. Brennan, who's constant yelling hammering and belittling really worked; to Mr. G. Jones who sang beautifully; to Mr. T. Jones, Mr. Ogden, Mr. Bilsborough, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Morgan for their great musical accompaniment; to Jean and Megan, our prompt prompts; to Sue, Wendy and Helanda for propping up the stage manager; to Sue Clem who helped the aforementioned guy; to Miss Papworth and Miss G, our morale builders and nakedness coverers; to scenery painters Mr. Watt and Mr. Teasdale; to Mr Williamson who organized the tickets so capably, and to everyone else who took part.

Anyone who complains about a dull life at College should join in with the merry musical makers next year, and see how the dullness disappears.

BUZZ

**FRANKSTON TEACHERS' COLLEGE**

presents

# **“CALAMITY JANE”**

LYRICS: **P. F. WEBSTER**    MUSIC: **SAMMY FAIN**

ADAPTED BY: **HANMER and PARK**



Produced and Directed by

**GORDON BRENNAN**

Musical Direction by

**GEOFFREY JONES**



Presented at the

**COLLEGE HALL, JULY—AUG., 1971**

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# "CALAMITY JANE"

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## PRODUCTION

**ASSOCIATE MUSIC DIRECTOR** ROBERT BILSBOROUGH  
**STAGE MANAGER** - - - - - DON ASHBY  
**WARDROBE** - - - - - MAISIE PAPWORTH, MARGO GUEST  
**SCENERY** - - - - - ALAN WATT, NOEL TEASDALE  
**LIGHTING** - - - - - PETER HART  
**FRONT HOUSE** - - - - - IVOR MORGAN  
**BOOKING** - - - - - JIM WILLIAMSON  
**ASSISTING** - - - - - MEGAN DOUGLAS, JEAN WATTS, WENDY CUMMINGS,  
SUZANNE CLEMENTS, SUZANNE MARKS, ANNE DUKE,  
JENNY SMITH, JUDY KING, JUDY YOUNG,  
YOLANDA BURKENBEIL, JANE FISHER, RUTH MALLERY,  
HELANDER AVARD.

## THE SETTING

The Setting is Deadwood City, Dakota Territory,  
and Chicago, at the turn of the century.

### ACT ONE

Scene 1. "THE GOLDEN GARTER",  
Deadwood City, Dakota Territory.  
Scene 2. THE STAR DRESSING-ROOM,  
Bijou Theatre, Chicago.  
Scene 3. "THE GOLDEN GARTER" again.

### ACT TWO

Scene 1. CALAMITY JANE'S CABIN.  
Scene 2. A TRAIL,  
through a Pass in the Black Hills.  
Scene 3. FORT SCULLY.  
Scene 4. THE TRAIL again.  
Scene 5. "THE GOLDEN GARTER".

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

### ACT ONE

Overture.  
"The Deadwood Stage" (Calamity & Ensemble)  
"Careless with the Truth"  
(Calamity, Bill and Men)  
"Adelaide" (Bill and Men)  
"Ev'ryone Complains about the Weather"  
(Fryer)  
"Men!" (Calamity)  
Can-Can (Dancers)  
"Hive Full of Honey" (Fryer)  
"I Can Do Without You" (Calamity and Bill)  
"It's Harry I'm Planning to Marry"  
(Adelaide and Stage-Door-Johnnies)  
Reprise of "It's Harry I'm Planning to Marry"  
(Katie)  
Opening Scene 3—Reprise of "Adelaide" (Men)  
"Windy City" (Calamity and Chorus)  
"Keep It Under Your Hat" (Katie)  
Reprise of "Keep It Under Your Hat"  
(Katie and Chorus)  
Finale Act One—Reprise of "Careless with the  
Truth" (Ensemble and Chorus)

### ACT TWO

Opening Act Two—"A Woman's Touch"  
(Calamity and Katie)  
"Higher Than a Hawk" (Bill)  
"The Black Hills of Dakota" (Chorus)  
Opening Scene 3—Reprise of "Black Hills of  
Dakota"  
(Calamity, Katie, Bill, Danny and Chorus)  
"Love You Dearly" (Katie and Danny)  
Finaletto (Calamity and Bill)  
"My Secret Love" (Calamity)  
Reprise of "Windy City" (Chorus)  
Finale

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**"CALAMITY JANE" REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED DURING INTERVAL**

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# "CALAMITY JANE"

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## CAST

	(A)	(B)
CALAMITY JANE - - - - -	YVONNE SHANDLEY	JULIE SVIGOS
WILD BILL HICKOK - - - - -	LEN. VARDY	DON GALL
LIEUT. DANNY GILMARTIN -	KEVIN DALTON	GRAEME LECHTE
KATIE BROWN - - - - -	SHARYN WALTERS	JENNY SMITH
HENRY MILLER - - - - -	COLIN BAIRD	BILL JEFFS
SUSAN - - - - -	JULIE SMYTH	NGAIRE ROBINSON
FRANCIS FRYER - - - - -	DES. CARRUTHERS	IAN STRONG
ADELAIDE ADAMS - - - - -	JUDY RUSHTON	LEE BOLTON
RATTLESNAKE - - - - -	GORDON ATKIN	COLIN MOORHOUSE
DOC. PIERCE - - - - -	MICHAEL RILEY	WARREN FRY
JOE - - - - -	JOHN ANTHONY	
PETE - BILL MITCHELL	HANK - ALAN HUGHES	COLONEL - STEPHEN BUGEJA
STAGE-DOOR-JOHNIES - - -		

STEPHEN BUGEJA, ROBERT MacARTHUR, WARREN FRY, ANDREW PIERCY

## DANCERS

Choreography - -	JENNY SMITH, MAREE FORDHAM, MARSHA FORDHAM, JILL LAVERCOMBE
Can-Can & Polka - -	MAREE FORDHAM, MARSHA FORDHAM, PAT ABEL, JILL LAVERCOMBE, LORRAINE McGEACHIN, BEV. MORRIS, CECILIA MEEHAN, LIZ. KER, MERILYN SHORES, GAYE LISTER, JUDY FORBES, PETER NANKERVIS, WARREN FRY, ALAN HUGHES, ANDREW PIERCY, MICHAEL RILEY
Windy City Tap - -	MAREE FORDHAM, MARSHA FORDHAM, PAT ABEL, JILL LAVERCOMBE

## MUSICIANS

Organ - - - - -	TREVOR JONES
Pianos - - - - -	ROBERT BILSBOROUGH, BRIAN MURPHY
Rehearsal Pianists -	BRIAN MURPHY, ROBERT BILSBOROUGH, IVOR MORGAN
Banjo - - - - -	LEN WATTERSON

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ORGAN AND PIANO KINDLY LENT BY BRASH'S, FRANKSTON

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# "CALAMITY JANE" 1971

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## CHORUS

LEN. WATTERSON

KEVIN DALTON

IAN STRONG

LEN. VARDY

MICHAEL RILEY

GORDON ATKIN

COLIN BAIRD

BRIAN WRIGHT

DES. CARRUTHERS

DON GALL

GRAEME LECHTE

BILL MITCHELL

COLIN MOORHOUSE

STEPHEN BUGEJA

ROBERT MacARTHUR

BRIAN HOLE

PETER NANKERVIS

DENIS HANLEY

KEITH BURDEN

ROBERT MOULD

ANDREW PIERCY

WARREN FRY

CLIVE BROMAN

LEN VARDY

MONIKA WELER

TRICIA MOONEY

MARILYN COCKCROFT

SUSAN RICHARDS (2)

RITA FARRELLY

RHONDA WHITE

GREG. FISHER

JANET CHRISTIE

ANNE CAMERON

VILMA ZUZEK

SUSAN YOUNG

MAUREEN CONDON

KERRY O'CONNELL

HILARY CLEINE

ANNE CARGILL

DAWN BUZZACOTT

JAN RICHES

JENNY PATULLO

PAULINE THOMAS

JULIE BUZZACOTT

JUDY STEENHOLDT

SUE CASTLES

LINDA RAWLINGS

KAYE CALANCHINI

DAWN HILYEAR

GILLIAN FELL

ROBYN SMITH

HELEN LEE-ARCHER

BERTHA WOLFFENBUTTEL

JUNE WAUGH

CHRIS. SICILIANO

SUE RICHARDS (1)

DIANNE McKINLAY

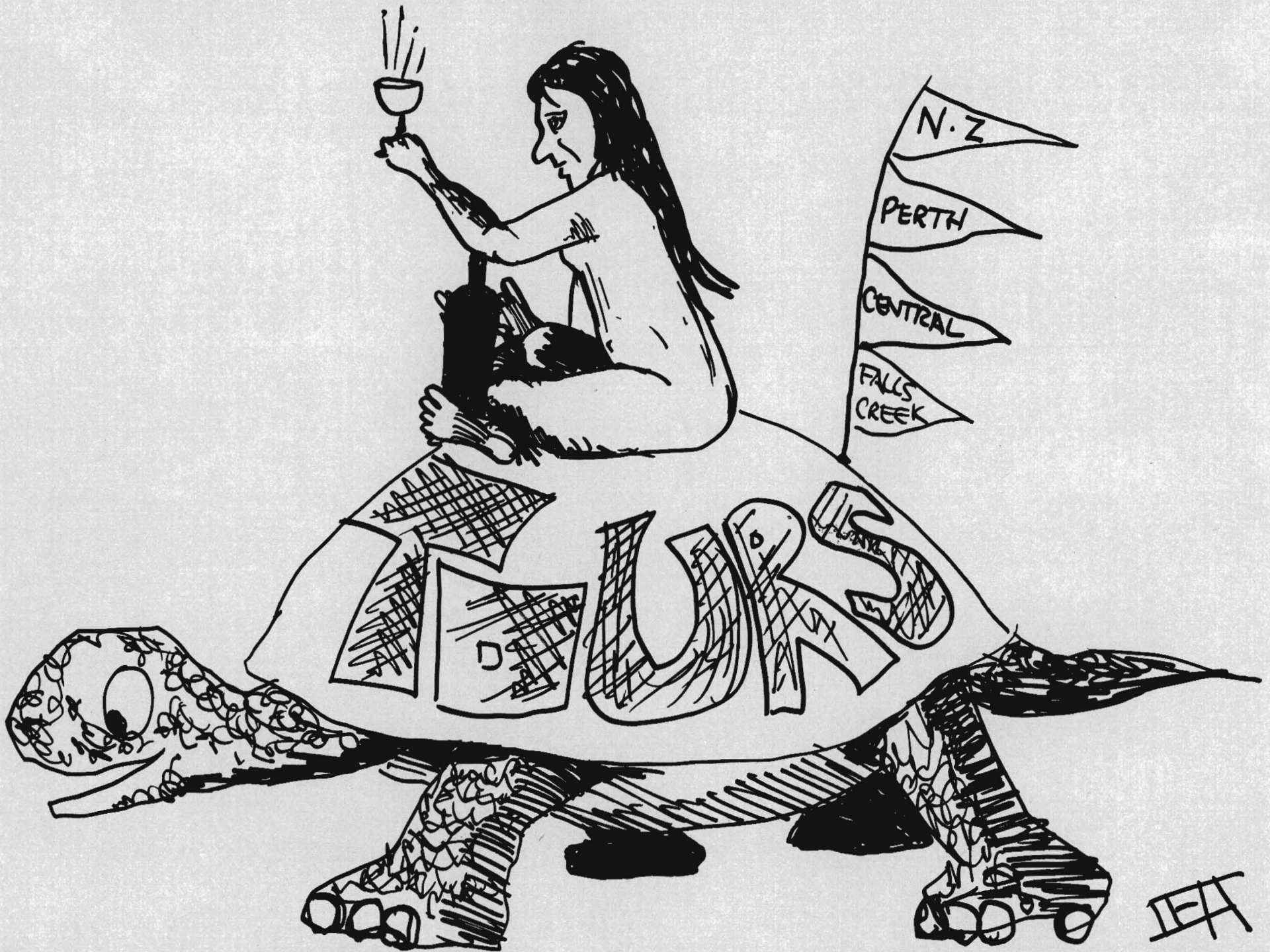
MERILYN SMITH

LESLEY SCOTT-SMITH

MARGARET PEPPARD

GAYLENE DICKINS





# FALLS CREEK

Twentyone students, Mr. Falla, Miss Guest, Mrs. Bunbury and a number of "outsiders" gathered for a happy, hilarious, exhausting week at "CHORKI" a lodge of unique design at Fall's Creek.

The hilight of the week proved to be three days of constant snow fall. This wasn't enough to curb the enthusiastic skiers, even if woollen clothing did turn to icycles.

Tobogganing at night in soft white cushions of snow proved a popular and exciting, though damp and hazardous adventure. Mr. Falla excelled here. Miss Guest, a scrabble player from way back presented the most glamorous picture in the snow. It's not every lady who wears a mink coat when tobogganing.

The Frankston Teachers College snow bunnies who ventured out at night to explore the entertainment centres, found they had to wade through knee deep snow. Because of the extreme cold, each journey meant we had to dress and

undress several times (Interpret this as you will).

Even driving home became an adventure for drivers unexperienced in the art of driving on ice. Before attempting this, each car owner and any helpers he could co-erce spent two to three hours digging out his car from beneath a mound of snow, only to have it buried again in some instances by the helpful and efficient grader driver and his machine.

As we were not covered by Workers' Compensation, staff and students alike were determined not to break a leg. Only Nehssa was not determined enough, and tore her cartilage.

As Nehssa said "Just as well it happened on the last day of the week and not the first!"

Amidst all this, we are pleased to report that some people actually learnt to ski.

SENIOR SNOW BUNNY

## THE CENTRE WENT

Sh... a bl...y brick, "Wakey, wakey" at 6.30 is just too early! Boy, was Alice fun (especially for Bill) – sex, smut, filth and depravity ran amuck. Then of course there were those long awaited toiletry antics at the cow trough outside Leigh Creek – about a dozen girls sent Bill rushing and blushing back to camp, while Dave (our courier) proved his brute-force by walking up a hill backwards with a sleeper in his arms. Ah, such memories!

Meanwhile, back at breakfast, Luscious was doing her bit stirring the canned tomatoes (to say nothing of the rest of us), while tents were slowly being pulled down around her. Dad gave Mum breakfast in sleeping-bag, and half an hour later Mum appeared ravishingly gorgeous, looking carefully everywhere to make sure she wasn't going to squat on a snake. The rest of us just sat around our blazing fire (thanks to the woodies), looking grotty.

By 7.30 the bags and cases were flying as Dad and Dave and Bill and Blue exposed their rippling muscles. Time then to hit the road, but not for long – Keith just h...a..d to go and go and go and go. While we waited, the proverbial sing-song began, Bertha leading us on the mike with a rousing (?) chorus of "Beside the Sea". Numerous songs later, we had our mid-morning stop in the bush, and soon screams of "Eureka" were echoing from bush to bush. Several smiling faces returned to the bus – no conservation schemes necessary there!

The gentle (?) rocking of the bus soon began to take it's toll, and sleeping beauties slept until rudely awakened by the cry of "Lunch stop, Cookies get on with the sandwiches." Our stomachs rumbled while the sandwiches were being constructed. We shared our repast with the flies, dirt and Marg Peppard, and lazed around in the sun.

Back on the bus, fortified by our meal, Corrine began a joke session about Foo birds, 5.15 trains, and toyed with bits of toilet paper and drops of water!! Back to the scenery, which was quite interesting (if you consider sparse bushes and miles and miles and miles of red dirt interesting!!) However monotony was once again broken by the antics of Bill and Corrine – both emerged from our leaky toilet in a state of advanced pregnancy, and suffering from delayed morning sickness.

What's this ..... we're not going to stop at a real, live town are we? Screams of hysterical laughter as we all dive for towelling hats, sunglasses and cameras. Mad thoughts are racing through our minds – can we stock up on our supplies of food, postcards, magazines, rolls of film and drinks. If we are lucky, they might have ice-creams cheaper than fifteen

R  
E  
D

cents and drinks less than twenty cents a can !!! Bluey is warning us to behave in this town ..... they're pretty slow conservative people, who probably wouldn't appreciate our unbelievable sense of fun.

Fifty minutes later – back on the road, we were happily munching, drinking, reading and assessing the loo facilities of the rapidly disappearing town. Such labours kept us entertained and happy until it was time to stop for tea, when once again it was simply a case of picking out a relatively flat area of ground with suitable bushy protection. Then it was a matter of all groups setting to work – wood and water kids scrounged for wood and filled the water containers, the tenties put up tents, the cookies started getting all the gear out of the bus, and the slushies bludged!! Dave and Blue somehow managed to help everyone, as well as start our roaring fire.

After a filling tea it was the slushies turn to work, while the rest of us bludged. Some brave idiots planned to sleep on the roof of the bus, and were busy organizing who was sleeping where, and with whom. People sleeping in tents were lining up to get their lilos filled (thank heavens for the hose attachment, it saved us blowing them up!!)

By the light of the campfire, we sang songs, told endless foul funny jokes, or wrote multitudinous letters to the folks at home. Those who were going to sleep on the bus roof lurched off, to the cries of "Dave had better not snore tonight", "Don't fall off", and "Tough if you sleepwalk". Soon after the rest of us were retiring to our tents, to sleep blissfully until the next "Wakey, wakey..."

Thus went a typically average, run-of-the-mill, hectic-type day. The trip on the whole was fantastic – the weather was great (except at the Rock), the bus ran well, the food was really good, and we all got on well together. We were also lucky enough to have the company of four tremendous people – Pam Claringbold (Mum), Keith MacPherson (Dad), Ray Humphrey (Bluey) and Dave Bates (David Dates).

For those who are planning a trip to the Centre in the near future, here are a few tips – take plenty of money, beware of the burrs, don't give your address to males or females you meet ..... it's fatal (ask Rita or Buzz or Michelle), always drink alcoholic beverages out of a thimble-sized mug (ask J.C.) and take along a few rolls of loo paper – just in case. Like us, you will probably have a fantastic time, appreciate more about Australia, make many long-standing friends (for example, the Traf House mob), and thoroughly enjoy a riotous escapade into the Red Centre.

HOW'D YA BE?

# CENTRALIA



STATE BORDER  
NEW SOUTH WALES

AUSTRALIAN  
TRAVEL

# NEW ZEALAND

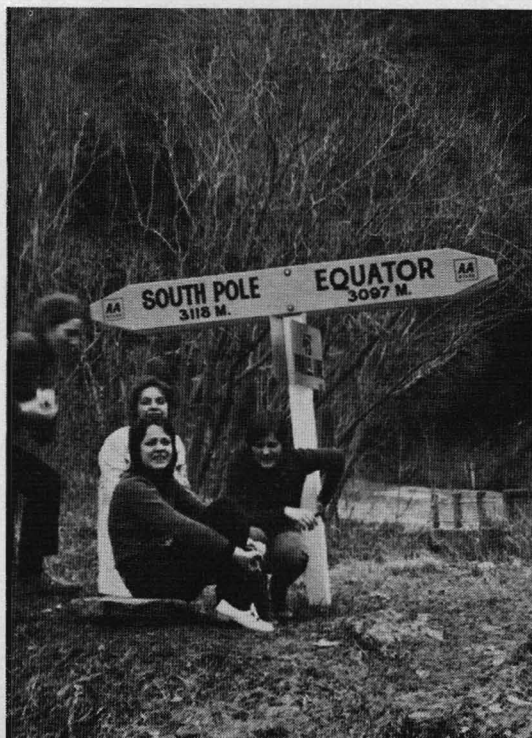
Thirty-four anxious females and Oggie arrived at the tin-shanty of Auckland after a long, tiring but exciting plane trip. That night and three others were spent in the most renowned hotels — the PEOPLE'S PALACE!

Those beautiful sweet smelling geysers — SULPHUR!! Shutter bugs went to work when we finally came to that long awaited SNOW.

"O-n t-h-e l-e-f-t w-e h-a-v-e s-o-m-e s-h-e-e-p."

"O-n t-h-e r-i-g-h-t w-e h-a-v-e t-h-e W-a-i-k-a-t-o R-i-v-e-r, AND s-o-m-e m-o-r-e s-h-e-e-p."

Entertainment of all types was always available — especially with Mari-Ann and Oggie and the Hokey Pokey. Sweet and sticky nights were particularly enjoyed by Babs Collier and Oggie.



# PERTH

Departure: twenty seven girls, two boys, two lecturers, courier, driver coach.

Day 1. Coach lost on way to Melbourne. Was the 1946 map going to get us to Perth? Swan Hill folk museum – was there a student concession or did the “five” just sneak in? Mildura Pub – “asked to leave” Grand at 9.30 p.m; 9.33 p.m. Winter Sun. Do you feel as though we’re being stared at?

Day 2 Coach broke down – twice in one mile! Togetherness don’t breathe! Don’t move on the side of the busted air suspension! Twenty one verses of Old McDonald kept driver awake. Darkness .... but pitch these tents. Where??

Day 3 Sunday. Late rise – 7.15 a.m. Coach load farewelled by throng of Protestants on its way to the local (church?). Stranded in Pt. Augusta we hired a bus and toured the sights.

Day 4 5.30 yawn - a.m. rise. Fashion Parade compered by Mlle. Bull, followed by Dear Dorothy J.B.Y. Lunch; the main ingredient being dust – sandwiches? (That’s a joke Joyce) Girls to left; Gents to right. Big Jim leading the parade went straight into a see through bush. Bush camp on Nullabor. What no trees?

Day 5 Crossed the W.A. border. Photos, photos .... Not another of Ing. holding up the sign ... please! Eucla, endless sand-dunes – didn’t have time to build sand castles. Norseman bush camp. Did you notice the depressions in the paddocks? A walrus informed me they were only ninety feet deep!

Day 6 Actually saw some gold at the Gold Mine. Esperance – oh! GREEN GRASS! Jolly band donned relevant attire and went for a swim in 60° heat ( no water ). Better dressed we took over lounge of the local. Squaredance ably called by “K.T.” ended in topless dancing on tables, and a la Conga through two bars. Slept very well!!

Day 7 Visited Pink Lake – pink? Yes, but it was a dull day. Arrived Albany and settled into the Residency. Evening’s entertainment provided by visit to Laundramat, numerous locals, and a Séance. (Was Leonie visited in the night? S..C.?) One room; six beds; ten on beds; five on floor – comfort.

Day 8 Sight seeing. Whaling Station. Stinks Unlimited, (pardon me while I ch...”). Blow hole – it sure did blow. Penberton. Half of the troupe ventured to the local. Were we appreciated by Midnight?

Day 9 A certain cow and a herd of others made it 200 feet to the top of the Gloucester Tree. Bunbury – beaut spot for “I spy with my little (red) eye.....” Perth reached by early evening. Rod, Rod drive your bus...” City lights from King’s Park – ah, ah!

Day 10 Proxies joined Cathos for an open air Mass next door with a Boy’s School, and then on to tour of Perth’s sights. Dams, dams, dams! I’ve grown accustomed to the sight! Sing song with Geelong T.C. swapping dirty ditties.

Day 11 City sights. Uni. of W.A. – but no Bob Price. Shopping. Did you see Bob Price? Pictures – Paint Your Wagon. Would Bob Price, come to the projection room please. Not you W.F.!

Day 12 Day at Rottnest Island. Very noticeable that every one stayed on deck of the ferry. Biked around the island. Superb! Molested by Quokkas. Savoy for the evening. Met someone at a party afterwards who knew Bob Price!

Day 13 Pack up, then on to Yanchep lime-stone caves. Clean (clean ?), white beaches. Airport for dinner. Drinks accompanied by chanting of –

“Not last night but the night before,  
Three tom-cats came knocking at my door,  
One with a trumpet, one with a drum and  
One with a pancake stuck to his bum”,

in harmony, rounds, theme and variation, binary form and sonata form. Good form – yes? Presentation of grog (what else?) to Marg, Jim, Tony and Rod, then we gave ourselves a tremendous farewell at the Station with rousing choruses of Dance of the Seven Steps and Auld Lang Syne, and accompanied by decorations of balloons, streamers, masks and confetti we laboured onto the train.

Days 14, 15, 16. Matthew, Mark, Luke John I .... 12. (I didn’t miss again did I? Ha, Ha!) Sleep when we had time. Beaut food. No I won’t have entree today thank you Ethel! Cleared lounge by singing a record thirty three verses of Old McDonald had a (giraffe!!) In Pt. Pirie three infamous characters S.S., S.C., S.W. overdid the friendliness bit – found the locals so inviting they almost missed the train. Forty-eight!!

Adelaide and a visit to eighty three public houses. Melbourne – the end? Spirits high we tramped home.

Arrival: twenty seven girls; two men; Marg and Jim; eight hundred letters (most of them Marg W’s.); two parfait glasses; eight beer jugs; two bar towels; sixty posters; one bar, and one pedestrian walk way sign; six hundred and one coasters – ninety varieties, and two million, seven hundred and thirty five thousand, six hundred and twenty nine cans of Hannans larger.

We loved every minute of it! Long live Hay St; Ethel; Nancy; Midnight and the crew of the Perth tour 1971! Without our knickers!!

S.A.W; J.B.Y.

# PERTH PICTS





# BALLARAT

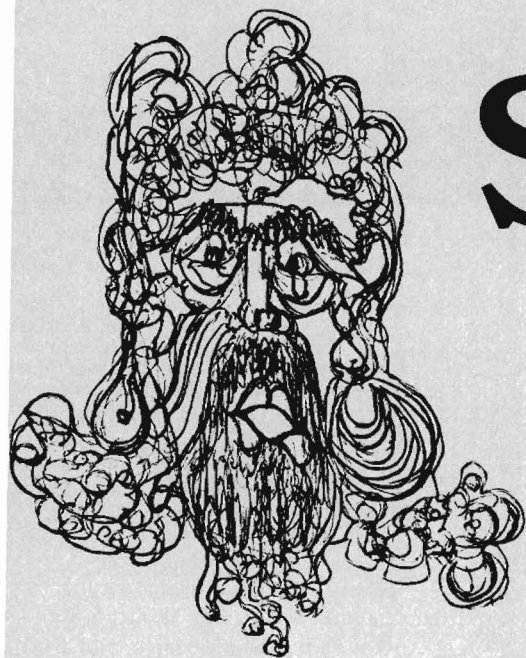
The Ballarat trip will be well remembered by all those who went; but for those unfortunates who did not go, here is a brief summary of the "activities" that occurred .... After stopping off at Bacchus Marsh for a brief refresher, the buses arrived at B.T.C. (not B.T.G.). Soon the gentlemen noticed a few assets that F.T.C. HAS NOT GOT; the phrase "check that chick" was often heard. After feeding on the meal provided for us the group broke up into the various teams. At approximately 4.45 p.m. there was a gathering of those who took part in the day's sport at a local pub. After quenching our thirsts we left the somewhat battered hotel and flocked into the buses outside. The bus trip home was the most interesting part of the trip. For the sake of identification, I was in No. 2 bus with such celebrities as Rocky, Switzy and Flipper. No. 3 bus housed such distinguished individuals as Arrow, Alps and Cookie. No. 2 bus had not travelled far when there was an enthusiastic chorus of .... "If you don't stop for us, we'll do it in the bus!!" .... immediately the bus braked, and so did No. 3 bus. Flips was worried when only six of the seven guys that got off, came back. After a brief panic, it was found that teacher had migrated to No. 3 bus. On the way home various adventures took place on No. 2 bus - Rocky opened a can (of coke) and showered everyone; Jock got a bit poohy and showed his reaction; the bus stopped for a brief feed at a service station. The trippers came back with most of the stock .... which they bought of course. After travelling a short distance Rocky discovered he'd lost one of his cans so Johnny Campbell took up a collection to satisfy old Rock. Shortly a chorus of songs such as "Flipper, Flipper!!" and "Why can't I go to the la-la?" echoed from the back of the bus. Meanwhile back on bus No. 3 all hell was loose ... well, part of it anyway.... Arrow decided the interior of the bus needed a clean, and got soaked in the process. Cookie and Red-beard went berserk and Wal had another love affair. At approximately 8.30 the buses arrived back at College. I was nearly crushed in the rush for the mens. After clearing the buses of all the litter, the drivers then set off for the depot wondering if they would ever live to enjoy their pensions. In conclusion a good time was had by all and deepest thanks must go to all those members of staff who accompanied us on the trip. Oh yeah, F.T.C. lost the footy.... but not the fights.

BILL MITCHELL, Dip. 1. X6.



# SALAD

# DAYS



## FIRST YEAR LOOKING BACK

Well my first year at Frankston Teachers College has nearly come to an end, and I walk out of this college with a feeling of disillusionment. I feel that I have learnt practically nothing about teaching; so what good has this college been for me? I have attended most of my lectures for the sole reason of being marked present. I have sat through the constant droning of a man's voice, amusing myself by scribbling on my lecture pad. I have walked out of that lecture room with a feeling of emptiness. It would of course, be untrue to say that all lectures are like this, but the vast majority are, and, in my opinion, this is bad. Those few clubs which I have joined e.g. Drama, Concerts and Dramatics have seemed to just fizzle out and we are left with nothing.

What about the common Room — now that is a joke! To me it is a room packed with tables and chairs where a majority of the students group together to pass their time between lectures. The atmosphere of that place drives me crazy, so I am forced to go to the library. What a contrast! Dead quietness, but it is in this place that hundreds of future teachers have sat and studied. They read through many books trying to complete assignments or cram in some useless knowledge before an exam.

The only good thing about this college is that they don't have exams in P.P.T. — well that's enough said about P.P.T. lectures!

Finally I would like to say that unless some improvements are made within the college as regards policy and conditions, the first years of 1972 will look back and feel the same way.

MAUREEN DENNIS X3  
CLAIR EGAN X3

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## EXIT REFLECTIONS

“What should the college be?” — an institution of higher learning, a place that only trains students to teach, or, a combination of both? It should, and does try, to be both. But, having just completed the TPTC course it is plain that two years is just not long enough to successfully meet both sets of objectives. Although I feel more adequately equipped to teach than at the end of first year, I think that our course could have placed greater emphasis on aspects relevant to the teaching of children. However, I shall soon find out how effective my teacher training has been — discovery learning I think it's called!

“What has college meant for you?” — When I began to appreciate the significance of this question, I realized that what college has really meant to me goes beyond that

which words could ever hope to explain. By “college” I am referring to the people who make the corridors come alive, — lecturers and students. If you take time out to become involved with life at college, you will understand what I'm talking about. One can learn to appreciate life and to more easily comprehend the complexity of human understanding and feeling through participating with others and sharing disappointments, triumphs, joys and sorrows.

Anyway, I don't suppose telling you how much I have enjoyed my two years at college will influence you, but let me say this — college has a lot to offer; why not take it? (P.S. Don't forget to be prepared to give a little in return).

JAN HERBERT B2

# HOSTILE TERRITORY

## YE OLDE HOSTELLERIE LIFE (or Knights at the Hostel)

Once upon a time, many moons ago, dwelt a Padre and his flock of faithful followers. They lived in a castle overlooking the blue waters with "that creek" oozing betwixt the two. On the banks of this almighty river was the "Hostel Hideout" (otherwise know as "Tarzan's Playground" - (VINES!!) and across the road, the room for the drifters of this eternal paradise.

The Padre's flock was well-fed, yet for nights the castle echoed with the patter of tiny elephant's feet tip-toeing across the servery. Chickens wandered from their pluckless roost, and raisin bread disappeared in the currant as the butter slipped away to the tune of "Yummy, yummy, yummy, I got food in my tummy", and, later - "A whiter shade of pale", as Matron turned the tables on the illustrious crew. Meanwhile, the Padre was in his room trying to "altar" the ways of his innocent flock and to save them from "Matronal" damnation. From that moment, Padre's prayers were answered - the servery doors were locked and barred to the cries of "More! Moore!"

Other disasters had struck the castle previously - floods broke out on several floors and reached

panic-levels as:- (1) the urinals on first-floor male relieved the tension of their history and splendour, and (2) at the West End of the castle, where fair damsels screamed in distress as the flood-levels rose due to the carelessness of the wash-maids in the carrying out of their duties.

The dungeon, with all its hidden treasures (darts?), was ordered closed by the lord of the castle (and the grace of God), much to the distress of it's knightly occupants.

Meanwhile, back in the room, Padre was wearing away the knees of his gowns as he prayed for the salvation of his inebriated crew, as, for the seventeenth night in succession, the wine-cellar, in all it's towering glory beside the sea, was being tampered with. Spirits rose as songs were heard echoing into the night.

Grave concern broke out throughout the castle when it was rumoured that Squire Jordan had lost his family crest during adventures unknown to the common folk. Cries could be heard echoing into the distance from the battlements as bereavement took place.

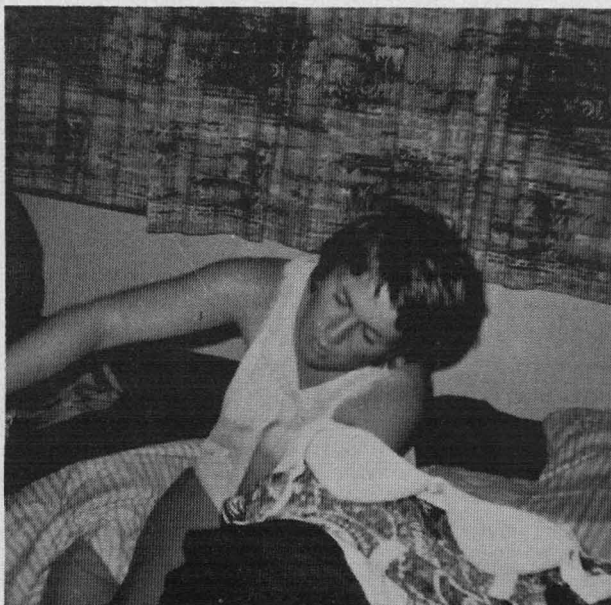
Meanwhile, "Wizard" Frank was gazing into his leather ball dreaming of his coming battles

on the field. Commoner John dwelt secure in his humble abode (along with the other "mateys" assigned to the flats), with his armory, dreaming too, of adventurers yet to be, in another field.

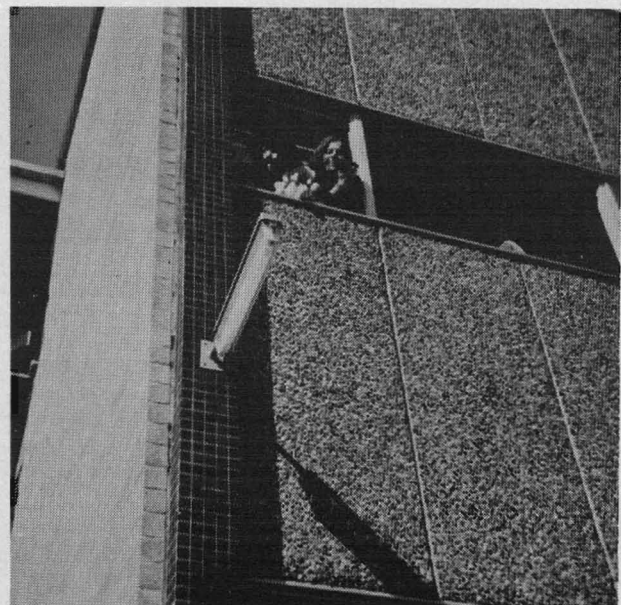
The other castle-dwellers, of course, spent their hours pawing by candlelight over myriads of musty books that lined the walls of the great castle, in vain attempts to increase their knowledge in these hard times, and to "pass" away the years. (...1..2..3..)

Although the castle was a happy place, there occurred brief interludes of warfare between the "east" and "west" ....Some were seen floundering in the moat as water flowed freely about the exterior battlements. These were the hard times. Now, at twilight, fair damsels trip about the tennis court as members of previously opposing sides argue enthusiastically over ye grande olde sporte of Danish Rounders acquired during battle on ye olde Continental Crusades. As the sun sets behind the pines in the castle grounds, these and other activities (?) continue far into the night, to the muffled cries of....YAHOOOOO!!!!

TWO OF THE PADRES  
FAITHFUL FLOCK



Harken to these words - the results of one too many tampering with ye olde wine-cellar.



Sentries keep a watchful eye from the battlements



# PRINCIPAL'S

# REPORT

Your message this year comes from the Acting Principal, for Mr. Jenkins is still on sick leave, although you will be pleased to know that he is now making steady progress and hopes to be with us again in 1972. For the greater part of the year, too, I have been overseas myself, so that Mr. Fry and Mr. Allan have borne the burden of the day, and both Mr. Jenkins and I take this opportunity of publicly expressing our thanks to them.

Now the year draws to its inexorable close, a time when one looks back to the achievements of the past, and forward to hopes and plans for the future. For each of you it must surely have been a period of growth and development, both professionally and socially. For the College it has been rather the pause or "plateau" before the "spurt". It

was the first year when all entrants were enrolled for the 3 year Diploma course. Our future status is still being considered by the Fourth University Committee. But our new building, written of hopefully in past "Struans" is on the drawing boards, the marker pegs are in the ground, and we are promised that it will be ready for 1972. Twin tower blocks, three or four storeys high, costing between \$1 and \$2 million, will contain new Student Union facilities library, staff offices, and lecture rooms. Many plans and ideas we have had to postpone for lack of appropriate facilities will then be possible, and our hopes rise accordingly. Student enrolment by 1980 could reach two thousand. Those of you who return for the Silver Jubilee in 1984 (a significant date!) will find it a very different

More personally now, I would like to pass on some observations from my trip —

Firstly, and very tritely, but worth emphasizing — there are far more problems we have in common as human beings than there are issues which divide us. International goodwill and understanding so earnestly desired by all of us depend on each one of us, and especially on those who educate others.

Next, with the overwhelming population pressures of today, particularly in the cities, the individual, crowded, pushed, living in units storeys high, can feel very insignificant, and anonymous. Do, as teachers, find the worth of each child you teach, treat him as an individual, make him feel that he matters and that you care.

To those who graduate this year, the College wishes you well — long years of happiness and satisfaction in your career. To those returning, be eager and willing to accept the challenges which will be yours as College leaders.

Miss G. KENTISH



# V.P. REPORT

With the serious illness of the Principal, Mr. George Jenkins, and the absence of the Vice Principal, Miss Kentish, on leave, many changes in staff responsibilities were necessary from Term Two, 1971. The assumption of the role of Acting Principal for several months was for me an interesting, if some what exhausting, experience.

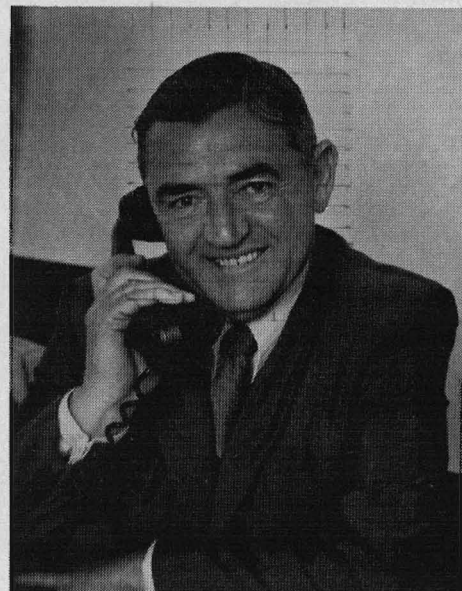
One of the most interesting features of this period was the interviewing of several students, particularly from the first year groups, who felt that they had taken the wrong decision in accepting teacher training. In a period of relative prosperity and job availability these young people were prepared to try other avenues of employment. The main factor in making a decision to give up teacher training seemed to be the practical teaching

Most students indicated that they were capable of handling the academic requirements but found themselves unhappy in the teaching situation.

The year has been marked by some lack of student support for the S.R.C. and its ancillary functions. With the increase in representation of the student body on many important college committees, the S.R.C. needs all the support possible if these representatives are to carry out their functions capably in the interest of both students and S.R.C.

I would like to thank Mr. Allen and other members of staff and the student body for support and co-operation in a difficult situation.

Mr. FRY



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## Mr. JENKINS RE-VISITED

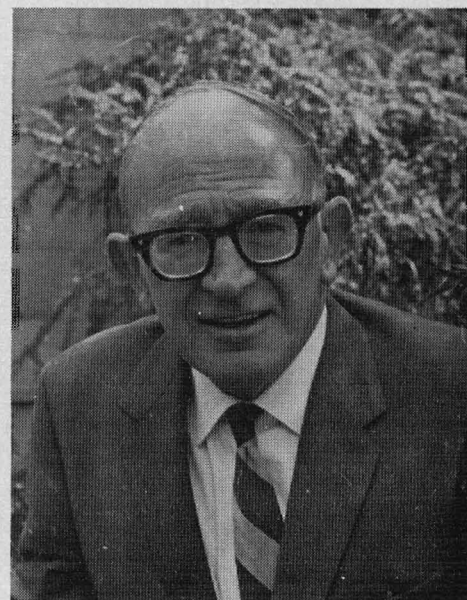
Mr. Fry has known Mr. Jenkins for fifteen years, from the time they were at Burwood Teachers' College together. Mr. Jenkins was primarily a Secondary teacher until he went to Ballarat as a Senior Lecturer (1951) then to Burwood (1956) and finally to Frankston in March 1962 as Principal.

When Mr. Jenkins took over there were 450 students at College, 40 staff members and the two courses offered were T.I.T.C. and T.P.T.C. Apart from the portables the buildings were the same. Since 1962 there have been many changes: Struan is no longer used as composite lecturer rooms but as an extension of the Art and Maths Departments, the T.I.T.C. course has been phased out, the number of students has increased to 750 and the staff has increased also.

Another development is that there are now fewer men coming to

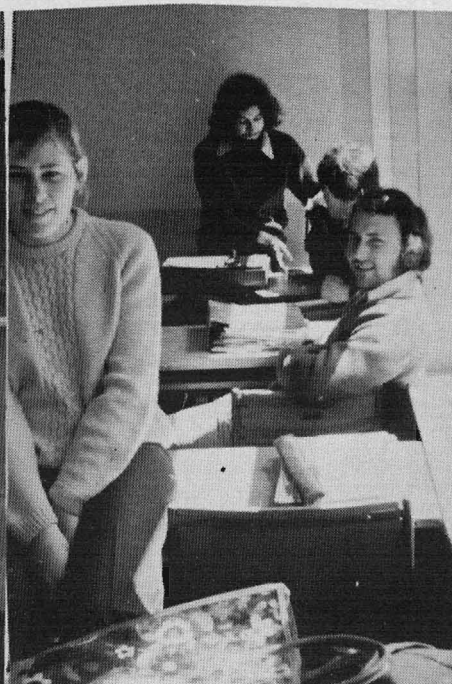
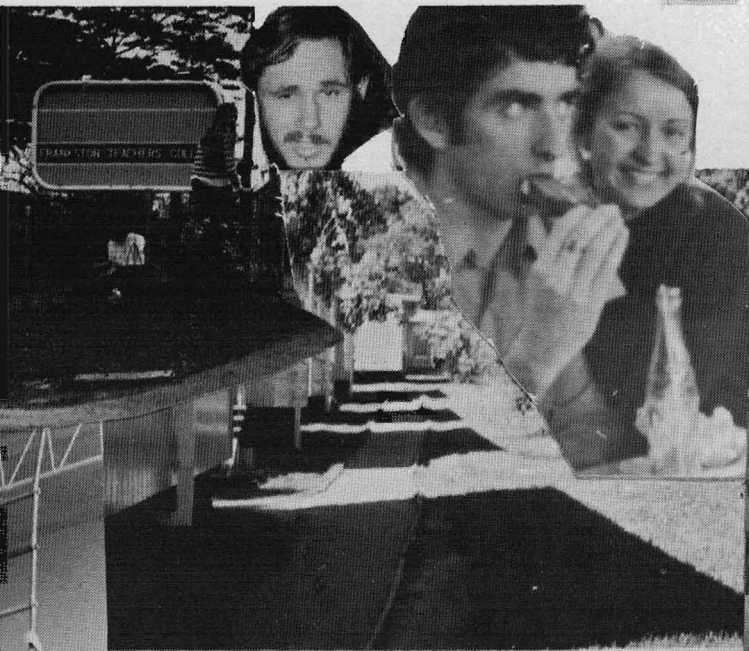
College, with the numbers declining every year. The trend is for men to want to teach at the secondary level, or find employment in more lucrative fields.

Mr. Jenkin's attitude towards the student body has always been a helpful one. He has admitted students to committees which were originally staff run, meaning that students have had more say wherever possible in committees such as Assessment and Education Week. His attitude has also been one of understanding and sympathy. He has let the students have a fair say in College activities and has given up the power of the Veto — doing this because he felt representative students were old enough to act on behalf of others. Mr. Jenkins has given up his time, energy, and now his health, for the welfare of students at Frankston Teachers' College.

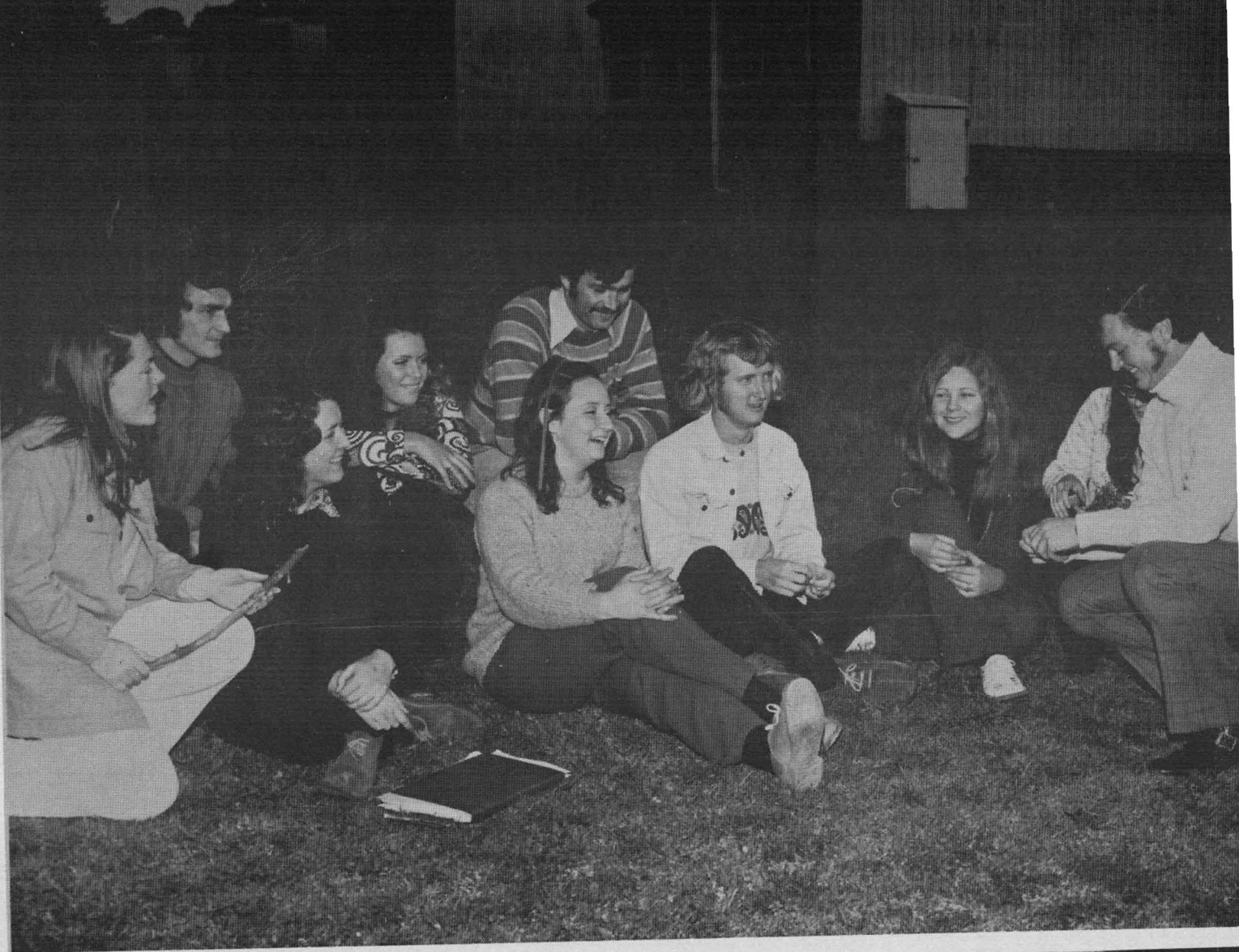


# S.R.C.

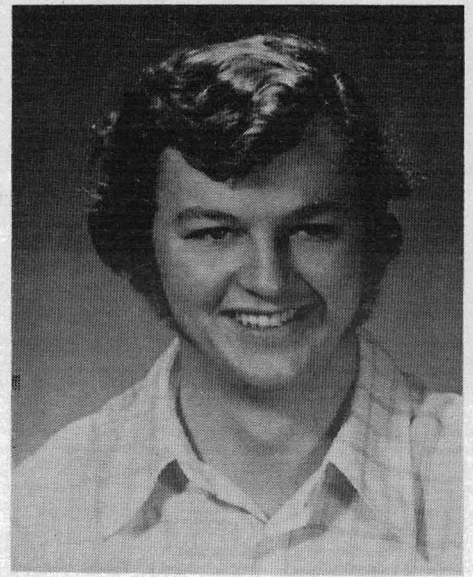








# PRESIDENT



The year of 1971 has been, for S.R.C., one of considerable crisis.

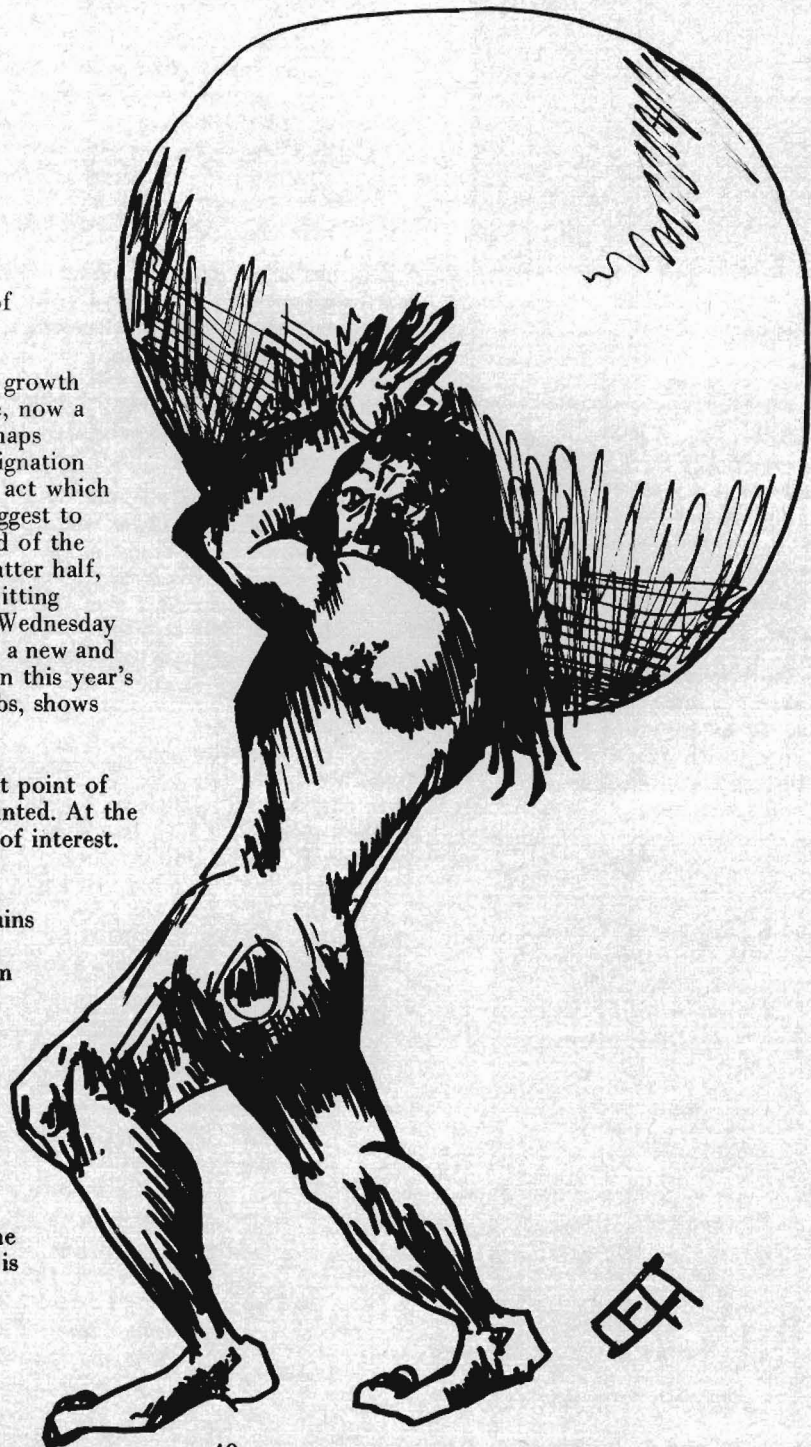
It has been marked by the continuation, and growth of student apathy; the failure of some people, now a distinct minority, to pay S.R.C. fees and perhaps most important of all, by the unexpected resignation of the 1971 S.R.C. president, John Daly. An act which caused a short-term crisis. All these would suggest to the casual observer that S.R.C. was at the end of the road. However this year, particularly in the latter half, S.R.C. has shown a metamorphosis, by committing itself to its policies. The potential shown by Wednesday student meetings, the I.D. cards, the birth of a new and interesting student paper; the active interest in this year's Struan, and the formation of several new clubs, shows evidence of this.

I along with many others, feel that the lowest point of S.R.C. history has been reached, and surmounted. At the moment S.R.C. is hovering in the resurgence of interest. Thus providing a basis for a revolution.

The answer to S.R.C.'s rejuvenation still remains questionable. It is obvious however that next year changes must be made. The group system must be revised, student meetings must be increased, S.R.C. must overcome the communication gap between it and the student body, fees must be collected and apathy must decrease.

This year's first years have set the example to follow, along with a few hard-working second and third year students. Still more drive must be shown for S.R.C. to become the body it has the potential to be. I hope 1972 is the year.

STEVEN BRENNAN



# VICE PRES.

# REPORT



Despite strong criticism of S.R.C. by many students this year, I have enjoyed playing my part on the S.R.C. I can, to a certain extent, understand why S.R.C. does receive so much criticism but the "knockers" are those who rarely, if ever, involve themselves in the activities which S.R.C. organizes for them. I doubt if many students have any idea of the amount of time and energy which heads of S.R.C. committees and their few assistants spend for college students.

This year John Daly made history at F.T.C. — he was the first President of S.R.C. to resign before his year was up. He felt that the work which this job entailed was too much for him. Personally, I feel that John was trying to do too much — at that early stage in the year, nobody on S.R.C. really knew what they were doing and things were, admittedly, in a rather sorry situation. However when Steve Brennan was elected things did seem to improve. I think that at this time every committee head felt responsible, to a certain extent, for John's resignation and started to pull his or her weight as he/she became more familiar with his/her own job.

S.R.C. has achieved some very worthwhile results this year. Despite the continuous struggle to persuade students to write for college publications, both Struan and Nostrum have enthusiastic committees who have expounded much energy this year.

Leigh Crang has done a tremendous job as editor of Nostrum as well as being instrumental in many other progressive steps made by S.R.C. this year. Julie Buzzacott and Sharyn Walters, ably assisted by Don Ashby, are striving to produce a Struan which never got to the printers in 1970.

The other committee heads, particularly the Diploma 2's, all have contributed in their own way to the success of S.R.C. this year. Jan Barrett, Kevin Dalton, Mick Pickles and Sue Wolfe have all had a good taste of S.R.C. and I feel that S.R.C. is going to benefit by the return of these Diploma 2's to

college next year. Even if they don't stand for positions on S.R.C. again this year, they will still be there as a ready source of information for the 1972 S.R.C.

This factor, along with many others should lead the way for a most successful 1972 S.R.C. S.R.C. is still working even at this late stage of the year — the first time I have witnessed such activity in my three years at College. We will offer to financial members next year — a more presentable diary, an I.D. card which will save holders time and money and an itemised list of fees will be circulated so that students can see where their money goes. 1972 promises then, to be even more successful than 1971 as far as S.R.C. is concerned.

MARGARET BULL

# SECRETARY

This position entails general secretarial duties such as replying to correspondence, writing and typing the Minutes of the meetings, developing chronic typists' cramp in the process. Keeping roll for S.R.C. meetings was another of my duties during the year.

Unfortunately S.R.C. meetings during the year had an attendance average of approximately 25 people compared with full membership, which is 40. It was apt, I thought, when the photographer came to the meetings towards the end of the year, that all he could photograph were 14 people and quite a few empty chairs.

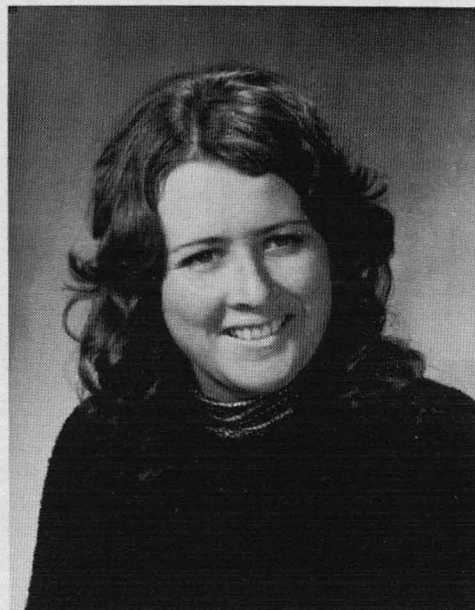
As S.R.C. meetings are the only convenient way of conveying what is "going on" in the college,

and also for airing grievances from the students, lack of numbers hampers our ability to operate as a representative body.

Several times during the year it was indicative that a communication gap existed between the student body and the so-called "aloof" S.R.C. body. Perhaps if groups elected reliable, responsible and interested representatives to S.R.C., the gap would be bridged, and further involvement would eventuate.

I can honestly say that I have enjoyed my position as secretary during the year, and would like to wish future secretaries and S.R.C.'s good luck.

DAWN HILYEAR



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# TREASURER

The treasurer's job, I imagine, is the least satisfying task in the S.R.C., giving little sense of achievement. The position carries with it a wealth of responsibility. Tasks included are receipting and banking of fees, payment of accounts, and balancing the receipts and payments at the end of each month.

The key to a smoothly running job is organization. The haphazard collection of fees impeded this. This meant that the Financial Committee meeting was not held until well into the second term, because we had no idea of how much money we had available for allocation until the beginning of first term. Hence the enthusiastic members of the Film and Drama Clubs, for example, were unable to commence their activities until third term.

Being the treasurer has been an eye-opener for me. I have seen at first hand what S.R.C. actually does. How many of you go to S.R.C. subsidised Balls? listen to records and radio in the common room, read Nostrum, or use sports equipment, bought by S.R.C.? If you do none of these then you have only yourself to blame, But why penalize others, by being selfish. To enjoy college you have to become involved, and S.R.C. provides the opportunities for this, by using your fees. Give others a chance even if you can't be bothered.

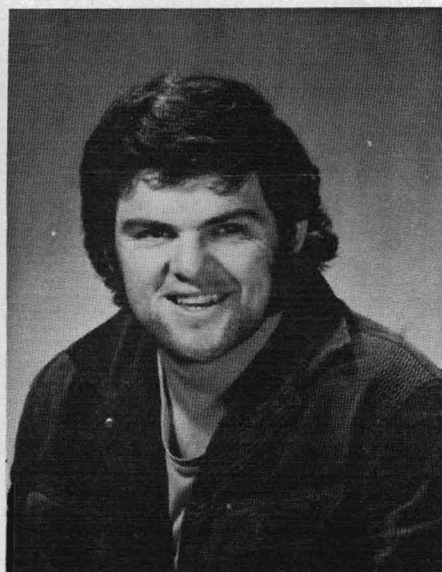
Realising that students taking on S.R.C. executive positions have difficult jobs ahead of them, it IS extra work: by supporting them you'll make their tasks easier, so that they can enjoy them.

SUSAN WOLFE



# SUB COM'S

## Wednesday 'Arvo'



In the winter inter-college competition our prowess was again proven. Hockey and two women's basket-ball teams were beaten in the finals. The volleyball team won their final and golf, football, squash and international rules basketball had their share of success.

Bendigo T.C. visited us earlier on in the year for social matches – including after games activities down the local! F.T.C. visited Cerberus Naval Depot once before the swimming carnival and then again in second term and these proved to be successful and enjoyed by all. Our trek up to Ballarat was an experience – the sporting enthusiasts enjoyed moderate FULLfilms!!

As the year just about closes, it is best summed up in a recreational and sporting way as a successful year, with new clubs being formed and new activities being undertaken. But support from the students is needed and any queries about new clubs, recreational or sporting, will be gratefully accepted. Good luck for next year.

BRONNIE BRIGHTON  
CLIVE BROMAN

## Activities



Sport and recreational activities this year tended to take on a new concept. The individual sporting activities did have a new lease on life – yoga, creative dance, drama, archery, rifle shooting, golf, horse riding, canoeing and scuba diving are providing for the participants activities where they can relax and enjoy themselves while not competing against others.

This modern trend towards the individual sports is continuing and bush walking and camping clubs are hoped to be formed for next year's students as well.

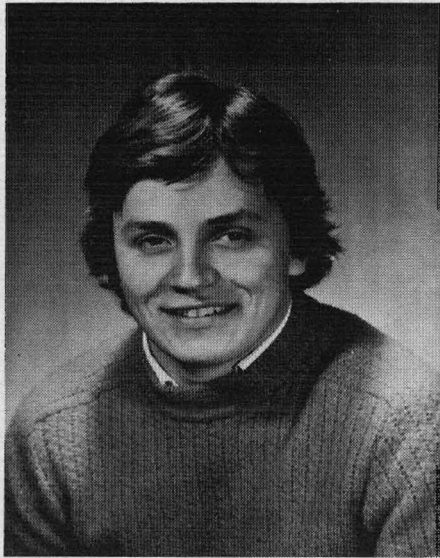
As can be expected, aquatics is very popular in the warmer weather and water skiing, yachting and canoeing, help to provide an enjoyable aquatic arvo. Canoeing has recently branched out to a club of its own and ventures down to all sorts of rivers and rapids with a variety of outcomes. Because outdoor recreational activities are noticeably on the increase, weekends down at Portsea provide a different environment and selection of activities for those who go. This is important to the college because all facilities can adapt themselves

to a few days there without much difficulty at all. Of course Phys. Ed. is an ideal link here. This year there was a good correlation between sport and P.E. (especially part 3 P.E.) A weekend down at Portsea provided areas for water skiing, scuba diving, archery, orienteerir and hopefully – absailing. As part of the P.E. course ventures were taken to the snow country for a day for a flip over and down the mountains. Horse riding was a group activity enjoyed by all and scuba diving has now started. Therefore, with the greater correlation between sport and P.E. courses much more will be achieved.

However, away from singular activities. Competitive sport this year proved to be quite successful. First on the itinery was the Swimming Carnival at Olympic Pool. Some felt it was disappointing to come 4th in A division, but they must also remember in 1970 we were promoted from B division (cos we won!) to A division but the competition proved to be too stiff. Better luck next year, kids! The Athletic sports at Olympic Park was not long after the above mentioned, and again we proved ourselves to be in with the better half of the colleges.



# CONCERT & D



The C & D. committee has endeavoured to provide entertainment throughout the year, and you could say it has been reasonably successful. Many well known entertainers have been brought down to College, overall exhibiting a wide variety of talents.

Spectrum, Daddy Cool, Franciscus Henry, Hans Poulsen and even a magician are a few of the entertainers that we have managed to secure.

Although S.R.C. on the whole had many problems of support from the student body, C. & D did not have any. Of course there is the initial "What Me!" exclamation when asked to go in a concert, but by far I had many people who were only too willing to help. So good was this, that in the concert in June, I had to cut down on the acts due to lack of time, yet we still ran over time much to the displeasure of the Phys. Ed. Staff. Speaking of problems, I do not think there will be any next year. There are a few '71 first years who are going to, if they so feel inclined, prove to be excellent initiators of C. & D. activities.

Thanks to all those people who supported Concert and Dramatics this year, you made it as successful as it could have been.

KEVIN DALTON

# R A M A T I C S



# WELFARE

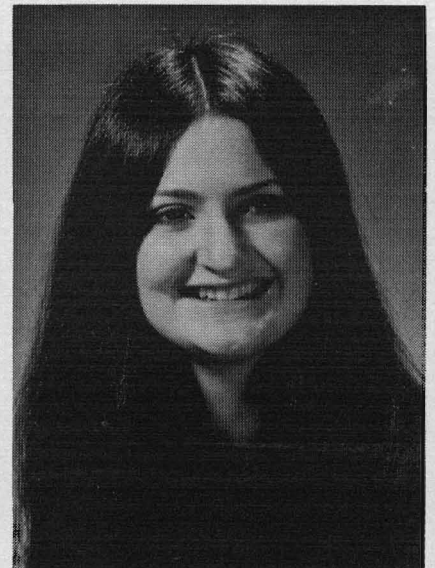
At this stage of the year I would like to thank all those people who supported the College at the Fair and the Fashion Parade.

Although these activities fell short of their performance of previous years, they were nevertheless financial successes, although only marginally so. Many students put much time and effort into helping make these the successes they were — group representatives, supper helpers, models and staff members.

During the course of 1971 the Parent's Welfare Association has provided the College with the finance to purchase a mobile trolley, seven resuscitators for the Physical Education Department, two looms for the Art and Craft Department, as well as financing the installation and modification of the microphone system in the Assembly Hall. During third term the Association also presented

the S.R.C. with a cheque for \$1,000 which will be used within the College.

For all this expenditure, the Association, which consists of a dedicated and diligent, but small body of parents, requested only the support of the students in their two money-raising functions of this year. (Unfortunately the Garden Party, which is usually held in first term, had to be cancelled due to the unavailability of the R.A.A.F. band at the time.) These parents not only organized the activities in great detail, but were also willing, and concerned enough, to actively involve themselves in the activities on the day, for example, they ran the Produce Stall and the Fancy goods and Needlework Stall at the Fair. They are not content to be a group of faceless people, as they might well have been.



Once again I would like to thank the stalwarts of 1971. On behalf of the students, I would also like to extend a vote of thanks to the members of the Parent's Welfare Association who have, and are continuing to improve the facilities within the College for the benefit of the Students.

JOANNE BUNCE

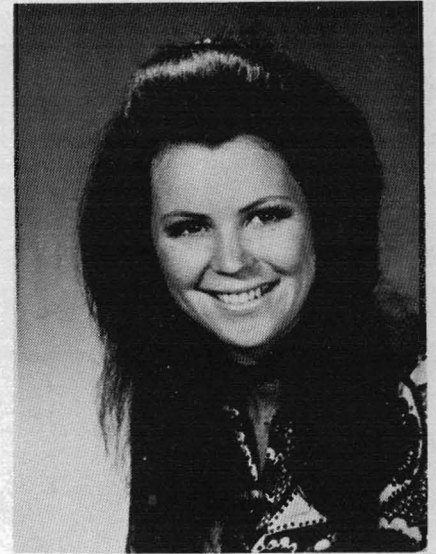
# SOCIAL REPORT

For me, 1971 hit off in March with the "Bring Your Own Tucker" ball at Springvale. Apart from expanded ear lobes and ??? we all survived, (well, nearly). Taa to all the candy-pink ping-pong painters, threaders, ticket makers, table printers and balloon bloweruppers. Even though your efforts were either hastily hoarded or simply disregarded by some, I won't forget. F.T.C. was next introduced to Pt. Leo Surf Lifesaving Club by a B.B.Q. come whatever. The result being a "b. . . y mess" (complete with broken windows and doors) left to six people to renovate until the early hours. Taa Jim Holzer, Tony Cappadona, Andrew Brown, Leighton Blackburn, Leigh Crang, John Daly for setting up and organizing the B.B.Q.'s and Frank Johnson for enabling us to use and abuse the clubhouse.

On the same note I must mention the "Wild Weekend" in Sydney and the Snow Trip — just too unreal for words or, the least said soonest mended.

The mid-year Ball at Earl's Court united us all once again (sardines?). Thankyou everyone who helped make this ball possible too.

A Steam Train Trip and riotous Car Rally organized by Rhonda White and friends enabled second term to get well on the road again. We had many inexpensive theatre nights throughout the year. Such "scintillating cineramerers" included "Every Home Should Have One", "The Owl and the Pussycat", "Ryan's Daughter", "Women in Love", "Virgin and the Gypsy", "Love Story", "Barry Humphries", "Kes", "Hair". Thanks Sandra Parsons and Sue Reid for a job well done; to Ann Bridgford goes special thanks for all her organizational assistance etc. throughout the year.



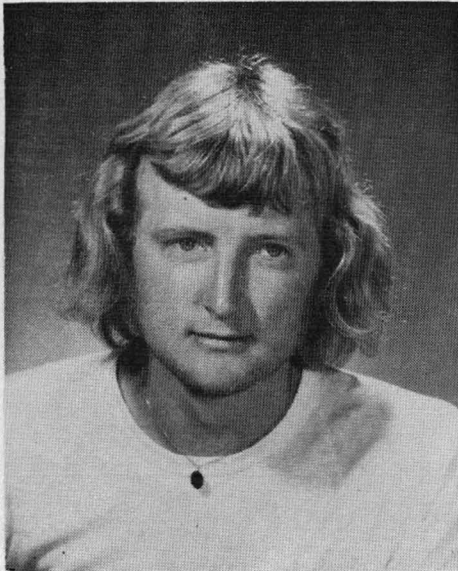
Although the end of year Ball has yet to make its presence felt, I would like to prematurely thank "the workers", whilst at the same time I hope this function is all you expect it to be (plus a little more).

A final thankyou to each of everyone of you who have supported any social functions throughout the year. Extra special thanks to our two Presidents and the rest of the S.R.C. crew who made my job bearable. I sincerely hope everyone has had half as much enjoyment as I have. Best wishes for results, holidays and '72.

JAN BARRETT



# SOCIAL SERVICE



One person in College who warrants a great deal of thanks is Mr. Prowse. This year he made available two books – “Guide Dogs at Work” and “Onlooker”. Part of the money from the sale of these books went to the Victorian Institute for the Blind and the Red Cross.

Thanks go to the courageous body of students who donated (?) blood to the Red Cross.

A very practical gesture in which some students assisted was the tutoring of children from the Menzies Homes. Students gave freely of their time going each week to tutor the children in the foster homes. Assuredly this work was much appreciated by all concerned.

Towards the end of the year an appeal was launched to sponsor children from Faraday St. Primary School Carlton to go on a camp at Anglesea. As teachers the students realized the plight of the children so raising over \$120.

Two other appeals which raised a considerable amount were the “Forget Me Not” appeal for the Spastic Children’s Society and the one for the play centre at Allambie.

A few other activities which groups carried out were buying kickboards and giving money to the Mt. Eliza Orthopaedic Centre, taking Home children to places of interest. Children from Swinburne House were taken to Tullamarine Jetport; money was raised to buy electric blankets for pensioners and children at the Andrew Kerr Memorial Home were often visited.

I must conclude by saying that I’m sincerely grateful for all the help that was given to these charitable institutions through the generous efforts of the student body. My sincere thanks go to all who gave me their support in and out of College this year and may 1972 be an even more successful one for Social Service.

MICK PICKLES

It is hard to write any kind of report on Social Service without mentioning individuals who gave of their time and effort: time to think of those less fortunate and to make an effort to help them out. Rather than write out a long list of groups, names and charities that were ably assisted I will try to run through those which gained most support from the student body.

Elderly people from the War Veterans Home and the Brotherhood of St. Lawrence were given a free viewing of the play and the musical, with supper being provided for them by willing helpers. Other groups provided supper on the remaining nights – the money raised being given to Social Service.

S.R.C., on behalf of the student body gave a donation of \$150 to the “Connor Foundation” which is trying to set up a home and hospital for fully dependent and bedridden mentally retarded children.

The student body was also very fortunate in having Dr. Ridley at College to give a talk about dyslexic children – something I am sure they all benefited from.



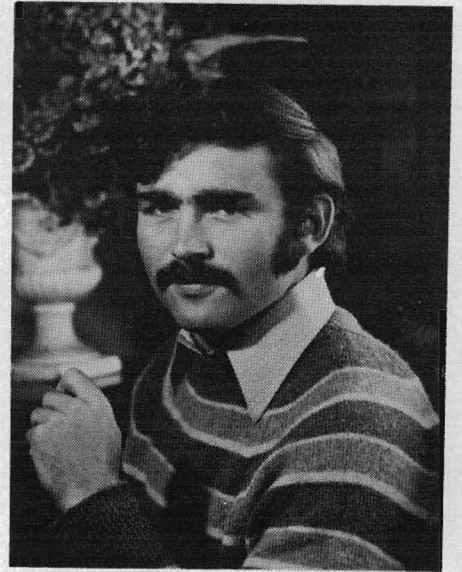
# NOSTRUM REPORT

It is hard to evaluate the worth of NOSTRUM over 1971 because it has only been in existence for a few short months. In that time five editions have been produced.

NOSTRUM began in early June at a time when the S.R.C. was inflicted with an unprecedented mid-year upheaval. NOSTRUM was initiated as an attempted breakaway news organ from the S.R.C. media, SEAHORSE. This disassociation was due to the lack of interest, support and effort surrounding this existing paper. Up to the time of the first NOSTRUM, S.R.C. publications had produced an Orientation Magazine and three editions of IDEA IDEA, an individual attempt by Pat Donohue to establish some student/staff opinion within the college — an aim it unfortunately did not fulfill. Therefore, prior to NOSTRUM, there seems to have been little attempt by either students, staff or S.R.C. to circulate a publication within the college of F.T.C.

NOSTRUM has attempted to draw together aspects of college life, at the same time providing an entertaining, newsworthy paper representative of F.T.C. The response and backing from a large section of the college has been excellent and each issue has had new contributors. We have covered or attempted to cover, all aspects and interests in which we believe you would be involved. We have begun to tap the literary talent of F.T.C. and next year should have a much improved position.

I would personally like to thank Heather Ritchie for her time, assistance and patience as Co-editor. Also the large band of helpers who came to my assistance when asked. Thanks also to Anne Bridgeford who drew tremendous illustrations and headings, Jan Barrett for her assistance with design, and Bruce West who was photographer in the last issue. But a newspaper is only as good as its contributions



and I would like to thank and congratulate those students and staff who gave their literary talents and opinions.

Publications Representative  
LEIGH CRANG. Y2

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## V.T.U.

The Victorian Teachers Union is, to all intents and purposes, representative of the needs and attitudes of the majority of teachers (mostly Primary) in Victoria. However the majority of teachers in Victoria are satisfied contented women and consequently, they are well represented by the Union, which is a slow-moving, fragmented hulk bogged down in a welter of bureaucracy.

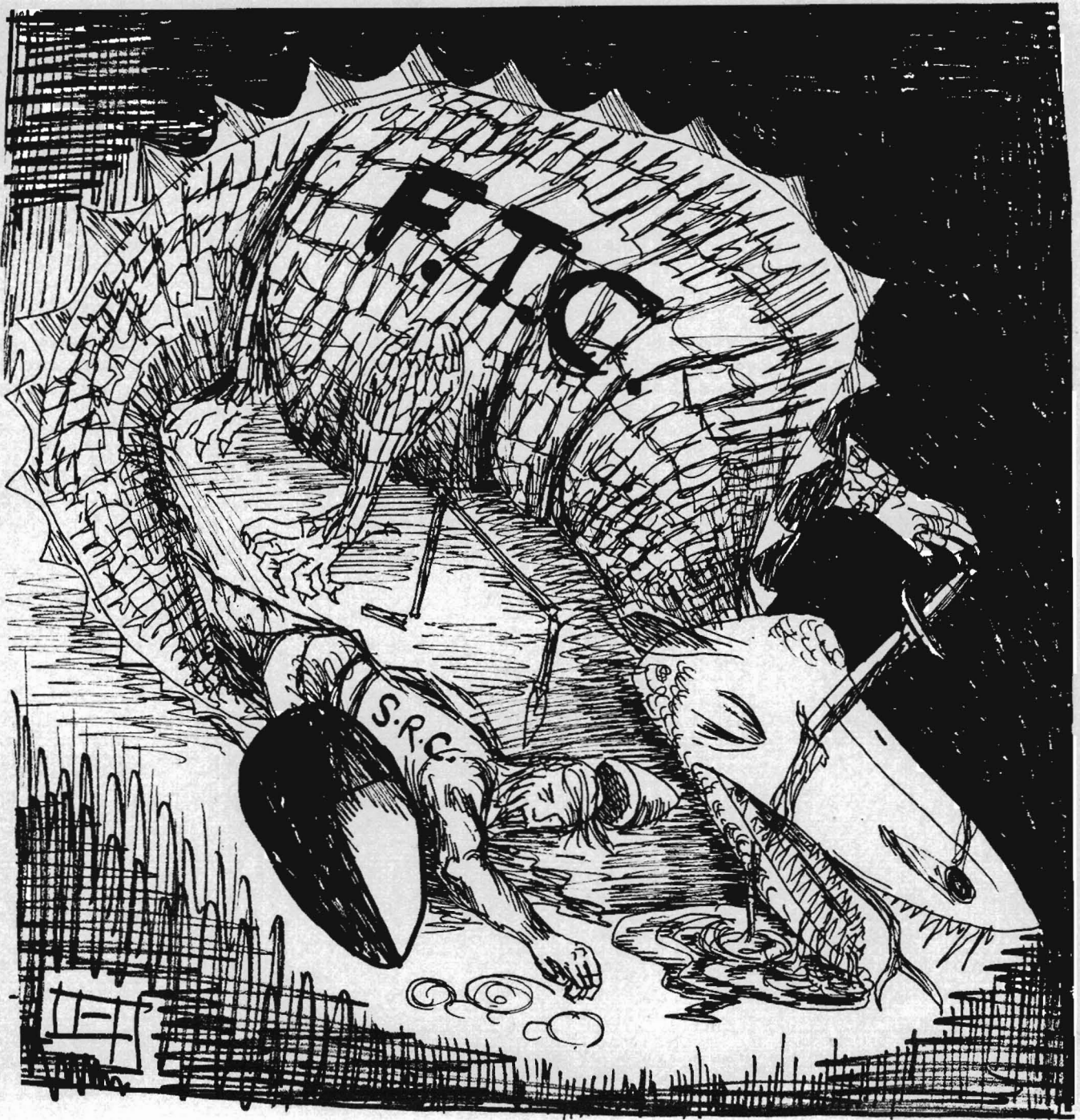
Student-teachers have little or no voice in changing Union policy, Resolutions are sent to Council, but it is up to the Councillors to

vote on any upstart resolution emanating from a Teacher's College — as if any upstart resolution would emanate from a Teacher's College! Frankston T.C. in particular! As it is, we are not much more than an agency. We collect money and grievances, send them in, and hope for the best. Little wonder that any active spirit of unionism (if it exists at all) is crushed in, save the extremely dedicated and the extremely stupid.

ROBERT MACARTHUR.

# NO COMMENT

- Mr. Falla — "Pecifically"
- Jen — "Aksed"
- Kevin — "Use your diaphragm!!"
- Mr. G. Jones — "Careful, I'll smack your bottom"
- Chrissy — "It's not funny. I've got to go!"
- Ann — "Yu know, B\_\_\_\_\_r me dead!"
- Miss Williamson — "Where's the heater?"
- Monty — "Oh, Oh that reminds me" ..... sex?
- Mr. Finnis — "At your convenience or mine?" Any time —
- Judy W. — "It's just not fair"
- Miss Guest — "I exhort you to drive carefully"
- Donna S. — "Could you repeat that please?!"
- Mr. B. — "We're not having singing today — are we Sharyn?"  
"I'm not a granite heart, I'm a Caramello Bear"
- Canteen Ladies — "Turn the b\_\_\_\_\_y radio down!!"
- Stephen B. — "I'm not working as hard lately" — only straight B's.
- Peter C. — "Where's my tooth?"
- Donald — "Sheepdog. Trying to be ewesful".
- Mr. Cameron — "Take the example of the pigeon in the cage ..... "
- Mr. Garrett (SBO) — "Take my word for it!"
- Mr. Trembarth — "It's not quite right but it'll do"
- Miss Papworth — "And here I have a ..... "
- Mr. Brennan — "Hello sweetie!"
- Suey — "Bags the front seat"
- John W. — "Do you know what's wrong with you?"
- Jenny S. — "This Nostrum isn't achieving what I meant it to"
- Julie Sv. — "Now who do I know in here?"
- Ngairé — "Oooh! Am I going red?"
- Margaret — "Ooh that's beautiful. I wish I could do that"
- Sharyn ) — "Did you get that opal from Coober Pedy?"
- Sue T. ) — "No, me broother!"
- Mr. Teasdale — "Ah, dah, der um! Yes — Does that answer your question?"
- Sandra P. — "I'm so worried I can't do a thing" — straight A's.
- Elena — "Boy was I rotten last night"
- Dianne B. — "I don't agree"
- Mrs. Hamilton — "Have I inspired you?"
- Penny M. — "Giddy Boobs!"
- June — "How about a moving van for my twenty first?"
- Trudy — "I was not on confinement leave"
- Stephen C. — "Don't act like a dead turd"
- Jeanette S. — "I'm getting fat"
- Warren — "Be quiet!"
- Judy C. — "Oo heavens"
- Miss Cousins — "Sssh!"
- Flipper — "Not another staple"
- Lyn M. — (How can you write a laugh on paper?)
- Graeme L. — "Ah me boy"
- Alan M. — "I ..... "
- Jan Barrett — "I'm on a diet!"
- Mr. Kelly — "Diffi Cult"
- Mr. Burns — "Just as an aside"
- Mr. Morgan — "Whonda, stop that!"
- Mrs. Kennedy — "Where's Phillip Woodhouse?"
- Mr. Mutimer — Our Dorothy Dix.
- Mr. Pappas — "Concentrate!!"
- Carolyn G. — "Music — a harmonious union of mind and spirit"
- Mr. MacPherson — "It's all lies, but I wish it was true"
- Marg B. — "Listen, this is serious!" Ha, ha!
- Bill M. — "They jumped us at Eagle Rock"
- Julie Buzz — "Crash b\_\_\_\_\_y hot!"



# EPILOGUE

# Autographs

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