If you began where you should have begun, you are about to read the second annual magazine of the Frankston Teachers' College. I trust that you will enjoy the results of the many hours of thoughtful writing and compilation backing this piece of work.

You and I have many people to thank for those generous moments. This assistance and friendship we appreciate and value.

I wish you all sound judgment as you take your places in the backbone of our youthful nation.

Some day we shall meet again.
A T R I B U T E T O T H E P R I N C I P A L

A tremendous amount of work is involved in the establishment of a new Teachers' College. All of us realize this as we have seen our College growing around us. But it is only through our contacts with other colleges and comparing and contrasting them with our own, that we see how much of a college policy and its aims and methods is dependent upon the Principal and his staff.

Certainly we would thank the Department for providing the initial grounds and buildings, but we know that these are only the basic essentials for establishing a college. In our make-shift quarters at "Struan" we saw what an enterprising Principal cum furniture remover cum handyman cum gardener could do. But his interest in student welfare by no means ended there. That it has been carried over into our new quarters is seen as we look around our well-equipped buildings and remember the Departmental policy of "Ask, and ye shall receive" ---after a while!

College grounds have received the same attention as the buildings. Few would have thought it possible that, at the end of two years, the college would have its main oval grassed and almost ready for use, but we know that the efforts and enthusiasm of our Principal have made this so.

In the foreword to the College Handbook, the Principal sets out that the aim of the course is to "broaden our knowledge and experience" and provide opportunities for "a many-sided growth."

Again by looking at other colleges we realize that we have been provided with opportunities for experiences in studies, social life and sporting events that other colleges are still seeking to achieve after many years of growth.

From the inception of the College we have been assured of the personal interest of the Principal in each student. We know that every matter which goes before him, however trivial it may seem, will be carefully listened to and fairly dealt with.

It is typical of the Principal that, when it came to the improvements to the "Inner Court," an area which it is anticipated will be much used by students, he asked the Public Works to allow the student body to control the plans for that area.

Student welfare seems to be the key to our Principal and this has found expression in yet another field. By the formation of the Parents and Citizens Welfare Association, an association unique in the realm of Teachers' Colleges, our Principal, despite opposition, has brought about a link in public relations that will affect us not only whilst we are still students, but also when we are teachers in the field.

We look forward now to the time coming when the vision and forethought of our Principal will be rewarded as the first exit students from Frankston Teachers' College join the throng of young teachers marching toward their first classroom. Principal.

We thank you!
1960 has been a full and happy year, with every member of the S.R.C. enthusiastically contributing his share of time and energy both to the carrying out of his own particular duties and to the successful functioning of the S.R.C. as a whole.

The group representatives have perhaps the most thankless of S.R.C. duties but, without their tireless reporting back and forth between S.R.C. and students, the S.R.C. would be merely an S.C.

The sports secretaries, Helen McLardy and John Gregson, with the help of the Physical Education staff, have capably organized a very wide variety of sports every Wednesday. These sports have included yachting, archery, horse-riding, squash, golf, athletics, football, basketball, softball, badminton, table tennis, tennis, volleyball and hockey.

The publications secretary, Keith Williams, has worked energetically throughout the year. Frankston is proud to boast of being the only Victorian Teachers' College to publish a monthly newspaper. The second publication of our magazine, "Struan," is also the product of Keith's efforts.

The social secretary, Sandra Clark, with her cheerful enthusiasm, has capably organised regular college dances, all of which have been extremely successful. The 2nd annual College ball, which was held in the Caulfield Town Hall in June, was voted the greatest social event the College has ever had.

Everybody present, including the official guests, enjoyed the evening immensely, and Sandra received due congratulations for her splendid organization of the function. A very successful final dance was held at the College on November 30.

Jon Teschendorff has competently kept all the account books in order.

Being an effectual Vice-President is a difficult task. One is faced with the vague duty of "backing up the President". Paul Streckfuss had done this admirably. I should like to express my personal thanks to Paul for his steadfast assistance throughout the year.

Paul also acted as Chairman of the finance committee, which consisted of himself, Jon Teschendorff and Mr. Fry. This committee decided the allotment of money to the various committees.

Vivianne Blair acted as minute secretary at all S.R.C. meetings.

During the year some changes and amendments were made to the constitution. These included the addition of a concert and dramatics committee, its function being to organize dramatic entertainment for visiting colleges and to stage a revue at the end of the College year. John Fisher was appointed secretary and the committee was formed, working with a cast of students, the committee staged a very entertaining revue for two nights in November. This revue was aptly named "FRANTIC."

Meg Gardiner has represented the S.R.C. at meetings of the College Welfare Association. The students co-operated with the Association in the running of a barbecue and dance, and also a mannequin parade, to raise funds for the College.

As well as performing his own particular duty, every S.R.C. member has contributed to the effective functioning of the S.R.C. as a whole.

An account was opened with McComb’s taxi service for the convenience of students requiring a taxi urgently.

A cigarette machine was installed in the common room.

College-crested envelopes and note paper, College bags and College pennants were purchased.

A students' trade card was printed. Students may obtain discount on presentation of this card, which bears the names of business establishments willing to allow discount.

A very enjoyable College picnic was held at Somers on December 2nd.

The S.R.C. concluded its year's activities with a dinner on December 1st.

The retiring council would like to thank the students for their co-operation and support. Our year in office has been most enjoyable. Best wishes for a successful year are extended to the S.R.C. of 1961.
L. to R.    S.R.
(Sports Sect.), M. Gardiner (G.R.), V. Blair (Min. Sect.).
(V. Pres.), Miss Kentish (Staff Rep.), F. Seedsman, S. Clarke (Soc. Sect.), K. Williams (Pubb. Rep.).

D. Boyd, L. McMahon, P. Botsmans.
Front: Miss M. Auld, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. P. Kennedy, Mr. Brown, Miss G. Kentish, W. Eunson, A. H. Fry, D. Allan,
Mrs. M. Brown, Dr. D. Sawyer, G. Wilson.

STRUAN

Page Five
THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS

One day, when northern days become shorter and the dull October weather has changed to bleak November and even chillier early December, a simple, small and colourful parade is cheered in country and city alike. It is the sixth of December — St. Nicholas' Day.

A white stallion stepping delicately and proudly, bears an old, white-bearded, dignified, kindly and richly robed bishop through the grey cobblestone streets and lanes flanked by two- and three-storey red-brick houses — the type which open out directly on to the street. He has several black servants dressed in 17th century Spanish attire — red stockings and black buckled shoes, red, yellow and green vertically striped outfits loosely puffed at the wrists and stocking tops, a fitted jacket and a loose, beret-type striped cap of identical colours. Two or three of such servants prance about the majestic, yet loving, old man. One may have a bundle of rustwood sticks and a very large sack and the other may have a sack full of gingernuts on his back. Children pour forth from the houses, allies and backways and leap and laugh around the parade shouting “Do I deserve the goodies?” upon which one of the Black Peters may throw them a handful of the gingernuts, or run at them with his rod held threateningly and with sack open.

Children scream, leap, bound and shout and sing St. Nicholas songs until they must be hoarse. Some are trampled underfoot and howl as all try to keep up with the trotting horse and its smiling, waving, gracious rider. Some mothers call anxiously to their children as they are returning with laden shopping baskets; some interrupt their conversation with the street vendor when they see their child caught in the reckless mob of children. They run to keep up yet are unable to resist the nuts that are thrown in their direction and must stop short and bob down and grovel amongst the stamping feet for the delicacies. One fat untidy mother stands in her doorway, broom upside down against the wall, one hand on hip, the other shaking a fist at her child. “Come on Billy,” she screeches in a strident voice, “see how much you can get. Shove that Tommy out of your road. For goodness sake grab those nuts before that good-for-nothing Connie gets them.” She, however, is the exception, for most adults are very courteous in the presence of the St. Nicholas.

The story goes that long, long ago, St. Nicholas was a bishop in Spain. He wanted to make all the children of his neighbourhood happy, so every year, on the eve of his feast day, he would leave children toys by their fireside. He was believed by the tots to ride a white horse over the rooftops and lower the presents down the chimney with the aid of his Moorish servants. During the Spanish occupation of Holland his practice spread there. Nowadays the parents buy the toys and pretend to be St. Nicholas or Sinterklaas as he is more commonly known. Children are warned that Black Peter is listening at the chimney for naughty children and reports these deeds to the good saint who rewards only the good. The wicked are presented with a bundle of sticks and may be taken in large sacks back to Spain where they serve long years of enslavement. Needless to say, there are many prospective little saints about for several weeks before this great event.

A STORY FOR BABES FROM THE MOUTH OF A CHILD

TINY RABBIT

Tiny Rabbit lived with his family in a nice clover field. He was a good rabbit — most of the time. Whenever Mother Rabbit told her baby rabbits to eat their spinach, Tiny Rabbit ate his stickety-clean. When Mother Rabbit told them to wiggle their noses and bow to a friend, Tiny Rabbit did it very nicely, and, Tiny Rabbit never forgot to fold his paws and say please when he wanted something extra special. But he just wouldn’t put his ears down when he was told to. You see, Tiny Rabbit wanted to be as big as his brothers and sisters. One day after a game of jump-over-the-rock, they spied a patch of berries.

What a feast they had! Suddenly, Mother Rabbit whispered, “Put your ears down, quickly!” The rabbits obeyed, all but Tiny Rabbit. He went on eating with his ears up. Then he looked up and saw eyes staring at him from the bushes. He was too scared to run. He just sat and shivered while the eyes in the bushes stared at his ears.

Mother Rabbit knew what to do. She jumped into the bushes and the eyes went away.

Now, when Mother Rabbit says, “Put your ears down,” Tiny Rabbit is the first to obey. He says, “I can’t hide with my ears up tall. And I’d rather be a tiny rabbit than no rabbit at all.”

D. Swanson.

The above was written by a sixth grade girl at Overport State School.

Page Six

STRUAN
**COLLEGE DIARY—1960**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>February 9th</td>
<td>Second year students returned to college.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 12th</td>
<td>First year students began college.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 18th</td>
<td>College branch selected its V.T.U. officers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 23rd</td>
<td>Welcome Dance.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 24th</td>
<td>Mr. Warwick, President of the V.T.U., Mr. Hicks, council representative. Mr. McPhail, local President of the V.T.U., and Mr. Charlton, local secretary of the V.T.U., spoke at the assembly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>March 2nd</td>
<td>Mrs. McCutcheon, from the local Guide branch, attended the assembly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 9th</td>
<td>College farewelled the retiring Director of Education and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 30th</td>
<td>Swimming Sports at Olympic Pool.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 31st</td>
<td>Parents’ Welfare Association Dance and Barbeque at College.</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 6th</td>
<td>World Refugee Week — Speaker gave a talk at College.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 12th</td>
<td>Music Man.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 20th</td>
<td>Dance at College — “Autumn Affair.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 8th</td>
<td>Mr. McDonald, new Director of Education, spoke at College.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 27th</td>
<td>Start of Inter-College Sport Competition.</td>
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<td>.. 27th</td>
<td>Drama Elective presented Plays for Shakespeare Day.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 3rd</td>
<td>Elly Lukas and our lecturer, Mr. Brown, spoke at the women’s and men’s assemblies respectively.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 10th</td>
<td>Trip to Bendigo for Winter Sports.</td>
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<tr>
<td>.. 20th</td>
<td>Vacation.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*Miss Rosemary Day, popular president of our Student Representative Council, presents a gift of tie bar and cuff links, bearing the Seashore emblem, to the Director of Education, Mr. Ramsay, on his retirement.*

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*AN STRUAN*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>June</th>
<th>15th</th>
<th>Mr. Risstrom from the Taxpayers' Association spoke at the assembly.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>22nd</td>
<td>Dr. Stoller (Chief Clinical Officer for Mental Hygiene) spoke at the assembly.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>28th</td>
<td>College Ball at Caulfield Town Hall.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July</td>
<td>6th</td>
<td>Mr. W. W. Saunders, Local Option Alliance, spoke at the assembly.</td>
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<td>13th</td>
<td>Talk on Road Safety by Mr. Patterson.</td>
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<td>20th</td>
<td>American Fulbright Exchange scholar, Mr. Bogardus, spoke on American Education.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>26th</td>
<td>Snow trip.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>30th</td>
<td>Jazz Club Dance at College.</td>
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<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>Drama Elective presented Australian plays for Australian Literature Week.</td>
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<td>10th</td>
<td>Dr. Murphy, Principal of the Teachers' College for Deaf Children, spoke at the assembly.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>17th</td>
<td>Education Day at College.</td>
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<tr>
<td>September</td>
<td>2nd - 9th</td>
<td>Vacation and Tours.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>Extended Tours and Excursions for students at College.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>21st</td>
<td>Films of tours shown.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>22nd</td>
<td>Dance, &quot;Show Eve Shuffle,&quot; at College.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>28th</td>
<td>Elective Excursions.</td>
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<tr>
<td>October</td>
<td>5th</td>
<td>Mental Hygiene Week.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>19th</td>
<td>&quot;Lazy-Ade&quot; Momsborough gave a demonstration of how a recorder should be played.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>26th</td>
<td>Education Excursions.</td>
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<tr>
<td>November</td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>Dance, &quot;Fillies' Frolic,&quot; at College.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>9th</td>
<td>R.A.A.F. Band at College.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>16th</td>
<td>Test cricketer, Dr. Colin McDonald, addresses the students.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>23rd</td>
<td>Athletic Carnival at Olympic Park.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>30th</td>
<td>End of the Year Dance, &quot;Frankston Farewell,&quot; at College.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>30th</td>
<td>Elections for 1961 S.R.C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>December</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>Picnic at Somers.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>9th</td>
<td>Graduation.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8th</td>
<td>End of the year for 1st year Students and I.T.C. End of course for 2nd year exit students.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**GROUP C2**

After careful consideration the students, lecturers and "outsiders" have come to the conclusion that Group C2 is obviously the better quarter of the second year students.

We have established many records of which we are very proud during our two year "stretch." We can boast of most cars in one group, the 4 Dobs, the most numbers of the S.R.C. in one group, the 4 Dobs, greatest number of engaged people (probably more by next year), the best members of the staff as our tutors, ourselves and not forgetting the world renowned 4 Dobs.

In the years to come the only memories of Seahorse Haven will be pleasant (through necessity we must forget the unpleasant ones) and as we depart to our far-flung destinations we leave one thought:—

"Pity help the future generation."

Barry Thornton.
PERFECT BLISS

Oh! to be away from here
Now that summer’s come—
Away from books and learning
And the slow, dull hum
Of the lecturer’s voice in answer
To some softly spoken plea:
To lie on glistening sands and gaze
At sun-kissed, blue glass sea,
Or to scuff the warm, brown dust
Whilst running shoeless, careless, free;
To lul the endless cares of day
Gently, tenderly.
Where breezes whisper on the air
And summer daisies bloom.
Where gold beams play on sun-warmed banks
And branches weave their loom,
I’d stretch and laze the hours away
Pondering many a thought
While sun heat shimmers hazily
On grass and streamlet fraught.
With all the dreams I’m dreaming.
Thoughts of life in fantasy
Drift through my mind so
Vaguely, lazily.  

Anonymous.


*

The wind was rough
And cold and blough
She kept her hands inside her mough.
It chilled her through
Her nose turned blough
And still the squall the faster blough.
And yet although
There was no snough
The weather was a cruel blough.
It made her cough
(Except do not scourch)
She coughed until her hat blough.

Anonymous.

LIFE

Foul life, oh how I long to rid myself
Of your dull pain, your mockery of joy.
To halt this ever ticking heavy heart.
Which keeps alive this useless dreary toy.
The nagging agony of deep intense regret
Is cleaving to my soul, is tightening like a net
Of iron. All in vain I writhe and hotly sweat,
A hopeless hell of fiery futility.
Humanity is low, a swarming din
Of beings who leer with superficial grin,
Who utter words of meaningless content.
And clamber blindly, lacking all intent.
My entrails sag within with leaden weight.
My shoulders droop. I feel no longer hate.
Or love or ecstasy or pain - a blob
Of nothingness. existing where I lob.
Through all the darkness. gloom and grey,
I see afar a gleaming ray
Of sunshine, peeping hopefully.
I know it will again subside.
Unhappy clouds and mists will hide
Its glimmer, gliding dolefully.
But ecstasy of ecstasies. I know
That it exists. is true. can throw
Its light upon me joyfully.
’Tis not my eyes that see it
Nor yet my ears that hear.
My fingers cannot feel it.
And yet I know ‘tis near.
’Tis everywhere in all things,
In earth and air and trees,
In little children’s laughter,
In deserts and in seas.
Whatever part of me it is
That makes me sure ‘tis near,
GROUP NOTES I.T.C.

well never have i seen the likes of it my experience in my particular sphere of following and observing group structures is (excuse me i am not being egotistical) extremely vast from a certain homely web in Kew i have somewhat elevated my position (i have been accused of being dogmatic emotional for doubtful unproven statements such as this) and am at present struggling to attain academic proficiency in the field of science at frankston teachers college so i began my study of science now science has its attractions but you must understand that male spiders have no more than human resistance to an overwhelming tide of femininity and i have been forced to restore my attentions to group motivations — social science their name is itc but thats no crime they set their goals high annie lou i've noticed has trapped the vice pres we have no advice to give him it happens to us too their name is itc but actually they have thirty one names and attached to each name is an outstanding personality with individual talent ambition and acquisition if you think i plan to divide them asunder so mercilessly you have miscomprehended my intentions the task is too great for such an insignificant arachnida i happen to have had the privilege of attending a group barbecue a splendidous treat observed from joy's college bag as i watched the activities i felt distinct sensations similar to those aroused in my former habitation in my particular sphere of study these girls are not particularly endowed with the need to grow up and acquire the habit of critical intellectual surveyal of their daily papers in ism where they learn the rudiments of their trade the manner and means so as that they can teach they excell little children enjoy this just so much ready now girls ready out mimicry is an art which i must suppress most continually i think you will agree with me when i say that they cannot write clear plain correct english some of the better students however do on occasions show delicate touches of insight and imagination forever they will enjoy the luxury of hilarity to the mystification of whoever is present at such times of unaccountable mirth why

too dangerous
yes but if they knew the cause of it they could not write a line of explanation various clementines pollyannas and sherries have been produced in this inhuman factory not to speak of well loved shapeless black sambos which only goes to prove that these its are not sensitive to the colour bar long have i been pursued in my investigations by mr colbourne now i must yield farewell o most excellent girls i go now to the place prepared for me a specimen box

(signed)
zarachnida
(Written by S. Shone and R. Lees)
The Tale of THE THREE BILLY GOAT GRUFF

Once upon a time there were three animals belonging to the Phylum Billy Goat, Genus Gruff, Species Goatus stupidus.

These three billy goats inhabited one of the miracles of nature, a true geological phenomenon — a hill. The vegetation of this hill was below the standard to which the billy goats were accustomed, being sparse and suffering from many mineral deficiencies.

The billy goats viewed the opposite hill with envy for the vegetation was extremely luxuriant. By common agreement the billy goats decided to migrate to the other hill.

Unbeknown to the billy goats, an Old Troll lived under the bridge that spanned the mighty waterway separating the two hills. It was the Old Troll's custom to devour all passers-by who attempted to employ this thoroughfare. The width of this structure permitted only one to traverse at a time, and hence we find Little Billy Goat Gruff tripping across this architectural achievement.

"Clip clop, clip clop, clip clop, clip clop." "Who is that ambulating across my bridge?" growled the old Troll.

The Little Billy Goat's happy demeanour changed to one of great trepidation, as he spied the Old Troll and he replied timidly.

"It's only me! — Little Billy Goat Gruff."

"I am going to devour you for my luncheon," announced the Old Troll.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Little Billy Goat. "I am too young and tender for one as fearsome as yourself; wait for the older sibling of our family, he is much larger and more scrumptious to partake of for the satisfaction of your hunger pangs."

"Then you may cross over the bridge," growled the Old Troll.

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The Little Billy Goat traversed the bridge to feed upon the verdant herbage of the other hill.

The next Billy Goat was by now embarking on his journey across the bridge. By and by he encountered the Old Troll who was barring his way.

"I say, old chappie, you are barring my way. It is my wish, and in fact desire, to cross this bridge so that I may feed upon yonder green herbage in order to maintain my present physical well-being and rate of metabolism. So be a good chappie and permit a fellow to pass."

The Old Troll was taken back by the Billy Goat's effrontery and replied incredulously, "Surely you do not entertain the thought that you are going to reach the other extremity of this bridge, do you? Well you are labouring under a misapprehension and, for your information it is your unfortunate misfortune that you are going to be devoured for my luncheon."

The Billy Goat was thinking quickly as was his custom and rallied to the occasion with this reply:

"I say, old trout. A capital idea has just occurred to me. Why not wait for Big Billy Goat Gruff for he is much larger and would afford a more salubrious meal than my own miserable, undernourished, wretched self. Pray will you not be a little patient and linger awhile for the arrival of my elder colleague?"

"If this is the case, then you have my permission to continue across my bridge," grunted the Old Troll.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the Big Billy Goat Gruff was beginning his trek across the bridge of misfortune (it may pay to mention at this juncture that Big Billy Goat Gruff was an extremely irritable and ill-tempered beast, this being the result of suffering from numerous ulcers situated along his digestive tract.)

"Who's that crossing my bridge?" demanded the Old Troll.

"It's me, Billy Goat Gruff. Wanna' make sumthin' of it?" retorted the Big Billy Goat.

"Yes. You see, after being exterminated, I am going to masticate your flesh and, when this has been completed, you are, by means of peristalsis, to be conveyed via my oesophagus to my stomach to be digested."

"That's what you think, sport. Lay a glove on me an' I'll hammer ya inta da floor like a tack. Now get outa' m'way before I changes da colour af y'eyes t'a delicate shade of black," said the Big Billy Goat Gruff.

The fight which ensued cannot be adequately described. The rumble lasted for a fortnight, during which all aspects of pugilism were displayed. The Old Troll was well armed with a bike chain and employed same with great effect. However, the Big Billy Goat Gruff retaliated with magnificent gusto, being armed with knuckle dusters and with horns. Both were employed to damaging effect.

After a well-directed, excruciating, devastating bone-breaking blow to the right intercostal region of the thoracic cavity of the Old Troll, the Big Billy Goat Gruff finally dispatched the Old...
Troll over the parapet into the briny (H2O). Alas, the poor Old Troll could not swim and as a result of asphyxiation he perished to burn forever in the fires of Hades. The Big Billy Goat Gruff in an inebriated condition managed to stagger to the other end of the bridge gazing on the way.

"Whisky, whisky, the most heavenly drink on earth."

He was nursed by the other Billy Goats until he recuperated after his exhausting and extended battle with the Old Troll.

The Billy Goats then ate the nice green grass and lived happily ever after.

The moral of this story is "Always, but always, let a gruff goat get his grass."

GROUP AI

"O'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With laden legs and bony wings both creep."

Shakespeare.

Below 24 red roses rest the remains of 24 resourceful but, alas, reticent AI students.

How did we get here, you may ask. We simply didn't heed that advice on February 9th — "There is still time, brother," and hop while we had the chance.

There is little action here, so we must be content with passing on a few glimpses of the time before rigor mortis set in. Of course we didn't all go at once. John and Miss 17 were two of the (sob) first. They went as true martyrs to the cause of teaching with smiles on their dials and a swansong on their lips — "Being a chum is fun." This dirge was accompanied by a boyd-like rendition on a scotch-accented recorder and the serenade of the Bailey violin.

Group leader, Murray, has now had a sad come-down from maestro of the piano to flunkie on the harp. It is rumoured that Jenny and Rosemary worked too hard — (exhaustion is a painful death). Pat did nothing — that's why she's dead. They thought Ken was dead, but he was only dozing. We can still hear him thumping his coffin.

Judy and Bev. always stuck together through thick and thin. Now they share the same slab. In his lifetime Mr. Bapty had done everything (or one of his friends had). However, he dropped the lot by becoming "The Late" first.

Wendy Burns — and how — caused several deaths — 1st degree. Sue, Kath and Jan all fell victims to unsuccessful psychology experiments under the shower - water on the brain. A hypodermic needle ENDED the existence of Sandra Bradford — OUR Sandra. They say "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," but look where Heather's appetite landed her. Jim's versatile and brilliant career was sadly beheaded after a short career into a lampost.

I believe Leonie got ANOTHER letter addressed to the cemetery. She couldn't read it of course. Concerning Daintra — they found it hard to fit this doll, but by joining two boxes together somehow, they were able to bury her complete.

Here they come. We always said Rob'n and Skeet would be late for their funeral.

Our lecturers have become dedicated and surprisingly enthusiastic pall-bearers. Even though Mr. Wells and Mrs. Brown had lovingly shrouded us and Mr. Mutimer persisted in digging up old bones, St. Peter strove till the very end to revitalize us.

Alone with the terms we have one consolation. — We were AI!!

STRUAN SMALL BORE RIFLE CLUB

This year Frankston Teachers' College gained distinction by being the first college in Victoria and possibly in Australia, to have a rifle range.

The construction of the range was due to the initiative, drive and hard work of the Parents' Association, the Principal, several lecturers and the Rifle Club members. Assistance was also volunteered by other students and the archery club.

At the first meeting, office-bearers were elected.

Geoff Rebbinch (President), Neil Pocknall (Vice-President), Anne Loutit (Secretary), Denis Robinson and Ken Barker (Treasurers), Trevor Renfree (Club Captain) and Yvonne Francis (Vice-Captain).

Congratulations to these people for the work they have done. Thanks to Mr. Eason, Mr. Ladd, and Mr. Gleson for their patient understanding, and to the Frankston Small Bore Rifle Club for their encouragement and the use of their range until the completion of our own.

Further anticipated improvements to our own range are the purchase of target rifles, the provision of seats and possibly shelter, covering for the mound, and a marking telescope.

It is considered that an excellent start to this unique sport has been made, and I, as president, urge the present first year's to support and further improve this sport.

G. B. Rebbinch.

I would like to express my own and the Club's (I hope) appreciation of the work of our president, the hon. G. B. Rebbinch, for the Club during the year.

T. Renfree (capt.)

STRUAN
IN THE CITY

It is interesting to walk around the different sections of any European city.

Along the main roads are the majestic mansions of the rich merchants and nobility. They are surrounded by spacious, meticulously kept gardens in which several hired gardeners may be working. The lord of the house owns a Rolls Royce, driven by a hired chauffeur. He is dressed by a valet in any one of the fifty different suits and has several full time cooks, housekeepers, butlers and maids. His home is richly furnished with antiques, velvet cushions, curtains, tables and carpets and is further ornamented with golden chandeliers and statues, crystal vases and dark mahogany furniture of the seventeenth century style. A small, light spinning wheel decorates one corner of his large lounge and a huge black grand piano takes up another side of the room. Portraits of his ancestors line the walls with Rembrandts, Van Goghs, Da Vincis and Gobbos. His ceilings are decorated within the white plaster with lion heads, floral designs and his floors are thickly carpeted. He squeaks in a high and mighty tone, exaggeratedly pure and is extremely condescending.

Walk away from this calculating and unfriendly atmosphere through the public gardens a mile or so towards the industrial and office sites. Here is a completely new type of existence. The comparatively narrow, roughly cobbled streets are full of children playing marbles, soccer, skippy, chasey and other less honourable games like climbing the painted iron gas light poles and removing the light bulbs or pulling the bells of all the people who live in the top storey or attic and dashing around the corner to await results. There is a red cobbled-stone footpath on either side of the grey cobblestone road but the children play anywhere on the road for none of the parents own a car and these, therefore very seldom enter these side roads. The children’s parents are skilled labourers, office workers and professionals. The houses are old, dark and damp but clean and tidy. They have no front garden for the facade is joined to the footpath and the houses are all joined side-ways. Only the ground floors have a pocket handkerchief backyard — enough for a tiny toolshed, a swing and a tree. The interiors of the homes are cozy but uninspiring.

Now creep down the backyards and alleyways if you dare. Dirty urchins clutter the street and swarm in the gutter which is in the lowest middle part of the road. It is barely wide enough to allow one car to pass through without damaging the paint on one or both sides, or injuring a person in the doorway. No trace of friendly earth is around here, not even between the large and roughly surfaced cobblestones and the austere walls of the cracked two-storey buildings. Mothers leave their tiny infants to play or just lie in the street while they hang gaudy washing out of their window on thick protruding steel rods and wires. Ragged children battle, romp and scream in the street and fat ruddy-skinned women shout a piece of juicy gossip to the woman at the other end of the street who is hanging out of her window while a woman across the road is obviously listening. On the way home from work, if they have a job, the menfolk have their drink and share their coarse jokes before returning to the filth and congestion of their woo­roomed or three-roomed dungeons, nagging wives, and dozens of quarreling offspring of all shapes and sizes but invariably of the same assertiveness and quick temper which promote violent clashes.

* * *

ROMEO AND JULIET
(Twentieth Century Version)

It was a cold summer’s night, and the rain was simply pouring.

In her cold, cold bed Old Julie was snoring; Along came Romeo, scratching his nose. And when he spied Julie, he tossed her a rose.

’Twas love at first sight. Romeo was sure, So up to her balcony he hurriedly tore; He fell on his knees and begged for her love. But went flat on his face when she gave him a shove.

Romeo was angry; he whipped out his knife. “O.K., foul wretch, I’ll now end your life.” He slashed her and stabbed her until she was dead.

Then, picking her up, said “She’s heavy as lead.” All of a sudden, when he saw what he’d done, He turned very pale, for ’twas only in fun. But death is so permanent! She wasn’t alive, And our hero proceeded to do the death jive.

H: picked up his knife and stabbed once or twice (The blood started gushing, which weren’t very nice).

Lovers, I warn you, of poniards be wary, Don’t stab yourselves in the left pulmonary.

Re-edited and abridged by Jon Teschendorff.
The Wandiligong Camp

On Saturday, 10th September, a group of 34 of us left Caulfield by chartered bus for Wandiligong with our genial chaperones, Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Giles. We enjoyed a picnic lunch at Eldon Weir, which is a very pretty spot and popular holiday resort, especially for keen fishermen.

We arrived at our camp, which is one mile out of Bright at 4.30 p.m., and by then were all feeling rather weary but happy to have reached our destination. We were a little disappointed in the appearance of the camp which consisted of unattractive two-bed cabins scattered over the site. But, although we all missed our home comforts, they soon became known as "our homes." We had our meals together in a mess room and here again missed Mum's cooking, but managed to satisfy our hunger! Recreation at the camp included table tennis, reading, music, darts and quoits and some of our members surprised us with their skill and ability! — there was plenty of friendly rivalry.

There was an organized trip for each one of the six days stay and all proved most interesting and enjoyable, especially those trips to the snow. We went to Mt. Buffalo, including the Eurobin Falls, Lake Catani, Dingo Dell, Cathedral Rock and Buffalo Gorge — all very spectacular and of great interest to us all.

We also had great fun on the ski lift at Fall's Creek. The guided tour over the Kiewa Hydro-electric Scheme was an eye-opener to us all and made us realize what hard work and planning have been put into this very wonderful project.

During our holiday we visited several primary schools around the area and were given a friendly welcome by all. We were very interested in our visit to a tobacco research farm in the Ovens' Valley and did not realize there was so much work and preparation in growing something which is guaranteed to "soothe jaded nerves" or "cause cancer" but eventually goes up in smoke!

On our way home we were shown over Bruck Woollen Mills at Wangaratta. This is a very large and prosperous factory and all the workers there are doing a grand job utilizing one of Australia's greatest products - wool.

We had a very pleasant trip home and all voted that the six days' trip was not only interesting and educational but helped to develop a feeling of goodwill and comradeship among us all.
Gold Coast Tour No. I

With plaintive pleas of "Would the men please go to their own carriages," the Gold Coast Tour No. I chuffed out of Spencer Street to its ultimate destination, Tallebudgera, Surfers Paradise.

Many informative, profitable, sleepless and some enjoyable hours had been spent on the train when we arrived in Sydney. Here the students departed to various sections of the city. Some went to King's Cross, others to Hyde Park, while the remainder of us passed the time idly dodging the notorious Sydney traffic. (How we managed nobody really knows).

From our base headquarters at Yungaba Hostel, Brisbane, we branched out to see the Brisbane University, Mt. Coot-tha Lodge and the Koala Bear Sanctuary where many students were found nursing koala bears or dangling carpet snakes around their necks.

One of the many bus journeys took us to Surfers' Paradise where we stayed for six days. Each day brought us new delights as we toured around (in buses, of course) seeing animal and bird sanctuaries, tame porpoises or just lazing on the fantastic beaches which constitute the Gold Coast.

The highlights of the trip were the exciting nights we spent in the Paradise. All will agree that for this alone the trip would have been worthwhile.

At the conclusion of the tour all participants would like to extend their thanks to Miss Kemi and Mr. Dignam for their chaperoning during the tour.

Barry Thornton.

FIRST YEAR TOUR OF THE GOLD COAST - No. 2

SEPTEMBER

TUESDAY, 6th—On September 6 a group of first year students accompanied by Miss Auldist and Mr. Boyd left Spencer Street station on the first leg of their trip to the Gold Coast. This was the beginning of what was to be a wonderful holiday in the land of pine-apples, bananas and beautiful sun-tans. We arrived in Sydney at 10 o'clock that night and were allowed to do some sight-seeing. Later that night we slept in very comfortable quarters in the Hotel Sydney.

WEDNESDAY, 7th — The first half of our day was taken up with a tour of Sydney and its northern beaches. This was a very interesting morning. In the free afternoon, groups visited Taronga Park Zoo, Manly and the Bridge, among many places. We had an evening meal at the Sydney Railway Refreshment Rooms, then left by train for Brisbane. We spent an almost sleepless night on the train, most people getting only one or two hours sleep. One individual took a great delight in waking everybody up with "Breakfast's ready!" at hourly intervals throughout the night.

THURSDAY, 8th. — We had a very enjoyable but hurried breakfast at Casino and arrived in Brisbane at about 11.30 a.m. We were taken to the Yungaba Migrant Hostel for lunch — and wow, those meals!!! There was an afternoon tour of Brisbane where we saw the new University, visited Mt. Coot-tha and, altogether, learned a good deal about Brisbane.

FRIDAY, 9th. — The morning comprised a visit to the Oasis, which is a large park-type area containing five swimming pools. We left Brisbane and arrived at our camp at Tallebudgera at 4.30 that afternoon. Here we were welcomed by George. "you're boys and girls o' both sexes," the caretaker of the camp. He showed us in our huts and we quickly staked our claims.

Some had an early night that night, while the more adventurous risked the unknown dangers of "the Bluff" on the way to Burleigh Heads.

SATURDAY, 10th. — A free day. Some visited Coolangatta and some sunbaked on the beach.

Most people went to Dancealand, a dance at Coolangatta that night (Miss Auldist obviously enjoyed herself), although some sought the high spots of Burleigh Heads.

SUNDAY, 11th. — A free morning — most people caught up on some much needed sleep although some callous types would insist on making a din and waking up those who were still asleep.
trying to sleep. Sunday afternoon saw us once more boarding buses and visiting Fleay’s sanctuary (very interesting) and Surfers’ Paradise beach. Here we saw motels, wind, sand, suntans, wind, surf, sand, wind, bathing beauties, wind sand . . . Sunday night was spent in recreation at the camp. There were facilities for tennis, table-tennis, but tennis (at which we all became very proficient), a gymnasium, etc.

MONDAY, 12th. — Morning once more free so most people lay on the beach in the sun trying to develop a suntan. That afternoon we went to Point Danger, Currumbin Bird Sanctuary, the Old Car Museum and the porpoise pool where one of our party actually fed a porpoise. It was a very interesting and entertaining afternoon. Monday night a group of us went to the local drive-in and watched the film from the kiosk, and another group once again took over Burleigh Heads.

TUESDAY, 13th. — This was the day of our “hike.” Buses collected us in the morning and drove us to within one mile of the top of Mt. Lamington (and lunch), and then we were told we had to WALK the rest of the way. After about half an hour, and a very long climb, we eventually reached the top. After a much appreciated lunch we were informed that we were walking down the OTHER side of the mountain to the bus — a mere three miles. Tuesday night was the night of our concert. Much preparation was put into this, the acts ranging from an impersonation of Terri King and a duet by Miss Auldist and Mr. Boyd to a scene from Anthony and Cleopatra. This was a most successful night which everyone enjoyed.

WEDNESDAY, 14th. — Free. The highlight of the day was the sighting of sharks?? which some seem to think were dolphins but which we KNOW were sharks! Wednesday night was the group barbecue on the beach. We feasted on charred chops and sausages, melted cheese and gritty bread. Despite this, everyone had a wonderful time and came back for more.

THURSDAY, 15th. — This was our last day at camp. The majority spent the morning on the beach trying to acquire one last bit of suntan. After lunch we loaded all of our luggage on to the buses, said goodbye to George and the man in the kiosk (pronounced KIE-OK in Q’ld.), and left the camp. We were very sorry to leave. Thursday day was spent on the train, but there was little excitement as all were very tired. The most strenuous thing anyone could raise the energy to do was to play cards. We all caught up on some long lost sleep. Some found that luggage racks are not the most comfortable couches to sleep on.

FRIDAY, 16th. — Another day in Sydney — most people lazied on beaches all day, went for ferry rides, or just relaxed. Friday night we left for home and had another quiet night on the train.

SATURDAY, 17th. — Saturday morning we arrived at Spencer Street Station wearing summer clothes, sunhats, carrying pieces of sugar cane, rugs, cases and bags and looking, and very appropriately so, as if we had just arrived from Queensland. This concluded a wonderful and very educational trip which we hope will be repeated next year with such lecturers as Miss Auldist and Mr. Boyd who were great fun and who, we know, enjoyed the trip as much as we.

Dawn Davies and Dzintir Apiritis.

NOTES ON THE GOLD COAST

The two groups who were fortunate enough to go on the Gold Coast Tour would like to express their thanks to the lecturers who made their holiday possible.

We all came away with many happy memories of the trip — one that had shown us something of the immensity of our country. The following verses were composed on location.

Our Train Leaves —

“Clickety clack on a tedious track,
Ever look forward, never look back.
Blue hills shimmer in endless chain.
Hopes churn forward with our holiday train.”

Breakfast at Central Station

“Four dishevelled figures gormandizing
Lumpy porridge, dry toast and a slice of steak
Through blurred sleepless eyes so appetising?
Could this trip be a stupid mistake?”

Page Seven
Our Holiday Home

"The Gold Coast." magical words
That conjure much: Could we be wrong.
Our doubts were soon dispelled.
Her warming sun, banishing
troubles
Made forming friendships securely
strong.

G. Holland and G. Beavan.

CENTRALIA TOUR

It all began with collecting an exorbitant:
amount of money, but after many months
the time came for us to set out.
Throughout that first night we wriggled to the
rhythm of the Overland. Sometimes we sat up
and ate or smoked and played poker. We slept
rarely and we noticed that the couple who shook
confetti from their clothes seemed to spend a bad
night. Veronica had some bad moments during
that journey, too.
Adelaide didn’t impress us, but once we began
our journey to Alice even the smallest incidents
were laughable. Playing penny poker; falling
down ditches in the main road of Maree in the
twilight; riding little platform trolleys off the
platform; it was all fun.
Eating on the train was, at first, an ordeal
but one can get used to anything, and so can
the tablecloths. Sleeping while mobile was
another pleasurable experience. Little men in-
terrupted early morning slumber with cups of tea, the liquid in the saucer forming a little
moat, which was absorbed by a biscuit.
During the trip we strained our eyes for
tangaroos and skulls, and cooled our heated
bodies on the breezy observation platforms.
Alice Springs was chilly in the early morning
and the stones were hard under bare feet.
Leaving the town unexpectedly early we headed
in two buses for Palm Lodge. After lunch in
Hugh Creek some transferred to Joe’s Hot Rod
which proved itself that afternoon. It became
immobile in the sand.
Most of us spent all our energy pushing the
Hot Rod and laying down ti-tree for a pathway.
Others found it more pleasant to sit in an un-
occupied mia-mia for a time. The Hot Rod
tried to plough through and then to fly, but to
no avail. It was abandoned and so was the
driver.

Top—JOHN FLYNN’S GRAVE
Bottom—NAMITJIRA’S TWIN GUMS

Page Eighteen
After being piled into one bus we now had no room for the natives from the Hermannsburg Mission when we passed.

The nights around the campfire were unforgettable. Gus Williams was the central figure with his rhythmic dancing. We met David Abbot, Patrick Malbunka, Teale, Adam, Glenn Lindberg and many others. We soon formed a warm friendship. We followed them around the campfire and soon acquired a limited skill in dancing to strumming guitars and tapping sticks.

Souvenirs were presented for our buying. Showing a pair of tapping sticks David would state "Two Bob."

On handing over the "two bob" he gave one stick.

Puzzled, we paid out another "two bob" for the other stick.

Each of us was a gullible tourist.

Rock scaling and the exploring of valleys we took in our stride and Mrs. McMahon organized a little presentation night for those 10 who reached the peak of Big Euro Rock.

Carrie received a handshake, but no trophy as the only half completed the ascent.

Dress during these event-filled days was quite informal, although hats were most imaginative. Mr. Colbourne took the prize for the "most flattering."

Returning to Alice we thought the holiday was over. We stopped to farewell Tiger and a number of his children and David pursued us on a "Mashed Mission Horse" for some distance.

Before lunch on the return journey we went sight seeing which was clean and uninteresting, and met another college group. While the party in the Hot Rod went to view Simpson's Gap, Carrie and I remained on the bus heading straight for Alice. Of course, the bus broke down and we found ourselves pushing once again. This having no result, we spread our towels on the road and sunbaked, and waved to occasional passers-by.

Our entire party all hanging out of the Hot Rod triumphantly made an entrance to Alice Springs.

At the Chalet, a pleasant little place, four of us, Carrie, Tammy, Sacha and I, posed for a photo on the edge of the swimming pool. Just for sensation we fell in fully clothed. It wasn't until we'd surfaced, retrieved our hats and scrambled out dripping and shivering that we realized that all our important clothing was on that broken down bus in the middle of nowhere. We went to tea in a minimum.

The evening in the Alice and the following day were for me, unexpectedly, the most memorable of that whole trip.

We found the dark boys in the town were as equally likable as the Mission people. Their intelligent and witty conversation pleased us immensely and we knew we were going to be very good friends. Their sporting achievement is marvellous for they are equally capable at football, tennis, basketball and boxing. Through correspondence we will get to know these boys better. There is little else I care to say except that, as far as I am concerned, no colour problem exists.

The return journey was a little sad but it had its moments. The screaming in the dry wind and the new attitude to dress were noticeable.

The migrant hostel was a change if nothing else. The paper-thin walls provided entertainment even if the Adelaide Royal Show did not.

There were minor problems during the trip such as transporting luggage and trailing underwear, plus objectionable "factory-made" souvenirs. But this is all experience.

Thank you, Mrs. McMahon and Mr. Colbourne for your sympathetic, comradesly spirit, and thank you fellow tourists for helping to make this such an enjoyable tour.

Bren Maslin.

Breakfast a la statione
LOOKING FOR A SUGAR DADDY

MAGNETIC ISLAND

To the north of Brisbane lies Townsville. Just east of Townsville lay the rendezvous of the Frankston Teachers’ College. Many dreams were shattered by our arrival at the island. What exactly had we expected?

Magnificent hotels? Water skiing? Palm trees and more palm trees? Sharks? Stonefish? Bronzed lifesavers? Coral? Surf? Instead we found an island barely wrenching from its isolation — an extinct volcano peak rearing its head above the ocean. Foliage covered the island in abundance and the atmosphere was one of sleepy languor. We found that sharks and stonefish were relatively rare occurrences: one of the two lifesavers on the island had never seen a stonefish until one was brought in from the reef. Sharks apparently caused little concern if one was to judge by the gaping holes in the “shark-proof” swimming pools. The island boasted only one hotel and this found little patronage from the Frankston contingent: only three people in the party were qualified to sample the Queensland beverages.

Memorable incidents? Remember Shorty under the shower; Kay’s sunburn; the war with talcum powder; the searing sun; Coral’s miraculous sun tan acquired overnight between Brisbane and Gladstone; the 21st birthday party for John Currie; the raw peanuts at Mackay; Barry Callaway’s views on matrimony; the blood curdling cries of the curlews: the service in the open air chapel; the swim-to-cure for Pam and Rosemary; the open air theatres; the launch trips; the coconuts and frustrated postal officials; Anne Loutit’s letters addressed to “the most wonderful girl in the world”; the invasion of the Burwood group the night before their departure for Melbourne; the shell mementoes; the wonderful food at the camp; the airy, spacious Sunlander in contrast to the dirty train we travelled in going up; the rodeo at Ingham; the hostesses in the N.S.W. trains: “You are protruding in the aisle if you don’t mind!”; the Sydney traffic; the Bridge; the surf at Dec Why; the sleeping on the trains with Rosemary and Barrie strapped on to the luggage rack, and, above all, the healthy sun tans we came home with.

Victoria was weeping her welcome as we arrived at Spencer Street: thirty-four weary sun-tanned travellers from the north. Good-bye Queensland, good-bye N.S.W., good-bye to all the people we met, good-bye and good luck and thanks for the memories!

N.B. Chesty Bond Singlets — evidence of Jim Drake’s power packed salesmanship.
A Love Letter from You to Me?

The gentle art of writing beautiful lyrics to the ideal of your life (usually of the opposite sex) is now generally considered an occupation of dark days gone by, and now no longer in use because the modern male has been "clued up" with methods of wild passion through observation of moving pictures, idiot box productions, and lectures in modern marriage.

One lone wolf, Jon Teschendorff, is fighting (has fought) a solitary battle to preserve the custom. Unbeknown to him, and with an outlay of several hundred pounds from our account, I have procured one of the more brilliant of the aforementioned gentleman's efforts. It is because of my dedicated journalistic responsibilities that I risk my life, to hide this literary masterpiece from the world no longer.

Struan presents to you . . . .

TO ANNIE PART ONE

By MÉ

1. You are a vision of beauty
   Floating o'er the stagnant, foul waters
   Of the Yarra.
   Your breathless charm would stop louts
   Breaking train windows . . .
   And slashing seats.

2. Beauty such as yours
   Would halt the Bourke Street trams.
   Would make the dustman forget to curse
   "Take that you blasted can!"
   His horse,
   Dead on his hoofs,
   Would raise an admiring neigh.
   And the postie would swallow his whistle.

3. Heads would turn
   To take in your lovely form.
   As you wandered down a lane,
   In Fitzroy.
   Alley cats and sly old toms
   Would cease their melancholy howl
   To feast their wasted eyes
   On your beauty.
   And the prostrate drunkard would smile.

4. The wharfie would drop his load,
   The dock crane would cease
   To lift.
   All would halt their labour
   To watch,
   As you passed by.
   From humble tug
   To magnificent liner (from afar)
   To dirty garbage scow . . . .

   All tooting in appreciation — of your
   Radiant charm
   And the seagull would drop his scraps.

5. Oh my!
   Said the stern, foreboding lecturer
   How am I,
   To keep my feeble mind on the
   Lecture . . .
   With such a beauty
   As Anne
   In the room?
   The other girls in L.T.C. are jealous
   With hate . . .
   They sit in gloom.
   And the chalk lies breathless on the ledge.

6. The boys all fight
   To see who might
take this doll out
   At night.
   Not often does one of such
   Charm
   and beauty.
   Attend a Teachers' College.
   But we are fortunate.
   And ENVY the first year boys
   For they shall be able to gaze upon
   Your gorgeous form — —
   For another two years
   And we have but one!
   And the ledge lies breathless under the
   Chalk.

7. We four
   Most of all
   [Ernie, Keith, Thomo and I]
   Recognise your charm
   and beauty
   (I think).

   And shall be sorry
   To part
   From your presence for ever [sniff]
   But while we're here
   You may be sure
   That we'll all love you
   For ever-more
   [And me, too]
   And the chalk and ledge faint in ecstasy.

TO ANNIE PART TWO

Just in case you don't appreciate Part One I wrote a short "sweet" Part Two.
   Roses are white
   Violets are purple
FRANKSTON TEACHERS' COLLEGE WELFARE ASSOCIATION

This now active organization originated in a suggestion made by the Principal at a gathering of some 200 parents and citizens during Education Week, 1959. This idea was received with enthusiasm and by the end of 1959 further meetings had been held. Thus began the first association of this kind connected with a Victorian Teachers' College.

Early in 1960 an Executive and Committee were elected. They were as follows:

Office-Bearers:

President. Mr. G. H. Lowe.
Vice-Presidents. Mrs. W. L. Richards, Mr. M. H. Roberts.
Secretary. Mr. L. W. Goard.
Treasurer: Mr. J. Bell.
Social Secretary: Mr. L. Hart.
Honorary Auditor: Mr. W. Harrison.


The objects of the Association as set out in the constitution are:

i.—The general welfare of the College.

ii.—The promotion and development of public relations between the College and the community generally.

iii.—The provision of amenities for the College.

Throughout 1960 the Committee has met monthly and general meetings have been held once a term. Activities have been directed to fund raising and site improvements. In conjunction with the College Rifle Club a rifle range has been constructed. The planting of the bank on the northern side of the College and the clearing of the bushland at the end of the main oval are other projects for which the Association has supplied working parties. By far the most successful function was the Mannequin Parade held in October. Four students assisted the professional mannequins in modelling the most attractive clothes, thus adding to the interest and success of the parade.

As a result Association funds benefited to the amount of £135.

In addition to the above activities parents and citizens have donated about £100 for library and general purposes.

Thus in the first year of its existence the Association has been very successful and full credit is due to the enthusiasm of what is still a small group.

Although we had the good fortune to have our oval constructed by Public Works, it should be remembered that this was the project which the Association had set as their major objective for 1960-61. Their interest and determination were not without influence on the decision to construct the oval. They are now in the happy position of possessing funds which will enable them to add some of the necessary facilities to the playing fields.

However, the original and prime motive for the Association was to give the community an understanding of the aims and purposes of a Teachers' College, to enable them to meet the staff and to join with students in College functions.

These are the influences that are not possible to measure but they add up without question to a significant venture towards good relations between the College and the community.

M. Gardiner,
Student Representative on the Association.

THE COLLEGE CROSS-COUNTRY KINGS

During the year the College Cross Country team, consisting of Doug Le Bas, Pat Finn, and Graham Gaston, successfully competed in four cross-country runs. In these runs each competitor was given points according to his placing at the finish and these points were totalled up to make the end result a team score. The team gained a 3rd, a 4th, a 1st and a 2nd in these cross-country events.

Another race in which our team competed was the 6 mile relay, with each runner running 2 miles. Here the team gained a very good third.

As this team consists entirely of first year students, all hard-working and energetic athletes, the College can look forward to many more victories and honours in the future.
Hand me that hammer.

You can't pull a fast one on a Scot.

"Jane" of Blackboard Jungle.

Ecstasy
WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

There were two teams entered in the inter-college competition, and a further two teams were chosen to play in invitation matches. The first team under the captaincy of Sue Quigley had a little success, but not as much as we wished for. The second team had some good wins and put up a very creditable performance. The third and fourth teams also put up a good showing and played some good basketball during the season.

Congratulations to these girls for good individual performances — Sue Quigley, a very determined and creative player; Judy Morris and Jan McKay for sterling performances in every match in the defence goal position; Brenda Davey, a good and vigorous player in the defence wing position; Maureen Brady for goal position play in the centre; and several other girls, Wendy Sutton, Pam McKay, Carol Valentine, Robina Cavendish (captain of the second team), Beverley Gyles and Catherine Garrett, who all played good team games for their side.

We hope next year that Frankston Teachers’ College will be able to do even better and give the top teams, Melbourne and Toorak, much sterner opposition. This will be achieved with a little more team spirit and determination.

Jillian Ward,
Basketball Representative.

FOOTBALL

Owing to the fine coaching of Mr. McMahon, and our team spirit, we had a successful year. We won one game.

Throughout the year the team had more captains than wins. They were Terry Seedsman who had to retire for medical reasons, and Ken Jolly who “carried on” very capably.

All members of the training squad, including "Ron Evans," played a game, although on occasions some failed to find the appointed rendezvous.

Despite our failure to win often, the players enjoyed their brief season.

Barry Thornton.

SOFTBALL

The softball team had a very enjoyable season, even though it won only two matches. However, enthusiasm never flagged owing to the unceasing efforts of Mr. Mutimer who was the coach and umpire. The members of the softball team hope that their standard of play will be improved next year and that interest and enthusiasm will remain at a high pitch.

G. Simpson.

GOLF

Shades of St. Andrew’s!

The college golf team had a very successful
REPORT OF THE HOCKEY TEAM 1960

This year has been a very successful and interesting one for the hockey team. We reached the grand final of the inter-college competition but were defeated by Melbourne. We enjoyed matches against the other metropolitan colleges and against Bendigo and the Secondary Teachers' College. The second team also played against Larnook.

The highlight of the year, however, was the match between the girls' hockey team and one put forward by the men. This exhilarating and eventful match ended in a draw.

Our success has been due to the coaching and support of Mr. Dignam, the keen interest of other staff members, the help from both Mrs. McMahon and Mr. Ladd, our captain Meg Gardiner, vice-captain, Judy Midgely, and the help and co-operation of all members of the team.

Alisa McRae, Representative.

TELENSIS

The tennis team fought with gusto right through the four seasons to evade crushing defeat in one match and to draw another. We lost the rest.

The team, consisting of K. Porter, J. Page, J. Good, A. Harvey, P. Metters, W. Stamp, J. Warne, F. Knight, and C. Wheeler wish to express appreciation for the assistance and encouragement given by Mr. Boyd and Mr. Brown.
SQUASH

This year our squash team, captained by Helen McLardy, was highly successful. We now hold the title of premiers, 1960. This success—the only premiership team of our college—was due to the co-operation and the fine performances of every team member, Geoff Milne, John Fisher, Howard Wills, Barry Callaway, Helen McLardy, Val Gray, Sue Hunter and Pam Townley. The season began very encouragingly with the defeats of Melbourne, Toorak, and Burwood. We were narrowly defeated by Coburg in the first round and began the second round fully determined to defeat this team who were ahead of us by a few points on the premiership table. Unfortunately, they "squashed" us once again, but this time by fewer games. The third time we met Coburg was in the grand final and even though the psychological advantage was theirs, we went in for "the kill," and were greatly thrilled (and surprised) to find that Frankston emerged victorious. We were the premiers! — by one game.

Pam Townley.

YACHTING

One of the sports introduced by Mr. Ladd to the College this year was yachting. He attracted only fourteen students at first, but it grew to twenty-six this term. A 12 metre Sharpie was bought, and we hope to purchase another for next year. Gwenda Cunningham has sailed her 16' Catamaran and 12' C-Cat (both designed by her father). Two girls have a 12' V.J. which they hope to sail here next year. Skid boards are the coming craze — classified as ideal for the insane when idle. Except for a few calm or rough days, the yachting club has had great enjoyment from this wonderful sport.

ARCHERY NOTES

We started the year with a grant from the Sports Committee. This we used to buy two steel bows and a couple of dozen arrows. As none of us knew how to use our new equipment we arranged a visit to the local bowyer (for the uninitiated "a bow builder") who promised to give us some advice. His talk, together with a demonstration by an experienced archer, started us on the right road.

Through the year we have used our weekly subscriptions to buy further equipment, including targets and a composite bow.

Next year it is hoped to lay out a permanent archery field and buy a championship target.

G. Beavin.
SWIMMING

Weeks of exhaustive training and fault-seeking practice were a prelude to the 1960 Swimming Meet, at the new Olympic pool.

Our team was optimistic if nothing else.

Then the black day for swimming in the annals of our young college yielded only a few worthy efforts. Gary Hopcraft started off with a second place in the men's 100 metres backstroke. Then Bev. Vale swam into third place in her division of the backstroke. Barry Callaway, with a second, and Mark Skinner, with a third, in the freestyle events further increased our meagre point score.

Ken Robert also swam a good race to finish third in the 50 metres backstroke.

Our one success in the team events came when our men, K. Robert, P. Watson, J. Gibson and W. Barclay, gained third place in the men's 4 x 50 metres relay, only 2.6 secs. behind the winners.

We offer our congratulations to Melbourne, victors of Division 1, and to Ballarat, winners of Division 2.

W. J. Barclay.

BADMINTON

The badminton team enjoyed a happy and successful season. Although we did not win the premiership, we had a profitable time together as a team.

The members of our team were — Eve Sampson and Jennifer Gaudoin; Merna McAllen and Wendy Salt; Fred Heesh and Jim Bussau. Difficulty was often encountered in finding two more men players.

Many close games were fought against other colleges, and although the score was often close games were all won by the opposing teams, due to their greater numbers.

We hope that next year's team will derive as much enjoyment and satisfaction from playing as we have, and we wish them greater success than we had.

Jim Bussau (capt.)

ATHLETE MAGNIFICENT

Owing to the lion-hearted efforts of Barry Callaway, Frankston gained great distinction in the recent athletic meeting at Olympic Park.

Excelling in the five events which he entered Barry won three championships (including a record), helped to establish a record in the mile medley, and gained second place in the 4 x 110 relay.

Always interested in athletics and possessing all the traits of a good sportsman, it is true to say that Barry was an outstanding example of all the attributes which athletes strive to display.

Well done, Barry. Frankston is proud.
FRANKSTON and The ATHLETIC SPORTS

Competing in slightly adverse conditions in the Combined Teachers' Colleges Athletic Carnival on Wednesday, 23rd November, Frankston athletes performed remarkably well. Our total of seven victories and two records was outstanding considering the limited training of most of our competitors and the impressive strength of the opposition (four State representatives).

Although every Frankston competitor gave his or her best, special mention must go to the following athletes who collected most of our points:

**BARRIE CALLAWAY** (29½ pts.)

Undoubtedly the outstanding athlete of the day. Barrie won three individual events -

100A 10.3
220A 23.1
440B 52.1 (rec.)

**JOHN DALTON**

John was as equally as impressive in B Grade as Barrie Calloway was in A Grade, winning both the 100 yards and 220 yards (10.6 and 23.6), and leading off in the 4 x 110 yards relay.

**TERRY SEEDSMAN**

Terry provided Frankston with its first victory when he successfully cleared the ten hurdles to win the 220 yards hurdles event. Terry also ran in the C Grade 100 Yards (3rd) and the 4 x 110 yards relay. 220 yards hurdle time — 28.6.

**DOUG LE BAS (20½ pts.)**

Doug ran two fine races when he finished third in the 1 mile (4.38.0) and fourth in the 3 mile (16.08.0). Possibly his best race, however, was his brilliant first leg of the mile medley relay. Doug stayed with state champion R. Oskley nearly all the way, and but for this excellent run, Barrie Calloway would not have clinched the race for Frankston.

**GRAHAM GASTON**

One of our best prospects for a victory. Graham ran an extremely courageous race to beat the previous Teachers' College record and everyone in the field except the tall Burwood record holder. Graham's time for 3 miles was 15:46.0.

**GORDON HOLLAND**

In addition to jumping 21' 3¼" for fourth in the broad jump, competing in the hop, step and jump, the D Grade (3rd) 100 yards, and the 4 x 110 relay. Gordon was also a member of our record breaking mile medley relay team. and anchored our two successful relay teams—

1 Mile Medley, 1st, 3:45.0 (rec.).
4 x 110 yards, 2nd.

Congratulations must also go to Marion Murray for her 2nd in the shot put and her 4th place in the women's discus — a fine performance. The Sports Secretary and athletic representative would like to thank those who assisted in organising the team and congratulate all competitors, both men and women, for their efforts for the College.

GOOD BYE, O YEAR

Good bye, o year of labour
Of fun, romance and dreams,
And hardships, fear and terror,
What shall the New Year bring?
—More work, more fun, more pleasure?
Our college years we'll treasure,
As the rest of life unfolds.
Claire-ly Schwager.

ARN' WE LUCKY

An eagle presumably worries solely over where his next meal is coming from. He pays no taxes, owns no property, and answers to no man for his actions. He is entirely self-sufficient and self-supporting, living or dying as he dictates for himself. He mates for life, and generally inhabits the same territory for life. He is born ignorant of Shakespeare, and dies the same way, seemingly none the worse off.

Aren't we lucky, that man's civilization has reached the high level at which it now stands?
I'll have me that tin
next time he turns his back.

Photo of smiling girl

Vandalism is typically
typical

Teschendorff

Lecturer striving to look intelligent

The finished product.
This is an account of a typical train journey from Caulfield to Moe.

The seating on the train is important.

1. A young woman of about 19 years of age. Very blue eyes, bouffant blonde hair, claw-like fingernails, very sophisticated.
2. College student.
4. Elderly woman with grey hair - wearing a hat.
5. A young Moe girl - about 15 years old with a 7 month old baby.
6. College student.
7. College student.
8. A woman of 40-45 years, reading a book "Forever Amber." She has not yet taken the book from her eyes.

No movement in carriage — No. 3 scratches her nose then adjusts her collar. No. 1 inspects fingernails. No. 8 turns over a page. Not a word has been spoken. The only people conversing are Nos. 2, 6, and 7. All are receiving funny looks from No. 1. No. 5 peers out of the window. No. 4 looks at her watch — still no word has been spoken. No. 4 yawns. No. 5 gets baby's shawl from bag. Baby is asleep.

EXCITEMENT — No. 7 coughed. No. 8 leaves. Continual chatter of child in corridor. No. 7 lights a cigarette. No. 3 looks sneakingly at No. 6. No. 6 tells No. 7 that No 3 is looking. No. 7 doesn't look up so keeps writing.

Baby. No. 5 has dummy in face. No. 3 is still giving funny looks in direction of Nos. 6 and 7. Still no word has been spoken. No. 8 returns and recommences reading. No. 2 is too scared to move, but is giving tentative looks around the compartment. Whole carriage is verging on hysteria — nervously twitching No. 4 stares continuously out of the window. Nos. 6 and 7 are despaired by Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5 and 8. No. 1 stares out No. 6.

No. 3 sits nervously clutching bag to bosom. DRAMA!! No. 1 moves, she is collecting her bags and obviously getting out at the next stop. She sits expectantly with bag on lap. (No. 5's expectations have been horribly fulfilled). No. 1 leaves carriage never to be seen again. No. 2 spreads out across seat of No. 1. No. 3 wipes her eyes - smoke from cigarette of No. 7. No. 2 examines photographs. No. 4 has spoken!!!

"do you want the window down" - considering baby of No. 5. No. 5 mutters to baby.

No. 2 speaks — everyone speaks — bedlam!!

Everyone stops. Silence hangs like snow on telegraph wires — No. 7 waxes poetic. Nos 6 and 7 fight over photos - No. 6 talks feverishly. No. 7 ignores No. 6.

No. 5 extracts packet of Fantails and opens them. No. 7's eyes light up. No. 3 scratches back and de-fluffs clothes. No. 3 scratches lip. No. 4 has shut her eyes but is obviously only pretending. No. 5 hands lollies around — to her horror everyone takes one. No. 5 is now "sans" lollies but "avec" baby — nobody wants a baby. No. 6 giggles - manical cackle from No. 6. No. 7 has Fantail stuck on back of tooth. No. 6 has finished Fantail and would love another. No. 5 mauls baby. No. 3 fossicks in her bag. What will she bring forth? Money jingles — purse rears it head — purse disappears, money stops rattling, bag put away, and we are composed once more. Baby stares at No. 2 out. No. 6 speaks to baby, pokes at baby. baby does not answer but continues to stare at No. 2. No. 6 is clutched, then bitten by baby who shows signs of becoming savage. Baby stares out No. 7 who debates whether or not to offer to have it. No. 6 pokes baby.

No. 2 brings out important looking book, commences to read it. No. 3 reads "Herald." No. 8 coughs. No. 2 reads documents. No. 7 smokes — the baby coughs convulsively. Baby grabs at No. 6. No. 7 plays with baby. Baby half swallows dummy. No. 3 puts away Herald and sniffs. No. 8 continues to read. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 all bored stiff. No. 2 puts away book, she was reading. No. 3 scratches ear. No. 8 coughs, plays in handbag, pulls forth cigarette, lights one and recommences reading. No. 4 continues to gaze out of window. No. 4 obviously thinks Nos. 6 and 7 are crazy.

No. 3 laughs — obviously a nervous reaction. No. 4 extracts a lolly from bag, gives a furtive look in all directions, then devours lolly. No. 5 makes funny noises at her baby. No. 8 asks No. 7 if train stops at Moe. No. 4 gazes at her reflection in the window conceited old dear. No. 2 gazes nervously at floor where no-one is staring her out — in doing so, convinces No.
8 that something is amiss in the direction of her feet. No. 4 sucks her lolly and continues to gaze at her reflection. Silence prevails -- baby stares at ceiling, ceiling stares right back.

Nos. 6 and 7 giggle. No. 4 is staring No. 7 out in the reflection in the window. Nos. 3 and 4 give funny looks at Nos. 6 and 7. No. 2 blows nose. No. 7 yawns.

Nos. 3 and 4 are getting worried as to why Nos. 6 and 7 haven't stopped writing since they boarded the train at Caulfield. No. 8 is still reading.

Drama!!! -- baby screams! Mother soothes baby. All passengers converse. No. 7 observes that No. 5 is holding baby incorrectly. Its head is swinging dangerously -- obviously the first. No. 4 glances in direction of Nos. 6 and 7 but immediately looks away. No. 3 had left the compartment and now returns -- train jolts -- she falls into seat. Hysteria is mounting as Nos. 6 and 7 pass manuscripts to No. 2 and they are chuckled over - obviously pornographic in nature.

No. 5 devours Fantail. No. 3 has a case on the floor of the carriage and apologises for it being a nuisance as No. 4 attempts to pass. All vacate carriage at Warragul for refreshments.

Train travel? Marvelous form of fraternization. They have no right to cancel Sunday train services - the very idea -- slicing the heart from the social structure of our human community. They can't do it. they haven't heard the end. we're not finished . . . .

Dawn Davies and Wendy Devenish.

ADAM and EVIL

Anonymous

Bad men would like their women to be like cigarettes.

All waiting in a row, slender and slim,
To be selected, set alight to and when finished with,
Just tossed aside.
More fastidious men prefer women like cigars --
For those are more exclusive.
They last longer and, when the brand is good -- well,
They don't give them away.
Nice men treat their wives like pipes --
The older they get, the more attached they become to them.
And when the flame is out, they may knock them, gently
but lovingly.
But they keep them safe in their pocket.
For no man shares his pipe.

FEVERED MOMENTS

Blind, hopeless pain.
Stunned and reeling,
The mind muted
From exhaustion
For unretractible past.
O God, my God!
The very energies of being
And will to live
Burned out in one dread moment.
Life. What is life?
What is love?
What am I?

JAZZ CLUB 1960

This year Frankston Teachers' College has seen the birth of many new clubs within the College. One of these is the now famous and financial Jazz Club. The club owes its inception to Ernie Thornton, John Teschendorff and Robert Thomson.

The club has grown from a group of jazz enthusiasts to a well informed and critical body of jazz lovers under the guidance of Mrs. McMahon and Mr. Botsman and the leadership of Gordon Holland. This critical approach has been stimulated by the listening to records and the many and varied talks given by the members of the group. These talks have included information about Fats Waller, Ma Raine y, Jell y Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Glenn Miller and Art Tatum.

The Jazz Club has also featured in the social side of College life. It has held two dances, the first being "Deadbeat Part 1" and the second "Jazz goes to Kindergarten." From these dances we have been able to buy the first records for our record library. They include Tommy Ladnier Jam Session and Encyclopaedia of Jazz. We have also been able to donate the sum of £7/7/- to charity -- £5/5/- to the Kanakook Kindergarten and £2/2/- to the Welfare Association.

During Education Week the Club was again a prominent participant. Room 4 was transformed from a dreary lecture room to a dimly lit Parisian cafe. Cool coffee was served by club members and this again added to club funds which are wisely handled by Phil Dix.

As you can see, the clubs activities during the past year have been enjoyable, instructive and stimulating. Many outside visitors have participated in club functions and it is hoped in the years to come that the Jazz Club will take a permanent place in the life of the College.

Marj Farrell.
GROUP NOTES, EL

Group EL, under the capable leadership of Eve Sampson and Greg Peters, has completed its first year at this noble institution. At the outset of this report and on behalf of the group, I should like to thank Eve and Greg for the work they have done for the group, and also Mr. Botsman and Mr. Giles for their assistance as our tutor leaders. Throughout the year we have had fun together at the various group functions and we hope to end the year on the light note on which we began.

EL has its fair share of stars, horrors and people, for reasons best left unsaid.

If you were to come upon us suddenly in the common room studying, you would know something was wrong — probably an exam. — but otherwise you would find this:

Bashing away on the piano would be Ken Roberts, accompanied on the recorder by Ian McLennan. The Terrible Twins — Tony and Kevan — in one corner are plotting some diversion for English, in another sit June and Geoff . . . time has passed by this corner, and so shall we. That group of girls over there — Fay, Brenda "the gherkin girl," Miss Joel, Wendy, Marcia, Jill and Pat — are probably in fits over something DI, Ramage has come out with. The other group — Eve, Frances, Dianne Rigby, Lorraine, Carrie, Susie Q, Sue Poole, and I are seriously considering going to the library to work. We get only as far as considering. By the time we reach a decision the period is over.

That is our group, complete after one year, and ready (?) to go on to bigger and better things in 1961.

Susan Pott.

GROUP NOTES DI

We began the year with 25 members, electing Orme Lind and Michael Johnson as group leaders, Judy Morris as social committee representative and Michael Johnson as S.R.C. representative.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Carrigg have been our very helpful tutors throughout the year.

DI group nights have become famous throughout the College, haven't they Mr. Botsman and Mr. Carrigg? We have had very enjoyable evenings at Beaconsfield, Dandenong and Frankston and, before the year is over, we hope to enjoy two more.

We are notorious throughout the College (aren't we Mr. Mutimer, Mr. McMahon and Mr. Botsman?), but then what else could we be with group members such as Judy Morris (what was that about bones and dolls, Judy?), Margaret Lardi, Brenda Maslen, Michael Johnson, Peter Jack and Doug le Bas?

Some of our group members deserve special mention.

Judy Morris — for doing such a marvellous job as social representative.

Michael Johnson — for doing so well as S.R.C. representative.

Brenda Maslen — for being our witty publications committee representative.

Then there are all of our team members, dramatic group members, choir members and our models (Judy and Michael)!

On the whole, this has been a rather hilarious, hard-working, and enjoyable year.

I would like to thank the tutors and group for their co-operation during the year.

Orme Lind, Group Leader. DI.
Throughout the year many forms of twisted genius have come to the forefront. This is an example of work done by a genius about to be twisted.

If this character looks remotely familiar, the following article is a must for YOU.

Do you ever get that sneaking feeling that a class teacher does not completely appreciate, or understand what you are trying to do? Do you ever feel, during a lesson, that the teacher is even "further away" than the children? Have you ever wondered whether all teachers judge your work at the same level?

To answer these questions (particularly the last one) Struan has carried out another of its exclusive reader services.

**A REPORT ON TEACHERS' EVALUATIONS OF STUDENT LESSONS**

Briefly, we grasped one stupefied student (it could have been anyone, even you), and asked him to prepare one perfect lesson (i.e. one which made use of all the gimmicks and aids such as pictures, maps, slides, dramatizations and crossword puzzles that could possibly be available).

Our next step was to supply the student with the opportunity to teach the lesson to a certain grade in each of the training schools. Each of the grade teachers was requested to write his usual evaluation of the lesson and then these criticisms were compared. The differences in opinion were remarkable. Teachers identified themselves as particular types. They are "types" because they always write their "crits" in a similar vein.

They are types, not individuals, and before any great span of time has elapsed every one of you will be recognizable within one or another of the "type" categories.
A most extraordinary lesson. You bounce too much. I'm sure the little people would have been quite out by your manner. It gives me indigestion just to think about it. Also your manner of walking around the room all the time and in the way you do is quite disconcerting. Try to practise your "classroom walk." It will help you in the future. You might try putting firstly your right (or left) foot down, followed by your left (or right) and so on. This may help you over one of your little difficulties.

Otherwise a most extraordinary lesson.

I realize this was a most difficult lesson to give.

I have a reference book at home which you may have found useful. It is one of old Charlie K. Glazfogel's Histories and I picked up a second hand French edition while I was in Crete. If you had used this text your lesson would not have been so (pointless) (ridiculous) (trivial) vague.

You should assert yourself more. Never, never, tolerate the odd child who steps out of his seat and starts

Splashing Spred-Satin all over the other children if this should ever happen again, don't join in the joke so wholeheartedly. Maintain your dignity.

Lesson notes quite well prepared along approved lines, if a little dull. Also much of it was irrelevant.
TYPE C—

Notes of lesson — O.K.

Approach — Lousy.

The student gave a lesson which will provide a suitable introduction for the entire re-teaching of the lesson by myself at a later date.

What a mad lesson.

Alfred E. Neuman

Don't laugh.

We have our very own.

Alfred E. Neuman.
HOW ABOUT YOU?

"Who, me?" "Yeah! you!" "What've I done?" "Nothing!" "Nothing?" "No, Nothing! You didn't fool those kids! No, you can't fool those little things who make schools as untidy as they are. They've got it all over you. One of the college's telepathy experts recently searched the minds of four intelligent pupils of Grade 6. The following remarks are the results, slightly abridged, in order to present semi-intelligible English. All kidding aside, this is a legitimate survey.

QUESTION 1:
What (or who) is a student teacher?
(a) A person apprenticed to be a teacher.
(b) A teacher who is practising with an expert, in order to gain ideas, and to learn.
(c) A young visiting person who intends to be a teacher.
(d) A person learning to be a teacher.

QUESTION 2:
What are the things you would like most about any teacher?
(a) Comparative strictness, consistency, and fair play.
(b) A teacher must neither be "soft," nor must he snap.
(c) Must participate in sport, be strict at times, take no side in any dispute.
(d) Must not be too lenient. Must be consistent.

QUESTION 3:
Think of three (3) student teachers you have had. Tell me the thing you liked most and the thing you liked least about these people.
(a) X Most—Fairly strict, knew what he was talking about.
Least—Losing his temper.
Y Most—Good teacher of sport.
Least—Voice not loud enough.
Z Most—A particularly valuable art lesson.
Least—Confused methods in Arithmetic.
(b) X Most—Telling jokes,—"with" the children.
Least—
Y Most—Willing to help children.
Least—
Z Most—Willing to give sport and art lessons.
Least—Distant but commanding at all times.
(c) X Most—Giving special "new" lessons.
Least—Too much spelling.
Y Most—Brought plenty of film strips.

Lea—Was continually brushing own clothes.
Z Most—Very fair.
Least—Too fussy in arithmetic.
(d) X Most—Very helpful and understanding.
Least—
Y Most—Joined in sports.
Least—Sometimes a bit "cross."
Z Most—Used dramatization. Made work "fun."
Least—

(A blank space indicates that the pupil could not think of anything under that heading)

From that, any dill can see that you can be a perfect teacher simply by shouting, smiling sweetly, avoiding spelling, allowing chalk dust to settle over you till even the manager of a department store can't tell you apart from Father Christmas. and above all, let them get those sums wrong! (Famous last words — "They'll never need to give me change in a shop anyway!")

Compiled by J. Smit, C1.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Our canteen this year has been most successful because of the untiring efforts of Mr. Dignam, Mrs. Leysham and their student helpers. Many hours have been spent for the convenience and pleasure of other students. It is with gratitude that we take this opportunity of sincerely thanking all concerned for the efficient organization and supervision of the College canteen.

Special thanks to exit students — Sandra Methuis, Lois Oppy, Veronica Noonan, Jean Paganoni, Julie Richardson, Denise Roberts and John Smit.

SUMMING UP SUMMER

Summer is campfires and singing . . .
the strum of a uke.
It's watermelon, swimming . . .
and sunburn.
It's new faces and places . . .
new combos and couples . . .
new meaning to an old song.
Summer is odd jobs, big dreams, adventures . . .
and lonely nights gazing at the stars.
It's pingpong on the patio and reading beneath a tree.
It's climbing a mountain and jumping a stream.
It's giggles and gliders.
drive-ins, and long, lazy days
with no homework.

Summer is almost the most wonderful thing that can happen to anybody . . .
especially when you are young.
Anonymous.
CHESHIRES

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WHAT IS T.C.C.F.?

Teachers' College Christian Fellowship is an inter-college, inter-denominational, evangelical organization based on the widely-held beliefs of the major Protestant denominations.

How does it function?

Frankston T.C.C.F. group is maintained in accordance with regulations as suggested by the Inter-Varsity Fellowship with which it is affiliated.

Officers for the year, to whom we owe grateful thanks for their effective service in the organization of our group, were Ailsa McRae (President), Colin Stevens (Vice-President), Barbara Parratt (Secretary), Ian Page (Treasurer), Lois Oppy (Prayer Secretary) and Margaret Johnston (Publicity Officer).

Throughout the year we have been addressed by local ministers and laymen, mission representatives and others engaged in diverse aspects of Christian service. Toward the close of the year we enjoyed the exchange of a few meetings with the Loyola Society. We hope that next year they will give us further opportunity for friendship and co-operation.

Our thanks are also extended to our Principal, Mr. Eunson, and to the staff without whose help and co-operation our meetings could not have been successful, and primarily to God who is the source of our hope and inspiration and our sufficiency at all times.

FLINDERS STREET — 5.05 p.m.

They had grimy, frowning faces. They had recently been freed.

They surged in one direction in a regulated speed.

With fixed intent and purpose were heading for the train.

Another day was over, they were going home again.

Monotonous and dreary was the sound of plodding feet,

T'll like a weary army, they were halted in the street.

The crashing honking traffic started up to block their way.

Then green lights lurked them on again - the black, the brown, the grey.

They clattered up the shallow steps and through the wrought iron gates,

Then, like a mob of herded sheep, began to separate.

They pushed and hustled down the ramps and squeezed into the trains,

A tangled mass of sweating forms, with dull and empty brains.

ST REVAN

GROUP A 2

Group A maintained its good record on the academic side this year. As this goes to press we are looking forward to three functions, our item in the revue and the two final tutor group dinners.

Group A wish to extend their thanks and best wishes to all who have made their two years so memorable and profitable. Especially do we thank our tutor group leaders, Mr. Fry, Mr. Sherwill and Mr. Wells, who have worked so hard on our behalf.

G. Beavan.
EACH ONE

Carmel Clarke
Possesses notorious ability of saying the right thing at the wrong time. Most lecturers tremble at the sound of her name and her last minute assignments thwart many an evil intention. The grapevine (in the person of a parking attendant) suggests that one certain portly lecturer even has a pin-up of her on the inside of his locker door and at this he throws Roman darts.

John Fisher
An Advanced theorist on the joys of bachelorhood despite all efforts from certain quarters. This talkative chappie came into college with his eyes shut and will probably leave the same way. Although he denies fervently being a Sun worshipper he continues to confuse the dumb Christians by scratching FISHER on all his possessions.

Elaine Gay
Her mother was obviously not frightened by a shampoo bottle. Unfortunately she keeps bad company and her dress sense has gone overboard — all her clothes are black and white stripes now. Her language includes “mug umpire,” “hit him again, Ken,” etc.

Laurie Kent
Since winning “Miss Frankston Teachers’ College 1959” success has gone to this boy’s chest. There was no room in his head for it. Being an impressionable lad, his last visit to the zoo inspired his haircut. A word for his fans: the way to distinguish whether he is awake or asleep is that when asleep he snores.
A TEACHER

Trevor Renfree
This courageous lad has earned the undying respect of every man in College. Despite severe criticism, pointed remarks and satirical name-calling, Ahmed, the Camel Driver... oops... Trevor, has managed to grow, and keep fertilized, a beard — not a mere chin-clutcher or a wind break for his mouth, but a lusty, masculine, "that's yer lot," all over (face) beard. Drives a car (?)

Denise Roberts
This photo shows what a sweet simple home-loving young girl Miss Roberts was — naive to the wicked ways of the world. Then the commercial wolf of show business carried her to his lair of limelight and stardust. Today our schoolmate (liberal terminology) bashers out seductive songs in Melbourne dance halls billed as "Dynamic Denise."

Geoff Rebecchi.
Was deported from Hampton High then Melbourne High, and finally ended up here. He has been on and off motor cycles since birth (mostly off) but now has taken up riding behind the wheel of a Holden. Geoff was seen fleeing from the Ball (1959) with a girl on the pillion seat of his motor cycle. The latest addition to Geoff is a piece of fungus on his upper lip (he lay too long in a mossy spot). He has very strong principles... it is against his principles to support anything the majority is in favour of.

Gordon Graeme
We know him as simply simple Gordon, the boy with the smile — a cross between an idiotic leer and a stupid grin. But, after hours he is known as Sandown Sammy, the greyhound man. Under his mother's old beach umbrella we see him with his clerk, Basher Barclay. We regret we have no photo of Bill — you know how the police guard their files.
William Martin

Persisted in copying cartoons off walls and reproducing them for "Seahorse," Bill's proposals as president of the S.R.C. last year for improvements in student amenities, including the construction of an all night cabaret, pool room and a 127 feet long mahogany bar — were defeated by the conservative majority in our midst. It will be noted that his rumoured partner at the time, Teschendorff, has been returned for yet another profitable year.

P.S. William wishes it to be known that he will back the prowess of either of his elbows at the drop of 1/1d.
Exit Students, 1960

GROUP A2
Barclay, W. J., C/- Mr. A. G. Heesh. Main Road, Crib Point. C.P.89.
Beaven, G. E., 15 Twidven Street, Bentleigh.
XU 3358.
Callaway, R. B., 3 Worthing Road, Highett.
Graeme, G. H., State School, Officer.
Gregson, J. S., Callander Road. Noble Park.
Hurt, P. L., 419 Nepean Highway, Frankston.
33926.
Holland, G. R., 47 Dell Road. Frankston.
Hurtle, G. E., 28 Hall Street, McKinnon. LW 3589.
Begg, M. C., 19 Ellindale Avenue, McKinnon.
LW 1999.
Bell, J. N., Children's School Camp, Somers. Somers 239.
Frankston.
Butcher, K. L., 5 Tyrone Street. Ormond.
LW 1856.
Clarke, S., Lot 7, Police Road. Springvale.
Clarke, C. M., 125 Albert Street, Mordialloc.
90 4204.
Day, R., 10 Brownfield Street, Cheltenham.
91 6566.
Jarrell, M. E., 63 Warrrigal Road. Mentone. XF 3175.
Francis, M. Y., 42 Bondi Road. Bonbeach.
Chelsea 2076.
Francis, N. M., 231 Main Street, Mornington.
Aranat 21185.
Gay, E. J., 2 Gifford Grove, Cheltenham.
XF 1155.
Gibbons, W. A., 8 Clifton Street, Oakleigh.
1.03009.
Goard, S. M., 380 Bay Road, Cheltenham. XP 3789.
Hill, J. L., 39 Golfview Road, Heatherton.

GROUP B2
Jolly, K. A., 6 Oswald Street, Dandenong. 21584.
Kent, L. D., 9 Rogers Street, Mentone.
Mill, G. R., 126 Mackie Road, East Bentleigh.
Page, I. E., 496 Heatherton Road, Dandenong North.
Pocknall, N. K., 10 McMillan St., Clayton.
Rebbechi, G. B., 31 Anne Street, McKinnon.
LW 3909.
Renfree, T. J., 25 Patty Street, Mentone. XF 2098.

Page Forty-Two

Robinson, D. C., 5 Bowman's Road, Oakleigh.
St 5 593.
Seedsman, T. A., 22 Swanson Street, Mentone.
XF 5352.
Hunter, S. J., Boundary Road. Moorooduc.
M 229.
Hynes, M. I. T., 41 Gilarth Street, Highett.
XL 1926.
Knight, N. F., 67 Church Street. Beaumaris. XF 1345.
Lewicki, L. J., 22 Dalgety Street, Dandenong.
Lewis, V. E., 6 Bundaloohan Court, St. Kilda.
XJ 2597.
Mackay, J. C., Springvale South P.O. S.V.P.O.
Macgillivray, E. F., 123 Wickham Road, Moorabbin.
McLardy, H. F., 9 Cricklewood Avenue. Frankston.
33882.
Malins, B., 4 Morey Road, Beaumaris. XX 1926.
Melhuish, S. M., 45 Draper Street. Ormond.
LW 1036.
Midgley, J. L., 5 Masters Street. Dandenong.
Milner, J. R., 7 Seaton Road. Highett. XL 2478.
Mithen, M. T., 8 Anthony Street. Ormond.
LW 1158.
Morcom, P., 35 Golf Road. Oakleigh South.
37 3925.
Noonan, V. M., 14 Nolan Street. Frankston.
31520.
XL 3767.
Nidenko, V. J., 15 Francesco Street, E. Bentleigh.
Shaw, G. D., 14 Nicole Avenue. Dandenong.
24933.
Smit, J., 38 Albert Avenue, Dandenong. 7-6 9929.
Stevens, C. F., Jennifer Street. Cranbourne.
XU 1908.
Teschendorff, J. G., 551 Station Street. Carrum.
Chelsea 1387.
Thompson, R. E., 28 Burwood Avenue. Dandenong.
2 1003.
Thornbrough, B. A., 78 Beaumaris Road, Highett.
Villiers, T. T., Brighton Road. Keysborough.
XA 9516.
Williams, K. R., 73 Chesterville Road. Cheltenham.
XF 3016.
Oppy, L. M., 104 Beach Street, Frankston.
31328.
Paganoni, J. D., 43 Cranbourne Road, Frankston.
32793.
746 7512.
Richardson, J. L., 20 McLeod Road. Carrum.

STRUAN
GROUP B1 NOTES

In the passages below, any likeness to any living person is purely co-incidental.

PET AVERSION SAYINGS:
1. “You are so far into the woods that you can’t see the trees” — expressed by a certain long-haired bestrimmed lecturer.
3. “All right then” — “created” by a picturesque snow-covered art lecturer.
4. “I don’t want to bore you with this but . . .” — mentioned by the English course’s best friend.
5. “Wendy, please” — pleaded by a philosophical Education overseer.
6. “It’s only proof by selected instances” — blurred by a certain “dashing” Morris owner.

B1 AND LIFE

In B1, one can sometimes hear lectures above the cultured comments on who was at Cambridge last Friday night and who will be there next Friday night. We at times hear more intellectual comments on voting for Kennedy because of his wavy hair. Of course every Tom, Dick and Harry is called John in this world. It has only to be seen to be believed, the glazed countenances received when someone inquires, “Did you go to the Centre?” or “What were you doing last night, Barbara?”

ARGUMENTATIVE REBELS

PETER DURKIN — his ambition to speak on the Yarra bank.

MICHAEL DUNNE — his cultured theories and comments bring forth spontaneous interjections from the above gentleman and others.

PAT FINN — usually in full support of Durkin, however, his humour is usually a little dilapidated.

MARION FOLLETT — argues purely for lung development.

PETER DRAPER — (word before thought) someone told him what he was talking about.

WENDY DEVENISH — she only has eyes for Mr. Wilson.

ARCH ENEMIES.

Bot the Hot — no illusion to his statements.

Wistful Wilson — favourite song: “Why don’t they understand.”

Gleeful Gleeson: “If at first you don’t succeed try, try, try again.” — Rousseau.

Masterful Mac — personality plus “doldrums!”

As the sun sinks slowly into the west amid cries of “Shut up, Pete,” we leave our serenading group behind.

OBITUARY

Not—“How did he die?”
But—“How did he live?”

Not—“What did he gain?”
But—“What did he give?”

These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man, as a man.
Regardless of birth.

Not—“What was his station?”
But—“Had he a heart?”

And—“How did he play
His God-given part
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?”

Not—“What was his church?”
Not—“What was his creed?”

But—“Had he befriended
Those really in need?”

Not—“What did the parish
In the newspapers say?”

But—“How many were sorry
When he passed away?”

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Jon'bo.
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SAVE WAITING!
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The V.T.U. fights for the conditions and status of students-in-training.

See December 1959 *Teachers' Journal* for details of the case presented by the V.T.U. to the Teachers' Tribunal on behalf of students-in-training.

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