ST RUAN

'62
“And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.”

Just lately, I’ve been noticing the unintentional effort I put into the small, almost humdrum things that I’ve always done whilst at College. I am suddenly experiencing a kind of dread: this is the last time I’ll be doing this. “The End” is such an ominous phrase that it makes me feel as if everything is abandoned.

We all tend to live in the present, the immediate moment, and when that time passes we don’t notice it until our attention is specifically focused on it. It seems to have gone quickly and all the trials and anxieties are rationalised into nothing. We live in a haze of the present and the future. What do we expect of life? Success? Gaiety? Happiness? As Anna said to Kitty before her debut into Society, in Tolstoy’s masterpiece, Anna Karenin, “I remember that blue haze like the haze of the mountains of Switzerland. The haze which envelops everything at the blissful time when childhood is just coming to an end and its huge merry circle narrows to a path which one treads gaily yet with dread into life’s corridor, bright and splendid as it appears.”

Most of us have spent the greater part of our time in schools. We have come to College and found the same security and refuge that school gave us, but in a different way. We are a little more independent; we handle our own money; some live away from home, but not many of us have had the opportunity to rely on our own resources. We have not had serious responsibilities, and so it should be, since youth is the time of freedom.

Despite this protection, we tend to face the world with an inner fear and insecurity. Shall I be capable? Shall I succeed? These and many other questions plague us.
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STRUAN, 1962

We look back on our two or three years at College and ask what it has
done for us. We wonder if the friendships which we have formed will be
lasting ones. Have our lectures and lecturers given us new ideas and opened
new areas of thought? Can we recognize the “Simons” and the “Jacks”,
the “Piggys” and the “Ralphs” of this world? Do we see the contribution of
the College staff and students to our understanding of life in general and to
our lives in particular?

In my second year, I have felt my interest and attitude change. The
sudden realization that I will be responsible for the education of forty chil
ren is in itself a challenge, and has created a serious sense of duty towards
my work.

All of these factors have combined to broaden our experiences and
develop our attitudes. It may be true to say, “My paradise is beyond where
the sun sets. It lies within me but only expands through my learning the
relationship between my life and life itself.”

Thanks, Publication Committee and contributors to Struan and Sea
horse. I hope you like our attempt to do two main things: reflect College
life (so that you can look back in 1984 and say, “That’s me there in
Ruddigore, twenty-third from the left”) and provide a medium for creative
and critical writing.

Good-bye, College. It was fun knowing you.

Happy Christmas to all, and good teaching on the road ahead. Let’s
hope that the years find us unafraid.

— Nellie Solowski, Editor.
"Go forth and not withhold thyself"

Every year a teachers' college such as ours must farewell a large proportion of its students. Our best wishes are extended to those of you for whom that time has now come, whether you are going on to further training or taking up positions in schools.

During the short time that you have been here, the College and the training schools have done their best to help you to build up resources for the life and work ahead. These resources will naturally vary to some extent from one individual to another, but they will serve you all well. If you are going into the classroom at once, as most of you are, you will augment your teaching resources from your experience there, and, as time goes on, from your professional contacts and further formal and informal study.

Most of first to see how to organize but as soon take up the your professional differences, because upon his at-age-range of number of if he is a good differences is

The differences is a your classroom dismay of the the disappoint a challenge a time that you individuals, personality, own capacities and that every recognize forward.

STRUAN, 1962
Most of you may be satisfied at first to see your class as a class and to organize your work accordingly, but as soon as you can you must take up the greatest challenge to your professional skill — the individual differences among the children you teach. The rural school teacher cannot ignore these differences, because they are forced upon his attention at once by the age-range of his pupils and the number of grades in his school. If he is a good teacher, he pursues the differences into each grade.

The challenge of individual differences is not a challenge to turn your classroom topsy-turvy to the dismay of the head teacher and to the disappointment of yourself, but a challenge to bear in mind all the time that your class is a class of individuals, each with his own personality, own background, own capacities and special interests, and that every small step you take in recognition of all this is a step forward.

It goes much further than being forbearing when one child behaves differently from the rest. It extends at least to organizing reading groups and arithmetic groups at different levels and to encouraging some expression of individuality not only in art but in the various forms of recorded work. Ultimately it goes to the very heart of all your teaching. It is a stimulating challenge to your energy, enterprise, and resources; it makes teaching creative. Nothing will do more to change the character of our classrooms as time goes on. Great advances will become possible when the average size of classes is reduced, but in any classroom something can be done, especially as the teacher gains in experience. How you respond to the challenge will finally be a most important measure of your success as a real teacher. The College and the training schools are not unaware of the challenge to them.

—George A. Jenkins.
“Friends, students and others,
Lend me your votes.
I come not to make an election speech,
But to stand for President.”

This was my first formal message to the First years and Second year I.T.C.'s in 1961, given in anticipation of being elected President.

Whether the speech had anything to do with the votes or not, I was elected to the position.

Next came a speech of farewell to the Second and Third years who had successfully graduated. That speech was truly a hair-raising experience. Thanks to Mr. Fry, the air of formality was shattered by his comment on a person's apparent loss of hair. (Wait till I have my Mohawk cut for this year's Graduation. You will never hair the end of it.)

Before I relate some of the main S.R.C. activities I would like to introduce you to the members of the executive, whom you all know well.

Joan Fergusson, Vice-President, is quite a personality to work alongside. You should hear her talk... about S.R.C. business matters. Without Joan our committee would not be so stimulating. She gives a good reflection, although hard at 'hairing.'

Marty Cameron stunned them all—the First year girls—I mean. He even had me concerned during a teaching round. However, I must assure you that he is still as Ruthless as ever. Because he is the Junior Vice-President does not mean he will become worse later on.

Mardi Brown is a real cute Secretary. She stands by me, faithfully reminding me of my duties. Although the typewriter thinks she's hard, we all know she is a good type. Her motto is "A Mick in time saves nine."

Perhaps the most influential, handsome, demanding person, especially in the view of some of the first year girls, is no other than the S.R.C. Treasurer, Brian Ward. I did mean handsome, even if he has gained a few extra pounds here and there. Brian has conscientiously kept the S.R.C. accounts, books and expenses in a perfectly clear and concise order. Apart from the

money-grabbing of the committee meeting, we have had no trouble keeping the S.R.C. in the black.

Now to the prize of the S.R.C. committee meeting, of inspiration, Freeman as and advisor we have always enjoyed, laughter, great morale strikes. Why we have him—Why, without committee meeting same.

Some of the important duties of S.R.C. are:
1. Money-grabbing
2. Subscription
3. Ins.
5. Truman

The highlights of the year in other fields,
of the main people. I hope to be with you all again next time.

A plea: Work along with her talk.

J. B. 

G. H."

Now to draw attention to some of the S.R.C. activities. The Committee meetings have been a source of inspiration for all. With Jack Freeman as the Minutes Secretary and advisor on meeting procedure we have all had many hours of enjoyment, fun, action, challenge, laughter, grief, fights, brawls, riots, strikes. What I should say is that we have had an interesting time. Why, without P.B. the S.R.C. Committee meetings could not be the same.

Some of the great reforms initiated by S.R.C. have helped you enjoy a year of pleasure and service. I have listed some of the important decisions below:

1. More seats for the Common Room. This includes large rubbish bins for cigarette butts and ash, and ash trays for the remains of wholesome nutritious lunches.

2. Subsidy towards the College trailer.

3. Installation of telephones.

4. Nail-brushes for the use of people with chalky hands.

5. The purchase of a radio-stereo gram.

The highlights of the S.R.C. in other fields, I am sure you must agree, have been extremely successful.

I must also convey a note of thanks and add congratulations to all of those people who took part in the spectacular performance of Ruddigore. It was splendid. I trust that next year’s show will, if possible, be equally good.

Apart from the S.R.C. executive there are many others who make College life what it is.

John Adams and Netta Karras, the Sports Secretaries, have given much valuable time and assistance towards our Wednesday afternoon sporting activities. I would like to congratulate John and Netta as well as their teams on their enthusiastic competition and successful results in the inter-College competitions.

You also must agree with me that our newspaper Seahorse has hurdled the waves this year. Nellie Solowski has left a challenge in the way of adventure and progress to next year’s publications secretary and committee.

The Department’s term “Frankston Palace” is partly the result of the green fingers club the College Improvements Committee. Pat Russo and her faithful few have helped to keep the grass green as well as directing the construction of the barbecue and sports scoring board. These services as well as a path to Struan are only a few of the improvements to the College which so many of us take for granted.
Pat is also S.R.C. representative on the Welfare Committee. As this is the case, I would like her to pass on our sincere thanks for all the hard effort, time and concern this committee has shown. Truly the Welfare Committee aims to make Frankston Teachers' College a home of luxury and relaxation for the weary student.

The Concerts and Dramatics Committee has worked extremely hard this year. Next year's committee will find it hard without Sue Pott. The Revue, I am sure, will prove another successful function organized by her committee.

Mick Burke or the S.R.C. Robin Hood certainly hit the target with the Ball. A fine time was had by all. Other nights such as Paupers, Hawaiian and Wild West proved very interesting. Whether at committee meetings or not, Mick has a real drive for variety. There is only one person who can quieten him down — except at committee meetings. Still, we don't mind him telling us interesting stories to keep the discussion alive.

I have yet to mention the S.R.C. group representatives, who make it possible for the S.R.C. to function. They have shown interest and have participated in all our objectives. Well, for their service we trust that they will enjoy or have enjoyed their “fill” at the Troika.

I feel that I should extend my personal thanks to the many people who have made my term of office enjoyable. I cannot mention all by name in case I overlook someone. Thank you, S.R.C., for all you have done to assist me. You proved to me that you were faithful in your duties.

To the Principal and staff I would like to say how grateful we all are for your co-operation and service in the many difficult tasks you were assigned.

To the rest of the students, we, the S.R.C., trust that you will have great success in your teaching career. May you always keep the happy challenging spirit that you have displayed this year.

I wish next year's President and S.R.C. all the very best in their duties and activities. May their troubles be few and their finance be much. First years and Second years I.T.C.'s, remember to keep behind them, for they will need it as much as we needed it.

Many of you will have seen my way of thinking and purpose of life. I can still say truthfully in my heart that fullness of life for me is found in a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. I end with a wish that many of you will also be able to experience this wonderful and challenging life.

Your President,
John Bibby.

John Bibby, President

Joan Fergusson, Vice-President

Marty Cameron, Junior Vice President

Mardi Brown, Secretary

Brian Ward, Treasurer

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STRUAN, 1962
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John Bibby,
President

Joan Fergusson,
Vice-President

Marty Cameron,
Junior Vice Pres.

Mardi Brown,
Secretary

Brian Ward,
Treasurer

John Adams,
Men's Sport
Secretary

Netta Karras,
Women's Sport
Secretary

Michael Burke,
Social
Secretary

Sue Pott,
Concerts
and Drama

Pat Russo,
College
Improvements
Education
Alwyn G. W. Kevin Richards
Lauren Jack (Mrs.)

English
Monta William (Mrs.)
Bernard (Mrs.)

Art
Donald Raymon
June M.
Thomais Gordon

Social Studies
Gertrude
Jack L.

I.T.C.
(Mrs.)
Margaret

Science and
Lawrence
Gordon

Physical Education
Attached — Dr. H. W. Rouch, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.O.G.
Education

Kevin H. Mutimer, B.A., B.E., T.P.T.C., A.B.Ps.S.
Richard Wittman, B.A., B.Ed. (qual.), T.P.T.C.
Jack C. Andrews, 2nd Hons., T.P.T.C.

English

Montague Brown, B.A., B.Ed. (qual.), T.P.T.C.
(Mrs.) Margaret Brown, T.P.T.C., Uni. Subs.

Art

Donald H. Allan, A.T.C., T.P.T.C.
Raymond J. Giles, Dip. Art, T.P.T.C.
June M. Parrott, S.A.T.C., T.P.T.C., 2nd Hons.
Gordon E. Brennan, S.T.C. (Eng.), A.T.C. (Eng.).
Maisie M. Papworth, T.P.T.C., T.A.T.C.

Social Studies


I.T.C.

(Mrs.) E. M. Patricia Kennedy, T.I.T.C., T.P.T.C.
Margaret M. McCallum, T.I.T.C.

Science and Mathematics

Lawrence J. E. Flynn, B.Sc., B.A. (qual.), B.Ed. (Qual.), T.P.T.C.
Gordon A. Wilson, B.A., B.Ed. (qual.), T.P.T.C.
Winifred Smales, T.P.T.C.
This space is reserved for the unknown student whose quiet, diligent attitude, attention to duties and thoughtfulness for others have made him (her) the perfect hostel student.

Rod Simpson
Ambition: To grow a man-size beard.
Probable fate: Gaunt looks.

Marion Patterson
Ambition: To be skipper of sea-rangers at Apollo Bay.
Probable fate: Sinking in the surf.

Tony Newman
Ambition: To collect daisies in the dell.
Probable fate: Heather on the hill.

Bob McDonald
Ambition: To make a test century.
Probable fate: Caught in slips at 22.
Simpson
Ambition: To grow a manly beard.
Probable fate: Not looks.

Newman
Ambition: To be the keeper of sheep at Apollo
Probable fate: Ringing in the

Patterson
Ambition: To be a seller of seed at Apollo
Probable fate: Selling in the

McDonald
Ambition: To make a test jury.
Probable fate: Right in slips at

Daryl Joyce:
Ambition: Theatrical success.
Probable fate: Putting on an act.

Clare Cousidine
Ambition: T.P.T.C.
Probable fate: See above.

Peter Mutton
Ambition: To avoid fines for one year.
Probable fate: Suicide past with stanley knife.

Ruth Paynter:
Ambition: I.M.
Probable fate: Mutton done up as lamb.

John Manfield
Ambition: To get what he wants.
Probable fate: Even more.

"Any one for scrabble?"
—Hostel Lounge.
In these days of scientific wonders most people have become blase about new inventions. We can accept some of the material used by the numerous science fiction writers realizing that great writers in this field in the past, such as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, far from being the "crackpots" which the world thought them to be, had very real contributions to make to the worlds of technology and science. Verne's atomic submarines have become realities, although Wells' time-machine, for example, has baffled would-be inventors still. However, I have yet to read a novel based on the functionings of one of the strangest and most controversial of all machines — the teaching machine. This invention may revolutionize teaching.

These machines appear in many shapes and sizes — mechanical, electronic, question-answer types, reading rate controllers, 'programmed' or machined textbooks (which present sequentially planned verbal or pictorial programmes), and Cybernetic machines, for example.

The Australian Council for Educational Research has just published a fascinating study of programmed instruction (teaching by machines). I was surprised to learn that teaching machines already exist and have been tried and tested successfully, particularly in England and America by such noted scientists and educators as Pressy, Skinner, Crowder and Pasko. Far from being the 'crackpot' inventions which they were thought to be some years back, the machines have proved their worth to teachers and students alike and are looming larger on the education horizon as advancement in this field is made. The machines are of particular worth in helping the more intelligent student to advance, leaving the teacher free to devote more time to the weaker students. They are, by their very nature, great helpers to teachers and pupils. The material used in them is chosen by a group of 'programmers', thus saving the teacher time. Their advantages are too numerous to list here. However, for those interested I strongly recommend the booklet "A Review of Programmed Instruction," by J. P. Keeves.

What Keeves does not consider fully, I believe, are the full implications of this type of teaching. He does point out that the strongest opposition to the machines comes from teachers themselves (who are fearful of losing the irreplaceable personal contact with students should the machines become accepted in education), and he does voice some of the fears of the general public. However, this section of the booklet is too brief, considering the enormity of the topic. Consider, for example, the consequences of having programmed material. The teacher virtually has no say in the organization of material to be taught to his own class. This emphasizes the great power these programmers would have here, and the weakening of the teacher's influence.

Is this right? Yet that the teacher may mean the end of the teacher and teacher. Along the following line on a variety of book materials automatically turned 'teacher'. Does electronic device which trans- 'Teacher' can have taken over even, except the stranger thing?

As Keeves points out, the student, at present, is in the room what will the teaching machine suppressors should be about the uses. I wonder if the teaching blocks, reading room here to function? This too replaced. However, and young ones and we must so it is easy to ignoramus we have been recently.

At present more say that the benefits for pupil, but I do not accept them equipped with assignments a.
Is this right? What if these machines should eventually become so widely used that the teacher is no longer needed in the role of instructor? This would mean the end of a vital link in the ‘human chain’ of parents, child, friends and teacher. The classroom formula of the future might well be something along the following lines. Class seated. Enter ‘teacher’ who proceeds to turn on a variety of teaching machines which will supply questions, answers, textbook material, visual aids, and so forth, for each period of the day, automatically turning themselves off when they are no longer required. Exit ‘teacher’. Discipline is maintained throughout the day by a variety of electronic devices hidden throughout the room, e.g. a hidden microphone which transmits noise and conversation to ‘teacher’s’ adjoining room. ‘Teacher’ can constantly view class through televizor. Since the machines or pictorial have taken over his main function he does not need to be in the classroom even, except when a machine goes wrong. What a fantastic situation! And yet stranger things have been known to occur and this is not impossible!

As Keeves admits, these machines primarily cater for the brighter student, at present. Should teachers cease to function as people in the classroom what would happen to the weaker students? Would we educate (or work. Far from the teaching machines educate) students alike? or pictorial

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I was published a few years ago. I have tried here. Far from "ignoramus will do in almost any profession into which something new has been recently introduced." A Review of the"...

Is it easy to sit back and ‘tear it to bits’ with scathing comments as ignoramuses will do in almost any profession into which something new has been recently introduced.

At present, I think, the disadvantages of teaching machines probably outweigh their advantages, although this is debatable, depending upon which view you prefer to take of them. However, they are devices which we Australian teachers know very little about, and since we pride ourselves on being progressive in our ways of educating and thinking, they are worthy of our consideration. Like most inventions, I think that if these machines were used in moderation and wisely by their operators, and provided that teachers had more say than is proposed in their organization, they could have amazing benefits for pupils. Of course, much research and testing still has to be done, but I do not think we can wipe teaching machines off yet. Neither can we accept them yet. Who knows, one day we might see teachers’ colleges equipped with teaching devices which would eliminate the need for lecturers, assignments and examinations.

STRUAN, 1962
As I lay surrendered on the velvet-covered couch grasping to comprehend the pedagogical pedantry of the renowned Dr. Spooks, I was coaxed into foreseeing my eventual self-annihilation due to hypertension if I did not seek out a drastic change which would better my rapport with the world at large. Also under the visionary Doctor, in spite of my crippled mental state, I was able to sense the further threat to my security and stability from an outside practitioner, a Doctor Infidel Kastro, who would not have my welfare at heart. So I packed my family belongings, three males and one of the other kind, and pretty soon in the heat of a beautiful summer day, we were boarding an awesome machine at the San Francisco International Airport. The 'change' prescribed by my good doctor was ominously awaiting my arrival just 7,000 miles across the 'innocent' blue.

As we touched ground at some small aerodrome in a state oddly called New South Wales, the full significance of my change became apparent. The wind was blowing, the air was cold, and the rain was falling. I soon learned to live with this change because the weather resembled my arrival day for the next three months. Getting back to that first day — We were put aboard some "Friendly" government-owned airplane and taken to a small town in the middle of nowhere. We were told that this was the nation's capital and was thus situated because two brawling cities had fought for the honour of possessing sweet Canberra, so she was put out in the bush for her own protection. We froze here for six days before we were put on another flying machine and transported to the southern end of this great island, an area called Victoria, where we continued to be cold and catch new colds because these people didn't believe in central heating.
Our fears that we would be decapitated by sharp-edged boomerangs deftly thrown by aboriginal savages were soon dispelled at the airport by the kindly face and greeting of a civilized and highly educated Australian who introduced himself as Monty Brown. He was wearing the paraphernalia of similar civilizations I had seen and he spoke in very cultured tones. Our pleasure turned into happiness as we were driven by him in Australia's own Holden automobile to a home similar to the one we had left. Here we met a charming lady very dissimilar to the bushman we had read about. She also spoke a derivative of our language and by careful listening we learned that her name was Trudy Kentish. These people were very generous and kind because, as we learned later, they too had been lost in a strange country and realized that we would need help to adjust ourselves.

As we began "to settle in", the full significance of our change also settled in. Several hours after our main bags were unpacked, a tall, blond, good-looking native of the island, who was given the name of Kevin Mutimer by his tribal ancestors, arrived and said, "Go home, Yank!" We found out later that this is his way of showing warmth and affection. We knew now that we were in a peaceful country, safe from violence unless we were in front of a "Pub" at the 6 o'clock exit hour.

On Monday, August 13, I was introduced to the Frankston Palace. My educational assignment in Australia was under way and the changes seemed strange at first. I met B2's, D1's and C2's; I was told that some of the college enrolment were T.P.T.C.'s and others were I.T.C.'s; that some had Leaving certificates while others had Matriculation, a few had technical diplomas, and a few were special or private students. Some took a two-year course while others remained for three years — yes, a mite bit confusing.

But after a while I didn’t feel like the “foreigner” representing the Kennedy family across the ocean. I learned to drive down the wrong side of the road, to aim my auto at pedestrians, to shop without a supermarket, to play tennis on a sand surface, to “rubbish” my friends on the staff half as fast as they “rubbish” me, to limit myself to eight “cookies” at each tea break; and, above all, to be extremely happy in this far-away land of rabid, one-eyed footy fans.
Seriously, Australian education is very different from American education, but both systems are operating effectively in the pursuit of their respective goals. I have worked for a number of years in a system of mass education, a system which naturally harbours many reluctant and recalcitrant personalities. The battle to find a place for these people in the “meet their needs” program has resulted in a vast array of deluded and non-academic courses being offered. Attendant to this problem is the one of discipline.

Here in Australia where the accent is on selective education, and where the compulsory education is considerably less stringent, the running of a classroom is more academic in emphasis — in a larger percentage of the classrooms of the country.

The other vital difference that marks American education as different from its Australian friend is the local management and financial responsibility as opposed to a highly centralized machine with fewer variables. An American school is the product of the community in which it is located, and the American teacher is often face to face with parents and civic groups on educational matters. Hence, the curriculum is very flexible, as is evident by the addition of various activities promoting a better social education and an increased awareness of better citizenship. In Australia, due to the tremendous importance of public examinations, courses have remained more rigid and immutable.

I am not prepared now, or possibly ever, to say which philosophy would work better in Australia. All I can say is that the staff at Frankston appear highly educated, and the students are generally as well prepared as any in the world. I have especially enjoyed the sports participation opportunities afforded me here in Australia. Physical fitness is a reality here with practically all young people engaged in some recreation during the week. In America President Kennedy has expressed some concern about the “soft” American.

I just wish that my American friends who are writing to me could ask me more important questions than “Have you seen any kangaroos lately?” or “How are you getting on with the abos?” I am about to write back and ask “Is Wyatt Earp still king of Dodge City?” or “How’s traffic on the Oregon trail?”

—Dick Ricks.
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-Dick Ricks.

Personalities . . .

COL HOWARD: "I don't remember much about last night."
JAN BARGER: "Rabbits have more fun than people because there are
more rabbits than people because rabbits have more fun than people."
JIM HENRY: "The V.T.U. camp will be . . ."
SHEILA REED: "I want to go 'right off'."
ROD SIMPSON: "A beard is a sign of maturity."
BOB STEIN: The strong, silent type.
JACK PASCOE: "I wonder if he did kill the mug?"
SHEILA COGLEY: "But don't you think that . . ."
CHRISTINE SANTVOORT: Our Girl of the Year.
MARTY CAMERON: A first year Teenage Idol.
JENNY STRONELL: A songstress from 'Ruddigore.'
BOB McDONALD: "Jam . . . please."
NETTA KARRAS: "What a complete and utter joy."
MIKE BOURKE: "It goes like a charm."
BOB WATerson: Second year I.T.C. representative for Miss Frankston.
DARYL JOYCE: Pied Piper of the Hostel.
ROD BRYOR: The Sheik of "The Tent.
PETER SALMON: At 21 has seen the Dawn of life.
BILL BERRY: "Keep up the singing . . . louder!"
LEON GELLIE: "Is shorthand really necessary?"
ANNETTE GOODMAN: "I know a youth who loves a maiden so . . ."
KAY GRANGER: Not a bad sport.
PAT BELL: Pat still likes her Scotch.
DANETZA EUNSON: "He's a rebel and he'll never be . . ."
TONI PURVES: A Hostel highlight.
LIZ CARROLL: Four tables for six, two tables for eight, etc., etc.
ROGER WESTON: "Valentino is NOT my idol."
PETER MUTTON: Put a Mutton . . . (where?).
PAT RUSSO: "My thumbs aren't really green."
Since my return to Frankston from Medford, staff and students alike have bombarded me with much the same question: "What’s it really like — I mean, teaching in America?" Of course, I cannot possibly answer that question since I taught in only one senior high school, one of many thousands of such schools in the U.S.A.

With that point understood, let me say that the day of the teacher in my senior high school was fully, if not always profitably, occupied. I was expected to unlock the door of my classroom at 7.50 a.m., lock the door at 11.10 a.m. when I commenced my half-hour lunch period, and after that break keep my room open until 4 p.m. By calculation of the above, it can be ascertained that the teacher worked a forty-hour, five-day week. However, other teachers worked even longer hours: performing additional duties for which they were reimbursed.

The administration of this school believed in the principle of continuous student supervision. These senior students, aged 16, 17, or 18, were permitted to leave their classrooms in the course of the school day if the supervising teacher completed one of a number of printed "passes" which had to be initialled at the point of destination and then returned to the issuing teacher, who filed them for future reference. During each of the three lunch periods teachers were posted around the corridors to supervise student deportment in general, but in particular to check student members of the "Lonely Hearts Club." Since this club enjoyed strong support from the student body, the corridor teachers were often heard to cry: "Unhook!" By inference, it is suggested that students were not encouraged to mingle freely in the school grounds and indeed few students ventured outside to taste the fresh air of Oregon. A majority of students came to school in the yellow school bus, although the supervision of student deportment in these buses appeared to be more illusory than real.

The dress of both teachers and students was highly informal. Summer frocks were popular with the female students throughout the year, although during winter both males and females covered their light clothing with the snow clothing made popular by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary. Throughout all seasons the temperature of the classroom was held to an unpleasantly stuffy 80°F. Selfishly, I ignored tumultuous protests and kept certain classroom windows open in all weathers, including snowfalls. My students appeared to have three aversions: fresh air, walking, and in many cases, study.

"How hard does the American student work?" This again is the 'hardy annual' type of question. I can say that my advanced students worked hard, but the very thought of placement pressure often laid to rest most of their ideal of American success. I sincerely appraised that both teachers and students were held to standards of success beyond that of our secondary school students in the U.K. Yet teaching in America was hard work, and few of the senior students, I believe, would have been easily interested in the "Lonely Hearts Club." I am sure that I would have been unable to attract me without any additional pressure from me without some additional pressure from me. I say firmly that both teachers and students were not encouraged to mingle freely in the school grounds and indeed few students ventured outside to taste the fresh air of Oregon. A majority of students came to school in the yellow school bus, although the supervision of student deportment in these buses appeared to be more illusory than real.

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worked hard and generally with profit to themselves. Nevertheless, advanced placement groups were a comparatively recent innovation at Medford and seemed to owe their genesis to the Russian sputnik. Indeed the charge is often laid that such groups are "undemocratic" and inimical to the noble ideal of American education: 'that all men are created equal.' Here, I sincerely applaud the noble idealism, but insist that 'some men are more equal than others.' This latter quotation from George Orwell is perhaps the best description of the abilities of my remaining classes, who were termed "College Preps." In these groups at the end of the academic year, it was clear that both teacher and students had regarded each other as a challenge, because I was satisfied with the final work of a majority of my students. It was hard work, but it was worthwhile and most enjoyable. On the other hand, success in the learning situation required concentrated effort and great determination on the part of both student and teacher. My students were easily interested, but they were determined to force satisfactory grades from me without their troubling to master the work. In simple terms, they wanted me to pick the fruit and hand it to them on an "A", "B" or "C" grade platter.

I say firmly that nowhere else have I been subjected to so much sustained pressure on students' grades as I experienced in Oregon. In the case of a failing grade, I might add that the teacher was required to notify the parent about one month in advance of the examination, when it seemed that the student was likely to fail. To this end a specially detailed printed form was supplied for the use of the teacher and the edification of the parent. The school believed that failure in a subject implied a fault on the part of the teacher. What do you think?

Yet teaching was only one part of my tour of duty as a Fulbright teacher. During our first visit to Washington, D.C., President John Fitzgerald Kennedy asked us to tell the people of the U.S.A. about our own countries. My family and I tried hard to meet the President's request. With Mrs. Miller acting as my booking agent, I spoke 160 times on stage, TV, and radio. Mrs. Miller addressed a State Conference of the H.E.U., something like our C.W.A. My daughter Elspeth and my son Hugh were able to give slide shows on Australia at their respective schools. As the number of our speaking engagements increased, I believe that we sensed the urgency of the President's request. It seemed that Americans in Oregon were anxious to learn, but found it difficult to understand the viewpoints and problems of other nations.

When we left Oregon for Europe, we found it hard to realize that we might never again see our friends in that beautiful State. We hope, therefore, to return there as visitors in five years' time. Since we have this firm intention, you can gauge our affection for those generous Oregonians, both young and old, whose friendships we shall always treasure. Floreat Fulbright,

— Ernest Miller.
PERTH TOUR

On September 6, a group of students left Spencer Street in eager anticipation of their trip to Perth. The well-balanced number of thirty-four girls and one (brave) boy certainly wasn’t disappointed.

It was quite an experience sitting up all night, and most of us slept for an hour or two even if our chins were often tickled by a friend’s toes, our ribs bruised by another friend’s knees.

Some of us retained our claim to feminine charms and spent long hours chatting to the “forces.”

We spent an interesting afternoon in Adelaide before proceeding on our way to Perth. We were certainly experienced train travellers by the time we arrived, for we had survived two nights in the rocking-rolly bunks of the Kalgoorlie-Perth train. By way of a contrast the Trans-Continental was “just beaut,” with its adorable little cabins, five-course meals, of which we all took advantage, and a “cuppa” before breakfast every morning. And if you will take our advice to meet interesting people — travel by train.

Perth more than fulfilled our expectations. It even surpassed dear old Kalgoorlie. Perth has it all — beauty, friendliness, boys. Much to our surprise we were greeted at the Hostel by none other than Toorak Teachers’ College. Fun for all — hair rollers and burnt sandwiches.

We enjoyed many interesting day trips — The Darling Ranges, Yan- chees, National Park—and couldn’t help but be impressed by Western Australia’s wildflowers. I don’t know how everyone will vote on the bus drivers, but one thing is for sure — they can all sing.

The highlight of our trip was Rottnest Island, even if our boat did sail past, leaving us stranded on the jetty; we got there a week later than expected. We would like to recommend it as the place for a holiday; it has everything — golf, salt lakes, lovely beaches, rugged scenery, bicycles and quaint little rat-tailed kangaroos called “quokkas.”

The Teachers’ Colleges received us wonderfully. We returned their dance invitation by giving a barbecue, and inviting all. I am sure we all agree that Perth is worth visiting; it is a fascinating city with popular parks and inviting surf beaches.

Our thanks to Mrs. K. and Uncle Tommy. They gave us a wonderful time — ever been to a “drive-in” in a bus?

Au revoir, Perth, but not goodbye. We will all be back some day.

In the Caves at Araluen, W.A.
I didn't vote on it, but one thing is sure, all will sing.

Our trip was cut short if our boat was stranded on our way back a week later. I would like to visit a place for a change — golf, tennis, beaches, rugged cliffs, quaint little towns called mother's.

Stages received a present, turned their place into a bar

I am sure the beach is worth visiting, a lovely city with inviting surf.

K. and M. gave us a holiday that had been to a

Not a good one, but not too bad. We'll try some day.

Left:
- Snowmen on Mt. Wellington. Tasmanian tour.
- Burns Wilkinson Expedition to the bottom of the sea. W.A. tour.

Right (Top to Bottom):
- Most men prefer camels. Mr. Fry prefers to walk.
- "Anyone for Skippy?" Pt. Augusta Station, Central Aust. tour.
- Wendy Burns caught with a W.A. Lifesaver? "Not in your lifebuoy."
Central Australia Tour . . .

There were fifty-three students on the Central Australia tour — four of them men. Before the train had left Melbourne suburbs two of the girls had claimed partners. Whoever else missed out, they would not. All that they proved was that men don’t value what they don’t have to chase. They found more responsive mates later in Palm Valley.

No-one had much sleep during the trip to Adelaide, despite the aeroplane-type seats. The general feeling of discomfort was summed up by a surly male voice demanding, as the train jolted to yet another stop, “And just which back door of Hell is this?” (It was Serviceton).

We were all surprised by the beautiful garden aspect of the South Australian railway stations, especially those in the hills outside Adelaide.

Sunday afternoon was spent in a tour of Adelaide and suburbs and on Sunday night we slept at the Grosvenor and recovered a little from the effects of the previous nights.

On Monday morning the train raced out across flat plains, all sown with barley or rye-grass until, quite abruptly, we entered the sandy, salt-bush country and soon after came to Port Pirie Junction. We changed trains there, and had lunch, and choked on the smell from the smelters. Not even Danetza, who was always cheerful, was sorry to leave Port Pirie.

The trip to Port Augusta was through the dreariest country that we saw: flat, dun-coloured sandy plains, lightly covered by dismal looking grey-blue saltbush. On one horizon occasional glimpses of the sea, on the other the ranges, just a crumpled-up version of the plains. One carriage was taken off the train at Port Augusta and sent back to Port Pirie. I left my suitcase on it. Only the great kindness of Mr. Ladd, Neil, Bruce and Gregg, who lent me clothes and equipment, saved me from completely wrecking my holiday.

On the platform at Port Augusta is preserved “The Sandfly,” the little narrow-gauge engine which, according to the plaque attached, was “first used by contractors building the Darwin - Pine Creek section of the North Australian railway in 1887 and in continuous use there until 1943.” I wondered whether it was the engine of which Mrs. Gunn wrote so fondly in “We of the Never Never.”

On to Marree, and another change of trains. Probably the country was the same as that which we crossed on the way to Port Augusta, but it was soon dark, and we couldn’t tell. At Marree Mr. Ladd proved that it doesn’t always pay to be big. A tipsy local wanted to fight him.

When we woke the next morning the train was jogging through the desert towards Oodnadatta. Endless country, covered with rust-coloured, sharp edged stones, spotted occasionally with saltbrush but never monotonous, always changing, from plains to hills or low, long ridges of bright red sand. In the morning we saw some horses and in the afternoon some cattle. Others were beside the line.

After a night at the Hotel, we went on to Hermannsburg — of what, “Tiger” M.C.‘d the bus driver. We drove over white sand beside the Hermannsburg Hotel.

“The Tiger” M.C.‘d the bus driver. We got off from the road to look at at least a hundred white sandhills.

Late in the afternoon we went on another five miles along the road. Everything was in white sand.

The next morning we were up but on the same sandhills, with saltbush perching in the sand. Later, when Euro had made a lecturer climb on the sandhills, the sandbush equalled.

When the sun bore had brought in the heat, Euro, Alice Spring, and I went on to Stand. When we woke the next morning the train was jogging through the desert towards Oodnadatta. Endless country, covered with rust-coloured, sharp edged stones, spotted occasionally with saltbrush but never monotonous, always changing, from plains to hills or low, long ridges of bright red sand. In the morning we saw some horses and in the afternoon some cattle.
our — four of the girls — lost. All that they said was that the aero
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After dark when we reached Alice Springs and went to Mount Gillen Hotel, where there was mail waiting for more than one separated lover.

No rest for the tourist — the morning we drove out to Palm Lodge. We stopped at Flynn's grave, at Namatjira's memorial, and at Hermannsburg. Education of aboriginals is a problem in the Territory — of what value is it when there's no work to do when you leave school?

"Tiger" came with us from Hermannsburg to Palm Valley, where he M.C.'d the campfires — and who will ever forget his Emu Dance?

We drove along the bed of the Finke River to Palm Lodge, over loose white sand and shingle. We changed into four-wheel drive vehicles at Hermannsburg, but even so, the bus was bogged once.

"The Finke's supposed to be the oldest river in the world," said the bus driver. "Two hundred thousand years. Geologists have worked it out from the rocks."

It was easy to believe. The red sandstone cliffs rise sheer at least a hundred and fifty feet, and the whole area seems brooding with age.

Late in the afternoon we stopped for a swim in one of the pools. Most people went in, but I thought that there was another pool at Palm Lodge five miles away. There wasn't, and that is the trouble with the Territory. Everything that you want to see is miles from where you are.

The next day we went rock climbing. Two easy climbs before dinner, but on the second, Battleship Rock, my nerve failed, and I joined the chickens perching in the shade of the rocks. Their numbers grew in the afternoon when Euro Rock was attempted, but even so nineteen students and one lecturer climbed to the top — a number that no other teachers' college equalled.

When we returned to Palm Lodge we found that the pump on the bore had broken down. There were no more showers until we reached Alice Springs three days later.

Palm Valley on the next day. The palms are supposed to be at least sixteen hundred years old. Most of us were more interested in finding pools in which we could wash.

Back to Alice Springs on the Saturday stopping at Hermannsburg — another raid on the souvenir store — and at Simpson's Gap, which gives its name to the smallest cattle station in the Territory — 180 square miles.

Three days of comparative idleness at Alice Springs, though we all went on a morning tour of the town. Most of us visited the beautiful Flynn Memorial Church, and some scraped up enough money to pay for a trip out to Standley Chasm. Then home.

The trip to Melbourne from Adelaide was the most uncomfortable time of the trip. Seats were non-adjustable, and we slept as and where we could. There were eleven of us sleeping head to toe along the corridor.

— Alfred Draper.
Tasmanian Tour . . .

The “Princess of Tasmania” docked at Devonport on Thursday, September 13, delivering thirty Frankston Teachers’ College students. Few had slept and many had suffered the night long at the mercy of rolling seas, rain and wind, but all were full of expectancy and holiday spirit. Thus the tour began; from then on it can be described as an exceedingly successful one — happy atmosphere, fun everywhere and packed with incidents which will be memorable for all.

As we travelled from one end of the State to another we discovered that Tasmania is a State of vastly diversified countryside. The coast is lined with lush farm lands stretching from high hills down to the sea. Going inland we came to Queenstown — a city nestling in a hollow, surrounded on all sides by huge, stark, barren mountains. From Queenstown we travelled 200 miles to Hobart.

Hobart, the capital city, was our “home” for six days. From the Mayfair Guest House we took day trips to some of Tasmania’s main tourist attractions. Port Arthur was interesting for its historical ruins, steeped with atmosphere and surrounded with fragments of past tragedies. The Hastings Caves were astounding in their creation and age, and it was fascinating to work out the imaginative forms suggested by many of the names given to them. Mt. Wellington — will we ever forget the afternoon which seemed so short, where so much fun was had in the snow?

A word about our night life. Perhaps the highlight here was the celebration of three twentieth birthdays. Bluey Aeschlimann, Brenda Penny and Helen MacLachlan stepped into their new decade at “The Golden Dragon” restaurant, where we were able to “take over” the dance floor and orchestra and have a really entertaining night. Rumour has it that Graham Martin was offered a permanent job as a melodica player by leading Tasmanian artists after his rendition on this occasion. Margaret Hunter, who sang at another dance, again obliged, and Mr. Boyd roused wistful feelings as he jovially sang, “I’m Going Back To Where I Came From,” while Miss Carder and Len (bus driver throughout the tour), made a delightful duet singing, “Oh, Lenny, Oh Lenny, Oh!”

Dances, ice skating, squash, a visit to John Palotta’s truly remarkable miniature village, “Tudor Court,” a theatre night, sings-songs around the piano and always a game of cards, left no time to spare and resulted in the ten days slipping by so quickly.

Our last day was spent in Launceston. This city was, perhaps, our favourite, our opinion being coloured by the fact that it was from here that we would leave. The delightful parks, lively, busy city set on the river, and a picturesque walk along a remarkable gorge all combined to arouse delight and sadness in us all.

— Clair Durkin.

STRUAN, 1962
When it comes to night life, there was the entertainment-born Brenda MacLachlan. For a decade at "Mrs. Steak," the restaurant, she "took over" the orchestra and "run a Howling night." Graham Martin did a fine job as a leading Tassie with a rendition on "Baret Hunter, dance, again and I roused wistfully sang, "I'm where I Came from."

"Order and Len (out the tour), singing, "Oh, singing, squash, a

Two pictures truly re-

"Tudor sings-songs and always a time to spare."

STRAUN, 1962
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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td>Feb 8</td>
<td>Second Year Students enter College.</td>
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<td>Feb 20</td>
<td>First Year Students enter College.</td>
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<td>Feb 23</td>
<td>Welcome Dance.</td>
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<td>Mar 7</td>
<td>Mr. McIlroy at Assembly (V.T.U. President).</td>
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<td>Mar 8</td>
<td>Working Bee.</td>
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<td>Mar 17</td>
<td>Garden Party.</td>
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<td>Red Cross Door Knock.</td>
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<td>Inter-College Swimming Sports.</td>
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<td>Mar 30-31</td>
<td><strong>Iolanthe.</strong></td>
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<td>Apr 2, 3, 4</td>
<td><strong>Iolanthe.</strong></td>
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<td>Apr 6</td>
<td>College Dance — Informal.</td>
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<td>Apr 11</td>
<td>Annual Meeting of the Welfare Committee.</td>
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<td>Apr 15</td>
<td>Picnic at Cowes.</td>
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<td>Apr 18</td>
<td>Shakespeare Day. <strong>Merchant of Venice.</strong></td>
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<td>Apr 19</td>
<td>Anzac Service.</td>
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<td>Apr 20-25</td>
<td>Easter Holidays.</td>
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<td>May 2</td>
<td>Mr. Howell, from the State Schools Relief Committee, at Assembly.</td>
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<td>May 5</td>
<td>Working Bee.</td>
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<td>May 10-11</td>
<td>College Play — <strong>Summertime.</strong></td>
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<td>May 16</td>
<td>Visit from Geelong Teachers' College.</td>
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<td>May 17</td>
<td>Poverty Dance.</td>
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<td>June 4</td>
<td>Term Holidays.</td>
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<td>June 10</td>
<td>Mystery Drive + Bar-B-Q.</td>
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<td>June 20</td>
<td>Mr. Smock at Assembly. (Teacher on Exchange on Fulbright Scholarship.)</td>
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<td>June 26</td>
<td>College Ball.</td>
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July...
11 Visit to Bendigo. (Nauruan teachers introduced at Assembly.)
18 Gordon Bryant at Assembly. (Talk on the aborigines.)
20 First Year Revue. **New Faces of 1962.**
27 Australian Boys' Choir in College Hall.

August...
1 Dr. L. Murphy, from Glendonald School for the Deaf. (Farewell to Mr. Dignam at Assembly.)
15 Welcome to Mr. Ricks. (Exchange teacher from U.S.A.)
21 Education Day.
23, 24, 25 **Ruddigore.**
27 Opening of Men's Basketball Association.
30 Wild West Dance.

September...
1-16 Term II Vacation.
17 College Begins Final Term.
17-22 Tours Return.
27 Show Day.

October...
3 Dr. Ball (Consultant Psychiatrist at Larundel on alcoholism).
10 Music Festival at Wilson Hall.
31 Mannequin Parade in College Hall.

November...
6 Cup Day.
21 Combined Colleges' Athletic Sports.

December...
1 College Fete.
3 Red Cross Blood Bank.
4 College Picnic at Pt. Leo.
5 Combined Church Services.
6-7 Revue.
10 Graduation.
11 Graduation Ball.
12 College Goes Down.
My mother looks at me with amused tolerance at breakfast time when I grab The Sun and turn first to the comic strips. She never reads the comics and I never tire of telling her what she’s missing. I’ve reached the stage now when the news items seem unimportant and tiresome. All the really interesting things are occurring in the comics. How will Martha Wayne end her friendship with Rock, the novelist? Who will be the next admirer? Will Garth fall in love with the Lady Astra? Will Judd Saxon be able to uncover the latest attempt to trick his boss? What is to become of poor Daisy Mae of Dogpatch now languishing in prison? What fresh tragedy has befallen Juliet Jones?

All these questions are more vital than the old stuff in the news column about the fall of the umteenth French Government, some new episode of Elizabeth Taylor, the latest tantrum at the Cannes Film Festival, or the Cuban crisis.

Educationally there is nothing to equal the strips in the newspapers (incidentally there’s no more affinity in the daily papers between the comic books and the strips than there is between Micky Spillane and T. S. Elliot). Judd Saxon, for example, is much more helpful in understanding the intricacies of the business world than the dull financial page of your newspaper, and, in addition, much more easy to follow. Buck Ryan has shown me how the petrol racket is worked in England. Rip Kirby instructs me in up-to-date deduction methods. Flash Gordon reveals to me all the implications of this Sputnik Age.

If I want geographical knowledge I go to Garth and find myself in the feudal kingdom of Festorra, in Central Europe. The recent strips of Juliet Jones have shown me how authors write their memoirs and what literary agents are looking for in manuscripts. This latter piece of information recently enabled me to market a story that had been rejected fifteen times. On Maggi Mellor’s advice I injected some heavy doses of sentiment and had an immediate acceptance and a request for more scripts along similar lines.
Lil Abner has shown me how the psychologists use the Rorschach test to establish guilt in criminal cases. The world of Bluey and Curly and Ben Bowyang gives me what the theatre managers call ‘intimate glimpses’ of such activities as shearing, fencing, bush carpentry and farming activities of all sorts. The Berries, Mr. Melbourne and Blondie take me into suburbia and reveal to me what a happy family life is like and how it is achieved. In all the strips doors are opened into other people’s lives.

An old Chinese proverb states that one picture is worth a thousand words. In Saturday’s Sun there are two full pages of comic strips containing forty-two pictures. In the Herald on that day there is a full page of strips consisting of twenty-nine pictures. The comic reader who takes both papers reads seventy-one pictures which is equivalent (according to the Chinese proverb) to 71,000 words. This is the size of the average novel. Thus the comic reader will read the equivalent of 313 novels in a year. This makes him an extremely well-read person. In twenty-five years of addiction to comics I’ve read the equivalent of 7,825 novels with one thousandth of the effort. It is merely a question of time before the economics of this type of reading become obvious to everyone.

Not the least of the benefits of a comic-strips education is the psychological insight it gives. One learns that a pipe-smoking man is a kind man, that flashy blondes are untrustworthy, that men who wear black hats are crooks, and that smiling fat men with rings on their fingers are plausible rogues. This type of character analysis can be of great practical value. I remember on one occasion meeting a new partner in a stock-broking firm with which I had had many dealings. He was the image of a bad character I’d met in Judd Saxon. He advised me to sell all my holdings in ladies’ underwear and to add to my holdings in pig-iron. I insisted that he do the opposite. The next day pig-iron rose and ladies’ underwear fell, and I lost £200 on the deal. My mother said it served me right for being so stupid. I told her that he had rigged the market against me, and I would have lost no matter what I had done. My present broker is a man who is the living image of Pop.

Judd Saxon, I believe, is to become prescribed reading for University Commerce students. Here indeed, is recognition from the highest quarter.

In affairs of the heart the comic strip is one’s best guide. On my advice two of my cousins married women who could be Juliet Jones or Martha Wayne. Needless to say both marriages are idyllic.

The heroes and heroines of the strips are all people of high moral calibre, although some of them like Ben Bowyang, Presto and Bluey and Curley would blush if they read this opinion of themselves. Let’s look at some of them from this viewpoint.
Garth is a good one to start with. His virtues are obvious: manliness, courage, strength, and compassion. He has no inclination to drink, gamble, or seduce women. In reality he is a twentieth century Sir Galahad. No cleaner-living hero is it possible to find in contemporary fiction. Currently he is pursuing the Lady Astra but purely for platonic reasons.

Rip Kirby is less godlike but is not less exemplary in his conduct. It is true that he smokes, but note that it is a pipe and not cigarettes that he smokes. His pipe is more a plaything than anything else. Smoke is seldom seen rising from the bowl. His interest in women is admittedly slight, but he is not so obviously a woman hater as Garth. A superbly English character, he has his Jeeves whom he treats almost as an equal. Rip is more intelligent than Garth but much less robust.

Mandrake, Flash Gordon, Rip and Garth belong to the company of 'big heroes.' The big heroes have big problems. They inhabit a masculine world of tough villains, strange places and desperate encounters. Any references to women are purely coincidental.

The 'little heroes' who form the second group of characters are no less admirable in moral fibre but they have very little chance to prove themselves. In this group are Dagwood, Mr. Melbourne, Peter Berry, Pop and Presto. Their battles are against the wife's extravagance, the travelling salesman and the boss's liver. Given the opportunity one feels they could rise to the heights of Garth and company. Even Presto who appears at first sight to be a worthless philanderer has his points. He represents the latent romantic trait in all of us, the side of our nature that can't resist a pretty face or a well-turned leg. He is the symbol of small-time rebellion against conventional routine represented by his wife. Despite his peccadillos this least noble of the male comic strips characters yet remains basically loyal to the marriage contract. He goes off the rails at times but he knows and respects the rails.

A third group of characters lie between the 'little heroes' and the 'big heroes.' They are distinct from the working class heroes (Li'l Abner, Ben Bowyang, Bluey and Curley) and in deference to their economic position I call them the 'middle class heroes.' In this group are Judd Saxon, Martha Wayne and Juliet Jones. Their conflicts rise above the kitchen skirmishes of the 'little heroes' but do not attain to the massive problems of the 'big heroes.' Their world is largely a female world and their problems are, in the main, problems of the heart. These are the strips read by serious young women who would spurn Ben Bowyang and his crude associates. Martha Wayne and Juliet Jones set an example for thousands of these young women. Like Caesar's wife, Martha and Juliet are above reproach. A procession of artists, novelists, engineers, and other superior men come into their lives and leave with a smile. These are the strips to nurse the heart and life steadily.

What of the greater worthier as they have been set apart? They are 'good' and they are 'bad.' Mr. Melbourne, Mr. Melbourne, wife and Mr. Melbourne, the Street office.

Lowest of all are Abner's wife, her lush figure and her lush figure. Wayne and Juliet Jones. She certainly qualifies as a woman, most obviously a woman, devoted to her man. A commentary devoted to her man, I would identify the character.

A useful way to identify which one is which is to prescribe particular roles for them. The 'little heroes' have earned their place as marriagable Spouses. Ben Bowyang, Bluey and Curley, Tatts cannot rise above the kitchen way without it. They remain the Spouse of Martha Wayne and Mr. Melbourne.

What we need to do is see the television programs. I would ask Martha Wayne and Juliet Jones to come back to life, since he became the marriage date.
and leave without arousing a breath of scandal. The sad-faced Martha and Juliet send the eligible men on their way and go back to their homes to nurse their broken hearts. They are sterling young women who see life steadily and see it whole.

What of the Australian heroes of the strips? Are their values as praise-worthy as the one's I've mentioned? Admittedly, Ben, Bluey and Curley have been seen to drink beer and indulge in two-up. Despite these failings they are 'good blokes!' They ridicule only the pretentious, and the smug, and they are full of the Australian spirit of independence and fun. In many ways they represent the traditional Australian devil-may-care romanticism. Mr. Melbourne, on the other hand represents the scared romantic tied to a home, wife and kids, and sweating it out between suburbia and his Collins Street office.

Lowest in the economic scale among the women heroines is Li'l Abner's wife, Daisy Mae of Dogpatch. She wears a low dress that accents her lush figure in a way that would make Sophia Loren envious. Martha Wayne and Juliet would turn up their noses at her and think her 'common.'

She certainly wouldn't qualify for a suite at Menzies. Like Eliza Doolittle she hates soap and water, and yet her virtues are solid. This woman, most abject of all strip heroines, remains in adversity passionately devoted to her husband and son. (Li'l Abner, by the way, is a satirical commentary on the contemporary scene. An interesting exercise is to identify the celebrities so amusingly caricatured).

A useful lesson from the strips is the need to accept the position into which one is born. The writers of these strips realise that ours is largely a determined universe and that there is little chance of escape from the prescribed paths. Juliet Jones and Martha Wayne will go on without husbands all their lives despite the never-ending stream of men who try to drag them to the altar. Being perceptive young women they seem to see that their destinies are so shaped, 'rough-hewn the way they will.' Similarly, Bluey and Curley must know in their hearts that all the tickets they buy in Tatts cannot win them a fortune, because they are doomed like the figures on Keats' Grecian urn to perform the same old actions in the same old way without hope of release. Li'l Abner will go on labouring all his life, and Mr. Melbourne will remain tied to a desk.

What we comic readers need now is a "Meet the Press" type of television program where we could ask questions of our strip heroes and heroines. I would ask Mandrake to state his intentions regarding Princess Narda. Mandrake seems to me to have lost all track of time. It's twenty years since he became engaged to Narda and so far there's no mention of a marriage date. In the meanwhile Narda waits at home and spends her time
apparently trying to look as young as when Mandrake went off on his first adventure.

I'm concerned too about Lothar's health. He goes about in all temperatures clad only in a leopard skin that does not adequately cover him. Why does Mandrake not buy him some decent winter clothes?

The third question I'd put to Mandrake would be — do you ever take off your evening clothes and how do you keep them all so immaculate?

I'd ask Garth if his French professor friend knew any more of his language than "mon ami" and "bon."

As sweetly as possible I'd suggest to Eve Jones that she abandon the Veronica Lake hairdo and stop looking like a rabbit behind a gooseberry bush.

To the cigar chewing chief-of-police in the Mandrake strip I'd say: 'Now that Mandrake has solved at least a hundred mysteries for you, why do you still persist in regarding his views as idiotic?'

I'm anxious to know what brand of tobacco Rip Kirby smokes and how he manages to keep his glasses on in a brawl.

And one final question to Mandrake: Could you give me the addresses of some of the lovely young women whom you encounter in such large numbers in your travels.

It seems to me that a stage has been reached now in the comic strips where some form of integration is needed. My own suggestion is that all the characters be included in one big strip. Think how interesting it would be if Bluey and Curley fell in love with Juliet Jones and Martha Wayne respectively. What would happen if Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae joined Mandrake and Pop in one of their exclusive West End Clubs.

Consider the possibilities for plot opened up by Ben Bowyang joining Judd Saxon as assistant executive. What would happen if Blondie, Mrs. Melbourne and Mrs. Berry were kidnapped by Flash Gordon, Garth and Rip Kirby? How would Gunn's Gully react to a visit from Lothar and Mandrake? There is no limit to the fascinating possibilities.
Teacher in Creative Activity ...

If on his first 
spot in all temp-
try cover him.

You ever take
aculate?
more of his
abandon the
gooseberry
trip I'd say:
for you, why
mokes and how
me the ad-
enter in such
comic strips
ation is that all
iting it would
Mae joined
yng joining
Blonde, Mrs.
Garth and
Lothar and

FRANCES PRESTON
Working in wood sculpture.

JOHN DAVEY plays accompani-
ment to the "Saints."

PAM OULTRAM
throws a pot.

JENNY HAWKESFORD
and a rare instrument.
The boy sat on the floor strumming his guitar and thinking of the girl he had met the night before. As he played she seemed to appear before him, just as he had first seen her, with her beautiful sensitive face and her great wistful eyes that seemed to share all his thoughts and dreams. He recalled again the party, the laughter and gaiety that had seemed the only background for such a girl. He remembered driving her home early in the morning, and remembered the wonderful happiness when she agreed to see him the next day — today. Finally he put down the guitar and, turning over a heap of clothes on the floor, pulled out the jumper that was least crumpled.

Slamming the door after him, the boy dragged out his keys and ran over to his dilapidated old car. As he drove toward her house he remembered with a smile the girl’s name — Euridice. His happiness clouded for a moment as he thought of her failure to share his amusement over a part he had once taken in a school play, as Orpheus; but she was probably used to such jokes, and he should have been more tactful.

He drove Euridice down to the beach, where the departing sun had left a luminescent glow upon the landscape, as though the light it had soaked in during the long, hot day was now seeping out to prolong the fading twilight. Together they climbed down the cliff path to sit silently on the warm sand, suddenly finding nothing to say to each other. As the boy watched the ocean surging and withdrawing, pounding itself upon the inanimate rocks, it seemed to be like his own mind, seething with ideas that hurled him first one way then another, yet were never able to fulfil themselves, or wholly to be expressed. He turned to tell Euridice his thoughts, but stopped as he saw her gazing at the horizon, a bored expression changing the beautiful eyes to sulky, unseeing orbs. She wouldn’t have understood any more than the flea-bitten mongrel that was lumbering up the beach.

"Come on, let’s go; you look bored stiff," he mumbled, as the dog panted up to them, rubbing itself against the boy’s leg.

"Yes. Is there another party? I only feel alive when there are people around," she exclaimed.

"We’ll find one."

As she clambered before him up the path he watched her again. He had been right: she was very attractive, and hers was a fascinating face. The dog’s frustrated bark was drowned by the revving car-engine.

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The boy found a party easily, and the revellers welcomed him gaily, begging him to bring his guitar. Euridice knew some of the guests, and as she talked to them she seemed to become once more the exciting, wistful creature with whom he had fallen in love the night before. Then she murmured to one of her friends, “Darling, you simply must hear Johnny play,” and the boy winced, wondering why he had not noticed that artificial manner sooner.

He went over to find a drink, almost tripping over an old dog that was waddling about among the guests, and it snarled as he jumped out of its way. The girl who was throwing the party asked him to play, and while he plucked a wistful tune from his guitar the dancing gradually ceased, as people gathered round to listen to the music. Soon Euridice began to sing the ancient tragic love-song that seemed to capture the feelings of lovers of all time, and in the darkened room, filled with the haze of tobacco smoke, as her sweet voice mingled with the music that trickled from his guitar, she seemed to be once more as he had imagined her last night. Even the dog looked less ferocious as it wagged its tail gently and slunk into a corner. Yet still he was afraid to look at her, rather listening to the beautiful voice, and seeing her only in his imagination—a dream of all he longed for a woman to be.

At last he glanced up, and he saw her face had assumed its mask of boredom; it was the same face that had seen no beauty in the dreaming ocean. He jumped up and pushed his way out of the room. As he thrust the door open the dog sprang from its corner, snarling an ugly farewell while the boy ran out into the street, to drive off alone.

— Margaret Reynolds.

THE IDIOT TREE

On to the wind I hurled my insubstantial clay,
And howling upon the night it found the idiot tree.
In the drear wilderness of the night
It probed the reasonless imagination,
Tempting the borderlands of sanity.
And the voices cried in the dungeon:
“Live, love and pray, pray
To the scientists.”
Lonely lovers cling to the multitudinous images
Of forgetful ecstasy.

— Margaret Reynolds.
The ghost gum stretches weary arms
To the brazen sky,
The hot wind scorches the fleshless
bones,
While it lifts grotesque beseeching
arms.
Condemned to solitary confinement,
Pilloried by bitter sand,
Tortured by vindictive suns,
He hears the brittle bones,
Crack and snap,
Clutching at the bars of desperation.
— Barbara Salmon.
ST GUMS

stretches weary arms
sky,
scorches the fleshless
~ grotesque beseeching

solitary confinement,  
his sand,  
indictive suns,  
冰冷 bones,  

the bars of desperation.
— Barbara Salmon.

Panting through the velvet night it moves,
Dingo-like, nose down, pricked ears,
Its yellow eyes gleam on the rusty track
As it runs the treadmill night and hears
The earth wince on the rack,
It glides through forgotten dusty towns
Where wasted lives are lived,
Past slums and air-raid shelters
Wherein the lovers of freedom debate,
And the passengers like men with tumours
Stare at the meaningless, endless nothingness
Of the countryside. There are rumours
Of derailment, of a drunken driver,
Or an idiot guard. But on it goes
Dingo-like to its rendezvous with fate.

— Josephine Dorian.
Few living English novelists derive more material from the daily newspaper than Graham Greene; yet even fewer reduce everything to so uniform a vision. The obvious settings may be Africa, Brighton or Mexico, but they are in reality all set in “Greenland.” The main character may be an architect in the Congo, a writer in London, an alcoholic sacrilegious priest as in The Power and the Glory, or the emotionally disturbed, pathetic adolescent of Brighton Rock. They are accurately observed and speak their own idiom convincingly. They have their individual histories, yet they are essentially all the same breed — “Greenlanders.” This is one of the striking features of Greene’s ‘loaded dice technique’. They are all tarred with the same brush, so to speak; they are steps in a philosophical argument. The characters are declassed, for one thing. Like Querry in A Burnt Out Case they have fallen in the world. They rebel against the rational, conventional middle-class world. Some idiosyncratic lapse in behaviour holds them apart from this world as surely as bars hold a lion in his cage. “Greenlanders” through suffering know more about the realities of existence. They have suffered more, but knowledge brings an insight into evil. As with Pinkie from hate, or Querry from disillusionment, they have abandoned their class, and are in a state of spiritual excitation, like Conrad Drover in It’s a Battlefield and Ivan Krogh in England Made Me. They have risen from one class without absorption into another.

Greene’s characters are like men in a desert, homeless, seeking — or rather more plainly — pining for some way of reconciling their lives with a purpose outside themselves. In other words they are like Levin in Anna Karenin seeking the inner secret of life so that life is no longer meaningless. A number of reasons may be advanced. The drunken priest, persecuted by the Recs, must minister to his flock. The ‘Confidential Agent’ must perform his mission. Only the boy in Brighton Rock has no desire for tranquillity, no vision of a book by the fireside. But his girl has — the girl he marries to cover his crime.

— Arthur McKinley.

A recent crucible by Greene, with, and to, a new place in his life. He creates his characters.

An old place, Bendix of the testing ‘places in history’ gave the external course of suffering, a part of Greene.

The notion of time is hard for Greene, the experience, ‘naively’ becomes external reality.

Graham Greene’s writings are testing his own belief in Greene well. Despite all building a strong case for anything, or believing in Graham Greene’s writings that
A recent ‘Greenlander’, Querry of A Burnt Out Case is placed in the crucible by Greene. Through the character of Querry, Greene experiments with, and tests his dogma and faith by applying them to extreme situations. He creates his literature out of his “questionings” of life.

An older if not more easily understood Greenlander is Maurice Bendrix of End of the Affair. Here again we find Greene in the flesh, in the testing ground of humanity. At the outset of the novel Maurice had ‘places in his heart’ which didn’t exist but ‘suffering entered his heart and gave the existence.’ Here Maurice is seen as a ‘graduate of misery’ whose course of suffering could eventually lead him to the love of God. Such is part of Greene’s vision — his ‘one tracked vision.’

The novelist, who sets himself the task of portraying the life of his time is hampered by personal predilections as much as by the limitation of experience. His eye is not the impartial lens of a camera, and his brain is more sensitive to some tints of experience than to others. The world ‘willy nilly’ becomes a personal world, a world bearing a certain resemblance to external reality, yet changed like an image in a distorting mirror.

Graham Greene is a novelist who writes from personal experience, yet his writings are invariably created out of his doubts. At every turn Greene is testing his philosophy and faith via his main characters. But too often Greene weights the outcome as does the crooked, off-course bookmaker. Despite all this Greene is one of the few novelists I know who succeeds in building a systematic and coherent vision of life. His vision is that, despite anything, a human being through time, events and experience comes to believe in God, comes to have faith. This vision is so dominant in all his writings that many have labelled it his ‘one tracked vision.’

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EXIT STUDENTS’ ASSOCIATION

You are invited to join the above association.
The secretary is John Fisher, 14 Graham Road, Carrum (Chelt. 573).

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Rosseau said—

“A child should not be taught much between childhood and adultery.”

— From an examination answer.
"Towards the Horizons"

I go
Towards the horizons
To greet the sunrise
Heralding a new day,
To new lands . . .
To new experiences . . .
To new adventure.
I go
Towards the horizons
To meet the darkness
Enveloping the night . . .
To obscurity . . .
To vagueness . . .
To the seemingly imperceptible.
I go
Towards the horizons
Where earth meets heaven,
Where the unknown
Becomes the known,
Where darkness
Becomes light.
I go
Towards the horizons
Prepared
To seek,
To serve,
To make my mark.
THE CENTRE

The sprawling vast yellowness of it all,
The tomato outcrops of rock,
The azure mountain ranges
On far shimmering horizons.
Oven-heat and the rising orange dust,
Soft silver sounds in the still
Slimy water of the Gorge.
The mournful howl of the hungry dingo,
The tossing mane and swishing tail of the brumby,
The tortured shapes of the ghost gums,
The melodic crackling of a fire,
The savage joy of dancing; the snow white teeth
In charcoal faces, smiling and bargaining
Over a barbed wire fence,
The skeleton legs and unkempt hair, the
The coyness of children.
The Centre . . .

— D. Eunson.
She marched fiercely along the edge of the sea, ignoring the playful wavelets which kept dashing up to tickle her feet. Nor was she aware of the wet sand scrunching underfoot, the strident cries of the wheeling gulls, nor the sun, spreading its warmth gently over the gleaming water. Precluding everything else, was the thought that she must get away from everyone, especially her relations.

It was not until she reached the end of the pier and threw herself down on the edge, that her emotions began to abate a little. She stared down into the green depths of the water and ripples the surface with her toe. Why did they annoy her so — her parents for whom she ought to feel abounding love because of all they had done for her? At least that is what everyone told her. But she hadn’t asked to be born, so it was their own fault if they had an ungrateful child. But where did that leave her? In the wrong, as usual. She hated herself because she couldn’t even make the proper socially desirable contacts with her parents — even her own parents. Nobody really understood her. Oh, well, perhaps she would do better next time.

She rolled over and looked under the pier, savouring the green depths that were brimming with purple and brown seaweed. What a fascinating little world! The water gurgled and laughed as it slapped the outer wall. She watched the ripples of the waves create havoc with the shadows of the mooring poles (they wriggled when they ought to have stood straight), and travel on to the brown sea weeds which ringed the piles and which lifted and fluttered their bodies to the caress of the wavelets as they slid under the pier.

Why couldn’t she get on with people? She was reasonably intelligent and quite tolerant. After all, everyone else seemed to.

She wondered if the fish she could see in that dark little green world under the pier knew of the existence of a whole other world above, one that could offer so much more and would broaden their horizons. They didn’t seem to mind. Crikey, they were so weird ideas. She thought, noticing them. They were quite serious, but it was quite obvious that they were dead. There was nothing else best. Maybe they were just beautiful. It was hard to say. She had a feeling that emotions and feeling were spume, and nothing more.

She just let her thoughts wander. Ooh, it was a fog. That was what it was. So intent had she been, that she had not noticed the time and had taken to it.

Golly, it was a fog. The sky was grey, the sky was dead and had the taste of smoke.

Certainly a clear example of how the sky was so dull.
under the pier knew what it was like in the sunlight. They lived in a beautiful world, she would grant them, but, oh, so limited in the range of experience it could offer. And they would all become smug and self-satisfied. To swim out of its protective enclosure into a new world might demand courage, but it would broaden their outlooks and ... But of course they could swim out. They didn't really live there. She was only imagining that.

Crikey, no wonder she could not get on with people. She had such weird ideas. Perhaps she was mad. At least if she were mad, people would notice her — she would not be a mere nonentity. Sometimes she even wished quite seriously that she was dead, although she lacked the moral fibre to do anything about it. (Wasn't that madness?) Besides, it might be fun to be dead. There would be no problems to face, anyway. And who knows? Perhaps when people died they became fused with that part of nature that they liked best. Maybe. If that were so, she'd be part of the sea because it was so beautiful. It appealed to her aesthetic sense. Then she could release all her emotions and some days surge angrily up to pound the beach with foam and spume, and on other days, gently caress its white sands.

She jumped up and settled herself on the top of a mooring post. She liked to see the reflection of the cream boat shed shimmering on the water. Ooh, it was coming towards her ... to engulf her like radiation fallout or a fog. That's it — a fog. It reminded her of the cemetery that day at Rhoo. So intent had she been on looking at the tombstone inscriptions that she had failed to notice the fog which had crept surreptitiously from behind the gums and had threatened to swallow both her and the graveyard.

Golly, it was getting late. The sun was beating fiercely down on to the parched boards of the jetty, and the woolly white clouds which had chequered the sky early had completely disappeared. She splashed through the water, kicking up globules of wet sand, and humming quietly to herself. It was certainly a day on which it seemed good to be alive.

— Janet Valentine.
PARTY TIME

Flesh will decay, joy cease,
Under the dim lights.
Seen as if distant through a haze
They glow.

What horror life may be
Too well I know, and shudder in my wisdom.
Do you?
I wonder. We are alone on this
Suppurating globe
Immutable Pit of Fear.

My body thrills;
Fuel for the fire within me.
Without it I die.
The cold wind blows,
Carrying life before it.
I fear the eternal chill.

Rather would I burn.
A smouldering flame grows to a blaze
Within me, and all is lost.
A pile of ash remains — dissipated
By the wind.
The lights and I go out.

— Stephen Craddock.
Teacher at Sport...

- Rowing
- Athletics
- Yachting
- Horseriding
MEN'S BASKETBALL
PREMIERS 1962

Due to the closing down of the basketball competition at Morning Star Boys' Home, plus the need for better competition, some enthusiastic members of our team organized and planned another competition to be played at the College. The Navy and Army teams were looking for some top class basketball, and this association suited their needs. Other teams in the competition are Frankston and Baxter. This competition has been a tremendous success up to date because of the planning and thought of the organizing committee.

Toni Burreket is President and Phil Hargreaves is Secretary of the Committee.

Over the year, I feel that the College has been a great help in promoting and furthering this thrilling game. Thank you to everybody who has helped in some way to make this possible.

Our College team has had a very successful season. This can be credited to the coaching of Toni Burreket and the way the team has worked together. We have been very pleased to have three lecturers playing in the team at different times. Thanks are due to Messrs. Dolphin, Ladd and Ricks for their interest and support.

— Adrian Rickard.
Winning Team in Inter-College Competition

**SOFTBALL**

After finishing in second position to the eventual runner-up — Burwood — our softball team ended a successful series of matches by winning the final.

Congratulations to Pat Littlewood (captain), Pam Oultram, Lesley Giblett, Albeth Gilbey, Gail Coghlan, Jenny Kraemer and Ruth Fowler, who played consistently well enough to retain their positions for the season.

Congratulations also to our competent scorer, Judy McEwan, who when forced to become short stop in the final, excelled and played a major part in ensuring the team’s victory.

Thanks and congratulations are extended to our coach, Mr. Mutermer, whose enthusiasm and help were appreciated by all.
Golf Team

Golf Team, Runners-up in Inter-College Competition
FRONT ROW: Eril Gello, Diane Remage, Joy Annear, Sheila Cogley, Jan Barger (Absent).
BACK ROW: Mauree Hughes, Terry Boyd, Mr. Boyd, Jack Freeman, Peter Jackson.

Table Tennis Team

Table Tennis Team, Runners-up in the Inter-College Competition
BACK ROW: G. Martin, P. Woolard, M. White

Tennis Team

Tennis Team, Runners-up in Inter-College Competition
FRONT ROW: E. Carroll, Mr. Wells, B. Murray.
ABSENT: J. Roberts, M. Murray, H. McLaughlin.

Squash Team

Squash Team, Runner-up in the Inter-College Competition
BACK ROW: Noel Cooper, Mr. Brown, Max Causon.
Table Tennis Team, Runners-up in the Inter-College Competition.

FRONT ROW:

BACK ROW:
G. Martin, P. Woolard, M. White

SQUASH TEAM

Runner-up in the Inter-College Competition.

FRONT ROW:
E. Carroll, Mr. Wells, B. Murray.

BACK ROW:

ABSENT:
J. Roberts, M. Murray, H. McLaughlin.
Brenda Penny discusses some cuisenaire problems in twelve.

Sue Pott is "taken for a ride" in creative play with beginners.

But you said to use plenty of aids . . .
The social problem novel enjoys the greatest popularity with our contemporary writers. With one or two exceptions, they prefer to depict action, character and incident, rather than to dwell on spiritual development, psychological penetration or subtle introspection. There are few novelists like Henry James among us. This is comprehensible in a young country only recently emerging from its pioneering days. Material problems seem more real to us than metaphysical or psychological subtleties. So we have Ruth Park's **Harp in the South** as an example of this genre. It is a story of poverty, ignorance and immorality, but the author's accent is on the loyalty and courage of the under-privileged denizens of Sydney's slums. **Poor Man's Orange** carries on the story of the Darcy family and puts Miss Park (Mrs. Darcy Niland) in the front rank of socially-conscious Australian novelists. Both novels are well worth reading. Another interesting present-day writer in the same field is Kylie Tennant. Her canvas is the outback slum. In such novels as **Tiberon** and **The Battlers** she paints a realistic picture of the depression victims in Australia's rural areas. Readers who like Steinbeck will find similarities in Miss Tennant's novels. **The Battlers** is an Australian **Grapes of Wrath**.

If you are the kind of person who believes that a novel should help one to escape from reality instead of reflecting it, there are the detective stories of Arthur Upfield, a former resident of Airey's Inlet, who has created in Napoleon Bonaparte, a half-caste sleuth who wouldn't need to genuflect to such masters as Father Brown, Ellery Queen or Inspector Maigret. **The Bone is Pointed**, **Wings of Evil**, **Death of a Swagman** are some of Upfield's best. June Wright's **Murder in the Telephone Exchange** has become the most popular Australian mystery story since the **Mystery of a Hansom Cab**.

One of the most promising writers in this country is Tom Hungerford. Ex-servicemen who sweated out the war in New Guinea will relish **The Ridge and the River**, a thrilling account of a jungle patrol's clash with the Japanese. More significant is his second novel, **Riverslake**, in which he depicts the impact of Australian life on immigrants at a migrant hostel in Canberra. This book is an indictment of our treatment of new-comers from Europe. **Sowers of the Wind** is a novel of the Australian troops in Japan. Hungerford's is an authentic Australian voice.

For readers who like their history in novel form there is a wide choice. Eleanor Dark's trilogy, **Timeless Land**, **Storm of Time** and **No Barrier**, is a carefully wrought picture of the early days in New South Wales. In more popular style are E. V. Timms' historical romances set against the goldrushes, the convict days and the pioneer settlements. **Forever to Remain** describes in detail the experiences of the new settlers on an immigrant ship during the four months' voyage from England to Swan River in 1831. Ernestine Hill's
My Love Must Wait is a faithful retelling of the Matthew Flinders story, but it is tedious and flat in large tracts. A lesser writer who dramatizes his material and slaps colour on with a heavy hand is Ion Idriess. Drums of Mer, Flynn of the Inland, Lassiter's Last Ride are his most popular books.

Critics have acclaimed Henry Handel Richardson's long novel, The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney as the greatest novel by an Australian. It is a book on the grand scale of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Modern readers reared on more slick techniques may find its Victorian tempo rather slow. It is, nevertheless, a superb book.

In writing about the novelist's re-creation of history one can hardly omit Marcus Clarke and Rolf Boldrewood, although they are outside the scope of a discussion on present-day novelists. For the Term of His Natural Life and Robbery Under Arms are still the best novels of their kind. While we are back in the Mechanics' Institute days, we must mention Henry Lawson and Steele Rudd, both of whose short stories and sketches have become part of the Australian literary legacy.


Vance Palmer's careful technique is well in evidence in The Swayne Family, a picture of an attempt to found a family in Melbourne (John Morrison's The Creeping City is an interesting book on the sprawling growth of Melbourne). Palmer's most successful books are Golconda, The Passage and Legend for Sanderson. The theme of all these books is the effect of environment on character.

Patrick White's very large novel The Tree of Man, published first in the United States in 1955 and now available in Australia, seems to be one of the most important novels of recent years. His latest work, Riders in the Chariot, stamps him as a writer of world class.

Alan Marshall is an interesting writer. His novel, How Beautiful Are Thy Feet, is an indictment of the dehumanizing influence of the modern industrial environment. The novel is a faithful and vigorous picture of life in a boot factory during the depression. These Are My People, while not coming into the category of fiction, is a book too good to be omitted merely because it doesn't fit our classification.
Now that we have wandered from fiction, this seems a good place to draw attention to two of the best books on Australia by "outsiders". **Cobbers**, by Thomas Wood, is a first-rate piece of shrewd observation of this country, and Hartley Grattan's **Introducing Australia** has become a standard reference book. Readers of Professor Murdoch's **Answers to Correspondents** will need no urging to sample him in bigger doses in **Collected Essays, Lucid Intervals** and **Seventy-two Essays**. In my book, Douglas Pringle's **Australian Accent** is the best analysis of the Australian scene ever written.

There are dozens of other Australian writers worth reading, but my allotted span is ending. M. Barnard Eldershaw, Miles Franklin, Mary Mitchell, Eve Langley, Robert Close, Norman Lindsay, Tom Collins and others are not mentioned because the writer doesn’t know them or doesn’t like them. For a discussion of contemporary writers, Enid Moodie Heddle’s book, **Australian Literature Now** is the best short survey.

To sum up: if you want to read no more than six Australian books, these are the ones:

- **The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney**
- **Riders in the Chariot**.
- **Australian Accent**.
- **They're a Weird Mob**.
- **The Moving Image — Judith Wright**.
- **Henry's Lawsons' Short Stories**.
“Quick! The white cliffs of Dover are in sight.”

My pulse quickened, I must confess, as I heard the words. I paced up to A deck to catch a glimpse of England — my first glimpse.

There they were — white and perpendicular, with the sun setting behind them — the legendary cliffs of Dover. A lump rose in my throat and I called myself an idiot for feeling so choked up. But the white cliffs, becoming clearer now, and the fairy-like silhouette of Dover Castle, meant so many things to us Australians. It was the Old Country. It was the beloved country. It was John of Gaunt’s England. It was Churchill’s England facing the armed might of Europe. It was so many things . . .

Husbands and wives stood closer together, their hands touching. Children were lifted on shoulders. Tears were furtively wiped away. I was uncertain of my own voice as I said, “It’s just as I imagined it.” Suddenly a light soprano voice began to sing, “The White Cliffs of Dover.” Instantly it was taken up by all on deck. I had heard the song in Sydney, in Port Moresby, in the Mallee, but it sounded different here in the Channel — more poignant, more meaningful. Here it was the cry of the exile coming home, the wanderer returning and saying, “Thanks be to God.” The sentimental ditty had become a hymn in praise of England.

Nine months later, and some of the questions I had asked myself about England were in process of being answered. But the answers to most were indecisive, and new questions were beginning to shape themselves.

“What does England look like to an Australian?” This is the question that is easiest to answer. A superficial listing of similarities and differences will provide an answer to this type of question. “What are the underlying philosophies that govern the thinking and doing of Englishmen?” This question is infinitely more difficult — but more rewarding if seriously attempted.

Now let us look first at the more obvious things that set England and Englishmen apart from Australians.

1. **Class distinction is accepted everywhere as being some sort of Divinely-ordained precept.**

This is what annoyed me most in England — this and the train of social vices that it triggers off. Now let’s get down to cases.

On my first day in London a big be-medalled flunkey in hotel livery opened a taxi door in Piccadilly and escorted a lordly gentleman across the footpath. I was about to pass in front of the hotel when the b-m.f. moved his arm across so that I would not impede the passage of the lordly gentleman. In Australia I would have used the colourful local idiom to describe the action of the public and the hotel’s guests.

These comments in jaunty private and visible silence — master and servant.

We have wealth, however. This is needed for controlling Colossus and boots. They flaunt of compensating.

Flunkey of that wealth, than plain homes, use an Australian every morning with their heads as he passes he learns last wages and comp. And this leaves encouraging England (and).

2. **Man expect tips.**

This is degrades the to pay low wages and but I don’t take back a encouraging.

3. **Each has a servant-man.**

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the action of the b.-m.f. In London, I held my place and waited for the use of the public footpath. Later on when I heard of the private ownership of beaches and rivers I was less surprised. Perhaps these big imposing men were the hotel’s gamekeepers alert for people poaching on their private footpaths. These commissionaires or porters or concierges or what-have-you standing in jaunty pride before hotels, banks and strip-tease shows are the outward and visible signs of the hierarchical society in which Jack is not as good as his master and should not even be mentioned in the same breath.

We have a few commissionaires in Australia; they are a different breed, however. Their noses are not so high in the air; they don’t race into the street with the Napoleonic gestures that are considered necessary here when a taxi is needed for one of the elite. They don’t stand astride the pavement like a Colossus and sneer at the common herd around their legs. They don’t lick boots. They know that they are anachronistic and un-Australian, and by way of compensation they tend to be hearty and matey.

Flunkeyism is anathema to Australians because of its basic assumption that wealth, power, prestige, display “swank” are more virtuous than plain honest humanity. One imagines these front men, or “stooges” (to use an Australian term) doing their sitting-up exercises in poky bedrooms every morning so that they can preen themselves before the Hotel Splendide with their head at a higher angle. The flavour in the nostrils of an Australian as he passes them is redolent of pre-revolution Petrograd. I was shocked to learn last week that some of the porters at the “better” hotels receive no wages and consider it a favour to be allowed to stand in front of the door. And this leads me to my second “hate” in England — the practice of encouraging employees to beg money from people. This is called “tipping” in England (and on the Continent).

2. Many employees performing services for which they are paid wages expect tips.

This is a deplorable practice in the eyes of Australians in that it degrades the person who receives it. In addition, it encourages the employer to pay low wages so that in effect the general public is subsidizing his underpaid employees. Just before I left Australia I heard an Australian waitress hand back a coin to an American tourist with the tart comment, “Thanks, but I don’t take charity.”

Tipping, in my view, is a product of the hierarchical class system. In an egalitarian society, tipping would be heretical because of its implication that a servant-master relationship existed.

3. Each class in England has its own distinctive dress and accent.

One of the most amazing sights in London for a “colonial” visitor is the sight of the “umbrella generals”. The philosophy of the furred umbrella-bowler hatted gentry seems to be: “Judge me by what I wear and not by what
I am. I wear the livery of the governing elite, so respect me accordingly.”

I’ve noticed that there are hierarchies within this elite group. The touchstone is the length of the arc of swing of the umbrella. A swing through the full arc that ignores the fellow in front or behind puts the City Man in the category of a three-star general. It then becomes the baton of the fieldmarshal. Young City Men, of course, carry the umbrella with more restraint, like a subaltern with his new swaggerstick. All ranks, of course, have the bloodless accent of their class — an accent from which warmth and robustness have been carefully distilled. By contrast, the accents of the chirpy Cockneys or the full-blooded vowels of the North are colourful and humane.

That the feudal system is still very much alive in England was brought home to me one day while on a visit to the Inner Temple. It wasn’t the old round Norman church that recalled feudalism. It was the list of barristers’ names outside their chambers. They were in alphabetical order, except where one of the inmates had a title, and then, like Abon Ben Adem, his name led all the rest.

I often wonder what the bowler-hatted would do in a nudist camp. Surely they would ask to be allowed to wear a bowler to distinguish them from the rabble.

4. The dog is the sacred cow of England.

In Australia, dogs are merely animals. They live in the garden or the back yard and are not allowed on trains, beaches or in shops.

The dog is a privileged “person” in England. There one may have one’s dog manicured, boarded out, sent to a home for the cure of his particular neurosis. His is allowed to travel by train, to sleep in bedrooms, to wander where he wishes. Why does the dog maintain such a hold over the affections of the English? My thesis is that a dog is the panacea for England’s all-pervasive malady — loneliness. One is not alone with a dog. A man walking in the street minus a dog is a man advertising his loneliness. Give that man a dog and he needs no friends. He is not alone; he is exercising his dog.

The Englishman, the least extroverted of people, finds it hard to talk to strangers, difficult to open his heart to anyone. But on the dog he can lavish his pent-up affection. A dog to an Englishman is what a good “cobber” is to an Australian.

I soon gave up trying to talk to Englishmen in trains. They looked at me queerly and answered my questions in guarded tones. One man did speak to me on one occasion on a bus to Brighton. He told me that his wife had left him one day and he hadn’t seen her since. “I’ve been in hundreds of jobs,” he said, “and never liked one of them. I’m going down to Brighton to kill time. It’s better than sitting alone in a bed-sitter. I’ve no kids and no relatives. Sometimes I get depressed, but you’ve got to shake it off. I’m not allowed to have a dog. A dog would be great company for me, but there you are.”
Yes, there it is. A dog is man's antidote to the loneliness of crowds, a dependent creature whose loyalty and affection are beyond question. The cat, an independent, couldn't-care-less animal owing allegiance to nobody, cannot compete with the dog for first place in an Englishman's heart.

5. The English are born gamblers.

On my first night in London I saw an enormous crowd emerging from a suburban cinema. Always inquisitive, I said to the bus conductor, "That must be a good film. Do you know what it is?"

"Film my eye; that's Bingo! You don't get crowds like that at the pictures any more."

Bingo mystifies me. Its appeal is incomprehensible. How can housewives sit for hours in a cinema listening to the monotonous litany at numbers? Isn't there a more entertaining or creative way of spending the time?

I saw Bingo being played on a lovely sunny afternoon in Torquay when the sea was beckoning compulsively. There they sat in an amusement arcade oblivious of everything except the hypnotic sing-song of the caller.

Bingo, I found, doesn't exhaust the gambling media. Football pools, betting shops, newspaper competitions offer further scope for gambling. Australians will bet on two flies crawling up a window, but I don't think they can concede anything to their English counterparts.

In 1984 George Orwell tells us that the Proles are fed by the Inner Party on a diet of gambling, pornographic fiction and sensation. 1984 doesn't seem so far away.

6. English newspapers are the best and the worst in the world.

Surely nowhere else in the world is there such a range of newspapers as in England. At the top of the tree are "The Times" and the "Guardian"; first-rate, responsible, quality papers. At the bottom are the Daily Sensation type of sheet with its shock headline: "Infant Teacher was Call Girl"; "Sex Orgies in Barn" etc. To read this type of paper is to imagine the English as a degenerate race "living it up" in low dives and conjugating the irregular verb "to love" in all its moods and tenses. All the lurid details are served up in the Sunday editions of these papers so that for millions of people Sunday morning religious service consists of vicarious experiences of lust, fornication and sexual irregularities.

There's a paper for every interest in England. If you have accommodation problems or housing problems, if you want to find a car or a wife, there's a paper especially written for you.

"London is "gayer" than Paris."

For uninhibited love play in public London leaves Paris for dead. I was continually amazed at so-called reserved English women making cooing noises and drooling over their boy friends in trains, parks and on the streets. More amazing is the general tolerance of the public to this type of embarrassing behaviour.
The younger English women have me baffled. Most of them look alike, as though manufactured on the same assembly line. Several times I've said to a young woman, "I met you last week at the Jones' party," only to be told that she wasn't there.

Young women in England are success symbols. Going up the escalator at Piccadilly or some other underground station one is carried past an endless stream of young women advertising foundation garments or sheer stockings or prestige cigarettes. My favourite advertisement is of a glamorous young woman staring starry-eyed into space while in the background is a porter leaning on a broom and gazining longingly at her. And this picture symbolizes for me the position of man in English society. He is metaphorically leaning on a broom looking longingly at the pampered young women whom he has put on a golden pedestal.

The English worship of the glamorous young woman must lead, in my opinion, to the setting up of false values; the g.y.w. must perforce come to believe that beauty and youth are the supreme virtues and are worthy of esteem even where there is no integrity or unselfishness or any other desirable attribute behind the face. A wiggle or a shapely figure or a flash of even teeth can come to mean more than efficiency or kindness or selflessness.

Many of the young women I met in London impressed me unfavourably. They seemed to suggest that the world owed them a living and that outings and parties and adulation were theirs by virtue of their youth and their sex.

On the other hand, I met some young women from Devon and Cornwall who were refreshingly devoid of the belief that possession of a skirt was in itself a passport to all the good things of this life. They were without conceit and had a wholesome attitude to life and a sound sense of values. I find myself, like Cobbett, thinking at times that London is a corruptor of persons, especially young persons.

8. **The English are a courteous people.**

Only occasionally have I met a discourteous person in England. I am continually amazed that harassed London bus conductors, policemen and others answering hundreds of questions daily, can yet remain so patient and helpful.

One gets the feeling in England that the tourist or the customer is always right. In Australia if one asked for a bottle of beer in a milk bar one would be glowered at and made to feel an imbecile. In England the reply is more likely to be: "Sorry, sir. We don't sell it. But there's an off-licence place four doors further along where you can get it."

This is why England is such a good land in which to tour. An Englishman's instinct is to make you feel at home. In some other countries the national instinct is towards making the visitor look foolish.

What a patient, orderly people they all are. They queue for buses, trains, theatres, cafeterias and a hundred other things with the self-effacing resigna-
It's easy to understand now how they faced the blitz and why they've never thrown up the barricades in an October Revolution. Sometimes they are too patient with stupidity, poor service and second-rate organization. To a great extent it's their hatred of making a scene that makes them put up with so much. Less inhibited peoples rebuke the barman who serves warm beer or the slovenly waitress who serves a lukewarm, bitter concoction called tea.

9. Achievement and rank are honoured in England.

Australians tend to regard bosses as natural enemies. Every effort is made to show the boss that he is no better than his employee. The Australian hates to salute his officers, say "sir" to anyone, admit that some people are better than others. His rugged egalitarianism makes him appear abrupt, especially when he suspects that the person he is addressing has social pretensions.

In England the "gov'nor" is respected, made much of, sits happily on a pedestal. There's no debunking of bosses there, no envy of his superior status, little ambition that I could see to be a "gov'nor". England is a marvellous country for "gov'nors". You can put on all the airs and graces you like and no one will rudely say (as they would in Australia), "Time that so and so was cut down to size. He's got tickets on himself."

I love this term "gov'nor". It's unknown in Australia. It's so much more charitable and affectionate than "boss". Nobody could love a "boss". We could all love a "gov'nor".

The difference in attitude of employer to employee was delightfully brought home to me when I was spending a week-end with some Australian friends. The Cockney "help", who had finished her daily chores, said before she left, "Will madame be wanting me for anything else? Would you like me to clean the master's boots before I go?" There was no servility about the question. I was touched by her desire to do her best for the family she was serving.

10. The English have a robust sense of humour.

Two advertisements that appeared recently in the personal columns of "The Times" (a rich source of humour, eccentricity and human interest) illustrates the Englishman's ability to laugh at himself.

(a) Ex-Brigade of Guards Officer, usual non-existent qualifications but knowledge of commerce and advertising, seeks job at about £1,500 p.a. Prepared to work hard if absolutely necessary. Write Box 1641.

(b) Governess-Housekeeper wanted for serene and happy household, beautiful country home in Cotswold Hills. You may as well know that we are spiritualists and occultists, Buddhist and Christian, and we want our children to be taught the Truth! Mother is a medium, Father is a healer.

— W. F. Broderick.
TABLE TENNIS

This year the table tennis team had much greater success in the Inter-College Competition than last year. Thanks must go to Anna de Bondt for all her work as captain of this team. It was especially pleasing to see Frankston so successful because the members of this sport are generally apathetic.

Although this year we gained a new table, and enthusiasm was sought for in the form of a ladder, the members remained lethargic. The greatest amount of activity seemed to be in the setting up of the tables and that was done in a disinterested fashion.

The staff, including our lecturer-in-charge, Mr. Ellis, seemed in their wisdom to take advantage of our facilities.

Next year, perhaps, we'll have some active table-tennisers.

BASEBALL

Baseball in its first season at College proved quite successful and the team enjoyed many fruitful afternoons of competitive sport.

In the initial stages of the formation of the team, many difficulties appeared, but these were soon overcome. Half the side had never played before and after many arduous practices the College fielded a side against a junior but highly experienced Frankston Technical School side.

This match set the pattern of play of our side for the rest of the season. We started poorly, and after two innings were losing 8-1.

But one spectacular hit by Perry rallied the side and for the rest of the game held the Tech scoreless while we scored 15 runs.

Of the nine matches played, we won five, lost three and drew one. To finalize the season we played another College team. Although the game was in doubt till the last innings, McEwan slammed home the winning run, thus saving the College from a humiliating defeat.

The side was Bob McDonald (Capt.), Greg Penny, Roger Weston, Rod Gear, Andrew Perry, Ian Pickering, Dugald McEwan, Peter Mutton, Neil Morrison, Bob Viergever, and Bill Dusting.

— Bob McDonald.

CRICKET

The Cricket team has had many deserving successes this year, winning four out of five matches to date. Individual outstanding performances have been: Bob McDonald's 86 against Burwood and 33 against Melbourne; Neil Robertson's 35 against Melbourne; and Tony Newman's 36 against Melbourne.

Individual bowling performances have been Mr. Colbourne's 5 for 17 against Burwood; Bob Stein's 5 for 20 against Frankston; and Bob McDonald's 4 for 32 against Melbourne.

The team's fielding has been splendid throughout the season, especially in the Burwood match, when every player shone. The team's fielding performance would rarely be equalled in Shield cricket.

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Congratulations to Andrew Perry
on his brilliant fielding in close to
the wicket, climaxed by a fantastic
catch from a full-blooded drive.

— Tony Newman.

**STAFF-STUDENT HOCKEY MATCH**

It’s no use blaming us if we search
for sinister truth below the inno-
cent-looking surface of staff-student
relations. Searching for symbols has
now become second nature to us.
One in field fly is not just one of
many flies, on the sports field or in
literature. And what does that
 queer-looking embryonic shape sur-
rounding our sea-horse mean to you
today? It suggests the emptied brain
of the perfect victim of brain-
washing.

This particular brain-washing
operation started from the moment
the staff stepped out of the side
doors at lunch-time on July 26. The
sweaters and jack-boots were
straight Orwell. Great hockey
sticks, brandished by Messrs. Wil-
sen, Wittman, Brown, Mutimer,
Dolphin, Ellix, Brennan, Boyd,
Ladd, Miss Wallace and Miss Car-
ter (11 in all) wove sullen arcs in
the sky as their owners leaped over
the Embankment. The glazed look
in their eyes bore out the rumour
that Mutimer had hypnotized them
into a belief that they were invin-
cible. We felt like Henry’s troops
before Agincourt. “He that hath no
stomach for this fight let him de-
part” rang in our ears. We were
ready to depart, as usual, before
what we expected would be, not an
Agincourt, but a Waterloo. We were
only mildly amused at Mr. Ladd’s
millinery and other expressions of
individuality.

The opening “bullying” strategy
that followed the toss was obviously
aimed at confusion—another
of the psychology techniques trans-
ferred from class-room to playing-
field. Remember how we were
hulled to preliminary laziness by the
comparatively light pressures
brought to bear in the first few
weeks of College life? However,
this preliminary light pressure of
staff sticks was gradually replaced
by sterner stuff. Insistent edging
towards their goal line sent us into
a near panic as the staff yelled,
“Your passing is not up to stan-
dard.” By blocking, turning, kick-
ing, pushing, shoving, striking
above the collar bone, the staff team
gave the student proles not a
moment for reflection on tactics or
relaxation from the physical ex-
haustion of tearing up and down the
field. One of us had the great good
fortune to crack Mr. Mutimer on
the head, but only a ball of psycho-
logy flew back.

They mercilessly tortured us
with the sight of their complete
mastery over every aspect of the
game. Ruth Paynter was the first
of the fighters to disappear. Rumour
lead us to imagine the worst. Alas,
what a sacrifice she made in the
cause of human liberty! A Simon
come to our hockey field?

Thanks, Staff, for a lot of fun.
HOCKEY

The Hockey team enjoyed many challenging matches this year and ranked third in the final results of the competition.

Congratulations to Burwood — the eventual winners.

Our girls gained much satisfaction from being the only team to draw with Burwood.

The First team consisted of:

Goalie — Elaine Cripps,
Who didn’t make many slips;
Left Back — Mary Hancock,
Steady and stable as a rock;
Right Back — Ruth Paynter,
Bad luck didn’t daunt ‘er.
Left Half Back — Jean Ward,
Never had time to be bored;
Centre Half Back — Jane Bongers,
One who always conquers;
Right Half Back — Jill Huxtable,
Always most reliable.
Left Outer — Anne Stirton,
Bump into her and you’ll be “hurtin’”;
Left Inner — Jeanette Gibson,
She forever “hits-um”;
Centre — Margaret Cross,
Who is really hard to toss;
Right Inner — Elaine Ramsay,
Surely “rams-um” solidly;
Right Outer — Liz Cox,
Is as sleek as any fox.
Emergency — Kaye Longmuir,
Not many could “do-er”.

The Second team also had many convincing wins, and it will be good to see their results being taken into account for the competition in 1963.

Finally a hearty thanks to Miss Carder for her eager interest and coaching. We will miss her next year and our good wishes are extended to her for the future.

— Ruth Paynter (Captain).

The First team and, indeed, the entire club, thank Ruth for her able captaincy which inspired them throughout the season. Despite the fact that she broke her collarbone during the staff-student match, her enthusiasm for hockey was not dampened.

— L. C.
Each working Wednesday afternoon the College building briskly divests itself of students. There is enthusiasm and anticipation in this student exodus. Yet their purpose is not to further their knowledge of teaching, but simply to play games. How does this channelling of 10 per cent of the College week to pleasant recreation, reconcile with demands for a three-year course?

Each December the College building reluctantly sheds itself of students. Many of these are not to return. It is their last and most deeply felt farewell. It is impossible to spend two years of a still-young life in such surroundings and fail to be greatly changed by such an experience. Those making last farewells are not the same people who entered two or three years previously. To understand the changes wrought in these people is to understand, in part, the purpose of Wednesday afternoon.

The most widespread Australian recreation is sport. We are justifiably proud of our record as a ten-million nation which can “take on” any of the giant nations of the world. We ask no concessions and we match and out-match the best. This pride and this achievement is part of our growing tradition. Our Wednesday afternoon experience allows us to feel the thrill of competition. Hence we are better equipped to pass on this tradition.

My main experience of College sport has been with football. This game demands all the qualities inherent in the Australian image.

It is a big man’s game, yet little men with courage, pace and skill form the bulk of every team.

It is a game of full speed, reckless physical clashes, yet serious injuries are strangely few.

It is a high-scoring, fast-scoring game in which players never acknowledge defeat. A series of long kicks and soaring marks can alter a game in minutes. The feeling of a match-winning burst is infectious to both players and spectators. A team well beaten for three quarters often lifts its game to produce a thrilling last quarter burst. Cause and effect are merged in the increasing roar of the crowd and the fearless enthusiasm of the players, as they race the ball goalwards.

Ours was not the most skilled team, but it bowed to none in strength, enthusiasm and will to win. In their two years our exit men have helped mould these qualities which are now being woven into our own special tradition. They are better citizens and men through their battles on the football field. They were the smallest team, but asked no concessions and matched the best teams. Their afternoons were far from wasted. The College is a better place through their efforts. Future success will be built on the tradition they have fashioned.

Nelson is grateful and wishes them well.
What are the little magazines? They have been described as “non-commercial magazines devoted to socio-cultural or literary issues.” The editor of Prospect claims that his aim is “to treat whatever is vital in Australian thought.”

This is one of the main purposes of such publications, which range from the strongly Left-wing Overland, edited by Stephen Murray-Smith, and Outlook, which describes its views as “a democratic kind of communism,” to the heavily government-financed Southerly. There has over the last ten years been an enormous and apparently unabating increase in the number of new “little magazines” published. It seems that, whereas in Latin America political or social discontent leads to a “little revolution,” in Australia it finds its expression through another “little magazine.” Several editions have been published specifically to fill gaps in Australian cultural life, for example, the editors of The Critic, a Western Australian magazine, intend “to fill in the gap between what we did with Arts at the University, and the general public.” Others present an expression of liberal Australian thought. They are an effective forum for nearly all brands of thought, and as such they are vitally important to any “democratic” country.

Most of these publications have financial difficulty, their circulation usually being fairly limited. There has been much criticism of the Commonwealth Literary Fund, which subsidises some literary magazines, because its Advisory Board is thought by some people to be influenced strongly by the political party in power. An example of this has been seen over the last two years, when the Advisory Board has recommended that the literary magazine Overland be granted a subsidy, only to have its decision vetoed by the Prime Minister, who apparently considers the magazine dangerously Left-wing, although it is definitely anti-Communist. The board agreed without a hint of protest, but the editors of other “little magazines” were almost unanimous in their condemnation of the decision. It can be argued that it is undesirable for the little magazines to seek government support and therefore possible control. Accepting it, are they not sacrificing their independence? Most of these magazines, however, are not purely political, but also literary publications, which present some of the best current Australian prose, poetry and literary criticism, as well as providing a valuable opportunity for new talent to be recognized. It is impossible to separate social comment from literary work.

The government of a country, although it may not recognize it, has an obligation to support and encourage cultural growth. The C.L.F. plays an important part by subsidizing such valuable Left-Liberal literary magazines as Meanjin.

— Margaret Reynolds.
Extra Curricular Activities . . .

JAZZ CLUB

Music in our College seems to play a fairly prominent role. Music with a strong rhythm appears to be particularly popular.

At the beginning of 1962, we therefore had high aspirations of having, by the end of Term II, an energetic group forming a Jazz Club. In part our hopes were fulfilled.

Although small in number, the Jazz Club members are very keen, and naturally, as it is the basic prerequisite, interested in jazz.

During our meetings, which were held at lunch recess on Tuesdays, we each tried to learn something more about the subject. Elizabeth Cook, one of our most energetic members, is very knowledgeable in regard to Melbourne jazz. Liz knows quite a deal about the individual bands who play regularly in various parts of Victoria, and is quite conversant with the history of the bands and their styles. We held a few informal “lecturette” type meetings, where selected Australian musicians play their particular brand of jazz on record. Members of the club then comment on the music and Liz tells us what she knows about that particular band and style.

We concentrated mainly on traditional and Dixieland jazz; this we found to be the most generally appealing to all members. Turk Murphy again proved popular in this field. The very defined and marked rhythm of the traditional bands soon gets the feet of even the anti-jazzers tapping.

We also listened to a few of Satchmo Armstrong’s records and several negro spirituals. Generally, but not specifically, in this College there seems to have been a rather marked swing towards the spirituals. In certain circles over the years they have, of course, always been popular, but of late they seem to have gained a far wider following.

This, then, in very brief summary, is an indication of the Jazz Club’s activities so far during the year. At the time of writing (October) no definite plans have yet been made, but it is hoped that we will be able to organize a river boat cruise on the Yarra, for the end of term, as we still have £30 grant from the S.R.C. untouched.

So next year when the Jazz Club gets under way, even if you are only vaguely interested in finding out more about jazz, or listening to some excellent music, go along to their meetings.

The club will always be glad of new members. It will help foster, too, an interest in College clubs, which should be such an important and integral part of College life.

— Mardi Brown
T.C.C.F. REPORT

This year a large number of exit students will leave the lecture rooms of College for the last time, and in doing so will commence their careers as teachers in state schools throughout Victoria. Of this number how many will find satisfaction in their work, and more important, how many will have found real and lasting values and an outlook on life which the children in the schools can admire and imitate?

The reason that Teachers' College Christian Fellowship functions here is to show students that there is a purpose in life and that there are values which are real and meaningful. These are not to be found outside of a personal faith in Christ Jesus and an acknowledgement of Him as Saviour, Lord and Friend.

This message has been presented in many ways over the past year. Over twenty different visiting speakers have addressed students at meetings held during lunch time on Fridays. In addition, numerous speakers have attended evening meetings in Struan for hostel students. Three films have been screened during the year. One film, "God of Creation" was shown to two hundred students in the Assembly Hall. Also two social nights have been held in members' homes. Bible studies and daily prayer meetings have been two of the most important aspects of our programme.

The group is Protestant and inter-denominational. All College students have been, and are, welcome to attend any functions.

During the year contact has been kept with T.C.C.F. groups in the other Colleges by correspondence and by regular conferences held in the city. In the May vacation eleven T.C.C.F. members from Frankston attended a five-day camp with students from groups in the seven other sister Colleges.

All finances are independent of the S.R.C. and come from the donations of members. Expenses have included hire of films, travelling expenses of speakers and the cost of social nights.

The new committee for 1963 has been elected and has taken office. The President of the group for next year will be Genief Mills, who is at present a second-year I.T.C. We trust that God will continue to give guidance and leadership to the group in the future as He has already done in the past.

— Paul Jennings.
LOYOLA

Loyola! Why was this group named thus? Is there anything in a name? Yes, there is a lot in this one. St. Ignatius of Loyola was a great educator and the founder of one of the greatest teaching professions in the Catholic Church. He is therefore the patron saint of teachers and it is appropriate for Catholic student teachers as a group to bear his name.

The aim of this group is to foster some form of Catholic Action among College students. With this aim in view we had two visiting speakers — Father Twomey and Father Lang — who spoke on our vocation as teachers. Both stressed the point that next year we will have the responsibility of a grade of children and no matter what religion we are, we greatly influence the children's lives. It is our own upbringing which will be shown to the children.

Later on in the second term, when we realized that spiritualism was interesting some of the students we invited Father Lawrence, O.F.M., from Mornington to speak on this subject. Spiritualism, for those who do not understand its meaning, is the belief that the dead are able to communicate with the living, and this easily leads to witchcraft. This belief is not as yet proven, and many don't participate in it because of that.

The social side of the group is brought out partly in our "sewing circle" at St. John of God's in Cheltenham, and more fully in our other social functions of which the main one was a dance at St. Anne's Hall in Carlton. This was the first step towards a union of all Loyola groups throughout the Colleges. I hope this start will be continued by this year's First year's in 1963.

CONCERT AND DRAMATICS COMMITTEE

During 1962 the Concert and Dramatics Committee has had a very successful year under the management of Sue Pott.

Several shows have been staged — "Summertime", "New Faces" and "The Spartan Girl" — all of which have been highly successful with a profit obtained in each case. Much back-stage work has been done by the Committee for the two G. and S. plays put on in the College Hall.

Many improvements have been made. We have shared with the aquatics group in the purchasing of a trailer; we bought a stage cloth, and we are making curtains for the stage. All members are now busy preparing for the College revue, "Frantic Free", to be staged on December 6 and 7.

Sincerest congratulations from the 1962 Committee are extended to Jan Gibbons on obtaining the position of President of the '63 Committee. We certainly hope that she and her Committee have as much fun and success as the '62 Committee.

— Liz Rowan.
SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

People believe that the Social Committee consists of a group of fun-loving, carefree students intent on obtaining an abundant supply of frivolity for themselves. This is the aim of the social committee, in regard to supplying recreation and enjoyment for the student body. Though we commenced the year happily enough, after planning monthly entertainment on a limited budget, we confess to having become bustlers, worriers, and occasionally frustrated neurotics.

An inadequate supply of money was the first of the worrying circumstances we encountered, but this cross fell on the shoulders of our conscientious treasurer, Peter Salmon.

The Poverty Dance, with newspapers and old rags adorning the walls of the Common Room, was arranged to overcome the lack of funds. Another occasion was the Hawaiian Dance — or was it before the Poverty Dance? Well, the time placement is not really important. The important results were the doctors' bills we had to pay for, blocked nasal passages due to the "artificial sand," not to speak of the bikini that had to be replaced for a second-year hostel student.

"Let's have a picnic. All those in favour — against — carried!" That's all there is to it. It's suggested and decided upon. Next comes the discussion on the picnic. Will we have it at Long Island or Seaford?

Thanks, Mrs. McMahon, we knew you'd offer. Who'll be ticket secretary? Who'll do the publicity? Thanks, hostel students, you've just been nominated. With all these problems and questions solved, three buses (four people in the third bus) left on Sunday, April 1, for Cowes.

The height of the social life at F.T.C. was reached in June when the majority of the students and staff tripped the light fantastic at the St. Kilda Town Hall. This year it was done amid a flurry of balloons and streamers, indicating a Carousel theme. To this function must be attributed the mental breakdowns of all the committee and its staff representatives, Mrs. McMahon and Mr. Chalmers. Thanks are extended to these two people who gave me personally, and the committee, such tremendous help.

The gathering of nimbus clouds indicated the coming of the snow season, and the students of F.T.C. were not to be denied the excitement and glamour of frozen fingers, wet clothes and double pneumonia. Thus two bus-loads left one Sunday in August for the slushing slopes of Donna Buang.

Perhaps an encouraging feature of the year's social activities was the "Wild West" night — a casual dance with a Western flavour, which was organized and run wholly by the first-year representatives on the Social Committee.

— Michael Burke.

V.T.U. (College)

As Council this year at Victoria College this year tried to solve all the students' problems, including the students' welfare and welfare, and the fact that the City Council cannot control the Victoria College affairs. In fact, it was very difficult for many of them. The students of the hardest year and same impressive body.

I think that the students during the day — Union fell, naturally I feel that the Victorian students, members, were firm and clean by students, but people realized the of the corner teachers of it people, however, and with the Union's issue. It had large increments, and remember that only an interest in the Victorian teachers' increment, but a dedication it of all facets.
As Council representative for the College this year perhaps my greatest problem was actually interesting the student body in Union affairs, and in making them aware of the fact that decisions made by Council can have a marked effect on the Victorian teaching service, of which they are a part. On Council it was very easy for me to gain a knowledge of the significance of many of the decisions made, but the hardest task was to convey this same impression to the student body.

I think that earlier this year—during the drive for salary increases—Union feeling in the College was, naturally enough, at its height. I feel that the students themselves, the Victorian public, and all Union members, were gratified to see the firm and clear-minded stand made by students on an issue which affected them deeply. One felt that people realized the moral obligation of the community towards the teachers of its future citizens. Some people, however, from both without and within the Union, condemned the Union’s handling of this vital issue. It has often been said we were far too long in getting our increment. Before one adopts this point of view, however, one should remember that the V.T.U. is not only an intermediary body between Victorian teachers and the Department, but also a body which has dedicated itself to the improvement of all facets of the teaching profession. Thus we have not only our own conditions to take into account, but also public feeling towards our profession, and the welfare of the children we teach. Because of these further ideals there are many avenues of attack, such as a general strike, which the V.T.U. does not feel is open to it. Under these very heavy restrictions I feel that the Union did a very creditable job in gaining our substantial increment in salary, especially with the Tribunal feeling as it was.

Finally, I should like to congratulate Robyn Willmott on the very capable job she did as our President this year, and to thank Mr. Brown for the willing way in which he helped and advised us during the year.

—J. Henry.

ORCHESTRAL CLUB

Although no budding Yehudi or Hepzibah Menuhins have appeared on the musical horizon of the Orchestral Club, nobody can say that the purchase of the instruments was futile. A great amount of enjoyment has been had by those who availed themselves of the facilities at their disposal.

By using the full grant of £60 from the S.R.C. the Orchestral Club has in its possession two clarinetts, two guitars, the larger recorders for use in a recorder quartet, and last but not least, two stringless violins. Here thanks must be given to Mr. Carrigg for his help in both obtaining the instruments, and in giving tutorials.

V.T.U. (COLLEGE BRANCH)

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What is Social Service? It is the act of doing something for some person or group of people less fortunate than we are. There is in each of us an inner urge to help others. In giving expression to this urge, thanks are not expected nor required. If the deed measures up to the wish which prompted it, then the feeling of personal satisfaction at having done something worthwhile for others is all that is needed.

There is no doubt that College students have a deep sympathy for people who are needing help. They would also like to help these people.

When attempts are made to give expression to wishes through Social Service, two major problems emerge. The first is: Which group of people should we help? Usually the problem of selection is simplified when there is general agreement among the particular College group as to which type of charity they are interested in.

(i) Children: Included in this category are orphanages for babies, toddlers, children and adolescents; children's hospitals; aid for the mentally handicapped (e.g. special schools, St. John of God training centre, day centres for mentally retarded children, Kew Cottages, etc.); help for the socially underprivileged (e.g. aborigines); homes for delinquents (e.g. Tally Ho Boys' Village).

(ii) Adults: Aged pensioners living at home; homes and hospitals for the aged; widows; Brotherhood of St. Laurence.

(iii) Organizations: Legacy, Red Cross; hospitals; church homes, etc.

Not only is it sometimes difficult to choose a particular organization, but even when the choice has been made, it is sometimes disheartening to find that apparently no help is needed.

It could well be that help is needed, but the institution, in initially declining offers of help does so because many well intentioned people have offered similar help, but for various reasons have failed to carry it out.

This introduces the second problem. How do you get people to do what they say they will do? It is easy to agree to help someone, but it becomes a different matter when the "acid test" is applied — "Who can turn up to a working bee at 9 a.m. next Sunday?" Of course what really matters is — how many actually turned up and did the job!

In offering help it is therefore essential that the aim be modest and realistic. It is far better to promise little and do more than to promise to do something and not do it. An even more serious omission is to promise to take a personal interest in people, and then to disappoint them.
Usually the first appointment is kept and is enjoyed by both parties, but subsequent visits just aren't made. There are often excellent reasons why the initial effort cannot be sustained. Not uncommonly College work becomes a more urgent matter at the time social service work has to be done, than it was when the decision to help was first made.

In spite of many difficulties some students have done valuable social service work. The Social Service Committee comprising one member from each College group, and directed by Bob McDonald has been able at times to co-ordinate social service work, thus making it more effective than it would have been had it been done solely at a College group level.

College groups have assisted Menzies Boys' Home, The Brotherhood of St. Laurence, St. John of God Training Centre for Mentally Retarded Children, Ormond Special School, Peninsula Retarded Children's Centre, Berry Street Foundling Home, The Victorian Children's Aid Society, The Melbourne Home and Hospital for the Aged, The Andrew Kerr Home, Mornington, pensioners, Red Cross and Legacy, aborigines.

In addition to personal service, students have assisted financially — Legacy, The State School Clothing Relief Committee, and Aboriginal Children's Holiday Fund.

Funds collected at staff-student lunch-time matches, penny drives, and other money raising efforts will be disbursed at the end of the year.

Are we doing enough? The answer is — No. It is doubtful if we are doing nearly as much as we can reasonably manage.

Quite apart from increasing our personal service to the community it would be a very fine thing for the College to make available for social service a percentage of net proceeds from all College functions. In this way worthwhile contributions could be made to needy people in our community. The College would then be fulfilling more effectively another of its responsibilities.
COLLEGE IMPROVEMENTS COMMITTEE

The College Improvements Committee is a newly organized sub-committee of the S.R.C. Its aim is to provide the students with social amenities that will add to the beauty and comfort of the surroundings. This committee, under the leadership of Mr. Colbourne, works diligently and without fuss to achieve this aim.

Over the past years the committee has organized working bees that have resulted in the path to Struan being laid, trees and shrubs planted, and a football scoreboard being erected. These jobs cost little or no money, so in the last term the committee had a spending spree — garden labels, ash trays, clock and indoor plants were among the items on the committee's shopping list. If nothing else, the College Improvements Committee of 1962 will go out in a blaze of glory — bankrupt!

— Patricia Russo.

WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The Welfare Association, established in 1960, has continued to function vigorously throughout the year, its committee meeting once a month under the energetic chairmanship of Mr. Charles Metters, with Mr. Andrew Burns as Secretary and Mr. John Bell as Treasurer. The Principal, Miss Kentish, Mr. Wells and Pat Russo represent the College.

This body — unique in that it is the only such association attached to any teachers' college — consists of interested citizens and parents of students, and has as its aims the welfare of the student body, the establishment of understanding between the college and the community, and the provision of amenities. These it has furthered by various functions held throughout the year, the first of which was a Garden Party held in March to which parents of new students were invited. To the background of music supplied by the R.A.A.F. band under Squadron-Leader Hicks, visitors were able to inspect the College and meet the Principal and staff.

The Annual General Meeting, held shortly afterwards, was well attended, and an enthusiastic committee elected. On this occasion Mr. Phillip Law spoke of the work being done by Australia in Antarctica, and showed some beautiful and informative slides.

Yoga — a healthy pastime for the whole family.

STRUAN, 1962
Other events sponsored by the committee as fund-raisers have been a concert by the Australian Boys' Choir, a Dog Show, and the restoration of the tennis court at Struan. Money for these amenities is already in hand. Funds raised by the forthcoming fete have been the subject of discussion between the committee, staff, and S.R.C., the decisions at the moment centring around additional copies of books for the library, a Land Rover for use in the grounds, etc., and possibly, an organ for the Auditorium.

The Principal, staff and students are most grateful for the selfless work done and keen interest shown by the Welfare Association, and take this opportunity of publicly expressing their thanks.
EXIT GROUPS

GROUP A2 NOTES

Mardi Brown — Secretary of the S.R.C. Usually does the unexpected.

Jenny Hawkesford — member of Social Committee. Never understands certain lectures.

Sue Blenkiron — main aim is to be different; will end up conventional.

Helen Poulton — loves food, loves art.

Judy Jennison — interested and interesting.

Beth Ackerley — small, blonde and indifferent.

Marg Reynolds — our College —nik—non-conformist.

Sheila Reed — has an aversion to College fashions.

Eril Gellie — wants to have a large family.

Leonie Hobbs — has one frustrated ambition: a metropolitan school.

Marg Witte — manages to miss 10 minutes of our final lecture.

Carolyn Boyd — hidden behind a guitar.

Rae Hussey — one of the few hostel highlights.

John Bibby — a conscientious president of S.R.C.

Steve Craddock — anything for an argument.

Paul Jennings — just loves playing his banjo-uke.

John Davey — very quiet; “still waters run deep.”

Bev. Anderson — shopping for tea towels now, Bev?

Maxine O’Brien: found blowing a melodica — ugh!

Nellie Solowski — “Any articles for Struan? Don’t rush me!”
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FRONT ROW: C. Boyd, Mr. M. Brown, Mr. R. Ellix, P. Jennings, R. Hussey.
FOURTH ROW: S. Reed, J. Davey, S. Craddock, J. Bibby.

A2x

BIBBY, John, 9 Collins Street, Ormond, LW 2134. CRADDOCK, Stephen, 74 Kirkwood Avenue, Seaford, 31453. ACKERLEY, Beth, 15 Tulip Grove, Cheltenham, XF 4834. ANDERSON, Beverley, Centre Dandenong Road, Mentone. BLENKIRON, Suzanne, 59 Kooge Avenue, Frankston. BOYD, Carolyn, 82 Brooks Street, South Oakleigh, 57 4508. BROWN, Mardi, 19 Glennmere Street, Moorabbin, XU 4878. GELLIE, Eril, "Kurra Weena," 73 Nunn's Road, Mornington, Morn. 2705. HAWKESFORD, Jennifer, 10 Simmonds Street, Oakleigh, LU 4954. HOBBS, Leonie, 2 Dalma Street, East Bentleigh, LU 3615.

A2y

DAVEY, John, 8 Gell Court, Noble Park. JENNINGS, Paul, 1 Vincent Street, Moorabbin, XU 2156. HUSSEY, Rae, 386 McKinnon Road, East Bentleigh, 57 1230. JENNISON, Judith, 8 Kitson Street, Frankston. O'BRIEN, Maxine, 13 Keefer Street, Mordialloc. POULTON, Helen, 20 Wright Street, Carrum. REED, Sheila, 3 Latrobe Street, Cheltenham. REYNOLDS, Margaret, 3 Sassella Street, South Oakleigh, LU 2687. SOLOWSKI, Nelle, 2 Bundeera Road, South Caulfield, LW 3767. WITTE, Margaret, 18 King Street, Hastings.

STRUAN, 1962
RUMOURS TO BE QUASHED—ABOUT B2

Brian Ward is eloping with S.R.C. funds.
Alan Thomas inherited a fortune.
Peter Salmon prefers DAWN.
Evie said, “I washh pущед.”
Antoinette only wants one.
Heather and Graeme have an avid interest in crosswords and Monbulk jam.
Jim Henry drinks five crates of lemonade a week.

Sue McKirdy is retiring at 65.
Kath Evans said, “If you don’t like it, I do.”
Helen Bickers is the president of the World Peace Movement.
Joy Annear drives an Austin.
Bron Baker has a share in Sports-girl.
Sheila cut her teeth on a phonograph record.
Let’s hope this romance doesn’t Peter out Liz!
Pam Carroll is the President of the Veronica Lake Club.
Have you a Love account, Lyn?
Miss Piening will sing an aria at Graduation.
Robyn uses Curley Pet.
Robyn Wilson is a classicist at heart.
Margaret Luxmore corresponds regularly with T. S. Eliot.
Pat B. bought a copy of How to Win Friends and Influence Lecturers.
Peter Woods takes the minutes at Parliament meetings.
Kathy O’L. goes to bed early on Saturday night.
Peter Jackson wrote Tom Brown’s Schooldays.
Roger Weston chewed in I.S.M.
Beth Wilson listens to “Radio Dandenong” every night.

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TRUAN, 1962
Exit Group C2...

FRONT ROW: M. Gaunt, C. Howard, Mr. Lacy, Mr. McMahon, R. Marshall, K. Figgins.
THIRD ROW: G. Coghlan, H. Sutherland, M. Patterson, M. Smythe, G. Ward.

FRONT ROW: ADAMS, John, 13 Clyde Street, Highton, XL 2822. BERRY, William, 45 William Street, Oakleigh, 56 3453. BURKE, Michael, 32 McLean Avenue, Bentleigh, XU 3372. BURNHAM, Dennis, 12 Boneo Road, Rosebud, R'bud 8752. HOWARD, Colin, 3 James Street, Pakenham East, Pak, Est. 133. MANFIELD, John, Beach Reserve, off Harding Avenue, Bonbeach, Chelsea 2067. CALVERT, Wilma, 4 Keswick Street, East Bentleigh, 57 3335. CANNON, Joy, 100 Kangaroo Road, Oakleigh, 56 4754. COGHLAN, Gail, 74 Blantyre Avenue, Chelsea, Chelsea 537. COTTER, Mary, 20 Wards Grove, East Bentleigh, 544 4332. FIGGINS, Kathleen, 41 Langhorne Street, Dandenong, Dand. 2 2492. GASPERO, Margaret, 25 Hornby Street, East Brighton. GAUNT, Macyll, 98 Barkly Street, Mornington. NAYLOR, Lee, Sunset Crescent, Mount Eliza, 7 1491.

C2x

MARSHALL, Robert, Campbell Street, Frankston.
MORRISON, Neil, Woyna Avenue, Rosebud West, R'bud. 84193. MURRAY, Bruce, 57 Nolan Street, Frankston, 3 2004. PASCOE, John, 3 Kelvin Avenue, Springvale, 546 7722. REID, Lynton, 36 Rowe Street, Murrumbeena, 56 4573. STEIN, Robert, 49 Flinders Street, Mentone, XF 7111. PATTERSON, Marion, Nyora, South Gippsland, Loch 240. PETERS, Ann, 38 Golfview Road, Heatherton, XF 5743. RICHARDS, Elaine, 99 High Street, Berwick, Berwick 155. ROGERS, Joy, Shady Creek, via Nilma North, Shady Creek, 242. ROSS, Phoebe, Eramosa Road, Somerville. SMYTH, Marie, 1 Guernsey Avenue, Moorabbin, 95 3545. SUTHERLAND, Helene, 7 Chesterville Road, Cheltenham, 93 5397. VALENTINE, Janet, 16 Brady Road, East Bentleigh. WARD, Genevieve, 3 Dromana Avenue, East Bentleigh, 57 1246.

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C2x

DANGRI, Glenhuntly, 21 Robert, 7 Chesthouse Road, East Bentleigh. N.S.W. COPPER, Janet, 53 Fraser, FR 3851. HACKE, Vivienne, Ulupna Road, McKINLE, Adrian, 13 Taralata Avenue, Dandenong, XW 3476. PRINGLE, Dian, 95 2385.
FRONT ROW: N. Karras, P. Gasson, Mr. R. Allen, Mr. P. Ladd, D. Pringle, E. Carroll.
THIRD ROW: P. Schmutter, M. Hopcraft, D. Ingamells, J. Hackett, R. McDonald.

D2x
DANGRI, Robert, 4 Tara Grove, Carnegie. HANNA, Peter, 149 Grange Road, Glenhuntly, 211 7113. INGAMELLS, Dale, 89 Broadway, Bonbeach. MCDONALD, Robert, 7 Chesterville Drive, East Bentleigh. BRAZEL, Maureen, 119 Boundary Road, East Bentleigh. LU 3405. CARROLL, Elizabeth, 4/48 Coogee Bay Road, Coogee. N.S.W. COPPOCK, Sybil, 16 Callander Street, Hughesdale, 56 5712. FUSSELL, Janet, 33 Fraser Avenue, Edithvale. GASSON, Pamela, 16 Barbara Street, Moorabbin, 95 2835. HACKETT, Janice, 123 East Boundary Road, East Bentleigh. LU 4114. HOPCRAFT, Maureen, 16 Longa Road, Moorabbin, XU 4274. KARRAS, Netta, 58 Ulupna Road, Ormond, 58 2710.

D2y
McKINLEY, Arthur, Holloway Road, Sandringham. XU 7895. RICKARD, Adrian, 13 Tamar Grove, Oakleigh. 56 6656. SCHMUTTER, Peter, Lot 219, Bentley Avenue, Dandenong. STRETTON, Robert, 1 McLachlan Avenue, Sandringham. XW 3476. KRAEMER, Jennifer, 6 Salmon Street, Hastings. LAMBDEN, Kay, 31 Melden Street, Ormond East. MILLSTEAD, Joy, 107 Heatherton Road, Springvale. PRINGLE, Diane, 10 Grandview Avenue, Beaumaris, XX 1318. SAUNDERS, Vivienne, Eramosa Road, Somerville.
Exit Group E2...

SECOND ROW: C. Santvoort, J. Gibson, J. Huxtable, P. Oultram, M. Berkeley, E. Cox.
FOURTH ROW: C. Dixon, N. Cooper, R. Adams.

E2x

ADAMS, Roger, 31 Sumerset Avenue, South Oakleigh, LU 2191. COOPER, Noel, 4 Moorookyle Avenue, Oakleigh, 57 5985. DIXON, Christopher, 11 Hornby Street, Beaumaris, XX 1848. ARMSTRONG, Merle, 224 Koornang Road, Carnegie, 56 1995. BERKELEY, Margaret, 56 Grenville Grove, West Rosebud. BRETHERTON, Jill, 1247 Nepean Highway, Cheltenham, XF 2929. CONSIDINE, Claire, Leongatha East, South Gippsland, Leongatha South 236. COX, Elizabeth, Tuckers Road, Clyde, Clyde 225. GASTON, Pat, Spring Road, Springvale, XA 9501. GAY, June, 208 Haughton Road, Huntingdale, 544 3431.

E2y

SIMPSON, Rod, 7 Gladstone Street, Sandringham, 98 1777. GIBSON, Jeanette, 145 Foster Street, Dandenong, Dand. 2 3095. HUXTABLE, Jill, Bullarto Road, Cardinia. JOHANNSON, Sonja, 16 Lerina Street, Clayton. LITTLEWOOD, Pat, 28 Paschal Street, Moorabbin. LONGMUIR, Kaye, 19 Stud Road, Dandenong, Dand. 2 1721. McPHERSON, Shirley, 13 Airadue Avenue, Murrumbeena, 56 1126. MARSHALL, Jillian, 23 Tambert Street, Bentleigh, 57 1324. OULTRAM, Pam, 6 McFees Road, Dandenong. SANTVOORT, Christine, 12 Melva Court, Frankston, 3 4197.
E2

Exit Group I.T.C. 3

SECOND ROW: B. Penny, D. Appinitis, M. Kirkham, B. Smales, M. Brady, H. McLaughlin,
W. Burns, R. Cavendish, S. Durham, W. Davies, G. Hanton.
THIRD ROW: F. Preston, S. Haynes, J. Ricardo, S. Pott, W. Salter, P. Metters, M. Evans,
D. Ramage, B. Garner, B. Doway, G. Cunningham, P. Townley, V. Morgan, R. Bellamy, G. Morey,
J. Nurlall, J. Dwyer, G. Holland.

3Ax
APINITIS, Dzintra, 14 Elizabeth Street, Moe. ARCHER, Jennifer, 15 Yawla Street, Bentleigh, XU 3303. BELLAMY, Rosemary, Ross Street, Mornington, Morn. 2214. BRADY, Maureen, 16 Morgan Street, Rosebud, 8801. BURNS, Wendy, 18 Hicks Street, Mordialloc, 90 3994. CAVENDISH, Robina, 432 Nepean Highway, East Brighton, XB 2898. CUNNINGHAM, Gwenda, 157 Warren Road, Mordialloc. DAVIES, Wendy, 32 Hilton Street, Beaumaris. DOWEY, Brenda, 28 Skinner Street, Hastings. DURHAM, Sandra, 367 South Road, Moorabbin, XI 1104. DWYER, Joan, 953 Dandenong Road, East Malvern, 211 3987. EVANS, Margaret, McCulloch Street, Dromana. DROM, 226. GARNER, Barbara, 22 Queen St., Frankston. HANTON, Glenda, 3 Evelyn Street, Frankston, 3 1934. HAYNES, Susan, 7 Churchill Avenue, Cheltenham, XF 1373. HOLLAND, Glenys, 47 Dell Road, Frankston, 3 4814. KINGSLEY, Glenice, Lower Somerville Road, Baxter, Baxter 260. KIRKHAM, Margaret, 56 Ann Street, Dandenong, Dand. 2 2750.

3Ay
McKINNON, Barbara, 26 Bondi Avenue, Frankston. McLACHLAN, Helen, 591 Heatherton Road, Dandenong, Dand, 2 4847. METTERS, Pauline. 22 Hilton Street, Beaumaris, 99 1830. MOREY, Gwenda, 160 Centre Dandenong Road, Cheltenham, 93 1093. MORGAN, Valda, 26 Orwell Street, Frankston. MURRAY, Marian, 23 Oswald Street, Dandenong, Dand. 2 1254. NUTTALL, June, 11 Horne Street, Frankston, 3 1656. PENNY, Brenda, 16 Gifford Grove, Cheltenham, 93 7112. POTT, Susan, 105 Jasper Road, Bentleigh, 97 5169. PRESTON, Frances, 51 Bethell Avenue, Parkdale, XY 1826. RAMAGE, Dianne, Princes Highway, Pakenham, 441. RICARDO, Joel, 46 Keith Avenue, Edithvale. RUSSO, Patricia, 7 Nepean Avenue, Moorabbin. SALTER, Wendy, 39 Flinders Street, Mentone, 93 2040. SMALE, Barbara, 24 Glenmer Street, Moorabbin, 97 4886. TOWNLEY, Pamela, 36 Eddy’s Grove, Bentleigh, 97 1598. WARD, Jillian, 12 Mitchell Street, Bentleigh, 97 6198.

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