I extend my thanks to the students who have contributed to this College to date. Their contributions have been significant and much appreciated by all those who have supported them. When you opened this magazine many years ago you probably agreed to contribute your thoughts and ideas, and I hope you have found this year of your life a significant one. Please take the time to read the work of these students who have contributed to the magazine over the last year and take something away with you. Finally, I want to thank each student for their support and encouragement throughout the year, and I hope you all enjoy the final product of your efforts.

KERRY WALSH

VERNA MYERS
MARTIN CAMERON
MOREA STEVENS
BARBARA SALMON
KERRY WALSH
JOHN FOLEY
LESLEY ORGILL

KEVIN McKay
JACK ANDREWS
HEDLEY FINGER

W. F. BRODERICK
T. G. WELLS
I extend my best wishes to all those students who are now leaving the College to take up positions in schools or go on to further training. Having been in operation five years, Frankston is now contributing a significant proportion of the young teachers who annually leave the eight Victorian primary teachers’ colleges. Our graduates are something more than a drop in the ocean. One pleasant incidental feature of all this is that Frankston exiles will “run into one another” more and more frequently and enjoy reminiscences of College days.

When you came here two or three years ago you were invited to join in, belong, and share fully in the give and take of College life. And it was probably because so many of you agreed to do this that we shall be sorry to see you go.

I was always interested in the way various College activities brought different students to the surface of College life — through S.R.C., sport, social occasions, College improvement activities, social service, publications, tours, G. and S., the play, hostel doings, the fair, the mannequin parade, the organization of group nights, and so on, to say nothing of the lecture room and school. It is a pity if you feel that you did not surface at any stage — especially if you wanted to, but could not do so because the College would not let you.

Young people at the tertiary stage of their education resent being treated, as they say, “like school kids”. They usually leave the secondary school very discipline-conscious, because they feel that not enough concessions have been made to their approaching adulthood. I wonder if you would agree with me that College discipline was not hard to bear. I hope, on the other hand, that you were conscious of the discipline imposed by the job in hand, the tasks set, and your sense of responsibility towards them. The more you enjoyed the tasks, of course, the less burdensome they were.

The clock appears to impose a discipline upon us all, but that is because every tick is a symbol of a person waiting upon us with his needs — the child to be taught, the patient to be treated, the plaintiff and defendant to be heard, the customer to be served.

In spite of the illustrations above, let us not worry too much about the terms “doctor”, “lawyer”, etc., in our talk about professional status. Let us, instead ponder on the word “teacher”; let us individually and collectively examine our concept of that word, and we shall enjoy all the status we deserve.
Interest's a key
To unlock the cell of self so we can walk
In air a while . . .

—R. D. Murphy

When I realised that the future of Struan was seemingly at stake at the commencement of this year, it provoked me to consider the aims and purposes of student publications.

Ideally, Struan should be an expression of student creativity and deep thought, coupled with details of special occasions which stimulate the memory of College and the people who made our time here a rewarding experience. Distinctively, Seahorse is the newspaper to be regarded as the organ of controversy, and to a certain extent, of would-be-reformers. Perhaps the aims I had in presenting Seahorse were not practicable because we were limited financially. I feel that people tend to regard infrequent issues a little lightly.

Nevertheless, the principal aspirations of the Publications Committee were fulfilled in that we published a Seahorse more in keeping with the ideal of a College newspaper rather than a small imitation of our end-of-the-year product, Struan.
The fact that the new format was well received indicates that perhaps the Publications Committee of 1964 will go on to producing bigger editions of Seahorse.

But what of Struan? Should it be abolished, as was suggested at the end of last year? Are students yet convinced that it is worth the effort to produce the only tenable souvenir of Frankston Teachers' College in which is retained so many pleasant memories, apart from those contained in Notes of Lessons Books? I hope so. The interests and many friendships cultivated at College may perhaps seem very far away when next year we will find ourselves ultimately alone, standing on the threshold of a new way of life. The experience of adopting different hobbies, of making new friends and of becoming aware of changing outlooks on life will perhaps provide the incentive to "widen our horizons" when, at last we come to practice the occupation for which we have been trained. Struan should be the culmination of these many experiences.

At first I thought that College students were devoid of any interest in the arts apart from work in those fields which are compulsory. But one has only to venture into the pottery or art rooms to see that this is not so, or to view the slides and photographs taken by the enthusiastic members of the camera club, or to read the many creative writing entries submitted for this edition. It is unfortunate that more of these short stories could not have been printed.

There are those whose efforts in helping to produce this year's publications go seemingly unrewarded: those who took photographs, who chased advertisers — perhaps not quite as literally as it sounds — and those who typed our articles at a moment's notice. These people are the backbone of any publication. I would like to thank them.

Lecturers' help is too frequently overlooked. I am grateful in particular to Mr. Broderick and Mr. Wells.

Good luck for next year everyone, whether you still be in College or already proceeding along the teaching road.
1. PRESIDENT — RUTH PAYNTER.
2. VICE-PRESIDENT — DARYL JOYCE.
3. SECRETARY — LEON GELLIE.
4. SOCIAL SECRETARY — BOB WATerson.
5. IMPROVEMENTS SECRETARY — GLEnDA McCOMB.
6. JUNIOR VICE-PRESIDENT — LEIGH JOSLIN.
7. TREASURER — ALF DRAPER.
8. MEN'S SPORTS SECRETARY — TERRY HAINES.
9. PUBLICATIONS — KERRY WALSh.
10. WOMEN'S SPORT SECRETARY — KAYE SGrANGER.
11. CONCERTS AND DRAMATICS — JAN GIBBONS.
When I endeavoured to say a few words in my policy speech I had no idea that the position of President could possibly come to me. Then, when I farewelled my friends amongst the exit students, I realized that the future activities of S.R.C. were “our” responsibility. I would like to introduce the S.R.C. executive, the components of the “our”.

Daryl Joyce, Vice-President, has been of great assistance to me and I have appreciated his loyal support. One of the major tasks Daryl undertook to do was the arranging of the College trade-card, which I know has been of use to you all.

Leigh Joslin was elected Junior Vice-President by the first year students. Leigh has devoted much of his time to the organisation of the College fete. He is both quiet and dependable.

Leon Gellie, Secretary, has kept precise records of our activities without the aid of a Minutes’ Secretary. Two-fingered typing is an asset to an S.R.C. Secretary.

Alf Draper, Treasurer. Our S.R.C. fees have been in capable hands — getting money from Alf is like getting blood from a stone. His job has been a tiring one and has been much appreciated by all.
Here are a few of the activities and services which S.R.C. has provided for the students:

(i) The establishment of a dry cleaning agency where students can have garments cleaned at reduced rates.
(ii) The purchase of flap-lid rubbish bins culminated our tidiness campaign.
(iii) The addition of the Social Service Committee to S.R.C.
(iv) College banner.
(v) College-wide discussion and debate on the purchase of gowns for graduation.
(vi) College diaries in 1964.
(vii) Arrangements for extra common room seating.
(viii) The acquisition of garden umbrellas for the area between the links.
(ix) College picnic.

Last year the installation of telephones was listed as an S.R.C. achievement. We hope that next year students will have use of coin-in-the-slot telephones.

S.R.C. Committees form an important part of College life. Bob Watson with his lively personality has been a suitable leader of the Social Committee. The highlight of all functions was the mid-year Ball, which was the best we have had.

The Concerts and Dramatics Committee led by Jan Gibbons produced an excellent play this year, *Princess Ida*. This was followed by the unforgettable and tragic death of Mr. Carrigg. I feel confident that he holds a place in all our hearts.

Glenda McComb’s College Improvements Committee has been very active in providing additional concrete paths and many more shrubs and plants. Despite the difficulties in obtaining large work forces, the efforts of the few have benefited all students. Glenda is also the S.R.C. representative on the Welfare Committee whose work I hope is not taken for granted.

Kaye Granger and Terry Haines, sports secretaries, have worked in conjunction with Miss Wallace and Mr. Ladd to ensure the smooth running of our sport. The sports committee helped organise the inter-college visits. I wonder if our wide sports variety is appreciated. No other College has such a choice.

Social Service was established as an S.R.C. Committee this year, and Jan Tyers’ enthusiasm has certainly contributed to its success. Congratulations, Jan, on this year’s work.

The College year has been punctuated by events such as the production of *Princess Ida*. This was followed by the unforgettable and tragic death of Mr. Carrigg. I feel confident that he holds a place in all our hearts.

The Garden Party and the College Fete were major events in the calendar.

I have appreciated the support of all students. Mr. Jenkins has always been willing to spend time discussing S.R.C. matters and to give us his guidance. I would like to thank Mr. Brown and Miss Kentish for their help and regular attendances at meetings of S.R.C.

To the President for 1964 and the returning students, my message is good luck for a happy and successful year.

Farewell, College. Thank you for the most memorable year of my life.
GORDON NICOLL

NEIL TOYNE: Fete controls his life.

LORRAINE RICHARDSON: Miss Moorooduc.

GLENDA McCOMB: "I don't really need a mike."

GORDON NICOLL: Finds sheaf tossing a pleasant recreation.

JIM HARVEY: "Where's Hilarion?"

VAL EDWARDS: "The weather was lovely, not a drop of rain."

MARGARET SHEEHY: Is an exponent of the Latin American style.

BERNADETTE HOWES: "Who's speaking please?"

KAY GRANGER: "Um . . ."

MARTY CAMERON: Fresh from the Antarctic.

JULIE GUNN: "I mean, that's not really me."

ALF DRAPER: "Let me see — that was in 1535."

DUGALD McEWAN: "I was dabbled."

JAN TYERS: President of "The Brian Chalmers Fan Club."

MAURIE HUGHES: Admires Henry Moore's models.

HELEN JACOBS: "I just love those fruit gums, Mum."

PETER WARD'S favourite song: "Won't you wear my ring?"

JANIE WINDER: She goes for Holland blind.

JENNY REID: "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

DAVE SHORES: Uses Curleypet.

JENNI STRONNELL: "I'm just a gal who can't say no."

TREVOR SHORT: "That's the long and short of it."

KERRY RILEY: Has read "Quiet flows the Don."

SUE REYNOLDS: "It makes me go weak at the knees."

RUTH PAYNTER: May be found in the Marshalling area.

BARBARA SALMON: She's not tuna'd in.

TONY SMITH: Frequently sees red.
The College has been saddened by the death of Mr. Carrigg, for we have experienced a great loss. That we would have felt the loss of any member of the staff or student body is obvious. But in this particular case the sadness was greater because the loss was greater. This was because of the kind of man we knew him to be.

Much of the reason for this is due to the fact that Mr. Carrigg was an outstanding teacher. He was outstanding, not merely because of his technical skill in teaching music, but also because of his knowledge of the subject, his enthusiasm for it and his ability to communicate this enthusiasm to the students.

Coupled with this was his warm personality which compelled him to become interested in and concerned with students' problems, and he had sufficient knowledge of people to enable him to suggest ways in which they could be helped.

Mr. Carrigg was the kind of person who was unsparing with one of his most precious possessions - his time. He was a man who made greater use of the time that was available to him in this life than most other people. Typical of this was the last week of his life, much of which was spent in directing and conducting the music of the College production of "Princess Ida".

All students who have known him, while saddened by the loss, nevertheless do feel grateful for having had the opportunity to work with one of the finest teachers in the teaching service and one of the finest persons we have known.

The most worthwhile memorial for a man such as he would be our assurance that the spirit of his outlook on education will be perpetuated among the students who have known him. This assurance we can give. And in so giving we will be writing this epitaph for Mr. Carrigg:

"He has left a monument more enduring than bronze."
The College learnt with regret of the death in October of Doctor Lorna Jones at the Jessie McPherson Hospital, Melbourne.

Doctor Jones was the medical officer of this College during 1962. She quickly won the hearts of the students and staff by her dedication to her duties. During the War she served as Medical Officer for the Boronia district. She soon became a familiar and well-beloved figure whenever she went walking, riding or driving, to wherever her services were needed.

She found time to identify herself with a number of public causes and was a foundation member of the F.T.G. arts society.

When she left to go to Phillip Island she was given a public farewell by residents. Last year she attended an international conference of doctors in Manila. As recently as September she officially opened the Boronia Spring Flower Show.

Doctor Jones was a woman of immense courage. She had been fighting for twenty years an illness which involved several operations. College remembers her quiet cheerfulness, her ready sympathy, and unfailing helpfulness. She went far beyond the call of duty in helping students with medical and personal problems.

Like Bernie Carrigg, she won a permanent place in our hearts.
TREVOR SHORT
Ambition: To roar like a bull.
Fate: Content with a long moo moo.

GRAHAM REES
Ambition: To remain a bachelor.
Fate: To have red-headed children.

MAX QUANCHI
Ambition: To crack a boomer at Malibou.
Fate: Paddling at Pt. Leo.

PHIL HARGREAVES
Ambition: To keep snakes and bees.
Fate: Annie get your gun.
This is the unknown student whose quiet, diligent attitude, attention to duties and thoughtfulness for others have made him the perfect hostel student.
Before shape our world will have a chance to strive in politics, you do not become somebody in politics."

The argument really impinges on him, he says: "But let's have the flasher; but let's have a real flasher; but let's have a political people."

Dazzled here to there by the Marriages say: We must find a way to bring kitchenware to people a made.

One has whilst our wrangle or danger in the way which there.

The wars are in abury line. Milliay

May I will largely of social justice. Capitalists and young people motives.

Should out of power by democr.

Democ members, as the "let us first break a political abhorrent."

Serious surely is the achieved that on the firm

Is it still packet's fate?

We have lose it.
THE APATHETICS

By JOHN FOLEY

Before you stop reading, there is one thing you should know. "Politics shape our lives. It takes us in and out of wars. It decides whether men will have steady jobs, women will have decent houses, children will have a chance to grow up healthy and fit for adult life. You may take no interest in politics, but you may depend on it, politics takes an interest in you. So if you do not want to be a miserable pawn on the board, pushed about to suit somebody else's convenience, make up your mind to take a keen interest in politics." (J. B. Priestley).

The average Australian replies confidently, "Politicians don't have any really important powers", and in the immortal words of Alfred E. Neuman, he says, "Why should I worry?"

But look at some of the conditions under which we are living.

Big business organizations grow bigger every day; the cars are getting flashier; bars are getting fuller. The factories roar and the dividends soar. Yet we still cannot provide even a decent standard of schooling for young people.

Dazzling new office blocks tower over the cities, and Freeways dart from here to there. Private Toorak-type houses can sell for £35,000. But Young Marrieds still have to stay at work and mortgage themselves up to the hilt to find a home.

The food stores are bulging, and snazzy clothes are everywhere. Carpets, kitchenware and crockery flood the shops. And we still go on paying our old people a miserable pension that is a disgrace to a civilised country.

One hundred thousand people can pack the M.C.G. to see a football match, whilst our newspapers devote thousands of words to the Royal vs. Dollar wrangle or the Christine Keeler affair. And we can't be bothered seeing any danger in the biggest and fastest-built empire in man's history (Communism), which threatens our basic liberties.

The world has a food surplus. Rice, maize, wheat, butter, fish and meat are in abundance. But more than half the world's population is on the poverty line. Millions suffer from malnutrition.

May I assure you that the future progressive development of our society will largely rest on the efforts of young people motivated by a strong sense of social justice. And there are enough job-seekers, power-grabbers, professional Capitalists and Communists around to run our society, unless others (mainly young people) are prepared to enter the political arena for more honourable motives.

Should young people try to obtain influence merely to keep other people out of power? Obviously not. We should formulate strong and virile policies by democratic means in an effort to obtain a positive alternative.

Democratic political parties do provide for rule by the rank-and-file members. So, what we must do is find the one which we personally judge as the "least bad", and through our support try to influence it. We must firstly break down our inherited prejudice that anyone who is a member of a political party is necessarily ambitious, power-crazy or something equally abhorrent.

Seriously, consider yourself as a member of a political party. This surely is the obligation of living in a free society. Then, once you have achieved this equality with those who are active politically, base your efforts on the firm principle of social justice.

Is it sufficient to smugly and complacently fall for slogans like, "The pay packet's fatter, so what does it matter?" or "We've never had it so good"? We have the freedom to be politically active. Let us use it before we lose it.
“A Junior College is not merely the first two years of a four-year College. It’s something different. It’s the institution which is serving the whole community.”

In this way, Mr. D. G. Morrison, specialist for community-junior colleges in the U.S. Office of Education, describes the role of the College to which I was attached as visiting teacher for the school year 1962-3. There are some 850 of this type of College in the United States, 45 being in California.

Stockton Junior College, now known as Delta College since its franchise was recently extended beyond the city limits of Stockton to the whole community of San Joaquin County, provides educational opportunity for almost 3,500 students. The teaching faculty is in excess of 120. The functions of the College are very diverse. They include transfer education, general education, vocational-technical education, adult education and remedial education and guidance.

Probably the first feature to attract the attention of a Victorian visitor is the system of local control exercised by the people of the community through its selected representatives on the school board whose jurisdiction covered the public elementary and high schools of Stockton as well as the Junior College. The chief executive officer is the Superintendent of Schools. It may be argued that the community thus determines the broad nature of the courses of instruction offered to the public by the College, since on the last analysis, the final appeal lies in the ballot box. On the other hand, it is a recognised fact that only a small percentage of citizens entitled to vote on educational policy actually exercises the right to vote, so that fundamental questions are really decided by the interested minority in the community. And, perhaps this is as it should be.

The proceedings of the Board are open to the public to an extent rarely seen by us. The State Law of California strictly prohibits, generally, decisions concerning public interest being made in closed committees. Consequently, Board meetings are sometimes enlivened by pertinent questions directed by citizens.

It is, however, apparent that the public has every confidence in its Education Board as the amount of business transacted at fortnightly meetings through the school year is considerable and embraces every aspect of administration. Again, not infrequently the Board deals with petitions for redress of grievances. The Board also fixes salaries and rates of remuneration for its employees, thus carrying out an important function of our Teachers’ Tribunal. From its decisions, unless the law is contravened, lies no appeal except to the people. A common criticism, not unknown in Australia, is then that Board members look to their election campaign rather than Board concerns.

All teachers who takes into account that education is enjoyed.

It is possible the first two years of a College is an important function of the Board of Trustees. An important function of the Board of Trustees is the establishment of a College for the elementary and high school students. The degree “teaching” is not the degree “teaching”.

Academic degrees by a traditional college are not competed by a junior college. The system is determined by the Board of Trustees for the college. It may be argued that the Board of Trustees fixes the degree to complete the college, while the student is involved in Arts degree or Science degree.

Vocational education by students is not competed by typing and a fascination for the prize of setting up their degree for transfer to a four-year universities.

It may be true that the public has every confidence in the Board of Trustees as the amount of business transacted at meetings through the school year is considerable and embraces every aspect of administration. Again, not infrequently the Board deals with petitions for redress of grievances. The Board also fixes salaries and rates of remuneration for its employees, thus carrying out an important function of our Teachers’ Tribunal. From its decisions, unless the law is contravened, lies no appeal except to the people. A common criticism, not unknown in Australia, is then that Board members look to their election campaign rather than Board concerns.
to their electorate in contentious cases rather than to merit exhibited therein; that Board members are unpaid tends to ensure their respect for the public interest.

All teachers in the Stockton district are paid according to a scale which takes into account qualifications and length of service. Equal pay with men is enjoyed by women teachers. As a separate roll of teachers is not in use, it is possible for an elementary teacher to receive salary equivalent to that of a College teacher. The minimum qualification for employment is B.A. An important difference from our practice to be observed here, is that education courses are included in the subjects for B.A. Recent State Law has insisted that adequate "subject matter" courses are taken by intending teachers who formerly in many cases tended to over emphasis in their degree "teaching-method" courses.

Academic courses correspond by and large to academic courses offered by a traditional English University. Breadth and depth of the scope of contents is determined largely by the lecturer concerned and each of these aspects occasionally differs considerably from lecturer to lecturer. An important distinction is made between courses intended for transfer students and those for terminal students. Transfer students frequently find that their choice of subjects is restricted according to prescriptions of the particular four-year College to which, at the end of their Junior College years, they wish to transfer to complete their degree. Terminal students, who will receive an Associate in Arts degree upon the satisfactory (grade C) completion of two years' study, may pursue more courses sometimes quite unrelated to their major fields.

Vocational-technical courses form a very large part of the courses chosen by students. Among these may be counted nursing, business (something more than typing and shorthand), cookery, automotive engineering, building courses, and a fascinating course in cosmetology. Intending teachers also may begin their degree courses here, but teaching practice is deferred until third and fourth years.

Much could be said of the fine work done in dramatics, music and choral art, creative writing and speech education; of the excellent library; of the fraternities and sororities so beloved of the American Student; of the S.R.C. and Student assemblies conducted in typically student fashion.

This article is intended to inspire you to go, see for yourself.
"Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,  
And has no haven till he land at death . . ."  
—Carlyle.

"Tomorrow this litter-strewn street will not capture my attention by its ugliness. Today's litter will be gone and replaced by more. All about me will be the same again. The trees will be but a day older, and so too will these passers-by, but I, I will be . . ."

"Shall I pick up your luggage from the terminal, sir?" said a taxi driver to the well dressed but weary looking young man.

"No, no thank you, there's just me."

"Where to then, pal?"

This was the hypocrisy that he so detested.

"The city square, thank you."

On leaving the taxi, the first familiar sight he saw was the returned soldiers' monument. For the first time he read the stained inscription out aloud: "In memory of those who so willingly gave their lives for us". His left hand cramped, crushing the cigarettes which he had purchased at the airport. "No, this must not happen again," and as quickly as his hand had knotted, it relaxed again. Soon there would be no reason to suffer.

He turned from the monument and walked towards a small barber's shop to buy more cigarettes. As he entered he reflected on the happenings of the last few weeks.

"Yes, funny it was at the time that my friends should liken it to the grasping claw of an eagle . . . of course that was the very first time that it happened. But now, those words are no longer amusing. My new name had caught on quickly amongst the boys, but as this crippling increased in frequency the name imperceptibly lost its jovial regularity. They could see that this was to me, a thing that no one could joke about. Our relationship had entered a new phase. I was to be pitied and shunned by those poor fools who worshipped a god, and justified their existence by self betterment, always at the expense of someone else. They did not want the truth, for its bareness they could not handle. It portrayed them in reality, not as they wished to be. 'Claw hand' as they named me, was no longer funny to them, for every time my hand cramped I could sense the uneasiness which overtook them. It was just as though my hand was challenging the speaker to untangle the true from the false."
"Can I help you, sir?" the barber asked as he left a customer sitting in the chair and walked towards the counter.

"Yes", was the young man's vague reply as he quickly examined the shop. "Could I have a packet of Newport cigarettes, please?" He had observed that most of the buildings in this town had altered. This one was old inside but had been refaced; spruced up to compete with everything about it.

"I'm sorry, sir, I don't seem to have any Newport here. Would you care to wait while I check in the store room?"

"Yes, I'm in no hurry."

As the barber left the shop he spoke to the old man in the chair. "Do you mind waiting for a few minutes? I'll just fix this chap up." The young man caught this remark and thought to himself that the barber and his shop were no different.

"Well, well, well," said the old man in the chair. "A long time it's been since I saw you in this town."

The young man fixed his attention on the speaker and realized that it was the curator of the park. "This is strange. I must admit that I didn't expect to see you. But I'll tell you something. It is your park that has brought me back here. Anyway, how have you been keeping yourself?" The curator was not as the young man had remembered him. His hair had receded showing an even larger expanse of bald head. But this made his brown wrinkled face bigger and more friendly than ever. His eyes twinkled under his bony forehead, displaying a kind and unassuming nature.

"I'm older, but life hasn't changed much for me. I've still my pigeons. They are a fine-looking bunch, and two of them are fast and reliable. They lead home pretty often now. Remember when our first bird came home?"

"That was really a day of rejoicing. I think I was about eight years old then."

As he thought about these things his memory leapt back to the happy days they had spent together in the park. Then it was a time of excitement. The curator would retell his many adventures on the sea, while the little boy became lost in the wonderland of his imagination.

"Here you are," said the barber, "I knew I had some in the store room. You're a stranger here aren't you?" at the same time reaching out to take the money from the young man's hand.

"I am now, but I lived here many years ago. The town is like a magnet compelling me to return and see things as they were."

"There isn't much in this town that you'll remember. Everything has changed so much, that is, all except the park and its master here."

The curator chuckled, obviously proud that he and his creation had not yielded to the compelling forces of man.

"There aren't many buildings that I can remember. Yes, it really has changed."

"Ah, it's a change for the better, don't you think?" said the barber. The curator and the young man looked at each other.

"If falsity is your criterion, then maybe it is for the better," was the young man's reply as his hand cramped and relaxed again. The old man sitting in the chair observed the barber's immediate response. It was a look of puzzlement which seemed to challenge the young man for an explanation.
"Just look about you. This building must be fifty years old, and yet you put a new face on it." He felt much more at home now. He had seized the opportunity of a puzzled expression as he had many times during the last few weeks, but this too was in vain. The barber found justification before the young man had time to continue. "It helps my business," and at the same time reached out to extract money from the curator's hand as though he was prising open the reluctant jaws of an oyster shell, anxious to have the pearl lest it slip away never to be found again. This was the curator's little game that he played every time they met. He would hold the money half disclosed in his hand, not dropping it to the counter so the barber could pick it up, but just holding it there, waiting for his thick hand to prise it free. The young man noticed the tussle, and noticed also the curator's gleve when the barber completed the ritual by dropping each coin on to a glass plate and then quickly into the till. He understood the barber and what he represented but the curator's detached acceptance of life troubled and perplexed him; he knew it most of all when his left hand stiffened like a corpse, lying dead and useless at the end of his arm, unresponsive to the world's demands.

Outside the shop, he stood on the pavement looking at the false fronted buildings. The warmth of summer had passed, and the cold breeze, heralding a bitter winter, swept the autumn leaves into untidy piles that spilt from the pavement and choked the gutters. His hand cramped again as though conscious of their meaning. It was tight and ugly. Yes, just like an eagle's claw, he thought.

"Which way are you headed?"

On hearing the curator's voice the young man's hand relaxed like the cutting of a taut string. "Towards your park. There is something there that I have come all the way back here to see."

"Well then," said the curator, "I must warn you that you'll not find what you are looking for. It was true when the barber said the park has not changed, but remember that he had never found anything special there as you did." They walked down the road together, and the curator continued, "Have you ever woken from an exciting dream just before you reached the goal of your labours, and then, night after night crawled into bed praying that sleep would recapture the threads and bring back a feeling long past and gone?"

"If only the curator knew how strongly I feel this." But the young man said nothing.

The curator continued. "The park hasn't changed. It still holds its magic. But remember, it will only share it with those who have the key. We have all had it; but some don't use it and therefore don't miss it; and those who have shared its magic never really recapture the feeling."

At these words the young man's eyes portrayed the doubt he held. He said nothing, but thought only of the bridge which he was soon to cross.

"This is where I leave you," said the curator. But knowing that soon the young man would need a friend, added, "After you have attended to your business in the park call in for a few minutes. You may be able to tell me what ails two of my pigeons."

The young man uttered no reply, but nodded his head slightly. His thoughts were on the bridge. The curator turned the corner and was gone.
The young man now walked alone. Drawn on by the unconquerable desire to search, his pace quickened. His eyes saw nothing, but life around him continued. One block of false-fronted buildings followed another. One, two, three; they passed quickly. Each block more quickly than the last. He knew no time now. Before him was the whole of his childhood. He remembered the island... a wonderful blue haze... around it, water, reflecting life in its reality. Across this water a bridge; a bridge to cross.

"Hey, a red light, mate! Can't you see where you're going?"

He walked on and entered the park. Inside the gate he stopped. He looked about him. All paths led to the pond. Here the lawn and the trees were fresh and healthy. Further along, out of sight, there were patches of salt. The curator had not told him this, he had said that nothing would grow. "But where are these barren patches?" The young man looked again but saw only beauty. They must be around the corner he thought. "Yes" he said to himself, "The fate of choice, the luck of the path." He stepped out along the rose bordered gravel.

Memory of the blue haze returned to him. It was like a fog. No matter how much he sought it was still there, just out of reach.

He followed the gravel, knowing that this path would lead him to the blue haze. Like silence the absence of roses struck him... a salt patch where nothing grew. The island was ahead. He could see also the bridge. Memory of the blue haze returned to him.

He stopped on the bridge, leaned over the rail, and saw the reflection of life. Children were playing on the island as he had played. They didn't notice him; theirs was a game of make believe.

"Hello", said the young man, but the children played on.

"It's here somewhere", he thought, turning from the children. But there was no blue haze. A pool of dirty water caught his attention: an empty beer can, rotting leaves, but no blue haze. He turned once again to the children and spoke. They did not hear him. They didn't even see him, let alone the beer can and the pool of dirty water. Theirs was a land of pirates and make believe.

He wandered away, more lost than ever.

"Bang! You're dead!" a childish voice called out. The others laughed.

The curator opened the door. "Well, pleased I am to see you. Come in, come in. Don't stand there."

The young man quickly pushed past the curator trying to avoid his understanding eyes.

"You'll have some dinner?"

The young man scanned the room. It was just as he had remembered it. The model sailing ships where he had replaced them after taking them down to touch and wonder at for the last time twelve years ago; the panelled walls, the old brick fireplace, and the drab curtains were all still the same. Their eyes met.

The curator, stood, watched and waited for a reply, but the young man was deep in thought. He felt easy in the old house and the curator's company. "Thank you. This really will be like old times." They sat together, eating in silence. The old man was aware of the inner searching, for he had
sailed the stormy sea and had anchored in the calm. But a memory, like the
biting taste of salt from gigantic waves which had come thundering down and
had passed on, remained with him. He remembered these waves but they were
smaller now. He remembered too, the men. Some fought their own battles
against the waves, others were aided.

The silence was broken by the young man’s chair being pushed back over
the bare boarded floor. He reached up to the mantel and took down his
favourite ship. It was a model pearl lugger made by the curator in his leisure
hours. “I haven’t touched this for twelve years. I used to dream that this
model was real and that I was the master. I would sail away until in the
distance I could see a fine blue haze, and as I came closer it became a
beautiful island with a short jetty, and there I would anchor. In the morning
I would hurry down to your park, across the bridge, and there was my
island... my own real island.”

“That boat was real to me once” said the old man, “but now it’s only
an ornament, reminding me of the waves which never turn back. Now I have
my park and my pigeons.” The young man held the model, but he was also
listening to the curator as he spoke.

“The past is gone. Give me that model, I’ll show you. You will always
remember those dreams of your island, just as I will remember sailing that
ship. But life is not like this model, sitting on its stand riding smoothly.
Life is like this.” The old man raised the model above his head and smashed
it on the floor. It splintered and crumpled, and lay dead. The young man
knelt down and picked up the pieces in both hands. “I’ll rebuild this if it’s
the last thing I...” but his voice gave way as his left hand cramped,
breaking the past into small and numerous fragments.

Next morning the curator woke.

The splintered model and the young man were gone, but in the air was
a breeze so familiar to him. It was the breeze that sailors feel when their
ship was homeward bound.

“Hey! Mr. Curator, come quickly.” The island’s murderous pirate of
yesterday ran to the pond. The curator followed.

“What’s that?”

There was a hand, a left hand protruding from the water. The bridge
rail was broken, but in that hand was the pearl lugger’s sail, filled with the
morning breeze.
Teacher In College...

...with the

The air was...
CREATION
CREATION
By BARBARA SALMON

Powerful, virile thunderheads
Bear down on the warm, quivering earth.
Enclosing her in a close embrace.
Male mounting female,
Surging closer
Until they meet in a breathless spasm of relief.
Plunged deep, the spurting seed of life
Fuses with the female seed,
Lying dormant in the womb of the earth.
A new life is created,
Tiny, weak, but still a life
Protected and enclosed
In the dark moist recesses of the earth.
Stirring and growing
Swelling into life
Until, with a convulsive surge
It tears itself from the mother
And bursts, joyously,
Into life.
Teacher in Creative Activity...

TOP: • "FISHERMAN" BY HELEN JACOBS

ABOVE: • BOB WATERSON

RIGHT: • ROD BRYAR
THE MOOPH

By KERRY WALSH

Phenomenon of desert waste
The Mooph in liberty,
Capaciously satisfies his taste
With tourists, now made free.

Incredulous, they had no sight
Of paradoxical Mooph.
A single cell of monstrous height,
Of sinuous limbs and hoof.

Alone it swims in a wide mirage,
And moans like static friction.
Beware, the insect formed barrage.
It eats all with equal conviction.

It lurks amid the weapons thrown,
The futile heads of man,
Amid the driftwood and parched bone
Laid round in piteous fan.

Beware the monster Mooph. 'Tis said
Annihilation is sweet.
For you and the earth once met are dead.
The Mooph's smile is complete.
Bound, shut in, in sad confines
By law, deprived of self and race,
Horizon bound by lines - not lines
But spider threads of time and place,
Buzzing his life in frantic plan
He stands a convict, fallen man.
And is there none to set him free?
No governor bold by fate impelled
To sport from man's official tree
And rescue him in bondage held?
None to redeem and purge from sin
Before the deadly sting go in?
No chance that he might broach the line,
Hack and tear and claw his way
Through wilderness that gives no sign,
Blunder on through night and day
With desperate hope that bids him fight
Towards the horizons of new light?
None. Neither free from tyrant thread
Of sickness, sorrow, pain and dread
Till darkness bids him mount the crest,
Lay down his cross in final rest.

R.W.

In 1960 a committee was appointed to select a suitable motto for the College. "Towards the Horizons" was chosen as the one which most reflected the goal of truth and understanding. Editorial policy each year is to invite someone to write on this theme. This year's contribution is by Dick Wittman, Lecturer in Education.

The theme "Towards the Horizons" is the basis of "A College Anthem" with words and music composed by Brian Chalmers. This anthem will be presented for the first time at the Graduation Ceremony, 1963.
BOIDIE

TOM CAT

MUTANT
SUBURBIA

By Verna Myers

Foolish suburban maniacs,
Organising your lives into boxes,
Sheltering yourselves from the unknown,
Placidly living restrained.

Carlton houses, divided into sections;
You, its owner, proudly explaining
The intricacies of singular function
And the price paid for prison.

Bolder ones, you pitch your silken cocoons
In an area bounded by fences.
At night you listen to the voice outside,
Comforted by the nearness of neighbours.

Dolts! In your small quest for freedom
You're taking enclosure with you!
I, solitary, am greatened by vastness.
Unfettered, I roam, the continent my bed.

You spend your contained existence
Folding treasures out of the way—
In your insane desire
To die and be packed away.
The College, this year, was fortunate in obtaining a sculptural piece by Inge King, one of Australia's most important contemporary sculptors.

Inge King was born in Germany and studied in Berlin, as well as at the Royal Academy in London and the Glasgow School of Art. She came to Melbourne in 1951 after touring Europe and the U.S.A. Since then she has regularly exhibited her work in this country and has completed several commissions.

One of her better known works is the large fountain in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne. This tall, organic form, designed to blend with the garden surroundings, is popularly known as the "Dew-drop Fountain".

Although trained to use the traditional sculptor's materials of wood and stone, Inge King has turned to newer materials and methods. She has made extensive use of plastic metal, a putty-like material which sets hard and resembles aluminium. At present she works with plate steel, cutting her shapes and welding to build up forms and textural patterns.

The College piece, an abstract arrangement of shapes, lines and textures, is set to complement the plain brick wall of the hostel building and to add a focal point in our garden setting.
"The Marlowe Princess Ida: named cor-
which was for the year
Mrs. Bro-
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Good luck,
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she may be.
"The Marriage", Children's Theatre, Princess Ida and a show yet to be named comprise the programme which was held on the College stage for the year 1963.

Mrs. Brown was right up to the mark when she called for people to appear in the first production for the year.

The Marriage, has fortunately turned out to be a great success and a triumph for the cast, third year I.T.C. Drama Group (who did the backstage work) and Mrs. Brown, the producer.

The Children's Theatre was a new idea incorporated this year. Children from local Frankston State Schools came along to the performances of excerpts from David Copperfield, The Shoemaker's Wife and the Ugly Duckling. Some College students were fortunate enough in seeing parts of the show along with the delighted faces of the youngsters, for many of whom this would have been their first experience with live stage plays.

Princess Ida, the College's production of Gilbert and Sullivan for the year, 1963, once more turned out to be a magnificent success. Although the Dramatics Committee was not directly involved in this show, it helped in that it provided some money for the hiring of costumes which were needed for the lavish production.

The end of the year is yet to come.

The long awaited extensions to the stage have been commenced. These will provide next year's productions with the added facilities of a dressing and storage room. This year's committee provided the stage with an expensive track on which to hang a black centre-stage curtain.

Good luck to next year's Committee and your new Secretary, whoever she may be.
LOYOLA

Under the patronage of the founder of the Jesuits and the great educator, Ignatius Loyola, a Catholic organization exists in College. Its aims are to assist in providing a more Christian environment for students and to create an opportunity to discuss ideas and views. Through discussions and the addresses of visiting speakers, Loyola hopes to promote alert and informed minds which will keep abreast of new ideas and be able to project them capably.

"The role of a Catholic teacher" was the topic of our first speaker. A lively and spirited talk was given by Adrian Jones, a University student and a convert to Catholicism.

Slides and commentary by Father Aquinas, a Passionist Father, on the Shroud of Turin, was most interesting. Since 1930 the cloth has not been on public display owing to its fragility. The slides were aimed at proving the authenticity of the Shroud. Blood stains indicated in many instances the nature of the torture the wearer endured.

Inter-College activities were encouraged by two functions in particular. The first was a social in the Melbourne Teachers' College hall which was really enjoyed by a large crowd. Representatives from each College were thrilled to have the opportunity to meet each other. The second function was the recent annual Communion Breakfast at which we were represented along with students from other Colleges. A special Mass at St. Francis' Church was followed by a breakfast in the Myer Mural Hall. The guest speaker was Mr. W. M. Phelan, B.A., Dip.Ed., who recently retired from his position as a school inspector with the Education Department. In his speech he offered sound advice to young teachers and students. "Qualify early," was his plea, "and do University work if you have the opportunity."

—Gay Callanan.

T.C.C.F. REPORT

What is your purpose in life? Do you have one or does life seem to be relatively meaningless to you? One of the aims of T.C.C.F. is to show students that there is a purpose in life which can be found through a personal faith in Jesus Christ. He alone can give a satisfaction to life and its many experiences. We have sought to bring this fact to the notice of all who attend the weekly meetings. This group is Protestant and interdenominational. All College students are welcome to attend any of its functions.

During this year we have seen many activities connected with T.C.C.F. take place. Among these have been several socials held in various homes. These occasions have been times of true spiritual fellowship and enjoyment. The year's programme has included local speakers, missionaries from New Guinea and Borneo, and social workers. Films, discussions and student-organised meetings have been additional features of our programme. A daily prayer meeting has been a valuable and important facet of T.C.C.F. activity. One highlight of the weekly meetings was a Fact and Faith film, "The Professor and the Prophet", which was shown in the Assembly Hall.

Recently the truth of the Bible and life in Bible lands was clearly explained to us by an archaeologist who used colour slides and actual examples of materials discovered in archaeological research.

Finances for the maintenance of the group are independent of the S.R.C. and come from donations of members.

Those of us who are exit students wish to extend our best wishes to the T.C.C.F. group of 1964 which will be led by Lyn Smith. We know that God will help them in their plans for the future.

—Genief Mills.
in life? Do they seem to be a purpose in your life? One way to show purpose in life is through a commitment to Christ. He has entered our lives. We have the notice board at the notice weekly meetings. Protestant and All College students are encouraged to attend any of these meetings. We have seen the difference these events hold in our lives. Occasions have been planned for spiritual fellowship, the year's programme, speakers, films, and activities. Films, events-organised topical features such as “Christ the Assembly” and “The Bible and the Christian.” We have clearly experienced in the work of the Bishop. Maintenance of student donations of exit students will be continued. It is through these donations that we will know that students have plans and ideas for the future.
PERTH TOUR

Friday, the 6th of September, found thirty-one students and our two lecturers, Miss Wallace and Mr. Mutimer on the first stage of the journey to Perth. We found it difficult to sleep that night as we had to sit up, and the frequent stops and the drunk at the end of our carriage certainly did not help matters.

Our short stay in Adelaide was spoiled by rain which fell towards the end of our two hour stay. However, this did not dampen our enthusiasm or the spirit of adventure that was in most of us.

About half an hour before we arrived in Port Augusta the rumour that we had lost part of the train began to spread. On investigation we found this to be quite true: the front section of the train (with some members of the group) had continued up the line. The other section (with the rest of us and the dining car) was standing still. Despite the repairs that were made in Port Augusta the train came apart several times during the night.

Most of us got to Kalgoorlie in one piece. Films had been organised and the majority of us turned up to these before returning to the “Dock” where we slept in part of a train for the night. The next morning was free so we spent our time exploring the city, climbing clock towers and reading the unusual signs that could be found in the most unexpected places. During the afternoon there was a conducted tour of the town, the new electricity supply plant and the gold mines.

That evening before leaving we all (including Mr. Mutimer) played skippy on the railway platform, which, according to the prominently displayed signs, is the longest in Australia.

On arrival in Perth we made our way to the hostel and then had the rest of the day to ourselves.

Our stay in Perth got off to a rather dubious start when our first trip was postponed. The ferry to Rottnest could not put out because of squalls. This happened twice, but on the third time we had better luck. Rottnest Island is a beautiful place with very rugged coastal scenery and no permanent, motorized vehicles except the tourist coaches. Just how did Yvonne come to acquire the nickname “Quokka”?

Many other day trips were enjoyed by most of us, although it was a pity that several of our girls were confined to bed for some of the time. Besides going to Rottnest Island we visited the Darling Ranges, John Forrest and Yanchep National Parks, the Canning, Mundarring, and Serpentine Dams, Araluen (where one of us succeeded in getting lost), the B.P. oil refinery at Kwinana, and the Kingsley Fairbridge farm school.

Our night life was also most enjoyable. We went to the pictures a number of times, went ten-pin bowling, swimming, swam at the Beatty Park pool, visited King’s Park “to take photos of Perth by night”, went to dances and celebrated several birthdays, including Bluey Aeschlimann’s twenty-first.

Although it rained for some part of each day, we all had a wonderful time and many were sorry that we had to leave.

—Lynnette Keat
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Lynnette Keat
TASMANIAN TOUR

Have you ever spent the night on the high seas in the middle of a tempestuous gale? There were many of the group of thirty-three College tourists who were wishing that this was one experience to which they had not committed themselves — travelling by sea road.

However, by the time the road part of it had come, spirits were high and the word "food" was once more permitted entry into our English vocabulary.

The trip inland was made by way of the very photogenic Emu Bay Limited, and by bus. The sight of snow was primarily a cause of much excitement. Burnie appeared rather picturesque until you looked at the sea, which was disappointingly discoloured by chemicals discarded by surrounding factories, whilst Queens-town with its colourful, eye-commanding barrenness is an artist's paradise. Waitresses in that town are reputed to be a connoisseur's delight. The excursion to Mount Lyall Copper Smelting Works at night was rather awe-inspiring, to say the least. Camera enthusiasts led by Mr. Andrews became amazingly engrossed in the mathematical intricacies of time-exposures at this stage.

We loved the Mayfair Guest House in Hobart. A private bathroom holds a particular fascination — Ah, the joy of standing under a shower for hours at a time.

It is said that a tourist visiting Europe sees more cathedrals and art galleries whilst abroad than he does in a lifetime at home. The same thing may be said of F.T.C. in Tasmania. We saw the heritage of innumerable monuments and signed more visitors' books than Rod Taylor signs autographs when he comes to Australia. I suppose it does give one a certain sense of superiority to think that one's name will be read by generations of tourists to come.

History still lives in such places as the beautiful Port Arthur penal settlement. Sounds paradoxical doesn't it, in the light of the atrocities which the convicts endured there?

The days in which we toured Richmond, Huonville and the Hastings Caves — to name but a few trips — passed very quickly, and it was somewhat regretfully that we departed to go to Launceston; this town, although rather like Hobart, has a charm all its own.

When the aeroplane took off, Launceston was bathed in sunshine. Too soon we touched down at Essendon, and the rain softly welcomed us.

—Kerry Walsh

WITH APOLOGIES FOR HAVING ONCE DEFACED A ROLL SLIP

You reprimand us during Art
And tell us that we're hated.
Official documents, we learn,
Cannot be decorated.
'Apologize' is your command
'Or with the fools be rated.
'Apologize' you yell at us,
'Or else be masticated.'

Instead we praise our art's great worth,
(Our egos - not deflated.)
The reason is, since coming here
We have degenerated.
After you had stormed away,
We stood and meditated,
And now we send apologies
Although they are belated.
Do forgive us, Oh please do
For all our decorations.
We're really sorry if we failed
To reach your expectations.
In future we'll restrain ourselves
From scribbling and from drawing
Although we feel, that in the future
Roll slips will be boring.

—Helen Hurle & Helen Jacobs
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—Kerry Walsh

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Helen Jacobs

PREMIERS, 1963

The squash team, headed by Mr. Wells, had the most successful year of all
the College teams. Through many hours of hard practice, magnificent team
spirit, and more than capable guidance from our coach, Frankston completed the
season undefeated PREMIERS.
FRONT: NEIL TOYNE, Mr. BROWN, CATHY GREGORY.
SECOND: JACKIE GAYWOOD, ROBYN GREEN, MARILYN GIBBONS.
THIRD: RON ECKHARDT, MAX CLAUSEN, GRAEME LACEY.
FRONT: TERRY BOYD, MR. BOYD, EVELYN MULLUMBY.
SECOND: ESTHER GRIEG, JENNY GILLAM, MARGARET HENDERSON, LEONIE ROADKNIGHT.
THIRD: JACK FREEMAN, GEOFF GRAEME, DOUG HIGGS, ROD PHILLIPS.
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<td>Talk by Mr. Ernest Miller. Staff-student football match</td>
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July...

3 Burwood visit us
10 We visit Toorak
17 Visit by Chris Wallace-Crabbe, Aust. Literature
     Melbourne visit us
24 Farewell to Mr. Ricks. We visit Coburg
31 Bendigo visit us

August...

14 Visited by Members of Rotary
     We visit Geelong
21 Education Day — Presentation of Sculpture
20-24 "Princess Ida"
30 End of Term II

September...

16 Start of Term III
     Camps and Tours

October...

7 Mr. Dignam’s return
9 Music festival at Wilson hall.
12 College Fete and Dance

November...

December...

2 Graduation Ball
11 Graduation
12 Students go down
19 College goes down
OUTWARD BOUND WITH NELSON

If Kurt Hahn were to visit Australia, and Victoria in particular, he might well believe that his efforts in founding Gordonstoun school were a little wasteful. His motive in education is, in part, to recapture the challenge and danger of warfare. He believes that a beneficial side effect of war is the development of character through the mastery of fear and physical hardship. His school attempts to provide these challenges in peace-time.

If his visit to Victoria came in winter time he would find that an odd local custom provides the character training he cherishes.

When you read this a group of young men will be “outward bound” from College. They will have had the privilege of indulging this odd local custom for two winters. They will be better men for having faced the physical challenge of football. They have received a training in self-discipline that is missing in “no-contact” sports. To keep after a football when a burly opponent is heading straight for you would require “character” according to Kurt Hahn, “guts” according to football followers. They mean the same thing.

The ability to “carry” injuries is the mark of a footballer and of a man. The ability to contest a game doggedly with every ounce of vigor the rules allow, and the spirit to congratulate an opponent with full-hearted generosity are the qualities I have seen in our exit footballers. They cannot fail to have benefited from such an experience. The comradeship that comes from bumps, bruises and blood given and taken without protest puts its stamp on all those who love playing football. Players may be guilty of an occasional flare up of temper, but the pettiness, the meanness of spirit that often marks players in other sports is despised and noticeably missing.

I believe that this generosity of character has been developed in those who have played for the College team. Those who still have a measure of pettiness are lesser players because of it. They can never achieve the full status of a footballer until they develop a greater regard for both the fellow they knock down and the one who returns the compliment.

Love of the game, sacrifice for the team, the conquest of fear, mastery of physical hardships, acquisition of skill and toughness, yet generosity to opponents are the qualities the game requires. This is why the exit group are better men from their experience in the school of hard knocks.

To Max Corby, Rod Gear, John Martyn, Russell Riseley, John Vince, Phil Hargreaves, Malcolm Luckman, Doug Fraser, Tony Newman, Graeme Rees, Daryl Joyce and Bob Dickie, Nelson says thanks a lot and best wishes. To Ray Mitchell and Terry Haines a special thank you and special best wishes for having acted in such splendid, enthusiastic and willingly co-operative fashion as Captain and Vice-Captain respectively.

You especially will have enduringly pleasant memories of College. Long after the scars and bruises have gone, the pleasure of meeting and remembering former team-mates will remain.
particular, he might have been a little of the challenge and for the development. His school at an odd local

"forward bound" from local custom for physical challenge that is missing inponent is heading Hahn, “guts”

and of a man. the rules allow, generosity are the have benefited bumps, bruises those who love of temper, but in other sports

and in those who aware of pettiness full status of a how they knock

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John Vince, Phil mais Rees, Daryl To Ray Mitchell having acted in as Captain and

College. Long remembering

FRONT: RAY MITCHELL (Captain), Mr. McMAHON, TERRY HAINES (Vice-Captain).
SECOND: ROD GEAR, GRAEME REES, DARYL JOYCE, JOHN VINCE, DOUG FRASER.
THIRD: BOB DICKIE, GEOFF LEVY, KEVIN McGAW, PETER DENNISON, JIM HEALY, PETER HANDLEY.
FOURTH: RAY PARSONS, GARY PARKER, GORDON NICOLL, MAX QUANCHI, KEN HAWKINS, PETER WILLIAMS, IAN SMITH, ALAN BACON, PHIL HARGREAVES.
FRONT: KAYE GRANGER, MR. MUTIMER, HEATHER ROSS.
SECOND: LESLEY GIBLET, LYNN GIBLET, PAM GILBERT, RUTH FOWLER.
THIRD: FAYE PYKE, LINDA EDIS, ANITA BAZINSKI, ALBETH GILBEY.
FRONT: IAN SMITH, TONY NEWMAN (Captain), KEN HAWKINS.
SECOND: LES THOMAS, ALAN BACON, MALCOLM McROBERTS, JIM HARVEY.
THIRD: RAY PARSONS, IAN PICKERING, DOUG FRASER, GEOFF LEVY.
QUEENSLAND DIARY, SEPTEMBER, 1963

SUNDAY, 18th:
Two lecturers (one female and one male), thirty-three College students (thirty-two females and one male) spent the first night on the "Spirit of Progress" debating the virtues of Australian Rules football with various members of the under 15, under 16, under 17, under 19 and under 21, Sydney Rugby Teams (Lecturers in luxury in sleeping cabins!). Those who were not troubled by insomnia declared that the aeroplane-type seats were terrific. Those who were (mostly tall ones) had considerable difficulty fitting their legs in until they discovered that the carpeted floor was heated.

MONDAY, 9th:
Sydney. Most students advertised the fact that they were tourists by abusing Sydney's one-way streets and lack of traffic lights, by taking a taxi-ride, walking over THE Bridge and breezing over the wonderful Harbour on the Manly ferry. (Beautiful weather, by the way!)

Tuesday, 10th:
The wealthy (or was it sensible?) few who had roomettes on the train lived in luxury. Little buttons everywhere kept us amused for at least 20 miles. It's amazing where the bed, wash-basin, etc., fit. Showers were rushed after a hectic day in Sydney. It's quite an art washing your feet without collecting more than three or four bruises. Best of all was morning tea in bed. Sleeper inhabitants arrived at Casino (N.S.W.) fit and well. Peasants in the sitters didn't look so well at 7.00 a.m.

Mr. Brennan was choir master on the four-hour bus trip to Tallebudgera (Q.) National Fitness Camp.

"Hello Farda, Hello Mudda,
Here I am at Tallebudgera,
Camp is very, very crummy;
Hunger pains are rumbling deep down in my tummy."

Result — we headed for Surfers Paradise for the rest of day. Verdict — Surfers is gaudy, over-commercialized, crowded and JUST GREAT.

No-one fell in the swimming pool as we arrived (by bus) at the Surfriders Motel for dinner. (Lovely weather! Our southern white was most conspicuous.)

WEDNESDAY, 11th:
Launch trip to Stradbroke Island, which has twenty-two miles of fantastic Pacific Ocean surf and white sands. Some people looked more suntanned (?). A few souls braved sharks (unknowingly) to try aqua-planing behind the launch. This is a combination of water ski-ing and surfboard riding which is good fun if you were nice to the instructors.

THURSDAY, 12th:
Goodbye to Tallebudgera's shocking (in more ways than one) showers. Hello to Brisbane, the city of gardens and sunshine. Chicken or steak dinner followed a tour of the city sights. From beautiful Mt. Coot-tha the air was so clear that we could almost touch the lights of Brisbane glittering below.

FRIDAY, 13th:
All the night, day and night again on the "Sunlander" (average speed 27 m.p.h.). Unnamed students awoke at 6.00 a.m., very embarrassed. Reason — the blind was left up, and the station staff at Bundaberg had thirty minutes' view of the same pyjama-clad students in bed. Gladstone, Rockhampton, St. Lawrence, Mackay, Proserpine and Ayr were welcome stops after "tea-breaks" at every train went down to all stops.

SATURDAY, 14th:
Townsville somewhat well to the launch. 
Then, at 11.30:
The Island 
The guest 
The weather fine.

SUNDAY, 15th:
Varying degrees of heat.
Miss Smales' help for cold drinks.

MONDAY, 16th:
Launch trip to Gladstone.
Ever smelt decaying fish
TUESDAY, 17th:
On the last part of the journey the party was wearing black looks. I hope the animals perished.

WEDNESDAY, 18th:
Our last day on the launch... tea at 5.00.
ThURSDAY, 19th:
Back on the launch and watermelons closed at Bundaberg.
FRIDAY, 20th:
Back to B.L. after thongs.
Oasis Gardens was closed.
Then, at 10.30:
We all the way to our own "Spirit".

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS:
1. Ratio of native Australian to hunting game
2. The widespread use of the word "standing" to the reader!
3. The friendliness of the "standing" word — "standing so queer."

N.B.—If the teacher uses a vocabulary list, choose words from several different parts of the world. (Instead of words used by native Australians.)
College students took the “Spirit of Queensland” on an unforgettable trip around the eastern seaboard of Australia. Tourists by abus­ ing a taxi-ride, we were able to explore the Cross Harbour on the Rockhampton train. 

The train went down the middle of the street like a Collins Street tram — (Wonderful weather!).

SATURDAY, 14th:
Townsville — fresh and warm at 7.00 a.m. Seven identical taxis looked somewhat weird following each other from Castle Hill to the green gardens to the launch.
Then, at last, Magnetic Island.
The island — semi-wild, green, lovely.
The guest house — paradise.
The weather — a steady 90 degrees.

SUNDAY, 15th:
Varying degrees of sun-tan-burn acquired on beaches around the island. Miss Smales’ knowledge of harmful and otherwise, insects, etc., proved very useful for calming disquieted female students.

MONDAY, 16th:
Launch trip to the Barrier Reef where we were fortunate to strike a low tide. Ever smell decaying spider shellfish, coral and sea stars? Don’t!

TUESDAY, 17th:
On the launch again, this time to Palm Island aboriginal settlement, where the party waded ashore in squelchy black sand. We’ve never had so many black looks. I think that we all felt like children at a zoo or circus, watching the animals perform for our benefit.

WEDNESDAY, 18th:
Our last trip on the Island’s bus, “Galloping Gertie” to the home-bound launch . . . tear drops fell here.

THURSDAY, 19th:
Back on the dear old “Sunlander” (very modern really). Pineapples and watermelons were dissected with razor blades for parties. Blinds were closed at Bundaberg this time.

FRIDAY, 20th:
Back to Brisbane and Parliament (free morning tea). Shoes were crippling after thongs. After a gluttonous smorgasbord lunch we all trooped out to the Oasis Gardens for the afternoon. A choice of four swimming pools set in gardens was overwhelming. Good old Ansett-A.N.A., we love them for flying us all the way from Brisbane. (Not that we have anything against Victoria’s own “Spirit”!)

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS:
1. Ratio of men to women in Queensland seems to be high. It’s a happy hunting ground for College females.
2. The widespread advertising of XXXX beer. (That’s its name, not kisses for readers.) It must be good or something.
3. The friendliness of the Queenslanders, who experience difficulty in understanding Victorians: “Youse all sound like b . . . Poms — youse all talk so queer.”

N.B.—If the tour doesn’t sound as good as it should, blame my English. My vocabulary doesn’t include more than a dozen superlative adjectives.

—Morea Stevens.
TOUR TO THE CENTRE

The Overland was ghastly and uncomfortable. Never has a luggage-rack felt so hard or a foot in the stomach so heavy. Cold coffee and burnt toast did little to revive broken spirits at 4 o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless, we were compensated by relaxing for a few hours in the "Garden City" of Adelaide.

We finally arrived at Maree at 10 o'clock and changed onto the Ghan. A typically Australian play produced at the Union Theatre could not have captured the black velvet of the night or the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the station so well.

We all slept soundly that Tuesday night. The Ghan is a wonderful train. You cannot help gazing out at the miles and miles of gibber and sand and imagining a struggling party of explorers as you relax in the air-conditioned dining-car or lounge in your bunk.

A train-breakdown for six hours delayed our arrival into Alice at four in the morning. Nevertheless, we were up early for a morning tour of the town including the Flying Doctor Base, the Flynn Memorial Church, and the old people's home, where we met the last of the Afghan camel drivers. In the afternoon, a party of us flew out over Palm Springs, although I feel many thought more about their stomachs than the view.

The following day, we travelled the 306 mile journey to Ayers Rock, calling on the way at Angus Downs, and Curtin Springs. The aborigines at these places live under pathetic conditions. Their humps are nothing more than dirty heaps of tin and rag scattered over several acres of dirty red dust. They seem to live off the tourist traffic, selling their roughly carved and decorated, weapon and utensils.

Ayers Rock is surprising in many ways. There are three camps out there, the largest being Ayers Lodge, where we stayed in tents and cabins. Two aeroplanes fly in every morning and leave every afternoon, bringing passengers, mail and provisions. On our first day, exploring the base, we discovered that what at first appeared as a small cleft in the rock, turned out to be an immense cave with its full complement of native paintings and bats. We spent the next day in the Olgas, returning to watch the phenomenal sunset over the Rock, and enjoy a camp-fire party in a huge cave at the base of the rock.

The next day was one in which many of us triumphed, including Mrs. Kennedy, and Mr. Ellix and twenty-four of the students. It was the day we climbed the 1,100 feet to the summit of Ayers Rock. Not smooth on top as one would imagine, the Rock slopes away in an enormous curve to the valley which runs down to Magglie Springs.

On return to Alice the following day, we were lucky enough to meet a cattle drive at the Finke River. The last rays of the afternoon sun were filtering down through the cloud of dust and the gnarled gums. The river bed was dry and red except for one small pool of water in which the cattle were watered. Eight aboriginal stock-men, mounted on stunted ponies, rode amongst the bellowing herd.

Standley Chasm and Simpson's Gap were toured on the following day, and we completed our final night in the town with several "quiet" parties.

A final word must be said for Uncle John Whitfield, our bus driver, who looked after people whose stomachs had been upset by bore-water; acted as a guide; fixed innumerable flat tyres; drove us out of bags and was helpful at all times.

We were sorry to leave, but we must admit that it was very relaxing to climb into our warm beds, without fear of being eaten alive by insects and snakes. —Helen Jacobs
The tall, dark girl suddenly stirred. She moved to the kitchen bench, turning her back on the four figures sprawled around the coffee table. Once again, the liquid gurgled into the glass. Simone turned around, regarding her friends through the amber base of the glass as she drained its contents, letting the warmth slowly spread from mouth to throat to stomach.

She wondered how they could lose themselves completely in the game of Scrabble, how Maree, Judy and Annette could sit and entertain Greg, all four minds full of nothing but I’s, T’s and N’s. But still, what had they to worry about?

That was the one good thing about a week-end away. It was a useful excuse to get gloriously, forgetfully drunk, so drunk that even the miserable winter sun that was the inevitable little brother of a long week-end seemed to bake the beach to a crisp pie surface. If you were drunk down here no-one cared. Your friends just put you to bed and then went back to their Scrabble and forgot about you.

God, this dreadful weather! At least the rain could have the decency to stop its blasted drip, drip, dripping long enough for a drunken walk along that desert of a beach. But it won’t, so stop wingeing and have another Vermouth.

A burst of laughter came from the four at the table. For the third or fourth time that evening, Simone stared unbelievingly and stupidly at them. What children that they could be so easily amused by such a simple pastime. Even that cat from next door would need more than that to stop his tail stiffening with boredom.

How warm the liquor was! Its liquid fire scorched a trail in the throat, finding its way at last to the brain, at first loosening its thinking, then narrowing function to the thin band of self. Blast the others, what do they care?

If the world suddenly stopped spinning they wouldn’t notice. But then, why should they?

Some almost primitive animal instinct guided Simone to the kitchen bench... It was funny how companionable you became to yourself when you had a few drinks in. You didn’t bother even thinking in terms of the millions of other brains existing along with yours. Anyway, why waste brain power on them? It was a safe bet that in not one of the millions of other brains was there even the most minute corner, the most hidden crevice in which skulked a thought of you...
The two eyed each other coolly, the slim, almost feline girl and the sleek, glossy animal. Smooth fur against her calf stirred the girl's irritation... Don't come near me, cat. We repel each other as two like charges of electricity fly away in a shower of sparks.

A murmur of light penetrated the cloudy brain... What was Maree saying? "Gosh, I hope that Brian is all right after the crash." The insincerity of the junkyard behind the emporium façade twisted itself in Simone's mind. Pain was not Maree's realm. Brian still loved her, and did not cut her heart to shreds with barbed shafts entering her body from the back and gouging tortuous paths through the feverish flesh. You fool, Maree, just turn your stiff neck and see the suffering in the eyes of one who knows the true meaning of pain.

God, John, why did you do it to me? Why all those cruel letters? Why all those times you flirted with Maree right before me? Why did you do it? Oh, God, why? And Maree thinks she knows pain! What a laugh! Her hurt is just one thread of fur on the cat's coat. And you're just as big a fool. You came to forget; so drown his hurtful memory in a sea of drink. Not one of those four has ever understood the numbness since he's gone. To them it was just a Flirtation. But what the hell! All anyone in the world deserves is to be forgotten.

The cat's unblinking eyes watched the group at the table as Simone lurched back to her seat, lit a cigarette and tried to think. It was unnerving the way the smoke rolled off the tongue, not even stirring the deadened taste buds. It made you wonder if every part of you was as dead and frozen. But, yes, heat from the cigarette singed the skin, adding yet another layer of nerveless tissue to the already hardened core.

Sound was spurring from the mouth of one of the hazy figures at the table. "Could use some of your brains" stood out like an ugly, glaring neon sign in a quiet street in the mind warped by remorseless alcohol. Brains! Instruments of self torture. Only, damn, what was his name, Einstein and the like had brains. Unique genius brought them everlasting fame and glory, not contempt, accusations of boasting, and laughter when the answer was wrong for once. They didn't know what it was like to work, really work, slave, until pages of printed notes became the only thread of life still tied to reality; until muscles became fiery compass-points strained to contain the bloodstream globes peering at yet another universe of diminutive print. And they called that brains. Brains didn't need to chant French poetry at the week-end, murmur History dates at breakfast time, regurgitate Geography during a gobbled lunch. And brains weren't the object of jealousy and hatred. Only the trivial successes of twelve years' galley-slave toil merited that. Brains didn't sit at home on Saturday nights, or cry themselves out. A mind groping for more than twenty-four hours a day was the one that tossed fitfully in bed.

How short-sighted can they be? Don't they realize that geniuses are born once in a millennium, that the rest of mankind struggles wildly against the mire that threatens to smother the tiny flame of curiosity? You don't know, do you, cat? Your mind has never craved knowledge; you have never bent your graceful body over a book, those black windows to the Orient becoming veiled with the mist of ignorance. Your animal heart would not be wounded by human indifference... The long fingers with their scarlet nails recoiled from contact with the hint of rippling muscles surging beneath the glossy black fur.

Laughter, it's funny. No spastic child, useless soul, to mouth, the quivering unc the raw interi.

Damn the answer is the only way!" Who self out to give her reasons? Our always the same happiness; the other after another selves out.

You cat, that you depend on your glor. Simone lit a bottle. Disgu. revolting again the glow of the room. Simone heard if she goes to would they can sit on the bench amid the smoke.

How self-pride in a ne he lump of earth one, one who clinging to this one, on the floor of no-one spares.

"The text entire of itself.

In the pew, or wail of a Hypocrite! the society's insinc.

The rich oak-panelled windows. Sq.
Laughter, with difficulty, permeated the alcoholic fog... Of course, it's funny. Notice how quickly we laugh at the unco-ordinated actions of a spastic child, never sparing a thought to the hopelessness and tragedy of the useless soul. Of course, it's funny — the stream of fire gushing from glass to mouth, the sweep of a cigarette between tapering fingers, its glowing end quivering uncertainly, the inane laugh hiding the twisting of the knife in the raw interior wound.

Damn them, damn them and all they stand for!

If it's so funny, will one of them care for a further giggle under a laughing moon on a beach where thousands of tiny, idiotic, sandy faces are ready to snicker at every stumble, at every shake of the foggy head? The answer is the same, as usual, bringing the same nonchalant, "It doesn't matter anyway." Why is it that Judy is too engrossed in the Scrabble to put herself out to give one insignificant minute's happiness to one who desperately craves it? Why is it that no-one ever has the time? It's always the same, always the same happy faces at the party; the faces are infectious in their happiness; they laugh at your jokes; they try to go one better. But the smile fades from your lips, lips that needed no tension to curve them, when one after another the faces disappear because they can't find time to put themselves out.

You cat, you're happy in your existence. You proudly revel in the fact that you depend on no-one. Sharp teeth, cold eyes and flashing claws maintain your glorious solitude.

Simone lurched to the kitchen bench. A solitary drop trickled from the bottle. Disgusted, she pushed the glass away, the liquor in her stomach revolting against any more. The cat curled itself in front of the radiator in the now-darkened room. Four voices spun in quiet conversation. The red glow of the radiator was reflected on the slim, black-clad figure on the floor. Simone heard the giggle, "Watch she doesn't burn herself with that cigarette if she goes to sleep." The concern grated on the raw edge of hurt. What would they care if the whole house went up in a cloud of smoke? They would sit on the beach playing Scrabble and not even notice a fifth person lying amid the smouldering ashes.

* * *

"The text of my sermon is John Donne's famous "No man is an island, entire of itself...""

In the peace of the church, a peace disturbed only by an occasional cough or wail of a baby, Simone could feel the hostile eyes scorching her back. Hypocrite! they seemed to glare. How do you who are revolted by human society's insincerity and indifference dare to enter here?

The rich perfume of the white flowers hung heavily and undispersed in the oak-panelled interior lit by shafts of rainbow-coloured light from the high windows. Squeals that the cat would not own issued from the organ. On
all sides ranged the rows of the pious, the good, the not-so-good, and the plain wicked. To the girl, every bent head was already saved, every uplifted soul good. She could not bear to raise her eyes to the face above the black soutane and white surplice.

"'... every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the main'..."

The words hurt... They all belong. Every one of them is a piece of the huge cake of humanity. They all know what it is to be a piece, a small piece, but nevertheless an integral part of the whole, a spice on which some part of the mixture depends. Yet one small sultana is missing. The ingredients are all weighed and stirred, leaving one sultana which is not needed. But surely the flavour would not change with the addition of that one dried grape.

"'... if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promonotory were, as if a manor of thy friends or thine own were...''

A sharp, racking cough from the back of the church interrupted the preacher. Simone turned her head slightly. The well-dressed man sat alone in the last pew, his eyes hard and disdainful, only the wistful, half-opened mouth revealed his desire for someone to share his seat. Those two mouths were alike, the girl’s and the man’s; the cold in the two pairs of eyes was identical...

He doesn’t belong. He’s not one of the stiff-necked and self-righteous. His is a lonely heart, lonely in the midst of a crowd. Those eyes would laugh at the joke, knowing full well that the joke was on them. He is another useless, neglected sultana. Another one...

The girl’s heart leaped. Lips hardened in a perpetually sarcastic smile curved upwards. Here was another sultana, another dried grape to share the bottom of the jar. And some-one, sometime, some-place, could use two sultanas. One was useless, but two!... The thought throbbed wildly in the quick flow of blood to the face... If there were two in one church, two in every church — why, that would be a vast congregation over the world. There would be thousands of people struggling alone in the silly, mistaken belief that they were unique in their loneliness.

"'... any man’s death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind.’"

The last words of the sermon pursued Simone down the aisle. A frenzy of excitement carried her back along the beach to the flat. Skulking in a corner, black eyes hostile and vigilant, was the cat.

Come here, puss. Let me stroke your fur. Why is it that I’ve never before noticed how superbly your body is balanced, or how the muscle bends so flexibly to rub itself around my legs?
ood, and the every uplifted love the black the main’ . . .”

piece of the small piece, with some part the ingredients needed. But dried grape.

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interrupted the man sat alone , half-opened . Those two pairs of eyes

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crastic smile he said would use two waved wildly in church, two his the world.

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tle bends so
"IDA GOOD TIME IN OKLAHOMA"

LOGS

BAAA-SIL
Detached from the mob
She sat, an outsider
Yet really so much a part of College life.
The atmosphere tinny, fast moving,
But nevertheless, relaxed.
Light, airy, a degree of falsity,
Of high-pitched chatter,
Never-ending.
Superficial, brittle, the idle-seeking
Of choice gossip,
Only to be extracted in amazing detail
A few flashes later.
The bell shrills.
The exodus to lectures begins.
But the feeling remains.
She sat, an outsider,
Yet really so much a part of College life.
THE THIRSTY LAND

By VERNA MYERS

She slumped against the verandah post, away from the searing heat of the sun; her dress hung limply over a slight body dried by the hot winds of the barren land; bleached hanks of hair hung about her tired face and sinewy hands, aged by toil, rested on the rough planks of the verandah’s edge.

Only her eyes retained an ethereal beauty — the large, misty-green pools taking her back to the coolness of the sea — the baptismal total immersion. Her eyelashes flickered as she gazed at the heat-haze dazzling over the mountains. Impassive rock! Crowding in, barring the way to freedom. Bloody rocks rearing up to the blinding blue sky. Infinite landscape! Desert sands stretching between those rocks and the vague horizon. Hot fitful gasps of wind lifted the dust in plumes, transforming the desert to a ruffled red monster. Sand! Thousands of particles, millions of years. Millions of lives mounting the fence-posts and walls slipping down with a soft sibilant sigh. At night she lay in the dark listening to it sift ing through the walls, trickling away like an hourglass, each grain checking out a fragment of her life.

She watched water dribbling from the end of an unconnected pipe and stirred listlessly — she should connect it so it would run into the garden storage tank — but not now, there were more important things to be done, tomorrow. Fascinated she watched the crystal water turn red with sand. Even the air had become choked with the blasted stuff; the sun streamed through it to fall in pools of burning light. Her eyes shifted to rest on a lizard flattened in the shade of a toasted stone. He too, was dried out by the blast-furnace of the desert. The polished fence-posts drew her gaze to the slab buildings of men’s quarters, storage and feed sheds and the horse paddock, the horses there drooped in the scant shade of a few gnarled, blotchy river-gums. A slight movement made her turn her head — the lizard had taken refuge under a mass of bleached thorns whose tips were sharp and poisonous. Christ! even her God had forsaken her and this barren land.

She flung her head back in listless indecision . . . she had fought on without her husband . . . she had a child . . . her lover had deserted her. “Do something!” the words came through gritted teeth . . . what could she do? She had lost so much; even the child as she grew was sapping her strength. She was doomed to remain lonely and to count the years with her weary steps.

Her tired, stinging eyes closed for a brief second and she saw anew the land she had once loved and yearned to receive in all its vastness. The pure, white ghost-gums thrusting upwards in prayerful desire — longing to gorge themselves on the caressing rain; fortunate were those with their roots pushed deep into the cool of the Lirambenda water. This great river was immortal, stretched cliffs, through rocky chasms, its amber-coloured water flooding up from the pressing stones to flow freely and exuberantly in the golden sunlight, reflecting a topsy-turvy parody of the world above.

(Lirambenda — creek with permanent water)
An incessant droning crowded her senses... she glanced up to see the bright flash of the dipped wing of a Royal Flying Doctor 'plane. She sighed... freedom! That's for the birds. She continued to stare upwards remembering the opal skies she had seen, gold and fiery red, blue and dark green, black spangled with white-hot points of light — a misty haze of colour or a vibrance of pulsing light. All the treasures of the land were reflected there. The ring on her hand was opal — a little piece of sky trapped in stone.

Her husband had given it to her to mark their first successful year. They came from Victoria, green as the land, but they had love — for each other, for the challenging red land and for God. This land was His gift to them — they must strive all their life to help the land — they had an offering to make, because of their love. It had to be great.

Fools! Why didn't they realize that they were living on dreams — reality was hard. They had come with laboratory knowledge and borrowed money to try to conquer an age-old land. Soon they were to find that a test-tube was a poor weapon and that banks wanted their money back or would take the land. Floods, disease and faulty machinery had not been considered. Many of their brilliant schemes were started but her man had died before anything was complete. Tears had turned the sand blood-red. But she had carried on, determined to bend the will of the monster; sweat darkened the sand again. The men were happy to work for her, but pay was owing and seeing it was the "off" season, they felt the need to spread themselves in Alice Springs. The only things of worth were the fat cattle near the river — they had to be sold.

The day the drovers came was hot and breathless — she was boiling the kettle to make tea when he slipped in. She stared at this young stockman as he strolled across the room and leant on the mantelpiece. His long fingers searched in the pocket of his sweat-stained shirt as he made an appraisal of her through narrowed eyes. Then he spoke.

"Got a paper f'r you ter sign from me boss." She took it, feeling nervous and unsure in this man's presence.

"Would you care for some tea?"

"Reckon I would."

She reached down her little brown pot and wiped the dust off — suddenly she remembered that she had used it when her husband was alive and glanced guiltily at the stranger leaning on the mantelpiece cleaning his nails with a splinter. When she had turned to get the sugar she had the feeling that he was right behind her; she spun round and was trapped in his arms. As his lips searched for hers she felt welded to his strong body; before she had recovered from the shock of his attack her body had yielded to his — in her mind she saw a molten column of red-gold metal, its planes sliding down to form a common base. He loosened his grip for a moment to catch his breath, but drunk, she reeled toward him and became aware that he was kissing her again, his hand smoothing down her back, pressing her closer. He jerked away and strode back to the mantelpiece, rested his arm on it and ground his forehead into it — his left hand clenching and unclenching.

"Sorry," he gasped. "A man gets damn lonely in this hole."

She moved to console him but he pushed her away with an air of resignation and vanished. She passed her hand over her feverish brow and through her tangled hair. She sighed and went to brush it.

The next morning, although she knew he would be leaving with the others she took special pains to make herself attractive. She had taken too long! The
dust cloud moving in the distance told her they had left — and taken him. She flung herself about and headed for the house . . . her heart gave a sickening lurch — his voice!

Imagination! but there it was again, calling . . . she walked in a daze toward it. She stopped abruptly, the blood pounding in her temples — he was there, but calling gently to her pet filly. The filly took a tremendous step forward, stretching her whole body towards the stranger, her legs like props. Another jerky step; his hand was caressing her rough neck, while he held the other near her nostrils which were dilated, the breath coming in quick, short snuffs. He spoke quietly with a slight inclination of his head so the words seemed to be meant for her rather than the horse. "You would make a wonderful hack — useful." When she spoke he gave no indication of surprise.

"My pet filly . . . yet to be broken." When he asked to do the job for her, she could not find any reason why he shouldn’t.

He stayed longer than he had intended, taking over the duties of her husband. He had moved into the house while the hands were away — plenty of room. They rode, worked, ate and laughed together, work was completed and the home seemed to have a brighter aspect. Two people were no longer lonely.

The cool, beautiful night he led her unresisting to his room did not witness sin — they were drunk, but only on the moist fragrance of the night — their souls embalmed in love — at last the loneliness of longing was gone. They were content in each other.

Tears dimmed her eyes. He had drifted away before their child was born, taking the filly in exchange for the love he had left her. She sighed as the realization of the greatness of love came to her. She and her first husband did not know this love — love was needed — here in the outback where people were alone was found the meaning of loneliness. The land thrived on this love and the water provided it. She smiled as she watched her child puddling in the water from the dribbling pipe — her soul flooding with light, glowing with the luminosity of rock in the sunset.

She stood up resolute, facing the land squarely with her head held high, drinking in the coolness. As she moved across to connect the pipe the land yielded and moved closer.

As his lips recovered their color he glanced nervously at her nails with a feeling that he was off season.

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This year for the first time, Social Service has become a committee responsible to S.R.C. The newly-formed committee consists of the Chairman, Mr. Ellis; Staff Representative, Mrs. Todd; and a secretary and a representative from each group in College.

I.T.C. 3A commenced the year well with their enthusiastic support of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. As a result of their sincere effort, £205/15/9 was raised. Following their example, I.T.C. 2A decided to support the Andrew Kerr Memorial Home in Mornington. Continuous visits to the Home on Wednesday nights and Sunday afternoons, parties, outings and holiday week-ends indicate an active interest in the welfare of these children.

This interest goes beyond the boundaries of simply raising money and is really the ultimate ideal of what social service should be. D.1 and D.2 combined to help the boys from Menzies' Boys' Home, and I.T.C. 3B provided the necessary aid for the Frankston Orthopaedic Hospital School.

Many students are doing social service work of which many of us are unaware. The private assistance and companionship given to both underprivileged and physically handicapped children are examples of this. Others have taken children from orphanages to Luna Park for a day's visit. These anonymous efforts are in the true tradition of social service.

The splendid support by students of the Red Cross Blood Bank is further evidence of students' desire to serve the community.

I feel that we must attempt to make more students aware of what help they can give and the satisfaction they can obtain as a result of giving their service.

Examine your conscience! Have you done anything towards social service this year? What can you do next year?

—Jan Tyers.
Hospital

Social Events

Next time you read the standing orders of your S.R.C. you will find the duties of the Social Committee defined thus: "To arrange for extra curricular functions of a social nature for the student body". I can safely say that this aim has been taken fully into consideration by the Committee and all have contributed to help carry it out in the best possible way.

The first function—Welcome Dance—was of course to welcome the first year students and to give them a glimpse of the way in which second and third year students enjoy themselves socially. From observation, I would say that this was well done.

The next event gave all students a chance to enjoy the laissez-faire atmosphere of a Parisian Dance. Decor, costumes and candle-light set the atmosphere for a Bohemian evening.

The Winter Ball held in the new Moorabbin Town Hall, was undoubtedly the highlight of the College social year. After weeks of frustrating preparation, and minor setbacks, the committee, with the help of Mrs. McMahon and Sue Hooker, who ably handled the booking arrangements, finally managed to complete their duties, and the Ball came off as arranged.

With so many hardy adventurous types around College the demand for a snow picnic was again to be heard. The Committee really excelled itself as far as individuality was concerned by arranging a snow picnic to Mt. Donna Buang without any snow. However, despite the absence of the essential white flakes, an exhilarating day was had by all.

"Come to the Halloween Dance and smell the burning pumpkins", was the cry of the Social Committee on Fair Day. This was indeed an unforgettable occasion as Committee members did their utmost to create an effect on students by adorning the walls with black cats and illuminating the age-old Halloween vegetable, the pumpkin.

Altogether the Social Committee has endeavoured to please the College students, I think, although I may be prejudiced, that it has done so.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the committee and Mrs. McMahon for their great help during the year, and of course, Mr. Chalmers for his unfailing support of Committee functions.

—Bob Waterson
BASKETBALL NOTES

This has been a good year for the College basketball teams who played in the Frankston Association. Last year we ended in a blaze of glory by winning the Men’s Shield.

At the beginning of the winter competition, we entered two girls’ teams — Collegians and Struan in the association, playing against other experienced teams. The girls finished wonderfully well by coming respectively third and fourth. Winnete Wallace captained the Collegians, whilst Marilyn Payne was captain of Struan. Jackie Gaywood won the best and fairest award and Marilyn was runner-up in the goal-throwing tally.

The staff team, Struan, composed of Black-eye Ladd, Dirty Dick Ricks, Axeman Dolph in, Speedie Gonzales Lacy, Thumper McMahon, Gronnsman Piggott and Ruckman Wittman defeated the students in the final, but lost the grand final to the Navy.

In the recent inter-College winter sports, our men’s team was narrowly defeated by Melbourne in the grand final. Considering that this was our first year in this competition and that the standards were high, we did very well.

With the local competition under way, we have a large number of first year students in the men’s and women’s teams. Max Quanchi is captain of F.T.C. and should acquit himself well. Bernie Perott and Noel Richards should play well for next year’s teams. The girls’ teams — Struan and Collegians — amalgamated and now play under the name of Collegians. They are undefeated. For next year’s team, Marilyn Payne, Jackie Gaywood, Jill Leathlan, Val Edwards, Winette Wallace, Leslie Giblett, Dina Kuiper and Barbara Bright should maintain the high standards achieved this year. The end of the season will see the last of such stars as Doug Fraser, Phil Hargreaves, John Haywood, Alan Cracknell and Marty Cameron. The girls will sadly miss Wendy Monkhouse, Jenni Stronell and Julia Ball.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. Ladd, Miss Wallace, Jackie Gaywood, Marilyn Payne and Jill Leathlean who were elected to represent Frankston in the Victorian Country Week Basketball Association at Albert Park stadium in October.

It is with regret that I write these notes, for I too, will say farewell this year. Basketball in the College has meant much to me, and my greatest pleasure was to see the large number of students playing in the local competition, which, with the help of Mr. Ladd, I founded last year. To all basketballers I wish the very best for the future and hope that wherever you go you keep the ball rolling.

— Tony Burreket,
Coach
Perrott and Paylay well for girls' teams — amalgam under the name undefeated. Marilyn Payne, Leathlan, Val Wallace, Leslie and Barbara in the high year. The see the last Fraser, Phil wood, Alan Cameron. The extended to Jackie Gay- and Jill Leath- to represent am Country at Albert College. I write these farewell this my greatest College has a large number the local com- the help of Mr. To all very best for everywhere every rolling.
COLLEGE IMPROVEMENTS

Do you remember at the beginning of this year when a trip into space was the only way to avoid the potholes and ruts in the ground at the College entrance? After complaints of broken axles, wrecked differentials, and strained tempers, the College Improvements Committee decided that the time for action had come. After consulting various authorities, work commenced and soon cars glided over as if the road were the South Eastern Freeway.

Two concrete paths have been laid for the convenience of the students. We have planted many shrubs and flowers. The poppies have been the first to show their heads and we hope that the roses, azaleas, rhododendrons, pansies and shrubs will bloom soon. Already the lawn at the front of the hostel has given it a new appearance and provides a more attractive environment for Inge King's composition in steel.

We hope you have observed that the old notice at the entrance advertising our presence has been replaced.

Keep your eyes open for further improvements which will continue to be instituted. When and if the plans for turning Struan into a hostel rumpus room and a venue for College clubs eventuate, the Committee will be faced with a major undertaking. With support we will not fail you.

Thank you, loyal Committee members, staff and students who participated in working bees and planting expeditions. This year has been a profitable one.

—Glenda McComb

WHICH TWIN HAS THE “TONI”?
LOISE ANDERSON: Official banker for the group. She may not know it but she has achieved the impossible - holds the first and only savings of many members. Rumoured that she writes articles for some Yackandandah body. In the near future should have some dealings with the Bankruptcy Court.

JAN BARGER: Will be the first woman president of the V.T.U. Stills waters run deep.

ELAINE BUTT: In her spare time conducts Gallup polls concerning the desirability of beards. Very disturbing rumours drifted back after her trip to Perth. Plays with the Basketball Team in winter and the Poker Group in summer.

BEV COLLINS: Is an ardent Young Liberal. Mrs. Kennedy has a battle every aids afternoon trying to dissuade Bev from producing cardboard thistle aids to help with her campaigning. Has two famous people living in her street. Has an ingenious catalogue which simplifies out-of-College connections.

MARY COYNE: Grounds Committee Rep. Has tried her hardest to convert the area between the links to a pleasant bear garden. Suffers from frequent teaching rounds. Knows most things but does not let on. Has mapped out a brilliant career for herself as a philanthropist.

HELEN DIANISKA: Has spent most of the year trying to convince us all that the Parthenon would make an ideal infant room. Says that Beer is her friend - having seen the effects we are not so sure.

DANETZA EUNSON: It must be said to Netze's credit that she does not intimidate either staff or students with her powerful relations. Firmly believes that it is what you do not know that counts. Is famous for her I.S.M. lectures direct from the Ritz.

ELEANOR ROWE: Is a member of the exclusive trio. In spite of occasional ski-ing mishaps remains one of the faithful. Theme song is "Row, row, row your boat gently up the mountain". Really isn't a cupboard drinker!

SUE STRELECKY: On first acquaintance you would think that Sue was quiet, demure, sober, industrious - but if you knew Susie like we know Susie! Most harmless occupation is spending pleasant Sunday afternoon ramming poor unsuspecting motorists. Lives in fear that she will be in a tall preps. grade next year.

WENDY WARNE: Was bitten by a platypus earlier in the year. Ever since has suffered from illusions - thinks King Richard is still alive. Is our Social Committee Rep. and has been advocating persistently on our behalf for an amalgamation with Duntroon. Favourite saying - "See yours".

CAROLINE WILKINSON: Our venerable group leader. Converted her laundry basket to a handbag. Rides her bicycle to dances. Trains a large squad of vicious moths. Probable destiny to become a petite fleur in the Garden.

RUTH PAYNTER: Has done an excellent job as S.R.C. President, but her great talent lies in creating a "new Image" of T.I.T.C. Favourite saying, "You may not agree with me but..." Probable future - marshalling bobs. Much more could be said, but least said soonest forgiven.

LAURIS PENHALLURIACK: Her love of British History led this fair damsel to Trafalgar East. There she hopes to erect the Nelson's Column she has so painstakingly constructed in pottery this year. Her conscientious teaching rounds are past belief. It is a known fact that she painted stripes on a dog because she could not obtain a zebra in time for a lesson.
SHEILA McKENNA: Wears a lot of green. Was seen wearing a corsage of shamrocks to the College Ball. Has a deep and abiding faith in the rules of syntax — some cynical pedestrians believe this is her substitute for traffic regulations.

GENIEF MILLS: Sits behind the wheel of an erratic green M.G. which conveys her to College — sometimes. Ambition is to build bigger and better coffee tables. Suffers from some form of Mal.

DIANNE MORRIS: Plays the bagpipes on odd social occasions. Has a most infectious giggle. Favourite saying "Oh, you're kidding!" Whenever we think of Dianne we think of yellow. Spends all her spare time hunting an Alexander Beetle.

EVELYN MOWAT: Notorious member of the hostel. Is under the misapprehension that there is good in every child. Tries to hide the fact that she is conscientious, but the group detective has positive proof. Is one of our "country cousins", but has been forgiven.

KATHY PHILLIPS: Came out from the mother country to colonize the College. We are sure she has a temper, but have no evidence to support our theory. Her auburn locks are the envy of the group. Sings "Botany Bay" at the most inappopriate moments.

GLENYS RICHARDS: The scribe of the group, for this reason and innumerable others was elected Magazine Rep. Convinced that Newport has a great future. Recently spent a lost week in Sydney and has never been the same since.

JILL ROSS: Bribed the brave gendarmes and now has a licence. Believes that some are more equal than others. Says that "Jack and Jill" is quite pathetic — has no truth in it at all. Leads the "Abolish Monday Marches". Ambition is to destroy the Labor Party with the help of the Young Liberals.

HELEN GIBSON: The complete virtuoso — also plays the recorder. Recently had her head moulded. Often heard to remark in lectures "Oh ... ah ... would you mind repeating the question?" Spends most of her time writing her thesis — Swans in Hills.

KAYE GRANGER: Makes "spectacular" appearances at the College stadium. Organizes College sport. Is reputed to be a little vague. This nasty rumour circulated after she was seen trying to ride the horse in the gym. Kaye's hair is an invaluable weather guide. Re-writes westerns in her spare time.

ESTHER GREIG: We are worried about this girl. She managed to acquire a miraculous tan in mid-winter. The only clue we have so far is that she is forever singing calypso songs. As a golfer she has a fine future digging trenches. Will be invaluable in the event of a Third World War.

MARGARET HENDERSON: The blonde bombshell in charge of social service. Is renowned for her bursts of righteous indignation. Scored well on the moral rearmament questionnaire. Probable future — re-arranging the earth so that there are no lonely little islands.

PAMELA KAIN: Is our S.R.C. Rep. but still has not managed to have the College moved to somewhere it is needed. In Phys. Ed. we served as a perfect foil for Pam's athletic prowess. Surname was confused — should have been Abel. Received an "A" for her special study: "Time and Motion."

JUDY-ANN McEWAN: Treats us all to some ferocious glares at times. Corrects Mr. Brown when it is necessary. Renders a rollicking version of "Mona Lisa". Arranges her College life on the understanding that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Ambition is to wear a tartan graduation gown.
The complete story of the recorder. Head moulded. Back in lectures you mind re-vague. Spends most of her thesis —

Makes "special" College sport. College sport. The horse in an invaluable westerns.

Are worried not managed to ac­quire in mid-winter. So far is that calypso songs. The future dig­i­tal invaluable World War:

PERSUASION: The charge of social for her bursts scored well all present question­naires — re-arranging there are no S.R.C. Rep. Managed to have somewhere it served round's athletic confusing — Received an answer: "Time and

Treats us at times. It is neces­sary break­ing version her College think­ing that ab­sent gradua-

FRONT: LAURIS PENHALLI JACK, CAROL WILKINSON, MISS KENTISH, Mr. McMAHON, MARGARET HENDERSON, DANETZA EUNSON.
SECOND: GENIEF MILLS, JILL ROSS, SUE STRELECKY, JUDY-ANN McEwan, BEV COLLINS, ELAINE B UTT, K AYE GRANGER.
THIRD: EVELYN MOWATT, KATH PHILLIPS, RUTH PAYNTER, LOIS ANDERSON, ESTHER GREIG, GLENYS RICHARDS, ELEANA R OWE.
FOURTH: PAM KAIN, HELEN DIANISKA, WENDY WARNE, JAN BARGER, HELEN GIBSON, SHEILA MCKENNA, MARY COYNE.
ITC3B GROUP NOTES
MAUREEN BAKER: “Art is not so hard.”
PAM BEER: “What a group-leader should be.”
VANESSA CLELAND: “I can’t possibly . . .”
DELPHINE CORDINGLEY: Calm and logical.
PANDORA CRAWLEY: The fete of all things.
JOSEPHINE DORIAN: “If I fail, contact the local Council.”
JOAN FERGUSSON: “When I was last at S.R.C.”
JENNY GILLAM: “Sing, sing, sing!”
MARCIA GRANT: Put on a happy face.
SHEENA HASTIE: Sorry to leave?
BRONWYN HUGHES: “These are the facts . . .”
CAROL LYONS: “Can I describe the beauty of a Country School?”
STEFANIE MAJOR: Brains and beauty are a good combination.
CLAIRE MORTON: “Never be unpunctual.”
HILDA PATE: “Always be a lady.”
CLARE PAINTER: “What’s a good nerve tonic, apart from smokes?”
MAEVE POLWARTH: Always speak your mind.
JOAN ROBERTS: “There’s hope for everyone. Good luck.”
TERESA PETZOLD: Always be fully engaged in your work.”
JOYCE SHENFIELD: “I wonder what it’ll be like next year.”
CAROLYN McFARLANE: “Never say die.”
CAROLYN SWENSEN: Perfect I.T.C. — a good teacher and a lady?
JOY WINSTONE: Never give up, even at lowest points.
LYNNE WILKINSON: “There’s nothing to AIDS.”
WENDY MONKHOUSE: “It’s Nowa (Nowa) Never!”
NOTES

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ONE: "Never

V: Perfect

and a lady?

Never give up,

: "There's

: "It's Nowa
BLUEY: See Anna.
TERRY: Females = Frustration.
DREW: Psychology’s all right but give me the old-fashioned way.
MAX: “Burn up on my bike.”
COLIN: Hasn’t got a car but always has a flat!
MAX: Won’t you wear my car around your pole?
MAURIE: The artificial surfer.
JACK: Balcombe Gang Leader.
ROD: A good thing in a small parcel.
DOUG: Casanova’s counterpart.
RON: Bottoms up!
GARY: The man in the white is always right.
JOHN: Big, bad John, the gentle giant.
COLIN: He puts his foot marks on the gym roof.
RUSSELL: He has his genes mixed up.
JOHN: Gentle John the farmer.
BOB: Bucket seats, how uncomfortable.
PAUL: Doesn’t need a bottle to be a Surfer.
ANNA: See Bluey.
KATHY: You can’t trust the Irish, ever!
LORRAINE: Enquire Mornington police station.
JOAN: How did that tree get there?
GLENYS: Parties, anytime.
JUDY: GYM’S her favourite subject.
HELEN: Assignments! I’ll start tomorrow, I’m the leader.
LIBBY: Don’t let it play on your conscience.
LAURIS: Her fate lies in the Berry patch.
CELIA: Twin kids this year.
Mr. FLYNN: o-o-oh Mr. FLYNN.
Mr. WILSON: If you don’t mind, this is scummy!
Mr. BRODERICK: What are we doing today?

It is important to note that 1963 A2 Group has created College history. For the first time since College began there is a group in which the men outnumber the women (in more ways than one)! We spent a weekend at Maroondah studying Maths., Science, Phys. Ed., Health — indulging in such activities as — censored.

Group nights give us the opportunity to put Dr. Rouch’s theories into practice.

We would like to congratulate Bluey and Anna on their engagement and hope that in their future together they will not get their work programmes crossed!

Our cultural and fractional advancement has been greatly extended. Thanks Mr. Wilson and Mr. Broderick.
nytime.

A2... 

What are we
to that 1963
College began
in more ways
weekend at
Science and
he opportu-
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engagement
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tly extended.
and Mr.
JOHN McCauley: "I don't agree with your views."
BILL DUSTING: "My motor bike does not run on beer."
JO BIERSTEKER: "I'm going to have 13 kids.
MAX WHITE: "And the Lord said . . . ."
PETER WARD: "The girls at College have too many morals."
DENIS WALTERS: "If you don't vote for me, you're mad . . . ."
BARRY BOURNE: "Oh, Rosemarie, I love you . . . ."
TONY SMITH: "My contention is, no, I mean, that is, no . . . ."
GRAEME LACEY: "I'm sorry, but I have to mark you late."
MALCOLM LUCKMAN: "When I was in America . . . ."
PHIL HARGREAVES: "The sex habits of the guinea pigs are fascinating."
GEORGE LOWERY: "Help stamp out V.W.'s"
LESLEY TUCKER: "I did not eat sixteen chops for tea."
ELAINE GRIFFITHS: "I appeal to your patriotism."
RUTH FOWLER: "Please, what is 2 plus 3?"
LINDA FERNEE: "Yes."
JANICE TYLER: "I can't come from Narre Warren North."
MAREE NEALL: "I am not a cowtown girl."
EUNICE WOOD: "Mm, well . . . ."
RILLA MOORE: "I don't believe it."
LIZ. COOK: "Why am I always late?"
PAT O'SULLIVAN: "You pack of lazy individuals, I could . . . ."
ANDREW PERRY: "Could you explain Einstein's theory of relativity?"
MARY STEPHENS: "The hostel is not like that."
82 ...

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motor bike

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"... did you ex-

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The hostel

FRONT: LINDA FERNEE, RILLA MOORE, GRAEME LACEY, MRS. MACMAHON, MR. FLYNN, MOREA

STEVENS, RUTH FOWLER, LIZ COOK.

SECOND: JAN TYLER, MAREE NEALL, ELAINE GRIFFITHS, JD BIERSTEKER, EUNICE WOOD, MARY

STEPHENS, MARGARET TURNER, PATTY O'SULLIVAN.

THIRD: MAX WHITE, TONY SMITH, GEORGE LOWERY, PHILIP HARGREAVES, JOHN McCauley,

Malcolm Luckman, Barry Bourne.

BACK. RON Eckhardt, Bill Dusting, Ian Pickering, Peter Ward, Andrew Perry, Dennis

Walters.
MARGARET FAIRTHORNE: Thinks that she will take up Laurey driving after she has finished teaching.

ALF DRAPER: “When I was in Civil Aviation...”

JENNY REID: “Oh Alf.”

MARGARET JEFFREY: Thinks that the Aztecs had a much better civilization than we have.

KERRY RILEY: “Oh, he’s beautiful.”

IAN SNELL: Is the group’s shutter bug.

HELENE CHOPOV: Prefers the Evatt type of government.

JUNE ROWLEY: Finds music lectures the most relaxing.

ANNETTE GOODMAN: The only bunny in the warren.

MARGERY RICHARDS: Has an affinity towards Vronsky.

IAN GREEN: Likes M.G.’s and Education.

HELEN JACOBS: Her psych. book says that marriage is for the birds.

JOAN SCOTT: ‘s Helmut is susceptible to crashes.

JOY: Likes blowing her Horn.

MARGARET KELLY: Prefers tandems to cars.

CAROLINE AGGENBACH: “People with brains usually aren’t good citizens.”

RUTH JENNINGS: Has found a sudden interest in wireless sets and engineering.

LYNN KEAT: “I agree entirely.”

LESLEY ORGILL: Is planning to build a house with a ballroom.

JAN TYERS: Hates Mini-Minors.

ROY: Has had Esnouf of this studying business.

KERRY WALSH: “Of course you can write. This is a Tertiary Institution.”

ROSALIE HODGINS: Prefers blondes (she’s no gentleman).

NEIL DALY: Is going to retire at 60.

Mr. RYAN: “There’s pink, and blue and...”
I was inf."

Has an affection for M.G.'s and psych. book about the birds. Has found a passion for sets and is susceptible to Horn.

Prefers tan.

H: "People aren't good if they found a way to retire at forty."

Prefers to retire at forty.

If there's a bird

FRONT: MARGERY RICHARDS, JENNY REID, Mr. RYAN, Mr. ANDREWS, KERRY WALSH, JAN GREEN.
SECOND: MARGARET FAIRTHORNE, MARGARET JEFFERY, JUNE ROWLEY, JOY HORN, RUTH JENNINGS, LYN KEAT, JOAN SCOTT, HELEN JACOBS, HELENE CHOPOV.
THIRD: CAROLINE AGGENBACH, JAN TYERS, LESLEY ORGILL, KERRY RILEY, MARGARET KELLY, ROSALIE HODGINS.
FOURTH: ALF DRAPER, IAN SNELL, ROY ESNOUF, NEIL DALY. ABSENT: ANNETTE GOODMAN.
TONI ROSS: “I wanna be Bobbie’s girl.”
JANET McLEAN: “Meenie meenie minee mo.”
JOHN MARRIOT: Sailor Boy.
JOHN VARDON: “Black leather jacket and motor-cycle boots.”
TREVOR HOLLAND: “Whatever happened to baby Jane?”
JEAN HARVEY: “Jeannie with the light. Jeannie with the . . .”
CAROL GATES: “Ooh Carol, she is not a fool.”
KEVIN McKay: “Watch the birdie please.”
JOAN GIBBONS: “Long tall Sally with the slinky car.”
KAY McMaster: “The farmer takes a wife.”
RONA WINIKOFF: “She might be a mini but she’s far from a minor.”
JAN GIBBONS: Has a share in the University.
NAOMIE SMITH: “Mate to sailor boy.”
JULIA BALL: Has recently changed her team to Footscray.
KERRY CROPLEY: “Davey Jones’ locker.”
MARGARET LAWLEY: “Students pay — not enough for a rear window.
MARG CROSS: “Baby Face.”
ALBETH GILBEY: “Is it Albeth talking or the gin in her?”
JULIE FLETCHER: Aspires to be leader of the Opposition.
HELEN D’ANGRI: “Come blow your horn.”
JANE BONGERS is the future I.M. of Kananook.
DOUG FRASER has lead in his boots.
VERNA MYERS goes for the red hot Centre.
PAM McKENZIE breathes by means of Gills.
JENN STRONELL never takes the negative approach.
"Whatever"

"It might be a minor."

"The farmer"

"..."
BARBARA LEISHMAN: Our quiet, reserved discus thrower.

JULIE GUNN: "See my new tan. It's natural."

JAN HUNTER: The hunter and the chase.

LYNETTE GRAY: "I wish Trevor Short wouldn't embarrass me like that."

SUZY HOOKER: "No rabbits at Hastings. Warren's gone."

PAM CLARK: "I'm not a Dandy Scrag. I'm a woman."

PAM GILBERT: "That blasted blonding emulsion."

LINDA EDIS: The darling of the group.

LIZ BRODIE: "Oh for a life on the ocean wave."

LORNA GROVES: "I like a good party once in a while."

PAULINE GALLAGER: "Tiv. life's more active."

LORRAINE JOLLY: "Don't look at me like that."

PRUE WILSON: "Mr. McMahon, I thing a public school education does wonders."

HEATHER DONNELLY: "I've only got a few children to look after in my school."

TONY NEWMAN: "Polly Farmer would make a good teacher."

MARY FRANCIS: "Mr. Piggott, How do you draw a man's leg?"

RAY MITCHELL: Dreams of Jeannie with the light brown hair.

BOB WATERSO: Quietly confident.

PETER MUTTON: (censored). DARYL JOYCE: "Shut up woman. I'm NOT a poseur."

DUGOLD McEWAN: Genetically determined growth. "Oh for an active pituitary gland."

MAURIE HUGHES: "How are you digger?"

GRAEME REES: "Went off after five minutes, but Koowee still won."

TREVOR SHORT: "Now listen, ducks. You gotta have spirit."

TERRY HAINES: "There's a part of my heart in Wonthaggi."

Mr. GILES: "There's nothing like art."

Mr. GLEESON: "Come and see me in my office."

Exit Group E2...

DR. COUCH

FRONT: LINDA
SECOND: LIZ
THIRD: DUGOLD
FOURTH: BOB
"I've only had my leg."

"Mr. Piggott, you look like a legless woman."

Genetically active

"Listen, rip it up woman."

off after still won."

"It's a part of something like..."

and see me
TONY BURREKET: Big Daddy is watching you.

MARTIN CAMERON: Strongly down the garden path.

DAVID SHORES: Favourite tune—'Clair de Lune'.

DAVID HUGHES: Has grown quite attached to the French.

BOB DICKIE: Quite a "Hanson" lad.

JOHN HEYWOOD: Agrees with and carries out the Ramsay Report.

ALLAN CRACKNELL: Had a year out at Coburg . . . ?

NEIL TOYNE: He's the a-fair boy.

CLAIRE DURKIN: Magnetic attraction for Island life.

EVELYN MULLUMBY: Doesn't need much prompting.

JAN DAVISON: Always forward in coming backwards.

MAUREEN DELGLEISCH: Hopes to be 'Neiling' at the altar soon.

LORRAINE JOHNSON: The girl with the high flute ideal.

SHIRLEY NUTTALL: Sweet tooth for Science.

YVONNE MOORE: R.A.C.V. pledged Safety Driver.

SUE REYNOLDS: Beautiful, beautiful blue eyes.

MARGARET LOUGHRAN: She'd 'Heartley' like an M.G.

LORRETTA WINNETT: "I do like masculine men."

BARBARA SALMON: The most vocal person in College.

LYN COUSLAND: "I don't know anything."

CATH GREGORY: Kicks up a bit of a racket.
Daddy is
Stronelling
'rite tune—
'town quite
"Hanson"
trees with
ny Report.
'd a year
a-fair boy.
getic attrac-
Doesn't
ward
Hopes to

The girl
eet tooth
R.A.C.V.
ill, beauti-
: She'd
I do like
he most
n't know
up a bit

FRONT: SHIRLEY NUTTALL, LARRY JOHNSON, TONY BURREKET, Mr. WITTMAN, EVELYN MULLUMBY, CLAIRE DURKIN.
SECOND: Loretta WINNETT, Lynette COUSLAND, Barbara SALMON, Janet DAVIDSON, Maureen D'ALGLEISH, Catherine GREGORY, Margaret LOUGHRAN.
THIRD: David SHORES, YVONNE MOORE, Neil TOYNE, Sue REYNOLDS, Bob DICKIE.
BACK: Allan CRACKNELL, Martin CAMERON, John HAYWOOD, David HUGHES.
WELFARE COMMITTEE

This year the Welfare Committee's program has been very full and its activities extensive. The Garden Party at which new students and their parents were welcomed was a great success. The organ which has been a source of much pleasure this year was presented to the College by the Committee. Guests were served afternoon tea whilst the R.A.A.F. Band entertained those present.

At the first meeting of the Committee a change in office-bearers took place. Mr. Malkin is president, Mr. Bell, treasurer and Mrs. Broderick is the secretary. Miss Homes and Mr. Wells are the staff representatives whilst the Shire of Frankston is represented by Councillors Johnston and Hoskin.

Members in co-ordination with the students, principally Leigh Joslin and Neil Toyne, worked tirelessly for the fete which, held early this year in comparison with preceding years, was well patronised and was an enjoyable and profitable function. The Struan Art Gallery and the Wax Works display were newly conceived ideas this year.

The Mannequin Parade organised by Mrs. Hart was again of an excellent standard. A night at the studios of A.B.V. Channel 2 was a different venture in the activities of the Committee. Members and friends, staff, and students' parents participated in the programme "Any Questions?" and the outing was most enjoyable.

The Welfare Committee has contributed much to the College in the manner of gifts such as the organ, and amenities for students. Work is soon to commence on the hall extensions, and the much needed cricket pitch will be laid down shortly. The unsightly drain which ran through the grounds on the northwest side of the College has been covered over. Because of this, a greater area has been made available for future sports field development.

We are indeed fortunate in having such an enthusiastic body of people on the Welfare Committee to work to provide so many benefits for present and future College students.
the Wax conceived
organised an excel-
The studios
the Com-
the organ,
the north-
the north-
available
development.
people to work to present

These photographs were taken by Mr.
ANDREWS FROM THE T.V. SCREEN DURING
A.B.V.2 PRODUCTION OF "ANY QUESTIONS?"

- NEIL TOYNE.
- PARENTS AND FRIENDS.
- Mr. METTERS. Mr. CHARLTON, Mrs. REES AND MISS HOMES.
Autographs

Mr. WHITE

"I CAN'T FACE ANY MORE"