of old, it stands alone, symbolic of the past,
a monument and donor
of dignity to the educators of the future,
brick red!
around—blush green of vine and tree,
inside, musty air walls imbued
with rains of winters gone.
lingering spirits, memories of those who passed—
through to the world unknown
to them,
struan stands
a lasting source of reminiscence.
keith naylor (exie)
"The new Struan—a symbol perhaps of the increasing awareness, on the part of teachers' colleges, of the responsibility for the personal formation of their student teachers."—Ed.
struan '67
annual magazine of frankston
teachers' college's s.r.c.

editor: kevin nicholson

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“The only thing certain about the future is that we do not know what it contains.” — Dr. Davis McCaughey.

To contemplate on the future is usually left to mystics or speculators. However to those commencing vocations as teachers, the future appears challenging and exciting.

It appears likely that an increasing number of children will attend school each year and the schools will find it difficult to improve the quality and at the same time to organise and man the classrooms in traditional fashion. Thus the possibility of such innovations as independent study, ungraded schools and team teaching, are gradually being explored. Technology should spark the most dramatic changes in both primary and secondary classrooms. The use of such aids as educational television, language laboratories, teaching machines and perhaps video tape will increase.

However, despite all these vast changes it will be the human factor which will remain of vital importance. People are prepared best for the future by an educational system which is essentially personal. As young teachers this is important. We need a willingness to change and to absorb new knowledge, but we must never forget that our pupils are essentially beings in the process of formation.

Finally, be on your guard against people who will tell you that academic learning is all very well, but they will teach you how to live in a practical world. Do not believe that any person’s theories on education or any topic are as good as the next man’s. Of course, teachers can be wrong but they are not likely to be nearly as wrong as those who have no disciplined knowledge of the art and cannot bring it to articulation. Of course, those with a training in the arts may be taken in, but they are likely to guide our tastes and equip our art galleries far better for the sake of prosperity than the rest of us, guided by the dictum “I know what I like.”

kevin nicholson.
If one were to peruse the minute books of former S.R.C.'s, certain issues would be seen cropping up each year which undoubtedly would have seemed vital to the students who presented them. This year, apart from countless other matters which have been dealt with, we have seen many of these issues, such as a licence for the College Balls, concessions in student dress, non-compulsory sport and many others, finally being attended to with positive results.

The non-compulsory sport issue is a forerunner to many radical changes in College life brought about by the advent of the Three Year Course. It is pleasing to have been informed that the S.R.C.'s of the future will be given even more responsibility than that which is enjoyed today.

Also this year we have witnessed further steps for correspondence and co-operation between Victorian and interstate Colleges by advances in the State Council of Student Teachers — of which the first two terms of the office of President have been held by Frankston students — and the Australian Student Teachers Association. This augurs well for the future and such organisations can achieve much for Student Teachers and Teacher Training generally. While in this vein, one of the highlights of the year was the visit to Frankston of Wattle Park Teachers' College, S.A. This was a return visit for the one made by Frankston students to Wattle Park last year and its success may indicate that such visits should continue on an even larger scale.

The executive and various committees of S.R.C. have maintained a high standard in their respective activities, and the Frankston tradition of success in sport has continued to flourish because of a keen interest by the students and staff members concerned. The College spirit developed as a result seems to have its effect on many other aspects of College life, and it is hoped that this tradition will not diminish with non-compulsory sport.

For the many achievements of S.R.C. this year, I thank the Executive, Committee Secretaries, Members of S.R.C. and its Committees, those members of staff who have given assistance, and the many students who have willingly helped.

I wish next year's S.R.C. every success and on behalf of the Executive wish all students success in their teaching careers.

graeme o'toole
Students who leave the college at the end of this year do so on the eve of big changes. The fact that entrants in 1968 will include some students taking the new three-year course will in itself not be the most noticeable change next year. After all, the college has always had some three-year students, although it will certainly be new to have some men amongst them. The new course will be different, but not so vastly different as to cause any uncomfortable distinctions to be drawn. Structurally, the T.I.T.C. course, with its provision for major and sub-major subjects and time for independent reading and study, already bears some resemblance to the new course. This is no accident. Similar principles have also been applied in the organization of the T.P.T.C. course, perhaps as far as a course of two years’ duration would permit.

Although relatively few students will be commencing the new three-year course in 1968, all students will immediately be affected by changes in the college’s approach to its whole task. Some principles formulated by the Advisory Committee on the Three-Year Course are applicable to all courses and all students. For example, all students on teaching rounds will be given a certain amount of time to prepare lessons during the school day, and there will be less emphasis upon the assessment of teaching and more upon guidance and advice. In fact, the whole field of practical teaching (or school experience) is being very closely examined, and the entire program will be widened and more carefully planned, with closer liaison between the college and the training schools.

The Advisory Committee recommended that student participation in extra-curricular activities should be voluntary. In our college it always has been, except for sport. And now, since the beginning of third term this year, participation in sport is also voluntary. Furthermore, students have been given responsibility for its organization. The college has a fine record of success in sport, and I hope that students in 1968 will wish to mobilise all the interest, skill, and organizing ability necessary to maintain that record.

The changes I have referred to are only illustrations. There will be other changes. There will be a new building, which will not only add to the appearance of the college, but also permit greater flexibility in college organization and provide a bigger library and better amenities for students and staff.

A teachers' college should have its own special atmosphere, but the atmosphere should at the same time be that of a genuinely tertiary college. It should be an atmosphere in which students can initiate and plan, exercise judgment, make decisions, and accept responsibility individually or corporately. College policy will move further in this direction.

I hope that all exit students will watch developments with interest. Most of them took a personal interest in the college, and it owes a great deal to them and their predecessors. I am sure they will wish to see it progress still further. The college, in turn, extends to them best wishes for a happy and successful future.

G. Jenkins
b.a., b.com., b.ed., m.a.c.e., t.p.t.c.
"Heaven," said Wordsworth, "lies about us in our infancy."

Up in the sky what do I see
A big blustering wind blowing the trees,
Whirling around like a hurricane too,
There goes my hat,
Oh! What shall I do?
Blowing and tossing the people and flowers,
Big grey skies ready for showers,
Oh Mighty Wind twist and twirl,
Oh Mighty Wind dangerous whirls.
Throwing about papers and
Slamming the doors
Shaking the leaves and the gate as it roars,
Oh, destroyer, destroyer,
Shame on you,
Scampering and wailing
That's all you do.
Oh wind, Oh wind, bad and bold,
You freeze us till we're very cold,
Howling and tumbling
Dangerous and rumbling
When you blow we are always grumbling.

Bruce Rademaker (8 years)

I saw you blow the paper around
I could hardly keep my feet on the ground
Oh wind that rustles
Oh wind that destroys
Why do you blow the girls and boys?
When I go out to play
You always blow me up up and away.

Robyn Law (8 years)

I'm cold
It's the wind
It's blowing the leaves
I'm flying, no I aren't,
The wind is doing it
Is tossing me about.

Peter Szyszka (8 years)

"I think the consistency is rather viscous, don't you?"
The wind is howling,
The wind is whispering,
The wind is blowing, blowing,
Up in the air the papers go,
In the dark I hear it blow,
Then it is quiet, then it is loud,
It blows papers into the crowd.

stephen cairns (8 years)

The wind is howling,
The wind is whispering,
The wind is blowing, blowing,
Up in the air the papers go,
In the dark I hear it blow,
Then it is quiet, then it is loud,
It blows papers into the crowd.

Symposium on Graves!

the day and night wind

When I was out playing,
In the terrible wind,
It howled, it roared,
It whistled, it wailed,
Upon the cold cold morn.
And then it changed to a nice cool breeze,
And then again it made me freeze,
It tossed and whirled in a twisting way,
And then it was the end of the day.
The night came at last,
And when I was in bed,
I heard a growl, a growl, a howl,
Of course it was the wind.
I snuggled up into my bed,
And thought how it made me scared,
I thought and wondered and didn't know what to do,
So I fell asleep and dreamt.

michael battin (8 years)

Twirling, trembling, freezing cold,
It rolls around like a tossing ball,
It screams and rumbles and rolls around
I do not like it, oh no, I don't.

brian bourke (8 years);
How high should hemlines be?

I wonder if that's Mavis?

"Expression" is such a dirty word.

"I wonder how it all happened?"

"If you want a trip to Ireland boys . . ."
Dear Kevin,

When you asked me to write about “Drugs” I was reluctant to do so for the same reasons that I would hesitate to write about sex or long hair or short skirts. The first of these reasons is that there is so much information available to anyone interested enough to look for it that it is surely not necessary to try to add anything new in an article such as you suggested.

Having come to this comfortable conclusion I might have gone no further except that I had an uncomfortable feeling that there must be some reason why people go on asking these awkward questions, in much the same way that a child keeps asking “why” after his mother has exhausted all her answers.

If we look closely at this questioning child we soon see that he is not so much interested in each answer as he is determined that mother should make a response of some sort to each question. He then has her on a string and this string joins him to her in a holding and reassuring way. What his questions are really asking is something about this relationship between himself and his mother. When we ask about drugs I believe that what we want to know is something about ourselves and our relationships.

We want to know. We want to experience. If we have not been too well conditioned, too thoroughly moulded, we want to experiment. How does this feel? What will that do? How does this taste? Heavenly music or shrieking discord? Brush of rose petal or jab of thorn? Caress of finger or blast of passion?

We forget that we live by our feelings, learn through our senses and might as well be dead as senseless. Sensation is life. Feeling may be stunted in its infancy, inhibited in its adolescence, and grow satiated and weary with old age. We wear silk vests and hair shirts. We scratch, pick our noses, bite our nails, masturbate, eat eggs and bacon, go to concerts, wear flowers in our hair and generally go about our business of being alive. And when our senses grow dull we sharpen them with stimulants. When our nerve endings lie bare we dull them with sedatives. Shy? Try gin. Life is grey? Have a psychedelic. Fear is bright? Try a hypo. Brewing stinks? Heroin for heroes. Up, down, roundabout. Way out, right out, lights out.

I guess that drugs are what we make of them. Most are poisonous. Most of us are weak. Running away is easy and improves with practice. Facing up is seldom as bad as we fear. Drugs may keep us alive. They may help us to die. Used with wisdom and under adequate control they may help us to find answers to some of the questions we ask about ourselves. Used unwisely they will blunt our senses, distort our vision.

This is a great, wide, awful, wonderful universe. We enjoy it best when we see it clearly and feel it truely.

“Why?”

“Because, Kevin, because!”
The wafting sunlight filtered through the overhang.

Prone and seemingly lifeless I lay there, deep in solitudinous thought. "Had life really gone so quickly that it could pass before me in an ephemeral flight?"

Had my life been as boring as those few short seconds suggested?

"No! don’t take me yet," I pleaded as I felt something reaching at my very existence. Leave me awhile. Let me see what my life had been worth.

It returned to me.

The lush green meadows of childhood contentment; the geometric rows of fruit trees as they burst into life with Spring’s first song; the sun which seemed so close that one felt he could pluck it from the sky as one picks fruit from the trees.

Yes I was at peace with the world in my childhood—I loved life and it did me no harm. Oh, how I had wished for a glimpse of those ‘Trees of Life’ since.

Suddenly, clouds; deep copious clouds, blurred the beauty of my vision.

They formed a concrete jungle. So expressive was their form that I recoiled in horror.

I closed my eyes to escape but there was no escape.

I saw the bawdiness of city life—life ruled by flashing neon lights; flashing, flashing, flashing—I was ashamed of my nakedness.

"Turn them off!" I screamed.

No one heard me.

My scream echoed inside me. Reverbetant neon sound made my mind a maelstrom of torment.

"Take it away." I cried in anguish.

"O God please hear the voice of one crying in the wilderness."
The circuit was disengaged.

But suddenly it was back, with a fury which surpassed the first tormentous occasion.

Jazz drummed my head to exploding point. Leering faces of prostitutes and lecherers, swelled enormously, mockingly laughed at me.

Helpless, I cried.

"God help me," I sobbed.

It went away.

Again boiling madness saturated my thoughts. Beady sweat gushed from my pored body. Tiny rivulets formed in the furrows of my skin.

I could not stand it. It was driving me insane.

I reached again for God. Would He be there a third time?

A sensation of complete tranquility, previously unknown to me, became mine.

I felt as if I had suddenly been pushed from one dimension to another—from pain and torture to peace and restful goodness.

"Would I remain here?" I thought. Was this to be my end?

My complete 42 years had passed before me in those few seconds of eternity.

What had I left behind? What had I done to improve the world.

Frozen terror struck. Realisation that I had not fulfilled my righteous duties throbbed in my mind.

"Give me my life again and I would make use of my borrowed time for the betterment of myself and my environment."

"Please give me that chance!"
P6, Column 2.

Found dead at Serenity Meadows
Harvey-Simon (age approx. 42)
Suspected suicide
Police investigating.

"Was that all I had been worth?"—four lines of lead print.
city life—son lights; — I was 

bemused.

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Realisation

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once!

shadows

42)

worth?"—

lead print.

Anne Sheldrake, Senior Vice-president.

Tony Vaughan, Junior Vice-President.

Geoﬀ Neale, Secretary.

Frank McChroan, Treasurer.
This is an elusive Italian straw hat . . .

. . . which a Contessa once had . . .

. . . and turned things topsy turvy."

"We've even called in help."
... and this soldier wants.

We've looked and looked...

... . . . And so they lived happily ever afterwards!

I had it all the time.

The end.
"Mother. He has not come yet?"

The tiny frame stiffened in anticipation of the answer she knew must come. Clearly and calmly the reply cut into the chill of the pre-dawn blackness.

"No child. He has not come yet."

"Do you really think he will come?" A quiver betrayed the childish curiosity this time. With this, the spindly shadow, seemingly enswathed in flannel and ruffles, slid silently from the rumpled ravines of the vast bed, and stole out into the passage, dim and ghostly at this sombre hour. Slowly her pale eyes widened in swift and penetrating realization. The figure leaning against the open door was unaware of silent invasion of despair's solitude. Glad in her nightgown, for it was summer, the mother strained forward intently, hearing only the howling of the wind, the heaving of the erratic and angry sea. He heard nothing else. And the child knew. She knew the familiar groan of the car, the sweep of the headlights upon the gravel drive, would not come. And the small, womanly figure stirred not. Only listened and waited. The child acutely aware of her own inadequacy nestled against the enfolding shroud.

"O Mother!" The plaintive wail escaped in spite of all resolution. "Go back to bed my dear. You will only wake the others." Such weightless words confirmed the world in transition.

Morning dawned grey and sunless. The small woman made breakfast for her children. The eldest child, Janie, sensed her concealed anguish and busied herself helping the younger children. Freddie, a vivacious child of five chatted ceaselessly, surprised at his father's absence but not yet perturbed. Chubby, flaxen-haired twins of two possessed of the capacity for numerous unseemly activities, prattled in their high chairs, and puddled their breakfast within a formidable radius of those restricting contraptions. All this time the mother was quiet and tense. Perhaps the briskness of her voice veiled the trembling of her heart. For she knew she was now alone.

"Dad-da, dad-da," the baby-voice croaked and the fat hand flung the spoon across the room. The mother turned slowly towards Janie, her eyes dark. The child stared steadily back and her heart melted. The day dragged on. An insolent refutation of its nocturnal fury, the bay, now calm, was searched and researched; circled and crossed; scanned and scoured. All the while the mother and the child hoped and waited for his return, knowing it was futile. By nightfall the relatives had come, consoling and unaware. Darkness fell sharply. Engulfed in desolation the little girl, dwarfed amongst the clutter of adults, fled to the stillness of her room. In one frenzied second she flung herself upon the counterpane, and the bitter tears, held back so long, burned the cheeks.

A new image blazed into her mind, instantly refuting vigilant restraint. She saw him not as she had lately known him, but in the earlier, happier, times, now magnified for the losing of them. In swift flight across her confused brain passed the childish games and delights which she, as the eldest, had known best. The promises only he could make, and keep, later to be gently hid through the more practical eyes of their mother. There had been the Christmases filled with the childish delight in gifts, made during early-December nights. No-one she had ever known could make such marvellous things with wood. He stood before her imagination, young, proud, almost arrogant. Now
he was gone. Everything had flown before her eyes. The future lay far off; a black chasm. And she had not loved him. How remorse flooded that confused heart. She had even hated him. And now he was gone. And her tears flowed faster.

Such are the experiences which slowly invade the child's world. One night changed life for ever. The harshness of late months, the final swift parting bereft of farewells, dissolved into the memory of the deeper, warmer past. It was the same for the mother and the child. Before them both loomed the future strange and fearsome. The child instinctively knew that suddenly her childish life had assumed greater significance, her role had changed. No longer was she a child, but the eldest child. And in this moment of sadness she was the frail support of this small woman, whose life had rent in two in the heart of the cruel sea. In the confrontation of death had bloomed the tender heart's more intense awareness of love and life.

Gleaming upon the sea's numerous crystalline surfaces, the sun was dazzling in its beauty. The clear blue of the later-summer sky formed the perfect complement. On this brilliant morning the deepening coastal crenellations held only a beckoning enchantment. All the passengers were silenced in this awesome contemplation of Nature's perfection. The bus wound further round the cliffs, revealing with each turn a variant shade of perfection. In the brightness of this fresh world all seemed as it must always be. To the girl this was really life, beauty, happiness, excitement. In this warm phosphorescence the pangs of leaving home, in na"ive anticipation of the city's sophistication which had only to be tapped to be stirred. In innocence life cannot be viewed as clearly and precisely as it inevitably demands. In this hazy aura the real elements, the true ironies, are submerged beneath an evanescent calm confidence.

The train drew into the central station. The city throbbed and excited her with its vastness, its impersonality, its preoccupation. Everywhere buildings loomed grey and complete, scornful of the myriads of humans, weaving diligently, like worker ants, amongst them. Traffic screamed and screeched in every thoroughfare, lights and signs flashed, unceasing. All was turmoil and confusion. "This," thought the mind, the embryo sheathed in the emerging adult, "This must be the life!" There was her uncle waiting to take her and the insignificant fragments of luggage — pushed into the crested school bag which now seemed to mock her adult independence — to his home, which in this new, vibrant life was to be the anchor, the security. The city's fascination increased with the prospect of becoming a part of it. Again the blood thrilled through the veins of anticipation.

When the balmy air of long summer nights lulls the city into somnolence one feels whole in the simple observation of a city at its pleasure. And at such a time love is all the more beautiful, all the more pure and all the more chaste, especially if it is first love. The happiness of this life was borne all the more swiftly on the wings of real and passionate love; an omnipotent illusion. Was all life like this? If so, how could so many be so mundane? Life was theirs alone now; partings between city and country visits were at an end. On the razor's edge of reality and illusion must fade; the more golden the dream the more tarnished the worn out scraps. And the city was no longer beautiful.

Autumn neared its end, the leaves fell and the wind blew colder. The pale sun filtered through foreboding greyness, the buildings grew austere and cold, as did their people. Life claimed the entire attention of everyone; summer gaiety faded into bleak reality. The stranger stepping from the small town into the bustling city saw more clearly what life was. The winter moved towards its darkest heart; and the lonely heart beat, sustained by the impact of its rude awakening. What was of interest now? The mind saddened, probed the sorrowing heart. One fantasy, brief, beautiful, shattered. What was left? In the city's shallow expanses, the sinuous tentacles of the home warmth reached
out, tentative at first, made timid by lush letters and rare replies. Slowly their clutch strengthened. The bruised heart flew back to the love of the family circle, there to be made whole once more. The child’s mind cruelly purged of illusion now knew suffering, and felt at one with those ‘diligent ants’ once scorned.

The first green shoot of spring appeared on the trees. The world gladdened to have winter’s dreary burden lifted. Birds sang and the girl was gladdened. Mingled perfumes of suburban gardens drove the chill of past months from the air, aloneness was less hard to accept. Deep in her heart she felt much older and wiser, for she understood the ‘cold, hard world’ and its implications. No longer was it a myth invented by stuffy tutors to frighten the educated young adults turning their backs upon schoolroom security. Life was hard and life was beautiful. Like a diamond it shone, and its worth was determined by the capacity to ‘suffer and to learn’.

Wisdom is slowly gained. Every grain is precious. It is like the precious stone wrought from the earth with sweat and toil. The girl was now a woman, perhaps wiser but not yet wise. The worth of wisdom gained only through experience was great. With it had grown the capacity to see and to judge. For clear vision is a virtue. Life had grown dearer because its lessons were harder. The unthinking follies of youth appeared less frequently, and the mind rested in a truer vision. To have loved, to have suffered and to have hated increases the challenge of the struggle. Problems and torments still arose, but experience and stability allayed youthful turmoil and despair. Greater questions far outweighing the personal trivialities now presented themselves: ‘What is life?’, ‘What is love?’, ‘What is God?’ Yet peace pervaded chaos.

The challenges of human life reappear continually to be probed by the questioning mind. ‘Why are we here?’, ‘What is real life?’ Questions so perplexing, yet no man has found the complete answer. Perhaps there is none. ‘What is God?’ How is His love manifested in human beings? When one stands dumbfounded before human love, what is the conception of the infinitely greater divine love? What is the power behind all life, love and growth? ‘Merely evolution,’ some say. But one asks ‘Or part of the great plan?’ Is there in every man a spark of the Divine Creator? Questions without answers, without solutions. And yet one is no longer tormented to realize that all human life is meagre implementation in a far vaster plan.

With increased wisdom one probes to the extremities of religious faith. Where is the answer? What is the motivation? What is faith? For each individual the answer must be different, and this, must be accepted. The frustrations of youth no longer bewilder and isolate the young adult who realizes for the first time, unique individuality. Experience leads to increased capability. The great dreams of childhood dissolve into the clarity of adulthood. The anticipated sensations of real life diminish into the simple and real joys of everyday living. One learns to accept one’s own character and not simply to cultivate traits. To accept is to start to understand.

The ultimate reality is externally mysterious; complete understanding perpetually evasive. But life must be lived to the full. To watch a shimmering mirror of the sea tremble beneath the sun’s brilliance; to walk a cliff edge in the early morning and to delight in the wattle’s gold against a refulgent sky. This is the life. To accept perversity rather than decry. To give and not demand. Selflessness is life’s greatest demand. To attempt and fail is better than to have never attempted.

“Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

(Tennyson — “In Memorium”)
Studious people . . .

busy people . . .

creative people . .

need SLEEP. So turn off the light.
i am, i am
perhaps you might look upon me
one day,
'midst folk and folk,
and people
where the tongue never rests
and smiles across tables
and bounces on chairs
and music bristles on the forehead:
you will
of course
see that my aura
is stippled gold
while the eye-twinkle is leading the
soul in merry dance
and, of course,
you will be most desperately
wrong,
because through the coloured sounds
in animated smoke
there lies down
a
lone thing, which is me,
shivers in a cornered haze
buries itself in trembling
blue hands
so that it will
not
see the raging tremors around
for fear;

yet come visit me
one night
when rain brushes the window
and wind leads the trees in
sorqful weeping,
and I be alone
within myself,
where all is grey
soundless
touchless
then you will sorrow in sighs,
"this is surely a lone
thing", but you will be most
desperately wrong,
for here alone
with no
sight, no sound, no touch, no
body,
I have friends
with whom
I
am
most desperately
Happy.

- Sandra Clarke
Jill Berry – Sports Secretary

John Whitelaw – Sports Secretary

Maureen Parker – Grounds Improvement Secretary

Sue Louit – Social Secretary
My mate got this school!

Finally he will introduce you to the staff . . . .

We advise an inspection.

The Head may query his credentials.
... and the affable

1.M. . . .

... an infant assembly . . .

... sixth grade craft . . .

... and finally your grade.

"Pallys I protest."
"Say, what time is it?"
"Is what?"
"That ice-cream."
"You mean his nose don't you?"
"Of course. It was made for glasses."
"He still can't see though."
"Nah."
"Beware the R.R. God with pants on."
"We don't know what's good for us."
"He knows what we're good for — defend Her."
"What do you think?"
"Well'll, I think, ur, um, arr... what about you?"
"Nah, I've been."
"We're better off you know."
"Where?"
"Wear what?"
"What you like."
"Ice-cream."
"Had some."
"Let's talk sense."
"Yeh."
"You first."
"Right."
"Right."
"Right."
"We can't."
"He'll have to do it for us."
"He'd like that."
"But what's he done?"
"Orr... the same as the rest of us I suppose."
"You talk too much."
"Why are we here?"
"Hear what?"
"The spirit."
"He's got the spirit."
"Wrong sort."
"But we all know what he means."
"Yeh. He told us, didn't he. He said 'You know what I mean'."
"He meant you're a bloody fool if you didn't."
"Didn't what?"
"I don't know."
"Do you think he does?"
"Does what?"
"You know."
"O, yeh."
"Shut-up I want to say something sensible."
"OK, Sssh."
"Something sensible."

"he knows what I mean even if I don't"
Helen O'Mera
Social Service Secretary.

Barb Champion,
Concerts and
Dramatics Secretary.

"This reproduction does not do the original the slightest justice aesthetically. To win this award this year was indeed a fine achievement as the overall standard of entries was memorably high."

—Editor.
photography award

— marion howie

"the student"

second

"the singers"

(mal grice)
On the 28th of August, 1967, at 6.30 a.m., 39 people left Melbourne on their way to Central Australia. Miss Macdonald and Mr. Giles were the lecturers, Max was the tour host, and Louis was our bus driver.

It was after our first night at Mildura that we first heard the cries from Max that were to plague us for the whole trip.

Wakee, wakee, it's 6 o'clock.
Tent group, pull down the tents.
Fire and water group, hurry up.
Cooking group, get a move on.
Where's the clean up group?

Before many of us had time to wash and toilet we were on the way.

During the day we sat in the bus and watched the gum trees, the gibber plains, the red dust, the salt bush, the red dust, and at times the green brown grass. In between times many of us slept. Every now and then, the bus would stop.

"Ladies to the left."
"Gents to the right."

I must admit the gibber plains did pose a few problems at times.

At first very few people knew each other, but we were quick to recognize the talents of the vocal group named "The Stirers", who sang at the back of the bus for much of the trip. Words fail to describe the talents of this fine body of singers.

During the day the bus became very hot. It was usually at this time that Miss Macdonald and her ITC friends came forth with their sophisticated irony, crushing sarcasm, and vitriolic satire, which kept the rest of the bus at boiling point throughout the trip. This "exultation of
larks” with their strongly opinionated ideas, obsession for work, stimulating conversation, and their profound contributions to the intellectual life of the bus, halted any further inclinations to procrastinate throughout the journey.

Lunch was usually a half-hour break from driving with a couple of flies and sandwiches thrown in for good measure.

Tea-time was the most enjoyable part of the day, even though it was in the dark. It was while we were camped around the camp fire that our vocal group continued from where it left off in the bus. The food, despite rumours, was not poisoned. Many people have strong reason to believe that our permanent cooks were engaged in subversive activities. We had to wait until the last night, when the boys cooked, before we had a really first-class meal.

As for the individual places we visited much can be said, but for obvious reasons much will be left out.

At Mildura we went on a moonlight cruise, without any moon, on the River Murray, with the tune of “Rolling Down the River” in the background. Fortunately we made it back, but only to the tune of a number of restless girls who were kind enough to keep the rest of us from sleeping. At Broken Hill most of us walked somnolently around a conducted tour of a zinc mine, while we passed through Port Augusta, Woomera and Coober Pedy quite quickly.

We reached Alice Springs on the sixth day in time for the annual boat race, “Henley on the Todd”. Quite an interesting event despite the fact there was no water in the river. That Saturday night we hit the town. Sunday morning and the town hit us. A visit to Simpson’s Gap later that day found a few people braving the cold water. A reunion dinner with Tour 2 on the Monday night, a couple of headaches next day, and we were off to Ayres Rock.

“The Rock” proved a bit bigger than first anticipated. However, everybody reached the top eventually. Three hours later and we were carrying Loris down with a sprained ankle. A climb through the Olgas saw another girl bite the dust. Jane had sprained her ankle.

Visiting the mining area of Coober Pedy on the way back saw all of us under the illusion of making our fortunes. As it turned out, we ended up spending a fortune on opals in the “Opal Cave”.

Another two nights in the bush, some confusion as to which were the men’s and women’s showers in Port Augusta, and we were in Adelaide. After spending a free afternoon in Adelaide we heard “wakee, wakee” for the last time at 4 o’clock next morning. Tired and happy we all arrived back in Melbourne dreading the next day at College.

lawrence drysdale.
Slowly the mainland faded behind us, until all we could see was water, as far as the horizon. Then, off to the side, a small island, white from the water's edge to the green where the trees started. Could this be it? No, we're going past it. What's this to our right? The water is shallow here, and over there the sea is breaking on some rocks; no, it's not rocks, it's coral. The coral is everywhere on our right, a huge platform, and at the far distance of it can be seen an island. Is this it, this small speck, which even as we come closer is still small? We come closer and the trees become distinct, the white sand is glistening in the sun and there are boats around it. Is it? Yes, we are at Heron Island, southernmost island on the Barrier Reef.

The trip up certainly seems worth while now, particularly for those first two nights spent trying to sleep in aeroplane seats, and then being "woken" at 5.30 to have breakfast. Yes, the hard travel was worth it, and it would seem perhaps to some that the arrival should have come sooner, although I'm sure everyone enjoyed the three days spent on the glorious Gold Coast.

Saturday night in Surfers Paradise was really the highlight of the trip up, when all members of the party donned their best summer clothes and decked themselves out for a night on the town at the Tiki Village — Beachcomber. Everything was superb, and we left feeling completely exhausted after demonstrating how a Congo Line, Zorba's Dance and the Mexican Hat Dance should be performed. Ready for sleep, we fell into our beds to dream of the last section of train travel up to Gladstone, then the boat trip across the blue to the island.

We were there for a week, and we determined to make the best use of the sun by wearing bathers all day and only donning shifts for meals. Time was spent mainly walking around the island, swimming, sunbaking and eating. Various activities had, however, been planned for us, including a trip over the coral in a glass-bottom boat, from which all the wonders of the deeper coral world could be seen. Fish, turtles, corals, sponges, seahorses, and even skin divers were all seen through the glass bottom. It made us want to examine more closely the reef at low tide.
With reefing stick in hand we set out to prod and search under the many nigger heads (coralled rocks) for the smaller life that abounds there. We could also see the many shellfish and look at them closely, or in fact, as one felt with the storms, let them have a better look at us. Clams abounded, revealing many varieties of colours of the mantel, and delighted or annoyed many of us by the way they squirted water when a shadow fell over them. The delight of the reef was, if not to us, at least to Mr. Legge, the many beche-de-meres that were around. Long, and mainly black, these sea cucumbers were everywhere, and it was hard to imagine ever sitting down at a dinner table and eating them as the Chinese do.

One complete day was spent away from the island, on Wilson Island, seven miles away. Things were exciting as soon as we arrived, for our hostess, Patty, suggested we swim ashore from the boat. It was quite safe, and she said there was nothing to worry about. After much deliberation, eight hardy girls from the tour swam ashore. It was worth it, and we had decided to swim back again to the boat when we were told that whilst we were getting in, a 4ft. long sea snake was killed by one of the people on the ship. Deciding that we had shown that we were physically fit we determined to return in the more convenient way of a motor boat. The rest of the day was spent searching for shells and even swimming (safely close to the shore).

All too soon the departure day arrived; the sun slowly rose over the island when we headed for the mainland, leaving the sun and glorious beach behind us. At least we had our tans to show off. This we did in Brisbane and Sydney.

Soon we were well on the way to colder weather, although some of us still insisted on wearing summer clothes to show off our tans. Finally an hour's trip by a DC9 brought our tour to its close. As we stood shivering at Essendon we greeted relatives and said goodbye to newly-made friends.

And so, as our tans slowly fade, we think of Heron Island and the good times we had there, and thank Miss Clannon and Mr. Legge for their help on tour.

Pam Perry.
So you've heard about I.T.C.'s too!

"Who suggested hitch-hiking?"

"Wow."

"We'll be back soon."

"I thought Ayres Rock had a W.C."
"All poems published received honourable mentions in the poetry competition."
—Editor.

thoughts
Mind dream, soul dream
Grind the weary road,
See the endless darkness stretch
And dip in sombre plains
Dark minions loom in the
shifting rain,
The wind sweeps wide in the
round, dark hollow,
Hoar frost chills my bones
Mind dream, soul turn
Chug, chug . . . the weary road.
Town lights, dim pinpoints brighter
loom
Security, stability, prosperity . .
Dull words, blank words, flutter and
drift,
Thoughts of the fragile confines
Frail warmth around the dying lamp
Where small people tread the wheel
The wheel turns, slow, faster, faster,
Spining, whirring,
Mice in the wheel, rats in the wheel
Ants on the hill,
Turn, turn, faster still
And grind the weary road.
Descend into the silent mist,
Dim flickers fade and sigh
And puff! The end, the end?
When, where and how?
But we have work to do!
Yes we have work, we are the cogs
In the mighty wheel
The wheel?
Progress they say
Turn, turn, turn,
Erase my mind; purge my soul,
Dim thoughts, dry thoughts,
The hoar frost stills my heart,
And moan and grind into the night
And chug the gentle rise.
Warm light curls, bleak shapes
emerge,
one more, sharp, angles, corners,
peaks squat rooms, pale lights.
Gentle must, salt-sifted spray
Embalm the withered soul,
Ring with a chill through the fractured
brain
Cleanse and sanctify,
Caress and crease the shapes of life
And wear wax dim, as dawn unfolds.
Frail the homelight gleams
Rush, charged, surcharged with boiling
blood
Lash crisp leaves; snap frost-frozen
grass
Secure in love and soul renew
Warmer floods the maizy hue
Twists and 'twines about my heart
Yellow light, fierce, pervades,
And peace engulfs the wearied mind.

lyndy eddy

"the night is day's death"
Numerous night-pronged hate swords
pierce the soul,
penetrating the core
thro' the sensitive skin.
Black rivers reign
in the seeking vulnerable soul,
Blotting out glints of hope
leaving the smear of pain
to gnaw deeper into the heart.
The night is black,
The night is cold,
The night is cruel,
The night is day's death—
The ink engraves the mind
casting with its black scrawl
The shadow of despair
And the bat breaks the night's
peace with its webbed winged
promise of darkened life.
The ghoul gurgles in victory
as it garrisons the soul
with permanent pain.
The night is black,
The night is cold,
The night is cruel,
The night is day's death.
For all days are night
to the pierced soul
whose day died with yesterday.

"prime"

solitude
I cry aloud in the wilderness . .
No echo pricks the well
The piercing deep of the dreary night
Drifts its ethereal course.
Its leaden load of sorrow
To die in the restless slumber
Of velvet dawn,
Who hears the plaintive call?
It lingers yet, a fleeting note
And transient night engulfs the world.

julianne higgins
"I have written a short article under the title 'What is Mathematics?'
I have not attempted to answer that question in a dictionary sense, but rather
to put down some of the aspects that appeal to me as a person who does
mathematics."

what
is mathematics?

-fred brown

First and foremost it is something man creates — and creations follow
an evolution very similar to what we observe in biological phenomena. Within
this frame of evolution two main lines can be discerned. There is the application
of mathematics to the description of the natural world, and there are the varied,
subtle hypothetico-deductive systems. Compared with these two all the rest is
a matter of tactics, or evolutionary response. Thus, for example, the fact that
analysis (calculus plus) since the seventeenth century has proved more pliable
than geometry in the mathematical description of nature is of historical interest,
but it is not necessarily of any lasting significance. Geometry in the past held
the same position relative to science that analysis holds today. A century hence,
topology or some as yet uncreated mathematics may be the most powerful and
suggestive mode of apprehending nature.

These two main lines of mathematics often join and run together. An
interesting and notable illustration is in the field of geometry. In a letter to his
father in 1823 Bolyai writes, "I have made such wonderful discoveries that I
am myself lost in astonishment. Out of nothing I have created a new and
another world."

What had he done? To use Einstein's phrase, "he challenged an axiom".
This is not the place for a technical review of the creation of non-Euclidian
geometries, but what he had done, in its widest significance, was not that he
had "just" created a geometry. What he and, independently, both Lobatchevsky
and Gauss had done, was to cut a swath through the fields of the Absolutes.
They forced us to recognize that man's conclusions about space were purely of
his own making. Euclid, in some sense, was believed for 2200 years to have
discovered an absolute truth, or a necessary mode of human perception.
Lobatchevsky's creation was a demonstration of the error of this belief. "The
essence of mathematics," asserts George Cantor, "resides in its freedom."

Freedom of a different sort from that which Cantor had in mind is hinted
at in this statement by the truly great Karl Frederick Gauss: "I have the answer
but I don't know how I'm going to get it." He was up against a very difficult
thing in applied mathematics — how to tackle the problem. What could be
left out of consideration and still preserve sufficient of the actual situation to
make the solution not entirely irrelevant?
I don't know what problem Gauss was actually referring to so I'll mention one of my own. A cloud is a most beautiful thing (a time-lapse film of the sky is fantastic). The sometimes continually changing appearance of a cumulus cloud delights me; at other times the static, immobile shape delights me. But how do you describe in mathematical symbols the formation of a cumulus cloud? This problem delights me too. Have you ever squirted a jet of dye into a glass of water or olive oil? The mathematics attempts to relate, connect, your "observations". You must make observations, and you cannot help being moved by these observations. The mathematics feeds on this involvement. In the end, the man who doesn't care about the cloud or the star, or the ocean currents, or the raindrop, or the aerial on your television set you probably won't care much about the mathematics either.

I've mentioned one of the difficulties of applied mathematics — how to tackle the problem. But it may be that, when the problem has been reduced to the simplest form retaining some relevancy, there is still no apparent way of investigating it. Here, a rare combination of scientific insight and mathematical tact is required for its successful solution. The man of genius creates a technique, a theory, a form, which will enable the problem to be investigated. I feel that poetry and music are no different in this respect, and I should like to develop a little further this idea with respect to music. I think that most musicians are re-creative rather than creative — Arrau plays Beethoven, Menuhin plays Bach and Elgar, and so on. And so it is with mathematics. People like myself work on problems that in a general sense have been "solved" earlier; for example, the transport of heat in a sphere with prescribed boundaries and initial conditions, or the momentum transfer in the global circulation of the atmosphere. But the re-creative person, not much less than the creative person, "experiences in his work the same impressions as an artist; his pleasure is as great and of the same nature" (Poincare). We have Weiersrass, one of the supreme rigorists of the nineteenth century, telling us that "the mathematician who is not also something of a poet will never be a complete mathematician."

Imagine yourself with me a short while ago. The early morning air is chill and a slight mist hangs over the river. We're on the bank of the Yarra at a spot where it has cut itself a gorge. Breakfast is cooking on the fire; the only other sounds come from the river, a few birds and two happy kids with us. Enough? Surely! But there are a hundred questions in my head (and only a few of them I can answer). At this point where we're standing, what is the rate of flow of the river? How is this flow being maintained? How does it vary? What consequences does this variation have upstream/downstream? The water is losing energy — what are the modes of energy transfer? What would happen if we secured a ping-pong ball in the shallow/deep/slow/fast flow? What is the temperature distribution which causes that mist to be trapped where it is? Why don't the droplets coalesce? How old is the rock here? What men, and monsters, have walked where we are now? All this, and wild pear trees. Everything was to be enjoyed — not merely the stillness, sharpness of the air, the warmth of the fire, the smells of the food and the exuberance of the kids but the exhilaration of the brain as well.

I should like the next brief point to be my last. To get the "feel" of mathematics you've got to read texts "backwards" and ask your own questions. And if you're "lucky" provide your own answers. The questions can arise anywhere and at any time but they can usually be resolved, perhaps only partially, only in the loneliness of your study. You've got to get your ideas onto paper; and only you can do this. Then, paradoxically, you've got to share them with other people, or they won't be your ideas!

So we come back to the question, "What is mathematics?" In Bertrand Russell's view, "Mathematics may be defined as the subject where we never know what we are talking about or whether what we are saying is true." People who have been puzzled by the beginnings of mathematics will, I hope, find comfort in this definition, and will probably agree that it is accurate.
Music Faculty
(L-R) Mr. J. Ogden, Miss Edwards, Mr. B. Chalmers, Mr. J. Gilfedder.

Social Science Faculty
(L-R) Mr. L. Lomas, Mr. J. Lacy, Miss G. Kentish, Miss M. Channon, Mr. J. White.

Education Faculty
(L-R) Mr. K. Runciman, Mr. K. Mutimer, Mr. R. Motteck, Mr. M. Kemp, Mr. A. Fry. (Abs.) Mr. F. Jones, Mr. Cameron.

Mathematics Faculty
(L-R) Mr. G. Hughes, M. J. Healy, Mr. F. Brown.
Infant Education
(L-R) Mrs. P. Kennedy, Miss J. Guppy, Miss J. McDonald. (Abs.) Miss M. Homes.

Library Staff
(L-R) Mr. J. Byrnes, Mrs. McLachlan, Mr. W. Dolphin, Mr. G. Corr, Mr. G. Towers, Mrs. J. Lacy, Mr. Townsend.

Science Faculty
(L-R) Mr. Legge, Miss W. Smales, Mr. L. Flynn, Mr. I. Gill.

Art Faculty
(L-R) Mr. Williamson, Mr. O. Piggot, Mr. Allan, Mr. T. Wells, Miss M. Papworth, Mr. R. Giles. (Abs.) Mr. G. Brennan.

"Due to a technical error, the Phys.Ed. Faculty do not appear. The English Faculty was not available."—Editor.
“Look, Fred, there goes the third man!”

“Up, up, and away!”
Over the years F.T.C. has proved herself more than a worthy competitor in all inter-college sports. Through her sporting endeavours she has built up a spirit in the college which has gained the respect and admiration of other Teachers' Colleges.

Why has Frankston pushed herself well to the forefront in her sporting ventures? We could claim it is due to the wide array of facilities which we have available at our fingertips. The wide expanse of college playing fields, combined with a variety of neighbouring sporting venues, provided us with ample opportunity to practice and develop our team skills. Another major reason for our successes would be the keenness of the staff to help us to prepare our teams. Many members of staff we know to be fine coaches, and others aid greatly in the organizing of sports. We are all grateful for their unselfishness in this regard. The Physical Education staff has afforded us a variety of sports unknown to students of other Teachers' Colleges. The equipment which they have purchased could be described as lavish in comparison with other colleges.

Perhaps the most important reason behind our success can be attributed to the attitude of the student body as a whole towards sport. Sport has provided the students of Frankston with the opportunity of expressing their desire to prove to other colleges just how they feel about their college. They have expressed this feeling very strongly judging by the name Frankston has established in inter-college sports.

I cannot help but wonder, however, if we have seen an end to this era of sporting success in the college. Will the tradition, which the students of past years have built up, just die away? My doubts in this matter have arisen since the inception of voluntary sport in the college. A feeling of apathy towards sport has emerged which could challenge the sporting tradition of the college. I am wondering now if perhaps there was a hidden factor behind our past success — compulsory sport.

In conclusion I hope the student body of 1968 will accept this challenge which voluntary sport has thrown out, and that the fine sporting tradition of F.T.C. will carry on.

john whitelaw,
sports secretary.
SQUASH (PREMIERS)
Below: Mr. Wells, D. Kerr, G. O'Toole, Z. Flood, G. Smith.

GOLF (Premiers)
(L-R)
J. Whitelaw, S. Horn, Mr. Prowse, K. Nicholson, M. Cavanagh, C. Purcell, C. Thorn, B. Quigley.
(Seated) P. Webb.
SECOND SOFTBALL (Premiers)


SWIMMING TEAM

CHAMPIONS – THIRD YEAR IN A ROW

Centre: M. Grant, P. Perry, K. Leach, A. Robinson, S. Ross, S. Fagg, J. Lethbridge, R. Ballantyne.
SECONDS BASKETBALL (Premiers)
Back Row: S. Byrne, M. O'Sullivan, N. Higgins, N. Hazeldine, G. Cleary.
Front: M. Thompson, P. Wilson.

VOLLEYBALL (Premiers)
L. to R.: S. Cooper, M. Spottoswood, S. John, H. Batza, C. Healey,
M. Backman.
"The Prime Maulers played . . .

A clearing dash by "Wrecker Leahy"

. . . and lost to the "2nd Year I.T.C. Bruisers."
Geoff Neale waits for the "crumbs".

"This will teach you to give me cheek."

"Righto, give my feet back McNish."

I.T.C.'s during a strenuous Phys.Ed. period.
**FIRSTS BASKETBALL** (Premiers)


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**SECONDS HOCKEY** (Premiers)

Front (l. to r.): A Gow, S. Traill, R. Littlejon, A. McNicoll, B. McRobert, H. O'Mera.
"I wonder where Burkie is?"
the inevitability of race extinction

With nobility, honour, truth and courage, the race of mankind is preserved. When powers intervene to destroy these and replace them with inhumane methods of maintaining existence then true life is denied the individual.

In less than two years' time the life blood of future teachers will be drained and our community will sadly lack the initiative, courage, truth, honour, talent and beauty that is faithfully upheld by an influential minority. What cold cruel calculating computer decided upon a three year training course that strangles any possibility of retaining the third year I.T.C. Such people are bent on depriving women the privilege to be an I.T.C, and thus their enterprises plan to exterminate true beauty, intelligence, courage, honour and nobility. I ask you, is this democratic?

What other group in college nobly bears insults about their superiority, and is superior? What other group is endowed with poise, genuine character and good dress sense? As a group they are outstanding, and when it comes to the individual this generalization remains a fact. Remember there is always an ITC behind a man’s success. The high standard of work and level of co-operation stems from the third year ITC influence.

What do the lecturers think of ITC’s? Typical comments are as follows. “I love ITC’s.” “It has been a real treat to lecture to you.” “ITC’s are the best in college.”

It is indeed a sad occasion to farewell our ITC’s. What future is there for individual adjustment, our community and our country without the prevailing ITC? Be proud of it girls: you have everything at your fingertips, as well as having your beauty, intelligence and talent. You are not a dying race. The race that is doomed to die is the race that will be reared in a world which has no ITC’s.

joan campbell
Front: S. Jenkins, B. Grundy, Mr. L. Flynn, J. Harding, Miss W. Smales, N. Higgins, M. Hickie.

“second: struan art award” — zana flood.
“Robbie Royal is not laughing any more, is he, Peter?”

“Death of a President.”

“I thought so—‘Made in Hong Kong.”

“Would you believe it, I’m not particularly worried.”

“Mr. Byrnes (alias 003½) takes off on another mission.”

Ann Bretherton — a “model” student.
We are fearful of death
Of the pounding of our heart
The danger of our thought
Of mysteries unknown
Of our destiny
And of ourselves—
For we cast the stone
That killed the girl and maimed her child.
Life can harm them no longer
But we must live and conquer,
Kill and destroy
And suffer many deaths within an empty life
Until we too eventually die;
Not as they, entwined by love,
But fearful and alone!

A brown bodied youth stood there on the road.
His eyes catching a glint of my hidden thoughts.
The day stopped a minute to witness the look,
Then flew ahead encompassing all pleasures till it reached my book.
Now I recollect and ponder upon that road
That last look and wave from the disappearing youth
Half flashed a memory back of no one but a dream
(The little boy ambling down a free country road)
A thought of happiness, though rare stripped bare my mind
For I had realized that it was no little boy
I had left behind.
"Is that you 84155? This is 47321."

"Next year's editor talks to a pretty maid."

"My goodness, what's that down there?"

"I was the only man on island."

"Well, Silas, I made it to Ayres Rock."
exit prime groups


Front Row: K. Fitzgerald, J. Evans, D. Kerr, Mr. J. Lacy, Mr. R. Wittman, R. Ferguson, T. Gatto, J. Gilbert.

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Front Row: S. Jogadinowski, Mr. K. Multiplier, G. Matlock, Mr. O. Piggott, E. Keith, L. Higgs.
Absent: B. Houghton, J. Montague.

2nd Row: A. Williams, J. Reid, C. Vernon, L. Vullins, E. Rowe, R. Winstanley, S. Wriggleworth, P. Walsh.
Front Row: J. Young, M. Stephenson, Mr. G. McGarvie, K. Wallis, Mr. J. Gilfedder, A. Van Dyl, L. Suares.

Best of luck in your appointments for 1968.
(Photo supplied by Mr. Rod McNabb, Head Teacher at Lima East.)
Highly competent, enthusiastic, and at times controversial describes the Struan committee, to whom I must give my most sincere thanks and congratulations. These people generously gave up huge slices of their free time to get this magazine together, and without their cheerful co-operation Struan would not have appeared in 1967.

I would like also to thank both Mr. Byrnes and Mrs. Lacy for their help and constant encouragement, and Miss G. Mathews, of Dandenong State School, who supplied the poems for "Embryonic Eliots".

To exie students all the very best of good fortune. Never forget where you got your start! Returning students are at the threshold of exciting changes in teacher education. I am sure these students will carry out their new responsibilities with the same dedication as post students have shown, and that old and new traditions will be keenly fostered.

To all students and staff a happy and safe Christmas and the best of luck in facing the challenges of 1968.

—Editor.