EDITORIAL:

As the effort to peer through misty eyes becomes greater and the pains of nostalgia grow stronger. I pause to reminisce over the past three years I have spent in Frankston's hallowed halls the good times and the bad ones; both have come quick and fast, both have now come and been.

I can only say "it was an experience", perhaps one that I wouldn't upon any compulsion choose to go through again: but still an experience that suprisingly I have found rewarding.

"You get nothing for nothing" seems to be the ruling axiom at Frankston, unfortunately many students now about to leave have only just realized that you only get back what your prepared to give.

It's not hard to succeed socially at Frankston and it's definetly not reserved for any special elite. In fact it's probably easier here than any where else. The shits are here, admittedly but then they are everywhere and shit is pretty hard to get rid of. What this college and student body needs unfortunately it hasn't got. What good it does have both on staff and student union rests on periously thin ice as yet unbroken but cracking fast.

I would have liked to end my stay by saying that everything was beautiful and nothing hurt but I can't, perhaps I've got a ferret up my nose too.

Charles Zammit.
S.R.C. has continued to expand its activities this year, with committees formed to arrange Speakers, the Thursday morning market, publicity for all student activities and camping equipment loans. As well as these the traditional committees offered a wide range of activities in sport, leisure pursuits, entertainments, social activities and theatre and dramatics. Students were well represented again this year on all academic committees and were involved in the general policy making at all levels.

The introduction of the joint Admin. - S.R.C. loan scheme was a major innovation for S.R.C. this year, which will continue to benefit students with financial problems in future years.

After many attempts at devising a suitable document which sets out the frames of reference for the conduct of the S.R.C. on behalf of all students, the new Constitution received the sanction of the students, S.R.C., College Council and two independent solicitors. This Constitution will serve the S.R.C. and students very well in the future.

There were more students participating in organising the activities this year than in previous years, which was very heartening to all the organisers. I hope this trend continues in the future because S.R.C. belongs to all students in college and the success of S.R.C. is as much the responsibility of all students as the elected student reps.

I have enjoyed my two terms as President. It has been a terrific experience because of the team spirit of all the executive, committee heads, group reps. and assisting students. The helpful co-operation and advice offered by the Principal, Vice-Principal, Admin. Staff, Lecturers and Outdoor Staff, made my job a most rewarding experience.

My sincerest thanks to all these people and to our S.R.C. Secretary Gwenda Perry, who coped with the increasing workload admirably. She has a most difficult and complex job, but her efforts are appreciated by all students.

To all students remaining in college, best wishes for the future, and please continue to assist your S.R.C. to grow in strength. Best wishes for the future to third years. Thank you all for supporting me for two years. I hope my contribution came up to your expectations.

Sincerest regards,
Raymond W. Matheson
President '76.
VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Now back to my report — it's good to see the people who were really interested in the goings on of S.R.C. because all these kids don't work for themselves but they work for the College — I think the people that take from S.R.C. and don’t give anything in return must remember that the kids that do put in time, have study to do, they have assignments and lectures and they need time off too. Fair enough it was them that decided to work for S.R.C. but the more interest you show to them about their S.R.C. work the more they will get out of it themselves — all I am saying is that it is incredible the amount of inspiration you get when one person says "Gee that S.R.C. thing was great!"

I keep thinking about those kids who are not titled as committee heads or executives but help in a lot of ways — the guys that don’t get recognition for the things they do — like the kids who work in the shop and Dave Clottu who spends hours on publicity and Jane Taylor and Chissa who appear to just sit in the office, but really get dragged into those small little jobs like going down the street or folding programmes and writing letters — you’re all wonderful!

Before I sign off I would like to say how much I appreciate the work Ray has done this year. He might appear as the big spokesman chief but he spends a hell of a lot of time with students and you students know how he has helped you.

For the future executive, especially the vice president — keep at it — I reckon ’77 will be a grouse year for S.R.C. Don’t take everything seriously, have fun and get those 1000 other students interested — possibly the best way would be to build a new office in the Cafe or just blow up the whole building and start again.

Part of Vice President is here on paper. The rest I don’t have the guts to write about — its embedded in my memory.

Carmel Bull.
In the year of '76 just over 1000 kids were sucked in in brilliant style. You see they entrusted their funds, some $37,800 to a character who wanders around under the name of G.K. Edmond. It seemed like a good idea to them at the time, for he had promised them all sorts of things, the thought of which would give Pll Lynch nightmares. Just how was this fellow, going to make the arabs look poverty stricken on such a limited budget?

After much fingernail chewing the answer unfolded..... He didn't. The College just kept on ticking over as it always does, with everybody enjoying themselves and getting bulk work done at the same time. As long as this state can be continued this college will be a good place to be.

Many thanks must go to Gwenda for doing a great job throughout the year. She can be in more places at once than Superman even dared try.

To the new Treasurer: Get that thinking cap on so that you keep the ticking going smoothly.

Good luck,
George Edmond.

Editors Note*

George is again jetting off to South America, (incognito of course, he's left his beard and moustache in the lost property file) courtesy of S.R.C. funds.
A.U.S.
SECRETARY’S REPORT

This must be the third or fourth article I’ve had to write this year so bear with the style if you have been following my writing so far. I think, however, I’ll change my content for this effort so brace yourselves for some shockers — I intend relating my experiences as A U. S. Secretary 1976.

I wish now that I had counted all the envelopes I’ve received this year, at an average of 5 per week I must have had 145 so far with 50 more to come making a grand total of 195, not bad for a student.

Now to relate serious matter No. 1 I can understand sometimes but other times I just can’t understand how all the work, talking, pushing, arguing, raving and whatever can be just thrown right back at you. That has happened so many times — it’s unsettling, unnerving and awful. A.U.S. organizes campaigns for students all through the year and as far as I know not more than three students from Frankston college have supported their efforts or contributed to them.

Now to relate serious matter No. 2. On my way home from an A.U.S. meeting one night, a man looked at me for ages at Flinders St. Station. I just forgot about him when I got on the train until I got off. In a dark section of the street I live in he was there before me, only 100 yards away, my heart jumped a few beats, no-one was around, it was dark and cold and he was getting nearer and nearer.....

PAULINE BULL
A.U.S. SECRETARY.

S.R.C.
SECRETARY’S REPORT

The student secretary’s role is to take minutes of all S.R.C. meetings and deal with all correspondence which arises from these meetings, together with various other bits and pieces.

This year attendance at S.R.C. meetings has been quite good, and because of this the process of communication has improved.

This year’s executive has worked as a team and not as individuals, and because of this the year has progressed reasonably smoothly.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my year as secretary and wish next years secretary all the best in an interesting and informative position.

Bernie Parks
Secretary ’76.

Are you sure this is the new S.C.V. Frankston slant on education?
Chris Houton-Allen's
BOARD OF STUDIES
REPORT

This group made up of heads of departments, 4 elected staff members and one student discusses the policy and educational studies of the college.

The board is one of the powerful groups of the college, being second to the Council.

The board has sub-committees set up that report to it. The recommendations from these committees are usually accepted.

The sub-committees are policy and planning, students admission and progress, P.P.T. committee, Assessment Research and Seminars.

The membership of the board has been changed for next year and will now consist of 12 elected staff members and one student member from each year of each course.

The board is an interesting committee to be on as it gives you an insight into the running of the college, that you would not see anywhere else. I have thoroughly enjoyed being on the board this year, so if you want to do something for the college, join the board in '77.

TOURS

As tours organiser I have organised three tours during the year. The first was a snow weekend to Buffalo and Hotham. The group enjoyed the skiing they had, but were let down by the bus (no heating) and the instructors, who weren't there to look after us and our skis which were in a bad state of repair.

Charlie Lay was known by everybody after the tour, and is someone we won't soon forget!!

In the August vacation, we are going to Central Australia for 16 days on a camping tour. I am led to believe that this will be an excellent tour.

In activities week, we are going to Mt. Hotham again. This tour is with a different company and looks as it if will leave the first one for dead. Here's hoping!

Over Christmas, we have tours going around the world, ie. N.Z., Bali, Fiji, New Hebrides, Europe. In fact, anywhere you want to go!

For the year of our Lord 1977, I have booked 2 snow weekends, the first in the first weekend in July and the second in the last weekend of July. These are with the same company as the second snow weekend in '76 (The company is usually booked out by February of each year!!)

To the next tours organiser: if you can collect the money and get the people to go who say they want to, you will have a successful year.

Chris Houghton-Allen

Toy Report Copy
REPORT ON CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN TOUR AUGUST HOLIDAYS 1976

28 students left college at 7.30 a.m. on the first morning of the holidays for a 16 day camping tour. (Coach had to collect the meat).

We headed to various places in the red heart, following the route via Mildura, Broken Hill, Wilpena Pound, Oodnadatta to arrive at Alice Springs for the illustrious Henly-on-Todd regatta. Greg, Gidget, Chris and Kerry were duly entered in the surfboard race, I was informed that Kerry was very hard to lift on to the surfboard (How's the diet, Kerry? She also hates me!!) They did very well and came 2nd. Errol was nowhere to be found to cheer the squad on, He was hiding under the luggage looking for some grass (!??!!)

Some of our crew went to see the coathangers, I mean Skyhooks, at their concert in Alice. The concert was good so I'm told. Only one thing wrong with it -- we'd heard it all before and are still hearing them! Also at Alice, Camels, Simpson's Gap, Standley Chasm and Simpsons Gap.

Unfortunately, Adelaide has its drunks. One tried to board our bus. To make it worse he was a western oriental gentleman drunk. He only had 10c. Gidget fixed him. Then Norm got on the bus.

Finally home to Melbourne.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the trip. Some of the more memorable moments of the trip are listed below.

1. Gidget having a drink in every pub in every town we stopped at. Must be a record for a pub crawl.
2. Kerry and Chris up to Stage 2 down the back of the bus.
3. Rex and Gayle up to stage 71!! Keep trying Kerry and Chris.
4. The camel ride at Alice.
5. Broken Hill and its expensive houses (?).
6. Kerry and Chris trying to get to stage 3.
7. Sleeping beauties as soon as the bus started up. (All sat in their seats and fell asleep, except Kerry and Chris, Rex and Gayle).

8. Coathangers on the bus.
10. Ayers Rock — watching everyone climb up as I rode in the chair lift with Errol.
11. Radio RANK, the official Quizes Radio with D.J. Gidget!
13. That short tribe in the long grass.

Thanks to everyone who supported the tours throughout the year. Without you we would not have had the fun and adventures of travel that we did.

Next year, Bradley Whittle is looking after tours. I know he has two snow trips booked and plenty of other exciting travel for you. Support him and you won't be sorry.

Chris Houghton-Allen
Tours Organiser, 1976.

Norm and Wally were our two drivers. Norm came from a place called Far Canal which is a series of lakes (like Patterson Lakes in Melbourne) but NW of Sydney. Far Canal is north of Near Canal and Middle Canal, Wally came from?

We headed for Ayers Rock. Most of us walked up the rock. Some crawled (namely Julie Jerka) and Gidget ran. I went up on the chair lift. Gidget wanted to be first at the Kiosk to buy a can of Fosters (Lager, that is).

Heading South, we arrived at Coober Pedy. Here was one of the best Caravan parks on the trip. People, there, travel to see grass. The ground in the park was made up of rocks and dirt, rocks and dirt and more rocks and dirt, with a few opal chips for good luck. Errol was still hiding.

On the Adelaides, and a night in a big city. Saturday Night that is. In this town, they go round the streets in formal wear! Boy, were we ever out of place.

Norm politely directed a lady to the correct bus. She asked us where we were going and he told her!
I wish to thank the Physical Education Department of the S.C.V. Frankston (Quick get help, he's flipped, the strain's been too much for him*) Honestly folks I want to thank them, picture this scene: your humble scribe arises at 7.30 a.m. and stuggers out of a warm, if lumpy, bed and mounts a horse to set off for his position as Principal (and Infant, Intermediate and Senior Grade teacher, and cleaner) of a tiny country school. This poor frozen wreck arrives to find that these primitive schools have none of the modern conveniences of overnight arsonists that we know in the city and he* must light his* own tiny guard against the cold. Who is it who comes to his aid in this time of need? The beloved Physical Education Department of SCV Frankston. Cruel, callous Mathematics have given merely a first year's course of notes which sit on a reference shelf awaiting the time he* needs to prepare some work for the class. Social Science, Science and even your common-or-garden English have also thought in first year notes only of supplying materials or ideas for work.

It takes the practical first year course of Physical Education to give him* the one hundred-ODD pages of kindling he* needs full of such fiery phrases as "homeostasis-imbalance", "Gonorrhoea can be inherited?", "Group Dynamics and Social Change", "Central Nervous System has three parts", (You're being facetious!) What else can I do, teach children twelve years or less about gonorrhoea? Mummy would be pleased. What does 'Vasoconstrictor' or 'Quasistationary Equilibrium' mean to a child?

Even more practical in this country school your scribe, should he* ever encounter a vaulting horse in a field, knows that he* can jump it to the value of 5.7 out of ten and should a child be injured because he* doesn't correctly teach a P.E. lesson he* knows he* can reach a doctor in twelve minutes, providing the doctor is 4% circuits of the upper oval away. He* can even dance or swim at 4% out of ten, his* class is proud.

Some lecturers give practical advice but they have to work against the system of assessing our ability to perform not ability to TEACH.

* read he/she/it if you wish to pass P.E. part one.

Neil Barnett

This has been a successful year for sport at Frankston with eight teams making grand finals and with Football, Women's Basketball and Hockey taking out Premierships.

This year we have tried to introduce a system by which responsibility has been distributed to numerous club presidents thus enabling us to work at the overall organizational level, rather than with individual teams and events. In part this has been successful, but as usual, poor participation in many areas made this difficult to achieve.

We believe that if sport is to remain an active past of college life, then participation and interest must be constantly aroused. If this is achieved through constant hard work by organizers then sport will remain a Wednesday afternoon phenomenon; but if not it will die a sudden death. The position of sports rep. is seen by many as one of esteem but we recommend that unless you are prepared for the amount of work involved, don't nominate for the position — you'll be in for a nasty shock.

We wish to thank all interested students who gave us their time to assist us whenever possible, those lecturers who supported or coached various teams, and all interested spectators who provided support throughout the year. Most of all we wish to thank you, the active participant, for without you, sport would be non-existent.

We wish next years reps the best of luck and hope they enjoy the position as much as we have.

Geoff Harris
Heather Parry
BASKETBALL BLUNDERS

Thursday — Convoy to Wollongong got away to a flying start leaving half an hour late. The smart boys knowing the taste of New South Wales beer decided to load up at South Side Six. Eight dozen tubes are thrown in the boot. The trip to Seymour for tea as passed with the boys discussing white ant tactics for the future weekend. Next “Pitt” stop was at Benalla for refreshments and the beginning of the liquid diet weekend. Convoy presses on but Sutty and Alpie have a cow of a time just before Albury. The trip then takes a quieter attitude as troops begin to get tired.

Friday — Main party arrives in the ‘Gong’ at ten a.m. and head straight for their own cots. The two old men and Fagan decide on a tour of the Gongs pubs and clubs as they rest. Quanchi arrives and awakens the dead to take them to the pub situated 150 yards from the motel. Rein forcements in the form of Sutty, Macca, Pam and a physically exhausted Roe Quail hit the ‘Gong’ two hours before the first game at seven p.m. In the pre-game tactics Russell, after looking at the state of the boys decides to devote his attention to full time coach of the women (basketball that is) Surprise result boys go down girls win. The two hitchhikers Alpie and Shandy have arrived. After the game everyone except Sutty, Pa and George go out to paint the town and Fagan accounces engagement for weekend. The crew arrives back, wakes Sutty from ga ga land to tell him turn is in his room. Pa and George dragged to the turn. Alpie and Jo are A.W.O.L. Tony and Gags discuss the merits of hate. Tony decides to hitch back to a certainty and at last Pop flukes.

Saturday — Fagan greets breakfast ladies with a Ballarat. The morning games continue as the Frankston boys show consistency. The girls remain undefeated, must be due to the cosmic vibrators (etc.) in the beds. Troops have counter lunch and stagger back to stadium for afternoon clashes. Girls still do it easy on the court. The evening meal is devoured in the pub and George is molested by Maori waitress. The annual turn at the ‘Gong’ for all teams is a bit of a danger as they don’t have a band so boys liven it up with a brown eye.

Troops decide to adjourn back to the motel. Gags attempts a tumbler outside room. Sutty is kept awake by the movements of Mr. & Mrs. Fagan. Pa decides to place a few early morning reminder calls while Derek white ants at Soccer Club dance. Still no sighting Alpie and Jo.

Sunday — Sutties turn to greet breakfast lady. The boys in a last ditch attempt to post their first victory on the basketball court decide to share a few cans during the fame but fail by the small margin of twenty points. Girls suffer their first defeat at the hands of the eventual winners and thus decide to hit the champers. The boys next game becomes a little ugly as they do battle with their friendly foes Rusden. Then the girls play off Bendigo for third spot and its a draw. Edna strikes form to the amazement of herself.

The party decide that they have made the most of what the ‘Gong’ has offered and so start the trip back. Fagans brainstorm of buying champers for the trip home goes down well with the boys in the Valiant. Girls become irrate when they learn the champers has been swilled by the old timers. Pop and Pa stage T.V. Ringside on the Hume Highway. Alpie and Jo are found but the sighting is short lived as they decide to stay at the Holbrook Motel. The trip ends at Mrs. Fagans for coffee and everyone arrives home safely. A very successful trip.

Celebrations continue during week after ‘Bats’ win final and the trip winds up at Quanchi’s on Wednesday night with a raging turn.

Signed: Pa.
During the 1976 College Year the Athletics Club has been an active participant in inter-college sports. It is hoped that next year the club will continue this way.

We are pleased to report that our college, due to the efforts of many (?) of it's able bodied track and field athletes were placed second in the Victorian Inter-College Athletics Carnival, held in early April this year. Unfortunately the enthusiasm generated for this carnival did not extend to the Australasian Inter-Collegiate Championships held in late April: as in these sports we were unplaced. (not surprising with the turn up of people).

The apathy .... (yes, here’s that dirty word again) indicated by our college was also evident in all other Victorian Colleges. It was a great disappointment for our Interstate Guests to see the half-hearted display put on. In past years, a great time had been had by all who participated in the Australasian Championships in N.S.W. (Narrabeen). It seems such a shame that interest is lagging.

The Athletics Club has achieved a considerable amount this year despite the earlier mishaps with the sports. We now have equipment of our own, due to an S.R.C. grant, and do not have to rely on the P.E. dept. We also have a few uniforms for next year, t-shirts, shorts, spikes, etc. The club now has a small bank account for next years trip to Queensland for the Australasian Championships, if they’re on.

This money was raised by about twenty people who slogged their guts out running around Hastings in the pouring rain one Wednesday afternoon in term 2.

Next year, you the students, have an uphill battle to renew the enthusiasm which has been evident in past years. On viewing this talent this college has and the fact that we are one of the few colleges left with Wednesday Afternoons free for sport; we should be the instigators along with Rusden to try and instil enthusiasm in other colleges.

To all the people who helped the Athletics Club in any way throughout '76 ..... thank you .....

To those of you who will carry it on in future “Good luck” (you’ll need it).

Trudy Fritzlaff
Glen Parkhill
In the three years I have been at this college I feel that Social Service has been undergoing a slow death. This has been enhanced this year by the abandoning of tutor group meetings and the general apathy in the college.

However, there are areas in which success was achieved. A special thanks to:

- all those who participated in the runathon in the actual organisation the runners and the sponsors.
- to those people who helped collect money for Marathon Spastic Centre, and Good Friday Appeal for the Royal Children's Hospital.
- to Z13 for helping to raise money to give Easter Eggs for the residents of the Mount Eliza Geriatric Hospital.

There are still some Social Service Projects to come in the latter part of the year.

The Blood Bank
Country and Western Night
Trash and Treasure Stall

Much of the money raised this year will go towards the purchasing of an Audiometer for the Ringwood Speech Therapy Clinic.

Finally I would like to say thank you to the members of my committee.

I'd like to wish next years committee every success and I hope that they may build up Social Service to what I'm sure it could be with the resources of this college.

Glenda Frazer.

S.R.C. has continued to expand its activities this year, with committees formed to arrange Speakers, the Thursday morning market, publicity for all studet
TO MARKET, TO MARKET!

Added to S.R.C. activities this year was the introduction of Market Day, held every second-Thursday - appropriately Pay Day for all studentship holders. The market was launched with the idea of providing students with the opportunity to buy and sell commodities and articles which would be made by the staff and students themselves. We initially envisaged it available only to members of the college so that vendors would not be put out of business by commercial enterprise. However either interest, time or talent was lacking so we ventured to invite local shop-owners to bring their wares to college if prices and commodities were appropriate. This livened Market Day considerably, and proved to be what students wanted. Throughout the year, stalls consisted teaching aids; shawls and scarves, jewellery, leather work, batik craft, second-hand books and clothes, jeansery, records and flower arrangements.

We think it an idea worth continuing and developing to include learning-exchange opportunities, bartering boards and a "services swap". This probably needs more organization than we were prepared to devote, but I think if the interest was increased, individuals could give a little extra time to improve the set-up and facilities. Hopefully its capabilities may be realized next year by a few enthusiasts willing to devote a little effort to the success of Market Day.

Good luck! Karen Bird.
ENTERTAINMENTS 76.

Entertainments this year ran very smoothly with the college seeing some of Melbourne's and Australia's top groups from the rock revival. We were lucky enough to get $1.55 for a cabaret before they got right out of our price range.

Silver studs were also enjoyed by all.

- A change of pace with groups such as Stylus - Ross Ryan, Bushwackers to the more standard rock groups. Ariel La De Das and many more.

On the lighter side; when Ron Blasket had to cancel his booking for the Roaring 20's Cabaret the booking agents excuse - "Jerry had Laryngitis".

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the people who helped with the organization, setting up and cleaning up of the cabaret nights.

They know whom they are - a big thank you.

J.C. Williamson watch out.

Thanks for 3 great years.

Lee Murnane.

ED'S NOTE

Messrs L. Murnane and G.K. Edmonds valiantly but alas in vain tried to book an act from the occupants of the flying saucers so often seen above their abode on the Nepean Highway, but then it matters heaps.
S.C.V. Frankston S.R.C. present

'A ROCKING HORROR SHOW'

at ST. KILDA TOWN HALL on
TUESDAY, JULY 27th., from 8 p.m.

Featuring

TAPESTRY
FAT DADDY
RAY GUNN AND
THE LASER
BEAMS
$5.50 per head. B.Y.O.

"Oh, I thay, why not
come to the
TOFTH
BALL'

Midst doubtful fears
And happy cheers
I braved the job
With — sometimes — fears
But through the year
With beer on beer
The job became
Much less a fear
The need for theme
Quite often came
But with the beam
Of willing friends
The need was quickly righted
Spaceman, robot, freak and fiend
Kinky types and very mean
Garter bands and silken hose
Were highlights of the Horror Show
With soon to come
The slick Toffs Ball
The undoubted climax
To it all
My year will end
Sigh, — no — hurray!
Until I'm landed another day.

Jan Adams
Social Secretary '76
This year the S.R.C. Film Society started off with several difficulties. Some of these were lost film catalogues, uncooperative film bookers, and one not so confident projectionist.

One pleasing aspect of this year's film nights was the fact that 90% of the audience were people from outside college. Finally the public has realised that the films are for the public and not just for students. This is good as the attendance by students has been approx. 8 or 9 students each night.

Despite this it has been a good year for all those involved. Many thanks must go to those which made this possible, Jane, Marion, Kaye, Garry, Fred, Cathy, Linda and most of all Gwenda who withstood insults from angry film companies and confused patrons.

Next year I hope that everyone especially students give the film society all their support for which I'm sure they will be rewarded.

Special thanks must go to John Ashneault for his cooperation throughout the year.

A taste of films to come. JAWS, GODFATHER PART 2, MANDINGO, THE STING, BLAZING SADDLES, ROLLERBALL, EARTHQUAKE. Film Lists are available at S.R.C. office.

Jeff. Curwood.
Theatre and Dramatics is one of the few S.R.C. committees that can ethically aim at making a profit with what it produces. This profit is then re-invested into other productions to make them bigger and better ending with the Pantomime which either makes a loss or breaks even in an effort to give the kids a better deal. Profit over the year, after fulfilling commitments with the Administration, can then be channelled into other committees or activities that find themselves short of funds through rising costs. (For example, the fact-finding tour of Europe that we are about to embark upon).

The comedy, ‘See How They Run’ put on early in the year was a great success both financially and from the point of view of the college’s public relations. The effort put in by all concerned was fantastic reaped well-deserved rewards.

The musical, ‘Free As Air’, as it is still relatively early to say at the time of this writing, looks like being every bit as successful as last year’s ‘Pyjama Game.’ Direction by Bob Bilsborough and Musical Direction by Jim Ogden was the key to its progress and, if we haven’t said so already, we appreciate all they put in. Celebrating the opening of the musical coincided with the arrival of a daughter to Mr. & Mrs. Bilsborough. With two excuses to have parties, never can they be accused of bad timing.

The effort put in by the cast and crew was enormous and there is no truth to the rumour that they volunteered so that they could come to the cast party (hic).

The success of ‘The Pied Piper’ in 1975 established a precedent of putting on a Pantomime for the enjoyment of the children in the region. We investigated many scripts early in the year and found none that were satisfactory. This led us to write one ourselves based on the story of ‘Cinderalla’. This bright, hilarious, musical pantomime is a direct product of our collective intelligence, wit, musical talent and extreme modesty.

The Pantomime, as much as all the other shows depends almost entirely on any volunteers who come to our aid. We, as co-heads can only do so much on our own. The thing that concerns us most is that it is usually the same people who volunteer and we see so few new faces. This problem carries right through all committees and activities so it no longer disillusions us.

In closing, we would like to thank all those who helped during the year and hope for bigger and better things in 1977, whomever takes on the task.

NEIL BARNETT & GARRY MARTIN

P.S. That guy Neil caught in the costume department wearing an evening gown has two days to make the next instalment or his name and the photograph will appear on the notice-board!!
Activities week ran from Monday 13th September to Wednesday 22nd. There was a large and varied range of activities from a man playing his organ to boys dressing up in drag.

There were large crowds at all the events which justified the time, money and effort, put into activities week, by a lot of people.

The two turns in the Common Room (Roaring 20's and Country and Western nite) produced a wild time for some and hangovers for many the next morning, including myself.

Zoo Story was a tremendous success and those who viewed the play would agree with me on this point, congratulations to all involved.

Probably the most smutty part of activities week was the Miss F.T.C. But as every year, it was the highlight as the contestants bitched behind stage. Well done Claudia Chit (alias M. Hussey) they say he only had to pay the judges $5.

The College Group was also popular and with a little practice; a few singers; a good bass player, another bad guitarist they could go along way.

The Car Rally on the Sunday enticed many budding Alan Moffats, most entries got lost on the second clue which separated the men from the girls (they got together again later)

A record was made on this day, the course was 28 miles long. While one car clocked 123 miles up, another took 4 hours to cover 33 miles (the mind boggles).

The Snatch Competition put 11 groups of students through 7 hours of laughs and excitement. Things borrowed included a nurse, a fire engine, a coffin, a calf, several store dummies, police hat, several cars, the college truck, 4 toilet seats and every electrical appliance from the college staff room etc. etc.

But overall activities week was a tremendous success and thanks to all those who came along and special thanks to those who helped out.

— DAVID
Miss F.F.C. 1976 is.....

we really wanted Doug!}
STRUAN AWARDS:

- ceramics  KERRY JONES; LEE SOMERVILLE
- graphics  HELEN BOSCH;
- painting  JENNY WHITFORD; GLENDA PATTERSON
- photography  ROSEMARY DOWARD; JEFF MEAD
- poetry  DEBBIE WHEATLY
- prose  LEW WILSON
- sculpture  ROD OTTO
- music  RON WHelan
PAINTING - Jenny Whitford
I heard the other day
that Jimmy Hendrix lives on Mars.
That he plays his guitar
on the wind,
across the sand,
letting it echo across the plains
and canyons.
A song of the wind
in a place where time will remember.
A person alone playing his life to all who will listen.

Debbie Wheatley.

The phone box shook, or maybe it was me. My insides shaking
from the tears that wouldn't come. Nothing was happening. I
couldn't even cry, you wouldn't let me go.

You bastard, you wouldn't leave me. Even 4,000 miles
wouldn't keep your smooth talk from my brain. Letters. Words.
Smooth, too smooth. Smooth I choked on you and your words.
I couldn't even cough, you kept shoving smooth words like
custard at me. I'm a fool, I ate all of your sweet lies like a
good girl. "Eat it all up, it's good for you" and I did, good
girl, good and lonely.

You left yet you stayed, stained in my memory like a burn,
like the burn you left the first night, every night. The burn,
the closeness that you gave. But after you went you took the
closeness and left me only the pain and 4,000 miles.

I want to scream at you, throw back all the crap talk you
mouthed at me. But I can't, you're 4,000 miles away and the
telephone won't take crap. You're 4,000 miles away.

"Hello, Hello. Yes its me ... sweet lies. I love you ... smooth
crap 4,000 miles. I love you."

Debbie Wheatley.
OVERLOADED

I was in the life when it happened. I mean to say it really was very inconsiderate, he made me awfully late for my lecture. He just spilt it all over the floor!

Not wanting to get involved I just sank back into the corner and watched with disbelief as the scene unravelled.

As I said, it just spilled out, running all over the floor. Well! You know how grabby some people are! Two or three of them rummaged through it and picked out the good bits, and believe me, he really did have some choice pieces to offer. They just took the pieces they wanted and stuffed them into their pockets.

There were others. I noticed a few who wanted to sort through it, but their pride or perhaps their conscience stopped them. You could see their shifty glances, turning, looking, for that cold steel hand to clamp on their shoulder and say “You took some, didn’t you?” So, they just stood back and gazed with envious eyes.

I noticed one other whom I just can’t forget, a middle aged lady. I could see she felt sorry for him. The poor dear really didn’t understand at all. I remember her tut, tuts as she ducked around like a mother hen. At first she tried scooping it up, shoving back in the pieces which she had managed to get. Of course we all knew it was no use! We all knew, but at least she tried to help.

It was so inconvenient, just a small trickle at first, but then it increased until it was gushing out. I can still see it, dribbling down over his face, onto his white shirt and then plopping onto the floor.

Made quite a mess it did. I don’t know what’ll happen to it all, I suppose people will take all the good bits, he really was quite clever. I don’t know about the useless bits though, the love, the memories, emotions, I suppose they’ll be squashed and trampled into the floor. Inevitably a job for the cleaners. Damn inconsiderate I reckon, made me so late too.

O well! What can you do when someone chooses to blow their mind in a lift?

L. Wilson
HALF WAY BLUES – Traditional

Well I woke up this mornin’
Blues were on my mind (repeat)
I’m in the middle of this three year course
Really messed up in the mind.

Bin wonderin’ what I’m doin’ here
Yeah this place has blown my mind
I could leave an get a high paid job
Have a real expensive time
Yeah I woke up this mornin’ had the halfway
blues all through my brain.

Now people say I’m educated
Man there really fooled
I’m just part of a system
I simply follow the rules
If I get by to third year
I don’t think I’ll know just what to do.

Now I’ve got the halfway blues alright
Second years to blame
But if I complete third year
It well, just might lead to fame
Might just cruise off on a tangent though.
And go “bona tiddle tiddle bang”
Just the same

Now I woke up tomorrow mornin
An I thought about today
Bout how I sung this song to you
An this is all I got to say
Just “do a couple of good blue numbers
An things will seem to go your way.

Now the halfway blues have got
hold of me yeah
Think I’ll go insane
Halfway blues yeah halfway blues, now
Yeah you cause me pain
But bein blue an happy an sad an high
Is part of life
Just a game.

“Wheels”
Notes to guitarists (or pianists) but preferably guitarists.
1. Slow blues  2. 12 bars  3. four beats in the bar.

BARS AND CHORDS

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Last bar enlarged.

TIMING

Accent first note of each triplet
and rest on the second

(Pretty complex huh!)

MUSIC Ron Whelan

GO TO FIRST BAR
DRUGS

Have you ever wondered just who the hell banned marijuana in the first place?

Dope has been around for a long time, some historians trace it back 5000 years, and in all that time it never seemed to cause too much bother. History books don’t recount any era in which the drug caused trouble — except during the twentieth century when suddenly it became a very terrible substance indeed.

Even the British, who stumbled across dope in the 19th century when they invaded India, decided that it didn’t warrant banning. Naturally, when the British realized that all these Indians were getting turned on by this strange weed they were worried, a common enough trait — most people fear what they don’t understand or don’t know. So the boffins in control of the army decided to investigate the “Hemp” situation.

In 1894, at Simla in India, the British army published what is now regarded as a classic study of the drug. The Report of the Indian Hemp Commission (a seven volume work, 30000 words long: a summation of two years’ study which involved interrogating 800 doctors, various yogis, fakirs, heads of lunatic asylums, peasants, tax gatherers, smugglers, hemp dealers, army officers, clergy etc.) virtually gave hemp a clean bill of health. The report admitted three major things:

* There is no evidence of any weight regarding mental and moral injuries from the moderate use of the drug.

* Large numbers of practitioners of long experience have seen no evidence between the moderate use of hemp drugs and disease.

* Moderation does not lead to excess in hemp any more than it does in alcohol. Regular, moderate use of ganja or bhang produces the same effects as moderate and regular doses of whisky. Excess is confined to the idle and dissipated.

However, just on forty years later, in America, the press was screaming that a marijuana epidemic was responsible for a terrible wave of heinous rapes, murders, and sexual frenzy. These reports resulted from the publication of an article, Marijuana — The Assassin of Youth, which claimed that "Marijuana is the unknown quantity among narcotics. No one knows, when he smokes it, whether he will become a philosopher, a joyous reveller, a mad insenate, or a murderer.

"In Florida, police found a youth staggering around a human slaughterhouse. With an axe he had killed his father, mother, two brothers, and a sister. He had no recollection of having committed this multiple crime. Ordinarily sane, a rather quiet young man, he had become crazed from smoking marijuana.

"In at least two dozen comparatively recent cases of murder or degenerate sex acts, marijuana proved to be a contributing cause."

Phew, certainly is heavy stuff, but later, in the late 60’s and early 70’s researchers investigated police files of that era to find those cases but none could be found.

There were no rapes or murders that had really been attributed to dope. Somebody was lying, but who.

None other than the boss of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger, the arch enemy of marijuana users.

During prohibition Harry was a ‘revenooer’ but, with the demise of prohibition, Harry and his mates were out of work. Harry, being a very cunning bureaucratic manipulator, quickly set up the the Narcotics Bureau and the prohibition police then shifted their attention to morphine, heroin and cocaine users.

last post
However, Harry felt restricted. Hard narcotic use was not prevalent in the States at that time, and he needed something sensational to earn him a mandate from the people to increase the size and wealth of his department, and of course his own power.

Harry sniffed around the drug world, read books, talked to dealers, and unearthed the ideal drug, a mild little number that few ordinary people were aware of marijuana, or muggles as Harry often called it.

Harry immediately launched his marijuana scare and he was able to get much mileage out of the fact that marijuana was basically alien to the majority of white middle class Americans because its slow rise in popularity was due to the influence of (gulp) coloureds! Mexican field hands conscripted to work in Los Angeles helped spread word of the drug, and it also gained notoriety (and its first measure of coolness) through the bebop ranks of negro musicians.

Harry organised the production of films such as the classic Reefer Madness (so classic that it's now become a satire). He generated hysteria through the printed media and supplied numerous journalists with concocted but hair-raising stories of the horror of marijuana. If he couldn't co-opt the services of servile journalists he would write the articles himself (he had quite a gripping style) and pressure newspapers into printing them.

Then at Government enquiries he would turn around and tender these articles to support his massive drive against marijuana, usually neglecting to mention that he'd written many of those articles himself and supplied all the figures. And, as I've already pointed out, none of his shock 'n horror stories stood up to investigation much later.

But Harry's campaign was very successful.

In 1937 he persuaded the US Congress to pass the Marijuana Tax Act, which forbade the sale of marijuana without a tax stamp. To gain stamps you had to apply to the Narcotics Bureau and they would issue no stamps — catch 22.

This Act quickly evolved into the marijuana laws as we know them today (although, with increasing rapidity these laws are now being softened).

Every person who has ever been busted for dope can thank Harry, who died late last year.

However, Harry's legacy lives on. His Campaign against marijuana spread right around the world, not only to the western countries, where dope smoking is not part of the culture, but also to countries where use of dope is as traditional and everyday as drinking booze. In some parts of India and the Arabic countries, booze is considered immoral due to religious beliefs, but even in these countries, Big Brother Uncle Sam has been able to lean heavily and bring into action Harry's masterplan to rid the world of weed.

Even in late '73, when in the US the marijuana laws had just started to be reversed, Americans managed to convince Nepal, one of the most traditional of dope smoking countries, to ban weed, even though British, a century earlier were prepared to tolerate it.

In a way it's a shame Harry died. He should have been made to live to see the world decriminalise dope. Then, every person who had ever been arrested could visit Harry and have a long, long chat with him.

J.J. McRoach.
The scene: A small, bare room in a small, bare house, inhabited by three small, bare people.

The time: The middle hour of a day in Mid-August.

The situation: Drastic!

Once upon a time in the m/s-thical village of Frankston-by-the-sea, there lived three little bares. First year bare, Second year bare, and Third year bare, who lived huddled together beneath a sheet of galvanized iron surrounded by four sheets of masonite; which the landlord called "modern, split level dwelling". One day Third year said, in a deep voice which had often made little sixth graders quake in their desks, "What's for dinner!" Second year said, in a middle-school voice- "I don't know. Hey, First year, what's for dinner!" First year in a voice that had often made prep-grades run amok, said "... So that's what they ate. While it cooled, they decided to push their car to the College of Knowledge. On their way they met Wee Willie Winkle, a well known candidate for myocardial infarction, rushing from his milk round and hoping to reach the college by one o'clock for his psych lecture. From

there he hopes to leave early to get to the petrol station by two. With these and his other two jobs, he hopes he will be able to earn enough to cover his tuition costs, book and teaching aid purchases and, hopefully, the cost of his hospitalization for this year.

Further along the road they passed the three little pigs who, having just collected their dole cheques, had left their parent house and were going to try out their brand new surf boards. Third Year thought, "If that nice new car gets dirty maybe they'll pay me enough to clean it so I'll be able to buy some paper for my next assignment."

A tattered paper blew into their faces and avidly they read the latest news; "Wages to rise by 2.2%", "Mal urges people to spend", "Pensioners say latest rise won't cover price rises". A tear...
Now for some statistics:

- 4631 tertiary students live in sub-standard accommodation.
- 7834 tertiary students sought part-time work unsuccessfully.
- 61.32% of tertiary students can't afford entertainment.
- 67.98% of tertiary students are underfed, during term.
- 11.70% of students don't like Col. Sanders' Kentucky Chicken.
- 6908 tertiary students can't afford Walt Disney comics.
- 98.99% of tertiary students are underfed, during term.

These statistics don't mean anything but they do look good, don't they?

The Saga of the Three Bares is no truer than these statistics, but doesn't it ring a bell?

- How many times have you coasted downhill in neutral to save some petrol?
- Made a cut lunch rather than buy it?
- Taken home whatever is left in the bottle you took to a party?
- Raided your cent-jar for petrol money?
- Sorted through last year's notes for blank paper? Or asked
- the SRC for the 50¢ pads, because they had a 'nice colour'?
- Picked up a pen in the Library that wasn't yours but looked like the 'one that just ran out'?
- Looked through the Lost Property when you hadn't lost anything?

Don't some of these sound familiar, not only lack of money but its chronic mismanagement cause these low tricks.

Why should those on the dole get more than students when they don't have to travel to a place of unemployment, or buy paper for assignments in not working or even buy books to help avoid gaining a position?

We can't get you more money here but if your estate agent gives you a rough deal the Consumer Affairs Bureau will help you (ph. 6513911). For textbooks see students from last year, share books, or try second-hand bookshops (a torn cover doesn't matter). For jobs watch the Employment notice board in the cafe and try anything. Tutoring? Babysitting? Odd jobs?

Jane Taylor & Neil Barnett:
"Political Power comes from the barrel of a gun." — Mao Tse Tung

"Social Power comes from the gun of a barrel." — Mick Hussey.

The Golden Rule is: "Those who have the gold make the rules."

The Golden Rule is: "Those who have the gold make the rules."

Socialism is the work of the opiums

What does a molecule of air do when it hits a wall? It's反弹.

PLEASE DO NOT THROW MATCHSTICKS IN THE TOILET BOWL — CRABS HAVE NOW LEARNT TO POLE VAULT.

What do you get when you cross Muhammad Ali with the Queen?

Answer: Chocolate Royals.

ha! ha!

The word for today is "less". Go forth and spread the word.

If this crap above is a typical example of tertiary intelligence, I will be duke of the college.

Hashish to ashes, lost to dust, if acid don't get ya, heroin must.

‘how come they’re all anonymous?’

J(ohn) Cleese
1948 (Show)
EXIT

GROUPS

'76
Gary Adams, Linda Bennell, Helen Currie, Philip Dodd, Sue Dummett, Julie Ford, John Gallagher, Eileen Garth, Ian Harris, Kerry Hunter, Michael Hussey, Janice Lierich, Raymond Matheson, Keryn McLear, Clare O'Brien, Janet O'Brien, Lorraine Osborne, Bernadette Parks, Russell Paxino, Susan Schneifer, Jennifer Seamons, Leonie Simpson, Janette Sims, Nigel Spencer, Shane Sutcliffe, Marie Tobin, Julia Wilson.
Yvonne Akers, Joan Armstrong, Marina Bassi, Malcolm Boag, Jane Childs, Geoffrey Cook, Michael Cowden, Lynette Davidson, Sylvia Earl, Sandra Hahn, Kerry Jones, Suzanne Le Maitre, Patricia Mackin, Robyn Maguire, Mary McElhone, Ian Michelson, Roderick Otto, Rex Perry, Geoffrey Pitts, David Reed, Leanne Sexton, Peter Twiddy, Patricia Waldron, Christopher Wells
Rodney Besley, Leslee Buck, Susan Cadwallader, Susan Charlesworth, Martin Edney, Robyn Gardner, Annette Grout, Annette Jones, Ronald Lyon, Carol McIntosh, Allyson McKinney, Andrew Morrish, Jennifer Morssinkhof, Garry O'Meara, Jeanette O'Neill, Glenn Parkhill, Sandra Payne, Monica Petschel, Jilham Shilton, Judith Short, Marlene Smith, Frank Thexton, Gregory Tuck, Viktoria Tulk, Julie Turner, Peter Williams
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Diane Campbell, Julie Crosby, Melanie Guiney, Karen Gargreaves, Gillian Harkness, Sandra Hatchett, Mary-Anne Hatfield, Jennifer Hatherley, Lynda Haw, Penelope Hayward, Myrelia Hennequin, Pauline Henry, Valérie Hoit, Denise Horan, Kathryn Horton, Mark Howieson, Jennifer Hughes, Cheryl Hulls, Anne Humphris, Pauline Hussey, Debra Ivers, Julie Anne Jenkins, Judith Johansen, Robert Koster, Lynne Moore, Pamela Young
'OH GOD WHAT HAVE I DONE?'
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Sincere thanks.

Charles Zamit
On behalf of