EDitors

Hi — we are your truly devoted Struan Editors. Well at least we intended to be. We had all great intentions but often the best laid plans of mice and men seem to go astray — but here it is in all it’s glory the 1980 STRUAN — We’d like to thank all those who contributed towards compiling this year’s Struan as without them it could not have been possible. We’d like to give a very big thank you to Gwenda Perry for all that she’s done for not only us but for all the students of the College. We’d also like to thank all those we pestered all year either for information on getting started and contributions. Hope you enjoy reading Struan — Good Luck where ever you may venture in ‘81.

MICHELLE POWER
VICKI SMITH
The 1980 academic year draws to a close. The year has perhaps been one of the most dramatic in the history of the College.

The year has been marked by the response of the Council of the College to advice it had received from the Victorian Post-Secondary Education Commission about proposed intakes into the primary pre-service programme. The Council responded in a number of ways. It had to be sensitive to the problems of the oversupply of the number of primary teachers in the State and, at the same time, do nothing that would jeopardise the standing of the College as a college of advanced education serving the Frankston and neighbouring regions.

The Council resolved to admit only 50 new students instead of its planned 220. The Council had to modify the Diploma of Teaching (Primary) and (Early Childhood) courses to cater for this reduced number. At the same time, the Council argued the case for a new type of post-secondary education institution in Frankston. This institution is proposed as a comprehensive, multi-level Frankston Institute. The Institute is designed to provide access to a wider range of awards other than those of only teacher education.

The Board of Inquiry was established by the Victorian Post-Secondary Education Commission to examine the proposal argued by Council. to date, the evidence suggests that the present College will diversify into a number of disciplines and diploma and degree awards such as business studies, applied science and arts, for example. The evidence similarly suggests that the College has a greater role to play to help those who are already qualified and experienced through programmes of professional continuing education. The latter programme would extend the commitment the College already has to teachers in the regions served by the College.

Those who graduate this year have sensed some of these developments. Those in the early years of their courses are already familiar with changes that have taken place. Those who enter the College in the 1981 academic year will even be more aware of what lies ahead for the College. In many ways, we could regret the opportunities that have been denied our students in the past to have the choice of entering a college of advanced education with a diverse programme. Yet those who have been with the College have continued to be given the best the College can offer.

The Council of the College extends to all graduating students its best wishes for their future. The Council already has helped the future to be a little more certain with its introduction of Certificate courses in Education. The Council has noted with interest the way in which the 1979 graduating group availed itself of these courses. The Council trusts that this year's group will similarly do this.

These times are not easy for young people about to enter the profession. The Council and its staff are always here to assist in whatever way they can. The Council extends this invitation in the knowledge of its experience with past students. Council hopes that your 1980 academic year was all that you had expected it to be. It continues to welcome a sharing of its developments with the students it serves.

Finally, this magazine is just one record of the life you led while you were at College. When you look back over the 1980 academic year, you will obviously recall all of the good things you experienced together with all of its frustrations. I trust that you will leave us with a balanced view of what teaching is and the demands it will make on you. I further trust that your time with us has helped make you a better person just for having been associated with the staff and other students during your year of study.
President’s Report

This year like most has been a busy year for the Student Union. The year began with an attempt to rewrite an "ancient" and outdated document we call the Constitution. This exercise produced a series of vigorous debates about the basic structure and procedures of our organisation that brought about a greater awareness and understanding of "Student Affairs" that I believe has existed for some time.

The Student Union purchased some additional office equipment early in 1980 in an attempt to increase the effectiveness and efficiency of the Union. Good use has been made of the new Photocopier to improve the internal communication in the Union, as has the new Cash Register which ensures the smooth and efficient operation of the "Union Shop".

The students of this college (like students everywhere) are frequently caught in the middle of many a muddle (the meat in a badly cut sandwich). The Student Union has therefore found itself involved in attempts to resolve many controversies and I am pleased to say has usually managed to find a solution to the satisfaction of all involved. My thanks to the numerous lecturers and Administrative Staff who have supported our actions in these areas.

This year I have been fortunate enough to visit a number of other College campuses and never cease to be amazed at the comparative dedication and enthusiasm shown by those who hold positions on the SUB at this College. This being a small campus the workload placed on each committee is extensive and usually thankless; I would therefore like to take this opportunity to thank all those people who have given much of their "free" time at this College to the service of their colleagues via the Student Union.

This year the Student Union was forced to survive for 4 weeks without its Business Manager — Gwenda Perry. It seems almost mandatory each year for the outgoing President to thank Gwenda, however I hope this is not meant to imply that these thanks are given without sincerity. As anyone who was involved with the Union Office during Gwenda’s absence will assure you, Gwenda has a most demanding job, which she performs with superhuman expertise and for this we are all sincerely grateful — Thank you Gwenda.

Finally whatever your destiny in 1981 good luck and best wishes for all the success you deserve.

Sincerely,

TONY WALKER
President — 1980
Well here I am doing my final report already! The last three years have been the quickest in my life. It only seems like yesterday when I laid my shovel to rest and eagerly crept up to the Administration desk handing over a little piece of paper and a cheque for $60 or so. I was expecting at least to pay $80-$100 from what I knew from other campuses. The first day at College was like the first day at a new school, not knowing what to expect from the completely new surroundings. As it turned out I knew absolutely no-one which may have been advantageous as I have gained some tremendous friendships which will hopefully last for a long time after college finishes. Many people have told me that the saddest thing about college life is that it ends, I wholeheartedly agree and just wish that more people would utilize all the activities and benefits the Union and College provides, as who knows what will happen with the intake of 1st years next year and how much money the Union will have to supply the year’s benefits to students.

I would have liked to have seen a larger cross-section of people involved in different activities throughout the year, don’t wait till 3rd year to come out of the wood-work and get involved in things, like the Musical, the Snow Trip, Adelaide or coming to the turn organised. My congratulations to those “un-third years” (I am sick of classifying people as 1st and 2nd years) who have made the effort and will never look back.

College to me has been a social experience as well as an academic one, when you get a large number of people of the same age group who have decided on a similar idea, there must be some kind of unity that builds up over the years that will not fade easily from our memories. So make the most of college life while you can!

Before I end these memoirs I would like to make a special mention of someone who has proved the Frankston SUB to be a viable, intelligent and meaningful organisation in the eyes of those who count. I mean my superior Tony Walker, the amount of time he has spent in conference, debates and organisation is unknown to most people, and the credibility of the Union is the highest it has been for a long time. Well done Tony. As for myself, well hopefully I contributed in some meagre way to the efficiency and effectiveness of the Union, and I know the people I gave loans to liked me immediately before they got their cheques! And I even know one or two people that enjoyed the things I have organised throughout the year.

Well what more can I say, I started writing with no aims or objectives in mind and have managed to blurt out some of my thoughts onto paper, they may not be too coherent, but the ideas hopefully are there. I’d like to thank so many people for their friendship and support, Union and non-Union members, but I haven’t enough room to list everybody so THANK YOU. The ball’s in your court now, play it truly and you’ll win. It’s up to you. Good luck.

ANDREW FORREST
ENTERTAINMENTS

This year, although the Entertainments Committee has been short of funds, we have had quite a bit of activity at College. Some of the bands that have turned it on at the turns have been the "Cobbers", "Bill Millers Great Blokes" (twice), "The Elks", "Banshee" and "Harvest". We have also had many lunchtime concerts, the most notable being "Jasmin and the Tealeaves" and "Greg Hind". In the successful "Ross Ryan" Concert earlier this year, Ross promised to record a live single at this college. This is hopefully something to look forward to next year.

The movie night with the "Deer Hunter" was an enormous success and more film nights are a certainty next year.

The entertainments committee next year are Anne Douglas and Micky Morris. I know they will do a great job, as this year they have given me a lot of support in the organisation of functions.

Finally I would like to thank Garry Rolfe, Micky Morris, Anne Douglas, Mandy Cook, Andrew Forrest, Paul Hodges, Lesley Hill, Mick Higgins, Patsy Atkinson, Phil Anthony, Shane Davey and many others for their great help in the organisation of functions.

STEPHEN CROSSLEY
ASCOLTA

This past year has been a trying one for those of us who try to make College life more bearable. I took over the job of Ascolta Editor with all of the intentions of providing students with a black and white mirror of the lighter side of College life. With the help of a great number of friends Ascolta has appeared once with favourable comment. The job is very demanding and I found my priorities constantly changing from passing third year to avoiding lynching from our friendly President who demanded something approximating the New York Times.

Seriously though folks, Ascolta can only survive if all students take an active part in it's compilation. Sadly such participation in 1980 was forthcoming from the same people, time and time again.

To the new Editors Noelene and Julie all the very best for next year and thank you to all those who helped make Ascolta what it was and could have been in 1980.

PAUL BOOTH

PUBLICITY

EAT YOUR HEART OUT JIMMY DURANTE

Well, a lot of things I had hoped for did not eventuate this year. The glorious promise of a new publicity system gave way to the practicality of making sure people were kept informed in the most reliable way. This meant that, unfortunately, I had to use the paste-up system I promised I wouldn't at the beginning of the year. The supposed publicity film about the union followed suit soon after, as I realised that changes in the college would render any such film invalid within a very short space of time. Production expenses in time and costs didn't warrant this type of film.

Apart from the above "dubious apology", I can only say that working in the student union has been an "experience", to say the least. From P.A. frolics to horrible posters, it's all been worth it . . . .

TOM BARTOLOTTA
Publicity, 1980
SOCIAL

Well, what can we say? The first Ball of the year "Sixties, Flowerpower and all that Hip" seemed to be a great success. We really weren't sure whether it would come off, due to a few problems and hitches. You name it, we copped it. Ahhh! But we learnt. Now, we're looking forward to the final Ball (which is sure to be even better than the first)!

Thanks to all those who helped, especially Gwenda, Natalie and Robin. Not forgetting "Mr. Walker's" support during our trouble spots. We have had a great year, learnt a lot and made a lot of new friends through the Union. All the best to the new Social Committee we hope you have a great year.

WENDY BECKWITH
JOY HAVENFIELD
ANDREA GARDNER
This report brings to an end 3 years of involvement with the S.U.B. 3 very happy years, highlighted by the Musicals and the Pantomimes.

After a very shaky start “Puss in Boots” got off the ground. 13 performances and 4000 kids later we all wondered whether “Puss in Boots” would ever again hold the same mystery for us. With a total crew of 12, we were all flat out both on and off the stage. These 12 covered acting, lighting, usheretting and special effects. My thanks go to those involved. “Puss in Boots” ended an era in Pantomimes. This year the Panto is being written by our own very talented Tony Walker and Paul Booth and is aptly titled “The Enchanted Wood”. Its quite different from our usual productions, so we are all hopeful for its success.

Not far into 1980 auditions were called for “Salad Days”. A few new talents were unearthed but what happened to the first years? After much campaigning we finally roped a couple into participating, thanks Terri and Dianne. Casting complete we started rehearsals. Not long into rehearsals, we had a major reshuffle of cast due to various peoples commitments, but all ended up well.

Poor Bob still had to cope with our irregularity in attending rehearsals. Then came the exams followed by holidays. Many of us then went off on country teaching rounds which meant we couldn’t attend rehearsals. Ten days before opening night we all turned up for rehearsals. Shayne managed to break and dislocate his finger which slowed up work on the sets. But I can nearly hammer a nail in straight now. Disaster prone lot aren’t we. A big THANKS goes to Hassa for his art work on the sets. Also thank you to the marvellous wallpaper hangers.

Congratulations goes to all the Cast and Crew this year, everyone helped and really pulled their weight, especially in the sets department.

Much to our delight Opening Night went off exceptionally well, much better than we had hoped. We surprised ourselves and especially Bob. By the time word got out of how good the show was we had people flocking to see the show. We had a new experience this year producing the Musical group of school children. Challenging to say the least!

The show closed on a gala note, streamers, balloons and tears. A really sad occasion for third years especially. Then came the party to end all parties, the Ma Cher flowed freely and both cast and crew made merry. Thanks Kay! It ended perfectly a fortnight of very exciting social events for cast and crew.

Thanks to everyone involved in the Musical, all the cast, backstage crew, lighting crew, the Musicians and especially to my partner Lisa, to Margo and Kate. I’ve left my most important thank you to last. What else can I say but Thank you Bob for three wonderful years, I couldn’t have done it without you.

I wish Lisa, Wendy and Lindsay good luck for next year and I hope they gain as much as I have from my involvement with Theatre and Dramatics.

KAYE SCOTT
I took on this job because I enjoy telling people where to go. However, only about 24 people took any notice.
The Central Australian Trip finished up on the rocks but the Ski Trip to Mt. Buller took off like Rob Pignolet over the Burnt Hut jumps.
Every person who went soon learnt how to stand up on skis and even the ones who had never skied before were doing so by the end of the week. The accommodation proved to be very successful and the close proximity to the slopes and the Kooroora made it even better.
The night life proved interesting to say the least. Some highlights were:
* The entire group performing the worm for Molly Meldrum.
* Garry Rolfe's dancing partner.
* Mr. Tree and his 2 am snack.
Many other things happened, but overall everybody enjoyed themselves.
I would like to finish by wishing the next years Tours Rep. the best of luck. He'll need it when trying to collect money for the trips.

PAUL HODGES
Compiled by Messrs. Martin "Hassa" Hayes
Alan "Jack" Wood
Arthur "Wolfy" Pashos

Frew publications is proud to release its 1980 Hassa, Woody and Wolfy statement of the official comings and goings of the Camping Committee. Given that we were thrust into the position (unopposed) and had more hassles with the equipment than Bimbo's been S'd and F'd in peak hour traffic, the job's not all that bad.

Tips to the new Camping Committee, or the incoming members.
- red knob in the maiden
- take a stock evaluation
- get a new back door key, the old one's lost somewhere in Frankston
- purchase some decent gear
- buy a new glove puppet
- devise a new updated means of recording what's borrowed. The old system although serviceable, proved to be far too confusing, consequently lots of things were balled up.

In summary, the Camping Committee is a responsible position, it was ably filled in 1980 so whoever takes over in '81, don't let the crust form on the dough-nut and get off to a fresh start.

THANKYOU

ARTHUR — as usual

WOODY — ?

HASSA
The AUS Secretary for the Student Union is a most rewarding position. For the uninitiated, the job may seem mundane, but I assure you that contention is unfounded. The position entails rapport with the Regional Officer of AUS and with other sections such as Travel, Health Services etc.

This year the AUS organised a regional conference for the trainee teacher institutions, dealing solely with the problems that are unique to the Training Teacher. I attended these meetings with my cohort, Tony Walker, who as was myself, impressed by the format and the results obtained by the meetings. You may have noticed the advertisements on television regarding the problems in Education: These were a direct result of the AUS and affiliated colleges. I am proud to inform you that these conference formats were initiated by Frankston SCV in 1978 but fell into oblivion, the AUS then came to the rescue and a real association of the Colleges was commenced. As I stated in the first edition of ASCOLTA this year the students of Australia need AUS to fight battles with the bureaucratic garbage spewed forth by the various governments. Few people will realise that the Victorian Government is proposed to introduce a Bill to almost completely destroy Student Unionism in this State. It is these insidious actions that cannot be fought without a strong and viable national student body such as the AUS.

Many people tire of arguments for and against the different factions of our system of government, so I will desist in comment.

On a happier note, on behalf of AUS I wish all of the students at College and those to follow every success in their subsequent years of study, and finally life in the teaching service.

Bon Chance?
MICK HIGGINS
This year was off to a 'great' start when we discovered that Wednesday afternoons were time tabled for lectures. After kicking up a fuss, with Tony Walker's help, Administration agreed to let us have these afternoons free for activities. Unfortunately, and as usual, most of the students didn't participate in the activities we provided, but those who did thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

We started the year with the ACAESA Athletics and Swimming Carnival which was held at Olympic Park and Pool in March. Frankston finished around middle of the 26 competing colleges, which was a great effort for us, and we would like to thank all those who gave up their weekend to participate.

We entered Football, Basketball, Volleyball and Netball teams in the Wednesday afternoon Winter Intercollegiate VCAESA competition, and just missed out on reaching the Volleyball and Netball finals. Thank you again to all those who took advantage of our 'free' Wednesday afternoons to participate in the sports.

The Staff/Student Social matches were a success this year, especially for the students. We played a Volleyball and Basketball Match, with the students emerging as victors in both.

The most recent sporting activity and definitely the highlight of the year was the trip to Adelaide for the ACAESA Inter-collegiate Team Sports Carnival. We sent Football, Men's Volleyball, Women's Volleyball, Netball and Women's Hockey teams and although we did not reach the finals, an enjoyable time was had by all and Frankston certainly made their presence known.

Overall 1980 has proved to be a successful year for sport. Being so involved in the Student Union and Sport has made the difference between just another year and a fantastic one for us. It must be remembered though, that your support is needed, especially next year with the lack of student numbers. Good luck to Jane and Bert who we're sure will do their best in 1981 to make sport enjoyable for all participants.

RUTH FARRELLY and JIM WILSON
And it came to pass that on the days numbered 24 - 29 in the month of August a brave troupe of Athletes from Frankston State College journeyed forth to the pagan ritual known to others as the 1980 Winter Inter-Collegiate.

First to enter the "bus of iniquity" was Alan Wood, self-appointed coach of the football team. He was accompanied by his faithful companion and "glove puppet" Pam, know to all as Pam the Smart. Next came "Frisky the sponge", a man whose skill in filling an empty esky is surpassed only by you know who, turning water into wine. He was followed by "Sally the Snowball" who was later to fall foul of the Adelaide asphalt.

The following group included Vicki, Jenny-Anne and Kay, known to all as members of the Golden Crowbar cult. (Naturally they boarded the bus together). A religion they were to practise so capably in the days ahead. Behind them Lindy "the Kitchen", Hughy "the worm", Simon "the back door King" and John "the rock n' roll animal".

Tripping his way onto the bus came Wayne "Motor" Hill. A man with the grace and co-ordination of a crippled crab. Wayne was to gain fame later with his performance as Whelan the Wrecker at the Temple of Sinatra. Next on were the sisters "Wah Wah", Fe Fee High and Suzy Smith. The mating call of these two girls would be heard constantly from the bowels of the bus.

And the roll call continued. Peter "the Beast", Cathy "the Corrupt", Sharron Bundeburg, Natalie "Where will I sleep tonight", Andrea "The Gardener", Robyn "the sweet toothed barber", Joy "have a feel" and Karen "the Tavern". A group of felines who would save the life of many a cold tour member by generously sharing their body heat. And then a great petulance hit the bus. These were the animals Noah had left behind. Peter "the colonel", Yallop "the hamburqlar", Bruce "Balwyn", Brendan "the mouth" and Paul "Why don't they assass is ale him as well", "Patches" Kennedy.

And the flow of souls steadily increased, the members were swelling, Sonia "Weedkiller", Vicki "I can play hockey well!" Kelly, Debbie "Milkins", Sue "Where's Simon?" Chris "Lizzie" Rentfree. Jim "the great organiser" believed to be Frisky's sponging partner. Ruth "I really am sick" Farrelly, known to others as the life and death of the bus. Andrew "I'll still respect you in the morning" Forrest, known to all as the tree, where would he be planting his roots in the days ahead? Phil "em in" Anthony, called the fish, because all his shots went into the volleyball net.

Among the last were the newly converted heathens. Jane "no, no-no," Jenny "abstract", Harry "the ball", no he didn't have one, he's shaped like one. Peter "set", Tony "Spike" and Garry "ice", he was always in an esky.
The last to board, were the two bishops Harry “the butler” and Hassa “the innocent” known to all as “the odd couple”.
A pair that were to look after the best interests of all. And to drive this collection of sinners to the City of Adelaide was Billy “Kev Bartlett” Overmans, a man whose driving skills were only matched by his vocabulary.
To accompany the bus were two vehicles carrying the likes of Paul “hand cuffs” Clohesy, Michael “he’s no saint” Jew Leaft, Bert “the Devil” Julie “talkative”, and Pauline “numberplate”. A true batch of perverted souls.
And so the party was prepared, setting forth on an epic voyage, its magnitude only matched by the alcohol consumed by all . . .
The first morning in Adelaide saw 18 weary, hungover footballers set foot from the bus to do immediate battle with the most despised college Preston. Despite strong leadership the demands of the night before had left our team dry mouthed and sore backed. We lost by half a goal.
Game Highlights.
2nd half performance from Bert — Nice Bump Closs (cop that you Preston suck)
Best Player — Kickless Lucas.
Later that same day after the effects of heavy physical abuse had been overcome by more of the same Wood’s wonders foolishly took to the field to challenge home side Salisbury. With strong support from our girls who were to provide a promise of things to come, the lads displayed strong ball handling skills, so did some of the girls. Unfortunately some of the players were more interested in the cheer squad and we didn’t win our second game.

Our woes continued when the girls couldn’t quite get on top of the opponents in the netball and hockey, were they saving it for later?
Best – All girls who managed to even puck it.
(Hit the puck) (Hockey)
As the week continued . . .
Highlights: First night – a truly Frankston performance by all our athletes. A classic display of sign stealing by Mick, and beast. Harry Butler having an accident on a poor unfortunate who was having a liquid laugh in the toilets (now that’s really rubbing it in). Wayne “motor” for stuffing 5 pounds of chicken into the ceiling of Hartley College. Not bad Wayne, considering that no chicken was served that night. Everyone for their “cider” throwing exploits on the poor dancers below (especially you, Jim and Closs). And the sing song all through the rest of the night.
Second night – Around the camp fire, was no-one safe from the Andrews sist’s? The first coming of Pedro the garden gnome (Sally, Sue and Lizzie). A visit from the boys in blue and the birth of the Windsor garden blues. Body heat dominated that night.
Night three - We all hit Adelaide, a few scattered for the pubs and most of us ended up at Sinatra's disco. The 3 stooges drinking pots with straws, Wayne the wrecker and the girls for taking over the dance stage got the 3 votes. Unlucky number room 236.

Fourth Night - In fear of what could happen to their College Salisbury hit panic stations, but did that deter us? No way! Good players - Lizzie the Morris Hat, the wine cask smugglers, the worm and the take over by the girls and one male (Hassa) of the band downstairs. Have you ever heard of a College theme song getting a standing ovation from all other colleges? They couldn't believe it. The unearthing of "patches" disco (the poofter joint) P.K. and the other Harry were dead keen to go.

Fifth Day - the first of many stubbies at 7 a.m., not a bad effort considering no sleep the night before. Hassa and Harry for shouting the chocolates for anyone in Adelaide .... X+L ent. Ruth's dying performance. Jim's shout and Natalie's display of facial expression. Who could forget that? Jenny-Anne almost drowning and good skills by Billy after getting a flat. A top week for all those who went. We now know what some people are really like!
Secretary’s Report

illiterate?

but . . .

not
fussy
Late June ‘80 about 30 travellers from Frankston and other places flew to Bali for about three weeks holiday in the sun, on the beaches and in the tropical bars. Without question this brief interlude in Indonesia proved to be the perfect way to spend a Melbourne winter, get as far away as possible from the joint. Everyone that boarded that Garuda aeroplane (that’s being flattering) had a marvellous time, generally touring around, bartering with the natives and basking in the equatorial sunshine.

Memories include — Getting off the plane outside Denpassar, the relief and first taste of the heat. Meeting Charlie and moving in to the spacious Restu-Bali Hilton. The brilliant bartering techniques shown by Vicki, Kay and Jenny-Anne. The ghost of JO, Andrea and Merran’s room, real life Indonesian drama or a way to get boys in their room? Bloody big John getting a massage by Maday on Kuta beach, (he was so big they charged him double price). Hassa finding a cat in his soup! (a feline entree indeed). Pete Costa, constipation, and room mate Wayne. diarrhoea from both sluices. Lomitol was worth gold! Ian and Wendy conversing in Swahili with the locals. Nowman one and two, a couple of the Hilton’s best dressed waiters. The trip 7 of us took to Java with Mister Saleh and Jenny-Anne’s friend negro. Malang’s version of the Caribbean gardens in central Java. Some real smooth sunsets down the beach. Eating out — Happy’s, Bobby’s, the scene of Hassa’s 23rd. (birthday that is), the Rum Jungle, Agung’s, the Green Bar, to mention just a few. And without doubt the highlight, magically mushrooming through Kuta after a spot of soup and omelettes. Who can forget watching that big screen in the sky? and the incredible journey home through wild jungle, over water falls, dodging hostile natives and walking over bamboo bridges. Funny they weren’t there yesterday? The finale at Doggies, jiving to the jungle beat amid the most respected of Balinese people in the plush surrounds of their version of Studio 54. And so that trip came to an end. . . . good-byes were said and we boarded a bemo once again to tackle a Garuda bird. Now this is where the good guys were sorted out! After conning the friendly? airport official our revered tour director Hassa waved the wand and we all got on board . . . . Big Relief and a few tears almost popped. Back home to the fine weather and all was cast into our memories. The customs people still can’t believe some of the luggage we brought back or even the absence of it!

Thanks for the lift home Vicki, and to Wayne for coming up with the idea it was BIG.

— HASSA, ONE HAPPY POTATO
FOR POPPING OVER TO BALI
ATTENTION!

"ADVICE TO A NEW STUDENT TEACHER"

a) Catch first plane to Cuba and pray that it gets hijacked or if this is not possible, obtain an American passport and seek political refuge in Saigon.

b) If you are 900% sure that neither of the above are possible, visit an Aussie Disposal store and acquire a safety helmet and a bullet-proof vest.

c) Don't learn any self-defence: it's too difficult to practice on 40 kids at once.

d) Do not drive a car to the school and never use the same transport more than once or take the same route more than once to school.

e) Never walk on anything but cement — land mines are selling cheap at the moment.

f) Don't order your lunch and at no time let any student get your lunch — arsenic is in ready supply.

g) Stay under cover at recesses.

h) Don't scream you won't be heard.

i) When giving tests always leave the answers on the board.

j) Always remember to forget.

finally;

k) Always leave the door open for a quick getaway.

by ELEANOR COSENTINO

P.S. Very experienced in the field.

The perfect application —

Dear Sir or Madam,

I wish to apply for the position of Kindergarten Teacher at the Kinderland Pre-School for 1981. I am 23 years of age and, am glad to say that I will be (make that might be) graduating at the end of this year after attempting the third year of Early Childhood course, only three times. I am female, and my interests lie in dried floral arrangements and communism. I also practice martial arts which I think is an asset in handling children although I stand only 3’7”, I do not consider this a disadvantage when dealing with children, in fact I am able to interact wholly and utterly, as I am at their own level.

I also consider my past experience in this area to be upstanding to my qualification. I myself, was a ward of the State for eleven years, and then spent the remainder of my childhood in foster care. This early experience developed a unique understanding of deprived and underprivileged children. I feel the course undertaken was totally unnecessary as I had already developed the maturity required in the early childhood field.

I spent my 3rd year teaching rounds at the 'Bo Peep Kindergarten' (Do you understand — Bo Peep being the directress, and the sheep being the children — sweet isn't it? — Sorry, lost my train of thought). The majority of my three years spent there, I was able to help the directress in improving and updating her programme. She was most grateful for my valuable presence, although I am unable to obtain a reference as yet, as she has been committed. My college inspector refused to observe my teaching capabilities as she knew I was coping “extremely well”. Likewise, she is unable to offer a reference as she is on sick leave. (Strange about that)

Please do not hesitate to contact me, because I will definitely be in contact with you in some way or another.

Yours sincerely, faithfully and maliciously,

Gwendoline P. Thugg

P.S. If you do not offer me the position, I will send you a letter bomb, and will also blow up your children.

— eat your heart out Alan Harrison
PHOTOGRAPHY
AWARD

oops...
"What did you learn at school today?"
A mother asked of her son.
"To push a button and fill in a form,
And how to beat a drum."

"I see. Pushing buttons to get you to work,
And filling in forms for machines,
Many things you need to learn,
But for what do you play these games."

"What shall you be doing tomorrow?"
The mother further enquired.
"Reading a poem, making a book.
And seeing our clay work fired."
The mother was rather puzzled.
"Tis a conundrum" said she.
"I'll come to the school tomorrow,
And see what the teacher's to say."

"Young man" said mother to teacher,
"I don't understand why it is,
You're teaching my son to play games and
waste time,
When he should be working instead."

"I'm pleased you've come" said the teacher.
"It's hard for us to know
What sorts of skills the children should learn.
And which ones can be let to go."

"The world is changing so quickly.
Few people are needed you see.
Machines do the work – without complaint.
Kids are dying of ennui."

"They inhabit streets – live in derelict huts
On hand-outs and drugs depend.
They've no hobby skills, or survival skills.
And we see no stopping this trend."

"I'm beginning to see," the mother said.
"It's a worrying state of affairs,
Kids did not make the world the way that it is,
But one day it will become theirs."

"We're teaching these youngsters" the young man said,
"To be adaptable, you see.
So they'll leave this place, and survive in the world,
Whatever it happens to be."
I only loved you but once
And that is all I think is needed
For you were one as I was
Altogether a whole as now
Re-united is the cruellest word
For distant lovers
As I am with you.
Forgive me for I love you
In the time of parting
the truth comes out
It does not hurt as it should
I die in living waters
As you go beyond a shadow
Never to be forgotten
For always.

JENNY WARNER
Many a time I've sat in lectures
Nerves all tense and rattling dentures
Not knowing where I'd parked my car
On the oval or outside the Marina Bar.
No longer do I put up with such frustration
As my problem has been solved by our beloved administration
Like a prayer answered from up in heaven
I know my cars parked in A – 7.

KEVIN ANDREWS

SLEEP

Being asleep is one of the times I enjoy most.
But that drug sleep can make you an addict.
Sleeping hard when the pressures on and you've had it.
After a while its all too easy sleeping all the time.
Waking up in time to go to bed.
Less than 16½ hours wrecks your head.
Going on to the harder stuff like dreaming.
Fact, Fiction and Fantasy in the mixer.
Watching you on T.V. in your own private picture.
And its a great excuse and an indication of disinterest.
This lecture weak, slow and boring.
Out of there an' up the library for snoring.
Yawning's a sign that your not getting enough.
Oxygen inhaled thru mouth open wide.
In summer flies fly in and are swallowed and died.
Having great bags under your eyes show a lack of sleep.
Looking in the mirror they can make you blue.
But wear them like a badge or medal.
- they show what you bin thru.

WAYNE HILL
AUSTRALIA THE BRAVE

AUSTRALIA THE BOLD

Australia’s great, Australia’s bold.
The beer’s beaut, it’s always cold.
The days are hot, the land is rugged.
And by days end the men are buggered.
So down the local they all trot.
To add an inch to their famous pot.
All of a sudden they let out a shout.
Well, what do you know, the beer’s run out.

He’s up in the morning ’bout seven or eight.
And wouldn’t you know it he’s terribly late.
Just a slurp of coffee and a bite of toast.
Yes Australian life has something to boast.
They know not what, cause it’s deep in their past.
But whatever it is, they hope it will last.
Yes Australia’s Beaut, Australia’s Bold.
And of course the beer’s always cold! So I’m told!

So out to the car and home to the wife.
He’s early tonight so he won’t be in strife.
Now once at home he still can’t rest.
Till his wife gets something off her chest.
So she sits him down and tells him the lot.
That his son’s been booked for smoking pot.
That his youngest daughter got a new boyfriend.
Who’s enough to send one around the bend.

At last he relaxes to his lordly dish.
Of a pie and sauce and a hunk of fish.
It’s burnt of course, but he won’t dismay.
For it’s time for the local footy replay.
So it’s up with the feet, on with the box.
Off with the shoes and off with the sox.
He has no cause to worry, no reason to moan.
Cause it’s nice to spend a quiet evening at home.

by ELEANOR COSENTINO, HARRY & TONY

“THOUGHTS OF AN INSOMNIAC”

Staring, frightened eyes stare
At the window,
Fearful of the darkness
Forbidden by the light.

But when light’s eclipsed
And Darkness
Welcomed like a friend,
He floods the room with tender blackness.

What then of Death
When admitted without fear
An unwanted visitor,
Or deliverer from life’s mournful breath.

ANNETTE WATSON
ART AWARD

Mercisi
Tabualevu
SONG AWARD

THE DRIFTER

1 I met him south o' Sydney – he was hitchin' in the
pouring rain.
And I felt sorry for this drifter – though I know I
never will again.
Cause him an' I got to talkin' – 'bout the difference
of our ways,
He said Mister I know you think I'm just a drifter,
But listen to what I've got to say

Chorus

You're trying so hard, but you don't understand
that the clothes on your back ain't the mark of a
man
Material gain ain't no measure of wealth –
what's the use of it all,
if you don't know yourself . . .

2 "Well you might own a castle, mister that's all
yours.
Cause you've got all the hassles, and your back's
against a wall.
My life's an endless highway, and every town's my
home,
And mister – you ain't got nothin'!
If you can't face life on your own . . .

3 I left him at a crossroad – he was heading west
Looking for some mountains, so I wished him all
the best.
Thought I'd offer him some money, but he pushed
my hand away;
He said you think you're kind –
but you're so damn blind, to everything I say,
No you ain't heard a word that I've said.

Chorus

4 Well you might wear a suit, and drive a fancy car
Your money speaks real loud, but only goes so far
It won't buy me the mountains, on a sunny day
And he smiled –
and walked away.

Phil Anthony
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt not copy thy neighbour's homework
   Let him do it for you.
2. Thou shalt not fail in November
   Do so now and avoid the rush.
3. Thou shalt not whisper in lectures
   Shout! It draws more attention.
4. Thou shalt not push in the passage way
   Tripping is more effective.
5. Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbour's pen
   Steal it.
6. Thou shalt not cut morning lectures
   Take the whole day off.
7. Thou shalt not drive lecturers to their graves
   Let the undertaker do it.
8. Thou shalt not tear thy books
   Burning is easier and it destroys all evidence.
9. Thou shalt not "play" in the theatre
   Use the back room it's darker.
10. Thou shall not get caught and suffer the consequences.

ELEANOR COSENTINO

The monoliths expand to touch the heavens,
stretching out their evil arms,
to ensnare all that lovers hold dear,
is this progress irreversible?

Skies that were once blue now reek,
with the stench of the absurd glutony,
of those who seek the supreme goal,
by the utter dominance of power.

The clear quality that once enhanced,
the beauty of the wilderness,
has been devastated beyond redemption,
only to be sought within the unconscious.

Is man as a race concerned with the destruction,
of this his one last haven in the universe,
or will he come to the final realisation,
that is the sole right of nature herself?

MICK HIGGINS
Working hard as usual