THESE WHO WILL TEACH—WOMEN

ARNOTT, Susan
AUBRIE, Shirley Anne
ALDERTON, Dorothy
LINDSEY, Elizabeth May
BAILEY, Yvonne Madge
HARVEY, Mary Margaret
BELL, Edwina Ellen
BRENNAN, Shirley Elaine
BYRNE, Pamela Florette
BLYTH, Elaine May
BONDFIELD, Felicity Eve
CLARK, Audrey

BAILEY, Yvonne Madge
ANDERSON, Dorothy
BYRNES, Edwina Ellen
CURRY, Audrey
BONDFIELD, Felicity Eve
AURISCH, Shirley
CORTRILL, Catherine Helen
COLLINS, Wendy
FLYNN, Catherine Helen
GOODMAN, Margaret
HURST, Wendy

LUBKE, Marion Helen
JONES, Kathleen Margaret
JONES, Barbara A.
JONES, Marion Helen
JONES, Robin
KUEBBE, Marcia Judith
LAWMAN, Judith Ann
LAWSON, Verdie
LYNCH, Maureen Joan
LYNCH, Jessie Alice
LYNCH, Aurelia Alison
MCCARTY, Jacqueline J.
MINTER, Fay Mary
MOODY, Graeme
MOWBRAY, Isobel Gray

THOSE WHO WILL TEACH—MEN

ANDERSON, Carl Laurence
ANDREW, Terence James
ARNOLO, Anthony Phillip
AVERT, John Charles W.
BENSON, Brian Geoffrey
BREWSTER, Michael Massey
BELLAMY, Richard John
BLACKSHAW, Christopher John
CAINS, John Frederick
CARTER, John Edward
COE, Lewis George
COWAN, Hugh Donald
CROW, Peter Rowland
CAMPBELL, William Neville
CASHEL, Kevin John
CHITISH, Bruce

DAVIES, David Michael
DAVIES, Kenneth Albert
Elliott, Evan Robert M.
FINLAYSON, Gordon Hugh
FINLAYSON, John Patrick
FOGG, Frank
FRENCH, Joseph William
GORE, William Erroll
GOODIE, Donald James
HUTCHINSON, Athol
HAWKINS, Robert Edward
HILL, Peter Charles
HILTON, James David
JOHNSON, Allyn Thomas
JONES, John Neville
KALMOKOFF, George M.
KAFER, Norman Frederick
KIRBY, Philip Stafford
MORGAN, Douglas Edward
McCabe, Francis
McClure, Anthony Myles
MARRIOTT, Neville Bruce
MODONALDI, Kevin
MINGAY, John Warren
MITCHELL, James Thomas
NICHOLS, Donald Ernest

NEGBERT, Barry Allan
PEARCE, Cedric Joseph
ROBERTS, Bruce David
ROE, William David
RBPNTON, David Thomas
ROACH, Eric John
STEVENS, Robert Glen
SULLY, Ronald John
SMITH, Alfred Lance
STEPHENS, Raymond B.
STEWART, Margaret Lee
THOMSON, Donald
WILLS, Robert
WILLIAMS, William
WILLIAMSON, William
WIMBLE, Edward

McINERNEY, Maureen A.
McCAFFER, Judith
McILWAIN, Judith Alice
MAGUIRE, Margaret Mary
MARTIN, Dorothy Mary
MCGREGOR, Constance Anne
MCGINTY, Fay
MACK, Joan Vinette
MACKIE, Bertha Alwynne
MCLACHLAN, Betty Fay
MAUNDER, Lorraine R.
MILLIGAN, Beverlie Fay
MURPHY, June Muriel
NOLAN, Margaret Mary
O'BELLY, Mary
O'FLYNN, Patricia Mary
O'NEILL, Valerie
OSULLIVAN, Margaret May
PETERSON, Lynne Ann
PARTRIDGE, Elaine
REESE, Hazel Marie
ROWORTH, Esmé Neta
RYAN, Joan Mary
SMITH, Maureen Laurel
STAFFETT, Patricia Ann
STEEL, Norma Joan
STUART, Margaret Ann
SWART, Joan
SMITH, Margaret Ethel
STOCKER, Margaret
STEWARD, Margaret Lee
SWANSON, Dorothy Annette
SNUEDDEN, Betsy Ann
SOWTER, Fay Edwards
STEVENSON, Helen Joan
TRELOAR, Delma Rae
THOMAS, Ruth
TURNER, Jennifer Mary
VASS, Gloria Faith
WHEELAHAN, Marie Agnes
WHEELEY, Beverly Fay
WOOD, Colleen June
WOOD, Irene Elizabeth
WOOD, Jean May
WRIGHT, Helen Marie
WICKES, Marie Therese
YOUNG, Dorothy May

McOLIVER, Graeme
MOWBRAY, Isobel Gray

EDITORIAL

Last year saw the first issue of what we hope to become our regular Annual Magazine. The idea was initiated by two students, Lorraine Talbot and Wendy Brett, who are now both out in the teaching world. Their aim was to provide a tangible reminder of college days and friendships in the form of a magazine covering the year's activities in club and student affairs. In addition, a literary section was included to give students an opportunity to express themselves in that direction.

It is difficult to produce a magazine at a time of the year when we are so divided by exams and practice teaching, and, as a result, the college is not fully represented. We would like to have taken much more time over its preparation, to include more photographs, and give more students a chance to contribute, but we have, nevertheless, done our best and trust that our efforts will have achieved something worthwhile.

The form of the original magazine has been retained, including the policy of having no advertisements cluttering up the pages. The Graduation Day programme and prize winners' list have been omitted. These will come out on a separate brochure on Grad. Day.

Many thanks to all who have contributed and assisted with the production, particularly Mr. Duncan, Dr. Staines, the office staff, the S.R.C., Bruce Deitz (for the photographs), Warren Tresidder (for the cover design), and our printers, Davies & Cannington Pty. Ltd., who have been most patient and considerate.
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TEACHERS' COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE
(ESTABLISHED 1949)

Principal:
GRIFFITH A. DUNCAN, M.A., B.Ed.

Vice-Principal:

Arts and Crafts:
CAMILLE I. SMITH, A.T.D., DONALD A. MACKAY, WALTER E
WILCOX and LEILA WHITTLE.

Biology:

Education:
JAMES W. STAINES, B.A., B.Ed., IAN MCKENZIE, B.A.

English:
PHILIP A. MARQUET, B.A., A.A.S.A., HULDAH M. SNEDDON, M.A.,

Geography: EDWARD A. CRAVO, B.Sc.

History: ALAN BARCAN, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Hygiene: JOHN MCKENZIE WOOD, M.B., M.S.


Music:
MARION CRAVO, D.S.C.M.
MARGARET G. SNEDDON, D.S.C.M.

Physical Education:
HAROLD W. GILLARD, RUTH LONG.
FOREWORD

(By Tess Wicks, Retiring Vice-President, 1954.

It is over! Two whole years of College life! And now, we stand on the threshold of our teaching careers, experiencing a certain sense of achievement and a pride in the profession we have chosen.

The two years haven't taken long to slip around, have they? Remember your first day? Deep down you were feeling rather strange and shy, but you donned your most blase air and tried to look as though you had been a Teachers' College student all your life. But, in spite of yourself, little things would happen in the first few months to prove that you were only recently ex-High School, after all, and that you were growing up very, very gradually. Remember when you called the lecturers “Sir,” and waited for knowledge to be drummed into you, instead of doing your own spade work?

After a few months, however, you began to see College life in its proper perspective; to understand that here was a place where you—yes, even you—could find an opportunity to use your own initiative, personality, and abilities, both for your own benefit, and for the benefit of others. Could it be that because the College offered you those opportunities, you experienced the beginning of a loyalty to it, which now after two years, is very strong indeed? We must remember that the College meant nothing to us on the first day, and what feeling and loyalty we have for it now, must have been built up, little by little, over the period of our stay. What is it in College life which has the power to build up such loyalty, and having established it, to make demands on it which, far from being considered burdens, are accepted as honours?

Perhaps it could be partly attributed to the tremendous spirit of co-operation which is one of the outstanding traits in the life of our College—the co-operation which, besides helping us to work side by side with fellow-students in our progress towards our goals, also establishes a wonderful sense of comradeship between us. One only begins to realise the worth of people, after having worked with them, and every facet of College life certainly gave us that opportunity.

Perhaps our loyalty now could also be attributed to the fact that, after our initial strangeness had worn off, we realised that College life was to be what we made it; that we would only get from it what we put into it. (But who can deny that the return has far exceeded the investment?). Accordingly, we threw ourselves into the various activities, enjoying every minute of them, and asking for more.

Surely, too, the friendliness, the helpful interest and co-operation of the lecturers has made our years of College life something really worthwhile remembering. I doubt if any College in Australia could rival ours in this respect. We have a Principal and a lecturing staff of whom we can be justly proud, and to whom, on behalf of you all, I express our sincere thanks and appreciation.

And now—it's all over, and you know full well that never again shall you be given the opportunity to share once more in College life; to experience student co-operation, comradeship, and achievement. Never again shall you share in the particular brand of fun which is typically a student's—good, clean fun which changed events in our College year into happenings which will have a historical significance for us for the rest of our lives. Remember Knecl, the Athletic carnivals, the Armidale trips, the Drama trips, the College Balls, the Sydney Inter-coll., Camp and a host of other memorable events?

Yes, they are all over for us, and we can only say with deep sincerity, “Thank you everyone for a really mighty time,” and advise those who fill our ranks next year, to “make the most of it because it is all over far too soon.”

To each one of you I would like to express my appreciation for your wonderful co-operation, and I only hope your teaching careers will be as successful and satisfying as they deserve to be. Goodbye for now, and let us make Re-Union of '55 a real “get together” for a Session that has surely been one of the finest in the history of our College.
A WORD FROM THE PRINCIPAL

GOOD WISHES

In February of next year the present second year students of this college will take up their first appointments as teachers. The staff joins with me in offering them our sincere good wishes and congratulations. We welcome them as fellow members of the profession to which we ourselves belong, and wish them every success in it. There are 160 of them, and we hope that each of them will make an impression on the teaching service so that from him or her may come something to make a good service even better.

THE SERVICE THESE TEACHERS WILL ENTER

The teaching service has more than 15,000 teachers, and with the number of administrators and clerical officers added to the number of teachers the size of the Education Department is great indeed. This whole department is dedicated to one purpose—the welfare of the children in the schools. Its tradition began in 1848 with the foundation of the National Board of Education, and its spirit of idealism was given to it by the pupil teachers. It is marked by a high moral tone, firm standards of behaviour, discipline, citizenship and devotion to duty.

The teacher's task has always been conceived as something akin to that of the missionary, but in a different field. Perhaps this concept of the school's purpose came from the close association of the school with the church in the past but I am inclined to think that it has really come from the idealism of the reformers who established our national system of education and who hoped thereby to achieve a consistent improvement in community and individual living. That the attitude today is not very different is illustrated by the fact that whenever cases of delinquency are reported someone is sure to write to the newspaper and ask "Have our schools failed?"

Young teachers should remember that administrators, inspectors, teachers' college staff, school principals, clerical officers and teachers are all employed for the one purpose, the better upbringing of the child both as an individual and as a member of the community to which we belong. When an inspector corrects or advises a teacher he does not do so because he wishes to be difficult or to assert his authority or for any other imagined ill-natured reason but simply because he is charged with the responsibility of maintaining the efficiency of the service for the benefit of the pupils and community by which it exists. To the extent that the parent has agreed to send his child to school he has delegated his authority to the teacher, and that delegation is both the limit and the challenge of the teacher's responsibility. At times we are inclined to forget that our authority and responsibilities are delegated, and believe that we hold them in our own right. That this view is not correct might be illustrated by the regulations concerning corporal punishment. The Department of Education can forbid teachers to use corporal punishment, but cannot permit them to use it. The infliction of corporal punishment by a head teacher or by a teacher with the headmaster's approval is possible only because the teacher is regarded in law as acting in the place of the parent, and unless the parent has specifically forbidden corporal punishment the teacher may use the parent's right by delegation.
THE TEACHER, CITIZENSHIP AND THE COMMUNITY

The full realisation of the teacher's powers and limitations will indicate to us one of the problems to be faced by modern educationists who recommend such procedures as the psycho-drama, role playing and certain investigations in the social studies. These new techniques are good, but probably should be left to the skilled psychologist, for it is doubtful if a teacher has much right to interfere in the private lives of his pupils, and how vexed a question this can become is illustrated by the problem of sex education. If teachers are to accept sex education as part of their responsibility, who will educate and guarantee the educators?

In other words, there are important limitations upon what the teacher and the school can do. The school has no right to discuss sex, controversial questions as politics or religious dogma, and even on such a seemingly straightforward matter as temperance the teacher would be well advised to distinguish clearly between temperance and total abstinence. Though some would have us believe differently, a man who drinks temperately is not immoral, even though he does take the risk that perhaps his appetite may grow.

To refer again to the illustration of corporal punishment. In Fascist Italy, Il Duce had built into the designs of all public buildings the symbols of the canes and the axes, thereby illustrating his complete control over the lives of his people. He had power of punishment and of life and death. In such a system the state would not hesitate to give the teacher power to punish pupils, nor would it hesitate to give the teacher power to discuss and instruct upon controversial questions. The only trouble was that as soon as the state interfered, it also pronounced judgment, with the result that there was soon no controversy, and the only teaching possible was that authorised by the state. Similar remarks apply to the case of Nazi Germany and are equally true of those other dictatorships going under the heading of Communism, for whenever a Communist calls an opponent a Fascist it is, even if true, merely a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

We in Australia should consider ourselves fortunate that the school does not become involved in controversy. Such matters are matters for adults, not for children. Our duty is to instil the virtues of kindliness, tolerance, consideration for others, courage, loyalty and respect for religion. It is not our task to lay down what might be best for other people to do. We should be grateful that our powers are limited, because the limitation of our own powers is an illustration of the freedom enjoyed in this community, and freedom is a hard-bought thing. It has been won for us by generations of our forbears and is not lightly to be lost. No citizen in Australia, not even a child, can be punished except by due processes of law.

Within the next twenty years Australia will face a challenge from the East that may well prove beyond us to resist. Communism is basically an Eastern philosophy. It asserts the complete rights of the state over the individual. It asserts that the individual does not matter except as a servant to the community. We in Christian countries assert the opposite, that the state exists to enable the individual to reach his own best development without harming others. In the East, life is cheap and breeding is prolific. In the West, life is more valuable and people restrain their instincts.

In a broadcast in October, General Sir Horace Robertson said that he had seen nothing more admirable than the behaviour of the Australian soldier in war, but he was disappointed with the same people in peace. Countries which had suffered far worse than ourselves were rebuilding much more quickly and much more efficiently, but we in peace were no longer a united people. This is obviously true. In war we were all Australians fighting a common enemy. In peace we have become tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, rich men, beggar men, poor men, thieves—employers, workmen, unionists, graziers, farmers, Catholics, Protestants, and no longer simply Christian Australians.

Perhaps the school can best serve the community by upholding the ideal of national unity, of freedom within a framework of co-operation and self-restraint. Perhaps the teacher himself can best serve even his own profession by refusing to become narrowly a teacher, all chalk and talk, but by taking part in public activities, by insisting upon his rights as a private citizen to a private life and his own political and religious views, and by not bringing these into the school, but by using them as any other citizen will in the performance of public duties outside the school. If the teacher wins respect as a citizen of broad human sympathies, of wide understanding and experience of human nature and of knowledge of the activities of all members of society, he is much more likely to be effective within the narrow limits of his own profession, for surely he will be the better teacher for being the better man.
Dr. Staines writes...

AN ENGLISH JOURNEY

The Editor has invited me to write an article for this issue of Altjirnings. I am very happy to accept his invitation and should like through these pages to renew old acquaintanceships with ex-students whom I did not meet at Reunion or elsewhere. It has been interesting to hear the reports from Mr. Duncan and from the staff of so many who are succeeding so well both professionally and matrimonially.

And now for the subject your Editor has suggested. Three years ago a trip to England seemed as unlikely as a voyage to the moon. Yet within the space of three months passages had been booked, passports secured, income tax clearances obtained, official leave granted and my family and I had embarked upon a trip which was to take us to London and the Continent for two years. From the multitude of interesting things that happened I shall try to select some which you may find as interesting as we did. You will probably be most interested in things educational, but I found in addition that the social differences between the Australian and the English ways of life were equally fascinating. In addition, I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery, the historic places and the entertainment of English life and was deeply impressed by the qualities of tolerance, sympathetic understanding of another man's point of view and the other basic qualities which have made England the country she has been down the centuries. Some of these I shall try to pick out and illustrate.

THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

I went to England, as you would go, from the background of our strongly centralized educational system where teachers are appointed and moved from the Head Office, where there is an integrated curriculum with fairly detailed syllabuses, planned programmes and itemized lesson registers so that most of the schools in New South Wales are running reasonably parallel courses or at least covering somewhat similar ground for each age group. I was used to rooms in which there is the quiet hum of busily occupied children and where there is a minimum of movement and where the most frequent kind of teaching is the teacher-centred situation with a great deal of chalk and talk, where the measurement of educational efficiency is largely in terms of measurable skills and knowledges, albeit with a growing emphasis upon such highly important subjects as Music, Art, Physical Education, Crafts and Social Studies, and where there is a growing emphasis on adjustment and personality as matters of very great importance to both child and teacher. But in England, I, in common with most other Australians who visited the country and taught in the English schools, found myself in a vastly different situation. It was as different indeed as the tiny fields of the English countryside are from the huge paddocks which characterize our sheep and wheat farm districts. The first marked difference is on the degree of centralisation and in its effects on the school and the community.

England is to our eyes highly decentralized. We have one Education Department in New South Wales, but in England, in an area perhaps one-fifth the size of New South Wales, there are no less than 145 independent educational authorities. Each of these is charged with the duty of providing its own schools, of appointing and paying its own teachers (although financial aid now comes much more than formerly from a central authority), of creating promotions, positions, and seeing to the efficiency of the teachers employed.
Students entering college may have to pay their own way or may be offered a reduced allowance, according to their means. They are not guaranteed employment and, in general, must prepare for positions which they would like. Appointment is by interview, usually with the head of the school and several other interested adults including the local Education Officer and members of the school board. Clearly this is a very different set-up from ours where there is one big administrative centre, even though there are several smaller Education Areas.

But the English decentralization does not stop here. Each of the 145 areas has an educational committee consisting of interested local people who decide the policies of the area. They have as their executive officer an Education Officer who is appointed to supervise the running of the whole education system and whose main duty is to carry out the educational principles and practices authorized by the local committee. And there is still more decentralization. Each school, controlled by an education board, or board of governors, who again are local people interested in education, drawn from many occupations and who are expected to exercise a general oversight of the school and to supply whatever help they think the headmaster and the staff may need. The headmaster of the school, who is appointed by the local authority, has to work on the best possible terms with the local school board.

What are the effects of such a system? You can see from such facts how much more the local citizens can be drawn into the operation of education in general and of the local school in particular. Such a system has the advantage of uniting the interest of the local community and the interested folk, and where the headmaster is a person skilled in social relationships, and where he has progressive ideas in the field of education, he and the community can join together to make a very desirable and effective school.

On one hand, however, sound teachers were able to convince their committees that what they were doing was either a proven method or one where the possibilities of success appeared to be good.

Another point where this local initiative seemed to me to be particularly important was in that it allowed the headmaster and his staff every chance to experiment with their own ideas, whilst making sure, through the school board there was opportunity for criticism from the other interested parties, i.e., the parents of the children. I found a very widespread tendency on the part of headmasters and teachers to experiment, to try out new methods, sometimes aside well proved methods in one whose results were not known if they thought that by doing so they might possibly discover a method which would give even better results. It seemed to me that such an attitude amongst teachers is a very desirable one, especially if they are not taking a new idea merely because they have been handicapped or if they have a willingness to try new ideas, to accept them if they prove better and to discard them in favour of the old if they fail.

But I must admit I wondered very frequently whether such a system had not too many disadvantages. The main one seemed to me that in their insistence on individual freedom and responsibility, which of course is what decentralization permits and encourages, English teachers were falling in their chief responsibility towards their children. I have lived in a small village in Surrey, and, within a radius of three or four miles, there were three other educational authorities—Croydon, Kent and the London County Council. There was no guarantee that children in neighbouring schools in Surrey would be, for the same class, covering the same kind of work and it was most improbable that children in any of the other educational authorities close by would be doing the same sort of work so that the large number of children who were changing schools within a school area would almost certainly find themselves much more seriously handicapped than would children who moved in a system like our own. One did not have to go even as far as the neighbouring school to have doubts upon the effects of individual freedom in such matters, for in many of the schools the headmaster did not take seriously the idea of the child's judgment in any way and he would be, in the same class, covering the same kind of work, but if he did with his teacher was expected to exercise a general oversight of the school and to supply whatever help he thought the headmaster and the staff may need. The headmaster of the school, who is appointed by the local authority, has to work on the best possible terms with the local school board.

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THE SOCIAL SYSTEM

Perhaps even more interesting than the differences between the two educational systems were the differences between their social system and ours. England is much more class-conscious than we are. People told me that it was much more marked before the war, and that present legislation was breaking it down a great deal. But there was still ample evidence of the awareness of marked social differences. For instance, clothes are very different. Men's hats, as an example, are of three types, the soft felt, the bowler and the top hat, and the latter has two grades! The higher up in the business and social world a man is, the the better the quality of hat he wears. Railway carriages too, separate people more widely than do ours. There are first and
third, but no second-class cars. Speech is a third mark of distinction, and it ranges from really well-spoken English to strongly marked dialects in little off-the-beat villages in Devon or Somerset, Yorkshire or the Scottish Highlands. On one day at Lords, when Hutton was batting in a Test match, I had a difficult time trying to interpret the comments of two of his fellow Yorkshiremen; they were so broad as to be generally incomprehensible! In London, the Cockney is the most interesting type still existing, and he addresses everyone, men and women, young and old, as “Duck,” or “Luv,” and his quick repartee is enjoyable. As well as accent, the choice of words sometimes gives strangely an Australian ear: “I’m sorry you’re queer” means simply regret that you’re ill, and “poorly” means much the same as “sick.”

These differences are, however, but minor symptoms. There are more significant greater differences, particularly in attitudes towards social position and social mobility, towards questions of labour and capital, and towards international problems. Yet in spite of these divisions, Englishmen and women seem to have learned how to live together reasonably well.

One of the reasons for this maturity, I suspect, is the tolerance that I found everywhere in England. There was a marked willingness to listen to the other man’s point of view and to consider it. These were often discussions instead of arguments. And when discussion failed to find agreement, then Englishmen seemed very ready to turn to constructive compromise. They seem to have a genius for this. Having reached a dead end, where apparently they can get no agreement, they try to find a solution which, while neither side everything it wants, provides each with something that is reasonably satisfying. This was as true in politics and in religion as it was in school staff rooms. And always there was a great deal of care taken for the rights of the individual, although at the same time, there was an awareness of the fact that where you have rights, you also have responsibility. No wonder that men like Simon de Montfort, Willeforce and Howard, came from a nation where the rights and responsibilities of people were so much stressed from the Infant School up. In some Infant Schools, for instance, the children were allowed to do whatever they wished with the material and text books in the class room provided they did no damage to property, or interfered unduly with other people’s rights. There was no attempt to dissuade activity, because the headmistresses argued that the children must learn to develop their interests and control their actions with a minimum of external control. But they did stress the fact to the children that they were learning that they had rights and responsibilities to other people.

At the present time, as the social system of England is changing so much, one wonders how the English will be able to preserve the good points of such a system whilst getting rid of its weaknesses, and perhaps how they will handle the much more difficult subject of preserving individual rights in a world where mass action under a dictator becomes ever more frequent. I think that the best answer to this world-wide problem will come from Britain. Through the economic drain of two wars, she has lost her position of world leadership in raw materials, output and finance, but it is my firm conviction that in the realm of ideas and particularly of moral values, England is still the most significant country in the world.

If — when? — you go to England, as I sincerely hope you will, you will find yourself sometime looking at these things, and wondering about the springs of action that make the nation go. You will read the papers, the leading articles, the discussions, the cartoons, and gather impressions of all sorts of jobs and gather impressions from them on their education and their social set-up. But there is much more to England than its educational system and its social set-up. It’s fascinating to anyone who has enjoyed a high school course in literature or history to meet familiar things at every point. Poet’s Corner in Westminster Abbey, Governor Philip’s tomb in Bath Abbey, a long list of famous or infamous people in the Tower of London, T. S. Eliot’s present living quarters. Alexander Pope’s birthplace, the Hard country, the Walter Scott country, the “Lorna Doon” country and a hundred others. And you would find it almost impossible to exhaust London’s art and entertainment resources. In the last three weeks in London we saw perhaps a dozen shows, “Hamlet,” and “Twelfth Night” at the Old Vic, an Agatha Christie thriller, “The Mouse Trap,” a brilliantly clever skit on the English upper class, C. S. Fry’s latest play, “The Dark is Light Enough,” “Coppelia” at Covent Garden, and the Oliviers in the “Sleeping Prince.” But those were not even all of the best, and there were dozens of other entertainments well worth going to . . . and at a price that even we poverty-stricken students could afford! I followed most Australians in their pilgrimage to The Oval in Surrey and to Lord’s in Middlesex and saw our players at Wimbledon. Television gave us ice hockey — incredibly fast — pantomimes on ice, soccer, cricket, ballet, visits to horse shows and country houses. And then there was the tripping round England, Wales and Scotland, and on to the Continent for good measure.

Is all this sufficiently attractive to make you want to go? Canada stresses the value to its people of having teachers with overseas experience, by offering them promotion when they return; such people are much more useful because their first-hand knowledge is wider. Because of our shortage of teachers, you must either go on exchange, resign or wait for long-service leave. But many teachers are determined to travel and are willing to resign to do so. I met five of our ex-students on the one boat train at St. Pancras early this year. These people, now travelling round England and absorbing its atmosphere, round the Continent (Paris, Holland, Italy, Norway, Switzerland, Germany) learning internationalism, will come back more competent teachers, and they themselves, the children they teach, the Department and the community will be the richer for their initiative. There is work aplenty to be had in England, teaching in a variety of schools as temporary teachers, travel is easy, and accommodation in Youth Hostels very cheap.

And not the least of your pleasures will be when, tired of travel and laden with memories and colour slides, you return to meet again old friends at schools and at future reunions. And as you settle happily into your job and your family, you will begin at once to plan your next trip. I hope it won’t be long until your first!
ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STUDENTS’ REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL — 1954

Membership—
President, N. Heinrich. Vice-President, T. Wicks. Secretary, B. Dietz. Treasurer, M. McGuire.
Club Representatives—
Cultural Clubs: J. Hendriks.
Newspaper: K. Flynn.
Debating: V. Mackey.
Drama: J. Avery.
Photographic: J. Peart.
Social: G. Kalmikoff.
Music: F. Ebbek.
Staff Representative: Mr. Barcan.

Prominent Activities
During the year the Council has undertaken various activities which may be of interest to the Student body.

1. Change Rooms. A petition to have the shower block completed, was made to the Department, through the Principal. This petition received favourable consideration from the Department, and the necessary work completed by the Department. Our thanks are due to the Principal for his interest and help in this matter.

Combined Conference
The Council sent two representatives to the Annual conference of Students’ Councils, held in Sydney at the end of 2nd Term.

Incidental Grants
The Council has made grants to the following during the year:
Miss McIntosh Memorial Fund.
Empire Games Appeal, £5/5/.
And other grants shown in the Financial Report.

Inter-College Board
The Inter-Collegiate was formed this year to handle the Winter Meeting with Sydney. It consists of:
The Principal, Mr. G. H. Duncan.
Mr. H. Gillard, Mrs. R. Long.
The President and the Vice-President of the Council, and a representative from each of the College Clubs concerned in the Activities.

Special mention is due to the Lecturers in Physical Education for the very valuable assistance in this work, and also to Miss L. Peterson, for her work as Secretary of the Board during the year.

General Report
In all activities during the year the Clubs affiliated with the Council have had the active assistance of the College Students and their willingness to assist, on the part of the general body of students, has been the major factor in our successes. It is to all students, therefore, that this Council extends its thanks for their valuable contribution to the fulfilment of the Council’s plans for the year.

The presentation to the Principal will indicate the degree of success which the Council can justify claim, and we trust that the Hall Fund will assist in making success for future years, easier than it has been for those who have worked in Club Activities during this year.

A College Hall is an essential item in Student Education, and we hope that the presentation of this report of the Club’s activities during the year, together with the presentation to the Principal, will help to convince the Department of the necessity, and will be of help to Mr. Duncan in his efforts to obtain an Assembly Hall at the College.

The presentation of the Plays, and the Musical Productions of the year have been no mean feat, and we extend our sincere thanks to the Committees of the Clubs who have been responsible, and also to the Lecturers concerned for their assistance.

Council Recommendations
At the close of this report, the Officers and the members of the Council would like to pay special tribute to the Principal, Mr. G. H. Duncan, for the assistance he has given the Council during its term of office. We feel that the successes of the year have been due in no small manner, to the pleasing association of the Principal and the members of the Student Body.

We wish the President Elect, and the future Vice-President every success during their term of office.
A CITY BY NIGHT

See this wild staccato flashing,
Liquid colour sleekly reeling,
See this frantic rainbow splashing
On the sky?
See this traffic smoothly winding,
On man's rivers long and black,
See them drifting never finding
Happiness?
See these people rushing, gay,
Sunning in this fickle dazzle?
See them laughing life away,
Crazily!
See this kaleidoscope of coloured fun,
Movement, mirth and gaiety?
Whirling fantasma never done,
—Till dawn!
—MARGARET MAGUIRE.

BITTER SWEET

All done? The hurry and hustle of the year's ambitions and its tasks?
All done! To be buried in the coarse brown shroud of exhausted dreams?

Cold shroud that masks
The laughter, fun, the comradeship,
The changing streams of people met and liked,
Whose sharing of one's small but honoured tasks has made
Life for these two years, a joy,
With joy repaid!
All done! To be grounded in the graveyard of the past!
All done! For us!
For us!
But we will leave for you a living part
A spirit that will wing its way
Through future years from heart to heart,
Singing its song of joy in simple things,
The worth of giving .... The wealth it brings,
Let it sing long and loud in all its glad simplicity,
And be as we are ... proud
To pass it on to those who know in waxing wisdom,
How best
To give its notes a zest.
A zest and meaning that's unfurled .... in simple words,
"Towards a better world"
—TESS WICKS.

THE BALLAD OF JOE FANATAMY

—By J.F.

It fell about the month of March,
A sad time it was then,
The college studies divided were,
In sections women and men.
"O, tell me, men," a lecturer said,
"How many may you be?"
"Full thirty-three we students are,
The last Fanatamy."
The lecturers they made the rolls,
They made them firm and sure,
But when the count of heads was made,
The rolls they said one more.
O, up and spoke a knowing stude,
A knowing stude was he;
"The absent one upon the lists,
Is Joe Fanatamy."

There had not passed a month, a month,
A month but barely one,
Fanatamy the lecturers
And lectures seemed to shun.
One lecturer full angry was,
An angry woman was she;
"Will no one tell me what or where
Is Joe Fanatamy?"
While lecturers with ruthless drone
Were taking dreadful toll,
In dreams to some vouchsafed it was,
That I was on the roll.
St. Peter made a bold decree
That I to them appear;
That students in the years to come,
Might know that I am here.
So, as they slept, a wondrous light
Came floating through the room,
The largest halo I could find,
Dispelled the lecture-gloom.
And 'neath the halo, burning bright,
My strange anatomy
Like X-ray slide upon a screen,
Showed Saint Fanatamy.
"Fear not," quoth I, "my comrades all,
Though saint, in truth, I be,
St. Peter feels that I am not,
All that a saint should be;
"He gave me late an I.Q. test,—
Results depressed and low,
Attainment, too, extremely poor,
Rote learning rather slow.—
"He looked around to find a place
My talents best to mould;
That N.T.C. is just the place
For such as you, I'm told.
"St. Peter gave me blessings three
Said, "Go, join Section 10!"
So here I sit invisibly
Forever with you men."
I fail in every year's exams,
But by a stroke of fate,
In 1953 I was
Allowed to graduate.
It was, alas; A grave mistake;
In making out the lists,
Another student, brainier far,
Because of me was missed.
The error straight was rectified;
And so it is my doom
To spend eternity down here
Inside a lecture room.
St. Peter knows I never can
Become a graduate,
But if the rest of time I spend
Within the College gate,
I may to all the heavenly hosts
Evaluation sing,
And to the choir of cherubin
Amplification bring.
And when in choirs you hear a note
Not absolutely true;
And when in Art the colours won't
Mix as they ought to do;
And when your spelling's downright bad,
Expression far too weak,
When lesson notes won't fit the plan,
And nasally you speak;
When biscuits quite mysteriously
From this will disappear—
You can be sure it wasn't YOU—
Fanatamy was here!

Why not Kathy?

Wave after wave hurled itself in wild fury on the jagged rocks
far below the cliff where they were sitting, the boy and the little
wide-eyed girl, gazing in wonderment at the relentless pounding of
the breakers as they thundered towards their death . . .

Those waves . . . they want to die, he thought, they want to die.
But they don't die. Why don't they die? I wish they would die.
Those rocks . . . they ought to kill those waves . . . They want to die,
I know they want to die . . . they're dashing themselves on the rocks
. . . they're smashing themselves into little pieces . . . but they don't
die . . . Why?
The sky wants them to die . . . look at it! It's trying to come down
on the sea . . . it's black and thick and full of bad thoughts, and it's
trying to blot us all out . . . it's too heavy; it's going to fall. I can
feel the sky pressing on me. The wind wants those waves to die, too.
Listen to it screaming, he thought . . .

It's howling and shouting to those rough waves—it's making it
grey and frothy like dirty dishwasher with soapsuds in it . . . tearing
the tops off the waves, scratching them, whipping them, thrashing
them, lashing them . . . but they go on . . . and on.
He buried his head in his hands and wept, dry sobs that caught
in his throat and hurt him. His wind-tossed, knotted hair, damp with
spray, wound itself round his fingers as he pressed them into his scalp
and dragged his hands across the surface of his head, the head that
was tormenting him, the head that seemed to contain a turbulence like
that of the wild scene of which he was part. Bewilderment, despair
and conflict were all weighing him down in a mood of hatred for
everything he saw; he had come to this lonely spot so that he could
taunt himself with his cowardice, his ugliness, his wickedness; so
that he could make himself part of the storm and the bitter struggle between sea and sky, and identify himself with the sea which pulsated that, because I'm going to live for ever and ever just to torment you, and curse you, and hate you... but you won't see me... He stopped abruptly, rushed out of the room, and clattered upstairs to his bedroom. Near the window stood little Kathy... why was he who was the unwanted one? Why not Kathy? If Kathy wasn't the one they all liked best, they might like him. It wasn't fair. Exaltation stirred him as his mind whirled, fed with fresh thoughts of how he felt a surge of exhaustion... then peace. Why not Kathy, he said why not Kathy?

Clear blue sky, sky without ending, cornflower coloured, flecked with scattered wisps of cloud, calm, motionless sea, serene and placid and on the cliff's edge a boy and a little girl peacefully surveying the perfect contentment and concord of Nature.

"Play with me, Johnny. Play ball, Johnny," demanded Kathy, happy and childlike once more after the fears of the storm and her father's rage had disappeared into the forgotten Netherlands of yesterday.

Her brother smiled at her lovingly, a knowing smile of satisfaction, as if he had found something lost, or had reconciled himself with life... as if there was hope, now, for him... everything was all right now, everything was full of peace and contentment.

"I'll play with you, just for a little while, Kathy. There's not much time. You know, not much time left at all. Won't Love have rolled right over near the edge... see, over there. Be careful, Kathy, people have fallen over there," he murmured. She leaned over to pick up the toy, little round body bent forward. "Johnny, my mind was calm, satisfied... by night... Why not Kathy?... Why not Kathy?... a quick, violent push at her back... she screamed and was gone.

—MARION JONES.

A VISIT TO SHANGHAI'S LUNGHUA PAGODA

Although I lived not very far from the pagoda, I had not troubled to pay a visit to this temple, but, having reasons of business for doing so, one day I hired a pedicab and set out to the Likawei, where the temple was, in a suburb within Chinatown.

I reached the outskirts of the city and soon crossed the Soo-Chow Canal, which was both the border line and the language barrier between the neighouring Chinese... I could see a multitude of women washing and rinsing clothes in the muddy waters. Here I paid off the pedicab-driver and entered the walled city. I saw myriads of banners in the streets, Chinese signs and flags hanging limp in the heat, and booths of all the artisans that you could think of. Soothsayers and copper-smiths, bookmakers and money-dealers, were shouting out to attract customers, and everywhere a mob was surging to and fro. Elbowing my way through the hustling crowd for a good while, I soon sighted the object of my trip—the graceful outline of the pagoda rose high up behind dilapidated houses and roofs. As I neared the temple the tumult of the crowd became subdued, the mob thinned down, and shops and stalls offered for sale incense-sticks, paper money for the gods and other wares necessary for the rites of the nearby temple.

Once within the walled court of the temple I found everything quiet and peaceful. Priests, bald-headed, in their wide-sleeved yellow robes, shuffled about in meditation. And here was the old temple that was standing firm and in a state of perfect preservation. Fourteen balconies, each one higher than the next, rose grey against
loth to leave the instrument unattended, plucked a soft chord to the stage into the silent darkness of the hall. Then, again, the strings were plucked in a fragment of melody.

and dressing rooms illusion was at work. Grease paint, false hair while the majestic and impressively above the panelled dado. The harpist, valiantly for the authenticity of a bay window. Even out in the wings, opening, in reality onto nothing; a hallstand balances and avenues of the foreign Concession further on. The low Tien Shan plateau provided the backdrop to this vast scene.

I remained at the top for a time, admiring the view as well as the beautiful woodwork of the balcony; then I ascended to the bale without forgetting, of course, to add my name to the long list of ex-votos scribbled on the walls. Going out. I noticed the furtive but obviously contemptuous smiles of the Chinese; prior to the last war they were lying in the dark corners. Swarms of flies buzzed around the costumes of the hideous wounds. I began two steps up the steps, and crept up the steps; and, as the "Lights" quietly rehearsed their routine, one of the great harpists of the world sent beauty forth into the night. Time stayed still to listen and the centuries were gathered together on a golden thread of melody, now the reverent strain, and the Welsh hymn that calmed and curbed the leaping pulse with its quiet gravity and dignity.

And all the while over the scene played the lights. They glowed golden and flung deep pools of brightness over harpist and harp; they sent rosy shafts of light streaming down the staircase, richly halming the bent, listening heads ranged down its flight; they dimmed to a soft half-light in which harp and harpist were swaying; rhythmic silhouettes against the now muted tones of the panelled walls; they suffused the scene at last with the bright whiteness of a summer morning. Music and lights moved instinctively together in moods and rhythms, while the listeners sat intent, spellbound; Chinese have and which I could never get used to—that drowsy, open-mouthed expression which somehow seemed insolent.

—GERMAIN KALMYKOFF.

MEMORABILIA

To-night there has been added to my store of memorable things one never-to-be-forgotten hour of beauty. The tide of memory sometimes leaves amongst its driftwood fragments of great beauty on the shores of the mind. One recalls with renewed wonder the sudden brightening of the wings of a bird in flight, sunlight glistening on a distant, snow-covered mountain peak, the spiralling cadenza of a solo violin, or one haunting line from some long-forgotten poem. To these I add my new memory for time to distil. . . .

Illusion was all about us: tattered, calico-covered flats were painted to the semblance of an old, oak-panelled manor-house; a worn cedar staircase, itself a shell, curved up in spacious dignity to a doorway, opening, in reality onto nothing; a hallstand balanced precariously over a vacuum invisible, and unwanted by eyes at or below stage level; a curtained system of slats and screens strove valiantly for the authenticity of a bay window. Even out in the wings and dressing rooms illusion was at work. Grease paint, false hair and costumes of the hideous wounds. I began two steps up the steps; and, as the "Lights" were standing by to test their final illusion before the curtains closed in readiness for the performance.

One thing, however, was real. The harp was old and very beautiful. Massive, exquisitely wrought, richly gilt, it stood majestically and impressively above the panelled dado. The harpist, loth to leave the instrument unattended, plucked a soft chord lovingly across the sensitive strings. The notes cascaded down from the stage into the silent darkness of the hall. Then, again, the strings were plucked in a fragment of melody. Someone in the wings tipped over and leaned in through the broken window to listen.
Anyone who has been to the west coast of Tasmania, with its frequent rains and dreary grey skies, will understand the difference between the kindly green of a lush meadow and the kind of green that is much more common. He will be gripped by the view of the brow of a hill, parched brown, bleached almost white, with a gnarled gum touching a deep blue sky. One is conscious of looking, but of not being there. The image may become the symbol of an inner peace, or repel by its cold indifference to man.

From Fremantle to Perth, the twelve-mile road, skirting the banks of the Swan River, is the most beautiful approach to a city I have seen. One immediately notices the scattered, well-built bungalows, with wattled fences that catch the flowers in brightness. In Irish or English cities, two-storey houses with slated roofs, set in sombre stone, often with basements, seldom having as big a garden as the average home here, are the rule, and they are mostly attached, particularly in urban areas. The view from King's Park in Perth is certainly as beautiful as the guide books had promised. We went on a “city lights tour” in Adelaide. From the summit of Mount Lofty, the long, straight, intersecting lines of light were very striking on the dark plain—a remarkable view for the flood-lit square dancers who were dancing to the Australia Day Cup in Melbourne. I got an impression of tall, healthy-looking men, good-looking, well-dressed women, amiable bonhomie and transparent prosperity. The notes flowed into the banquet bag at an alarming rate. In comparison to what I had been accustomed, the race commentaries were like Phar Lap racing a snail. Everyone was on deck as we sailed through the Heads. Soon the long lines of “Our Bridge” could be seen, converging solemnly to a summit. Everyone was thrilled with the cold grandeur of massive inscrutability.

The most notable aspect of Australian culture is its youth. It has been handicapped by isolation from world centres of the arts, the unfavourable environment of a pioneering age, lack of a cultural tradition, a population so small that exponents of the arts could hardly earn a living and a colonial inferiority complex which has hindered development. Australia is a country whose origins and traditions are British but it is a case of a British theme with Australian variations. Circumstances and history have fostered independence in the Australian character, since, if you live differently, you will be different. So now a lively interest in music, literature and art has been fostered. The response to the A.B.C.’s policy of educating the public to a sense of musical appreciation augurs well for the future. Her conductors, composers and singers have all played a significant role in moulding the form of this century’s music. Her writers seem to be most prolific and successful in the fields of the novel, short story, descriptive prose and lyrical poetry. The paintings of William Dobell, Albert Namatjira, the Lindseys, Drysdale and Ivor Hele are finding their way to galleries abroad.

Little differences I have noticed are the Pride of Erin, Gipsy Tap and Barn Dance, instead of the Tango, Rhumba and Samba; the interval at the films; the amazing surf; the swirl of Sydney traffic. Educationally there is more use made of vocational guidance and less use of cramming than in Ireland; a large surplus of applications are received for Irish Teachers’ Training Colleges and it is much more difficult to get a University Scholarship than here; in New South Wales last year, twenty-two English students applied whereas eighteen did it in my class alone. That is some indication of the trend towards classical more than scientific studies over there; school children here get more time off for games and also look healthier.

Finally, I reiterate that Australia compares more than favourably with any country to-day. It is a nation which may be proud of its heritage and confident of its future.

MARTIN KING,
Arts I, Newcastle University College.

A VISITOR VISITS COLLEGE

It was a fine summer day as I stepped from my bus at Union Street. The sky was slightly hazed over with factory smoke; the streets were filled with traffic conveying people to and from the city. A policeman politely waved us across and said, “Good-day” to me as I crossed—as a matter of fact, he said good-day to everyone. I fell in line with the procession of green blazers up Union Streeet and arrived at the College.

When lectures started, a kind, obliging student, who had a free lecture, agreed to show me the college. We started off at the library with which I was very impressed. I said: “It is truly a fine library, but why is it empty?” The answer I received was: “The exams are a long way off yet.” The matter was left at that. Next I was shown a set of frosted windows with the understanding that the opened books lay behind them. “This is the ‘Barkan Den’,” I was told. As we moved on we saw girls furiously sewing up the hem of a frock. One in particular I noticed and commented on, to find out her name was Miss Snedden—“Stanton”—made us laugh. “That’s Mr. Rennick giving a Pre-Reading lecture.”

Moving on, I heard a command, “Listen carefully now.” This was followed by a few crackles, whistles, whines, etc. “Short wave?” I asked. “No, only Mr. Marquet and his tape recorder.”

I was told the next room was occupied by Mr. Doyle, who was in the middle of telling the section how to “multiply.” The next room was darkened for the screening of films so we passed onto the Geography room, where Mr. Crago was showing a chart on Soil Erosion to a small, but appreciative section—the rest were asleep.

The next port of call was the Biology Room, where Mr. Cornell was busy racing around in the room catching flies and mosquitoes for his next lecture—“Small things amuse.”

Passing on we came to the Crafts Room and were in time to witness the grand judging of a week’s work. Two judges in grey coats are surveying the field. The smaller appearing to favour a “Stockton”-made basket, while the other preferred a “Stockton”-made ferret wheel. We left them to their judging to see what the racket was next door. It was a Miss Snedden and Miss Craig trying frantically to halt a recorder riot—good luck to them, I thought.

On re-passing the Crafts Room I heard, “That blade will cost you 2d, or you can replace it.”
Room 4’s curtains were now partially drawn and we saw that Mr. Newling was still trying to put the film on the projector—a definite psychological barrier.

At this stage I asked as to the whereabouts of Mr. Gillard. “Oh, Mrs. Long and he are at Merewether teaching students folk dancing; you know the kiddies love folk dancing.”

“Oh, who’s that?” I said, as a woman lecturer went hurtling along the verandah. “That’s Miss H. Snedden; the plays are on next week. She’s just racing around trying to find the make-up kit; someone forgot to bring it back last time.”

Next I was shown the Men’s Common Room. On what I saw and heard I refuse to comment. The canteen was bursting with noise as the piano was belted unmercifully. I was assured that you get used to it.

I would have liked to have met Mr. Duncan, but he was too busy interviewing exam failure cases. Then I realised I had an appointment at 11 a.m.; I thought I had better move on.

It was here that I also realised I hadn’t been properly introduced to my guide. I introduced myself after an apology for not doing so earlier. “That’s all right,” he said. “Just call me Joe. And any other time you call in later years, just look me up.”

-A VISITOR.

THE DRAMA CAMP

The camp held this year at Shoal Bay by members of the three-act play “Wind of Heaven” was somewhat of an experiment. In light of the success of the camp, it seems likely that a similar camp will become a feature of the year’s dramatic activities from now on.

SCENE FROM “THE WIND OF HEAVEN”

The fun began with the ferry ride—the boys somehow managing to leave Marion and Joan on the wrong side of the harbour. Everyone met on the other side in time to catch the bus, except for the pair who daringly drove up with Miss Sneddon and Judy McCaffery.

On the bus the boys passed the time by writing a song, singing it, and engaging the remainder of the bus passengers in brisk and somewhat pungent repartee, while the girls pretended to be perfect strangers. After Joan’s birthday was celebrated this object was forgotten.

At the cafe where the whole mob gathered, Miss Sneddon herself wished that she was somewhere else, especially when the boys insisted on a place being set for Joe, and later when the money for the meal was taken on a funeral procession to the cash register. After this the mob adjourned to the two cottages which had been rented, and despite rebellion from the cast a scene was rehearsed, then rooms were allocated. Several suggestions were turned down, and eventually the boys and Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie occupied one hut and the rest the other. Silence descended about 1 a.m.

Explorations were in order on Saturday morning, and most of the district was well known by breakfast. More rehearsals followed, interrupted by the arrival of the Marquets and son, and Judy McCaffery. Work now began in earnest. Mr. Marquet took over the cooking and, despite comments, did a good job.

Saturday night proved interesting. The boys discovered about 4 p.m. that beds had been tampered with and pyjamas missing—when found it took hours to unite them. Breathing fire, the boys took off for the other hut, bent on vengeance. Despite lecturers’ interference three girls and all bed clothes were abducted, and the girls rendered shoeless on the roof of the boys’ hut (it was flat). Temper cooled down by mealtime and the stolen bedding was returned. Already romance was in the air, and a walk after work ceased for the night brought amazing results—not that John was very happy.

Although a few threats were muttered as the boys climbed into bed, nothing further happened that night.

Sunday morning brought more work, and after lunch the Marquets and MacKenzie departed. A walk to the beach took up most of the afternoon, because rain forced the walkers to take shelter under some rocks. No, it wasn’t like Yarramundi—there was no curling.

The bus was caught at seven or thereabouts, and the camp was over. All that remains now are the memories and the notice “Joe Was Here” scattered over the Nelson Bay district in some very queer places.
HOME ECONOMICS

Janet Faith Baxter
Vera Evangellia Black
Eleanor May Burke
Hermione A. D. Carrol
Pauline S. Carruthers
Ruth Blackwood Crosby
Joan Annette Douglas
Barbara Morton Elvin
Marjorie Anne Keen
Valerie Jill Murray
Lillian Paddock
Wilma May Powick
Hillary May Richards
Alice Mary Small
Jennifer June Stacey
Mavis Jean Summerfield
Sara Watt

UNIVERSITY

Margaret Silver Bishop
Barbara Anne Brown
Fay Griffiths
Margaret Helene Henric
Anne Douglas Benwick
Joan Olwyn Sweetman
Robyn Janice Wood
Kenneth Victor Barratt
Philip Alexander Bolte
William P. Driscoll

John Gill
James William Hemmings
Richard Edward Heks
John Francis Hill
Kenneth G. Shilling
George Hobart Simpson
Geoffrey M. Stephens
Peter L. Williams
Allen John Mills

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SECTION 1

Lenore Katherine Adam
Yvonne Therese Adams
Joyce Avery
Patricia Anne Bagnall
Ruth Ingrid Boisman
Patricia E. Bradbury
Enid Bradley
Barbara Mary Calwell
Margaret Anne Cameron
Colleen Carney
Ruth Patricia Cochrane
Mary Cecilia Creigh
Margaret E. Crewdson
Janice R. Crossingham
Ruth Alice Day

Pamela Ravell
Shirley Colleen Knight
John Henderson Barnes
Charles William Belcher
Dennis A. P. Britton
Athol William Burns
Harold Burwell
Leonard George Chapman
Spencer Paterson Cotton
Frederick N. Ebbeck
Warren Thomas Evans
Russell Richard Ferrett
George Keith Jones
Graham Wallace Searl
Leslie Charles Allen

SECTION 2

Janet Patricia Dimmock
Delma Miriam Douglass
Helen J. Ehrenberg
Janice Grey Elvin
Eleanor Ann Enser
Robyn Gayle Ferguson
Audrey C. Frater
Helen May French
Christine Geddes
Margaret Anne Goodwin
Joyce Margaret Grant
Daphne Isobel Griffin
Valerie Ann Harding
Patricia Ann Hays
Judith Ann N. Hearn

Barbara Stewart Hunter
Joan Stockwell
Fay Ellen Parker
Eric John Fitzgibbon
Lionel David Fry
Barry John Graves
Kevin John Hackenberg
Germain M. Kalmykoff
Alexander McLeod
Ian Wilson Malcolm
Rowland Andrew Martin
Kevin Maunder
James Moncrieff
Geoffrey Ross Speering
Gordon Joseph Mathews
SECTION 3

Esma Sylvia Ala-Hoipo
Janice Enid Corner
Carole Yvonne Higgs
Eunice L. Hollingshed
Anne Margaret Hooke
Lucy Janice Horne
Rosemary E. Jeffery
Monica Mary Keenan
Joyce Kingham
Philomena J. Lewis
Marlene McCormack
Eileen T. Manwarring
Nola Frances Murphy
Glenys Ogden
Barbara Irene Robinson
Maureen Mary Shanahan
Elaine Wendy Smith
Miriam Jane O'Donnell
Doreen Hinemoa Agnew
Clement John Ballard
Keith George McNall
Allen Frederick Moore
Terrence D. A. O'Brien
Allen H. Pankhurst
John Peart
Ronald Phillips
David Franklyn Pitt
James Maxwell Rigby
Brian William Ross
Michael John Taper
Edward Francis Chalkley

SECTION 4

Lesley Vera Clements
Beverley Marion Ham
Annette Rose Joughin
Robyn Elaine Metcalfe
Avril Rae Morgan
Shirley Morris
Elizabeth Muxlow
Kathleen M. Nesbitt
Valerie Nola Pascoe
Lavinia Catherine Rees
Joycelyn Maree Reid
Jillian E. Rhoades
Patricia Frances Riley
Barbara Robertson
Margaret F. Rodgers
Merle Daphne N. Ross
Shirley Maureen Sheehan
Joyce Hilary Milburn
Harold John Lea
Kelvin John Robertson
John Roddenby
Maurice B. Scott
Lionel Joseph Sedran
John Raymond Simmons
Geoffrey S. Summerville
Brian James Sutcliffe
James Aubrey Swab
Raymond Barry Talbot
Anthony Leo Walmsley
George Alexander Lewis
Peter Ronald Urpeth
SECTION 5

Margot Elizabeth Abbott
Barbara Jean Body
Barbara Anne Bordiss
Pauline Veronica Brosnan
Sandalene Ruve Clarke
Jean Margaret Hard
Neltra Meave Hill
Janice Leslie Pettigrew
Rosemary Smith
Beverley Anne Sneddon
Margaret Julie Sutton
Teresa Clare Swanson
Margaret Pamela Talty
Norma Mary Toohey
Valda Marlene Vassella
Valerie Joan Wood
Margaret Marion K. Wyman
Olive B. Bastian
Geoffrey Allan Lennard
Kevin John Mahoney
Barry Leonard Moran
Albert Raymond Newstead
Logan John Reay
Meryyn James Sneddon
George Victor Walkom
Robert Neil Wallen
Charles Roy Walpole
James Waters
John William Wilson
Kenneth Leslie John Smith

SECTION 6

Yvonne Madge Bailey
Mary Margaret Buckworth
Audrey Clark
Doreen Clare Curry
Margolis Francis
Muriel Carole Gowing
Jill Lorraine Guyer
Patricia Margaret James
Margaret Grace Jones
Barbara Joan Jopling
Kathleen Margaret Kenny
Marcia Judith Lubke
Jacquelin J. Magennis
Fay Mary Minter
Gro. Molvig
Isabel Gray Mowbray
Margaret Mary Nolan
Maureen May O'Reilly
Patricia Mary O'Ryan
Hazel Marie Reed
Joy Rees
Esme Neta Roworth
Joan Mary Ryan
Maureen Laurel Smith
Patricia Ann Starrett
Norma Joan steel
Margaret Ann Stuart
Joan Swatridge
Delma Rae Treloar
Marie Agnes Wheelahan
Beverly Fay Wheeler
Colleen June Wood
Irene Elizabeth Wood
Jean May Wood
Helen Marie Wrigley
Dorothy May Young
SECTION 7

Susan Arnott
Shirley Anne Aurisch
Edwina Ellen Bell
Shirley Elaine Brennan
Pamela Florette Byrnes
Jean Mary Clancy
Nerida Anne Collins
Helen Joy Cottrill
Mary Elizabeth Cowan
Catherine Helen Flynn
Vivianne Gray
Barbara Grothen
Fay Bernadette Horadam
Wendy Hurst
Patricia Ann Ireland
Barbara A. Z. Johnstone
Marion Helen Jones
Judith Ann Lawman
Verlie Lewis
Maureen Joan Lynch
Maureen A. McInerney
Judith McCaffery
Judith Alice McIlwain
Margaret Mary Maguire
Dorothy Mary Martin
Vilma O'Neill
Mary Ruth A. O'Sullivan
Lyneve M. Peterson
Margaret Ethel Smith
Margaret Stocker
Margaret Lee Stewart
Dorothy Annette Swanson
Ruth Thomas
Jennifer Mary Turner
Gloria Faith Vass
Marie Therese Wicks

SECTION 8

Dorothy Alderton
Elizabeth May Anderson
Elaine May Blythe
Leone Fay Karkeek
Margaret Mary Foody
Joy Halstead
Fay Hughes
Jessie Alice Lappas
Constance Anne McGregor
Faye McIntyre
Joan Vinette Mackey
Bertha Alwynne Mackie
Betty Fay Marshall
Betsy Ann Snedden
John Charles W. Avery
John Frederick Cains
John Edward Carter
Lewis George Colman
Donald Edward Filmer
William Erroll Gore
Norman Paul Heinrich
Athol Hutchinson
Douglas Edward Morgan
Donald Ernest Nichols
Brian Charles Roberts
William David Roe
SECTION 9

Felicity Eve Bondfield
Glennis June Iveson
Beryl Colleen Goodman
Noreen Margaret Hemson
Aurella Alison Lynch
Lorraine R. Maudson
Beverlie Fay Milligan
June Muriel Murphy
Elaine Partridge
Fay Elsie Sower
Helen Joan Stevenson
Carl Laurence Anderson
John Neville Brennan
Hugh Donald Cowan

Peter Rowland Cummings
Bruce Deltz
Evan Robert M. Elliott
Henry Raymond Hafey
Jan (John) Hendriks
Bruce Humphries
George M. Kalmikoff
Francis McCabe
Anthony Myles McClure
Neville Bruce Marriott
Harold Dale Pardey
Cedric Joseph Pearce
Robert Glen Stevenson

SECTION 10

Terence James Andren
Anthony Phillip Arnold
Michael Massey Beck
Richard John Bellamy
Christopher Blackshaw
William N. Campbell
Kevin John Clulow
David Michael Davies
Kenneth Albert Davies
Gordon Hugh Finlayson
John Patrick Flynn
Frank Fogo
Joseph William French
Donald James Goudie
Robert Edward Hawkins
Peter Charles Hill
James David Imrie
Allyn Thomas Johnson

John Neville Jones
Ronald Gordon Jones
Norman Frederick Kafer
Phillip Stafford Kirkby
Kevin McDonald
John Warren Mingay
James Thomas Mitchell
Barry Allan Nesbitt
David Thomas Renton
Eric John Roach
Ronald John Scully
Alfred Lance Smith
Raymond B. Stephens
Trevor Thomas Stephens
William Joseph Toomey
Warren David Tressider
Edward Douglas Wimble
Brian G. Benson
Drama Club, 1954

The year 1954 has proved to be the greatest in the N.T.C. Drama Club's history. The club attacked the largest programme it has ever dreamed of, and brought it off with extremely satisfactory results. Every day and practically every night of every week has been used to the full, either rehearsing or constructing sets. Everywhere you looked you would have seen familiar figures racing around the College, stopping to ask a few rapid questions and then be off again.

The programme achieved was: (1) The Singleton Drama Festival; (2) Three Nights of One-Act Plays; (3) Sydney Intercoll; (4) the Three-Act Play "The Wind of Heaven."

Rehearsals commenced in October, 1953, on "The Wind of Heaven" and some one-act plays. And as soon as the College opened this year, first year were cast into the nine one-act plays to be put on in July.

At first it was doubtful how many plays would be going to the Singleton Drama Festival. The final decision was three, which were presented in May. The plays, in order of their presentation, were: "Happiness My Goal" (John Avery), "Campbell of Kilhorm" (Doug Morgan) and "Liberation" (Bruce Deitz). Although we didn't take any production awards, Sandy Clarke received a credit for her portrayal of the mother in "Campbell of Kilhorm." The adjudicator criticised our lack of maturity to take heavy roles, but over all gave us praise for our determination and work.

With the Singleton Festival behind us for another year, the Club gave its attention to its own three-night festival of one-act plays. At this stage of the year the opera was in full swing and to cast nine plays seemed an impossible task, but by sheer hard work and expert use of the tongue, we cast them. One hundred and thirty-two students were directly concerned with this festival. Another interesting feature of the festival was that two plays were written by the students and produced with very successful results. These plays, "The Captain Laughed At Dusk" by Athol Hutchinson, and "Rehearsal No. 1." by John Avery, were written as a part of their Drama Option Assignment and presented in order to see their work as it would appear on stage.

The College response to the festival was very encouraging. For many of the casts, it was their first stage appearance, and it was an experience they shall never forget and will always consider it a hurdle jumped in their battle for confidence in a class room. For the producers, it was their first production, and I'm sure they all have acquired the ability to produce in the future.

At this stage the annual meeting was held and 1955's executive was elected. The old President, Secretary and Treasurer, namely John Avery, Vinette Mackey and Doug Morgan, stepped down to give way to Geoff Summerville, Sandy Clarke and Jim Bigby. The old executive wishes them all the success of 1954.

The Winter Intercoll against Sydney was the next objective of the Club. Sydney presented a fine play, "Sunday Cost Five Pesos," and we replied with "Lucrezia Borgia"—one of our Festival plays, and a play we may take to Singleton in 1955.

Our final task, and by far the greatest achievement of the Club ever, was our three-act play "The Wind of Heaven." by Emlyn Williams, presented over three nights in October. Work started on its rehearsals in October, 1953, and was carried on in the spare time while its casts were producing plays for Singleton and the Festival. When National Service freed Kev McDonald, he took over its production.

"The Wind of Heaven" was a most beautiful play in itself. The plot gave ample opportunity for fine acting and moving, emotional scenes. Towards the end, the rehearsals were down to planning hand, finger and eye movement.

A trip to Nelson Bay one week-end was held by the cast and interested members of the staff to rehearse the play. It's a pity we couldn't have gone more often—it was a real experience. During one College rehearsal we were pleased to welcome Rev. James, a Welsh clergyman, to help teach the cast to speak in Welsh. Welsh help also came in the form of an audience and properties, especially the harp—a service for which we are deeply indebted to the Davies, of Kurri.

The climax of the year's work came at the opening performance on October 5th, 1954. The next day anxious eyes scanned the papers, read, and beamed with joy—our play was a success. It was highly acclaimed. In all circles of life and will go down in College history as a landmark. My congratulations to the producer, cast, everyone backstage—it was "mighty." After the final curtain on the Thursday night, the cast and crew presented the Club with a beautiful album in which to keep a photographic record of the Club's activities.

After the play was over, the casting of next year's three-actor, "Dear Brutus," by J. M. Barrie, was carried out.

This year has seen a really grand group of young people, eager to learn, to help, and to have fun in the world of drama. On behalf of the Club, I would like to thank both the lecturers and the students for their co-operation.

J. Avery, President.
THE DEBATING SOCIETY

A most successful and rewarding year has been enjoyed by the members of the Debating Society. The Wednesday luncheon debates have proved very popular, and room one has been frequently filled to overflowing. Our committee, President (Kevin McDonald), Secretary (Vinette Mackey) and Treasurer (Athol Hutchinson) has been well supported by a band of enthusiastic debaters from both first and second year. We would like to extend a vote of thanks to the different lecturers who adjudicated debates for us, and especially would we wish to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Wood, the Club's patron lecturer.

The battle for the Inter-collegiate debate against Sydney Teachers' College was won most ably by our team, comprising Norm. Heinrich, Bob Hawkins and the invincible Doug Morgan. This proved a most enjoyable scuffle indeed.

A debate with the W.E.A. Debating Society proved a valuable experience. We were narrowly beaten by a far more mature team. This time our representatives were the dependable Norm Heinrich, fighting, merciless Daphne Griffen, and, of course, Doug Morgan.

The Inter-House Competition was won again by Cole House. Many people derived an opportunity to debate in this competition and also in the inter-section challenge debates, which proved most popular.

It is impossible to mention everybody in covering the year's activities, but debaters such as Bill Gore, Shirley Morris, Eric Fitzgibbon, Marion Jones and Roy Martin have been reliable and willing on many an occasion.

The Debating Society has much to offer to those who become interested in it. Debating helps you to think on your feet and give you confidence in front of an audience. The experience is invaluable in your later teaching career, and the fun you have at colleges is a happy memory for ever.

Under the able leadership of our new President and Secretary, Eric Fitzgibbon and Daphne Griffen, the debating society looks forward to an even more successful 1955.
THE MUSIC SOCIETY

It is the opinion of many students that the activities of the Society during this year were of great value to the students in many respects. Extra musical activities were curtailed to allow time for rehearsals, which were a vital necessity to the soloists, chorus and instrumentalists who presented “The Pirates of Penzance.”

We wish to thank Miss Marge Snedden for her untiring work in preparation of the production, and for capably filling the vital role of conductress at the performances. Few people will know the many hours she spent in coaching singers, arranging costumes and props, and in organization of the many necessities for our comic opera.

No report would be complete if it did not contain at least a mention of Miss Kitty Barnes, whose patience, good humour and generosity were appreciated by all members of the cast. The co-ordination of music and acting was achieved because of the fine co-operation, coupled with a sense of humour, which marked the efforts of these two people.

SCENE FROM “PIRATES”

Congratulations to the soloists, Miss P. Byrnes, Miss N. Henson, Miss J. Macguiness and Miss T. Wicks, aided by Miss K. Flynn and Miss M. Maguire, for their grand efforts, as well as P. Fogo, N. Marriot, T. Cowan and J. Reay. We would also like to thank the cherusses for their really splendid work and their generous and skilful contribution throughout the year.

A special word of thanks is in order to the College Orchestra, whose efforts were greatly appreciated. Under the guidance of the late Miss W. McIntosh, and Miss Craig, who has adjusted herself so quickly to College life, the orchestra has been moulded into a group capable of great achievements.

The Music Society was grateful for the opportunity to provide part of the Newcastle Teachers College contribution for Education Week. For this we must thank the Principal, Mr. G. Duncan, as well as for his efforts in smoothing the projections which were so detrimental to the opera in the last rehearsals.

We are pleased to report a healthy financial credit after the year’s activities, and we hope that the Music Society of 1955 enjoys good fortune in all its endeavours.

Officers for 1954: President, John E. Carter; Secretary, Yvonne Bailey; Treasurer, Fred Ebbeck.

J. CARTER, President.

THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Assorted sounds in the direction of the book room at the beginning of this year marked the initiation of the College Orchestra, which has proved to be a most successful venture.

The untimely and deeply felt passing of Miss McIntosh left the fate of the orchestra uncertain, but it was a case of Miss Craig to the rescue. To her efforts is due the success of the orchestra.

After much rehearsing the orchestra gave a really fine performance of the Overture to the “Pirates of Penzance” when this opera was produced during the year. Equally outstanding was the performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan selections prior to the second act of the opera.

On this occasion Miss M. Snedden conducted the orchestra, which consisted of:

First violins: Miss M. Craig, Miss H. Sneddon. Shirley Sheehan, Kath Nesbitt, Fred Ebbeck.

Second violins: Yvonne Bailey, Mary Cowan.

Violone: Anne Hooke.

Flute: Germain Kalmikoff.

Clarinet: Kevin McDonald, David Fry.

Trumpet: Geoff Lennard.

Percussion: Michael Beck.

Piano. Maureen Shanahan.

The scoring of the parts was done by several of the members, and all were tireless in their assistance with the organization.

A trip to the A.B.C. to make a recording proved an interesting though exacting experience. A second recording was made by JKO at the College for Education Week.

Since the “Pirates,” work has been proceeding on Schubert waltzes and the Rosamunde Overture, also by Schubert. One of these works will be presented at the Graduation Day ceremony.

The memory of the times we have had together will remain evergreen; luggage stands from room to room; clarinets out of pitch; cups of coffee; a marinet of a conductress (with a happy way); flute variations (on a theme by Sullivan); trumpet mutes falling out; ‘cello strings collapsing; crashing symbols and tinkling triangles; our professional tuning-up; auditions by Principals and Area Directors; E strings breaking; and a thousand other unforgettable incidents.
NEWSPAPER CLUB REPORT

Under great difficulties the Newspaper Club has managed to produce, sometimes to its own amazement (not to mention that of the general student body), one edition of "Altjirnja" a term. With great enthusiasm the first edition was prepared and sent to the printers in the usual manner. After some time elapsed a nagging suspicion that all was not well began to creep in. The printer pleaded sickness, lack of staff, broken machinery, but finally confessed he was just too busy with other work.

Members of the Club then interviewed all printers possible, and everywhere met the same response—they were too busy to take on a job such as ours. One firm offered to print it, but in ronéo form. We accepted this offer and sent them the second edition. Again some time elapsed, and then to our amazement the copy came back unprinted.

The Club wishes to thank very sincerely the office staff for their help in lending paper, machines and stencils so that this fated edition could be printed. The Club also appreciated very much the efforts of Don Cowan (Editor) and Don Nicholls (President), who sacrificed seeing many of the Intercollegiate activities to run off copies of the paper. Our thanks go also to the S.R.C. for its interest in the fate of "Altjirnja" throughout the year, and for its wholehearted support in obtaining a printing press for the College. The press was purchased in third term, and is being used for the final edition by the newly elected staff for 1955.

We feel sorry that we were not able to produce more copies of "Altjirnja" this year, but we also feel that the printing press which has resulted from our difficulties should prove of benefit to future generations of College students.

The office-bearers for 1954 were: Don Nicholls, President; Ted Carter, Treasurer; Cath Flynn, Secretary. Editorial Staff: Don Cowan (Editor). Sub-Editors: Dot Martin (social), Bruce Humphries and Wendy Hurst (sports), Athol Hutchinson (Clubs), Glennis Ogden and Noreen Henson (section reports), Marion Jones and Kevin McDonald (literary).

—C. FLYNN.

SPORTS REPORTS

MEN'S BASKETBALL CLUB


The basketball team was very disappointed by its defeat at Intercoll. However, under the match conditions, Sydney was the better team. The best players (though all played well) were Ken Davies and David Davies, our two attacks (they're not related—take a look at them!!)

In the night competition we have stepped up a grade from C Grade to B Grade, and have surprised even ourselves by performances to date. We are now leading the competition with four games to go till the semi-finals, having played nine games, won eight and lost one. We have been close to defeat on occasions—in both games against Wanderers, whom we defeated 29-26 and 32-30, and against University in the second round (36-30). In such close games as these the team has rallied well when behind, especially against Uni, when we were down 29-28 with two minutes to play, and when leading we have managed to hang on till full-time.

We would like a few more spectators to come along, especially for the semi-finals, which won't start until graduation time, as so far the average support numbers about three. However, this dearth of spectators is nothing so much as the lack of a coach. To my mind, the lack of a coach on the sideline lost us the intercollegiate match.

Our gratitude must be expressed to Mr. Duncan and Mr. Gillard for their help in procuring for us our own court. However, Jim Imrie, the club secretary, deserves most credit and thanks, for it was mainly through his initiative that the court was prepared for play with such alacrity.

—MICHAEL BECK.
RUGBY UNION

Rugby Union has had a most successful year at the College. The team, though both young and light, enjoyed considerable success in the local reserve grade competition. Their run of victories ended only in the semi-finals, when they were beaten by Waratah. In this memorable game the College had to take the field with only fourteen men and, owing to injuries, finished with only twelve.

In mentioning outstanding players, it would be impossible to go past right winger Alan Pankhurst and the halves combination of Marriott and French. The latter was successful in gaining representative honours for Newcastle v. Sydney, and in this match showed the mastery of his position that he displayed throughout the season.

Perhaps the best game played by the College was that in which they were most badly beaten, namely the Intercollegiate game against Sydney.

The Newcastle College team was opposed to an extremely fast and experienced team, and it was only due to hard tackling and sheer determination that the score was kept as low as it was.

Other mid-week social games were played against R.A.A.F., a representative side from Gordon, and of course the Old Students' team. These games proved quite popular and were sound training runs for the College team. Our only defeat was at the hands of Gordon, who gave us a real lesson in the art of open rucking and lineout work.

MEN'S HOCKEY

Although the men's hockey team did not carry all before it, the season was, nevertheless, a highly successful one.

A team, initially outstanding only because of an enthusiasm which was not matched by experience, was entered in the district competition and soon developed into a good side, being somewhat unlucky to lose in the final 2-1.

Following a series of trial games against various district teams and Cook's Hill school, the team to play Sydney in the Intercollegiate was selected as follows: B. Benson, B. Nesbitt, B. Moran, B. Roberts, D. Fry, D. Filmer, D. Renton, W. Evans, W. Gore (Captain), E. Elliott and G. Walkom.

The game was played on a wet field and, considering the conditions, was good hard hockey, the resulting one-all draw being a fair indication of the game.

Others who played well for the College in the district competition were B. Suitcliffe, M. Scott, M. Taper, K. Smith, L. Colman and C. Ballard, whilst B. Benson, B. Nesbitt, B. Moran and D. Renton were awarded Blues.

Plans for next year are already being made by D. Fry, W. Evans, B. Moran and others to ensure that next year's team, which will have the benefit of an experienced nucleus, will be equally successful.
SPORTS UNION REPORT, 1954

With Newcastle Teachers’ College as hosts for two Intercollegiate visits during 1954, the Sports Union has had a very active year. At Winter Intercollegiate, Sydney Teachers’ College was entertained, and for the coming Summer Intercollegiate we will be entertaining representatives from all colleges.

Also throughout the year the Sports Union has aided the various sporting clubs in their activities.

Representatives to the Sports Union were as follows: Women’s basketball, H. Cottrill; women’s softball, M. McInerney; women’s hockey, L. Peterson; women’s cricket, H. Stevenson; tennis, W. Hurst, J. Flynn; swimming, P. O’Ryan, N. Campbell; men’s cricket, J. French; athletics, B. Humphries; Rugby Union, N. Marriott; soccer, W. Evans; men’s hockey, W. Gore; men’s basketball, J. Imrie; golf, L. Reay.

Each year “Blues” are awarded for proficiency in sport, and this year “Awards of Merit” were also awarded for people who had unstintingly contributed to sport.

Honours Blues: None awarded.


The winner of the College golf championship was Roy Walpole.

The winner of the men’s singles tennis championship was R. Phillips, and the men’s doubles champions were R. Phillips and C. Belcher. The women’s finals will be played on Friday, 26th November.

CRICKET

The cricket team opened the season with a match against Watt Street Mental Home. The College batted first and scored 160, with George Walkom scoring a fast 43 runs (10 fours). Watt Street were 3-60 when a thunderstorm “washed” the game out.

Our next match was also against Watt Street. This time College scored 140. Of these, Barry Nesbitt top-scored with a well compiled 42. The College bowling failed in Watt Street’s innings, and this enabled them to score 216 and gain a first innings win.

We have played no further games. However, the team is looking forward to the Intercollegiate matches. With the £50 we received from the N.S.W.C.A. we hope to make the cricket Intercollegiate a success.

Although we have not a team which is strong in bowlers, and our practice facilities have been limited, we hope to do the College justice. Sixteen players have been selected in the practice team, and from these players we hope to mould the winning team of the series. The players are: C. Blackshaw, A. Burns, W. Evans, J. French, J. Gill, B. Graves, P. Kirkby, B. Nesbitt, D. Nicholls, A. Pankhurst, D. Renton, E. Roach, W. Roe, L. Smith, G. Sommerville, J. Walkom.
"Them thar School Teachers"