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 (1953-54).
THOSE WHO WILL TEACH—WOMEN.

HOME SCIENCE SECTION

Baxter, Janet
Black, Vera
Burke, Eleanor May
Carroll, Deirdre
Carruthers, Pauline
Crosby, Ruth Blackwood
Douglas, Joan Annette
Evans, Barbara Morton
Keen, Marjorie Anne
Murray, Valerie Jill
Paddock, Lilian
Peeck, Wilma May
Richards, Hilary Mary
Small, Alice Mary
Stacey, Jennifer June
Summerfield, Mavis Jean
Wall, Sara
Abbott, Margot Elizabeth
Adam, Lenore Katherine
Adams, Yvonne Therese
Agnew, Doreen Hineorea
Avery, Joyce
Bagneil, Patricia
Bassian, Grive Beatrice
Body, Barbara
Bolohan, Ruth Ingrid
Bordiss, Barbara Anne
Bradbury, Patricia Elizabeth
Bradley, Enid
Brown, Pauline Veronica
Caldwell, Barbara Mary
Cameron, Margaret Anne
Carrery, Colleen
Clarke, Sandalene Reeve
Clements, Lesley Vera
Cochrane, Ruth Patricia
Corner, Janice End
Cresdnon, Margaret Eltie
Crossingham, Janice Ruth
Day, Ruth Alice
Dinmoche, Janet Patricia
Douglas, Delma Mirian
Dunn, Joyce Grey
Enor, Eleanor Ann
Ferguson, Rhyn Gayle
Fraser, Audrey Constance
French, Helen Mary
Geedee, Christine
Goodwin, Margaret Anne Bernadette
Grant, Joyce Margaret

THOSE WHO WILL TEACH—MEN.

Allen, Leslie Charles
Ballard, Clement John
Barne, John Henderson
Barber, Charles William
Britton, Dennis Arthur Peter
Bruns, Abiel William
Burwell, Harold
Chalkey, Edward Francis
Chapman, Leonard George
Coffon, Spencer Paterson
Ebocks, Frederick Nicholas
Fawke, Warren Thomas
Ferrett, Russell Richard
Fitzgibbon, Eric John
Fry, Lionel David
Greaves, Barry John Joseph
Hackett, Kevin John
Jones, Keith George
Kolmykoff, German Michael
Lea, Harold John
Leharr, Geoffrey Allen
Lewis, George Alexander
McLeod, Alexander
McNail, Keith George
Mahoney, Kevin John
Malcolm, Ian Wilson
Martin, Rowland Andrew
Matthews, Gordon Joseph
Maunder, Kevin
Moncrieff, James
Moore, Allen F.
Griffin, Daphne Isabel
Ham, Beverley
Hard, Jean Margaret
Harding, Valerie Ann
Hearne, Judith Ann Newton
Higgs, Carole Yvonne
Hill, Neutra Merv
Hoito, Eama Sylvia
Honigberg, Eunice Lilian
Hooke, Anne Margaret
Horrie, Lucy Janice
Hunter, Barbara Stewart
Jeffrey, Rosemary Elizabeth
Joughin, Annette Rose
Keenan, Muriel Mary
Kingsham, Joyce
Knight, Shirley Colleen
Lewis, Philomena Josephine
McCormack, Marlene
Meawaring, Eileen Theresa Mary
Metcalf, Robyn Elaine
Milburn, Joyce Hilary
Morgan, Avril Rae
Morris, Shirley
Murphy, Nola Francis
Murphy, Nola Frances
Muxlow, Elizabeth
Nashott, Kathleen Margaret
O'Donnell, Miriam Jane
Fusco, Valerie Nola
Pettigrew, Janice Lesley
Rauv, Pamela
Rees, Lavinia Catherine
Reid, Joyceelyn
Rhosides, Elizabeth
Riley, Patricia Frances
Robertson, Barbara
Robinson, Barbara Irene
Rodgers, Margaret Florence
Ross, Merlin Daphne Noel
Shanahan, Maureen Mary
Smith, Elaine Wendy
Smith, Rosemary
Sneddon, Beverley Anne
Stockwell, Joan
Sutton, Margaret Julie Therese
Swanson, Teena Clare
Tooley, Norma Mary
Vosse, Valda Marlene
Wood, Valerie Joan
Wyman, Margaret Marion Kaye

EDITORIAL

In 1953 the first Altjiringa Annual made its appearance and attracted favourable comment.

The current Annual is the third of the series and its compilers hope that you will enjoy leafing through it.

The idea of an Annual was the brain-child of Lorraine Talbot and Wendy Brett, both of whom are now ex-students of this college. They believed that an Annual would serve as an excellent reminder to ex-students of "those wonderful college days". Following the lead given by both girls, the present Newspaper Club decided to include a literary section to give students an opportunity to display latent writing talent. This year a further step was taken by offering cash prizes for certain types of contributions.

We noticed that last year's Editorial drew attention to the difficulties in producing a magazine with the threat of examinations ever present. The same might be said of this year's production. We hope, therefore, that you, the readers, will not be too critical of our efforts.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Duncan, Mr. Long, the S.R.C., the Photographic Club and our many contributors for their help, Mr. W. McRae for photographs, and Davies & Cannington Pty. Ltd. for the production of this magazine.

“ALTJIRINGA” STAFF.
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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:**

ARTHUR S. CORNELL, B.Sc Agr., JOHN W. MOORE, B.Sc Agr.

**Education:**

GORDON C. ELLIOTT, B.A., Dip.Ed., PAUL A. NEWLING, M.A.,

**English:**

KATHLEEN BARNES M.A., PHILIP A. MARQUET, B.A., A.A.S.A.,

**Geography:**

EDWARD A. CRAGO, B.Sc.

**History:**


**Hygiene:**

JOHN McKENZIE WOOD, M.B., M.S.

**Mathematics:**

COLIN C. DOYLE, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

**Home Economics:**

MARJORIE MARTIN, B.Sc.

**Music:**

MARJORIE G. SNEDDON, B.Ed., GEOFFREY RUSHTON, B.A.

**Physical Education:**

FOREWORD

(By Neidra Hill, Retiring Vice-President for 1955)

When you, the reader, receive your copy of this magazine the students of the Newcastle Teachers' College will be experiencing the last day of the College year for 1955. For the First Year students it will be the last day of their first year at College but to the Second Year students it will mean much more than this. It is Graduation Day—the last day of our College life. We know that never again shall we be given the opportunity to share once more in College life; never again shall we experience student comradeship, co-operation, achievement and sportsmanship. But we shall remember the good times that we had at College. Events such as the Athletic Carnival, Winter Inter-Coil, the Swimming Carnival, the College Balls, Kesci, the opera, the Armidale trip and many other memorable events will remain with us in the years to come.

The two years that we have spent at College have slipped away very quickly and we now find ourselves standing on the threshold of our teaching careers. Our feelings today are very mixed in many ways but we do know that we are experiencing a sense of achievement; there is pride for the careers that we have chosen; joy when we realize that we have at last reached our goal; loyalty towards our College and those within it; and underlying all of these feelings there is sadness. Yes, sadness, for to-day we leave behind our College, our lecturers, and our friends.

Our College we shall stand by and be proud of till the end of time. For the lecturers we have a love which is born of respect and admiration. Their friendliness, interest and co-operation have made our years at College very worthwhile and we shall always look forward to coming back and seeing them. We have a Principal and a lecturing staff who are unrivalled in any other College in Australia. We can be and are justly proud of them, and on behalf of the students of the College, I now express our sincere thanks, appreciation and gratitude.

As for our friends who we will soon leave behind, we shall always remember you and we will meet you once again at the 1956 Re-Union.

To you, then, the students of the College, we would like to say thank you for your co-operation and friendliness. Thank you, everyone for a really frantic two years. The voices of experience would now like to advise those who will take our place next year, to "make the most of your two years at College, join in with the College spirit for College is all over far too soon."

Until the Re-Union then I will say "au revoir" and wish each and every one of you a very happy teaching career and a very sincere thanks for your co-operation this year. May the spirits of Joe and Josephine march on forever.

A Word From The Principal

1. YOURSELVES.

The Staff joins with me in wishing you all good fortune wherever you may serve. During the two years here you have contributed much and there will be many things for which you will be remembered. Some of these will be tangible realities such as the Social and Recreation Club's gift of £50 to add a lasting memento of the Session to the College Art Collection not in the form of a painting but a bronze or piece of sculpture. The Students' Council, too, has husbanded its finances so well that we now have set aside £700 in bonds. From reserves, too, we have found £100 to begin a long desired project, the furnishing of the Women's Common Room so that it will become the beautiful room it ought to be.

These things are some of the tangible contributions made by the 1954-55 Session but there are other things less tangible but no less real. The creation of the College Orchestra has been mainly the work of this session. Never before has the Printing Club worked so well and the Newspaper Club has regained the vitality it had with our earliest sessions. These are but illustrations of the work that has been done. But there is still one other even more important contribution you have made by which you will be remembered, the contribution of your own personalities. You will remember that Mr. Chips, retired and nearing the end of his days, was tempted to think about the child that had been denied him and the wife he had lost so tragically but he shook himself out of any melancholy and useless self-pity and said: "Boys, I have had thousands of 'em" and from a host of treasured memories came the spirits of youth who had learned to respect and even love him. We are not like Mr. Chips but we remember.
you. Elaine Smith as Pretty (really pretty, too!) Rose Maybud, Tony Walsley with his "Elastic," Alan Pankhurst and his "Parley-voo," and, most of all, with all due respect to Vera Black, Elizabeth Mäxlow and Maurice Scott, we will remember Roy Walpole with his skull and his football team of Murgatroyal ancestors. We will remember, too, Michael Taper as Lobb, Sandalene Clark, Merle Ross, "little" Rogers, Merryn Snowdon, Barbara Caldwell, David Pitt, James Rigby, and so many others for dramatic performances of real merit but most for a continuously developing sense of dramatic purpose allied with loyalty and a sense of responsibility. Nor will we forget easily the craftmanship of Spencer Cotton and Alex McLeod, Fred Ebecock's first violin, Anne Hooke's 'cello, the lovely girls at the Ball, Tobyn McCalie's sprints and Neidra Hill's swimming. There are so many of you we must remember—some of you have been trials at times (who are the Imps in the Infants Sections?) and I never did get around to teaching the men to play Bridge and the Men's Common Room, but what there was of it I did try my patience but despite this you have left many happy memories. We will keep these memories but it is even more important that you should treasure them. As you sit in the City Hall on Graduation Day look about you and see young men and women who will be your friends for life. Look, and see the best thing the college has given you, an appreciation of one another.

2. YOUR SCHOOLS AND YOUR TASK.

This message is short. The modern school is uncertain of itself. Modern psychology is not yet understood and is frequently misquoted or misapplied. As a result the school does not know its true aim. It has rejected first the old religious purpose of schooling and now the more recent purposes of standards of attainments and skills have been challenged in favour of "interests," "attitudes," and "personality." The doctrine of interest has sometimes gone so far that it has forgotten that such terms as duty and responsibility exist. Until the school can regain its clarity and simplicity of purpose it is likely to prove a poor guide to a society that Sir Richard Livingstone has called "a world adrift." We older folk are finding that the whirl of modern ideas is leaving us behind and yet we feel within our hearts that there is but one purpose for the school—to develop men and women who will be worthy, happy and effective units in society possessing the skill and determination to make that society better than they found it. The ideal is not new. It was most clearly expressed in the Ephesian Oath of the youth of Ancient Athens when accepted into citizenship: "I will transmit my fatherland, not only not less, but greater and better, than it was transmitted to me. I will obey the magistrates who may at any time be in power. I will observe both the existing laws and those which the people may hereafter make, and, if any person seek to annul the laws or to set them at naught, I will do my best to prevent him, and will defend them both alone and with many. I will honour the religion of my fathers."

This then is your task and your oath, more binding even than the Hippocratic oath of the medical profession. Live up to it, that way alone will you find real happiness.
General Report.
In all the activities during this year, the Clubs affiliated with the Council have had the active assistance of the College students, and this willingness to assist on the part of the students, has been a major factor in our success. It is to all students that the Council extends its thanks for their valuable assistance during the year.

At the meeting held late in this term, the Student body decided to give out of its profit for the year, a generous grant to the Library to purchase books. These books will be marked as gifts from this session. A generous grant was also made to the Sports Union to purchase sporting material for the use of the students. The remainder of the year's profit is to go to the Hall Equipment Reserve account, which is now a considerable sum and has been invested in Commonwealth Bonds, till it is ready to be used.

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 Clubs responsible for these, and to the Lecturers concerned for their assistance.

Council Recommendations.
At the close of this report, the Council and its Officers would like to pay special tribute to our Principal, Mr. G. H. Duncan, for the assistance he has given to the Council during its term of office and the sympathetic way in which he advised us. We feel that the success of the year has been due to the pleasing association of the Principal and the members of the Student Body.

We wish the President Elect, David McAllister, and the Vice-President Elect, Margaret Bishop, every success during their term of office.

REHEARSALS—RUDY AND GORY
I have just become acquainted with a horrible sensation,
I'm conducting like the devils and I'm dying of frustration.
For the general commotion stimulates me to a frenzy,
And I can't devote attention to my cues or my cadence.

Now I do not wish to take it out on trombone or on fiddle,
But my baton's hopping madly like a herring on a griddle,
And at any moment now I'll go as mad as any hatter
I'm supposed to be conducting but it really doesn't matter.

If I were not distracted and in point of fact non compos
I should give you my opinion in a manner staid and pompous,
I could indicate what's lacking in your gestures and expression,
And you might perceive a little modest worth in my suggestion.

On the subject I could make you quite a valuable oration
Could I get a lucid moment for a little explanation.
But it's all the same at present if I eulogize or matter,
As I'm only the producer my opinion doesn't matter.

If I had been so lucky when appointed to this College
As to dabble in psychology and other useful knowledge,
As to sympathize with every introverted inhibition
And to understand the symptons of an overwrought condition.

My reactions might have made a rather interesting study
And I might produce a Ruddigore that's not so blooming ruddy,
But there won't be any difference in spite of all this chatter.
So we might as well forget it, for it really doesn't matter.

—"SIR RUPERT."

WHIMSIES
As a child I learned
At Mother Nature's knee
To watch the world around me.

Pattern
In the sky
Are birds in flight:

And
How they
Pomt their flight
Taught me to know
Wind.

And the wind bore song,
Whipped the sea-foam into flight,
And made the grass talk.

So now, when alone,
I look for the birds, or wind
Moving clouds around.

Or if I want news
Let the grass and the tall trees
Be companions.

Lonely?
No.

—N. KIRKBY.

ARBOR MORITUR
I saw a tree die,
I watched its heart bleed;
The spurring drops of blood flew o'er the ground.

The little men with their gleaming axes
Hacked piteously at the tree.
They dared to pit their strength against that mighty tree—
Hack! Hack! Hack! Until the heart feels sick
And the stomach wrenches,
In pity for that powerless tree.

Until, with a slight shudder and a sickening crash—
It falls.
The men, not content with this conquest,
Must lop its branches.

—"SILVAE."

CANZONETTA
AN OLD STORY
200/.../
He stooped to mankind's scorn,
As to an unruly child,
Showing in His mild way
How evil was subdued
To Christ, the undefiled.
Men, in their hearts' dismay,
The world's gain and world's loss
Hanged on Calvary Cross,
All on a distant day.

—"JOHN CHARLES."
TRYST

Restless was the night's wane,
The earth stirred in its sleep,
Treading lightly on blooms,
I left, as dark was slain.
I had my heart to keep
True for her from whom,
Musing, I left, alone,
Tip-toed as the wind's moan
Sounded my lover's pain.

—"WILLIAM ASKEN."

DRINKING SONG

Take now the dark, dark wine,
Full of a ruby glow,
Feel of its caressing,
Playfully benign
Let cares seem long ago,
And all the world a blessing,
Drink when gay or mourning,
This, the wine of living!
Take now the dark, dark wine,
Drink, drink, the good red wine!

—"JOHN CHARLES."

AND SO FAREWELL!

How can you say as you wish her good-bye
That between you and her there remains no tie?
Have you no tear to shed in passing,
For the memories which will be so lasting?
Oh, yes! For deep within your heart
You know it's hard to part
From the life and the love of the college
Of our dear old Newcastle college.

—MARGARET RODGERS.

ROMANZE

I kissed her, beheld her wonder,
Words unspoken between her and me,
Caresed again, did not incur
Anger, only timidity.
Sighed, and looked to me, steadily,
Quivered like a bloom, I gently
Whispered my love, called her dear.
—Gods!—She drank my soul ardently,
Because I gently called her "Dear."

—N. KIRKBY.

WITHOUT LOVE

The whole world cries out,
Singing in a fervour of pain and pleasure
Confused into one.
And all men join and shout
Even though they do not understand,
Crying out in the grey stones
Of their antiquity.
And the sound is music in the air,
Laying like Death in the air:
Music heavy as the hearts
Of men with souls,
Played on the muted, mellowed strings of misery.
For they see the vision,
Yet indistinct in the shades of future time,
But an ever present shape and nature
Of the end of a world
Without love, heedless of the love given,
Of the hand of God on a man's shoulder.

—M. SCOTT.

THE BORIS BACCARATI T.B.—ROAD TESTED BY ROSS PANNIFEX, B.A.

(Condensed from the article in "Honi Soit", Thursday, July 7, 1955, by Michael Taper.)

The Boris Baccarati is a rather large car with typical sports car characteristics, coupling exceptional performance with an outstanding variety of other splendid characteristics. Of special note are the clean lines which as well as providing splendid streamlining, give the car strong asthmatic appeal. Incidentally, it is the only sports car yet on the market to be equipped with revolving doors, an innovation which I predict will be welcomed in the motoring world, as it makes for easier getting in and out of the car.
MEET THE WOLF!

A SHORT STORY BY DON SIMMONS

The reserved seat on the Flyer had proved a mixed blessing; the bundle of feminine charms at my side being counterbalanced by the “Non-Smoking” notice opposite. Had it not been for the notice, however, I should not have met the Wolf; for whilst I was enjoying a quiet smoke at the end of the corridor, he was performing elaborate ablations in the adjacent wash place, and subjecting himself to intensive scrutiny in the mirror.

He seemed anxious to confide in some kindred spirit. This, as it turned out, was due to the fact that he had been wearing his “sheep’s clothing” for a whole week-end. But he may only have turned to me in sheer desperation, for, diving thankfully for his seat on the threshold to pension, the Wolf had found himself most closely beset with four old maids and their knitting. His need to re-assert his true identity was urgent and he clutched at me as at the proverbial straw.

Well, now! My Wolf—T’ll call him Max—was about 35, nuggety, but tender to touch, with sleek black hair, brown eyes, and a cherubic expression. Max informed me, with an air of apology, as though confessing a weakness, that his week-end had been devoted to the preservation of his parents’ illusions in respect of himself and the world in general.

Retired professional people, who were spinning out their latter days at one of the more select coastal resorts, they led a quiet life on a high cultural and intellectual level. His mother had been a soloist in a concert orchestra and his father a professor of the Fine Arts.

Max too moved in select circles, as wine waiter in a high-class hotel. Whilst for variety he occasionally joined a ship in that capacity. His only brother and his only sister were both engaged in respectable professions, in London and Adelaide respectively, so it was left to Max to brighten his parents’ old age with his occasional presence. He considered it his solemn duty to protect them from any knowledge of the world of drink, drugs, parties and “casual affairs” in which he lived, moved and had his being.

“They wouldn’t understand our modern way of living, old man,” confided Max, interspersed generously with the [sic] giving me in the train the idea of not so much as coming to him for help, but that the Wolf had played the part of Motus moderns, “or the things we have to do to keep in the swim.”

So Max had descended on the old folk. He had not allowed Father too much of a shake-up, but did decamp to Sydney for a spell, he would do, he claimed, to get a better idea of “Man and Superman” to allow him to discuss with the Old Boy in the world of Creative Evolution; and had listened appreciatively to Mother’s latest high-brow recordings. It was as well that he had been the “victim of a good education,” as he expressed it.

His one lapse from grace had been irresistible and easily camouflaged. On Saturday morning, Mother had asked him to drive her to town on a shopping trip. This accomplished she had an unusual fancy for a gin and tonic and line. Max, with ill-disguised haste, soon had Mother safely ensconced in a secluded nook in the Ladies’ Lounge. Warning her that some delay was inevitable at such a time, he had trundled off, the Bacchus on the cross一杯, and the Borg was in the air. The Bacarrat’s hypersensitive clutch transmission made for smooth effect, but with the performance off, while the performance of the engine, the well-known Bacarrat clutch unit is as superb as ever.

Max chuckled with cynical amusement as he related the conversation, and assured me he had really enjoyed the respite from the rigours of modern life.

“But just as a change,” he hastened to add, not wishing me to think that he was getting soft. To drive the point home he informed me that he would, on arriving in Sydney, have an intensive “booze-up.” Later on a bath and a benzedrine tablet would, he claimed, enable him to get through the night’s work like a swan on the lake.

“The old folks don’t know anything about the way I live,” Max went on. “I’d only worry ’em if they did, I reckon. Don’t you, mate?”

But even as he spoke the train pulled into Central. Before I could venture a reply, out he leapt and precipitated himself into the metropolitan whirligig. And I, the country bumpkin, I gazed timorously out on the Big City—and wondered.

“BRUSH UP YOUR SHAKESPEARE”

(BY MERVYN SNEEDON)

Before, dear reader, you proceed any further, I should like to make it clear once and for all that William Shakespeare did NOT write those plays attributed to him. No indeed! Actually they were written by another man of the same name. Now that you have that clear (?) let us read on.

Perhaps one of his best known plays is “Julius Caesar.” In this we see Caesar’s assassination by Marion Brutus and Cassius. These two
Senators stabbed Caesar, thereby dividing his gill into three parts. Caesar felt pretty cut up about this, but as he had a bad cold at the time of the stab, he just said was "Achoo! Brute." Most folks take a place at dusk, hence Caesar's theme song, "I'm a Roman in the Gloomies.

In "Antony and Cleopatra," Antony, in company with David Livingstone, travels through Africa until he comes to the beginning of the Nile River—in fact, he hit the Nile right on the head! He reaches Egypt, where Cleopatra falls in love with him. However, Antony has a linguistic named Rosetta Stone. Cleopatra hears of this, and she becomes so enraged that she stabs him right through his Hieroglyphic.

Laurence O'Hamllet speaking to Bulanuys on the battlements, with the ghost of Hamlet's father, King Lear, looking on. Hamlet is in love with the sweetheart of his Horatio—her name is Lady Hamilton. In the last scene Horatio trips Hamlet with his telescope and hits him on the head with his blind eye, thereby killing him. Horatio, in turn, is killed by a gravedigger called Yorick. Yorick himself chokes to death because he can't stop "coffin." (Get it?) Thus the play comes to a "dead" end.

In "Macbeth" (or as it is more commonly known, "The Case of the Half-cooked Haggis") we have some good character studies. This play was made into a film, featuring Dame Sybil Hornpipe and Onson Welles. In this film, Macbeth, alias Harry Lyne, is running about and either looking for people to assassinate. In the end we have a terrific bottle—oops! I mean battle—with armies led by the three main men. These are Mac Fluff, Seaweed, and Macbeth as the Third Man, who find a ghost in this play. (Who said ghosts are dead?)

The hero of "Merchant of Venice" is a young lover of Scottish-Italian descent whose name is Macaroni. He is in hospital and hospital nurses are not loved by were called Portia. The nurse Mac said that "the quality of Nurse is not strained." However, the doctor—who's name is Flinstock—wants to operate, much against Mac's will. The doctor insists that he must have his pound of flesh and proceeds to operate. Thanks to Portia's nursing, Mac recovers, but his brain has been affected, and he marries her.

And so, dear reader, next time you are browsing through your autographed copy of Shakespeare's plays, remember that Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote those plays, the famous words of that well-known slave, Williamh Lincoln: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all the people all of the time, but you can't fool some of the people all of the time!"

BUSH CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas. The hot, westernly wind blew across the paddock and swirled in little dancing eddies through the door. It stirred the newspapers and rustled the magazine in Jim's hands, blew the wood ash out into the bright cloud and hurried out the door of the hut with a whistle.

I glanced across at Jim but could see nothing except the big brown hands grasping the periodical. A thin stream of smoke filtered upwards from his pipe and I thought of tobacco and food and Christmas. There was no food in the hut; we had just returned from the river with our spirits dampened and our fishing bag empty. It would be easy to obtain food the next day from town but Christmas Day didn't seem like Christmas without a little of the traditional feeling.

The ominous silence was broken by the report of a shot gun. I stared. Jim jumped and dropped the paper, his ears alert and eyes twinkling.

"Sounds like Bert's shot a duck!" he said with a strain of excitement. I said nothing but I knew that if there was a duck within three miles Bert would shoot it. I had seen him shoot wrens from a fence with a rifle. He never missed.

The silence returned. Then, softly at first, we heard the pad of Bert's dog, one of their big paws, cracking the dried leaves. Jim called straight and walked to the door. Bert appeared on the verandah, a huge, shadowy figure, his hand, shotgun in the other. He stood for an instant, the sun glistening on his tanned face, the fresh blood trickling down his arm and falling in dust coated globules in the dirt.

"What is it?" queried Jim, his eyes shaded from the sun.

"Bush turkey," mumbled Bert.

"Well," said Jim, "I've been comin' here for twenty years and it's the first bush turkey I've ever seen!"

Bert, known for hisiac qualities, muttered something and strolled away to prepare the bird for cooking. We built a fire under the old copper and waited for his return. He swaggered in, leaning under the weight of the bird and a dusty sugar bag. He swung both onto the table. The sugar bag opened and spilled carrots and potatoes on the whitewashed boards. I looked at Bert, my face phrasing a question.

"One of the neighbours give them to me," he said, and grasping the cleaned bird, "prepared to cook the dinner."

The appetising aroma of poultry lingered in the kitchen long after we had finished our meal. It was the first time I had tasted bush turkey and the tasty flesh had well satisfied my curiosity as well as my appetite.

We had finished our meal and were resting our heavy bodies when our neighbour, "Skinny Jack," paddled up to the door and entered. He seated himself and began a slow monologue of conversation, stopping now and then to take a draw from his pipe and swear at the hearth.

"These townies," he muttered with contempt, "these townies would pinch anything. This morning I heard a shot and I goes out to see what it is and some townie has dug up half me spuds and a quarter of me turkey. He stops for breath, unaware of the eyes of his audience—seeking, startled eyes.

"And to top it all," he emphasized, "one of me geese is gone. I think them dagnamed townies has run off with one of me turkeys."

He coughed and looked around. There was no sound. I looked at him and then at Bert. Jim pushed the paper up higher, so as to cover his entire face. Bert was asleep, his hands reposing on his stomach. He snored.

—F. A. DAVIS

CULTURE, OR THE CULT OF CULTURE

"The school . . . one of the most important institutions concerned with the transmission of culture." (Mr. Staff Inspector Ramsay, B.A., M.Ed., Education Gazette—April, 1955.)

As students of a tertiary institution we are expected to imbibe a certain amount of this mysterious commodity called culture. But what is it? When and how did it originate? Most of us automatically connect culture, historically, with Ancient Greece; but the Greeks had no word for culture. In its place they used the word "way of life"; a life made wholesome by good craftsmen, good poets and good statesmen. The Guild Craftsmen of the Middle Ages were unconscious of their culture as such. Art was all that was pleasant to the sight, from a cathedral to a candlestick. It is pertinent to note that Fine Arts production in these periods was predominantly for "use" in the form of a work, "ornamental, utilitarian, or for entertainment or religious purposes.

The emergence of culture, as we know it, coincided with the growth of early capitalism; with its transfer of emphasis from production for use to production for profit. The Industrial Revolution accelerated the process of degeneration. The machine minding workers were divorced from craftsmanship, and culture, like wealth, was concentrated

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into the hands of the few. The "cult of culture" had arrived. Art treasures that escaped the private galleries of the nouveau riche were tucked away in art galleries where no one ever saw them. Culture was no longer a way of life, but a separate entity. And so Matthew Arnold, in his day, saw it as "acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world." The worship of the relics of the past.

After the 1914-1918 war efforts were made to democratize culture, and there has been a revival of these efforts since the Second World War. They have taken the form of "popular" editions of good books, "popular" concerts, art exhibitions and films of classics. On the people as a whole they have made an impact. Their sensibilities have been dulled by the crudeness and shoddiness, the superficial materialistic character of everyday life. Generally speaking the culture cult provides an escape from life, not a means of expression or appreciation of its finer aspects.

In this we are not honest with ourselves, and if we accept that true culture is the expression of a way of life, we will admit that our "cult of culture" represents only the cultural ideals of the minority. The real workaday culture has for its aim the satisfaction of our surface emotions and appetites; and its media are popular music, radio melodrama, films and publications with a strong sex appeal, and second-hand danger.

Most progressive educationalists (Rousseau, Montessori, Dewey and the like) have always recognized the need to concentrate on education of the senses—the sensibilities—especially of younger children.

But what does this allav if the conditions and requirements of workaday life merely mock at the finely developed sensibilities?

Here then is the root of the matter. If our cultural idealists wish to raise the standards of our culture, the answer lies in changing the conditions because it produces it.

There is now developing a democratic way of life. That mythical being "the common man," is coming into his own. Unfortunately, instead of using his new power to re-establish the dignity of labour and a meaningful way of life, he chooses to impose the rule of mediocrity. He is limited to the conventional scale of values, merely twisting them to suit his own ends. A Buryan's muck-raker, he fails to glimpse the vision of a New Order which democracy makes possible.

A nobler "way of life" will produce a nobler culture. Given a more beautiful and satisfying workaday environment, given lines and occupations intended with purpose and meaning, the art will blossom naturally and become an integral part of the community's "way of life." Metal alloys, cement, plastic, and textiles will be the new mediums of the Fine Arts.

The cult of culture will die a natural death, and may even descend to the depths to which Eric Gill consigned it when he wrote: "To hell with culture as a thing added like sauce to otherwise unpalatable stale fish."

—DON SIMMONS.

"TIP-IGGLE"

Life—"one grand sweet song." Definition? Wishful thinking? Well, a typical day of College life should decide that question. Vaporous clouds, azure sky, earth fragrant with the perfume of Spring flowers, a happy clamor in the distance—suddenly this delicious serenade is disrupted. The alarm rings, you get up, wash, dress, breakfast, dash for your bus; blow, missed it again.

What shall I do now? Taxi? Late bus? Skip the lecture? A large black line through that first unthinking thought! Skip the lecture? Horrors, no—your conscience wouldn't allow it! So—on the next bus and the rush starts again—it is a Hamilton Depot bus—off at Nine Ways, bus to Union Street. Oh! A Glebe bus just moving away! Horns too, brakes shriek—you notice none of these things as head water such, brakes shriek. A glance around, balanced down, briefcase flapping wildly, unwieldy Music assignment balanced precariously under one arm, you triumphantly stop that lecture. College is fast! The bus is going so you fear for that lecture. Thank you kindly; you slide into a vacant seat. Whoops! Wrong room! One room, Off again—this time you peer cautiously round the door, then, reassured, you make a grand entrance.

DURING this lecture you search your bag frantically for the list of geographical data you know you put there this morning. Oh, well, nothing for it but bravely to hand it in late and smile sweetly. It just might work.

What is happening? Oh, the lecture's over. Vaguely you wander out the door and down the corridor. Hey! Where is everyone? You pelt down the corridor, striving to right of you, round, you pelt down the corridor, strive to right of you, students to left of you, principal in front of you, till you catch up with the section and are ready to assimilate a wealth of knowledge once more. In the last three weeks over clothes for P.E. still flapping gaily on the line at home. Not much more could happen, you think? You don't know the half of it!

Finally you wend a weary way home—the bus conductor upbraids you for using your concession pass before time, you're on the wrong bus, you miss the next one. At last you reach home and you can really relax—tea, bath, dress, dash for the bus—oh, no!

—MARGARET MYERS.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—SOME FACTS AND OPINIONS

Recently I conducted a miniature Gallup Poll within the College. My survey consisted of one question, namely, "Who is the most famous jazz trumpeter of all time?" The students I asked were an assorted group of classical music lovers, hit parade fans, people who are tone deaf (NOT "stone deaf"), listeners and, of course, Joe Fanatany. I found that for every ten students interviewed, students seem to know very little of this gentleman's life. As I always have the welfare of the community at heart, I set about rectifying this terrible state of affairs by writing this little opus.

Louis Armstrong was born in New Orleans in 1900. Naturally enough, young Louis could not possibly live in New Orleans for very long without coming under the exciting influence of jazz, for this city was the home of the "sacred music." Louis first caught the public eye at the age of twelve, when, because of his over-enthusiastic celebration of the New Year (he fired an alligator's shot into a police car in the main street), he was sent to a reform school. However, this didn't turn out to be as bad for us (that is as it sounds) as it was to Louis, as the reform school was a place in the school's band room. At this school that Louis became first acquainted with a musical instrument. He began with a slide, changed to a cornet, and soon gained a place in the school's brass band.

When the left the school at the age of fourteen, he had mastered the instrument. He got a job as a coal carter, and at night he played in bands around the infamous Basin Street District of New Orleans. It was at this time, too, that he first gained his name "Satchelmouth," or, in other words, "Leather-lips." is a corruption of "Satchelmouth," or, in other words, "Leather-lips.

In 1919 we find Louis playing for Pete Marable's Band aboard the riverboat "Dixie Belle." Here Louis travelled up and down the Mississippi, gaining valuable experience in playing with the "greats" of jazz. Finally he got his big chance in 1922 when "King" Oliver, one of the greatest of trumpet players, sent for him from Chicago. Louis went north and commenced playing as second cornet in Oliver's band, where he played a great deal from the "King," and soon the pupil outstripped the master.
As a point of interest, Louis Armstrong's first recorded cornet solo may be heard with "King" Oliver's Creole Jazz Band in "Chimes Blues" (1923). This period with Oliver is important for Louis for another reason. The pianist in the band was a young negro called Lil Handin, and Louis became attracted by her (not only for her piano playing, but also for her个人魅力). In 1924 they were married, and Lil urged Louis to get out with a band of his own.

After a brief and disappointing visit to New York, Louis returned to Chicago. In November, 1925, the first Louis Armstrong Hot Five recordings were made. Records by this group have become showpieces of jazz. With 1927 came the formation of the "Hot Seven," and the making of more recordings which will go down in jazz history. From the jazz point of view, this period was Armstrong at his best.

During the Thirties and Forties, Armstrong became engulfed in the big commercial swing bands, and he lost part of his jazz feeling. After the war we find him concentrating on the vocalizing of "popular" songs, to the detriment of his trumpet playing. However, around about 1950, Armstrong formed his All Stars, and we begin to get music something like that for which Satchmo is best remembered. This is the band which he brought to Australia with him early this year.

Louis Armstrong is without a doubt one of the greatest trumpet players and personalities of jazz music. Even when he is playing "popular" music, there are still traces of old New Orleans to be found therein. But for the jazz lover, the age of greatness has passed. Luckily, the years 1923 to 1930 have been captured for ever on recordings, so affording us with some of the best trumpet playing available in the world of jazz music.

M. SNEDDON.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

"An activity such as this is a great boon in a country town. It gives us something worthwhile to do, in a pleasant atmosphere." That is a typical comment of the many people who enjoy adult education in its different forms all over the State. Let us reflect for a moment how vital a service this is to people, either in town or country, and then examine more closely the role of Sydney University and the Workers' Educational Association in this field.

Adult education is the very life-blood of democracy. It can provide an unbiased liberal education to enrich personalities and produce better citizens. We are living in a complex age. To say that the school cannot fully equip one to deal adequately with all social, cultural and scientific difficulties is a mere platitude. Anybody can be helped to resolve these very difficulties through some branch of adult education.

Forty years ago a group of individuals supported by a number of organisations, founded the Workers' Educational Association, to undertake the task of stimulating the demand for adult education and providing a service for it. While the W.E.A. has its own Councils established in Sydney and the Hunter Valley, it relies on the missionary zeal of individuals scattered throughout New South Wales.

There is a wonderful opportunity for young teachers to start Discussion Groups or a Kit project, and thus provide a very welcome service to the community, particularly in country districts.

Wherever there are 25 people who can gather with a common interest in developing any cultural, social or scientific subject, the Department of the University of Sydney Department of Tutorial Classes and the W.E.A. tries to secure a qualified tutor and establish a suitable class. The course lasts for a minimum of ten weeks. Usually the tutor lectures for an hour and then a second hour is devoted to questions and discussion.

Through the Discussion Group Scheme, any small group, however remote, may be, can obtain lecture materials, books and regular guidance from a corresponding tutor. There are over a hundred separate courses on Literature, Drama, Philosophy, Psychology, Child Study, Science, Social Questions, Economics, History and International Affairs, Politics, Art and Music. Groups may be formed by organisations, employees during lunch hour, or just a group of friends who meet in each others homes.

If you happen to start your career at Milparinka, just the idea for you is the Kit project! Kits are a new way of learning through group activity. Groups wanting to enjoy a subject by doing as well as by reading and talking are supplied with a "kit" of tools. These include individual sets of leaflets written by the tutor, a kit library, working equipment and tutorial correspondence. Half a dozen people would be sufficient to begin activities in any of the Kits available for the Artist, Play Reader, Music Maker, Astronomer, Designer, Parent Traveller and Writer.

Few people will kill time if they can find a worthwhile and invigorating way of filling it. So if you would like to get further details of means of helping folk in this way, why not contact:

THE DEPARTMENT OF TUTORIAL CLASSES,
Sydney University,
The W.E.A.,
171 Phillip Street, Sydney,
or 71 King Street, Newcastle (B 1777).

It is bound to have good repercussions in Tibooburra! — M. KING

"We love the halls of prefab that surround us here to-day, and we will not forget the' we are far, far away."
SECTION 1
4th Row: Anthony Campbell, Eric Baker, Alan Affleck, John Dwyer, Robert Connors.
2nd Row: Jill Chandler, Barbara Marsh, Margaret Avis, Miriam Macalpine, Janice Beattie, Carlene Deamer, Marcia Curilo, Patricia Davis, Margaret Bishop, Joan Elvin, Marjorie Arnold.
1st Row: Pauline Freeman, Eileen Avery, Robyn Dixon, Babette Fowles, Dawn Blanch, Marlene Bannister, Maureen Flarty, Leonie Dempsey, Diana Eaton.

SECTION 2
1st Row: Margaret Hall, Rosemary Lees, Therese McDonald, Paye Lewis, Paye Hardman, Shirley Layton, Jennifer Ludke, Diana Jenkins, Ruth Humphries.
2nd Row: Paye Humbles, Judy McDonald, Denise Greaves, Marie McCall, Mary Innes, Beryl Hume, Valerie Harrison, Patricia Hayes, Jewell McDonald, Frances Gilberty.

SECTION 3
Left to Right, 1st Row: Helen Pereira, Rosemary Phelan, Delma Page, Marjorie Panton, Judy Harrison, Beryl Lawrence, Cecily Markham, Pat Mitchell, Marie Nicholson.
2nd Row, Left to Right: Frances O'Sullivan, Marcia Mulligan, Janet Newell, Wendy Mallyon, Wendy Rollingsworth, Margaret Myers, Marie McPherson, Margaret Preston, Wendy Perry, Alcia Phillips.
3rd Row, Left to Right: Bill Nicholson, John Bakoff, Lachlan McKinnon, Ken Scott, Bill John, Trevor Bretnall, Neville Kirkby.
4th Row, Left to Right: Gordon Murray, Martin King, Jim Kane, Barry Challenger.

SECTION 4
Left to Right, Front Row: Shirley Cox, Jan Sallsbury, Floss Minter, Merab Walter, Nelda Reedinan, Pam Reynolds, Loreta Scala, Pay Wilson, Frances Gilberty, Peter Grogan.
Second Row: Nella Wood, Marjorie Sweetman, Anne Thompson, Ruth Small, Annette White, Joan Sweetman, Don Whinlows, Tony Oswald, Buck Rogers, Peter Haines.
Third Row: Ian Thomson, Kevin Goodworth, Bruce Wilson, Tony Oswald, Buck Rogers, Peter Haines.
Fourth Row: Don Simmons, Geoff Waugh, Clive Poole, Geoff Williams, Peter Wyborn.
SECTION 5
Left to Right. First Row: Barbara Lyall, Patricia Powell, Marlon Canner, Marie Bailey, Leslie Ireland, Josephine Calder, Elizabeth Goodwen, Patricia Titmus, Joan Crouch, Fay Baldwin.
Second Row: Jadvyga Zakarauskas, Margaret Hartley, Janet Fraser, Ann Julian, Norma Holland, Ruth Quigley, Marcia Leibek, June Duncan, Patricia Pryer, Patricia Hogan.
Third Row: Robert McKay, Garry Brown, Ken Archbold, Alan Gill, William Stewart, Kevin Cant, Francis McDonald.

SECTION 6
Back Row: M. Cooper, G. Lindus, J. Prince, G. Ferguson, K. Hill.

SECTION 7.

SECTION 8—BIOLOGY
Left to Right. 1st Row: Ruth Wales, Dorothy Moore, June Calder, Jan Marshall.
2nd Row: Iris Archer, Jan Boyd, Val Douglas, Lesley Gallagher, Glenys Davies, Margaret Davies.
3rd Row: Margaret Hendry, Pat Huxley, Kay Chedzey, Joan Clark.
SECTION 9
Left to Right, 1st Row: Iris Elsley, Monica Hull, Betty Orr, Betty Redford
2nd Row: Valmai McCristal, Wendy McBride, Mary Lewis.
3rd Row: Margaret Runing, Isabel Snedden.
Missing: Deirdre Dwyer, Helene Stone.

SECTION 21
Left to Right, Front Row: Kath Nesbitt, Colleen Carney, Doreen Agnew,
Ennise Hollingshed, Judy Hearne, Carol Higgs, Teresa Swanson, Lenore Adams, Nola Pascoe.
2nd Row: Jan Corner, Barbara Bordiss, Merle Ross, Marlene McCormack,
Jan Elvin, Jo Lewis, Monica Keenan, Joyce Grant.
Back Row: Nola Murphy, Barb Caldwell, Barb Robinson, Ema Holpo,
Norma Toohey, Jane O'Donnell, Pat Bagnall.

SECTION 22
Left to Right, 1st Row: Gaye Ferguson, Jillian Rhodes, Anne Hooke,
Patricia Bradbury, Elaine Smith, Beverley Sneddon, Margot Abbot,
Patria Riley, Margaret Cameron.
2nd Row: Margaret Crewdson, Daphne Griffin, Christine Geddes, Audrey Prater, Julie Sutton, Joyce Kingham, Joycelyn Reid, Barbara Hunter,
Lavinia Rees.
3rd Row: Elizabeth Muxlow, Valerie Harding, Jane Dimmock, Helen French, Rosemary Jeffery, Avril Morgan, Pauline Brosnan, Neldra Hill.
Absent: Yvonne Adams, Shirley Sheehan.

SECTION 23
Left to Right: 1st Row: V. Wood, S. Morris, V. Clements, M. Goodwin,
M. Shanahan, V. Vassella, H. Milburn.
2nd Row: R. Tailbet, F. Ebbeek, B. Graves, K. Hackenburg, E. Fitzgibbon,
3rd Row: M. Taper, K. Maudner, H. Burwell, M. Sneddon, T. Walsley,
P. Urpeth, G. Kalmykoff.
SECTION 24

Left to Right, 1st Row: Barbara Robertson, Beverly Ham, Margaret Rodgers, Robin Metcalfe, Shirley Knight, Pamela Ravelle, Anne Ensor, Janice Crossingham, Eileen Manwarring.

2nd Row: Ruth Day, Ruth Cochrane, Joyce Avery, Clem Ballard, Roy Walpole, Jim Swab, John Barnes, Ray Newstead, George Lewis.


4th Row: Athol Burns, Kelvin Robertson, Bob Wallen, Keith McNall, Warren Evans.

SECTION 25


2nd Row: Brian Sutchie, David Pitt, Alex McLeod, Jim Rigby, George Walkom, Terrence O'Brien, Alan Pankhurst, Spencer Cotton, Alan Moore, Jeff Leonard, Kevin Mahoney.

3rd Row: John Peart, Geoff Summerville, Brian Ross, Joe Sedran, Barry Moran, Russell Perrett, Ken Smith, Ian Malcolm.

"It seems to take the joy out of graduating when you remember that you’ve got to start supporting yourself."
HISTORY IN THE FLESHER?

Although the weather did not appear very promising, the History Options set forth for Sydney, in gay spirits, on the 7.32 a.m. Flyer. Fortunately the weather held and the group of 38, arrived at Sydney University. Here the Ancient History Options in the command inspected the Nicholson Museum, while Mr. Borean with the Far East and Near East Options, went on a grand tour of the Fisher Library, including its Photographic Department. Later the groups changed over. The Fisher Library is an imposing building of fine Gothic architecture. Approximately 2500 of the total 500,000 volumes, constantly in demand, are kept on the shelves. The library is based on the Dewey Periodical System, where each decimal indicates a specific sub-division in a topic. A filing cabinet of all the stored books available, is available for the students' use. The additional books are stored in eight floors of bookshelves in a network of steel and glass supports.

The senior students are allowed to use this system, once it is explained to them. Other students must enquire for the book they require. Many of the books in the stacks are very valuable, and are there for showing the strains of age, olive-tinted glass has been placed in all windows to deflect any direct light. Subsidiary to the main Reference Library is the Fine Periodical Library, in which not too present seminars, in which periodicals in circulation are indexed and kept for the students' reference. The photographic division is a modern addition to methods of historical research and photographs, valuable books and documents which cannot be bought now. The page photographed is reflected on to a sheet of paper, which is placed in a roller system, which in turn is run through a chemical fluid and this prints the copy, in a matter of minutes.

The Nicholson Museum contains relics of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" not forgetting the splendour of the Egyptians. In a few Persian, Assyrian and Babylonian monuments to balance. On the whole the display is impressive, and it was unfortunate that sufficient time was not available for a more intensive ramble around this part of the museum. Casts appeared magnificent in their details, but much interest centred around the Mummification Department where human mummies were nipped while the group admired two mummies of cats, which had apparently been sacred to the Egyptians of the time. The Persian and Babylonian Department displayed an interesting assortment of ancient jewellery not unlike some of the 'junky' jewellery worn to-day. The Greek statues were impressive, particularly the Greek Brion of the "Discus Thrower", an athlete's body at its prime. The master whose hand brought this magnificence had defined every detail even to revealing the fine muscles across the shoulders. The tremendous display of vases, indicates in these ancient people, not the love of flowers, but the love of good wine. Vases were used merely as vessels to hold such liquids as wine or anointing oils.

The trip to Sydney was made more pleasant by the fact that the students had a carriage to themselves. Before Central was reached the cobwebs of sleep had been blown away and several students had to be forewarned against falling asleep. After reaching Central, the students hastened to the University.

The Nicholson Museum was found to be a compact and rich source of learning for all history students. A rather witty guide supplied students with all they wanted to know about the exhibits. Much of the material on show was original (including some interesting Egyptian mummy relics). Of particular interest to Ancient History students was the Greek and Roman department. There were found interesting coins, pottery, ostraca with up to date inscriptions, jewellery and a multitude of other paraphernalia of these bygone civilizations. Highlights of this part were busts of famous Romans such as Julius Caesar, Augustus and Cicero, and scale models of a Greek trireme and the city of Athens. The very high standard of Hellenic sculpture was evident by reproductions of such famous works as "Greek Boy Pulling out a Thorn" and Praxiteles' "Figure of Hermes Playing with the Child Dionysus." Examples of Athenian painted vases of the early Sixth Century B.C. were particularly admired. The vase-painters had developed a technique of blackening the whole vase and then putting on their paintings in red on the black background, the attention of the women students. The attention of the males was caught by an interesting case of blackening the whole vase and then putting on their paintings in red on the black background caught the attention of the women students. The attention of the males was caught by an interesting case of blackening the whole vase and then putting on their paintings in red on the black background caught the attention of the women students. The attention of the males was caught by an interesting case of blackening the whole vase and then putting on their paintings in red on the black background caught the attention of the women students.

The Fisher Library at the Uni proved an inspiration to all 300,000 books, and countless Uni students of all races "cramming" and over the deathless huch of intense work. The library is Australia's third largest—Sydney's Mitchell and the Melbourne Public having even more volumes each. So vast is the Fisher that an annex several stories high has been used to stockpile most of the volumes. The great library that from 1902-08 to build and is said to be modelled on Westminster Hall.
Our guide in this section was a delightful old soul possessed of a picturesque mode of speech. With her we "tore" out to a lofty observation platform at the library and had the landmarks pointed out to us. Then we "zoomed" up to a higher story and saw the photographic labs, where the pages of books were photographed by a £2500 camera. The photographs are then sent to inquirers for a remarkably low price, and the book concerned does not have to leave the University.

An excellent lunch followed soon after. Our lecturers were able to organise this for us at the nearby Sydney T.C. cafeteria. A member of the Sydney College's S.R.C. took students on a tour of inspection after lunch, a tour which aroused many memories of the interviews that took place prior to our becoming students at N.T.C.

A frantic dash was then made to Vaucluse House. All modes of transport were used—bus, tram, taxi and Mr. Barcan's car. Gradually we assembled at this link with earlyекс-perience, and inspected the bedrooms of the late inhabitants.

The various rooms revealed much connected with Australian history—fire-arms, weapons, newspapers, documents, books, household Implements and other goods and chattels. The great white-washed kitchen was inspected, together with its early colonial-style equipment. None of the female members of the party expressed the wished to slave over such a hot stove, so we passed out into the backyard. Our attention was attracted by a dog-kennel structure where recalcitrant convicts were kept and the nearby wine-cellar of Mr. Wentworth. A number of the males made a mad rush down the steps to see if any Napoleon bric-a-brac had survived, but were dashed to the ground by a gate that barred their way. After they recovered, the groups went upstairs and inspected the bedrooms of the late inhabitants.

The wonderful old four-posters looked as though they were made up in readiness for deep, restful sleep. However, the Wentworth household must have consisted of people of incredibly short stature, as the beds seemed smaller than the present-day variety. A number of suggested experiments to see if this was really so unfortunately had to be rejected.

After leaving the house, the students went to a cafe and consumed a number of glasses of coloured swamp-water from cauldrons labelled "Lime" and "Orange".

A walk through the delightful 22 acres of grounds followed, students voting the beautiful purple and white wisteria around the homestead as the nicest sight seen for a long time.

Mr. Barcan had an unusual experience with a poltergeist when about to hot-rod into Central. He boarded the vehicle and started the engine and prepared to take off. Oddly enough, the car remained stationary; so he allighted. As he did so, the passengers felt a gentle sensation as though the back wheels had fallen from a height. A number of students, the only other people in the vicinity, reported they had seen nothing unusual. Mr. Barcan was told that it might have been one of Joe's japes, and so, he got down into his car, pulled it around him, and drove into town.

All the students were unanimous that the lecturers' organisation had made the day an outstanding success and that our knowledge of history had been increased as a consequence.

—D. P. McALISTER (Section 3).

III

Following the excursion to Sydney, I have reached the following conclusions as to the value of the trip:

(1) The heavy accommodation disadvantage was that insufficient time was spent in the Nicholson Museum. There were many details in the Greek and Roman Room which needed more attention, but the lack of time made this impossible. However, I still consider the trip worth while, for various reasons—

(a) Seeing originals and replicas of Greek and Roman objects gives a wider understanding to the subject and supplements textbook learning.

(b) Various objects seen in the Museum gave insight into the way of life of the people and period we are studying; for example—

(a) The heavily carved stone coffin used by the Romans surprised many, particularly when told it was not a bathtub.

(b) Such simple objects as the "tear-collectors" and delicate glass lamps.

(c) The statues and painted pottery not only shed light on Roman and Greek culture but also displayed the changing fashions of the Ancient World—clothes and hair coiffures.

(4) In my opinion, the most interesting items in the Museum were the ostracism stones and the coin collection. The value of the excursion was well worth while, even if it only explained the stones. Textbooks have explained and described these stones, and yet they proved vastly different to what I expected to find. These and the coins (the coins themselves could tell the history of the Ancient World) definitely needed more time for observation.

(5) Although the visit to the Museum was of prime interest to the Ancient History group, I'm sure both options benefited by the visit to the Fisher Library. It was of particular interest to any student who wishes to further his studies towards obtaining a degree. I wish to do this myself and was interested to hear that research work could still be carried on, even though in the country, by the new photographic equipment contained in the Library.

(6) Vaucluse House would benefit anyone who wishes to teach in schools. Prior to my visit, Wentworth was only one of a trio who crossed the Blue Mountains; but so many other aspects of his life became apparent through the visit that I feel that I understand even this small portion of history a great deal better.

—BABETTE I. FOWLES (Section 1).

"DEAR BRUTUS"

The three-act play chosen by the Drama Club to be performed this year was J. M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus". The performance of this play has been rated as the best three-act play yet produced by the College Drama Club.

This year the cast was particularly even in acting ability. No one person could be singled out as being better than the other members of the cast. A very high standard of acting was maintained throughout both performances.

The performances of "Dear Brutus" were studied with minor highlights. We had Michael Taper's mysterious disappearance from the armoury; music playing before Kevin Mahoney had even picked up his "flute"; the light-switch failing to function for David Pitt; and Mervyn Sneddon's memorable line, "Who's throwing a nasty?" (it should have been "Who's got a nasty temper?"). These things, along with much horseplay and fun, both backstage and at rehearsals, helped to much make the play the success it was.

—S. R.C. (Section 3).
Geo~
Summerville did a mighty job, both at producing the play and at directing scenery-shifts between acts on the actual nights. The cast and crew would like to thank especially Miss Sneddon, Mr. Elliott, and Mr. Marquet for the work and time which they devoted to the play. Mr. Duncan for his interest and support, Mr. Rushton for recording the flute music, and members of staff who so kindly lent their dinner suits. A word of praise must also go to Keith McNall and Maurie Scott for the work they put into making the back-drops; also to all of those people who helped with props, make-up, sound-effects, lighting, scenery, etc. To all of the above people we, the cast, say a sincere “Thank you.”

“I’d like to tell you how much I enjoyed your course in Advanced Biology, Mr. Tristlethwaite—or, Agerman.”

 CLUB REPORTS

DRAMA CLUB

Front Row (left to right): Margaret Hartley, Sandalene Clarke, Barbara Caldwell, Merle Ross, Jan Corner, Anne Julian, Pamela Eaton, Marjorie Arnold, Margaret Rodgers.

Second Row: Mr. Elliott, Geoff Summerville, Jill Chandler, Margaret Hall, Denise Greaves, Marlene Sweetman, Ruth Small, Miss H. Sneddon, Meida Reisman, Esma Holpa, Josie Coulter, Pat Hogan, Mr. P. Marquet.


The club’s activities were off to a good start. Rehearsals began for the three one-act plays to be taken to Singleton for the Drama Festival. The plays taken to the Festival were “Thread o’ Scarlet”, “Michael”, and “Lucretia Borgia’s Little Party”. The adjudicator, Miss Doris Fitton, praised the casts for their efforts, but advised the choice of more suitable plays for our age-group. Miss Fitton advocated more rehearsals to bring our performances to a more professional standard. Michael Taper and Kevin Mahoney were mentioned for creditable performances. Two nights of one-act plays were the next item on our programme. For the play night for June we presented the plays taken to Singleton. Four one-act plays were then presented at Technical High School: “Ile”, “Moggy, the Cat Burglar”, “Daughters of Invention”, and “Far, Far away”. The night was very successful, and both cast and audience enjoyed themselves. The three-act play rehearsals began in earnest after July. These rehearsals reached a climax at the rehearsal camp at Toronto. Here a lot of work was done and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Our thanks to Mrs. Marquet and the girls and boys who fed us and kept the camp going while the cast rehearsed.

“Dear Brutus” ran for two nights at Technical High School—on the 28th and 29th of September. Both performances were of a high standard and on both nights we had very appreciative audiences. We look back on this year with a feeling of satisfaction. Under Geoff Summerville the club has flourished, and we are sure it will continue to do so under Ruth Small, our president for 1956.

S. CLARKE, Secretary.
DEBATING SOCIETY

The year 1955 has proved a very successful one. The Monday lunch-hour debates have been well patronised and the topics keenly contested. Good talent amongst the First Years has assured the Club of further development next year.

The committee takes this opportunity to thank all those lecturers who have acted as adjudicators for various debates, and is especially indebted to Mr. Wood, the Club's patron lecturer, who has been of tremendous assistance in all capacities.

Newling House stole the Inter-House honours this year and its team is to be congratulated on its effort.

The highlight of the debating year was the Inter-Collegiate clash with Balmain. Although beaten, the Newcastle team put up a fine performance, losing little in comparison with their opponents (as the so-close result indicated). We, as a College, have every reason to be proud of Shirley Morris, Daphne Griffin and Ken Scott.

A "must" for every teacher is confidence in front of a group, and the Debating Society is where to find it. The search is not without a certain amount of fun, either.

REPORT ON THE MUSIC CLUB FOR 1955

The Music Club has been very active during the year. Rehearsals commenced very early for the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Ruddigore", which was very successfully performed under the capable baton of our Musical Director, Mr. Rushton, and was produced by Miss Barnes and Miss Snedden. The opera was a great success financially and artistically; the profit of over one hundred pounds was donated to College equipment. Fifty pounds was given to purchase new recordings for the College collection. These have been purchased and are now in use. A series of lunch-hour "recitals" was given, when the recordings were played.

Since the performance of the opera, the choir has been preparing its items which will be given at the Graduation Ceremony under the baton of Miss Snedden. The orchestra, which played an important part in the production of the opera, is being trained by Mr. Rushton, and will also add to the harmony at Graduation Day.

SPORTS UNION

The year 1955 has been an important one in the sporting activities of this College. We have Section 7 (Manual Arts) with us, their Sports Day being on Wednesday. The interest shown here promises well for the future.

General sport on Thursday again received the full support of all students.

TENNIS:

Tennis was most popular and culminated in the Tennis Championships held in October. The results were: Women's Singles, Miss M. Bishop; Men's Singles, Mr. R. Phillips; Women's Doubles, Miss M. Bishop and Miss B. Sneddon; Men's Doubles, Messrs. R. Phillips and C. Belcher; Mixed Doubles, Miss M. Bishop and Mr. R. Phillips.

Wilkins and Mackie finished co-leaders in the House Competition. It was interesting to see Sections playing night tennis. Good work!

HOCKEY: The women's teams took part in the Newcastle Competition, and both did very well. Intervening holidays again brought difficulties, but both teams reached the semi-finals.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL: Congratulations to the Basketball Club on the dual success achieved in the Saturday Competition. Shirley Knight's team won the B Grade and Sara Watt's team the C Grade. This was a grand effort. Both Women's Hockey and Basketball teams gained from the organised morning practices.
WOMEN'S SOFTBALL

WOMEN'S SOFTBALL: In their new outfits the local team excelled. Their victory at Inter-Collegiate was a grand effort. Dot Moore as pitcher and Shirley Knight as catcher presented an A1 battery.

Front Row (left to right): Janice Pettigrew, Neidra Hill, Shirley Knight (captain), June Lewis, Dorothy Moore.

Back Row: Marcia McDonald, Valeria Harding, Elizabeth Muxlow, Jill Evendon, Wilma Powick, Doreen Agnew.

SOCCER: For the first time, the Soccer Club entered a team in the local competition. Although premiership honours did not come their way, they presented solid opposition, and with Bill Nickerson at the helm they should do well next year. Congratulations to the team on again winning the N.S.W. Soccer Association Trophy for competition between Colleges.

HOCKEY: Men's Club again did well and reached the semi when they were defeated by Wests, the eventual premiers. Barry Moran certainly handled the job as captain well.

CRICKET: Men's and women's cricket teams have been practising assiduously for the coming summer Inter-Collegiate at Bathurst. John Gill and Barry Williams, of Uni, should be acclimatised, whilst much is expected from Wilma Powick, Neidra Hill and Shirley Knight at Bathurst, and Nell Dougherty, Warren Evans and George Walkom amongst the men.

SWIMMING: John Wilson (President) and Kaye Wyman (Secretary) have organised the annual carnival at Maitland. A strong contingent will compete in the Summer Inter-Collegiate at Bathurst and should do well. Neidra Hill, Joan Pettigrew and Ken Smith obtained their Life-saving Examiners' Certificates.

ATHLETICS: Our annual carnival saw Shirley Knight as women's champion and Ken Scott as men's champion. Robyn Metcalfe as Secretary did a grand job. The Inter-Collegiate visit with Balmain was a great success. All contests were evenly contested and it was apparent that many friendships were made.


RUGBY UNION

MEN'S RUGBY UNION: This team reached the semis again, but injuries suffered the previous week at the Inter-Collegiate depleted their ranks. Nevertheless they had a grand year, and Skipper Walpole was pleased with their efforts.


The Rugby Football Club had a very successful year once again this season. A team was entered into the District Rugby Union Second Grade Competition and entered into the semi-finals. In the first semi, however, the team was defeated by the Mayfield East Club, which went on to win the grand final.

During the season we were visited by Balmain T.C. and went to Armidale T.C. The trip to Armidale was a very successful and entertaining venture. The football was the only winning team by the margin of 11-6. In the big Inter-Collegiate against Balmain the team was successful, winning by the margin of 28-3.

Congratulations to the following for gaining Blues for football: Allen Pankhurst, Eric Fitgibbon, Keith Brown, and Roy Walpole.

MEN'S BASKETBALL, 1955

The Basketball Club began, this year, with the entire team of players new to the game. Despite their inexperience, they have improved greatly individually and as a team. This, I think, is shown by the difference in performances, when we were beaten by Armidale 46-19 early in the season, to when we narrowly defeated Balmain 27-23 in an exceedingly hard fought match.

The team has been unlucky in the local competition, its inexperience telling under pressure from more experienced teams of the B Grade Competition; but in many matches they have risen to the occasion and have some spectacular wins to their credit, such as 48-23 against Nephites and 39-25 against Central, who look like taking off the premiership.

Prominent players in the team are the two attacks, Geoff Williams and Bruce Wilson, who gained selection in the Newcastle Junior team and played with merit.

—M. SCOTT, Captain.
The College team entered the N.D.M.H.A. Third Grade Competition for the second year.

Commencing the season with an inexperienced combination, we gradually improved, being somewhat unfortunate to lose the semi-final 3-2 (Evans 2) after extra time.

Initially injuries and vacations interfered with the team's success, but we won the last 10 games without loss. We were the only team to defeat the Minor Premiers, Watt Street, the scores being 5-2 (Evans 2, Renton, Scott, Whitelaw).

During the season 16 games were played, the College team winning 11, losing three and drawing two, scoring 33 goals against 22. The leading goal-scorers were W. Evans 15 and D. Whitelaw 10. The strength of the team, however, lay in the backs, where Fry and Moran were always safe, Moran being brilliant on occasions. Walkom, in the halves, was outstanding, his back-stretch play being unexcelled.

The forwards, although lacking class, were very fast and determined, often leaving the defence standing and then being unable to finish off movements.

The team contained several keen first-year players who showed form, a nucleus for next year's team.

This year's officers were: President, B. Moran; Secretary, W. Evans; Assistant Secretary, D. Whitelaw.
**WOMEN’S CRICKET CLUB**

There was a large attendance at the first meeting of the women cricketers this year, and the girls are very keen—as can be seen by the practices which are held every Tuesday and Thursday. Although the practice facilities are not the best, we will field a team which we hope will do the College justice at the Bathurst Inter-Collegiate. Many thanks go to Miss Barnes and Miss Moller for their coaching and interest.

**CHESS CLUB**

Despite the weight of learning under which Collegians stagger, a goodly number have found time and energy to do battle on the chequered board.

After a number of general playing meetings, our industrious Secretary, Mr. Bob Connors, arranged a knock-out competition. In the final K. (“Blue”) Hill met G. Murray.

Miss Jill Rhodes is our only consistent lady member. Her early defeat in the competition was a surprise, as she has defeated finalist “Blue” Hill in club games. The club, and Miss Rhodes, would like to see more active support from the fair sex.

Officers: President, Don Simmons; Vice-President, Jill Rhodes; Secretary, Bob Connors; Treasurer, Trevor Brentnall.

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**THE YEAR AS SEEN BY ALTJIRINGA**

The first edition of “Altjirina” for the year revealed that there were 183 males and 255 females in the college and our Principal commended the fact that it could be seen that the number of women students far exceeded the number of men, and it might be an interesting subject of debate for the Debating Society to consider the reasons for this development and whether it is a good thing or not that teaching is becoming more and more a woman’s profession.”

The issue contained a brief news item that raised the hopes of all lecturers: By a superhuman effort Joe Pansaty managed to scrape into Second Year. He showed the right spirit by announcing to one and all that he was going to have another attempt at graduating.

The Editorial sympathised with those who suffered during the floods. After announcing that the college now had its first Manual Arts section and Junior Biology section, it lamented the absence of an Assembly Hall and Gymnasium.

Our President (Fred Ebbeck) extended the hand of welcome to the newcomers and urged them all to take an active interest in all college functions.

A poet, “Greenhorn”, sent in an interesting item entitled “The Initial Impact”, in which he summed up the first day for first-year students this way:

First with Second Year,
Lads with Lasses and
Town with country;
The man of Swot with the man of Sport,
Mozart’s maid with the Goodman girl,
And Australian New with Australian Old.

(Due to a typographical error, however, the reference to the “man of Sport” became “man of the Spot”.)

As further pages were opened, news items about behaviour at dances, how to conduct club meetings, W.E.A. activities, and the new executives of the various clubs, came to light.

“Altjirina’s” humorous department, “College Capers”, put the hot light of publicity on some of the students—the first-year lad who nearly “pranged” a lecturer’s car, another who wandered up to Merewether Baths for a swim one cyclonic day, Annette who had been acting strangely since a C.M.F. camp began at Singleton. Shirl Knight, it was alleged, was getting a lot of fan “male” from Nasho. “Batsey” Burwell was welcomed back after a sojourn in the B.A.A.P.

One paragraph claimed that Tony Walmsey was looking “for a girl, not too tall, who looks French, speaks French and feels French to play opposite him in a one-act play. Applicants to be tried by Mr. Scott, any time, any place.”

The quaint explanation of the word “curl” was put in black and white, together with a promise of a definition of another useful word next issue. Whether explanations of other words are too awful to be seen is not known, but our readers have been anxiously looking, without success, for further definitions in subsequent editions of “Altjirina”.

That sourcylcine “B. A. Male” warned his wards, the males, of the horrifying tactics used by the girls to “get their man”.

The writer, who had already exposed the “Bar-Ring” attack as diabolical, went on to lay bare the fearfulplan “Operation Umbrella Skirt”. He warned the males to dive for cover and not to look round when they heard a swishing sound. Wrote “B. A. Male”: “You see, it won’t be like one of those carnivorous flowers. Best not to look upon, they use their very beauty to lure the prey on and on until he is trapped and consumed.”

The 26th May edition sympathised with those who had not come through practice unscathed.
Our "It's a Woman's World" correspondent viewed the ratio of sexes at the college in a despairing manner and complained of the conciliated behaviour of the males at college dances and other places. She denied vigorously that the womenfolk were "simply falling over each other in efforts to 'get a man' and then their grievances were underhand and treacherous." After condemning the males again, she at last admitted they did have their uses.

A paragraph in the same edition announced the engagement of a woman's friend. The reporter viewed the ratio of males began a Dorothy Dix-style column for the lovelorn and puzzled.

A paragraph in the same edition announced the engagement of "Lucraria Borgia's Little Party", "Family of Scarlet" and "Michael" at Singleton had attracted favourable comment from the audiences. Homeward-bound from Singleton a number of Oscar-deserving performances were given by some of the players, the report added.

There was an interesting item from an ex-student about country-life. She told how board was so scarce that she and two others moved into a caravan in which stunned the township of B ......

A paragraph in the same edition announced the engagement of April Morgan, the day after it was official, a reporting event of which so much spade-work for the function, and the Art Option's approving correspondent Elaine had replaced him. He replied to letters from those who had an ego problem.

The Inter-Coll. Ball was described as "an unforgettable evening" and indeed it was, although many of the girls from N.T.C. disguised themselves as B.T.C.-ites and many a laugh was heard when Newcastle men began conversation with what they thought were Sydney girls.

The origin of Joe Fanatany and his early history at the college and the recent arrival of his sister Josephine, a Women's Hockey player, was presented for Balmain's benefit.

Our old friend "B. A. Maile" reported thus: "With the arrival of the Balmain team the desperation and frustration of N.T.C. Colleens became more and more marked. . . . They realised that competition for the highly prized Newcastle men was greatly increased. . . ." He went on, "On one occasion of two innocent second-years, two men who were seduced and imprisoned in the Women's Common Room."

"It's a Woman's World" spoke of the Herculean Balmain males and the contrast afforded by Newcastle's poor imitations. The columnist claimed that Newcastle men were "veritable babes from the nursery who dress in wolves' clothing and may try to pass as mature, sophisticated, intelligent human beings."

Sourly, the writer reported that Newcastle girls had tried to get one normal Newcastle man to put in a display cage at the Inter-Coll. Ball, but the search had been in vain.

"Inter-Coll. Capers" contained news and views about Balmain folk as well as Newcastle students. Reported were the parade of the 25th Division. "The guard was inspected by Major-General G. H. Duncan and Flight-Lieutenant Mrs. Gletz, while the band rendered selections from 'Ruddigore'.

Some of the best items: Ken Scott and Wendy Perry were seen viewing rings in a city jeweller's; Maurie started off Pat but saw Gwen and Winsor, but when things got Calder he turned the heat on; Colleen Montgomery had "Make it hot. I don't like it when its hugwarm" (she wasn't talking about tea); Robyn Metcalfe didn't need a stole at the Ball—something else was draped around her neck—all night.

The issue also contained a review of the college's ambitious performance of "Ruddigore". This G. and S. work was presented on 28th and 29th July to large audiences. Our critic "Raphael" wrote: "Each of the leading actors was extremely well cast. Maurice Scott made an excellent 'wicked baronet', while Vera Black's presentation of Margaret in her mad and somewhat less mad moments was effective."

Wrote he: "Yards and Yards of blue net, pink net, beige net and red net. Net with big holes and net with little holes. AND IT'S USE—To trap the poor innocent male just like a school of fish. The technique was to get the boy to dance, then to break—pivot madly, so that the net would catch him. After they finished, he found he could not escape unless he furnished a taxi-ride home."

A highlight of the issue was the double page of "Kosci Kapers". These illustrated, with illustrations, the experiences of the 45 students who went to Kosciusko in May. Those who went vividly recalled such events as the train trip, hysteric, extra desserts, Deed's sprained ankle, Veronica, Jerry, Stan, Gwen, Lenore, Tom, and Sotty's taxi-ride.

As this copy was being prepared by the printers, further issues of "AlfJrrings" were being planned.