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 Session).

Editor: D. McALISTER
Literary Editor: D. SIMMONS
THOSE WHO WILL TEACH

ARCHER, Iris
ARNOLD, Marjorie
AVILES, Margare t
BAILEY, Martha
BAL DWIN, Janet
BANNETER, Marion
BEATRICE, Janice
BLECH, Dorothea
BOYD, Janice
BROWN, Barbara
CALDER, Josephine
CALDER, June
CAHILL, Erica
CANNER, Marlon
CHANDLER, Jill
CLARK, Cox
CROUCH, Robert
DAVIES, Olenys
DAVIES, Barry
DEMPSEY, John
DONALD, William
DOUGLAS, Valerie
DUNCAN, June
EATON, Pamela
ELKEY, Iris
EHRENBERG, Josephine
EYRE, Janet
FAULKNER, Pauline
GALLAGHER, Lesley
GILMOUR, Elizabeth
GREAVES, Denise
GREEN, Yvonne
HALL, Margaret
HALE, Bruce
HANDRICK, Janice
HARRISON, Judith
HARRISON, Valerie
HARTLEY, Margaret
HAYES, May
HENDRICK, Sarah
HOGAN, Patricia
HOLLAND, Norma
HOLLINGSWORTH, Wendy
HOMER, May
HOPKIN, Robin
HUMBLES, Paye
HULL, Monica
HUMPHREYS, Barry
HUXLEY, Patricia
INNES, Mary
IRELAND, Lesley
JENNINGS, Josephine
JULIAN, Mel
LAYTON, Shirley
LAWRENCE, Barry
LEE, Rosemary
LEXIE, Andrew
LEWIS, Elizabeth
LEWIS, Fay
LEWIS, June
LURE, Jennifer
LYALL, Barbara
MALEY, Eleanor
MCBRIDE, Wendy
MCMARTIN, Vimal
MCDONALD, Judy
MCDONNEL, Marcia
MCDONNELL, Marj
MCKINLEY, Miriam
MACKAY, Carmel
MACHAUD, Marie
MALLON, Wendy
MARELLI, Cecily
MARSHEL, Betty
MARTIN, Janice
MELZER, Heather
MINTER, Florrie
MITCHELL, Patricia
MOORE, Dorothy
MULHOLLAND, Marcia
MYERS, Margaret
NEVILLE, Lila
NICHOLSON, Elie
OLIVER, Frances
OLIVER, Judith
OH, Baby
PAGE, Delma
PANTON, Marjorie
PERRA, Helen
PERRY, Wendy
PHelan, Rosemary
PHILLIPS, Paul
POWELL, Patricia
PRINCE, Frances
QUIGLEY, Ruth
RANDALL, Frances
BEDFORD, Elizabeth
BEARDMAN, Nelda
BEARDMAN, Pamela
BEDDOSS, Sarah
BUNNING, Margaret
BULGIN, Janie
SCALIA, Loretta
SMALL, Ruth
SNEDDON, Isabella
STONE, Janice
SWEETMAN, Joan
SWEETMAN, Marlene
THOMPSON, Anne
THOMPSON, Margaret
TIFFIN, Phil
TOMIN, Maureen
TUCKER, Les
WALLIS, Ruth
WATER, Paul
WHITE, Annette
WOOD, Colin
WOOD, Dina
WOOD, Young
YOUNG, Jervis
ZAKARASAKIS, Jady

EDITORIAL

Raleigh Schorling’s book, “Student Teaching,” contains an article by a youthful American editor of a University High School’s publication. The publication’s aims, the writer says, are to inform, to indicate public opinion, to give journalistic training and to furnish a record.

Here at Newcastle Teachers’ College copies of the “Altrjirina” newspaper and magazine are performing these functions. Furnishing a record is the most important. Our College is young, but already it has an interesting history, details of which exist in black and white for future investigators to see.

The aims of this magazine’s original founders: “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 (and a) literary section . . . . to give students an opportunity to express themselves in that direction” have been fulfilled once again in this edition. The most tangible remembrance photographs—that is why much emphasis is placed, and S.R.C. funds spent, on the pictorial side of each Annual.

This year’s edition features an innovation which it is hoped will be continued in future: printing the speech of the Graduation Day guest speaker of the year before. It is felt that the remarks of such speakers are so worthwhile that they should be retained for posterity.

Many thanks to Mr. Duncan, Mr. Long and Mr. Saxby for their co-operation; to Mr. W. McRae (McRae Studios) for photographs; Davies and Cannington Pty. Ltd., for printing; and to the numerous students who have contributed.

Lastly, to those who graduated, you may always strive to bring about “a better world.”
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**TEACHERS' COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE**

(Established 1949)

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

Vice-Principal:
JAMES W. STAINES, B.A., B.Ed., Ph.D.

Arts and Crafts:

Biology:
ARTHUR S. CORNELL, B.Sc.Agr., JOHN W. MOORE, B.Sc., Agr.,
JOYCE E. WINNEY, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

Education:
W. STAINES, B.A., B.Ed., Ph.D. (Lond.).

English:
KATHLEEN BARNES, M.A., PHILIP A. MARQUET, B.A., A.A.S.A.,
M.A., FRANK E. ATCHISON, B.A., H. MAURICE SAXBY, B.A.

Geography:
EDWARD A. CRAVO, B.Sc.

History:

Hygiene:
J. McKay WOODS, M.B., B.S.

Mathematics:
COLIN C. DOYLE, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., RICHARD T. MacRAE, B.Sc.,
Dip. Ed.

Music:
ELVIE G. CORNELL, L.Mus. A., L.R.S.M., MARJORIE G. SNEDDEN,
D.S.C.M.

Physical Education:

Home Economics:
MARJORIE MARTIN, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
FOREWORD

(By MARGARET BISHOP, Retiring Vice-President for 1956.)

The end of 1956 brings with it the close of our College session, and I know that all the Second Year Students are looking forward to their teaching next year.

We regretfully leave College and all that it offers — the good fun, loyal friends, and the constant companionship which is so understanding in its friendship, because each student is bound to the rest by the bond of common experience.

The S.R.C. wishes to thank Mr. Duncan for his friendly co-operation, and willingness and sincerity, in trying to grant the students’ wishes. We wish to thank Mr. Barcan for his helpful guidance, and all the other members of the lecturing staff who have helped to make this year so enjoyable.

Most sincerely, we thank the students for their endless and faithful co-operation and participation in all College functions, helping them to go with that characteristic “College swing.” To the future President and Vice-President, we say “Good Luck” and a hearty successful 1957 to all our friends of 1st Year.

A WORD FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I used to feel sad whenever I said “Good-bye” to a session of students. I no longer do so. I would not like to be misunderstood. My change in attitude does not arise from the fact that I do not know my students personally as I used to do (something I very much regret) but from the realisation that the college and myself in particular are not as important in their development as I used to believe. The importance of these two years is, of course, great, for during this period the students have developed in many ways, but much of this development would have taken place in any case. Growing freedom and maturity account for a great deal of it. The college task has been to provide a good opportunity and environment for the development of students. Cast your minds back before you go and consider the changes in yourselves. You will find it hard to note the differences, because they have been so gradual, but they are considerable all the same. You are now ready to fend for yourselves.

It is for this reason that I am no longer sad at such partings. I suppose that if a bird could feel the complex emotion of pride it would not feel sad when its young took flight. Nor would a flying instructor feel sad when his pupil did his first solo, but only glad and proud for the double achievement. This is the sort of feeling I have when students graduate from the College. They are ready to begin the work for which they have been preparing, and it is time that they were set to it.
If I were to say that these students have been good students, I would only be repeating what I have had to say with every session—and with the same degree of truth. It might be imagined that I mean by “good students” those who always do as I say and who are meekly obedient to my edicts. Far from it. I have little patience with mere colourless obedience. Obedience in certain circumstances, of course, there must be; this world would be a most uncomfortable place if there were no recognised and accepted authority in it, but I prize courage and initiative, originality and vigour, even if these do bring about sometimes a clash of wills and temperaments. These will solve themselves provided that we are genuinely seeking what we believe to be right and have learned something of generosity and kindness, humanity and sympathy.

All our ex-students will have much to learn, and experience is a great teacher. Vicariously they will learn from fellow-teachers, heads and inspectors, but the best of them will not be mere imitators, seeking the safety of orthodoxy and accepted procedures. They will give heed to the advice of the past, but they will dare the freedom of the future. They will have faith in themselves and in mankind, and reject the cowardly negative philosophy that man is good only from fear of the consequences if he dares to be different. Naturally there is awareness of, and sometimes fear of, consequences, but the best and greatest of men have loved what is good for its own sake.

To those who leave us I give this message:

"Trust yourselves and trust your fellows of whatever rank they may be. Sometimes you will be disappointed and hurt, but for the greater part you will have the tremendous response of shared friendship and shared trust. Pupil, teacher, headmaster, inspector, college staff, senior administrator, are all colleagues—professional colleagues—pledged to the task of the betterment of mankind. Others will make mistakes, you and I too will make mistakes—many of them—but together we will make many other things far more important than our mistakes. We will share in making this world a little better than it was when we entered it. There can be no greater task—nor reward."

—THE PRINCIPAL.

THE COMMUNITY AND THE TEACHER

(1955 Address given by our Guest Speaker, His Honour, Mr. Justice Breton.)

Let me make it clear, first of all, that I know nothing at all about Education. It is a subject I have never studied. This disability is one which I share with most of the community, and it therefore probably qualifies me admirably to speak on their behalf. Nevertheless I must confess to having been a teacher for the space of one year—and that is something which, after I have reflected on what the community needs of the teacher, fills me with considerable alarm. I was then completely untroubled by the matters of which I am going to speak to you today.

In speaking of what the community needs of the teacher, I am necessarily at the same time expounding the teachers’ duty to the community because every professional man and woman certainly—I would go further and say every man and woman—is in duty bound to give to the community what it needs of them, according to the best of their ability. I am convinced that the community needs of its teachers more than it should; it leans too much on them; but that does not exonerate the teachers from doing their best to fulfill those needs. If the youth of the nation is left on their doorstep, they must take it in. If others fail in their duty to their children and their country, as some parents do, the teachers must be prepared to shoulder the burden. I do not say that the majority of parents fail in their duty. Indeed, your presence here today establishes the existence of a number who do not.

Experience has shown us that when the State assumes responsibility for a task which was previously entirely in the hands of the individual, the individual is too often ready to shed his personal responsibility entirely and to rely exclusively on what the state provides. It should not be so; he should regard the State’s aid merely as an auxiliary, as an aid to him in performing a duty that was, and still is, his own. But too often it is so, and because of this process, the need of the community for teachers is greater than it should be. If parents shirk their responsibility, and deem their duty discharged by sending the child, more or less regularly, to the school provided by a paternal State, the child loses something for which the teacher, try as he may, can find only an inferior substitute. The most fertile foundation for any education comes, or should come, from the child’s own parents. It is they who should give him his approach to learning, his approach to life, his moral and social values. Many parents today fail to do that; your duty to the community therefore requires you to provide the best substitute you can, with over-large classes, in a few short hours each day. It may well be that only a few of the children in your classes will fall in this neglected category. I hope so, but I am afraid the percentage is increasing. There will be some and you cannot differentiate. To cure the few you must treat the many.

Not enough people realise the heavy responsibility thus cast on teachers. They speak highly of doctors, and occasionally, even of lawyers: sometimes engineers achieve public fame. But without teachers we would have no doctors, no lawyers, no engineers, and no teachers. Doctors may cure ailments; engineers may build bridges; but on the teacher rests the heavier task of turning out a decent and useful citizen; and he must always be conscious that it lies in his power to make or mar a youngster’s future life.
Part of the trouble is that the individual citizen seldom recognises himself as a member of the community, as a fractional part of the State. He regards the State as something quite distinct and separate from himself, as some vague authority placed over him, which pushes him around. He calls it "they." He says, "Why don't they do this; why do they do that?" The pronoun is used impersonally to refer to some unidentified authority or other, and to evade any sense of personal responsibility. Our anonymous citizen forgets, or at least much says as anyone else in what goes on; what he should be saying is, "Why don't we do this, or why do we do that?" and acknowledge that he and the man next door are as much concerned as anyone else; that he has as much say as anyone else in what goes on; and what he should be evading is, "Why don't we do this, or why do we do that?" and acknowledge that he and the man next door are as much concerned as anyone else.

All this suggests that one of your first tasks must be to improve the sense of civic responsibility of the rising generation. Teach them that they cannot shed their personal responsibilities, because the State in some measure assists in their performance; teach them, too, that each of them is an equally important part of the State, owing duties to it commensurate with rights enjoyed; teach them to think in terms of "we" and not of "they."

Less than a hundred years ago the teacher was commonly regarded as a sort of somewhat humble state; charged on the teaching of the three R's, a little Latin, and less Greek. Today, however, teaching is one of the great professions, and it has become so because the profession is now accepted that responsibility to which alone can qualify it for this standing. The professional man cannot deny his services to those in need of them, nor is he entitled to measure according to what he is paid. He must be ready to give that little bit more; he may never adopt the precepts of the world of commerce. It is for that reason that the status of the profession is high; They were established to serve the community. You will have as pupils many who propose to enter one profession or another, and that one of the first lessons you must teach; the would-be aspirant to a professional career must have it firmly implanted in his mind that his first consideration must always be service to his fellow-man.

No man enters the Church to make money; I doubt whether anyone enters the army for that reason; it is unlikely that an aspirant to the teaching profession is actuated by dreams of affluence. A doctor or a lawyer who is motivated only by financial gain is no ornament to his calling. We are not men who are afraid they do exist; I hope they are not men who are afraid of them. Commercialism may be entering the medical and legal professions; if so, it is partly because of faulty training; and it is something which must be checked by proper education. Commercialism is a blemish of which the teaching profession is entirely free, and it is likely to remain so. The community, which, as life becomes more and more complex, needs more and more teachers, never will be able to pay what the job, well done, is really worth.

It goes without saying that you cannot teach at all without discipline in your classes. There are different kinds of discipline which the big stick variety is probably the least certain of achieving results and the least lasting in its effect; but it is sometimes the only way. Its use must, I think, indicate some failure on the part of the teacher, but this may, at least, be a fault of his. You have noticed yourselves that the best of your teachers rarely needed to resort to punishment. It is a matter of personality.

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The teacher's material rewards are probably not commensurate with his responsibilities, and I doubt if they even can be. Teaching is a true profession, and it has its own rewards. You can be sure that whenever some business magnate, or national leader, or prominent surgeon, or Queen's Counsel, is heard of, some schoolmaster, somewhere, will be saying, with justification, "I helped to make that man."

Never forget, however, that it is easier to destroy than to build; and I hope that you will not have, at the same time, failures to ponder over. You will have some, for which no man could be blamed: there may be others, where a little extra effort might have won the day. But not a few youngsters have gone along the downward path, which usually begins with truancy, because of impatience, intolerance, animosity and unfairness on the part of a single teacher. I hope you will not find in later years grounds for self-reproach for such a reason. Like the doctor, your motto should be "primum non nocere"; the first essential is to avoid harm. Concentrate on that and your spectacular successes will follow. Devote yourselves entirely to the bright, the willing and good-natured children, and your failures will be equally spectacular. Besides having its own reward, teaching can provide its own punishments.

The community expects you to teach its children to become good citizens. To do that you must teach them how to think for themselves; you must inculcate in them a sense of duty to the community; you must give them the self-discipline necessary to carry it out; you must give them self-confidence without arrogance; if you can do this, whether or not they pass their examinations, they will succeed in life. The community expects and requires a great deal of you; the responsibility is one you cannot put aside; your duty to the Nation and to the youth of the Nation requires that you carry it out faithfully.

I congratulate you on a successful year, and on behalf of the community I wish you success in your chosen profession. You have already, during the last 20 minutes, shown one of the greatest virtues of the teacher—patience!
At a meeting held early in this term, the Student body decided to give a grant to the library of £25 to purchase fiction books.

Throughout the year the S.R.C. has worked towards pay increases, text book allowance increases, tax reductions, and we now have a discount scheme operating.

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 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 and Vice-President-elect every success during their term of office.

The S.R.C. would also like to wish Miss M. Sneddon every happiness and may good luck follow her wherever she goes.

S.R.C. FINANCES AT A GLANCE.

Balance as at 20th September

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<th>Department</th>
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Miscellaneous:

(Library £25, Film £10, Photo £10, Cult. Centre, S.R.C. Congress, Einbridge Fund, Debating, each £5, Intercoil. £2.)

Introducing . . .

THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The following literary miscellany has been produced by the efforts of the Literary Club. Founded this year, the Club has directed its efforts to the encouragement of original and creative writing, and to the raising of literary standards by constructive criticism. It will be patent that there is still a long road to travel, but at least a beginning has been made.

All members of the Club join me in expressing our sincere appreciation to Mr. Saxby for his wholehearted cooperation.

And now read on—and may the reading give to you as much pleasure as the writing has given to us.

For the Literary Club,
DON SIMMONS.

INTERRUPTED MELODY

By Naria Baker

It was twilight. Pink and Gold faintly stained the Western sky, over the East rolled the darkness of night, spangled with its silver stars.

Twilight. And against the twilight were the mountains, against the mountains the hills, against the hills the trees. All blue . . . softly, delicately blue, as if Twilight had drawn an indigo paint brush over the world in one vast smudge of colour.

The sleeping wave of the mountains, the gentle curve of the hills, the whispered sigh of the trees . . . and she was there, facing the twilight beneath the trees, still as a statue.

She was slim and graceful, with narrow shoulders, sleek waist and slender hips. Her silken hair flowed down her back in deep waves, her posture suggested lightness and grace, as she sat there, silhouetted against the twilight, vaguely caught in the blue that surrounded her.

She heard a sound behind her. She started, she turned, and as she turned, her face, with its high, thin cheekbones, its long, yellow-green eyes, came sharply into view. Yes, she was beautiful; every feature of her face was finely chiselled, every line clean and pure.

What had made that sound? It was . . . oh no! not him! she turned her elegant little nose up disdainfully at the thought of it. But it was him. He crawled from the bushes behind her and stood before her, young, handsome, dishevelled. She looked at him coldly.

"Hallo Tom," she said distantly.

"Katrina," He whispered, "Hallo Katrina!"

"So nice to see you here, how are you?" Her eyes, green and slanted, mocked him from under her long lashes.
"V-very well, thank you," he stammered, with all the embarrassment of youth, "a-and I hope you are, too?"

"I am," she said coolly.

There was a long silence, during which she gazed haughtily at him, and he looked desperately back, lost for words, yet trying to speak. Trying to say what he felt for her.

"Katrina," he said at last, "Katrina, I know I'm not good-looking like some men . . ."

"Like Ginger," said Katrina dreamily, gazing into the twilight, "isn't he handsome, Tom? So . . . so gentlemanly and such a nice deep voice."

"Yes," said Tom, trying, with difficulty, to get the conversation back to the subject in hand, "or clever . . ."

"Clever?" Katrina looked wide-eyed indignation at him. "Ginger is clever: a superior detective. Only last week he found out who it was who has been taking the milk out of all the bottles along this street. It turned out to be that awful Dirty Dick . . ."

"No!" Cried Tom a trifle irritably, "I meant ME!"

"You?" Katrina turned on him, "do you mean that it was you . . . YOU who's been stealing all that milk? Well, of all the dreadful things to do! Really, Tom, I wouldn't have thought it of you! I wouldn't really! I must say that I am surprised! To think that you . . ."

"No! No!" Tom retreated in the face of this onslaught.

"I mean I'm not clever!" She sniffed. "Clever? I should think not. Whoever would have thought it clever to take all that milk? I mean to say, what would you DO with it? After all . . ."

"I didn't steal the milk," he said patiently. It was uphill work. He looked at her beseechingly, but her eyes sent him only a douche of yellow-green ice. He wanted to lay his heart before her, but a maiden in this mood was no fit recipient for his heart.

He would have to melt her. He made a valiant effort, conquered his embarrassment, and sat beside her. She did not move away from him. That, at least, was encouraging.

"Katrina," he tentatively began, "has anyone ever told you you're beautiful?"

"Yes," she said uncompromisingly, "Ginger has. So romantic it was too, with the twinkle in his eye and the passion in his heart. But you, Kat, as you said, 'you're the most beautiful girl in the whole world. Such exquisite charm and perfection of features are yours, my dear, that I appreciate them with all my soul.' Isn't that wonderful? Ginger really is poetic, don't you think, Tom?"

Exercising great will-power, Tom choked back his ideas of Ginger, and said with dignity, "Of course, Ginger is good at saying things like that, but he has said them to most of the girls in the neighbourhood; he doesn't mean any of it. Now when I say a thing . . . here, he threw humility to the winds, deciding it was high time that Katrina knew his true worth . . . when I say something, I really mean it. I am sincere. Not like that fumbling Ginger. Let a girl down any time, he would."

Katrina sighed. She couldn't deny that Ginger was the town flirt. Besides, she liked the way Tom was suddenly asserting himself. That, now, was masculine. She decided to succumb to him.

"Yes," she whispered, "I know. I know that you are sincere, Tom, that everything that you say comes straight from your heart. And I appreciate that, Tom."

"So," continued Tom, "when I say I love you, I really do . . . and I do love you, Katrina . . . I--I came here tonight especially to tell you that."

She smiled enchantingly. "Did you really, Tom? Really? Oh, Tom!"

She snuggled against him.

Delighted, he went on, "Dear Katrina, I love you. Do--do you love me, Katrina?"

"Yes," she smiled, "yes, I do."

"You love me," he whispered softly, "you love me . . . Am I the first man you've ever loved?"

"Yes," she said soothingly. He looked at her, cuddled against him, and, intoxicated with that idea, began softly to sing to her:

"When you are in love, it's the loveliest night of the year . . ."

She seemed to like it; she smiled at him again. Emboldened, he continued a little more loudly,

"Stars twinkle above, and you almost can touch them from here . . . Words fall into rhyme . . ."

On he went, glad of her smiles and appreciation, till, his voice thick with emotion, his song reached its crescendo:

"So, kiss me my sweet . . . it's the loveliest night of the year!"

"What the devil is that beastly screeching out there?" an irate voice suddenly interrupted.

"It's a pair of cats, dear, out in the yard. They are making a noise, aren't they?"

"I'll say they are . . . I'll fix them!"

Next moment, a very solid boot hit the ardent Tom on the head, and Katrina gave an astonished "meow" and scuttled off through the bushes, to be closely followed by her tom-cat lover, his dignity considerably impaired.

And evening peace reigned supreme, as the night swirled over the Western sky, brightening the timid stars, blotting out the pink and gold stains, changing the blue world to purple . . .

AND AFTER ALL THAT

By Don Simmons

I must have presented a picture of complete and abject dejection, as I lay slumped low in the old armchair, cigarette smoking unheeded between dependent fingers, and unseeing eyes fixed on the glowing embers of the hearth, and the moon, and the stars and the moon. Tom had challenged me to prove myself, and then had mocked at my supreme effort with savage irony. I had always been suspicious of Fate; and had lacked the self-confidence necessary for decisive action. Jack had been my prop, and I had leaned on him heavily. Now . . . .

I subjected myself to the futile torture of living through it all again.

The cool brightness of the spring morning had hinted nothing of impending disaster, as Jack and I sauntered forth from our camp in a drowsy barn. In fact, with the week's bacon ration and heart-warming mugs of tea under our belts, we had felt that all was right with at least our little corner of the world.

It was a good corner too. The Vale of Evesham — rural England at its best. Lanes winding through undulating country, a chequered pattern of hedged fields, the unsuspected village of half timbered cottages, the friendly pub and the trees. Trees in hedgerows, trees in copses, trees in woods and unexpected avenues. Oak, elm, ash and beech; the hardwoods of England. And Jack and I telling them, ravaging this beauty for threepence a cubic foot.
But that morning! Ah yes! Well, that was a fine row of hedgecows elms we were working on at the time; close together they were and yielding fifty-seven feet length of timber each. Open to the light on two sides, they threw out limbs in random fashion. With Spring's coming they had clothed themselves in the lavish fashion of the elm the leaves sprouted from bole and limb as well as twig.

Jack, who kept track of these things, had estimated that another three hundred cubic feet were needed to complete the week's quota (of three hundred feet) if he had to be, a Friday! He had selected a good sized stick to give us enough in one go, and we had set to work on it driving the long blades of the axes down into the sappy wood of the spurs, bending the knees for the upward sloping decurrent, steadily eating away the spurs until they were flush with the beautiful undulating pattern of clean brown and foul smelling life-blood, and us dripping sweat.

The sound of his voice re-echoed through my mind: "For Chrisake do something, mate," he had yelled, his face contorted with fear and his fingers scrambling desperately in the leaves and grass beneath him.

Only with difficulty had I fought off the cold, clammy, paralyzing sensation that had gripped Jack's axe and slit across the heel of his imprisoned boot. The clammy sweat of panic had broken out all over me as I tugged ineffectively at Jack's foot. I had dropped the axe and wasted precious seconds pushing with my puny strength against several tons on cracking timber, before Jack had impatiently pointed out the futility of my action. Then, regaining some measure of self-control, I had started to work desperately, hurling my hard leather at the back of the boot. I tried to shout out Jack's voice, growing more agonised still as the great weight pressed remorselessly down.

The lurid image of Jack, smeared over the grass by several tons of timber, had swamped me with nausea—when Jack's raving voice suddenly registered:

"Cut it off! Cut it off! Quick! Oh God! Cut me bloody foot off! Oh Christ! Jesus Christ! 'Fore . . . . too late . . . hurry! . . ."

Even in this crisis, Jack's practical insight had sized up the only quick and certain way out of his predicament. But what a way! What a gruesome, horrible way! I had never consciously hurt anything in my life. . . . I even had misgivings about the destructive nature of my occupation . . . and now . . . to hack off my mate's foot—coldly—deliberately. Tormented by horror and indecision, I had turned to Jack, but he had lost consciousness—the final decision had to be mine. Jack's complete helplessness and dependence on me seemed to strengthen my will, and enable reason to subdue emotion. A loud crack from the tree clinched the matter. Sighting Jack's leg, just above the ankle, I had swung with all the strength I could summon up, in an attempt to make a clean job of it. I swung:

It was only after I had recovered my composure that it hit me! A realisation with the kick of a mule! Silence! A screaming, guffawing, mocking, silence! The last crack had been . . . the last crack!

TRIAL BY ORDEAL
By L. DONALD

The cows were milked at last, and Dal hastily gobbled his bowl of oatmeal and went out to saddle the ponies for his sister Jo and himself itself for a rambler wast, managing somehow while he did it to munch a thick slice of brown dropping off a school sack, she found him a surly companion. It was all the fault of an old black-and-white cow who had a sore teat; must have scarred it and it was on a barbed-wire fence by the look of it. She had played up like Old Harry, and his father had boxed his ears for being too slow, which was certainly something to remember. And, of course, he hadn't learned his spelling. Dal never thought of complain-

As soon as they were out of the gate he turned fiercely on Jo.

"You gotta be sick today," he commanded. "How can a bloke learn spellin' when cows go rippin' their teats on barbed wire! You just gotta be sick, see, or I'll wallop yer!"
"But I mightn't feel sick today, Dal!" Jo quavered, a bit scared of her brother. Life was hard when you were the youngest in the family, and if it wasn't Dad after you for doing things wrong, it would be an older brother pulling your hair for doing it right. Twice within the past few weeks Jo had had the immense good fortune (in her opinion) to be taken ill at school, where she had been commissioned to take her home. The first time he had missed staying in, and this second he had even missed spelling.

"Couldn't you learn your spellin' now?" Jo suggested.

"How can a bloke learn spellin' on this cranky ol' horse?" Dal tugged the reins viciously, though Splinter at the moment was behaving passably well. "The hard-mouthed old cow! And I'd shy and break raze and kick a rabbit out of me if a rabbit jumped out and I wasn't watchin' in the front. If he'd let me ride Cottie maybe I could learn me spellin'. You gotta be sick, d'yer hear me? I ain't stayin' in for old Miss Rotten and gettin' wallopped again."

"I'll try to be sick, Dal," Jo compromised.

When she first started school she had thought the teacher's name was Miss Withers, which seemed right and proper, as her face was brown and lined. This had naturally suggested to Dal "Miss Rotten," which he had used out of school ever since.

As the morning wore on Jo was not sick, but miserably sleepy, as always, and her sums were wrong. She racked her brains to remember nine times. She had milked only 12 cows that morning, while Dal did 20. She had taken her just as long. Miss Withers was at the other side of the room struggling with her first-class reading, and Jo put her head on the desk and closed her eyes just for a moment. There the thought of her 19 minutes later, and having a kind heart (which she strove to hide), and some acquaintance with the lives of her pupils, she let her sleep, with a sigh for Jo's arithmetic. Jo awoke to a clustering of desks as the children rose for lunch recess, feeling distinctly refreshed and hopelessly well. She began to wish fervently that fierce pains and awful nausea that had so distressed her the week before. In the playground, Dal ran over to whisper threateningly, "You better hurry up and get sick! You know what I tol' yer?"

Jo knew only too well, for Spelling would be the first lesson after lunch. When they resumed their seats she did her best by raising a faltering hand, with the most apologetic expression she could muster.

"Please, Miss Withers, I feel sick," she said.

Miss Withers eyed her a little suspiciously. In nearly thirty years' teaching she had seen too much to be easily taken in. Last time she had been no question of malingering, but now the little girl looked as fresh-coloured as usual. She laid an impersonal hand on Jo's forehead.

"No fever," she diagnosed. "We'll see how you feel after spellin'." Jo took up her pen with a sigh, and met Dal's wrathful glance with an apologetic one. She was so upset by the situation that she had as many mistakes as Dal, and they both stayed in and wrote them out frantically. As they saddled the ponies his wrath was beyond words, but when they drew away from the school he began to tell her what he thought of her.

"Well, I tried, didn't I?" Jo retorted with spirit. "You can't be sick any time you like."

"You ought've been able to look a bit sicker than that," he argued unreasonably. "And I'm going to wallop you. Then a new idea struck him.

Their road for a short distance followed Dingo Creek, which they had to cross by a small bridge. About 100 yards before they reached it, Dal pulled up Splinter, and put a restraining hand on Dolly's bridle at a place where a large log spanned the stream. Mostly the creek was small and narrow in its bed about 8 ft. below the log, but there had been heavy rains recently, and the current was running at a good little bubbling waves against the side of the log before escaping below it.

"You ride Dolly across the log!" Dal commanded. "If you do I won't wallop you."

He was not an abnormally cruel boy, and thought his suggestion reasonable, if not actually generous. His anger was cooling and though he would rather have died than admit it, he knew that Jo had done her best and deserved no walloping. Boy-like, he had no thought of danger in this sudden inspiration, but welcomed it as a means to peace with honour.

Jo looked at the log and quaked, and then thought of her brother's scorn and quaked again. Outwardly she put a bold face on it.

"You think I wouldn't dare?" she asked him, her head high. "I'll do it if you'll ride after me."

"Awright, I will. Go on, get started."

Dolly showed more commonsense than her mistress, for she approached the log reluctantly and only after much urging. Jo coaxed her, and slapped her rump, and at last she began the crossing. But the log was round and wet, and Dolly's hooves were slippery. Suddenly, with a splash and a yell, horse and rider were floundering in the water, fortunately on the upstream side of the log.

"Jo! Grab Dolly! Oh, Jo!"

Jo fell dismally across the bank, jumped in his stirrups with agitation and felt a sudden sickness inside as Jo's heart disintegrated and she breathed again when it came up. She could swim a little, and somehow managed to grab Dolly's tail and hold on. Dolly at least of the party could be trusted to do the right thing. A voice behind her, Dal as the pair emerged streaming on the opposite bank. Then Jo turned and called breathlessly:

"Go—on—the—bridge, Dal—it's—too—slippery."

He waited for no second telling, but dug his heels into Splinter's bony sides, and soon joined her as she sat on the grass, shivering and still gasping a little. He dismounted and stared at her, seeing her as for the first time—pigtails lank and dark in their wetness, with drooping lashes, duck-lashed blue eyes where drops of water clung, and five or six freckles that he had never noticed before suddenly standing out on her white face.

"You all right?" he asked awkwardly, and nodded, speechless now that the harsh thing had been said.

He held out a hand, a little abashed at offering the unwanted courtesy, and she took it and rose, and was glad of his help to remount Dolly, for her knees were shaking.

The father strode over from the cow-balls to meet them as they rode in, a tall thin man with the strength and toughness of a worn-out life glaring hard as steel under jutting brows and mouth a thin angry line, but his rage quickly dissolved at sight of Jo. He showed little affection for his children and demanded much of them, because life meant work to him, but well hidden from sight was a fondness for his last child. She had found her breath by now, and rushed into speech before Dal could begin.

"I fell in Dingo Creek," she said. "I tried to ride Dolly over the log and we fell in."

"Yer fool girl," her father said, and though his words were rough they were not angry. "Lucky yer brother was there to git yer out. Git in to yer mother, and," he turned to Dal, "you git along to them cows. You and Bill will have to do her's today."

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Dal went, thankful that there was no belting. Later he went so far as to commend his sister.

"Take this to Jo," his mother said to Alice, his older sister, and Dal hastily volunteered, "I will, mum," and carefully carried a plate of soup to Jo in bed.

"There, don't spill it," he said, putting the tray down beside her. He stood a moment watching her, hands on hips.

"I didn't git walloped for bein' late," he said, and then added, with a calculating air, "Seems as if fallin' in the creek is just about as good as bein' sick."

"Oh, Dal!" Jo's spoon paused in mid-air. She was still pale, and the horror in her eyes at his implication brought back strangely that moment beside the creek. He was filled with quick remorse.

"I don't want you to fall in no more," he said, and added, as relief appeared in her face, "Yer didn't tell him I made yer do it. S'pose it's a bit hard to fool old Rotten, anyway."

He drew from his pocket his chief treasure, a medal once issued to all school children to commemorate a State century, which he had picked up beside the road. He held it out to her.

"Here, you can have my medal if you like."

"Oh, Dal!" The hand in which Jo clasped it was still icy cold, but as she smiled her thanks an inner spark grew to a glow of happiness, warming her heart, her bed, and all the world.

ESCAPE

I am sick, sick, sick,
Of this madly rushing world,
Of the tramp of city feet on the dirty city road,
Of the superficial chatter, absorbed in sooty brick,
Too rapid to resound, swallowed in the smog.

I am sick, sick, sick,
Of this nervous, pallid world,
Of the pale and peaky figures, haggard, sharp and thin,
In their swift, eternal hurry through their dark, forbidding cells,
Too bustled to consider, to blighted to create.

I am sick, sick, sick,
Of the struggle of this world,
Of the petty, bloody combats of the little, stupid men,
Where the fire of emotion burns on avarice and greed,
Too twisted for affection, too accepted to degrade.

I am going, going, going,
To some dream-world of escape,
To some realm beyond this sphere, where strife is never known,
Where ugliness and hatred melt to beauty and to love,
For the mind can work pure magic, make a paradise of hell!

--NARIA BAKER.

TURMOIL

The dark, forboding twilight, the bloodstains of the day,
The curly, heaving mountains—they both stand in my way.
The star of evening locks the door of wild nocturnal black,
The rushing, windy torrent tries to tear me back.

But no wayward wind can hold me, or can satisfy my heart,
No star can check emotions, or tear my dreams apart,
No power on earth can quieten my passions rising free,
Though a thousand wavy mountains keep life and love from me.

There's something down inside me that's battling to get out,
That's clamouring and climbing, with a loud, triumphant shout;
It is Life, it is Ambition, and in its sweeping flight
I will leave the star, the mountains, the bloodstains and the night!

--NARIA BAKER.

VOCABULARY UNLIMITED

Fortunately for students seeking additions—good and bad—to our English language, we are being plagued continually by glaring examples of scientese. This is a branch of literature which specialises in providing names of a pseudo-scientific flavour for the latest product or producer of anything from egg-beaters to elevators. If you have overcome your typical British conservatism and accepted journalese and officialese of a few years ago, then scientese seems a logical enough description of this art.

This cult of occupational language has lately claimed my attention. In these days of fruitologists, scientologists, gerontologists, pediatri­cians, morticians and tuberculosis executives, it is refreshing to strike some, the meanings of which are not obvious. Fluonomist, ec dysiast and tonsorialist fall readily into this category, while conveying the required impression that each has attained the apex of his profession—whatever it may be.

Fluonomist on analysis becomes "economist of the flu" and because of his originality I'll forgive him for "billing" himself as the most scientific chimney-sweep in Australia. On the other hand I feel that the let-down one would receive on entering the gleaming chrome and glass tonsorialist's parlour to receive a haircut of the quality given by the local barber, is evidence enough against this debased origin of the Latin "tondeo." Of course, we have the existing adjectival form of tonsure in tonsorial, but to add the high-sounding "is" ending to "re-nounify" this word would surely make most people award it a raspberry.

Ecdysiast grew from a showgirl's misguided idea that a name of high moral tone would assist her career. When it is discovered that this particular girl is a strip-tease "artiste" I feel that high moral tone is about as necessary for her as an umbrella for a duck. However, in her enthusiasm to be in this name-making craze, she followed a logical sequence of ideas after discovering that ecdysis was the scientific name for moulting.

Now let me add the latest "is" man to the gleaming rows of physiotherapists, radiologists, anaesthetists and otorhinolaryngologists already brass-plating the walls of Melbourne's impressive Upper Collins Street. He is the hypnotherapist. As regards therapy of one kind or another by hypnosis, I feel that it is interesting to note that a patient has commented, after paying her extra two guineas, that the treatment she received left her spellbound. Whether she was cured or not doesn't matter then, obviously this man is here to stay.
My next group is of new things. As most of these words were discovered in Australian newspapers they will, perhaps, lack that grace which characterises American superlatives, expressways and turnpikes, but nevertheless to me they are new.

The latest in mantel radios is the chronoradio. Obviously, from the Greek khronos—time—and the Latin radius, which proves its originator had learned selling radios rather than protecting the language from mongrel additions. Its only special function is that it switches itself on automatically at a pre-set time.

When I blundered on the word frypan, I was quite willing to pass it by as an interesting and lazy usage, until I read a little further in the “Domestic” advertisement. Listen: “This is the frying pan to obsolele the ordinary stove. Yes, anything you can cook on a stove can be performed with this lightweight, portable, adaptable, heat-con­

suming have squashed automatic and panoramic to produc panoramat1c. Will it be here forever? Probably not. The model will be superseded and the word will follow it into antiquity. This will be a good thing, because no word will appear to the person seen. There is no source of light within the evaporograph as in the common torch. What a blow this could be to courting couples at the hostel and . . . well, wherever couples have to search for his watch under a street light, because there was no light in the alley where he dropped it. This invention must gain in popularity when it is made clear that it allows one to see without darkness. The chances are that if its possibilities are discovered in Australian newspapers they will, perhaps, lack that

Apparent darkness. Suavegent will stop . . . Is your home equipped with a rangette?

The main street’s far too narrow, and the beaches are so covered with ribs. I threw a few pieces of wood in the direction of the flames. One

The former is a sturdy utility truck which missed its calling and ended up decorated by a curtain-windowed canopy. Rangette is another example of a manufacturer’s attempt to exploit the bewildering simplification of modern living. Its invention no doubt stemmed from the success of the stove, and its name from analogy with it. Advertisements prove it cannot be done without in the modern home, while at the same time show it is almost as useful as some already expendable items.

This craze is a reflection on our present way of life. Everything must be either amazing or scandalous to be noticed. Miniature versions of some already quite adequate inventions seem to satisfy the first requirement. However, where will it finish? Surely it will stop before we sit down to eat luncheonettes of tabletized vitaminettes. But who can tell? Let me quote a Sydney daily’s words in conclusion.

“Have you tried the new marvomagic nylcoton scantettes yet?”

—KEN SCOTT.

OUT BUSH

“Stir the fire,” he mumbled, and I felt his number nine touch my ribs. I threw a few pieces of wood in the direction of the flames. One missed. It smote the sleeping cattle dog just above the tail. He yelped, and I heard him breaking the dry twigs as he ran.

“Where are you from?” asked one of the men as I turned in my blanket.

“Newcastle,” I grunted.

“What’s it like down there?”

“Oh, not much good. It’s smoky as hell and full of sot and dirt. The main street’s far too narrow, and the beaches are so covered with rocks you can’t get a decent swim. The pubs water their beer.”

A kangaroo jumped and stood still. I could almost see him.

“The harbour’s full of brown silt, something’s always gettin’ caught on a mudbank. There’s hardly any women, and the motorists don’t care if they run you down.”

“What else?” he enquired sarcastically.

“Oh, it’s home,” I whispered.

He looked at me and heard him turn towards the fire. The kangaroo jumped again and the dog crawled back.

—TONY DAVIS.
LEISURE TIME

I am that period in your day when there is nothing that external pressure compels you to do;
I lay the stored-up book treasures of the world at your feet;
I hang man's art on the waiting walls of your imagination,
I give you friendship that opens for you wider windows of life;
I make you, and I am made by you.
With unseen but powerful fingers, I reach into your soul, and so mar or beautify your life:
I am your Leisure Time.

—MARTIN KING.

JOHN STEINBECK

To any reader John Steinbeck is an author who offers a diverse and interesting collection of books. His novels derive their setting from his own environment, as he is a product of the "Long Valley." He is a unique collection of books. His novels of California namely "Of Mice and Men," "East of Eden," and the setting for the irresponsible area where Steinbeck lived after nery tion of numerous writers by attendmg interest which was later to appear in many of his novels, and is reflected in the lovable character "Doc" of "Cannery Row" and "Sweet Thursday."

Steinbeck's first three books were financial failures and during these years he earned his living by such varied occupations as an apprentice, a prentice hod-carrier, picker, similar to his own characters, the Joads. . . .

After graduating from Salinas High School, he followed the tradition of numerous great writers by attending a university for a number of days where he became interested in marine biology, an interest which was later to appear in many of his novels, and is reflected in the lovable character "Doc" of "Cannery Row" and "Sweet Thursday."

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While attending the university, Steinbeck became interested in social problems, which later caused him to write the Pulitzer Prize novel, "Of Mice and Men," the crusading purpose of which has been likened to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and actually did lead to reforms in the position of the migratory.

However, absorption in the class struggle is only one of the many characteristics which can be traced in his novels. Many of them point to an ardent interest in inarticulate beings, both human and animal. Those who have read "Of Mice and Men," "The Grapes of Wrath," the crusading purpose of which has been likened to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and actually did lead to reforms in the position of the migratories.

This interest is also shown through the eccentric Pirate of "Tortilla Flat." His friends know he is not normal, because of "the expression on his face." Steinbeck paints a colourful yet sympathetic picture of the Pirate living in a chicken-coop, surrounded by scraps and his faithful dogs.

Another unforgettable, yet inarticulate character, is Tularecto or "Little Frog," who lives in "The Pastures of Heaven." He is a poor mis-shapen creature whose whole existence is based on his belief in fairies and groundings.

Animals are found in every novel without exception. These include all types from the ova of starfish, and octopi in "Cannery Row," to the faithful dog in "Of Mice and Men."

Steinbeck places great emphasis on the group factor or solidarity among his characters. The best example of this is the Joad family whose slow disintegration can be seen throughout the course of the novel.

Another family unit is seen in "The Pearl," a short lyrical parable centered on "the great pearl" and the effect it has on its finder, a Mexican fisherman Kino, his wife Juana, and baby son Coyotito.

The group preservation is prominent among his "racy" irresponsible characters in "Tortilla Flat," where Danni's house is the Mecca for the wine-loving, work-abhorring paisanos.

Groups are the basis of "Cannery Row" and its sequel "Sweet Thursday." The colourful hoboes of the Palace Flophouse and the dignified girls of the Bear Flag are just like large happy families.

For those who prefer a mystical element in their reading, Steinbeck offers this characteristic in his collection of short stories, "The Pastures of Heaven," "East of Eden" and "The Pearl." At no time during the course of these books does the author suggest to the reader that they are in any way mystical, but the manner in which he presents his characters and describes his settings conveys this impression.

Steinbeck seems to have a very biased opinion of the "weaker" sex, but this does not prove to be detrimental to his novels. Ma Joad appears to be the only outstanding female who proves to be of any worth to the community. The majority of women portrayed are little better than prostitutes and home-wreckers.

In "East of Eden" we find Cathy "an innocently monstruous creature" who has the face of a child but the character of a destructive vampire. "Of Mice and Men" contains a similar picture of a town girl. The reader feels no compassion when she comes to an untimely end at the hands of Lennie—the compassion is felt for her killer.

Another outstanding feature of Steinbeck is the way in which he can give the reader the impression that his characters are innocent of their deeds. The majority of his creations are hoboes, pimps, drunkards, thieves and downright criminals, but they are characterised in such a manner that they are blameless of their misdeeds. Hence the girls of the Bear Flag are not responsible for their moral standards, and the paisanos and hoboes of the Palace Flop House are blameless for their escapades.

For this and other reasons, Steinbeck has been called "the poet of the irresponsible." He tells his characters behind a curtain of picturesque language and typical "racy" scenes, so that these worthless people become "saints and angels, and martyrs and holy men" who are excused of the gravest of crimes.

Steinbeck shows the qualities of an author whose books will remain popular with the passing of time. He has brought to life races of people little known outside their own community, and has made poignant their beliefs and emotions.

Some may condemn his characters as being corrupt or vile, but before doing this, one must remember that the moral standards of these people are not low in their own surroundings, and they are merely victims of their own environment. The reader must not judge or criticise, but keep an open mind to the way in which the other half lives.

—BABETTE I. FOWLES.

ERNST HEMINGWAY

Perhaps the most popular figure in modern literature is Ernest Hemingway, the American novelist and short story writer whose work has won wide acclaim. He is not, of course, universally accepted, but it should be stated that many of his critics dislike the man rather than his writings.
Hemingway had his first stories published in 1926 when in Paris, having served in Italy during the Great War. He has since lived a full and colourful life serving as a correspondent for leading magazines when not actually writing a novel or short story.

As a writer, Hemingway wanted to reveal a "Natural Man," stripped of all but his purely natural attributes. Thus, his characters are rarely men of intelligence, and even when he deals with writers and university lecturers, Hemingway makes his characters silent types who live by sensation and feeling rather than by reason.

This natural man technique is best illustrated in the short stories which usually concern some short and violent action. Here, the characters have hardly any feelings which are not purely animal. Usually strong and virile, his characters consist of gangsters, bullfighters, soldiers and boxers. In fact, they embrace the types Hemingway had most contact with during his life.

Through his writing Hemingway inspires in us a genuine sympathy for the poor unfortunates about whom he writes. All seemed to fail in their desires. They are killed, their lovers die, they kill in vain. His natural man is a frustrated individual who usually takes to alcohol—"the giant killer"—to relieve his feelings. Behind the facade of toughness in his characters there is compassion and pity.

Dialogue, as presented by Hemingway, ranks with the finest ever written. Arrangements, not words, convey the mood of the speaker. Often trite and commonplace words are used, yet by repeating and varying them, he builds them into a pattern which can be as moving as romantic poetry.

Hemingway presents a picture truly, allowing no false words to come between it and the reader. In his early days Hemingway learned to expurgate adjectives from his work and the result is a fresh, clean style in the language of everyday activity.

Adopting the short sentence technique of Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway won fame by his remarkable simplicity of style—never is there any feeling of strain, or the feeling that the author is merely trying some thing to enlarge upon his symbolism.

The most famous of Hemingway's novels, published in 1940, is "For Whom the Bell Tolls," a story of guerilla warfare during the Spanish Civil War. The hero, Robert Jordan, is typical Hemingway, as is the girl Maria, who, like most of Hemingway's women, merely seems to serve as a mate for the hero.

The entire story deals with the preparations for, and actual blowing up of a bridge by the guerilla band from the hills. Each of the characters is excellently portrayed, especially Pilar, who is the strong one of the group. Foul-mouthed, masculine and courageous, she guides the love affair of Jordan and Maria. Their love is obviously doomed to failure, and here again Hemingway is portraying the natural man, frustrated in his desires.

Contained in this book are some excellent passages, such as the reminiscences of Pilar, who tells of Pablo, her husband, "when he was a man," when he had murdered the entire fascist population of a village during the early days of the movement.

Hemingway expurgated the swear-words in the book, which results in sentences like the following:

"What are you doing now, you lazy, drunken, obscene, unsayable, son of an unnamable, unmarried, gypsy obscenity."

Also in an effort to have the book sound authentic, the author has used the device of including "threes" and "thous" in order that the dialogue will sound Spanish.

Robert Jordan is a very similar person in many respects to Lieutenant Henry of "A Farewell to Arms." Both had their love frustrated, as did the colonel in "Across the River and Into the Trees," and Jake in "Fiesta."

Thus we can trace a pattern in Hemingway—that of frustrated love for the natural virile man. But he also reveals other aspects consistently in all his books. Fear is a theme often dealt with (in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," for instance) and a secondary theme to fear is death.

This topic seems to fascinate Hemingway, due no doubt to his frequent war experiences; and in every novel and in many short stories characters are killed off, their deaths being described in gory detail. Whatever his shortcomings, and recent critics claim he has many, Hemingway always writes truly—stories he has lived and heard against the background of the countries he has seen. Definitely worth a place among the leading authors of our time, his attributes of dialogue, description, character and action stamp Hemingway as a writer of distinction and genius.

—BRUCE WILSON.

JONES (repeating, as if it is a lesson): Pure things, untouched, virgin, clean. — Chloe, like Chloe. Chloe I love you. Pure things, untouched, clean—the moon, the Stars, the silver lake. . . . (She rises slowly, gracefully, a fold of her dress brushing his cheek. He looks up at her in adoration.)

JONES: Me? CHLOE: You? JONES: I love you. CHLOE: I know . . . you said that. (Jones rises again, and tries to touch her. tries to put his arms around her, but she has flitted away from him. He tries to follow, but she is too quick for him.)

JONES: Come back, Chloe. Please, darling, be mine? Be mine? Be mine? Let me love you! (She stops still and stares at him.)

CHLOE: Let you love me!

JONES: Love me, Chloe. Love me!

CHLOE (vaguely): Pure things, untouched, virgin, clean. . . .

(Suddenly she shines more dazzlingly white than ever, standing still as marble against the black night. And Jones is before her, so close that he is illumined by the white light that shines from her. He puts his arms around her and kisses her wildly, fiercely, possessively, dropping kisses all over her.)

CHLOE stands perfectly calm, then at last disentangles herself,

JONES (whispering): Darling!

CHLOE (softly, gently): Harry!

(She begins dancing again, flowing through the trees, gradually dancing further and further away from him.)

JONES: Chloe! Chloe! Come back to me! (He plunges after her, but she goes on dancing, becoming smaller and smaller, till she disappears into the distance.)

Come back! Come back!

(Chloe is before him, and there comes only thick silence. He goes back and sits on the grass, his head in his hands.)

CHLOE. Oh, why did you leave me, Chloe? Chloe! (He is almost in tears. She has reduced him to emotional infantility.)

JONES: Chloe! Chloe! Come back to me! (He plunges after her, but she goes on dancing, becoming smaller and smaller, till she disappears into the distance.)

Come back! Come back!

(Chloe is in front of him, and there comes only thick silence. He goes back and sits on the grass, his head in his hands.)

CHLOE. Oh, I might almost be dead. Wish I were dead. There's nothing left for me... Why did she do it? (Suddenly becoming savage and bitter). Pure things, untouched, virgin, clean! (Laughs). Who wants purity, virginity, cleanliness? Not me! Go to hell with your high ideals. You're no angel... you're a woman, aren't you? And no woman was made to stay pure—none! None!

(The tranquil lake, the starrry sky fade away. Jones is sitting on a dirty cardboard doorstep in a dirty, flimsy house. Before him a purple street, narrow, uneven. A few purple cardboard houses along it, dirty street-lamps shining gloomily into the purple darkness. Footsteps beside him. Jones, coming down the stairs in the house, and Molly comes out, sees Jones. Her eyes light up, she smiles, sits beside him.)

MOLLY: Hallo! Whatcha doin'?

JONES: Hallo. MOLLY (confidentially, sitting down beside him): I like men.

JONES (finding her presence aggravating, but more than anything else on earth wants to show his complete independence of Chloe): Do you? I like girls. (Puts his arm around her, she cuddles close to him. Out of the shadows and out of the purple doorways, come figures, moving towards them—figures of women, closing in around them.)

MOLLY (screaming joyously): Look! I got a man!

OTHER WOMEN: A man! (They cluster around Jones, talking to him loudly, feeling him and prodding him all over, till Jones, sick of it, pushes them away from him. Then he looks down the street. From its broken surface, a female arises. She is very thin, big-boned, sharp, pale face, dark, hollow eyes. She is dressed in black. A short, black dress, from the bottom of which two inches of old, dirty lace shows forth. Black mesh stockings, black shoes, pointed heels. Jones comes slowly towards her; she regards him insolently, from her glittering eyes; he grasps her by the wrists, she laughs, trees her hands, and laughs at him again, her laughter high-pitched, warm. Angered, he takes her by the shoulders and shakes her violently. She goes on laughing more and more depreciatingly, till suddenly she lets go of her and knocks her down. She crumples up onto the road. He steps warily back to the house, but she is sitting up now, looking at him maliceously through her dark hair. Slowly she gets up and goes towards him.

Apache dance.

The women come back, silently range themselves against the houses, and watch, grinning and rubbing their hands together. A mangy, purple dog follows them, watching also...

Jones throws the female down on the ground, where she lies, exhausted. He looks at her, stands a moment before her, then falls, lying on top of her, but she changes to crumpled tissue paper beneath him. The women giggle tauntingly.

Cursing and swearing, Jones goes violently towards them, and they shrink from him—all except Molly, who walks towards him, laughing shrilly.

MOLLY: Hahahahahahahahahah. No guts you got. No guts. Limp and weak as a bitter string you are . . . hahahah—(he pushes her, throws her, backing her from him, looking down the road. Suddenly, his eyes open wide, he recoils against a wall.)

JONES (dreamily, ecstatically): Purity, virginity, cleanliness. . . . (Chloe, her whiteness contrasting sharply against the sordid background, is coming up the road, slowly, sweetly. Molly sees her, advances upon her, taunting her.)

MOLLY (mocking): Purity, virginity, cleanliness! Pure things, untouched, virgin, clean! Ha, ha! (Chloe stops dancing and looks at her. Molly regards her saucily.) Who wants purity, virginity, cleanliness? Go to hell with your high ideals! Ruh! You're a woman, aren't you? And no woman was made to stay pure! (She runs to Jones, grabs him, and the other women cluster around, holding him down. They laugh, now. Ours! We've got him! (Chloe looks at her with such contempt that she withers up and falls to the ground a cut-out shape of cardboard houses, and watch, grinning and rubbing their hands together. A mangy, purple dog follows them, watching also.)

JONES: Chloe! Chloe darling! Oh, Chloe, I love you! I want you! I'm sorry, Chloe, so sorry, please darling; I'm sorry. But why did you leave me in the first place? Why did you run away? Answer me, darling, SPEAK TO ME. Speak to me. . . . (But Chloe neither sees nor hears him. She stares straight ahead, then slowly begins to dance in her beautiful, classical way. The women creep furtively from their shadows to look at her, but as her gaze falls upon them, they collapse as tissue paper.)

JONES: Chloe! Look at me! Speak to me! Love me! I love you! I DO love you, Chloe. Please, Chloe . . . (His voice becomes fainter and fainter as the scene, and him with it, gradually dissolves into the peace of the beautiful, clean night and lake. Still Chloe dances, tranquilly, hearing not, seeing not, lost in a world of purity. . . .)

—NARRA BAKER.
TO A DEAD AIRMAN
He is wrapped in Icarian rest,
Who once winged sunward,
With heart daring
To challenge the ultimate void.
Alone in your cockpit
With thousands of pegasaan powers
Driving you on
The world's voice came to you
Thin with distance.
Your dreams would take you farther,
Over the air-horizon to some strange land,
Or sometimes back to earth,
To lights and to laughter.
You came to new perceptions,
Found that even from light
Death could come, fleet and impersonal.
So when you homed
You sought new releases,
A friendly club or pub,
Or pleasant popsy
To jazz up life for you;
But the void lured you,
Airmans,
You took your restless spirit,
Searching.
And when it claimed you
You were found, high on a mountain,
Spread-eagled near your plane,
Wrapped in Icarian rest.
—NEVILLE KIRKY.

RAIN
Rain drops stinging like pelting passions
Swift with their kisses
Striking on neck and round of cheek,
Fleeting through darkness into the light
But vainly beating on round-shouldered herds
Of passing people.
—Others pass insulated by ducoed surfaces,
Dumb show of nodding heads telling of life
And all have covered their feelings
And look like cattle and beetles
On the roadway.
Rain drops stinging like pelting passions
—How they sing on the roadway!
Pirouette on roofs, leap from the eaves!
People pass in herds, heads bowed, their shoulders round,
People passing like cattle
Away through the swirling rain.
Below, the city neons, Babels of brightness
Shine for the moment, and the ghost
Of its glow on the storm clouds
Passes unheeded.
Oh, how the rain sings on the highway!
Rain! Rain!
Rain drops stinging like pelting passions,
Rushing water swirls, skirling down gutters,
And swinging lamps shift the shadows
As people go drifting to town.
Oh, how the rain sings on the highway!
—NEVILLE KIRKY.

AYER'S ROCK "HOT SPOT, BUT ONE OF WORLD'S WONDERS"
When an old salt once told me that temperatures at Persian Gulf ports sometimes reached 130 degrees F., I thought him a liar. Nothing, I thought, could exist for long in such a temperature. Early this year, however, I was to find that humans and a wide variety of animal and plant life could do so.
Without going to the Persian Gulf, I found a place in Australia where the temperature stays at 130 degrees for several hours a day: Ayer's Rock, about 200 miles south-west of the Northern Territory town of Alice Springs.

The Rock was discovered in 1873 by the explorer W. G. Gosse, who noted in his diary: "I was astonished to find one immense rock rising abruptly from the plain. I have named this Ayer's Rock after Sir Henry Ayers, the Governor of South Australia."

Immense is hardly the word to describe Ayer's Rock—it is gigantic. It rises 1,100 feet from the surrounding plain, has no foothills, is almost devoid of vegetation except for a few stunted trees and a few square feet of grass growing in clefts; in fact is just one great solid rock six miles in circumference.

Till just after World War II. camels were the only practicable way of reaching the rock; nowadays cars are driven out from Alice Springs.

The party I was in made the journey from Alice Springs in a German station-wagon fitted with an air-cooled engine. We crossed many dry river beds and stony outcrops, but most of the journey was made across a flat, sandy plain enlivened in one part by our paralleling the great 70-mile-long salt pan, Lake Amadeus. Despite the fact that this locality has only five inches of rain a year, this Red Heart of Australia is not a desert. Between Ayer's Rock and Alice Springs three cattle stations are located. The light to light red soil grows desert oaks, mulga, trees, quondongs, witchetty bushes, and spinifex grass. In addition to cattle and camels, brumbies, rabbits, canels, kangaroo rats, kangaroos, emus, painted finches, hawks, eagles, crows, lizards, goannas and honey ants abound. Whilst the native animals would elude the average white man so that he would quickly die, blacks can live off this country--in fact Ayer's Rock is located in a 65,000 square mile Native Reserve adjoining the Woomera Rocket Range.

Our party did not see any wandering tribes, but Ayer's Rock is well known to natives.

The ancient natives, and perhaps the moderns, too, called the Rock "Ol'era," which has been variously translated as "place of awe," or "place where the wind moans at night."

This country, too, is the Lasseter country--referring to that tragic character who perished while searching for a fabulous gold reef some 25 years ago. However, for any but an aboriginal or skilled bushman, to venture off the track in this area is to invite disaster: water is unobtainable for the uninitiated, and even in recent years at least two lives have been claimed in this way--so we didn't look for any nuggets!

Though frequented by aboriginals by day (frequent weird native paintings on the walls of small caves testify to this), "Ol'era" was (is) shunned by them at night, probably because of the eerie moaning of the wind. The writer was awakened on night by this moaning, which sounded like heavy rain on an iron roof or the beating of the surf on a beach.

Many people have climbed to the top, from where Western Australia can be seen. There are several routes, but even the easiest of them entail a strenuous two-hour climb and an even more difficult descent. One finds that on the top there are great pot-holes and drainage
channels cut by the weathering action of the elements over the ages. Rain water drains down these to small rock pools at the bottom. But if it was left to these, animal life would soon die, as the pools evaporate after a few days. Fortunately there are a couple of small springs, which are perennial.

Whilst the nights and early mornings are very pleasant, temperatures as mentioned earlier reach 130 degrees in the (not much less in the shade) about noon-4 p.m. on summer days. At this stage everything enjoys a siesta except the hawks and eagles, which keep wheeling aloft. If one keeps under cover it is possible to do some work in the heat of the day in the sun one's efficiency is greatly reduced.

Our party spent most of the hot part of the day in the shelter of a cave, our decorations being the many examples of aboriginal art on the walls. It is something of an experience to awake, rise too quickly and crack one's head against an aboriginal painting of a kangaroo or a snake!

Authorities believe that in ages past, Ayer's Rock was an island surrounded by seas—today, of course, it is an island on a vast plain.

Though this writer believes it is the most outstanding, the Rock is not the only feature of this landscape. Sixty miles due east is Mount Conner, which rises almost sheer from the surrounding plain and is flat-topped as though it had been an ancient volcano whose top had been blasted away. Twenty miles west of Ayer's is the spectacular Mount Olga, really five huge bluffs, each 1,400 or so feet high, separated by great ravines. The bluffs have been reduced into vast domes not unlike those of an Eastern mosque. But for sheer simplicity and grandeur, Ayer's Rock must rank among the wonders of the world.

Finally our short stay came to an end and we set off from the Vortex and back to Alice Springs. At intervals along the way we looked back. The sun's rays shining on the vast surface caused it seemingly to change colour. Gradually the monolith grew smaller and still smaller until at last when we were an incredible 40 miles from it, it sank from view, to become but a memory.

—D. F. McALISTE.

PEN PORTRAIT

"Cool, Clear Water."

I switched off the radio.

That such a song should conjure up memories of a typical wild Irishman may seem strange, but it was like this:

The place where I met Tim was in Thomas Hardy country, among the downs of Dorset. It was early summer and dry. We were cutting pit-prop steams on a two-hundred-acre heavily wooded estate, some two miles from the village where we lodged. It was the driest place in which I had ever worked. There was no water anywhere. We each carried a couple of bottles of cold tea or water with us when we set out each morning to walk the five miles from the near, known, concrete home environment to the far, unknown, abstract international scene.

The subjects which contain the most social content are those which may be developed in an ever-widening circle from the near, known, concrete home environment to the far, unknown, abstract international scene.

Tim's method of tackling his work must have done much to aggravate his thirst. In felling young Silver Birch poles, for the smaller props, he would hurl his axe savagely at one side of the tree core or twice (making no attempt to cut a scarf) and repeat this on the other side. Then, calling profanely on all the saints in the Calendar, he would push with all his might until something gave, and it went back to the village pub his thirst was enormous.

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man’s adaptation to his physical environment, with the object of fostering a social sense and creating an attitude, rather than instilling knowledge. No attempt should be made to encourage primary pupils to comprehend the civic or international point of view which they learn. Nevertheless, geography lends itself readily at the primary level to the laying of foundations on which such understanding can be built at the secondary, tertiary and adult educational stages. Geography can show that there are no “foreigners” or “strangers” in its trade and industry, in its distribution of material wealth, its economic and social policy, its trade routes and communications.

One of the measures of a work of art is the extent to which its appeal transcends the confines of an epoch or the boundaries of a state. Literature, music, art, at their best deal with the common heritage of mankind in all ages, by expressing the fundamental experiences of the human spirit, its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and tribulations, its comedy and tragedy, its great successes and pitiable failures. And yet these artistic creations are bound to bear the imprint of the age and country in which they are conceived and executed. The arts can supplement our appreciation of the social, economic, geographical and even climatic conditions of an era and a nation. The study of the arts is the basis of a wide humanist education. By it children can acquire both a proper regard for their own national tradition, and an awareness of the contributions of other people, both Western and Eastern. Ultimately, this means learning to respect man and his creative achievements everywhere, and to abhor the destruction of beautiful things, which is essential to any international understanding. But we must not admire our own music, literature and art so much that we fail to make an effort to know and understand the arts of other nations, or to allow foreign cultures to be foisted on us to such an extent as to cause us to lose the virtues of our own cultural inheritance. Middle class culture should produce a love of the arts as media which all civilised peoples can enjoy.

That, very briefly, is a summary of the role of the Primary School and individual subjects. But these forces cannot be implemented universally, because well over half of the world’s people today are backward, underdeveloped, under-fed; the number who cannot read or write is approximately 10,000,000,000, which is one hundred and thirty times the population of Australia. This obviously poses a most complex problem, and I will now examine the work done by Unesco in this vital sphere.

Unesco translates into reality the proud boast of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights that “everyone has a right to education.” It contributes to peace and security by promoting collaboration among nations, through education, science, and culture, in order to further universal respect for justice, human rights and fundamental freedom. It achieves this by assisting the eighty-six Member States to extend their education through literacy campaigns, and fundamental and adult education activities; to improve their education through international seminars for teachers and the improvement of teaching materials; and to develop education for living in a world community; it aids the international scientific organisations and studies the teaching of science; the Organisation forms a meeting ground for the cultures of the world and uses every means to ensure that everyone have access to the best works of the best writers and artists; Unesco facilitates study abroad and helps the communication of information and ideas by all means of mass communications and by reducing obstacles to the free flow of that information; the Organisation co-ordinates and directs help where it is most needed through its Relief Assistance Services. These seven heads under which Unesco plans in various main Education, natural science, social science, cultural activities, exchange of persons, mass communications and relief assistance services indicate the diversity and immensity of the task with which the world is confronted on the educational level.

I would like to examine in a little more detail a fascinating and important subject: Editorial. This attempt should be made to encourage primary pupils to comprehend the civic or international point of view which they learn. Yet geography lends itself readily at the primary level to the laying of foundations on which such understanding can be built at the secondary, tertiary and adult educational stages. Geography can show that there are no “foreigners” or “strangers” in its trade and industry, in its distribution of material wealth, its economic and social policy, its trade routes and communications.

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press; secondary, tertiary and adult education; the potential importance of spiritual values; the causes, such as stereotyped attitudes, which brought about international misunderstanding—these topics at least deserve fuller treatment. But in dealing with individual Primary School subjects and the activities of Unesco in relative detail, I thought better results would be achieved.

To apply the moral which may be implied from the above analysis to the Australian educational system, it seems desirable that teachers are imbued with an unquenchable desire to inculcate supplement this attitude the teacher may about the directly through school activities and vast organisational forces at its disposal are a spearhead of hope important, because the concepts involved in the a world dominated by despair.

mankind's progress has been associated with the spread of Ideas when first conceived. All hands must be placed on the helm, places at first were regarded as hopeless dreams. The idea of a world out war is no more hopeless than the development of as far a part as Newcastle Teachers'.

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I would like to conclude on an enthusiastic note. The story of mankind's progress has been associated with the spread of ideas which at first were regarded as hopeless dreams. The idea of a world without war is no more hopeless than the development of as far a part as Newcastle Teachers' College and Patzcuaro.

—MARTIN KING.

JACARANDA

Spring, and the wind is wild, And 'neath its touch the Jacaranda tree Dies when the world is young, and trees new-born. A golden sleet whirs down, and, amber-pil'd, Litters the neat brown pathways recklessly. Naked she stands and dead, at spring's bright dawn. But life comes out of death. From the bare limbs her undying soul upsprings, An assure dream of heaven in closed child eyes. Borne by the winds' soft hands and magic breath, Her sweet blue spirit joins the air that sings, And meets Eternity in hills and skies. —L. DONALD.

THE RAILWAY TREE

Soot and smoke and grime—Dingy, I pass my time. Leaves blackened and grey By this metallic way. Yet do my branches trace A medium of grace, Where iron monsters go, Something to live and grow. Summer, autumn, winter come their way— And the world around are grimed and grey. Then from the higher air An impulse penetrates my lone despair— A far-off bird-call pricks my heart aware. Under the asphalt street That binds my patient feet. The good soil whispers love, Calls to the air above. Through my still limbs there flows a quickening fire— Joyful spring up the buds of deep desire. A wealth of rosy blossom, light and free, Bright through the grey, the spring song of a tree. —L. DONALD.

REVIEW

"Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," a play by Australian playwright Ray Lawler.

Described by well-known theatre critic, Mr. Lindsay Browne, as "a clever and poignant drama . . . real and exciting Australian," Ray Lawler's prize-winning Australian play, "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," was presented in Newcastle, 28th March-2nd April.

The play is centred on Queensland cane-cutters who come south for the off-season, and two barmaids who set up house for them. The play presents the events of the seventeenth summer, when a new barmaid shows them how foolish their past summers have been. At the conclusion of the play, we realise that there will never be another summer together.

Ray Lawler has presented the play in a thoroughly Australian manner with accents. The audience was treated to a new kind of theatre experience, and was never allowed to think that Australia is merely a few well-placed "bonzers," "too rights" and "good- chis." Lawler presents a real and exciting Australian, with Australian spirit springing from the deep heart of the characters.

Mr. Lawler greatly impressed with his ability to hold the tension to the final curtain; the dramatic brawl, the wit and the rauc vitality of his dialogue, and variety and shrewd knowledge of people in his characterisation.

The scenery was well-planned, with broken walls used to show the hall, stairs, and an outside view, as well as the main living room.

The cast gave clever sympathetic performances, and the producer juggled the fluctuating moods with great skill; and his timing and shifts of accent were also well handled.

Altogether, the "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" was a different play, appreciated by Australian audiences, but it is doubtful whether overseas audiences could fully appreciate it.

—RUTH SMALL.

REVIEW

"Pacific Paradise," a radio play by Australian author and playwright Dymphna Cusack.

In "Pacific Paradise" Dymphna Cusack boldly opposes the official attitude to large-scale testing of nuclear weapons. The scene is set on an idyllic Pacific island, which is the proposed site of the testing of a new atomic bomb. The native population is ruled by a white man who traces his autonomous authority back to Queen Victoria. He has married a native woman, and their half-caste daughter provides one half of the love interest, and an excuse for some anti-colour bar propaganda. The other half of the love interest is provided by a member of the flying crew, which brings a team of experts and officials to the island to make arrangements for the proposed test. He finally joins his lover and her father in their fight for the island community.

The melodramatic element is too strong, and the dialogue is heavily laden in favour of the island and its interests. No realistic attempt is made to present arguments in favour of the Test. But, even though the appeal is mainly emotional, there is little doubt that if it is a true reflection of the attitude of the "Man in the Street" to the increasingly daring feats of the world's nuclear scientists. Whilst the layman's opinions generally have no scientific basis, the scientists themselves have not always proved to be infallible in their predictions. The Common Man then, refuses to identify himself with these atomic escapades which his government supports; he ruefully shakes his head in apprehension of what "they" will do to the world.
This was merely the beginning. Within a week hundreds of customers had yielded to the awful appeal, and one would see a bewildered figure plodding down Main Street chanting rhythmically:

"I like my shoes, I like my shirt, I like..."

-Tony Davis.

**Balgamatta Farm**

A logging road, gouged by the rain and partly overgrown by the bush, plunges downward below high ramps of wind-fretted rock. The ravine is deep and precipitous, but is only a tributary of the great gorge not far below, which stretches away to a Heaven-blue of distant forest walls. Here a stream crosses the track, purling over massive rocks in a shining swirl. At its outer edge the narrow roadway is built up with weather-worn stonework that was never placed by nature, nor yet by a bulldozer. Touching the steel-cut stones, I see a vision of sad, grey men toiling up the rough, steep track, their backs bowed, and feet stumbling under heavy loads to Balgamatta Farm.

After the opening of Governor Macarrie's Great Western Road a man named Bell learned the secret of the Dark People's route to the West. It was short and simple, following all the way the long natural ridge which forms a watershed between the Grose and Colo Rivers. After the trail-blazers came the roadmakers, to do battle again with pickaxe and rock-drill against an unwelcoming country. In those days was planted the seed of a stone pine at Balgamatta Farm. This was sown by an ancient patriarch whose weathered silhouette is still a landmark there. In those days the bullock teams battled up Kurrajong Heights, took it slowly down the Cut Rock with brakes screeching, weared over the long unplanned miles through Taherag and Bilpin, fought and struggled up the last pinch of Ghost Hill and Mt. Tammar to find rest and refreshment for man and beast at Balgamatta Farm.

The ruins remain of the good sandstone roadway that was built long ago by convict serving-men. Then, that these unwilling exiles should waste no time in unprofitable repining, they were further occu-
They ploughed to the lower levels where the softwoods grew—beautiful coachwood and pied in tea ring back the heavy timber and tangled bracken from an fragrant saccafras—and the mountain ash of majestic grace. Down at it grew there was another task to be done—the road in the gorge. crystal reaches, flower-sprinkled, and white-foaming rapids. Here the toiling Grey Men cut the stones for a water-mill to grind their wheat. but they are still there, square-cut, with square housings for the beams of the mill-house and round ones for the grinding stones.

These hills are well beloved to me, for they are my own. From the time my eyes could see I have looked on the grandeur of their massive forms, the tenderness of their colour, the grace of their trees. My ears have loved the music of wind and water and free, joyous birdcalls, and if I were stricken blind and deaf I could still find my way about them by their varied fragrances—the ridges heady with wild flowers, the delicate fern-and-moss scent of the deep, hidden guilless, white monstaneha and wild tobacco on the Mountain, and the jungle of tree-ferns and water-vines. But I wonder, what of those exiled Grey Men, toiling up and down these tortuous ways with their sacks of wheat and flour on their backs? Did their hearts stir when the magpies called on bright mornings after rain, or did they dream of the lark? Of even worse, were their thoughts bound in misery by the hardness of the till? Perhaps there was some hope clung among them who could always find something to laugh about. Perhaps—no various are men—there was even some sensitive spirit who could feel within his consciousness the beauty of God in all natural things; who could discern, albeit dimly, the working of a harmonious and Purpose which follows struggling, suffering men “even to the utter-most parts of the sea.”

-L. DONALD.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

No one looking at our education system today could say that it was ideal. The people on the basis of Christian principles. I call this article “Christian Education” rather than “Religion and Education” because I feel I have come closer to the problem—that of unifying religion in our education system. I am not concerned with the teaching of Scripture, but rather with the use of Christ’s teachings in our education. We are, then, dealing with the influence of religion on the school and, consequently, on the community.

What is “religion”? Sir Cyril Norwood describes religion as “belief in the existence of God, the conviction that the ultimate reality is spiritual and that there is such a thing as eternal life.”

What is Education? Preparation for the GOOD Life! Our aim in education should be to make good men and women as well as good citizens. Religion will define this good life; education could prepare us for it. Religion inspires it, and education fits us for it.

We have defined religion and education, but what is “Christian Education”? M. O. C. Jeffreys, Professor of Education at Durham University says, “nothing more or less than education carried on to the best of their ability by Christians.” The development of the first two subjects towards this final goal is the matter with which I am now concerned. How can religion help education and thus the community?

The major problem to be overcome immediately is that of making both people and educationists aware of religion. People can be divided into several classes according to their beliefs: the religious, agnostics, atheists, and the indifferent. It would seem to me that the danger to the world comes primarily from the latter—those who serve both God and Mammon, who pay lip-service to Christianity, but direct their secular affairs as if Christianity had no bearing on them. These are the people who, unfortunately, hold sway in the world.

The practical answer to this problem is that through teaching we can give a set of values by which the world’s problems can be worked out in the light of Christian teaching. Christianity doesn’t offer ready made solutions to these problems, but it can give us the values by which to evaluate the answers. Christianity does not tell us how to deal with delinquency, but it does tell us that love, and not fear, is the right ground for behaviour.

Christianity may help us to discriminate one educational tradition from another, and so decide in favour of one or the other. Then, by introducing Christian values into the school we can help the community.

The Christian ideal is that the world should be ruled by love—love which would make for a world of industry where each individual works for the good of all those around him, and not merely for his own good. Through love the law is transformed and improved, just as feudalism was later transformed to chivalry. This is the basis we must give the child; the fact that the values of life are changed by the introduction of religion.

The final answer to the question is that we can apply Christianity to the social problems of the day. As Christ could not afford to divorce the two, neither can we. The Church has to make up its mind on certain problems and decide right from wrong. This discrimination we must give the children, and by doing so we will show them that God is indeed closely related to the workings of the world. It is vital that we teach the children that God is very relevant to the world of today, and that we should, in all things, work through Him.

This is Christian Education—that we dispel the attitude of indifference existing in the world today; help the children to realise that Christianity gives us the values from which to work out the answers; and finally show them that God is vitally concerned with the affairs of the world. The “Christian School” will carry out these principles and Christian teachers will endeavour to instil them in their pupils. Therefore, it is our responsibility first of all to conquer the indifference which exists in our own minds.

-LACHLAN A. MCKINNON.
Section Photographs

(Photographs supplied by courtesy of McRae Studios, cnr. Hunter and Auckland Streets, Newcastle.)

SECTION 1


SECTION 2


SECTION 3

SECTION 4.

SECTION 5

SECTION 7

SECTION 8
SECTION 9
Front row (l. to r.): Margaret West, Margaret Rice, Noreen Berry, Rae Moffitt, Helen Jarvis, Judith Johnson, Janice Waters. Back row: Jean Robson, Gwenda Young, Margaret Thomas, Judith White, Pat McKinnon, Coleen Drylie.

SECTION 21

SECTION 22

SECTION 23
SPORTS UNION REPORT, 1956

This year has been a successful one for the Sports Union. Intra-mural sport has been organised for all students on Thursday afternoons, with house competitions in many cases. Most sports fielded at least one team in Saturday competitions during the winter, with teams from the Women's Tennis and Table Tennis Clubs participating for the first time. It was very pleasing to see the table tennis team win the premiership.

Approximately 80 students from Newcastle had a very good trip when they visited Wagga Wagga for the Winter Intercollegiate. Newcastle teams won the Soccer and Women's Softball, and drew with Wagga in the Women's Hockey and Rugby Union.

In October, 36 Armidale students visited Newcastle for a week-end. The Colleges competed in softball, tennis, men's basketball, and men's cricket, Newcastle winning the first three mentioned. The visitors were entertained by a dance on the Saturday night, and a bus trip followed by lunch at the College on the Sunday. The week-end proved most enjoyable for all those who took part.

So, looking back, this year has been an interesting and satisfying one for the members of the Sports Union.

SPORTS UNION

RUGBY UNION CLUB, 1956

This year for the first time saw two teams entered in the Rugby Union competition.

Both teams met with considerable success. The Reserve Grade team, captained by Neil Dougherty, was beaten in a Grand Final play-off. The Third Grade, led by Bernie Larkin, was unlucky to miss a semi-final position. In the Inter-Collegiate game a 3-all draw with Wagga Wagga was the result. The response of First Year players promises a solid basis for 1957. The Club wishes to thank Mr. Duncan, Staff and Students for their support and encouragement during the season.

RUGBY UNION


SOCCER

This year the men’s Soccer Club did not enter a team in any outside competition. This meant that it entered the inter-collegiate matches sadly lacking in match practice. However, in both the games played the members of the team quickly adapted their play to that of those around them, and the resulting combination led to overwhelming victories. Balmain in the first game were defeated by a team whose defence was never really tested and whose forward and midfield play was far superior.

In the match at Wagga inter-collegiate stiffer opposition was met and after two early goals by Newcastle’s speedy forward line our rugged defence was called on for great effort until the final whistle.

Mention must be made of Bob Ferguson, Bill Nickerson and Don Simmons, who worked hard in the organisation of both matches.

SOCCER CLUB

CRICKET CLUB REPORT

This year we are fortunate in securing such outstanding first year players as Allan Reynolds, Trevor Spiers, and Trevor Fullerton. These players, combined with the experienced second year players as Neil Dougherty, Ken Scott, Tony Campbell and Keith Brown, should be the foundation of the team to play Armidale.

Although there will not be a Summer Inter-collegiate, we hope to have many enjoyable games against the University, Combined High Schools and Armidale.

MEN’S BASKETBALL CLUB

The club this year had a good membership, with many new players taking part. The elected officers were Geoff Williams (President), Trevor Aubin (Treasurer), and Bruce Wilson (Secretary).

Two teams were entered in the Newcastle Association competition. The C Grade team, ably led by Gordon Ferguson, are at present among the leaders, and have every chance of winning the final.

The B Grade team, against severe opposition, were unlucky early in the competition, but finished about half-way in the points’ table.

At Wagga the team was beaten 33-19, playing only as well as the opposition would let us. In this match Trevor Aubin, Bruce Wilson, and David Johns were outstanding for Newcastle.

Among the first year players who should provide a solid nucleus next year are C. Catterill, M. Rees and B. Binn. There is, however, room for new players, with or without experience in this most popular college sport.

WOMEN’S BASKETBALL

The efforts of the team this year were all directed towards the defeating of Wagga during Inter-collegiate week. The team, comprising June Lewis, Nola Green, Wendy Hollingsworth, Lillian Mackay, Wendy Mallyon, Margaret Myers and Marcia Mulligan, led the Wagga team 31-30 at three-quarter time, but finally lost the match 37-33. Wagga displayed a splendid fighting spirit to defeat the Newcastle girls, who played to capacity throughout the match.

This season three teams were entered in the local competition, and although two have been eliminated, one has reached the semi-finals and will be playing hard to win the premiership.

FIRST GRADE WOMEN’S BASKETBALL

L. to r.: N. Green, W. Mallyon, J. Lewis, B. Tyson, M. Mulligan, W. Hollingsworth, H. Jarvis, M. Myers.
**MEN'S HOCKEY REPORT**

Men's hockey this year had quite a good season. The team showed good promise throughout the season, but was beaten soundly by Wagga College at Inter-collegiate.


In all, the team played fourteen competition games, winning seven and drawing two, scoring 38 goals to 29 goals against. The team did quite well to just miss gaining a place in the semi-finals against the strong competition.

The leading goal-scorer was Don Whitelaw with 15 goals, followed by Colin Catterall's 5 goals. Gordon Ferguson, goalkeeper, proved that he is a very solid defender and was well backed up by backs Gordon Murray and Ian Hickey. John Sakoff played sound hockey at centre-half, and Ken Scott and Ross Kearney provided the speed attack on the wings.

This year's hockey club comprised many first year students, and a few second year. This should be a big advantage to the 1957 team in having experienced competition players.

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**WOMEN'S HOCKEY REPORT**

Once again we have come to the end of our hockey season. This year we fielded two teams in the Newcastle competition, one in A Grade and the other in A Reserve. Neither team won, but both worked hard at practice and had strong competition in their respective grades.

Besides their weekly competition, a team was fielded for reunion, and one for the Wagga Inter-Collegiate. This was one of the toughest matches we have played for quite some time, but I am sure everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

To the Hockey Club of 1957 we wish the best of luck, and hope that if you can not do better, you will do as well and enjoy yourself as much as we have.

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**SWIMMING CLUB REPORT**

The officers of the Swimming Club for this year are as follow:—

President, John Hathorn; Vice-President, Dale Wile; Treasurer, David Johns; Secretary, Delma Page.

Early this year we sent four swimmers to Balmain to compete in the relay at their Swimming Carnival. The team comprised two women students and two men, and these also competed and did well in other events.

The team was: Dale Wile, Ann Spence, David Johns, Geoffrey Williams.

The swimming carnival this year will be held in the last week of the College year at Newcastle Baths, and we look forward to a happy and successful day.

—Delma Page.
This year for the first time the College entered teams in the Newcastle District Table Tennis competition. There were two teams entered in the men's division, and three in the women's division. A good time was had by all, but the No. 1 women's team excelled by winning the premiership and going on to win the grand final. Congratulations to Mavis Homer, Robyn Smith and Barbara Rodgers, who were members of this team.

—D. GREAVES.

The annual meeting of the Tennis Club was held on the 15/3/56. The election of office-bearers was as follows:—

President, Eric Baker; Treasurer, Delma Page; Secretary, Heather Meldrum. Selection Committee: M. Bishop, J. White, C. Baker, B. Evans. Court Captains: Barry Binns, Marie Hunt, John Crosscombe.

The Championship matches were entered into with enthusiasm and good spirit. Results were as follows:—


Social Tennis was played by students not competing in championships.

All members of the Tennis Club wish to thank Mr. Gillard and Mr. Clarke for their helpful co-operation and guidance.

The success of the team has been largely to Miss Moller's coaching, without which our victory would probably never have been achieved.

Our team consists of two former representatives, and one reserve of N.S.W. Schoolgirls' Softball teams. Members include Dorothy Moore, June Lewis (captain), Nola Green, Helen Roddenbey, Bernice Buck, Vina Stein, Marcia McDonell, Noreen Berry and Lorraine Rostron.

This 1956 season has again proved successful, in that during our previous Inter-Collegiate match we defeated Wagga Teachers' College after a hard game that was evenly matched until the last two innings. Here we edged forward to win, the score being 19-7.

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This year's College Championship should be a very open event with such outstanding golfers as Dennis Ravell, Ian Hickey, John Emerson, with Keith Brown a possibility. Amongst the girls we have Anne Spence and Pat Hogan. In both events there will be a few "dark horses," who could upset the calculations.
DRAMA CLUB REPORT

There have been many activities carried out this year. The first important event was the annual trip to the Singleton Drama Festival, where three one-act plays were presented: "The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven," "The Spider Ring," and "The Man at the Door."

These plays were again performed at Tech. High, Broadmeadow, with a fourth, "The Green Veil Passes." Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Davis adjudicated the plays, choosing "The Green Veil Passes," which was later presented at Wagga during the Inter-Collegiate visit to Wagga.

A one-act play, "Shall We Join the Ladies," was presented in conjunction with the Music Club's Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "Trial By Jury," at Tech. High, Broadmeadow, during the second term.

Work was started on the three-act "Black Chiffon" during the second term. The actors and staff put much hard work into this play, which was very successful. There were two performances, 26th and 27th September, at Boys' High, Waratah. Thanks are extended to members of the staff who aided the Club, especially Miss Sneddon, Miss Moller, Mr. Marquet, Mr. Saxby, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Doyle and Mr. Wood.

DRAMA CLUB


DRAMATIC OPTION REPORT

Members of the Drama Option Group performed "Deirdre of the Sorrows" on 10th October, at Tech. High. The play was enthusiastically received. Participants were so keen that one left his sick bed to take part.

DEBATING CLUB REPORT

The year 1956 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.

The highlight of the debating year was the Inter-Collegiate clash with Wagga. Although beaten, the Newcastle team put up a fine performance.

We, as a College, have every reason to be proud of Geoff Waugh, Lynne Howland and Ken Scott.

Another highlight of our debating year has been the Chamber of Commerce debates, in which two of our teams have successfully taken part.

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.
NEWSPAPER CLUB REPORT

The Newspaper Club was allocated £190 by the S.R.C. Most of this was earmarked for the “Altjiringa” Annual. Work was begun about the middle of the year in preparation for the Annual’s publication.

In addition, regular editions of “Altjiringa” newspaper were produced. Sales were satisfactory, but due to high overheads and policy against carrying advertisements a financial loss occurred with each issue.

The Club is grateful to the Printing Club for carrying out the printing of the newspaper and to its many correspondents.

The Club meanwhile needs many new recruits.

SOCIAL AND RECREATION CLUB REPORT FOR 1956

This year has been a most successful year for our Club. To this success we owe the interest shown by those who have attended our meetings, and also to the working efforts of our executive committee, led by Joan Elvin, Margaret Bishop, Carlene Deamer and Alan Aflleck.

Our year’s work and activities include two barbecues at Glenrock Lagoon, an annual ball, which ranks as the best yet, and our weekly dances held at the Y.M.C.A. Attendance at these has been greater than before, and also were highlighted by original plays and skits illustrating College life.

Another of our achievements was the formation of a College band.

We wish to express our thanks to all those who have helped us in some way, and also to say thanks to the staff, and in particular Miss Moller and Mr. Gillard for their guidance and help.

SOCIAL AND RECREATION CLUB

E.U. REPORT

The Evangelical Union or Christian Fellowship as it is now being called to bring it into line with Teachers' Christian Fellowship, has again been active in the College this year.

Regular lunch-hour meetings have been held on Fridays in the music room. Guest speakers have been invited on most occasions, and their challenging messages heard by all those who have accepted our invitation to drop in. As well as this meeting we are always glad to see new faces at our Tuesday prayer meeting in the Art Room.

Perhaps the highlights of the year have been the house party held at Carey Bay in the second term, and the squashes held in our College canteen.

The organisation by our President, Geoff Waugh, Secretary, Glenys Davies, and Publicity Officer, Wendy Perry, has always been tireless. We who have enjoyed such Christian fellowship this year thank our Master for being more than equal to all our needs, and pray that we have not let Him down too often.

ST. THOMAS MORE SOCIETY REPORT

The aim of the society is to promote unity, co-operation and exchange of ideas amongst the students.

The Saint Thomas More Society has had a very busy year with a visiting speaker almost every week. The talks have been interesting and of very wide scope. Speakers have included Dr. Simmons, D.C.L., of Maitland, and Dr. Smythe, of Royal Newcastle Hospital. Noted journalist and broadcaster, Leo Butler, addressed the Society on some very important topics. A brother from the St. John of God Homes gave us a talk on teaching methods in use at these Homes.

Students have supported the Society well with meeting attendances, usually between 40 and 50.

The Society sent representatives to the meeting of all Societies in the various Teachers' Colleges in Sydney. These representatives of ours played an important role in the proceedings and much progress was made.

The Society would like to thank Mr. Duncan, our Principal, for his interest and help during the past year.

Father Carson, our chaplain, has been very generous with his time. We would like to thank him for this and for his great interest in the Society.

—ALLAN J. MILLS, President, 1956.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT REPORT

This movement has once again been formed in the College amongst a small group of interested people.

The aim has been to present to students of the College some wider aspects of the Christian Gospel, from which through discussion and speakers some understanding of the vitality of Christianity in everyday life.

To end discussions have been promoted on various themes and some interesting thoughts have been stimulated. Excellent messages have been presented by guest speakers such as Dr. Worner, Padre Henderson and Bishop Storrs.

The Committee hopes that it has contributed meetings of some benefit to students of the College and has helped them to find some footing on which to build their future life as responsible teachers in this community.

Officers elected this year were: President, G. Bow; Secretary, M. Sweetman; Publicity Officer, N. Wood.
T.T.A. REPORT

With more concerted effort this year, headed by the President, R. Conners, the T.T.A. has achieved quite a measure of success as regards higher allowances for students. The increases have come about after the combined co-operation of all students from all Colleges throughout the State. Parliamentarians were visited, pamphlets and posters distributed, petitions signed and letters sent by parents to the Premier supporting students’ claims.

—J. McDonald, Secretary.

MUSIC SOCIETY REPORT

The College Music Society had one of its most successful years, both from the standpoint of the quality of the productions and the support from students and friends.

A highlight of the year was the production of “Trial by Jury.” Two performances were given, on 24th and 25th July, at Technical High School Hall, Broadmeadow. Players were well received by capacity audiences. A supper party was held at Mara Lynne Hall, Broadmeadow, to celebrate after the 25th July performance.

Intensive work by Miss M. Sneddon and Miss E. Cornell brought the choirs (first and second year mixed voices, first year ladies’ and second year ladies’) to a high level of efficiency.

During Education Week the second year ladies’ choir figured in a broadcast over Station 2NA. The choir also took part in the official opening of Education Week at Newcastle City Hall.

Despite stormy weather, a near capacity crowd heard the 4th October Choral Concert at Technical High Hall.

Amongst the outstanding vocal and/or instrumental soloists this year were Ann Foster, Marie Bailey, Marcia Canlin, Marcia Mulligan, Helen Pereira, Patricia Hogan and Margueret Myers.

DOCUMENTARY FILM CLUB

This year the Film Club has again been prominent, and has provided good entertainment for both the students inside the College and outside friends and parents. The programmes have been chosen with a classical theme throughout, a revival of some of the old outstanding favourites.

Some of these films have been “Mrs. Miniver,” Greer Garson’s Great Success, Robert Flaherty’s “Louisiana Story,” C. J. Dennis’s “Sentimental Bloke” was one really remarkable film, being an all-Australian cast, and showing the typical aspects of the unsophisticated side of Australian life in the period around 1918. The French film, “Pastoral Symphony,” was shown and was very well received and deemed worthy of its numerous Academy Awards. Some of the supporting features have included art films, short films of classic interest, and on the last occasion the Wagga Inter-Collegiate films were presented. Next year we hope to continue with our evening screenings, and are looking forward to such films as “How Green Is My Valley” and “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.”

Lunchtime screenings have been very popular, suitting the students’ lunch—nothing for nothing. These have included a wide range of films—war pictures, Charlie Chaplin cartoons, “From Beethoven to Boogie” and educational films on biology, etc.

—LYNNE HOWLAND.

A Final Word from the Principal

TEACHING AS A PROFESSION

It was in 1882 that Professor S. S. Laurie, one of the famous Scottish educationists of all time, wrote:

“In the earlier days of the Privy Council System, Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth was sanguine enough to hope, nay to expect, that men would be found to enter the profession of elementary teaching from missionary motives. Such an expectation was based on a very imperfect appreciation of facts. I should like to know how many men enter the Church desirous to labour in humble spheres, unknown to fame and heedless of reward. There have always been a few, but even these, while they give to the Church which they serve, the reputation of self-denying zeal, receive back, from the first day of their consecration, the social consideration which that Church has made good for itself in the estimation of the whole world, and are, as such, fellow-workers with all its power and dignity. That there may have been one here and there from whose mind even this feeling was wholly absent, I am willing to believe, but that a man should, with similar self-denial, give himself to the mission of teaching, would be the greatest of all self-abnegations, because, as yet, that occupation is only very partially supported by social opinion, and is unrecognised and undignified by Church and State. To sacrifice oneself on these terms would be to be a missionary indeed! A rare man may be found who is capable of it, and who is content to labour on, poor and unknown, and to die without that customary intimation that he had passed away. But we cannot look to such exceptional men to do the work of a profession. And it is absurd to suppose that because men look to the attainment of a modest but adequate reward in reputation and emolument, that, therefore, they do not bring to their profession a pure love of their work and an earnest desire to promote the Kingdom of Christ in Church or School.”

In those days teachers were underpaid and of poor professional status. True, the headmasters of the time often counted more than their modern counterparts. Their scholarship was recognised and their pronouncements on education and literature, especially classics, were listened to with the greatest respect, while it might be truly said of many that they had left their mark upon the noblest bodies in England.

Rarely, however, were the staffs of schools of similar quality and earlier still the position was even worse. The report of the Taunton Commission (1861—Education in England) includes this caustic criticism of the attainments of members of the teaching profession:

“None are too old, too poor, too ignorant, too feeble, too sickly, too unqualified in one or every way, to regard themselves, and to be regarded by others, as unfit for school-keeping. Nay, there are few, if any, occupations regarded as incompatible with school-keeping, if not as simultaneous, at least as preparatory employments. Domestic servants out of a place, discharged barminals, vendors of toys or lollipops, keepers of small eating houses, needlewomen, who take in plain or also work; milliners, consumptive patients in an advanced stage; cripples almost bedridden; persons of at least doubtful temperance; outdoor paupers, men and women of 70 and even 80 years of age; persons who spend badly (mostly women, I grieve to say), who can hardly write, and cannot cipher at all.

To some extent many Church schools in Australia have suffered in the past from the same difficulty and some still do today. There seems to exist a theory that the standard and reputation of a school are determined by its head, and so when a headmaster was sought it was usual to seek a scholar of some renown, preferably with an Oxford
or Cambridge degree, and the English Public School training of a
gentleman. By this means the tone of the school was set and con­


fidence ensured. The head was well paid and received a house in
which to live and other considerations, but other members of staff were
neither adequately qualified nor recognised. In some cases the theory
persists though many schools have come to realise both that there
are great Australians (much better than rather ordinary Englishmen),
and also that it is the quality of the whole staff which determines the
standard of the school, and one man, even if he be Head, can do only
what one man can do.

True the interest, drive, enthusiasm and scholarship of a good
headmaster can set a standard and fill the whole school with some­
thing of his own spirit, but his powers are still limited to the pro­
ductiveness of his staff. When I was young my father used to relish
telling me stories, one of which was that of an American professor who,
when asked to explain the high failure rate in his classes, answered:
Gentlemen, give me donkeys in and I can but give you donkeys out.
Similarly, in the last analysis, despite administrators, inspectors, head­
masters, teachers' college principals and staffs, the work of the teach­
ing profession is determined by the quality of the regular class teacher.
Just as it is in the medical profession, despite the magnificence of
specialists and research scholars, the status of the profession is still
determined by the general practitioner.

The standards of our general class teachers are good, better than
in most places in the world, and (despite grandfather) far better than
in the good old days, but still they are not good enough. Only cul­
tured teachers can produce educated men and women from their pupils.
Our standards are high and the quality of our students good, but they
must steadily rise. More students need to take University courses, more
need to be of maturer age when they commence training, and more
need to regard their work as a profession and not as a job like any
other. With higher qualifications and professional ethics will come
greater freedom and more responsibility. With freedom and respon­
sibility will come a higher sense of duty and less of a tendency to try
to pass the buck higher up the scale. Within the near future I hope
that we teachers will be willing to say: I teach this (or that) because
it is in the syllabus, with all the degrading lack of professional stan­

dards and attitudes that that implies. It is to be hoped that adminis­
trators will not require certain things of teachers simply because they
are in the syllabus, but work done will be justified only on the sound
educational principles of its value for the learner both as an individ­
ual and as a member of the community. This sort of revolution is
already taking place in all our schools, and with longer and better
academic training—not mere teaching techniques—for all our teachers
it will occur more frequently. No thoroughly prepared professional
man will ever accept the domination of another.

To all young teachers I give this message: You are on the march
to professional freedom and professional standards, but you will achieve
this goal only by your qualifications, your devotion to your work and
your continued pursuit of learning, of understanding of yourself, your
community, and your task in it. There is no professional status for
you as teachers except that which your abilities can win. Sound finan­
cial reward is essential, but it is only slightly related to the problem
of professional status; a rich man is rich only in what wealth buys,
but an educated man has status beyond that of mere wealth, and he
may be rich in his worthy membership of a profession.

—G. H. DUNCAN, M.A., B.Ed.