Altjiringa Annual

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWCASTLE TEACHERS' COLLEGE
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).
those who will teach

1. General Primary and Infants

Aroyle, Patricia
Avery, Diane
Avery, William
Baker, Rose
Ball, Kathleen
Bain, Barry
Blanchard, Noel
Bliss, John
Buck, Bernice
Buckle, Janice
Burke, David
Byrne, Maree
Campbell, Neil
Cantill, Elaine
Coates, Marion
Cohen, John
Condon, Paul
Coe, Mervyn
Cram, Ronald
Cranford, Edward
Chonin, Helen
Cribb, Pamela
Dalton, Vivien
Dark, Patricia
Davenport, Vivian
Davis, Keith
De Vaunno, Eileen
Dodds, Elaine
Donaldson, Pauline
Driscola, Joyce
Easton, Kenneth
Eichmann, Brian
Elster, John
Evans, Brian
Firth, Katherine
Firth, Anthony
Ford, Robyn
Foster, Anne
Foster, William
Fryer, Yvonne
Fullerton, Trevor
Gillon, Margaret
Gipps, Desmond
Jabsson, John
Glenn, Dorothy
Goldie, Kerry
Goodwin, Neville
Gray, Ronald
Grayson, Gillian
Green, Nola

Grieve, Betty
Griffin, Pamela
Grosbernd, Leslie
Hall, Maureen
Hanlon, Patricia
Harrison, Beverly
Hawkins, Daryl
Hawkey, Wendy
Hetherington, Barry
Hodges, Dulcie
Hogan, Patricia
Holman, Judith
Howland, Lynne
Hughes, Ralph
Hunt, Ethel
Hunt, Maria
Ireland, Alice
Ivers, Janice
Jacobs, Margaret
James, Elizabeth
Jenkins, Dorthea
Knott, Kingsley
Lane, Betty
Linkane, Joyce
Lockhart, Una
Longbottom, Harley
Lyall, Mary
Mcabe, Mildred
McCarthy, Pamela
McDonald, Jeannet
McDonald, Maureen
McAteer, Noel
McGart, Brian
McGrath, Margaret
McGregor, Ian
McInerney, Robin
Mewburn, Brian
Mackay, Elizabeth
Marrriott, Barry
Marrriott, Peter
Masters, Kenneth
Metcalf, Trish
Moore, Norma
Moore, Fredrica
Moore, John
Mulhearn, Raymond
Nakkam, Betty
Ogilvie, Robin
Ostrowski, Ludwinka
Owen, Thomas
Paynter, Janet

2. Special Secondary

Manual Arts

Dawes, Colin
Dyball, Allan
Hewitt, Terence
Hickey, Ian
Kearney, Ross
Lloyd, Bruce

Home Economics

Martin, Barbara
Moffitt, Vivienne-Rae
Rice, Margaret
Robson, Pamela
Thomas, Margaret

Biology

Jones, Patricia
Neuberger, Barbara
Neill, Pamela
Paul, Lesley

3. Secondary

Kirkeby, George, B.A.
Bennich, Anne, B.A.
Roach, John, B.A.
Robinson, Leona, B.A.

Shaw, Beverley
Tyson, Betty
Wood, Colleen

Perhaps our most important aim is to furnish the staff and students with a record. This has been achieved by the photographs and reports published in this annual magazine.

We of “Altjirringa” would like to seize this opportunity of thanking Mr. Duncan, Mr. Long and Mr. Wilson for their co-operation in publishing this edition. Our gratitude is extended to W. McRae (McRae Studios) for photographs, and to Davies and Cannington Pty. Ltd., for printing the magazine. We also thank the many students who furnished literary articles and club reports.

Lastly may we say to those graduating to day, may you strive “Towards 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:**  

**Education:**  

**English:**  

**Geography:**  
EDWARD A. CRAGO, B.Sc.

**History:**  
ALAN BARCAN, M.A., Dip Ed., DESMOND M. LONG, M.A., Dip Ed.

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

**Hygiene:**  
J. McKAY WOODS, M.B., B.S.

**Mathematics:**  
COLIN C. DOYLE, B.Sc., Dip Ed., JOHN F. POWER, B.Sc., Dip Ed.

**Music:**  

**Physical Education:**  
HAROLD W. GILLARD, HELEN MOLLER, Dip Phys. Ed.

**Part-Time Lecturers:**  
FRANK W. GRAY, B.Sc., STAN M. MUDFORD, B.Sc.Agr., HENRY B. OWENS, B.Ed.
FOREWORD

(By Helen Cronin, Retiring Vice-President for 1957)

Another College Year draws to a close and now it is our turn to put aside "the green blazer" and say farewell to the friends we leave behind—never again will we share College life with them, but we will always remember the times of gaiety and merriment—the Swimming Carnival, Inter-Coll, the College Ball, Athletic Carnival, the Choral Concert, Drama Plays and many other memorable events.

We all have a great deal to learn but we will never forget the things College Life has taught us. It has given us an appreciation of one another, and of the task which is ours, that of moulding a future generation.

To those left behind we say "make the most of the coming year, it is all over too soon."

Teaching is a rewarding profession and we all know that we get out of life what we put into it. So let us enter into our profession and strive—"Towards a Better World."

A WORD FROM THE PRINCIPAL

The number of students completing courses this year is not the largest the College has had but the total enrolment has been the greatest yet. It is interesting to glance at the figures for each year in order to gain a concept of the growth of the College.

Number of Outgoing Students in Each Group—Years 1950-1957.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Primary M</th>
<th>Infants W</th>
<th>Biology M</th>
<th>H. Econ. W</th>
<th>H. Arts M</th>
<th>S.A. M</th>
<th>B.Sc. W</th>
<th>TOTALS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>20</td>
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<td>84</td>
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<td>1951</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>19</td>
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<td>1953</td>
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<td>97</td>
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<td>92</td>
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<td>1954</td>
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<td>1955</td>
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<td>17</td>
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<td>139</td>
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<td>1957</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>10</td>
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<td>14</td>
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The present first year and university enrolments are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Primary &amp; University</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>60</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infants W 114</td>
<td>M</td>
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<tr>
<td>Biology W 16</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Ecs. W 22</td>
<td>M</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Biology W 18</td>
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<tr>
<td>Science II</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Ecs. W 15</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science III</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arts III</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comm. I</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arts IV</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTALS</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Of these, most should enter second year of two year courses or proceed to the Diploma in Education year or continue with university courses according to the particular circumstances. Allowing for a few failures and perhaps some returned university students, the figures for 1958 probably will be:

**Second and Later year enrolments, 1958.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Primary</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>60</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infants W 16</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biology W 14</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Home Ecs. W</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man. Arts M</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arts II W 18</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science III</td>
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<tr>
<td>Commerce II</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dip. Ed. M 19</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arts W 19</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science W 18</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTALS</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>140</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W</td>
<td>187</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

First year enrolments, of course, cannot be known. It is possible that a special general junior secondary course may be formed partly from returned university students and partly from selected students from the primary group. It is possible that both a first and second year junior secondary Maths/Physics/Chemistry group may be formed.

It is clear that the College is growing and it is clear that its needs are many. Its need for an Assembly Hall and Gymnasium is even greater than last year. It could well do with additional lecture rooms, increased library space, bicycle racks, paths, its own tennis courts and both men's hostels and women's hostels. These are but a few of its many needs and how the minister for Education is to find money and labour for the needs of education is a problem that the people in N.S.W. should face. The present attitude of most people seems to be, "What does it matter provided my own private needs are met?"

Despite these difficulties it would seem to me that the signs of real development in the College are not mere growth in numbers nor ability to overcome material handicaps, but the increasing maturity of outlook of the student body. There are some disappointments, of course, not every student shows as much development as the staff hopes to see but it has seemed to me that this year has seen a kind of settling down of student opinion and a greater general sense of responsibility. Students behave as adolescents do, and hence at times they do foolish things but the astounding thing about students as a group is their sound common sense and balance.

The time has come to give students a greater measure of responsibility for and in decisions affecting their courses and their welfare and in 1958 it is intended to reduce the lecture hours of students so that every section has at least one morning or afternoon free in addition to the sports afternoon. More time will be given for assignments and individual research. Greater provision will be made for differential rates of academic progress.

The functions of students' clubs and the Students' Union generally will be revised to place greater responsibility upon the student body. No longer will membership of the Students' Union grant membership of all college clubs. The Students' Union fee will be a "General Service Fee," covering such matters as Graduation Day Activities, Altjirrnga Annual, Accident Insurance, Common Rooms, Amenities, Library and so on. The Drama Club and similar clubs, the Football Club and similar clubs will become independent and self-supporting. They will determine their own membership fees and be responsible for raising their own funds. The College will control expenditure only from the point of view of auditing and making sure there are no bad debts.

I wonder if the experiment will justify itself. The coming year will tell and we will know whether the College has grown up or "just grown."

---THE PRINCIPAL
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT SOMETIMES . . .

"Progressive Education can do all that your traditional education can do and a good deal more. It goes beyond the skills and knowledge which are mainly what N.S.W. teachers want. It is a better way of handling children than present methods. The children get their skills and knowledge in their stride in the way to getting something more important. You ought to try Progressive Education sometime.

These were the words of a visiting English educationalist, a 'theorist' at a university, who took a critical look at our Australian educational system during August and September. What he said was repeated by a down-to-earth practical man, a kind of area-director concerned with daily administrative problems of getting children through examinations, supplying them with the children of teachers and with ordinary classroom lessons. Six years ago after a very thorough investigation into progressive schools in some parts of the country, the administrator decided that progressive education was much more to offer the parents, the children and the teachers and began, with the aid of his inspectors, teachers' college staffs and teachers, to put it into practice. He brought with him to Newcastle, some of the work which average children had done, and a number of our most efficient heads and teachers were very much impressed by one interesting comment on some of it: 'You shouldn't be getting that sort of work from children of that age—it's too advanced!'

One of the headmasters asked each of the two English visitors whether, by progressive methods, they meant project and activity methods. Their answer was, "Perhaps. Project and activity methods might be accepted or they might be rejected. Who, of course, is going to reject the privilege of grafting something different onto the ordinary traditional education?" "Well," said the headmaster, "what on earth IS progressive education?" One of the visitors pointed out that in Australia the name IS had become somewhat of a loose火山 and they probably didn't use that name in Australia and that maybe it would be a good thing if the words were dropped because they were being wrongly applied to methods in the class-rooms that weren't progressive in the proper sense. It might be better to find another name for a very different kind of education to which we usually see it applied to.

What IS progressive education As the two English speakers saw it, it became a matter of different ends or goals or aims of the whole education system, and of each lesson or way of using the time in which children were in the schools. These two English visitors, like almost all overseas visitors who come to Australia, saw us trying very effectively to produce a high degree of achievement in simple skills and drills. But almost all visitors think we tend to stop at that, ignoring all the other aspects of personality and character and seems human that are, in the end, much more important. For example, they said, Australian teachers typically say, "What lessons on the time table? Arithmetic? Well, what's in the programme for this week in Arithmetic? Number combinations...revision of 6 times table...well, let's do some drill." Then there comes the diagnosis of error, re-teaching and re-testing, all essential aspects of good teaching everywhere. But, the speakers said, that's all the N.S.W. teacher makes of it. The progressive educator goes a long way beyond that in what he aims for.

He wants a number sense, an interest in measurement, a typical way of looking at problems that experience with numbers can give if handled. He wants and actually plans in his subject for the development of self-confidence, of socially necessary co-operation, of working on problems which are relevant to the child's life at the moment and which rise from that and not from artificial problems thought up by the teacher on the spur of the moment, and he wants this sort of interest because it rises from the child and not from the teacher and gives the child a sense of his own purpose and importance, and teaches him persistence without which cannot depend on the persistence of the teacher. And these are got from an experience in which arithmetic occurs, not just from an arithmetic lesson. The table drill, in so far as it is useful, occurs on the way through.

The other subjects are treated in the same way, not as something to be satisfied with when learnt, but as opportunities for teaching more important aspects. What would a progressive educationalist use the English lesson for? Or History? Or Social Studies? It is so easy, in these subjects, to be content with merely teaching the facts and skills and to fail to look at the wider ends in social poise, in pleasing verbal expression, in the value of poetry, in making your meanings clear to other people, in having relevant meanings to make clear. And crafts and physical education and music and art, in what ways does the progressive teacher differ from the orthodox in his aims for such subjects? These, incidentally, are subjects in which it is perhaps easier to be progressive.

When the aims are changed, it is very likely that methods must be also changed. This is what usually happens in progressive education, since aims and methods cannot be easily separated. The usual class-lesson as we know it, may well have a place in progressive education, if it can be used better than any other method for getting the ends the progressive teacher is after. But generally it is less efficient for these ends. It doesn't give the child much practice in developing his own purposes—he is expected to accept the teacher's purposes. It doesn't give him much practice in planning his work—that's done for him by the teacher who, of course, is good at it because of all the practice he has had. And the usual class-lesson is not very effective in giving a child practice in carrying out his own plans and evaluating his success and learning some important things about himself...the teacher gets the practice at that. Other methods must be thought out to secure different ends.

The different ends and methods of progressive education require, of course, a different attitude towards examinations, so that these are no longer so dominating over what it taught. That is an estimate made of course of the work done by the use of various forms of tests where tests are applicable. But they mustn't be allowed to be the end for which we all teach. And we mustn't forget that most of the most important ends in progressive education can't be tested in the usual way. They show out in other ways which are less easily tested but which are none the less evidence.

But it should be said, I think, that progressive education is not well understood in Australia nor easy to make work in a system which aims mainly at other things. But it is worth trying out sometime, even in little bits. The English administrator said, "We began in a little way and if we all teach that way, it began to spread of itself. We're sure it's worthwhile."

—Dr. J. W. STAINES
STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

ANNUAL S.R.C. REPORT FOR 1957

Membership.—President, J. Morris; Vice-President, H. Cronin; Secretary, E. Bowers; Treasurer, V. Davenport. Section Representatives: B. Abel, P. Thomas, M. McGregor, P. Temple, R. Hamilton, A. Shearer, J. Grayson, P. Hanlon, H. Cronin, R. Tatters, B. Ableson, E. Bowers, H. Jarvis, G. Kirkby. Club Representatives: Sports Union, L. Holman, L. Hickey; Newspaper, W. Fowles; Drama, J. Cohen; Speakers, J. Grayson; Film Appreciation, R. Cram; Social and Recreation, E. Bowers; T.T.A., T. Hewitt; Staff Representative, Mr. Barcan.

Combined Conference.—The Council sent five representatives to the Annual Conference of Students' Councils, held in Sydney on 12th August. Our delegates were: President, John Morris; Vice-President, Helen Cronin; Secretary, Elizabeth Bowers; First Year Observers, Beth Abell and Peter Temple. The Newcastle topic was: Notification of Appointment to be sent at least two weeks before the date of Entry on Duty. The other three discussion topics were: Increased Scholarship Allowances, Inconvenience of Travel Concessions and Increased Book Allowance.

General Report.—Again in all activities during the year, the clubs affiliated with the Council have had the active assistance of the College Students, and this willingness to assist on the part of the students, has been a major factor in our success. To all students the Council extends its thanks for their valuable assistance during the year.

The presentation of the plays by the Drama Club and the musical productions this year were outstanding, and were highly praised by most appreciative audiences. We extend our sincere thanks to the clubs responsible for these and to the lecturers concerned for their assistance. Congratulations to you all!

During the year the S.R.C subsidized the College Ball thus enabling students to attend this functions for 12/- instead of 15/-.

To the Social and Recreation Club we also extend congratulations for their fine management and success of the Ball.

At the beginning of the year, after much discussion, the students agreed to an increase in Students’ Union Fees from £3 to £4 which, we feel sure, has proved beneficial to all students.

Council Recommendations.—The S.R.C. Council and its officers would like to extend thanks to our principal, Mr. G. H. Duncan, for the assistance he has given this 1957 Council. Also, we wish to thank Mr. Barcan for his kind guidance in many problems.

As a result of recent elections the 1958 President, Peter Miller and Vice-President, Dawn Connal were elected and we wish them every success during their term of office.

Finally, on behalf of the Student Body the S.R.C. would like to extend their gratitude and thanks to the whole of the lecturing staff for a really happy and successful college year.

President: JOHN MORRIS.
Secretary: ELIZABETH BOWERS.
Tania had run all the way home. She stood in the kitchen doorway, her gigantic yellow-and-brown pony tail waving wildly, her green, brown-splodged eyes gazing frantically round her. They were all in the kitchen. Jenie was a thing. Leah was reading "Lost For Life," Carmen feeding the baby and dogs that she had picked up, and Vic painting the ceiling.

"What's wrong?" Carmen asked unconcernedly, throwing a piece of wallpaper onto the floor. Tania puffed up, flushed, scolded, and strode out of the room, slamming the door. "Hey! What's the matter?" the others cried, but their voices met a blank silence, and the six of them stood in the kitchen, surveying the room critically. "It doesn't look the best," she said, in her soft, sophisticated voice.

"T'll say it doesn't - oh, Leah, what are we to do? Not only is the house unrecognizable, but we owe her two week's rent. It was your turn - has your pater coughed up yet?"

"Yes, that's okay, at least. Peterlap sent me a cheque for a hundred pounds today, so it should keep us for a bit, in addition to the lousy pay we get... But Tan, the house!"

"We've had some help from her celestial position and joined them, casually wiping her painty hands over her jeans. "For Pete's sake get those animals out so we can think straight," she shouted at Carmen above the uproar, "this is serious! And do something with the baby. Flog-wrap it in a towel." Peace was then obtained, and comparative silence, and the six of them stood in a depressed little circle in front of the door, considering their misdemeanours.

Unfortunately the truth was that they were artists, who had surrendered themselves all too wholly to their art. They had rented from Miss Rose a big, lavishly furnished house, dark and conservative. They had decorated it all the furniture but the bare necessities to the watertight garage in the back yard. They had rolled up carpets, taken down curtains, and bought new, contemporary bedspreads. Then they had started painting. With the best quality oil-paint and some help from Dulux Super Gloss, they had covered all the walls, floors and ceilings with artistic masterpieces and, though they considered that they had improved the dwelling a hundredfold, they were well aware that Miss Rose would not think so.

It was not that Miss Rose was old - she could not have been more than twenty-eight - but she was stuffy. She had been brought up in a very English household, leading a very sheltered life. She would not understand these girls, nor would she understand the twentieth century. She would understand without a second thought when she saw Jenie as yourself as it was. That thought was singularly distasteful. "We've got to DO something," wailed Fiola.

"If it were only our efforts, it would not be quite so bad," Jenie said wistfully, and they sighed deeply, knowing that she was thinking of the visitors they had brought to the house, one of whom had left a lasting, tangible impression. Further crimes they had committed. That Miss Rose would frown upon, included Boy Friends. They all had Boy Friends, though Carmen's boy friend Claude and Leah's boy friend Steve were the main ones. They haunted the place. Claude, the violinist, had been so inspired by his music that he was present in the middle of painting on the lounge wall an impressive picture of Brahms at a grand piano. Steve, to counterbalance it, had painted on the other wall a red background, an anvil, hammer and sickle and a striking likeness to Joe Stalin.

In the intervals of painting it he had addressed them with passionate orations upon Communism, gestureing violently and quoting large doses of Marxism. But not only were there boy friends. There was Carl, Carl could not be described as anything. He was ten years older than any of the girls and had attached himself to them in the person of Big Brother and Big Brother combined; having invited himself into this position. He had set about "improving" the place by planting lilies and privet bushes, and by transferring the tennis court and the polka dots and giving a name to the house - "Little Bohemia" - painted in big letters on the front gate.

They could have forgiven him for all this. What they could not forgive him for was being a pure, unadulterated artist of the first degree. On the two remaining walls of the lounge room he had left two intricate studies of nudes.

These thoughts ran on top of each other through the horrified minds of the six girls. That Miss Rose should come to this house. That Miss Rose should come to this house TOMORROW... "Well, we've got to clean it up, Tania said frantically. She made a dash for the instructions. In the midst of it all, Tania arrived to find out if she had left his G string here. They'd been looking at it the other day and...

"That was as far as he got. Suddenly he was carrying up a large table from the garage, and having a fine struggle to get it through the kitchen door. Vic, the masterful, masculine girl whom he had never dared to understand, was on the other side of it, watching the corner and don't for Pete's sake scratch the French Polish.

The other girls were scurrying about like mad things, hanging pictures, polishing brass, finishing painting the ceiling, putting up the old curtains, rolling down carpets. It went on till Jenie, always stomach-conscious, realised it was nine o'clock at night and they hadn't a bite to eat since dinner time. They sternly denied Claude his plena for champagne and dry crackers; their usual supper, serving instead black coffee with toast to fortify themselves. They were too busy to cook anything, most of them were too busy even to eat. They gathered, like a herd of cattle, around half past nine, and sat down to order the washes, as none of them had time. They stared at them uncomprehendingly.

"Fifteen hundred pounds to one another here? The place is a mad house."

"Miss Rose is coming tomorrow," Carmen panted over a soft polishing cloth, with which she was vigorously rubbing the tap, "please help us Steve, don't be a hindrance." He gulped indigantly, but somebody threw a tea towel at him before he had time to answer.

"Just as he had finished the cups, Leah came out to him. "Steve... don't you know the bad news?" She embraced him extravagantly while he brushed crimson at her attention. "She wasn't usually so affectionate. "We wondered if you'd do something for us darling. I'll do anything for you dear really, and I know you would." While he stared at her, deciding that she was even more attractive than he'd thought she was, she explained that Miss Rose wouldn't appreciate it. "Communism at all, and could he pleased darling, just paint it over for tomorrow?"

"Pup...paint it over?" Unfortunately Steve knew her too well to be put off by her manner. "No. I wouldn't think of it. It took
me months to get that likeness." He was quite indignant. Leah sighed.

"All right dear," she said then, with great brightness. She had hoped that champagne wouldn't be necessary, but it looked as if it were going that way. She got him down a glass and a bottle.

Half an hour later, with a jubilant view of the world in general, he perched before his picture with a stubby brush and could of paint, hardly aware of how he had got there or what he was doing.

Meanwhile, Vic and Claude continued to bring up numerous articles of furniture, while the others hid cade, paits and their own furniture to make room for them. At midnight they sat down to their second instalment of black coffee, complimenting themselves that the house was beginning to look better than they'd thought it would.

As they regaled themselves, Carl arrived. He swaggered in as if he owned the place, just as he always did, and stopped at the kitchen door. Claude turned him. Brass and utensils sparkled. The stove glittered. An enormous Gauguin print covered one of the walls as possible. More pictures were hung. The final cleaning up was finished, and, taking weary good-byes at the front door, everybody felt vaguely cheered that they had done so well. Carl was half past two. They rolled thankfully to bed.

The fatal afternoon had come. The baby had been taken over to Steve, the cats and dogs to Claude; the world was at peace as the six girls dressed to most impress Miss Rose. They had been very remonstrative towards Carl last night, when he had told them that their clothes, but in the cold light of day they recognised the force of his argument and swapped and changed and reconditioned clothes till they looked more or less normal. Tania was this first. She stood, in a fever of impatience, just behind the front door, waiting for the dreaded knock. But as she waited, a petrifying thought struck her. She turned wildly towards the other five, and almost screamed, "What are we going to feed her on? We've nothing in the house but champagne, black coffee and dry cracker biscuits!" Leah stared at her over a powder puff and Vic dropped a comb that sounded like a death-knell.

"You're the only one ready," Flola gasped, "go down the street and buy something, quick. We'll entertain her if she arrives before you get back."

"Well, make sure you're ready," Tania warned, well aware that Flola and Carmen, especially, took hours over their toilet. "I'll go now, if 'I get it.""


"With honey and cream," added Leah.

Tania frantically scribbled it all down and ran as fast as she could, privately wondering if the continuance of their tenancy of "Little Bohemia" was worth all that. She was hampered in every direction her shopping took her...cream cakes were sold out, and she had to walk another quarter of a mile to get them. It was almost unprocurable, except at the actual residence of the milkman himself. However, she arrived home laden, dumped it all on the table, and groaned for five minutes outside the lounge room door working up her failing courage to go in. She knew Miss Rose must have arrived, and she could hear her prim little voice in conversation. Tania opened the door.

She saw Carl over one side of the room, equipped with palette and brushes, and over the other side posed Miss Rose, her long black
hair uncoiled, her feet bare and her expression suggestive of acute suffering. Carl was painting her...on the wall that had so lately displayed Stalin and the Hammer and Sickle.

This was the last straw. So indignant as to be almost unaware of what she was doing, Tania went across to him, and hissed, "Come outside and let me talk to you for a moment." To Miss Rose, she said politely, "Excuse me a moment," and(hailed out. In the kitchen, her fury was poetical. "Didn't I tell you to keep away from the house today? Now look what you've done...all our good work has gone for nothing. Miss Rose will be furious. Where are the girls? Oh, here is Tania, for Pete's sake, why did you let him in? I'm surprised at you, I'm surprised at everyone. I'm surprised at everyone."

She began to cry. Carl patted her on the shoulder. "There there, it's all right. Miss Rose arrived almost the very moment you left. The girls weren't ready to entertain her, but I was here and I was. So I did."

"Did you have to paint her?"

"I've only just started. She wanted to be painted. You see, before that I'd been..."

"Yes?"

"Miss Rose and I are going to be married."

"What! Carl! Why didn't you tell me? I think that's horrible of you..."

"I only found out today. This is the first time I met her. But she's entirely different to what I thought she would be, and I... asked her. She agreed. She liked the paintings and she liked "Little Bohemia" so much that she asked me to paint something on the unpainted walls. I'm doing her as Andromeda."

"All our work wasted," smiled Tania a little bitterly, "but it seems to have turned out for the best. Carl, you're certainly a fast worker. I thought you were a confirmed old bachelor, and you're the biggest wolf I ever met!"

Carl grinned. "You were really silly to try to reform the place. She had heard all sorts of rumours about it, and about you, and you couldn't have deceived her about it. The mistake we made was thinking she wouldn't like it. Oh well I'll get back to my painting and you can bring in afternoon tea as soon as you like. Champagne and dry cracker biscuits?"

"I bought cream cake and tea and scones," Tania said lofty, "but they're not nearly as nice, are they? I guess I guess if she's your fiancee now there's no question of what to serve." She beamed ecstatically as she realised that the burden of fear and guilt was at last removed from her. Miss Rose was one of them. "Champagne and dry cracker biscuits," she whispered softly.

—NARIA BAKER

CLASSROOM NIGHTMARE!

The other night, whilst dreaming, Or nightmarining, I should say, I dreamt that I was teaching, In a most unusual way! The classroom was so very large, And my voice very small, The crowds of children seated there, Were "problem children" all. There was ink on all their faces, There was glue in all their hair, There was paint on all the benches, There was bedlam everywhere! Tom, the outlaw of the class, Was teasing Annie Spink, He'd tied her silky plaits in knots, And dipped them in the ink!

But soon there was disaster, For Tania was eating Willie's lunch, And John was fighting Rex. Mabel was chattering like mad, I wished I had a Bex! Violet was crying noisily, For Pete's sake, Sue and May, For they were laughing shrilly, In a most annoying way, I tried Maths—English—Music, No subject seemed to do, My head ached, my voice soon cracked, My nerves went haywire too! Suddenly I remembered, The voice of Mr. E... He'd always said it was the best To use psychology. I psych-analysed the "peta," (Discipline they'd soon see), But imagine my surprise to find Them analysing ME!

—ANON.

THE PRACTICE TEACHER

Before the class of forty-eight.
The student walks with nervous gait, With new ideas and pangs of fear, He's starting on his new career.
The class responds with hostile glares, And plan rebellion and new amours, To foil this new and untried guest, Who tries to look his very best. They call him "boogie," sometimes "fool," And on the whole are rather cruel, They know he's not allowed to cane, So he is treated with disdain. Who's he to try to teach them sums, They're sure that he is much too dumb. And when his teaching is not too prudent, They promptly say "He's just a student," As days pass by they gain in confidence, Begin to act with utter impudence, They shout and talk and spurn their work, Consider school's a "real good lark," Dare not the student rant and scream, Nor try to shatter pleasant dreams, His threats of lines and "keeping-ins," Are oft times drowned in noise and din. They look about the classroom ceiling, Delight in hurting a student's feelings, By dropping books and shuffling chairs, They gain release from schooling cares. Their attitude is very poor, They shuffle feet upon the floor, To drown out knowledge with every noise, And aid the fun of happy boys. The student awaits the day of leave, Emitting signs of expectant relief,
POCKET OF RESISTANCE

I peer through the leaves and look across the gully. The view is beautiful. The sunlight is breaking through the clouds and sparkling on the drops of fresh rain left on the green jungle. But I don't enjoy the view because I've been watching it for three hours now and I'm wet and stiff. There is a keech dragging obole from my call and something is crawling across my left ear.

I don't stay here because I like it but because I have no choice. Our section was on a routine twelve hour patrol when the "Woodpeckers" opened up, one across the gully and one up the ridge on our right flank cutting off our retreat. Judging by the rifle fire there can't be many of them, probably the remains of two sections who were cut off when their mob retreated. They call these groups "pockets of resistance," but right now we are the only ones in a pocket.

I get to think about those Nips over there; they must be in pretty bad shape. It is about a fortnight since the big push so they will be getting pretty hungry by now. Sick too, I guess.

But hell! Whose fault is it? We didn't want to fight this war. It was all these ideas! But after all they are only human beings I guess. Then am I a human being and I don't like being here with my head down in this stinking shalj!

I look across the gully and think of Carol and the kids. A man should be at home with his wife and kids. Sues will be seven next month, she was just six when I saw her last. Cute kid, just like her mother. And Rex will be in sixth class, he wants to be a sailor. Hell! A man should be with them, and he could be but for those lousy yellow monkeys! Yed....

The thing has crawled from my ear to my nose and is nearly driving me mad. I want to brush it away. Jim is tying about ten feet away on my right, he stands about six foot three tall and is the best Bren gunner in the unit. As if he reads my thoughts he hisses, "Move your hand at that thing and I'll smash you." He doesn't have to worry. Last time anyone moved Tony and Stephens "bought" theirs.

That was a funny thing about Stephens, everyone else is just Jim or Harry or Tony, but Stephens was always just Stephens. He was a queer one all right, and now he is dead, and he is still just Stephens. Funny thing that....

Something moves across the gully and the new blond kid takes a shot at it. The "Woodpecker" opens up immediately and the blond kid groans and dies. Jim curses and gets a short burst away before the Nip up the ridge gets going and makes us pull our heads down.

I wonder if the blond kid had a mother or a girl or something. He looks so young lying there staring up at the sky. There are only six of us now—six of us and Willy. Willy is a coward and has always been a drag on the section. Right now he is lying down in the shush and trembling. That's a funny thing that, courage and bravery and the importance placed on it.

But after all, isn't there a difference between courage and bravery? To remember the landing and the kids. There was that Sergeant who walked up the hill with the blazing Owen and wiped out the machine-gun nest. I saw him, he was not courageous, he was just brave, he did not know the meaning of fear, fear just did not enter into his emotions.

I was plenty scared at the time, but there was this other character who was really frightened. He had befouled himself in his terror, but he had courage. He was carrying on and doing his job and trying desperately to show he was not afraid; that was courageous. I knew and I was ashamed. He turned my way and caught my eye. Then he knew that I knew, and tears rolled down his face as he turned away.

Suddenly I hear Willy's voice croak out "There's only two up on the ridge, cover me while I get 'em!"

Harry curses him and tells him to keep his fool head down, but Willy just dives over his log. Jim takes the initiative and starts cutting up the Bren to try the crazy little "coot." There is a lot of lead flying both ways as Willy dodges up the track. How he is not hit we don't know, but he ducks into the scrub and starts to make his way up the hill. He makes out okay till he gets to the clear patch in front of the gun. He doesn't stop but runs straight towards the Nips. We see the slugs tear into him and he drops his rifle. He is dead and hanging in shreds as his arm comes up and the grenade goes over. The whick of the explosion comes down the ridge and the racket up there stops. Harry orders a cease fire and pretty soon the other Nip cuts out and all is silent.

We know Willy is dead and we know what he has done, and we curse the Japanese. The boys all think he went "trompo," but I don't know, because Willy was the other character I saw on the beach.

When the other Nip will probably get a "gong" for this, but I don't suppose that will help his wife much, or the boy he has at high school. Willy told me once how he saved hard to give the kid the best, he was very proud I guess that is all finished now because Willy (the family name is Wilson) was the only Japanese in front of a Jap machine gun. We are both dead too, I wonder if they have high schools in Japan....

Hell! I must be getting old, I'll be inquiring after their damned health in a minute.

Things are more even now and Harry tells Jim to cover us while we go and get the rest. The Bren keeps the Japs' heads down as we edge our way down the gully and start up the other side. The Nips are still throwing a few shots but Jim is the best Bren gunner in the unit so they don't get many chances.

When we get near the top the Bren cuts out and we charge over into the Nip positions. There are five of them and one is dead from wounds and disease. The others are sick and weak, and staggering and stinking, and we kill them. We kill them in their dirty befouled fox-holes that they lie in their own stench. We run and we scream and we laugh at the kids with our bullets and our bayonets.

Then Jim lumbers up and sprays their bodies with the Bren gun so that they are just bloodstained pulp on the slimy ground.

Suddenly Harry roars at us to cut it out and we are all silent—deafly silent. All the hate is gone now and only the shame remains, and we walk out of that place and do not look down.

We reassemble about three hundred yards down the road and slump into a defensive for a quick breather before going back to do the right thing by Willy, Tony and Stephens. Willy, Tony and Stephens, and the blond kid, that is four more. I wonder who will be next, I wonder when it will all end....

I wipe the blood from my arm and we risk a smoke. I look across the valley and remember the landing and the kids. A man should be at home with his wife, and his kids.....
YOUTH

Youth is the time for dreaming
And making dreams come true,
For living and for loving,
For deeds of "derring-do."
Stretches the vast horizon
Before our eager eyes,
No peak too high, no sea too deep,
To daunt our enterprise.
All gold and shining brightly
The future lies before,
Why do we treat so lightly
Nature’s most generous store?
The years creep swiftly on us,
Our schemes too bold will seem,
Alas, we lose forever,
Youth’s glorious transient dream.
Now is the time for action,
NOW, while our hearts are strong
Onward to press with fervour,
Striving to right some wrong.
Then when our Spring’s behind us,
And Summertime is fled,
With quiet content and courage,
We’ll face the years ahead.
Knowing our plans and strivings,
The little we did gain,
Have given us the right to say,
"We did not dream in vain."
—ANON.

WISHING AT FIVE

I wish that dainty blue-birds
Would teach me how to fly,
And then I’d have a lovely time
Soaring through the sky!
Mr. Bunny Rabbit
Is always twitching his nose,
I wish that he could talk to me
To teach me how he goes.
I wish that I could help the spider
Weave her silky web,
Then perhaps she’d teach me how
To spin such lovely thread.
If only I could help the bees
Make their honey sweet!
(I don’t mind helping anyone
When it’s making things to eat!) I also wish that shiny fish
Would teach me how to swim
So gracefully in the water,
(Then every race I’d win!) If all these wishes would come true,
Richer I’d be each day,
For these things I would teach to you,
If a penny you would pay.
—CAROLE CHARLES

BEAUTY

The bright butterfly all tinted with black,
Flutters from flower to flower;
Over meadow and field, along any track,
In sunshine, although not in shower.
The colourful, glorious Daffodil
Nod their heads in the breeze;
They sway and bow to the fern-strewn ground,
While the butterfly flutters around.
The trees and ferns by the babbling brook,
Play with the Daffodil;
While the butterfly still flutters around
In that gien, without a sound.
—CAROLE CHARLES

BRIEF HISTORY OF INDONESIA

The Indonesian Archipelago consists of more than three thousand
islands, and its people speak two hundred different regional languages
of their own, though all of them are familiar with the Indonesian
language.

Very little is known about the people who lived in Indonesia about
a thousand years before Christ. They used stone implements. Some of
these implements have been found in some places in Indonesia.

The fifth century before Christ saw an influx of people. These
probably came from India, which had a higher degree of civilization.
In the first century, Hindu and Chinese traders began to visit
Indonesia. Many of them settled in some islands and they introduced
their culture and religion.

In this century there had been a succession of various Hindu
Kingdoms. There are many beautiful relics of this Hindu period
in some places, and the best one is “Borobudur” which was built
in the eighth century. The Islamic religion was first introduced into
most islanders by Arabian, Persian and Hindustan traders.

In 1292 Marco Polo was the first European known to have visited
Indonesia. Throughout the sixteenth century, Portuguese sailors and
merchants visited Indonesia. They went as far as the Moluccas, the
Eastern part of Indonesia. The first ship from Holland reached Java
in 1595.

The Portuguese were defeated by the Dutch people who slowly
began to consolidate their power throughout the archipelago.

They ruled Indonesia for more than three centuries, with an
interruption of British rule for three years (about 1811-1814).

In the Second World War, Indonesia was conquered by Japanese
forces who occupied the country until their capitulation in August 1945.

In December 1949 the Dutch promised to transfer to the Indonesian
Government all the territory formerly known as the Netherlands Indies.

The Republic of Indonesia is a democratic and constitutional state.
The President is constitutionally the head of state and the “Pancasila”
is the five basic principles of the philosophy of the State. The five
principles are:—

1. Belief in God.
2. Humanity.
3. Nationalism.
4. Sovereignty of the people.
5. Social justice.

In October 1950, Indonesia became a member of the United Nation
Organisation.

By BOENTARI
SHOPPING
She'd walked down the street, and stopped at the store. Looked through the glass at the toys on the floor, Which should she buy? A rope or a ball, A balloon or some chocolates, or a fairy doll small? She gazed at them dreamily, then wandered away, For she'd only one penny, which she found yesterday.
—CAROLE CHARLES

TRAVEL TROUBLE
Travelling for long periods by bus could be a somewhat boring experience, but for a keen observer with an eye for humorous incidents and various people's idiosyncrasies, the trip is, in its own way, highly entertaining.

"Fez! Fez! Fez please!"
"Concession to Union Street please."
"Got your concession pass?"

On showing pass, conductor immediately began a lengthy lecture about passes. Being just slightly bored, to say the least, I was relieved to hear the man in front suddenly say in the loudest of tones, "One right round, the man gave his grey suit. and hat, occupied the seat in front of me. All was well until he began to smoke an Havana cigar! The smoke with its ghastly odour, settling itself around me like a fluffy little cloud. Unable to endure it any longer, I pushed the window open. To my disgust this man had the audacity to close it.

I pushed it open. He closed it. Well I can be just as stubborn and consistent as you I thought! I opened it again. He closed it.
No. I didn't open it again, as he turned around and gave me such a charming and obliging look, that I sat petrified in my seat. Allighting from the bus, two well-dressed women caught my attention, particularly one, who was wearing a tangerine lamplshade, or something to that effect. My opinions, of their smartness and air of refinement were completely shattered when one enquired of the other.

"Where ya goin'?"
"To see 'The Giant'," replied her friend.
"What's that about?"
"Dunno, tell ya when I seen it."
"What's that?" I asked my friend beside me.
"Oh! Garlic!" she said cheerfully popping another sandwich into her mouth. "I love it!"

Funny thing I didn't fancy morning tea that day! A young mother with her small son, seated herself beside a sophisticated miss, who was deeply engrossed in a nail manicure. The impish little boy began to stare at her and then gave innocent little taps with his fist on her arm. The mother in her sweetest tones tried to chastise her little pet. This had no effect. Suddenly the loud smack was followed by a terrific bellow. Soon the little boy settled down and was just like an angel for the rest of the journey.

Psychology? No, I don't think so!

Watching people and their mannerisms, also imagining to yourself what type of person they could be is really an enjoyable bus travel pastime. Try it some time!
—JEAN HESLOP

INFERIORITY COMPLEX
'Tis the voice of the Angel—I heard her declare, "My halo is crooked, and lank is my hair, My wings need cleaning, and preening and clipping, My robe is mud-splashed, my petticoat's slipping; Where is my hymn book? Surely not lost?

How shall I replace it—sh and oh! at what cost?
My golden harp has a broken string,
I've a cold in the head, so how can I sing?
"I wish I were heavenly—if only they knew!
St. Peter, you'd never have let me through...
I'm afraid I'm a failure; But no one must know
I'll appear with the rest and put on a show
That I'm as good as them all, and better maybe,
Then I'll go high in heaven, and the Lord will praise me."
—NARIA BAKER

CRY, CRY, CRY
(Apolgies to Lord Tennyson and Johnny Ray)
Cry, cry, cry, Into your handy, oh maid, And I wish that your tears could bring mercy As you finger the sharp, silver blade.
The glistening stars peep out To look at the beautiful world, Where the leaves shine bright with dew-drops, And the petals softly furled. Oh! wipe your tears for your sister, maid.

As she sings through the twilight air, And your father, unmindful of suffering, Swings in the hammock out there.
Oh well for your mother, maid, That she sews with a needle fine, Oblivious of your sobs and tears And the metal's silver shine.

Cry, cry, cry, There's no one to pity or see, All of humanity lies at peace— Who aren't cutting onions for tea!
—NARIA BAKER

COMMAND PERFORMANCE
I sit down to write... but of what? As I gaze abstractly through the window I look right into the great theatre of Nature and I, I am a mere spectator, a single member of a vast audience, I feel insignificant... humbled. How can I, then, how dare I, venture to move, much less to lift up my pen and write when I am being granted the privilege of witnessing the great ballet of which Nature is the choreographer.

It is growing dark. Already the pink lights are being drained from the clouds above, the delicate blue curtain of the sky is being withdrawn and a darker backdrop is replacing it. Here and there are tiny rents through which little fairy lights flicker and flash at intervals, like glowworms in some yawnning cavern.

Down below the cliff and beyond the gully the gathering gloom is lit by the rising and falling phosphorescence of the breakers, the luminous fringe of a great stile let fall by tired hands and stirred by a gentle breeze the margin of that everchanging neighbour, theickle but awe-inspiring Pacific.
Now all is calm. Nature's orchestra plays a quietly liltting melody, far different from any ever written by Mr. Colenso." Ah, yes. How she pursues her course—washing away a grain of sand here, replacing it there, as she has done throughout the night. And still we watch her. Sometimes the wind grows violent and roars in anger, flicking up great tongues of spume, eager to devour all who venture near, whipping the gulls wheeling and mewing above, stinging the face, tearing away at the sand—try to consume the very land. But now there is no disturbing pounding waves. The wind no longer roars, the gulls have ceased their screaming—only a gentle swish...swish...greets the ear as the waves trip lightly back and forth on the sands...swish...she grows violent and the rustling peticoats of a graceful lady dancing a stately minuet.

All else is still. A great hush reigns over actors and audience alike. Only the faintest strains of the orchestra creep through, which beneath the window, the leaves of the trees begin to whisper and dance in excitement, a bandicoot rustles in the long grass, stops in his search for unsuspecting grubs and insects and raises his little pointed snout skywards, peering, beady eyes flashing. And I, I half rise in my seat, peering into the dimly lit stage.

Far off a faint glow appears on the horizon, heralding the coming event. Slowly, so slowly, the great lady makes her majestic entrance. First the thin gold braid on her train, then the pattern on the gown can be discerned. Now she is half in view. Suddenly she darts forward, revealing to all, the great depth of her beauty. The Moon, her own spotlight, is on! Rising ever heavenward, her golden cloak is suddenly rent by a crazy jagged scar as she glides behind the leafy edifice of a slim sapping, standing sentinel at the gully edge. Suddenly she is in the great silver carpet, gently heaving bosom of the sea, bathing the trees, birds and beasts alike in a silver flood. Far out to sea the red and green lights of sixty-miler twinkle and dance as that which is distant is nearer. Suddenly they vanish, lost in the greatest brilliance of the moonlight.

Once more peace is absolute. The waves murmur a soft lullaby, the leaves of the trees fall still, and fainner wren gives a gentle chirrup before settling for the night. Down below in the silver gully the horse stands as a statue, w rapt in thought whilst nearby in the silver shingled roof, a long, friendless bandicoot gives a final chirp as he disappears. A plane drone overhead, invisible, hidden by the dark backdrop of the night. The audience relaxes, the performance is nearing its conclusion.

There is a sudden swish, and the last performer makes a hurried entrance. A tiny bat swoops into the silver stream, floats slowly over the surface as the great black dragonfly drops into the gloomy abyss beyond. All is calm....

It is so peaceful....so calm....so quiet......

—MERRAN BUNNING

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO NEWCASTLE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Now that second year is almost finished, one cannot help but look back upon the days spent in this Temple of Knowledge, otherwise known as Newcastle Teachers' College. Can you forget your first day there? As you entered the holy grounds of this imposing structure with its artistic aluminum walls?

Here we are confronted by groups of eagle-eyed Templars in flowing robes, gazing at the night vacant, to some unknown hangman who is the unsuspecting student whose only desire was to achieve the lowly status of a teacher. We were told that only the "choice and master spirits of this age" were chosen to be the Templars for "this Eden, demi-paradise," and the chief Templar. "Why man, he doth bestride the earth as no man ever written by Mr. Colenso." Ah, yes. How

However, it was not long before we heard that one word, which has been ceremoniously chanted by each Templar ever since—assignment. Practical work. That is the mystic means of extending the theory contained in one day because these inventions of the lower level crowd each other so much that the fleeting hours become as seconds.

For the benefit of the unsuspecting, here is an example of a typical day thrust upon us, poor mortals.

After a most bone-shaking journey by Government transport, we set off on our daily marathon, eventually climbing the steps of the Temple. There we are given a luxury upon which we may rest our weary bones. With an ominous rumble and creaking hinge, the door is flung open to reveal the mighty Beau Brummel, otherwise known as Mr. I. N. Sect. He stands and the whole of the room is lighted, his flock a gallant good morning. Unseemly charts are turned from our innocent eyes, the windows arranged to avoid chilling his precious lambs and the roll marked so that we all might mourn our absent ones. With this ritual completed, the lecture begins. We struggle manfully through the next thirty-five minutes until once more that heavenly sound assails our ears, to release us from one den, only to throw us into another.

This time we have journeyed to a room with a mysterious figure one above the door. What form of torture will face us here? We settle not to wait our doom. An odour wafts across the room. It becomes stronger and stronger, until a pipe-smoking Mr. Kaytoo enters the room. We cower in our seats, he glowers around us, then proceeds to draw hieroglyphics upon the board, and we, pressing ourselves back, watch a great silver carpet which we presumed to know what the great gull-slayer is about. But as we pass by—forty minutes of dread and wonder, dread that we might be asked a question, and so reveal our lack of knowledge, and wonder that we might be asked another, which we cannot answer. Once more we are released, and still we are not dead. It seems as if these Templars are merely toying with their flock as does a cat with a mouse.

After a brief fifteen minutes in which we try to devour some small morsel in order to keep up what little strength remains, we are once more summoned to a certain room.

"This room overpowers us when we first enter. There are all manner of ceremonial and supposedly relevant objects arranged around the room, the most extraordinary one being a four limbed animal with black covering and a fiendish grin. Oh, beginning, it is one of the Almighty Templars, Mr. I. N. Sect. Some of us poor mortals have another template, that remarkable animal of A. A. Muns, to inflict more tortures upon us. However, Mr. I. N. Sect is perhaps the more cruel of the two, because every lecture, he inflicts questions upon us for the first five to ten minutes. This goes towards our yearly mark so imagine the agony we are put through when he says, Miss ah...ah...ah... and you don't know the answer. After the questioning comes the main part of the lecture. I could not describe it to you as the first part of the lecture has left me stunned and exhausted.

We struggle on once more with the silver tones of Mr. I. N. Sect still ringing in our ears to be confronted with a robe with a Templar on it. We, having found him, are surprised to know that he is the small amount of hair and the horn-rimmed glasses. He is introduced to us as Mr. Ganglion Chain, and proceeds to give us a few hints about the variety, and some unknown language—his brief respite allowed when this Templar passes on impulses which stimulate our sense of humour. However, I do wish Mr. Ganglion Chain would arrange some device whereby the poor unsuspecting
SAILING

The sixty-four dollar question — have you ever been sailing? Not on a luxurious ten-knot job but on a VJ. It's a hard vigorous sport on a wintry day — come to think of it, it's a hard vigorous sport on a still day —swimming between the hills of the great southerly.

Of course it is necessary to find a VJ owner and then turn on the charm to get a ride. A strange twist to V J owner's warped mind is that his boat is the boat of all boats, so as well as flattering him you have to go like heck and flatter the boat too. This thing of beauty. You gaze languishingly up at him and drool longingly that you'd simply love to go sailing in that lovely little boat. You've done it! Next week-end be around to go sailing, and here the fun starts.

The first time you just sit on the deck and hang on like grim death. I had the added amusement of watching my mother tearing up and down the waterfront in a flat panicking anything I might drown and the sharks would get what was left of me. Then one day you become the forehand hand. You are handed four ropes and told to hold them. One rope for each hand, one for the teeth, one goes between the big and next biggest toe, the foot is the means by which you hang on like grim death. The skipper likewise holds several ropes. This puts an end to all sailing in Plastics and the usual fun. You get a beautiful girl, the handsome brute both immaculately clad, leaning back drinking this drink of drinks, not a care in the windy world.

The correct apparel for sailing is as follows: 1 old costume, 1 old pair shorts, 1 long-sleeved flannel shirt, 1 plastic jacket. The seas should be well padded for obvious reasons. There's such guard against the cold wind and water until you tip over. If you are quick you can clamber over the side and not get wet. This move takes a lot of doing. I managed it once but was so surprised I fell over the other side. Now is the big catch. Here you are under the boat surrounded by ropes. If you're lucky you stay on the surface the third time you rise and make a feeble effort to grab the side of the boat. But you're water-logged with all those clothes on. Luckily the skipper is aboard. He leans over and grabs you by the scruff of the neck or the seat of your pants (whichever is the closest) and hauls you aboard. Back on board you shiver in misery for the plastic jacket which kept the wind and water out, now has the opposite effect. It keeps them in.

It just goes to disprove what I said about the lovely boat being a thing of beauty, and it certainly is not a joy for ever.

—ANNE DUNNCLIFF.
BE THANKFUL
Ye who are wont to moan and lament
And who can never be quite content,
Think of the gifts which your Father above
Has showered upon you with infinite love.
Think of your home and the ones you hold dear
Your Father and Mother and friends far and near,
Those evenings at home when winter winds blow,
By a cheery log fire with its comforting glow
Think of the pleasure that's given to you
By the sunshine, the stars, and the sea so blue,
Think of your freedom, fought for and won,
And your wonderful Faith which is second to none
So don't be unthankful, but let the skies ring
With praise, loud and honour, to the Father and King
Who has showered upon you with infinite love,
Bounteous gifts from heaven above.
—JUDY ELLWAY.

AUSTRALIAN VICTORY
I experienced a feeling of disappointment as I read the football supplement of the morning paper. Fullback Keith Barnes, five-eighths Greg Havick and half-back Keith Holman were selected for Australia against Great Britain in the World Cup series. As I stood with thousands of others on the famous "hill" at the Sydney Cricket Ground awaiting the appearance of the two teams, I heard the buzz of speculating voices among me and one clear voice exclaimed, "The Chooons will thrash Australia I tell you" and this exclamation tended to generate the general feeling of those around forward.
The Australian team which had been reshuffled due to injury to star players faced a difficult task. Then 58,000 voices gave a tremendous roar as the Australian players in their green and gold jerseys ran onto the field. A second roar rose as the Englishmen appeared, but this time one could detect a small amount of jeering from some blasé spectators.
The usual preliminaries were dealt with and the English half-back kicked off. From the very start the Australians were confident and quickly swept the ball into English territory. Play had only been in progress a short time when giant Australian forward Norm Provan passed to half-back Ken McCaffrey who weaved his way through the English defence to score a brilliant try near the goal posts and an appreciative roar rose from an excited and somewhat relieved crowd. Brian Carlson converted the try to give Australia a 5-0 lead.
The Englishmen were temporarily rattled but they came back in traditional manner and we saw some fine penetrating runs by Lewis Jones who also kicked two penalty goals to reduce Australia's lead to 5-4. Misfortune struck the English team after twenty minutes play when centre, Alan Davies had to leave the field after being injured in a heavy tackle. Then came a try which was the result of grand constructive play by the Australian forwards. Lanky Australian Kel O'Shea commended the movement in which three forwards handled the ball before O'Shea received the final pass to score.
The first half of the game was a gripping one and play was hard.

At critical stages the lion-hearted English Captain, Alan Prescott, rallied his team only to be met with strong defence. At half time Australia led 10-6 and the crowd relaxed and this time the numerous conversations that were being carried on around me all expressed surprise at the outstanding display given by the reorganised Australian team. The second half commenced and there was immediate evidence of the Australian superiority. The Englishmen wilted under the battering received from the Australian forwards who consequently paved the way for the second-half attacking play. The final score of Australia 31, England 6 was made more impressive by the fact that England was unable to score a try yet Australia scored seven. The victory also vindicated the World Cup for Australia. At the conclusion of the match I joined the slow moving mass making its way towards the exit, very happy that Australia had won. The huge cricket ground was soon emptied and silent but patiently awaiting the return of Australian and English teams to again struggle for Rugby League supremacy.

—BOB BRYDON.

"CLEFTDEN"—HISTORIC HOMESTEAD
Last Christmas, on one of those typically Australian hot days, I stepped over the threshold of a stately homestead, out of the pressing into the romance of the pioneering days of the last century. I had entered "Cleftden", the home of the Rothy family in Australia since 1831.
The homestead was built from bricks which were made on the property. It nestles amidst very colourful gardens surrounded by various trees which include many tall pines. It is located 10 miles from Mandurama, a township on the Mid-Western Highway, approximately 40 miles from Bathurst. The name "Cleftden" itself, has a special significance for the family. In the early 19th century, Prince Frederick, a good friend to William Rothy, requested that the homestead be named "Cleftden", after his favourite palace in England. In complying to the request, William added even more to the romance of the building, now slightly modernised, but still maintaining that atmosphere of the past.
During the afternoon, I was entertained by the late Mrs. Marion Rothy, whose family had been continually on the property for many generations. Mrs. Rothy herself a charming elderly lady pleasantly alert, was very eager to give a spirited account of the history of her family, "Cleftden." She kept my interest at a peak as she narrated the history of her family in all its romance and colour.
The story commenced in 1831, when William Montagu Rothy and his brother Frederick, stepped from the H.M.S. "Sovereign" onto Australian shores. Their father was Nicholas Phillip Rothy, a prominent Royal Navy man who was serving on H.M.S. "Hinchenbrook," a vessel of 28 guns, immediately prior to Captain Horatio Nelson assuming command in 1779. He was for a time private secretary to Nelson. His gallant career apparently placed Nicholas in high favour with royalty of the time, because he received a generous land patent from His Majesty, King George III. This gift now reposes at "Cleftden."
William went to Winchester College and later became a barrister. Shortly after his arrival in Australia, he took up his grant of land of 2,460 acres, combining it with his brother's grant and buying additional land, to increase the holding to 24,600 acres. For 3 years after 1839, William Rothy was a Magistrate attending the Parramatta sessions. In 1842, he took up residence with his family at "Cleftden," driving them (with his groom beside him) in his own carriage over the long and arduous roads that skirt the mountains. He worked hard. He raised merino sheep and blood horses, he sold flocks rams to the pioneer sheep farmers of the Lachlan district, he sold to the squatters flour, wheat,
tobacco, tea, sugar and salt from his well-equipped store. William passed away in his 90th year and his remains were laid to rest beside his wife Fanny and members of his family in the private cemetery at "Cleifden."

Their youngest son, Henry Alfred Rothery, married Miss Marion Lockyer, a grand-daughter of Major Edmund Lockyer. This lady whose acquaintance I made at the homestead.

Even the pine-scented air of the Rothery family estate is redolent of the last century. Amongst the most valuable heirlooms is a handsome silver chalice bearing the inscription, "Presented to William Montagu Rothery by Sir Charles Fitzroy, Governor, 1850." This is a memento of the Governor's visit to the western districts in 1850 during which he spent some time at "Cleifden."

While in the room admiring the clock, my attention was attracted to a magnificent set of cups and saucers. Mrs. Rothery told me that it was a hand painted Chinese set and belonged to Captain Jobling's wife, daughter of Major Rothery. It was presented to him as a gift from the Empress of China and would now be over a hundred years old.

Looking around the spacious court-yard (a room in the house), I saw a beautiful silver urn. Mrs. Rothery told me it was part of the solid silver dinner set that was a wedding gift to Nicholas and Ann Rothery from his Majesty, King George III. Included in the set is an oval teapot stand, a set of five Sheffield tureens and covers, three Sheffield coaters and one Sheffield plate cutlery set. They also possess two pairs of Sheffield tureens (circa 1810) a George III silver christening mug (1816) belonging to William from his parents when he was a child. The service comprises seven fruit dishes, two cream boats and 18 plates. The house and China have been at "Cleifden" since 1810, so Halv and Vane examined some of the thoroughbreds while Gilbert and O'Meally enjoyed a conversation with the squatter's daughters.

The horses selected, the bushrangers untied Mr. Rothery and all sat down to a meal prepared by William's wife. They called for Champagne and drank the squatter's health. I imagined the scene before me as I sat in the very same chair William had been tied to, and gazed around the room where the incident had taken place. When the meal was finished Ben Hall played the piano while his merry-making henchmen dined gaily with the five daughters. This piano, made of maple and believed to be originally shipped out from the 'Old Country,' is now in the home of Mrs. A. W. Hunting of Molong. It is still in perfect condition and playing well.

When the bushrangers were leaving that evening, Miss Rothery exclaimed:

"Oh! you've taken my favourite hackney."

"No, ma'am," replied Ben gruffly through his bushy black beard, "I didn't know he was yours, but I'll take him all the same. I'll return him to you after I've had the use of him for a while."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Hall!" gushed the maiden, "I've always heard you are a nice man."

"Aw, miss," mumbled Ben, "I'm not a nice man, I'm a bushranger."

"My dear," said Miss Rothery, "you're a nice bushranger," said Miss Rothery, "you're a nice bushranger," said Miss Rothery, "you're a nice bushranger," said Miss Rothery, "you're a nice bushranger."
CAMP FIRE

Here in the clearing the smoke rises lightly
Red are the flames where the fire burns brightly;
This is the pow-pow where good friends meet nightly,
Casting the warmth of the fire birds friendship more tightly.
Oh, keep me the wonder of this night forever,
When, happy, enchanted, we met together.
The various magic the fire has found
Like a thick, charmed liquid has dragged us and drowns us
Out of the darkness that gently surrounds us
Contented, dancing, the shadows to flicker around us.
Soft is our singing and sweetly enraptured
For here in a spell we sit wistfully captured.
Winging above us, a night bird is crying
Silently, swiftly, the minutes are flying.
Out in the blackness the night-wind is sighing
And red in its ashes, the fire is dying.

Is the soul of an evening I'll always remember.

—NARIA BAKER.

MY HOLLAND

As I am writing, the sun comes streaming through the windows
And with it the happy memories of the days of sunshine in Holland.
As the weather was often bleak and chilly and the skies dull and grey,
The sunshine always seemed to bring me joy and happiness.
I still see myself, sitting in front of the opened window, looking into the busy street we lived in.
Busy not in the sense of being full of people, but a quiet street with busy housewives sweeping the footpaths in front of the homes, cleaning windows and tending the pot flowers, the milkman rattling his shiny copper cans, which sparkled in the sunlight, the man who collected all the food residues of the past day with his horse and cart. He had an old horse, but a dear one, which was beloved by all of us children. His master gave us rides on his cart and we were always sure to get a sweet from him. He was a friend we invariably locked out for. Then there were the flower cartsstacked high with the most beautiful flowers any time of the year. Tulips, crocuses, daffodils, freesias, hyacinths, lilies and daisies were almost always for sale.

We lived on the outskirts of the Hague, one of the suburbs of which is Scheveningen, the most important fishing town of the Netherlands, and so as soon as a fishing wind blew in, we were among the first to get the famous "Hollandsche Nieuwe" Herrings which are eaten raw and bought at handcars from the women of Scheveningen in traditional costume.

However I seem to be wandering off my course. I always get carried away by my thoughts and tell of the things which were important to me when I was a little girl. But if you'll forgive me, there is one thing to familiar and captivating in the Dutch streets that I simply must tell you about, and that is the old street organ. This is a large pipe organ on wheels, and works on the same principle as a player piano, but instead of pedals to be worked in, there is a large handwheel, which is turned by a man. As the music plays, the whole organ, which is beautifully decorated, is pushed along by a second man, while gaily coloured and delightfully costumed in the rhythm of the time. For us children it always used to be a feast whenever the "Orgelman" came, and the adults too, never tired of this fascinating piece of old tradition. I have heard that to-day the system in the organ has been electrified so that it is run by a motor. I am glad (and thankful) to have known it as it is said to have existed throughout centuries. It brings with it a certain romance, a piece of antiquity in the modern world.

In our city, street games among the children were very popular and everyone would join in, young and old. If we were not played, however, the hokey pokey and the jingle or some other game very soon would become a "craze" for any of these was on, it used to spread throughout the entire city as rapidly as a disease. In Autumn kites were very popular so this season fire has found, Spring was the most windy. Spring was a new awakening and so marked would the changes in nature be, that the whole city took on a different appearance within a few days. Everywhere leading from the old untried flowers would appear, and in this way carefully tending hands of housewives had looked after bulbs in pots, bottles, jars and vases through the winter the flowers would spring up among the figures. On Saturdays the husbands would have come home from work (half days on Saturdays) with flowers and every year the whole country seems to rejoice. The days become longer and the most beloved twilights come back. These twilights I still miss. They were wonderful, not quite day, and not night. There was a soft glow about everything, with beautiful painted skies, twittering birds and the distant laughter of some children who were allowed to play outside while it remains light. Then slowly the people would turn on their "schermelampjes" the literal translation of which is "twilight-lights," small, shaded lamps which seemed to continue this romantic, orange-like glow of the world outside, and darkness would fall at about ten o'clock or after.

I set out to write an article about schools in Holland, but that topic is impersonal, of course there are facts, but we can obtain these from Newling or from Educational text-books. I want to tell you about some things. Things which you will probably never read about, things which are very close to me and you want too to know about. It is so easy to say I will write an article about Holland. But what are you interested in? I hope to draw a picture for you, so that you may see it as I have.

The most heart-warming season of the year in Holland is the Winter. Not only because of Christmas but for a number of reasons. The winters in Holland are cold, very cold. But this cold brings with it snow, ice and hall, which was, for us children, more than enough to compensate for the cold. We loved to roll in the snow, make snowmen, throw snowballs, have street fights and give each other a glowing "rub-bronze" with it. If it snowed in the day with frost at night, we would go to school the next morning by sleigh or on ice skates, not by way of canals but by streets! Carry an open parcel of paper from school in the afternoon, skating on the frozen canals and lakes until darkness fell. As tiny tots, we would learn to skate with a chair, one of the old kitchen chairs used to be strapped to the ice, and served as a seat. While we did not fall (chair or no chair we would all the same!) In the street we would make slides so that it would be very unsafe for any one to walk through the street without falling. Thus in the evening it would not be unusual to see the men returning from work, skidding along the streets to prevent themselves from falling (greatly appreciated by us of course).

The celebrations in December start on the fifth of December, when St. Nicholas makes his entrance with his black servant from Spain. He brings presents and goes about on his white horse, attended by his black guard. Then Christmas comes, and with it the really warm Christmas atmosphere. The family is close at this time, and all old Christmas carols and strings are sung. The parents read the Christmas story and the Christmas tree is lit with candles (the real candles.) Presents are not given at this fest, and it is kept wholly religious, a step beyond Christmas, it has been made to commercialize. But not least important celebration is New Year's Eve. As the tradition
has been for centuries a certain food is prepared at this time of the year, which is never eaten any other time. It consists of "ollebollen," which are balls of dough, containing raisins, currents and other dried fruits, baked in oil and eaten hot with powdered sugar. Absolutely wonderful (I think.) By the way, we have already some new tasters among Australians.

Having come to the end of the year, I fear I must conclude, as space will not permit me to go on. I hope to have awakened your interest in a country besides your own, which is wonderful. Holland is still very close to me, as you might understand, but Australia is already binding me by its freedom, beauty and the kindness of its people.

The last word I would like to leave with you: When you speak to a newcomer, especially if he is not in the bloom of youth anymore, admire him for his courage and perseverance, and encourage him to push ahead. Remember it is unwise to transplant an old tree, its roots are too deep, and only if handled carefully and of a strong type will it survive.

ENIKA SCHELLING.

Section Photographs

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

SECTION 1


Absent: K. Fitton, T. Lundy.
SECTION 2


SECTION 3


SECTION 4


Absent: P. Markham, W. Hector, J. McDonald.

SECTION 5


SECTION 8


SECTION 9


SECTION 21


SECTION 27


SECTION 28


SECTION 29

Home Economics, Section 29


SECTION 41 DIP. ED.

SPORTS UNION REPORT, 1957

The 1957 sporting programme has on the whole been excellent, most teams were successful until semi-finals and finals. Several players were individually outstanding and all students have had the opportunity to learn most of the major team games.

SPORTS UNION


RUGBY UNION CLUB, 1957

The Rugby Union club this year had its same outstanding following and success. Two teams were entered in the Reserve and B grade Union competition. The third grade team led by John Elder came through underfeted minor premiers but were unlucky to be defeated 9-8 in the semi finals by Warnath. In the finals with a few players taken for the Reserve match, Nobby's defeated College 11-9. The Reserve grade team won to the grand final. They defeated Maitland 11-5 in the semi final and Merewether Carlton 11-0 in the final. The grand final was played with Geoff Stephens and Barry Bins out with injuries and to weaken the side further Merv Rees, fullback, was carried off in the first half with an ankle injury. Wanderers defeated College 8-3.

Thanks are extended to Terry Brain for his time spent in training the Reserve grade team. In intercollegiate Bathurst defeated Newcastle 13-8 on a very muddy field which did not allow Newcastle to use their fast moving backs. Trevor Fullerton ably led the team throughout the season.

SWIMMING CLUB

The Swimming club functioned earlier this year the main activity being the swimming carnival held for the first time on Saturday night 11th March at Maitland Baths. It was most successful with Allan Darrow and Bob Brydon drawing for men's champion and Ann Spencer taking the women's title. A team was sent to Sydney for summer inter-collegiate on 30th March. Places were obtained in 110 yards free-style and brace relay. Places were obtained in a number of events. Life saving classes will be held during swimming school in early December.
TENNIS

The tennis this year was as strong as ever, this being shown in our 12-4 set victory over Bathurst college. In the tennis championships for 1957 Trevor Spiers won the College men's title with Jean White women's champion. The doubles title went to Trevor Spiers and Lea Grosebeine and the women's doubles championship to Jean White and Helan Laman. The mixed was won by Jean White and Trevor Spiers. Social tennis was played every Thursday afternoon and a coaching class was held in June.

WOMEN'S TENNIS TEAM

[Image of women's tennis team.]

Front row (l. to r.): Helen Layman, Maureen Reynolds. Back row: Faye Cornish, Jean White.

SOFTBALL

The Softball team has ardently practiced this season. The team comfortably defeated Bathurst College during inter-collegiate. On 5th September a match was held against the ex-students. Several sport afternoons have been given to the teaching of softball spills.

ATHLETICS CLUB

The Athletics club is just beginning to become prominent. 1st October is the date for the Annual Athletics carnival. A team was sent to Sydney for the summer inter-collegiate. Nola Green excelled herself by winning every event she entered, 5 in all.

MEN'S TENNIS TEAM

[Image of men's tennis team.]


MISCELLANEOUS

Golf has proceeded smoothly and October 16th is the day for the golf championships.

Table Tennis has functioned and competition in this game played. For the first time a table tennis team of three was sent to Bathurst for inter-collegiate. It was successful and fortunate in having Robyn Smith B grade women's champion of N.S.W. in the team.

Badminton has been played every Thursday by enthusiasts.

Indeed most sports are catered for in this college and these activities have played a major part in the lives of most students.
SOCCER

The soccer team had a very successful year. Although not a strong club they competed against Boy's High, Newcastle under 16 team and the Fire Brigade team. The first inter-collegiate match was against Balmain at Adamstown oval. Newcastle scored a decisive 5-2 victory. At Bathurst the team won 3-0.


WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Women's Hockey this year entered three teams instead of the usual two in the Newcastle hockey competition A grade, A reserve and B grade. Thursday afternoons were devoted to teaching hockey as with the basketball club. It may be now said that all women students of the College have had the opportunity to learn hockey and basketball. Our inter-collegiate team was defeated 1-0 after a very even match. Matches were also played against the men's hockey team, staff and ex-students.

MEN'S HOCKEY, 1st XI


MEN'S HOCKEY

The men's hockey club enjoyed successful competition with one team in the third grade Newcastle competition. The inter-collegiate team lost 3-2 at Bathurst. College hockey on Thursday afternoon was progressive with a number of teams being fielded each week.

MEN'S BASKETBALL CLUB


MEN'S BASKETBALL CLUB

The men's Basketball club entered two teams in the winter competition B and D grades. Both teams were successful in reaching the grand finals. Public Trust team defeated the D grade team in the grand final and Novos Colts defeated B grade team 30-28. This team was somewhat weakened by the injuries of two of their players Barry Binns and Geoff Stephens. The Inter collegiate team won 36-23 against Bathurst. Basketball was held every Thursday afternoon and an inter section competition was won by section 2.
WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Women’s Basketball entered 3 teams in the competition B reserve, C and C reserve grades. All teams have reached the semi finals and have hopes of reaching the finals. The inter-collegiate team was defeated at Bathurst. Several sport afternoons were devoted to the teaching of Basketball to all beginners. This enabled all students an opportunity of playing the game.

DRAMA CLUB REPORT

This year the Drama Club has had a very busy programme. Everyone will agree that the highlight of the years' work was the production of our 3 act Play “Quiet Week-end.” This English comedy by Esther McCracken, produced by Bill Driscoll and George Simpson, was staged at Boy’s High, Waratah for three performances. Although it was a lot of hard work and at times proved very exacting, everyone who took part was well rewarded with the audience's reception.

Before we had time to clear room 2 of “Quiet Week-end,” properties work was started on the student produced one act Plays for production of a night of one act plays in September. The one act plays are: “Spinners of Lavender Lane,” (John Taylor); “The Rose and Crown,” (Lynn Steward); “Harlequinade,” (Anne Renwick); “The Idols,” (Elaine Orton, Helen Wilson) and “Hands Across the Sea,” (Brian Yee).

After the Annual Meeting in September, the retiring executive headed by John Cohen (President) Brian Yee (Secretary) and Dianne Smith (Treasurer) handed over to the newly elected executive for 1958: George Hutchinson, Helen Wilson and Jan Walton.

WOMEN’S 1st BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.): Betty Tyson, Linn Stewart, Helen Whitford, Jane Liddell, Anne Green, Anne Martin, Lynette Rollins.

Sincere thanks must be extended to all members of the lecturing staff who gave assistance to the club during the year and especially to Miss Sneddon, Miss Landers, Miss Moller, Mr. Marquet, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Doyle and Mr. Elliott.

SPEAKERS' CLUB

THE SPEAKERS' CLUB

This club has been called in former years, the Debating Club. However since we considered that its activities should include all manner of speaking, it was agreed that the name be changed.

This year we have suffered from lack of support. Our main event is always the inter-collegiate debate, which this year was held at Bathurst. We were ably represented by Dawn Connal, Lynn Howland and Gillian Grayson who were defeated by the margin of one point.

Club president for 1957 was Gillian Grayson, secretary was Pam Griffin and our advertising manager was Naria Baker. We have been helped and encouraged by Mr. Atchison throughout the year.

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NEWSPAPER CLUB REPORT

This year the S.R.C. allotted us £220 for expenses. Practically all of this went into the printing costs for "Altjirina Annual."

Throughout 1957 issues of "Altjirina" newspaper have been published and this year we endeavoured to issue a free copy as an incentive to students to read the magazine. However this was unsuccessful and the club suffered a slight loss with the publication of each paper.

This year's annual magazine promises to be the best yet. Many worthwhile articles were received for publication. We would like to extend our thanks to the Printing Club for the work they did in printing the papers for us.

May I say in conclusion that if "Altjirina" is to be continued in 1958, the club will have to find many new members.

SOCIAL AND RECREATION CLUB

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Front row (l. to r.): Lynnette Maynard, Norma Moore, Lynn Howland (Secretary), Ross Owen (President), Margaret Hogan (Treasurer), Helen Cronin, Pam McKay, Pam Coates. Second row: Mr. Gillard, Colleen Woods, Lesley Paul, Maureen Hall, Vina Stein, Barbara Nebauer, Margaret Campbell, Beverley Shaw, Pam Nelson, Miss Moller. Third row: Pam Wilkinson, Ross Kearney, David Corney, Ian Hickey, Allan Dyball, Barry Ableson, Anne Martin.
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP REPORT

The fellowship has been active in the College again this year. It aims to promote the Christian Gospel in the field of Education and uphold a personal faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour, Lord and God.

Regular lunch-hour meetings have been held each Friday in room 9 with an average attendance of forty-five students. Guest speakers have included Ministers, Missionaries, College lecturers and men and women who have an interesting and challenging message to give.

On Education Sunday a choir from the fellowship assisted in the evening service at Brown Street Congregational Church at which Mr. Duncan was the preacher.

Perhaps the highlights of the year have been the House parties held at Tanilba Bay, Port Stephens, with the Newcastle University Evangelical Union, and the Squashes held in the College canteen each term. This year a reunion Squash was held at which ex-students told of their experiences after leaving College.

We wish to thank Mr. Duncan for his interest during the year and the members of staff who have greatly assisted us in these activities.

After enjoying such Christian Fellowship we thank our Master for being more than sufficient for all our needs and pray that what has been accomplished has brought Honour to His name.

—EDITH HUNT, Secretary.
—J. BURNITT President.

ST. THOMAS MORE SOCIETY

This year the St. Thomas More Society has flourished under the guidance of our new Chaplain Fr. B. O’Hearn.

Attendances have been satisfactory throughout the year, with various speakers including Rev. Dr. Simms D.C.L., Mr. Pat Bailey, Mr. R. Butler, Rev. Fathers Joyce and Hennessy C.S.S.R. from Mayfield, giving addresses on topics of interest.

The social side of our activities were also quite successful.

During the year, delegates attended a Conference of the St. Thomas More Societies in the different Teachers’ Colleges in N.S.W., where many new ideas were put forward and discussed.

The activities for this year will conclude with the Church Service on Graduation Day and 1957 will have been quite a successful year for the St. Thomas More Society.

—FRANK SHEEDY, President.

DOCUMENTARY FILM CLUB

With a large variety of films suited to all tastes, the Film Appreciation Group has had a very successful year. The Continental films, “One Summer of Happiness,” and “Monsieur Hulot’s Holiday” have been good contrast material against selected American commercial films e.g. “Tortilla Flat,” “Captains Courageous,” “They were Expendable” and “Blackboard Jungle” and the latter themselves were good examples of the change in topics, acting, presentation, film techniques etc. Humour, War, and juvenile delinquency have been witnessed by large audiences, (250 for last screening.)

Although not much discussion could be carried out concerning techniques etc. (as the aim of the club states) we feel that the group has had quite a marked effect on the thinking and taste of the College Students as a whole.

Present first year students are reminded that the club will continue its activities (including teaching of the use of projectors etc.) next year and requests them to interest the newcomers in the fine art of films.