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

Abell, Beth
Ahern, Siondul
Allison, Stephanie
Aston, Malcolm
Avery, Annette
Battle, Lima
Berthou, John
Bihshend, Walter
Bishop, Frederick
Black, Bandra
Bonsero, Norman
Brow, Rowley
Breakwell, John
Broady, Robyn
Broek, David
Brown, John
Brydson, Robert
Bunning, Merran
Burden, Margaret
Caratti, Helen
Cart, June
Casey, Nancy
Charles, Carole
Cole, Kathleen
Conner, Christopher
Cornish, Mary
Cowan, Helen
Cox, Peter
Darrose, Allan
Daamer, Robyn
Deane, Nery
De Vaurno, Marilyn
Dixon, Michael
Donnelly, Kevin
Drury, Trevor
Dux, Patricia
Dunwich, Anne
Felix, John
Ellway, Judith
Emms, Peter
Fitzon, Kay
Frazer, Beverley
Freedman, Wendy
Gardner, John
Geedes, Robert
Gilbon, Harold
Gibson, Richard
Giswold, Marion
Griffin, Allan
Grey, John
Hailey, Fae
Kallaback, Kathleen
Hardy, Garry
Hartcher, Beverley
Hatch, Michael
Hatterley, Roger
Hawken, Kelvin
Havreng, Jennifer
Heggart, Peter
Hemsley, Alun
Hey, Elizabeth
Hewson, Vincent
Holmes, Margaret
Hopner, Annette
Howell, Carolyn
Huckery, Anna
Hughes, Kevin
Hunt, Janet
Hutchison, George
Hyde, Kathleen
James, Robert
Jenkins, Desley
Johnson, Lois
Johnstone, Sheila
Jones, Carol
Jones, Paul
Kelly, Peter
Leal, Helen
Lairdmore, Beverley
Layman, Helen
Leishman, John
Lewis, Frick
Lewis, Nancy
Lundy, Antoinette
Lynch, Frances
McBain, Donald
McCoagh, Pamela
McDonald, John
McDonald, Valerie
McGregor, Malcolm
McIntyre, David
McKillop, Marjorie
McLean, Helen
McPhee, Mairi
McKay, Pamela
Maguire, Helen
Mann, Phyllis
Markham, Pauline
Marshall, Robin
Martin, Anne
Martin, Dorothy
Maynard, Lynette
Meachen, Patricia
Melling, Janet
Mills, Valerie
Mood, Beatrice
Morison, Barbara
Morten, Patricie
Mutch, June
Muir, Helen
Mulligan, Wilma
Nancarrow, Judith
Neal, Maxwell
Nixon, Janice
Noble, Hazel
Nolan, Terrence
O'Sullivan, Michael
Parry, Edina
Passlow, Helen
Piggott, Pamela
Rath, Jean
Reid, Patricie
Robinson, Anne
Robinson, Raymond
Robpster, John
Rorie, Kenneth
Ross, Rosemary
Scott, Jennifer
Selman, Zell
Shaw, Raymond
Smith, Maureen
Smith, Patricia
Stanton, Carmel
Steele, Julie
Struck, Allan
Stubble, Alan
Strother, Nancy
Strutt, Janet
Sumner, Annette
Treadwell, Raymond
Topley, Peter
Tuduri, Barbara
Unicomb, Mary
Wallace, Jane
Walton, Janet
West, Robyn
Whelan, John
White, Ann
Whittington, Kay
Williams, Allan
Williams, Doreen
Wilson, Anne
Wilson, Helen
Wilson, Margaret
Wilson, Roslyn
Wiseman, Michael
Woods, Frances
Young, Coleen

2. SPECIAL SECONDARY — MANUAL ARTS

Barry, Owen
Bradbury, John
Cook, Roger
Crocher, Henry
David, Leslie
Donohue, Peter
Orme, Errol
Harvey, John
Harned, Robert
Hunter, Neville
Landsdowne, Donald
Latham, Trevor
Litiwog, Douglass
Millar, Peter
Ross, Donald
Ryan, Gregory
Silcock, James
Smith, Ronald
Sinnott, Brian
Taylor, Allan
Tolsey, Malcolm
Tynan, Michael
Watt, Canlee

HOME ECONOMICS

Boddy, Charmain
Chapman, Waveney
Dallon, Margaret
Rickey, Yvonne (Mrs.)
Johnston, Noela
Leonard, Barbara
Liddell, Jane
Murchie, Rita
Quigley, Janette
Roberts, Lynette
Sales, Hazel
Shearer, Ann
Smyth, Pamela
Whitford, Helen
Willis, Judy

3. SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

Abraham, David
Rae, David
Casey, Terence
Furness, Alison
Goodman, John
Hall, William
Husband, Robert
Huddeon, Marie
Johnson, Geoffrey
McKean, Sandra
Hemmes, Margaret, B.A.
Horsfield, David
Clarke, Sandra, B.A.
Donaldson, Janet, B.Sc.
Griffiths, Fay, B.A.
Mills, John
Hemming, James, B.A.
Robinson, Ross, B.A.
Roper, George, B.Sc.
Kendy, Margaret, B.A.
Lewis, Pamela, B.A.
Graham, John, B.A.
Mowbray, Gordon, B.Sc.
Nixon, Julia, B.A.
Williams, Gregory, B.Sc.
Williams, Lloyd, B.Sc.
EDITORIAL

The original aim of the Altjiringa Annual was "to provide a tangible reminder of College days and friendships in the form of a magazine covering the year’s activities in club and student affairs."

This year, Altjiringa provides the student with both a written and pictorial record of activities in which he has taken part — the photographs being the most tangible reminders. The magazine reminds one that the College has given students an opportunity for creative activity. Students have been able to express their thoughts and feelings in art, crafts, literature and music.

In years to come, one will be able to turn the pages and recall the days at College with one's fellow students, the sports and the numerous other activities.

Those of Altjiringa wish to thank sincerely, Mr. Wilson and all those who have helped in the compiling of this record.

*Ad Meliorem Mundum.*

THE EDITORS.
LUCK

There are times when it seems that nothing could compensate a college principal adequately for the wear and tear of keeping up with students. Even to quadruple the salary would seem insufficient, the only satisfying release would be to place the whole student body in some Sputnik and sentence it to circle the earth forever.

But at other times I look out of my window and watch students coming and going about their various activities. I see your gaiety, spontaneity and vitality and reflect on the pleasure your many achievements have given me and then it seems that I should be paying — not paid by — the Department of Education for the privilege of being allowed to lead you. A man is indeed lucky to have rewarding work.

Each new session has so many fine personalities and in making its contribution to college life and tradition leaves the staff and myself with a fresh stock of memories and a new group of ex-students in whose achievements we can share some pride.

Writing as I do some two months before publication I cannot know what pictures will be published in this your session's last issue of Altiringa, but I well know the story those pictures will tell. As you turn the pages let your mind flood with the memories evoked and see if any of your impressions are similar to mine.

Will you remember . . . . . . ?

Your friends in your section — the Canteen — the Y.M. dances — the Ball — Kosciusko — Camp — the Intercollegiate and Dawn Connal's procession — the Revue, Barry Waters, and, of course, the Rhubarb Ballet — "The Young Wife's Tale" with Jan Nixon looking so much at home that she did not seem to be acting at all, while Robyn West appeared just a little bit embarrassed in those shortie-pijamas — Peter Temple and Brian Jones trying giving the impression they had
achieved sophistication a year too early and George Hutchison looking
typically steady, loyal and harassed no matter what happened (I wonder
how he managed to poach that Salim a year before?) — the one-act plays
— the Choral Concert — the disciplined performances of the
Choirs — Nerida Ritchie's and Catherine Steven's violinists (Why has
Majella Tanner given up her music? Phyl) — Altijirringa Itself and the
work of the Printing Club. Have you really appreciated the tremendous
contribution of those quiet, reliable printer's devils — Alan Taylor,
Errol Grieve and Graham Crosher?

Or perhaps your activities were more concerned with the sporting
programme and you remember the tennis of Fred Bishop and Michael
Pyeaman, Janet Donaldson and Faye Cornish. Or Michael O'Sullivan
really at home on the squash court and Judy Willis surprising us with
her skill. Or the power of Brian Steenner and the grace of Robin
Hamilton in the swimming pool — or her steadiness as a Sports
Union Secretary, or Tony Abraham's try in the Rugby Grand Final,
Or Trevor Latham's cover defence and his try that clinched the match
(Did we win it twice?) Or perhaps you remember Pam MacKay and
her work in the Social and Recreation Club or Kevin Donnelly, Edna
Parry and so many others in Athletics. Or Softball, or the Women's
Basketball Team struggling so hard to avert defeat against Wagga.

I must stop. There are too many memories and I have had to omit
so many. To have mentioned some and not others may be an injustice.
I hope that you will understand, for none is really forgotten. Turn the
following pages and as the memories rise, warm your hearts with them
as well as the staff and I, warm ours. You have had two happy years,
treasure them.

Few people are fortunate enough to find work that is really
rewarding. The potter with his clay, the artist with his paint, the
sculptor with his stone, these and other creative artists can experience
the joy of expression but we teachers are even more blessed. They
work in dead materials to which they strive to give the quality of
living but we work with the most precious material of all, warm,
responsive humanity. We cannot mould it, we cannot fix its pattern.
We can hope to inspire it to express itself in its own way in paths
of strength and beauty. We do not create ourselves, but see our
creativity in the achievements of others and in their successes our hearts
are glad.

This work is now yours as well as ours and you must share it with
us. Luck! We have so much of it, too much for ourselves alone and
we welcome you to our profession to share it. May your pupils be as
responsive as you have been with us.

G. H. DUNCAN, Principal.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Have you seen the old Novocastrian's map of N.S.W.?' It's an
interesting thing. On the East coast, and filling most of it, is one
big black spot. That's Newcastle. Down South, there's a smaller blot —
much smaller—that stands for Sydney. Going West, there are less
spots, more pin-points, for Maitland and Cessnock, and further West
and the North are a few still smaller spots. Right out-back, of
course, more than 100 miles or so from Newcastle, there's practically
nothing — "here be strange places and queer people . . ."

But Newcastle nearly fills the inhabited part of the map. For the
College student, College is there and there were friendships, mere
acquaintances, discussions, arguments, sport, moments of boredom and
fatigue, new topics of quite surprising interest, and the beginnings
of a profession. But the two years have gone quickly. Eyes turn now
towards those small black spots on the map. Where do we go from
here? Others have gone everywhere. A roll call of NTC students
reads like a geography lesson, like the index of an atlas, and covers most
of Australia, and some of England, Europe and America, I haven't yet
heard of any turning up in Africa or Asia . . .

But in another sense, they're going places. We haven't yet an
Inspector in the ranks — after all, it is a bit early — but he's on the
way. You may be an infant's inspectress. And those highly responsible
people, teachers-in-charge of schools — there are quite a few. There'll
be more of them this year, too! But from the small schools and
from the staffed schools, NTC ex-students are beginning to move up
into the higher positions as they gather seniority.

And many of them are gathering the necessary qualifications.
Positions on priority lists are coming closer. We've lost count of the
number who have University degrees or who are doing a degree
directly or by correspondence. There is at least one M.A. being
completed as one ex-student follows up an interest that began in
High School and was developed here in College.

Other ex-students are doing an excellent job of post-College
professional education. The medical profession sets the pattern here.
I recall said, "Of course." But their provision for the continued
professional education of their members is definitely the best of all the
professions. Their regional committees and central committee have
taken the view that their new graduates don't drift into maturity
but need, just as much as the older members, stimulus and opportunity
for reading, keeping up-to-date, experimentation . . . Their list of
lecturers of post-College courses at Newcastle Hospital workshops
attend, reads like an all-star cast. There is

the same growing sense of need for opportunity among teachers. And
NTC people are really going places. There is that is Sydney — and from
hundreds of other places, are good to have.

What the medical profession are doing for professional education is already being
done on a small scale by teachers, among whom NTC graduates make
a good showing. I think that in this kind of continuing education,
you who have left College have the mark of the knowledgeable Reader, Inspector
or educational administrator of the near future. Good luck in your
professional field wherever you go from here!

— Dr. J. W. STAINES.
ANNUAL REPORT OF
THE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL, 1958

Back row (l. to r.): Allan Taylor, Trevor Wilson, Terry Casey, Bruce Nelson, Malcolm McGregor, Allan Brown, Doug Lithgow. Middle row (l. to r.): Barry Waters, George Hutchison, Maurice Deards, Mr. Newling, Allan Stubbs, Ray Shaw, Whipplash, collec to crack, pauses, Poised in the midday sun.


Club Delegates: Malcolm McGregor, George Hutchinson, Barry Waters, Merille Morrison, Robin Hamilton, Terry Casey, Lynette Maynard, Pam McKay, Peter Ennis, Helen Layman, Doug Lithgow, Alan Taylor, Bill Hall.

An outstanding event of the year was the visit of Wagga Teacher's College for Inter-Collegiate. A large procession down Union Street, visits to the Industries, sporting fixtures, a Revue and Ball were features of the visit.

The various clubs in the college co-operated well with the Council, except in one small matter - the submitting of treasurers books for inspection.

The 1958 Session gift to the students of the College is the £200 Gasterman. It is hoped that this machine will be available for use by every student, who will be instructed by members of the Printing Club as to how it operates.

The main events in the social life of the college this year were the College Ball organised by the Social and Recreation Club, the Three Act Play by the Drama Club and the Choral Concert presented by the Music Club.

During both the May and August holidays a large party of students travelled to Kiiandra in the Southern Alps and spent a week travelling around the Snowy Mountain Scheme the first time, and skiing the second time.

A Swimming Camp was organised during the week 9th-15th November. During this time the students gained various life-saving awards and had an enjoyable time. It is hoped that a similar camp may be arranged for 1959.

The Student's Representative Council officers and members would like to thank Mr. Duncan, Mr. Newling our staff advisor, and Mr. Tisdell for their assistance given to the Council throughout the year.

We also owe thanks to Mrs. Smith and Mr. Gillard.

At the recent elections, Bill Cross and Francis Kennedy were elected President and Vice-President for 1959. We wish them success in their office.

Finally the Student's Representative Council would like to thank the lecturing staff, on behalf of the student body, for a happy and profitable year.

President: PETER MILLER.
Assistant Secretary: MAURICE DEARDS.

CREATIVE

THE TROUT

Leaping high,
While on a wind it lingers,
Sunshine reaching down in long fingers,
The flash trout gone.

It arched and twisted, sprung steel fast
Flashing pink-pearl fish, to pause
As the whip lashed, crack, pauses,
Posed in the midday sun.
High-furloned body held motionless
It flashed multi-coloured
Then wheeled and plunged
Down to the watery depths.

Weaving away,
While cut water closed above, protecting,
Rippling surface sun-drenched, reflecting,
The trout dived deep.

— BEVERLEY FRATER, 202.

DEATH PASSED US BY

Did you ever notice that the hot summer westerly doesn’t blow in Queensland? I suppose N.S.W. is unlucky in that respect. It’s a wind that blows down the river valleys and across the flats to the sea, meeting there the surf which it flattens like a board, removing chop and paltry little dumpers that the nor-easter whipped up the day before. And with it heat and dryness it will often bring the smell of distant bushfires, while to the beach it gives the crowds, spreading over the sand with their portable radios, Sunday’s papers, and gaily coloured umbrellas.

It was a day like this that found me threading across the beach towards the club-house. I was thinking how little the beach had changed in my absence — no cyclones were the reason and I remember there were no cyclones last year either. Finding the club-rooms deserted, I hung my jacket on a peg and went out to the verandah, squinting in protest against the mid-morning glare. Bob Hill, the sweep in the new junior boat crew, was walking towards the club-house. Over in the northern corner was gathered a group of cadet life-savers, their instructor, and a third figure whom I later recognised as Carmody from the Board. A few yards away stood the old surfboat — a leaky, broken-ribbed heap of water-logged timber, and behind this a blue and yellow surf-reef.
Bob strolled out to the verandah and after exchanging greetings told me that I was needed to make up a crew to patrol the swimming buoy for the bronze squad who were doing the examination. I changed into my trunks and we went down to the boat.

Directly in front of the Red Head, Newcastle's distinctive southern landmark, and about four hundred yards away in the “little beach” lies a shelf of rock which is known, although incorrectly, as the “bombora.” During big seas the waves charge onto this rock and then flow towards the beach, finally relinquishing the corn and fury on the yellow sand. When the sea is calm you can paddle a ski or row a surf-boat across it, providing you keep away from the seaward edge, for it is here, even on the flattest of days, that the waves break on nowhere and pound themselves upon the shore.

Slowly we pushed the boat towards the break, waiting for the order to get in which would be given by Bob, the sweep-oarman, and of course, most experienced of us. The break was expected to master and little time elapsed between the commands “get in” and “stop rowing” when we were bearing down upon the yellow five gallon drum that acted as the swimming buoy. Bob swung over on the sweep oar and brought the bow around to face shoreward. Behind us lay a sand bank over which occasional swells rolled and beyond this the blue-green Pacific. To our right was the big head and then the “bommlie” marked by a circle of foam.

The bronze examination had begun and we watched the first bell-man and patient safely reach the buoy, then return to shore. It would be a short time before the next swim began. Someone suggested we try to pick up a wave on the bank while we waited. After the suggestion was considered, agreed upon, and the oars were begun, Bob and the latter swung the bow around once again, and we headed for the bank to wait on a likely swell.

No swell had come and it was time to go back to the buoy and stand by. Bob stood up, braced one leg against the quarter-bar and stared out to sea. A small wave was rising about fifty yards away. His oars went along its crest and hooked. In a split second, a fin had appeared and disappeared! We were all looking now — all with the one question in our mind — shark or porpoise? Even then there was little doubt and when it appeared again, very near us this time, we dived for our oars, holding them vertically above us to give the conventional signal. No sooner had the signal been acknowledged than our oars were back in their row-locks and Bob was swinging the bow around towards the bank.

Suddenly the old boat began to gain speed. The usual joking and light-hearted conversation was gone and in its place a silent concentration and tenseness, only broken by Bob's rough voice calling, “One, two, three, four, five, six.” “One, two, three, four, five, six.” Three times we were above the shark — the third time it stopped long enough for us to prepare the spear which is a standard part of our equipment. By this time we had zig-zagged along the break to the edge of the bombora, a distance of over two hundred yards. Directly in front of us was the broken water while below and to the right of our bow lay a surfeit at least three-quarters the length of our twenty-three foot surf-boat.

Glen, who rowed bow, raised the spear. His left hand rested on the handle, supporting most of his weight; his two feet were jammed in the leather footrests, upside down, for extra safety. We all sat tense, watching intently and waiting. His hand shot down, releasing the spear, the rope spewed over the side — and then the wave hit us! Glen didn’t know if his aim had been correct for he was somersaulting through the air. A trace of terror was in Bob’s voice as he yelled “Up the back,” and as our reeling minds strove to force movement into our bodies we saw below us the brown shelf of rock from which the water drained from the previous wave. And then we were up the back and even dared to think we might yet be safe.

But at that moment the sweep oar broke and the boat began to turn sideways, towards the rock shelf. Then, among the breakings and splinters of splitting timber and the roar of the breaking wave we heard Bob’s voice — something we will never forget — “Our Father, which are in Heaven ...” and then “Get out! Get out.” The shark was of secondary importance now as we clambered towards the side of the boat to jump. We had more chance against a shark than amongst thousands of pieces of jagged timber and copper nails.

The boat began its death roll as Bob jumped and it was only because he was right at the stern that he got away clear. We other three didn’t reach that far. I caught a glimpse of azure sky as I tumbled backwards into cresting waters. My feet touched slimy rock and I threw myself flat, while simultaneously, from only a few feet away came the sound of disintegrating timber. Nearly too dazed to think, I was being pulled across the rock by the undertow. Then suddenly I came alive — undertow! I was being pulled under another huge wave. Not waiting, I dived forward and down, pulling myself over the rock. Then the rock was gone and I was going down into much deeper water. Fearing the wave would suck me back, I kept descending and not until my breath was nearly spent did I begin to make for the surface.

Glen, after hurrying through the air when the wave struck, had only one thought in mind — to get out of the water! He knew that somewhere below was a big grey shark which, to make it worse, probably had a five foot piece of stainless steel through its head. Behind him was Bob — Glen had seen him dive over the back of the boat, and now, just a few yards apart, they swam towards a comparatively sheltered section of rock on the north side of the bombora. It was little wonder that Glen thought his end had come when I brushed his side and surfaced beside him. I breathed in and without waiting to speak the three of us swam furiously towards the northern shelf of rock.

Carrots and Ray were the most unfortunate. Like me they were thrown out when the boat turned over but were washed further across the rock. Apparently the boat passed over the three of us before it met its death on the rock bottom. We still shudder to think what would have happened if we hadn’t been thrown out. Of course we didn’t escape unscathed. Carrots and Ray were both later taken to hospital suffering from cuts, abrasions and shock, while Bob and I were treated, on the spot for the same thing. The shark was not sighted after the accident. We would never know if the spear had found its target.

Was it just good fortune that we reached safety that day — or was there some other force that saw us safely home? Whatever the case, whenever we think of that March Sunday, we remember the day Death Passed Us By.

— C. CONRICK, Section 300.
Infants Handwork

Craft Activities

Home Economics
HANDS

Since the time of David, men have been moved to awe and a deep and worshipful sense of humility by the magnificence of the stars, the loveliness of the dawn, or the immensity of the sea, but there are much more significant manifestations of God's handiwork. The small chalise of a wayside flower is no less perfect than the great cosmic bowl of the sky; and there is nothing more beautiful or more amazing than the human hand.

Seen through the practical eyes of a scientist, it is merely an arrangement of twenty-six small bones, muscular controls, nerves, veins and blood vessels. Yet even the surgeon must marvel at the ingenuity and efficiency of such a structure: we can marvel at much more than this. It is this hand that has enabled man to rise above the level of the beasts, for through it the thoughts and visions of the mind have been given shape and reality. Without hands to seize the burning branch, could man have conquered fire? The genius of the word, the graceful hands that create with the mind, the ideas of great men, and indeed of all men, are crystallised only through skilful fingers.

Skilful fingers! What a limitless field of skills lies before these agents of dexterity! The juggler's hands, performing incredible feats of legerdemain, are invariably coupled in thought with those of conjurer, creating impossible illusions by their rapidity of movement. But the magic of both is roused by the accuracy and precision of the surgeon's hands as they wield the scalpel.

We turn from these to the swift, sure movements of the carpenter's hands as they cunningly shape the wood; and then to the light touch of the helmsman on the tiller, or the driver on the wheel, and the rider's controlling tug on the reins. Finally, what skill deserves more consideration than the touch of those hands which coax the plant from the soil and earn their lucky possessor the tribute of "green fingers"?

These are the skills which raise men above the level of the beasts, but there are others which raise their owners almost above the level of man. We think first of musicians, from Orpheus himself, whose sensitive fingers lurked from the inanimate strings of his lyre, to Beethoven, whose music of irresistible beauty, to Hoffels or Kreisler. But just as eminent as pianists or violinists are the craftsmen like Stradivarius who, with infinite care and patience, fashion the beautiful instruments. Supreme in this field are the great composers who first think of the melodies to be played by musicians the world over. Here again they are indebted to their hands for where would Handel, Mozart and Beethoven have been without hands to write down the music in their hearts?

Perhaps the art in which hands play the greatest part is that of painting. The hands of Leonardo da Vinci, of Rembrandt, of Michel Angelo, wielding the brush with delicate mastery, have given the world a treasury of beauty.

To those who say that the machine has superseded the hand I reply that the most wonderful of machines is useless without a hand to guide it. The potter's wheel in itself is a futile thing. It is the gentle presence of the potter's hand that moulds the clay. And hands, even the most primitive weapons or tools, could be grasped by paws.

Hands are noteworthy not only for what they are but for what they stand for. Our emotions are said to be revealed through our eyes, but surely they are shown equally through our hands? We may think we succeed in hiding our fear but we cannot quell the trembling of our hands. Often an involuntary wringing of the hands can speak volumes. These and a thousand other gestures tell their stories without the need of words.

The hand is a significant symbol. One of the finest religious pictures in the world is a woodcut by Durer showing only a pair of praying hands, yet those gnarled old hands upraised in supplication speak more eloquently than all the Madonnas that line the art galleries of the world. Pilate was merely giving a symbol when he said the words, "I wash my hands." Again in the sacraments, both of confirmation and ordination, the laying on of hands is symbolic.

In loving and giving the hand is symbolic. Shaking hands is a sign of friendly greeting. It is interesting to note that where the right hand is given in friendship, the left hand is given in marriage. The most important hand in life is that of the mother — healing, soothing, caressing, perhaps even punishing. Which of us has forgotten his mother's hands?

I have dealt only with the more pleasant side of the subject and while I do not propose to labour on the other side we must not forget that it exists. Hands that create can also destroy; hands that caress can also kill.

But should we stress the horror that can come from hands when there is so much to be said of their beauty? Let us compare a girl with a beautiful pair of hands and the hands of an old man. Here was strength and slender, with long tapering fingers, ideas of great men, and indeed of all men, are crystallised only through skilful fingers.

Glimpse

A crane, Head hunched into the grey collar of its plumage, With men of protest, Plods across the sky. Then poised, the bird Fixes its silhouette, Yields to the air and glides Slanting down to the river.

— R. GILMOUR, 204.

Australian Bush

Like clawing arms as if in agony The knotted limbs of gum and eucalypt Stretch out to touch the sun which has gripped them In fury Blaze, cruel, white as ivory.

Whose harshness reigns in awful Majesty The shrivelled leaves, with rain have rarely dripped; The yellow clay is parched and cracked and ripped; Bunt peaks stand out with fierce intensity.

The hazy air lies low o'er earth's scarred face: The still, dead husk of eerie night steals down; The star-heaved sky is cold and clear and deep And casts grey shadows on the rock strewn space — Our land, all clothed in tones of grey and brown, Where spirits brave of countless centuries sleep.

— MICHAEL DIXON, 204.
DURING THE BLITZ

The war started for me at 3 a.m., 3rd September, 1939 when my mother and I were woken by the sound of shrapnel and bombs being dropped. I was taken to the local high school and there a large label with my name and address was tied to my lapel. After a tearful farewell we were loaded onto buses and taken to the docks. There we formed a long procession with hundreds of other children from the district and marched along behind a tall boy carrying a banner. We went aboard a pleasure paddle steamer, the “Golden Eagle” and set off down the Thames. That was the first and only time that I have been on that stretch of water and I clearly remember the pink mist and the salty breeze that weaved to us.

For some unaccountable reason we were taken to a town on the east coast, which was later very badly bombed. That was the only time that I have been to prison. For a few weeks we stayed in one and slept on straw until suitable accommodation could be found. When we were billeted out it was with a woman who kept the kitchen clean. She had wanted a girl very much but had been disappointed; she even used to curl his hair at night.

After about six weeks we returned to London and stayed there until the bombing became too bad. We had a cement-lined bomb shelter in which we used to sleep when things got hot. I remember that I slept through the excitement of my aunt’s shed door being hit by an incendiary bomb. After the fire was put out we were each given a chocolate to celebrate.

Our second evacuation was to Cornwall where we were billeted in a sweet shop overlooking the quay and the rolling Atlantic breakers. That was the only time that we had our own pet rabbit and it led to an argument about the Ford Motor works where my father worked.

Returning from there to London to find all the windows in the conservatory at the back of the house blown out and the billiard table broken, we went back to sleeping in the shelter one of the strong in so many brutal nights. The powers decided that we should go away and this time it was to a sleepy little village near Anglesbury in Buckinghamshire, about fifty miles from London. There my three sisters and myself spent eight restless the miserable weeks. We were each billeted separately and I fared best as far as food was concerned as mine host was the local poacher.

Back in London once more, we stayed there and found the doodlebugs and bombs less lethal than the cooking of our landladies in the safety of the country.

A few other things happened. A friend of my brother was awarded the D.C.M., a parochial landlord of the “local” and everyone turned out with sticks and axe handles, the clock tower in a nearby park received a direct hit; I was sitting in the pictures with my sisters when a rocket went off outside and part of the roof fell in; the fire alarm, I am sure, until we got our minds into it and the windows of the school were blown in during a history lesson.

Then one day someone on the wireless said that it was all over.

— PETER MILLER, 207.

IN ARTICULO MORTIS

In some predistined second in the life of every individual on this earth there shall come a time when he is to part with his last breath and succumb to the icy hand of “Father Time,” closing weary eyes on the world of the living and entering into the deep sleep of the dead. For that moment in life, the house of death, the body or shall it be the soul, the patient is later aware of a sad faces which seem to be suspended above his bed. Someone is sobbing softly by his side, the door clicks shut and he is alone once more. Then, as in the past, he recalls his past years and the fruitless life which he has led. He thinks of the people he has wronged and the penalty he must surely pay. The cold beads of perspiration drain down his fevered brow, the tears are there again. He gasps quickly, clenches at the coverlet, outstretched hand and dies, his sightless eyes peering strangely at the grey ceiling.

And what will become of us after death? Shall the soul decay with the body or shall it be rewarded or punished. The latter is obviously our intended fate, for it seems that the life on earth is a testing period for the course of life in the next world. But whatever happens it is certain that no man, however important, will cheat death. After all, his deserved fate and likewise no man will deceive the judge, his creator and his executioner.

— JOHN BERTHOLD, 203.
I'll take you there
You'll like it
You should, I do.
The dim lights,
The hazy air.
Small tables and funny chairs
The wine
And the nice waiter
I'll take you there
It's only a small place
But you'll like it.
The coloured curtains,
The ashes on the floor,
The small windows
And the paintings on the walls.
The music
So very soft.
And now I love the coffee
Very black
I'll take you there
You'll like it I do.

--- MAUREEN SMITH, 203. ---

THE WRITER'S LAMENT
To write a poem is my desire
As I gaze deeply at the fires
My thoughts leap upwards with the flames.
Bringing to mind celestial names,
Heavenly bodies bright with colour,
Violent deeds and scenes of valour;
If I had time to sit and dream
I might evolve a worthy theme.
At least I hoped my thoughts would soar,
To gallant deeds or royal lore;
But though I have determination,
I cannot capture inspiration.
All I produce are dots and dashes
And now I see not flames but ashes!
--- MICHAEL HATCH, 204. ---

ESCAPE
On one of the bleak cliffs which line this jagged coastline I stand, alone. Behind me, the land rolls gradually towards a deserted valley, the bareness, broken only by a few gnarled trees. Strange how they seem, bending low and spreading their ailing limbs towards the barren earth. Perhaps they bend low to escape the fury of the sea winds which lash the coast; or perhaps they go in search of company and friendship, which they will never find. It seems as though everything has fled from these grotesque shapes, leaving only the boulders, the passive bystanders.

I sat on a rock beneath a cluster of stunted trees. Looking out to sea, I saw the water, flat and pale, polder than the sky, except at the horizon where it stretched a great curve. The afternoon sun sparkled in a myriad diamonds on the sea, so that I had to shut my eyes against the glare. It was very quiet. No waves roll on the beach, and round the rocks there was only the faintest whisper and gurgle of water.

From where I sat, the house below me was visible. It must have been some wealthy squire's manor, but the elements were now the sole owners. Ruthless and greedy were the elements. At times they flooded the old manor with their warmth and gentle feelings, but more often than not they would lash the old house in diabolical fury.

The dull grey stone of the large two-storied building, merged with the darker background of the cliffs. The front of the house faced the sea, while the back was forever in the shadow of the cliff. It was essentially a plain, simple building, for it was evident that no elaborate place could ever been constructed in such a precarious position. A faded drive ran down from the clifftop along the side and ended in large stone steps at the front of the building. These led to a sturdy simple construction. Three large chimney stacks rose from the slate roof, which was, surprisingly enough, in a satisfactory condition. Large from the windows opened from the second story onto a balcony which overlooked the beach. This was at the side of the house, the front having only ten large windows. Behind the house, was a small shed, of the same material as the house. From this a path led back to the house. To the left of the shed, hidden in a haze of bushes, nestled an old water pump.

The sun's brilliance was quickly fading, so I rose and made my way along the cliffs and down towards the house. A deep ravine, which ran down beside the house, ended in a narrow creek, immediately below the back of the house. The cliffs rose to a great height on the far side of this creek so that the back windows looked out upon an overhanging wall of rock. The cliffs at the top were covered with a mass of black thorn, bramble and gorse, and also some curious cracks and fissures in the ground. At the base of the cliffs, the rocks, never dried by the sun, were slippery and slimy, and covered with bright green weed where the little stream had come down. Occasional spaces of coarse sands were always dimpled at low tide, by great drops of moisture falling at regular intervals from the cliffs about.

The sound of the gulls died and the silence rolled up like a mist.
It was time to retire, so I lit a candle and went to a room. It was the least pleasant room in the house, but the only one with a bed, so I laid it sleep here. But this room, had no soft and lingering tints, it was merely the failure, the death of day. The light sank away and the shadows of the cliff wall merged into a conquering obscurity. The small window of my room looked out onto the creek and on the menacing bulk of the cliffs, which leaned over so close to the house that I got no glimpse of the sky unless I put my head out.

There was silence, night had fallen and I was lonely. I lay down, in my clothes, on the hard flock mattress. I dozed, until a short, shrill scream jerked me into wakefulness. It was only a gull, swooping past the window, but it left me with a thumping heart and a presage of fear. A sudden flash of a dark blue pencil had come upon me to get up, to get out of the house. For a few seconds I fought with it, but the dread, advancing upon me, was too strong. I jumped up and hurried into the passage, where I encountered the same deathly silence. Out and into the open.

I felt compelled to climb the hill and scramble along the cliffs. Anything was better than the house. I reached the top of the cliff and in spite of the darkness I could perceive a great deal of movement, more than I had ever noticed before in this wild and furry place.
A flicker of white suggested that it might be some unusual activity among the rabbits. There were many of them on the cliffs, but at this time of night they generally stayed in their burrows. Now they seemed to have decided upon a mass exodus. White scut after white scut flickered and vanished.

I walked and walked until I came to the place where, that afternoon, I had enjoyed myself so much. Here were the sounds of the night birds and the wind, whistling softly across the barren valley. The house, with the moonlight playing upon the dull grey stone, was just visible. I stood staring at the house for a long time, thinking of my lonely existence, when my meditations were suddenly swallowed up in one shattering, ear-splitting, jarring roar.

The house was gone — swallowed by the cliff. Stunned and terrified I sat down. Through the thinning haze of dust I saw a gleam of moonlight on the sea and placid waves falling upon a beach; a familiar sight, which might have reassured me, had it been a beach that I had seen before.

ALLAN DARROW, 203.

LIGHT

I stood on the side of the mountain
And watched the swirling sea
The waning moon dipped slowly
And set the blackness free,
A ghostly finger came pointing
The earth was shrouded in grey;
Mountain trees like sentinels
Rested black arms apron grey.
The unreal grey of the dawning
Swirled gently and passed away
Gave way to the clear morning
That heralds a new-born day.
The air was filled with carolling
Of awakened birds in flight;
Each bush, each leaf of dew
Glittered coldly bright,
I stood on the side of the mountain
And watched in surprise and delight
As the sun in glory and splendour
Rode up in power and might.
The earth was bathed in crimson
Each droplet turned saffron hue
The ocean roared and thundered
White capped and aqua-blue.
Who can deny the Maker,
A Creator of beauty, a King;
I stood on the side of that mountain
And gave my heart to Him.

— LOIS JOHNSON, 202.

THE PLACE OF PEACE

From the mountain peaks a forest of pine trees stretched down to surround the village. In the fishing season clumps of brown pine needles lay in the streets and on the rooftops. The villagers would sweep the needles into piles to burn on the winter fires. By the time winter arrived the piles were almost as high as the houses themselves.

We came to the village in the summer of each year just as the last traces of snow were melting on the mountains. We had come to like the village very much. The small, whitewashed brick and concrete houses were clean. The villagers were happy with life and they always welcomed us.

The men were strong and proud with a refreshing, simple manner. They farmed patches of cleared land and took their crops to market.

At night they gathered to talk and drink wine from earthenware jars. The women were robust and healthy and made good wives. They worked hard at making long bread loaves and spiced sausage. They reared their children who grew tall and handsome.

We always looked forward to our stay at the village because it had a very good trout stream and we were keen fishermen. It was five years ago that we first came. It started when the doctor at the Polyclinic Centre called us to his office.

"You must go to the mountains in the summer," he said, "It will be good for the legs. They are still weak and withered. We must make them strong legs again."

Robert had wept that night at the hospital when he looked at his legs. They were fastened in iron braces from the thighs to the ankles.

"The doctor lied, Paul. These legs will never grow strong."

I had tried to comfort him. "Have faith in the doctor, Robert, for only he knows what can be done."

"Don't be so blind. Your legs, too, will always be frail. The doctor is a fool. We will never walk properly again."

That night I had slept restlessly. I had rested watching the small bulge of my thin legs under the bed coverings. Lying in the adjoining bed, Robert had prayed: "Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death, Amen." He had repeated it many times and then had cried himself to sleep.

Next morning Robert had leg exercises on a massaging machine, lying patiently while the machine belts slapped at his leg muscles.

"Paul," he said, "Do you think God is punishing us for sins?

Perhaps that's why we have this hateful thing."

"No, Robert, our God is not one of vengeance," I said.

"I want to believe that, Paul, Maybe one day I will come to believe it. It is hard but I will try."

"Last night I wished to die when it pained. It's awful when the aching comes."

That summer we had come to the village for further treatment. In the five years since, Robert changed and grew accustomed to his disability. The villagers taught us their simple ways of life. They had grown fond of their "Robert and Paul of the little legs." We knew our legs would never grow stronger but would grow no bigger.

This summer we arrived early and the villagers were happy when we came. They are always happy when we come and sad when we leave. They thought of us as their children.

Madame Sabat met us at her gate and she smiled when Robert kissed her cheek. But I knew she was not happy. Her face had grown more gaunt and her skin had hardened.

She told us that old Henri had died from pneumonia that winter. The severe cold had been too much for his weakening body. It had been a bad winter.

"He was a good man," she said. "Yes, Henri was a good husband."

She gave us some bread and sausage and we drank a bottle of wine. The journey had been long and the food was good. When we left, she talked about Henri and told Robert.

"It is sad, Paul, but let us not be too unhappy," he said.

It was very hot although the sun was going. Robert wiped his brow and tried to rest. He took off his jacket and placed it over his back.

"We must give her courage, Paul, and help her keep faith. Like us, she is disabled now."

"I am glad you no longer worry about your legs, Robert. You have been brave."

"We have both been brave," he said. "We must keep coming to the village because it helps me."
“The villagers have given you faith and the strength to live with your legs. They have taught you many things.”

I felt good when I saw the stream and I could see Robert smiling.


“Not if it will be hot in the village, Robert.”

“But it will be good, Paul, don’t you think?” I said I thought it would be.

Downstream the water cascaded over a rocky crossing. In front of us the banks narrowed and the water ran less rapidly. It would be good to fish here again.

Downstream the riverside pines trailed branches in the water. We had come to love the pines. Robert said they symbolised the peaceful life of the village.

Suddenly I felt intensely happy. I was glad we had come back again.

I told Robert and he laughed.

In front of us a trout jumped high and twisted in the sunlight. It was a big trout. I watched it splash as it hit the water.

I thought it would be good to fish here tomorrow. We would catch many fish before we left. I knew that would please Robert. It would be another good summer.

The sun was going down quickly. I told Robert we must go back.

Another big trout jumped in mid-stream and I smiled as its body shone.

“Yes, Paul, come,” Robert said. “We are not young. We have a big day tomorrow and we must sleep to get strength.”

— BEVERLEY FRATER, 202.

OLYMPICS SNAPSHOT

This year, for the very first time we have had as a lecturer a representative from the Olympic Games. Miss Breen has toured with teams to Perth, Melbourne and Brisbane, and has competed in the shoots at Melbourne in 1966 during the Olympic Games.

Life in the Olympic village was fantastic and despite the number of nations represented, racial prejudice was completely absent. Overseas folk were always willing to help you in training and technique, and that they were to fight for you for the honour didn’t seem to matter.

Dining Halls at the village provided a large choice in each course of each meal, and meals were kept hot automatically. Practically everyone gained half a stone in weight unless he had to keep to a strict diet.

The homes we lived in at the Games have now become public homes. Every room was a bedroom and the service was excellent. If beds were left unmade before breakfast, the room attendants had made them and tidied the room before the occupants returned.

Training was highly organized, but was carried out so that no one was conscious of being organized. During the events in the Games, no officials wandered aimlessly, each had a job to do and they did it precisely. Visitors to the village were admitted only by pass.

The village was a miniature city. Shops of all kinds were abundant. One experience Miss Breen had was to go to have a haircut for which she was charged 9/6. A friend then went to the same place and was charged 10/6. They made a complaint to the team manager who in turn complained to the hairdresser in question. The result was that no more was to be said and the Aussies could have haircuts for no charge for the remainder of the Games. Also in the village was a bank so large that after the Games the building was taken and made into two! The hours of business were also special, being from eight in the morning till ten at night. Service all around was really first class.

The developing of colour slides, normally taking a fortnight, was done in twenty-four hours.

Overseas competitors, particularly the Russians and some Europeans, wore very drab clothing and little or no make-up, and were thrilled by Melbourne’s stores which displayed colourfully patterned materials. These people were also amazed at the freedom Australians enjoy. For example, the Russians found it difficult to join in evening entertainments, especially dances which were so different from their own.

The competitors however, made communications easily through the badges given to representatives from each country. The Australian badge was a kangaroo, and each group entered the village, those already in the village would rush up to “swap” badges and so an immediate link was made.

One section of the village was set aside as a hospital which had very little to do because everyone was in the pink of condition. Consequently, if you merely pricked a finger you were “oomed” into the hospital.

Always outside the village gates were hordes of children wanting autographs. Strangely enough, they weren’t interested in who the person was or what he was competing in. Their only interest was in the number of names they had in their books.

Competitors were given a number and as their turn came, their numbers were placed on the board where everyone could see. Here, at Newcastle, Miss Breen was always conscious that a crowd was present and watching. At the Games, she was conscious of the crowd until her number went up on the board, then she was not aware of the crowd or her surroundings until her throw was over.

Miss Breen’s Russian pal, also a shotput thrower, maintained that to throw well you must have great weight. Actually speed and strength is the important thing. She frequently told Miss Breen that she should be “four more stone.” The Russian won the event in the Games, but the girl who came second and holds the record, is just of normal build. She is also Russian.

The two most fantastic things Miss Breen experienced at the Games were, firstly, hearing of her selection and being a representative of the country and being able to mix so easily with the members of other countries.

— ALISON MULLIGAN, 202.

THE CORNFIELD

I passed through a field of golden corn
In the first sweet flush of summer morn.
When the earth rose fresh from the arms of night.
And the eastern hills were bathed in light.
And the sultry air seemed to throb and beat;
When the ears of corn bent beneath the breeze,
With a sound like the murmur of summer seas,
And between the stalks gleamed the purple-blue,
Of crumpled convolvulus wet with dew.

I passed through the corn when the sun was high,
Like a highly organized, but was carried out so that no one was conscious of being organized. During the events in the Games, no officials wandered aimlessly, each had a job to do and they did it precisely. Visitors to the village were admitted only by pass.

When the earth was warm beneath my feet,
And the sultry air seemed to throb and beat;
When the drowsy hum of the bees was heard,
And scarcely a leaf or grass blade stirred.

For over the corn no breeze swept,
And the convolvulus dropped their heads and slept.

— COLIN GARNER, 204.

TOMAREE AND YACABA

Since the beginning of time they’ve stood
Tomaree and Yacaba
Sentinels in a crumbling world
Erect and strong in the flood.
Ye ever silent mountain peaks
Oh whate’er can be your thoughts?
You have seen all, but nothing told;
Nought but your great beauty speaks.

— JUDITH NANCARROW, 202.
The fox lifted up from the valley, as the train rattled through, revealing to us, a truly beautifully and inspiring picture. A picture of purple and green mountains forming a backdrop to a golden sun captured on canvas — an Australian farmstead, surrounded by the inevitable outhouses, sheds and trees. Those wonderful trees! So large and protective, giving shade to animal, bird, and man during the long hot days of the Australian summer. The paddocks, surrounding the homestead environs, were so large, so green, and so sweet-smelling — giving promise of a “bountiful harvest” later on. Here and there, more treeline dotted the fields, providing shade for the woolly sheep, and the fierce, red and white cattle, whose horns reared high into the air. Those horns never failed to send cold shivers up and down my spine.

The glimpse of the glittering river, flowing unobtrusively through the trees of the eastern paddock, caused sudden nostalgic tears to prick my eyes. The memory of “rabbits” and “crawbobs,” wound-up grey swimming egrets often washed with a poison dart. Using the roast duck he gave a most vivid exhibition. Perhaps it was his choice of a model that prompted my sister to refuse duck for dinner, saying she was not hungry.

Of course I had to suggest that someone wait up that night with a gun and a couple of live fowls for decoys. It was decidedly uncomfortable, lying on the corrugated iron roof of the shearing shed. Everyone had had an excuse but me. Now, here I was, stiff and corrugated, waiting for a fox that might have decided to stay at home.

Still, there was undoubtedly, a thrill in lying there, waiting, watching for an elusive red shadow.

A sudden rush of wings caused me to duck. A black, leathery-winged rabbit, resembling a small brown hare, certainly wouldn’t tell them that I had been frightened by a flying fox.

To relieve my boredom my mind began to conjure up visions of the imaginary spaces of the outback. Some distance away, the night became darker, the jungle came closer. Finally it closed in around me and I was lying on a machan in a tall jungle tree. Beneath me, two odd looking Brown Leghorn oxen were staked out. Out there in the darkness lurked — something I began anticipating the acclaim I would receive from the tribal when I bagged this lion — or was it a tiger?

Fishing to have some semblance of order in my fantasy, I began devising a suitable variety of man-eater. I had just narrowed my choice down to three species of carnivores when one of the oxen, gave an apparent bawl cry. Carelessly, but only to take a look, I raised to scene the air. There was no sound, no semblance of order. I began to wonder if anyone was up at that late hour.

The aches and pains suffered from the orchard behind the old fowl-run are as indescribable as unfortunate. Being sent for fruit for a pie or for a visitor proved an excellent opportunity for a chance to kick over the basket, and two for the picker. The lovely rich purple orbs of ripeness, which hung from the grape vine, were perhaps my favourite, but when the hush strawberries, gleaming richly in a bowl of fresh dairy cream came a second course.

Our life was not all play — no, the bush child must do his duties; the herding of the cows, the tending of the poultry, the pigs and the never ending procession of dogs and cat. Every farm has its darling (the pet lambs and the doddy calves) which must also be cared for. These are the saddest pets, and every year sees unashamed tears as favourites are taken away to the abattoir.

The method for my reminiscences — I could write on forever! Gone are the days of happy carefree childhood, worrying only about how the latest batch of puppies will be greeted, or what mother will say about my latest tantrum. During those happy carefree years. During those happy carefree years.

by a large straw hat, so that we all looked alike, in our tough overalls and thick shoes (when we wore them).

Now? Now I have reached adulthood and have powdered my face and cut my hair, divorcing myself thoroughly — in appearance from the wild hills and river plains. We were not meant to be Peter Pans, and so I must leave my childhood days tucked away in memory corner, to be taken out at odd times during my life. — NANCY STROTHER, 203.
The air was hushed in the garden. I passed between the white sentinel-like beehives, through the gate, up towards the darkened house. — P. J. ENNIS, 204.

REVERIE

"Just an old church," they told me. So old that the murmurings on high Were heavy with dust of the ages, Forgotten, and long since passed by.

But that church as I wandered about It grew soft with a rose coloured light; Then the years passed by, And I saw a church, new and bright.

Once again there were soft reverent voices Chanting in slow measured rhyme, And the black clad monks of the ages, Trod once more, the Pathway of Time.

I listened, and heard in their singing The secret of Peace Evermore, And even though the years may deny it, Faith, is the key to that door.

— DESLEY JENKINS, 202.

TO LOVE

If there was not a thing to love How empty life would be, The joys of Earth and Heaven above Would not be ours to see.

Without these gifts which are so dear, What good to see, or touch, or hear.

We would not feel the gentle rain; The mellow sun-kissed glow,

See pink galas on red-brown plain, Or golden shell-strawen beach,

Or know the ecstasy of sound Of full-voiced choir in hymns renowned.

Without a love for these things dear, What good to see, or touch, or hear?

— PATRICIA SMITH, 201.

AIRBORNE

As far back as I can remember, I have always been fascinated by aeroplanes. As a child during the war years I spent hours playing war games, but nine times out of ten I was pretending that I was a pilot. Although my actions changed as I grew older, my thoughts still remained in the sky, flying. I was determined to enlist in the R.A.A.F. when I was old enough, but my family ignored my aims as childish whims. However, when I was 17 years old, and still displayed an urge to fly, my family, after much persuasion, finally agreed to sign the necessary forms for my application for entry into the R.A.A.F. College at Point Cook, Melbourne. It was there that I first experienced the thrill of flying.

After several months of ground work, including aerodynamics, airmanship and other phases of flying, we were issued with our flying kit. At last I, and the remainder of the course, felt that we had commenced our flying training. It was on the 17th May, 1956, that I first left Mother Earth.

In the flight hut my first briefing took place. Although it only consisted of instructions as to which aircraft we would use, and the instructors we were to have, I believe that every one in Number Nine Course felt extremely important, myself included. I regard myself as being extremely fortunate in being assigned to Flight Lieutenant Board, who later became the first to use the ejector seat of a Sabre jet over Stockton Bight and who later died of a mysterious illness which still baffled the authorities assigned as to its cause. He was classified in our jargon as a H.P. or Hot Pilot.

Having a name beginning with "W" meant that I was to be the last of the four cadets assigned to aircraft A7-048. When my turn did come, however, I scrambled into the rear cockpit of the Tiger Moth, finding it somewhat difficult as I was encumbered by a parachute, maps, etc., and the tubes of my intercom which were dangling loosely from my helmet. With a helping hand from a friend, I was soon strapped in and ready to go.

At Lt. Board taxied into position for take off and, after the pre-take-off cockpit check, opened the throttle wide. The engine roared into life. I felt myself being bumping and bounced along the ground. Next, everything was smooth. We were airborne!

I sat there not knowing which instrument to look at or whether to ignore them all and just concentrate on my surroundings. My mind was soon made up for me, however, by my instructor. He began by asking me if I had ever flown before. I had not. He then pointed out several landmarks and I was surprised to find that although they were familiar to me from the ground they were barely recognisable to me from the air. I felt that a new world had been opened up for me and did not longer was I one of those earth-bound creatures who regard aircraft with distrust.

"Take the control column, Williams!" I heard a voice say through the intercome, "and see what it feels like.

Gingerly I edged my hand towards the controls. My hand grasped the stick in what appeared to be a vice-like grip. I was not game to move a single muscle.

"Just relax! There's nothing to be all tensed up about! Relax!" Taking this advice, my hand relaxed. Next I was told to grip the control column between the thumb and index finger, a grip which I later modified to thumb and first two fingers. When he was confident that I had relaxed sufficiently, Board gave me an opportunity to see how the Moth responded to the controls.

Timidly I eased the column forward. The nose of the plane dipped. I jerked the column back! The nose came back and back and back! The next we knew we were climbing too steeply! A forward pressure on the control column was the only thing to do, I thought. Suddenly I realised that it was my instructor putting us back onto an even course and I felt every muscle in my body relax.

Completely unconcerned about my display, Board handed the controls back to me. After several greatly improved efforts on my behalf, Board once more took over and turned back for the base. It was then that I was first introduced to aerobatics. This took the form of a manoeuvre called "spinning," in which the nose of the aircraft is pointed earthwards and the plane spins around its longitudinal axis as if plunges earthwards, strange as it may seem, I was not at all worried or frightened in this, my first aerobatic.

That night back in our quarters everything proceeded as usual. Everything, that is, except the topic of conversation. Everybody seemed as excited as I was, and experiences of the day's flying were retold with great vigour. Even those who had flown before were as excited as those who, like myself, had been up for the first time that day. That flight on the 17th May, 1956 had been my first. I shall never forget it.

Unfortunately, after about ten hours flying, I was, along with three other unfortunate, regarded as unsuitable pilot material. On the
6th July, just 168 days after my entry, I was discharged. However this did not deter me from flying.

Upon my return home I became a member of the Royal Newcastle Aero Club. Here I hoped that my dreams might be fulfilled. It was with this club that I received my biggest thrill within my limited flying experience. My first solo!

I had already added several more flying hours to my log book and, although I was ready for my first solo, I had been prevented from doing it because of unfavourable weather conditions. However, when I finally did do it I was completely unprepared for it.

My instructor at the time was Nigel Hanel. We had already completed about three “circuits and bumps,” the term applied to take-offs and landings for reasons obvious to anyone who has ever watched a beginner landing, and I felt that my performance was not up to scratch. I conveyed my opinion to Nigel and added that it might be a good idea if I “saved it away” for the day. He told me to give it one more “go” and I reluctantly agreed. I thought it was a reasonable attempt, and on landing, commenced to taxi back to the tarmac.

It was then that Nigel calmly said, “You can let me out at the flight hut and then take it up again yourself.”

I must admit that it came as a complete surprise. Nigel then began to give me a few warnings on how I would notice the difference in the aircraft’s response to the controls due to the change and redistribution of weight. I stopped long enough for him to throw out the forward control column and the seat and then climb out himself. He walked back to me and said, “It’s all yours, you’re on your own. Good luck!”

The difference was noticeable as soon as I commenced taxi-ing again. There was no shape of an instructor in the front cockpit and I realised that I was alone and in complete control of the aircraft.

The take-off went according to plan and whilst on the down-wind leg I looked at the city, 1000 feet below. I felt as proud as a peacock for here was I, alone at last. My first solo. The event had been longed for for quite a while. However, I still had the landing to go, for no matter what goes up, must come down. As I came in on the approach to landing, I began to concentrate, for landings had always proved a difficulty to me.

The ground began to rush up at me! I cut the throttle, corrected the attitude, adjusted the trim and concentrated. A few feet from the “deck” I checked, levellled out, waited, pulled the stick back. The undercarriage touched down — a perfect three point landing, which, by the way, is supposed to happen to every pilot on his first solo and a pilot’s first solo landing is also reputed to be the best landing in a pilot’s career.

— ALLAN WILLIAMS, 205.

THE LIFE OF THE FIRE

Set in the womb of the mother grate,
The unborn fire alone must wait,
   For mother with her light of love,
   To lead it on its way
   Towards new life. At first
   Each twig, an hour, a day of joy,
   Does light itself from the other,
   Spreads, and it then lights another.
   The cradle of the happy days
When life will burn so bright.
   It seemed as if the joy of life
   At last had reached its height.

And now the flame of life has burned,
   And embers just remain,
   Like memories of days of old
   They smoulder in the frame of life;
   And they too so soon grow cold,
   And ashes then remain.
— FAY HAFEF, 201.

BY THE RIVER

It is pleasant by the river with the gulls around
   And the smooth white pebbles to cast,
   With the clear cool water rippling by,
   As it bubbles and gurgles and breathes a sigh
   To the rushes slipping past.

There are gulls by the river, tall leafy gums,
   With their many branches towering high.
   They hover above the whispering stream,
   They sing and rustle and sigh in a dream
   To the wind as it passes by.

I can muse by the river, muse and dream,
   Of the things I hope to do,
   While the clear cool stream goes whispering past,
   The tall green rushes bending at last
   To the river passing through.
— JANET MARSHALL, 202.

WACOL FROM THE INSIDE

National Service training is something which one is told to do and has to do. For this reason almost everyone who goes to camp bears a grudge against the army. Most go in with a definite “anti army, anti work, agin authority,” attitude and intend to make a pleasant holiday out of it as far as possible.

I shall never forget the contrast between the motley crew headed together on the scorching ground before the first day and the smartly-stepping ranks on the last day giving a fine display of spit-and-polish in the best army tradition. Now I can understand the knowing grins the regular officers were exchanging on the sidelines. Bowed under the scorching heat on that first day there were representatives from every sphere of Australian youth, from the horn-rimmed intellectual to the closest duck-tail on any corner and every one of them suffering the greatest blow to his pride.

Here was a handful of men dragging us from our homes and jobs and herding us like sheep into a desolate hole called Wacol where the temperature never seems to drop below on hundred and ten degrees in the shade except at night when it very nearly reaches zero. Spirits were raised however by the thought that in a few days we would be settled in and could start to take over the place.

The next biggest shock of our stay came the next day at the unearthly hour of six o’clock. When about half way through sleeping off the effects of the seventeen hour train trip of the previous night we were rudely awakened by ear-shattering bugle calls and very loud noises coming from relatively small army officers. Within one minute the whole company was on parade. Most were wearing pyjamas and their new blucher boots into which their bare feet were jammed. This sudden initiation to army discipline gave rise to much ill feeling. It was expressed by the low rumble of two hundred voices muttering many time-honoured expressions of our language — and some new ones.

Standing there in the crisp morning air while the last shadows left the land I realised with surprise that for years I had been missing the most beautiful part of the day. We had freshly painted huts built in
a bushland setting of large stately gums and spreading lawns with neat pebble paths through them. I was then brought back to reality by the lonesome whine of Sergeant Bashem, whom we all seemed to love, informing me that all lawns and paths in the area were to be cleaned of all leaves and twigs before breakfast every morning.

"Cause those stately gums."

All those with ideas of making a holiday camp of it lost their will to work first week. The authorities managed to plan a day's work consisting of periods of marching drill, marching drill, marching drill and boot and brass polishing, which kept us fully occupied from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. The methods used by the regular army officers also cured any open disregard for discipline. Being very aware of their position as 'lords and masters' they made their position even more exalted by squashing us lowly civilians as far as possible. Our corporal soon made it quite clear that our position was of the lowest order and that we were to carry out our orders expeditiously and complain of nothing. Those who did not heed this friendly advice found themselves doing a number of midnight guard duties or cleaning out kitchen grease traps, the delectable odour of which defies expression.

In the face of such odds all subversive activities went underground. This proved to be valuable training in initiative and self-reliance. Many a night was spent in eating canned pineapple, grapes, apples and other delicacies which had mysteriously disappeared from the kitchen that day. We were also very fortunate in having the camp situated on the border of a large grape-growing area.

Our reaction to army life also brought about a mutual understanding among every man in the camp which although never dismissed resulted in what could possibly be called the greatest "go slow" strike in history. Life was one battle of wits with the national servicemen on one side and the regular staff on the other.

When you have seventy-seven days of this vigorous, corporeal life you cannot help but feel that, although short, it has been a most vital experience; it is not only because you have been learning how to use a Bren-gun or field craft of any of the things that make an army function, but because you have had to work, play, eat and sleep with fellows from every branch of society.

It's then that you realise what a narrow life you have led. When you look around your platoon and see the smart alack, the fellow who is perpetually happy, the brooder, the whiner, the bruiser, the intellectual, the cricketer, the one who wanted to see all the world and complain of nothing. Any one of these may be a cane cutter from Cairns, a fitter and turner from Newcastle, a clerk from Casino, a truck driver from Rockhampton, a hospital hand from western Queensland, an engineer, a wharf labourer, a teacher, a carpenter or a circus hand. You have been living with them in harmony and as a result know something of the character of each. You have learnt to look for the good in each of them and to be tolerant of those whose standards differ from your own. All these things made national service training for me a most interesting and satisfying experience.

— DON McBEAN, 205.

ALL MAY SHARE

Pale moonlight filtering down among the trees, And piercing shafts of colour of gold dawn— All may not witness beauties such as these, But there are others:
The pulsing joy of bells on morning air, The bitter-sweet tang of the cold salt spray, The gentle, warm caress of winter sun, And wood fires smoking at the close of day; The friendship of a pair of clasping hands, The joy of childish faith in Him above,

The sadness of a night owl's plaintive cry, The purity of mothers' lasting love.

Yes, those who do not see, those who are blind, The countless gifts of God — they still may find.

— MERRAN BURNING, 202.

TRIBUTE TO THE HUNTER VALLEY

Out from Nobbys the sixty-miler goes
Heav'n from the Hunter's run
The cargo ships ride high in port with lines
Held slack, as wool packs close and gold wheat flows
Down from the Hunter's run
Gulls wheel in dust
About the piers left long to edging rust.
Power of man drawn from the hard clean earth
To stalk the wild to carry out, to hold the mind with sound.
Coal from those valleys by quiet rivers run,
From the dreaming hills, the hearts strength and worth.
That founds this city, builds its shaping might,
With need of Nobby's ever guiding light.

— ANNE ROBINSON, 202.

A BOY'S FIRST DATE

Many of the male sex have, at one time or other in their career of "hunting," gone through this ordeal. A boy on his first date is subjected to a terrifying and unique torture. Perhaps there are a few people who don't believe me. Well, imagine you are taking your "date" to a dance tonight for the first time.

Resolved to make a good impression you start to dress early — some three hours early. The clothes you wear cause you much concern. Immaculate shirts are tried on until one is found with all the buttons on and no patches. You find you are without the socks to match your tie so you discretely take a pair of Dad's.

Still you worry. Are your trousers short? Have you done up all the buttons on the sports coat?

Finally, aided by some magic, you find yourself dressed. Your teeth are dazzling white after a severe brushing with the amazing new "Ivory White with Bubugo's Bright." Your hair is really glossy with "Stayput" because your heard on the radio that "she notices your hair first" and you want her to notice.

Then you find you are an hour early. Your father is able to give you last minute instructions on how to treat the girl. You take it all in.

An hour or so later you arrive outside her house. Much of your earlier confidence is gone by now. All the moments contemplation you knuckled on the back door (the front door looks a little too impressive). The door is open by the girl's parents who stand and stare at you. You consider making a run for it but the girl arrives on the scene and invites you in. Once inside you are introduced to the parents who are still staring at you. You remember your manners and humbly shake hands and mumble something about how they do...

You now stand in the front of the house. Your girl asks, "How are we going to the dance?" You recite the bus time-table from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. and this is it. Sundays and public holidays. She looks at you astounded. Evidently a girl of refinement. You blush and tell her nervously that you were only joking. So you look for a taxi. Fortunately, only a bus comes, otherwise she would be paying the admission fee at the dance hall.

— ANNE ROBINSON, 202.
At last you are at the dance. You politely ask for the first dance. Unfortunately for your partner you are not a very good dancer and you tread on her feet quite a few times. However you find her rather poor in her dancing (or perhaps she is only getting even) and she is treading on your toes also. This painful procedure continues throughout the night. You ask yourself if this happens all the time, if not, why does it have to happen to you.

Finally, the dance ends. Another nightmare is over, but still another takes its place. You have been told you are supposed to walk the girl home, but she lives five miles away. Dismayed you start walking. The girl gives the necessary hint, “Haven’t you got the bus fare?” You explain you like walking. She, being a very understanding girl, offers to pay for the bus fare. You, very embarrassed, accept and finally you arrive back at the girl’s front gate.

The lights on the porch and in the front rooms are on. You take the hint and hurriedly thank the girl for a delightful evening and she does the same. You say “Goodbye” and leave immediately.

With the most terrible experience of your life over you find yourself a long, long way from your home. After walking for what seems hours, you arrive home. You leave your neat and tidy clothes where you stepped out of them and fall into bed, thinking about the terrible things men have to do.

— NEIL SELLERS, 263.
SECTION 108

Back row (l. to r.): Connie McKearn, Josephine Smith, Jill Cane, Janice Elkin, Judy Blue, Glennis Nugent. Front row (l. to r.): Beverley Bowes, Vivienne Kidd, Lorraine Hattam, Margaret Maunder, Ann Harrigan.

SECTION 109

Back row (l. to r.): Molly Matthews, Judy Fennel, Helen Brakewell, Beth Nicholas, Wendy Wright, Lorraine Cooke, Jean Kerr. Front row (l. to r.): Janet Sneddon, Margaret Murray, Iris Armfield, Fleur Skinner, Anna Palmer, Betty Day, Beryl Shorrock, Margo James.
SECTION 210
Back row (l. to r.): Kevin Fitzgibbon, Greg Ryan. Middle row (l. to r.):
Barbara Eichner, Majella Tanner, Phyll Jarvis, Helen Sanderson, Ann
Greer. Front row (l. to r.): Barbara Rowley, Yvonne Hogan, Merrill
Morrison, Jean Heslop, Katherine Stephens.

SECTION 208
Back row (l. to r.): R. Hamilton, C. Kneipp, J. Campbell, M. Morgan,
P. Wilkinson. Middle row (l. to r.): J. Green, A. Stewart, L. Lawrence,
J. Rees, I. Coleman, P. Rutherford. Front row (l. to r.): K. Durack, C.

SECTION 209
Back row (l. to r.): Judy Willis, Ann Shearer, Barbara Leonard, Helen
Whitford, Yvonue Hickey, Noela Johnston. Middle row (l. to r.):
Cornelia, Waveney Chapman, Margaret Davidson, Jan Quigley, Pam
Symea. Front row (l. to r.): Boentari, Charmian Bodey, Lynette Rollins,
Jane Liddell, Rita Murchie, Hazel Sales.

SECTION 207
Back row (l. to r.): Owen Barry, Donald Landsdowne, Donald Ross,
Errol Grieve, Michael Tynan, James Silcock. Second row (l. to r.):
Roger Cook, Leslie Davies, Malcolm Tolley, Brian Stonner, Ronald
Smith, Allan Taylor, Peter Miller. Front row (l. to r.): Doug Lithgow,
Robert Horne, Peter Donehue, Canice Watts John Harvey, Neville
Hunter, John Bradbury, Graham Crosher.
SECTION 206

Back row (l. to r.): A. Abraham, J. Goodman, H. White, W. Hall.
Middle row (l. to r.): T. Casey, G. Johnson, L. Kapp, D. Beach. Front row (l. to r.): R. Furners, C. Welbourne, R. Huddleston, T. Wilson, S. McRae.

SECTION 205

Middle row (l. to r.): T. Drury A. Williams, R. Robinson, J. Whaiston, G. Hutchinson, M. McGregor, M. Neal, R. Gibson, F. Lewis, Mr. R. Wilson.

SECTION 204

Back row (l. to r.): Garry Hardy, Peter Kelly, Robert James (vice section representative), Colin Garner, Terry Nolan. Second back row (l. to r.): Roger Hattersley, Peter Ennis, John Leishman, Michael Hatch, Kevin Hughes, Lionel Ahearn, Michael O'Sullivan. Front row (l. to r.): Hazel Noble, Beverley Latimore, Elizabeth Hey, Kathleen Cole, Carol Jones (Section Representative), Valerie McDonald, Phyllis Mann, Carole Charles. Absent: Anne Hensens, Michael Dixon, John Eakin, Richard Gilmour, Alan Griffin, Peter Heggart, Vince Hewson, John McDonald, John Rochester.

SECTION 203

SECTION 401

Back row (l. to r.): Gregory Williams, Paul McLean, Barry Williams, John Gill, John Hearn, George Rogers, Gordon Mowbray, Lloyd Williams.
Front row (l. to r.): Ross Robinson, Maurice Wann, Nola Thomas, Janet Donaldson, Julia Nixon, Fay Griffiths, Jolanda Bodey, Margaret Kennedy, David Horsfield, James Hemmings.

SPORTS UNION REPORT, 1958

This year sport within the College has been particularly successful. Most teams did well in local competitions, and special mention must be made of the Rugby Union wins. Thursday afternoon sport has aimed at giving all students a knowledge of major team games, and the coaching schemes, introduced this year, have provided opportunities for professional advice.

The Inter-Collegiate competition with Wagga College in August resulted in a very decisive win for Newcastle.

— ROBIN HAMILTON, Secretary.

WOMEN’S CRICKET CLUB


WOMEN’S BASKETBALL

L. to R.: Helen Whitford, Jan Liddell, Anne Martin, Helen Maguire, Margaret Williams, Robin Hamilton, Lynette Rollins.
WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Two teams were entered in the Newcastle Women's Hockey Competition, one in A grade, the other in A reserve grade. We had a comfortable win in the Inter-Collegiate match against Wagga. The score was 4-1. Other matches were played against the men's hockey team, Girls' High School, ex-students and visiting Sydney and country teams in the Newcastle Hockey Carnival. An enjoyable trip to Gloucester was also arranged with the men's hockey team.

LADIES' BADMINTON GROUP

Back row (l. to r.): Hazel Sales, Retna Arthingstilh. Middle row (l. to r.): Waveney Chapman, Molly Swales, Janet Walton, Judith Nancarrow, Rita Murchie. Front row (l. to r.): Robyn West, Zoebaidah Hamid, Janet Melling.

LADIES BADMINTON CLUB, 1958

The Newcastle Teachers' College Ladies Badminton Club met at the Badminton Pavilion at the Showground each Thursday afternoon throughout the winter. Although the group was small, many enjoyable times were had by all.

A fee of sixpence per afternoon was contributed by each player towards the hire of the courts. Racquets were provided by the College, and for those who had not previously played, there was a coach available (free) every Thursday at 4 p.m. The correct "whiles" were worn by most.

Towards the end of the season the Championships were held. In the singles Robyn West defeated Bal, in a fast game; and in the doubles Robyn West and Janet Melling defeated Waveney Chapman and Rita Murchie. Bali and Retno, two of our Indonesian students, were keen players throughout the season.

Badminton is a very interesting and absorbing sport, and it is to be hoped that many more students will take an interest in it.

— JUDITH NANCARROW, 202.
The Tennis Club functioned very successfully this year. The College championships were a highlight of the season with an outstanding number of entries being received.

A keen interest resulted when coaching classes were introduced. Two classes of twenty students each were given ten one-hour lessons at a very small fee.

Inter-Collegiate promised to provide some tennis of high standard but unfortunately wet weather prevented play.

Social tennis also provided opportunity for students to improve their standard and to enjoy the game.

— FAYE CORNISH, Secretary.

MEN'S TENNIS
L. to R.: Dave McIntyre, Mick O'Sullivan (c.), Fred Bishop, Neil Sellers.

The Tennis Club entered a team in the C grade Summer Competition and it was successful in winning both minor and major premierships. For the Winter Competition the team graduated to B grade and were the cup tie premiers scoring 1007 points to 800.

During this competition the most prolific scorers were Casey, Donnelly, Bray and Darrow.

At Inter-Collegiate the side was reinforced by Hoggart, Griffin and McDonald of Novos Colts. The visitors were defeated by 36 points to 27.

The club has elected officers for the coming year and its prospects of entering strong teams are already very bright.

MEN'S BASKETBALL
Back row (l. to r.): R. Bray, K. Donnelly, J. Breakwell. Front row (l. to r.): J. Berthold, T. Casey (c.), G. Ryan.

The basketball club entered a team in the C grade Summer Competition and it was successful in winning both minor and major premierships. For the Winter Competition the team graduated to B grade and were the cup tie premiers scoring 1007 points to 800.

During this competition the most prolific scorers were Casey, Donnelly, Bray and Darrow.

At Inter-Collegiate the side was reinforced by Hoggart, Griffin and McDonald of Novos Colts. The visitors were defeated by 36 points to 27.

The club has elected officers for the coming year and its prospects of entering strong teams are already very bright.
FOOTBALL CLUB


RUGBY UNION CLUB, 1958

This year the Rugby Union Club had its most outstanding year on record, winning four competitions in all. Once again the College entered teams in Reserve and Third Grade and in the trials, which were a knockout competition, both teams won their respective competitions. The Third Grade team led by John Guy went on to win the minor and major premierships, suffering only one defeat. The Reserve Grade led by Trevor Latham performed well and carried off the major premiership. The wins were made even more meritorious, for both teams were weakened by a number of injuries to key players.

During Intercollegiate, Newcastle proved too strong for Wagga, defeating them 22-10 in ideal conditions. Special mention goes to Peter Kelly and Nick Yakich for both scoring over one hundred points during the season.

The Club also extends its thanks to Mr. Duncan and Mr. Noble for their time spent in training and advising both teams.
1958 HOCKEY SEASON

The hockey club started off the season very badly, due to the interference of practice teaching and the inexperience of all but two or three players. However, play picked up during the season, and many close matches resulted. The majority of the games were very even, our team just being beaten by bad luck, after over-running the opposition. We were considered very unlucky to lose so many matches. We entered a team in the President’s Cup, and were seeded last out of eight teams. We met the number 4 Seed West, and played a 1-all draw, after one of the best games of the season. This game was later replayed, our side losing 5-nil to West.

We played Stockton in the semi-final of the 3rd Grade competition, after beating them the previous Saturday 2-1, and lost to them 4-0. The following Thursday we played Wagga at Inter-Collegiate losing to them 1-5 after missing many chances to score.

The last event of the season for the Hockey Club, was a social trip to Gloucester, where we played matches against Gloucester. We beat Gloucester 2nd Grade team 5-0 and 2-0 but were defeated by their 1st Grade team 3-2 and 7-2.

The leading goal-scorers for this season were:— P. Ennis, 13; C. Garner, 9 and V. Hewson, 5. Some very promising players were revealed including B. Lowe, K. Curry, M. Frater and C. Picton. The most consistent players of the season were:— V. Hewson, K. Hughes, R. James, G. Crosher, J. Whatson and M. Hatch. M. Hatch captained the team with R. James as vice-captain.

We enjoyed many social matches with Watt Street and to them we extend our thanks.

All round it proved a very good season with the results no indication of the standard of the games played, as the competition was confined to only four games.

Results for the season are as follows:—
Matches played, 25; Matches won, 4; Matches lost, 18; Matches drawn, 3; Goals for, 49; Goals against, 85.

Next year’s officers are:—
President, Barry Lowe; Vice-President and Treasurer, Keith Curry; Secretary, Max Frater.

MEN’S HOCKEY

Back row (l. to r.): Colin Picton, Roger Hattersley, Kevin Hughes, Barry Lowe, Peter Ennis, Max Frater. Middle row (l. to r.): Colin Garner, Vince Hewson, Graham Crosher, John Whatson, Maurice Wann. Front row (l. to r.): Bob Jame, Keith Curry, Michael Hatch.

NEWCASTLE TEACHER’S COLLEGE RIFLE CLUB


DEBATING CLUB

Back row (l. to r.): Barry Waters, Brian Jones, Ray Brick, Maurice Wann, John Hern, George Rogers, David Beach. Front row (l. to r.): Anne Corbett, Elaine Orton, Alison Mulligan, Dawn Connal, Pat Coultard, Jannette Brown, Beverly Brown.
DEBATING CLUB NOTES

The Debating Club this year has unfortunately suffered from a lack of numbers, but the enthusiasm of the members more than compensated for this. The climax of the debating year was reached in the Inter-Collegiate debate, in which we narrowly won from a very capable Wagga team. This was probably the most entertaining debate we have ever had. And the adjudication carried out by Mr. McKenzie, proved just as entertaining.

Debating standards have risen considerably in the past few years. But there are still so many people in the college who do not recognise the value of debating and public speaking in the community and its particular appropriateness to the role of the teacher. Debating can be a most enjoyable and worthwhile pastime as our members will readily testify.

In closing I would like, on behalf of the Club, to thank Mr. Wood for his guidance throughout the year, and I know all will agree that the work of our President, Miss Dawn Connal, has been the most vital force in our club this year.

We should see an even stronger debating club develop in 1959 when Miss Pat Coulthard will be President.

— B.W.

SOCIAL AND RECREATION CLUB

The Social and Recreation Club has, with the enthusiastic support of many students, been able to function very successfully this year, socially and financially. The year began well with "A Welcome to First Years" Dance at the City Hall. Novelty games nights, fancy dress dances, and Re-Union Dance were enjoyed by all who attended. The Inter-Collegiate Ball to farewell Wagga students provided an excellent finale for the Inter-Collegiate activities. The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the College Ball, which was enjoyed by the 400 people who attended.

— PAM MacKAY, Secretary.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP


CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP REPORT

The Teachers' College Christian Fellowship has met weekly in the College this year. The meetings have taken the form of a message from a visiting speaker, films and talks by College students. We have tried at all times to keep our aim in view, which is to provide Christian Fellowship and to reach tomorrow's teachers for Christ. Our activities have taken the form of House Parties at Tahlee and Squashes in the Canteen and during the year we took services at a number of Newcastle churches. Daily prayer meetings are also held before lectures in the morning and these have been a great source of strength. The Fellowship has been led by Malcolm Folly, President; Barbara Leonard, Secretary; Vince Hewson, Prayer Secretary and Ross Robinson, Vice-President.
This year, the "Alljirunga" newspaper changed its appearance. When the College purchased a Gestetner printing machine, the new paper was made more attractive by using colour. Although costs were high in printing the paper, each student obtained free copies.

The paper was printed monthly and during third term, was supplemented by "The Weekly Bugle," a page of news and information designed to keep College students in touch with current activities.

We would like to extend our thanks to the members of the Printing Club for the excellent work they did in printing the paper.
DRAMA CLUB

Back row (l. to r.): Barry Waters, Brian Jones, Peter Miller, Maurice Deards, John Leishman, Ian Warl ters, Maurice Wann, Eric Brock.
Centre row (l. to r.): Elaine Orton, Helen McLean, Helen Sanderson, Janet Nelling, Robyn West, Julie Nixon, Fay Griffiths, Judith Nancarrow, Marjorie McKillop, Elizabeth Hey, Margaret Kennedy, Carole Charles, Frances Kennedy. Front row (l. to r.): Dawn Connal, Enid Pattison, Pauline Markham, Jan Nixon, Alison Milligan, George Hutchison, Helen Wilson, Jan Walton, Helen Caratti, Kath Halloran, Merran Bunning.

1958, has been an exceptional year as far as the Drama Club is concerned. As well as producing the annual Three Act Play "Young Wives' Tale" and a night of One Act Plays, a Revue was produced for the first time. It received such acclaim, that it will, in all probability, be a yearly occurrence.

With regards to the Three Act Play, the officials of the Club for 1958 (George Hutchison, Helen Wilson, Janet Wilton), would like to thank sincerely all those who helped in making this production such a success. Particularly do we thank the Graduates, whom we feel have done a wonderful job in aiding the Club.

The Club would also like to offer its very sincere thanks to the members of staff who have given such valuable assistance, advice and co-operation, especially Mrs. Turner, Miss Poole, and Mr. Marquet.

Lastly, we, as the retiring second years, would like to congratulate the Club officials elected for 1959. We hope they realise the work they are letting themselves in for!!! We know they will uphold the high standard of productions in the coming year.

The newly-electeds are:—
President, Maurice Deards; Vice-President, Barry Waters;
Secretary, Tessa Palma; Treasurer, Ian Warl ters.

— HELEN WILSON.

GOLF REPORT

Golf coaching classes were conducted this year for the first time. They were very successful and resulted in an increase of participants for the golf championships this year.

Congratulations are due to Philip Billings, John Harvey, Rose-Maree Thompson and Toni Lundy for their success in the championships.

It is the hope of the committee that first years will next year carry on with the coaching classes and make the Golf Club one of the top College clubs.

My thanks go to Mr. Gillard, Phil Billings and Phyllis Jarvie for all their help in arranging the classes.

— K. HYDE, Secretary.

SWIMMING CLUB, 1958

The Swimming Club held its annual swimming carnival on 20th March, at the Maitland Pool. The carnival proved outstanding and some excellent swimming was featured. Balmain accepted an invitation to compete and showed they had some fine swimmers. Brian Stenner won the men's championship and Robin Hamilton won the women's title. A team was sent to Sydney for the summer Inter-Collegiate and places were gained in several events. Life saving classes will again be held during swimming school in November.
1958 has been another busy year for the Society with various guest speakers attending almost every Friday. These have included Rev. Fathers Joyce and Middleton, C.S.S.R., from Mayfield, Father Casey from New Lambton and Mr. Leo Butler, noted journalist from the Newcastle Herald. The talks have been interesting and on a wide range of subjects including Alcoholics Anonymous.

We wish to thank Mr. Duncan for his assistance during the year, our Chaplain, Father O’Hearn, for his able guidance and lastly, those who belong to the Society.

KATHLEEN DURACK, Secretary.

PETER KELLY, President.