ALTJIRINGA
A SOUVENIR

NEWCASTLE
TEACHERS' COLLEGE
About the Cover Design

The hand motif, recurrent in Aboriginal cave paintings, has been used to symbolise man's supremacy through manipulative skills developed over thousands of years. We might say, the hands are the tools of the mind, and as such make fitting symbols of his progress.

The hunting figure (taken from Mimi drawings in the caves of Arnhem Land) represents man's quest for knowledge. The track points one way—only forward: for this hunter there can be no going back.

It is our privilege as teachers to play a part in the quest; to point the way, to encourage and to believe in Education.

— VICKI LOVELL.
THOSE WHO WILL TEACH

I — GENERAL PRIMARY AND INFANTS

ADAMS, Derek.
ADAMSON, Alice.
ADAMSON, Elizabeth.
AGNEW, Carolyn.
AVIS, Bruce.
BATTLE, John.
BEAVAN, Yvonne.
BEETO, Irene.
BIRCH, Raymond.
BOLAM, Colleen.
BOOTH, James.
BOWEN, Michael.
BRETT, Mary.
BROOKER, Dorothy.
BROWN, Allan.
BROWN, Carole.
BROWN, Jeanette.
BROWN, Robin.
BRUCE, Judith.
BURGMANN, Vivienne.
BURTENSHAW, Valerie.
CAMERON, June.
CHALLINOR, Richard.
CHARLESWORTH, Heather.
CLARK, Jeanette.
CORBETT, Anne.
COUGHLAN, Genevieve.
COULTHARD, Patricia.
COX, Dorothy.
CRAIG, Susanne.
CRUCKSHANK, John.
CRUMBLIN, Gail.
CURRY, Keith.
DALEY, Anne.
DEARDS, Maurice.
DEITZ, Pamela.
DIAMOND, Rosemary.
DOHERTY, John.
DONALD, Kay.
DOWNS, Robyn.
EDMOND, Wendy.
ELDER, William.
EMERTON, Lorraine.
ENGELBAUER, Margaret.
FARNET, Leigh.
FERNANCE, John.
FLANAGAN, Frank.
FOIRAN, John.
FORMICA, Vincent.
FRANCIS, Lorraine.
FRATER, Maxwell.
FRIER, Suzanne.
GASH, Rosemary.
GATTY, Michael.

GIMBERT, Pamela.
GOLDSMITH, Mette.
GOW, William.
COWNS, Ann.
GREMMO, Sandra.
GROTHEN, Ann.
GUYER, Janet.
HALDIJAY, Rita.
HARDING, Alan.
HAZELI, Richard.
HENDERSOLL, Margaret.
HENNESSY, Robyn.
HOBBs, Pamela.
HOLMES, Yvonne.
HOTSTON, John.
HUGHES, Joy.
HUMPHREYS, Frederick.
HUMPHREYS, Maureen.
JAMES, Carole.
JAMES, Peter.
JEFFERY, Janice.
JOHNSTONE, Glennis.
KEARNEY, John.
KEELAN, Beatrice.
KELLY, Maureen.
KELLY, Raymond.
KENNEDY, Frances.
KING, Janice.
LAWLER, Robert.
LAWRENCE, Noeline.
LEWIS, Ronald.
LOVEL, Vicky.
LUFTON, Denis.
McDONALD, Mary.
McDONALD, Raymond.
McMURRAY, Colleen.
MACGHERSON, Marci.
MAADEN, Brian.
MENNIE, John.
MOASE, Robert.
MOSS, Rosemary.
MURR, William.
MURR, Maurice.
MYERS, Jean.
NANCARROW, Margaret.
NASH, Percival.
NELSON, Bruce.
NIXON, Beverley.
NOBLE, Graham.
O’ROURKE, Moya.
ORR, Bruce.
PACIENNA, Frank.
PATRECH, Marion.
PATTERSON, Enid.

II — SPECIAL SECONDARY

Mathematics — Science

BENNETT, Robert.
CAIRNS, Colin.
CARL, Sylvia.
DIXON, Robert.
GIBBS, Valerie.
HOUGH, Kenny.
JONES, Brian.
KELLY, Beverley.
KING, Bonnie.
LONG, Robert.

ADAMS, Lindsay.
ANDERSON, Andrew.
ASPINALL, James.
BILLINGHAM, Errol.
BILLINGS, Phillip.
BROWNE, Ronald.
CAINS, John.
COCKING, Ray.
COOK, Brian.
COOMES, Ross.
CROSS, William.
DAVIES, Ronald.

SMITH, Valerie.
SOVEELES, Victoria.
STEWART, Graeme.
SWALES, Mollie.
TAYLOR, Valerie.
THOMPSON, Lola.
THOMPSON, Rose Maree.
TINDALL, Robyn.
TOWNSEND, Ann.
WATERS, Barry.
WATERS, Carolyn.
WHATMOUGH, Colin.
WILSON, Judith.
WILSON, Trevor.
WOODBURY, James.
WRIGHT, Robyn.
YAKICH, Frederick.
YAKICH, Nicholas.
YARNALL, Valda.
YEATES, Ruth.

Manual Arts

HARRISON, Colin.
DOOHAN, Paul.
EASTER, Lindsay.
KELLNER, Ronald.
KNOZLER, Gregory.
LAUS, Leonard.
LENARD, Colin.
NELSON, Douglas.
OSMOND, Bruce.
PACKWOOD, Jan.
STIBBARD, John.

Biology

KIDD, Vivienne.
KIRKWOOD, Mac.
McKERN, Constance.
MAUNDER, Margaret.
NUGENT, Glenis.
SMITH, Josephine.

7
Home Economics

ARMFIELD, Muriel.
BREAKWELL, Helen.
COOKE, Lorraine.
DAY, Elizabeth.
FENNELL, Judith.
HETHERINGTON, Judith.
JAMES, Margaret.
KERR, Gloria.
MATHEWSON, Molly.
MURRAY, Margaret.
NICHOLS, Beth.
PALMER, Anna.
SHORROCK, Beryl.
SKINNER, Fleur.
Snedden, Janet.
WILLIAMS, Margaret.
WRIGHT, Wendy.

English-History

BANFIELD, Margaret.
BARNES, Judith.
HANNAM, Margaret.
JONES, Carole.
KENNEWELL, Margaret.
MALONEY, Loell.
MATHEWSON, Donald.
MENZIES, John.
O'DONELL, Marianne.
PARKER, Richard.
PRESLAND, Maxwell.
SMITH, Janice.
WATTUS, Donald.

III—SECONDARY

BROWN, Brian.
CHARKER, Hilary.
DAVIES, Michael.
ELLICOTT, Robyn.
ELLIOTT, Brenda.
ELTIS, Kenneth.
GARNER, Robyne.
GEARY, John.
HILL, John.
HINDE, John.
LEIGH, Ronald.
LEY, Judith.
McDERMOTT, Margaret.
McHUGH, Eileen.
McMAHON, John.
MARJORIBANKS, Kevin.
O'SHEA, Patrick.
QUINN, John.
RIGBY, Harold.
ROBERTSON, Robin.

EDITORIAL

Now is the time . . . .

So at last we come to the end of our two years at College—and what a wonderful two years they have been. We of Altjiringa hope that in times to come this souvenir will remind you of the friends you made here, the good times you had—we hope that the memories will come crowding as you glance through these pages.

Before closing, we would like to thank Mr. Duncan and Dr. Staines and all who contributed to Altjiringa: Miss Poole for her enthusiastic support through the year, Mr. McRae for the photography, Miss Murray for the typing, and the office staff for their generous co-operation.

Finally we wish Second Years "all the very best" in their future careers, wherever they may go, whatever they may do. We hope to see all of you again at Reunion, 1960.

. . . . . . . . that we must say goodbye.
Recently I heard the view expressed that the trouble with teachers is their everlasting attempt to impose middle-class morality on an unwilling public. I suppose there is something in the contention. The argument could be developed along these lines:

The teacher is forced to lead a fairly conservative life. He is expected to uphold a high, even puritanical code of behaviour and if he steps too far outside this code his lapses are soon noted and he is marked down as a bad example, an unsuitable person to be a teacher, and a danger to the young. What would be smiled at tolerant in another is condemned vehemently in him. Others may have a private life, he always seems to be on view. If he goes into a hotel one of his pupils tries to sell him the afternoon paper on the way out or the fathers of his pupils are drinking there before him. They may swear too coarsely, or drink too much but he must not; if he does even his boon companions will sneer at him behind his back.

At first the young teacher struggles against this social stereotyping. He tries to be a man just like other men but society is usually too strong for him. Either he slips down the scale or he comes to accept and play the role in which he has been cast— a pillar of middle-class virtue. He comes to appreciate the advantages and correctness of the setting and then, because none of us—rich man, poor man, beggar man, tinker or thief—knows anyone more admirable than himself, he sets out to mould his pupils in his own image.

The conflict is then transferred from teacher to pupil. The teacher is now secure in his own faith in his personal standards, sometimes even a little Pharisaical about it, but poised within himself nevertheless. His pupils are faced with a double, or even multiple standard, the rival codes of the teacher in the classroom, the peer group in the playground and their parents at home. The difficulty can become immeasurably greater if the teacher himself has a double standard and demands good bearing, manners and morality in the school while not observing the same principles at home and in the street. If this
double standard is apparent how will pupils achieve a sound basis of good conduct?

If the differing patterns are close enough to permit reasonable harmony the pupils are happy and the school presents few disciplinary or serious personality problems. When the patterns conflict seriously, as they often do, both pupils and teacher (and often parents, too) are frustrated. Frustration brings aggression in its train and problems multiply.

If the teacher is skilled enough to assess the problems correctly and if he has enough self understanding to realise the changed role he must play in this situation. Reasonable harmony can only be obtained but not that willing acceptance of leadership which is true discipline.

He sometimes comes to regard some of his pupils as “little beasts” and their parents as contemptible. They in turn have the same opinion both of him and all that he represents. School becomes a kind of trial by ordeal, which must be endured by both parties until 3:30 p.m. each day with week-ends and vacations the regular relief until the shackles are finally broken and the pupil leaves, casting aside not only the school but most of what it taught. The revolt against authority is almost complete. In the most extreme cases of failure a Kevin Simmonds is made, in minor cases the reaction is mild enough to be satisfied by antagonism towards schooling and scholars.

This picture is highly coloured and the problem over-simplified. There are one hundred and one other sources of conflict (e.g. frustration and ambition) besides the moral and social conflict but there is something in it nevertheless. Teachers should be wary of imposing too much of themselves on their pupils. Perhaps every walk of life is entitled to its own manner of behaviour subject to the general rule that no harm should result to others nor to the individual character. Some patterns of living might be appropriate to some situations and others equally appropriate elsewhere. Some patterns might be better culturally than the teacher’s own, while others may not reach as high a level, and yet all might be comprehensible with a single true ethical system. Though there can be only one correct ethical standard there might be many variant forms of behaviour all quite ethically sound. All teachers would do well to look carefully at themselves, their pupils, and their school community and see if they can understand somewhat better both the possible sources of conflict in the teaching climate and the differing kinds of manners, dress, bearing and ambitions acceptable to different social groups.

I am sure that many of the outgoing students have not understood and perhaps still do not understand (maybe, just as well) all that has been happening during the past one or two or more years. They will have opinions, of course, and express them vigorously and some will have no doubts that they know! For the most part they will think in terms of immediate objectives — so much Art, so much English, etc. so many jobs that had to be done, some well done and some that could be slurred or dodged. (“If you’re lucky you might hand in someone else’s work and not get caught.” Some are always sure they did it!) Few will have attempted to see the real purpose in the minds of principal and staff and since they were part of the purpose themselves they could not see it clearly even if they did try. How much freedom should be granted? How many mistakes should be permitted on the grounds that sometimes learning results from mistakes? How much “pressure” should be exerted towards “professional” standards of dress and bearing and when should pressure be relaxed? How much development towards conformity? How much allowance for individuality, eccentricity or self expression? How much progress (?) towards “middle-class morality”?

I wonder how many of you in these happy years, for they have been happy years, have stopped to look at one another and see the changes taking place?

One session I will take a photograph of the whole group on the day of entry, the end of 1st year, and at graduation. But you — yes, you other read — stop and look at your friends and try to remember, “What did he/she and I look like two years ago?” You have not been so conscious of the developments in yourselves as the staff and I have.

Before you go, do three more things. One, remember all the good times you have had — plays, revues, Sports Assembly, concert, dances, sports, barbecues — did you really do them all yourselves? Savour them in your memory and keep Alljirjings to remind you of them. Two, read the teachers’ code of ethics that has been accepted by the Teachers’ Federation — reflect on it and decide for yourself whether you will accept all of it, some of it or none of it. It is printed on page 14 and many teachers thought hard in producing it.

Finally, decide that “middle-class morality” problem for yourself. It is both ethical and a personality problem. What is the teacher’s duty to himself? To his pupils? I have rarely found a teacher of high moral standards — and personal courage — fail to achieve the respect, loyalty and admiration of the most worthy group both of pupils and parents.

Consider your loyalties and perhaps your greatest loyalty now is to your own best self! Good luck and may teaching bring you the satisfaction of a worthy job well done.

— G. H. DUNCAN, Principal.

IN ABSENTIA

Because I shall be away on Graduation Day, I must be content with expressing my good wishes in print.

Mr. Crago and I are fortunate enough to be going to India to attend the World Conference of the New Education Fellowship, and on the very day that you graduate we attend the first meeting of a conference on teacher training. Although there will be about six hundred people from many countries attending the conference the work will be done in small permanent discussion groups of ten people. This means that all members will take an active part, as so many of you have done in lectures here.

We join in expressing our appreciation to those of you whom we each knew, for contacts made and good work done during the year, and we extend to you our warmest good wishes for your careers in the Department and for your personal contentment. Amongst you are many who will stand high in the teaching profession in future days; and whether you rise to honourable heights or remain all your days a class teacher, your contribution will help to shape the future.

We cannot be with you in the flesh on Graduation Day, but we’ll send our spirits. Please see that you give them a good time!

— J. W. STAINES, Vice-Principal.
ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL, 1959

The S.R.C. Trophy awards for the year were presented to Jim Booth, Len Lavis, Reg Sams, Barry Waters, Sandra Gremmo and Robin Brown. These awards—silver spoons with a College crest—are given to those students who the Student Body considers have given the greatest service in time and ability to the College during the year.

The Students' Representative Council would like to thank Mr. Duncan, Mr. Newling, our staff adviser, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Gillard for their assistance to the Council throughout the year. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Tisdell (whom we were sorry to see go) and Mr. Grady who have greatly assisted us and suffered our incorrectly filled-in forms in silence.

To Clive Hughes and Helen Gillard, who were recently elected President and Vice-President for 1960, we wish success in their office. Finally, on behalf of the Student Body, the Students' Representative Council would like to express appreciation to the lecturing staff for an enjoyable and profitable 1959.

—PRESIDENT, BILL CROSS.
—SECRETARY, SANDRA GREMMO.

Would You Accept This Code?

FEDERATION CODE OF ETHICS

1. A teacher should be a member of the New South Wales Teachers' Federation, and uphold the Federation's platform;
2. He should keep in view the advancement of the profession;
3. He should be loyal to his colleagues at all times, and refrain from discussing them in the hearing of the public;
4. He should strictly observe the regulation teaching hours;
5. He should not take part in any competition which brings him or his pupils in competition with other teachers and their pupils;
6. He should not use his social, civic and political activities as a means of obtaining favour or preference in his profession;
7. He should not use the Press as a means of concentrating public and Departmental attention on his particular work;
8. He should zealously guard his civic rights;
9. He should foster the spirit of co-operation among children and cooperate with parents in advancement of his pupils;
10. No teacher should, in the hearing of other teachers, or of pupils, criticise the work of other teachers; and comments by head teachers or deputy head teachers on the work of each teacher should be made in a separate book confidential to the teacher.

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PROBLEMS YOU MAY MEET AS TEACHERS

During your experience as a teacher you will be brought into contact with many controversies in the field of educational theory and practice. Have you reached any understanding of the issues involved in these controversies?

1. Comprehensive or Selective High Schools.
   Is it true that selective high schools are the best means of developing our brighter intelligentsia and that comprehensive high schools cannot make adequate provision through electives for the development of bright youngsters?

2. Co-educational Schools.
   Is it true that girls distract boys from their work in co-educational high schools or rather is it true that the boys and girls together have good influence upon one another both in bearing and in behaviour?

   What is the best way of providing for religious instruction in our schools?

   What is the best approach to the problem of selection for different kinds of secondary education?

5. This Technological Age.
   Should Mathematics and Science (including Physics, Chemistry and Biology as bases) be compulsory for all students in our secondary schools at least to Intermediate Certificate level?

6. Teacher Training.
   Should the universities assume responsibility for the training of teachers?

7. The Universities and Technical Colleges.
   Should Technical students be trained in a different institution from university students?

   Should medical students spend at least the first two years of their studies in the same institution as other university students, that is to say, should medical students attend many lectures and many sporting and other functions in common with other university students, at least for a reasonably long part of their training?

9. The Universities.
   Has the university any pastoral responsibility for the care of its students or is the moral discipline and tutorial guidance of its students no concern of the university? In fact, could it be true that the high failure rate brought about to some extent by the lack of responsibility of some students is the best method of selecting the wheat from the chaff? Or is this both wasteful and inimical to society's best interests?

   If your College course has made you aware of the existence of such problems as these, of their importance, and of the impossibility of giving any simple solution to any of them then your training and its methods have been justified.

WHAT A HEADMASTER EXPECTS

R. F. HODGE

Mr. Hodge is the Headmaster of Maitland Boys' High School and a Fellow of the Australian College of Education. We are proud to reprint here by his kind permission the address which he gave to outgoing students of Sydney Teachers' College at the invitation of their Principal, Dr. Turner.

What a stroke of genius it was for Dr. Turner to bring together a teacher, who has lived through forty years of educational developments riding the crests of the social upheavals of two world wars, and you teachers in embryo who will have in your hands the schools of the rocket age. The material you will work on is basically the same and fundamentally the goals will be the same but the immediate problems and methods must be geared to the demands of an age that we, the elders, approach with conjecture and misgiving. We, perhaps, have been adequate to our day and generation. You survey new horizons and must condition yourselves to meet the needs of yours. How I wish that I might share with you that work. You face the greatest challenge that teachers have met for 500 years—perhaps the critical one on which the history of peoples will turn.

Empires based on differing philosophies have shrivelled into dust in their brief minutes of eternity. Change and decay are the outward signposts of history but underneath, the legend of the Phoenix still asserts the eternal scale of values: the spirit of man (or is it God in man?) rises in majesty from the ashes of his past.

A civilization is only as good as its educators—I mean good in its deepest meaning for it is only good teachers in the academic sense can help to develop brilliant intellects but only good men and women can bring to maturity other good men and women. Any selective school can turn out clever rogues but only a school that puts first things first can turn out men and women afame with that spirit of service that can make a better world.

You see at once how great is your responsibility; how great your power; how unique your privilege. Australia tomorrow will be the Australia that you and your fellows make.

If you think that I exaggerate the importance of the teacher let me ask you who else is it that gives point and direction to lives when they crave direction and thirst for inspiration? Thus at the very beginning of this talk I must throw out this challenge. Only the noblest concept of life and its meaning and its purposes gives the highest ideals of the functions of the teacher; only the sincerest spirit of dedication is good enough for the task that confronts you. The teacher is more than a guide through the maze of academic subjects.

Above all else he is the interpreter, who by personal example, calm faith and wise counsel can lead his charges to grasp life firmly—even to a life beyond life. The crying need of this aimless and bewildered age is steadfast purpose and sure goals. Only inspirational teaching, sacrificial endeavour and dedicated service by people such as you can satisfy the hunger of the times. You may feel a sense of dismay or you may regard this old teacher with a slight cynic amusement when he presents teaching to you in this light. How else should I present it? The greatest teachers of all time approached their task in such a spirit—Buddha, Plato, Mahomet, Christ.

Only the sense of dedication and the passionate love of eternal truth gave meaning to their lives whose reverberations are with us still.

Some of you are teachers because like Luther you are no one else could share with you in the search of security; some of you in search of that teachers have no other profession but in search of anything better. All must face this stark truth that from now on you are different from other professional men—from engineers, from lawyers,
fident of many riotous periods to come. Discipline may be your
You could feel the silent whoop of joy that went up from a 2D con-
emotional instability. I arrived just in time to hear his peroration.
He was a goodlooking, rosy cheeked, blue eyed but slightly effeminate
leader. This is how he delivered himself bound into their hands:
"And so 2D, discip !inary and social.
coping with the ordinary problems of the class room - mainly
I leave you to imagine. Indeed one of the first things a Headmaster
learned to stand on his own feet and not on the Headmaster's
II
Head of a country high school whose corporate life is a rich experi-
teachers for they will
In my very early days in college a girl student had to give a
demonstration lesson to a kindergarten class. It was a very large
class and when she took over pandemonium prevailed. Very con-
dently she took the rostrum and then saw the class teacher's scissors
on the desk before her. They provided the inspiration and the
means. Raising them, her thumb and forefinger in the loops, "Look,
babies, she said. A few ceased their chatter to watch, their eyes
turned curiously to the scissors held high in the air. Then
delay, ever so slowly, she opened the blades until 50 pairs of eyes studied the extending blades and 50 months opened in time.
the teacher passed them to the young teacher held them in her hand. A born teacher. Interest, curiosity, a sense of drama, capitalised at once out of the class
students. Some of you will work with him next year. He is now
fair deal. I'll do the same for you."
It was a 2D Class at the worst stage of second year
modesty, humility, cheerfulness, enthusiasm, self discipline and self
elIacement, you will be listened to with respect.
ability to mix with your fellows is a quality that every Head-
no more objective judge of human
future may be determined in your first year of service by the staff
room alliances you make. On first appointment, observe, listen,
space of the staffroom, decide where virtue lies and
commit yourself unhesitatingly in that direction. Be chary of ex-
pressing yourself too emphatically too early. Grow into the staff
and shape is no less than the human soul-plastic, impressionable,
ment. They need your help to adapt themselves to the intermittent crises of class
are not always stared with daisies, and brickbats are apt
to come their way from the frustrated, the browned-off teachers who have missed the inspirational bus. On the subject of this type
if you give me a fair deal, I'll do the same for you." You can feel the silent whoop of joy that went up from a 2D con-
fident of many riotous periods to come. Discipline may be your
initial problem. The best advice I can give you is to walk in (the
matter what tremors there are in your heart) as though you owned
the class. They react to confidence. They react more spontaneously and explicitly to the shyness and diffidence of the younger
teacher. There is no more objective judge of human character; there
is no more cruel interpreter of his judgments that the twenty-
year-old. He will strip a teacher of his self esteem as scientifically as
he would detach the wings of a fly. But when you win him through
no limit to what he will do for you. Interest him, communicate your
enthusiasm for your subject to him and he is yours.
look at that as you look at that most of you secretly fear—classroom con-
trol—need give you no concern if you prepare your work, are
keen on your subject, can introduce it in an interesting way, are
human in your attitude to them. Forget yourself; forget your
democratic, generous, fair, and you will win him round. Jam will prize
interest, a sense of drama, capitalised at once out of the class
students. Some of you will work with him next year. He is now
Head of a country high school whose corporate life is a rich experi-
ence of all its students.
This, however, is not what Dr. Turner asked me to talk about. I
was to give you some inking of what a Headmaster expects from his
young teachers. To me it would be more interesting to know what
young teachers can expect from their Headmaster! Some have made it
very clear to me that he is someone to whom every kind of buck
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no limit to what he will do for you. Interest him, communicate your
enthusiasm for your subject to him and he is yours.
own staff is a young man who had the courage to stand up to me in a staff meeting when the old stagers judged silence the wiser policy. Be ready always on invitation to add your quota of ideas to the common pool. It is only in this way that the well-springs of educational theory and practice are to be reached. Be ready always on invitation to add your quota of ideas to the common pool. It is only in this way that the well-springs of educational theory and practice are to be reached.

You who have newly graduated will surely appreciate this apposite warning by Stephen Leacock. Commenting on the M.A. degree, he writes: "The meaning of this title—one who has been a recipient is pronounced full; after which no further information may be absorbed." Thus he lampoons the scholar turned like Lot's wife into a petrified statue of achievement. Don't stop where you are. The degree should only make you more acutely aware of intellectual nakedness. Press on like old Ulysses to the farthest limits of human experience. The thirst that in the soul doth rise doth ask a divine drink.

First he must act as though he were an integral part of the school, cherishing its traditions and proudly not to damage its standing in the community by rash or ill-considered acts. In a country town particularly where the high school is not infrequently the focal point of community life and where his high civic pride, the young teacher should be on his guard. People are apt to resent newcomers whose loose conduct appears to indicate little regard for the good name of the school.

And in theory teachers enjoy the same civic rights as other men. In practical fact they do not. The townsmen will not grant them the licence to please themselves with regard to their private lives. Any conduct such as excessive drinking, gambling, associating with the less reputable and responsible section of society will be injurious to the school and affect the children's attitudes to the teacher involved. Any Headmaster, therefore, careful of the standing of his school, will regard with anxiety the teacher which ignores the teacher's responsibility to the school. One such man I had. It was almost impossible to obtain board in the town. I placed this young teacher with a very good family. His irregular hours and drizzly air disturbed them and, because they loved the school, they sought my help. Repeated remonstrances were unavailing. After one last "lost weekend" he was moved to a place he'd never heard of and after ten years the name of that remote hamlet is, on our staff, a synonym for Siberia. The move met with the hearty approval of a staff that felt degraded by his actions. But the pity is that that home was closed forever to a teacher.

Of one thing be careful. Most Headmasters are jealous of the dignity of the service and look with pain upon careless, bizarre and outré dress and deportment and are even most hostile to slurred speech. Ours is an honourable profession only as long as those who profess it are worthy of honour. Lax dress, lax speech are usually pointers to indifferent attitudes, poor scholarship and low ethical standards.

By now I must have impressed you as a Headmaster to keep away from. Certainly not if you mean well and have teaching at heart as the greatest good a man may do. Come my way in that frame of mind, open yourselves to the multifarious influences of a great school, give freely of your endowments and your talents to the corporate life and you will be hailed as a younger brother—or sister. Class teaching is not enough. It is only a beginning. We want the whole man with all that he can give us.

One thing more, of trifling significance, as I thought when I was young. This boring matter of rolls and records, when one wants to teach, and teach, and teach! One develops a kind of allergy to dry dust records. Yet had it not been for the rolls and statistical records of ten years ago our administrators could not possibly have planned in advance for the 23 new schools (high schools) going up today. An illustration nearer home. A few weeks ago a boy was before the court for a little buccaneering expedition to Woolworths. The Child Welfare Officer apprehended him in Maitland. Yet the school roll (kept by a first year ex-student) had him present all that day. School rolls are legal court documents. I ask you of what value was that roll? I might also ask you of what value was the teacher whose duty it was to keep it?

One thing more and "the wheel has come full circle". I return to the beginning. Every Headmaster prays for youngsters fully committed to teaching not as a job, not as a craft, but as an art and a high profession—something you are called to do as the inescapable need for the expression of yourself, the realisation of your personality, the fulfilment, if you like, of your soul. Forget trade unionism. Forget the code of professional ethics. There is a higher code than this—service to humanity through the child and your own stewardship of your talents, self realisation through self-forgetting.

Now to conclude. Don't go into teaching without a profound study of the Wyndham Report. It is a synthesis of all that the most progressive and creative minds have been able to suggest as a way of satisfying the clamant needs of this democracy. It aims at revolutionary changes in educational thinking. It involves a mild economic revolution, but it needs, if its objects are to be realised, dynamic thinking, courage, enterprise and originality in the implementation. It arose from doubt and discontent: from the universal feeling that the shackles of a system that had lagged behind post-war demands and needs, must be thrown off to permit social progress, and, in the end, the ideal circumstances for each individual soul to realise itself. Ladies and Gentlemen, we of the older generation bow ourselves out. It's up to you.
DEAR MURIEL

Miss Muriel Fletcher, aged twenty four, and becoming rather apprehensive about her solitary state, just could not understand it at all. The Reverend Mr. Hayes, a bachelor previously quite oblivious of her charms, was suddenly showing quite clearly that he regarded her as the potential Mrs. Hayes. His newfound interest had shown itself only in the last few weeks. In fact, Miss Fletcher thought, his attitude had become apparent soon after the Sunday Tea, which had been held at his home in honour of the newly-formed Church choir. Surely her offer to help with the preparation of the food could not be the cause, although, of course, vulgar people said that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. It was a most puzzling situation. Why, last Sunday he had asked her to stay for a while after Church and help him choose the hymns for the next Sunday—a singular honour, surely! Of course she had written him a polite little note to thank him for his hospitality on the night of the tea, but that was common courtesy, and her note had been most conventional, even to the reference to two verses of the Bible for him to read. What verses had she chosen? Ah yes, of course, Philippians 21 and 22.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

But if I live in the flesh this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not."

Yes, Miss Fletcher decided, a suitable choice, showing modesty and dignity in her character.

The Reverend Mr. Hayes also was puzzled at this time. Miss Fletcher whom he had admired for so long but so hopelessly because of her obvious lack of interest in such an ordinary man as he, had suddenly shown herself to be a woman of amazing daring, initiative, and—oh joy—emotion. All this time, under her coldly modest exterior, had burnt a flame of love for him, and how he respected her courage in flushing convention and telling him of her love. It was after the Church Tea that she had thrown caution to the winds and written The Letter. And what a delightfully pertinent way of sending a message to a minister: Using the words of the Book itself. Ah, he must read them again. Yes here was the reference in the letter, "Phil. 21, 22."

Ah, this was it, Philémon 21, 22: "Having confidence in thy obedience I wrote unto thee, knowing that thou wilt also do more than I say. But withal prepare me also a lodging: for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you."

Ah, sweet Miss Fletcher.

Dear Muriel.

—C. McKERN.
Outside, a persistent drizzle was falling, the little drops on the window pane shone up in the light coming from inside, a light abruptly stopped and knocked down to the dirty pavement by the cold merciless darkness outside. Vague shadows could be distinguished hurrying along, ducked into the winter coats, colourless, shapeless, sad. In contrast to this unpleasant and depressing exterior an inviting and warming atmosphere was to be found on the other side of that window, where the soft clear light accentuated the colour contrasted bar and chairs and tables with lamp-shades and bunches of flowers here and there. The couple pushing the door open was welcomed by the friendly warmth inside and a smile from the waitress behind the bar. A glance to the left, where the bar rounded to the wall near the window, assured them that their favourite table was free. He doffed his army cap and took the girl's coat. Coming from the back, where he had left them on the coatstand, he sat down close to the girl who was already looking through the menu. A ceremonial it proved to be, as they decided to have the usual cup of black coffee.

"I'd rather have a tailor-made now," she answered him, when he offered to roll a cigarette for her. "And I pay for them. A large packet. We won't be home early tonight. It is nine o'clock already.

Do you have a pencil?"

"Here is one," the boy said.

"Since your mother wants us to marry in a proper manner, that is to say, according to the standards of before the war, we'd better make up a list of all the things we need and see what it is going to cost us. To start with, Furniture."

"O.K.," he said. "Round about three hundred."

"Then the linen for about a hundred."

A row of figures in pencil appeared on the paper. She leaned over when he started adding them up.

"When we have saved up two thousand altogether we may set our wedding date," he announced. She took the paper from the table and looked at it for a while. She laughed at it, turning it upside down, and then let it fall to the table. She turned to him.

"I'm not going to stay at home for seven days a week, for sure. So many couples marry on practically nothing and buy their things by and by. They manage very well. It happens all around us. I can't see why we can't do the same."

"Ah well, we'll get there somehow. One more cup of coffee and we'll go home."

A glance at the clock told them that it was close to midnight. As soon as they had finished their coffee and cigarette he collected her coat and they went outside. The rain had stopped. Instead a breeze had come up, chilly when it hit the face, but it did not make one shiver as the penetrating cold of the rain had done. There was not much said on the way home. They were both lost in their own thoughts.

A month had passed by since the two had made up a budget in the little cafe. The autumn had grown colder. Each coming night now could bring the frost as a changeover into winter. The shopping centre of the town was full of life now the festivities were drawing near. It was delightful to go for a stroll along the streets, composed only of shops, big and small, and to go up and down stairs through the door.
the big warehouses and see all the children with their cautioning parents gasp in admiration for, and try to touch, all the beautiful things that moved and rode around, the little lights blinking, puppets never getting tired of hopping and swinging around. In another three weeks, one night, Santa Claus would come and bring the good things.

One of these mornings the boy was off duty and together they went to the town's shopping centre, enjoying the window displays, just walking amongst the crowd. They went to the girl's place just after nine o'clock. A light night frost had cleared the air, giving one a desire to breathe deeply a few times and feel the goodness of it. Soon he stopped in front of an unusually large, dark green painted sheets of writing which had been enclosed in the parcel. While she was flying to the door, opening it quickly. She welcomed him with open arms and her laughing face forecast the pleasant day one also has become a nice little fellow. Come and have a look YOU is inside. A parcel from John in Australia has arrived, and picked up the thin pillows, and placed in back of sheets of writing which had been enclosed in the parcel. While she at her case was spelling out the letter from her son far off in Australia, the girl had grasped the photos and with him sitting in the arm of her father's armchair, they were looking at them. He saw the first older child in different positions, his future sister-in-law, holding the baby.

"How long has John been in Australia?" he asked her.

"Just over five years now. They reckon they'll come for a holiday after eight months in the army made his dislike for it.

He had heard of people migrating to Canada and South Africa, South Africa had been a big disappointment to a lot of people. Canada seemed to be O.K, and this was the first time he had heard about Australia. It had not interested him much. But being confronted with it so closely, it made its appeal. He would not be without work, when he was leaving the army. He could go back to his old job in the department office. He had been too glad however, to leave it. He didn't like an administrative job very much. The eighteen months in the army made his dislike for it even greater. Not for the sake of security and the attractive pension at the end was he going to waste forty years of his life.

Later that afternoon, pushing their bicycles on with their hands they walked arm in arm through the deserted streets after a glorious day of window shopping, lunch and tea drinkings. She had noticed that, although he had been gay and carefree that day, his thoughts seemed to wander sometimes. But by now he had grown very silent and his face reflected a serious mood.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said to him, when they had walked for a few silent minutes.

"Did you like it this afternoon? You look as though you were to be buried tomorrow." He looked at her and laughed.

"Oh no, it was a good day. I really enjoyed every bit of it."

"What's the matter? You have been thinking about something the whole day. Don't say no, because you have. Come on, tell me. Two know more than one." And she pressed his arm.

He had not wanted to speak about it yet, it being such a fresh idea, of which he did not know what to think himself yet. But unable to find any way to evade a straight-out answer he said:

"I was thinking of John—his parcel this morning. The way he started in Australia. He did not like the administrative work either, although he had a good position, did he? He seems to be doing all right in Australia. They couldn't take much with them, you told me."

He had looked to the ground while he was talking and so had she, listening. Now he looked up at her, expecting her to say something. She kept looking in front of her and he felt that she was waiting for the rest of it.

"You know how we stand," he began again. "It will be a long time before I am in a good position. Australia, however, gives you far more chances. Don't you think we could do the same? Either I go out first or we marry just before we go." He did not know any more to say.

"I myself wouldn't like to stay here on my own," she said slowly. "We'd better marry before we go."

Her answer startled him; for a moment he did not fully realise that she too must have been thinking about the possibility of emigration.

"I think we'd better find out a bit more about it, before we start anything. It is a big step and there is not much chance of coming back, you know." She paused for a little while.

"Let's hurry. I'd like to be home and the warmth. Let's ride the rest of the way. We'll be home and warm all the more quickly," she said. She did not want to speak any more about it. She had been thinking of it before. But now it had been said in words. The importance of the step could be seen in a clear light and was bewildering. They mounted their bikes and went around the corner, which brought them from the uneven cobblestones to the smooth tar surface of the street, where they lived.

ANON.
THE THOUGHTS OF A WARRIOR

Oh God! Oh God! once more I've crucified the Lamb.
Again I've driven well another nail—a lance.
My soul is drenched and sags beneath the tears I shed for civilised man.

Will God in mercy give us all another chance?
Satan's skull of death rides well upon my shoulders,
Its screams of joy still echo in my aching ears,
As yet once more, with a fiendish flourish, my name is writ within his folder.

For I've loosed a soul—buried a body with not a tear.
A muffled drum booms somewhere in my inner self.
Is it fear, or death? I've known no past emotions like it.
Its tone is troubling to a man who seeks not power, fame or wealth.
For life is love and love is all—but man destroys it.

Many more I've stilled, and more will show the glassy eye
Wherein we see the eternal painting etched in blood and framed in bone.

I gaze upon it horrified for there I spy:
Blackened, burned bodies, oiled in gore.
Symbols of man's rise in science—begetter of his fall;
His moral fall—owed to mortal fiends worthy of Hell,
Whose greed, lust, immorality and hate erupted into all the ugliness of war.

No matter how humble, how vast or how small.

The golden orb flits across the sky unchanged
And gazes with monotony on men at play.
She warms me well but many lie immune and cold for they are chained
In the world beyond, leaving us with nought but clay.
She watches till we march into the fallen city.
One naked, and depressed, and shedding tears of shame.
For its populace—now a wretched race, maintains pride and asks no pity.
From alien men who've sinfully their lives enslaved.
The wounded women gaze with wonder and dismay.
While the children cling in fear on the breasts of their dying mothers.
Oh, the children, the children. At sight of them I bow my head and pray.

For their ruined lives, and homes, all wrought by countless others.
The eyelid of day droops upon another scene.
Its flashes flicker for a time then close in shame.
I gaze upon the starry void and know that's where they've always been;
Unchanged and glorious in their canopy of flame.

I look upon a dome of peace, and
See a milky sky this summer's night.
A blaze with lights so soft and delicate
As silver webs aglow with dancing light.
In rhythmic time with the dextrous hand of Fate.

The wind's a maiden wand'ring sweet and light,
Across the stage of life with songs as sweet
As nourished wine, sipped from the cup of life.
In wondrous times of joy and love so fleet.

Quiescent night, oh soothe my heated soul,
Caress me with your wand of quiet dreams,
That I may lie as dead beneath thy bowl.
Wherein we lay our humble cares unseen.
So long as I remain a slave of Earth,
I'll marvel at thy beauty and thy birth.

How wretched we are in our mortal sin.
Shackled, enslaved by unwarranted vanity.
Repent and be humble before Christ the King.
Be humble, oh man. Avoid calamity.

Humility shines in a world of vanity as the remotest star
In a universe of splendid brilliance, as a mere flicker.
Insignificant and unnoticed when viewed as but a part of one.
Yet, if perchance one gazes at this finite flame
For but a moment, a radiance, unique and more beautiful
Than the more obvious infinite expanse, is felt.

—BRIAN I. JONES.
THE THEATRE

The glaring lights,
The brilliant signs,
The talking crowd in groups and lines;
The entrance door,
The tickets torn,
The usher's torch
On the carpet worn;
And now the seat,
The expectant quiet —
At last the show,
The opening night.

ROBERT COTTERILL.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING

It all started one evening when a workmate and I met Jack. Jack and I have been good friends since we were in Second Class together. During the few hours he spent with us we discussed his newly-begun profession, that of Physical Education teacher. When Jack left, my colleague said, "If I had my time over again, that's what I'd become a teacher. Even if I were your age I'd give it serious consideration."

This statement was the seed of the thoughts and enquiries which grew and developed in the next few days. Within a few weeks I was convinced that I could do what many of my friends had done, even though I was starting much later than they. The end of these weeks saw me attending Evening College determined to pass the Leaving Certificate Examination and obtain a teachers' college scholarship.

During the next two years of work by day and study at night, my enthusiasm did not wane. On the contrary, as time passed I became more convinced that teaching could be the most satisfying of all professions. The most important aspect of this satisfaction would not be the handling of day-to-day problems, but rather the realization of the development one has helped to bring about in the lives of children.

Finally, the day arrived when I received word that I had been granted a teachers' college scholarship. This news was just as exciting as seeing in the paper that I had passed the Leaving Certificate in six subjects.

The following months at Teachers' College have been crammed with new experiences and learning. Learning, not in the sense which is directed towards passing examinations, but in a sense which will be constantly drawn upon in the guidance and development of the future generation.

As my College days end, I cannot resist surveying the past few years to assure myself that they will never be regretted. Nor can I resist trying to see into the future. Shall I be able to put into practice what I have learnt at College? Shall I be a good teacher? Shall I be happy in my new career?

It is strange that these questions are before me now at the end of my student days and the beginning of my new career. They seem similar to the questions which were before me when I decided to become a teacher.

—W. CROSS.

LOOKING BACK

The vacation is over and we must be back at College tomorrow. A wave of regret sweeps over me as I think of the happy days I have passed at home.

As I cross the bridge, the river is far below me. Nestling back on the bank, almost under the bridge, is the sailing clubhouse. What fun we used to have there, spending many a happy hour in games or just sitting and talking. How enjoyable were those happy days spent in preparing the boats on the old wharf. Through the morning light breeze would spring up from the nor-east, rippling the still waters of the river. We learned to know whether the breeze would be light or heavy, and from what quarter it would come. There was the excitement of getting the boats into the water and milling round behind the starting buoy. All of this seems far away and lost.

Then I emerge from the tunnel-like bridge and before me to the south stretches Highway One. The freshly ploughed fields along the river levees look very fertile with their newly turned sod. As I turn into a gentle curve I pass 2TR transmitting station and the de-restricting sign almost simultaneously. I gradually wind the throttle on and listen as the tempo of the steadily throbbing engine increases and the wind comes fresher in my face. This stretch of road is certainly good since they raised it from the swamps and above flood level. Many times when the river came down have I watched the big cream lorries ploughing through the yellowish-brown water, steering by the tops of the white guide-posts along the road's edge. Then as I rise over the small hump out of the swamp I can see the new service-station and the aboriginal camp behind it down the road. I always slow down here—can't go running over any little dark kids. They always seem to be playing on the road. It's a wonder some of them aren't killed.

Now I leave home and the town and the camp behind. Down into the valley, up the first long hill, up and around the gentle curve with the white "Possum Brush" signpost, through Nabiac, Wauk Wauk, Bulahdelah. The wind sings in my ears and I turn for one last look. The lamp posts along the river bank seem to be standing sentinel over the town.

CONTRAST

All blue and bright the harbour lies,
Framed by soft and sunny skies
And on the far side
The pine trees hide
Behind the teeming busy town,
To where great ships come sailing down.
And beyond again, in a misty haze,
The mountains towards the heavens raise
Their pointed peaks in poignant purples
While down through these a cold stream gurgles
On its merry way to sea or bay.
All blue and bright the harbour lies.
Framed by the soft and sunny skies;
And on this side
The trains collide
In shunting movements, in and out
Of tunnels and sheds and big men shout
Orders to load the holds of the ships,
Ready to make their routine trips.

—JOSEPHINE L. TREGELLS.
A SHORT STORY

Gee, I wish I could write a short story. But I don’t know how to, I don’t even know anybody who writes them, besides Uncle Dan, that is. But they don’t put his stories in books to be read at school. They put his stories in books with pictures of girls in them. I know because Mum went mad at Dad when he left one on the bed where I could see it. Dad still buys them though. But he hides them in the workshop where Mum doesn’t look. Well one day Dad gave me a story to read from one of them and it was written by my Uncle Dan. It was a beaut murder one. All about killings and cutting bodies up in little pieces. For some reason I could swear real beaut. I thought he was the best swearer in the whole world but I hadn’t met Uncle Dan then. But Mum said I had to go and stay with Uncle Dan and Aunty Jean. I didn’t know Uncle Dan then but I knew Aunty Jean. She was a good kind of lady who went in for saying grace and praying and that sort of stuff.

The local policeman put me on the train and although I was scared I didn’t let him see that I was. Dad doesn’t like him and he calls him a stinking cop, because he made Dad pay him some money for the murderers and hung them.

Well this policeman put me on the train and away we went. After we had stopped at a couple of stations another man and lady got into the same part of the train as me. I asked them where they were going to and then I told them how far I was going. She said I must be pretty brave to travel so far on my own, and I told her that I was pretty brave and not even a bit scared. Then we got talking and I told them all about me going to Uncle Dan’s and Aunty Jean’s place. The man asked me where Uncle Dan worked, but I didn’t know so I told him Uncle Dan was a millionaire. I had heard Dad tell Mum about some millionaire who lived in the city so why shouldn’t Uncle Dan be him. I still don’t know what work Uncle Dan does beside write stories, but he talks to a lot of people on the phone, and he always comes from the races with more money than he goes with. I guess he is just lucky.

Well after I had been in the train a real long time the man in charge of the train came along, looked at my ticket and told me I was to get out at the next stop. When we pulled up there were people everywhere, but I grabbed my case and swaggered off the train, trying to walk just like Dad. I was a bit scared but I wasn’t going to let anyone know. Everyone was going through a gate and handing a man their tickets, so I did the same thing. I looked around for Aunty Jean, but I couldn’t see her so I just sat down on my case. I sat there a real long time, and my heart was beating real fast and I had a lump in my throat. A bit of water came into my eyes but I wasn’t crying. I was too brave to cry. Then a man came up to me and said “Good-day kid. I would know you anywhere. You’re just like your old man. Come on.” He picked up my bag and walked down the street till we came to a van. “You will have to travel in the back,” he said. “I have a mate in the front with me.” I climbed in after my bag and he slammed the door. Then I remembered some-thing Mum had read Dad out of the paper. It was about a boy being kidnapped by two men. Gee, then I got really scared and my mind started to wander. This wasn’t Uncle Dan at all, but a kidnapper. He would probably take me away and lock me in a barn and then ask Dad for a lot of money to get me back. Gee, what if Dad didn’t want me?

By this time the van was twisting and turning as it sped along the road. I could hear the murmur of voices from the kidnappers, and then as we coasted down a hill I distinctly heard one of the men say “What are you going to do with the kid?” My heart stopped beating as I heard the one I first thought was Uncle Dan say “Oh, I will have to get rid of him. Probably drown him or something.” That was too much for me. I was shaking like a leaf and the tears were running down my face. These men weren’t only kidnappers, but murderers too.

Then the van stopped and I heard one of the murderers coming round the back to open the door. I crouched in the corner away from the door, but when it was thrown open I saw Aunty Jean, in her dressing gown, standing near the gate. I jumped out of the van and ran into my Aunty’s arms. Clinging to her I stammered “Those men are kidnappers and murderers.” At this the murderers burst out laughing, but Aunty Jean didn’t laugh. She just held her arm around me and said “Why dear, what happened?” I told her what I had heard while coming home in the van, and putting me on the shoulder she said “My poor boy. That is Uncle Dan and Tom. They are authors and they were just discussing a book they are writing.”

Yes, as I said, I guess for some reason I will never forget one of Uncle Dan’s murder stories.

R. BROWNE.

I’M A CORPSE

Have you ever felt terrified?
Too terrified to play?
Has your blood ever curdled?
(With fear, that is to say.)
Have icy cold shivers
Run up and down your spine?
Have you ever thought that you had come
To the end of your earthly time.
No, you haven’t felt these things,
You laugh and shake your head.
But have you ever wondered
What it’s like to be dead?
Lying in a cold graveyard
Six foot underground.
You’re cold as ice, you cannot breathe,
There’re bodies all around.
I died, you know, some years ago,
So heed my good advice.
Take good care (you’ve time to spare)
You make the most of life.

A. COOMBES.
In the August holidays I had the good fortune to be one of a group of about thirty students to spend a holiday at Kiandra, in the Snowy Mountains.

We left Newcastle for Sydney at five o'clock on a Friday afternoon. At nine o'clock we were on the next stage of the journey, the 300 miles from Sydney to Cooma. All through the night the train rumbled on while we huddled together trying to sleep. Sleep would not come, however, and as the train climbed higher and higher into the Australian Alps we became correspondingly colder.

At long last the eastern sky paled from black to grey and soon we were able to see the surrounding countryside for the first time. But there was little time to ponder how the sheep grazing on the rocky pastures could survive in such chilly and barren conditions, for there was only half an hour before we were due in Cooma.

Later that morning we set out by bus on the final stage of the journey - the 56 miles to Kiandra. We felt a certain amount of anxiety at this stage, wondering if we would find snow at our destination. To us it seemed doubtful, for the sun was shining brightly from a cloudless sky and it seemed impossible that snow could exist on such a warm spring day. However, local residents assured us that all would be well.

The miles flew by and then quite suddenly we swung round a bend and were presented with a sight we shall never forget - a distant mountain range with a white top. This, for most of us, was our first view of snow. The distance between us and those mountain ranges slowly closed, until snowflakes on the side of the road confirmed that we were in those ranges. As we climbed, isolated patches of snow merged to form large snow fields and before long everything within sight was heavily covered with snow.

A welcome dinner awaited us at the chalet which was to be our home for the coming week, and afterwards we changed into our skiing clothing and were fitted out with skis and snow-boots.

At last we were all set to try our skill (or luck) at skiing. The amazement when you first stand up on the skis and suddenly find yourself gliding forward with rapidly increasing pace, quite incapable of stopping, is something that must be experienced to be believed.

Of course you are soon brought out of your amazement by a tumble. Then you begin the tedious task of climbing back to the top of the slope on skis which seem still determined to slide down the slope. Soon you are surprised to find yourself quite hot, and eager for another spill.

That evening great grey clouds swept over our winter-locked world and we became fascinated witnesses to the miracle of a snow fall. After tea we were out on the newly fallen snow, pounding each other with snow balls - a somewhat childish, but nonetheless satisfying, occupation.

Just over twenty-four hours had passed since we had left home, but it is hard to imagine how a day could be any more crowded with unique experiences. With the setting of the sun, the temperature dropped considerably, and that night as I lay in a freezing bunk thoughts of Scott and Shackleton and Captain Oates seemed to form a wraith-like chill in the imagination.

When morning came, everyone's thoughts were on snow and skiing. The sun shone brightly and the skiers looked fresh against the new snow, and the silent rapid glides of the experts on the ski run opposite the chalet were beautiful to watch.
Of course not all are experts. I do not know of any sport in which there is less humiliation in spills. Everyone is a learner in a sense for even the experts are out trying new turns or tricks and not always remaining perfectly upright.

At night there is a pleasant company about the fires, and much drying of boots and gloves and jackets. Community singing and a little folk dancing is enjoyed by all. Games such as table tennis and billiards are engaged in with much enthusiasm even though the equipment was not perfect.

Kiandra is situated in the centre of the Snowy Mountains Scheme which is the largest engineering works ever attempted in Australia and one of the largest in the world. Making use of this opportunity we hitch-hiked in groups of two and three to the various dams, tunnels and power stations. A few of the luckier ones managed to see the Yarrangobilly Caves which, so they informed us, rival the world famous Jenolan Caves in some respects, particularly in colour.

They say that all good things come to an end and our holiday on the snow slowly but surely drew to a conclusion. As it did, we all experienced a little regret but I think that for most of us this feeling of regret was compensated to a large extent by the wonderful memories we had acquired and the friends we had made.

— PETER MURPHY.

WHAT THE MOON SAW

The moon, in her journey across the sky,
Looked down with benign and kindly eye
Upon the city in the hills,
A city that was free from ills,
A city of warmth and jollity,
Of wine, and songs and gaiety,
Of friendly hearths and open doors,
Of honest men and honest laws.
Its windows gleamed a welcome mild.

The moon looked down from high — and smiled.

Drifting through the cloud-wracked sky,
The moon looked down with angry eye
Upon the city of the plain,
A city of smells, of dirt, of pain,
Of noise and garish lights,
Of argument and drunken fights,
Of twisted minds and crooked streets,
Of pimps and thugs, of spivs and cheats.
No good grew in that poisoned ground.
The moon looked down from high — and frowned.

But the wise old moon had seen many things,
The rise of empires, the fall of kings,
A message of love in a sighing breath,
Battle, and murder, and sudden death.
'Twas this same moon's diffused light
That shone on the stable Christmas night,
That shone on the desolate battlefield,
On the impotent sword and the dew-covered shield.

The boy and girl were enjoying each other's company immensely.

I am on the train but the Railways Department has made a blue.
I have seat ticket 310 but then so has someone else. That's too bad.
So I sit in 313 and hope that on one else for 313 gets in.

There is a good picture at the end of the carriage, an outcrop of rock jetting up from sweeping curves of rough bush and shadows cast by the earth in the morning sun.

A little boy cries, the whistle blows, we are moving, the door slams, someone walks by, the little boy cries. People talk now that the train is noisy and no one will hear what they are saying.

The sun is bright on the pad and I am conscious that I am trying to write my thoughts as they form and of course this is very artificial. I pull down the blind. This is the second time in two days I have been in a train like this. There seems to be nothing affecting me in any way or imposing itself upon my senses just now. The blind flies up. The sun is out. I hope it stays. One should have something definite to think about—a problem. This aimlessness is an appalling waste of time.

I look at the people around me; an old lady is gazing into space; the man beside her is tolerating the journey; a benevolent, efficient social worker type is knitting. Probably for a baby boy if she can find one. The young man beside her is just sitting. He looks out the window. He is rather satisfied with himself as he is, thank you. But then, perhaps most of us are?

A dear little girl wanders along between the seats and comes upon a little boy sitting on his mother's knee. She takes his hand and laughs. The little girl's mother gives chase: the little boy's eyes look up to meet hers: he smiles shyly at her. She doesn't smile back. The boy and girl are enjoying each other's company immensely. The efficient one is still knitting.

The little girl comes over and looks at me: I speak to her: she walks over to a woman across the aisle. She is a friendly little girl. I wish she would grow up to be as friendly and unaffected as she is now, but she won't—she is being trained early. Already, her mother has discouraged her friendliness. She thinks she is better than she really is, or possibly something else has caused her to act as she does. Dangers abound.

I think I'll go to the Buffet later for a pineapple juice.

The little girl is talking to the little boy again. She puts her head on his arm. They are playing together.

— ROBERT COTTERILL.

PROUD HERITAGE?

Free—are they?
Australia is their country—is it?
Dark-skinned, for food they prey
In arid country and primitive fires are lit.

— MAURICE DEARDS.

FREE FROM WHAT?

— MAURICE DEARDS.

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BREAM FISHING

Fishing has long been recognised as a pleasant and relaxing pastime. It can also be beneficial from the financial side in that the proceeds gained are always more than worthy of the effort spent in acquiring them. Combine these two points with the fact that bream is cheap and you have the main items of a good sport.

When one considers the amount of fish that is eaten on Good Friday alone, one begins to realise just how many fish must be eaten on our lakes and rivers. Yet the average angler catches only half the fish he could get if his methods were efficient. The fellow on holidays or the man out for a Sunday afternoon is not really an angler, but a feeder of scavenger fish such as trumpeter and toads. He goes to the nearest shop, buys a short length of thick line (“stuff that will hold a stone even if it comes along”), half a dozen half-ounce sinkers, one dozen large hooks, one pound of frozen prawns, and, if he intends to use the line again, a cork spool on which to wind it. When he has all this tucked away in his fishing bag he is prepared for his big bream. Little does he know that most of his implements are more of a hindrance than an aid. When you have finished reading this little article you will see that any catch such an angler makes is indeed a fluke.

To start with, he has the wrong approach. Quite often you will see him sitting along a crowded bank, leaning over an old bridge or even heaving on the anchor rope of a boat. Because he counts it as a pleasure trip he is more likely in a motor boat and because it is not often he has access to a motor boat he likes to move around in it. It is for this reason that you will so often see an amateur in the middle of the water or the man who lives near the water or the man who has been brought up near a lake or river.

In direct contrast with the amateur is the man who lives near the water or the man who has been brought up near a lake or river. To this man the pleasure and sport do not come from putting around in a motor boat or from changing position. This man is interested in fighting fish. He loves to feel the rush of line between his fingers and that the kicking strain of his fish as he plays him toward the shore. This man has unconsciously studied the movement of his fish and how to feel its kick. He knows how to catch him, where to catch him and, most important, when to hunt him. To the local man the bream is not only a source of entertainment but also a meal looked forward to by his whole family. His sons are introduced to the art as an early age and the arts taught to them are rarely forgotten.

Most important in fishing is to know where and when to fish. A fish, being a thing that is very easily frightened, stays away from civilization to a great extent. For this reason one will not expect to find large fish in a bay that was being used by speed boats, especially if that bay was relatively shallow. The experienced fisherman usually avoids such areas. A good line can see a long way in the day time, so, too, a bream’s enemies can see a long way underwater during the hours of light. Next time you go fishing go at night.

Of course the moon affects fish to a large extent. The fish is able to judge tides and times by the moon. It is also said that fish navigate by the moon. For this reason lights should be kept away from the water to prevent scaring the fish. Always select a fishing place that is away from powerful spot lights or even street lights that may be close to the water’s edge. If it is necessary to use a light in the boat at night, make sure its rays do not reach the water.

The bream is a very educated fish; or rather, very suspicious. To the person who is interested, fishing is not just a passive pastime but a scientific sport. These are the basic points such as information about sand holes, bait varieties, and seasonal movements can only be gained by experience. Most fishermen are only gained by experience.

The line is always thrown as far away from the boat or shore as possible. The reason for this is also because of the quietness of the spot and because of the shallow water, together with the fact that a bream does not feed right on the bottom, no sinker is used. Beginners always have trouble in throwing out their line.

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Many of the “old hands” use nothing but a small rowing boat. Others who have motor boats always stop the motor and scull in.

Setting the boat so that it does not swing with the wind is an intricate process. The boat is first rowed across the spot where it is intended to fish and when it has gone a suitable distance this point then the anchor rope is dropped. The boat is rowed backwards until all the front anchor rope is out and then the back anchor is dropped over the stern. The boat is now pulled up on the front anchor rope until it is in the required position. When this is achieved, both anchor ropes are firmly secured. All this is done with a minimum of noise, for even when one is as quiet as possible it is often up to half an hour before fish will venture into the disturbed spot. The boat has to be anchored at both ends to prevent it from moving with the wind. Movement would transfer to the line and show its presence to the fish. To preserve the fish’s natural environment is all important. Once the bream perceives that something is different he becomes suspicious. Hence a very light line is used. This adds to the sport for if not handled properly the fish has a good chance of getting away.

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The bream is a very educated fish; or rather, very suspicious. Often he will lie and suck the bait before swallowing it. Often he will take it away in little jerks, just to make sure that nothing is attached to it. At this point the angler must be especially careful, for if he touches or jerks his line the fish will spit the hook out. He must wait until the cork is spinning freely in the bottom of the boat. Now he must strike to drive the hook home. The last movements are only gained by experience.

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NEWCASTLE HARBOUR SCENE IN AUTUMN

It is mid-afternoon. Winter worries do not yet weary us, but summer scorch has subsided into autumnal pleasure. Lazily sitting here on some steps, I ponder the scene. The bustling port lies idle, ships' cranes and masts seem limp against the vivid sky. Preying gulls glide over sparkling Harbour water, and flock hopefully 'round a steady-chugging trawler. Industrial chimneys are enveloped in smoky airs, while, higher, white clouds, God-made vapours spread their beauty. Not many more days, and a brush held with cobalt clutch will stroke away the soothing shades, and paint anew in blacks and greys. Autumn beauty will be lost! —JOSEPHINE L. TREGELLIS.

A LETTER FROM AN EX-STUDENT IN A SMALL SCHOOL

During this year we have had letters from Miss Greta Hard, one of our ex-students, who is now in charge of a school in New Guinea. Below we print a letter received from Bill Grahame, another of our ex-students. Bill Grahame and Lionel Brown are the donors of the Brown-Grahame Trophy each year for outstanding sportsmanship among first-year students. I am sure that students will enjoy hearing from one of our ex-students who has done very well indeed since appointed to a school:

Dear Mr. Duncan,

It was most unfortunate for us that we moved here just before the College Sports Assembly this year, and so were unable to be present. Particular interest would have been added for me in the presence of Allan Davidson. I am the proud possessor of an inscribed cricket ball which gives me credit for having taken 7 for 25, including a hat-trick, in a High School match, Newcastle v. Gosford. Allan Davidson was the middle victim of the hat-trick. In the same game he took my wicket lbw for 83, so it was a memorable match for me. He bowled slow spinners then. I hardly need add that he had not matured into his current devastating form, or my figures would have been far less flattering!

I enclose my annual donation of £2/2/0, and apologise for not having sent it earlier. My reason (no excuse!) is that I arrived here in good time for return of Assessment Record, which (to be reasonably accurate) necessitated weeks of research for me into the past records, papers and books of eight pupils concerned.

We have "won the lottery" with this appointment (which I have been seeking for some time). The residence is big, comfortable and in excellent condition —£1,675 was spent on it last year and it is painted throughout in lovely pastel shades. The rental, of course, is only £50 p.a. — almost unbelievable to us after the last few years. The school has an enrolment of 33, and the people of the district are of a high standard culturally. There has been a complete absence of criticism of the previous teacher, and this to me (I'm sure you will agree) is a good sign. I have no hard road to hoe to rebuild the school standards, as happened in some of the small schools I had earlier. I need here only to maintain and build on firm foundations of behaviour and learning which are already well established. The attitude of the parents is co-operative and they are not rushing to welcome the "new broom" — what a trap this can be for young teachers who are led to believe early that they are so much more capable than their predecessors! It is a situation I would like to speak about in detail to teachers due for their first appointment in small schools. I believe I could help considerably with a simple list (formed out of experience, some of it bitter!) of invariable D0's and Don'ts to be observed at least for three months. It is in the early months of such appointments that a teacher can do himself most harm — often the rest of his stay is an uphill battle fighting off ill-chosen friendships he made (or just accepted?) too early, and giving the lie to statements he made (or just agreed with?) before giving them sufficient studied attention.

This is my fifth one-teacher school, including one Aboriginal with enrolment of 53. If you feel that a short essay by me on the above lines may be in any way helpful to students concerned, please let me know* and I will gladly construct it and send to you within a week. I often think of the subject.

I would be pleased to know the winner or winners of the Brown-Grahame Trophy this year, in order to write a personal note of congratulation.

Very kind regards to you personally.

(Signed) BILL GRAHAME.

*NOTE: No, Bill your letter is better than any article could be at this stage.

THE GLORY OF WAR

Where is the glory in war?
Is it to be found in the slimy jungles,
Or in murdering innocent men
At the command of ... malaria or dysentry?
Who wins a war?
No one; one side loses more heavily,
That is all.
—ROBERT COTTERILL.
A LETTER FROM PAPUA

Greta Hard was a member of the pioneer session of this College after teaching for three years she resigned and went to England and thence to the Continent. She returned home a couple of years ago and at present is headmistress of a native girls' boarding school in Papua with a normal enrolment of one hundred and twelve girls whose ages range from ten to seventeen.

Dear Mr. Duncan,

Our numbers have gone down by about 20 owing to a "puri puri" or magic scare. A rumour was spread about by a puri puri man in one of the nearby villages that everybody was going to turn into pigs, fish or dogs on a certain day only if they lived in European-type houses. Several of the girls became frightened and decided they would be better off back in their villages, so off they went and there was nothing we could do about it as schooling is not compulsory.

We had our crocodile shooting expedition - all night in the pouring rain for one ten footer, which sank in the mud when it was shot, so nobody believes we really got one. My job was spotlight operator.

We went in a small launch up Epo Creek from here - lined with mangrove swamps on either side and rather eerie in the dark. We saw three crocs. during the night but they submerged as soon as we put the spotlight on them. As the light shines in their eyes they glow brightly red just like tail-lights, and you can judge how big it is by the distance between the eyes, i.e. the experts can.

Last weekend I had to go to Ihu which is about 30 miles west of here, to pick up a woman going into hospital in Port Moresby. To get there I had to cross the Bay in the workboat, which towed the Landrover on an outsize double canoe, and then drive along the beach with the native driver as there is no road between here and there.

Being in the swampiest part of the Territory we had dozens of creeks to cross - sometimes fording them and sometimes being ferried across by the villagers and paying them with sticks of tobacco or "kuku" as they call it. We passed a copra plantation and finally arrived at Vailala East which is the nearest village to Ihu. From there we had to go a few miles up the river by canoe. It's very comfortable being a European woman, because they provide you with an armchair and you really ride in state.

I stayed at Ihu for the night and came back the following day with the woman I'd gone to collect, but we were trapped by the tide, and couldn't ford the last creek, so had to spend the night at the plantation and leave at 5 a.m. to catch the next low tide.

The usual mode of transport to the nearest rubber plantation is in the scoop of a tractor, three miles up a terrible road with a 300 ft. drop on either side. After the first few rides you just don't worry anymore.

Last month it was very pretty here with the rubber trees wintering. They were completely red. All the trees around the school are rubber, but now they are green again.

My classroom is made of native materials with a thatched roof and a dirt floor, but it's much cooler than the European building which forms the main part of the school and the dormitories.

Our garden is thriving and we are eating our own pineapple and bananas. During the last vacation Ikihuru, the little horror of the village, chopped down all the paw paw trees. so we had a few words to say to him.

At first I found the names difficult to remember, but now names like Lalahaia Maliaiahope just roll off the tongue, and my shortest name is Oe Eli (pronounced Oy Ayl.

Next month we are having a big singing festival for the whole district so we are busy practising folk dancing, maypoles (which we built ourselves), choir and sports. We have a girls' tug-o-war, canoe races, climbing the coconut tree, and all sorts of things, and it lasts for three days. It's the highlight of the school year.

There is so much to tell you about, but I feel I must end or it will be like a book.

Love to all.

GRETA

THE APPROACHING STORM

Bleak sky, dark clouds low'ring,
Heaving up from the south, lightning flashing,
Striking, burning - the storms approach,
And the rumbling, warring thunderheads encroach.

In the East, the teeming millions prepare
To take advantage of this growing beast
By arming and declaring war
On this nation in the south;
This place of freedom
Where people don't have to live from hand-to-mouth
But recline in snug and happy ease;
What, to us, means squalor, hunger and disease?

In the West, two mighty giants stand
With their courtiers all at hand.
Each fears the other, both are wary.
Which will be the first to take the risk?
Will one destroy the Iron Curtain
Or will the other use it as a shield
To wait till he can better weapons wield.

The North and the South are their testing grounds:
Each probing the other; both winning rounds.
Malaya, Thailand, Tibet and Korea
Budapest, the Suez - can this go on,
Before the eyes of our God...
That loving, omnipotent deity.

The wind is stale, the sea is grey
And breaks tiredly against its slimy reefs
And aches with a thousand thousand savage gries.
The dirty spume, like watery dust,
Drifts above the empty stands;
Old papers blown by windy gusts
Skip desperately across the dry, deserted sands.
Dark rotting sky above looks down,
Down upon a wilderness;
Behind all lies the smouldering, blackened town,
And everywhere the soured sea of bitterness
And death.

—ROBERT COTTERILL.
SPRING DAY

The day was going to be a comparatively easy one. After breakfasting at the usual time we set out with the tractor and some bags, for the old shed on the top of the hill. A slight cool wind was blowing, but it was refreshing and exhilarating to be moving in the sunshine with the dogs barking and running, occasionally giving chase to a stray rabbit. In what seemed no time we arrived at the shed.

After opening the doors and putting a bag on which to kneel beside two kerosene tins, the job started. The seed potatoes were to be sorted ready for setting. They were lying about eighteen inches deep all over the concrete floor. Shoots had already started to grow and had to be broken off. A few had long thin shoots that had to be thrown away as their producing time was over. However they were not wasted as the sheep were waiting patiently outside for this welcomed change of food.

Soon the loud sharp ring of potatoes dropping into the bucket was heard and then the dead thud of potato on potato. We worked side by side in an intimate silence, only occasionally speaking. The feeling of working side by side towards the same end was the best part of the day. After a couple of hours’ work the shoots and dead potatoes began to pile up and an uneven front of potatoes and concrete was facing us. It was time for a break. The man sat down, smoked his cigarette hungrily puffing yet showing in an odd way his love of the day. After a couple of hours’ work the shoots and dead potatoes began to pile up and an uneven front of potatoes and concrete was facing us. It was time for a break. The man sat down, smoked his cigarette hungrily puffing yet showing in an odd way his love of the day.

The waste was then shovelled out to the waiting sheep and the sorting began again. So the work continued, with occasional breaks. Shoots had already started to grow and had to be broken off. A few had long thin shoots that had to be thrown away as their producing time was over. However they were not wasted as the sheep were waiting patiently outside for this welcomed change of food.

As Fred straightened up he heard his name called. Arthur was at the fence.

“Hullo Fred. Got a minute to spare?”

Fred’s face showed none of the irritation that he felt. Probably wouldn’t matter if it did; Arthur’s hide was bullet proof. 

“Listen mate.” Arthur stepped over the fence, “I can get four tons o’ coal for free up at the mine.”

“Coal at a quid a ton,” he gloated.

Fred’s rage evaporated as he joined in Charlie’s laughter.

The sad tale was told, and as they reached the top of the rise Charlie paused for breath. Fred grinned as he saw Fitz’s truck in front of his place.

“Ah well,” he said, “it’s only a quid a ton.”

——FRED.

MAY OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE REMEMBERED

Another year ends. We are all one year older and that is one thing we have in common. But many of us will now begin a new phase in our lives, while others still have time left in pastures known. Whether we have enjoyed College life or not it has had its influence on us, and we hope it has been for the betterment of our personalities and characters. People we have come in contact with will be placed in various categories: those who have made a great impact on our lives and who will never be forgotten; those who were mere acquaintances; and those whom we disliked and avoided throughout College days. Now these days are ended and in years to come when names have been forgotten and only faces remain some event may stir a memory and a pleasant, humorous, or even a mixed experience will be re-lived.

What has life in store for us? We do not know, and this is best—perhaps we could not enjoy the present moment should we know. But we do know of the past. Do not, now that you are venturing out, cut yourself completely off from the past, but try to harmonise a little of the past with the future.

Some will keep contact while others will never be heard of again. But if we wish to make the silent resolve to return for Reunion next year, every one of us would gain. We have watched each other grow from schoolchildren to a stage ‘twixt and between. College years should not be a race without parallel. We shall all change when we venture out into the world, and if we are true students of character (as all teachers should be) meeting again to see how the matured students look and behaves should be both interesting and profitable. Some may change for the worse in our eyes while others whom we now abhor may become attractive.

What has life in store for us? We do not know, and this is best—perhaps we could not enjoy the present moment should we know. But we do know of the past. Do not, now that you are venturing out, cut yourself completely off from the past, but try to harmonise a little of the past with the future.

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When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with someone whose mere personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. From the lips of Basil Hallward comes the first indication of the shattering power of Dorian Gray—"This young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose leaves."

With consummate skill, Oscar Wilde traces the life of Dorian Gray and of the people who are irresistibly drawn into the fabric of his life, and leave it—warped, broken and discoloured. The first to suspect is Basil, whose attraction towards him falls little short of adoration. "Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are—my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray's good looks—we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly."

Could Basil Hallward have realised the strength and truth of his tremendous prophecy? Recurringly, he speaks of the "subtle influence passed from him to me"—"as long as I live, the personality of Diran Gray will dominate me"—"my life as an artist depends on him."

Dorian Gray is introduced to the reader as a petulant, somewhat childish, very handsome youth. This meeting is also the first for another—a person whose influence seems at times almost to surmount the tremendous dominance exerted by the young man over others—person by the name of Lord Henry Wotton. "Nothing can cure the soul but the senses just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul." This phrase of Lord Harry's is to dog the footsteps of Dorian Gray to the depths of his corruption.

The occasion of their acquaintance is in Basil's studio where he is painting a portrait of Dorian—the best he has ever done "because without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this superb artistic idolatory." This portrait is to become the focal point of the story—the mirror of the filth and corruption of the soul, a soul cased in the unaging beauty of his youth. A chance word spoken in a moment of artistic appreciation, is the germ of the realisation of his wish—

"If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture was to grow old! For that—for that—I would give everything. Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that."

Lord Harry weaves his way through the story—philosophising, delivering brilliant if curious epigrams and working his subtle mastery over the destiny of Dorian Gray.

"Talking to him (Dorian) was like playing upon an exquisite violin. He answered every touch and thrill of the bow... There was something terribly enthralling in the exercise of influence. No other activity was like it. To project one's soul into some gracious form... To convey one's temperament into another as though it were a subtle fluid or a strange perfume." He would seek to dominate him. He would make that wonderful spirit his own.

"There is something fascinating in this son of Love and Death."

Harry would play Mephistopheles to Dorian's Faust.
A few samples of the many and varied craft activities are shown here. The figures along the top are examples of papier mache modelling on wire armature. On the left are samples of cardloom weaving worked by the Infants' Sections. Pattern weaving, a more complex process, is exemplified in the articles on the right.

One evening Dorian chances into a theatre in the grimy section of East London where Shakespeare is playing and sees Sybil Vane perform. He falls in love with her, and in time, she with him. He takes Harry to watch her perform, but her acting—which to him had previously been the strongest force of her appeal, in its versatility and artistry, is dreadful on this occasion. She explains this away by the fact that now she has him, her acting means nothing to her—she does not need it. He leaves her in disgust, and his next news of her is that she has killed herself. Already his touch has turned not to gold, but to evil and sorrow. It is now that he notices the first change in the portrait—"The quivering ardent sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly as if he had been looking into a mirror."

This shocking discovery is close followed by a visit from the artist, who is desirous of exhibiting the portrait Dorian hurriedly refuses and subsequently receives a confession from Basil.

"From the moment I met you, your personality had the most extraordinary influence over me. I was dominated, soul, brain, and power by you. You became to me the visible incarnation of that unseen ideal whose memory haunts us artists like an exquisite dream. I worshipped you." Dorian feels only infinite pity for his friend. Basil can now accept Dorian's refusal to allow him to see the portrait.

The portrait has necessarily to be hidden and this is effected by hiding it in his schoolroom, to which only he himself is to have access. He covers it with a large purple satin coverlet, heavily embroidered in gold—a cloth which had originally been taken from a convent, in which it had served as a pall. Now it was to hide something that had a corruption of its own, worse than the corruption of death—something that would breed horrors and yet never die.

"What the worm was to the corpse, his sins would be to the painted image on the canvas. They would mar its beauty and eat away its face. They would defile and make it shameful. And yet the thing would live on. It would always be alive."

Momentarily he wishes he had told Basil the horrible truth. Perhaps Basil could have helped him to resist Lord Henry's influence, and the still more poisonous influences that came from his own temperament.

From Lord Henry comes the instrument of his greater and ultimate downfall—an instrument in the shape of a small yellow book. A novel without a plot, it is the psychological study of a young Parisian who "spent his life trying to realise in the Nineteenth Century all the passions and modes of thought that belonged to every Century but his own." It is a poisonous book, whose poisons gradually integrate themselves with his whole existence, casting him into the nadir of his debauchery and corruption. It seems that he could not free himself from its influence, or rather, never sought to free himself. "The whole book seemed to him to contain the story of his own life, written before he had lived it."

Still, the bloom and beauty of youth never left his face. "He had always the look of one who kept himself unspotted from the world." The strange rumours and evil reports which circulated about him were immediately discounted when their listeners came face to face with him. Often he took a mirror and stood before the portrait. The very sharpness of the contrast used to quicken his sense of
pleasure. "He grew more and more inamoured of his own beauty, more and more interested in the corruption of his own soul. He would examine with minute care, and sometimes with a monstrous and terrible delight, the hideous lines that seared the wrinkled forehead, or crawled around the heavy sensual mouth. wondering sometimes which were the more horrible. the signs of sin or the signs of pleasure. "Be grew more and more inamoured of his own soul. He would place his white hands beside the course bloated hands. The hideous lines that scared the wrinkling forehead, the hideous face which had retained all the beauty and innocence it had at twenty. "The face of the man he had sought had all the unattained purity of youth." James Vane is satisfied that he has made a terrible mistake, and this is not the Prince Charming he sought. But Dorian is not free—a woman from the waterfront den tells Vane of his mistake.

"It's nigh on eighteen years since Prince Charming made me what I am—He's the worst one that comes here. They say he sold himself to the devil for a pretty face."

For a short period he is allowed a respite, but James Vane has not forgotten, and Dorian Gray is not to be allowed to forget. He goes into the hot house of his mansion Selby Royal, some months later, to choose an orchid to please a lady. He is found minutes later in a swoon. "There was a wild recklessness of gaiety in his manner as he sat at table, but now and then a thrill of terror ran through him when he remembered that, pressed against the window of the conservatory, like a white handkerchief, he had seen watching him, the face of James Vane."

The following day, the party goes shooting—there is a scream—a man has been accidentally shot while hidden in the undergrowth. A man whose name is James Vane. "He stood there for some minutes looking at the dead body. As he rode home, his eyes were full of tears, for he knew he was safe."

Now begins the fierce determination to amend his life — "to be good." As yet there is not a great deal of excitement over Basil Hallward's sudden disappearance, and he has no fears that what little sensation there will be not eventually wane and die.

Inevitably, the desire to look at the portrait arises once again. "Perhaps if his life became pure, he would be able to expel every sign of evil passion from the face... and the hideous thing he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him." But he was to be disillusioned. If anything, the image was worse. The red that had appeared on the hand when he killed Basil was brighter. "It seemed to have crept like a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped—blood even on the hand that had not held the knife."

The idea occurs to him to confess; but he quickly discounts it, for no one would believe "this young Adonis" guilty of such a heinous deed.

There is only one thing to do—destroy this dreadful image of his soul, this record of the corruption and futility of his life. He seizesthe instrument of Basil's murder and stabs the picture with it. There is a cry heard and a crash. The servants trace it to the school-room.

When they entered, they found, hanging upon the wall, a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him. On the floor before it lay a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his hand. He was withered, wrinkled, and his face was loathsome.

"It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognised who it was."
Puppetry is a part of the Infants’ Art Course. These photographs show (above) Enid Patterson, Caralyn Waters, Lorraine Emeron and (below) Rosemary Moss, Jennifer Searle, Sylvia Roberts and Maureen Kelly with some of the puppets.
SECTION 108
Back Row (l. to r.): Helen Gillard, Lynn Barton, Narelle Crooks, Colleen Bennett, Jeanette McDonald.
Front Row (l. to r.): Heather Lee, Margaret Siao, Rhonda Spence, Janet Fenesty, Elaine Pain.

Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 109
Front Row (l. to r.): M. Heffron, E. German, J. Hogan, G. Gore, Miss Whittle, G. Symes, J. Collins, R. Creasley, B. Daly.

Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 110
Top Row (l. to r.): Lynne Paterson, John Jones, Ross Keene, Ken Dallen, Bob Catterill, Tony Peynter, Bob Paskin.
Centre Row: Mrs. M. Davies, Anne Kennedy, Jan Poulton, Calleen Smith, Rev. McBoan, Ross Maumost, Mrs. M. Pearey, Dick Pascoe, Bill Turner.
Bottom Row (l. to r.): Margaret Dunne, Helen Bahrke, Rev. Challiner, Leanne Lette, Mr. G. Atkinson (Section Adviser), Barbara Hancock, Sandra Harris, Betty Milligate, Judy Johnston, Elizabeth Dunne.
Absent: Roger Armstrong, Margaret Rice.

Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 201
Back Row (l. to r.): Rita Holliday, Pam Hobbs, Ruth Yeates, Robyn Browne, Elizabeth Adamson, Marian Patres.
Middle Row (l. to r.): Robyn Hennessy, Helen Rowe, Mary Brett, Judith Bruce, Pat Cault-hard, Consie Brown, Sandra Gemme, Margaret Nancarrow.
Front Row (l. to r.): Rosemary Diamond, Jan Jeffrey, Sue Fryer, Joan Myers, Miss Baines, Maureen Humphris, Irene Beeton, Matie Goldsmith, Fred Kennedy.

Photograph by McRae Studios.
SECTION 202
Front Row (l. to r.): Gail Cramblin, Foye Robson, Rosemary Thompson, Marcia McGregor, Maureen Kelly, Anne Grey, Margaret Henderson, Vivian Burgman, June Cameron.
Second Row (l. to r.): Norida Ritchie, Robyn Tindle, Jenny Searle, Pam Gimbert, Mary McDonald, Helena Pickles, Rosemary Ross, Mayo O'Rourke, Margaret Pant, Yvonne Halmes, Callum Balam, Dorothy Brooker.
Back Row (l. to r.): Val Carney, Enid Patterson, Carenke Waters, Wendy Edmond, Lorraine Emerton, Valda Yamin, Beverley Thompson, Sylvia Roberts, Rosemary Gash.
— Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 203
Middle Row (l. to r.): J. Holton, G. Stewart, F. Humphrey, R. Maas, R. Challenger, R. Birch, K. Curry, J. Delaney, H. Charlesworth, A. Adamsen, J. Bottle.
Front Row (l. to r.): A. Brown, T. Wilson, J. Fernance, J. Pombrale, M. Bowen, Miss C. Smith, A. Townsends, E. Rabie, D. Cav, B. Keelan, P. Smith.
— Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 204
Top Row (l. to r.): Derek Adams, Ron Lewis, Mick Kearney, Perc Nash, Bill Muir, John Mannie, Roy Kelly, Graham Noble.
Second Row (l. to r.): Glennis Johnstone, Genevieve Caughlan, Valeria Taylor, Carol James, Margaret Ryan, Margaret Engelbauer, Vicki Lovell.
Third Row (l. to r.): Sue Crolle, Bruce Nelson, Callum McMurray, Bob Lawler, Ann Simmons, Denis Lutman, Miss J. Poole, Alan Fraw, Joy Hughes, Peter James.
Absent: Yvonne Beavan, Ann Graham, Beverley Nixon, Valerie Smith, Peter Eichmann, Brian Hadden, Maurice Murray.
— Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 205
Back Row (l. to r.): Leigh Farron, Frank Parkenham, Iven Guyer, John Faron, Colin Pitton, Roy On, Mick Yakich, Roy McDunnle.
Middle Row (l. to r.): Jim Booth, Roy Soms, Fred Yakich, Robyn Wright, Judith Wilson, Roy Donald, Maurice Donets, Colin Whitmough, Vince Fennina, Frank Flannagan, Moes Fretter.
Front Row (l. to r.): Mollie Swales, Betty Richardson, Alna Smith, Coral Agnew, Lorraine Francis, Ann Sampson, Ann Corbett, Jon Clark, Pam Disty, Vicki Severstes, Jeannette Brown.
— Photograph by McRae Studios.
CLUB PHOTOGRAPHS AND REPORTS

SOCIAL AND RECREATION CLUB

This club has had one of its best years ever, both in finance and enjoyment. On total attendances, the weekly dances were larger than those of previous years and were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A Picnic at Box Beach was arranged in April. The overcast sky failed to dampen the spirits of the forty who attended, and the picnic proved to be a success.

The Annual Ball saw a total of 417 in attendance, and the twenty official guests were delighted with the decorations of the loges. We were told that this year's ball was the "best ever".

As the year draws to a close the executives of the Social and Recreation Club, Bonnie King and Jan King, would like to thank all students for their co-operation which has ensured a successful year.

— JIM PEMBROKE, President.

TENNIS REPORT

The climax to an interesting tennis season this year was the Inter-collegiate clash with Armidale College. Unfortunately for Newcastle, we were just overshadowed by a slightly better opposition in both men's and women's series. However, morale was high on both sides and matches were played with a keen spirit.

The teams were: Men: B. James, K. Preece, J. Prior, R. Birch. Women: D. Gower, A. Muldoon, J. Clarke, J. Blue. Bruce James won the men's championship of 1959 and Dorothy Gower the women's. Bruce James and Don Watters took off the men's doubles, while Jan Clarke and Ame Muldoon won the women's.

In the mixed doubles, Bruce James and Barbara Nielsen won after a close fight.

In conjunction with the championships, social tennis provided ample opportunity for students to become associated with new friends as well as to enjoy the game.

The coaching classes, introduced in 1958, began in a most promising fashion this year but, unfortunately, interest seemed to slacken as the lessons progressed.

However on the whole, the Tennis Club functioned very successfully this year.

Officers for 1960 are: President, Bruce James; Secretary, Ken Preece; Treasurer, Dorothy Gower.

We wish them a successful year.

— RAY BIRCH.
RUGBY UNION CLUB

This year has been an outstanding one for the Rugby Union Club, especially for the representative team which completed the season undefeated.

Strangely enough, the attitude to training could not have been worse, yet the main features of the play were speed and teamwork at a top first grade standard.

The Intercollegiate at Armidale was probably the highlight of the season when, after one of the fastest and hardest games of the season, Newcastle won 19-11.

During the game Nick Yakich scored two tries resulting from movements on our own try line. Lew Christian completely outclassed the Armidale fullback on every occasion.

The forwards at the beginning of the season were far too loose, however by the end of the second round of the competition they began to hunt as an effective pack, and were very quick to take advantage of a loose ball.

The forwards' speed was back-line standard and the defence was their strongest point. In short, lack of weight was amply balanced by general play.

Third grade also proved their worth by gaining the minor premiership. They were extremely unfortunate to be defeated 9-8 in the grand final by a well-known first grade side.

The club extends its thanks to Mr. Duncan and Mr. Noble for the keen interest they showed and for their welcomed advice.

Our appreciation for the help of Miss Barnes, could well be compared with the enjoyment obtained from a cold piece of pineapple at half-time in a football match.

Reserve Grade
Back Row (l. to r.): G. Matthews, K. North, J. Fernance, R. Pearce, N. Yakich.
Middle Row (l. to r.): M. Jones, J. Perry, P. James, J. Doherty, J. Doby, J. Bottle.
Front Row (l. to r.): F. Yakich, V. Fernico, W. Elder, M. Bowen (Cplt.), L. Christian, B. Maddon, C. Hughes.

—— Photograph by McRae Studios.

Reserve Grade
Back Row (l. to r.): J. Perry, M. Gatty, J. Cruikshank, T. Notley.
Middle Row (l. to r.): K. North, D. Wothersom, B. Bennett, J. Doherty, C. Leary.
Front Row (l. to r.): F. Yakich, M. Jones, J. Foran, G. Stewart, J. Bottle, D. Conroy.
Absent: Jim Pembroke.

—— Photograph by McRae Studios.

RUGBY UNION — 3rd GRADE

In conclusion, on behalf of the second year footballers, I wish both grades every success in 1960, although not quite as much as this year "just for the records".

— BILL ELDER.

SWIMMING CLUB

The annual swimming carnival was conducted this year at Maitland pool in March. The carnival was an outstanding success with 300 spectators and many competitors. The men's championship was won by Alan Prout and the women's champion was Sandra Harris.

The general standard of swimming and lifesaving at the college this year is at a very high level as was last year's when Newcastle College won the President's Cup for lifesaving efficiency. This cup is competed for each year by all N.S.W. Teachers' Colleges and this is the first time that it has been won by this College. No doubt this will provide a great incentive for this year's swimming school.

RAY KELLY (Pres.), ALAN BROWN (Sec.), ANNE CORBETT (Treas.), Swimming Club Officers for 1960; Ross Maunsell, Pres., Carol Bowrey, Sec., Keith North, Treas.

SOCcer CLUB

This year our annual game against Balmain was a feature of the 1959 Soccer season. The welcome to Balmain social was held in the canteen and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Next morning both teams
were appalled at the condition of the ground. The final score, after a wet but enjoyable 90 minutes indicated a win for Balmain, the score being 3-2.

At Armidale, the games was played on a hard dry field. After the break, the score standing at 0-0, Newcastle managed to work the ball up to the Armidale goalmouth and Bruce Orr, playing inspired football, headed a nice cross into the net for the only goal of the match. Officers for 1960, Bill Turner, Bill Fairhurst and George Jones, are looking forward to another successful year.

—JIM PEMBROKE.

BADMINTON CLUB

This year has been a most profitable one for the Badminton Club, for not only did the players showing considerable improvement, the club’s social atmosphere has benefited greatly.

New and better equipment was purchased and early in the third term championship matches were played at the Showground Courts. Results were:

Men’s Singles, E. Harvey; Ladies’ Singles, B. Nielsen; Men’s Doubles, E. Harvey-B. James; Ladies Doubles, B. Nielsen-B. Daly; Mixed Doubles, B. Nielsen-E. Harvey.

Our congratulations go to these players for their success. Thanks also to all those people who have shown interest in or helped the club during this year. With the high standard of play which has now been reached, and the rising membership of the club, especially in its male section, 1960 shows promise of being both a bright and interesting season.

—BARBARA HANCOCK.

MEN’S HOCKEY CLUB

This year has proved highly successful in both local and Inter-collegiate competitions. Due to early interference in training and lack of experience in the side, the team made a poor start—the effect of which was that we were left out of local premiership honours. The improvement in the side during the year can be shown by comparison of the first and last matches of the local under 18 competition. In the first match Balmain was defeated 8 goals to one in a lop-sided 90 minutes play. A few months later Newcastle defeated the same team 2-1 in a close, exciting game.

In June we made our first trip to Sydney to play Sydney Teachers’ College and were defeated 5-0 by a far superior team in a fast open game.

The following month we took a social tour to Taree with other College teams. The first match against their B grade team we drew 2-2 but lost the A grade match immediately afterwards 4-0.

Next weekend we again travelled to Sydney, this time to play Balmain Teachers’ College. The game was a disappointment for us, losing 1-0. While there we defeated a Sydney University side 3-0.

In the same month we were invited to Gloucester where, after a thoroughly enjoyable time, we ran cut winners 2-0 and 6-2 over a weakened home side.

Other matches during the year included a 4-3 win against Armidale during Intercollegiate, a 6-2 victory over Alexander McKie on the home ground and a close 3-2 defeat of Bathurst at Bathurst. This proved a fitting conclusion to the year.

Barry Lowe ably captained the team on the field while Reg Page top-scored with 19 goals during the year, closely followed by Ken Fitton’s 15.

To Watt Street, the Newcastle Representative Under 16 Team, Taree Tigers and Gloucester Hockey Club, we extend our thanks for their social matches.

Results of the season were as follows: Matches played 29; matches won 9; matches lost 16, matches drawn 4; goals for 50, goals against 71.

Next year’s officers are as follows: President—Philip Drummond; Vice-President—Ken Fitton; Secretary—Ted Bunny. —MAX FRATER

SQUASH CLUB

Perhaps the most outstanding success this year has been the lift in rating of both men’s and women’s teams in the local competition. The men’s team for the present spring competition recently reached the “C” Grade quarter-finals undefeated. It consists of Brian Cook (Capt.), Bruce Avis, Bruce James and Colin Whatmough.

The women’s team, comprising Laraine Hattam (Capt.), Anne Corbett, Beverley Baker and Jan Clarke, is doing almost as well in the women’s “B” competition, and at present is in second place, one point behind the leaders. They should also make the semi-finals.

Earlier in the year the competition championships for 1959 were held at Newcastle Squash Centre. In the men’s final Bruce James defeated Bruce Avis in four close sets, while in the women’s section Laraine Hattam defeated C. Oughlan in three.

Award winners for 1959 are—Blues: B. Avis, B. Cook, B. James, L. Hattam. Awards of Merit—C. Whatmough, M. Presland, J. Booth, J. Pembroke, A. Corbett, G. Coughlan, C. McMurray, V. Smith, P. Coulthard.

The club would like to thank all those who helped to make 1959 a very successful year, and in particular they extend their thanks to Mr. B. Ross of the Darby Street Squash Centre, for the services he has rendered to the players throughout the year. —BRIAN COOK.
GOLF CLUB

The members of the Club this year were a keen and vigorous group. Golf coaching classes were held at Merewether and were well-attended.

The championships were held at the Steel Works and forty lovers of the sport braved the elements. Congratulations are due to Phil Billings, Helen Gillard and Jim Pembroke who managed to escape the ravines, precipices and sand dunes.

We would like to wish members of the Golf Club every success in the future.

— ROSEMARY THOMPSON.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

1959 was one of the best years ever for table-tennis at College. Attendances at the “Y” on Thursday afternoon were always pleasing.

In the competition matches N.T.C. won the Ladies’ Division and the D Grade men were runners-up.

Probably the climax of the year was the College championships. These matches were played at the “Y”. In the men’s singles final John Prior defeated Bob Lawler 21-16, 21-18, 21-16, in an exciting and very close match. It was John’s ability to take the attack from Bob which earned him the win. The score was in doubt right to the final hit.

Jan Poulton and Maureen Fair fought out the women’s singles in three sets, Jan eventually winning 13-21, 21-14, 21-15.

In the men’s doubles John Prior and Bob Lawler defeated Percy Nash and Jim Pembroke, and Jan Poulton and Louise Waites took out the women’s event 21-19, 21-19.

The mixed doubles resulted in a win for Maureen Fair and Bob Lawler, who defeated Jan Poulton and Bill Turner.

In all, the championships were a very happy occasion where sportsmanship was evident from the first shot until the last. Well done, all who played!

— Photograph by McRae Studios.
BASKETBALL

Back Row (I. to r.): J. Foron, M. Golly, W. Cross, K. North, J. Hinde.
Front Row (I. to r.): M. Bowen, V. Formica, J. Pembrok.

BASKETBALL CLUB

The basketball club enjoyed a year of playing which was not completely successful. The teams had to forfeit many times because of vacations, Inter Collegiate and other functions. In the winter competition the B grade team was only beaten three times but had to forfeit six times and then just missed making the semi-finals. The two C grade teams were not so successful and suffered several defeats.

In the short summer competition, the College has only one team playing because of a shortage of time and courts. This team is playing C grade and is at present leading. We have been beaten only once in eight matches and that was by one point.

The Inter Collegiate match against Armidale was very close and we were unluckily beaten 26-33. The Newcastle team found the air thinner than "home" and encountered difficulty in breathing after the first 15 minutes.

Officers for next year have been elected and we wish them a successful year.

These are Ted Bunny (President), Phil Drummond (Secretary).

V. FORMICA, President.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The forty members of T.C.C.F. have enjoyed a year of fun and fellowship together. Social activities included a boat cruise, several house parties, squash evenings in the canteen, and other activities at the end of third term.

On the spiritual side we have had talks by visiting clergymen and also discussions led by our own members. The Billy Graham Crusade was the highlight of the year, and although the centre of this Crusade was not in our city we did participate in it by means of Relay Meetings and trips to Sydney by bus.

Our new committee, headed by Bruce James as President, is ready for the year ahead. We do pray that those already C.Fers will support them to the utmost, and that many who are not already members will attend the meetings and receive a blessing from them.

JENNIE SEARLE, Secretary.

MUSIC SOCIETY

This year the music society has functioned actively in College. A Recorded Music Club was founded and attendances at lunch hour meetings were quite encouraging.

At such meetings, musical works—both jazz and classical—were played and in this way those who did attend heard and appreciated music that they may have not known otherwise.

Our Choral Concert this year was once again a great success. Both audience and choir members were quite thrilled at the performance. Our thanks to Miss Cornell and Miss Sneddon who made it such a success. The Music Society hopes that next year the musical activities of the College will be even better than this year, and that once again they will have your support.

ROSEMARY DIAMOND, President.
PRINTING CLUB

This year the printing club has not been quite as active as it was last year, probably because 207's free periods have been reduced to enable the study of extra subjects. However, the activities have included the duplicating of Altjiringa, the printing of ball tickets, programmes for the "College Revue" and fabric printing for the girls' tunics for their visit to Armidale.

These tasks together with many smaller ones which have arisen over the past year have been adequately carried out by the members of 207. I would like to thank all those who gave their assistance, for without them the printing club would not have functioned. My special thanks go to Paul Doohan, Andrew Anderson, Bill Cross, Errol Billingham and Bruce Osmond who have so unselfishly offered their assistance whenever possible. Next year the Printing Club will be run by this year's Section 107 under the leadership of Mr. Leaney who no doubt will find cause to be as thankful for the assistance offered by Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Maguire and Mr. Robinson, as we have this year.

—L. LAVIS, President.

NEWSPAPER CLUB

Of those students who will be remembered for their unselfish service to College students, not the least are Reg Sams and Jim Booth. How many of us scanned the pages of each edition of "Altjir-

inga," little appreciating the amount of effort and planning necessary to produce it.

We wish to thank all those who contributed to "Altjiringa" and also the Printing Club whose members were responsible for publishing the papers.

The new committee, with Denis Gill as President, has plans for an early start in 1959 and will value help from all those who are interested.

—DAWN BROWN.

DEBATING CLUB

The year 1959 has proved successful for the Debating Club. The Monday lunch-hour debates have been well patronised and the topics keenly contested. Judging by First Year talent, 1960 should be just as successful.

The highlight of this year's activities was the Inter-Collegiate debate held at Armidale. Newcastle's team of Pat Coultard, John Jones and Richard Parker was unlucky to lose the debate by a margin of two points. The topic, "That Australia should be the 51st State of The United States of America," proved interesting and amusing.

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

—JEANETTE BROWN, Secretary.
1959 has been a successful year. The biggest event of our year was the staging of Anouilh’s “Ring Round the Moon” on the 28th and 29th of July. The play was a great success. The producers were Robyn Ellicott and Brian Brown.

A college team of about 90 students travelled to Armidale for the Inter-Collegiate in August, and the Drama Club took up a play, Strindberg’s “The Stranger”. This production was very well received.

Another club activity was the revue “Lower Education” produced by Barry Walters during the final week of second term. This also was a huge success.

Our final function was a programme of four one-act plays early in October. They were “The Stranger”, “Ile”, “The Friends of Valerie Lane” and “Campbell of Kilmhor”. These productions were of a generally high standard.

The officers elected for 1960 are:
President—Lee Hill.
Vice President—Terry Hampton.
Secretary—John Jones.
Treasurer—Ken Dalton.

We would all congratulate these people, and wish them well.

Finally, on behalf of the club, I would like to thank all who assisted in making our productions such successes; especially would I thank Mr. Atkinson, our staff adviser.

— MAURICE DEARDS, President.

THE ST. THOMAS MORE SOCIETY

From the very start of 1959 the executive of the St. Thomas More Society with an estimated influence over one hundred and thirty Catholics in the college, began organizing activities for its members.

Talks by Father Casey, Dr. Sims, Miss Barnes and Fr. Joyce have been stimulating. A debate on the topic “That Teachers’ College life is making students lose the faith,” was revealing, to say the least. We were all delighted with our visit from “Alcoholics Anonymous” and a number of Masses and Benedictions held in the Church at Merewether gave the Club that spiritual flavour so characteristic of past years.

Father Tim has been our ever faithful “Good Shepherd” this year, with Mr. Terry McKibben in the position of President, Miss Frances Kennedy Vice President and Bev Kelly Secretary. Terry Hampton, Val Friar and Philip Condon hold these positions for 1960. We would like to express our appreciation to our outgoing leaders for the fine job they have done.

To all those whose interest, attendance and support made the Club run so well, we also say thank you.

— JOHN JONES.