about the cover

All men are equal whether they be black or white. The figure symbolises this equality.

The microscope symbolises science and the building is symbolic of industry. Culture is represented by the background pattern copied from the decorations worked on an altjiringa or aboriginal ceremonial object.

PAT HAMALL.
ALTJIRINGA

The setting is on the south coast of New South Wales, but the significance is common to all Australian Aborigines.

Nude, smooth and giant-huge, the torsos of the gums hold up the vast dark cave as the great moon comes.

Shock-headed black-boy stands, with rigid, thrusting spear, defiant and grotesque against that glistening sphere.

In clenched contorted birth, black banksias agonize out of the ferns and earth, half-formed, beast-boulders rise.

Because the Bush goes back, back to a time unknown; chaos that had not word, nor image carved on stone.

—ROLAND ROBINSON.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Those Who Will Teach</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>College Staff</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Principal's Message</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our New Vice-Principal</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Schools</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Report, S.R.C.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempus Fugit</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Story Behind Altjiringa</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Change of a Student's Dream</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sister</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tired Eyes</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Street</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunrise at the Beach</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curtain on Act Three</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australia</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Adventure Under Water</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jane Eyre</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Cynicism</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conflict With Death</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailing</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seaview</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voluntary Ambulance Work</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night Journey</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magic Isle</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundays</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So Nations Fare</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easter</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of Mice And Men</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Territory</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frustration</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Flood</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Endings</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Common Folly</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Willow Trees</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To You</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stream</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Wonder ...</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Valley of Dreams</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forbidden</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marine Movement</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoughts of a Boarding Student</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infant Handicrafts</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sporting Highlights</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Were You There</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubs and Societies</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Section Photographs</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THOSE WHO WILL TEACH

I — GENERAL PRIMARY AND INFANTS

ATTKEN, Sandra.
ANDREWS, Judith.
BAKER, Beverley.
BANKS, Daphne Joyce.
BARNETT, Kerry Bruce.
BEAUMONT, Maree Lee.
BLACK, Ann Louise.
BLACKFORD, Merle.
BLACKLER, Lynette Susan.
BONAR, Judith.
BOWREY, Carolyn.
BOXALL, Ian Alexander.
BRADLEY, Sandra Maree.
BRIDGEMAN, Graham Ralph.
BROWN, Dawn Margaret.
BROWN-PARKER, Barbara.
BUTTSWORTH, Helen Joan.
CADE, Narelle.
CAPON, William Norman.
CASH, Margaret.
CLUNE, Helen.
COLEMAN, Rae.
COOPER, Fay.
COX, Roselle Elaine.
CRICHTON, Diane.
CROWSLEY, Una Jean.
DAVISON, Markene Marjorie.
DAVIES, Genevieve.
DEADY, John Frederick.
DEANS, Patricia Margaret.
DEBNAM, Colleen Ann.
DEECE, Janette Elizabeth.
DELANEY, Nelene Margaret.
DENT, Kathleen Joan.
DRUMMOND, Phillip James.
DUNNCLIFFE, Warren.
EDMONDS, Valmir.
EGGER, Robert Noel.
FAD, Maureen.
FAIRFALL, William David.
FELTON, Wendy.
FITZPATRICK, Alma.
FOLAS, Ethel.
FOREMAN, Philip.
FREEMAN, Jennifer.
FREEMANS, Rita.
FRYER, Valerie.
FURNISS, Judith Ann.
GARDNER, Irene.
GIBBONS, Robert Charles.

GIBSON, Carolyn Lesley.
GILL, Dennis Ronald.
GOODWIN, Roslyne Stewart.
GOWER, Dorothy.
GITTINS, Anne Dorothea.
GRIIMMOND, Warren.
GROTHEN, Ann.
GUNN, Jen Elizabeth.
HAFIELD, Barry John.
HALL, Patricia.
HANLON, Madle Elizabeth.
HARRIES, Christine Isobel.
HARVEY, Edward.
HAYNES, Elaine Mary.
HECKS, Wendy.
HIGGINS, Joceylne Louise.
HILL, Leola Ann.
HINDLEY, Elizabeth Ann.
HINDLEY, Patricia Ann.
HODGE, Helen Marie.
HORDER, Carol Ann.
HUGHES, Clive Nicholson.
IRELAND, Margaret.
JAMES, Bruce Owen.
JONES, George.
JONES, Michael John.
KAMENZ, Dagmar Maria.
KEEGAN, Laurence James.
KNOTT, Christopher Robin.
LATIMORE, John Eric.
LAWRENCE, Judy.
LAW, Kevin John.
LAWSON, Eric Maxwell.
LEGOTT, Sandra.
LINGARD, Lynette.
LINTOTT, Melva Judith.
LUXFORD, Gladys.
McBLANE, Lynette.
McDONALD, Maureen Maria.
MCNERNER, Deirdre Catherine.
MCINTOSH, Verity Kathryn.
MCKINNON, Heather Louise.
MACLEOD, Donald Henry.
MAGUIRE, Patricia.
MANTHORPE, Barbara.
MARKHAM, Carmel Annette.
MATTHEWS, Glynn Godfrey.
MERCER, Milton Russell.
MELMILL, Lorna Margaret.
MULDOON, Margaret Anne.
MURPHY, Denis Michael.
NASH, Caroline Margaret.
NEVELL, Eric.

NEWMAN, Maureen.
NELSON, Barbara Ada.
NIXON, Janice Mary.
NORTH, Keith.
NOTLEY, Trevor Wayne.
ODONNELL, Lyndal.
O'DONNELL, Patricia.
ORTOYE, Lynette.
ORUE, Ronald.
ORTON, Phillipa Mary.
PATE, George William.
PEARCE, Rodney John.
PENMAN, Judith Anne.
PERRAM, Garvin Henry.
PRUE, Jeannette.
REEF, Maureen Patricia.
RUPRECHT, Marie Ella.
SCARROTT, Patricia Jane.
SEARLE, Patricia Marie.
SHARP, Vera Anne.
SMITH, Sydney Thomas.
SPARKS, Elizabeth.
STEPHENSON, Joan Anne.
STONE, Glenda Margaret.

TANNER, Valerie Frances.
TAYLOR, Geraldine.
TAYLOR, Ruth.
THOMAS, Angela Mary.
THOMAS, Patricia Nina.
THOMSON, John Samuel.
TINKER, Margaret Agnes.
TOPHAM, Dinah.
TREGELIS, Josephine Louise.
TURNBULL, Kelvin James.
VAUGHAN, Janet Ann.
WALTON, Louise Lynette.
WALLACE, Diane.
WALTERS, Susan.
WARRICK, Edward Norman.
WATKINS, Maureen Alison.
WEEKES, Margaret Elizabeth.
WHEATLEY, Marie.
WHITELEY, Raymond Sydney.
WHITFORD, Joan Patricia.
WILCOX, Joan Lorna.
WILLARD, Ronald Geoffrey.
WILLETT, Marcia Joy.
WILLIAMSON, Geraldine.
WORNER, Ruth Mary.

II — SPECIAL SECONDARY

Manual Arts

APPS, Bruce Francis.
BROADWOOD, John.
CHRISTIAN, Luen James.
JOHANSON, Francis Bernard.
LEAMAN, Charles Alfred M.
MCCARTHY, Peter Craigie.
MACLEOD, Douglas.
MARTIN, Cedric.
PAGE, Douglas.

PERKINS, Ian Oscar.
PRIOR, John Barry.
SEAGHOTT, Leonard Valentine.
SUMMERS, Colin Bruce.
SYMES, Graham Petrie.
WEEKES, Charles Albert.
WEEKES, Clive Richard.
WESTERHUIS, John Evert.

Manual Arts — Artisan

BARNETT, Barrie Edward.
CHRISTIE, Colin John.
DROYSDALE, Alan Frederick.
DUNST, Allan John.
GEDDES, John Francis.
HALLWORTH, Kevin James.
MORRIS, Earl Grant.
NORMAN, John Wesley.
NORTHEY, Raymond Warren.

BERR, Eve Marie.
CASTON, Robin Ann.
CHAPMAN, Annette Robyn.
CLIFTON, Judith.
COLLINS, Janice Ann.
COX, Rodney Rita.
CROSBY, Robyne Hilda.
DARBY, Beverley Joan.
GERMON, Elizabeth Suzanne.
GORE, Glenda.

HARTLEY, Margaret Ellen.
HENNESSEY, Anne Lynette.
HOGAN, Beverley Janette.
RICHARDS, Helen.
SCARLETT, Margaret Joan.
SEARLE, Margaret Helen.
SUKKEN, Mary Elizabeth.
SYMES, Yvonne Joy.
WHEATLEY, Noela Rose.
WOODS, Louise Anne.
EDITORIAL

May old acquaintance . . . .

Many will be remembered vividly, others vaguely and some will be forgotten. We of Altjiringa hope that this little book will help to ride them all high in your sea of memory. Time in its never-ending quest will obliterate the past, but we hope that on glancing through these pages memories will rise rapidly to the surface and that you will be able to re-live your two years at college over and over again.

To every outgoing student we wish the very best of luck professionally and personally, wherever you may go—for remember, civilization will come to you one day.

We would like to thank Mr. Duncan and Mr. Renwick and all who contributed to Altjiringa; Miss Poole for her wonderful help and guidance. Miss Foreman for the typing, Mr. McRae for the photography and the office staff for their efficient and generous assistance.

Before closing we would like to express the hope that our successors will gain as much enjoyment and satisfaction out of producing Altjiringa next year as we did in producing it this year.

May we all be present next year at the College Reunion. God bless you all.
NEWCASTLE TEACHERS’ COLLEGE
(Established 1949)
Principal: GRIFFITH H. DUNCAN, M.A., B.Ed.
Vice-Principal: IAN D. RENWICK, BSc., Dip.Ed., M.Ed.
Registrar: Librarian: Janitor: FRANK B. BRADY HELEN MAYALL, B.A. MR. E. BAXTER
Chemistry: WILLIAM ALLEN, M.Sc.
Geography: EDWARD E. CRAGO, B.Sc.
Home Economics: MABEL GRADY, B.A.
Hygiene: J. MCKENZIE WOODS, M.B., Ch.M.
Physics: EDWARD J. HAMILTON, A.S.T.C.

THE PRINCIPAL’S MESSAGE

Gilbert and Sullivan have immortalised a policeman’s troubles in that delightful piece of fun—When constabulary duty’s to be done,
A Policeman’s lot is not a happy one.
This sort of gentle satire can be extended indefinitely if the writer has the right touch of humour and the gift for the appropriate word. For instance, I am sure the librettist of the College Revue could easily improve on these:

When exact perspective drawing’s to be done,
The wise craftsman’s life is quite a Wilcox one;
or,
When slow Government ‘buses to Scone must be run,
Bio. excursions can be extended fun.
or,
When kindergartéen teaching’s to be done,
Don’t panic, just ring the bell for 201.
or,
With late or hurried assignments to be done,
A student’s paper is oft a scrappy one.
Perhaps it might amuse all students to know that, when pressed for time to write this article for publication, I asked Miss Poole to allow me the week-end to finish it, the whole staff with one voice cried:

“Please, may I have an extension?”

I wish I could write a memorable message for all my students to read, but unfortunately the gift of lightness of touch is not mine. Light-hearted banter does not come easily to me and perhaps this is just as well, for such pleasantries can easily be misunderstood, can hurt instead of providing fun, and, in any case, may be out of character. I am afraid that Headmasters, Mistresses and Teachers’ College Principals are all expected to be serious people and I must
play the role for which I am cast, a perfect illustration of Group Dynamics, not unmixed with Mental Health and Professional Ethics. I hope that when I do write seriously, as I intend to do at once, my touch is not too heavy.

There have been many fine students at this college in its short history of twelve years and this session has been one of the very best. Its general average has been extremely high and it has not lacked outstanding personalities. I assure all students who are completing their training that there will always be some among the staff who remember you and we hope that you will remember us. No longer can I remember all students as I used to do when the College was smaller, but I do know more of you than you realise, while every one of you is well known to one or more of the members of staff. Next year I may remember some more vividly than others. In particular, I will always remember the grand job Clive Hughes has done this year. His contribution has been remarkable and has done much to lift college spirit again to the level we could maintain when there were only 300 of us and we were a much more tightly knit group.

And Clive could not have done his job alone. We will all remember Helen Gillard, Dick Pascoe, Bruce James, Robin Cox, Roslyne Goodwin, Bruce Apps, Elizabeth Bourke, Ted Warwick, Bill Turner, Heather McInnes, Mrs. Davies, Lee Hill, Ruth Worner, Colleen Bennett, Judy Lawrence, John Jones, Geraldine Taylor (that fine conductress), Phillip Foreman, Ken Dalton (that proud father), Terry Hampton and so many more. I wish I had space to name them all, for now that I look at the names I have written I am conscious only of those I have not mentioned, all of whom contributed so much. Perhaps I should not remind you of people, but of things you have done together. You will remember your Recue and those who worked for it (Heaven! how they must have worked! Revolving stage!), your plays and your producers, your Choral Concerts, your procession, your Intercollegiate, your.... and, yes, this your graduation as teachers. What you have done here, that you will remember. What you have worked at in making, that you will remember. Those with whom you have worked in happy achievement, those you will remember. And all these memories you will treasure. At times we of the Staff have helped you. At times we have seemed to you to throw too much on your shoulders and helped too little. But we have deliberately refrained when we might have done more, for we knew that what you would carry away from us would be the experience and knowledge gained by your own efforts. However right or wrong John Dewey and the Progressivists may be in their philosophical principles, at least they are right in this. We learn what we do. We learn what we live. Our task as teachers is not to do all things for our pupils but to make it possible for them to do things for themselves. We must show them how to live, not by precept alone but by living and working together, and, by so doing, learning to love and work for what is good. Our best lessons have not been given to you in the classroom but in the opportunities we gave you outside it. Those who have grasped both kinds of opportunity have benefited most.

Good luck to every one of you! In your chosen profession you will sometimes have disappointments, frustration, doubts about yourself, your work and its value. Some of you will leave it, but most of you will love your profession and, staying in it, you will have learned that it is both a profession and a vocation, one of the most powerful forces by which mankind may yet hope to build a better world.
GOOD SCHOOLS ARE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AND MINE

Address given by Mr. R. F. Hodge, B.A., Headmaster of Maitland Boys' High School, to Newcastle Business Men's Club on the occasion of Education Week, 1960.

It has been to the despair of educators in the past that Education, the ugly duckling of the Public Services, has been seen by the public at large with indifference tinged with contempt. It is a healthy sign that people everywhere are watching with lively and partisan interest the dust of conflict rising between the different schools of educational philosophy that have locked horns since the Wyndham Report was made public. The burning question, comprehensive or selective high schools, is the focal point of difference between two completely antithetical and irreconcilable concepts of the nature and purpose of education. The pattern of Australian life, social, economic and spiritual for the next fifty years will be shaped according to the degree of acceptance of the spirit and purpose of the Wyndham Report.

That depends on you and influential men of your calibre all over the State—men who in the material sense at the very least have made good—men trained in the University of hard knocks, some products of highly intellectual training, some by virtue of imagination, enterprise and integrity—all regarded as leaders in your respective spheres. All, too, educators in spite of yourselves, for every man binds himself to the subtle filaments those who feel his influence, admire and follow him. Education in its broadest sense is the spinal cord of life whose myriad nerve centres quiver in response to all the stimuli of experience, from the cradle to the grave. We educate each other and all experience “is an archway through which gleams that untravelled world Whose margin fades forever and forever when we move.”

Schooling is experience disciplined, digested and directed to a desirable, fruitful and worthy end. What that end should be is a matter of fierce contention. What do you think it should be? On your answer and the answer of men like you may well depend the stability, the very survival of our country. Time is running out. To many observers of the chaotic turn of world events we Australians, the Lotus Eaters among the nations, appear to be enjoying an Indian summer of material prosperity before the sun goes down forever. To all of us schooling is a stimulant to the understanding from the cradle to the grave. We educate each other and all experience. What that end should be is a matter of fierce contention. What do you think it should be? On your answer and the answer of men like you may well depend the stability, the very survival of our country. Time is running out. To many observers of the chaotic turn of world events we Australians, the Lotus Eaters among the nations, appear to be enjoying an Indian summer of material prosperity before the sun goes down forever. To all of us schooling is a stimulant to the understanding from the cradle to the grave. We educate each other and all experience.

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Only wise, men of goodwill, rich in human qualities, selfless men dedicated to the concept of a human brotherhood above national- ism can pilot us through the perils of the future. And by education I do not mean that highly specialised training in the sciences, the narrow field which the highly dangerous Harry Messel appears to regard as the whole range of education. That form of specialised instruction valuable for its peaceful applications is at present only accelerating the arms race that is hastening us toward the abyss.

As one who was born before the turn of the century, sat for the first Intermediate under the newly organised system of secondary education, served two wars and was fortunate enough to live to see the march of events, the social changes and the educational developments that followed, in my mood of sombre realism I recoil from the thought that all we strive and fought for is like an in- substantial pageant faded”.

We are a democracy without sinews. The white ants have riddled our moral fibre. Success is our measure of worth and, classless society as there are deep cleavages on the basis of birth, education and sectarian lines and even in education a stratified society on the purely fortuitous basis of intellectual endowment. This has created not only a horrible form of snobbery, but a number of social evils from which Newcastle in common with other large centres has been suffering for some time.

For this the educational system in the past has been partly at least responsible. Society as a whole must inevitably reflect the type and quality of education available, the ideals aimed at, the attitude of society in general to the schools. Above all this is conditioned by the attitude of legislators, their estimate of the value to the nation of a truly educated people, and their disposition to invest in people rather than in weapons.

Don’t blame the educators that the system has not been able to keep pace completely with the growing population, the rapid changes in the social structure from year to year and the needs of many different social and occupational groups. They have leapt ahead in their thought and imaginative provision, but the leg irons of a stringent, political economy have slowed them to a halting pace.

Just think! £3500 millions since the war literally poured down the drain of bureaucratic provision, but the leg irons of a stringent, political economy have slowed them to a halting pace. It is a tragic and futile waste that would not have enabled us to put up the semblance of a fight. What miracles could that amount have achieved in modern schools, training colleges, created better human material in the engineering, industrial and scientific fields.

Now is the time to make up the leeway. Two wars have given Australia a place in the comity of nations and a voice in world councils. No longer is she an outlying farm of Empire peopled by “demmed colonials”. Great interlocking industries born of her vast natural resources, great networks of public enterprises like the Snowy Scheme testify to the imaginative concepts and the virile leadership of her planners and her engineers. Yet the greatest enterprise of all, the education of her youth, the heirs to this unexampled era of development and the responsibilities that inevitable further expansion will bring, are left haphazardly to the whims and sophistries of the Federal Treasurer. The times demand that education become a national rather than a state responsibility. Education, not guns, tanks, obsolete planes and Woomera rocket ranges, is Australia’s first line of defence. The point is self evident. Need one labour it?

N.S.W. already spends 50 per cent of its income, £60 million a year on education. That is big business in anyone’s language, yet the progress has fallen far behind the needs. What value do the Federal legislators place on a truly educated citizenry? There can be no more prolific or enduring investment or no more potent mobilisa­ tion against Communism, than in an education that makes thought- ful, self reliant, well-balanced citizens. After all a nation is only as strong as the moral fibre and the capacity of its citizens in all fields of endeavour. That is the case for education generally. Really it is an appeal to men of vision to put your shoulders to the wheel, to give that depends on you and influential men of your calibre all over the State—men who in the material sense at the very least have made good—men trained in the University of hard knocks, some products of highly intellectual training, some by virtue of imagination, enterprise and integrity—all regarded as leaders in your respective spheres. All, too, educators in spite of yourselves, for every man binds himself to the subtle filaments those who feel his influence, admire and follow him. Education in its broadest sense is the spinal cord of life whose myriad nerve centres quiver in response to all the stimuli of experience, from the cradle to the grave. We educate each other and all experience.

The national responsibility placed on you all, and your answer and the answer of men like you may well depend the stability, the very survival of our country. Time is running out. To many observers of the chaotic turn of world events we Australians, the Lotus Eaters among the nations, appear to be enjoying an Indian summer of material prosperity before the sun goes down forever. To all of us schooling is a stimulant to the understanding from the cradle to the grave. We educate each other and all experience.

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happy far-off days", to banish impatience with all scholarship save
that which pays concrete dividends. You can help more than you
suspect, for in the slogan of the Director-General: "Good schools are
your responsibility". "A community responsibility" you correct me,
but who are you but the community invested with greater power.
The appeal is to you to look beyond Newcastle and think nationally—
think fifty or a hundred years ahead.

What are good schools? Good buildings? They are but the husks,
Selective schools, Comprehensive schools? Both are only as good as
the spirit, the soul of life within them. The argument raging about
their respective merits waged largely in the philosophic domain (not
by practising teachers) is, on that account, purely speculative.
If you want facts an Area survey of L.C. results indicates that the
results of comprehensive high schools leaves those of the selective
high schools far behind. And this the D.G.E. assures me applies
over the state. The Area Director, Mr. Gellius, will bear me out.

What then are good schools? Surely you men of affairs can
answer that by just thinking. What kinds of apprentices, cadets,
juniors do you look for to invest in? Surely you value integrity,
loyalty, interest in your business, sincerity, self-reliance, frankness
and manly independence. Did you notice that I left out intelligence?
That, too, is an essential. I grant, but of what use is intelligence
if it is not motivated by a sense of moral responsibility? Any school
can turn out clever rogues. It takes a good school to turn out young
men balanced and mature, who, like Cromwell’s Ironsides "make
some conscience of what they do". Selective or comprehensive, it
is not the gathering of first-class intellects together or the diffusion
from average to genius that matters, but the spirit and the tone that
permeates the school.

The object of the Wyndham Report is to fuse the community and
make a team of it—not to divide the sheep from the goats or to
encourage either the form of intellectual snobbery that distinguishes
the bright child by gifts not of his own making or by the fruits of
his endeavours, from the dull fellow who often has gifts of nature and
personality that leave the intellectual for dead. Australia’s need is
for all types educated to the limit of their receptivity but respecting
each other for gifts that in the wisdom of providence are by and large
fairly evenly distributed. We need a team—not intellectual aristo
crats and industrial and social helots.

The Wyndham Report, the fruit of the combined wisdom of a
committee representing all the levels of community interests, is the
digested evidence of hundreds of people competent to advise. Its
frames have looked to national needs not for the immediate present
but for half a century ahead. Read it, ponder over it. If you think
beyond the confines of your own business or beyond the needs of
Newcastle now, if you think nationally—and you will if you regard
government schools as your business—you will make a deep personal interest
in your community schools your own special service to the nation.

If I seem to preach, that is because for forty years and more I
have felt in the core of my being that our boys and girls are always
our last and best hope. You and I have nearly had our day. The
light fades. The long day wanes but another day will follow ours
when our sons will take over, treading the roads that we have
smoothed, eager to carve new highways for themselves out of the
wilderness of time.

Education is my business as well as yours. On me the burden
has rested for many years. Still I feel like old Ulysses —
"Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive, to seek to
find, and not to yield".

### ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STUDENTS REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL, 1960

**S.R.C.**

**BACK ROW:** P. Foreman, T. Notley, B. Olsen, B. James, T. Hill.

**THIRD ROW:** D. Comney, M. Jenkins, R. d’Arcy, P. Robinson, B. Nielsen, C. Leaney, J. Bomer, R. Coulton.


**FRONT ROW:** B. Apps, D. Pascoe (Treas.), H. Gillard (Vice Pres.), C. Hughes (Pres.), E. Bourke (Sec.), Mr. Newling.

- Photograph by McRae Studios.

Membership:
- President, Clive Hughes; Vice-President, Helen Gillard; Secretary, Elizabeth Bourke; Treasurer, Dick Pascoe.

- Section Representatives—101 R. d’Arcy; 102 R. Roberts; 103 T. Hill; 104 I. Walters; 105 R. Coulton; 106, R. Clifford; 107 P. Robinson; 108 L. Shelton; 109 P. Foreman; 110 S. Lloyd; 111 T. Naishy; 112 B. Olsen; 201 G. Williamson; 202 J. Bonar; 203 P. Foreman; 203 T. Notley; 205 E. Warwick; 206 D. Carney; 207 C. Leaney; 208 N. Crooks; 209 R. Crosby; 210 D. Pascoe; 401 J. Robinson.

- Club Delegates—Social, B. Apps; Newspaper, D. Gill; Debating, J. Jones; Music, R. Warner; Sp. Union, Bruce James; Drama, T. Hampton; Printing, C. Leaney.

The year 1960 has been a very successful one for the S.R.C. Membership of the Students Union which totalled 568, of whom 297 will graduate at the end of the year. This number includes graduated students from the University who are undertaking Diplomas in Education.

Many tasks, both financial and administrative in nature, were performed. The outstanding event of the year, and the most memorable, was the huge Triangular Intercollegiate in which Sydney and Armidale Colleges visited Newcastle. The Sports Union was helped in every way to make the event a success. The procession from Civic Park to the College amazed the visiting students.
Through our efforts a sign was finally erected at the College, extra clocks installed, the blazer design was changed, and many charities and organisations were aided. Many efforts will not be rewarded until 1961, when we hope for the installation of several drinking bubblers.

Two conferences of Students' Councils were attended in Sydney. The five delegates included the officers of the S.R.C. and a first year representative. Many topics came under discussion and we hope that the outcome of these conferences will benefit students of later years. It is here that special thanks must go to Dick Pascoe and the Peugeot for some really appreciated service.

Throughout the year the Social Club organised some excellent dances, film evenings and a barbecue. The Swimming Carnival, Sports Assembly, 3 Act Play, One Act Plays, Choral Concert and the Revue were also wonderful social evenings. Our own College highlight, the College Ball in June, was an outstanding success.

The S.R.C. arranged the Graduation Dinner and Ball, as well as the photography of sections and sporting teams. The students' gift to the College this year will include a portable Public Address System and a studio portrait of Dr. Staines.

The Students' Representative Council would like to thank Mr. Duncan, Mr. Newling, our staff adviser, and Mr. Gillard for the advice and assistance which was given at any time.

Special thanks also go to Mr. Brady and his Office Staff for their help on the clerical and financial side.

On behalf of the Student Body we extend our sincere appreciation to the Lecturing Staff for an enjoyable and profitable year.

Finally we would like to wish Bob Bradbery and Stephanie Lloyd, and assistance which was given at any time.

—to wish Bob Bradbery and Stephanie Lloyd, and assistance which was given at any time.

—an enjoyable and profitable year.

—JOSEPHINE L. TREGELLIS,

—JOSEPHINE L. TREGELLIS.

TEMPUS FUGIT

Swift is the wing of time
As it spans a mortal horizon
Creations from slime, we mime
In a lifetime of slight impressions.
Man thinks of measurable aeons,
Ponders, then scoffs at the ancient rocks
Which are as crumbling crayons
In a world where infinity knocks
—TEMPUS FUGIT.

A cool summer picnic ground
Lovers and families gathered round
They see the morning catch the noon
And lakeside waters reflect the moon.
Soon the happy day is gone
Starry the sky where sun just shone
In a fast ebbing time, youth grows old.
Summer has faded, the air is cold
—TEMPUS FUGIT.

—JOSEPHINE L. TREGELLIS.

THE STORY BEHIND ALTJIRINGA

In 1954 our first annual magazine was printed, bearing on its cover the name, "Altjiringa". "Altjiringa" is an aboriginal word and was chosen as the title of the magazine because of its meaning, "the dream time".

During this year, inquiries were made to see whether more information about the meanings must be gathered. Letters were written to Mr. Roland Robinson and Mr. T.G. H. Strehlow, whose replies were most informative.

Mr. Robinson is deeply interested in the natives of Australia and in 1954 was granted a Commonwealth Literary Fund fellowship to enable him to revisit their tribal areas in Arnhem Land and Central Australia. From his interest in the aborigines some memorable Australian poetry has been produced. His poem "Altjiringa" is published in this magazine.

Mr. T.G.H. Strehlow, M.A., is Reader in Australian Linguistics at the University of Adelaide. He, too, has a sound knowledge of the life of the Australian aborigines and extracts from his reply are published below.

"My own spelling of this Aranda word would be "Altjirana" rather than "Altjiringa", though this may not be an important difference.

The world "altjirana" (phonetic spelling) is the ablative case of the word "altjira", which is one of the most difficult words in the Aranda language as far as a suitable translation is concerned. For it is only in certain phrases, all of which have traditional explanations, covering a wide range of meanings.

Thus "altjirana" (literally, the altjira place) means "the totemic centre of the [speaker's] mother".
altjirana rama (literally, to see altjira) means "to dream".
altjirana inkanama (literally, to set up altjira) means "to set up gum leaves" (this is a popular girls' game).

Then there is "altjirana nambakala" (sometimes abbreviated to "altjirana") which is undoubtedly the phrase to which you magazine refers. This means literally—"having originated out of altjira". It is a phrase used only about the earth-born supernatural beings, and can perhaps be translated best as "having originated out of their own eternity". Altjirana in this phrase would therefore mean "out of all eternity", "from all eternity". The only beings to whom this phrase can be applied would therefore be the supernatural totemic ancestors and culture heroes celebrated in the aboriginal sacred myths and songs. These are honoured artistically also in the aboriginal rock and cave paintings.

"Altjirana" is also given as an answer to the question about the origin of the world, i.e. according to the Aranda, the earth and the sky have existed "altjirana" (lit. out of altjira, ever since altjira) and this is explained as meaning "eternally", "without having been made by anyone". This could be expressed in another way by saying that the earth and the sky existed in the very beginning—that nothing preceded them.

My suggestion would therefore be that "altjirana" could be translated into English either as "in the [very] beginning", or "from all eternity".

In a fast ebbing time, youth grows old.
Summer has faded, the air is cold

—JOSEPHINE L. TREGELLIS.
The popular “alcheringa”, which has been mistranslated as “dream time”, owes its origin to a white Australian mixing up altjira rama and altjirana nambakala, and is a vague and sentimental phrase which has little meaning for the natives.

Mr. Robinson writes:

“To answer your question about the term “altjiringa”, it comes from the language of the Central Australian tribe, the Aranda. (Albert Namatjira belonged to this tribe.)

Strictly the term refers to a pre-creation time, a state of chaos. Out of this state the Aranda world was created. Out of this time sprang the creative ancestral beings.

The creation time is ever present with the tribal aborigines. Observance of ritual, laws, customs (religion, in short) constantly renews this state and time.”

—D. BROWN

THE CHANGE OF A STUDENT’S DREAMS

Before I saw the college
A vision filled my mind.
'Twould be a stately building
Of the most impressive kind;
With walls of yellow stone,
And ivy growing there
And students strolling on green lawns
With statues here and there.
There'd be a fine assembly hall,
For serious discussion,
And over all there'd be an air
Of scholarly devotion.

But when I saw the college,
My rosy visions fled.
There were no impressive buildings
But portables instead.
I looked in vain for statues,
Saw no assembly hall,
But just a patch of dusty grass
Where there wasn't one at all.
The students weren't as I had dreamed,
The lawns weren't quite as green,
And of scholarly devotion
There was nothing to be seen.

But now I know it better,
And better things I see.
Friendship, truth, good sportsmanship,
They mean the most to me.
No longer does it matter
That there's no assembly hall,
And I really don't want statues
Or ivy on a wall.
I prefer to take the aim
That our college motto gives
“Strive towards a better world,
Throughout the life you live.”

—HEATHER MILES

SISTER

He was sorting linen on the clearing-table when the Sister entered the store. The huge racks of soft-goods, built from the floor almost to the ceiling, muffled her footsteps as she approached, and her voice when she spoke sounded strangely intimate.

“Let me have half a dozen pillow cases and some face cloths, please.”

“Yes, Sister,” he said.

The suggestion of accent in her voice intrigued him. The name, too, Anna Fiedler. It had a Jewish ring about it and there had been rumours that her parents had been killed in a concentration camp during the war. She could have been no more than ten when it happened, he reflected, looking at her.

To reach the face cloths he climbed a ladder almost to the top of one of the racks, and turning slightly he could see her below him, her face pensive in the half light of the store. For a moment he paused, looking at her.

“How many cloths, Sister?” he asked.

Lost in her thoughts, she gave him no reply until he had repeated the question, then, glancing up, hurriedly she said, “Oh, two dozen will do, thank you”.

Silently he handed them down expecting her to leave, but instead she turned and moved across to the window. He came quickly down the ladder, the steel heel pieces of his boots clumping heavily on the floorboards. A few paces from him she stood quietly fingering the edges of the linen.

From the first day he had seen her in the hospital ward, something undefinable had aroused in him more than a passing fancy. He stared at her now, at the slightly pursed lips, the delicate line of nose and chin and the youthful slim figure outlined against the pale blue sky. There was about her a faintly antiseptic smell suited to the starched cleanliness of her collar.

He had watched her at her duties, neat in her person, pleasant in her disposition, precise in her movements, the conventional model of the nursing sister, yet somehow he had felt her misplaced in the environment of a military hospital.

In the quietness that had settled on the room, a bee tapped against the ceiling of its man-made cell, and as if in response to the sound she suddenly raised her head.

“The 18th are having bayonet practice today, aren’t they?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” he replied, brushing down his trousers. Arms crossed, she stood in the sunlight that streamed through the window, the particles of dust streaming past her face. The warmth and peace of the afternoon seemed to have steamed her soul as it had the store and the grounds outside. He stood watching her, wanting to speak, conscious of the sound of his agitated breathing.

“They’re coming now.”

As she spoke she turned towards him, and he could see, like wind over water, the ripple of life in her cheeks and lips.

“Who?” he asked.

“The infantry platoon.”

The anticipation in her voice surprised him. He peered past her through the window at the brown slope with its trenchwork and at the straw-filled bag suspended from the framework.

Along the road coming from the barracks marched the platoon, boots grinding the gravel in a regular pattern of sound. They halted where the road ended on the edge of the clearing and then, on the command of the sergeant in charge, they moved across to the shade supplied by the tall gums at the rear of the field.
He could see the shine of sweat on their faces, the dark patches it made under armpits and on the back of their shirts where they clung to their bodies.

For a few moments he listened to the chatter of the men as it came to him in the still air, and then he closed his eyes against the glare of the hot sun.

When he looked again, the sergeant was standing by the dummy tugging at the supporting ropes, then, apparently satisfied, the N.C.O. turned and walked back to the lounging soldiers.

"O.K. Line up," said sergeant. "Fix bayonets!"

The command cut through the peace of the day and he glanced down at the dummy. She was slightly pale and he noticed her hands move under the stack of linen.

"Webster."

The first man ran the few yards to the trench, jumped across it, and ran on towards the dummy, his rifle held waist high. Savageely the bayonet was forced home, withdrawn, and the soldier rejoined the group.

Heavy with disgust, he stared at the scene. Suddenly he felt the woman's fingers on his arm, spreading, gripping tightly.

"Jenner!"

The next man stumbled at the trench lip. He straightened up, ran across the remaining ground and, grunting loudly thrust forward his rifle. The blade hit the hessian at an oblique angle, spilling straw through the opening.

Again he felt the woman's fingers bite into his flesh. He shook himself free, turned, and strode through the store.

For a moment the woman hesitated, her surprise stupidly evident, then swinging around, she resumed her watch, her clenched fist beating a light tattoo on the window ledge.

Five minutes later she was standing beside him.

"Thank you, Corporal," she said, her voice cool and ironic.

But he busied himself among the stock, deaf to her words, not caring even to look at her.

—E. SAWYER.

THE TIRED EYES

As he sat in the cabin on the mountain, and heard the eagles scream with fury and hunger as they fought over some tiny, feathered meal, and saw through the doorway the wandering pools that had once been occupying as a blessing river, his old eyes wept, and his tired hands twisted in grief.

Was THIS his reward? Had he worked his life away for this dying world?

Slowly and wrongly, his broken leg mended, and he neither ate bread nor drank water. He lived on wonder and grief, and his eyes were filled with a ruined earth.

They found him, staring with sorrow and bewilderment out the door, and they carried him away so the earth's rich clay might be further enriched.

And still the eagles scream above the cabin in the mating season. And still the wandering pools ripple in the breeze, for they are only the beginning of the blessing river—formed as it left the soft caress of the kind, brown earth, and exposed itself to the passionate sun.

—CLAUDIA SLADEN.
to run away to a desert island to escape it all. Why are they all so anxious to confuse the nations with their ideas for a new and better world? I feel that each person's idea of a better world is a world in which his own social position is higher.

These "genii" annoy me when they begin to stuff me with their ideas. They refuse to be ignored and I have long since given up hope that I may convert some to my ideal of a simpler world. Truly it is not for us to talk and discuss fully the problems of today, but arguing will not get progress, and too often our country's destiny is controlled by the most powerful and not the most beneficial.

We are, after all, only actors. We play a very small part in the universe. All our doctrines are mere ostentation, a desire to be a little better than the birds, the animals, than the next man. The more that we talk about war the sooner it will descend upon us. Why not forget them and start again?

Do not think, however, that I am ready to throw away all the advantages of modern living and live in a cave. By no means. But I do think that by forgetting a few "burks" or "gimmicks," by analysing things and keeping in mind the good of humanity, not our own good, and by treating things more for their real value with the true scientific attitude, we could live a much more pleasant life.

Under these circumstances it might be possible to produce the perfect street. The material things are there: trees, flowers, colours. But in our hectic "civilization" they serve merely as a break at the perfect street. The material things are there: trees, flowers, colours.

Let us forget our mental contortions and enjoy some of the simple things of life, music, art, literature, rather than worry about how many protons there are in an atom of uranium 235. Let us ... live and lie reclined.

On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind" as Lord Tennyson put it.

Then and only then will we be able to produce the people to fit this world God has made so beautiful. Thus we shall have a perfect street complete with the beauty, the people, their thoughts and actions all in harmony.

—P. ELLIOTT

**SUNRISE AT THE BEACH**

Very early morning,
Pale yellow light of dawning,
Colours pink, then
With miles of foamy flight
Used rays play on the ocean
And tint the marine-blue-green
Faintly at first, but now stronger—
An iridescent sheen.
Again this vital birth of sun is happened.

—JOSEPHINE L. TREGEILLIS.

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**CURTAIN ON ACT THREE**

The lightning flashed in the distance where the thunder was singing its dirge. The man walking along the pavement stepped deftly to avoid a puddle, wondering if he had done so not three hours ago when he passed the same spot. Of course he couldn't remember, but then, who would if they had had as much as he had? The lights from the theatre mocked him from the rain puddles as he hurried by. Yes, he was hurryng again this time but it was a different hurrying to when he had been going to the theatre. He was now more agitated and also he was sober!

He couldn't remember why he had gone to the theatre, there was just something telling him to; however once the first act he couldn't know that something in the play's dialogue seemed to be dropping a warning in his ear. Yes, that play had given him quite a few shocks... the first one before even a word had been spoken. Just that kitchen! It could have been his; everything was the same as in his flat — even down to the view from the window; those other blocks and the spans of the big bridge sprawling out there in the distance. What he didn't know was that the person who had designed the setting for the play lived in the flat directly above his, but then, that didn't matter. He did know that the story of the play had a particular significance for him; he kept on turning it over in his mind.

It was about a man, quite a respectable man, an accountant just like he was. This man had too had only one fault — he drank, heavily; he scarcely spent a sober night in his life, and, every night when he did arrive home, he had to listen to his wife's interminable nagging threatening to leave him if he didn't stop drinking. But still he drank and still he arrived home later and later. Finally his wife could take no more and she had left him. The fellow had arrived home in his usual condition to find them gone. The flat was in darkness... no lights showed through the window and a voice echoed... 12.45... he knew she must have been on that. Then the storm outside showed up the bridge in the distance and the curtain fell on act three when the fellow, after making a number of desperate attempts to find his wife, had thrown himself over the bridge!

The sections of the plot chased one another around his mind as he hurried along the street. All he could hear was one line from the play... "Tell you if you don't cut it out I'll leave you one of these days!" It was almost what Jenny had said night after night. He hadn't taken note of it but now it was different. Again the play, it seemed to have been his story, ran through his mind and in the distance he saw the bridge; starkly illuminated by flashes of lightning. Quick and quicker but now the big fat tears of rain were beginning. Down they fell down and down! He ran towards the nearest awning... he was getting wetter and wetter.

The thunder jeered at him in its roar and the sound of the rain on the roadway was the song of a thousand banshees to him. It was useless to even try to get to the next piece of shelter, it was so far away. He hurried against a shop window and watched. His fear was broken. The street lights were slowly going out and more intense! The street lights were slowly going out... people were gradually disappearing. The clock struck twelve thirty. Still the rain persisted. He was nearly frantic... would this rain never drop? He began to ease... then there were only a few drops. He made a dash for the next shelter one hundred yards away.

He made it and felt relieved to see that it extended for quite a distance. All of a sudden the heavens re-opened... it poured down. He ran to the end of the shelter but he was trapped like a caged animal. The raindrops were so strong that they were like bars to him. Again the clock and then a new sound rising in haunting majesty above the storm. A train whistle! Furtively he glanced at his wrist watch. Twelve
forty-five. The last train tonight! He charged it and madly plunged for the next awning. He could feel himself becoming soaked. Then in an instant there was no rain. The train passed by somewhere behind the shops and he quickened his pace. In all the puddles he could see every scene from that horrible play re-enacted. The thunder called and the lightning threw its message of tragedy across the sky. Just a few more blocks now.

He covered the distance with a new speed. Turning the corner he saw his block. Oh no! Every flat was in darkness. Surely this was the wrong street? No! He hurried on. Here it was; he knew this path well. He tried the door . . . it was locked. My God! He fumbled for his key. In his anxiety he searched every pocket. No! Not there! Again he searched with the same horrifying results. Where? It was taking him a hundred times longer than it should have! Then he found it. He slipped it into the lock, turned it and with a hasty glance down the stairs he hurried in leaving the door wide open. Act two was finished!

Everything was in darkness! Fear chewed on his brain. But he had another great shock yet for tonight. There was no food on the table. Every time before there had been something there. He ran from room to room, noticing nothing in his panic. Here? No! Nowhere! Nobody! Terrified he ran back into the kitchen . . . still no food. Again he could hear the thunder's heartless mocking. He pulled open the curtains at the window. The thunder pealed and the lightning flashed and with every streak of lightning the big black silhouette of the bridge danced a ghostly waltz in the storm torn sky! The bridge! The play! The bridge! He turned from the window towards the door. Out of the kitchen into the lounge again. Now he was at the front door.

Suddenly the room was flooded with light! He saw something glassy break on the wall before him. Then he heard it . . . the harsh nagging whine . . . "What the hell do you think this is? . . . an all-night establishment?"

AUSTRALIA

While looking at the summit
Of a distant crest I see
How the clouds that hide the mountains
Bring a rising thought in me.

And I wonder as I stand there
If the things I see are true,
If those mists that hide the mountains
Could have been a fairer hue,

For the beauty of these mountains
Is so great it stands alone
And a swelling pride moves in me,
For this country is my own.

It is Australia at its fairest,
Tis a country fair and free,
And I'm glad to know this country
Has a place for you and me.

—NEVILLE POWELL

AN ADVENTURE UNDER WATER

Until I took my annual holidays at the Barrier Reef last year I had done much skin-diving, but during my first few days I struck up a friendship with a local who had an air compressor. He lent me a spare set of equipment and so, being able to get compressed air for my aqualung, I spent most of my time in his company, exploring the reefs.

My sister, a year younger than myself, came up for the last week of my holidays and as he (Roy) became more and more friendly with her I found myself swimming alone further and further away, always fascinated by vivid colouring of the fish; the fish had been painted their brilliant foot colours of the coral and the endless varieties of patterns, created. The fish really took my attention, there were big ones, little ones and all shapes and sizes, coloured in every colour of the rainbow and patterned so that they blended perfectly against the coral. I used to sit on the bottom for hours and watch amonuges catch little fish which wandered into their waving fronds, while the fish, apparently curious about this intruder to their domain, would swim up to me and around me for a few minutes then swim casually away.

One evening as I was telling Roy about a curiously shaped ledge I had noticed and intended investigating the next day, he warned me that it might not be wise as some fishermen had reported seeing some sharks in that vicinity. Thinking about it that night I decided not to go out to the ledge for although it is forever summer on the Barrier Reef, that month—May—had a bad reputation for shark attacks. The southern waters had started to become a little colder and the sharks had followed the warm waters north, leaving for equatorial waters.

So, following my resolution, I rose the next morning and went diving close inshore, but it seemed pointless, my interest was still with the ledge and after an hour's dull diving I went to have some lunch. During lunch I thought about the afternoon's pleasure, but as my mind was on the ledge I decided that, sharks or no sharks, I would investigate it.

Accordingly I went to Roy's and refilled my tank, taking his as well, so giving me about three and a half hours of air at the extreme. I was telling Roy about a curiously shaped ledge when I remembered a knife — I had left mine in the hotel—and thought of the consequences if I had been caught without it.

I entered the water at about half past one and after about twenty minutes swimming I reached the ledge. It extended as an overhang for about twenty feet, was about ten feet from the bottom and about thirty feet from the surface. The curious fact was that the upper surface was covered with coral but the under surface wasn't, and it appeared as if it had been a cave and the sides had been knocked out, thus letting some light in, but it was darker under the ledge than it was in the surrounding waters, where the view was about one hundred and fifty feet.

Suddenly as I was watching the ledge a violent splash took my attention, and a long dark shape flashed through the water about one hundred and twenty feet away, then it shot to the surface and left the water returning to it about ten feet away and coming back the same way. Here, I suddenly began to shiver although the water was warm, then, relieved, I recognised it as a porpoise. But what was the reason for the usually smooth action to be replaced by this
It was just clowning or was it frightened? I decided it was just clowning as there was nothing to frighten it and certainly it was not being chased by a shark, for they will go out of their way to fight a shark.

I turned my attention back to the ledge noticing for the first time it looked like an anchor towards the back of the overhang. I studied the back wall closely, the thought coming to me that this cave might be a home for octopi, conger eels or even sharks. There was no movement so I cautiously advanced into the gloom.

The object was an anchor and it was lying over a crate. Both were covered with a growth of coral and as I tried to pull the anchor off I cut my finger and blood seemed to rush out of what actually was only a small cut. Recalling that I had heard once that sharks can scent blood from a long way off and that it drives them crazy. I shrieked back against the wall, but nothing seemed different outside. I suddenly realised that here I was: a good quarter hour's swim from shore with a bleeding hand and sharks reported in the vicinity. I shivered again and sweat broke out on my forehead under the mask.

I went to start to swim out when suddenly the fish outside dived into hiding as they do when an intruder first swims near them and a long thin black shadow appeared on the ocean floor outside the entrance. I crouched back against the wall and drew my knife. Sweat poured off my forehead and the tic that I get sometimes in my eye when I'm nervous came with a vengeance. My breath came into hiding as I tried to pull the crazy way I went from shore with a bleeding hand and sharks reported in the vicinity. I shivered again and sweat broke out on my forehead under the mask. The shadow moved about ten yards and then it slowly moved off.

Suddenly I couldn't breath any more. I turned the air valve on full and nothing happened. I can either drown or get eaten by that thing—thought. Then I suddenly remembered the space tank I had strapped on. I switched onto that and breathed again. For the second time I forced myself to breathe normally and slowly. I calmed down. I stopped blinking and shaking, but my legs refused to move.

Slowly life came back into my legs and I decided to give the thing twenty minutes to swim away. Those twenty minutes were the longest that I have ever experienced and every few seconds my whole frame seemed to shudder. I cautiously went to the end of the overhang, knife in hand, but nothing was in sight except the fluttering fish. The swim back only took seven minutes, but I must have spent at least four minutes of it looking back over my shoulder. When I got back to the beach I collapsed and after about ten minutes my sister and Roy came down for a swim. I told them my story.

Roy replied that it was curious that he didn't see the thing for he and my sister had gone out there in a canoe to try and locate me and if I had his aqualung he had done some surface diving to see if he could find me.

Then it dawned on me: Long thin shape—canoe, fish disappear momentarily—intruder—Roy.

They said I was out to it for about fifteen minutes.

—B. HAWKINS

JANE EYRE

Charlotte Bronte's great work, "Jane Eyre," is the story of a girl living in the early nineteenth century. Written by Jane herself, the story is brought vividly and powerfully before the reader, who may sometimes suddenly wake to find that he has been at Gateshead Hall, or Lowood, or at Thornfield Hall, as a silent spectator of Jane's adventures and misadventures.

"Jane Eyre" is a very interesting book because of its perceptive character studies. Most of the people contained in the pages may be considered types of a very clearly defined nature. For example, the apparently heartless and bitterly jealous Mrs. Reed; the rather unintelligent but kind Bessie; the violent and powerful Mr. Rochester; the austere and yet rather self-contained figure of Mr. Earnshaw; these are all drawn in such a lifelike manner that the reader is attracted and repelled as he would be by living people.

But it is the character of Jane which compels the greatest interest. She relates the story of her life in a factual, unadorned manner, leaving the reader to weigh the merits and faults of her character as he wishes. To me she seemed a rather self-contained to a certain extent, for like everyone, she needed affection, restrained, precise sort of girl, with a very Victorian sense of right and wrong. Even when she fell deeply in love with Rochester, she did not allow her emotions to rule her reason and sense of propriety. Rather than commit a crime against society, she sacrificed her happiness.

When writing of her love for Rochester she is restrained, and the reader does not realize it as the end of the story when Rochester is blind and crippled. Even to the object of her affection she is restrained, and I think, perhaps, that such a violent, impetuous soul as Rochester might find great peace in this calm, gentle love.

In Jane's own words: "I know no medium; I never in my life have known any medium in my dealings with positive hard characters, antagonistic to my own, blazed and absolute submission and determined revolt. I have always faithfully observed the one, up to the very moment of bursting, sometimes with volcanic vehemence, into the other." A cool, level-headed, sensible girl. Jane nevertheless longed at times to be beautiful, especially during Rochester's brief episode with the lovely Blanche Ingram. But her values were set right, and beneath her longing she knew that a good and upright character was the virtue worth striving for.

Another beautifully drawn character was Helen Burns, an inmate of Lowood Institution where Jane spent so many years. Her beautiful soul was Helen's, and it seems to me that Charlotte Bronte had known or knew someone very like Helen Burns, for there is love in the words written about her.

Thus, in my opinion, "Jane Eyre" is an absorbing book for its character studies alone.

The plot of "Jane Eyre" is straightforward—a series of events following logically upon one another. In one place, coincidence is used rather glaringly—when Jane happens on cousin's house after fleeing from Thornfield Hall and Mr. Rochester. However, since life itself is made up of a great deal of coincidence, this is not detrimental to the realism of the story.

Briefly, the story is as follows:

Jane is being brought up at Gateshead Hall by her Aunt Reed who, wishing to be free of at least the presence of the burden which her husband left her on his deathbed, sends Jane to Lowood, a very
strict institution under the direction of Mr. Brocklehurst, a clergyman whose hypocrisy would have been laughable had it not hurt so many people. I thought this character trait of Mr. Brocklehurst was brought out cleverly and rather wickedly.

The word "hypocrite" is never used concerning him, but Jane points out his belief that fripperies and vanities, such as curls, pretty dresses, and the like, are bad for the soul. And that he is only saving the girls from an eternity in hell by depriving them of every possible manner. Jane also describes the bouncing curls and frilly dresses of the Misses Brocklehurst when they visit the institution.

But to return to the story. Jane remains at Lowood for many years, the last two of which she spent as a teacher. Although her conditions had gradually improved through the years, a longing for freedom overcomes Jane, and she obtains the post of governess at Thornfield Hall. Here she meets Mr. Rochester, a rugged, compelling individual, whose ward, Adele, she is teaching.

Gradually, Jane and Rochester fall in love, and she promises to become his wife. However, on their wedding day, on the wedding day, on the wedding day, Mr. Rochester's ward, Bertha Rochester, causes the fire that destroyed it. She is found that she was consulting the dictionary at least once nearly every page.

In conclusion, I thoroughly enjoyed "Jane," for I found it a most interesting and satisfying book, beautifully and sympathetically written, and wholly absorbing.

—CLAUDIA SLADEN
CONFLICT WITH DEATH

The sandy water gurgled through the rocks as it made its way back into the turbulent sea. It mocked, and called the solitary man on the headland above.

There he stood, a statue of desolation, grey in the dawn light. A streamer of pale smoke drifted lazily from the unfinished cigarette in his hand, and a piece of smouldering ash tittered, then dropped slowly down to the sea below. Dully, the man watched its fall. Soon he, too, would disappear into that hungry sea.

Ever since the specialist had confirmed his own trembling fear that he was going blind, the future had stretched before him as an interminable abyss of darkness and despair. Then this morning he had thought of the alternative — Death.

Slowly he took a step towards the edge of the cliff. The movement of the sea had made him giddy as he watched, while people and places he had known appeared in the surging waters. He saw his mother’s face say the fire, just as he had when a child; he saw the rough capable hands of his nurse; the orchard where he had played—and he knew he would never see them again. More insistently now, the sea seemed to be calling him ... calling him ...

He looked for the last time at the world around him, bathed in the freshness of early morning, at the grass near his feet, freckled with the rays of the rising sun; then he looked at the waiting sea, and for the first time fear over-ran his body. Panic seized him. He felt his body swaying, as dizziness swept over him like a wave. Involuntarily, he sat down.

What was left for him? His tortured mind groped for an answer. Then, somewhere near, a bird began to sing with a piercing sweetness that made him close his aged and bloodshot eyes, and listen. For some moments his exhausted mind was lulled by the sound, then he relaxed, and a weary half-smile flitted across his face. After a while he stood up, looked for a moment at the sea, then walked very slowly away.

—HEATHER MILES

SAILING

Nothing is more exhilarating than skimming across the wind-swept waters of the lake on a V.J. A wave of excitement surges through one’s body as the wind catches the sails. The nose lifts, the centreboard begins to hum and the boat gathers speed, the mainsail slapping and the outboard motor humming in front, white wake behind. That feeling of exhilaration which overwhels one as one leans at the end of the swinging planks, wind whistling past and sea spray swirling up from the bow, is one that cannot be experienced in any other sport.

There is, too, the thrill of danger. The craft may be moving swiftly along at a steady pace and then, as if in play, the wind drops —and one generally takes a sudden, often very cold, ducking. A thorough drenching is inevitable when the wind becomes very playful and the boat capsizes, though a V.J. is easily righted by climbing on the centreboard and pushing down with the legs. But there is nothing worse than to have the boat capsize and find oneself under the mainsail—one has a terrible feeling of helplessness, and one cannot get much air from under the sail.

The sport has its inconveniences. On a cold windy day spray thoroughly drenches the sailors and one’s feet assume shades of blue and purple, steadily becoming numb. Fingers seem to freeze in their grip on ropes, and one almost needs an ice-cream to free them. Goose pimples sprout profusely over one’s body, one’s teeth make a steady chattering sound. To combat the cold, the changing of sails (such as I am) wear several old jumpers, which keep out quite a lot of the wind and water but become a little uncomfortable when one takes a drenching and the sleeves begin to crawl up one’s arms or to stretch over one’s finger tips. Others wear hooded plastic jackets to keep out icy winds and sharp sea spray.

Waiting for the wind on a calm day is probably the most nerve-wracking thing about sailing. Hot sun beats down, the mirror-like surface of the lake reflecting the rays on one’s face and body; one is turning pale; one’s limbs and face become a fiery lobster red. That water flung on one’s body during the moments of wind now evaporates, leaving an unpleasant coating of salt. Waiting, one wishes one had brought that book—or that knitting started last year. Goose pimples sprout profusely over one’s body, the feeling of joy as the wind begins to stir, the cold even gives one a thrill of relief, and the crew make ready to use the wind to greatest advantage. If, on the other hand, the wind just doesn’t come, there is always the tedious task of paddling the boat, with one’s arms or with the swinging plank, back to shore.

At the end of the day, boats on the bank being unrigged, one wonders if it was worth while. Consider the discomfort of the scratches and bruises caused by sliding on the plank and “going about”; the salt caked on one’s body; the sunburnt nose which will surely turn bright red and peel and make it impossible to go out tonight in such a state. But consider too the thrill of the moment—the feeling of joy as one flies along with the hummng of the centreboard in one’s ears, and the excitement of finding which promising young skipper can pass the other boat and win up the “work”. Inconveniences are forgotten in the thrill of competitive V.J. racing. The talk of the sailing crowd for the next week will centre on the event which happened during the race and discussion of tactics for next weekend.

For all its discomforts and inconveniences, sailing has a unique fascination.

—MARGARET DODD
I sat me down on a tuft of grass,
I sat me down near a cliff.
My view was grand and from my stand
I could only pleasure find—

The pattern of the moment—
How easy was my mind.

On looking out to near and far,
You note the sky—there is no star
You note the sky—so blue and clear!
Kiss the edge, so neat, so dear;
As though to merge into a sphere.
But kissing with lips so blue: is this untrue?

As my vision searched the sky,
I could but note the birds fly by;
Bedaubing the sky, and in their flight,
Did flick their grey and then their white:
Swinging and dipping in merriment
Swooping and curving in sheer content.

The waves did roll, tumble and crash,
Then over my stone-grey rocks did splash;
And then did dance with lustrous froth,
The golden sands in sweet betroth.
They roll—recede—as if to breathe,
Then rush like wind into the leaves.

Along the beach, in the sun so bright,
Skipped couples, all so free and light;
And as to dodge a demon's lash
Did shrink from the greenback shallows dash!
Footprints in the sand I see—
Now I think of you and me.

If only beside me, could you sit
And gaze with eyes—sparkling lit—
Upon this scene, while wind and sky.
Play havoc in beauty, in each eye.
For here you'll find such a perfect scene
In nature's beauty and like a queen.

You will find here peace, ah! perfect peace.
A peace we search for and not often find
But one, when found, that has consent
And to this world is a blessed event.
For many have looked, but few have seen;
This beautiful queen, this wondrous scene.

—D. BURGIN

SEAVIEW

VOLUNTARY AMBULANCE WORK

A hobby which I have pursued for the last six years is voluntary ambulance work. This hobby has given me an insight into the lives of the best and worst in the population in Sydney and suburbs. The experience gained is something which cannot be bought with money, but by giving up time and energy.

To join the St. John Ambulance Brigade, a course of lectures on first aid to the injured is taken, and at the completion, an examination conducted by a doctor has to be passed.

The division which I joined was the Sydney Central, which serves as an honorary division to the Central District Ambulance Transport Service. This service, with headquarters at Railway Square and branches in various suburbs, maintains a staff of more than one hundred permanent employees. The honorary division at headquarters numbers thirty. Most of the drivers have been members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade before becoming professional ambulance men.

The honorary workers assist the drivers each night, Monday to Friday, between the hours of six p.m. and 11 p.m. On Saturdays the honorary works from 1.30 p.m. to 11.00 p.m. and on Sundays from 10.0 a.m. to 11.0 p.m. There is a roster compiled by the honorary staff each month, so that the members can arrange the time which they can spare.

When an intending honorary member makes enquiries about joining the division, he is interviewed by an elected committee with regard to suitability in physique, dress, cleanliness, temperate habits and spare time. New members are placed on probation for six months and services can be terminated for any valid reason during this period, without warning. The main reasons for terminating services are:

(a) Drinking of alcohol on duty, or reporting for duty exhibiting signs of having partaken of alcohol.
(b) Reporting for duty in an unclean, unshaven or untidy manner.
(c) Any type of misbehaviour likely to bring discredit upon the uniform, and
(d) Unsuitability for the work.

This last item can result from many factors unknown to the man himself until he is placed in the situation where his mental or nervous reactions let him down. Sometimes if a new member meets death for the first time when a patient dies in his arms, or sees the multiple amputations and fractures which occur when a person is run down by a train, he may go to pieces and faint or become hysterical. He is then regarded as unsuitable because the driver cannot be expected to attend to his assistant as well as the patient. The fault can only be observed in the actual working conditions.

Life with the ambulance service is a very rewarding occupation, not in a monetary way, but in the satisfaction one receives in doing something for a person less fortunate than oneself. It is, too, a refreshing experience for many people to get a change from the work they do for a living.

Besides the work on the ambulance wagons, the honorary member has to complete a number of field duties each year. These duties are mainly at football games or speedway meetings. Sydney Central Division covers any function which takes place on the Sydney Cricket Ground, Sydney Sports Ground and the R.A.S. Showground, together with parades and marches through the city. The honorary worker is in demand at the Royal Easter Show, as the crowds are so thick and events in which accidents can occur are so numerous. The riding,
jumping, trotting and wood-chopping contests may at any time result in injury so that for ten days and eight nights all members of the honorary staff give as much of their leisure time as possible.

A high standard of efficiency is maintained among honorary members because they are proud of their hobby and the uniform they wear. Lectures on new methods of first aid, resuscitation, different equipment, and training for coping with situations which may occur in child-birth, all make up extra knowledge to be gained. An honorary member must be able to cope with any situation which may confront him without showing any signs of emotion or stress, no matter how strongly he or his driver may feel about the occurrence. Sometimes you deliver a baby into the world in squall conditions and wonder what chance the child will have to lead a normal life. A glance at the surroundings can tell much about the parents. You may finish this duty at the hospital and be sent to the edge of the harbour to see to a person who has just been rescued. You may work and revive him so that he can speak and all the thanks you may receive will be for not allowing him to die. It is nothing to have birth and death in your hands within the space of two hours.

At street accidents the ambulanceman needs all his patience to deal with bystanders who do nothing but ask stupid questions and get in the way. There is sometimes the person in the crowd who can and will give assistance if required but I personally have asked for assistance from a large crowd in the street when it was raining and got no offers until someone walking past heard me asking for the second or third time. It is no joke to try to set two broken legs with no assistance. This can happen because the driver of the ambulance may have one patient to deal with while you have the other.

Sometimes at an accident the crowd is so thick that you almost need a police escort to reach the patient. After treading on toes and hitting shins with the stretcher you can then load the patient. At many accidents there is the "expert" in the crowd who announces within your hearing that you are doing this wrongly and that wrongly. These experts are usually people who obtained a First Aid Certificate some time ago, remember a little theory, have never attended to an actual case in their lives and what is more, are never likely to be competent enough to do so. The best way to deal with these pests is to ask them to watch traffic about a hundred yards away. This can be done in a subtle manner and the know-all does not realise that he is being removed from the scene. You can then promptly forget him and deal with the job in hand.

Occasionally there is the person who struggles through the crowd at an accident for reasons known only to himself or others, some blood or a mis-shapen limb and promptly becomes hysterical or faints. The best lesson for these people is, if they have fainted, to be picked up by ambulance and taken to hospital. The drivers get to know these types quickly, and even the honorary who is only on duty one night a week sometimes can recognise the face of a constant nuisance. These types are a nuisance to the men working, and after the third or fourth trip to the hospital, they should be left on the street until the police take them into the cells: but the sympathy of the ambulance personnel is always for the person suffering, certainly, that if he is not handled with care, reports are likely to be sent to the Superintendent and it is sometimes very difficult to explain your actions in these cases.

In view of the amount of trouble caused by the drunkards of the city, many ambulance personnel become a little terse in their dealings with these nuisances. The fact that a sober, respectable, good-living person can die because of an ambulance being unavailable is a thought that is present when dealing with a person just too drunk to walk, or who because of the amount of drink he has taken, has fallen and lacerated his head. These people do not realise the amount of suffering and anxiety they cause indirectly through their intemperate habits.

Much of the experience gained working with the ambulance service will stand a person in good stead for the years of life ahead. One looks back on many happy, funny and pleasant experiences, but always you can remember the heartbreak and tragedy to which you have been a witness. I am pleased to have been associated with the men of the ambulance service and hope to keep in contact with the service over the ensuing years.

—L. SHELTON.

NIGHT JOURNEY

Pane of glass shuts out cold night air,
There are sleepy people in this carriage.
Tree tops lashed with wind, wave;
But sound is drowned by the diesel.

Strongly it pulls through New England ranges,
The moonlit Moombi range
Where cattle are gathered
Shelter'd neath her towering hills.

Paddocks are wide and dark-hued
Furrows are black, now, in their richness
Crooked fence posts keep guard for miles
Over grasses of green undertones and grazing stock.

In the carriage, the footwarmer is cold
A single light from the corridor disturts us all
Restlessness sets in, cigarettes glow
Muttered conversations rise and fade away.

Ever changing shapes of clouds
Move in a night-swept sky
A flash of headlamps from a passing car
Is seen a moment, then smothered in darkness.

Now as we gaze, the black lightens
All nature is cold and quivering.
The range turns grey and heavy
Her bosom in a sigh which is dawning.

Eastward—a blinding whiteness shows itself,
Dew sparkles on green pastures,
The placid air is always for the person setting a certain smile
A night's journey has ended.

—JOSEPHINE T. TREGELLIS
MAGIC ISLE

The Isle of Man or “Magic Isle” as it is often called is situated in the Irish Sea approximately 70 miles from the port of Liverpool. It has an area of 220 square miles and has a population of around 25,000. During the last century shipbuilding was the major industry but with the advent of the steamer the old industry has practically died away. A point of interest was that the “Bounty” was a Manx ship and had a Manx crew on its epic voyage. A small proportion of the populace make a meagre living by farming but the majority of the people gain their income from the tourist trade, which continues unabated from May to October. The Island’s chief rise to fame, however, is the annual T.T. and Manx Grand Prix Motor Cycle Races, which are held in June and September respectively.

During 1954 it was my good fortune to compete in these world famous races. The series started in 1907 and apart from two world wars has continued without interruption.

The circuit is 37 miles long and the race is six laps in duration. A similar stretch of road in Australia would be the Gosford-Hawkesbury strip. The course starts off from Douglas and proceeds through the villages on the island back to Douglas. The surface is macadam and is bounded by stone walls for the entire 37 miles. To hit one of these walls often means “curtains” and, unfortunately, quite a few people have been killed during the series. Laymen often ask why men compete in such a dangerous sport. The reason is hard to explain but to my mind it is the excitement and fear of danger that has to be overcome that makes it what it is. Flying and skiing are two other sports that to my mind have these qualities.

The Manx Grand Prix races are held over a period of three weeks. Practice is for two weeks and the races are held during the third week. To get out of a warm cot at 4.30 on a wet foggy morning is a wrench but it must be done if one wants to qualify. Most mornings it was fine at Douglas but by the time one got round to Kirk Michael it was raining solidly and high speed riding in the rain starts to get “dicey”, believe me. On reaching the summit of Snaefell one would encounter mist and that is where the trouble used to start. Every morning there were innumerable accidents as various riders left the road. On arrival back at the pits one is handed a cup of steaming hot chocolate and after a period of time thaws out.

It is funny about Sundays, isn’t it? It’s as if all brute nature had unconsciously taken a rest. Even the pillars of nature—trees—stand listlessly, their leaves, with slits and slots of shining gold, are relaxed. The Sunday breezes are gentler, too... now they urge a whiff of curling smoke heavenwards. The flowers, hardly aware of Wednesday’s gale, bob quietly up and down... The sky stands as a blue and white crossword, the odd azure square showing through from crusty white edges. Tiny insects ease their way through the tepid air...

SUNDAYS

In all this solemn laziness there is an uninhibited spirit of joy—not only in all God’s beauty, but because of it. The birds cannot lock a note of triumphant bliss out of their throaty song. There is a light-hearted lilt one does not hear any other day, and it infests the whole whirl of humanity...

But then a sudden change... Twilight begins to drain vivid colour from every living form. A car door bangs—the weekend’s pleasure over... All nature seems to sigh and as the last molten notes of the golden Sunday symphony ripple to an end, nature, human and brute, submits to the mundanity of the week.

TRICIA MAGUIRE.

SO NATIONS FARE

Somewhere on England’s lonely fields
Where dwells none but the hart
Were found neath sundry battled shields
These words on ancient chart,
“See how the unobtrusive poppy grows
In peace and calm, its green leg firm and strong,
It merely vegetates, doth no-one wrong,
But sleeps and grips warm earth with wiry toes.
So safe it seems, its corner sun enjoys,
Its small world in harmonious repose,
Then comes the roaring east wind, hard it blows,
Tears up the plant, its little world destroys.

And so my nations, mighty though ye be,
Though poppy thou resembllest or oak tree,
Though safe ye seem precautions ye must take,
Lest winds of war thy puny roots shall break.
Prepare with harnessed fire and flashing steel
Thy lands to save from wounds which ne’er may heal.”

And by these shields for centuries had lain,
Bones of a mighty king where he was slain.

ROSS FLANAGAN.
EASTER

I read in the Bible one day, How Judas did Jesus betray, How on that long-ago Passover night, Christ surrendered without even a fight.

Then on that first Good Friday morn, How Christ before Pilate, stood forlorn, How, by a cruel decree, Christ, though innocent, was nailed to a tree.

But the story went on to say, That Christ arose on the third day, How later, disciples did tell That man, without Christ, would go to hell.

Now I understand this mystery, That Christ died for sinners, like me. Now, quite often, I pray, To thank God, that Christ gave his life on that first "Easter Day".

—BEREND WEVER.

OF MICE AND MEN . . . JOHN STEINBECK

When I ask myself what it is about this play that interests me so much, I find it difficult to produce any clear-cut answer. Perhaps it is because the novelist Steinbeck slips across on to the stage, costumed as he was in "The Grapes of Wrath".

Firstly we notice the poverty stricken working men of the depression, the drifters, the bosses; the dreams, unattainable, of the footloose and weary; the passion and animal fear that haunts the highest to the lowest, all this woven and wrapped into a stark study of people.

Steinbeck sets his themes out with undertones of darkness so that we only see glimpses of them throughout the play, but they are always there, nagging, the injustice of life.

The play also shows the way in which the mentally retarded have to fight their way through life, innocently living in a quiet little dream world of their own, unable to understand why people hate and hurt them.

Lennie and George, the central characters of the play are typical men of the depression, ill at ease and sullen, feeling dumbly the injustice that the world has done them. We are introduced to them in the first scene and from their speech and manner we get a true insight into the personalities of these two; any blind-spots in these personalities are cleared up later in the play. We see and pity them in the first scene and from their speech and manner we get an insight into the personalities of these two; any blind-spots in these personalities are cleared up later in the play. We see and pity them

In the next scene the two men are at the ranch after work and the two ways of life can be seen to grate together, boss and workers, and from the dialogue of George and the boss it can be seen that the two planes only put up with one another for what they can get out of the relationship.

As always there is the endless hunt for realisation of a dream, always the same one. The two men join up with Curley, the bunkhouse roustabout who has aged into an old man with nothing behind him and nothing in front of him except three hundred and fifty dollars which he intends to split with Lennie and George so that they can have a little place of their own with no boss. An old man’s hope for a couple of years of peaceful and contented living, yet there is that feeling of reaching for the stars which is so starkly stated by the stable buck.

The last act of the play deals with the climax of Lennie’s life when he is in the barn and the boss’s daughter-in-law comes along and starts to tell Lennie of her plans. He reveals his plans in his simple and pitiful way. She lets Lennie stroke her hair but when he is slightly rough she jerks her head sideways and screams in fright. Lennie, doing what he did with the mice, shook her, but so roughly that her neck broke. He does as George instructed him to do if he ever did "a bad thing" and heads for the brush.

When Curley, the boss’s son, sees what has happened to his wife, he goes nearly berserk with rage and gets the men to hunt Lennie, who only knows he has done a bad thing; a child who could do no malicious or premeditated wrong.

Then George catches up with Lennie and does the only thing he can possibly do to save Lennie from being treated savagely by Curley and the men. He tells Lennie to look into the distance, into the land that would be theirs, and shoots him painlessly in the head, while Lennie is happy and feels no worry or pain or fear.

The futility of life can be felt throughout the play as an inevitability that strikes a reader so that even the naturalness and roughness of the language can blend with the plot to create a truly great work.

—G. PERRAM.

TERRITORY

Grey-green saltbush cowers 'Neath the scourge of angry rays, Denuded shrubs are hiding In their stark and twisted ways. And the soil, red and thirsty, Grips and chokes the mulga trees, All tender tips are burnt by night’s Bitter frigid freeze. And all across this arid waste The scrublands you will find, Are crying out in anguish For the summer to be kind.

—JOHN JONES.
FRUSTRATION

The throat is dry,
The tongue sticks,
Clamminity;
Teeth click.
Fingers will not move,
Shivering and trembling
They are not cold;
What do I prove?
There moves one:
Reflection of
Desire and
Longing.
But not for this,
This seed,
This epitome
Of wasted life.
If only I could . . . .
I wish we . . .
Wistful, no good
Yearning,
only FRUSTRATION

I prove ?
There moves one:
лееasion of
Desire and
Longing. But not
for this, This seed.
This epitome
Of wasted life.
I am not free.
Silken lights,
Her hair.
Beauty real.
What right have I ?
Fernlike softness,
Lovely firm;
Curving down;
Why do you ask?

Something divine,
Warm as the vine
On the brick;
Teeth click.
My nerves are taut,
The fingers quiver,
I am caught;
What in and where?
A touch, it tingles,
A glance, a smile,
The blood effervesces,
Heaven.
A kind and thoughtful word,
Stuttering, stammering
I none reply;
Shyness.
The chance is gone,
Lost, and the gorge
Rises. Fool!

What flows in my veins?
Purposeless, fruitless,
The affair is dead.

The flood

I awoke earlier than usual, to hear the sound of torrential rain on the iron roofing of our house. From my window I could see that the small secluded valley in which I lived was blanketed by heavy rainclouds hanging low on the surrounding mountains. Last night I had heard wireless reports of a cyclonic depression causing flooding on the Queensland mid-north coast. Although the cyclone centre was over a thousand miles away, previous experience told us that it was the cause of the rain and we also knew that it was moving closer to us. The rain fell unceasingly and by lunchtime our gauge had recorded four inches. Lynch's Creek, which begins in the mountains about ten miles away and which runs through our two hundred and twenty-five acre dairy farm, had become muddy coloured and had risen a few feet above normal during the morning. Passing motorists stopped at our place to ask about the creek level as there was a low-level bridge a mile further down the road which was usually about seven feet above the water. By four o'clock the bridge was covered with water and our only road contact with the nearby town, Kyogle, had been severed.

As the day went on and the rain continued to pour down we did little work apart from milking the cows in the morning and again in the evening. Every few hours I would don a raincoat and walk to the creek, which was about four hundred yards from the house, and record the height of the flood.

By nightfall the creek had swollen to a fast-moving, dirty-coloured torrent carrying logs and debris and it was already over the tops of many of the trees on the creek bank. However, the creek would have to rise another twenty feet before bursting its banks, so we could be certain that the flood would not occur during the night. At the same time, we knew that there would be only a few hours after daybreak, at the most, before the creek broke its banks, so we went to bed early, ready for action in the morning.

It rained throughout the night and at daybreak the creek had risen to within a few feet of the top of the bank. We had a hurried breakfast and went out to cut the fences in the low-lying paddocks. This was done to prevent the weight of debris which would inevitably pile up on the fencing wire from pulling the fences out of the ground. With the fences cut, the debris could pass through unimpeded. We then moved a few stray calves to higher ground and no sooner was this done than the floodwaters began to spill over onto the paddocks.

We moved to the house and watched the spectacle as the water, in tiny rivulets at first, rose higher until all the low-lying paddocks were covered, forming a raging torrent more than a quarter of a mile wide. The only indication of the original course of the creek was the trees which lined its banks, most of them now half-submerged. The rise continued and occasionally great trees, uprooted by the torrent, could be seen floating downstream in the main current of water. At one stage a succession of large mounds floating down on top of the floodwaters had us mystified. Then we realized what they were: the neighbour's haystacks which had been constructed in a low-lying paddock. In the stiller backwaters, such things as pumpkins, melons, tins and firewood could be seen.

As the flood approached its peak the noise of the raging waters grew to a roar and waves four to five feet high could be seen in the middle of the flood. Our old pigsties, which were now unoccupied, were almost covered by water when the force of the flood swept them off their foundations. We did not worry too much about this as it had saved us the job of demolition. The pigs had already been moved to higher ground and to their new sites, recently completed.

— BOB COTTERILL, 210
By four o'clock the flood had reached a new record and was getting close to the new sites which we had considered safe, and we were greatly relieved to notice a slackening in the rain about this time. Half an hour later the rain had almost stopped and the rise had stopped too. The flood level remained at its peak for at least half an hour and then began to drop, slowly and seemingly reluctant at first, but then the drop became as rapid as the rise had been.

Night fell with the skies still overcast although the rain had now stopped and the floodwaters were almost back inside the banks. We would have to wait until tomorrow to see the result of nature's havoc.

Morning came, with clear blue skies and a warm drying sun. The familiar scene of destruction was again before me. These floods had been almost a yearly occurrence for the last five years and we had come to regard them as inevitable. Many fences were again torn out despite our precautionary measures, and these lay in tangled heaps across paddocks that once contained crops but which were now stripped bare. Debris lay everywhere and this would have to be burned off when it was dry. Breakaways had occurred in the creek banks in several places, taking much valuable land with them. Silt covered many of the paddocks up to a depth of six inches and although this was inconvenient at first, it provided a first-rate soil for later crop production.

Our actual losses were very small when compared to some of the destruction further downstream. Some idea of the tremendous force of these North Coast floods can be gained from the fact that six miles of railway lines were twisted and wrecked by the force of the current and that ten houses in Kyogle were swept from their foundations and deposited downstream. Other farms lost all their stock and some had virtually nothing left of their farm except the silt-covered land on which it was built. More tragic still, ten lives were lost in our district alone and, when this is taken into account, we can count the losses on our farm as being very small indeed.

-JIM PARKER

ENDINGS

Death of the tide,
and oily ripples, curl slowly,
about tendon-chopped fingers,
mangrove-roots like many drowned
mariners clutching the straw air.
Seagulls shatter
mysty still blue
hemisphere of sky, with cries,
that sweating seamen make,
woke from nightmares of
ship-wrecks and slow drowning.
Quiet soul,
floats upon the sound,
of dark beaches and sweeping
waves stirred from sunken mind—
quite spent upon pale sand;
doubt hid and fears grow old.

—ROBERT GREGG
STREAM

I WONDER . . .

THE VALLEY OF DREAMS

FORBIDDEN

The hydraulic, disembodied whine of the air lock brought him to his senses. Fear leapt from the bunk and cursed into a stanchion, then scrambled of fingers for the weapon.

"Don't!"

Lungs gasped out air and surprise that idiotically framed.

"Why?"


It was cool outside in the light of a waning sun. Eroded pinnacles gouting from the plain. So cool he shivered. He remembered the old man's garden and the golden sun oranges. They were forbidden. Caught by the old man and the pain of shame and fear, under the dark, cool shade of the trees.

Warmer now and the dust shone silver like the tears of stars. And the tears of the butcher's daughter. She was forbidden for him; and they caught him and almost killed him there, in the warm, sunflowered meadow.

The whine of the airlock dragged physical awareness out of his memories. He leapt for security; one hand reached inwards, and then it was gone. All the memories were now of the speaker crackled with electronic satisfaction. It had been hard to analyse the word and thoughts of the creature on the planet. It's last thoughts about living had helped. The circuits hummed, the lights flashed in the automatic warmer. Once again it prepared to give its warning of the radioactivity danger. Radioactive from the war that had destroyed the life of the planet.

"Don't land. It is forbidden to live".

At last it was right—the speaker crackled with electronic satisfaction. It had been hard to analyse the word and thoughts meanings of the creature on the planet. It's last thoughts about living had helped. The circuits hummed, the lights flashed in the automatic warmer. Once again it prepared to give its warning of the radioactivity danger. Radioactive from the war that had destroyed the life of the planet.

"Don't land. It is forbidden to live".

The dust had settled again in the shadows.

"Don't land. It is forbidden to live".

—ROBERT GREGG.
DEATH

It comes to all, and cannot be denied,
For none shall e'er escape it.
None can hide from its cold hand
Which falls upon us all;
And with that touch,
We shiver, and must fall.

But should we fear this thing,
As yet unknown to us
Who now are living in the spring
Of youth? We need not fear,
For the God of all is just;
And when our bodies turn once more to dust,
Our souls will come to stand before His Face,
And each receive its last deserved place.

—MARGARET NEGLINE.

MARINE MOVEMENT

Grey seas foam beneath grey skies
And deep in the womb of the waters
stirs a pang of greediness . . .
On the surface lies a wreck.
On the shore encircling crows pick at death.
Now a sinking bull is drawn
With practised clutch
Down to an eager victor . . .
Grey seas foam beneath grey skies.

—JOSEPHINE L. TREGELLIS.

THOUGHTS OF A BOARDING STUDENT

I love a windswept city,
A place of sweeping rains,
Of weed-infested gutters,
And slimy water mains,
I love the silted Hunter,
Where it flows into the sea—
Its trials and its errors
It's Newcastle for me!

The sky is always cloudy,
(Or “smoggy”s” more the word),
And it’s rare to hear the singing,
Or the warbling of the bird,
But the city I'll remember,
Until the day I die—
"Cause it's the coal from 'Castle,'
That soots up every eye.

—SAMBO.

INFANT HANDCRAFTS

At last we can show the general public and the men at College the results of the awkward and mysterious parcels, threads, papers and books carried into Room 12. Under Miss Whittle's guidance, all women students in Infant and Primary sections have completed a course in Infant Handcrafts. During this course an ideas book which contains work for Kindergarten to Second Grade has been compiled. This includes progressive work in paper crafts, hessian and huckaback crafts and ideas for special occasions, such as Easter, Mother’s Day, Book Week and Christmas.

In addition to this book there were several useful articles to be made for use as teaching aids. These included felt toys, huckaback towels and hessian peg bags.

A special assignment was to make an “Extra Piece of Work”. This was to be unusual, attractive and within the scope of the Infants child. The great variety illustrated includes articles using common and easily obtained materials, such as corks, food tins and pipe cleaners.

When the actual course was completed we were then able to make an article for our own use, electing a new type of needlework to learn. This has proved very helpful, and dainty throwovers, cheval sets, placemats and supper cloths have flourished. We now feel confident, not only to teach the children handicrafts, but to sew away the “spare time in the bush”.

—COLLEEN DEBNAM
SPORTING HIGHLIGHTS

During 1960 the College had a number of very fine sportsmen and sportswomen and I think we are all proud of their accomplishments. The following article is a summary of some major accomplishments of the year.

One will most probably remember not long back the headlines "BRENT CHOSEN FOR AMERICA". This of course referred to Rodney Brent who has undoubtedly had the greatest year in tennis of his career.

Although Rod had taken both the N.S.W. Junior and Australian Junior Hardcourt titles this year his position in the Australian team was in doubt until he took the Metropolitan Grasscourt Championships. Rod has now become the first Novocastrian to represent Australia in tennis, and will leave on December 17 to compete in the Junior Nation's Cup. This is the culmination of Rod's outstanding efforts for 1960 and I'm sure we wish him all the best in the coming tournaments.

Jan Poulton, Maureen Fair and Louise Waites have shown marked ability in the field of Table Tennis. During the year all three were chosen in the Newcastle A grade side which played at Sydney in the Country Week Championships. Jan Poulton captained the team and was ably supported on the court by Maureen and Louise.

In Rugby Union, Lou Christian and Doug Page both represented Newcastle in inter-city matches between Newcastle, Brisbane and Moree. Lou played very well during the year as full back for the college side and it was unfortunate that he broke a leg during the match against Wanderers and was unable to finish the season. Doug

Page played with the Waratahs and looks like doing well in this sport also. Allan Andrews represented Newcastle in Rugby Union against the Barbarians and New England. Allan had trouble with a broken wrist and missed a number of chances of representing because of this fact.

Ted Harvey had a very fine year in Badminton. During the year he won the N.S.W. A.R. Grade Men's Doubles and also the N.S.W. Junior Men's Doubles. Ted also represented Newcastle in the A grade (Canberra), A.R. (v. Sydney) and Juniors (v. Sydney), and during the year he represented N.S.W. as a Junior at the Australian Championships in Melbourne.

Doug Magin showed his sporting strength by breaking the British Empire Weightlifting Record in the Clean and Jerk event. Doug has had a fine career in this field and should do well in the future.

Our congratulations go to Bruce James and Helen Gillard, the Sportsman and Sportswoman of second year, and to Robert Bradbery and Jan Royce, sportsman and sportswomen of first year, for consistent efforts in their various fields.

—E. HARVEY, Sports Editor.
WERE YOU THERE?

INTERCOLLEGIATE PROCESSION

INTERCOLLEGIATE PROCESSION
ALTJIRINGA REPORT, 1960

The magazine you are now reading is the culmination of a year's work by members of the Altjiringa Club. To all those who have helped to make our work pleasant, we say thank you. We value your interest in writing articles for us to publish.

We are indebted to Miss Poole and Miss Smith for their interest and advice, and especially appreciate Miss Smith's help with the artistic side of the magazine.

Special acknowledgments also go to the boys of 207 who produced an attractive blue box into which Altjiringa contributions may be placed.

It is agreed that Phil Foreman's sister did a fine job of typing and we thank her for her co-operation.

Our new committee for 1961 has been chosen. Robert Gregg and Pam Whalan are co-editors. Other officers are:

President: Pam Whalan.
Vice-President: Robert Gregg.
Secretary: June Smith.
Sports Editor: Kay Kelly.
Publicity Committee: Neville Powell, Barry Clifton, Kay Kelly.
—DAWN BROWN, Secretary

BADMINTON CLUB REPORT

We of the Badminton Club feel that 1960 has been a highlight in the history of Badminton as a college sport. Badminton has come alive! This year has seen the formation of a functioning Badminton Club; the entrance of two college teams into the local teams' competition; the purchasing of better equipment, and an all-over awakening of interest in Badminton. Our teams may not have carried away the competition trophies but we were always proud of their determination and fair play. To all who played Badminton either socially or competitively we say thank you and hope that you have enjoyed your year with the sport. Thanks also go to the Club's officers and to all who have come to our assistance. This, really our foundation year, can be said to have been a truly successful one and under the leadership of the following newly-elected officers you seem assured of an even more enjoyable 1961.

Brian Hawkins, President; Berend Weaver, Vice-President; Roslyn Roberts, Secretary; June Constable, Treasurer.

BARBARA HANCOCK, Secretary.
DEBATING CLUB

This year has been a thriving one for the Club. Meetings have been vigorous and delightful with many new speakers appearing. Congratulations to Section 110 who narrowly defeated 201 for the Inter-Section Trophy. Topics of all kinds have appeared: humorous—"Males are a Menace"; serious—"The European in Africa has done more harm than good"; "Australia is a cultural wilderness"; controversial—"Modern Art is Trash"; "Australia should become the Fifty First State of the U.S.A."; and many others. Membership has been in the eighties and we hope this popular trend continues in 1961. A special vote of thanks to our patron, Mr. Irwin, for his keen interest.

—J. JONES, Pres.

SOCIAL CLUB

The Social Club of 1960 reached the climax to an eventful year with the staging of the Graduation Ball.

Over the past year the Club has held many successful functions; namely, the weekly dances, which were very enjoyable, the barbecue and intercollegiate functions. These proved to be financial successes as a result of the eager support of the students.

The "Event of the Year" was the Annual June Ball, which was held at the City Hall with an attendance of 500 and 22 official guests, who were delighted with the hall decorations and the logs. Many congratulations were received by the club on an outstanding and enjoyable Ball.

As the year draws to a close the executive of the Social Club—President Bruce Apps, Vice-President Ron Willard, Secretary Robyn Cox, Treasurer Heather Lee—would like to thank all members of staff, in particular Mr. Gillard, and the students for the assistance and co-operation which has ensured a most successful and enjoyable year.

—BRUCE APPS, President
—ROBYN COX, Secretary.
TENNIS CLUB

The Tennis Club, this year, has functioned well due to an interested committee and the help extended to it by Mr. Ball.

The free coaching classes conducted by Mr. Gustard proved very popular and helpful to many students. Thursday afternoons were highlighted by tournaments, and an Inter-Section competition won by Section 105.

The climax of the Tennis Year came with Inter-Collegiate in which our team proved the strongest for some years. The men’s team consisted of B. James (capt.), R. Brent, J. Buckingham, R. Flanagan and O. Kirkby (reserve). The women’s team consisted of D. Gower (capt.), B. Neilson, A. Muldoon, J. Clifton and K. Kelly (reserve). Newcastle defeated Armidale, but were defeated by Sydney. Good sportsmanship and keen competition proved the keynote and good tennis prevailed throughout.

Intercollegiate, held at home this year, needed for its success not only a team, but many people behind the scenes. The committee would like to take this opportunity to thank you, one and all, who contributed to the “ball girl” and “umpiring” of the fixtures.


Officers elected for 1961 are: President, R. Flanagan; Secretary, K. Kelly; Treasurer, M. Dirou; Committee members, R. Brent and O. Kirkby.

—B. JAMES, President.
NO. 1 SQUASH TEAM

L. to R.: D. Topham, B. Nielsen, D. Bowles (Secretary), J. Gregory, B. Baker.

Photograph by McRae Studios.

ATHLETICS


Photograph by McRae Studios.

PRINTING CLUB


Photograph by McRae Studios.

Throughout the year the Printing Club completed many tasks among which were the printing of Atjiriga, ball tickets, picnic and barbecue tickets, inter-collegiate information sheets and numerous other essential works for College students.

The Printing Club extends its thanks to Mr. W. Wilcox for his assistance throughout the year.

Officers for 1961 Printing Club are: President, R. Johnson; Secretary, I. Walsh.

—CHARLES LEANEY, President

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL


Photograph by McRae Studios.
ALDERTON CUP

BACK ROW: M. Geddes, J. Young, D. Carney, L. Paterson, B. Smith, G. Walmsley.
FRONT ROW: S. Apps, J. Hayward, R. Richardson, A. Coombes, J. Williams, C. Leaney, G. Briddeman.

RESERVE GRADE


Photograph by McRae Studios.

SOFTBALL

FRONT ROW: E. Berry, H. Gillard, B. Browne-Parker, M. Honlon, H. MacLeay.

Photograph by McRae Studios.
WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB, 1960

In spite of lack of enthusiasm by most students, this club has been able to function very well during the past year. Much more could have been done for this sport in the college if more people had expressed the desire to learn the game. This has been a common problem over the years and we sincerely hope that it will be lessened next year. All new members can be assured of willing guidance next year.

Neither team did well in the city competition, but both acquitted themselves honourably in the face of stiff competition. The inter-collegiate matches against Armidale and Sydney were very close and exciting. We were defeated 2-1 by Armidale and 3-1 by Sydney.

Award winners for 1960 are:
Blues: Helen Gillard, Narelle Crooks.
Awards of Merit: J. Royce, H. McLeay, H. Fletcher, B. Ivers, A. Black.

Officers elected for next year are:
President: Heatherbelle McLeay.
Secretary: Helen Fletcher.
Treasurer: Beverley Ivers.

We wish them a successful and enjoyable year for 1961.
—NARELLE CROOKS, President.
ST. THOMAS MORE SOCIETY

At the end of this year all concerned with this Society will be able to say that much has been gained. The attendance at meetings has been pleasing, as has been the co-operation of all members.

Sincere thanks must be given to Val Fryer and Phil Condon who have helped to organize this society throughout the year.

Congratulations must also go to next year's officers:

* Don Burgin, President; Merrilyn Sievert, Vice-President; Ted Sawyer, Secretary; Margaret Negline, Treasurer; Robyn Dibben and Louise Gollan, Committee Members.

Finally the outgoing second year students would like to wish all this year's and next year's First Years every success for future tasks.

T. J. HAMPTON, President.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The aim of the T.C.C.F. is to present to every student Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Lord, who promises to transform lives. During the year we have had daily prayer meetings and weekly meetings with practical and interesting topics by noted speakers from all over Australia. Students' outlook on the applicability of Christianity has been widened at two weekend camps, socials, a state and a national conference. Our prayers are extended to all outgoing students as they commence teaching, and the new second year of 1981.

—JAN SCARROTT, Secretary
RIFLE CLUB

BACK ROW: N. Cowdrey, R. Crowe, F. Lansdigan, F. Wilmott, R. Coulton, W. Barrett, D. MacLeod.


Photograph by McRae Studios.

MEN'S RULESS BASKETBALL

R. Kempion, H. Clunes, J. Buttsworth, M. McDonald, R. Goodwin, M. Hortley, J. O'Rourke, R. Cox, C. Harris (Capt.).

Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 101

BACK ROW (l. to r.): C. Campbell, R. Milburnhall, R. Dunesha, M. Wagh, R. Street, E. Roberts, R. Johnson.

SECOND ROW (l. to r.): M. Hall, R. Hawkins, M. Gosh, P. Jankins, D. Day, R. d'Arcy, S. Robertson, H. Davis.


FRONT ROW (l. to r.): J. Tonkin, D. Hill, J. Ceely.

ABSENT: B. Iveres.

Photograph by McRae Studios.

SECTION 102


MIDDLE ROW: Coral Lombe, Margaret Kidley, Patricia Hall, Deanna Zohn, Lynn Kidd, Carol Groom, Carmel Rounds, Margaret Kenney, Ann Kenny, Jill Ferrens, Sue Tacts, Frances More.

BACK ROW: Joan Constable, Beryl Roberts, Joan Ede, Janet Kellet, Margaret Carter, Rhonda Lenard, Gay Randall, Claudia Steden.

Photograph by McRae Studios.
SECTION 207
ABSENT: P. McCarthy.

SECTION 208

SECTION 209

SECTION 210
MIDDLE ROW: Ken Delton, Tony Paynter, Bob Cotterill, Barbara Hancoock, Rae Paskin, Margaret Rice, Myrtle Davies, Sandra Harris, Bev. McBean.
FRONT ROW: Bill Turner, Margaret Dunne, Judy Johnston, Eileen Dune, Jan Paulson, Mr. G. Akinson, Betty Milligan, Helen Bohanke, John James.
ABSENT: Bev. Challiner.