ABOUT THE COVER DESIGN

Man's endeavour through the years has been to reach Altjiringa or Utopia.

The most striking development in this century is the concentration, in scientific research, upon the conquest of outer space. Man's next major objective, to harness nuclear power for the good of the world rather than the destruction of the world, is symbolised here by the rocket which is to reach the moon. The lines suggest the channelling of all man's powers to achieve this twofold objective — to add to his knowledge and to make sure that this knowledge is used for the welfare of mankind.

As teachers, we have a part to play in transmitting knowledge and ensuring that this knowledge is used wisely.

— R. JOHNSON.
1961

a souvenir

NEWCASTLE
TEACHERS' COLLEGE
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### THOSE WHO WILL TEACH

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### II — SPECIAL SECONDARY

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EDITORIAL

"The old order changeth . . ."

To remain ever in the one position, never to advance, would be a negation of one's existence. And so next year our second year students of 1961 will be teaching, while this year's first year students take their place as the guardians of college tradition and hand on the torch of Promethean fire that is the College crest.

Not only is the old order changing in the college, but also in the teaching service of New South Wales as a whole, because next year will see the implementation of the Wyndham Report in our secondary schools. This affects our outgoing students, in particular those who will take up teaching in secondary schools, but also indirectly those who will teach in Infants and Primary departments as they will be preparing their pupils for schools in which the ideas of the Wyndham Report will be in effect. Although this report is, as yet, untried, it has been prepared by intelligent level-headed citizens under the leadership of Dr. Wyndham, and with the assistance of experts in all fields of education. It should improve the already high quality of secondary education in New South Wales.

To the second year students of 1961, who will be most affected by the changing of the old order, we wish the very best in the years to come. This magazine is a record of your College career. Many people have contributed to make this edition of Altjiringa Annual a fitting remembrance. We hope that you will keep your "Altjiringa '61" as a souvenir of the happy days spent at college.

Miss Poole has been a great friend to the Altjiringa committee and without her help "Altjiringa '61" and the smaller editions of Altjiringa printed during the year would never have seen the light. Thank you, Miss Poole, for all the work you have done, we appreciate it very much.

Thanks also go to you, Mr. Duncan, for the help you have given us during the year. You have always been willing to write articles and give advice whenever we sought your assistance. Without the support of the Principal it would have been very hard for our paper to function.

We would also like to thank those who contributed in any way to the publishing of Altjiringa through the year, in particular to those on the Altjiringa staff who worked hard with little recognition for the unglamorous tasks they performed, and to the Printing Club who printed the Altjiringas and Altjirettes during the year. Thanks, too, to those who contributed to the annual, especially to Mr. Duncan for his article and Mr. McRae for the photography.

Finally we would like to wish all first year students the best of luck for next year and the years to come. May you carry on the tradition of Newcastle Teachers' College and strive to lead others "towards a better world."

PAMELA WHALAN
ROBERT GREGG
NEWCASTLE TEACHERS' COLLEGE
(Established 1949)

Principal: GRIFFITH H. DUNCAN, M.A., B.Ed.
Vice-Principal: IAN D. RENWICK, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., M.Ed.
Warden of Women Students:

HELEN MAYALL, B.A.
Janitor: MR. E. BAXTER.

Art: CAMILLE I. SMITH, A.T.D.
JOYCE E. WINNEY, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Chemistry:

WILLIAM ALLEN, M.Sc.; JOHN P. DOHERTY, M.Sc.
Education:

GEORGE ENGLAND, B.A.; HAROLD R. LINDSAY, B.A., M.Ed.; IAN
RENWICK, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., M.Ed.
English:

F. G. ATKINSON, B.A. (Lond.), Dip.Ed. (Syd.); KATHLEEN BARNES,
MARQUET, B.A., A.A.S.A.; JOAN POOLE, B.A.; HARRY R. SMITH,
Geography:

RONALD C. ASHE, B.Ec.; EDWARD A. CHAGO, B.Sc.;
PETER G. IRWIN, B.A., B.Com.
History:

DESMOND M. LONG, M.A., Dip.Ed.; HERBERT MARSHALL, B.A.,
T.Dip. (Lond.).
Home Economics:

MABEL GRADY, B.A.
Hygiene:

J. McKENZIE WOODS, M.B., Ch.M.
Manual Arts and Crafts:

ALEX M. CLARKE, A.S.T.C.; ERIC W. FITNESS, A.S.T.C.; DONALD
A. MACKAY, A.S.T.C.; LEILA I. WHITTLE; WALTER E. WILCOX.
Mathematics:

Music:

JESS E. FERGUSON, L.Mus.A.; MARJORIE G. SNEEDEN,
B.A., D.S.C.M.
Physics:

LESLIE W. J. PENNINGTON, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Physical Education:

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THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

There are almost 320 of you graduating from this College today.
Every member of the College staff has had a share in your training,
and every one of us will share in the pride of your achievements after
you leave us. Perhaps, for all we know, there may be among you
future Headmasters and Mistresses, Inspectors, Senior Administrators,
and possibly even a Director-General. Later on in your careers we
who have had a share in teaching you may be able to say, "I remember
him or her in Section — in 1960 or 1961".

This concept of your possible future is not as far-fetched as it may
appear to you now. Of my own school fellows and College friends,
one is now Principal of Alexander Mackie Teachers' College, another
in Principal of Balmain, two are District Inspectors in this area, others
are District Inspectors in other areas, another is Area Secondary
Inspector, there are many who are Headmasters and Mistresses, and
one is Director of Teacher Training. Another contemporary is Dean
of the Faculty of Arts at the University of New South Wales, another
is Dean of the Faculty of Economics at the University of Sydney,
while another is Deputy Vice-Chancellor. On this stage today,
honouring us with his presence as Director-General of Education, is
a man whom I first knew when he was a very young College lecturer
at Sydney Teachers' College, and I was a student. It is not a mere
flight of imagination then to ask you to look at yourselves and your
companions and know that among you may be found the educational leaders of the closing decades of this century.

When this time comes and the proper reward of energy, initiative and devotion to duty are yours, I ask you to remember this day when, young and happy in the success you have already won, you shook off the dust of Newcastle Teachers' College and set out, impatient to be on with the job of earning a living. For this is what motivates most of you at this moment. As yet the full meaning of your professional reward and its correlated responsibility have not been etched in your characters by the artistry of experience. Instead you will see at this time mainly the relief of freedom from lectures, of having independence and your own money to spend, and of having freedom to act as adults with power to make your own decisions and accept responsibility for your own actions.

We wish you, "Good luck! May happiness and success be yours!" You have deserved as much. It would be foolish to compare you with the students of the past and say that you have equalled or bettered their performance. In some instances you have done so, in others you have not. Just as they did, you have irritated us at times when you have played the fool; just as they did, you have amazed us at other times with your versatility, your initiative and your kindliness. In other words, you have been human, and it is this common humanity which binds you to us and to one another, and will bind you to your pupils. Never forget it, for it is this humanity, this understanding, this recognition of weaknesses in the best of us, of strengths in the weakest of us, which will make you a real teacher and not a mere instructor.

Neither should you forget your origins. To your homes and families, your parents, you owe a great deal; most of you owe more than you can ever repay. One of the things you must remember is that the people to whom you owe this debt have never expected and do not expect repayment. You also owe much to your College; probably you will not appreciate just how much until you have been teaching some years and think you have forgotten us and what we taught you. In remembering the College you will remember more than the teaching staff, for I am sure that you will remember "Aunty" in the canteen at least as long as you remember me. Rather you should remember all who have shared in your training. I mean ALL, the library staff, the office staff, the laboratory attendants, the clerical officers of the Department of Education, the Inspectors of schools who have made it possible for you to do teaching practice and who have visited the

college to speak to you, the demonstrating schools and demonstrating staff, yes, the Director-General and every one of his officers; for the work of preparing teachers is a co-operative enterprise in which many people take part. There are some who occupy positions which may seem to you to be humble and perhaps you may not recognize that you are in their debt too. Have you ever stopped to give a thought of gratitude to Mr. Baxter, to Mr. Thompson, to Mr. Bates and the cleaners, to Mr. Hall and Mr. Perry, all of whom have helped to provide material for you or have kept the buildings and grounds in order for you? Some of you were careless and inconsiderate, even dirty, yet these people looked after you, made arrangements about your equipment, or about your belongings, or about your textbooks, or perhaps just kept the place clean and removed your papers and forgotten milk or soft drink bottles. Yet their work, too, has been valuable, as has been the work of all the others, for every member of this College from cleaner to College Principal has had a share in your training as a teacher. Every member of the Department of Education has contributed to some extent. If you believe that you have come this far in your careers alone and unaided, then you deceive yourself. No one can be completely independent in a democracy. This is a lesson you should learn at this stage, for you are going to teach in a democracy, and the greatest lesson you can teach is your understanding of it as a system of living in a happy society. In a true democracy each contributes in freedom according to his ability and each is rewarded according to his talent and his effort. Each goes through a common schooling which makes no distinction of origin, income, religious denomination or political viewpoint; the only true criterion is the worth of the individual. Democracy as we know it is not completely just, nor can we hope that it will ever be, for it is a human institution and human beings have failings. Every year, with the provision of better and more nearly equal opportunities for every child, our democracy does come closer to the ideal at which we aim, but we, who are teachers, should remember that the ideal itself is unattainable even though it is brought a little closer by every individual life that reaches out to grasp it. For this reason each of us should set an example and so find that we earn recognition in accordance with our contributions to the common good. Frequently, the measure of respect that others pay to us is best judged by that which we show for them.

This appreciation of human dignity is part of the true education of democracy. Understand it fully, for it will make you better teachers.

—G. H. DUNCAN, Principal
Soon 1961 will be ended. Whether you sustain and strengthen the friendships and acquaintances made during these last two dynamic years, or lose touch altogether, perhaps this Annual Report will serve to remind you of your College years.

More students were enrolled this year than in any previous year, and the College is holding twice the number of students for which it was intended in 1952, when the College moved to its present site. This has led to many problems in administration but nevertheless 1961 has proved a year of great success.

There is no need to prod the memories of those who represented Newcastle in the Inter-Collegiate at Bathurst, and those who were left at home will remember how eagerly they awaited the results of matches. Only half a point separated Newcastle from Bathurst, the winners, and this was no mean achievement.

Competition was rather stiff at the Summer Inter-Collegiate, Sydney having State and Empire representatives in both swimming and athletics. But Janet Knee did not let this deter her, and went ahead to set a record in her event, the 80 metres hurdles.

The Sports Union, led by Laurie Shelton, has earned congratulations for its splendid work in organising the Swimming Carnival, Athletics Carnival, both Inter-Collegiate meetings and the Sports Assembly. Looking back over the year, it is easy to see what a tremendous job the Sports Union has done.

Congratulations must also go to Bob Ezzy and the Social Club for their contribution to College life. The Annual Ball, the Barbecue, the dances and film nights, did much to build the College spirit. Contributions from other Clubs, too, were important in this regard, and we will long remember the Choral Concert, "The Bald Prima Donna," the Revue, and "Our Town."

For the first time, Newcastle was host College for the Annual Congress of Students' Representative Councils. This Congress was very successful, and the S.R.C. is now awaiting replies to letters sent to the Minister for Education concerning matters of student welfare. Special thanks go to Mr. Duncan who kindly allowed us clerical assistance from the office for the Congress.

Through the efforts of the S.R.C. improvements to the College have been made and will continue to be made: bubblers in the quadrangles, additional chairs and heating facilities in the common rooms, fly screens and more tables and chairs for the canteen, and improved shower facilities in the change room. This year the outgoing students have decided to present the College with a trampoline.

To the lecturing staff I would like to extend the sincere appreciation of the student body for a pleasant and profitable year.

Particularly, the Students' Council would like to thank Mr. Duncan, Mr. Newling (our Staff adviser), and Mr. Gillard who have always been willing to offer advice and assistance. Our thanks to Mr. Brady who, with the office staff, has made the administrative and financial problems of the Council much easier.

On behalf of the present Council we wish the incoming President and Vice-President, Jim Smith and Carole Fisher, every success in 1961.

BOB BRADBURY, President.

MARGOT JENKINS, Secretary.
WHAT TO WRITE? — THAT IS THE QUESTION

"Why do now what you can do later?" This ancient proverb has always been my motto, but as from tonight I have decided to adopt a different approach, this new approach being governed by the proverb "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today". The realization that inspiration may not, and most probably will not, come at the last moment has decided me.

How would you like to try and get ideas for a story out of an "untidy room", "a fire on a winter's night" and a portrayal of someone's thoughts or a monthly magazine.

I sat frustrated in the untidy room and searched for ideas in the pile of dirty washing accompanying me on the couch and the array of the many so-called beauty aids cluttering the dusty dressing table. So much for ideas from the untidy room.

I drew a blank with my stream of consciousness idea—mine was unconscious.

Have you ever tried letting your imagination run amok in a fire? If so, try it with the fast dying embers of a coal fire and see what kind of a story you can produce. If your imagination is anything like mine . . . well!

They say "cheats never prosper". This thought, together with my guilty conscience, demanded the monthly magazine be returned to its precarious position on the mantelpiece. This shaky abode is on top of a pile of unopened text books which are supported at an angle of 60 degrees by sheer good luck.

My final stab at inspiration came while drinking my third cup of coffee at the local expresso coffee bar—why try to think of a plot for a story at all?
III—WEDNESDAY

At noon upon the sand I lay in dreams,
And from afar there came the golden beams
Of love's sweet light that spread like flooded streams,—
In fear that I would drown I cried for aid.

Then o'er the glitt'ring waters came a boat,
And I was pull'd from out the depthless moat;
I look'd to thank the words stuck in my throat;—
I had been rescued by a beautiful maid.

I felt the burning fever in my blood;
I felt so light it seem'd that wings would bud;
But chang'd her face and turn'd the gold to mud;—
That face was yours, who treat's love as a trade.

IV—THURSDAY

The house is shaken by a thunder boom;
A lightning flash makes bright this darken'd room;
The rain outside still more adds to the gloom;—
Within my breast I feel the heart grow chill.

A flood of water rushes down the drain;
The dirt has turn'd to mud along the lane;
Breath from my mouth clouds up the window-pane;—
The rain has shown that I have mem'ries still.

A day before the sunlight made them fade;
I thought I had at rest your vision laid;
But soon I found how sharp was mem'ry's blade;—
The tearing pain it seems my soul must kill.

V—FRIDAY

Was Christ the one who died upon the Cross?
Was Hitler's death a very tragic loss?
Was he we mourn the more, the worse gang boss?—
These doubts and more show how my thoughts are bad.

Is Earth less solid than we deem to think?
Is water far too hard for us to drink?
Is air foul gas in which we rot and stink?—
A woman's face makes my mind cruel and mad.

Is love to blame for causing all the wars?
Is hate the thing that cures all the sores?
Is beauty foul except in wretch'd whores?—
Only your love my heart and mind can mend,
Or else a death, I fear, will bring the end.

VI—SATURDAY

Aegisthus is away, but she's within;
Though faithless Carmen lost, she hopes to win;
I think Grushenka must have been helin;—
The night begins to fall, the sky grows dark.

Come Helen, come give me my soul again:
For much too long do you sit with Lord Steyne;
While I wait here, like Hurstwood, in the rain;—
I watch a moth fly round the street light's arc.

I loved, it seems, not wisely but too well;
My mind now hears the Russian engine's bell,
Qahlik men nicht heir fra hevin unto hell;—
The seats are cold and damp here in the park.
When he has left, prepare to meet thy fate.
VII — SUNDAY

83 When streaks of grey began to light the sky,
   Then to my mind came doubts that she should die;
I heard a bell — I left the false one lie —
   In peace, and walked into the light.

With soft unfolding light, from out the sea,
90 The sun arose, and there came over me
   A new-born joy of peace, and I was free;
My thoughts of vengeance vanished with the night.

Dear God! How often do we fail to see
Thy guiding hands at work, and try to flee
95 Into a realm of darkness, far from Thee?
And though again in darkness I may grope,
While You are near, I shall not fail to hope.

NOTES TO "THE DESERTED LOVER"

VI — SATURDAY

The deserted lover thinks of faithless women of literary fame.

Sophocles, Electra. Aegisthus is the lover of Clytaemnestra, who
   has slain her husband Agamemnon upon his return from the
   Trojan Wars. The line is spoken by Electra, who is trying to
   persuade her brother Orestes to kill their mother, Clytaemnestra.

Merimee, Carmen. A faithless Spanish gypsy, who is murdered
by Don José, one of her jealous lovers.

Dostoevyasky, The Brothers Karamazov. Grushenka is the local
woman of ill-repute who causes strife between the brothers of
the Karamazov family and also trouble between them and their
father. Murder eventually results, although not, as it turns out,
over Grushenka.

Marlowe, Doctor Faustus. Faustus has conjured up the
spirit of Helen of Troy, who deserted her husband Menelaus to
elope with Paris, thus starting the long Trojan War.

Thackeray, Vanity Fair. Lord Steyne is the most influential of
the lovers whom Becky Sharp uses to further her own ends. The
reference refers particularly to Chapter 53, where Becky's hus-
band returns home after being rescued from a debtors' prison to
find his wife sitting in her boudoir with Lord Steyne.

Dreiser, Sister Carrie. Hurstwood is the lover
Carrie Meeber, an actress who rises from nothing to be a Broad-
day star, largely through her association with men. Hurstwood is
a businessman who loses his self-respect through his love for
Carrie, and who is eventually cast aside by her, to die in the
poorhouse.

Shakespeare, Othello. V. ii. 343.

Tolstoy, Anna Karenina. The unfaithful wife, being suspicious of
her lover, Vronsky, throws herself from a railway station plat-
form in front of an approaching train.

Henryson, The Testament of Cresseid, 1.145. In this sequel to
Chaucer's Troilus and Criseyde, Cupid summons the Seven
Planets to pass judgment on Criseyde for being unfaithful to her
lover Troilus. With the ringing of this bell these (Saturn, Jupiter,
Mars, Phoebus, Venus, Mercury and Cynthia — the Moon) pass
before Criseyde and condemn her to become a leper.

Shakespeare, Hamlet I.v.189.
HOPE?

Castles in the air,
Dreams of the moon;
Plenty of hope—
It should come soon.

What if it doesn't?
You are let down!
Man without hope—
False face like clown.

Where do you start?
Where do you end?
Man torn apart
Himself must mend.

VOCATION

The star winked back at him, he was positive of that. A board creaked underfoot; the peppercorn rustled its trailing arms; a cricket shrilled. Further away the trees were restless, their boughs whispering to each other. The boy shivered as a chill breath of wind slipped inside his shirt. He sighed, a deep gust of air returned into his lungs and seemed to bear him upward towards ... The quick pad and scrape of claws on wood told him that the dog was by his side. He felt the warm body and the reassuring thump of tail against his legs.

Sky-rockets were wonderful; especially if the night were black, so black that it was terrifying until the rockets climbed up on their golden plumes. And the noise they made was a great exhalation of energy.

But they were far from a space-port. He felt a vast anger at his father, why couldn't they live near one? How wonderful it would be. The silver cones grandly whispering off into space, under the unreal glare of floodlights.

Some day he would be there. But not as a passenger—that was important. He would be a captain in red synthetics and gold nylon fringe, and he would press the button. Then the bated breath of the rocket tubes would be released. After that instant things were confused in his mind.
THE BANANA INDUSTRY

The main banana industry is restricted to a small area in New South Wales. It extends from the Nambucca Valley in the South to the Queensland border.

Banana growers usually have five to seven acre plantations. The plantations are usually on hillsides, facing north-east if possible, because bananas must be absolutely free from frost. Frost turns the bananas black and the leaves of the tree yellow.

The first step is to clear the land. This is one of the most exhausting tasks because it requires strength and skill to fell trees, clear undergrowth and burn it. The grower must evaluate the suitability of the soil for good banana growth. Water is essential in the banana industry. If streams or rivers are close by, the grower can harness this water for irrigation.

The men dig holes in the ground and into these they place the banana suckers which have been taken off the parent plant. The suckers are planted about nine feet from each other. Permission must be given by the local fruit inspector to obtain suckers and plant them.

As the young bananas grow the ground is kept clean and any weeds, pests, diseases are sprayed with a misting machine, which has replaced the old knapsack spray. Methods of controlling or eradicating fungus diseases and insect pests have improved rapidly. The biggest problem was "bunchy top", a disease which almost wiped out the banana industry in the 1920's and early 1930's. No complete cure for bunchy top has been found, but measures have been introduced to keep the disease in check. Growers are now using coloured plastic bags to protect the bunches and hasten the development of the fruit.

After 18 months the banana tree is ready to bear fruit. The fruit develops from bell-like banana flowers which come from the centre of the tree (fork). These flowers are grouped in double row clusters (called "hands") along the stalk. After six months the fruit has developed enough to be cut. The bananas are green and well filled out. When the bananas are mature the bunches are cut and taken to the packing shed. The banana grower cuts the stalks above the bunch with a sickle. He balances the bunch on his shoulder to prevent bruising which would occur if it happened to fall.

The banana tree is also cut down and the young banana grows up close to the old tree's former place. The bunch is loaded into a jeep or landrover. These vehicles in the Nambucca Valley are gradually replacing wires from one part of the plantation to another. The bunches are taken to the packing shed.

The average bunch weighs about 70 pounds and contains about 300 bananas. Bunches weighing up to 150 pounds have been harvested.
NIGHT WORLD

Darkness drags itself into the street
Where the light flickers on and away
In dirt-blinded windows, hid from all life,
Save the comfortless life of the wretched street.
A woman unnamed, yet whose face is remembered
At night, flees the all-knowing light.
And a caller steps through the cruel curtain of red,
Which was white, but is dyed by the dirt and the light
In whose red, night-life glow waits the street.
And the nameless are waiting in sin-darkened lanes
For they too fear the light as they shelter in night.
In a world of pinnacl ed ice.
This is the world of the women of night
And their fruitless desire for escape;
These women walk free in the daylight balm,
But are bound in the shackles of night.

—NEVILLE R. POWELL.

AN INCIDENT

Eleven o'clock at night. I was by myself. Earlier that evening I had left home in my brother's car to drive to the nearest town to attend a “Welcome Back Dinner” being held for a close girl friend who was returning from America. She had been away for two years, and I was looking forward to seeing her.

On arriving at the place where the dinner was being held, I parked the car, tidied my hair in the rear vision mirror, changed into my high heels (I always drive in flat shoes), got out of the car, locked it and walked to the door. There an old friend, Kelvin, greeted me with a bright “Hello, haven’t seen you for a long time”. I had been away in the city for quite a while.

The dinner proceeded as most dinners do, and it wasn’t long before I decided that it was time I left. The company with which I had associated all night had made it a most enjoyable evening for me.

Saying goodnight to everyone present, I approached the front door, looked outside. It was drizzling rain now but, determined not to let this stop me, I headed for the car. Reaching it, fumbling for my keys to open the door, I eventually let myself in, but was quite damp.

There seemed no reason why I should leave the party, no reason why I should be sitting here alone, and no reason why I should be going home at this hour. I made up my mind: I wasn’t going home. Where I went, what I did, what happened, did not matter to me.

The car started easily, first gear engaged after a couple of tries, and I started off. Where I was going I did not know. I drove; passed the 30 mile limit. My foot went down on the accelerator. I glanced at the speedo. I was hitting 80.

The road was unfamiliar, in fact I had no idea when the next bend was coming. Irrespective of this my foot did not lighten. I kept at the same speed, swerving around corners, skidding on two wheels at times.

The car started to climb up a hill—how far I got I don’t know. The lights of another car rounded a bend and shone in my face. I was blinded by the glare. I dipped my lights, but his lights remained the same. Maybe he couldn’t see me, or maybe he couldn’t lower them. I could not slacken my speed; in fact I put my foot down further.

Oblivious of what was really happening, my only memory is of the coming in contact with the other car, of the loudest bang that has ever reached my ears, of the car stalling, being thrown in the air and bouncing on to its four wheels in the opposite direction to rest across the road.

My head was all I thought of when I regained consciousness. My brother was leaning over me. I was obviously in hospital. He was not concerned about the car but about my survival. His only remark came after a long silence. “You shouldn’t have taken your brother’s death like that.”
"FOR TOMORROW"
Eat of the sumptuous banquet laid,
Drink of the grape prepared,
Live for the night not the morning light,
For tomorrow, tomorrow we die.
This, our golden age ending here,
Is the harvest of the years;
The grape of youth is plucked and crushed,
And tomorrow, tomorrow is drunk.
Weep for the parting coming now,
For the time that is passed away;
Weep for the years that we loved and left
And tomorrow, tomorrow are gone evermore,
For tomorrow, tomorrow we die!
—NEVILLE R. POWELL.

A MEMORY
“FF1161”—I can still ring that number, but the answer would not be the same.
“Double F, double one, six, one,” she’d say as she lifted the receiver, that clear ageless voice reflecting an ageless mind.

She had retired before I was born, but although her health kept her at home she was never idle. Her correspondence alone would be enough to dazzle a competent secretary, but she never left a letter unanswered.

Born in this country, she became a school teacher, and achieved the position of headmistress of a suburban girls’ high school. Throughout her life she had been a very active church worker with both tolerance and strong personal convictions.

She had married, but was not blessed with any children, and so she continued with her work as guardian and friend of her school girls. At the same time she took an active interest in a Christian girls’ association.

Her husband died after only a few years of a marriage which must have been truly wonderful. (The old lady would sometimes reminisce. However, she continued with her vocation which she found so satisfying, retiring only when forced to do so.

Not that her retirement was a period of stagnation. Instead she simply found more time for her church and charity work. She was also an avid reader and books on all subjects were to be found on her shelves. On the walls were paintings done both by herself and her pupils. All of them were excellent.

As she grew older she retained a maid, but the house never lost the personal aura of this great lady who grew older so gracefully. Her life had not been without suffering, but she never allowed her personal troubles to bother anyone else. She was always interested in everyone, always sympathetic in the fullest sense of the word.

When I was younger the family never passed Kensington without calling, and as I grew I too would call in whenever passing. In that house lived a truly remarkable woman, and there I have met many more wonderful people, of all ages and from all walks of life. No friends who have accompanied me have failed to fall under the old lady’s spell.

—PETER ELLIOTT.
MY TWO YEARS IN EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

When I entered the hallowed halls of Newcastle Teachers' College for the first time, fired by scholastic ambition, I determined never to be side-tracked from the path of study by the many trivial, time-wasting clubs which advertised themselves on every noticeboard in sight. One week later I had joined three.

I was in the Drama Club, the Debating Club and the St. Thomas More Society, and would have been in the choir, too, except that my many talents were not appreciated there, so decided that such a time-consuming frippery was beneath my notice. The choir lost the exalted company of one tuneless contralto.

Also refrained from joining in sporting activities. After all, this is a civilised society in which we live and such barbaric and unladylike behaviour as galloping from one white post to another brandishing a hockey stick seems to me to be most unbecoming for any member of the teaching profession. The fact that I was a recognised failure in school sport had nothing to do with my declining to take an active part in college sport, although some were uncharitable enough to suggest that, in fact, this was my reason.

My debut in college activities was made in the third week of the college term when I was first speaker for the government in the debate, "Males are a Menace." Thanks to my brilliant oratory we lost that debate, but made up for it several weeks later when my man-hater policy was again hurled from the college platform, as we successfully opposed the idea that "Men are the Stronger Sex." Perhaps these two speeches in which I spurned my inferiors accounted for the hordes of male students who fled as my bright and smiling face appeared in their midst during the first half of last year. For that reason I limited my appearances on the debating platform for the rest of the year to such safe topics as "Australia is a Cultural Wilderness." Anyhow, with a little assistance from several other members of my section—of course, they didn't help much, but as I wasn't allowed to speak in all three positions I had to have them along—won the College Cup for debating. We still haven't seen this cup, but at least we know that we had the most successful method of ear-bashing in the establishment.

My experiences in the St. Thomas More Society were quite enjoyable, although I didn't play the role of the bright and shining leader in this group in either first or second year. I raised several objections to the content of the addresses of some visiting speakers, viewed films; attended church services and seminars; and went on a boat trip around the lake in the middle of winter and got gloriously sea-sick.

Sometime during the first term of last year people presented themselves to audition for parts in the three-act play, "Berkley Square." I went along to offer my services as the young and beautiful heroine, and was given the role of the elderly, insignificant housekeeper. This role, with the whole thirty-two lines, was—I told myself—the most difficult of all characters to portray and only a really brilliant actress could do it justice. It was also true that I was the most round-shouldered person to audition—a natural old retainer's stoop.

To make my portrayal of this most important character really convincing I even managed a very realistic hobble by spraining my foot on the afternoon of the opening performance. This meant some inconvenience back-stage. I must admit, as I had to be carried to my place in the wings, where I sat in a warm, comfortable chair until my entrance. The other members of cast shivered in the crisp July air as they stood in the middle of Boys' High playground waiting to climb a rickety ladder into the wings as their cue came up.

Immediately realising my unlimited talents in the dramatic field, the Revue committee pleaded with me to take part in the 1960 Revue, "College Puddin'". Graciously, though somewhat unwillingly, I grabbed at the chance of cavorting on the stage at Girls' High and proceeded to help in other ways by writing copious scripts, most of which were not used in the show without major alterations to plot, characterisation and incident, but it is most gratifying to see one's original work presented on stage in such a variety of ways.

During this revue I discovered a most extraordinary talent for something my mother has been trying, quite unsuccessfully, to foster in me for years—quick changing. The revue programme was arranged so that I had fifty-five seconds to change from a society matron to a half-witted communist labourer, and seventy-five seconds to change from the communist to a gay young thing at the Graduation Ball. My split personality was shown to advantage in this revue in which I also played several different types of students, a Roman senator, and a belle from St. Trinian's.

In third term I was once more seen by college audiences on stage in the moving drama, "The Betrayal." My pathetic rendition of the part of Peg, the Ballad Singer, reduced the audience to tears.

My only other claim to fame in first year was at inter-col. when I had the distinction of being the last person in the welcoming procession. Nobody knew I was a girl until my hat blew off. I don't know whether or not they thought I normally take a size eleven sandshoe and tie my trouser legs with string bowyangs to stop them from tripping me.

It was at the end of 1960 that I was elected President and co-editor of the "Altjiringa" Club. Don't ask me how because I'm not sure, but I have a vague idea that I was the victim of some cunning plot. Anyway, that election started a long and happy partnership.
with the Printing Club. If they weren’t smiling sweetly at me as they roared for more material to print, I was diplomatically nagging them to start printing the stuff we had already given them. We did have fun censoring some of those jokes the dear fellows kept slipping in, too. And it was such fun to run around collecting material for the magazine—naturally, the other half of the editorship did most of this, because it would be unfair of me to take on this much-loved task for myself. It was more important for me to remain insignificantly in the background, in a supervising capacity.

My debating efforts in second year were not crowned with the same success as they were in first year. Section 110 defeated us in the semi-finals on the topic, “Education is Conducive to Atheism”—we didn’t really want to win, you know, so close to the exams and all. There is another thing I did in the Debating Club, though, which deserves a mention; anyone who is still wondering what six people, three of them girls, were doing standing on the men’s common room verandah at lunch time one day early in first term, apparently talking to thin air, will be pleased to learn that we were actually taking part in an open-air debate.

This year I also joined the Art Club. I found the talks by guest speakers most interesting, but after one dismal effort in pencil sketching I left the practical exercises of the club to those who had nothing better to do with their time.

Being the president of the Newspaper Club I was entitled to attend S.R.C. meetings. This took up my Tuesday lunchtimes and provided me with an excellent excuse for arriving late for an Education lecture.

This year the revue was held in the middle of the year. Once again I succeeded in making a fool of myself by charging about as various students, society matrons and school teachers. I also sang a very beautiful song without accompaniment, because the band couldn’t keep the same tune that I was singing, and I was in a dance requiring high-kicking, which made me rather stiff and sore, because at every second rehearsal I sat down rather suddenly in attempting to out-kick the others.

Several weeks later I played the female lead in the three-act play, “Our Town”. This was all very well except that the fellow who played opposite me happens to be one of my best off-stage mates and so our love scene was not at all romantic. He found me “uninspiring,” and I found him more like a cardboard plate than the man I had just married. But we made it look reasonably convincing.

In third term the Music Society put on “Trial by Jury.” Because I am no singer, despite my brilliant effort during the revue, my presence was not requested for this affair, but my box-office appeal could not be resisted, and I was included in the cast of that aggravating play, “The Bald Prima-Donna,” that filled up the second half of the programme.
FIRE AND FLOOD

Sea and fire—these are direct opposites, yet they share similar virtues and vices in that both grant a livelihood, beauty and comfort to some but balance this by robbing others of material treasures and of the most precious treasure: life. How often does one watch the flame of an open fire gently licking a piece of rough log? In one instant, one's head turns, gaze averted, and suddenly a consciousness of vicious crackling descends on the mind. Fire the comforter is tearing relentlessly at its unresisting victim! How often does one hear the gentle lap of the sea against the rocks suddenly change to a dynamic crashing bent on crushing all resisting forces—but who resists the torrents?

Since man's experience extended to include the sea and the fire, an undercurrent of conflict has existed. Is this a betrayal of the bitterness of nature to man? Does the bitterness stem from the insensitive selfishness of man? He takes the treasures of the sea but gives nothing in return. Is the ruthlessness of the untamed the punishment for the selfishness of man? We find warmth in fire. This is harnessed to generate heat for comfort and cooking. Thus very real needs are fulfilled, but do we respect and pay homage to this source of fulfillment—no! Is this how licence of ruthlessness is extended to a force once worshipped as a god?

Is there beauty and awe in the drama of death by fire or sea? Is it martyrdom? Is it just a kaleidoscope of horror and pain generated by the fear of forces unknown and unreckoned?

—JUNE SMITH.

"WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER . . ."

The wild notes of Tchaikovsky surged through the empty house behind him. He blew the grey smoke from his cigarette and watched it mingle with the blue virgin smoke before the spring gust blew both away from him. The restive sun fell upon him, outlining his body. It was late afternoon: the time when Michael liked to do his thinking. He thought back over his comparatively uneventful life and remembered how many other times he had sat there brooding over past affairs and future expectations. He should have evaluated things a bit more often, he thought. But then, it was only a holiday, and you always feel different on a holiday. You meet people who for three weeks of a year are your whole existence. For just a short time, things don't matter. Quite often you never see your holiday acquaintances again. Noreen; she had looked pretty that morning, rugged up in her slacks and jumper, and calling to him to hurry, threatening him with the skis. The sun lost its goldness and the landscape became a swirling vista of struggling snowflakes, battling through the wind. It was easy to imagine it now, he thought, especially with Tchaikovsky helping in the background.

Of course, the decent thing to do would be to marry Noreen. But then there was Barbara. Barbara, who had never even heard of Noreen. Why should she have? Her parents owned a big cattle station; why should she know a poor student who worked Saturday mornings to get enough money to live through a week at the University. Barbara had never had to work. She had everything given to her, even Michael. Of course nobody had ever handed him over to her but she had taken over his whole life up here in the country town where he worked in the bank. But down on the snowfields in July it had been different. Noreen wasn't the possessive kind. She looked upon everything she got as a kind of reward for an unexplained service. The problem facing him didn't worry Michael as much as he felt it should have. He saw the snow in front of him again and he remembered his happiness that day. Firstly, because of the satisfied feeling that always follows the first encounter with real life, and also, because Noreen was going home and he thought he would probably never see her again, even though she said she was in love with him. Silly kid, he remembered thinking. She's got no idea of what love is.

The wind blew the snow away and a car horn penetrated the spring stillness. He looked up. It was Barbara. "I can't stop," she called. "we're going on a picnic tomorrow. Pick you up at nine." She was gone in a cloud. The sun was blotted out by a flurry of snow. That was Barbara all over, he thought. Then he saw Noreen come gliding down the snowfield of the sun. He realised that he
wasn't in love with either of these two women. With Barbara it had been an infatuation that had gone on far too long. She had made him what he wanted to be when he had first entered the bank. She had helped nurture his sense of adulthood; a feeling of freedom to live as he wanted to after being under the control of his parents for seventeen years. In that short visit he realised how stupid his idolising of her had been. She had merely taken his parents' place. Then with the suspicion and incredulity of youth he wondered if he really was stupid; if there was something wrong with him. He concluded that he didn't really know, and for the minute he didn't want to. His cigarette burned his fingers. He threw it away and stared brazenly into the face of the Sunday Sun, slipping slowly into Monday, Bank Holiday. He took out another cigarette, although he knew he didn't want it. Somehow he always felt better with a cigarette; more grown up perhaps; more able to deal with an adult problem. An adult problem with a solution that had to come out of a dilemma of youth.

The wind played with his hair. He looked up expecting to see Noreen. He couldn't tell why because he felt that he wouldn't be worried if he never saw her again. The cigarette expended itself in short glowing drags. He gazed up at the sun but there was no longer any snowfield and, now, very little sun. He threw his butt onto the step in front of him and stretched his foot out lazily to crush the orange life out of its wasted body. Suddenly he was conscious of a new figure in his thoughts... his mother. What would she think; what would she want him to do? His problem was bathed in a new light. He had to do something. How hard it is when you are still young to make such a vital decision, he winced. Still it had to be made and he made it, knowing that it was one that was going to govern his whole life from here on, just because he had suddenly thought of his mother. He recalled the day when the white snow, so fresh and pure, had blotted out his innocence. He saw his cigarette butt and remembering how he had trodden it out he smiled to himself in the cold realisation that he had also trampled out his youth before it had really had a chance to bloom.

He listened for a minute as the music swept to a coda, his head casually on his elbow. He looked up at the sun as he heard the radio-gram turn itself off. However, there was no sun; a couple of orange bars marked its exit. He got up lazily from the step with the same careless air with which he had sat down, and pushed the door open in front of him. He walked into the lounge, picked up the telephone and dialled Barbara's number. His first decision had been made in a mind that had been thrust into maturity. The boyish casualness that had been his companion for seventeen years deserted him forever as the voice at the other end enquired: "Yes?"

—NEVILLE R. POWELL.
THOUGHTS AT A SEMINAR

Room—stifling,
Cigarette-smoke swirls
into rising clouds.
A cough—a yawn
fades into a sigh.
Rustle and creak of tired body
and chair, sliding to new comfort.
Voice—droning,
Metamorphised to the chant
of bees, spring-morning laden.
Spring has no use for
entombed bodies,
dark-walled from youthful sun,
grasses and gardens, whose blooms
are joyfully breeze-kissed.
To sit, to dream,
to dream, perchance to 'scape
at least in thought,
from this drab room
with chairs in tiers,
colour scheme
of cream and blue
and dulling lights.
The minds of all
Come almost to that spot,
Where dreams oblivion,
but when this spot is reached,
droning ceases—
Morning tea is on!

—"MEG"

RAIN-DROP

Heard some splashing in the eaves,
Saw them shining on the leaves.
There were some upon the door stop,
Others on the roof top.
Tiny ball of silver—
Rain-drop.

—ROSALIND McKINNON.

DEATH OF YOUTH

So old I feel, so very old,
For in my score of years
I feel I've lived a lifetime.
Oh, I have known the tears
That come when death's dry bones
Rattle in the shadows,
And the empty ache
Of the heart that breaks
To see a loved one go
Where the living cannot follow.

I've known the lonely, desolate hour
When the soul's without a home,
And like a weary traveller
The loveless world must roam.
Dear God! I've borne the storm,
The cruel wind's bitterness.
I've suffered the flail
Of the screaming hail,
Until my soul was numb,
And only numbness gave it rest.

One day I rested by the sea
At very peak of noon,
And I heard the storied pines
With the wind a lovesong croon
To passionate accompaniment
From wild orchestral waves,
A song of wind and sea,
Old as time, but free;
Unlike my heart, once brave
But now of fear a wretched slave.

Then somewhere on the road of time,
I lost the veil of Youth.
Everything Youth held concealed
Was then revealed by truth.
I saw death and heartache
I had not seen before.
Eyes still young in years,
Now are old in tears,
And will be evermore.
Heavy is my heart, and sore.

—HEATHER MILES.
SURREY STREET

A street of sooty tenements,
Peeling paint like sunburned skin,
Empty cans and bottles,
A rusty garbage tin.
Banana peel in gutter,
Embraced by melting tar,
Acrid smoke from factories,
Its filth spreads near and far.
A sleazy slice of slumland
Where only dreamers go,
Artists, students, poets, thieves,
These the seamy world well know.
Yet can you in your modern home
That shows no soot or grime,
Ever feel the pulse of life
That beats here all the time?

—HEATHER MILES.

FOREST

There...
sky-hiding fingers,
holding screen of
blue-dappled green,
an ever-tracing
pattern of the wind's way.
small lady-finger,
pink-tipped, white
floating maiden
gripped by claws
dark primeval
hard ranges,
lying on yellow-grey
tree-top billows.

...............
within the mind-grove,
man, parasite leeching
life from roots of
sky?knowing,
time-old-knowledge.
chase; chase; chase;
in ignorant shadows,
the mote truth
toylike holds attention,
then glimpses,
a plain there;
the unfound, lost exit
till clocks end.

Found...

—ROBERT GREGG.
THE MODERN ROMANTIC DREAM

Phillip Thursby was always dreaming that he died in a car accident. At least, in the dream he always got as close to death as one can get in a dream, for the actual moment of death never occurs. Sometimes the car would smash into another car at an intersection and be completely crushing around him... or sometimes the car would be heading straight for a frail white fence on the edge of a cliff and he would see the white boards smashing like matches before the force of the car... He even dreamt of driving his car through an empty city and the car stalled on the very spot where an atom bomb was dropping and he saw the atom bomb falling... But they were only dreams and he was still always wanting a car.

"After all," he would say, "what's in a dream?" With a laugh: "My mind's only getting to work while I sleep on the things I read in the newspapers each day. Dreams rarely come true; when they do, it's chance more than anything else!" But to himself he thought: "Besides, there's something Romantic about dying in a car crash."

For Phillip Thursby had a very Romantic mind. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Byron—especially Byron—were to him as gods. Shelley he wasn't so keen on, because although he did not mind amorality, the immorality of Shelley's private life was a little bit much. Anyway, Shelley could never clarify his visions, and his imagery was a hopeless jumble.

But what fascinated him most was that craving towards Death which seemed to inhabit all the true Romantics. Admittedly Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Byron—especially Byron—were to him as gods. Shelley wasn't so keen on, because although he did not mind amorality, the immorality of Shelley's private life was a little bit much. Anyway, Shelley could never clarify his visions, and his imagery was a hopeless jumble.

Although patronless, he started writing, and kept on writing, for he had many examples before him of genius which had suffered a similar fate—and it was usually temporary. And so, his moments of leisure became moments of pleasure and frustration as he wrote, and by the time the first year of his "temporary" teaching was drawing to a close he had written twenty-three short stories, twenty-seven poems and one two-act play, of which he had—for twenty pounds—sold one poem to a toothpaste manufacturer who—as he had expected—changed the title from "The Green Haze of the Misty Morn" to "The Sweet and the Green", and had completely distorted his meaning. Phillip Thursby's sole attempt at obtaining patronage had failed, and it looked dreadfully like his teaching career was to be permanent. Still, there was some hope. Rejection was part of the modern Romantic Dream.

In the meantime his steady job did have some advantages. Not only was he able to live, he was also able to save. Admittedly, he didn't...
save very much, but by the time his first year of teaching was draw-
ing to a close, he had saved enough to make a deposit on a car. His
father in a moment of weakness a few years before had taught him
to drive his car—and had had cause to regret ever since the rapid
deterioration which had befallen it. But, someone else’s car seemed
scarcely to fulfill the conditions of his romantic dream, and so, after
a weekend at his home in the big city four hundred miles away,
Phillip Thursby had arrived at his school the next Monday morning
in a new car. It was very dusty, but beneath the dust it was undoub-
tedly very smart. There is a certain naivety in most genius,
and in much genius great self-confidence, so perhaps his boasting to
his fellow teachers could be excused. "Eighty-five miles an hour,
that’s the top speed I reached—not bad is it? To hell with the train—
slow and back wearying! A car’s the only thing! Just wait till I wash
it, and then you’ll see how splendid it really is!"

It is all for the best that commonsense is more prevalent in the
world than genius, and commonsense tells us that unless we wash the
top of a car first, the clean part of the car will be made dirty again
when we do wash it. Genius goes a little further and tells us that
when our car is new and low-built and doesn’t really need a ladder to
help wash the roof, the use of a ladder will help to draw the attention
of our neighbours to our new car. So, that afternoon, as well as bor-
rowing his landlady’s bucket—which he filled with water and a
small bottle of car-cleaning fluid—Phillip Thursby also borrowed his
landlady’s ladder.

He carefully placed the ladder on the cement driveway, close to
the car. As he happily began the ascent of the ladder, he surveyed
the car. His heart sang, and voices of delight cried out within him.
At the first step he thought of all the possibilities opened up for him
by the car, and he felt the gay abandon of Byron’s adventurer, Don
Juan. At the second step he looked at the car and thought of its
beauty as Keats thought of the beauty of the Grecian Urn. At the
third step he gazed dreamily ahead of him as Coleridge’s Kubla
Khan must have gazed in Xanadu. At the fourth step he felt as
Wordsworth must have felt at the heights of the Alps. As he stood on
the fifth step and put the bucket down on the top step, he felt like
Shelley’s soaring spirit in flight . . .

Unfortunately so entranced was he in his dreams that he missed
placing the bucket on the top step. The weight of the bucket pulled
him forward, and the ladder not being a particularly stable one
under normal conditions, it collapsed beneath his unbalanced weight.
He fell forward on to the car, his body denting it, and rolled head
first on to the concrete.

And so, at the tender age of twenty-one, Phillip Thursby, with
his neck broken, lay beside a car which has been so badly dented as
to cause its value to diminish by ten pounds; with beside him an empty
car wash fluid bottle, bearing some blood from a scratch on his fore-
head, and around him, several chewing gum wrappers and cigarette
packets which he had only a few minutes before cleaned out of the
car. His death received three lines on page thirteen of one of the big
city morning papers. His manuscripts his landlady gave to a
charity which came round collecting waste paper. Phillip Thursby, an
undoubted genius, had passed into nothingness, the only region which
can be inhabited by one who would have a Romantic Dream in the
modern world.

— KEN. LONGWORTH
A CAPULET TO A MONTAGUE

We "really should not love",
He's truly "bad for me",
His way of life and mine
May never mingled be,
Friends daily slur his name
And hold him up to scorn,
They try to break my love—
It never can be torn.

But why should we who are so young
Be broken for a hate?
It is not ours and never was,
For we were born too late.
We do not know whence it sprung.

—E.

BEFORE

"Cursed is life;
Cursed be life;
Cursed is the ending of life*.

Kites hesitated, in their ceaseless
circles upon the air;
jackals woke among bone-trophies
"You may warrant your very life,
on the strength of this cord",
said the Syrian rope-seller,
hard, fat-pouched, agate-eyes,
x-raying the distended wallet,
bloated with silver.

—The tree was old, sun-twisted,
bark blackened, and coarsely veined,
by many a thirsting year.
And the sky was death,
stained by deep clouds,
of venous blood.
"Father forgive them, they know not ...
Must it have been me?—the question,
twisting, unspoken, in tortured brain;
was birth, a death predestined,
in some vast ledger of mankind.
—Now, now there is urgency,
guilt a mountain,
crushing backwards.
"I did not know, I did not know".
Eternal affirmative,
choking in the trachea,
denying air, life . . .

The dark man swings on a bright rope,
kites descend, jackals snouting scent
and Judas has come to his end.

—ROBERT GREGG.
SEW AND SHOW FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

Last year Needlework by College students was exhibited in Newcastle and Cessnock Shows. Of the thirty entries twenty-two were awarded prizes. This fact and the judges' praise indicate the high standards reached by students.

The nightie by Dorothy Imeson, the cut work by Robyn Mowbray, Dorothy Imeson, Pat Goodwin and babies' frocks by Robyn Mowbray and Pam Foreman were made during fifth year, but were considered of sufficiently high standard to be shown. They gained prizes in each case, as did the skirts by Jan Royce, Dianne Cartwright, Beverley Hall and the half-slips by Sandra Oldfield, Anne Tull, Pat Goodwin. Other work was shown but was not available for photographing.

There are several good reasons for showing work. The College is brought to the notice of the community, and new and interesting ideas are presented. Participation by College students in District Shows had led to revival of interest in shadow embroidery and assistant work. Help is given to the community through supporting the shows, and students can see that their work compares more than favourably with that of the average needleworker in the community. This knowledge of standards of work helps the newly appointed teacher make a place for herself in the community by showing her work, and showing her work enables her to demonstrate the values and achievements of sewing instruction. Finally—the prize money helps to pay for the materials used.

J.S.

A CROWD

The crowd is ebbing and surging,
A sea of empty faces,
Their minds they're thoughtlessly purging,
They group in senseless places,
Why are they all here?
What has moved me here?
Search all through my mind—
Reason cannot find.

—E.
VIGNETTE

Some say a city sleeps at night. Perhaps it does, but it has more beauty in sleep than in its waking hours. After darkness has softened the outlines of stark modern buildings and hidden the squalor of the slums, the city and its people may live and dream until the brutal light of day comes to reveal the futility of their dreams.

There is a studio in a cheap tenement, where a young artist dabs spasmodically at a canvas, occasionally wiping his brush on the tattered shirt which serves him as a smock. The painting is not a great one, but it is rich in the hopes and dreams of one man's soul. As he paints he forgets that the plaster on the greasy walls is cracking and that water marks show where the rain seeps through holes in the ceiling. Nor does he see the threadbare patches in the one mat which vainly tries to conceal the bareness of the floor, and the springs and kapok bursting out of the green velvet covering of the battered armchair which has somehow found its way to this humble room. He sees nothing but the colours on his palette, and the canvas before him.

Across the street a coffee lounge is opened, and the music of a jazz band floats out and is lost in the vastness of night. It is a strange place, its ceiling and walls draped with coarse fishing net, arranged to resemble cobwebs. What light there is comes from Chinese lanterns hung in corners. The floor is crowded with tables, chairs and people. The spiral staircase in one corner provides seats for those who cannot find room elsewhere. The room is full of the hum of conversation, but above this can be heard the music of the jazz band. The trumpet holds a pure high note until it becomes almost visible, blue in the smoky air, then drops until it caresses a smooth golden note, like sweet wine. By contrast there is the muffled pounding of a wood and leather drum as it is beaten by its almost frenzied player. Clad only in jeans and sandals, he is still hot, and sweat gleams on his bare back as he sways to the beat of his music. In one corner three bearded philosophy students and a girl with waist-length auburn hair, who is dressed entirely in black, argue over the respective merits of Aristotelian and Socratic theories, as they smoke endless cigarettes and drink endless cups of black coffee. An Oriental waitress wearing an exotic hairdo and cheongsam oozes through the crowd, taking orders.

In one of the fashionable streets of the city, two impeccably dressed waiters stand outside the brilliantly lit doors of a famous restaurant. They talk as they idly watch the people passing by, and they see much that is interesting and unusual. Brilliant neon signs flicker and glow in the night, and muddy water in the gutters is turned to gold by the street lamps. A sailor and a girl walk by, arm in arm. Behind them stroll a well-dressed youth and his girl friend. She is young and pretty, and her innocent fresh face is a complete contrast to that of the sailor's hard-faced wench.

On the other side of the city stands a church; sombre, mediaeval and majestic in the darkness. It is deserted, except for a girl praying silently in a back pew. For a long time she kneels motionless, her eyes fixed on the shadowy crucifix above the altar. Then she stands, genuflects, and slips quietly from the church, her face a pale oval beneath a dark scarf. Still the tiny red flame burns beside the altar, maintaining its eternal vigil.

On a street corner, four men argue in guttural voices. One lifts a clenched fist and there is the cold gleam of steel in the hand of another. A black car with an aerial rising from its roof drives very slowly, turns, and returns even more slowly. The men are silent, look at each other, then melt into the darkness. The black car drives on and the street is deserted, lost in a city's dream.
FUTILITY

First you light a cigarette:
Then you smoke it down a bit,
And wonder why you've got the thing at all.
But you keep it till the end,
As there's nothing else to do:
But this just fills the time a little while.

—PETER ELLIOTT.

AND SO TO PRINT . . .

Before Altjiringa periodicals reach the Printing Club, a vast amount of work is done. The most important (and the most difficult) task is to collect contributions of verse and prose. The Altjiringa box is always outside Miss Poole's office if you are interested; and you should be!

Literary material, club reports and advertisements are checked through and edited. The necessary editorial surgery is performed, and The Editorial placed proudly on top. The editors now lose their slightly hunted look for a breathing space.

The typist now takes charge of the sorted bundle and cuts the stencils. These are returned to the editorial staff, who check for possible errors. There usually are one or two; college students seem to write with proverbial thumbnail dipped in tar and the typist is only human.

The bundle, by now a pile of stencils, reaches the Printing Club. They add various decorations to the pages and design a cover for the front. The Gestetner now is in charge and it speedily prints the magazine.

Now it only has to be stapled and bundled. This task has been performed by a wide variety of people. Half of 210, the home section of the editors, performed this noble task one day. And they performed to the musical accompaniment of one of their members.

Indeed anyone in the vicinity of the S.R.C. on these occasions is liable to disappear mysteriously and not emerge until he has stapled or bundled a hundred copies.

The "arty" member of the editorial committee dashes off a sign announcing that section reps may collect. Usually someone asks:
"And when is the NEXT issue coming out?"

—J.S. and R.G.
SECTION 201.

BACK ROW: B. Ivers, R. d'Arcy, S. Robertson, M. Pusep, D. Hill, C. Campbell, D. Williams, M. Crew.


Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

SECTION 202.

BACK ROW: Frances Harlo, Margaret Kenny, Camel Bounds, Margaret Cattan.


FRONT ROW: Carol Abbattamith, Beverley Allen, Patricia Hall, Betty Garside, Carol Graves, Vorelle Edwards, Beatrice Russell, Elisabeth Roberts, Margaret Edler, Carol Lamb.

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

SECTION 203.


Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.
SECTION 401
SECOND ROW: K. Temple, D. Brown, S. Caskey, M. Crothall, P. McMahon, K. Flanagon,
T. Russell, A. Waterhouse, J. Greenwood.
Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

SECTION 112
Doherty, Mr. E. Fitness.
Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

SECTION 111
Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

SECTION 110
BACK ROW (l. to r.): C. Roberts, L. Campbell, J. Groce, B. Goudry, B. Gardiner, J. Carr,
J. Rowan, J. Bayliss, K. McNally.
MIDDLE ROW (l. to r.): R. Johnson, J. Edwards, B. Hughes, E. Simmons, M. Campbell,
FRONT ROW (l. to r.): E. Wallace, P. Keeney, M. Murphy, J. McClelland, D. Lowe, J.
Campbell, J. Flanagan, R. Miller, M. Cooke, Mr. H. Marshall (section adviser).
Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.
SECTION 105

SECTION 104
SECOND ROW: G. Kane, H. Loedermans, S. Kane, L. Kuchert, J. Leary, L. Jacobs, K. Lightfoot, S. Laidlaw.
FRONT ROW: M. James, R. King, J. Logan, B. McInshoney, C. McGovern, J. Jacobs, N. Levickos.

SECTION 103
THIRD ROW: V. Evans, M. Davies, M. Gibson, O. Gelagin, P. Hobbs, M. Frewin, P. Hitchcox, L. Debenham.

SECTION 102
BACK ROW (l. to r.): T. Fenwick, O. Davies, P. Dick, G. Dixon, R. Fenwick, K. Deacon.
THIRD ROW: V. Evans, M. Davies, M. Gibson, O. Gelagin, P. Hobbs, M. Frewin, P. Hitchcox, L. Debenham.

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.
SECTION 101.


Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

SPORTS UNION
BACK ROW: Mr. J. Whiteside, Mr. H. Gilloid, Miss M. Breen, J. Paule, J. Convery, H. McIney, D. Bradbury, K. Clifford, J. Bay

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

SOCIAL CLUB
ABSENT: J. Charlton.

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.
DRAMA CLUB

FRONT: W. Ham, P. Hartland, P. Elliott, S. Judd, C. Fontey, J. Walsh.
ABSENT: P. Whalan, D. Hoeker, B. Prestor.

ART


PRINTING CLUB

FRONT ROW: P. Robinson, R. Johnson, Mr. Wilcox, I. Walsh.

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.
SWIMMING
Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

BASKETBALL
Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

TENNIS
RUGBY UNION
BACK ROW: D. Whitby, W. Young, J. Williams, J. Smith, B. Easy.
MIDDLE ROW: L. Shelton, M. Gettiner, I. Rose, A. Richardson, R. Cannings, D. Ringlender.
D. Maddon, A. Steele.

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL
Margaret Gosh, Heatherbelle McLeay, Robyn Dibben, Beverley Ivers, Gwenda Maher.

SOFTBALL

SQUASH
HOCKEY
BACK ROW: P. Boyd, S. Loudlow, Miss K. Abernathy, B. Ivers, J. Jacobs.

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

TENNIS
BACK ROW: M. Dibou, K. Keily (Capt.).

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.

DEBATING

Photograph by courtesy of McRae Studios.
ST. THOMAS MORE SOCIETY, 1961

Farewell and good luck to all the "outgoing" students of 1961. Our society hopes that you have prospered by your two years at N.T.C. and that wherever you are sent, your prosperity shall be maintained and improved.

During the year we were fortunate to have the honour of being addressed by several speakers, two of them being college lecturers. On behalf of the St. Thomas More Society, I would like to express our gratitude for the very real assistance these talks gave our members.

Social activities were highlighted by several film evenings and a bus trip to Sydney. Many people gave assistance on these occasions, and I would like to express my thanks for the help given.

Mass each fourth Friday, together with confession and communion, was arranged by Fathers Jordan and Hayes. The students appreciated that the sacraments were made available, especially those who were far from home. This appreciation was reflected in the large attendance at St. Joseph's.

In closing, I would like to thank all members for their loyal and consistent aid. Special praise is due to the tireless teamwork of the committee. We extend our congratulations to those elected to office for 1962, resting assured that the task will be carried out with great success. Good luck and God bless.

—DONALD BURGIN (President)

TEACHERS COLLEGE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP, 1961

T.C.C.F. has spent an active 1961. We have had socials, at College and in the homes of individual members. Two camps held early in the year were enjoyable and profitable to all who attended. The state-wide conference during the September holidays provided new friendships as well as new knowledge.

Our meetings have varied in theme, but the highlights seem to have been the three Moody Institute films, "Time and Eternity", "Dust and Destiny" and "The Prior Claim". These films presented a great challenge to the would-be atheist.

Members found a great benefit in the meetings for prayer before College each day.

We thank God for a successful year, and hand over with great confidence to the incoming committee.

—BEV. HENWOOD, Secretary.
FENCING CLUB

1961 marked the first attempt at establishing a Fencing Club at College. This, happily, has been successful, producing fencers capable of entering open competitions in 1962.

We must thank the Sports Union for the grant of seven French foils. Enthusiasm, stemming from the visit of Ivan Lund, Australian Olympic fencing team captain, has led to the use of all this equipment and stimulated a demand for more masks and foils.

Eight students, male and female, have commenced training this year. Next year it is up to YOU to help the Club grow! I issue an open challenge—with your assistance we can spread this sport from college to college.

Next year we hope to get you Olympic standard instructors and indulge you in as many open competitions as possible. You and incoming students CAN MEET THIS STANDARD.

Finally, our thanks go to the Principal and the entire Physical Education staff. Their enthusiasm has eased us through our first year, and as a club we intend to justify their faith in us.

—G. BUCKLAND.

THE 1961 SPORTING SCENE

Once again the sportmen and sportswomen of the Newcastle Teachers’ College have proved their ability in all fields of sport during 1961. Many successes were earned by the sporting teams that went to Bathurst for the Inter-Collegate competitions against Bathurst and Mackie Colleges. Good sportsmanship and keen competition prevailed, making this a truly memorable occasion for all those engaged. All who competed will regard it as the outstanding sporting occasion of 1961.

The College Rugby Union team had a brilliant season, reigning as undefeated champions and major and minor premiers in third grade. They earn the heartiest congratulations of the College for this splendid achievement.

Rodney Brent, an outstanding sportsman in his first year at College, has gone on from strength to strength. “Brent brilliant in defeat” stated a recent newspaper headline, referring to a doubles match he played with John Newcombe. Although defeated, Brent was praised for his outstanding play. We would wish him every success in his tennis career.

Another outstanding sporting personality is Janet Knee. The Australian Junior Pentathlon title at the beginning of the year has been followed by many other victories, and her 3,888 points in the above set a new record. Against top-class opposition in the Summer Inter-Collegiate in Sydney, she clearly won the 80 metres hurdles in record time. Finally she won every event she contested at the College Athletics Carnival. Our best wishes go with Janet in her future career.

This year has seen the separation of the sporting periods into two divisions, first year on Tuesday and second year on Thursday. While limiting the opportunities for inter-year meeting, this change has resulted in a larger attendance at sport. The organization of these sporting periods has meant that students have come into contact with many different sports, thus widening their knowledge and giving them a better preparation for their teaching careers.

Congratulations are due to Jan Royce and Bob Ezy, who were the sportswoman and sportsman of second year. Pam Bo’d and R. Campbell filled these places of honour in first year. Special mention must be made of Joy Poole and Jan Royce, who were awarded Honours Blues.

To close, then, I would like to add my congratulations to all those who have gained success in sport during the year, and to wish the students of 1962 every success in their sporting activities.

—KAY KELLY, Sports Editor.
DRAMA CLUB ANNUAL REPORT, 1961

Officers, 1961:
President: Stephen Craig.
Vice-President: Noel Cox.
Secretary: Margaret Negline.
Treasurer: Paulette Jenkyns.

The Newcastle Teachers' College Drama Club has successfully carried out several different activities during the college year. The first of these was the annual college revue, this year entitled “Union St. Beat”, performed at Newcastle Technical High School Assembly Hall on 5th and 6th July. The material for the revue was provided by members of the student body and performed by members of the club with the help of Miss J. Poole as staff adviser. The Revue was a financial success also, realising £83/1/- from the attendance on both nights.

Following the revue was the three-act play “Our Town” written by Thornton Wilder. The play was produced by Ken Longworth and Brian Proctor of Section 401, under the direction of Mr. G. Atkinson and Miss J. Dye, staff drama advisers. In preparation for the production, a weekend drama camp was held at the Y.M.C.A. Lodge at Coal Point and a charity performance was given at St. Philip’s Church Hall, Waratah, for the benefit of the Church of England Homes for the Aged, Booragul. Three performances were given at the University Union Theatre on 18th, 19th, 20th July and takings for the three nights amounted to £63/10/- . The production was acclaimed as one of the best amateur productions seen in Newcastle.

Section 401 produced the Greek tragedy “Medea” with the financial backing of the club. This was also performed at the University Union Theatre on 15th August and realised £27/3/- . The club also combined with the Music Society to present the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta “Trial by Jury” and to provide the one-act comedy “The Bald Prima Donna”, by Eugene Ionesco, to complete the programme. Two performances were given at Newcastle Technical High School Assembly Hall on 27th, 28th September and both were well attended. This closed the club activities for 1961.

MARGARET NEGLINE, Secretary.
STEPHEN CRAIG, President.

DEBATING CLUB — ANNUAL REPORT

This year we had several friendly debates with the University team. The College team was the guest of the University on two occasions, and entertained the University once.

Our inter-collegiate team—Robyn Moore, Marion Crotball, Joy Poole and John Power (reserve)—easily defeated both the opposing teams.

The inter-section competition, which included several open-air debates, was another successful venture.

Officials for 1961 were: President, Joy Poole; Secretary, Heather Miles; Committee, Pamela Whalan, Neville Powell.

—JOY POOLE.
—PETER ELLIOTT.

TENNIS CLUB

1961 has been a successful year for the Tennis Club. The response by first and second year students to the coaching by Mr. Gustard has been good. The popularity of these lessons shows that interest in tennis is at a high level.

The inter-collegiate visit to Bathurst was the climax of the tennis year. The quality of the men’s team was shown by their victories over Bathurst and Alexander Mackie. This team was composed of Owen Kirkby (captain), Ian Charlton, Ross Flanagan, Brian Hawkins and David Bishop. The women’s team of Kay Kelly (captain), Margaret Dirou, Robyn Hawkins and Margaret Dews played well, but without success. In all matches play was marked by good sportsmanship and keen competition.

After many delays and interruptions, the college tennis championships were finally completed. The new arrangements for sport proved to be the main difficulty. It has been resolved to commence the elimination matches earlier next year and, if necessary, to play them at night.

Officers elected for 1962 are: President, John Rogers; secretary, Margaret Dews; treasurer, David Bishop; committee, David Hooker, Lucille Bell, Beverley Ainsworth.

—ROSS FLANAGAN, President.
KAY KELLY, Secretary.

MEN’S HOCKEY CLUB

This year has been very successful for the Men’s Hockey Club in College.

Officers elected for 1961: President, Ken Fitton; vice-president, Warren Sharkey; secretary, Noel Cox.

We are pleased to report that the standard of hockey and the enthusiasm shown this year have been generally very good.

Our best efforts were shown during Inter-Collegiate at Bathurst.
Newcastle defeated Bathurst 7-5, and Alexander Mackie 4-0, in two thrilling and enjoyable matches.

In the local competition the team earned a place in the semi-finals, but unfortunately these took place in the vacation and the team was obliged to forfeit.

The final matches of the year were played in the Newcastle Mattara Week Carnival. The team did exceptionally well to win its division outright. This gained College a place in the major division quarter-final, in which it was narrowly defeated 3-0 by the Newcastle A grade premiers.

The only problem this year has been lack of players from first year, but we hope more interest next year will give the club even greater success.

Congratulations to Bob Ezzy and David Lowrey, who won Hockey Blues, and thanks are due to Captain Ken Fitton.

We wish the club every success next year.

—NOEL COX (205), Secretary, 1961.

THE ART CLUB

This year a new club was founded—the Art Club. Although still in its infancy, and with a rather small membership, much worthwhile work has been done. The club has been closely linked with the Art Option lectures began this year in the College.

Activities have included sketching, lecture-ettes, a demonstration of glove and string puppets, visits to the local Art Gallery, and discussion of art works in the College.

In the future it is hoped to hold excursions to local beauty spots for landscape painting, and an exhibition of Art Club work.

Many members visited the art exhibition held during the Mattara Festival, and we hope that next year members will exhibit in it.

Club officers for the year have been Heather Miles (president), Allison Maclean (secretary), John Bayliss (treasurer). Miss Smith has done much in her capacity of advisory lecturer.