THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

All of the students who have completed their training and are leaving the College today are about to enter upon work which will be their chosen career for the greater part of their lives. Few men who have entered the teaching service leave it afterwards. Most, once they have begun to teach, learn to love the work and devote their lives to it. Many of the women graduates will give up teaching fairly early because they will marry and wish to bring up their families, but many will return to teaching afterwards. Even for those who do not continue teaching very long this field of endeavour will always remain a major conditioning factor in their attitudes towards the community and their way of living. I wish every student outstanding success in his work, for the happy effectiveness he shares in the period of his working life will be his major contribution both to his own development and to human welfare.

Every teacher has many duties, and though the primary duty is that of teaching children, there are many extra-curricular activities which are just as much part of the total job as is the main task. This part of the work of the teacher must be well done if he is to be fully efficient. Clerical records, examination records, reports on pupils, even the mundane duties of rolls and registers are important, and, though teachers often feel these chores are a time-consuming and unrewarding task, they will do them better if they have a realisation of their importance.

Nevertheless the fact that teachers have so many minor duties to perform, quite apart from their major task of teaching, makes many people feel that teaching is not as yet a profession in the full sense of the word. Minor tasks would be performed by less well qualified assistants, it is thought, and if teaching were a profession then the course of training would be longer, the academic standards higher, and the detailed specific knowledge in some fields greater. This is the view of some critics. I suggest that the true mark of a profession is the attitude that the professional person takes towards his work. It is something that only a well trained person can do. It is something that only an idealistic person can do well. It is marked by characteristic knowledge which is not part of the body of knowledge of other professions and occupations. The mark of the teaching profession is its understanding of pupils and of the psychology of learning and personality development, so that pupils may become persons of imagination and creativeness with a spirit of community service.

The academic status of the teaching profession is not as high as it should be. Yet it is better than most people appreciate. Teachers should realise this and not permit themselves to be parties to criticism of their fellow teachers, of their training or of their professional status. If criticism of this kind comes from members of the profession itself, then it is to be deplored, for it is a kind of slander against a broad class of persons who cannot defend themselves with-

out seeming to be excessively sensitive, or without leaving themselves open to the comment: “I don't mean you, I mean others.” We could do, however, with more graduate teachers of high academic standing. We could do with graduates with honours degrees who would give to students preparing for the University a better understanding of their own scholarship; and this appreciation of scholarship is the real value of good Leaving Certificate work. We will not obtain these people nor hold them for the service unless teachers are united in their respect for their own profession, and unless Universities, too, show a similar respect. It is to be hoped that the future will bring about a far closer co-ordination of teachers' college and university work.

There are two special duties which are imposed upon the teacher, those of community relationships and pupil relationships. The two go hand in hand. If the pupils feel that the teacher has a genuine interest in them and their success, they will respond. If the parents see that the teacher has this interest in his pupils, they too will respond. Often the best way for the teacher to obtain the goodwill of the community he serves is to maintain a real interest in the development of his pupils. But the teacher must do more. If the teacher allows himself to become too narrowly engrossed in the school, then he will fail to be a fully developed adult personality. He should take part in community life outside the school—in sport or in drama, in public lectures, or in committees acting for charitable causes, or in other valuable activities. In other words the teacher will serve his profession best by being a worthy and respected and active member of that community, and not by being ONLY a teacher.

No teacher will be a success unless he gets real satisfaction from his work. There is a joy in the response of good pupils, and many do respond and show by little gestures of friendliness or by an occasional Christmas card that they have appreciated the work that has been done with them. Some of our pupils carry this memory of us into their lives, and it helps to mould their responses many years after they have left us. If a teacher is unhappy in his work he should think seriously about resigning and looking for other employment. The alternative will be found in looking less intensely at his own problems and more generously towards the needs of those he teaches. Strangely enough he will find that in helping others he will gain true happiness, and the bread of kindness that he casts upon the waters will be returned to him in ways of which he has not dreamed.

This, then, is the work of the profession to which you are now welcomed as qualified members. We who have preceded you wish every one of you happiness and success.

G. H. Duncan
Principal
EDITORIAL

Newcastle Teachers' College was founded in 1949 with a group of one hundred and eighty students. Since then the College has grown in numbers, size and tradition. Today we have a College of which we can be proud.

Our pride should exemplify itself in our "College Spirit". This spirit is difficult to define, but one could probably say that it involves fraternity and a feeling for tradition amongst the student body. "Altjiringa" hopes that it will be able to play its part in the tradition of the College.

Our success to date has been aided measurably by the Principal and staff. To Mr. B. Smith and Mrs. E. Smith, and Mr. Duncan we wish to express our sincere thanks for the guidance and help they have given us.

As "Altjiringa" is a students' magazine, written by and for the students, we wish to thank all students for their support. We thank, especially, those who have made contributions, and the printing club members for their unfailing industry.

If we have been successful with this issue, this magazine should be a memento of the College year, 1962. We hope that the ensuing pages will, for the departing second years, conjure up memories of the happy days of the past. We hope that first years will accept it with pleasure, as part of the tradition they will have the privilege of continuing to build in the future.

—SANDRA LINEHAN,
—LYN BULL, Co-editors.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

1962 has been a crowded year. Our already swollen ranks were added to at the beginning of the year and this meant crowding in a very literal sense. But apart from this, the list of activities and events has been prodigious. This is as it should be, for it is only through a rich and varied life that we can become interesting and informed people — the sort of people that the teaching service requires.

So it is then that the majority of us will look back on the past two years as being active and full. Soon we shall be thrust out to some part of the State to begin our life's work. New responsibilities will fall upon our shoulders and we must brace ourselves to take the weight. However we face in the future I'm sure that our time at N.T.C. has helped to equip us better to face life. It is hoped that this report will help to strengthen that belief.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the Inter-Collegiate. We were host college to Bathurst. Last year Bathurst defeated us by half a point but we managed to turn the tables in this meeting and emerged victorious by seven events to two — a very commendable effort indeed by our sportsmen and sportswomen. Bathurst must be extended to Lance Brophy and his Bathurst. Last year Bathurst defeated us by half a point but we managed to turn the tables in this meeting and emerged victorious by seven events to two — a very commendable effort indeed by our sportsmen and sportswomen. Bathurst must be extended to Lance Brophy and his executive.

Many of our students attained a high standard in their particular sports — some at representative level. Details will be found in the Sports Union report which appears later in this magazine. As "Altjiringa" is a students' magazine, written by and for the students, we wish to thank all students for their support. We thank, especially, those who have made contributions, and the printing club members for their unfailing industry.
It seems appropriate, in a report of this nature, to mention Remembrance Day. The weather was inclement for the occasion this year and perhaps that was the reason for the very moderate number of students and ex-students who turned out to take part in the sports.

If we wish to have a Reunion Day then the support must come from us. I hope many of you will remember that when the time rolls around again next year.

There has been much energy and enthusiasm in the social sphere due largely to the drive of the Social Club, led by David Bishop. The Annual Ball was very well organised and attended, and throughout the year dances have been held. The Barbecue was a success and regular film nights have been in operation. Other clubs have played their part making this a full and happy year. "The Adorable Creation" was skilfully acted and well produced. The Revue was its usual resounding success, and we were all delighted with the Choral Concert and "H.M.S. Pinafore".

The annual assembly hall was opened early in the year. It has already proved itself to be a valuable asset to college life and the outgoing students have decided to enhance its value further by buying side curtains for the stage.

I speak for the entire student body when I thank the staff for being so considerate and helpful during the past two years. In particular we would like to send our good wishes to Mr. Renwick, Mr. Renwick has been very ill but is now beginning the road back to health. We hope that it will not be long before he is back on duty.

The Students' Council would like to thank Mr. Duncan, our advisors, Mr. Newling and Mr. Baren, Mr. Gillard and Mr. Brady. All of them have been willing to give their assistance freely whenever it was required. Their mature judgement has made the work of the Council easier and more effective.

Finally, on behalf of the present Council, we wish the President and Vice-President Elect, Fred Howard and Denise Street, success and happiness in 1963.

—JIM SMITH, President.

—GWENDA MAHER, Secretary.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL


Middle Row: B. Davies, D. Southern, L. Kull, R. Brender, P. Oliver, R. Connelly, P. Ennis.


Photography — Melodi Studios.

SIX — ALTJIRINGA

THOSE WHO WILL TEACH

I. GENERAL PRIMARY AND INFANTS

ABERCROMBIE, Annette

AINSWORTH, Beverly Zoe

ARMSTRONG, Lorraine Frances

ATKINS, Judith Anne

BAILEY, Judith Anne

BAINES, Leone Noeline

BELL, Bellinda

BISHOP, Paul George

BOLAM, Pamela

BOYD, Pamela Anne

BROGDEN, Jill

BROWN, Joanne Kay

BROWN, Thelma Jean

BROWN, Warren Henry

BUCKLAND, Geoffrey David

BURNS, Norman Trevor

BUTLER, Owen Frederick

CAIN, Judith Ann

CANTWELL, Sandra Joy

CASIR, Allan Kir

CLACK, Brian Leslie

CLARKE, Coral Beverley

CLEMENT, Margaret Gwendolyn

CLIPSHAM, Carolyn Margot

COLLINS, Rosalind

COOMBES, Maxine Mervyn

CRAIG, Stephen Thomas

CROCKETT, Marilyn Ruth

CROOK, Fay Lorraine

CUMMINGS, Janice Mae

CURTIS, Diane Adele

DANIEL, Beverley Mary

DAVES, Owen Kenneth

DAVES, Mary Llewellyn

DEACON, Kenneth Graeme

DEGENHAM, Lenore Margaret

DENIS, Peter Robert

DICK, Paul Frederick

DIXON, Graeme John

DIXON, Robyn Ada

EICHMANN, Peter Robert

ELLERINGTON, Margaret

EVANS, Vaughan Paul

FAIRHURST, Barbara Ann

FISHER, Carol Lee

FLEMING, Jacklin

FRANCIS, Jennifer Anne

FREWEN, Maxeen

GELAGIN, George

GIBSON, Murray Cameron

GOLDIE, Christine Iris

GOODWIN, Sandra Beverley

GRAY, Sidney Carl

HAYES, Diana Maria

HITCHCOX, Pauline Jean

HORISON, Pamela Myra

HOGAN, Margaret Anne

HOLLIS, Harvey Herbert

HOOKER, David James

HOWES, Robert Edward

HUDSON, Sandra Marie

HUGHES, Claire Janette

HUNT, Beverley Gladys

JACOBS, Judith Ann

JACOBS, Lorraine

JAMES, Marie Grace

JONES, Patricia Helen

KANE, Gillian Elizabeth

KANE, Sharon Rowe

KIDD, Carole Annette

KIDD, June Alison Rae

KING, Norah Elizabeth

KING, Robyn Elizabeth

KUCHERT, Leanne Gai

LAIDLAW, Susan Everett

LANGFORD, Beverley Joan

LAVIS, Gary George

LAWSON, Robyn Sue Mary

LEARY, Jennifer Phyllis

LEE, Gordon

LEVICKAS, Nijole Irene

LIGHTFOOT, Kathleen Ann

LOEDMAN, Hendrika

LOGAN, Judy Robyn

LOWREY, David Ralph

MCCUDDEN, John Bernard

MCDONALD, Helen Joy

MEDWAN, Sylvia Rose

MEGOVERN, Carolyn

MEGOVAN, Ivan David

MENHERNY, Brenda Maria

MCLAREW, Roslyn Kay

MCLellan, Richard Ian

MCELOID, Clifton Earl

MADDEN, Dennis Leonard

MAHER, Gwendra Grace

MELICOTT, Judith Anne

MERTON, Beverley Colleen

MERRELL, Wendy Ann

METCALFE, Beverley Fay

MILES, Irene Margaret

MORRIS, Ian David

MORRISSEY, Anne Elizabeth

MOSS, Dorothy Annette

MURRAY, Robyn Lorraine

MURPHY, Margaret Anne

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NORGARD, Beverly Dawn

NOWLAND, Helen Joan

O'BRIEN, Patricia Joan

O'BRIEN, Suzanne

O'CONNOR, Moira Anne

PIERCE, Richard Ronald

PLATT, Lynne Isabel

POWELL, John Francis Peter

ROBERTS, Jamie McKennie

ROBERTS, Jill

ROBINS, Margaret Narelle

ROGERS, William John

ROSE, Isabel Grace

RUSI, Beverley Ann

SAUL, Ali Glenda

SCAMMELL, Helen Marie

SHEETRUM, Terrence George

SKINNER, Iris Rose

SKINNER, Malcolm

SLADEN, Claudia Ann

SMITH, Mervyn

SMITH, Phyllis Myra Gay

SQUIRES, Donald Sydney

STEDMAN, Penelope Joan

STEEL, Athol Brown

STEEL, Janet Fay

SUTTERS, Lynn

TAYLOR, Frances Ruth

THOMAS, Barbara Mary

THOMPSON, Brian Leslie

THOMPSON, Allan Kevin

THORNTON, Bruce Raymond

TICKLE, Brian James

TONY, Donald

TOM, Nelson Wellesley

TOOLEY, Bronwyn Elizabeth

TRAISE, Geoffrey Arthur

WALL, Patricia Aylene

WALPOL, Gregory Arthur

WALPOL, Edward Brian

WAETHUS, Roger Thomas

ALTJIRINGA — SEVEN
### 11. SPECIAL SECONDARY

#### Manual Arts

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#### English, History, Geography

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This fine example of native wood-carving was purchased in Bali and presented to the College by Mr. and Mrs. E. Crago.
THE IMPPOSTOR

Deepening shadows foretold the end of a clammy day. The rubber trees surrounding the camp quickly fused into a solid mass and the road was swallowed by their menacing bulk. Relief grew as the light diminished. A trickle of men emerged from the tarpaulin-roofed bashas which were stowed here and there outside the administrative centre. Lights flicked on to combat the encroaching twilight and in their yellow beams the camp seemed to shimmer and the occupants of the bashas were studded here and there outside the beams were caught the escaping occupants of the towel which was decoratively slung around their middles. Some were clad only in a towel which was decoratively slung around their loincloth fashion; others, merging better into the Malayan twilight. Some were clad only in a various parts of tropical uniform. All, however, had but one object in mind - a cool shower to wash off the filth of the day and to prepare for the evening's festivities. Tonight was New Year's Eve.

The showers reverberated with din and clamour of the happy bathers. A certain corpulent corporal in khaki had a very apt expression at the sight of soap and water, was exulting his not very flexible vocal chords in a lusty fashion. Several rival factions chimed in with differing popular songs but they could not hope to compete with his rich sustained high notes which, if not unequal battle. the "populars" fled the field and the Sergeant Major was one of the those who ordered Nassir to add a sparkle to the scene. Reserve supplies, which were interspersed between the bottles popular local brand marks. The lumps of ice and again. Ears were strained and fingers moved as it's the last damn New Year I'll spend in this dump. Three months now and I'll be on my way. "This enquiry was greeted by cat calls and good humoured banter until a half-drunk sapper lurches to his feet and claimed the meal.

A keen observer, with a knowledge of matters military, would have noticed from the varied uniform that this band of bashas was a hodgepodge. Over there in the corner sat a relaxed-looking soldier whose crashing consonants and tasselled bonnet proclaimed him as a Royal Moroccan. Obviously he was not a charlms Scot for his drinking partner came from the opposite end of the country. It was apparent from his green beret that he was a light infantry man and a close scrutiny of his cap-badge would reveal his home county Somerset. It was a name the worthy Sergeant Major abhorred. Being a heavy infantry man himself was readily confounded and dismayed by the ridiculous nature of light infantry drill. His beautiful weekly parades were usually attended by some bem­bered idiot being "at ease" when he should have been "at attention". Used to a faster marching pace, they generally creep up on the man in front and trampled on his heels. Retallation been making a fair imitation of a set of barpipes for some time now.

"What's the matter, Bach — got a cold?"

He was answered by several convulsive splutters and an array of disjointed gestures some of which were not gentlemanly. Understanding hit him. He peered at his water-eyed, dribbling friend, nodded sympathetically: "Knock your beer over did I, boy? Don't worry, I'll shout a round when the old fool brings the winings.

The afflicted one looked at the ceiling in desperation.

The main canteen was now in a state of flux. Behind the bar steward was a blur of movement. Bunnels of sweat eroded his flat broad face as he rapped out orders to hiscohorts. They were crowded around the counter, and flicked change off it with baffling rapidity. He was disturbing his assistant whom he was busy at one end of the counter with plates of fried rice, grills and other appetising looking dishes. He picked a plate up and removed the slip of paper at its edge. Glancing at it he yelled, "Number seventy-two — who ordered Nasi Goreng?"

"Fifteen hundred, Arms: who ordered Nasi Goreng?"

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was inevitable and the unfortunate in front would attempt a quick "backheeler" which, whether it achieved its purpose or not, always resulted in his losing step and throwing the whole column out. The parade would be halted whether it was inevitable and the unfortunate in front resulted in his losing step and throwing the whole Corps. That fresh-faced youth balancing on the mastedy display of adjectives. His audience had cool beer.

Sergeant-Major Price did not dance. Any man possessing such a finesse in the courtyard as if seeking to draw assistance from the inky night.

He started. His eyes grew wide, then blinked several times in rapid succession. He shook his head, gasped, and bellowed — "My God!"

"S'matter Mick?" enquired the engineer sergeant, puzzled by his friend's behaviour but not unduly so. In his alcoholic haze he was not greatly perturbed by his sudden change of behaviour.

"Did you see it — a filthy great grey shape. I swear it was an elephant." Sweat had grazed his face and his colour had fled, probably to relieve his brain. He was a member of the Service with a low and blue lanyard. He was the only man in the mess who seemed, every now and then, to be testing their sobriety by now. His system had received a mystery. He was the only man in the mess who was not now maned by his sudden change of behaviour.

The Sergeant-Major had reached a state of sobriety by now. His system had received a shock sufficient to overcome the alcohol coursing through his body.

"I tell you I did see one. It went past the window a minute ago. A huge thing it was." His protestations only served to render him more ludicrous. The town-crier leant against his stout window a minute ago. A huge thing it was. "Ambush!" muttered Ishak, and his flesh crept in anticipation of the impact of the 303 bulk filled the road ahead. "Ambush!" muttered Ishak, and his flesh crept in anticipation of the impact of the 303.

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The sentries heard his invisible figure approaching. As he neared the guard house he yelled, "Elephant! Elephant! Coming up the road!"

"What's the matter?" asked the taller of the sentries irritably.

"Whassamatter?" he asked.

"Give me a Sten and clip quickly, there is an elephant loose in the camp."

O'Hara stared. He smelled the beer fumes on the Sergeant Major's breath. "Oh now, look here, Sir, why don't you go back to bed and try dreaming about something else. You'll get me a court martial!"

"I'm serious, you fool, and not drunk. There's a ruddy elephant wandering around. Come on, now, be quick!"

The arrival of the Guard Commander added weight to his pleas, so O'Hara, wondering whether he was the one who was dreaming, pushed the Sten and clip across the table. Mr. Price snapped the clip of ammunition onto the gun and disappeared. Military training thoughtfully taught men how to kill men, but the slaughter of elephants was not normally considered. Mr. Price — not being much of a naturalist, didn't therefore realise that the term "pachyderm" meant thick-skinned. If he elephant was not a real one then would be if he pepered it with irritating but not lethal nine millimetre Sten gun bullets.

Meanwhile the situation was murderous on the parade ground. Members of the guard had fanned out and were combing the area. In the pitch darkness they had very nearly fired at each other on occasions and all of them were scared stiff of walking right into the beast without seeing it. The Guard Commander retreated back to the guardhouse and collected his whistle. He blew it violently to regroup his men. He was going to lose half of them if they carried on like this. Somehow word had spread to the N.A.A.P.I. Club and a stream of tipsy soldiers were now rolling and stumbling over the ground, some of them calling, "Here pussy, pussy, pussy", and snapping their fingers. They had either heard a garbled story or had misconstrued the message. The Sergeant Major ran around bellowing orders. The Guard Commander tried to regroup his men. The revellers rolled and stumbled and crawled and swore and laughed. The elephant listened in amazement, grew scared and fled. Luckily for him, and for his hunters, he relinquished the dignity of the main gate and made an unceremonious exit by trampling down a section of barbed wire.

As he quietly disappeared into the friendly jungle, some order began to show itself in the vicinity of the guard house. Some resourceful soul had produced several powerful electric torches. Light seemed to penetrate addled skulls and rolled and stumbled and crawled and swore. The Guard Commander went to bed, the inebriated ones carried on for several hours and the guards once more assumed their role of resourceful fighting men.

The following morning news trickled through about the mastodon. It was tame. It had escaped from a timber camp and wandered into the jungle. The poor beast had been so long within the pale of civilisation that it had grown lonely. It was even more impatient to complete his tour of the area than anyone else, not knowing who had spoken before. Little groups got together; there was already an anxious crowd awaiting him breathlessly.

"Maybe she has lost something valuable," said someone.

"It's all very odd," said someone else, not knowing who had spoken before.

"Yes it's quite extraordinary," said someone else, not knowing who had spoken before.

A small boy who had been talking to the woman came running towards the people. The crowd awaited him breathlessly.

"She doesn't speak Australian," he said. "I think she is an Italian."

"Just as I thought," said one man.

"She must be mad," said an old woman.

"Maybe she has lost something valuable," said another.

FOURTEEN — ALTJIRINGA

"Call out the guards and start them looking for the thing," he ordered the Guard Commander. "I'm off to the armoury!" The armoury was adjacent to the guard house and was correctly locked. Mr. Price hammered on the door with frenzy. "Open up O'Hara, this is C.S. M. Price!" Muffled groans and curses. The breaking of one of the sentries' boots revealed the声音-ugly face of Corporal O'Hara. Unable to tolerate because of the nature of his job, O'Hara had been ordered to bed in a fool temper which was not improved by this rude awakening.

Guard duty was not an enjoyable chore and it was made even less so by idiots who ignored Chelsea and their own duties. They should have shot at the fool. What was he yelling now? As the Malay grew nearer something of his agitation communicated itself to the sentries. "Elephant! What's all this about an elephant?"

enquired the taller of the sentries irritably.

"Coming up the road — I nearly ran into him. He'll be here any second now." He gesti­ulated wildly and urged the men to hide.

They stood for a moment and looked at each other for inspiration. They could not desert their posts. This was a situation not covered by "Queen's Regulations." The matter was taken out quickly behind the sentry box and watched sound was heard on the road. Both men slipped breathlessly as the great lumbering beast plod­ded out of the gloom, through the gateway and.

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ALTJIRINGA — FIFTEEN

The sentries shouted in anger as the jeep shot through the check point in a cloud of dust and fumes. It sped around the perimeter of the parade ground and stopped on the M.T. park. It's lights flickered out. Ishak's studded boots scraped on the side of the jeep as he clambered out. He pounded along the asphalt track back to the main gates.

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QUIET AFTERNOON

There was the sea, the beach, where the waves broke in foam over the warm sand, and the soft breeze. Crowds of people — all of them decent, quietly clad — lay on the beach, and dozed. They lay on their stomachs with their heads on their arms. From time to time one lifted his heels to spray the sand on his back just to kill time. Children on their way back from the ice-cram stall climbed over the bodies. Lazy dogs scarcely blinked their eyelids and grandma didn't budge when teenagers let their straps slip down a bit too far.

I lay, gazing at the blue sky, my thoughts far away. This might have gone on for the rest of the afternoon had it not been for a very agitated young woman, dressed in rather bright ma-ma, performing what appeared to be rather strange movements down near the rocks.

By now the attention of the whole crowd on the beach had been captured by the peculiar antics of the woman. She was darting among the rock pools which alternately were emptied and filled by the breaking waves.

On the beach, people started to get up and walk a few steps towards the breakwater. Little groups got together and started understanding amongst them. Groups formed to the right and left and far away in the distance.

"It's all very odd," said someone, addressing no one in particular.

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Just as a handful of pebbles thrown in the water will form ever increasing circles which finally merge, so did our groups.

"Yes, now that you mention she's Italian, I recognise her," said one woman. "We are at the same motel. Her little girl often plays with mine."

This idea of the small girl was very popular, and the child's description went round from group to group, like a password. The child's description had somewhat changed by the time it had reached the last group. Maria who at first had been dark, a tomboy and public menace on roller skates had become an angelic blond Francesca, and an avid stamp collector.

"Oh God!" said a woman. "I hope nothing awful has happened. Children are so rash!"

"What about mothers?" said a teenager in tightly fitting slacks, and checked shirt.

A crowd of people had surrounded the brick steps leading to the breakwater, much as they gather around a church after a big wedding.

"Who knows whether she cares about her children?" said a woman biting on a long cigarette holder.

"The child might easily have had an accident...or hurt itself...even drowned itself...she wouldn't care! Just look at her!"

"An accident can soon happen at the seaside. One second's negligence, and a wave can carry a child off as easily as anything," said a short Englishwoman.

"I'll bet she dragged her little girl behind her, and wasn't able to hold on to her when she fell into the water," added someone.

"We are not even sure that she even tried to hold her. That remains to be proved." Nobody could believe his ears when this horrifying statement was made. But truth must out: she drowned her child!

As though aware of this accusation, the woman in the mu-mu turned and walked towards the crowd, who by this time had reached the breakwater and were approaching her.

She was obviously distressed and surprised, and did not realise what was taking place. She was upset, on the verge of tears, and suddenly, very afraid.

"That doesn't prevent her being a criminal!" It was apparent that they were out to give her a rough time.

The woman began to retreat as the crowd surged towards her. But suddenly, from the angry mob, the first sensible word in this strange adventure was uttered.

"Police."

"Police!" repeated a hundred voices.

"Police!" repeated the Italian woman feeling this the only thing to say. Our ranks opened to let her pass.

She left the beach and walked on to the promenade followed by a watchful escort which, for the moment, did not molest her but which, nevertheless, was not disposed to give any quarter.

Passers-by stopped, questioned, watched the procession go by and finally joined it as though it were a deputation.

The crowd was very excited and tense.

The children were not so bad, however. There were few who had not paid a second visit to the lolly shop, and with the enthusiasm of their age they told their friends not to miss the latest bit of excitement. As for the dogs — they could not understand the upset even though they were enjoying it.

Ah, here was a navy cap! A policeman came towards us, as peaceful as fishermen on a Sunday morning.

Here we were. The Italian did not know a word of English, the policeman knew no Italian. Even if the policeman had, it would not have helped as everyone around us was talking at once.

"Are you going to let me get a word in?" the policeman yelled at last.

After a few shushes, complete silence reigned.

"Follow me to the station, Miss. You Sir and you Madam, will come along as witnesses," said he, pointing a finger at two of the most volatile persons.

He took the Italian woman along.

The crowd formed a semi-circle before the door of the police station just as it had done previously.

The police commissioner spoke Italian. After a short while he came out of his office, shrugging his shoulders for the benefit of the two witnesses, while he accompanied the woman to the door, offering her apologies and bowing low.

Suddenly many of the crowd pretended to be in that area by accident, or to be just passing by. The window of a neighbouring shop suddenly became very popular, and some of the children realised that they had better have another ice cream. Dogs were treated to friendly pats, which completely bewildered them.

The Italian woman, looking indignant and disdainful, walked up the street, which was by this time completely clear.

The commissioner gave his constable a peculiar look, shrugged his shoulders again, and before bringing the door threw out, "What an idea."

Only spectators heard the end of the story as the two annoyed witnesses consented to give an explanation before going about their two ways.

"She lost a valuable ring, and thinks it was on the breakwater; she didn't find it and is very upset. Her lack of knowledge of English didn't help either. At any rate she is not married and never had a child."

It was a slower procession that returned to the beach. Disappointed football fans who had just weathered the defeat of their favourites could not have looked more depressed. People were silent, and no one spoke.

Commonsense, however, soon prevailed. It was impossible that such an adventure could finish to the satisfaction of a few. Everyone had had his share of this business; it had occurred on public property and the matter must be thrashed out. Questions and answers were once more exchanged.

"What did she lose?" asked a woman.

"A ring, they told you."

"Valuable?"

"Apparently."

"They always say that in cases of this sort."

The crowd had been drifting around continuously since the beginning of the affair. No one knew who had been beside him a moment ago and no one knew to whom he would speak in thirty seconds' time.

"Of course," said a well dressed little woman, "Some people always exaggerate. A valuable ring — what does that mean?"

"Anyhow, was it a ring A ring doesn't get lost as easily as all that."

"I'll bet it was a charm, or a cheap ear-ring."

They walked towards the beach in sight of the famous breakwater. Once more the crowd got together, they found their friends, and were in complete harmony, and finally they learned the truth.

"All that for a comb! Can you imagine? For a comb she let fall into the water, she has practically caused a revolution, upset hundreds of people and called the police."

"Some people have a nerve," said one girl.

"Where is she, this Italian woman?" said another. "I'll give her a piece of my mind!"

—DIANA HOWARD.

John Bramble
The thought nearly overwhelmed his desire to sleep. But then it occurred to him. How his father had set his face against smoking at all. However, he was getting older now, and instead of this bringing him into closer contact with his parents, he was moving further apart.

He stretched his long, thin limbs and decided to get up. After all, it was ten o'clock and he had put off that work long enough. He remembered catching him smoking and had made a vain attempt to force him into giving it up. How well he remembered how his father had sat there, smoking cigarette after cigarette, three to one in order to make him sick. The picture came out of bed. Life was good, but he was bored, nothing to do. He knew he had better hurry out to breakfast! Sit down! Take your feet off the table. Langidly, tossing aside the covers, he slid on his elbows on the table and picked up the newspaper.

**The sun shone brightly through the window. It was half-past twelve.**

Lanidly, tossing aside the covers, he slid on his elbows on the table and picked up the newspaper.

An intelligent frown wrinkled his forehead as he glanced through the news, sports and women's fashions. The same he began to concentrate on the comic strip. He loved the lines of these comic strip characters. They were from the imagination and yet that he did not happen anymore now that his aunt was married.

He was almost at the shop. He walked in. He gave his mother's shopping list to the assistant and waited patiently. A small child of five or six was crying for an ice-cream and the incessant wailing of the child annoyed him. He watched the child with a superior smile. He was once like that. The mother gave in and bought an ice-cream. He could stand that much better. But instead he said you were an idiot to laugh by yourself.

**Part I — the morning**

He wanted a cigarette. He desired a cigarette. He put off that work long enough. He remembered catching him smoking and had made a vain attempt to force him into giving it up. How well he remembered how his father had sat there, smoking cigarette after cigarette, three to one in order to make him sick. The picture came out of bed. Life was good, but he was bored, nothing to do. He knew he had better hurry out to breakfast! Sit down! Take your feet off the table. Langidly, tossing aside the covers, he slid on his elbows on the table and picked up the newspaper.

He put the paper down. What was it his mother used to run errands for his young aunt. He used to enjoy it. He did daydream. But no more than anyone who had a soul, a heart. The mind did not matter. His mother's voice was sweet, friendly. He had to do the shopping. Why was it he always had to say, "Please, will you . . .?" while his parents said, "Do it or else!" You were picked on until you did the picking. It was a pity things like that did not happen anymore now that his aunt was married.

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**Part II — the afternoon**

He felt sorry for himself. People had said, Eighteen! How could he forget that year? He had had his first real attempt at alcohol then. There was a crowd of them, all friends, bursting with high spirits. They had stood on street corners, whistling at girls and blushing if a girl singled one of them out. They had a great companionship. They had bought an old 1929 model car and had gone on wild escapades, taking bottles of gin, rum and brandy with them. It had been a good year, two years perhaps, and then the gang began to split up. Some to marry, others to move into a different town. It had been good while it lasted.

He sat on a park bench and began eating his lunch. Lunedtime would drag on as usual and the afternoon would pass too quickly and then he would have to face the loneliness of his wife's ALTIRINGA — TWENTY-ONE
THE VALLEY OF EDEN

The house was little more than a shack. A verandah around the house appeared to be holding it up. The walls were in need of painting, but inside was spotless and shining—simplicity was the key word. The house and its garden were on a gentle slope towards the north; there was something almost circular in the centre of the valley.

The valley itself was about three-quarters of a mile long at the widest part, forming almost a U shape. The river which had carved the valley was now little more than a stream replenishing the small lake. The sides of the valley swept up from the floor, forming precipitous cliffs around the edge. There were narrow cuts in these walls where the river had once flowed. These formed the only entrance and the house was the only sign of civilisation.

The floor of the valley was covered mainly with rich and luxuriant grasses; here and there could be seen any part of the valley. The valley itself was about three-quarters of a mile long at the widest part, forming almost a U shape. The river which had carved the valley was now little more than a stream replenishing the small lake. The sides of the valley swept up from the floor, forming precipitous cliffs around the edge. There were narrow cuts in these walls where the river had once flowed. These formed the only entrance and the house was the only sign of civilisation.

On the verandah facing the lake sat a man. He was sitting before a table, a portable typewriter beneath his hands. His eyes strayed constantly to the lake where his wife splashed about the steps and walked inside to the inevitable tinned food. “Don’t talk like that,” she said seriously. “The old fellow liked you a lot too,” he answered.

“Only if you are, Evie,” he answered. They had an arrangement with Joe. He brought them fresh foodstuffs from his farm about five miles from the valley.

“We haven’t even seen him for three weeks and we haven’t had any eggs or milk since the last shower. If something has happened to him, do you think? He was such a nice old man bringing us those things every week.” She stopped talking when she realised that he was not listening. “Oh well, I’d better open some tins for tea.” He made no move as she got up and moved towards the door.

As he watched the sun finally disappear behind the cliff wall and twilight settle over the valley he mused. Why is it, he thought, we have to go back to the rat race we call civilisation? Why is it, we cannot stay here, in this idyllic paradise, for the rest of our days? Evie and I have never been happier than in our months here. But I suppose she will enjoy the everlasting round of parties and engagements with the social set. Why the noise and hustle and bustle of the city instead of our own little world? It’s as though the rest of the world did not exist. Perhaps things would be different if we could have children.

“Dinner’s ready,” Evie called. She was roused from his dream. “Bring down your dish and we’ll have dinner.”

“Coming,” he replied. He rose from the chair and walked inside to the inevitable tinned food.

“There’s one thing I shall love to get back to,” Evie said as they washed up, “and that’s fresh food.”

“If we lived here we could grow most things we need, I wouldn’t mind turning farmer either; it would certainly be more fun than writing trash that gives us bread and butter.”

After ten minutes or so of solid typing, he made a pile of his loose papers and stuffed them into a big envelope.

“Evie, Evie,” he called down to the lake. “I’ve finished my book.”

His wife walked up the path to him. She wore an expression of calm serenity. “Happy darling?” she asked, when she reached the verandah and kissed him lightly on the forehead.

“He finished his lunch and looked at his watch, a quarter past one. He had to hurry back. He did not want to look into the future. He had changed his mind.

“Happy darling?” she asked, when she reached the verandah and kissed him lightly on the forehead.

He used to say that married couples who fought all the time were the most happily married. He refused to look into the future. He had finished his lunch and looked at his watch, a quarter past one. He had to hurry back. He did not want to look into the future. He had changed his mind.

She looked across at her husband, engrossed in his book. I wonder how he would feel about living here all his life. No, he loves writing too much even though he says he detests it. And what’s the use of writing if there’s no one to read it. And our child? What of it?

It was a good idea. He told himself it was a good idea for the next two hours.

I’ll be sorry leaving this place after all these months, and Joe, too. He’s the only person we’ve seen since we came here.

The couple were ostensibly reading by the light of the kerosene lamp. But Evie was thinking, the book lying shut on the lap. Unknowingly her thoughts echoed her husband’s of that same afternoon. How beautiful and quiet it is here. It would be wonderful to stay the rest of our lives.

The sun slipped, and the scarecrow was no more. He used to say that married couples who fought all the time were the most happily married.

He did not know why he had felt guilty and he still did not know.

The sun behind me, slanting from the West, appeared in his mind, but he pushed it back. He would not be lonely, he would have the companionship of a drink. Then he thought of the idea for the next two hours.

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a moment, brown in the sun, and then dived in.

As they dried themselves, or rather, let the sun dry them as they lay on the grass, Evie remarked, "Hasn't she come over today?" She was referring to the aircraft that flew from Sydney to the town closest to them, about ten miles away. Every morning it had flown over as they had their second swim.

"And it hasn't come over for at least a week."

Suddenly she started up. "Do you think it could have anything to do with old Joe not calling?"

He laughed. How was it that women could put two entirely unrelated things together and get an answer that was quite often correct. But he made no reply. What was the use of arguing with a woman. They use illogical arguments and cannot be shown their errors by the cold-blooded and precise arguments of the man. He just shrugged his shoulders and moved towards the house when he noticed that she was crying.

"You're not really worried about Joe, are you?" he asked, putting an arm around her shoulders. "He's probably been too busy to come all this way just for us. And as for the plane there could be a hundred reasons why it hasn't come over". Then he remembered — what's the use? "Unhappy about leaving?"

She nodded slightly. "Would you like to come here again?" she asked. "So would I," he said softly.

They sat quietly for a time, engrossed in their own thoughts.

Then Evie said, "There's something I want to tell you . . . ."

"Not another of your premonitions I hope?" he interrupted.

She stood up, hurt, then raced up the path to the house. Her husband remained seated, shrugging his head slowly.

Half an hour later they were on speaking terms again.

"You can sit in the car while I bring out the rest of the things," he said. "You can take a last look at our valley and breathe the pure country air that no one else has breathed."

TWENTY-FOUR — ALTJIRINGA

"I'll help," she said. "I feel better now."

"Oh no. I'd rather shed my parting tears in private," he said, mock seriously. "Good-bye now."

She smiled at him and went out. He carried out the bed linen and the rest of their things and laid all on the tins in the back of the car and went back into the bedroom for the last of their things. The stripped bed and empty wardrobe gave the room a forlorn and deserted look. He pulled down the blinds on the south side and walked over to the east side; but before he had reached it he saw the rectangle of light that was reflected through it from the lake on the other wall and stopped still. The branches outside the window were stirring in the light breeze and their shadows formed a weird figure that moved — a skeleton swinging a scythe; the figure of death.

After recovering from the sudden shock he pulled down the blind and raced from the house. By an effort of will he slowed up at the front door, locked it and walked as calmly as he could towards the car.

The track along the dried river bed was overgrown with bushes and very bumpy. Frequently he had to get out of the car to hold the branches back while Evie drove the car. In parts both had to get out of the car and push it out of holes. Once they had to unload the car and push it backwards and forwards for ten minutes before they could move any further.

When they reached the end of the valley they rested. Looking back they could see the small lake, their house and most of the valley.

After this the road improved and they continued for several miles without stopping. Evie suggested that they call in and see Joe. She had recovered from her melancholia of the same morning. They turned off the deserted road towards Joe's farm.

They bumped cautiously along this track and finally reached the dilapidated gate. Evie was driving so he got out of the car to open it and almost stepped on the cardboard egg box in the grass, flattened and half-disintegrated by rain. He opened the gate—a chilling premonition tearing his brain. They drove up to the farm-house. They could see no sign of life anywhere — animal or human. Driving back he got out of the car to slam the gate. He had pulled it shut when he noticed something he had not seen before. Not far from the egg box in the tall grass was a figure — prostrate. He knew by the clothes, talked and decayed as they were, who it was.

They drove back on to the road, neither saying a word. Although they were getting towards the town no sign of life could be seen. Both were wondering to themselves. Then he said to Evie, "Everybody must be at a Show or something".

"Could we go?" she asked in a small voice. "All right," he said, "after we report Joe's death."

Both wanted human companionship, someone to talk to. The lonely highway was sad and depressing.

They reached the outskirts. At the first shop they stopped. In front stood a car with two flat tyres. Draped across the steps leading to the shop was a bundle of rags that once had been a man. They drove on.

"There's no sense fooling ourselves now, is there?" she asked. "Something dreadful's happened".

"We'll have to find out what it is," he replied.

They drove around the town until they came to a newsagent's where they would not have to step over a body.

Into the car there came to their nostrils the lingering, sweetish smell of death.

He went inside, and she could see him going through the newspaper on the counter. She looked up and down the street; she could see signs of hurried flight, unsuccessful haste. Boxes, clothes, food — all rotting, on the footpath and roadway, bodies in grotesque confusion. They didn't have a chance, she thought.

Suddenly, she remembered to pray. Oh God have mercy on us! God have mercy on us! Realisation dawed! She staggered and almost fell. She sat in the car and closed her eyes, unable now, to cry.

He came out of the shop and got into the car, and she started it as soon as the door was closed. She drove out of the town back the way they had come.

"As far as I can work out," he said, "somebody began pushing around one of the smaller Asian countries and the little country had developed a new and terrible virus because it couldn't afford to develop atomic bombs, and when they pushed too hard, they used the virus. Because it was new nobody had any resistance to it and it went like a bush fire. The little country was decimated in an appallingly short time, and it swept on from there, all around, and they couldn't get it stopped."

"A number of scientists thought that the virus couldn't live long in the air at lower than body temperature and had to be spread by personal contact. They tried to keep people where they belonged, they tried to get police and troops out to keep people from moving around, but there wasn't time. The people were so terrified that they fled anywhere, scattering the thing. They all ran away from here; only some few didn't make it. A couple of months ago the two biggest powers on earth were threatening to blow each other up. Ironie, isn't it?"

"Ironic," she said, "is a man's word". She turned to him and he stepped on the car. He put his arm around her and she began to cry. She cried for a long time, until there were no tears left and then raised her eyes to him. "I'm sorry," she said, "but there was so much to say goodbye to."

"I suppose our valley protected us," he said after a time. "Remember this morning when I said breathe in some air that hasn't been breathed by anybody else. That saved our lives; it left us as probably the only two people left on this earth. Now we will be able to return to our valley. It won't be so bad, Evie, especially if we have a child."

"There's something I meant to tell you before," she said. "Adam, we are going to have a child."
THE CHRYSALIS

Whitecaps reared their violent heads above the slender surge of fluctuating mist, alternately revealed and enshrouded the red-dish mass of the headland. Salty grass which fought for stunted existence on the unstable sand dunes glowed unnaturally green against the western backdrop of ragged clouds which poured down, in suspended motion, like tears out of the darkened sky.

Restlessness was the dominant mood of the groups around the beached fishing boats. These were holiday anglers; pleasure untasted; for many it was an annual opportunity for freedom to pursue their own way and in their complicated fashion they attempted to escape the time-consuming routine of orderly existence which threatened to engulf all that was original and immortal from the souls which civilisation had deperadated. Wind-flung sand stung their bare ankles as they stood smoking in huddled groups.

The unearthly screams of gulls rang in cacophonous interments. A young gull—perhaps remembering half-forgotten association of food and baskets—stepped jauntily up to her. The sun broke through the clouds momentarily and shone on the white hair and dazzled the unblurred eyes of the old lady as the gull half wistfully—half amused. She shook her head at the bird and said apologetically, "I have no food for you—no fish, no crabs on the sea." She gazed at the bird until, losing patience, he pattered away to join his fellows. The wet sand resettled and prompted her to say to herself, "Life is like the gull's print—hardly is it made but it disappears. Four sons have I lost to the sea and four to the land; some died quickly—one lingered on until death and life were separated only by a shade of meaning. I have had my allotted years and they had so short a time. Life is too sweet and short—a taste of honey in the nothingness of eternity. Life is like thistledown swept by the wind over a meadow, one of the million fragments may drop to earth for a while, and be swept away again."

Overcome by nostalgia and a deep sweet sadness she inhaled slowly, as if to draw strength to continue.

Martha Hathaway was entitled to her view on matters by her age and singularly wide life. Martha was not her true name, but Adelaide—which she discarded with the end of her golden age of youth and her husband's death, as being unsuitable for future life. What place had a "beautiful princess" in rearing eight young sons—who were determined to follow their father's path? Her upbringing was unused to economic stringency and, when four migrated to try their fortunes in America, and the others went to sea, she was left aorphant. Spring brought a death, and that of Francis was the hardest to bear. Vain hope alternated with despair; so she became a seven-shaken frame gain transparency and his eyes deceive-ing brightness. The last week her hopes had turned, like the tides, when she saw his peacefulness and utter fraility and left her with an empty meaningless feeling—an empty shell—without any purpose for living. But life had to go on. Nature sees to it that she provides needs—the satisfaction of which may temporarily submerge the temptation to die—if it were possible, "to cease upon the midnight hour." So Martha was forced to live

find a means of supporting herself—to place the organic hunger for food—and to satisfy the desires of society in which working women were a rarity.

The isolated fishing village nestled among the dunes and in the lee of the headland. The total native population was very small but swelled considerably with the influx of small-city business men and clerks who could not afford the luxury of expensive resorts—and this village allowed them to boast, "I went to the coast for the holidays."

Vague rumours reached Martha Hathaway of the illness of Penelope Nantrem who, since she arrived eight years ago with a baby daughter and a nursemaid, had provided an enigma of a visible husband. The gossips said, "Poor Frances' wife. Adele is your granddaughter."

The sun beamed down benevolently on the old lady lying back in her chair, half-asleep in the sunshine. Through the waves of soundless warmth, with gentle and easily were pulling her into unconsciousness, a frantic voice awoke her unwillingly. She fought against the interference consciously until her humanity asserted itself and she listened. A child stood before her—a little girl of eight or nine years, with brown hair and a visible husband. The gossips said, "Poor Francis' wife. Adele is your granddaughter."

Cottage door. The lady in the white stole with that gentle white-haired lady whom her mother trusted. Wordless they
walked, young hand in old, over the sand dunes. Martha felt that she was coming out of the responsibility she had assumed. Martha walked, young hand in old, over the sand point to a butterfly chrysalis hanging empty shelter and leaves it behind while he dries his fly of the variety “Blue Fanny” was drying its only wildflowers, he is happy to be a butterfly.

Is God. Do you understand, Adele, my dear?” Ten years had passed like yesterday-days, and Adele stared in wonder, then smiled. “I...” "Yes, my child, your mother is not with us any longer—but she will continue to love you. When a person we love is very, very ill and they fall asleep for the last time, their old bodies behind them and be filled with something very beautiful, as the butterfly has. Death is only a change for them. The sun that dries the butterfly’s wings is God. Do you understand, Adele, my dear?”

"Yes, Mama is not really dead. She has done what the butterfly has, hasn’t she?"

"Yes, my child, your mother is not with us any longer—but she will continue to love you. And I shall love you too, for I am your grandmother."

Adele stared in wonder, then smiled. “I should like you to be my granddaughter,” and tucked her hand in Martha’s.

Ten years had passed like yesterday—days, weeks and months of halcyon calm and peace for Martha and her orphan granddaughter. Together they lived, the child lessoning the load for Martha by teaching (from her fifteenth birthday) in a small one-teacher school for fishermen’s children. In the last three years Martha’s eyesight had begun to fail and she relied on the child, although child she was no longer, for her visual enrichment. In the evenings, as the warm breeze stole over the calm sea and children played on the beach before supper, Adele and Martha sat together—the younger refreshing the old one’s memory by her description of the sea and shore which Martha felt to be part of her, and Martha, calmer and almost abstract in her manner, recounting her life history and handing on to Adele her accumulated wisdom.

Passing days slipped into an indistinct consciousness of sweetness and transience. Yet they were powerless to restrain life slipping away like sand through the fingers. Mortality tied them to life, they were bound to their pattern of living in order to remain alive—and now Martha felt like a winter-shattered tree with only rusty stubs remaining of its summer splendour. Wisely and subtly she had prepared Adele to face death with calm, the young girl was well adjusted, educated for a practical life but of aesthetic temperament. This love of perfection in her work and in that of her pupils was regarded as a luxury by the fisher people who were unambitious. They aspired only to be able to write, read and earn their living. The sea was only a source of wealth, not a well of inspiration to loftier, abstract thought.

In the nineteenth spring of Adele’s life by the sea, a new figure appeared on her horizon. George Candish was a dreamer—willing to try any abstract thought. He attempted to lighten the dark monotony of education by his radical ideas. His presence in the village was unobtrusive. His work was regarded as a luxury by the fisher people who were unambitious. They aspired only to be able to write, read and earn their living. The sea was only a source of wealth, not a well of inspiration to loftier, abstract thought.

The stones underneath her were warm and smoothed by many waves. She closed her eyes to shut out the sparkling chill night of the incoming breakers and allowed her body to fall limply against the rock behind. “How warm the sun is—it washes over me like the waves. I can hear the sea and feel the sun’s warmth. How sleepy I feel—like slipping away between warm waves—peacefulness,” she thought.

The old, wrinkled eyelids closed for the last time. A gentle breeze stirred the white, passive face above the tanned forehead and lifted a gull up, into the heavens until the white speck was lost in the great enveloping blueness. The soul had left its tired shell, to return whence it came.

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The stones underneath her were warm and smoothed by many waves. She closed her eyes to shut out the sparkling chill night of the incoming breakers and allowed her body to fall limply against the rock behind. “How warm the sun is—it washes over me like the waves. I can hear the sea and feel the sun’s warmth. How sleepy I feel—like slipping away between warm waves—peacefulness,” she thought.

The old, wrinkled eyelids closed for the last time. A gentle breeze stirred the white, passive face above the tanned forehead and lifted a gull up, into the heavens until the white speck was lost in the great enveloping blueness. The soul had left its tired shell, to return whence it came.
HOPE IS LIGHT THAT SHINES

And there the flowers were planted!
Through the engrossing darkness, behind me, came this ever enlarging ray of virgin light. A light that showed no impurities, but was bright and chaste, cutting through the darkness like the sound of a flute played in clear, cold night air.

A sharp familiar form was shadowed ahead of me on what seemed to be a plane suspended in space. The shadow! The shadow was mine!

It was still, as if frozen to the plane. I tried to move my arm, but how, how can you move nothing? I can't even see the stars!

No! Everyone else was the same, No! I had to do it. My mind revolted against its own accusers. The black hole pierced my shadow like a knife, making a wound that oozes forth black blood.

There was a time when it were otherwise, When no profound compassion bothered me:

"Lord of the Flies" is a puzzling, but thought-provoking book. Here we see an author who has created his characters and placed them in a certain setting to enable him to rediscover man's essential savagery and make this rediscovery effective in the eyes of the readers of his novel. The story begins with children on a deserted island, original and starting out, as well as a wonderful understanding of children, make Golding's novel a compelling one.

The story tells of a group of boys marooned on an island and deals with their gradual moral deterioration brought about over time by the complete break with the civilized world and the adults who guided them. The opening chapters of the novel tell us that any typical boy's story, with its descriptions of the island's beauty, the characters seeming to be as typical. And the main thought is that innate evil, the beauty, the characters seeming to be as typical.

Characterisation is the most important element in Golding's book. His themes centre on his characters, and the effect the setting has upon them, and they are used to represent two different elements—good and evil: reason and savagery.

Throughout the novel, through the representation of these characters, we see reason prevailing for its own sake and losing the form of horrible savagery, and losing the battle until civilization comes to the rescue. Ralph, Piggy and Simon, represent "good" in the novel. While Jack, Roger and the others represent savagery. As the novel develops, unreason takes over. Ralph realises the need for a fire signal; Piggy knows that huts must be built for shelter, and Simon realises that the "beast" they all fear is not a real living animal, but rather is a part of them. A white conch shell acts as a symbol and unites the boys, but as unreason takes over, the conch loses its effectiveness, and Ralph cannot convey to the other boys the need for shelter and the fire. All they want to do is hunt. Ralph, representing good, cannot get his ideas through to the others.

Thus Golding shows through the reactions of his characters, without commenting himself directly, that man without civilization would soon resort to savagery. His theme raises a question in the mind of the reader. Is our civilization only superficial? Are we only savages underneath? Through Ralph, Golding has shown that goodness cannot exist without a background of civilization. He is expounding two themes—man's essential savagery, and man's appalling ignorance of himself. Civilization and its ignorance is represented by the naval officer, who rescues the boys from their isolation just before the ultimate crime has been committed.

Thus the effectiveness of Golding's themes depend upon how successfully he has created his characters, the two being linked so closely together. The main thought is that any typical boy's story, with its descriptions of the island's beauty, the characters seeming to be as typical.

"Hope!" A barely visible white speck that to me represents a beautiful guiding star, is the only light left on my white shadow.

It seems to hang by a mere silken thread that sustains angelic purity or base destruction of the soul.

The thread still holds and...

The flowers on my grave blossomed, and sent everlasting—

My Son

There was a time when it were otherwise, When no profound compassion bothered me:

But since my lions besought him breath I see Each day my slighter frame, my earlier eyes. He seeks assurance at my hand, yet nears Impatience at the daily disciplines. Imposed in kindness, pity. I have fears For as he thrives then so do I diminish. This is the nature of our growing old

That we must feel decay because our fold Must live: my boy was born to grow to publish.

Thus Golding shows through the reactions of his characters, without commenting himself directly, that man without civilization would soon resort to savagery. His theme raises a question in the mind of the reader. Is our civilization only superficial? Are we only savages underneath? Through Ralph, Golding has shown that goodness cannot exist without a background of civilization. He is expounding two themes—man's essential savagery, and man's appalling ignorance of himself. Civilization and its ignorance is represented by the naval officer, who rescues the boys from their isolation just before the ultimate crime has been committed.

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As "reason", he realises the necessity of a fire and knows that huts are more important than hunting. He also feels he is responsible, for example, when the boys are searching for the beast. He doesn't want to leave the little boys alone at night, with only Piggy to look after them. After the boys have broken up into two groups and Ralph's group goes to eat with Jack and his followers, Sam and Eric want to dress up and paint their faces, as they have done. But Ralph won't let them, saying, "We're not savages." He realises, too, long before the savages, the horror of Simon's death. He realises that it was really murder. At first the boys like and respect him. Later they hunt him like a pig and, when Ralph is wounded and hides from them, he knows he is an outlaw "cos I had some sense." Jack, representing unreasonable, was "tall, thin and bony, and his hair was red. His face was crumpled and freckled, and ugly without silliness." From the beginning it is evident, from the way he speaks to his choir, that here is a boy who enjoys power. It is he who decides that his choir shall be hunters. At first when Jack has a pig within his reach, he cannot kill it. There are too many memories of civilisation in his mind. But later the killing of the pig comes easily to him.

To me, the killing of the first pig marks the beginning of the decline towards savagery. Golding has created his characters so that innocence yields to primitive fear of a "beast", and then to fury when they murder their own kind. One of Golding's themes is man's appalling capacity for murder. After each killing they leave the head of the pig on a stick for the beast, so that he won't harm them. The hunt for Ralph, with thesame idea of sacrifice, in mind for him, is the climax in their savagery, but the high pitch of tension is released by the appearance of their rescuers. We are made to feel satisfaction, as well as relief, in the fact that good triumphs over evil. In the end Jack seems to be overpowered, but Ralph, despite all his sufferings, seems to maintain his leadership and dignity.

I think that the arrival of the Officer makes the novel plausible. The obvious ending is cannibalism but, as the boys are meant to represent mankind, then the message would have been distorted had savagery been triumphant. I think this ending was a necessary release. Ralph's death would have been too horrible.

The naval officer symbolises civilization and all that goes with it and, therefore, he is a major character in the novel. I noticed there was an emphasis on outward appearances—white drill, epaulettes, gilt buttons, gold foliage. This shows the all-importance of this, in the civilised world, where a preoccupation with outward show helps man to forget the animal side of his nature, and brings him closer, so he thinks, to the dignity of his other side. But the officer carries a revolver, and the revoler a sub machine gun. This shows there is discord even in the sensible grown-ups' world outside. Jack has his primitive spear and these are the vicious developments of civilization. Adults are irredeemable too.

The officer is meant, too, to show the blindness of humanity. It seems tragic to me that the officer doesn't realise that Ralph is different from the others. He sees them all as little boys and talks about what civilized British boys should have done. "Civilized" adults would have deteriorated in the same way, the only difference being that it would have taken longer.

One of Golding's themes is man's appalling ignorance of himself. When Ralph tells the officer that two boys have been killed, he has a vague suspicion that they have been murdered, but he tries to shut this out of his mind. In this way humans have an inkling of their own darker instincts but try not to admit it because the realisation would be too terrifying. But Ralph and the others do realise it and then break down. Ralph thinks of the "strange glamour" that had once invested the beaches. Now the island is scoured up "like deadwood." He weeps because the beauty and innocence of their souls has also been scorched.

The fire, the one link with civilization, is stolen and misused by the savages, but the roasting of the pig and the pursuit of Ralph bring civilization to the rescue. It is only when the conflict is at its peak, and Jack is winning, that he unconsciously does what Ralph wanted to do from the start. Only when Jack commits his most stupid action, ruining all the food so they would die, do the people on the ship see their fire. They probably wouldn't have been rescued if they hadn't tried to commit the ultimate crime. The Officer is able to bring his novel to a plausible and satisfying end by the horrible action of his now savage characters.

Thus with the triumph of civilization, the novel is rounded off and ends on a hopeful note. Though the tension is relieved, the reader has "a bad taste in his mouth" as the horror of what could have happened remains. "Lord of the Flies" has been described by a critic, as a remarkable feat of strength and skill, Golding, through his excellent characterization, which enables him to expound two strong themes, sweeps away the romantic illusions many people have about tropical islands. He shows how false it is to think that civilization is "rotten" and that man would be better if he could return to a more "simple" primitive life.

—RHONDA MOORE

Spontaneous Poem

Remember, Chris, how it was before we left?
Snow and bitter cold dragging the days out, so 2nd January was mighty slow in coming.
And how, finally, you left friends seen so often in coffee bar and jazz clubs, remembering, perhaps, the raves and parties, the mad escapades across free swinging nights of stars, getting high on nothing but the craziness of death.

And how, after the pubs shut at 10.30 the night was still young and a record player would you leap up again to jive and dig Ackers, Colyer, Barber and the rest, until much later in cigarette haze.

You would argue earnestly of poetry, jazz the Bomb and love until the dawn

It is sad to remember and sender still to look ahead without a measure of regret.

But now we've left that country far behind, And the gash of parting was softened by our dancing and the sharing of similar experiences. As long as life retains its essence, there is hope for man and the individual; and gentle saints still walk the earth somewhere reminding bitter men and nations of justice and human rights.

There's much ahead, Christine, and opportunities to dance, bare-footed under a Southern sky: of shouting "Yes!" to every passer by. Fields of mist at 5 a.m. warm nights cool swishing tones of M.J.Q and soul searching truth.

I wish you luck in everything you do.

—J. GARLAND.
ILL MET IN DARKNESS

They met at a party. It was one of those parties which can be found predominantly on the North Shore of Sydney — ostensibly refined and sparkling with sophisticated wit and giggles from rather dishevelled-looking women, only their jewellery proclaiming how rich their husbands or boyfriends were. Looking deeper than the two-inch wall-to-wall carpet on which the party-goers were dropping ash with gay abandon, he could see that it was only that hypocrisy, humanity, collected together on the pretext of enjoying itself, but in reality merely airying its armour in order to spy out vulnerable spots for attack and defence.

He was looking nonechalantly against a pot plant inhaling its fragrance and wishing that he had enough lack of self restraint to throw the damn thing out the window.

Replacing his cigarette in exactly the correct position in his mouth, he toyed with the idea of dropping the ice in his drink down the front of a bosomy blonde wearing a strapless everything.

“Aren’t we a cynic?” he thought to himself, wondering who this entrancing woman could be.

Before the effeminate man could regain his reverie — he looked over to the source of the noise. He was lost in reverie. For one moment he was being torn out by the roots. He drew her close once more — “Will you take me home?”

She laughed, but it was not a mocking laugh. “Are you hurt?” he repeated, and then she noticed with childish satisfaction that the man in the direction of the door.

“Never mind sweetheart,” the man replied. “You’ve got the talent. She’ll be no competition to you.”

“No,” she laughed quietly with a soft, throaty laugh. There was an affinity.

“How nice,” went on the hostess. “How nice of you to come. It’s a wonderful party.” He gathered that this was the voice of the hostess. Only she would think that this was a wonderful party. The hostess touched his arm.

“She’s wonderful!” the voice went on, “do you know . . . ?”

“Stephanie,” the vision answered in a cultured voice. He imagined the peal of delicate silvery bells.

“Very nice of you to come,” said a voice at the door. “I wonder what his motives are?” he thought to himself, almost inaudibly. Cinderella-like she pulled herself away from him.

“Danilo’s Restaurant. Is that all right?”

“Tomorrow?” He was striving to keep a balance. He said nothing but felt angry with himself.

“No,” he said with another attempt to be blase. He wanted to please her — make her smile.

As the light flashed he got a glimpse of uniform sparkling white teeth and a soft red passionate mouth, with just a trace of shadows around the corners.

He didn’t know what his motives are? he thought to himself. “Never mind,” he said to himself, “I’ll kiss it better,” and kissed her. There was an explosion — his yielding body came to him. He lowered his head and burnt himself on her cigarette. “Damn it!”

“Are you hurt?” she repeated, and then she noticed with childish satisfaction that the man in the direction of the door.

“I must go!” she whispered and disappeared.

He was not really conscious of her physical beauty — his composure and his attacker, he was gone in the direction of the door.

But before he could open the door, it opened of its own accord, letting a flood of light into the intimately darkened apartment. He remained in the shadows.

He turned the light on. He had momentarily blinded him and he could hardly see her but he knew she was beautiful.

“Oh darling, dear one, come in,” said a voice at his elbow. She entered, peering at him in the darkness. The voice continued.

“Are you a nice time?” he asked as she laughed at the old joke.

“Mm, yes!” And he knew she was.

“Oh well something will have to come and spoil it,” he said with another attempt to be blase. He wanted to please her — make her smile again.

“My”, she smiled as she lit her own cigarette. “Aren’t we a cynic?”

“Thanks,” she said warmly as he handed her the drink. “Do you come here often?”

“She was Cleopatra and I was Antony or Cassius,” he thought to himself. When they came out of their coma they realised where they were. No one seemed to take any notice of them, as if anyone could be the darkened room.

“Let’s get out of here,” he said and picked up his coat in one hand, and her arm in the other.

“Should we?” she murmured, apparently still entranced.

“Well . . .” she appeared now to be aware of the situation. Suddenly there was a tension between them. “I only came for a few minutes . . . I must be home soon”, she whispered. “Where do you live?” he asked. “I’ll take you home”. “No! No! You can’t —” there was anxiety in her voice.

“But I must see you again”. “All right, then, but not tonight.”

“Tomorrow!” She was striving to keep a pleading note out of his voice.

“Very well, tomorrow,” she said, “I’ll meet you somewhere.”

“Danilo’s Restaurant. Is that all right?”

“Yes, yes at 8 o’clock,” she was anxious to get away.

He drew her close once more — “Will you come to my apartment?” he whispered deliberately in her ear, determined to wager everything on the flip of a coin.

She nodded her head and whispered, “Yes,” almost inaudibly. Cinderella-like she pulled away from him. It felt as though his heart was being torn out by the roots.

“I must go!” she whispered and disappeared into the shadows.

He was not really conscious of her physical departure. He was lost in reverie. For one mind-splitting second two souls had touched and then so cruelly been forced apart.

“Oh, I’m so terribly sorry!” a voice shrilled in his ear. He looked absent at the source. He observed a sumptuous woman looking at him with dismay.

ALTJIRINGA — THIRTY-FIVE
He wondered what she was so horrified at. As events came flooding back to her she became lost in reverie. How wonderful it had been, like something out of a fairy tale - another world, of sophistication, refinement and gay parties. "How unlike Doug!" she thought. That nameless, refined sensitive man. "A thought flashed through her mind. "He needs me... he wants me... the rendezvous... I promised to meet him!"

A thrill of fear and excitement passed through her. "I can't go through with it, it would be wrong... I can't do it..." She leant back across the stove and burnt her hand.

"Blast it!," she said. The clock struck seven. She fled into the bedroom, and looked down at her husband. who was snoring with his mouth wide open.

"Get up! Your breakfast is ready!"

"I'll cook some Oeufs Benedict for you. In the refrigerator - I'll mix the drinks."

He was glad of the chance - he picked up his bag and got the breakfast and porridge into his mouth, sucking her wrist alternately.

"The joys of marriage!" he reflected bitterly his mind going over several murder plots. If only he had the courage. With as much dignity and aplomb as he could manage under the circumstances, he divested himself of his singlet and proceeded naked to the bathroom.

"He's inhuman," Judy thought. "How can he sit up after what I did? He just treated me. He's a callous, unrefined brute!"

She poured the unburnt remnants of the porridge into his plate, wising it all themway.

A shaven, dressed Doug emerged from the bedroom. With an infuriating whistling of "I'm going to work over time. Won't be home till mid night at least. The new consignment has to be shipped by tomorrow."

"Don't touch me," her husband mumbled. "I don't feel like going to work today."

"You've got to get up and go to work - it's payday!" Her voice was becoming shriller and her hunch was becoming sponging.

On the mention of payday Doug Cornelius sat up in bed, blinked and took a bleary look at his surroundings. Slowly through a clearing haze he became increasingly aware of his wife standing over him. Her hair was in curlers and she was sucking her wrist.

"She looks like Medusa," he thought to himself. "Oh if only she could turn me into stone, at least I'd catch up on my sleep."

"Come on," she shrilled. "You're late as it is - you'll miss the train."

"Oh the hell with it - let it go then. I don't feel like going to work today."

"While he was working the office, that man, that dark mysterious man... how wonderful Terence tonight."

She watched him fascinated. Pictures flashed in her mind as she deliberated the future fate of the man of the shadows, so nervous and hyperconfident - always so damned infallible andqueer, vaguely that she had in mind, as she deliberated the future fate of the man of the shadows, so nervous and hyperconfident - always so damned infallible and cocksure of himself. She just takes for granted, he doesn't need me. He doesn't need me, it's just the same old routine - breakfast, the housework and bridge with all the other old hens in Sorby Street. And if I'm not careful, I'll be just like Madusa, going about them with the butcher and taking tea and scandal all my life."

Disgusted, she climbed out of bed, put the kettle on, and began breakfast. All at once it became clear to her. ... the office... that man, that dark mysterious man... how wonderful Terence tonight.

"In the refrigerator - I'll mix the drinks."

Her mind was made up. She would meet Terence tonight.

Danilo's restaurant was intimately dark when she arrived. The mystery man was sitting in the shadows. He rose to meet her, extending his hand.

"Stephanie", he said hesitantly with suppressed passion. "Tereoeese!" She answered him, softly pressing his hand.

"I'll cook some Oeufs Benedict for you. Have you any eggs?"

"In the refrigerator - I'll mix the drinks."

"Darling," she looked across where his face was hidden in the shadows, "would you mind if I told you I was married?"

CALHRINGA - THIRTY-SEVEN
Arthur Miller's book, 'The Misfits', is written in an unusual form for it is neither novel nor yet conventional screenplay. The story was written to be filmed and everywhere is there for the sole purpose of telling the camera what to emphasise, the actors what to do and say, and the expressions they are to register.

The emphasis in the story is on characterisation and physical setting, and the plot arises out of these two basic elements. It was very clear in the playwright's mind what effects he wanted the finished film to produce on his audiences, and he created these effects through language, his type of language which would show the producers and directors of the film exactly what he wanted. It became necessary to him to do more than merely indicate the sequence of events and the emotions he wanted developed and displayed and, therefore, the book is written as though he sat and watched the film and wrote down what he saw the actors do, heard them say and felt them believe. All this is written into the book, as stage directions are written into a play.

There are four main characters in this dynamic story, and one minor character. These are the only characters in this book which is set in the Far West of the U.S.A, in and around Reno, and the plot involves them as individuals, for their effect on each other and the effect of the environment on them. The major characters are Roslyn, a "misfit" who has never belonged anywhere, to anyone or anything. As a child she has not seen before, and this alienates her. The climax of the book, which is a mustang hunt in the hills, is set in the last days of the book she is lost and lonely until she meets Gay. Gay goes and turns her around, and to his utter surprise she is laughing happily.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Roslyn is her contempt for a woman, with a woman's emotions, she often shows a childish mind. She takes a childish interest in small things like watching lettuce grow and playing with the dog and she has a childish mind. She is quick to respond to those who like her, she contributes brightness to a conversation, she feels immediately when any thoughtless action or word from herself or another hurts a person and is quick to give sympathy and understanding.

On her first visit to Guido's house, she is sympathetic when he speaks of his dead wife and she is quick to realize that she has hurt him when speaking of letting people die without having known them truly or understanding what little we knew.

Although she is bright and gay most of the time, sometimes she is silent, sad and alone, even in a crowd. She is moody, but her moods alter swiftly, surprisingly those around her. At Guido's she becomes quiet and after trying to walk out of the door which has no step beneath it and being prevented by Gay, she tries again and is caught by Guido. She is silent and alone and she wanders off into the garden, dancing alone, while the others watch. When she embraces a tree and the others think she is crying, Gay goes and turns her around, and to his utter surprise she is laughing happily.

Roslyn is, deep inside, an unhappy person, who is always looking for her own individual corner of the world. At the beginning of the book she is lost and lonely until she meets Gay. Living with him in Guido's ranch-style house she seems to find herself in the slow, unhurried pace of free country life. She and Gay are two of a kind and he believes she has been married and divorced, has never really belonged anywhere, to anyone or anything. As a child she did not have a happy home life, as her parents were not happy together and she, as all children were, is quick to sense the awkward, unhappy atmosphere.

The author has given Roslyn definite qualities: beauty, brightness, friendliness, human appeal, pity, softness and a certain childlike quality which flashes through from time to time. She is quick to respond to those who like her, she contributes brightness to a conversation, she feels immediately when any thoughtless action or word from herself or another hurts a person and is quick to give sympathy and understanding.

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She does not like violence and the roping of the mustangs ready for them to be killed turns her from Gay's side back into her lonely search for love and happiness. However, he conforms to her wishes and the story ends at the beginning of their new life together.

Gay Langland is the main male character in the book and he, like Roslyn, has been hurt by the broken relationships he considered everlasting and took for granted. When he married he considered it a permanent arrangement until he found his wife was unfaithful and his world tumbled around him. He left home and the two children he loved very much and lived life as he wanted. He was tough and strong, but not too someone who would understand him and his way of life. In Roslyn he found that person and he thought he knew her until, on the mustang hunt, he saw a different side of her nature, just as she saw a different side of his. Until this climax of the book, he had thought her a beautiful, soft, lonely woman, to be petted and sheltered from worry and pain but he was now forced to see that even in her childish and changing fancies, she was a determined person. Although she knew the extent of his temper when aroused, she was brave enough to let the horses go, because she believed in his humane nature and understanding.

In each other, Gay and Roslyn found their home. They had both been disillusioned and hurt, they had both wandered, trying to discover what “life” was, and they had both, at last, found someone to love and respect.

Guido is an unusual character. He is reserved and not much given to conversation. We see him at the beginning of the book, struck by Roslyn’s beauty and personality and asking her out, which we learn later was quite against the grain of nature. However, we do not come to understand him until he begins to speak of his dead wife. We learn that in her lifetime he was a promising young student with a war record, but after she died he lost interest in life, including his house and his studies, and he took to “mustanging” with Gay and Perce. He is strangely drawn to Roslyn and is extremely resentful when she favours Gay. He seems jealous of her ability to pick herself up after a fall, which is something he is not capable of doing.

Percy Howland is a young cowboy who is drifting along from rodeo to rodeo after leaving home when his mother married again, taking the farm his father left him. He is too lonely and takes quickly to Roslyn because of her softness and her intensity. When he is hurt she gives him sympathy and this seals the bond between them as he misses the love and affection of his former home life.

THE MINE

Little Ivor had had a hard life for he had been brought up with little love and affection. He seemed to flounder about in the shadow of his two elder brothers for they were so much more important and so much smarter than he. He was not at all talented, for his scholastic abilities were nonexistent and every task he undertook seemed to result in failure. His only claim to fame was his egg collection. Ivor was the best tree climber in the district and could scale the trees like a young chimpanzee. It was quite an honour to be able to climb the highest trees and rob the birds’ nests of the best of the eggs. Ivor cultivated this art for he loved glory. He was always ready to make himself appear important in the eyes of his friends and just as a young plant in a jungle struggles to reach the sunlight, so Ivor struggled for admiration and glory.

Despite this failing, Ivor was essentially a good-hearted boy with a very appealing nature. You could not dislike Ivor because of his friendly nature and youthful exuberance. His appearance gave a clear indication of his character, in fact you could judge the book by its cover.” He had an elfish face with twinkling blue eyes, untidy yellow hair the colour of ripe corn, and a bright cheerful smile.

Ivor loved animals and he had quite a menagerie by the time he took pity on the multitude of stray dogs in the neighbourhood and brought them home and rescued straying cats and injured birds. Ivor was a mischievous young boy and his school teacher particularly suffered as a result of this trait. Since Ivor disliked his schoolwork so intensely, he failed to realise that any of the other children could possibly appreciate it, so he persistently made a nuisance of himself. When he found himself plunged into the depths of boredom, his favourite pastime was to tip the young lady’s long plaits in front of him into the inkwell. At school he was endowed with the nickname “Ivor blue” but he did not mind it in the least. In fact, the other boys thought it was funny, so Ivor was glorified in possessing a comical nickname.

Ivor was very fond of his brothers. He sometimes thought that Stanley was a little dominating but he thought that Stafford was a genius. Since Ivor was prone to boasting to enhance his status in the eyes of his friends, and since he possessed few qualities worthy enough to boast about, he would naturally eulogise Stafford and point out to his friends that he was Stafford’s chief adviser in his inventions: in effect, that he was indispensable to Stafford.

Ivor was growing up. He was nearly thirteen now, but his habit of boasting seemed to be growing along with him. His adventuring and his devil-spirit was developing to satisfy his ego. He longed for the appearance of any spectacular event wherein he would be able to prove his courage and heroism. It was while in search of adventure that the whole pattern of his thinking was ultimately altered.

Ivor was always restless on Saturdays. He would count the days until the weekend and, when the weekend did finally come, he would not decide what to do or, at least what he could do without getting into trouble with his superiors. This particular Saturday he had arranged with his companion Robbie Peters to explore the old mine. The old mine had been there as long as Ivor could remember and it had always had a particular fascination for him. Ivor had never really thought about exploring it before, although he had often lingered about its entrance and peered into the darkness, which had never penetrated it, because it had looked so dim and dirty and uninviting and because he had always been afraid. However, it would be different with his friend there. Ivor gained courage in the presence of others for he was always striving to impress.

He and Robbie set out equipped with a candle and matches on their important expedition, and soon they were winding their way through the earthy tunnel and after some difficulty, when Ivor, in his usual irresponsible manner, blew out the candle. The two boys were enveloped in darkness and for some time it was too difficult to see with the candle but it was now impossible for the boys even to see each other’s faces. The sensation was one of excitement and awe, but the latter gradually diminished as he heard his friend moving away from him.

“Where are you going Rob? Don’t leave me,” he gasped.

“That’s your fault, you should never have blown out the candle,” came the ever-fading reply.
He must soon find the entrance. Though he was walking in circles and all the time to escape from the endless maze. He seemed to be making no progress; in fact it was almost as if he was moving forward.

Quite a crowd had gathered outside the mine but Ivor did not look upon them as individuals. He was conscious that there were people, in fact that there were friends, who were interested in his welfare and that was enough. He soon became aware of Robbie's warm smile and, as he walked towards his father, he noticed a tear on the old man's worried face. Ivor thought if he should be made to realize that he really was loved and felt then the most important person in the world.

Ivor's first panic-stricken moments soon subsided for he thought that, if waited long enough, Robbie would probably find his way out and then run for assistance. However, the hours passed and still there was no sign of a search party. In this time Ivor had had time to think. He did have vague images of his death but this meant very little to him. In fact, he had thought that if he were found dead by the party, then he would seem a failure. In this way, everyone would think less of him. The whole town would be thinking about "poor little Ivor Brown." This would be one way he would achieve his goal, to be important.

Then he heard coal falling near him and he was awakened from his stupor. He felt for the first time a real pang of fear and the images began to take form. He did not want to die and he began to wander aimlessly about the mine. He thought also of Robbie. "Perhaps Robbie had not found his way out, perhaps he had not gone for help, perhaps he had fallen down a hole and he would be entirely to blame." Ivor had not cried for a long time. He had always restrained his tears, for it was not proper to cry. The strain was too much for the young boy and he burst into tears.

From somewhere, he then heard a voice, and it was a voice he recognised for it was the voice of a neighbour. Ivor could not speak for the moment, for he was overcome with joy but, as soon as he was able, he called out, in a voice still numbed with anguish. He was soon swept into the capable arms of the neighbour and within ten minutes they were out of the mine.

Robbie had been in the mine almost two hours but to him it had seemed a lifetime. At this stage he thought he would never reach the entrance and then he saw a faint ray of light, a ray of hope. Was it his imagination or was it really what he thought it was? Robbie's hopes were fulfilled and as he stumbled out of the mine, he could not think, for fear had overcome him. He sat down outside the mine and trembled for he was too fatigued to move.

Ivor continued. "FORTY-TWO - ALTJRINGA"

THE BOY WHO HATED SCHOOL

From the very first day he went to school, little Robert hated it. Each morning he would sit at the breakfast table, tears streaming down his misery-ridden face and into his porridge. Manfully he would try not to cry, and manfully he would attempt to gulp his porridge but, every morning, most unhappily, he would succeed in doing just the opposite.

His mother would take no notice of this small sudden lump of misery seated in front of her, and would cheerfully hand him his schoolbag and, with a hearty kiss, send him off to school. Then, with a sigh, she would sit on the front verandah and await the inevitable. It would soon arrive, in the person of Robert, who would enter the front gate in a variety of interesting ways. He might limp with his left foot or his right. He might be doubled over with an expression of extreme anguish on his small inexperienced face. His left or right arm might hang limp by his side. Or he might be sucking either hand.

Then the old man across the street would shout, "What's wrong with him today, Mrs. White?" and give a Knowing cackling which never failed to irritate Mrs. White, and which was most fortunate for Robert, for it also never failed to bring out the mother-son instinct present in every mother of every conceivable zoological division. And so she would tenderly and somewhat deftly take Robert in the house, sympathetically listen to his woes, and soothingly tuck him in bed. Then for part of the day Robert would play happily with his toy soldiers, who bore the marks of many and fiercely fought battles. None was without grievous mutilation, while losing both arms were regarded as a minor wound. But Robert's toys never did survive long. Nor had some of the delightful educational games at school after they and Robert had fought desperately with each other. The farm animals could no longer stand in their crepe paper pastures, and the wooden building blocks once had had pictures on them. The jigsaw pieces bore heroic wounds and fitted nowhere, while the ships that used to float on the ship pond now lay, depth-charged and torpedoed, on the pond's plastic bed.

It is easy enough to see why Miss Whottley heartily disapproved of Robert and why Robert heartily disapproved of school in general. Miss Whottley in vague particular, and her weak unlashable toys in scornful particular.

For the other part of the day Robert did not stay in bed. When his mother went next door for five minutes, or for ten, he had plenty of time, at least an hour, to recover miraculously, tear round the backyard playing space-men, climb trees, shoot at everything in sight (and particularly the little kids next door) with his cold .45, and be back in bed with reinvigorated symptoms by the time his mother returned.

There came a time, however, when Mrs. White found herself irritated, not with the old man across the road, but with Robert. She took hold of his collar and shook him till the pebble bullets in his cold .45 trickled out as dust.

"Do you like living with your mummy?" she asked. Robert, at that very moment, was seriously considering a change of "mummies".

"Do you want to go on staying with your mummy?" she asked. Robert was about to decline with regret, but a certain protective device called "low animal and little children running" stopped him.

"Then you'll go to school, my boy!" Mrs. White continued. "Because if you don't, my son, they'll take you away from your mummy, and you'll have to live in a big house with lots of other naughty little boys!"

Robert promptly forgot his earnest desires of a minute before, and hugged his mother desperately as though "they" were already on their way to remove him. He muttered fiercely and indistinctly between passionate hiccups, "I don't want to go away, Mummy . . . you won't let them take me, will you, Mummy? . . . I'll go to school, won't I, Mummy?"

Mrs. White beamed a silent sigh of relief, and Robert went off to school next morning, after eating for the first time in six months unwatered-down porridge.

Bravely he entered Miss Whottley's kindergarten room. Courteously he sat down at his desk. Defiantly he eyed his teacher. Miss Whottley in green sound s were told again.

ROBYN PRESTON, 105
ley, with wisdom rare in an adult, forbore to comment on the extraordinary event, namely that Robert had, in the space of an hour, accepted his own accord, and swung straight into a song about Tommy Tadpole that Miss Whottley firmly believed was even more suitable as a musical forlorn favourite, and that Robert detested because "Little Tommy Tadpole, Began to weep and wail, For little Tommy Tadpole, Had lost his little tail." He considered Tommy a cry-baby for crying about his lost tail when it was a perfect excuse for not going to school. Being careful not to look in any likely place, he could weave the whole day almost looking for his tail. Robert wished he had something important like a tail to lose. Shoes, pencils, toys had been lost in vain since he happened on this brilliant idea, that the tadpole was too stupid to use.

Then Miss Whottley swung her class joyously, as she thought, into their favourite lesson — occupations, or education or playtime. Alas, Rob­

...
HARD AS NAILS

This strange friendship had begun but they never had the satisfaction of finding out. They would see the pair walking down the hill after school. Bill, rather boisterous little boy — "the youngest" old Mrs. Smith would say to the equally elderly Miss Hobson as they tut-tutted over the fact and watched the two from behind Mrs. Smith's passionfruit vine — and the sting upright figure of Mrs. McDonald who always went to meet him in the afternoon at the old church.

"O dear," sighed Miss Hobson. "I dunno how she can put up with that kid. I'm scared of small boys myself."

"Well, I reckon when I get to your age, I'll be timid too, love," said Mrs. Smith sweetly and went back to her knitting.

Miss Hobson glared at her, but not being able to think of a suitable retort, turned her attention to the two figures walking slowly down the hill.

Nothing complimentary could be said about Mrs. McDonald's clothes. Miss Hobson could see the hem of two or three ankle-length dresses dangling, each a few inches below the next. Her hands gave her a look of extremely aged brown splotches of age on the backs. However, her acid tongue and burning sense of humour of which many people were in contradicted this apparent sweetness.

The lad at her side was an ordinary small boy — furiously energetic and mischievous, with tousled brown hair and large ears.

"Want a drink of milk and a biscuit?" asked the old lady, abruptly.

"Yes, please, but I gotta go home directly. Mum wants me to get some sticks," said Bill and thought, "Gee, I was scared of her once".

But he knew better now.

As he was rambling up the rocky road behind his home, looking for sticks to light his mother's copper tomorrow, Bill remembered how everyone used to be afraid of Mr. McDonald — and still were; all except him. He thought proudly. He remembered how his Dad used to come home in the afternoon, after going past the McDonald house, swearing that his missus ever had the satisfaction of finding out. They would see the pair walking down the hill after school. Bill, rather boisterous little boy — "the youngest" old Mrs. Smith would say to the equally elderly Miss Hobson as they tut-tutted over the fact and watched the two from behind Mrs. Smith's passionfruit vine — and the sting upright figure of Mrs. McDonald who always went to meet him in the afternoon at the old church.

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FORTY-SIX - ALTJRINGA

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"What?" said Mrs. McDonald. "And they're the best cucumbers, too," she added quickly.

By the time the unfortunate man had gathered his condolences together again, Mrs. McDonald was introducing some unknown friends of the deceased to him. "So glad you're here; it makes the affair quite an occasion," she said.

"Hard as nails..." muttered Bill's father.

When the feast was over, people began shuffling around, trying to go but not wanting to seem too hasty. Mrs. McDonald took a hand in hastening the leaving.

"I'll move my chair to the door so I can see you all go," she said, "providing I'm not there long enough to get a chill."

"And... twice as lastling," Bill heard his father say.

The old lady was very bright seeing everyone away.

"Thanks very much," said Mrs. Smith.

Perhaps we'll do even better next time," said Mrs. McDonald.

"I was just going to say that I was so," the minister managed to stammer as he was edging past but Mrs. McDonald interrupted him again. "Very pleased to have cucumber ripe," without any good food."

"That's why, as it wasn't very far from his home. He'd never seen a ghost and he thought that with a wondering to himself how a small stick would save him if someone lying over it as though they had been thrown there. Somebody was crying in a soft, scrabbling at the loose earth with clenched fists.

FORTY-EIGHT - ALTJIRINGA

He thought: "They don't teach a bloke half enough at school, or anywhere else either. I dunno what to do — I know that if you interrupt someone when they're speakin' you say 'excuse me'. But what if they are crying? Don't seem right to say 'excuse me', or do you pretend you don't see and just say 'Hallo'!"

He walked back to the gate to think it over. Maybe he'd better go home ... but that didn't seem right somehow, to leave her up here on her own. Anyway if he started walking on the gravel on the road she might hear him. Half an hour later he was still thinking about it. Mrs. McDonald was still crying but more jerkily by then as though she were running out of tears.

At last she got up and joined Bill as though it was the most normal thing in the world that he should be there; but she didn't say a word all the way home — just walked as stiff as stale bread.

Down the hill they went and along the quiet street with none about and only a few lights here and there. At last they were outside Mrs. McDonald's house.

She stopped for a minute with her small hand on Bill's shoulder, and looked up towards the cemetery. "I was tidying up," she said.

She turned and walked up the worn path to the quiet house. "Tidying up," she said over her shoulder. When she started towards the gate, she turned again. "Remember, I was tidying up."

Then upright as the stick in Bill's hand, she walked into her empty house.

First Communion

BARBARA SPOKES

In my pressed and threadbare Sunday suit.
Joined stainless hands scrubbed to the blood.
Kneeling in the dialectic flood
Of practiced up, in the shadow fruit. (Their gift who gild the prayer-book's page)
I prayed my way, knelt no dispute:
Genuflection in a cage
With golden bars, and I the lot —
A smuggled soul, a pirate's wage.

-F. NAISBY.

DISTRACTION

As the hot reddish tinge of the setting sun had disappeared from the sky, a figure appeared from the East, flying high above the sprawling city. He looked down at the pinpoints of light that could have been street-lights, windows, cars or anything in the darkness, he was indistinct — neither young nor old. His half-amused smile revealed nothing. Moving across the sky, he looked down at the conglomeration of houses, streets and factories as if he could see more in them than mere glow-worm spikes. He moved on steadily but unburiedly. No one noticed him.

Max cleared away the dirty plates to make room for his text books. Reluctantly he started walking. There was a labrynth of rooms occupied by strangers in corners. On the floor, sheets of paper fought against a background of noise, but he had now become accustomed to the deathly hush of the street with non e about and only a few lights. At last the y were outside Mrs. McDonald's house.

She opened the door, she paused to hear from the cracks under the doors. The jazz had now completely distracted him. The sombre rambling building was a labyrinth of rooms occupied by strangers whom Max never saw. Sometimes he would pass people coming in or going out of the entrace, but he could not be sure whether they lived there or whether they were just visitors. Nor did he know for certain how many, nor had he ever explored all the corridors. The fear of losing himself, or of being asked whether he was looking for someone, or being asked a question for an answer always kept him within known limits.

The jazz had now completely distracted him from his work. At one time he could have worked against a background of noise, but he had now become accustomed to the deathly hush of the building at night, and the sound that now reached his ears was persistent and imploring. At last he flung down his pen and cursed it aloud. By nature, Max was intimidated at the thought of approaching strangers, but his anxiety overcame his reserve and he decided to complain about the jazz.

Opening the door, he paused to hear from which direction it came. Then he made his way down the corridor until, save for the dim light coming from the cracks under the doors, the jazz grew louder. Finally he stopped, surrounded now by complete darkness. A trumpet soared out above a pounding rhythm, and filled the corridor. His fingers groped around in the darkness searching for a door and came across a handle.

It would be futile to hesitate now. Max knew that if he tried to formulate what he had to say, he would lose the courage to go through with it. He knocked. The beating of his heart drummed out a tense syncopation to the music. He waited for perhaps a minute. The jazz continued.

Letting out a stream of stifled breath, he knocked again, louder, with more assurance, and this time he heard a voice say, "Come in."

He found the door knob and flung the door open. The glare from a single bulb hanging from the centre of the room stunned him for a moment. The bare wall facing him reflected the brightness. In the corner stood a record player blurring out the music he had come to suppress. He stepped into the room.

Whatever Max had expected, he was not prepared for what he saw. The room was bare, not even a carpet to ground. His first response was to turn the record player off. Music playing at full blast worried him. Somehow it shattered his sense of orderliness. As a fiend and had rushed into his soul, he was driven to stop it. He was half-way across the room when a voice behind him said, "Can I help you?"

He jerked round and faced his interlocutor. Sitting cross-legged on the floor was a man, wearing tinted glasses and a black sweater, looking up at him. The situation was more than struck Max. This strange self-contained person, sitting fluidly-like in his own room, actually asking Max whether he could help him! He felt like bursting out into uncontrolled laughter. Just then the record finished, leaving the memory of the overpowering sound to linger in the silence. Max felt the contrast too deeply to

ALTJIRINGA — FORTY-NINE
make a reply. The man on the floor continued, "Perhaps you were looking for someone?" Max flushed and the sweat stood out on his forehead. He was trapped. This question was his worst fear. It was as if this person had prepared his questions beforehand to throw him into confusion.

To avoid the steady gaze from behind the tinted glasses, Max looked round and was struck by the fact that there were no windows — only bare walls. "No windows," thought Max, "that means . . ."

But he noticed that the man was drumming his fingers on the floor and showed signs of impatience. He must get out as quickly as possible.

"No, the gramophone," he said. "The gramophone was preventing me working . . . I hope you don't mind!"

He walked quickly to the door and before the other had time to reply (or perhaps he was not going to at all), fled from the room, closing the door behind him.

Back in his own room, Max was too nervous to resume work right away. He paced up and down trying to make sense of the man who had questioned him. He felt that the whole situation had been planned. From now on, his every movement would be watched. He was a puppet caught up in a nightmare without a beginning or an end. Even if he escaped on an impromptu, he was enmeshed in the whole with frightening complexity. Each action was irrevocable. He had to make a reply. The man on the floor continued, "fear. He was trapped. This question was his worst fear. It was as if this person had prepared his questions beforehand to throw him into confusion.

For the second time that evening, Max sat poring over his books when the sound of jazz broke in on his solitude. The racing music was his summons. He closed his eyes in response to an inner anguish, but with grim determination he told himself that he did not have to go. There was no compulsion. Instead he applied himself to his studies. A few minutes passed, but the jazz did not stop. It seeped into his brain and gnawed at every thought. Finally he flung the book aside in despair. NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. What did this mean? Surely, this was the first time he had heard the jazz, and he would act as he had the first-time that is, go and complain. But that was wrong — there was no first time.

Meanwhile the noise tore at his nerves till it became an obsession. At last he could stand it no longer. Getting up, he went to the door and started down the corridor again. As the jazz got louder his anger increased, and he stumbled on blindly to the naked room. He reached the door and paused to draw breath. His mind now whirled in a confusion of thoughts: "What shall I say to him? I have no excuse this time. If anything I shall order him to turn the gramophone off. Yes, I must be firm."

His hand was raised to knock on the door, when he remembered how he had quaked before the power of the tinted glasses and the eyes behind them. He pictured the man in black sitting on the floor asking that simple, horrible, answerless question, "Can I help you?"

What if there were no escape this time? There might be other rooms, other summonses, other strangers, repetitions of this moment, standing terrifyed in the corridor, with decisions that were not even his to make. In a panic he asked himself what he was fighting against, who were his enemies, if any, and why was he involved at all?

One moment he convinced himself that he had no alternative but to knock and go in, and that each second of delay would somehow add up against him. Then he realized that this was his last chance of breaking the chain of events. But the choice was already decided. If he had knocked as soon as he reached the door, things would have gone differently, but he had hesitated and he could not knock now.

He dropped his arm and decided not to knock. The thought that he had escaped another humiliating interview with the mysterious man in black reassured him. Besides which, he told himself, by that decision he could have freed himself from the net that enmeshed him. But, as always, he was not entirely certain. The blaring jazz taunted him mercilessly as he walked back along the corridor.

The figure, high above the city, surveyed the huddled bee-hive of humanity. Everywhere he looked he saw people locked in the vice of the present instant, trying to make a choice, unaware of the vast kaleidoscope of time in which they lived. There was no compulsion. Instead he applied himself to his studies. A few minutes passed, but the jazz did not stop. It seeped into his brain and gnawed at every thought. Finally he flung the book aside in despair. NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. What did this mean? Surely, this was the first time he had heard the jazz, and he would act as he had the first-time that is, go and complain. But that was wrong — there was no first time.

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RELEASE

How hot and sticky I felt as I sat in room 14 on that last day of school. Mr. Adams had been talking about history and I had almost gone to sleep on that hot summer afternoon.

Through the window I could see the clear blue sky, with puffs of clouds like cotton wool floating in the distance. The birds are so lucky to be free. I thought to myself. "Oh, how I wish I could go home and leave this history to someone else." I began to imagine myself so far off transported from the schoolroom to a far off place covered with lush green bushlands, sweet smelling eucalypts and wattle. I was sitting by a stream cooing my feet when someone called.

"Andrew! Andrew!"

Mr. Adams was glaring enthusiastically at the cane so carefully placed on two nails in the wall. Everyone was laughing. Mr. Adams continued: "And so Queen Victoria financed all of Drake's voyages..."

Was that the bell I heard? No, only my imagination. Oh, how I wished I was out swimming at Cronulla or down at my daydream pool. "The birds are so lucky to be free," I thought to myself. "Oh, how I wish I could go home and leave this history to someone else." I began to imagine myself so far off transported from the schoolroom to a far off place covered with lush green bushlands, sweet smelling eucalypts and wattle. I was sitting by a stream cooing my feet when someone called...

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CLANGGG - CLANGGG - the bell!

"School's out. School's out. No more pencils, no more books, no more teachers' dirty looks." The words almost burst from my throat in sheer excitement. I caught the end of a small speech Mr. Adams was giving... "I hope you all have a good holiday. I want you to remember your safety rules I gave you. Class dismissed. March out in blocks please." Everyone burst out... free for six weeks. Gee, it felt good.

As I walked through the town with Mike and Chris, I thought of all we would do together. Someone had told me the yabbies were on.

"Hey fellas, why don't we go yabbying tomorrow?" I asked.

"That's a terrific idea," they said simultaneously.

"I've got a net I made last summer. You can get meat, Andrew, and you make up the lines, Chris," Mike said, taking command of the situation.

"I know the best spot of all to catch yabbies," Chris said. "It's at the back of McFarlane's dam on a huge rock about twenty-five feet long. There's millions of 'em under there, so we'll surely catch some."

"What else are we going to invite to come?" I asked.

"How about Bill and Blackie?" suggested Mike.

"I don't know if we should ask Bill. He's pretty selfish. He'll probably lose his meat and want ours."

"Oh forget that," said Mike. "We'll all go home, get changed and go and see Bill and Blackie and see if they're allowed to come."

We walked home thinking and talking of the next day's fun. From the long steep hill home I could see the water from Spicer's pond, glistening in the late afternoon sun. The blackberry bushes stretching thickly for miles, the long stretches of roads, dusty and thin. A herd of cattle in the old field seemed to be only blotches of black and brown, like the shaded trees at dusk. There was a group of boys walking their hilly carts up the tarred hill-road to the right of my house.

"Gee, I hope Mum hasn't got any messages or jobs for me this afternoon, it's so hot," I thought.

I turned, said goodbye to the fellows, and walked through the front gate, thinking only of the glass of cold milk and biscuits Mum always had ready for me every afternoon.

We set out for the stream which ran into Gynhea Bay. The day was going to be extremely hot. The sky was an ashen colour, cloudless and cool as yet. It was a good hour's walk to the stream.

"Hey, slow down fellas," Bill complained, having great trouble in keeping up with our steady rapid pace.

"We'd better wait for poor old Bill," said Chris getting back for what Bill had said earlier.

Chris was a sincere, down-to-earth type of fellow, a little sarcastic at times, but indeed a very true friend... he would stick by me in any situation.

"Andrew," he said, "why don't we break up into pairs? Bill and Mike can fish one side of the bank and you and me the other side."

"I don't think that's practical," I said. "After all we only have one net, and the stream is pretty wide where we're going to fish."

"Dennis lives over there," said Mike as we passed a thick grove of tea trees. "He lives in that old weatherboard place behind that fence."

"I know that," Bill sneered. "I've often played with him."

Just then we came to a thick bush of blackberries and stopped to pick a few of them. We continued on, the cicadas singing on all sides. Their trill was so shrill it affected my hearing for about half a mile afterwards. No wonder they were singing though — it was such a beautiful day.

Our foursome continued on, very tempted to...

FIFTY-TWO — ALTJIRINGA

Sunday Morning

Sunday morning hush: I walk
Through pyramids of silence —
Down each street the wive, (Not more than four or five)
Are gardening or just
Talking quietly.

The men in shirts and shorts
Sun-yellowed, wash their ears,
And peer inside the bonnet
Wondering how long
The thing will run
And peer inside the bonnet
Before something goes wrong.

A solitary cat
Goes prowling past houses
Showing not the slightest
Sign of life — he browses
Round a dustbin
On the pavement.
And saunters off to seek
A temporary wife.

From a garage
Voices carry in the
Heavy air, talking idly
As if it did not matter anyway.
A man limps down the street
Singing to himself
And as I watch his form retreat,
Silence falls again.

— A N O N Y M O U S.

— J. GARLAND.
catch a few, but we had our minds on yabbies out.

other three members start. track we were walking along. We all sighed in relief.

stream. We scurried through the undergrowth had heard there were some pretty big yabbies in this pond. One had to have patience when yabbying.

The sun was hot, and a stream was rising from an undertone of heroism that was almost completely overshadowed by fear.

We felt her wrist in hope of finding a weak pulse-beat. There was none. We withdrew from the body, our hands covered in blood. Again I felt that I wanted to be sick, but couldn't.

It was starting to turn blue from the chilly water. We felt her wrist in hope of finding a weak pulse-beat. There was none. We withdrew from the body, our hands covered in blood. Again I felt that I wanted to be sick, but couldn't.

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course she came out clutching her diary to her chest. She took a long walk downtown to the library (it was quiet there) and when she got back she had figured out The Game.

The Game was astoundingly simple but it worked. She played it for them, anyone. You let them slip away from you, like water. You put on a listening face, but you made your mind go somewhere else, some private place. After a little practice and concentration you could be by yourself, in your own mind, almost any time or any place. When they insisted on answers you laughed and kidded lightly and somehow, she could have shouted.

She went clear across the grounds to the tennis courts. There was somebody on the court.

She stopped, frowning. It was a boy practising at the net, standing far away from it and slamming barbarelly at the ball as it bounded back to him, sliding wildly about on the concrete in heavy leather shoes. She watched him. He managed to return the ball each time, but with a sort of savage vengeance, his motions formless and inelegant. She hesitated, vaguely angry. The boy looked young — too young, almost, to be a college student — perhaps he lived nearby. Why didn't he practice on the high school courts? She opened the mesh gate and swung it closed behind her with a clang. The boy turned.

He gestured towards the board and moved away as if to make room for her, but she shook her head.

"Go ahead," she said. "I'll wait!"

"There's room," he said. "Come on." He stuck his T-shirt into his blue jeans. "There's plenty of room for you to warm up over there!" His voice was startlingly harsh and deep.

He came towards her, and she discovered she had been wrong. He was not her age, he was older. Although he was small — almost tiny — he moved like a man whose muscles have settled into place. He walked with arrogance and a peculiar kind of caution. As he approached her, she saw that the hand that gripped his racquet was stubby, freckled and powerful.

But it was his face that shocked her. Starting on that small body, the face looked old — older than the twenty or so years he probably was, old and stiff and knowing, as if there were nothing new in the world left to astonish him. It looked in some disjointed way like the faces of Italian street-girls she had seen in the foreign pictures: embattled, hard, scarred not in actual flesh but in an interior layer. It was the face of a jockey, bitter with deliberate starvation.

She had been starting at him; his eyes flicked and he assumed a haughty air, hooking his thumbs into the belt of his jeans and leaning on one hip.

"You got a game?" he demanded.

She roused herself and began taunting the press off her racquet. "Don't let him interrupt," she said crisply. "You go ahead. I'll warm up over there.

He kept his pose, watching her. "I'll warm you up," he said. She looked at him sharply. "I mean, I'll bet 'em back if you want."

What did it matter? Her plans for the lovely, lonely morning were ruined anyway. She could not walk away from him; she was a little afraid of him.

"All right," she said bleakly.

They walked out on the court. He took the end facing the sun, automatically. This small gallantry — if that's what it was — thwed her out a little and they began to lob the ball back to each other tamely and erratically at first she was rusty; she hadn't played since last summer. But somehow he managed to return her shots, as if he had managed to get them back on the board. He played with a kind of concentrated power that would have been ludicrous had it not been so fierce. Matched with him, she was a picture of grace, and she began to relax. Stroke after stroke, the sun hot on her shoulders, the solid plonk of the ball being hit squarely on the middle of the racquet.

There was no talk; she played quietly, almost379
dreamily, and presently Anne began to realise that he was playing to her, laying each ball within easy reach of her forehand or backhand, making it easy for her, making her look good. He was trembling all over himself to do this, sweating and panting; for, with command of the ball, she was able to exercise some very nice places with him all over the court, but still they came back to her. She deliberately sent one into the net.

"Let's restart," she called.

"Who's tired?" he said with contempt, but walked towards the bench. He stood, panting and red, with his thumbs in his jeans in that loose-fitting attitude as she sat down.

"You're a pretty good player," he said, looking at her. She flushed.

"You're not so bad yourself," she lied. "I think with a few lessons... ."

"I'm lousy," he said. "I'm lousy, with no apology.

"Well goodness, you probably haven't been playing very long, have you?" Where was he from? What was he doing here on the college court? He looked as if he had spent his childhood — if he had any, it suddenly occurred to her; a face like that must have by-passed youth and innocence — lounging on the street corners.

"I mean it takes a great deal of practice."

"That's what I'm doing," he said. He shifted to the other hip and squinted at the sky.

"I don't have much time to practise," he said. "You want to play some more?"

She found to her surprise that she did. Presently, in an abrupt gesture of termination, he sent her one last shot and said, "I gotta go now." He was off the court, out the side gate, and through the shrubbery, disappearing in the direction of the highway, before she could thank him.

He was there next morning and silently, almost without greeting, they began to play. Again, he set up shots for her. Almost annoyed, she decided she wanted no favours; she sent her shots back within his easy reach. They did not play a game, they did not score. Somehow it was strangely restful.

This time before he left he came to the net and held out the ball to her.

"Thanks," he muttered, and she had the idea he was the first time he had said that word. He looked directly at her and it was a shock, the eyes were black and shining into her. For a long terrible moment she thought she was the last time he would see her.

"Have you to go?"

"Have to what?"

"Take it easy on me," he snapped.

She paused, then automatically she smiled brightly. "Well, you took it easy on me," she said.

"That's different, you're a girl."

"I'm bigger than you," she said in a light, friendly, insulting tone. "Keep your toughness, or your hurl, or whatever it is in you away from me."

For a long terrible moment she thought she was in trouble, but he never turned around. She did not think with a few lessons would

FIFTY-SIX - ALTJRINGA

Anne Dennan was not at the party at all that evening, her chest. She flushed. "You're not so bad yourself," she lied. "I think with a few lessons... ."

"I mean, I'll bet 'em back if you want."

What did it matter? Her plans for the lovely, lonely morning were ruined anyway. She could not walk away from him; she was a little afraid of him.

"All right," she said bleakly.

They walked out on the court. He took the end facing the sun, automatically. This small gallantry — if that's what it was — thwed her out a little and they began to lob the ball back to each other tamely and erratically at first she was rusty; she hadn't played since last summer. But somehow he managed to return her shots, as if he had managed to get them back on the board. He played with a kind of concentrated power that would have been ludicrous had it not been so fierce. Matched with him, she was a picture of grace, and she began to relax. Stroke after stroke, the sun hot on her shoulders, the solid plonk of the ball being hit squarely on the middle of the racquet.

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"I don't have much time to practise," he said. "You want to play some more?"

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This time before he left he came to the net and held out the ball to her.

"Thanks," he muttered, and she had the idea he was the first time he had said that word. He looked directly at her and it was a shock, the coldness and force behind his eyes.

"You didn't have to."

"Have to what?"

"Take it easy on me," he snapped.

She paused, then automatically she smiled brightly. "Well, you took it easy on me," she said.

"That's different, you're a girl."

"I'm bigger than you," she said in a light, friendly, insulting tone. "Keep your toughness, or your hurl, or whatever it is in you away from me."

For a long terrible moment she thought she was in trouble, but he never turned around. She did not think with a few lessons would
had offended him. Then his face changed. It wasn't that he grinned, it was just that some of the hardness went out of him, as if he were considering some private joke.

"Yeah but I'm tougher than you," he said.

"We'll see about that tomorrow! We'll play a set and keep score.

He barked abruptly if it might have been a laugh, turned on his heel and sauntered away, thumbs hooked in belt.

On the way back to the house Annie glanced happily, reflecting that The Game was the same with everybody. All you had to do was smile.

She had a date that night with Larry Rule — nothing to get excited about, Larry was merely a friend from her hometown and they had known each other for years. Larry's father was the town doctor and had cared for the family all through their childhood diseases. Now Larry was dead serious about catching up his studies at pre-med school, but he couldn't — as he told Annie — live the life of a complete hermit.

"How complimentary," she said, laughing. "My pulse is racing at the notion that I am adequate to fill in your lonely hours."

"You're not only considered adequate but essential," Larry said. "I've got to get away from these books for a couple of hours or go crazy. To show you the depths of my passion I intend to buy you a ticket to the pictures."

"You mean, you mean . . . "

"I'll pick you up at seven," he said.

The film starred Alec Guinness and they both loved Alec Guinness. So they celebrated by buying a huge ice-cream sundaes.

"You must be living it up," she remarked. "Your hand is shaking."

"Simple animal passion . . . actually, I've been burning the midnight oil studying. I should have gone into something like nuclear physics."

He passed his hands over his face; he did look tired. "Every morning when she came to the courts he was already there, bashing away at the wall. He seemed intent on the destruction of the ball. She called to him once before he realized she was there."

"Hello," she called again.

He still wore the jeans but in place of the T-shirt he wore a metallic gold shirt. Oh Lord! It was one of those horrible things that glistened in the sun like fish scales. It was so pathetic, this synthetic glory. He expected to dazzle her and receive some compliment as to his appearance.

"Say there, you're pretty dashing today."

"What could she say? "You look like Goliath in armour."

His eyes narrowed. "Who's Goliath?"

She smiled as she took the press off her racquet. "Goliath? Oh, you remember — he was the giant who was licked by a little boy named David." Oh it was true — The Game. You could use different words for different people. But it was all the same, so simple, so easy, so uninvolved. "Who're you planning to receive some compliment as to his appearance."

"That's why I gotta practice tennis."

He must have caught the questioning look in her eyes. "So that when I go to the big towns, nobody'll know I don't come from there."

She became aware that he had paused.

What was she to do? Even the people she loved, the people she knew, the people she trusted wouldn't dare bare themselves this way to her. The Game, the Game! Were there any rules for this? The complete revelation of his character shocked her and baffled her.

She did not watch him go. She put the racquet into the press. Hurrying home she felt as if she had been holding her breath and was at last free to take a deep, refreshing inhalation of clean air.

After lunch she telephoned Larry.

"Come out, come out for a while; and we'll take a walk or something."

"I can't. I'm studying."

"I'll do you a favor, take a rest for a while. You can't study every minute, you'll get stale."

"I guess it doesn't matter anyway," he said, and his voice sounded faraway and pallid.

They had a long walk and she chatted to him, telling him about the boy.

"Can you imagine? The idea of someone like him ever owning a Cadillac."

Larry was strangely quiet. They wandered into a quiet little restaurant where they ordered coffee and toast. After lighting their cigarettes Larry carefully blew out the match. Slowly he raised his head to meet Anne's gaze.

"I'm not going to make it." Oh no, she thought in panic. Here it comes again.

"Do you know what it means to me? Do you know what it means to Dad, for instance? All my life since the moment I was born he planned that some day I'd be a doctor too, and come into the practice with him with my name under his on the door, and now he has to know that I can't make it." He put his head down on his hands and she thought he might be crying. She had to get out of here. He lifted his head again but this time his eyes were dry and bright and they held her.

"Do you know what I even thought of doing?" She didn't move an inch, just sat there listening.

"I even thought of bribing the professor. I thought maybe if I went to him and offered him a bribe of say thirty pounds he would maybe raise my grades, and I know he could do with the extra money. His wife is expecting a baby anytime and those guys don't get paid much.

He wouldn't have taken it, but this time his eyes were dry and bright and they held her.

"Do you know what I even thought of doing?"

She became aware that he had paused.

What was she to do? Even the people she loved, the people she knew, the people she trusted wouldn't dare bare themselves this way to her. The Game, the Game! Were there any rules for this? The complete revelation of his character shocked her and baffled her.

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"Pete's Pool Hall," she read on the packet. He snatched them back.

"I'm not what you think."

In a flash she tackled on her smile, so suddenly that it seemed to wrench her jaw muscles; he met it at a head-on encounter, faltered a split second and triumphed over it.

"You don't know, you just don't know. I'm not a bum. I got a job. I got . . . " he seemed to grab the word. "prospects. I been working since I was fifteen. I got some dough saved up. Some day I'm gonna buy me a Cadillac."

It was so opposed to anything he was, so direct, and so demanding that she had no time to withdraw. He told her in detail about his plans for the future. So enthusiastic and determined was he that Anne was forced to sit like a prisoner and listen.

"You mean, you mean . . . "

"I'm not going to make it."

She was so much to go. But he kept her there blinking in the sunlight, that smile still tacked across her face. "That's why I gotta practice tennis."

"That's why I gotta practice tennis."

"Come on, let's see who's David and who's Goliath!"

She let him beat her.

She called for a break, although she wasn't tired. As he came towards her on the beach, she saw with surprise that his victory had done something for him. It had made his face turn white, loosened his muscles so that he smiled and stumbled, almost overcome with astonishment.

He stood over her and lit a cigarette, squatting at the blue smoke in his cupped hand.

He handed her the matches to light herself the cigarette he had just offered.
"My treat," she said, smiling. "Coffee and sympathy."

"Huh? Oh, oh yeah," he muttered, and walked out. As she paid the bill she saw him walk out through the door and stagger a little as the sunlight hit him, and with his hands shading his eyes walk blindly off down the street.

She was putting up her hair when the telephone rang. The hours had flown since she returned home after her walk with Larry, and now she was settling down to a peaceful evening alone.

For a moment she was unaware of the ringing, then she leant over and plucked the receiver off the hook.

"Well, uh, this here's LeRoy."

"Larry? Listen, Larry, I'm tired and..."

He cleared his throat and carefully began again. "This here's LeRoy Dale, you know—uh, Goliath, tennis?" She should have hung up, she seemed frozen there. He chuckled, "I guess you thought I didn't know your name. I got spies. Say—uh..." he faded for a moment, and the jumbled story in his ear, pleading with him to come over.

"I'm busy." He was retreating further away than ever.

"You've got to come. I need you," she cried.

"Okay."

She was on the phone when Larry arrived. Hurriedly she let him in and explained how LeRoy had phoned and insisted that she go out with him.

"You know the one I told you about, the one I played tennis with," she said convincingly. "Directly above them the chimes rang out. "There he is now!" she whispered frantically. "I don't want to go with him, make him go away."

"Okay," returned Larry quietly.

Goliath stood on the porch. He looked fierce even though he was grinning. He sidled round Larry and came face to face with her. She barely recognised him... She had so firmly expected to her mouth to push back a wild, unreal giggle, but it was as if she did not know her, and didn't really care. "You aren't coming with me? Why not?"

"No."

"You kidded around. You acted nice. You lured me on."

"I told you about the one I played tennis with," she said convincingly.

"You kidded me on. We had fun. Why can't we have fun dancing?"

Larry said, from where he was standing, "I guess she doesn't want to go out tonight, fella."

He spoke mildly, almost dreamily. "I'm busy." He was retreating further away than ever

"You've got to come. I need you," she cried.

"Okay."

"Why you don't mind I've got to go. I'm trying to write a letter to my—"

He broke off and looked away, vaguely, and it was as if he did not know her, had never known her, and didn't really care. "You mean when I was kidding him. Didn't he know I was just—"

"Playing a game?" Larry said. "Look Anne if you don't mind I've got to go. I'm trying to write a letter to my—"

Larry looked down at him. "I'm sorry." In a tone of ineffable weariness, he said, "She plays a game and you don't know the rules."

Goliath's lips twisted in a smile of terrible contempt. "I make my own rules!" He was gone. As the door closed on the dark they heard a car start and roar off. Larry stood looking at Anne as if he did not see her, his eyes flat and colourless in the light of the hallway light.

"Okay, Anne," he said finally and turned to go.

"Wait," she said. "You don't really believe him—that I lured him on, I mean?"

"No," he said, "I don't think that you lured him on. It's just that I think he believed you."

"You mean when I was kidding him. Didn't he know I was just—"

"I..."

"You liked me enough playing tennis," he said harshly. "You kidded me on. We had fun. Why can't we have fun dancing?"

Larry burst out, "I thought you liked me," he said. "You kidded around. You acted nice. You lured me on."

She took a shaky breath and her hands flew to her mouth to push back a wild, unreal giggle, a moan. Larry moved in. "I guess you'd better go fella," he said with great gentleness.

"The little guy wheeled around, his eyes blazing. "I'm goin'. You ken have 'er, mister! If that's what you want, if you want a dame that plays games!"

Larry said, to where he was standing. "I

"I don't want to go with him, make him go away."

"Okay," returned Larry quietly.

"Okay, Anne." he said finally and turned to go.

"Wait," she said. "You don't really believe him—that I lured him on, I mean?"

"No," he said, "I don't think that you lured him on. It's just that I think he believed you."

"You mean when I was kidding him. Didn't he know I was just—"

"Playing a game?" Larry said. "Look Anne if you don't mind I've got to go. I'm trying to write a letter to my—"

He broke off and looked away, vaguely, and it was as if he did not know her, had never known her, and didn't really care.

She had the house and Anne Dennan, who ever she was, all to herself.

ALTJIRINGA — SIXTY-ONE

FRAGMENTS INSPIRED BY M.Q.R.

Mind visions of deserted avenues in purple, orange and green. Unreal music following ghostly footsteps vibrating, echoing in timeless void. No longer walking while objects glide past me: charred trees, broken columns, dancers of frozen aluminium suspended in air. A gust of perfect melody disintegrates my body. And I am absorbed into the Cosmos. I am the rhythm I am the purple and the green. I am the other. The night is I... Stars and moons rush at me...

My teeth are shattered like stalagmites And my eyes turn to pebbles. My body grows hands which grow scales which grow eyes and evaporate.

—J. GARLAND

"ALTJIRINGA" PRIZES

College prizes are awarded to the following entries in "Altjirina", 1962—

Cover Design: Rosalind Collins.

Short Story: The Impostor by James Smith.

Poetry: My Son by Thomas Naisby.
STUDENTS IN ACTION

SIXTY-TWO — ALTJIRINGA

ALTJIRINGA — SIXTY-THREE
CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

THE 1962 SPORTING SCENE

The 1962 sporting year served to illustrate the wide variety of recreational activity available to members of the Newcastle Teachers’ College. Teams from no less than seventeen areas of sport carried the name of the College in the various local competitions and/or in Inter-Collegiate contests.

From such a large number of participants we may, naturally, expect some outstanding sportsmen and sportswomen to emerge — and an outstanding Inter-Collegiate competitor.

Newcastle Teachers’ College enjoyed the privilege of acting as host to Bathurst Teachers’ College for the 1962 Inter-Collegiate visit. Of the nine sporting events decided, Newcastle was successful in winning seven. This, in the opinion of the writer, was not a true indication of the relative strengths of the two colleges, of the very high standard of play or of the extremely keen, but friendly, manner in which these events were contested.

This Inter-Collegiate saw the introduction of Women’s International Rules Basketball. All those who witnessed this event at Wickham Basketball Stadium will long remember it as the most exciting match of the year.

Swimmers, Robert Campbell, Ken Gibson and Stephen Wood, are worthy of special mention as the first members of the College to receive the Royal Life-saving Society’s Distinction Certificate. This, incidentally, as the second highest life-saving award that it is possible to attain.

Above every other sport, perhaps, the most noteworthy achievements emerged from the hockey scene; for no less than four players (Pam Boyd, Marty Cragg, Judy Jacobs and Dave Lowrey) gained representation in Slate Hockey teams. Pam followed this success by being selected in the Australian Junior Hockey team.

Once again, our Rugby Union players had an excellent season. Teams participated in the Newcastle Alderton Cup and Third Grade competitions.

RIFLE CLUB

This year was a highly successful year for the Rifle Club. With a strong membership of approximately twenty members, eleven shoots were held at Stockton Rifle Range. Warren Brown, our secretary, was the outstanding shotter this year, winning the College Championships and a National Rifle Association medal.

The general standard of the other members was well above that of the previous years, especially over the longer ranges. Several members could take top places in other clubs in the district.

This year two new ideas were brought into practice. We shot over distances of up to 500 yards which is difficult with open sights, and the championships point score was decided over a series of seven selected shots. This gave every member a chance to prove his ability because, if a championship is decided on one day only, it is possible that some members may have an "off" day.

Highlight of the club’s activities was the annual inter-club shoot between us and the Morpeth Small Bore Club. On 22nd September, the Morpeth people came down to Stockton in the morning and we went to their range in the afternoon. A day like this gives both sides the opportunity to use the other’s weapons. Mrs. Doug Smith won both the small bore and 303 competitions. On overall scores Teachers’ College won the 303 shoot and Morpeth the small bore shoot.

The Social shoot to be held on 6th October is the day when members bring their girl-friends to the range to see what their beaux do on Saturday mornings. The girls also, fire the “big guns” and quite a few manage to hit the targets. Afterwards a barbecue is held at One Mile Beach.

The Club would like to see more first year members, so next year the new executive will have to do some hard recruiting. Congratulations to Barry Skuod and Steve Woods for winning Blues and to Ross Davis and Pete Stahmer for gaining Awards of Merit.

The Club would also like to thank Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Clarke for their enthusiasm and support in the absence of Mr. Marquet who is at present overseas. These two lecturers gave up a lot of their time to supervise and guide us through the year and for this we are very grateful.

— ALLAN CARR, President.

TENNIS CLUB

Second term, 1962, was a busy but successful term for the Tennis Club. A greater number of entries for the College Tennis Championships was received this year than in previous years and competition in all divisions was very keen. Despite difficulties experienced in finding suitable courts for play while National Park courts were being resurfaced, the Championship final results were known before Inter-Collegiate in August. Congratulations go to the following players — John Rogers (Men’s Singles Champion), Roslyn Clifton (Women’s Singles Champion), David Hooker, David Bishop (Men’s Doubles Champions) and Roslyn Clifton and Lorraine Wiseman (Women’s Doubles Champions).

During the Inter-Collegiate visit to our college by Bathurst College some very close tennis matches were to be seen with a high standard of tennis maintained in every case. Bathurst won 5 rubbers and Newcastle 7. We would like to thank Mr. S. Ball and those students who very capably helped us in organising and running the Inter-Collegiate matches.

At the final meeting for the year the following officers were elected:

President: Vince Miner.
Secretary: Kathy Jupp.
Treasurer: Narelle Haynes.
Publicity Officer: Lorraine Wiseman.
Committee: R. Clifton, B. Hooker and H. Kenny.

Best wishes first year for a successful 1963 in your tennis activities.

— MARGARET DEWS, Secretary.
— JOHN ROGERS, President.

SIXTY-FOUR — ALTRINGA
GOLF CLUB

The long silence is at last broken. Yes we do HAVE a golf club! Affiliated to boot! We have had ONE game this year but the long wait was worth the delay. Our College Championship was held on Belmont Golf Course on Tuesday, 7th August, and was a great success for all who attended — even for those who had never held a stick before.

Our new College Champion is Ian Read who narrowly defeated last year's champion Ian Barton. Congratulations Ian.

The Ladies' Championship was won by Joyce McLelland who retained the title from last year.

The handicap event was won by Fred Simonse and by Joyce McLelland.

Congratulations to all winners.

The officers for 1963 have been chosen and they are as follows:

President: Ian Read.
Vice-President: Ken Muir.
Secretary: Marlene Dunn.

We are expecting great things from this team during this coming year.

—GEOFF BUCKLAND, President.

MEN'S BASKETBALL CLUB

Officers 1962 —
President: John McCudden.
Vice-President: Ian Gaunt.
Secretary: Owen Butler.

This year has proved a quite successful one for the College Men's International Rules Basketball Club.

The standard of play throughout the year was very high, and this became evident especially at the Winter Inter-Collegiate when Newcastle defeated Bathurst by 44-32 in what was really a most enjoyable game for both players and spectators.

In the local competition we entered two teams, one in B Grade and one in C Reserve Grade. The former team reached the semi-finals only to be beaten on a protest, owing to unfortunate circumstances, and the latter group at all times tried hard.

A visiting team from Taree was beaten convincingly by about ten points.

Players to receive Blues this year were John Simpson and John McCudden. Awards of Merit were received by Ken Gibson and Ken Buckley.

Officers elected for 1963:

President: Ian Gaunt.
Vice-President: Ken Buckley.
Secretary: Peter Tucker.

We wish to extend our best wishes to the club in the coming year.

—JOHN McCUDDEN, President.

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL

The year 1962 was busy and crowned with a certain amount of success—the highlight being the triumph of Newcastle College team over Bathurst College at Inter-Collegiate. This match was tense, exciting and one of the most enjoyable the team has ever played and was a fine example of good sportsmanship.

Competitions have provided regular Basketball for two teams this year, and it is hoped that interest will be high for 1963 to continue with two representative teams from the College.

First Years are always required so that they can carry on knowledgeably when they become Second Years.

1963 teams have best wishes for success.

—GWENDA MAHER.
WOMEN'S BASKETBALL CLUB
Officers, 1962.
President: Barbara Halliday.
Secretary: Robyn Rae.
Treasurer: Elizabeth Dempster.
This year has not been a very successful one for our club in regard to competition. Each of our three teams had to forfeit matches in the May and September vacations and this automatically lowered our point score and eliminated us from semi-finals. However, if the Association is approached again next year, it may agree to defer these vacation games.

The Inter-Collegiate match was exciting and the standard of play very high. The teams were evenly matched but the Bathurst team managed to gain four goals on us in the last ten minutes and defeated us 28-24.

We hope that those of you who can play basketball at all will offer your support to the College teams next year. In handing over the Presidency to Kathy Hoyles, I feel confident that the club will function efficiently. On behalf of the second years, I wish you a very successful and enjoyable year.

—BARBARA HALLIDAY, President.

MEN'S HOCKEY
Middle Row: R. Owen, B. Haney, M. Phelan, D. Dyball.

SQUASH CLUB
Circumstances did not permit the usual degree of participation in outside competition by members of the Squash Club. It has been the custom for a team to be entered in the men's winter competition but, because entries for this competition had closed prior to the commencement of the College year, this was not possible.

However, three teams were able to represent the College in the Newcastle Women's Squash Association's winter competition and another in the spring competition conducted by the same association. It is pleasing to report that all of these teams acquitted themselves very well.

The College Squash Championships were, once again, most keenly contested, revealing a very high standard of play. To the respective winners, Carmen Nicholson and John Simpson, the Squash Club extends sincere congratulations.

Best wishes are extended to the officials and prospective members of the Squash Club for an active and successful 1963.

—LANCE BROPHY, President.
—DIANNE CURTIS, Secretary.

WOMEN'S SQUASH
Front Row: D. Curtis, F. Boyd, P. Hebron.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB
The Club over the year assisted its members to achieve some degree of skill in the exposure and developing of photographs. The members had the added advantage of being able to use the excellent equipment the club possesses. We would like to have seen the members make more use of this equipment. The club received a substantial grant from the S.R.C. which enabled it to purchase a new electronic flash and enlarger lens.

—D. BATES.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY
Back Row: Barbara Liddice, Jan Smith, Margaret Mathiasen, Jason Shaw, Christine Kinley, Lesley Liddice.
Front Row: Pamela Boyd, Christine Coward, Judith Jacobs, Alien Hull, Kay Cornutt.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUJB REPORT
Altjiringa Club has produced the college magazines throughout the year. This has involved seeking out "would be" contributors, editing and re-editing, following up stencils, and distributing the finished product.

We have enjoyed our work and hope that in some measure we have been successful.

But we would have had no success whatsoever, if it were not for our advisers from the staff, Mr. B. Smith and Mrs. E. Smith. And we are also greatly indebted to the Principal, the members of the Printing Club, the contributors, and all those who have read our magazine. To all these we say "thank you".

And last but not least, we extend best wishes to next year's promising and vigorous club committee.

SANDRA LINEHAN,
LYN BULL, Co-Editors.

MEN'S HOCKEY
President: Dave Lowery.
Vice-President: Mark Phelan.
Secretary/Treasurer: Barry Skead.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Photograph - McRae Studios.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL CLUB
Back Row: M. Marchant, M. Snell, B. Roberts, B. Longford, P. Reed.
Front Row: M. von Dyke, J. Bickmore, R. Clifton, B. Hunt.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB
We extend congratulations to Ian Barton and Pam Boyd, winners respectively of the Men's and Women's Singles Championship.

Officers for 1963:
President: J. Davies.
Secretary: I. Reed.
Treasurer: S. Lovell.

—JOHN POWER, President.

SIXTY-EIGHT — ALTJIRINGA

PHOTOGRAPHY
Photograph - McRae Studios.
The Drama Club has had a very successful year in 1962, financially as well as artistically.

The year began well, with rehearsals for the Club's major production, J. M. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton", starting almost immediately. A fever-pitch of activity was reached when, the weekend before the opening, the cast and associated lecturers descended upon the Y.W.C.A.'s Bramble Lodge at Toronto for final rehearsals. Special mention must be made here of the members of the Home Economics sections who gave up their weekend to prepare the huge meals necessary to keep the cast going. The work and enthusiasm put into the production by the producer, cast and crew was well rewarded when, on June 21st, 22nd and 23rd, attentive and appreciative audiences applauded the production in the Technical School Hall.

The next Club activity to reach culmination was the very successful revue, "Add Water and Stir". Many club members worked long and hard to make this the success it was but Stephen Craig and Miss Poole, as the guiding hands of the whole production, are especially worthy of recognition — for, faced with difficulties of stage and staging, they brought off a revue successful as regards both finance and enjoyment.

Drama Club members in mid-July helped Newcastle Rotary present the original play "The Verdict". It was a most enjoyable and informative evening for all concerned, as the work and workings of Rotary were explained to Club members.

The One-Act Play Nights on July 31st and August 1st were also of great benefit to the Club and its members. Three one-acters were produced by student producers. These were "Sunday Costs Five Pesos", "Campbell of Kilmore" and Act II of "The Insect Play". Although attendances were not as good as had been expected, all present enjoyed the presentations.

During Inter-Collegiate, the Drama Club helped provide the entertainment by the presentation of "Sunday Costs Five Pesos", "Campbell of Kilmore" and Act II of "The Insect Play". Although attendances were not as good as had been expected, all present enjoyed the presentations.

During the year the Drama Club also financed the graduates' presentation of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones". No balance sheet is available to the Club.

A further Drama Club activity for 1962 is the proposed trip to Sydney where Club members will attend a production of the professional theatre.

— CAROL FISHER, Secretary.

AL'FJRINGA - SEVENTY-ONE
TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP 1962

T.C.C.F. has spent an active year. We have had two socials, one at College and the other in the home of one of our members. We held one camp during second term following a Week of Witness. This was a series of meetings in which the Rev. Keith Watson brought to us the basic truths of Christianity. We were strengthened in our faith and some renewed interest in the work of T.C.C.F. was shown as a result of these meetings.

We have had public meetings each Friday and daily prayer meetings each morning where we prayed for the work of other student fellowships in Australia. During third term we started Bible Studies on different aspects of Basic Christianity.

We give thanks to God for the fellowship we have enjoyed this year and hand over with confidence to the incoming committee.

—KEN FORD, President.
SECTION PHOTOGRAPHS

SECTION 100
Absent: R. Watson, P. Weibe.
Photograph — McRae Studios.

SECTION 101
Middle Row: M. Clark, P. Christiansen, D. Christianson, P. Barnes, H. Ross, L. Boardman, L. Bull, T. Colli, R. Caffrey, J. Bowers.
Photograph — McRae Studios.

SECTION 102
Photograph — McRae Studios.

SECTION 103
Photograph — McRae Studios.

SECTION 104
Photograph — McRae Studios.

SECTION 105
Photograph — McRae Studios.

SEVENTY-FOUR — ALTIRINGA

ALTIRINGA — SEVENTY-FIVE