The Principal's Message

What shall I say to outgoing students of 1963 which is in any way different from that which I have chosen to say to outgoing students on other occasions? The task of teaching is still the same, its duties and responsibilities are just as great. Can anything new be said on such topics?

A teacher's responsibilities may be summarised under five headings: His first duty is to his pupils for, if there are no pupils, there is no need for teachers. His responsibility is the education of the young so that they will be both worthy individuals and good citizens. In thinking of them as individuals he must think of character and personality and also of vocational or professional aspiration. Every youngster should be led to achieve the best of which he is capable and his ambition to do so.

The teacher's second responsibility is to the Department of Education that employs him. The Department is not an organisation distinct from the men who compose it and the tendency to think of the Department, or of Head Office, as a kind of cold distant legal entity which exists mainly to deny reasonable requests is a dangerous misconception. The Department of Education is made up of people almost all of whom have had wide practical experience in teaching and know the teacher's needs and his problems as well as he knows them himself. The clerical and accounting section of the Department, though in itself not directly concerned with teaching, nevertheless has had so much experience in dealing with matters referred to it by teaching staff that clerical officers often foresee the problems which teachers will raise or the difficulties that they will meet. The Department of Education is a human institution consisting of people like ourselves with hopes, fears and ambitions, but with much more kindness and generosity than some critics would lead us to believe. In being loyal to the Department of Education we are loyal to the members of the team of which we are part.

The teacher's third duty is to the Public Service. Frequently there will be criticism of the Public Service or of its administration but such criticism should be properly voiced through the appropriate channels. Frequently the critic is not aware of all the facts, and sometimes he can play into the hands of people who wish to use him merely for publicity purposes, or for political purposes, if he forgets that as a public servant he must in his duties be neutral on political issues. As a public servant a teacher is required to be loyal to the principles of the service of which he is a member and not to misuse his privileged position either for his own benefit or for the benefit of others, but always to remember that he is a servant with a particular responsibility to all members of the public to see that their cases are properly heard and properly dealt with.

This brings me to the fourth responsibility of a teacher — to the community of which he is a member. A teacher is entitled to his private life as a citizen and therefore outside his official duties he is entitled to belong to political parties and to religious groups and to charitable, sporting, and other organisations. A good teacher is always a worthy member of the community to which he belongs. His community membership will make him better appreciated both by the pupils of the parents of these pupils. To the extent that his public reputation and his commitment to worthwhile affairs in public activities are recognised as sound and helpful he will be respected as a good citizen and a good friend.

But all of these responsibilities should not blind the teacher to his duty to himself. He owes it to himself to have a balanced private life so that in his own home he can enjoy that freedom that every citizen is entitled to enjoy. In his own time he is entitled to widen his activities by reading, or by musical appreciation, or by participation in sport or even gardening if these kinds of things appeal to him more than the cultural pursuits. A teacher who lives only for his work will find that the depth of his understanding of the difficulties that students' personal problems will depend frequently upon the understanding that he has of himself. The teacher who has not faced up to the needs of private family life will not deal kindly or sympathetically with the difficulties that may arise. The teacher who has not really come to terms with his own ambitions will not understand or deal effectively with his task of developing and encouraging other people in their ambitions.

What I have been trying to say is this. A good teacher is the man who has developed himself both as an individual and as a community member so that his own talents have the best possible expression in both his private and his public life. He is more than a sound scholar. Young teachers cannot be expected to have the experience or wisdom of the old and I hope that every outgoing student will enjoy this youthful period of lighter responsibilities but also keep an eye upon what the future holds in store. Some will be Headmasters within the next ten to fifteen years and some will be inspectors or senior administrators. Perhaps, some may serve on the staff of this or another teachers' college and so help to build more surely and completely the kind of institution that we have begun. Every member of our students every success in the future, and we welcome everyone of them as members of the profession to which we are proud to belong.

-G. H. DUNCAN,
Principal

Editorial

1963 is coming to a close and, for many of us, so too are college days. We leave college with many memories, a few regrets, and an anticipation of the future as teachers. It is the memories that this magazine wishes to perpetuate as a reminder of the friends we have known, the club activities, the dramatic and musical productions, and the sporting triumphs.

In this edition of the Althinga Annual we have tried to fulfil the aims of our magazine's original founders — "to provide a tangible reminder of College days and friendships in the form of a magazine covering the year's activities in clubs and student affairs, and a literary section . . . to give students an opportunity to express themselves in that direction." The most tangible reminders are the photographs of the sections, clubs and student activities, while the literary section has caused the introduction of a literary competition in the college. Examples of students' art work have also been included with a Cover Design Competition.

In recent years students have been grappling for the uncertain and indefinable "College Spirit", something we were all looking for without knowing exactly what it was we hoped to find. I feel that this year the Spirit has been found and firmly re-established. The enthusiasm and fraternity of the original band of students has been evident on such occasions as the Inter-College, the Spirit's Carnival, the Ball, the Revue and the Gilbert and Sullivan production. The presence of the Assembly Hall, coupled with the industry of the S.R.C. and the Sports' Union, has contributed to these successes.

Althinga is a students' magazine, and we thank those who have contributed, and those who have printed the quarterly editions. Without the toil and patience of the Printing Club, the Newspaper Club could not hope to achieve all that they have. Our thanks are also due to the Principal and his staff, for their continued interest, and especially to Mr. B. Smith for his guidance throughout the year. In closing, we say to those who are graduating and to those who remain to foster the traditions and Spirit of the College for another year, may you always strive "towards a better world". 

-HELEN BROS, Editor TOW — ALTHINGA

2

Editorial

ALTHINGA — THREE
NEWCASTLE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

(Founded 1949)

Principal: Griffith St. John Cuncan, M.A., B.Ed.
Vice-Principal: Ian D. Renwick, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., M.Ed.
Registrar: Frank B. Brady
Librarian: Margaret A. Clinch, B.A., Dip. Lib.
Janitor: Mr. E. Baxter
Arts: Camille I. Smith, A.T.D.

Biology:

Classics:

Education:

English:

Home Economics and Needlework:
Mabel F. Grady, B.A.; Leila M. Home Economics and Needlework:

Industrial Arts and Crafts:
Mabel F. Grady, B.A.; Leila M.

Mathematics:

Modern Languages:
Gai Reeves, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Physical Education:
Jesse F. Ferguson, L.Mus.; Lawrence W. Orchard, D.S.C.M.; Marjorie G. Sneddon, B.A., D.S.C.M.

Physiology:

Physical Sciences:

FOUR — ALTJIRINGA

Students' Representative Council Annual Report

"The seeds of a more unified college have been sown." (Editorial, Altjiringa, Vol. 4, 1963.)

The endeavours of the Students' Representative Council for 1963 were as the College as a whole, our efforts as the students of the College as a body, give it character, increase individual activity and put before the student a moral and social code for the fulfilment of a whole individual. As 1963 closes and the outgoing students are to face a vast new experience we feel we have contributed to their needs and given them a basic grounding to become respected, valuable citizens to the society into which they now move.

We believe that we have recognised our responsibilities to the students, have led the students in fraternal, social, political, economic activities with the knowledge of having the entire student body support and have opened the gate to an outstanding future development. We believe we have been a responsible government, brave in its outlook, independent in structure, with a firm grasp on ideological thinking.

In our term in 1963 we have introduced many new features. We discovered Miss N.T.C., Pam Menzies, ran lunch time concerts and movies, and ended the year with a college barbecue.

Mid-way through the year we introduced a weekly publication called the Union Yack. Its purpose was to advertise all activities for the coming week and keep the students aware of events and happenings of interest. Its editor, Miss Helen Bros, tackled her task with enthusiasm — its success was assured.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the Inter-Collegiate where we were host college to Sydney Teachers College. A commendable effort by our sportmen and sportswomen produced sporting activities of the highest calibre. However, our opposition were of outstanding ability and we were by no means disgraced. Our soccer team had an extremely active year where the amount of business dealt with required meetings to be conducted once a week for the greater part of the year. We are indeed grateful to Mr. Duncan and Mr. Barcan for their patient assistance, and we wish to thank Mr. Brady and administration staff, Mr. Gillard and P.E. staff for the time and energy we have extracted from them with great satisfaction.

Finally, the present Council wishes the incoming President, Bill Storer, and Vice-President, Roslyn Holley, a happy and successful year in 1964.

F. SMITH, President.

ALTJIRINGA — FIVE
PROSE

**Biology Without Tears**

What's all this rubbish for?" queried my sister suspiciously, as I loaded butterfly net, tangle of snare, killing bottle, jars, cartons and plastic bags into the car rather furiously.

"Just a few things I might need," I replied as nonchalantly as I could under the circumstances. It is rather hard to be unobtrusive about packing these things into the boot of a Mini-Minor already full to the Plimsoll.

"When you look like that, Dorothy," she stated, with more than enough significance, "I know POSITIVELY you're up to something I'm not going to like.

I was silent — this was no time for the truth. All my life I have been dogged by a persistent feeling that, when I was a tiny, helpless babe in hospital, someone switched my name-tag. Though I love my nearest and dearest, at times we are worlds apart. Normally my sister Phyl is a willing accomplice, but at other times fails to tell me with the understanding I deserve. This looked to be one of those times. Prudence dictated silence about my intention of examining more closely a likely looking local swamp instead of taking them on the planned fishing picnic, but then, because Phyl hadn't included Biology in her Teachers' College course, she didn't have to amass large quantities of preserved and suitably pinned local wildlife. She, it seems, had more sense. So she says.

**Aldringa Report**

The Aldringa Club has produced four magazines during 1963, as well as the Annual. Each edition contained approximately thirty-five pages, covering reports on dramatic and musical productions and all sporting and Inter-Collegiate events in the College. Sections and clubs were given the opportunity to publish reports on their activities, and coverages of such events as the "Miss N.T.C." Competition, the Ex-Students' Reunion, and several social occasions were printed. We have interviewed new members of staff, the new librarian, and also a television personality. Articles also included those of members of staff (both here and overseas), two from ex-students, and many from students covering activities, art and music reviews, historical events, and views to factual discussions and light-hearted humour. Results of a staff-conducted survey and a section investigation into staff have aroused interest within our magazine.

Each edition has been edited by a different member of the Club, while separate committees have edited the social, literary, sport and art sections. Our activities included writing, reporting, editing, proof-reading and distributing. A new facet of the work this year was the introduction of the Union Yak, published (when practicable) weekly, and containing fixed, plans and reports.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Fitness and the Printing Club for their unstinting patience, to Mr. B. Smith for his willingness to assist at all times, to the S.R.C. to all contributors, and especially to you, our readers.

The 1963 committee extend their best wishes to their successors, the 1964 committee, headed by Jan Clarke and Glen Palmer, whose enthusiasm is indicative of the success we expect of our club next year.

—HELEN BROS, Editor.

GORDON CURRIE, Secretary.
The Street Walker

Behind him the oblivion of childhood.

Before him the challenge of maturity.

A youth walks alone in the darkness, hands firm in the sockets of his pockets, shoulders car-
ried low in apathy, skull cast down, tousled
hair warthing in the wind. His procedure marked
by the ombrosity of his foot. Slowly he
navigates the tortuous cobbles of the industry.

The shadows reach out to re-cast his unerring
course. He is tempted by the visions of side-
streets. In each alley-entrance a gnarled pro-
stitute naively hawks her wares. But he is guided
by the brilliance of ambition, by the flicker of
light from alongside. The lights begin to ascend, and with the street's steamer
— so he responds. His bent form
outdone. Thus he descends.

The body begins to climb an endless ascent.

He observes the only true beauty — the only
one great truth — and his tousled hair warths
in the wind.

— E. K. STUBBINS

—DOlORY COLEBORNE

Discipline

The personal qualities of the teacher can be
the underlying cause of disciplinary problems.

Is the teacher too analytical, too vital and en-
thusiastic? Does he show directness of approach
and stimulating leadership? Or is he weak and
efficient, inefficient and inactive, entirely staid
and lacking in human indirection regarding a line of action or plan to be adopted?

Is his teaching an expression of positive qual-
ities or have they been because of the frustra-
tions of an unsuccessfull career?

Whatever may be his personal qualities we may
be sure that the dominant class atmosphere is
a reflection of his ideal, and if we as teachers
are to question the class attitude we must first make
a critical analysis of ourselves and ask:

Have I set this standard? — JIM COLEBORNE

where a signpost points to the church. His com-
position expresses his concern for the Gox for
the battle. But she smiles the mystery of seduction and he allows himself to be led.

He struggles vacantly over his form that had lain within his touch. They begin the
descent to the church.

The lights automatically brighten in a moment — nor do they walk
the centre — they trip from street to street.

They are now in the very best neighbourhood
the majesty marvels at the man.

They reach the floor of the valley — the
curch is right at the bottom. The street has
shrank to a pathway - a candle provides the
light. The poverty frightens the woman — she
screams a protest in anger. The man's laugh is
bitter as she flees over the hill. He turns his
back in despair — and his eyes perceive a God
His features turn suddenly golden, and his form
stands straight and still. He sees the sun
suddenly rid of the only obstacle — he
He observes the only true beauty — the only
one great truth — and his tousled hair warths
in the wind.

— E. K. STUBBINS

—GONE FOREVER

Although she had as much—in the material
sense of the word—as any woman of thirty-five
could wish for, she often felt distinctly un
happy. And every day now these periods of
depression were becoming more loathsome,
more unbearable.

Yes, it was true, her husband was a head-
master—if only of a second class school—and
yes, they had two perfectly adorable sons, each
with an I.Q. of 125.

As could be expected "school" held a prom-
inent position in daily conversation—in daily
life even. All, the Department was the hand
that fed them. And gradually now she had
earned to come that "school" was the reason for
her discontent.

At the time of her marriage it was his hus-
band, the rich, the son of a well-to-do lawyer
loved teaching career and, of course, she had
shied by his wishes. But how she regretted her
decision now. They were living in a district
her life had had a real meaning — how she
longed now to be back within the four walls of
her kindergarten room. What a sense of sa-
fication, a sense of achievement she had experi-
enced when all her "little darlings" could count
to ten. Now all this was gone forever.

—DOROTHY COLEBORNE

—ALTJRINGA

EIGHT — ALTJRINGA
Australian Universities' Drama Festival

This annual event of the Sydney art scene presented the audience with a mixture of plays and also of standards. The plays ranged from the abstract Fando and Lis by Arrabal to The Doll's House by Iben and Mother Courage by Brecht.

The official opening was celebrated by a perfor- mance of The Rehearsal by Bernard锦标 Brecht, the famous German playwright. The play, presented by the Sydney University Players, told of "Mother Courage", Anna Fierling, and the tragic issue of a woman with her three children over Europe during the scourge of the Thirty Years War, 1624-56. Mother Courage followed the lead of the woman in the play by winning a prize for writing what she could from the troops to keep her and her family alive. The play was magnificently pro- duced by the Western Australian University Dramatic Society, present by the Tasmanian University and the University of New South Wales was turned in by Antigone (Carla Cristan) and High School standal'd by the Monash University. The official opening was undoubtedly the best of the whole festival.

The second play of the festival was The Bed­ bug by Vladya Margolyak. The tale of the unusual happenings to Prisypkin, a 1929 Soviet worker, whose ambition it is to ape the manners of bourgeois ostentation. The second half of the play shows the world of 1979, when all countries live under Communism, and Prisypkin is "dug up" as the very weakest dimwit. Prisypkin is classified as bourgeoisie parasitism and a bedbug (who survived with him) as bed­ bugs normality. Both seem equally dangerous and cholesterol. The play was presented by the Monash University. The audience reaction was most appreciative. All that could be said in favour of the play. presented by the Sydney University Players, been the execution of the festival for both factors should continue. They are extremely well­organised and provide the dramatic enthusiast with a very rare opportunity to see a great variety of plays in a fairly short time. The shows are conducted after each performance by some expert in drama, and symposia, talks, films and so on take place. Starting the day over the fortight of the festival.

The third night saw Jean Anouilh's Mother Courage presented by the Western Australian University Dramatic Society and also of standards. The plays ranged from battle. Of course, Antigone has to do it and she in spite of all pleas from her husband, she leaves as production went and the only actor to stand out for the production was that of an old woman. The performance was undoubtedly the best of the whole festival.

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The Boy She Left Behind

The train gathered speed, leaving the little town with its little railway station and Jane's Freddie fading into the distance.

In her window seat Jane was thinking of her Freddie. She was pleased, with only a touch of self pride that, when she had asked him, Freddie had so willingly and fervently promised "to be true to her". But she had seen that hurt that he had asked her to promise to "be true to him". Surely he knew her better than that?

She opened the book that Freddie had given her as a going away present and began to read.

No one entered the carriage at the next two stops. At the third a boy of about thirteen sat a few seats in front of Jane. She glanced up and went on reading.

At the next stop a young mother and two children walked through the carriage. She was followed up the aisle by a young man who sat in the seat opposite Jane's.

Jane glanced up but quickly turned her eyes to her book. She tried to see him out of the corner of her eye - all she could see were eight feet. Her gaze fixed on a tree on the other side of the train line and, as the train passed that interesting tree, Jane tried to take in its every detail. She had to turn her head almost right around. Yes! He was like a Bill she used to know. She read another few words. She looked up and realised that she could see his reflection fully in the glass door that connected the adjoining carriages. He was much better looking than Bill. Suddenly he looked straight at the glass door. He was looking at her. Her eyes went quickly back to her book. They kept wandering to the glass door. He was looking at her again.

After what seemed to Jane at least an incredibly short time, he picked up his briefcase and left the train. Jane felt a horrible sinking feeling inside. Reluctantly she eyes went back to her book. Punny! She had not read many. Ah well! Fancy Freddie thinking he had to make her promise.

—MARGARET CLARKE

They Don't Jelly Fish Anymore

The boys were trying to gelignite fish near their New Guinea camp. They had thrown half a dozen home-made bombs into the water, but fish were as scarce as snowflakes.

"We'll get the — fish," said Blue. "Let's pick up the rest of the jelly into a coconut and make a decent bang."

Johnno shot down a green coconut, lopped off the end with his jungle knife, poured out the milk, and then stuffed the nut full of explosive and attached a short fuse and a detonator. The boys went down to the beach again.

But everything did not go according to plan.

"It foists!" yelled Shorty, and led a mad rush up the coral beach. As they ran, the gelignite exploded, showering them with water and slivers of coconut.

The boys returned later - but there weren't any fish. They took some coconuts back to camp.

This helped to pass the time away.

—BEVERLEY HOOKER

ALTJIRINGA - THIRTEEN

Saturday Night

There had been many such Saturday nights, each one the social high spot of the week, each one promising something special — but they all turned out the same. Alf and Eddie attracted the girls. They knew what to say and how to say it — trivial, silly things mostly — but the girls laughed and the boys were spurred on to even better and sillier frivolities. George tried to look nonchalant. Who cared, anyway? But he did care.

If the mine manager stood for the highest strata of society in this dying coal-town, George stood for the lowest. Abandoned by casual and heartless parents, he helped clean the mine stables and care for a few indulged pit horses. He'd known and worked with them all his life. The miners gave him a pit helmet. He'd known and worked with them all his life. The miners gave him a pit helmet. He wore it in the mirror. He didn't look too bad.

If he acted too seriously, too old: he liked and respected him; his size alone qualified an. He'd known and worked with them all his life.

If he strode on, down the centre aisle, past the kids, past the bigwigs who paid more for upholstered chairs than he had for his helmet. He didn't really need it. But, with it on, felt part of the pit. He felt he belonged. The horses liked him better with it anyway.

He knew he had acted too seriously, too old; he sensed that he didn't quite fit in. The boys liked and respected him; his size alone guaranteed that. The girls didn't see him. He was there all right, big as a mountain, but they didn't see him.

Tonight, though, it would be different. He dressed carefully. He wouldn't go early. He would show them. He wouldn't go with the rest of the boys; he'd stride in by himself. Perhaps if he acted a bit like Gary Cooper, they might connect him a bit with him. The way he walked that street in High Noon, brave as you like, frightened of nothing. Yes, that's how he'd walk in, right down that centre aisle.

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"I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill!" Beauly

His new role stirred him — a bit with him. The way he walked that street in High Noon, brave as you like, frightened of nothing. Yes, that's how he'd walk in, right down that centre aisle.

The noise increased as he approached. He condensed his gaze haughtily above, where the girls sat. They twittered like a flock of birds. Yes, this was his night. As he reached his seat the sound of Aack Bilk's hauntingly beautiful Stranger on the Shore thrust through the building. Yes, that's what he was — an aloof mysterious stranger. His new role stirred him greatly.

But he sensed something was wrong. Beside him, Alf was convulsed with mirth. A nervous habit made George's hand fly to his head to cover his face. The way he walked that street in High Noon, brave as you like, frightened of nothing. Yes, that's how he'd walk in, right down that centre aisle.

Right then George died, really died, for astride his head sat his old miner's helmet. It sat there, dirty, malodorous, smelly. In a moment of terrible clarity he really saw himself as he had walked down that aisle. His out-of-date, shiny serge suit, his face twisted, in fond copy of Gary Cooper's and, above all, in solitary arresting splendour along on huge splendid waves of pure emotion. They must show in his face. They must show in his face.

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Tweedledum was on, with Gary Cooper. Perhaps if he acted a bit like Gary Cooper they might connect him a bit with him. The way he walked that street in High Noon, brave as you like, frightened of nothing. Yes, that's how he'd walk in, right down that centre aisle.

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Merewether Rock Platform

As a result of the recent alterations to the Science Syllabus, and the inclusion of Biology and Geology in the course for all junior forms, many teachers have been looking closely at the world around them with increased awareness. It is in their immediate vicinity that many teachers hope to find the means of interpreting geological formations illustrated in textbooks and, here, Newcastle teachers are most fortunate.

Merewether marine rock platform has long been the Mecca of Biology teachers with groups of schoolchildren over the area at low tide seeking examples of the enormous variety of sea and rock-pool organisms to be found in thorough investigations. However, until recently I was quite unaware of its enormous potential as a geology class teaching aid, in "glorious technicolour, stereoscopic vision and multi-dimenional sounds".

This fine example of a rock platform extends for some hundreds of yards from the north of the Merewether cliff face in approximately a north-south direction around the base of the cliff and into the little sandy bay. It is about fifty to sixty yards wide at some points, and its edge to the sea is irregular — a classic, wave-cut platform. Rising several feet above the low water line at its lowest points, it is well weathered, showing in a number of places rock pools supporting a wide variety of inter-tidal life. At high tide, rocks stand like lumpy pinnacles here and there, the main part of the flat sandstone platform being covered by the waves.

The platform itself is relatively flat, with large boulders standing in isolation, their tops often eroded in the honeycomb pattern so prevalent, and their bases almost completely eroded by the limy tubes of Gasteroloths. These reminded me of children's party candles with a white frill around the base, and are quite intriguing when first seen, glistening and shining in the sun. Where there has been soft sandstone, the joints have been weathered further, and form deeper gullies or gullies. Still, these typical blocks standing apart, often with a harder ironstone cap, which has resisted the onslaught of wind and waves, while the sand beneath has been undercut — seemingly scooped out, as one sculptures sand models.

Along some joints there is a curious two-tone zig-zag effect, where iron minerals have been re-deposited, building up a darker emphasis along the weathered joint, forming a mosaic of two materials which is quite effective.

Above the rock platform, the cliff presents a jagged sandstone face to the sea, Grass capped, with some stunted heather, area is both weathered along the horizontal plane of its "bedding" and jointed with vertical cracks. Below the sandstone-ironstone layer can be seen, chart, and grey and red shales. Large boulders lie at the foot of the cliff, among which the pools of weathered sandstone contain Permian fossil remains can be had for the collecting. Farther around the point, towards the southern end, the cliff face shows a classic picture in almost text-book fashion. More remarkably, until recently I was quite unaware of its enormous potential as a geology class teaching aid, in "glorious technicolour, stereoscopic vision and multi-dimenional sounds".

My first excursion was interesting and stimulating. A great advantage of the course for all junior forms, close at the world around them with increased text-books and, here, Newcastle teachers are most fortunate.

Elen had become more avid in the practice of her art. She practised on babies, on unlucky door-to-door salesmen, on friends, and on her father. One young person had told her that he had an infectious laugh and now Helen, full of confidence, was sure that she could face the social world. Her look had not improved. She had informed her that she was better to laugh at than with and Helen, not being an astute person, could not see this at all. Blithely, she attended her first social evening.

Miss Burke

Miss Burke sat on the stage before her audience. At last she had been elected President of the South Town Women's Club. For this position she had striven for years, but had been always defeated when on the doorstep of success.

She was a big woman, her face round and jovial. The lines, now easily seen, were the result of her hard life as a teacher. Her nose was long and drawn from continuous pulling she gave it during her years as an educator. Her position upon the stage was one of importance, and she realised this as she listened to the previous President speaking. Miss Burke listened as she had done for years in the service, and it seemed as if at some places she would tell the other ladies to 'shut up for grammar. When "got" was mentioned her face went red and her hand gave her poor old nose another push.

As she rose to speak, the smile on her face stretched from one side to the other. She was happy. For after so many years of giving she had finally gained something she longed for.
SIXTEEN - AL'I'JIRINGA

now a great nuclear power, had strengthenec her use
less negro.

front. Disarmament plans had been dropped for
very many years. It was only in the last few years that
Jonah had been awakened to this fact. Disarmament
was not that Jonah was cruelly treated - he was
ignited with anger. Still, this is a small piece of

His work as cleaner of the huge Nuclear Arms
Control Centre did not enhance his prestige or
his position. His prestige and noyey are very hard
to obtain, especially by an ageing, comparatively
useless negro.

It was only in the last few years that Jonah had
kept a permanent job. Nace was sadly in
need of people to do menial work, as the army
of scientists, mathematicians and officials could
hardly be expected to exert themselves in that
direction. Besides, the authorities had paid
Nace's fare to Nace and he suited them because
of his apathy. "I don't want to do anything," was a well-known
expression in Nace.

Nace had been built out in the desert solely
to house the Nuclear Arms Control Centre — the
most important nuclear centre in America. It was
the gathering point for the defense of the entire
world. China, a great nuclear power, had strengthened
her bonds with Russia and Britain, France and America and Japan
provided an opposing combined nuclear front. Disarmament plans
had been dropped long ago and the threat of nuclear war was imminent.
Three years before this, the threat of nuclear war had been
incredibly. It would certainly have been useless to coerce him into
spying — despite his access to the most im-
portant secrets.

It was not that Jonah was cruelly treated—he was simply ignored. Still, this is a form of
cruelty to the mind. People did not say "Good morning" to him and he did not feel
appreciated. He was continually made to feel his inferiority. Of course, life was not
easy. The Nuclear Arms Control Centre was huge and Jonah was the only cleaner — not many people were
willing to live in a town as uninspiring as Nace — unless they were scientists whose pleasure was
their work.

It was nine o'clock Monday morning when Jonah was summoned to the Authority's office.
He was shown in, but of course not asked to sit down. The Authority explained: "Hun, it's been
decided to reduce your wages, Jonah. Fact is, Government's having a bit of trouble paying for
all this nuclear armament to have the lesser paid people. It's too bad, I'm sorry to say. We can't reduce the scientists' pay — they might go over to the Russians!"

Jonah accepted the new ruling but could not
help notice the indifference with which the news
was conveyed to him. Perhaps his being one of
only five negroes in Nace had something to do
with it.

Although Jonah had not been blessed with
good luck during his lifetime matters became
steadily worse. His health began to fail. Jonah
was at an age when comfort and care are neces-
sary. His meals were always scanty and of little nutritional value. And it was too old to be
getting up at 4.30 a.m. and working through till
two or three o'clock in the afternoon. At last he
decided to ask for the help of another cleaner.
He shuffled up to the Authority's office and
was told to come back a bit later. Jonah did go
back — three times. Each time he was answered in
the same way.

Regularly, in the late afternoons, Jonah
carried cards with three other negroes. This
afternoon he was very tired and after eating a
small snack in his room at the back of the
centre he decided to lie down for a while. Three
hours later he was still snoring peacefully.

His card "friends", tired of waiting for him,
made up a foursome with a young negro who
didn't seem to be in Nace very long. When Jonah
awoke he discovered that the card players
had decided to make the arrangement perman-
ent.

The following morning Jonah was met at the
door of the First Stage of the Missile Control
Department by the official. He had to go
through the three stages with Jonah to en-
sure that nothing went wrong. If the main lev-
ers in all three stages were in place then a
barge of nuclear missiles would land on Mos-
cow. The result? Nuclear War for the world and
probably total destruction.

The official gave Jonah a slight shove through
the door, saying, "Doesn't surprise me that
they cut your wages." He was frogmarched and wiping up,
slouching and wiping up, slouching and wiping up.

Straightening up Jonah accidentally released
the lever. This had never happened before and the official
had merely pushed it down again and all was
well. The official had not noticed this time.

Jonah called out that he was ready to proceed
to the next stage. The official entered and
watched while he polished the important third
lever. When Jonah had finished the official
turned around and deliberately knocked over
the bucket of dirty water.

"Got to give you something to do, neger. You
were a bit too quick this morning!"

Deliberately he stepped forward and re-
leased the third and final lever.

Leigh Davies

Henry Forysthe smiled reassuringly at his
reflection in the mirror as he waited for his
first singing audition. After so many disappoint-
ments at last someone might realise his hidden
talent! He remembered how eagerly he had
waited for the reply and this time he had not
been disappointed. It was odd that neither the
advertisement nor the reply had stated the name of
the production but "they" must have their reasons.

After practising for many hours and going
to the opera and listening to records to im-
prove his presentation of operatic songs, Henry felt
quite confident of immediate success and recogni-
tion. As he waited, he glanced at the faces and
expressions which suited the moods of some of his
favourites — ecstatic smiles in varying
degrees of toothyness and sad looks. He noticed
that the one tuft of hair which stood
stubbornly to attention rather spoilt the effect:

Aftew prading for many hours and goin g
through the throng of nudear mi ss iles would land on Mos-
cow's losl1ing and wipin g up, sloshing and Wiping
up. SlI'ai g htenin g up .Jonah accidentally I'eleas e cl
the le;we . The eon t e st soon attnlc:ted a lar g e g !'oup

Audition

Ten miles north of Berrincli lies a wide valley
shaped like a vee with a super white stretch of
the new age on the far side. In this valley sits the peaceful
township of Clayton. The earth surrounding Clayton
is rich and red earthy-brown, sodden in winter and
hard as iron in summer. The sun, huge and
cloudy, was almost touching the horizon as the
authorities had decided to accompany Clayton from the south. His muscles were stiff,
locked into thrashing, burning knots. He swore
he'd be covered at least in that hot afternoon
and he felt his wiry strength fast diminishing.
Sleep! His body lasted for it.

Brisges was selective, as a rule, about whom
to speak to in the street and only the back
alley entrances could serve him as a mistress. But

The sunset colours had faded as Brisges entered
the main street and the West was already a
dim glory of red and gold. It was his favourite time
of day and he looked upon it as a time when peace
seems to envelop all the world.

Having eaten a sumptuous repast of fish and
chips at "Alphonse's", Brisges wandered wearily
along the main street gazing in shop windows—
"McLynsey's Shoe Store", "Both Brothers Brothers",
"Billiards". He felt no more fatigue; all weariness dissi-
pated. Billiards held a peculiar fascination for him, a
fascination that never ended. In the three
back alleys would serve him as a mattJ·e ss . But

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As there were many onlookers Brisges had little
trouble in finding an opponent, a small, shrivelled
up, grey-haired character who introduced himself
as "Whitey". The balls were set up and Brisges
hit off.

"Where you from?" Whitey inquired, endeav-
ouring to start up a conversation.

"New South Wales," came the reply. A red
ball rolled briskly and Brisges finished its
courses with a plop in the corner pocket.

"Play much?" Whitey persisted.

"Fair bit." Brisges was absorbed in his game
but even at the heat of times he could not
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utter the right accent.
Bri ggs held a three point advantage with only the black ball remaining in a very awkward place.

"Bad luck, mate. She was a pretty close game. I'm sorry," Briggs comforted his opponent.

"What luck? You ain't won yet!" replied the indignant Whitey. "Here's a fiver says I can pocket that little black baby.

"Yer on, mate," Briggs reached in his pocket and drew out five crumpled notes earned during the shearing season. It's a safe enough bet, he lined up the black and white balls and struck the black ball as Whitey levelled his cue cautiously, hard. Briggs watched it depict a new geometrical pattern slowly to a halt inches from the pocket. He demanded the flag behind him. Briggs swung round sharply, turned to the others and said with some relief: "Told 'im."

Spectators nodded; they had known White for years. Briggs swung round sharply and stared. Sure enough the black ball lay at rest in the corner pocket.

"You musta cheated," he gasped, "why, I just saw it stop there. You musta cheated!

"The balls in the pocket, ain't it? Everyone bowled on them. I didn't do fella's?" the spectators nodded, they had known Whitey for years. Briggs was dumbfounded; he knew he'd been had. He lowered his cue, Whitey had stuffed his trousers with the crumpled notes, glancing at his bewildered victim who stood gazing at the pocket. Briggs turned his composure in time to catch sight of Whitey slipping inconspicuously through the doorway. The man in the red shirt had disappeared. Briggs Pickford turned to answer. "Hey, you! Wait a bit!" he cried and made his way swiftly to the door. Whitey didn't stop; he stepped smartly towards the flag on the cue post then slowly to a halt, inches from the pocket. He turned to the others and said with some relief: "Told 'im.

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She Has a Modern Home

She knew people pitied her. But she had never been able to understand the reason. She felt she must be one of the most contented and happiest persons on this earth.

Her whole life revolved round her husband and children. She had presented her husband with five "perfectly adorable darlings", as she proudly told her friends, while her husband referred to them as "the spoiled brats" when talking to her friends' husbands. She felt that the children had always been the cause of her husband's coming back to her after he had had an affair with some one who was always called a "business acquaintance". But however, she did not mind these occasional affairs, but took pride in the fact that her husband was still attractive to other women.

She felt very secure because her husband always allowed her quite a reasonable amount of housekeeping money and they had a television set, gas stove, lounge room suite, refrigerator and carpets for the whole house on hire purchase and had been paying their house off for six years and would own it in another thirty-four.

It was, therefore, always a mystery to her that she could be pitied by anyone. Perhaps it was her husband's and children's adoration and devotion that she was jealous of her good fortune that she would possess such a modern home in thirty-four years.

—NARELLE HAYNES

Speech

A crowd gathered idly to listen to the policy speech. He surveyed the people in a kindly manner as if they were already his subjects over whom he had the honour to rule.

"I promise the farmers of this district a fair deal." He pounded with his fists. He shouted so powerfully that the small group blinked. "I own an extensive property myself and I"—he emphasised the word by shouting more loudly—"know the trials and tribulations of a farmer." He was pleased with the effect this had on the crowd. The shouting by his sheer force had aroused a slight interest.

Scanning the hats for a brief second, he continued emphatically. "I am a self-made man." He paused. Timing was so important in speech making. "In my younger days I tried everything. I even was a debt collector, but now I have business interests as well as a farm."

He demanded their attention for another half hour with his speech which consisted mainly of "I will". He ended his bright speech by stating that if he were elected he would become the servant of the people and would put them first and foremost. If he were elected, he would put them first and foremost.

He sat down and gulped a glass of water. He wiped the perspiration from his brow. The crowd strolled away. Not every Saturday afternoon did they have entertainment in the park.

—ALISON KNOWLES

A Picture of Innocence

She sat down across from him—looking pure and innocent—"A picture of innocence," he thought. She couldn't take his eyes from her. At he stared, she caught his glance and blushed. He, too, blushed with embarrassment. If only he could talk to her—he must talk to her. He glanced at her again—she turned away. Of course she would. She was obviously refined. He ventured a smile—she did not return it. If only he could let her know of his good intentions! He took out his cigarette case. He would offer her one. But no, a lady would not smoke. He put them away. Why should she talk to him anyway? She was young and beautiful. His older and his hair was receding a little. A little. How he felt as if he had none at all. And he had put on a little weight. He coughed and pulled his coat around him at the same time as if to conceal his additional weight.

She knew that he was rich. She had known that when she had looked her seat next to him. As he pulled his coat clumsily around his fat body, she wondered which pocket he kept his money in. He looked at her again. If only he would insist on talking to her instead of giving up so easily! Perhaps she was trying too hard—playing a little too hard to get. Next time the old fool smiled she would smile back. She looked at him again. He was perspiring with the heat now and kept dabbing at his forehead with a large handkerchief. Under strong lenses his magnified eyes were frog-like.

But she thought of all the things his money would buy her and she returned his smile.

—L. ANTCLIFFE

Barbara Spokes

ALTHIRINGA — TWENTY-ONE
Simon
Simon was the youngest of the three brothers and from the day he was born he was demanding. He was never satisfied to sit still in his pram because he thought his brothers were doing and would cry purposely so that he would be comforted.

When he was older he would deliberately break his toys if his brothers played with them and hide them for spite. He would tear the edges of the paper so one could have the use of them. Yet he was still the apple of his mother’s eye and the facts were not disclosed to his father.

When he was ten years old his mother still had to prepare him for school, wash him, comb his hair and paint his face. He would never take his lunch because he didn’t like stale bread, but the lunch money he was provided with was spent on sweets and ice-blocks. Once, when Tom, Norman and Simon went to the gold star by the teacher for good work, Simon stole and burnt his father’s diary which he had not noticed until one day.

Simon has grown into a man but still retains the traits of a ten-year-old boy. -JOHN DUNNE

Train Encounter
As the train rattled smartly out of the station, an elderly woman with a well-figured figure bunched into the carriage. Dressed in a somewhat shabby twill dress, she carried initiation leather brown handbag which she hugged closely to her. Over her shrewd and merry little face, wrinkled as a gossamer, she was wearing a hat that stood out like feathers, perched her crowning glory—a hat. It was of green straw and to the front of it was attached the flexible stem of a huge and preposterous rose, which leaned this way and that, seemingly following the darting glasses of her inimitable, saucy little eyes. This was Mrs. Dutton.

She settled herself noisily and comfortably in her seat. Her birthing was the arm of the seat to her left and then, with a pleased and happy smile, she began taking stock of her neighbours.

Just then, there was a stir and a rustle. A chie, expensively dressed woman, ran along the aisle and made for the seat where the brown handbag reposed, beside Mrs. Dutton, who had contentedly surrendered herself to the expectation of wonders. Mrs. Dutton snatched the bag away with an, “Oops, dearie, sorry!” Then, brushing the seat with her hand as lightly as she could, she said, “There you are now. All ready for you.”

The woman, who had close-set eyes and a too small mouth, sat down with a jangle of gold bracelets. Mrs. Dutton leaned closer to her, conversationally, exuding unfailing good humour and a kind of authentic and matter-of-fact philosophy sandwiched in between comments upon the weather, the government, the cost of living and the theatre at length, she said, “You must be out now.”

The newcomer made a testy motion of withdrawal and a line appeared between the narrow eyes. She was looking towards the corridor as though searching for something by which to knock out the same woman, who had dressed-up, another passenger followed closely by the conductor, emerged from the passageway, she beckoned over him. Her thin, beaked nose aimed itself at the gentleman as she shrialed, “What do you mean by being such a vulgar creature like this next to me? Am I forced to sit next to you? What do you want by being such a vulgar creature like this next to me?”

Mrs. Dutton turned away and then, addressing the conductor, who had been staring at the woman in disgust at a rigid and heavy chair by the wall and explained: “How horrid! Look they’ve left that old furniture—and wicked looking stuff it is too!” I laughed and asked where was her scientific spirit of adventure, her spirit of romance, so reported in that. She answered: “Any such spirit dissolved when I passed through these portals.”

The Past Is Always Present
The following is a paper written by an English scientist when he realised that he was on his death bed in July, 1951. He refers to a girl called Susan, to whom he was to be married.

There are some secrets a man cannot take to the grave—not if he is to rest in any sort of peace. Some stories, some secrets never die. This story has been hidden within the depths of my heart and has not seen the light of day for some fifty-two years. A tale so terrible that I shudder to commence—a tale so incredible that I should never have believed it had I not been a witness. Perhaps that very reason makes me hesitate to express the story which has pre¬vented me from repeating this horrible incident since it occurred on that grey winter’s afternoon in 1899. I still live; the story is a fault. But that is the purpose of my writing; I am tired of carrying this burden of secrecy alone and am now passing it on to broader, younger shoulders.

Susan and I had finished work in the research laboratory for the day and I was going to inspect a very old and stately home about five miles from the town. I had set my heart on acquiring such a grand place for our home but Susan was not as enthusiastic. We decided to go and see it on our newly acquired spring holiday and we would see if the house was not as well situated as we thought and the house was not as well situated as we thought and in the available time we could preview the house and sign a letter of intent for the purchase. It was in this sense that we entered the most fatal room of that damned house and met a stranger in the room and more startling than any other. Unlike
Content

Miss Finch was a woman of fifty, tall and blonde; a fine appearance, yet flesh. Her face reflected the utter contentment within, which comes only after doing years of service for the company; one of the portraits probably just a little, forming a patio under the roof of a comely red nose. Her eyes were large and watery, except when she smiled. Then they folded up into a mass of wrinkles and her mouth seemed to stretch for miles, showing spaced, green-tinted teeth between hinges of check. Miss Finche made a point of smiling perpetually as a smiling countenance gave one such an angelic look.

She lived a full and contented life as a woman of the Church. Her vegetables were in season she bestowed liberal quantities on the parson and his family and, following the customs of all good Christian people, Bill War, not as much as Jesus, turned to take Susan for sauce whenever the heavy social engagements thrust upon her.

Being the happy owner of a little car, she regularly drove the parish’s wife to the functions on the other side of town. The Bishop’s wife attended these. Miss Finche was very fond of the Bishop’s wife, especially since the dear woman had expressed a love for the cinnamon felt hat that Miss Finch had extravagantly paid three pounds for in a mad moment in 1925. She lived a full and contented life as a woman of fifty, tall and blonde. Miss Finche was very proud of this certificate, holders of which she was very proud - those for the early train to come. Mr. Tubbs came from a respectable upper middle class family.

The Big Day

As he lay in his bed he heard the surf crashing on the beach below. The howling southerly wind was whipping up a great surf. Tomorrow would be gas! He’d heard a westerly forecast: perfect conditions for surfing. He must be up early tomorrow morning. His bleached hair hung down and his sunburn smarted - of course.

Dawn the sun began to climb painfully through the black scattered clouds of yesterday’s storm. I was a very old. The dress was 17th Century style and so was the southerly wind was whipping up a great surf. It was the only picture of a man we had seen. Oh I

SECRET LOVE

Mr. Tubbs was sitting on the platform waiting for the early train to come. Mr. Tubbs came from a respectable upper middle class family. His portly figure was perfectly attired in pressed suit and waistcoat which his “dear” wife Doris had laid out for him. Every morning he could be found sitting on the platform half an hour before the train came in, reading The Daily Clarion, a symbol of his daily life. Over his arm, adjust his hat on his shiny head and wait ready to alight. Exactly the same procedure was carried out every day. The Bishop’s wife attended these. Miss Finche was very fond of the Bishop’s wife, especially since the dear woman had expressed a love for the cinnamon felt hat that Miss Finche had extravagantly paid three pounds for in a mad moment in 1925. Miss Finche loved also to work for charities. The Daily Clarion, a weekly, was a respectable stockbroker of the upper middle class.

Safely aboard, Mr. Tubbs raised his barrier to the world, his faithful newspaper. Behind this facade he could indulge his morning conversation and, without conscience, think about the one joy in his life. “Friday, what would it never come?”

Friday was the only bright light in Mr. Tubbs’ humdrum respectable life. On Friday Mr. Tubbs would make a weekly visit to the library and, over the top of The Stockbroker’s Annual, he could gaze without distraction and for a full hour at his secret love, Agnes, the still young librarian.

ADELE FORREST

TWENTY-FOUR — ALTJIRINGA

Lincoln and Slavery

It is often claimed and widely believed that slavery was the major cause of the American Civil War. Negro slavery had existed in North America, on an ever increasing scale, since 1620 and continued without serious opposition for some 300 years. Slavery existed mainly in the Southern States (south of the Mason-Dixon line) where it was an important economic factor. In the industrialised Northern States, where slavery was not traditional, it was considered unnecessary and evil. So slavery helped to widen the gap between North and South. The final split, however, came with the secession of eleven Southern States from the Union to form a separate Confederacy on the 4th February, 1861. The remaining Union states under the presidency of Abraham Lincoln reacted immediately to punish the rebel states and restore unity to the divided nation.

What was the attitude of the President to the war and slavery? As early as 1862 Lincoln declared, "If I could save the Union without freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." This statement shows the approach of the President to the whole situation. The concern of the President was not only with the Union but with the war. He would seem that Lincoln cared little, if at all, for the enslaved millions.

Lincoln maintained that the power to make decisions affecting the whole country should be reserved for the President. The President applied this policy to the problem of slavery. He felt the primary aim was to establish, to administer and, most important of all, to maintain a central government. Once this aim was achieved, such a crisis as the Civil War and such problems as the emancipation of the negroes could not be put aside forever. So the need was first to maintain the established Union and then to clear the country of slavery by gradual steps.

Lincoln's attitude can be exemplified by two incidents involving policy on slave liberation by Union forces. In September, 1861, General Fremont, in command of the Department of the West in Missouri issued a proclamation freeing slaves in the area under his command. Lincoln immediately condemned Fremont's action as much to the surprise and dismay of his officials.

ALTRINGA — TWENTY-FIVE
Lincoln answered criticism with an explanation. He insisted that such decisions should be re­
ve red by the U.S. Government and not made by any individual.

Once again on the 9th May, 1862, General Hunter took similar action to free slaves. As before, Lincoln immediately revoked the pro­
clamation, was his sole authority as head of the U.S. Government.

Meanwhile, an Act passed by Congress in 1861 concerning confiscation of certain prop­
erty meant that many escaped slaves were "con­
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slave states it be abolished by legis­
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Why aren’t you doing your work?” he be­

lowed. He switched off the set. Once more the battle of wills was about to begin. Ronald knew he would submit — had to. He was sick of sub­mitting. One day he would take to his father and overpower him with the bare hands. They

force his father to have respect for him at least.

be the respect of fear, fear of the greater
tower. That’s what it would force him to pay to his father now. One day he would have retribution. How he loved that thought. But for now he would have to submit. No sense in fight­
ing to lose. He got up and walked to the door of his room but slipped out through the front door of the flat when his father went into the kitchen.

Inside, the dim aura of the city greeted him. He sighed.

He knew now that he would have to find his own place in life, but he would never be forced. He hated authority. He wanted to have his own place in life, but he would not be forced. He was always sur­prised and awed at the sight of nature in raw, unspoiled form. He loved nature where­

writer perhaps. He knew enough of life, he’d

seen all the rotten side of it. But he’d lived a rotten, bitter, unsuccessful life, surroundings him to be and do something satisfying to his very

soul, to do good and to find a better, a purer way of life, and to get rid of his own self respect. Surely there must be something to life other than bitterness and sordidness. His parents would be shocked if they knew what he had already seen in life. Then he decided to do his best to “protect” him, to bring him up to be “decent living” like themselves.

“Rotten, complacent bourgeois.” He echoed the thoughts of one of his working class mates.

“Sophisticated!” he added. “They don’t live, they just pretend.” He would live, he swore. You had to have guts to really live — he admired

Ronald was absorbed in merciful forgetfulness

of fear of the drink and at night when his

father returned home that night. He did not

look up; he knew that his father was toughy from the drink and had knocked off for the
day. He lectured at the technical
college. He was an engineer, a good one, people knew, and his position and the road on the

path gaudily attired crowds moved arm in arm

in the places of artificial amusement.

He had to be more than an economic statistic, he thought, as he watched the passers­

by with contempt. They had no will of their

own. They didn’t even bother to think. Society decided their lives, everything they think and do. What about life? They are so busy distracting themselves that they had for­
gotten that commodity. That’s what they treat it as.

“Hey, Ron!” He lifted his gaze from the pavement to see a bunch of wild-looking young men.

“Hi”. He was glad to see them — they helped him forget himself.

They walked along the street, turned into a
dingy alley and then up the alley through a narrow squeaky door, down a steep flight of narrow steps with a low ceiling that made one stup­
dom, emerging finally into a large cellar. The
cellar basement was crowded. Carelessly dressed men, women with beards and women with waist­

poet. He loved to be out in the wild bush to
drink in the feeling, the taste, the spirit of it. He was always surprised and awed at the sight of nature in raw, unspoiled form. He loved nature where­

ment or something. He knew he must find some

aim, goal in the labyrinth, something to grasp, to believe in.

The street lights were slipping quickly past the car. They raced other cars at full

file lights and made sharp, screeching turns around corners. Jones (at the wheel) asked for suggestions for something to do. They decided to go back. On the way they overtook a smart looking car at sixty miles per hour and cut in at the front sharply. The driver behind them swerved sharply. Alarmed, Jones slowed the car quickly but the fast moving police van overtook them and forced the car into the kerb. The policemen said a few abusive words and took out their notebooks. They asked for Jones’ licence. He did not have one. They smelled the liquor, took names and addresses, and then bundled them into the back of the van and locked the door. Ronald had resigned himself

L e f t " out of here,,” said Jones (one of

his mates) as he walked past him towards the

street. Jones was almost drunk. They all followed; all were incredibly drunk. They made their way up the stairs into the car. The ceiling was lit by the chill night air of the alley, which made them feel dizzy and sick after what they had been breathing and drinking. A few stars glim­

mered between the sharp tops of towering
buildings. They made their way to Jones’ dil­
apidated car into which they tumbled.

Ronald felt that his movements were auto­nomic, previously ordained, and that the meaning of his actions, his life, he was alive without life, he felt. But he must search for a meaning, he must have the courage to search and

not succumb.

Jones started the car. He felt he must change himself, his environ­ment or something. He knew he must find some

aim, goal in the labyrinth, something to grasp, to believe in.

L Offering a glass of water, Ronald noticed the wine

unpleasant. He drank it slowly, not wanting another glass. He watched the youths arguing, loud and laughing and showing off in front of the girls. The girls (between drinks) smoking cigarettes with long holders. On the bench lay stretched out two youths who had obviously had too much liquor and who were oblivious of the hubbub

around them. Men and girls were playing poker at a wooden table, smiling, and of silver coins stacked in the corners. Another group of young men were absorbed in a game of billiards.

Eventually, on 1st January, 1863, Lincoln was forced by political pressure, to issue the Emancipation Proclamation although it was not until the end of the war with Union victory that negro freedom, at least, could be ensured in all States.

— W. DIXON.

TWENTY-SIX — AL TJIRINGA

AL TJIRINGA — TWENTY-SEVEN

R
to his fate with a cynical shrug. A policeman had searched the car, and the van went to the police station, unloaded Jones and, after more words from a sergeant, proceeded to deliver each one to his address. One had stopped, Ronald heard the grille door being unlocked, opened, his name. He scrambled out of the cramped interior and the policeman took him by the arm.

Together they walked towards the door of the flat.

--ROSS ELWOOD

The Pearl

He put his car in the garage and strode up the path to the house. It was empty as usual but his father had been home during the day and the mail was by the door. He picked up the letters addressed to himself. Glancing at his name on the envelope if struck him once again how unimportant he was. His grandmother’s maiden name was his second name and it sounded exclusive and influential.

This was part of his inheritance for which he was thankful rather than grateful. The house was, too. He was proud of the house for, though it was old and used when his mother was dead, it was a mansion in size and the grounds were spacious and well kept.

Everything about it was impressive, even his physical appearance. He was very tall and well built with broad shoulders and an in-built look of assurance. He had been able to improve himself with an unobstructed step and made a favourable impression in any society.

His life had been made easy for him. His childhood had been a happy one mainly because it required no sacrifice on anyone's part to get him all he wanted. There was never an atmosphere of striving, or skimping and saving, or hardship and insecurity, or the expectancy of failure. One was secure and looked only to social and financial success and one was trained not to fight failure but instead to change one’s own rules.

Thus he had floated through life — the envy of classmates and acquaintances. But to one who knew him well, it was no cause for envy. He was essentially lonely and selfish because he had never known the joy of giving freely. He had no interest in anything except himself. He had been close to his doting mother. Even then he had taken her love selfishly and she had died a void in his life when she died.

Now in the big empty house he rarely had to consider other people and he had become accustomed to living for himself alone. Of course he would not admit that he was not completely happy because he had been trained to regard “thems” as the perfect way of life, where human relations were avoided and emotion was considered a hindrance.

In public one went to the most extravagant lengths to let everyone know how blissfully happy one was, how successful was one’s marriage and how intelligent and popular were one’s children.

One always complimented one’s social friends in the most extravagant terms in regard, though “Mrs. Scott-Ainsley did look frightfully haggard, my dear”.

Thus was the shell of his social sphere; formed like a perfect pearl — but with nothing inside.

--DIANE CHRISTIANSON

Mr. Tact

“I’m expecting him any minute,” John commented, “although I can’t say I’m waiting with great expectation of a delightful evening.”

Mary nodded. “There are people who expect you to act the perfect host they should give more consideration to being perfect guests themselves.”

An impatient rap on the door caused the couple to start.

“That must be him,” ventured Mary, making her way hortepiingly to the door but quickened her pace with the growing crescendo that reverberated through the room.

Mary was assisted in opening the door by a thick-set boulder of a man, hovering rather forebodingly in the shadow of the porch. He stepped forward into the room — to reveal a strongly featured face marked chiefly by the two huge beetle eyebrows which hung like dark eye mantles over two narrow and deep-set eyes.

“This damn! Government transport!” he thundered, grasping a chair from the corner of the room. “I’d almost given up hope of being here on time. If I had my way I’d scrap the lot of it. The first thing the government will be to write a letter to the papers, complaining of this disgusting situation. They’ve been getting away with disregarding a person’s needs for too long. I’ll make them know what this place is.”

“I suppose it is a big job,” ventured John.

“That’s not the point!” he interjected. “It’s like everything else in this world — in It for what they can squeeze out of it. The money-grabbers — absolutely no respect for a person’s feelings. But I won’t waste time beating about the bush. John. I’ve come to ask you for a loan.”

He sat forward on the edge of the chair, intently scanning John’s face as he spoke.

“You might guess what I need it for,” he said bluntly. “And I realise that you’ll lend it to me, being such friends and all for so all. It’s a pitty more people don’t have the trust and confidence in each other that we have. Well, thanks John—and you too, Mary. I must get home for tea now but I’ll call back tomorrow for the money.”

John followed her. —DIANE AILWOOD

Life On Mars

The existence of Martian creatures or “Men from Mars” has always been a popular subject of science fiction because it has been the planet most able to support life in any way related to that existing on our own planet.

In recent observations, during the Martian spring and summer have revealed large areas reflecting green light. Past observers had suggested that a plant form, perhaps of livellous variety, could perform photosynthesis with retard metabolism. Such “plants” would be subjected to such adverse environmental conditions as a small percentage of Earth’s atmospheric oxygen and water vapour, intense and prolonged exposure to ultra-violet radiation and an extreme daily temperature fluctuation (60 deg. F to 90 deg. F in midsummer).

Lichens are a likely choice for many reasons. They are already able to thrive on the highest mountain peaks, clinging only to bare rocks. Some species of lichens have been able to survive in a vacuum for six years and subsequent immersion in liquid air at minus 330 deg. F. These hardy plants have also been known to survive storage for a hundred years without dying.

Some lichens have the ability to change colour under the influence of chemical substances. This would account for the seasonal colour changes observed on the face of Mars.

Mary was assisting in her research work being done in anticipation of the 1965 “back up” Venus flight and the subsequent close approach to Mars which will become possible with the arrival of a new, improved sampling device in 1967, we may glimpse an idea of what the scientists expect to encounter.

Dr. Wold Vildhans, of Rochester, has isolated a bacteria of the genus “Rhodopseudomonas” which photosynthetises methane, without oxygen. Methane is a known constituent of the Martian atmosphere and contains oxygen and contains very little oxygen. This fact eliminates the possibility of large scale photosynthetic respiration, as we know it.

Three biological sampling devices have been designed which work on the assumption that Martian micro-organisms might be based on protein-based molecules as are those on Earth. Dr. Vishnic’s sampler will attempt to perform three basic functions — sample, store and transport.

Samples of airborne dust and soil will be blown into a culture chamber. Cultures of the collected material will be grown on four different media based primarily on those used on Earth for anaerobic micro-organisms. Growth taking place in the cultures will be monitored by these in

TWENTY-EIGHT — ALTIRINGA

ALTTIRINGA — TWENTY-NINE
**Memories**

The elderly gentleman strolled casually over to the bench and lowered himself carefully onto it with the aid of an umbrella, which he used as a walking cane — after all, why should he let people know he appreciated the assistance of a cane, even if hidden behind an umbrella? He straightened his tie and smoothed his coat. The umbrella was propped against the tree trunk, without an owner, its owner having walked onto the street. He turned the corner and headed towards the Opticians. His daily visit to the tiny office girls in their lunch hour break had been as pleasant as ever — some of the most enjoyable moments of his life there. He chuckled to himself, and his face lit up at the recollection of those wonderful memories.

—BRENDA WEATHERSTONE

**Advice**

Mrs. Withers twisted her knuckles neatly around her finger till the circulation had been effectively cut off, and she could almost see the blood flowing through her veins. Her face was ghastly white, but she was determined not to show it. She held her hand tight and tried to steady her breathing. She had had one too many glasses of wine, and now she was feeling the effects. She needed to steady her hand, to focus on the task at hand. She knew what she was doing, but she was afraid she might lose control. She had to be careful, to think ahead, to plan her actions. She had to be strong, to be brave, to be the woman she knew she was.

—RUTH APPLBY

**A Lucky Woman**

Agatha walked across the room to the small table against the wall. She reached for a packet of cigarettes and took one out and, as she did so, she remembered the mirror.

She loved that mirror. It had been a birthday present from her parents three years ago. She loved looking into it and, for the tenth time that day, she wondered if she was still as beautiful as she had been.

Agatha studied herself closely while she lit her cigarette and she liked what she saw. Her face gazed steadily forward, which had definitely seen better days, and one topped with a high, protruding forehead like a mountain range. The nose was perfectly straight above a rather large mouth. Her skin was burnt brown by the sun, at least my best feature, though," she thought — and she overflowed that they could love and hate very quickly and hurt very easily. She thought, "I inherited my good looks from mother." Her mother was a small town beauty contest winner at the age of nineteen; it was fortunate that good looks seemed to run in the family. Agatha thought to herself, the departed father, a singer in vaudeville, and suddenly burst into a song from that era. Her voice was high, loud and clear, and her head was turned to the right, and she was singing into the mirror.

She roamed around the room singing, until there was a loud, angry knock on the wall from the adjoining flat, accompanied by strong language.

"These inconvenient people! They won't ob­jeet when they read my name in the papers and see it in lights when I'm the successful singer I still intend to be, I'll show them."

Encouraged, Agatha began to hum a few tunes, determined not to be stopped from enjoying her one talent.

Suddenly, she stopped and hurried back to her mirror. Raising a hand to her short, wavy hair, she patted it back into place and then, for no apparent reason, opened her eyes and examined her teeth. She ran her tongue around them andwincedas she remembered the terrible time she had had at the dentist the other day. She flicked a small particle of dust from her cheek and smiled as she thought of the facial she had had Afterwards to make up for her agonizing experience. She remembered, too, how much it had cost her but it was worth it when your pouty powers were revived. The man Berkeley, Yes, Agatha, you certainly are a lucky woman.

—HELEN SUKER

**Clay**

James Joyce presents the reader of Clay with a seemingly trivial story of Dublin and Dubliners at the turn of the century — commonplace people and events involved in an elderly, lonely spinster's evening out. Mrs. Wither, the laundress, is a pathetic figure seeking love and happiness which she is willing to share with others, but no one reciprocates.

Joyce uses simple prose, creatively, leaving no little tension or excitement, yet skillfully conveys the essential drama of this ordinary person of Mariya's life and, indeed, of those about her.

At first reading the story is pointless but with re-reading some sentences stand out in an almost spiritual design. "We are all that gives the story much greater depth and indeed its point. Joyce has cloaked his ordinary spinster — a symbol for the commonplace woman — with qualities and characteristics which lead one irresistibly to the conclusion that she is a most remarkable representation of her spiritual nameake, the Virgin Mary.

Maria is depicted as a peacemaker throughout the story, between landlords, Ginger Moomy and the dumpy brother-in-law, and his wife, Joe an uncle brother, Alphy. The Matron refers to her as a "veritable peace-maker" and the author states unequivocally: Everyone was so fond of Maria.

In addition, there is that curious yet so pertinent statement of Joe's, referring to Maria as his "poor mother" although she is not, of course, his physical mother. Against the weight of this evidence the discerning reader must counterbalance the fact that, although Maria's intentions were...
are good, her constant lack of success as a peacock woman would lead one to the conclusion that Joyce intended this as an ironical joke.

Maria, at times, to avoid causing offence — she accepts meekly the unwarranted rudeness of the shop assistant who makes uncouth allusions to her unmarried status; she converses quietly and politely with the drunken tram passenger; she declares she doesn't like the shop assistant whose attentions are lost; she takes a glass of wine which she does not want; she apologises for upsetting Joe by referring to the estranged Alphy, whom she would like to see reunited with his brother; and she participates in the festive joking at the laundry with those she really considers her social inferiors.

Maria's generosity is evidenced when she tries to take pleasing gifts to Joe and his family after making a careful selection and spending a large portion of her meagre funds. She seems reluctant to see any poor motives in others, even the least indication of dishonesty on her part. The references to Maria's obviously wasted talents for home-making and housekeeping are related to elements of the Sacraments; emphasis is placed on Maria's flight from reality into an illusionary world where her profile is superimposed upon the Virgin. The importunate is placed on the most difficult and obscure references, inclining one to stand with Stanislaus Joyce and his implied avowal that these critics were guilty of gross exaggerations.

One can agree that on the night concerned "things were not what they seemed" and that most certainly we are presented with the picture of the two supernatural female figures, saint and witch, shadowing both the story and the holiday with Joyce seemingly uncertain as to where to place the emphasis, but this is all.

Joyce has depicted a sequence of uncritical events happening to unthinking people and yet, with finely etched strokes, delicately and economically depicted an era of "social decay and cheapening personal relationships as one strain of Ireland's parables". His representation of Maria and the Virgin Mary shines clearly through — the mud of the peacock (indeed, ironical) witch who sees the good in all mankind, yet whom mankind regards as witch-like, scarcely bothers to recognize and at times treats so badly. She is the quiet spirit moving among them and desiring only recognition and love, yet is denied this, and has shabby tricks played upon her. She, in all, though a pathetic, lonely figure, she retains her "cleanliness" and purity, even in the face of her own tragedy. The implication, in her clay, of barrenness and impending death. Thus Joyce seems to point an accusing finger at the Ireland of his time, falling slowly into decay, and moving away from its professed religious ideals.

—DOROTHY COSANDEY

THIRTY-TWO — ALTRININGA

POETRY

Headstone in a Cemetery (1919-1918)

The rigid ears of horses caught the scent Of wedding bells, and wattle shocked the eye. Apple blossom was your allegory, But who the groom awaiting your consent?

What consummation in the cold stone church? What free and untaught fears became composed As you were wedded, and the groom imposed The ironbanded answer to your search?

I cannot know what your young dying means, As now your bones lie, loveless, under earth: Forgive a stranger giving you small worth Among decoy forms where a ghost gum lean.

—T. H. RAISBY

By Your Own

Lonely is the walk— restless.
Often, and still,
I draw with purple chalk to the sound of a guitar.

Quiet is the street— dead.
At night,
I hear my heavy feet dragging up the hill.

Weary is the dream— air.
Fiction, but true.
Sour is the cream, so milk must do.

Dull is the song— third.
Hard, and alone.

—ROSEMARY PLIM

The Story of Johnny Lee

This is the story of Johnny Lee, Whose father bought him a new M.G. It was a shiny, red with trimmings of chrome, He could hardly believe it was his own. He drove into town the very next day To put his new present on display. A more popular boy you could never have found With newly made "friends" flocking around.

Then Johnny took them for a "burn" So that speed was the least of his concerns, For his aim was to give his heart a thrill. Even though at times he made their hair curl.

His friends said to Johnny, "We'll give you a drive — we'll go ride-by-side to decide the all, The first to slow will be a "chicken". This at least made Johnny's pulse to quicken.

Through town and country, over hill and dale Until at last Johnny heard a call, "A boy in blue," his friends cried making a break, But for Johnny—"Pull over, mate." Johnny looked up in mild surprise, But the constable with a stern look in his eyes, Said, "To race on the road is a very bad sign, And so you'll get an "on-the-spot" fine."

Johnny's now a wise man He's paid the fine, and every boy can Learn a lesson from Johnny Lee Whose father bought him a new M.G. —JUDY MACKEY

ALTRININGA — THIRTY-THREE
Morning in the City

Sounds swelled to my hotel prison room
And I could not sleep
The day stretched long before me.
I walked my room
And listened,
And as I walked, the rhythm
Of the city
Paced my steps.
Cats meowed
As they cluttered in the garbage tins
Waiting dejected on the footpath.
Milkman’s cans rang the knell of night.
Buses rumbled on
As voices sweetly bade the night
Goodbye
And left for work.
Movement’s rhythm swelled and fell
And swelled again.
Rubbered tyres
Slapped
The freshly-laundered pavement,
Screamed protest
At crossings,
Horns blasted man’s impatience
And politeness waited,
Neatly folded,
In the bottom drawer.
Feet pounded striped death-walks
As low revs
Nudged
The corners,
Voices
Shrill, stark, raw,
Slashed across
Monotonous roars of sound
And the air,
No longer cool... the clock
Struck nine!
A pause
A drone.
Thousands, sighing for their freedom,
Began to work.

My Love

You came,
And brought me Love’s delight,
With tenderness
And laughter bright.

Doubts and fears long mine
Died away,
Because they could not bear the shine,
You gave to each passing day.

Just and true, gentle and proud
Were you,
With faith strong as a guiding light,
Sheltering me through the dark of night.

You are gone,
I still can feel
Even the glory of Spring,
The warmth of each morning’s sun.

Because your Love was much too wise,
To steel my heart
And bind my eyes,
Rather you taught me how to live.

—KAY DELLAWAY

Ode to Nobility

Obdurate bronze—so lifeless
You hypocrites!
For within your hardened casements,
 Humanity supreme.
Yet, though you stand so stately,
Your lean, long forms aloof,
There is in you — subtle meaning;
You have fashioned the metal to your will,
You are the Adam and the Eve
Of our culture;
The harbingers of the intellect.
Heads by the hundreds have passed your side.
You have watched them go.
You have watched them strive.
But, caged within your frozen walls,
You can neither benefit nor harm
The sword, broken.

—GLEN PALMER

The Answer

The trap is set, I live.
Tomorrow, a year from now, an eternity, I die.
What remains?
What will tell of my coming, of my going?
Who will remember?
Will the birds, the trees, the flowers, will they remember?
Those who have seen me pass
Have heard or met me here,
Will they remember? Alas!
The questions which beset my heart now
They only will be remembered.

—KAY DELLAWAY

Always to Return

I, too, run down a dusty city street
Barefoot at daybreak, as the morning sun
Appears, warming the stones beneath my feet.
The day, the night, will soon be one.
I, too, flee — helpless in the swirling fogs
As streaks of steel hurl dirty smoke
And the gutter-men, like pompous demagogues,
Watch in silence, as I stumble and choke.
I, too, stand in my doorway after rain
Has drenched the paths and steel clean and white.
Serving as neither benefit nor bane
And liking it, I melt into black night.
I, too cry out to the sea when I may
With little regret, but a tinge of pleasant sorrow.
I leave my city’s grey embrace today,
But — death or breath
I must return tomorrow.

—ROSEMARY PLIM

Jeremy Garland

ALTJIRINGA — THIRTY-FIVE
Swing Low Sweet Ape of Youth

I know a jungle where the Bandar-Log roam,
Where civilisation stumbling in its stride
O'erleaped itself, and caught its tail
And falling outside in, revealed for all to see
Man's regression to antiquity.

Now lurking in the bright fluorescent glare of
man-made cases
Hearts beating to the rhythm of exhaust pipes,
Ears glued to the tom-toms of today which
specus news of curing all their woes
Wrapped in colours of the rainbow they still
worship,
Convolving to their tribal music — a theme
which throbs from eons past
With modern notes to add to its cacophony.
Snapping their fingers as though to crush
some primeval flea
Which lurked upon their forebears' matted
skins
The tattered, unwashed apes who go by the
name of men
Twitch and pinch their vestiges of tails
And chatter their abuse in simian wails.

Dance! Bandar-Log, Twist!
Revile your place in Nature's swamp!
While Nature smiles her sweet carnivorous
smile.
For she recalls a race of reptiles
Who when sinking in the ooze, screamed forth
their fear
And by their threshings so sank further still
And spent their lives in marshy sludge.

Your fate awaits you, Bandar-Log...

—JOHN OAKLEY

Triptych: Aspects of Summer

AUBADE

Unsure dark was nudged by shifting light,
Iceberg hills emerged; like silver blades
Birdwings plunged the foamy green trees.
And when the flushing sun had jumped the sky,
Pontiff of the fiery wheat, it strode
Among the dignity of gums, the arrogant
Rocks and pentential streams, priesting
The summer morning's brazen celebrations.

NOON

A pagan coin, the magic sun distends
All sounds. This mystic disc of pulsing bronze
sends tremulous and tactile rays, till now
The shimmering air bewitches ear and eye.
Epiphanies at noon are astigmatic.
Sounds are sculptured, tall and luminous:
Where light strikes leaf the green is avintilled out.
Each common bush becomes a snowfaked torch,
The senses forge and hammer goldleaf noon.

EVENSONG

In the wedgewood sky, aware of seedling stars,
Wheeling sparrows come to settle, thickly
Blurring telegraph wires in chiaroscuro.
The birds then swell in silken-winged ovation,
Teeming trees. A swarthy burial net,
This pointillistic flock then flings and hangs,
Framed by the vacant reddening evening sky.

—T. H. NAISBY

"ALTJIRINGA" PRIZES

College prizes are awarded to the following contributors to "Altjiringa", 1963. Additional prizes have been awarded this year in connection with the Literary Competition.

Cover Design: BARBARA SPOKES.
Prose: DOROTHY COSANDEY, E. STUBBS, BRENDA WEATHERSTONE.
Poetry: THOMAS NAISBY, JOHN OAKLEY, ROSEMARY PLIM.

THIRTY-SIX — ALTJIRINGA
The 1963 Sporting Scene

The 1963 College year saw the efficient functioning of eighteen Sporting Clubs providing a wealth of fields in which students were able to compete with outside clubs and during Inter-Collegiate Visits. With this wide canvas of sporting interests it was evident that participation would be one of a keen standard; and in this respect we were not disappointed nor duly unimpressed by performances.

The two big College Carnivals, namely Swimming and Athletics were postponed owing to torrental rain, and this provided plenty of organisation problems. However, our congratulations are extended to those students who made up these clubs, head by Joe Palagi and Jim Coleborne respective for the fine efforts in making these carnivals so successful. These carnivals also came by the College Champions, and congratulations are extended to Judy Gunn and Jim Smith for their performances in the Swimming events and Kay dellavoy, Dianne Pease and Jim Coleborne for their performances in the Athletics events.

This year saw the participation of our Rugby Union teams in the Newcastle District Competition. In both Reserve and Third Grade. The calibre of players in these teams was evident when we consider final results. Our Reserve Grade was beaten by our keen rivals, Boolaroo, in the grand final, while our Third Grade was beaten in the final.

Our Men's Basketball also deserves special commendation for their efforts in the District Competition. The final was a most exciting match with our team being beaten by the narrowest margin — 31-29.

August, 1963, saw the most highly organised Inter-Collegiate Sports Days for many years. Newcastle Teachers' College was once again the host college, this time to Sydney Teachers' College. A full list of events involved in the Inter-Collegiate, and the Sports' Union wishes to extend particular thanks to Fred Howard and his loyal band of "tailors". I feel that to mention individuals who helped or assisted in this Inter-Collegiate would prove most lengthy, and thus may I say to anyone who helped or assisted in any way to extend our congratulations to:

John Lane-Sportsman (1st Year).
Dianne Pease-Sportswoman (1st Year).
John Lane-Sportsman (1st Year).

Congratulations are also extended to all other students who were successful in gaining awards for sporting ability. To conclude I would like to thank particular students who made up the executive of the Sports Union, I would also like to thank Mr. Gilligan, Mr. Bloomfield and Miss Marchant for the support and guidance they have given us throughout the year. May I now list the incoming Executive of the Sports Union:

Geoff Hurst, President.
Dianne Pease, Secretary.
Allan Kidd, Treasurer.
Patricia Pidgeon, Vice-President.

Best wishes, Geoff and your committee, for a highly successful 1964 sporting scene.

FORTY-SIX — ALTJIRINGA

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Printing Club

1963 has been a very active year for the Printing Club. Activities have included the printing of four volumes of Altiringa, tickets for the College Ball, Revival, Gilbert and Sullivan, Choral Concert, One-Act and Three-Act Plays, programs for various other functions, and the performances of the Dramatic Club. My special thanks go to John Lovell and Peter Steel of 207 who have offered a great deal of their time whenever possible. Mr. Fitness' assistance has also been greatly appreciated.

JOHN DAVIES, President

Drama Club Annual Report

President: JEREMY GARDLAR
Vice-President: GORDON CURRIE
Secretary-Treasurer: FRANCES DOHERTY

This year has again been a very successful one. At the beginning of the year the Drama Club participated in a number of lunch-time concerts, at which members read selections of humorous verse. These readings stimulated the formation of a verse reading group which was undertaken by fourth year student Vivie Optiz. We have since appreciated and enjoyed many recitals on the radio gram and discussed many poems.

In July the one-act plays were produced. These were The Diary of a Mad Miss Hibbins, supported by public address system, and this team played in the finals. At this stage our team was at the peak of ability and had a strong chance of winning both final and grand final.

Our team was raised to B (1) grade for the Summer Competition, this being the highest grading a College team has achieved.

In Inter-Collegiate games we played against Adelaide and won 46 to 27 and against Sydney and lost 41 to 29.

The club had a successful year under the Presidency of Ian Gaunt, whose influence built up a strong club feeling and interest. The innovation of three-man Selection Committee and the smooth running throughout the year was due to his efforts. The 1963 Club has set a good model for future clubs to emulate.

Incoming officers for 1964 are Peter Morgan (President) and Jim Craig (Secretary).

J. GARDLAR

Men's International Rules Basketball

The 1963 year started well with excellent attendance at meetings and early training sessions. Unfortunately, the Newcastle Association could only allow one team to compete in the competition, and this team played in B Reserve grade. We convincingly won the semi-finals of the Winter Competitive Tournament, but the August holidays came before the finals. At this stage our team was at the peak of ability and had a strong chance of winning both final and grand final.

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In incoming officers for 1964 are Peter Morgan (President) and Jim Craig (Secretary).

—PETER MORGAN, President.

ALTIRINGA—FORTY-SEVEN
Teachers' College
Christian Fellowship 1963

Through the liberties granted by our principal, T.C.C.F. has enjoyed a wonderful year of fellowship.

The year began and has ended with members showing a keen interest and co-operation in the aims of the Fellowship, chief of which is to witness a faith in the living God and His Word.

Weekly meetings, Bible studies and morning prayer meetings have continued and the numbers attending have been fairly consistent.

T.C.C.F. activities also include house-parties, social evenings, film evenings, barbecues and combined camps. So with many events in mind, we hope to start our new year strengthened in number and with an effective impact on our fellow students.

—PETER HESTER, President.

Music Club

This year the music club was not particularly active but, thanks to Miss Sneddon, Miss Ferguson and Mr. Orchard, the annual Gilbert and Sullivan production and the Choral Concert were most successful.

This year's Gilbert and Sullivan, The Pirates of Penzance, was presented in September and with Miss Sneddon as producer, Andrei and Mr. Orchard as conductor and Mr. Orchard as director, the production more than matched the standard set in other years.

Next year's Gilbert and Sullivan is to be Mikado and we feel sure the music staff will present as polished and professional production as they did in this year's Pirates even though some of the finest voices (with their owners) will probably have graduated.

—DIANE AILWOOD.

Annual Squash Report

1963 has proved a successful year for college squash, particularly social squash which was held regularly once a week. This gave the average player an opportunity to improve his game and meet other students. Social squash was generally well attended and it is hoped that it will be well supported next year.

This year for the first time squash was included in Inter-Collegiate Sports and it proved an outstanding success. Though both men's and women's teams were defeated they displayed good sportsmanship against very experienced players.

The college championships were held in third term. Many students participated and the standard of play was high. Two nominations to Pet Pidgeon and Ray Nolan who were the ultimate winners.

Of course, elections of officers for 1964 was held on the 4th October. The club is fortunate to have an enthusiastic member in Bill Pirson for its President. Pet Pidgeon is the secretary and Merv Filly the treasurer. I wish those people back for next year and I hope the club is as well supported as it has been in 1963.

—DIANE CHRISTIANSON, President.

Table Tennis Club

Teachers' College teams were entered in the Newcastle District Table Tennis Competition in both B and C grades. Although Teachers' College College did not come to the top in the competition, many enjoyable and close games were played throughout the season. In the championships the honours go to Ian Davies in the men's singles and to the combination of Ian Read and John Davies in the doubles.

—JOHN DAVIES, President.

Debating Club

This year the Club has conducted a number of debates on various topics. The standard of debating, however, needs a great deal of improvement.

The Inter-Collegiate debate on the topic "That Unemployment is the Greatest Social Evil in Australia Today" was won by the home side of H. Walsham, J. Oakley, B. Benbow and D. Sutherland.

Debates were staged against the University and resulted in a win each to either side. We wish the Club the best of success in forthcoming years.

—RICHARD WALSHAM, President.

Golf Club Report

This year was fairly successful for the College Golf Club. We increased slightly in number, but still played only one game during the year. Next year we hope to have a College golf team for Inter-Collegiate.

This year our championships were played at Belmont course on the wet Wednesday morning of Inter-Collegiate. The rain stopped many from attending, but did not stop ladies of 207 from playing a fine round of 76 to win the championship. Winner of the handicap section was Peter Campbell on 101.

Mr. Fitness, Mr. Munro, Mr. Wood and Mr. Barnes played, but their scores are not available.

We hope to play at weekends on Merewether golf course next year. This Club has given us the use of its course for 1/3 instead of the usual 7/6 green fees.

—JAN LOVELL.

Athletics Club

The Athletics Club this year has been responsible for organising the Summer Inter-Collegiate team and the Athletics Carnival. This year many new events, mainly of a novelty nature, were conducted and the increased participation more than justified their inclusion in the program.

The College also produced two relay teams to run against the high schools at the Area Carnival in August. The men were narrowly defeated but a strong women's team was successful in winning the "Challenge" Cup.

Congratulations to John Lane and Dianne Pease who have been elected President and Secretary respectively for 1964.

—JIM COLEBOURNE, President.

Men's Hockey

This year has not been an extremely successful one for us in the local competition. Although we were successful in defeating a number of the top teams, deferred games from the holiday periods were unable to be played. However, the season was enjoyed by many players both from first and second year.

Inter-Collegiate, the highlight of the year, resulted in a win to 2-nil. Sydney was by far the superior team on the day but, had the conditions allowed we feel our fast open attack may have provided more competition and, perhaps, reversed the decision.

Congratulations to Dave Macdonald and Garry Shanley for their success in gaining Blues and to 'Blue' Hanley and Dave McKie for Awards of Merit.

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

—PETER TUCKER, President.

RAY HANLEY, Secretary.

Women's International Rules Basketball

The strong membership of this year's club has enabled us to have two teams in the regular basketball competition. As well we provided one of the major sporting events during Inter-Collegiate with both Sydney and Western College. Although the teams did not take out the first prize, the good sportsmanship and reliability of every player is to be commended.

During third term a keen interest by the first years has been aroused and best wishes are extended to the girls for next year's season. Congratulations go both to the officers for 1964 and the Blues and Award winners of 1963.

—FRANK JONES, President.

St. Thomas More Society

During the year many interesting speakers attended the meetings each Friday. We are greatly indebted to Fr. Cronin, Dr. Sinms, Dr. Driessell, Paul Whalan, Mr. Long and Mr. Marquet.

Throughout the year we once again enjoyed having Fr. Hayes as chaplain. Anyone who knows Fr. Hayes must realise the great debt we owe this fine man. The meetings were rather disappointingly attended by men in particular but the women came.

We must thank all those who attended the masses held throughout the year and hope that they received the full benefit from them.

—TOM FENWICK, President.
Women's Basketball

Three College teams were again entered in the Newcastle competition this season. To all appearances none was very successful because of the usual numerous forfeits during the holidays, but the season was an enjoyable one especially for the No. 1 team.

The Inter-Collegiate team was defeated in what both Newcastle and Sydney players considered to be a very hard and fast match. Next time we meet I hope Newcastle will really prove a worthy rival team.

One Blue was awarded this year to Julie Gilligan and Awards of Merit went to Fran Jones and Kathy Hoyles.

This year's committee extends best wishes to 1964 Club members for a very successful season.

-KATHY HOYLES, President.

Social Club

This year’s College social life has been very alive with events ranging from the welcoming Freshers’ dance to exciting fancy dances such as the very successful Barn-Yard Hop and to the more formal evenings of the Ball — Annual, Inter-Collegiate and Graduation.

A vote of thanks is sincerely extended to the regular members of the club who remained faithful to it throughout the year. The lecturers who so kindly helped the club’s activities are also to be sincerely thanked. A very special vote of thanks is expressed by the club officers to the P.E. staff who have been so very kind and helpful throughout the past year.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to the incoming social committee for 1964.

FRAN JONES, Secretary.

Trainee Teachers’ Association

The Newcastle Trainee Teachers’ Association, the branch of the Teachers’ Federation covering teacher trainees in Newcastle, has continued to carry on the work of attempting to secure satisfactory improvements in conditions for its members and of education general.

This year the T.T.A. has:

- Continued to demand better pay and employee status for teacher trainees;
- Sent nine delegates to the Melbourne National Education Congress as part of activity around the question of Federal finance for education;
- Carried out activity aimed at having the Shortland Teachers’ College built as soon as possible;
- Supported the Federation’s campaign for higher salaries for teachers;
- Protested against attacks on the democratic rights of teachers, in particular, a decision of the R.S.L. State Congress calling for the removal of Communists from the teaching service;
- Maintained excellent relations with the Federation, including a visit from the Deputy-President, Mr. S. P. Lewis;
- Supported the campaign of the students not given teachers’ college scholarships.

The leadership of the Association has been representative and united. Furthermore, it has been vigorous, thus ensuring the Association’s participation in Federation affairs and a fair deal of activity.

Relationships with the S.R.C. have been satisfactory. The T.T.A. officials have always striven for the closest possible unity with the S.R.C. and we congratulate the S.R.C. Congress and, in particular, our own S.R.C., for carrying a motion calling for cooperation with T.T.A.’s. It is to be hoped that this motion will be lived up to by all concerned.

The new officials, who will hold office till September, 1964, are already working vigorously on our different problems. They are Kerry Tattersall (President), Ted Stubbins (Secretary), and Margaret Bruce (Publicity Officer). The job of leading this important organisation in College requires a great deal of hard, patient work. However, we know that our new leaders will carry on the splendid traditions of the T.T.A. and will have the support of all T.T.A. members.

The T.T.A. extends very best wishes to all outgoing students with the hope that they will continue to be active supporters of the Federation, not only on staff and in their association, but in the community in general.

—RICHARD WALSHAM, Hon. Secretary, 1963