The Principal's Message

Those who have read Terence Rattigan's play, "The Browning Version", or have seen the film based on it, will remember the dramatic incident when Crocker-Harris, the Classics Master, at the school assembly to which he is delivering his valedictory address prior to his premature retirement brought on by illness, loses the trend of his thought and in a moment of self-revelation confesses to the school that he has failed as a teacher. The unhappy and deeply troubled man, forgetting for once his preoccupation with the classics and his own intense need for accuracy, correctness and control, allows himself to speak in a natural, human manner. He tells his pupils that he has failed in his duty to them. From him they were entitled to receive sympathy, understanding, inspiration and not the cold, unfeeling petty precision and fault-finding which had earned him the title: "The Himmler of the Lower Fifth".

In his humility he finds not the humiliation which had been his lot in the past but the greatest reward any teacher can have, the response of his pupils with all the warmth and open-hearted affection that the young can give. For the first time in his life he has been a teacher and not a mere instructor.

This is the message I give to outgoing students. During your careers as teachers you will meet some pupils who are cleverer than you are, and some who are destined for greater careers. There will be some who can really understand and appreciate the beauty and the value of the great things you bring to them from the heritage of the past. Contacts with such minds will always be rewarding to you and will be treasured in your memories; but even these things will pale in significance when compared with the sense of spiritual resurgence which comes from genuine responsiveness in your pupils. Even the dullest can give you this reward.

Experience is not merely seeing or doing things but includes the power to interpret and feel about them. I wish you in your teaching careers those kinds of experiences which will reward you by giving you a fuller understanding of the meaning of what you do. Only in this kind of reward will you find happiness and a sense of fulfillment in your professional life.

—G. H. DUNCAN, Principal

Editorial

Two years at Newcastle Teachers' College — what have we learned? The answer to this query could run along these lines — how to teach English Grammar, a teacher's Code of Ethics, the application of Thordikke's Laws of Learning, routines of classroom management, and a motley assortment of definitions, philosophies, methods and skills.

But College has taught us more than this. Over the two years, we have learned to pay due homage to such perennial institutions as the T.T.A., the "Education Gazette" and that little volume of some 586 pages whose items are perpetually being amended subject to the provisions herein-after inapplicable to those duties of delegating duties subsequent to those which will be pro-tracted notwithstanding. We have discovered the gentry art of appearing to write lecture notes when actually snatching forty winks and have become dextrous in weaving long, rather complicated, but highly plausible, excuses for such matters as lost library cards, overdue assignments, late arrivals and early departures.

After many failures, perseverance has triumphed over the intricacies of weekend concession forms although success in many ventures has, for some, been long delayed. Some have recovered from time to time much "bespattered" chalkboard assignments and have looked hopefully at a Gestetner awaiting its reaction to our stencil. We have had our wavering language skills reinforced by the school magazine's crossword puzzle, have alternately been entertained and berated by the "Union Yak", have marched through "Russell Specials" and in expectation have even completed superannuation forms, collected our tickets for graduation and with great presumption have begun to speculate on the location of our 1965 appointments.

It is hoped that this magazine will accompany you to Rufen River, Bega, The Halt or wherever your destination may be and that sometime when you are up to your elbows marking books, composing programmes, preparing for inspection, completing registers or filling in General Results Sheets, you will find some measure of comfort and consolation in recalling those comparatively idyllic days at N.T.C.

—JAN CLARKE
—GLEN PALMER
NEWCASTLE TEACHERS' COLLEGE
(Established 1949)

Principal: GRIFFITH H. DUNCAN, M.A., B.Ed.
Warden of Women Students: ADA RENWICK, B.A.
Warden of Men Students: JOHN J. GRADY, B.A.
Registrar: Frank B. Brady
Janitor: Mr. K. Maddocks
Librarian: Margaret A. Clinch, B.A., Dip. Lib.

Art: Camille J. Smith, A.T.D.

Biology:

Classics:

Education:

English:

Geography:

Health Education:
Desmond G. Sisley, M.B., B.S.

History:

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

Industrial Arts and Crafts:

Mathematics:

Modern Languages:
Guy Reeves, B.A.

Music:
Jess E. Ferguson, L.Mus.; Lawrence W. Orchard, D.S.C.M.; Marjorie G. Sneddon, B.A., D.S.C.M.

Physical Education:

Physical Sciences:

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Physical Sciences:
SIX

Students’ Representative Council Annual Report

The large enrolment this year has presented a number of problems. The biggest problem has been the breakdown in communication of ideas and needs. This problem has been seen and in future years it is hoped there will be a better understanding within the College.

The council accepted as its function this year that it should provide recreational, social and cultural activities, facilities, amenities and support will be given to the development of the theatre and cultural fields will be dealt with in detail in the Union and Club reports. However, two major successes of the year should be mentioned. Firstly the Inter-collegiate trip to Wagga proved to be a social if not a sporting success. The other accomplishment was one in which only a few students participated. The second Congress of Student Representative Councils for 1964 was held at Newcastle in August and was a great success.

Newcastle College, the second largest in the State, has been a leader in Inter-Collegian planning and has been largely responsible this year for the formation of the State Teachers’ College Executive Council. The benefit of contact with other Colleges through this Council and Larmen, the inter-collegiate paper, cannot be measured in cash, but is of inestimable educational value. Through inter-collegiate representation, the conditions of students and student finances are presented to the group of Teacher Training. The Council of 1964 hopes that full support will be given to the development of this inter-collegiate body.

It is difficult to evaluate the benefit of the Council’s expenditure. Receipts were £2,500 in Union fees and £500 credit balance. This £3,000 was allotted to the Sports Union (£1,000), Recreation Union (£720), Graduation (£400), Printing, Stationery, Administration (£350) and General Expenses (£550). To show for this there is the office equipment and the Coca-Cola machine, and a lot of printed paper. The council found it was difficult to find some of its aims for lack of funds and it has proposed an increase in Union fees so that future S.R.C.s will not have the same problem.

The Union Yak, intended to be a weekly news-sheet, has had its ups and downs this year. This means of communication has been maintained only by the consistent hard work of a few, and the response of clubs and students has been disappointing. Perhaps it will be better next year.

It is always the standard thing for Presidents to recognise their assistants, and for this reason the Union fee income and in each of these reports seem to be composed of clichés.

This form of reward offered them for the outstanding effort in such fields is, nevertheless, really heartfelt. All I can say to you is that commanders recognise that they are only as good as their staff. I thank you. My best wishes to all graduating students and I hope that those lucky ones of you, remaining at College, have a fruitful and successful year in 1965.

— W. J. STORR, President.

Altfirringa Report

1964 saw a considerable amount of activity in Altfirringa circles but, since more haste means less speed and since confusion reigns almost permanently, the club’s reputation must be judged by the magazine and the two term Altfirringa which managed to get themselves published through no fault of the Executive.

The Annual Altfirringa is largely the result of a wonderfully staged “co-operative” effort among the club presidents, gently prodded by the esteemed B.R.C. President and generally provoked by the slightly less highly esteemed Altfirringa Editor. The thankless task of sorting out faces and names for the Club and section photographs was competently handled by Glen Palmer to whom all law suits for misplacement and mislabelling should be forwarded and without whose assistance and stability of mind the Altfirringa would have been in a worse mess than ever (if this be possible).

The inclusion of a Political Section in Volume 2 was the brain-child of Ted Stubbs and John Quinlivan which was the brain-child of the remaining “active” editors, Patricia Carol, Meggs Stubbs and Kerri Tatterwell. On behalf of these and the rest of the wretched deceivers, I apologise to those members of the administration and the student body who were hoodwinked in the same way that I was.

For those who questioned the covers, the praise and/or abuse must go to Bill Young who, together with Elizabeth Gont and Geoff Terry, was responsible for the artistic role which appeared spasmodically throughout the magazine.

The lack of minutes and/or records of expenditure may be attributed to Secretaries and Treasurers, Erna Whyte and Sue Agnew, but both maintained a very active participation in club affairs. Ellen Hurrant, Anne Alandi and Bill Young were courting to poultice the Infant School Course and acting as helper-in-chief was Helen Childs who compiled and stapled the news-sheet, has had its ups and downs this year. This means of communication has been maintained only by the consistent hard work of a few, and the response of clubs and students has been disappointing. Perhaps it will be better next year.

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— W. J. STORR, President.
All members of the Executive turned writ­ers at some time or other during the year and articles on a variety of topics were also contributed by Elizabeth Behan, Terry Wong, Ian Nettleton, Sue Saunders, Brenda Weather­stone, Clare Grady, Sue James, Rosalind Barlow and of course our non-existent friend, Laddslaw Starelevitch.

It remains only to thank Mr. B. Smith and Mr. Fitness for their guidance and advice and to pay tribute to the teaching skill of Bill Foye (212) who not only directed the printing operations but also acted as chief instructor in sorting out the intricacies of the Gestetner.

The 1964 Executive wishes next year’s committee, headed by Sue Saunders and Geoff Gestetner, in structo r in sorting out the intricacies of this appointment. 

Congratulations

Belated congratulations to Rosalie Krause who is at present furthering her studies in the United States. Rosalie, of Section 201, won a Rotary Scholarship early this year.

Congratulations also to Carol Endean and Brian Collins. We wish them every success in their positions next year.

Lorraine Humphries is also worthy of con­gratulations. Keep up the good cooking Lorralise, and don’t let that medal tarnish!

An old hangar was used for the dance on Sat­urday evening and it is reported that our repre­sentatives battled admirably with the popular Bathurst Rhumba.

Newcastle Congress

The Congress held at our own College dealt with the finalising of details for the previously proposed Presidents’ Congress. This regular event, it was decided, would meet in Sydney under the imposing title of S.T.C.E.C.

Newcastle broke away from the traditional dance on Saturday evening and the social pro­gramme consisted of Dinner at the “Alcove”, followed by a series of parties.

Wagga Interroll.

No doubt various clubs have already in­cluded in their reports the degrees of success their teams experienced in Wagga. Our con­gratulations to all who participated in competitive events.

The social highlight appears to have been the dance organised by the Wagga students. This dance was held in a barn and was a great success as it was also the only opportunity the two Colleges had of mixing to any extent.

New Sections

Notice the “older” gentlemen sitting on the stools outside the canteen? They are the Artisans whom we welcomed this year. We wish them every success in their future careers.

Another Section worthy of mention is 213. Although we have only one girl, Margaret Ray, in this section, she is our first to attempt the special Art course. Good Luck, Margaret!

IAN DOUGLAS RENWICK, B.Sc., M.Ed., Dip.Ed.

The College mourns the passing of its Vice-Principal, Ian Douglas Renwick, who has been a member of staff since 1931, first as Senior Lecturer in Education and later, since May, 1963, as Vice-Principal.

For the past two years Mr. Renwick had been in ill health and present students did not come to know him as we who had worked with him for many years already knew him. This was a loss indeed to them as it was to him, for Mr. Renwick had a brilli­ant mind with an inventiveness and originality that gave a personal touch to everything he did. He loved to work with students, and the close contact with such a mind and personality as his would have been of the greatest value to them.

Mr. Renwick graduated in 1926 with First Class Honours standing in both Mathematics and Psychology. In his early years in the Department of Education his research activities as a teacher of mathematics was outstanding, and it is significant that he extended that field to that of guidance and psychology with some regrets at first, but he rapidly showed his quality of mind by his original contribution to research on young gifted children who entered Sydney Boys’ High School. Much of Mr. Renwick’s research work was used by the Department of Education’s Division of Research when it was established soon afterwards.

Mr. Renwick also will be long remembered for his contribution as psychologist and guidance officer at Newcastle Technical College during the war years. Here he showed capacity of a very rare order in developing and using tests of aptitude in association with tests of intelligence, and some of his work influenced the selection of tradesmen, cadets and trainees for industry.

In 1947 Mr. Renwick was appointed as Senior Lecturer in Education at Wagga Wagga and there he once again exerted a stabilising and inspiring influence both on students and fellow members of staff. In 1951 he came to Newcastle Teachers’ College on transfer as Senior Lecturer in Education and was welcomed as an old friend whose educational quality was well known.

We, who have known him best, will miss him and the challenge of his original questioning mind. Our loss and the College loss is great, but his work will be remembered.
PROSE

Mote and Beam

"What the hell do you want?" Max roared, his arms gesturing in desperation. He marched furiously across the room, flung open the door and disappeared. There was an uneasy silence; Evan, trembling for his chair and glanced at his mother. She sat perfectly still, eyes downcast, a picture of complete impartiality. Ann's face reflected embarrassment but Evan knew that inwardly there was triumph.

"Don't take any notice of him, he gets these fits of temper. It can be very maddening at times..."

"Yes, mother. You did get to know to ignore them," she said with a complacency that angered Evan immensely.

"You hurt his feelings," he said slowly, suppressing his wrath. Evan could sense all his angered Evan immensely.

"I'm sorry this had to come up, Mrs. Byron," Ann said, her voice small and respectful. Max was like a brother to him then and now, years later, the bond was still there. Why did she always have to belittle him?

"Well, I mean, it's true, isn't it? Max is absolutely useless when it comes to doing things about the place, things that a man should be able to do. When my father was alive, he could do almost anything with his hands. But Max's family is all milksoaps; there's no one there to get them. Sometimes I wonder why on earth I married him."

Ann relished the opportunity to criticize Max in front of his mother. She had grown up in a family of opinion with all the Bryons, except Max. She was the apple of her eye; she could do no wrong.

"Nevertheless," Evan continued in the same tone of restrained ire, "there was no need to produce that coffee table he made and ridicule the way you did. He tried hard to make a success of that."

Ann held up the coffee table and laughed cruelly.

"Oh for goodness sake, Evan, there's a soapbox out there, they walk toward the door; the bored look remained. Evan appealed to his mother for some form of acknowledgment. She sat still, her face void of expression, her hands joined in her lap. There was another uneasy silence. Evan felted nervously in his shirt, Ann lit a cigarette. They heard Max roar off. Evan had spoken his mind and found great satisfaction. He had felt expected Ann to break down and weep or to fly to her husband and beg forgiveness. But, apparently, this sort of thing only happened in books. Evann was as stoical as ever. At last he could bear the silence no longer and beckoned to his mother as he made for the door. His mother cast a helpless glance at Ann, picked up her bag and joined him.

"I'm sorry this had to come up, Mrs. Craig," Ann apologized quietly. "I hope I'll see you again soon."

With one assuring hand clap and the kind of smiles Evan's mother welcomed where Evan had failed; a tear dripped down Ann's cheek and she closed the door behind them.

"Evan was still furious with Ann and with his mother during the trip home. "Well, didn't you think I was right?" he cried.

"Of course," his mother replied somewhat emphatically. "Evan, I have no doubt that you are right."

"Why didn't you say so at the time? She'd probably have listened to you."

His mother patted his arm gently. "You categorise the world very accurately, Evan; perhaps some day you'll learn what changes your little people into your big people. But until then you'll have to be content with simply categorising."

They drove on in silence.

-PETE ELLIOTT

Silence is Golden

Lunch break at the factory was a noisy, happy time — the girls talked quickly and shrilly, gulping mouthfuls of food between their prattled conversation. They sat around in bright little groups, legs swinging, eyes darting, chattering inconsequentially about the new boys in town, the latest hair- styles, the local Saturday night dance.

Joan bit into a peanut-butter sandwich and listened absent-mindedly to the chatter of the girls. Once she had listened intently to the flow of conversation, in case someone addressed a comment to her, or if she managed somehow to get her own voice heard, but more and more she withdrew into herself and allowed some wrapt in her own thoughts, so that the noise around her was no more than a meaningless backdrop to her imagination.

Joan was one of those plain, unobtrusive people who are liked in so much as they are not disliked. She had been invited along with her sister, Kit. The slender, dark-haired girl was the nearest thing the thin dark girl to a best friend, largely because they had grown up together, but Kit did feel a friendly concern for Joan's "shyness."

As they rounded home Joan made a gallant attempt to talk gaily and interestingly about the forthcoming weekend. A feeling of elation rose within her as she looked at her sister beside her, an attentive expression on her face.

"I can't decide whether to take my blue or my red fox to wear to the dance," Joan spoke in an insinuating ridiculous tone. "I'm sure you'll have to decide for me, Joan! Her mother had expressly forbidden her to take the new red fox; on no account was she to ruin it." But the girl always talked clothes — it was a sure-fire topic of conversation.

She paused for a moment to listen to Kit and then she crumbled a little inside as Kit spoke animatedly. "You know, I'm sure Paul is going to the festival. He didn't say for certain, but the more I think about it the more I feel that this will be my big chance."

Joan ate a quick dinner and went into her room to finish laying her clothes carefully.
It was dark when the little powder blue car sped over the mountain road — and the girls inside talked excitedly above the noise of the engine. Responding to the tension and eagerness in each young breast, Vickie steadily pressed her foot down on the accelerator, with the feeling that if she didn't defy her mother this once she never would.

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It had been raining heavily for almost an hour. Sean could see that the glowing yellow hair of Jesse Donald down the road had taught him to tell the time a year ago and was very proud of his son's ability) - receiving above her the invincible, perpendicular cliff-face and beneath her the treacherous precipice at the foot of which swirled the deceptive calm sea. But Martha saw only distance. The swishing remained. Faintly, it came in a regular pattern, like the soft swishing of waves on a distant beach.

He held his breath in an attempt to stop his heart beating so loudly, so that he could hear the noise more clearly. There was something else. The scraping of a key in the lock drove exhausted and weary thoughts. He must be brave. What would his father into the blackness of memory and night, and Mary impressed her as divinely pure. Sean could see that by the glowing light and found to her amazement and so frightened him that he put his head to where she had seen it. Martha was not youthful. Yet, as she moved along the path with a decisive briskness, her age was not apparent. At first she glanced around only very occasionally, perceiving above her the invisible cliff-face and Beneath her the treacherous precipice at the foot of which swirled the deceptive calm sea. But Martha saw only distance. The swishing remained. Faintly, it came in a regular pattern, like the soft swishing of waves on a distant beach.

Another car swished through the puddle and the sound of its engine faded into the deceptively calm sea. But Martha was completely unaware of this. She briskly rubbed her aching limb and, paralysed his thoughts for a second and, as he thought about Peter, next door, who had been at the window and were now gathering force for a scream which would not come. Tears of anger at his parents welled in his eyes; if they were here none of this would be happening. He didn't try to blink away the tears. Any movement might cause the intruder to spring.

The breathing was in the wardrobe. It had been the footfall of the small, completely still, door, then the window; wherever he listened for it, there it was. But again and again the sound was in the wardrobe.

The scraping of a key in the lock drove a cold needle of fear through his heart. They had been at the window and were now coming in the wardrobe.

The light in the hall snapped to life, a warm band of light fell across the foot of his bed, and the first impressions of faith and surprise, three of the vintage cars, as stiletto heels clicked on the polished wood floor.

After he saw the light and heard familiar footsteps, he scrambled and nerves resided into the blackness of memory and night, and were replaced by relief, but the feeling of anger was still present and when the figure silhouetted in the doorway whispered: "Sean, are you awake?" the reply was a sleepy grunt.

"Did anything happen while I was away?"

"No."

"Want some supper?"

The reply was too sleepy to be heard.

-FOURTEEN

The Transfiguration

Martha was tired. Yet, as she moved along the path with a decisive briskness, her age was not apparent. At first she glanced around only very occasionally, perceiving above her the invisible cliff-face and beneath her the treacherous precipice at the foot of which swirled the deceptive calm sea. But Martha saw only distance. For a while she was unable to follow the path, for the swishing of the ground was so faint that she could not feel it. But Martha was not youthfully. Yet, as she moved along the path with a decisive briskness, her age was not apparent. At first she glanced around only very occasionally, perceiving above her the invisible cliff-face and beneath her the treacherous precipice at the foot of which swirled the deceptive calm sea. But Martha saw only distance. The swishing remained. Faintly, it came in a regular pattern, like the soft swishing of waves on a distant beach.

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-JILL CALDER

-DOOROTHY BROCK.
The Coral Tree

For weeks Ida had thought about the tree. She had no idea what kind she wanted, only that she needed one. She was not clever about growing things. The names of plants and trees confused and vaguely frightened her. They never stayed in her mind.

Laura, however, knew much more about everything. Whatever she did, she did well. Ida had listened to her suggestions and opinions since they had been small children. Then, Laura had told her who to play with opinions since they had been small children.

Growing things. The names of plants and that she needed one. She was not clever about growing a little distance from her window, her room would then be shaded at the right times and would be a pleasure all year round. At first, the idea of growing this tree had frightened her. How could she possibly do it—she, who had never grown so much as a weed, to think of growing a tree? She could ask Laura to help her, but the more she thought the more she wanted to grow it herself.

She had seen the coral tree on one of her walks and returned again and again to look at it. One day she plucked up enough courage to ask the owner about it. He told her how easy it was to grow. Laura thought it the best room for her because it was at the back of the house and quiet and restful for her nerves. In winter, it became very hot under the low, tin roof. Laura thought it the best room for her because it was at the back of the house and quiet and restful for her nerves. In winter, it was one of Ida's pleasures to sit in her window in the warm, afternoon sun, quietly sewing, but in summer, it was often too hot to sleep even at night. Quietly, the idea grew that if she had a tree which dropped its leaves in winter and that, if the tree grew older, Laura began to say she would much rather take care of her sister than marry, anyway. It was just as well, too, that she felt this way since no more young men knocked at the door.

People now spoke admiringly of Laura. How clever she was and how full she had made her life, even though she had remained single to look after a sister who was not very bright. The little house they had inherited from their parents was always a picture set, as it was, in tastefully arranged gardens. All Laura's work, of course, Ida could not be trusted in the garden; she was too clumsy. Sometimes, she always seemed to walk over special plants or knock out new shrubs. Ida was kept busy enough with the housework which Laura hated. That Ida did this well enough. Laura's friends believed, was the result of Laura's patience with big, slow Ida.

Ida loved her sister. She admired her quick and dainty ways and the gentle way she always said to her, "Ida, dear, I know it's harder for you to do it properly but, if you try just a little, I know you can do it. Won't you try for me, dear?" Somehow her clumsy body always stumbled more awkwardly than ever at these times. She longed to do just one thing properly.

Then one day she saw it—the tree she wanted. It was lovely. In her simple mind this coral tree had a form and beauty which satisfied a need she did not realize existed. If only she could have one growing outside her bedroom window, she thought as she looked, she would be quite happy.

Her bedroom faced the west. In summer, it became very hot under the low, tin roof. Laura often went on such visits and, although she arranged for neighbours to keep an eye on her bedroom window, she thought as she looked, she would be quite happy.

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A Penny's Worth of Thought

Ida always seemed to manage quite well till she came back. In fact, Ida rather enjoyed the spindly stalk of green set in the soil, and she was saying. In a moment they had arrived and the spindly stalk of green was putting it back on his head. He cursed the weather for being what it was and himself for not selling the sheep in September when they had been well-conditioned - he couldn't give them away, even if he knew he was losing purpose on the flat, and spreading the sea
tilE' CI'OWS before he had found them. Now this lovely little tree which had sprung from her fingers filled day and warmth.

As the day for her sister's return came nearer, Ida's excitement grew. She was anxious to show Laura her surprise. Laura came home at night but it was too late for strolling around the garden which, usually, was the first thing she did when she arrived. Instead, she chatted about her friends while Ida, quietly listening, hardly dared speak, for fear she would blurt out her news. Instead, she thought about Laura's surprise when they strolled around the garden in the morning. When they walked to the back garden, Laura would notice the tree almost at once. She would say, "You didn't plant it without seeing it from here."

Ida supposed that was where the wind was from, where the wind was from, where the wind was from, where the wind was from... She hated the wind, but the wind sometimes brought snow. She pressed her nose against the cold glass of the window. It was funny the way everything blew about outside. But it was not really funny because when it's windy you can't go out and play. Millions of germs fly about in the air when it's windy. Mummy had told her that. And germs make you sick. She hoped the germs didn't get Daddy when he came home from work. Mummy said they wouldn't. It would be good if it snowed. Then she could make snowballs to throw at Peter. Peter was only four. She was older than Peter. She was taller than Peter too. She had been waiting for this chance she had been waiting for. Soon, shoots began to appear. She had taken great care to plant it in the best possible position. Soon, shoots began to appear. She had taken great care to plant it in the best possible position.

Next morning, Laura and Ida strolled in the garden just as Ida had imagined they would when they moved to the back, she could hardly hear what Laura was saying. In a moment they had arrived and there it was - the green set in the middle of a trampled, rock-hard garden bed. Ida! What happened here? What have you done to her, Mummy? She was not really very nice being inside all day. When you're inside you feel better.

"Of course it was." The voice sounded right, wasn't it,?"

Sitting on what had been the creek bank, Peter rested in the comparative coolness of the shade cast by the she-oaks. They would be all right; their roots went down twenty or thirty feet to the moisture beneath the surface. "A pity the paper hadn't got roots." He looked up through the branches to see the clear blue sky. Empty, just as it had been for how many months? Eight or was it nine? There was no water in the creek now, and Peter had calculated that his dam would support the sheep for no more than two months. He could almost see the level dropping. Wearily Peter got to his feet, slapping the dust from his hat before putting it back on his head. He cursed the weather for being what it was and himself for not selling the sheep in September when they had been well-conditioned - he couldn't give them away, even if he knew he was losing purpose on the flat, and spreading the sea...
I had thought Hansom’d had more sense than to make her angry.

"It wasn’t Mr. Hansom — it was a Mrs. Williams. She’s new on the newspaper staff — pretty young, to be a widow though. She only looked about thirty-five — chilly little thing."

Mrs. O’Rourke’s mind was on the fringe to find his mother standing beside him — obviously upset. Her black clothes and little widow’s cap did not enhance her appearance any.

"How can you?" she rasped. "How can you? You ungrateful, disrespectful boy. Lookin’ at women on the anniversary of your poor dear father’s passing. Oh, I know, women on the anniversary of your poor dear father’s passing. Why not to ask!"

She turned to the woman which contained the memoriam. "Mrs. Williams, please recall to her the feelings!

Mrs. Williams was as equally strong as Mrs. O’Rourke but, by being nice to Jimmy, Mrs. Williams had the advantage. The whole town watched the struggle with interest.

Mrs. O’Rourke’s name was never mentioned by Mrs. O’Rourke or Jimmy, and Mrs. O’Rourke barely spoke to Jimmy except to remind him of the respect which he owed to his father’s memory.

The inevitable day came ten months after the twenty-second anniversary of Mr. O’Rourke’s death. Mrs. Williams took Jimmy up to his own front door, rang the bell herself, bustled Jimmy inside and announced to Mrs. O’Rourke that she and Jimmy were to be married. In the silence that followed Mrs. Williams left.

The following weeks were hell for Jimmy.

Mr. Williams died a year later. Mrs. Williams’ husband had been dead only two months and already the woman was out of mourning clothes and going about cheerfully in fact, I’m afraid she’s a bit touched in the head."

Mrs. O’Rourke’s face turned the colour of whitewash. Then, gradually, the colour returned as Mrs. Williams spread over her face. She shut the door and went slowly to her bedroom and picked up a book of poems.

"Now what verse will I use for Jimmy’s memorial?" she whispered.

**Nobbys**

About two hundred million years ago an enormous lake extended over the area from the northern to the southern coalfields of N.S.W. and west as far as the Lithgow area. The depth of the lake changed as material was deposited in it and gradually a great chain of islands was formed. Lush vegetation formed in the swamps but it became buried under the bed of the lake when the level dropped. Later, because of the pressure of the material above it, the vegetation was transformed to coal.

Eventually, the lake completely disappeared. When the whole region was uplifted and nature’s weathering forces carved the present landscape, the former lake was deposited in it and gradually a great chain of islands was formed. By completing the breakwater was to protect the harbour from the heavy surf which used to sweep through the channel and also, by confining the waters of the Hunter River to one channel, to protect the harbour from being silted up. An extract from the reports of 1829 gives this information:

"The great bar to the prosperity of Newcastle, as a commercial town, is the difficult access to its firearms, from the breakwater from the headland to the island, which was started on 5th May, 1818. The purpose of the breakwater was to protect the harbour from the heavy surf which used to sweep through the channel and also, by confining the waters of the Hunter River to one channel, to protect the harbour from being silted up.

As to be expected, rocks are found along the entrance to the harbour will be completely landlocked, and in a few years the channel will be even more accessible for ships than it now is for schooners and vessels, on rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in the shipping channel, which lying in the eddy of the river current and the tides, every particle of sand or mud that bears along is consequently deposited in it. By completing the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now. By narrowing the space in which water runs, the comers of the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now. By narrowing the space in which water runs, the comers of the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now. By narrowing the space in which water runs, the comers of the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now. By narrowing the space in which water runs, the comers of the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now. By narrowing the space in which water runs, the comers of the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now. By narrowing the space in which water runs, the comers of the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now. By narrowing the space in which water runs, the comers of the breakwater between Nobbys Island and the Light-house Point, the strong current and the tides will be forced through the shipping channel which they tend to deepen and widen, while vessels rounding Nobbys, may then anchor in safety in any weather, what they dare not do now.

**Nobbys** is a land-tied island composed of much volcanic ash which has become consolidated and is known as tuff or chalk. A wall of volcanic tube rose up through a fissure cut through the island and is visible on both the ocean and harbour sides. This is called a dike and stands out on the eastern side because it has resisted the mechanical weathering forces much better than the surrounding material. On the harbour side a dike consisting of different form of weathering has caused the dike to weare away faster than the neighbouring structures.

As to be expected, rocks are formed along the side of the dike which have been channeled because of the heat of the volcanic material when it forced its way along the crack. This dike, like others in the area, radiates from a volcanic rock which was active some millions of years ago.
true: in the early days of the Port of New-
castle vessels arriving at Nobbys had to await
the tide, for her shallow draft approach the
entrance and commence "k edging" in. The
whole job was dangerous and tedious and many
a ship was carried onto the northern bank be-
cause of treacherous currents.

Building the breakwater was slow and hard.
Many convicts were killed during the connec-
tion by being careless or by being shot while trying to escape.
During Macquarie's turn as Governor the work was
pursued as fast as possible but the heavy gales
used to wash away a great deal of convicts' work.

By 1822 the work had cost £25,000 for six
hundred and twenty-five yards, and because of this it was not
finished until 1832. During these halting operations.
Later, building was recommenced and in June,
1846, the headland was connected to Nobbys.

In the years that followed the breakwater was a continual worry to the authorities, due
principally to the materials used. Storms washed
away large quantities of sand and pebbles appeared as fast as
they could be replaced.

From Waratah in the 1880's estate, prac-
tically to rebuild Macquarie's convict-built pier.
A specially built railway track brought the stone
from Waratah to Nobbys. The extension beyond
Nobbys was also erected during this reconstruc-
tion.

In 1861, a survey carried out in the Hunter
District revealed that Nobbys was two hundred
and three feet high (more than double its present height).
During the building of the pier a consid-
erable portion was removed and, when the sign
that the work was ereeted in 1856, another
forty feet was removed.

Public protest led to the rejection of the idea
earlier in the century, by Daniel Barney of the
Royal Engineers "to remove Nobbys by blast-
ing". He thought that Nobbys would always be a menace to shipping and, if removed, would
make the harbour deeper. So it seems ironic
that Nobbys is a world-wide known landmark at the "gate-
post" of the City of Newcastle's Port.

"The War to End All War!"

Fifty years ago the storm clouds which
had been gathering over Europe burst forth with
a fury unprecedented since the days of the
Thirty Years' War. Much has been written
on the causes of, or more properly, the events
and circumstances leading up to the Great
War — the world of alliances, Germany's ag-
gressiveness and her Kaiser's schemes, the
Balkans, Britain's fear and jealousy, France's
revenge, Russia's desire for victory, Italy's
attention in Europe. I do not propose to trace
this long development but rather to view the immediate
incidents that led to the outbreak of war in
July and August, 1914.

On Sunday morning, 28th June, two shots
rang out in a small and dusty capital of the semi-
oriental province of Servia. A car sped towards the Governor's residence: in it
two people — one dead, the other close
to death. Europe interrupted holiday time to
shake her head with little dismay over the
murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand,
heir to the oldest and proudest throne of the
world. It should have been better
if she had. Instead there was no real policy
at Vienna; the eighty-four year old Emperor
was shocked and tired — he had seen too much of
war and of bitter defeat. The Austrian of-
action Austria felt necessary and had then set
matum calculated, to make a Serbian acceptance
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efficient procedure of the lesson have been given out.

Children should be trained to distribute and collect lesson material promptly and quietly. Every child should know where he is to be seated for a particular lesson and adhere to this seat, the teacher and not be wasted while children search for desks. There should be a definite procedure for the asking and answering of questions, (usually by the raising of the hand) and for orderly movement to and from the classroom.

Everyone in the class should have some special task to carry out—no matter how small it may be. It helps in motivating the child to carry out these tasks if he is made to regard this special task as a personal privilege. In the carrying out of these tasks, the social development of the child is aided—he must co-operate with others to carry out the tasks. It will help the other and even the most reserved child will be helped to develop a sense of responsibility.

The children should be helped to develop a sense of responsibility. They must have some structure on which they can base their work so that they can become frustrated and then uninterested.

Some motivation must take place for the children to learn effectively. It is important that, at an early stage in the carrying out of these tasks, the social development of the child is aided—he must co-operate with others to carry out the tasks. It will help the other and even the most reserved child will be helped to develop a sense of responsibility.

The children can feel insecure if they are not effective or if the discipline of their classroom is weak.

One of the primary purposes of discipline is to maintain control so that the children can learn adequately and well and to ensure that there is little or no disruption in a classroom during a lesson through any disciplinary problems. Another purpose is to remove the causes of disruption so that the children can be helped actively and individually to drive the children positive guidance and encouragement so that they will behave in a manner acceptable to all. We must develop self-discipline in the classroom and this knowledge will never entirely desert him, although his memory of objects and colours will become rather hazy.

Some blind children are determined to see beyond the limitations which they have put between themselves and the world. All handicapped people are terribly dependent on the usual consideration that any well cared for baby would receive. He needs rather more demonstration of affection. Petting and cuddling because he cannot see the affectionate expression on his mother's face, although the tone of her voice will be an important indication of her feelings. He needs more talking to, and more hearing of conversation and explanation about the objects and events in his world because his experience is so restricted by lack of visual information. He needs more encouragement to be active, and incentive to sit up, to crawl, to stand, and to walk, because ordinary visual incentives do not exist for him. Since he cannot judge accurately the position of obstacles, he is fearful to adventure and to explore on his own as would a child with sight. He needs more motor practice, (natural need) for there is no reason to suppose that he is less interested in the barrier which they have put between themselves and the rest of the world. Possibly these people would be more active and withdraw from the group of the community, had they been without handicap, and their disability has only made them aware of others even more, and they appear to wish only to be able to remain in their own little world and as they develop very slowly, no matter how much help and encouragement they are given. Sometimes, these children are neither slow nor timid, but their family and friends have tried to shelter them too much from normal activities in which they should have been allowed to engage.

Then there are the blind children who fear that they are not really accepted by their schoolfriens and that, therefore, they must do something to be accepted. One may have found that "putting on an act" they may obtain whatever they desire. In order to receive it, they may have behaved in a way that put the act on the everyday and everybody will feel sorry for them, and feel that they have to have what they want since they are missing out on so many other things in their lives.
that older children learn to take the tips out of oranges or grapes most competently if carefully guided.

Blind children, like other children, love to hear stories told or read to them and will listen with increasing interest and longer than the most intelligent of normal children with sight. The reader should not choose stories which are illustrated throughout, or which contain unessential incidents and objects outside the blind child’s experience and which need tedious and long verbal explanations to make them intelligible.

"The tales which a blind baby needs and will enjoy are not greatly different from those for a sighted child." The main thing to remember is that the child will be more content when the toy makes and with its shape and appearance when felt than with whether it is very expensive.

The deaf child has to rely on his sight (and hence is more easily frightened of the dark) than normal use of its senses. Everything happens very suddenly since, as he cannot see something approach, he has no means of knowing it is near him until it suddenly bursts upon his sight and sometimes he may be prepared by vibrations. Agatha Bowley in The Young Handicapped Child says, "The deaf are often misunderstood because their handicap is less obvious than is the case with the blind and the spastic. The deaf child looks normal, has a constant effort. It is only needed by his parents to realise what deafness means to the child, to realise just what his difficulties mean to the child's parents. The major difficulty confronting the deaf child and his parents is, of course, the difficulty in communication."

There are many ways to communicate with the deaf child one of facial expression and gestures of disapproval, approval, and love. But the most comforting expression of a friend's voice is something a deaf child can never have. The voice experience; he is completely cut-off from the most used, most precise and far-reaching way a mother communicates with her child — by her voice.

Thus it is that many deaf children also become dumb — not because they are mentally incapable of speaking, but simply because they cannot hear the speech of others and on their own orlando and use. Blind children and deaf children go on. They have done after hearing his own sounds_ is also felt as less plain-spoken, though in fact it embodies the savage legal doctrine that a suicide is "a felon against one's self."

The desi re to adapt oneself to the general sentiment suitable to, or the general atmosphere of, the moment, place, or company, leads to a counteless form of euphemism: it is seen in an elevated form where anxiety to preserve a lofty or at-teasional style of post postmodernism (it is a joke, exists, when unseemly trivial words or metaphors would jar. In addressing children, or in lowly or very delicate topics that are too technical to be avoided. After, again addressing children, a euphemism is frequently due to a modesty that would be ludicrous or misplaced among adults, or to the wish to spare them painful knowledge.

The desire to enhance the value of possessions or of what one wishes to give often produces a hyperbole, as "saloon" for "bar," "university" for "technical school," and "professor" for a "teacher" or simply an "expert."

Another reason for the utterance of euphemisms is respect for the person addressed or referred to, or the desire to impress or please or meet with a certain amount of approval. When such instances are made manifest in the use of titles and in the stereotyped politeness of the professions and of commerce— thus we find "heathen" for "Jew", "coloured man" or "coloured gentleman" for "Negro", "lady" for "woman," and especially "charley" for "charwoman."

Moral delinquency is the constant object of courteous euphemism. "Misconduct", "misguid- ed", "misdeemeanour", "offence" (from "offendo"— to run into one), "a slip", "lapse", "transgression", "excess", "immoral- ity", "mores" — manners, then "character" is all examples. He is most in his accounts is often said of an embezzler in America. Any sensitive man had rather be called a "defaulter" than a "thief; "to unseemly trivial words or metaphors would jar. In addressing children, or in lowly or very delicate topics that are too technical to be avoided. After, again addressing children, a euphemism is frequently due to a modesty that would be ludicrous or misplaced among adults, or to the wish to spare them painful knowledge.

The most frequent of all reasons for the adoption of euphemistic speech are the needs to diminish a painful evocation, and to soften traumatic effects and to avoid the mention of death, and take refuge in such vague or softened phrases as "he has passed away", "he has departed", "the late Mr. Smith. The savage feels even greater reluctance to mention death. Sometimes he refuses even to utter the name of a person who is no longer living or to give it to a child, so that the name actually becomes obsolete among the tribe. This agreement between the civilised man and the savage points to the solution of the whole problem. It is unlucky to speak of death or in all men's minds, there is a mysterious but indissoluble connection between the thing and the word. The habit of linguistic caution is thus set up, and what we term "decency of language is the last result.

Death and disaster, then, afford a starting-point for a study of euphemism. Euphemisms for death are common in Shakespeare: Macbeth avoids mentioning the murder of Duncan by speaking of his "scurse" (I.vi.4), and his "taking of his life" (I.iii.2). The tribunes in Julius Caesar are said to have been "put to silence" (I.ii.9). Grim euphemisms for murder are provided in the passages from Macbeth:

He that is coming in must be provided for; and

Fleance, his son... "the young heir apparent, of that dark hour."

The use of a borrowed word may serve the purpose of effacing the truth — like "mortal" or "fatal" for "deadly, or like "post mortem" and "obituary."

The last-mentioned word is derived from a well-known Latin euphemism, "obit", for "statement and of commerce — thus we find "Hebrew" for "Jew", "coloured man" or "coloured gentleman" for "Negro", "lady" for "woman," and especially "charley" for "charwoman."

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I, for myself some wrong”. So, “to romance”, “to action, a vast collective effort towards the stimulation of modern terms such as “spiritual values” or “modernity”, “terminals” and “pollution”, the colloquial or slangy “fib”, “big lie”, “big story”, “whopper”, “fish story”, “taradiddle”, “fatuity”. All that relates to sex is heavily veiled: a pregnant woman is “in an interesting condition”; a person lacking in restraint is “fast”; one who constests for self-restraint is “slow” or “dumb”; a lover of either sex is a “friend”; the intimacy of marriage becomes “conjugal relations”; obscenity (in the sense of rich in sexual detail) becomes “blue” or “hot” or “earthly” or even “frank”.

Sometimes a learned or scientific term is used in common speech, and this thus becomes popular. We have “effuvium” for “stench”; “perspiration” for “sweat”; “incentives” for “Incentives”; “indigestion” for “indigestion”; “interruption” for “drunkenness”; “dipsomaniac” for “sober”; and “menace” for “manhood”.

As one would expect euphemisms are widely used in politics and advertising. Advertisers who wish to sell their goods naturally describe them in pleasant-sounding words. A cold cream will be referred to as “a skin food” or “a skin tonic”; a motor car becomes “a symphony of speed and style”. This trend was noted by Western, a market, a well-illustrated by Dorothy Dran in a charming piece of verse aimed at advertisers of tours of Chinese cities. It would seem that these tours are available in two classes, “Deluxe” (the more expensive) and “Superior”.

“He was travelling Superior, And she Deluxe (she was rich); has resulted from its constant employ. The mild paper: “All right, but I’m going to be hard to con­

But our travelling pair pay a different fare “sport”, and also “lover”, “mistress”. “Simple”, together in harmony. To venture, we must go down the names of the authors in a poetry book

as sure as the morning follows primary qualifications are an observant mind, the ability to feel sympathetically about life and feelings. The machine has been substituted for emotions. The machine has been substituted for

difficult to avoid. Politicians and public speakers tend to offer their audiences vague and resounding generalities instead of hard facts and exact details. We find this kind of utterance: “No the old simple words like “goodness”, “justice”

In poetry we have no problems” The word problem is very badly overworked in our midst and ought to be sent on a long, long holiday. South Africa is not in any true sense a land of problems; it is a land of glorious opportunity. We need to get three V’s set in our mind’s eye: Victory. And lastly, the frequent use of euphemism leads to what has been termed “the Cult of Cosiness”, the pretense that nothing serious is wrong, the avoidance of unpleasant things by substituting soft names for hard words. Sometimes, it seems that avoiding and abolishing discord is the only way to eradicate the unpleasant reality. Consider this bright little extract from a South African newspaper:

“WE HAVE NO PROBLEMS” The word problem is very badly overworked in our midst and ought to be sent on a long, long holiday. South Africa is not in any true sense a land of problems; it is a land of glorious opportunity. We need to get three V’s set in our mind’s eye: Victory. And lastly, the frequent use of euphemism leads to what has been termed “the Cult of Cosiness”, the pretense that nothing serious is wrong, the avoidance of unpleasant things by substituting soft names for hard words. Sometimes, it seems that avoiding and abolishing discord is the only way to eradicate the unpleasant reality. Consider this bright little extract from a South African newspaper:

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“This silly poetry! ‘Discusses in a page and a half the third style of Dryden by William Wordsworth’. All that soppy mush! Most of it is not worth reading, never mind having to study it. But this one at least would give us a good poem to do, like ‘The Man from Snowy River’, I wouldn’t mind so much even then. I don’t see why we have to study them like this.”

“Hey, wait a minute, I only asked! Still, I agree that you do have a point. Poetry can be very silly and mushy, particularly if you have no interest in it and have not been told, or rather shown, how to appreciate it. What did you think of those poems you learned to play it? It is difficult for anyone to understand or appreciate anything if they have no knowledge or experience of it. Well, I will try to explain to you what poetry is and why you should study it.”

“All right, but I’m going to be hard to convince after the lesson we had this morning. Talk about rubbish!”

“Now, first things first, just what is poetry? Well, poetry is a branch of literature, a very important branch at that. Literature, as a whole, represents the soul of a nation, the feelings, undercurrents and emotions of the people. Authors, writers, or poets are a part of people. If you look down the names of the authors in a poetry book you will see all kinds of people from every walk of society. From that you will see that literature is composed by anyone. The primary qualifications for a poet are the ability to feel sympathetically about life and how it affects people and the ability to use words to express it. In a poet the last qualification is very important, as I hope you will soon realise. There

**TWENTY-EIGHT**
THIRTY

Quinn made effective use of very short lines to complete the stanzas he doesn't, provided his purpose allows the poet to modify words and use them in almost any way he likes. Poetry is essentially artistic in nature; it is an expression of life in terms of truth and beauty. It tells us about historical times such as ballads, political criticisms and the like, you can find out what people actually thought about events as they happened. Also you can find out the beauty of words and language. By the way, it is an interesting exercise to substitute words in a good poem and see what effect it does. Not particularly, but try to find some exciting or funny ones. Either way, poetry is largely a personal thing. There are many poems of war and futile deaths, but just to stay cheerful, we shall look at a less depressing poem.

"It is called Ramon and was written by Bret Harte. He tells the story of a mine engine who fell asleep at his job and almost killed twenty miners. Ramon subsequently rescues the men and then dies from the effects of the gas he allowed to accumulate in the mine. That's good. Now, I'll just read this part aloud along the paths suggested by the poem.

"Have you heard of poetical licence? This allows the poet to modify words and use them in such a way to obtain emphasis in his poem, Argument. He achieves this emphasis and yet retains the flat hopelessness of his theme.

"To get back to literature, you will know that poems, plays and poems from hundreds of years ago, even thousands of years ago. The writings of Aristotle, Homer and Plato are still with us, although they were written in an entirely different postcolonialisation. Why is this, why do we persist with such old writings?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I don't know why we should be interested in literature either, unless it's because there is nothing else available."

"As I said earlier, literature represents the soul of a nation. By studying writings from past times we can get into the way the people lived, how they thought and what their dreams and aspirations were. A good deal of what we know about early civilisations has been learned from writings of the period. Not the official chronicles either. But this book tells me how people used to live, the way they fought with swords and spears; it even tells me what they ate and wore."

"True enough, but can it tell you how they felt? No, of course not. Literature can, though. It can tell you about all ages, all parts of the world and all the emotions of every type and class of person. Poems have been written about almost everything on earth. If you become interested, I am sure that if you pick any subject at random, no matter how obscure, you could find poetry about it. Some in favour of it, some not. That is the advantage of literature; it expresses people's thoughts and seldom will everyone think the same thing.

"Poetry, like all true literature, has a number of basic qualities which set it apart and make it what it is. It is essentially artistic in nature; it is an expression of life in terms of truth and beauty. It is suggestive in nature, stimulating the imagination, and it wanders along the paths suggested by the poem.

"Have you heard of poetical licence? This allows the poet to modify words and use them in such a way to obtain emphasis in his poem, Argument. He achieves this emphasis and yet retains the flat hopelessness of his theme.

"Once, he plucked grass in the dawn. And watched the falling, iridescent dew Flash in the dove-grey light. It's called 'The Dove'!"

"In this stanza he does not say anything particularly sombre and yet, in reading it, a feeling of seriousness asserts itself and produces the effect of sombre lines. This feeling would be very hard to create in prose."

"You said something about history, dad. How does poetry portray historical times? Is it really of any use to people today? I mean, can they learn from reading it?"

"To answer your last two questions first, Matthew. I would say that the poet gives you an account of by reading poetry of bygone ages such as ballads, political criticisms and the like, you can find out what people actually thought about events as they happened. Also you can find out the standards of behaviour, and what things were held dear to the people of the times. Today we live in a modern civilisation with modern, forward thinking, rockets and hydrogen bombs. But are the views expressed today different from those expressed in the past? Have a look at this poem:

Sumer is econum in, Lhude aing cuch, Growth ed, and bloweth med, And springeth the wude nu-

"Is it cut of date? No, yet that is one of the earliest English poems recorded. The language is not modern but we still feel light-hearted at the thought of springtime. Modern poets are still composing poems about spring but, although their words will be different, similar feelings will still be there."

"But what do we understand by history, dad, the stuff that is in the history books?"

"A fair question, I shall have a look for an example as soon as I have filled my pipe. Right, here is one, written by William Davenant...

"Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white, Upon thy streetis goeth many a semcly knyght. In Honour Of the City of London. It tells of the story of a mine engineer who lived in the fourteenth century. It is called In Honour of the City of London. In it you can picture life in London, how the city looked, whom you would see on the streets. In fact, the poem is a good description of the city itself. There are also some words on Queen Mary and the high regard in which she was held by the people because of the prudent way she ruled. Read the fifth stanza, it is a fine example:

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white, Been merchants full royall to behold, Upon thy streetis goeth many a semely knyght. In velvet gonves and in chyneys of gold. By Julysa Cesar thy Tour found of old, May be the beste in the world."

"That's good. Now, I'll just read this part aloud along the paths suggested by the poem.

"Anyway, Matthew, that is on the surface of poetry and what it is. I think we should have a look at a number of poems and examine them to see what their purpose is. By reading the following you'll be able to explain something, or express a particular feeling that the poet may have. However, before we do, is there anything else you want to know about poetry, as a form of literature?"

"Yes, there is something I'd like to know. You said that poems are written about any and everything, as they happened. What most poems in books about poetry or beauty or similar sentimental subjects? Why are there not more poems on interesting things like football games, hunting and so on, things you know, ordinary sensible things?"

"For a start, there are large numbers of poems written about ordinary sensible things. Most of them are soon forgotten and fade away because they lack the essential qualities of great poetry. To be a great poem, one with universal interest, a poem must have the right subject or theme. It must also have the appropriate language. By the way, it is an interesting exercise to substitute words in a good poem and see what effect it does."

"Yes, I think it does. Does this mean that the poem is a good description of the city itself. There are also some words on Queen Mary and the high regard in which she was held by the people because of the prudent way she ruled. Read the fifth stanza, it is a fine example:

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white, Upon thy streetis goeth many a semely knyght. In velvet gonves and in chyneys of gold. By Julysa Cesar thy Tour found of old, May be the beste in the world."

THIRTY-ONE

Yes, I think it does. Does this mean that old age poets are good description of the city itself. There are also some words on Queen Mary and the high regard in which she was held by the people because of the prudent way she ruled. Read the fifth stanza, it is a fine example:

Once, He plucked grass in the dawn. Shook he his head and said, 'The Dove'!"

"That's good. Now, I'll just read this part aloud along the paths suggested by the poem.

"Anyway, Matthew, that is on the surface of poetry and what it is. I think we should have a look at a number of poems and examine them to see what their purpose is. By reading the following you'll be able to explain something, or express a particular feeling that the poet may have. However, before we do, is there anything else you want to know about poetry, as a form of literature?"

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THIRTY-ONE
"You have the right idea. Most ballads are direct and easy to understand. That is part of their appeal, apart from the interest created by the subject.

"Here is another type of poetry. I think you will enjoy reading this kind. They are most commonly called nonsense verse, for fairly obvious reasons. Some people dislike them and cannot see any merit in reading them. Personally, I like them and have a favourite author, Ogden Nash. His poems can be read purely for the humour or for the more serious train of thought. A person reading them will discern beneath the haphazard bantering and spoofing, a kind of social criticism. Nash is not alone in his ability to disguise criticism. No poet in his right mind would say, 'Down with taxation'. He would bring it subtly into his poetry for the more discerning reader. This is what I like about Nash's poetry — the message he can put into a piece of pure nonsense.

The Hunter is typical. The hunter crouches in his blind, 'Neath camouflage of every kind, And conjures up a quaking noise To lend allure to his decoys. This grown-up man, with pluck and luck, Is hoping to outwit a duck.

"I think it is quite funny, but what is he trying to get across? Consider the last two lines and it will be clearer to you. He is criticising the hunters who are so proud of their ability and equipment for outsmarting ducks. He is not militantly sarcastic too, can you see that?"

"Yes, I see what you mean. I like the poem and when you read it like that I can see he is having a shot at the 'brave' hunters. Are all poems like that?"

"No. Some poems, notably the sentimental ones, do not have a message behind them but quite a lot of poetry does have a theme or message. I'll find some more poems and we will examine them to see how the tone and expression used affect each other and the poem."

"Here is a poem by an Australian, Judith Wright, called Killer We will just look at the third stanza.

Black horror sprang from the dark in a violent birth, and the hogs and their cloth of grass I felt the clutch of earth."

"Her choice of words gives exactly the feeling you might experience if a snake appeared from under you when you were drinking at a creek. I think you would be hard-pressed to change the wording for the better. The first line is sudden and forceful; yet the language used is simple. This is the mark of good writing — to say it simply without losing meaning."

"I like the next stanza better. It is a bit weak at first, but the part about 'or else your life itself' is effective. The word 'drains' reminds you that a snake has fangs, sort of brings it home with a jolt once you see it."

"Hey! Who is starting to study poetry. I thought you didn't like it."

"This is different from school. I'll have a look through the book and pick out one I like."

"All right. I shall let your mother know what is going on. She is probably wondering what has happened to me."

"I have picked one out now, Dad, I recognised the author's name and had a look at it. It's beautiful, in an odd kind of way. I think it is almost funny, the way he has written it, although I realise it isn't supposed to be. Listen to the last verse.

'It is — O my love So bold! It is I — all thy love To thee do I aye yield, O sweet heart ' what is this Lieth there so cold?

"It depends on the way you read it, but it is a bit ridiculous having a bullet carry on like that."

"That is a very good example, Matthew. In What the Bullet Sang, Harte has made an association of two incongruous things. A speedy deadly bullet and the lone song it sings as it flies along to kill a man. This does give it a slightly ridiculous sense. What else can you get out of it?"

"There is the idea that bullets have names on them and are marked for particular persons. I think the ending comes as a surprise, considering the way the poem begins. Sort of makes it more noticeable."

"That is so. This is a novel idea, depicting the thoughts of a bullet. Harte used it very well. His expression gives the poem to an exalting song of joy and happiness on the part of the bullet and the change from this to the realisations of death came very suddenly. I haven't seen this poem before, but I think it is very good."

(Continued after Poetry)

The Young Lion

Loose-limbed, with feline grace, Tall and straight and manly; Tawny gold, strong-featured face, The young lion standing proudly.

Those deep dark eyes which flash and laugh And yet can turn to fury Are limpid pools of golden brown, Or tempests lashing wildly.

That lissome body, lean and bold, Can move with a grace; The strength in those great hands will hold The future of his race.

This God of Grace, this Son of Kings, Was born of the ancient land, His father is the wind who sings Across the blazing sand.

His heritage is ageless earth, The sunburnt rock his throne. His subjects are not men of worth, But Nomads of the Stone.

His face reflects that timeless age Of the man who won this land, As the lion lies dreaming in his barred cage This Prince of the burning sand,

He stands beneath the naked sun, His dark eyes smile and shine. Does he remember the WEST Wind's Son Or his heritage of time?

How aptly were thou named, O Prince. Rule hard thou king of Time. How aptly were thou named, O Prince. Rule hard thou king of Time. His deep dark song of joy and happiness on the part of the bullet and the change from this to the realisations of death came very suddenly. I haven't seen this poem before, but I think it is very good."

(Continued after Poetry)

Death

Oh! Lonely theft upon my door Don't rattle your bones and beg for more; Your pack is full with a tidy sum Don't knock on my door and ask me to come.

-EVELYNE SIMM

Only to be Paid

Without a whistle and barely a sound, The doors slide fast and tight. The silvery train beneath the ground Shudders with all its might.

A lunch, we're off. No room to sit. Too many to stand up straight. The people begin to feel and cough. Al! breathe at a quickened rate. "Earlies!" the cry, — A place well lit. The doors relieve their strain. "Thank God," you sigh And stretch a bit Before the squeeze again.

The journey's end, the moving stair, — A danger to your shoes. The doors relieve their strain. "Thank God," you sigh And stretch a bit Before the squeeze again. The journey's end, the moving stair, — A danger to your shoes. The doors relieve their strain. "Thank God," you sigh And stretch a bit. Four small girlsLastName clipped from image

Poetry

Children on the Beach

Four small girls slipped down the beach Lauging, jumping, scampering away Till their feet neared the water just within And the waves gushed and swayed.

Four small girls waded into the surf Tickling, romping, cleaving their toes Till the white weaving foam clung like mirth And their heels sunk into rows.

-SUSAN SAUNDERS

Thirty-Two

"Hey! Who is starting to study poetry. I thought you didn't like it."

"This is different from school. I'll have a look through the book and pick out one I like."

"All right. I shall let your mother know what is going on. She is probably wondering what has happened to me."

"I have picked one out now, Dad, I recognised the author's name and had a look at it. It's beautiful, in an odd kind of way. I think it is almost funny, the way he has written it, although I realise it isn't supposed to be. Listen to the last verse.

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(Continued after Poetry)
The Coming of Dark

PART I

Night falls,
From far away come
Whispered calls,
From eons past they come.
Man stirs,
And deep within him
Something purrs,
Awoke from ages dim.
Primal forces upward rush
Thought banished forever beneath primal slash
And man, goes forth . . . To hunt?

PART II

Drums, guitars play out the beat
Augmented by the sound of stomping feet.
Up down
Right round
The hall the sound suffers repeat
In their frenzy see them leap
While to the frantic beat they keep
Neon light
Fire glow
Snare drum meet
tom-tom beat.

—EVELYN SIMM.
**Faith**

Softly, gently the beginning,
Softly, gently the end.
But oh, what fiery lashes twist these two!
The stark raked flames of fire
Which burn and sear across the livid sky
To turn the grooming heavens
To masses, turbulent, translucent and yet, melodious,
The battering, buffeting wind which
Uproots the vegetation from its earthy home
And hurts it with overpowering might
Across the vacuum of the ghostly night
Where moisture in all abundance descends
deal with the earthy home.

**Our Son**

Strong baby limbs

Promised

Vitality and vigorous growth,

each day a swelling pride

In this long awaited reproduction

Of my love and I —

Time passed into tear

As

Dull eyes, slow-moving thoughts

And actions uncontrolled

Set him apart.

We knew our son would grow.

Strong limbs still promised

Vigorous growth to manhood

But

A truncated mind

Turned this form

towards caricature.

Rebellion surged.

The daily strain of love

Led to despair

How can we raise this child

Why?

But

His love is normal

And his need.

He laughs

And looks at us with trusting eyes.

— HELEN CHILDs

**The Sixth Sense**

Can you taste the earth out there?
Can you taste its food?
Its brown delicious dish is here
And our mouth is in the mood.

Can you hear the birds out there?
Can you hear their call?

Their blue magical song is here
And their heart is on the wall.

Can you see the trees out there?
Can you see them wave?
Their silver beckoning arms are dear
And their soul is in the wave.

Can you see the grass out there?
Can you feel the skin?
Its shimmering moistened love is there
And its mind is close within.

Can you smell the flowers out there?
Can you smell their scent?
Their golden sweetening spirit is here
And their fame is given and lent.

Can't you sense the world out there?
Can't you sense its love?
Its brightening glorying light is there
And its home is on the drive.

— LANA SANSON

**ALTJIRINGA PRIZES**

Prizes are awarded to the following contributors to *Altjiringa*, 1964:

**Evelynne Simm** — The Coral Tree *Short Story*

**Peter Elliott and Mote and Beam** — The Clerk *Short Stories*

**Glen Palmer** — A Penny's Worth of Thoughts *Prose Sketch*, Wait *Poem*

**Susan Saunders** — Kill, Only to be Paid *Poems*, Lerici *Article*

**Evelynne Simm** — The Young Lion, The Sleepers on the Hill *Poems*.

**What do you say to looking at a romantic poem, now that you are all enthused?**

"Well, I wouldn't say I was all that enthused, dear, but since we have done this much I don't suppose it will hurt to have a look at one.

Do you have any particular poem in mind?"

"Yes, I have. It is a poem your mother sent to me years ago when she was at Teachers' College in Wagga. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote it as one of a series called *sonnets from the Portuguese*. I think it is a beautiful poem, in the true sense of the word. There is nothing sappy or farcical about it; every line is comprehensible and full of thought. It is possible I am biased; I'd say it was the best poem of its type I know. I don't think you will have much difficulty with it. So read it and tell me what you think of it."

"How do. you love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right:
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!— and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

"Wait a minute, I want to read it again before I answer you. This poem is different from the other love poems I've read. Now let's see,

"How do. you love thee? let me . . ."

I think you are right, dad. This is a beauty. All the ideas are expressed in it and just right for the poem. Her ideas can be simplified down to a common phrase and yet in the poem they sound sort of fresh.

Take this one,

'I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight!'

That is her way of saying, 'I love you as much as I possibly can,' although her way of saying it is much better.

"Of course it is. That is the essence of the poet's art—to say it in a more effective way. I think you may still have learned something tonight, even if you still haven't finished your homework."

"Work at it for another half hour and then go to bed. You have done enough tonight, anyway."

"Okay, dad. I'll have another go at this poetry next. Maybe I'll surprise myself and the teacher by putting in a good answer. I don't feel so badly about poetry now, but I wish she could explain it like this.

'She probably could, son, if she had the time.'"

— R. C. STEWART

**Lerici**

Travel articles are common, and my travels hardly warrant the description "original". I do however, remember a small town on the Italian Riviera.

We stopped at Lerici quite by chance, as we had left Genoa some four days earlier, and had already been sidetracked in "La Spezia".

The day was warm and we decided to take the Coast Road to Rome rather than the hot Autovia.

Our first lift took us a mere forty kilometres, and there we were, half an hour from the starting point, and ten hours from Rome, Lerici had captured us!

From the market place the town veered out in all directions. To the right, it was scattered oddly about the little harbour until the great, mountainous forests devoured it; and to the left, it wound crookedly up the steep mountainside and stopped abruptly at the foot of the rocks which overhung the water perilously. Built on these rocks was the town's chief fascination.

For, towering above the cobble streets and slate roofs, stood a huge castle.

Unfortunately, I cannot relate the history of the castle, as my comprehension of the Italian language was, I doubt, it appeared however, that the castle was not one of great importance. It had first been built as a stronghold for livestock, and had gradually been changed into a Lord's summer residence. With new Lords come new additions, until the castle at last gained its present imposing shape which, to the uninformed tourist, represents the glamour of the past.

Our packs were heavy and the sun hot, but in fine spirits we were searched for the sign to the Youth Hostel. Unfortunately, it pointed upwards! Following the sign, we soon realised that

**THIRTY-THREE**
we were not to find a bunk in a tent, house or barn, but in the castle! With mounting excitement, we passed through the great Iron Gates and entered the outer courtyard. The hostel was in the very top battlements, so it was without quite as much vigour that we expected of a German Youth (in our ever-improving sign language!) the way to the Warden's Office.

Our day of treats was not yet complete! On the first landing of the tower were two doors, one slightly ajar, and inside was the most amazing room I have ever seen. One wall was completely lined with Bamboo, and decorated with various African wood carvings; on another wall was a city mural, but instead of the clashing colours of noise, this busy street was cleverly depicted in pastels. The only other wall visible displayed signs of Japanese influence, and the room's furnishings were thrown together in erratic fashion. The effect was enchanting and we eagerly turned to the second "Office" door to meet our warden.

We were startled! Every castle should have a witch, and our warden truly resembled such a fabled character. She looked frightening. Her hair was a hideous combination of red, orange and yellow. From a bony skull it stood out about six inches, and at least three of those unfortunate inches were "crinkled". Her face was gnarled and her eyes barely visible in the deep lines which covered her visage. Her body was withered and hidden in a large shapeless dress. Her feet were bare.

The history of this lady was also rather vague, but we gathered from our fellow hostellers that our warden had been a heroine.

Before the Second World War, she had been a rather dynamic person, closely associated with Youth work in Italy. During the war she had fought with the Resistance until driven to the hills by the "Fascists". She had returned to civilisation, animal-like yet perfectly sound, some four years later. Her family was gone and she had again commenced working with children. She had been a Warden in the Lerici Castle Hostel for some years now, and it was only when curfew was sounded and the Great Gates closed, that we were reminded of our first impression. Then, we would fall asleep to a piercing call from the Tower. She was calling home her cat.

I loved Lerici, yet I left. Something urges you to move, although you know you may never return. After a brief ten days, we left the splendour of our great home, and passed through the gates in search of further adventure.

SUE SAUNDERS

SECTION

PHOTOGRAPHS

THIRTY-FOUR
SECTION 104
Brock row: Wolter Ryder, John McInerney, Ken Freigiew, Robert McImee, Rodney King.
Middle row: Marcus Rust, Suzanne Pict, Helen Bubbe, David Rust, Marlene Unruh, Stephanie Malish, Miranda McCrory, Jenifer McCrory, Allison Mcintosh, Margaret O'Shea, Janet Nolan, Joan Mitchell, Bill Haffen。
Absent: Beverly Murrell, Sandra Seorge, Denise Piper, David Kirkup, Phillip Lemon.
—McRaе Studios

105
Back row: Sue Knap, Leanne McDonald, Sandy Heslop, Tanya Wilson, Dawn Theodores, Sue Kavan, Gwendolyn Wilson, Margaret Stretka.
Middle row: Reiff Cooper, Sue Hugill, Ryan Does, Fiona Wolkoff, Ralf Peters, Trish Towne, Joanne von Bohemen, Viv Boeckers, Kathy Hugill, Sherrill Waugh, Dining Room.
Front row: Shane Strong, Greg Tompsett, Ed Hare, Joanne Turner, Gail Ufford, Lindsey Whitaker, John Nobes, Tony Ashley, Warren Worthing, Carolyn Smith, Tony Wyborn.
—McRaе Studios

106A
Back row: Paul Condron, Bill Car, John Allen, Roger McMillan, Bob Ferguson.
Front row: Roger Deegan, Jennifer Nicol, Besa Rease, Norm Nolan, Garry White, Helen Roukey, Pat Krew, Ross Wilner.
Absent: Angin Conner.
—McRaе Studios

SECTION 106
Back row: Russ Bower, Frank Roppa.
Middle row: Ken McNeely, Margaret McNeil, Jan McNeil, Julie Chaffiard, David Powell.
Front row: Neil McCabbin, Eugene Rick, Tony Butler, Brian Murphy, Tony Payne, John Strapes.
—McRaе Studios

SECTION 107
Back row: Frances Porter, Helen Howard, Carol Bond, Lyn Mccorrist, Marilyn Cox, Brenda Smith, Julia Puth.
Front row: Jennifer Payne, Iva McEachern, Helen Russell, Sue Miller, Joanne Lawrence, Julia Digbin, Lidey McCarroll.
Absent: Helen McRitchie.
—McRaе Studios

SECTION 108
Middle row: Jeff Payne, Dan Swan, Ian McKinnon, Peter Boyd, Michael Evans, Geoff Barrie, John Bruce, James Mcdonough, Bruce Robertson.
Front row: Owen Wilson, Emma Seiby, John MacIntosh, Philippa Smith, Ann Smith, Peter Smith, Paul Smith, John Sharpies, Robin Holland, Peter Board, Barry Jarvis.
—McRaе Studios
The Poetry Group

The Poetry Group, such as it has, spent a wonderful year, struggling for recognition and being ignored by everyone, but having a marvellous time in spite of or perhaps because of this. This is only the second year of the Poetry Group's existence but it is gathering momentum. Last year there were three members: this year we have a regular membership of five, as well as several fringe members. However, unless our solitary first year member, Lana Sansom, has more success next year than I have had this year in finding poetry addicts among the first years I am afraid the group is in danger of extinction.

Writing this report is a great labour to me, but do I do it in the interests of making known the existence of our group to the mob. Many times, when faced with blank stares after mentioning the Poetry Group, I have felt I must be running an underground movement. This was underlined by the great flight we had to have a picture taken of the group. We considered including our audience in this photo. "Small but select" became our catch-cry throughout the year.

Which brings us to the question—what does the Poetry Group do? Through the year we managed to put on three verse-readings which our small audience of thirty or forty "odd" people (that can be taken two ways) seemed quite enthusiastic about. The first of these was on the theme of satiric verse and went over very well. The theme of our next was Love and was, I am afraid, not quite so well received. The third was put on in conjunction with the Option Plays and was in two parts. The first part was more satiric verse and was much liked. Then in the second part we put on T. S. Eliot's Sweeney Agonistes which, I am afraid, left the audience rather stunned. The dumb-founded expressions on the faces in the front row were "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever". At least, they now know these things exist.

I feel the stalwarts of these productions should have their names recorded for posterity in recognition of the enthusiasm with which they approached them and the good show I feel they put on. They are Ethel Turner of Seven Little Australians fame of 1907, Margaret Sibbds, our red-haired Ogden Nash fanatic of 1910A; Patricia Carroll, 201A, who considered the year incomplete without indulging in a "ludicrous disease" as prescribed by Ogden Nash—namely, meadles; Sue Birt 205A, a girl of tremendous enthusiasm who reads poetry from the depths of her soul. Last and least is Sue Agnew (205A) of whom nothing in particular can be said except that she expired doing her duty. She never quite realised how she was crowned into doing the organising for the Poetry Group.

We must also thank our two advisers during the year, Mr. Marquet and Miss Adams. Both were marvellous in giving up their valuable time to give us much needed and appreciated advice on the presentation of our verse-readings and in taking an interest in all the activities of the Poetry Group. We also thank Miss Dyce at whose instigation the Poetry Group first came into existence.

—SUZANNE AGNEW

Drama Club

Once more we have had a very successful year. Throughout the year the Poetry Reading Group presented several poems to the student bodies who were interested in hearing poetry read. Also there was poetry read by this group at the Drama Option plays.

The presentation of three comedies in the One-Act Play Night in June was not really a full success from the audience point of view as these performances were not well supported, despite lavish publicity.

The three plays were The Rose and the Crown, The Happy Journey and Improptu. These were produced by John Quinn, Lyn Ditton and Denise Piper and their standard of production warranted a much larger audience.

In July we presented, in a season of two nights, the three-act play, The Pomerogist, which was performed to a small audience on the first night and, after some violent publicity, the following evening's performance was played to a full house.

In all, the actors must be commended on their excellent portrayal of characters.

It should be mentioned that both the one-act play cast and the three-act play cast both enjoyed separate weekends of rehearsals at

FORTY-THREE
Y.W.C.A. Hostel at Coal Point and these week­

ends improved the plays a great deal and a good
time was had by all.

Thanks are due to many members of staff
eventually the presence of
ears to be thanked sincerely for their
support for assisting wherever possible.

— R. HODGKINSON, President.

Recreational Union

The Recreational Union is a newly created
body innovated this year, which aims at co­
ordinating the activities of all social and dramatic
clubs in the College. As such, its success has
warranted its inception. Up to and including
Monday, 13th September, three meetings had
been conducted with pomp and ceremony,
noise, confusion and chaos.

One of the main functions of the Union was the
supervision of dramatic productions through the
Stage Co-Ordination Committee. Most
would agree that stage productions this year have been outstanding. These included Murder in the Red Barn, The Pottinger, several One­Act Plays and, of course, the “shocking” Short Cut.

The Debating Club, which is affiliated with the Rec. Union, had outstanding success in winning debates against Newcastle University College and Wagga Teachers' College. The Union congratulates the speakers on their grand efforts. The Music Club is also to be congratulated for its concert version of The Gondoliers, which was produced despite the handicap of the loss of the Club’s period. The Union also wishes to express its appreciation for the splendid co-operation which was responsible for the organisation of social activities, within the College. The Annual Ball was but one example of the splendid co-operation which was characteristic of the Club.

Amid utter chaos and scattered nerves, two term Alltings were produced and the Club must also receive the credits for this Annual Alltingas.

The Executive extends its best wishes to the incoming delegates and hopes that their success will equal ours! (1)

— PHILLIP MAGILL, Chairman.
— ERMA WHYTE, Secretary.
— RON BARBER, Treasurer.

FORTY-FOUR

Art Club

The Art Club was not formed until late this year. We hope our ambitions for the future will fill in the present space of several First Years in our Club seems to assure this.

Members did some interesting sketching and other practical work during Club meetings.

The main achievement of the club this year was a College Art Exhibition, which was shown in the Art Room in third term. The Art Club hopes to make this Exhibition an annual feature of its programme and, with Miss Smith’s assistance in stimulating enthusiasm throughout the College, the Club looks forward to an interesting and challenging 1965.

— JILL CALDER, President.

Music Club

Officers for 1964

President: Leigh Gemmell.
Vice-President: Paul Robertson.
Secretary: Elizabeth Gont.
Treasurer: Joy Thompson.

We had planned to perform Gilbert and Sullivan's The Mikado this year, but because of the absence of a club's period during the first and second terms, there was only time to prepare for the performance of a Choral Concert combined with a Gilbert and Sullivan. Under the title of An Evening of Music this proved to be a success although limited to a two night run.

The operetta selected was The Gondoliers, a concert version of which was staged with Miss Shedd’s narration. Unfortunately, the story between songs. Our thanks are extended to Miss Ferguson and to Mr. Orchard for our arrangements and conducting.

Paul Robertson as the Duke of Plaza-Toro (Ltd.) and Judy James as the Duchess, both gave fine performances and managed to teach David Gee and Jim Coleman, the two gondoliers, how to “gavotte sedately.” Making no attempt to win friends among the Venetian lower classes, they combined as the Grand Inquisitor, eventually untangled the plot by finding the King’s foster mother (Lorraine Russell) who declared Luzia (Bob Houston) the rightful King, thus allowing him to marry his beloved Casilda (Jennifer Bell). Naturally they all lived happily ever after in true Gilbert and Sullivan traditions. “And of that there is no manner of doubt, no possible doubt whatever!”

With the re-establishment of the clubs’ periods in third term a social group was established under the able direction of Elizabeth Behan. An anthem was also learned for the Graduation Day, 

We extend our best wishes to the 1965 executive.

President: Bob Houston.
Secretary: Anne Caldwell.
Treasurer: Dret Tarnawska.

— ELIZABETH GONT, Secretary.

Debating Club

After much haggling, begging, pleading and imploring, we finally secured a team to debate against the University. However, a sad thing happened; the University team did not turn up and we had to argue amongst ourselves to justify the existence of our Club. Wagg was a different kettle of fish. We made up our minds to win and that’s exactly what we did—hands down (and by one point anyway!). The topic was “That Democracy is not safe for the World” and we took the Opposition. The Inter-collegiate team consisted of Ian Nettleton, Ted Stubbins, Roger Donoghue, Helen Nash and Bronwyn Benbow.

I can only wish next year’s team all the success such a “hard working” club deserves. The Debating Club of 1964 wishes to thank the Club’s adviser, Mr. D. Chaston, for the time and thought he has given to the club.

— BRONWYN BENBOW, President.

Social Club

The Social Club had a most successful year. 

Dances ranged from quite popular to dances to “rip-roaring” shows such as the beatnik and gangster nights. The neighbours were sufficiently disturbed by some of our louder bands, one of which went so far as to wear vivid orange suits throughout the college. The Social Club had at its disposal a chart ranging from gross inactivity to the pinnacle of industry. Like other college institutions we had a perennial battle with apathy. The Social Club’s adviser, Mr. D. Chaston, for the time

The gentlemen distributed petitions protesting against French Nuclear Testing in the Pacific. Similarly we supported the rights of citizens to lawful, democratic demonstration: and protested against alien registration and the suspension of the right of students to demonstrate in Sydney.

The executive forged a liaison with the Newcastle Teachers’ Association and other trade union bodies. We were able to support teachers in their demands for salary increases, and return received assistance in our campaign for compensation rights.

Our principal activity was centred on compensation claims. The keynote of our campaign was dignity and perseverance. After months of patient, passive appeals, through the correct channels, we were able to secure direct action. As a result, the State Government
were established with Students' Union officials and the T.T.A. representative had voting rights. However, the T.T.A. does not regret its loss of voting rights in the S.R.C. Newcastle can justly claim to have been in the van of the struggle for compensation rights, we provided the impetus which resulted in the State Government's pronouncements.

On behalf of the other members of the executive, John Greig and Margaret Bruce, I thank all those who have assisted us throughout the year. We extend our best wishes to our incoming officers, under the leadership of Hans Hiebink. I trust the record of the association which resulted in the State Government's pronouncements.

The third term saw an innovation which was conducted by Father B. Walshe, was held at St. Thomas More Society; it was attended by a large audience, whether willing or losing. The swimming carnival and athletics carnival respectively. The swimming champions were Gail Turnbull and Michael Evans while, from the athletics field, the champions were Dianne Pease and John Lane.

A total of seventeen different sporting clubs participated in their respective competitions, some locally and some at the Inter-collegiate level. The teams had mixed results but always showed a keen spirit and a healthy attitude, whether winning or losing. Our thanks go to John Dennin and John Sproul as our guest speaker.

One of the students attended the host college to give their presentation of proposed plans for the Student's Union building at Shortland. Our incoming officers, under the leadership of Hans Hiebink. I trust the record of the association which resulted in the State Government's pronouncements.

Although the year ended in the most College credit, we are grateful for the support of the students, both as a section and individually. Scott's Shield, awarded for showing the most College spirit in all activities. We hope that the Nick Simon's Shield, for the win at the Swimming Carnival, will be both gained by this section, together with numerous awards for other activities. For the first time in three years, Newcastle College had the pleasure of an Inter-collegiate meeting away from home. This College with ten teams competing was the guest of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College. More than ninety students attended the host college and we hope that the students will continue their efforts to unite the Catholics of the world in various ways. The third term saw an innovation which was conducted by Father B. Walshe, was held at St. Thomas More Society; it was attended by a large audience, whether willing or losing. The swimming carnival and athletics carnival respectively. The swimming champions were Gail Turnbull and Michael Evans while, from the athletics field, the champions were Dianne Pease and John Lane.

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**Women's Hockey**

This year we had a very successful season. Three teams were entered in the Saturday Hockey Competition, our A Grade reaching the semi-finals. In a very close match, we were defeated by Novos, 3-1.

Our two A Reserve teams didn't do exceptionally well in the Saturday Competition but, with more practice, hope to improve next year.

The game at Wagga was most interesting and closely contested, Newcastle defeating Wagga 4-3. Wet conditions hindered the speed of the game, but not the enthusiasm of the players.

We entered our A team in the first division of the Mattara Carnival and drew one all with Dover Heights, lost to Oxords 1-4, and defeated Y.W.C.A. 2-0.

Congratulations are extended to next year's committee.

**President:** Margaret Lowe.  
**Secretary:** Denise Cregan.  
**Treasurer:** Kay Gordon.

The club extends its sincere thanks to its Adviser, Miss Abernethy, for her help throughout the season.

We would also like to wish the Women's Swimming Club much success for the coming year.

- **JENNY CLUSE,** President.

**Fencing Club**

Lack of facilities again prevented this club from entering as many participants as in previous years. Miss Lan Sansom and Mr. Osher Habel, explored fully the possibility of setting up a Fencing Club. It would be interesting to see two Club Periods and it is hoped that this club will again operate during these periods.

- **OTHON HABERL,** President.

**Swimming Club**

The Swimming Club conducted its championship early in the college year and support was very good but must be improved next year. The swimming pool became quite a favourite. The more successful competitors enjoyed a trip to Sydney where they competed against the cream of the Teachers' Colleges of N.S.W. Mick Evans, Section 108, our only winner, was first home in the 440 yards.

Best wishes to the executive for next year.

- **JOHN DENING,** President.  
- **BRENDA WEATHERSTONE,** Secretary.

**Women's Basketball**

Mixed Success! This would be, perhaps, the best way to sum up the activities for 1964.

As in previous years, a team was entered in the Saturday afternoon basketball competition. Unfortunately, owing to a lack of available members, this team was forced to withdraw midway through the season.

However, Inter-collegiate selections brought forth a very able team which, after several weeks of solid training under the expert guidance of Miss Pearce, narrowly defeated Wagga in an extremely fast and close game.

It is hoped that next year all those who can play will come forward to support the College team. On behalf of the Club Executive for 1964, I wish you a very successful 1965 season.

- **DIANNE PEASE,** President.

**Women's Softball**

This year was a very successful year for Softball. This may seem a strange statement because in the only match played this year the College softball team was defeated 32 to 30 by Wagga. However, from the point of view of general all-round ability of the girls, their spirit in training together, the wonderful attendances at training sessions and their spirit in the game against Wagga, it was a most successful year.

The team was fortunate to go down against Wagga. However, I was very pleased with their performance and proud of the way they kept together as a team despite the difficult circumstances. It would be unfair to single out any person for special mention as all played very well, but on their performances at training and matches at Wagga, Meg Lowe and Kay Gordon have been recommended to receive an Award of Merit. The inter-collegiate team was Sue Wahle (Vice-Captain), Verona Fraser, Jill Bickmore (Captain), Christine Beston, Lyn Ditton, Denise Anderson, Kay Gordon, Ann Bennett, Meg Lowe and Val Smythe.

The Softball Club Committee for next year is Kay Gordon, President, and Meg Lowe, Secretary-Treasurer. As retiring President of the Club and Captain of this year's team I would like to take the opportunity to wish the girls every success for next year, both in spirit and in match-winning ability, and to thank Miss Pearce for her wonderful assistance in the training of this year's team.

- **JILL BICKMORE,** President.

**Squash**

Squash this year got away to a good start with forty-five attending the first meeting. Unfortunately, one court was under repair but we managed to get everyone a game on one court only.

Attendance settled down to a regular fifteen to twenty people each Tuesday night, making cost a reasonable four shillings with each person getting about fifty games. In the championships held this year there was a very high standard.

The championships held three weeks before Inter-collegiate resulted in Patricia Pidgeon winning the women's championships from Helen Gellibrand and Glenda Arnold. Unfortunately, no Inter-collegiate team was selected since Wagga could not field a team.

- **BILL FILSON,** President.

**Rugby Union**

During the 1964 season the College Union Club entered two teams in competitions conducted by the Newcastle Rugby Union.

The President's Cup team was most successful, winning the Grand Final against Technical College, 25-13 (7 tries to 2), while the third grade side handed in some good performances although it did not make the semi-finals.

There was a good blending of first and second years throughout the teams and we hope that the mediums of size, speed and experience in the President's Cup team, breakaways Paul Curran and David McCann, were outstanding and were well supported by other second years including forwards Murray Dennis, Peter Susa and Greg McGugh and backs, Ian Bowrey, John Nicholls, John Young and Dennis Yarrow.

Captains Angus Cameron was a fine leader, using size and experience to advantage. Former North Coast schoolboy sprint champion, Ray Cook, although hampered by injury, played brilliant football and combined with elusive, hard-running centre, Maurice Bird, and Dennis Yarrow, to form a very fast backline.

Allan had a good season at halfback, as did Mick Evans in the prop forward position. Bruce Riddell was a useful utility.

In the third grade side Dick Harrison, Robin Ireland, Peter Board, Roger Johns and John Archer were some of the players who did well. Space does not permit me to mention all. Through injury and unavailability this team was constantly changed and so found it hard to settle down as a combination.

The club wishes to thank its faithful supporters, foremost among whom was College Principal, Mr. Duncan. Thanks are extended to Lecturer-Coaches, Mr. Whittingham and Mr. Nicholls, for their great service. The club hopes that some form of organised student support will be organised next year--it is a necessity for a football team.

Every effort is to be made by the club to interest ex-students of the college in forming a first grade team. This is an ambitious plan but could be done.

Training sessions during the year were ragged and attendances at some were poor. We are hampered, however, by the lack of a suitably trained ground and clashing lecture times. A constitution now being drawn up will help to ease this and other problems that have occurred during the year.

I wish to thank the club for the honour bestowed on me in my election as President. I congratulate all members on a successful and enjoyable season and hope that 1965 will bring major honours to the teams.

- **BRIAN COLLINS,** President.
Rifle Club

The rifle club started the year off with a bang! The usual locale of the Stockton Rifle Range was again used for the "shoots" of 1964. Once again, "shoots" on Saturday mornings yielded no casualties and we hope that this outstanding safety record will continue during 1965. Our membership was considerably larger than that of last year and attendances at "shoots" were very good.

The club champion was decided from the concluding two "shoots" of the year.

—KEN YOUNG, President.

Athletics

Have you ever organised an athletics carnival with your fellow members? Then join the Athletics Club and repeat this phenomenal managerial feat in 1965. However, my reliable Vice-President/Director of Athletics couldn't overcome this slight difficulty with the never-ending help of the P.E. staff and held our Annual College Carnival this year.

The club also managed to muster a team for Summer Inter-collegiate and surprised the opposition. The chairing enthusiasm of the average College student, the se

Treasurer: Rosemary Neal.
Vice-President: Pat Knee.

Women's International Rules Basketball

A keen sense of team spirit and regular training sessions using the new backboards has been the base of a very successful year for the I.R. Basketball Club.

The Club members are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and teamwork during the Winter Competition. Their effort has been well rewarded as they are at present leading the point-score.

The Inter-collegiate team approached the Wagga match with a great deal of confidence: however, we were narrowly defeated (by two baskets) in a tense match of very high standard.

To single out any player would be almost impossible as the success of the club has been a great team effort, and not the effort of individuals playing as a team.

Thanks are extended to our coach, Peter Morgan, and our Adviser, Miss Abemethy, for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

—DIANNE PEASK, President.

Men’s Basketball

The Men’s Basketball Club began well this year, managing to find enough new blood for quite a large team to be formed. We were able to acquit ourselves quite well in the trials matches but found ourselves in the "D" grade. However, after wins of 40 to 0 and 60 to 4, we were moved up a grade to the same standard as we had played the previous year. While we have not had any similar wins in the higher college we have had a more enjoyable game. No doubt we would be able to claim a more successful year of work in 1965 with a larger college interest in the game and the team.

The Inter-collegiate with Wagga resulted in a defeat of 59 to 19 but as a much closer game than the score implies.

Other club activities have included the construction of a basketball court at the back of the college and the conducting of a Referee's ticket course which, unfortunately, could not be completed.

The outgoing members of the club wish every success to the club in its activities for 1965.

—PETER MORGAN, President.

Badminton Club

Owing to the lack of support the club did not enter any teams in the district competition.

The championships were held in August and were most successful, with large numbers of entries. The standard of play was quite high and the winners are to be congratulated on their fine efforts.

The winners were:—

Ladies' Singles: J. Oldfield. 
Ladies' Doubles: B. Whitcher and V. Wexler. 
Men's Singles: P. R. Morgan. 

Since the majority of the winners were first years, this suggests a promising future in which the club has more members and enters in the district competition.

Best wishes are extended to the Club in the coming year.

—VAL WESKER, President.

Soccer Club

This year in the Northern Soccer competition we were not among the first four . . . or the first ten. However, 1964 has been a successful year for the College Soccer Club. After a lapse of some years the club has been active throughout the year, not just at Inter-collegiate time. This has been possible because of the enthusiasm of the fourteen or so players who made up our striking force.
Early in the year, members of the Club decided to seek entry into the Third Division of the Northern Soccer League. Our petition was granted, an arrangement with Technical College for the sharing of Technical Oval No. 2 was agreed upon, and we were under way!

Early in the season the team was in the "doldrums". Lack of experience, training facilities and the distances required to travel were probably the cause of this. Profiting from Mr. Whiteside's extensive experience with soccer, however, a higher and more consistent standard was reached. Climax of the soccer year came during Inter-collegiate week when we played Wagga for the Inter-collegiate Soccer Cup, defeating them by the comfortable margin of six goals to nil. Everybody played well. In particular Gordon Lardner, the right half-back, played the game of the season. John Compton, centre-forward, and John Sharples, left half-back, also shone, as did Kevin Nowlands, our goal-keeper. Spectators seemed to be amused at the persistence of the inside forwards, who converted many tries.

The executive for this year was as follows:
President, Terry Mullin; Secretary, John Compton; and Treasurer, Mervin ("Orange Boy") Filby. Our Secretary did a particularly good job of organisation and our Treasurer has reported that the Soccer Club has 2/4d. in the Bank. At the recent elections, John Sharples was elected as President for 1965, Kevin Nowlands as Secretary and Les Carter as Treasurer. Congratulations and best of luck for next year.

Thanks are due to Mr. Whiteside, our club adviser for the interest (which often involved his valuable spare time) which he showed in the team. The Club would also like to thank those supporters who added colour and excitement to the Sunday games. Before the end of the year, the Club intends to organise a suitable function to complete the Soccer Year in the best possible manner.

—TERRY MULLIN, President.
SOCIAL AND RECREATIONAL UNION
Back row: Rob Hodgkinson, Peter Capes, Ian Clarke, Elizabeth Gray, Leigh Cannel.
Front row: Wendy Miller, Ron Barber, Philip Magill (Chapman), Rod Willis, Ennis Whyte.
—McRae Studio

SPORTS UNION
Front row (L to R): Bob Hodgkinson, Tim Ward, Philip Magill, Brian Pugh, Allan Kidd.
—McRae Studio

PRESIDENT'S CUP
Back row: Ross Allen, Bruce Baldwin, John Coles, Ian Bowrey.
Middle row: Michael Carney, Gary Laver, Graham Chapman, Russel Mulroy, Dave Maddison, Barry Smith.
Front row: John Nicholls, Maurice Bögg, Peter Bosh, Barry Church, Dennis Moody, John Archer, Murray Simms.
—McRae Studio

THIRD GRADE UNION
Back row: Robin Ireland, Malcolm Chapple, Ross Pegg, Peter Youngren, Barry Todd, Peter Turner, Roger Treharne.
Front row: Tom Lawlor, John Butler, Peter Bosh, Brian Cullen (captain), David Wheddon, John Youngren.
Absen: Gary Cook, Dick Natchen.
—McRae Studio

SOCCER TEAM
Back row: Barry Steel, Kevin Hoy, Kathy Leveson, Angus Cameron, Peter Morgan.
Front row: War­wick Stubbles, Terry Mullen, Norm Sherrin, Inspector Geoff Clarke, Peter Turner.
—McRae Studio

SOCCER CLUB
Back row: Gordon Lamond, Leslie Gillies, Kevin Lawson, Brian Brignall, Geoff Thompson.
Front row: John Shorten, Brian Flannagan, John Collis (captain), John Cummings, Vic Grant, Alas Caldcrase, John Mathewes.
—McRae Studio