Altjiringa 1965

A Publication of the Altjiringa and Writers' Club

NEWCASTLE TEACHERS' COLLEGE
The Principal's Message

I wish to write of a problem, your problem, that of your future, your career as a teacher.

Many young people become teachers not because they particularly wish to be teachers but because there seems little else to choose after completing the secondary school course. After all, through teaching may not be the best of jobs, and does not pay as well as law, engineering, dentistry, medicine, or industrial management, yet it does offer a reasonable kind of financial security, fair chance of promotion and good superannuation. It has not the prestige or glamour of medicine, the personal challenge to create something real which is the mark of engineering or architecture; nor does it have the sense of intellectual mastery and superiority that is associated with science. It does have good holidays, short working hours in actual compulsory hours of attendance each day, and really good sick leave and long service leave conditions. If it is not the top of the professional ladder it is still far from the bottom of any imagined employment hierarchy.

Pupils, of course, are a problem. Schools would be better places, perhaps, if there were no pupils, but there is always a scapegoat to blame if the teacher fails. Blame can always be apportioned between T.V., pupil “laziness,” soft pedagogy, headmasters who do not use the cane, the “affluent” society, or even, in the last resort, the fault can be attributed to uninterested, unhappy, indulgent parents or to poor home backgrounds. How can the school succeed in struggling against difficulties of such magnitude?

And so many of us become teachers with a feeling of hard cynicism about it. The university is THE place really, that is the only place good enough for us. People there are really to be admired and envied. Who would wish to be a teacher if there were only a way of avoiding it?

Despite this suppressed resentment which expresses itself in so many different ways most young teachers make good. They find that there is a challenge in trying to help pupils to success in life. They find that real, living human being are more interesting, more appealing, than shadowy unreal images in literature or psychology text-books. As soon as the teacher responds to his pupils as being worthy of his affection, of his assistance, at times of his devoted self-sacrifice, he finds that his interest in his pupils is reflected in their greater interest in and respect for him as a person and a teacher, not as a mere instructor.

We of the teachers' college staff have sometimes felt about you, our students, as you will come to think about your pupils. We wonder how you will develop and what successes both of you will bring elation. A sound assessment allows for the whole of one's influence and the best assessment of a teacher is to be found in the lives of his pupils.

May each of you find in your work as teachers both happiness and fulfillment.

—G. H. DUNCAN,
Principal.

EDITORIAL

Another year will shortly draw to a close. With it will go many thoughts, hopes, ambitions and opportunities of so many different kinds.

Some take hold of the many opportunities available in the College and so enable their talents and abilities to be developed and made useful. Others are content to be swept along and show no active interest whatsoever. Two, three or four years is a long time, and involves a great deal of expense in staying at an institution such as N.T.C. This expense surely goes both ways for both the department and the student. In return for these years a lifetime of service, pleasure, and perhaps times of anguish will result.

But who correctly knows where fortune blows? Some day students of this College will be Masters, Mistresses, Deputy Heads and Heads, some will possibly go even higher in the service. Somewhere along the line a few will pause for a while and perhaps remember where it all began.

But College it not all sobriety and learning within these hallowed (wind resistant) walls. The system may be a little undemocratic in nature but this results in efficiency and a workable system. The college is full of students diverse in nature, different in background but joined in profession. The College IS the students themselves. The loud peals of laughter, noisy lectures and echoing verandahs — all represent the College. So too does silence, thought and study, exams and success!

College is a place to gain new friends and to lose old ones, a place to create things and a place to debate things, a place to enjoy and a place to loathe, but most important of all it's a place where you and I are developed as “teacher-types” and as individuals. No one person or thing can possibly be responsible for this development. One cannot say someone was responsible more than any other person. Indeed, we should be grateful to all elements even though we might not acknowledge such a sentiment at the moment.

The Editorial usually sets the tone of the paper or magazine. It is quite difficult to decide whether an editorial should begin and continue on a serious note or whether it should be written otherwise. To us such a problem seems unimportant. The “Annual Altjiringa” is a collection of the very best the College has to offer in the literary and social fields. It brings together all forms of College life. It is an infinitely long task to collect, edit, type, check and re-check the articles which are submitted, and it is an ever larger headache, naming the photos which record the faces of the section members, club members and society members. The magazine which ensues, however, is worth the effort and must prove a source of great satisfaction to those N.T.C. students who glance back in several years.

There is little more to say, other than to wish every student the greatest success possible. The good we do today becomes our happiness tomorrow.

Good luck, good spirit and good reading . . .

—SUE SAUNDERS.

—GEOFF TERRY.
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 I. Smith, A.T.D.

Biology:

Classics:

Education:

English:

Geography:
Edward A. Crago, B.Sc.; Peter G. Irwin, M.A., B.Com.; Ken C. Short, B.A.

Health Education:
Frank G. Grivas, M.B., B.S.

History:

Home Economics and Needlework:

Industrial Arts and Crafts:

Mathematics:

Modern Language:
Gay Reeves, B.A.

Music:
John S. Lloyd; Ruth E. Samsbury, A.Mus.A.; Marjorie G. Snedden, B.A., D.S.C.M.

Physical Education:

Physical Sciences:
The S.R.C. of 1965 has had to face two major problems, these being firstly to communicate with and secondly to interest the ever-growing student body with regard to the many college functions that are held throughout the year. Despite extensive advertising through section representatives, lecturers and college news-sheets and notice-boards, there seems to be a group of students who refuse to support college activities. Unfortunately, this group of students has reached such a number that the future of a number of events which should have been highlights of the college year is now in jeopardy.

The Council has taken two major steps in an attempt to interest students more in college activities. Firstly, it has press released the introduction of the college camp—an event that would surely promote friendship and under the college spirit, so evident in past years, will be done by our 1964 predecessors. The filing system and storage cabinets solved many problems and enabled time to be put into other activities.

The Sports Union worked well during the year. Its powers of organisation were evident on a number of occasions. Sporting Clubs were well equipped throughout their restricted seasons. In addition to last year's teams, the college was able to field two competition softball teams, an additional soccer team and a cricket team.

A successful week of Inter-collegiate activities was held in August against Balmain College. Newcastle won its first Inter-collegiate for three years against spirited opposition. The Inter-collegiate board, containing members of the S.R.C. and Sports Union, worked smoothly and organised a full social programme for the week. Through the dance, ball and luncheon we were able to meet the Balmain students and extend our genuine hospitality to them. The sporting events were watched by enthusiastic crowds who fully entered into the spirit of the week.

The Recreational Union was not as successful as it was in 1964, as it did not get the full support of all clubs. Steps have been taken to see that this will not occur next year. The Stage Co-ordination Committee has worked hard under President Ray Elkin and has played a big part in the success of college productions. Clubs are to be congratulated on the standard of these productions. Fortunately, the Revue and Mikado played before large audiences. Other attendances were on a smaller scale.

Two clubs, small in membership, have done tremendous work during the year. I refer to the "Altjiringa" Club which, under President Sue Saunders, has put out a number of news-letters through the year as well as collected material for the annual magazine. The Social Club, consisting of Judy McCarthy and a small group of girls, has organised frequent dances as well as done all the decorative work for the Annual and Inter-collegiate Balls. The venue of these two functions was changed to Winns' Shortland Room, an enjoyable evening. After a request from the S.R.C. and a subsequent petition, alcohol was permitted at the Annual Ball. The change was most successful and did nothing to lower the tone or standard of the evening.

Fees for full-time students in 1965 were £5 and half this amount for part-time students and graduates. This left the council with a little under £3,000 at its disposal. Of this £910 was given to the Sports Union and this was used to conduct sporting carnivals and the Sports Assembly, to purchase equipment for our sporting teams and to pay for their affiliations and registrations. The balance was given £480. With this it has produced a number of news-sheets and is, at present, completing the annual magazine. The Photography Club was given £115 to improve its equipment and facilities. It is hoped we will see more action from this club next year. The Music, Revue and Drama Clubs, as well as the Stage Co-ordination Committee, were given a total of £270 which was used on the three college productions during the year. Other items of large expenditure included £350 for Inter-collegiate, £60 for the Annual Ball, £250 for stationery, while £400 will be spent on the graduation dinner and ball. A college gift, costing in excess of £200, will also be purchased on subsequent petition, alcohol was permitted at the Annual Ball. The change was most successful and did nothing to lower the tone or standard of the evening.

In conclusion, on behalf of all outgoing students, I would like to wish our successors, Peter Hough and Rosalie Krause, well in their positions for 1966. I hope that when we return in May for Reunion Day we will see evidence of a strong college spirit and an active student body.

—BRIAN EDMUND COLLINS, President.

ALTJIRINGA AND WRITERS' CLUB

The Altjiringa and Writers' Club has functioned this year on a completely revised constitution and, although some aspects have proved difficult to follow, the amendments made earlier in the year should enable smoother running in the future.

Although a small group, the club has managed to produce a number of short publications. The first of these was the "News-letter," distributed during first term. The appearance of this issue was due to the efforts of Geoff Perry, the sub-editor. Geoff, not only edited, illustrated and printed the magazine but also spent the Governor-General's bursary helping us. We must also mention here Gayle Shipman and Dianne
Johnson who provided both company and moral support for our very harassed sub-editor.

The second “Newsletter,” although it boasted an editor, was more the result of three weeks’ panic and the voluntary efforts of several members of 210A, 206, and 110B. Printing became a professional concern under the leadership of Bob Hodgkinson who added much to the “newspapery” atmosphere with his spasmodic rages.

A block was purchased in first term and remains the property of the club. This block is used for the “Newsletter” cover that has been adopted this year. The cover was designed by Geoff Terry and it is hoped that the motif which is a feature of the design will continue to be symbolic of the club.

During Inter-collegiate preparations, it was felt that a Magazine would greatly boost the contents of those rather large envelopes. Although the Altiringa Committee agreed with such an idea, it was felt that the shortage of time would weigh heavily against such a production. Volunteers from 210A, 110B and 106 helped overcome the lack of time. Thanks must again go to Geoff Terry and also to Pam Rees who have spent much time on editing and proof reading.

To the incoming executive under the leadership of Pam Rees and Ruth Brand we wish every success and, if publications next year are as well received as were those of this year, success is assured. In conclusion, we thank Mr. B. Smith for his continued support and encouragement and for the recordings provided during club hours.

-SUE SAUNDERS.
-GEOFF TERRY.

Around College

New Lecturers

This year thirteen new lecturers were introduced to N.T.C. Apart from Miss Sainsbury and Mr. Lloyd, “Altiringa” did manage to interview each of these lecturers individually. To Miss Sainsbury and Mr. Lloyd, we offer a belated welcome. We sincerely hope that the first year at Newcastle Teachers’ College has been enjoyable for each of our new members of staff.

House System

The decision of dividing the College into Houses cannot have been an easy one. However, proved a practical system in view of the diminishing number of men in the College. We note that Newling House has stolen the lead in carnivals and offer congratulations to the leaders of that house.

Swimming Carnival

The programme got away to a good start and most events started slightly ahead of schedule. The championship events provided good spectator material with some close finishes in the running. Tony Sullivan took out the mile, 880 yards, and 440 yards with some very smooth running, while holding off the challenges of Don Kirkland. Julie came in second and Helen Rodenhuis third. “Champion Men’s Athlete” was Roelof Wever and Kevin Scanlon ran a close second. In house competition Newling ran away winners with 174 points, followed by Mackie 135, Cole 121, and Turner 116. The house spirit which was evident should be gratifying to the P.E. staff.

-Ali McCUBBIN.
National Fitness

An interesting number of students have been representing N.T.C. at National Fitness Vacation and Training Camps. It would seem that an even greater number will be applying for the Christmas period and, by next year, Newcastle could well number with those Colleges who traditionally support this branch of the Dept.

The "AI" Winter Inter-collegiate

N.T.C. sent a small group of students to compete in the Annual Summer Inter-collegiate. Field and track events were held at Mark's Oval and the Swimming Carnival was held at North Sydney Olympic Pool. The winning College was Wollongong, and it was suggested that the newly established P.E. course at that College aided the win. Other Colleges competing were Sydney, Balmain, Alexander Mackie and Newcastle.

Winter Inter-collegiate

Newcastle played host to Balmain this year and the Inter-collegiate as a whole was extremely successful. Organisation of grounds and time-tableing was a credit to the P.E. staff, who must have been satisfied with the large numbers of students who attended as spectators.

The highlight of the Inter-collegiate was undoubtedly the inter-col. Ball which was held at Wills' Shortland Room. This Ball proved that it is possible to enjoy oneself without the stimulus of alcohol. Staff members from Balmain joined in the spirit of the evening and we noticed Mrs. Frame of the Balmain staff charlstoning very well during one of the faster "numbers."

The Annual Ball

The Annual Ball was a great success and broke tradition in two spheres. Firstly, it was held away from the Town Hall and, secondly, alcohol was officially permitted. Both dress and behaviour remained at a high level and it is to be hoped that this year's success will argue strongly for a similar arrangement next year.

Congratulations

To the President for '66, Peter Hough, and the Vice-President, Rosalie Krause, we wish every success. Rosalie's election is of particular interest as she is the first Fourth year to have held this position. Maybe this will lead to more cooperation between Future Fourth Years and the remaining two-year trainees. We certainly hope so!

SUE SAUNDERS

MY CLOSE FRIEND

Walter is a close friend of mine and I could tell that something was wrong as soon as I saw him.

He was dropped over a chair, hands hanging limply between his knees, staring ahead with a fixed, glazed expression. His bottom jaw had dropped open and was resting on his chest.

"Anything wrong, Walter?" I asked. He uttered a hollow laugh and, without turning his eyes to my face, thrust a crumpled letter at me.

My first assumption was that one of his infamous relations must be coming to stay with him, an occurrence which would merit this state of collapse. However, as I read the letter, I discovered that Wally's fate was even more sinister.

The local school—the Sommerville Select School for Boys—was having its annual prize-giving and had difficulty in finding a suitable speaker, till Walter's girlfriend, Pamela, had volunteered his name. The headmaster was especially pleased, the letter concluded, that the speaker should be an author of children's books and would, therefore, have experience in communicating with children.

"What can I do, George?" Walter bleated. "You know I can't address those little beasts!"

I could see his point of view. Walter may be an excellent writer, but he is also painfully shy—by the kind of thing that may be seen at parties, sitting in corners and doing their best to blend in with the wallpaper.

"I can't refuse, or Pamela will say I purposely embarrassed her. What on earth can I do?"

I tried to sound convincing. "Go through with it, of course. It won't be so bad. Look at old Fred Summers. He gave out prizes at the Sunday School picnic without so much as a tremor."

"A whisky and soda? Good choice. Just what I could have to drink?" Walter was mildly baffled. "Should I have put soda in it? George, the workings of justice!

"It's a beautiful, glorious day, is it not, my good friend George? Birds are fluttering, flowers are blooming and the sky is blue. This is a beautiful, glorious day, and we live in a beautiful, glorious world." Walter was speaking rather thickly, and at close range I could see that his face was flushed and I detected a familiar odour of collapse. However, as I read the letter, I discovered that Wally's fate was even more sinister..."
The boys joined in Walter's infectious laughter rather hesitantly, glancing at their headmaster, who was standing with his hand silently bowed and his hand across his eyes. I could see his lips moving but could hear no sound.

Taking the head's silence to mean that he had finished, Walter clumsily got up and lumbered over to the platform. The party consisted of the usual variety of men in dark suits and women in flowery hats. Walter was beside a tall, angular woman who asked though her shoes were full of walnut shells. He was talking rapidly in a loud voice, to the woman's obvious embarrassment. Finally he leaped into silence and sat with his arms folded across his chest, staring straight ahead with a brilliant, fixed smile.

I flinched as my name was mentioned and crouched low in my seat.

"Robinson," the headmaster corrected him.

"You might as well take the prize, I suppose." Walter handed the prize to R. M. Milford, who departed as B. W. Blair was summoned.

B. W. Blair was a tall lad with short pants and red knees. Looks very dull to me. You might as well take it away."

"We are extremely happy to have you with us today," said the headmaster. "That famous air of boys for boys." Mr. Robertson. In a flash Walter came out of the trance into which he had drifted.

"Robson," he said distinctly. "Robinson," the headmaster corrected himself.

"Robson." "Er-I should say, Mr. Robson."

"Of course you should, you silly fool," said Walter condescendingly. "All right, push on."

"He doesn't look much like an R. M. Milford to me," Walter told the head. The headmaster passed a hand across his forehead.

"You might as well take the prize, I suppose." Walter handed the prize to R. M. Milford, who departed as B. W. Blair was summoned.

B. W. Blair was a tall lad with short pants and red knees.

"So you won the Geometry prize?" "Yes, sir." "Yes, you look just the little worm who would win the Geometry prize. Don't gloat, though. Anyone can win the Geometry prize.

A red-faced, sandy-haired boy walked stilly onto the platform.

"You R. M. Milford?" asked Walter suspiciously.

"Yes, sir." "He doesn't look much like an R. M. Milford to me," Walter told the head. The headmaster passed a hand across his forehead.

"You might as well take the prize, I suppose," Walter handed the prize to R. M. Milford, who departed as B. W. Blair was summoned.

B. W. Blair was a tall lad with short pants and red knees.

"So, B. W. Blair, you've won the Geography prize. How long does a girl need to have a man to support her? She can support herself-no trouble—any simpleton can get a job."

Still old habits die hard and every mother says to her son: "You're young yet, stay with me—you're only fifty-eight!"

"If any woman then that females are conditioned to think that they're missing out on something if they don't get married?"

"But let us examine what they are missing out on. Have you ever seen anyone less likely to trip than me?"

You're stuck with him. You can't trade him in on this year's model—"Agnes, get up, you've got to get me off to work!"

So, all you married women what'll you do? You can't trade him on this year's model—you're stuck with him.

So, all in all, a single girl's better—provided she knows her head!—JANE EYRE

ON BEING MARRIED

BY A SINGLE GIRL

WHY IS IT that the criteria for judging a successful female husband is? Is it so "bad" in this modern day and age to consider the prospect of staying single?

Times have changed. You no longer does a girl need a man to support her! She can support herself—no trouble—any simpleton can get a job."

Still old habits die hard and every mother says to her son: "You're young yet, stay with me—you're only fifty-eight!"

"If any woman then that females are conditioned to think that they're missing out on something if they don't get married?"

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WE DREAM

Existing in the subconscious mind is a weird association of unconscious, unanalyzable figures. Is this association? Is it a symbolic summary of events, problems, life, the condition of the mind? We dream. The dream, the unconscious, growing out of the darkness, trapping, enfolding, stifting the fettered shapes in its shroud of dust. Something of the known, of the unconscious, of the deep mind, of the soul.

"Think of the existence of this sea of consciousness higher than the Barrier Reef, while her pot-bellied husband looks at the legs on the beach.

A single woman, on the other hand, can look at the pot-bellied man and say: "Wow!! Think of the existence of this sea of consciousness higher than the Barrier Reef, while her pot-bellied husband looks at the legs on the beach."

"A red cloud looms over the horizon like a huge swarm of bees, but in the battle the lion, kangaroo and eagle armed with hammers and sickles, destroy the dreaded sting and the cloud is beaten into the earth from which a united nation grows."

Startled, we awake, looking through the alert eye at the clock, groan, turn over again and promptly return to our unconscious—"BEVERLEY PEATIE

THIRTEEN
I used to see her every morning while driving to work. I can't really remember the first morning that I saw her, but it was just the established routine every day, as I drove past, to look for her at the corner where she waited for her bus. I don't really know why I even looked at her as she certainly wasn't beautiful. Perhaps it was her clothes—these were always bright and of the most unusual styles imaginable, although I was well informed enough to realise they were the ultimate in modern fashion. Or perhaps it was the way that her hair was always in a different style. When I say "always," I don't mean that it changed periodically—it was actually different every day of the week. I'm sure I don't know how she managed to curl and pin it in so many ways: the only solution that I could see was that she might have had a professional paid specifically to do research for her. Or, again, I might have been intrigued by the fact that she always had an oversized bag stuffed with huge parcels of what appeared to be bundles of paper or cardboard, the daily carrying of which would certainly have been demanding to a Spartan.

The overall impression that she gave was one of awkwardness, and this could possibly explain my interest. As I had never had an awkward moment in my well-organised life, I could afford to be amused by this quality in other people. This impression was made concrete on a couple of occasions when she very nearly missed her bus. The spectacle of her quickened leggy gait (which couldn't be termed a "run"), with attempts at preserving both modesty and the possession of her king-sized rucksack made me roar so loudly that I stalled the secretary. To say that I was of Grecian physical stature, therefore, was great when who should be presented as his secretary, Miss Sharel Jones, but the girl with the rucksack, although this had been replaced by a small case from which she promptly produced pencil and pad. She had a silly short skirt which moved all the time when she walked and, as expected, her hair was in yet another style, this time in waves and curls all over her head.

I didn't know how to begin speaking, but my embarrassment was unnoticed as she began, "How do you do, Mr. Long. As you know Mr. Hogarth considers himself an authority on the strength of industrial workers."

She stopped and looked at me. She had green eyes shot with specks of gold, and her lashes were darkened with mascara. But her eyes looked so far away that I didn't know how to answer that," she said quietly, "except that Mr. Hogarth does have some whims, and it is not my place, or yours, to criticise him as long as he continues to employ me and does not inconvenience you. I am here merely to obtain your permission to take photographs. You may refuse me this permission but that is, of course, your concern." I felt squealed, but regained my composure sufficiently to become hypnotised again, this time by her dimples in her cheek with a freckle right in the middle of it.

"You have my permission, Miss Jones," I said, "but I think it better if I went with you and Mr. Hogarth on the first couple of days as I know the industry and would be able to help you with the positioning for camera angles and other such details." I wanted, for some reason or other, to see this girl again and soon. She smiled gaily, and her face suddenly was alive from her chin to her curls. "Thank you very much, Mr. Long," she said. "When will it best suit you for us to come?"
"I think tomorrow at eleven," I said, "that's if it is suitable to you."

"Oh, yes," she chirruped, "and thank you again.

With that she was gone and I was left in a daze until interrupted by the impatient buzz of the secretary's head. "Mr. Hogarth wanted to remind me of my luncheon date with another girl.

All afternoon I contemplated the following day with fear. Would I be again embarrassed if it is suitable to you?"

mind me of my luncheon date with another boring prospect of my mother's and I barked my nose in derision. "Was it my daughter's shortcomings."

had been quickly confirmed) with a huge camera."

next morning when I drove to work I was stopped on the way by a policeman insisting that I pay a fine for speeding. My common approachable, like a bear just before feeding, was discerned (that is, Miss Jones and I, while Mr. Hogarth and I were standing at a point that I nearly tripped over. I had never in my life been refused by a girl and the experience was really enough to stun my ego. When I finally arrived home (after staying at the office catching up on the work accumulated while I slept), mother's plans for my future drove me quickly to bed.

I awoke the next morning to find myself wondering what hair style would you wear?

When I arrived home for tea, all mother could do was ask what I thought of Mrs. Barry's daughter, whom I really a good cook, until I couldn't stand any more and told her that the girls had crooked ears and that they were too shy to ask to have lunch with another girl with ears so shaped. The truth was that I wouldn't have recognized the girl again, even if she spoke to me. This left mother wondering for some minutes and then she stated that she would discuss the matter with Mrs. Barry and encourage her not telling of her daughter's shortcomings.

The next move when I drove to work I was stopped on the way by a policeman insisting that I pay a fine for speeding. My common approachable, like a bear just before feeding, was discerned (that is, Miss Jones and I, while Mr. Hogarth and I were standing at a point that I nearly tripped over. I had never in my life been refused by a girl and the experience was really enough to stun my ego. When I finally arrived home (after staying at the office catching up on the work accumulated while I slept), mother's plans for my future drove me quickly to bed.

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I awoke the next morning to find myself wondering what hair style would you wear?

When I arrived home for tea, all mother could do was ask what I thought of Mrs. Barry's daughter, whom I really a good cook, until I couldn't stand any more and told her that the girls had crooked ears and that they were too shy to ask to have lunch with another girl with ears so shaped. The truth was that I wouldn't have recognized the girl again, even if she spoke to me. This left mother wondering for some minutes and then she stated that she would discuss the matter with Mrs. Barry and encourage her not telling of her daughter's shortcomings.
lone figure on the rock. His eyes were bright and staring with hysterical madness — his face clean and smooth-pink, washed clean by the rain and water of the streams and holy river Ganges. He saw not an old man sitting on a rock but a different figure, an image carved into rocks and trees, flowers clothed in a flag of deep saffron and dark green with the white central belt and the dark blue charka in the centre.

The young man prostrated himself at the feet of the old man and lay there for half an hour and then quickly and sprightly jumped up till he stood closer to the old man and stared into the face of the image.

"Oh image, oh god, I have knelt here for hours with my hands up to the sky; I will tell you which direction I am to take. Do I go south or turn back north to the Himalayas? Am I to sing India be free or imprisoned? Tell me, oh image — thou silent one."

The old man gazed at the face of the young man but he did not speak — madness is best left for the spirits to cleanse. Why does he disturb me? I'll not speak and he'll leave me alone.

"Good and generous god, holy Image, don't leave me until I have found a sign and I'll go." But he left without a sign and turned back to the north on the way to the Himalayas.

—LANA SANSON.

PROBLEMS LARGE AND SMALL

Anyone who has been associated with a poultry farm since the advent of the Egg Marketing Board knows that it is only those farmers who have been slick enough to outwit the Egg Board who have made any profit from eggs unless, of course, they happen to own a flock of laying hens where hens without eggs are in great demand; as a last resort, for those members who have become over-heated.

You may build the most modern poultry sheds with the best possible aspect, and equip them with the best available electric brooders that your chicks are cozier than you. You can, at great expense, purchase the best breed of chicks that will eat the most expensive chicken mixtures from daylight to dark. But, when they have sampled this, as well as a mixture of sand, shavings, and fine shell grit, they are apt to take a fancy to a diet of feathers which they pluck unmercifully from each other.

Should you happen to take a day away from the farm to attend your grandmother's funeral, you are likely to return to find the shed floors strewn with beaks and claws and one over-one-sized rooster crowing in the middle of the caucalistic scene. You are observant and resourceful enough to notice the first patches of bare flesh and call in the assistance of a Veterinary Surgeon, but will cost you more than a visit from your family doctor. But this could mean that your brood of little savages will be served from each other's wrath by some gentle method — such as cutting off their beaks.

Turning the chicks loose in a large area enclosed by six-foot-high wire netting is another deterrent from cannibalism. However, one then encounters the enemy on four legs — these are the cats, foxes and stray dogs. The first two mentioned will spring over the fences with amazing agility and spring right back over, mostly under cover of darkness, carrying their quarry. Until your little flock has diminished noticeably (which could be some weeks after the baby foxes first fought over chicken bones) you may be blissfully unaware of the slaughter going on.

Dogs are more easily detected. They scratch holes in the netting big enough to let either the chickens out or themselves in, according to the ability of the thieving dogs. Otherwise, should the netting prove too strong, they resort to digging tunnels under the fence, which leads (depending on whom your sympathy lies to disaster or success) — a man and a dingo trap are the only ways to deal with these four-legged creatures. Trapping could be dangerous sport, as one is liable to cut off the toes of a two-legged thief who may then sue you for damages. Even worse, one could end up in gaol for the manslaughter of one of these thieves, simply by mistaking a Davy Crocket hat for the rear end of a genuine, live fox.

My poor father battled through all of these hazards, bought and gathered eggs to salvage, but his hens began to die off with some mysterious disease just as they began to produce eggs. So he bundled them off to the abattoirs and decided to buy a mixed business in a nearby town.

When winter was over, the clover and paspalum began to wrestle with the kikuyu all over the farmland six miles away. White, pink, and black lantana and blackberries began to fill the gully. There was only one answer to the threat of bushfires later in summer — "cows." Many of us who think of milk only as something sold to you in a bottle and who have seen cows only from the windows of moving trains and cars would never believe that they have different personalities, just as humans do. At least the three red heifers that my father bought were all quite different.

Baubles, Bangles, and Beads were the names my sister gave them on the day they arrived. Nobody tried to guess their age, which would have been difficult to assess anyway, since there was very little paddling between their fairly large, bone-structures and rough long-haired hides. Their horns stood out from box-like heads; and their bellies, their biggest feature, suggested that separated milk twice per day with very little between meals had been their ration during the first few months of their life.

Obviously they had not been in contact with such grass that they were greeted with on our farm, and so one would have expected them to begin eating immediately. On the contrary, they decided to make an inspection of the boundary fences. These weren't the very best of fences, but there was some wire between the posts, and at least one strand of barbed wire all round. Admittedly, in some places the barbed wire was so rusty that an enterprising mother magpie had snipped off a few pieces and used them to edge her nest.

As summer progressed, these three happy animals contented themselves with cleaning up the natural grass and devouring any waste fruit and vegetables and any lost objects such as nails. When the grass grew scarce, we had to part with Bangles because she began to take a belligerent attitude towards our back boundary fence. Beads ended up in a neighbouring Dutch lady's garden.

This Dutch lady had nothing beside weeds in her garden, but didn't seem to realise Bangles was doing a good job of work. Bang came a broom down on poor Bangles, right where it would bring up bruises on the steak of tomorrow. Luckily, the lady had only recently arrived from Holland and spoke only halting English, so that most of what she said didn't worry us.

Bangles was the most docile of the three and departed as quietly as she had arrived. However, a little later on, when Beads began to scorn the boundary fences, the Dutch lady, armed with her broom, had no chance of scoring a direct hit. Beads had never allowed a human being to lay hands on her from the time we first knew her and so led the Dutch lady many a merry chase around the house.

During such a chase one day, the Dutch lady's foot came up against a loose strand of grass which brought her down, face first, in the drain leading from her bathroom. For some time now father had also been worried about the enormous quantity of metal objects that had been consumed by Beads; and, since he
fear that they would perforate her stomach, it was rather fortunate that the Dutch lady informed us of her accident. A decision was made to send Beads to market the next day.

So happened that Thursday was cattle sale day and also marketing day for the shop. Father went off to market early, feeling confident that he was able to manage the Beads without the help of my mother, who was just recovering from a bad attack of sciatica. Imagine the surprise we all received when the carrier arrived—a young jockey-type no more than seven stone in weight, armed with a thin length of cord no more than a yard long. A quick search in the toolshed, however, revealed a long, stout, but very rough rope that father had had in store for us.

Beads was in the best of condition, weighing about five hundred pounds, and as cunning as a rat. She took one look at the newcomer and decided that he was going to take her off our farm, it wouldn’t be he. The truck was backed up into our gateway, and the back door of the enclosed truck formed a ramp for Beads to walk aboard. Did somebody say “walk”? If other animals could be persuaded to do the same, the Beads could not—as we were to discover.

After a short game of hide-and-seek with Beads among the orange trees in the orchard (where she had been put), Dan the drover declared he was going nowhere fast. The cattle auctions were to commence at 10 a.m. and, since it was now 8 a.m., the time factor was important. Dan opened the orchard gate, and we watched the Usurper pass towards the front gate which, she calculated, would take her onto the open road. However, she had not calculated that we had almost closed the gateway. Thus she became wedged into a narrow opening between the back of the truck and the foliage of the laurel hedges at the foot of the orchard. We were sure the makeshift roof of a fair-sized pine tree did nothing to help Dan in his efforts to throw the rope over Beads’ neck. Had he still been worth his salt he could have thrown three, between possible freedom and certain death. The female Beads among the orange trees in the orchard formed the floor. Several minutes passed, while Grace leaned on the door in case it should slip open and the prisoner escape. Silence! Grace opened the door cautiously, charged, rubbing his rope-burned hands and spitting on them to ease the pain. He could relax now, as Beads had taken another contending not to leave the shed which had sheltered her on many a stormy night. So we all lined up along the length of the rope, and a tug-of-war which was so heavily loaded on the side of the beast that Dan finally re-entered the shed and drove her out.

Beads knew that there was only the length of rope round her neck, multiplied by two or three, between possible freedom and certain capture. Two legs thus found the fastening a hanging hole in the netting fence, and charged past Dan, my two sisters, and my mother. Catching the rope, she turned and charged towards the shed, the desper ate gleam in Beads’ eyes, I resolved not to allow my fleetness of foot to carry me out of harm’s way. I had never been much good where cows were concerned and so my loss was not felt. Suddenly, Beads took to the air, all five hundred pounds of her, and landed on the other side of a fence. She ran the length of the paddock and plunged through the fence that opened into little acres of open bush and the overgrown gully.

Dan and his female helpers straggled out of the background galore. How splendid those hopes they had of getting near enough to throw a rope over the neck of this red monster. After two or three minutes, and to tie the matter up, the girl, the Usurper towards the fowl sheds, my sister Grace had an idea. She flung the door of a deserted chicken house open. Sure enough, Beads cunningly took refuge through the open door, like an ostrich burying his head in the sand. Grace slammed the door after her; she had left it open long enough to allow Dan to disappear within, rope swinging, ready to capture his prize. I wonder if there isn’t more Beads cunningly took refuge through the open fence? She ran the length of the shed and Dan, the drover, got up from the peck in the shade of the laurel tree, where he had remained since his part in the capture, marvelling at the strength of our neighbour.

Beads protested until the end, hurling the rope with all her might, drooping, landing on her side. All used their last bit of energy, trying to force the animal aboard. Finally, they let her go, and scrambled to her feet. Our opportunity came, and, fired out, Beads was hauled aboard.

It was a long, long time for Beads arrived and we were delighted to find (for we could manage to laugh now) that Dan had deducted one pound since the animal had given him "a bit of trouble."—DONNA McCLELLAND

SIX LEGS

Morten, Flytov, the Flick man, fly swatters and for the less civilized (but just as practical), the bare hand and a heavy heel—a pest control method that has been around for many a stormy night. So we all lined up along the length of the rope, and a tug-of-war which was so heavily loaded on the side of the beast that Dan finally re-entered the shed and drove her out.

Beads knew that there was only the length of rope round her neck, multiplied by two or three, between possible freedom and certain capture. Two legs thus found the fastening a hanging hole in the netting fence, and charged past Dan, my two sisters, and my mother. Catching the rope, she turned and charged towards the shed, the desper ate gleam in Beads’ eyes, I resolved not to allow my fleetness of foot to carry me out of harm’s way. I had never been much good where cows were concerned and so my loss was not felt. Suddenly, Beads took to the air, all five hundred pounds of her, and landed on the
appear to be lifeless, but an amazing transformation is taking place. The protective casing that the caterpillar's organs are reduced to is a structureless pulp and built up again as the adult butterfly's organs. When the transformation is complete, the adult casing splits to reveal the butterfly. Its wings, at first only small fold-like organs, gradually spread as fluid is pumped into them to form the abdomen. When the wings are fully spread and dry, a beautiful butterfly emerges, its wings covered to a large extent with scales, like a fish. Did you know that a Christmas Beetle has two compound eyes each with four thousand light-sensitive cells? Did you know that a house-fly has two复数? How many variations on it. The story of the butterfly is typical of the life history of insects but there are many variations on it.

An insect is an invertebrate, having no backbone (no Menihords for him). Its body is covered to a large extent with a hard material known as chitin which forms an exoskeleton. Did you know that the wings of a butterfly is covered to a large extent with scales, like a fish? Did you know that a house-fly has two compound eyes each with four thousand light-sensitive cells, producing a mosaic-like picture and enabling it to see in almost every direction? Did you know that a Christmas Beetle has two pairs of wings, the kind pair of which fold into wonderful patterns when you touch them and are incapable of being pulled out. These are just a few of the fascinating features you will find by making an insect collection. Why not try it?”

Before you squash that fly on your neighbour’s back, think of what it represents — the most amazing class of animals ever to live, superior to man in changes brought about the extinction of many other classes; the class of which can bring both death and starvation to the class of animals which numerically rules the world; the insects which follow your every move during the summer months. Thought about it? Okay, now you can squash that bothersome insect, and thank your kindly stars that we have the scientific knowledge and a heavy enough hand to keep them in check.

—NEIL MccUBBIN

FOR ME AND MY GAL

They walked slowly, like lovers. His manners were marvellous. She must have felt like a princess. It was wonderful to see them moving gracefully down the tarry path. The birds exchanged their euphonic evening love-songs; the light breeze bristled through the trees and whispered through the grass.

She had an interesting walk, similar to a swaner — an even, swaying saunter. He plodded along before her, straight, naturally, happily. They reached the gate; she stopped and waited patiently and expectantly — he moved towards the posts, swung his front crossing beams to one side, and ushered his silent companion through with a gentle tap on her behind. The obedient female sauntered through.

The moonlight lent a soft, chiffon glow to the touching scene. It was obvious how much they thought of each other: he paid attention to her every utterance, and she occasionally, almost shyly, looked up with her big brown limpid eyes into his understanding face. He stroked her cheek, so smooth and soft; he gently caressed her back, and placed his hand across her shoulders.

They continued down the path, even more slowly than before; he thought back over the day — they had been constant companions, wandering through this field and that, sharing the work, and resting in the shade of the old chestnut tree. "Mmm! She's not a bad old girl!" he thought.

There was a pochitude in the path and, in case she mightn't see it, he gently led her around to ensure that she did not harm herself in the slightest, to prevent her from doing so, in fact she was necessary. He needed everything she could give, and he provided for her all that she needed to make her comfortable and contented.

The steps now were slower than ever; the darkness of a building loomed up — soon the parting had to come. Again, his manners were impeccable; as they reached the door, he pulled it open and courteously followed her in. She looked up at him, her brown eyes grateful and contented, and then moved to one side while he scattered the hay around and fetched the blanket.

Old Farmer Joe had gone through this ritual of bedding down for the night his favourite cow, Clarabelle. He lay there, contentedly, happily. That night he was really pleased to hear the familiar contented lowing. "Ahh! She's a good old girl!" he thought to himself as he quietly returned to the door, shut it, and stepped out into that romantically clear night.

—A. TYSON

MY UNCLE

Recognising the writing, I opened the letter.

"Dear John,

Only a short note seeing I saw you last week. Since you are going through Kinsdale on that business trip I would like you to call on your uncle, Mr. Wilberunkle. His mother and aunt are sisters. You’ll have to take a lot into account with the old chap, but I think you’ll like him. It’s many years since I saw him but I am probably right in saying he hasn’t changed much. Have a good trip.

Fondness regards,
Mother.

"Well, Jeez, I could do that," I thought. "Wont’ hurt to drop in on old Wilberunkle. Perhaps the old guy’s got something good out there." I didn’t like visiting relatives usually. You know, old times, old places, remembre the time when . . . and all the rest. Tried to avoid it as best I could. I guess this one won’t. Suppose he couldnt be any worse than the rest.

I thought nothing more of my old Uncle until I slowed down at the edge of this small town and needed a rather large sign, “Welcome to Kinsdale”.

“Oh! This is the place,” I said to myself. “I’ll stop down town and ask about him.”

There wasn’t much to the main street, only a couple of pubs, a few trees, several shops and two or three churches.

“Know a Mr. Wilberunkle?” I asked.

“Know him!” a couple echoed and began to laugh. “Who doesn’t know old Sam Wilberunkle. Anyways, what is it to you? You a cop or something?”

“I’ll stop down town and ask about him.”

“Speak so I’ll hear ya, laddy, or I’ll soon blow your head off.”

Strange old guy to meet. He invites you in and moves quietly to the back of the house and recommenced to sew up a pair of old trousers. “Make ya set at home,” he yelled. “Baths in the yard if ya want. I’ve got a soak for you up the line. Don’t uz too mucha the water an pull the plug when ya finish.”

He bustily went on sewing. Occasionally he coughed and one could hear the distant plop as he spat clear across the room to his favourite tin in the corner.

“Yer say yer related to me dear old Mum,” he said. “Which one? Me dad had six here over the years. Which one I says’?”

“Old times, old places,” I thought. "But don’t you worry none. Ya welcome ya stay as long as ya like for a couple days.”

With that he turned on his worn old heel and moved quite sprightly to the back of the house and recommenced to sew up a pair of old trousers.

“Know a Mr. Wilberunkle?” I asked.

“Know him!” a couple echoed and began to laugh. “Who doesn’t know old Sam Wilberunkle. Anyways, what is it to you? You a cop or something?”

“Know he yelled at everyone he talked to as if he had and quite often he got his words and pronunciations mixed up while it was obvious that he yelled at everyone he talked to as if they were deader than a doornail. Even without speaking, his personality seemed to shine out. He made peculiar noises with the teeth that he had and quite often he got his words and pronunciations mixed up while it was obvious that he yelled at everyone he talked to as if they were deader than a doornail. Thought about it? Okay, now you can squash that bothersome insect, and thank your lucky stars that we have the scientific knowledge and a heavy enough hand to keep them in check.

—NEIL McCUBBIN

FOUR TYPES

"Nothing, Wilber. I was just thinking out loud perhaps." I thought.

"Speak so I’ll hear ya, laddy, or I’ll soon lose interest. Ah, that’s got that for a while. I suppose you’ll want some grub, eh - ya can’t go hungry." Strange old guy to meet. He invites you in

TWENTY-THREE
and doesn't know a thing about you. In a way I'm sorry, he was always saying I was too young.

He buried himself in the back, slapping together a mixture of this and a mixture of that. As I drove along the highway, I could not help remembering the last time I had seen him. There were three years now since that time and, as I drove, I thought, "Three years is a long time," I thought. "I wonder if he's changed any. More than likely he's changed even more."

He didn't say much during this time, but I didn't answer. "Hardtimer, jam, over-ripe tomatoes, mouldy cheese, and. oh, may as well throw these away too."

"I'm glad I won't be staying long."

He wiped it on his sleeve and then resumed his knife quickly across his hips. Then he would say, "For what we are about to receive, God bless this food 'cause the devil won't. Amen.

TWENTY-FOUR

"I'm not the only one involved in feverish activity at this time."

As I drove into town I wondered whether we mortals may join these frolics. Conservative Students are plucky little people and they never miss an opportunity to express their discontent with the most insensitive heart. Look! They are waving 'Old Okes'."

A MATTARA SUGGESTION

The organizers of Newcastle's Mattara Festival are playing the etereal tinkie-music of our spirit friends who dance their ecstatic little gilliards and saltarellos, so full of rhythmic grace, and bearing such an aura of love that a tear is shed by the most insensitive heart.

We mortals may join these frolics. Conservatorium Students are full of grace, and those officers, full of grace, explain the
workings of a model Chichester Dam, built instead of water is pumped from the dam into the watercourses which meander through the glades and valleys.

Each effervescent bubble, a cunningly disguised fairy egg, releases a newly born water sprite which, wand in hand, spirits itself into the hearts of the people and releases their carefree joy-currents.

Volunteers from young women's organisations, undressed as mermaids and Sylphs, rove in bower of bracken and vine, as they distribute information on our city.

Police patrols, of course, are unnecessary. Happy citizens, bearing the appearance of gnomes, contribute to the atmosphere, for the gnome with his grotesque appearance, lantern jaw, cadaverous expression, long-out-of-proportion arms, bent at the joints as if with age, coarse complexion, and small, black, oriental eyes, is a truly fascinating creature. It is disturbed by children as well-meaning adults, however, he can become decidedly hostile and unpleasant.

Gnomes, in short chocolate coats with wide scalloped collars, bright buttons and green facings, brown knee breeches, stockings, and long, soft, pointed shoes are conducting sight-seeing tours in carriages built from pumpkins, and drawn by Fairy policemen disguised as mice.

True gnomes (man the food tables, delicately constructed from unseasoned timbers and placed under mushroom shelters, the fairy skilful farmers' leaving bare pinkish-white limbs and waist-long, silken, gossamer hair. Around their heads little garlands of tiny lights play in their poetry and writing. Some of the more adventurous merry-makers may like to try, as well as the human foods, some of the delightful dishes relished by the wee-folk—seasoned gnat cutlets; stuffed spider eggs; grasshopper wings delightfully sugared; and soup distilled from the sweet meats of sugar ants.

I do hope the Civic Fathers will consider my proposal.

-ROLAND S. BANNISTER.

THE AUSTRALIAN POET, JOHN MANIFOLD

It was through music that I first heard of John Manifold. I purchased a copy of his Australian Song Book and then it was my good fortune to meet this Australian poet at the University of New England Music School during January, 1965. John Manifold is a keen musician who played with the orchestra and lectured on the native music he had heard collected during a recent tour of China.

He has said that a strong sense of rhythm links his musical and literary activities. Even during the Music School we had the “sample” of his poetic ability in a verse on the technique of flute-playing. Often he has set his own poems to music and he has had the rare experience of composing tune and lyrics almost simultaneously.

Of course, the impressions and thoughts which come to my mind when I now read John Manifold’s poetry are coloured by my memory of the man himself, his very warm personality, his interest in and knowledge of music. Recent correspondence with the poet has encouraged me in this article on his life and poetry. I am grateful to him for his ready reply to my many enquiries.

John Manifold, born in Melbourne, 1915, began writing when he was about fifteen. Of his choice of subject-matter, he has said that “from time to time something...inspired his fairest poems; sometimes it comes up and begs to become a short story or a play; and one always knows which it will be.”

His years of study at Cambridge preceded his 1937 graduation, with Honours in Languages, with a thesis on poetry research and writing. His reading of a Modern Languages Degree introduced him to the poetic styles peculiar to French, German and Spanish writers. Following his discovery of Paul Valery, Aragon, Lorca and Brecht, John Manifold’s choice of all these together with influences from the South African, Roy Campbell, and the French-colonial poet plays an important part in his enquiries as to the amount of his writing during his years of study at Cambridge, John Manifold said: “The Cambridge Review (very serious and official); The Vita (very undergrad and frivolous) and the Jesus College Magazine (betwixt and between) testify to the amount I published, not to the amount that I wrote for exercise and burnt immediately after.” Some of his verse was included in Masefield’s 44 Poems, A Cambridge Anthology.

Many of the sonnets in John Manifold’s Selected Verse were written in Africa during the Second World War when the poet was a captain with the Intelligence Corps. He told me: “Besides working 14 hours a day interrupting enemy communications, a man must have relaxation...so I sat on a sand-dune, and did my best to perfect a technique of sonnet form.” Some of his sonnets and ballads, written in Africa and Europe during the war, insist on action for action’s sake. The central figure in this sonnet is a “Lieutenant, John Learmouth, A.I.F., who was the ‘central figure of his poem, the title of one of his best lyrics, ‘The Granta Murder of Garcia Lorca in August, 1936; and the Eureka Stockade of December, 1854.”

John Manifold toured the East in 1964. While in Tibet (Soviet Central Asia) he worked with the Uybek poet, Samig’ Abdukakhar, translating this poet’s verse. Some verse, in the original and in translation, was sent to the editors of Soviet Literature in Moscow for publication. John Manifold told me: “I envied the Chinese poets like Wei Wei, whose works come out in editions of hundreds of thousands of copies and are read by workers and peasants and soldiers, as well as by intellectuals.” This reading public, educated in the last fifteen years, values poetry for its wisdom, and clarity, he said, “not for being original or for being incomprehensible. Consequently our modernists would call modern Chinese poetry ‘out of date’ and ‘traditional.’”

On the standards of modern Australian poetry, John Manifold commented: “I think...
ROCK FISHING

Fishing can be a passtime, a hobby, or a way of life. My particular interest lies in rock-fishing. Although it is only a hobby for me, if circumstances were right it might make it a way of life. On the rocks, detached from care and responsibilities, I feel completely at peace with myself. The water and sky are the only things one needs to acquire some knowledge of the sea. This knowledge is used to give the fisherman some sense of control over the sea. There is no special depth, the most enticing bait, the feeding time of the fish—all must be considered. Bait is never a problem when one is rock fishing. There are pippies in the sand, cunjevoi and cabbage on the rocks, crabs in the crevices and in the watery crevice and sand. The old man is required even for the gathering of the bait. The tides must be watched and the location "cased" before committing oneself to a day that could be wasted if no bait has been gathered.

Rock fishing can be dangerous and, partly because of this, exhilarating. The fisherman must be aware and ever watchful of the tide rising and of the "big one" that might catch him unaware and sweep him off his perch. The old saying, "Man doesn't watch the sea; the sea watches man," appears all too often to have a great deal of truth in it. However, the good fishing, the beating rhythm of the waves, the almost-constant fish 'hopping' off the rocks, the calm and peace of isolation enslave many men to rock fishing. It is the closeness to nature achieved by fisherman that makes them devoted to rock fishing.

MELODIUS THUNK

Thelonious Sphere Monk's music has been a dominating, singularly individual force in the jazz of the last twenty years. It remains so today. His imagery, dissonant, gothic motifs, appear to be as difficult to play as to listen to. "This is also," the poet said, "a smaller selection of my poems coming out in Arabic."

—ANNE CALDWELL

"Monk has the kind of personal freedom that very few people have. He can keep his inner self apart from outside influences. I once spent the night at his house and when I woke up I saw Monk composing while the radio on top of the piano was blasting away Hill-Billy music. "I've never seen any other person with such ability to concentrate. Nothing bothers him, not his kids — not the bustle around his house — the else in the world matters to him but his music... nothing can distract him."

Monk's powers of concentration were first evident when he was a High School student of extraordinary mathematical powers. He uses this talent to invent his own rhythm and melody. A major reason for his success is that he has preserved a highly individual and hitherto unexplored musical problem. He comes upon a specific, concrete musical problem and proceeds to solve it and rely upon his own findings in the end. Usually reticent, especially on musical matters, Monk has commented (albeit very briefly) on his music: "Everything I play is different — different harmony, different structure. Each piece is different from the other one."

When asked where he thinks modern jazz is going, he is even less helpful. "I don't know where it's going. Maybe it's going to hell. You can't make anything go anywhere; it just happens."

Monk is now in his forties. He first came into prominence when, along with Parker, Gillespie, Charlie Christian and the others, he helped make the "bebop" style. His music, which now contributes to the Monkian piano tradition.

Even in the rich traditions of jazz. This can be heard in the first two lines of the opening chorus where the suddenly more complex harmonies round off the theme and lead strongly into the first improvisation. It is important to note that Monk is not as "one-handed" as his first chords often indicate. Later in this work the left hand work assumes major importance. Monk is a two-handed pianist in the James P. Johnson (his teacher-manager, Harry Colombo, finds Monk's powers of concentration amazing) style.

TEN YEARS OF MONK HISTORY

Monk developed an expansive, orthodox technique. Because he felt it limited rather than facilitating his solos. He has recorded with big bands — with his Thelonious Monk Quartet which plays regularly at New York's Five Spot and with baritone player, Gerry Mulligan; trumpeter, Clark Terry; tenor players, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Coleman Hawkins.

ROCK FISHING

It has to offer. Feet flap like a newly-caught fish as he Gillespie, Charlie Christian and the others, he helped make the "bebop" style. His music, which now contributes to the Monkian piano tradition.

Even in the rich traditions of jazz. This can be heard in the first two lines of the opening chorus where the suddenly more complex harmonies round off the theme and lead strongly into the first improvisation. It is important to note that Monk is not as "one-handed" as his first chords often indicate. Later in this work the left hand work assumes major importance. Monk is a two-handed pianist in the James P. Johnson (his teacher-manager, Harry Colombo, finds Monk's powers of concentration amazing) style.

Like Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington, Monk's works usually don't fare very well at all. He has, at least in part, been a technologically brilliant pianist, is pianistically superior to Monk on Off Minor but, other- wise, remains far less potent than the com- poser. Monk's group works are no less interest- ing. The most obvious sign of Monk's technical brilliance is his knowledge of the rich traditions of jazz. This can be heard in the first two lines of the opening chorus where the suddenly more complex harmonies round off the theme and lead strongly into the first improvisation. It is important to note that Monk is not as "one-handed" as his first chords often indicate. Later in this work the left hand work assumes major importance. Monk is a two-handed pianist in the James P. Johnson (his teacher-manager, Harry Colombo, finds Monk's powers of concentration amazing) style.
Fing for chorus upon chorus whilst the soloist and Johnny Griffin; and drummers, humour. On and produces a line of equal importance to many modernists belong. (especially when it is Coltrane or Charlie Parker). This is not so with Monk. Most of his records are devoted to his own compositions, which unmistakably bear his trademark but which, at the same time, allow the individual players to completely project their own personalities. Monk, however, has a debut side. His album Thelonius Himself, finds Monk in a series of ruminative explorations. This is a deeply personal album, which is pervaded by introspection. Each piece is taken at a lively tempo, with me to help prepare and then he can run off and join the rest of his mates. Because of the very relaxed nature of this session, however, Monk is tempted to repeat his themes, often of great beauty.

SCOUTING IN THE SNOWY

Fred was out bright and early. Not only had he volunteered to be a casualty but also he had said, "I shall arrange my own accident. All I want is one of the scouts to come with me to help prepare and then he can run off and join the rest of his mates." So I knew he must have his arms bandaged up. Well, I'd just done this when he fell over and started kicking his legs and I thought, "Gee, you're in a bad state." But as his legs up like I guessed, then I only had two bandages left. So I thought it would be a shame to waste them. So I put them on too. Then I came back like he told me. Do you think we should go and look for him, eh?"

Fred couldn't see the funny side of it, either. He made the white-clad Fred on the white-clad countryside and then they had done it only by forming a long chain and stamping their feet in the snow as they went, until it folded in the middle and sat up with a muffled yell.

OLD PASSY

"Old Passy" is one of those grand old homes that has always been a place of interest to me. My grandfather's ancient Ford which kept us on edge that it would soon roar to life at any moment, but never did. Until we had almost given up hope, it would emit the sound and reveal, in the process, two, shiny, gold front teeth. He would then simultaneously rub his tummy in a circular clockwise movement with one hand and slowly nod his head as if he had considered the subject of his latest moustache are related. He thinks we're trying to make fun of him.

Youth and old age are related. Every man on these homes, set on large grants of land midst the bush and the blacks. Colonel George Jackson has been the president of "Old Passy" for well over fifty years. He looks the typical British colonel — years now. He looks the typical British colonel — vous would expect to see glaring composedly at you from an austere-looking canvas in the National Art Gallery or even from an ornamental beer mug. Apart from his regimental appearance, he is known around Camden as a kindly old gentleman, with a large and impressive moustache, and he is proud of the fact that he doesn't have to wax it. He looks rather like the tusks of a wild boar, and some of the more vicious local children derive the greatest amusement from punning about "that old bore from the mansion."
recently moved from Queensland and my father purchased a fairly small dairy farm which adjoined the colonel’s property. At ten, the fields and pastures, the dusty winding roads across and around them, the farm animals, the trees and bushes, the green-blue mountains forming a horizon against a clear azure sky—these were only a few of the things which held a wonder and a fascination for exploration to me and, I guess, to all young boys who spend their youth in the country.

My father’s farm soon exhausted its unexplored corners, and so I began to look further afield—in fact, to the green fields of Colonel George. I had heard a great deal about Old George at the local public school and was overawed at hearing all the real and fictitious eccentricities attributed to him. But I was filled with the unerring, irresponsible confidence of my tender years and so ventured nearer and nearer, with “pie” excitement, to the “mansion on the hill.” On one of my “bug-and-misellaneous-rubbish-hunts,” as my father termed my excursions, I had explored the laid-out gardens and was just rounding the old wine cellar. The peaceful tranquillity of my errant thoughts was suddenly disturbed as if by a cannon boom from the colonel’s property. Seemingly from nowhere came a deep unmelodious—

“Cut his gizzards, open, string him up the tree.

For a traitor to our compance is no use to me...

My countenance changed remarkably for the worse and I fear I properly considered only the first part of this statement. Thoughts of murder, death and especially my “cut open gizzards” pervaded every recess of my mind. There was a sudden cessation of singing and a rather large, fierce, hairy face peeped close into mine from over an empty bush.

“My father’s got a big gun, and I’ve only got two pence on me!” came my timid but spontaneity.

“I won’t believe me. He didn’t even ask me all the usual preliminary questions adults ask such as liked school, what my father and mother did fill’ answer in a monotone because I am asked them so frequently by “tourists.” The tourists stop to pansive, they try to make conversation. Although the general public might even help recapture the sweet, girlish innocence which she last year’s weight when she became a tired housewife in the fashion world.

The designer also decides what accessories should be worn to complete each outfit. Here again, all he has to do is to advertise something which takes his fancy and then, as he had waved a magic wand, women will rush to the stores to buy shoes and handbags made of “mocco croco” or “baby gator” because the “reptile look” is in.

Many women today do realize that they are

**THIRTY-TWO**

Margaret Ray

**THIRTY-THREE**

He was narrating to me an experience from his tree-climbing days when he suddenly stopped speaking, in particular, he pointed towards the river. There, on the footbridge, a small boy had an unfortunate chook tied to the white handrail and was generally more concerned at pebbles at it with a rather deadly-looking sling shot. I heard the Colonel run panting up to the boy and he was narrating to me an experience from his tree-climbing days when he suddenly stopped speaking, in particular, he pointed towards the

**FASHIONS**

The fashions of today are largely dictated by the designers of clothing. Although the general public might be under the impression that it is generally what the public prefers in clothing design, it is often unaware of the subtle forces which have been working on each individual in the population. The thinker who breaks away from what the fashion of the day decrees emerges as individuals but, as many do not have the imagination to be completely original, they copy the individual and, before long, the original is completely obscured by copies.

Fashions are not realising that they are indeed being manipulated and that designers can make them wear what they have created, whether it enhances the appearance of the woman or not. In fact, women can be hypnotised into making themselves look grotesque and ridiculous with-out being aware themselves of their appearance. They do not attempt to dress to suit their figures and their personalities, but follow the styles seen on the mannequins in magazines and in fashion parades.

The designers also decide what accessories should be worn to complete each outfit. Here again, all he has to do is to advertise something which takes his fancy and then, as he had waved a magic wand, women will rush to the stores to buy shoes and handbags made of “mocco croco” or “baby gator” because the “reptile look” is in.

Many women today do realise that they are
EXERCISE IN METAPHOR

His snores were as regular as the perking of a pneumatic drill and as blind as a woman at a bargain sale. (Mara Brutans)

... (Margaret Ray)

The tingling in his feet felt like white ants hurled it with all his might-anywhere, away-everything seemed to be roaring, and everything stood still or drab; even the shops seemed alive, with flashing signs.

There was one mistake he had made. Though-buying the chickens. He wished desperately how he had not bought them for the crate was embarrassing him more each moment. ... E'vew people took notice of the little old man, hisoriasis, as a dyin duck in a laughing duck. (Margaret Ray)

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The old man's rheumatic, mask-like face like those of the other passengers, He was sweating now with the strain of his plight but tried to keep his head steady, "Hello," she replied, "Marina Marsh speaking. Who is that?"

"Whatever's the matter?" asked Mr. Atkinson sympathetically. "The silly girl gave an account of the ladder incident. Miss Gladys was so amazed that he just stood there, knocking it to the floor. She swayed in her black, brocade, and counted to eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. "Here she would step. She mustn't forget to wear my four-leaf clover brooch. Now where is it put? It must be around here somewhere."

"Miss Marsh," he said. Marina walked slowly, her elbow bumping the mirror on the wall and knocking it to the floor. She tried to comb her hair when Mr. Atkinson, the boss, walked up behind her. "Whatever is he doing? He looks so odd," she thought. "They will be sorry when they have his appointment from ten fifteen to ten thirty tomorrow morning."

Marina opened her eyes, and looked at the clock. "Hello," she muttered as she wrapped the dishes and put them carefully back into the kitchen. "Friday the thirteenth!" she muttered as she wrapped her handkerchief around the insulter finger. "Food is for energy, not for glutinous enjoyment." She washed the dishes and put them carefully back into the cupboard. "The old man's rheumatic eyes desperately tried to rack his brains for some way to recover the lost chicken and yet save himself from the terrible humiliation at the hands of the other passengers. He was sweating now with the strain of his plight but tried to keep a completely composed, mask-like face like those faces of the other passengers. No one must know he was afraid of scalding herself. So she shivered against an uncompleted building. She was afraid something would happen. They might even become jammed half way up. She never did like lifts much."

It was a sight to see Marina walk up a flight of stars. She walked most carefully, picking something up. "Oh! Look what I've found." She held up a ten-shilling note. She thought that she would not take the lift today. "Whatever is he doing? He looks so odd," she thought about the morning's events. At lunch time Marina walked slowly to the insurance office where she worked, she met Gladys, who worked in the same office. "Hello," she said. Marina glanced behind her at the cloud which hovered over Marina's face, she added, "Oh! It's Friday the thirteenth today. I almost forgot." "Look out Gladys!" exclaimed Marina, as she dodged around a ladder that was leaning against an uncompleted building. "Huh!" said Gladys, bending down and picking something up. "Oh! Look what I've found." She held it up a ten-shilling note. "Goodness me," she thought, "I should have stayed in bed all day, I just knew things wouldn't turn out right." "Good news, Marina," she said. "You may receive news of a good friend."

"Goodness me," she thought, "I wonder if Aunt Agnes has hit by a car. I just wonder what the news will be and who it will be about. I do hope Mum is all right."

Marina was so amazed that he just stood there, knocking it to the floor. She swayed in her black, brocade, and counted to eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. "Here she would step. She mustn't forget to wear my four-leaf clover brooch. Now where is it put? It must be around here somewhere."

Marina paused at the top of the stairs. She then made her way to the door with her six pence in it. She never could work out whether that was a good or bad omen, but she was too worried to bother about it today. She opened the door and let out a gasp of horror. Petrified, she stared at the sight before her, and in dread expectation of what would happen. There in the centre of the crowd of girls Doris, Mr. Atkinson's secretary, was standing with her umbrella up inside.

The admiring audience was cheered from the new umbrella to the terror-stricken figure in the doorway, and a few muffled giggles were heard around her. "Good luck theory blown right up," she thought. "They will be sorry when they have his appointment from ten fifteen to ten thirty tomorrow morning."

The seven years of bad luck were swept up and thrown into the waste paper basket. Marina, in her good time, would have made a standing joke in the office that every Thursday was Friday the thirteenth. "Oh, it's Marina's superstitions, sir," one girl explained sympathetically. "The silly girl believes that she will be safe and lucky because of the broken mirror. She's been crazy all day because it's Friday the thirteenth today."

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"Miss Marsh," he said. Marina said, "I was just about to comb her hair when Mr. Atkinson, the boss, walked up behind her.

"What a relief!" thought Marina. She glanced at the clock. "Hello," she muttered as she wrapped her handkerchief around the insulter finger. "Food is for energy, not for glutinous enjoyment." She washed the dishes and put them carefully back into the cupboard. "The old man's rheumatic eyes desperately tried to rack his brains for some way to recover the lost chicken and yet save himself from the terrible humiliation at the hands of the other passengers. He was sweating now with the strain of his plight but tried to keep his head steady, "Hello," she replied, "Marina Marsh speaking. Who is that?"

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sections in the footpath and, as he came to thirteen, he was stepping over it. Marina began to cry. She laughed till tears came into her eyes and, reaching into her handbag, she pulled out her lucky rabbit’s foot, kissed it, and threw it on the ground.

—ROSALYN BARLOW

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

That dreafful time of the year has arrived again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again. It seems that time flies between this time last year and now. Tomorrow will take years to go by. It's not that I don't love my parents. I do. It's not that I'm not eager to see you again.

—KADRIANNE LONG

MISS PIPER

The organist played the final strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March as the last friends and guests left the church. Outside the bride and groom, now Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stewart, were already surrounded by photographers, well-wishers and relatives and confetti was gently floating over everyone. Indeed, this was a happy occasion for the people of the little country town of Brady to see two of their young folk happily united in matrimony.

Old Miss Piper was there, adding her usual dampening remarks to a happy occasion. She managed to attend all highlight occasions in Brady with or without an invitation and nobody ever prevented her entry for fear of causing a scene. She was a tall, thin woman with a pointed nose that managed to pierce its way into everyone's business and a shrill tongue that cut its course through that business. She always seemed to be telling people that she had a heart of gold but most people did not believe her and the rest thought it well-hidden beneath her steel-like appearance. Rarely did she speak well of anyone, not even at funerals, which she regularly attended to dispense of mishaps. Even now she was talking to the bride's aunt and uncle, voicing her opinion about their niece's choice of a husband who was an up and coming young farmer.

"Mind you, she would have done better to marry a business man from the city. A farmer's wife doesn't have an easy life!" she continued without stopping to realise that Patricia's aunt was born, bred and still lived on a farm. Miss Piper was an authority on everything and so she always voiced her opinion whether it was right or wrong.

"I wish Ruth wouldn't smile while she's having her photo taken, it doesn't suit her!" she exclaimed to her neighbour. "The colour is lovely on Ruth, but it's a pity it's not a pretty colour for a bridesmaid's dress."

As the crowd thinned out around the bride and groom, Miss Piper made her way towards them to wish them happiness in their future life.

"I hope your lives are as happy as mine," she said.
A FLASH IN TIME

Earth — to you the human race
Is but a flash in time.
You have seen its slow egress
From those first low forms of life.
You have watched the Reptiles chummy
Live and lord the earth — then die,
And have felt the creeping cold
That clapsed the world in an Age of Ice.

Yes — you have seen man's early struggle to
survive,
See him grow in power and in strength,
Withstood his petty quarrels and his great des-
stru-
tion.
But, when sweet time has healed the wounds
That men do make
And his memory lies half-forgotten,
Then will you find peace.

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A SUMMER'S DAY

It was a blistering, searching day.
Too hot to talk or play.
So down to the beach we straggled.
Hot, mold and bedraggled.
Soon into the rough waves we dived.
Refreshed and glad to be alive.
With happy laughter we gaily chattered:
The misery of the morning no longer mattered.

— ANNE CHIPCHASE.

MY PLIGHT

It was a dark, dark night —
So dark I could not even see
The skeletons playing near to me.
But this was how I knew my plight.
The clanking and jangling of chains and bones
Made me alive a start.
But they were fearless, each doing a part
Of their dance on sturdy headstones.

— MERYL PERKINS.

THE WIND

I raced with the wind
And lost to the wind.

I stood against the wind
And lost to the wind.

I imagined a ship in sail
And was shipwrecked.

Trees were tossed
And branches lost
In the wind.

The hard wind.
The cruel wind.

— BRUCK ALEXANDER.

A FEAR

Creeping, crawling things in the night,
Browed by fayre's viuion and sleep numb'd
sight,
The caged thunder of my throbbing heart
cries out for mercy in the smothering dark,
Harmless shadows creep and crawl
Into a treacherous, writhing wall.
Reason pants but cold dead limbs
Await with dread whatever fate portends.

— ANNE CHIPCHASE.

DEPARTURE

Hoover... Hoover... Hoover
Hoover... Hoover Hoover

The Hoover soon was red.
It grew steadily visible between the posts
as the train gathered speed.
The cars glided silently,
or it so seemed, down a nearby roul, for
the noise of the train was louder.
And gradually the lights
grew fewer and further between.
There was darkness between — deep and solid.

Hoover was gone — other thoughts must come.
Why can there never be a journey
without a goodbye at the start?
There is darkness in between — deep and solid
And noise in the train
But mostly silence outside.

— DZEDRA DZELME.

THE COLLECTOR OF DREAMS

Glide, don't walk upon the sands
And leave your imprints there
For some one is bound to follow
Intrinsick, extrinsick move in high gyration,
To keep us at our desks they resort to gravita-
tion.

But if you aim to give a lesson,
If you want to learn a lesson.
For success and great elation,
You can rely on motivation.

— ANNE CHIPCHASE.

THE BLIND MAN'S WISH

There are roses in my garden,
Red, white, and pink and gold.
Oh, for eyes with which to see them,
For such beauty they unfold.

Wasted fragrance I encounter,
As the garden paths I stroll;
While in my imagination,
All their beauty I extol.

Oh, you people who do see them,
Little know the longing that I feel,
As I walk among the beauty.
That my roses must reveal.

— HELEN McKENZIE.

THE GOLD DIGGER

The bearded man trod among the cold
And scattered and dinted the log of gold.
He struck a match and lit the fire
Where the red-back spider played its byre.
The bearded man watched the flame grow high,
Then spat on the coals of sights.
He lifted the pail and sat it on
A piece of steel where sparkled a song.
Then all about in trees and leaves
Swiftly swam a weeping breeze.
The moon clung to darkness still
And the glow of fire shone on every hill.
The tent was old but beckoned wide
To soften grief and worn-bent pride.
Where was nature's quota of gold to be won?
It had been spent under the sun.

Lalor, the Irishman, had fought a fight
For the diggers' rules against state's might.
But who can say who's wrong who's right?
For all that's left is Eureka's grain of spite.
The trickling tear of the stream runs down
The old land where once dwelt a throng
Of bearded men, their skin dirt-engrained
But with spirits of hailing rain.
They also tore the virgin rocks around
Coolgardie's long-sleeping bounds
Of bearded men, their skin dirt-engrained
But left a legion of lights.

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— HELEN McKENZIE.
THE DESERTED HOUSE

So cold it looks from outside
With all its windows bare. Its gate bangs loose, the fence is gone, And weeds grow everywhere. Yet once that house with laughter rang, And not so long ago The paint was fresh, the garden gay. Why not forever so? —ELAINE DESSERT.

ATTRACTION

A funny little Chinaman was gazing at the moon And, people wondering what he saw, a crowd collected soon. From far and near the townsfolk came and stared up at the sky — Each thought that something wonderful was bound to meet his eye. But nothing strange appeared above, so having gazed their fill, They homeward went without a thought For the man who gazed there still. —JUDY EDWARDS.

NIGHT DRIVING

Quickly the wheel turns and The car swings round yet another curve. Jolting the sleeping occupants to watching wakefulness. "Look, back there! Can you see them — the lights of the city?" They are there, down there, in the valley Part of the waking, screaming world While we are here, are here in our Own world, Night driving. —PENNY FREEMAN.

TWILIGHT

The lonely boy was sitting, Still, as of still. The deep dark distance All at once merged from beyond the flickering light. Long thin arms clawed up, Up towards its disappearing warmth. Life was disappearing. Slowly, now, he stepped into the black shroud. Gone now. Nothing left. Save the stump and the mark he left on its existence. —ROSALYN HALEY.

THE SEARCH

The night was black, the rain pouring down. A lost little boy lay weak on the ground. With saturated clothes and body racked with pain. Someone, please help him get out of the rain! Wandering and thundering, the clouds roll by — A break in the clouds, the moon's in the sky. A shaft of light — is it the moon? It will be too late if they don't come soon. All the searchers trudge on, let your dogs call. They've stumbled on the poor boy so small. Lift him to safety, put your hand on his head — And out. —JANE EYRE.

LIFE ITSELF

Spinning, spinning round and round Goes the continual merry-go-round. Round and round, up and down, Getting nowhere. Nowhere. Round monotonously round Goes the cycle day after day Goes the time piece on the shelf

REINCARNATION

Dying, dying is the light The light before night The learning before ignorance. Dying, dying the day But it will come again, It has always been so. Dying, dying the people The people before, after. Dying, dying the children So too are the old — Yet there will be more. More aged and more young It has always been so. Dying, dying is the sun, Sinking lower and lower. Yet another sun will be born As high as any tower. Dying, dying is the wind To a still, still murmur. The wind will rise again It has always been so. Dying, dying am I Growing, yet dying, am I. I will never live again. Dying, dying am I Desolation follows content Dying, dying — so slowly I wish it were not so. —JANE EYRE.

ARCHIE

Archie, my pride and joy, Felicity his wife. Together that pair Held a very fine life. Prodigious and profuse Their family was terrible. All those girls and all those boys Never, ever had any toys. They didn't need them — They had each other. Archie, though, was a rogue. Near his hearth he's barely go. Always out chasing some fair damsel. Cursing mischief, cursing strife. Archie, that boy, had a very fine life, And he enjoyed every last one. Until the ninth, by a gun Was shot right. By a human for sport. —JANE EYRE.

PUNISHMENT OF LIFE

Pain pushes the wish, the only thought Guarding human understanding As it bears to its full crescendo A stage of black, of open door, Through to paradise or void, God has a place for us. Plato's cave — is it Hegel's vacuum? Nirvana? Heaven? — all confused. The mind relents and buries Thought of death in peace. Peace... oh! Peace of arrogance and pride For men is in himself a god, superb, Till God himself pricks thy heart, And out... —KEITH ELLINOR.

THE DEATH OF A CIRCUS

The circus flaps are rumbling now With hands of lurking banhee men To grasp the white boned customers, The clowns tumbling unseen. The white ghost is stumbling now Its limbs rattle uncertain The wind chanting its mournful cry A wake to the showman's dream. The laughing tears of rambling rain Won't pour onto its drowned skirt. The seats are steps of emptiness No bid for a lump of scarf. The precise jugglers are spinning in tune To a hall of darkening grey, And the clowns sit step silently On an eerie instable day. The rope walker is gliding across The great expanse of air And he is toppling down upon One net — a whitened hair. The yesterday is nestling quiet Among a pillowed plot But the call of the circus can only be heard, In the white cemetery — the one Big Top. —LANA SANSOM.
THE REFUGEE

His face was that of an old man, His eyes were hollow and dull. His skin was brown with a sallow tan, And stretched tight o'er the wizened skull. For years there wasn’t a trace of childhood joy As he sank to his knees on the ground. This old man was only a boy, That the fortunes of war had found. He fell forward and whimpered with hunger or pain. I bent down to help him to rise. A voice from behind said, “You get back in line. He’s done for, don’t waste any cries.” “That’s nothing at all to what you’ll see soon. Do you think that this war’s just a game? You’ll be up the front ... hungry and alone on the track. Poor flotsam, on the tide black and grim That can take but will never bring back.”

-TIMOTHY

Timothy - our black and blase cat - Sometimes reclines upon The front door ragged mat. Timothy - the most intelligent of all - Sometimes opens With his paw - the door. Timothy - with a knowing wink - Sometimes seems to say, “What fools you are I think.”

THE QUESTION

Twisted, bending, torn with time, Flies the agleam river Rhine. Catching, tearing all in its path, Changing everything within its grasp.

Nothing escapes, not stones, not earth. Metal too has lost its worth. What’s behind this ageless decay? Will you be the next unknowing, unwilling prey?

-FREEDOM

I love the beach on a wint’ry day, Empty, devoid of life, And the fresh salty smell of the stinging spray Cutting into my face like the edge of a knife. I long to run on the sand, to shout for joy. I’m gasping for breath, I feel so free.

-THE SURVIVOR

The day dawns cold o’er all the land. Its dim light slowly shows the world In ugliness supreme. No more in beauty does she reign But a torn and tangle mass. No sign of life bestirs the dead, No sound except the wind Whistling from the once-was man to destroy all life? For there, beneath the rubble a miracle unfolds, Struggling through to reach the light - A single, delicate blade of grass Has survived the human storm.

-WASHING UP

Suds, water, everywhere, Filthy pots, greasy pans, Saucepans full of porridge and jams, Plates all smothered with toast and stew, Hands all wrinkly, hardened and rough, Covered with lots of murky stuff. Oh! How I hate the washing up!

-COMPASSION

The Fly is gone now. I watched it try to escape, And yet while people laughed, the Fly was still endeavouring to push its way through impregnable walls. So close, get so distant; the wretched creature attempted again and again to push its way through the cold impervious glass above, seeking, yet not attaining the freedom of the cold night air. Then it fell, down, and I could see it no longer. Must you die, despicable, beautiful, Fly? I am not tall enough to reach your infected body. Yet I would help you, foul creature. And I can feel nothing but compassion for you and your useless, sullied wings.

-GROWTH

How could we ever die? We who have always something More to give, more to learn, More lives to live? As one part of us dies, Another begins to live.

-THE THREAT

The ticking clock, Symbol of the threat to life, Ever present, Ever ticking, tocking. Man, never safe, struggles onward, Sprungting, panting, puffing, Never yet abreast of the time, Terrified of defeat, afraid of victory, Onwards, yet Attempts to turn back, and Still the clock ticks on.

-C. WILD.

THE HUNGRY DOG

Your long red tongue lies drooping out, Your ears alerted sticks. Your long brown tail is wagging now. You’ve found a friend to chat with. You sit and scratch your lean crabbled back Then chew on a slice of straw. And you dip in the chalk white sand With a tiny ragged paw. You wonder off further up the beach Your head bent, your nose sniffing the sand. Your nose of brown leather — is this Your accursed slave band?

-THE BLACK SWAN

Tall of neck and sleek is he Gliding the lake so peacefully. Stopping the dark Narcissus bends low To gaze at the water, and the wattle’s bloom Or the owl staring in the gloom, He does not care for the crane’s queer strain Or listen to the willow’s sad refrain. The kookaburra clowns upon the hill Echoing wild laughter until Even the valleys catch the thrill, But complacently he glides and lovelingly he looks at the black frill upon the water. No guns disturb his vanity. No sound disturbs his sanity. He is only one of few. And no-one asks to share his tasteless brew.

-THE CALL OF THE SEA

Oh! Roll your mighty waves roll high And toss your specks of foam Up where the painted seagulls fly Who glide the mighty home. Sing out your loud enticing call, Ring out your bells of moan. But here I’ll sit upon the gold stall And watch in quiet alone. Dash your frenzied foam upon the beach And dash the sands below. But hovering is the Hand in reach To smooth your wrinkled brow.

-THE QUESTIONS

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Tall of neck and sleek is he Gliding the lake so peacefully. Stopping the dark Narcissus bends low To gaze at the frozen image below. Unconcerned with the wattle’s bloom Or the owl singing in the gloom, He does not care for the crane’s queer strain Or listen to the willow’s sad refrain. The kookaburra clowns upon the hill Echoing wild laughter until Even the valleys catch the thrill, But complacently he glides and lovelingly he looks at the black frill upon the water. No guns disturb his vanity. No sound disturbs his sanity. He is only one of few. And no-one asks to share his tasteless brew.

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GIFT
Why soul feel this I cannot tell—
But only know that there are
Feelings of fear that choke and
Whirl and never quite release,
Because I know not where to
Lead them.
Best to hide them or reveal—
Because to share takes
Part away. Then a
Presence of fear I'll give
Willingly! And not
Unselfishly.
Yes, you my
From hence will hear
My problems or
Post up pretensions.
And like so many others
Who cannot wade through
This whirlpool of worry
To roam.
A land so small,
That from border to border,
It's full of mind,
It's filled with colours—
By sharing my fears with
You.
-MARY FENELEY.

A PRIVATE PLACE
There's a private place;
To call one's own,
A tiny land,
A place to roam,
A land so small,
That from border to border,
It extends not beyond
The emotional order.
It's full of mind,
It's filled with care,
It's filled with colours—
To organise sing-song,
I obeyed the shrill whistle's note,
For games so confusing
And bingo amusing,
I carefully noted my late . . .
Now conscious of status I speak only good
Of that ship and those passengers there.
If the truth could be told then I know that I
Speak of evens of plain programmed despair.
-SUSANNE ALDRICH.

THE TRIP
I speak of the stewards with tea in the morn.
I speak of the surging seas we sail.
I speak of the nights when I danced until dawn
And of friends I remember so well.
And yet I remember much more than just this,
Much more of the floating hotel.
I remember it wasn't a trip of sheer bliss
— At times it resembled a hell!
The white-haired men tittered,
The black-eyed men pattered
With hearts for an hour or so.
The old women fainted,
The young women painted
Their face to the day of fro.
With my cabin-mate's snoring
And the young ladies' whoring
I was heartily sick to the bone,
In games so efficient
With pleasures deficient
My services went out on loan.
From organized ping-pong
To organised sing-song,
I obeyed the shrill whistle's note,
For games so confusing
And bingo amusing,
I carefully noted my late . . .
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Of that ship and those passengers there.
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-SUE SAUNDERS.

MISERY
Misery — what strange clothes you wear
Veiled always in your airs
Of grace — charming and wilful are you.
You steal upon me as the night steals upon the
day.
Thank God I know you never last — like the
Night you surely must pass
But now I dread you more than ever,
When I know you must return with the passing hours!
Must you return, must you? Can't you
Ever leave me as you your
Mistress of the night?
Leave me, oh
Leave me — let me have my Happiness,
The Happiness of the day when all is bright.
But of late you even seek me out then!
How can you be so cruel, so mean, so jealous?
Is there no way to kill you? If not,
Oh God, let you kill me.
-JANE EYRE.
Continued Page 41

GUB
(Written under examination conditions)
It was a quiet little country town, the rows of fibro houses squatting contentedly in the sunshine like old men around the fire. Homeliness appeared to have been built in with the plumbing in every one of the contented little houses. Convention was the rule of the day and everyone seemed satisfied. Even about the Aboriginal settlement there was nothing unusual ever to report.
The children of the town found their greatest amusement at the "Gubs' Camp" as it was locally known. The lives of those people fascinated them and every afternoon a group of white children could be seen standing on the outskirts of the settlement watching the activity with wide-eyed wonder. The two groups of children did not mix very much together, even in school. The blacks were equal to the others but, outside school, the white children seemed to sense the alien nature of the others and practically no relationships between the two groups existed.
Graham was a normal boy of nine, average in most things—in school and out. His father, however, was the manager of the large canning factory which gave the town's population its livelihood. He was different from the other boys in one way; his best friend was a Gub. They were blood brothers, Rick and he. They had rubbed their two cut fingers together in token of an unbreakable bond of allegiance, although no one knew of this. Rick was the head man's son and very important in the camp. Graham and he would seek for adventure far beyond the limits of both the town and the settlement.
On the day of the Show, Graham and Rick sat near a mile-post outside the town and watched the tractors and caravans come trundling up the bitumen road, their gaily-coloured placards gold-brown now with dust. They watched the drawn faces of the drivers, their eyes sunken and red-tinged from strain, as they wiped the sweat away from shining brows and the boys waved enthusiastically at the revered showmen.
The show was the event of the year in the town and many were spent preparing for it. Graham himself was playing a prominent part this year. He was in the Gymkhana events for the first time.

As the time drew near for Graham's event, the "Gubs" gathered about the arena, mingling freely with the whites, for this was a special day. Rick perched himself up on the railings, his wide grin flashing as Graham entered out into the ring. The voices from the livestock judging rang out simultaneously with the announcement of Graham's event. He cleared the first hurdle with ease and appeared to be having an amazing round on his little chestnut pony when suddenly the hush was broken by the walls of alarms at the broken fence and the appearance of a steer in the arena. Graham's pony saw it before he did and bolted through the five-barred gate. Amid all the confusion, a tiny dark figure was seen to flash onto the arena, mingling among the thrillers and caravans. Graham was found to be unhurt but the broken body of Rick was carried hurriedly away.
The following day Graham wandered about the dusty streets of the town, the head down, thinking about his lost friend. Some black children were playing in the gutter and they looked up as Graham approached. They grabbed handfuls of stones and hurled at him at the startled Graham.

"Gub!" they screamed. "Dirty Gub!" And Graham ran back towards his home bewildered and afraid. The word "Gub" ringing ominously in his ears.

-EVELYN SIMM.

THIRTY-NINE
WALKING

"The antique habit of walking has the advantage of being inexpensive, reliable and easily learnt."

Of all movement in the animal kingdom, walking is the most fundamental—birds and kangaroos may hop, predatory animals may pounce, children may skip, but after all whether this be on two legs, four, or on a balance, isn't there a common basic pattern?

Yes, walking is an easily-acquired art but the degree of ability, success and extension of this mobility be on two legs or four, isn't there a common basic pattern?

Feet in ten hours, while junior man's Ibless his junior belongs, the degree of ability, success and extension of this mobility be on two legs or four, isn't there a common basic pattern?

Just as much part of the town are the farmers and their wives, and the shop Assistants, to which group the landowner belongs is determined by the size of his land as well as his car; but which group the landowner belongs is determined by the size of his land as well as his car.

Think positive—think of nature rambles, hikes, long country strolls; act negative—sit back, put your feet up and "rock your soul..."

- DIANNE HINDMARSH.

WESTERN LIVING — SMALL TOWN STYLE

Country town residents seem to live as one little band—all equal but some more equal than others.

There are the town dwellers who work in the shops, run small or expanding businesses, teach in schools, run stock agencies, manage the clubs or keep the stores. There are those who work at the bank, the P.M.G. or hospital and there are always those who contrive to do nothing but milk a good shake and ares where they can do it. Then there are the wives who stay at home and mind the fort, scrub the kids, wash the pots, etc. and as his case, the week and the endowment on the first of the month.

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One should not forget the little band of hard workers who "rally behind the flag" for some just cause in the name of charity. They "do it for the Church, they do it for the Country Women and the Red Cross, they do it for the poor and underprivileged and they do it for social recognition, power and prestige. But let us not doubt the remarkable achievements of these small groups for they can put towns double 발치.

The town's a place where the beer rolls on Saturday and the Church plate rolls on Sunday. It's a place where the S.P. does good trading behind the shop (complete with "cockatoos" out front), where men of all kinds play bowls and try "the grip", where the races draw the whole district together, where tennis creates a social meeting and where golf is played by those who are content to chase a little white ball. It's a place where the little kids and the big kids get around with "the gang" on foot, on bikes or in cars. Life seems to go on and on in the same way. "Today is the tomorrow you were worrying about yesterday" and this seems the pattern year after year. It never stops, it can't stop!

All these people make up the Community.

All, it seems, have a function in keeping the town going. The shopkeepers do their best to serve the public, the shop assistants do it at a convenient time between coffee-breaks, the squires and the cooks bring business to the town once or twice a week, the kids are economical burden and the wives spend all the money anyway. This pattern goes on and on—like a vacuum that different pressures won't change. All, it seems, are part of western living small town style.

--- GEOFF TERRY.

Alljirnga cover was designed by Margaret Ray, Section 313

FORTY-ONE

POETRY

Continued

PARENTS

School concerts are a great delight To mothers every year, They use the dressing room to light They sneak their vengeance and their spite On someone else's "Dear." They smile and say, "That was well done, You danced so well my pet." The father's have all the fun! — A stage career has just begun — The child won't know it yet. A mother makes a costume dress Become a fairy, woman or witch When daughter's only just a crab That some poor kid has got to grab And make believe she's ice-cream in the sun — And when you stand and watch the play With mothers all around, "How clever," they to you do say, "What made you choose my sweet, I pray?"

To answer you are bound. So next you train a team Of rough, tough little boys And then you see the Dads' eyes gleam And hear them at the referee scream With outraged parent note And never will they take the view That junior's in the wrong. They cause the referee to rush And SAID his judgement isn't true While Junior battles on. The fathers come to training too Just to help you know They tell the kids just what to do And make old tactics sound quite new. Such help is quite a blow And Junior punishes and smacks With every awkward pass. And Dad has brought him brand new shorts Because Dad always liked HIS sports And Dad had lots of laughs. So parents cause their child's frustration. The circle moves around — Psychology has found — The children then seek compensation In their children's education.

--- SUE SAUNDERS.

FORTY-ONE
THE AIM OF A POET
To say with freshness what long ago was said
By many poets who now are very dead,
We know the greatness of Shakespeare and the rest,
We hear the critics acknowledge him the best.
To tap emotion and cut it into verse,
To pack the meaning in lines so crisp and terse;
To spring the rhythm as Hopkins used to do,
To rhyme more couplets than Dryden ever knew.
The poet wanders in fertile valleys green
And sees the meadow as Wordsworth must have seen,
He blows through willows and shakes the gentle leaf,
Like Percy Shelley, he sheds his tears of grief.
To give expression wings enough to fly,
To make you merry or even make you cry,
To write a poem whose life will long endure,
Not like its maker and gone for evermore.
—JIMMY CONLON.

WHO
It I but knew
Where I must go,
What I must do
And who I am,
If I but knew! 
We must be free
Until that time,
You, yourself, myself, me,
Until I find
I, myself and me.
—DIANNE STEVEN.

TIME
Eternity is not time,
The time the deceiver of man,
That he has time for What?
Time to be conceived,
Time to be born and then to be a child,
Time to grow up to a man,
Time to fall in love,
And then time to cry,
Time to marry and to have children,
Time to grow old,
Time to reflect on the present and the past,
Time to die but then to live,
But suddenly there is no time,
For judgement depends not on deeds but on time.
—PHILLIP YOUNG.

CAREER
I've stumbled on
Not knowing where,
Had I came from
Nor where would I
Intend to go.
For I'm just a simple so and so.
I've walked for miles
And I've lunched a pack.
I've carried the flies
Upon my back.
And still I know not where I go.
For I'm just a simple so and so.
With my dog
I've moved along
Across the dusty tracks.
I've camped beneath
The great gum trees
Or in the roadside shacks.
My friends are few,
My cares are nil,
My shoes are worn quite thin,
But this life I chose,
And I'll change it not,
For I'm quite happy with what I've got.
Over the years
I've seen a lot.
I've been in places far.
And still I know
Not where I go.
For I'm just a simple so and so.
And now I lay me down to rest
And think of the life
That I thought was best.
I'm glad in a way
It's the one I chose.
For I'm just a simple so and so.
—GEOFF TERRY.

BESIDE THE SEA
The sand is soft and warm and deep.
I can smell the dark brown seaweed that is lying in a heap.
Seagulls scream above the boom of breaking waves
That race to meet the shore and fill sea caves.
Calm rock pools glitter in the white sunlight
That burns our noses and turns the shells all chalky white.
I am glad I saw the seashore that stretched so far and wide
Before it all was covered by the swift incoming tide.
—YAN PAGE.
FIFTY-SIX

SPECIAL MUSIC

Back row: Roland Sannier, David Gee, Michael Thorley, John Chalker
Middle row: Anne-Marie Caldwell, Elizabeth Loy, Denice Griffith, Elaine Dos, Julie Grieve, Aiyen Elkin
Front row: Tino Banks, Margaret Ross, Roselle Kruse, Eileen Bottini, Denice Edwards
Absent: Mary Fensley, Barbara Morona, Jennifer Bell

CLAIB AND SOCIETIES

INAUGURAL INTER-COLLEGIATE MUSIC FESTIVAL

A new and exciting page was recently written in the history of our College when thirty-five of our musicians, with Mr. J. Lloyd, visited Bathurst Teachers' College for the Inaugural Inter-collegiate Music Festival. The Director of Teacher Training, Mr. D. J. Verco., who was present at the Festival, said that this was "one of the truly educative ventures of teachers' college life."

Our students travelled by bus on Thursday, 16th September, to Bathurst where we were warmly welcomed, if not by the weather, by former N. T. C. lecturer, Mr. L. Orchard, other lecturers and students. We were officially welcomed by B.T.C. Principal, Mr. L. J. Allen, at a college assembly that evening. Mr. Allen and several lecturers then attended our first combined rehearsal with B.T.C. students. During our visit, which lasted until Sunday, the students entertained us with suppers, a dance and every kindness.

Friday was spent busily in rehearsal for a programme in All Saints' Cathedral. Our orchestra accompanied the soloists (one of whom was Ruth Ley) and one B.T.C. choir in Purcell's 'Come Ye Sons of Art. Another of the many items by B.T.C. students was the Australian premiere performance of Swann's 'Festival Masses.' Our small choir, with soloists Ruth Ley and Greg Paterson, performed two compositions by Conservatorium lecturer, Mr. K. Noake: these were 'Magnificat' and 'Nunc Dimittis No. 2.' Of our performance of 'Ecce Vidimus' and 'O Lord, Increase My Faith,' the Western Advocate critic wrote: "Mr. John Lloyd showed here what can be done with a choir that has training over several years and the degree of accomplishment that this choir displayed was indeed a credit to the Newcastle College."

After that, and the compliments from lecturers, students and visitors, we had a reputation to live up to in Saturday evening's programme. Our orchestra opened the concert with Handel's 'Occasional Overture' and accompanied the soloists and choir in Bach's 'Peasant Cantata.' Our choir performed two
Schubert songs, Die Nacht and Der Gondelfahrer. Michael Thorley's performance of Khatchaturian's Toccata for piano was quite the highlight of the programme. The applause certainly agreed with the critic who wrote: "Mr. Thorley has enormous potential as a concert pianist."

With memories of a very happy and successful trip, we would certainly consider such a Music Festival valuable as an annual inter-collegiate activity and we look forward to further musical associations with Bathurst and other Teachers' Colleges.

—ANNE CALDWELL.

RUGBY UNION

We entered two teams in the local competition and both had some measure of success. The First XV was narrowly defeated in the Grand Final while the Third Grade side narrowly missed a place in the semi-finals.

The First XV consisted mainly of second year students, but some from first year ably filled the gaps. Chris Ditton was one of our best forwards and won a good share of the ball. Keith Rodwell was the first of our players for a few seasons to score over one hundred points for the season. Tony Sullivan and John Hahn were other newcomers to do well. So did Geoff Fryer, Alan McKee and Rod King from second year.

A number of players gained promotion from the third grade side of last year to the First XV. Angus Cameron was again captain of the team. Rob Cowley, an experienced player from Sydney, made an invaluable contribution. Mick Evans, Ray Cook, and Maurice Bird, last year's players, again did well.

The team took some time to settle down, and was further hampered by frequent injuries and unavailability during the holidays.

The Third Grade side had some good wins, and a number of its players should make the top team next year. Among those to do well were Don Brown, Peter Hough, Norm Knight, Robin Ireland and Noel Wagg.

A good team spirit was evident throughout the year. This was particularly clear during the holidays when some members travelled distances of up to 400 miles to play. A number of players also frequently doubled up when there was a shortage.

During the year the club organised a return visit with Alexander Mackie College. Two keen matches eventuated and gave players of both teams an opportunity to meet one another. It is hoped that next year's committee will continue with this venture. The club has also arranged a cabaret to finish off the season's activity.

The club wishes to thank its patrons, Mr. Duncan; the coaches, Mr. Whiteside, Mr. Meaney, and Rob Cowley; and the supporters who faithfully followed the club during the season.

—BRIAN COLLINS.

TRAINEE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

1965 has been a fruitful year for the Newcastle branch of the Trainee Teachers' Association. Along with other glorious institutions such as the Altinga Club, and the Recreational Union, we have fought a long, difficult and involved battle against the perennial problem of student apathy and inertia.

There has been great co-operation this year between Newcastle and the other colleges in the state. April saw the foundation of the New South Wales Trainee Teachers' State Committee in an effort to co-ordinate the activities of individual Colleges. Newcastle was represented on this Committee by Hans Heitbrink and John Weingarth who attended the three conferences called by this committee. In September, Newcastle was represented at a National Conference, and many interstate contacts were made.

In N.S.W. the major campaign this year was for higher allowances. Leaflets and petitions were circulated, and we were successful in achieving an increase which will come into effect at the beginning of the 1966 College year. We supported the Wagga branch of the Association in their campaign against several of their College conditions. We also supported a campaign to have women students who marry while at College continue training on allowance, and believe that this will also come into effect next year.

We have established close and co-operative contact with the Secretary of the Trades and Labour Council, and would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. A. Dowling for his assistance. We would also like to thank the S.H.C. for its interest in the Association's affairs. Our appreciation also goes to Mr. Duncan for his help and advice throughout the year.

FIFTY-NINE
In conclusion we would like to say that the Association is affiliated with the Teachers' Federation and exists to better the conditions of the trainee teachers of this state. We urge students to join the Association and take an active part in its affairs. Do not hesitate to come to the executive with any problem or questions you may have.

We would like to extend our congratulations to the 1966 executive, capably led by President, Peter Ireland, and equally capably assisted by the Secretary, Pauline Royan. All the best in 1966.

-HANS HEITBRINK, President.
-JOHN WEINGARTH, Secretary.

SPORTS UNION REPORT

The Sports Union and affiliated sporting clubs of 1965 have enjoyed one of their most successful years ever. Many thanks are due to the various club executives who have attended Sports Union meetings so regularly over the past year and who have kept their minute books up to date in a fine way.

A great deal of encouragement and help was given by the ever hard-working Physical Education staff led admirably by Mr. Gillard and well supported by Miss Abernethy, Mrs. Cowley and Mr. Whiteside.

A total of sixteen different sporting clubs participated in various competitions throughout the year and many of the teams were well up on the competition ladder at the end of the season. Competitors showed a fine team and college spirit whenever and wherever they competed.

However, owing to a lack of attendance by students at the swimming carnival, next year's carnival will be held at the Lambton Pool at night. Congratulations go to swimming champions, Nola Coleman and Michael Evans, for excellent efforts.

The President's Cup team again had a very successful year and congratulations go to Rugby Union Trophy winners, A. Cameron, G. Fryer and R. King, for outstanding play throughout the year. Three Rugby Union Blues and five Awards of Merit were also gained by various footballers.

An excellent performance was recorded by those in the women's softball team, who were acclaimed major premiers for 1965. This club gained three Blues and one Award of Merit.

The Athletics Club had a very successful year with some excellent performances at the Summer Inter-collegiate by Caroline Wright, Tony Sullivan, Robert Ferguson and Kevin Scanlon. Congratulations go to Caroline Wright and Roelof Wever, our champions of 1965, and to the four athletes who gained Blues. A special mention goes to students in section 401 for the fine way in which they organised the athletics carnival.

The Winter Inter-collegiate held at Newcastle against Balmain Teachers' College was both an outstanding success and a failure. It was outstanding in that we lost only one sporting event, the men's hockey team going down one goal to nil. However, it was noticeable that there was only a small band of Newcastle Teachers' College spectators and that many of these were competitors.

Our Eleventh Annual Presentation of Awards at the Sports Assembly on 7th October concluded our activity in sport for the year. Mr. John Thornett, Australia's Rugby Union Captain, was our guest speaker. Although rather nervous at the beginning of his address, John overcame his nervousness and related some very amusing stories of experiences on his South African tour.

My sincere personal thanks go to Jacqueline Breddin (Secretary) and Peter Turner (Treasurer) for their excellent work and time devoted to the running of the Sports Union this year. Without them, the year would not have been the success that it was.

On behalf of Sports Union I would like to congratulate the Sportswomen and Sportsmen of the year—Kay Gordon, Meg Love, Michael Evans, Jenny James and Peter Hough.

Officers of the Sports Union for next year are Brian Deller (President), Jenny James (Secretary), Peter Ireland (Treasurer) and Jeanette Coles (Vice-President). We wish them a successful year.

-ROELOF WEVER, President

DRAMA CLUB

Unfortunately the Drama Club was forced to play second fiddle to the Music Club's big production of Mikado but, with a considerable group of energetic and enthusiastic members, we had a most successful year.

A camp was held at the Bramble Lodge, Coal Point, about a week before the one-act
plays. The Bald Prima Donna (Ionesco), Cathleen-Ni Houlihan (Yeats) and The Proposal (Chekhov) were presented in a play night on 11th and 12th July.

The camp's purpose (contrary to popular belief) was to polish up the plays and these were very well received by those who viewed them. The standard of the acting was most pleasing and a number of first years showed outstanding potential for next year.

During club period a poetry reading group provided entertainment and we devoted many weeks to rehearsing the play.

Sincere thanks must be extended to our dedicated club adviser, Miss Dyce, for her guidance and assistance during the past year. Mr. Marquet, Mr. Meaney and Mr. Milne deserve special mention for their good-humour, knowledge and (sometimes) patience.

—ROGER DONOGHUE, President.

—DENISE PIPER, Secretary.

STAGE CO-ORDINATION CREW

The moment a play requires more than actors, speaking lines, the answer to the question, "Is a stage crew really necessary?" becomes most decidedly, "Yes!" There are many backstage functions during a production that quite often the minimum stage crew outnumbers the actors in the ratio of two and sometimes three to one. A fine example of this is A Marriage Proposal. There are three actors required to perform the play while the minimum crew required to make the presentation successful consists of fifteen people.

College productions are amateur and the actors are certainly not experts in the application of make-up or costume alteration and maintenance. Trained people are required to apply the stage make-up to allow the actors to select suitable costumes and, if these are too tight or too loose, make the necessary alterations on the spot. The fact that these girls do dressmaking as part of their course and have more than a general knowledge of the art makes them invaluable additions to the stage crew.

Prompters are required no matter where the play or show is being performed—during the day in the open air, or at night in a large building. At the side of the stage or somewhere close sits a person with a good whisper and a copy of the script. This prompter must follow the play word by word and, if an actor forgets his lines, must be ready to tell him what to say next.

If the production is at night and in a large building, hall, auditorium, or theatre, the audience must be able to see the actors and hence the actors must be illuminated. "Electrician" is the name given to the member of the stage crew who controls the lights which illuminate the actors and which provide effects of colour or intensity which make the scene appear more realistic as a cold day or a starlit night. Electricians are also responsible for sound effects such as chimes, cries, the sound of an engine and so on.

The very act of performing a production for profit creates two more positions on the stage crew. Someone must sell tickets to the audience and someone else must conduct the members of the audience to their seats in the theatre. The young ladies who have volunteered in these capacities are thanked by myself and the House Manager for coming forward to assist in this department of the stage crew.

When the actor is on the stage he requires various properties to complete the illusion being created in the play. These properties occur in two main groups—small and personal properties which are easily stored and carried, and large properties and sets which remain on the stage for one or all acts of the production and are rarely moved. One section of the stage crew is responsible for constructing, painting, erecting and moving the large properties. One member of the crew takes charge of the smaller properties and dispenses them as required.

Most important to the organisation of a good crew is the presence of a House Manager and a Stage Manager to co-ordinate the operation of the different branches of the stage crew and to make decisions regarding various aspects of the production.

Quite a few schools nowadays have a play day or night and the teachers are called on to make this occasion a success. Members of the
**ANGLICAN SOCIETY**

This year has been encouraging for members of the society in that we have increased our membership and engaged in stimulating "no-holds-barred" discussion.

The highlight of the year was the visit to the College of His Lordship, The Rt. Rev. J. Housden, who spoke to a large number of students and lecturing staff.

Also on 15th October, the Home Missions' Chaplain spoke of the humanitarian work of the Church in the Homes for the Aged at Booragul, the St. Elizabeth's Home for Girls at Singleton, St. Christopher's Home for Little Children at Taree, and St. Alban's Home for Boys at Cessnock.

Our social outings included several, ten-pin bowling outings at the Broadmeadow Bowl.

We would like to thank members of staff and students who have assisted throughout the year. Whether we are students or teachers, let us continue with a strong and practical faith.

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**TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**

This year the fellowship has been able to meet each weekday for prayer. During the club hours, guest speakers have spoken, discussions have been organised, and forums have played a large part in the programme for the latter half of the year.

One house-party held in July at Nelson Bay provided a valuable period of instruction and recreation for club members.

We thank members of staff and students who have assisted throughout the year. Whether we are students or teachers, let us continue with a strong and practical faith.

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**REVUE CLUB**

The Revue Club can once again boast of a successful and eventful year. Our activities began early in first term when we selected sketches and possible themes for our 1965 Revue.

The club's forces were boosted about April when Mike Hallinan and John Carrick joined us. John offered his services as a pianist and soon proved to be indispensable. Mike proved himself well as a leader and was unanimously elected president upon the resignation of Danny White.

Auditions were started in June and, although the roll-up wasn't great in numbers, we were soon aware of the eagerness and ability of those who tried out. Rehearsals progressed slowly at first, but soon the nearness of the production spurred us on to perfect our parts.

It was unfortunate that we were limited to a one-night season but, nevertheless, we performed to our utmost on Thursday, 16th September, and enjoyed a substantial success. The twenty-one in the cast included "Old Man" Hodge, Bob Hudson, Peter Reid, Dennis Rose, "Grief" Meldrum, Don Brown, Danny White, Carol Endean, Maree Auckett, Terese Power, Liz Nahapiet, and Mary Dibben.

In advertising, we made use of newspapers, radio and Rayfords. Many thanks to Pat Barton, Radio 2KO, Ed Webster, Rayfords, the Hoxey Theatre and "The Newcastle Morning Herald" for help in this regard.

Mr. Milne, our staff adviser, deserves special mention for his excellent help in 1965. Congratulations to the 1966 executive - John Carrick (President) and Maree Auckett (Secretary-Treasurer).

The officers for 1965 were Mike Hallinan (President), Anne Tyson (Vice-President), Jean Thomson (Secretary), and Roslyn Hayden (Treasurer).

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**GOLF CLUB REPORT**

The Golf Club this year enjoyed a membership of some 40 members who were all allowed to play on any of Newcastle's courses. Most members found that the facilities offered at Merewether Golf Club proved more than adequate.

The Annual Championship held this year at Merewether saw three starters hit off the first tee. The event was won by Ian Lovell with an 84.

In the Teachers' Day held at Merewether, Martin Gallagher won the runner-up prize with 38 stableford points. —M. W. GALLAGHER.
DEBATING CLUB

Most of the activity of the Debating Club this year has centred on Inter-col. Debates, however, have been held during the club period and at the lunch hour and, although there was not much popular support of these, the actual Inter-col. debate was enjoyed by the large audience which attended it. We were defeated by Balmain, but "only by a narrow margin."

Two debates were held against University, one at the Uni. and one at College. The home team won each debate, which may or may not be significant.

We wish to thank Mr. Smith, for his untiring support and help during the year. We would also like to wish next year's executive a successful year, and hope that enough support can be gained to keep the club functioning.

—HELEN NASH.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Once again Newcastle Teachers' College entered two teams in the Saturday afternoon competition. The first team played in A grade and the second team in B grade. Although neither team was successful (both coming at the bottom of the ladder) it is commendable to note that ours is the only college team in A grade and that a great number of state and international players compete in this competition.

We did, however, rise to the occasion to defeat Balmain during Inter-collegiate. The score was four to one. The game was fast and open. During the first half the score was only one to nil in favour of Newcastle. It appears that the Balmain players didn't drink as much water or eat as many oranges at half time as we did as, after ten minutes play, Balmain had drawn equal. But after our stomachs settled we went on to score three quick goals.

Congratulations to those girls who gained their umpire's certificate and especially to Kay Gordon, whose name of N.T.C. by completing the season undefeated. Naturally, this team won the "A" grade competition. The College No. 1 team gained third position.

One of the highlights of the season was the "Lords v. Peasants" match when the girls accepted the challenge of the staff. For once the Peasants came out on top with a ten to three win.

However, the old adage, "Once bitten, twice shy," just didn't apply to our lecturers who threw down the gauntlet or was it a catcher's mitt? in the following week. Nobody quite knows the final score but methinks the staff members may have avenged their previous defeat. What grand sports we have on the staff!

Then Balmain came to visit our . . . . . . . (smoky, smoggy, sunny — you fill in the gap).

Unfortunately (for them, that is) they suffered the same fate as Alexander-Mackie. You know the rest. But with so many "poisonallies" gathered from "Happy Hilda's" and the "Mighty Y" what else could happen!

I cannot let this opportunity pass, however, without expressing the sincere thanks of all club members to Mrs. Cowley for the assistance she has given the club and also for the tremendous amount of time and effort put into the organis­ing of the softball competition.

—K. GORDON.

WOMEN'S CRICKET CLUB

This year Newcastle Teachers' College saw the beginning of a new club, the Women's Cricket Club. As yet we have not been as active as other sporting clubs but what has been organised has shown successful results.

We started the cricket season by organis­ing a weekend match with Muswellbrook High School. The match was played on Muswellbrook grounds. We were not on the winning side but we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves with the keen competition supplied by Muswellbrook girls and the social activities carried out the following day at Glenbawn Dam.

Sporting members of the College, both male and female and the Physical Education

ST. THOMAS MORE SOCIETY

Back row: Peter Turner, Tony Butler, Maurice Bird, Greg Cook, Brain Collins
Middle row: John Akin, Carroll Mooney, J. Davitt, Jane Dowling, Thelma Scott, Chris Brathersen, Carol Corney.
Front row: Rosalin Rayon, Marie Munsfild, Margaret Hudson, Helen Collins

SOFTBALL CLUB

1965 proved to be a very successful year for the Softball Club. For the first time ever, Newcastle saw a Saturday morning competition organised on National Park. It could also be said that the College experienced yet another "first" by regularly fielding two full teams of softballers.

The College No. 1 team kept up the good name of N.T.C by completing the season undefeated. Naturally, this team won the "A" grade competition. The College No. 2 team gained third position.

One of the highlights of the season was the "Lords v. Peasants" match when the girls accepted the challenge of the staff. For once the Peasants came out on top with a ten to three win.

However, the old adage, "Once bitten, twice shy," just didn't apply to our lecturers who threw down the gauntlet or was it a catcher's mitt? in the following week. Nobody quite knows the final score but methinks the staff members may have avenged their previous defeat. What grand sports we have on the staff!

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—K. GORDON.

SIXTY-SEVEN
Staff have given the club a tremendous amount of support. Other activities organised include matches against P.L.C., Pymble, and Alexander Mackle for 16th October at Sydney and a trip to Armidale Teachers' College in December. With the assistance of Mr. Braggett and Miss Abernethy, we are preparing and training enthusiastically for these matches.

Affiliation with the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association enables members of the club to take part in trials for the selection of the N.S.W. Junior Cricket Team.

In this first year Blues have not been awarded because standards have not been set from previous years. However, an award of merit has been given to Kay Gordon.

The club extends its sincere thanks to its advisers, Mrs. Cowley and Miss Abernethy, for their help throughout the year. I would like to thank the members for their support and hope that cricket will continue and gain more support in future years. Congratulations and best wishes for success are extended to next year's committee.

—HOPE HARDY, President

SQUASH CLUB

Under the capable leadership of our president, Alan Welley, the club this year has prospered and has been, perhaps, the best patronised social sporting club in the college.

Our Tuesday night game culminated in the Squash championships held in July. Congratulations to Margaret O'Shea and Kevin Nowland, the undisputed champions. Margaret O'Shea received a Blue and Awards of Merit went to Alan Welley, Bob Schulz, Andrew Fyles, Lyndall Hough, and Roelof Weaver.

Club meetings have been regular and we wish the incoming executive (1966) all the best in future years. Congratulations and best wishes for success are extended to next year's committee.

—HOPE HARDY, President

REPORT

The "Recreational Union" was formed last year as the "Social and Recreational Union" and subsequently changed this year to the "Recreational Union" with the aim of co-ordinating all non-sporting activities, especially College productions. No production was received a Blue and Awards of Merit has been given to Kay Gordon.

What the Recreational Union has attained has been by the efforts of a hard-working but luckless executive. Congratulations must be extended to the incoming officials and let's hope that they induce more support from the students.

—ROGER DONOGHUE, President

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL

This year has been quite successful for us. After the 1964 team's win in D grade, the 1965 team was promoted to B grade. New players were recruited and I would like to congratulate these girls on their keenness and willingness to learn. Through concerted efforts and regular training we managed to come fourth in the grade.

Thanks also go to Keith Rodwell who, although engaged in several sporting activities himself, came to coach us when he could.

—JACQUELINE BREDDIN

CRICKET CLUB

1965 saw the reforming of the College cricket club. One match has already been played, while others are planned against Armidale and Balmain Colleges and against the Graduates.

The College has a number of good cricketers and could do well in the local competition.
SQUASH CLUB
Back row: Alan Weir, R. Wexer, S. Ciempelli
Middle row: Bill Murray, Jane Atkin, Judy Anderson, M. Green, Lola Duffey, Bob Douglas
Front row: Kerry Lynch, Lynndall Smith, Fran Pobble, Bob Hayden, Denise Giradolls, Carol Hardman, Norita Sullivan

CRICKET CLUB
Front row: Kerri Lynch, Lindy Slade, Fran Purdon, Ross Hoyden, Denise Grisedale, Carol Hardman, Joe Sullivan

CRICKET CLUB WOMEN
Back row: Don Watson, Gorri Colman, Maurice Bird, Don Brown, Kevin Samien, Barry Robinson, Phillip Stewart, Gregory Cook, Brian Cottle, Ray Cook, John Butler

SEVENTY

SEVENTY-ONE
PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB
Kareen Behon, Kaye Barry, Ken Johnson, Brian Collins, Bob Houston, Margaret Ogden, Judy McCarthy.

SOCIAL CLUB
Karen Behon, Kaye Barry, Roy Johnson, Brian Collins, Bob Houston, Margaret Ogden, Judy McCarthy.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL
Front row: Frank Furdon, Jill Bird, Pam Nicholls.
Front row: Carol Conroy, Pam Hendry, Heather Dunson, Pauline Rayns.

SEVENTY-TWO

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB
Back row: Ken Wolf, Roy Bower, David Powell.
Middle row: Lindsey Whitaker, Gary Lawrence, Gary Simon, Frank Rybek.
Front row: Lynne Hill, Julie Oldfield, Anne Hendry, Marie Miners, Margaret Jeffery.

SEVENTY-THREE

RIFLE CLUB
Back row: Owen Williamson, John Bradfield, John Scruton, Peter Squire, Kevin Morgan, John Smith.
Middle row: Danny Scroos, Stephen Closecosti, Max Hill, Geoff Williamson, Richard Harrison.