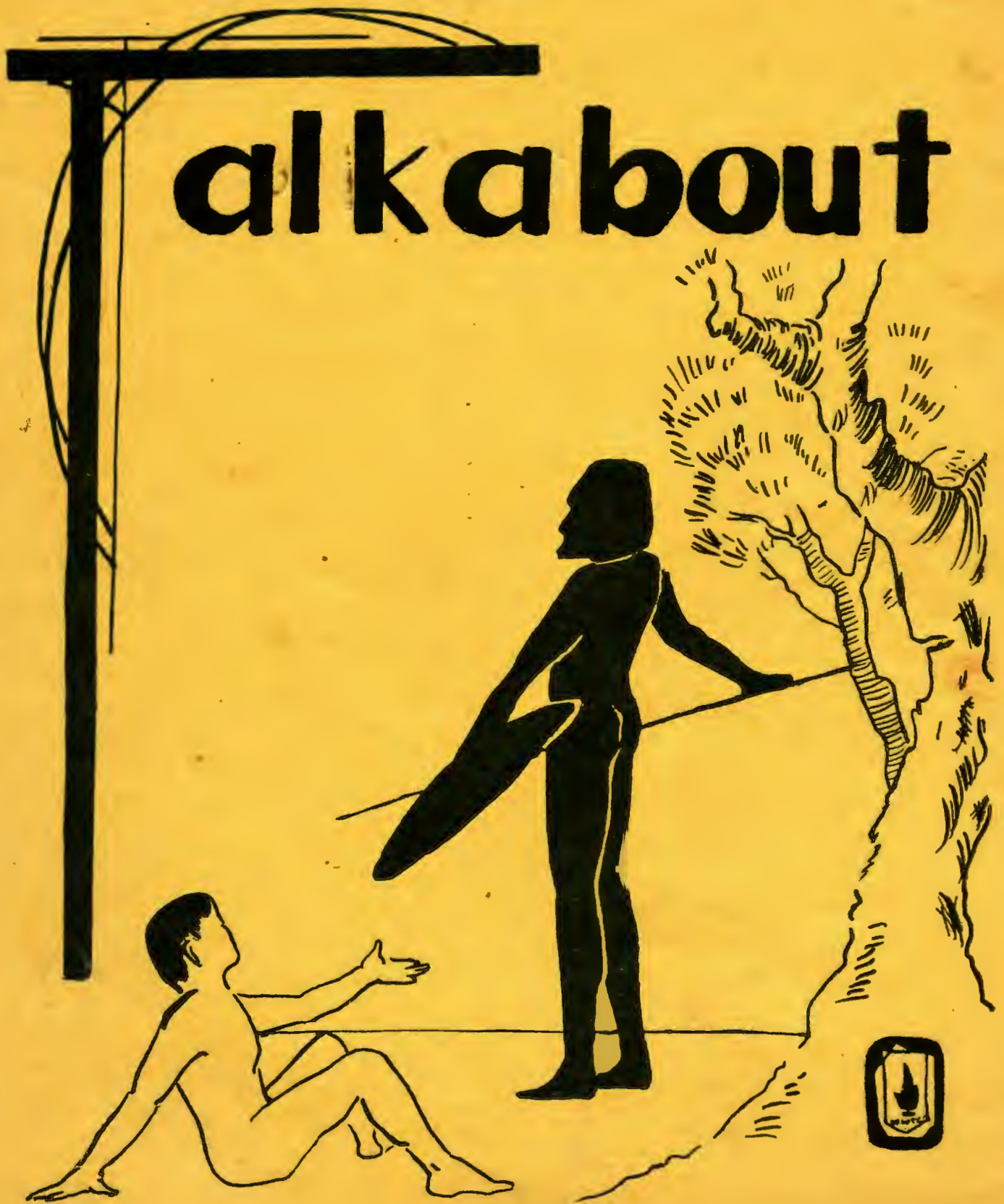


1959 *Souvenir Issue of*

alkabout





Mr. G. W. MUIR

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

The Editor of Talkabout has very kindly asked me to prepare a short statement for inclusion in this souvenir issue of Talkabout and I am grateful to him for the opportunity.

You are leaving this College prepared to the minimum standard required for the practice of the profession you have chosen and like all professional people you must go on developing and learning the new techniques and skills required in an advancing age.

We have not been able to do anything more than bring you to the standard even though we have done a great many things which are strictly not related to teacher training. You will of course realise that the development of persons as teachers depends largely on the development of persons as individuals.

When I entered Teachers' College I was told by a Small School teacher that I would have the happiest two years of my life and in some ways this has proved to be true despite the fact that I attended a large metropolitan Teachers' College where the personal contact between staff and students is much less than that existing in this Teachers' College.

You all will have happy memories of some aspects of your time here. Sport, the friends you have made, your participation in dramatic work, or the choir practice and no doubt some of you found the lectures were enjoyable. Cherish those memories and think of the College often. You may not have understood the reasons for many of the things which were done for you. Increasing experience will no

doubt reveal many of them but the College is always open to suggestion and if you have any ideas for the improvement of any aspect of the College's life we will always be glad to hear them particularly as after you have been in the service a while and you come to know the needs of the profession into which you entered.

For better or for worse you are a product of Wagga Teachers' College and your reputation and ours is closely linked. Carry your head high. We think you have something to be proud of.

Good luck in your future as a member of the profession to which the staff are prepared to welcome you.

EDITORIAL

As this paper comes off the press, second years will be making arrangements for their final departure from College. With the departure will come an assessment of the value of the two years spent here, from the points of view both of moulding the individual and moulding the teacher.

On this second consideration only the future will be able to pass judgment. If the College has, indeed, been successful in turning an untried adolescent into a worthy teacher, it has fulfilled its primary aim, and no student could doubt that he is a more effective teacher for having come to College.

The other consideration is one which can be made at the present. The matter of development of character over the two years is one that has affected different students in different ways. A brief comparison of students around you as you know them now and as you knew them at the start of last year will reveal a change. Some students have changed into more socially acceptable people, whereas the reverse has also applied in other cases, but everywhere there has been a move towards conformity.

Is this conformity essential? Students certainly have learned co-operation with others in that they adjust their characters to a form accepted in student society. This norm, however, has not always been an ideal one.

The ideal situation for the development of character in a College such as this would be to have a natural atmosphere about the College which condones work. The atmosphere at Wagga is far from the atmosphere of tertiary education, and for this three major reasons can be propounded.

Firstly, the students of the College are too young. A more mature approach will only be achieved when students of a higher age are admitted to College. Secondly, the physical surroundings of the College are unfavourable.

This is an unfortunate situation, but all credit must be given for efforts which are being made to transform the College to a state more suitable for the function of tertiary education. The third factor influencing the atmosphere of the College is that of the residential rules. These rules must be waived if the correct attitude towards the College can be developed. Students rebel immediately against the rules, not only because they provide a greater restriction than the home life, but also because they illustrate, through their necessity, the attitude which is prevailing in the College.

There is a task, I feel, for both Administration and students which must exercise their minds in the future. The student, on leaving College, should take a look at his own character—should he find that objectionable changes have been made to it since he entered College, these changes should be overcome. The task for the Administration is to review radically the residential rules. The S.R.C. has already suggested some alterations, but I seriously doubt whether it has gone far enough. All this is radical and unrealistic—perhaps, but it is only by idealism and radical change in policy that an ideal attitude can be created in students.

Finally, it would be remiss of me not to thank all those who have assisted this year with Talkabout: To members of the staff, especially Messrs. Carroll and MacGuire, we are deeply indebted. Other members who helped greatly were Messrs. Bullen, Muir, Bass, Wade, Cosier and all those who let their time and history be disturbed in pen portrait. To the Talkabout Committee, I can only give my deepest thanks and

state that it has been a pleasure to work with them.

Finally, to Ron Smith and his staff at the Advertiser. I wish to pay our tributes. Advice has been freely given with an attitude of tolerance which made our ignorance less embarrassing.

The Future Development of the College

Since its inception in 1947 the College has grown steadily, changing from the "deserted and desolate picture" that Mr. Blakemore described at a past Graduation, to its present attractive appearance, which reflects the great amount of work that has gone into its development over the years. As the College serves the needs of a growing State, it must grow to fulfil its task of teacher training and this growth to be really effective has to be planned and guided so that the best results will be obtained. The plans for the future development of the College reflect a great amount of thought in utilising the money that is to be spent on the College so that its aims will be fulfilled. It is hoped that within a decade the present plans will be nearly completed, although of course the College will develop further.

Mr. Muir outlined the development plans to me in an interview this week and they show that the College in the future will be modern, well planned, well, equipped and in attractive surroundings.

The beginning of next year will see the completion of the first unit of the new men's dormitories which are being built on similar lines to the latest women's dormitories. They will be built in the shape of a hollow half-rectangle.

The next task will be to complete the rectangle by the addition of another unit of men's dormitories. Other units will be added to both the men's and women's dormitories to cope with the rising future enrolment.

With the enrolment rising, more lecture rooms will have to be provided and the building of the first unit of the permanent lecture block will begin next year to cope with the added numbers and to eventually replace the present lecture rooms which are spread over a large area. The lecture block will consist of 11 units linked by covered ways and will run from the back of the present domestic quarters to where the Assembly Hall now stands. Each unit will consist of two lecture rooms, two offices and a store-room. It is hoped that the lecture rooms will be equipped comparable to world standards.

The expansion of the College will also mean that a new Assembly Hall and library will be needed. These will be situated between the present biology lecture rooms and Hely Avenue, together with the new administration building. This will mean that the places to which outside people come, will be in a separate unit away from the College and so they will not have to enter the College proper to get to them. The library will be a fitting tribute to the work of the College's first Principal since Mrs. Blakemore has approved that his name be linked with it.

From what has been said it will be seen that the dormitories, lecture rooms and administration buildings have been pushed out from the centre of the College. In this central portion will be a students' block where a common room, recreation room, shop and student offices will be situated. Being in the central portion of the College this student block will be equidistant from the men's and women's dormitories, the lecture block and the library, auditorium and administration offices. It will form the hub of student life.

The new dining hall will be built in two wings to lessen the noise but whether it will be a Y-shaped or T-shaped building has yet to be decided since each design has advantages. However, whatever the shape of the building, no doubt the

quality of the food will be unimpaired.

A gymnasium is also to be built but this has low priority. The actual priority will be:—Dormitories, lecture rooms and then other buildings as they are needed most.

The grounds are to be developed also. Another groundsman is to be employed and the area around the new women's dormitories is to be cultivated into lawns, trees and shrubs. The new cricket oval will be started soon, possibly this summer and the development of the area around the dorms will be extended down to this area of the playing fields. The area around the main gates will remain the most cultivated area of gardens.

The future will bring changing staff and courses. Next year alone will see nine new members on the staff, six as replacements and three additional members. Next year greater emphasis will be placed on Infants' method for the women and the emphasis will be changed in some courses. An extra course in Natural Science will try to bring the student into contact with modern day scientific problems and events and in history a course in recent world affairs is to be instituted. These courses will enable the student to better understand and discuss our changing modern society.

The Principal's policy is that the College will be an institution where the students' training and development come first and in which the student can prepare for his career without undue friction, following a set routine and a clear cut code of behaviour.

—R.G.

T.T.A. REPORT

The 1959 T.T.A. in the College has possibly set the basis upon which future T.T.A. committees can set their policy. Although achieving little in the way of material benefits, this T.T.A. was able to show the Federation organisers in Sydney that the T.T.A. of each college was able to outline the needs of students in a different light.

Previously, the T.T.A. aimed at giving student opinion; their immediate wants; suggestions for improving the status of students and to seek Federation aid in all matters concerned with students in a Teachers' College. This, however, was controlled by the Principal of



The New Men's Dormitory Under Construction

each college, who could censor the rulings of the T.T.A., and in some cases nullify all power of the T.T.A. However, following the 1959 annual Teachers' Federation Conference, it was discovered that the T.T.A. was not the dominated body that some thought. Now, by means of the T.T.A. Co-ordinating Committee, the various T.T.A. committees have been granted the power to meet each year in order to put forward the claims of the students. This innovation prevents the interference of other organisations and powers, and is aimed at giving students some freedom in their relations with the Federation.

In addition to this feature, the T.T.A. has been given the chance to strive for equal conditions amongst Teachers' Colleges throughout the State. Delegates at the Federation Conference who were, in the main, teachers from various parts of the State, received the views put forward by T.T.A. representatives. They all agreed that a different light had been thrown on the subject of the student teacher.

From this, the conference saw that the plight of the student was not one of equality in any one college. Thus pledges were made to achieve at least some unity amongst the Colleges of N.S.W. This is an important start, and it must be utilised in the future to the greatest extent.

Thus the 1960 T.T.A. must endeavour to carry out these aims from the beginning. It is not a matter of planning and wishful thinking now, the stage has been set for action. If this is carried out properly, the T.T.A. could certainly come into its own as a recognised affiliated body of the Teachers' Federation.

The outgoing T.T.A. committee has the following suggestions for the future:

1. Combine with the students of other colleges to form a strong Co-ordinating Committee.

2. Approach the Federation, concerning the important matter of uniformity amongst Teachers' Colleges, and allowances comparable with those of other States.

3. Request representations from the Federation to make student claims more valid at the various Federation meetings.

4. Finally, aim at making the T.T.A. Co-ordinating Committee Conference a bi-annual feature, to enable students' views to be analysed in a more co-operative atmosphere.



SECTION 581



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We feel confident that action will follow immediately. All that is needed now is initiative to follow up the work done this year, and it is hoped the lead will come from Wagga Teachers' College.

R. PICKBURN, Pres.

L. ARCHER, Sec.

STUDENTS' REP. COUNCIL REPORT 1959

It is our firm belief that 1959 has been a successful year for the Students' Representative Council. This is due entirely to members of the Student Union who have taken an active interest in the affairs of the Council. Its success in any one year, in our belief, measured by interest, negative or positive, that is taken in it.

The first meeting of the Council was held in the mixed common room on the 19th March, at which 27 Representatives opened the first of a series of discussions for 1959. At this meeting we were pleased to see Peter Dobson elected Deputy President, Peter Topper elected Treasurer and Margaret Brownie elected Assistant Secretary.

Following discussion with the Chamber of Commerce the Council organised students to help in the Wagga City Band Appeal. Button sellers and door-to-door collectors were successful in raising over £380.

FINANCE

Early in the year an allocation was made to the Sports' Union (this year: £539). The Publication Committee was allocated £300; £150 for Talkabout and £150 for Baringa. However, as Baringa was not published this year the money usually allocated to the magazine was transferred to Talkabout account for the production of the souvenir edition of Talkabout.

Grants were also made to the College Clubs as follows:— Music Club £40; Craft Club £75; Photography Club £48; Little Theatre £60; Naturalists' Club £15; Sketch Club £45.

In addition, the library was given £120 for the purchase of books, mainly fiction.

The Council also pays the P.M.G. Department for mail deliveries at the rate of £4 per month.

As usual we made our annual donation to the Wagga District Ambulance—being increased this year from £5 to £10. For this reason students who are ill, can be taken to hospital free of charge.

GENERAL

After the initial allocation of finance, many matters of student interest were brought before the Administration. In this way the Administration has been made aware of student opinion.

In second term we had Inter-Collegiate and the formation of the Squash Club. Having been granted £36 the Club was able, with the co-operation of the Courts' Manager, to give free games of squash to those students interested.

At the end of term the ex-students' re-union was successfully carried out with help from members of the Social Union and domestic staff. Over 50 students from the 1957-58 session were able to renew friendships and see the development within the College.

During the second term vacation, five Council members attended a Congress of Teachers' College Student Representatives and were able to recommend to the Congress matters concerned with:—

1. Increased food allowance from the Department to residential colleges.
2. Junior Secondary appointments.

In third term the institution of a telephone roster created much feeling among students and at Council meetings. The Council, however, finally agreed that the telephone

should be manned on a roster basis until an alternative extension system is installed.

The Council has decided to purchase a movie screen to be used with the new college projector, a typewriter for the S.R.C. and Talkabout Committee, and new furniture: at the College Shop and in the Mixed Common Room.

THE SOCIAL UNION

The objective of this Union established early in the college year was to give students a free graduation ball. Because of the industry of the members of the Social Union, guided by Peter Dobson and Jan Van Boss, this objective has been more than realised. Over £400 has been raised as a result of a successful series of College dances, including a variety of theme dances. Congratulations must go to the Social Union for their splendid work this year.

THE SPORTS UNION

The sporting clubs within the Sports Union provided a wide range of sporting activities for students. £640 was made available for the purchase of sporting equipment, payment of fees, and for sundry expenses. This amount was £150 more than the amount allocated last year. The increase can be attributed to new equipment for teams and the commencement of the winter term Squash Club.

Because of its wide range and its variety, sport has become a very attractive feature of college life.

THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

In first and second term the committee headed by Tom

Richmond, and with the assistance of many other writers editors and "publishers" produced five first class editions of Talkabout.

However, this term, practice teaching and examinations prevented the production of further editions. Nevertheless, work went ahead for the publishing of the final edition, containing 16 photographs, a sketch and a "fancy" cover. Congratulations Publications' Committee!

It would be impossible to enumerate the help and advice given to the Council throughout the year by its members, by the students, and by the staff, both academic and non-academic.

Particularly helpful have we found Mr. Bass and Miss Bridges as representatives of the Principal and Mr. Muir, for receiving and always giving consideration to representations made by the Council President and Secretary, and by various committees.

Concluding this report we wish every success to the President and Secretary for 1960. Then, to the Principal, Lecturing Staff, Registrar and College Staff, and to each and every student, good luck in the future.

—Tom Lake, President



EQUAL PAY FOR WOMEN

I am most concerned at the attitude of elation which female students of this College are looking forward to the prospect of pay equality with men. I submit the view that the prospect of equal pay is not only injurious to the nation but also to the profession and to the women themselves.

Let us look at the facts from an economic point of view as after all this is essentially an economic problem. Women have traditionally received less than men on good economic grounds. Men are stronger than women. Their opportunities for employment are greater for this reason because there are certain jobs which women could not or would not do. It is not hard for the

reader to recall examples of these. If women have less opportunity of employment than men then there are more of them applying for fewer jobs. It is the relationship between supply and demand that has always kept women's wages lower than men's.

What then will be the effects of the proposed equality of pay? It can be seen that this equality of pay will not be accompanied by equality of opportunity. Many of the jobs women have traditionally done could be handled just as well by men. In the long run women will find that their opportunity for employment will decline and that unemployment will eventually result. And the poor females think they are going to gain!

However, this legislation will have repercussions in other fields. There is an excellent social reason for men receiving more pay than women. Generally the man has far more responsibilities than the woman. If he is married then he has a family to support. If he is young and unmarried then he is saving for the responsibilities of later life. Generally a woman does not have these responsibilities or has to face them to a much lesser degree. Therefore, why should a woman receive as much as a man? Also the man is always expected to assert his supposed masculinity and pay for the lady when he is taking her somewhere. This costs money. Again I ask why should a woman receive as much as a man?

There is then no economic justification for women receiving as much as men. There is no social justification. They are being given this so called opportunity only because the Government wanted a few misguided female votes before the last election to help keep it in office. Nothing is to be gained by this last ditch stand of the suffragettes. Maybe women should never have been infected with this disease of so called equality. Soon they will be wanting to be fathers. That after all is the ultimate in equality. It would be better for everybody if this senseless cult of momism of which equal pay is one aspect was stamped out forever!

Yours faithfully,

—Observant Male.



Tom Lake and Lorraine Crakanthorp, President and Secretary of the S.R.C.

SOCIAL UNION REPORT

The social year of 1959 culminates with the Graduation Ball on Wednesday, 16th Decmeber. With this in mind here is a brief review of the year.

The dances have become a firmly established Saturday night feature, both formal and informal themes being adopted. At the dances on various occasions entertainment has been provided by: the College Quintet, men and women; Phil Barlow; Stan Melville; the Bush Band, and the "Sweet Old College Girls" review. Special thanks to these people for making the dances more enjoyable.

Besides the dances, a barbecue was arranged and a Snow Trip, which provided a lot of pleasure and fun for the large number of students.

The film night is a new feature introduced this year. It has proved so successful that two more are to be held in the final weeks of the College term.

I would like to mention Miss Ferguson, Mr. Bass and Mr. Bullen, who have at various times during the year guided and assisted members of the Social Union. Their interest is greatly appreciated.

Thanks must be given to the members of the Social Union for combining to make a wonderful effort this year. Particular thanks to Lella Andrews, Edith Smith, Anne Flintham, Robin Chisolm, Arthur Collien and Geoff Tasker, who, although not a member of the Social Union has given a great deal of his time for Social Union work.

At this point, I would personally like to thank Jan Van Boss for the efficient way she carried out her work as secretary.

In programming for the year's activities, we tried to make them enjoyable so the year would be a memorable one for all students.

On behalf of all members, I wish those students elected to the Social Union for 1960, good luck and much success in everything they do.

—Peter Dobson, Pres. S.U.

WAGGA COLLEGE 1959

This year marked a new era in the history of Wagga College. With a new Principal and new faces in the Administration to assist him, the College has contrived to spread



A Scene from "You can't take It with You"

out physically and to maintain the previous standard culturally and academically.

COLLEGE'S PHYSICAL CHANGES

Two most important events occurred this year in the physical history of the College.

The first important event was the implementation of the new women's dormitories. These dormitories mark another stage in the development of the College, providing for the women of the establishment, accommodation which can only be described as first class. These dormitories are a credit to the Department and

provide an insight into the future nature of the College. These brick buildings are notable for their Common Room. Here is to be found a room with amenities catering magnificently for student interests. Modern furniture and an efficient kitchen are other features.

The other major occurrence this year in the College's physical history was the commencement of the new brick men's dormitories. As yet, only the foundations have been laid, but when the building is complete it will become the first permanent building in the men's residential section.

New additions have also been made to the College in the form of new playing fields. Next year, the soccer field will be used and shortly after that, the hockey and cricket fields should come into operation.

CULTURE IN THE COLLEGE

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

As usual, the zenith of cultural achievement in the College this year was the Gilbert and Sullivan production.

Mr. Orchard once again was instrumental in the production. "The Pirates of Penzance" was a credit to him and also to Miss Ferguson, whose unfortunate accident limited her participation in the actual performance.

Of the cast, Janet Clifford must be singled out as the most talented performer in "The Pirates." Those of us who saw it can still remember the quality of her singing as the best



A Scene from the Hawaiian Dance - 1959

individual effort of a production in which team-work was the keynote. Few, also, will forget the enchanting "Hall Poetry" chorus at the end of the first act, in which members of the chorus showed the talent which Mr. Orchard and Miss Ferguson moulded so admirably.

"PLAYBILL"

Produced by members of Dramatic Art II, "Playbill" was a bracket of two One Act Plays. Produced by Mr. Thomson, these plays featured some very talented performers. Rod Bourke, as Mr. Crocker Harris, and Carol Wane, as "The Crock's Wife," turned in very polished performances in "The Browning Version," while Terry Wheatley gave a great performance as Gosport in "Harlequinade."



SECTION 592

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"

This was the annual production of Dramatic Art I. In this play, produced by Mrs. Colman, no individual really stood out, but each showed that experience has been gained from his work and that a creditable standard of performance will be assured next year.

The play was a comedy centring around the activities of a rather eccentric family group in a rather eccentric living room and each of the characters became lovable to the audience.

THE CHOIR

As is traditional in the College, the Choir will once again perform at Graduation. It is with eager anticipation that we look forward to this event, with reports filtering through from members that the standard is, once again, high.

A disappointing student response marred the operation of the choir, a factor that is, in itself, an undesirable commentary on students.

BARINGA

As was the case with the choir, the student response towards Baringa was extremely disappointing. Despite many hours of work put in by a limited number of people and keen help offered by Mr. Bullen, students this year failed to produce enough material of sufficient standard to produce a magazine.

To give students a glimpse of what work has been done, it has been decided to include some of the best work in this issue of "Talkabout."



SECTION 593



SECTION 594

Special
Literary
Supplement

AND GOD
FORGOT . . .

To whom it may concern . . .

Let no man ever say that there is neither Heaven nor Hell, for I have experienced both and truly Heaven is but fleeting but Hell is everlasting till life ends and body and mind rot together in death. For God made the world and God forgot the world, and man lives on trusting in a deception. And man is weak and needs this deception to prop up his purposeless existence. But when he is left without even this spineless support his sham faith no longer sufficient — what then? What use then putting by treasures in Heaven when the starkness of truth laughs hereafter! Hereafter! Hereafter! and scorns your credulity with every attack it makes. Do you try to repulse it? but you're a fool, you prolong the agony or doubt for fear of the worse blow. Realisation. Why don't you realise it look it in the face and spit in its eye and drain your glass because you're weak and you need it but in the end you have to and it's even worse because you've weakened yourself and lie wounded from the battle with truth? And what is truth anyway? It beat you here but where does it come in the world? And you look around and curse because truth is only a second and that makes you a miserable third. So anyway you finally start to kick life in the teeth again but you're kidding yourself so much you begin to wonder is it really you looking back from the mirror and not somebody stepped through the wall to borrow a cup of sugar. Now you have you've mastered your inadequacies you reckon let's go let's have the world let's eat drink and be merry for tomorrow . . . for tomorrow you go out and work and do the same things as yesterday only you're kidding like mad that you've found the answer here we go gathering nuts in May said the school marm and here you go gathering bits here and there to make up a new philosophy, your philosophy and you're kidding yourself again that this is on old Mr. World when she gonna make your battle a whole lot easier. It's you and the world now you reckon reckon you're pulling a swifty shuts the outhouse door. Now you've got it and you're waiting for him to come out and meantime you're yelling ob-



"South Coast" - Pen and Ink Sketch by W. Hindmarsh

scenities at him and you're ten feet tall and when he comes out you're nothing and you're back where you started only not quite cause you've got the groundwork fixed for many more such. But anyway it's getting you thru for a while only for when the world becomes so constipated with hypocrisy and then you have to wait for the door to shut again. And this is Hell only you're a great kidder and you can tell yourself different small times: that stops you going completely mad, only you're so busy telling yourself and Mr. World stole a march on you while you stood there picking your nose.

And the Heaven you can remember that and it's an eternal flameless cigarette it's there to taunt you and you remember what your Heaven was: love, love love! till it shouts at you and your clothes stick to your back and your nerves twitch and you cry back at it Love! Love! Love! and you remember that you never really had it old Mr. World stole some of your pieces and you couldn't fit Humpty together again. A man has his memories although they make lonesome companies, light gaudily clad jockeys, they ride high on his shoulders weighing nothing but controlling his life sawing at his mind with bits of sheet flogging his body with the whips of what-might-have-been. He walks down the street and around him is a silence unperced by the sounds of taxis the voices the buses the whistles of the cops, the trains the boats the underground rumblings of the subway; the heat of the sun the wet of the rain the brilliance of day and the darkness of night go unheeded. On his shoulders are the memories pushing crowding fighting for his attention they speak with a multitude of tongues whispering urging babbling for his ear little jockey memories with wizened faces which each day become more drained of life and warmth and reality but stronger and uglier and more demanding they refuse to leave him along whether day or night alone or in crowds. So your Heaven turned out to be a Hell and this is the world's atomic weapon against your philosophy and every time you're feeling big it's trotted out to bring you back down to size about the size of that silence that pickles you. You come out of it selfless and lifeless a slave to those screaming deriding jockeys. And do you now call upon

God even though you know he's not there, hunting or sleeping or talking for he is a god and cry still the louder knowing that God forgot.

—C. Lucas

"LE SOLEIL LEVANT"

Leaving his easel on the path, Claude walked to the furthest rail of the paddock. Drawn by the magnetic beauty of the setting sun, he passed beyond the fence and stood silent, almost breathless, on the hill.

Below, he could see a town, thriving on the wealth of its slopes. It was spring again and the past crept up on him like the sun rising up the slopes. There were many children in the park. School over, they had several hours before teatime, now that the days were becoming longer. They seemed happy, but then, most children are happy; they find a joy in living and being young. They laughed and shouted, scrambled and tumbled — all in the lively game. Perhaps, not all. There was one lad, oblivious of his noisy mates, standing at the gate, gazing out into the sunset. He only heard the noisy birds, settling in their nests, only the soft whisper of the breeze against his cheek, against the earth. He saw the new birds and the shining leaves and felt the crisp fresh air. He did not remember the day's work; it was lost in that deep queer feeling in his stomach. He pressed his hand against his chest, just to stop that rising swelling from catching at his throat. The clouds looked like his mother's white powder puff after she had dipped it into the powder, the sky was the colour that he saw when he passed the door of a grown-up's party — all pink and gold and green; and the sun — he wrinkled his eyes to make that great orange, shimmer and sparkle through his lashes — was ready to slide from its flushed tablecloth on to a lap of darkness. Not waiting for its final slip, the lad flung open the gate and ran hard, right till he reached his own gate. There, breathless from his run, he saw the day end. He waited till the last strip of green had gone, for not till then had he wiped that embarrassing tear from his eye and resolved that a sunset should not have to be forgot-

ten. He was ten and old enough to find a way to make it last— somehow!

Looking down into the heart of the town, Claude next saw a youth of twenty making his way carefully along the hot, dusty street. Under one arm he clasped an easel, the other hugged a large parcel. The youth seemed uneasy, faltering at each corner, hurrying past open doors and shrinking from the scornful eyes of friends as they passed. Once through the town, with the heat of people left behind, his step became easier, despite the uphill path, and his face slowly lit up and lost its bitter uneasiness. The thought of the thick verbrant colour caused an inexplicable excitement within him and his hand longed to hold that instrument of creation. He could feel the thick richness of the colour. He knew how he would paint; strokes and dabs and often many colours on top of each other — a transparent, shimmering effect, with light and atmosphere. He would paint the sky, the clouds and the sun — those things in which others had failed to find lasting beauty. Upon the crest of the hill, before turning to walk across the paddock, the youth paused to feel the sunset. Once more, the swelling in his chest, the tears in his eyes and that sweet sadness which captured his mood. The great golden glow spread over the sky and tipped the slopes and houses — it reached out and touched every scorched blade and twig; then silently withdrew its golden splendour to a great fiery furnace beneath the horizon. The youth's lips parted, drawing in the sunburnt air, gazed till the last crimson gleam died, then turned with resolution renewed — the sunset will not die; I will make it live forever!

On that same hill there sat a man; Claude recalled him, bearded and forty, canvas shimmering under his hand. Claude's eyes squinted as he remembered the glow of the autumn sun which was being transformed with eager strokes and excited dabs. Yellows, reds, greens — much colour and much vibrance. A translucent effect, an atmospheric effect, a glorious autumn sunset. The man raised his hand and held it against his chest. His eyes danced with the excitement of that strange, sad, happiness, sometimes almost too strong. The beauty about him filled him with great love and tenderness. His work was his life, he realised that, again and

again, each time he drank in the still warmth of the dying day.

Claude raised his eyes once more to the sky which held so much of the past for him now. Heavy, grey clouds were being illuminated like a lady's curls being hung with jewels. Vivid scarlets appeared on top of the goldens; pink and green took the place and grey and blue. He knew it all so well; yet that great swelling came, for which he could never find words. He pressed his hands to his breast to calm that sad, blissful longing. Tears sprang easily to his eyes (only the young, fight tears) and his chin quivered as he felt the cold wind rise and brush past him, sweeping down the slope into the town. It no longer stayed to whisper to him, there were new lives to be entranced. The crimson was fading, the green spreading — the sun was almost gone. As the sun fell silently, smoothly out of its throne, Claude became calm and still. His breast became clear and his hand unclenched. Alone on his hill, at the fulfilment of another day, he knew that his secret desire had been fulfilled also. Different from his friends because he had felt the mystic call of the sun, he had sought a way to create an everlasting memory of its glory. Success had been his. Life had been a wonderful thing for him, and now he was past his eightieth year; painting and its memory had kept him young. Tonight he had taken his old easel from its place in the corner and wandered with it onto his hill, into the sunset and through his life.

Silently. Claude waited for the light to fade and for the first time stayed till a star appeared. He was happy on his hill and quite content to let the cold night engulf his senses.

—W. Hindmarsh.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SNIPPETS

"Glory be to the Father and the Son
And glory be to everyone."
Everyone who loves and hates,
For everyone the glory waits
In the golden house on high,
In the Kingdom of the sky.

Don't fret, little Asian friend,
Starve now and you may depend

That God will feed you when
you die
On golden fruit up in the sky;
"Glory be to the Father and
the Son
And glory be to everyone."
Negro friend, just you be
brave
And just have faith there,
while you slave,
Just praise Him while your
back you bend,
And He will take you in the
end.
"Glory be to the Father and
the Son
And glory be to everyone."

Soldier don't protest so loud,
Don't be fearful of the shroud,
Just praise the Lord until you
die,
And join the glory of the sky.
Glory be to the Father and the
Son
And glory be to everyone.

Little child now come ye nigh,
And I'll splash water in your
eye,
And then I'll start to tell you
the story
Of great belief — the power
and the glory —
For God loves all both small
and great,
God loves all who love the
State,
God loves all who stand and
wait,
Who work or starve while in
this life,
Who praise Him still despite
the strife.

Which in His wisdom He doth
place
To benefit the human race.
Yes, God loves, God's great
love
Will help us till we see the
dove
And climb the stairway to the
sky,
And live in glory up on high.
Yes, God loves.

Please, miss, if God loves as
you say,
Why does he let the world
decay?

Question not but just believe,
And God will take you when
you leave
This wicked world.

Please, miss, if He's a loving
God,
Why's half the world so under-
trod?

Question not, but just believe,
And God will take you when
you leave
This wicked world.

Please, miss, could you but ex-
plain
Why is it that we can't com-
plain?

I cannot see, I have no proof
There is a God who stays aloof
From human troubles human
fright —

A loving God who takes delight
In frowning on humanity,
Encouraging calamity;
No, say no more about your
story
Of ill-used power and twisted
glory,
I've a mind and I'm not blind,
I'll have a God when I can
find
A proof of one upon this
world—

The flag of glory here unfurled.
Glory be to everyone
Then glory to the Father and
the Son.

—Tom Richmond.

THE PURPLE PATCH

Why, oh why did his parents
have to be poor? Why wasn't
he like Toby, Toby Gringer,
whose father owned the factory
and who had absolutely every-
thing in Jimmy's eyes. Only
yesterday Toby had come to
school bragging about the train
set he had received — and
how long was it since Jimmy
had been given something new
— something really brand new,
not handed down from his
elder brother or from one of
his cousins? He couldn't re-
member.

Jimmy's father had been
hard-pressed to earn enough
money working in the factory
to keep his wife and four sons
barely clothed and fed — now
there was another mouth to
feed, another body to be
clothed — the baby, six weeks
old, who was an extra burden
on the already stretched in-
come. But neither Mr. Clay nor
his wife complained, for theirs
was a happy, simple life in
a cramped home, held together
by love.

It wasn't at all like Jimmy
to complain because his parents
were poor but he felt shame,
wandered moodily about the
utter humiliation now as he
yard, scuffing his well-worn
shoes on the stones. Couldn't
his mother have chosen a less
obtrusive piece of material
with which to mend the back
of his trousers and not a scrap
from an old dress—a purple
patch!

Aimlessly he ambled into the
tiny kitchen where his mother
was washing the last of the
lunch dishes.

"If you are going to the park
to play this afternoon," she
commented in that soft voice
which he had come to love so
dearly, "don't get into any
mischief will you? and dar-
ling," as though she had read
his thoughts, "don't look so
worried about that patch. We
just can't afford the extra
pound till the end of the week,
and then you will have a new
pair."

Another week! A whole
seven days to wait! Jimmy
felt a warm red glow creep up
the back of his neck to the
tips of his ears, as he hurried
outside into the hot sun, out
the gate and into the street,
moving along with his back
to the fence.

Saturday, and nowhere to go.
The park? No! All his friends
would laugh at the patch —
and how could he let Louise,
the little blonde girl with the
dancing blue eyes who lived
round the corner see him in
such a shameful position?
Never!

He dawdled down the street,
taking little notice of the shop
windows and trying to look
as though he had not a trouble
in the world. His eye was
caught by a gaily coloured
poster at which he idly gazed.
Suddenly his whole body jer-
ked to attention. In his agony
he had completely forgotten the
sports which were to be held
this afternoon in the park —
and the prize for each race
was a pound—maybe a pound
to make up the money for his
new trousers. Could he endure
the embarrassment of having
everybody see his hateful
patch for an hour, or would
he put up with it for a whole
week? The decision was made.
It must be almost half past
two — he had to hurry!

The park was filled with
children — children of all ages
and sizes. Toby was there,
talking of how he would win
every race for any child under
eleven years to Louise —
Louise. She would see his
patch. He felt a flush spread
across his face once more as
he tried to back away before
she could see him.

"All boys entering the under
eleven years race," boomed the
microphone. Boys came from
everywhere to the starting line

— they had to run straight
down between the crowd to a
piece of rope — it seemed
so far away, thought Jimmy.
Jimmy had a problem —
would he dare enter the race
and let everyone see his dis-
grace, or would he creep
away? Oh, that horrible
purple patch!

They were ready. On your
mark. Bang.

And Jimmy was with them
— a little behind, but still he
was in the race. He could feel
his heart pounding — his
chest felt tight — and Toby
was in the lead. Run! Run!
He must run faster!

Toby was first to the line;
a big boy, whom Jimmy had
seen at school, was second,
and Jimmy himself, third.
Only half a crown. He clutch-
ed it in his sticky hand, then
stuffed it into his back pocket.

The children were already
lining up for the next race —
thread the needle. Toby had
claimed Louise for his partner
— who could Jimmy ask to be
his? No longer was he worried
whether or not people saw his
patch that afternoon — he
must win at least a pound. A
tall pig-tailed girl was stand-
ing beside him: yes, she would
be his partner.

They were off. He ran to-
wards the tall girl. Holding
the needle between his damp
fingers as she was threading
it, he noticed Toby and Louise
from the corner of his eye —
Toby was looking very an-
noyed because Louise was
having trouble threading the
needle. And they were still
standing there when Jimmy
ran to the finishing line.

Second. Five shillings each,
but he was still twelve and
six below his goal. What could
he do?

The third and final race
was about to begin; the pairs
were lining up for the wheel
barrow race; all the girls had
been taken and there was no
one left. A quiet voice mur-
mured in his ear.

"Can I go with you,
Jimmy?" Louise. Oh, no! She
had begun to walk towards
the starting line, yes, he
would go with her, because
Louise had asked him!

There was a bang from the
gun. Louise picked up Jimmy's
legs, and the race was on.

On and on went Jimmy's hands — on, on, over the grass and over the pebbles, which cut into his fingers. Why hadn't he told Louise he wouldn't partner her; the shame, the humiliation; she was behind him, trying to keep up with him as he sped forwards, and she would be looking straight down, down at his purple patch. He had to get away from this dreadful place, away from these people, and most important, far, far away from Louise. He would never be able to look her in the eyes again; he would run away from home, in fact do anything rather than have Louise laugh at him.

While these thoughts had been tumbling through his mind, Jimmy had been getting closer to the end — closer to the time when he could leave. His arms were aching, and his hands were stinging unbearably.

He was over the line before he realised, and Louise was calling him to stop. He collapsed on the welcoming grass — a shamed little piece of humanity.

"We won! We won!" cried Louise, as though her heart would burst for joy. "Oh, Jimmy, you were wonderful!" And she threw her arms round his scrawny young body and hugged him.

Jimmy had forgotten his urgent desire to win the money, and his reason for wanting it; Louise was not laughing at him, she hadn't even noticed his patch — and she had hugged him! How perfect could life be for a nine year old?

—R. Leadbitter

SEIZURE

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And thou shalt pay no fine;
Fresh water put within the cup,
But do not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the heat doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But should I of the nectar sup
I'd my rill-warrant sign.
I've ventured often to the pub,
In Sydney where I'm free;
So that the heat of Sydney's sun

Will not have withered me.
But here if but my breath doth smell,
Of Joviality;
The gods of terror vent their wrath
And extricate a fee.

—O Me Miserum.

(with apologies to Ben Jonson,
Celia and the breweries)

BEAUTY OF LIFE?

Life — all worry and fear,
We laugh — with souls?
Our master — his sullen lear,
Complaining mouths — we close.

Life — all sickness and trouble,
We've health — in minds?
We strive for one big bubble,
What is love — of all kinds.

Life — unhappy and cruel,
Our bubble has burst;
And what of our fuel —
For one more hurt.

Life — worthless and cold
Striving — for what?
We're young — we're old,
Life's cold — not hot.

Life — living and dying,
I'm living — I'm dead;
But still I'm sighing,
My heart's like lead.

To be read by few and understood by fewer.

NAUSEA

In the beginning was the state
And from thence came the word
Equal are all men! Yea, I say,
ye are equal all!
The great and the small . . .
Born of a hope frustrated,
hated; feared obsessive
Against the grain of heart and soul,
A deep unfathomable hole of
sweat and tears.

For some are more equal than others
Comrade sisters and brothers!

A jockey rides a dumb horse;
A great persuading force.
The turn of the bit; the cut
of the whip
Response to the new
And well planned course.

"There is pie in the sky when you die."

—P. G. PRYOR

"LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY"

Dulcie Gray sat at her desk, preparing for another day of teaching her class of forty which she detested. She gazed pensively at all the empty seats and visualised the face of each child as she glanced from desk to desk. As she did this, she realised how each child must hate her as she hated them, and she felt less inclined to teach them, the more she thought of it.

Dulcie was thirty-nine, and, in a month would be forty. They say life begins at forty, she sniggered. What life had she to look forward to? She was unmarried with no prospects of matrimony. She was in a position she disliked. She had no particular friends who weren't married with families. Her brother was married with three dear little children whom she loved; yet she hated the children she lived with six hours every day. Why, she did not know, perhaps she blamed them for her unhappiness, otherwise she had no motive for disliking them.

As she thought of all these things, she realised how little interest her class showed in their work — surely a reflection of her own attitude to these children. She thought of the many times she had heard groups of children whispering about "the old grey mare" and this only made her more bitter towards them. Yet what could she do to like these children and win their admiration or at least their respect? With this thought in mind she resolved to try and interest her class today and be a little more tolerant towards them.

The morning bell rang and forty pairs of feet thundered into the room and noisily forty children took their seats. She said good morning and forced

a pleasant smile on her face, but she realised how hard it was for her to smile and once again she became disheartened.

She set the children to work and walked around the room observing their books. The class definitely had no interest in their work and it showed in their results.

There was Judy Roberts, a bright child, who produced reasonable results in every subject, but then her elder sister was a schoolteacher and she probably coached her in the evenings so she was really no credit to Dulcie's teaching.

The rest of the class had poor standards of work and Dulcie knew that they had all come to her with average abilities and each with a reasonably good standard of work. Once she had taken over, their work had deteriorated greatly. She realised that this had been the case with all her previous classes. She remembered how Roger Jameson, a pupil of hers, six years ago, had "jigged" school because she "picked on him" and that day had been drowned. She often thought of this, and she knew she was to blame. This was only one of the children whose lives she had greatly affected.

There was Alice Deep who had come to her a bright, highly intelligent child whom everyone thought had a very bright future in front of her. However, under Dulcie she became more and more disinterested and left as mediocre as the rest.

She thought of all her past pupils and tried to recall if any one had turned out a credit to her, but she could not. She cast a furtive glance over her present pupils and tried to foresee their futures, but she could only see them having mediocre jobs and never raising above that status. She was not helping these children because she was no longer interested in her work. Her life was unhappy and this was being reflected in her pupils.

The morning dragged on, but she quickly banished these thoughts from her mind when the bell rang. Quickly she dismissed her class and hurried along to the staff room. She entered and became absorbed

in the chatter of the staff. Deldre Masters had become engaged to one of the young male teachers on the staff. The headmaster was planning a surprise party for Mr. Hagen, and other matters were being discussed. Feeling more depressed than ever, Dulcie hurriedly made an exit and began to walk around the quadrangle. Now and then she heard a comment from one of the children and she longed to run and cry, but she managed to stay.

The day over, Dulcie wended her way home. Exhausted, she flung herself on her bed and once again began to feel sorry for herself. She thought of the activities of the following day. She had to take her class on a nature ramble. She did not feel the least bit enthusiastic, but she had to go, nevertheless.

The children met the teacher promptly at 9 a.m. next morning and worked half-heartedly till 11 a.m. and after a ten minute break she set off with her class to the spot where she was taking them. On arriving at the destination she gave the children a brief talk on what to look for and what areas to avoid and finally she allowed them to disperse in pairs to look for interesting specimens.

Several of the children brought specimens to her for her approval and they put them in their bags and ran off to look for more. About fifteen minutes later Jimmy Drake came running to her with his clothes all torn and tears streaming down his face. Hysterically, he sobbed out the story of how Jenny Dale had slipped down the steep side of the cliff. She was several yards down, on a narrow ledge and she was screaming and too scared to move. Dulcie was horrified. She had warned them not to go near the cliff face and they had deliberately disobeyed her instructions. Jenny was one of the poorer children in the class, always grubby and untidy. Dulcie had never liked this child particularly, but suddenly she forgot all this and thought only of the terror the child was experiencing. Supposing she was seriously hurt, supposing she fell further and was killed. In an instant, Dulcie had blown her whistle and the children came running from all directions. She chose two children to assist her and two children

were despatched to run to town for help. She then set off to the spot where Jenny was trapped.

She arrived at the scene of the impending disaster and immediately saw how Jenny had slipped on the loose stones at the edge of the cliff. She looked down and felt dizzy. If that child slipped further she would certainly be killed. But Dulcie's chances of getting down to save her were slim. She was no longer as she had been twenty years ago. But she must go down and try to save this poor terror-stricken child.

Dulcie began the dangerous climb down and several times she almost slipped.

It was like a nightmare. When finally she reached her, she called out for the two boys above to fix the rope she had brought along to a nearby tree and to lower it to her. This done, she fixed the rope to herself and Jenny as best she could and tried to climb the cliff face with Jenny in her arms. It was even worse than the descent. She almost lost her grip on the rock several times, but after much struggling she managed to get the child to safety. Jenny was not badly injured, but Dulcie suspected that her leg might be broken. Dulcie made her as comfortable as she could and even though she was badly cut and thoroughly exhausted, she thought nothing of her own condition, but tried to comfort the injured child.

While Dulcie was tending to Jenny, Michael and Gregory were at her side, doing all they could to help her. For the first time, Dulcie saw these children as they really were, not impudent little brats, but keen helpful little children, who were ready to lend a hand when they could. She realised that her pupils were not really horrid children, but that she had built up a barrier between them and herself, which only she could break.

When the ambulance arrived and Jenny was taken to hospital, Dulcie declined from going to the hospital and instead took her class back to school. On the way they all talked affectionately to her and she realised that she had broken

down the barrier and that she could continue to win their respect in the future. Jenny's disobedience and consequent accident had been a God-sent blessing after all, and Dulcie felt her conscience ease. She felt much happier than she had for many years. She realised that she didn't have to be married to be happy. She had forty children who could rise to great heights if she only helped them. She resolved to make her career her life and immediately she assumed a new outlook.

"Yes," she thought, "life does begin at forty."

—J. Robinson.

THE CHAIN OF FEAR

Tension increased as the train in which they were going to his home hurried further southward into the strange countryside. There seemed to be fear in the tightening grip of his wife's hand as perspiration dampened the palm as he held it.

Unaware that her young husband was beside her, Carol Bradley stared at the darkening changes of the landscape. Light flushed her clear face, the patterned yellow of her hair seemed to ignite in the last sun. The horizon looked like the red of a burned-out fire through which trembled upward still a few uncertain radiances of gold.

Rod Bradley realised that his wife was conscious of nothing in the scene beyond the window. As Rod knew that Carol was biased towards going to live in his home town, he tried to comfort her by praising the country she loathed. He told Carol that the country had its own beauty, that she must give it a fair chance and if she made up her mind to like it then she would. He looked at Carol, who wasn't looking back at him, and then at his watch and then at the window. Time was getting short.

Behind Carol's disinterested gaze, the scene changed, for

Carol's mind was racing wildly and she was frenzied with fear; fear that she would not "fit in" at Newland; fear that Rod's people would not like her. All her life Carol had termed herself as a misfit. Her parents had not wanted her and so she was literally thrown from relative to relative all her life. Never once had she been given time nor chance to adjust herself to the one family and so be liked. So one can imagine why Carol was predicting the same procedure at Newland.

The train clanged to a halt. It stopped, as though impatiently, under the large shed which vaulted the tracks. People pushed and jostled their way out of the carriages towards friends and loved ones. The thought of friends made Carol clench her husband's hand with fear. Beyond the open gates, Carol Bradley could see a tall elderly man and a woman of severe and beautiful dignity coming towards them. Although Mr. and Mrs. Bradley embraced Carol warmly she could feel their scrutinising eyes upon her. Had she worn too much make-up? Were her clothes simple enough? And her hair — was there still a hint of the rinse she had given it one . . . two . . . yes, three years ago?

During the four days which followed, Rod and Carol Bradley embarked upon a period of settling in. There was still aloofness and resistance in the girl's spirit. Gradual admission seemed to stem towards Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Senior, but it was accompanied by a tinge of uncertainty.

On a night of cold and wind, Carol and her mother-in-law, still almost strangers, were each anxiously awaiting the arrival of her husband, who had gone hunting. Silence reigned. Carol, in her anxiety, felt more and more a stranger. Resentment showed in her face when she looked at the older woman, who appeared so placid and undisturbed at the possibly dreadful situation.

Wind enveloped the house. Slowly did the minutes pass and slowly did the chain of fear, which encircled Carol, seem to break. The two women began to talk and the older woman began to tell Carol her own story of how she almost failed in life. The word "fail"

held fear, as though from self-accusation. The elderly woman told how, through an inferiority complex, she had ruined her earlier life and had almost done likewise to her marriage, until she was rudely awakened.

It was when Carol was faced with a new kind of fear that she realised how self-inflicted her age-old fear had been. After she had been married she did not shun it, but had rather nursed it, so to speak. And now, when she had been taken to a place against her will, she had used it as an excuse, a defensive weapon.

During this time, Rod and his father seemed remote and ominous, like the landscape seen from the train. Then Carol heard the older woman call out. She hurried to the back of the house. Sound of men's voices trailed along the footpath.

Carol stumbled blindly down the steps, almost falling, into the darkness, to grasp her husband with exultation. Rod's embrace seemed to melt the last link in the chain of fear, which had engulfed Carol and now she found herself caught in a different chain, the chain of love.

—Elaine Webster

BY THE STREAM

To the calm, the still and the silent.
But do such phenomena exist?
Alas!
I think not.
Where is the man who has no worries, memories or fears to clamour for his attention,
To mar the still silent hour?
O, where?
For if I knew no earthly power would stay my inquiring soul
From finding his secret.
But such is life that there is no man.
Or I in my blindness have failed to see him,
Or in my youth have overlooked him.
Such a man must needs be a fool and
His calm and deluded placidity of the abstracted mind!

But where the real calm? Not yet from his mother's womb?
Or silent beneath the dust of ages?

I walked once by a lagoon;
'Twas yet the early morn and I thought that all was still
That I had stumbled quite unawares into some enchanted blade
Where all was still.

The gentle lapping on the stones disturbed my liaison—

But gentle. But lapping.
A careless zephyr crossed my lake, and lightly grained its surface—

But lightly. But splintered, and marred, and destroyed.
And to deliver the blow of death came into view.

A flock of geese, all clad in hues of grey and brown, and vergin white

In murderous convoy intent on destruction.

To ravish my calm with their rude and raucous voice,
Their ungainly flapping wings,
O cruelty! O fool to think that and fan-like feet.

this was yours
Even just after dawn!

And I left my torn and bleeding world

Which never had seen life, and abandoned my unsatisfied soul

To the unashamed turbulence of the living world

And its synthetic mockery of my Holy Grail—

(Those who quench their thirst with self deception.)

—C. Lucas

ATOMIC ENERGY IN BRITAIN

Great Britain built its industry exclusively on coal and it is only during the last four decades that oil has been used in any appreciable quantity for the supplying of industrial power requirements. Britain has no oilfields of its own and has to import oil from the Middle East and America. Its coal resources are rapidly

dwindling and if the present rate of increase in energy consumption is maintained coal mining will become uneconomic by 1980. If Britain had to depend upon coal and oil for her power she would find it increasingly difficult to maintain herself among the ranks of the highly industrialised and prosperous nations.

Thus, Britain has been the first country to turn to and adopt a plan for the harnessing of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. This plan aims at completing, by the end of 1965, about 12 nuclear power stations to deliver a total output of approximately 6 million K.W., equivalent to about 18 million tons of coal, of which there will be an estimated shortage of 17 million tons by 1965.

SEA TRANSPORT

Britain is also forging ahead with the application of nuclear power to sea transport. At present plans are in hand for a tanker of 80,000 tons capacity to be built at a cost approximately £12 million which should be ready for launching in 1963. This project is to be fully commercial and is expected to compete on very favourable terms with conventional powered vessels. It is being undertaken by John Brown (builders of the famous Queens) in conjunction with the Hawker Siddeley group.

The Americans recently launched the "Savannah" at a cost of 42 million dollars, but it is particularly expensive to operate and cannot be a commercial undertaking.

NEW STATION

By way of interest, the new nuclear power station opened only a few months ago at Dounreay, will produce 1½ times more fuel than it consumes, as well as electricity. This is a completely different type of reaction from that used at Calder Hall and the cost of producing electricity is nearly 10 times cheaper. It is expected that by 1970 the cost of nuclear electricity will be cheaper than that which is being produced by conventional methods at present.

—D. G. Seton-Wilkinson

RED BLOOD

"Comes from a good home, too."

"I never would have imagined it."

"I thought she was such a nice girl."

"I wonder what her parents think."

"Comes from a good home, too."

Elaine hesitated, half listening and half thinking, outside the window of the house next door. She heard the gossip of the tea-party. She heard her name being continually mentioned and she stood thinking—thinking back to that night, thinking back over each detail of her experience. Elaine stood thinking.

As she stood, face drawn and tearful, she considered the aftermath of that brief moment of weakness. She felt the physical embarrassment brought upon her. She felt the social embarrassment brought upon her and she felt the embarrassment she had caused her parents, merely for the sake of one tragic experience. She heard her parents talking with her once again. She heard her father's voice quavering with distress.

"Just to think, we raised you in the best schools. We gave you all the money you ever needed. We introduced you to the right people, made sure that you attended church. We do all that for you, and you reply with this. How do you think your mother feels, now that she cannot face the members of her social group? How do you think I will feel when I receive the condolences of my business acquaintances? What will I say that I have been a poor father. I have not been a poor father. I've been a good father."

Good father. Yes, he had been a good father. He had given her everything. He had given her every advantage—every advantage that there was to offer to a young girl of her age. How had she replied? She had betrayed all of this by a brief night's intimacy with a virtually unknown man. It had not been her fault, either. She had been "persuaded." "Persuaded," that was an understatement—she had been abused into it. Hell, why not admit it, she had enjoyed it.

She walked in through the back door, and heard her aunt's voice coming from the living room. "Don't be upset, my dear, it's all over now. You can't help it if you have an ungrateful little tramp for a daughter. It's not your fault that she should have betrayed her birthright. There's nothing you can do now — except get rid of her. I know that I wouldn't have a pregnant girl around my house. It's a slur on your character as well as hers. Take my advice and send her packing."

Elaine walked slowly up the steps, these words lingering in her ears. Alone in her room, she threw herself on to her bed in utter despair. She did not cry, for tears were beyond her. All she was capable of at the moment was a blank, oppressive feeling of object despair.

"Send her packing," the thought came to her mind. She pondered as she remembered her state. She pictured herself in the future, without parents, without friends. She pictured herself in new and strange surroundings — surroundings of cool and dingy gloom, of poverty and of work. She thought of a life which had given her everything in her moulding years, but now was to cut short her enjoyment at a time when she most needed it to help her through the strains of physical and social maturity. Physical maturity — she wished she had never reached it, for there, in every picture which was conjured up before her was the Madonna — like image of mother and child, a young mother and an ugly, vicious kicking child.

Madonna — the religious impression struck her as funny, and she laughed aloud as she thought of herself as the Virgin Mary. She thought of the God who had done this to her. She thought of the God who had given her life, and was striving, through her, to bring life to another unfortunate being. He is loving, she had been taught at Sunday school.

Loving. Hell, what a joke. He loved every living thing, so why had he held her by the throat and kicked her while she was down. A scheming God — He had given humans sexual desire and the means for alleviating it. He created enjoyment in sex as a means to trap her, to pulverise her.

She'd show God how much He'd trapped her. Anger dominating her sweat-stained visage, Elaine slowly resolved herself. She thought calculatingly. She thought of a method which would avenge here with God. She thought of a way to relieve her parents' worry. She thought of a way to save herself from a terrible future.

Having made up her mind, she walked quickly to the bathroom, carefully unfolded the paper around one of her father's razor blades and slashed her throat, severing the jugular vein. There was no sound, except for that made by her body hitting the floor as she collapsed. Blood flowed from her throat, red blood, for she, too, was human — human in her desire, in her fulfilment of these desires and in her attitude towards an artificial and inhuman society.

—ANON.

Is there an Avante-Garde Today?

Do we need an avant-garde in the arts, in politics, in social behaviour? I believe that we do, and that a society which lacks it is one which is slowly but surely starving itself into a torpor.

Is there an avant-garde today? Is there in our own day and age, a perceptible intellectual attitude which is fresh, self-conscious and properly defiant of the general Australian intellectual ambivalence? Nor is there any sign of a new social and emotional attitude which is conscious of itself and its aims

A dumb eruption of discontent may be a useful thing, but it is not enough to make an avant-garde. What we lack today is an articulate, intellectual, alternative to the conventional motions which govern our social, political and intellectual life. It is through the interaction of stale sanity with refreshing new forms of madness that intellectual progress is made; and the lack of a present day avant-garde may be a more serious deprivation than we think.

A possible remedy might well be a good strong dose of twentieth century drama together with some education in political science.

—D. G. Seton-Wilkinson

LUCY

The last time I saw Lucy, she looked radiant and lovely, but sitting there in the hotel now, she was a picture of misery and loneliness. It was evident that the acting profession had left her far behind.

Thinking back then to the time when I was the publicity agent for the theatre in which she worked, I could clearly remember her as the star of the show. But what had she left now, except a lot of memories?

She was sitting at a table by herself. Her make-up was overdone, her once silky black hair was "bottle blonde," and her tight black dress looked about two sizes too small, coming just to the knees, and pulled tightly around her to reveal a figure that was still trim and well proportioned.

I was seated beside the bar, about two tables away from her. I was rudely but unintentionally staring at her. Suddenly she raised her head to meet my gaze, and I was slightly embarrassed. Nodding my head, I hoped she recognised me, but to my disappointment she gave no acknowledgment, and turned her head down towards her drink again.

Losing interest, I turned around to face the bar, and finish my last drink. Two minutes had not elapsed when suddenly Lucy was sitting beside me, and we were soon talking quite freely. I ordered a couple of drinks, and looked as though we were settled in for a long talk for the rest of the day.

Somehow, I turned the conversation around to her, for I was interested in how her success had turned to failure. At first, she tried to escape the subject, but she soon

brought out the whole story. I suggested that we might be more comfortable if we moved to a table.

It appeared, that after she left the theatre where I worked, she had mixed in with the wrong crowd, and had taken to heavy drinking. At first, it did not affect her work, but it gradually became worse. Her acting was deteriorating, and her employers were not very pleased. Wild parties after work resulted in absence from many rehearsals, and once she was gaoled for drunken driving.

Her employers saw her great weakness and in a frank talk with her, advised her to keep away from alcoholic drinks, as it was pushing her once attractive career to an abrupt end. However, her craving for alcohol was much stronger than her ambition to be a successful actress. One night she did not make an appearance at the theatre. This was the last straw. When she finally did come to work, she was promptly sacked.

She sneered at this, and told her employers that she could easily find another job, and this was true enough. Other theatrical companies welcomed this brilliant young actress, who was known throughout the country. Her next job lasted two months, and the next, two weeks. It was the same trouble each time. She couldn't keep away from the drink. Soon she could not find work in her old profession, not even in minor roles, and at the age of twenty-three, she was a washed-up actress, and a reject to society.

By now, she was worse than ever, and lived in a drunken stupor, until finally, her money had run out. The lavish apartment she lived in had to be exchanged for a single room, and all her jewellery was sold for ridiculously low prices. Through her old friends, she was able to obtain small jobs to keep her going, and even then she spent most of it on drink. All this happened two years ago.

At the present, she was in between one of her numerous temporary jobs, and was just finishing off the rest of her money before looking for more work. However, there was one point that still puzzled me — with all that heavy drinking,

and lack of sufficient meals, she was still able to keep her figure trim — and looking more closely at her, her skin was still clear and soft.

We had now been in the hotel for three hours, and in that time she had only had about five drinks. Each drink she had only sipped at, and I had doubled her amount.

It was now getting on to lunch time, and she was becoming uneasy and restless. We fell quiet for a few minutes, and then suddenly she asked me if I would go and buy her some cigarettes. I thought this reasonable enough, because I remembered her as a heavy smoker. I rose and walked out of the bar into the busy street. The noise of the street was gradually getting stronger now as the lunch hour was approaching.

I walked to the corner, and crossed the road to a small barber shop on the other side. While waiting in the shop, I casually turned round, just in time to see Lucy walk out of the bar and start off in the opposite direction. Being shocked for the moment. I just stood there, but my sense of curiosity soon overcame me and I started to follow her.

Two blocks away she turned down a side alley, and then right, along another alley. Watching from a distance, I found difficulty in finding the gate she suddenly turned into. To my surprise, I recognised the building she went into as the 'Sunset Hotel,' one of the more exclusive hotels of the city. My first thought was that she worked as a maid or waitress. However, she stepped into a lift, and I had to move up the steps very swiftly, just in time to see her going into a plushy apartment on the fourth floor.

The time for joking was over, I was determined to get to the bottom of this. I walked up to the door, and one thought was going through my mind, had Lucy turned to stealing as a last resort? I knocked, and almost immediately she called out for me to enter, and make myself comfortable.

Annoyed and surprised, I entered and sat down on a couch. In the adjoining room

I could hear the shower going, and seven and a half minutes late she appeared. No was her hair blonde, but back to its silky black, she looked her own self. Soon, she had unfolded the great hoax she had played on me. In order to get the atmosphere for her next play, she had dressed the part, and gone to a small hotel. I played right into her hands.

FIRST YEAR TREATMENT

TALKABOUT - 1960

Since this is the last issue of Talkabout for the year I think it is opportune for all students to look ahead to next year and consider what Talkabout is going to be like in 1960.

To the individual student reading this paper several questions should present themselves. What do you think the aims of a student paper should be? This probably sounds very formal and technical but when you consider the point it is basic and very important. It is necessary to have aims so as you know what you are trying to achieve—what you are striving for. Personally I would say a student paper should have as its main aim the reporting of student opinion. This implies that it should be fair in the way it presents such opinion and it also implies that it should be unfettered in the method of presenting opinions. If it is a paper of the student body then it should be run completely by the student body and it should not have to face intrusion from any other body.

Does Talkabout serve any useful function?

Even if Talkabout succeeds in achieving its aims this is of little consequence unless it serves some useful function. Talkabout must be more than just an avenue of the spending of some money allocated for a student paper. Unless it provides a service, unless it is interesting, and gives students something then it would be better if it were not printed.

Having considered these points you might consider there is room for improvement.

You might think Talkabout is falling down somewhere. Maybe you don't think it is serving a useful function; maybe you don't think it is printing student opinion. If so, let someone on the Publications Committee know what your ideas are. We want Talkabout in 1960 to be a service and an asset to students. It can only be that if you take an interest in it; if you tell us what you want. If you do this then I feel sure that Talkabout will be useful and will continue to improve as a student paper.

PHONE ROSTER

Much has been said, volumes have been written about the phone roster in recent weeks. No one doubted the unfairness of the roster system as originally put forward and similarly I don't think anyone could doubt the fairness of the present stop gap system provided it is in reality of a temporary nature. The alternatives to the roster of having a phone in both the men's and women's lines is certainly to be highly commended. Let us hope that this system is instituted as soon as possible, thus reducing roster duty in reality to once each year.

—FIDO.

GUESS WHO ?

"It's not good enough" — "I make no apology for the fact that . . ." — "I would be remiss . . ." — "Well, what are we going to do with you? There are a number of alternatives."

? ? ?

"Please . . . thank you" — "What you lose on the swings you gain on the roundabouts." "It's a little early but I think we're all here, so we'll start."

? ? ?

"Chattering."

? ? ?

"For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful for Christ's sake amen." "This will only take five seconds."

? ? ?

"Right" — "When you get out in the schools you'll find . . ." "Lecktyours" "Flums." "I don't think so."

? ? ?

"Lets get some fresh air in here. Open the windows."

? ? ?

"Hells bells."

? ? ?

"Only takes me five minutes to do this."

? ? ?

"My opening remarks will be brief."

? ? ?

"It happens from time to time."

? ? ?

"If you need any advice girls come to me."

? ? ?

"Mumble, mumble mumble . . ."

? ? ?

"If you can't guess these don't worry, you haven't been paying attention in lectures and will be able to have another try next year."

? ? ?

PLAYERS OF THE YEAR

This year, Talkabout has taken the liberty of selecting one person from each sporting team who has had an exceptional year of success. The selection of these players was made by an editorial committee from Talkabout in consultation with prominent sporting personalities of the year in the various teams. The "Players of the Year" represent the considered choices of a body of informed opinion.

FOOTBALL

Here the award goes to Phil Phyor, the big second rower. Phil's forward play, especially in attack, was a large contributing factor to the team's success, while his boot kicked many goals. Few will forget such performances as Phil's crashing try in the match against City, which helped put the issue beyond doubt. Phil also had the honour of representing Riverina at Country Week, in which series he distinguished himself.



Students leaving the Hall after Exams

CRICKET

John Brasler takes out the "Talkabout" award as the best cricket of the year. A former C.H.S. representative, John has shown a consistency with the bat during this season that has not been surpassed. John's brilliant fielding and "Chinaman" bowling have also been assets to the team. John has represented in Hedditch Cup, and wins the award narrowly from Stan Melville, another all-rounder.

TENNIS

Here the choice is an obvious one to all those who play or watch tennis. Dick Rowlings came to College with an impressive reputation which has been enhanced by his performances at Inter-Collegiate and in the tennis tournament.

BASEBALL

Opinion in baseball has led to the selection of John Brasler as the best player of the year. Consistent at centre field, John's rangy throws were responsible for pegging off numerous members of the opposition. John represented Wagga at Country Week, and his keenness to play, even despite injury, helped him in winning the vote over other team members.

BASKETBALL

Guy Pickering is our selection as the player of the year in this sport. Although all members of this team have excelled, all being right in the top bracket. Guy's determination has been a major factor in his being chosen. Other members of the team who could well be considered are Dennis Faulkner, at his best

brilliant; Barry Conway and Dave Reid, who are Wagga's best players in the guard position.

HOCKEY

The obvious choice as Talkabout's player of the year in hockey is Bruce Titheradge. Bruce soon acquired a great reputation for his ability with the hockey stick when he came to College and achieved the rare College distinction of being elected captain in his first year. As both captain and player, Bruce excelled.

ATHLETICS

The award for athletics must go to Phil Pryor. Phil's effort in taking out the decathlon in the Kapooka Gymkhana included many fine performances. In the summer inter-collegiate Phil excelled in the field games, being notable in the high jump and the hop, step and jump.

SWIMMING

Peter Dobson, on his performance in the carnival at the start of the year takes out the award for swimmer of the year. Peter excelled particularly in the sprints and has to his credit an inter-collegiate record.

SOCCER

This was another choice that Talkabout found difficult to make. Ron Burns takes the position by virtue of his consistent goal-keeping. It is difficult to compare the performances of Ron with those of players in the field, because Ron had opportunities only when the team was losing. Ron narrowly takes the award from Tony Skinner.

EXAM TIME

You may commence reading.

I suppose that I should begin by mentioning study began months ago but as that would have little foundation I will begin where most of us began, or where some of us would have others believe we began—within the two weeks prior to exams. These weeks may be covered by mentioning—the summarising of, for example, 40 printed foolscap pages down to 17 cursive writing scribble pages, sleepily taking down vital lecture notes and slowly realising important exams were ahead.

Two day study vac.—a blessing. Section 585 owes much to such "free" days. The place was not exactly severely silent but we must get use to working where there is a noise.

Lectures were different that Friday morning—they began quarter of an hour late, and we wrote what we could remember not mechanically what was said to us.

From that day on people walked the length and breadth of the playing fields; sat nearly nude in a bath tub; and used the lecture block with a vigour (and dress) not seen there before: to study.

The heat stuck to you, hid while you showered and sprang again as you left the shower recess, to sap your energy. People slept—that is to say they rested for an hour or two on the bed naked or nearly so and only restraint of the utmost enduring mind kept us from becoming a nudist colony.

Them. They came in black, brown, green, orange, in all colours of the colour wheel. They had nopers, feelers, any number of legs and feet, wings and no mercy. They hissed, spat, hummed or buzzed in something resembling the proverbial four parts. They itched, bit, stang or stank.

And still we studied!?

Our study time was broken into by our doing exams. With pen, pencil and ruler in hand and with your room-mate's wishes echoing in your ear you strolled, strutted or nervously stepped towards the exam room. Some had a book in their hands fervently reading that

piece of information that they did not know. Others moved to the room to write what they already knew off by heart some went in to write their answers to the questions, but most did just about everything.

Inside you did not speak. You read the paper. You could hear some swearing, some rest easily in the chair acknowledging a paper to their liking. You felt hearts beat faster either joyfully or worriedly. You read questions you had tipped, questions that you had dismissed from your mind weeks back and questions that were new. Some questions appeared that made you think and think hard, others you wrote pages and pages to answer. You wrote answers that worried you because they were short. Others you worried about because you were not so sure that they answered the question. Questions tested what you knew of the course and your knowledge outside the course. Some questions you delightfully answered giving facts upon facts, making up opinions decisively and really expressing what you knew to be your creation.

You ran out of ink, wanted a drink of water, defied nature till later, saw someone collect a new booklet as you were half way through your own, heard the "Changing of the Guard"—and cursed as you made an error.

A paper over. Some cheered, some crept away unwilling to listen as others vied for the page writing competition. She and he conferred, promised the other a distinction and his or herself a bare pass as they walked off to further study.

Refreshment or I die. Gloria and Ray Nation worked like trojans and listened to sorrows and success stories all day with patient tolerance and understanding.

Some people left the exam room and talked of their success making it unbearable to listen to them. Others came out and said they were in doubt as to their chances but you knew they would do well and thought them annoying types for not admitting it.

Well exams are over now (notice the change in the weather) and we can keep respectable hours. They are able to share a lot more time together now—till term's end.

The Lecture Block recovers, the playing fields return to their former purposes and many books are shelved, a lot of information that next time it is needed will be looked up in a book, is forgotten. Letters are written home saying exams were hard but we probably passed. We begin to pack, think of graduation and forget, for two weeks, all thoughts of exams and results. Others have headaches and late nights now. We will just . . . Cease Reading!

—Sir Clos.



Leaving College

He lugged the two heavy cases to the mixed common room and left them in the railway's care. He glanced for the last time at the room where the recordings of initiation had been played to an already friendly first and second year gathering. He remembered the S.R.C. meetings and the roster duty.

At the shop he bought a coke and drank it slowly pausing to chat with Gloria and Ray.

"Don't keep any rolls for me this Sunday thanks Ray."

Into the dormitory he walked and counted eight fellows. Somebody suggested a dorm meeting. He was quiet and listened only affirming odd points here and there. He wanted to say a lot of things to these, his mates of two year standing but only simple hackneyed expressions would come from his mouth. How do you thank a person for two years' friendship and the warmth of his company? Had he given his share to the enjoyment of the dormitory or had he greedily taken and not given much in return?

From his room he got his small case and moved slowly out of the room which was now bare of the evidence of a year that had been enjoyed. Walking down the corridor that he had swept once in every four weeks he passed the room in which he had spent the first year and felt uneasy. Walking through the common room he glanced at the flowers on the table and thought of Ethel, the cleaner, who had done in the dormitory the work he was



SECTION 595



SECTION 596



SECTION 597

used to seeing his mother do at home. He thought of the time he had hidden naked under the bed on the cold floor when she came into the room to place the clean sheets on the end of the beds. Finding the door open she had walked in, a thing she never did without knocking when the door was closed.

In the common room he saw also the garbage tin Bob Salami had emptied a thousand times over. Goodbye, Bob, he thought.

He walked on past the ablutions block, scene of many birthday duckings. He noticed a gardener at work and remembered many friendly conversations he had enjoyed and knew of two more people he would miss. He passed Sister Martin's (he was glad she had recovered) surgery and Matron's flat.

He had telephoned 2244 for the last time and for the first time did not care how long the cab took to come. His gaze shifted, swung in an arc from the Biology block, past the Admin. Block that he could see through the covered way, along what had once been the living quarters of women but now was used for offices, infants' and physical education, and outlivers' common room. The auditorium held his gaze. Here he had listened to orientation and been audience to other such entertainments as Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Koko and the Major General were performances he would remember for a long time. The clatter and talk of the willing students preparing for their cabs suddenly rushed into silence and all he could hear was the laughter that had come from the audience as he stood at the top of the stairs suitcase in hand and pyjamas dangling from the suitcase. He smiled pleased that he had been able, in his small way, to bring laughter to an audience, an audience in which were his room-mate and other friends from dormitory and section and administration.

The laughter died away and was replaced by the chatter of students as they came out of this same auditorium after having done an exam paper. This was stifled by the echoing boom of a drum that brought to life a dance band playing midst iridescent lights and the joyous chorus of dancing couples, that expressed vividly the thrill of being host to a visiting College. A quiet hush settled over this and was broken by a name being read out and a student walking up the stairs to face

his Principal. He shakes the hand that held the iron rod but which now warmly suggests that something has been "good enough."

"Snap out of it you coloured gig and say fond farewells!" The visions disappeared and he turned to face the owner of the voice. Automatically he places his hand in that of his friend and a long handshake signifies that both realise they may not meet again.

As his friend moves off he ponders on the incredulity of the fact that 18 months ago he had stood on this same footpath, his cases at his feet and his mind and heart full of questions. Several he had found answered in a few moments. No, he would not be allowed to drink beer and yes there were more girls than boys—oh, so many more. Paternally introducing him and his school pal to College ways the Vice Principal had telephoned the kitchen to try to get a meal for them as they had come late. There was no food left. Later they realised this had been a blessing that night.

The cab arrived and he reluctantly opened the door and sat next to the driver, a position he usually remembered to avoid because here you were in a position to pay the driver. The five of them refrained from speech as a conversational activity in a way that would make at least one lecturer tear his gown in anguish.

The cab drove past the Showground and he remembered the nights at the trots when he had enjoyed the thrill of the race and shared the sorrow of the loss, with his friends. Pixie's Pride will win next race for sure.

At the station the green of the College blazer obliterated all other colours. Students came from the town where they had had their last thick shake, or last cup or coffee, or last midday of the good old "foaming cleanser" together. They moved strolling around the platform talking idly and smiling to others that they passed. Several went from group to group. Couples held hands more firmly than ever before, talked a little and allowed their bodies to bump against each other. Their eyes met, paused as held by something intangible, and looked away elsewhere. The porters worked amongst the milling students.

Departure time drew near.

The male students grabbed each others arms and shook hands. They punched each other on the chest. The females hugged each other, affectionately placed their hands on the others' shoulders. A few were inhibited and said goodbye with a fake restraint and nonchalance. Several began to cry the tears so courageously held back till now. Wishes of fortune, splendid teaching, nice headquarters, a happy second year at College and all good things were made. Do strive to answer them all, please God. Males kissed females and naturally vice-versa. He kissed girls he had always wanted to but till now could find no brilliant excuse. His excuse was mostly accepted.

An uproar continued in the train for a long while. He stood at the door with the roar of the speeding train playing in his ears and the fleeting indistinguishable buildings that were chased by pencil line-like telegraph posts, darting past his eyes. Wagga has been left behind. His ticket was marked single.

The noise had subsided inside the train but somewhere a bottle and a glass banked together and someone shouted he wanted "a return." This last remark brought the dining room to mind. The clatter of dishes, the talk of staff and students, the jesting, the spilling, the rush and splendid work of the waitresses he remembered. He wondered what many of the students would say to parents who complained that their sons and daughters were not supplied with the text books they should have. Momentarily he saw a hospital and within, a nurse rushed back and forth. She was smiling and was happy. Because of this he too felt happy, then whispered a name and was sad.

A female student rushed past. He moved towards the other side of the train only just managing to avoid a pursuing male student. Seconds later they returned the male being pursued by the female. Lucky bloke.

A group some several compartments down were really in high spirits. He wondered what sort of teachers they would make. He thought them unprofessional, unethical and unsuited to teaching. An above average teacher came along from the compartment and repulsed him. The new arrival faced him, guessed his thoughts and said: "Fella, back there are my friends. We have been together for nearly two

years and become close friends. Tomorrow morning one will be in Bankstown, another in Strathfield, and another in Goulburn and another in Wollongong. We are enjoying what is probably our last time together for some time by drinking each other's health. We will not do this in front of our classes because they don't drink and we all won't be teaching the one class."

Couples had to part. They kissed more uninhibitedly than ever before. For some it was the last kiss. They showed on a train seat what they had shared near the back path or in the pleasanse. Some would be back next year, some planned Christmasses they would share.

The train also stopped at stations lit by the few lights still on in the train. Here one or two persons alighted. Only one carriage was disturbed, farewelled the one or two and fell silent again.

He could not sleep. A diesel passed going to Wagga and he heard its hooter as the one that had woken him up every night at one o'clock for the first few weeks at College. He walked along the train.

Couples nestled peacefully oblivious to the significance of the journey. Other couples with their own significance for the journey nestled together just as peacefully.

Celebrations had stopped. The celebrators were now resting peacefully and worried no one. He smiled and walked on, hands in his pockets and rattling his money.

The train neared Central and people prepared to alight. Through a sleeping city the train sped striving not to wake up anybody in the dwellings. An electric train rushed past and told the travellers that without a doubt they were in the metropolitan area.

Central. Hardly a murmur as the travellers alighted. Cases made loud thuds as they were placed on the platform. Farewells were quiet and discreet. The real break-up had been back at Wagga and on the train. The travellers moved quietly yet noisily through a still sleeping station.

He placed his small case on the platform and sighed. Through the ticket collectors stand came the green blazers and track suits. The College students went to the buses or to the electric trains or to some form of transport. The matched couples, solitary students (some of these had had

to say full, expressive goodbyes on the back path late some night previous to this dying one) and little groups disperse from the large group. At first all he could see was "the old familiar faces" but then from it students had gone to the large group was no more. their transport, their homes, their Christmas and their schools next year. First years would return to College. May they do well, may they "Excel with Honour."

The briefly crowded station was quiet and only several people remained. He picked up his case, walked under the neon signs that flashed as did the one above 2.W.G., and followed the sign saying "Electric Trains."

—Sir Clos.

TENNIS

Although, as in previous years, tennis was not played competitively early in the year, interest was keen in the many matches played during second term in the College Championships. Of particular interest were the struggles of P. Pae against A. Collien and W. Williams. The boys who have reached the singles final are W. Williams and R. Rowlings. This will be played when the girls have reached the same position. The standard of play of both sexes has been high, five students having played at White City Country Carnivals.

During Inter-Collegiate week of second term, tennis was the first sport contended and struck an early note of the friendly atmosphere which means so much in such contests. The men, R. Rowlings, W. Williams, P. Rae and A. Collien played well and provided Sydney with an unexpected result, making our record in tennis undefeated for 3 successive years. The most interesting match was that of A. Collien whose crucial 3-set win made sure of our victory. All matches were close and thoroughly enjoyable. The girls B. Pitt, W. Austen, F. Collingridge and A. Sheerin soon found that they were competing against two country champions. Wendy Austin had a fine singles win, but overall powerful stroke-making and match experience gave the Sydney girls the edge.

On the Thursday of inter-collegiate week, Mr. B. Williams, who helped us in stroke making and strategy held a tennis clinic with exhibitions from Graeme Lovett, Metropolitan champion, and Henry Shaw, Dunlop representative, showing us how tennis should be played.

Next year, other than looking forward to the next inter-collegiate, we will endeavour to have more internal competition and hopes are held that we may enter teams in local competitions run by Wagga Tennis Association.

—R. Rowlings.

BASEBALL

The College baseball team did not meet with the success enjoyed by the College team of last year, but we did enjoy playing together as a team. We were able to gain a place in the semi-finals and although we were favoured to reach the final the "All Stars" proved to be too strong on the occasion and we were defeated 13 runs to seven.

Before our report progresses any further we think that it is essential that the work and keenness of captain-coach, Mr. Thomson, be fully appreciated. It will be a severe loss to the baseball club next year when he leaves the College as he inspired baseball's development in the College. Mr. Thomson has always displayed a high level of sportsmanship, both on and off the field, and has brought a great deal of credit to the College sporting teams. For this we thank you Mr. Thomson and we trust that wherever your journeys may take you your life will be a merry one.

Mr. Thomson and John Brasier are to be congratulated on their having been selected to represent Wagga at the Country Baseball Carnival held in Newcastle.

The players in the College team were:—J. Thompson (capt.-coach), B. Conway, R. Szych, P. Rae, T. Lake, W. Williams, G. Baker, T. Burke, T. Richmond and J. Brasier.

PERSONAL PERFORMANCES

Mr. Thompson: Catcher. He gave a solid display of catching throughout the season and his performances with the bat often enabled the College to pull out of difficult positions.

B. Conway: Pitcher. "Rocky" and Mr. Thompson combined very well and "Rocky" pitched well throughout the season. If he had been given more support by his fielders his results would have been much better. His batting, although not consistent, was very useful in the critical stages of the games where he really got down to it.

R. Szych: First base. Ron had a good season on first base and he played well in the semi-final.

P. Rae: Second base. "Perry" had a very good season helping hold the team together at second base by giving a sound display. His batting was of a high standard in most games.

T. Lake: Third base. Tom was one of the team's stalwarts and his consistency with both the bat and his fielding aided the team's performances.

J. Baker: Right outfield. Jim had his good matches and his bad matches but his keenness was an example to his teammates. He would have been by far the best "walk" picker in the team.

T. Burke: Left outfielder. Terry only began to play baseball in the match prior to the semi-finals and in these two matches he showed us that he had a very keen eye and there is no doubt he would have been a valuable player in the team had he played the full season.

T. Richmond: Right or left outfield. Tom was not able to devote much time to his baseball as the production of the "Talkabout" occupied much of his time. He took some brilliant catches in the outfield and his batting was always consistent.

J. Brazier: Centre field. John was one of the stars of the team, being chosen to represent Wagga in the Country Week events at Newcastle. A big hitter, John also lent a touch of brilliance to the centre-field with his safe catching and long throwing.

SOCCER

There have been many college soccer teams over the last few years which undoubtedly have more claims to fame than this year's. However, none of them could claim more improvement in a single year than the present side. The season was commenced with five players who were familiar with the game and the remainder being players who were "willing to give it a try." However, our coach, Mr. Bullen, foreseeing the makings of a good side, set to work in earnest.

In the fourth game of the first round, playing at home and showing glimpses of real teamwork and training, College were able to overwhelm the R.A.A.F. to the tune of seven goals to nil. In the second round of the competition, improvement was so great that an unbeaten home record was maintained.

In competition games, College won six games, lost six

and played one draw. In the Wright Cup knockout competition, College went down in the semi-final to Army 4-3 after leading 3-2 with ten minutes to go. In the Maples Cup the tables were turned on Army and College achieved perhaps its greatest win of the year, 1-0. This win enabled us to meet Henwood Park in the final and after a half-time lead of 2-1, we were a shade unlucky to lose 3-2.

Owing to more engagements having to be fulfilled on a Sunday, a number of regular players were unavailable. It was very heartening to see the manner in which members of other sporting teams so readily responded when asked to play. These people included Phil Pryor, Keith Heales, Peter Dobson, Warwick Williams, Paul Slate, Terry Burke and Graham Bushell, who all gave of their best. No doubt these players will remember the enjoyable trip to Griffith.

RON BURNS: This player made a name for himself this year by his consistently brilliant work in goals and only missed selection in the Wagga side due to holidays.

IAN FLATTERS: A newcomer this year, and at right back Ian set a fine example in both physical fitness and his ability to recover quickly.

TREVOR BORZSONYI: Another newcomer who showed a great deal of improvement. At left back, Trevor always gave of his best and when in possession used the ball to best advantage.

CHRIS HUGHES: Chris was the utility man of the team and being a newcomer adapted himself extremely well. What he lacked in size, he made up for in persistency.

ALLAN HARTLEY: Playing at centre half, Allan was faced with the formidable task of marking the opposing centre forward, which he performed particularly well. This player did a ton of work this year and received very little mention.

PETER GEEKIE: At left half, Petre with his dribbling and passes created many opportunities for forwards to score. Peter always turned in a good performance and his game is sound in every respect.

ALAN STARRETT: Alan was an automatic selection for the right wing and showed he had received sound coaching in Newcastle. He created many scoring opportunities and managed to put the ball in the net when it was most needed.

DICK WARING: This player mixed it with the best of them in the inside right posi-

tion and caused many headaches to the opposition. Off the field he did an excellent job as secretary and spared nothing in his efforts to get College a fair deal.

MALCOLM CLUNE: Malcolm, at centre forward, was a popular and capable captain this year. He was deadly when within scoring range and combined very well with the other forwards. Figured well up amongst the goal scorers.

MALCOLM LOBB: A very classy left winger who is noted for his unselfishness. His crosses are first class and ball control leaves little to be desired. One of the fittest players in the side.

In conclusion I would like to thank two people. Firstly, the groundsman for doing such an excellent job on the soccer field during the year. The keen interest shown goes far beyond the call of his normal work. Secondly, thanks go to our able coach, Mr. Bullen, for a job well done. Few people realise the inconvenience to which Mr. Bullen puts himself to fulfil his engagements. Being connected with G. and S. and many other college activities, as well as not enjoying the best of health at times, did not deter him. Finally, we appreciated the support given by students during the year and hope some of them will favour us with their attendance next year.

—TONY SKINNER

CRICKET

Cricket players and supporters alike were disappointed when the Riverina Cricket Association ruled that the Teachers' College teams were not eligible for the competition semi-finals. This, however, did not seem to dampen the enthusiasm of the players as the three College sides between them have recorded nine wins for only two losses.

Of the newcomers to the College this year many have shown promise but only a few fulfilled this promise during the season. John Brasier was the main gain being competent in all departments of the game. Bob March showed promise with the bat and fielded brilliantly, while Jim Roche has shown that with coaching he could go a long way as an opening bowler.

These first years strengthened the solid basis of the sides, made up of Jack Thompson, Stan Melville, Tom Richmond, Terry Wheatley and Ken Fitzgerald.

The Third grade has the best match record this season winning all its four matches

outright. The second XI has won three and lost one match, while the First XI has won two matches outright, losing one.

Outstanding performances during the year have been:—
Batting: W. Williams (2nd) 113; A. Colleen (3rd) 89; S. Melville (1st) 48.

Bowling: J. Thompson (1st) 7/32; T. Wheatley (2nd) 6/17.

Representative honours were gained by Jack Thomson (O'Farrell Cup) and John Brasier, Stan Melville and David Read (Hedditch Cup).

All cricketers are thankful to Mr. Thomson for the time and advice that he has given during the year and it is with regret that we learn that he will not be with us next year. Good cricketing overseas Mr. Thomson.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

The women's hockey this year started off with great enthusiasm. There were over 60 women anxious to play and after much difficulty in selection we entered three teams in the town competition.

All teams are to be congratulated for their punctuality and sustained interest throughout the season.

From our teams several girls shone out as promising players for next year. These were Rosemary Farlow, Rae Rooke, Nola Baulbys, Gillian Hogg, Pamela Mow, Deanne Churchill, Pat Schmidt and Laurel Pearson. We thank and congratulate those girls who helped keep up the standard of our teams and were hard-working members. Special thanks go to Barbara Bradstock, Helen Henry, Janice Winter and Jenny Knight for their enthusiasm. We would like to thank all first years who participated.

Many second years proved their worth including Margaret Semmens, Doreen McPherson, Jan Hallinan, Judy McGarry and Lucy Jones. Our first team managed to get to the finals but were defeated in a memorable battle against Rosellas. The seconds reached the semi-finals and the thirds provided much difficult opposition for many teams.

My job would not be done without thanking, on behalf of all players, Miss Stainton, for her enthusiasm which drove us on this year. I would especially like to thank her for her training which enabled us to put up a fight at our culmination—the Inter-Collegiate match. Thank you, Miss Stainton, for your help in preparing halls and obtain-

ing equipment for our games.

Thanks also go to Miss Keech and Dr. Mackiewicz, who umpired many times.

Thanks also to the men who umpired and coached us.

I would personally like to thank all who helped me this year. Many times I was grateful for their co-operation and encouragement.

Good luck, hockey fans.

—Gretchen Edmunds

RUGBY UNION

One cannot help experiencing a feeling of remorse at the conclusion of something worthwhile and stimulating—such a feeling was left with the players and supporters, at the end of the football season. Admittedly this College can progress to a satisfactory standard just on the academic side but I feel that this aim can be supplemented by activities outside this.

The football season of 1959 produced in the College a sense of College spirit that is vital to such an institution. This was felt not only among the thirty odd players who took the field each week but also by the supporters of the green and golds.

It is encouraging to a team to see and hear them on side—it is then that the extra effort is made and the end result must be quality.

Therefore, in reality a team does not just consist of the actual players but also of the many people who make the game possible. To those people I would like to extend the thanks of the club.

Mrs. Fielder, for example, provided us with lunches and other "considerations." Our capable manager, Rodney Bourke, never failed in his duties and was here assisted by Laurence Lephed on the line and Alan "Guess who," as the "zambuck." For the trips away, the transport provided by members of the staff and students was appreciated.

With such a wide field being brought in—win, lose or draw, it does result in the right attitude of co-operation developing. It was not then, just an isolated weekly incident, but rather a fuller and meaningful part of the plan of all-round development.

As regards the actual season itself, it did produce certain elements. The College distinguished itself by running out minor premiers in both grades and winning the Club Championship Trophy. Many can still recall the memorable

games against City and the star-studded Waratahs. Stan Melville led his team through many matches and in the first grade Phil Pryor emerges as the player of the year, many times kicking the team to victory. It is perhaps a little unfair to draw out a particular player in a team where the key to success, always, was teamwork.

The second grade side went through to the semi-final with an undefeated record. Terry Wheatley again led the reserve graders in their fine display. In this team with hard running backs like Bob Blake and the capable boot of Dave Reid, the feeling of teamwork was always high.

The season was capped with a hard fought victory over Sydney in the Inter-Collegiate—a game long awaited, and played in the true fashion of an inter-collegiate.

To our coaches, Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Smith, the teams extend their thanks. While there was much sweating and cursing on training days, it was realised that their assistance and guidance proved a vital part to the successful functioning of the group.

The College this year rose to a high level of performance, and this must now be maintained. With players of the calibre of Jim Roche, Brian Webb and Ken Owens to form the nucleus, 1960 should see the College colours, very near or at the top of the competition ladder.

—Kevin Plummer, Pres.

SOFTBALL

Apart from one practice game with High School first term, the women's softball team had no competitive activity until Inter-Coll. Mr. Thomson and various members of the men's baseball team coached the players in preparation for Inter-Coll.

Those practising were N. Baulbys, M. Bradley, S. Couchman, R. Chisholm, R. Farlow, G. Hogg, L. Jones, J. McGarry, L. Norris, B. Podmore.

Although Sydney scored a decisive victory, the Wagga team enjoyed the game. We feel that an increased number of competition games in the future would be of great benefit to both the standard and interest in women's softball in the College.

—Lucy Jones.