

Talk about

Nov 25 Nov 4

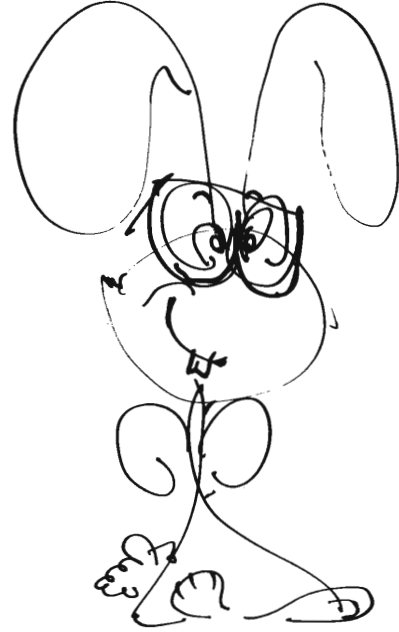


A publication of the
the students of
W.W.T.C.

Following this edition of "Talkabout" it is hoped that there will be two more prior to the end of the year. Some people may not realize the amount of work that is needed to publish YOUR paper. It takes approximately 70 hours of co-operative work to prepare the paper for the printers.

I hope for the benefit of "Talkabout" that the students of this college get off the proverbial backside and make the final two editions theirs instead of it belonging to the usual few. "Talkabout" ends this year so help make the final editions more than worthwhile keeping.

- Peter Roberts.



Although I do not like criticising Fellow Student Bodies I think that certain inadequacies exist with regards to T.T.A. which I think probably the Executive themselves may not realise. Firstly the lack of publicity for the last meeting in which delegates were elected to represent T.T.A. at the recent conference of the Riverina Teachers' Federation group need criticism. Either this meeting was not advertised at all or not very effectively. Perhaps student apathy is largely due to the fact that students just don't know when meetings are on. Also many of those who were elected to attend the Conference stayed for the morning session only. Admittedly our motions were passed in the morning but I still don't think this justifies the unprofessional behaviour of the delegates who left. Especially as many of the motions passed in the afternoon may effect our teaching conditions.

I hope that T.T.A. will try and prove itself a more efficient body around educational issues by perhaps having more open discussions on particular aspects of education.

Gillian Meredith

Principal's Message

Have you thought of the characteristics a child evinces? Most of the time a child is joyful, above all adaptable, accepting his/her circumstances with flexibility amounting to elasticity; showing sensitive response to the people and the environment. No more wonderful experience comes the way of a teacher or parent than beholding a child's realisation of achievement, including the "aha" insight fruition occurrence.

To watch the development of a child, or of children by groups, is a privilege above the joys of artistic appreciation in the standard forms of culture. To appraise clearly the differences between children and adults is to have arrived, in one's own education. Piaget perhaps has done most to shatter any false notion that children are just little men or women.

Consider how extra-ordinary are the ways of a child among his peers - in a classroom, playground, sport, game or entertainment of family.

As we watch (and react to) children, how intricate is the interplay of our parental urges, our learned attitudes, our expectations.

In Reply ...

Probably the most enjoyable part of giving is receiving a sincere thankyou. A portion of the money raised by S.A.U.C. was given to a paper colony in South Korea, and this donation received such a thankyou.

Hans Van Haalen forwarded a letter to the director of the colony telling of S.A.U.C.'s intentions. In reply he received a letter of thanks. As it was the student body who so generously gave the money it is felt that they should have the chance of seeing how much their donation was appreciated.

The letter reads....

"This is to acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of the 7th of this month. Your letter made us very hopeful, and we thank you very much for your kindness. May this letter finds you and all other members over there in the very best of health.

We know that our Lord Jesus Christ will reward you for your most thoughtful deed and helping us from so many miles away. We thank God and you for giving us hope and courage. We will be ordering some newly hatched chicks from the hatchery as soon as your check arrives. I know that we will be able to buy at least 500 chicks with the amount indicated in your letter."



thanks

The letter then gives details of where to send the money etc. It goes on to say....

"I will be able to tell you more about our settlement and different things as soon as I hear from you again. I am enclosing some photos for your reference. In closing this letter, we thank you in advance for your kindness. May God bless you and keep you all in the best of health. Until I hear from you, I remain,

Sincerely in Christ
Daniel Yongsoo Lim,
Director."

A simple yet sincere thanks makes you feel those few cents were worth giving. If not, I pity you...+

Peter Roberts



HOW NOW BROWNTOWN ?

My intentions are honorable. This is meant to be neither the tear-jerking outcry of a disillusioned teacher nor a paid political announcement for the A.L.P. My purpose is solely to inform you of what to expect when you enter the noble profession for which you are now being trained - "conditioned" might be the more appropriate term. It would be sinful to omit the obligatory: there are schools far better, far worse, in sickness and in health - and I suppose to complete the paraphrase - until death (or bond) do us part.

It is now five months since my seventh phone call to the Department of Education brought me to the knowledge that I had been appointed to - lets call it "Browntown Public School". Browntown is in between Rome, Athens, Cairo, London, Belgrade, Warsaw, Amsterdam and Peking, and is in the western suburbs of Sydney. The staff of the school travel daily from Bexley, Caringbah, Carramar, Pendle Hill, Strathfield, Hurstville, Wahroonga etc.

The Primary and Infants departments are, of course, separated. I have yet to meet an infants teacher. The Primary department caters for 570 (approx.) children, divided into sixteen classes - four in each grade. All the buildings are quite modern, single storey, brick structures, save two weatherboard portables, one of which I acquired. The library block is very modern - it hasn't been quite re-established since several of our more exuberant scholars burnt it to the ground last year.

The playground is, of course, inadequate. The boys' area was well grassed at the beginning of the year - but now it is a dust bowl. The next time SUPER BITCH serves Arabs Armpit contemplate eating your sandwiches in this

dust-bowl of about one hundred by thirty yards at forty degrees, supervising 300 boys in the middle of the football season. Naturally, they love and respect you so they pimp on one another: "Johnny said a rude word!", "Marcelleno pissed all over the toilet wall!", "Mufti Tuk Ben Fal just broke a window of the tuck shop!", "Paulo Panebianco stole my marble!" You grow immune, but playground duty never becomes dull. There are always little incidents like the following to brighten your day. I was admonishing a fifth class thug for 'rough play' when a piece of concrete, the size of a fist, hit him square on the forehead. His face disappeared in blood as I carried him to the staff room. It was actually little more than a graze and the bleeding soon stopped. Storming back to the playground, I demanded the culprit. The fickle fingers of the felonious F-wits fell upon a new-comer to the school, by the name of Horatie. I browbeat him for several minutes before one astute little creep pointed out to me that Horatie could not understand a word of English.

Equipment at the school is sparse. There is no television set, and only the radio emits a constant whurr and rumble. There is a gestetnar, as well as a spirit duplicator, but paper is in short supply. There are a few dozen B. & W. film strips but no hooded screens, and as few of the classrooms have blinds, the strips can only be shown on very dull days. In fact that is all that can be done on dull days - because very few of the rooms have lighting. The tape recorder hasn't worked for most of the year. On the brighter side the P.E. equipment is satisfactory, and the library promises to be one of the best in the state. It has just been carpeted, and the recent walkathon raised enough to stock it with a great many new books.

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from Page 4

Heating has just been installed in every room. The staff at the school are helpful and encouraging. The principal's job is made more difficult by the fact that there is a 50% annual turnover of staff.

I haven't the time to delve into what it is actually like first year out teaching. I'll sum it up by saying ; If you do the preparation necessary for every lesson, and then a thorough correction and analysis, you'll be doing a 40 hour day.

I'll finish with a few of the things that have kept me going this year. The knowledge that next year must be better. Then there are little things like the dumbest kid in the class coming up to me in the playground and saying: "Gee, Sir I really enjoyed that last lesson."

And then there are these literary masterpieces, from a 4th class:

THE GHOST.

The ghost,
Who walks in the rain,
Scares everyone,
And they run away.
Then all of a sudden,
Crash! Pow! Bang! Thunder!
Church bell begins to ring
Louder than an elephant screaming.
But then,
Everything stopped
And you could hear nothing
But a dog barking.

YELLOW

Yellow is daffodil with its head held high
Yellow is the sun, like a dahlia in the sky
Yellow is a lily that is fair in the face
People think that Yellow is a little in disgrace.
Yellow has a splendid tone
Which I have never known.

- Ratso....

THE CULPRITS

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on the camera

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MAN OF THE MONTH



THE FORGOTTEN ARMY

I wonder if you ever stop to think that the lady who cleans your dorm or the gardener who says hello to you might have a story to tell. The college employs almost 90 "ancillary staff" as they are called and without them the college would have a hard time functioning, no matter how indispensable students or lecturers think themselves to be.

Last week I asked one of the members of this "forgotten army" to reminisce a little about the college. Mrs Reineker whose cheerful presence is seen in Buuna Men's Residence from 8 a.m. each morning has been associated with the College for thirteen years. I asked her about the changes she'd seen here:

'I was lucky, she stated, 'I started off in the first brickdorm - Kambu girls. It wasn't quite finished then. The roof leaked a bit.'

Q: "Were most of the girls in wooden dorms?"

"Yes, all of the boys were too. I occasionally helped out in those. One of the original dorms is still standing near the auditorium."

Q: "Your son was a student here, wasn't he?"

"Yes he graduated in 1959. He did his BA by correspondence through New England and he hopes to start a B.Ed. next year. Naturally it isn't easy what with raising a family and teaching all day, but he has done very well. He's been offered a principal's job."

Q: "Have students changed much?"

"They're older for a start. Perhaps now that the college has grown there is less College spirit. I'll say one thing though: I've never had a student be rude to me."

Q: "Do you remember any year as outstanding?"

"Perhaps 1959. The girls in Kambu when I was working there were a great bunch. They say every teacher remembers his first class. Well I remember those girls."

Q: "What happens next year?"

"That's the big question mark. I'd like to carry on, but ..."

Mrs Reineker has often introduced present students to ex-students visiting the college. They seem to make a point of dropping in to see her and give her their regards. She always remembers their names. Last year Buuna men gave Mrs Reineker a water set for a Christmas present in appreciation for the work she does. It's good to know that some students aren't always thinking of themselves.



Mrs. Reineker



Letters To The Editors.

Dear Sir,

It was a great pity that the "student" from the University of New South Wales who was interviewed in the last issue of "Talkabout" did not like Wagga Teachers College very much. I gather he considers this the last place on earth.

The strange thing is that if he fails Uni, he will probably be quite willing to accept a scholarship to come here, just as other Uni drop-outs have done. Perhaps someone should tell him that people with big mouths occasionally have to swallow their pride.

Yours faithfully
I. Stevenson

Dear Sir,

We regret to inform you that the information printed in the July 9th issue of 'Talkabout' was not accurate in regards to the stores offering discounts to T.T.A. members. We apologise for any inconvenience caused to students, Turvey Tops Pharmacy and Huthwaites.

In future we shall endeavour to safeguard against anymore misunderstandings of this nature.

Yours faithfully,
T.T.A. Executive.



CONFERENCE ON TEACHER EDUCATION

This conference was held at Canberra College of Advanced Education from July 16 to 18. It was attended by about 150 people from Teachers' Colleges, Colleges of Advanced Education, Universities and other institutions. I saw only the first half of the Conference, but my impressions were that it was fairly successful, given its size and the variety of those attending.

Some of the opinions expressed at the conference were, predictably, that teachers have too little status; that the education of teachers is difficult when they are taught in large groups; and that teacher education must combine the theoretical and the practical.

The most interesting experiments seemed to me to be proceeding at the Universities. At Macquarie, method is taught by seconded teachers who confer with a "master teacher" supervising the student's progress in the school. At Sydney University, most students have the benefit of micro-teaching, using TV to film the student teaching a small group, then watching the filmed lesson and discussing it. This was the technique which most impressed me: the student filmed noticed her good and bad points herself. These students spend two days out of every week teaching

in the schools. Finally, Mr. Duckers of LaTrobe University said that a survey had revealed that only about 40% of their students wanted to be teachers; they were framing courses on this basis.

Another type of innovation has evolved at Goulburn Teachers' College. The Academic Year starts in August (as it does in most institutions overseas) thus enabling staff to visit summer schools in the U.S.A. and Canada. This means, too, that students have a rest of almost a year between Sixth Form and First Year at College. This seems to be a good thing for everyone. In this 'rest' period most students travel and work; this year one is employed as a tutor by Queensland grazier and one is a doorman at a Kings Cross nightclub. Goulburn Teachers' College uses filmed excerpts from lessons to highlight classroom problems, and students visit all schools in the city, State and private.

The Conference ended with the establishment of an Australian Association for Teacher Education. This Association will start an appropriate journal and could prove a great benefit in education.

- Peter West

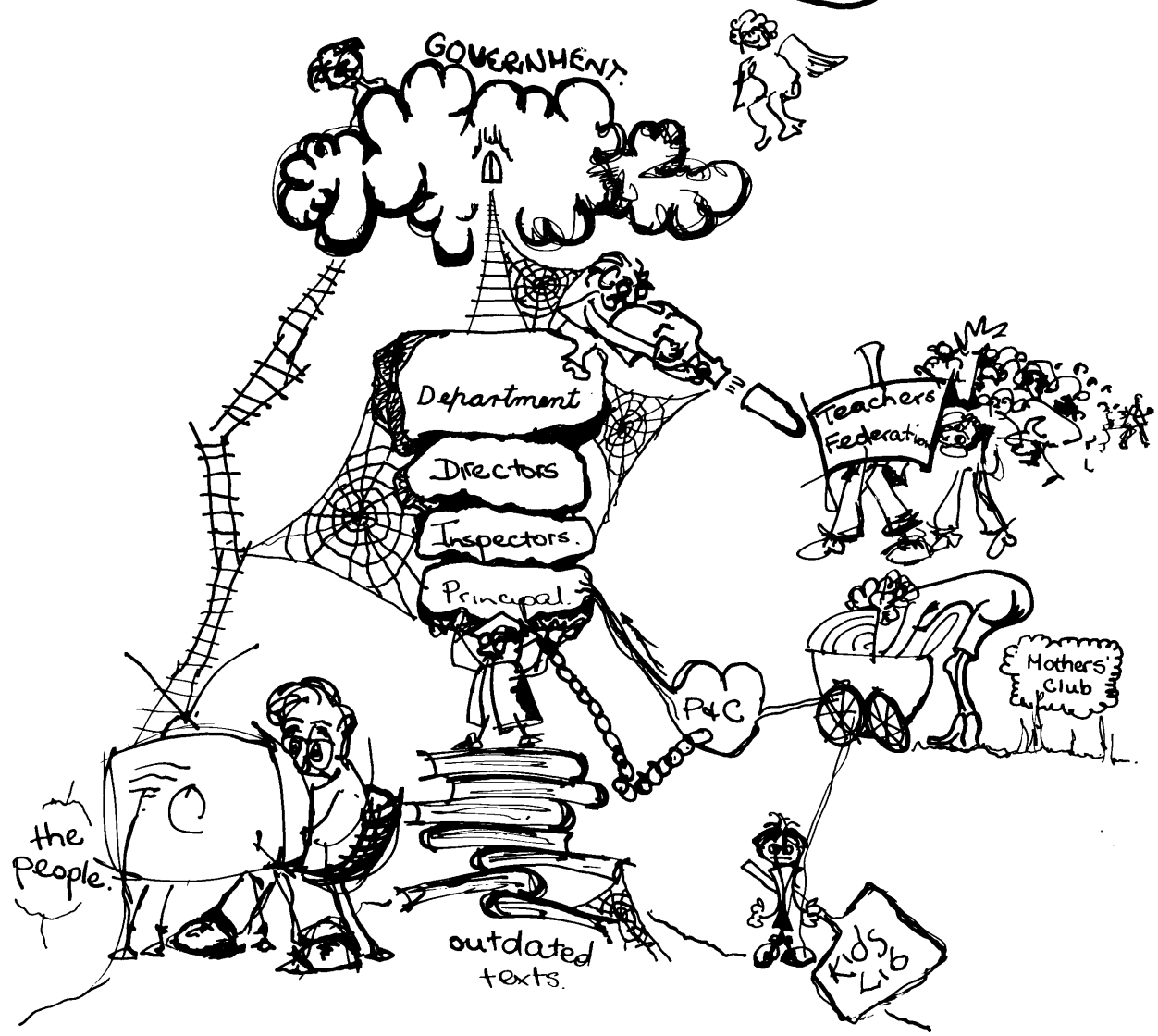


Senior Citizens!



"Write, swine, write!"

THE PROFESSION



My Impressions of a Steiner School

After reading Mr Smith's article on Rudolf Steiner in the last issue of 'Talkabout', I thought some of you might be interested to know what it was like being educated at a Steiner school. Having the same teacher from Kindergarten to 2nd year a warm relationship of mutual trust and understanding developed between teacher and pupil. The teacher didn't act in an authoritarian manner and there was no barrier between the teacher and the pupil. Each child's temperament was studied by the class teacher and was taught in a way which kept pace with his development. The teacher was able to see the child develop mentally, spiritually and emotionally and also know the capabilities and weakness of the child.

The Steiner School is not exam orientated like the Public School System or other private schools. Surely the teacher of 8 years is a fairer judge of the child's capabilities than a pencil and paper test? Because the school had to conform to the Curriculum, exams were introduced in 2nd year to let the children know what to expect in public examinations. In these exams there was no emphasis on who came 'Dux of the School', 1st, 2nd or last - this tends to segregate the class into the 'bright' and 'dumb'. The children were encouraged to better themselves the next time and the willingness to learn to come from within himself instead of trying to beat his fellow class mates with the reward and glory of "Top of the Class".

From kindergarten to 6th Form, we had 'The Block System' - where we spent the first 2 hours every morning for three weeks on one particular subject. This method provided a unit of steady and continuous work and mitigated restlessness and tension. Since the subject was taught in a 'block' we gained a fuller understanding of the subject than if it were spread out over a few 40 minute periods during the week.

Also, languages like French and German were introduced in 1st Class. The children weren't taught vocabulary lists and grammar constructions

but simple songs and poems are learnt by imitation and play-acting - thus providing a basis for the more intellectual side of the language (vocabulary, literature, grammar) in later years.

Freedom of thinking was encouraged at all times. The main ways this was done were music, art, recitation and play acting. At no time did the teachers try to form or influence our ideas but we were always left to make our own decisions and form our own opinions. Some freedom was also allowed in the choosing of the school uniform. The girls in every fifth year were allowed to choose their own style, material and length.

The children received a more general education instead of just having a few specific examinable subjects. Boys and girls alike did wood carving, handiwork (including sewing and knitting), gardening (in the primary years), weaving and ceramics. We also did what is known as Eurythmy which is movement to music. This was to develop power of concentration, self will and peace of mind.

Ideally the classes are small. The biggest would have about thirty pupils and in 6th Form last year there were only two of us so we actually had private tuition for the whole year.

I think it would be impossible to find another school with such fantastic surroundings - 11 acres of bush for children to explore and find adventure. How does 11 acres of bush compare to a couple of square yards of solid concrete with a few trees planted here and there just in the right position 'to look nice'.

The aim of the Steiner school is 'the harmonious development of the thinking, feeling and willing capacities of the child.'

This school has not only given me an education but the most memorable time of my life. How many of you can honestly say that you enjoyed school so much that you were sorry to leave?

Susan Lowe

B O O K

R E V I E W

Victoria Brown



Victoria Brown

MISS I.C.

V.C.N.BLIGHT'S - THE TEACHER'S HANDBOOK

Between the unadorned covers of his book Mr Blight has created a tour de force of modern times. He portrays a way of life similar to that in 1984. Here man's every thought and action is regulated by some unseen deity known as The Director.

The book is in fact a series of regulations laid down by The Director in a terse prose style that Mr Blight has been developing in his earlier work, 'The Tree Wardens' League exists for the purpose of fostering a love and understanding of trees and tree culture.'

Blight has, with maturing, grown aware of the social problems of modern living and so behind The Director's regulations we see something of Blight's social conscience. There is a sarcastic bite at flag revering patriotism when he writes the regulation concerning the destroying of the flag. 'When the flag becomes dilapidated and is no longer in a suitable condition for use, it should be destroyed in a dignified way by burning privately.'

Gradually as the reader journeys through this bureaucratic wonderland there rises within him the feeling that this is happening already, by the time he reaches the section on the emptying of cesspits he is totally sucked in.

Clearly the book, with its Kafka-ish qualities belongs to the realm of Brave New World and 1984. Blight is an extremely good writer whose popularity can only grow when he publishes his next work, The Yearly Examinations.

Tony Bertram

Why did we have

S.A.U.C.

anyway?

Now that things are all over and the results may be read in Thursday's (22/7/'71) issue of Intercom, why and what was behind this organisation.

Basically a commitment to McLuhan's 'global village' philosophy made us realize that the old concepts of 'we' and 'they' are now almost meaningless. What really counts today is 'us' and what happens to any large part of 'us' cannot help but effect us ALL. Things that are happening now are the products of our decisions so it is important that we reach each other, as U Thant said to a W.U.S. Conference in 1971, 'we have reached the moon but we have not yet reached each other.' S.A.U.C. in '70 - '71 attempted to narrow this gap by committing itself and the student body to local and world development, not in a grandiose way, but by minor leaps (the bounds will follow later) by assisting those who have the most difficulty in assisting themselves, in the words of Haile Selassie: 'A mark of worthy civilization is the willingness of those to whom much has been given to share their position with those in need.' (In a speech from 'The Needs of African Children in National Development'.)

Ours has been a small and probably unnoticed attempt to enhance the quality of common life; just a minor commitment in our global village which will carry on for 1972 to appear on its calendar, 1972 the year of the R.C.A.E., that means W.W.T.C. will be dead but does S.A.U.C. need to die too? Remember 'us' needs S.A.U.C.

Hans Van Haalen

THE GRAPEVINE

Sometimes the grape vine, when it is reasonably small, is perfectly good. Its growth can be kept in check and it can be of little harm to anybody.

With time, this little vine tends to store its strength and grows larger and stronger. Now it spreads its branches far and wide and starts taking hold of the plants which are growing nearby. At first these plants are not really affected in any way but as the vine grows in size and age it takes a much firmer hold of them. In some cases it becomes quite difficult, even impossible, to break the plants loose from the vine.

The stronger plants survive, despite the fact that they are being entangled, while those which are not quite so strong may just succumb to the pressures and say "die!".

Joe Ilk



POLICE AND THE LAW

- GRAHAM PERRY.

The recent maltreatment of spectators at a Sydney football match and alleged bashings at Bathurst gaol once again places the role of the policeman in question.

No one need question the reasons for existence of a rescue squad orientated towards social wellbeing, but the position of Sydney's "number one squad" (experts at the art of information extraction) and a camouflaged constable religiously fining drivers exceeding 35 m.p.h. on the downhill approach to Jugiong cannot be so assumed.

A questionnaire around the College revealed that most students regarded the role of the police as "supporting the general will of the public" as against being representative of governmental policy and being obedient to a hierarchy. If only this could be the case!

Conflict comes of course when the police receive regulations "from above" which do not in fact, represent the express desires of the public. In a state where traffic regulations take little account of the conditions of roads and no account of the capability of the automobiles and experience of the driver, Mr Askin places the onus on the law enforcement agency to use discretion. The envisaged legislation regarding the compulsory wearing of crash helmets and seat belts is to be carried out without corresponding referenda. The police may find themselves enforcing a law which does not have the support of even a majority of the public.

We will awake one morning to find that seat belts are compulsory and any attempt to alter or challenge parliamentary ruling will be classified as deviant behaviour.

What is advocated is not wholesale rebellion against the authority of the constabulary but earnest enquiry by individuals and societ-

ies into the reasons for the existence of this body. After some answer has been reached, one can then postulate a set of assumed behaviour to be acted out by the police.

If some "code of ethics" is adopted and adhered to by the police force, (as long as this does not include brutality and corruption).

I can predict an increase in the respect given them by the public and hence achieve a lower crime rate.

Surely the N.S.W. Police Forces cannot expect co-operation by individuals in road safety and crime solving when examples of police brutality and unreasonable traffic fines openly condemn a corrupt nineteenth century institution.

from Page 2.

and limitations! What greater sadness can overwhelm us, in middle age or later, than childlessness? It is then that our sympathy goes out to the confirmed bachelor or spinster and our advice to adopt or to sublimate! What deeper joy and fascination, amounting almost to intoxication, can one have than the profound fulfilment that grandparenthood bestows?

- M.E. HALE

THE ETERNAL FLAME



RUGBY NEWS

The Rugby Club has found a welcome return to form since the beginning of 2nd term. Out of the seven games played by the club, we've won five, lost one and drawn one. Second grade showed that they would have been a force to reckon with if not chopped about by greedy 1st Grade selectors. They drew with R.A.A.F. B side 9-9 in a thrilling match, then backed up the next week to defeat leaders, R.A.A.F. A side 8-0. They had a weeks rest (day after the ball) and seemed to have lost their spirit, as well as some of their players. They went down to Wagga City had the team not been changed around so much, due to injury in 1st Grade, they would have been a definite premiership threat. As it is now they are a threat to any team they play. Full marks must go to their coach John (Superhuman) Hale for his hard work and to the team for their tremendous efforts. This is a good side, spectators, please lend your support.

The 1st Grade has had a glorious run of wins. The first game back yielded many a worried tummy beforehand and many a happy face afterwards.

A "near capacity crowd" wandered out to the W.C.G. to see competition leaders, Wagga City, play 4th placed Teachers College. An unhappy start saw Teachers down 6-3 at half time. But soon after the break, when winning some ball, the backline got going and teachers crossed for three tries. City scored late in the game (a controversial try, yet) but time had run out, College had won 15 - 11.

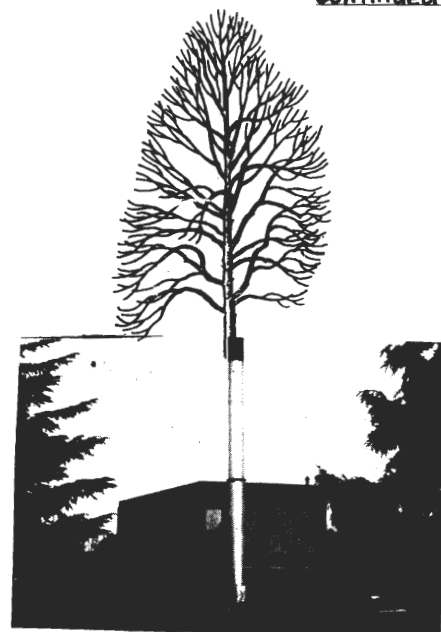
Riding high (and I don't mean drunk) on this victory we trounced Waratahs 21 - 0 a week later. Deterrents from both victories were the injuries of second rower and "leader of the pack", Bob Lamaro, props Jovanovic and Gray, loose forward Geoff Spargo, winger John Heeney and fullback Bill Duman. Costly wins but good ones.

Friday 2nd July was the ball. Saturday 3rd saw a sore, sorry and sick bunch of "footballers" take the field against Army. At half time with the score at 6-0 our way, our coach, Limpy Eastcott, was willing to give us three points start and back army. Lucky he didn't. We came home 33-3. Maybe we sobered up, or got rid of our hangovers, whatever it was, it worked. We were unimpressive but we were winners (and now on top of the competition).

To stay there though we needed to beat Wagga city again. We were going into this match without "Dirtyman" Lamaro, Voji Jovanovic and Roger Gray - our main lineout men. The replacements, though, acquitted themselves extra well. We were off to a bad start, being down 6-3 at half time (two tries to nil). The forwards were winning the ball, the backs weren't using it.

The second half yielded more success. Some solid defence and tactical kicking found us still down 6-3 midway through the half, but now at least we were pressing them. At this stage I

Continued Page 15.



... BETWEEN ASSIGNMENTS

"This place is depressing!" I stated bluntly to Rabbit as I entered the room.

The night's frustrations had been highlighted by seeing my companion in slackness (and believe me these are rare in a three year section)...at home working. Don't get me wrong; one realises work must be done...but hell, what's the hurry! It seems to me that the College is attempting to force a lifetime of knowledge into our startled little brains in the period of two or three years. I mean to say, we must look to the future... leave room as it were for years to come when we are married and not supposed to be having fun.

Sure! ...then I'll settle down and work..... probably enjoy it. Perhaps that is going a bit too far, but I have actually spoken to those people who can and do enjoy work. It's surprising how many Jim's and Ed's there are fossicking around the libraries these days. Of course one can't blame them for this bewildering attitude lately as advertisement gets to us all eventually. Even I have used the red carpet more than once and my eyes twinkled a glorious shade of purple as I wandered - lost through the various green layers of void and books. Still you can't judge a library by its colours, and they are still the same booksnot one good magazine among them!

I find myself trying to enjoy life but there remains the distracting smile of satisfaction and glassy stares of contempt from those who have worked, and on this novel occasion Rabbit's skilful gloating proved insurpassable. Square tipped fingers grappled with the multitudes of typed sheets and his cool silence stifled hopes of meaningless conversation. Thus shattered I backed away into the darkness of the hall and solitude of my own room.

Anything beats assignments so when, for once blessed by freedom, one thinks...yes...why not

scribble out a bit of a story. So after all my arguments of not working or not prostituting my writings I have dipped the proverbial old thumb-nail in ink and scratched out a few words of wisdom.

- Bill Stone

From page 14.

would like to thank Mr.Gurd for his forethought in teaching us the Polka last week.It won us the game.One of our players,known as The Phantom Polka King,kicked ahead,gathered,did the Polka to escape attempted tackles and crossed the City line to score.We led 8-6 after Golden boot Symes converted.Later in the game we received a penalty well out and Symes made no mistake in putting the result beyond doubt.He goaled to put us ahead 11-6(the final score).

Wagga City,who were sitting pretty on the top of the competition 4 weeks ago,have slipped to 4th place,while Teachers have done the opposite in going from 4th to 1st.We intend to stay there.

Congratulations ,at this stage,must go to Mr Les Eastcott,our coach,for his marvellous work in blasting us at half time.It served us as an inspiration and drove us on to greater heights. Also to the team,who seem to be just 15 big hearts,wearing boots.And as always to our spectators without whom the team can't perform.We are posers,we like playing before a crowd.A brief note in conclusion - a rumour is spreading that one of our players has been nominated for an Academy Award for his part in the game.Let us hope he gets it.

Paul Davis

13-7-.71

 Teachers won 8-6 against Coota. 31st July.

 Now equal first with Aggies again.

1 Well Mr. Blakenore was 1st College Principal
 And students may not have liked him or his laws
 But changes may come when we get our new leader
 But I can't see students liking Blake-more!

Assimilation of Teachers' College. (71)

Handwritten musical notation on five staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "Let's say good-bye to the old Teachers' College". The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: "Forked tongue of knowledge Wag-ga T. C.". The third staff continues with lyrics: "Mouth-piece of learning for kids in the country". The fourth staff continues with lyrics: "Will soon be well-owed by the R.C. A. E.". The fifth staff is a single note G4 with a double bar line.

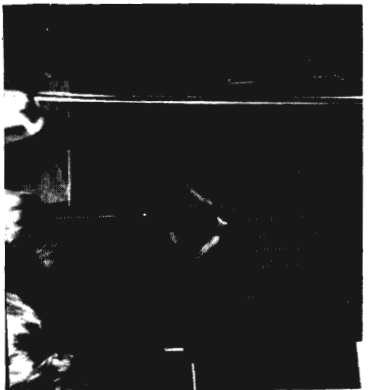
3 Next year the clocks might be changed back to normal
 And there might be a change in the college cuisine
 But even if food is the same stuff as always
 Lunchtime will not be at ten past thirteen!

4 Qualifications may change many lecturers
 And some of the staff may be teaching again
 They've taught us of methods and marvellous theories
 Well they'll get the chance to apply them all then.

2 Well we have waited so long for our library
 The one that we had was in slight disrepair
 It took so darn long for the buildings completion
 So kindly the R.C.A.E. lent us theirs
 Some of the boys have progressed into 2nd.
 After fulfilling department requests.
 Two years in last year was not all that bad tho'
 We all got to like it "Mun" or less!

6 In the few years we may spend at this College
 The knowledge and fun we could not reimburse.
 And after this year things may even get better.
 One things for sure they could never get worse!

Handwritten by
 Arthur Words
 music



"What are college
 revues coming to
 — I laughed."