

talkabout

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1972 CAN McMAHON SURVIVE?

A BRIEF EXAMINATION OF THE PROSPECTS OF AUSTRALIA'S NEW PRIME MINISTER

On Wednesday, 10th March, 1971 the nation waited with bated breath as the Parliamentary Liberal party met in Canberra to decide the fate of the Prime Minister Mr. Gorton. Within a few hours it became known that Mr. Gorton had been defeated in a motion of confidence in which the numbers were even and he gave his casting vote against himself.

Mr. Gorton subsequently resigned as Prime Minister and Mr. William McMahon was elected as the new Liberal leader, easily defeating Mr. Billie Snedden, his only rival.

Then, by a strange twist of events, Mr. Gorton defeated two other candidates for the position of deputy leader of the party, thus he and Mr. McMahon had swapped roles.

But the greatest irony of the day was that Mr. Gorton was given the Defence portfolio.

It was the previous Minister, Mr. Fraser, who had played a key part in the final downfall of the former Prime Minister.

The week end came, and the situation seemed to have calmed down and the Liberal Party appeared to have, temporarily at least, settled down after a series of events that came dangerously close to destroying it as a viable political organisation.

Australia had a new leader and all seemed well.

But many questions were being asked.

The chief question was whether Mr. McMahon would provide the unity and leadership that many people were looking to him for.

Is Australia still headed for a further period of political instability?

To even attempt to answer these one must look at several fields.

The first area that must be examined is the Liberal Party itself.

Mr. Gorton and Mr. McMahon have never been noted for their love of each other.

Both are ambitious and Mr. Gorton in particular has been accused of being arrogant and authoritarian.

Clearly Gorton enjoyed the

power he had and so it can be asked: will he be satisfied to remain in his present subservient role?

Mr. Gorton still has the largest block of supporters in parliament and this cannot be too cheerful a prospect for Mr. McMahon.

Also Mr. Gorton is Minister for Defence and two of the three service ministers under him, i.e. Mr. Peacock of the Army and Mr. Killeen of the Navy, are firm supporters of him.

This seems to provide a small clique in the ministry which may come into conflict with the Prime Minister, particularly over defence matters.

It must be remembered that Mr. Gorton is still a powerful man in the country: (he is third in seniority in the cabinet). (That Mr. Gorton has shown a remarkable resistance in the past, leads me to believe that he is not broken yet).

The positions of Mr. Malcolm Fraser and Mr. David Fairbairn are not clear yet, but it is believed that Mr. Fairbairn will be included in a McMahon cabinet.

This will not promote harmonious relationships in the Cabinet.

Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Gorton will find it difficult to co-exist in the cabinet.

Mr. Fairbairn has been one of Mr. Gorton's staunchest critics.

It is also believed that Mr. Fraser wanted his former post as Defence Minister back and under these circumstances he could hardly be overjoyed at seeing his former leader, a man he has condemned as Prime Minister, taking over his old stamping ground.

The party is undergoing a period of euphoria at the

moment, as is usual under a new leader.

This is because as yet Mr. McMahon is untried as a leader and many look to him with hope.

Mr. McMahon will have to prove that he has the qualities of leadership that the Liberals and the country so badly need, or else, he could find the Liberal Party splitting as before.

The potential for further fragmentation of the party is still present because of the nature of the personalities that constitute the hierarchy of the parliamentary party as it now exists.

If this happens, then Mr. McMahon could find himself Leader of the Opposition in 1972; or worse still, on the Opposition backbenches.

The second area that may be a key to the future of the Government is the Country Party.

The former leader of this part and former Deputy Prime Minister, John McEwen, clashed many times with Mr. McMahon over economic policy, particularly as it affected rural areas of Australia.

Sir John went as far as saying in 1969, during the Liberal leadership elections, that he would not serve in a government lead by Mr. McMahon.

This effectively destroyed Mr. McMahon's chances of becoming Prime Minister for quite a long time.

After the 1969 elections in which the Gorton government came close to defeat, Mr. McMahon ran against Mr. Gorton in a leadership ballot.

Sir John remained quiet on this occasion and this indicates that he would have



Written by David Redfern, on March, 17th this year, after the downfall of John Gorton.

grudgingly accepted Mr. McMahon because it may have meant that the Labour Party could have formed a minority government, being the largest single group in parliament. (In 1968 the Liberals had sufficient numbers to form a minority government under M. McMahon, if he had been elected).

Sir John was the undisputed leader of the Country Party and his attitudes prevailed in the party, so even though the current leader, Mr. Doug Anthony, has indicated support for Mr. McMahon, he and his followers may not feel too happy about Mr. McMahon's leadership.

It is also possible that there may be disagreement over rural policy which could place severe strains on the coalition.

Another possibility is that there could be an electoral backlash against the Country Party because Mr. McMahon is not believed to be popular in rural areas over his attitudes to rural subsidies.

Many small farmers may feel threatened by a McMahon government, especially if the rural situation grows worse and hence they will feel that their own party has betrayed them.

This remains to be seen however.

Continued on Page 3.

EDITORIAL

We must never place ourselves in the situation where we accept that the right of the individual to be different extends only to the length of his hair and the way he dresses.

In a conservative institution like this it is too damned easy to take what the Administration gives us on really trivial things and then go off thinking that we have made a great victory.

If you believe that you've won anything after these confrontations with the Administration, you have been conned. Dress reform is nothing.

When you can say what you believe, no matter how radical, then you've gained a victory. Victories here are few and far between.

Defeats are par for the course and the worst thing is that you won't know that you've lost.

But, by God, by the time you leave this place you'll have changed. And they won't be good, these changes.

For the most part the College churns out two models. The upwards mobile, going places in the Department, thinking of nothing beyond upward mobiling and back stabbing

And that is something! The perfect man who does not think. All beliefs are sacrificed for advancement. You don't believe me? By the end of the year they will be visible. You will see them here. You may be one!

The less satisfactory model is the bloke who drinks, just passes and is oblivious to what happens to him and around him.

Still he is not thinking and, for the administration and the Department, these are the basic requirements. His attitude may not be perfect but at least he is not dangerous.

You may be this by the end of the year or you can fight the Administration till there is some respect for the individual. It is risky, but the only alternative is mental castration.

TONY BERTRAM
Editor

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE

Editor	TONY BERTRAM
Treasurer	GRAEME STURT
Secretary	CORAL DEUIS
Art Editor	DALE GRANT
General Staff	TOO MANY TO NAME BUT WHAT A TEAM

Letter to the Editor . . .

Sir,

Please permit me to use your columns to express publicly on behalf of my wife and myself, our appreciation to the many students who attended our wedding recently.

A special thanks to Joe Ilk who organised and rehearsed the choir and to the students who volunteered their time during the holidays to practice for this fine gesture.

Once again, from my wife and me, many thanks.

Yours sincerely,

Ian Stevenson.

The opinions expressed in this issue are not necessarily those of the management. We accept everything and anything (keeping in mind the proverbial Censorship laws of this Country.)

— Editorial Staff

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Most probably for the last time, I greet the students and staff of this College at the commencement of an academic year in a Principal's Message.

There has been a steadily mounting accumulation of tasks and stresses, both for the College and its head

Not only have there been shortages in every single facet of the teacher education programme, but there has been an enormous amount of planning for the transition from two to three year training and for the setting up of the Riverina College of Advanced Education in the first instance on this site.

Nevertheless, the six sessions of students enrolled with this College in 1971 can rest assured that vital contact and personal interest will characterise the working of the lecturing staff and administration with them.

No apology is offered for doing things to the best of our ability, and in after years students will be grateful to their lecturers and their college for the thoroughness with which they have been introduced to the foundations of a career in the teaching profession.

At the same time it is earnestly suggested that students look around as well as looking at themselves.

What are your answers to the questions being asked by students in many other places in Australia on quality and inequality in education?

Who are the underprivileged or disadvantaged? Where can they be found? What needs to be done?

Do you agree that it is not simply a matter of more money, valuable though that may be, but rather of a change in morale and purpose to be discovered by pupils within their educational processing?

"Who are the specially treated?" What blessings can you count in your arriving at your present situation? What good things can you see assured for yourself?

M. E. HALE
Principal



McMAHON
Continued from Page 1.

The final area of consideration is that of the A.L.P.

Mr. Whitlam, the leader, has successfully weathered many crises himself, sometimes with narrow escapes.

However, Mr. Whitlam has to his credit that he had Mr. Holt on the run in 1967 when Mr. Whitlam performed well as opposition leader.

This culminated in a massive recovery in Labour support in the Senate elections of that year.

Mr. Whitlam did not perform so well against Mr. Gorton.

He seemed to have difficulty in keeping up with the actions of the very colourful but erratic Prime Minister, who was very much a popularist.

However by the end of '69 during the campaign, Mr. Whitlam seemed very professional against Mr. Gorton.

Mr. Gorton seemed to lack purpose in his campaign and failed to arouse interest.

Mr. Whitlam came close to winning that election and confirmed his own leadership while shattering that of Gorton's.

Mr. Whitlam can rightly claim that he had played a large part in bringing the two leaders to the ground.

How he fares against Mr. McMahon largely depends on how far he can exploit divisions in the Liberal Party and how he matches against Mr. McMahon who is very much a politician (as Mr. Whitlam is) and may yet unify the Liberal Party.

In the case of the Liberals unifying, the Labour Party will have a large task in the 1972 elections.

However the A.L.P. is bent on gaining office in 1972 and providing their internal troubles are kept to a minimum they will not relent in this pursuit.

Australian politics could be very interesting for a while yet.

To sum up: Mr. McMahon is as yet a nunried leader and he faces a massive task in uniting a shattered party.

He has had plenty of experience in many ministerial positions but leadership of the country requires a lot more than a single department does.

If Mr. McMahon shows that he has the necessary qualities then he may be around for a while yet.

If he cannot provide these then we Australians will look elsewhere and Mr. Whitlam may yet achieve his ambitions.

WAIT UNTIL DARK

BEWARE THE DROPBEAR (Phascolarctos Proelior)

The Dropbear is one of the strangest phenomenon ever seen in this country. While it is very rare it can be a very dangerous animal. People attacked by it have been badly gouged about the head, face, neck, and back.

Resembling something like a cross, between a koala and a possum, it drops from the branches of the gum trees in which it lives, onto it's victims (hence the name drop-per).

Like the koala, the Dropbear sleeps during the day near the top of the gumtree, its home.

Then at night, it climbs down towards the lower branches to eat gumleaves, its natural diet, and watch for intruders.

It must be remembered that the Dropbear only inhabits lemon scented gum trees, since the leaves of this tree are the only ones on which it can thrive.

This type of tree is quite prevalent around the Wagga Wagga area and there are at least two such trees in the college grounds.

The Dropbear is migratory. However, unlike other roving animals, it migrates biennially.

There is some controversy about this fact, but because of the Dropbear's unusual habits nothing definite has been derived from studies made.

Dropbears were last seen in the Riverina in 1969.

In that ear, Kim Teane, a student of the college was badly lacerated about the neck and back one night by an unseen animal.

The attack took place under the large gum near the music room.

While dropbears were frequently sighted between mid March and July in 1969, no Dropbears were seen last year.

It is interesting to note that one of the dreamie legends of the Waradgeries (a local aboriginal tribe) told of the Bidyee, which was a spirit that dropped from the sky to take revenge on evil doers.



One further point: Dropbears are herbivores and normally peaceful.

They only attack if they think their "home" is in danger.

Therefore, the best way to escape them, if attacked, is to run from under the tree.

Better, avoid walking under large gums a night.

Remember, if you leave them alone, they will not harm you.

World under williws,
Searching.
Searching for the sun,
The Son of God.
Now, world, turn!
Turn from the blood, the
hate, the death,
Cut!
Cut deep into the williws,
Cut them down so dam the
blood,
to smother the hate.
Then look up.
Look up into the sun,
Bright sun.

For Service . . .
TURVEY NEWSAGENCY
FERNLEIGH ROAD, WAGGA — PHONE 5 1375
Educational Aids — Stationery — Mags — Cards for all occasions

COME ALL YE STUDENTS RESURRECT TALKABOUT!

This is dedicated to those who find it a convenient way to evade the issue simply by stating "I can't". Last year Talkabout was almost a lost cause due entirely to the fault of the students.

The prime factor in the halt of publications was the issue of Writeabout, but even without this episode, the fate of Talkabout was apparent to all — especially those who had taken on the task of compiling and publishing YOUR PAPER.

Students had to be asked to write articles for THEIR paper — even then the task of filling the empty spaces always remained the task of a few.

It is the aim of the Publications Club to print as many issues as finance and YOU will permit.

YOU are in a tertiary institution — YOU are still capable of thinking (we hope), YOU have opinions (or should) — don't moan to your roomie — she's heard it all before.

Write it down — have it printed — then the whole college will be aware of it

— and some may even share your opinion.

This is the year Talkabout is to be resurrected — only your full support will keep it above ground level.

The following poems or written extracts were taken from the written expression lesson of an average 5th/6th Grade.

They haven't even made High School yet and they have the courage to commit themselves in writing.

HOW THEY SEE BLACK AND WHITE PROBLEM

1. Black hand on a clock being chased by a white hand.

2. "If you are black think white, and then blacks will be as good as white.

3. "A white man is like a hurricane that destroys us in the storm, a white man is like a stone being thrown at

us like a bird, I am like a book which has been read and discarded by white man".

4. "What is the difference between black and white paper". "White man and his black suit".

ON A BIKIE

(To be read aloud)

"Goin' round the corner doin' 98 — won't do to laugh ha, too late.

The wheels couldn't stand it, the engine fell apart.

and it was all because of Jimmies

super-sonic laugh".

These children could be in your next practice teaching class.

You have to be as good as them — not inferior.

Besides, if you can't beat them, you will soon learn that the easiest way out is to join them.

— C.D.

C. F. DOES NOT STAND FOR CONFUSED FOOLS

Neither does it stand for complete failures. It could stand for Christian Fanatics for this indeed is what we the members of C.F. hope we are; fanatics for Christ.

But for those sadly uninformed members of our college the true and unadulterated emanating of the mystical initials is Christian Fellowship, which, as a matter of trivia, is itself an abbreviation of "Teachers' College Christian Fellowship" or T.C.C.F.

C.F. is basically concerned with Jesus Christ; alias J.C. Super Star, Soul Man, or if you like, Jesus Christ.

But our ideas and beliefs about this Jesus are not those of Rice and Weber or similarly any other person's interpretation or changing of the historical facts about the life and character of the person of Jesus Christ.

Our concern with Jesus Christ is that we believe him to be true to the character as depicted in the New Testament.

That is; "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour" (This statement was an early creed based

on the Greek word for fish; ichthus).

As Christians then, we believe that Christ's life and death were for us and likewise for everyone.

Similarly we believe the undisprovable fact that Christ was resurrected from the dead and is alive today.

On the basis of these beliefs then we are prepared to follow Christ and his teaching and allow his influence to be the guiding factor in the running of our lives.

This does not mean that we become monks or monkesses!

But we do experience a life with meaning, purpose, and direction.

Something which we did not experience before we became Christians. (Yes! we were once like you!).

C.F. then is:

1. People meeting with a common unity in Christ.

To share their experiences

with Him and to learn more about Him, and

2. Christians concerned with communicating their knowledge and experience of Jesus Christ and the change He can bring about in a person's life.

— Arthur Hand

A BIRTH

If you knew how hard I tried and struggled and lived for this moment, you'd forgive me your pain without forgetting it when I am grown. Of you I have come, and in time I shall do my share, or am I too late for life? Will time still be when I am man? I fear this world, its soul weeps, even now, around my heart.

— Marilyn Paynter

FOOT IN MOUTH

Lecturers:

"We must define our subject, gratification of human needs".

"If you're a fag there's no need to hide it".

"Switch off and let it flow all over you".

— Mr. Elphick

★ ★

"I'm going to give you some real entertainment".

— Miss O'Flynn

★ ★

"I'm second from St. Paul".

— Mr. Young

★ ★

"I think that I should never

^{see} A teacher quite as good as me".

— Mr. Byrnes

★ ★

"There is no need for comparisons".

— Miss Llewelyn

★ ★

"What we need is a manager".

— Mr. Hale

★ ★

"We want pure Bloom".

— Mr. Smith

★ ★

"I'm representing an interested body".

"Do you think I'm physical?"

— Mr. Eastcott

★ ★

"I could embarrass quite a few people if I told them how I got this". (On his piano).

"I'm easy to get on with".

— Mr. Heading

★ ★

Students:

"I spent two months sitting in the sun pulling carrots".

— D.S.

★ ★

"It's so perfect you have to laugh at it".

— Ex-Student, now in Army

★ ★

"You can be the official organ for my thing".

— D.R.

★ ★

"In the dead of the night little things came of Kabi".

— T.B.

★ ★

"Now we can have the lay out".

— T.B. & A.E.

★ ★

"I don't want to be a Second Year".

— A 1st Year

★ ★

"Something crawled up my leg and bit it".

— C.D.

"Hey Tony, that's rude".

— C.D.

Congratulations to Mr. Lamaro and Co. on the Cootamundra victory.

RECORD REVIEW

Deep Purple's latest LP, *Deep Purple in Rock*, is a new Deep Purple approach — a great new heavy sound.

Lots of feedback. Lots of gravel and guts.

Led Zeppelin has obviously had a strong influence on the group and in places the lead leans heavily towards the Santana style.

The early Spencer Davis trend, typical of "I'm a Man", is also detectable.

Most tracks follow the modern trend of a vocal introduction with middle section being an instrumental variation and finally a return to vocal lines.

The best of the seven tracks, "Child in Time", follows this form.

It has a delicate, partly staccato organ intro with soft vocal coming in.

From there it builds up into a hard rock instrumental variation with prominent bass and a short drum solo.

The cool-off back to the organ theme is fairly sudden with vocal pointing in as before.

The style of the music fits the lyrics with the general theme — the hard living, hard loving man.

...*"Deep Purple in Rock"*. Hear it! See what YOU THINK OF IT!



The Militant Christians

TRAINEE TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Wagga Wagga Teachers College Trainee Teachers Association is an independent college group affiliated with Teachers Federation, and has proved invaluable in recent years to its subscribers.

With united action over the last couple of years, substantial increases in a trainee's allowances have been achieved and further efforts are still being made to again review the present situation.

We remain in contact with the work achieved by other organisations in the state by sending a representative to important Federation meetings in Sydney once a month.

Assistance is offered to those students who are experiencing troubles with College medicals, allowances, etc., as this association will present your case before the Principal or to higher authority in Sydney by going through the Federation.

Last year the association took severe action on several occasions to ensure that its case would be heard with the public being aware of our aims and backing us to the fullest.

Initially the association held a protest march, for an increase in allowance, down Baylis Street, on a busy Saturday morning to meet representatives of the Department of Education.

We had full support from the Federation, Labor Party and the Press, Radio and Television which put us on side with the public.

Again, later in the year, we initiated a three day strike from lectures on the basis of:

1. The Government Budget Policy of removing the subsidy given to the Department of Education to help reduce the cost for board, but with an increase in allowance it meant that this increase would be eliminated due to the increase in board;

and

2. The inability of any authoritative organisation to substantiate the makeup of a third year course.

During his strike, all members of the T.T.A. did charitable work for organisations and also some private work.

With the proceeds, special equipment was bought for the Kurrajong Special School and the remaining money, seventy five dollars, being donated to the St. Vincent De Paul Society.

The public of Wagga Wagga were again most appreciative of the work we had done and sympathised with



our cause which was publicised widely all over the State and met with much attention from people in high places, including Mr. Cutler, the Minister for Education, who, while in Wagga, interviewed our T.A.A. executive.

The point to be made is that we are not an extremely militant protesting group and we try not to go against the principles and conditions placed upon us upon entering the teaching profession, including our training period.

The Wagga T.T.A. executive is John Hale, President; Tony Dillon, Secretary. Peter Scotchmere, Treasurer; with a Junior Vice President yet to be elected.

This executive will help you in any matter which is relevant to the T.T.A. business.

Another advantage of membership is a 10% discount at

most Wagga stores on goods you buy and at this for 20c. So be wise and join it!

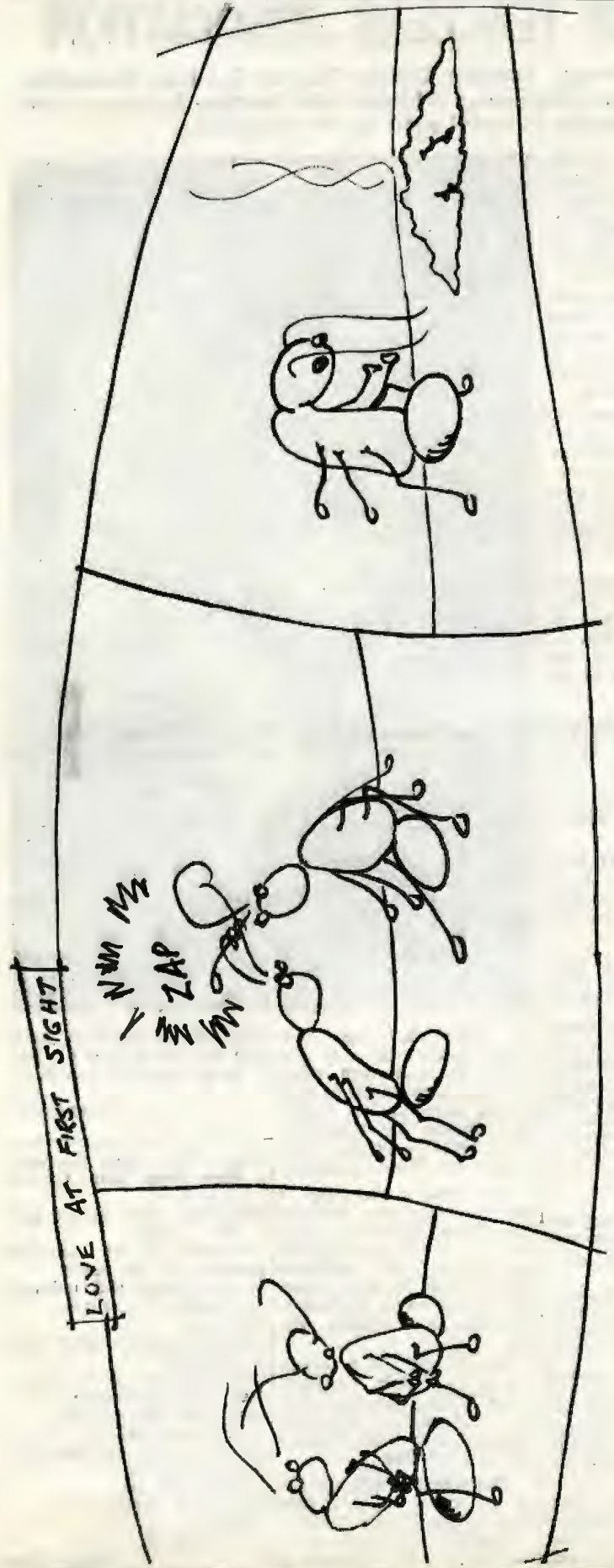
— Tony Dillon

Mary, Mary Quite Contrary. How Does Your Garden Grow?

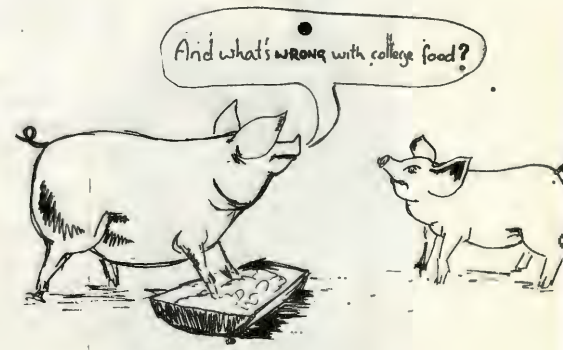
The violet grew in the garden - alone Unaware of the haunting presence of the weed It was lonely and unloved, Its beauty - a burden And yet, The atmosphere reeked with affection-

The affection of the weed Real and undefinable. And from the affection A love was born And the violet and the weed Wilted together Beneath the sun And their death Became- Life inspired.

Angela Eves



MAN OF THE MONTH





DON'T ASK ME, — I ONLY LIVE HERE

So Tony Bertram said to me: "How about writing something about the dormitories for "Talkabout"?" Politely, but resolutely, I gave my carefully considered answer: "Like hell I will!" I can afford to act tough with Bertram; he's the only bloke on campus smaller than me, apart from one of the gardeners.

Just then I felt a tap on my shoulder.

I glanced behind me and saw what resembled a flag pole with side levers.

On closer inspection I realised it was Clive Robertson. I should have recognised him — he had a girl with him.

He still plays with dolls.

I decided to play it cool.

"Sure Tony. Anything you say, Tony. How many pages did you want?"

Just as well I was co-operative.

Not only is Clive connected with "Talkabout", but he also has the room next to the warden's flat and a tape recorder.

Could be embarrassing.

So this is what I wrote.

Whoever decided to establish a Teachers' College at Wagga Wagga must have been a man of vision.

In fact the agitation for a college at Wagga Wagga goes back to 1929 but very little happened until 1947, when the old R.A.A.F. hospital officially became the first residential co-educational college in Australia. (Armidale College opened in 1928, at that stage was not residential).

Imagine though, trying to justify the establishment of a Teachers' College in an abandoned hospital in a dying town!

Fortunately, Wagga Wagga did not die, despite the reduction in the importance of the R.A.A.F. and Army bases which kept the economy of the town going.

Wagga Wagga became a city; the population increased by 26% between 1961 and 1966 and it is still growing, rivalling Broken Hill in size.

But the college is still not self sufficient; it still needs to draw students from Sydney to keep its numbers up, as the Riverina cannot supply close on 300 students each year.

Therefore, the college has always needed to be a residential one.

The first dormitories on campus were the old wooden R.A.A.F. huts, lined with either caneite or masonite which were equally useless for keeping either heat or cold out.

It was not until 1956 that the first brick dormitory was

built, women's Buuna — Marinya.

The men waited until 1960 for their first brick residence and even now, one of the original dormitories is still standing near the auditorium, the former camp picture theatre.

Only last year an old film was discovered in the loft detailing what to do in case of an air raid!

But there is more to the dormitories than just the building.

As a school is judged more by the qualities of its students and teachers, so is a college; and a large part of our corporate life in this college is outside the lecture room.

Not a small part of it is influenced by our dormitory.

We sit with our dorm-mates at meals, we argue with them, play touch football with them or go up to the Tavern with them and help them find their way back again from Romano's.

With the dorms came wardens.

What is the function of a warden?

Obvious you say: to spy on students and dob them in to you-know-who.

If that is what you believe, then anything I say will not change your mind.

Otherwise read on.

The Public Service Board authorises the employment of a warden for every thirty students.

The job involves security of property (e.g. preventing outsiders damaging college property, as happened in the new lecture block last year) and a degree of supervision of students (e.g. it was handy to have a warden on duty when the prowler struck last year).

Some students get paranoid about wardens.

I can understand this to some extent, as the wardening system was originally intended for a younger age group of students.

On the other hand, not all students can be relied upon to act in the mature fashion that most are capable of.

I did not think it particularly edifying to be woken at 2 a.m. by a police sergeant returning several students to the dormitory after they allegedly were involved

in a misdemeanour downtown.

Nor did I think it particularly manly of some of the potential teachers last year to throw rocks on lecturers' roofs, woking a six months old baby, children and wives.

Fortunately, I do not judge all students by the actions of a misguided minority.

Each warden runs his or her dormitory in a similar fashion, yet enough freedom is permitted for variation reflecting the personality and preferences of wardens and students.

In quoting cases from my own dorm, I do so not in any attempt to blow my own trumpet, but merely to illustrate and this is the dorm with which I am most familiar.

Buuna dorm consisted last year of First Year men, who, after one week, elected a house committee to run the dorm.

In open forum the house decides basic guidelines for the running of the house, not rules for the sake of rules, but rules which enable thirty men to live under the one roof without infringing on the rights of others.

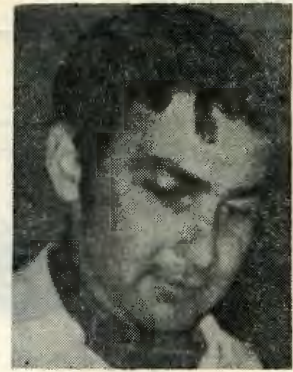
This means some compromise:

O.K., so you want to play your stereo tape recorder full blast at 11 p.m., but Joe Blow next door is working on his Social Science survey, due in tomorrow.

If you suddenly switched roles you would appreciate it if he was quiet.

So, we don't play recorders, stereos or the fool after p.m. on week nights.

Week ends? You can make



all the noise you like, but at your own risk.

Wardens have another function, although they don't advertise it, because they do know when to keep their mouths shut.

People do have problems and they like to talk it over with someone.

How about their mates?

No, there are some things you don't want to discuss with your mates — and anyway, they don't know all the answers.

The warden may not have the answer to your personal problem, but you can, at least talk it over a cup of coffee.

It is not giving a secret away to say that some second year women have a lot to thank Miss Parker and Miss Corey for.

Anyway enough of my ramblings — I know you have already disagreed with everything I've said, so I'll just leave you with this thought — the warden is always wrong.

If he walks to tea with you, he's eavesdropping.

If he doesn't, he's a snob. If he enters the corridor he ought to mind his own business.

If he doesn't, he's not interested in your welfare.

If he won't offer you a cigarette, he's mean.

If he uses yours, he's a bludger.

So we agree on one point: the warden is always wrong.

— Ian Stevenson



Sorry, no women allowed in the Dorm.



Guinea Pigs In a Pressure-Cooker

The year 1970 marked the start of a new era in teacher training at Wagga Teacher's College. One section was selected to undertake a three year course, the section being 7017.

The basic objectives of this three year course, as outlined by the Principal, are:

1. To carry each student's own education beyond secondary into tertiary to give him/her the outlook and understanding which are characteristic of that level.

2. To undertake the two year "pressure-cooker" course but at optimum pace over three years of absorption and habit development, at depth and rigorously.

In this way, each student on exit should be a capable practitioner, e.g. equipped in thinking to be flexible in probationary and professional years.

3. To involve each trainee in teaching.

Although the objectives stated are very good ones, they do not appear to be workign in practice.

Section 7017 undertook in 1970 a full year of academic studies with onely one visit to a school comprising four days of observations ("To involve each trainee in teaching" ? ? ?)

On return to college to begin our second year, we find that there is allotted to Section 7127 five hours of demonstrations per week up till the practice teaching period just after Easter.

This allowed us five weeks of demonstrations, a total of ten lessons prior to practice teaching.

It was then found that our first demonstration would not occur for two weeks, the allotted time being used to fill in the necessary gaps left over from the first year course.

This now left us with three weecks of demonstrations — "approximately" six lessons. ("Expansion of the previous two "pressure-cooker" course ? ? ?)

The situation as it stands now is rather farcical.

The general consensus of the section seven students is that a full year has been wasted, perhaps not academically but definitely on the teaching side of the course.

Sad but true!
After a week at college we find that our second year courses are basically the same as the other second year students.

With this in mind one may come to the conclusion that

we will be in almost the same position at the end of the year as those students doing their third year at the moment — having an appendix course tacked on so as to gain three year status.

Not a very nice conclusion.

Section seven, when selected, was considered as the "elite" of the college but now

I think everyone realises that we are the guinea pigs of a "three year abortion", initiated with little (if any) or very poor forethought.

My only hope is that the college reviews the persent course and endeavours to develop a more balanced one where cramming of course essentials is not necessary.

— Peter Roberts 7017.



THE ETERNAL FLAME

A WORLD OF OUR OWN

At first sight the college seems to be a little world if its own. We enter into this world one year and come out again some years later.

What happens to us while we are in this little microcosm?

Are we stagnating, educating ourselves, developing or retarding our personality, heading for some type of hang-up, nervous breakdown or are we preparing ourselves for a great, rewarding future?

I Mention a "little word of the young" . . . the college can really turn into a private world of the young where each of the things mentioned above can and have already happened.

It is a real world!
We have our own residences, shop, laundries, lecture blocks, sporting and recreational facilities, parks and gardens.

We provide our own entertainment, dances, films and other social functions: we have our own clubs, our own local councils (house committees), State Government (the S.R.C.) and Federal Dictatorship (I wonder if Mr. Wade will replace Mr. Hale as principal!).

We have our own Police Force (commonly called Cecil) and State Borders (the newly acquired defences against the "Aggie" invasion) and many other things that would qualify us as a state.

You see everything is catered for — for the young.

We stay together for most things: when we are at college, we go to the Tavern, when we go to town, even when we are at church — we always are in the protection and the security of the group of our peers.

We have the identity of "the college".

It stands to reason then, that being with each other for such a long time in our own world and groups we begin to see through the eyes of a "college" student and run the risk of becoming very narrow (although we seldom admit to it) in outlook.

We mature in many ways during our stay at college but we also risk becoming very immature.

While there are some of us having the greatest experience of our lives there are others who are not.

These might be the ones who never, for any period of time, lose their strong contact with the young, "college" world and rarely, if ever,

look into the world outside the college.

Would it not then be better to get about a little, among people who are or are not our own age group, people who do not have that well known "parental" hold on us.

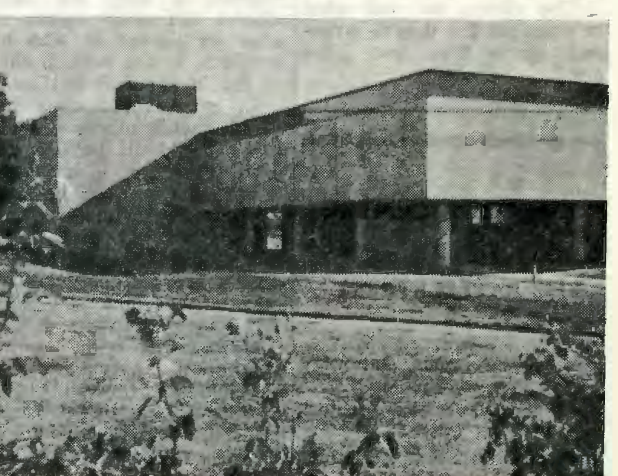
We might find something which we do not expect to find.

We might even discover that we are not only part of a "world of the young", but that there are also other people around us and that these people have some (if only very few) sane ideas.

We might do what we are always asking others to do; broaden our outlook!

Maybe for some of us this is a risk, but for others it might just be a great challenge!

— Joe Ilk



The higher up you get the more mistakes you're allowed to make.

SOCIAL UNION

IS YOUR'S AND YOUR BUSINESS TO KEEP IT ON THE MOVE.

Finance comes from an S.R.C. grant to foot the bill for students' entertainment: jammies, dinner dances, car rallies, barbecues.

Last year saw a trip to the Cootamundra Country Club and a Snow Trip to Falls Creek.

If you can think of other ways to spend your folding green, come forth at the meeting and sprout, or pass your ideas to anyone of the elected members.

The President this year is Mr. Tim Gleeson, the Secretary, Miss Wendy Hockey and the Treasurer, Mr. Martin Grove.

Lecturers Miss Lorraine Llewelyn, Mr. John Gurd and Mr. Owen Barry, act as advisors.

Tim Gleeson began his duties as Social Union President last year and was the guiding force behind a very successful end-of year ball. Now Tim, because of reasons best known to himself - and under-

stood by us, has resigned.

Ralph Zapart has taken on the Presidency for yet another year.

Thanks Tim, Congratulations Ralph and Deepest Sympathy Sue.



Former President Tim Gleeson

ARE YOU A WOT NOT?

There's some that's got it and some that's not. The ones with it are right, the others, not. Then he says: "What is it that they've got for known not what?"

We can see he's not got what, for why he has not got what, has separated him from the other lot.

We could say he's as conspicuous as a pure white wall one red spot.

If you tell him so, he says "rot".

The others see not what he's not got for they've wrapped up in their own little pot.

And as everyone knows what's in the pot is not in the pot at any one time.

So altogether friends do squat and those extrapotnot-They're all up in the air squat — don't.

But in the pot who cares for those not there. without a care for those who've not quite square on who are square or who are not heirs to the potluck chair or the lucky chair pot lot.

In other words some dare hair lair while others are bald.

We could all be like rice just off the ice — insipped.

But then we'd all be alike. Grain like; white like, capable of being curried, prawned, fried or creamed.

For others it could be with pork — hot and cold, sweet and sour.

Thats life with, within, without.

What can we do about it? For a deeper philosophy transpose "what" with "God" "love".

Signed

— Caractikas Aspidestra T.C.S.

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HAPPINESS

Defiantly she stood against the blasting wind,
Eyes dancing with a hidden fire,
Wild hair screaming about her like golden waves.
The sea below heaves itself restlessly onto the rocks.

And a piercing laugh escapes her to echo with the waves.
A huge hand reaches out and draws back the waves
Where they restlessly surge and boil
Sending sprays of white foam into the air.

Drawn by an irresistible force she moves closer to hear the
soft whispers of the waves,
"Set me free", "set me free"
Free as the seagulls above she bounds across the rocks

The waves curl about her feet
As she dances about . . .
But they can't catch her
No one can catch the allusive spirit of happiness.

Liz Karl

BEST SELLERS

RECORDS:

I Was Kaiser Bill's Batman	Mr. Wade
Strangers in the Night	Cecil
I Got to Be M.E.	Mr. Hale
Judy in Disguise with Glasses	Mrs. Sale
Spinning Wheel	Mr. Cosier
"Right" Said Fred	Miss Mudie
Music to Watch Girls Go By	Mr. Keeble
He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother	Roger Heading Lecturer, Bathurst T.C.
My Sweet Lord	Mrs. Wilson

BOOKS:

My Brother Roger	N. Heading
Go Tell It On The Mountain	G. Young
After the Fall	John Gorton
In Cold Blood	Mr. Worthington
Riders in the Chariot	The Flying Squad

ANTIGONE

Chained by the cruel chains of conscious.
A brother unburied, unmourned,
No funeral rites showered over his mangled body.

A sister ruled by conscious
A slave of her own wills spirit
Torn between right and right
To bend to what she knew was right.

To bend to what Creon held as right.
A husband mourning his father's insane cruelty,
Mourning the suicide of his sweet wife
Hanging by her neck in the rock hewn chamber.
Enraged by grief he lashed out
And as his life's blood oozed onto his bride
A curse fell onto his father.
This is the tale of the maid Antigone
Torn between right and right.

— Liz Karl

S. R. C.



S. R. C. President Alan Baptist

A Lot to say

No Time

to say it

A TRUE STORY

You had a sheltered home life
 Mother's only pride and joy,
 Yet she let you come to college
 Warned you not to get in strife,
 And armed you with her knowledge
 (Limited though it be)
 Of boys who drank
 And girls who sank,
 They drank and sank
 So drunk they sunk
 So low, so sunk, so drunk.
 And as you hung on every word
 You vowed you'd never be like them,
 Declared with the utmost conviction
 No boy would ever get you stirred.
 They believed your firm decision,
 You the product of your parents
 Who never drink, nor ever drank
 So never sunk, nor ever sank,
 Why had they always been so frank?
 Because they knew you never drank.
 What better reason for them to thank . . . God?
 How things do change
 Though you swore they wouldn't,
 You think of your past
 But it all seems strange.
 They should have known it could never last.
 So you stand on the brink of present and past . . .
 "If you'd never drunk
 You'd never have sunk".
 (Come mother's tearful words)
 What the hell —
 You know you'd rather drink and sink,
 Your life is yours not theirs.

Jenny Clark

SESAME ST. BLUES

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8.9.10
 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 12 3 4 5 6 7 7 7

7 straws
 7 nickles
 7 circles
 7 creepy spiders
 7 ducks
 7 shoes
 7 faces

A B C D E F G H I J K L

M N

M N N N

n...nail

n...none

n...name

n...net

n...nine

n...november

n...nut

— Palmer

CREATION

One day
 An ape
 Gave birth to
 A man,
 And we are told
 We
 Are the sons
 Of God?

—H.S.

THE SOLDIER

(with apologies to
 Rupert Brooke)

If I should die,
 Think only this of me:
 That there is some plot of
 land
 That is forever polluted.

—H.S.

Dear Joe

I went home last week and
 and found that my uncle
 has married my late father's
 wife.

Please tell me: what is my
 position?

— Befuddled

Dear Befuddled,

My advisors state that you
 are third in order of appear-
 ance, depending on whether
 he is maternal or not!

★ ★

Dear Joe,

Could you please give me
 an efficient recipe for exter-
 minating two female visitors
 from my private residence
 late at night.

They come frequently and
 make noise which disturbs the
 neighbours, breaks my strin-
 gent study routine and is
 causing the loss of many
 friends.

I have tried tickling them
 in the ribs but they only
 squeal and holding the door
 open for them only lets the
 breeze in.

— Disturbed Outliver.

Dear Disturbed Outliver,
 Which door do you hold
 open, anyway?
 Count your blessings.

PULL UP THE LADDER!

Just how do you spend that allowance? That one you call a pittance? You say you earned it? So you won a Scholarship? You sat for an examination, and you passed; you came to train to be a teacher. Very good!

Now stop and think; that money is in our pocket because you have a certain skill and in the none too distant future, that skill will give you an even better return.

In one, two or three years, that allowance becomes a salary.

But again, I must say **WHY?**

Yes, you passed your exams, you qualified in your practice teaching, you've got every right to win that prize!

Well, I . . . think you've earned it.

Why do you have a warm bed, three meals a day? — yes, I've heard you talk about meals, I've heard about your rules!

No student here, ever succumbed to malnutrition, cold, disease, save the self-inflicted types.

I haven't yet met the student who felt ill because of rules.

Let's go back a little, **WHY?**

Why do we sit in our comfortable homes, eat our meals, study our assignments, drive our cars, dance our dances; enjoy our affluence.

There are many who don't! Many, many more who

CALIFORNIA VISIONS

I remember you Jimmy Dean
The aborted brooding shadow
Of another generation
Waiting out your time
In the studios of Hollywood
Dreaming of the unborn
Destined to take up arms
And storm the streets
Of Paris once again:
Dreaming of Chicago
— Streets of fire and blood —
And a revolution come
Years too late for you,
You the John the Baptist
Of those mindless desert
years.

I remember you Jimmy Dean
In visions Jimmy Dean
Leading the revolution in
Cuba
Fighting at the Bay of Pigs.
— Bertram

Talkabout Talks About People Who Don't

don't!

SAUC doesn't know why any of these are so.

SAUC just knows that there are many who don't enjoy these prizes.

SAUC doesn't know what it's like to be underprivileged.

SAUC doesn't know because it is made up of those who have.

SAUC is Wagga Wagga Teachers' College.

If you have read this far, it is more than likely you are interested in SAUC.

I'd say you have a conscience about the "HAVES" and "HAVE-NOTS".

SAUC is a caring organization.

It means **STUDENT AID** for **UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILDREN**.

Its efforts to date are notable, because it has reached the whole of the Student Body.

Children are our vocation and the fortunate ones score well from our services.

Can you spare a thought for the underprivileged?

The time is coming when we hope you will.

S.A.U.C. doesn't say "I'm all right Jack!"

— P. Westwood

WORLD UNDER WILLOWS

World under willow,
Dripping blood
Shaded from the sun,
Bright sun.
Steeped in shadows,
Shadows of hate
And passions untamed,
Willows shedding tears
World spreading rears,
Drowning in tears, fears
Fears, tears, willows, world,
And blood.
Drowning in blood.
World, under willows,
Crying.
Crying for love,
True love?
Dappled by the willows,
Dappled the forehead of the world,
The forehead of Cain,
Leaning further, the willows
Restless, trailing o'er the world
Are blown a-way by fire of hate
Fire, love, wind, world—
And hate.
Burning in hate.

TINY RIPPLES IN A SALTY SEA

Frequently I am overcome with a sense of awe by things that all of us too often take for granted. The Universe — that great expanse of mostly nothingness, sometimes scanty matter.

Its existence, size and composition; all these hold a special wonder for me.

The constellations — these too I see, but only one can I identify; and so habitually, I seek its familiar pattern.

The Solar System, earth's immediate environment, is but a crumb in the universal loaf.

Just the space and the size involved is a source of wonder; the distance between the sun and its tiny orbiting planets is immense.

This becomes more bewildering when likened to the atom, which seems a diminutive Solar System.

Once more vast distance separates nucleus and the orbiting electrons and the relative magnitude of sun and planets is repeated.

Mother Earth, this infinitesimal part of the Universe, egg-shaped and rotating on a tilted axis, circling the sun, with man's new world obediently following.

To man, human beings, composed from a uniform atomic base, yet each one unique.

Ears, what funny things they are.

Women, who when pregnant are not one but two; two beings.

What wonderful beings people are.

How wonderful men are.

How we delight to think that!

What selfish, apathetic, unthinking, lustful, murderous monsters are men.

Man kills his brother for materialistic gain; he turns his back to blatant injustice;

destroys his environment; murders defenceless animals for sport; lusts for power and cares not how he gets it; and disregards his fellows (men have free will — to destroy, or apathetically sit watching).

But, as in everything, there is a balance.

To counter the Vietnams, the Biafras, the Ulsters, the South Africas, the polluters, there are tiny planets of people that care enough to think that others' lives should be made easier.

The Red Cross and UNICEF are only two.

Our planet is SAUC.

As teachers our main interest should be in children; and so we can plan to help children who were not as lucky as us — what a great part luck plays in such an organised universe.

SAUC is only one form of expressing care, love.

There are man others, some acceptable to society, some not.

Acceptability does not matter; caring does.

Your caring should not stop when you leave college — it should have begun before you got there.

SAUC is a ripple in an ocean of apathy.

But, just as the smallest particle of matter is the most important part of the universe, so a ripple can become a giant wave.

Until replaced, SAUC will remain the planet of love and caring in this college.

To be successful its population has to be large and generous.

— Tony Byrne



C. O. D.