



talkabout

a Publication of the students of W.W.T.C.

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AND YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT BAD!

Following, is a copy of an actual report made a few years ago by the Warden of one of the Men's Residences. It has been taken from the records of the S.R.C.

"It's very late, to late to ring and I've just returned from another lengthy chat with Ken Kinham.

Between us, I've tried to keep this House happy and quiet.

However he has told me that he is finding it difficult to keep control, but I don't think that changing the rep. would help, he's a good fellow, and breaks as many regulations as any general offender.

And Den Kinham lacks support. And we have the type of fellow in this dorm who just rubbishes the reps if they try to stop them.

Noise level has increased. Bed wrecking persists and tonight too.

Ball games in the corridor. Yelling out in the corridors to each other.

Admittedly we can pin fellows on these offences but

they have to be caught in the act making it difficult by the time we get out.

Also swearing is reaching ridiculous proportions and this too has to be heard as if the fellow were speaking directly to you before you can prove it was him.

Pillow fights are also another pastime.

The most depressing point is that we have to catch a fellow in the act and from a distance close enough to recognise him.

In a darkened corridor even if we find fellows with flushed faces and accuse them there is a denial straight to our faces. AND we so often see the offenders let off at M.R.C. meetings because the meeting believes the "poor" student is obviously being victimized.

There are also students

who "flick" towels at each other in fights.

Then there are the fellows called "Stirrers" wherever they go there appears to be trouble, noise in rooms, wrestles, bed wrecking, etc., but not all. Budjearig, Bowser Nails, Morrislav fit nicely into that batch.

I have plenty of 100% accurate "theories" but little proof of the nature required by M.R.C. However I feel that if you talk to Den Kinham long enough you will get a list of many names for offences.

He knows who the bed wreckers are and we both know that the victims retaliate. I've tried to tell Den that if we don't settle the trouble NOW there will be many unhappy House members later in the year when tempers really begin to fray.

Also last Friday night, when we were away, there was a riot in this dorm, and Den Kinham may or may not be willing to give information.

He is becoming reluctant because no one appears to

give him full backing.

Also without giving the proof required by M.R.C. Mubles, Moulder and Lolov-inchki cause individually more trouble than enough. These students have learnt very quickly that if they lie long enough they will get away with any offence and this attitude has carried over to such things as "It didn't really happen the way you saw it." until they get enough believers.

Also tonight a white/yellow Labrador dog was brought into the House and put on Grahame Pogo's bed for a joke. It turned out that the dog had something pretty close to ringworm and it was then disowned by all students who really feared their safety.

The fellows closest to the scene and the first two mentioned were overheard discussing "why they had brought it in".

Bim Bowser, John Jiper, Neil Nails, Hian Uxley."

Please Note: The names have been changed to protect the "guilty"

TOO LATE THE TRUTH!

You'd always thought that Turvey Park Dem. School had the best in ideas and equipment. Standing at the door of your one teacher school on February 1st, you realize that most of it never got outside Turvey Park.

Dismayed you watch the spiders scurry away while dead flies just hang in the cobwebs.

Glancing past the broken window you note that the battered spirit duplicator has no handle.

Yellowing certificates tell of 100 per cent membership in the Gould League of Bird Lovers for 1962 and the day this school won the sports carnival in 1954.

The toilet blocks are 60 yards away at the bottom of the playground. The flies start at 40 yards and the smell hits you at 30 yards. One ventures no further. But now the kids are arriving.

Teach, not knowing where to start, decides to throw an Art lesson only to find that "We're out of Art paper, Sir." No supplies due till September. Well, let's give Craft a

bash. Plenty of Crepe paper, so we can have a shot at some of J.C.'s paper activities

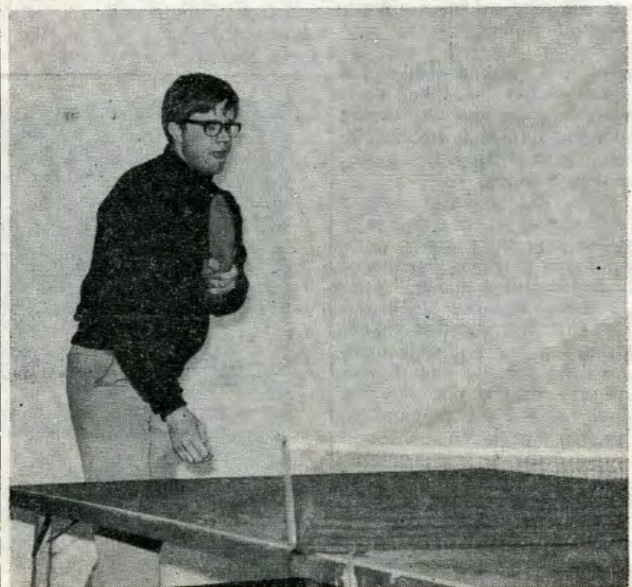
Somehow you manage to get through the day with plenty of P.E. and Spelling games.

The children are pushed out at 3.30 and then dragged home to the farm and the room you have to share with one of your second class pupils.

A programme is the big job for the moment. As I look at the many headings I get an uneasy feeling that there were a lot of things they never told me about at W.W.T.C. and wonder what the hell History and Philosophy of Education have to do with the situation on hand.

The hallowed lights of Turvey Park, Lake Albert and Collingullie appear very dim indeed.

— Adam



And now for China

PERMISSIVENESS — WHO CARES?

Perhaps one of the most two-faced words in common usage at present is "permissive". Its impact, like that of pornography was initially great, yet the effect it has now is nothing more than acting as an efficient cure for insomnia, instead of drawing gasps it can now only raise a sigh.

But let us be fair to the loyal members of the "keep-the-old-flame-burning" clan.

Those idle tea-cup philosophers, wrapped as much in their pet subject of permissiveness as they are in their own hair curlers and domestic mediocrity, that faithful band of no-noers that never can say no to the idea of another juicy whisper session that seems to give them a thrill akin to that of some sort of mystical mental seduction.

However, in all fairness one must consider the case they are continually throwing up at all and sundry, that is, permissiveness:- a permissive society:- social decay, moral corruption, religious and ethical disintegration.

This progressive social decline, it is claimed, is being realised and in fact accelerated by such things as drug misuse, hyperliberal censorship, rampant pornography, excessive alcoholic indulgence

and of course the everpresent overt sexual freedom, most of which are attributed to uncontrolled affluence and a blatant disregard for law and order.

It seems, and actually is often, hard to defend such a touchy subject as permissiveness.

The standard form for defence is the old claim "But it's always been like this, all that has changed is the time and the order of relative importance of the various constituents of a permissive society."

Yet when the topic is considered seriously and objectively there would seem to be a lot that can be said for permissiveness.

For example, what is pornography but an extension of the freedom of the press and a relaxing of the censorship ideals?

It pornography in fact as bad as it is made out to be, not in itself, but in the effect it has on individuals in society?

Dr. Clifford Reiffler of the University of North Carolina conducted an experiment on male students in which he provided them with stag films and hard-core pornography literature over a period of some three weeks at regular and frequent intervals and discloses that the result of the experiment was that the students suffered no anxiety or psychological problems - other than extreme boredom.

Turning to social and sexual permissiveness one must first decide whether the freedom purported to come with

permissiveness is anything more than a reliance upon individual conscience and conviction for decisions that importance as far as the still maintain a recognised the personal behaviour of an individual is concerned.

Is this freedom not merely and individual expression of personal honesty? It would seem that permissiveness in society is in fact being confided with perversion of social norms, and this confusion is, to say the least, totally unfair.

Permissiveness as far as the law is concerned is somewhat of a tragic irony, for it is becoming increasingly common for higher echelon criminals to receive drastically commuted sentences while lesser offenders such as protestors and liberals striving for greater individual freedom of expression are condemned in a manner befitting a much lesser creature.

In such light it would seem that the statement "Liberty is just a statue in New York harbour a polluted harbour," holds truer than one would like to admit.

The main problem now is to try and find the cause for the mistakes that have been made instead of looking for someone to blame for everything that has happened.

One should try to find out why the question "Who's to blame for permissiveness, who's to thank for freedom" has been inverted into the more degenerate form of "Who's to thank for permissiveness, who's to blame for freedom?"

One Dark Night at College or Story of a Wind blown Student

The movie was over, I'd taken the little woman home and I was walking, (as opposed to limping, like some people around college) back to the men's dorms, when I heard a nasal voice somewhere to my left. No one was to be seen.

"My God," I thought, "they told me some weird things about Wagga, but this is too much. I think I'd believe about the '5 o'clock wave' or the 'illuminous ducks' before I'd believe that trees could talk".

While these thoughts were going through my head, I perceived the answer to my problem. It wasn't the trees at all, it was a college wind - jacket with legs.

"Good evening," came the call.

"Oh, how are you?" I said when realizing it was only Cess.

"How's the old leg" He continued, ignoring my greeting. Before I could answer he was at it again. "I'm going to Sydney soon to get a lump cut out of mine." And on he rambled.

Being a first year, and not knowing the consequences, I felt it only polite to remain and listen.

Thirty five minutes later, without another word passing my lips, Cess though he'd better let me go. I thanked him and said that it was all right, my arms always turned blue at that time of night. Before he could answer I took off, this time limping - my legs were stiff. Cess is a nice old bloke.

"we are only rationed three and a half girls each. He's got too many, and that means someone is short a few, and it seems as though it's me."

I quickened my limp (my leg had not yet thawed out) and made it to my room without any more major delays.

I hurried back to the dorm, trying to outrun the cold air. I couldn't. As I got nearer to my destination I could see four figures in front of me. They were all too small to mug me so I decided to take a closer look.

At first I thought that two of them were leprechauns but unfortunately it was only Tony Bertram and Mr. Stevenson, so I didn't get my pot of gold. The other two looked like a young lady and a flagpole with sidelevers standing arm in arm.

"Oh well," I thought "they've got Stevo for an article for "Talkabout!" Little did I realise I was next.

I caught the sound of some girls giggling to the right of me. On inspection I found that it was only Geoffrey Whatsisname, as usual, trying to fight off the girls (about six of them,) with a stick. I continued my journey wondering why the little Halium, with glasses, got all the women.

"It's unfair," I thought, On reaching it though, I found that the inevitable had happened. As I picked up the sheets and blankets and endeavoured to remake the bed, I thought to myself. . .

"And they said college wouldn't be fun"

— Paul Davis



"Why am I always a Widow"

PEEPHOLES ON PLACES

Written by Nina O'Flynn

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, One Nation Under God, Indivisible with Liberty and Justice for All".

Thus opens the day in the classroom of an American school. Although not an American I took great delight in such national proceedings.

I enjoyed exhorting the children to honour their flag, and I usually added with gusto "No Unamerican Activities Here."

For part of my year in California (1964-65) I was placed in Fresno at a suburban school in the heart of the great San Joaquin Valley.

Baird School was the focus point of a high socio-economic area. It was an exclusive expanding residential district.

My classroom was extremely well equipped. No New Zealand teacher could remain unimpressed.

With the average class size of 28 there was ample room for varied activities and displays.

The furniture lend itself admirably to teaching and learning through committee procedures.

I was delighted to be able to move from one fluid activity to the next with the minimum of scene changing.

At the back of the room were large closets for storage. In one full length cupboard we made a makeshift dark room.

The children were very keen on developing negatives, loading cameras and later making their own negatives and prints.

A Nazi flag, souvenir from World War II, hung over all the cracks while the dark room was in use.

Passers by were amusing to see a child crouched by the Nazi emblem shouting directions to the technician within - "Take it out of the acid now. Swill it around in the fixer and count to thirty slowly." The flag certainly ended its day in a highly useful role.

I found the children a delight. They were bright, affectionate, lively and a great audience.

I wonder sometimes if many of us don't become, or remain, teachers because we love an audience, especially one that can't get away.

My group consisted of eleven years olds in Grade 6, the top of the elementary school.

Among the 28 half were of above average intelligence and the rest below. It was a composite of the highs and the lows, not a normal combination but one determined from time to time by staff dispositions.

At first my New Zealand accent caused much amusement. The laughter was guaranteed to embarrass but the last laugh was with me.

After my (by no means easy) apprenticeship within the confines of the city of Wellington in New Zealand derisive laughter was nothing.

Behaviour generally was of a high order, particularly from the above average children who were always keenly motivated.

Those of lesser ability were sometimes a little out of order but, in many ways, they had a right to be, neither the schools nor the texts were really adequately geared to meet the needs of the less endowed at that time.

In a letter from a pupil 18 months after I had returned to Ardmore Teachers' College came this disarming and revealing passage:

"By the way are you married? I don't want to sound personnel, (sic) which I am anyway, but I do hope so. Because I think it would be so lonely being single so long even if you do have a lot of relatives. My Cousin is the same way, she's 28, not too old and a school teacher and isn't even engaged! When you're 30 past, all that's left is a whole bunch of divorcees.

It seems like the older you get the more picky you get and all the eligible men have passed you up. Please don't let them pass you up Miss O'Flynn."

I didn't take my young pupil's advice, so here I am, still unclaimed. The children were certainly frank but not offensively so.

(More in the next issue, with the Editor's permission that is).

IN DEFENCE OF RECORDERS

I think that I can honestly say that the recorder is one of the most versatile musical instruments that I have ever heard. I feel quite safe in saying that the range of sounds which can be produced by either blowing or spitting into that simple instrument is truly remarkable.

You name it, anything from roosters crowing to raspberries, someone has discovered the magical sound sometime along the line.

Recorders come in many sizes. We happen to play the dead-chant recorder. If you are really finding things hard, financially, you can buy a plastic dead-chant recorder.

This cheaper version has a somewhat synthetic, dull, plastic tone about it.

The wooden recorder, on the other hand, has a synthetic, dull, plastic tone, but it's much better, of course, because it's more expensive.

Besides having such marked musical qualities, the recorder has commendable aesthetic value.

You can stick all kinds of things into the little holes then hang it from the ceiling-makes a beautiful mobile.

You can paper mache all round it to make it look like a trumpet, horn or clarinet perhaps, then play it to your

friends after which you might say: "Ho, ha, fooled ya!" "You could even paper mache around it to make it look like a guitar. Not many people can blow a guitar, you know.

What about practical use? Here, too, the recorder shows its worth. You can plug up one end, take the mouth piece off and attach a hose at the other end, just turn on the water and you have instant multi-holed garden spray.

It makes an excellent weapon, too, provided you fill it with lead first, and, of course, it makes wonderful fuel - the wooden ones, that is, plastic doesn't burn very well, but does give the flame a very pretty colour.

I can conclude only by saying, that we, here at W.W.T.C. who are so fortunate in having in our possession, one of these admirable instruments should love it, care for it, relish it, cherish it, but preferably bury it.

—Helen Sharp



And, where do I sign?

Memo to all students from W.W.T.C. Socialist Club:
 Official 1971 Policy:
 ON YOUR MARK,
 GET SEX,
 GO!

Letter to the Editor . . .

Dear Sir,

I read with interest the Editorial in the last issue of Talkabout. Although I am sympathetic to the cause I think you are trying to espouse, I find the logic of your arguments difficult to accept, mainly because the premises on which you have based them are wrong. In particular I would challenge you to supply some objective, empirical, evidence (value-judgements are **not** evidence) to support three distinct, but related, assumptions which are made in the Editorial, viz;

ASSUMPTION I "UPWARD - MOBILES DO NOT THINK"

I would refute this. These ambitious types, whose aims are to "get-to-the-top (i.e. attain power) in any organisation are the antithesis of "un-thinking-ness". On the contrary, recent research (Entzoni, 1970, Campbell, 1968) show them to be sensitive, shrewd, energetic, and very intelligent, "capable of quickly identifying and resolving issue" (Entzoni. 1970. P. 231).

ASSUMPTION II "THE BLOKE WHO DRINKS AND JUST PASSES CANNOT THINK"

Again I must refute this. (I am one of them). It is a patently false assumption. The blokes who drink and just pass" have amongst their number, the most profound thinkers on the Campus. I am sure that you do not realise just how much preparation, planning and foresight it takes to be one of these blokes. Not only have they sorted out their priorities, but they have thought them through to the degree that enables them to set about attaining these priorities (i.e. drinking and just passing).

ASSUMPTION III "The only people who can be considered to be thinkers are those who

- (a) say what they believe, not matter how radical, AND
- (b) are willing to fight the administration".

This, Mr. Editor, is an extremely naive assumption. Being a "stirrer" of the sort you describe is not necessarily indicative of an overwhelmingly powerful ability to think, on the contrary, my professional opinion of the type of person whom you hold up as the ideal thinker would be this: Except for one minor difference he is still passing through the pre-adolescent Oedipal-phase of psycho-sexual development. (The Oedipal phase is one during which most boys pass. During it they develop an intense jealousy-cum hatred for their fathers because they see them as competitors for the love of their mother.) The minor difference is that the infantile hatred for the father has been transferred to the Administration because it has a father-like authoritarian function. When such a person leaves College he'll probably transfer these feelings to a bigger Administration (the Dept.), or even to the Establishment itself.

As such, I would argue he is neither as logical nor wise as either of the other two models which you (again without evidence) claim are produced by this College. On the contrary, he is misguided, and even a little foolish. Brave perhaps, but foolish.

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN CAMBOURNE

S. R. C.

Its about time people stopped standing on each side of that formidable wall of misunderstanding, throwing "dirt bombs" over it in the hope of "plonking" them on the heads of the opposition on the other side. It seems to me to be a pretty abhorrant if not irrational type of existence when the people on both sides of that wall who should be fighting together for the mutual cause of education, are in fact opposed to each other.

We all should be on the same side on equal footing with our heads together fighting for Education and each others rights.

To persist in hurling these dissentful bombs cannot possibly achieve any positive reaction but rather antagonise the others misunderstandings. Likewise it is equally negative to "pelt" those who are attempting to slowly dismantle that wall. It would gain more to assist.

In short: Unite

— S.R.C. Allan Baptist



Man of The Month

I have no fondness for airports
Where I inevitably find myself
Waving goodbye to people
I'd have much rather stayed.

Bertram



THE ETERNAL FLAME

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-Tony Bertram

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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

Mizzos

I was at lunch
When I remembered
I'd heard someone say
"Look around you
And you will see yourself
Mirrored in the things about you"
So I picked up a spoon
And found myself
All upside down.

—H.S.

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

How much of the scenery of the Riverina have you viewed? It is an unforgettable experience to fly from Wagga across the plains towards the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area and to drop down towards the mosaic of growth patterns at such places as Leeton and Griffith. It is a glorious experience to drive by car into the hills say Ladysmith to Tumberumba and on through some of the most glorious views in Australia to Tooma. There are some of us who feel that the National Park centering on Kosciusko will become the tourist centre of Australia. While the natural condition of the Snowy area can be retained, tourists and Australians are going to enjoy the reserve, the mystery, the differences in this fascinating countryside. Riverside scenes with the red gums predominating, are always a delight in the Riverina area.

It would be a great pity if any student did not travel in each of the directions from Wagga Wagga during his/her two or three years studying to be a teacher in this Riverina area. Bus travel is superior to car since the range of vision is so much greater and one is free from the demands of driving and thus is able to view the scenery so much more competently. A climb to the top of The Rock gives a vista of the type of countryside in this area of the Riverina, but flights in small planes can multiply these experiences.

One could of course relate this study of the area in which one is presently sojourning with the travel project requirement of the College, in the sense that both are designed to broaden one's outlook through experience. On a more practical level, it would be obvious that any lesson given with reference to the Riverina, its people, its products, its geography would be so much more vital after a student has really studied this wealthy area, both in its productivity to man and its lavishness in natural scenic wonders.

M. E. HALE
Principal

EDITORIAL

The need to pass exams permeates our whole education system. Although we are told that we should not worry unduly about exams, to be "something" in our society we must pass exams: When applying for a position, a person is not asked about his education but about the exams he has passed.

Our "Education" through high school was geared toward passing the H.S.C. Now, for the First years, it must seem that the aim of our education at Teachers' College is passing, first the mid-year exam, and then, if you survive, the end of year exam.

I hope this is not the case. Surely the Education system is not geared toward spewing out exam-passing automations! Surely the aim of our education here is not only to pass our final exams! (Or, to hand our assignment in on time, neatly typed, or regurgitate what we were told a week before when asked a question)! If you look at the official third year group you have some indication from the Administration that this is not so. Both would freely admit that these were not the 29 best at passing exams.

Education should be more than this. Part of our education here should be to involve ourselves in college activities. This is imperative if our college education is to be complete.

There seems to be a great lack of first year involvement in extra-curricula activities (not that the number of seconds years is impressive). Except for a few, most first years must think that being a student of W.W.T.C. means attending lectures Monday to Friday, 9 to 5, perhaps joining the theatre party on Friday night, and for the rest of the time, hiding in your room.

We do have an S.R.C., a Social Union, Sports Union, consisting of many sports clubs, and numerous other clubs. This is YOUR paper. Second term, I hope we'll show a marked improvement in the extra curricula activities of the first years.

So, don't just be content to take everything and give nothing. Ask questions, attend meetings, offer ideas - GET INVOLVED. More.

- 1) If you think that using Squash Club forms when you play is enough, you should revise your thinking drastically.
- 2) Demand to help, rather than waiting for some one to ask.
- 3) Instead of turning to your roomie and saying "Why don't you?", take a good look at yourself.
- 4) If you disagree with anything I have said or anything in this edition, write - an article or a letter - you should have opinions, even if you don't.

RITTER'S ATHEISM

Atheism basically means "a disbelief in God". Though many people might condemn this as being too subjective, in a field where little proof is available, the whole question of religious belief and disbelief comes down to faith, you can neither prove nor disprove with certainty.

Still I should like to record that a belief in God demands a much greater step in the direction of faith than does disbelief. One has to be prepared to swallow a fairy story.

If religion is a load of bunk why do so many people believe.

Religion is a subject that has been incorporated so well into our culture that it's rammed down your throat from when you begin to talk.

Rammed may have been too strong a word, a better way of saying it is people, any person for that matter who talks on religion and who is also willing to say that it's true to enquirers is perpetrating a hoax and the child hearing this hoax believes, is indoctrinated.

This indoctrination represents the gradual familiarisation with this subject or thing so that in the end the person on the receiving end finally accepts this view, and in some cases they are most dogmatic.

Before going on I should like to make it clear that indoctrination is not a swift process but a gradual one.

Allow me to illustrate indoctrination and its effects.

When I was up in New Guinea I ran into a cannibal. After introductions a friend asked him, "Do you really eat people?" Well you would have been surprised at the look he gave us.

It was like asking an Australian if he ate bacon and eggs! "Of course", was his reply. So it's possible for indoctrination to take place to such an extent to where the person finds it not in the least unusual that he thinks the way he does.

Why did religion begin? And why is it a universally accepted practice for a man to believe in the existence of a super-natural being. Possibly the most acceptable answer to this question is to imagine early man in his primitive existence, he would have noticed certain phenomenon which would be magical to his primitive brain.

He couldn't see anyone make it rain, make day and night, or make the crops grow.

Occasionally the seasons weren't favourable so he conceptualised a god (or being) as being responsible, and he

worshipped him.

So you had gods by the sack-full, and sometime the gods were displeased and so ceremonies arose to give sacrifices and so on.

As people evolved and advanced so did the religion.

It became more sophisticated. Worshipping sun gods went out and the idea of eternal life was in.

What about the Bible? The Bible, often called "The Jesus Christ Story" is a marvellous work of fiction.

Like the Indian leader, Ghandi, Jesus Christ was worshipped like a god.

And as with all heroes, rumours and tales went around about their magical powers, more so with Jesus Christ. Because of a leprosy problem in his day, people were fed tales about his being able to cure them.

Finally I should like to conclude by answering the question: Why does religion survive?

Firstly religion has been so well implanted in our Christian Democracy, giving us our morals and codes of ethics.

Secondly indoctrination has a strong lasting effect. And thirdly and most importantly, people like to feel needed.

They like to feel there is a reason for life instead of a pointless existence.

And as you get older you will feel the greater need for this wish fulfilment or Utopia.

Before I sign off, anyone wishing to join A.A. Atheist's Anonymous. Please see me.

ENIGMA!

I am sick and tired of people tearing down was all the time. It is necessary part of existence, the reality of life. War is not wrong.

There have always been wars and there always will be wars. As long as there are racial, political, economic, religious, historical and ideological differences in the world, there will be war.

Something that has been in existence since Cain and today consumes millions of dollars of the National Budget must be necessary.

Why else would could hard cash be spent on it?

Imagine, if you can, a world without wars.

Terrifying isn't it? A world full of weak willed spineless people only too willing to agree to accept the other person's point of view.

To live in peace with a richer, poorer or different neighbour — without the guts to take what he needs.

Society would rot, would stagnate in the ooze of its own self righteousness.

There would be weakness in the physical sense. Without wars man would be undisciplined, self reliant. He would not know that he and his country was the best, the bravest the most noble. They would all live under this cloud of uncertainty, a life of insecurity.

Continual Conferences would be the order of the day. discussions, debates motions and counter motions.

Old women, of both sexes

talking trivialities.

Nothing ever proved by debates of discussion. The only way a thing is proved right is to eradicate the wrong leaving no room for blurry edges.

Economically the world would be in the grip of an inflation the like of which has never been witnessed in history.

All the money once used for the purpose of strengthening the human race will now either be idle or be wasted keeping the half dead alive, the poor alive in poverty and giving the ignorant enough education get in to trouble.

With wars gone the population would spiral within 30 years the earth would be covered by people. Add to this the fact that all these people would be too weak to fight for survival, maybe even helping each other and more of the food that is left and you will see only futile suicide.

Thankfully I look around me and realise such a horror could never exist.

People will always have the sense to realise that they are right and the most important things on earth. They will be willing to fight for what they know to be right.

To fight and live, provided they win.

—Pat Collins

HOW TO KEEP YOUR DAUGHTER VIRGINAL - 1937

Father sent my lovers off
To fight the war in Spain.
He speaks of noble causes
And the next departing train.

Bertram



It's about the Union, Clive

THE AUTISTIC CHILD

It is with great reluctance that I have written this article and have only done so at the instigation of members of section 7131. I say this because frankly, (i) there is too much waffle talked about autism (ii) you will probably NEVER see an autistic child in any class you teach, because their behaviour is so bizarre that they could not possibly cope in a normal class (iii) I would be the first to acknowledge that I still know very little about autism, despite my reading on the subject, some minor research and contact with autistic children.

My wife taught autistic children in a special school for several years and I have seen the minor miracles she has brought about, but she does not claim to know what autism is caused by, or even cured by, and is, understandably reluctant to talk about it.

Les Kanner first described the condition of autism in 1943. He stated that it was part of a general category called "Childhood Psychosis".

The World Organisation describes psychotic children as having a disturbance in inter-personal relationships beginning in the first 24 years of life,, "together with delayed or distorted language development, ritualistic or compulsive features with a resistance to change, irregular intellectual development and often, motor steriotype (e.g. mannerisms)".

This description fails to do justice to the complete bizarreness of the child's behaviour and his refusal to react to any stimulus.

The autistic child is usually well formed and intelligent looking - even beautiful. It is not until about the 4th month that the child's mother notices anything unusual, e.g. the child never smiles, he fails to relate to other people, there is no change of posture when he is picked up.

Between the 4th and 18th

month, bizarre symptoms appear, e.g. apathy, rocking and head banging, aloofness, obsessive interest in a certain mechanical toy, insistence on rituals, difficulty in toilet training and eating fads. Speech may never be learnt.

They are not intellectually handicapped, as far as we can tell, because they show "eyelets of brightness", i.e. they have certain outstanding abilities, e.g. bushwalking, phenomenal memory, perhaps an ability to assemble a huge complicated jigsaw puzzle while you and I are wondering where to start. Over 80% show normal E.E.G. recordings.

In N.S.W., analysis suggests that there could be 250 autistic children - about the same number as blind children.

Since we have a school population of 730,000, this is really a very small number, (0.03%).

About 30 children definitely diagnosed as autistic are undergoing special education.

Diagnosis is done on the basis of a 13 point scale of symptoms, plus a full investigation of environmental factors within the family.

I must stress that some of these symptoms are shown by other handicapped or even NORMAL children, so do not jump to conclusions on the

basis of one or two symptoms.

For example, many intellectual handicapped, blind or deaf-blind children will rock backwards and forwards. Normal children will bang their heads on the ground in a temper tantrum. So bear this in mind when reading the list of symptoms.

An autistic child must show AT LEAST SEVEN of them.

1) Not cuddly. Either holds himself stiff or clings limply.

2) Aloofness. Poor communication with other people. Tugs at your hand or clothing rather than requests.

3) Great difficulty in mixing and playing with other children. Parallel play, rather than co-operation.

4) No eye contact. Persistent tendency to look past or turn away from people, especially when spoken to.

Marked physical overactivity. Child may be awake, playing for hours at night, yet be full of energy the next day.

6) Acts as if deaf. No reaction to speech or noise.

7) Indicates desires by gestures. Speech may be absent altogether.

8) Inappropriate attachment to particular objects e.g. will insist on carrying a twig or an old rag around all day.

9) Repetitive and sustained odd play with objects e.g.

waving a piece of paper, rolling a pebble back and forth.

10) Spins objects e.g. a jam tin. Becomes totally absorbed in this activity and extremely distressed if interrupted.

11) Resists change in routine. Change in the smallest detail may precipitate acute illogical anxiety, e.g. putting right shoe on before left, will eat only certain foods at all times.

12) Strong resistance to any learning - either new skills or new behaviour patterns.

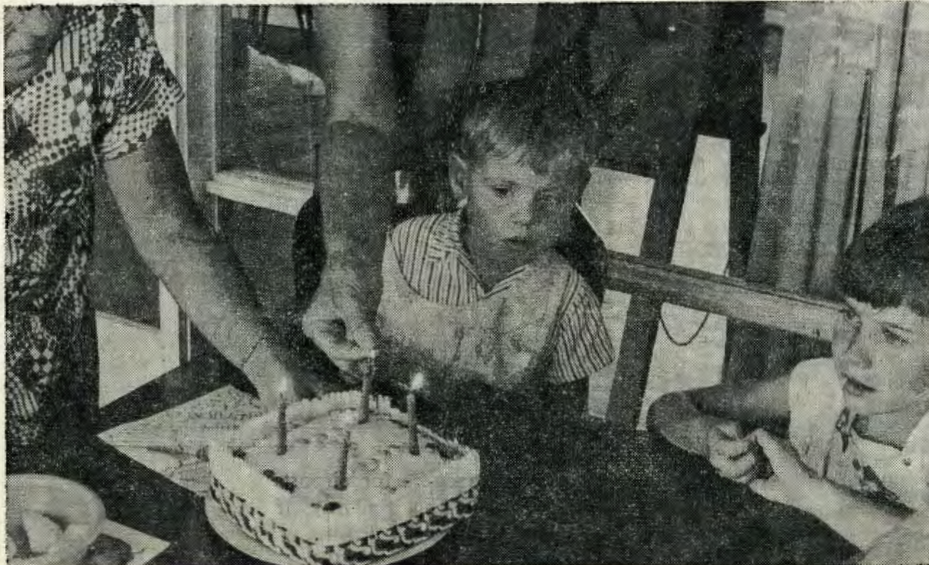
13) Lack of fear about realistic dangers. May run in front of cars, or jump into deep water, climb dangerous heights.

Special education for children who have been diagnosed as autistic by psychiatrists, psychologists and doctors is available at North Ryde Psychiatric Centre and the Vern-Barnett Diagnostic and Remedial Teaching Centre, Belrose.

Unfortunately, unless the child is diagnosed early (i.e. before 5 years of age) and treatment begun immediately there is little prospect of remediation.

Counselling and supportive therapy for the parents is a necessary and sometimes difficult part of the programme.

Without wishing to be callous in any way, I would ask: "Just what is our order of priorities? Some help is at least being given to autistic children, but what about the socially disadvantaged, the migrant, the aboriginal children in YOUR classes in the years to come- What are you going to do about them? Will you show as much interest in them as in the nebulous term autism?" —Ian Stevenson
Lecturer in Special Education



Autistic children at birthday party. The little boy had just turned 4, the girl is 6

COLLEGE SHOP —
UNION SHOP

IF WE HAVEN'T GOT
IT ASK AND I WILL
GET IT

SHOP, BANK HERE

AND HELP US TO

HELP YOU

And Who Said the Knockout Wasn't Easy

And so we sat down, Bob Lamaro, Hobby Eogan and I, as a "Selection" Committee, to pick a side to contest the Cootamundra Knockout. Unavailability of players made it difficult from the start.

Three positions were already solved though — we were the selection committee. All we could do was look at the positions that the players had nominated for themselves.

We came out with a prop, four second rowers, 12 break-aways, 3 halves, 6 five - eights a centre, a wing and a full-back.

One thing a rugby side usually needs is a hooker. We didn't have one.

"We could do with Cess Poole, Henry and Johnny Hale back again," said Bob Lamaro.

"My God", I thought, what condition are we in if we have to wish for last year's players. "Bob went on to explain why these three weren't with us this year.

From what I could work out, Henry was tricked into playing League, John was "wiped out" in an accident and Cess... well, Cess didn't seem to get on with the establishment.

Anyway, the team. We

threw together a team (and I emphasize the "threw") and got off, with our reserve break-aways and five eights, to Coota for the knockout.

"Why don't we use this game as a trial?" says I.

"I was thinking of that myself," replied Hobby Bogan "we haven't got much chance of winning anyway."

So it was settled. We decided to play our reserves, to see what they were worth

The Cootamundra knockout, was so well run that some teams, including our second grade, became so scared of the sheer efficiency and didn't turn up.

Thus, what might have been an epitome of brilliance became a shemuzzle of administration.

We were told to play our first game 30 minutes earlier and some of our players, including our vice - captain, Hobby Bogan, hadn't arrived. So on we trots against Army expecting to be annihilated. Three tries and 30 mins. later

we emerged as victors, 15-0.

The officials didn't want us in the final, we found out, for they drew us to play Cootamundra, the favourites, in our next game.

Again we felt very confident of winning so we picked men who were about to play their first game of Rugby. Experience counts, we thought. Imagine our surprise when we were leading 3 - 0 at half time. The second half would show our fate.

About five minutes from full time, a little green Irishman picked up the ball and darted, I repeat darted, for the Coota try line. He probably could have scored himself but, being an Irishman, and a green one at that, he threw greed, and unfortunately the ball, to the wind. Thank God someone caught it and crossed the line. We won 8 - 0. News has it that Coota also lost 8-0.

To the final. We were riding high now, this time with real confidence, too much it seems. We were close to de-

our opponents was turned in-feat when a potential try by to a winning try by us, courtesy of our intercept-specialist. Every team should have an intercept specialist especially if they want to win the Coota knockout.

I don't believe the winners' trophy for this event has ever carried, or will ever carry again, so much sustenance in one night, as it did at the Coota Country Club that night. It would have carried more, but we ran out of peanuts and the bus decided it was tired and wanted to go home. Wagga seemed a long way to walk so we came too.

From the knockout some apparently self - appointend selectors' picked a Cootamundra, sorry Riverina side to play in the Country Carnival. Congratulations must go to Bob Lamaro, Hobby Bogan Nev Keeley and some little Greek guy named Roy, for making this team. Well done fellows.

Paul Davis
Rugby Club

SPORTING RESULTS

RUGBY — 1st GRADE

Teachers College 9 drew with Ag. College.

COMMENT: We was robbed

SOCCER — SATURDAY

Teachers' College 1 defeated by RAAF 4.

COMMENT: Of the 5 games they have played this year, this is their first defeat.

SUNDAY:

Teachers' College 3 defeated June 2.

NETBALL:

Teachers College (1) 43 defeated Koorringal (2) 10.
Teachers College (2) 17 defeated by Koorringal (1) 33.
Teachers College (3) 8 defeated by Technical College 11.
Teachers College (4) 15 defeated Nurses 5.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY:

Teachers College 0 lost to June 4.

SAILING NEWS

For some strange reason the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Sailing Club has been dragged back into existence this year after accumulating the cobwebs of two or three years of inactivity.

Why? Is everyone mad this year? Probably our basic interest is to be out on Lake Albert on chilly winter's day, freezing to death after being soaked to the skin and yelling "Ready About" or "Ritter, get back in this boat!"

Ah, the joys of sailing! Many are the memories of a windy summer's day as we tacked off Fort Denison with two or three other Dragon class yachts to windward in a precise tacking duel. THAT was sailing. What is this.

Officially, the Sailing Club is a social Club and as much, exists more to sail the boats socially than to race competitively.

Our idea of a social function is a weekend to the Hume Reservoir or an evening at the Lake Albert Boat Club.

Keep your eye out for functions such as these.

At present we have three V.J.'s which are 11'6" long and 3' across, and the biggest things we've got. We also have what we affectionately call

"The Esky", and one barge. Both are small.

Those enthusiastic enough to belong to our club have spent weekends on the boats to try and get them lakeworthy but a lot of work still needs to be done.

We have been given an S. R.C. grant of \$200 which should cover the costs of repair and maintainance of our existing "fleet" and the provision of other necessities such as life-jackets and sails.

We have meetings as we deem necessary. If you are even if you have never sailed terested, please come along, before. New faces always improve the scenery and there is plenty for you to do.

—Neil Strathdee
Treasurer



All for me?

Talkabout
Talks About
People
Who Don't