

1961

# struan



**FRANKSTON  
TEACHERS' COLLEGE**

# **STRUAN**

**1961**

design :  
editor : max gillies

NOT  
SUITABLE  
FOR  
GENERAL  
EXHIBITION

Opposite this supplement is an article by Margaret Reynolds concerning censorship. One of the most important questions involved in this subject is whether one person has the right to decide what is best for others. Miss Reynolds discusses the question with such sweet reason that we were rather surprised that we were allowed to print it. For in no less than SEVEN instances our printers decided to take over the Editor's role and censor certain sections of this magazine which they found offensive. It is very encouraging to know that Mrs Grundy and her moral watch-dogs are still protecting the reading public's chastity of mind through such a significant influence on the Community as Standard Newspapers Limited.

Under the circumstances - it would have been too late and too costly to find another printer - we have had to duplicate in this supplement those pieces which the printers refuse to print. The one reservation we have in doing this is that in removing sections of our articles we are destroying the author's continuity and drawing attention unnecessarily to parts which would otherwise appear unobjectionable. For this we apologize to the people whose work is concerned, but we feel that a principle is at stake.

Having read this, of course, those people who feel as our printers do may save their thoughts from contamination by not reading the rest of this supplement. Those, on the other hand, who feel that it is their right and theirs alone to judge a work for themselves may wish to have this opportunity. The literary merit of much of the material in Struan may be a debatable issue - after all our contributors are not professional writers - but the sincerity with which it was written is, without exception, unquestionable. It would perhaps be best to read the following extracts in conjunction with the articles from which they are taken.

The least significant alteration made by the printer was in an article about the people of Central Australia: the ejaculation "By Christ!" had been changed to "By Crikey!" Mrs Grundy doesn't miss a line.

Wendy Devenish's article "The REAL World of Kids" used examples from a recently published book "The Lore and Language of School-children". From her article the printer saw fit to delete three verses. (Thus material which had originally appeared under the respected imprint of the Oxford University Press was turned down by the progressive printing establishment of Standard Newspapers.) The first two verses were examples of religious prejudice as it appears in the playground rhymes:

" Catholic dogs jump like frogs  
Don't eat meat on Fridays. "

" Protestant, Protestant, quack, quack, quack,  
Go to the Devil and never come back. "

The other was that ribald ballad of the fifth grades:

" The higher up the mountains  
The greener grows the grass  
The higher up the monkey climbs  
The more he shows his  
Ask no questions  
Hear no lies  
Shut your mouth  
And you'll catch no flies. "

The article "Humour in the Classroom" contained the following true story:

"....we hear of the lady teacher in the low-cut frock, correcting the work of a little boy pupil. After she had finished correcting it, he looked up innocently, and said, "Please Miss, all the time you was correctin' I could see your lungs!"

Mark Skinner's story "A View to a Death" was attacked and this part of a description of the central character was removed. "She wore no stockings but she had shaved the hair on her legs and her skin was smooth like a professional cyclist's."

The most brutal and blatant case occurs in "Fragment". So little respect did these people have for the author that they indiscriminately hacked out lines, destroying the article's continuity and making gibberish out of what was left. For this reason we are re-printing the following paragraphs in their original form.

".... The Railway shrubbery is a good place, quick in here - we haven't got long - the place will be lousy with ceps but the moonlight looks so thick like a stick is this a trick. No it's a phallic symbol! Two in one or coned piled high like snow drifts in ~~east~~ autumn. But in summer the sand seeps through your toes and your yellow shoes look so chic. Take a peek. Don't let her see your Rexona - your personal beauty treatment. Only voices wake me and I dream: I'd be glad to come to your couch any day of the week, but this week I have a boil! It's yes! I know loaves of bread left for dead. Some days we have shelves left over and next it's gone before ten o'clock. S'amazing. You wouldn't think - ay there's the rub. Thoughts of a wearied mind go round and round and up and down. Pop goes the radio 100 of the best. Did you put your exercise books in? Some won't fit. Fove down the bus lady. Don't block the passage - But that's contraception and I don't believe in it. You will lady you will. It's only another section - Caesarean no doubt. But the ticket - Buy it at the booth dearie - Only threepence - lovely violets - blush ungen. Windmills see them and they are angular enough but not self conscious. That's what I admire about windmills."

And still they cut! Not one word of the following story was allowed to sully their presses or pollute the minds of their type-setters.

#### THE SEA IS A MAN'S LIFE / by Ralph.

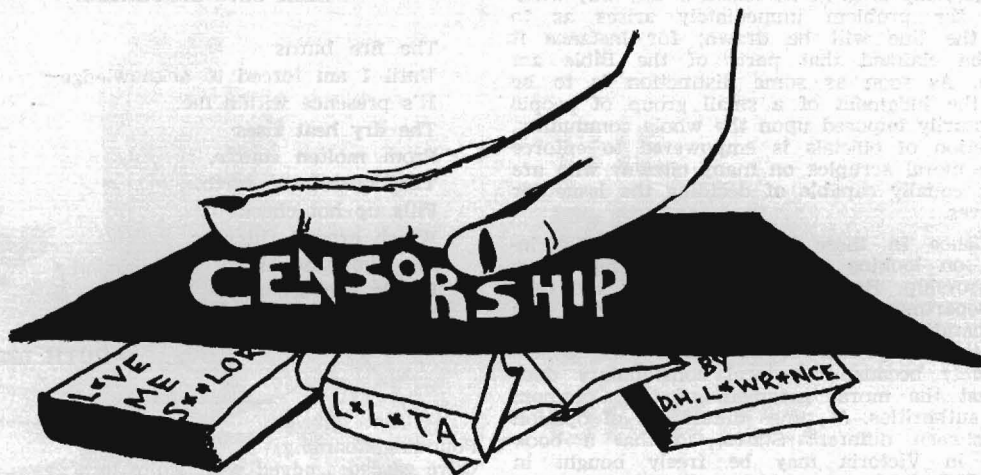
Stewards on passenger ships come in three varieties. These are the fierce, crude 'scum of the docks' type who find a life at sea the alternative to a life in H.M. prisons. These are the jokers behind the polite efficient service the tourist has come to expect. They work before ship-board life begins -- load grog from the holds to the various bars, diverting some of course to the Heavy Gang cabins for personal use and always assembling outside the cabin of any careless 'maiden' (between sixteen and sixty) Foolish enough to have left the door open in order to gain that extra breeze during the night. The accumulated heat generated by unholy thoughts during such diversions is normally sufficient to leave a blister on the toughened paint surface, designed, mark you, to withstand the ravages of the sea. These are the minions of the lordly table stewards designed to take the kudos (and tips) from gawky first trippers anxious to make an impression of internationalism. While table stewards are busy convincing passengers of their own elegance and caste rating, the Heavy Gang are better employed washing plates in astronomical quantity, cleaning away scraps and slops, scrubbing decks and companion ways.

The second variety of steward is that which, having seen the Midas touch associated with tax free commodities and lavish tipping travellers, is anxious to skim off the many surplus sixpences and shillings just waiting to be thrown away. After all, when a long drink ashore is three or four shillings - the norm - and aboard only a shilling, - who'll be a piker and not sling the drink waiter the change from 2/-? As many mickles make a muckle, drink waiters are definitely in the higher income bracket, with the added beauty of having all 'earnings' positively tax-free.

Finally there are the stewards who, while male in biological order, are female in all else. For one afflicted with these mixed emotions, it is vital that the environment consist of such company freed by circumstance to be celibate at least between ports. Obliging passengers are, of course, strictly "Officers Only" except for one case, when with delicate determination, one Amazon blasted a trail from the First Officers downwards and was last heard of heading for the Stokers' Quarters - an area of degradation spoken of in hushed tones even by the Heavy Gang.

The world of masculinity is the quiet haven, the oasis of peace, the democracy of the "betwixt and between" where the pursuit of happiness can be expressed in real values of hairy chests, dark swarthy beards, tattoos on muscle-slabs and the other evidence of the Real Man. Do not imagine that the 'Its' are inhibited by any foolish social limitation or custom. Ports are searched eagerly for silk and satin 'pretties' and underthings. Mauds and Portias, Celiass and Phoebes, inspect the purchases with a knowledgeable eye, look forward to long chats over respective attractions of Gorgeous Gussies, cami-knicks, Ballet pants, Pantaloons, scanties - and how this delicate shade of Elephant's Tusk will be sure to please Big Jock McIntyre (late of Glasgow) who strangely has been very difficult to move to any exhibition reciprocity despite little gifts left for him; obvious indications of interest, and gentle hints that friendship can ripen to things deeper.

The next time you are at the docks, and a great liner is pulling away, breaking carelessly the bonds of paper reluctant to lose touch, look for the stewards. The Heavy Gang drooped over the rails, bearded stubble and heavy eyes from the promiscuous hours in Fitzroy, Carlton and St. Kilda. The drink waiters already impatient for revenue, preparing their own respective Fort Knoxes for the influx of coin of the realm. On the stern, gathered in an excited bunch, waving hankies furiously are the Its - eyes a little moist and saddened - waving goodbye, goodbye, to the MEN.



## Margaret Reynolds

One of the most high-handed actions of any government is to dictate to its citizens which books they are to read and which they are not to. It presumes at once that one small group has the right to impose its own moral judgment, often considered intolerably puritanical by a large section of the community, upon everyone in what is nominally a free country. It presumes that a government has the power to control how a citizen spends his private life and, to a degree, how he thinks. It makes decisions on his behalf which any moderately intelligent person is capable and anxious to make for himself, so that we can only suppose that the majority is being penalised for the weaknesses of the few.

What are the justifications then for censorship? Plato defends it as a tool for moulding good character. The citizens of his Republic are to be given literature as an example of the truly noble. In it they are to see only their heroes acting as the citizens of the Republic should, and thus they are to learn to speak and act nobly. Perhaps in his perfect state this is desirable, but in reality a man who sees nothing but good may not, when faced with what is undesirable, recognise its true nature. He is totally unequipped to deal with the world outside his own sheltered corner.

A book is usually banned today for one of two main reasons — because it is either morally or politically undesirable. As soon as any work is held from the public on political grounds censorship becomes a dangerous tool in the hands of the heads of state — a negative means of propaganda — for no form of indoctrination can be effective while the subjects have a fair representation of both sides of a question.

On grounds of morality, has any group of people the right to decide for responsible people what is right or wrong? In Australia this is the main reason for censoring books. The Commonwealth regulations provide for the exclusion of any works which unduly emphasise "sex, horror, violence or crime," or are "likely to encourage depravity." If such books are likely to cause their readers to

commit crimes or otherwise disturb the life of the community, censorship can be justified. It is possible that a minority may be led to act anti-socially through continual reading of "immoral" literature, in spite of the fact that the "goodies" always win. Nevertheless, I doubt if there are many people today living "good moral lives" who would be criminals if they had been exposed to the "sex, horror, violence or crime from which the fatherly customs officers have shielded them." Probably readers who would be so positively affected by such books are those who would tend toward anti-social behaviour anyway.

There is also the undesirable affect upon individual character to be considered. Can books "encourage depravity?" In some cases a continual diet of obscene literature might do so, but once more there would be only a minority affected, and yet the whole community would be penalised by the censoring of the books, which could well be of some literary merit. If doctors or psychologists were enabled to prevent adult individuals from reading books or comics considered harmful to them, that power would be regarded as a breach of democratic liberties, and yet a government can impose censorship, not only on the ailing members, but on the whole society. A person seeking a book for some perfectly legitimate reason may be deprived of it because of the weakness of the few. Is this any more reasonable than prohibition of liquor in order to protect the alcoholics in a community?

Perhaps the most easily defended form of censorship is that of children's literature, because a child is not yet responsible. He tends, more than an adult, to regard this imaginary world as reality and he tends to imitate the hero he admires. He has less ability to judge moral issues objectively, rather accepting the views of his parents and teacher or any other character he admires and respects. A child's reading matter may greatly influence his attitudes, fear, intolerance, disgust, unconsciously acquired from childhood reading could hamper a man all his adult life. Nevertheless it could be argued that this is the parents' and not the government's responsibility.

## SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

If censorship is to be exercised in any way whatsoever, the problem immediately arises as to where the line will be drawn; for instance it could be claimed that parts of the Bible are obscene. As soon as some distinction is to be drawn the judgment of a small group of people is necessarily imposed upon the whole community, a collection of officials is empowered to enforce its own moral scruples on many citizens who are at least equally capable of deciding the issue for themselves.

Confidence in these authorities is hardly increased on looking at the Australian machinery for censorship. Books are censored by the Customs Department on reaching Australia, and this is comparatively liberal. However on reaching the States they may still be banned by the police, presumably because the local constabulary does not trust the moral judgment of the Commonwealth authorities. At times differences of opinion occur between different States, so that a book banned in Victoria may be freely bought in N.S.W. This leads to a stream of illegal imports over the State border, so that censoring, far from combating, directly encourages, contempt for the law.

By banning a book one immediately makes it more desirable to that group of people which in the censor's eyes would be adversely affected by it. This is noticeable with a work of some artistic merit, when a book intended as a literary work is seized upon by readers with no interest but to find the "hot" passages, probably at the same time marking them for their friends, so that they won't have the trouble of wading through the rest of the book.

Unlike the Australian laws, the English Act of 1959 lays stress upon literary and scientific merit, but again there arises the problem of judgment, perhaps more so here, for surely no-one, however qualified has the right to judge, finally and unconditionally, a work of art. The artist in creating it expresses his own emotions, reveals his profoundest thoughts; into this he projects himself and the latent beauty that is within him. This, if anything, is his soul, and it is not carelessly that he reveals it. Perhaps the work will fail because he cannot effectively express his thoughts for others, but nevertheless it is his right to put his work before the society which it is intended, to let it accept or reject, rather than to be condemned upon the single damning word of one judge.

In a country which values freedom of speech, the banning of any book, even the most obscene, is a direct blow against that liberty to express any opinion. Intellectual liberty and artistic liberty are mere empty phrases while the censor stands between the writer and his public.

One of the greatest purposes of education is to lead the student to a search for truth. The philosopher accepts nothing, rejects nothing without reason; his goal is the discovery of the nature of truth, that he may build his philosophy upon it, and no possible source of a part of the ultimate truth can be ignored. Yet the select body of censors has the power to mould man's search in the pattern of its own wowsyish conformity. We are, in Milton's words, "exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasure early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by stature."

The fire burns  
Until I am forced to acknowledge  
It's presence within me.  
The dry heat rises  
From molten source,  
The core of the earth.  
Fills up hot cheeks  
Which expand till eyes  
Are squinting slits  
People can see me.  
They must know!

—RUTH LEES

Pounding, foaming,  
Olive cascades edged with white lace  
Boiling  
Relentless the roar on the sand  
Liquid meets solid.  
Elements at war rage ceaselessly.

Yet here is beauty  
Beyond conflict unifying harmony.  
Powerful  
Magnificent the rush and retreat.  
Deep olive the surge now  
Crystal the spray  
Pale green-grey retreating.

Rhythmic as heartbeat  
Pulses the tide  
Sucking back, swirling in  
A great monster asleep  
deep-breathing.

Look back and wonder  
Where has it led to,  
What are we doing here,  
What lies ahead?  
Puzzlement, futility,  
Life is a mystery  
Happiness transient.

Milton's "Lost Paradise"  
Realm of confusion, disorder—Chaos,  
Is this not Life?  
Where are we travelling,  
What is our destiny?  
Is there a light gleaming before us?  
Sometimes seems close by  
A star filled with meaning,  
Straining,  
Striving,  
We reach for its glow.  
Gloom crashes down again  
Light fades from view.  
Still we are seeking  
Why yesterday?  
What tomorrow?

Maybe the answer  
Light reappearing,  
Maybe it comes, glorious stream, in the future.





# THE REAL WORLD OF KIDS

Wendy Devenish

For one accustomed to the cute, clever comments of children as portrayed in such books as "Kids Say the Darndest Things," by Art Linklater, and in associated television and radio programmes, a recently published book should come as a refreshing change. Its title is "The Lor and Language of School Children," and the children of this book are essentially the earthy, completely irreverent, and almost entirely uninhibited children of the average playground or street. That is, they aren't the polished, ringletted little monsters that many American radio, TV and film programmes would have us believe to be representatives of childhood.

The following two chants, with variations, are widespread throughout most English-speaking countries:

Tell-tale it,  
Your tongue will be split,  
And all the dogs in the town,  
Shall have a little bit.

Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire, your children are home.  
One is upstairs making the beds,  
The others are downstairs, crying for bread.

More localised examples are also recorded. This comment on school meals:

If you stay to school dinners  
Better throw them aside,  
A lot of kids didn't.  
A lot of kids died.  
The meat is of iron,  
The spuds are of steel,  
If that don't get you  
Then the afters will.

And less subtle but on the same subject:  
Hotch, scotch, bogie pie,  
Mix it up with a dead man's eye.  
Hard boiled snails, spread it thick,  
Wash it down with a cup of sick.

There is the child's reaction to school:  
Sir is kind and Sir is gentle,  
Sir is strong and Sir is mental.  
(reportedly muttered cryptically under breath during  
a lesson.)

The sublime:  
Stand and deliver,  
Your money or your liver.

Silence reigns  
And we all get wet.

I'm Popeye the garbage man,  
I live in the garbage can,  
I like to go swimmin'  
With bow-legged women,  
I'm Popeye the garbage man.

to the ridiculous:  
I'm looking at you with your face so blue,  
And your nose turned up like a kangaroo.

Silence in the courts,  
While the judge blows his nose,  
Stands on his head,  
And tickles his toes.

the sentimental:

Plenty of love, tons of kisses  
Hope some day to be you Mrs.

the phophetic:

Catch a falling sputnik,  
Put it in a match box.  
Send it to the U.S.A.  
They'll be glad to get it;  
Very glad to get it,  
Send it to the U.S.A.

And the openly ribald:

I got a girl in Waterloo,  
She doesn't wear no — yes she do.  
I got a girl in Leicester Square  
She don't wear no underwear.

Mary had a little lamb,  
She fed it castor oil,  
And everywhere the lamb would go  
It fertilized the soil.

and wit and repartee:

Same to you with knobs on,  
Cabbages with clogs on,  
Elephants with slippers on,  
And you with dirty knickers on.

Parker is kind and Parker is strong,  
Parker is nice, but he doesn't half pong.

What's the time?  
Half-past nine,  
Hang your breeches on the line.  
When the copper  
Comes along  
Pull them off and put them on.

Birds of a feather flock together,  
And so do pigs and swine,  
Rats and mice do have their choice,  
And so do I have mine.

Variations on a known theme:

Born in a satellite near the moon,  
His mother was a Martian, his father was a  
coon;  
He caught his braces on a passing rocket  
And that was the end of Davy Crockett.  
Davy, Davy Crockett,  
King of the Universe.

Standing on the corner, swinging his chain,  
Along came a policeman and took his name;  
He pulled out the razor and slit the copper's  
throat,  
Now he's wiping up the blood with his Teddy-  
boy's coat.  
Davy, Davy Crockett,  
King of the Teddy-boys.

Born in a mountain top in Tennessee,  
Killed his Ma when he was only three,  
Killed his Pa when he was only four,  
And now he's looking for his brother-in-law!  
Davy, Davy Crockett,  
King of the wild frontier.

It can be seen in these few examples from the collection that the adults' concept of what constitutes child humour and the actual humour itself differ radically. These are stories and rhymes, as it were, not for adult ears. They evolve through and exclusively for, children — and the importance of this book lies in the fact that it re-discovers for adults a world of which they have long since forgotten the existence.

## A STUDENT'S LAMENT

(Or Pass Me The Niner)

I hate to complain  
(But I cannot refrain)  
From telling the world of my troubles.  
And though some will refute  
That the world is not beaut  
Life's not really all froth and bubbles.

So please do not sneer  
If my outlook seems drear  
And my attitude to life rather morbid,  
For I think you'll agree  
(If you bear with me)  
That the tale to be told is quite sordid.

Well, now to begin,  
(And it's not with a grin)  
My untold tale of woe,  
I'll start with the college  
(That warehouse of knowledge)  
Yes! now the words will flow.

The hours are too long,  
The system's all wrong,  
And absentees are impoverished with glee;  
If no sport is attended  
To your pay cheque is appended—  
"Less five pounds ten—q.v."

If down to the pub  
You go for some grub,  
Pounced on you will be for sure;  
For lecturers frustrated,  
(Departmentally dictated),  
Wait for you outside the door.

The College assignment  
I view with malignment,  
For the subjects contained are too deep;  
The lecturers who mark them  
Think it a lark when  
Out from their office you creep.



ON FIRST LOOKING  
INTO A  
DEPARTMENTAL  
CLASSROOM.

In lectures we're bored,  
While statistics are poured  
Out of books such as John V. Michaelis;  
And we know this for sure  
If our knowledge is poor  
The lecturer concerned will fail us.

Self-expression is frowned on,  
Argument is clamped down on  
By irascible educational Tartars;  
"You are but a student  
So don't be imprudent,"  
Are told we poor misunderstood martyrs.

One's appearance is crucial,  
(This is not unusual),  
The Department is convinced about that;  
No beard may be seen,  
And your ears must be clean  
Or you'll find yourself "hauled on the mat."

When teaching in schools  
And feeling like ghouls,  
We work like a veritable demon;  
But imagine our dejection  
When we receive with abjection  
Our marks which are grossly uneven.

In all sincerity  
(And with utter solemnity)  
We adore our visiting speakers,  
Their speeches enlighten  
And their outbursts frighten  
The most unimpressible creatures.

Homework is light  
(Only eight hours a night),  
And the work we do neat and tidy;  
On assignments we battle  
Like unmilked cattle  
And our intellectual output bona fide.

In a lesson on coffee  
A young student thought it toffy  
To bribe the lecturer with a drink,  
His mark it went up  
(Just because of a cup),  
This event—doesn't it make you think?

All students agree  
Most unanimously,  
That a bar would be a worthwhile addition;  
But those in authority  
(Although the minority)  
Regard this with aloof suspicion.

There's one more quarrel,  
It's with horrible choral,  
Where we sit and are forced to sing  
The songs we abhor  
(But sing more and more)  
In an autocratic climate most annoying.

And now in conclusion,  
To end the profusion  
I put down my pen with a sigh;  
For my mind's now at rest,  
I've got it all off my chest,  
And again with other students I'll vie.

—THE VOICE OF THE ATOMIC POETS.

# THE BUDGERIGAR

Ruth Lees

Mrs. Hammetish was a neat, compact little woman who wore flat shoes in the shop. Her hair was thin, dark brown, hesitating for a moment before it turned dark grey. Thin, expectant lips added the finishing touches to this business woman.

She undertook with practised devotion the responsibility of organizing her husband's latest purchase—the pet shop. And her efforts were not in vain. She thrilled as accounts were balanced very favorably and deliveries made on time. Stocktaking too was a joy—the joy of ownership. But oh, the weariness, as heavy muscles propelled them upwards to their apartment above the shop in the small hours of the morning. Nevertheless, before sleep came to her, Mrs. Hammetish's mind had to be cleared of a number of insistent details.

"Did we allow for that extra seed delivery last Thursday week?"

"Yes," mumbled Frank.

"Suré you brought up all the money from the cash register?"

"Mnm," murmured Frank, in assent or sleep.

"And the . . . no, that's O.K. Goodnight."

Little children dragged at their mothers' arms and baskets as they passed their favourite shop window.

"I want a budgie."

"Caniva budgie for my birthday?"

"No, birds' food is too expensive." Or, if the family is wealthy, "No, they're too messy."

But Tuesday was Kathie's lucky day. As she lingered before the large bird cage which formed the left-hand window display of Hammetish's she felt a touch of sympathy.

"Mummy, let's buy one and let him go."

"Well, I'd like to do the same with all of them."

But just one. If he were kept in a big clean cage and allowed to fly about after becoming acquainted with the household . . . "and Kathie needs something to look after . . ."

"I'll have one, thank you."

Mrs. Hammetish reached for a large butterfly net but turned, her hand resting on the shelf, as Frank addressed her. He was a tall, large-headed, serious man.

"I phoned Jackson's. We'll have to wait for the cheap aquariums."

"Excuse me a moment." Mrs. Hammetish lowered her voice. "You didn't talk hard enough."

"I'm sorry Edna."

"A blue one, please Mummy."

The butterfly net came down from its shelf with the swift thrust of indignation. Mr. Hammetish shrugged miserably and sat down. Mother asked leave to order the groceries. "Kathie will watch quietly."

The blue budgerigar nominated by Kathie sat on a high perch in captive complacency—conscious only

of the present but instinctively sensing the conflict within himself, between the need to survive and reproduce and the indelible impression of a hopeless battle against crossed wires. He had become one of the purposeless things. Only people, large multi-coloured masses, appeared, gazed at the occupants of the cage, and receded raising their voices in comment.

Mrs. Hammetish stepped swiftly in by the back door of the cage and shut it behind her. Life became in an instant the whirr of terrified movement. Colours and feathers crashed clumsily around the limited space.

"Good thing that blue one is weak—it'll make my job a bit easier."

At first the hard brown frame of the net smacked almost indiscriminately against the inside walls. Then its movements became more strategic.

The blue one was a large bird who had spent most of his life in freedom and who, on being caged, had refused food and bruised himself badly in wild attempts to escape. His convalescence was now almost past, but Mrs. Hammetish regarded him as a product of inferior quality.

He flew blindly, almost unconsciously, straining every nerve and muscle to capacity. Darting, dodging. The need to rest became overwhelming. For an instant he relaxed, wings still outspread, on the side of a high beam. The net fell. A crack of pain. His left wing stayed out, limp. Then backwards, he dropped, his head and little clinging feet entangling themselves in meshes of cotton. The other wing beat frantically, hopelessly. Then it was still. Mrs. Hammetish emptied the body out onto the bottom of the cage.

"The kid'll have to have a green bird," she muttered.

Kathie was crying. Mr. Hammetish spoke soft comforting words to her.

"I hate the way she catches them too; but how else could it be done?"

"She could make friends so that he'd jump on to her hand . . ."

"No, he was wild. He always hated her."

"He would have loved me." The statement was emphatic, but the expression on the child's face was questioning.

"Yes . . . yes, I'm sure."

"Why?"

"Because you would have understood how he felt," answered that experienced man. "Buy another blue one from Miller in the main street. He'll love you. We only have green ones till the end of the month."

"Yes." Kathie's eyes were nearly dry.

Mrs. Hammetish reappeared, a struggling green budgie in the lower portion of the net.

"Had some trouble, but here it is."

"She doesn't want it." Her husband looked her in the face.

"Don't you?"

The cold stare accompanying the question raised a defiant mood in Kathie.

"No, thank you," she replied. Mr. Hammetish blushed and Mrs. Hammetish pounced.

"What did you say to her?"

"I don't know. But she needs a blue bird."

"Why?"

Mr. Hammetish found it difficult to say. He looked sideways at Kathie, whose attention was absorbed in the movement of two black guinea pigs. No words came.

Mrs. Hammetish had plenty of words: "I place signs at the front of this shop saying 'come in and buy.' When people come in you recommend them to Miller. I'm fed up . . . you hate this shop . . ."

"No."

"You hate me."

"No, can't you see . . .?"

"No, I can't see. Business is business."

"But you've got to be . . ."

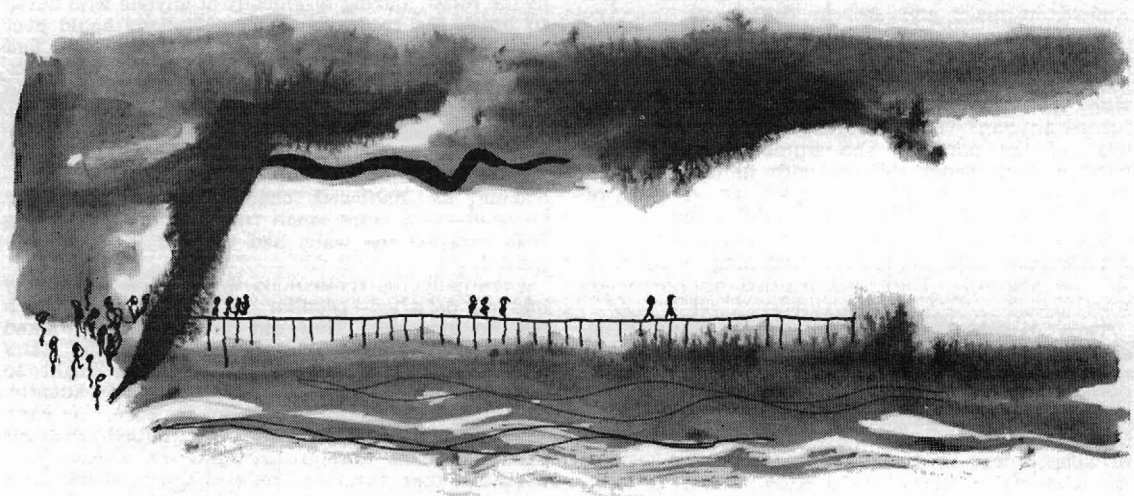
"I know, the same old words: understanding, careful about people's feelings."

"Well, yes, but . . . but I don't want to hurt you, Edna. I'm afraid I've done that already. Forgive me, please."

Mrs. Hammetish meditated in silence. Frank was too dull and stubborn. But the victory was hers now and her task was to maintain the upper hand. Experience had taught her how difficult this was, and how temporary her present position. "Tomorrow he will sell the rabbits at half price to a little blue-eyed boy—when my back is turned." At last she said aloud, "Go and undo the boxes of fish food that came today. They're out there." A meaningful finger pointed out to the back. The proper functioning of the shop depended on his obedience, so Frank turned and walked out.

Mother collected her daughter. "Something's upset her," she thought, but did not comment. She nodded to Mrs. Hammetish who, with a sneer in her heart, was releasing the unwanted green bird from the net into the cage.

"I collected the vegetables too. I hope you didn't mind. Thank you."



## A VIEW TO A DEATH — Mark Skinner

I remember it now as clearly as when it happened; I am haunted by the memory which remains like a chronic sore — every now and then the scab is brushed away and it weeps.

The war, severe and bitter, had dragged on into its third year and I was one of a group of officers who on this particular day were assembled beside a small oval lake. Erected nearby was a pontoon-jetty type of construction, about fifty feet by eighty and standing approximately twenty feet above the water. It was metal and wood in make and dull grey in colour.

The lake itself was a peculiar stagnant green; it seemed to have settled there and lay still and opaque like a turquoise custard, yet possessed the qualities of movement. The bordering shore was formed of dirty yellow-grey mud, and towards one end a society of starving water cress lay on the surface, struggling for survival.

On the perimeter, in a semi-circle, a great

number of people combining every colour and creed were assembled. They represented a cross-section of the people entangled in the conflict. Over all was an expectant hush.

A reason for such a gathering soon became apparent. We officers were members of a neutral guard — perhaps our aims had been based upon the legends of "The Four Just Men." Nevertheless it was now our intention to show this mass the absolute futility and senselessness of war.

On the jetty was standing a female warden of the Nazi type. She was slim and fair, typically Nordic in features and dressed in grey corduroy. Her hair had been drawn tightly about her head and was moulded into a bun at the back. It was blonde in colour and the sunlight, which barely fell from between the clouds, served not to brighten but dull its surface. On her feet were black flat-heeled shoes. She was pregnant.

The crowd maintained a strong silence. Then onto the pier was marched a captured partisan. He was unbound and commonplace in features. His hair was dark and unkempt. His clothes were civilian. Though no sound had been uttered it was plain that he was to be executed.

I felt the weight of anticipation about me, but slow anticipation for the quiet of the crowd was almost nonchalant. After all, what was one execution? This type of thing happened every day in war.

The woman proceeded methodically. She directed the prisoner to the far edge of the jetty and prepared to eliminate him.

Suddenly, one of the officers, dressed in peaked cap and khaki greatcoat, strode briskly on to the pontoon and out to the condemned man. He handed him a rifle and pointed to the expectant woman.

This unexpected move seemed to stun everyone into an even deeper silence—all, that is, except the partisan who seemed to have expected it. He calmly raised the weapon, cocked it and levelled it at the numbed woman. It was a Lee Enfield in make and .303 in calibre.

Suddenly the realisation that she was the victim of a cruel trick registered in the woman's brain. She shuddered; I almost felt the cold stab in my own body. She whimpered, then turned to run. However, as she came near the edge of the pontoon, she stumbled and toppled over into the water, hitting with hardly a splash as does sixpence when dropped in a pot of cauliflower sauce. She sank straightaway.

The partisan, the officers and the crowd fringing the lake stood impassively watching — yet they felt no anguish. They had learned no horror of war!

Then occurred something which grabbed at everyone's throat with the force of a drowning man's last grasp for life. Rising thickly to the surface, as tomato sauce does in sausage gravy, came deep contrasting crimson blood, up through the satanic mire. For the first time the vacuum of silence was broken. A shocked and horrified woman's voice gasped, "the baby!"

We all felt inside the pain the mother must have suffered when she fell to the water, pulping the unborn infant.

Moments later the poor creature surfaced, crying out in pain and sobbing; the crowd groaned softly, and swayed back on its feet as one.

The wretched woman turned and through her tears saw the partisan who was kneeling at the edge of the jetty. She began to swim towards him, begging, pleading with him to shoot her. He raised the rifle for the second time. She stopped swimming to give him aim and mercifully he sent off a shot that struck her in the chest. She emitted a choked rattle from the back of her throat and rolled over, face down, amid clouds of blood in the water.

We all felt hollow inside: in a matter of seconds a life which was once capable of love and hate and other earthly things had ceased, violently, to exist.

The crowd felt relief — but for themselves, not the woman. They had suffered. Some were beginning to hate war — only some.

Then, as if to pour acid into the wound, the body began to writhe again.

At the far end of the jetty was the officer who had given the rifle to the partisan. He was doubled upon one knee, vomiting. I wanted to understand how he felt, but I couldn't. He turned and looked at me; I recognised his face immediately — it was mine. The officer was me.

#### REACTION TO MAY 19th

The large central library was like a sanctuary. It protected its inmates from the more mundane problems of the outside world. It could be raining heavily outside, it could be snowing, there could be rioting in the streets but the atmosphere inside remained calm and resolutely unruffled. On entering its walls the uninitiated was struck almost physically by the near oppressive silence of the room and its austere aloof air.

The reason for this unnatural silence was a combination of the fierce dedication of the people who came there to work—and the chief librarian. It was the latter who, so to speak, set the standard as he sat regally on his high throne in the centre of the room, glaring tyrannically at anyone who dared to break the constant silence. Nobody could ever remember seeing him laugh or even smile; in fact nobody could ever distinctly remember him express any recognizable human emotion other than a strong but rather objective, contempt for mankind in general.

As the ten o'clock siren sounded, the last of the silent readers moved noisily from the room—leaving its hallowed chamber, feeling strongly elevated—as if some small fragment of the learning that crowded the walls had touched them as they passed.

Eventually the meticulous workers of the library had all departed—peculiar in their manner which was so uniform. They did not speak but walked silently out of the library, silently down the stairs and then silently disappeared into the night to live a few hours of the life they enjoyed so silently.

The chief librarian was the last to leave. He carefully checked over his day's work; tallied whatever chief librarians tally; re-arranged the already tidy desk and then carefully, jumped down, strode past the first table, threw back his head and shouted the words of a current hit tune—loudly, joyfully and just slightly off key.

From the shelves, the thousands upon thousands of beautifully bound mellowed books looked down—and shuddered.

Wendy Devenish.

#### FROM A TRAIN

The scenes rush by and so do I,  
Each changes in a wink.  
They cannot stay, not once all day,  
All I can do is blink.  
There might have been some lovely scene  
That pen or brush could catch,  
But once it comes and once it goes  
No paper will it match.  
So 'tis with life and all its strife,  
All gone within a flash,  
We cannot hold that glimpse of old  
Without a lasting clash.  
Experience new distorts the view  
And that first scene is lost.

—ANNE LEE

# John and Betty Revised



Is this Betty?

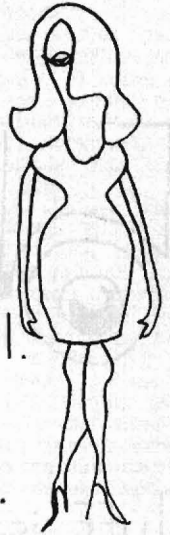
"Woof Woof," says John.

"This is Betty." Betty is a doll.

John likes Betty.

"Rock, John, Rock," says Betty.

"Rock, rock, rock."



John plays his drum.

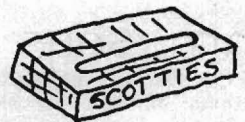
Betty rocks.

"Like, woof, doll, this is the rock," says John.

John plays out.

Betty has a Scottie.

"Blow, man, blow."





John can jump a truck.

Bang!

John has a truck.

"Say, let us skip," says Betty.

John and Betty run.

Fluff is in the truck.

Bang! Bang!

Fluff is a stiff.

After this, John and Betty skip.



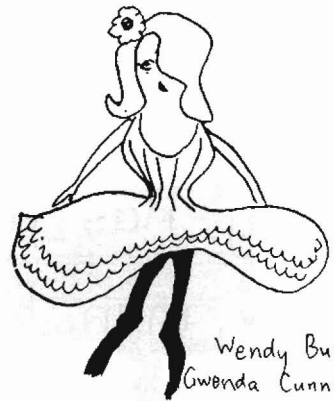
"Rock with the cool cat, doll."

John plays, "O solo mia-ow."

Betty is like versatile, too.

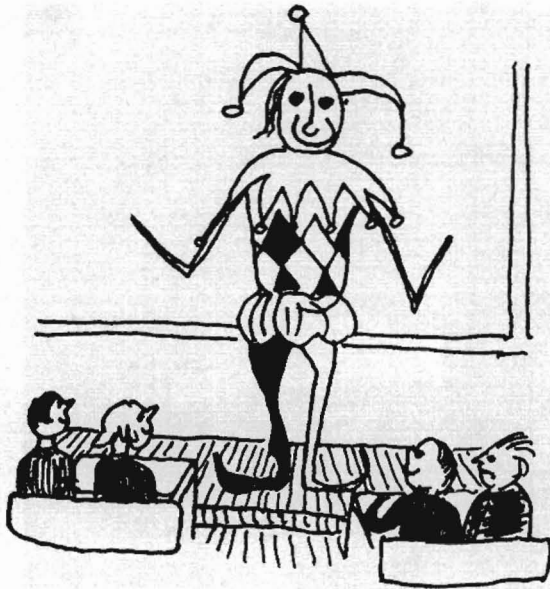
She can can can to rock.

John says she can.



Wendy Burns  
Gwenda Cunningham





# CLASSROOM "HUMOUR"

Dawn Davies

In the realm of teaching, we, as students, are apt to become a part of many amusing and often embarrassing situations which occur in the classroom. It is our job to adjust ourselves to the views of the teacher of our current grade, and to accept, as far as possible, his sense of humour. Failure to do this could result in a "crit" something like this:

"... A good lesson, but a little more humour on your part would not go astray. For instance, when you fell from the top of the blackboard where you were arranging flowers, it was rather amusing in the children's eyes. The picture of an adult lying flat out on the floor, covered with flowers and with water gently dripping onto his face from an upturned vase above the blackboard, was not what could be termed an unfunny sight, even in the eyes of another adult, let alone those of young children. Perhaps it would not have been out of place if you had joined with the children in their obvious amusement."

This could be termed a sadistic sense of humour. This is also illustrated by the type of teacher who pokes fun at the child who rushes into the room after just having his five front teeth knocked out.

"Never mind, Johnny, just think — you won't have to clean your teeth every morning now." Poor Johnny, bewildered, looks up with tear-filled eyes and five gaping, blood-filled holes. The teacher, obviously thinks so as he is crippled by his own wit and is already boasting of his brilliance to other members of staff.

Another type of humour often found in the classroom is that not planned, not expected, not intended, the "faux pas" made by many.

An example of this is given by the teacher who, giving a lesson on cheese to grade V, rubbished a very well-known brand. She continued running it down for about ten minutes. Next day she received a letter asking her to explain her outburst against this brand of cheese. Unknown to the teacher, a member of her grade was the daughter of a top executive of the firm.

The next type of teacher found is the one who jokes at an adult level to the children. Therefore the only person likely to enjoy the joke is the student teacher in his room. An example of this occurs when a child making a comment reminds the teacher of an amusing incident or joke he has heard. At the end of the child's comment, one will hear... "That reminds me of this chap I knew in the army way back in 1943... etc". where the teacher relates, in vivid detail, the man, the joke he told, its effect on the "sarg", etc. By the end of fifteen minutes the children are fidgeting, talking and otherwise amusing themselves, entirely disregarding their clowning teacher at the front of the room.

At the end of the teacher's reminiscence we find him speaking to the student alone, having forgotten his class who are now running riot.

Another teacher who would quite easily drive you up a wall is the one who twists everything the child says into a witticism. The bright young child during morning talk, has just told how his father went fishing and caught seven eels. The child casually mentions that his father smoked the eels, then they ate them. At this point, our teacher right on the ball, retorts: "Can't your father afford a pipe?" which he follows with raucous laughter. This is reasonably subtle for third grade children, who, five minutes later, giggle stupidly, elated that they have understood teacher's joke.

The result of this is a grade of children who are continually making a joke out of what is said — twisting it to suit the purpose, e.g.

First Boy: "I'm tired."

Second Boy: "I'm Bob — how do you do?"

Perhaps the most tiresome jokster is the teacher who hits upon a joke which is successful in its first airing but who continues to use this joke at the least provocation. This is not restricted to teachers in schools, however, as we find it very prevalent in Teachers' College lectures, e.g. that time-worn line to the student late for lecture: "Have you brought the Herald?"

We find an example of this in the school-room where the following comments are worn to death in every grade in every school, everywhere:—

"You'd lose your head if it wasn't screwed on", blank stares from the children.

"You'd be late for your own funeral" — where the children sit back in their seats, heave a great sigh and give a wan smile in the direction of their class-mates.

... And so they go on. There is a never-ending chain of teachers — and, as this chain continues, so do the various ways of creating laughter in the classroom. While we remain in the college, we must grin and bear what we hear in another teacher's class. However, wait until next year when we, the new blood, will bound into the field. This will be the birth of a new group of teachers — with a new brand of humor.



## MILLER IN THE WILDERNESS

Max Gillies

"The Misfits" is Arthur Miller's first work of major importance since his marriage with Hollywood. It is his first screenplay and the filmed production was made by one of Hollywood's better directors. At first glance its setting and characters appear to provide Miller with the raw materials for another of the plays he writes so well—the social play in which the individual is the crucial element. But before we read the play or see the film, there is a fleeting doubt about the bona fides of a film which has as its protagonists Clark Gable and Marilyn—in roles which are almost distilled versions of whatever is symbolised by their own screen image. In fact this gloomy feeling is reinforced as the film progresses, until our final judgment must be that Miller has succumbed to a weak compromise between artistic integrity and the box office. In Miller's case this is sadder than usual, because his talent is far greater than that which is usually compromised in this way. "The Misfits" is the typically modern film with pretensions to answering artistic problems but which is never allowed to get off the ground where it is bound to the box office. Despite Miller's patently obvious good intentions and sincerity, the film remains sensationalism touched by high-mindedness.

The story opens with a grand flourish of symbolism. We are in Reno, the place of easy marriage and easy divorce, the symbol of our Lost Innocence. The two male characters we meet first have failed to establish themselves in their society. These rootless characters exist on the Nevada flats and we are reminded continually of their being "the last REAL men on earth". Gay (Gable) is the debonaire cowhand past middle-age, and not as yet unduly worried by his alienation. Guido, aggressive in his "masculinity", indulges in a bloated image of himself as an outsider who doesn't really care if he stays outside. The symbol of his failure is a half-completed house built in the wilderness for a wife who deserted him by dying.

Marilyn (or Roslyn, as she is called in the film) arrives on the scene. A tragic little night club singer from Nowhere in Particular, she is here to get a divorce. Her utter simplicity would amount to nothing more than a severe deficiency in intelligence if it were not for the elaborate superstructure of symbolism which builds her into a crusader for a return to human values: a symbol of the femininity which is the "humanising" influence in our society. Marilyn, it appears then, is to be the Woman, and Gable the Man.

Perce is the other party, the third of this trio of "last men". Unfortunately Perce is afflicted with an Oedipus complex which he symbolically tries to break away from by challenging the beasts of the rodeo. A rodeo-rider who is scared of the pent-up fury of the bulls. An unfinished Man who can't communicate. This problem of communication ("saying hello," in the sententious argot of Miller's Misfits) is not only Perce's worry; it afflicts all of the characters. This of course is a valid artistic question, but at the superficial level of this story, it is meaningless. All of the characters are here to escape from the frustrations of their everyday lives. Their motives (except for the Woman's) are entirely negative. It is significant here that in all of Miller's previous plays, the conflicts came not from isolated people, but from individuals in a closely-knit group, a family or a small community. The Misfits exist in a social vacuum as it were, each trying to make contact, striving to break out of their own isolation and say "hello". Each of the Men needs the Woman, not carnally mind you, except in the case of Guido, who needs her to boost his masculine ego. Gay has to be domesticated and Perce has to be made aware that, apart from his mother, another woman can note his existence. The Woman, because of her intrinsic nature, is not Compleat without a Man. The Hollywood ethic dictates that such an elemental woman as Miss Monroe must be completed with such an elemental man as Mr. Gable.

This problem of trying to communicate could be the basis for a powerful play about our present-day existence. In a society becoming so conditioned to the inevitability of destruction (nuclear or otherwise), and without any positive goals, people are "drifting apart" and the death wish could conceivably become part of a way of life, of this Miller seems to give a vague suggestion and he possibly feels that people must be told to live. However the terms of this film are so vague that he skirts the issue. The issues of the film are certainly "personal adjustment", "conformity," and "communication," in fact all those that are bandied about by popular psychology and pretentious Hollywoodism. The problems are discussed in the popular sentimentality of despair. And boy, are they discussed.

The not especially articulate characters talk and talk and talk. They talk in symbolic language. But we've already observed the triteness of the symbolism. It is reflected in the cheap Hollywood corn of

"Do you belong to Gay?"

Ros. "I don't know where I belong."

The case against Miller is even more damning when we read his own words. "A very great play," he says in his introduction to his collected plays, "can be mimed and still issue forth its essential actions and their rudiments of symbolic meaning; the word in drama is the transformation into speech of what is happening, and the fiat for intense language is intensity of happening. We have had more than one extraordinary dramatist who was a cripple as a writer, and this is lamentable but not ruinous." Miller, of course, has never lacked as a writer and it appears that his ruin here is due to his ability to write.

The one good sequence from the film, dramatically and artistically, is the concluding mustang hunt, where the last Real Men set out on a hunt to round up the wild horse. There is real irony in the fact that at one time the hills were teeming with the animals

which, when caught, were made pets and tamed, whereas now there only a few horses remaining and, when they are caught, they are used as dog-food. The Men go out blindly to do for no reason that for which a reason once existed. (There is enough power in this sequence pointing up man's need for virility and his vengeance on a fast-disappearing animal world to hope that one of these days Miller might write a real play again.) Marilyn saves the day, restoring Gay and Perce to the path to humanity. Only Guido won't be swayed and continues his plunge back to barbarism.

A good film for Hollywood: a disastrous one for Arthur Miller. Perhaps, one day . . .

## THE CASTAWAY

Eyes alert, peeled of encumbering  
Lash and lid,  
I stand alone;  
Waiting.  
Come, Come!  
In the waltz of my heart  
As spring is flowing  
Forever:  
The magic of alone hours  
When waiting is loving.  
A joy, however,  
Reserved for the immature.  
A slow chill numbness  
Shrinks all happiness.  
Dull curtains swing in a lifeless breeze.  
The radio blares  
Meaninglessly.  
The clock ticks.  
Gentle time erases  
The smart of aloneness  
Till next I glimpse  
A selfless life—  
And the cycle recommences.

—RUTH LEES

## ANCHORAGE

Black water as smooth as treacle  
Crossed by oily bands of light.  
Little winking candles lit to keep the night alive  
No cry of birds  
No splash of water  
Just we two  
Adrift at last from the tangled threads of other  
lives.  
Free from circumstance  
For which, puppet-like, we play our cards.  
Ourselves at last.  
Precious, precious hours  
Which run through grasping, clutching fingers like  
sand.  
For better not to clutch greedily at precious  
things,  
Stand close and absorb with feelings of delight  
Our meted minutes of joy.  
Memory can capture what the senses lose  
Can even embellish feeling.  
A recompense, perhaps,  
For the unrelenting nature of time;  
The substance of dreams,  
The fuel for the glow of hope.  
But most of all these moments become  
A part of me  
Which is a part of you.

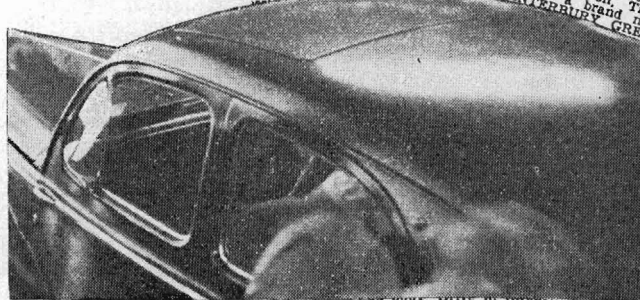
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by Rod Tacon

**1. THINGS TO REMEMBER WHEN CONTEMPORATING BUYING A SECONDHAND CAR.**

- (a) Can you afford a car?
- (b) Make sure you know what type of car you wish to buy. For example, if your means are limited, it would be stupid to buy a big car.
- (c) Having decided on the class of car you can afford, look around at the prices of the various makes in this class. For example, if you want a small car, find out the prices of representative makes.

You will find these in the Classified Advertisement section of newspapers, used car price lists published by motor magazines, car yards. Also consult the "Yellow Book" of market prices which dealers possess.

It is important that you have a good idea of the market price of the type of car you want, for this protects you against extortionist dealers.

(d) It is almost impossible to get a genuine bargain. Generally speaking the price of a car is only what it is worth. If a car is abnormally cheap, be wary and suspicious, because there is a good chance that something serious will be amiss with the car.

(e) The person who is selling you the car, whether a dealer or a private citizen, is trying to make money on the transaction. Therefore, be suspicious and question all grandiose statements.

(f) Make sure that you have approximately £40-£50 left after purchasing the car. This financial backstop is essential, because after buying your

car you will most find it necessary to pay for such things as:-

- (1) Minor repairs (such as tyres).
- (2) Registration.
- (3) Commitments other than the car.
- (g) Owning a car is a constant drain on one's finances and a perpetual source of worry.
- (h) Do not buy a car from a friend. If you have trouble with it, the friendship may be strained.

**2. WHAT TO LOOK FOR WHEN BUYING THE CAR.**

NOTE: Take along an expert if possible.

- (a) Tyres:
  - (i) Is there plenty of tread on all?
  - (ii) Are they worn evenly?
  - (iii) Are the walls cracked?
  - (iv) Are they retreads?
- (b) Wheels, Bearings and Front Suspension:
  - (i) Place your hand on the top of each wheel in turn and endeavour to wobble it sideways. If the front wheels wobble, then either the wheel bearings are worn, or the king-pins are in a similar condition; both situations being undesirable. If the rear wheels wobble, then the bearings there will be worn.
  - (ii) If the tyres are scuffed or irregularly worn, the front suspension will be either worn or out of alignment (or both).

### (c) Brakes:

(i) Although this may cause embarrassment to the vendor, ask him to take off a brake drum, and see if there is plenty of lining left on the shoe. Make sure the rivets are not near the surface of the brake linings.

(ii) Examine the hydraulic brake hoses and lines and see if any fluid leaks.

(iii) See if the stop-lights work.

(iv) If the brake pedal goes nearly to the floor when depressed, and will rise only on pumping, then either the brakes are out of adjustment or the linings are badly worn. This is a dangerous situation as far as road-safety is concerned. Make sure it is rectified.

### (d) Electrical System:

(i) Will the battery start the car on the starter motor?

(ii) Do all lights work?

(iii) Have a look under the bonnet and see if the high-tension and low-tension leads, and all other wiring are in good condition.

(iv) Do the windscreen wipers work?

### (e) Engine:

(i) Can you see any cracks in the block?

(ii) Does the radiator leak?

(iii) Is everything original and in good condition, or have certain components been "bodged up" by an amateur?

(iv) Is there a fan belt?

### (f) Transmission:

Check the universal joints for wear.

### (g) Body:

(i) What condition is it in generally?

(ii) Look carefully for rust. Modern cars rely on the stresses of the body panels for strength. Rust, if established, therefore weakens a modern car considerably, and shortens its potential life.

(iii) Do all the instruments work?

(iv) Do the windows wind up and down satisfactorily?

(v) Are the door catches worn? Do they lock?

(vi) If the duco looks good, try to ascertain whether it has been recently repainted, or cut and polished.

(vii) Has the bodywork been repaired frequently? Different shades of paint, particularly on the front of the car, point to a dent or a body out of alignment.

## 3. ON THE ROAD.

(i) Can you hear, any thumps or knocks from the engine? If so, run down or collapsed bearings may be the cause.

(ii) Does the car perform as well as can be expected for its size?

(iii) Is the clutch action smooth or does it "judder"?

(iv) Do the gears change without fuss?

(v) Does the car steer well and accurately?

(vi) Does it ride well? If not, worn shock absorbers may be the culprits.

(vii) Does the body rattle?

### EXTRA QUESTIONS.

(I) How many previous owners? The more owners the greater chance of the car being unsatisfactory since its purchase.

(II) What has been the occupation of previous owners? Beware of (a) Commercial traveller's cars, because they probably will have done many more miles than the speedometer shows, and will look better than they are intrinsically. By using heavier oil in the engine, gear-box and differential (to lessen noise) by putting in new floor mats (to name but one trick) and by cutting and polishing chalky paintwork—a racked-out car may look quite respectable.

(b) Ex-taxi for the same reason.

(c) Ex-farmer's cars. Farmers apparently traditionally, seem to be extra hard on machinery. Many farmers drive their cars over paddocks and inadvertently pick up minerals from the soil (depending on the type of country) which attack the body-work and rust it through.

(III) Don't be gullible. Question everything the seller says.

The above points were written by a used-car buyer who was fortunate in being well-armed with the knowledge of what to expect when buying a secondhand car.

If you wish to buy a car and are not quite so lucky, these notes of guidance may be some assistance.

# THE CENTRE

Brenda Maslen

"They're tourists," he muttered, "you can tell by the sunburn.

I sank as low in the Volkswagen as the meat in a pasture.

Tourists aren't unusual in Alice Springs and it is good taste to ignore them. I blushed at this comment, something my companion never does, having been of the "tourist" class last year.

This year I had to bear the scrutiny of tourists. I was regarded as a "local". One girl set out to impress me.

"You know, I'm from Melbourne," she said.

"Really?", I answered. "I'm from Frankston."

Coloured people are no novelty in the centre, either. Living with a half caste family I quickly realized this.

The children of the household in which I stayed had an amazing sense of humour. I didn't expect to hear stifled giggles as I stood up in my shorts—the chair had left a pattern of red marks on the back of my legs. The little children enjoyed scratching my skin to see the red streaks arise.

Jo-Jo watched in fascination as I applied my make-up. "Is that to make your cheeks go white?" she asked. She was an immense help when I did my washing. No sooner had I hung my clothes on the line than Jo-Jo was stripping the boys of their shirts and refilling the washing machine.

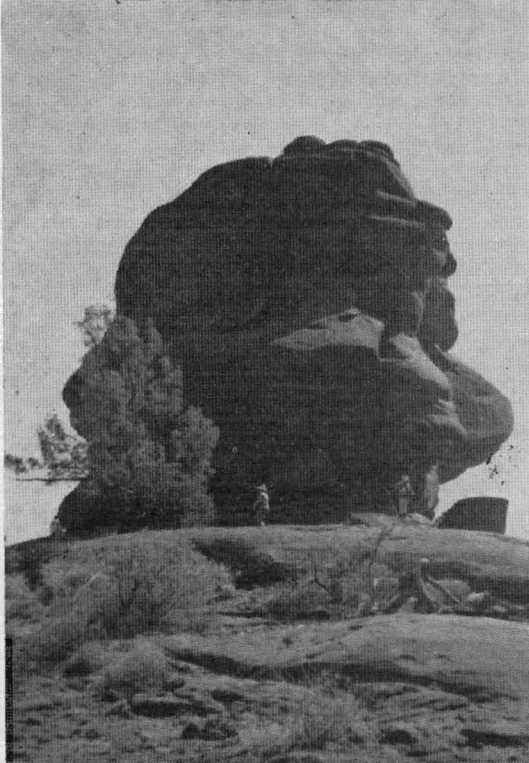
Little brother Terry would be the joy of any mother's heart with his brown skin, fair hair and blue eyes. I was looking forward to meeting Terry. He had promised me a kiss.

He gave me a kick and ran.

However, by the end of the week, Terry was a very talkative little boy: "Where do babies come from? Where did you come from? Can I have some money?"

During my short stay in the Alice I had some very exciting driving experiences.

They tell me there is a road out to the Hermannsburg Mission, even if you can't see it. Just because



I don't like driving through creek beds and over trees is no reason why mere mission boys should so volubly criticize my driving. I guess Herman Malbunka and Freddy Fly are no different from most of the native boys at Hermannsburg, but they managed to create a different impression from that which I held last year.

Herman said, as he took over at the wheel. "It's easy when you know the road." True, he handled that car with remarkable skill.

Arriving at Hermannsburg we were greeted by Gus Williams. I had met Gus before when he danced rhythmically around the camp fire near Palm Lodge.

Gus wasn't dancing this time. He strolled out of the boiler-room and talked "cars" and "football" with the boys while groups of people sat quietly under the trees.

The eighty-three mile return journey was hot and dusty. We were tired when we arrived in Alice, late in the afternoon, after the usual Monday trip.

The same old questions are bound to arise.

Will you ask, "are they clean? Do they like living in houses? I can only ask you the same questions.

My friends aren't primitives, you know.

They're not very different from you.

My dark young beau will arrive in Melbourne within a fortnight. You will hear me mutter: "Tourist—you can tell by the suntan!"

## THE PEOPLE

"The old Law is good. It has held the People together since the beginning, but now the Law is breaking down. Since the whitefellers came here things have been changing year by year, and now the time has come for us to leave the old ways."

You're a wise blackfellow. You know you must learn the ways of the whites, which has something to do with books and papertalk.

But the dust dulls your sweaty, fly-covered body, your dusky, splay feet scream inside those whitefeller boots.

"You ever seen whitefellers who would do something for blackfellers or halfloafs. An' don't let anyone tell you 'bout missions. They good on Sundays, but you look out any other day, you look out, by crikey!"

Better you remain a walkabout blackfeller. Go bush, don't bother us. Stay there until you and your race die out.

No, I understand you, come into our world, but remember you're black.

You just work along quietly.

There must be a place for you somewhere.

Brenda Maslen.

## LITTLE GIRL LOST

Trapped by a cage of circumstance,  
Tethered still to the unyielding bars,  
The joys of freedom lie within my grasp  
There for the taking,  
Until the choking rein tightens.  
The very taste of freedom may make reality more distasteful,  
Even turn the glory to ashes.

But better surely to have lasted,  
To know at least some part of what might have been;

To have freed with daring the consequence and the happiness

Than to turn aside with timidity from heights

Unknown, depths only guessed at.

Pinnacles of joys and sorrows—

Plains of bare contentment dotted with faint hopes and dreams.

The middle course? The easy way?

The anguish numbed by reason?

Joy the stuff of dreams.

If payment of pain be exacted,

Still rather reach through the bars,

Snatch at what might not come again.

You come to me as I am drawn to you.

I tiptoe,

Afraid the brittle path spun of dreams may prove too frail.

Towards each other across the bridge of dreams  
We stumble.

The spirit dumbly years for sanctuary

Escape from life itself perhaps.

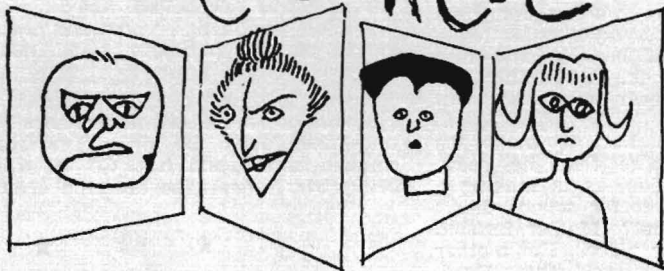
The winds of cold reality

Flicker the candle of hope,

What is the fuel?

Where is its strength?

# There were Four



Diane Haig

Ships that pass in the night, and speak to each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look, and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

—LONGFELLOW.

## I—THE YOUNG GIRL

Dancing, dancing on a cloud. The sensuous strings sang, "I'll be loving You Always." The air was thick and warm. Had she been aware of the other dancers she would have seen soft lights playing on their hair and noted their graceful movements, the flowing gowns of the women and the old world dress of the men. But in her half dream world she felt only the warmth of his body and the security of his arms. To her he epitomized life.

The music had stopped. No! it hadn't. The strings were now discordant, harsh, jarring; the lights were red, now violet purple, now dazzlingly brilliant. Her palms felt clammy; her body shook, suddenly chilled. The strings were shrieking. Higher! Higher! Higher! Her brain pleaded for relief. She covered her face in an endeavour to repulse the noise and shield her eyes from the light.

Her body felt strangely lighter. What were those blankets doing around her head? Shivering, she sat up to turn on the reading lamp — 8 o'clock. Why was it that, whenever she fell asleep again after the alarm, these strange thoughts cluttered her mind. This morning was the worst yet. Not only was her pillow damp, but the terror of the dream lingered.

Now she'd be late for work. Wash. Dress. No time for breakfast. To miss that train would be disastrous because he'd be on that train. Without him her day was incomplete, useless. "Strange," she reflected, "for a person approaching twenty-one to need another so very much." But there were more important things to which she must attend. Her dress, would he like it? Her make-up just the way he said last Sunday he liked it. One last look in the mirror then dash for the train.

## II — THE OLD WOMAN

Her new silk dress — the dark blue one with white bunches of daisies on it — looked, the old lady thought as good as the other ladies' from the Women's Guild.

The congregation stood as the minister, clad in flowing black robes, entered. He smiled kindly at his children — as he always called the regularly church goers — and she thought he smiled extra warmly at her. After all she was the oldest member of the Church. Why, she hadn't missed a Sunday or a Women's Guild meeting since the war.

The Minister held up his hand; the congregation prayed. The church was completed in the summer of 1946. She'd always remember that date. The congregation sat. It was exactly a year after her son had been reported killed. Oh yes, she had another son, but he'd changed. He sulked around the house, swore whenever she suggested he talk to her as he had once, refused to see any of his friends. He left, just before the church was completed, because the house wasn't good enough for him. Before the war he was kind, happy, always singing. That's how she'd remember him.

Oh dear! The congregation were singing. She glanced at the board, quickly found the hymn and joined in. She'd started her life in the church just after he left. Her church was her world; her religion protection from unpleasant memories of her son. She was right because she was a strong member of the St. Joseph's Church. "I really am lucky that I need not rely on a son, I have the Creator to show me the way. This was a favourite theory of hers as the women of the church knew from the Wednesday meetings.

The hymn was concluded in one glorious amen, the congregation shuffled, purses clicked and money jingled into the plate to the accompaniment of sung praises. Soon it would be her turn to speak, inviting the women of the church to a little social evening at her home next Wednesday. This speech she knew well for it was a weekly occurrence. Her constancy was greatly admired by all the congregation the minister once told her.

### III — THE YOUNG BOY

Ah, what a relief it was to get out of those shoes, loosen collar and tie and remove your steamy jacket. His new job was all very well, but to look like a blinking penguin every day! Generally coming home was a relief — his housekeeper would open the door to save him depositing his bags on the clean step. Tonight not only had he to open the door but find the key also. His slippers were always by the fire waiting for him. Where they were tonight was a mystery. It really was very unaccommodating of her to leave him to his own devices once a week. It certainly was a thing his mother would never have done; but then she understood him.

How that woman expected him to make tea without any matches was more than he knew. Sure, cookery is a woman's job, as is making a man comfortable. When he left for school, didn't his sister fetch his bag and hat? Mother insisted on it. Besides who knew their place. But mother was dead. He kept telling himself that. Dead. Gone. He might as well be dead too because no-one understood him. No, that wasn't fair. His girl, she had the same true blue eyes as his mother, appreciated his position he was sure. She did love him though. Although he'd never really discussed his views on women with her he was pretty sure she'd make a perfect wife — those eyes so lovely, so serene. If she loved him enough she'd understand and if she didn't . . . but of course she did.

### IV — THE BUSINESS MAN

"Telephone Sir," said the clerk. He nodded, an abrupt gesture, and continued reading the mail. The clerk, fearing a lecture, did not pursue the subject immediately, but waited until that letter and the next had been read, grunted at and duly stacked ready for filing. "Telephone Sir," he reiterated. "If they wish to speak to me, they can wait," came the curt reply. Snatching the received held hesitantly out to him he snapped into the mouthpiece, "Yes? I'm busy now. Well be brief. Not interested." "Ever thought of seeing a doctor; there's something drastically wrong with anyone who suggests a venture such as that!" The crash reverberated around the office.

He'd broken into the business just after the war. He knew how to handle people. "Give 'em an inch," that was his philosophy. Always be on the ball and never, never be sentimental. Maybe it was ruthless. But look at everything he had — bank account, car, flat, women, respect of business associates. They jumped when they saw him coming. Friendship? Loyalty? Honour? These, although important must not distort one's sense of "getting ahead." He had friends. He was loyal. Only the other day he'd sent his mother money, that should be sufficient.

Where'd that fool clerk put the Schmit file? Always mooning around he was. That's what love does to you. He'd never be a success.

★ ★ ★

Their first fight! It'd been horrible. She still didn't quite understand why, but sensed the finality of his parting words. Burying her head in her arms she released the tears held back during their quarrel. Each sob sent another torrent of salty tears down her stained cheeks. Why? Why?

She loved him. Why was her love selfish? Just because he'd made his own tea the other night. Something must be done. Drying her eyes she began to reconstruct the argument. He didn't need her, not really. Just a substitute mother. Oh but she needed him.

Work was tedious. Friends tiresome — babbling females. No solution was acceptable. No compromise possible. Her love had been complete but now was unrequited. She'd never love again, never be wounded — now she was invulnerable. Maybe patched but love could never be whole-hearted or fresh again.

Nights held a particular interest for her — so sympathetic to the lost, unintrusive to the pensive, unreprouchful to the bitter. The stars knew. How childish to cry and fret. Go on! You're a human being who'll never be deceived again.

★ ★ ★

"Answer the phone. What do you think I pay you for?" "It's urgent, for you sir." "Well look sharp!" His usually red face became pale and drawn, his neck muscles tightened, his fists clenched. This just couldn't happen to him. Anyway that fool was probably wrong. All his investments couldn't be worthless.

As he left the stockbroker's office people visibly jeered at him, sniggered and whispered. No longer did an impenetrable wall exist. It hurt, hurt deeply.

A quick, deft swing of the wheel, the car skidded and rolled, quick, effective, permanent, as were all his methods.

★ ★ ★

He carefully took down the message. "Sorry if I frightened you old chap. Just a fluctuation," and left it in a prominent position. He might as well knock off now, the boss obviously wasn't coming back today.

If he hurried he might even make the early train — the one she caught. Sure, words sounded pretty big but talk's different from being. What a mess he was in! Arrogance at first had prevented a reconciliation but now the rot, self pity, had set in. If he could just talk to her, make her understand.

Train travel's so intimate as to become completely impersonal. That's how she was. She understood; she nodded. She looked the same but her eyes were now soulful, her speech calculated and her smile tolerant.

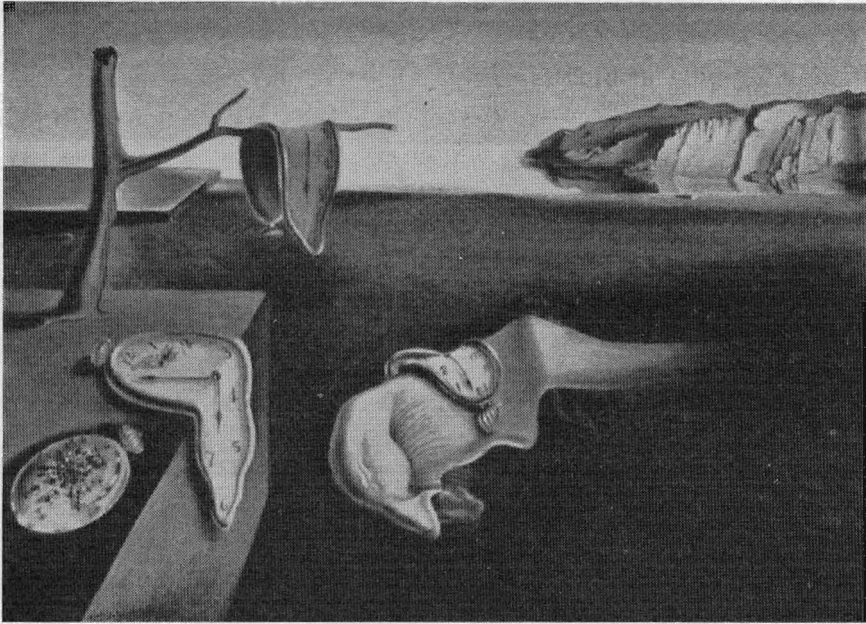
★ ★ ★

Why hadn't all her friends come to the funeral? After all it was her only son and the church said to respect the dead. Surely they didn't believe it was suicide too. Her son would never have done such a thing.

Why hadn't his friends come to the funeral? That was really disgusting.

Clasping her coat firmly but bundling herself to meet the wind she set off home. It was Sunday but somehow Church was repulsive.





# THE MEANING OF MEMORY

Orme Lind

An interpretation of R. D. Fitzgerald's poem,  
"Essay on Memory."

This poem is an attempt to explore and to capture in outer form the inner principle of life. The pattern of the poem reflects a combination of various insights, and a great complexity of ideas, which the poet transforms into awakening, and somewhat frightening and comprehensive truths.

In "Essay on Memory," R. D. Fitzgerald contrives to disturb the reader with his impression of the nature and function of memory by creating and sustaining an overwhelming series of inter-related images which give teasing glimpses of his vision.

The poem revived in me again the centuries-old argument: does the end justify the means? According to Fitzgerald it would be miserable to live under the pretence that it does: "... for memory does not fail though men forget; but pokes a ghost finger into all our pies; and jabs out the dead meat, a grim Jack Horner . . ."

Yes, true, men do forget — they must — but memory comes back fleetingly, and taunts, and brings back unwanted memories of the past. Man only remembers the pleasant, and forgets the rest, but memory, the intruder" still "peers from the brown mottled ruin, shrinks and gibbers . . ."

"Essay on Memory" deals with the core of continuous meaning in life, Memory itself being that very core. For one could not survive without memory.

" . . . but still remains being memory, one live link

of gone with all-to-come, and from the brink peers out beyond . . ."

"Rain," memory, as the unwanted intruder, forces itself through the apathy and comfort which we have erected to guard the unthinking shallowness and comfort of our lives. Thus memory, inescapable, inexorable, intrudes unobtrusively into our lives.

"Memory is not that picture tacked on thought Among the show girls and prize-ribbon rams . . ."

To Fitzgerald, memory is not just yesterday's winnings and lovings; nor the tracks of early man; nor is it the mere sum total of men's remembrings: it is something of all this, and it is not always pleasant:

" . . . shrieks and gibbers among the fallen fragments of lost years . . ."

"It is the past itself . . ."

Memory is the complete total past ever present, influencing the present.

Fitzgerald also deals with the forced gaiety man has formed around him — although some try to forget, drink gaily, and act as though the book of past deeds is closed—memory is still snooping "like doom, disaster," agitating people's memories when they are trying to forget: memory brings the secrets of the still-living dead.

A glimmer of hope is then apparent in the poem. My interpretation of this verse, is that we are stripped by memory of all the panoply with which we surround our lives, left only with an inner flame — the inner self, the spirit of man inflamed—the one hope against Memory.

This self is fragile, isolated and oppressed, kept alive only by our clutching at dead straws.

"No comfort could we claim except from that one wavering inward flame."

But even this flame is stifled:

"Stretched fingers freeze, which were but chilled before."

Memory beats our lives to a pattern, and although we believe that we are our own masters, we are battered by memory.

Memories of the so-called "still living dead" are about us on all sides. All features of our environment breathe memory. Man is bound by, and his actions limited by the past and heredity.

"They are about us on all sides: the dust is restless . . ."

Man and things pass, but memory remains. Though man may shelter himself from memory, memory lives — memory is the ultimate reality.

"And we ourselves are memory, and retain, So much of those gone . . ."

Man has lost simplicity, and consequently objectivity. It is better to reckon with memory and so observe what truth there is, than to go on struggling in our complex society. The truth that memory reveals, is the unfolding truth, the life in motion.

"Foresight is but a bargain that we make,

Which, even should life keep it, death will break," are the closing lines of the next section. These, I believe, reiterate the theme, being that there is no present: it dies on the instant. Our decisions are necessarily hurried and ineffectual.

Blind faith is the best and only way to endure the buffets of fate and circumstance, and the blame imputed of innocent actions.

Fitzgerald then introduces the key thought — that arise out of his concept of the meaning of Memory — to honour the dead and fulfil their splendid work, we should not doubt or despair, but plunge into gay, constructive living.

We should strive and struggle upwards because effort is good, and truth resides in battle and conquest.

"Wherefore all good is effort, and all truth encountered and overcoming . . ."

To preserve the integrity of our inner self, we should build upward whatever the result, or despite the lack of results.

"Whatever the task, it lies in front: we must

Build upward though we guess not to what skies . . ."

The concluding thought is that memory is the one constant: it is the only stable link between the past and what is to come, and bold venture is the only possible enterprise.

Throughout "Essay on Memory," "rain" is a recurring symbol, and an element of unity.

"Rain," like "Memory," is inescapable — neither can be prevented, and both can be unpleasant and unavoidable.

The symbol is appropriate for revealing the nature and function of memory because it is omnipresent—inescapable, life bringing cyclis, and the transforming element in nature; the indispensable condition of life.

It is also one of the elemental primary agents, which affect man's primitive feelings.

Fitzgerald builds up an accumulating, massive, overwhelming effect by his selection of words. For example, he wishes to depict memory as haunting:

"Impatiently, there raps at a sealed door the fury of chill drops."

The imagery is continuous, developing, inter-related and sustained:

"Rain over the world,

One handspan counts a million splashes

Hurled minute by tireless minute . . ."

In the thirteenth section of "Essay on Memory," a glimmer of hope is introduced into the so-far rather depressing and haunting theme. Here Fitzgerald changes his symbol — it is the same symbol, but he has brought a change in it. The change is that of rain which is welcome — rain, after a long, dry, dusty period. This is certainly an apt symbol for the element of hope which he here introduces:

"Rain in the clean sun falling—riches of rain

Wash out the dusty fear, the air's dull strain:

Ay, Memory is a shower of gilded darts

Which pin today's delight on our healed hearts . . ."

The rhythm of "Essay on Memory" has a movement of finality which suggests the inevitability of fate and conveys a feeling that the last syllable has been spoken or sounded.

Most of the sentences are very long (perhaps too long, straining the intellect too much, and impoverishing the feeling), but probably the poet's intention in this regard is to make the rhythm complementary to the thought suggesting the inexorable continuous flow of memory:

"Well might our senses shudder when flesh hears the coming unseen, the spectre-march of years; for though a man face fortunes horror-haunted, gruesome with prophecies, and a grin undaunted, shall he bear blame from the accusing eyes of legions grey with agony? bear their cries sinking in floods of fire he dreams not of and has condemned them to in very love?"

Fitzgerald has certainly written a fine poem; it is a very deep and complex piece of writing, in which he has tried to arouse the reader to many frightening and awakening truths about himself.

## WE WOULD CALL IT FUTURE

I would be today and tomorrow

Dark hanging cloud:

Spider webs taut with blind hope

Float towards the darkness

Would cling and clutch

where nothing exists.

We would call it future.

The entanglement of threads

Can be only today

When they are not threads

But four square solid beings

now subtly intermingled in ecstasy

now flat sharp clashes of colour

Sparkling in protest.

Our hope too trails the sky

Emerging from reality day by day

into the vacuum.

Spiralling clinging upwards into that blackness

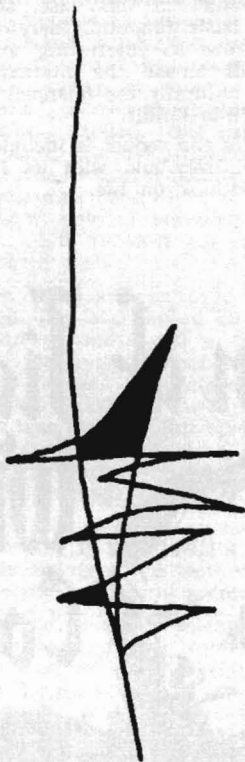
As we cling in frightened hope

With each embrace today

We lose in reality,

With solid casing our present solidifies around us

And spiralling above our futures intermingle.



# Fragment

And yet and yet and yet to some among us comes that day demanding that we stand and say by choice of will the nay or yea, yet by such little trifles as No instead of Yes, a whole life sinks and stifles.

I shall become a Buddhist. Nirvana — blessed escape — release from the throes of life's labour — in escape and ecstatic ease — I shall sit and watch the prisoners pay their fees — oblations and alms — the pair of trousers striding out at precisely 8.17 a.m. and trudging back at precisely 5.31 by the clock on the corner near the grocer's, under the street light, in the bedroom under the bed but don't look behind — it's only your imagination — that is not real. This is a solid middle-class area. Yes, sir, all the up and comers are buying land. Talk of a new station, too. Must come. It's logical enough. First the people then the service, then the gratuity — nothing; tasteful mind — just a token — ipso factor — reindeer pulling a great sleigh, and man, just look at those toys. There must be hundreds of homes down there. Lift the roof off and you will see birth and copulation and death. Those "ands" are the biggest parentheses in existence! You're right. I knew you would understand. It's sweet to see such an act as this — an old man with an old dog taps his third leg impatiently along, but I know him: it's the prophet and the oracle says rehearsal every Tuesday. Don't be late; bring a plate, tell your mate. Forget

the date but don't be late. We'll all go together when we go — so and so! So sorry, madam. I'd gladly give you my Herald if you'd stop breathing down my neck. The impudence of some people and the language — glorious strings of profanity, interspersed with. And now let us depart in peace for the piece of cake which never should have been passed has been nibbled away. Rats scurrying across dead leaves and old telephone books. In the railway shrubbery is a good place. Quick, in here, we haven't got long. The place will be lousy with cops but the moonlight looks so thick, like a stick, is this a trick? It's yes I know loaves of bread left for dead. Some days we have shelves left over and next it's gone before ten o'clock. Thoughts of a wearied mind go round and round and up and down. Pop goes the radio 100 of the best. Did you put your exercise books in? Some won't fit. That's what I admire about windmills. So grotesque like gnarled pumpkins split open — with all the blood seeping down cataracts of water and spume plume de ma tante. Sur les ponts de Paris. White marble fishmonger's marble and cold cod eyes — dead sparrow in the gutter—you forget the rancid butter. Let him curse and let him mutter. Snake-skin belt and leotards go together birds of a feather with lots of hot water — they come out easier — tail feathers are tough — did he run round the yard with his head off. Off, off, off. I missed the first time but the second time I got it. Little white ball lost in the bush. Where are you my pretty maid — to find the lost chord? Remarkable wit — should be on the stage. Curtain up everybody — give it all you've got.

Rule Britannia, the perfume with the wave.

Save save save save save save save save.

Three rousing funerals slowly pass — in order of seniority no doubt — protocol old chap. The farewell party must go on.

## "A SOCIETY FOUNDED ON TRASH AND WASTE . . ."

The Wastemakers — Vance Packard

(Longmans Green & Co. Ltd., '61) — 26/-

Houses built of papier mache so that they can be destroyed during spring cleaning, cars constructed of plastic which melts after four thousand miles, and factories built on the edges of cliffs so that the overproduction of goods can be dropped directly to the graveyard at the bottom without first overwhelming the consumer market — such is the picture of the future American society which Vance Packard paints in "The Wastemakers", his latest pseudo-scientific comment on the American scene.

Such a picture is too close to the truth to be amusing, for one of the greatest problems facing the American economy is that her capacity to produce has outstripped her capacity to consume. The result is that the market is swamped with consumer goods. An attempt to solve the question is being made by creating a public as vacuous as its machines.

Packard examines the nine most popular strategies of modern advertisers to encourage people to buy more and ultimately to waste more. Most of these methods encourage the baser motives of laziness or self-indulgence in the unwary purchaser or appeal to popular sentiment by commercialising Mother's Day, Valentine's Day and other similar festive occasions.

But the advertisers go even further than this and quite openly cheat the consumer by planned obsolescence until, like Willy Loman in "Death of a Salesman" he is always in "a race with the junkyard."

This method of exploiting the unfortunate customer is usually coupled with another, equally vicious and very close to our own existence — the hire-purchase system. So that as soon as a commodity is paid for it is obsolete: in function (a new model is available), quality (it is worn out), or desirability (it is out of fashion). But apart from the moral degradation and economic inconvenience which this is imposing on the individual, there are more far-reaching results to be considered.

Many of America's primary resources are beginning to vanish so that in the future many serious problems of supply could arise.

Under the impact of brainwashing by singing commercials and mass media promotion campaigns, even the American character is changing. America is starting to look fatuous in the eyes of the world.

And is this situation confined only to America? Our way of life is comparable with the American and already many of the less desirable aspects of an abundant society have become part of our existence.

In this society where a man's status is determined not be his worth as a person but by his home, his clothes and his car, there are people who realise that harm is being done to the country; but as they are so financially involved in the situation they will do nothing to correct it, for fear of hurting their own pockets. And so the problem remains.

Vance Packard makes several suggestions as to what might be done to alleviate the situation but all of them return ultimately to the only permanent solution — a revolutionary change in the way of life so that all cultural, spiritual, moral and social values do not revolve around money and the materialistic values it involves.

—M. SLOAN.

A few years ago, an obscure American person shot to the top of the best-seller list with her book, "Peyton Place." Realising that she was on a pretty good wicket, and perhaps deluded into thinking that she was a writer of some quality, this well-meaning lady followed up her success with "Return to Peyton Place." Of course this book met with the same sort of welcome by the general public, so the authoress, Grace Metalious, feeling that her writing power was far from exhausted, pounded out exuberantly a book called "The Tight White Collar."

In a recent count, this book contained approximately seven relatively straight forward sexual scenes, three rape scenes and two homosexual scenes. This is relatively bright reading when you take into consideration the fact that the book has only seventeen chapters. It is then perhaps reasonable to presume that the undoubted success of this book is due to the very detailed treatment of the sexual lives of the characters; and that it is this slant on one aspect of life that gives the book its added sustenance and appeal.

We believe that there is nothing wrong with the exploitation of the many by the few upon a subject of which the many obviously do not realise the

monetary potential, in this case, sex. We have taken another basic function, therefore, which we believe will prove as interesting and fascinating and which will amass the literary, intellectual, emotional and naturally the financial merits of the great "Tight White Collar."

One chapter of the sequel is included here in all its dramatic entirety and with its frank, exciting and brilliant outlook on life.

# Son of Tight White Collar



## CH. V.

Amanda McKenzie was a lithe forty-year-old intellectual, married to George McKenzie, a sloppy forty-year-old bum. Amanda knew George was a bum. Amanda knew she deserved something better. Amanda knew lithe forty-year-old Adam Mykos. Amanda wanted lithe forty-year-old Adam Mykos. She knew deep in the fibre of her being that there was only one way to get lithe forty-year-old Adam Mykos.

... He sighed sensually and looked steadily at the flaming crepe suzettes. He caressed the exotic flame and languidly stabbed the olive in his dry Martini. He studied with half closed eyes the oysters before him — virginal and tender — her lips parted involuntarily as he brutally squeezed the lemon but the oysters, despoiled as they were, lay beautiful in their svelte shells.

## THE MODERN MIND — AND POETRY

The young girl of thirteen walked slowly across the street, her feelings in turmoil. Suddenly, the tall, virile, handsome, sun-tanned, muscular, clean-cut, god-like youth seized her roughly and pulled her towards the dimly lit room. Her emotions were in conflict. She was frightened but her natural hunger was excited. She realised the very frailty of her being, and the strength of her desire and looked towards him. He nodded. She nodded. He drew the curtains carefully and came towards her — carrying a plate of steaming genuine Hungarian goulash. She realised her defeat and fell towards it hungrily.

Adam Mykos — whom you have no doubt forgotten — rolled over and leaned on one elbow — gazed at his slim attractive wife in the bed next to his. His mind was bitterly confused. She was a good wife and mother. She mended his clothes and attended every meeting of the Committee for the Propagation of true Culture. But how could he share with her the domestic rice-bubbles and grilled chops when he had tasted the forbidden grapes of Amanda McKenzie's crepe suzette. There was only one way out.

He posed carefully in the spotlight of the solitary street light, his strong white teeth biting savagely into the partly devoured pie — sordid.

In his high-chair he sat, crushing the rusk passionately in his hand, feeling the sensual texture of the doughy mixture oozing through his fingers. She came into the room. He did it quickly behind his stained feeder. She scolded him — would she never understand? His mind was in turmoil. Wasn't it natural; wasn't it right — to eat? Embryonic complexes stirred within.

It came to him as they were having breakfast. His mind was not idle. It was fiendishly plotting, carefully and steadily, a thought beautiful in its simplicity and complete aptness. He would drown her. The next thought to grip his mind was how? where? This, too, came to him at the very moment she pushed the porridge towards him. He looked at her. He looked at the porridge. The porridge looked back. Neither moved. Each movement was fraught with meaning.

She pushed away the bowl and looked towards him. She nodded. He nodded. He drew the blind up and smiled. She crumbled up her table napkin and laughed. He, quite hysterical by now, stood up, walked to the door and opened it. She left the room and re-entered the street. He wondered who she was — not that it mattered.

He finished the pie and peered furtively about the sleazy and completely undesirable street. The curtains behind the window shivered and he saw her knob-like eyes shining through the lace-curtains. He knew he had been seen and he realised it was too late. Before tomorrow the whole town would know; but they would only know of the superficial and apparently sordid act. They could not know how he had really felt for that ravaged pie — lying despoiled in his hands. How it had been more than a hunger — it had been a need. How could he explain this to the narrow minds of Layton Place, the minds that were so anxious to take any innocent and natural action and interpret it according to their own base needs.

It doesn't take a genius to write modern poetry. It is felt that the following attempts at writing modern poetry should rate as highly as any which has already been published, since the following verses each comply, in their own way, with at least one of the necessary characteristics of modern poetry.

The first characteristic of all modern poetry is that it is "composed around suburban, industrial, metallic themes." The following verse is just that:

Humpty Doo,  
That cold, desolate town  
Where nought occurs  
But the weekly police raid  
On the local night spot.  
Sirens blare, women scream  
As flashlights bar the exit.  
That final jarring throw  
As hurling bodies  
Lunge through the opening  
Into the blackness.

The next criterion of modern poetry is that it is "written in everyday language." What could be more everyday than the following:

Meat and bread,  
Fatigue and sobriety,  
Usefulness and courage,  
None of these have I.

Nevertheless, this was rejected.

Well, another try, this time complying with the third requirement of successful modern poetry, i.e. "there is much complexity in the thought conveyed through the poem."

Here is complexity—  
Iggles ugged oggs,  
Uggles igged oggles,  
Uggs ogged iggs,  
And oggs iggled me.

But where is the conveyed thought. Perhaps this thought is more clearly revealed in the next verse, which also contains "strange suggestions and undercurrents of meaning," another necessity of successful modern poetry.

Graf Spee! went up the cry,  
We then proceed—  
Our jaded tongues spit fire,  
Laboured breathing fills the air,  
Who knows, who cares, the tragedy  
Of losing a tooth.

My last attempt (the best by far) will surely make the grade. "More unglamorous subject matter" is the characteristic which modern poets have exhibited. They write of things less pleasant than flowers, romance and spring—the accepted subject matter used by the great early poets. Can they beat this?

The sticky streak of blackness  
Infested with writhing bodies  
Starkly, in the view of all,  
Sheds all its glamour—  
Reveals itself as what it really is—  
Fly-paper.

Once again my poetry was rejected—but I'll try again. I'll be a success . . . a different form—that's what poetry needs . . . Madrigals . . . a madrigal form in poetry . . . success . . . I see it now . . .

Hey nonny nonny  
Killed by a yonny . . . .

—WENDY DEVENISH.

—DAWN DAVIES



**A simple African  
fetish . . .  
. . . or did it mean  
something much  
deeper ? . . .  
Gideon sighed.**

She was a stranger to him, but he bought her hydrangeas and accepted her hyena just the same; what would Hernando do?

# HYENA OF HAPPINESS

BY CATHERINE  
GARRETT

and  
PATRICIA HOGAN

It was a bunch of riotous hydrangeas, and Mandarine had arranged them in a china hyena in the florist's shop window. Mandarine sighed and pouted her rosebud lips in the way that women called vulgar and men adorable.

Everything had gone wrong that day; business was slow, it was raining and to make things worse Gideon, her young man, hadn't telephoned. To Mandarine, the orange hyena was the only bright thing in her life.

Mandarine's last customer was buying with desperate, determined abandon. He impressed her as being the strong silent type, but a boy at heart. As he handed Mandarine his £1.14.9, in correct change, he gave such a melancholy smile that she impulsively seized the hyena, "Oh do, do have this too".

"Well . . . er . . . it's very nice, but . . ." "Oh, I didn't mean buy it," said Mandarine hurriedly, "it's just a present".

Llewellyn Jones, through a haze of thought, saw the girl staring earnestly up at him. "Why", he thought, "she does have good teeth". He murmured slowly, "It's er . . . it's very kind of you."

"Don't forget to wax him weekly", called Mandarin as she watched him depart like a victorious warrior bearing his spoils, with that touching but tough look which flowers give to big men. The orange hyena was being carefully borne upside down beneath a sheaf of poppies

In the taxi Llewellyn thought gloomily of Gossamer Murtagh — Gossamer who half tormented, half promised him. She accepted his company with that light touch he could never quite grasp. Everything else in Llewellyn's life was orderly and business like. But the image of a certain pale, thin, pock-marked face tormented him beyond measure every night and every morning and frequently during the day.

As Llewellyn scrambled out of the taxi his eyes fell upon the hyena. As he replaced them, he thought how easy it would be to leave it lying there in all its phosphorescent orange glory, but the thought of the girl who had given it to him made him snatch it up guiltily.

Half an hour later he rang Gossamer's door bell. The door opened immediately, and there she was in a chunky dress, and her hair slicked back from her face with a magic touch of hair spray.

"This is for you," he muttered, pushing the hyena into her hands. He was always embarrassed when he saw Gossamer. To change the subject, he muttered tenderly, "Why, your teeth are white tonight".

Gossamer gave him a long, drawn-out sigh. "Oh" she sighed, "Oh . . . isn't that sweet". Llewellyn said briefly "Sorry I'm late, left it in the taxi." Gossamer lifted her face, and with a start Llewellyn saw tear drops falling from her misty eyes. Awkwardly, he patted her shoulder and noted almost subconsciously, how thin and bony she was. Resisting a wild urge to escape, Llewellyn asked curiously. "What is it?"

"Oh nothing Llewellyn," sniffed Gossamer, arresting the tears which were playing havoc with her water-proof mascara.

"It's just that my present . . . the hyena . . . who else could ever have thought of such a gift." It was then, as Llewellyn looked deep into her crossed, bloodshot eyes, that Llewellyn knew he loved this girl; especially her endearing habit of going cross-eyed when emotionally disturbed.

"Don't forget to wax the hyena weekly," crooned Llewellyn weakly.

Gossamer's mother, Mrs. Murtagh, was drinking her third cup of tea in an endeavour to thwart the desire to peep from behind the refrigerator to see how her daughter was faring. She was pouring yet another cup of tea when Gossamer and Llewellyn burst into the room. "Goodness children", she murmured indulgently, "Do mind your teeth,"

The faces of the couple were flushed, Gossamer's with triumph, and Llewellyn's with the sheepish pink which illumines the features of self-conscious young men when under emotional duress. "Mother, this is for you", said Gossamer as she handed Mrs. Murtagh the orange glory, "Llewellyn gave it to me, but I wanted you to have it because—".

"Mother!" said Llewellyn scarlet to the neck with feeling. Mrs. Murtagh now understood that

her daughter would not have to share a flat with unmarried girl-friends ever again.

When they had gone, Mrs. Murtagh stared at the hyena which lay placidly in her lap. Something about it made her put it hastily on the mantelpiece and fill it with hydrangeas. The sight of hydrangeas growing from the hyena's back was incongruous to say the least. As she was contemplating this, the door was opened by the curly headed grocery boy, with her box of vegetables on his shoulders.

"Hello there Gideon," she said, "Doing your own delivery?" Gideon liked the way she said his name. It sounded somehow, more masculine.

"Well, Mrs. Murtagh, today's been desperately busy, but I think I've remembered all yours — grapes, potatoes, and a really lovely lettuce", he said, fingering the crisp leaves lovingly.

"Hope to take my best girl out tonight," he said. "Trouble is, I meant to get her a present. Nice gesture, I thought, but I clean forgot in the rush. It is a pity".

He wore the helpless look of a true man. "Gideon", said Mrs. Murtagh, suddenly "Let me give you something for her. The hyena smiled indulgently as he was handed to a new pair of hands.

So, on a clear, sparkling night, with a haze of stars and the moon just beginning to rise, Gideon arrived at a house where the lights were shining through the dusk. He carried the orange hyena lightly masked in tissue paper which he had removed from a box of Granny Smiths.

He rang the bell and a voice called, "Oh Giddy, I was thinking of you —". "Me too," he said. "I've brought you a present, you have to wax it weekly," he added.

Mandarine stared at the orange hyena and began to laugh helplessly in a manner which would have done justice to the object of her mirth.

MORAL: It's a small world — OR Beware of the orange hyena.

## More and More People — Eve Sampson

One of the most serious problems confronting the world today is the problem of over-population: In the last century the population of the world has almost doubled and statisticians predict that by 1980 it will have reached 4000 million. What is more, if the rate of increase is maintained, the figure will be doubling every 40 years until, 730 years from now, each human being will have only one square foot of his own on which to live.

Let us first examine the reasons for this population explosion which has taken place comparatively recently. Probably the most important one is the great increase in medical knowledge which has taken place in the last hundred years. Men such as Pasteur and Lister have launched a campaign on infectious diseases which has the effect

of lowering both the infant mortality and death rates. The result is that population has begun to grow at an alarming pace.

This increase, however, has not been consistent in all areas. While countries such as Australia and America have increased by several millions, other countries like China have increased by hundreds of millions. In fact it is said that China's population is increasing at the rate of a million a month. The time must come when she reaches saturation point and the question arises, what will happen then? Will the authorities try to find a way of supporting all these people or will they look around for empty areas into which their surplus may move?

These are questions which are troubling the Australian observers in particular for Australia with her empty northern plains would prove to be an almost irresistible temptation at such a time.

Already, however, authorities all over the world are being forced to admit that problems such as slums, low standards of living, famine, disease, vandalism and even crime can be traced back to unnatural overcrowding, and they are realizing that unless some effective control is introduced in the very near future the situation may grow out of hand.

Several suggestions have been put forward by those anxious to help. One is that efforts will have to be made to increase food production all over the world by utilizing the deserts and oceans. This does have possibilities but if the population continues to grow at the present rate even this solution will not be able to satisfy the demand.

No, it would seem that some effort must be made almost immediately to stop or at least stem the increase itself. Birth-control seems to be the solution.

Two issues, however, present themselves here. The first is whether an effective and practicable method is likely to be made widely available in time to do much good. The second is whether religious and social customs would allow people and governments to accept it. Experiments are continually being made in an effort to find a drug that is cheap, effective and harmless. As yet none has been devised to really fulfil all these qualifications although there are many types in use. Once the ideal drug has been found it will be welcomed by most governments of Asian countries, where the alarming population increase is forcing down standards of living.

There seems to be a great deal of confusion about the second issue. It seems that none of the major religions of the world are actually against birth-control, although some, for example the Roman Catholic Church, are against the method by which it is brought about. No real opposition is expected from this source then if the individuals concerned behave as their conscience dictates. Most governments, as I have already said, realize what a terrible burden this population increase is going to be on the economy and are only too willing to limit it if they can.

The one problem which still remains unsolved seems to be how to find a way of introducing the idea to nations and individual people, without injuring their pride or beliefs. The problem is important and becomes more vital as time goes by. Whether or not it can be solved satisfactorily will be seen in the next few years, when this increase will either be stemmed or allowed to grow out of control. Only time, it seems, will tell.

## CONSTRUCTIVE USES FOR STRING IN THE ELEMENT- ARY SCHOOL SOCIAL STUDIES CURRICULUM

— M. Cowell

(An extract from a new S.S. Textbook for teachers from the U.S.A.)

The value and supreme democratic effect of string can scarcely be overlooked, nay, over-emphasised in the construction of a modern Western, democratic and contemporary course in Social Studies, its binding influence can create within the well formulated group a sense of sublime comradeship and responsibility unequalled in the realms of man's desire to live and co-operate within a democratic society. Is this to say (I hear your anguished cry) that string of its own physical existence creates intelligent, peaceful and critical co-existence, envisaged in the minds of all responsible and sensible citizens of our day and age. "Nay, nay, nay!" I say, without fear of criticism on the grounds of redundancy or on the plane of rational thinking. Its value lies in its overwhelming, dynamic yet subtle personality as the go-between twixt the ethereal and material.

It is at this point that we must define our terms 'ethereal' and 'material', in order that we may remain critical, yea, even unto ourselves—and how important this is to reinforce the very foundations of democracy in this time of political and social turbulence when conventional morals and standards appear to be increasingly on the way out. The foundations of democracy must be reinforced as can be seen or the insurgent tide of nihilism will wash it into the sea of yesterday's doctrines. But is it really nihilist? It must be apparent to the average thinking citizen, whether he be banker, teacher, doctor, garbage collector or sanitary mechanic, that this movement to expel our social and moral fibre must have a hard central core actually organising the chaos. A child could not hope to remedy this situation on his own, so he must be brought close to a group through which, and ultimately withdrawn and for whom, he must tackle the many problems confronting him in this respect. To do this he may define 'ethereal' as those things which are of an ethereal nature, and 'material' as those which are of material substance.

So now we see clearly, the simple basic unadorned problem. On one hand we have the ethereal, on the other the material, waiting to be brought together to create a social attitude wherein democratic living will exist and thrive in unprecedented abundance and self-sufficiency. But the problem is actually a very complex one, and every well-meaning teacher should continually cast a reflective glance at his Social Studies course to see if the two are being brought into the closest contact possible. If he can view his course in such a manner, and in so doing experience a glow of satisfaction at the definite knowledge of a mission



well done and accomplished in the cause of the well-being of his fellow men and the democratic way of life they choose (wisely so) to follow he may well hold high his head among his fellows and feel every inch a human being. But if he cannot, woe be it for the children. Theirs not the blame, but theirs the maladjustment to live with while life shall last. These teachers should not give up hope however for the element of 'construction' is at hand waiting to be utilised. And what a mighty and powerful element it is. We need only read J. Michaelas' book, "Social Studies for Children in a Democracy," to grasp this significant truth.

And how many types of construction there are! The possibilities seem almost inexhaustible and the horizons of this field are unlimited. Such is the variety of activity which may be pursued, that it would seem grossly superfluous to attempt a listing here. And it is here that string shows its dominance, as without it, construction would fall apart.

And so, teachers of democratic nations, rise with your balls of string and bind together your principles and fight for your beliefs against the sundry threatening influences . . . .

#### WALKING IN THE COUNTRY

Am I in love?  
 But maybe I don't  
 Altogether  
 Know the meaning of those words,  
 I merely speak therefore,  
 In terms of crude passions.  
 Twice loved  
 And twice lost—  
 The race had just begun.  
 They say that it is better  
 To have loved and lost  
 Than never to have loved.  
 But what is love?  
 Is it desirable or undesirable?  
 Uncontrollable,  
 Illogical,  
 Unreasoning wild tenderness.  
 Oh to love people  
 As they are  
 And not to cherish  
 Fictitious idols,  
 The allurements of the impossible.  
 Is love an energising force  
 Of which all must partake  
 Or cease to exist?  
 I looked closely at a seed pod:  
 Herein is life.  
 I plucked a twig:  
 Such perfume,  
 Is this love—  
 To waste,  
 To give,  
 To impart unceasingly  
 And needlessly?  
 All the trees, flowers, grasses,  
 Petals, leaves, twigs  
 In harmony,  
 Create the sacrifice of nature.  
 Herein is love.

—RUTH LEES.

## SIX POEMS

by Beverley Hocking

Radio blaring,  
 Voices talking,  
 Pounding, pounding  
 On my dull brain,  
 Incessantly macking,  
 Incessantly calling,  
 "Conform, conform,  
 Or all is lost."  
 Break, break,  
 'Tis easier to break,  
 Agree, smile,  
 The world is yours.  
 But underneath  
 Swells the current of freedom—  
 A spirit which will not be bound.  
 Ah, pray,  
 Do pray this be so.

Laugh, laugh,  
 In a hideous gaiety.  
 What does it matter,  
 What do you care?  
 Show the world  
 You are free.  
 Independent?  
 Are, would it were so.  
 Heart aching,  
 Heart breaking?  
 Then laugh your soul away.

Hate and malice grind together  
 In the heart of their hollowness.  
 Grisled and bloody,  
 Dry chalk on lip,  
 Their pallid faces gleam.  
 Let me escape from this living death.  
 Loose me,  
 Loose me from your bonds  
 Of conformity.  
 In all aspects mechanical,  
 I would live,  
 I would be free;  
 Not bound,  
 Nor care for your opinion.  
 Let conscience be my guide,  
 And God my conscience.

I saw her standing there—  
 There alone, with tears unshed.  
 I asked myself:  
 "Why does she not break?"  
 And already the answer is beating on my heart.  
 I fear I know her too well;  
 For this moment, her moment,  
 Is mine.  
 But we shall stand  
 Until the dark of night,  
 Until the testing time,  
 When thoughts are jumbled,  
 When hope is lost.  
 Lost? No, not entirely,  
 For with the morning  
 Comes the quietness,  
 Between acceptance and hope—  
 We shall go on.

Confidence,  
Torture,  
Joy,  
Loneliness.  
Stemming from the one,  
That emotion,  
That state of being,  
That desired  
Painful happiness—  
Love.  
It hurts,  
Why do you not give it up?  
My life?  
Ah, how unforgiveable that would be,  
You ask me why I cry?  
Because I am parted from  
Him whom my soul loves,  
Every moment belongs to me.  
Why do they take it  
And leave me here?

---

Blind, hopeless pain,  
Stunned and reeling,  
The mind muted  
From exhaustion  
For unretractible past.  
Oh God, my God,  
The very energies of being  
And will to live,  
Burned out in one dread moment.  
Life, what is life?  
What is love?  
What am I?  
The deserted baby cries,  
The fledgling waits waits  
Knowing not that death  
Has met its parent.  
The forsaken pup whimpers,  
The broken soul  
Lurches headlong into the gutter,  
There to die.  
Life, what is life?  
What is love?  
Oh, what am I?

## COLONIALISM

This article was suggested by an article written by John W. Campbell in the April, 1961 Edition, of Analog Science, Fact and Fiction.

It is quite possible that, in the near future, extra-terrestrial travel will take men to other planets in other star systems besides our own. If intelligent races are found on these planets, will man decide to colonise them, and if so, how? What methods of colonization will be used, and how can one determine which method may be used? One can gain an idea of the types of colonization and their results by looking at the recent history of colonization on our own planet.

If we assume a series of planets having humanoid tribes, which are beyond the beginnings of intelligence, having developed a language, verbal traditions and cultural systems, we can see a range of possibilities.

In simple terms, the Earth-native relationship could be:—

1. Colonists simply pushing out the natives, completely destroying them.
2. Colonists enslaving natives, forcing them to work on projects, digging mines, building roads, etc.
3. The colonists move in with natives, start building roads, etc., hiring natives, who work side by side with the colonists.

These types are, of course extremes. The three methods have been tried on Earth, however, and it is interesting to study the result. Take, for example the colonization of Australia and New Zealand. Two entirely different results came from the same colonists, the British, at the same time. When the Australian Aboriginal cultural pattern, nomadic food gathering, came in contact with the high level technical culture of the Europeans, it disappeared. The colonists made no effort to break it down. It was so primitive that it just disintegrated. The aborigines were driven away and deprived of land. Their mode of existence was destroyed. The gap between the two cultural levels was so great that it could not be bridged.

The colonization of N.Z. was entirely different, even though the colonists were essentially the same. The N.Z. Maoris had a highly evolved Polynesian culture with a highly developed technology. Type 3 colonization was developed—the colonists moved in, worked side by side with the Maoris and developed N.Z. on the fully co-operative communal basis. Perhaps we may consider that the difference in colonisation was not in the colonists' attitude but in the natives' ability. Type 1 resulted in Australia because there was an unbridgeable gap in the cultures, but in N.Z. the gap was bridged by the Maoris, resulting in peaceful co-existence.

In Africa type 2 colonization came about. The whites sought to work the natives, not work with them. The whites were the land-owning upper class, the natives the low working class or slaves. The problem was different from New Zealand's because the natives had not evolved, culturally, as far. The cultural gap was not as great as that which existed between Europeans and Australian natives but much more than that with the N.Z. Maoris. The Africans had a cultural background of ritual-taboo tribalism when the British arrived. The fact that a generally homogeneous people the British, should show three extremes in colonization, at approximately the same time, would make it appear that the natives themselves had a great deal to do with it.

Colonization of the U.S. was type 1—the natives were driven away, destroyed as a separate race. They have been absorbed into the American population. For type 3 to result there must be mutual faith and trust, and this the warrior-like Indians did not have in common with the whites. Each must learn from the other. When the Puritans first landed in America, they learned, and rapidly too, from the Indians. Both social and technical lessons were freely accepted and learned. The Indians, however willing they were to teach, would not be taught. They thought themselves superior

to the "immigrants". The Maoris were willing to teach . . . and be taught.

You must respect a man to learn from him. You do not have to respect a man to teach him. The test of mutual respect turns out to be mutual learning-and-teaching. When this exists men can work together. When it doesn't, there can be no co-operative endeavour. The fault lies with the side that will not learn. The American Indians were pushed out by the whites because co-existence proved impossible. The Indians would not learn.

The Eskimo has learned to co-exist. Though not socially developed, he needs to be technically well developed to survive in his environment. The Eskimo has learnt a number of mechanical skills from the white man, while the whites have learnt to survive in the Arctic.

It would appear, then, that whether colonization type, 1, 2 or 3 is used depends far more on the character of the natives than on the determination or choice of the colonists. It was not a British policy to enslave local natives only an African

area policy. The same British acted differently in Australia and N.Z., because the natives were different. When colonists go into an area—whether it be a continent or alien planet—where the natives are too far below the cultural level of the colonists, the natives will be pushed aside.

If the cultural level is somewhat higher, they will be enslaved and this I feel finally results in destruction of the colony and a rise in the cultural and living standards of the enslaved natives as for instance in Ghana.

The cultural level being not too much different the colonists and natives will fall into the third pattern, mutual teaching and learning, and establish a hybrid culture such as exists in N.Z., Hawaii and Alaska.

If and when the time comes, will man colonise the planets sensibly? Perhaps the opposite may occur. How would you react if Earth was invaded—visited by beings socially and technically superior?

Peter Jack.

## ICEBERG —Beverley Hocking

Somewhere between the supreme idealist, on the one hand, and the nonchalant semi-realist, on the other, lay such a personality as Wilbur Steinhardt. Just where he stood was never quite clear to his acquaintances. The inferior respected him without being quite sure why; the superior declined to display their superiority vaguely haunted by the uncertainty of his position: could he perhaps be their superior?

To converse with Wilbur Steinhardt left one with the uneasy feeling that perhaps he was secretly amused by one's ideas, one's troubles. But offence could never logically be taken for one could never be quite sure. Indeed, it was this very uncertainty which gave him his power. For he undoubtedly did have power! Not that he showed it. Far from it, for Wilbur Steinhardt lived a very humble existence. But again there was the impression that this perhaps was not his natural station. Quietly spoken, he was with manners almost to perfection—yet not quite—for he could sometimes be quite abrupt. Yes, almost, but not positively, might some people accuse him of a momentary rudeness.

Wilbur Steinhardt was neither tall nor short. He might be called solid, but never fat, and every part of him he wore with dignity (even to the slightly greying hairs which bordered his receding hair-line). Usually he was to be seen with a hat on his head, and an umbrella over his arm, his hat conspicuously clean, his umbrella perhaps a trifle used.

It was on just such an occasion that we saw him that day—his familiar hat slightly tilted to the left, his umbrella swaying gently on his left arm. We had nodded on recognition, passed on, and thought no more about it (that is, we had not thought aloud about it, only to ourselves, for one could not help but wonder about the man). We had talked about the weather. "I

thought that it would rain yesterday," and "Hasn't it been a lovely day?" We had observed that the world was in a state of uncertainty; that the children up the street had measles; and that the dog simply had to have a new collar. All such omnipotent observations being dutifully dealt with, we had wished each other a goodnight and escaped to the confusion of our homes, where intelligent and pleasant conversation might give way to non-committal grunts from behind the newspaper, or boisterous, assertive comments about nothing in particular.

As I ate, I imagined what he would be doing. He would be eating a humble meal as he sat in his lonely room. But how could he bear the solitude? Of what, or whom, would he be thinking? He would read. Yes, that was a certainty. And then? Perhaps he would sleep, but . . . I wonder . . . Somehow I felt that in the privacy of his room an unseen observer might witness a rebellion, a struggle, as his mind and emotions fought to escape from the tightly bound unemotional guise which he had adopted for the outside world. Perhaps in the tomb-like silence of the night he would struggle to prevent his mind from dwelling on some haunting, hidden episode which had driven him here. Was this mere conjecture on my part, or had some small incident concerning him jarred on my mind and made me think thus?

The next time we saw him was with her. Of course we had all wondered about his past life: where had he come from, and why he lived alone. There were rumours, too, but you don't believe everything you hear. And now she had come. We were sure that she had some hold over him, but we could never think what it might be. We saw the change come over him, not slowly as you might expect one to change, but frighteningly, all too swiftly and devastatingly. That calm, that apparent self-assurance, was no

longer there—and then we knew. He was afraid.

What secrets were hidden beneath that previously impenetrable exterior? What had caused him to come and (as we suspected) hide himself in the cloak of insignificance which was not rightfully his? And then, into his solitude, had come a disturbing force. Could we accuse him of rudeness; could we feel superior to him. There is little so pitiful as a frightened, broken man.

It was not long after that we realised we had not seen him on his daily walks. Naturally we had assumed some illness had overtaken him, but, when he did not appear for some considerable time, it became increasingly obvious that we would never see him again. Just as unobtrusively as he had come, he had gone.

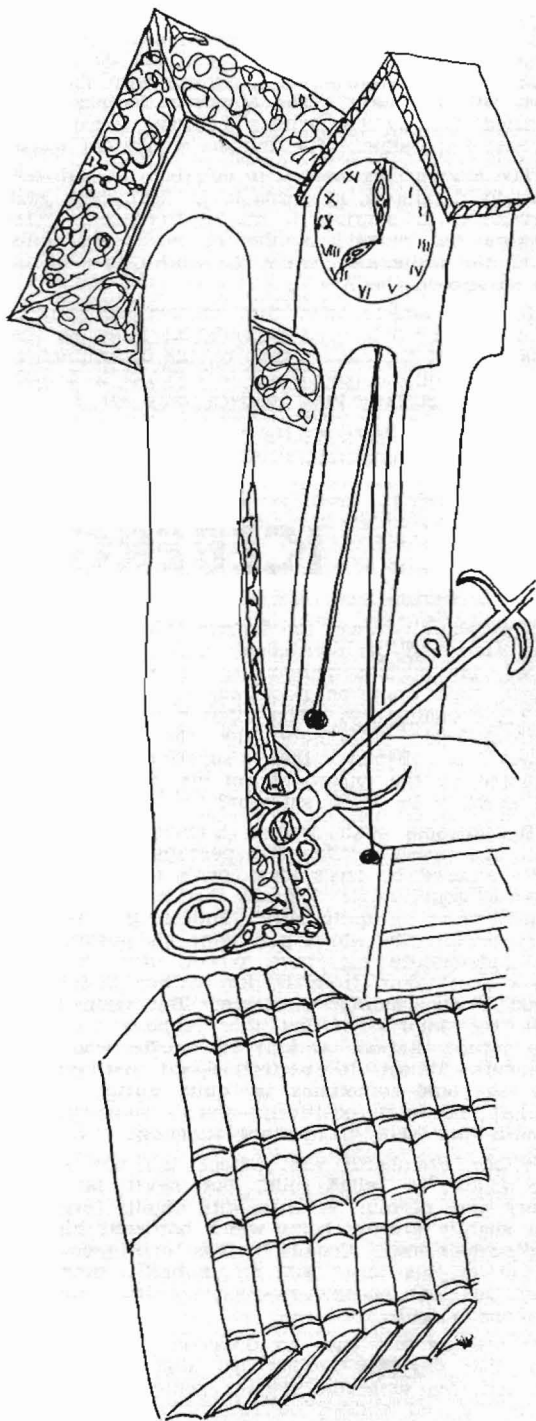
Who was he really? Will we ever know, and will we ever learn to accept that old adage of "still waters run deep"? For even now, we find it hard to accept that in such a quiet person could be hidden a secret which would keep him running and fearful for the rest of his life.

## "ONLY TWO BOB EACH, DAD"

—Rolph

If you know Jim Sullivan you'd have to laugh. He's a proper Townie — born within the sound of Bow Bells, yet a natural gentleman. Rough as bags on the outside; tell a dirty yarn and laugh like a banshee, yet a disciple of a simple but fundamentally Christian ethic of do the right thing mate, help a lame dog over a stile, and what's money anyway. Well old Jim, amongst other complaints, is afflicted with a dear of a wife, Alice. Ever seen a perky London sparrow with a tongue sharp and lashing on one edge but blunt with soft sympathy on the other? Alice was, at an early age, bitten by the Second-hand, cheap as dirt, cop a bargain, Saturday morning auction virus. So, to Jim's everlasting discontent, Alice would be off early to get her full weekly dosage and spend whatever was necessary to buy up big, whether useful or otherwise. She would limp home triumphant, on her feet perhaps for four hours and under nervous strain. She'd be carrying an antique — charitably said — perhaps a bedside chamber-pot type cupboard bought for 3/- which, when done up, would just suit the boys' bedroom, or perhaps painted would do to hold the phone until we can afford a proper chrome and vynex table, seat and book container.

Gradually No. 30 next door became a refuge for all the debris imaginable — a concrete mixer (hand operated for 50/-; she'd have bought thirty bags of cement too with it but the paper covers were dirty), assorted ex-chamber-pot-holders now disguised as shoe-boxes, telephone tables, packing cases, and occasionally, for the nights tend to be cold, left as chamber pot holders. Jim, of course, by now resigned to the inevitable has even conceded defeat to the extent of attending an auction



or two, and has weakened to the incredible foolishness of whacking in a bid for a washing machine which, but for motor and rollers and perforated washing tank, would be in A1 condition — small matters, confides the urgent-tongued orator engaged in conducting this mammoth business during their weekly meet, which any handyman can fix. Above all things Jim is a handyman. One Saturday, just before lunch — the event now retold a thousand times to Alice's discomfort and secret delight (as long as woman is talked about, the reason doesn't matter) — when all excited and the flame of knowledge and torch of burning positively bursting from her agile little frame — out Alice dashed to tell Jim the news.

"Ooh, didn't I get a bargain today! Talk about a bit of luck! The boys will be right for all their future learning . . ."

Jim, anxious as ever, glanced like a startled prawn. "How much did yer spend, dear?"

"Just think. Anything at all they want to learn — just look it up."

"How much dear?"

". . . Good for you, too, Jim. You never know anything when Mick asks you."

"HOW MUCH? And what did you get?"

"Eh! How much — only 2/- each. Beautiful encyclopaedias — all bound in leather with gold. Be a dear and whip over and pick them up for me."

Jim, of course, should have known better. The "them" should have woken him up. But, as said already, the virus was likely to give him a nip in the wallet occasionally like any other mortal. And "bound in leather" did sound ripe elegant — fit lovely on the book-case (ex-chamber-pot-holder). So off he went to the auction emporium, over to the paying counter.

"Sullivan's lot, mate" — a well-known cry in the Rooms. "Right. Encyclopaedias at 2/- each. Mum bought the lot, sixty of them. That's six quid, mate!"

"Six quid!! Blimey, Gawd above — where are these bleeding books?"

They did look lovely, all bound in leather — and they would look lovely in the book-case — that gold lettering and book numbers would give a bit of polish to the room, and anyway, they could be a present in advance for Christmas or anniversary, and with growing children you need to be able to lay your hands on the answers to the questions always embarrassing a well-meaning, but poorly informed Dad.

Yes, perhaps the old girl wasn't too far off this time. Six quid's a lot of money, but sixty books weren't really dear. Only one thing wrong, really — the encyclopaedias were in YIDDISH!

# F.T.C. ON TOUR

## TASMANIAN TOUR

On the 13th of September, thirty-three members of this college gaily boarded the "Princess of Tasmania" convinced that they would be wonderful sailors on this, their first sea journey. The following morning when the ship berthed at Devonport each was firmly resolved never again voluntarily to walk a gang-plank. This change of attitude may perhaps be attributed to insomnia. We all found that sitting up in a chair is not conducive to sleep and that the deck floor isn't comparable with a feather bed. These discomforts, when coupled with a rolling, lurching ship, made sleep spasmodic and possible only for the very hardy.

Almost as soon as we landed on Tasmanian soil we boarded a bus. With the exception of two short train trips this was virtually our only mode of transport. From the bus we saw many wonderful scenes and Sheila's vivid commentaries made the long trips even more enjoyable.

We found the Tasmanian police particularly helpful and eager to show us around their district. In a small, country courthouse we held a mock trial and learned the correct procedure for entering the witness stand. Through discussion with these policemen we learned much about Tasmanian geography and wildlife.

One trip of special interest was to the homes of our ancestors. However I cannot say that I liked their accommodation down at Port Arthur. We were amused to note that some years earlier a misguided pastor considered converting them into guest houses. Admittedly the sunrise is very beautiful but just how much of it can you see through barred windows?

Later when we visited the Hastings Limestone Caves we felt a similar horror of enclosure. The guide informed us that the caves took about forty million years to develop. It made our eighteen years seem a very insignificant period in comparison to those of nature. It was a pleasure to return to ground level.

From our headquarters in Hobart we visited the Cadbury chocolate factory and the Risdon zinc works. As we had previously visited several power stations and the Mt. Lyell smelting works we were able to appreciate the value of Tasmanian industry as well as to enjoy her natural scenic beauty.

Of course no trip to Tasmania would be complete without a trip to Mt. Wellington. Although only a comparatively short climb it provides wonderful views both en route and at the summit. In addition to the snow and natural beauty we saw several models posing for fashion pictures. Some of us, directed by Neil, vainly tried to emulate their regal pose.

For most of us, the return journey was our first flight and was a climax to a wonderful holiday which brimmed with many new and exciting experiences. In conclusion I would like to thank our lecturers, Mrs. McMahon and Mr. Wilson, for their contribution to our enjoyment. We really appreciated their efforts.

—DIANNE RAMAGE.

### CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN TOUR

Devilish cunning plots to obtain a window seat, a comfortable seat, a seat next to someone, a seat; marked F.T.C. (intrusion) command of the Overland. All students after their initial hysteria, settled down but one old man, with K.M. on his bags, found it too much of a strain. Suppressed emotions? Transferred aggression? whatever it was we got it. In an inimitable child-like way the fascination of water proved too great and we were all showered. Water throwing became a habit.

Mash and bangers for breakfast were about as digestible as was Adelaide — a cold wet, forlorn town steeped in history, or so the bus driver would have had us believe. We slept through the whole tour. Food was the only cry which disturbed us.

Rising early in the morning is strictly for the birds. That's us! Breakfast was in the dark — probably just as well.

V.R. may be quicker, safer, less worry, but we found it hard to maintain a steady interest in the passing parade. Comments such as, "There's a tree," "there's a rock," wear thin after twelve hours.

Once more hysteria returned to the party when we collected and mashed a stray bullock. One however, even becomes accustomed to this after the sixth.

"Sleepers at Maree!" became our motto. The only interruption of this rest was the early morning tea and biscuits with which several people soon formed a happy mess.

The next day's travel was more inspiring. Australia — vast, burnt and beautiful — stretched before our eyes.

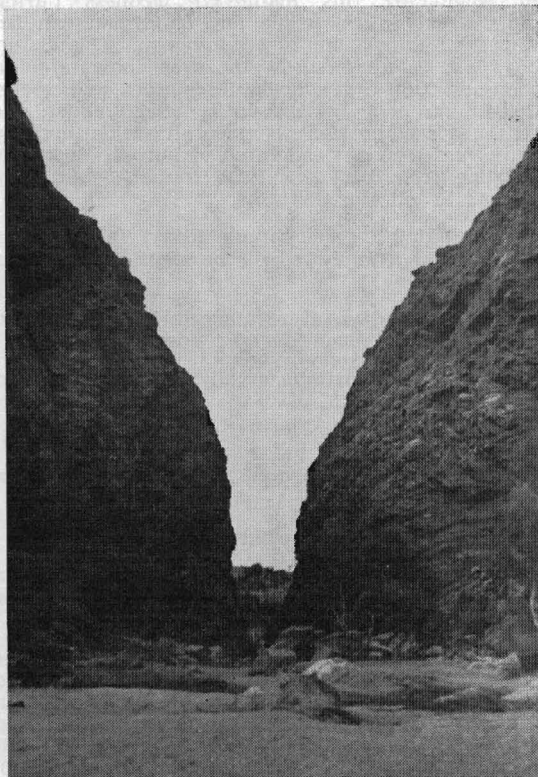
Alice would easily be the last outpost of civilization and we appreciated it. A dip in the pool at night for those with their bathers and some without. Once more water mesmerized the troops.

Shopping in Alice next morning, Orme, Dawn, Dzintra and I purchased hats which were the envy of all. The "Fringe Group" was by now an easily identifiable anti-social group.

The buses set out determined to beat the heat. Changed later to a four wheel drive we were in business.

Palm Lodge harboured some interesting characters. One man was more concerned with "sitting" than anything else and one lady had not yet achieved her developmental task of expressing socially approved ideas. Mountain climbing after tea for a few enthusiasts and idiots, then our first camp-fire. What a night! Singing, dancing, exchanging ideas with the aborigines, who are really wonderful people and with their children.

Next day, after a pleasant night under the stars, Euro Rock and many others weeded out the "Hilarys" from the would-be's. Lunch — always fresh and a surprise.



Palm Valley and water holes were the focus of one day's efforts. Asexual palm trees secured the sympathies of the Science group while the P.E. group found their sport in throwing innocent girls and Miss Auldlist into stagnant pools.

The Finke permeates everything so we invaded the Finke. Mr. Mutimer and Miss Auldlist by this time had proved their superiority so, with several students, they remained at the buses for a quiet chat.

Our last camp-fire was highlighted by a toast and tea party with the aborigines from whom we had all secured souvenirs, some more successfully than others.

Our departure from Palm Lodge was a memorable one—Patrick, Adam, Lindberg and Simon bade us a musical farewell and we're off for Alice again.

On the way we saw Simpson's Gap, from where Jedda jumped you know. Clothes were by now sensible in the true sense of the word — Mr. Mutimer resembled an Arabian.

Alice once more received us, but this time all we wanted was a meal, a wash and a bed.

Breakfast at 5.30 wasn't funny, but some people laughed. Out to the aerodrome we cautiously boarded the 'plane. Quite painless really



and worth every penny we paid. It was interesting, having passed through the country by train, to fly over it. We became quite blasé about the whole business in the finish. "Plane travel really is the only way!"

All round thanks to Miss Auldist and Mr. Murtimer for their understanding treatment of the poor over-worked under-paid students.

—DI HAIG.

#### THE BUNDABERG TOUR

"Early one morning,  
Just as the sun was rising,"

Mr. Carrigg and Mrs. Kennedy set off with their twenty-four charges for a tour of Queensland's sunny coast of Bargara. The train journey of 600 minutes seemed to drag between Albury and Sydney. In Sydney some of us saw the unusual tourist sights, while guide Maree showed others the interesting parts of the city streets! The next leg of the journey was completed in a "Redline" coach. After a brief stop at Surfers' Paradise (ask Mrs. K. for her comments), one student was heard to remark to the driver, Rex, "Won't you get sacked if you alter the itinerary any more?" To which he replied very quietly, "No. I am the boss."

The stop in Brisbane was highlighted by our stay

at Yungaba Migrant Hostel, where we were treated like any other newcomer to the state.

Frequent cries were:

"Where's the bath plug?"

"I am sure there's a migrant in MY bed!"

"I suppose Netta Karras is at the bottom of this."

"Come to the girls' dormitory for a pillow slide."

"Porridge for breakfast AGAIN."

After rockin' and rollin' all night on the train we eventually arrived at Gladstone, a little back-sore! Our trip aboard the launch, "Calypso", proved to be quite entertaining. We saw with our own eyes the romantic fall of Mrs. Kennedy into the arms of her Gladstone Romeo.

Late that night we caught our first glimpse of our hidey-hole for the next week. A great scrimmage followed, with girls racing with cases to "bag" beds in the long dormitory. Every spare moment for the next few days was spent basking in the beautiful Queensland sun. We visited many interesting places—

The Rum Distillery — from which we emerged singing "Roll out the Barrel."

The Sugar Mill where there were some real "sweeties."

Langbecker's Nursery, which we nearly removed to Melbourne by air, rail and sea, owing to our orders.

A most amusing night was had by all, including the locals from Bundaberg, when we went to the Drive-In in a thirty-seater bus! The Bargara night-life was rather sporty, with frequent visits to the surf beach where the local rugby team were practising tackles! The Life Saving Club also asked for volunteers for the members to practise mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

On 18th September we departed Bargara with memories of wonderful meals. In Brisbane we revisited Yungaba where the cries were the same as before. The following day was spent exploring the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary where several girls posed, necking with snakes and cuddling koalas.

On our journey we saw some unusual signs, such as:—Railway Cafe: "All chairs in this eating room must be paid for"; "These tables are for eating only" ("Surfers").

Our last days went quickly travelling down the New England Highway to Sydney. From here we travelled by train to Melbourne where we were eagerly greeted by parents and friends.

The trip was voted a great success by all and we hope those who follow in our footsteps in the future will enjoy it as much as we did.

—"Two of the Twenty-Four."

## PERTH TOUR

Perth certainly became the "city of dreams" for several female members of the F.T.C. party which visited the city in September. We were all made to feel very welcome indeed, mainly by the enthusiastic Perth college boys and other members of their sex. So genuine was their friendship, it is rumoured that two of the girls are returning for a month during this summer vacation.

We had no premonition of the delights awaiting us when we boarded the first train at Spencer Street. Every member soon learned a great deal about the eccentricities of Australian railways and the people employed by them. A mere description in words could never recapture the exquisite sensation of a twisted neck jarred by someone's elbow at dawn; the sheer barbarism of the frenzied scramble for the best sleepers; and the breathless excitement of crossing (on that Kalgoorlie train) from one

wrought-iron carriage-ending to the next to reach the water-bag with plastic mug attached by a piece of string. But, to be quite fair to the railways, we all must have equally vivid memories of the delightful food on the Transcontinental train; the morning cups of tea; the comfortable sleepers and (mostly) the excellent service.

The city of Perth, I am sure, disappointed no-one. Even the weather co-operated magnificently to ensure that we had the best of trips. Probably the highlight of the tour for many people was our visit to Rottnest Island. Beautiful is an over-worked word, but it truly applied to this island. We all had a most enjoyable day there and there were no sea-sick casualties on the rather rough twelve-mile boat trip from the mainland. The sun shone brilliantly, the quaggas appeared (co-operatively) when enticed by a varied assortment of wrapped lollies, and the sea had calmed to a flat pond for the trip back.

The tour of the two Teachers' Colleges was not, to be truthful, universally relished. So it was a pleasant surprise for a few people to find the day as enjoyable as it turned out to be. A very friendly game of softball was played at Claremont, the larger of the two colleges, which would correspond with our Melbourne College. Graylands, the primary college, provided an excellent example of what could be done if conditions were sufficiently harsh and student-motivation sufficiently high. Students there had transformed a group of army huts into a college they could be justly proud of.

Our tours to the Darling Ranges and National Parks revealed to us the variety and beauty of the Western Australian wild-flowers, apart from being enjoyable trips in themselves. We had a tour of the city, a trip along the Swan and a glimpse of Perth's magnificent University. The beaches we saw, particularly the Indian Ocean surf-beaches, were far better than we had expected. Scarborough Beach could easily compete with Bondi if it were not for the several thousand miles between them. The weather was so good that most people were able to have at least one swim while we were away.

And always, the welcoming, enthusiastic and friendly Perth boys were there, eager to show us more of their beautiful city.

Altogether the Perth trip was most successful and very happy for the tour members. Our accommodation at Point Walter Migrant Hostel was excellent. This added considerably to the enjoyment of the trip. I'm sure that all members of the 1961 Perth tour would wholeheartedly recommend it as a wonderful holiday.

—HELEN DIMSEY.

## WANDILIGONG

From Caulfield we ventured on to Eildon where we had lunch. Cameras started clicking here and throughout the tour they never stopped. We arrived at Wandiligong about five o'clock. The camp, although referred to as Wandiligong, is about one and a half miles from Bright and about four and a half miles from Wandiligong. Tired and dirty we retired to our huts only to find — no blankets, no pillows. However Mr. Bennett (the owner of the camp) soon remedied this.

Sunday was made up of various short excursions — to church, to the mines, to the fish hatcheries. Sunday night, after various parties, everyone slept.

Monday we were awakened by the sound of gongs, then off to Buffalo. Here raincoats and shee's of plastic were all put to good use. No comment need be made. Imagine Frankston Teachers' College at



the snow. Did we have a good time? We sure did. Monday evening was spent in the Rec. Hall, dancing, singing, games and cards were all in order.

A most enlightening trip was made to Beechworth. This culminated in a visit to the Beechworth Cemetery. There were about three hundred graves belonging to the Chinese who were killed during the gold rush riots.

During the afternoon most of the girls prepared themselves for the local dance. We provided an M.C. (our friend Jim Henry) and the programme, prepared by the Social Committee. The locals provided, (1) more talent; (2) the band; (3) the supper. Lyn and Syd managed to get all of us to the dance on time at 8 o'clock and by the time the locals arrived we were exhausted.

Wednesday was our day to visit Kiewa and the power station. After being shown over power station number four we adjourned to Falls Creek where we

had lunch and again proceeded to the snow. One member of the party was here forced to abandon his trousers and take on a rug as a kilt.

Thursday we trooped up to see trees being felled and also to go over the timber mill. After lunch we set off again for the tobacco farm. Unfortunately because of the time of year all we saw were some beds where, we were informed, tobacco had been planted. However all of the group were given tobacco leaves and I am sure they will be willing to rent them out as aids. After tea we listened to a very enjoyable talk on the timber industry which was followed by a concert and Scavenger Hunt.

Friday, much to everyone's disappointment, we returned home.

Two people to whom much of the success of this trip is due are Mr. Gleeson and Miss Papworth. We thank them both.

## THE COLLEGE YEAR

February	14th	Second years and I.T.C.'s began yet another year.
"	16th	First Years' commenced College. The initiation assembly conducted by several well-known Second Years' made a lasting impression.
"	22nd	First combined assembly where official welcomes were lavish.
"	24th	The Second Years' have noticed the First Years'! Anyway they threw them a dance.
March	1st	The wisdom of the students is inestimable. Orme Lind was elected V.T.U. representative.
"	18th	It could have been Government House, but actually it was the Welfare Association's Garden Party.
"	28th	After a concerted effort of the Social Committee at the "Bunny Hop" the boys at the Menzie's Boys' Home were wearing slippers.
"	29th	Inter-College Swimming Carnival.
April	12th	I'm glad I lead a "student's life" because the life of an M.P., as described by Mr. Roberts Dunstan at Assembly, sounded hectic.
"	19th	Interests of all sporting enthusiasts were catered for when Julius Patching, Olympic Games Official at Rome, spoke at Assembly.
"	23rd	The picnic at Cowes was fun!
"	26th	Winter sport commenced.
May	10th	The desperate plight of the Congo's Medical Services was the subject of Surgeon Haughton's speech.
"	11-12th	"Our Town," a Mrs. Brown production was a success on all levels.
"	19th	The June holidays began; "Not with a bang, but a whimper."
June	2nd	Well, it's only Term 2!
"	21st	First Year Exams — a shock to many.
"	27th	Pastor Doug Nicholls spoke of the problems facing today's Aborigines.
July	5th	Between parties most managed to attend the College Ball at St. Kilda Town Hall.
"	14th	Mr. Ernest's address on the Kibbutz started many heated arguments around the College.
August	2nd	Australian Boys' Choir performed in the College Hall.
"	6th	Dr. Murphy from Glen Donald spoke on the problem of the deaf child in our community.
"	9th	It was more than a few lost souls in the snow—officially the College Snow Trip.
"	16th	All those for whom the pass mark was an "a" listened attentively to the visitors speaking on extensions.
"	29th	The morning was wasted; Mr. Cerutti didn't arrive.
"	30th	Wrapping herself gracefully around the microphone, Miss Allerton spoke about affectation and etiquette.
"	31st	The High School children, the students, the lecturers, the locals, everyone enjoyed "The Gondoliers."
		With a six week teaching round behind, the Second Years' and numerous assignments ahead, the holidays assumed a new importance.
September	1st	College tours extended into Term 3.
October	4th	"Oedipus Rex" — indeed a pleasant surprise.
"	13th	Out with your broomsticks, hats and magic wands and make haste to the College dance.
"	18th	
November	1st	A night of slide showing and tour reminiscences.
"	6th	Stephen Murray Smith, editor of "Overland" and former editor of the "Teachers Journal" dealt some body blows at Australian anomalous censorship laws. In passing some sacred cows such as Anzac Day came in for a beating.

(Continued overleaf)

November	10th	Second Year Exams.
"	21st	First Year Exams.
"	30-31st	Mannequin Parade.
December	1st	Revue. As we go to press, rehearsals are beginning. Revue will be a combination of group items.
"	4th	S.R.C. Dinner and didn't they deserve it.
"	6th	Messiah in College Hall.

## SOCIAL SERVICE

Last year our Social Service work was undertaken by a club, but this year we have tried to extend the amount of work by encouraging each group to be responsible for helping an organisation of its own choosing. The following is a report of the work carried out by the various college groups, and, as can be seen, services were rendered to districts both near and far.

**Andrew Kerr Memorial Home:** The third year I.T.C. have visited this Home and intend to take the children for a picnic in the Dandenongs.

The group have also made knitted squares which were crocheted together to make rugs for old age pensioners.

It is also planned that the children from the Kew Special School will be taken to see Father Christmas.

**Berry St. Foundling Home:** Both of the second year I.T.C. groups have made overalls, dressing gowns and cot covers for this Home. In addition £4 was raised from a supper held after the College production of "Our Town".

**The Mentally Retarded Centre, Frankston:** Members of group A2 have visited this centre every Tuesday to read to the children. In addition to this the girls and boys were taken for basketball and football every Monday during the winter term. Students conducted a supper after a college function to raise funds for the purchase of some necessary equipment for the centre. This will be presented to the children at the end of the year during a concert given by our students.

**Newcastle Waters, Northern Territory:** Group B2 have been in contact with this aboriginal school, and have promised to send them some sporting equipment. This will be purchased from our weekly monetary contributions. In addition to this, alphabet books are being compiled for use in native schools.

**Ormond Special School:** During the past year Group C2 have helped this centre in numerous ways. On the second Sunday in every month, an afternoon working bee has been held. The services rendered were painting, cleaning, pruning and the making of tool racks.

Children from Marillac House, Brighton, will be taken to see Father Christmas by members of C2.

**Melbourne Orphanage:** Both Groups D2 and A1 have become interested in the Home and have taken many of the children on outings. It is planned that a Christmas treat will also be given.

**Church of England Babies' Home:** As well as their visits to the Home and Hospital for the Aged, group B1 have visited this Home at Darling.

**Leper Colony, New Guinea:** Group C1 have helped this colony in many ways by sending scrapbooks, toys, books, etc. Health articles are now being prepared and these will be sent to the colony as a Christmas gift.

**Menzies Boys' Home, Frankston:** This Home has been visited by members of Group D1 who have sent them handkerchiefs and drums of soap powder. In addition a Saturday morning was spent gardening, cleaning, painting and doing odd jobs around the Home. Some students regularly take boys from this Home for holidays. Proceeds from a college dance also provided these children with slippers.

**Brotherhood of St. Lawrence:** Group E1 have visited this community and have helped in tidying the garden and cleaning the home of an invalid pensioner. Some plans are being made for a Christmas treat for these elderly citizens.

**Mooroopna Aboriginal Settlement:** Group F1 have undertaken to help these aboriginals. The settlement has been visited by group members and, from funds saved, powder paint, coloured pencils and a compass were purchased. Clothing, books, scrapbooks and records have been sent as well as materials from which the children may make their own scrapbooks.

**St. John of God:** The Loyola group have undertaken to help these mentally retarded boys at Cheltenham. The services rendered have been painting, cleaning, gardening, mending, and the making of educational aids. Dolls are also being dressed for sale at a future fete.

**Legacy:** Staff members have made 24 hookey boards and 6 tin trucks. The students have also helped this society by collecting phone books and selling badges.

**Red Cross:** Throughout the year students have been requested to bring milk bottle tops, used stamps, and old stockings to College. The response to this appeal has been very pleasing and several cartons of these goods have been dispatched.

**Badge Appeals:** In co-operation with the Legacy Appeal students have sold badges for Carry On and the Aboriginal Welfare Fund.

**Heart Appeal:** A sum of twenty-seven pounds was donated by students towards this worthy cause.

From this report it is obvious that the students have done splendid work in the field of Social Service. I should like to take this opportunity to thank all students for their participation during the past year, and the group representatives for their support. My gratitude is also extended to Mr. Boyd who has guided all Social Service work in this College, and to Miss Papworth and other members of the staff who have given up so much of their valuable time.

JUDITH McKEE, Social Service Secretary.

# Exit Students

## 1961

### GROUP A2

- COWELL, Murray, 20 Eighth Street, Parkdale, S 11. 90-4137.  
DRAPER, Peter, 76 Cromer Road, Beaumaris. XF 4369.  
GILLIES, Max, 242 South Road, E. Brighton, S. 6.  
GOOD, John, 44 Rose Street, McKinnon.  
BARKER, Heather, 9 New Street, Dandenong. 792-4641.  
BOYD, Sandra, 146 Kirkham Road, Dandenong. 2-3215.  
BRADFORD, Sandra, Warrandyte Road, Langwarrin. Langwarrin 313.  
BRUCE, Susanne, 29 June Street, Highett, S. 21.  
DAVIES, Dawn, 13 Princes Highway, Newborough.  
DEVINISH, Wendy, Box 157, Moe. Moe 44.  
ELEY, Christine, Cook Street, Flinders, Victoria.  
FORWARD, Barbara, 12 George Street, East Ormond. LU 1925.  
GAUDION, Jennifer, 105 Tucker Road, Bentleigh. 97.  
HOCKING, Beverley, Municipal Golf House, Yuille Street, Frankston. 3-2593.  
JOHNSON, Michael, 70 Wright Street, McKinnon. LW 4465.  
SKINNER, Mark, 97 Station Street, Malvern. 50-2625.  
TACON, Rod, Springvale Road, Springvale Sth. 546-9474.  
HOGAN, Patricia, 36 Gilbert Grove, Bentleigh. 97-2550.  
LANG, Jeannette, 140 McKinnon Road, McKinnon.  
LAWRENCE, Sue, 3 Wright Street, Bentleigh, S.E. 14. 97-4920.  
LIND, Orme, 8 James Street, Dandenong. Dande. 2-2219.  
NELSON, Narelle, 3 Gardiners Road, East Bentleigh, S.E. 15. 57-4486.  
SLOAN, Margaret, 20 Napier Street, Dandenong.  
SUTTON, Wendy, 1049 Nepean Highway, Moorabbin, S. 20. 95-1659.  
TISS, Mara, 6 Whiteside Street, Springvale.  
WEEBER, Barbara, 27 Oswald Street, Dandenong. 2-4415.  
WITHEROW, Mavis, Fallon's Road, Iona, West Gippsland. Iona 303.

### GROUP B2

- BARKER, Ken, Mount Martha. 216.  
JACK, Peter, 1 C.O.D., Bandiana, Vic.  
LAUDER, Ken, 23 Leinster Street, Ormond. 58-2302.  
McINNES, Ian, 5 Barkly Street, Mordialloc.  
ANDERS, Jan, 20 Stanley Street, Frankston.  
BAILEY, Glenda, 23 Windsor Avenue, Bentleigh. XU 5736.  
BRODIE, Lyn, 3 Bertram Street, Mordialloc.  
CURTIS, Lorraine, 1 Majdal Street, Sth. Oakleigh. LU 1762.  
FOLLETT, Marion, Old Dandenong Road, Heather-ton. XA 9726.  
GARRETT, Catherine Anne, 14 Baldwin Avenue, Noble Park. 746-9956.  
HAIG, Diane, 112 Wickham Road, Moorabbin. XL 2908.  
HARVEY, Ann, 116 Tramway Parade, Beaumaris. XX 4311.

STRUAN

- PORTER, Kevan, 2 Ellendale Road, Noble Park 546-7813.  
SWANSON, David, 18 Nolan Street, Frankston. 3-2757.  
WATSON, Peter, 130 William Street, Frankston. 3-3865.  
HOBSON, Sandra, Rythdale via Pakenham. Pakenham Sth. 224.  
LEE, Anne, 15 The Crescent, Highett.  
McKEE, Judy, Langford Road, Sorrento. 2165.  
McKENZIE, Maureen, Jumbunna, South Gippsland. Outtrim 237.  
POWER, Lorraine, 457 South Road, Moorabbin. XL 1311.  
SAUNDERS, Glenda, 129 Lightwood Road, Noble Park. 746-9281.  
SHERIDAN, Rosaleen, 686 Nepean Hwy., Moorabbin. XU 2242.  
TAYLOR, Lorraine, 15 Callander Road, Noble Park.

### GROUP C2

- PETERS, Greig K., 2 Hastings Road, Frankston. 3-2778.  
ROBERT, Ken I., 287 McKinnon Road, McKinnon, S.E. 14. 58-4658.  
HILLYER, John E., 1 Kemp Street, Springvale.  
EATON, Arthur H., 12 Bayview Road, Frankston. 3-4409.  
SAMPSON, Eve, 22 Osborne Avenue, McKinnon. XU 5501.  
FORBES, Sandra, 1 Tramway Parade, Beaumaris. XX 1876.  
STAMP, Wendy, 36 Yawla Street, Bentleigh.  
CREBER, Leonie, 17 Fairfield Street, Morwell.  
NIELSEN, Geoffrey, Athol Road, Springvale Sth. 746-8852.  
ROBERTSON, Colin Reginald, 28B William Street, Frankston.  
McALLEN, Myrna, 1286 Nepean Hwy., Cheltenham. XF 4026.  
VALENTINE, Carol, 43 Yuille Street, Frankston. 3-1307.  
FINN, P., 82 Berry Avenue, Edithvale.  
DURKIN, P., 74 Nepean Highway, Mentone.  
GASTON, G., 19 Bainbridge Ave., Frankston. 3-3138.  
DUNNE, Michael, 1 Beckwith Grove, Seaford.  
COTTER, Kath, Cranbourne Road, Narre Warren. Narre Warren 66.  
FLYNN, Catherine, Sladen Street, Cranbourne. Cranbourne 238.  
CANTERBURY, Judith, 20 Brine Street, Oakleigh. 57-5459.  
RIGBY, Dianne, 26 Eastview Crescent, East Bentleigh. LU 3583.  
QUIGLEY, Sue Margo, 4 Lansdown Road, Hampton. XW 6497.  
DALTON, Richard John, King's Road, Harkaway via Berwick.  
LE BAS, Douglas Lindsay, 16 O'Grady Ave., Frankston.  
HEESH, Frederick Charles, Main Rd., Crib Point. 89.  
DIX, Philip Nicholas, 11 Finlay Street, Frankston. 3-1224.
- ### GROUP D2
- BAKER, Doug., Curdie Street, Cobden, Vic.  
BAPTY, Jeff, 8 Kelso Street, Mentone, S. 11.  
BUSSAU, Jim, 13 Kanton Street, East Bentleigh, or Wallup East.  
GIBBON, David, 433 Main Street, Mordialloc, S. 12. 90-2203.  
BENSON, Beverley, 2 Desmond Avenue, Highett. XL 1112.  
CLEMENTS, Pat, 172 Beach Rd., Mordialloc. 90-1983.

DELLER, Rosalie, 67 Hodder Street, East Brighton.  
LW 5115.

DIMSEY, Helen, 16 Lily Street, Bentleigh, S.E. 14.  
XU 2380.

EVANS, Janet, 20 June Street, Highett, S. 21.

GRAY, Val, 23 Tweed Street, Highett. XL 4243.

GYLES, Beverley, 4 Dandenong Street, Dandenong.

HARRIS, Marilyn, 9 Prince Street, Springvale.  
746-9709.

JONES, Heather, 3 Geoffrey Street, Frankston.

LARDI, Margaret A., 31 Kendall St., Hampton, S. 7.

GIBSON, John, 25 Naples Rd., Mentone. XF 2441.

HOPCRAFT, Gary, 67 North Ave., Bentleigh.

NEVILLE, Tony, 884 Centre Rd., Sth. Oakleigh.

WILLS, Howard, 7 Shands Street, Beaumaris, S.10.  
XF 2439.

STEVENSON, Hugh, 38 Lawson Parade, Highett.

McCALLUM, Ann, 8 Royal Ave., Springvale. 746-7417.

MASLEN, Brenda, Eramosa Rd., Somerville. 281.

MOORE, Shirley, 30 Studley Rd., Brighton, S. 6.  
XB 3525.

MORRIS, Judy, 30 Kelso Street, Frankston. 3-2627.

PORTER, Jill, 39 Jean St., McKinnon, S.E. 14.  
LW 4573.

REYNOLDS, Carolyn, 19 Bodley Street, Beaumaris.  
99-2389.

RICHARDSON, Marcia, 9 Hayes St., Bentleigh.  
97-4516.

STOKES, Jan, 21 Tucker Rd., Moorabbin. XU 6158.

WALSH, Kerry, 47 Esplanade, Morningson. Morn.  
2290.

WILSON, Jill, 27 Dromana Ave., East Bentleigh.  
LU 2466.

**I.T.C. 3**

BALL, Jeanette, 7 Elma Rd., Cheltenham. XF 4470.

BAMFORD, Rae, 51 South Ave., Moorabbin.

BLAIR, Vivianne, 45 Raymond Rd., Seaford.

CAVEY, Maureen, 24 Matherson St., Highett.

CHARLTON, Roslyn, 4 Black St., Chelsea. 656.

COX, ANNE, 6 Godfrey St., McKinnon. 97 1092.  
(Bendoc S.S., via Orbost).

GARDINER, Meg, Moore St., Colac.

GRAY, Joy., 5 Bedwell Ave., Dandenong.

IGGULDEN, Mercia, 112 Tucker Rd., Bentleigh.  
XU 4727.

JANSEN, Anna, 1 Mina St., Frankston.

JOHNSTON, Margaret, Bayview Rd., Hastings.  
Hastings 11.

LEES, Ruth, 16 Leonard St., Frankston.

LOUTIT, Ann, 32 Cleek Ave., Oakleigh South,  
S.E. 13. LU 3938.

LOWE, Valerie, 34 Churchill Ave., Cheltenham.  
XF 1904.

McKAY, Anne, 8 Alameda St., Parkdale. XY 1657.

McRAE, Ailsa, 19 May St., Bentleigh. XU 2979.

MOLLISON, Maree, 6 Carlyon St., Ormond.  
LW 1948.

MURPHY, A., Box 220 P.O., Frankston.

PARRATT, Barbara, 9 Ritchie St., Frankston.

PHILLIPS, Monica.

SAUNDERS, Ruth, 47 Murray Rd., Ormond, S.E. 14.  
LW 1057.

SEAMER, Phyllis, 16 Alfred St., Beaumaris, S.10.  
XF 1188.

SHONE, Sandra, 22 Frome Ave., Frankston.

THORSEN, Eleanor, 52 Keith Ave., Edithvale, S.14.

TOZER, Barbara, 2 Warringa Rd., Frankston.  
3-2011.

TRAVERS, Ann, 30 Hall St., McKinnon. LW 3536.

TYNAN, Margaret, 64 Daley St., Bentleigh. XU 5079.

VALE, Beverley, 28 The Corso, Parkdale.

WARD, Denise, 101 Adrgower Rd.

YOUNG, Loretta, 8 Horsley St., Bentleigh.