

BE A GOOD LISTENER — Cont.

7. Yielding to distraction:

When outside hubbub or inner turmoil compete with the speaker, its easy not to listen. Good listeners fight distraction by doing what they can to reduce outside noise, keep minds on what's being said.

8. Pencil listening:

One listens with the ears, not with a pencil, and note-taking seldom improves retention. The note-taker becomes so involved in writing he often misses the sense, like a proof-reader looking for errors instead of for meaning.

Good listening habits result largely from a turn of mind. The more one accepts the philosophy that everyone has something worth listening to, the more one benefits by listening.

BIRTHDAY CLUB.

On 1st July, a Valedictory Social was held by members and guests of the Club to mark the retirement of member, Bill Richards. A goodly crowd assembled at the Esplanade Hotel under the chairmanship of John Reynolds.

On behalf of all present Mr. W. H. Wadsworth presented Bill with a chain (prepared by the Engineers) of emblems of the Club. During the presentation he rendered his own version of the Geisha Girls with apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan. Andy Thomson caused a surprise with his poetic abilities (expurgated version published below).

Ian Moon, Danny Davies, Clarrie Roberts, George McDougall, Wally Rutherford and others contributed to the evening's entertainment with stories and renditions.

—"Lathyrus Odoratus"

FERTILIZER FANTASY

I stood with Roy up by the Mixer
Thinking of ways and means to fix her,
When suddenly the floor was shaken
And ere another breath was taken
A lump came through the "Ruddy" Cutter
And made the whole damn mixer flutter.

The lump looked like a Dromedary
But was twice as big and much more hairy,
I said to Roy (my voice was shaken)
Some big decision must be taken,
He looked at me with visage chilly
Said "Don't be extra Ruddy silly"
I think I'll go and see old Willy.

ACID REVERIE

I was sitting in my dingy little office writing
memos
And the language uninviting of the super
fitters fighting
Came fitfully and filfully through the soot
laden air.

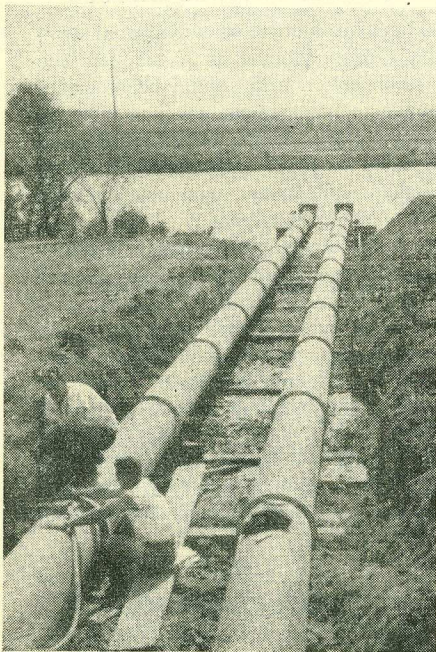
In my wild erratic fancy visions came to me
of Johnny
As he strode around the chambers on his
never ending tour.

There were sounds of acid splashing and the
noise of timber cracking
And I said to him "It sounds like that's the
end of Number Four.

He grew paler on the instant so I offered
consolation
With a promise of immediate repair.
But he gravely hesitated and as I stood and
waited
My heart was heavy laden with despair.

But an answer came directed in a voice most
unexpected,
John's gone off to Waddy's office and we
don't know where he are.

—A.T.T.



Plumber C. Colman and G. Murray working on Pipe-line. (See page 12)

RHYME WITHOUT REASON

The other day upon the stair,
I met a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again to-day;
I wish the blighter would go away.