

TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 2 No. 15

AUGUST 3, 1948

PRICE: ONE PENNY

"Talkabout" Takes Count

GLEESON DEFENDS S.R.C.

As you all know, the S.R.C. has granted permission for "Talkabout" to have a reporter present at its meetings. In fact, it welcomes this opportunity to have its "doings" made known to the student body. However, the Council feels that, at least the reporter will report ALL that goes on, without bias and will remember that ridicule and destructive criticism do little good, and often much harm.

Most members of the S.R.C. feel very disappointed with the efforts of B.E.S. in the last issue. Apparently this reporter went to the S.R.C. meeting with one object in view—to find fault. Faults must have been few, because, of the seven items on the agenda, only two were covered (?). The efforts of the councillors on these two matters were ridiculed and the real attitude not revealed.

The visit of Mr. Balfry's New England Dramatic Society to this College; the new arrangement for the students' telephone, reductions for students at Farmers and Grace Bros.; the passing of medical payments; the making of a college flag, etc., etc., were passed over by B.E.S. as "minor points." These are all matters vital to college life, and are not minor points. Your representatives on the Council don't consider them as such, and put a considerable amount of time and work into such matters.

I can assure all readers the finance position is not a fiasco. At this last meeting the question of allocations was considered so important, that much more discussion than usual was allowed, and if the reporter was bored with it, I tender my apologies. I fail to see where there was any "insurrection," and would point out that all motions were passed unanimously.

Personally, I think satirical remarks such as "a truly terrible state of affairs, don't you think?" and "nice going, Alan—don't you want the money now?" show a biased attitude on the part of the reporter and were not called for. Moreover, the reference to one councillor as "a first year" could have been avoided.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

One doesn't mind justified criticism. It is healthy and does much to help any organisation. Your S.R.C. needs suggestions and welcomes them. It doesn't want ridicule and false impressions of its doings implied. Humorous reports are not objected to, and can be enjoyed by the Council, too. Perhaps B.E.S. meant her article to be humorous, and I hope she did, but I'm afraid it didn't strike members as such and I fear could do much harm.

In conclusion, let me assure all readers that the S.R.C. is doing a fine job, and wants your respect as well as co-operation. It needs criticism, suggestions and, above all, a true account of its activities published in "Talkabout." I'm disappointed with the report of B.E.S. and didn't think it could be forthcoming. I trust that in the future a truer account will come, and if criticism is due, it will be not so harmful, but more friendly and constructive.

J. GLEESON.

Editorial on Attitude

Of necessity, I must now become a champion of a lost cause—student participation in the running of this newspaper. On numerous occasions I have asked students to realise their responsibilities to "Talkabout," but to no avail. With the exception of perhaps three first-year students and about nine second-year people, student participation in the writing of this paper is negligible. Twelve students of 300 are prepared to devote some time to the compilation of the material which constitutes the weekly dole of opiate to the remaining 288. Numerous exhortations, pleas, entreaties, have failed to increase this lamentable percentage materially, which sometimes makes me wonder whether we, as teachers to be, or rather pseudo-intellectuals, really have any thing to say, or, if we have, can we say it in an interesting way. If not, surely it is an indictment not only of our outlook to life, but also of the secondary school system, which produces automatons who are incapable of thinking creatively. Remember, this is YOUR paper; it is your duty to write for it, if only occasionally. Do not be deluded into thinking that "Al's

in his office and all's well with the world"—the matter is in your hands as an individual.

ALAN FRYER.

On Initiation

Now, being a sensible person with due, or perhaps undue, regard for my pen and hand, but most of all being a timid fresher whose whole form contracts at the sight of a menacing second year (student) I will not dare attempt to give my impressions of College routine. I will write a few words for my own benefit just to prove that I am living in a world of reality, not in a realm of exaggerated nonsense, or in a land of continual wonder, and should I say fear?

One thing is certain, and that is the choice of "routine" up yonder. If routine can be applied to consistent behaviour or action, then I have seen a prolific amount of it as displayed by the energetic second years. I am sure their recent rigorous (note the alliteration readers) course of action has absorbed immeasurable driving force, and I wonder if that sudden outburst will be followed by a period of indolence and fatigue.

Nevertheless still remains the fact that we freshers, universally and unmistakably recognised by a very ornate F, have received an arousing welcome. Our seniors not only welcomed us with open arms, but with busy minds to conspire against us, and busy hands to make effective that conspiracy.

Many of us, I think, are inclined to be grateful to these second year students who have at last firmly established a new tradition at Wagga's Teachers' College, because now we know how to cope with the influx of 1949 freshers.

I have now convinced my self by means of recollections that this is reality, and in conclusion would like to say "thank you" to our new pals—the second years in whose footsteps we are to follow.

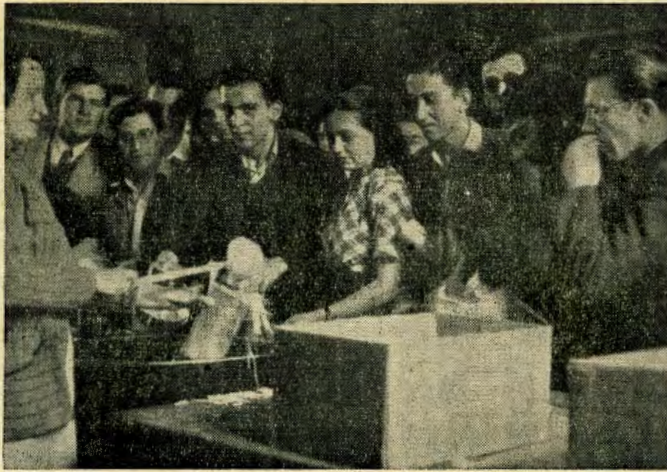
—S.R.

(Thanks freshette.—Ed.)

WHO ELSE?

Wife (to husband sneaking up the stairs): Is that you, dear?

Husband: It had better be me.



Greek students being served with food in temporary relief kitchen.



Chinese students at work by the light of a vegetable oil lamp.

World Student Relief

Miss Lella Giles, travelling secretary of the Australian Students' Christian Movement, initiated, during her recent visit, a campaign within the College aimed at raising £100 for World Student Relief before the end of the academic year. The World Student Relief Organisation is inter-denominational, and consists of five complementary organisations—International Union of Students, International Student Service, Pax Romana, World Student Christian Federation, and the International Union of Jewish Students. World Student Relief began in P.O.W. and refugee camps during the war, when many students were imprisoned, and were in need of physical and mental help. W.S.R. now sends help to students in the following countries: Greece, Germany, Italy, Hungary, U.S.S.R., Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, China, India, Burma. This help is given impartially, regardless of politics, creed or nationality—genuine need is the only condition.

Students of countries ravaged by war need not only food and clothing to help them rebuild themselves physically, but also books to assist them in the great task of rebuilding shattered minds, reviving initiative and the will to live. W.S.R. maintains sanatoria and hospitals and provides paper and mimio-

graphs with which students can make the necessary text books required for their studies.

A committee has been set up within the College to raise our share of the £3600 which is Australia's quota this year. Members of the committee are as follows: President, Mr. Donnison; Secretary-Treasurer, Alan Fryer; Dave Rummery (representing St. Thomas Moore Club), Max Cox (representing Evangelical Union), Bruce Logan (S.C.M.), Ian Thomas (Soc. Rec. Committee), Maureen Lane (S.R.C.).

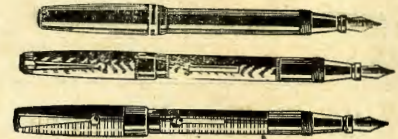
The committee has the approval of the Principal and, S.R.C. in launching its campaign. Will you accept its invitation to co-operate in the functions which will be organised from time to time to raise money? If you can help in any way, if you have any suggestions re raising money or helping students less fortunate than ourselves overseas, please contact a member of the committee. It is expected that considerable help will be forthcoming from citizens of Wagga—but canvassers will be needed to acquaint them with the need for W.S.R.—perhaps you would be willing to help?

Other colleges and universities throughout Australia are playing their part—can we accept the challenge of £100 before Christmas? With the assistance, not necessarily wholly financial, of every student, we feel confident that our goal can be reached.

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Stop Press

WE ADMIT IT NEARLY STOPPED "TALKABOUT"

It's happened. Our most eligible bachelor, Max Cox, a personality oft seen gracing this column, has been carried off at last. The lucky girl, Miss Lot Collins. Now, perhaps, Graeme Wilson . . .

Another eligible, though retiring bachelor, Keith Williams, has been left of late, to his own devices. Romance commencing in the snow, cannot be dampened by Wagga cold, for Jack, so for Keith it's any port in this weather.

It's very clear that the first-year watchmender has changed to a heart-breaker—by, gee.

On the tuck-shop front, Darb has a serious contender in Wilma, who certainly likes Logan's cooking.

We are surprised to hear that Pat doesn't like the third movement of Mahler's 9th, but prefers Yarham's first. Grant-ed; Vera likes bus rides, but who pays the Bill? Station 2 hut 3 shower 2 presents "Nearer my Vera to Thee."

Though two well-known sporting club secretaries were absent with intent from a Sports Union meeting recently, I Beth you Arthur leads the football team at the Inter-Collegiate Ball.

MARK my words, but a certain dark footballer, last Saturday, was seen to flow thru many a man to receive his Pat. Of that there is no possible doubt. An old cow 'an is now attempting to join Des in breaking up that happy pair, Shirl and Barb.

From "Neucleus," journal of the New England Uni. College, a note to the W.T.C. branch of the Oxometrical Society (Sediment on the Sound Track Division).

Commentator in a S.C.I.R. film on the Northern Territory: . . . "and here we see the alluvial Bull-dust Plains."

Test cricket did not keep Tom out until three.

Heard in Voluntary Study:
"Frank asks Dorothy if she's leaving. "Yes," she answers, "if you are."

The fluorescent lighting about to be installed in the A. and C. room, we now learn, is being replaced by a much brighter and spectacular system. We must thank the Hebrew Quarter for the research they have carried out on this revolutionary system. The system employs waste material and produces a bright blue flame.

Whats this we hear about Norma, Art? It isn't true, is it?

Congrats., Muss. and Maureen, on gaining vacant possession of an office right next door to "Talkabout." What a privilege! In the words of Mr. Ashworth "steps will be taken" to establish contact officially between the pundits of the Press and the honoured of the herd. Such contact can best be effected per medium of a window, through which mutual observation may be undertaken. We can rely on Mus to utilise that commodious shower recess to the full.

Latest test score—Dave Rummery playing the Ball craftily, 138—still not out—why? ? ?

Thanks to the few enthusiasts who devoted precious time to the writing of a College song, inter-collegiate teams will be able to acquit themselves admirably, not only on the sporting field but also in the vocal sphere.

Lost, in Arts and Crafts room, License No. 137 for Freedom of the Press. Finder please return to Editors.

You'll be pleased to hear that hard working Writers' Group President, Mary Comino, was elected Editor of the literary magazine; Dave Rummery, Maurice Pitfield, sub-editors, and Alan Fryer, Business Manager. Meeting responsible for the election of these people was memorable for its representative nature 25 out of 300 students present—still, why should we complain? the Students' Union, which surely has a stronger case can only muster 10.

H.L.R.D.R.A.F. (2nd Year)

(Only another 18 to go).

Do not ask a man if he has been thro' College; ask if a College has been thro' him.

On Learning to Dance

I wished to be accomplished,
So you see it wasn't chance
That lead me to the gym. that day
To try and learn to dance.

I wander through the open doors,
And gaze about the place,
Looking for some damsel
With a sympathetic face.

Eileen takes me by the hand
And overcomes my fear,
Until across the hall is heard,
"Are all no-hopers here?"

The music starts, I grab Eileen,
And round the floor we go.
Then she quietly suggests
I might keep off her toe.

This game's too tough,
I've had it, pal. Show me to the door.
My feet move out, I fail to follow,
Then, smack, I hit the floor.

I scramble up on to my feet,
Then back into the fray,
For, brother, I intend to dance
Before I leave to-day.

It's pretty tough on Eileen now,
The atmosphere is tense.
Then she kicks me in the shin
And mentions self-defence.

I slip and slide and lurch and sway,
But still maintain my feet,
My partner's showing signs of wear,
But won't admit defeat.

You can tell me tales of courage
Born on the field of war,
But we have fought a fight to-day
Such as never was fought before.

The music stops, the big show's over,
I stagger towards the door.
I fought like a man, but admit defeat
In the battle of the dance hall floor.
J.M.

"TALKABOUT"

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AN INTER-COLLEGIATE CATASTROPHE

On Tuesday, the 20th of July, a major catastrophe was witnessed on the Wagga Cricket Ground—the collapse of the probable inter-collegiate football team against a side who were, as one member of the team adequately expressed “mere target practice” for the selected “cream” of College footballers. This “make-shift” team pounded their opponents into the dust, and were successful to the merry, but devastating tune, of 11-8.

The “probables” reputation built up during the season crumbled under the constant barrage launched by the hard-rucking forwards and the straight-running backs of the so-called “make-shifts.”

OUTSTANDING EFFORTS

Max Bell was undoubtedly the most outstanding back on the field, and his display was closely followed by the faultless game that Ed MacMicking gave as fullback. These two “make-shift” players should be in the running for final selection. The deadly tackling of breakaway, Keith Cowan, always had the inside backs of the probable team in trouble and the kudos for the toughest forward goes to unanimously to Gerry Cullen, thus proving the old saying “if you're good enough, you're big enough.”

In the probable team, Peter Debenham was the only back to display glimpses of true form, while the forwards lacked the fire that should be characteristic of a first-class college side. Harry Gibbs, who is yet to play a bad game of football, was the only member to attain a suitable and necessary standard.

At so late a stage in preparation for the first inter-collegiate encounter, the match was a grave disappointment for enthusiastic followers and the two hard-working selectors who, no doubt, have been given many headaches in making their decisions for the inter-collegiate football team.

T.B.A.

MEN'S HOCKEY

This branch of College sport has enjoyed a small and faithful band of supporters. The quality of the play itself certainly warrants a much larger following but the opinion of many is

that the only sport played in the College is Blake Cup football. This is entirely wrong, and even though the Blake Cup football team has “excelled itself with honour,” those who have this view, are definitely very narrow-minded, as far as sport is concerned. Sport takes in everything, such as Rugby League, Rugby Union, Soccer, men and women's Hockey, Basketball, Baseball, Soft Ball, etc.

After this preliminary moan, I will get to the aim of this article. That is to tell you something of what the men's hockey teams have been doing and are doing.

“A” TEAM

The “A” team has proved itself in the competition rounds so far in this season. It has never been beaten, winning all games except one which was drawn with Junee Rovers after a hard and fast match. The teams, in the hockey competition are: Teachers' College “A” and “B”, Dunlops, R.A.A.F., Junee Rovers, Lifesavers. As it is only a newly re-formed branch of sport in the Wagga district, it has not yet reached the heights that it will in future years.

The College “B” team is only a newly formed team. Most of the members of this team have never played hockey before, and they are showing that the sportsmen in this College have something in them that makes them great triers, and with a little more perseverance they will challenge the “A” team on even grounds.

The following is a resume of the competition games played so far:

ROUND ONE: College “A” versus—
R.A.A.F.: Won, won.
Junee Rovers: Won, drew 3-3.
Dunlops: Won.
Lifesavers: Won.
ROUND TWO:
Dunlops: Won.
Lifesavers: Won 2-0.
Lifesavers: Won 3-0.
Junee Rovers: Won 5-2.

Teachers' College “B” (who started in Round Two of the competition) versus—

Lifesavers: Beaten 5-2.
Dunlops: Beaten 7-0.
Junee Rovers: Beaten 3-2.
R.A.A.F.: Beaten 3-1.

During the year a Wagga district side was selected to play Goulburn Waratahs. Four of our “A” team were selected to play and though beaten 9 goals to 2, by these wily veterans, the team played extremely well.

Men's hockey is represented at the Inter-Collegiate sports at the end of this term, and I hear that we play the “Pioneer” match. The team will do its utmost to win and so give Wagga College a good start.

Before closing, I should like to mention the fine goal-scoring effort of our captain, Brian Webb, who so far this season, has netted no fewer than 52 goals.

—KEVIN WILCOX (2nd Year).

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Second Chap: So I did, but when were sitting on the sofa she got up switched off the light, and I'm not to take a hint.

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Strings Are Pulled

Roll this on. Glue this on. Place that there. Pop this here. This, my dear studes, could be an ear with just a little stretch of the imagination. That lovely paste! And it makes one feel so gooey, gluey.

These papers! What an assortment. Quite useful for bandages. Place them over your own eyes so that they may not see this horrible handwork. Paint it with poster colours, water colours, oil colours or even show-card colour and there you have your—eh—head.

Have you made a head without the body? Just go ahead and stitch a little gown or a little suit. Stitch this little gown or this little suit in turn to the neck of your puppet, that is, if you have remembered to give your puppet's neck a head—eh, head—a neck.

And for what all these hours of toil? That is the question. Is puppetry a new toy in the educational world, or has it a definite value? If so, just where does the value lie? So much time and energy is spent in making enough characters for a play. Does this time and energy justify the result. You will say that it does not. Suppose then the pupils themselves make the puppets as is the more likely case? "They will only have a good game in all that love-erly glue." If they do, it is rather a case of weak control. Don't you see what use the puppets can be? They are a definite help to the shy child. They do help him to express himself orally, and perfection of self-expression is what we are aiming at.

The manual part of the work gives the child a sense of satisfaction and pleasure too. He has created something, and it will give him the incentive to create again.

And when we think of the time we take to make the puppets, and the time we would take in costuming some of the children for a play, there is really not so much difference in the time expenditure. So, granted we are prepared to spend the time, the best and most interesting project, e.g., puppetry, might as well be attempted.

Go to it, Studes! Those puppets will be useful. You can give your pupils a lot by using them, and that should count for something.

BETTE.

But Bette S. says:

DOODLING!

Recently we have been busily engaged in the great work of learning to make puppets, but the question is, is it worth learning?

I have been wondering how children will react when confronted with evil-smelling paste and numerous scraps of paper. How will the parents react when their dearly beloved little darling arrives home almost as stiff as his puppet.

I realise that puppetry gives encouragement to those who don't like speaking in front of a class and one who isn't perhaps capable of acting, but are

there not other ways of cultivating public speaking and acting?

Making the head alone takes hours, and how are hours for a single part of a subject to be fitted into a normal week's schooling. Of course, the making can stretch over weeks, but will not the children have lost interest after a couple of messy periods? I can't imagine any one being particularly interested in a large amount of glue and paper.

Then there is the shaping of the head—even we have difficulty in this direction and will not the child have infinitely more difficulty—a nightmarish dread perhaps.

Now that the head is moulded we proceed to paint—a comparatively easy job. After follows the dressing—raking up scraps from here, there and everywhere—making passionate appeals for material because some poor unfortunate puppet hasn't any pants.

The stage then becomes the focus of attention—turn the construction over to the woodwork class (if there is such a class) to waste its time. This should take another two or three weeks.

Now all that remains is the painting of scenery, etc. We will assume—to save time, of course—that the children already know the play and actions.

And now after about two months we have everything ready for presentation—everything is in place and ready to go. How long does it last for—10 minutes? All that work for so brief a time. Is it worth it? A brief enjoyment for so much work and time.

Puppetry is a toy, a comparatively new plaything which for the time being is fashionable, but like all fashions, the question is will it last. I don't think it will for long.

B.E.S.

Off the Record

Oh for a gramophone! Oh for a record! Oh for a bonfire of broken recorder flutes!

Never before have I heard so many versions of "The Lost Note"—pardon, I mean "The Lost Chord." I see beautiful young ladies frantically running up and down our 6in. x 6in. corridors mournfully asking all those not already dead, "Have you seen my note? I just blew this — (confounded thing) and the note came out the wrong end. You'll return it if you find it, won't you?"

My delicate ears are assailed by the volumes of monstrous windjamming that goes on morning, noon and night. All the wind possible is jammed into the poor little insignificant flute!

Don't be surprised if I exert my superiority with a super atomic bomb. I must outdo the noise somehow.

—B.E.S.

Dialogue overheard on a cannibal island: "Who is that lady I saw you with last night?" "That wasn't no lady—that was my dinner!"

Education and Training

One of the most interesting of the current books from New Zealand is W. J. Scott's "Reading, Film and Radio Tastes of High School Girls and Boys." This book is the result of a comprehensive survey of reading tastes carried out in the New Zealand schools. Both the statistics that are formulated and the conclusions reached by the author are worthy of the serious consideration of all who would consider that education has any meaning apart from the acquisition of the skills necessary to exist in the world and gain a living.

This, however, is not a review of that book but of an aspect of the relation between culture and education raised by the book. In the days of Lord Macaulay an educated man was not a trained man; that is to say there was a strict division between a general education either in the classics or the humanities and a technical training whether it might be in medicine or plumbing. Training and education unfortunately were sundered, and still more unfortunately the educated man looked down on the trained man. The weight in tertiary institutions was all on the classics and the humanities. "Here's to the higher mathematics," proposed an Oxford Don, "and may they never be of use to anyone."

In this day of course the emphasis is all the other way. Training for some practical end in a direct fashion unrelated to general education is the universal conception of modern education. That is to say, modern education is technical, and essentially therefore training. The classics have long gone to the dust bin, and the humanities, Literature, History, Geography fight a retreating battle. The technical encroachment upon the Universities has meant in effect that a man can become a doctor, lawyer, chemist, economist, or almost any other of the professions with his knowledge of the humanities at the level of the Leaving Certificate. There is no provision for any general education in his tertiary training, and therefore, unless he takes steps himself which he will scarcely have time to do, in literature and history he remains at a mental development of 17 years. No democracy can continue to function as such if its intellectual, or, if you like, its highest I.Q. strata says good-bye to the humanities at its 17th year. In history alone an adult conception of the motives and movements of men is essential to survival in an atomic age. Similar arguments might be made out for literature. The humanities indicate the art of living beyond the technique of survival. Survival is very necessary, and training is very necessary for survival, but is one looking forward or back when one says that the art of living should also be the concern of men?

To conclude with the profession of teaching, it can be appreciated that the implications are far reaching, and cumulative in their effects upon generations. A Teachers' College, like a University, does not consist in its buildings but in its inhabitants. Those who use the University only as a degree shop are

seeking training alone and not education, and the same applies to student teachers. It is essential that they be technically proficient, but one despairs at the continual cry: "What is the use of this? It has no application to what I will teach in the Primary School. Why do we have to do subjects other than Method ones?" Such questions do not need an answer so much as an education.

A.A.

St. Thomas More Club

A welcome is extended to all first year students from the members of the St. Thomas More Club. The above-named Club is open to all College students and our main aim is to provide, along with other similar clubs, a spiritual environment for members of the Wagga Teachers' College.

Our meetings are always enjoyable, sometimes taking the form of debates, lectures, concerts and the like. One of our major activities is the arrangement of picnics and inter-Club visits for members of the Club.

Recently, the present members visited the Albury Club and you can be assured that our day was a great success. We played basketball and tennis, and at night enjoyed a social arranged by that Club. A truly memorable day!

We hold our meetings every alternate Monday, so will be looking forward to welcoming any students who are interested.

MARIE HULME.

De We Exist?

Following is a piece of conversation overhead on a bus at Turvey Park terminus:—

First Lady (looking at College girls going to hockey): Where are all these girls coming from?

Second Lady: From the Teachers' College, I think.

First Lady: When I see all these girls I wonder what jobs they are going to go to.

Second Lady: Yes, didn't they look nice in the march?

First Lady: They looked lovely.

(Pause.)

First Lady: I wonder what sort of jobs they will go to when they finish here?

Second Lady: Oh, all different sort of jobs and occupations, I suppose.

(Fade out.)

Perhaps, in future the "Teachers" should be underlined when our name is written. Anyway, our Principal evidently has a "super-human" job in front of him to make Wagga people realise that we really do exist.

K.McL.

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I wish we did not have to part;
I wish I had the words to voice
The sorrow that engulfs my heart.

'Tis fate's decree, that we must be
Strangers, for a year or two;
Other friends perhaps you'll find,
But I none, to take the place of you.

But friend, I forgot

Not complete strangers need we be,
Eight times a year we'll have some little
intercourse;
But not enough I fear,
For reckless lovers such as you and me.

—J.M.

College Highlights

The literature option includes a "workshop" group for those students who feel that they have something original to say. Mr. Levis is the lecturer in charge.

I search my brain in every crevice
To find a verse for Mr. Levis.
It does not matter how I try
Inspiration has passed me by.

I write a verse,
I tear it up.
I write another,
It follows its brother.

Curse the verse,
It's getting worse.
I've had enough.

McCarthy: Did you protest against the movie that represents the Irish as disorderly?

Murphy: Did we. We wrecked the place.