

# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 3, No. 35

APRIL 25, 1949

PRICE: ONE PENNY

## Wagga Trained . . . ?

The first session of students trained at Wagga College are soon to invade the bastions of education. In the records they will be listed as "Wagga trained." These words are to achieve some definite significance. What is this significance to be? What will be the meaning of "Wagga trained"?

THERE are now five Teachers' Training Colleges in New South Wales. Some of them have been established over many years and have developed distinctive attitudes and traditions.

All but two have seen their graduates go out and take up the teaching profession.

All have a common purpose—to educate the children of Australia so that they will understand and appreciate the world around them and become decent citizens of our community.

"Community," perhaps that is the word that sums up the entire situation. It is the aim of education to teach people to live together.

Yet of all the colleges in New South Wales, even Australia, only one offers complete training in community living.

This almost seems a paradox that teachers should not be trained fully in the aspect they are to develop in their pupils.

Wagga College, however, does offer a full course in community living. There are no lectures, the course starts each day at ten minutes to five and concludes with breakfast.

Wagga students are trained for twenty-four hours a day.

Their training begins in their rooms, where they receive two years' intensive training in the art of adjusting themselves to live with other people.

It is continued every time a student thinks, speaks or acts. He is part of a community and cannot escape the fact.

He is part of the community and gives it his best and in return shares its benefits.

This community is self-sufficient, with its own dances, films and paper.

The various clubs offer him education and recreation in almost any field

attracting his interest.

He has something no other college can ever aspire to, a personal contact with the College staff.

Yes, the term "Wagga trained" has a definite significance. As yet this significance is known and understood by only a few, but soon the first session are to go out.

They will take with them the term "Wagga trained," but more important, they will take its meaning.

J.M.

### Editorial

THIS Editorial is aimed chiefly at the pioneer session, but in due course will concern all students who pass through this College.

In a very short time the pioneers graduate, and after that it is possible that many students will never see each other again.

The Editorial staff wish to make this paper the medium through which the former students will be united, even though they may be scattered all over the State.

We ask you to write of your experiences in the teaching profession, whether they be humorous or serious and to use the paper as much as possible to preserve friendships formed at College.

We desire to extend the functions of "Talkabout" to make it not only the voice of the residential students but also the voice of students who have graduated and entered the teaching profession.

Don't lose contact with your College. You will go out and new faces will come

in, but College life will not change. In ten years time I'm sure we would find that students would be exactly reliving our former experiences, even though we would shake our heads and say, "Things aren't what they used to be."

I think we would hear the same old grouches, find the existing Editor still moaning about student apathy, find the corner light still promoting good feeling among students and hear that College teams still dominate local sport.

These things are part of your life and you will not fully appreciate them until you graduate; therefore we ask you to hold them as tightly as possible.

Dr. Watson will still be in excellent condition, despite my efforts to exterminate him. His eagle-eye will still see all and I think he will bring back memories if you change a few names.

From another point of view, we will be glad to publish notices of graduate meetings, etc., and would like to become official representatives of the Wagga Wagga Ex-Students' Pen Friends' Association.

We therefore urge all pioneers to take a subscription when they leave. Subscriptions will cost about ten shillings a year and will cover postage.

Further details will be announced.

Finally, this is your College and your paper; don't lose contact with either of them.

JOHN MITCHELL.

### Robert Browning

(1812-1889)

The romantic age in poetry conjures thoughts of fiery, "elevated" themes, vividly presented in all the sweet magic of "inspired" verse, by some young genius of noble, Shelleyan brow, lustrous eye and excitingly Byronic moral tendencies. It seems to be the general belief that the poets of this great age of verse were all possessed of "soaring minds," whose every thought found immediate expression in rhymed stanzas of naturally smooth flowing metre. That, however, is simply popular opinion founded on the fascination of the finished work of art. The Romantic poets were craftsmen, just as surely as were the couplet-bound classicists. Shelley was, as Dryden, a versemaker, struggling

with the intricacies of word and rhyme and metre. Those particular characteristics of the poet which enable the reader to say "Keats" to some unfamiliar verse, or "Rosetti" to another, are evidences of the poet's craft—for Keats and Shelley the glowing word, the crowding imagery, the lush, descriptive passages which can never be confused with those of Arnold or similar themes; for Byron—the stately cadence, the unmistakable striving for Greek perfection; for Rosetti—the cold deliberate richness of a painting. They beguile the ear with melody of word and the fascination of rhythm. Most please the inward eye. Some touch the heart. But none so cocks the reader's heart and mind in the power of his verse as does the master craftsman of the Romantic period, Robert Browning.

Browning's verse-making began when he was still a child. Encouraged by a practically minded father, young Robert was, by the time he reached the age of twelve, saturated with the influence of Byron and Shelley. Traces of these influences are found in his earlier works, particularly in his "Paracelsus" with its wild dreams and exuberant rush of words, so typical of youth—

"How know I else such glorious fate  
my own

But in the restless, irresistible force  
That works within me? Is it for human  
will

To institute such impulses?—still less  
To disregard their promptings?"

There is all the exaltation of the  
Shelley enthusiast in his cry.

"I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless  
way—

I shall arrive! what time, what circuit  
first,

I ask not: but unless God send His hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling  
snow

In some time—his good time—I shall  
arrive:

He guides me and the bird. In His  
good time!"

Young Robert planned to publish a book of poems while still in his middle 'teens, but the scheme came to nothing. His "Pauline," published when he was but twenty-two, was well received by such critics as deigned to notice it—but for some time Browning's principal adversary was fashion—the established poets were all "the rage" and the newcomer had to wait his turn.

As Browning's style developed, his work outgrew its signs of early Romantic influence. His particular gift for rhythmic interpretation (noted by his parents when he was but four years old) was coupled with a remarkable facility of handling rhyme—both these talents combining beautifully with a third, that of dramatic narrative.

Browning's "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" stands very high among the best galloping pieces in the English language, as does his "Boot and Saddle." A particularly striking example of the manner in which the innuendo implied by rhyme and rhythm enhances the narrative is to be found in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." In this, the charming of the rats (and later of the children) is

enchantingly depicted. The passage opens quietly:

"Into the street the piper stopt,  
Smiling first a little smile  
As if he knew what magic slept"  
In his quiet pipe the while"—

and gradually increases in tempo—

"Then like a musical adept,  
To blow his pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
Like a candle flame where salt is  
sprinkled

And 'ere three shrill notes the pipe  
uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered,  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty  
rumbling;"

until, with the fortissimo at—

"And out of the houses the rats came  
tumbling,"

it breaks into the light, hurrying  
rhythm of—

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats,  
brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny  
rats."

The description is excellent. The poem is a masterpiece of narrative in rhythm, while the phraseology is surprisingly modern. There is more than a foretaste of Ogden Nash in—

"An hour they sate in council.

At length the Mayoer broke the silence:

'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,  
I wish I were a mile hence!'"

There is a similar enchantment in this scene from "Fra Lippo Lippi":

"I would not paint all night!

Oof! I leaned out of window for fresh  
air.

Then came the hurry of feet, and little  
feet,

A sweep of strings, laughs, and waft of  
song,

Round they went."

Browning is rarely monotonous. Even with "How They Brought the Good News" where the galloping metre is maintained throughout and the rhyme system is a—

Steady couplet, the reader is undisturbed. Story and metre blend perfectly, carrying each other, and the reader, to the final verse. There is, of course, the difficulty involved in what is called "The Browning Idiom," but apart from this there are few instances where Browning's narrative verse falls into the general evil of narrative—which is to "drag." Occasionally in his rhythmic pieces he jars the reader by his use of double and triple rhyme. An outstanding example of this is "From ———," which appears to have been written with tongue in cheek. True, there is a picture, but a monotonous one—and a little vague story—but the metre and the straining after rhyme!

Again, in his "De Gustibus" Browning drops his reader quite disappointingly.

The first stanza runs:

"Your ghost shall walk, you lover of  
trees,

(If our loves remain),

"In an English lane

By a cornfield side a-flutter with poppies.

Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—

A boy and a girl, if the good fates  
please,

Making love, say—

The happier they!

Draw yourself up from the light of the  
moon

And let them pass, as they will too soon,  
With the bean-flower's boon  
And the blackbird's tune  
And May and June."

This is followed by a complete change of thought and metre:

"What I love best in all the world  
Is a castle, precipice—encurled  
In a gush of the wind-grieved Apennine."

The effect is fascinating and the handling of the complicated rhyme system in this passage is brilliant. Note the interchange of rhyme in the first sixteen lines which run a a; b b; c; d d; c c; d; e e; d d; f f. Then, after the freedom of—

"A girl bare footed brings and tumbles  
Down on the pavement, green-flesh  
melons."

And says, 'There's news to-day—the  
King

Was shot at, touched in the lower wing  
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling."

There comes the sudden disappointment of a commonplace Kipling-like finale:

"Italy, my Italy!

Queen Mary's saying serves for me—  
(When fortune's malice lost her Calais),  
Open my heart and you will see  
Graved inside of it 'Italy'.

Such lovers old are I and she;  
So it always was, so shall ever be!"

As is evident, almost any discussion of Browning requires endless quotation. He speaks so well for himself. His method of presentation is so intricate that it is impossible to select any one straight verse and say "that is typically Browning; that illustrates his style."

He had a strong sense of the dramatic. "All poetry is dramatic in principle," he said. This talent for drama is perhaps the reason for his remarkably lucid narrative verse. Even his shorter poems tell their stories. Browning had a masterly control of words. His pictures are not hurriedly painted—nor yet are they skimped. "The Confessional," "Porphyria's Lover," "The Laboratory"—all three are good examples of Browning's talent for the dramatic narrative verse.

Browning was a remarkably successful student of mankind—he seems to have been possessed by a deep insight and sympathy—and certainly he found the unbalanced mind an excellent vehicle for his dramatic pen. "Porphyria's Lover" is not a long poem, yet Browning builds up to his climax steadily. There is no rush, but still no waste of words. In some indefinable manner he imparts the madness to the reader. There is nothing special to show it—yet the whole poem is seemingly filled with an undercurrent of murmuring vacant laughter, which begins almost from the moment of Porphyria's entry. The subtle inflections of the poet's thoughts seem to be superimposed on the actual story—the twisted, crazy reasoning of the warped mind becomes savagely clear as the poem unfolds. As it progresses the dramatic tension increases, and the startling climax is a definite shock to the reader:

"Porphyria worshipped me; surprise

Made my heart swell, and still it grew  
While I debated what to do.  
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,  
Perfectly pure and good. I found  
A thing to do and, all her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around  
And strangled her . . ."

There is something terrifying in the way in which the unwritten eerie laughter persists through the remainder of the poem:

"No pain felt she: I'm sure  
She felt no pain . . ."  
like the distant sound of a bee buzzing and nudging at the closed petals of a "flower," and in the way in which it cuts out with the impact of the final verse—

"And yet God has not said a word."  
That Browning wrote himself into his early works is fairly evident. They are the natural output of the young poet of certain ability, zeal and ambitious. The theme of "Paracelsus" ("I am he that aspired to know") ties in very well with that of "Pauline"—  
"No fear was mine  
As I gazed on the works of mighty bards  
In the first joy of finding my own thoughts  
Recorded, and my feelings exemplified,  
And feeling their aspirations were my own."

Of his later verses it is difficult to judge—and it is not always safe to draw conclusions. Yet there is some charm in Browning's work which can only be attributed to the fact that it has the ring of sincerity. Perhaps it is the tint of reality which colours his poetic characters. He himself maintained that his poems were "so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine." And yet, although the stories are varied, there is a similarity of theme which piques the reader's curiosity time and again. The theme seems to work itself out through all his poems, beginning with the thought expressed in the quotation from "Pauline" above, and moving through "Paracelsus"—

" . . . Be sure that God  
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he  
deigns impart!  
Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!  
nor fear  
Their holding light his charge, when  
every hour  
That finds that charge delayed is a  
new death."

It crops up again much later in "Andrea del Sarto" with—  
"I can do with my pencil what I know,  
What I see, what at the bottom of my heart  
I wish for, if ever I wish so deep—  
Do easily too . . ."

I do what many dream of all their lives  
—Dream? Strive to do and agonise to do,  
And fall in doing . . .  
. . . You don't know how the others  
strive?

There burns a truer light of God in them,  
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and  
stopped-up brain  
. . . than goes on to prompt  
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's  
hand of mine.

Their works drop groundward, but  
themselves I know  
Reach many a time a heaven that's  
shut to me.  
. . . My works are nearer heaven,  
But I sit here."

"Del Sarto," incidentally, is an excellent example of how Browning, who's so often judged to be obscure and difficult, can write with the utmost simplicity. The form is blank verse, the metre the unusual "speech-rhythm." With regard to this personal theme of Browning, "Del Sarto" seems indicative of a certain disillusionment—yet in one of his last works, "Abt Voyler," the theme seems to resolve itself into the writer's renewed faith in his early dreams—

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed  
of good shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself."

The "Epilogue from Asolando" which, fittingly enough, appeared on the day of his death, seems to confirm this certainty. The final portion runs:

"I being—who?  
One who never turned his back but  
marched breast-forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were  
worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to  
fight—better sleep to wake."

E.P.

(Thanks, E.P.—Ed.)

Wholly set up and printed at "The  
Daily Advertiser" Office, Trail Street,  
Wagga Wagga.

## Poetry Competition

For weeks we have been deploring the lack of interest shown by the students to THEIR paper. For most of this year, "Talkabout," the students' own paper, has been produced by no more than six writers. Three-quarters of the paper is written by the same three every Sunday, on which day the last hope of receiving a representative selection of articles dies. For six days we live in hopes, then, on the seventh, we sit down to churn out reams of material which we hope will interest the students, amuse them, or shake them from their apathy. As a result of this your paper is becoming stereotyped. Well, as I said, we have been deploring this fact and blaming you.

However, of late, we have been giving the matter some serious thought and have decided that the blame for this state of affairs must rest, in part at least, with us. We feel that we have not given you enough encouragement to write work of true literary worth. When all is said, it is part of the function of a College paper to promote interest in literature and creative writing. Have we been doing this? We decided that we have not. Very few articles which are interesting, but fall outside the immediate interests of students, and which we therefore decided would not be read, have been published. We have been asking, week after week, for articles which are concerned in a direct way (using direct in a very narrow sense) with the College and its activities.

We find, however, that we are not getting these articles and that issues of the paper which contain these articles (written by the staff and a few, very few, interested people) do not find a ready sale. As a result we are going to publish more articles on things literary in future issues. As a start, we publish in this week's paper a very well written criticism of Robert Browning. We trust that you will find the criticism both interesting and useful. In it you will find many interesting points; new light is thrown on some of Browning's poems which are generally considered to be inferior, not only to Browning's own greater poems, but to the work of lesser writers.

To promote interest in these new articles we are going to hold a poetry competition. The competition will be

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open to both first and second year students. The staff of "Talkabout" have decided not to submit entries to the competition. However, this does not mean that they do not and will not write poetry. All entries should be in by the 2nd May. To the author of the prize-winning poem will be given a year's subscription to "Talkabout" on leaving College. If a second year wins the competition he or she will receive a posted copy of "Talkabout" free each week. In the event of a first year's winning the subscription will take effect on his or her leaving College.

All entries of worth will be published in "Talkabout."

Ladies and Gentlemen. Is there an enthusiast in the house?

B.A.J.

## The Right Attitude

Practice teaching affords students an opportunity to put into practice and to watch their fellow students and experienced teachers put into practice the theory that they have learned in lectures. It is during practice teaching that a teacher is really made.

The theory of teaching is important—very important. Without it we would be lost before a class. However, all the theory in the book is useless unless we are given an opportunity to apply it before a class. We must learn to modify this theory to suit our class, its needs and interests. We must learn this, in part at least, during practice teaching. For this reason we are given, during our College course, as wide a range of schools and classes as possible. No two classes are the same, and the more we see during practice the wider our experience will become, and the easier we will find teaching at the conclusion of our College course. It is, after all, experience that makes one proficient in any profession or trade. It is only logical to assume that our efficiency as teachers will become greater as we become more experienced.

There is not a single student in this College who can say that he knows all there is to be known about teaching. I think I can safely say that there is no teacher who can consider himself perfect. It is true of every pursuit that the more we learn the more we find we have yet to learn. During every day of practice, we discover something new. We might learn something from the class teacher, from another student, or we might learn it through necessity—the necessity of overcoming a certain difficulty quickly, or of avoiding a difficulty. We might find that we are to give a lesson in which the class is not interested. If we can think out for ourselves, now, a method of putting this lesson across successfully, it will be a worry from which we shall be free, if a similar situation should occur when we are permanent teachers.

However, it is not only with the particular case that practice teaching is of value. If we can learn to think of

ways of overcoming particular difficulties, while we are practice teaching, we will find a way of surmounting any difficulty with which we are faced later on. One of the most important aspects of practice teaching is, then, that it trains us to use our brains.

Students should find the supervisor of immeasurable help during practice teaching. The supervisor has a very sound practical knowledge of all aspects of teaching and any comments which he makes will be helpful and constructive.

While we are teaching, we may be conscious of some of our mistakes, but we cannot possibly know them all. It is the duty of the supervisor to point out the good and bad points in our lesson. He may note a small detail which must be rectified, or a major mistake such as an altogether wrong method of teaching. Whatever his criticism may be, we would do well to listen to it, and to act upon it. We must eliminate our bad points and improve our good ones. Only in this way can we even approach the perfection for which we should all strive.

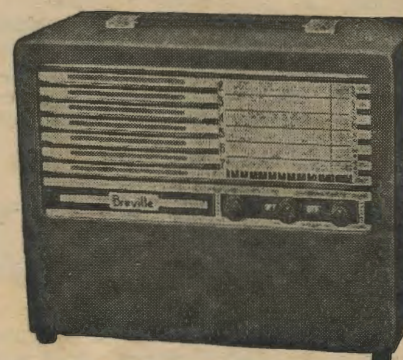
Another important part of practice teaching is the observation book. This should contain only those points that are of value—those that are practical. We should note all good ideas and innovations which we see at the school. Later on we can pick out those that are suitable for use in our own schools. Great care should be taken when selecting ideas from observation books. What is suitable in one school may be hopelessly unsuitable in another. Many ideas will have to be modified greatly before they will be of value to us. We must see as much as we can—make use of that which is valuable—discard that which is not. An observation book is, in reality, an ideas book.

Lastly, I would like to deal with teaching aids. There is no need for me to point out the value of teaching aids. This has been stressed time and time again in lectures. However, there is a tendency among some students to use an aid merely for the sake of having one. Their one aim seems to be to impress the supervisor. To be of value, a teaching aid must serve a definite purpose. The introduction of irrelevant or unwieldy aids is a hindrance rather than a help. Another important consideration is whether or not the value of an aid is in proportion to the time it takes to prepare. Practice teaching should bear as close a relationship as possible to permanent teaching.

We should, therefore, not do anything for a practice lesson that we are not prepared, or able, to do when we take over our appointments. In its right place, the teaching aid is a very valuable piece of teaching equipment. While we are at College we should endeavour to make as many durable teaching aids as possible—teaching aids that we can keep and use again and again.

Well, go to it, you lucky students who have benefited from my sagacity. Make the remainder of this prac. and future pracs. something of which you will be proud.

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This is not an apology but an explanation to those students who have verbally criticised my treatment of Watson.

The situation is best explained by a description of the production of one issue of the paper, last week's issue being taken as an example.

The deadline for contributions was half-past nine Sunday night. When this time arrived we, Jim Butler, Barbara Spence and myself, found that the total number of contributions were one letter to the Editor. The situation was quite familiar to us, so reaching for our pens, we prepared to do our share of the "Publication of the Students of Wagga Teachers' College."

By half-past two Monday morning we had written between us one hundred and twenty quarto. The paper, however, still lacked the one essential to make it sell—WATSON.

Personally I consider the column an editorial disgrace, being somewhat bored by the continual moronic play on names.

Despite the fact that I regard the column with a jaundiced eye, I am quite prepared to print it provided someone else writes it.

It might be thought that the popularity of Watson would inspire students to literary effort, but such is not the case, the average student being more interested in reading the best in literature than writing it.

Realising that I owed a social duty to the student body, I once more took up my pen and attempted to provide the two hundred and ninety interested with their week's reading matter.

The two resulting columns were given a mixed reception. Some students thoroughly enjoyed the latest scandal (I am again inspired); some could not understand it (I am not surprised); some were quite annoyed (I am not concerned).

If I am forced to write Watson I am afraid the treatment will always be unsympathetic. Of course, this brings us to the point of which is the better treatment, unsympathetic or just simply pathetic.

This brings us to the present state of affairs and the present attitude of the Editorial staff.

Watson will appear in the paper each week provided it is written and delivered to the office by some student outside the Editorial staff.

Students wishing to handle this important feature may see me any time and I will give them the required information.

The important point to remember is

that success in this column depends on the subtle recording of the facts your neighbour thinks, you don't know.

On the technical side success is achieved by a very intricate system of name plays. The entire system may be found in any Watson not written by the Doctor.

I hope this article has given those concerned a broader understanding of their favourite section of the "Publication of the Students of the Wagga Teachers' College."

The Mad Doctor of Gurwood Street.

## Unofficial History

Last Friday night the Writers' Group turned on the only mediocre session of its otherwise brilliant career. The general failure of the meeting was in no way a reflection on hard working Writers' Group President, Mary Comino. The general air of respectability, mind-your-dignity-doesn't-slip, etc., which suffocated proceedings was possibly due to the fact that the group was a large and relatively newly formed body, comprising both Writers' Group and the second year Literature Option.

The gathering was made up of a varied assortment of ex-lecturers, writers, librarians, option students, literature and English expression lecturers, wives, wives-to-be and music lecturers. The reason (or was it excuse) for such a gathering was the presentation of various odds and ends to various people.

The meeting was timed to start at 8 p.m., so along went your scribe and a couple of friends at 8.30. We cast in the direction of those already there one of those looks which are traditionally thrown in the direction of people who commit the mortal social sin of arriving at a function early. At those who came after us we cast the look traditionally cast at people who come late for tea. Wishing to be sociable, we stood on the verandah and talked.

When we returned all the men were clustered, like iron filings to a magnet, about Mr. Levis. The women were talking, no doubt of things womanly, to Mrs. Levis. We talked to Mr. Ashworth. Then someone decided that we should sit down (there is always someone willing to take such responsibilities at similar gatherings). Unquestioningly we sat.

Mr. Levis spoke briefly of his experiences at Sydney. Mr. Pople: "Oh! Let's play games."

After Mr. Levis's address we again settled down to spasmodic talk. I'm sure I was in the wrong group because loud laughter kept coming from a group in which Al Fryer and John Mitchell seemed to be the central characters.

Mr. Pople: "Oh! Let's play games."

A plea made in the tone used by Mr. Pople just cannot be ignored, so we played games. I'm still not quite sure of the rules, but as a result of one of these games, Ralph Waterson gave a demonstration of a girl rising and dressing in the morning, Mr. Ashworth did what was allegedly a Highland Fling with Barbara Spence, Mr. Holland

sang a song, which I presume he made up himself, with John Mitchell; Mr. Levis was supposed to have given an imitation of Deanna Durbin, but succeeded in amusing us by other means and—oh, yes. Someone jitterbugged. Miss Webb, we believe.

At this stage it was thought advisable to call a halt to proceedings. Mr. Holland and Mr. Ashworth were then prevailed upon to give advice to young people contemplating partaking of matrimony. Mr. Holland—tch! tch! Because of unseemly levity among the audience, Mr. Ashworth refused to go past the ninth sub-section of his sixteenth introductory remark.

Mr. Pople: "Oh! Let's play games."

Games it was. The game this time was apparently invented by a near relation of a gentleman known as Rafferty. It was, I believe, called "Beauteous Feline." Did you ever indulge in a game commonly known as poker, Mr. Millar?"

Al Fryer: "Let's eat."

We forthwith ate, drank and talked.

"Oh! Let's play games."

It was thought that this was as good a time as any to make the presentations, and besides, we had to avoid those games at all costs. Max Bell presented Mr. Ashworth with a-a-er-a, on behalf of the Second Year Option, in appreciation of the work he has done for them and of the literary backgrounds he has widened. Mr. Ashworth seemed suitably impressed, said so and added his thanks.

Next Dave Rummery said something about a gift which would open doors, let loose mighty powers, prove a source of inspiration and generally would be put to frequent and profitable use. He then looked hard at Mr. Levis and presented him with a bottle opener. Mr. Levis looked jubilant and thanked the gathering.

Mr. Pople looked as though he was going to say something, so Mary Comino summoned her resources and with that presence of mind so typical of her beat him to the punch. As a result games were further delayed while Mary presented Mr. and Mrs. Levis with an ornament which will in future years grace the Levis mantelpiece, and, aimed primarily at Mr. Levis, a copy of the Lininsky problem. Mr. Levis thanked the Writers' Group for their gifts and expressed the hope that its members would continue writing in the future.

"Oh! Let's—"

At this stage Mary produced a slice of cake on which a match burnt brightly. Mr. Levis was prevailed upon to blow out this match, whereupon we all sang those songs usually sung on birthdays. It seems, among other things, that Mr. Levis had celebrated an unspecified anniversary of his birth the previous day.

"Oh! Let's play games."

This time it was charades. This continued long enough for the lecturers (and ex-lecturers) to display previously undreamed of talents.

Marj Abraham then entertained with her fine singing of "Estralita."

Mr. Pople: "Oh! Let's get sentimental."

Accordingly Marj obliged with "Oh, My Beloved Daddy" and "Solvelg's Song."

The rest of the evening was spent

in singing selections from "The Gondollers," saying "good-night," etc., to visitors and departing.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Whittaker for providing us with easy chairs and to all others who helped in any way.

No, Win and Kev, you have not escaped. During the night, my dear readers, Miss Walshaw was presented with that instrument which is the bane of husbands the world over. It was one rolling pin. We believe, Win, that it can be put to other uses.

## Barmedman Defeats Wagga Teachers' College 28/10

(From "Temora Independent,"  
13th April, 1949.)

In pleasant autumn weather, a large crowd saw Barmedman defeat Wagga Teachers' College on the local oval by 30 points to 10 points.

The teams were:—

**WAGGA:** Fullback, A. Nilan; three-quarters, P. Debenham, A. Smith (c.), J. Biscaya, E. Lindsay; halves, T. Sumsky, D. Bieler; forwards, J. Gleeson, T. Hodges, C. Yarham, W. O'Sullivan, A. Buckingham, B. Jackson.

D. Bieler was injured during the game and K. Lyons took the field.

**BARMEDMAN:** Fullback, T. Kirk (capt.); three-quarters, W. Towers, R. Angus, C. Quinlan, D. Lawrence; halves, K. Steele, K. Carroll; forwards, R. Gorham, F. Harvey, R. Moir, B. Rollason, K. MacDonald, V. Wells.

Referee: Mr. W. Lawrence.

Barmedman kicked off. A minute afterwards, Lindsay, for Wagga, electrified the crowd with a brilliant run of sixty yards down the far wing, but was tackled within a few yards of Barmedman's line.

From within ten yards of half-way, Tom Kirk raised the flags with a penalty place kick.

Barmedman 2, Wagga nil.

Wagga forwards, in a fine dribbling rush, looked dangerous, but Towers stopped the movement. Gorham made a good opening and ran. With Carroll in good support and a try probable, Gorham threw the ball to the wrong side.

From a scrum in Wagga's twenty-five, Carroll gained, saw the opening, disorganised Wagga's backs, passed to Steele, who sent Towers over for a try in a handy position.

Kirk converted.

Barmedman 7, Wagga nil.

Shortly afterwards, R. Angus, former North Sydney star, received a bad gash over the eye. He was replaced by Jim Lawrence, who took the wing, Towers coming in. Don Lawrence had the crowd cheering with a spectacular thirty yards run on the far side. Barmedman was pressing. Towers gained and in a good run looked dangerous until brilliantly tackled by Bieler. Jackson, a Wagga forward, who had been playing a sound game was injured in the neck, but after treatment was able to resume.

A good penalty kick by Hodges, of Wagga, was saved by Kirk, whose kick went over the dead ball line. Beller, in a good run made ground, but was hemmed in. This player had to leave the ground shortly afterwards with an injured shoulder.

Barmedman was attacking. Smith and O'Sullivan did good work for Wagga. Biscaya gained possession, and, with splendid support initiated some clever criss-cross passing which eventually enabled Debenham to cut through to score in a handy position for Sumsky to convert.

Barmedman 7, Wagga 5.

Encouraged, Wagga pressed and kept Barmedman on the defensive.

Ken MacDonald broke through on the near side, sent to Gorham, to J. Lawrence, to Steele and then to Moir who scored. Kirk converted.

Barmedman 12, Wagga 5.

Soon afterwards, Gorham passed to Steele, who ran straight and sent Moir over for a try. Kirk converted.

Half-time scores: Barmedman 17, Wagga 5.

On resumption, Barmedman was mainly attacking, as it had a feast of the ball. Wagga's deadly tackling and general defence was good, and the few times they did get a chance to handle the ball their backs always gained ground. Despite the heavy Barmedman forwards, Wagga's forwards did well, although the pressure started to tell on Wagga later in the half.

Towers, who was one of the featured players in this half, scored when he bustled his way through the defence and scored in the far corner, leaving Kirk to land a magnificent, difficult angle goal.

Barmedman 22, Wagga 5.

Towers came again with a twenty-five yards run on the far side, but was forced out. From a penalty Smith gained a valuable thirty yards for Wagga. Yarham, with a Phar Lap dash of thirty yards, cut through Barmedman. Hemmed in, he had no support, although a Wagga player was hitting on all cylinders trying to join his team mate. If he had reached there in time a try was probable.

Barmedman backs were passing the ball without gaining a yard as Wagga backs swarmed over them. Carroll, who was always in the picture, with his unspectacular but clever play, whipped the ball from the scrum to Steele, who handled nicely, before sending Towers over in the far corner. Another difficult angle kick by Kirk crossed the bar.

Barmedman 27, Wagga 5.

Lyons, for Wagga, with a snappy ground-gaining run of twenty-five yards, left Barmedman standing, but Lindsay failed to connect. A copy book tackle of Kirk by Jackson in Barmedman's twenty-five left Barmedman busy in defence. Smith, Biscaya and Lindsay were attacking strongly, with Gleeson, Hodges, Buckingham, O'Sullivan and Jackson mixing it with the Barmedman forwards in a desperate attempt to break through Moir and Carroll relieved Barmedman, but A. Nilon, who played a sound game throughout as fullback, saved. Yarham, Smith and

Biscaya were soon prominent, but Barmedman offered too strong a defence.

Don Lawrence gained, made the opening for Towers, who burned the grass along the far side in a spectacular run of thirty-five yards, closely pursued by four Wagga players, who failed to stop the try. From a difficult kick, Jim Lawrence failed to convert.

Barmedman 30, Wagga 5.

Despite the leeway, Wagga never let up. Starved of the ball and tiring after the continuous defence, it had to put up against the heavy Barmedman team, it kept hammering away. Smith gained forty yards with a nicely judged kick. Play came to within ten yards of Barmedman's line and there was a roar of unanimous cheering and clapping when Hodges forced his way over Barmedman's line to score in a nice position. Sumsky converted, leaving the final scores: Barmedman 28, Wagga 10.

RESERVE GRADE

Barmedman defeated Wagga Teachers' College in the early game.

Referee: Mr. H. Gibbs, of Wagga.

Despite a lot of scraggy play there was good material in both teams.

J. Battersby, for Wagga, made some very good runs, but lacked support to finish probable scoring movements. P. Rees, inside centre for Wagga, also made spectacular and territory gaining runs, but he also lacked adequate support. He made one gem of an intercept and looked set for a score when he was nicely tackled by J. Berg. Wagga's low, clean tackling was better than Barmedman's.

C. Myott, unspectacular, but always there when wanted, played his usual sound game and handled his team well.

## "TALKABOUT"

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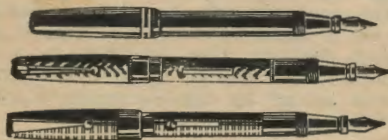
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## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—I had intended to write a bitingly sarcastic *la Swift* masterpiece on the lamentable failure of your paper to achieve the status desired by all Editors whd, as aspirants to fame, fondly imagine that they are destined to produce the ideal paper—the ultimate as regards standard of literature, presentation of news, and stimulation of thought. However, having decided I cannot emulate Swift sufficiently well to achieve the masterly touch necessary for the complete conviction of the reader I will not detract from his fame or my style by, to use a crude expression, "taking him off," but will merely enumerate the disadvantages of boosting a paper published by an Editor who, to pander to general interest, presents only articles which accord to the policy he stipulates as essential; i.e., one of pacification, in that he publishes only what he considers the majority will read. That he must feel so is lamentable, but the exclusion of the obvious fact that the majority have no time for thought is foolish, and raising the standard of the paper consequently useless.

As a man of ideals, the Editor aims at presenting an impartial outlook and presentation of articles uncoloured by any policy in a vain attempt to gain readers or at least convince the few who do read that his point of view is unbiased, thus acceptable to the thoughtful, educated student the majority delude themselves they are. However, he cannot present an impartial outlook but must restrict his ideas to conform to existing conventions. Nor can he present articles uncoloured by any policy when he must, to cater to general interest and so proudly show a credit on his sales efforts, lower the intellectual standard of the articles included to conform to the needs of the students in providing light reading, which is admittedly all that 90 per cent. expect and require.

Does Watson contain thought content or provoke any mental effort beyond a half-hearted desire to out-rival the feeble puns of last week's effort? (Rhetorical questions disregard answers as irrelevant and are purely a matter of form). Matters of a more serious nature, e.g., a dissertation on Eugene Ormandy, are lightly disregarded by the average student as too heavy for enjoyment. "Who is Eugene Ormandy, anyway?" he mutters bewilderedly, and casually dismiss him as unimportant compared with the amazing fact that Barbara and Jim don't get around much any more.

Constructive criticism is necessary or you will read this, smile superciliously, and include it in next week's paper merely to "fill some space." That should be your motto—not the proverbial "we aim higher" or "ad-astra," but "we aim to fill space." It is a regrettable fact that quality must be overlooked in favour of the production of a paper which conforms to general expectations of some news, much gossip, a little humour, and nothing which could be

suspected of inspiring thought. Thinking is dangerous, and may result in radical actions. Therefore students, ever anxious to avoid trouble, do not invest in this business.

One alteration is a necessity—the substitution of a social column for Watson. The latter is long outmoded, for the method of funning has been so over-exploited it has lost its former pungency and become the only way of relegating social gossip to the reader's level. However, the installation of a social column could provide a means of conveying gossip, admittedly an integral part of the students life, in a wittier, more stimulating manner owing to the freer scope for variety of expression; and subsequently attain a higher standard than can be derived from the stereotyped observations of Dr. Watson.

This is immediately beyond your capabilities, as few students have the ingenuity to use initiative and would fail to support such a revolutionary move, probably decrying the abolition of Watson as detrimental to the general standard of the paper. Dismissing, isn't it?

"The perfect writing plan" is needed to prevail upon students to submit more articles. One thing is certain—persuasion via brief Editorials which hint ironically at the amazing response for articles is futile. That front page contains a solid block of print which the majority avoid on the principle that it looks formidable enough to entail something serious. Use that knowledge of psychology which presumably enables you to act automatically correctly in any situation.

Heed my words of wisdom and you shall not only prosper, but the name "Talkabout" will echo down the annals of posterity.—Yours faithfully,

"OBSERVER."

Dear Sir,—I should like to enquire of you just what happened to the short stories I submitted to your judgment in the recently held competition. No mention or reference was made in connection with either of my manuscripts, "The Terrible Tibooburra Tragedy" or "Concerto on the Catastrophic Collapse and Consequent Cessation of Service of the Common Room Cane Chair." Your critic, it appears, failed to review them. That he read them is evident, for I recognised with a shudder of suspicion my opening sentence (in the just mentioned story) transplanted into the alien environment afforded by that vile volley of verbiage, "The Masked Avenger." Yes, sir, I repeat, that fine gem of expression depicting "that great gorgeous ball of fire that was the sun" has been taken, no, filched, or rather rudely wrenched, from the opening thoughts of "The Terrible Tibooburra Tragedy." I am wronged, sir, to hitherto unplumbed depths.

May I supply you with the sentences following the filched phrase—"gorgeous ball of fire that was the sun skidded shatteringly to kiss the jagged crags of

the pinnacled peaks with her ruddy lips. And the teacher turned away sorrowing for his learning dealt not in such things. His heart was heavy, for he had unwittingly given as a spelling prize his complete issue of O.S. stamps. In his rage he had seized up on a sudden his programme and his nominations for president of the Children's Dog Club, had thrust them for a second into the fire and then run madly out into the bleak, blank, blasted wilderness of the gold speckling areas, clear-eyed, as it were, and heroic, so to speak, blazing, one might say, new trails in education."

If you check my manuscript, Mr. Editor, you will see that I have quoted correctly.

I am accusing you, Sir, and your staff, of instigating, initiating and perpetrating a gross miscarriage of justice, in that you (i) failed to consider all MS. submitted (e.g., "The Terrible Tibooburra Tragedy"); (ii) did blatantly steal ideas, phrases, plots, etc., from MS. submitted and used them to further your own no-good ends (e.g., "that great gorgeous ball," etc.).

I shall deem an explanation and an apology imperative.—Yours, etc.,

DAVID RUMMERY.

P.S.: I am writing to the Fellowship of Australian Writers re your removal from office for malpractice.—D.R.

PP.S.: Since writing the above and after attending the Writers' Group meeting in the hall on Friday I have discovered what has happened to my manuscripts. I was angered, Sir, to hitherto unplumbed depths to see page four of "The Terrible, etc.," being used as a serviette by a member of staff, pages one, three and five being discovered serving a similar purpose on other diners. But worse than that, Sir, was the awful realization that told the fate of "Concerto on the Catastrophic Collapse, etc.!" It had been cut in 34 pieces and the pieces put into a cardboard box. That box, Sir, was the one passed round to provide "Consequences" with fodder!—Yours in rage,

D.R.

## Union Team Unconquered

On Sunday the College Rugby Union firsts played Experiment Farm on the Showground.

The game proved fast and willing and was dominated by hard but at times ragged rucking. The Farm kicked off and play was concentrated in the College's half. Soon after the kick-off Farm scored two quick tries, neither of which was converted.

Farm 6, College 0.

At this point the Farm's half-back, a very game player, was injured and had to be taken from the field. From here we saw the classiest move made by the College during the game. "Sprig"

Whittacker secured the ball and running fast off the mark, cut in beautifully and sent the ball to Smith, who touched down for College.

Farm 6, College 3.

Hudson's attempt to make the effort a five-pointer failed.

Half-time scores: Farm 6, College 3.

In the second half we saw far better football from both sides. As a result the play was at all times hard and fast. The play see-sawed from one end of the field to the other. Each team came very close to scoring on numerous occasions. College was awarded a penalty and this time Hudson made no mistake.

Farm 6, College 6.

There followed one of the best opportunist tactics seen here for some time, produced by a Farm breakaway. College got the ball from the scrum but Frank Ley delayed his pass. When he did pass it, it was intercepted by the opposing breakaway. The College team was caught on the wrong foot and the ball was taken to the half-way line and passed to the winger, who had a clear run to home and mother. Fred Stanwell made a classy dive in an effort to bring him down, but fell just short of the mark. The attempt to convert failed.

College 6, Farm 9.

The play became even more willing and after a series of rucks Farm came within inches of scoring. Play was carried to the Farm's half. Smith cut in brilliantly and sent Stanwell over in the corner. The try was not converted.

College 9, Farm 9.

Following a good dribbling movement by the College forwards a scrum went down inside the Farm's twenty-five. The ball came to Stanwell on the blind side and he again crossed in the corner. The attempted conversion failed again.

College 12, Farm 9.

From this point the play moved back and forth. Farm were given a free kick and their kicker made no mistake.

College 12, Farm 12.

The game continued with neither team showing any signs of tiring. At the bell, however the scores were unchanged.

Full-time scores: College 12, Farm 12.

## That Curtain Again

If the Sunday night pictures are to continue, and it will be a great loss to students if it is found necessary to abandon them, more operators are needed to carry on the good work now being done by a few willing but over-worked students who, every Sunday, screen pictures for a largely unappreciative audience.

Many of the present operators are in second year and will, of course, be

leaving in a few weeks. It is, then, necessary to replace them with first year students who are willing to take over such a thankless job.

There remains only one term in which these prospective operators can be trained. It has been found necessary, therefore, despite the shortage of people now doing this work, to limit the number of those being trained to three. This number will be made up of two men and one woman.

Those who gain the positions will find that being able to operate a 16 m.m. projector will be of inestimable value to them as teachers. There is a great deal of work attached to the position, but this is, in part at least, made up for by the enjoyment which springs from it.

Those wishing to apply, and we advise everyone to give the matter consideration, should hand their names to Stan Fulker not later than 8th May.

These are the pictures to be shown this term:—

May 1: "Rio Rita" and four shorts timed to commence at 8 p.m.

May 8: "Cass Timberlane" and two shorts, 8 p.m.

May 15: "Naughty Marietta" and two shorts, 8.15 p.m.

We advise you to paste this list in your hat, as no further announcement will be made during the term.

STAN FULKER.

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