



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol 3, No. 39.

JULY 15, 1949

PRICE: ONE PENNY

COLLEGE STILL PROGRESSING

The new session of students have now been in College for three weeks. No doubt they have already formed many opinions of life here.

Possibly there are some aspects of this life which do not meet with approval, but First Years must realise that the College is only two years old and that every new term has brought changes and improvements.

To you, First Years, our College may seem a little below what you expected from a Teachers' College. The playing fields, you might say, are rough and inadequate; the grounds and gardens are not all they should be. Your attitude is easy to understand. However, our's is a comparatively new College. It's story is one of progress.

When we, the present Second Years, arrived we too thought as you do now—possibly with more reason. Where you now see healthy lawns our eyes were confronted by broken earth covered with stubby lucerne; the paths upon which you walk from your huts to the dining room and lecture blocks were non-existent. Instead, we ploughed through thick clay and puddles of water every time we ventured from our huts in wet weather; when you wish to go to bed you merely turn off the light. When we wanted to put the light out we were forced to remove the globe from its socket because all lights in the hut were worked from the same switch. Your rooms are well lighted. Eye strain should be unknown to you. It was not so with us. Our lighting consisted of a shadeless globe and its light was barely visible. Similarly the lighting in the lecture rooms and gym. is as good as can be found anywhere. When we arrived such lecture rooms as had lights at all had very poor ones. Take a look at the lights in the art and craft room some time. They are as good as can be obtained.

Over the past year the meals and service in the dining room have improved out of sight. It was a common occurrence in the early days for some students to be served at a time when

they should have been attending the after-lunch lecture. Today you have plenty of time to return to your room before attending the lecture.

We now have a library that would do credit to any College, but it was not so long ago that it was a very ordinary building, with uncovered floors, without proper lighting and proper facilities for reading.

All these improvements were not brought about by a miracle. Every single detail I have mentioned, and others too numerous to annotate, were planned. Think for a moment of the tremendous amount of organisation that Mr. Blake-more and staff were called upon to do before the dreams of yesterday became the realities of today. Lights, books, lawns, gardens, or even wardrobe locks, will not appear on their own, nor will builders and gardeners and waitresses suddenly appear from the blue and commence to make a Teachers' College look like a Teachers' College. They came because someone hired and instructed them. This someone was the Principal, who was capably assisted by the staff. Miss Webb, in particular, deserves mention for the fine work she has done in the library.

Remember, then, First Years that the College you saw on your arrival was a much better organised and better appearing one than we saw. In turn, we saw a better College than did the students who have just left, and those that enter in a year's time will be more impressed than you were.

Truly, the story of our College has been, and will be in the future, one of progress.

"For We are Jolly Good Fellows"

We remembered the College birthday. There were many tables that put on "spreads" and decorations even excelling those they would give to a member of their table when his or her day of the year came. Yes, there certainly was an abundance of—not ultra-sentimentality—but genuine hearty celebration (for once we won't call it College spirit).

One of the requirements of the ideal husband is to remember the dates of anniversaries. Here was a body of students remembering the 9th of June and proudly waiting to show their sentiments. The Second Years will never forget Kev Quinn and his friends (nearly as crazy)—I ought to know; I sat at their table—but this was one whim of theirs that proved to be the beginning of one of our most pleasant traditions. They got a lot of fun out of it, of course, and so did the safety-pin-saronged gentleman they pinned on the curtains. We enjoyed our "do" too. It all goes to make our College rounded off in some indefinable manner like a happy home.

Thanks to those with the good memories for whipping up the rest of us—not mentioning names, but Marg Olive was running around in circles previous to the occasion. We have remembered, First Year—now it is up to you and those who follow, or do you need us to leave a tombstone in place of the sundial engraved "Lest You Forget."

—V.

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

Sub-Editors: Jim Butler, Barbara Hoare, Maurice Pitfield.

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speller.

Business Manager: Don Wyeburd.

Dissertation on Delightful Dormitories

This room is undoubtedly the best in College this morning. I appreciate the modernistic arrangement of shoes on the floor, offset as they are by the stark realism of oblong coat-brush and circular polish tin. The rugged appearance of the beds with the splashes of colour, afforded by draped clothes is also pleasing to the eye. But for the consummate artistry! the most exquisite touch! The most ordinary observer could not fail to be moved by the surrealist collection on the table and windowsill.

Indeed the picture must win the admiration of every true critic—of unholy messes.

"Ars gratia artis." This is the motto of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You may expect to hear the lion roar at any minute.

N.B.—From Surrealism: A modern art movement aiming at the expression of dream states and based on the theory derived from Freud that these are the true indexes of personality.

"THREE BLIND MICE."

Ask Daniel Dix

I remember hearing during my course of studies at this College last year a lecturer saying that if a person has an important position to fulfil during his course, then he would undoubtedly benefit in many ways from the fulfillment of this position. It appears that these lecturers have learnt by experience the most able means, and the natural conclusion is consequently that with a regular duty to perform, College life will take on a new path. These students will become more interested in College activities, in college life and, to give the matter more scope—may easily change their outlook on life.

A glaring example of this fact is that of present "Talkabout" editor, Mr. John O. Mitchell. Allan Fryer, the competent "pioneer" editor and an outstanding College personality last year, gave way to the younger fry (er) and was of course succeeded by "Mitch." Up till this time Mr. Mitchell had been one of the boys, now and again he bought some smokes, he was spending money on himself only, he had a weekly shave and even on occasions he had a haircut, but, what we don't know about this man certainly is worth knowing. Mr. Mitchell wound up last year by being one of the most distinguished and respected men in the college. Our editor now spent everybody's money, smoked everybody's smokes (so also does "new men," studying at present at College)—why, he even shaved and was shorn at irregular intervals. Over and above that, he fell in love with that irresistible ball of charm, Miss Nita Chidzey, and so spent money for more than himself.

To "come back to earth"—as the say-

ing goes—I wish to devote a column in this paper (with his kind consent) entitled "Ask Daniel Dix." This column will be for the benefit of all students, First Years in particular, and aims at helping all students in any trouble which they have encountered or may encounter during their stay. I really want to help all students no matter what the trouble is—whether it may be about food, sleeping in lectures, money (advice), sport, general knowledge, love (both puppy and true), or what you will, I will endeavour to do my best in helping you. To make a long story short, I will become a masculine Dorothy Dix. Having had experience in all matters, I'm sure I can help you along the right paths.

N.B.—I do this for the benefit of the students and the paper—I do not aim at distinction or love.

"DANIEL DIX."

The Bar-Bar-Q.

(Contributed to Clueless Lou)

The barbecue was all it was cracked up to be by those experienced cynics. The student body assembled at the main gate and finally moved off at 7.25—just 25 minutes after the scheduled time. The Great Trek had begun.

The girls endeavoured to raise our flagging spirits by singing, but after drowning our bawdy ditties their mournful harmonising made us more dejected than ever. The body of huge —, I mean the huge body of girls' voices gradually dwindled as the climb grew steeper. This was replaced by vague mutterings as the staggering, stumbling and clambering was punctuated by those frequent boot baths in puddleholes. After a long, long time the destination was reached.

The fires were started by the boy scout method—kerosene, and soon many of the barbecuans were rushing up hill and down dale in search of fuel. It is to be noted during this stage the camp fire casanovas utilised the environment to their best advantage.

Some imbecile suggested food—the first requirement was to snatch six sausages. With the required material tread on one, burn two and lose one, and having two left—a fine start, proceed to cook them. Probably you will find difficulty in finding a place at your group's fire so go to someone else's. Now that they are cooked, or rather you think they're cooked, endeavour to return to your own group without mishap.

Luckless Lou nearly made it, but as he got to the outskirts of his group, that great little busk cooking utensil, the forked stick burnt through and the snags disappeared into the grassy hillside. His scream for a match went unheard until some clueless wonder passed him a flaming stick and the search was on. A wet, warm, greasy feeling pene-

trating the right knee of his trousers told Luckless that one snag had been located. Removing it gingerly, he made for the group to secure some toast for one snag.

Somebody thrust a piece of charred dough covered with fingerprinted butter into his hand, on which the snag was placed. At last the big moment was in sight. Some hobo poured sauce on the sandwich, his wrist, coat and blanket, poured half a handful of salt on it. Luckless tasted it and threw it away. For him the eats were over. However, a tinge of excitement pervaded the atmosphere, for the lighted stick had started a minor bushfire and burned a hole in his pal's good blanket. Fuming Luckless stalks from fire to fire to hear someone say "The only way to cook snags is over a campfire."—"Unprintable."

Of course there was Barry Jackson, what a man, what a voice, what a constitution. We had a wonderful time pushing and heaving the weaker but heavier sex up mountain sides and pointing out to them the scenic grandeur—"aw nerts."

Finally, as the fires grew lower, it was time "to say farewell to picturesque" Wagga Wagga hills. The casanovas and partners started home—the group followed.

Next morning: "Wasn't the barbecue fun?—are you kidding?"

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

BLAMEYS

LEADING TAILORS
AND
MEN'S WEAR OUTFITTERS

SUPPORT YOUR TUCK SHOP

LOGAN'S

Distinctive Portraiture

ERNEST TOOLEY STUDIOS

Down Steps Lagoon Bridge

PHONE 2920, WAGGA.

EVERYTHING FOR THE CYCLIST

Jack Bance's Motor and Cycle Store

238 BAYLIS STREET, WAGGA

TEL. 3294

Last-Minute Goal Downs College

A dramatic penalty kick, a minute before the final bell, inflicted defeat on the previously unbeaten College team at Wagga recently. As a spectacle the match lacked colour, but not excitement. A fiery forward display was given, College being shaded on occasions, but, the manner in which the game was closed up, thus not allowing our backs their usual freedom of fast open football was the deciding factor. Tempers of both teams became a little frayed on occasions but at no time was there any incident in which the referee had to administer warnings.

The game opened up in rather a drab manner, the first signs of excitement arising when John Biscaya tackled hard to save an almost certain try after the ball had travelled along the Adelong back line. Shortly afterwards a College player was penalised for being offside but the attempt by Adelong's captain at goal failed. Spiller was prominent among the forwards, and it was very noticeable at this stage that the College captain and prolific try-getter, John Biscaya, was a marked man. A kicking duel between the full-backs resulted in a scrum a few yards from the College line. After a series of rucks, Whiting, an Adelong forward, forced his way over and scored. The attempt to convert failed. A stirring run by Jackson gained ground for College soon afterwards, and although he lost possession when tackled the ball was gathered in masterly fashion by Yarham, who also gained ground. A scrum resulting from this incident caught an Adelong played offside, but a kick by Wright at goal failed. Adelong were playing the better football, closing up the game and hindering our backs, of whom Biscaya and Lindsay were tackling well.

Stuckings, using his speed, was gaining ground for College when following up after kicking duels and Clark was winning the scrums. Yarham, Hudson and Jackson were outstanding among the forwards. Wright was back into his true form and found the line with a beautiful kick. A heavy tackle resulted in the College five-eighth, Rath, being carried from the field. A member of the new session, he was playing his first game for the College. This was a heavy

loss to the team, which nevertheless came back with renewed vigour. At this stage the passing of the ball from the rucks was weak. Two attempts at goal by Adelong failed. Adelong were superior in this half.

Yarham came straight into prominence in the second half, and Wright, apparently not totally satisfied with his kicking, often used his brains instead of his boot to leave the opposition floundering. After receiving medical attention Jackson was back into play with a vengeance, and the Adelong forwards in their anxiety to save the rest of the team began a shepherding move which resulted in a free for College. Mervyn Wright made no mistake this time and the scores indicated the closeness of play—3-2.

Peter Carey was now tackling with great vigour; Stuckings was everywhere, and Hudson's kicking for the line left nothing to be desired. Once again Wright outwitted his rivals with a paralyzing run and his left foot kick found the line. Hudson was outstanding and made many grand runs. The Adelong team, fighting to maintain its slender lead, kept the game close, and our backs were continually free of the ball. In the closing stages the College players, having sensed the Adelong forwards were tiring, tackled desperately. At a vital stage Adelong were penalised and a hush came over the ground as Wright prepared to kick, but Merv made no mistake, and for the first time of the game College assumed the role of leaders.

Both teams found a new life and play was hard. Jackson and Carey were playing outstanding football, and Jack Clark was winning the ball at the right time, but still the backs were not functioning. Wright, who had played a magnificent game throughout, made the fatal mistake of passing the ball off the ground in his eagerness, and Adelong kicked the goal from the resulting penalty. The remaining minute was typical of the game throughout—hard, but still strictly a forward game, and College unable to bridge the gap "went down glorious in defeat" (quote G. L. Blake-more).

The Reserves, too, went down, due mainly to laxity in the forwards, by 15 points to 7.

College Team Stale?

A penalty, converted after the final bell had sounded, did not in any way enliven nor add excitement to the game

at Wagga today; instead it merely gave further evidence to the paucity crowd present that the once glamour team of Group 13 has for the present lost its zip.

Admittedly the College had a tough tussle against the victorious Adelong team yesterday, but points to be taken into consideration in this aspect are that even yesterday the College team failed to function in its usual capable manner, and that Wagga also was beaten in a hard match at Tarcutta.

Wagga today played the better football; in fact they outshone our men in all departments of the game, but, what was the College's excuse for playing the poor brand of football that they so obviously did? Perhaps they are becoming stale, so easy for a team of inexperienced College students to do in the hard, rough ways of group football.

A seemingly unfair push inflicted upon College full-back Wright marked the first incident of the game, and from a resulting scrimmage College were penalised. Owen goaled for Wagga and College were down 2-0. College players looked as though they meant business as copybook tackles by Lindsay and Biscaya put an end to a back line move by Wagga, but soon afterwards this type of play ceased and Wagga began to give College a lesson, which we hope they won't forget. Good play by Spiller and Jackson was blotted out by collar-stud tackles, loose passing, weak defence and ineffective play generally, which was now even over-emphasising the really good work of the Wagga team. The playing of the ball by the College team was another major flaw and rarely did the dummy half have a chance to dispose of the ball. Biscaya was an exception, and numerous hard tackles repeatedly saved further scoring. Stuckings became associated in a grand lone run, but Wagga again gained possession. Time after time ground was gained purely by individual efforts. The backing up of the team at this stage was appalling. Rath was playing well and Spiller, a tireless forward, bore the brunt of all College attacking movements. A hard tackle by Biscaya brought down Goldspink inches from the College line, but the referee allowed a try as this man "bounced" over. Half-time scores were 8-0, and College supporters were eagerly awaiting a comeback by the College team in the second half, but play in this period was reminiscent of the 10-7 debacle of Saturday, and terminated the black week-end of College football.

SNAPPY STYLES

IN

PULLOVERS

CARDIGANS

JACKETS

FOR GAY YOUNG LADIES

AT

Kelly & Cunningham
WAGGA

Camera & Photographic Supplies

We stock a complete range, comprising: Books, Albums, Velox Paper, Developers, Lamps, Dishes, etc., etc.

Our Developing and Printing is famous. No restriction on number of Prints. prompt and efficient. We put the "Snap" into your Snapshots.

Gissing's Pharmacy
FITZMAURICE STREET, WAGGA
Opposite Post Office

American Dry Cleaning and Laundry Co.

SPECIAL SERVICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Articles left with Mr. Logan on Tuesday morning, delivered on Friday morning; and parcels left on Friday will be delivered on Tuesday.

Soon after the beginning of this half Wagga scored as College watched an opposing player place the ball in a position best suited for the resulting convert, whilst two of his comrades stood by (perhaps in fear that he may drop the ball). Good play again by Spiller was unappreciated by College as, when finally cornered, he turned to pass to a comrade, but alas! no one was there.

Clark was continually winning the ball, but still the game was all Wagga. Hudson's kicking for the life was extremely accurate, but soon afterwards Wagga scored twice in the space of a minute. Spiller was a credit to the losing side and inspired a new lease of life to the College team which, sorry to say, ended 30 seconds later.

The final stages of the game found Biscaya, Spiller and Waterson tackling desperately, but as a fitting climax to Wagga's superior play, a magnificent penalty goal was kicked after the bell.

To Biscaya, for his sound defence and superb tackling, to Clark for his superior hooking and general all-round play, together with Spiller, a tireless forward who ran straight and hard and tackled hard, special credit must be allotted.

Baseball

The baseball side, following up last season's performances in typical fashion in the opening competition round, was beaten 16-10 by Edmondson's. The game was played under most unfavourable conditions which, however, were not entirely responsible for the number of mistakes made by College players in the field. Perhaps the greatest drawback was the fact that the wet and slippery ball made skipper John Stuckings' pitching job all the more difficult. He gave indications, though, even so early in the season, that his accurate arm will trouble many teams as the season progresses. His long drive wide of second base in the last innings, which allowed him to do a complete round of the bases, showed that his batting, too, is likely to be of definite assistance. A word must be spoken of Mr. Howe, who quickly adapted himself to the first base position as successor to "Long Jake" Haines. His batting, also, is likely to prove of inestimable value in future matches.

A mention must inevitably be made of the "act" turned on by the "Rev. Bro." Jackson, who barracked and played with such vigour that "verily brethren, I say unto you," the opposing pitcher was almost incapable of controlling his delivery.

The following match proved much more successful as a result of the tightening up in the field and the return of Jack Wallace as catcher. This time the team drew with one of the leading teams—Dodgers—the scores being 5-5.

Without a doubt, the vital factor was the pitching of Stuckings, who secured five strike-outs in five innings, and in addition always had the opposing batters in difficulties. He was consistently well supported in the field and consequently the team eradicated many of its weaknesses of the previous week.

Tribute must be paid to the manager of the side, Mr. Holland, who, finding that the team was a player short, readily turned out to assist the boys out of a difficult position.

Once again, in the first match after the vacation, the College side was beaten by Newman's by 7 points to 5. Prominent because of the absence of both himself and his voice, was the Rev. Bro., and it was obvious that the team missed his moral support.

Generally, the fielding throughout was of a fairly high standard, and this factor was mainly responsible for keeping the scores so close. However, it was always evident that the College side was sadly lacking in batting practice, and it was not until the final innings that any showing in this direction was made.

With the influx of the First Years it is hoped that at least a few of them will turn towards baseball in selecting their winter sports.

Women's Hockey

The morning of Saturday, 11th June, was the first run-through that many of the First Year women have had with the Saturday women's competition teams. There were no proper matches, but competition was keen between the second and third teams and the first team, who showed the men a few of the finer points of the game.

The first match was a draw and the men (who picked up the idea of the game very quickly) beat the women. That, I am sure, was only due to the difference in the size and heating quality of the men's sox.

Seriously though, the First Year women made their presence felt and showed that they will be most welcome into the pack. Some of the outstanding newcomers were Sue Renwick, June Matteson, Moyia Brien, Shirley Poole.

Stop Press: Don't freeze any longer, Sue. Soap will remove any dirt from your sloppy.

No Place Like Home

The holiday week-end saw the return of a number of ex-students to Wagga College.

Dave Rummery and Marge Welfare came from Griffith. Dave looked the place over, approved, then wrote an article for the paper. Miss Welfare, as usual, spent most of her time in the gym.

Johnny Brewster, Jerry Cullen and Gordon Wallace also returned in search of old places and old faces.

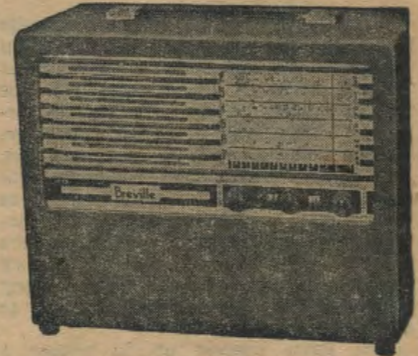
June Scott came all the way from Sydney. We believe that Merve Whitaker was also noticed about the grounds.

Miss Maureen Lane, former secretary to the S.R.C., and Bev Dominish also dropped into see old friends. Then, of course, Miss Nita Chidzey came down from Bethungra, and Bruce Logan made a lightning dash from the Balt camp.

Mr. Alan Fryer did not arrive, but is expected when he overcomes his present state of chicken-pox.

CARRY THE MAGIC OF MUSIC WITH YOU

Breville Portable Radio



AVAILABLE FROM

HARDYS Hardware

BAYLIS STREET, WAGGA

PHONE 2071

BOX 143

FOR BOOKS ON . . .

ARTS
MUSIC
LITERATURE
SCIENCE
TECHNIC



GRAHAME BOOK COMPANY
39-49 Martin Place,
Sydney.

BOB ASHTON'S SPORTS CENTRE

WHERE SPORTSMEN CONGREGATE

SPECIALIST IN ALL SPORTING RESQUISITES

DAVIS CUP PLAYERS' STRINGER

87 Fitzmaurice St.

PHONE 2689

Letters to the Editor

Sir,—You will remember how earlier this year you were good enough to publish my letter in which I, as a nervous mother, asked for information about conditions under which my delicate son would live at your College. How grateful and thankful I was to receive an answer from that charming correspondent who was goodness itself in supplying so many details which set my panting heart at rest. I was particularly impressed by the reference to the thoughtfulness of the gentlemen who are wardens: what fine upstanding characters these men must be. I am sure my boy will be delighted with them.

But my main reason for writing to you again is to express my appreciation to the gentlemen students of Second Year who so charmingly welcomed my boy on his first Sunday evening at College. I understand they gave him a complete mental, moral and physical examination and that, after a little polish, he came through with flying colours. Really, at the bottom of it all I was a little surprised at some of the searching questions put to him, but he assures me that everything was delicately applied, and, of course, tempora, o mores . . .

MOTHER OF ONE.

Sir,—As one who has had considerable experience with the present Second Years, I wish to express hope that you find strong supporters among the new First Years to aid you in your valuable work.

Sir, you have done a magnificent job, the College is proud of you; you have proved an inspiration to students not only in the field of literature but also on the field of sport.

Sir, were it in my power I would take all worldly cares from your shoulders. I would have you placed in a sound financial position so that your natural genius would not be cramped in any way.

Sir, this is beyond my power, but I feel sure the world will hear more of you.

I salute you, sir,—Yours faithfully,

JOHN MITCHELL.

Sir,—I wish to complain that I have not yet received the £5 prize money awarded for my prize-winning short story in your recently held short story competition.

Such a state of affairs is intolerable to persons literary. I have had considerable dealings with all publishing firms of note, but never before have I encountered such inefficiency as displayed by you and your incompetent staff.

Please forward my cheque as soon as possible or I will be forced to take legal action, although I wish you to understand that it is principle involved and not money.

Furthermore, I wish to express extreme distaste to your action in printing my story on the same page as those

groups of words placed second and third respectively.

Sir, remedy the situation.

"IMPATIENT."

Dear Sir,—As a fresher may I express my supreme disappointment in quantity and quality of your paper.

Firstly, your complete lack of coverage of the present international situations.

Secondly, the complete absence of coloured photographs. If I remember correctly, there were not even any black and white blocks used in your last issue.

Also a decided note of levity almost a lack of seriousness with regard to purpose, nonchalance almost, detracts in no small way from the standard of your paper.

Sir, it is my candid opinion that you showed a certain lack of discrimination when you solicited articles from the copy submitted.

Sir, I have had considerable experience in the field of journalism and consider that the editor should select articles from as many people as possible to add spice and variety.

Sir, there is direct evidence, I refer to a certain similarity of style, that articles are written by a clique possibly numbering as low as 10 or 12.

These people are obviously favoured and such a state of affairs is absolutely intolerable.

Sir, surely in a tertiary institution it is possible to forget personal interests and work for the common good so to speak.

Sir, is it possible that these things have escaped your notice.

Yours faithfully,

A STUDENT.

P.S.—I also noticed a spelling error.

Dear Sir,—We have been told by the Principal that work on the new playing fields will begin this year. This is a start, but I think something should be done by the students themselves to get plans for the spacious fields under way.

Mr. Blakemore told us that when the carpenters, electricians, etc., went there would be a permanent odd-job man appointed, but he did not think that a man could be made available to look after the playing fields. However, I think the students would be quite willing to sacrifice some of their own time to prepare fields for matches. Accordingly, plans for these fields should be made now.

When we, the present Second Year, entered College we expected to see the spacious playing fields mentioned in the literature provided by the Education Department. Instead we saw a rough ground covered by lucerne a foot high. Since then we have seen some progress. A Soccer field has been marked (admittedly it is rough), basketball fields and temporary softball diamonds have been made. All of this has been done by the students with the help of lecturers.

I feel sure that the students would support any movement to bring new fields into reality. I therefore suggest that the Sports Union or a student committee be formed to draw up plans for the future.

If they do this, and are successful,

First Years of the future will really see the long-promised spacious playing fields.
SPIDER.

Dear Sir,—I am really pained to have to admit that your "College of the Riverina" is not what I was lead to believe it to be.

Before enrolling here I had many favourable reports of the Wagga College, and I was anticipating great pleasure at being finally numbered among the elect. But I am disappointed.

Where I had expected to find culture and intellect I have found nothing but the cobwebbed brains of an ignorant and shallow clique. Where I sought the shaded colonade with its hallowed stones, smooth-worn by the weary feet of the studying student, I found nought but a shaking structure of creaking covered-way, a depressing length of planking devoid of any degree of tradition or personality. Where I sought freshness and wit I found dull puerility and tedious hollowness in every word mouthed. Your Assembly Hall lacks the customary high ceiling with its crazy criss-cross of bolt-studded rafters which should be on occasion made ring and shake their dusty drapings as the students chant lustily "Gaudeamus." Where, Sir, is the spirit and feeling of "Gaudeamus" if there are no rafters to ring to its strains?

Your playing fields are barren without the traditional cluster of oaks and elms, sore with the names a hundred sessions carved on their trunks. There is no great bell to toll out the fleeting feet of Time, no hoary caretaker to stroke his beard and "rember yer old Dad win 'e wuz 'ere, let me see now, were it twinty, or no, it were more, I remember now, a lot like you son, only more of a lad I should say."

None of the professors I have seen has anything approaching a venerable beard. True, one was unshaven when I spoke with him.

Are there no "fags" here, Sir? As an old Harrovian (and Oxford, too, you know). They are what I most miss. For more than a week now I have collected my shoes from the corridor uncleaned and quite as dirty as when I left them there. In fact I doubt if they had been touched.

I am also appalled that the fellow Douglas has no stocks of midnight oil. What, Sir, am I to burn o' nights?

Might I conclude, Sir, with a suggestion? Have your gardener plant some old ivy about the sundial that lends such an air of grace and old-world charm to the view, from the matron's block to the Bio-Lab. A growth of laurel too would enhance its beauty. A trellis of red roses would give the shrine a gentle shade that would be appreciated by students who grapple with numbers when deciding whether the hooter is fast or slow. A slide-rule too could with advantage be supplied to freshers who find the computing beyond them. An owl or two might be installed in the aforementioned rose trellis to provide the precincts with an eeriness in keeping with so classically sacred a trysting place.

Yours in no little concern,

ENTWHISTLE WART-CRUMBLE.

Dear Mummy and Daddy,—I have at last arrived at the Teachers' College, Wagga. I think it is simply gorgeous. It is much more wonderful than I ever hoped.

We have first-class hotel accommodation and the food is just like I am given at home. I was surprised to find that we have to study only five nights a week. We have the week-ends entirely to ourselves, but of course I spend most of them studying.

You may not believe me, Mummy, but if we are sick or, even if we are tired, we do not have to go to study. Despite the fact that we are here to prepare our minds to become teachers, there are a few lazy people among the Second Years who stay away from study a few nights each term to go to the pictures in the town. I have only one complaint to make concerning study. That is that it is very hard to find a study room that is not crowded. I am also disturbed about 8.30 each night by thoughtless Second Year students who insist on going to the tuck-shop for supper.

I find that the students in their Second Year are, as a body, light-headed. By this I mean that they do not have that seriousness of purpose that I think a future teacher should have. They are not at all serious. For instance, they carried on childish initiation ceremonies. The First Year girls were subjected to the humiliation of having F's scrawled on their foreheads by heartless, foolish Second Years. They were put on with lipstick and raven oil, and you can imagine how hard it would be to remove.

One thing is certain. If those girls had ever been as disfigured they would never have done what they did. It seems that the boys suffered much more in this respect than we did. Those cruel, bullying Second Year boys were actually allowed to stay up until 11.30 and, during this time, they were allowed to make much more noise than is usually allowed at that time. You may think that 11.30 is an unholy hour for anyone to be rowdy, but you will be dumbfounded when you hear what they did during this time. Until 11.30 they took the First Year boys from their beds and after giving each a trial which could be described only as a travesty of justice, they were subjected to humiliations which were much worse than those suffered by us. If it had not been for the timely intervention of one of the men's wardens there is no telling to what lengths those unfeeling Second Years would have gone. The only explanation I can offer for their irresponsible actions is that they, like the Second Year girls, have had no experience of the mental suffering which such thoughtless actions would provoke in the hapless victims.

I find that the lectures are very interesting and should be of inestimable value to me when I am a teacher. One of the best subjects in this last respect is biology. Our course is much the same as the First Year course at the Uni., and should prove very interesting to primary school children. Not only that, but when I have finished preparing my lessons for the following month I will be

able to spend my time improving my mind and becoming a more original thinker and generally becoming acquainted with world events and cultural trends, by settling down with a good scientific book, by a reliable authority.

I have experienced a little difficulty in lectures, particularly the English lectures, in that I do not understand most of what the lecturer says. However, I have overcome this difficulty by writing down verbatim everything that is said. I am assured by a few Second Years that if I memorise these notes and reproduce them in the examination I will get a distinction. That is one of the best features of the College. We are not called upon at any time to do any original thinking. If we were, of course, it would slow down our rate of learning.

We are given extraordinary (I might even say ridiculous) freedom. We are allowed to make a reasonable amount of noise until 10.30. I believe that we are much more fortunate in this respect than the present Second Years were when they arrived. We are allowed out at night provided we fill in a leave card and state exactly where we are going. The boys go through the same procedure. In my opinion this is very foolish, because most of the men are only 19 or 20, and therefore very irresponsible.

There is a very good library in the College. However, I think that many books (those of Swift, Blake, Dickens and similar authors) could well be discarded to make room for books of value, such as those on education, etc.

Well, I have no time to write any more. However, before I close I must tell you how I have been inspired since I came here. I am fully convinced that I am going to revolutionise education. I am going to use all the latest methods, and I feel sure that I shall succeed where others have failed. We are given very practical lectures, and I think I will soon know how to deal with every situation and every child that I en-

counter as a teacher. I have been told enough to realise that the teachers who taught me were hopelessly wrong in their methods. I know all their errors and I have decided that I will never become a conservative teacher, but will, throughout my career, be rigidly guided by what I have learned in College.

Your loving daughter,

SUSIE.

P.S.—Do not send down "Dostoyevsky's Short Stories" which Uncle Harry gave me last birthday. Owing to study and the like I will not have time to read it.

Dear Sir,—The purpose of this letter is not to dampen the spirit of enthusiastic members of our College Cheer Squad at Sunday football matches, etc., for I consider myself to be one of its best members. However, I should like to bring to the attention of fellow students the increasing unpopularity in Wagga sporting circles of the practice of chanting the College war-cry at critical points during play.

An example of this is the incident during a recent football match against Batlow. Our gallant Cheer Squad withstood many interjections and proceeded to render the war-cry as a member of the Batlow team was attempting to kick a goal. If you remember—he missed.

The point I wish to make is that, although the player may have missed in any case, it must be very disconcerting to hear a "hullabaloo" coming from the grandstand as you are about to kick a goal. From an outsider's point of view this must seem discourteous.

I have many supporters when I ask: "Don't you think more discrimination, on our part, may be used on future occasions?"

(Signed) A BLOWER.

Dear Sir,—I would like to criticise the form of the College paper and to suggest what, to my mind, is a better one.

The first page should be taken up with momentous happenings which are of interest to the majority of students. Reports on College events and their importance would be in keeping. Reports on the activities of the students' branch of the Teachers' Federation and the work of the S.R.C. The page would then be of interest to people outside the College. Perhaps this would increase sales.

A social page should be included. This should contain comments on the dances, pictures and other social gatherings (teas down town and such) which interest the students. "Watson-like" quips should be included, but petty pointed insults which depend on the whims of the editorial staff could well be left out.

At least one page (preferably at the back) should be devoted to sport. All sports should be covered and a scribe should be appointed by each team to furnish reports of the teams' games and other activities.

The remainder of the paper could be taken up with articles, poems, reports on meetings, etc. It would pay clubs to write up their meetings as advertisements.

In spite of adverse criticism, Mr. Ralph J. C. Hutton's articles on music were among the few with appeal both

Avor Quality Products

for all

AERATED WATERS & FRUIT SYRUPS
CAPPY'S TOMATO SAUCE

ASK FOR THEM AT ALL SHOPS

MORAN & CATO

GROCERY SPECIALISTS
WAGGA

FAIR STOCKS OF ENGLISH
CIGARETTES, 2/10 per pkt.

Paull's Pty. Ltd.

THE PREMIER DRAPERS,
WAGGA

(Opposite Plaza Theatre)

to students and outsiders.

I would like to see the paper appear regularly, say, once a fortnight, on a definite night. As it is, it is a periodical (in fact, very periodical).—Yours, etc.,
C. YARHAM.

Dear Sir,—I'm sure you will forgive me if I take the liberty, as a new student, to criticise a small part of your organisation here. The particular function I wish to criticise at this point is your weekly College dance.

I realise that I have only attended one of these functions, and that a good deal of work was done in preparation of this, but I feel there are one or two points which could be improved.

The first of these is the floor. A dance floor, surely, is meant to be slippery. And out of curiosity, what was sprinkled on the floor, ground shell-grit or gravel? I know in one particular corner I was convinced my shoes had glue on them.

Then there is the orchestra. I don't mean to criticise this greatly, but I do think that its size might be increased to seven members at least. I am used to this sort, so feel that it is by far the most successful dance orchestra, especially with as large a repertoire as this one obviously has.

Finally, there is the matter of supper. I'm sure that if the dancers were served with a sit-down supper, instead of having to walk miles to the tuck-shop, they would gladly pay an extra 3d to cover the cost.

If these matters are referred to the Social and Recreation Committee a marked improvement will be seen in these Saturday night functions.

WISHFUL THINKER.

Pleasant Interlude

Plans for a beautiful, lazy holiday. Plenty of sun and reading. Several assignments, but why let them mar our brief respite? They can be crammed into the first week of next term. Ah, yes, fond hopes. Then the bombshell. Mother and dad have to leave suddenly, so I'm to be in charge of the house. That wouldn't be so bad, only baby brother has to be left behind—another responsibility. Those flying splinters? They are the fragments of my quiet, peaceful vacation.

First morning, with a list of do's and don't's pinned to the wall. Everything running smoothly, breakfast over, beds made and brothers and sisters ready for school. Then it's time to bath baby. This is a cinch. I've seen mum do it dozens of times. But I'd better check up. Where's that list? "Cover with water and boil till red and tender." No, that's the beetroot. Here we are: "Water not too hot. Soap and towel handy."

Well, in with baby. Never knew they were so slippery when wet. Whoops, careful. Gee, he squirms. Apparently doesn't think I'm a very good substitute for mother.

Well, he's out at last, dried and dressed and ready to be fed. Now, all

mum does is pour boiling milk on to this and stir. But does it always go this lumpy? Oh, well . . .

Sh! Sh! baby is asleep. Now for the dinner. Vegetables first. I always hated that job, but here goes. Gosh, it's quiet. Wonder what mum does to stop herself going mad. Can't sing, it will wake baby. I could talk to myself, but the conversation would tend to be one-sided. See that the fire is still alight, then put on the vegetables. I'd better go and throw out these peelings. Didn't notice that slippery piece of floor. Crash, clatter. Self and floor liberally showered with water and peelings. D—. Quiet, remember you are a lady. Hysterical laugh.

At last, and much muttering, the mess is cleaned up and I settle down to the serious business of cooking the dinner. Everything is fine. Meat cooking nicely, so I settle down with the morning papers. A "Crazy Crossword" takes my eye, so I rack my brains (yes, I have a few). "Be careful the King of Bavaria will catch you in a hurry, also a watchman." Seven letters. Let me see.

The dinner. No, of course not. I never burn things. It's merely a little scorched. Still, the kids eat it without much persuasion.

Then I pass a quiet afternoon washing and ironing till the "gang" arrives home from school. After that, the fun is on. Apparently tired of acting like angels, they "go to town." I try my psychology, directing on them a glance which usually quells a class of forty. Does it work? Eldest brother looks up and grunts.

"For heavens sake get that silly look off your face," before going back to wrestling with younger brother in the dirt. So, much as I dislike corporal punishment . . . the sight of a determined sister at the end of an equally determined-looking stick restores order—temporarily.

And the fowls. Don't let me forget the fowls (as if I'm likely to). They, too, are part of my responsibility.

My young brother is the proud possessor of a huge, particularly vicious red rooster. The time comes to take his food into the pen. Outside the gate I pause dubiously, as he moves forward, silent and menacing. But squaring my shoulders I unlatch the gate, staring steadfastly at the rooster the while. I notice proudly that he begins to retreat. Then, as I bend to tip the food into the tin, I find he is circling me slowly. As I look around he moves in fast, flapping his wings. Discretion before valour, so I throw the tin at him and dive for the gate. Ignominious retreat perhaps, but a wise decision. Of course young brother stands outside the fence and laughs uproariously. After that, fowls only interest me trussed up, ready to be cooked.

Well, several days pass with such interesting little episodes to while away the drooping hours. Then finally I can thankfully turn over the reins of the household into mother's competent hands. I'll be glad to get back to the bedlam of Wagga for a bit of peace.

SYBIL.

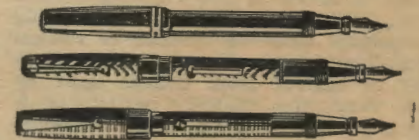
HUNTERS—THE GIFT CENTRE

CAN SUPPLY THE

FOUNTAIN PEN OR PROPELLING PENCIL

YOU REQUIRE

ALL THE BEST MAKES STOCKED



Hunter Bros. Pty. Ltd.

STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

WAGGA.

P. SWANSBOROUGH

232 BAYLIS STREET

All repairs left with Mr. Logan promptly and efficiently executed.

ANSTICE & MACKAY



LADIES

Our Showroom carries the most up-to-date stocks of Frocks, Underwear, Millinery in town. But don't take our word for it—see for yourself.

GENTS

Comfortable Clothes for all weather—and prices as right as the garment—that's what you get from our Mercery Department.

SPORTS

A full range of all Sporting Requisites always on hand. Restrings and Repairs a speciality.

T. Edmondson

AND CO. LTD.

PHONE 2195, GURWOOD STREET

College Sport

Although the new session of students which has just arrived among us may hear, from time to time, certain factors about the organisation and running of the College, sport is one department in which the College has been most successful since its opening two years ago. Already a sporting tradition has begun to be formulated, and only with the co-operation of every student are we certain of furthering this tradition. To this end, and also a further and equally important end—the creation of endless enjoyment which all will find can readily be derived from College sport by all those who willingly participate—it is imperative that all of the incoming First Years should immediately foster their connections with clubs in any and all codes of sport in which they are interested.

Affiliated with the S.R.C., of which you will already have heard, is the Sports Union which consists of two representatives of each sporting club. The Sports Union has representatives on the S.R.C., and allots to the various clubs parts of the financial grant set aside from the S.R.C. for sport.

Most of the clubs affiliated with the Sports Union left vacancies on their executives for First Year students when carrying out their election of officers, and all those interested should make their connections with the various clubs in order that this year they may get some idea of management in readiness for a job which will fall entirely on to their own shoulders in their second year.

The College has entered teams in local competitions in the following listed sports:—

FOOTBALL (Rugby League, Soccer).
TENNIS (Men's, Women's, Mixed).
CRICKET.
BASKETBALL.
BASEBALL.
TABLE TENNIS.
ATHLETICS.
SWIMMING.

Perhaps a summary of the achievements of last year's teams will give some idea of the high standard which we have to maintain.

FOOTBALL—Rugby League: Holders of Blake Cup and Shield for under 10.7 grade in local competition, and leaders in Group 13 first grade competition this season. Soccer: Premiers in local competition, and among leading teams this season.

HOCKEY—Men: Undeclared premiers in first grade competition, with six players selected in this year's Wagga Country Week team. Women: Finalist in last season's competition.

TENNIS: Among leading teams in all competitions, but prospects marred by vacations during competition.

CRICKET: First grade team undefeated in competition matches and holders of Cec Toy and Hedditch Challenge Cups. It is hoped that women's cricket will be introduced to the College next season.

BASKETBALL: Undeclared premiers of first grade competition.

BASEBALL: Only newly introduced into College, and as yet without marked success. Come on, First Years!

TABLE TENNIS: Among leading teams in first grade night competition.

ATHLETICS and SWIMMING: Consists mainly of annual carnivals and, in the case of athletics, a leading sport in intercollegiate contests.

Following on from here we must inevitably mention the intercollegiate meetings. Last year the College went to Balmain College for a particularly successful week, and it is hoped that Wagga College will do an equally as good or even better job in entertaining Sydney College when they are down here at the end of the first term. Every possible opportunity is given to First Year students to endeavour to win places in the various teams, and only by their early interest can they take fullest advantage of this opportunity. Many of the above sports, including football, hockey, tennis and athletics, as well as softball and volley ball.

Representation in any of the above sports in local competition and intercollegiate teams counts two points or one point, respectively, in totalling up for the award of composite or honours blues which are calculated over the two years' College life and presented on graduation day. To gain honours blues men must, at present, gain 12 points and women 10, while to gain composite blues men must gain 10 points and women 8.

However, all these matters will be explained in greater detail at a later date, and the main requirement now is that all First Year students, both men and women, should make immediate efforts to gain representation in competition or intercollegiate teams.

Any inquiries relevant to the above may be made to the undersigned or to any Second Year student, and you can rely on the co-operation of any of them being readily forthcoming.

G. SPILLER, A BUCKINGHAM,
Sports Editors.

To Young at Young

At 6 o'clock Thursday night the bus, laden with nine students and their baggage, left College and made its way towards 28 Thorne Street, where a vast amount of paraphernalia was littered on the lawn. All the male species were enlisted to help with the removal of such luxuries as mattresses, pillows, etc., from the lawn into the bus. After about two hours we continued to Junee, where we stopped to pick up our speaker, Bill Anderson, and another guest. After the bump trip to Junee we needed something to reinforce our strength, so, after a feed of fish and chips, pies, chocolates, milk shakes and saveloys, recommenced our journey.

Since it was dark we spent the time enjoyably in the realms of dreamland. I awakened to the call of "Here we are," and someone outside the bus began "shushing" and inviting us to come inside and have a cup of tea. Whilst the males went on to unload the bus, we of the fairer sex were ushered into Mr. Young's (at Young) for a cup of tea.

After finishing the same we walked through paddocks and gates until we reached the shearers' huts in which we were to live for the next few days. Our next task was to find our respective cases and blankets from amongst the huge stack of assorted goods. On doing this, we made our beds (yes, beds—real beds), appointed two people to get up early and prepare breakfast and then—off to bed!

On Friday we naturally woke early and, apart from meals, spent the day observing the new environment.

Meals, under the supervision of Mrs. Young and Miss Moore, were always something to look forward to. We had one meal per day—and that lasted all day!

Breakfast proved to be the hardest meal of all—we cooked porridge—but with three or four handfuls of salt and plenty of milk and sugar the burnt taste could be easily camouflaged.

Every morning between 11 and 12 we made our way towards the hay shed, where we held our morning devotionals and listened to our speaker develop his subject, "The Sufferings of Christ."

The week-end was fast drawing to a close and, at 10 a.m. Tuesday, the bus arrived to bring us back to Wagga. On the return journey stops were made at Young, Cootamundra and Junee, and at 5.15 p.m. we walked into the College grounds, ready to face all the difficulties for the remainder of the College term, after an enjoyable week-end.

—B.B.

Little Theatre Club!

Attention all First Years interested in Stage Work! The Little Theatre Club offers you an opportunity to express your dramatic talent. Its aim is to foster a love of the theatre through the productions of plays and scenes from literature, and its scope extends to all those interested in stage settings, design, make-up and indeed, every aspect of stagecraft.

Our last year activities were both entertaining and profitable. Under the friendly guidance of our patron, Mr. Ashworth, we produced Noel Coward's three-acter, "I'll Leave it to You," and a play night of three one-act plays. We should like to thank Mr. Ashworth for his advice and criticism, and are pleased to state he will be with the club again this year.

I should also like to thank Miss Miriam Bowers, our ex-president, and Mr. Ken McLean, ex-secretary, for their fine management of the club, and I feel sure the experience gained from their work in the club will prove a valuable background for their school productions.

This year The Little Theatre Club is planning to present several play-nights which will provide every member with an active part in production, and I can assure you, from past experience, that you will derive great fun from rehearsals.

So First Years, come along to the Hall at 1.30 p.m. Tuesday, where The Little Theatre Club will be waiting to welcome you.