



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

FOR WHIZZERS ONLY!

Since my arrival at college I have been very interested in the word "whizzer" and its derivations. My interest lies particularly in the origin of this word but nevertheless I have not neglected the practical side, for it is undoubtedly a fine sport.

In college the meaning of this word could be stated as "nocturnal relationship between the sexes," but where did this word come from and what did it originally mean? I'm sure that you have all, at some time out of curiosity, looked this word up in the dictionary but to no avail. You probably found the word "whiz" or "whizz" which means, "the sound given by friction of a body moving at great speed through the air." This could be the origin of the word, for, in the good old days, a male member of the college possibly got a little fresh with a female member and she duly hit him so hard that his body moved at great speed through the air.

From another source, the word "whizz" is defined as "a fussy person." One could see a close association here, if one was led to believe that some time ago students were so particular in the persons that they were seen with that they changed to some one else every week and were thus classed as a "fussy" or maybe a frusty person and hence the word "whizz" and later "whizzer."

But now let us turn to some words that had their origin in England and from which the word "whizzer" could have derived its present meaning. The first of these is "wusser"

which means "a bad person." But on second thought, maybe no association should be made between this word and our word of "whizzer." Don't read between the lines anybody. The second of these words with an English origin is "wisser" which, believe it or not, means "a teacher." The association between these two words can be seen clearly, for once upon a time the word "Whizzer," sounding very much like "wisser," could have been the noun used to describe second year men who acted as teachers or tutors to the first year women in the art of whizzing.

We turn now to the good old Australian slang word "wusser" meaning fanatic. Could our word have obtained its meaning from this? There are many who become fanatics at the game, when they linger on the back path night after night.

Well what do you think? Its interesting isn't it? Be as it may, there is no doubt about it, whizzing is a pleasurable pass time, a goodly sport, and often as hard to follow as the owners of second hand college cars.

SNOW TRIP

It was to be our first snow trip and we looked forward to it with gleeful anticipation. Our minds full of the second years' glowing accounts of the previous year's experience, we spent a sleepless night planning the activities of the next day.

The day arrived—wet, cold and pitch dark. We left the dorm early so we could select our seats before the general rush. Unfortunately the rest

of the college had the same idea and all were disappointed. We waited for about half an hour in a steady drizzle of rain. Finally the buses arrived and we piled aboard and settled back into our seats. We were feeling quite pleased with ourselves when our chaperones made their entry to the delight of all on board. The male chaperone took his seat only after he had cautioned us about the dangers of "playing with fire" — smoking.

Both buses (and occupants) whizzed to Albury and breakfast.

Back on the road to Mt. Buffalo, but not for long—the bus driver had been momentarily distracted (keep your snoopy eyes on the road ahead) by the underhand activities on the bus and almost provided another spill and thrill. His expert manoeuvring, however, saved us and was duly praised by our benevolent chaperone. Thus we managed to reach Myrtleford and further refreshment.

Then we began the ascent of the mist covered mount. It soon became apparent that for some this was their first direct experience with snow. At last we reached the chalet only to be greeted by cold blasts of air and driving rain (both from the weather and the managers). Meanwhile the air outside was fresh—and that wasn't all.

We waded bravely through the snow peering curiously through the mist and trying hopelessly to avoid the obvious hazards. On reaching the tobogganing slope we were treated to spectacular sights. I had always wondered how a toboggan was used. Some didn't really use one, but preferred to glide through the air, whilst others tavelled backwards. They all managed to hit bottom on anything but the toboggan. Those who had lost their sense of direction were guided back to the not so

straight and narrow by our ever faithful chaperone.

After an invigorating hour in the snow we were confronted with the delights of college lunch—for some of us the delights were sharpened by diminutive pieces of glass scattered throughout the fillings to add that extra tang. We were wet and numb by the time we began the frantic manoeuvrings associated with dressing in a crowded bus. However, after a short time we were sitting dry and warm in our seats. The garments causing previous discomfort now being strung from the handrails.

All too soon we began the descent, carving around the mountains to the valley below. Once on the flat the journey was fast and we were whizzing back to college in comfort.

It had been a day to remember for we had experienced all the elements—hale, sleet, ice, snow, mash, wind, rain, cold, keech and for some even warmth.

Ode to a Fighting Farmer

Unlucky man to owe your fame,
To adaptations of your name.
Your specialty is agriculture
Result to college boy is—ulcer.
You try to win a Teachers
fem,
And do so with praiseworthy
vim.
But young Ag., I pray beware
The teacher thinks you not so
fair.

—Grey Ghost.

Soliloquy of a student
Returning to the Back Path
After an Interval
of twenty-four
Hours
When he should have
Been Finishing
An overdue Assignment
In the Library,
"One cannot have enough of
this delicious stuff."
At Least 10.

EDITORIAL

Months of strain and effort will culminate shortly with the beginning of Intercollegiate today.

Yes, the Sydney team has finally arrived in Wagga. This is the moment that so many people have been looking to with keen anticipation. Let's welcome Sydney to our fine residential college and wish them success in their forthcoming sporting and social fixtures.

I feel sure that they will enjoy their sojourn here, meeting Wagga students both on and off the sporting field.

On behalf of all the students of Wagga Teachers' College, I would like to wish both Intercollegiate teams the success they deserve in the forthcoming meetings. Sydney will certainly have a very strong team, so Wagga, get out there and show them what fresh country air and living in a residential college can do for you.

—Mark McCulla

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

It is claimed by the "adults" of our era that the modern youth is thoughtless. I assent that it is the adults who lack sadly in diplomacy.

Each week we attend demonstration lessons after which are held post-dem discussions. The general practice was once to thank the teacher, explain the methods employed, and have general comments. Now the accent seems to be on the analysis of wrong factors. The students MUST be told what was wrong while the classroom situation lives in the mind. The result? Harmful and useless. The teacher is embarrassed and the students naturally support the "under-dog." We refuse to accept any one of the deficiencies referred to, no matter if they be true or not.

Some of our educated superiors allow themselves five minutes before their lecture to ensure that the student has seen and correctly appreciated the particular lesson. We, in this situation, are willing to discuss, and perhaps criticise. Could not the post analysis always be held in this atmosphere?

Sick to death we are of hearing certain of our superiors undermining teachers. Let's have diplomacy!

—"Fed Up"

Dear Sir,

I regret to say that I was disappointed with the letters to you in the last issue. How tired I am of hearing how bad this or that is. The point is that while we are flat out finding faults we are missing the good things which offer. I may quote here the friendly note from Mr. Muir, "Do not waste your time worrying about its imperfections, use its good qualities while you have the opportunity." If we look for the good things we shall surely find them.

This college offers a lot for us. It perhaps has more opportunities than any other educational institution in Australia, including Universities. Everything is in our favour. It is there and all that we have to do is to make use of it. We are continually growling about having to do this or that. Why? We are just too LAZY. It's about time we realised that we are adults and act accordingly.

The average I.Q. in this place would probably amaze us if we knew it. The work we do is not sufficient to satisfy this capacity. We say assignments take time. Admittedly they do, but I guarantee that we do less work here than we ever did at school. This should NOT be so.

Everything that is done in this college has been thought about and introduced for our benefit. It seems that many of us are behaving as if we had new shoes. They take a while to get used to and of course they are not as comfortable as the old pair.

If we want it, we can attain a standard of study as high as any degree offers and added to this the many hobbies, sports and social developments that provide a foundation for good citizenship for the teaching "profession." Yet, we are hurt if teaching is not called a "profession." Let us try and build up a profession of which we can rightly be proud. There is no time like the present to start thinking of higher ideals, not groaning about them.

"Thinking"

Dear Sir,

In view of obvious apathy among the majority of male students in this college to their female colleagues, we feel that considerable interest would be aroused if "Talkabout" could arrange a ???? college contest in order to find the ideal college student, from the women's point of view.

The women's point of view, being as it is, and very changeable, the vital statistics would have to cover a wide range in

order to satisfy all the women students.

Qualifications:

Height: Minimum of 4 feet, maximum, 7 feet.

Weight: Optional.

Girth: Proportional to height of course.

Biceps: Well, he must have some, and for those intellectual women—males may be judged on mental stability, and intelligence tests to be administered by an unbiassed outsider.

Our worthy principal may oblige, that is, unless he is participating himself, in which case we could seek the opinion of the public.

Of course, there need be no prize—as the great honour of being the ideal college man should be sufficient reward.

—"College Cutie"

Dear Sir,

In the last issue of "Talkabout," dated July 27, 1961, "Dissatisfied Student" wrote a letter stating the problem of Practice Teaching marks. I feel that this is indeed a problem, but my opinion differs from that of "Dissatisfied Student" in many ways. He was disturbed because of the number of alterations of the recommended Practice Teaching marks of many students, and I agree on this point. However, I would take my view further. I don't think it is possible for anyone to be marked at a certain standard in Practice Teaching under the system used here at college. There are as many different styles of teaching as there are teachers, and I don't feel that anyone, supervisors included, has any right or qualification to say that a student's mark is C plus, B plus or whatever the mark may be. I feel that it would be more logical to have only two marks—satisfactory and unsatisfactory. After all, what use is a Practice Teaching mark if it is only a standard used in college, and will not affect our teaching appointment next year? All we need to know is whether our teaching is satisfactory or not, not whether we are on superficial marks such as "average," "above average," "top" or "below average." So let us end our petty arguments about useless Practice Teaching marks, and get down to earth by deciding whether or not our teaching is, and is to be successful in the ordinary school situation, which, after all, is one of our main aims in coming to Teachers' College.

—"Teech."

BRIDGET

Dear Bridget,

I am a second year boy who has whizzed a number of college girls. At first I was enjoying the great variety and made the most of it. Now I find that I am restless and bored when with a college girl—they all seem dead and uninteresting. I think that I should give them all up. What do you think?

—"Bored."

Dear Bored,

If you don't think college girls are explosive try dropping one.

Dear Bridget,

I would like to improve my measurements, and although I have tried several methods, none seem to be successful. Can you, from your vast store of knowledge, suggest anything?

—"Treasure"

Dear "Treasure,"

Try Chesties for Chest-ease.

Dear Bridget,

Since coming to college, and my resulting closer relations with the opposite sex, I have become aware of my hairy legs. Most of the girls here shave their legs, but my mother frowns on this. My steady has often tried to offer advice in a tactful way, but by mother's words still ring loudly in my ears. What should I do?

Dear "Hairy Legs,"

Have you tried wearing black stockings?

Dear Bridget,

I am a college boy who has been going steady with a first year college girl. She has a terrific figure and is in great demand around the college. However, I find that there is really not much to her, as I am able to anticipate almost every move she makes. I feel that I may be sacrificing the company of my boy friends for the time I spend with this girl who holds little for me. What do you think?

"Sacrificer."

Dear "Sacrificer,"

Any man who says that he can see through a woman and be unhappy about it, must be missing a lot.

Dear Bridget,

I'm going with this girl but don't think it fair that I have to be in the dorm by 10.15 p.m. during the week, and 12.00 at the weekend. I've already been fined twice and as I'm a slow worker I don't seem to be getting past first base.

"Slowly."

Dear "Slowly,"

Looks like you'll have to learn how to go for the big hit.

INTERCOLLEGIATE, 1961

SOCCER

BOB BLAKEY: Goalkeeper. Started the season with a sound display against a top Wagga Club and since then has kept soundly if not brilliantly. A goalie who makes full use of the 18.

ALEX LEVITSKY: Right fullback. Undoubtedly one of the most consistent players in the side. He possesses a very strong kick; is very fast and has a very safe tackle. His clearances always put the team on the attack.

PETER AUCHTERLONIE: Left fullback. Captain of the side and although he has failed to recapture last season's grand form has still made his presence felt on numerous occasions. Started the season at right half but has now settled down into his new position and it is hoped that he can inspire his team to a win against Sydney.

JOHN HYLAND: Right half. A grand positional man who always works for his team. An extremely hard man to pass and always sets the team on the attack with accurate passes off either foot. A veteran of last year's Intercollegiate team and he is sure to put in another sterling performance.

RAY McCAULEY: Centre half. Undoubtedly the form player of the team. Started the season as centre forward and here secured himself enough goals to become leading goal scorer for the team. However, he has now settled down and developed into one of the best centre halves in the district. He is very fast, possesses a powerful kick off either foot and a fearless tackle.

BILL QUANTRILL: Left half. One of the most improved players in the team and when in possession of the ball is always dangerous. An attacking half back who uses his head to great advantage.

KEVIN WEBER: Right wing. A big player who runs hard and possesses a good cross with his right foot. A fearless type of player who plays hard all the time.

PETER MURY: Inside right. After a poor start at the start of the season has developed into a fine forward. Possesses a good kick and is very fast, but is inclined to pass too much in front of the goal instead of shooting.

ALAN HARDY: Centre forward. Started the season as left wing but has shown out best since moving to centre forward. Possesses a good kick off either foot but greatest virtue is quickness to the ball.

KEVIN BRADBURN: Inside left. A natural left footer who can always be relied upon to play the full time. A very hard working player who makes up for any lack of skill by hard work and determination.

LANCE McDONALD: Left wing. Undoubtedly the most improved player in the team. He is an unselfish player and very team spirited. He never gives up trying and is expected to turn in a fine performance against Sydney.

Although the Soccer team has not been very successful up to date a good deal of team spirit has been built up and all players are keenly awaiting their tussle with Sydney. It is hoped that the team can provide Sydney with a close, tough and exciting match. We are, of course, hoping for a win.

SOFTBALL

The Softball team for Intercollegiate could be described as a pretty game one, considering the competition they have not had (one match against the boys) when their opponents will be backed by the experience of a thorough season's play. However, they have practised consistently, and with confidence and teamwork on their side we can look forward to great things. The team as it now stands is:—

- Pitcher: Lyn Gunn.
- Catcher: June Thompson.
- 1st Base: Diane Thompson.
- 2nd Base: Helen Ferguson.
- 3rd Base: Rosiland Anderson.
- Infield: Beverly Harrison.
- Right Outfield: Kerry Targett.
- Centre Outfield: Adele Wetherell.
- Left Outfield: Elaine Etherington.
- Reserves: Julie Gibbs, Margaret McRae and Connie Forsyth.

Good luck girls, we will be pitching for you! (Sneaky pun). One thing, this team is sure to wow Sydney with its Maori Haka. It should be the biggest attraction on the sports field.

RUGBY UNION

DAVE MARTIN: Height, 5' 8," weight 10st. 10lb. Fullback. Leading in best and fairest points score this year. Safe handler and reliable goal-kicker. A danger when in the backline.

DAVE BURNS: Height, 6' 1," weight 12st. 3lb. Right wing. Excellent player with a great change of pace and side step. Leading try scorer last year and a valuable member of the team.

HOWIE JONES: Height, 6' 1," weight 12st. 7lb. Left wing. Leading try scorer this season. He is a fast, hard running winger who scores most of his tries in the corner. A devastating tackler who covers well.

PETER JENKINS: Height 6' 1," weight 12st. 6lb. Outside centre. Moved from fullback to centre this year. A player with much ability and penetrative power. Good in defence and attack.

ROSS LEANEY: Height, 5' 11," weight, 11st. 7lb. Inside centre. A newcomer to the side. A player who is quick to go through a gap and has a good change of direction. His handling is safe and he can play in any position in the backline.

KEN EGGLETON: Height, 5' 10," weight 10st. 9lb. Five-eighth. Captain. Leads through example. Elusive runner, dangerous in attack and safe in defence. Excellent cover defender.

RALPH SADLER: Height, 5' 7," weight 10st. 7lb. Halfback. Played a full season in 1st grade last year. After a lapse in form early in the season he has completely regained it. Nippy player in the open and one who can turn defence into attack. Safe tackler.

DAVE HULL: Height, 6' 2," weight, 14st. 3lb. Lock. A big fast lock who tries for the full 80 minutes. Excellent in cover defence but inexperienced in the game and position. A player with great ability.

ROSS HOSKING: Height, 6' 4," weight, 14st. Second row. First season in this position. A lineout specialist and a tower of strength in the forwards. An inexperienced player but one who is a danger in the open with his hard, fast running.

DICK WINNETT: Height, 6' 4," weight, 14st. Second row. Most improved player of the season. A latecomer to the side but one who specialises in capturing the loose ball. A constructive forward in the open and a valuable asset in the lineouts.

ALWYN WEBB: Height, 5' 8," weight, 11st. 3lb. Breakaway. A player with exceptional ability. A fast forward and a rugged tackler. Inexperienced in this position as he played centre last year. A non stop type of forward who can set the team on the attack with his quick thinking.

LES HEWATT: Height, 5' 9," weight, 12st. Breakaway. A tough, nuggety footballer who revels in hard play. Quick to both ball and man. Devastating tackler.

WARREN CUPITT: Height, 5' 11," weight, 14st. 7lb. Front row. An 80 minutes forward. A tight player who believes in being on the ball and backing up. A valuable asset to any pack of forwards.

JACK TIERNEY: Height, 5' 10," weight, 12st. 10lb. Hooker. Relatively new to this position but a great trier. His being on the ball is a feature of his game and there is never a loose ball unless he is on it. A good team player.

JIM SHEARING: Height, 5' 9," weight, 13st. Front row. Vice-captain. An experienced forward who leads his pack well. A non stop player who plays tight and rugged. An excellent example to other players.

MEN'S HOCKEY

The team is wondering just how good the Sydney team will be. It is known that their players do not play as a team, but almost every one of their players has played or does play with a leading Sydney side.

Our team is now playing good hockey and have the advantage of playing as a side for the season.

A close game with some outstanding hockey is expected but there is no one game enough to tip a result.

The team consists of:—

KEN GORDON: Goalkeeper. Probably the find of the season. He has developed into the best in the position in the district in just four matches. He has a lovely clearing kick, outstanding anticipation and a remarkable degree of agility.

PHIL MALONEY: Left fullback. A player endowed with the "killer instinct." This has made him an excellent player with a lovely tackle and a fast, hard hit. His hard work is an inspiration to the team. A selector and a grand team man. A Wagga rep.

BOB MURDOCH: Right fullback. Bob has the longest hit in Wagga hockey. This has helped to make him an ideal

partner for Phil Maloney. Has turned in some outstanding displays.

TONY MILNE: Left half. He is probably the most persistent of the backs and his attitude of "never give up" has made him a very valuable player. He plays a grand attacking game and has set up his winger on numerous occasions. A very good team player.

ROGER BOWIE (v.c.): Centre half. A tireless worker with an impassable tackle and a deadly eye. His play in defence has saved many goals and he has turned in some fantastic displays. A selector and a Wagga rep.

DICK LANGFORD: Right half. Another very good defensive player with a sharp eye. His tackling has been sound and Dick is an excellent "spot" player.

BRIAN MARSH: Left wing. A very fast player who has used this attribute in picking up the loose ball. His backsticks passes have made many a goal and his stops have been a feature.

STAN BLAKEMORE (c.): Left inner. A grand team man whose attitude to the game and general interests have contributed greatly to the college's good position on the local competition table. Stan has an ex-

cellent backstick and his push goals have been a joy to watch. In his two seasons here at Wagga he has been amongst the leading goal scorers. Has represented Wagga on numerous occasions and is a very popular player.

VINCE FISHER: Centre forward. Wagga's leading goal scorer. Is an excellent bustling centre forward and has a calmness in the goal circle that has been envied by the rest of the forward line. He has made many other goals with the use of his well controlled stickwork. Has represented Wagga.

BRUCE MCKENNA: Right inner. Bruce has good stickwork and a keen sense of co-ordination with the rest of the team. He has a lot of hockey in him and with experience will become a star player. A Wagga rep.

HUGH DAVIES: Right wing. A very fast player with a very sure, hard centre pass that has made several scoring opportunities for his inside forwards. Quite a reliable player especially in attack.

been undefeated. Although the team is lacking the veterans of the last two years, especially those of last year, the team feels confident that it will knock up the "hat trick."

THE TEAM

ROSS HOSKING: Captain of the team; has been playing basketball for only 18 months. He began to play when he came to college and has proved to be a tower of strength on the court. His 6' 4" makes him a destructable left shoot, and has given him the opportunity to represent Wagga in the 1961 South Western Districts Championships. He also represented the College in last year's Intercollegiate visit with Balmain at Balmain.

KEN EGGLETON: Plays in the right shoot position. Despite his apparent shortness, 5' 10", Ken handles himself capably in the position and is a force to be reckoned with. Ken has been playing for two years in Tumut before he came to college and then for the college.

BOB SMYTHE: The only other second year in the team. will prove invaluable in the guard position with his 6' 4." Bob played for Albury High School and was in the runner-

up team (Tumut Termites) in the local competition at Tumut.

BRIAN BLACKER: A newcomer to the College team but is by no means a newcomer to the game. His keen anticipation has helped forge his way to the top in college basketball. Brian, although only 5' 8" plays beside Smythe in the guard position. Brian has played for two years and represented his school — Bega High—as well as playing for Bega in the State Championships once, and in the Zone Championships twice.

ADRIAN HURLEY: Adrian has been playing basketball for three years and as his 6' 1½" indicates he plays in the centre position. Adrian has quickly made a name for himself in Wagga basketball. He represented the city this year in the Under 18's and the Wagga "A" grade team in the South Western District Championships. He represented Bega High before coming to college.

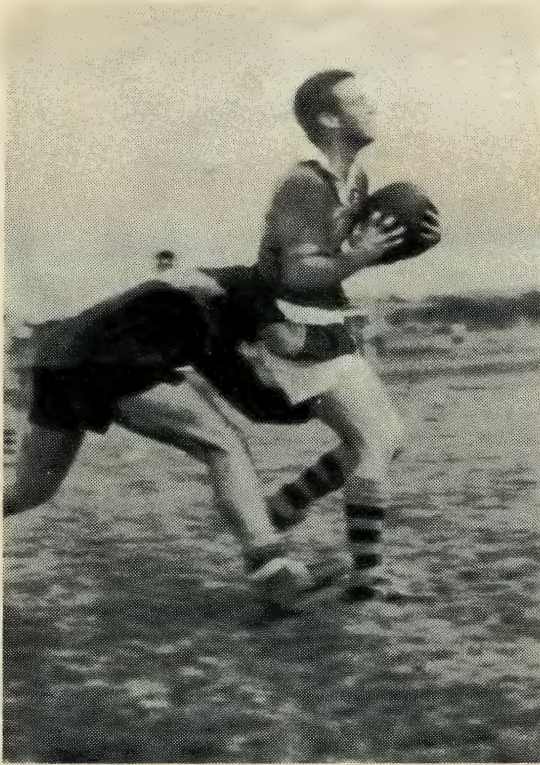
TREVOR RICHARDS: Reserve for the team, normally playing in the left shoot position. Trevor is 5' 11" and has been playing the game for three years, representing his school — Cootamundra High — and playing in the local Cootamundra competition for the Scout Troop before coming to college.

MEN'S BASKETBALL

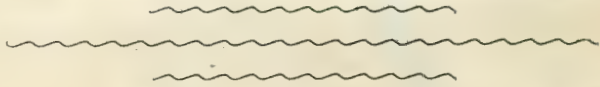
In the last two Intercollegiate visits the men's basketball team from this college has



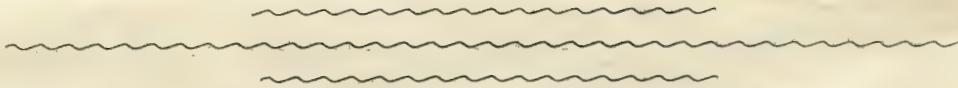
LISTEN MATE , WHO SAYS WE'RE A PACK OF BUSHEYS.



Dave Martin about to take a header.



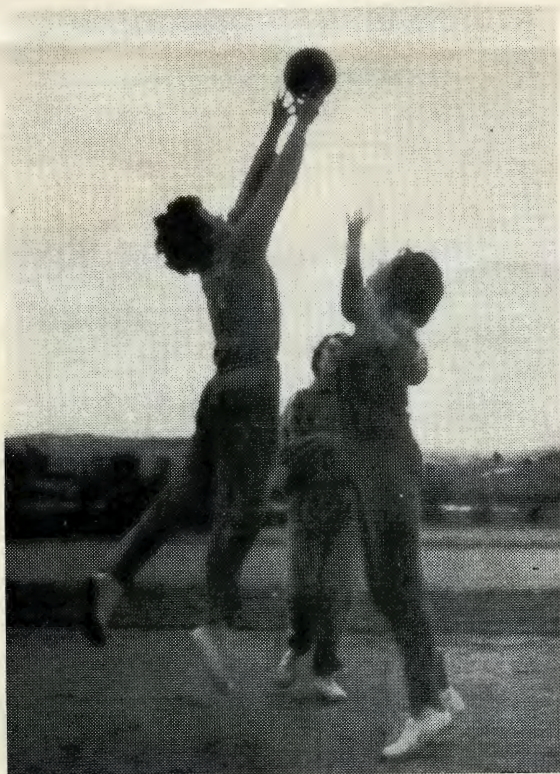
The First XV at training for Intercollegiate.



A scramble in front of the goal as the girls prepare for Intercollegiate.



Tony Milne intercepts Stan Blakemore's rush at training for Intercollegiate



Kay Dick soars above Janice Delavere and Margo Hopman at training.



Helen Ferguson puts Roc. Anderson out at second.



Alex Levitsky nods in a goal at training.



Ray McAuley slams in another goal.



Women's Basketball

The Intercollegiate team selected from the regular college teams is beginning to show the promise to be expected of such players as those mentioned below. While still in its early stages, the training programme set out indicates a lot of hard work ahead for these girls. If, however, their enthusiasm continues, they should turn out a fit team and (we hope) a winning combination. Members are as follows:—

KAY DICK: Goalthrower for the team; her accurate shooting should prove valuable in the forthcoming competition.

ESTELLE WILLACK: An experienced player with plenty of initiative. Combines well with her other "goalie."

KATHY McCURE: A "dark horse" of the selections. Is a very promising player, being quick on her feet and well suited to the position of attack wing.

PAT FOSTER: As centre should provide the necessary link in the team. Her versatility suggests that she will do just this.

LYN PATTERSON: A hard playing defence wing. Is also noted for her versatility and ability to follow the ball.

SANDRA BROWN: The only second year, has earned her place as defence attack by her speedy and tenacious play.

PATSY MILLER: A good, though unassuming player whose ability, particularly under the goal ring, should prove a "tower of strength."

OUR FOOTBALLERS

Cupitt: Tall, lean front row forward, very quick on feet: Lineout specialist.

Shearing: Lazy footballer, inexperienced but may improve with more games.

Hosking: Diminutive second rower, very slow mover. Vast experience in his position.

Hull: Another of the smaller forwards, poor cover defender.

Winnett: Small in stature, in team mainly for goal kicking ability.

Webb: Huge, towering break-away, lineout specialist. Defence is his weak point.

Hewatt: Another tall lineout man, tends to become scared when in possession of the ball; runs across the field too much.

Sadler: Heavily built for a half back, converted to the position from second row.

Eggleton: Ideal build for a five-eighth, slow off the mark but runs hard, poor handler.

Leaney: Slow mover, hesitant handler with very little penetrative ability.

Jenkins: Lightly framed, slow mover, very sure on feet, has a beautiful body swerve.

Burns: Nuggety build, slow but hard straight runner—very little football sense.

Jones: Similar build to Burns, ever alert, quick thinker, poor defender.

Martin: Tall fullback, breaks evens for 100 yards, leading try scorer in team.

Tierney: Nuggety type hooker, very lazy, very rarely up with the ball.

ESCAPEGOAT

This has been written to help those inhabitants of this dis-establishment when they need that extra half hour or so at night (especially for the males).

Firstly, unless you're very lucky, i.e. born under a Lucky Starr, I would advise you not to go out after the warden has checked. Just because we have to be in bed at 10.15 or so, doesn't mean that the wardens do likewise. In fact it is general knowledge that for a lot of them, life not only begins at 40, but after lights out. Anyway, if you do happen to go out, you'll most likely be seen. The lights that have been erected, both along the top road and down near the men's dorms, now make the place look like "Fairlyland." It has been said that it's a waste of time to go to Hollywood for bright lights and on and off romances—these stars are now migrating to W.W.T.C. (half of Sydney is here anyway).

If you are unlucky enough to get out of the berth, and under the lights Bax Munter will probably miss you, even on the second barrel, but if he doesn't Charlie's dogs will.

It may be remembered about the four poor souls of not so long ago that had great ideas of a party. They were unlucky that Tarzan was out that night and the four were unfortunate to bump into another four beaming faces. I believe that the dogs got a raise out of that episode. One bought a new sports car, two were able to take out steadies and the fourth able to add more weight through exercising the arm.

A goodly clue is for the escapee to go out any time he desires (before the danger-man). As the torch comes down the corridor a fellow slips from a bed already checked, comes in through the back door and slips into bed. However, if he is not careful the two B'B' (neither Brigitte Bardot, nor B—B—) will notice that his hair is a different colour, he still has his tie on, and has forgotten to take his shoes off, or if he quickly turns around, he'll notice 63 pairs of eyes looking in to see how it is coming off. When detecting any one of these signs the warden becomes suspicious and it is quite embarrassing to the fellow in bed.

Last time this happened the Big Bloke got fined fairly heavily—the Oaf in the bed was let off with a red face, and the Music Man had to wait up till all hours of the night.

(And they reckon Charlie was a mate of his too.)

So you can see it's not worth escaping unless you have something special to go out for.

—Bee Jaykay

EXAMS, 1961

The following article has been written by a first year female student and apologies are somewhat unwillingly offered to lecturers, wardens and some students alike.

Our return from the somewhat brief May holidays was slightly painful. Not only were we poor first years faced with another term in this venerable institution but also with a trial examination. How the word trial is to be interpreted is left to the students' discretion. Our learned supervisors, however, regard it as being an exam to show us just how we have settled into college life, and work.

We poor unfortunates, were politely requested to present ourselves and writing equipment and dormitory chairs and knowledge at the Auditorium at a stated hour and were also warned about the penalties for committing such offences as flagiarism (see Dictionary). We then proceeded to sit at specially arranged tables to be found in all typical exam rooms. Our comfort during this period could not have been better catered for—every convenience was placed at our disposal. The heaters were turned on, especially beneficial to those half dozen students sitting adjacent to them. The rest of us were not allowed to forget that winter had come to Wagga. Blocks were conveniently placed for all to see and lighting, particularly in the afternoons or on dull days, was all that could be desired. The silence was broken occasionally as some brilliant student, having written down all his knowledge, noisily left us less-knowledgeables, or when some supervisor took up his stand at the heater.

Exams were characterised by a noticeable absentee of first year students from the dining room at lunch. How these students managed to survive without their supply of carbohydrates and fats amazed me.

Lights also burned in some rooms far into the early hours of the morning, as some optimistic students casually or nonchalantly read through lecture notes. How these people could feel so confident about the exams that they could sit

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up all night was also a source of amazement to me.

These conditions lasted for one week. After this followed one glorious month of reprieve while well meaning (?) lecturers discussed what they considered to be necessary for answering the exam questions. I was really staggered to hear just what they considered necessary.

Finally the day arrived. Once laughing, carefree students became very sober, worried students as they met their section advisers who smirked kindly as they handed back reports. The silence was broken as "Hey, I passed!", "Oh, no!", "Guess what I got?" et cetera burst forth. Mad screams came from a few hysterical females and one or two even went as far as bursting into tears.

The fact that we were issued with grades such as F, P or the worst C (for "Conchy") and D (disgraceful) was a subject under great discussion. A few people, notably of the fairer sex, managed to have 8 D's and 2 C's or a C and P or 2 P's on their reports and so managed to disgrace college tradition.

Well, having given vent to my feelings on this subject I shall conclude. Until the next examination . . .

"Back to Culture" Week

The following concert is to be presented by the lecturing staff of W.W.T.C. in the Rotunda at 12.30 a.m. for the entertainment of students who are not otherwise occupied.

A mortar board will be passed round during the performances as the lecturers are "pathetic"-ally short of finance. Any visiting M.G.M. talent scouts are cordially reminded of this fact.

PROGRAMME

"God Save the Queen." Lecturing - body, arm-in-arm, singing "United we stand, United we fall."

1. Miss Martin: (on comb and paper) "Witch Craft."
2. Mr. Gailer: (on brushes) "Portrait of my Love."
3. Mr. Wade: (musical saw) "Wooden Heart."
4. Mr. Huntsman (reciting): "Old Bush School."
5. Mr. Large: (A-maz-ed) "I was a big man yesterday (but boy you ought to see me now)."
6. Mr. Cleverley: (on Skinner box) "You're so square."
7. Mr. Atchison: (methodically) "Don't knock me Method Book."

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- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. Mrs. Colman: (as-in-ants) "Poety in Motion." 9. Mr. Smith: (in a plossive stomp) "Why can't the Students learn to speak." 10. Mrs. Smith: (on triangles) "The twelfth century of Never." 11. Miss Bridges: (explosively) "He'll have to go" - girls. 12. Miss Shaw (soprano): "I get a thrill out of oral drill." 13. Mr. Orchard: (exhausted) "Hot Red Lincon." | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 22. Mr. Young: (with confidence) "Angel on my shoulder." 23. Mr. Cozier: (craftily) "Handyman." 24. Mr. Swan: (on suitcase) "Gotta travel on." 25. Miss Bunyan: (pathetically) "Goodgolly Miss Molly." 26. Mr. Hale: (emotionally) "The College's in the very best of hands." | <p>which they helped to make this trip possible; and I would also like to thank the girls who, labouring under considerable difficulties, prepared an enjoyable dinner for us.</p> |
|--|---|--|

INTERMISSION

The following drinks will be served by the staff: Eno's Fruit Salts, Scott's Emulsion and Cod Liver Oil.

14. Mr. Gammage: (slowly) "Rockin' around the Sundial."
15. Dr. Mac: (on dog whistle) "Froggy."
16. Mr. Worthington: (on short rope) "On the Rebound."
17. Dr. Keet: (exclaiming) "Aspro will ease it."
18. Mr. Birrell: (on the flashlight) "There's a tavern in the town — and "Don't they just know it."
19. Mr. Bass: (sax) "Things 'aint what they used to be."
20. Mr. Hodgeson: (on 1066 vile-in) "Smiley."
21. Mr. Smith: (on the globe) "Let the rest of the world go by" - in 50 minutes.

Finale
All the staff together sing, "This could be the start of something big."

Students disperse in riotous manner singing "Show me the way to go home."

Thomas More Club

The trip to Yarrangobilly Caves on Sunday, 23rd April, was our first attempt at a social function this year. I think all who went will agree that it proved to be a most interesting and enjoyable day. Apart from the inclement weather the trip was most successful. This success was largely due to the way in which everyone gave their assistance in doing all that was asked of them and more—for this I would like to thank all concerned.

In particular I would like to thank the administrative and kitchen staffs for the ways in

ATTENTION!

In college there is a great distinction between boys and men. Most of both classes are "good Joes," and possess qualities that endear them to female and fellow alike.

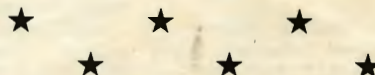
Of the boys there are two classes:—(1) Those who are chronologically young and who have bright hopes for a happy future and (2) those who are just plain vile.

The labelling of this last group may seem harsh, crude and unmannerly. I regret this but cannot apologise for it for adjectives such as these apply most adequately to the above named.

My main grievance is directed at the crudity and utter lack of gentlemanly courtesy that becomes painfully apparent at meals.

A final plea . . . please remember boys—a girl does not appreciate swearing and vulgar suggestions and actions, particularly when she is eating. Have a little consideration and your reward will be respect. For the remaining boys—carry on young gentlemen, we enjoy your company, we applaud your courtesy.
—Grey Ghost

LUMEAH COFFEE LOUNGE



The meeting place for years, for young people, particularly students, has been and always will be the Lumeah Coffee Lounge in Centreway Place, near 2WG.

PRACTICE TEACHING

The classroom life of the average student teacher is not conducive to conceit. Lessons and classes vary enormously, of course, but the student always tends to be at a disadvantage. The pupils know he is a student, and are apt to presume on this knowledge; while the student, at any rate, at first, is all at sea. He doesn't know what work the class has done already, he doesn't quite know where he stands in the matter of punishments, and he doesn't know where anything is.

A student's lesson is apt to proceed on the following lines, salvaged from unpleasant memories of prac teaching:

Scene: A classroom with 30 or so quiet, innocent-looking children, diligently reading books, while the teacher, seated at his desk, marks some papers. A student enters diffidently, and approaches unnoticed. Having already been introduced to the class that morning, he tries to merge insignificantly with the furniture, preparing to observe the afternoon's lessons. Presently the teacher notices the presence of the student.

Teacher: I'd quite forgotten you were with us. What are you doing?

Student: (In a timid undertone) Er — I think I'm supposed to observe for the rest of the day.

Teacher: Well, there's really nothing to observe. They're just reading.

Student: (hopefully) Perhaps I could prepare tomorrow's lessons. I'll go into the staff room, shall I?

Teacher: (face lighting up as if an idea had just occurred to him) Wait a minute. I was going to try to find time to rehearse the school play. If I can root out the actors, this would be just the chance. (As if offering a tempting opportunity). Would you like to take my class for something while I'm away? Excellent opportunity for getting to know the class and all that sort of thing.

Student: (visibly quivering) Well . . . er I haven't anything prepared. I didn't know—

Teacher: (eager to depart) Oh, anything you like. I don't mind a bit.

(Teacher departs hurriedly. Thirty quiet innocent looking children suddenly become 30 restless jackdaws.)

Boy at back: Please sir, I've finished the book.

Girl at side: I've finished too, sir.

Chorus: So have I, sir.

Student: (clutching at the first straw he sees) Well, I'll give you a lesson in - er punctuation.

Chorus: (indignantly) We had punctuation this morning, sir.

Student: Well . . . I'll give you some writing.

(The suggestion is greeted with groans.)

Boy at back: Please sir, could I have a new nib?

Student: Why didn't you get one from Mr. Smith?

Boy: (face of injured innocence) It's only just got broken, sir. I don't know how it happened, sir.

(He hurries to the front to prove his case.)

Student: (taking the least line of resistance) Oh, very well. Get one from the drawer, if that's where they're kept.

(After much fiddling in the wrong drawer, the box of nibs is at last found. The boy returns to his desk with a new nib—and smirk.)

Boy in front: Please sir, my nib's broken too, sir.

Quartet: (from various parts of the room) So's mine, sir.

(Half the class are eventually fitted out with new nibs. The student hurriedly examines the teacher's programme, and then realises that the class at present have nothing to write on but the desk.)

Student: Get out your writing books before I count . . .

Chorus: (cheerfully) Please, sir, Mr. Smith's got them.

Student: Oh, well get out a sheet of paper.

Girl from somewhere: The class captain looks after the paper, sir.

Student: Who's the class captain?

(A doubtful looking boy comes forward.)

Student: Give it out please.

Captain: I can't sir.

Student: Why not?

Captain: The cupboard's locked, sir.

Student: Where's the key?

Captain: Mr. Smith took it with him, sir.

Student: (wearily) You had better find Mr. Smith and ask him if you can get some paper from the cupboard.

(Exit class captain. There is a long awkward pause, filled with the rattling of pencils on desks and the sound of thirty voices all talking at once. The student says "Not so much noise" — without any obvious effect. The captain at length returns.)

Captain: Can't find him sir.

Student: (desperately) Well, for heaven's sake go and borrow some paper from the teacher in the next classroom.

(Another awkward pause. This time the student is too dispirited to attempt to check the noise. He merely looks out of the glass panel in the door in case the Headmaster happens to be around. The captain returns once more.)

Captain: Mr. Brown told me to tell you that he hasn't got any paper, sir.

Student: (gritting his teeth) Well, get out your poetry books. We'll read some poetry instead.

Boy in corner: Sir, Mr. Smith said we're not to do any of the poems in the book except those he gives us, sir.

Chorus: Yes, sir, he did sir.

Girl near the door: Please, sir, can we have a spelling bee?

Sextette: Oh, yes, sir.

Student: (helplessly) All right. I suppose you may as well.

(Two-thirds of the class applaud with embarrassing enthusiasm. The remaining third expresses equally embarrassing disapproval. The details are being noisily discussed when the teacher suddenly returns, surreptitiously slipping cigarette packet into his pocket.)

Teacher: (with what may or not be reproachful irony) I'm not interrupting anything special am I?

Student: Well, we were just going to have a spelling bee. But it really doesn't matter.

Teacher: (generously trying not to look surprised that the lesson has not made more progress than this) Perhaps you wouldn't mind if they did it some other time. I couldn't get the actors I wanted, and I've just remembered there was an exercise I wanted to go through with these people.

Student: (trying to look disappointed) That's all right. I don't mind at all.

Teacher: Thanks very much. If I were you I should nip to the staff room until the bell goes. (To the class.) Come on now, get out that exercise I gave you yesterday. And look sharp about it. It's time you did some work.

(As thirty well-behaved children silently open their books the student creeps from the room.)

Overheard in a Dormitory

Mr. Editor I swear this is true.

"Sir, did you know that Rod Laver just won Wimbledon?"

"Jolly good, old chappy, I'm not interested in cricket, you know, too boring I say."

And then a smiling face closed the door behind him.

A NEW SLANT ON THEORIES

- Students in the same segment of the lecture room can converse more easily than students in opposite segments.
- The locus of a student caught misbehaving is the path he traces out so as to avoid an order.
- The volume of noise in any area decreases as the distance between students and lecturers decreases, and conversely, the volume increases as the distance increases.
- Free weekends may not be extended indefinitely.
- If one student out of bounds meets one warden produced out of order, many fines result.
- The area of work covered per student per night is proportional to the amount of time spent on the back path.
- The areas of two students of the same altitudes are proportional to the length of their appetites.
- At any given music lecture many different notes may be subtended by one chord.
- The distance between any two consecutive holidays tends to infinity.

Supplementary Supplies

Alas, as I enter these portly doors,
And sit down after Grace is said,

A notion to break college laws
Is brewing faintly in my head.

For the purpose, a coat I wear
Capacious pockets, empty now,

If I am quick, I'll deposit there
A goodly meal, a feast I trow.
Now at last the staff is slack,
I know its wrong, they've told me so,

But why should conscience hold me back,
When dreams of food doth overflow.

When in doubt, ask woman in blue,
This wise advice I will not take,

And stealthily, lest they pursue
Through the door escape I make.

Smug, secure, homeward bound
Then I hear a heavy tread,
Off in flight, can't look round,
Take to my heels and drop the bread.