





The star turn of the evening is the performance of the "Death Defyers" who have amazed and thrilled audiences all over N.S.W.

This troupe consists of Blake Lewin, the maniac who dives over a long box and doesn't get killed. John Biscaya, who sometimes almost gets killed with his somersault over the long box. Ray Wood whose prang really does kill someone—that someone being an on-looker who dies from heartfailure.

For grace and artistry we have that darling of the ladies "Killer Jack Clark" and "Little Boy" Lyons. These two creatures (swoon) know every trick in the trade and they will amaze audiences with their amazing versatility.

This troupe is the classiest, fastest, most daring of its type on this earth.

Then in comer, on a mat, we come across Joe and Hebrew. Joe is madly dashing his head against the mat in a mad endeavor to do a handspring. Hebrew is upside down in a headstand saying "Do I impress Joe."

If you want your neck broken or any part of your person mutilated then come along to the gym any night at all.

You to can become a troupe member, and believe you me, you'll enjoy every minute of it.

J. C. P.

## General Sport

This column is devoted to outlining some coming sporting events within the College and making a few suggestions for others.

The Gymnasium, the logical place for indoor sport, has been "booked out" this term with Play and Physical Education practices and rehearsals for the Musical Comedies. On reflecting, we find that the only time for organised house sport in the College is the beginning of the next term and the whole of the following term when other activities are few. So, for these we must plan and we must commence now, or this time will arrive before organisation has begun. At long last a boxing tournament has been arranged and due to lack of time this term is to be held early in the new year. This should prove an interesting experiment. Don't forget, boys, it is never too early to get into training. If you want any advice on the noble art of pugilism, just get comfortable on your feet and ask "Handsome John Mitchell."

The inter-house swimming carnival arranged for early next term, means training commencing during the holidays—"Look out, Stockton, here comes Sheriff." Uncle Joe will advise (free to Kabi-ites and fee to others) and though the demonstration mightn't be so hot, the explanation is on the beam.

It is high time some form of sport was organised within the College for the week-end, and occasionally for a night during the week. In the summer there is organised sport for a maximum of 33 men, while of the remainder of students, those who feel inclined to exercise fight over the tennis courts, the table tennis table, bad-

minton court and Phys. Ed. equipment.

Last term an attempt was made to organise a table tennis competition and, though many promising players were discovered, the proceedings were dropped after two representative matches. Now, the College has its own table something should be done along these lines.

The students have found the value of the badminton court. But, how much more interesting would the game be if a competition were organised? Instead of a few monopolising the court, all would get a fair chance and really interesting games could be seen.

These are just a few reminders and suggestions. Things in this line should be planned and organised now for the College is lacking in organised sport within its own grounds. Start thinking and suggesting and let's see what we can do. Don't forget that the real essence of sport is to participate, not to watch.

—A.T.B.



### CRICKET

Once again over the last two Saturdays our teams have put up some outstanding performances, scoring two victories and a draw in three matches.

The first team had a very easy innings victory over South Wagga, scoring 2-242, to which the opposition could only reply with 87 and 23. The consistent bowling of Mark McCloughlin, who took 6-40 and 4-4, was mainly responsible for this debacle. He was ably assisted by Tom Allport with 2-20 and Arthur Smith 2-13 in the first innings, and by Tom Hedges 4-13 in the second. When the College team batted, Jack Brewster and Geoff Spiller each made 105 not out, putting on 215 for the second wicket.

The College second team, playing against Council, batted throughout the first day between intermittent showers, and at the close of play had lost 8-249, due mainly to a fine hard-hitting innings by Mac Yabsley for 81. Opener Peter Debenham gave the innings an excellent start with 51 and Merv Wright added a quick 38 in the middle of the list. The second day saw Council dismissed in their first innings for 100 by Tom Sumsky 3-21, Mac Yabsley 3-28 and "Mick" Harvey 2-17, all ably assisted by excellent fielding. Council had lost seven wickets for 90 in their second innings at the close of play. Paul Rees here gave a glimpse of past

form with 3-20. Congratulations to the seconds for another fine performance.

The third team, whose match was limited to one day, were forced to a draw by the weather after an excellent beginning. They had lost only 2-115 when rain caused play to be abandoned for the day. Frank Lees made 47, followed by a brilliant knock from Des Hansaker, who remained unconquered for 65 at stumps.

Worthy of mention, in conclusion, is the fact that during the innings of the three College teams a total of 606 runs were scored for the loss of only 12 wickets. Can this remarkable average of 50 runs per wicket be maintained throughout the season? Perhaps not, but it is likely that many more performances as outstanding as these will be returned.

## D-Day

### A GRIPPING ACCOUNT OF EXAM. RESULTS

The serene quietness of the College air was shattered rudely at zero hour, Wednesday, 3rd November, 12.30 p.m. One hundred and fifty jostling, screaming first years swamped the notice boards. No, it was not the detailed results of the Melbourne Cup, but an event far more unpredictable—the results of the yearly examinations.

I stepped over the bodies of three prostrate students (they had passed) to obtain a better view of the Bulletin Board. I gazed at the tense, white faces beside me, and then turned to catch a swooning companion.

Females shrieked hysterically: "I can't find my name," while anxious males craned necks, eager (?) to learn their fate.

A blurred mass of D's, Cr.'s, P, PP's and U's (especially U's) was before me. I had just distinguished my own name when I was pushed out of position by a burly male, and I began once more to edge my way amongst the milling throng. Then a cheering slap on the back, followed by "Congrats! You've passed in Arts and Crafts!" Oh joy, oh rapture; the fulfilment of my greatest desire (well, almost).

I eagerly scanned the rest of the results and found that my prayers had been answered. I had scraped through (only ten Unsatisfactories instead of the expected eleven).

The "babbling gossip of the air" was alive with eager young voices, demanding "How many points did you get," and "Good on you."

We were brought back to earth by the voice of Mr. Duncan, compelling, "Hurry back to your lecture rooms." We dispersed—some happy, others not so happy, but most of us relieved that the tension of awaiting exam. results was now over.

—FLORENCE.

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



## Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

The first thought of the few sceptical members was "Bushwalkers? Wot, no bush?" but, thanks to the spear-head which was taken by different members at different times, not mere bush, but dense tropical undergrowth was found (do not consult Cary). We slipped and slithered along the river bank, gripping bamboo or scaling monstrous, fallen trees, while above us a neat little road ran to the same place that we ended up. By then we were about three miles N.W. of the College and instead of following the "bush" and the river bank so closely, we cut across the flat until we met the river again. A little further along we dropped our bundles and a form of sit-down strike took place. This makes it sound very straight-forward, but on the contrary we had been turning right and left, up hill, down dale—every way, except running around in circles.

It was a pretty spot where we called a halt—the only disadvantage was the muddy water which did not make the best billy tea. Our pan having a capacity of one and a half sausages made it necessary for the multitude (twenty approximately) to resort to sausage sizzling sticks. The final products such as they were, were placed between door-steps with, and consumed ravenously.

After the meal, some of the party called for a siesta, but no hope. The fun started with a grand water fight from parallel snags between Boyle and Brewster on the left and Olive and Vine on the right. Oh, ladies, what a dampening defeat. A slight roll of the log and in I went. After that, water had a positive valence, and half the party went for a swim.

Energy flowed in abundance, so a grand softball match was played. Don't ask me who won, I had my long-last siesta. "This is too quiet," so some thought after the softball so, filling wax cups with water (semi-mud) and emptying some on any nearby person became the sport of the moment. "Water, water everywhere" and screaming females fled before. Joan Armstrong went careering down a steep bank and skidded into six feet of water. She gained her revenge when Don Boyle was bending to refill his cup and, with a little firm persuasion, demonstrated a rather hasty swallow dive.

Being, by then, tired of both land and water, we started back for College—truly much the worse for wear. A style spy would have had great scope. Merve Grey, trousers rolled up to the knees, black billycans swinging from his haversack, and all topped off with cricket cap turned backwards; and "Ginge" trotting at his heels.

I'm sure I can say a thoroughly good time was had by all," and we can only hope that the hikes to come of the newly formed Bushwalkers' Club, are as successful as the first.

—IVY.

### SOOTHING WORDS

It amazes me in times of stress,  
Of trouble, tears and sorrow,  
There's always some bright spark will  
say,

"Ah, well, there's dems tomorrow.  
If you are very short of cash  
And money you can't borrow  
Take heart, my lads, and do not grieve,  
There's always dems tomorrow!  
In trials an dtribulations,  
In fear or dread or horror,  
Look for that silver lining,  
Yes, there'll be dems tomorrow!

—WLORENCE.

## Evening Tutorials

For five nights of the week Evening Tutorials are held, thus enabling all sections of both First and Second Years to spend at least (in some cases at the most) three hours at study per week.

Upon the arrival of 7 p.m., or more precisely, upon the arrival of the lecturer on duty, everyone proceeds to find a comfortable (??) chair in preparation for some work, but they noisily continue talking.

"It's 7 o'clock" comes a voice from the front, "please start some work." This is greeted by a chorus of un-suppressed moans and those present settle down to five minutes' solid study.

Study, did I say? Well, what do they study? Psychology? Literature Assignments? Perspective or colour wheels? Letters home, bewailing the failure of

pay day's arrival, or maybe to the current 'heart throb' at home? If this is not the case, then it may be the section's 'best-looker' on the other side of the room who is studied.

At the end of about five minutes a furtive whispering is heard in some remote corner of the room—then gradually it spreads throughout and leaves the regions of furtive whispering to become a muffled murmuring, interspersed with stifled giggles.

This continues until about 8 p.m., when the occupants of the study room become more unsettled until supper break at 8.30 p.m. Fortunately, for Mr. Logan, he has grown accustomed to the rush of 60 students, plus any absent girl or boy friend, who arrives to sup with the pal on study.

The quarter-hour allowed usually stretches to nearly half an hour by the time everyone, including the lecturer, returns to the study room.

Peace and quietness once more reigns for a short period—but now these diligent studies begin to think not of supper, but of bed. As the time slowly passes, studes cast longing glances at their watches and disturb the one or two really studious members of the section with their conversations, which grow more general until approximately 9.45 p.m., when thoughts of 10 o'clock bring about another studious spasm.

At 9.55 p.m. the voice from the front comes to expectant ears one more: "You may pack up now. Don't forget to put up your chairs and close the windows." At once there is a rush and a bustle to see who can be first out of study—to go home to be or walking and talking with some admirer, being of the opposite sex.

So ends evening study for those sections for yet another week—or if it happens to be Monday night, for nearly a fortnight.

—"STEWED-ANT."

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## In Memoriam

### HUT 4, FRIDAY—

Today witnessed the passing of three of our brethren, namely Big Jake, Jeff Spiller and Hebnew. To their new abode they take the spirit of our hut with all its Hebrewish tendencies. Never more shall we hear the "Big Boy" croon "Her Name's Jenny Morgan," nor shall our remarks be greeted with the familiar "thing to say," but rather "quiet?"—"Why certainly, Mr. P."

We shall now take one minute's silence, after which the Hut 4 choir renders its closing number, "Till We Meet Again."

## Sporting Activities

### MEN'S

The sports played are as follows: Rugby League, Rugby Union, Soccer, Volleyball, Softball, Tennis and Cricket.

To the House with the greatest aggregate in all sports goes a coveted trophy presented by the Principal.

Besides this mid-week sport the men also participate in tow competitions at the week-end. Hockey and Soccer are two of the sports that have recently been revived and College teams are playing a large part in re-establisshing these fine games.

The most recent addition to our repertoire of week-end sport is baseball. In this sphere we have many supporters and though new to the game our players are already giving an excellent account of themselves.

Rugby League is the remaining major sport and here the men have excelled themselves. There are two teams, and in the recent season both covered themselves with glory by becoming premiers and winning two fine trophies.

### WOMEN'S

Each week in the various sports we have House competitions, which foster great interest and rivalry. During the winter hockey and basketball were engaged in and during the summer cricko and tennis. This summer all women are to play softball.

Hockey and basketball are the two most popular sports—hockey being played at the Duke of Kent Park and the basketball formerly at the High School and now here at the College.

Cricko did not have such a following as the above two sports, mainly because very little was known about the game.

In the recent inter-collegiate visit to Balmain the women contested tennis, basketball, hockey, softball and volleyball and were successful in the first four. Both softball and volleyball—particularly volleyball—were new sports.

Quite a few women students were successful in both hockey and basketball umpires' exams which were held about four months ago. This will prove a great asset to them when starting or improving sport in the schools and towns to which they are sent.

During the week-ends teams play in town competitions in hockey, basketball and tennis. In our first year two hockey

and two basketball teams were entered and the teams were particularly successful. Last year the basketball second team managed to carry off the cup—the first cup won for this College from outside competition, and you notice the women did it. The first hockey team had a very successful run, but unfortunately missed out on the honours.

This year the number of teams has increased to four basketball and three hockey, and at the time of writing it seems quite likely that we will have two winning teams—the first hockey and either the first or second basketball.

The tennis teams have not had so much success, but success is not always winning the game. In all these sports outside interest has been fostered largely by the spirit which permeates this College. As the townspeople become more and more interested in sporting activities, it is hoped that more teams within the town will be entered.

It is hoped that women's softball will also become a sport for town competition. Here at College it has only just been taken up as a summer sport. However, once it is known it is likely to become increasingly popular.

Perhaps mention should be made of a hilarious sporting fixture that was held one Saturday morning, namely, a women's football match. Indeed the men wanted lessons from our prize kickers.

From the above you can well imagine that the women are very versatile in the sporting sphere and are doing all possible to foster and cultivate sporting activities wherever possible in as many sports as possible.

## The Orchestral Concert —a Guide to Listening

The following are a few short notes on the programme to be presented by the Sydney Symphony Concert on November 16:

Listening can become more guided—and appreciation easier—if we have a little background to build upon.

Peer Gynt — by Grieg.

Edvard Grieg was born in Norway, 1843, and died 1907. He composed his most representative works between 1864-74. Grieg found in the romantic folk-lore of his country a marvellous theme for much of his music. Intensely nationalistic, he wrote into his music the patriotism, the love of man for homeland. Peer Gynt came into being as the incidental music for Ibsen's play of the same name. The story is told:

Peer Gynt was a headstrong, impetuous, lustful youth, symbolising moral degeneration. He roams the world, has many love affairs in the Hall of the Mountain King. Eventually, he returns home, old and wasted, to die in the arms of the ever faithful Solvig.

The first suite includes four movements: 1. Morning—the sun rises and Peer Gynt contemplates his world; 2. Ase's Death, a melancholy dirge; 3. Anitra's Dance a gay and seductive Mazurka; 4. In the Hall of the Mountain

King, a vivid picture of gnomes, goblins and elves.

The Emperor Waltz, by Johann Strauss:

Strauss, the Waltz King, was born in Vienna in 1825. He died in 1899. The Emperor Waltz is only one of a great series of fresh and moving waltzes—Vienna Blood, Tales from the Vienna Woods.

Prelude to Act III of Lohengrin, by Wagner:

Wagner brought to the theatre the highest form of music. He had a great fund of German legend to build upon, and from his great imagination rises that awe-inspiring, if occasionally deafening, march of opera. The Flying Dutchman, Tannhauser, Der Meistersinger, Siegfried. He was the greatest of the romanticists. Lohengrin is "good theatre and good music." Of the Prelude it was said: "The glory of the vision grows and grows until the rapture must be dispersed by the very vehemence of its own expansion. The beholder sinks on his knees in adoring self-annihilation.

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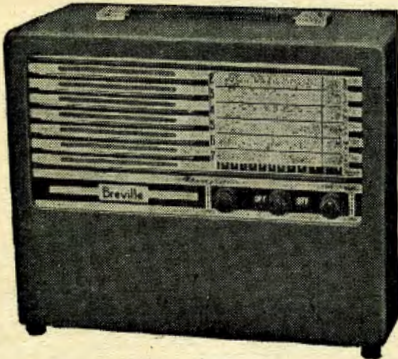
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## Practice Teaching

Of all the College activities, one of the most eagerly awaited is that of practice-teaching. The student's first practice, or "prac" so we call them, is his real initiation into the service. During lectures the student learns the theory of teaching; during demonstrations he sees these theories being implemented, and in practice-teaching he puts his theories into practice. We all know the old axiom that "practice makes perfect," and this is the idea behind each "prac." It is during "pracing" that we see the tricks of the trade; the way the school is run, various methods used by the various teachers; in short, it is during our practice-teaching periods that we are really learning to be competent teachers.

At first the student will feel self-conscious when he suddenly finds himself alone with thirty or forty children. This is the most important moment, as first impressions last the longest. A question is asked the class, a forest of hands shoot up and the student is at ease—he is on the way to becoming a teacher.

There are two types of practices—unsupervised and supervised. The first of these is done in the student's home town and the second is done in or near Wagga. In supervised practice some of the lessons are witnessed by one of the lecturers who acts as adviser to the student. The supervisor does not condemn, he makes suggestions and helps generally. The class teacher is also a friend, and many valuable ideas may be gained by watching him in action. All students will eventually become familiar with their "observation books." If these manuals are kept up to date they will be second only to the syllabus. It is in these books that the student records the activities and procedure of school life. The observation book, if well kept, will be the trainee-teacher's principal handbook.

A teacher, like a tradesman, must have his tools-of-trade and these we call teaching aids. Almost anything can be a teaching aid—chalk, blackboard (these are the most important), maps, charts, pictures, models and so on. No student can do himself a bigger favour than to commence collecting pictures immediately; because of the lack of a suitable picture the value of a lesson may be lost. The College Library has a wide range of pictures which are used to a great extent during practice. Some students are building up their own library of pictures.

There are three types of schools to which students are sent to do their practice — one-teacher school, small school (that is, three teachers may have the classes divided amongst them) and the fully staffed school where each teacher has his own class and where occasionally special subject teachers may be found. Practice schools are scattered over a wide area—from Junee to Henty. To enable the prospective and potential teachers to travel to their allotted schools, buses, taxis and private

cars are used. Some of the trips take a long time and when the student reaches his destination he may seem a little shaken, but none fall by the wayside. During travel a number of entertainments have been observed, ranging from massed singing of sundry College ditties, to sleeping unperturbed on a neighbour's shoulder.

At the end of each practice period each student is given an efficiency mark which ranges from A plus to C minus. These marks are used to show the quality of the student's teaching and not to discourage him. By means of these marks we can see if our teaching is improving or whether it had better improve.

I think I would be right if I said we all enjoy practice-teaching, as we not only gain experience and practice, but we have a lot of fun at the same time.

## Letters to the Editor

(To the Editor of "Talkabout.")

Dear Sir.—An outrageous deed has been sanctioned and perpetuated in this College.

The criminals—painters; the lethal weapon, a paint brush; the crime, the sun-dial has been painted!

The sun-dial, so natural, so suited to her role in a grey robe, has been ruined. I do not know at what hour the crime was committed, but it has been done—a dastardly deed! Over the pearly-grey-gown, has been cast a sickly-hued yellow robe, making the sun-dial look sea-sick.

I petition that, in atonement for this deed, the students be allowed sit on the lawn and console the broken-hearted cousin of the clock.—Yours faithfully,

JUDITH HANNS.

THE EDITOR, "TALKABOUT" —

Dear Sir,—In view of this being the first edition produced entirely by First-year students, I would like, Sir, to pass an opinion.

I know, Sir, that the First-years have contributed fully and well. It has not, I am sure, been left to the few who have shown their worth in previous editions.

Among the First-years, Sir, I know there are potential and budding journalists who can produce work of an extremely high standard.

It is to be hoped that you have not been forced, in view of recent criticisms, to give prominence to a certain weekly article which I believe, Sir, is said to make the paper pay. I'm sure it does not.

Finally, I take much pleasure in wishing you and yours all the very best of success in this edition, and I know that the College as a whole will support it.

I must close now, and I thank you.

W. C. Y.



## Editorial

This, the maiden all-First Year issue, has offered us an opportunity to show our ability to take over the administration of the paper. It should give a preview of the manner in which we intend to accept the challenge of the present staff to produce a publication which is a true reflection of the life here at College, and of which we can be justly proud.

We realise the great work accomplished by the pioneer staff in commencing and producing a College paper of so high a standard and we are resolved that we shall maintain or improve this standard.

In answer to oft-repeated criticism of the usual form and content of this paper, the editors have adopted the present form for this issue as a protest against these criticisms and in order to give a trial of some of the proposed changes. It has been suggested that a more prominent position be given to the "most popular" features of the paper. For this reason we have placed "Watson" and the Sporting Reports at the front and editorials at the end.

MERV. GRAY.

## Editorial

By the time this editorial has been read (if it is read) the reader should have a detailed knowledge of the rest of the paper.

We have endeavoured to produce a paper reflecting the life and attitudes of the present first years.

If the quality and quantity of contributions received by the editors is any indication then the majority of the 1948 session are either dead or in a state of suspended animation.

It is not my intention to hold up to my fellows a detailed account of the achievements of the pioneers. I do not even intend to mention the word (I abhor clichés). But I cannot but be disappointed with the response. After all we were not asked to create a paper, only to carry on.

Of the one hundred and fifty first years, how many even thought of contributing to this issue? Of the sixteen in the literature option, how many produced an article?

What articles were produced show, almost without exception, lack of thought, care and time. In other words, these contributions were the product of a few idle moments.

The students of this institution have the mental capacity for individual thought. They have the educational training to express these thoughts. This paper provides the opportunity; the only factors lacking are interest and effort.

With the passing of the present editor and staff must come a new era in the history of Talkabout. The destiny of

this end is in your hands. First year as a body must realise their obligations to themselves.

JOHN MITCHELL.

## Editorial

Unfortunately our College course is very crowded. So many varied and important activities claim our time that for many it becomes difficult to devote any time to the task of self-expression in writing. And yet, this in itself is an indictment. This is the second editorial I have been asked to write. The first I wrote after a meeting in "Talkabout" office when the production of a First-year issue was mooted. I was enthusiastic because I believed that we could make the issue a milestone for future issues. However, the sentiments I expressed are no longer true.

The First-year students have shown an apathetic attitude to the paper worthy of the sans-skulottes of the Revolution rather than intelligent College students. The rage is often great round the tower of Babel when the work of the first session is mentioned. We will be forced to think that it is the frustration of Caliban at seeing his own face mirrored in the water.

As I say, our crowded life is a challenge. One of the primary uses of a paper is to tell to the many the work of other peoples and activities. Journalistic writing was never meant to be good literature—it is composed too quickly for that—it is meant to be topical and interesting. We have the topics and if we forget to be lazy we can be interested. So First-years, how about that pride?

MAURICE PITFIELD.

## Inspiration

I sit with my pencil in my mouth thinking—I mean, going through that process of mental differentiation that has been called thinking. But not an inspiration do I receive from the dull void of the upper cranium. Ah! I have it. I'll write a short story. But what will I write on? That is the question. Now let me think (I really can). Will I make it humorous or serious? Character or dialogue? No, I can't get an idea. I know, I'll write an article. But what on? What will I throw to the literature-hungry multitude of students? Throw the "thinking" pencil! students? At last I have it. I'll write a letter to the Editor. "The Editor. Dear Sir . . ." Now what will I write to him about? Oh, drat. What's the use? Mitch said that the only part of "Talkabout" read is Watson, so I go back to my perspective.

C. J. W.

(Ed. note: A piece of original thought. Obviously you have done considerable research on the subject.)

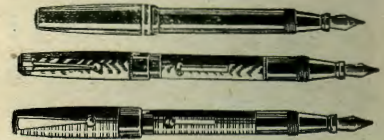
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