

# TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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## THE RED REVOLUTION

A while back now, we all wandered gymwards to see our own little phys-ed display, which turned out to be quite a big one, belonging as much to the public of Wagga as to us. Wagga turned out in force, but what happened to our path of glittering, coloured lights? Verily, we are losing much of the glamour of such a night.

THE culmination of many weeks' effort came on Thursday night, when the students and public saw the work of the physical education options. For two and a half hours they were entertained by displays of agility and skill, both in formal physical education and in spectacular dancing. The emphasis seemed, this year, to be on colourfully costumed national dances, rather than on straight eurythmics more usually found in displays of this kind.

The programme opened with a bracket of four items by the women students. Of these, the final one, "Physical Education, 1900," provided much amusement. The buxom lasses, their striking costumes complete with long black drawers, stockings, headbands and beauty spots, capered about the stage, while the audience laughed its appreciation. In particular, one young lady, in horn-rimmed spectacles, showed great control and grace, especially in the toe-touching exercises.

In a more serious vein, the next item showed the men's balancing team demonstrating some particularly difficult balances in pairs. Not discouraged by the collapse of their first attempt of the final pyramid, the men successfully completed it at their second attempt, to well-earned applause from the appreciative audience.

Tumbling and vaulting by the women of the second-year option followed. Here again split-second timing combined with skill made the item a spectacular success. In particular, the more difficult vaulting was greatly appreciated.

"Tom and Jerry," an amusing sketch by two men students, incorporated some clever tumbling. The camel walk was particularly amusing. But their pro-

ficiency and authentic action with the bottles makes one wonder . . .

A swirl of bagpipes from the back of the hall startled many of the audience, as William McLawson, resplendent in kilts, marched down the centre of the aisle to the stage, followed by four "bonny lasses." Their spirited dancing of two Scotch national dances was enhanced by the playing, off stage, of the bagpipes and drums.

One of the most spectacular acts of the night was the men's pyramids. In particular, one which represented a flower opening and closing, was greatly appreciated. In the final pyramid, the men built up a structure several layers high, then at a signal, they all collapsed as the curtain closed.

The English folk dances showed the performers dressed in attractive frilled costumes in pink and green, and all looked most demure as they performed the stately English measures. The parallel bar work which followed showed three men in an exhibition of agility and clever timing.

As the final item before interval, the scarf dance was presented. The lighting was particularly effective in this, and the beautiful costumes brought gasps of admiration from the audience.

One of the best-remembered acts of the second half of the programme was that presented by the Infants' Section. There were several "children" in it of the kind one fervently hopes one does not get in a class, to add to the gaiety of the items. In particular, one little fair-haired child who gave a most ferocious interpretation of a tiger, deserves mention.

The men's Morris dance almost eclipsed the women's items in this field. Their

skill showed just how effective those very early morning practices were.

Several very colourful dances were performed by the women. In particular, the Latvian and Spanish dances were effective. The multi-coloured ribbons streaming from the hats and tambourines of the latter added to the fiery spirit of the dance.

The final of the display was especially spectacular. Statue-like forms, completely covered in gold and silver paint, posed in various sporting attitudes, as the curtains closed on what was really an outstanding display.

Congratulations, too, to the orchestra. Especially the pianist, who spent so much of her time playing for practices—even the very early ones. But special congratulations go to the producers, Mrs. Mac and Mr. Howe, and to Mr. Hawcroft's experienced hand. It was a display to be remembered, and adequate reward for the hours of patient thought and work which preceded its presentation.

### EX-STUDENTS AND "THE MIKADO"

It is brought to the notice of all ex-students that "The Mikado" will be produced on Friday, 18th and Saturday, 19th November, in the College gymnasium. Seats available for reservation are priced at 5/- and 3/- and we ask that those who wish to attend write to Norma Walters for reservations before 3rd November, paying either by cheque or postal note, to the Teachers' College. A reminder also to those concerned to book hotel accommodation early.

### Editorial

THIS issue is dedicated to Bill Smith, average student, so-called democrat and son of the people.

JOHN MITCHELL.

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

## Point of View

Are you one of those poor misguided individuals who imagine that they can, not just pass, but pass brilliantly in their College examinations, on study alone? Do you think that Bill Smith, who has inherited the Smith family's poverty, has the same chance as Beresford Smythe-Smythe, who is backed by the Smythe-Smythe thousands?

I think I can anticipate some of your answers. Were you saying something about one and the same law for the rich and the poor? Or that everyone had an equal chance in a democracy? Everything you say along these lines is quite right. There is but one law for the rich and the poor. Theoretically, at least, everyone has an equal chance to make good in a democracy and I suppose much the same thing applies in a benevolent autocracy. Yes, you are quite right. No one is going to make a positive effort to fail Bill Smith in his examinations; he is not going to be kicked from pillar to post during his two years here. In the same way, the Smythe-Smythe thousands are not going to ensure Mrs. Smythe-Smythe's little boy Beresford an easy passage through College and an inevitable certificate. However, Beresford does have a definite advantage over Bill.

Perhaps you are wondering what form this advantage takes? Well, let us suppose that neither Bill nor Beresford is very bright. Let us suppose that if they both study hard, and if examination points were all that count in the awarding of a certificate, each would get exactly 132 points. That would mean that each would gain a certificate.

That, I think you will agree, would be a happy state of affairs. However, there is a snag. This snag is that other things besides the actual written paper are taken into consideration. Apart all together from teaching skill and "attitude," there are collections.

It seems to be a growing practice among the lecturing staff to insist upon a picture file as part of the course. Marks are awarded for this picture file, and in many cases these marks amount to a considerable percentage of the total marks given for that particular subject. The better the file, the more marks given.

Now, let us have another look at Bill Smith. Bill is a keen student, and he wants to leave College with a certificate. Because he is not so bright he knows that no matter how much he studies it is going to be touch and go. He therefore decides that, if a good picture file means marks, he is going to have one. Accordingly, he sets out on his search for pictures. He is told that they can be found in "So and So's Weekly." To his horror he discovers that "So and So's Weekly" is expensive enough to prevent his buying it every week. He buys it when he can afford it, and, consequently gets some of the good pictures that are available. He hears that a certain English or American publication carries just the type of picture that is required. Again, the

cost is prohibitive as far as he is concerned. In another subject, he finds that to obtain the very best pictures available he must get them from the Art Gallery. He gets them from this source, but he realises that he cannot buy too many. A few pictures are not expensive, and he finds that he can easily afford them. However, a few is all that he can afford. He is disheartened, but carries on—getting what pictures he can from the cheaper and consequently inferior magazines. It does not take a genius to work out that his picture file will suffer. Despite what anyone says to the contrary, his file is not as good as it would have been had he been able to purchase all the pictures he wanted.

Now, let us turn once more to Beresford. He finds that pictures are needed to gain marks, so he begins to collect them. In his case, money is no object. He is able to purchase the most expensive local and imported magazines, an special pictures (pictures which Bill could never think of buying). He can buy every picture that is of value and not even make a small dent in the Smythe-Smythe thousands. As you can well imagine, he gets good pictures, a good file and good marks.

Because Beresford just gets his certificate with his good picture file, it is obvious that Bill is left out in the cold.

Of course, it can be argued (and has been) that an expensive file is not always a good one. That I can readily believe, but anyone with an atom of intelligence can buy expensive pictures that are suitable. If, of course, the person with the money cannot choose the right kind of picture from the terrific number at his disposal, then, the person with the same intelligence and less money just is not in the event.

The importance of all this will vary with the reader. What does it mean to you?

Correspondence invited.

JAMES A. BUTLER.

## Library Report

The Library grant of approximately £11 from the S.R.C. is an annual one. This allows for the purchase of recreational reading matter, mainly fiction, which is so necessary in a residential College of this nature. The books and periodicals directly concerned with the academic life of the College are supplied directly from the Department of Education. Frequently, however, there are delays between the orders and their fulfilment, and it is to prevent any such delay in the purchase and appearance on the shelves of fictional reading matter that the S.R.C. grant is essential.

The Library building is now complete. The four new reading rooms are open, and are comfortably furnished. Special amenities such as fluorescent lighting, comfortable chairs for the reading rooms have been acquired. In addition, a model children's library has been set up. This provides many useful

hints for those of us who will be asked to set up libraries in our schools, as well as supplying children's literature so essential during practice teaching.

One of the special library services is that of enabling students to borrow from the country reference section of the Sydney Public Library of New South Wales. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Jackson, City Librarian, for students to borrow through the local Free Library. Books may be borrowed three at a time, for a period of one month. Catalogues are in the Library on the following subjects: Music and Singing, Health, Nature Study, Biology, Mathematics, Library Economy, Education, Psychology, Literature and Language, Sociology, Geography and Travel, European History and History General, Manufactures, Trades and Handicrafts, Ancient History, Asia, Australia, Antarctica and the Pacific Islands.

This is only one of the valuable services extended by the Library. All second year students know just how essential it is during practice teaching, and it is one of the few spots in College where one can be sure of quietness and peace, for reading and study. It is your Library, so make full use of it while it is at your disposal.

## "TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

Sub-Editors: Barbara Hoare, Jim Butler.

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Spiller.

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## New Thriller

After being inundated with praise from the student body and English Department concerning the high literary standard produced in that epic novel, "Revenge in the Riverina," your eminent College novelist has consented to the publishing in these pages of his graphic picture in novel form of the heroic life of "Secret Agent Y." The theme is of World War II and the story concerns the daring deeds of a dashing, debonair young member of the British Secret Service.

### SECRET AGENT "Y"

As the parachute wafted earthward "Y" smiled wryly. He was pondering the question at hand, wondering where in the vast expanse of enemy territory which unfolded below him was Professor Artur Nottworth-Mutch, the noted Belgian scientist. His task was to rescue this eminent physicist before the secret of the ball-bearing mouse trap was wrested from him by torture.

This dynamic invention was to eventually save Britain from the hordes of invading Germans. The trap was an ingenious device. From what we can gather, thousands of these were to be laid along the East Coast of England, and as the invaders crawled across the fields feeling their way, each trap would close on a searching German hand, thus paralysing and rendering gangrenous the fingers of that hand.

Simple, you say? Yes, but deadly! "Y" looked down and saw that he had drifted directly over the main street of the village of Voggerschafen, and as he drifted closer he could see the simple German peasants leaning on verandah posts and things in attitudes of rest.

He wondered whether he could land unseen, and so, directed his 'chute towards the most deserted spot in the main street.

After having landed unnoticed and after pawning his 'chute in the shop of Donnersun und Blitzen Ltd. he strode quickly towards his rendezvous with Archbergen Muller, a faithful German peasant who was to assist him in his search for Nootworth-Mutch.

Suddenly he stopped, his gaze rivetted to the cobblestone path!

Why has "Y" stopped? Who is "Y"? Why?

Will Archbergen Muller have any

clues or has he too fallen into the hands of Baron Hermann von Richpopel, the insidious Gestapo commander?

See next week's gripping instalment.

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir: As a second year student I am now in the last stages of my College career and as the days slip by I cannot help but reminisce. Finally my thoughts degenerate to the purely material and as I envisage the certificate in my mind's eye I am spurred on to greater efforts.

The more I ponder over the question of certification the more I am confused. This may appear illogical, but close examination will prove the statement valid.

The reason for this apparent paradox is that I have not a clear picture of the actual requirements of certification.

Of course I know as much as the next student but, as I see the situation, my knowledge is vague, indefinite and insufficient.

I have just stated that the information at my disposal is as extensive as that of the average student, and I therefore consider that an objective analysis of this information might be of interest and benefit to the student body.

We have been told that certification is to be assessed on our corporate College life which, for the purpose of assessment, has been divided into three parts, namely, academic, practical and social.

I am quite clear on the requirements of the academic thread of College life since they are clearly stated in the College calendar.

Again I am reasonably clear on the practical thread of College life since I have an objective assessment of my practical ability at the end of each practice-teaching period.

This, of course, brings this analysis to the third aspect of College life, being the social, which is generally referred to as attitude.

It is this element of attitude in certification which is the root cause of my concern as I have no definition of its nature and no knowledge of the actual degree which it counts in the

awarding of certificates.

In the first place, I have some doubt as to the possibility of judging my attitude at all since in even the simplest cases attitude is a subjective thing—

When I first commenced thinking on this matter I decided that "attitude" must be an evaluation of my diligence in study. I was forced to discount this decision as after a little more thought I realised that examination results reflected such diligence.

Again, I had no definition of attitude.

For a while I decided that it might be my personal approach to teaching, the part that I considered a teacher should play in society, my personal educational philosophy, as it were. This idea I was forced to reject since there is to be an objective rating of my attitude with that of other students in my session, some one hundred and fifty strong, and such a complex personal thing could not thus objectively be analysed.

Thus far I have not made a positive approach to this question of attitude and, as you have seen, made no progress. I therefore consider that a negative approach might throw some light on the subject.

I have been given to understand that even if I have achieved satisfactory results in the academic and practical sides of College life I may still be denied certification through some shortcoming in this much discussed, indefinable attitude.

I take it, then, that I could be given, say, a CC.1 even though I had enough points for a certificate and a satisfactory result in practice teaching.

This would mean that I would have to take extra examinations in education and one other subject.

From this I must inevitably conclude that "attitude" is very much akin to academic work since an unsatisfactory attitude in College would result in additional academic work after graduation.

I think I have given a particularly clear picture of my state of confusion and, since I am only a very average student, a clear picture of the understanding of the subject by my fellows.

Sir, I am really confused and suggest that you invite correspondence to clarify the situation.—Yours, etc.,

BILL SMITH.

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## Diary of William Lawson

As the Great Man, picking up his notes, smiled benignly on his audience and lifted his hand in a gesture, at once imperious and paternal, the subdued murmur of conversation faded, and the Great Man began, in measured tones befitting one of so exalted a position, to address the now expectantly eager audience.

"Calamus," your scribe, would have passed over this preamble and presented immediately the contents of the diary, but for the fact that this meeting, alluded to above, was honoured in no small measure by the presence of a distinguished guest. Professor Chesley Munday, O.K., Dip.Ed., W.O.K., etc., etc., Principal of the New Teachers' College in the Far West Gold Specking Area, having been apprised of the existence of the diary, and being a direct descendant of that Pioneer in Education who studied with the author of the diary, had come by Express Rocket to be present at the convention. To him, on this memorable occasion, was accorded the honour of reading the extract reproduced here.

September 18: Reading through an interesting book one evening I came upon a most impressive phrase, "the darkness yields to the rising of the sun."

I feel that this pithy phrase sums up the situation in Hut Nine at present, and for that matter, the situation as it is among the rest of the First Year Session. They are actually studying with remarkable zeal and enthusiasm. There is no doubt that they have seen the error of their ways at last. I am convinced that my little heart-to-heart talks to them individually have done the trick, otherwise, why would they all begin at once such high-pressure activities, which one would have thought, judging their attitude last term, was far removed from them? It only shows once again that good example is always the best weapon of the righteous.

Last Sunday night as I was putting the finishing touches to some extra work I was doing in Craft I was disturbed by a series of noises in the corridor, and opening my door I was not surprised to see a very good friend of mine, Tony Baker, carrying his ports towards the end room. Tony had told me of the troubles he had in Hut Eight where he lived for several weeks, and which he had been forced to leave because the boys down there were too rough for him. Tony is a highly strung boy who must have peace and quiet, so he shifted down to one of the other huts. Unfortunately his nerves were severely strained even there, because the bed he was given must have been very old, and used to collapse quite frequently, and he used to wake up and find all his blankets on the floor, and the bed in pieces.

One of the boys named Pat Limon advised Tony that taking cold showers in the middle of the night was a very good cure for nerves, and when I told the boys in our hut about it, they even used to go down and wake him up so

that he would not forget. However, I think that Pat was mistaken because Tony used to have quite a lot of cold showers and they didn't do him very much good. I decided that since the boys in our hut were so friendly with Tony it would be nice if he came and lived with us so, when our Warden, whom Tony thinks is a nice man, agreed, Tony shifted in. I was quite puzzled by the song that the others were apparently singing to Tony. It was something about "The Casanova of Kappa Pi." Since Kappa Pi is one of the women's dormitories I don't see any possible connection.

I think I mentioned John Bourke last week. He is a nice boy, if misguided. Unfortunately he is subjected to dizzy spells at irregular intervals. He gave me a very interesting sidelight on the activities of the shearing trade last week. During the holidays it seems he works as rouseabout on a big sheep station. I had always thought that a rouseabout wasn't a very important member of the shed, but from all the things that John does I think the rouseabout must be some kind of manager. Some of the others call him "Dagwood" Bourke, and pretend they don't believe his stories, but I think they are all jealous of John. I remarked one night on the large muscular chest he has, and he told me that this was due to the amount of wood chopping he does; in fact his phenomenal chest expansion of five and a half inches is due to his axe-work. He rooms with a boy called Geoff O'Brien, but I will say something about Geoff later on.

A peculiar boy, referred to by the others as "King Sol" (why, I can't imagine), spends a lot of time walking through the huts with a pipe in his mouth. I don't think he really smokes it, because he really looks too young. As I was saying, he walks through the huts, and to-night he came into my room, looked at me and leered in a very nasty way. I was astonished, as well I might be, when he walked away muttering something about "swat." I don't see what fly swatting has to do with me at all.

## Acknowledgment

Messrs. Mitchell and Butler wish to thank the following students who responded so well to the appeal they made for material to be used in their proposed novel:—

JACK CLARK  
GEOFF SPILLER  
KEITH DUNN  
MERV. WRIGHT  
LANCE GIDDINGS  
RALPH WATERSON  
ROY HUDSON  
COL SWAN  
BRUCE PHILLIPS

The response has been most gratifying, but they are still waiting for more amusing anecdotes.

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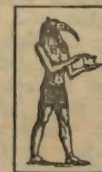
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## Personality of the Weak

Historically, Cecile Brownlow is an interesting personality. She is of an old Port Macquarie family which has dwelt in that town since the first settlement. Port Macquarie was established by convicts. Cecile started school at St. Scholastica's College, then changed to Santa Sabina, St. Ambrosia, St. Tom's, St. Dick's and St. Harry's. She made a series of short vivid impressions during her school career.

**MAN'S ANGLE.** A quiet and retiring manner. Possesses neat well-kept hair and is particularly feminine. Is the type that needs a man to protect. Has a 17-inch neck, 14-inch biceps and 84-inch reach. Is fond of ski-ing, flying, yachting, "night club-ing," clubbing, cocktail parties and other such inexpensive pastimes.

**FAVOURITE SPORT.** As above. Has also won a two-fall decision over Irish heavyweight Patrick O'Boole in a scheduled eight-round wrestling match. Is resident light-heavy champion of W.T.C. Throws a terrific wright.

**FAVOURITE BOOK:** "Judo Made Easy," H. Alf Nelson.

**FAVOURITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.** Hopes that she will be able to play piano some day. So do we.

**FAVOURITE SONG:** "Cecilia."

**PET AVERSION:** A comb running through her hair.

**HOBBY:** Collects men.

**AMBITION:** TO become a good dancer using only her own two feet.

Our man of the moment is William R. Higgins. Bill is the son of a school teacher and was educated at a number of one-teacher schools before finally attending Newcastle Boys' High. Since leaving N.B.H. he has worked as a butcher, steel worker, hod carrier, wheat lumper, pea picker, bank clerk, garbage contractor and hobo. Deciding that teaching would be his career, Bill came to Wagga and entered College. Evidence of his aesthetic mind is seen in his room, which is modestly decorated with trophies won by his favourite sportsman.

**WOMAN'S ANGLE.** Has an insipid growth on the upper lip. Looks refined despite his round shoulders and stooped posture. Wears a hat resting on his ears; is five feet one inch when unbent and in stockinged feet. Is timid and submissive.

**FAVOURITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.** Paper and comb. Once played 32nd 'cello in N.T.C. Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Hartley Spurr.

**SPORT.** Walking.

**FAVOURITE SONGS.** "I'll Walk Beside You," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp Along the Highway."

**PET AVERSION.** Students who don't study.

**IDEAL WOMAN.** Must have neither fair, dark nor brown hair, must have developed a third set of teeth, must not be cattish, feminine or masculine. Must have neither a perfect nor imperfect figure. Must have fought in at least one war and have a full war pension. Must live in Newcastle.

**HOBBY.** Scientific experiments. Has evolved new technical developments in the boiling of water with limited equipment. His mind is now centred on harnessing a new energy to fluorescent lighting.

**FAVOURITE BOOK.** "The New Blue Light," by William R. Higgins.

**AMBITION.** To have enough hair to be cut.

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## Recorder Flutes

Last week "Talkabout" promised to report on the allegedly unhygienic recorder flutes in use in the College. A "Talkabout" representative began to look into the matter and his findings offer little comfort to any student who is unfortunate enough not to possess a flute of his own.

However, the matter was brought up at the last S.R.C. meeting. The fact that the College had only thirty flutes which were used time and time again without being sterilised appeared to surprise and not a little shock Mr. Allen.

One of the representatives was elected to approach the music lecturers on the subject. As a result, we think that these lecturers will be awakened to the serious risk of spreading diseases through the use of unsterilised flutes. We feel sure that they will do everything possible to have each of us issued with a flute and apparently any move made in this direction will have the full support of Mr. Allen. If this is not possible then it is hoped that a practical and efficient method of sterilising the flutes will be devised and put into operation.

The matter is now in the hands of the S.R.C., and, accordingly, "Talkabout" will withhold any report until the outcome of the representations made to the music lecturers is observed.

## Little Brown Walking Shoes

Once upon a time there was a little College student whose name was Little Brown Walking Shoes. She was only new and all the other first years warned her to beware of the wolf.

One day her room-mate gave her a parcel to take to the dry cleaner, who is very good. There is a dress in it for the dance on Saturday night. "Also match this cotton for me. Do not stop to eat ice cream or look at the shop windows and, whatever you do, don't talk to the wolf."

So Little Brown Walking Shoes set off (she had no money for bus fares) and soon she came to Webster's Corner Shop. It was a very hot day and she saw a little girl licking a pretty pink ice cream.

"Oh, dear," said Little Brown Walking Shoes, "what a pretty ice cream." So she went in and bought one (on her room-mate's account). So she walked along eating the ice cream and before long there wasn't any left. She went on her way, humming happily to herself and thinking what fun she would have at College, and at last she came to the Lagoon Bridge.

Then, just near the bridge she saw a stylish suit in a shop window. She walked up to the window and looked in.

"Oh, what a super frock!" she thought, and walked on until she saw a perfect hat to go with her new summer frock. She stared and stared and just then up came a Second Year Wolf.

"Say, don't I know you?" he said. "Aren't you Little Brown Walking Shoes?" So he told her his name, and they walked along talking.

"Where are you going, Little Brown Walking Shoes?" asked the Wolf.

"I'm going to the American Dry Cleaners," she said.

"How odd!" said the Wolf. "I'm going that way, too. May I carry your parcel?"

"Oh, yes," she said, and so they went to the dry cleaners. Afterwards they went to a cafe for a drink and she did not notice that he did not go anywhere else.

Then they caught the bus back to College, and Little Brown Walking Shoes told her room-mate about it and apologised because she had forgotten about the cotton.

The other first years tried to warn her, but it was too late. After every meal and before study, the Wolf awaits her and he always brings her home from the dances.

We doubt if her father will rush in at the last moment and rescue her. Little girls these days can look after themselves, and anyway he'll leave next year. Then there'll be some more first year men coming in.

Ah, well! She can't say we didn't warn her.

"SHE-SOP."

## Daniel Dix

Dear Daniel Dix,—I am a young student with a big bank account and a weak heart. I find that I have become almost irresistible to the women of this College without exception. Why do they all love me and what do you advise?

FREDERICK FUFF.

Dear Frederick,—I'd say you've a wonderful personality and my faith in this is so profound that I suggest you call at this office where I will arrange an introduction for you with my sister. She is really very attractive.

DANIEL DIX.

ANSWER TO TROUBLED: I think you are worrying unnecessarily. Mind you, I think you've been foolish, but I'm sure that in future you will know better. Buy a nail file and scissors, a comb, a toothbrush and paste and if you use these, remembering also that at meal time the serviette is rested on the lap and is not tucked in the collar, you will be an instant success at your Social Club.

DANIEL DIX.

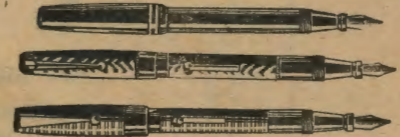
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