

# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 3, No. 34.

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PRICE: ONE PENNY

## Short Story Results -- Butler Reviews

We realise that interest has been terrific in the "Talkabout" short story competition, but owing to examinations the results were not available for publication before this issue.

### Prize-Winning Stories

The staff of "Talkabout" were very disappointed with the small number of entries received for the "Talkabout" short story competition.

It has long been known that the average student is apathetic, ignorant, mentally retarded and artistically sterile, but it was thought that the first prize of £5 donated would provide sufficient incentive.

Of the entries received three have been selected as outstanding and, in due course, the respective writers will be awarded the prize-money.

It is regretted that the writers of these stories wish to remain anonymous.

The following stories, although not in the same class as the first three, all receive honourable mention.

"The Lament of the Unherbalised" by Don Newman, "The Man With the Shovel" by Don Newman, "Dirt Track Demon" by Aub F. Stanwell, "Roaring Six-Guns" by Murray McMillan, "Study Over Matter" by Bruce Robinson, "Bird on the Wing" by Mr. Millar, and "The Trail of the Bloodstained Putty Knife" by Mr. Ashworth.

The following are the three selected stories. They were selected purely on their literary merit and are considered to contain all the desirable elements of the down-to-earth, true-to-life short story.

#### THE MASKED AVENGER

The great gorgeous ball of fire that was the sun sank slowly into the west, a soft silky breeze rustled the sage brush, then swept across the flatness of the prairie.

High up on a mountain top a coyote howled as darkness descended on to

the rolling plains. But it was not a coyote; it was something far more terrible—it was that Robin Hood of the west, that protector of the down-trodden . . . the Masked Avenger.

The Masked Avenger smiled grimly behind his black mask, his wonderful chest heaved manfully beneath his black shirt, which was tucked neatly into his neatly creased black trousers, which in turn were tucked into his neatly polished black boots. His black sombrero completed the dress which had been carefully selected to give him the air of distinction his position warranted.

In fact, if it were not for the two heavily notched black six-shooters that hung low on his hips The Masked Avenger could have been mistaken for any of the hard-working cattlemen who pioneered the west.

Swinging lightly into the saddle The Masked Avenger galloped toward Sinful Sam's gambling joint, headquarters of all the bad men in Peksus—the Lone Shovel State.

For three hours the Masked Avenger galloped on and reached the outskirts of the town just as the great gorgeous ball of fire that was the sun sank slowly into the west.

"The Masked Avenger"! The cry rang through the town till it eventually reached Sinful Sam just as he finished pumping hot lead into his latest victim.

Sinful Sam was not a coward, so picking a dozen of his best men he advanced to meet The Masked Avenger.

Sinful Sam and his men came face to face with The Masked Avenger just as the great gorgeous ball of fire that was the sun sank slowly into the west.

"What you doin' here, stranger?" demanded Sinful Sam as his hands crept closer to his guns.

The Masked Avenger was quite nonchalant, and just to show Sinful Sam he rolled a cigarette with one hand and

played his mouth-organ with the other.

Suddenly Sam and his boys went for their guns, but The Masked Avenger was too quick. Twelve shots rang out as one, twelve bodies hit the ground, and The Masked Avenger went on playing, not having missed a note.

All the people of the town rushed out to thank The Masked Avenger for what he had done, but he was gone.

Then the great gorgeous ball of fire that was the sun sank slowly into the west, which was now a cleaner place, thanks to The Masked Avenger.

#### IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE

It was hot. It was hot because it was Australia and December. Had he been at the North Pole it would have been cold. But hot or cold it would have made no difference.

He was twenty. He was twenty because it was 1945 and he was born in 1925. But 1945 or 1995 it would have made no difference.

Within himself he had a range of emotions which on contact with life would produce a chain of incidents, possibly a plot.

He died, however, and with him passed the possibilities that could have made a novel but only produced a short story.

It was hot, it was December, it was Australia, it was 1945—but it made no difference.

#### OUTSIDE

The child was dead. Outside the night paled to dawn and the leaves turned green from black as the life-giving light from the sun crept among them.

Time passed without emotion; the grasses swayed with the breeze, then bent with the wind.

Beyond the light night waited silently, then drew closer with the lengthening shadows.

Clouds came and the shadows gathered about the leaves as they huddled closer together.



Lightning flashed and for a moment the world saw itself. Then the darkness closed in again.

The rain came gently, wet through the darkness, moist through the leaves, then lost itself in the soil.

No not lost, the roots claimed it as their own and it lived again.

She did not know, she did not care, the child was dead.

Well, you have read the prize-winning stories and we now offer an added attraction.

The well-known critic of Australian literature, James A. Butler, has been prevailed upon to review the above stories.

### BUTLER REVIEWS

"A short story is concentrated development of character, through a plot, or, the rudiments of a plot."—Butler.

Whether or not you agree entirely with this definition by a reliable authority, you are forced to admit that it does contain some very sound common-sense. You are also forced to admit that from it a good criterion for evaluating at least some short stories can be obtained. In awarding the first prize in our recent short story competition to the author of "The Masked Avenger" we used this criterion.

For those of you who cannot apply the criterion for yourselves we here give you an expert's critical evaluation of this great story.

Has "The Masked Avenger" character development? Indubitably. Firstly, there is the character of The Avenger himself. We see in this courageous man all the attributes that make men great in every field. We feel that had it been his wish that he could have become a successful soldier, attorney, educationist, musician, surgeon or even a critic of literature. Had he chose he might even have written this article. It is quite possible. He may even have written it as well.

From his first appearance in the story we see those innate qualities which have driven him to his chosen way of life—a way of life that borders on outlawry—and which play such an important part in the spectacularly dramatic climax. Read the story carefully and these qualities will be apparent even to you. Firstly, you will observe that he is brave. The point is brought forcibly home to you, again and again. It is this bravery that makes him not only the protector of the downtrodden, but a shining example.

The next point in the character of this complex personality is that he is meticulously tidy. We learn this through the accurate attention given to detail by the master craftsman who wrote this story of passion and conflicting emotions. Who but the author would remember or observe that The Avenger's clothes were beautifully neat. We must admire the subtlety which which this point is brought to our notice. Does he write simply "The Masked Avenger was a very tidy man"?

He does not. That is artifice and our brilliant author is an artist. He brings the point home through suggestion. He mentions, as though in passing, that The Avenger's shirt is tucked neatly into his trousers which are, in due course, tucked into his neatly polished boots. That is craftsmanship.

The Avenger is an essentially honest man ("The Masked Avenger could have been mistaken for any of the hard-working cattlemen who pioneered the west"). He is leading the life he does through sheer love of his depressed and long-suffering fellow men. Oh! What nobility!

Leading the hard, thankless life he does, The Avenger would be expected to have no appreciation of the arts. Is this the case? It is not. Instead he is a lover of music. From what we know of him we feel sure that the tune he played on his mouth-organ, as he dealt out violent but just justice to the desperadoes who had ranged themselves under the infamous flag of Sinful Sam was Grieg's Concerto in A Flat Minor.

I have shown the way. It is now up to you to build up the character of this complex character for yourselves. Do not think it will be easy. This is a work comparable with "Finnegan's Wake" and you must be prepared to put into the unravelling of its complicated structure the same, if not more, effort than you would put into "Finnegan's Wake," by that other great author Joyce.

One last word. While you will be naturally searching for characterisation, do not overlook the wonderful paintings of nature (the sunset) and the terse dialogue. Time spent in studying this story will be profitably spent.

#### (2) "IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE"

The first thing you will notice in reading this brilliantly concise story is its brevity. That is what will occur to any reader who reads casually and does not stop to think—to use perception.

What should strike you is its compactness—not its brevity.

In this very short story you are given a wealth of information—plot, character, atmosphere, in a few well chosen words. The choice of words in this work, which falls but little short of "The Masked Avenger" in artistic excellence, is really amazing and should be a lesson to less skilful writers.

The plot is developed gradually but with sufficient speed to prevent its dragging. This is a new kind of short story. I am amazed that some of the other story writers did not think of it. Possibly de Maupassant, Chekov, Lininsky and Smith did not have the intellect to see its possibilities. It is a pity, really. Their ignorance has cost the world years of progress in this form of literature.

#### (3) "OUTSIDE"

It is a sad reflection on the standard of creative writing in this College that the judges were forced to include this story in the same class as those two masterpieces, "The Masked Avenger" and "It Made No Difference." It has no art. It lacks the essentials of true greatness. It has nothing.

BUTLER.

## Editorial

THE Editorial staff are pleased to announce that despite the support of the student body they are still able to maintain the paper at eight pages.

It also announces that is is considering the suggestion to change the title-block from "A publication of the students of Wagga Teachers' College" to "A publication for the students of Wagga Teachers' College."

This, of course, would involve some expense, but who are we to measure expense against truth.

JOHN MITCHELL.

## Rugby Union Report

The Rugby Union opened its season in Wagga with a practice match between the Agricultural College and the Teachers' College.

The match was played at the Agricultural College and resulted in a 17-0 win for the educationists.

Throughout the game a strong wind hampered passing and kicking and Teachers' College, playing with the advantage of the wind, ran up a 14-nil lead before half-time.

Don Westley opened the scoring after five minutes' play when he kicked a loose ball over the line and beat the opposing fullback for possession. Tries were also scored in the first half by Roy Hudson, Peter Carey and Ralph Waterson. Don Newman converted the opening try. Waterson was forced to retire after scoring due to a suspected concussion.

During the second half the Agricultural College, after opening with a strong attack, was subdued when Carey scored his second try of the match.

Replacements were common during the afternoon, the Farm trying 22 players and the Teachers' College 20.

Roy Hudson captained the Teachers' College team and Des Spurway, former combined country fullback, led the W.A.C. players.

The standard of play was reasonably high for the opening game of the season, and maintained the interest of the small crowd which included between 30 and 40 Teachers' College students.

The next match, which will be the opening round of the competition, will be played at the Showground on Anzac Day.

All players will be out to do their best in order to gain a position in the combined team which will be selected to play the All Services' team on Saturday, 30th April.

## "TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

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

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speller.

Business Manager: Don Wyebrud.





After the intellectual outburst from the staff in the previous issue we feel the urge to return once more to reality.

For this reason Dr. Watson has been consulted concerning the mental health of the students of this College. He orders a large dose of brain tonic dispensed according to the mental maturation of his patients.

Much has happened since the exam—we even noticed a plucked parrot and a gorilla at the dance. If this keeps up we might even have the black cat.

Lorna considers football a bit of a Gambol, but in the world of sport some things are always certain (for example, the occupants of the Left Wing tables have an interesting bull by ball description of the day's play from the dry one—Aub F. Stanwell.—Ed.)

Other things, however, are not always certain, but it appears that Barbara has finally decided on Jim O'R.

Once more into the field of uncertainty. Brodie is considered the sure starter, but the bookies are laying even money the field.

Merv Wright is considered the good bat, but has stiff opposition in the hot favourite Roma.

The "Alison Nixon" Handicap is as good as won by Frank Ley, Don Newman having been scratched and entered in the Hill climbing competition.

Swanee the terror (features and all) has taken a new hold on life, but still longs for "the face that launched a thousand ships."

Pete's Broadhead has been noticed in sporting circles, but as yet no handicap has been decided on.

Col Williams, soul mate of the mighty Aub F., is making a special trip to Melbourne to lay a few bets in the Stephen-Foster Cup, but it is not known if his money is going on the bobtail nag or Jenny with the light brown hair.

Angling is a favourite sport of Pete Jacobs—he has a Mullin on the line, but our sporting editors do not expect a successful landing.

Ralph Waterson (no relation to J.C.) appears to have changed his brand of tooth paste (I did not know those ads. were fair dinkum.—Ed.), but still S.R. has done so much for so many others.

Back to sport! Boxing. The College bantamweight champion, Margot Wilson, is odds-on to take the decision over Johnny Wallace. No cleaner fighter ever entered the ring. Wilson is a credit to the game and further victories are expected. (Glad to see Wilson's name mentioned; too little publicity checks the growth of reputation.—Ed.)

Bill O'Sullivan is heading for an almost certain bout, judging by his roadwork.—Ed.

Let it be announced that the mighty Keith Willard failed to score from the Dr.'s good friend, Lindsay Clifford. Looks like a case of the Lord helping those who help themselves. But Keith can't complain as he definitely escaped the eternal fire.

Sporting men all admire the advertisement Maurice Davies carries on his pocket for a well-known sewing club, but considers sandwich-boards far more effective.

Congratulations to Uncle Jack for his valuable work for the code of Rugby League. (Also to Col Yarham, who wishes it to be known that the rest of the team assisted him greatly in his match against Barmedman.—Ed.)

(Hope this Watson is being appreciated, normally I disapprove of Watson, but must fill the paper somehow.—Ed.)

Concerning two prominent members of College society who never make this column, Murray Millar and Ian Thomas, are considered a credit to College and the Editor refuses to have their names mentioned in this column—technically this is known as a paradox.

It is known that some of our staunchest supporters would be offended if their names do not appear in this column. We therefore give them the mention they deserve—Miss Barbara Lenny, Mr. Des Bieler, Mr. Jack Collins, Miss Bonny MacIntyre (MR. JOHN MITCHELL—Ed.), Santa Claus and Mr. Edward Kelly.

"THE MASKED AVENGER."

## Wanderlust

What is this within me that is calling me away,  
That makes me wish to seek for further change,  
To wander from the old home where convention bids me stay  
Because some spirit calls me on to range.

The sea calls to me daily and surely I must go,  
For I could not be happy kept at home;  
I hear the breezes blowing, I wonder where they blow  
And I long to follow them across the foam.

But roving would mean falling from my hard-earned social place  
Which many years have taken to attain;  
To wander as I'd like to would never do to grace  
The stature that I never could regain.

But still some reason I must have if I am to stay,  
Bound by civic contracts that bestow  
A sense of social duty that will not let me stray,  
Long though the breezes call on me to go.

Surely this within us that strives hard to keep a name  
And hold to old tradition is a fake,  
For when we are forgotten so is our goodly fame  
And we've lived our lives for other people's sake.

Then shall I be listening to the breezes when they call,  
For now I know that I must take their cue,  
And wander with the sea breeze before I too do fall,  
And live the steady life that others do.

P.R.

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

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## On Trial

He stood in the dock bareheaded,  
Accused by his fellow men.  
He was meshed in the net of justice.  
The time was half-past ten.

The judge brought the court to order,  
A stern-faced judge was Ray.  
And we knew if the man was guilty,  
No mercy would come his way.

The jury listened intently,  
To all forms of evidence,  
Enraptured by the splendour  
Of the counsel's eloquence.

"He's guilty I say," said Allan,  
"A traitor to Kabi House.  
He refused to help with the pitches,  
What shall we do with the louse?"

The defending counsel answered,  
"As sure as my name is John,  
Maurice is the whitest man  
I ever set eyes upon."

"And I call as witness, Your Honour,  
My old friend Mr. Dunn,  
Who I'm sure will tell of the virtues  
Of Kabi's favourite son."

The witness faced the prisoner,  
And saw the plight he was in.  
His heart must have bled with pity,  
But he answered, "Guilty as sin."

And so the verdict was guilty,  
We knew the die was cast.  
The judge put on his cap of black,  
And then the sentence was passed.

Sternly Ray faced the prisoner,  
He had no mercy for him.  
"Jack Clark," he commanded sternly,  
"Take the accused for a swim."

The condemned man paled and  
shuddered,  
Then forced the fear from his heart.  
He knew what lay before him,  
But shunned the coward's part.

And so the cool, clear water,  
The enemy of dirt and grime,  
Was used on this occasion,  
As punishment for a crime.

H.H.M.J.M.

[Any similarity between this poem  
and any incident in the history of hut  
three is absolutely intentional.]

## Conversation Piece

"I tell you, Mitch, we've got to have  
a larger staff."

"But why? We've managed so far,  
haven't we?"

"Sure. But that was in the good  
old days when we had only to WRITE  
the paper. How the devil do you expect  
us to manage these days with a  
staff of a mere seven, and five or six  
helpers? Look at the work on the desk,  
will you? At least two articles from  
every student in the College and three

or four from most of them."

"Point."

"Over a thousand articles. Every  
one of them has to be read and graded."

"So what? We had just as many last  
week, didn't we?"

"Yes."

"And we got through them, didn't  
we?"

"Yes."

"Well, if we all stay up till three  
o'clock every morning this week, we  
can do it again."

"Point."

"Well, why do we need extra staff?"

"It's obvious. When we first started  
we had only to write three or four articles  
each, sell advertising space to  
make up for the support we didn't get  
from the students, arrange the articles,  
take the copy down to the printer, go  
and get the proofs, read them, write  
more articles for the space we hadn't  
filled originally, take the proofs back  
and then sell a couple of copies on  
Monday nights. Things were easy then,  
but look at them now. We get so many  
good articles that the strain of deciding  
what to put in, and what to  
leave out is enough to give anyone a  
nervous breakdown. Then we've got  
to decide if the hundreds we left out  
last week are better than the ones  
we are putting in this week."

"Point."

"But that isn't all. We've got only  
twelve people selling papers at the dozen  
or so places they are on sale. We need  
more sellers and more places for them  
to do their selling. Look at last Monday  
night. There were queues half-  
way to the admin. block all over the  
place. People don't like to wait a  
minute longer than necessary before  
getting their 'Talkabouts' these days."

"I can see what you mean. Suppose  
we add twenty or thirty to our staff  
and sell the papers at, say, a dozen or  
so new places?"

"It'd be a help. Now how about  
getting the money down to the bank?"

"I've been thinking about that. I've  
almost completed arrangements for the  
hire of two armoured cars to call every  
Monday night. I'm afraid we couldn't  
get more so they'll have to make a  
couple of trips.

"And what about a larger office?"

"That also is in hand. We are going  
to purchase the Assembly Hall. With  
a little crowding we should be able  
to cram all those wishing to write articles  
in there."

"Well, that's a start, anyway. Oh!  
What I wouldn't give for the return of  
the good old days!"

"Me too. Anyway, let's start work.  
Which is the brilliant heap and which  
is the very good one?"

WHEN YOU THINK

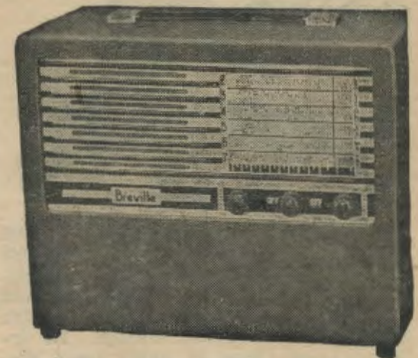
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## Letters to the Editor

"Mundowey," Wagga.

Dear Sir,—May I be permitted, as one of the audience, to express my appreciation of all those good folk who took part in the presentation of "Quiet Night."

To me, it was a delightful comedy acted with naturalness. The players were well suited to their parts, and particularly did I enjoy the characterisation of "Patsy" and "Dr. Mac-Cready."

Grateful thanks also go to the charming person who handed out the College paper "Talkabout." As one who attempted to enter the teaching profession but who didn't quite make the grade, I found it most interesting, and full of news and notes as I had imagined Teachers' College life to be.

To all those who will be graduating in just a few weeks' time I wish you all the best and every success in your chosen vocation.

Education is the basic foundation of the cultural and intellectual health of a nation and the peoples of Australia depend on you and your fellow students to see that ours is a healthy nation.

I am sure, though, that if the College motto is lived up to Australia has nothing to fear.

To you all, may you graduate and come through with flying colours.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN HOWARD.

Dear Sir,—As a student of this College I have watched the first year issues of "Talkabout" with great interest.

I seem to remember that some time before your election you wrote a letter to the previous Editor giving your ideas on how a paper should be run.

The ideas expressed by you in that letter were sound, as they were based on the interests of the average College student.

I have no doubt that that letter had considerable bearing on the decision of the Committee to elect you as the new Editor.

Yet, have you carried out any of those promises? You have not.

In short, I suggest that you secured your position by false pretences and to date have not proven yourself worthy of it.—Yours faithfully,

"A STUDENT."

Never have I read in your alleged paper such a lot of balderdash as appeared in the last issue that you, and your equally incompetent staff, produced over the nom de plume of "J. A. Rander."

In the first place, I cannot understand anyone's writing such a lot of tommyrot, and, in the second place, I cannot understand your printing it. But on thinking over some of the things you have published in your rag in the past, I find that I can quite understand your printing that absurd letter.

The letter contains so many absurdities that it is difficult to know which to point out first. One way out of this difficulty is to begin with one of the most glaring mistakes.

Near the end of his letter your

moronic correspondent states in very plain terms that the art of thinking will be of no use to us as teachers. I did intend to point out the error in this, but I decided that it would be obvious to everyone possessed of the ability that "J. A. Rander" holds up to such ridicule.

In another part of his letter he says that a Teachers' College should not teach people to think. Well, in heaven's name, who DOES he think a College's function is? It is obvious to every thinking person that a College is meant to make us think. We are learning to think all the time. How does this "J. A. Rander" think (I'm sorry, he does not) that we memorise facts except through thinking.

I could go on pointing out his mistakes forever, but I doubt he is worth the trouble. In conclusion I would like to say that I think the English lectures, which are a sore point with "Rander," are very excellent.

"A. THINKER."

Dear Sir,—That the "coup d'etat" effected last Wednesday morning at breakfast time should have coincided with a hooter failure, is typical of College organisation. Students who were not awakened as usual by the cacophonous hooter at 6.30, but by various other devices—triangle, raucous wardens' voices, and who were naïve enough to suggest that these alternative media at 6.45 were scarcely so effective as the original twopenny whistle, were told that theirs was no excuse, and were summarily dismissed to scribe Ashworth who with pristine care and a Biro pen forthwith recorded their names to await a fate far worse than death.

Such is life. Never mind, second years, only three weeks to go!

"EAR BASHED."

Dear Sir,—I would like to reply to your correspondent, "Mother of One," whose letter appeared in last week's paper. My purpose is to assure her that she need have no fears for the welfare of her son should she send him to this College.

Most of the men students in this College are of a delicate nature. You can rest assured, "Mother of One," that your child's state of health will be taken into consideration at all times. Why, only recently several students were allowed to postpone their examinations because of appendicitis. Never in the history of our beloved College has anyone suffering from pneumonia or a broken leg been asked to walk to the dining room for meals. In the old days very serious cases were even allowed to miss evening study.

Your boy will receive all the rest to which he is accustomed. Everyone retires at nine here. Not only will he have calm and quietness, but will be sent to sleep by a beautifully soothing droning voice. Of course, it is not healthy to sleep in the same position for too long, so every fifty minutes or so he will be awakened and will have a short walk. This continues with occasional longer breaks until five.

Your boy will be given a single-bedded

room. I'm sure that the other boys would be only too happy to let him have one. The bath, too, would be arranged.

If he lives in hut four, and I feel sure he will, his bed will be aired, even if he is so forgetful as to make it, by our beloved warden. For every bed he airs, the warden gives away one autograph free. He will also provide literature which your son can read in bed on the week-ends.

He will have no difficulty with his laundry. His clothes could not be washed more satisfactorily if he did them himself. I am sure the bootboy will appreciate your son's consideration, but will probably insist on cleaning his shoes.

Now, on your last point, I am sure the girls of the College will agree with you entirely.

"ONE OF SEVENTEEN."

Dear Sir—At a recent assembly I was overjoyed to hear that the examination tables were to be "taken from us" because of the damage that the less sturdy members suffered. In fact, they were to be carefully stored for the examinations next year, thus bringing the depreciation of the said articles to nil, and correspondingly, the practical use of the tables to approximately the same value.

At the same assembly we were warned of the approaching practice teaching period and its importance was duly emphasised. Hallmarks of students were also touched upon. But, unfortunately, a lack of tables is not conducive to the production of teaching aids and lesson notes. Thus, I am writing this on a chair; one of my cohabitationists is labouriously writing lesson notes on the only writing desk-cum-table-cum-book-case-cum-shelf; my other room-mate is writing his lesson notes alternatively on the other chair and on the floor. And I've just finished designing a teaching aid on the other square foot of floor space—the teaching aid being delightfully decorated with footmarks of other students, dirt from shoes, sandy soil from the dam-school and crumbs from our radiator toaster-foot warmer combination.

The lecture rooms are quite handy for such preparation, but, unfortunately, after the four-hundredth trip in search of reference books, paints, pencils, information from other students, pictures from the room next door, discussion with the other students on the same class, etc., etc., it was found much less expensive to forget that "super" lesson and just be plain ordinary in method, subject matter and as for teaching aids well, I ask you! (What, Ken?—Al.)

Having failed miserably in my modest attempt to imitate La Beach in the dash from the dining hall, I, er, missed out, in fact, failed to impress, in the securing of the necessary writing space on the generous common room tables.

Of course, the tables were broken—but so is our spirit in regard to practice teaching, and as teachers, which is the most important? I leave it to you, ladies and gentlemen.—Yours faithfully,

KEN McLEAN.



## How?

Eleven o'clock. Night. "'Tis the very witching hour when graves give up their dead . . ." Spine-chilling? Witching hour! Not when it's 11 p.m. at Teacher's College, Wagga. (Resigned tone, reader.) Night. Any normal person associates sleep with that word. Sleep? Hollow laughter. The "10.30-closing-time" ultimatum offers an opportunity to exploit the night in the way it was meant. "How?" asks a sincere student. How! Use your imagination—sorry, forgot you're too busy absorbing facts to realise what "imagination" involves. By relaxing and letting thoughts swirl and disappear as swiftly as a series of casually drifting smoke rings.

Sane students would take advantage of quiet time and spend it thus. D'you think they do? Bright fella—that's right. Deduction? They're not sane. Reason? They never think.

"'Twas the witching hour of night . . ." Shakespeare had the wrong idea. It's night time alright—

night  
time,  
"quiet"  
time,  
"always-do-what's-right"  
time—  
Yeah? More like  
"bright light—  
fight 'n smite—  
have a height of riot—"  
time!

Scene: One bed, two blankets, one sane occupant (balanced recipe, that). Ratio 2:1—reminds me of Mendel. Take a pair of blue eyes, mix with brown, multiply Bb x bB and count yourself lucky if you come out with such short odds as 2/1. Note that? It's thought association—a habit acquired by long practice. Just think and—sorry, how can you? You're here to learn. One and one are two—  
"Wish I had some new frocks,"  
Two and two are four—"and more socks."

Five and one are seven—  
"Wonder if I'll make heaven?"

Meditation involves a riot of ideas comparable with the confusion the uninitiated must experience when reading Joyce's "Ulysses." I think said sane (alliteration!) occupant (me) could rival Joyce's efforts of years by the output of thoughts of one night. Quiz: "Where would YOU put the full stops?"  
"Must remove that pile of clothes from the floor to-morrow suppose I'd better wash some time 10.30's the deadline for inspection, wish (making it easy!)

that Miss Webb  
didn't use her head  
and look under the bed  
for dust.

Bread was stale to-night. Fancy making  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on every loaf; fella'd be a millionaire in no time. Pat's on the right track. Bet ya ten bob to sixpence, bet ya double or quits. See John in La Bomba! Think I should've been an announcer. All the makings

"Devery's coming up on the offside, he's making a brilliant run down the field with two minutes to go and one goal needed. Clark tackles Devery, throws a hard left and a worse right and he's through! (breath) The crowd are on their feet, they're yelling, it's a great game"—convinced?

Yes, I've missed my vocation. Think of the variety offering. "Step this way, ladies 'n gentstake y'r pick. Basement: Cleaners, gardeners. First floor: Students, teachers, garbagemen. Going up, please. Going up. Take your pick—intellectual work, hard work, money—or how about teaching?"

Quiz is ended. Likewise the meditation, for here returneth the picture crowd. This I gather by the bangs, yells and loud laughter advancing down the corridor.

"Where's my leave card?"

"How's Arthur's form? See that bow tie!"

"Here you are drip, on the bottom."

—"And he said: 'Well, if you come on Saturday . . .'"

"I think she's dreadful. Gosh, different one each night!"

—"And he reckons he's still going. I told him—"

A-ah, shut up and go to bed. Roll over and think of more vocations. Wonder how I'd impress as a reporter? "Style Spy" at Randwick: "You took our eyes with a startling black dress and svelte coiffeur, but lady, keep it for Romano's!" H'm. No so hot. It's big news for me—how about headlines: **NOVEL MAKES RECORD SALE**—"Joe the Dustman" by Arthur Worthless. Big money in writing, too.

Oh, come back to earth. Count ten, breathe deep of the tranquil night air, dismiss those dark thoughts on the ultimate fate of that rowdy crowd next door and—sleep.

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and so help cease  
The strife  
that's rife  
each week  
to complete  
it.

"John, we've GOT to fill that paper,  
Use your ingenuity!  
I foresee the usual "make a  
dash"—I guess to do it we  
must write  
all night."

Advice  
to entice

writers: "Wield that pen  
Far more often;  
Send us a letter  
for want of better  
ideas  
The paper nears

its finale  
if you don't rally."  
Quality's irrelevant (look at this verse!)  
Please be benevolent (yours couldn't be  
worse).

If you are wise  
You won't criticise—  
It fills a space so achieves an end,  
Even though I'll admit it does tend  
to digress—  
result? mess.

Deep sigh—  
Why must I  
relax  
writing  
biting

poems that tax  
other's endurance?  
The answer's clear—  
To fill that paper!

F.B.S.

[Armida too has strife.—Ed.]

## Despair

The green hills slope smoothly into the  
distance;  
Against them the ploughed brown fields  
appear like patchwork.  
The plains roll on, on. Time means  
nothing;  
Only heat and dust and glare exist.

The sun scorches the cracked red earth;  
The black trees on the folding skyline  
Are dry and bare. But in the cool  
blueness of evening  
All is peaceful here.

Peace—but in man's heart only dreams—  
Futile, hopeless. Words flung into air  
unheeded, forgotten.  
What is life against the infinity of hill  
and sky?  
Hollow, meaningless; its promise  
unfulfilled.

F.B.S.



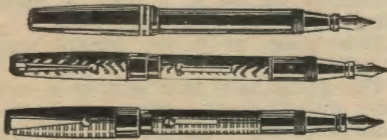
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## Futility

Seek not through time nor space,  
That which evades you has no dimensions.

It died within yourself.  
Therefore, let your body rest; it alone is guiltless.

Do you feel that soft caress upon your cheek?

It was the wind.  
And yet you thought you heard it speak.

Were you afraid, you who thought fear a shadow.

Or can you laugh at fear—even yet?  
It matters not.

Courage is the weapon of a fool,  
And even so—

You will not forget.

"MEPHISTOPHELES."

## Boys Battered By Barmedman

Last Sunday two bus loads of players and spectators travelled to Barmedman and all had a thoroughly enjoyable day. The players were well catered for by the local people.

In the first game the second team were defeated 3-0 but were in no way disgraced, as they were not in the condition of the Barmedman team and did not see much of the ball, only winning three scrums throughout the match.

Soon after the kick-off College were pressing following a fine run by Battersby and a passing move by Stanwell and Lyons. However, Cant was caught offside and the pressure on the opposing line relieved.

Play came back to half-way, and following offside play by Barmedman, winger Stanwell, who left his kicking boots behind, missed a difficult goal from 40 yards out.

Barmedman were first to score from a fine passing move. The kick for goal failed.

Spiller gained ground with a free kick and then Stanwell came out on top in a kicking duel with the opposing full-back. The College were playing much better now and Spiller broke through only to have his pass go astray. Lyons shot clear, but his kick went out on the full. The College were not capitalising their opportunities which were few with so little of the ball. The half-time scores were 3-0.

In the second half Battersby again made a fine run. Rees was promising but couldn't break through and Lees gained 50 yards with a brilliant individual effort. Cant played tirelessly, but the team couldn't cross the line and the final scores were 3-0.

The first's game was a cracker. Our chaps went down 28-10, but what a game they played. Barmedman's team included three Sydney first grade players, including former N.S.W. fullback Tom Kirk. The College can attribute their defeat to lack of condition and the

goal-kicking of Kirk, who is undoubtedly one of the best goal kicks in the State and probably the world.

The game started sensationally when Nilon came in to make the extra man, sent to Lindsay, who brilliantly skirted the touchline in a 60 yards dash only to see his pass infield go astray when a try seemed certain.

College played brilliantly to a man. There's not a weak link in the team and if the incoming first years are partly as good as the outgoing players the team that takes the Blake Cup from it will be a good one. A fine tribute was paid by Tom Kirk after the match. He said he'd only need a fortnight to coach the team to develop into a really good team.

Debenham scored Wagga's first try after a fine combined effort with Biscaya, whose tackling throughout the match was solid and at times spectacular. Late in the second half Hodges scored a well-earned try. Sumsky converted both.

In the forwards they played as a man, and it would be impossible to pick one out, but special tribute must be paid to Barry Jackson, who was hurt on four or five occasions throughout the match but refused to leave the field.

Des Bieler was unlucky in receiving a dislocated shoulder early in the game. All the backs played well with little of the ball, but the copybook tackling of Biscaya, ably supported by the rest of the team, somewhat compensated for this.

It will be interesting to see the outcome if these teams meet in a return later in the season.

## Viewpoints

His love is "like a red, red rose,"

That's fragrant, pure, cast in perfect mould,

Complete, symbolic, yet it shows

Love's fading era in its withered folds.

Withered folds and wooden stem,

Are these this gardener's pride and prize?

Or do the fading lights of former gem  
Cast no image on his eyes.

They cast an image on his eyes!

Is love so blind it sees them not?

His rose has lived its day, and dies,

His rose of answered love so soon forgot?

Full-bloomed rose, then reminiscence,

These are this gardener's pride and prize!

His statement lacks my acquiescence.

Love's not like a rose seen by my eyes.

My love is like a wall of stone,

That's set on rock, and made to last.  
And of its kind, having, alone,

A future simlied with its past.

But poets are apt to miss their way,

To lose the sense in rhyme,

And so I'll state my "coup d'effet,"

A man must love a long, long time.

C.R.S.



## Eugene Ormandy

Although Eugene Ormandy is Hungarian by birth, he has become so Americanised that he uses slang, dresses in the normal fashion and is exceedingly generous. His accent is slightly foreign and as well as English he speaks Hungarian and German. However, at times he is overbearingly narrow-minded. He does not smoke or drink himself and considers those who do as sinners. His susceptibility to flattery and stories is extreme to the point that he is most gullible. If generosity could be considered an eccentricity then he is eccentric. Always eager to give energy, time and money to help others, he is reluctant to receive presents even from his closest friends. This generosity is shown by the fact that he not only sympathised with refugees from the recent war, but was financially responsible for bringing many of them out of Europe. Until the refugees had jobs supplied to them (by Ormandy) they stayed at his own house. Being American in his culture, he has an American weakness—that of hero-worship, the hero being Arturo Toscanini. It is said that he even went so far as actually to fear the Maestro.

### AUSTRALIAN TOUR

Contrary to popular belief Eugene Ormandy was not an infant prodigy. His musical abilities came forth long after the infancy of his life. He is, however, an excellent violinist and received the praise of the world-renowned Jascha Heifetz for his playing of Bach's Chaconne after not having played the violin for some years. His ability as a conductor and organiser was seen at its best in the summer of 1944. Ormandy received an engagement to give concerts in Australia during that season. Needless to say he underwent considerable financial sacrifice in doing so. When he arrived here he found that he had to more or less form an orchestra as many players were in the services. Leading players from the Melbourne and Sydney orchestras were combined to form a makeshift orchestra. Instead of giving up in despair, as did Sir Thomas Beecham on a similar occasion, Ormandy persisted and his efforts were rewarded by a splendid series of concerts. He had won the hearts of the Australian concert-going public.

### CONTROVERSY

In America Eugene Ormandy is recognised as one of the world's most brilliant conductors, and this is probably true. However, lately he has been sedulously aping Toscanini which considerably lowered the respect in which his public held him as a conductor. Instead of the strong rhythmic beat so characteristic of Ormandy he became weak and indefinite in his actions. This, together with the fact that Virgil Thompson praised Ormandy's conducting and did not mention that of Toscanini in a series of criticisms has caused quite an amount of con-

troversy. When it was found out that Thompson and Ormandy were good friends the latter fell into the pit of ostracism where he remains today vainly attempting to scramble out.

R.J.C.H., A.Mus.A.

## The Curtain Rises

Every Sunday night the students of this College have the opportunity to fill in leisure hours by attending their own film theatre.

Like many other such privileges in this institution the Sunday night projection is taken for granted by the multitude, who never give a thought to the hard-working body responsible for its continuation.

During the early days, when the College was in a primitive state, the students found that Sunday nights were barren of entertainment.

Mr. Cornell, vanguard of student social activity, perceived the situation and procured the College projectors for student use.

Great leaders quickly inspire staunch supporters, and in a very short time Dave Rummery and Ken McLean ranged themselves under Mr. Cornell's flag.

Guided wisely by Colonel Cornell Captains Rummery and McLean soon became skilled in the art of projecting.

The stage was now set, tactics were discussed and the big campaign launched that was to end for all time student boredom on Sunday nights.

The plan was successful, that is, as successful as any plan depending on student support can be. Whenever nothing else was offering students gave their loyal support to an activity provided especially for them at a ridiculously low cost.

At this time, and up to the present, films were procured from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who sent the film by rail to Wagga station.

Things were becoming easier for the people in charge of the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Film Emporium; all they had to do was make arrangements for film, go down and collect them, set up the equipment, handle finance, show the film, dismantle the equipment, take the film back to the station and reply to the hundreds of letters of thanks received from students.

It was only natural that such strong support would inspire greater effort. It did, more people came in to lend a hand, including Lindsay Clifford, who has since done more than his share of work.

By this time film projection in the College had progressed past the entertainment stage and assumed a positive educational value.

Both the Vis. Ed. Club and Biology Option were training operators, and once trained were incorporated in the existing organisation.

Bruce Logan and Bill Parsons came in at this stage, but audiences were still small and finances consequently a major problem.

### ENTER THE FIRST YEARS

"The first years came down like a wolf on the fold,

And their pockets were gleaming with silver and gold."

With the arrival of the first years, it was hoped that audiences would at least double and that financial worries would be a thing of the past, but such was not the case for at this very moment only £2 is held in hand.

Roma Hinton and Audrey Tanner began giving valuable assistance, and such first years as Len Sherrif, Pat Hammond, Stan Fulker, Barbara Hoare and Pam Lovett eased the burden of the pioneer operators.

Throughout the whole period the organisation worked as a team, a roster being used to achieve best results.

This brings us to the present state of affairs.

The group have now secured a contract with Columbia, which means that films from that company will alternate weekly with films from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Sunday night projection offers excellent entertainment at a very reasonable cost, but it depends upon the support of the student body.

The members of the group concerned are prepared to do all the work involved and in return ask only for the practical financial support necessitated.

Sunday films are a part of College life, but their existence is far from secure. The students are responsible for this situation, not because they do not desire the films, but because they take them for granted, not realising the issues involved or understanding that the films are not a gift of the gods but the fruits of hard work.

This article has been written, firstly to thank those concerned for long and efficient service and secondly to bring home to the student body the importance of their support.

J.M.

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