

TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 2, No. 2.

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Are You Satisfied?

Soon the new students will arrive. Are you satisfied with the way in which College affairs are handled? Do you consider that the government of the College is democratic in its aims and methods? Are we to hand on to the future students some imperfect plan of management, or are we to perfect it first and then hand it on?

As these questions are of vital importance to each and every one of us, let us consider some aspects that need attention if we are to be as democratic as is supposed.

Do you find the agendas sometimes posted before S.R.C. meetings adequate for your own information, or do you think more information should be given? As it stands, only the briefest report is given and many students do not know the full significance of these proposed motions.

Can you honestly say that you know how the representative of your particular club is voting? Would you prefer to know what he thought of the motion and whether he voted for or against it, or don't you care how he voted?

Is this representative voting as you and the other members of the club would vote, or is he an individualist? Do you know his attitude in affairs outside his own club?

Frequent rumors fly around the College after meetings as to what has been passed and much contradiction takes place between various groups, but no definite conclusion has been reached because no official news comes from the Council. Should not all motions, whether passed or rejected, be displayed for general student consideration.

One often finds after local Council and parliamentary sittings reports of the whole proceedings—who said what and what was said. We thereby know if our interests are being considered for the good of all or for the benefit of the minority. Should not this plan be used in our College? Are we to allow meetings to be held practically in camera?

This raises another important point. Students from time to time have expressed wishes that they would like to attend S.R.C. meetings to see how the Council is handled. How are new or potential members to become familiarised with proceedings if it is taboo for them to attend when not in office?

One means of publicising the value of the Council is through our College paper "Talkabout." Surely the body which stands for us should contribute to our paper as much as possible. An account of each meeting would be of infinite value to everyone—at least we could keep track of what has been passed and counter-passed by reference to past papers.

The S.R.C. stands for government of the students by the students for the students. It should be a model of perfection in keeping with the principle of this tertiary institution. What do you think of it?

B.E.S.

Wit and Warble

"For a limited season only, at the College Gymnasium, "The Gondoliers," presented by the College students under the capable direction of Miss J. Moore and Mr. R. F. Pople"—(it looks excellent on the bill boards)—"with Gilbert's most brilliant wit, Sullivan's most tuneful melodies, the combined genius of both of these well-loved musical-comedians, the gayest of dances, the most sparkling songs, the very ultimate in extravagant costuming, the absolute in lavish stage sets, the College's most glorious voices—" Also, Dave Rummery has a part.

Soon will this magnificent show be exhibited to the public, and while Wirth's Circus and the Royal Easter Show committee wonder at their sudden drop in attendances, plaudits of the ecstatic privileged who have managed to find a seat inside the hall, will shatter eardrums and windows for miles around. Wild and delirious will be the cries from the audience, deafening and long will be the applause, but flat and prostrate will be our producers, for the energy with which this masterpiece of choral and dramatic effort is being prepared is so prodigious that surely exhaustion will follow the end of the task.

WHAT A PRIVILEGE!

Now for the first time will the common herd hear the golden notes of Kevin Quin and Marjorie Abraham and also for the first time will they be affected greatly by Bruce Logan and Barbara Bosler. Norma Neilson will sing, and as an encore she is assiduously preparing

that delightful Sullivan rhapsody, "The Floss That Bloom in the Spring, fa la." Our sweet-noted soprano Marcia Evans will continue to thrill us, and Keith Willard will again sway the hearts of Blocks 7 and 8 as he pours forth his mournful malady. Miriam Bowers as the Duchess will be superb, and Dave Rummery will be a real tonic, and if you have heard him sing you will agree that perhaps it is just as well that someone is supplying a tonic.

We thought it advisable to put Lin Clifford somewhere where he could be closely watched, hence he will not be seen on the night, as Max Cox is helping him move scenes between acts. Alan Fryer has offered, and generously, to handle finances for the show, and already is Alan showing a prosperous bulk and an equally swollen wallet. The services of the College's remaining beauties (the chorus took most of them) are being used to advantage and one problem will eventually be to persuade the public that the usherettes are merely a secondary show compared with the one on the stage.

THE CHORUS

The chorus itself presents a very formidable array and its volume is surpassed only by the stentorian tones of Mr. Pople pointing out that perhaps some small error is being made in a particular rendition. And even above this can Morton Rawlin be heard, so powerful is his voice.

Wagga folk will hear our Marcus McLaughlin; amazed will they be by his rich dialogue.

The kaleidoscopic variety of stage movement, the dazzling Cachucha, the stately Gavotte, the intricate "Hop and Skip," are all the work of Miss Moore, and although she may not be conspicuous on the night, you will see her work wherever you chance to glance. 'Twas she who conscripted volunteers to build flats, she it was who arranged for the curtains, lighting and stage scenery. Also 'twas Miss Moore who directed the dramatic end of the balance, who supervised the dialogue and worked out the stage actions.

THE SILENT WORKERS

Ken McLean, displaying true Spartan courage, has volunteered to direct our aforementioned usherettes, and with such a responsibility few envy him. He is in quite a dither, but finds no sympathy in Alan Fryer, who, sweeping from

petty wrongs to grievous error, is repeating his "Talkabout" debacle, and has managed so far to bungle hopelessly the funds in his trust.

No less harassed is Mr. Pople. With Miss Cornell at the piano he has been endeavouring to teach at least some idea, vague though it be, of the correct tune, so that the audience will recognize the work and not confuse it with the unholy bedlam of some Wagnerian piece. His efforts have been noble and untiring if nothing else. His task it is to co-ordinate the units of our orchestra which he procured in his meanderings about Wagga.

All praise to the silent workers, the carpenters from the P. and R. staff, who have helped inestimably in the preparation of stage sets. On their bench at present is a full sized gondola for use in Act I.

AN EXHORTATION

Ye love-lost maidens and moon-sick Adonises, take inspiration from our display of the course of true love not running smooth. Live with Luiz his moments of anguish and his ultimate triumph. Observe his Valentino technique as he embraces his enchanting Casilda for the last time! Thrill to his Sinatra-like voice as he declares that his love is as dead as last year's leaves. And, alas, how true he is! See for yourself this scintillating musical, alight with gaiety, comedy, sparkle, snappy dialogue and repartee; hear Bruce, our best dialogan, speak his lines with a poise and elegance smacking somewhat of Jean de Reske; live the life of Luiz languishing for his lost love; listen to our Duke and Duchess and laugh till you burst your stays, and applaud your College fellows as they present the first public exhibition of the talent we have in our College here. A more celebrated, cultivated, underated, unaffected, well-connected, easy going, overflowing performance will not be seen for many a long day.

Husband (reading from newspaper): Three thousand four hundred and twenty-six elephants were needed last year to make billiard balls.

Wife: Isn't it wonderful that such great beasts can be taught to do such delicate work.

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"TALKABOUT"

Editor: Alan Fryer.

Sub-Editors:

June Scott, Dave Rummery
Business Manager: Jim O'Ryan.

Education—How?

Perhaps I should consider myself fortunate that I was able to visit the Easter Show. As usual, I was confronted with the festive crowd eager to see as much as possible, in as short a time as possible. Most visitors were attracted to the Agricultural Hall, where they beheld a most impressive display of the fruits of the farmers' labour. Indeed, Australia's economy is mainly dependent upon her primary producers. Borne along in the constant stream of vagrant humanity, I next found myself in the Manufacturers' Pavilion, which was the source of an ebullient cacophony caused by Tauber and Sinatra entering the lists for the laurel crown to the accompaniment of Spike Jones and his boys. That the public's taste in music should have been so pandered is indicative of the interest taken by major radio manufacturers in the culture of the common man. Here I was exhorted to listen to Beethoven per medium of a wireless set which was enhanced by having a triple throat—here to relax in comfort whilst my mind drifted into ethereal realms to the accompaniment of "Danse Macabre," interpreted by an instrument capable, I was told, of transporting a symphony orchestra to the privacy of my own room. Later, I was asked by a young lady who evidently attributed my rather worried countenance to the bliss of matrimony, to use a vacuum cleaner which, she assured me, would pay for itself by saving my carpets (which I do not possess). In deference to my eardrums I left the Manufacturers' Hall as soon as possible—though not so soon as to escape a further harangue on the merits of his brand of razor blades by a young gentleman whose ardour exceeded his decorum. I was now firmly convinced of the truth of the psychological dictum which postulates multilateral kineasthetic impressions. I had heard Tauber, as Tauber had never been heard before, I had seen for myself the indubitable advantage accruing to the person who shaved with such and such and such a razor, I had felt for myself the ease of manipulation of so and so's vacuum cleaner. These were the whole glorious array of perceptual responses, visible, audible, manual, kineasthetic—each had been coerced to serve the needs of modern commerce and so produce the desired effect—one of plumbing the depths of handbag or purse, for the benefit of the manufacturer. I do not deprecate this—I accept it as being as much a part of our twentieth century way of life as Ford V8's and the emancipation (?) of women.

PEACE

Somewhat-exhausted by my experiences I determined to seek some hospice where I might recuperate and recover some

nouance of savoir faire which characterises homo sapiens. Imagine my delight when I beheld, in a secluded cellar far from the maddening crowd, the display of my munificent benefactor—the Education Department. Here, I thought, would the enervated wanderer be able to relax and observe in peace. How right I was! The display of visual education materials was held veritably in a cellar beneath the Manufacturers' Pavilion. For one glorious moment I thought that the crowd which had formed four deep outside, had by some amazing metamorphosis become pro-Education, and had thus queued to observe the adjuncts to modern educational theory. Sadly, I learnt from a bystander that this homogenous mass of humanity had assembled to observe the battered skull of a murdered man, which constituted one of several exhibits at the Police Exhibition. Incidentally, they had paid the moderate sum of 2/- for the indisputable privilege of so doing. With characteristic system the crowd was marshalled into the hall of horrors. Nothing daunted, I moved into the cellar which was lit by several 25 candle power globes. I thought that perhaps ye olde "Lumen Sicum" might have done a far better job—was I becoming cynical? Throwing my weary carcass into a chair which I soon found was so designed as to precipitate a chronic case of lordosis, I awaited the show.

THE SHOW GOES ON

Without any preliminary persiflage with which pundits are wont to open such exhibitions, the show began. It consisted of three documentaries which detailed the function of money, the making of ceramics, and the principle of hydro-electricity in rapid and unbroken succession. Several disgruntled customers (pardon the loose usage of the word—they didn't have to pay—they were snared) vacated the premises during the show. Those whose sense of decency precluded an early departure, waited in vain at the conclusion of the performance for some explanatory word about the several projectors placed in dimmed penumbra so that their presence might not obtrude. On display, too, was an epidiascope. Some misguided person might have construed the suffix—"scope" as denoting relationship with stethoscope—perhaps a big brother which the experimental psychologist used to measure the intelligence of his guinea pig. "Ridiculous!" you will say, "such a misconception could never arise." Perhaps not—but no attempt was made to explain the uses of the several machines on display. A solitary poster detailed the Centenary of Education—suggesting quietly that some heed might be paid if one had the time free from other engagements rather than DEMANDING IMMEDIATE ATTENTION. Most people left with the general impression that the display was merely one involving the showing of several mediocre shorts. If these shorts had any value in the class-room, it was purely co-incidental. The public were not informed of their use. As far as they were concerned the show was merely a distribution of free buns and a circus—and pretty poor buns at that.

WHAT NOW?

What would I do? Il s'agit de construire plutot que de detruire." Firstly, I would engage Jimmy Charlatan (pardon, I mean Sharman) and his retinue of miscellaneous bruisers to perform before the assembled multitude. Next I would charge 2/6 admission merely to indicate the relative merits of methods used to bash skulls. Perhaps a bevy of usherettes might be engaged to show patrons to their plush chairs, where, when satisfactorily esconced a lecture might be delivered on the imperative need for education in the community. "To-day's children are to-morrow's citizens." I have given extreme instances of my attempt to appeal to the several senses. It is imperative that we realise that methods must be adopted which will impress. You might argue that the use of such unaesthetic media to court public favour and arouse interest would be the very antithesis of education—it would debase learning. I can only reply that so urgent is the need that the end will justify the means employed. If necessary we must appeal to the senses—an appeal to reason and logic will ensue.

None of my criticism reflects personally on any member of the Department's staff. Each officer on duty did a good job under difficult circumstances. Rather do I criticise the antiquated outlook on education which attempts to appeal only to the few. If commercial interests find it imperative to use "high power" salesmanship to sell their ephemeral products, how much more essential is it that we, the educationists of to-morrow, use such methods as moderns will appreciate to arouse the community to the need for education in all walks of life.

ALAN FRYER.

At a wedding reception the young man remarked: "Wasn't it annoying the way that baby cried during the whole ceremony."

"It was simply dreadful," replied the maid of honour. "When I get married I am going to have printed right in the corner of the invitation: 'No babies expected'."



It would appear that the local gossip fans are having a lean time as most romances that had been their main supply of fuel now seem to have evaporated by mutual consent.

Harry Robertson seems to be pacifying their needs with his duplicity.

June is a long way off, but Merv wasn't when she was in the country over Easter.

The local Bluebeard, Arthur Kennedy, seems to be doing a lot of moonlight walking with many of the College blondes.

Mr. Ashworth seems to be getting a long way with his quiet manner.

Kev seems to be winning the long distance staying events. We admire his perseverance.

We've heard rumors that Des was fishing over the long vacation. Was he catching sharks with barbed lines?

The girls will black list Mr. Cornell for encouraging foreigners, especially in our absence. He is not the only offender in this respect.

We have our eyes on Mr. Pople, but his ties don't seem to be getting any worse.

Too many seem to have retired from active service. Where is our sense of responsibility? Something will have to be done about this to establish the social life of the College along traditional lines before June.

We are very glad to see the flourishing intellectual relationship between Allan and Mary. We appreciate their realization of the need for co-operation.

The Marcus seemed to go a little haywire over his luggage in the Easter vacation.

Ed and Ray, how could you?

We have been asked to thank Ron Jones for the hospitality he extended to some College students over Easter.

A new flame was at the pictures with Marcus, I do declare. Gee, Mac, you're running a risk.

Sea Dreams

In dreams, I stand once more
Barefoot, upon the honeycomb of rock,
Which boldly lies between
The wild sea and the green hillside
beyond.

With you, once more, dear friend,
Calling from the narrow ledge of rock:
"Come closer, here, by me!
And, peering down . . . marvel at this
I've found."

The mischievous salt breeze
Lifts playful hands to fling away my
hair.
My willing face is stung
To glowing pink, by his sharp, teasing
touch.

Beneath my feet a coolness
Of seeping water, soothing to naught
life's cares;
Now hinted only by
The prick of dull-edged shells forever
cooled.

Clambering over rocks,
A sense of freedom rushing through my
veins.
Peering into pools
Of slanting sunlight rays, seeking out

Subtle suggestions
Of endless colour, revealed by no artist's
brush.
I choose a shell at random;
Then watch it leave my hand and
gently fall.

To rest uncertainly,
And shimmer in the golden bright
reflection
Of the sandy bottom.
As silently, without a sign, my mind

Slips back to consciousness
Of present things, which lose all former
colour
In hard comparison.
I quietly curse the dream and fantasy,

And all it doth recall.
For what remains? Nought but a
hopeless longing
To relive what has gone.

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GEO. RAFT in "MR. ACE"

PLAZA FROM TUESDAY

DICK POWELL in "ON THE AVENUE"

JOAN DAVIS in
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At Last Revealed

In the recent Research Bulletin No. 2, dated October, 1947, students were confronted with the results of a questionnaire distributed many months earlier. All have been anxiously awaiting this Bulletin since the conclusions stated in Nos. 1 and 3 proved so searching. No discrimination has been made in presenting these vital facts before the general student body (hereafter to be referred to as the G.S.B.).

Our Bulletiniser unflinchingly states that "the construction of the questions may easily be criticised," and we just as unhesitatingly assert that it was. The compiler of the research seems to believe that for some students the motive for choosing teaching as a career was the "attraction of scholarship allowance." We are horrified to think that some student minds are so firmly fixed on the wonderful pecuniary emoluments and consequent luxurious and comfortable conditions available that these factors were of more importance than their fondness for school life.

The Bulletiniser regrets to announce that those students who were influenced by the thought of teaching; improving their social status; being an easy job; offering short working hours, as a provision against not marrying, have, in the eight months since, been sadly disillusioned.

We have observed that ten ex-servicemen were advised on discharge—would someone please explain? Does this apply to ex-Naval men as well as to ex-Air Force men?

It will be obvious to all, as the Bulletin states, that talks on the College motto, "Excel with Honour" have influenced student opinion. No one, I think, and I say this without due reserve, will have any doubt whatsoever, that this motto has directed students' minds and discussions to some considerable extent. The writer goes on to say that "the influence of other lectures may be seen." This is quite true in the case of certain Biology lectures, Art and Craft "Method" lectures, and others in which children are striving to reach apples.

Only 32 students appeared to have any preference for primary school teaching and this proportion is probably considerably reduced since practice. We answer the question, "Will this have any bearing on their future success?" not by "College Courses" but by "yes." Many students will obviously try for high school teaching and others will no doubt become doctors, engineers, or follow some other calling.

The main worry of students seemed to be the extent of Art and Crafts work, but we are pleased to say that this statement has been repudiated by Mr. Wilcox during a recent survey of assignments. Most students would have subscribed to the other reasons for lack of confidence had they had the confidence to think of them and put them down at the time. The investigator sums up the research in an admirable fashion and we are hoping to understand the

conclusions reached by the time we leave College.

In conclusion, we may say that the first part of the Bulletin has been weightily expounded, but we are rather afraid that it has missed the second half.

ARTIE KRAFT.

Fantasia!

Youth, being a time of doubt and disillusion, inevitably questions the existing ways of life of the community. Therefore, sooner or later, it finds itself asking the question, "What is Democracy?" Is it merely another word that we use because it is pleasant to hear and makes us feel snug and happy in our chosen groove? Is it a word with any meaning or is it simply a catchphrase to lull us into the sound slumber of apathy while one or two leaders concern themselves with business on hand?

Then, what is Democracy? The ideal,

of course, would be government of the people, for the people, by the people. But, since the ideal is unattainable, what do we find is meant by the term Democracy—a capitalistic society where every individual is free, free to starve if he lacks intelligence, or to make millions if he lacks scruples.

Can it be that freedom, too, is an overvalued commodity? Is perfect freedom the ideal? Surely the individual should suffer some restraints for the sake of the community. Should he not obey the laws that society imposes, not unquestioningly, but if the rule is just and necessary? Then is freedom just another term that is being used to dupe us into vacillation to the powers that be.

And how many of the liberties that have been imposed on us have we bothered to use? We have a vote for the government of our country. How many of us exercise this power thoughtfully? How many are merely happy to put a number in each of the squares, willy-nilly? Are we able to take the responsibility that we have placed upon ourselves? Some can. But the majority of us, deep in our blissful slumber, do not concern ourselves with anything that will require of us exertion. Perhaps it is, after all, direction we want, not responsibility—a benevolent dictatorship.

Observation would have us think so. Inevitably, of course, we look for a scapegoat, and the scapegoat will inevitably be education. Will we blame our education for this deficiency in ourselves? Were we taught, in our childhood, to obey blindly, were we taught a wild patriotism stirred by the strains of "Rule Britannia"? Or were we encouraged to use our own intelligence, to question, to seek wisdom. Is it the teachers we have to blame—or is it ourselves?

Exhibition of the Wakefield Collection

A most distinguished gathering saw Mr. Evans, the area supervisor, perform his first public function in his new office when he declared open the exhibition of pencil, pen and water colour work selected from the Wakefield collection and on display in the College Hall. Mr. Evans was eulogised by Mr. Blakemore when he introduced him to the student body and some members of the public who had come to hear Mr. Bernard Smith speak on the display. Mr. Evans spoke but briefly, making only one point—the value of art in the schools. Mr. Dunstan, the District Inspector, firmly supported the area supervisor's remarks and digressed a little to sketch briefly the career of our principal, remarking that if bouquets were to be thrown, assuredly Mr. G. L. Blakemore was due for one.

Mr. Blakemore then introduced Mr. Bernard Smith, declaring in a rather brief address, that although he himself was no artist, here was one whose knowledge in that field was infinite, and here was one who could pass on his knowledge in an interesting and untechnical way.

INTERPRETATION

Had Mr. Smith spoken at great length he could not have made more clearly than he did one most important point in art appreciation—that of interpretation of the work on the canvas. "Do we attempt to interpret the song of a bird?" he asked, suggesting that true artistry is something intrinsically and immediately artistic to the critic.

Mr. Smith's address was eagerly received by the students and at the close of the assembly he was assailed by interested and enthusiastic art lovers. For "Talkabout" Mr. Smith had little to say, but his remarks were received as valuable observations: "I am de-

lighted at the enthusiastic response that this display has received from the students. Remember that as teachers you have more to your task than the mere teaching of writing and tables. Your most important aim is to lead the child to an appreciation of the beauties of living, its joys, its deep shadows and its sunny paths, the beauty in Nature's handwork apparent on every hand, and the beauties in human achievement, human expression, THE ARTS. Learn how to love genuinely these things and you will be able to set a noble example and teach a great lesson to the children you instruct."

OPINION

This was Mr. Smith's second address to the College and long will the students who heard him on each occasion remember him for his clear and simple explanations of what appeared to be a most abstruse subject.

Student opinion of the collection was mingled. Most agreed that too many of the scenes were dead and the display needed some action. One of the popular sketches was "Drying the Sails," and one of the most controversial and thought-provoking was "Vase of Flowers."

DAVE RUMMERY.

The Recorded Music Society

Very little definite action has been taken this term regarding the Recorded Music Society. Should it be continued?

To decide this issue a cross section of the students who attended the Society have been questioned. The result—unanimous agreement that the Society be continued.

Of course it is impossible to say "continue it" and not expect some elusive problem to present itself. When

should it be held. Some members argue for Sunday night before the pictures. Then we are confronted with the problem of people who insist on attending church twice in one day. What of Friday night? Would enough attend then? Can we drag ourselves from the lethargy in which we are steeped and reach some decision? I know that is too much to expect of some people, but it's up to you, ladies and gentlemen.)

It has been suggested that a Swing Club be formed. Most agree that this is a worthy notion—we must pioneer this field as well as every other. When questioned about it one student, from whom such conduct was least expected had the indecency to suggest that the Swing Club be incorporated with the Recorded Music Society. Another student stared in frank amazement and inquired in a pained tone, "What would Mr. Blakemore say?" Why not ask him?

A School Teacher at the Pearly Gate

A school teacher stood at the pearly gate,

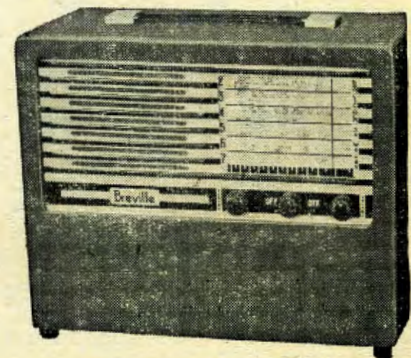
His face was worn and old;
He merely asked the Man of Fate
Admission to the fold.

"What have you done," St. Peter asked,
"To seek admission here?"
"I've been a school teacher, sir," he said,
"For many and many a year."

The Gates swung sharply open
As Peter touched the bell.
"Come in," he said, "and take a harp,
"You've had enough of Hell."

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Footlights

After a fierce discussion, the revolutionary constitution of the Little Theatre Group was finally accepted by one vote with significant modifications, before a packed house. As a result of this serious and arbitrary measure we propose to shortly begin casting for "You Can't Take It With You." All those who desire to be in this bigger and brighter production had better roll up. In obtaining a consensus of opinion on this matter, we regret to say that both Mr. Pople and Mr. Wilcox have refused to comment. To understand the full import of this, come along to our meetings during Club periods.

A.K.

Sporting Roundup

INTER-COLLEGIATE

There is a definite possibility that this important event will be held with Balmain College next term; whereas Sydney will be visiting Armidale.

As yet no definite arrangements have been made; however, the inter-collegiate contest will probably consist of hockey, tennis, debating, football, athletics and basketball.

FOOTBALL

At a general meeting of this Club it was decided that College would not enter a team in Group football because of unsurmountable obstacles such as financial difficulties and lack of playing areas.

A team has been entered in the Blake Cup and in the under 10st. 7lb. competitions. Initial training has commenced for both teams and already players have shown glimpses of past form.

Unfortunately, the ranks of both teams have been depleted due to injuries sustained by some of their members. Among the absentees this season will be Nick Bricknell, Paul Rees and Jim Hartnett.

CRICKET

College I has entered the semi-finals of the reserve grade competition, while College II missed out by the narrowest margins.

Congratulations go to both Arthur Smith for scoring the pioneer century while representing College, and to Tom Hodges for gaining the high distinction of being selected to play for the combined Wagga reserve grade team. His bowling was of an excellent standard and his figures, two wickets for 32 runs, were not a true representation of his performance.

The proposed match against Yanco High has been cancelled and a match against a combined Wagga High School side is being considered as a substitute.

Here's wishing College I all the best in their attempt to carry off the honours in the reserve grade competition.

MEN'S HOCKEY

A Wagga Hockey Association has been formed and College has entered one team to contest matches in a Sunday competition. The colours of our team are to be black and white.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

This year the A basketball team will be coached by Miss Brown and the B team by Miss Moore. The competition will start before the end of term and practice will be commencing very soon.

In Trinity Term when the new students arrive there will be four basketball teams formed. The new students will have the opportunity of challenging any members of the present teams for their places in the teams.

SWIMMING

A general meeting is to be held in connection with the coming swimming carnival next February, and it is hoped that the arrangements will meet with the approval of all.

SOCCER

It has been reported that the newly formed Soccer Club has aspirations towards winning the competition in their first year, under the auspices of the principal.

Voting at the House meetings indicates that soccer is more popular than many thought.

In conclusion, we may add that the students are following the principle of the College to excel in the sporting activities of the community.

"DOUBLE-JAY."

Is Australian Writing Literature?

To all appearances no country can produce a literature of world standard unless that country has sufficient national characteristics to provide atmosphere and background. What then is background? Has Australia sufficient background? Those who have not read her literary products will answer, "No!" Those who have will think first. They will consider works such as "Such is Life" by Joseph Furphy (Tom Collins), Lawson's short stories, Poterson's poems and then the more modern Australian works, such as Kylie Tennant's "Tiburon," Gavin Casey's short stories and Shawn Neilson's poems.

Most people believe that England and America both have sufficient background to produce literary works of world standard. This background cannot be related to the age of the country being considered—America being a comparatively new country, while England is age-old. Background, therefore, seems to be life in the country itself—experiences for the writer to portray and the reader to enter into. Has Australia these things or has she not? Is her

life interesting to other people? Has she writers capable of portraying this life?

Let us consider these questions in turn. Firstly, Australian life must interest overseas people as well as Australians themselves. Australia is an economic unit, and, as such, is part of the world structure. Her life affects many things outside of her own realm. Therefore, people must naturally be interested in her and the way in which she affects them and their country. Secondly, has Australia writers capable of portraying this life? An outstanding answer to this question lies in the trilogy, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney," written by Henry Handel Richardson, who has been hailed as winning for herself a place in world literature. Her works have been appreciated not only by her countrymen but by overseas writers as well. She is but one example drawn from a gallery.

Therefore, Australia has the writers and the life to be portrayed. She has the necessary background. The characters of Lawson's works not only lived but live as do those of C. J. Dennis and Allan Marshal. Those of you who have read Marshal's "Trees Can Speak" and "Tell Us About the Turkey, Joe," will realise his wonderful insight into character, his ability to portray Australian life, and, above all, the fact that that life, that background, is there to be portrayed. Or do you only read his bread-winning articles in "Woman"? If so, you do not, in all probability, realise that he too has been not merely accepted, but accepted and praised overseas. He is yet another example of the fact that Australia has sufficient background to draw upon—the canvas is ready set on the easel awaiting the paints. Australia has the paints.

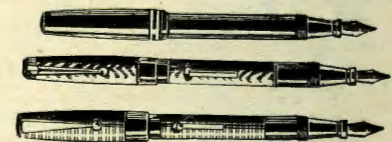
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