

# TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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## The Cross Roads

"The parting of the ways is near." Pardon, my friends, the nostalgic touch in this leading article—wipe the starting tear that brims from the weeping eye. Let the vigorous application of a pocket handkerchief reduce those lachrymose countenances to a semblance of their former cheerfulness and harken awhile to the words of the sage.

Have you considered, you toil-worn, back-bent neo-pioneers that soon you will be thrust out into the cold unresponsive world, set loose as it were on the stream of life, far from the sheltered backwater of College days? Have these thoughts yet entered your minds, O hoary, hardened race of far-eyed mystic men, dealing in the occult ways of child education? Or do you cling yet to the parent who has nurtured you through the difficult days of growth from the adolescent to the keen-faced, clear-eyed visionary who sees a magic pattern in the sky not granted to all men?

The morning is passing, the noon-day sun is nigh, and soon you must venture to the far-flung outposts of knowledge and stir up strange thoughts in the minds of the responsive clay you are soon to mould to be neo-pioneers like yourselves, in turn casting on the fire of zeal and enthusiasm the dead-wood of former tradition, and carving a new pattern in the mould of life.

You must toil in the heat of the noon and the long afternoon till the twilight of a full life settles on you, and your reward is won.

Take courage, friends, I write not these words for your discomfort. Gather your forces for the final sprint, albeit your limbs are weary and you fain would rest in the shade of the tree of indolence. Let not such base thoughts triumph over the spirit, developed, preened and gathered to full maturity here. "Stiffen the sinews, summon the blood," and having cast one backward look on the ornamental lock on the front gate, and the subtle curvaceous lines of the pagola cum greenhouse cum aviary cum bus-stop, go forth to conquer and win, heeding the words of the master. Quote, "That which is best not done by all or some, is rather to be done, though it be by its nature better done or undone, by virtue of the

courage of those who either do or fail to do it," unquote (Lininski), which words epitomise fittingly the uncompromising attitude of the typical Wagga student to the profession he has entered.

We who remain weep with you, and long to follow your footsteps when you venture forth. Again the Master on this point. Quote, "Let not he that follows think of himself as such, but rather the more, only in so far as is possible to remain the same," unquote (Lininski).

J.R.

### ANNUAL T.T.A. MEETING

#### ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS

The annual meeting of the Teacher Trainees' Association held in the Assembly Hall on Thursday 10th, saw the passing on of the President, Mr. Don Morgan, and his capable Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Hazel Kay and Mr. "Ike" Wyburd.

It was disappointing to see a meagre 25 members attend the meeting. However, the purpose of this article is not to comment on the lack of interest displayed by the students, but to offer our congratulations to Mr. Louis Crabtree on his election to the office of President. It is felt that the benign Lew will safely guide the Federation through the shoals of student indifference to the peaceful font of enthusiastic interest in the affairs of the T.T.A.

Congratulations, too, to Miss Jill Venables on her election to the position of Secretary. She has been a keen follower of the affairs of the T.T.A. and is well suited to the job of ably seconding the efforts of Lew in Federation affairs. Mr. L. F. Whant's election as the keeper

of the purse is a tribute to Fred's competence to handle the Treasurer's job, following the example of the unselfish "Ike," who gave much of his time to doing a good job.

It is unfortunate that the majority of students fail to realize the amount and value of the work done by the retiring office-bearers who have gone to considerable trouble to make the branch a vigorous and flourishing one. Particularly worthy of mention is the energy expended on the recent salaries drive promoted by the Teachers' Federation.

We trust that the efforts of the new President and his aides will be more appreciated by those whom they are endeavouring to help in a drive for better conditions for us all.

### EDITORIAL

Packed study rooms indicate the advent of examinations which the College is taking very seriously.

For some the line of certification is a strong motive, for others the desire to prove that their first academic year has not been wasted.

The staff of the paper also have to sit for examinations, so bear with us if you consider the standard is slipping—that is, of course, if you don't feel disposed to write something yourself to keep the tone up.

To all (and to ourselves) we offer the best wishes for success in the exams.

### REUNION

By this date all ex-students should have received a notice of their Reunion to be held at the College from Good Friday to Easter Monday inclusive.

To all ex-students I sincerely extend an invitation to be present at our first Reunion, where we will all have an opportunity of renewing old acquaintances and strengthening friendships.

It is up to us to make this Reunion a successful one.

MURRAY MILLAR,  
President.

Ex-Students' Committee.

## EAST OF THE RIVER INA

With a flourish of pride we announce the beginning of our suspense packed, heart-stirring, soul-searing, spine-chilling saga of the sun-baked, wind-swept passion-rent sands of the Eegidmurrum Desert and the lure of hidden gold. Lose not a moment . . . read on:

### CHAPTER I

A strange light shone in Dynamite Henderson's eyes as the sands of the Eegidmurrum Desert were flattened beneath his No. 11 beetle-squashers. An oculist would have said that he was suffering from transverted sight, but it was no such common, mundane thing that caused Dynamite's chest to strain the fabric of his Bond's Athletic—he had started out on the quest of a lifetime—the search for the tomb of King Lenoll el Lavender, the El Dorado of archeologists for years. Current rumours had announced that the mourning subjects of Lenoll had buried immense treasures with him, and the finder's diligence would be well rewarded. Not that Dynamite was at all attracted by the visions of sudden wealth. He was moved by more aesthetic motives than handfuls of gold, and provided that he managed to secure a few thousand in jewels he was quite prepared to let someone else have the gold if he paid enough.

Dynamite's lips twisted cynically as he thought of the wasted years he had spent serving as a soda jerk at Irk's Corner Lark. Originally the position had seemed to have promise, and Dynamite had become quite adept at polishing the glasses and washing up, and despite the far-away look in his good eye, and the ribald insults of groups of students who frequented the establishment, was really quite ambitious for himself. He had hopes of one day actually serving behind the counter, but after ten years' loyal service had begun to think that perhaps he job held little for him. Not being a man to let opportunities pass him by he had taken a bold step. He would get a party together and use his carefully acquired knowledge of the desert (he could sing "The Shriek of Araby" in a passable tenor voice and had seen "The Wives of El Devlin," starring Blob Beller, four times) and venture forth into a man's country to do a man's job.

'Tis two Arab partners had been selected with care. Hairon al Carlson, a massive man with legs like a billiard table and a chest like the nose of a blitz buggy, had been chosen for his prodigious strength, and Mush al Long Muskey, although of low intellect, was reputed to have once seen the site of Lenoll's grave and had offered to guide the intrepid adventurer to the spot. Crossing the River Ina the little group had struck east and were now progressing steadily over the waste stretches of the sand.

It must be confessed that Dynamite's thoughts turned occasionally to the small town of Waagg, now far behind them, and the scene of the night before as he had sat in the dim-lit cafe and became aware of the perfume of the lovely dancing girl, Nausia Turklan, who

with veiled face had sent him a glance that threatened to make his heart severely fracture his ribs. Later she had slipped a note into his hand as he was leaving and had vanished before he could speak to her. On the note was a rough map marked with a cross with the cryptic message, "Beware, the Black Moor." Dynamite had heard of El Blinken, known far and wide as the Black Moor, who with a band of desperadoes as black-hearted as himself had spread terror and death through the desert, and who was reputed to be a slave dealer. Dynamite instinctively grasped his Dairy Air Rifle, and the expression on his face boded ill for the noxious character who tried to interfere with his plans. Hairon and Mush al Long were heavily armed also with deadly looking craft knives that seemed to have often smoked with the gore of many a mutilated stud box.

Dusk had fallen on the desert and the party prepared to camp for the night. After eating a sustaining meal of corn meat and cabbage Dynamite instructed the two porters to stand guard during the night, and giving them strict instructions to wake him promptly at three minutes to eight for breakfast and having seen that his trusty rifle lay within reach, he settled down to dream of the sinuous figure and haunted face of Nausia.

Later, much later, Dynamite woke with a sudden start. An eerie sensation warned him that all was not well. Wasting no time, he quickly parted his hair by the light of the hastily lit candle and examined the brief case that he had carefully placed on the ground at the foot of the bed. The map had gone! With a wild shout he rushed to the flap of the tent. No one in sight—Hairon and Mushal Long gone. A hollow groan reached his ear; he spun around to see Hairon trying to unravel the Dunex tape that was wound around his face. Dynamite sprang to his aid; then stopped as an eerie laugh seemed to float from nowhere, a laugh that curdled his bones and sent him stomach into an attack of whirling abdebs. Hairon snatched the tape from his face, his eyeballs starting like an electric light globe. "Master," he whispered hoarsely. "'Tis Fagin Hagin"—a shuddering groan escaped him and he fell to the ground inert, as the doleful strains of a Jew's harp floated down to the ears of Dynamite.

Who is Fagin Hagin? Where is Mush al Long Muskey? Who has taken the map? What peril is in store for Dynamite? And the lovely Nausia—why should she warn him. Don't fail to be griped when we continue "East of the River Ina."

(Persons noting any similarity to themselves should be ashamed to admit it.)

### HERE AND THERE

First Year students who write creatively, or who would like to learn something about creative writing, or who are interested in any aspect of writing, may wish to contact Mr. Holland and learn the plans of the Writers' Group for the

coming term. A term relatively free from work and worry, it is hoped to go vigorously ahead with the plans for making the group a real success. The meetings are held in a completely informal atmosphere, and much good is done in the way of advice and helpful criticism. If this rings a bell, don't hesitate.

The plans for the first annual reunion of students and ex-students of the College are going ahead apace. It is unfortunate that the exams are preventing the co-operation of the whole student body, but the items for the entertainment of ex and present students should ensure the success of the first venture in this field. Such interesting items as the flour fight, the procession, the formal dance on Saturday night and the general rejoicing at the meeting of old friends and the making of new friends, should go far to help the success of the reunion.

An interesting point was raised by Mr. L. Kirk the other night re the tobacco situation at the College, long a sore point with the men students, and many of the women students. Mr. Kirk assured me that he is doing his best to secure a weekly ration of good tobacco for students, and if this proves impossible, he will endeavour to procure some of the better type cheap tobacco slowly coming on to the market. These at least are better than the coffin nails at present being retailed. As the men students have found out, there are some types of tobacco that are cheaper and better than the English variety, and no doubt Mr. Kirk would be assured of a quick sale of this important item could it be obtained.

### "TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Rummery.  
Sub-Editors: Lou Morrell and Ted O'Brien.  
Sports Editors: Kev Tye and Roger Clements.  
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## PLAYWAY EDUCATION

During our course here we have discovered the value of the playway method of teaching. Some people, however, have been heard to say that there is too much conscious striving after a playway.

As one who has had considerable experience with playway methods, and especially with play, I could suggest a new approach to the playway.

Consider, now, the type of things our pupils prefer to play with. Could we not utilise these to our purpose?

For instance, look at the number of dolls brought to school by both girls and boys in the kindergarten. Here we may give a rudimentary lesson in Mothercraft. Imagine the joy of beholding a class of fifty absorbed in their task of dressing, bathing and feeding their dolls. They could put them to sleep by the use of the most modern methods.

In the matter of dressing, an aesthetic appreciation lesson could be given. The clothes should be designed to be practical, suited to the age group of the doll, and also original. In this way, an art lesson could be used to make patterns for dress materials, a craft lesson (or if you prefer, a needlework lesson) for designing the dress, making the pattern, and cutting it out. Perhaps a bright child could think of a new type of material to be used and a new method of putting it together. Perhaps you would produce a sensational new fashion trick. Think of the profit you could make.

Mathematics could be introduced per media of feeding charts, and child endowment. In this way civics would be taught and the children would realise their obligation to government departments as parents.

In higher classes where spinning tops and skipping ropes are so popular, physics would be introduced. A typical question could be, "How many revolutions per minute does your top make?" Imagine your class, interested as usual, crowded expectantly around the tops, counting the revolutions. The next step would be the actual calculation, with the result already in view. This will help you to work it out correctly.

You could teach music by progressing in stages from the ridiculous to the sublime, viz., the tin whistle to the recorder flute.

The popularity of pocket knives should provide sufficient incentive for a craft lesson. All that is needed is a desk and knife. Within half an hour some unusual and delightful carvings will result. The lettering of their initials should be well examined, with suggestions as to improvement and if necessary they should be repeated until perfection is reached.

Of course, this is just a resume of my ideas. This should perhaps supply you with the germ of more ideas. Build on these and success is assured. See yourself becoming the perfect playways teacher. Further information given on request.

"DUC DU JOUJOU."

## WOMAN'S ANGLE

By reading "Talkabout" one gathers that this is a men's College. This impression, I fear, is given by the ego-inflated body of men who control this paper. But now we weak (?) creatures raise our voices in protest. The tyranny will end. The World of Women is near at hand.

What has caused this sudden outburst? you may well ask. Perhaps it was inevitable, after our long period of repression. The bomb was ignited by a friendly argument.

We women always imagined ourselves to be the frustrated members of the College. It is an unenviable situation, and is caused by the men. Hence the origination of the term "frusso" in the women's dorms.

Now to our conversation. The argument began with a complaint by a man against something the women had done. He informed us that the men had more to do in this place than the women. It ran thus:

Male 1: "Who arranged the seating for the Phys. Ed. Display?"

Males 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6: "The men!"

Male 2: "Who carried it?"

Males 1, 3, 4, 5, 6: "The men!"

Male 3: "Who set up the marquees for the Christmas Ball?"

Males 1, 2, 4, 5, 6: "The men!"

Male 4: "Who play the most sport?"

Males 1, 2, 3, 5, 6: "The men!"

(A mild protest was quashed.)

Male 5: "Who cause all the arguments?"

Males 1, 2, 3, 4, 6: "The women!"

(Another protest.)

Male 6: "Who cause all the frustration?"

All males: "The women!"

(Amazed silence.)

We sat aghast. The men frussoed because of the women. We could not believe it. The women could be frustrated, but, no, the men! How weak of them. We saw it all. Of course, we had them in our power.

We looked about us, with our newfound power showing in our faces. And as we met the eyes of other women, their faces caught a little of our feeling. At last the women were coming into their own.

The word soon spread. We began to recognise the signs of weakness among the opposite sex. Have you noticed the look on a man's face when he is in the company of one of the fairer sex? Notice the drawn look. He tries to sparkle and fails. She orders, he effects. Yes, the world of women has come. No longer are we the frussoed ones. But, just a warning, men. You'd better be in before the rush starts.

"FEMME LIBRE."

## A HILL AND A HORSE

The train moved on and on  
And through the breaking dawn,  
Until at last, a hill and a horse did loom  
Fresh in the dewey morn.

A barn and new ploughed field were there  
Behind the stately horse  
Simply to taint the scene  
With thoughts of long eternal force.

And as the sun was dressed  
In one more day's new robe  
The hill and horse did sink (from me at least)  
Who faced the full monotony of the systematic globe.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,—In reply to Mr. E. V. O'Brien's letter, which appeared in the last issue of "Talkabout," we would like to point out that Mr. O'Brien has overlooked certain facts.

(1) Teachers' Colleges without playing fields are not a phenomenon. Sydney Teachers' College has no playing fields of its own, but has permission to use University Oval.

Wagga T.C. has a vast tract of ground which student energy has done little to improve. Wagga T.C. is forced, therefore, to seek permission to use Council grounds.

(2) College sport succeeds by the enthusiasm, rather than the talent, of the student body as a whole. We invite Mr. O'Brien to witness the prompt arrival of the students at the softball fields on Tuesday afternoons. The people with no experience of the game have to be "rounded up" and "driven" to play. Their own reluctance is the reason for their inexperience.

(3) While it is desired to cater for all students in swimming and athletic programmes, only good performers co-operate. Remember the cork scramble at the swimming carnival? Post entries, but it remained for those students who were already swimming in anything up to 10 events to fill the field.

(4) Could students do something to make sports day this year a College sports day. Such a course would entail a terrific amount of energy and training. But there are 250 students in the College, surely they could make a whole-hearted effort for once.

Finally, we must agree with Mr. O'Brien, College sport IS dying. While playing fields are urgently needed, while improvements must be constantly sought, the real solution lies with the students. At present sport in this College would not be a success if the College possessed "the playing fields of Eton."

Sport will never succeed in this College until, not one in ten, but every student is prepared to co-operate to give of his or her best on the playing fields for the sake of their House, their College and themselves.

"SPORTS LOVERS."

Dear Sir,—I was wondering if any other student has considered a certain problem, or better still, has any other student not considered a certain problem concerning demonstrations—a problem which prompts the question, "Are demonstrations of any or much practical value to students?"

Every Wednesday and Thursday, bus loads of students, packed like sardines, travel to the Demonstration School where they observe the teaching techniques of some of the most experienced teachers in the State. In the classroom, some of the student-teachers sit and note the good points of the lesson (I might add here that there are seldom bad points in lessons by these selected teachers). But other students just "sit." They make no notes, and don't seem particularly interested in the lesson. The reason for their disinterestedness, I consider, is not because they don't realize that the lesson is a good one, but be-

cause they do realise that the problems encountered by a demonstration teacher would not be the problems they themselves, as young teachers, will inevitably encounter on, say, their first appointment.

My suggestion to remedy the futility of demonstrations as they are is that students from each section be nominated each week, to give the demonstrations themselves, while the remainder of the section observe, noting his or her failings or good points in the lesson. In this way, the faults of the student-teacher would be common to those other members of the section.

In this way, also, interesting discussions with constructive criticism by both lecturer and members of the section, could be held. This would be in direct contrast with the traditional "little chat" held with the teacher by the students, after the lessons, when, in most cases, the student who speaks or asks a question either wants to hear his or her own voice, or already knows the answer, and merely wishes to promote an unnecessary and irrelevant discussion.—Yours, etc.,

IAN MCINERNEY.

Dear Sir—I am delighted to see a subtle change which is being wrought in the demeanour of the feminine population of this establishment. At long last we shall see not only teachers but also ladies going from this College into our schools.

This development is long overdue. The women are now more suitably and decently clad than ever before. No doubt this improvement will become more marked as time goes by. In time we should be able to discern the evidences of that intangible thing known as good breeding. Perhaps in time the men will follow the good example of the opposite sex.

One more word of praise. I admire the women for the way in which they manage to achieve this effect on their meagre allowance.—Yours, etc.,

"FELIX BONAQUE."

Dear Sir,—I have several times heard you publicly condemn what you scornfully call student apathy. You have had the temerity—I might even say the rashness—to complain that you write half the paper yourself each week. Sir, is this just? Is it fair? What about the other half? You don't write that, do you? Then stop complaining. Further, sir, do you deny that in the last four issues of the paper you have received at least three unsolicited articles from students? All you have to do is receive 20 times this amount and you won't have to write any of the paper. Take my advice and look on the good side instead of the gloomy side.—Yours, etc.,

J. RUMMERY (Editor).

Dear Sir,—In 1947 the College Rugby League team won both the Blake Cup and the 10.7 competitions. The latter team boasted some very clever footballers, who were immediately ordered by Wagga officials to appear in their Group side or, failing to do this, had to stand down from all football that season. Those concerned did stand down from their sport and for two

reasons. The first that they wished to play only for College and the second that they would not be ordered by some outsider to play in a competition that they themselves could not choose.

Wagga at this time had two teams entered in the Group sport, but this arrangement proved a failure, so in the following season the town committee dropped one team and sponsored the College in this series.

It is an undisputed opinion that this team was better than any former College team. Its success in big League is really a credit to the skill and sportsmanship of the students. The fact that both the first thirteen and the reserves were runners-up in the competition proved the College's supremacy, considering it was the first season in big football.

It has been said that "football put Wagga College on the map," but now the game and its potentialities have been snatched from reach. Nothing upset the sportsmen so much than to discover when they returned from the Christmas vacation that their team had been withdrawn from the Group competition. These men were willing to surrender part of their holidays in hope of gaining glory for the team.

Rugby League has been the religion to those men; the only sport, the only desire. Look what has happened. Rugby Union was proposed for the principal winter sport, even though it resulted in a dismal failure in previous seasons. Union in the Wagga district could never be a success. The standard of play is amazingly weak and with only three teams competing in the series.

It is obvious that two codes of football would lessen the standard in both its components. Rugby Union was introduced merely for the sake of one game a year—Intercollegiate—and perhaps a trophy.

For a teacher to go into a community with representative honours in one sport to back him up would be a wonderful advantage. He could quite easily be selected as player-coach for a country town team, but now he has been robbed of the possibility of representing a district and gaining higher prestige as far as Rugby League is concerned unless he forgets his College and represents an outside team.—Yours, etc.

"SCRUM-HALF."

Dear Sir,—We think it high time that some action be taken in regard to those amateur beat-bar cowboys who insist on emitting ridiculous ditties every time they straddle the seat of one of Fearn's broncos. Not only are these abortive creations degrading and puerile, but are embarrassing to any lecturers present, as they seem to highlight all the eccentricities of the said.

The other passengers of the "Handbag and Glove" variety are also not considered, for they too are eccentric.

While the majority of students are not prepared to crusade for justice (or so-called justice) they are always willing to satirise them in song. Therefore, we suggest that lecturer and assembly be set to music; at least in this way that majority will participate.

"TWO BEETHOVENS."

Dear Sir,—The College is excellently endowed with studying facilities, and of this it is justly proud. Our study rooms are kept in a continual atmosphere of quietness and learning. We notice, however, that two or three lecture rooms are never opened for those who wish to do well in the exams. It is also noticeable that the men are the chief offenders in the habit of "clock-watching." Why? Because the majority find it a necessity to have "their smoke" as a form of relaxation and of concentration, but unfortunately this latter privilege is denied them.

Here is the happy medium—devote at least one study room for those who wish to smoke whilst studying. Ash trays would willingly be supplied, to be kept permanently, by those interested and perhaps as a guarantee that the lino would be kept clean and unutilated. If you are interested in this plan, please air your views for support is needed before results can be realised.

"PUFFING GENIUS."

Dear Sir,—I was under the impression that all meetings in this College were open for attendance by any student who chose to attend. I was disillusioned when I went to a religious meeting and I was asked by two students to leave.—Yours sincerely,

"FRUSTRATED."

OBSERVATIONS OF MR. BELVEDERE

"Smool!" Do you know a lass of that queer name? For romancing she'll be in the hall of fame. 'Cos' we met Brian, Who swore, "I ain't lyin', Her methods would put you mugs to shame."

On the Exchange we see a swop: Moira for Dawn. Was there any transfer fee in this contract of sale?

The Great Lover (Call Me Casanova") Hagan has a belle down town who simply swoons over this aesthetic creation (he couldn't possibly have been born). We gather from her passionate love letters (on display by request) that she is, as Jim the Lover states, in second year high school.

A matter of interest was shown by Mr. Belvedere on examination of the new gym. duty roster. Roger again drew the fatal straw. To you, Roger, Belvedere says, "Console yourself, lad, it's only one night per week."

Those lucky four who made the rating last exam. beware; the Chessman has made a promise to secure 93 points. Belvedere loves to see ambition, and when you secure them he will be the first to congratulate you, Chessman.

Mitch. will now progress past the recorder flute stage and his memory will be perpetuated by his name being featured in a new verse of one of our College ditties. Incidentally, his theme song now is "Baby, It's Hot Down There."

Belvedere spied some diplomacy being carried on by an emissary of Fogarty Jane and the King of the Drummers as to the possibility of the King escorting Fogarty home after the hop. However, the diplomatic relations were smartly broken off.

Hot Press

The Editor just tripped over the flame of the King of the Casanovas who has just drawn another King from the deck. Three guesses.. Yes, it's the King of the Drummers.

I suppose Pat and Fay must feel very proud strutting around with two fine, husky, strapping "Blue Orchids" (4ft. 3in. high and weight seven stone). Pat's theme song is "He's Spencer the Garbage Man," while Fay croons to herself, "He Wants to be a Pilot."

It seems that the lucky swain who has supplanted Mr. Robinson and/or Mr. D. Morgan is none other than "Clueless Col the Concerto Crasher," the pianist for the College orchestra. What we want to know is have we caught up yet?

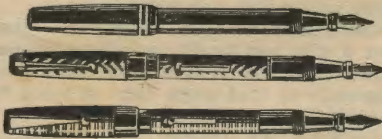
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### CRICKET—SATURDAY, 11th MARCH

#### COLLEVE 2nd XI v. BANKS XI

Despite an unavoidable delay in starting, the College 2nd team helped the Banks provide an outstanding afternoon's cricket. In just under three hours' batting, a total of 228 runs was scored for a loss of 14 wickets.

For the third time in three matches, College had first use of the wicket, and early fireworks were provided by Pat Dalton, whose 38 included three huge "sixers." Pat Limon also batted well for 27 not out, and College was able to close with the score at seven for 134.

Brims and Dalton opened the College attack, but trundled in vain until the former unexpectedly brought one in from the off and removed the middle stump. A second-wicket stand of 90 was broken by L. Spargo, who had Logan (Banks) caught by the keeper. With the advent of Pat Limon to the bowling crease, Banks lost two more wickets, but by now had passed College's score. McColl then introduced College's "secret weapon," Don Hatch, who to the amazement of the whole College team secured the next three wickets in his only over.

#### Results:—

Banks XI, 7-154 (D. Hatch 3-10, P. Limon 2-8) def. College, 7-134 (P. Limon 27 n.o., K. Tye 26).

#### SUNDAY, 12th MARCH

In the Sunday afternoon Cricket Association competition College III met and defeated Turvey Park by six wickets. As no "Talkabout" representative was present at the game, the only report we have of the match is by word-of-mouth. The only incident worthy of mention besides Bob Fitzgibbon's fine all-round display, was "Shorty" Lee's catch at silly-point.

Scores: Teachers College 167 (R. Fitzgibbons 58, L. Davey 33, J. Lane 21) and 4-82 (L. Davey 33 n.o., L. Spargo 25 n.o.) defeated Turvey Park 105 (R. Fitzgibbon 5-43) and 138 (R. Fitzgibbon 3-41, D. Handsaker 2-21) out-right.

#### WOMEN'S SPORT

With the approach of yet another season of winter sport, team selectors and coaches begin to recapitulate on the previous season's form and try to imagine just who will be in the "Firsts." After much investigation and research, we have compiled a list of those First Year girls who will be expected to comprise the basis of both the basketball

and hockey teams when the new academic year begins. With excellent records made in district competitions last season, they will be expected to give of their best and attempt to emulate the feats of 1949.

In the basketball sphere, Moira Bottrell, Pat Kiley and Nancy Rhodes should be ably supported by Shirley Cooke, Effy Davidson, Nola McKay and Marg-Pollard. We have been told that this combination could hold its own in any competition, so we'll be looking forward to the retaining of the District Cup which Olga Taylor's team won last year.

On the hockey field, the outstanding player is June Mathieson, who will be a great asset to the team, not only for her playing ability, but also for her experience in the game, whereby she can pass on to the others some ideas on the finer subtleties of hockey. Alongside her we shall probably see Moira Brien, Bernice Press, Shirl Poole, Audrey Boyton, Ruth Hutson and Jill Barry, among others.

Well, all the best, girls. Even if we can't get along to see your matches, at least we'll be barracking for you. We are quite sure you will be near the top of the comp. throughout the season, and finally to show the Sydney T.C. girls how to play the game properly.

### ORCHIDS AND ONIONS

ORCHIDS to those fair damsels who provided the music for the current First Year folk dancing lessons. It must be a blow to have to miss this diversion from normal phys. ed. routine.

ONIONS to the miserable character who removed the handle-bar grips from the gent's bike while it was in the gym. over the holidays. It looks as if we'll have to lock our wallets and clothes up if this sort of thing keeps up.

ORCHIDS to Lew Crabtree for the capable and extremely humorous way in which he reintroduced our former lecturers at the dance. This is the way in which student-lecturer relations are firmly cemented.

ONIONS to those morons who used Mr. Rowe's bike for their little excursions. Here's hoping the new lock affixed prevents that despicable few from continuing this habit.

ORCHIDS to the Chessman from Hut 9 who has kindly provided a chess-board plus his rudimentary steps and approach to that game that is loved by the intellectual few.

ONIONS to Popeye for making a world chump out of Boo Boo.

ORCHIDS to Lavender Blue for his new style of double-barrelled, pocket-buttoned sports coat. We particularly admire the overslung cut.

ONIONS to the gentleman who thought of this column, for it keeps the Editorial staff from concentrating on some more serious articles.

### WHAT DO THEY DO.

Perhaps you know that there is an S.C.M. group within our College. Or perhaps you don't. This movement welcomes everyone who wishes to come

along. In this case, why not come along and see for yourself what we do.

On 8th March the new officers were elected. Already we are drawing up a programme not only on the serious side of our activities, but also on the social side.

The study group is to be continued each Wednesday afternoon at 5.10. The study is unbiased and everyone present is free to discuss the passages from the Bible which are set for discussion. Each morning, except Sunday, there is a brief prayer meeting to give strength for the day. This is held at 7.45, and so far quite a few of the regular members have found no trouble in tearing themselves from their slumbers at an earlier hour.

To bring us together in a more social atmosphere there may be a picnic some time this term. We intend to make it a really good time for all.

Tentative plans are also being made for a dance and social to be held quite soon after the yearly exams. We can foretell a wonderful evening where everyone will be welcome and some good new ideas (secret, of course) will be used. The organising committee is quite enthusiastic, so if you should see S.C.M.'ers with their heads together you'll know what's on. If you really want to know the details, I'll see you on Wednesday afternoon. Will I?

E.

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