



# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 3, No. 38.

JUNE 6, 1949

PRICE: ONE PENNY

## FRESHERS SETTLING IN . . .

The new session of First Years have entered Wagga College. Possibly much is still new and strange to them, but soon they will be settled in.

First Years, the two years that lie before you will be different from any period in your previous lives.

This College has much to offer you but nothing to give. Every opportunity is here. It is up to you whether you participate or not.

It is very difficult for one person to write an introduction to a group of individuals on anything so complex as College life. It is even probable that a person in my position does not even possess the right to try.

It has already been stated that life in College is a complex thing. It would be absolutely impossible for any particular person to take part in all the activities that make up this life. But there is not one person in the College who can claim that there is no aspect of College life compatible with his particular interests.

To fully appreciate this College it is essential that the student should participate to his capacity.

It is the wish of the editorial staff that as many First Years as possible choose the College paper and the Writers' Group as the objects of their activities, but of course those concerned with other College activities are equally desirous of attracting the First Years to their own particular groups.

Probably the safest course for the freshers would be to be cautious, look around, decide which group had the most to offer, then join the Writers' Group.

All First Years interested are asked to drop into the "Talkabout" Office, at their own convenience, where they will be immediately set to work.

It might be thought that the writer shows some bias in campaigning freshers in the leading article, but I assure you this is not so. Every club secretary

had the opportunity of having his case presented in print, yet of about 16 clubs I have to date only three reports. That is one reason for the late distribution of this issue.

It may be wondered just what type of student joins the Writers' Group. Read on and wonder no more.

If you are well above the average intelligence, ready for two years' solid work, keen to develop your powers of written and oral expression and possess qualities of initiation and leadership, then your application for entry into the group will be considered.

If you do not possess all or most of the forementioned traits of character, you will probably do better to enter one of the other clubs which cater for mere mortals.

We claim as patrons Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Holland and Mr. Millar, whom you have already encountered in lectures, but who are really quite likeable at our functions.

I can assure you that the very best type of College student is to be found in our group. Of course there are some decent chaps not in our group, but most of these will come in when we have a little more room.

The group is responsible for the production of this paper and a literary journal produced annually.

Come on First Years, don't hang back, join some College organisation. Remember the academic side of the College is only part of your training.

—J.M.

### Editorial

THIS is the first issue of this paper to appear since the arrival of the new first years.

We, the Editorial staff, apologise for late appearance of this issue. It was planned to appear on the day the College opened, but due to laziness, apathy and faulty calculation on the part of the majority concerned, printing was delayed.

I had previously written an inspiring editorial to introduce you to the joys of College life, but by the time this is read you will know for yourselves, so I will get straight down to business.

"Talkabout" is, allegedly, a publication of College students, that is, it is written by the students for the students. In practice, however, it is written by only a few who find it impossible to do justice to the many and varied activities in this establishment.

We appeal to all first years who secured a pass in English at the Leaving Certificate, and those who feel they could have gained a pass with a little extra effort, to take some part in the publication of this paper.

We, the Editorial staff, regard "Talkabout" as something belonging to all as something that should be shared.

Do not think that none of the second years' support their paper. Some students have never let it down. Joe Pestell is, I think, the best example. There was another chap, too, but I forget his name.

If you consider the position for a moment you will realise that although we ask you to give we offer more in return. You are here to become teachers. You will, in a very short time, be instructing children in the ways of democracy. The press is an essential element in a democratic community.

We operate in a very small way, but the basic principles are the same. In your two years at College we ask you generally to develop an attitude to democracy, and we ask you specifically to develop an attitude to the press—the voice of democracy.

JOHN MITCHELL.



## A Welcome From the Principal

Once more the College prepares to receive a new session of students. The Third Session now comes to fill the places of our pioneers, who, I am sure, are now settling down to earnest endeavour as members of the teaching profession.

The new students will find that they have come to live for the next two years in a settled community. They will find the members of this community not only about the same age as themselves, but also with interests, desires, hopes and ideals much the same. They will find their second year colleagues already adjusted to College life, already familiar with the special courses that form an important part of their professional preparation, already participating in the many and varied activities of a residential establishment.

They will soon realise that the best way to get the fullest enjoyment and the fullest benefit from their stay here is to make the greatest possible personal contribution to College life. They will soon realise that the success of a College largely depends on the effort, on the attitude, on the enthusiasm of its students; that the happiness and satisfaction of each student will be determined by his own attempts to excel, while at the same time co-operating in every way possible with his fellows for the good of the College as a whole. The 1947 session laid the foundations of a Wagga Teachers' College tradition; the 1948 session is giving more and more to our corporate life; I look with confidence to the contribution of the students of 1949.

A warm and cordial welcome to you all!

G. L. BLAKEMORE,  
Principal.

## A Message From the Students' Council

A hearty welcome is extended to the incoming first year session by the S.R.C. on behalf of the second year session.

You have the privilege of entering the only completely residential co-educational College in the State.

High School days are gone—now you are entering a new field of academic training. Tertiary education will prove to be more interesting and wider in scope than anything in education which you have met before.

The social and sporting activities in our College are a major part in our scheme for complete living. Freshers, take every opportunity given you to take full advantage of these activities. We want to see you joining in sports teams and College clubs, playing hard and working hard side by side with the second years as soon as possible. We want you to feel, immediately, that you belong here and are as much a part of the College as any other student here.

At first it will be new and strange to you, but if any doubt on any point concerning College procedure you will find that each and every second year student is more than willing to help you overcome difficulties.

Soon you will be holding positions on the S.R.C. and various clubs and societies, enabling you to better understand the democratic administration of your College.

Join in first years in all possible aspects of College life and we know that your two years at Wagga T.C. will be rich and colourful in furthering your educational and social experience. Your outlook will be broadened from that of a High School pupil as it is now to that of an intellectual leader in the community. In other words, you are here to "grow up." It's up to you to make a success of it.

Above all, we want you to experience fully the feeling of warmth, helpfulness and friendship in our welcome to you.

JACK CLARK, President.

IRENE KIND, Secretary.

## A Freshers' Impressions

No doubt most freshers will agree that one does a great deal of conjecturing when one knows he is heading for a Teachers' College. May I be so radical as to suggest that the very name "Teachers' College" does not, in itself, conjure up such a delightful prospect. It may be the appendage "College," or then again it may be the prefix, "Teachers'"—being fresh from High School we have many and varied ideas and opinions about the modern pedagogue. Be all that as it may, I will admit that as I stood on Strathfield station my feelings were far from cheerful. Those things I knew and loved were to be exchanged for the new, and the new is always an uncertain quantity. "The very rain poured forth its sad and sodden sympathy" (with apologies to Gilbert) as I boarded the train and headed into a new adventure. My first introduction to the personnel of the College was my meeting of three young belles who were busy knitting what to my untutored eye looked suspiciously like men's pullovers. We had hardly begun the journey before a number of female faces were thrust into the compartment loudly inquiring as to the whereabouts of "freshers," intimating that this species of humanity was something very rare and bizarre, to be viewed with curiosity and studied intently (all of which they did to me when I plucked up courage to admit in a trembling tone that I was indeed of that unfortunate fraternity). Naturally under these disturbing conditions I withdrew into my shell, even refusing a piece of chocolate when offered by one of aforesaid belles. Along with others in the same boat as myself, I was ushered on arrival to the dormitories, and here I must admit I received my first pleasant surprise. The cleanliness and general comfort of these rooms helped to dispel some little of the nostalgic feelings within me. We were all

in the same boat, considerably in awe of the second year students, and wondering what dark and dreadful deeds they intended consummating on the initiated. (Some of us found out sooner than others. May I here offer a word of congratulation to the second year women who, I consider, displayed an initiative and foresight that surprised me, and no doubt surprised and dismayed our first year sisters. If one were tempted to take liberties with Hazlitt, no doubt the following lines would appear appropriate: "Woman, thou art a strange creature, and thy ways fast finding out." Lest any of you should think that I have lapsed into a state of profound melancholia, may I hasten to assure you that in the first few days of College routine the sincerity and spontaneity of the welcome accorded us quickly dispelled the feeling of shyness and strangeness. After the principal's first address we all began to feel that we were really "studes" already. The obvious friendliness and general esprit de corps of the whole College, both students and staff, assures us all we are in for a really, and no doubt, like the pioneers (about whom vague references have been made) we will be sorry to bid adieu to the "good old College days." In time even such awesome features as "prac" and "exams" will be surrounded by the very impetus of the enthusiasm, which though nascent, is rapidly developing into a real driving force which augurs well for the future of first year, 1949.

—J.R.

Never before in the history of human emotions have so many been displayed to so few for so long.

## The Current Affairs Club

A meeting of the above club was held on Tuesday, May 17, at 1.30 p.m. in Room 4, under the patronage of Miss Barnes and Mr. Young.

Mr. Giddings was elected as president, Mr. Phillips as secretary, and Miss Betty Barnes and Mr. Sumsky as publicity officers.

The aim of the club is to discuss and formulate opinions on matters of political, social and economic interest.

It was decided to enrol with the Australian Broadcasting Commission as a listening group for their broadcasts of discussions by guest speakers on matters political, social and economic.

A cordial welcome is extended to all students, particularly incoming First Years, who will be called upon shortly to nominate a club to which they desire to belong.

So come along and air your views.

L. GIDDINGS, President.

B. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

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



## A Guide For Freshers

We feel we would be failing in our duty towards the poor, defenceless, uninitiated first year student, thrown upon his own resources in the hurly-burly of College life, if we did not pass on a few of the fundamental rules for prospering or even surviving in this unique institution of education a' la tertiary level.

Here, then, are the main points which we have learned through a year's experience:—

Firstly, a word to the smokers among you. Keep well away from Newman. Despite vigorous support from Uncle Jack and nephew John, a motion before the S.R.C. which aimed at making friend Donald wear a sign reading, "Smokers Beware—this is Newman," was defeated, due mainly to a preponderance of non-smokers on the council. He's easily recognised, however. He is good looking, plays excellent tennis and football, and—but he'll tell you all that.

For the smokers again: There are two distinct groups in the College, those who borrow cigarettes, and the non-smokers.

Now, something of the utmost importance to everyone. If you wish to make yourself intelligible to a second year, or understand what he says, you must become familiar with the language of the College. This dialect is spoken nowhere else in the world. We will give you a few phrases and their meanings. It will be your own responsibility to enlarge your vocabulary as the year goes on. Here, then, is our contribution:

"Fails to impress." This is comparatively simple. However, it has a shade of meaning here that we believe is duplicated in no other part of the globe. You will become familiar with it only by listening to it in its proper context. "Fails most miserably to impress" is a more extreme version of "fails to impress." It is used mainly by the malcontents of the College.

"Clueless" or "unclued" means having no idea. Futureless, of course, means having no future. It follows then, that "Clutureless" means having neither an idea or a future.

"Smokise," "weedise," "herbalise," followed by the word me means faglike me. Oops, sorry. I mean, "Give me a smoke." This is usually followed by a request to become lightised. Check?

It must be clearly understood that everyone is, at some time or another,

known as "features." Beyond saying that this is generally not at all complimentary, I can give no accurate translation. It is sometimes prefaced by the words "horror," "terror," "Smith," "Brown," etc.

You must understand right from go that it is quite in order to use "ise" as a suffix on any word. Out of this we get "Cardise," "Dancising?" "Moneyise," etc.

Well I'm afraid that that is all we have space for. However, if you find you do not know the meaning of any word, present yourself at "Talkabout" office and we will put you in touch with the most consistent exponent of that particular word.

Now for a very important but unwritten law of the College. Unless you want to be blackballed, snubbed, ignored by your friends and forced to sit in the front row in all lectures, you MUST buy at least three copies of "Talkabout" each week. There have been few transgressors of this rule. However, in a few isolated cases offenders have found themselves facing a long week-end with no cigarettes and no money. This, let me assure you, is a terrible punishment.

Men students, beware of the gentleman who leaves notes and threatens to "take steps." No one really knows who he is, but Mr. Ashworth is hot on his trail. You are advised to take all such notes along to Mr. Ashworth in the hope that they will provide him with a few clues. Check?

Women students: A similar insidious practice is rife in the women's dormitories. We believe that in your case you take the notes along to Miss Wylie. In each case the notes have accused the receiver, falsely of course, of having a disgraceful, unclean, untidy and uncivilised room. In short, one in which no Christian should live.

We could tell you about lectures and lecturers. However, it will suffice to say that we have both. Until you become clued it is best to agree with everything said. Later you will find that some lecturers expect you to question their opinions. In this case the opinion is fully discussed before you accept it. Check?

Now, some important information for all. You will probably want to make a few small purchases at the canteen in the course of your College career. Now, how to get there. Proceed past the Admin. block and turn right. Take the next corner on the left and continue

along the covered way. You will find a large gap in the fence, so shoot through it. There, lo and behold, is the canteen. Check?

Probably this warning will come too late, but believe about half of what you hear from a second year and act upon less. Few second years can be trusted, but you can always depend on being told the truth by the staff of "Talkabout." Their reputation for veracity is legend and you can be sure that anything they say is the truth, the whole truth, etc. Call round any time and bring a pen with you to er . . . copy down the information you require.

## Library Club

The Library Club is open to all members of the student body, and a student may be admitted to the club even though he may belong to another academic club. Meetings of the club are held each club period.

Briefly, the aim of the club is to give practical guidance for school library activities in the lower grades. The most effective method of activity has found to be by the use of projects and, during its first year, the club displayed posters in the library and in Hunters' store to celebrate Centenary Week. The first session of students wrote a short play about Library Rules, which we hope to produce shortly.

In the coming year, second year members are going to use the Bulletin Board in the Children's Library Room to display posters depicting such topics as books relating to lands, animals, etc., periodicals, special days such as arbor day; and "Stick Men" to illustrate library rules.

First year members are going to build up their own picture files—which will prove an invaluable asset during practice teaching.

Miss Webb, College Librarian, is our general supervisor, and from time to time brings our notice to articles of particular interest and use in the Education Gazette, etc., and arranges for films on library material to be shown.

We all enjoy ourselves in the Library Club, and we extend a cordial invitation to all first year students to join—for pleasure and for the benefit which is to be gained.

D. COLLINS, Sec.

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## A Kindly Message From the Men's Wardens to New Students

The Concise Oxford Dictionary could easily mislead you if you looked thoughtlessly at its definition of the term "Warden." It begins by saying "watchman," "sentinel," and then modifies this information by telling you that it is an archaic usage. Do not imagine that this means a warden is something deceased or discarded. The term is retained in our language for special purposes, and in this College you have such an example. It is wise also not to confuse this word with another word "warden" which is the name of a cooking pear which keeps very well. And discriminating fresher in this College should realise he has stumbled badly if he makes this mistake. We point out that the word "warden" should not be confused with the word "warder," which is of significance in gaols only. We draw your attention to the historic Wardens of the Cinque Ports of whom most people have heard but know little. You can, however, take it for granted that these modern wardens whom you have met in the last few days are their quite worthy successors.

There are some general points about wardens which you should bear in mind. We shall begin with the worst aspects, leaving the nobler ones till last, so that you may feel reasonably charmed when you have finished reading this article.

There is no fury like a roused warden. This applies to both daytime and nighttime, but particularly to the hours following 10.30 p.m. No eager thirst for new experiences should ever tempt the fresher to investigate these possibilities.

The term "matting" needs some explanation. It is not used by wardens to refer to floor covering, but to a peculiar experience that comes only to sinners when they find truly how hard the world is and how frequently the apparently innocent are trampled in the dust.

Wardens are curiously omniscient. Many things they keep in their minds for months, pondering over them and sincerely regretting them in their great heartedness. Then on a fit occasion they pour forth with remarkable ease a long record of misdemeanours to some astonished student. Do not ever feel certain that they have gone to bed, or are out, or are deep in childlike slumber.

They try sincerely to be the sentinels of your lives; without knowing it you fill a tremendous part of their time and consideration. They do try to save you from errors of all kinds, and certainly never deserve your unwitting censure or resentment.

We said we would keep the nobler aspects till last. Reviewing what we have written we find an omission. Do not be excessively perturbed by the term "Bashing." No smashing in or down occurs, and people "bashed" by wardens appear afterwards as physically unchanged; they are just sadder and wiser men.

## Who Matter and Why

(A Guide to Freshers)

**JACK CLARK**—President of Students' Council, Protector of Student Welfare in Wagga and Griffith, Key man in the cave.

**JIM BUTLER**—President of Lininsky Society (Southern Area), Sub-editor of "Talkabout," Author of controversial thesis, "The Shatovchrovitch Problem."

**JOHN MITCHELL**—Vice-president of Lininsky Society (Southern Area), Editor of "Talkabout," President of Chidzey Benefit Society, Prominent at football, cricket, baseball and College Yo-Yo champion (under 11 stone).

**BARBARA SPENCE**—"Talkabout" Rouseabout, President of society for abolition of sport in W.W.T.C., some imagination otherwise unclueled.

**DON NEWMAN**—Man who does most to prevent college students from getting smoker's cough.

**BRUCE ROBINSON**—Man about town.

**JOE PESTELL**—College Padre (already met by some freshers).

**BARRY JACKSON**—Outstanding College tennis player (rumored to be engaged to Eileen Ryan).

**MISS MARGOT WILSON**—Leading student in activity methods, Secretary to Manhaters' Club, Provider of fodder for Dr. Watson.

**JOHN RUMMERY**—Dave's brother (need we say more).

**KEITH DUNN**—"The Killer," rooms with a parrot and a gorilla, "The Black Cat."

**BOB HENDERSON**—Organiser for refurbishing common rooms.

**COL SWAN**—Purveyor of high-class terror features, keeps Don Gunter's iron lung in running order.

**KEN CARLSON**—Captain of First Thirteen.

**BOB COLLARD**—Feeds white mice in Bio-Lab., also other important duties.

**MR. WILLIAM HIGGINS**—Traveller.

## Notice to Subscribers

The editorial staff regret the delay in posting the last issue, and assure you that in the future your papers will be posted on the day of printing.

Should you desire any more copies of the souvenir issue, just send stamps to cover postage.

The majority of pioneers have not yet subscribed, so should you be in contact with any of them please mention the fact.

Best wishes on your appointments.

### "TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

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

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speiler.

Business Manager: Don Wyeburd.

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## Songs to Remember

For the benefit of those among you who do not know the words of the College Anthem and "Gaudeamus"—just let your eyes slide down the column and there they are.

The College Anthem, which expresses perfectly the spirit and ideals of the College, was written by Miss Moore. The music is by Mr. Pople. It is sung before every assembly and on most festive occasions. Obviously, knowing the words is an advantage.

"Gaudeamus," which is sung at the conclusion of the ceremony, is a students' song the world over.

We also give you the words of a few verses of "Auld Lang Syne." Although this song is sung at the conclusion of most social gatherings, it is surprising the number of people who do not know the words. Learn them and be the life of the party.

### COLLEGE ANTHEM

College of the Riverina,  
We thy students sing thy fame,  
Lifting hearts in exultation,  
Pay our tribute to thy name.  
Straining limbs to win with honour,  
Spurring minds to catch the gleam,  
We have found in each endeavour  
Joy and fellowship supreme.

By the Tweed, belond the Darling,  
Wheresoe'er our schools may be,  
Memory oft will tread the journey,  
Wagga College, back to thee.  
We shall live once more our triumphs,  
See anew the vision grand  
And refreshed, return with vigour,  
Valliant to possess the land.

### "GAUDEAMUS"

Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus:  
Post jucundam juventutem, post mole-  
stam senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus, nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos in mundo fuere?  
Vadite ad superos, transite ad inferos,  
Ubi jam fuere, ubi jam fuere.

Vivat Academia, vivat Professores,  
Vivat membrum quodlibet, vivant mebra  
quaelibet,  
Semper sint in flore, semper sint in  
flore.

### "AULD LANG SYNE"

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!

## "Take a Stick of Chew- ing Gum and Sit Upon the Floor"

If it is morally admissible to hark back to the scene of one's early disappointments and perplexities, then fortunately this article will be justified at the outset and I, happily, will be able to toss overboard the twin demons of grammatical construction and readable style, and to sail on under a taunt jury-mast of farce and nonsense.

On looking back I was surprised to find that there had been a time when I considered myself innocent of the wickedness of this life, and with a character as unsullied as a spring cowslip. This, on further reflection, I decided lasted for two weeks after I had come to College. This was a creditable performance because I was shy and I was quiet, and the vultures overlooked me for some of the more demonstrable and easier prey. Alack! They soon found me out.

Now, I am at heart a happy philanthropist, and from the goodness of my heart I shall address you, the new first years, the as yet.

"Dwellers in the land of dim perpetual," on a number of personodities, vulture and lamb alike, and to present them with the sunny side of their virtue uppermost, but yet with a few companion vices thrown in. Moving in the upper stratum of society first, we have

**The Stepladder Man:** This is a gentleman of the lecturing staff. You will know him, oh, Innocents, by his benign countenance, his olive and Latin complexion and character, and "By his works shall ye also know him," for he is one of the men's wardens. He lectures in English in a desultory fashion but in impeccable gown, but this you will soon know to your cost. He will harangue you about a mythical "background" which you may or may not possess, and upon which he will discourse with bitter invective and with occasional crocodile tears. Nevertheless he is great fun, and has a great supply of—

"Have you heard this one—One day Oscar —." Imagination may supply the rest. But a word of warning. This chimera has a number of vices. Double adaptors, crumbs, and nests in boot-boxes and dust under the bed he hates as a honey bee hates flowered wallpaper, and he will persecute you with the zeal of a Grand Inquisitor if they happen to be one of your fallings.

He is an inveterate essayist, and like Swift, is skilful in flinging the barbed arrows of satire. You will soon become accustomed to this form of greeting and his bons mots have become legend.

**The Man in Grey:** Another member of the struggling group of Bohemian writers to which our first acquaintance belongs is a gentle faced man of respectable demeanor and clergyman-like fallings who receives telegrams only if they have his full name appended. We sympathise and offer condolence). He has the essay writing bug, but his in-

tervention is on a much more militant level than that of the first gentleman. We think it is because they are on different sides of the Shavian tight rope, and this militarism has led him to be knighted as "The Black Baron" or "The Duke of Malfi," and which led to some eccentric behaviour, the most noticeable feature of which was the attraction for him of certain spoons, of base metal indeed, but bearing certain cryptic inscriptions which no doubt gave them a personal significance.

In art and literature he tends to the Conservative, and refers to countenance modern absurdities of either branch of culture. This lode-star would seem to be somewhere between Milton and Big Sister, but we incline towards the earlier consideration because of his melancholy cast of face. He can be observed on the east ramparts in wig and ruff, chanting to a somewhat airy stabling enclosure for old automobiles (known as Ashworth's Folly or "Will-you-give-us-a-and")

"Hence loathed melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight  
born, in Stygian cave forlorn  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and  
sights unholy!

And it is understood that this bears a striking tonal resemblance to certain incidents in the construction of the stabling place.

This gentleman is also Clerk of the Course in the Assignments Steeplechase.

To complete the unpromising spectacle we have a third portrait to present to you. In many ways he is closely like his two undistinguished forbears. His face and hands are much the same, and in social manners and the graces he is equally with them. His dress is ordinary except for a certain colour-blindness which, though its effect is somewhat startling on the beholder, can be offset by a tolerance for youth and the liberal use of dark glasses. It is thought that his eyelids work on a roller-blind principle, and apart from this his only eccentricities seem to be a great liking for both puns and brightly coloured plastic braces.

At the moment this gentleman is engaged in the bitter controversy of music, with a key, or without a key, that is, the famous "Twelve Tone Controversy." He is maintaining a furious rate of correspondence with both Strausky and Shoenburg, who both agree that this "young conductor has some interesting ideas." His taste in music, though, is somewhat vulgar and will not go further than Elizabethan madrigals or banned settings of English folk-tunes. He has a profound passion for an unhappy instrument, somewhat of a cross between a baby-chair leg and a liquorice stick in shape; and in noise of a very unpredictable disposition. From his own pen we have this charming lyric:—

"Blest pair of sirens, pledges of break-  
fast joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, re-  
corders and you,  
Wed your divine sounds; and with such  
discord employ  
Dead things and Jackson with sense  
able to pece,  
And on our dais this phantasy present,  
Thy undisturbed song of pure concent,



Aye! Sing it before the sapphire-coloured throne,  
To HIM that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout and solemn glassy eye;  
Where the bright chair in burning row  
Their loud uplifted angel-voices flow,  
And the cherubic host in heroic mood  
Touch their immortal plates of golden food,  
With those just spirits that wear the teacher's gown,  
Hymns devout and holy moan,  
Singing everlastingly.  
This is entitled "To Music."  
After that I think I should leave.

## The Shape of Things to Come

Thus spake Nostradamus, the Sage:  
"And in the Third Session there will follow a great plague and the hair of many will change like the skin of the chameleon, and it shall come before the rising of the sun when there are many strangers and many lost sheep."

Read, mark, learn; you callow interlopers on our bright campus. Know you the despair of fear? You will. In the night when all is still to awaken and feel your stomach somersault in an excellent unthinking ecstasy of fear, and feel it stopped because for some reason your pyjamas are hot with a sweat that was not there before and they are enmeshing you in strangling folds. Have you ever seen a door-knob turn with no one's hand on the knob, or seen the chalky white fingers of a tree tap lovingly on your window and seen its shapely shadow fly across the opposite wall. All these are fears of the night and of the maiden aunt.

But, think you. What if the door should open by an unseen hand? Or the tapping on the panes unloose the window catch. When phantasy becomes reality—what then? When the torch of the mind is extinguished by the cold bucketings of fear the body does not act or move, but has to wait its ultimate fate.

The night of horrors has passed. What now might we see? Oh! splendours of the sun. Here they come in rich and varied array. In crimson and in blue, in gold and green, and trembling half-tones and dandy-grey russet. They are like the monks in Trovatore, only these carry their torches on their heads—a symbol forever of their mental status—imitators but never vying in the glory of greater suns.

But then, oh! irony of ironies. Why do you mock us? Where there should be many there are only a few. The spectacle of the moment has dimmed our eyes and we do not see the danger. For, from their barracks have slowly filed out the Amazons of our Happy alley. The balance of power between boy and girl, always so delicate, has been shattered into unholy disequilibrium and these fierce Valkyries of women are even now greedily surveying the field and massing for the onslaught. For a moment the pitiful small

band of males hang undecided. The sun is blotted out and their hair no longer shines. The frightened man cry goes up and suddenly, like a chimney being demolished with dynamite, they break and fly. Away, away! The river is an obstacle and not a haven. The blonde sharpshooters are already picking off the stragglers and the carnage is great.

At the bridge all is confusion and hate. Man against man, and the water forever hungry. A small red car and a light blue one are caught in the middle of the bridge amongst the river of men. They contain some high chiefs of staff. One is entreating; the other threatens. Hear what they say in next week's gripping instalment, "The Bridge of Sighs."

## A Visit to the Local Printing Office

At 4 p.m. on the last Monday of last term Library Club members gathered in Trail Street and, chaperoned by Miss Webb and Miss Waugh, advanced as a small but eager body upon the offices of "The Daily Advertiser."

We were introduced to Mr. F. Chambers, and he introduced us to the process of newspaper printing by explaining the method used in building printing tablets, etc., leading to the construction of a column and thence to a page. Then we were shown, in actual operation, the printing and proof-reading of "Talk-about"—Souvenir issue. We were intrigued to see the complete issue set out in tablets, and some students were noticed spending much time in an attempt to interpret the Watson column.

Mr. Chambers took us then to see the printing of official papers and documents, and we saw these papers being prepared to be bound into book form. A little distance away large heaps of paper were being sliced into various sizes by the guillotine.

Next we were taken to the actual printing office where there were several typewriters to type the articles in lead. The operator described the process of the smelting down of these lead ingots for later use. We saw some huge rolls of hammered lead which were full advertising columns—the one we noticed was an advertisement about Mother's Day.

Time, or rather the lack thereof, forced our visit to a close within the hour and, as we left the offices, we all agreed that we had spent a very interesting and worthwhile time.

—D.C.

## The Visual-Education Club

All those students wishing to join a club whose activities are both interesting and of a practical value, are invited to join the Viz-Ed. Club. This club is under the guidance of Mr. Renwick and meets in Room 1 each week during club's period.

The following summary will acquaint you with some of the opportunities which our club has to offer its members.

The club has been divided into three main branches:—

- 1—The Projection Section.
- 2—The Photographic Section.
- 3—The Duplicating or Reproducing Section.

In regard to the first mentioned, the Projection Section, the club is lucky enough to have four movie projectors, two strip film projectors, and two epidiscopes—all of which equipment is available for the training of mechanics, who will be able to operate and service a machine.

Photography is a hobby in which few gain a chance to experiment simply because of lack of expensive equipment. In the Viz-Ed. Club thanks to generous grants from the S.R.C. and the Department of Education, a dark room for the use of the students has been built and equipped. At the moment an enlarged is being installed and later in the year students will be able to make their own film strips. Thus a finer knowledge of photography will be obtained and put to practical use by those in this section.

Finally we have a section concerned with duplicating. Our club has recently bought a new duplicator which will be available for use by all members of the Viz-Ed. Club. Once students learn how to cut a stencil and use a duplicator they, as a group, will decide on certain activities. They will be able to duplicate advertisements and programmes for various College functions and make teaching aids for practice teaching which can be sold to the rest of the student body. Thus, whether your interest lies in projector work, photography or duplicating, join the Visual-Education Club. Meeting in Room 1 in the club's period.

W. W. GRANT, Acting Secretary.

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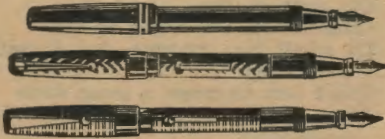
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## Football

### COLLEGE TOSS TUMBARUMBA

**COLLEGE v TUMBARUMBA:** For the first time in three series of matches we did not witness a double success. The second grade side, weakened by the absence of many players who had gone home for the vacation, were defeated by 7 points to nil. The conditions were most unfavourable, and by the time the first grade game was due to start the ground in parts was inches under water and a dense fog hung low over the town.

The first grade side took the field with four of the regular team out, including captain John Biscaya. Our thanks are due to Kev Lyons and Gerry Oullen, ex-students, who answered a call of emergency and turned out to lend the College invaluable assistance. Both were outstanding. The game was won by College by 2-0, resulting from a goal kicked by Fred Stanwell. Right throughout the second half the College defended stubbornly within its own half and were seldom in an attacking position. However, the strength, in defence, of the forwards was revealed, and under the capable leadership of Barry Jackson, who himself played a magnificent game, they turned on a splendid performance, fully justifying the high opinion already being formed of them.

### COLLEGE'S CLOSE CALL

At Wagga Cricket Ground a large crowd witnessed some particularly fine football. The matches played were between Teachers' College and Tarcutta.

The first match was Teachers' College Reserves v Tarcutta Reserves. This match provided the spectators with a really brilliant display of good attacking football.

The game was open and very fast, and within a few minutes College scored a try. This was converted by Newman, and soon a succession of tries resulted until half-time scores were 23-2 in favour of College.

In the second half the pressure was kept up. Gamble, Ryan and Walsh were playing good, open football. Ryan, captain and five-eighth, was the spearhead of all attacking movements. On several occasions he cut through the opposition, straightened up and sent his backs on their way. The forwards, particularly Cant, Bowman and Dunkley, were playing solid football. They were always trying to get the ball back to their backs and succeeded in doing this by quick passing and backing up. The final scores were 37-2 in favour of College. Nine tries and five goals were scored. Scorers were: Walsh four tries, Crittendon, Ryan, Fuhamann, Harvey and Cant one try each; Newman five goals.

Teachers' College Firsts then played Tarcutta in the "match of the day." In the second half College were seen at their best.

The game started at a fair pace, with Teachers' College pressing down into Tarcutta's territory. A scrum was ordered about 30 yards out from the line. College won the scrum and the ball was quickly passed from Lewin to Sumsky,

to Waterson and to Biscaya, who beat one man and outpaced the opposition to the line. Stanwell failed to convert. College 3, Tarcutta 0.

Realising the pace of the College back division, Tarcutta then started spoiling tactics. They stood up on the home team and completely smothered up Sumsky. College were now being severely penalised in the set scrums, and it was from a penalty that Tarcutta opened their account. College 3, Tarcutta 2.

Tarcutta now began to press into College territory and soon scored a try. This then made the score: Tarcutta 5, College 3.

College now began to play slightly better and the ball was thrown about more in the back division. From a play-the-ball the ball was thrown out along the back line to Waterson, who straightened up and dived over for a good try. College 6, Tarcutta 5.

However, College were still being penalised in set scrums, and it was from these that Tarcutta gained ground until they were well into College territory. From a penalty Tarcutta goaled and the half-time score was: Tarcutta 7, College 6.

Up till half-time the forwards were not playing up to their usual high standard, but the backs were playing good football when in possession.

In the second half College played better, especially in the forwards. Jackson, Clark, Spiller and Carey seemed to find a new lease of life. Led by Jackson, they played tighter football.

Tarcutta also began well in the second half with a try, taking the score to 10 to 6 against College.

College fought back well and started throwing the ball about at brief intervals. From a scrum the ball travelled across the back line to Biscaya, who again outpaced the opposition to score. This made the score: Tarcutta 10, College 9.

Tarcutta again began spoiling tactics by standing up on the home backs. Sumsky was caught in possession and thus the backs did not see much of the ball. From a play-the-ball Stuckings received the ball and from sheer determination went in for a try. College 12, Tarcutta 10.

College were now playing better football, and there was more co-ordination in the team. The forwards were playing well and the backs were outstanding in attack and defence. College were soon on the attack and Biscaya received the ball. He cut through the opposing back line and beat the full-back in the race for the line to score his third try. This made the score: College 15, Tarcutta 10.

In the final eight minutes College attacked but the scores remained at 15-10.

Outstanding players for the College were Biscaya, who scored three tries, Waterson and the consistent forward, Jackson.

The "following" these College teams get was shown by the large attendance of students. It is to be hoped that we, together with the new students, can give our unbeaten first and our good reserve side some good support when playing at home.



## Men's Hockey

Teachers' College No. 1 team played their last game of the Lent term against R.A.A.F. No. 1. College held them to a draw, 3 goals all. The College play was proof of the remarkable coaching powers of Mr. Hawcroft. The men were undefeated last year when they had a team which would have done credit to any first grade city side. Brian Webb was captain, as the Second Years will remember. Mr. Hawcroft trained the team to perfection in condition and skill, having them at their peak for Inter-Collegiate at Balmain. The men's hockey was the first event and their splendid 9-0 victory was a great boost to Wagga's confidence. The team returned "home" and finished off their run of victories by narrowly defeating the rugged Junee team in the grand final.

This season it was dolefully forecast that our team would "bite the dust." R.A.A.F. No. 1 had been lucky enough to have the 1949 Australian hockey centre forward, Brown, posted at Forest Hill. The College team had one man, Len Sheriff, who had played in last year's first team, and the rest had come up from the second team, or were only learners.

But in the small time between exams and practice teaching Mr. Hawcroft has moulded a side strong enough to fully extend the best in Wagga and district. In three matches defending the "Ryan" Challenge Cup, College has defeated R.A.A.F. II. by 10 goals to 2 goals, and Junee, last year's runners-up, by 3 goals to 2. Then in their last match they drew with R.A.A.F. No. 1 team.

This match was a "sizzler" from start to finish, and College missed scoring on a number of occasions, due to over-eagerness. Bob Collard gave an excellent exhibition of how to be a "nursemaid" to an Australian representative.

The country championships are being held on the King's Birthday week-end in Sydney, and the Wagga selectors were watching this game. On the showing of some of the College men about three or four could easily make the Wagga side.

## The Writers' Group

Are you interested in creative writing? Have you intelligence above the average? You have? Well, the thing for you to do is to join the writers' group.

What is it? What is the writers' group? You mean to say you haven't heard? And you've been at College all day. Really! I'm surprised, amazed, shocked, flabbergasted, and in a general sort of way taken aback. Right. Just this once consider yourself forgiven. Gather round brethren and I'll tell you all about it.

The Writers' Group is, to the uninitiated and unperceiving, a club. To us it is an institution. To you, we hope, it will become an institution. Who

said something about goals and asylums? Really! I'm surprised, amazed, shocked, flabbergasted and, in a general sort of way, taken aback. Such levity ill-becomes the occasion and the subject. However, just this once, consider yourself forgiven.

What does the Writers' Group do? I can't stand much more of this, but I'll tell you. We, the members, write. We write stories, poems (odes, sonnets, epics, etc.), plays and novels. When we have written them we assemble anywhere we can and read them. We read them, brethren, in a clear, audible, expressive voice to the assembled multitude. What happens after that, of course, has to be seen and heard to be believed. We offer constructive criticism. I know there's nothing unusual in that, but you come along and watch the way in which it is offered and, verily say unto you, you will go forth wondering much at the fairness, tolerance and open-mindedness of the contestants. The bouts are refereed by Mr. Holland, who is sometimes ably assisted by one or two judges. All participants must know the rules as laid down by the Lecturer in Literature.

There are 476 of them, each of which is divided into at least 17 sub-sections. They are printed in a Writers' Group manual. However, they can be summarised so that there are only 169 rules which can be paraphrased to mean: "Say what you can, while you can." This do, and thou shalt survive to fight again.

Ladies and Gentlemen, roll up, roll up! The greatest show on earth—

Mr. Holland and his performing writers. Who'll take a pen?

Seriously, if you are at all interested in writing, if you have any original ideas on literature, life, or any other relevant subject you should become a member of the Writers' Group. If you like to think about things, you may find yourself unbelievably bored here. There are so few people capable of serious discussion that you are likely, to quote our dearly loved and late departed (from College) former Editor, Al Fryer, "to become intellectually moribund." If you join the Writers' Group you will come into contact with the intelligentsia of the College at regular intervals. On these occasions you will be helped or violently removed from your own private little groove and once again your spirit of inquiry will be aroused.

We invite all first years who think that they would be interested to attend our first meeting for the year. There is no necessity to bring along a manuscript. All you need do is observe while we turn on a demonstration meeting. However, anyone with a story, poem, etc., will be welcomed with open arms. Supper will be provided and all are assured of a good time.

Watch the notice board for the date of the meeting. The Writers' Group is particularly interested in the work of the great Lininsky.

The following was written by one of the most brilliant and productive of the group. Let me assure you, however, that it does not give a true indication of the previously mentioned brilliance.

Scene: Writers' Group meeting.  
Action: Exchange greeting.  
I dive for the softest chair,  
In which situation may come inspiration,  
A custom that's only too rare.

Maurice will lead  
With his usual good deed:  
To wit: "That's only a cliché!"  
He thinks it's a claim to future fame—  
He's a very soft spot for posterity.

R.J.C.  
Our poet to be—  
(That's how HE seems to feel;  
I'll admit he's extreme, but I really don't deem  
THAT fact to mean a great deal)  
—has begun with verbosity another monstrosity,  
Read with a tone sure and dominant,  
I whisper "Distorted . . ." "It's not!" he retorted—  
"I feel it deserves a place prominent."

We all have a turn;  
Some efforts they spurn,  
Others they deign to applaud;  
They're all criticised in a way sometimes wise—  
But in one thing they act in accord.

When the times about ten  
You'll find it is then  
We all start to think of a "cuppa"—  
You may come for the circus or e'en  
with a purpose:  
But all think alike when it's "supper!"

—The good bit by F.B.S.

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