



TALK ABOUT

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WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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College Students --- and Politics

Whether you know or do not, whether you care or do not, no Wagga College student is allowed to take an active part in politics while he is in this College. Why, I do not know. Only the framers of the law know. Perhaps this does not concern you. Perhaps you do not mind. but, then, you would not mind if a rule which compelled you to put seven and a half spoons full of sugar in your tea were introduced.

SUPPOSE you wanted to form a branch of the Liberal Party in College, or a branch of the Labour Party. Suppose you are a Communist and you wish to tell your fellow students of the Communist ideology at an organised meeting. However, it is no use supposing. You would not be permitted to do any of these things. Of course, you are here to be educated and in a few years you must cast a vote at an election, but do not let it worry you. If enough people are "educated" as we are being "educated," Australia will become a totalitarian State and you will be relieved of the responsibility of voting.

However, all that is by the way. The prime concern of this article is not to deal with the politics of the big, bad world into which we are soon to venture, but with the domestic politics of our own private little puppet government, the S.R.C.

Have YOU ever been to an S.R.C. meeting? Do YOU know what YOUR representative says on YOUR behalf at YOUR S.R.C. meetings? If you have, you are the exception. With the exception of one notable meeting, I have not seen an onlooker at a meeting yet. It is all part of that dangerous, lazy, apathetic (except where points are concerned) element in the make-up of nine of every ten students in this College. We cannot see when our rights are ignored and even when we can we have not the guts, courage, backbone, call it what you will, to protest. It is a lamentable fact that we are incurably apathetic and spineless.

Do you ever think of the way in which our section representatives are elected? Probably not, so I'll refresh your memory. You come to College and after a few short days you elect a representative from among the unfamiliar students in your section. Why do you vote for him? Because he is popular? Good looking? The oldest person in the section? If it is for any one of

these reasons you would do well not to vote at all. If you do, you are doing yourself and the rest of the students and coming sessions a grave injustice. Do not be worried or feel guilty, however. It is not your fault. We are suffering because of the mistakes of the first session, just as future sessions will suffer because we are making mistakes.

What do you want in your representative? Do you want a person who will come to your section before each meeting and ask what your policy on a certain matter is? Someone who will ask you, if you have something you want brought before the council? Someone who, once having ascertained your opinion, will have the spine to press it at the meeting? If you do not want a representative with these qualities this article is not for you. Turn to the gossip column. However, I feel sure that the majority of you, despite your laziness and lack of interest, will agree that such qualities are necessities in any worth-while representative. Unfortunately, under the system by which first year students vote at present, there is no way of deciding the best person for the job. Electing a section representative is like buying a pig in a poke.

What, then, is the solution? It would seem that the only practical way is for all nominated people (and they should not be nominated, until they have been at least a month in College) to give a policy speech in which they put before the electors their attitudes, qualifications and methods. The electors then are not voting for a person but for a policy. The element of chance is removed and the possibility of getting the right man (or woman) for the position is greatly enhanced.

"But," you say, "how do we know he will do what he says? That is simple. You go along and listen to him. You hear what he has to say; you see which way he votes. If you find that he

has deceived you, you always have the power to move a vote of no confidence in him. You state your case, listen to his, and the section votes one way or the other. Could anything be simpler?

The method of electing a policy instead of an individual would remove an obvious difficulty. It is not always possible for a representative to find out what his section or group's attitude on a certain matter is. Sometimes the matters dealt with at a meeting come up unexpectedly. If a representative is elected as he is now he is forced to vote as he feels personally. What his section thinks is unknown to him. If, however, he has been elected to carry out a declared policy, he cannot go wrong.

I do not expect that this article will do any good. It might give you a slight twinge of conscience once or twice a year, but as for doing anything else—I have long since given up hope.

However, let me end on a hopeful note. Let us pack the Assembly Hall for every S.R.C. meeting.

Our Federation

It is with a sense of deep alarm that one notices that the quorum of the local association has again been reduced to a mere handful. I am not blaming the executive for the course they took in this step. The situation was not of their making, and one must grant them that they are not responsible for student apathy.

However, analyse the situation. In this College with a membership of some 200, how can 20 people possibly express the sentiments of the whole student body? Look what happened last year when a few women were able to speak for all—result, every man in this institution must perforce do his own laundry. Who cannot say that worse is to come now that the situation has practically reverted to what it was before? I would like any student to answer me, and tell me what is to stop any group within the College from using

the Federation to its own ends? The sort of thing I envisage is this: Something may be turned down at an S.R.C. meeting, and brought up at a Federation meeting, where there are perhaps 25 people present—all possibly pre-selected. Consequently the motion is passed, and only a select 25 and the minute book know anything about it. And Mr. President Morgan must act, for he nominally has the backing of the 200 students who elected him.

No, the Federation was destined for a much more positive role in our lives than this. We have just seen a very vigorous salaries campaign go into action, but why not the following:—

(1) A campaign to give every Teachers' College student a laundry allowance, which should receive more prominence than it is given now.

(2) Every normal person finds it hard to save in College. Perhaps a compulsory savings campaign to which both students and government contribute might solve the situation; e.g., at present each student receives 16 pence in two years. Let each student be compelled to contribute £1 each pay, giving a total of £16 altogether from each. Let the Government contribute £4; and, for the final "let," let the student receive the lot in his last pay before he leaves College. By my primitive mathematics this should be over £20, and should help anyone over any difficulties till the teachers' first pay arrives.

(3) I understand that after we graduate from this institution we are compelled to vacate these quarters which we have cherished for the last two years, and face the coldness of society. I am not contending that every student here will desire to remain long after graduation, but I think it would be only reasonable for the going-out session to own the right to stay here for a week, so that: (a) Any student may satisfactorily dispense with an organisation or connection they have within the city itself; (b) any student may satisfactorily despatch or dispose of personal property, teaching aids, etc.; (c) sufficient time is given for each student to reorientate himself to meet the changed society in which he must henceforth live.

(4) In the present salaries campaign we have seen the Federation clamouring for the payment of student allowances by fortnightly cheque. It is my personal view that, if the salaries campaign falls short, we should clamour for the present allowance; at any rate, to receive that treatment.

In conclusion, if the ideas in this are perhaps disjointed or unoriginal I make no apology. I have written this with an idea of stirring up some vague sense of curiosity, or of trying to help the ordinary person in this College understand the implication and issues involved in his own Federation.

JOHN C. GORMAN.

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

Editorial

S.R.C.

The front page article, "Wagga students—and Politics," concerns every one of you. It is not a provocative article for the simple reason that it contains no debatable points. It is merely a succession of facts, irrefutable facts. The question is not whether you believe the facts or whether you agree with the sentiments expressed, but whether or not you are prepared to do anything about the lazy, apathetic attitude of which it accuses you.

If you have not read it, read it now. If you have, read it again, more carefully. If this College is really to be a College and not a glorified High School, it is vital that you take an interest in the affairs of your S.R.C.

TEACHERS' FEDERATION

The quorum of the local branch of the Teachers' Trainees' Association has again been reduced. It is another sad reflection on the attitude of the students of this establishment.

The nominal membership here is 209. For a start, that means that more than eighty students here alone are quite prepared to share in the benefits for which 209 (nominally, at least) are fighting.

There have been meetings at which nothing like the number of nominal number of members has been present. At one recent meeting a quorum was obtained, only after people were sent to bring in others from the College shop, dorms., etc. At the next meeting the necessary number could not be raised even after the above tactics were resorted to.

Now the quorum has been reduced. Wake up to yourselves, teachers of the future! Cynical laughter.

"TALKABOUT"

Have you ever seen the words "correspondence invited" after an article in this paper? In simple terms, it means "We would like you to send us letters containing any ideas you might have on the subject discussed. Understand? If you, dear student, are not capable of writing an intelligible letter, give your opinion verbally to a member of the staff. They will then be able to judge student reaction. Perhaps they will even succeed in producing a paper which appeals to your diverse and fickle tastes. Love us, or hate us, but for God's sake, do not merely tolerate us.

JAMES A. BUTLER.

Notice to a Previous Session . . .

Any time in the future, when you happen to be in the "Big Smoke," namely, Sydney, just contact any of us by phone or letter. The reason being that there is always something "doing"

and we would be mighty pleased to see your happy face again.

These last holidays we gathered. At Gwen's on an "eating, drinking and yarnning expedition"; at Manly, where we did justice to the beach (softball, a la plage), to the ice-skating (a la derriere) and to "The Kiwis." National Park provided some anxious moments—some more anxious than others.

Theatre Royal and the Minerva were duly scheduled and "Hyde Park" was visited somewhat.

The finale was provided at Marg's, where the "G. and S's" were again performed with a large cast, including most of the principals.

Already the programme for the Christmas vacation is being compiled. A big "Christmas party" has been mooted.

Anyone interested in Kosciusko for the May vacation is requested to keep it in mind and to contact me early December.

See you at "The Mikado."

KEN McLEAN.

"TALKABOUT"

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So you've been impatiently awaiting that thought-inspiring, ever-stimulating collection of names once rejoicing in the lucid name of "Watson," you poor, misguided students. Right! May the blame for this substitute be on the heads of all who clamour for gossip. First, however, a pithy diatribe on the necessity of logical rationalisation from you, the future leaders of your communities. Do you not think? Do you not observe voluntarily? If you answer "yes" to those two questions you subconsciously admit the futility of Watson. It matters little to you that questions which concern you individually are being revealed to you, questions presenting the cold facts of the non-sterilisation of flutes or the vital need for and depressing lack of, College politics, you merely cry louder and longer for "Watson, Watson!" What do you do after you've bought one copy for three room-mates? Delightedly devour any gossip, disgustedly mutter, "Weak paper!" if none is obvious, and promptly forget "Talk-about" and its more important contents till next time. Yes, and you are typical of most "students." Do not delude yourself that this is an attempt to justify lack of "Watsons," or to inspire intelligent thought and a democratic desire for personal liberty. Here apathy reigns supreme and such an attempt is hopeless. Rather is it a sincere revelation of the fact that most are concerned only with trifling incidents—that a few think all the time, several some of the time, and the majority never. Convinced that you are in the majority? Then absorb the ensuing brief review of College "affairs," and thank for their publication the weekly scathing remarks of "Aren't you blokes EVER going to have a Watson—this paper's being ruined!" and the expressions of disapproval and superiority typified by the overworked "you're clueless, you fellows."

Couples fall conveniently into three distinct categories—those of the "Old Faithfuls," for whose inclusion 12 months' endurance test is an understood condition, the "Broken Hearts' Club," to which any cynic over 18 may belong, and the "Up and Coming," entrance into which is extremely simple. Wallowing deep in the tradition of the former

group are found Alan and Joan, Jim (no longer "The Hair") and Barbara, Len and "Tiger" Hammond, and the inimitable pair, Walshie and Jean; while Gil and Joan, though breaking a fundamental rule in not spending a holiday week-end together, are usually inseparable, and can still be classed as "Evergreens." To these ranks come also those who rejected experience for youthful charm—"Ginger Megs" Hudson and Shiril, Blake and Moira, Merv and that wizard at jive 'n jazz, Cec, Biscay and "Young Eff," Doug and Jill, Beth and "Poisonality" Tye and "Casanova" Newman and Midge. Incidentally, John Mitchell and Jack Clarke, those two men about town are virtually still faithful adherents to the Evergreen rules, and are to be congratulated on their constancy, commended on their patience.

As a contrast to the above proved possessors of unwavering affections, turn to those of the Broken Heart variety. Love is great, but love is unpredictable. Never mind, Vera you and Marg can really believe those man-hater sessions now, and maybe Eileen will join you—which reminds me: you two-timer, Des! Eileen or Joyce, Eileen or Joyce? Try daisy petals or the toss of a coin to relieve that disturbed mind. At present the Broken Hearts' Club contains quite a few temporaries whose permanency is dubious—Kev and Frank are on the ramble again, while who can ascertain whether Mick will stay heart-whole? (Probably Mick.) Or Murray? (N.B.: Recent news flash reveals that Marj and Barbara, the latter formerly a Jackson follower, are ensuring the relegation of these two to the "Up and Coming" group, thereby repairing the ravages enforced on them by unrequited love. Observe and determine their classification for yourself.)

Wavering between the Broken Hearts and Up and Coming Groups are several pairs whose feelings seem to vary as often as do the quality and temperature of our meals—sometimes good, sometimes bad; sometimes hot, sometimes cold. Amongst these are John and Pat, Jenny and Jake, Bob and Olga, and Col and Shirley ("Hobo") Angrove; while it is unwise to try and decipher how long Shirley will maintain her grasp over Roger the Dodger, or whether Ken Cant, ever a loud exponent of the values of Watson, will manage to regain the fair Alison's affections. Certain it is, however, that the last (and, to the general public,

more interesting), group is rapidly becoming overcrowded; in fact, it merits a new paragraph.

How many have noticed "Blue" and his "lovely girl," Hazel? Col Yarham and Shirley, erstwhile seen in frequent company with Jimmy Devlin? Or Brendon, our clarinet player, and Marj? Who could predict that Don Gunter and Bessie would gain entry via a jazz waltz, that Miss Hoare would play Elton enough table tennis to cause speculation and then go to supper with John Bourke, or that Johnny Lane would so readily forget Alison's fickle heart? Sure, and few know of Fay Mullens' interest in a certain Roger, a Wagga habitat, or of the inexplicable Simpson-Fogarty, Hanns-Morrell combination. (Take heart, Clueless, Eileen performs a most inspiring Tango—though you have an opponent in Ray, who seems to think likewise.) As for Joe! Take a bow, Pestelli! Quote: "For the first time in my College life I feel like taking a girl to supper." Why don't you admit that you felt like a walk too, Joe? Well, you've done it now—the lucky girl, Pat Jackson. Keep it up—provides fodder for scandal, as does the Potter-Grant union.

There! Slightly overwhelmed? Who wanted gossip? And as a parting shot—what's happened to Margo's charm of the "femme fatale" variety? And is Leslie vying for Margo's place in College as the "slayer of men"? Count on your fingers—Col, Freddy, Errol. Who's next? Pam Gorgeousone, the admired one, deserves a mention too as being seen with that gorgeous hunk of man, Ralph, while here's a worthwhile tip: The most eligible girl of the week, Miss Shirley Armour; the most eligible bachelor, Mr. Pat Limon.

Maybe the next gossip column will disclose whether or not that tip bears fruit during the next few weeks. Meanwhile, since you've been granted your wish and should feel self-satisfied, how about reading something that requires a little more concentration? Student politics, for example?

NEWS FLASH: A most important omission has just been noted—that of the dynamic "Dynamite" Henderson and Miss Ferguson, fast classifying for membership of the "Old Faithfuls," while a pair evidently desirous of being known as "Up and Coming" are Ian Mac and Dawn; and that is "finis" to a complete romance to romance description.

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Points or Intelligence

Do you ever sit down, in a cynical moment, and ask yourself, "Does my College course really fit me to become a good teacher?" If you have not, ask now and answer yourself.

You might decide that it does. Perhaps you think it does not. Whatever your answer, it will do you good to think more deeply about it.

Firstly, let us consider the subjects which directly affect us as teachers of the future. How many did you find? If you did not find more than I, you too are very doubtful about the gain from two years of an all-too-short life.

Well, each one of us has decided on the number of lectures of practical use. The number will depend on our sense of values, but it matters little. Now let us think about the way in which a certificate is awarded. You know as well as I do, but briefly we must gain a certain number of points. These points are awarded for all subjects, regardless of whether they have any direct bearing on primary school teaching. It is hard to explain, but do not let it worry you. It is of little consequence when compared with equally inexplicable aspects of College life and certification.

I like taking extreme cases. Let us do it again. Think of little Jack and petite Jill. Jack is not very bright. He has an I.Q. between 100 and 110. Jill is luckier. She has an I.Q. somewhere over 130. Jack decides to gain a certificate. He goes for points hell for leather.

That is not surprising. I mentioned that he was not very bright. When the course is dull, flat, uninteresting, uninspiring, of little use and downright futile, only a person who is not very bright can possibly be motivated. Oops! Misuse of terms. Tut, tut! and how could I? What I mean to say was activated by incentives. Positive? The coveted certificate. Negative? £362. Jack will get his certificate. It is not hard. None of the work is comparable with that done in High School, and heaven knows that was prepared for semi-morons. However, to gain this easy-to-get certificate one must be wooden, or willing to sacrifice principles, pervert the mind by crowding it with unimportant, hindering details and laboriously reproduce notes, which have been learned parrot fashion, in an examination paper. Understand, of course, I have nothing against the present course—other than what I have said above.

Now we will have a look at Jill. Nice girl, Jill. Clever too. Pity that. College would be much more pleasant for her if she were of wood like Jack. Who's being cynical? I just think that a person with intelligence a deal above the average has no place in a Teachers' College under the present system. Why? Because of what a College is. And what is it? A place where future teachers are trained? I wish it was. The way I see it, it is an excuse—an excuse to regiment people, break their spirit, and send them into a school, not as good teachers, but as loyal and faith-

ful servants of the Minister. It is an attempt to hoodwink the parents of the State that the people in the schools are qualified to teach their children. I could elaborate, but I will save it for another time.

Jill will probably not get a certificate. If she does, she will find it much harder than Jack. You remember Jack, the wooden one, the parrot, the automaton. It is a deplorable fact, but it is unfortunately true. "But why?" you ask. It is simple. Jill has the intelligence to see that the course is narrow. I do not think she would mind its narrowness if it were practical and likely to make her an efficient teacher.

Enough of this preamble. Let us get on with the subject, "Points or Intelligence." Those who are short-sighted enough to think that mere points in an examination qualify a person to become a successful teacher do so because of two fallacious assumptions. They assume, firstly that every possible aspect of teaching, every conceivable eventuality in the class-room, has been treated in lectures and secondly, that those people who can churn out facts which they cannot always understand will remember them and be capable of applying them as teachers. Both points are obvious enough to require no elucidation.

Now, let us imagine that Jack and Jill are teachers. Each finds himself confronted by a situation that was, inexplicably, not treated in lectures.

Data: Jill has an I.Q. of 130 or so; Jack has an I.Q. of 110 or so.

Required to decide: Which one will be better able to deal with the given situation?

Decision: Obviously Jill (from data). Jack has a certificate; Jill has not. Well, I ask you, is that sane?

Before we leave this depressing subject, may I ask you just two more questions? Thank you. In thirty years time what difference will the fact that Jill (I.Q. 130) gained 120 points in her examinations and Jack (I.Q. 110) gained 140 in his? Who will then be the better teacher?

What, then, is the solution? Yes, I am going to do my humble best to provide a solution. Even I would not leave myself as wide open to criticism as I would did I not attempt to provide some alternative means of deciding who will make a good teacher and who will not.

Suppose, for a start, that we increase teachers' salaries, until they are on a par with those of other professions, so that a Teachers' College does not get merely the backwash of the Universities. Then, no one with an I.Q. of less than 125 should be chosen. Subject those who are chosen to the normal tests. When this is done (here I am becoming really revolutionary), give them special tests to determine their ability to summon facts at a moment's notice, to test their responses in special situations and then get them to speak for five minutes on a given topic. (Topic to be announced one minute before they start speaking.) They might also be asked to write an article which appeals in some small way to logic. If this were done, when I was being tested, probably I would not be there now. Nor

would approximately 250 other people.

Well, we have the chosen ones at College. Are we going to try and break their spirit? Of course not. Are we going to fill their heads with useless pieces of information? Again, of course not. Then what are we to do? There are two courses open to us.

Let us look at the first of these. It involves a condensed, intensified course of no more than six months. "Impossible," you say? Perhaps. Probably not. Try it this way. How many craft lectures do we have each year? No more than 35. That makes a total of 70 lectures. Seventy lectures add up to about sixty hours. If we work a thirty-hour week, craft is disposed of in two weeks. See how simple it is? There are objections which can be raised against the simple arithmetic and the conclusions drawn therefrom, but I prefer to answer them as they are raised.

Another two weeks, three at the most, and music has flown. This can be done with the necessary subjects.

Three months have passed, and our lucky students have done courses in craft, music, geography (one week), history (primary school), nature study, hygiene (it cannot be learned now. Notes must be kept for future reference) and art.

Literature, history (Russia, S.E. Asia), options, biology and any geography not taught in the primary school would be eliminated. Text books could be issued on any new developments in education.

"It would not be remembered," you say? How much do second year students remember of their first term's work? This method would not firmly fix details but would leave the fundamentals very clearly imprinted on the mind.

Why eliminate literature, etc.? Because they are not suitable for teaching to children, and, in the two years we now have, we can but scratch at the surface of these subjects. For example, in literature we are able to do nothing that has not already been done in High School—in fact, these lectures, their standard barely comparable to that of fifth year English, are considered difficult and involved by many who, under the proposed scheme of elimination of the unsuitable, would not be here to be overwhelmed by puerile, sterile repetitions of facts with which they should have contended and disposed of in their secondary course. History lectures, which have value in that they encourage the formation of individual opinion and resultant logical, unbiased discussion cannot be fitted into this short course, but would be an integral part of the alternative course to be discussed next week.

The remaining three of the six months are to have immense practical importance. The fundamentals of the suggested lectures have been summarily dealt with, and time is now devoted to four weeks' observation of demonstrations, six weeks' practice teaching, and two final weeks of consolidation of both the theoretical and practical courses. After each week of observa-

tion, let each student write an essay summarising the good and bad points of the demonstrations seen that week, indicating that the basic principles of teaching have been grasped by emphasising avoidable mistakes, or praiseworthy ideas. Moreover, these demonstrations should be completely unrehearsed by both teacher and class, only the normal amount of preparation being necessary. In this way students will benefit from watching natural lessons founded on actuality, involving unpredictable situations similar to those each student must soon meet, rather than unnaturally smooth, automatic, stereotyped lessons containing little deviance from the planned lines. Of what practical use are such? Let me answer decisively. None! Rather are they deceptive, affording a false idea of teaching procedure and a delusion that discipline is relatively a minor matter. Such we know is not so. How many of you had your eyes opened, after your own first prac., to the futility of dems. as we see them? After this new course, however, the lucky students entertain much sounder, more true-to-life impressions than we can ever hope to attain from dems. as they are now. There, then, are the first four weeks of the practical course, after which our students feel sufficiently capable, sufficiently independent, to try their hand at practical teaching.

Of this they have six weeks wherein to test their individual methods, to reveal the values of a course based on reality, and to profit by experience; then, with the impressions gained by instruction and observation shaped into a decisive philosophy, all students return to College for two weeks of consolidation. This surely requires no elucidation. These weeks, involving a brief recall of previous lectures and informal discussions of the practical term just covered, constitute all that is necessary to round off a course beneficial not only in its undoubted practicability, but also in its material benefits.

There, then, is the suggested condensed, intensified course. From it you are to emerge with a knowledge sufficient to enable the teaching of those subjects necessary for primary school, a practical background sufficient to form quick perception of logical action in any unforeseen situation, and a happy elimination of the lectures which, under present conditions, it is impossible to approach intelligently. Meditate on such a course, which not only affords the possibility of 18 months' more pay than we now receive (and who will deny that money is a necessity not to be ignored?), but also equips each student to teach wisely, proficiently, well.

Contrast this with the conservative course we now know. Ponder on the differences, the values and weaknesses of each. And await eagerly the publication next week of a further revelation in the discussion of the alternative, extensive course of three years.

JAMES A. BUTLER.

FRANCES B. SPENCE.

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Letters to the Editor

To "CONTAMINATED": Just what are you trying to do? Ruin our already remote chances of gaining a certificate? Until I read your letter I was comparatively happy when trying to play the recorder flute, even though the result was only a medley of distorted squeaks which jarred on the most insensitive ear and produced a violent headache. Now, however, each time the flutes appear I shudder, feel weak, and involuntarily recall those lurid descriptions which are so vivid in my memory that I can no longer bear to touch the "fool things," let alone attempt even the customary shriek.

What have you managed to attain by your futile letter? If I may be so forward, let me answer: precisely

nothing. Far from succeeding in stimulating the apathetic students to agitate for sterilisation, you have merely placed yourself open to ridicule, and simultaneously put me off flutes forever. Result? Not only will you yourself fail miserably in the forthcoming tests, but I am convinced that I must either entertain the miscellaneous germs of two sessions or perforce fail likewise. Why, oh why, am I so susceptible to logic? If only I had ignored your protest, as did the majority of students, rather than let its obvious truths appeal to my senses!

As for buying a flute . . . the thought of my many pressing debts overcomes me to such an astounding extent that sardonic laughter stifles me. This is accompanied by rolling and protruding of the eyeballs, spasmodic jerking and twitching of the limbs, a sudden onslaught of convulsions, and the drooling of saliva. I fear I am becoming too excited; in fact, I am too overwhelmed to continue.—Yours sincerely,

"DESPERATE."

Personality of the Weak

John Mitchell was not born; he was quarried. He was educated once at Maroubra Junction School. During his stay there several of the staff resigned and turned to less arduous work such as wool scouring, leather tanning and metal grinding. The name Mitchell,

John, appears on the roles of Sydney Tech. High. This could be the Mitchell we know; so could the Mitchell, John, in police records.

Woman's Angle: A lover of good clothes, John dresses immaculately and with care. Often seeks the aid of his friends in this regard. He is neatly groomed, leads the College in hair styles, but has done more for the extinction of the hairdressing trade than most people.

Favourite Musical Instrument: Recorder flute.

Favourite Song: "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo" or "Civilisation Removed."

Favourite Book: "The French Revolution" by Thomas Carlyle.

Sport: Excels at softball, cricket, Rugby League. It is said that he once did some "fencing" in Sydney. He is modest about his football ability and even refused to try out for first grade so that "the others" might have a chance.

Pet Aversion: Politics. While loathing the regimentation of an undemocratic State he feels that something is wrong with the system under which we live. Where, he is not sure.

Ideal Woman: Must be a good social type, a ready "mixer" with a radiant smile and a carefree "jole de vivre" personality. She must believe in hymn and possess irresistible charm.

Ambition: To become historically famous in the manner of Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Garibaldi and Lenin, to name a few.

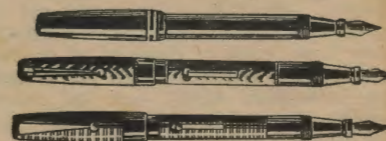
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