



# TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 2, No. 4.

APRIL 26, 1948

PRICE: ONE PENNY

## Forum

### DECENTRALISATION OF EDUCATION

The following article, which is the first of a number on controversial topics, reflects the attitude of the Teachers' Federation towards decentralisation in the Riverina district. The article consists of a motion, moved at a recent conference by Mr. W. A. Dutton, and subsequently carried:—

While the Federation favours the decentralisation of educational opportunities and facilities by such methods as the erection of University Colleges in country centres, the extension of technical education and the provision of hostel accommodation at appropriate high schools for children from remote areas, this Conference is of the opinion that because of the uneven distribution of natural resources and population, education in New South Wales must remain a Service organised by and for the whole State.

Further, because of the climatic variations teachers should retain the right to a change of climate which would not be possible under decentralised control of teachers.

Finally, since education must be broad in outlook and removed from the immediate control of parochial influences, this Conference declares its unqualified opposition to the proposal to set up a Murrumbidgee Regional Area, which will not provide additional opportunities but could easily lead to the disintegration of a Service that has been more efficient than the decentralised schemes of other countries.

"Many of you will have been aware that over the past six or seven years, and particularly during the war years, there have been various moves on the part of interested local bodies to disintegrate the public school system as we know it, and to institute in New South Wales a series of regional controls," Mr. Dutton said.

Very soon in the Riverina there would be a Director of Education and a member of the Public Service Board in Wagga. The Departmental records of all teachers who were teaching in the Wagga, Albury, Yass and Griffith inspectorates would be sent from the head office in Sydney to the head office in

Wagga. The Director of Education in Wagga would have the right to transfer teachers within that particular area under his control. He would have many and varied powers also.

That was to be the beginning. It was the thin end of the wedge—a very efficient and very dangerous wedge as far as public education in New South Wales was concerned.

"Those who have read the reports of education in the United States will remember the many hundreds and thousands of teachers short in that country, where the decentralisation system is at its best and its worst. There are many teachers who will not stay in the Service because of the parochial control which is held over them by the system under which they work. The whole principle behind this control of education, apart from an over-riding act from a central body, is that a great deal of the money put into education comes from local sources," Mr. Dutton continued.

You will agree that some of the proposals mentioned by Mr. Dutton, will, if put into effect, influence the course of our teaching careers to a very marked degree. Next week we shall publish student opinion on the Federation's attitude, whilst in the following issue it is expected that Mr. Evans, the newly appointed Area Supervisor for the Riverina, will outline his policy and reply to Mr. Dutton's criticism.

A.R.F.

## Beautification!—By Whom?

On this aspect of College life students had very definite views and what is more, all agreed. All voiced the opinions that beautification was necessary but—who is going to supply the facilities?

The bone of contention among many students was that the Department should have supplied all the necessities before this College was opened and that we students should provide incidentals and perhaps a few luxuries.

At present all agree that beautification plans should go until the more material needs of the College are moderately settled. As one student put it: "What

is the use of having the door knob when there is no door?"

It is not just a case of letting the Department set the place in order but that the Department should have already done it. As the present settlement stands it is a case of the students acting first slowly followed by the Department. Students denied that they were unwilling to co-operate and help with plans for the beautification of this College, but they did stress the word "help."

This place is supposed to be a temporary College—temporary in Departmental sense—yet the general policy is that beautification should be a major concern. Students have vetoed this proposal unanimously. No person claimed beautification before other essentials.

Many quoted the fact that S.R.C. funds are low and that whilst sport and other clubs were drawing on these funds for badly needed and vitally important materials, schemes for beautification should not be considered.

Are we, because we are the pioneer session, to fit the bill for all years to come? That is, are we to generously donate our limited means to a public concern when the public will not concern themselves with us.

I do not wish people outside the College to think that we will not do anything for the benefit of ourselves and others to come. We simply want our more material needs, such as books for the library and sporting equipment given first consideration. We can't take away curtains and pictures with us, but we can take knowledge and sportsmanship.

B.E.S.

## WE DESIRE . . .

To thank Mr. Doug Logan for his generous gift of a set of football jerseys and socks to be used by our Blake Cup team. We can assure him that each member of the team appreciates fully his keen interest as evidenced in so practical a gift.

To extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Donnison on the recent death of his mother in Sydney.

## What is Poetry?

What do you think of poetry? Have you ever considered poetry carefully and read poems because you wanted to read them? Or have you read only examination poems, drawing your conclusions on poetry in general from poems forced upon you? Poetry is, to me, a form of beauty. It is the inner being of the poet, his thoughts, his feelings, conveyed through words. There is, in his being, a constant feeling for things, a volcano of thought and sincerity which rises and magnifies until, unable to be constantly restrained, it bubbles over in a cascade of song. This song is the true poem. It is the sincere expression of some part of life as it is seen by the poet. Thus it is part of his personal experience. It appeals to him. But will it appeal to you? If it is forced upon you you will probably resent it, but if you read it for its own sake and consider it carefully you can decide for yourself whether you like it or not.

Different types of poems appeal to different types of people. Therefore, read poems which appeal to you personally and don't be afraid of being named sentimental because you like poetry. Poetry is not always fairies in flight or whispering winds. Quite often it is thundering hooves and screaming blasts or turbulent seas 'neath a moonless sky. Perhaps the quiet, fairy-like aspect of poetry was always stressed at school, driving you away from this form of writing. This need not be so now. Go back to poetry now that you can choose poems to read yourself, and if you are one of those who like the swift, racy style of Australia's balladists or the deep thought of modern poetry read these poems.

Nothing can calm the troubled mind as a poem can. On lonely nights, with silence your only companion, sit where the wind but lightly lifts your chair and softly recite Ogilvie's "The Bush, My Lover," for no ears but your own. Or, when you feel that after all life is dull, climb to some wind-blown hill-top and challenge the night with Mary Gilmore's "Wild Horses."

This is poetry. The true song of a poet becoming your own song. It is not sentimentality. It is not something of which to be ashamed. It is not something to hide. It is that keen sense of feeling and greatness of thought which can project you into any realm you desire to traverse. Through poetry we obtain that which we have not. That is, that which we have not materially. But, while we think of the poem, these things are ours.

Nor is poetry always serious. Those of you who have read "Mulga Bill's Bicycle" or "How McDougall Topped the Score" will realise the joy of reading humorous verse. Perhaps you have read "The Songs of the Sentimental Bloke" by C. J. Dennis. Here is a different type of humorous poetry—a serious philosophy of life presented in a light manner.

What then does poetry mean to you? Are you one of those who can find rest

in its beauty and hope in its humour? If not, are you going to do anything about it? And if so, what are you going to do?

If you decide to go back to poetry, follow the path of the poet. Wander from the track to catch a glimpse of a far-off mountain or pause to watch through the long green grass the brumbies coming to drink at some hidden pool. From the hard, straight road which forever runs ahead you cannot hope to see these beauties. They cannot come to the track. You must take the track to them.

WYN WALSHAW.

## R.I.P.

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—Every week now we see new developments which haven't taken place. In the domestic aspect, we haven't the new supply of cutlery and crockery that we need, nor have we the extra cook we need. In the physical education aspect, we haven't any uniforms or prospects of any, and we have insufficient sporting equipment. In the social aspect we have no common room yet.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, in the grounds aspect, I mean the setting of our College, the lawns and gardens which surround the various huts which will develop into buildings, we have just about over-developed. Certainly we are past the peak of culture which was reached by the Romans in this aspect, for we now have planted—you can't see many of them, but the knowledge that they are there, and the perfume exhaled from those above ground—no! they are not the burial places of the College cats—those large white crosses with the black inscriptions signify the presence of such specimens as 'retinospora obtusa cripssii,' 'lilac syringa condorcet' and 'plum prunus libricana.'

"In future, when visitors arrive to see over the College buildings and grounds, we shall have a special guide, who will conduct these visitors, pointing out to them the various places of interest . . ."

Can you imagine it? Let's take Mr. Davis for our guide and see over the grounds ourselves first.

As we troop interestedly behind him, his voice floats back, somewhat indistinct above the clash of saucepans from the kitchen:

"If you apply your microscope to the earth here, ladies and gentlemen, you will see the top of what is called 'plums and prunes by the bucketful' (plums prunus brircana).

[Some of the studes look satisfied and begin to think the planters have some sense after all.]

"Now let us continue to the back of the kitchen, where the soil becomes more rich and fertile every meal, and where 'oriental sultanans' are growing (plantanus orientalus).

"Of course, the Latanical names given to these specimens are not always pronounced as they read.

"Over here at the back of the Crafts Room, I regret to say, a mistake was

made, for instead of planting red-hot poker, 'virgin's cap' was grown, but this is being gradually withered off by the heat in this particular spot. As you know, ladies and gentlemen, it is imperative that you plant only those shrubs and trees which are suited to the conditions.

"Along the roadway here, forming a grand dignified entrance through the College gates and along the drive, and just up from the men's quarters, we will soon see quite a lot of 'Cydonia—Winter Cheer.' The rapid growth of this plant has been largely due to constant fertilization in the past. This memorable spot was set aside for the burial of dead Marines in various stages of emptiness. Hence the name!

"Under the College lamplight 'caresses are on again' (curressus arizonican)—flourishing beautifully. You see what I mean, ladies and gentlemen, about suitable conditions!

"Ah!—'Eylic Syringa, M.A.' Here, ladies and gentlemen, is apparently the last resting place of one of our dearly beloved lecturers, who, it appears, one fatal meal-time, must have just managed to stagger these few yards from the dining hall.

"Last, but by no means least:

"A donation by one of our women students, contributing greatly to the beauty of the place is 'Flos's mauve crepe girdle' (Flos crepe myrtle).

"It will be interesting to return to College some fifty years hence and see if these plants are as long as their name, won't it?"

J.S.

## New—Revised?

The recommended Human Geography for fifth class (printed in 1944) "specially written to meet the requirements of the New Syllabus (issued 1941)" contains the following precise information:—

- (1) Population of Wagga Wagga—11,600 (this was the population in 1933!).
- (2) Photograph—"Aerial View of Port of Sydney" which was apparently taken before the Harbour Bridge was built—1933!

## Anstice & Mackay



A FULL RANGE OF MAX FACTOR  
COSMETICS AT

## Kennedy's Pharmacy

L. J. Kennedy, Ph.C.

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,  
156 BAYLIS STREET, WAGGA.

Phone 2543



The taste of Wagga winter seems to have resulted in general hibernation, and we poor scandal scavengers are having difficulties in finding crumbs.

Two other sinister figures have been seen at the darkest hour—in the vicinity of the kitchen. They are both very green at the job, and not at all fond of tomatoes.

The gym seems to have centred in the week's activities, as there are so many "practices" there—"Gondoliers" practice, folk-dancing practice, display practice, piano practice, even soft ball practice.

The cast of our "lightest, brightest show" are rehearsing day and night, and in their midst, they have discovered a librettist greater than Gilbert. Mark can make better and funnier dialogue, so much better and funnier that the hardened cast literally rolled around the gym. Perhaps that accounts for the holes in the wall!

Another result of these rehearsals is a new course of lectures—by Mr. Pople for those who find themselves unable to take the part of lover or husband.

Bill and Harry, keen footballers always, are developing the habit of passing the ball from hand to hand. This is community spirit in its most carefree sense.

**Wedding Bells!** Jack has taken a couple of days off for the big event, but he wishes us to tell his fans that this major crisis in their lives makes no difference whatever to his relationship with them.

The secretary of the S.R.C. reports that a "Football Jersey Club" has applied for approval. However, the membership is now only at twelve, and another young lady is required to wash the shyest footballer's jersey.

Have you noticed, Joyce is not showing Keith the isy side of her nature!

We conclude with a formal apology to Mark McLaughlin, who was the victim of a misunderstanding last week. Come out from behind Mark, Col Squires, and show yourself in your true colour—which, of course, is red.

### Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—For the last two and a half terms I, along with the greater part of the student body, have been living in the hope that the conditions, which were much glorified in the circular received prior to our coming to College, may possibly come true. I now find that the only way this can come about is by the toil of the students themselves. Now the question arises, is the first-class accommodation that was promised to materialise or are our College careers simply to be ones of toil, sweat and continual fighting to acquire some little comfort and enjoyment for ourselves and provide an almost Utopian state of affairs for those who follow on.

I should be pleased to hear the Department's responsibilities defined in this matter.—Yours faithfully,

"CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."

Dear Sir,—It is the general policy of all reliable and unbiased papers to print their readers' letters without comment.

My last letter to your paper was captioned with a moth-eaten Latin cliché.

As you have undoubtedly based your innuendo of Japanese culture from first-hand experience, it is not my intention to change your favourable opinion of that race. I would like, however, to bring to your notice a paragraph from to-day's "S.M.H." (25/11/47):

"The Japanese used ju-jitsu and strangulation to massacre 23 Australian civilian internees at Kavieng, New Ireland in 1942. The bodies of the Australians were weighted with cement, thrown into barges, and dumped into deep water."

Truly a cultured race indeed.

JACK M. AKHURST.

[I desire to apologise to Mr. Akhurst for the belated printing of his letter dated November last. Thanks to a set of fortuitous circumstances over which I personally had no control the letter

was lost, and it has been necessary to obtain another copy. The writer's criticism is relevant to a series of articles, written by Merv Whittaker, describing the Japanese educational system.—Editor.]

Dear Sir,—This College has been established for almost a year. During this time we have made great progress. We have advanced from the many petty and useless rules which were the bane and basis of our early College life. If we remain determined to safeguard our rights by duly protesting against any new measure which may restrict our liberty, we shall ensure a continued amicable relationship between College authorities and ourselves.

It is regrettable that there still remain some minor threats to general comfort, which, in the opinion of many could, and should be, eliminated before the arrival of the new session. Such drawbacks to the attractiveness of the College exist in our dormitories, the dining-hall and in such matters as the arrangements made for the men's laundry.

Under the existing scheme, 7/9 is allowed each male student from his weekly board for laundering services. While we quite understand that most students are continually under-subscribing to the extent of several shillings and that this money is made up in benefits obtained from other services provided by the hostelry, we yet find it hard to understand why there should be no carryover to the weeks when a student must, out of necessitous circumstances, have a larger wash-bag and exceed his 7/9.

No one would quibble that 7/9 per week, if taken into account over a long period, is reasonable, but should a man, who through accident exceeds his allotment to the extent of anything from 1d. to 3/-, be put to the indignity of having the fact that he has a "fine" to pay exhibited to public view on a notice-board up to a fortnight after he has paid. This could be remedied by taking the laundry on a term basis, and a student might reasonably claim pardon from a bill for excess laundry in token of the wear on his clothes and the articles that he has lost throughout the period. There also seems to be a ruling now about paying for the laundry before one receives it, which

### SNAPPY STYLES

IN

RULLOVERS

CARDIGANS

JACKETS

FOR GAY YOUNG LADIES

AT

**Kelly & Cunningham**

WAGGA

### Camera & Photographic Supplies

We stock a complete range, comprising: Books, Albums, Velox Paper, Developers, Lamps, Dishes, etc., etc.

Our Developing and Printing is famous. No restriction on number of Prints. prompt and efficient. We put the "Snap" into your Snapshots.

**Gissing's Pharmacy**

FITZMAURICE STREET, WAGGA  
Opposite Post Office

### American Dry Cleaning and Laundry Co.

SPECIAL SERVICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Articles left with Mr. Logan on Tuesday morning, delivered on Friday morning; and parcels left on Friday will be delivered on Tuesday.

is not always practicable, and from which no receipt is forthcoming.

Will College paths be ready to walk on by the end of the wet season?

One point that needs clearing up is the matter of volunteering. All persons wishing to volunteer for any particular duty should submit the names in writing. This would avoid any cases in which people were mistakenly enrolled as volunteers when this was really not their intention.

Just, as there is an obvious difference in attitude between volunteers and conscripts, so there is a corresponding change from the manner in which we were first treated here as students to that we enjoy now. Fortunately it did not take long for our superiors to realise that students were all not of an immature age, that we did not all come to College to learn etiquette and that as students at a "tertiary" level (and especially so at an institution such as ours) we were striving to gain freedom of action, some dignity and an independence of spirit.

We must remain vigilant that no threat challenges our communal life which smacks of the "ancien regime."—Yours,

A. A. KENNEDY.

## Old Mother Hubbard

The following exhibits the method upon which some parsons construct their delectable and highly ingenious discussions:

"Brethren, the words of my text are—  
"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog had none."

"Those beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyse their meaning, and attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our everyday life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone."

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! She went to the Lxxi'cu. hands? No! She went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop, skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice. She solely and merely went to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and now we further see that she was poor. For mark, the words are "the cupboard." Not 'one of the cupboards or 'the right hand cupboard', or 'the left hand cupboard', or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth gold goblets, or glittering

precious stones, costly apparel, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the poor window poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too.

"But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog got none."

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of perseverance in doing. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?"

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare. There were to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheese cakes nor penny buns. The cupboard was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even a 'beer' from Carmody's, her case would have been different; the incident would have been otherwise.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it heroically. She did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none.' And then, at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognisant of enough?

"Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Ah, no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the picture. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story many lessons; and, bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And, oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones."

J.S.

## A Short Sports Report

"The old order changeth—"

College menfolk had heard the proclamation re the switch over to soccer as the Tuesday afternoon game, with mingled feelings and ominous mutterings. But our first attempts at the new "look" for ball-games convinced not a few of us that soccer is far from the drawing-room game we had imagined it to be. Proudly borne are bruised shins—"here's where Hodges kicked me"—and cheerfully accepted are skinned noses or bruised ribs—"look where Ralph shouldered me". In fact, the game was a real success from every angle.

## P. SWANSBOROUGH

232 BAYLIS STREET

All repairs left with Mr. Logan promptly and efficiently executed.

EVERYTHING FOR THE CYCLIST

## Jack Bance's Motor and Cycle Store

238 BAYLIS STREET, WAGGA  
TEL. 3294

## Paul's Pty. Ltd.

THE PREMIER DRAPERS,  
WAGGA

(Opposite Plaza Theatre)

## Distinctive Portraiture

ERNEST TOOLEY STUDIOS  
Down Steps Lagoon Bridge

PHONE 2920, WAGGA.

## BLAMEY'S

HATS, SPORTS WEAR, SUITS,  
FOOTWEAR

AND

## California Showrooms

Featuring

"COLE" SWIM SUITS  
"ZUKIN" CASUAL WEAR

## MORAN & CATO

GROCERY SPECIALISTS  
WAGGA

FAIR STOCKS OF ENGLISH  
CIGARETTES, 2/10 per pkt.

SUPPORT YOUR TUCK SHOP

## LOGAN'S

WHEN DINING IN TOWN COME TO

## The White Rose Cafe

FITZMAURICE ST.

Question: What has happened to the proposed Table Tennis Club?

Women students resumed their Tuesday afternoon Hockey, Basketball and Conklin and Freeman, and Siam and—

**LADIES**

Our Showroom carries the most up-to-date stocks of Frocks, Underwear, Millinery in town. But don't take our word for it—see for yourself.

**GENTS**

Comfortable Clothes for the hot weather—and prices as light as the garment—that's what you get from our Mercery Department.

**SPORTS**

A full range of all Sporting Requisites always on hand. Restrings and Repairs a speciality.

**T. Edmondson  
AND CO. LTD.**

PHONE 2195, GURWOOD STREET

**BOB ASHTON'S  
SPORTS CENTRE**

WHERE SPORTSMEN CONGREGATE

SPECIALIST IN ALL SPORTING  
RESQUISITES

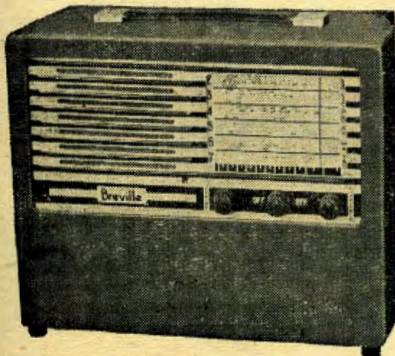
DAVIS CUP PLAYERS' STRINGER

87 Fitzmaurice St.

PHONE 2689

CARRY THE MAGIC OF MUSIC  
WITH YOU

**Breville Portable Radio**



AVAILABLE FROM

**HARDYS Hardware**  
BAYLIS STREET, WAGGA

PHONE 2071

BOX 143

**Soliloquy by  
Mr. Hawcroft**

Who would like to volunteer?  
You, my dear, to pioneer.

And you, and you, just for the pleasure.  
And you, and you, just for good measure.

(A hundred and fifty volunteers,  
And only thirty to appear.)

And you, and you to swell the ranks.  
Don't interrupt just to say thanks.

(Only those with good physique,  
The rest won't stick—they're too damn  
weak.)

Seven times round on tip of toe,  
Seven times round the lawn we'll go.

So come on, now don't be afraid,  
Volunteer here for the parade. M.C.

**Anzac Night, 1948**

Is the moon sick to-night?  
Then why does it vomit  
This queasy light?

Does it remember nights  
Still as death?  
A jungle snipes?

Does it remember a flight  
Of night raiders?  
And what came after?

I am remembering  
A slouch hat,  
A boy in blue.

They are all laughing,—  
Or thoughtful.  
Do you remember, too?

They did not want of us  
A cheap sentiment.  
Death is but death, they knew.

Then why should the moon  
Look sick to-night?

**STUDENTS' SPACIOUS COMMON  
ROOM**

With 300 students the area per person will be 2 2-5 square feet less area needed for tables and chairs. Students should be guaranteed at least one square foot!

"STATISTICS" (J.A.O.).

**"TALKABOUT"**

Editor: Alan Fryer.

Sub-Editors:

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

**Eureka!**

In the past weeks, an emergency has arisen which requires the immediate attention of all students. This concerns the Art and Crafts Practical Room. Drastic steps had to be taken about a week ago by the senior lecturer in Art and Crafts, Mr. Wilcox, to combat the litterbug menace in this room. There was a slight delay while the lecturer was organizing himself but, having at last succeeded in doing so, he has begun his drive.

Installed inside the door is a notebook in which students are required to sign their names and comment on the prevailing conditions in the room.

Now, however, unforeseen difficulty has arisen. There has been a serious discrepancy in student opinion on conditions in the room. Let me quote from "The Sentinel": Clean, O.K., lousy, not worth reporting, over-crowded, hunky dory, etc. None will deny that, in a democracy such as ours, everyone is entitled to his own opinion. But, as opinions are dependent upon personality which, in turn, is dependent on the genes inherited from both parents, as well as the environment, it becomes increasingly obvious that not two people will have the same opinions.

It also becomes increasingly obvious that some gauge is necessary for assessing the conditions in this room. So we sought and interviewed students with a view to finding out what difficulties they had encountered and how they thought they might be overcome.

I found Mr. C. Taylor wedged into one corner of the room. Asked if he had any complaints to make he muttered in a low, cynical tone: "Over-crowded . . . too many spectators . . . cramps my style."

Mr. D. Davis's complaint was that there was no paint left. But who was responsible for that, Mr. Davis?

Mr. J. Skelan, who was in a state of nervous collapse when I interviewed him, revived sufficiently to say bitterly: "The number of giggling women here upset my mental equilibrium."

Mr. D. Beiler I found raging wildly. Said he: "I think it is going too far to include a wife in the art and crafts equipment."

I began, at this stage, to despair of ever finding anyone with some constructive criticism to make until I saw Mr. Keith Williams sitting in dignity on one of the benches and surveying with benign wisdom the antics and caprices of the mass of students around him. I went up to him immediately and told him of my mission. He listened patiently and sympathetically until I had done, nodding gravely. Then he said: "It is indeed a serious matter. But there is only one solution, Mr. Reporter. This room should never have been an Art and Crafts Room. It is suitable only for practical nature study."

Of course, I realised he was right instantly, and for that reason I am passing the information on to you. It can't be too late to do something about it.

## Football

### COLLEGE v. EXPERIMENT FARM

The Blake Cup side made a very impressive debut for the season by winning a trial match 17-2 against Experiment Farm on the latter's home ground.

From the kick off the College side played as a whole unit, something rarely seen nowadays in the first game of the season, and in every part of the game looked dangerous.

The ball, like a counterfeit note, was passed with extreme rapidity among all players, especially the backs who, though weakened by the absence of Murray Millar, attacked and defended splendidly.

The forwards, playing one man short for the major part of the second half, stood up to their big task in a manner to be commended. It was they who opened up the game and gave our backs the opportunity which they did not miss.

A feature most noticeable was the very fast pace set by both teams, and it was extremely pleasing to note that this pace was not in its embers at the blowing of the final whistle.

### HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GAME

The Farm kicked off and took play into the College twenty-five, the only time during this half. College slowly wended its way down towards the opponents' goal line, and when attacking about thirty yards out were awarded a penalty. Tom Hodges made no mistake as to where he intended the ball to go and so fifteen minutes after commencement of play College had opened their account and were leading 2-0.

Seven minutes later the spectators witnessed the best move of the game. The ball was played by Harry Gibbs near the College twenty-five and travelled along the back line to Graeme Wilson, who neatly cut out two players, sent a pass to Arthur Smith, then to Alan Nilon, who smartly drew the full-back and sent Paul Rees on his way for a try under the black dot. Tom's trusty toe did the honours.

College now had a lead of 7-0 and came again with renewed vigor to attack and finally score near the posts. This time Jim Bricknell did the try scoring and Tom as usual planted the pigskin between the uprights. Half-time came three minutes later without change in the totals of both teams.

Half-time score: 12-0.

Ten minutes after the second half commenced Graeme Wilson left the field with an ankle injury and College continued to the end with only twelve men.

Peter Debenham figured in an excellent 65 yards burst, passing three opponents to score College's only try during this half. That match winning boot that Tom has come good again and left College with a lead of 17-0.

Harry Gibbs, always one to create variety, was not very pleased when he had his whole fortune knocked out of his head, but he got a little of his

own back later by staging a sit down strike in order to quench his thirst.

At this stage, due to a distinct weight disadvantage, College were not breaking even in the scrums, and once the ball had to be kicked over the dead ball line to avert danger. However, they were holding their own and it was not till the final whistle that the Farm opened up their account with a penalty goal. The scores then being 17 to 2 in favour of the College.

The game was played in true sportsmanlike manner against a grand team of chaps, who, when they adapt themselves to this code will make the next meeting closer and more interesting.



The Centenary Week seems to have had its effect on many of the Clubs.

Recently the Mathematics Club devoted its Club periods to the preparation of teaching aids for demonstration during Education Week. The Club has been asked to send these aids to an exhibition of teaching aids given by the Teachers' Mathematics Association. These activities, however, did not prevent the members of the Club from completing the sundial under the direction of Mr. Duncan.

The Little Theatre Group has been slightly disorganised due to "The Gondoliers," but its members will now commence casting for "You Can't Take It With You."

Individual work is the activity of the Hobbies Club. Basketry, leather work and book binding are still popular. Members have not started weaving yet, as there are insufficient looms.

Congratulations to the Physical Education Club whose members devoted much of their time to practise nursery rhymes with actions and folk-dancing in order to entertain children during Education Week. The stars of the Club must not be forgotten for their display of vaulting and tumbling.

The Library Club, always practical, has devoted its time to Education Week also. Its members have made posters, etc., to decorate Hunter's window for this important week.

### VIS. ED.

The Visual Education Club has once again commenced its activities. This should prove to be a busy year, although it is not sure that the Club will continue after the end of this term when new courses will be arranged. Till then, however, the Club members will keep working.

Last year the strip-film section successfully completed a film on Wagga. So inspired were they by their success that they are producing two films this term; one of the development of the College, primarily to show the "freshers" and the other on Japan.

The projector section is still at a standstill, not because of short supplies of lines, etc., but because our designers can't collaborate successfully—"Quiet, Calm Deliberation Disentangles Every Knot!"

A small group of Club members have done a very good job in cataloguing strip films which form a nucleus of a strip film library. These films will be made available to students during practice teaching periods and should be an excellent aid to teaching. Another 500 films remain to be catalogued, so Mr. O'Ryan and Thomas should never be heard to growl about having nothing to do!

The Debating Club has been completely disorganised by "The Gondoliers," Centenary Week and the general activity about the College.

No questions need be asked as to the activity of the Writers' Group. Several of its members devoted valuable time to the role of sandwich men for "The Gondoliers." Admirable conduct, to be sure!

"I am sorry," said the dentist on the telephone, "but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

Pedestrian—a man who has two cars, a wife and a daughter.

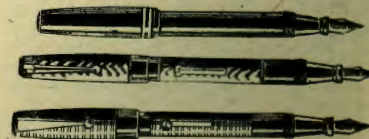
For one-armed drivers. You can't pay attention to your brakes when your mind is on your clutch.

## HUNTER'S—THE GIFT CENTRE

CAN SUPPLY THE

FOUNTAIN PEN OR PROPELLING PENCIL

YOU REQUIRE ALL THE BEST MAKES STOCKED



Hunter Bros. Pty. Ltd.  
STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

WAGGA.