



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

VOL. 1, No. 2

OCTOBER 13, 1947

PRICE: ONE PENNY

Pioneer Sports Parade

KABI AND IPAI IN PHOTO FINISH

In the first Intra-Mural Athletic Meeting, held at the Cricket Ground on September 23, Ipai and Kabi drew for first place with 101½ points. Mari followed with 100 points. Kambu also ran.

Following is a detailed account of events and results:—

- 1.—100 Yards Women's Championship: Marie Hulme 1, Joan Carey 2, Moira Smyth 3, Doreen Manwaring 4. Time, 12.5 sec.
- 2.—100 Yards Championship (Men): Jack Collins 1, Tom Hodges 2, Alan Nilon 3, Keith Brew 4. Time, 10.4.
- 3.—Tunnel Ball (Women): Mari 1, Kabi and Ipai dead heat 2, Kambu 3. Time, 31.3.
- 4.—Under and Overhead Ball (Women): Mari 1, Ipai 2, Kabi 3, Kambu 4. Time, 43.7.
- 5.—Captain Ball (Women): Mari 1, Kabi 2, Kambu 3, Ipai 4. Time, 76.6.
- 6.—Overhead Ball (Women): Kabi 1, Ipai 2, Mari 3, Kambu 4. Time, 37.5.
- 7.—Tug o' War: Kabi 1, Kambu 2, Ipai 3, Mari 4.
- 8.—220 Yards Championship (Men): Jack Collins 1, Tom Hodges 2, Keith Brew 3, Paul Rees 4. Time, 25.
- 9.—220 Yards Championship (Women): Joyce Robinson 1, Marie Hulme 2, Beth Denton 3, Margaret Welfare 4. Time, 30.8.
- 10.—Orange Race (Women): Margaret Welfare 1, Jean Hicks 2, Shirley Brodie 3, Pat Davies 4.
- 11.—Egg and Spoon Race (Men): Kevin Wilcox 1, Noel Fletcher 2, Ralph J. C. Hutton 3, Keith Cowan 4.
- 12.—75 Yards Championship (Women): Marie Hulme 1, Joan Carey 2, Beth Denton 3, Edna Baker 3. Time, 9.7.
- 13.—440 Yards Mixed Relay: Mari 1, Ipai 2, Kabi 3, Kambu 4. Time, 60.2.
- 14.—440 Yards Championship (Men): Brian Webb 1, Jack Collins 2, Alan Nilon 3, Tom Hodges 4. Time, 60.8.
- 15.—120 Yards Hurdles (Men): Des Bieler 1, Keith Cowan 2, Paul Rees 3, Ray Wood 4. Time, 18.7.
- 16.—Egg and Spoon Race (Women): Norma Neilson 1, Edna Baker 2, Maureen O'Neil 3, Margaret Fisher 4.
- 17.—440 Yards Relay (Women): Mari 1, Ipai 2, Kabi 3, Kambu 4. Time, 63.
- 18.—440 Yards Relay (Men): Mari 1, Kabi 2, Ipai 3, Kambu 3. Time, 51.7.
- 19.—Mile Championship (Men): Col Taylor 1, Nick Bricknell 2, J. Culen 3, Harry Robinson 4. Time, 5min. 4-3sec.
- 20.—Wheelbarrow Race (Men): Des Bieler 2, Ray Wood 2, Mark McLaughlin 3.
- 21.—Broad Jump (Men): Kev. Lyons 1, Max Bell 2, Paul Rees 3, Ed. Rascal 3. Distance, 20ft. 4in.
- 22.—Broad Jump (Women): Margaret Fisher 1, Doreen Manwaring 2, Shirley Brodie 3, Joan Carey 4. Distance, 13ft. 8in.
- 23.—Hop, Step and Jump (Men): Kev. Lyons 1, Tom Hodges 2, Brian Webb 3, Col. Squires 4. Distance, 41ft. 4in.
- 24.—High Jump (Men): Des. Bieler 1, Tom Hodges 2, Ross Bree 3, Keith Cowan 4. Height, 5ft. 4in.
- 25.—High Jump (Women): Marion Coddington 1, Marie Hulme 2, Joyce Robinson 3, Shirley Yonge and Margaret Welfare equal 4. Height, 4ft. 2in.
- 26.—Shot Putt (Women): Marie Hulme 1, Barbara Lenny 2, Margaret Welfare 3, Miriam Bowers 4. Distance, 43ft.
- 28.—880 Yards Championship (Men): Nick Bricknell 1, Gordon Wallace 2, Bern. Thorly 3, Dave Rummery 4. Time, 2min. 25.9sec.
- 29.—Three-legged Race (Women): Shirley Yonge 1, Gwen Roberts 2, Billie Andrews 3, Barbara Bosler 4.

Editorial

As you have been asked to pay one penny for your copy of "Talkabout", it is considered only just that you should be informed of the reasons which have made this charge necessary. Whether you consider that "Talkabout" is worth a penny or not is beside the point.

Originally it was intended to finance this paper by advertisements only, but

in the light of practical experience this means of raising the requisite money has, of itself, been found insufficient. In order to place the paper on a sound basis financially, and to permit of the occasional insertion of photographs, some charge is considered essential.

It is hoped that ultimately this imposition may be dispensed with, but for the time being your co-operation is sought in paying up, and if possible, looking pleasant.

—ALAN FRYER.

Mr. Hawcroft Speaks

"The Athletic Carnival was an outstanding success, due to the great enthusiasm of the Houses and the energy of the Athletic Committee. The spirit with which competitors entered events and won and lost set a standard in the first Athletic Carnival of the College which, it is hoped, will always be maintained.

The close finish in the House point score at the end of the day was remarkable if not unique, and congratulations are extended to all. The College has reason to be proud of its Pioneer Athletic Carnival. Carry on!"

HOUSE LEADERS' COMMENTS

Interviewed after his House had tied with Kabi at 101½ points, Col. Squires, boss of Ipai, said of their achievement:

"Better luck may have placed us further ahead in the point score, but as most Houses seem to suffer in this respect, the chances of success for all were just about even.

"I should like to extend to all the members of Ipai my sincere appreciation of their co-operation and their enthusiasm which has made today's shared victory a possibility. In addition I would like to congratulate Kabi on their splendid effort, but would hasten to assure them that when next we meet Ipai's attainments will be of a more decisive nature.

"I would also like to record my appreciation of the outstanding achievements of Kev. Lyons and the excellent performances given by: Des. Bieler, Keith Cowan, Bern. Thorley, Mark McLaughlin, Ed. Rascal and last but by no means

least our relay teams."

Noel Fletcher, the most popular manager of Kabi, made the following remarks when interviewed concerning his House's joint victory:—

"I should like to express my appreciation of the efforts of all competitors, who, by their enthusiasm, made the day so successful. Further, I desire to thank those athletes from Kabi who by dint of their exertions gained so meritorious a place for the House. My remarks would be incomplete without my extending congratulations to Ipai. We shall be awaiting with interest a return meeting, when, I am sure, Kabi will win the day. Incidentally, I deprecate any offers of assistance to egg me on with my spooning."

Tom Hodges, gargantuan leader of Mari:—

"Far be it from me to conduct a post mortem on our narrow defeat. I would, however, warmly congratulate Ipai and Kabi on their splendid showing. We shall console ourselves in the sincere hope that when next our redoubtable Houses clash, we of Mari will strike a higher pitch."

And Kambu . . .

Whilst discussing the Kambu debacle with House manager Dave Rummery, I asked him for his impressions of the day's activities, and his plans for Kambu's future, if any. Prior to my interrogation I had learnt that it was rumored that he had withdrawn his "athletes" from the forthcoming Olympic Games. Unfortunately space does not permit of a full report of his remarks, so we print below a synthesised version:—

"In establishing a precedent for Wagga collegiate athletes, and in setting a definite standard for the quality of performance in such activities, Kambu was confronted with a task of no little magnitude, and it was my pleasant if onerous duty to so co-ordinate the labors of the members of my House that the degree of proficiency which attended our efforts may be a worthy goal to which future members of Kambu may strive. Howsoever, adverting to a rumor which has gained some currency, though unfounded, I should like to state most emphatically that not only will the indefatigable stalwarts of Kambu contest Olympic honors, but also, since I am particularly unimpressed by the achievements of our contemporaries, I definitely intend to enter a Kambu team in the next athletic meeting, notwithstanding the entirely unwarranted, intolerable, and adverse criticism which has characterised the ravings of certain garrulous and uninformed persons; however, I should like to clarify the position by

pointing out that just as King Canute's spider kept ever striving to excel with honor despite the exigencies of the circumstances, knowing as it undoubtedly did that as it had buttered its bread it must now lie on it, so we of Kambu, though mere ships that pass in the night, when the day of reckoning the numbers of ex-students of this College are computed, nevertheless shall have planted our footsteps very firmly in the sands of time, leaving for the emulation of posterity the example of our great souls."

TAILORS AND MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Anstice & Mackay

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Our Thanks

. . . are due to Mr. Levis, without whose keen interest and practical assistance and suggestions this paper might not have been possible. We trust that our efforts will be worthy of the high standard which he has constantly striven to set before us.

. . . are due to Mr. R. Redgrave of Wagga, who has rendered "Talkabout" a great service by his artistic preparation of the two blocks used in the printing of this paper. We, the students, deeply appreciate this tangible example of his interest in our publication.



Into the social limelight this week must necessarily step Noel (excuse me, please) Curran, who has introduced the Hesitation Waltz—yes, he hesitates before he waltzes on your feet.

Mr. Pople tells me confidentially that Miss Moore's doctor says she is allergic to a certain color. He is downhearted; thinks its himself in his yellow jaundice jacket.

We have decreed, upon a check-up of the corner couples, that a parking fee shall be charged, say five shillings an hour, to go towards the establishment of seats.

Current romances will benefit by such a move as well as the "steadies" who are becoming an ever increasing section of the community. It's the best bet that Keith Cowan will be taking up his

position outside an end window in Block 7 very shortly.

Most people will guess immediately to whom the following doggerel applies:

If he can remember so many jokes,
With all the details that mould 'em,
Why can't he recall with equal skill
How many times he's told 'em?

MACBETH 1947

Act 1, Scene 1, Cricket Ground, Wagga, September 23.

Enter King Duncan and attendants.

Duncan:

"What bloody man is this?"

Attendant:

"This is the fellow,
Who like a good and hardy soldier
Fought 'gainst imperious gravity
And fell defeated. Hail, brave friend.
Say to the king the knowledge
Of the brawl as thou didst leave it.
But Mr. Cornell said nought—(that
can be printed)."

MAN OF THE WEEK: It's quiet, unassuming, unpretentious Keith Williams, ex-R.A.A.F. Definitely a ladies' man!

Yours truly,

BETTE.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

When beginning arrangements for the athletic carnival, which has just passed, I felt very despondent about the little help which had been proffered me by students in such a big job. Now, however, I must congratulate those who assisted me so enthusiastically in organising and marshalling events at the carnival.

I was very pleased indeed to be organiser of such a carnival as this, where good sportsmanship and bonhomie reigned throughout the day. I should like to congratulate a few future Olympians for their really outstanding performances.

The first of these "Pioneers," Tom Hodges by name, won the day with colors flying; closely followed by Jack Collins. Others worthy of mention in these few remarks are: Kev Lyons, Col Taylor and Des Bieler, with Marie Hulme, Joyce Robinson, Joan Carey, Moira Smyth and Beth Denton giving a splendid performance on behalf of the members of the weaker sex.

In closing, I should like to say "What hope has Sydney, Balmain or Armidale, when we can produce such a fine lot of sports?"—Yours faithfully,

BRIAN WEBB.

Dear Sir,

I was greatly impressed, nay, thoroughly astounded by the high standard of literary excellence achieved by the first issue of "Talkabout." Seldom does one find in a College journal so fine a blending of literary and artistic expression as has characterised your paper.

I consider that you are doing a really fine job under very difficult circumstances, and I desire to record my appreciation of the clarity of ex-

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pression, which you have already gained. In conclusion, may I wish "Talk-about" every success in future publications?—Yours faithfully,

ALAN R. FRYER.

[This is the tripe of letter that we like to receive; further letters in the same strain will be welcome at any time.—Ed.]

Hodges on Highlights

'Tis with some "misgiving" that I put pen to paper in an attempt to record our recent sports carnival.

The first records established by the College have set a high standard. They are all worthy of mention, save that perhaps established by the winners of the wheelbarrow race. There must have been something underhand there—our most honored president and his companion, Mr. Gibbs, were disqualified for no apparent reason. But then Mr. Pople was carrying the Ipai drumstick.

A young lion of a man sprang forth and won the first two events—the broad jump and the hop-step and jump. Judging by the distance between 1st and 2nd places, I should say Kev must have hopped, jumped and jumped again.

Did you notice in the high jump, a most amazing tendency for many of the competitors, both men and women, to go under instead of over the bar? I can understand this only too well with the men, but I did think the women above that type of behaviour! Bieler proved himself superior, however, winning rather easily—even if Trevor did scrape the bar a few times, while Marion shook all and sundry by winning the women's event.

The next event is worthy of particular note. I refer, of course, to the shot putt. Never in the history of the College has such a shot been putt, and vice versa. I sincerely hope Mr. Fryer will allow me to remain anonymous; otherwise people may think I am biased. H. Thomas Hodges won the men's section, and Marie Hulme the women's.

All the aforementioned events took place prior to the actual carnival day, which was Tuesday, 23rd September.

On this memorable day, we departed for the Cricket Ground to the accompaniment of much singing of house songs and chanting of war-cries. Great was the speculation as to who would take out the finals in the afternoon and the women in the night!

The women's three-legged race was the only event to be finalised during the morning. Moira was almost finalised in the heat of the women's 220!!

This event had created a particular interest among the men because of the great number of possibilities. I take my hat off to Jack Collins for his double victory and his second in the 440 yds. champ. I'll even go so far as to take off Mr. Pople's hat to Marie Hulme, who won three events and a second.

One thing I haven't been able to figure out yet—and that is why Mr. Hawcroft did not have one chap sent off the field! He would establish himself at about 15 yards from the starting line and repeatedly interfere with the runners so that they would have to start again. Now, I realise what a necessary virtue patience is! Mr. Hawcroft, however, did not chat him about it once, I couldn't quite make out who it was, but he had curly hair, and I should say he is, or was, the answer to a maiden's prayer.

The ball games were very impressive and it was particularly interesting to note (I'm sure Mr. Renwick did too) that most of the girls were rubbing their eyes and yawning. Something to do with the transference of stimuli produced by a previous patterned background to an entirely new one.

Tug-o-war came next, and all due credit must go to the Kabi team. Mr. Cornell could have been of great vocal assistance, but I do think he might have let go the rope.

Collins came fourth again and won the 220 in convincing style. He might be one to follow in future races. I followed him in this one!

Joyce Robinson ran a beautiful race to take the laurels in the women's 220. My apologies to any young lady whom I have over-looked—I'm sure I looked them all over on Tuesday, though!

The women's orange race drew quite a large number of entries, and starters seemed very au fait in the art of lifting fruit. Miss Welfare proved herself easily the most accomplished!

The roosters strutted out for the egg and spoon race, and Kevin Wilcox was cock of the walk, followed by Chiefiepie Fletcher.

Marie Hulme showed dash to win the women's 75 yds championship. Miss Carey was close on her heels, but Marie reached the tape a clear winner.

Des showed complete indifference to the opposition by easily winning the 120 yds. hurdles. Some of the runners apparently thought that the competition was in how many times the hurdles could revolve.

Mixed relays are always interesting events at any sports carnival, and this was no exception. Teams worked well, considering the lack of preparation. Ian Thomas seemed to have the event sewn up for Ipai, but he ran into serious headwinds. Ian was in the Navy; Murray was a pilot—Murray won, and so did Mari!

By the time the 440 yds. championship was run, quite a breeze had sprung up, and some competitors found it difficult to make port in safety. Brian Webb thoroughly deserved his victory; but I was very disappointed in Jack Collins—he wouldn't wait for me!

Norma Nielson stuck to her egg like a clucky hen to win the egg and spoon race. She was the only one to cross the line.

The men's relay was quite exciting, and the issue was in doubt from go to woe. I took my spite out on Jack, though, and didn't wait for him. Somehow, I don't think I had long to wait. This gave Mari House the three relays and the much-needed thirty points.

Before continuing, I must correct a gross oversight. No mention has been made of the 880 yds. champ., which was run on Monday afternoon. Omission of this race report would probably lose for me the friendship and advice of Mr. Bricknell. Nick won the event with ease, and all appeared well for a repetition of this form in the mile. Harry Robertson evidently got his dates mixed up, because he ran several laps of the oval after everyone else had finished.

Bieler set off at a cracker pace in the mile—he was another who got his event mixed, because he only went 200 yds. before he dropped out and left Bricknell in the lead. He held this position until the last 20 yds., when something fishy sneaked up on the outside and pipped

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him on the post. Col Taylor is to be congratulated on an excellent run!

The final point scores for the Pioneer Sports Carnival of the Wagga Teachers' College were as follows:

Ipai 101½, Kabi 101½, Mari 100, Kambu 49.

To wind up in true carnival spirit, a dance was held in the Assembly Hall. At first the men were conspicuous by their absence, but they had saved their energy till later and most came home quite well. A few of the fairer sex tired early.

On the whole the day was a huge success and everything ran quite smoothly. Congrats. go to Brian Webb.

All dormitories were quiet by 11.30 p.m.

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The Style Spy

Originally, I had intended last week's "Style Spy" as a mere article serving as an eyeopener to the public concerning the decidedly superior dress sense inculcated in the students of this College. It was not intended as the first instalment of a serial, but after our famous athletic carnival, what an opportunity would be wasted if we were to ignore the wonderful display of sporting fashions present there.

Of course, the general fashion was the acknowledged Phys. Ed. uniform—black shorts, white top, white socks and sandshoes; but the natural dress spirit of students and lecturers could not be suppressed, and in most cases found an outlet in the headgear and variations—not always achieved by differences in cut, either.

The most exciting variations were seen when men competitors changed from their spectator outfits to their running attire. It was here that they were able to give freedom to the imagination. (In some cases we are inclined to think that a little too much imagination was exercised.) As a result, we find some competitors discovering a slight resemblance in themselves to the mighty Tarzan, have fashioned their shorts according to his modernistic trends, while yet others have preferred the chic of Parisian models, and, not content with the subtle slit on one leg, have acquired slits on both.

Nick Bricknell, clad in "pure" white, was a truly worthy pioneer champion of the 880 yards sprint. But someone was heard to mention that he had chosen the wrong color! It wasn't you was it, Shirl?

Then, as Ed Rascall appeared soon after, clad similarly to Nick, only on a smaller scale, all attention was drawn to him, and, as he "tripped" blithely over the hurdles, he reminded others besides Joyce of the boy cupid.

Dave Rummery apparently preferred black for his outfit. In mourning for your mark for art and crafts, Dave?

The organiser of the sports himself was resplendent in an exotic outfit of rainbow hues. But I think Mr. Webb must have made a mistake when he looked at the contrasting color on his color-wheel. Otherwise, how else could he have achieved that rare tomato squash shade?

Hats—all shapes and sizes; primarily designed to keep out the sun—in Mr. Pople's case, I should say that it had been designed to keep in the hair as well. A white monstrosity, with flopping brim drooping cozily, like a half fried pancake, over both eyes.

At the other extreme, we witnessed Mr. Hawcroft's straw-board model, settled precariously on top of his . . . well, his head; the brim rested contentedly along the top of his horn-rimmed sunglasses, reminding me somewhat of my great grandfather Foggabolla's portrait at home—when men were men and mice wore tails.

November will see in the swimming season, and, judging by present-day en-

thusiasm, the river sights should well warrant a written account in "Talk-about."

—"MICHELLE."

"That Certain Feeling"

By COLIN SQUIRES

It started on the Tuesday,
When a few felt sick and weak;
And we took so little notice
Till the numbers reached their peak.

A few more victims soon were known,
The signs by no means vague;
As they fell (or ran from lectures)
In obedience to the "plague."

The frequent, frantic scrambles,
Gave us many hints;
That the true athletic spirit
Was well behind the sprints.

What a pity 'twas not sooner,
But it's the irony of fate;
We'd have had the best trial runs
Had the "plague" been not so late.

If we quietly went from lectures,
We would soon be in a hurry;
As advice from all the veterans
Was that frantic word to "Hurry."

We all laughed in one lecture,
As the open air was sought;
"Is this only in my lesson?"
Was the lecturer's retort.

But the sick had one big comfort,
For if the warden "sees you,"
You'll get your dose of castor oil,
And milk-white fluid magnesia.

But now the "plague" is over,
In health you now will find us;
But printed in our paper
Is a poem to still remind us.

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College Gardens

This week was a very busy one for the gardeners, and many different varieties of plants were put in. Most of these plants will be blossoming forth very shortly.

The lack of scented garlands in the rooms of Block 18 had dismayed and worried the representatives of this block and, filled with paternal instinct for the welfare of their charges, Jack and Keith requested Mr. Cornell to transform the barren desolation surrounding this block into a fragrant blooming garden.

Mr. Cornell soon obliged, and during the week five dozen different varieties of carnations were planted along the side of Block 18.

A bottle brush hedge (*Callisteman lanceolatus*), consisting of 15 dozen plants, has been planted around the new domestic quarters.

The gardening project shows some definite results already. Have you noticed the double flowering peaches (pink and white) now in blossom next to the Matron's Block?

Phlox have just been planted alongside of Block 7. Also 200 plants of 40 different varieties of chrysanthemums have been planted alongside Blocks 7 and 8.

However, these, together with other things, will soon be hidden from the gaze of the male students now that the hedge (*Photinia glabra rubens*) which was recently planted around the women's quarters is beginning to grow.

The few daffodils in flower are of the Emperor type. Guinea Golds have been planted in the small quadrangle behind the College Shop, and a Hawthorn hedge (*Pyracantha*) has been planted along the road past the incinerator.

The Horticultural Club is progressing steadily and its members are making a detail map of the College grounds showing the exact position and names of the several thousand plants in it.

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The Pioneer Song

(Sung to the tune of "Grenadier Guards")

They came of wild and roving stock that
would not long abide,
They came from Bourke, from Broken
Hill and over Sydney side,
You cannot hope to see such folk in
next or future years,
As those recruits to Turvey Park, the
brave young pioneers.

'Twas they who trod the barren boards
of corridor and room,
'Twas they who shivered in the shower
where no steam clouds did loom,
'Twas they who heard the well worn
strain, 'tis coming, won't be long,
And still endured with valiant heart,
with humour and with song.

The ecstasy of sleeping in, ah, that they
never knew,
For clanged the dismal rising bell and
out of beds they flew,
For rules were made to be obeyed and
rigid is this rule,
All must be prompt at breakfast time,
it's worse than boarding school.

On Monday morn up in the hall, their
Principal to greet,
To hear the last communique on pro-
gress through the week,
For cold discomfort what cared they,
they stood the icy blast,
With fortitude and iron will, excelling to
the last.

Oh, ye that follow quickly on, and drink
to them with cheers,
To those who struggled bravely on
through two unsettled years,
They forged for you democracy, with
toil and sweat and tears,
The founders of the college life, the
Wagga pioneers.

—A FEW OF THE FIRST.
(Many apologies to A. B. Paterson).

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Our Recorded Music Society

Towards the end of last term a group of us approached Mr. Pople with the intention of asking his support in a society we were attempting to form. Those of us who have an appreciation for classical music realised with regret that the College offered neither facilities for our hearing our favorite recordings, nor opportunities to listen-in to broadcast concerts.

We found Mr. Pople particularly co-operative and he readily consented to a suggestion that those who agreed with Jim O'Ryan, the prime mover in our case, should form a society to discuss and listen to such recordings as were available at the College. Mr. Pople generously offered the use of his own radiogram and library of recordings, for which we are most grateful. The society meets every Sunday and enjoys a programme selected by the committee, which receives suggestions from the members themselves.

Mr. Pople, to allow the members to appreciate fully the symphonies and orchestral works played, prepares notes on the programme and issues each member with a copy.

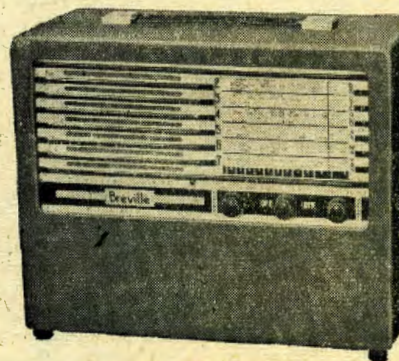
Four major works have so far been presented: Beethoven's First Symphony, Dvorak's Fifth Symphony, Stravinsky's Petrouchka Ballet Suite, and excerpts from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

The Yanco—W.T.C. Rugby League Match

This match, although resulting in a defeat for the College team, brought to light many hidden talents among both the members of the team and the spectators. The score—for football—was 11-2 in Yanco's favor; the other scorers were mostly one each, except

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down the back where there were a few left-overs. The matches were played under extreme conditions, as the fields were either uneven or crowded. Many comments were made about the amount of shepherding done, but it may be truthfully said that teamwork won the day. Tom Hodges played with remarkable skill, showing an amazing amount of technique for a gentleman of his calibre. However, he has since proved that this is his true form. Col Squires, although his ankle was injured, was his usual bright self and proved an asset, with the able assistance of Moira Smyth to the social side of the trip.

Harry Gibbs, always a "heady player," showed even more cunning than usual. The full-back, Don Westley, had a full lap.

Bill O'Sullivan showed a taste for official positions, and Jack Gleeson proved as steady a seat as he did a centre.

It was evident that Paul Rees and Arthur Smith liked variety, as they changed position several times. But Des Bieler, with some strategy, manoeuvred himself into a favorable position and remained there for the rest of the match. Steady boy, Des.

Last, but not the slowest, of the outstanding footballers was Nick Bricknell, who ran very well during the match and has been running at the same speed for miles ever since.

This was a memorable occasion for the College football team, as it was the first occasion that W.T.C. travelled in force to play another team. But it was also memorable as a social success.

The wit and talent of Ken McLean as an entertainer was outstanding in the first bus, which arrived home without mishap about 9.30 p.m. Most in the first bus settled down extremely comfortably early in the trip on the way home. Those on the chairs in the aisle had a definite handicap, but did remarkably well under the circumstances. Mr. Cornell stepped forward with his usual tact and dimmed the lights. This was appreciated by all, including the now thoroughly-tired lecturers, Mr. Pople and Miss Webb, etc., etc.

Miss Kilgour and Miss Moore evidently contented themselves with their dreams, and judging by the supersonic snores, they imagined themselves in Elysian fields.

Unlike his usual debonair self, Merv Whittaker had several horizontal creases in his trousers on arrival at Yanco, but by the time he reached Wagga again he could have played "a sentimental tune" on the concertinas in them.

However, the footballers and spectators in the second bus did not escape so easily. The rather eccentric engine of the bus died a gentle death about 21 miles on the Wagga side of Narandera. Even so, the pioneer spirit never flickered in the breasts of the still-cheery occupants—I might even say "inhabitants"—of the second bus.

No one person was outstanding as an entertainer, as in the first bus, as each did his/her share to keep the

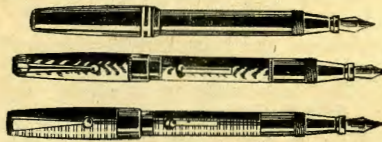
others amused. All were still smiling when they arrived home, very sleepy, at 1.30 a.m. and resolved to take anew the motto, "Life with a purpose (either sex)" as a personal text.

We all feel sure that the team is itching to avenge their defeat at Yanco during the next football season, and I can vouch, as an interested onlooker, that the spectators are eagerly awaiting that day.

BEV DOMINISH.

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Cricket Begins

As the College team had never played together before, and as the standard of the Paint and Repair (P. and R.) team was unknown, we thought we might have to mind our P's and Q's.

The P. and R. team first took up their stand on that 22 yards of precious territory. The opening batsman had a slice of bread in his hands. When questioned about the slice of bread he replied: "Oh, that's for treacle."

Hodges opened up the attack for the College. During his first two overs the air was well circulated by the patient waving of bats by the batsmen. Unfortunately they failed to connect with the ball.

Oh, I should have mentioned, the batsmen took block. These days you don't want to lose your block or someone will build on it.

During the course of the game a characteristic of one of the batsmen became very annoying. He kept on trying for fine cuts. However, as none of our team smoked, he had to borrow some fine cut from his team mates.

The P. and R. batsmen used varied tactics in coping with the College's fine bowling. One gentleman in particular must have found the bat quite cumbersome, because, when executing a perfect full-blooded swing, he threw the bat clear out of his hands, landing some 10 yards away, almost cleaning Alan Nilon up in its flight of fancy.

After a valiant effort by Jack Gleeson and Arthur Smith, the P. and R. team was dismissed.

Then our two openers, Max Cox and Kevin Quinn, went in to bat. Max

left quite early. Perhaps he was in a hurry, had a bus to catch or didn't like the company or something. Maybe he was out.

Then in came that wolf Bree. They say he makes fine leg glances. Yes, this weakness got him out. A bonnie lass walked past. He made a leg glance—he was out. He went out for a duck. Maybe for a duck in the river, but I wouldn't know much about that.

Ross was followed by Alan Nilon who, after some minutes, went for the long handle. However, Alan, good as your eye may be, we suggest you use a cricket bat in future.

Jack Brewster came into bat, having the pads on the wrong legs.

"Oh," he said, "I thought I was batting at the other end."

Then entered the worthy Hodge himself. They say he has a particularly fine square leg shot.

"You should see Hodges' square leg," they cry. Well, frankly, his legs seemed ordinary to me. After many frustrated attempts the "hill" volunteered help by calling out: "Seen a better batter in a fish shop."

My main trouble during the match was running between the wickets. My legs are so short they hardly touch the ground.

Having seriously considered and inwardly digested this dissertation, you will, without reservation, acclaim this as a noble curtain-raiser to cricket in the College. An enjoyable time was had by all, and we all take this opportunity of thanking the P. and R. staff for a game of cricket played in a true picnic atmosphere.

—NEVIL CARDUS QUINN.

And Our Women Voice Their Opinions

IPAI: Every girl in Ipai is to be congratulated for her keen sportsmanship in the recent Athletic Carnival. A fine house spirit prevails and this was emphasised by the enthusiastic barracking and singing that was carried on in the grandstand.

My heartiest congratulations are extended to Marie Hulme, the champion of all the girls, who ran excellently, to score for Ipai. I should like to thank the girls for giving up that last precious hour of sleep in the mornings to practice ballgames. Those in the relay teams ran well, as did all those who entered in the novelty events.

Kabi—Congratulations! The draw was a fitting ending to a perfect day.

MARGARET E. FISHER,
Manageress.

KABI: The spirit of enthusiasm and the co-operation among the Kabi girls was a major factor contributing to the House success.

Special mention must be given to Joyce Robinson and Joan Carey for brilliant performance, and, indeed, we must congratulate all members of the House for their splendid teamwork, which resulted in final success.

MARGARET WELFARE,
Manageress.