



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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Another Term Under Way

Another term has started. For the first-years, now having really settled in, the real beginning of College life. For the second-years, the beginning of the last stages.

For both years, however, this term should be one during which some thought is given to College life with regard to significance and meaning.

Life in an institution such as this must be basically directed along academic lines. You will notice that I used the word "academic" and not the word "educational." I used the word "academic" because I was thinking specifically of the course of lectures and because I like to save the word "educational" to use when I am referring to College life as an integrated whole.

From this line of reasoning, if it can be so described, you can see that it is possible to go through College and be successful in the specific academic field and yet be no more "educated" than you were on entering.

Here I refer to a type of student, fortunately rare, who takes no part in College activities and spends his days and nights with one thing only in his mind. The reward of virtue . . . the certificate.

Such individuals as this make the synonyms "certification" and "education" take different meanings.

This College offers every student remarkable opportunities. It offers him education, certification and two years he will never forget.

I am making no criticism of stress on the academic side of College life. After all, life here must be basically academic, but I do criticise a small group who through stupidity, selfishness or both tread no other paths than those which lead to the study and lecture rooms.

It may not have occurred to some of the "minds" of this institution, but they may have to do a few other things beside standing in front of a class when they graduate.

Don't think that the academic side always suffers if time is given to College activities. Take the case of the outstanding academic student, Maurice Pitfield.

Apart from topping the College academically, Maurice found time to be President of the Writers' Group, President of the Literary Club, twice Sub-Editor on "Talkabout," twice Sub-Editor of the College Literary Magazine and for a time Maurice was Vice-President of the S.R.C.

Of course, some students, by their very good intentions, do so much for College that their academic work actually suffers. Of course, while such students are to be admired for their loyalty, they would do better to try and find the balance.

Here, of course, the classic example is Jim Butler.

You may not have heard of Jim, as most of his time is taken up in activities for the betterment of the College.

Jim Butler has in fact been a co-editor of this paper and has written at least one-quarter of the material published since the present staff took over. He has been a staunch supporter of the Writers' Group. In co-operation with Hebrew Higgins, he did a lion's share of the work at the recent athletic carnival. He is an active member of the Tennis Club and if memory serves me correctly holds some position in the club. He is active at all College sporting activities and has even found time to represent "Talkabout" on the S.R.C.

These two students respectively represent the perfect balance and a balance inclined too far the "right" way.

Each individual must choose his own path here. It is, however, desirable that every student pull his weight both academically and socially then every student would get the utmost from this College and would have his just rewards . . . education and certification.

"DEMOS."

Editorial

It is regretted that the publication of this issue did not coincide with the resumption of College activities last week.

As usual there is a reason for the delay, but I refrain from explanation as elucidation could offer nothing but sure proof of the frailty of human nature in general and of certain students specifically.

Even so, this issue marks the beginning of a new era for "Talkabout," and henceforth this paper will appear every seven days.

I am confident that the dark days of juvenile journalism have passed and that at last this paper shows promise of being worthy of a Teachers' College.

Despite this new support, I would like to see more students submitting articles. Surely every student here must have something to say at least once in his College career.

If you find that you are unable to actually produce, I ask that you give some indication of the type of articles which meet with your approval.

This final effort on the part of the Editorial Staff is as much as we are capable of doing. We can only start the job—the rest is up to you.

This is the last appeal. There are many students capable of writing. If they do not support us now "Talkabout" must inevitably reflect an attitude degenerate and apathetic.

JOHN MITCHELL.

Modern Developments in Lecturing

What should be the function of a student during lectures? Should he be passive or active? Should he be a mere automaton or a reasoning being.

Picture a lecture room. A lecturer of the old school is holding the floor. He speaks in a clear expressive voice and punctuates his remarks with stage-like gestures. Every now and again he comes to a point which is apparently more important than others. On these occasions he slows up and the students duly take notes while the lecturer dictates. The important point is passed and the lecturer hurries on. A few students wonder vaguely what the lecturer means, but there is no time to ask. The lecture must go on. Resignedly these students continue to take notes. What does it matter if they do not understand? The examiner does not ask that they understand. All that is required is that they know. If they know a lot (learned verbatim from dictated notes) and can reproduce that lot in the examination they will be given a certificate. It does not matter that they understand but little of what, with a great deal of study, they can convince an examiner they know. Another point is reached. The certificate hunters copy down the dictated notes feverishly. The thinkers in the group do so resignedly. They do not understand, and, if it is important, and not just another piece of useless information, calculated to clutter up some odd corner of the mind which by some miracle has been left uncluttered in spite of high school, they want to know. The others certainly do not know, but they do not care. They have no wish to become educated.

The lecture draws to a close. Right on time the lecturer comes to the end of his prepared material. No time has been left for discussion.

"I have some printed sheets here which you may collect as you go out."

The students file out, picking up the printed sheets as they go.

That is the old type of lecturer. He is dying out. He must, in an age when people are beginning to reason for themselves. To-day people do not merely want to know. They want to know why. The type of lecturer I have mentioned overlooks a very important fact. The students who sit before him so passively have ideas of their own. But wait—some of them have no ideas of their own. They have never been trained to think. All their lives they have accepted without question whatever they have been told. They are, purely and simply, incapable of original thought. It is with these people that a lecturer should be primarily concerned. Unless this fatal failing on the part of students is corrected, before they are allowed to leave this College, the College is failing in its duty to the student and to the State. A student who leaves this College without being

capable of forming and expressing an opinion has wasted two precious years of his life. They are destined to become leaders in their communities, but they are not equipped. It will be a case of the blind leading the blind. These students will be a menace to themselves and to the community in which they live. They will be led by the nose by anyone with a convincing tongue. The recent industrial crisis was caused because very few people are capable of or bother to form an opinion of their own and the few that can, and take the trouble to, have not been trained to express this opinion. We, as teachers, have the opportunity to right this wrong, but before we can do this, we ourselves must be encouraged to think.

Well, you have seen the old type of lecturer in action. You have seen what it is this lecturer's duty to do. Now, do you think he is carrying out this duty? Obviously he is not. Then, what is the solution to the problem?

There are some lecturers in this College who have that solution. Unfortunately there are not enough. These lecturers realise the need and are doing something about it. These lecturers are trying to make every one of us a thinking, rational person. They invite discussion on controversial points. Everyone has a chance to speak his or her mind. They see that every possible aspect of every point is fully discussed. They are doing something that the lecturer who continually puts off answering a question till an indefinite later can never do. They are getting students to think and to express themselves. Of course, many are wrong in what they think. It is impossible to have everyone right every time. If that were possible there would be no need for Teachers' Colleges. We all make mistakes, partly because we have had so little previous training in the art of thinking. However, our fallacies are corrected, usually by a fellow student who on that particular point thinks more profoundly and correctly than we do.

These lectures are not apart from the students. They do not dictate notes consistently in a cold impersonal way. They act more as guides to steer our sometimes jumbled thoughts in the right direction. If they express an opinion, they are quite willing to defend should the students disagree. They do not close down the discussion and insist that we accept their ideas. If we disagree and can back up our ideas with good sound reasons, they are prepared either to change their opinions, or, at least, leave us to ours. They do not take a "this is right everybody else is wrong" attitude on controversial matters. They are really doing something for the students of this College. They are fitting us to become worthy citizens.

However, there are not enough of these lecturers. There are so many of us who have never been asked to think that every lecturer must adopt this only sane lecturing technique if we are to profit from our two years here.

There are many people who seem to have no opinion to offer on any subject. They appear to be incapable of clear logical thought. Numbered among these

are many students who gained high marks in the yearly examination. These alleged brains of the College are not educated. In spite of their points they are mere automatons.

Well, which are we to have? Are we to continue as we have in the past (and are now) or are we going to make progress? Are we to have facts dished up to us—to be learnt by those willing to pervert their minds, those who can see no farther than the much-coveted certificate? Or are we to be turned into clear logical thinkers? A lot rests with the decision.

JAMES A. BUTLER.

COMING SOON

"Demonstrations—Their Value?" Are demonstrations worth the time and effort put into them? What, if anything, do students gain from Dems? Read "Demonstrations—Their Value?" and decide for yourself.

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

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Retrogression

Central Station—thousands of milling, pushing people, all rushing with fierce desperation on last-minute errands to bookstalls, milk-bars, ticket offices, etc. A kaleidoscopic pattern of blank, uninteresting faces, variegated colours, shifting checks and tartans, blues, greens and browns weaving through the aimless ebb and flow of the restless human tide.

The tired student, struggling with a formidable array of luggage, drops the load with obvious relief and surveys the heterogeneous mass of heaving humanity with interest.

"Ah yes! There's Ces. I wonder if she's still keen on —?" Yes, there he is, looking at her as if he's frightened she'll bolt on him. Wouldn't blame her. Still don't see why she dropped me for him. Oh, well—.

The bags are picked up again as a section of the heaving crowd spills through the gates on to the platform. More people with worried, haunted expressions dashing frantically for the steadily filling carriages.

"Hi, Don."

"Lo, Mick. Good holiday?"

"Just fair. Pretty dead. Not much doing. Went to the pictures most nights. Almost glad to be back if I had Donnison's craft done. Damned if I could get started on it. Left it till the last few days and then didn't have time. Got your's done?"

"Yair. Haven't finished the geography though. Wonder when she wants it? Might do it to-morrow night. Got a smoke?"

Scrape of match on box. Two heads bent over the flame. Much contented puffing and plumes of blue smoke mingle with the dust and noise and spiral skywards. The embarking crowd is watched in silence.

"There's —."

"Bet he's finished his assignments. Wonder he didn't stay behind and swot."

"Yair. Conchy, isn't he?"

"Hi, fellars!"

"Day, Kev. Here's the rest of the crew. Let's dive in here."

"Seen Shirl?"

"Got anything to —."

"Met a nice piece in Sydney last week. Boy, was I smooth! Why in the first ten minutes—."

"Go easy, that's my foot—."

"Finished your craft? I'll bet old Donnison—."

"Read your Hughes and Hughes?"

"We didn't have anything to read in —."

"Too right, we did. Allen told us—."

"Shut up, can't yer. Get enough of that on Monday. Anyway—."

"All aboard."

"Come on."

DIGRESSION

The last fringes of the party boards the train and the stude sits down and surveys the other occupants of the compartment.

H-m-m. Nice girl in the corner. Isn't she a first year? Yes. Wonder if I could cut in? Let me see. What's the technique? I seem to have forgotten your name, then flash the teeth at her. I'll just act casual like, though. Mustn't let her think I'm keen.

"Excuse me. Did you drop this?" A voice that sounds like singing violins. A sparkle of lovely white teeth, with red lips framed invitingly around them.

"Er—oh, yes, yes. Um—er, yes. Must have slipped off the seat. Er—."

"Yes?" More violins and Kolynoss.

"Thanks."

Face buried behind the paper. Did I sound casual? Did she think I was only politely interested? Damn it, I'm blushing. Wonder if she's looking at me? Must develop that nonchalant attitude. Not that I care—.

Wander down the corridor. Meet the boys. Might bump into B. Wonder if she's talking by this?

Aw, Hell, Goulburn!

"Hope it's open. I'm thirsty."

"I'll shout this one."

"Three, please."

"Don't push, mate."

"There's Jean. Hi, Jean, how's —."

"Didn't hear you. She's —."

"Three —."

"She deaf or something?"

Three glasses of cooling fluid. Silence while the heads are tilted back, and the steady rhythm of the Adam's apple denotes the washing down of coal dust.

Further scrambling back into the train. More reminiscing about the holidays. Wagga station and students.

PROGRESSION

"Grab a taxi."

"Got my bag?"

"Room here, Marie."

Hell. She snubbed me again. What do I care.

Wagga T.C. Hut nine. The old room. More reminiscing.

"Gosh, I'm tired. Think I'll turn in. Don't call me for breakfast."

"Go on. Scram. Let a bloke get some rest. Been travelling for two days."

Knock on door. Familiar figure. Khaki shirt and leather jacket. Signs of barber's strike.

"Do an article by to-morrow?"

Yair, yair, Mitch. Sure thing. Good-bye."

"Anything to get rid of him."

The joys of Wagga T.C.

"SCRIBENS."

Revenge in the Riverina

CHAPTER 2

[Violet had been turning hot and cold when last we saw her. Deadshot had told her to get her horse Angry as he strolled nonchalantly through the door determined to kill Scarface Hudson. Now read on.]

"Come back, Dead! Dead, come back!" cried Violet, but even as she spoke a shot rang out and Dead dropped . . . dead.

The shot had come from the beacon on Nalliw's Hill, a distance of 1,500 metres, where Hudson stood in vacant and pensive mood, his eyes gleaming strangely.

Meanwhile Vile was weeping convulsively beside the ungainly hulk that was Dead.

All of a sudden Violet stood up and ran to someone whom she felt sure would take vengeance on the slayer of sweet Allan Quinn.

Stealthily she made her way along the main street, past Hairy Carey's barber shop and Biliou's restaurant, till she paused in front of Listless Lollard's Detective Agency.

Listless was not the fool that many people thought him to be. Those dull, sunken eyes and the sagging lower jaw gave little indication of the keen brain and fighting heart that few people knew he possessed.

Violet burst in and found Listless lying on the couch, his body motionless; yet she had no doubt that his keen mind was concentrating on some problem of great moment. By his side lay an open copy of "Let's Play With

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Words" by Maurice Fitpeale, and on his desk was an autographed photograph of Donald Duck.

Violet was keen enough to notice a recorder flute box under his pillow. This box, of course held his automatic . . . recorder flute.

Vile woke him by shaking his shoulder pads and quickly told him the story of the cold-blooded murder.

Listless was quite angry. "Oh, bother," he said. "This is unconstitutional. Take my word for it, Violet," he said, "this means action. I'll move 'no confidence' in Hudson at the next meeting of the Recorder Flute Club."

Violet sighed with relief and Listless was so overcome with manly emotion that he chewed his bubble gum with a savage determination.

Suddenly Violet shivered. No doubt she had had a mental picture of the titanic conflict that would come when Hudson came face to face with this man of steel.

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir: I have just returned from a vacation. After one of my rare late evenings I awoke looking I've no doubt like a startled faun and there, before my undignified presence, sat a mithradilis right on top of a smavitt.

Who would have believed that I would see a mithradilis this vacation and in Sydney too!

Well, it just sat there for fully 30 minutes while I was transfixed. Then it spoke to me, not the least bit aggressively, and said: "The transfiguration of the inanimate soul begins at an early age in the plagioccephalic and the flustra—beware!"

With this it lifted its ponderous body and circling the room twice it flew away.

Sir, I am worried. Perhaps you can help me. What in the name of fortune is a "flustra"?—Yours for education,

LEWIS JAMES CRABTREE.

Dear Sir,—Although this may make some of the other girls envious, I must tell my fellow students how delightful it was to meet one of our collegians during the vacation.

I was walking along Pitt Street when I noticed a chap in a faded corduroy jacket. He had a tin in one hand and with the other he was picking up something off the footpath; probably something he dropped. It was Lew Crabtree.

He looked up when I was about thirty yards away. I knew he had seen me, but he wanted to surprise me as I walked past because he suddenly bounded to the wall and faced the other way. I walked over to him and the poor dear was cold, because when I touched him on the shoulder he was shivering. He started to talk about the rain and his not having a coat, or at least I think that is what he meant, as he was very depressed about it and kept mumbling, "Trapped, trapped."

We then went to a matinee at the Minerva. I had a double complimentary ticket.

Poor Lew, he must have been very tired, because on the way to the Minerva in the tram he fell asleep, so instead of bothering to wake him I paid the fares.

The play itself was really delightful. It was called "Four Characters in Search of a Producer."

Lew was very thoughtful and saved me a lot of embarrassment by not offering me any of the peanuts he ate while the play was being performed. I wouldn't have had the heart to refuse and they really are such noisy things.

After the performance we somehow or other became separated and I couldn't find him again, but I must say how joyful it was to meet a friend from our own College in such a big city.—Yours,

HENRIETTA WILTED.

Poisonality of the Weak

Born 1936 with dark curly hair, Peter Jacobs, that well-known man-about-town and connoisseur of good tobaccos, grew to school age and was educated at St. Joseph's College (Sydney). His academic brilliance won him high honours at his Leaving Certificate exam. and he had three blues in his final year.

It has often been said that his brilliance lies in the fields of economics and politics, but to the astonishment of his parents and school colleagues he turned his genius to education.

Woman's Angle: Has a winning smile, is tall, dark and distinctly athletic. After all, who wouldn't be athletic with a 30-inch chest and 36-inch waist.

Hobby: Possesses a keen inventive mind. Among other things he has constructed a combined tobacco and cigarette paper tin. This and his papiere mache lampshade have been termed minor engineering masterpieces.

Favourite Song: "Golden Slumbers."

Favourite Musical Instrument: Triangle. Until recently played fifteenth triangle for Bexley Bagpipe Band. Now plays only jew's harp and recorder flute for relaxation.

Favourite Books: "Now We Are Six" by A. A. Milne and all of Naomi Jacobs' works.

Sport: Cricket scorer. Once ran the first 440 yards of an inter-collegiate meeting 880 heat.

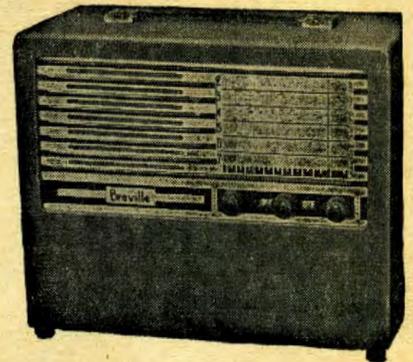
Pet Aversion: Badly dressed women. Women with dirty fingernails. Women with untidy hair. Women.

Ideal Woman: One who holds herself erect and who would countenance his sleeping in until 8.55 a.m.

Ambition: To be able to sleep in until 8.55 a.m. every morning. In keeping with his ambition he recently woke up on a train 40 miles beyond his destination.

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Daniel Dix

Dear Daniel Dix: I am an eligible young student of high moral standing and with an income from my parents, yet the girls at this College will not look at me. I have tried "Ripe-boy" soap, anti-breath tablets, Hirsute brilliantine, "Dad" (under arms), but have had no success. What else should I try?

P.S.: I also possess a lovely soprano voice.

Answer: Try the gas chamber.

Dear Daniel Dix: Unfortunately I am not at all one of the average students at College. I have not led a very sheltered life, being neither unaware of the "great big outside world" or of how to conduct myself in it.

In fact, my background, which I once considered ordinary, appears most plebian and toilsome compared to the spoonfed offspring of real ladies and gentlemen.

If I were left to the noble elements of this institution and to my maturing personality I would be quite contented but my option course demands not only that I write my autobiography, but also that I read it to the rest of the section who were and are but, I am afraid, will not be my friends.

How can I conceal my past? Do you think people would take the word of Tennyson, "I am a part of all that I have met"?

(Sgd.) "EXPERIENCED."

Answer: You have two alternatives—(1) Write your biography (past and all) and leave College, or (2) maintain the standard of the rest of the literature of the Option, keeping in mind the motto of your option, "Fiction With Padding." If either of these alternatives are accepted, it must be remembered that if it is to be understood, you must limit the vocabulary to monosyllables. For your information the bond is now valued at £362.

Dear Daniel Dix: I have a very pressing problem which I think warrants your immediate attention. I room with a strange person who is known by his associates as King Sol. I have very definite political ideas and do not believe in monarchies, yet I do not wish to cause any dissention in the room. The third member of the room is a Communist and I also disagree with his political philosophy. You can, no doubt, see my position. I am being forced into coalition with one or the other of my associates. What should I do? Yours faithfully,

"ANXIOUS DEMOCRAT."

Answer: It happens that I am familiar with your situation. You have no need to worry. King Sol is soon to be married and intends to take up permanent residence in the common room of your hut. The other member of your room has been banished from the Communist Party for having a secret account of £8 in the Bank of Lake Cargelligo.

The Skeleton in the Bucket

(I have used similitudes.)

A Blood-curdling, Spine-chilling Mystery Sensation by that Master of Suspense—Me.

When we get our first decent look at the carryings on, we notice that we are seeing a cemetery. A beautiful young lady, with eyes as big as soup plates, is flitting from headstone to headstone and looking about her in a terrified manner. (Here I might point out that I haven't got the vaguest idea what she is doing there. I am assured, however, that young ladies visit cemeteries sooner or later.) Suddenly there is a noise above her head. (It's only an owl. It always is.)

During all this there has been much thunder. Also lightning. She ap-

proaches a vault and pushes open the door. (Of course it creaks.) As she enters the moon goes behind a cloud. She gasps again but continues on. The wind howls eerily through the vault. Suddenly—(that's right. The door slammed. However did you guess?) Our Young Lady backs against the wall. (I bet she does not get out while the getting out's good. (I would. I might mention that I wouldn't be there in the first place.)

She continues down the steps. Her dress is dragging in the dust. (Why is she wearing a long dress? I don't know. Perhaps it's a nightgown or an evening dress. It doesn't really matter. The important thing is it's dragging in the dust.) She's scared to death, but she still lifts her dress to keep it out of the dirt. She's the proud possessor of pretty ankles. (Perhaps that's why she lifts her dress?)

At the bottom of the steps she finds a table and chair. There are also matches, a candle and writing paper. (These luxuries aren't found in most vaults. There is no law that says you can't have them. It just isn't done.) She lights a match. It goes out. (The first match usually goes out in a vault.) She lights another. This one does not go out. (Of course, it would heighten the dramatic effect if it did, but really!) She sits down and reads the literature provided. A puzzled frown creases her forehead as she reads.

It is not very exciting to watch a Young Lady read something we cannot get close enough to see, so we'll pop outside again. It is very windy. There goes that lightning again. It is in exactly the same place as before. (This is probably just a coincidence.) A dog howls in the distance. It could be a vampire. You can take it from me that it is not. There are certain scientific differences. Anyway, do vampires howl? The moon comes out for a second showing up the starkness of the gravestones. A shadow passes across one of them. It's only a tree swaying in the wind. The dog bays again, its hollow howl floating across the cemetery and dying to a low moan. It isn't a vampire this time either.

The Young Lady is still in the vault. We see her again just as she gets to the last page of her reading matter. She utters an incredulous, "It can't be!" (We know of course that it can. Let me state here and now, however, that it probably isn't.) She buries her head in her arms and her whole body shakes with emotion. A slight wind rustles the papers, the cobwebs hanging from the ceiling begin to sway. She jerks her head back. The light flickers for a moment, then goes out. A piercing scream rings through the vault. (I thought she'd know about the candle stunt. I saw the very same thing happen to her in the "Mummy's Father." Some people just never learn.) A limp body falls to the floor. (Of course, it's a body. I'll even go further. It's hers. There are other people to whom it could belong, but, since they are not in the vault I think we can safely assume that it's hers. What do you think? So do I.)

A pair of hands appear in the light

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of a match. The match lights a candle. A hand enters the circle of light and gathers up the papers.

Outside the thunder is still thundering and once again the lightning flashes. Past twenty-seven tombstones we see two running figures. They stop. (Maybe one of them wants to do up a shoelace or, perhaps, it's so that we can hear what they say. Weight is added to the second alternative when one of them starts to speak. Still, it's debatable. What do you think?) One of the men is tall and dark and handsome and he looks worried. At different times he looks happy, suspicious and surprised. He looks worried best, so most of the time he looks worried. The other one is short, fair and moustached. (He isn't in love with the girl in the vault. Just as well.)

The short one says, "It came from over that way."

The tall one looks even more worried and says, "If anything happens to Julia I'll never forgive myself."

They continue running and stop outside the vault. They are about to tear off when a low moan stops them. The tall one says, "It came from in there."

His mate can't think of anything to say to this, so he pushes open the door. (Just by way of interest, what would you say? I don't blame you, but, then, I'm not the censor.) The door doesn't creak this time, but there is a compensating curse and the candle is knocked over. The little cove says, "We got him, Tony!" and starts to run down the steps. He trips. (Say, you should have seen the way he tripped in much the same situation in "The Mummy's Father" last week. Still, this effort isn't bad.) Tony, of course, still looking worried falls over him. (I think this happens because the show has been running only fifty-five minutes. On further consideration, I can state definitely that this is the reason.) "Damn it, curses, etc., and noise generally."

"Are you O.K., Steve?"

Steve grunts. Tony lights a match. After a decent and dramatic interval Tony looks down and sees the Object of His Affections. He falls to his knees beside her, just as the match goes out. "Light the candle, Steve."

Steve lights the candle. Tony gazes at the Young Lady. Just as you are expecting him to say, with an air of triumph, "It is the feminine of the species," he doesn't. Instead he says, "If he's harmed her, I'll never rest till I get him."

There is an uncomfortable silence, but the position is retrieved when Julia, summoning all her presence of mind, opens her eyes and says, "Where am I?" (We know, don't we?)

"Darling, are you O.K.?"

She opens her eyes wide and tries to look surprised. (She looks scared much better.)

"What happened?"

"There was someone in here as we came in. Where'd he go?"

"He didn't get past us."

"Well, he's not here now."

"There there must be another way out." (This is what is known as deduction in its simplest form.)

Tony assists Julia to her feet. She

reels and puts her hand over her eyes. He lowers her into a chair. (If this were a comedy the chair would break. This isn't a comedy, see.)

"Hey, Tony, come and get a load of this." He leans against the wall and a large section of it slides open. (Now, isn't that just too, too handy. Now why ask me? I don't know what it's doing there either. Anyway, who cares? I'm going to be buried. Not only that, but look at the privacy.)

Tony smiles at the audience, and with a cautious, "Follow me," follows Steve and miraculously recovered Julia into the passage. When they are all inside—guess what? (No, it didn't close. Have another shot.)

Tony lights a match and feels his way along the wall. They come to the end of the passage and find themselves back in the cemetery. (They can't complain, really. Some people live there.)

"We can't do anything to-night. Let's get back to the house."

They are heading for the gate when suddenly they hear an ominous growl. A figure backs from behind some trees shouting, "Keep away! Keep away!" (I bet—Oh, what's the use.) He turns and begins to run and a black mass springs upon him. "It's the panther," says Julia. Then, waking up to herself, "Oh, it's devvish!!" She buries her head in Tony's shoulder.

"There, there, everything's O.K.," says Tony. (It isn't really, but why worry the poor girl.)

He kisses her tenderly on the forehead, draws a gun, takes slow and deliberate aim, and fires. He hits it, of course. The panther leaves its victim and tears off. (Yes, I too think it would be more dramatic if the panther were to charge Tony, but, then, panthers do have feelings.)

They rush up to the victim and turn him over.

"Why, it's Dr. Nelson," cries Julia.

"A victim of his own F-oul Pl-ot," pronounces Tony, trying to look as though he knew all the time.

They walk off towards the gate, above which the sun is rising. (If this were a war picture there would be much talk of a newer and freer world and bringing Democracy to the Little Peoples of the earth.)

They pause at the gate. Steve winks knowingly and walks on. Tony takes Julia in his arms. "Darling," he whispers.

(I know, I know, but what can I do about it.)

BUTLER (of Butler Reviews).

Rugby League

This season the College teams lost two cups through non-participation in the competitions in which they were won last year. Was the season a successful one for College? Watch the next issue for a complete summary of College football for the 1949 season, with comments added by prominent players.

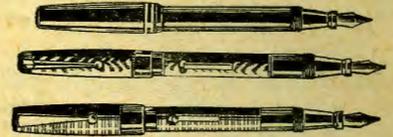
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