



# TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
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WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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## Critics on Joyce--

Ralph J. C. and Mr. Holland, M.A.

On Friday 11th half a dozen members of the Writers' Group, including Ralph J. C. Hutton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Holland at their home in Brookong Avenue. Mr. Holland's kind invitation was especially welcome because it afforded members an opportunity to discuss matters literary, and read creative efforts in an atmosphere more conducive than is presented anywhere in College.

AFTER the usual stony silence, with which such evenings were wont to begin even at the Levis menage, had been decorously shattered by Host Holland, the tyranny of words began in earnest. Writers' Group President Mary Comino read a short story by Dave Rummery, se absente, which embraced, amongst other things, the stream of consciousness method used so ably by James Joyce. Dave's effort was particularly well received, but his absence, though unavoidable, deplored. The hope was expressed that he might, in future, time his literary productivity to coincide with his attendance at a Writers' Group meeting.

Maurice ("The Classicist") Pitfield obliged with a poem, reflecting a feeling of despondency and dissatisfaction. If similarity of experience be a prerequisite of sympathetic understanding, those present were well qualified to offer an opinion. Jim Butler impressed with his humorous short story dealing with an ardent "nature lover" whose conception of her duty towards native flora involved her sitting in close proximity to a shrub, umbrella in one hand, Bible in the other, protecting it from the rain. It was conjectured that she must have been reading about the Genesisian version of the flood, deprecating no doubt Noah's dirlection of duty in not attempting to save flora as well as fauna.

### A NON-STARTER

Al. ("King of the Cliche") Fryer failed to produce, and, in a vain attempt to cloak his literary sterility, ventured on a vain sautee into speculative phillosophy. Such specious reasoning as Al used did not escape the eye of President Comino, who, mustering her forces, was

successful in directing the conversation back to writing, leaving Al somewhat more reassured, thanks to Mr. Holland, on the function of the teacher in the community.

During the evening Mr. Holland had made frequent references to Joyce's "Finnegan's Wake," a monumental novel which has engaged his study since 1934. Those present were privileged to view his annotated copy and other explanatory texts which have helped him in his work. His enthusiasm for the creative genius of Joyce was infectious, stimulating in all present a desire to read him as a writer of undisputed genius. Needless to say, such explanations as Mr. Holland proffered were exceedingly interesting.

### HARK! THE ORACLE

Was it mere perversity which made Ralph (J.C.) Hutton read his "poem" at a time coincidental with supper, or was it a mere oversight on Mary Comino's part in allowing him to sit where he did? Usually the listener is able to cloak any smirk with a handkerchief, or muffle a giggle with a cough, but at supper time such conduct becomes physically impossible when the listener is grasping his liquid refreshment in one hand and his cake plate in the other. Inspired by Eliot's lines (here I quote from memory) . . .

"In and out the room they go  
Talking of Michelangelo."

Ralph obliged with (memory again): "Hey, Gus, it's time to catch the bus," which all shows that we can all learn a lot from poets of repute. Nor was this all; those present were treated to an oracular if somewhat dogmatic dissertation on Joyce, subject matter gleaned no doubt from 'Portrait of an

Artist." "Dubliners," the aphrodisiac passages of his copy of "Ulysses" (now well worn in certain sections) and the first sentence of "Finnegans Wake." Such discussion was punctuated by his informing Mrs. Holland that he desired his tea be "void of sugar," which indicates that innate sweetness (of temperament) is sufficient for a minor deity. Ralph (J.C.) then asked that he be allowed borrow Mr. Holland's copy of "Finnegan's"—no doubt to elucidate some point which had eluded him, not as may be thought to plagiarise; Mr. Holland was compelled to refuse, as this one volume contained the work of fourteen years.

Nevertheless, the quintet bore Ralph no malice; they realised that just as a measure of comic relief is a redeeming feature of heavy drama, so too was his dogmatism, irrelevancy and inanity a welcome feature of a night remarkable for its seriousness of purpose.

### THE LADIES CONCLUDE

Wyn Walshaw read a short story which possessed a ready appeal by virtue of its obvious sincerity and emotion. Briefly, it dealt with a man, contemplating suicide, who recalled the salient features of a life he has known, of a love he has cherished prior to his

## Editorial

THINGS are looking up in the world of journalism; I received this week an unsolicited contribution.

JOHN MITCHELL.

losing a leg in a railway shunting accident. His girl, he felt, wanted someone strong upon whom she could lean, and he felt himself useless, his existence futile. The final scene in which the suicide took place was very well handled indeed, showing the author's keen sense of artistic selection of detail. Mary Comino's story dealt with Greece during the period of internecine strife which followed the recent war. Mary's story brought in a myth, poignant and sad, of the behaviour of the Greek women when threatened by the Turkish invaders. It concluded rather pathetically, the narrator merely smiling

cynically at a story of bloodshed, hate and cruelty, implying that the recitation of such events could be of no value.

Time had flown, and the evening was now late. The six characters thanked the author, Mr. Holland, for his help in their search for a balanced view of literature, which is after all life; Mrs. Holland for her charming hospitality and supper.

As a final fortification for the long trip home (?) Mrs. Holland produced a serving of ice-cream, flavoured with raspberry syrup and decked with grated nuts.

Only sad feature of the evening was the departure, for all realised that by such gatherings only can a spirit of independence, protest and inquiry be engendered among students. That many are apathetic and cannot write even grammatically is deplorable. More so, however, the fact that First Year students were represented by only two of their number. Second Years feel grave doubts about the future of the Writers' Group, founded by Mr. Levis, when so few attend. Can it be that the general tendency to accept the yoke of authoritarianism—without protest has numbed the minds of even those from whom an objection could normally be expected?

The members of the Group wish sincerely to thank Mr. and Mrs. Holland for their kindness.

## On Trial

There is an old adage, "Jack of all trades, master of none," which, through frequent usage and because of its essential truth, we accept. Proverbs, on the whole, are apt to contradict each other. "Too many cooks spoil the broth" and "many hands make light work," for example. But there is no proverb (known to me) which contradicts the quotation "Jack of all trades, master of none." Perhaps this is symbolic. On this one point, the proverbs cannot disagree.

A man is known for some outstanding ability. A man is a cricketer, a writer, a carpenter. A man is sometimes called a good all-rounder, but how all-round is he? Probably he can play a good set of tennis, dance round a dance floor without embarrassment, do his job reasonably well, and listen to a piece of music occasionally for enjoyment. That is not an all-rounder, and it is certainly not a good all-rounder. Quote me the classical Leonardo da Vinci! Well, Leonardo, of course, was a genius.

But, presumably, these consolidated pieces of wisdom are only useful as trimmings on the leaves of desk-calendars. Certainly no one would take them seriously, especially in the field of education. The Teachers' Colleges, with all their wisdom which they graft on to their students, still continue to turn out hundreds of "Jack of All Trades" each year, and do not consider it in the least presumptuous to expect that a student should study and teach such

a variety of subjects as Biology, Music, Literature, Mathematics, Physical Education, Educational Psychology, Social Studies, Art and Crafts, etc. A student is expected to have a knowledge of these subjects and also a sufficient interest in them to teach them effectively.

And, of course, in a Teachers' College, one is enabled to obtain extensive knowledge on each of these subjects. One is able over the two years, in the eight hours (approximately) per day when there are no lectures to borrow from the library and to obtain a knowledge of the intricacies of all plant and animal life, rock studies, shore studies, studies on the action of wind, of running water, of lakes, of soil erosion, of soil, of typography, of the economic structure, of the history of the world, the progress of civilization, Chinese, Arabian, Persian, Greek, Roman, etc., etc., details of rise and downfall and significance, modern developments in politics, what's going on in Palestine, Indonesia, China, etc. The whole history of civilization must be known and understood completely. Surely in the study of the Palestine problem, one must know the circumstances of the rise of the Jewish nation, their settlement in Palestine after the flight from Egypt, their captivity and a period spent enslaved in Babylonia, their return to Palestine until A.D. 70, when, as the result of revolt against their Roman overlords, they were exiled from Jerusalem, their trek over every land in the world, their humiliation, permitted only to follow the basest occupations (in the Middle Ages, for instance, the Jews were permitted to engage only in commerce which was then considered the vilest of occupations; hence the reason why such a proportion of Jews to-day are still engaged in commerce); the herding of Jews into the filthiest living quarters of the cities of the world, the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Jews for whatever ingenious "reason" the unscrupulous political mind could devise, the Jew was the political and economic scapegoat, perpetual flights from country to country, but, despite this, the persistence of the nationality, the Jewish organisations, the desire for a country, the demands for Palestine as a home (Palestine was not the only country considered at one stage, there was the suggestion of a settlement in Africa for some season which I've forgotten), the promises made by the British to the Jews during the first World War of a home in Palestine, to retain the support of the influential British Jew, the contradictory promises to the Arabs, and so on through all the political intrigues which followed. Now Britain is unable to fulfil her promises to Arab and Jew. Result? Well, you know the result. All these "historical facts" recounted above are hopelessly vague and inaccurate, and would horrify any historian. Yet they are the result of a private study I made because of my interest in the Jewish race. Had I not done so, all I would have known probably would be that they fled from Egypt led by Moses, that they were living in Palestine during Christ's life and that they are now fighting the Arabs. Now I have a vague, extremely

vague, overall picture. What is preferable? "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

In other words, to understand the Palestine policy one must have access to the complete history of the Jewish race, and, beside that, to the history of the Arabs, of the British possession of Palestine, of Britain's foreign policy towards Palestine (which means in short a knowledge of the entire British foreign policy and history), plus a knowledge of the geographical and economic features of Palestine. Yet the teacher must instruct the child not only in the knowledge of the Palestine problem, but in the entire history of the world from the beginning of the world to the present day and in every country of the world. What tremendous sources of knowledge that teacher must have. Not only must he have this knowledge, but he must have the same knowledge for every subject he teaches. In short, the teacher must be a historian, a geographer, a biologist, a doctor, an artist, a botanist, a mathematician, a psychologist, an actor, a dancer, a physical education expert, a craft expert, an economist, a political theorist, etc., all rolled into one. In other words, a teacher must be a Jack of all trades and, what is worse, a master of none.

### SUGGESTION FOR IMPROVEMENT

Soon the Teachers' College courses are to be extended from two years to three and it is expected that, in this way, a teacher will be made more fit to cope with his tremendous responsibilities. This solution ignores the main point which is that no one person can satisfactorily teach all the subjects he is expected to teach under the present system. The extra year in College will have a negligible effect. It is impossible for a teacher to teach ten to fifteen subjects adequately, nor, while in College, to study ten to fifteen subjects adequately.

What is the solution? The solution I suggest is a modification of the High School system, one teacher teaching a certain number of subjects. In this way, a child would really receive a knowledge and love of the subject being taught. (Perhaps some have unhappy memories about poetry lessons, etc., during their school days.) The child would also be in contact with someone who had a more complete understanding of the subject than would otherwise be the case.

Most important in this system would be frequent staff meetings (these could take place while the children were doing individual research). The programmes would be discussed during these meetings, so that correlation, where necessary, would be possible. School work could still take the form of units of work. Pupils under different teachers would see different aspects of the same problem.

Another advantage of this method would be that pupils would receive many theories about the same problem—one to develop their critical faculties of weighing evidence and making their own decisions.

So let us have more "masters" and fewer "knaves."



## Dr. Watson's College Life

We regret to announce that although some dishes are as stable as ever in popularity, the new term has awakened in some studes an increasing variety of appetites.

Ronnie's Shoo-fly pie still favourite. Many ask for second helpings at the cafe, but we hope Clare isn't getting Mor-gan she asked for.

We notice Vera has regained her appetite for Shippe dessert. Thought she lost her taste for it in Tasmania.

We're getting sick of serving out the same old favourites; Will-son-body try a new dish? Howe about you Bob-bin along, Margot?

Don't Pars-on, John; come up the Lane to your table. Pam would just Lov-ett!

"Talkabout" Editor claims that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and the Neater the stew the better he likes it, especially with butter-fies.

You used to Stan(d) well with your escorts to the cafe, Jule. Prefer a New-man now?

Ella sings for her supper now—current tune, "O, No, John"; but we're Hinton that Roma has the Wright to order hers.

The milk certainly is queer lately. Did you see Shirley Rolph Water-son?

Did Marj say mutton or Hutton, or nothin'?

Because of Bob's constant requests we gather that he Collared a liking for fish over the holidays—Taylor, of course.

Heard Eileen went off biscuits in Lent.

We see that Ron Jones is particular—likes to Dot up his appetite with Will-iams' wines.

Hear Graeme broke his diet in Sydney. Slimming?

Called on Cath the other day—nearly caused a Blue when she Spill(er)ed her tea.

Well, must go. The Dawes should close at 5.30, but Harry always hopes he's sure of Robin-son of his share.

Girls! For Moore service into the Barne after regular hours, be Wylie—press the little red button—but watch out, or you'll be waught in the Webb!

P.S.: Watch for the latest information regarding heart breaking, chair steal-ing—Aub. F. Stanwell.

## Permanent(?) Waving

A mild sensation was caused through-out the College last Saturday by two enterprising young ladies.

Miss Wylie, on a trip through the dormitories, was assailed by a most unpleasant odour. Upon investigating she discovered that the above-mentioned students were not satisfied with the silken locks (not created for wet-weather curls, I might add) with which Nature had endowed them. This being the case they had decided to enrich their "crowning glory" by indulging in frivolous curls—instigated by a home (im)permanent wave, with the assistance of intimate friends and to the amuse-ment of many uninvited onlookers (who, like Miss Wylie, came along to investigate the cause of the rather alarming perfume which was exploring all corners of the dormitory).

These young ladies became "guinea-pigs" for many more of the women studes who also wish to endow their straight tresses with glorious curls. (Miss Wylie has fears for the sanity of the College during week-ends for the rest of the term).

Fortunately for these "pioneers" of the cause (Mass Valetians) the weather has been such that the apparent success of their ventures is being thoroughly tested. If it is a success, I have a feeling that we will be seeing quite a number of those proud possessors of straight hair becoming still more proud of themselves when they blossom forth in most glorious curls.

Good luck, girls, but I don't think that I'll join your happy band.

"ONLOOKER."

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—In connection with the recent Students' Union meeting held to determine a levy to be imposed on Pioneer students for the purpose of a College endowment, I desire to make the following suggestions:—

(1) With a view to preventing any future meeting from developing into a flasco, seven days' notice should be given of the intention to hold a meeting; and that the agenda be publicly displayed.

(2) That the chairman accept the usual procedure adopted at meetings and refrain from nominating scrutineers.

(3) That the Secretary accept the usual procedure adopted at meetings and refrain from giving a ruling (e.g., the validity of Mr. Bell's amendment).  
—Yours faithfully,

"OBSERVER."

Dear Sir,—May I suggest the elimina-tion of the Club period from the cur-riculum until the forthcoming exam. If the general attitude of the student body is a criterion, I feel that much more profitable work could be done privately; thus putting into effect the Principal's desire that this should be a "study" term.—Yours faithfully,

"F.R.A."

Dear Sir,—With great shaking of knees, may I humbly suggest that you could reprint the enclosed Editorial taken from the "S.M.H."

I think it gives an interesting view-point on the matter of the N.S.W. Teachers' Federation and its views deserve merit—a case of how the other half looks at us.—Yours faithfully,

KEN McLEAN.

## TEACHERS AND THE TRADES HALL

There must be general regret over the decision of the New South Wales Teachers' Federation to maintain affilia-tion with the Trades and Labour Council and the Australian Council of Trades Unions. The teachers, like any other body of workers, have the right to industrial organisation, and as individuals to political views and activi-ties. As a body, however, they should remain scrupulously aloof from party politics.

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

There are certain services, like the police, in which no question of political affiliation should be permitted to conflict with the duties of members to the community. Only recently the police have again had the good sense to reject affiliation with the Trades Hall. The teachers, who are responsible for moulding the ideas of the coming generation, have an even greater duty to refrain from anything in the nature of political partisanship.

It is nonsense to contend that affiliation with the governing bodies of the trade-union movement does not commit the federation to support of the Labour Party. The industrial wing is an integral part of the party, and is the foundation of political Labour's strength. Union levies are the major source of the A.L.P.'s funds, and its policies are shaped in close accordance with the trend of union opinion. Without the unions, the Labour Party would be of small consequence.

The teachers have had public sympathy in their efforts to secure better conditions and to raise the status of their calling. They are in danger of forfeiting this sympathy, and likewise public confidence, if they are seen to be using their organised strength for party political ends. No one can regard the federation as a truly impartial body while it is seen to be a factor in maintaining a particular party in power.

WHEN YOU THINK

## FURNITURE

THINK

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"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

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Maurice Pitfield.

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speller.

Business Manager: Don Wyeburd.

## Conscription

The fourth of May  
Will be a great day—  
The College is holding a ceremony;  
Just the name "graduation" will cause  
consternation!  
Studes are discussing it heatedly.

Boys, just look lively,  
And Choose your girl wisely  
Inside a week or you will find  
To you they'll allot a girl by ballot—  
You'd better haste make up your mind.

If you sat at our table you'd find you  
were able  
To view the position with laughter;  
Says one: "Well, I guess the committee  
knows best,  
But consider what might happen after.

I've taken a girl  
Who is some other's pearl" . . .  
At which the whole table roars  
heartily,  
And Tommy says: "Yes, that would be  
a mess,"  
Whereupon they begin to plot craftily.

In most every room  
Is an air of great doom:  
The girls talk and sadly shake heads;  
"Well, why not look doleful, it really  
is woeful,"  
And slowly the sorry tale spreads.

"I've got the blues—  
Have you heard the news?  
They say there are numerous blokes  
Who to that Ball will not go at all!  
I fear it is far from a hoax."

"Well, I'm depressed!"  
"We might've guessed!"  
The discussion proceeds fast and  
furious;  
"We are resigned: don't you feel  
inclined  
To do something really injurious?"

Now over yonder  
I'm faring to ponder  
On how man has brought disillusion;  
And there I will sit until I can git  
A plan that will combat confusion.

I'll force my brain  
To mention again  
Each feminine wile that I know.  
If I still survives when an idea arrives  
I'll tell all the College to go . . .

To the Ball  
One and all  
And have a good time,  
Despite the committee's decree  
That with one accord you must wear  
mortar boards—  
Assuredly you will agree.

It will be fun,  
'Tis a thing that is "done,"  
There's no call to be so afraid;  
You may think it detriment to bring  
in such sentiment  
As the recognised sign of your trade.  
Well, it is!

F.B.S.

## Contentment

Far away from all the rattle of the  
city's busy street,  
Where there's ne'er a call to battle,  
ne'er the sound of marching feet,  
Where's Nature's evening beauties are  
forever on display.  
There could I find contentment, so do  
not bid me stay.

With a cool sea breeze a-blowing after  
day is done,  
By a little campfire glowing at the  
setting of the sun.  
That rarely coloured beauty as the sun  
retracts its rays  
And the sky's a perfect picture glowing  
pink to crimson blaze.

Up above the date palms murmur as  
they sway before the breeze,  
And the night life hangs on firmer as  
it settles in the trees.  
As dimly in the distance the moon lights  
up the shore  
Of the place I crave to go to just to  
live for evermore.

Am I to live congested by the progress  
man has made  
In a city that's infested with a filth  
that's half decayed?  
In the morning I am heading for my  
island far away  
Out to where I'll find contentment, so  
do not bid me stay.

"PAUL."

## Gross Failure to Impress

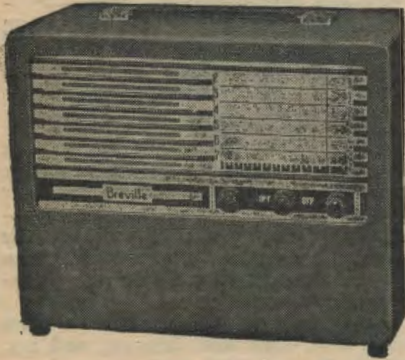
Now listen, men,  
To the yarn I have to tell.  
Wrong or right, each night  
At ten,  
Raising hell.  
Must cease, and then, peace, perfect  
peace.  
For, you see, this is to be,  
A term of quiet,  
For every single body  
Has his mind made up to study,  
And so it behoves  
Every other body  
(Which means you other coves)  
To do what's only right  
And give us our term of quiet,  
And in the dorms, start noise reform.

But it won't be reformation, boys,  
'Twill be incarceration, boys;  
A place of concentration, boys,  
And there'll be a revolution, boys,  
Demanding the restoration of our noise.  
And there'll be a roar from men  
Who settle down with pen  
When things close down at ten,  
And ther're sure to cause a riot  
As their yell floats through the night.  
"Shut up that noxious silence,  
Cut out that lack of violence.  
Good Lord!  
How can anybody study  
In a morgue?"

J.A.B.

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## Rumpus Room or Gymnasium

The Principal's startling statement at the first assembly of this term concerning the use, or rather the stopping of the use, of the College Gym, caused a great deal of consternation among both men and women students.

"Are we to be banned from one of the few forms of recreation provided here?" was the question running through the minds of most students and "Are we to be failed in our exams through inability to practice?" was the question in the minds of members of the Phys. Ed. Option. But the consternation among the Option was eased when informed the concessions would be made for them.

On inquiry and discussion it was found that things were not as bad as they seemed when first announced. Mr. Blakemore was firm in his conviction that restrictions must be placed on the use of the Gym due to horseplay and un-gymnastic-like doings which had caused breakages and damage. It had been "up to you ladies and gentlemen," but this arrangement had not worked out.

This is how the matter stands at present. The Gym will be opened for use at any time a person who will take responsibility is present. The responsible person can be a lecturer or a member of the Phys. Ed. Option. Students then wishing to use the Gym will have to recognise the responsibility which has been placed on the head of one of their fellows.

The opinion of the First Year Phys. Ed. Option, as far as I can ascertain, is one of satisfaction for these conditions at present. But it is hoped that all students will realise that it is up to them and that freedom will again be restored in the near future.

### OPINIONS

Jack Clark: "Free use of the Gym is a necessity for the Option, and it should be open to any student wishing to use it for gymnastic purposes. Restrictions will curtail the only form of healthy physical relaxation we have."

"Hebrew": "Freedom is necessary to allow the Option and others to work as they wish. The rowdy 'sing-song' around the piano would be something that should be abolished."

Barbara Hoare: "As a member of the student body interested in this form of physical relaxation I feel it would be a great asset lost to College life if our freedom in the Gym was restricted. It most certainly would not mean that more study would be done, but for many it might have the opposite effect, as this relaxation, when such facilities are available in the College grounds, is felt to be a necessity."

P.S.: Due to the delay in time between the writing of this article and publication I have had opportunity to notice the abovementioned restrictions are not being enforced or observed except two nights a week when lecturers are present.

## A Botanist's Diary

### PART 2—THE SHAPE OF THINGS

While journeying in the Antipodes I have had a very good opportunity for examining the strange rites and ceremonies connected with the practice of lawn-growing, or herbalising. In some districts where this ancient cult has not been established the eye is hurt by the harsh brownness of the land yet, in "The Land of Crows," lawn growing has been raised to the level of greatness. I quote: "Nowhere have I had more pleasure and more enjoyment from my Aunt Matilda's left leg than I crunch than when I have been meandering through the luxuriantly verdant exotics of that fair corner of Eden's happy valley."—"The Adventures of Gobber-Slobber."

Luckily one of the natives was not as shy as these primitives usually are and he told me of the elaborate preparations that were made at the first planting or laying on of hands in the first year of the Lux or Rinso Era. Since the earliest times, his story ran, the land here was covered with a coarse thick growth. It had not been cut and the early natives or pioneer settlers used it much as a happy picnic ground where they sported and played in innocent abandon. This was so because one of the High Priests had pronounced in many of his sermons that such was the right way to sound, healthy sleep.

Too much sleeping was then indulged in so the lu—pardon—growth was cut down, and for many moons the people were pestered with the great duststorms that stopped all night life.

The great decision to herbalise was then made. The bullocks were shackled to the plough and the soil turned. It was long, but the burden was great. Little by little, the land became as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The time for planting came at last, and after a casting of the first seeds by the presiding deity the seeds of grass were broadcast. A passage from "How Green Was My Valley" and "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" was read to end the gathering. Since then the horses have trampled and the rains have come, and the lawn is now a reality. However, with the coming of the grass, has come the degeneration of our species. Even the master-race has been touched, and cigars are in great demand by the washerwomen. No longer are we a proud race of men, but a servile bunch of ever-damp people whose only interests in life are pegs and the tub. Our liberties are gone. So have our inhibitions (we haven't got time for them); and our happy hours in the fields ("Twas on a Monday Morning"). The lawns now grown so beautiful and pagan, are in a world apart. They stand out in the summer as oases of shimmering green, and in the winter as humane retreats for spiders and cats. It is a sancta sanctorum sanctorum, and we are not very holy.

A proverb has grown up among us that states "If you must do a thing, do it on the lawn."

This is the supreme paradox.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

## More Intimate Glimpses

### II. SATURDAY NIGHT (LATER)

#### DANSE MACABRE

Someone plays a spitty half-scale (to fah), pauses, then finishes with new breath, vigour and determination. Like the mating call of some beast facing a crisis in the perpetuation of the species, the sax howls again, splitting the eight-o'clock air. Merry tinkle of coins in a tin and the Gym door swallows a few more. Gents in dancing pumps and great soled shoes, sports shirts and stiff-collar-corseted throats, bright socks and brighter ties. Elegant sylphs, like rainbow-cake, all colours, delicate and satisfying.

"Take yer partners for a waltz, gents," a blue-suited chap on the stage advises. Now the music starts, rhythmic, oompah-de-dum-dum from the Bechstein and thump-thump and rattle of drums in time. Then the sax again. Someone starts off and soon a dozen couples pound the smooth floor and feel giddy as "The Merry Widow" nauseates them for the ninth repeat.

Gradually more people drift in. A brown checked sports coat, and one hand over his chin as he thinks of how many shaves he's had off that blade already and not many here, and ah, there she is. Everyone claps as the music is discovered to have stopped. The man with the sax shakes out his instrument and prepares for another rally. "The Merry Widow" again, quite as merry and dissembling well.

#### LAOCOON

Back in the dorms Laocoon wrestles with a collar stud and safety pin, while in another part of the forest impatient figures grapple with straps and buckles, press-studs, buttons, clips, brooches, belts, laces and Eau de Cologne bottle stoppers and Flaming Youth daubs and Shepherdess' Blush scent sprinklets. Then out into the night, down into the Gym; from the dim long dormitory corridors, through the black air outside with its diamantes in coal velvet above, to the brightly lit dance floor, and the jubilating colours of frocks and ties, and gay chatter, alert eyes and the ever-wailing sax.

Stampede of questing males to pick their purchase from the stock on show. What have we here now. H-m, h-m. Why, yes, I'll take one of these. Yes, that one. Shall I wrap it up?

#### SHALL WE DANCE?

"May I have the pleasure?" Friendly smile. Greased hair and white teeth. "I mean, will you risk your feet. I mean, well, will you?"

"Of course. Just wait till I"—furious footwork under the chair—"get my shoe on. I always take—"

And they're off. "Oh, I'm sorry, I thought it was a waltz. I am sorry."

"Oh, that's all right. Great Scot, when did you learn to dance; within the hour, I'll swear! Does she think I'm a blasted gangplank?"

"That's a cute variation you've got to that step." Cute? Oh, yes, trip,

stumble, a quick recovery and on with the show. A walk-over. Boy, you've said it!

The door is wide open and the hall is filling quickly. Still they come, brighter and thicker. More for the maw. The dance ends.

The males retreat to the outpost at the door. Someone shows a battered shin. "The dance is ended," quoth he, "but the malady lingers on." No one listens. Everyone talks. Tower of Babel.

"Who'se gotter smoke?"

"Gottar match anyone?"

"... shooder seen me! Got her first try; some dancer that girl! We're goin' out to supper later."

"Half yer luck."

"—and then a slow pivot at the corners—"

"—around the waist and there she was!"

"—and she reckoned she'd still got it. I told her what I thought."

"Who'er yer havin' next?"

"Cripes, look over there, near the second wall-bar, next to that lemon striped dress—make yer sick."

"What's the next dance?"

"I'm movin' inside to beat old Horehound."

"Gosh, her hands were cold!"

#### A FLUTTER OF FEMININITY

The wind skates down the path to the Gym door with an armful of winter which is scattered madly. The hall echoes hollowly as the next dance is called. A flutter of femininity in the wall-bar group.

"Oh, I'm booked for this one. Quick, hold my hanky. Aw, put it there, anywhere, quick."

"I'll scream if he asks me for another one. I don't want to leave here in a plaster cast."

"She shouldn't wear that necklet with that frock. Someone ought to—"

"—doesn't he do his hair nicely. I adore fair curly hair."

"—reminds me of Xmas and swaddling clothes. That dress. If she only— Oh, why, yes, I'd love to. Yes, excuse me, won't you, girls. Now!"

The sax has ruptured a blood vessel evidently, or perhaps it's just draining. The performer, however, is sawing energetically on a dejected screeching Strad. The pianist hammers mechanically.

"—progressive after the first round," says the Em-See and darts to grab a bystander to set the fashion. Heel and toe, away we go, round and round and back again.

Baby, come and dance with me, both my hands I offer thee, right foot first, left foot then, round about and back again.

Now, the change-your-partner business. Three slippery steps, let go and hope for the best—

"Good night." Good Lord! Of all people to start with! "Quite a crowd, isn't there?" Next please.

"Oh, hello. You do look—"

"Good-night. Don't forget to save me—"

"My word, you look fit to-night. Have—"

"Oh, I've been looking for you—"

"That was a good seminar you gave.

Only that bit about worms knowing—"

"Oh, I'm sorry, was that your foot—"

Mad whirl, kaleidoscope of faces, colours, smiles, and over all the scraping fiddle and piano and drums.

"Doesn't that wind chill you?—"

"Look, there they go to supper. Well, of all things, look who's—"

"Let's go up and get a pie and a drink at Doug's. Right?"

#### THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

Someone plays the supper dance. The Volunteer Organist. And the sax man sips his coffee and wonders whether that girl in that net blouse realises—

The Em-See runs the whole. He bawls, "Maxina" and Maxina it is. Then at last he says, "Take a partner, gentlemen, for the medley."

And the scramble starts. A jazz waltz first, slow and dreamy, and my, but you're beautiful and—so on.

Then quicker, a waltz. Well, knock me flat! Well, of all the low down—

Out bounds "The Merry Widow," merrier and with more hope than the usual run of widows. A trier this one. Then "Now is the Hour." Bitter irony. Squeeze her hand and say, "Gosh, it was a good dance, wasn't it." Then "Mid pleasures and—there's no place like home." That's all right, but that desperate wail of sax in the refrain, insistent and nostalgic—"there's no place like home," chokes out a hot tear and a lot of sweat at that time of the waltz.

#### GOD SAVE THE KING

"God Save the King" in silence, holding hands, mind racing. Will I, won't I?

And everything stops. Tomb-like silence. Then the move to the diamantes and velvet again.

"Wait—my coat."

She slips inside the coat, buttons it and they step to the door.

"Good dance, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Are you cold?"

"No."

"Can I walk as far as—"

"If you like."

Slow steps. Click-clack of high heels and squeak-clop of flat soles.

"Good dance, wasn't it."

"Yeah."

"Are you cold?"

"No."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

Crunch on the gravel. Click-clack. Squeak-clop.

D.R.

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## A Day in the Golden Age

(Apologies to Mr. Chifley and Donald Horne, of "The Daily Telegraph.")

(Any reference to any known College is purely coincidental.)

Let us drop into the Golden Age of College Days. We'll start early in the morning as the Studes are getting out of bed. What's this? The buzzer going on time. (I should explain here that after complaints way back in '49 a new talking buzzer was installed which at regular intervals lets out such stirring phrases as "This is Study Term. Time to beat work.")

After a very wonderful breakfast (consisting of brainfood and "mlk") the Studes repair to their dormitories. No longer do they make their own beds or sweep the floors because someone explained to someone else that it's much healthier to work than play cards or gossip. They don't even have to put covers on as some swot-happy worked out that twelve hours annually is spent putting covers on. In terms of study this is equal to three pages of "Conklin and Freeman," four pages of the Sylabus or enough time in which to receive one meal.

Now let us follow the students to lectures. We'll attach ourselves to Section x of the Golden Age year three. Ah! it's an education lecture. That's strange, the lecturer did not mention Physical Education once. He must be a new lecturer. Oh, well, there goes the buzzer. "Next lecture begins at 10 a.m. Be punctual."

Ecstasy! Music. Now, why on earth is the lecturer giving marks for choir people. I thought those rules went out in dim dark '49.

We'll dash round and visit a few other sections. Hello! it's an English method lesson. Someone is reading the "Good Book" (Syllabus).

I wonder where those snores are coming from. Room 4. Who lectures in there?

There's someone going to the Gym. Sounds like a Melbourne Cup broadcast inside. My mistake; the lecturer is only dictating something about folk dancing.

Progress is made! Look at the spacious playing fields; why there are even two "tennis" courts.

I'm getting hungry. I must have some dinner. Ah! Grace is over; won't be long now. Hello, where's my knife, plate, saucer and spoon! My old loose-handled knife must have been sold with others for 12/- a dozen. My cup is still there; same old cup, same old chips, same old cracks and same old no handle. M-m-m, I've only been waiting 45 minutes and here comes dinner. M-m-m, lovely "fish." I'm becoming sentimental. I distinctly remember not eating that fish back in '48. (On Friday they are now civilised. There is meat for those whose convictions don't make them fishize on Fridays.) It is still the same as far as eating goes, i.e., one mouthful and push the rest away. Oh! thrill; here comes the sweets. Looks familiar. Oh, yes! Pears, chokoes and custard. M-m-m, marvellous meal. I

always feel like a cigarette after a meal, but I can't smoke on an empty stomach.

With dinner and afternoon lectures over we're off to choir practice. Choir attendance is 300 (20 marks and all that).

After a delightful tea of salad and marbles (oops, appes) it is time for evening study. Let me point out that there is no compulsory study (it was cut out in '49). Students are so keen that study roll up is 100 per cent. every night. (The janitor has reported that the number of letters leaving the College has more than doubled.)

Conscription for dances and balls no longer takes place. Why? There are no dances or balls. They interfere with study and as we happened to drop in during a study term it makes it worse.

Equality of the sexes still exists. The men and women still do their own washing. The women are still first in and out of buses (demonstration only; no one goes to the pictures), lecture rooms, dining hall, etc.

In closing I'd like to say that things happening in the Golden Age never happened before June, 1948. As it is 10.30 and time for quiet it is with sad regret that we say farewell to sunny Aggaw, haven of good meals, study and solitude. Until a future date this is your Golden Age reporter saying cheerio!

"THE BLACK CAT."

## Amateur Athletic Club

On the night of Friday, 11th March a small but zealous group gathered in a committee room at the Wagga Wagga Town Hall.

The group consisted of seven College students, two lecturers and two town residents. Mr. Hawcroft lead the discussion and it was decided that there was an acute need in Wagga for a body sponsoring amateur athletics.

Mr. Dick O'Farrell informed those present that in the pre-war period Wagga supported a powerful club known as the Wagga Harriers and that a bank balance from this club still existed.

The Wagga Wagga Amateur Athletic Club was consequently formed.

The following officers were elected:—

Patrons: The Mayor, Ald. Barrand and Mr. E. Graham, M.L.A.

President: Mr. O'Farrell.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. E. Hawcroft, R. Howe, J. Hamill, L. Scott, R. Johnston and Constable Holmes.

Secretary-Treasurer: Mr. J. Biscaya.

Publicity Officer: Mr. T. Bristow.

Committee: Messrs. R. O'Farrell, J. Biscaya, R. Howe, L. Sherriff and W. Higgins.

Both track and field cross-country events are to be catered for.

Would all persons interested contact Mr. Biscaya?

"PAAVO."

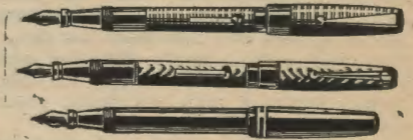
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## This is for What?

To "J.C.G." who wrote "Equal Pay for What?" No need to tell us you're a man. I could have guessed it. Who would insinuate that the other sex could so capably sum up the "true" position of women, who but a man of course could have such insight into woman's character, who else would have the insight to see that women do not want responsibility, that they have shirked responsibilities laid on them since the beginning of this century (there, I don't even remember the date), that they lack a man's physique, and that they are lethargic? Oh, yes, Mr. J.C.G., you're a man, no doubt about that.

First of all, the question of physique. My dear man, a woman weighing 7 stone 6 lbs is capable of bearing as much responsibility as a man of 12 to 14 stone, "big and strong" though he may be. So much for that aspect of responsibility.

Next you say "it would not be very long before some women would be debase enough to enter the field of manual labour." Now you either mean that some women would be base enough to or that some women would debase themselves. Obviously, my big he-man, your knowledge of the verb "to debase" is not all that it should be. Nor are we fooled by your apparent concern for the women who are debasing themselves. Your only concern is that you may be left aesthetically and sexually unsatisfied.

"Can you imagine any man, no matter how dauntless, paying court to a woman with the build of a heavy-weight wrestler?" Are you afraid of getting all the beltings when your woman comes home from work? As for the much-debated question of seats for women (in buses and trams, that is) I feel certain that once women were given equal responsibility, they would willingly give up their seats to the poor hard-working men who take their responsibilities so badly.

Mr. J.C.G., have you ever heard of Russia? Russia is a country where the sexes are equal, i.e., where women do their share of the dirty work, their share of the important work of the country. Do you think women in other countries of the world do not realize what is involved? Do you honestly take us for such fools? Do you not know that there are countries in the world where women do more of the manual labour of the country than the men but have none of the privileges of equality. Women want the right to pay for their own meals, the right to inquire, to explore, the right to think for themselves and to act for themselves. They know what is involved.

Next you bring up the problem of the home. Obviously you are still young enough or naive enough, Mr. J.C.G., to believe that the man proposes to his future mate. Study the psychology of women a little more thoroughly, my boy, and find a book written by a woman. And you are still young enough to be frightened by bogey men, "the creatures

of brave new world"! You omitted in your reasoning to explain how we were to become like these "creatures." It seems that the man and woman of Russia still lead a sexual life, still produce children who are in every respect quite normal, intelligent and adjusted. As yet there is no suggestion of monstrosities.

A little further on, Mr. J.C.G., you make your only penetrating remark, when you say "women enjoy a liberty to dabble in the affairs of the world." Women enjoy only a liberty to "dabble." None of her attempts are taken seriously by you, Mr. J.C.G., or your colleagues the world over, excluding Russia. You say she has had three decades, long enough, you imply too long.

You, Mr. J.C.G., and your kind have had from the beginning of time, and what can you show? The results are nothing but war and hatred and meddling, yet you have the audacity to say that in three decades women have failed miserably. Have Dame Enid Lyons and Senator Tangey, who had to fight against the prejudice of a man's world to win their positions, failed? Has Eleanor Roosevelt failed? Have May Hollingworth and Doris Fitton, who keep theatre alive in Sydney, failed? Has Henry Handel Richardson or Virginia Woolf, Marian Anderson, Amy Johnson, Eileen Joyce, Helen Keller, Marjorie Lawrence, Edith Sitwell and thousands of others failed? Are you mad?

That is a bird's-eye view of what women have done in only three decades. Being a man you would not of course realize the prejudice which any of these people have had to fight. "You don't want to spend all your years studying. In one or two years you'll be married and what good will books be to you then?" You see—and that is nothing.

Give women time and the opportunity to educate themselves and we shall see. Take the teaching profession as an example of prejudice. No woman can become mistress of a school where there are men on the staff. A man cannot suffer the indignity of having a woman, no matter how brilliant, above him. So she has to remain only the mistress of a girls' school, no more. That is the lethargy, Mr. J.C.G., that you talk about. It is "a man's world," don't we know it. But women will get over the barriers and then the scene will assume its right perspective.

Meanwhile, poor fellow, tremble and be afraid.

"BRUNNHILDE."

## The Barrin' o' the Door

It fell about the term end time—  
And a grim time it was then—  
When oor gude guard had roonds to make  
To catch us comin' in.

The wind blew cold from north to south,  
It came in endless store;  
Quoth oor gude man to oor gude girl,  
"By George, they've barred the door!"

They made a pact between the two  
And made it firm and sure;  
Whoe'er should have the utmost strength  
Should rise and crash the door.

Then by there came two other studes,  
At twelve o'clock at night.  
They could neither go by front nor back,  
Both doors were barred full tight.

"Now whether is this a student's house,  
Or whether is this a morgue?"  
But ne'er a word could noe of them speak  
For fear of waking the Dorgue.

And first they tried again the front,  
Then tried again the back.  
Much thought the guide girl to herself  
But ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,  
"Here, mon, give me a leg.  
Push me once more on to the sill  
And help me in, I beg.

"But if I let you drop, my girl,  
And what shall we do then?"  
"Man, what ails the strength and flame  
That boils within gude men?"

Then oop there started oor gude mon.  
And an angry mon was he.  
"Would ye knock the strength from oot  
ma legs,  
Because they've turned the key?"

Then oop and started oor gude girl,  
"I will not knock that door.  
Gude mon, they've locked it once too oft,  
I'll sleep beneath the floor!"  
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