



# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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## Students and Politics

Much has been written in previous issues of "Talkabout" concerning students' apathy to various matters which concerned them vitally. Largely in vain have pleas been made for contributions which could make this paper more representative; little active interest has been evinced in the Teacher Trainees' Association; few have helped the members of the Social and Recreational Committee in the arduous preliminary duties which are so essential if their activities are to run smoothly. It is to be deplored that, whilst everyone is ready to admit the importance of the work of the several organisations already mentioned, so few have shown any inclination to help in a practical way. One might attempt to justify this lack of interest by merely uttering a suave phrase: "It's just human nature," implying that as such, little can be done to remedy the fault. To adopt a defeatist attitude is merely to condone a fault which one professes to condemn; one must combat inaction with enthusiasm, in the hope that enthusiasm will prove contagious.

### THE PROBLEM

Since the earliest days last term there has been a small body of students for whom political matters have had some significance. They have read with interest of the banking legislation, and have devoted some thought to the relative merits of the pros and cons; they have read with alarm of the situation in India, and have endeavoured to follow the sequence of events overseas. Most students, however, consider that the fate of Joe Palooka is of far greater importance than the slaughter of thousands of human beings. Probably if the question were put to them directly they would readily admit that their interest in the caprices of fictional characters was misplaced. Politics have concerned them but little; they regard politicians as men who are innately dishonest; they consider a person who takes an interest in politics as one suffering from a mental disease—more to be pitied than to be laughed at. Much of this indifference and antipathy is, I believe, a product of a home environment which is conducive to the formation of erroneous ideas about politics specifically and democracy generally.

Frequently Father's attitude toward politics is based upon his hatred of a political party which burdens him with taxes; Mother is content to agree with Father's authoritative pronouncement on the justice of a fate which awaits the politician at the next election. Seldom does the child question the parent about politics, and when perchance he does, he is immediately told that such matters are of no concern to him and that his best plan is to leave politics alone. Can the child be blamed then, if, on reaching the age of discretion, he prefers Palooka to Pakistan; Gun's Gully to Greek guerillas? Clearly then the remedy for Australians' political apathy lies in some creative thinking and an awakening to the fact that as the laws and statutes made by politicians affect each one of us individually, it is our duty to avail ourselves of a hardly won privilege—the right to voice our opinions on matters of national importance.

### WITHIN THE COLLEGE

Those students who appreciate the significance of this heritage in democracy have realised with dismay that our College possesses no club where they may meet other students and discuss current political problems. Some months ago a move was made to establish a Labour Club, but it was abortive. At the time it was suggested that a Current Affairs Club be formed to conduct debates and hold meetings, but this suggestion, too, came to nothing. The failure of this club was due perhaps to the establishment of the Debating Club, in which students felt there would be some scope for political controversy. They were disheartened to find, however, that topics such as "Convention is Merely Hypocrisy" were the order of the day. Admirable as such topics undoubtedly are to develop powers of abstract reasoning, logical thinking, and forceful oratory, they felt that such a club could, of its very nature, devote but little time to problems of a political nature.

The opponents of the establishment of political clubs contended that such clubs would merely divide the student body and cause bitterness between students because of their different opinions. Further, it was argued that, in a residential College of this nature, it was essential that anything which might cause dissention should be suppressed—unity of purpose was essential

if the members of this little community were to live harmoniously. Those desirous of beginning political clubs have observed with interest the fact that the widely divergent views held by members of the Evangelical Union and the Sir Thomas Moore Club have caused no ill-feeling—rather have all clubs co-operated admirably in welding the student body ever more firmly together.

### USE OR ABUSE?

It is asserted that the formation of a Labour Club and a Liberal Club would stimulate thought, and necessitate some ordered thinking along political lines. Surely a person of seventeen or eighteen should know something of the fundamental tenets of the parties whose representatives he will elect within a few years? How absurd it is to leave political matters to the other fellow; to record an informal vote on polling day simply because one is untutored in the ways of democratic government! To my way of thinking the remedy lies in discussion—discussion which will lead inevitably to clarification of problems. To suggest that students cannot discuss matters of national importance dispassionately is to imply that they cannot appreciate the dignity of their vocation, and to insinuate that they cannot conduct themselves in a manner compatible with the motto of the College.

### OFFICIAL PRONOUNCEMENT

The syllabus states that "in such matters as religion and politics he (the teacher) should apply the golden rule to himself and expect it from others." A statement which I think may be taken as authoritative comes from the Minister for Education (Mr. Heffron). He is reported in "The Daily Telegraph" of 7/11/47 as saying: "But as Minister for Education, I am not prepared to institute sneaking inquiries into the politics and religion of teachers by officials of the Education Department, the police or the Federal Security Service.

"World War II was fought to get rid of Gestapos.

"Teachers in the Education Department include members of all political parties—Liberal, Labour and Country Parties.

"I have no objection to that so long as their politics are not mixed up with their teaching in schools.

"Their political activities outside school are their own business."



Students, then, are free to discuss political ideas so long as such ideas do not permeate their classroom teaching.

It is to be hoped that they will realize the opportunity presented here for the formulation of political ideas, and the talking over of theories of government with such a realization will cause a demand for a Current Affairs Club, or perhaps a Liberal and a Labour Club.

ALAN FRYER.

## A Distant Prospect

Ye lofty spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the barren glade  
Where Education still adores  
Her George's holy Shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Turvey Park th' expanse below  
Of hedge, of lawn, of lucerne patch,  
Whose grass, whose trees, whose flowers,  
do watch,  
Where the hoary Murrumbidgee wends  
His muddy winding way.

Ah, treeless hills, ah, longed-for shade,  
(Where once the Air Force officers  
strayed  
When they were racked with pain!)  
I feel the knowledge that she bestows  
A momentary bliss allows;  
But soon the testing time will come  
As practice-teaching hovers near,  
And out into the schools we go,  
In some stern supervisor's fear.  
[In imitation of Thomas Gray's "Ode  
on a Distant Prospect of Eton College"—  
from his *Commonplace Book*, August,  
1742.]

A. A. KENNEDY.

### HEARD IN LECTURE

A lecturer endeavouring to write on a high blackboard exclaimed: "This jumping up and down off this chair I can see will give me too much exercise."

Judging from the number of walks this lecturer has been taking of late we were beginning to think exercise had become MOORE popular.

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## The Little Theatre Presents . . .

On Wednesday the fifth the Little Theatre Group presented for the entertainment of the College three one-act plays. The successful production of "The Four-Poster," "Dimmed Lights" and "George and Elizabeth" was the culmination of many weeks hard practising and the producers are to be congratulated for their supreme optimism in the face of all the difficulties that challenged their ingenuity.

A most appreciative audience, which included Mr. Salmon himself, accompanied by Mr. Blakemore and other members of the staff, rewarded the players by enthusiastically applauding their efforts and being so good as to laugh at the right times. Miss Moore, who was the general director of the Group's first public exhibition of its talents, is to be congratulated for her smooth direction.

In "The Four Poster," Ray Poole and Audrey Tanner gave an exhibition of technique which Miriam Bowers grudgingly admits surpassed even Mr. Wilcox's, while Pat Davies gave us a rare display of nonchalance and level-headedness in the presence of a grim (very grim) burglar. Any person who has seen Harry with a fox-glove coat on is requested to contact Norma Nielson, and such persons who desire advice on how to balance their meagre budget will find enlightenment in a brief talk with Bill Elliot, who demonstrated simple (first-class) counting to a very interested audience of studes.

Marg Abraham played a most convincing role in "Dimmed Lights," and is to be heartily congratulated. Ralph J. C. Hutton (late of Bull and Dubbo) as the doctor, as well as Jim Hartnett and the "blinded" Brian Webb continued with Marg's high standard and made their play the powerful drama it was intended to be.

But Arthur Kennedy as George (the Marblehead boy) and Ken McLean (our only Ken McLean) as Phillip, were no less lacking in acting ability, and together with Miriam Bowers and Shirley Yonge, were responsible for the loud burst of applause that followed the final curtain in "George and Elizabeth." Arthur was so delightfully like Arthur, and Ken McLean so very like Ken McLean, that between the two a really fine play resulted.

Our raving reporter circulated among the audience and jotted down unguarded remarks passed, and reported finally to say that the presentation was excellent according to the vast majority of studes, staff and others. Some very flattering remarks were overheard and the Little Theatre Group have reason to be proud of their night's work. "Talkabout" congratulates all those who contributed to the success of the pioneer play-night, particularly John Orange who, we understand, did a really fine job.

## Hector McFreckle

Hector McFreckle!  
The first bloomin' day  
Of exams,  
And 'ow's this for a treat;  
Three in a row. That's a feat  
For a poor, simple soul  
With no zeal  
To reveal  
Academic inadequacies.

Hector McFreckle!  
How'd a girl be expected  
To know  
What guy Lewin means  
When 'he's talkin' of contours  
And tensions—and swot,  
And such bloomin' rot.

Hector McFreckle!  
I'm all in a daze.  
It's 'em bloomin' long words  
A girl  
Can't comprehend.  
Correlation, sensation,  
Motivation, elation.  
Lors, there ain't no elation  
In the study  
Of habit formation,  
And its effect  
On the organization  
Of a class situation.

Hector McFreckle!  
If this ain't a fine state  
Of affairs.  
A warm bloomin' night  
With a moon; all just right.  
What's the use  
When you ain't on the loose.  
But instead  
Are consigned  
To your room,  
To absorb the size of the  
Burmese and Siamese States;  
Or to learn that it's best  
To teach, test and revise.  
Hector McFreckle,  
And a fine bloomin' night.

Lors, they say only the fit will survive—  
Well, Hector McFreckle,  
How come I'm alive?

MARY COMINO.

## Sunrise

The sun rose to dry away the tears of  
morning dew.  
To pour forth its soul in ecstasy on  
dappled morning's hue,  
To gaze into the valleys and the thoughts  
of shrouded night,  
And the day clasped to its bosom close  
the bright gold ball of light.

The silver ribbon gurgled on by fern  
and moss and tree,  
Through the vale and shade from  
mountain height to foaming, bursting  
sea.  
It ran by farms and paddocks, where  
the twisted blue-gums rise,  
To the bright and golden cloud-banks  
of the early morning skies.

WYN WALSHAW.



## Punching the Bundy

Unpunctuality from time immemorial has been the bugbear of politicians, businessmen, soldiers, husbands, wives, mothers-in-law and school teachers.

It is a human failing from which no one is entirely free. Many schemes have been devised to make the unpunctual punctual, but any success achieved has been only temporary. For unpunctuality, like the poor, is always with us.

Society divides itself into two classes—the punctual and the unpunctual. The unpunctual person is no fool. He wastes everybody's time but his own. The person who gets there early wastes his own time in so doing. The punctual person gets there on time.

There are a hundred and one reasons why students arrive late to lectures. Those lecturers who themselves are sometimes late will appreciate that. The lecturer's late arrival is passed off with a breezy apology which students have no choice but to accept. This is entirely satisfactory to the lecturer.

The matter of punctuality resolves into absurdity when a lecturer, having arrived late, chides a student who trails him into the lecture room. The late arrival of a lecturer must automatically condone unpunctuality in students.

### OPEN THE DOOR

The present set-up, whereby a student knocks timidly on the door, slams his weight against it to coax it open, pokes his head into the lecture room, and gazes beseechingly at the lecturer while that person sizes up the situation, glances at his watch, and then by some gigantic mental process refuses or admits the mendicant at the door, is all wrong. Such diverting interludes while away the time, interrupt the continuity of the lecture, provide free entertainment, and are of great nuisance value to everybody.

Requests, appeals, petitions, exhortations and threats will not induce punctuality. Punctuality has the virtue of keeping students up-to-date in their work. The unpunctual punish themselves by having to write up notes in their own time.

Unpunctuality cannot be combated. It has to be accepted. There are two ways of coping with it. First, the lecture room can be kept open to allow late-comers to enter without apology. (This will not be acceptable to lecturers for

the reverse of the reasons by which they pass off their own punctuality with a breezy apology—a matter of ego.) Second, on the tick of time, the section representative slams the door tight and no one may gain admittance. He will first have attached to the outside door handle a card bearing the inscription, 2BL. If the lecturer arrives within three minutes of "the barrin' of the door," he may, by presenting his face at the window, with the approval of the assembled students, be allowed to enter.

I favour the second method. It has that touch of finality which leaves no doubt in anybody's mind.

I have observed one interesting fact about punctuality as it affects my section. The lecturers who are keen on punctuality get the worst trot from our habitués, while those lecturers who are more philosophical are rarely inconvenienced by latecomers. This brings up the psychological question of maturation.

Must call it off now. I have an appointment with Morpheus.

JOE BLAKE.

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Benson: Psychology for Teachers (370.15 B10).

Knight: Twenty Centuries of Education (370.9 K10).

#### Science

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#### Fine Arts

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#### Literature

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Lady Baden-Powell, during her recent visit, made the following significant statement: "I'm just dotty about hand-work." Well frankly, so are we.

Since the advent of stewed fruit for breakfast and barley water for dinner some specimens of the singing species have been heard urgently chanting that old favourite, "Open the Door Richard," with unusual vigour.

**That '42 Flow:** A swarm of bees which settled near the gymnasium recently caused some consternation. Whilst the droning bees were droning, the humming bees were humming and the bumble bees were talking shop with Darb, chief ape-irist Gleeson, fortified with a thorough working knowledge of Coker Kohler's experiment, decided to reach for the elusive queen; Ray Poole obliged with some suggestions, which ultimately led to her capture. During the process, however, he sustained several stings and was last seen searching for Mr. Levis, whose personal experience in matters concerning bees is obvious in "That '42 Flow."

While the Melbourne Cup is still fresh in our memories, we, the writers of "Talkabout," ever first with to-morrow's news to-day, take pleasure in giving a form guide on the Matrimonial Stakes to be run some time in the near future. At the head of the list, as a best bet, we nominate those hardy perennials, Ralph and Marge, whose consistent form has forcibly impressed most keen observers. Next on the list we nominate Kev Quinn and Margaret Wilkinson, who despite furtive track gallops, have impressed as being certain starters and dangerous challengers to the better known couples. Gloria and Keith, though unobtrusive, have attained a consistently high standard, and on present indications, would seem to have every opportunity of carrying off the prize. We notice a new couple showing some promising track work, namely, Stan and June. "Talkabout" selectors say, "Watch them, they'll go a long way." Perhaps at this stage a list of acceptors and prices might be of value. The first division has ten starters.

Ralph and Marge, 5 to 4.  
Kevin and Wyn, 2 to 1.  
Max and Miriam, 3 to 1.  
Jack and Shirley, 5 to 4.  
Tom and Shirley, 3 to 1.  
Gordon and Betty, 100 to 1 (scratched subsequent to going to press).  
Harry and Jean, 10 to 1.  
Ken and June, 25 to 1.  
Paul and Beth, 8 to 1.  
Niek and Shirley, 3 to 1.

Not only is a certain young lady of our acquaintance noteworthy for her frequent laundry activities during library periods, but also we are in-

formed that she has a rather "toney" admira in Sydney. We await developments!

Guess who? Plot for a short story of some value. Boy with bike—girl with desire for travel—amicable arrangement—down to earth—Bill for spill. Those concerned, we believe, have pooled their financial resources and are calling it evans.

Recently we were very interested to hear a rather impressive performance of "Variations on a Theme" by Bull. It was received not only by the unusual applause, but also by a general tramping of feet.

**This Week's Shady Story** comes from room 12 of the Bio-Lab, where, seated in the dim penumbra, we found Literature Lecturer Levis deeply engrossed in a weighty tome. Both blinds were drawn and the atmosphere bespoke placidity and deep concentration. We wondered whether he was endeavouring to develop a style of some value in the dark-room.

The principal-vice of College students, we learn, is lateness for meals. Seriously, ladies and gentlemen, it's no laughing matter. It's up to you, ladies and gentlemen.

**Riddle:** What made Cornell Wyld? He was courtin a web.

Miss Kilgour's lecture on time zones was very educational. "To each his zone?"

Maid of the moment is Mary Comino, our poet laureate. Quiet and retiring, Mary is most prolific in her contributions to "Talkabout," and can always be relied upon to be punctual with her articles. Perhaps this is a very materialistic approach—unintentionally. It's really a pleasure to work with such a nice person.—Your pals,

DAVE AND AL.

**The Yanco Trip**

On Saturday, 25th October, quite a large section of the College revisited Yanco Agricultural High School. Many of the pioneer group were absent but their spirit pervaded the remainder.

It is always interesting to note on these trips the change of atmosphere in coming and going. Mr. Pople's heart would have swelled with joy, I am sure, to hear the renditions of his much-taught songs, Ronnie Reen obligingly sang the ever-popular "Shoo Fly-Pie" and "To Each His Own." Kev. Quinn gave us a couple of Spike Jones' songs.

Jack Collins seemed particularly bored on the way out. He evidently didn't think much of his travelling companion, Ross Bree—Ross seemed to feel pretty much the same.

Murray and Jack piped up with a very appropriate song, as we passed through Narrandera. The words were something like this:

"How dry we are, how dry we are, etc.," and were very expressive of the sentiments of all interested in such things. I think this should be a popular song in the future.

As soon as we arrived at Yanco, Dave, like the Clementine about whom he had been so blithely carolling, fell into the foaming brine—unfortunately, unlike Clementine, Dave was rescued.



The cricketers commenced play as soon as the members of the team had changed to their carefully pressed creams (assistance from the girls—in the pressing, of course).

The cricket provided excellent sport for all who took part in it. The College team, consisting of Nilon, Millar, Bree, Quinn, Gleeson, McLaughlin, Debenham, Bell, Yabsley, Brewster and Hodges, batted first.

The bowlers received no assistance from the pitch at all, and as the ground was rather fast, credit must go to the Yanco team in keeping our score down to 185. The howling did not seem impressive, but it had taken toll of all College wickets just as College batting time was finishing.

Like their opponents, the College team found bowling to be their weakness. McLaughlin was perhaps the most consistent in his attack, coming good especially in the last few overs.

The game was almost thrown away at one stage by a College stude—he can remain anonymous.

For College, Nilon showed his real form to score 87 and Millar and Quinn also batted well. "The bowling of Hodges to dismiss Johnson saved the day for the College, as Johnson batted splendidly for Yanco for a score of 94"—Nilon.

The game finished in a draw and it was a welcome ending to a game played in a splendid spirit.

After lunch, the cricketers returned to the oval, and the tennis players, who, to simplify arrangements, were divided into three teams, made their way to the school courts, which were in very good condition and well prepared for the match. We later discovered that the Yanco boys rose at 5.30 a.m. in order to make these preparations, and what is more, such early rising is the usual thing at Yanco. Perhaps they do not have interests which encourage nocturnal wandering there.

The first College team consisted of six men, Keith Willard, Ian Thomas, John Hale, Col Taylor, Max Cox and

Kev Lyons. This team was successful in winning nine sets to six, and proved to be the only College team which was victorious. Perhaps the reason for the other two teams' defeat was that they had among their ranks members of the fair sex, but as ladies are well-known as moral(e) builders, this is most unlikely.

Both these teams were beaten 15 sets to one. During the afternoon, the teams were provided with afternoon tea by Yanco and the centre of attraction during this important event was a large sponge cake decorated with orange jelly.

Despite some defeats every member of the tennis team enjoyed himself thoroughly as the play was hard and rallies were frequently long and exciting. The Yanco team were consistent and showed a great deal of practice by excellent placing and steady driving and smashing on the net.

The tennis team joined with the cricket team in polishing off the remains of the sandwiches left from lunch, but Kev. Lyons and Ed. Keogh arrived too late even for crusts, and a hasty collection of oranges was made to prevent the necessity of carrying home two cases of malnutrition.

The usual adjustments were made on the trip home, and after some shuffling, the silence of the tomb settled on the bus (except for an occasional burst of singing). Kev. and Nell held a competition to see which was the heavier of the two and the proceedings were closely watched by Ian Thomas and John Hale. Indeed, Ian bent a fatherly eye on all such couples, and was forced to submission and silence by the offer of half a dozen Minties.

Murray, Alan Nilon and Mr. Cornell, as men with responsibilities (Murray to Laurie, Alan to the cricket team and Mr. Cornell to the principal—or principle?) formed a conversation group at the front of the bus.

A brief halt was called at Narrandera, and after a milk-shake (no fruit juice available in the Irrigation Area after 6 p.m.), the company continued its singularly uneventful journey home.

Upon arrival at College, some of the more energetic members of the party joined fellow revellers at the College dance.

BEV. and TOM.

## "Non Nobis Sed Omnibus"

It can be said that the making of citizens and the shaping of Australia's destiny is largely in the hands of school teachers. What qualifications, then, has a teacher for this momentous task?

First, let us consider the student. He has just completed five years at a High School where he has absorbed facts, and, more important, learned to live socially. Through pressure of examinations, he has not yet had the leisure and possibly not the desire to look about him and take interest in the affairs outside the narrow confines of his home, his school, and his town or city. This is normal and inevitable—a product of living common to all civilised nations.

But in the two years during which the student is transformed into the teacher, no great effort is made to cultivate those qualities which the responsibilities of teaching and citizenship would seem to warrant. Admittedly, you cannot put old heads on young shoulders, and to try to burden a young man of twenty with a sense of responsibility far in advance of his years (if it were possible) is not only undesirable but foolish. But, in my opinion, the arousing of interest in citizenship, in unionism, and in national and international affairs, is a matter which a Teachers' College could well take in hand. Fortunately, ready-made situations by which this awakening of interest can be implemented are at hand.

P. & C.

Consider the Parents and Citizens' meetings which are held monthly. There is no need to elaborate on the importance of these, especially when some thought is given to government apathy towards education. Consider the meetings of the Wagga City Council—excellent sources of practical education—

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the soil erosion station, the Experiment Farm, both within a few miles of the College, and both of them institutions of national importance. Consider the daily newspapers and our national broadcasting stations. In the Australian capital, legislation as momentous and explosive as the Federation Bill early in the century, is being debated. Charges of Socialism and Fascism are being made against the Government, who, we are told, are ignoring the will of the people. This is experience. These are times which will rank with the French and Russian revolutions in the story of man's struggle for self-determination and liberty.

#### VALE NATIONALISM

The fight for independence of the Indonesians, the granting of independence to Burma and her rejection last week of membership of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the partition of India, the paradox of growing British strength through dissolution of the Empire, the division of the world into the incompatible ideologies of democracy and communism—these are worthy of discussion in a Teachers' Training College. They could not adequately be covered in a current affairs club. I, for one, am more interested in the world as it exists to-day, and as I hope it will exist in the future, than in the world of the past (admitted that a knowledge of the past makes the present more comprehensible, and the future more predictable).

In these College years, the foundation for future activities and interests should be laid. Reading should be wide and varied, ample time should be devoted to music, folk dancing should be encouraged, there should be more dramatic work, more plays and concerts; there should be a cultivation of these activities, which would make of the College a true centre of culture.

The limiting factor is time. By cutting down on less important subject matter and concentrating on teaching method, by abolishing examinations and substituting monthly tests, by limiting lectures to forty-five minutes, time could be made.

#### OUR EXPERIMENT

Wagga College is an experiment in education, but it is a half-hearted one. The "boarding" type of education institution dates back centuries, but the cultural activities suggested in the syllabus and advocated in the lecture room have never been fully carried out. Wagga is the logical choice for the experiment. Let it be a real experiment. Educationally, we might advance twenty years in two. We are in a post-war era which calls for united effort and enterprise in all things. The war has advanced all things except the one which will ultimately outlaw it—education.

Music, literature, drama, and the allied arts are the road to international goodwill. Until we take that road and cling to the idealism with which it is paved, international peace will remain a pipe dream.

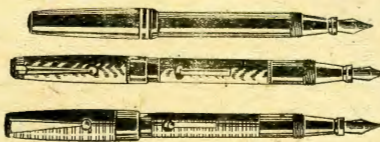
Until then, school teachers in a cynical world will still try to inculcate into the minds of Australia's future soldiers, sailors and airmen the spirit of international goodwill, while the band plays "Colonel Bogey."

C. CHAPPEL.

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### Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—On behalf of the Little Theatre Group, I wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way towards the success of our Pioneer Play Night. To Miss Moore, our club's advisor, we offer our most heartfelt thanks and appreciation in token of the long and lasting work she has done towards the production of our first plays.

Thanks also are due to Mr. Irvine and Mr. Thomas (for their erection of the curtains), to Mrs. Whittaker and the staff (for lending stage props), to Mr. Smith who helped generally with the hall, the School of Arts who lent the curtains; and also to Harry Robinson (the curtain-pull), Margaret Moore (programme-seller-usherette) and John Orange, who filled the position of door-man, together with many others too numerous to mention for their invaluable assistance.

I personally wish to thank actors, prompts and producers for their loyal and painstakingly energetic work; lastly but not least the general student body and members of the staff for their wholehearted support and co-operation in fulfilling the hall.

Thanking you,

I remain, yours faithfully,

A. A. KENNEDY,  
President.

Dear Sir,—As a residential College, I find that we lack the greatest essential to a College of this type—namely, a common room. In an institution where men and women are expected to live and work together, surely there should be some provision made for a common meeting place where they can come together and talk like educated social beings. The present need for such a place is easily seen by the numbers of students congregating near the tuck shop, on the covered way, and on the corner of Block 7. They are forced to stand around these places because there is absolutely nowhere else in the College to go. Then because talking "under the light" and "loitering" on the covered way are frowned upon by some members of the lecturing staff, students

find it necessary to go outside the College to carry on a normal conversation. Surely in a College of this type, such amenities as are required to provide for students should be given first priority and students should not have to be hounded as they are now, from corner to corner of the College by lecturers who seem to think they are perpetrating some dastardly crime.

Learning to live with our fellows is perhaps the best lesson that this College could teach us, but unless some common room is soon provided where students can meet and talk things over as they should, then the value of this lesson will be lost.

### Personalities on Parade

MURRAY MILLER

A really interesting personality at Wagga's Teachers' College is our President, Murray Miller.

Born in Rockdale, Sydney, Murray had a good start in life. Growing up with his elder brothers and sisters, Dan, Sydney, Mary and Alma, he was always the bright little "baby brother."

He lived at Blayney until school age. The family then moved to Byron Bay and Murray went to primary school there.

Murray's life had been active and interesting up to this stage, but it became still more active and interesting after primary school—he met his future wife during those delightful sixth class days. I've heard he'd sit behind her and tie pig-tails together and stick pins in—well—in Laurie, anyway!

At High School in Lismore Murray's love for sport had a real chance of expression. His enthusiasm for tennis and football placed him in the school teams. Privately he coached would-be swimmers in the awkward art of keeping afloat, and in the more intricate and distinguished arts of dog-paddling, under-arm, over-arm, breaststroke.

Eighteen and in the Air Force! Murray loved flying and as a Flight-Officer he saw much of the world outside Australia, in particular Germany, England and Canada.

He came home—this time to Newcastle—and decided that school teaching would be his profession and marriage his vocation. He loves children and this I believe was the only reason for his becoming a school teacher.

At College we find him friendly, intelligent and versatile, qualities which make him specially suited to be the President of the student body.

His wife tells me that marriage has not changed Murray's character, but she fears that his obstinate attachment to the evening paper at the same time, in the same armchair after tea each night, might be the beginning of the gradual decline that is said to take place when a man eventually marries.

But Wagga Teachers' College will ensure that Murray goes out after two years training still better equipped to face the trials and tribulations of life and a wife.

BETTE.