



# TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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## Vale ... the Citizen's Army

Wagga Teachers' College has struck a blow for pacifism—the militarists have been routed, the lethargy of the majority has once more overcome a scheme which might have done much to improve the status of this College, in the council of other colleges.

Recently, you may remember, an attempt was made to form a company of the Sydney University Regiment at this College. It was intended that this body should be composed of a nucleus of male students whose interests embraced more than women and sport, although it was hoped that these gentry, too, might be persuaded to join when uniforms came to hand, allowing them to preen themselves before the fair sex. Some were sanguine enough to hope that the returned men, good fellows all, "who could drink half a dozen schooners without causing trouble and back up his mate in the event of a 'blue'," would come forward to take positions of leadership in the new body. Alas! Apparently the returned men have "had" the Army, or whatever service it was, and have left the S.U.R. severely alone. But perhaps we can't blame them—they've done their bit.

Anyway, the men will remember how many of their number put up their hands when Colonel Cormack asked for a display of those interested—at least 55 per cent. Of course, it was realised that the average college student merely behaves like an automaton, and puts up his hand if his neighbor does, so it wasn't surprising that only about 20 men went down to the meeting. Of this number, about a dozen were second years, who could not be enrolled because of the proximity of the end of college term—leaving a ghost army of about eight gallant first years. Colonel Cormack justly believes that it would be futile to attempt to start a branch of the S.U.R. without at least 20 first years. Since this number has not been forthcoming, W.T.C. will have to hang its head in

shame when the roll is called at the next S.U.R. camp, and units from Sydney and Armidale Teachers' Colleges are present.

### DIAGNOSIS

Of course, there may be a few conscientious objectors on religious grounds; a number of ex-servicemen, whose days in the army were productive of nothing more than a host of anecdotes (all very amusing at the first time of hearing), and certain students whose interest in academic or sporting pursuits demands their every waking moment. Then there is the group who have, at Mr. Holland's behest, so satiated themselves with Sassoon, Auden and others of the pacifist poets that any mention of armies causes them to shudder, and to pen an indictment of war-mongers and jingoistic nationalism. Kipling was on the right track:

Its Tommy this, and Tommy that,  
But he's the hero of our nation,  
When the guns begin to shoot,

But those not completely inured to cynicism hope to think that W.T.C. can produce 20 chaps in first year who are prepared to devote just a little of their time to a sunburnt country—

A land of sweeping plains,  
Of rugged mountain ranges,  
Of droughts and flooding rains.

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### They'd Be Far Better Off ...

At present I'm sitting in my little prac. school gazing out the window at the perennially snow topped peak of Mount \_\_\_\_\_ far in the distance. In the immediate foreground there is the usual rustic scene of ripening grainfields, fallow paddocks and the inevitable dusty road. I've just been attempting to give a lesson designed to stimulate (if one can stimulate in such matters) the pupils' aesthetic tastes. It ill behoves me to say whether the lesson was a success or not, but I'm tempted to think that, if pupil interest and enthusiasm are indicative of the lessons achieving its purpose, then this lesson was of considerable value. When one begins thinking about the purpose of teaching, one's personal philosophy which led one to enter the teaching profession, the innumerable irksome assignments and seemingly irrelevant aspects of the course loom large, but one must consider, too, the look of gratitude which lights many a child's face when first he hears a piece of beautiful music or reads a poem which appeals to him. To me such a look is sufficient recompense for many hours' hard toil in preparation. Those who cannot discern a child's appreciation of their attempt to introduce him to the truly great works of man, miss much. But while I'm pondering over my good fortune in having chosen teaching as my job in life, my mind wanders to school mates who have made different choices.

Firstly, I think of George, an embryonic legal eagle, in his fourth year at the Uni. He is doing his course the hard way, working at an insurance office in the daytime, and sneaking off at various times up to the Phillip Street Law School for lectures. At night he burns the midnight oil, studying the law in relation to divorce, rape, motor vehicles and bankruptcy. Knowledge of such subjects is of great value to the

lawyer, no doubt, but to my pal George, it is the principal causative agent of a mental perversion. Perhaps he takes the job too seriously, but in his job he finds it essential to be a jump ahead of the other fellow; the man who pits his wits against him in the settlement of a case. I remember one particular instance: An old chap had been severely injured by a vehicle insured by George's company. Had the case gone to court the injured man could have secured considerable damages by alleging mental suffering (which is very difficult of determination in terms of £ s d). By a deal of windy talking to the injured man's solicitor, a settlement was reached outside court, for a sum which covered physical injuries only. George was given a hearty pat on the back by his superiors, and I believe that he felt very pleased that he had saved his office some hundreds of pounds. There's no room for sentiment in business, they say, well, in private enterprise, I agree; but that doesn't alter the fact that the old chap was deprived of money to which he was morally and, perhaps, legally, entitled.

George has come to believe that every man has his price, and that life can be resolved into £ s d. His idea is to settle matters as cheaply as possible—human feelings, personal relationships have no place in business. I'm quite sure George will make a "good" lawyer, but I personally wouldn't change places with him—Id rather be a teacher.

Bob, another colleague, went into a bank as a clerk, although he preened himself as a junior bank officer. A great place, the bank, he said, one of the bulwarks of the country. He proceeded to deify the counting house in which he was incarcerated 5½ days a week, by offering his adulation in the form of starched white collars, with shirts to match. And then there was the inevitable hat, without which (so he told me) no bank officer can consider himself dressed. Economics, textbooks were devoured avidly and "The Road to Serfdom" read with interest, of course, he was a "Liberal," all members of the Bank Officers' Association were, so he must follow suit. All pledged to the perpetuation of a system which returned the employees an infinitesimal share of the products of their labours. But Bob can't believe it; he sees the association as a body of gentlemen banded together in unquestioning service to the bank. He shuddered when I suggested that the association might be some form of Trades Union.

Some time back I received a letter which stated that he had met a girl who, for him, was the light of life. Philosophically, he accepted the fact that he could not consider marriage for a considerable time, because the bank in its wisdom had decreed that its employees cannot marry until they are in receipt of a certain income. Stolidly, he proceeded to explain, that really this was quite understandable, as the prestige of the bank was reflected in the social status of its employees. It would never do for an "officer" to marry on an income which could not support a married couple at a standard of living com-

patible with the bank's idea of decorum.

I'll leave Bob to his bank; his bills payable and receivable and his typiste, if ever he gets one. I've got an eye on a squatter's daughter and a small school.

—MEPHISTOPHELES.

## Editorial

The more discerning of readers will, no doubt, be pleased to note that this issue of "Talkabout" contains but one editorial. To that ambitious, if disgruntled, triumverate, John Mitchell, Maurice Pitfield, and Merv Gray, I extend my congratulations on the production of an edition which augurs well for the success of first year in assuming responsibility for this paper next year. No less deserving of commendation are Wyn Walshaw, Bette Sanders, Mary Comeno and Harry Robertson, who so ably filled the editorial chair during my brief vacation from editorial duties. These people have always been reliable and enthusiastic, and it has been a privilege to work with them; I wish that I could say the same of a greater number of college students, but I am afraid that most have been content to read, and have never attempted to write. To me it seems tragic that most students have no desire to write anything; but I suppose that it is to be expected of those whose conception of college life is the avoidance of as much work as possible.

Apparently, the Editor of the Armidale Teachers' College "Collegian", faces the same difficulty as confronts the historical committee during practice teaching—a dearth of contributions. Might I suggest that you make an effort to hand in some anecdote relevant to "prac", and thus attain immortality by having your name in print?

—ALAN FRYER.

## G. & S.

G. and S. not only stands for Gilbert and Sullivan as an operatic composition team, but also for the qualities which must, of necessity, be emphasised throughout Gilbert's melodramatic stories which are set to Sullivan's beautiful music. These qualities are gaiety and sparkle.

"Trial by Jury," the curtain-raiser to the recent production of "H.M.S. Pinafore," possessed both. Although only a tiny operetta and indeed the first which Gilbert and Sullivan attempted, it gave more scope for these qualities to be emphasised. The chorus work was particularly good and indeed made the show in so far as music was concerned. I say this because the antics and side-plays of the principals during certain solos almost stole the significance of those solos.

However, the nonsense and tomfoolery which was carried on throughout the operetta did not detract from the audience's enjoyment of the show.

The utilisation of the old, yet novel introductory method of the principals rushing through the audience and demanding the assistance of the conductor, still has its appeal, but no doubt some College students found it rather ludicrous when they "considered the moral" and found themselves being hoodwinked to some extent into believing the trial to be unrehearsed, when for months they had heard different members of the cast rehearsing, all over the place.

"H.M.S. Pinafore," however, was a different type of operetta and, of necessity, had to be more formal.

The soloists were of a high standard and they were backed by a strong, if not conscientious, chorus.

There is humour in the opera, compared with other Gilbert and Sullivan works, and the dialogue is, to use a "Pople-ar" expression, "pussy." However, over-exaggeration and the sense of necessity for something "to be done" pulled it through.

The chorus of "Pinafore" was not up to standard as far as actions were concerned. How on earth could lethargic sailors sprightly "welcome" ladies who can smile so brightly when a smile hardly caressed their beautiful faces all night?

There were some very good spots in which the chorus redeemed themselves. The men's chorus in "I Am the Captain of the Pinafore," etc., "Carefully on Tip-toe Stealing," and the full chorus in the "Dammey" interlude, "This Very Night With Bated Breath" and "For he is an Englishman."

Taken all in all, mixing the good with the bad and looking at the production as a whole, I think I can safely say that everyone who saw it and everyone participated thoroughly enjoyed it.

—"VOICE."

## Yesterday

Long days, yet far too short.  
Youth!

Broad skies —

The blue at sunset slashed with crimson,  
The ever-winding road,  
Unknown, untrodden.

Comradeship!

Challenge — victory — defeat,  
Hearts pulsating with life.  
The will to struggle.

The wind through the grasses,  
Campfires. —

Fantasies in the fierce red coals,

Hopes — dreams — visions,  
A world for conquest!

—That was yesterday.

—J.M.

## "TALKABOUT"

Editor: Alan Fryer.

Sub-Editors:

June Scott, Dave Rummery

Business Manager: Jim O'Ryan.

## Out of the Blue

Since the subject of sports blues is under general discussion throughout the college, I feel I am justified in expounding my personal views on the matter.

Firstly let it be definitely understood that the writer is absolutely biased in favour of his own arguments and will listen to no further opinions on the matter.

It appears that a definite decision has been made regarding blues for meritorious achievements on the field of sport.

I take it the function of blues is reward or recognition, possibly incentive enters the situation.

Since I entered this institution I have heard much talk of some state of unparalleled ecstasy catalogued under the name "complete living."

I am much intrigued by this theory but as no text book definition has been given I have been forced to formulate by own.

Since the subject was vague I arrived at an even vaguer definition. Complete living as I see it is a mystical state of affairs involving the widest possible experience and appreciation of life, each experience being given appreciation and consideration in proportion to its value.

Do I hear the word philosophy? Shame . . . pseudo intellectual such an occupation is not for you, thought is a dangerous toy. Better you do a mad dash about the playing field in pursuit of an inflated piece of cowhide.

But I digress.

Since sport is the only experience in college life to be honoured by a blue, I feel I am safe in assuming it is of vital importance.

What, then, is the great value of sport? After much consideration, I find there are two groups of values relating to the subject.

The first is the purely physical, the development of bone and muscle. The second and, I consider the second the more important, is the acquisition of certain mental attitudes.

These attitudes are summed up by such hackneyed expressions as "team spirit," "fair play" and "the will to win well or to lose well."

Do I hear the word philosophy? Why does that word keep intruding into my

article? What could philosophy have to do with complete living?

What was I talking about? Oh, yes, sports blues. What conclusions have I reached? It appears that those who have striven on the field of sport are to be presented with something.

Yet, to my way of thinking, success in sport cannot be measured by runs or points, but only by the attitude which each individual develops to sport itself.

Somebody once had similar ideas about life, but he was a philosopher, such people should be shot, never in the game, you know.

Well it appears that I have been wrong; anything that develops a philosophy of team spirit, of participation, of comradeship, is well worthy of recognition.

What a pity that other activities within the College do not foster such attitudes. I really feel sorry for the writers' group, up till two o'clock in the morning to bring out a paper for the following week. What do these individuals know about team spirit or complete living. Fortunately their number is small.

But wait! The Choir! The Little Theatre Group! The Pinafore cast! The Pygmalion cast! This place is full of insignificant little groups selfishly following their own petty interests and completely overlooking the factor of team spirit.

So it is obvious that these desirable mental attitudes can be acquired on the sports field alone.

It is therefore logical that only sport is worthy of token recognition.

As all my early arguments have been shattered, I am forced to try a new scheme of attack.

It is impossible, in my opinion, effectively to measure what is really good in sport. Token recognition then can be based only on less important factors, the most prominent of which will be efficiency.

You may challenge my assumption that efficiency is a relatively unimportant aspect; if you do, then you check my line of argument, for I could not prove my assumption in logical debate.

I will assume therefore that the reader is as eccentric as myself and believes the struggle more important than the victory.

Now, of course, you realise I am going to say that, since we cannot reward the best in sport, it would be incongruous

to reward some lesser factor.

Do I hear the word tradition? Tradition can mean many things, in lower forms it is purely a heritage of abuse. Perhaps I could illustrate this point. Every day I hear sweating students complain that they must wear coats and ties while in practice teaching.

This, my children, is tradition in a lower form. Our ancestors of the snow countries found coats and ties neat and efficient dress. Therefore it was only logical that they should maintain it once they had migrated to a land of sun and heat.

Of course you can see that I am off the track and illogical, yet my ravings have not even reached maturity.

Let us therefore forget personal opinions and become coldly rational.

We will take it for granted that both sides have much in their favour.

Very well, sport shall have its blue. Then since we are being rational every other activity worthy of its place in our system of "complete living" shall also have token recognition.

We now have included: The writers' group, the choir, the Pinafore cast, the Pygmalion cast, the Little Theatre Group and many others.

Yet is this the sought after state of affairs? It has developed rationally point by point.

Let us consider the whole matter from another rational viewpoint.

As a member of the writers' group I do not seek any token for participation in an activity which to me is recompense in itself. I have outgrown the adolescent conception that recognition is external.

I have heard no mention of blues from other bodies, so I assume they have ideas similar to my own.

Why not get on with our task of "complete living." Maturity is the first essential. It is necessary therefore to cast aside ideas picked up in High School and to make some effort at self-education, considering the word "education" in its broadest sense.

If we can forget the part on the back sought after by the schoolboy and consider our chosen activities as worthwhile in themselves, we will have taken a step in the right direction.

As someone said a long time ago, "the reward of life is living." But I feel I should warn you, he was a philosopher.

J.M.

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## Cricket

One again the first team were right on top, recording another outright win by an innings and 180 runs. The team batted almost throughout the first day and the innings closed with the score at 321. George Diller made 60, but was overshadowed by Jack Brewster, who turned in a brilliant 44, and Don Newman, with an excellent hard-hitting knock for 85. He was caught in attempting a big hit when his century seemed certain. Bad luck Don.

Hartwig's withstood the College attack for the last half hour of the first day's play, but when play was resumed the following week could not cope with the accurate bowling of Tom Hodges (4/23), Tom Allport (2/9) and John Stuckings (3/19), and were all out for 92. Hartwig's were consequently forced to follow on, but due mainly to a remarkable performance by John Stuckings, who took 7 for 12, and finished the day with 10 for 30, they could only muster 49.

It is worthy of mention that no team in a second innings has been able to top 50 against our firsts. They will doubtless continue on their unbeaten way.

For the second successive match the second team also recorded an outright win, this time at the expense of Grand Hotel. The College team batted first and Peter Debenham, following upon his recent success, gave the innings a particularly good start with a chanceless 70. The scoring was divided up right down the list until captain Bruce Phillips came in to make 52 not out, including three sixes, in quick time. The innings closed at about 5 o'clock with the total at 209. By the time stumps were drawn on the first day four of the opposing batsmen had been dismissed for 51, and thus the prospects of a win were, at this stage, looking very bright. When play resumed the following week the team had little difficulty in dismissing the remaining Grand Hotel batsmen for 151. Mac Yabsley (4/17) and "Mick" Harvey (3/15) returned the best bowling figures for the innings.

The College then batted again and made 95 for the loss of only two wickets in 45 minutes. Peter Debenham again contributed with 29 not out. Paul Rees made 32 and Mac Yabsley, 23, was also unconquered.

With only 65 minutes remaining for play, the College bowlers, led by Mac Yabsley (5/13) and Bruce Phillips (3/27), made short work of the opposition, dismissing them for 48 with only five minutes to spare.

The third team was not as successful and suffered the only reverse of the three teams, against Turvey Park.

Turvey Park batted first and compiled 198. The wickets were evenly distributed among the bowlers, but they were let down by the laxity in the field. When the College team batted they were in a very bad position at stumps, having lost 6 for 65. They recovered somewhat the following week and brought the total up to 125, due to solid batting by Fred

Stanwell, 33 not out, Parkinson 22, and John Biscaya 18.

Turvey Park totalled 119 in their second innings. Des Handsaker bowled particularly well to take 41/32, while Biscaya, with inspiration present, turned in 3/6.

College again collapsed in their second innings, losing 6/99. Col Taylor made 31 and Parkinson again came to light with 20.

With less than an hour for their second innings, and no possibility of recovering the position, a valuable opportunity for batting practice was foregone in allowing the boys to "have a dip." Laxity and disinterest is further reflected in this team by the poor standard of fielding throughout the team as whole, even though most of them are always on their toes. Not until this disinterest is eradicated will this team meet with the success which it is capable of achieving.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—I would like to comment on the article titled "Tennis Talk" in "Talkabout," 23/11/48.

Firstly, the quotation about "inconsistent and infrequent practice." You must remember that before you are able to play tennis properly you must have courts fit to play on I know, as a supervisor of the men that are supposed to prepare the courts that only half the men and sometimes none turn up to do their part. (There are a few exceptions). Because of this I am going to see Mr. Duncan to arrange that if nothing is done the courts be closed till after the holidays. It is up to you, men.

Secondly, that "the standard of tennis in the College is low." As a member of the Inter-Collegiate team I would say the standard of tennis in this College is pretty high. As far as I know most "of our good tennis players" are having frequent practice. (Have a look on the courts some day.)

This fact I would like to point out to the writer of the article. Tennis receives as much encouragement as any other sport. (Have a look at the courts after tea when practice teaching finishes, or on Saturdays and Sundays.) Also if tennis is played as a sport in earnest (not as a "hit and giggle" game as I have seen it played here at College). I am sure there are plenty who would choose football because football is not as strenuous. Think about Geoff Brown and Frank Sedgmena playing an 18-16 set, and two more sets to play, before you assert that tennis is not strenuous.

I am sure that if any persons asked the better players to have a hit with them they would certainly do so, and this I am sure would help as a coaching medium.

The final point I would like to bring forward is as follows: To run a house competition you would have to grade the teams. You would have to take into consideration men playing cricket on Saturday afternoons (most of Marl's first team) and then those playing on

Sunday afternoon. However, if you were to have graded teams you would be playing players about your own standard and to my mind you have to play against players slightly better than one's self to improve.

Also, now summer is here most of the students who are not engaged in sport think it just the right time to go for a swim or with the bushwalkers on a hike. Thus one can realise the limitations to the number available for graded tennis teams.

In regard to tennis for women during summer, there are three women on the tennis committee, and as far as I know nothing has been brought forward about this particular problem.

If persons still think week-end inter-house tennis competition still desirable, you are cordially invited to attend the next tennis meeting, for which a notice will appear on the sports notice board.

A firm follower of tennis.

M. WRIGHT,

President, Tennis Club.

P.S.—We were forced to withhold nominations in summer competition because of long vacation.—M.W.

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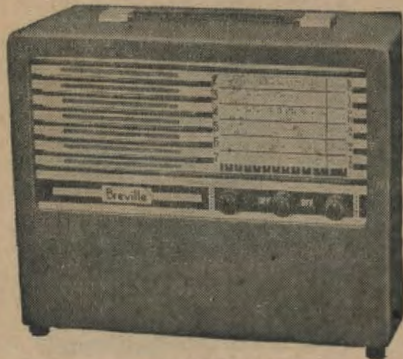
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## The Sydney Orchestra in Wagga

Over the last few years, particularly since the end of the war, the musical development of Australia has been considerably accelerated. Artists have been imported and our own used more extensively. Music is being brought not only to the people living in cities but to those living in country towns. In short, music is being decentralised and part of this decentralisation was seen in Wagga on November 16 when the city had a visit from the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Joseph Post.

The orchestra presented two very well-selected programmes, one being a free matinee for school children and the other an evening performance. Before beginning the matinee Mr. Post gave an explanatory talk to the children on the instruments of the orchestra. This enabled the children to understand the instruments much better and so to obtain a better appreciation of music.

The first item on the evening programme was Handel's D Minor overture arranged by Elgar. Apart from the opening (Maestoso) the work was very well performed, the most remarkable playing being in the fugal section of the Allegro. The Maestoso seemed to lack the precision of the other section, but this may have been due to the fact that the orchestra was not quite sure of itself or it may have been due to the late arrival of a good number of the audience.

The symphony in E Flat, K.543, was easily the best performed work of the evening, although at times partly inaudible because of the rain. The rhythm in all the movements was exact and maintained throughout, the menuetto being particularly commendable. The strength, masculinity and festivity in the main section was portrayed very effectively and was contrasted well with the more delicate grace of the trio where the clarinet is used to its full advantage. This work itself is one of Mozart's most mature works and was one of a sequence of three symphonies (K543, K550, K551). In this aspect it stands important on the programme.

The most popular item was the prelude to Acts 1 and 2 of Wagner's "Lohengrin." Here the strings, playing tremolo, were very effective, as was also the brass section in its blatant passages. However, the climaxes were not up to the usual standard, lacked sincerity and could hardly be discerned from the rest of the pieces, owing to faulty percussion work.

There were no obvious faults in the "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1 by Grieg, and it, too, was popular. The bassoon playing in the last section (In the Hall of the Mountain King) was remarkable and was directly responsible for the piece's popularity. The suite was played with all the mysticism and delicacy it required and the Grieg atmosphere pervaded it throughout.

The only item that faulted the performance at all was the Waltz by

Strauss. There are numerous other works of greater musical value that could have been played in lieu of this piece. Admittedly, the work was popular and people know it. But why not play something they do not know? The "Emperor Waltz" can be heard almost any day of the week over the air.

The most ambitious undertaking of the orchestra was the Sibelius tone poem, "Finlandia." The work requires a large orchestra and as there were only 60 or so players touring, the work naturally lost weight and tone quantity. However, this was not so. A splendid performance of the poem was given with all the depth and tone that could be hoped for.

The programme showed that considerable thought had gone into its construction. It gave a very representative display of music from Handel right up to a contemporary, Sibelius. It is regrettable, however, that an Australian work was not included.

The tenor soloist, Geoffrey Moore, was a tenor of personality more than force. His voice was not strong, but it had quality and flexibility, as was seen in his rendition of Rossini's "La Danza." The lack of power was seen in the two earlier works by Handel and Carissimi.

Speaking after the performance, the conductor, Joseph Post, said that he had been working under four difficulties. First was accommodation on the stage—several players were behind the scenes, in the wings and unable to see the conductor at all. Second was the rain which spoilt parts of the works played in the first half. The next—the hall was not a hall at all, having no real ceiling and last but not least, persuading the people to go to the concert and to arrive on time—not half-way through the second item. He also said that even though the hall was filled, the A.B.C. still suffered a substantial loss. Mr. Post was with the first symphony orchestra to visit Wagga—over 28 years ago. It is hoped that the orchestra will be returning early in the new year.

—RALPH J. C. HUTTON.  
(21/11/48)

## De Profundis

We learn with interest that the Bush-walkers' Club has enjoyed its last couple of outings. It is to the credit of Ken Ryan, the president, and his fellow-workers that this club was born, and has survived the early post natal period, when so many student projects die as a result of inefficient nursing. Idea of the club, we understand, is to brighten up Sundays, and to give students an opportunity of mixing socially whilst learning something of the environs of the College. It is regrettable that religious qualms prevent some students from enjoying the camaraderie associated with open air life, but it is supposed that these people seek and obtain social intercourse elsewhere. Without wishing to enter the lists as a champion of atheism or agnosticism, we feel that there is much truth in the old dictum "the

Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

Another development worthy of note was a recent requisition for about £100 worth of records to supplement the stock now held by the Music Department. Dilettantes and devotees of the classes will welcome this news, as they have grown a little weary of the frequent repetition of the few major works which now constitute the library of recorded music. You might like to drop in at one of these recorded music sessions; we can recommend them as an analgeric balm for the soul, shattered by a fourteen-week term.

Have you ever considered the cost of transporting 300 students to the various practice schools? We don't advocate your asking your driver how much he gets—that would be far too naive, but there are ways and means. If you are mathematically minded you will reach a rather startling conclusion—so, while the fire of righteous indignation burns bright, race down to the library and borrow that illuminating little volume, "The Tasmanian Area School," and you will reach an equally startling, but more agreeable conclusion.

Since perspective seems to have loomed up so large of late, we would counsel all those with an eye for form and relationships to try to discern some perspective in the buying of various educational bric-a-brac to be seen in the prac. schools. Of course, we, as enlightened mortals, realise that a library containing encyclopaedia is the first essential, then strip-film projector, then a movie projector. Quite a few P. and C. Bodies whose desire for ostentation exceeds their common sense, have reversed this order. It just shows how important our job of guiding such bodies will be when we go out. You can entertain a child with a projector, instruct him with a strip-film projector, and educate him with books. We euphemistically term ourselves educationists.

We find it difficult to believe that some people still hold the idiotic notion that writers write from inspiration, not perspiration. "Talkabout" office most nights savours very little of the former, but very strongly of the latter. Of course, in any hive of industry, you will inevitably find a few drones, but these bees are quickly ordered to buzz off, and leave the place clear for those whose purpose in gathering there is one other than inane chatter.

Sometimes we wonder, if you happened to witness some of the scenes which followed the last night's performance of "Pinafore," you might have been tempted to assert that the curtain had come down before the really interesting part of the show had been enacted. There seemed to be a contagion of universal elation affecting everyone on stage. Its appeal lay in its pristine spontaneity—in the unpremeditated suffusion of bonhomie and Love me, Sailor. Mutual osculation afforded an interesting psychological study of the adolescent behaviour pattern in response to the imperious behest of suppressed emotion. Who cares—we were too busy osculating.

Question of the moment concerns Al

Fryer's disappearance after the show with his presentation. Mus Miller is alleged to have said a few well-chosen words and to have broken down and wept (I emphatically deny it, Ed.).

We might as well close on a nautical note—everyone was impressed by the medley of maritime media constructed by universal handy and helpful man, Ken McLean. "Pinefore" lifebelt, coats of arms, anchors and ropes were all products of Ken's brush, and ingenuity and, of course, his handling of three big "horses" was the ultimate of efficiency. We say "of course" because we have come to expect it of him, and we feel sure that first year will find it difficult to find a person as capable as he to follow in his footsteps. Congrats., Ken, on a really excellent job.

—OSCAR.

## Racked at Prac.

"Heavens, what am I going to do if they ask me something I've got no notion of? I haven't even taught Sunday School. I'm going to sit on 'em right from the start. No hanky-panky with me."

Have you heard such things too? From general (very general) observations over the past two days I have arrived at one or two conclusions.

Firstly, the first year women students have approached their first prac. with an attitude of mixed resignation, bumps in throats, eagerness for the job and, of course, their exemplary and characteristic conscientiousness. Secondly, the men students are generally taking up the cudgels and demanding a respect for themselves and the knowledge they are imparting which is rather too much for many pupils, hardened to the attitudes of previous student practices. If this attitude is continued I think many of this type of student will become the ardent typical old-school-tie pedagogue which at the moment they are so anxious to condemn.

Have you, oh ye, hardened second years seen or heard of the hours of preparation which they put into their work, of the reams of foolscap paper which they used up on first-day observations of the class-teachers' methods, idiosyncracies and idiocies, and of the beautiful observation books filled with nice receptive snow-white paper?

But they'll laugh, too, when they've had a few pracs. They'll learn that much of the worry which goes on in a second year mind during prac. is concerned with such things as "Who's going to make tea?" and "Where the devil is that bus?"

At this stage perhaps some of you may be wondering why I called this conglomeration of words "Racked at Prac." My ideas could be set out thus:

Step 1: Motivation: Editor Fryer's appealing smile which accompanied his request for this article.

Step 2: Presentation of narrative, drivel or what you will.

Step 3: Conclusion—discussion on the question emanant from the subject matter as to who is racked, first year or second year.

—"VOCE."

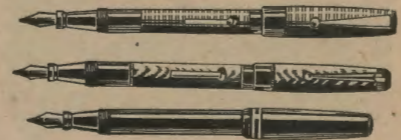
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