



# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 1, No. 9

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PRICE: ONE PENNY

## EDITORIAL

"Talkabout" has now reached its ninth issue. Every succeeding week has seen some new development and it has been gratifying to see more and more students making contributions to their College Weekly. It has been interesting to note that members of the lecturing staff are just as eager to read each new issue of "Talkabout" as the students themselves, and that requests for regular supplies from outside the College are increasing.

This ninth issue is entirely a staff effort. Knowing how important it was that "Talkabout" should not miss a week; seeing how diligent the students had been preparing for their first College exams; feeling that every student was determined to "Excel with Honour" every day this week, the lecturers suggested to the Editor that they might be allowed to give "Talkabout's" reading public all the news of the week—from the staff point of view.

Growing interest in our College is shown by the regular flow of visitors. This week six members of the Department of Tutorial Classes, University of Sydney, led by Dr. W. G. K. Duncan, came to see us and were greatly impressed with our unique "community" setting and the great possibilities that lie ahead of us. Throughout their lectures at the Wagga Adult Education Week-end they had stressed the need for regarding education as a great adventure, something that involves enjoyment, satisfaction, and a feeling of conquest and achievement to the adventurers; and they all felt how lucky the Wagga students and lecturers were to be pioneers.

And, now that the College year is coming to a close, I am sure it is interesting for us all to look back over the time since June 9th, and note the progress made in our great adventure. Don't we all remember those historic days when the first gas cylinder arrived for the women's bathrooms; when the radiators were installed in the lecture rooms; when the students no longer had to do the washing-up; when the College tuck-shop opened with hot things for cold nights; when the first wardrobes were available; when the women's laundry was ready for use; when the first

curtains were hung? These are the minor things that could be of major interest only to the pioneer session.

When the new students arrive next year it is expected that all those dormitory comforts and amenities that the Students' Representative Council has discussed, will be available. The College shop will be several times its present size and have two separate entrances from the covered ways; the mixed common-room will be an established fact; the Assembly Hall and stage will be completed according to plan; there will be bicycle sheds for all; bitumen paths will lead us wherever we wish to go; the lighting throughout the college will be up-to-date in every respect; there will be 17 large clocks in prominent positions so that the correct time may be seen from anywhere on the campus; an automatic buzzer system will warn all and sundry that the time for sleeping is over. Will the pioneers be glad or sorry when they are all so up-to-date and comfortable?

In the years to come I know we shall all remember how much we enjoyed these early days, and shall be eager to give all the details to succeeding generations of students. Then, too, when the pioneers have all become successful practitioners in the teaching profession—enthusiastic, confident, resourceful, skilful—they will have a special place in their memories for Monday, 24th November, the very first day they tried their hand at teaching—in the College Practice Schools.

Good luck to you all in your first practice.

G. L. BLAKEMORE,  
Principal.

## Intercollegiate

The S.R.C. has made its first approach towards a modified Intercollegiate meeting next year. The Principal has approved the visit of a cricket team from Sydney College during first term of 1948—on the understanding that accommodation will be available. It may be possible to have a small tennis team, too, but the number of visitors will be limited because of the unfinished state of many buildings.

Such contests are more than mere

sporting matches. They unite the college in a common purpose and crystallize in that indefinable something called College Spirit. We saw some of it in our athletics carnival, and we expect to see more at the swimming carnival next year.

A cricket match is not the place for a war-cry, but we should have spectators and some dignified (?) clapping with perhaps a few specimens of genus hero, species "hillite."

But the opportunity exists for other activities. We could have a "Cricket Ball." That can be left to the Social Club. We could have College songs. With such a versifier as Miss Comino about, we should not lack parodies on some popular songs. Our College Anthem, of course, will be ready, but students should think of words themselves which catch their fancy to fit well-known airs.

I remember a waltz from Armidale:—  
"Will you be there, tonight at the dance  
in the gym?"

The oaks and the elms on the steep,  
hill's crest

\*Sigh to each other his girl's the best,  
Say, will you be there, tonight at the  
dance in the gym?"

And from Sydney (ex "White Horse  
Inn")—

"Where the sandy soil is nice and  
handy,

We'll be full of grit,  
You won't see our heels for the dust."

And, to "The Flowers that Bloom in  
the Spring"—

"The daisies that flirt in the quad, tra  
la,

Have nothing to do with our race;  
For we have to take under our windo, tra  
la,

A most unattractive old thing, tra la,  
A bundle of notes in a case."

Visits might be arranged, too. Even Dunlop's factory, and certainly the Experimental Farm and Soil Erosion Station should be interesting to our Sydney visitors.

Could we do something about it?

## Nature Notes

When viewing the Wollundry Lagoon  
Don't swoon  
At the amazing fertility  
Of the turtility.

—OG.

## Variations on a Theme by Comino

Hector McFreckle!  
Marking, I said,  
Was a cinch.  
And now that I've marked  
For a week, I'm decidin' I barked  
Up the wrong floppin' tree,  
And the capers  
Of papers  
Are not my predestined vocation.  
Hector McFreckle!  
And I'd kidded myself  
That the year's work  
Was over.  
And here I am sweatin'  
Like a chain-gang of niggers,  
To total up figgers.  
Hector McFreckle!  
I can almost see red,  
At first there were howlers  
That floppin' well  
Kept me amused  
But now I'm splenetic  
Over errors phonetic—  
Lors—I'd like words phonetic  
That would cover  
The revulsion pathetic  
I've acquired  
For all that's genetic  
To things alphabetic.

Hector McFreckle!  
The rabbit-like army of words  
That crawls  
Through my cortical furrows  
And digs out its burrows,  
Till I think  
That I'll sink  
Into premature idiocy.  
And result sheets—  
With points and the normal  
Curve  
(Of distribution)  
And positions, and "spread"—  
It's all over my head!

Lors, and tomorrow I supervise "prac"!  
Hector McFreckle,  
Do you think, if I asked them, they'd  
give me the sack?  
—J.M.

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## Off the Record

We asked the Office how was their form (serial number; 14ME/04U). Mr. Lonsdale unfiled himself; Miss Moran tugged herself from the switchboard long enough to issue this statement. (Foolscap, of course).

We long to see "Talkabout" each week just as students and lecturers do. It helps to change the type of material that finally wends its way into the waste paper basket together with cancelled orders, requisitions, statements of laundry accounts, complaints concerning the hot water (always from dormitory 22 or 28) and deferred announcements concerning students' pays.

I take this opportunity to announce that the last pay for 1948 will be on the 10th of December. This, of course, has been arranged so that students will be financial enough to pay their way home. The place will be the usual, the time in the night, but the actual time will be announced later.

No news has been heard yet of the refund of train fares for that long-ago interview at head office and that well-remembered first trip to Wagga Wagga. However, when the sheets are received, they will not be placed in the pending tray, but will be dealt with immediately. Ex-servicemen please note that those who payed S.R.C. fees also have a reasonable chance of having that money refunded to them before the end of term.

While this statement was being copied, for reference, "Talkabout" with journalistic cunning extracted this letter from a bulky file. Once more, Talkabout is first with the news!

The Manager  
Pacific swim sluts  
pacific highway,  
wagga wagga.

dear sir,

with regard to your recent offer to provide free swim suits for this College as stated in your letter of the what was the date Miss Moran? I would like to estate um, erm, er, that the offer, just a minute I have to go out to the counter, has been fully considered. See what Mr. Levis wants at the side door. Delivery should be made to this College at your expense, of course, answer the phone will you, please? These costumes will be used, excuse I8L11 be back in a minutes in the dining room swimming pool, which is to be erected at this Collge in 1968. Assuring you of the fullest co-operation with respect to future gifts, youths faithfully,  
TEACHERS' COLLEGE,  
Per

Asked for something further, Mr. Lonsdale and Miss Moran swung round on their swivel chairs. Miss M. stretched her pretty neck in song, Mr. L. boomed his baritone. The Power Duplicate joined in, and the new Yale lock put on a turn (off key, of course—thanks Pople). The College sound equipment cocked its ear—and, to be brief,

here's the song played back for your delight.

The students came from far and near,  
They came by bus and train;  
With lecturers here to welcome them  
It must have made them vain.

The promises were made to them  
While they were on the wane  
Were many and were varied,  
And of things that never came.

At one time it was bread and jam,  
Which did not suit the figure;  
And then it was the calories  
Alas, they gave no vigour.

The changes here were oft and many—  
Remember washing dishes,  
Night study, practice teaching, too,  
And half-cooked little fishes.

Still with the year so near the end,  
And long vacation is in sight,  
There's one thing will be lonely here  
And that's the Corner Light!

—Thanks office. All the best.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST

The Ancient Egyptians believed that one tear shed by the goddess Isis caused the life-giving Nile to flood each year. Would we were Isis, ladies and gentlemen! Many tears, trials and tribulations, much sweat, stress and strain—and lots of other things—were necessary to make ANY water flow under the bridge in those high and far-off days of First Term.

I remember the vagaries and vicissitudes of a flipptly-minded Fortune who pleased to rain upon us unlimited supplies of drawing-pins when there were no bath towels; I remember a positive deluge of eggs when there were no egg cups. In short, with apologies to Hood—I remember, I remember,  
In the cold, grey light of morn,  
How the pioneer bus of anxious studes  
Came creeping past the lawn;  
Indeed, they'd come a deal too soon—  
The bedsteads scarce were set,  
And as for wardrobes, cabinets, drawers,  
We're waiting for them yet.

I remember, I remember  
On the wet, first day of term,  
How the kitchen situation  
Took the turn of honoured worm;  
How the harassed intellectuals,  
Showing talent hidden deep,  
Served up the soup and spaired the  
spuds  
To feed their hungry sheep.

I remember, I remember  
When the laundry van returned,  
How mobs of draggled females  
Sought their linen-bags be-yeanned;  
How Shirley's whatsits stiff were  
starched,  
And Patty's blouse went black,  
And sheets and table cloths and towels  
Bent the Warden's stalwart back.

I remember, I remember  
The cold drips from the showers,  
And the gift of some hot water  
From the women's holy bowers;  
When Pople issued tickets,  
'Cos the men were on the nose  
And the Warden batted women down—  
"Block Seven Will be Closed!"

I remember, I remember,  
Barb's first great weekly wash  
All her woolies, stockings, dresses,  
In a seething mess, by gosh.  
And the sight of Margaret fishing.  
Mangled bedsocks which she'd spoiled,  
And the many mental conflicts  
Whether georgette should be boiled.

I remember, I remember  
The food those students ate,  
And the very first, live mirror  
That appeared in 9, Block 8;  
How the jaws dropped down in horror  
As they sighted tum and tail,  
When the first, fat, full-length vision  
Caused female woe and wail.

I remember, I remember  
The heater's steaming cloak,  
Of socks and shoes—all copped, of  
course,  
For a bob each when you're broke;  
When the dormers frail foundations  
To the thumping footsteps rocked,  
Hence the coldly stern injunction  
"If you run you'll sure be socked!"

I remember, I remember . . . . .  
but it begins to be apparent that I  
haven't forgotten much. Anyway, I set  
out to write about Ancient Egypt.

—FLASH.

### Message From Matron

When asked for a message for the  
multitude, Matron made the cryptic re-  
mark:—

"Just tell them I'm not equipping my-  
self for the Popularity Stakes."  
(Footnote: Uttered with a very  
healthy twinkle.)

"What do you think mother would  
like best?" asked the young man think-  
ing about a birthday present.

"To be weighed and found wanting,"  
replied his father.

### That Exam.

TALKABOUT'S travelling roundsman  
recorded on our sound-equipment  
opinions of the examination. For what  
they're worth, here they are:

BILL O'SULLIVAN: "All right if  
you knew your work. I'm doing just as  
I expected."

ALAN NILON: "A lot of twaddle.  
All poor questions."

EDDIE RASCALL (anti-clockwise):  
"Aw, gee. All except history okay.  
Pretty fair."

THELMA WHITECHURCH: "Rot-  
ten!"

BARBARA BOSLER: "Not enough  
time." (What DOES she do?)

JACK GLEESON: "Unbalanced."  
(We're not quite sure what.)

RALPH AND MARGE: "We are  
above such earthly things!"

JOAN CAREY: "I don't like to  
think. It's getting me down!"

(SWEET) NELL: "Stinking."  
TALKABOUT EDITOR, FRYER: "I  
don't know. I am fairly confident."

And, to end on a hopeful note—  
BEV DOMINISH: "It's the nicest  
exam. I've ever sat for. I just don't  
seem to care about it."

### Newsreel

A recent visitor to college was Eliza-  
beth Hill, one of the judges in the  
Children's Book Week "Book of the  
Week" competition. To satisfy the  
judges, books had to be well-written,  
well illustrated, well printed and well  
bound. No book came up to scratch,  
but some half dozen were recommend-  
ed. Australian publishers have been  
slow to turn out well-bound children's  
books that will stand up to hard wear.

Or does the replacement value of  
flimsy books appeal to them?

A letter to hand from Bernard  
Smith: "How is the college reacting  
to "The Blue Horses" and the "Foot-  
ball Match?"

Well, how is it?

And from Dame Mary Gilmore: For  
the college, eight autographed copies  
of "Argosy" and several copies of  
"John O' London." "I send them be-

cause they are literature . . . they  
help the young writer, as well as the  
young teacher," she writes to Mr.  
Blakemore. As Dame Mary emphasised  
in her address a month ago, she is  
keen that students locate historical  
landmarks in Riverina, stories of the  
early settlers, even "collecting the  
names of the old stations, and their  
original owners." Dame Mary has  
offered to be one of the sponsors to  
the Commonwealth Literary Fund, if  
the material is compiled for publica-  
tion. Miss Wylie plans to form a re-  
search group for this project next  
year, so the college has an opportunity  
to make a real contribution to Aus-  
tralian historical research.

Commenting on her sojourn in  
Wagga during Children's Book Week,  
Dame Mary writes: "I had such an  
astounding time in Wagga that I be-  
gin to feel as unreal over it in mem-  
ory as I did in reality, when here. But  
I hope I gave back in history, sug-  
gestion and ideas, a make-weight for  
what was given me."

There are 150 students here to reas-  
sure her of that!

Congratulations to Mary Comino on  
her TALKABOUT poem (Vol. 1, No. 7),  
"Hector McFreckle." More, Mary.  
Give us more! A bouquet, too, to Alan  
Fryer's "Students and Politics."

Library Note: Something you didn't  
read in the Press. Australian libraries  
are now established at these places:  
London (2), New York (2), Moscow,  
Dublin, The Hague, New Delhi, Nan-  
king, Pretoria, Santiago, San Francisco,  
Ottawa, Paris, Rio De Janeiro, Wash-  
ington, Wellington, Bangkok, Manila,  
Noumea, Singapore, Dilli, Batavia,  
Tokyo, Berlin, Calcutta, Egypt, and  
Colombo.

Signs of the times?

Common Common Room: From Mr.  
Duncan, this remark: "Those who  
have seen Balmain College will readily  
appreciate the necessity for, and value  
of, such a meeting place for students.  
Plans for building one here have been  
approved and it will be situated in the  
angle between the eastern side of the  
lecture room block and the covered way.  
It should be completed by the middle  
of next term, provided present build-  
ing plans can be maintained.

It will be furnished with 150 chairs,  
four tables and letter racks. Furniture  
is already on order."

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Tuesday.



## Lectures in Nursery Land

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Wee Willie Wiley runs through the block,

Up eight, and down seven in her night smock.

Rapping at the window, crying through the lock

"Are the studes in their beds, now it's twelve o'clock?"

Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad;

The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,  
And Practice drives me mad.

Ray, Ray, the piper's son,  
Learned to play when he was young,  
But the only tune he could devise,  
Was "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Arthur, Arthur, quite a larker,  
How does your garden grow?  
With lawns and shrubs, and glads and grubs  
And pretty maids all in a row.

Little Miss Betty  
She sat on a settee,  
Thinking of maps and clay;  
There came a young teacher,  
Who rushed to a preacher,  
And married Miss Betty that day.

A wise old owl lived in an oak,  
Viz-ed, Viz-ed, Viz-ed,  
And every word he ever spoke  
Was percept, concept, neurone.

Sing a song of libraries,  
Novels, plays, romances;  
Patsy from amongst her books,  
Hands out all the answers!

Hammers and chisels,  
Nails and screws,  
So nicely set out in a box;  
A little black book  
For marks to be took,  
Efficiency Wally Wilcox!

Little Betty Olive—o  
Stood upon her toes—io  
Down in the gymnas—i—um,  
Up and down she goes—io  
With a speed that's craz—i—um!

Curly-locks, Curly-locks,  
Wilt thou be mine?  
I'll practise my diphthongs  
If I can be thine.

There was a witty man who had a witty pen,

He wrote a witty story,  
And signed himself, Ken.  
On verbiage and slanguage  
He gave a witty talk,  
He inscribes a witty style  
With sticks of coloured chalk.

There was a College lecturer  
Whom nothing could perturb;  
See Eric vaulting in the gym  
His posture is superb.  
—OLD KING COLE.

## Cricket

FIRST ELEVEN v THE MILL  
Scores: First innings—College 116 (Brewster 30, Millar 26); the Mill 4 for 44 (Hodges two wickets).

College lost the toss but were sent in to bat. Our openers began as if they intended to make the opposition regret their temerity. Millar (26) and Debenham (15) showed sound defence, but both showed tendencies to hang their bats out to fliers on the off. Millar risks hook shots very early in his innings. He was unlucky to be run out, but bad judgment between wickets was frequent. Brewster, despite a sound 30, was one of the worst offenders.

College plays as a happy team and should win this match, but all batsmen showed an inability to force the ball in front of the wicket, and depend for runs on wild sweeps or swings to occasional loose ones on the leg. To god length balls they adopted the dead-bat defensive technique, and none (except Yabsley on one occasion) showed any desire to move out and make a good length ball overpitched. Perhaps the excellent wicket-keeping deterred them.

The Mill's innings opened sensationally with two dropped catches in slips in Hodge's first over. Hodge's fast medium deliveries carried nice pace and lift but accuracy was not well maintained. Batsmen do not have to play at deliveries outside the off-side stump, but they must play at deliveries ON that stump.

McLaughlin pegged away pretty well, but wasted balls outside the left-hander's leg stump with no field to counteract sweeps to leg. He got away with it, however. Fielding was only fair. Gibb's returns were weak and lofty. The new ball was allowed to bounce instead of going from hand to hand.

We have a good team, but need practice and greater purposefulness in the field. Batsmen need to learn to score in front of the wicket if we are to beat Sydney next year.

SECOND XI v R.A.A.F.  
Scores: First innings—College 103; R.A.A.F. 53 (Gleeson 7 for 23); second innings: College 4 for 18. "O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

The college batted attractively in its first innings and appeared set for a big score. Gleeson's off-spinners routed the Air Force, and then began the College's second innings. We lost, I believe, two wickets for one run; then four for eight. . . . Once again most batsmen suffered from negative tactics, and in my short observation, only Rees showed any refreshing intention to hit the ball instead of allowing the ball to hit the bat. Attacking the bowling does not mean wild swings, but it does mean moving the bat (straight) towards the ball.

—D. H. G. THATCHER.

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WAGGA WAGGA

## Congratulations

Congratulations to the 75 women and 75 men students of the college for the high standard of skill and sportsmanship they have displayed in the extensive programme of extra-mural, physical education activities they have followed this year!

During the winter months the girls entered two teams in the hockey competition and two in the basketball competition. In the hockey, one team entered the final and in the basketball one team won the premiership, whilst the other team won the grand final. The men entered two teams in the Rugby League competition and everyone is looking forward to next year to see just how good they are. There is no men's soccer or hockey competition in the City of Wagga, but some social games have been played and next year it is hoped that the college, together with some other sporting bodies, may be instrumental in getting soccer and hockey competitions under way.

The college has a very good tennis combination but, unfortunately, it did not take part in the city competition because of the late opening of the college. However, social games of tennis have been played and we are looking forward to next year's competitions and to the time when we will have six tennis courts instead of two.

During these summer months two teams have entered the cricket competition and they are carrying on the traditions set by the college during the winter months.

The athletic carnival revealed that Wagga College will be to the fore when the Inter-Collegiate meet is held next year. It is hoped that in the first term of 1948, a swimming carnival will be held.

A Blues Committee will be formed next year.

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The Intra-mural sport competition closes this year with Mari leading with 31 points, then comes Kabi with 29, Ipai with 25 and Kambu with 15. The leading House for the year will be decided at the end of the first term, 1948, and it will be presented with the principal's trophy. Mr. Harvey Paul, businessman, of Wagga, has donated a trophy for the athletic carnival. What about a trophy for the swimming carnival!

A commendable number of students undertook a play centre course during the September vacation. Mr. Gordon Yeung, Director of Physical Education, remarked that the response from the Wagga College was the best that had been received. Every Thursday night during this term a group of students has been attending a Youth Leaders' Course sponsored by the National Fitness Council. Seventeen students during the Trinity term qualified as Rugby League Referees and one as a Rugby Union Referee.

The activities undertaken this year will be the foundation for those of next year, when we hope the scope of the activities of the college will be widened considerably.

In the first term of 1948 a St. John's Ambulance Class will be started. A bicycle Club is going to be formed and there is no reason why it should not be open to the girls as well as the men.

A ping pong table made of masonite will be forthcoming if certain connections are made and such equipment as a punching ball, a set of weights, and a boxing ring will be added to the gymnasium as funds permit.

**Keep Fit Classes for men and women will be organised once a week in 1948, to satisfy a popular demand.**

To end on a happy and peaceful note: There will be a boxing tournament sometime next year—for men only.

"Your cough sounds much better this morning," said the doctor in a complimentary tone.

"Why shouldn't it?" rasped the patient, "I've been practising all night."

## Riverina Sporting Depot

**Gordon Amos and  
Allan Lawrence**

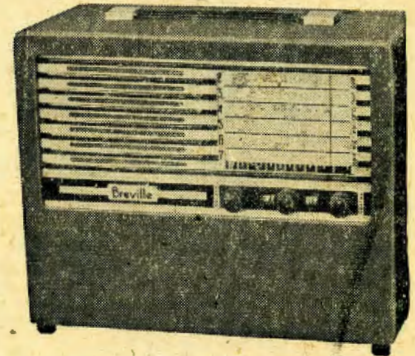
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## In the Beginning

The first means of transport in this Pioneer College was Gardener Bill Davies' motor bike, which though not equipped with a blonde, rendered excellent service. It brought the first beds to the college. With his worthy assistant seated on the pillion, and both crowned with two single beds complete with mattresses, pillows and blankets, Bill steered his fiery steed from Forest Hill to the college site. Later, the same means was used to transport to and fro the borrowed lawnmower that cut the pioneer blade of grass rearing its head before the majestic Administrative Block.

Ah, how things have changed. Bill now chuggs along merrily in his own power mower, while his assistant trots along behind in case it must be lifted over any of the rapidly growing shrubs. With such progress is it any wonder that Merv., too, traded in his bike?

Our Agricologist was early on the campus planning and administering the pioneer beautification scheme. Gardening was no easy matter in those days. None of the modern conveniences with which the students were later provided to dig their graves in College Avenue were available then. The only tools were fire horses, as full of holes as men students' socks. With these, great excavations were made for trees promised within a week. Alas, natural erosion had filled many of these before the plants arrived. Some holes, overgrown with weeds, still exist, memorials to much sweated labor, and rash promises, to serve as traps for errant couples wandering in the moonlight. When gardening implements did arrive, the agrologist and his assistants spent many sleepless nights trying to puzzle out what to do with garden hoses completely without

fittings, and hoes and rakes without handles.

At last the first rose bloomed—a white rose—and it was carried with great rejoicing into the empty Administrative Block and arranged in the most delicate vase available in the college—a broken beer bottle. With this emblem to cheer his shrinking heart, the Deputy Principal stood (there was nothing to sit on) for many long days filling in duplicate, duplicate and triplicate and quadruplicate yards, nay miles, of requisition forms to obtain supplies of material for this pioneer college. As a result of this voluminous correspondence there trickled in many needed stores.

#### EQUIPMENT POURS IN

The arrival of the first parcel was really an historic occasion. The Deputy Principal cut the string while the agriculturist, the gardener and his assistant stood by with bared heads in breathless expectation. It is perhaps symbolical of this pioneer college that the first fruit of the Deputy Principal's onerous labours in ordering supplies was—six bottles of correcting fluid. Some of the now famous queries that had to be answered in these early days were: Were the Winchesters ordered for the Women's Warden and were they considered to be essential? Was the hedge ordered required to be tall and thorny to separate the sexes? For what purpose was a calculating machine required other than to total Art and Crafts marks? Were blinds really thought to be desirable for the women's dormitories? How were these ticklish problems settled? "Well, ladies and gentlemen, it's up to you."

#### PIONEER LECTURES

Meanwhile, in Sydney, our worthy Principal had collected around him the stout-hearted group who were to be the pioneer lecturers of this pioneer college. He tackled his task so enthusiastically that staff meetings lasted non-stop from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and all came to realise the vast potentialities of this new venture in education—a fully residential Teachers' College.

Gradually the staff drifted toward their Mecca. The next to arrive at the scene of future labours was the Psychologist. He introduced the shocking vice of morning and afternoon tea, and had the temerity to entertain the Superintendent of Teachers' Colleges and the Principal in his naked office and offer them this beverage from beakers while they sat on the dusty floor. Some attribute the Psychologist's mania for drawing figures on the ground to this pernicious habit.

Another historic occasion was the arrival of the Phonetician who was sent post haste from Sydney to supervise the equipping of the stage. Never, with all her histrionic ability, could she recapture the expression on her face when she discovered that not only was the stage in the nebulous future, but the hall itself was but a shell, garnished with bathtubs and cisterns.

The Artist came next, complete with caravan, to lovingly arrange his vast store of treasures in his many spacious cupboards—only to discover he had no treasures and no cupboards. Old Mother Hubbard had nothing on him.

Physical Education then came to Wagga, but his Gym. was still in Temora, and the only equipment in the college was something that could either be a ferryboat's hawser or a hangman's noose. Only strength of will and the assistance of his brother lecturers saved his life.

Next came the Geographer with a misty look in her eye. She could talk of nothing but the most beautiful, most wonderful, most ideal thing that was to arrive for her from Sydney. No, not her fiancée, but a relief globe. Though how it appears that she has forgotten her first love and prefers an orange impaled on a knitting needle.

#### PUNS COME TO WAGGA

The Musician arrived with a blare of the flute, itching to try out his records on the beautiful turn-table that had been set up in the hall. The shock of the realisation that his records, the turn-table and even the hall existed only in the imagination of Father Christmas, so twisted his mind that since that day he has never been able to make even the simplest statement without a pun.

About this time appeared our pet Author, wearing a self-satisfied smirk, rubbing his hands with glee over the collection of Australian Literature which, contrary to all regulations, and in defiance of ferocious red-tape dragons, he had personally purchased in Sydney at the expense of the Department. The mouse had again overthrown the lion.

The flagging enthusiasm of the pioneers was again whipped up to white heat by the arrival (to stay this time) of our Pioneer Principal, who was duly enthroned in his office, now tastefully furnished with huge bales of unlaundered under-blankets.

#### WYLIE WANGLINGS

Meanwhile the Women's Warden was absorbing the maidenly atmosphere of Smith House, Armidale, and receiving instruction in the proper use of the pocket torch. Transported from these luxurious surroundings to the scene of her future trials, she viewed with horror the barren, ascetic cells that had been provided for the students. With the strength and courage of an Amazon, she dedicated herself to fight for the provision of proper equipment for the students. For months she raved and stormed about sheets, beadspreads, mats, wardrobes, dressing tables, mirrors, laundries, irons, curtains, blinds, common rooms, and a combined common room for the social life of men and women students. Some of these dreams have now come true; all, thanks to her energy, will eventually come true. The effect of this period of strain and the frequent measuring by pacing out can be seen

in her walk even to this day.

The last of the staff to arrive was our librarian—a woman destined to reach great heights. Books there were by this time, case upon case, but no shelves and no room. Only Titania herself could have cast the charm that persuaded the P. and R. Staff to provide temporary shelving. The pleasant oasis that the library now forms in our busy college life is lasting memorial to our good fairy.

Pioneer students of this Pioneer College, deal kindly with your pioneer Lecturers. Their ways may seem strange and their dress peculiar, but their behaviour is a function of their person and their environment and their personality is formed not only of what they have inherited, but also what they have experienced—and what experience they had in the beginning—oh, boy.



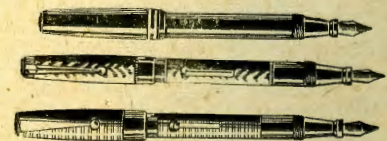
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