



TALKABOUT

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OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET A WORM'S EWE VIEW

The second year dramatic art option and their producer, on Friday and Saturdays nights last set a new standard in dramatic art in the College.

There has been no better production in the memory of present students, and all future options will have a difficult task in attaining an equal standard.

There may have been equally good acting in College history, but it is doubtful whether any previous producer has attempted anything so ambitious as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Our congratulations to Mr. Holland—he aimed high, but he succeeded. The production (especially on the second night) was polished and mature—surprisingly so, when one realises that the age range of the actors and actresses is only eighteen to nineteen.

All roles were played adequately, but of course, the outstanding ones were those of Elizabeth Barrett (Helene Graham), Papa (George Blackgrove) and Henrietta (Marie McGrath).

Helene's interpretation of "Ba" was sensitive and moving, while Marie's "Henrietta" won immense sympathy from the audience. George as the brutal Papa was hated from his first appearance—there is no other actor in College with the ability to play this difficult role with the power it demands.

Brilliant casting was seen in other roles—who else but Norm Bissett could have played the immaculate, dandified Robert Browning? And Charles Barnes (Mr. Bevan), and Joan Wood (Bella), were perfectly suit-

ed to their parts. Special mention must be made of Judy Patteson's "Wilson" and of Colin Byfield's portrayal of youthful, fun-loving "Ocye."

Other members of the Barrett family were satisfactorily played by Shirley Townsend (Arabel) and Mick Woulfe, Brian Langworthy, Brian Lippiatt, Kevin Walker and Tom Grunsell as the remaining five brothers. Ian Hossack and Maurie Norman played Dr. Chambers and Dr. Forde-Waterlow respectively.

Much of the atmosphere of the play was due to brilliant lighting and stage-decor. For the first time in a College production, use was made of "mood" lighting, achieved by a subtle change from bright to blue lights; and the ordinary effects of sunshine and moonlight were very effective.

Mr. Gailer and the Art Option were responsible for the superb stage settings. Period furnishings were lent by Mr. Rowe, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Highland. Costumes created by the needlework Options under the direction of Miss Lahy and Miss Riach were delightful, if slightly out of period.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was a highly successful production, and the reaching of an equal standard is a goal well worth striving for in further productions by College Options.

—THE WORM.

EDITORIAL

Since last issue, much water has passed under the bridge; the Talkabout competition has been run and won; the army men have returned; the first College production of the year has been successfully performed and practice has begun on the second; but most important of all, every student has now experienced the situation of standing before forty or so smiling and expectant faces.

Despite lesson notes and other hardships imposed on us during the practice period, I feel confident in saying that we all enjoyed it immensely. Perhaps some may consider it a rather false set-up, but all seem to agree that we were given the chance of testing our feeling for the profession. Up to this time most of us probably stated, with some uncertainty, that we should "enjoy" teaching—here we are faced with the actual situation and that initial leaning, I think, has, without exception, developed into a profound love. As a sidelight, it is interesting to note the change in attitudes towards lectures after the first practice. Interest becomes keener. Students have by then faced the problems which before were only so many words. After a little time for recuperation, we shall all be looking forward to getting in front of those smiling faces once more.

Last issue's editorial was entirely devoted to adjuring for contributions. The result showed the tremendous power of the printed word—twelve were received. I hope I'm not rationalising when I blame the hustle and bustle of Prac for the poor response. Anyway, we'll

DEFINITIONS

MOON: A heavenly body that affects both the tide and the untied.

HONEYMOON: The morning after the knot before.

NEWSPAPER: A portable screen behind which you hide from a woman anxious to get your seat.

BLOTTER: Something you look for while the ink dries.

SPACE: What is missing when six people get into a coupé.

MR. VERDON

It is with a feeling of profound regret that we say good-bye to Mr. Verdon, who for some time has held the responsible and important position of College Registrar. Students and staff alike are very grateful for the co-operation which Mr. Verdon has shown at all times, whether joyfully receiving money at his hands, or unwilling and reluctantly giving it back, students have been treated with the utmost consideration, and we were glad of the opportunity of expressing our appreciation in the presentation made by the Principal, and the College President on Friday night.

Our best wishes go to Mr. Verdon, and also to his successor, who, we trust, will find his stay at Wagga College a pleasant and memorable experience.

soon find out, for another competition begins today. Here's hoping.
—J. B. ALEXANDER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

The vein of this letter is NOT antagonistic, but interrogatory. The answers to the following questions would not only benefit the "NARRANDERA" Students, but all students of this college.

1. The travel each morning in the bus is approx. 1 1/2 hours over monotonous roads. Is this long period of travel beneficial or harmful to the health of the students, remembering that this trip is every morning, 5 days a week? Furthermore, a number of students are forced to stand because of the lack of seats (this position has only occurred since the return of the NATIONAL SERVICE BOYS). The obvious question is whether the student is in a fit state to commence his best teaching after such a trip.

2. With the bus returning at 4.50 p.m. (at the earliest) and the library closing at 5.15 p.m., students on this route are rather restricted as to their selection of books and picture aids.

Question: Would it be possible to allow a little more time for these students?

3. Is any consideration given to students who travel to N., i.e. inasmuch as the shorter time available for lesson notes, restricted library borrowing hours and the effect of the bus trip?

The Prac. is nearly over (I have enjoyed the teaching very much), but I feel that the majority of the students would like to have some answers to these questions before the next Prac. period.

Yours, etc.,

TOURIST.

WINNER OF THE £1 COMPETITION

SOUR GRAPES

What the Hell
Has T.S. El—
— got
Got
That I have not?

A lot of rot, what!

By "T.S." Hossack.

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DEBATING CLUB

This year, the Debating Club has planned a wide range of activities providing opportunity for many students to try their hand at public speaking.

Under the capable guidance of our patron, Mr. Brown, we have already had several meetings, including the first of our practice Inter-House contests in preparation for the Mervyn Gray Trophy debates. Debating representatives are now selecting teams to represent their houses, and are also considering possibilities for inclusion in the College team in outside debates. It is hoped that competitions may be arranged with the lecturing staff, with other colleges, with the High School and with various clubs in Wagga, but we need student support before undertaking these.

It was decided that during Practice Teaching, meetings would not be held, as students had insufficient free time to attend, but as soon as it finishes, meetings will be resumed on Tuesday nights at 9 o'clock, in room 5.

All students are very welcome, and if you are interested in debating, and would like to participate actively, you are invited to see your house representative, who will be only too pleased to put you in a team.

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THE ART OF MUSIC

(By M. W. Gray)

Music, like all other Arts and Sciences, is shrouded in a bewildering, frightening maze of technical terms. The music pedant is so often blinded by the technicalities of his subject as to regard it as a science rather than an Art. The "music" critic—with his facile pen and ready wit—supplies us with his periodic spread of journalese, and has become the all-too often arbiter of public opinion. The pedant will tell us that such a work is in binary or ternary form; while the critic that the performance was scintillating, brilliant or magnificent, and both will ignore the very crux of their subject—the aesthetics of the music.

The word "aesthetic" has been greatly misused. You may recall that Oscar Wilde was called a great aesthetic, and was pictured giving lectures in America with a sunflower in his hand. The word was misused by our friends Gilbert and Sullivan in their opera "Patience." So often misused and abused, yet so vital in its application to enlightened appreciation, this Cinderella of the Arts family deserves our sympathetic attention.

Our dictionary tells us that Aesthetics is the branch of philosophy dealing with the beautiful, chiefly with respect to theories of its essential character. (Tests by which it may be judged, and its relation to the human mind.) But, you may ask, what part does philosophy play in music?

For the musician, aesthetics plays a philosophical role as a binding factor for the two essentials—music, as a science, and music as a craft. Music is a science to those who specialise in the study of ancient instruments, in harmony, counterpoint, or the historical development of the Art. It is also a craft when the musician is pre-occupied with the development of a high degree of technical skill. This enables the instrumentalist to sit in front of his score and bow or blow the right note in its correct time.

With these two essentials of science and craft, we are occupied in our studies. But these two alone will not

make the most enthusiastic of students into an artist. They must be bound together, and the binding factor is the aesthetics of music. That is where aesthetics has its place as a philosophy. It is when you add this quantum of aesthetics to science and craft that you have what you are striving for, namely, Art.

You, as young teachers and performers, have a dual role. First, you must grasp the significance of the work you are studying; it must arouse certain emotions in you. Then, through your craft and your ability you must transmit to your class or audience the emotions which the composer felt as he was creating the work. Your aesthetic approach to a work does not lie in your fingers or in your voice, or in your technique. No. It is based on your study of the nature of a composer—the aesthetic feeling of the way the composer arrived at his creation.

How often is a singer a singer rather than a musician? A pianist a technician rather than an artist? If the executant is consumed with pride in his special talent, he will regard music as a medium for its display. This is the performer. If the executant realises that his skill and talent is the medium for the expression of the great musical ideas and emotions of the composer, he will be an interpreter. This is the hallmark of the artist.

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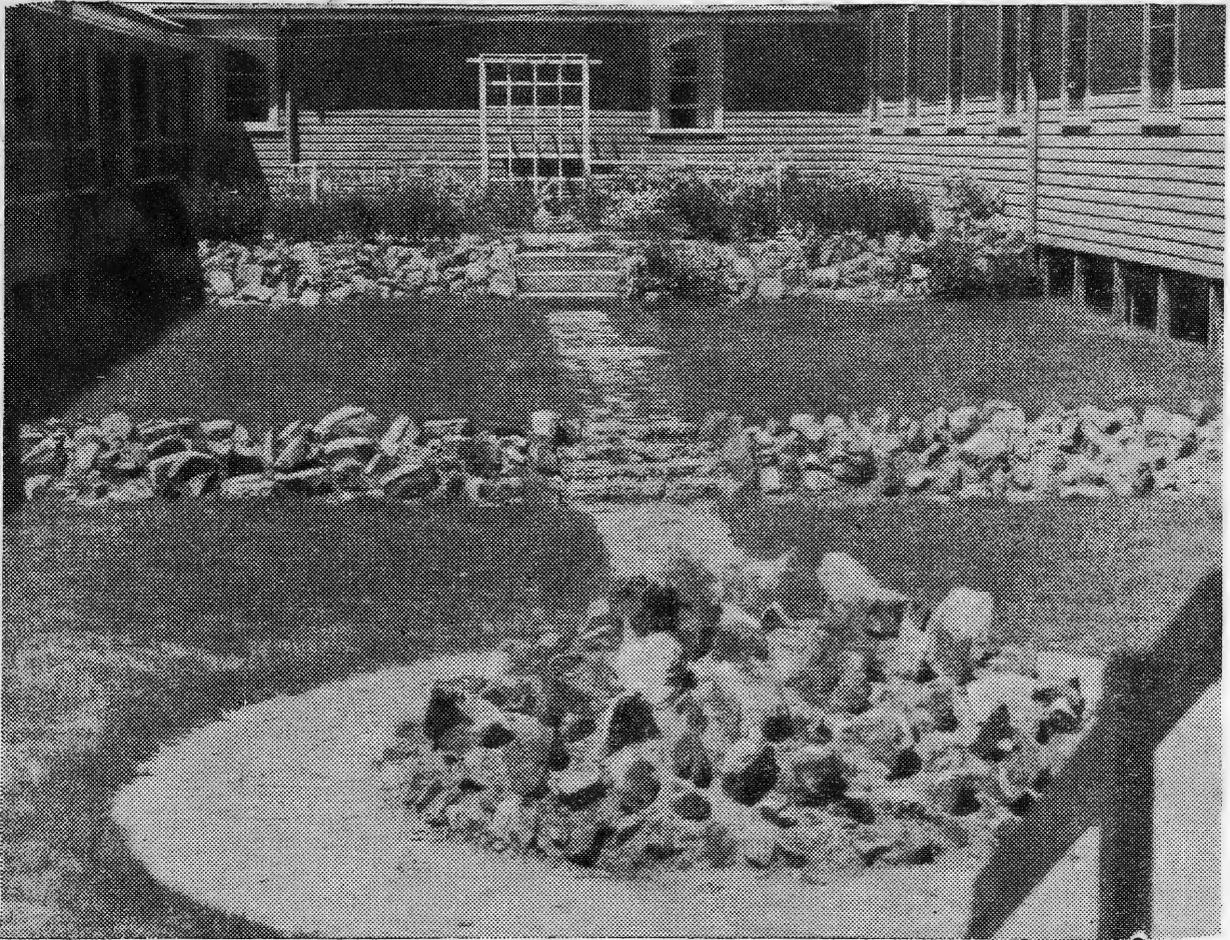
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BEAUTIFICATION AND WHAT IT MEANS TO US



IT SHOULD have proved interesting could we have recorded the '53-54 session's impressions of the college on seeing it for the first time. It is now too late, for these impressions are lost, obscured by opinions formed later. I imagine, however, that their first thoughts would have been a little more cheerful than ours when we arrived here.

Even for those of us who had some idea of what to expect, that first glimpse of our residence for the next two years was a little grim. After the initial shock of seeing the muddy brown "huts" we had time to take and appreciate the wide green lawns and the few flowers and roses that were then to be seen, but there was a bareness about the whole picture that was somewhat depressing.

How different must have been the feelings of new students a year later! Admittedly, half the buildings are still an uninspiring brown and bare wood (where paint had disappeared), but the fresh cream of the other half must have been reassuring. The roses and the rose pergola have changed the landscape entirely.

Of course, we appreciate the change more than the

First Years, who would take it all for granted. It was something of a surprise to find that those 1000 (or was it two thousand?) dead looking sticks we remembered seeing planted last year and those two rows of poles, were beginning to look as attractive as we'd been told they would.

The pleasure was another surprise. We'd been a little sceptical about the descriptions of what this "beauty spot" would be, but it is just that. In this instance, the First Years may be the more appreciative group. We saw the thing grow; they see only the completed project. This is an advantage. Watching the growth of anything sometimes detracts from its splendour—a mild form of the saying "familiarity breeds contempt."

The area at the back of the Dorms. has improved.

Where else in Wagga is there such a strip of brilliant green as the football field? Even Heath Park can now be seen. The removal of four feet high grass was a distinct improvement—we found to our surprise that there were trees there!

New sports fields are now the next item on the programme. Some people asked for a putting green, and (we're told) it was decided that this could be done, provided the authorities consented to the construction of a bowling green as well. These golfers may shortly see their dream becoming a reality. Well, with the golfers satisfied, we can give our attention to what will surely be the most exclusive bowling club in the Riverina, and let us be generous and hope its members enjoy what they've so shamelessly angled for.

Another improvement has undoubtedly been carried out with two aims—

- (a) to do away with the old rule 17.
- (b) save the wardens' legs.

—for surely with so much

light, there can't be a corner of the campus (even the football field) that is not brightly lit at every hour of the night.

The external appearance of the college has been so much improved that our hopes have again risen. Surely, an S.R.C. which so "generously donated" £200 or more for the lights, will spare a little for the improvements of those parts which, although not seen by visitors to Wagga and the College, are of some slight importance to the students. I speak, of course, of such trivial items as:

1. "Ipai-Mari" dorm. hot water service, which, as soon as the weather gets cold and some little excess demand is placed on it, cannot supply even warm water after 6.00 p.m. and 7 a.m.
 2. Men's laundry and "showers"—I need say no more of this; you've heard it all before.
 3. Wire screens or dorm-windows (men and women's)—to mention just a few.
- Gaudeamus for, you never know, we may get these things done some day—you just never know your luck at Wagga College.

ARMY STEW OR MESSY BUSINESS

I WAS asked to write an article entitled "A Day in the Army", but we weren't in the army for a day (delicious thought, though it is). We were in there, doing our bit, for fourteen weeks—ninety-eight days. So the singling out of one day is somewhat difficult.

It has been said, and we endorse it, that all the days in the army are the same, and that is only too true. The monotony of it all, up at 0600 hrs, till lights out 2215 hrs.

We all developed certain kinks to help break this monotony:—cursed sergeants, nicknamed officers and even mutinied.

Our platoon commander realised the morale of his troops was in danger and so, being a sound psychologist, changed the routine and had us building rock gardens for days on end. They were his masterpieces; his stink-bomb plan; his plaisance. The scheme strengthened our muscles no end, but failed as a morale-builder—we didn't appreciate the liberty of being able to carry great boulders. The number of troopers on their backs, getting away from it all, surpassed all previous records, so our platoon commander assured us.

On the company parades, the troopers (that's us, and when provoked, we swear like them—we were often provoked) had their gear, rifles etc., inspected, and just like other people (?) the inspecting officers had their pet jokes, which were supposed to send us into paroxysms of laughter every time we heard them (once a day, 98 days, remember). When a chap was told he had dirty boots, and then looked down at them, the witty officer would say, "Don't you believe me?" Go on, laugh! We were expected to, and if a chap had a dirty bore in his rifle, they would say, "What are you going to do—shoot refuse at the enemy?" The trouble was, we had the same copy of "London Opinion."

I believe some fool essayist once wrote an essay which he called "On Nicknames". He missed his vocation; he would have made a good N.S. man. We had a bombardier who was such a sweet man we called him "bomber-dear"; a gunner who had such an ugly face and disposition we called him "goner"; a sergeant called "dynamo", because he was always "charging"

people; a W/O who was called "dice-box", because everytime he shook his head it rattled, and, in Puka., there was a sergeant christened Alec, which was sufficient in itself—the prefix seemed superfluous.

This "Dice-box" character had another name—"Moderation." Once a week we had a discussion period on topics such as "The Soldier and Drink", "The Soldier and Sex", "The Soldier and Citizenship", etc. During the first discussion of the series, we tried to define a soldier. Our definitions went something like this—"a patriotic parasite", "an authorised professional killer." Of course, old "dice" did not approve, and from then on gave the lead, or command, in the discussions, and his lead, his motto under the bar sinister "everything in moderation", no matter what—in killing, drinking, sex, citizenship, eating, stealing, mateship—all in moderation.

The "dice" had a well-developed corporation, which made his belt sag more than somewhat. On parades, he would bawl—

"Chests out, stomachs in!" Then he'd attempt to demonstrate. He usually managed to grab up his trousers before they hit the ground.

We had other characters in camp: The Major, who gave orders in soprano; the Colonel, in Puka., who believed in physical fitness and, as a result, put forty men in hospital as physical wrecks. But the best characters, and wierdest, were our own N.S. teachers and can judge these yourselves, or leave it to the college staff who wear the black caps.

Yes . . . Australia needs you.

—HERBIE.

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HAZARDS OF PRAC. or OH! TO BE A TRAMGUARD!

ONE of the main hazards of Prac. has been found to be reports issued by supervisors at regular intervals. A typical report goes something like this:

STUDENT: Mr. Ian William Johns.

SCHOOL: North Wagga.
APPEARANCE: Mr. Johns must be given some credit for the fact that he DID appear. I would suggest you change before retiring, as sleeping in clothes tends to render them slightly crushed. It is a pity your stiff collar wasn't, and your suit didn't. Hair slightly unkempt—try plaiting it or wearing it in a bun; also Mr. Kirk stocks some excellent brands of soap, which I can recommend.

BLACKBOARD: Try writing your work horizontally—oblique writing is difficult to read, and some children were unable to remain on their heads long enough to finish it.

VOICE: Resembles a billy goat over corrugated iron. Watch your pronunciation of vowels, especially a, e, i, o, u, and of consonants, especially b, c, d, f, g, j, k, l, m, n, p, q, r, s, t, v, w, x, y, z. Your pronunciation of "h" is to be commended.

GENERAL: It is unwise to tell children to "carry on." This could lead to almost anything. I would suggest you do not pay so much attention to the young blonde in the front seat, as you are inclined to ignore the rest of the class. It is quite all right for you to walk around the room, but better results would be obtained if you discouraged this tendency in the children.

While I am aware of the importance of Phys. Ed., I

do not think it advisable to correlate it with arithmetic, as many of the boys were doing, as space indoors is slightly cramped. I realise the wastepaper basket is full, but endeavor to keep the pile of rubbish on the table as small as possible. I found it difficult to see the children over it. Perhaps emptying the basket each term would result in improvement. On the whole, you have the makings of a fine worker, though in what profession I would hesitate to say at this stage. However, the horse which draws tar carts for the Roads Improvement Board is due to pensioned off, and I would recommend an early application, if you wish to be considered.

It has been reported—

A letter received by a student at a small school from a fond parent went something like this: "Please excuse Terry and Glenn for not going to school yesterday; but they met a goanna on the bridge and it chased them four miles back home."

(They breed goanas with a good sense of direction back in them thar hills.)

Quotations from a letter written by a fifth class child during composition—

"Mum saw a man at the window and went out and hit him on the head. Then she saw it was Dad."

When a certain supervisor at Ladysmith went across to the shop (as was his custom) to purchase morning tea for the students, the young lady there said: "Oh, you're a first year student, are you?" And no amount of contradiction could convince her otherwise.

Perhaps it's that misleading innocent look, or, perhaps . . . well, maybe we'd better leave it at that.

And, finally—

When asked what she considered to be the main hazard of Prac., one woman student unhesitatingly replied, "Charles Barnes."

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PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK

MARIE McGRATH (rhymes with Pate de Fois Gras).

Personal appearance: Has made many, but never the same place twice. Am told she was really worth looking at before her accident. Then she was born. The story that her Father, looking at her in the crib, said "A joke's a joke, but this is Ridiculous!" seems quite credible under the circumstances.

Man's Angle: Is very germ-conscious, except when picking up cigarette butts. Injured her hands on many occasions, and has now decided to give up smoking.

Other angles: Satisfactory, if you suffer from Myopia.

Social Standing: High heels. Good conversationalist. Canberra Jet named after her. Both very fast.

Advice: If you can run—get started as soon as she comes into sight. You'll need stamina, but don't stop till you drop.

College Tasks: Representative of the Laundry. Known to favor washing before boiling, and out of the blue comes the whitest wash. Has been seriously considering relinquishing her post since she fell into the spin-drier.

Favourite Woman: Cleopatra.

Favourite Man: Mr. Menzies.

ERIC DRAPER (rhymes with paper).

Recently returned from the Army. The war in Korea can now continue.

Personal Appearance: Becoming—but what, I know not. Wears his trousers, shirt and tie in the usual manner. Fossilised, his remains should prove interesting. Sometimes Nature is SO wasteful.

Woman's Angle: Good walker. Good worker. Only puts his hands in his pocket when it's cold. Authority on College grounds, often conducts tours. Must hiber-

nate in winter. Eric keeps as tight a grip on his women as he does on his money. Origin of the saying "The woman always pays and pays and pays."

Sport: Yes. Prefers the High Jump. says "it's so uplifting." No doubt, but it's useful training for the Wardens and Students' cross-country Chase.

Favourite Songs: "Roll a Silver Dollar", "I've got Sixpence", "If I had a million".

Favourite Books: 1. Helene's Bank Book; 2. "Finance is Fun"; 3. "Money makes Money" (Eric has done some excellent research on his own Account); 4. "Silas Marner."

Advice: Turn your money in your pocket whenever you see a new moon.

Favourite Man: Artie McFadden.

Favourite Woman: Gloria Vanderbilt.

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| K11 Ea. | 10E Ameo. |
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| N8 Daves. | K7 Inn. |
| | L3 Mag. |
| | L4 ASA. |
| | L9 ANA. |
| | L10 DEV. |

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK

Woman Stude to class 1C: "I will not be whistled at."

STYLES (for women): Tight skirts and high heels are "out", at least for the duration of prac. teaching. Emphasis is on a casual, natural look.

LYONS (for men): Shoes form an important part of every well dressed male's outfit. More colour and more distinctive clothing following the idea of the importance of our individual.

Directly from Headquarters: Shoes MUST be worn to prac. Students should wear their clothes to the formal tea.

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