



TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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College Scores Double Success

A fortnight ago the College held its first Swimming Carnival. Interest was terrific and as the organisers were treading new paths, fears were held for the success of the venture. No such fears were held for the success of the Option play. We have become accustomed.

"Quiet Night" Smash Hit

The success of Australian Dorothy Blewitt's play "Quiet Night" was a well deserved reward to all those concerned with its production. The play was a personal triumph for actor-producer Miss Moore and a fitting grand finale to two years of excellent work by the Second Year Option.

The play attracted many outside visitors and was presented to a full house on both nights. The fact that a College production can command such a large audience of townspeople is a tribute to the sterling worth of previous plays and musicales.

The casting of "Quiet Night" was particularly well done. To choose anyone for special mention in such an outstanding cast is almost impossible. Still, Marge Abraham and Kev. ("The Eyes") Wilcox impressed me as being worthy of the honour. Doreen Manwaring did very well in an unsympathetic and difficult role. Comic relief was given to the intense drama of the play by a very capable and natural Maureen O'Neill.

In the play the cast were called upon to act emotions which were entirely outside their experience. As a result, I was occasionally brought back to reality by an incident or speech that could be described as "staginess." There was also a tendency to talk through the audience's laughter in some cases. These occasions, however, were rare and in no way took away from the all-over excellence of the production.

With regard to the properties and atmosphere a member of the medical profession in the house was heard to say that the atmosphere of a hospital had been captured perfectly.

But enough of this. Let us hear what members of the audience, inter-

viewed after the performance, had to say.

Mr. Blakemore: "An excellent production. All did equally well. A successful culmination of two years' work by Miss Moore and her Option."

Mr. Graham, M.L.A.: "A fine performance. It was a credit to Miss Moore and her Option."

Mr. Levis: "As a member of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, I made a special trip to Wagga to see 'Quiet Night.' I am very glad to find 'Australian plays being staged, particularly when such a high standard of acting is achieved. The production too was good."

Mr. Mason, Headmaster of Wagga High School: "A very creditable performance. I was impressed particularly by the properties and lighting, and thought the comic relief was very well handled."

Mr. Dunstan, Inspector of Schools, Riverina District: "The casting and production were handled with discrimination, and the resultant effect was a credit to the College."

Mr. Allen: "The balance between a real sense of humour and deep drama was an achievement to be noted. The students who participated had no previous knowledge of the experiences they portrayed, but managed to achieve the desired effect."

Mr. Barrand, Mayor: "I have seen many professional plays in Wagga, but consider that 'Quiet Night' rates amongst the best for its standard of acting and its absorbing realism. We expect a high level of entertainment from the College, but I can say this exceeds such expectations, and will establish a precedent in public opinion."

Wing-Commander Chapman, of Forest Hill: "This is my first introduction to the extent of the students' capabilities to entertain the public, and I would like to commend them on their efforts. The acting was realistic and I thought

the performance a tribute to all concerned."

Keith Dunn: "A credit to Miss Moore and her Option."

Pat Lemon: Every time Melbourne was mentioned I took a high mark."

Anonymous Nurse: "I wish doctors DID behave like that!"

J.A.B.

Swimmers Make Splash

The College Swimming Carnival held at the Pontoon Baths on Tuesday, 15th March, was a great success. The Swimming Committee and Mrs. MacLoughlan and Br. Howe must be congratulated on their fine organisation, as they were hampered from the start by having to run a one and a half day carnival in an afternoon.

The best all-round swimmers on the day were among the women and included Barbara Spence, Margaret Fisher, Joan Kuskey and Margot Wilson. The outstanding men performers were Ray Wood, Nick Bricknell, Joe Pestell, Len Sherrif, Lance Mullins and Les Potter.

Barbara Spence, Ray Wood and Joe Pestell should be singled out for their really fine performances. Barbara for her spirit and all-round ability, Ray for the freestyle sprints and Joe for his phenomenal time of 35.4 secs. for the 50 metres breaststroke.

From the start the carnival was a stirring tussle between Ipai and Kabi for the point score trophy donated by Mr. Fearnie. The points were still fairly level when the relays, the last events of the day, were being staged. Outstanding swimming by both Kabi men and women resulted in Kabi winning all four relays, so giving them the honour of being the first house to win the swimming trophy. Congratulations, Kabi!

Let me here also pay tribute to Mr. Ashworth's meritorious dash in the staff relay. Had he been dragged along by a rope he could not have covered the distance any faster.

Editorial

IT is the policy of "Talkabout" to present College activities to the students through the students. At the moment we are able to present only a limited viewpoint of some of the activities to a few of the students.

A limited viewpoint—that is what you are getting. It is not our fault. This state of affairs has been brought about by your own lack of interest, apathy, lack of a proper sense of responsibility and innate laziness. Every week "Talkabout" is produced by the same small faithful band of writers. If it were not for them there would be no "Talkabout." Because of this you get the same slant on activities every week.

We want new ideas, new opinions, different articles. Unfortunately, this College is full of lazy grumblers. You will find them all over the grounds. People who stand in groups and tell each other that "they are getting a raw deal," that "such and such is unfair," and that "things is crook." The last thing any of them would think of is bringing their grievances to the proper authorities through their own paper. Write us letters, articles or poems on your interests and grievances.

Make "Talkabout" an audible voice of student opinion.

Cricket

The first grade side had its second cup win when it defeated Gundagai's first grade by three wickets after a very good match for the Hedditch Cup.

Gundagai batted first, but, due to the magnificent bowling of opener John Stuckings, who finished with 6 for 16 from 12 overs, five of which were maidens, on a concrete wicket which gave him no assistance, were all out for 129. The remaining College bowlers, unused to the wicket, found the going particularly hard. John Wallace 2-34, Jack Brewster 1-23 and Mark McLaughlin 1-20 shared the remaining wickets.

The College team went in, but Spiller, after judiciously allowing the first ball—a wide—to pass, was clean bowled by the next. Alan Nilon was unfortunate to be run out early, and with the score at two for 28 Jack Brewster and Jack Haines began a valuable partnership which yielded 46 before Jake was saught for 31. Brewster went on to make 55 before being caught and bowled. Arthur Smith, 15 not out, batted stubbornly and finally hit the winning run while there were still three wickets in hand.

Apart from the successful match, all who went had an excellent day and thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the Gundagai people, who readily paid tribute to the fine sportsmanship of both our players and spectators.

The seconds, battling for a place in the final, drew with the leading team in their competition.

College batted first, getting 124. Once

again Peter Debenham was to the fore, top-scoring with a sound 30. He was ably assisted by Johnny Skein with 27 and Boris Sumsky with 23.

When Potal batted they totalled 91 for six wickets in reply. Mac Yabsley bowled well for 1 for 11 from six overs, while Mick Harvey took 2 for 10, Max Bell 2 for 27 and Bruce Phillips 1 for 2.

The success of the second team depends largely on the third team's beating the higher teams in the competition. They did their job well when after putting up 140 they dismissed Grand Hotel for 68.

College batted first, and due to four Batsmen, Des Hansaker 43, John Biscaya 26, Bob Debenham 24 and Pat Limon 20, put themselves well beyond the reach of the opposition. Hansaker with 3 for 30 completed a good double, and with John Riley 5 for 15, they bundled Grand out for 68.

The thirds can be relied on to do their part and an interesting match should ensue when the two teams meet.

The Shape of Things to Come

PART 3—THE SILENT WAR

It was quite obvious that with such racial indiscrimination there could be no peace, and that soon all would be plunged into war.

It was an unhappy struggle. The powers of might were great in their condemnations and the ferocity of their fighting was terrible. Spurred on by their leader with his slogan of "Ein Fuhrer, Ein Kultur, Ein Blitzkrieg," the black-robed figures have swooped on the defenceless peasants and have done great havoc. The common people have fought back bravely, and reprisal has been met by reprisal. Paddy melons are at a premium, and copies of "Mein Kampf" are making fine presents.

Hostility commenced when certain well-earned privileges were taken away from the proletariat. Windows were smashed, and a few light globes exploded, but the people were not roused. Demagogues from among the literary groups rose up to call the people to arms, but, alas, for government repression had reduced the will of the workers to dismal apathy.

It was the atrocity that did it! Within a short time the barricades had appeared in the streets; the washer-women from the St. Antoine de Mu rose up with their knitting about their heels and "The Marseillaise" (new words) on their lips.

The war was very notable by the use of the Flying Corps of the Enemy of the People. Swooping upon the people's camp when only the women and children were at home (the men were in the field, of course) they would kill off all people and carry off all possible articles of art and value.

Yesterday morning two enemy squadrons, under the command of the Black Baron and Captain Peter Poesy, attempted to infiltrate into our territory. After a preliminary run, during

which the Black Baron dropped many hundreds of pamphlets done in blue and red on a white background, the enemy planes penetrated the outer rings and proceeded to bomb our installations. Unfortunately, a direct hit was scored on the laundry, killing many of our bravest men, and destroying many shirts belonging to the common interest. This is most serious, and rabbit skins will have to be substituted. The most unhappy incident of the whole raid, however, was the audacious feat of the Black Baron in landing and carrying off some of the People's most treasured possessions. One heavily jewelled ladle is missing, together with a gold spice acolade, and a number of lapis lazuli drinking goblets. The loss is great, but we still have hopes of victory for, at the eleventh hour, the hated Poesy was shot down and is being held prisoner. His diet (worked on scientific principles) shall consist of Lord Tenyson and choice green shoots of the vegetable, *retinospira plumosa aurea*.

In a radio message just intercepted the enemy claims to have deprived the republic of all means of conveying food from plate to mouth. It was further announced that the Black Baron has been invested with the G.O.S.P. (Grand Order of Spoon Pinchers).

"SPECTATOR."

Rugby League

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

The election of officers resulted:—

President: John Pollock.

Vice-President: John Biscaya.

Secretary: Merv Wright.

The new Executive, on election, paid tribute to the work of the retiring Committee for their service over the past twelve months. The positions of Assistant Secretary and the other Vice-President were left open to be filled by the incoming first years.

Jack Clark and Alan Buckingham were elected delegates to the Wagga Rugby League.

The acceptance of the Constitution was left over until after the arrival of the new first years. It was decided to approach Messrs. Donnison, Howe, Couch, and Holland regarding the coaching of teams.

This year two Blake Cup teams will be entered from the College, as well as an under 10st. 7lb. team. The Club has already applied to the Wagga Agricultural Society for the use of the Showground for training, but should the application be granted, the fullest advantage can be derived from this source only if the lecture time-table is so altered to allow those concerned time to benefit from this innovation. Doubtless other sporting clubs would also be keen to see the elimination of 4 p.m. lectures.

Under the guidance of the new Committee the club will doubtless remain in its present high position in Wagga football.



Noticed in one of the lecture rooms:
 "The staff of life is bread,
 But the life of the staff is one big loaf."
 Is there any need to comment.

Dr. Watson certainly gets around! Got as far as Uranquinty last night, and ran into a certain lass who could be called "Nightingale." She was fitting around in a neat little Vauxhall, too, with an interesting local lad. Nice work, Marj.

Speaking of cars, is there a race on among the staff? Mr. Rennick has graduated from the ranks of bike-riders, and now Arthur A., instead of "taking steps," can ride in style in a slashing Hillman.

Must admit, Arthur A. impresses even more with his swimming style. He's devastating—puts our champs to shame. We wonder how Margot enjoyed the dance. Noticed she left early.

Latest recipe to hand to help the men with their washing: Add half a packet of starch and a knob of blue to the copper when boiling. We are assured that this never fails, and saves a great deal of time.

Can he really use ten shirts in one week, Beth?

More About the Golden Age

Once more we journey into the future; into the Golden Age. On this visit we will see into the Gym, and find out if any progress has been made in that direction. The Gym, is for physical development, but it received some setbacks in '49.

It's seven o'clock, so the Gym should be open. Wouldn't it! There's someone in there practising for a play.

Curse it! same as '49. Some day they'll get round to using the Gym. for its proper purposes. It will be useless coming back to the Gym. to-morrow night as I believe it closes after last lecture. If you want the keys you do the same as at the beginning of '49, i.e., you'll find the lecturer not in the Gym. but just opposite. Conversation heard from the past: "We can't get into the Gym."

"Why?"

"No, not why. Howe?"

One thing in which progress has been made in the Golden Age is that they are now training school teachers. In the olden days they trained pack horses who provided good cheap labour for carting chairs, cleaning up, etc. For those who still do this work there are degrees given, B.C. (Bachelor of Chair Carting), B.G.C. (Bachelor of Gym. cleaning) and for those who can carry six chairs at a time there is the M.C.C. (Master Chair Carter or Mug Chair Carter).

One of the more pleasant aspects about the Gym. is the side door (especially in lectures). It provides some means of relaxation after writing reams of notes and tearing up and down the Gym. doing some ridiculous folk dance which MEN students will never use.

So much for the Gym. Now we'll look into my favourite subject, namely, equality of the sexes. It has been decided that since men must cover their legs in the dining hall so must women. They now wear ankle-length frocks. (It's a pity they don't extend the frocks up above their heads and make a proper job of it).

In our visits to the Golden Age we've met the lecturers, seen the dining hall, etc., so now we'll meet some of the students who make up the College. Firstly, there is the Editor of "Talk-about," John Mitchell, who fails to have graduated yet. He still talks about the old days and the Northern Territory.

Oh! Excuse me a moment. "No, I haven't a smoke. Sorry. What's your name?" "Newman." (Sounds familiar.)

Then of course there is the son of an ex-student from Lake Cargelligo, who, like his father, bashes about Jacky Thompson all day.

You might ask about some of the old students, so I'll take you to the Shrine of Remembrance where the names of the glorious Pioneers (excuse the cliché) are engraved on the hallowed walls. Hanging from the roof is a huge

halo which gives the whole atmosphere an air of holiness.

The famous Pioneers' children's section of the library still exists. You may see it any time between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., but you're at lectures from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., so what's the use? I'll admit some College students are childish, but I hope their reading level is above children's books.

Talking about kitchens (which we weren't) reminds me of a place where the cooking was so terrible that even the cockroaches packed up and left.

I must now leave you to your study, so this is your Golden Age reporter farewelling you until once again we voyage into the Golden Age.

Yours in study,

"THE BLACK CAT."

Attacks on the Blues Standards

On Saturday morning students had an opportunity to qualify for Blues points in athletics. The Second Years were the main ones competing, as it was their last chance to gain points in this field. The following students qualified within the standards set down:

WOMEN

Shot Putt (24ft. to qualify): Margaret Welfare, Margaret Fisher.

High Jump (4ft.): Margaret Welfare. 100 Yards (13.4 secs.): Margaret Welfare, Shirley Brodie.

220 Yards (30 secs.): Margaret Welfare.

MEN

High Jump (5ft.): P. Carey, M. Bell, R. Wood.

100 Yards (11 secs.): P. Rees, D. Beiler, C. Taylor, M. Bell, T. Hodges.

440 Yards (56 secs.): Lyons, Butler, Taylor.

The men's shot putt was held, but no one reached the required standard. The shot was later weighed and found to be 16lb. instead of 12lb. As the pit was not ready in time the broad jump was also postponed.

The outstanding student on the day was Marg. Welfare, who qualified in all the women's events, giving her four points, the maximum allowed for any one sport.

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

Library Club on Tour

On Friday afternoon, 11th March, the Library Club paid a visit to that Palace of Pleasure, the Demonstration School, Gurwood Street. The members of the club, each wearing a large favour in his buttonhole with "Hall, Melvin Dewey" inscribed thereon, were met by Mrs. Chattaway, the librarian, who had very kindly agreed to talk to us on the aspects of school libraries, with particular emphasis on that ingenious, if enigmatically-named institution, the box(ed) library. It might be mentioned that Gurwood Street is one of the very few schools in the State that has a library complete with a real librarian. Not only does Mrs. Chattaway attend to the library processes, but she has set up a series of lessons for the primary children so that they might have some knowledge of books, but more importantly, of where to find the right book. This, I felt, fulfilled a very practical need when one thinks of some of the experiences had at the Public Library of N.S.W. Dragon behind the desk—a huge nest of filing cabinets to the right; books, books, books all around; and Mr. Young's seminar written clearly across the martyr's brow. This truly is education for peace.

The box library should be noted well, as it provides a great service for the small school. Its set-up is briefly this: Sets of books for primary grades are made up in units of 30 and boxed. These boxes are kept at a central clearing station and can be obtained for a small yearly rental at regular intervals. All the small school has to do is to come and collect them. The books for the most part are well selected with large and colourfully illustrated readers for the young ones and the exciting reading of Biggles, etc., for the older children. The grand old policy of "a large supply of child's classics and supplementary readers" so well expounded in "The Book" is thus adhered to, with a minimum of trouble to the teacher. However, when one realises that the reading so obtained is probably the only adequate way the children have of learning a little of life and its comparative beauty, away from the life of milking and the rest, we realise what a fine job this service is doing.

Unfortunately, all books are screened, and the teacher is deprived of his escape because of the rigid expulsion of "Love Me, Sailor."

"Oh! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name."

After an inspection a neatly turned piece of oratory was delivered by Shirley Kimber, the President, to Mrs. Chattaway, thanking her for her interest.
M.P.

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

Sub-Editors: Jim Butler, Barbara Hoare, Maurice Pitfield.

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speiler.

Business Manager: Don Wyeburd.

Report on Senior Code

An inaugural meeting of those interested in playing Rugby Union during the coming season was held on the 14th. Despite the comparatively small attendance interest was keen. Much hope was expressed for the future of the code.

Mr. Cornell expounded the main benefits to be derived from playing the senior code of Rugby. His main points were:—

(1) Incoming students would not have to wait 28 days before becoming residentially qualified as is the case with the League code.

(2) With the opening of the Newcastle College it is logical to assume that we will receive more players from the predominately Union centres of Sydney, Canberra, Goulburn, etc.

(3) By playing Union at Wagga we would bring the College into line with other Colleges and Universities. With the Agricultural College and the coming University our College will form the nucleus of a Rugby Union competition.

The meeting was then closed.

On the 17th a meeting at which delegates from the Agricultural College attended was held. At this meeting the following important motions were carried:—

(1) To found a Rugby Union competition with ourselves and the Agricultural College as the nucleus.

(2) To make every possible effort to start a town team, thus enlarging the competition.

(3) To ask the Rugby Union for at least six visiting teams this season.

(4) To make tentative arrangements for the securing of the Showground at a cost of £75 for the season.

(5) To call a meeting for the purpose of forming a Wagga Rugby Union Association.

(6) To campaign through Press and radio for the promulgation of Union in Wagga.

When you read this it is hoped that the Wagga Rugby Union Association will have been born. It is also hoped that the College Union Club will be firmly established with a happy and successful season before it.

There is much hard work to be done. There are difficulties to be overcome. However, the organisers believe that there is room for the Union code to function in the College and town in working harmony with other football codes.

J.C.G.

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Destination—Tasmania

HIGH FLYING

"Passengers for the 4.35 special service to Hobart, please board their plane."

Fourteen of us excitedly wriggling as the propellers whirl and the engines roar in what we believe is called "revving up." Slowly at first, getting faster and suddenly we have left the ground.

Melbourne from the air and the other five insignificant passengers endure our hysterics, and after that the good old College songs.

By six o'clock most of us have begun to wonder where we are going, so out come the maps of Tasmania, graciously supplied by A.N.A. Others are more interested in the inside of a paper bag, also most thoughtfully supplied by A.N.A.

"What's the name of the place again?"

"Let's see, Mr. Crane. Sandfly!"

"That is what I thought, but I can't find it on the map."

"O horrors! We are going to a place that doesn't even exist."

"Well, it is sixteen miles out of Hobart, we know that," quotes Fisher, the travelling tourist bureau.

Arthur Lakes and tea is supplied. An air pocket over Lake Sorell and tea is returned with thanks.

Hobart from the air—coming in a wing and fourteen prayers. Notice the forgotten broad "a's" as from A.N.A.'s bus, the last word in comfort, we pile ourselves and baggage on to the raspberry carrier's lorry. Our first introduction to Lionel, Crane's carrier. Before long we are half-way there, not without learning a few of Tasmania's customs—such as "pubs" at intervals of two and a half miles, all staying open until 10 o'clock. But whatever prompted Lionel to turn to Maureen and ask—

"Can't I get you a drink?"

The combination is good—his foot on the accelerator and Marg. Moore's hands on the wheel, but the next thing we know we are in a rut. So, here we bale out Shirley Brown's purse with ten pounds in it, Win's camera and nearly half the luggage, but instead we pile them on 'Dom,' who suffers mild concussion for a week. Thrills and spills—well, what does it matter; all the more laughs to look back on.

ON ARRIVING AT THE NON-EXISTENT

A hurricane lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Crane, and the local lads.

"Leave the prettiest ones here, Lionel, and take the others on to Fogarty's!"

Regretfully, we can't oblige, since we have already decided that we First Years are to go over the hill. Another half-mile and though we can't see a thing in the dark we drive up to the gate of our hut.

"Mrs. Fogarty, are there any snakes in Tasmania?"

She turns and looks at Vicki, and thinking she doesn't look the hardy type, tells here there aren't. Up the

slope to the hut humping those overloaded ports. Mrs. Fogarty has made us supper. We are grateful, of course, but we are too eager to look around our "very own little house." First consideration, "the mattresses provided"—and our faces fall a foot. Never before had we dreamed of sleeping on a donkey's dinner. So to-night we sing ourselves to sleep with "Chewing a Piece of Straw."

"Up Was I on Fogarty's Farm"—first morning. Unpacking; patent gadgets, thanks to Girl Guide ingenuity; taking in stores from the grocer's waggon. First introduction to Russ, who is often heard to say:

"Whatcha want?"

"Nothing."

"Well, hurry up and get it and go!"

Even at first sight we fall in love with the countryside. Mt. Wellington, over Crane's way, scrub hills to the left and the pattern of the crops along Fahey's slopes on the right. Everything is so green and lush after the sun-dried district around Wagga. A little creek (or "crick," as the locals call it) runs under the bridge near our gate and winds past Crane's. We have to carry our water up to the hut, but Crane's girls have a tank. We can see that washing clothes or having a bath (neither of which are done very often) will necessitate our own version of a camel train.

Everything is strange to us, the environment, the way of living. We try to understand it all, but that will take time.

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE RASPBERRY PATCH

First day picking—clean sweaters, clean overalls, even clean boots. Mr. Fogarty proudly issues his little green pickers, complete with new leather straps. They hold about five pounds of raspberries, we are told. When, if ever, we fill them, they are to be emptied into a kerosene tin at the end of the row. We work flat out, for after all, you must remember it is our first day. At the end of the day we proudly weigh our totals. Somewhere near 13 hours' work for about seven and six—approximately a halfpenny for five minutes. But, of course, this is only the beginning, and we shall learn with practice that it is possible to have intervals of day-dreaming, intervals of boredom and intervals of sitting under the bushes out of the rain and still earn a whole three-farthings for five minutes. Grand picking, when you come to compare it with the local lads' two and three hundred pounds a day.

"I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS"

If only in my dreams.

Anyone who dares sing this around the hut can blame herself for the consequences. Our first experience of cooking Christmas dinner over an open fireplace, and eating it with craft knives, three spoons and four forks among the six of us. Thanks to Mrs. Spence, Christmas dinner had a home touch in decorations, bon-bons, nuts and fruits, and of course our Christmas pudding. Our fourpenny investment in Woolworth's streamers contributes greatly to the festive feeling. But try as we may,

we can't make it the same as Christmas at home, and we are all miserably homesick. Even Santa has failed to come. He, too, must have thought it non-existent.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

To burn food so that we can still eat it.

To pick more raspberries than we eat.

To keep up the friendships we've begun to make.

To write Mitch on article on Sandfly. Barbie Spence has flown back, but to-night, New Year's Eve, Vicki and five from Crane's are going to Margate to meet Harry, Kev, two Bills and Barry at a New Year ball. The others, Barb, Pam, Win and Paula, are heading for them there hills—to Kaoota. They too are off to a dance—raspberries and cream for supper.

WE WORK OUT IN THE BUSH— A TYPICAL DAY

Six-thirty and the alarm—

"Getting up, girls?" calls Mr. Fogarty. Half an hour later—

"It wouldn't be raining, would it?" from Vicki.

"No such luck, you lazy thing, get up!"

A snatch-and-grab breakfast, with plenty of bread. Hats and pickers on, gather your kerosene tins and your day's work has begun.

By ten o'clock you are dreaming of coffee, so you call a stop and up you all go to the hut for half an hour.

It is the third picking through, so the fruit is good and you weigh in at lunch time—around fifty pounds each. But what is the use of going up yet? It is Monday, so there is no food, not even bread, until the grocer comes. We all write letters to fill in time.

"Listen! Isn't that the horn I can hear?"

Without another word we have all left what we are doing and are racing down the slope to meet the hooded van. The one day in the week we are extravagant and allow ourselves one chocolate per person. But first worry is our mail, and Russ reads out, "Vine, Lovett, Lovett, Hoare."

"None for me!" says Win dejectedly. She finds consolation in her weekly chocolate. Barb then rallies and reads the order out to Russ, while John, his brother, pulls out the required articles from the packed boxes in the truck.

"Any five-minute desserts or quick flips?" A vacant look from Russ.

"Nar! Oh, here's some coconut dessert. Ses here: Mix tablespoon of powder with a little milk. Add to one pint of milk and boil, stirring all the while—how's that?"

When we finally stop laughing we pile it with the coffee essence, etc., on to Win. Pam takes an armful and we two wait for the docket. The goods, of course, are on our "account."

Back in the hut the fresh bread is attacked with the sharpest craft knife and very little is left for the next two days. Then with some chocolate and our mail in our pockets we are back to work. An hour later:

"Have you filled your second picker

yet?" calls someone two rows away.

"Don't be funny, I'm going to sit down and read this letter," returns Barb.

Suddenly, there is an alarming scream and Barb leaps to her feet.

"She's done it! She's done it! My sister is engaged."

Hearty congratulations which Barb receives with all sincerity. She cannot understand why Vicki is trying to keep her quiet. It has not occurred to her that she is giving the whole show away in letting the boss know that she is reading in his time.

"Did you think that he would believe that it all came to you in a brain flash?"

More laughs, but then, we pick on rather steadily until about four o'clock. Max, a local chap and one of our best pals, then breaks the monotony by starting up one of our theme songs:

"I work out in the bush with bristles on me mush,
And I never wash my face
For the dirt will keep till the end of the week.

That's the good old 'pickers' ways."

"Go on, Max. Finish it off with a yodel. We want to learn to do it before we go back."

"We can do 'Susannah's a Funny Old Man,' anyway."

And we all start that off and follow it up with—

"I'm a lonely little Sandfly in a Wagga bottle,

And all I do is fret all day."

"Oh, kids, it is only a couple of weeks before we go back. You know, after we got over Christmas, I have hated the thought of going back."

And at that we all sing our main theme song—original words and tune: "O, I left my fair city of Sydney one day,

Bound for Tasmanian shores.
I thought I was glad to be going away,
Glad to be going abroad, but
Take me back, take me back,
Take me back to my home.

Oh, take me back, take me back,
Why in the heck did I roam.

We settled at Sandfly, a snug little spot,
Down on old Fogarty's farm,
But ye olde straw mattress, it isn't so hot,

And water carrying's stretching my arm, so

Take me back," etc.

"I've had this. I'm going for the milk. So long. Don't work too hard." Sarcastic remark: "Don't get too tidy, he won't know you."

Of course, we started off by taking it in turns to go for the milk, but now only on rare occasions does anyone but Vicki make the trip. The view as you go over the hill to Crane's is really magnificent.

We weigh up at 6.30. By that time Vicki is (sometimes) back with the milk, singing her "ipso facto" theme song—

"Ho, hum, ho, hum,
Can't you hear me singing as I'm swinging as I come.

I always sing as I swing,

Going up the hill and down again,

*Bringing home the milk the cow has laid.

I always sing as I swing,

Going up the hill and down again,
That's the serenade of the milkmaid."
*Note: Vicki had never before seen a cow milked.

This time we pace up the hill, and things are soon humming in our house. Pam and Paula go for firewood, while Win carries up the water. Barbie, projected into the fireplace, blows encouragingly on a tiny flame. Vicki relieves her, and the fire soon starts up; then Barbie does the day's washing up—we need the dishes clean for tea.

By ten o'clock we have eaten the burnt chops, burnt potatoes; second course, burnt blanc mange and banded up the burnt fingers.

Our (ahem!) guests begin to arrive. One strolls over to the fire; another appears complete with one of his father's fowls which, he said, would have died one day at any rate.

The other five or six arrive and Rosalie Fogarty comes up for a short time. Out comes Vicki's straw mattress and a dozen pairs of working boots and overalls make themselves comfortable in front of the fire.

"There's pictures on at Sandfly tomorrow night. Everybody interested?"

"Buck Jones again?"

"No, Roy Rogers. Be ready at seven in case we cannot get a hitch."

"Yes, try to be early this time. I just couldn't bear to sit on those backless benches again."

The same hall was used for the dance the Saturday night before, so a general post mortem is held on last Saturday's proceedings; the hitch hike in Bert Fogarty's truck saving us a three-mile walk; the frantic dive for the spare room to change shoes and make yourself presentable after the open truck ride; Curly Wolfe's three-piece orchestra, not to mention his solo work; then the hill-billy singer with his guitar, and last, but not least, the all-in brawl at the end.

Oh, we have begun to fit into the Sandfly ways by now—from high classics we have turned our choice of preference to the good old mountain music, and as for the brawl—well, we may not have gone so far as to pick up a chair too, but do want to stay to see who is coming off the worst.

Max sings "Over Hilltop and Hollow," and we all join in.

"How about Al Jolson, Vick?"

The mouth organ supplies the last item and we all start to get supper—just tea and toast; it is cheap.

The party breaks up at midnight, and we then prepare to "hit the hay." After lights-out there we always chat for hours about the day's doings, the state of our clothes, which we can stand up in the corner each night, and "Tasi" in general. Never do we finally turn over to go to sleep without all giving three hearty bangs on the wall to scare off our favourite rat, known as "Homer." A creak of hessian and straw and the last person falls asleep.

"WHEN THE SAD END CAME
SO SOON"

Then, after it all, Lionel again, and truck, but this time going back.

"And something inside me cried to stay." We waved good-bye and watched it fade away behind us.

Hobart again, the train, and that long journey thinking of all that we are leaving farther and farther behind. We have left the fruit districts now and the few odd cows, but more so the wheat fields remind us of New South, and only then we realise that we are really going home. Strangely, that comes as a frightening thought, for it means going back to the old way of living—civilization, and the breaking up of the clan.

Launceston — rather disappointing from what we see of it as the tourist buses take us from the station to Beauty Point. To simple folk like us on our first ocean trip, the little "Tarcon" seems a second "Queen Mary." Up the gang plank and then we all find our cabins.

With the thrill of our first trip, we set out to explore the "ins and outs" of the ship—but when on the top deck we see Tasmania falling away behind us there is a strange feeling. It is as though we are losing something that had meant much more to us than we had realised. We five stand there for a few hours until we can no longer see the land. Then, as a fitting finale to our trip and the fun and all the friendships we had made, we sing the last verses of our own song:

"Oh, broken were their hearts and broken were ours

When the sad end came so soon.

We promised to write then at least every night,

So now we have changed our tune to—
Take me back! Take me back!

Take me back there some day!

Oh, take me back! Take me back!

I'm a whole thousand miles away."

(Extracts from the Diaries of Two Sandflies.)

THE END

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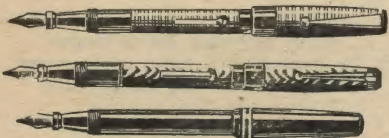
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Hope

On a lonely little island somewhere in the Southern Seas,
There's a little cottage facing to the bay,
And it haunts me in the evenings, when I'm with my memories,
Though they're only my imagination's play.

Though I've never left this country and I've never been to sea,
I've been living in my cottage in each dream,
And I love its little gardens with the wild flow'rs growing free
And I only wish things were as here they seem.

Though my place of dwelling changes via barrack house and farm,
There is one place that will never change to me,
That's my little cottage that can never suffer harm,
For it lives protected in my memory.

There are many types of dreamers.
Most build castles in the air.
I'm inclined to think they're too far out of reach,
For I've almost found my cottage and I never can despair,
As I see it looking seaward from the beach.

When reality is shattered and my earthly plans have died,
Then I leave them for a moment of respite.
And I go and seek my cottage and in its refuge hide.
Till I build my courage up again to fight.

When I think that life's not worth living and no longer wish to cope
With the setbacks that I meet from day to day
Then a little island tells me I should never give up hope,
And my hope's that little cottage by the bay.

"PETER'S MATE."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—Recently I was staggered to hear Mr. Young telling us that we must learn to think for ourselves. He even went so far as to say that one of the functions of a Teachers' College was to teach the students to solve their own problems in their own way. I heard; I was staggered; then I realised he was joking.

At least I hope he was joking. I would not like to think that a man of Mr. Young's learning and position could be so foolish as to suggest in all seriousness that one should learn to think for oneself in a Teachers' College. Does he not realise that a student comes to College to fill his head with cumbersome facts so that he will not have to waste a few minutes now and

again looking up a reference book? Isn't it obvious to him that we come here to get a certificate and that the only way to get it is to laboriously memorise facts to be reproduced at a moment's notice for examination purposes?

Thinking for ourselves, of course, is ridiculous. It is out of the question. But suppose the very idea wasn't preposterous. Let us become highly imaginative and pretend that the ability to work things out for ourselves would have just a very small, unimportant use for us in the cruel outside world. Don't laugh. I realise as well as you do that even such a remote chance is beyond the realm of the possible. But let us pretend. Now when would we do this thinking, or rather practice ourselves in thinking. If you just think through the lectures set down on your time-table you will find that there are very few which lend themselves to the practice of this useless activity. You will also find that there are practically no outside activities in which we are called upon to make use of this debased art.

The English lectures are a sore point with me and should be with all students anxious to gain a certificate. Here we are called upon to enter useless discussions. They are useless because they make us think. We are expected to form an opinion of our own. The lecturers in English actually tell us that we need not necessarily agree with their views. What else do they think we would do? Don't they realise that to think things out for ourselves, even if we were capable after all these years of learning profitably by having facts given to us, to form our own judgments and criticisms would take valuable time—time that could be spent memorising facts that will be of immeasurable help in the examinations?

I think we had best forget Mr. Young's revolutionary idea of making a Teachers' College a place where people learn to think. Give us facts, facts and more facts, and cut out any attempt to make us think. We want only that which will be of use to us later.

J. A. RANDER.

Dear Sir,—I wish to complain about the notice that was posted up under the heading, "Talkabout Announces." The humour displayed on the notice was very weak and not very fitting for a student of this College. After all, there is an old saying, "Sarcasm is the lousiest (I mean, lowest) form of wit."

I should remind you that you knew what you were letting yourself in for when you accepted the Editorship. Knowing how lazy and useless the students really are you should not have posted the notice, thus, advertising to all and sundry the type of student "studying" here at Wagga. The students here will never "see the light."

Just because of the increase in allowances you can't expect the students to pay 3d. a week for "Talkabouts." You must admit you're getting plenty of support; why even the men in Room 4, Dorm. 3, buy one paper a week between them.

If you want some support for the paper I suggest printing two pages of Watson (I'm sure the studes. will provide sufficient material) which is the only article in "Talkabout" up to the reading standard of the Wagga students.

In conclusion, I would like to say that if the students are too ignorant to take advantage of the one democratic way in the College to express their grievances, etc., then why should you bother your sweet head.

"THE KITTEN."

Dear Sir,—Re laundry allowance for male students at Wagga Teachers' College.

You wrote to me on 1st March concerning the cancellation of the laundry allowance for male students at Wagga Teachers' College, and the first intimation I had that this allowance had been cancelled was the letter I received from you.

It has been difficult to secure information from the Department concerning this, as various branches of the Department seem to know nothing about the matter. Finally, however, Dr. Wyndham, Secretary of the Department of Education, informed that it is true that the allowance for male students at Wagga Teachers' College has been cancelled. The reason given by Dr. Wyndham for the discontinuance of the allowance was to the effect that the students at no other College were given such an allowance, and that the female students at Wagga were given no such allowance; therefore, it was regarded as inequitable that one group of students at a particular College should receive a laundry allowance while other students do not receive such an allowance.

I suggested to Dr. Wyndham that this allowance should be paid to all students. However, he said that this was not a matter for him, and I have decided to bring the matter before the next meeting of the Executive.

It is quite obvious from what has been said above that the allowance was not cancelled with the knowledge of the Federation. Certainly it was not cancelled as a result of action by the Federation when higher allowances for students were obtained.—Yours sincerely,

S. P. LEWIS,
President,

N.S.W. Teachers' Federation,
17th March, 1949.

Sporting Notice

CRICKET

The first grade side continued its winning way when it defended the Cec Toy Cup against R.A.A.F. at Bolton Park.

The College, batting first, totalled 230 due mainly to two hard-hitting innings for 63 and 40 not out by Don Newman and Tom Allport respectively.

R.A.A.F. replied with only 129. Tom Hodges was mainly responsible for the small score with his eight wickets for

47 from 12 overs. He had easily his best day of the season and maintained a consistently good length and direction throughout.

This win gives the College further grounds for inclusion in the first grade competition next season as three of the present first grade sides have already been beaten by the team.

Swimming

MEN'S EVENTS

110 Yards Open Breaststroke: D. Westley 1, J. Clark 2, F. Ley 3. Time, 1 min. 41 secs.

55 Yards Breaststroke: J. Pestell 1, W. Westley 2, L. Giddings. Time, 45.4 secs.

165 Yards Wedley: L. Potter 1, J. Pestell 2, R. Lees 3. Time, 2 min. 41 secs.

440 Yards Freestyle: L. Mullen 1, L. Sherriff 2, J. Clark 3. Time, 7 min. 12.5 secs.

110 Yards Freestyle: R. Wood 1, P. Carey 2, L. Sherriff 3. Time, 1 min. 18.5 secs.

110 Yards Backstroke: R. Bricknell 1, P. Carey 2, L. Sherriff 3. Time, 1 min. 40 secs.

55 Yards Freestyle: R. Wood 1, R. Waterson 2, C. Taylor 3. Time, 33.1 secs.

55 Yards Backstroke: L. Potter 1, P. Carey 2, R. Bricknell 3. Time, 40 secs.

House Relay: Kabi 1, Mari 2, Ipai 3. Time, 2 min. 35.5 secs.

WOMEN'S EVENTS

55 Yards Freestyle: B. Spence 1, M. Fisher 2, J. Whitechurch 3. Time, 38.5 secs.

55 Yards Breaststroke: J. Kusky 1, M. Wilson 2, T. Whitechurch 3. Time, 49 secs.

55 Yards Backstroke: M. Wilson 1, J. Kusky 2, B. Lenny 3. Time, 49.5 secs.

165 Yards Medley: M. Fisher 1, J. Kusky 2, C. Smith 3. Time, 2.54 min.

Four-oar Race: Wilson-Lovett 1, Newman-Lenny 2, Welfare-Whitechurch 3.

220 Yards Freestyle: Spence 1, Olive 2, Hammond 3. Time, 3.4 min.

Women's House Relay: Kabi 1.

Marathon Relay: Kabi 1.

Mixed House Relay: Kabi 1.

The Big Panic

Exams. next month!

Preparation complete?

Of course, this is our study term—

But when I determine all I've to learn in

Six days

I'm amazed

and the idea I spurn.

This thought is absurd

But if one week deferred

The exams. wouldn't be quite so imminent

And I'd then have time
To commit some grave crime,
Claim
fame
And miss all this torment.

I trust Mr. Young
will anticipate fun—
Sure he must possess some sense
of humour;
I won't get distinction,
I foresee extinction:
What are manors
and civics?
Six bob on a bloomer!

The alarms go at four—
Each morning hears more:
To be depressed I have good cause;
If you must rise at dawning
I give you fair warning
Your brain you'll tax:
Result? Collapse—
It's one of those unwritten laws.

I tell you politely
and fairly concisely
I choose to refuse to panic—
Exploit imagination
and trust inspiration
will
fill
Several sheets of blank paper.

Just attempt to recall
(include ideals and all)
The material this year you've received;
Don't sit and swot
till eleven o'clock
Relent:
be content
And you'll find you've achieved
a lot
more than swot
ever did.

—F.B.S.

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