



TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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Thought, Attitude or Action ?

How often has Room 4 echoed to these words, as students select the goal of education—College or any other! Generally, students refuse to plump for one, and cagily suggest all three. But since thinking must precede the others, we can conclude that it is primarily a student's thinking that will determine his attitudes and actions in teaching, and in the larger field, life itself. We can be more precise, and say that these College years are likely to be the most critical of all thinking periods. Boldly, we even suggest that it is the mental content of the student in lecture-hours that is the vital part of his College education. What he thinks, then, as material for thought is presented, will modify thinking, and attitudes at other times.

IF this be true, are you satisfied with present lecturing technique? Picture the usual lecture the world over. One voice dominating all—all the rows of bent backs and flying pens. Mental content? All but nil—at least a stream of necessarily fast-moving ideas injected into the mind, instantly despatched to the paper, and forgotten till "exam. cram." Perhaps the Army had a better way after all. For lecture-rooms, the open air; for seats, the grass (if any); for back-rests, first one arm, then two, then flat out to it, till the Sergeant pointedly requested full attention.

Is there a better way? Surely there must be. But examine, first, the purpose of lectures in the literary courses—English, Social Studies, Education, and the theoretical side of other subjects. Is the basic aim a multitude of facts? In other words, must the practising teacher command the formidable array of facts poured out annually in all colleges? If so, what daring research worker would like to test the present lecturers on the stomach of a rabbit, William Wirt's theories, the set-up of a manor or the Australian novel? Would there be any certificates awarded? Your guesses are probably better than mine—and there would be plenty of them in those examination-papers. So, if we act on the theory that lecturers are competent despite their ignorance of multitudes of facts, we are driven to reflect—now, be candid, you have thought this, too—what are they proficient in?

Skip the prepositional ending, which proves some ignorance of style, and answer the question. Presumably, it lies in two things. The first is ability to find facts when they need them.

Does that explain frantic dashes to the library between lectures? The second is the ability to think fast. He who thinks fast talks slowly, eh?

But to be serious, the touchstone of a competent lecturer or teacher is whether he has thought things out, or is the College word "meditated"? The student who learns this art will find satisfaction in mental pursuits.

Let me conclude with a plea for practical means to achieve "thinking things out" in the lecture-room. From the lecturer, it demands precise book-lists, foreshadowing of topics, the presentation of leading questions in an earlier lecture, and a reduction of the mass of the course to allow concentration on salient points. As for the student, there must be forthcoming a readiness to read, at least in a general way, before topics appear; a willingness to form opinions and to express them freely but without heat. Let us all seize the opportunity in two short years to read widely, to ponder deeply and to judge impartially. Remember, attitude and action must flow from thinking. Don't let that thinking be superficial, but rather based on reality as we find it.

"WHY?"

A Message from the Principal

THE STUDY HABIT

The fact that this is a staff issue of a students' paper shows that the students themselves are all busily en-

gaged elsewhere. The examinations that are now claiming their attention are very important events in College life because so much depends on the results. Many people hope that the day will come when examinations will be unnecessary, but in the meantime our approach to the problem of measuring academic achievement must be as enlightened as possible. The assignments of work involving individual research and creative thinking; the practical questions in certain papers; the wide choice allowed in so many instances, and the manner in which all testing at this College is planned are indications of this enlightenment.

Examination results are certainly of great importance to students, but far more important for the teaching profession are the habits of study that are developed in examination preparation. It has been most gratifying to see the large attendances night after night in the study rooms, and the deep seriousness of purpose there. At last evening study appears to be moving along the lines I visualised when the scheme was introduced two years ago. All lecturers agree that there has been a pleasing development of the study habit in both sessions of students this year.

And don't we all agree that scholarship is a vital part of the teacher's equipment? One educationist asserts that "when teachers cease to read they should cease to teach," and I hope that one of the hallmarks of Wagga students when they take up their teaching appointments will be their love of books, and their eagerness and determination to keep themselves abreast of the times through professional reading. I am confident that the intense preparation for the present examinations has done something worthwhile in this direction.

G. L. BLAKEMORE,
Principal.

Wholly set up and printed at "The Daily Advertiser" Office, Trill Street, Wagga Wagga.

After College

When students leave College next month they cease to be our charges; they become our colleagues. During the period of training there have been three streams broadening and coalescing into professional unity. Attempts have been made over the last two years through the channels of general education, subject matter, concentration and the philosophy, science and art of teaching to make professional men and women out of the adolescents who appeared at the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College in June, 1947. As the result of the combined efforts of students and staff, we are proud of what has been achieved and our welcome to the 1947-8-9 Ex's as co-adventurers in education is most sincere.

We know and appreciate the quality of these who will be the first batch of ex-studies; we pay tribute to their honest endeavours as students; we know their strengths and weaknesses; and we know that they are beginning on the great quest well equipped. Throughout the professional life of every successful teacher there is a goal which seems ever to be distant, to defy all attempt to approach it, to be as fleeting and as difficult of attainment as the horizon. The more we travel, the greater the number of views opened up to us; the more we learn, the more we find there is to learn; the more we know, the more we know there is to know; the more expert we become as teachers, the greater is our desire to become the expert teacher. That is the quest. No one has seen the perfect teacher; some of us have seen the teacher who is expert in certain directions; a few of us have seen the teacher who is expert in quite a number of directions; what is rare is the complete all-round expert, the really versatile professional man or woman. Lest this goal should appear to be somewhat nebulous and intangible, let me point out that for the enthusiast, nothing achieved by him is ever perfect in his own eyes, that he can always see room for improvement in his own work. It is in this sense that his goal appears still a long way off, indeed, sometimes seems to be receding, gaining distance on him as he tries to close in. It means, then, for the teacher, that throughout the whole of his or her professional career, he or she is **learning how to teach**.

Upon the completion of a course of professional training, it is quite easy to become smug about one's achievements, particularly if the coveted certificate has been recommended. Complacency, however, is the professional canker; it deadens. Self-satisfaction forces the teacher into a groove; and a groove is like a grave, only longer! For immunisation against the disease of smugness the serum of professional zeal must be hyperdermically injected. In order to climb the sides of the groove (or grave) before it becomes too deep the ladder of in-service development must be erected. The young teacher must, therefore, realise that he is not a completely trained teacher, but that

he must map out for himself a plan of expansion, so that he achieves all-round professional growth.

In the first place, a teacher must be wary of too narrow professional conservatism. There is a tendency amongst some teachers to see no value in the present and no hope for the future, but like fireflies their tails illumine only the past. Resistance to change is being fought all along the line—new subjects, new ideas, new techniques, are being adopted in spite of the sceptics. It has ever been thus: new methods, resistance, adoption. What should the young teacher do? Espouse every new idea when it appears? Determine what Paris fashions decree, and then assume it? Let someone else be the experimenter and the guinea pig? Whatever we do, of this we may be assured: the first to assume the New Look is likely to achieve more notice than the second to assume it; that the pioneer has to face a lot of attention. There is, however, safety in numbers. Moreover, it is well to remember that the last to take on the change is going to render himself conspicuous. As progressive educationists we can initiate changes, or follow new ideas, but no matter what we do we must weigh up the situation, consider as far as possible the advantages and disadvantages of novel techniques, and if they have possibilities, try them out. There is great fun in experimenting.

To achieve all this it means, secondly, keeping abreast of modern developments through reading journals and new books; through post-College courses as given at the Sydney Teachers' College. It means the extension of the general education as in University or Technical College Diploma courses. It means all-round development. In order to obviate the pedagogical groove, growth in-service is essential.

L. J. ALLEN.

A Geographic Survey

It had the appearance of a large modern manufacturing unit. "Modern" because the buildings were not only long, low and rambling, but were of the temporarily permanent wooden variety so common to-day. Yet the power lines were missing so that one suspected first impressions were false. A closer study of this area proved interesting.

The natural environment seemed typical of much of eastern Australia. The gentle slopes of the surrounding area flattened just here. The climate left much to be desired, being of the "Summer-Winter rain at all seasons" variety, happily skipping the "in-betweens" of Spring and Autumn. The soil adheres thickly to the shoes when slightly damp and facilitates slipping when very wet. Animal life in the region appeared to be represented by a few odd members of the canine and feline species, both types being limited in colour to grey, black and ginger.

However, much had been achieved by the local inhabitants in modifying this environment. From the first it

was impossible to overlook the fact that here, whatever the occupation was, the population density was considerably greater than in the surrounding farm lands.

Advantage had been taken of the large expanse of flat ground so that long low buildings well separated could be constructed. The soil, sticky, slippery and therefore dangerous, was successfully covered in most areas by a hard durable substance, either black or off-white, so this only afforded foot protection in the all too frequent unfavourable weather; numerous ingenious constructions, called by the locals "covered ways," were made. Ingenious, because they were protected on one side only, to ensure cleaning by driving showers from the other direction, and lest being too protected, the inhabitants may be tempted to overlook the frequent strong cold winds.

One feature was difficult to explain. A limited area of natural vegetation had been replaced by well ordered lawns and gardens of the untouchable variety, truly pleasing to the eye. But elsewhere the natural cover was replaced by lucerne. Quite inexplicable because of the absence of herbivorous animals, and the persistent use of cabbage for "greens." However, careful observation often revealed a human form lying flat on the ground amongst the lucerne, seemingly intent in study. There may be some camouflage value in lucerne, so far unexplained.

Occupation and settlement in this region defied description after only a brief survey. Much time is spent moving in shuttle fashion between buildings, though there is a break between backward and forward movements when quiet reigns, broken only by monotonous solitary voices, rising first from one room, then another, and scratching pens. This movement had a distinct pair pattern outside the buildings, whilst groups within imitate animal, infant and storm noises.

The produce of the area is likewise hard to discover. Frequently large groups leave by omnibus, but equally large groups return in like manner. Each day large parcels and bulging bags arrive, the contents of which cause excitement amongst the inhabitants, but equally large amounts of similar material leave the region.

One feels that, where the movements are so continual and well timed, the occupation must have a definite purpose. Possibly this can only be revealed as one ceases to observe casually as an "outsider" and joins with the people who have adapted themselves so strangely to an environment admirably suited to wheat-sheep farming.

"MERIDIAN."

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

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

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speller.

Business Manager: Don Wyeburd.

FIRST INSTALMENT
OF OUR NEW SERIALThe Head Girl of
Kappa-Pi

CHAPTER I

"Whoops!" yelled Annie Mildew, bouncing into the common-room of Kappa-Pi and waving her gym. togs about her page-boy bob. "Let's have a lark with the fire hydrants while the warden's at supper."

Barbie Crosswell raised her head from the book she was reading beside the gas radiator, and a serious expression crossed her face. She smiled indulgently at the mapcap of Kappa-Pi. "It's not playing the game," she said thoughtfully. "After all, the fire hydrants are needed. What would happen if we had a fire?"

Annie paused, then agreed with a quick shake of her head. "How right you are, Barbie," she murmured. She adored the older girl, who had taken her under her wing when she first came into the rough and tumble of Kappa-Pi.

"Barbie's always right," snapped Mallison Gruffman with a sour smile. "She's not only a swot, but she's warden's pet."

Barbie flushed. Prue Spaniel, who also adored her, sprang to her aid. "She's not!" she cried hotly. "You are a traitor to Kappa-Pi, Mallison Gruffman. Who was the sinister stranger I saw you walking with on the covered way after lights out last night?"

Mallison went pale and bit her lip. All the girls looked curiously at her. In the sudden silence a slim dark girl glided into the room. It was Poreen Tamewaring, the mystery girl of Kappa-Pi.

"Beware of treacle," she said cryptically, and glided out as silently as she had come in.

A hysterical giggle came from Mora Fife. "I'm afraid," she stammered. "Ever since the silver hockey cup was stolen I've known something eerie was going on."

"Shut up, Mora!" said Roan Flusky in a cheerful voice. "Don't let's get morbid."

"It's no use trying to hush things up," cried Annie, her page-boy bob bobbing in her eagerness. "Things have been going on. We've all heard the rumour of a secret passage leading from Kappa-Pi to the gymnasium. Maybe that explains the footsteps we hear in the dead of night. And there's no getting away from the fact that the hockey cup has disappeared."

Mallison, who had crept quietly to the door, slid out unnoticed. No one realised that she herself held a great secret, and also that she was determined to solve the mystery of Kappa-Pi, and win the acclaim of the warden. She had determined to follow Poreen Tamewaring, and noticed the slim dark form of the other girl gliding along the corridor. As she watched, the mystery girl paused before a door, then opened it and stepped quickly into a room.

Mallison moved swiftly along to the door. Reaching it she paused, and her brows contracted above her green eyes. What was Poreen Tamewaring doing in the warden's room? She moved closer and applied her ear to the door. A faint murmur of conversation could be heard. Her heart pounded, for she knew the warden was out. Could it be . . .? An incredible thought flashed across her mind. She bent down and peered through the keyhole. What she saw caused her to stand up unbelievably for a moment before she began to scream. She screamed loudly and continuously.

In the common-room the girls heard her. "That's Mallison," said Barbie Crosswell, getting up quickly.

"I'm afraid," muttered Mora Fife, "there's something queer happening." She hung back as the others crowded out the door. They pounded up the corridor forgetting all rules. Mallison Gruffman, pale as death, confronted them before the warden's door.

"In there!" she whispered through bloodless lips, pointing with a shaking hand to the fatal panels. No one moved until Barbie Crosswell stepped forward with determination and flung wide the door. Her eyes dilated, then she too screamed and reeled backwards, covering her face with her hands. The girls stared unbelievably. There was a thud as one of them slid to the floor in a faint.

[The next instalment of this enthralling Serial will be printed in our next issue in one year's time.]

Book Review

Students of social studies will be interested in Mrs. Markham's "History of England for the Use of Young Persons."

There is a delightful intimacy in the methods used. In what motherly way is knowledge communicated, and how integrated is the course provided. History is made no barren relation of dry facts, but the very fount of guidance and moral rectitude.

In Mrs. Markham's book, each chapter is a story told to Richard, George and Mary as they gather around their mother in the drawing room after dinner. Discussion follows each story. One by one, the kings and queens of history come before the tribunal of Mrs. Markham's judgment and found either worthy or unworthy.

The discussions are particularly interesting. After the misdeeds of William the Conqueror and William Rufus have been narrated, young Richard is moved to say, "I shall be glad, Mamma, when you come to a good king. It is very disagreeable to hear about bad people." This prompts Mrs. Markham to a deep observation: "It is one of the great drawbacks of reading history that it is such a painful record of human crime."

How cleverly religion, morality and history are blended in this specimen excerpt:—

Mrs. Markham: "The ladies in Queen Mary's time used to carry in their hands large fans with handles a yard long; and you will never guess what these handles were for."

Mary: "No, tell us, Mamma."

Mrs. Markham: "They were for beating their daughters with. Even so lately as when my mother was a child, parents were exceedingly harsh with their children and she has told me many instances of the severest punishments being inflicted for very slight offences."

Mary: "I am sure of one thing, Mamma, which is that such people's children could never love them."

Mrs. Markham: "Then think, my dear, how much love, reverence and duty children ought to bear to kind indulgent parents."

The book deserves commendation. ("History of England," Mrs. Markham, pub. 1821.)

A.M.

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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.

Live Specimens

During the forthcoming practice all second year students should use live specimens for their Nature Study lessons. The following may help. First years must refrain because the practice is too dangerous.

Those requiring yabbies should have a muddy pair of shoes; if not, bare feet will do. Yabbies may be found in the dam, and by placing the finger, or in the case of bare feet, the toe, below the surface of the water, a strong nip may be experienced. That is the time to draw in the toe or the finger, whichever applies, and place the specimen in a bucket which has been acquired. This will prove to be a good specimen for some time, but after two or three weeks tends to become rather inactive and if misplaced can readily be found.

The frog is another excellent subject. These are plentiful on the edge of the lagoon. All that is required is a torch, patience, good neuro-muscular co-ordination, a natural liking for frogs and a change of clothes. The procedure to adopt is to approach the lagoon at night, sweep the torch along the water's edge, make a quick grab at the frog squatting expectantly on the bank, slip and fall into the water. This is repeated several times until you come up with the live specimen. This can be kept in a bottle with some water and ventilation for some days. After that it tends to become inactive unless freed in suitable circumstances.

If that plant specimen you are using appears to move in an agitated manner, don't worry, remember it is a live specimen—another possible explanation is that it is a supervised lesson and you are nervous.

A.C.

WAGGA EISTEDDFOD

An announcement was made in last week's "Advertiser" which should be of interest to students. The Committee of the Wagga Eisteddfod has decided on increased prize money for the main choral contest. First prize is now £100, second £35 and third £10 if three or more choirs enter; if two choirs enter, the first prize is £35. Literary sections have been taken out of the syllabus because of poor response in entries last year.

WHEN YOU THINK

FURNITURE

THINK

NESBITTS, WAGGA

Demonstrations

One of the main features of your College training is the opportunity for visits to the Demonstration School to observe practicing teachers at work. These periods of observation and discussion, and the periods when you take up practice teaching in the schools, are designed to allow you to find out how the principles of teaching you absorb in your lectures may be developed in the class-room, and how you must adapt yourselves to the job of teaching.

Perhaps it would interest you to know just how much thought and effort is involved in preparing these demonstrations for you. The teachers' skill in presenting the lessons is generally appreciated, although the best lessons often seem so easy and fluent that one wonders where the skill lies. Behind these lessons, all the knowledge and experience, patience and care of teachers who love their work can be sensed but only with difficulty analysed. And the teachers have discussed these lessons with lecturers, determining the precise aims, selecting the most suitable methods of presentation, and striking a balance between two people working freely over the problems of teaching. In addition, the Headmaster and Mistresses of the school have discussed with both lecturers and teachers how the lessons may best be arranged. Furthermore, the lecturers have discussed the principles they want demonstrated amongst themselves and with the Principal, so that when you observe a good lesson you have observed a nice balance between good theory and good practice.

Other conditions, too, are operating to make these lessons a success. The rooms are arranged with chairs so that you may easily and comfortably observe the teacher and the class, and as these chairs are not normally in the rooms, someone has taken the trouble to arrange them for you. Again, there are the buses that convey you to the school, and as these are special buses, someone has taken the trouble to see that they are available when required. And then there are the lesson notes you are supplied with, representing considerable preparation by lecturers, teachers and the office staff.

When you arrive back at College you are given the opportunity to discuss fully each lesson, as a whole and in detail, so that as a result of any demonstration you are left with vivid impressions of the lesson, you have accurate notes on which the lesson was based, your own comments and questions are written down, and points raised in discussion are also recorded.

In these ways the demonstration lessons are fitted into the general plan of training prepared for student teachers. Your first contacts with the children you will one day teach are indirect, but whether you realise it or not, this intermediary period is most important because you are undergoing a slow revolution of attitude: from that of the pupil to that of the teacher.

H.R.

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A Farewell

Marilyn's cornflower-blue eyes, limpid as the translucent waters of a beautiful and unsullied little woodland pool, swept softly over the dearly loved panorama before her. There was an almost unbearable sorrow in those eyes, sweeping as they did with the gentle sound of an internally disturbed vacuum cleaner rather than that of an antiquated straw broom on iron roofing.

With a sigh she dragged these optical illusions back from the far distance of the horse-paddock and the yabby-pond to the nearer and dearer edifices which had been her home for all her College life—how she loved every drop of turpentine in their artistically painted walls!

Never again would she view the turbulent, seething mass of brown cardigans and nylon stockings making little explosions in the gas copper; never again would gastric epidemic make her stomach feel like the eruptive hot-water system outside the kitchen.

Ah! But they were happy days. She recalled in her mind's eye, how the verdant and luxurious lucerne patch flattened beneath the avoirdupois of her studious companions; an image of delicately hued mauve cabbage floated before her; far away in the back-blocks of her girlish memories echoed faintly the sweetly modulated note of the hooter sweetly beckoning her from her bed to the joyous absorption of her day's lectures; the little silver-bell tinklings of the voices of her room-mates mingled harmoniously with the orchestration of alarm clocks and overflowing baths.

Blinking through the tears, she brought the Admin. block into quivering and uncertain focus and a sob escaped her as she realised that she would nevermore be able to feel like an amoeba in the grill room.

It was too much for her sweet soul to bear! She could not leave to take her appointment at Bondi Beach. With a shuddering gasp she plunged into the limpid pool which was her eye and was soulfully drowned.

J.W.

Soccer

The revival of the Wagga Soccer Association has brought the date of the first competition forward to April 30. College will field one team and maybe two. The League will take seven weeks to play and will be followed by a second cup competition, probably run as a league. The season will conclude with a third cup competition on knock-out lines, with final and semi-final.

In the second league, beginning about June 10, College will field two teams. In all there are three cups to be won during the season.

Rugby Union

The re-establishment of the Rugby Union code in Wagga is promising to be very successful, and it is encouraging to those who are interested in this game.

The Wagga Rugby Union has been formed and has affiliated with N.S.W. Rugby Union.

The office-bearers of Wagga Rugby Union are:—

Patrons: Minister for Agriculture, Hon. E. Graham, M.L.A.; the Mayor, Ald. Barrand.

President: Dr. J. Storey.

Secretary: Mr. A. S. Cornell.

Treasurer: Mr. Culverson.

Committee: Messrs. R. Doman, R. Hudson and Harper.

At the inaugural meeting, Mr. R. McKellar, chairman of the Country Rugby Union, promised a money grant, films and as many visiting teams as required by the Wagga Rugby Union. He said he was only sorry that the code had not started last year, so that Wagga could have been included in the itinerary for the "All Blacks" this year. However, he said he hoped and expected Wagga Rugby Union would become firmly established this year, in which case South Africa could play against a Wagga side next year.

Since that meeting the Showground has been hired as a central ground and arrangements are being finalised for eleven teams to visit Wagga during this season. These teams will be coming from Sydney, Melbourne and Canberra.

There will be at least three local teams and possibly five.

The formation of a College Rugby Union Club brings us into line with all Australian Universities and most universities in the Empire, as well as the other Teachers' Colleges. The decision of Wagga Agricultural College to play Rugby Union brings it into line with all Agricultural Colleges.

It has been suggested that season tickets be sold to College students for 5/-. This will entitle the holder to see all matches played at the Showground, including matches played against visiting teams when admission charges will probably be 2/-. It will also entitle the holder to preference in accompanying the team when it plays away, e.g., at Canberra.

(Students desirous of obtaining season tickets should see me as soon as possible.)

A. S. CORNELL.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,—I wish to draw your attention to a circumstance over which as an examination-supervisor I have no control, but for which I trust you may be able to legislate. Last Friday morning a swallow broke the studious calm of the examination hall. Naturally, the fitting grace of a bird is distracting, but this was by no means the limit of its interference. I trust, sir, you will

follow my euphemism: it marred, blemished, stained the white purity of an examination sheet. Naturally, the student concerned was anxious: to clean the paper. You can imagine how mentally upset he would be, and how ill-adjusted he would be to complete his paper. It would be impossible for him to explain the blemish to his examiner: either his meaning would be so blatant as to give offence or so subtly delicate that it would not be understood.

Such unwarranted deeds lead also to a facetiousness on the part of the student. By no means sobered by the paper that he had just completed and the bird had marred, blemished, stained, etc., he left the examination hall stating categorically, "I hope Mr. — thinks more of my answer than that bird."

Can we expect that some kind of rigid control may be enforced, either to keep birds out of the examination hall, or, if they must come in, during their disconcerting dartings?—Yours, etc.,

A.M.

Sir,—During a recent visit to the garden city of the south, I was privileged to tour the campus of your celebrated College. Hailing from Italy where music is not rare or fettered within the record, I was charmed to hear music everywhere. I thought it must surely be the Pipes of Pan in this Arcadian setting, but, on enquiry, I found that the majority of the students are flautists. This was a wonderful discovery. The Music Department must be commended for its initiative and enthusiasm.

It is to be hoped that this ideal may be perpetuated and that lecturers and students will never become accustomed to the music they cannot help hearing. What I really mean is that they must never let such experiences become stale, but on each outburst, find delight in the subtle uncertainties of this instrument.—Yours, etc.,

ANTONIO MAGNAFIGLIO.

Sir,—I desire through the medium of your scholarly columns to inquire as to the procedure which has been put into operation for the appointment of the second year Wagga students to the various schools of the State when they leave your honoured halls of learning at the termination of the present term. I institute this investigation because, while I would not dream of offending the officials in charge of the appointments or the rather sensitive students who will be making their entry somewhat timidly into the austere and initially terrifying educational world, at the same time I feel I cannot face the overwhelming possibility of having one of these students standing on my school doorstep on May 17.

My reasons, sir, are, I consider, indubitably sane and weighty ones, which a person of my temperament and high ideals cannot but feel strongly. I should like to list them in order of merit, or should I say—the order in which I feel them most strongly:

(1) I understand that these will be the students notorious throughout the Riverina as the "Pioneers," which means, so I understand, that they lived through unbelievably crude conditions in the early days of the College and have as a consequence developed a deplorably Spartan spirit which leads them (a) to refuse to allow the classrooms to be heated in the Winter; (b) to insist on daily route marches through the mud in the rainy season as part of the development of attitude; (c) to introduce instruction (with demonstration) in washing and starching to all classes, boys included, and (d) to force the children to recite daily an ideal four-square meal which sternly omits sausages, steak, corned meat, carrots, cabbage, swede, peas, junket, bread and many other equally pleasant and essential foods.

(2) I am told on good authority that these students invariably take with them wherever they go a new-fangled musical instrument known as a marauder toot, which they play at all hours and even to the children. As I object to jazz music of any kind and as I do not wish the children in my school to be contaminated in this way, I would prefer not to have to meet such ex-students rather than to have to tell them (kindly but sternly) to keep the marauder toot at the bottom of the suitcase where it rightly belongs.

(3) One of my informants (who actually had these students in his school) tells me that they disrupt the whole organisation of the establishment by insisting on undressing for their physical jerks and actually appear in unseemly briefs or shorts and even do the exercises with the children. As I desire my staff to be dignified on all occasions, I could not possibly condone such behaviour.

(4) I find it hard to believe, but am also told that on numerous occasions the children are not only permitted but even encouraged to dress up and act plays, together with some other nonsense called miming, within school hours, to the accompaniment of loud sounds of delight by the other children. Now I permit this reluctantly on my speech day, but I will not have time wasted during my normal working day in this fashion. I wish my staff to get on with the real job of teaching, and cannot foresee anything but trouble with ex-students who are not willing to leave such fripperies behind them.

(5) Finally, I have heard that this particular session of students is reputed to be rather boastful, and also reacts in a most peculiar fashion to any mention of the word "pioneers." As I have a sentimental attachment to that noble Australian poem, "The Pioneers," commencing, "We are the old-world people," and to other great literary works on that theme, and as I prefer my ex-students to be meek and ever eager to submit to my superior wisdom and experience, I feel it would be happier for all concerned if those responsible for reporting to the Appointments Board requested that the vacancy at Grumbly Grumbly be filled by someone other than one of these no doubt worthy students.

Trusting that I have not offended, and expressing the earnest hope that you may all learn with the passing of the years.—I remain, yours faithfully,

(Miss) MATILDA SNIFFWELL.

Grumbly Grumbly.

Sir,—As the prospective mother of a proud male student about to enter the W.T.C., I would be most grateful if you could set my mind at rest over a few points which disturb me. My boy is somewhat delicate in his constitution and does require rest. He retires usually at nine. Would he then find calm and quietness? He has been brought up with a nice amount of personal modesty, so I hope he could occupy one of the single-bedded rooms, preferably one with a private bathroom. It is essential that the maid entrusted to his room fully understands that flannel sheets must be aired for fifteen minutes in moderate sunlight on a plastic line, between the hours of ten and eleven. On Saturdays and Sundays of course this would not be necessary as he rests after breakfast in bed.

A word, please, to the College laundress. Under no circumstances starch his collars; he suffers from a perpetual sunburnt neck. His underclothing needs only the gentlest of luxing as he is most fastidious over personal charm. And please, please take care with his socks. They must be darned horizontally and vertically—not on any account diagonally.

The bootboy need not clean my boy's shoes, as he has been trained to polish them himself. I like to see a young man at liberty to express himself as an individual.

Finally, a rather delicate matter. On his afternoon constitutional strolls, which I understand are always under supervision, I would be grateful if he was not forced to walk beside a student of the opposite sex. His reactions under such circumstances are, to me as his mother, quite inexplicable.

I do hope you will all enjoy my boy's company as much as I know he will enjoy yours.—Yours, etc.,

"MOTHER OF ONE."

Sir,—It is indeed time a concerted attack was made upon a pernicious influence that threatens the stability of our community life. I refer to a thin ectoplasmic wailing that haunts the air after nightfall, a ghostly caterwauling, an inharmonious, nerve-wracking thread of sound—in short, Sir, the recorder flute. I think it high time a stand was made against the Music Department of this establishment, a department which seems to be actuated by an insane desire to wreck the seraphic calm of the campus, the deep peace of the dormitories. The recorder flute itself is an instrument which is in shape questionable, in origin doubtful, and in performance blasphemous. It is an outrage against Nature and against God.—Yours, etc.,

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."

Subject Subtleties

BIOLOGY

The cockroach sits on the crisples
And sings to the malt within—
Oh, isn't it just too awful to think
That he'll end on a student's pin!

ENGLISH

a new book has just appeared
which should be read
critically
and in entirety
by the English Option.
it is called
"The Lug-Worm's Farewell"
and deals
(in the thought-stream method)
with the mental conflicts
of a destroyer of tympanic membranes
—a near-extinct, never-classified,
noise-making
insect
called
a
pioneer.

MATHS.

If all the angles, sextants and Jutes
had been measured properly in the first
place there wouldn't have been any
need
for me to be running in circles.

MUSIC

Noxious weeds are recorder flutes,
They grows and blows and the air
pollutes:
As music supplies so many vile tooters
I can't understand why we bought
the darned hooters.

HISTORY

The occupants
Of various sarcophagi
Are surely
The dry bones
Of history.

PSYCH.

Has it ever occurred
To the psych-mad stude
To wonder
How the holes in a gorgongola
Would behave
If they did? ? ? ?

HYGIENE

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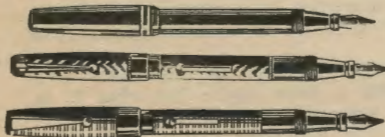
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The Master Drive

My daily newspaper to be collected at the College shop. A simple unobtrusive matter, but I was fool enough to go when the student body was not confined to lecture rooms. With effort and patience I manoeuvred my way through the masses of men and women towards the counter. On either side I was conscious of the steady munching of hot pies, of tongues licking eagerly at coloured ice cream and the strident death-rattle of a drained milk shake.

Psychologists talk of the "desire for food, the drive or motive in food seeking behaviour," and there is little doubt that this biogenetic drive is a basic principle of College organization. I am convinced the regular (?) wall of the College hooter is designed to meet the needs of this primary instinct. To wit, the lecture periods allow for numerous snacks at the shop and fifty minutes for the digestive juices to take action prior to the next intake of food. Then there are the three mammoth treks every day, when students move purposively across the grounds, along covered ways to the College dining room. To stave off the dull gnawing sensations, the students in impatient groups converse on the weather. . . . At last the welcome signal is given. A door opens. The cry is taken up and the hungry insurgents storm the entrance.

Every opportunity for ample consumption is given, even to the lecturers' kindly solicitations as they hover around the last few tables. Yet the onlooker is puzzled as to the many emaciated students wending their way from the dining room precincts towards the College shop. Perhaps this may be explained by the psychologist's comment that hunger is "often measured in animal experiments by the duration of food deprivation."

When one would consider the food craving had been substantially appeased, the instinct drives the student body to concerted action for supper foraging. Provisions for this next orgy necessitate a prolonged but interesting walk to the College shop.

I note several supper rites are practised. There is the open air gathering with the grilling of sausages and eggs at the end of the dormitory hut, accompanied by corroboree noises. The immenser rite is dignified with its quiet efficiency. Neither of these compare, however, with the occult supper ritual of the spirit stove. With lights dimmed, voices hushed, groups of students huddle in a circle around the tiny blue flame, their salivary glands awater. Slowly there permeates through the dormitory corridor the smell of cheese, toast, coffee, sardines. Voices become louder, odours more sharp, and the rite nears its climax.

O future landladies, see to your victuals and pantry! The Wagga student is a hungry animal.

"HUNGERSTRIKE."

The Periodical and the Reader

In the search for material in a library the average reader turns to the book shelves, when often his need could be met by reference to a less obvious source—the periodical. The use and value of the periodical should be appreciated by every student and teacher. It supplements the basic book collection of a library in its every phase: reference, factual and recreational. The term periodical embraces such publications as magazines, bulletins, journals, transactions of societies, monographs, etc.

To-day events are happening so quickly that frequently books are out of date as soon as they are published, so up-to-date information is only to be found in periodicals. A great deal of original scientific material appears first in journals and often is not reprinted in book form. Furthermore, material in periodicals becomes readily accessible through detailed indexes to periodicals. The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature published by the H. W. Wilson Company indexes American, English and foreign periodicals, pertaining to religion, psychology, education, science, etc. This excellent periodical guide is taken by such large libraries as the Public Library of N.S.W., and with the author, title and subject entries, information in the relevant periodicals may be quickly found.

The College Library offers a fair collection of periodicals and a perusal through the following titles may help in preparation for the next seminar or essay: "American Biology Teacher," "Art and Craft," "Australian Artist," "Australian Geographical Magazine," "Australian Mathematics Teacher," "Australian Musical News," "Australian Museum Magazine," "Australian Quarterly," "Britain To-day," "British Book News," "British Journal of Educational Psychology," "Child Education," "Drama," "Educational Administration and Supervision," "Far Eastern Survey," "Foreign Affairs," "Geographical Magazine," "Grade Teacher," "Historical Studies," "Hour Book Magazine," "Hygeia," "International Affairs," "Journal of Education," "Journal of Health and Physical Education," "Journal of Physical Education," "Junior Bookshelf," "Mathematics Teacher," "Meanjin Papers," "Musical America," "National Geographic Magazine," "Nature Magazine," "Pacific Affairs," "Pictorial Education," "Poetry," "School and Society," "School Arts," "Southerly," "Stage," "Stitchcraft," "Studio," "Swimming Times," "Teachers' World," "Tempo," "Times Educational Supplement," "Times Literary Supplement," "Wild Life," "Workshop."

My, you do look cheerful. Where've you been?"

"Out to the cemetery."

"Why, anyone dead?"

"Yes, all of 'em."

Athletic Training

Athletic training is an all-round-the-year business, which must be worked out to the finest detail. One of the main essentials is to set yourself a goal and train for it. The correct schedule is—winter training, conditioning period, special training and competitive training.

Regularity is the secret of success. It's no good training for a month, then stopping for a month. You have to go in for training which lasts a whole year. Football, cricket, baseball and all other sports as well as athletics need conditioning periods. If a sportsman lacks condition, he is not able to do special training, so essential in sports. Heart, lungs, muscles and other organs must be built up to work for long periods—and to work economically.

Conditioning takes time because it varies with stature, age, physical ability and sex. Young athletes come to hand quicker than older ones; seasoned athletes need less conditioning than newcomers; middle and long-distance runners need much more work than sprinters, jumpers and throwers.

There are many ways to build up condition. The simplest ways are running, walking and calisthenics. If an athlete trains the whole year round on the track, he will become mentally tired, so the best place for conditioning is the bush. Bush training is a decided asset if the ground is hilly, because the tempo changes all the time. This means that more muscle fibres are busy, and the heart is developed through constant increase in speed.

When perfect condition is attained, and not before, the athlete can start his special training. It is then that skill can be improved. Sprinters must learn to start again; middle and long distance runners to judge their best speed; throwers to run and jump as well as use the implements; jumpers to sprint and throw. Knowledge of his best speed is the most important thing for a distance runner. If he can't judge this he is likely to go too fast at the start and too slowly at the finish.

After the competitive season, an athlete must not stop immediately, but should indulge in recovery or winter training to prepare the tensed body for a complete rest. Once again, walking and light running in the bush is best.

With regard to diet, athletes should eat what they are accustomed to, and they won't get into any trouble with digestion during training. But, remember, when in strict training, rest is essential—at least eight hours sleep a day.

Although most of my advice seems to be pointed at athletes, all sportsmen should act on these lines.

JAN BLANKERS.

Lesson Notes Please

All aboard and the bus lurches out of the College gates with its cargo of snails, sandwiches and starry-eyed

students bound for destination Practice School.

But stop! Des has been standing too long by the parking pole talking to his Desdemona and is now hurdling the gasometer, with his Adam's apple quivering with inner tension for its seat in the bus with the snails, the sandwiches, and the starry-eyed Eve.

Des, panting like a wolf, scrambles aboard, picks up his bag that Jim has so kindly placed in the bus for him and between pants, sits down.

The bus continues, picks up a supervisor and twenty-six psychic eyes look at him saying, "We are the A's—you are the B—just wait and C." Further on the bus is boarded by two students who live in an "out of circulation" vacuum and can be distinguished by their new (well fed) look.

And the talks are on with Jack opening and closing his mouth like a rusty gate as he warbles, "My Shirley has rat-traps under window," a recording of which is somewhere in the bus and is to be used for his musical appreciation lesson. Jerry flexes his hamstrings to the rhythm of Don's sonorous snores. Max does some quick eye exercises with Bev. and Erica. Lindsay and Harry are cuddled up in their own ornithological thoughts of tasty Red Wyandottes and gaily coloured Cock Robins. Three first years just sit and wonder.

At last the bus arrives. There is a sorting out of legs and arms, followed by a quick exchange here and there. Jack looks for his gramophone record of "My Shirley catching rats under her window" and to his gentlemanly horror finds that Des, (the wolf) has recorded his pants on it with record-breaking results. Alf's voice can be heard saying, "Don't you want your lunch-box?"

Inside the school hasty preparations are made to begin lessons. Max discovers he has left the hole of his Dutch-dyke back at College and will not be able to do his sand-tray model. Noel with an "excuse me, please," makes a chalky impression on the blackboard. Des opens his bag but finds that his humanitarian friend Jim had freed his snails and that they had underlined the main headings of his lesson notes with their silvery trail. His depression is quickly given an uplift when he has visions of Jim in bed at night being troubled with worms.

The school day is over, just like that. All aboard and the bus speeds back to the College gates, sans snails and sans sandwiches, but full of prac.happy students thinking of tea and thee.

B.U.S.

The New Members of Staff

We've now met the new College "Vice," And all of us think he's quite nice,*

But—once plans are made,
And we try to dissaude,
We don't seem to cut any ice.

(*He asked us to rhyme "vice" with "nice"—was he afraid of "mice" or "lice"?)

We thought, when we met Mr. Millar,
"Society's eminent pillar,"

But his velvet-brown eyes
Have extracted such sighs
That we mutter instead, "Lady-killar."

We never cut Art any more,
It's so thrilling to look at Miss Waugh;
And perspective's a word
That she's not even heard;
Do you wonder we come to adore?

Her efficiency's settin' us rockin',
We dance till our two knees are knockin';
When "Waltz Graduation"
Receives its ovation,
We'll hand it to Mrs. McLoughan.

When you see an ingenuous grin,
And a lank figure following it in,
You murmur, "I knew so,
It's Robinson Crusoe,
The Maths' lecture's going to begin."

Miss Barnes is o'erjoyed it's been showery
For it's watered her new garden bowery.
We'll be happy to see
The array of sweet-pea,
But object if her lectures turn flowery.

Phys. Ed. used to bore me, I vow,
And at tennis I lifted a brow,
But now in the gym,
I exert every limb,
For it's wonderful when you know howe.

—J.M.

The magistrate looked down at the surly prisoner.

"Well," he asked, "how do you plead,
guilty or not guilty?"

"Figger it our yerself; that's wot yer
paid fer."

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