

# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

## HOBSON'S CHOICE

"Hobson's Choice" was the farewell performance of the second year dram. art option group. The play, a particularly difficult one because it involved a Lancashire accent was handled very well by the group with Mrs. Colman's encouragement and assistance.

The play took us back to the late nineteenth century, into the domestic problems of a middle class family. There being no Mrs. Hobson the responsibility of bringing up three daughters as would befit a respectable middle class gentleman fall all upon Henry Hobson (Charlie Lucas). Charlie really put "all" of himself into the part so much that at times he over acted and thus the attention of the audience was drawn to him when it should have focussed upon the other players. However, as regards the Lancashire accent he certainly was the only one who had really mastered it.

Congratulations must also go to Janet Clifford who played the part of the eldest daughter, Maggie, whom Hobson thought was too old for marriage. Maggie was the backbone of the whole play. Without her Hobson would have gone to complete ruin, and heaven only knows how her sisters would have managed to work out their futures. Janet was ably supported by her husband, Will Mossop (Bob Kingdon) as her insipid "better half," and by gum ("oo" as in "took") he showed his true form.

The leading characters were well supported by the rest of the cast. However, after many rehearsals one would imagine that the humour of the play would fall to amuse those acting in it. Apparently this is not so as one particular member drew constant attention to herself by having a continual smile on her face.

I feel that Brian Pettit and Elizabeth Connolly deserve a special mention for their contributions to the play. Congratulations to both of you. All the people who worked bespecial mention. These people directed by Mr. Worthington, Mrs. Colman, Miss Keech and Mr. Bull did an excellent job on stage construction, make-up, lighting and costumes.

All is well that ends well and the dram. art group were rewarded with a special supper after the performance on Saturday night, and at a residential college everyone will agree that food is a suitable reward for anything.

The beginning was just reading lines from a book when it came to your turn, as indicat-

ed by the name in the book before each speech. The names in the book meant "nowt" at all. Who were Henry Hobson, Willie Mossop, Alice and Vicky?

A rehearsal on the stage. Chalk marks, and chairs we sat on for meals and in the dormitory and an auditorium full of nothing but silence. Silence gave nothing in the way of encouragement or suggestion. How unlike a boot-maker's shop. What of this "trap?" Reading from a book, walking around the stage trying earnestly to please Mrs. Colman but sometimes fearing only meagre success. Just as well she is understanding.

A main part, the leading role. I must be successful. To hell with the townfolk (I do hope there is a favourable report in the paper. I'd like a mention of course, but want a

success of the whole play). I want to please and entertain any College fellows, and show the staff I can do something. I must admit I like every pat on the back I can get. I suppose one should not like praise but well, I am human and we all like to achieve something of acclaim.

A small part, a minor roll. Sometimes I think my part should have more to say. Often I feel I must express myself more eloquently. However, such is the play, my part is small but where is Henry without my cues? Mother is coming so I had better be excellent or disinherited. Sometimes I feel I could do the lead more vividly, other times I feel the very right man is there in the role. Now that punch line of mine again

(Continued on Page 6)

## The Next College Production

### IOLANTHE - 3rd to 6th AUGUST, 1960



*A Scene from the first College Production of this Opera*

## EDITORIAL

The attitude in this College in connection with discipline and matters of personal liberty is that to be expected at a boarding school where children are not yet mature enough to discipline themselves. The fact that some students here are not mature and do not exhibit a very responsible attitude is not sufficient justification for the attitude of the Administration.

A Teachers College should be something more than a boarding school where "children" are "taught" subjects at a tertiary level. The position of wardens adopting the role of guardian and disciplinarian seems to me undignified and unnecessary.

The well ordered conduct of general meetings called is proof that students can, at least when occasion demands, exhibit self-discipline and good leadership.

What is wrong at W.W.T.C.? Is there really any need for the sort of restrictions and disciplinary measures imposed upon us? If so, why?

Only a fool would think that some sort of discipline was not essential; but even intelligent people can, and do, disagree about the way in which discipline is achieved.

Disciplinary measures are surely intended to benefit the students themselves. But are the disciplinary measures enforced here likely to benefit students?

The general feeling of students living in College is that their measures are achieving anything but a desirable effect. Students feel they are inmates of an institution which is halfway between an army barracks and a kindergarten. Certainly there is little spirit of co-operation and harmony between wardens and students. Students are treated as delinquent adolescents and the Wardens, instead of being regarded as more learned and mature members of the College are looked upon as Wardens in a reform institution for delinquents.

Has the Administration even made an effort to encourage students to accept a greater part of their own disciplinary problems. Why, for e.g., can't students set up their own disciplinary boards to handle minor infringements of rules? Students will never learn to accept responsibility, unless they are given some. They need the good example if staff and need to be given a chance to conduct their own affairs. "Benign guardians" might be

all very well at a boarding school for immature children, but this is not the way to "give young human beings an opportunity to stretch their mental powers and to learn something of their fellow beings.

If students are given, and do accept, the responsibility of settling some of their own disciplinary problems there will be less friction and more harmony in the dormitories and the College as a whole.

## T.T.A.

Have you signed your Bond yet? If not you soon will and that simple flourish of your pen will bring about varying changes in your respective lives depending upon how free you were previous to coming to College. Mr. Muir himself told us that the Bond requires us "to attend such lectures, pursue such activities and pass such exams as the Department of Education requires."

Few people will object to the validity of compulsory attendance at lectures or the passing of exams as a pre-requisite to graduating but on the control over your activities you may feel some dismay at times, and yet feel that because of the agreements made on your Bond you can do nothing.

This is not altogether true. If you have a reasonable, well founded complaint you can appeal for help from the Teachers' Federation through the College branch of your T.T.A.

Remember, if you have complaints, either as a group or as an individual, see your T.T.A. representatives and they will do their best for you.

The T.T.A. can also help you in a number of other ways.

For instance you can join a special branch of the Teachers' Federation Health Scheme for a payment of £3/3/- per annum and immediately claim the very generous benefits if necessary.

As a T.T.A. member you can also buy goods through "Service Supplies" and benefit by the 10% discount available. These features, however, are only incidental advantages gained from joining your T.T.A. You should join your local association because it needs your support in gaining better conditions for you. For instance, this year a campaign is to be waged for higher allowances for teacher trainees. If you are an active member of your T.T.A. you may be able to help this campaign and so help yourselves.

## MRS. SMITH

Mrs. Smith was born in Moss Vale and attended Bowral High School and upon passing the Leaving Certificate attended Sydney Teachers' College, where she took the Physical Education Course. She graduated in 1951 having obtained the Physical Education Diploma.

Her first appointment was to Parkes High School; then to Casino High School, Newcastle Teachers' College and finally Wagga Teachers' College.

While at Wagga herself, Mrs. Smith represented in Basketball, Softball, Athletics (concentrating on discus throwing) and Hockey. Swimming was also one of her favourite sports but at that time no Inter-Collegiate was held in that sport depriving her of another representation.

Mr. Smith is an officer in the R.A.A.F. and is stationed at Forest Hill. There are no children in the family, but apparently great attention is given to the household pet, a Samoyed.

Mrs. Smith is very interested at the present time in life-saving techniques and of course the Samoyed.

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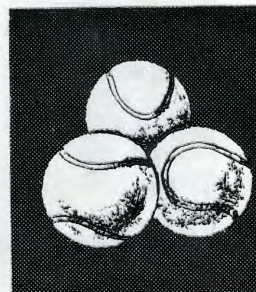
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## THE PHONE ROSTER

### SOME ENLIGHTENMENT FOR FIRST YEARS

No doubt since you have come to College you have heard many opinions about a new and rather irksome feature of life here—the Phone Roster. We on the Talkabout decided that it was about time all the facts were presented to you so as you could separate fact from fallacy once and for all.

Some of the more observant of you, may have noticed a peculiar little box outside the music room which seems to serve no useful purpose. This box once housed the student telephone until it was moved last August holidays, at the discretion of the Principal, to the Mixed Common Room. Upon returning to College students were told that they would have to man a phone roster until further notice.

The Administration took this step mainly because of the failure of many students to answer the phone when it rang. Many callers then became somewhat irate and rang the Principal or the P.M.G. or both, often giving vent to their impatience by throwing in a few insults about the difficulty of obtaining students on the telephone.

Student reaction to the idea of a roster was both immediate and hostile. After much heated talk and argument from both sides during which a motion was actually moved by a representative to disband the S.R.C. it was finally agreed upon to man the phone roster as a temporary measure until some better telephone system could be decided upon. As a result of this it was decided to ask the P.M.G.'s Department to instal phone extensions to one of the men's and one of the women's dormitories.

The important thing for incoming students to remember is that the phone roster in its present form is only a temporary expediency. Make sure that student views on this matter are frequently put before through your S.R.C. We certainly hope that the new system will be in operation as soon as possible.

## "THE GRAPEVINE"

George Orvell may well be proud that his novel "1984" has been so well read in this institution. However, one can be sure the author did not foresee that members of this era would become the victims of such far-reaching ideas. Nevertheless, it is amongst us. The question is should it be condoned or dismissed.

We have become the property of the Education Department in that our personal lives are to become public instead of remaining private. Small, unimportant incidents are questioned and if the desired effect is not established then more drastic measures will have to be taken. But who dares to criticise such actions as they can only be for our own good! After all adolescents can never be credited with sense and sensibility. Nevertheless when it reaches the stage where one's private life becomes the main theme of conversation, whether through lack of ideas to talk about something else or perhaps a genuine interest in the welfare of those concerned, then it is time to protest.

It is time to stand up and say this will no longer be tolerated, for one can only condemn and criticise nonsense of this kind.

—"Elsie"

## SLACKS

The only reason I have ever been given to my enquiry as to why girl teachers college students may not wear slacks to lectures in winter is that to do so is to dress unprofessionally. In all frankness, I would like to pose the question: How many students dress professionally for lectures? It is understandable, perhaps, that the dining room is no place for slacks, but I feel confident that girls who wore slacks to lectures would be willing to modify their dress for meals.

It is just as cold in winter, when we become teachers? Yes, of course it is, but then we do not sit through six hour-long lectures a day when we are qualified teachers.

A point that seems quite unfair to me is that University students on teacher training scholarships are permitted to attend lectures in slacks. Are not these people also to enter the teaching profession? Why then, should they not be compelled to dress professionally whilst in training?

—J.R.

## IT'S OFTEN LIKE THIS

An early morning, a long trip (during which questions and worries of all kinds flashed or dawdled through his mind) and a quick ride through a strange town brought him to College. Bushes, wooden buildings and grass spread themselves before him. A comical circular structure (surely not a lecture room) stood just inside the fence. Was she another Statue of Liberty?

Some parents stood guard over offspring they were going to relinquish to another's control. The momentarily remembered glimpse of his own parents waving from the vanishing station. But being male he forgot all thoughts of home and sauntered in to meet . . . He was cordially called "Mister —" and this brought smiles to him which he kept till later. He still smiles at the "Mister." He was taken to the living quarters. He had not a quarter but a third. Three fellows to a room.

How could he study, sleep, or have any privacy by rooming with two others? However, the company helped him to establish himself in the new surroundings. He had someone to talk to (even second years after initiation) someone bringing comedy into this new situation and he found laughter. The atmosphere and people weren't the same as in the lounge room at his home but there was a friendship to be shared that drew his attention from those not present and made him want to do his one third share, and more, in supplying the friendship in that room. For the first several days he would wait until the room was empty before attempting to change his clothes but before long he suffered only slight embarrassment as he changed in the company of his room mates.

He experienced his first dining room meal midst an unusual clatter and chatter, second years, old hands at eating en masse, and any mess made up the rest of the table at which he found himself. (Hell! What'll I talk about, or whom to? Will I say I'm me or wait till asked? Maybe they'll not ask, or even notice me. Oops, ladies first. Yikes nearly blundered.) He listened as they talked in between their two mouthfuls. He spilt tea on the pretty young lady next to him and apologised.

"I'm ferry for souring the yea on tou." (Well don't laugh I am sorry.) The

laughter isn't derisive but friendly.

He bumped a young lad and caused him to drop his dessert, some of which fell on the floor. The second year fellow gleamed a smile which reminded him of a hungry crocodile said:—

"It's okay, the lecturers get what we leave on the floor. Have you had St. Vitus for very long." He sensed a knife inside. Was it meant to tickle or hurt?

He tried to cover up for worry and lack of confidence by excelling at sport but before long he found it wiser to pass the ball out in a team effort. He was liked just as much for it.

He noticed some of the men talking to groups of women and thought the men to be practising their Casanova acts. He noticed some of the men avoiding women and thought that they could at least talk to some of the women on a friendly basis. Some women he saw to have more disciples, who had more ideas, than those of Our Lord, other women spoke to a chosen few and he thought they should speak to all the men.

He'd like them to speak to him.

Our experiences of orientation and initiation and those exams, are unforgettable. He joined in the fire drill, survived the phys ed., hated "Senior Second Years," and found other first years, especially a Farkhill and Pettit with whom to verbally tear apart this Alcatraz. You can see which part of his first days here he remembers most.

He sat in lectures for the first time and then for many times over and over. He joined in some discussions. Won a point over a lecturer and lost thousands. Only once dare he be late for a certain lecturer. "Motivation," "interest," "discipline," "personal interest in the children," and "phonetics" became common expressions. "Talking is not teaching."

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## NATION'S

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## DEAR BRIDGET COLUMN

This column has been introduced for the benefit of the lovelorn, bewildered and those in need of advice.

Do take advantage of the qualified and experienced expert, Miss Bridget, who will answer your letters as capably and sympathetically as possible.

Dear Bridget,

I have been to a doctor after suffering from stroke and blackouts. He has ordered me to cut out alcohol, tobacco and women and to be in bed by 9 p.m. every night. Is this the best advice I can get?

—"Chronic"

Dear Chronic,

From the kind of life you've had you don't deserve the best.

Dear Bridget,

Three years ago, when I was 18, I got acquainted with a boy real fast and went out with him a good few times in which we became very familiar. Now we are just good friends and I love his older brother, who loves me too. I am afraid the younger brother is going to tell the older brother all about me.

How can I stop him?

—"Worried"

Dear Worried,

You should have stopped him 3 years ago.

Dear Bridget,

My problem seems so hopeless. I am nearly too embarrassed and ashamed to write to you. I am a boy, normal in every respect, but I am so bow-legged it is pitiful. I am not just how-legged I am very bow-legged. I hate to ask girls for a date and swimming is out of the question. Is there any hope for a lonesome bow-legged guy like me.

—Cowboy.

Dear Cowboy,

Contact Murgatroyd Gutten-spinckel, Box 601 and see what she's doing. (?)

Dear Bridget,

I am 17 years old and have been going with a boy for 8 months. He is starting to get

fresh with me and although I don't want to break it off with him I would not want to get into trouble. He says that nothing will happen, what do you think?

—Clara.

Dear Clara,

I wouldn't count on it if I were you.

## THE STRIPPER

Who done it? The mystery of the mighty Myrtle is one known only to a few people—those who did it and those who undid it. For those who think I've had a touch of the sun, read on, and see if you can throw any light on the subject.

It appears that on the night of the fourth instant (or thereabouts) someone appeared at our revered statue Myrtle, carrying a pink petticoat of the old fashioned silk variety, a number of paper rolls, and a Crepe Myrtle sign. It being the kind of a night in which any self-respecting alley cat remains in the nearest garbage tin, it was obvious that there was no fear of being seen. I am pleased to relate that this was not so.

After having satisfactorily decked her with "silks" and "crepes" they stood back to "drink" in the sight of Myrtle's austerity and elegant regalia flapping in the breeze. Whilst thus enjoying themselves, and before completing their task the lights went on. Whoever did so may laugh up his sleeve at the effect he had on the culprits, for obviously enough they didn't wait to exchange pleasantries. The question is WHO UNDRRESSED MYRTLE? and in the early hours of the morning? (1.30 a.m.). Who else was about at this time and why? I guess the paper would be of no use, but the petticoat would be handy for cleaning shoes or polishing cars.

Needless to say, by 6.30 p.m. Myrtle was back in her natural state again. It stands to reason that someone other than the culprits undressed her! WHO! SPOILSPORT!!!

The protagonists assure me they had the true interests of TALKABOUT at heart and meant only to provide some news for the paper by dressing up Myrtle and taking a photo of her for the paper. Thank you for a true and sincere effort for the newspaper and it is regrettable that the venture did not come off.

Better luck next time!!!

—"Flashlight"

## COLLEGE SOCIAL RATING

Tick the alternative applicable and score 3 for C; 2 for B and 1 for A—do be honest with yourself.

1. If a boy asks you out do you:—

- (a) Accept with caution?
- (b) Refer it to your best friend?
- (c) Ask the warden's advice?

2. If a boy tries to kiss you on your first date:—

- (a) Slap his face?
- (b) Go along with him?
- (c) Resist and regret it later?

3. If the boy hasn't enough finance do you:—

- (a) Offer to help out.
- (b) Walk out and leave him in the lurch?
- (c) Tell him what you think of him.

4. In love scenes in the movies do you:—

- (a) Fidget and feel uncomfortable?
- (b) Giggle in a raucous voice.
- (c) Stage a love scene of your own.

5. If your boyfriend pays attention to other girls do you:—

- (a) Act as though you couldn't care less.
- (b) Go home in a huff.
- (c) Chase the other boys present?

If you score—

15: You are excellently socially adjusted.

8-10: Borderline cases and will have to snap out of it.

8 or less: Your a dead beat and need a drastic change in policy.

? ? ?

Principal, on deck!

And to your office go,  
Be ye prepared what ere the heck

To battle with the foe.

Registrar, reproach!

And make your way to town,  
The soccer team has now a coach

Who'll never let them down.

Sub-Matron, steady!

And surgery prepare,  
Your potent lotions now make ready

For studes who've lost their hair.

Janitor, retire!

And close your office down,  
Consign your notes into the fire

And take your leave in town.  
Students all, arise!

And put your suits on,  
You are about to be surprised,  
The cooks have baked a scene.

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Continued from Page 3)

He visited school for dems. (dem. notes become another common thing—oh, the burdened student) and saw classes he could well be teaching in practice. He had heard whippers of this practice teaching. He wondered how he would ever stand in front of a class and teach or "even talk."

(Yes, kids are younger but hell — as a group.)

He gave a talk to the section. He was nervous and hated the lecturer for putting him, as he thought, up for ridicule. But the experience was valuable and when he first stood before the class he felt he was not doing something entirely new to him. The class was more obedient than the section.

He had not known a certain little country town until he found it to be the town to which he would travel each day for three weeks, to teach. The first day there he learned of his lesson for Monday, saw the class, said a clear, crisp, disciplinary "Good morning" to them and took cover up the back of the room. How quickly that weekend flew! Going to sleep Friday night he awoke Monday morning and shuddered as this was D-Day. Breakfast rush to obligations block, rush to the bus, and in no time rush through the trees and paddocks and trees to the town of destiny. Time for his lesson in 10 minutes. His partner was concluding his lesson. Could he do as well as this experienced second year? Now that red-haired nuisance is Gordon, that sweet worker is Paula. The chalk is is, is, oh yes, on the table. My chart is, is, is, oh yes, in my hand. Where's my other hand? Oh yes, in my pocket. He was announced to the children. He rose with dignity, walked to the front of the class ("Don't entertain," be firm and purposeful . . . , motivation . . . , don't touch them, . . . you are boss—I am? . . . gain respect, don't say, "Take out your books for these notes," . . . motivation, . . . my chart, the chalk, my hand).

Before him sat ladies with heads with searching, childish eyes, suddenly he heard a voice—his own. Reasonably fluent (be sure you are heard at the back of the room) and showing little sign of nervousness his voice had the class on its toes working. He caught up with his voice. They ooh-oh'd at his chart, he corrected them. Some ink spilt on a book had him nearly frantic until he discovered the various

powers of a blotter and rubber. He ruthlessly tore an untidy page out of a pupil's book and on the pupil's response wanted to glue the page back again. That pupil's work improved. Questions began to run short, interest waned but the clock, probably also disinterested by now, heralded the end of his first lesson. Shortly it heralded the end of his last lesson here for this practice. He had come through five supervisions which had found his faults. Damn supervisor didn't see his best lessons.

He sang and joked or slept or read on the bus. At least he didn't have to watch the lifeless road with its mesmerising yellow lines. He was uncomfortable one day when he one left unoccupied. He saw romances that were enjoyed on the bus and there alone. At the end of three weeks such would cease. As with a fight it takes two to make them last. A "steady" couple delighted him as he watched them, and heard them work through practice together. Each has had some sort of clown. He, our Don Quixote, thought this clown an attention-seeker, perhaps unstable but anyway a break from the paddocks and trees. About thirty two or three students sang of lecturers in gay fun and aired melodious grievances.

A rushed packing, milling on the footpath and then the station and a long trip (during which fewer questions and worries had opportunity to enter his mind) ended practice and took him home.

When he returned he would soon learn his teaching mark. At home he asked himself and was asked, "Are you liking teaching?" He had chosen a profession. After his first taste of it did he really feel there was his place? What lies ahead at College? Well some father need to keep a shotgun behind the door? Perhaps rebuff would be experienced by him. A chap at Rugby, or on the line, a star on stage or perhaps a prompt or stage hand.

The sun rises, the sun sets. There is a cleansing shower of rain or a temper-filled storm, the chill of winter and warmth of summer and the chill of cold water or warmth of "College pie and sinker."

Two years hence he will be where? Tibooburra, Wollongong, Murwillumbah or Albury. He'll follow people similar to himself as he completes his course and he will in turn be followed by many more. The course may change but students will always be students.

—Non-de-plume.

## "OFFENCE UNKNOWN"

The Case of the Incredible Orange Peel

### SCENE 1

TIME: Saturday afternoon.  
PLACE: Jarrah - Yapunyah Common Room.

Enter warden who tells second years grouped around the fire that there is orange peel on floor and demands to know—who threw it?

No reply from second years grouped around the fire.

Exit warden.

Second years realise the seriousness of the offence and mark the spot by placing a tin over the peel so that it will remain as exhibit A in the "Case of the Incredible Orange Peel."

### SCENE 2

TIME: Saturday night.  
PLACE: As above.

First year girls on common room duty enter to sweep floor. Second years explain seriousness of the matter as they tell first years NOT to move the orange peel, i.e. Exhibit A. First years sweep common room but avoid moving orange peel.

### SCENE 3

TIME: Saturday night.  
Place: As above.

Warden enters and sees orange peel on freshly swept floor. She demands to know the reason. Innocent first year replies that it is supposed to stay there. Warden wants to know:—

- (a) Who threw it?
- (b) Who said that it should remain as evidence.

No reply from second years grouped around the fire.

Warden says in indignant voice, "Nobody knows anything about anything in this place."

Exit warden.

TIME: A few moments later.  
PLACE: As above.

Enter warden with a first year who obediently picks up the orange peel. Exhibit A is thrown in dust bin.

### QUESTION

Is there any College Rule against decorating common rooms (where they exist) with orange peel???

**Apologies to Mr. Donegan**  
Do you lose your rigid standards,

In the mixed com Sunday night?

Do those wild barbaric bongos  
Set your passions fast alight?  
Does that big bass drum inspire you

To actions that will blight?  
Do you lose your rigid standards

In the mixed com Sunday night?

—"Godless Scot."

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(Continued from Page 1)

The stage is quickly changed and begins to seem like a boot-maker's shop. The work of many is not seen for it is over before the first night's production. Painting, hammering, re-assuring, cursing, experimenting, marking, searching, erecting, hoping.

By now the names in the book have a life if only for several hours each night. Room mates and girl friends or boy friends hear actors and actresses through their parts. Some speeches just don't come quickly. No memory. Speeches you feel really express your own wishes, beliefs and hopes come quickly to mind. Another person shares part of your life. You slip into an accent when not even rehearsing your part. You know you own a shop, have daughters. You are Willie of no self-confidence, or Maggie, mistress of your father's shop, determined and thirty.

The option has laughed at the trifle meaning, eaten the refreshments supplied by its hard working producer. The members of the option know a freer, more comfortable, more enjoyable Mrs. Colman than the rest see only in lectures. She has laughed with the option at errors; slight misdemeanors but always the aim has been a successful production.

Dress rehearsal! We are not ready for it! An anxious few days for producer, cast, prompt and properties manager. Last minute swot of lines still not known. Is the play alright? Are the jokes funny? The players, actors and actresses, have heard the jokes for so long the jokes have become stale.

Tickets are selling, first glimpse of the programme. Formal tea. Mr. Muir wishes well for us and in his way thanks members of staff. Make-up time. Peek through the curtains. Yikes an audience here tonight. Oh no, a young kid. You spoil our show and I'll eat you alive! Best of luck from a friend.

Alice and Vickey are on, enter Maggie, enter Albert, enter Henry, who is next? Laughter, quiet, laughter, curtain. Quiet, laughter, curtain, hand clapping assemble, curtain open, clapping. Well that is something well done.

Congratulations. Sleep. The cast disperses for Saturday sport. Some play, some view others and clap them for fine sporting efforts. No member of cast injured. Good.

Laughter, clapping. Quiet, laughter, laughter, dramatic moments, curtain, clapping,

last look at audience, clapping. Presentation of bouquets.

Congratulations. Supper and then to bed. Sunday feels strange, almost as if a death has occurred.

A boot shop is being taken down. There is no more—a cellar for a home, just a room in a dormitory. Soon characters are only speeches after a name in a book, though sometimes familiar words and a familiar accent jolt someone's memory.

### I am a Tape Recorder

"You'll learn that here we do one thing, think of another — it's called co-ordination."

"15, 25, 30 — ambivert."

"Do you think College rules will restrict you?"

"... oh no, because everyone else is doing the same thing at the same time."

"— does being with girls appeal to you as an outlet?"

"Yes."

"You realise you could get into hot water? you have to be careful —"

"I won't get involved with anyone."

"It's best to be sure. . . . and what have you got in your pocket . . . ?"

"... Doctor Paradine is a little hard of hearing."

"What was your pass in the Leaving?"

"Five subjects — 5 B's."

"Yes! It's a honey of a pass, isn't it!"

"Well, do you like the girls?"

"Well I like 'em, but I'm not sorta rairing to get at 'em if that's what you mean!"

"Does that watch worry you?"

"Yes, it's my favourite fiddling piece."

"Well you have to fiddle with something, I suppose you're entitled to play with your watch. There's not mu.h else you can play with here, mind you."

"Have you a sister?"

"Yes . . . 9!"

"Too young, to, sort of awaken any feeling?"

"Yes — only feelings of repulsion!"

"The Munn/Thorndike test for speed."

"Three blind mice; doesn't that arouse feelings of pity in you? — cutting of their tails?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You seem to take feelings of patriotism and pity!"

—SBU

### OVERHEARD

Did you know — suffers from acatalectic fits?

I felt embarrassed for poor Darby, everyone was looking at him and my hair was all straight!!

I know but cannot tell! Pucker up and say prunes—baby!

She's the vacuum cleaner type — just purrs and takes in the dirt.

Meteorologist — a man who can look into a girl's eyes and tell "whether."  
Forwhatweareabouttoreceivemay thelordmakeustrulythankful.

Amen.

One skeleton to another, "If we had any guts we'd get the hell out of here."

### Ode to a Water Melon

A water melon seed lay Once in a garden dry and bare, resting there;

One day it began to shoot And Pituri Dorm did cheer and hoot.

We nurtured it through summer's heat,

And a little melon oh so neat!

Appeared and so excited, hearty Planned a very happy party. But alas! now it has departed And we bewail our melon martyred.

—"Melancholy"

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# APPOINTMENTS

JANUARY — 1960

## PRIMARY - WOMEN

Andrews, Leila M., Rydal-  
mere East; Archer, Leonie,  
Dundas; Austin, Wendy M.,  
Lyneham Inf.; Bartlett, Dulcie  
J., Albury North; Bowler, Dor-  
othy J., Tottenham; Brown,  
Judith W., Regents Park;  
Bulmer, Pamela F., Cootamun-  
dra Inf.; Clark, Margaret S.,  
Chester Hill Nth.; Collingridge,  
Fay D., Cootamundra Inf.;  
Cook, Jacqueline R., Canley  
Vale G.; Couchman, Susan  
Jean, Holbrook; Crakanthorp,  
Lorraine Elizabeth, Ingleburn;  
Cunnington, Colline Margaret,  
Dareton; Dean, Beverley Flor-  
ence, Corowa Inf.; De Brouwer,  
Robyn Louise, East Hills  
Inf.; Dinham, Anne Patricia,  
Bexley; Donovan, Joycelyn,  
Sutherland North; Edgar,  
Margaret Elizabeth, Berkeley  
West; Edmunds, Gretchen  
Gladwell, Hammondville; Fair-  
bairn, Kay, Primbee; Fairley,  
Joan Margaret, Blakehurst  
Inf.; Fenton, Barbara Jean-  
ette, Grong Grong; Flynn,  
Dedre Clair, Tomerong; Fut-  
cher, Beverley Ann, Figtree  
Inf.; Grieves, Julie Ann, Lyne-  
ham Inf.; Guthrie, Chris ina  
Ann, Wollongong West; Halle-  
nan, Jann, Lake Heights; Hay-  
es, Carmel, Villawood East;  
Hayes, Janet Helena, Black-  
town Inf.; Heery, Margaret  
Ruth, Inverell; Humphrey,  
Helen Margaret, Cabramatta;  
Jenkins, Joan; Hermidale;  
Johnson, Nerelle Isabelle, Oak-  
wood; Jones, Lucy Hope, Den-  
iliquin; Lodge, Jann Maree,  
Griffith G.; Louttit, Shirley  
Anne, Tilba Tilba; Lysaught,  
Anne Margaret, Wyalong; Mc-  
Garry, Judith, Rand; McKen-  
zie, Margaret Anne, Berkeley  
Inf.; McPherson, Doreen,  
Mathoura; Mason, Marcia  
Anne, Albion Park Rail;  
Matheson, Laurel Vivien, Al-  
bury Inf.; Meizer, Yvonne  
Therese, Yowie Bay Inf.; Mid-  
dlemiss, Elaine, Cooma Pr.;  
Moffat, Mary, Thirroul Pr.;  
Newman, Marie Verna, Bred-  
bo; Northey, Gail Florence,  
Red Hill; Oliver, Margaret  
Ann, Broken Hill Nth. Inf.;  
Page, Norma Frances, Griffith  
North Inf.; Paterson, Mary  
Edna, Bendick Murrell; Pat-  
erson, Maureen Anne, Laving-  
ton East; Probert, Elizabeth  
May, Bourke Inf.; Pugsley,  
Margaret MacGowan, Narra-  
bundah Inf.; Reid, Catherine  
Rae, Figtree; Roberts, Bever-  
ley Mary, Tarrawanna Inf.;  
Roberts, Caroline Valerie,

Fredrickton; Rutledge, Anne  
Patricia, The Rock; Scarlett,  
Ena Millicent, Bombala; Sell,  
Jean Lynette, Uranquinty;  
Simpfendorfer, Marie Grace,  
Tarcutta; Smith, Edith Mary,  
Kiama Inf.; Smith, Jennifer  
Joan; East Hills Inf.; Stret-  
ton, Beverley May, Yagoona;  
Symonds, Elizabeth, Blayney  
Inf.; Terlick, Janwyn, Tar-  
cutta; Thomas, Thelma Helen,  
Warren; Vallance, Barbara  
Frances, Condobolin; Vine-  
burg, Moya Louise, Windsor  
Park; Walker, Margaret Anne,  
Howlong; Walsh, Jean Eliza-  
beth, Oaklands; Wane, Carol  
Helen; Railwaytown; Watts,  
Rhonda Faye, Ungarie; Wil-  
liams, Patricia Lee, Burke  
Ward; Willson, Helen Lillian,  
Camdenville Inf.

## PRIMARY - MEN

Aird, Ian L., Windsor South;  
Anderson, Raymond J., Fair-  
vale; Anderson, Russell C.,  
Walkyrie; Baker, James S.,  
Riverwood; Bingham, Warren,  
Cascade; Bonnor, Michael L.  
H., Bigga; Borzsonyi, Trevor  
(C. L. I.), Cooma Nth.; Brill,  
Edward H., Urana; Burns,  
Terence R., Connells Point;  
Burns, Ronald K., Glenwarrin;  
Carleton, Robert, Bumberry  
Siding; Clune, Malcolm M.,  
Cookamidgera; Collien, Nor-  
man A., Woolbrook; Dobson,  
Peter W., Seven Hills West;  
Flatters, Ian A., Illabo; Grah-  
am, Ross L. W., Methul West;  
Hardingham, Kelland R., Hay;  
Hartley, Allan K., Mulwala;  
Hughes, John Ernest, Rooty  
Hill; Kaye, Edward G., Bun-  
gendore; Keating, Thomas M.,  
Cakdale; Lake, Thomas R.,  
Warrawidgee; Lephurd, Laur-  
ence G., Baerami Creek; Mel-  
ville, Stanley W., Toongabbie;  
Mulrooney, David L., Burrum-  
buttock; McCarthy, Robert,  
Chester Hill; Plummer, Kevin  
J., Yaven Creek; Rae, Peter  
W., Yaloke; Rayward, Robert  
C., Broken Hill; Reineker, Eric  
B., Brungle; Ryan, Earle W.,  
Castle Hill; Seton-Wilkinson,  
D. G., Morgan Street; Sime  
Edwin D., Mount Pritchard  
East; Slater, Paul F., Berrid-  
dale; Smith, Garth S., Stock-  
inbingal; Sutton, John, Wreck  
Bay Abor.; Szych, Roman,  
Pooncarle; Tasker, Geoffrey  
R., Girraween; Teasdale,  
George R., Warrawong; War-  
ing, Richard J., Bombala;  
Wenban, William H., Mount  
Oriel; Wenham, Neville M.,

Coolamon; Wheatley, Terence  
E., Maroubra Bay.

## JUNIOR SECONDARY WOMEN

Van Boss, Janice M., Cabra-  
matta H.; Byrnes, Maureen E.,  
Culcairn Cent.; Lindsay, Gail  
E., Marsden H.; Murray, Lorna  
J., Narrandera H.; Parkinson,  
Sandra P.; Bega H.; Place,  
Valerie J., Coonamble I. H.;  
Pritchard, Gloria C., Bexley H.  
Sc.; Schemens, Margaret J.,  
St. George G.H.; Sinnett,  
Wendy M. F., Kingsgrove  
North H.; Stevenson, Janet I.  
M., Kingsgrove H. (Hurst-  
ville).

## SOCIAL UNION REPORT

When this issue went to  
press there was little to report  
of events previously held by  
the Social Union. However, in  
this report I would like to  
welcome the first years who  
were elected to our Union and  
we trust that they will provide  
the basis for a strong Social  
Union next year. Those elect-  
ed were Robyn Shanks, Margo  
Hopman, Yvonne Graham,  
Stan Blakemore, Don Ham-  
mand and Dave Martin.

Looking forward to this  
term's functions we hope to  
organise at least one trip to  
the snow, if not two of them,  
more film nights with the films  
being shown of a required  
standard and, of course, the  
Saturday night dances.

The Social Union looks for-  
ward to your support for its ac-  
tivities and it trusts you will  
enjoy them.

—J. Brasler, Pres.

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## THE MIXED MANGLE

591 Downs 594 in hard slogging game.

The star studded 591 team beat 594 9-3 at the College grounds, in one of the most outstanding and thrilling games witnessed so far this season. The impressive 591 team led by Marcia Bradley found victory no easy aim to achieve due to the stalwart efforts of the 594 team who rallied behind their captain, Paula Thomas, with a fighting spirit never before achieved. Despite unpleasant weather the crowds were most encouraging and the players were spurred on by the cheers from supporters.

The 594 players were very fit, and unsettled the 591 team with their resolute tackling and strong running. Typical of the day's play were the sweeping attacks and a brilliant back-line movements of 594 which were sad to say, on each occasion, broken down by the heavy defence barrier set up by 591. Upton, however, playing for the 594 team scored a magnificent try in the latter stages of the game.

But 591's form and speed proved too much for the 4 players—good backline play and resolute tackling by the forwards made this a thrilling game to watch. Tries were gained by Cody and Conway, who showed some very good handling from the 25. Conway and Bohringer formed a good backbone for this team.

For 591, mention must be made of Dunphy, Lasher and Faulkner, who proved a good combinating in hard rucking. Molan and Baublys were other players who showed out and Molan did a lot of effective running from the line-outs and it generally took two and sometimes three to drag down this power horse. Another outstanding player was the captain, Marcia Bradley, that stocky little outside centre from Tumut, who proved a strong player for her team. Line-outs were skilfully handled by speedy winger, Fewt, and every support was given her by Bohringer and Brown, who proved again they are of the calibre of their predecessors.

For 594, Wolfe, Sheerin and Thomas formed a close combination and a danger in the scrums and forward play. Titheridge, Upton and Webb fought well in the backline in repeated attempts at the '59 line. Thompson won favour with the crowds by giving a splendid display of continental football, helping to bring her

team close to the heavily defended touchline. On the whole it was quite an eventful match and perhaps some provision could be made for further mixed into-section matches.

## SOCCER

Well, the season is under way again and pre-season trial match form augers very well for a successful year. In our first trial match (and incidentally the first time the players had an opportunity to turn out together.

We were able to hold the strong R.A.A.F. side to a 2-all draw after being down 1-0 at half time. The hard sun-baked ground at Forest Hill made the ball particularly hard to control. In the second trial game College tasted defeat at the hands of Wagga United to the tune of 5-3. However, this was no disgrace, and the absence of Warren Williams from the centre forward berth considerably weakened the forward line on that occasion. This match was followed by a 6-4 defeat of Henwood Park, a team which managed to finish on top in every encounter with College last year. The first signs of teamwork were shown on this occasion and the score was no indication of the trend of the match as poor shooting was responsible for many wasted goals.

All members are training very hard with the knowledge that only the best 11 players will take the field. Faced with the difficulty of placing one player in front of another, it was decided to form a Selection Committee, consisting of Mr. Jones, Mr. Cleverley and Mr. Flintham. At a meeting held on Wednesday, 27th April, 1960, T. Skinner was elected captain and Malcolm Lobb vice-captain. It was also decided that all new players should be charged 15/- for the use of a shirt for the season, the ultimate aim being to make the present shirts the property of the Club. Equipment has been purchased for the season and our match ball will be an 18 panelled white laceless "Boston."

In the first competition match, College defeated their old rivals Army, 3-2, after a lead of 1-0 at half time. Considering the nature of the ground, the performance was very sound. The stars of the match were perhaps Warren Williams, John Hyland and Malcolm Lobb. However, these players were given great support by Kevin Weber, Kevin Bradburn and Peter Auchterlonie, all of whom lack the experience of other players,

but more than make amends with their enthusiasm and condition. John Jones was given a torrid time between the sticks but managed to weather the storm successfully. Inside forwards, Ken Gordon and Alex Levitsky made a very favourable impression, the latter scoring an opportunist goal. The wingers found conditions difficult but Alan Starrett was able to push the ball to centre forward Williams for the winning goal late in the match.

In concluding I would like to thank all those people who are lending a hand to us this year, and a special vote of thanks to Mr. Worthington and the groundsman for an excellent new field.

—Tony Skinner

## BASEBALL

The baseball team has made a most promising start to the season although they were beaten by the Army team 8-7. This was a pleasant surprise, both to the team themselves and their coach, and with a little more intensive coaching and the ironing out of small faults in technique our team hopes to reach the semi-finals of the competition at the end of the season. Robert Smyth is the most promising of the newcomers and he is ably supported by Phil Dean and Bill Keast, whose cricket experiences have aided them.

All the boys are keen to learn and I am sure that we will be a force to be reckoned with in the baseball competition, if not this year, then next year.

—J. Brasier.

## IMPRESSIONS OF CRICKET

You have two sides, one out on the field and the other in.

Each man in the side that's in goes out, and when he is out he comes in and the next man goes out till he's out.

When the side that's in is all out, the side that's been out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get out the one that's coming in.

Sometimes you get men still in and not out when the side that is in is finally out.

When both sides have been in and out, including those not out, that's the end of the game.

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