



TALKABOUT

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OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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The Light That Failed

O Hallowe'en, you glorious and inspiring time of year—why didn't you wait a day. O perfect setting for ghoulish goofs and spurious spirits to waft and weave through darkened corridors and fright the sleepless maidens in the night!

It sounds poetic, it sounds quite good, but all I mean to convey is the deplorable lack of intuition on the part of the time of the year.

Can you imagine what the turning off of the dormitory lights on one side of Theta Mu would have meant to the bright sparks of the other side had Hallowe'en but been one day late?

Dainty maidens groping in abysmal wardrobes for—well, just for—and seizing upon or being seized upon by a counterfeit spook—EEK! (hackneyed, isn't it?). The prevailing darkness is and was somewhat unnerving.

Groping my way down the corridor relying on a box of matches, I ran into a gas heater—of necessity my reaction both of thought and word must be censored. On proceeding to and gaining the safety of my room I lit the wicked-smelling, evil-looking little candle stub that does its best to illumine the room, and peered fruitlessly into the mirror. The sunken cheeks, bulbous nose and poppy eyes which stared back at me, involuntarily caused me to utter, "Ye gods! Fanny by Gaslight's got nothing on me!"

Still, it is another of the evil harbingers of the benefits of to-morrow.

One thing we can be thankful for is the extreme common sensibility prevalent amongst us. Candles were chosen as being safer than HURRICANE LAMPS because after all, who wants to wake up half-way to Melbourne?

There is one recorded instance of a sleepy student gazing up at the ceiling and wishing on a tiny circlet of light shining through from above, in mistake for the evening star.

But I can't go on being ridiculous indefinitely, so if someone would like to either back me up or run me down, I invite him, her or it to take up his candle and "Follow the Gleam."

M. E. ABRAHAM.

Editorial

ON this bright and beautiful day this paper, you will find, has improved out of sight. For once you don't have to feel proud of your apathy of which our Ed. is always complaining. Instead we would like to say thanks to those who have filled the bill for us this week. We now realise quite a few of the ills which befall the Editor, so beware, you future Editors.

The material this week is better than ever before and, seeing that you are all bloated capitalists now, we expect to sell six copies per student. Go to it. This is a fine issue, a really remarkable piece of art, and if you aren't mentioned inside it isn't our fault. We have balanced humour with seriousness and have given both aspects of sport (the women's sport being hitherto rather neglected). Thus we hope to have produced an issue of interest to all. Never before have we offered so much for so little.

Wyn Walshaw and Bet Sanders.

Mr. Pim Passes By

The members of the First Year Dramatic Art Option will make their theatrical debut in A. A. Milne's "Mr. Pym Passes By."

The leads are taken by Barry Jackson as George Marden, an English squire; Fay Mullen as Olivia, his wife; and Roy Hudson as the interfering Mr. Pim. The romance is in the capable hands of Don Newman and Audrey Sear as Brian Strange and Dinah respectively. Helen Dawes takes the part of the Aunt, while Cath Laurence handles admirably the part of the Maid.

All these and the producer, Mr. Holland, are working hard for six days of the week. The first few weeks of rehearsals were rather interrupted by the occupation of the hall and the gymnasium by the other productions, but this has now all been settled and production is well under way.

The play contains all the ingredients for a successful comedy—an amusing plot and lines designed for laughs. What more could be desired? The

whole story moves around Mr. Pim's absent-mindedness. This gentleman has been abroad for some time and he returns and tells the twice-married Olivia that her first husband is still alive. The panic thus created and the ensuing explanation make up the plot for this outstanding play.

Interwoven with the main plot is the sub-plot of the lovers. George Marden, the conservative, does not approve of Brian Strange's suite for his niece Dinah. He cannot agree with Brian's ideas on art—he is not impressed by triangular clouds and square sheep. However, Olivia is all for the engagement and it is with her help that all ends well for the couple.

The play will be produced for one night only on 13th December. The box plans will stay at College for a limited time before going down town, so watch the notice boards for the opening date and book early for this production by the First Year Option.

W.S.R. Report

During the visit last July of Miss Leila Giles, a committee was formed in the College to raise funds for World Student Relief. This committee, consisting of lecturer-adviser, representatives from all religious clubs, the S.R.C., and Social and Recreation Committee, pledged itself to raise as much as possible by December this year. The suggested sum was £100.

"Talkabout" has publicised in previous issues the work of the W.S.R. and your committee will conduct in the next six weeks an intensive campaign for funds embracing both town and College.

Deputations have been arranged to approach S.R.C., Little Theatre Group and Social and Recreation Club for donations towards funds. Businessmen and other townspeople are being approached, and it is hoped that the churches will also lend their support.

These means of finance will not, however, be sufficient to raise the sum which we require. As World Student Relief is student help for students we require the support of ALL students in this College.

We need funds by December. The RESPONSIBILITY is on YOU!

Writers' Group Meeting

A meeting of aspiring writers was held in the Art Room on Thursday night, 28th October, in an atmosphere suitable for the passing of deprecatory remarks on each story as it was read.

The general procedure is for the fearful author to read his or her work in his most favourable manner and prepare to defend it against the scathing criticism and the contempt and ridicule levelled at it and its author by all present. In this situation silence is as bad as the most violent criticism (often worse) as what better method of showing disapproval can be found than silent and pitying contemplation of the poor wretch who has been stupid enough to write a thing like that! And presumptuous enough to submit it for our approval! The writer then settles down as quickly and inconspicuously as possible and prepares to mete out like treatment to the next unfortunate.

Thursday night's meeting was a new members' meeting, and it was intended that as many writers as possible (especially First Years) should attend. The response was disappointing, as only 15 people were present. However, we hope to see many new members in attendance in the future.

First was a story by Barbara Spence. This was a psychological study of a man preparing to commit a murder. Jim Butler read a short story called "New Chum," a dissertation on prevailing fallacies concerning the inexperience of Englishmen, newly arrived in this country. Maurice Pitfield then read an anonymous story which was a humorous account of the pitfalls to be encountered in learning to ride a horse. Ralph Waterson read his poem "Condolence," showing the futility of words in expressing deep grief.

Bette Lonergan's "City, The Good Old City," was a story about the narrow outlook and stupid cock-sureness of several youths in a city train. Harry Robertson's was a psychological story giving the thoughts of a railway porter during a short period of day-dreaming.

Wyn Walshaw read her story about a man who disliked the company of women. Alan Fryer's "Horse Play" was a detailed, descriptive story of cruelty to animals. Paul Rees's story dealt with the perversity of human nature in not appreciating kindness from a fellow human. Merv Gray read his study, "Of Fools," a short essay on ignorance. Ralph Hutton read three poems, "Theme and Variations," "Books" and "Modern Enterprise: A Satire." Vera Vine read a retrospective story of a woman missionary in China.

After supper the meeting began to dissolve. But several members stayed behind talking and the discussion continued into the small hours of Friday morning.

The Iron Curtain

This is an attempt to criticise the present College institutions and College students in general. First, the dining hall. The meals are poor, the service lamentable, and the noise loud. Besides this there are numerous oafs, varlets, idiots, dopes, fools, loons and ignoramuses who insist on a "little bit of 'shush'" before our Principal says grace. One particularly loud, penetrating, grating, harsh and delightfully assinine "shush" comes from a sweet, nice, clever, well brought up, well educated, great big lass seated somewhere in the dining hall or, putting it in the vernacular, the manger.

"How very interesting," "do tell," "go on," "you wouldn't read about it," says my inquisitor, "but how does that affect the prices of the Apple and Pear Board at the present time?"

"Why, you great idiot, don't you see; we get oranges to eat at tea time."

Another College custom which I most heartily, definitely and strongly hate, abhor and eschew is the practice of clapping, whistling, cooeing and generally behaving in a most stupid, foolish, idiotic and clownish manner during assemblies, etcetera, etcetera.

"Why is it," says my inquisitor, "that College students have the habit of littering the grounds with oranges?"

"Because they know no better! having been brought up in an orchard where windfalls are a common and accepted thing. Here though, the students are not able to pick them up and sell them."

"Tell me," says my inquisitor, "while these dances are on, why do those girls sit right up at the end of the gymnasium?"

"Because we have quite a few very good athletes in the College who need the extra long distance sprint training. It pleases these athletes, it pleases the girls and it even pleases me, who, being short of leg, must of necessity dance with someone near the doorway."

"Well, then," says my inquisitor, "one thing more. Why, when the pictures are over on Sunday night, does one get crushed, mangled, maimed, trampled, torn, scratched, bit, kicked and pinched as one goes out the doorway?"

"Because, although there are what look to be doorways in the hall, but are only bluffs (in the vernacular—dummies) to catch unwary visitors like yourself. You see, it is most essential that the students hurry away and get their full eight hours sleep."

Accordingly, on being given these answers to his questions, my inquisitor left. He promised to visit me again, two weeks hence, after he was decently doctored and bandaged and was well on the way to recuperation. I am sitting here patiently waiting, thinking, cogitating and devouring my breakfast, a big, juicy, fat, greasy, cold (lamb? ham? horse? dog? goat? or cat—most probable) chop.

"JEAN-JEAN FOU."

Plea For Privacy

Of late, the girls of this College have been subjected to sudden and unexpected official visits.

The sudden and unexpected nature of these visits quite often cause some disturbance and in some cases justifiable embarrassment and annoyance.

Surely the powers that be who arrange and sanction such visits could ring a bell, throw some stones on the roof or something as a warning. It is insufficient to knock on the door and drag the trail of visitors in.

Now that there has been an inside a little thought and consideration for telephone system installed, I think, with the women students, this situation could be eliminated.

Admittedly for some months the girls have been living under conditions which involve workmen painting outside windows, and climbing about above the ceilings fixing electrical wiring, but never has a workman stepped into a bedroom in carrying out his job, without having first knocked and received the O.K.

I feel sure that the girls, although not exactly approving of the free way in which their privacy is being treated, have not developed really strong feelings about it. I therefore appeal to the aforesaid powers that be to eliminate such growth of feeling by pure and simple consideration, for I assure you, we want to keep our privacy.

"VOCE."

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All repairs left with Mr. Logan promptly and efficiently executed.

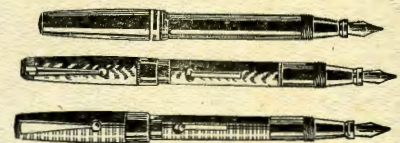
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"THE FARM MATCH"

On Sunday, 3rd November, the first picnic cricket match for this season was held, when College Firsts played a team from the Experiment Farm on the Duke of Kent Oval.

Play commenced at 10.30, when A. Nilon (College captain) won the toss and sent the College side in to bat. The opening batsmen, Wallace and Spiller, were preceded into the field by that dignified double, Graeme Willson and Mark McLaughlin, who "in stern judicial frame of mind" umpired the match.

Meanwhile, in the College kitchen, a party of "cricket wives" were preparing lunch for both teams and the spectators. Mr. Duncan then very kindly transported the lunch and a large can of orange juice (made earlier by some members of the team) to the oval in his car.

At 12 o'clock, however, all hope of a good day's cricket vanished, when a heavy thunderstorm stopped play for the first time. After this, frequent showers caused play to stop and start like "Harold's picture bus."

During these intervals, which were spent in a half-built cottage near the oval, the lunch box was produced by Joan Armstrong, hostess for the day, and the air rang with Mark's melodious cries of "Cheese and gherkin, please!" and Arthur Smith settled down to devouring a book of poetry.

Not all the time was spent in eating, and in the occasional moments of playing cricket, College batsmen scored 105 runs for the loss of six wickets (Geoff Spiller 42 and Don Newman 20),

while Williams and Hyman of the Experiment Farm were the most successful bowlers.

Play ceased about 3.30 p.m., as the field was too wet to continue play, and, although disappointed in the day from the cricket angle, even the most ardent fans declared it socially a success.

SPORTS BLUES

For those who have participated in College sport a system has been devised whereby blues points will be allocated for the awarding of composite and honours blues.

Pennants will be given to all members of College teams, as a memento of their team. The design for these pennants has not yet been finally decided.

The composite blue will be awarded to students who have shown keen interest and sportsmanship in College sport and who gain the requisite number of blues points (eight for men, six for women). The point system is simple. For playing in a representative College team for one year, two points may be submitted; for two years representation, three points. An additional point may be gained for captaincy, representing in Inter-Collegiate, and for gaining an umpire's or referee's badge, but no more than four points may be gained from any one sport.

The sports concerned are: For women, hockey, basketball, tennis, cricko; for men, hockey, cricket, football (all codes), tennis; and for both, athletics and swimming. Points for athletics and swimming are allocated according to standards, based on those of other Colleges. These are not yet finalised, but those interested in times set, may get them from E. Baker.

The honours blues will be awarded to outstanding men and women. The requisite number of points for this honour is 12 for men and 10 for women, and these points must be gained from at least three sports.

To arrange the allocation of blues points a Blues Committee has been formed. To this committee the names of those eligible for points will be handed by the selectors and coach of each sport. The committee was elected from members of the Sports Union, and these members are: D. Manwaring, J. Carey, E. Baker, A. Nilon, K. Brew, J. Hartnett, M. Wright. A copy of the Blues Constitution will be given to

a representative of each sport and the names submitted to the committee by 12th November.

Already some clubs are active and some names have been handed in to the committee with the points each person has earned beside the name. This will be of great help to the committee.

The committee with Mr. Hawcroft and Miss Brown will have the final say in the allocation of points and the awarding of blues in all cases.

E. BAKER.

Uncle Jack's Cabin

This article should be read with great interest as it is the first account of life in the cave published in this paper.

The cave is hut three—that charming little dorm, with the panoramic view of the incinerator and the lucerne patch. It has many characteristics which distinguish it from the other huts. As a matter of fact, it is rumoured that Mr. Ashworth is having special stationery printed for exclusive use in the cave on his morning meanderings. Some cave-men have even had the honour of periodical invitations to drop in and have a little chat at the great man's abode.

At this stage I think I should pause and dedicate this article to someone. Ordinarily I would dedicate it to the love of my life, but as she is unappreciative I will dedicate it to my Uncle Jack Clark.

Jack Clark is the key man in the cave. He cheers us up with his mouth organ, keeps us in cigarettes and makes sure that we get to breakfast on time.

It happens like this. . . .

At 10.30 each night we are sent to bed by our iron-willed hut rep. Ray Haddrill. If anyone objects, then Jack Clark gets comfortable on his feet and leads with a straight left. We then sleep soundly until we are rudely awakened by the "Lismore Terror" (Joe Pestell) arriving home from the pictures in the early hours of the morning. Joe is quite a problem in the cave, as he holds a privileged position and great respect due to the fact that his corner has been recorded.

We then have a few hours sleep till

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the first alarm at 7.15 a.m. The cave-men sleep blissfully through this, all except Jack Clark, who is up like a shot searching for his mouth organ. We are now given a lusty rendition of many tunes a' la Jack Clark.

By this time all the cave-men are up and about, all except the occupants of room two. This room is inhabited by three reprobates, namely, Mitchell, Limon and Dunn. These three characters are Jack's greatest concern.

Clark storms through the door and flings open the windows.

"Come on, Mitchell, get out of bed, it's ten to eight." The guilty one stirs. "MITCHELL!"

The man in bed sits up and rubs his eyes. "What's up, Jack. Who opened that window; do you want a man to freeze to death?"

"I opened it to save myself from suffocating. Now get up."

"O.K., O.K. Don't panic."

With his first job done Jack looks at the next bed. "LIMON!"

Pat sits up and peers about the room. "Where's my blasted safety pin?"

Uncle Jack now faces his final and greatest task, that of extracting Keith Dunn from his blankets. Jack tries persuasion, applied psychology, but finally has to drag the culprit out bodily.

It is now a minute to eight and time for visitors. The "Casino Kid" strolls through the door of room two, stares about, then bursts into hysterics.

"What's up with you, Pepper?"

The Kid replies, "This place reminds me of a zoo. Dunn looks like a black cat, Limon looks like a plucked parrot and Mitchell looks like a gorilla."

The boys fail to be impressed and the pride of Casino makes a hasty exit. Uncle Jack makes another appearance.

"It's right on eight, you blokes."

"Hell's bells."

There is now a great rush for the door and a dozen cave-men set a hot pace for the dining room.

The boys go different ways during breakfast, so we will pick up the threads of the story back in the cave immediately following the meal.

"I swept out yesterday."

"You liar."

"Look, we got a note yesterday and whenever I sweep out we get a note, so grab that broom."

"Hurry up with that broom."

"Listen, Buckingham, get off my back."

The voice of Pat Limon interrupts, "Has anyone seen my safety pin?"

"What do we have first lecture."

"Education."

"Oh ecstasy! My favourite subject. I can hardly wait I'm so excited."

"Step on it, boys, it's five to."

The cave-men now break up and do not meet again collectively until about 5 p.m.

Enter Mitchell. He throws himself upon his bed, sticks his feet out of the window and lights a cigarette. Jack Clark enters and starts pacing about the room.

"If you don't sit down, Jack, you'll wear out the blasted carpets."

"What's up with you?"

"I'm broke, this is my last cigarette, no mail, personal problems, frustration and no sign of improvements." Fair dinkum, Jack, I wish I'd been born rich instead of handsome."

Enter Dunn, "What's up with Mitch?" "He's depressed."

"He's always depressed lately—herbalise me."

"Look, Keith, if YOU don't cut down on smoking MY tobacco won't last US long."

"Wise guy."

Enter Hebrew (a visitor).

"Set me on fire, but watch out for my mo."

"Have you blokes heard about Brother Jackson and the nurse."

"Yeah! Elton told us."

Enter Don Newman. "Got a smoke?"

"Clark, get your mouth organ out; we can stand it."

Jack needs no second invitation and very soon the sweet soft notes of music crash and thunder about the room.

"What's the time, men?"

"Half-past five."

"SACRAMENTO" (John Gorman).

"I think I'll shave."

"Don't touch my motor bike."

Figures drift in and out of the cave bearing soap, towels, razors, etc.

"O.K., boys, we'll wander up to tea."

The boys return from tea and discuss the evening's plans.

"Going to the pictures?"

"No, I'm broke."

"You can borrow some of young Bill."

"Anybody seen Arthur Morgan?"

"I think he's gone to Llangolan."

"Pictures any good to-night?"

"Fail to impress."

"Herbalise me."

"How are you blokes going to get on when I run out of tobacco?"

One by one or in small groups the boys drift out into the night and the cave is quiet.

On the Outside Looking In

"Twas five to one at the dining hall
And fifty-one watches to prove it,
But we were outside one and all
For the dining-room clock
Showed one o'clock
And nobody thought to move it.

"Twas like their hide—it hurt our pride
But we were outside—the food inside,
And every one of us starving,
So wiping our grins we all trooped in;
I was among the last and as I went
past

Miss Wylie went crook 'cos the clock
was fast.

With the clock at one twenty
Bev and Tom made their entry
And caused quite a fuss amongst us;
The jumper Bev wore for Miss Wylie's
inspection

Was a violent red—to match her complexion.

J. A. B.

There are three classes of women—the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

A man can fall many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.

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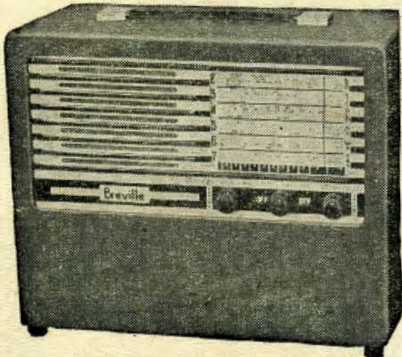
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We hear from our Reuter correspondent, who unlike "Talkabout," is a week behind the times, that there is a lot of DESTRUCTION on the BARBARY Front. With apologies to Brodie Mack, we would like to know if the sports model is really interested in COLLERING anyone or not

This also comes from our Reuter correspondent, who would also like to know if the interest she showed in a handsome blonde was just a casual flirtation, a gay interlude or a debunked love affair. While on the subject, our correspondent strongly advises the last-mentioned blonde to go for brunettes in future as he couldn't do worse than his last two-haired heartaches.

He would also like to know if the model's dark-haired man of the moment was engaged as was the model in a flirtation or a flop while he temporarily left her for a couple of terms.

Our correspondent also asks, "Is Bob being cheated? What goes on between the pair?" I venture to reply, "Plenty."

Bonnie Gibbs me the works, She also worked on quite a few other eligible bachelors.

Brian Webb's DOTTY. Four overs and still in, Brian. What's the batting average?

Is Jill really Noble?

Judy's got her HANDS in many pockets.

We hate to be selfish with this column and we haven't had Eileen it yet, so we're waiting for her to start PICKING a beau.

Be kind to Roy, Irene; he's only a boy and these males are such fools.

While I'm on the topic of males, some girls don't seem to find them quite as short as I do. I'd like one of them to take me away from this saucer of milk and stroke me.

What's Kersy going to catch in the trap she's preparing?

"Mr. Pim Passes By" is going to be a weak show judging by the poor standard of Brother Jackson's embraces. Fay was most disappointed.

Marg. Moore is keeping late hours again.

I hope my endeavour to satiate the lust of the intellectual few has met with general approval. Now I must return to the milk.

Letters to the Editor

Section 484,
Teachers' College,
Wagga.

(The Editor, "Talkabout")

Dear Sir,—I would like to draw your attention to the state of lighting in the lecture rooms where we do our compulsory study. It is extremely trying on those with comparatively weak eyes to have to sit for three hours with a half-hour break, in such a dim light.

In such a College where a high standard of academic achievement is expected, weakened eyesight due to bad lighting is much to be deplored.

Of course, this applies not only to the lecture rooms, but also to dormitories. We can appreciate the difficulties which we are under here, but I think the least we can expect is that the one night we are forced to study for three hours in electric light we could have good light to work in.—Yours faithfully,

E. MORTON.

(The Editor, "Talkabout")

Dear Sir,—We, and I think I may speak for the majority of the First Year students of this College, have grown exceedingly annoyed at the continual use of the term "Pioneer" when applied, as it has been on many occasions, to the present Second Year Students, the first session of this College. The term has come to express exclusiveness and superiority. And, while we feel that it is an honour to be the first session of a Teachers' College, we feel that it shows a lack of taste and tact to continually use the word in a spirit of self praise and vainglory.—Yours,

MERV. GRAY.

(The Editor, "Talkabout")

Dear Sir,—It is with great regret that I have to criticize your paper.

Firstly, the content and policy of your paper is most unsatisfactory. You are obviously labouring under the misapprehension that you are writing for a group of intellectuals destined to become leaders of the community. You are not. The bulk of your readers appears to be in the first stages of adolescence.

You possibly do not know it, but about the only part of your paper read is that wonderful collection of human experience, "Watson."

Therefore, Mr. Fryer, I think you should reconstruct your paper around the interests of your readers.

"Watson" should not only be kept; it should be enlarged. Any articles submitted to you containing any thought should be immediately consigned to that little tin you keep in the corner.

To satisfy the literary requirements of the female section of this institution I suggest a weekly article entitled "Your Future in the Stars." Of course, some of the women of this College are wide readers and "Watson" and the star column may not keep them in reading matter for a full week. To cater for

these extra heavy readers, may I suggest something along the lines of Dorothy Dix.

The men are less interested in literature than the women, and I think a comic strip on the lines of Joe Palooka, together with the latest racing form, should satisfy their needs.

If you still have some space left might I suggest the latest weather forecasts. This should provide sufficient subject matter for the bulk of intellectual conversation carried on in this institution.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN MITCHELL.

(The Editor, "Talkabout")

Dear Sir,—Early this term an announcement was made to the effect that the evening meal would commence at 6 o'clock instead of 5.30, as was the custom, thus allowing students more time for outdoor activities and sport on the summer afternoons.

This scheme met with great approval, but hardly had we realised the extent of our new freedom when it was found necessary by those in control to continue lectures until 5 o'clock in exchange for free periods during the day.

That is why to-day we see students and lecturers slowly making towards their respective rooms when the clock reaches four.

At this time the conditions for lectures are, I should say, not quite ideal. The staff have had afternoon tea and are usually a little late for the lecture, but when at length they do appear they see before them numbers of visibly weary students. The lecture begins—the sun seeps through the atmosphere and words become unknown quantities. Still it must continue, but by four forty-five even the lecturer has succumbed to his repressed wishes.

Educationally, the value of such a period cannot be other than a minus quantity and yet sections have up to four each week.

Therefore, it is imperative that, if lectures are to continue at their normal rate, changes should be made in the time-table and important lectures given earlier in the day.—Yours faithfully,

W. W. GRANT.

On Conductors and Conducting

AN EPITOMISED HISTORY OF CONDUCTING

It was the custom at the Sistine Chapel in the fifteenth century to beat time for a performance with a "Sol Fa" which was a roll of paper. Here the "conductor" was merely a human metronome, but as the years passed on his importance increased. By the middle of the eighteenth century the conductor existed in the form of a guide

seated at the harpsichord to give singers their notes and assist in cases of emergency. The custom of beating time survived and was done noisily with a baton and a desk. In 1820 Spohr successfully introduced the baton in London. Here is his account of the event:

"I took my stand in front of the orchestra, drew my directing baton from my coat pocket, and gave the signal to begin. Quite alarmed at such a novel proceeding, some of the directors protested against it, but the triumph of the baton as a time-giver was decisive, and no one was seen any more seated at the piano during performances of symphonies and overtures." Mendelssohn was the first real conductor, but it was Wagner who founded the modern school of conducting and most conducting is now based on his principles.

THE CONDUCTOR'S ART AND FUNCTION

In the application conducting consists of two things, the physical element and the purely musical or technical element. These are two essentials. Wagner's fundamental principles were the ability to give and maintain tempo (the most difficult aspect), and the thread which binds the work (the "meto" as he called it). The physical element refers to a natural gift of gesture which must have a definite meaning and be clear, fluent and powerful.

Perhaps the least important part of a conductor's business is the conducting at the performance. More important are such functions as editing parts, technically elucidating scores, program building, rehearsal arrangements and so on. One of the heaviest tasks of the conductor is that of choosing a suitable programme which in itself is an art. Another difficulty lies in the arrangement of the orchestra. Here the conductor has to use his own discretion and seat the orchestra in such a way that both the orchestra and his conscience will be comfortable. Batons, their choice and use and the use or non-use of scores afford an inexhaustible supply of headaches to the conscientious conductor.

The prime duty of the conductor is to obtain from the orchestra the best possible performance of the work which is entrusted to him and to take all responsibility for the result.

QUALIFICATIONS AND TRAINING OF A CONDUCTOR

John Barbirolli claims that the most desirable training ground for a conductor is in the opera house, and furthermore a conductor is not made, he is born. If he wishes to conduct without music, then he should be able to write out the score from memory and have plenty of confidence. No tempo should be so slow or so fast as to make it difficult for a melody to be recognisable.

The qualifications, according to Newman, are "composer-psychology, style-analysis and period-aesthetics" combined with a sympathetic outlook.

SOME CONDUCTORS AND THEIR ORCHESTRAS

Arturo Toscanini (N.B.C. Symphony).
Sir Thomas Beecham.
Eugene Ormondy (Philadelphia Symphony).
John Barbirolli (Halle).
Eugene Goossens (Sydney Symphony).
Bruno Walter (Vienna Philharmonic).
Sir Adrian Boult (B.B.C. Symphony).

RALPH J. C. HUTTON.

Attention, Mr. "Spring Forth" Ashworth.

A man who is fond of his bed is unlikely to be a danger to the community, but the early-riser can be a potential threat, and ought to be compelled to register with the police.—"Inch Times."

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