



# TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Volume 5, No. 6

July 18, 1952

Price: Sixpence

## THE RUSSIAN PARADOX AND WORLD HISTORY

IN the middle of the nineteenth century a Russian thinker, Bakunin, said:

"I now seek God in the Revolution. Revolt means in the first, destruction, and destruction is a creative power."

Bakunin was a forerunner of Bolsheik thought—thought which influenced Lenin. Lenin said after the Revolution:

"What serves the Revolution is moral, this will be the view of a man of escetic integrity and who thought himself to be an orthodox Marxist."

This is the great paradox which the Communists have created. Both Bakunin and Lenin believed in the rightness of Revolution, yet they were prepared to ignore the source of all morals and sense of right and wrong—that is, God.

If the Communist policy entailed starving several thousands of peasants into submission and co-operative working, the Communists were prepared to do it. The very means which the Communists employed to achieve their purpose mocked any rightness which that purpose may have had.

Alexander Herzen, a writer contemporary to Bakunin, thought that "history does not go towards a definite goal; it goes where it is led. It is what Humanity makes it."

This is the thought which underlies every action which the Communists make. This is the thought which preceded the Revolution. The Revolution was an example of man's attempt to take History into his own hands.

Lenin saw the Revolution and all the events which followed it as an example of man's ability to lead history as he wished, and to progress. Unfortunately, progress, as history yearly proves, is never for long in the hands of one race. Almost every important civilisation in history seemed to offer an ideal—until shattered by new challenges and thrown aside. Every civilisation carries with it the seeds of its destruction—the frictions which cause disintegration and present new challenges. The Greek civilisation progressed to become one of the most fruitful ever known, were overcome and sank back into obscurity. So it is right through history, for history is a record of nations striving for power, one against the other. All are bound to fail. In their striving these nations have forgotten God, on whom civilisation is dependent for its very life.

To take the problem to a more individual situation; the human will, which is free is never steady and even in the finest people it rarely expresses idealism for long. The Communists to seek his every goal in history. The Christian will seek his goal in the ultimate consummation of the Kingdom of God on earth.

God is working in history today. Russian pressure is forcing Europe to seek unity

and political understanding, the very reverse of Russia's wishes. Remember Joseph as a slave saying to his brothers: "Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good, to bring it to pass . . . to save much people alive."

We must however realise that God's purposes will only be achieved by man's willing response, or by God's overruling man's disobedience and ignorance. It is only through our response that we can immediately defeat the process of Communism. We must realise our responsibility, and understand that God will be satisfied with nothing short of righteousness in all human relationships. This refers particularly to our re-

lations with the Asian nations. Geographers and military experts have been pointing out for years that Australia would be in dire danger should the Asian nations wish to overcome our country. Obviously, our help is needed in every way to befriend them. We should ask ourselves the question, Will the White Australia Policy help us to befriend the Asiatics, and so save ourselves?

We need Christian, intelligent leaders. Speaking on this on a BBC programme Bishop Berggrav of Norway said: "When God is lost, human life is at once demonised. The demons of modern life are severely punishing us now. The question is: Will their be enough men who will awake in time and give a lead?"

## EDITORIAL

Second Years have received their assignment lists and are now moaning in unison with the First Years who have been studying for their exams. An assignment a week is the greatest that has ever been placed on a Second Year. The question arises, What is the purpose of the assignment? One would assume that most lecturers want to be able to judge the students' working capacity, ability and study habits so that exams would not have too great an influence on the examining of each student. Unfortunately the assignments can scarcely be done satisfactorily if the student also participates fully in extra curricular activities. If the College pretends to provide a balanced education in order to produce an intelligent teacher, that education will naturally include social activities. These activities should, if they are important, not be

discarded. More lecturers than one have complained that activities like the rehearsals of "Patience" are interfering with students' work on assignments. It may be remembered that the Gilbert and Sullivan rehearsals started this year much later than in the previous year.

Further, students have been going to bed (and, it has also been noticed, missing sport), so that they might get sufficient time to finish assignments. Surely it should be apparent that if a full course of lectures—with, incidentally, a great deal of reading required, outside of lecture hours—a full course of assignments cannot satisfactorily be followed.

The choice should be made between lectures and assignments; it is impossible to do both.

ROSS McDONALD.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR,

At the end of this year my boy will be leaving school with six A's and two First-class Honours. I am anxious to secure for him a good educational establishment so that he may further his studies. Could you give details of the Wagga College?—Yours faithfully.

(Mrs.) Ermytrude  
Bogglehen-Brown,

10 The Esplanade,  
South Blowering-By-The  
West.

:: :: ::

I must hasten to inform you that in sending your son to this...—well, Wagga Teachers' College, you will be availing yourself of a great opportunity, that is, of getting rid of your son.

He will be accommodated in a fine room, and since he is a country lad he shouldn't mind the broken window or the sleeping on a pile of straw in a corner of the room. Most people who don't die of consumption in the first year enjoy living here! The College offers a great opportunity for the building of character. Your son will be expected to get up at six-thirty a.m. and always have his bed made at six a.m. He is not allowed to have his breakfast unless he has made his bed and if he doesn't have his bed made he will be punished.

He will be allowed but frequently, thus preventing him from wasting both time and money which he won't have. If he does go out he will be able to exercise his writing and organising talents by writing his doings on a card provided for that purpose. Flippancy with these cards is not tolerated at any time. The cards are specifically required to show the whereabouts of the students concerned, and if goes out only infrequently, the wardens in charge will consider that he has been dishonest and not signed the cards. Malefactors' movements are followed on a large scale wall map. Near headquarters a squad of wardens mounted on a peculiar bicycle machine, known

### TALKABOUT PANEL

Editor: Ross McDonald.

Assistant Editor: Robert Lang.

Sub-Editors: Maggie French,  
Ken Fletcher.

Sports Editor: Tony Sherlock.

Business Manager: Cecil Williams.

as a RicRac-Wreck, are in readiness at all times to check up on lights, hooters, lovers, prowlers, noises, offending and criminal radiators, radios, cards and malefactors heretofore mentioned.

Sickness is treated as part of the natural development of your son who, unless he can prove he is sick—that is, collapse, or do something spectacular—will not be fed unless he wishes to join in with the rest of the students at the dining hall. Students are continually feigning death in order to get time to do work on assignments or pretending they are stricken with bubonic plague or the Black Death in order to get peace and quiet for their work.

Sport is encouraged here and your son may choose any murdering game which he feels will best rid him of his primitive lusts of cholera and murder. "Behind the Gym." is the favourite sport of all.

Academic courses take up most of the time, and though I must specifically mention that extra-curricular activities are necessary for the complete evolution of your son from schoolboy to teacher, and takes up most of the students' time, students should spend very little of their time outside of the library.

Any further enquiries should not be addressed to me but to the Masters of the Rolls, who looks after all tickets, dockets, letters, receipts, incomings, outgoings, projectors, projectionists and Saturday lunch-time bell-ringing.

For the Editor,  
LENINSKY.

Of late, many people have been ill, or have said that they were. Somebody claimed that the students feigned illness in order to get time to work on assignments. If that is true, it shows nothing except that the course is too heavily laden with work, that it is in fact biased. Therefore, I say that it is every student's right to be ill whenever he wishes to, even if all he gets out of his stay-in-bed are four M. & V. tablets and two or three useless, senseless pages on a drivelling, canting, hypocritical, affected, purling, sickening assignments like some treatise on the history of the University. To further my ends I am here presenting a few clues and hints on how to put one over the Matron and get a day in bed.

The first thing to do is to decide which symptoms you'd like to exhibit. The most common are headache-dizziness, temperature, which mean 'flu, and can fortunately be used at any time at all throughout winter. They have been proved to be most effective. Apart from flu and colds it's hard to manage any diseases. For instance, you might have a shot at having polio... headache, dizziness, flush, fever, sore neck, etc., you might be able to manage, but you might find yourselves in Lewisham before you have had time to poke your tongue.

To raise your temperature, try eating a few dozen too many chocolates... if you can afford it. The eating of toothpaste is particularly guaranteed to raise your temperature, though it's a little hard to tell which one will least harm your duodenum. Ipana is probably the best. Also, a few more Aspros than you really need will raise your temperature as well, though it's hard to tell just how many is enough and not too much...

For a white face, try powder or grease paint. You're particularly lucky if you've got (or you know someone who's got) a makeup box. A Dramatic Art Optionist can be very helpful to know. In case of a flushed face, try grease paint again. If you've none at all then rub the face briskly with a towel for a few minutes, or give

yourself a few minutes strenuous exertion. Both of these last two measures are only temporary. And remember to give the eyes a haggard appearance by blackening under them with a black eyebrow pencil.

When interviewing your Warden, or Matron, don't forget the dramatics. Sway heavily against doorposts, sit down quickly, sway slightly on your feet, blink your eyes and look as though you've tasted something nasty, and so on.

Those are all the general hints I can think of. I honestly hope they'll be of use to you in combatting Assignmentitis, which is as you know, not a student's disease, but one entirely confined to lecturers.

**FOR ALL YOUR—**  
TOOLS OF TRADE  
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES  
PAINTING  
EQUIPMENT  
ELECTRICAL  
APPLIANCES  
HOUSEHOLD  
REQUISITES  
FARM and GARDEN  
REQUIREMENTS  
OF OUTSTANDING  
QUALITY  
SEE—

**HARDY'S  
HARDWARE  
PTY. LTD.**

P.O. BOX 143, Wagga  
Phone 2071

**SNAPPY STYLES**

IN  
PULLOVERS  
CARDIGANS  
JACKETS

AT

**KELLY**

&

**CUNNINGHAM**

WAGGA

# MORTALITY IN LITERATURE?

I WILL begin by giving a definition of what I think literature as an art form is concerned with: It is concerned with the problem of adequately presenting human life (and therefore thought) as it appears in our own experience.

There are limitations to this definition, the first of which is concerned with the use of material. There are so many things going on at once in real life that it is impossible to present real life **Completely**. Imagine the jumbled conversation of a group of people which is for us full of allusions to people or happenings which affect the speaker, but have occurred previous to the time chosen for the play, novel or short story.

The second; in life, no problem ever ends in anything but the death of the character concerned. Each problem or situation is so bound up with a hundred others that it is difficult to imagine how real, for example, a short story can become, when in fact it is restricted to the treatment of only one problem. Poetry best deals with this problem—with the concentration that comes from a pertinent selection and careful choice of words and images, a great deal may be said.

I have said that Literature faces a limitation in the amount of material which may be presented; this leads to the third restriction. In literature which is historical in nature—autobiography, historical novel or play, only certain incidents may be selected in order to create the desired effect.

With these facts in view an approach to morality in literature may more intelligently be made. I can best discuss the problem by referring to several books—"Poor Man's Orange"; "Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man" and one in serial form (which appeared in a Sydney rag) "How Dark! My Lady."

First two I have mentioned deal sincerely with life as their different authors see it. "Poor Man's Orange" is intended to give a picture of life in a particular Sydney suburb. Most of those who have read it enjoyed it from that point of view; many who had not read it criticis-

## BLAMEY'S MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS COLLEGE AND CLUB BLAZER SPECIALISTS

ed it as being pornographic, and so criticised its truth.

"The Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man" is an attempt to frame part of a young Irishman's life and so, is particularly affected by the difficulties associated with biographies. The author, James Joyce, presents the immediate problems which surround the "Artist," Stephen Dedalus, and tries to give, as much as is possible, the complexities working on the character. Several times throughout the book Dedalus uses foul language—Dedalus was then a student. This language while it is abhorrent to us socially if shouted out abroad, is (as most of the male students will perhaps shamefacedly admit) part of our chosen vocabulary. If this were omitted from a novel dealing with a student (like ourselves in many respects) that novel would be incomplete in its presentation.

With a book like "How Dark! My Lady" one may only conclude that the writing was deliberately pornographic, as a snare to the reader of the paper which ran this as a serial. Such a publication may rightfully be condemned. As a final point, I would draw your attention to the 'Knight's Tale' in the "Canterbury Tales", of Chaucer, and the "Decameron" of Boccaccio (both of these books are in the library). These books have never been banned or condemned as pornographic, though they have been in the language for hundreds of years.



### WINTER SPORTS Interhouse

Last week we saw the termination of the Intra-Mural Winter Sports Competition. It will most certainly be agreed by all that the competition was a total success. One of the aims of this new competition was to re-awaken House Spirit in the College; no-one could possibly deny that a better house spirit has resulted. Football games could hardly have been played with more determination, and the Inter-House matches could scarcely have been more strongly supported. Everyone waited anxiously for Tuesday afternoon; alarm was considerable when rain or bad weather caused a cancellation of the matches. If you will compare the Inter-House sport of last year with that of this year, you will see that the improvement is obvious. This grand House spirit will last throughout the year.

Mari was leading in an overall estimate, but when the final score was taken, Ipaï was the winner of the Winter Sports:

IPAÏ . . . . .	20
MARI . . . . .	19
KAMBU . . . . .	18
KABI . . . . .	13

I am sure that the whole College is awaiting next term anxiously, when the Summer Sports will begin, and whose final scores will decide the winners of the Principal's Trophy.

### MEN'S BASKETBALL

The men's basketball team is developing into a very good combination. It is unfortunate that they have no Competition to enter for their needed practice, for Intercollegiate. Amongst those vying for Intercol-

legiate selection, Brian Lippiatt has greatly improved and Ron Waters and Gary Ryan have been showing good form. Maybe some **early - morning training** would prove to be beneficial to the team.

### RUGBY UNION

Last week the College Firsts had two very pleasing wins. They beat City 14-13 and RAAF 16-15. The wins showed that the teams have greatly improved, and that their teamwork has displaced individual working. The training has been hard and constant, so that the team deserves every success in the remaining matches.

Suffering from their first defeat after a long series of matches, the College Seconds were defeated last week (score: 15-3) by a superior City Team. There was no doubt whatsoever that the City Players were by far the better on the day. Still, the Seconds have no reason to lose heart, and are looking forward to the game with CYM with confidence and the expectance of a win.

It would be fitting to say that we have in College a very good Referee, in Mr. McLeod. When he is in charge of the field, there is never a cause for complaint.

## STOP PRESS

## PAGES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A MEDIAEVAL STUDENT, UNEARTHED BY A WELL-KNOWN HISTORIAN

"This yeare of Grace, 1220, Julie III; delivered these notes by the voice of Signor Broccoro, at Waggan University for the Indocrination of the Youngers, on the importance of the re-education of the older peoples by the oldest.

— Take hede of the importance of the rodde, whippe thy children until they be dutiful and submissive, saied Signor B. The Bible hath it: "Spare the rodde and spoil the child," but this is to be deplored commonlye as an habit which undermineth the goodlye manneres of our Youngeres. The good child is that which doth obeie and there is no child obeies but has been whipped (in the least) at sunrise and at sunset.

— One Sognoe Gammagio hath been blessed by the Lorde, and hath constructed an excellent worthe Machine for the whippyng of the Young. It appeareth as one big Wheele to which be added mayhap three or even four stout, goodlye Roddes of cane. Be the child made to bend over near unto the Wheele, and the Wheele be set in motione, the Roddes do whirl about, the Boye collectyng them on his hinder parts, is exceedynglye well punished. It doth also give good Punishment to have one other childe to turn the Wheele.

— The roome for the teachyng of the young should be well appointed, and in this waye. The Roome should be huge, and not to well lit. It should be full sixtye feete long and the same amount wide, and made of the huge solid blocks of stoné, that the Winde and the Rain And all the other elements might enter and subjeck the Childe unto his deserved rigorous punishment, though the Instructor must have a care to keep on the warmest of his clothing, that he may not be punished with the Children. The Roome should remaine dank and darke and gloomy, so that Mosse might grow upon the Walles, and Nature will thus be kept in sighte. A goodlye arraye of bats, stuffed alli-

gators and forms of all the Fowles of the air and the Beasts of the Field, doth terrify the Childe full well. Onlie take care that you stuff them yourself, that these be done properly, and not in a slipshod mannere. If the roome be not lighted, but in a state of Gloome, then the Childe will intereste hymselfe not in the roome but in his Bookes before him; he will applie himself diligentlye unto his Bookes and shall not worry on worldlye matters, which are bade in the extreme for a Growing Boye Three good Books are herein set down as worth ye for anie goode teacher to give unto the Childe:

**The Philosophy of Aristotle**, in the originalle tunge, imprinted to his Most Eccelente Worthiness the Principal of this Studium, by one Johanne Skot, at Charelvillio Street, Waggan.

**The Dysyntergrayone of the Schule** in Latine, by Sir Alleyne Clowde, imprinted by the Most Noble Grace and Benificent Endowment of His Maiestie The King, at St. Moye's Alchemistry, Bailere Street, By The Lagune, Waggan.

**The Philosophie And Letteres Of Pliny The Elder**, in the originalle tunge of Latine, and with Notes by the most learned Doctor Makcewizz, and printed by the most Excellent Gracious Condescension of Her Maiestie The Quene by Colinne Buield, in Woggerie Lane, Waggan.

These be most worthe Bookes for the Younge that they might studie them.

— Throughout the daie the Childe should remayne seated on a harde woodene Benche, provided for that purpose; he should show no sines of actyvytye, for this as gross dysobedyence, and should be Punished with whyppeyng in the approved mannere, exceptyng when the Boye doth stand that he might Construe his passage of Greeke or of Latine. If the Boye doth aske to go outside, he should be whyppe until the salt tears do forme, that he might not be

able to go outside, and so miss his most valuable Bookes. A Childe at schule should remayne quite stille at the Pleisure of the Teachere, that he maie learne the Virtues of Obedyence, Respeck and any appertaining Ones. Therein lies the main value of the Schule.

— It be most importante to see that the Envyrones of the Schule be satisfactorie; theie should be drab, uninterestyng, dirty; filled with refuse of all kindes, there should be not Vegetatyone but is Stunted, dirty, covered by Spiders and by all mannere of inseccks; This is that the Childe may not see Nature as mistress, but man as master through God. Also, in this waie, the child maie not be styrrd to cryate and to make thynges; an actyve, makyng childe beith a sine of neglygence and myssapprehenson on the part of the Teachere, and he shoulde be whyped as anie schoolboye by the Elderes of the Church. Authoritye to do this has been granted by His Most Excellent Maiestie.

— Here endeth the lecture for this daie. In the nexte lecture, Signor Walkerio doth intend to lecture upon the History of Education, and the Greek's need for Reformatyone.

### THROUGH THE CRYSTAL BALL . . .

My crystal ball has been cloudy for the last year, but now it becomes clear, and is suddenly filled with confused images and pictures. They chase themselves in a peculiarly frustrating way, all entangled, like people living in a dormitory . . . Now they are clearer, now they are sharply defined, and I receive some vague hint of what will be happening in the very near future, some idea of what will take place, perhaps next year, perhaps the year after, perhaps—who knows when?

I see a group of College students in the year 1953 . . . they are wearing green blazers and grey skirts or trousers . . . they have nice yellow ties, and panama hats . . . they are wearing green socks or yellow stockings . . . the regulations say that they have to . . .

I see a student graduating . . . he is shaking hands

## WAGGA DRY CLEANERS

HIGH QUALITY WORK  
WITH A 24-HOUR  
SERVICE

THERE IS A DEPOT  
AT YOUR  
COLLEGE SHOP

Just down from the Wagga  
Railway Station is

### MERV HOWARD'S

Cycle and Electrical  
Supplies  
Super Elliott Cycle—  
£5 Deposit  
Wynall Cycle—Airzone  
Radio

SPEEDY REPAIRS FOR  
THE STUDENTS

## MORAN & CATO

WAGGA WAGGA

with the speaker . . . he is receiving his diploma . . . the speaker is telling us . . . he has graduated as Bachelor of Rugby Union and of Soccer.

I see a lecturer addressing a group of students . . . he is speaking to them . . . they are writing what he tells them to write . . . now they are doing the sums he puts on the board . . . now it is a composition lesson. Now it is a spelling lesson. Now they are frantically harrying back to their rooms to do their homework for the teachers . . . O! (At this stage the writer suicided.—Asst. Ed.)

(Next year a hopeful First Year will take over the job which the decease of this unfortunate person has left open. We hope there will be no more deaths. First Years are so much more hopeful.—Asst. Editor.)

CHAPTER ONE THIS BARREN LEAF

The old lady walked sedately into the warm garden. She was at least fifty, grey-haired, and a little rheumatically in the joints. Her eyes were a bright china blue, sparkling now as she settled herself into her proper little deck chair. The sun was warm, sending new life through her old bones. Blood pounded through her old arteries again, tearing along the veins and capillaries at an astonishing speed. The old lady removed her shawl and sighed in content. True, she thought, her days were drawing near their end, but what did it matter? She had spent a fruitful life in teaching the little ones of the nation how to read and how to write. And what was more important, she had spent forty years of her life in giving the youngsters that most important element: social adaptation. She had been a keen follower of Mr. Dewey since her college days . . . She was poor in wealth now, admittedly, but that was no matter, compared to what she had done for the children who had been under her charge. She had trained them in such a way that they of all people were at least harmonious social beings. What does it count that she was now an inmate of the Goolywood Old Ladies' Home? Her life's work was accomplished. She had adjusted five hundred little people. She could now rest content—the future of the world was not on her hands. She had done her little bit.

She stirred restlessly. Was her bit done? Surely she could do something to show the rest of the world how horrible it was . . . she could write her memoirs or something . . . then she sighed: at no time in her life had she even resembled Watson, Vita Sackville-West, Boswell, Plato, or any other biographer. And now she seemed further away than ever. "Though shortly" she murmured, "I shall be closer than ever."

The sun poured out his rays in a sheen of molten gold. The rays became hotter and hotter. Again the old lady had that rather terrifying feeling as the blood pounded through her veins and her old bones

warmed: what can be happening, she thought, as a careless leaf, barren and withered, dropped, pirouetting, to her feet. That's me, she thought, dried and useless. Might as well be dead. And to think that I almost committed suicide when I was young. Youth! That's the time to be alive! Time of heartache and repression. Time of ambition and frustration, before the mind is used to being hampered in its very actions, before the body becomes set and stiff, and the mind accustomed to thinking in its own particular way. Ah! to be young again! Where are the snows of yesteryear? If only I could live over again those years. Are they wasted? Did I do anything for the world? Probably not. And I tried—or did I . . . No! It's not the children who need adjusting, it's their parents. O! Why must I die, just as I see light?

She had never been very prominent in anything. Claribel Anterton was just something dressed in a dress whom the boys looked at, and who always received top marks in Education. And now she was waking from a lifelong sleep, only to sleep for eternity. The sun poured down more fervently. The leaves turned red in autumn, and dropped for winter. The new leaves appeared, ripened and turned autumn gold again, as the years slipped past, and Claribel Anterton was again young.

Claribel stepped out of the taxi, paid the driver, collected her suitcases, and only then looked around her. She stood at the front gate of the Teachers' College, Puddling - By - The - Round Towers. A great stretch of lawn swept away in front of the buildings, green for as far as she could see. The buildings themselves were of the colour which was in that period known as Education Brown. Roses were blooming, strangely out of place in that expanse of green and brown, and the gladioli were shooting their unusual green spears through the warm, brown earth. Small clouds were stationary in the sky; blue and white, green and brown, was

the way she remembered the College in spring.

The young lady staggered up the drive in her blue suit, over-burdened by the two-and-a-half suitcases. She came to a halt before the building labelled "Administration Headquarters." After a moment's hesitation, she went inside. The lobby was cool and dark. She sank down gratefully in the genuine olde englishe chair and looked around her. A clock was on the wall to her left. Evidently, no-one had remembered to wind it up since three o'clock the previous night, or else it had just stopped. It certainly wasn't going now. There was a showcase underneath the clock filled with the funniest looking objects. All wriggly and screwy with fishes was one. Another was a lovely shade of red. Its colour, she decided, was its main vertue. Then a woman entered the room. All thin and withered, she was. Claribel decided at once that she must be an Infants' Teacher. She certainly couldn't think of any other occupation that would drive a woman of her age to look so childlike. The woman crept up to her and asked her: "Well, my dear? Another new student for this session." "Yes." Answered Claribel, a little timidly, and added quite unnecessarily, "I've just got here."

"Just arrived, have you dear? Would you like to have a room in Kagi, Theta-Mu or Kambu, dear?"

"The er—the second one," said Claribel, deciding that, like religion and elections, choosing a place to live was a shot in the dark.

"Good! Follow me, darling." And Claribel followed the strange little woman, down a path covered over with boards, to a long, low house with thousands of rooms in it, and three times as many people.

Then the little woman halted.

(The end of Chapter One. Next Chapter will appear in the next issue.)

MT. BUFFALO TRIP

For the very near future a trip has been planned to Mt. Buffalo in Victoria. This will be the most successful of all the trips so far, if everyone is prepared to go, in which case College will be providing the meals. Last year's trip was to Yarran-gobilly Caves.

DEMONSTRARE

To be bored or not to be, That is the question That raises so much controversy. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind To weigh the pros. and cons. of demonstrations Or to take up pens against a storm of protests And by opposing, end them. Yet stay; all that are here must teach, Passing from college to the outer world. And there are more things in schools and such Than are dreamed of in your philosophy, O student. And so to dems! To see! to learn, observe, Perchance to speak! For in that last half hour What things we may discuss. So persevere, dear student And thoughts of dems. will lull thee to thy rest.

—AFEELA.

HUNTERS

"The GIFT Centre" CAN SUPPLY THE FOUNTAIN PEN OR PROPELLING PENCIL YOU REQUIRE ALL THE BEST MAKES STOCKED



HUNTER BROS.

PTY. LTD. STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS WAGGA

3653 Phones 9606

SILVER CAB SERVICE

JOHN M. BUNCAN, PROP. BOOKING OFFICE AND RANK— 147 BAYLIS ST.



### POISONING THE WEAK

**MAN'S ANGLE:** And many of them, too, in the right places. She is not very tall, she is blonde . . . College men prefer blondes, don't you, idiots . . . And figuratively speaking, she is a veritable Miss de Milo. She has that innocent, child-like, staring, provocative, droll look that so captivates the male . . . when she opens her eyes wide, you feel as though you're on the Big Dipper, Luna Park. She is cuddly and tiny, yet hard as nails—rather like a kitten in her own little way.

**WOMAN'S ANGLE:** Nice life she has, in bed at the hospital all day, with all the men (and women) who bring her chocolates and things. Always surprising her, they are. It means she's got a terrific advantage . . . it isn't fair . . . you can do great things with your face if you've got a white background, like a pillow. And those men! Tens and tons of them! That terrific wolf, B. That one that the wise ones call the Apache . . . I mean K . . . John K is always hanging around as well. Oodles and oodles of them . . . many more, I've forgotten how many! And that Ritch bloke from Sydney (there were fun and games when he walked in when O was there) and as well as that she's got another one in Tumut . . . Fred's his name. And just to think that I and B were on the list early this year! It's distressing to think of it.

**INTERESTS:** Music . . . but definitely! She likes Gilbert and Sullivan, Schumann, Beethoven, Stravinsky. She plays the piano well, and missed out being in the Reveue and in Patience only because of the fact that she was in hospital.

**PET PEEVES:** Nasty types . . . whatever that may mean.

**PAST LIFE:** She has always been dominated by men, hence her knowledge of them (intimate). Kevin and she are good friends, and good at that. He woodn't harm her for anything.

**TO SUM UP:** P(r)etty type.

### AFTER THE FLOODS (NOAH'S?)

"On the roads we passed through a villainous boggy and wild country and several times missed our way because the country thereabout is very little inhabited and is really a waste; and there is one spot in particular where the mud is so deep that in my opinion it would scarcely be possible to pass with a coach in winter or in rainy weather."  
—Visit of Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg to England in 1592.

A lot of girls are hoping they'll get to the Intercoll. Ball. As yet, many of them have not been asked. Is the age of chivalry dead? (Yes! —Asst. Editor.)

There seems to be a movement afoot (betwixt lecturers in music) to let students hear some MUSIC. That's a good idea. Admittedly Sullivan (like Shakespeare) had his moments, but he can become nauseating. Besides, aren't you going to give music lessons? And not all rhythm is strict, and dependent on a regular beat.

An assignment a week, Keep a student that way, too.

"Say lad, have you things to do?  
Quick then, while your day's at prime.  
Quick, and if 'tis work to do,  
Here is the place, now is the time."

PhysEd is supposed to play its little part in adapting the

## FIFE'S BAKERIES

Phone 2624 - 2212

242 BAYLIS, 68 BAYLIS STREET  
7a GURWOOD STREET, WAGGA.

"Make Your Studies Easier by Eating FIFE'S Cakes and Pastries"

### CAMERA AND PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

Everything for the Photographer

## GISSING'S PHARMACY

Fitzmaurice St., Wagga  
Opposite Post Office

child his social wretched background! Ha! Ha! What next? I know—a course in pottery restores the insane to normality! (I'd rather be made, wouldn't you?)

College theme song:  
"When the lad for longing sighs,  
Mute and dull of cheer and pale,  
If at death's own door he lies,  
Maiden, you can heal his ail."

Gurkhas landed in Malaya last Friday by night. Since they are all related to Keed (Monst) Curran, none would dare try it by day.

Harry Smith has been made Chief Inspector of Inkwells, to the Ministry of Boil and Trouble.

The Houses want to do Shaw,  
And nothing could be a morne terrible bore.  
But you can't tell them, they're no fools—  
Couldn't possibly use plays from High Schools.

Now the solitary warden approacheth, and 'tis time for dormitory parade. Alas! alack! One must to bed! Is vanish now, as the light is switched off by a very thoughtful warden. I vanish, like my soul dying, into eternity, never to be seen again . . . until next week,

—DR. JAMES WATSON.

## LADIES

Our Showroom carries the most up-to-date stocks of Frocks, Underwear, Millinery in town. But don't take our word for it—see for yourself.

## GENTS

Comfortable Clothes for all weather—and prices as right as the garment—that's what you get from our Mercery Department.

## SPORTS

A full range of all Sporting Requisites always on hand. Restrings and Repairs a Speciality.

## T. EDMONDSON

AND CO. LTD.

Phone 2195  
GURWOOD STREET

## COLLEGE SHOP

MILK BAR, SANDWICH BAR, GROCERIES FOR STATIONERY, HABADASHERY

Agency for Dry Cleaning, Laundry, Boot and Shoe Repair, Developing and Printing

LINDSAY D. KIRK  
PROPRIETOR

FEARNE & SON  
OMNIBUS PROPRIETORS  
PICNICS, DANCING, SPORTING  
TOURING PARTIES  
CATERED FOR  
Phone 2316

## AVOR

Quality Products

for all  
AERATED WATERS AND  
FRUIT SYRUPS  
CAPPY'S TOMATO  
SAUCE  
ASK FOR THEM AT ALL  
SHOPS

P. SWANSBOROUGH  
232 Baylis St., Wagga  
ALL BOOT AND SHOE  
REPAIRS left with  
MR. KIRK  
PROMPTLY ATTENDED  
TO