



# More Pay... Are You Interested?

You, dear reader, whether you are a student or not, should realise the full position as to what is being done about increasing students' allowances, better forms of payment, and more especially how you can do your share towards the achievement of the claims outlined below. Parents, students, what are you going to do about the matter?

ON Friday, the 19th August, 1949, Messrs. L. Crabtree and D. Morgan were the two delegates appointed by the Teacher Trainees of Wagga Teachers' College to attend with delegates from Balmain, Newcastle and Sydney Teachers' Colleges, together with Federation officials, a deputation to Mr. R. J. Heffron (New South Wales Minister for Education).

During a conference lasting over two hours, the subjects for discussion were as follows:—

## 1. Inadequate Student Allowances.

Allowances paid to Teacher Trainees in New South Wales are still inadequate. They compare unfavorably with allowances paid in Victoria, Tasmania and New Zealand. (See table below.)

The New South Wales Teachers' Federation is claiming for Teacher Trainees in New South Wales the following rates: First and second years, £208; third year, £260; fourth and subsequent years, basic wage. This claim has been endorsed by Students' Representative Councils and Teacher Trainee Associations in all five Teachers' Colleges.

2. Payment of allowances by fortnightly cheques.
3. Payment of full salary from termination of College course.
4. Recognition of war service of teachers not previously in College or on bond for the purpose of salary and seniority.

During the course of the conference, many aspects of student hardships were brought forward by the delegates and all received a sympathetic hearing from the Minister.

Instances were quoted in which

students had less than 20/- per week with which to feed and clothe themselves after deductions had been made to pay landladies of boarding houses and fares, etc., to and from College had been accounted for.

To add further weight to our claims for increased allowances, the New South Wales Teachers' Federation has drawn up the following scale of allowances as paid in other States:—

LIVING AT HOME			
Year	N.S.W.	Vic.	N.Z.
1st ...	£112	£169	£145 stg.
2nd ..	£112	£169	£145 stg.
3rd ...	£120	£182	and over 21 yrs. of age.
4th ...	£120	£195	£285
LIVING AWAY FROM HOME			
1st ...	£156	£195	£185 stg.
2nd ..	£156	£195	£185 stg. and over 21 yrs. of age.
3rd ...	£168	£208	
4th ...	£168	£221	£285

The New South Wales Teachers' Federation has claimed for Teacher Trainees in New South Wales the following rates: First and Second Years .. £208  
Third Year ..... £260  
Fourth Year ..... Basic Wage  
The Federation's proposal embodies a flat rate of pay, irrespective of whether you are living at home or away from home.

## WHY YOU SHOULD WORK TO OBTAIN BETTER ALLOWANCES

1. Have you given thought to the acute shortage of teachers and how this will affect you when you graduate?
2. How would you like to teach a class of sixty or so children?
3. Do you think we could do with

more Teacher Trainees?

4. If you can manage an your present allowance, do you think your fellow student does so?
5. Can you afford to buy the essential materials so vital to your training as a teacher?
6. How many of you write home for financial help?
7. Would an increase in allowance bring more suitable young men and women to our ranks?

## HOW YOU CAN HELP TO ACHIEVE THE FEDERATION'S AIM

1. Become a member of your Teacher Trainees' Association.
2. Do your best for a 100 per cent. membership amongst the students. (Remember the lecturing staff has achieved this.)
3. Urge your parents or guardians to write to the local member and the local press.
4. Co-operate in efforts organised to obtain data useful in verifying our claims.
5. Read "Education," your Federation newspaper.

## MEMBERSHIP FIGURES

Read through the following and think them over . . . perhaps you are one of these members.

Section	Members
486 . . . . .	28
487 . . . . .	18
488 . . . . .	30
489 . . . . .	29
490 . . . . .	25
491 . . . . .	18
492 . . . . .	8
493 . . . . .	14
494 . . . . .	17
495 . . . . .	22
Total . . . . .	209

There are 300 of us. Do NOT let other Teachers' Colleges do the work associated with the benefits YOU will enjoy.

Attend your meetings of the T.T.A. and pull your weight.

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## Editorial

SINCE this is going to be another of my frequent moans, I deem it wise to offer some explanation to the student body of the present policy of this paper.

No doubt you have observed that the pages of "Talkabout" often reflect an attitude which is critical and that many worthy aspects of this College are ignored.

This of course is true; we do tend to seek out the worst rather than the best, but there is a reason for it.

When the present staff took over a discussion was held and a policy decided upon. The result of this discussion was our decision of the College as a whole. We decided that the good aspects of the institution far exceeded the bad. We therefore decided that whenever possible we would acknowledge the many aspects we admired, but that a loose-knit policy was desirable which aimed at a reconsideration of the aspects we lamented.

Therefore if at any time you think our pages are too critical we ask you to remember that we realise, probably more than you do yourself, that this College stands second to none with institutions of its kind.

In the first paragraph I mentioned a moan.

The aspect of this College which we deplore most is the apathy of the student body and this, we think, is reflected all too accurately by the great number of students not in the Federation.

What is your attitude to the Federation? Do you wish to see improvements and if you do are you prepared to sit back and share in the benefits secured by those who do the fighting?

Like many other activities here, this concerns you vitally.

Your support is needed by those who would help you to help yourself.

Let that be your thought for the week.

JOHN MITCHELL.

## Much Ado

Since "the common herd" is notably selfish and the individual admittedly egotistic you are concerned mainly with yourself: YOUR career, YOUR health, YOUR loves and hates—YOUR life. Even though you may feel reluctant to admit to yourself that you are an egoist, and even though you may manage to persuade others that you are the essence of modesty, you inwardly believe you possess certain capabilities. These you exploit by display to the most convenient audience with—if you are truly self-confident—little or no persuasion. Though you may hesitate be-

fore declining yourself as a genius, misguided, misused and misunderstood, you believe—you know—you have some potentialities of cleverness, even greatness. Perhaps you can sew? Cook? Sing? Verily you are an accomplished person. Perhaps you can solve crossword puzzles? Answer obscure quizzes? Or do your potentialities of greatness reveal themselves when your stomach and pockets are empty? Astuteness, though directed along lines frowned on by convention, may remedy that emptiness.

[Here a wordy diatribe on the merits of sincerity and initiative seems in order. On such you will be harangued not a little during your "College career," so suffice it to mention that, though necessity may not be the mother of invention, it certainly does entail a little ingenuity and more imagination. However . . .]

Perhaps you can stand on your head? Eat 20 pancakes in five minutes? Save threepence a week? Right. You realise you own definite talents. We now approach the point of this concise, lucid, interesting preamble. Shakespeare informs posterity that "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Here, then, since you probably constitute one of the vast majority who were not born great and have not yet achieved greatness, is your opportunity to enter the third category. Presumably you are able to read and write. Hence the magnanimous staff of 1949 now provide the "tide" in your "affairs," which, "taken at the flood will lead to fortune" or at the least your name in large print. Perhaps you are wondering whither leads this seemingly irrelevant article? It is calculated to convince you that—

- (a) YOU are concerned mainly with your well-being;
- (b) YOU are a clever, intelligent person with unexplored potentialities of greatness;
- (c) YOU are capable of wielding a pen;
- (d) YOU are privileged by being offered the chance to discover whether 1949 will prove the medium of your first grasp at greatness.

So—CAN you write? WILL you write? Do you desire some claim to fame? Do you ever feel sentimental, and would you not experience righteous pride when, 50 years hence, you turn the pages of 1949 with trembling fingers and murmur quaveringly: "I wrote that." It may be only your favourite grandchild who is impressed, but that innate egoism which characterises man will be satisfied not a little. Therefore, reflect a moment on your many capabilities, decide that one is your enthusiasm to tackle those things in which you do not excel, and justify this appeal. You have three weeks in which to decide whether you are to enjoy repute and renown as a short story writer, poet, or critic. Meanwhile—become inspired, find that pen and WRITE!

"BARBARA."

## The "Phys-Ed" Display

At this time the gym is a rendezvous for our more athletic members. Under the capable instruction of Mrs. McCloughan and Mr. Howe they are perfecting their skill in gymnastics for the forthcoming "phys-ed" display.

Both participants and instructors are enthusiastic as they perfect their spectacular acts. When the great day arrives their performance should be faultless.

There will be group work, bar work, vaulting, tumbling and many other displays made interesting by all kinds of variations, such as the human pyramid. The display will be broken by rhythmic dancing displays by girls specially chosen for their ability by Mrs. McCloughan, who has been training them.

The instructors are doing splendid work and we shall eagerly await the time when we shall see it made public. Until then training will continue in order that the display may be a memorable occasion in the year 1949.

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## "TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

Sub-Editors: Barbara Hoare, Jim Butler.

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Spiller.

Business Manager: Don Wiburd.

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## Book Week

We all enjoy reading a good book, and the enjoyment is as great with a young child turning over the pages of his coloured story-book, as it is with the old farmer as he reads the latest Ian Idriess publication.

As teachers, we have an ideal opportunity for fostering in Australian children an appreciation and knowledge of books. Despite the usual complaint from young boys, "Oh, he's sissy. He's always got his head stuck in a book," there is an instinctive desire for reading in each child and it is our pleasant task to provide the children with plenty of good reading matter.

No child can resist the temptation of a gaily coloured cover of a book titled "Young Fu," and as he turns the cover, he will be absorbed in the interest it provides as well as its beauty.

A movement was founded in America several years ago, and it arranged that a special week of the school year should be devoted to the encouragement of the love of books. This week has since come to be celebrated internationally, and is known as Book Week.

In this College, the Library Club has been working for the past few weeks on a project about International Book Week. It is to be celebrated in the week 19th September to 23rd September. On Monday night, 19th September, there is to be an inter-mural book quiz competition in the Assembly Hall. The houses have chosen their very best members and we have made certain that some of the questions, at least, are real "posers." The competition promises to be entertaining and everyone is requested to be present to see his or her house triumph.

Additional to this, there is a bulletin board display on books about children of other lands in the Library's Children Room. One group of the Club has prepared a review of animal stories and another has illustrated Scripture stories.

The ultimate aim of the club's project has been to show possible means of celebrating International Book Week, and we invite all students to visit the Children's Room during Book Week and to attend the quiz competition on 19th September.

D.C.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to note an increasing lack of seriousness in your paper. As a College paper it should attempt to instruct, so I would suggest interesting and educational articles by some of our leading writers. Another innovation would be a column for general discussion of the finer arts.

Perhaps my judgment is too harsh. In that case I humbly apologise and leave the field open to those who wish only to be amused rather than instructed.—Yours, etc.,

"DOCEO."

Dear Sir,—I commend the new note of lighter thought that has entered the pages of "Talkabout." Here is a newspaper worthy of a student body so young and inexperienced as this. Who among us tears feverishly at the pages of a culture periodical in search of the truth about so-and-so's cantata and fugue or perhaps to reveal the horror of Van Gogh's life.

Part of our lives should be devoted to the pursuit of happiness, and in some measure your excellent paper is helping us to achieve this aim.—Yours, etc.,

"GABERLUNZLE."

Dear Sir,—I would like to draw the attention of Miss Cornell to the serious risk of infection which every second year student takes twice each week. I am referring, Sir, to that potential spreader of disease, the recorder flute.

I have no objection to blowing into the fool thing and producing a hideous wail or an ear-splitting squeal, provided I am given a flute for my own, sole, personal use. As an alternative I would suggest sterilising the foul mouthpiece and using an instrument similar to a pipe cleaner for removing the drool, spittle and remains of numerous breakfasts from the piece with the holes in it. Perhaps this would ruin its alleged tone. If this is the case I'll have one for my private use, please.

Why do I not buy one? For the same reason I do not buy a white elephant.—Yours, etc.,

"CONTAMINATED."

Dear Sir,—We no longer are given cracked and handleless cups; our cutlery is no longer greasy nor covered with the residue of several week's meals; our diet is balanced; and everything is done to keep us free of ills. That is, of course, everything with the exception of the elimination of that daddy of all germ carriers, the recorder flute.

Recently, I was given a recorder flute which was thickly encrusted with lipsticks varying in shade from heliotrope to crimson. I looked at it and was sick. My stomach shuddered, my blood turned cold and a shiver ran down my spine. I was seized with a sudden desire to use hot water and an antiseptic soap on my hands. As I held the flute in my weakened grasp, a thin, oily trickle of juice ran from the mouthpiece and formed viscous pools at my feet. I looked around and watched my fellow students raise the flutes to their lips and allow varying quantities of fluid (carrying the collected germs of two sessions) slide into their mouths and on, on to their digestive systems.

In the name of all that's weird and wonderful, can nothing be done?—Yours sincerely,

"PHYSICAL OBJECTOR."

[Because of the number of letters of protest received on this subject (several were rejected because of their redundancy) "Talkabout" has decided that Jim Butler will look more deeply into the matter and his report will be published in next week's paper.—Ed.]

## You Can Help

Do you know any small anecdote concerning life in this College? Can you think of something that is not generally known which you think would make for interesting reading? If you do, just write it down briefly and give it to John Mitchell or Jim Butler. They are after small, amusing incidents to serve, more or less, as comic relief in a novel which they intend writing, and for which they are already gathering material.

They would also appreciate any information which will illustrate a point in the character of any prominent member of the staff or student body.

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## Further Retrospection

"Following up our highly interesting research into the dim past," continued Mr. Lawson, carefully setting down his new set of plastic bag-pipes, "I feel that, without further preamble, the grim struggles of the unspoiled, innocent soul, embroiled in a spirit rocking, homeric struggle with an environment which his careful upbringing had rendered wholly foreign, should be set out," and to the enraptured ears of the audience the following:

Last week of term. Well, the end of term is in sight, and I'm quite sure that it has been quite successful, both because I have worked hard, and what is even more encouraging several of the lecturers (and even some of the lecturers) smile very nicely at me when I meet them. However, I'm afraid that the strenuous efforts that I have been making to bring the other members of the hut around to a saner grasp of the ideals that should motivate a good student have borne but little fruit. To quote a case in point. One of the boys here, who has told me quite confidently that he is a good swimmer, and in fact who has assured me that he has several times swum the Murrumbidgee River from the Alps to the Lachlan and won every swimming trophy in the Riverina, told me one night that an exhibition was being held in the Kyeariba Smith Hall, which he assured me would be quite revealing. Although I was busily engaged in reading my Hughes and Hughes, I decided that the opportunity was too good to be missed, and readily agreed to accompany him. Imagine my surprise and indignation when I found that a Teenagers' Ball was in progress, and that my companion had deliberately misled me. I ground my teeth in rage at the valuable time I was losing, and really spoke to John Bourke in very measured and forceful language. Naturally I returned home at once, but my sleep was disturbed at about ten o'clock that night when several of the other boys, who had been out somewhere that night, banged on the door, and even tried to get in the window. I am grateful that I know better than the others, but wish that our kindly warden would stop the others coming home so late and disturbing me, because my hours of rest are very important to me.

Week ending 11th September. My return to College after the holidays, although I spent a most interesting and profitable vacation, was really something I had looked forward to with eager anticipation. When I thought of the interesting time I could look forward to a thrill of aesthetic pleasure quite captured me. I had hardly arrived at the College, in fact I was proceeding quietly down the corridor of the hut when I met one of the boys who is a little older than the others—I think he must be about eighteen and every ounce of ten stone. His conduct was peculiar to say the least. Firstly he stood right in my way, and poking out his left fist and looking at me with a most horrible leer, he began

to dance around, muttering about "Ron Richards, a straight left, one, two," and missing me by bare inches as he swung his fists backwards and forwards, and at the same time he was uttering such queer sounds as "Clee, clee, cha, cha, etc." He then ran a comb through his curly hair and walked away. I feel that such conduct is hardly in keeping with the serious department required of us.

I think that I have made mention of the College paper. I feel that I must offer a few criticisms of the way it is conducted. The Editor is a really nice boy, and his main function apart from conducting the paper is supplying a tall, handsome, but definitely volatile student with pipe tobacco.

I feel, however, that the publication of this paper is in the hands of a definite clique, as I pointed out in a letter to the Editor some time ago. The main bulk of the articles are evidently written to amuse a very small section of the students, and nothing in the nature of constructive thought ever appears. This should be remedied.

This boy I spoke of above, who borrows pipe tobacco from the Editor, recently decided to give up smoking. I felt that he was to be admired for his determination and even had a few quiet words with him to encourage him. However, the day after I went to "Talkabout" office to see the Editor about an article I was thinking of writing, and there was this person smoking furiously and obviously embarrassed at my sudden appearance, but he told me that he was really breaking in the pipe for one of the boys named Pat McColl, but since he is giving up smoking too, I think the circumstances are rather suspicious. I am thinking of asking our Dorm. Rep., one of the few very nice boys in the hut, for his advice.

It is interesting to note in the College the methods that the lecturers adopt to get their exercise. Four of our lecturers, evidently interested in bird life, very energetically spend their week-ends putting up a fowl-house behind our hut. The dexterity of our English teacher, in using a saw in each hand, and a large fourteen-pound hammer between his teeth, has to be seen to be admired. Our music teacher, a very nice man, took off his tomato soup coloured pullover and red and green banded tie, and looked quite athletic in a blue sports coat and mauve open-necked shirt. I also noticed that Jer. E. Bill was taking an active part in the construction.

"CALAMUS."

(To be continued.)

## Next Week

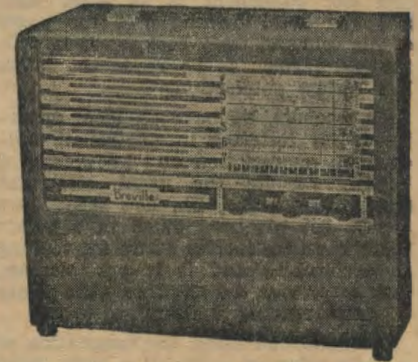
### DEMS.—THEIR VALUE?

Do not miss this controversial article in next week's paper. Do we have too many dems. or not enough? This is one of the questions answered in "Dems—Their Value?"

"Talkabout"—next week.

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## Hut Eight

Contributed by Mr. Y.

In one of the earlier issues of "Talk-about" there were some notes on various personalities of the College for public interest. I have made a study of the characters which make up Hut 8. These observations involved a great deal of detailed research and may be taken as a serious approach upon the character they reveal:

**Crabtree:** Lou is the lean old dog we elected for our hut rep. He has a dry, sardonic wit and is an active member of the Lininsky Society. He is the serious mainstay of the hut and also of Johnny Mitchell whose pipe he is constantly replenishing.

**Broomfield:** Trevor is a footballer (untouchable) and was a sailor—such a combination warrants no comment.

**Hagan:** Jim is that aesthetic looking student who wanders around in a quiet retiring manner.

**Clements:** Roger is the proud owner of "Fifty Ways to Make Love" and of late has, by adoption of the "hard to get" type succeeded in his speciality. He answers to the nommes de guerre of "Casanova," "Lover Boy" and "Kill-her."

**Morrell:** Fine athletic type, shy, quiet and reserved; a direct antithesis to Clements.

**Higgins:** Terry is a footballer and plays in the backs, although at the moment he is all for-WARD. A New-castleite who has similar characteristics at heart to Clements.

**Thompson:** A lone wolf, a specialist in his field who isn't really as bad as he looks.

**Power:** Jim is a correspondence Casanova, and according to his photo album he's not so quiet as his College activities indicate—she's not bad either.

**Pickles:** Pixie shaves once a week and plays soccer.

**Whant:** Fred's first name is Lou, so he knows what he wants.

**Blanche:** Adrian isn't so refinedly pure as his name indicates and he is also the proud possessor of a three-bob cherrywood pipe.

**McKilligan:** Neil's a cyclist.

**Rathy:** John was a footballer, but now is a consistent lover.

**Bruton:** Gordon is a new fresher on whom the College spirit has not yet descended with all its force—but it will.

**Harbiel:** Brian is very patient for a chap who rooms with a clarinet player. He seems quite subdued, but we don't wonder—he is also a star soccer player.

**Spargo:** He's the clarinet player and at least he has a determination to reach his goal—relentless too; however, we'll suffer in silence.

If any readers see Mr. Ashworth wandering around in a daze we implore you to sympathise with him for he is carrying quite a load on his mind and needs to summon all resources to take the inevitable steps.

## Women's Cricket

An attempt is being made to interest the women in cricket. The first meeting was held at the beginning of last term in conjunction with the men and there was a large number of women present. However, at the last meeting there were only six, so it is hoped this does not indicate a lack of interest in the game.

If enough women play, there may be a chance to play against Albury and even to attempt ambitious fields. Nothing is definite yet and nothing will be, without support, so any women who are interested should see Miss Jean Underwood. They can be assured of some friendly sport if not some success, so why not try?

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## Revenge in the Riverina

### CHAPTER THREE

[Last week Deadshot was foully murdered and Violet reported the matter to Listless Lollard, who vowed a terrible vengeance. Now read on.]

A terrible expression appeared on the face of Listless Lollard. His lower jaw made an upward movement then sagged again to a position where it became petrified with determination.

Listless hastily reassured Violet and then paused to think things over.

Hudson's a tough boy . . . I'll need help . . . men of my own stamp . . . of high courage and grim determination . . . I know who I can get . . . why didn't I think of them before. Wallace, Christenson and Schipp, the Three Musketeers, who won the Aggaw Chinese Checker Championship practically single handed.

Stealthily Listless made his way down the stairs and turned his steps to the rail where he had tethered his scooter. Then with a careless toot of his recorder flute he made his way down Fitzhorror Street.

Suddenly Listless jammed on the brakes, for there in the middle of the street, mounted on a jet black stallion, his heavy six-shooters swinging by his hips and a horrible leer spread across his lacerated lips, with hate and evil in his heart, came the terror of the Riverina . . . Scarface Hudson.

As he sighted Listless Scarface felt the usual revulsion that evil feels to good. To him Listless' fine qualities merely served as a foil to his own shallow soul and as the distance between the two men shortened his hands crept closer to his guns.

Listless, however, was not afraid. In the first place he was within his constitutional rights and secondly he knew he had the complete backing of the Recorder Flute Club. Despite his fear he felt a natural revulsion to the evil thing before him and it was for this reason that he retreated a block or two down the street.

He was determined not to turn his back on the foe and because of this he walked back backwards. Soon he came to the bridge over the lagoon where he was unfortunate enough to overbalance and drown. Meanwhile, Scarface advanced until he reached the spot where Listless had dropped his recorder flute. As Scarface leered over the bridge at the body floating in the water he put his foot on the flute and fell heavily to the ground, on which he broke his neck.

Now that the terrific conflict was over the people of the town unbarred the shutters and came out into the street.

To this day in the town of Aggaw Listless Lollard lives as a legend. Every child can tell you how Listless gave his life to revenge Two-Gun Quin and how he rid the South-West of Scarface Hudson.

Somehow the people of Aggaw regard the recorder flute which figured in the drama as being symbolic of Listless and to-day it is kept in a glass case at a training centre near by.

(To be continued.)

## Personality of the Weak

Born 1913, everyone knows Judy Hanns. Those who don't can recognise her by the sticking-plaster on her right or left temple. Judy, who has lived for years in Parks, is a fresh, vivacious young creature, no doubt talented and ever ready with a kind word for her suffering friends.

**Man's Angle:** Has been known to smile. A sincere and intelligent conversationalist who enjoys a joke against anyone else. Possesses an attractive figure, lean, hungry and cat-like.

**Favourite Beverage:** Milk (from a saucer).

**Favourite Musical Instrument:** Harps for relaxation.

**Favourite Books:** "True Romances," "Women in Love," "The Search for Love," "Elusive Love," "Love Lost and Love Regained."

**Favourite Songs:** "Somebody Loves Me," "Prisoner of Love."

**Sport:** Hockey. A proficient exponent of the game and can even show the men a thing or two at this. Watches football (Rugby League).

**Pet Aversion:** Men who write columns in newspapers.

**Ideal Man:** Any kind would do, but if ever given the choice she would take one who is fairly tall, medium complexion, fair hair, with a chest and he must play football.

**Ambition:** Has none.

Kevin Tye enrolled at Fort Street High in 1844, graduating after tremendous effort in 1948. A brilliant sporting career was interrupted during the war years by his enlistment in the school cadets. He was one of the few survivors of Taverner's Hill massacre in which he distinguished himself by gaining "mention in the school magazine." His treatise on "Tactical Retreats" is now lodged in the War Museum, Canberra.

**Woman's Angle:** Is the type that needs smothering. Has a radio, hockey stick, fountain pen, several valuable prints and a stamp collection. Has an amazing capacity for food, would eat anything. Doesn't smoke, drink, swear, talk, is musically gifted, being able to whistle three tunes through with fair accuracy.

**Favourite Books:** "Le Jazz Hot," "Tempo," "Downbeat."

**Favourite Musical Instruments:** Drums and fife.

**Sport:** Hockey, polo, la cross, polo-crosse, gymnastics. Has a formidable list of injuries from the latter, most recent of which being a fractured left ventricle.

**Pet Aversion:** Prunes and junket.

**Favourite Songs:** "Oo Bop She-bam," "Capitol Punishment," "Hey Bop-a-re-bop," "Bop Me Daddy Eight to the Bop" and "Little Bop Peep."

**Ideal Woman:** One with a good all round figure, short with fair hair and ruddy complexion. Must be able to cook and press shirts.

**Ambition:** To be able to study hard and win a C.C.3.

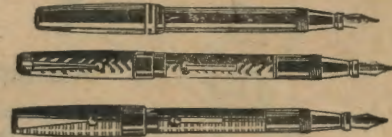
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