



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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Studes Welcome New Lecturers

Wagga Teachers' College began its Lent term on Monday, 28th February. Students began to arrive on the preceding Friday, and a steady stream of vacation-weary, luggage-laden people continued to flow through the gates till Monday morning, when 300 (approximately) teacher-trainees seated themselves at 9 a.m. (Eastern Standard Australian Hooter time) to drink deep of Psych., Hygiene, Art, Biology, etc.

During the long Christmas vacation the College was given a face lift and studes greeted warmly seven new lecturers and regretted the passing on of those they replaced. On behalf of the students, "Talkabout" expresses the very best wishes to the new arrivals and wishes them a long and pleasant stay in our "College of the Riverina." And to those lecturers no longer with us, we send a sincere hope that they prosper and thrive in their new spheres.

THE OLD ORDER

Our Pioneer Vice-Principal, Mr. G. H. Duncan, who has gone to Newcastle as Principal and founder of the new Teachers' College there, will be greatly missed by staff and students alike here in Wagga. We shall be eager to watch his College grow under his capable direction; we shall be eager to meet his students on the playing fields and on the debating rostrum; we shall be eagerly watching for the first edition of his new College newspaper, and "Talkabout" wishes its editor and staff an easier job than the producers of this paper have.

Replacing Mr. Duncan comes Mr. L. Allen, the new Vice-Principal and lecturer in Education. Mr. Allen has already installed himself in Block Nine and the staff have presented him with a fine pair of delicately mounted ear plugs.

WRITERS' GROUP LOSS

Mr. R. K. Levis' going will be felt, especially by the Writers' Group. Mr. Levis is on loan to Sydney for 12 months on research into Australian literature. We still think, however, that he will find The Great Australian Novelist among his flock here in Wagga. Time alone will tell. In place of Mr. Levis comes Mr. Millar, who will lecture in English.

In Physical Education Mrs. E. McLoughlan replaces Miss Betty Brown

(who will long be remembered for "The Seven Steps") and in place of Mr. Hawcroft, who now lectures in Education, comes Mr. R. Howe, who brings with him a fine tennis reputation.

MORE PIONEER LOSSES

Another of our Pioneer lecturers, Mr. W. E. Wilcox, has gone with Mr. Duncan to Newcastle. For his enthusiasm and thoroughness Mr. Wilcox was well known. We wish him even greater success in his new College. Miss Waugh has succeeded him as Lecturer in Art. Miss Kilgour, later Mrs. Johnstone, another Pioneer, has also left us. Mrs. Johnstone lectured in Geography and her successor is Miss M. F. Barnes, and replacing Mr. Duncan as Maths. Administrator is Mr. W. Robinson.

The only other change I observed was in the students' common room. I notice that it has been vacated by the workmen. We are holding our breaths for the word to move in.

D.R.

The Shape of Things to Come

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

The bell in the old church tower has just struck the half-hour. The villagers have been long a-bed and the lights out, yet, in the mass of buildings crouched low against the lowering horizon lights still flash and blink. Figures still run along its wide and brilliantly lit corridors. Visitors are numbed by its magnificence. They liken it to Bedlam, to

the County Asylum, and a poetic old gentleman once called it the entrance to Il Purgatorio.

However, within a few minutes the tocsin is heard tolling across the spacious lawns. Lights begin to fade, whistles sound along the walls and the wardens begin to hustle the inmates into their cells. Everything is quiet, mechanical and spiritless. Only the head warden whistles cheerfully as he comes down the echoing paths testing the electrically operated doors with his baton. Bang, bang! A drawn face watches him anxiously, but he passes by. The chewing gum in the lock has been unnoticed.

At last all is still. The unlocked door swings slowly outward. The figure creeps along the wall, the unnatural light of long suppressed hope gleaming from her eyes. The door is reached. Oh, ecstasy! But the greater ordeal lies ahead. The long moon-drenched stretch of lawn is in front of her. The silver gates gleam dimly and the measured tread of the sentry predominates all.

The strain is too much. Alas, could anyone, seeing Paradise, go back to hell. Caution and her slippers are thrown to the winds and she runs for freedom.

Poor fool!

Radar installations soon pick up her thudding feet. Searchlights viciously stab the darkness with their too clean whiteness and search for the shrivelling soul. Covers are hastily torn off the machine-guns in readiness.

There she is! The cry goes up and the hunt is on.

Bullets spit the dust up around her heels. The escape siren has wakened all the inmates. They hurl derision and stale bread at the guards; and cheer the escapee. She nears the gate, but is lost already. Bayonets are flashing and the girl is clawing at the bars.

It's all over. They are bringing her back now. She is sobbing. Words unrelated to one another can be heard. "The Plaza" . . . "Oliver Twist" . . . "too much soap" . . . "too much water."

They are locking her in the wash-house.

"PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

Principal's New Year Message

The first term of 1949 will be of special interest to us all because it will mark the completion of training for the first session of students to enter this College. Our first Graduation Ball will probably be the greatest social event since the College opened.

But to graduate means to have been successful academically, professionally and as a member of the student body. In other words, a successful Teachers' College student is one who has secured the requisite number of points in the College examinations; who has been awarded a satisfactory teaching mark; who has developed attitudes and habits worthy of the highest traditions of the teaching profession; who has in fact been able to live in harmony with his fellow students, getting all that College has to give him and himself making some worth-while contribution to College life.

This year Second Year students will have the opportunity of measuring themselves in these terms, but I know the uppermost thought in this last, short term will be the final examinations. The five weeks before the finals will be a period of intense effort, and the College will make every possible facility available so that all students may give of their best.

The minds of First Year students, too, will be filled with thoughts of their examinations. There are still five weeks to go, but much can be done even in that short time with a determined effort.

Welcome back to College, all of you. May we have another happy term together.

G. L. BLAKEMORE,
Principal.

Farewell, Comrades!

"Talkabout" has tracked me down in Sydney to see if there is anything I wish to say to the Writers' Group. Of course there is. And that is, all the best for the coming year.

One regret I have in leaving Wagga is that of losing contact with the writers of the College. The job they are doing is a good one. They are tackling the problems of writing resolutely and with great success. That is very good. "Talkabout" and "1948" are excellent publications in their fields. Each has attracted and has deserved much "outside" comment. The publications of 1949 should develop in many ways upon the solid and impressive foundations that you have already established.

For myself, I shall be keenly interested in your work, even if at a distance. Good luck for the year's efforts to the Writers' Group, to "Talkabout" and to "1949."

It should not be long, if you continue as you have started, before some of the

names now well known to students will be recognised in the wider community that breathes the air beyond the turbulent intellectual atmosphere of Turvey Park.

All best wishes.

KEN LEVIS.

Holiday Headache

Well, I was sitting reading, i.e., trying to decipher Stout's Manual of Psychology when there was a knock at the door. I jumped three feet (after two weeks' Home Practice, it's a wonder it wasn't 30 feet), and went to open it. I screamed, for there before me stood a school-pupil on whom I had been "pracing." He grinned amiably and handed me a note from the Headmaster.

The message was short but foreboding. The Kindergarten teacher was away ill and would I help them out. Feeling a great martyr, I hurried up to the School, and was shown to the Kindergarten room which was to be my "little world."

Blood-curdling shrieks were coming from the corridor, and I hurried out to find a little Kindergartener who had been enrolled only that morning and could not bear to tear herself away from Mummy.

I looked into the child's face and bared my teeth; she paled visibly and was silent. The mother, surprised, hurried away and I ushered my latest victim into the room along with the 50 other little gremlins.

I had heard somewhere that a noisy teacher begot a noisy class, and I was quite willing to believe the opposite. I became quieter and quieter and the children grew noisier and noisier. After several years, play-time arrived and the children tripped out.

Drinking tea in the staff room, the Headmaster commented that "such teaching experience was what all young students needed." I thought to myself if we all had such experience there wouldn't be too many "young students."

After play-time, I decided things would be different. I would tell them a story. I put everything I had into that story. I out-acted Sarah Bernhart (Miss Moore would have been delighted to see such a display of ability). The story completed, almost hoarse, I asked them if they had liked it. The little "dears" were most non-committal in their replies. One of the more soft-hearted ones confessed it was "all right."

There was a shortage of art equipment in the school, and the children supplied their own coloured pencils, so I asked them to bring their pencils after lunch.

By some miracle of chance, 40 out of 50 of the kiddies brought their pencils, but strangely enough these were all blunt. After wearing out three razor blades, two sharpeners and one finger, there was still a multitude of broken pencils, and I resolved that this could not go on.

I turned to the time-table. The next lesson set down was religion, "The Story of Noah's Ark." After gathering the children around me, i.e., kicking and shoving them in a crude (very crude) semi-circle I began telling the story.

All was going well until I reached the stage where they put a coating of tar on the ark to make it water-proof. One small boy raised his hand. "Please, Miss, it was pitch," he said.

"Yes, dear, that's what I said."

"No, you didn't. You said tar. My Mummy—"

"But tar and pitch are the same thing."

He did not believe me. "Pitch," he murmured under his breath. That child was convinced I was lying.

"Rhythm," a radio session, was the next item. I switched on the wireless, and the children, used to the lesson, followed the instructions. My part in the proceedings was to stop the children from trampling one another to death. In the line of duty, I had my stockings laddered and received two bruises.

The session over, the children began putting on their shoes again, and for the next couple of hours I was engaged in tying laces and buttoning straps.

It was now a quarter to three and I began lining the children up for dismissal. When the three o'clock bell sounded they were almost in line, and I marched them out—happy moment.

However, the first four days were the worst, and on the fifth day there was some semblance of order in this Kindergarten chaos when their right teacher arrived and took over.

I struggled home again, and now (with Mr. Blakemore's permission) shall continue my convalescence at W.T.C.

"THE DREAMER."

For Us to Remember

During our long vacation another one of those unhappy occurrences has taken place which has deprived many of us of a friend, all of us of a fellow student, and our profession of a teacher.

I think we should pause a moment to think of Ralph. Think of him as a young man who has lost his life. That is supreme. But also think of him as a part of the many who have gone and see in him, and Merv Grey, symbols to stir us to greater effort. We have now to be ourselves and two boys more.

Let our teaching be towards a goal that removes any chance of the same thing happening again. Let us teach well so that three hundred teachers shall become a living monument to them.

The staff of "Talkabout" express their sympathy.



During the past ten weeks many students believed themselves safe from the all-seeing eye, but, we are proud to say, Dr. Watson knows all (much more than he tells). So gather closer, children, while the Doctor uncovers the secrets of your neighbours' private lives.

However, the Doctor himself is a little hazy on one or two points; perhaps someone could enlighten him.

Firstly, he would like to know the identity of the designing young lady who tried so hard, in the early weeks, to win the heart of an unsuccessful bootlegger.

Not that the Doctor is curious, but, he feels, considering the young lady's distinctive social background, that a backyard brewer may be just a little below her.

Of course, you can see that all this boils down to a case of out of the frying pan into the fire, or, as the Doctor sees it, out of the copper into the bottle.

For his next point the Doctor begs assistance from Miss Barbara Lennie. He would like a little more information on the method of reaching Goulburn from Wagga via Sydney. Perhaps the same young lady might give a little information about the trio who were guests at the home of Miss Shirley Brodie, the Doctor understands that one of the foursome was quite DESperate because another of the foursome still longs for the WEST.

The Doctor also understands that Nick, Jim and Graeme had an unsuccessful day's shark fishing which was followed by an unsuccessful party at Nick's home. The lack of success in the latter case being due to Nick's social outlook. The Doctor finds this difficult to believe as he has always had the opinion that Nick was a good mixer.

Speaking of parties reminds the Doctor of a special occasion in the Wel-

fare household, the occasion being the late arrival of a long lost uncle and the speciality the premature opening of tinned goods in short supply.

Mrs. Welfare failed at first to see why the arrival of an uncle should regarded as an occasion, but as her daughter explained, the said uncle is himself definitely something special.

Then, of course, the Doctor things of the big College reunion at Manly. He took special note of Miss Margot Wilson and was sorry to see that her stay in Sydney was too short to allow her much social activity. Still he observed that she NICKED about as much as possible and also that her departure coincided approximately with the arrival of Miss Shirley Williams.

The only other point the Doctor noted regarding the Manly reunion was the effect the arrival of Al Fryer had on the men present. The Doctor says that Al's performance would have made the Pied Piper's effort look like the work of an amateur.

Among others the Doctor ran into Mitchell and Newman. Of course, the boys were still arguing about who supplied who with cigarettes. Don demanded to know who was the actual owner of the tobacco pouch, bearing the initials "D.N.," which John had carried in his pocket since July, 1948. Mitchell conceded this point, but claimed the argument really was about who bought the tobacco that went into it and more important, who smoked it.

The Doctor left the pair to their argument, no doubt philosophising over the fact that he himself was two cigarettes short due to the encounter.

While in Newcastle the Doctor also saw Col Swan. The Doctor seemed much impressed and is now saving up to buy a car. (Nice work, Col, most ecstaticous.)

The Doctor also mentioned the fact that he noticed Arthur Smith once or twice in the company of a charming redhead. (You would never guess who.)

Then, of course, there was the Doctor's tour of the B.H.P. He informed me that after seeing over 30 familiar faces he did not know if he was touring B.H.P. or the W.W.T.C.

Then there is the case of the Doctor's good friend, Jake Haines. Jake came to the Doctor with dream trouble. Apparently he was snatching three to four hours' sleep each night at work, but his sleep was disturbed by dreams of his boss arousing him from slumber.

The Doctor gave Jake some pink pills with pink spots which he assured him would end his dreams. About a week later Jake returned the pills unopened.

In reply to questions Jake informed the Doctor that the boss had found him asleep and he would not need the pills as he no longer had dreams, as he no longer had any sleep at work, as he no longer had his job.

Yes, it appears as if the pills were a very unnecessary purchase. Which reminds the Doctor of an unnecessary purchase made by his friend Des Bieler.

By hook or by crook Vera intends to pick up the goods left in Tasmania.

From a reliable reporter on the Bathurst "Advocate" Dr. Watson learnt lately of the engagement of Mr. Don Newman and Miss Judy. We believe she and Jean get on very well.

Jim and Barbara don't get around much any more. Well, well! Is this news?

Blue Spieler seems to be quite enamoured of a Newcastle lass.

Pam Lovett and Barbara Hoare Soon will be sisters-in-law. Beware of Tasmanian Devils named Fay, Those brothers sure know the right things to say.

Now Jake Lochinvar Took his dear old dad's car And down into Goulburn did run. He met Jenny Wren Then sped home again—

The return of the Prodigal Son.
"I. C. ALL."

Overheard on a Turvey Park bus:

"I wonder what that instrument is the students at the College are learning to play. I hear them practising every morning about seven o'clock."

(Fancy calling our new hooter an instrument! Must recommend it to Joseph Post.)

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell

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Articles left with Mr. Logan on Tuesday morning, delivered on Friday morning; and parcels left on Friday will be delivered on Tuesday.

Letters to the Editor

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—It must be evident to even the most unobservant student of history that periods of greatest decadence coincide with outbursts of excess and extravagant display in the dress of the men of the period. Together with the exaggeration in the dress occurs an emphasis on the feminine characteristics in the clothing. I say no more, sir, except to point out the retrograde step that many young men of this College are taking. Gaudily coloured ties and shirts, covered with equally gaudy patterns of flowers and manifestations of the dream world, which for long it has been the prerogative of women to wear, have no place in the dress of virile protagonists of freedom and culture in this Australian democracy.

F. R. POPLÉ.

Teachers' College, Wagga.

8/3/49.

Dear Sir,—I would like to pass an opinion on the recent major political and social victory won by the women. This acquired liberty, this equality, has been unprecedented as an indication of just what can be done when the proper "authorities" are approached. "We do our own washing and ironing while the men have theirs done for them. This is unjust; this is not equality," protested the less domesticated of our women. Quite right. I agree. And so the women (or woman) took steps to right this gross maltreatment, and the authorities were approached. Here it is necessary to point out that in the past (and present) men have preceded women in winning the liberties and social benefits which they enjoy to-day. And also it is necessary to indicate that equality of the sexes is only approaching because the women are gradually catching up on the men, and not because the men have forsaken some of their privileges just to encourage the women. However, the "authorities" on receiving the above-mentioned complaint immediately blossomed forth with: "Ah! this is just what we want. We want the students to express their views on all problems that arise. We encourage it. So, there are complaints of inequality, eh! We must remedy this at once. This is contrary to the ways of our democratic autocracy. Steps must be taken!"

Yes, steps have been taken. The laundry problem has been solved. Equality reigns. This was achieved by the said "authorities." The men now have willingly (with an axe) forsaken their convenience just for the sake of equality. Yes, it is contrary to the general trend in society, and no gains were made. On the contrary, our "new deal" for students is gradually disappearing before our very eyes. Co-education is the thing—it is doubtful whether the men will have enough courage to approach a member of the fairer sex until after dark because of his half-ironed, buttonless shirt and

sockless (if he's wise) feet.

But equality should not be confined to College alone. Let's implement it throughout the nation. We will cut the men's wages to that of the women. Then a married couple can take it in turn to work and stop at home to mind the kids, do the housework and washing. And if the husband has acquired his "laundry degree" at College, it won't be long before the wife goes to work while "hubby" does the washing.

In the coming economic depression instead of the husband stopping at home while the wife goes to work, they can both stop at home and send the children to work.

"Yes, we are encouraged to express ourselves and make suggestions.

"B. WILDERED."

Laundry Hints for Men Students

Washing is an art which requires preparation and diagnosis before any action is taken. The clothes to be washed should be spread out around the room and then divided into three heaps. In one heap put all coloured things, in another all white things and in the third miscellaneous articles, such as socks, braces, hats, rugs, towels and ties. This is step one. Step two is to light the copper, making sure the inside is clean and that it is filled beforehand with clear water. The water should be changed after each wash.

Once the copper is lit the really interesting part begins. A half packet of washing powder should be tipped in, although more can be allowed for a really big wash. Slice a bar of soap and put it in, and two teaspoonfuls of salt to prevent colours from running into white clothes. The clothes should then be placed in the copper, but in correct order. Coloured things go first; place white clothing on top of these, and top off with the miscellaneous articles, socks, braces, hats, etc., which should be poked down among the other clothes with a stick known as a "Copper Stick." The lid should then be placed firmly on the copper to prevent germs and dirt from entering. Then all one has to do is stand back and let things take their course.

Once the copper comes to a boil it should be kept simmering for six to eight hours. After this time remove the lid and stir vigorously. Replace and boil for a further two hours. The clothes are then ready for drawing off.

This is done with the copper stick, and the clothes are ladled into a nearby tub, where they are rinsed in cold water. The second rinsing is in blue water, which is made by dissolving several packets of blue powder in a gallon of water. The clothes must then be hung out, especially if the day is sunny. Allow two pegs to a shirt, and the general rule for hanging out is to hang everything bottom up. Articles which have no bottom present a problem, but a little ingenuity will solve all.

When the clothes are quite dry they should be damped down prior to ironing. This can be most easily done before taking them off the line. Set the hose to a fine spray and sprinkle them liberally. Then take them in quickly, fold and place in a reticule away from light to prevent fading.

Some weeks later ironing should take place. Turn on the iron and spread a suitable covering. Begin with small articles such as socks and end with intricate ones, such as shirts. This saves the person ironing from being discouraged early. If time is running short at the end only the essentials of the shirt should be ironed; that is to say, the cuffs, collar and the front. If starch is desired, it should be put on with a brush immediately prior to ironing, as this saves a lot of mucking about during the washing process.

These simple rules and hints, if followed carefully, should make washing almost a happy and enjoyable occupation.

A.W.A.

Unsupervised Vac.

We worked at Repin's from ten to four, I know one place I won't work at any more.

I only broke two cups and a saucer, And split hot coffee when saying, "More, sir?"

On a gentleman's neck.

Heck!

Do you think he cared,

He'd be weird

If he didn't. What a tale!

He fall-

ed to be impressed.

He stressed

the neces-

ity to be careful.

I picked up a heap of crockery
And disregarding Margie's plea,
Said brightly, "What, want help, me?"
And promptly dropped

the lot!

s'not

funny, honey.

I picked 'em up as quickly as poss,
And earnestly hoped the dear old boss

Was extensively

And indispensably

occupied

inside.

I've picked up the bits and put 'em
away.

Gosh! I'll never forget to-day.

Undetect-

ed

I stand erect—

'nd

Smile at another customer sweetly.

"Yessir, would you like any more—

A ham and tomato sandwich? Sure!"

And so sally forth to greet fresh war.

F.B.S.

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“Preview”

The cast of Dorothy Blewitt's "Quiet Night," I believe, is "all of a twit" these days. Everybody concerned is being most annoyingly close about the whole production, but from what I can gather, this will be one of the most delightful performances yet presented. Some say it is a tragedy, some a comedy—and others say it is just pure drama. Well, anyway, nobody can stay away on the grounds of disliking the type of play.

Hard-working Miss Moore will carry out the actor-producer stunt—Orson Welles fashion—and you will see her immediately the curtain has risen as Nurse Roberts, in company of Jill Noble as Nurse Smith. Both represent the tired day-staff at the hospital going off duty—though Jill, I'm sure, is more used to gay activity at night.

One thing you mustn't be alarmed about is the appearance of your fellow students; for although they have joined "the noble profession," and donned uniform in accordance, within the head-pieces, long, starched frocks, thick stockings and low-heeled shoes of these creatures remains still all the glamour of the W.T.C. woman student. So, when you see a great pair of white boots come stumping around the corner, be assured that Bonnie will follow—and boy, oh boy! is she a cat in boots! As the hard-boiled Matron, she certainly takes the cake.

Much work has gone into the stage settings, I am told, and here Matron Clyde was able to lend a hand. Ungrudgingly, she has supplied all the necessary apparatus to furnish a ward—and do you know what one careless person did in return? Took a great chip out of her most valued hospital appliance. That's gratitude for you! Ask Matron, she'll tell you all about it.

Happened to get a peek at Kev Wilcox in his role of the Great Lover during rehearsals last Tuesday night. I know! I know! That's a common sight any night of the week; but in this case the lady, Bette Lonergan, ran in terror from his arms—she didn't like the preying mantis on Kev's shoulder. Never mind! It would have been an eternal triangle in any case.

You must go along to see Doreen Manwaring go mad. No wonder! She's married to Col Taylor here. And Jean Johnson you'll see actually thwarted for the first time in her life (but she's still trying hard.—Ed. for Al). Margot McInerney will appear as the ideal nurse, and Maureen O'Neill—you guessed it—supplies the humour.

Did I tell you about Col Taylor, though? He's a doctor. But it's no use fighting for front seats, men—he hasn't dainty ankles. But that enables you to understand why our poor patient Jack Collins has no hope even from the beginning. No inspiration for a recovery at all!

And now, here is a list of the cast: Dr. Colin Clayton, Colin Taylor; Liela, Doreen Manwaring; Sister Rankin, Jean Johnson; Jack Collins, Russel Keen; Dr. Macready, Kevin Wilcox; Nurse

Sparrow, Bette Lonergan; Matron, Bonnie McIntyre; Nurse Sinclair, Marj Abraham; Nurse Williams, Margot McInerney; Nurse Patsy Curtain, Maureen O'Neill; Sister Murphy, Ronnie Rene; Probationer, Barbara Bosler; Nurse Roberts, Joan Moore; Nurse Smith, Jill Noble.

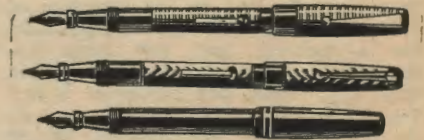
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APPLY

THE EDITOR, "TALKABOUT"

Affectation proceeds from one of two causes—vanity or hypocrisy; for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause; so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues.

Editorial

A NEW era has begun for "Talkabout." The new staff are firmly entrenched and look forward to bigger and better issues.

The financial status of the paper has been explained to you, so as Editor there is little I can do but wish myself and staff all the support that Al Fryer tells me we won't get.

JOHN MITCHELL.

Equal Pay for What?

To-day with ever-increasing momentum women are clamouring "equal pay for equal work." "We are the equal of men, give us the money we deserve." Full well they have cried and such has been their impetus on the structure of our social framework that we must turn for a moment and pay some attention to their claims. In making their cry, "equal pay for equal work," I feel that by far the greatest aspect to be considered has been omitted. Would not it have been much better, would not this cry have received much more attention if it had read, "Equal pay for equal work and equal responsibility." How many of the present female agitators have ever considered this aspect? If half the loaf is eaten surely we must expect them to eat the other half. How many women to-day are willing to accept the responsibility of men, to share the rougher aspects of a man's life? How many women to-day would be prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder with men in a crowded bus, and then not complain indignantly to their families about the indecent, barbaric practices of modern man, and that such a thing would have never happened in mother's time? Ah, no, my female friends, I do not clamour to be a Sir Launcelot, but society has decreed something better for women. We live in a new world, "in a brave new world," and if it must have such creatures in it, it would seem they must receive that particular place which destiny has decreed for them. Let us consider for a moment what would happen in this world where women receive equal pay for equal work and are allowed equal responsibility. The first thing that must alter would be her physique. Permitted all the responsibilities of a man it would not be very long before some women would be debased enough to enter the field of manual labour. Can you imagine any man, no matter how dauntless, paying court to a woman with the build of a heavyweight wrestler?

Next thing to fall victim to the change would be many of our much-cherished and long-established social institutions, and to illustrate my point, I should like to discuss a very familiar one, marriage. Is it possible to conceive of a man accepting the invitation of a woman to marry her? No, the right to accept or decline her mate for life

has been the prerogative of the female for generations, and it would be only logical that it should remain so. Perhaps the worst fated institution in such a step would be the home, Or shall we reach that glorious stage in our civilization when, like the creatures of Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," we shall live pre-determined lives, owe our existence to some chemical concept, and do away with emotion, love, fear, and all those other intriguing factors which make life so worth while? This is the sort of thing, the state of society, which such a trend would produce. Having considered what would happen we must now turn and see if women can justify their claims. Perhaps I as a man am not qualified to argue from this sphere, but rather than break the continuity of my test it must be considered. To-day women enjoy a liberty to dabble in the affairs of the world, to muddle in occupations and to constitute a driving force that they have never been before. However, they fail and miserably so to satisfy the responsibilities which society has given them in their new-won freedom. It has gone three decades since women received the right to vote. Yet to-day it would be no exaggeration to say that the modern woman is politically ignorant and not aware of the detailed aspects of the political parties in power. The number of women who have bothered to enter parliament and the diplomatic field bears still further testimony to my arguments. When we turn to the field of teaching, it is found that the woman teacher along with her sisters in other professions has raised this vital issue. But the same grim argument still applies. Until the average woman teacher is willing to raise herself from her lethargy and fight for some more responsible sphere in the teaching profession she can't expect to accomplish very much. Perhaps I have been extreme in my arguments here, but it is only because the situation warrants it. If what I have had to say has made the way clear for thought in the minds of some of the future women teachers in this College, then the time spent in writing this epistle will not have been in vain. For until women have shown they are willing and capable of accepting responsibility, till the social framework can be reconciled to fit the new situation, it will remain, in the words of a present writer, "a man's world."

J.C.G.

Where is It?

The grey-green hills fold one into the other so that the horizon rises and falls with a smooth irregularity. The sky is grey and blue and gold and to the west the mass behind the row of almost black trees might be part of that sky. The trees on the other hills stand singly on the slopes or cluster in groups around the ridges. Some, closer than the rest, are less dark and single branches can be discerned grasping

heavenwards through the fog. These trees, stately and still, follow the red-gold road of sand that runs southwards, past several white-roofed farmhouses until the railway line cuts it off sharply, with scissor-like precision.

In a paddock near one of the farmhouses several brown heifers graze nonchalantly and the old, aimless white cow wanders among them. A brown horse sniffs the air, tosses his head and runs to the fence, but he is unheeded by the dark forms in the adjoining paddock while the grey smoke curls lazily from the chimney of the farmhouse and mingles with the fog-like vapour that shrouds the hills.

The railway line stretches from the cut-off road past rich green paddocks of crop and a sand-coloured group of houses to the lone, red-roofed sentinel at the crossing, then disappears behind the corrugated-iron fence that holds back an eager assembly of dark green trees.

A small truck, symbol of the inevitable invasion of machinery, speeds along the tarred road that rises to drop suddenly out of sight. On one side of the road the paddocks are green with crop and on the other yellow and brown, sparsely dotted by the old familiar forms.

Several men with packs and guns climb through the stock route fence and set off across the paddocks. One points with his gun to that dark, misty mass that might be part of the sky in the west. A railway scooter with its one tiny passenger glides along the line to stop at the little black viaduct and the light sand boulders of a treeless paddock turn into sheep.

WYN WALSHAW (2nd Year).

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"Rusty Bugles" Blow Again

I was very glad indeed when it was announced that the cast of "Rusty Bugles" would, by popular request, play again after a spectacular rendition of "The Last Post" on Saturday, 8th January.

Pressure of vacation commitments had prevented my attending a performance of Sumner Locke-Elliott's interesting play prior to this date, and sensing deeply my responsibility to the drama-loving students who read this paper, I felt that I had let both of you down rather badly. Thanks, however, to the intervention of the fates per Miss Doris Fitton, "Rusty Bugles" blew once more . . .

Certain it was that when the boys tuned up for the second time their presentation was not marred by the cacophonous amendations of Inspector Noonan and his custodians of public morals. It was equally certain that the emasculated dialogue of the play bore eloquent testimony of their earlier heavy-handed babblings in matters artistic.

The programme represents the play as being "a documentary of the Australian Army, in three acts"; now it would be opportune for your critic to admit quite frankly that this is the only dramatic effort, preening itself as a documentary, that he has ever seen. Such an admission is made with a view to staying the hand of those who may be tempted to heap coals of fire upon my head when they read the following impressions.

SYNOPSIS

Briefly, the documentary deals with Australia's forgotten men garrisoned in Northern Australia awaiting a Jap. invasion which never came. Most of the dialogue reflects the boredom which was characteristic of the several weary years which the troops spent in the northern outpost. Beneath the superficial veneer of ribaldry and innocuous small talk one can discern the true feelings of the men—feelings of frustration, both physical and mental, of intellectual torpidity which, engendered in the years of war, has persisted until the present day. I suppose someone will expect me to say something about "the plot," but I claim exemption from dealing with this particular aspect because it would seem that a documentary relies on situation and characterisation to arouse dramatic interest, rather than the traditional approach through plot and character.

My vocabulary was considerably richer as a result of seeing the play; I now appreciate the subtle implication conveyed in the imperative "Get ripped," and could, I feel, lead anyone to "the snakepit," even here at Wagga. Of course, when rookie private "Gig Ape" asked to be shown the way to the . . .

Come in, Inspector Noonan, I never intended writing the word which you are about to imply that I intended writing.

"Naughty, naughty, naughty man, about to corrupt someone, I'll be bound. It is my duty to warn you . . ."

Which all goes to show—you can't be too careful—I didn't realise that my pen had scratched so loudly.

CHARACTERS ALL

Otty, Gig Ape, Sergeant Brooks, Mac, Ollje and even the silent Dean Maitland, helped make up the heterogeneous mass which was the Australian Army, N.T., 1944. Stockmen, clerks, axemen, professional pub-crawlers—all were represented and all were treated by the author in a sympathetic and understanding way. Do not infer, from my use of the words "sympathetic" and "understanding" that I mean "maudlin sentimentality," for whatever the documentary's faults may have been it was singularly free from this sin. Of necessity much (some would assert all) of the men's thoughts and speech concerned the woman waiting "down south" at least some of them were waiting! Otty, a representative of many, was the victim of a capricious wench who apparently preferred a Yank in Kalgoorlie to Otty in Darwin. In dealing with his learning of his betrothed's infidelity, Locke-Elliott paints a masterly picture, stark, impressive and awful. The theatre-goer began to ask himself, "Did this sort of thing actually happen?" "Is this the result?" when they witnessed the behaviour of the distraught Otty, hopes shattered, no interest now in washing all the other men's unmentionables, or in the garden from which he had earned sufficient money to risk a start on the marital venture.

The corpulent Mac, too, presented a problem—his wife's infidelity, after bearing him innumerable children, was a mortal blow, news coming as it did from an adolescent daughter, who detailed with pathetic care the cavorting of the errant wife. It is acceded that the author's job is to reflect the life which he sees about him, in this case merely to paint the picture, dismal and uninteresting as it may be. His task is simply to pose the problem—not to attempt its solution; he leaves that to the host of pseudo-psychologists, sociologists and quacks who are part of the inevitable aftermath of war. And it is to them that Mac's problem must be left.

Dramatist Locke-Elliott releases the pent up emotion of his audience by a judicious use of comic relief—the entrance of the Y.M.C.A. gentleman who once sang in the church choir at home. He is diverting, to say the least. His attempts "to get up a concert" among men who were prepared to venture their earthly wealth and probably their eternal status on the toss of a coin, were ludicrous. Were Wyn Walshaw close at hand I should ask her to write me a paragraph or so of "human interest" material relevant to the Y.M.C.A. gentleman's relationships with the men of the garrison. As evidence of my inability to analyse methodically such relationships, I shall resort to slang and dismiss him as a person regarded as a "crackpot."

SOME FALSE NOTES

Few, I think, believe the Australian soldier better than he—an unparalleled fighter, a good mate, and a man possessed of a pretty acute sense of right and wrong. The men presented by

Locke-Elliott embodied such of these qualities as were compatible with their enforced quietude. I cannot concede that men who become "mates," who lived side by side in a tent, could allow one of their number to remain silent for months on end without questioning his sanity—such, however, was the case of Dean Maitland, who, to the obvious surprise of his fellows was declared to be "troppo" just before the garrison was relieved.

I must say something about the necessarily simple stage effects skilfully managed by Stage Manager Howard Chaldecott; they were convincing and appropriate. Particularly so was the deluge which flooded the stage at a time when the arrival of the dreaded "wet" was arousing much consternation inside the hut. I have always admired Miss Fitton's stage "sense," now I must pay homage to her omnipotence or foresight in arranging the timely intervention of an elusive deity.

In all, the performance was most successful—being a triumph for an Australian author, Australian actors, and Australian theatre generally. "Rusty Bugles" has enjoyed the longest run of any play written by an Australian and discounting as worthless the assertion that the play's success depended wholly upon alleged indecency and pornography, I feel that Sumner Locke-Elliott has, by this documentary, shown a facet of life which existed, but which some may choose to ignore.

BRING ON THE . . .

To the great delight of the Independent regulars, Miss Fitton emerged, as is her habit, in stately majesty, garbed in scarlet, to eulogise the players, the author, the play and on this occasion the audience, whose behaviour was apparently above the standard of the Shakespeare swotting adolescents who make the faux pas of laughing where they shouldn't. You see, "Rusty Bugles" is one of those delightful plays which permit the individual to laugh as the spirit moves him, knowing full well that his neighbour is probably kicking himself for missing some subtlety. You see, it's just a matter of degree.

A.R.F.

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Overcrowding in Schools

STATEMENT TO FEDERATION COUNCIL

BY MR. S. P. LEWIS, FEDERATION PRESIDENT

FEBRUARY 5, 1949

In this, the first week of the opening of the schools for 1949, statements have been published about the overcrowded condition of the schools. Attempts have been made to refute these statements or to minimise the situation.

Doubtless some schools are less crowded than others—there may be even some where there is no crowding.

But can the situation be good? z

Our survey in 1948 did not reveal a good condition. In all schools, nearly three-quarters of the teacher loads were 35 and over, and nearly ninety per cent. in infants' schools. More than a quarter of the teacher loads in all schools were 45 and over, in infants' schools more than 40 per cent. Eight per cent. of the teacher loads in all schools were 50 and over, in infants' schools 14 per cent. Long waiting lists of children five years of age.

How then is the position improved in 1949, when we are told the total enrolments will be increased by 14,000 pupils?

How is the position improved in 1949 when 642 teachers are entering the service from the training colleges as against 773 in 1948?

Investigations by Federation officials during the week have revealed many cases of crowded schools.

Here are a few:—

BEVERLEY HILLS: Primary Department. 308 pupils, 6 teachers. Average class load of 51. One class has 61 pupils. Infants' Department. 385 pupils, 6 teachers. Average class load of 64, 135 including 120 beginners have been enrolled this year. Another 40 who will be five years by March or April have applied.

PUNCHBOWL: Infants' Department. 454 pupils, 7 teachers including one casual. Average class load of approximately 65. There are only eight classrooms to house these pupils.

CARINGBAH: 349 pupils, 7 teachers. Average class load approximately 50. 85 pupils in first class.

FAIRFIELD: Infants' Department and Kindergarten. Each with 57 pupils. Girls Department, 249 pupils, 4 teachers. Average class load of 62.

SOUTH GRANVILLE: Infants' Department. 102 pupils in 2 Kindergarten classes.

ABERDEEN: 120 pupils, 2 teachers.

LIVERPOOL: Junior Technical Department. It is anticipated this year that more than 600 pupils will be enrolled. The real seating accommodation of the school is about 460. Liverpool Central School already has 25 portables. Boys' Primary Department. 210 pupils, 4 teachers. Average class load of 52. One class of 60. Many pupils are sitting on boxes. Infants' Department. 60 already enrolled in Kindergarten class. Foundation stone of new building laid by Mr. McGirr more than a year ago.

These cases are among the worst, but there are many overcrowded schools to-day. Various types of emergency

accommodation are being used including staff rooms, libraries, weather sheds, church halls, even supper rooms.

Attempts to cover up the facts are against the best interests of the Department of Education, the children and the community.

It is unfortunate that some teachers, because of official direction, were not able to reveal the facts to the public concerning the public schools. It is a sad commentary on the position which has for so long existed in our schools that many teachers have become so conditioned that they regard classes of 45 and even greater numbers as being satisfactory.

The Minister for Education, Mr. Heffron, and the present administration of the Education Department have made strenuous efforts to cope with the situation. The fifth Teachers' College in New South Wales is being opened this year, the third since Mr. Heffron became Minister.

But some idea of the magnitude of the problem facing the people of this State was given by Mr. Heffron in his book, "To-morrow is Theirs." He outlined plans for large-scale development and expenditure. He stated that a capital expenditure of thirty-six and a half million pounds and an annual expenditure of at least eighteen million pounds (in 1946 money values) were required. These plans, in the main, still await implementation.

The facts above revealed do not disclose the full significance of the trends in increasing school population in New South Wales and Australia and the inadequacy of the provisions made to cope with them.

This State, this country, will in the near future face a crisis in education which can be averted only by large scale, drastic action.

Mr. Heffron stated at the 1947 annual conference of the N.S.W. Teachers' Federation that the enrolment in the public schools was 345,000, that the estimated enrolment for 1952 would be 413,000. By 1953 with the increased birthrate, the enrolment will be at least 425,000.

But what of migrant children? Mr. Calwell aims to secure 200,000 migrants for Australia annually for 110 years. A considerable number of migrants are bringing their families with them. Many will produce children here.

A very conservative estimate then of the increase in enrolment of public school children, including children of migrants, would by 1953 be 100,000 on the enrolment of 1947 of 345,000. Thus on this conservative estimate the school population would in round figures be about 450,000—even with no increase in the school leaving age.

It can be expected that this situation will be repeated in each State in Australia.

But I don't pretend to be able to make any satisfactory estimate. No State Department of Education has attempted any such estimate—nor has the Commonwealth Office of Education.

We are travelling towards a crisis in education, the magnitude of which none of us know.

Are we going to attempt to face this crisis or are we going to wait till it

overwhelms us? What can we do?

The first and most obvious thing is for the Commonwealth Office of Education in collaboration with the various State Education Departments to set to work immediately to estimate the possible enrolments in the public schools in the various States of Australia for the next five years—taking into account the possible effect of migration on public school enrolments.

Secondly, the crisis we face, the condition we are in now—of shortage of teachers, of lack of accommodation and equipment, is an urgent question for both State and Commonwealth Governments. It is both a State and national responsibility.

Thirdly, the understaffing of our schools calls for recruitment of many more well qualified people to the teaching service. This is an urgent national problem and can only commence to be solved by the attraction of talented people by adequate allowances for trainees in Teachers' Colleges and salaries for teachers somewhat comparable to incomes secured by such professional groups as dentists and doctors.

Fourthly, the especially crowded conditions and makeshift provisions in schools in new housing areas emphasises the point made by this Federation on many occasions—that it is essential to plan and make adequate provisions for schools in new housing areas.

Fifthly, it is essential for a new approach to be made in this country to the provision of school buildings and equipment. Not only is it necessary for money, material and manpower to be provided in large quantities, but it is essential for money, material and manpower to be provided in large quantities, but it is essential to investigate new materials and new methods of construction. The unit of building, e.g., whether we need a larger unit than the brick, a unit which will make possible speedier and more flexible construction needs careful consideration.

In conclusion, this question of the conditions of public school education can no longer be treated in the small and expedient way. It must be faced in the large way immediately and planned and tackled by State and Commonwealth Governments.

I suggest that the matter and proposals contained in this statement be referred to the executive for further consideration.

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